

# Wembalo

Fa - tel ver-wys ow thas ny all - af - vy der-yvas, Wegh margh\_ dhe sew - ya an  
My fath - er he died\_ and I can - not tell you how, He left me six hors - es to

4 ar - dar dhym - mo ef asas gans ow whym wham wem - ba lo  
foll - low the plough\_ with my whim wham wem - ba - low,

6 Coweth hunek yn ben-ba lo, Mep py-gow yn ben-ba - lo yn ble - jen a dry - gons - y.  
drowsy me boys in ben-ba - lo, Lit - tle boys in ben-ba - lo liv - ing near the bloom\_

1  
Fatel verwys ow thas, ny allaf deryvas  
Wegh margh dhe sewya an ardar dhymmo ef 'asas  
Gans ow whym wham wembalo  
Coweth hunek yn benbalo  
Meppygow yn benbalo blejen a drygons-y.

1  
My father he died and I cannot tell you how,  
He left me, six horses to follow the plough,  
With my whim wham wembalo  
Drowsy me boys in benbalo  
Little boys in Benbalo living near the bloom.

2  
Y wherthys ow mergh ha bugh a brenys,  
Y whraf vy gul lety lemmyn yth ombrederys,  
Gans ow whym wham

2  
I sold out my horses and I bought myself a cow,  
I thought to myself I will make a dairy now,  
With my whim wham

3  
Y wherthys ow bugh ha lugh a brenys,  
Re buf ow kelly hanter yth ombrederys,  
Gans ow whym wham

3  
I sold out my cow and I bought myself a calf,  
I thought to myself 'I been losin one half'  
With my whim wham

4  
Y wherthys ow lugh ha cath a brenys,  
Hag oll adro'n gegyn an gathyk ger esedhys.  
Gans ow whym wham

4  
I sold out my calf and bought myself a cat,  
And around the kitchen the pretty pussy sat,  
With my whim wham

5  
Y wherthys ow hath ha logosen a brenys,  
Y lost eth gans tan, dhe'n dor ow chy y loskas  
Gans ow whym wham

5  
I sold out my cat and I bought myself a mouse,  
He caught his tail on the fire and he burn't down the house.  
With my whim wham

Contributed to "Old Cornwall", Vol. 3, no. 12, (St Ives, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, 1942) page 521 by Mr CC James of Gwennap. He adds the note:

*"The above, which I have never head outside of Gwennap, is a variant of a familiar folk song, with a changed refrain and another tune. The refrain has here become pure nonsense, but the suggestion made by one of the better know versions is that it may have represented the calling of the horses by name in driving them – 'With my whim wham waddle ho! Strim stram straddle ho! Bubble Ho! Pretty boy, over the brow.' A non-Cornish refrain more like the above has the words 'blowsey boys bubble oh, under the broom.'"*

Trelyes gans Merv Davey 1980

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