

Ormond

Or - mand harth of vy yn sur, A ny wrust - a clew - es? A'm
I am Or - mon - the Brave, did ye nev - er hear of me? Who
3 fow a vuf vy pell - hys a dhew - edh es; Y'm
lately was dri - ven from my own coun - try; They
5 brus - sons yn lys ha pyll - lys ow fydh - ow, A - wos ow vos mar lel dhe'm
treid me, condemned me, Plun - dered my es - tate. for be - ing so loy - al to
8 rew - ler yth - o. Ogh Or - mand of vy, Hen - na a wodh - es sy
Queen Ann the great. Cry - ing Oh, I am Ormond you know

Ormond Harth of-vy yn-sur, A ny wrussta clewes?
A'm fow a vuf-vy pellhys, a dhewedhes;
Y'm brussons yn lys ha pyllys ow fythow,
Awos ow vos mar lel dhe'm rewler ytho.
Ogh Ormong Of-vy, Henna a wodhes-sy.

I am Ormond the Brave, did ye never hear of me.
Who lately was driven from my own country;
They tried me, condemned me, plundered my estate,
For being so loyal to Queen Ann the Great.
Crying Oh! I am Ormond you know.

Dhe'n tryghan a hembronkys, pup escar fethys,
Ormond ow hanow, neb a'm gelow Jamys;
Druth dhe'n vyghternes, melder a'gan pow,
Coweth dhe'n eglos, cleweugh oll ytho.
Ogh....

O to Vict'ry I led, and I vanquished every foe.
Some do call me James Butler, I am Ormond you know;
I am Queen Ann's darling, my country's delight,
A friend to the church, in fanatic's despite.
Crying oh.....

Tus Dewnans omseveugh, hag oll'n Gernewyon,
A'm seweugh yn un helghya'n Hanovaryon;
Y fyons a'n pow ma, gwythyn Se Breten Vur,
Ny gan byth Alman, Mars yu Myghtern Gwyr.
Ogh....

Then awake ye Devon Dogs, and arise ye Cornish cats,
And follow me a chasing the Hanoverian rats;
They shall fly from the country, we'll guard the British throne,
Have no German Electors with a king sir of our own!
Crying oh.....

Ny wruk vy cam dhe'm pow, avel arludhy Alba,
Na tullys ow soudoryon a'n pyth yu dhedha;
An keth obereth oll re'm fe a gasaf,
Re gemmysen ow fythow dhe'm pow a garaf.
Ogh.....

O I wronged not my country as Scottish peers do,
Nor my soldiers defrauded of that which was their due;
All such deeds I abhor by the powers that are above,
I've bequeathed my fortune to the country I love'

Trelyes gans Merv Davey 1980

Recorded by Baring Gould from J. Peake of Liskeard who said it was sung by his father in 1830 (*Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair Copy Manuscript Page 402 song 168; Sabine Baring-Gould, R. H. Fleetwood Shepherd, Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection made from the mouths of the people, London, Methuen & Co.1891, song no.13 p.26, notes xvii*). It would seem to relate to the landing of the Duke of Ormond in 1714 and his attempt to encourage a Jacobite rebellion in the West. The same words and music are to be found in '*Songs of Patriotism and love of the land*' Essex House Book III, where it is in the company of '*Men of Harlech*' and '*The Wearing of the Green*'. The words were reported to date from 1716 and the tune thought to be older. No place of origin noted.