

Tre Bosvenegh / Bodmin Town

Y tryg - a mow-es yn Bos-ven-egh, Ow hol - on glan re_wrussa tu - la: Ny
 In Bod-min town - there lived a maid, My innocent heart she had be trayed; I
 5 vuf vy brew - ys nef - ra an keth, mes_ moy ha moy y's_ ca_ vaf whath_
 ne'er was wound ed_ so be-fore, And_ yet I love her_ more and_ more.

Y tryga mowes yn Bosvenegh,
 Ow holon glan re wrussa tulla;
 Ny vuf-vy brewys nefra an keth,
 Mes moy ha moy y's cavaf whath.

In Bodmin Town there lived a maid,
 My innocent heart she had betrayed,
 I ne'er was wounded so before,
 And yet I love her more and more.

Yn Bosvenegh pan dremenys-vy,
 Y'n gweder, ow hares welys-vy;
 Oll yn snodys lowen gwyskys,
 Moy tek es blejen yn Me hevellys.

In Bodmin Town when I did pass,
 I saw my sweet love through the glass,
 All dressed in ribbons bright and gay,
 She looked more fair than flowers in May.

Yn Bosvenegh pan vetsyn-ny,
 Gans amnow whek lufyow junsyn-ny;
 Y kynyaf gans garm wherow,
 Hephthy gwell wyth dhym bos marow.

In Bodmin Town when we did meet,
 We joined hands with kisses sweet,
 I wring my hands in bitter cry,
 Without her love, rather I'd die.

Yn Bosvenegh, y whodhya hy thas,
 Dre gerensa wyr y fen-ny kelmys;
 Y's alwhedhas yn chambour ughel,
 Agan kerensa may whrello fyllel.

In Bodmin Town her father knew,
 That she loved so fast and true,
 He locked her in a chamber high,
 That I to her might not come nigh.

Dhe Vosvenegh y whruk-vy dos,
 Dhe'n darras ow fystyna yn nos;
 Deugh dhe'n dor ha'm geseugh yn,
 Dhe'n den y honen a'th car yn fyn.

To Bodmin Town I came at night,
 And to her door I hurried Straight,
 Come down! Come down! Let me in,
 Your own true love pulls at the pin.

Dywar'n gwely war nans y teth,
 Ha ygery an darras ha dresto my eth;
 'Da yu genef dha vos devedhys,
 Ow thas yu marrow'hy a armas.

From bed she rose and down she came,
 She opened the door and let me in,
 I'm glad to see you love she cried,
 Since you have gone my father died.

Yn Bosvenegh an clegh a sonas,
 Awos agan bos ena demedhys;
 Mar lowen nefra kens nys en-vy,
 Ha whath y's keryn moy ha moy.

In Bodmin Town the bells did ring,
 For our wedding in the Spring,
 I ne'er was so happy before,
 And still I love her more and more.

Trelyes gans Merv Davey 1980

Sabine Baring Gould and Frank W Bussel noted this song from William Nichols, Whitchurch 1891, (*Baring Gould Heritage Project/Wren Trust, Fair Copy Manuscript Page 437song 188*). Nichols was of Cornish origin and had learned the song from his Grandfather.