

Terryans Syllan / Scilly Wreck

C G D⁷ G
 Deugh oll why marners mar jolyf, Ow aras mor donnek; Gwary
 Come all you brisk young sailors bold That plough the raging main, A
 5 G C G Bm Bm
 — truan a dheryvyf, dre whethel tryst ha whek; A'm—
 tragedy I will unfold, In story sad and plain; From
 9 D⁷ G D C D
 cares wyr kemerys en, Dhe lewyas lester harth, Rak
 my true love 'twas pressed I was The gallant ship to steer; To
 13 G D G Bm C G
 dhe vos dh' orlewen Gans fydhyans ha wharth
 Indies West, each heart beat high, With confidence and cheer.

Wosa gyllys o un vledhen,
 Dhe dre a trelsyn-ny,
 Hag orth Syllan pan duthen,
 Y teth awel drok dhyn-ny;
 Yn ban eth an brennyas,
 A wartha mar ughel,
 Y tevys gans sor an mor vras'
 Moy godrosek yn lel.

Yn vogh goheles a whylsyn
 Carrygy Syllan;
 An mor lanwes a glewsyn
 Mar uthek an taran,
 Ha dystough ena scruth a dheth,
 Dh'y vrys pup y vew,
 'War'n garrek esa'n lester harth,
 Gans ton scubys hep lew.

A year was gone, and home at last,
 We turned with swelling sail
 When 'er the Scilly over passed,
 There broke on us a gale;
 The boatswain up aloft did go,
 He went aloft so high,
 More angry did the ocean grow,
 More menacing the sky.

To make the stripe in vain we tried
 The Scilly rocks to clear,
 The thunder of the furious tide
 Was filling every ear;
 There came a sharp and sudden shock,
 Each thought of wife and home,
 The gallant ship was on a rock,
 And swept with wave and foam.

Trelyes gans Merv Davey 1980

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War'n gorhel peswar ugans tus,
Anedha saw un a dyras;
An lester harth o brewys,
Pen arak hag aros;
Dh'Aberplym yn scon a dheth,
Oll an newedhow;
Ha deryvyas dhe'n gwrageth,
Mar bos an dagrennow.

Dh'Aberplym pan dhuth yn few,
A vernans war'n mor;
Dyslel ow hares o, re Dhew,
Demedhys dhe dyror;
Tus jentyl oll, a dryg war dyr,
Tybeugh a lu kellys;
Cappa yn luf of-vy yn sur,
Alusen my a'th pys.

Of eighty seamen 'prised the crew,
But one did reach the shore;
The gallant vessel, good and true,
Was shattered aft and fore;
The news to Plymouth swift did fly,
That our good ship was gone;
And wet with tears was many an eye,
And many a widow alone.

And when I came to Plymouth sound
Alive of eighty men,
My pretty love, then false I found,
And to a landsman wed;
O gentles all that live on land,
Be-think the boys at sea,
Lo! here I stand with cap in hand,
And crave your charity.

Trelyes gans Merv Davey 1980

Collected by Baring Gould from James Parsons. (*Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Songs of the West, p59, song no 52.*) The words follow a fairly standard theme and several very similar songs can be seen amongst the Collection of Broadsheets in the Royal Institution of Cornwall Museum, Truro.