

Appendix 2.10 Lamorna

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Sources

Archival (Manuscript / Sound)

Federation of Old Cornwall Societies Sound Archive, Royal Institution of Cornwall, Bolitho Archive, London Inn circa 1985.

Federation of Old Cornwall Societies Sound Archive, Royal Institution of Cornwall, Trev Lawrence and Phil Knight – Lamorna in Cornish 1983.

Peter Kennedy Folk Tracks Archive : FTX-010 - Camborne Hill :Songs & Customs from Cornwall , recorded 1951 - 1975

Publications (Book / Album)

Brenda Wootton, *More Singing at the Count House*, recorded on 11 November 1965 and produced and distributed by The Count House Folk Music Club, Botallack, St Just, Cornwall.

Brenda Wootton *Pasties & Cream* with John the Fish, *Sentinel Records*, SENS 1006, 1971.

Brenda Wootton *Way Down to Lamorna*, *Sentinel*, SENS 1056, 1972.

Quylkyn Tew, on *Fal Folk Album* recorded live at Fal Folk, Dock and Railway , Falmouth 1977 in Cornish.

Merv Davey, *Hengan*, (Redruth, Dyllansow Truran, 1983) p16 (Cornish version Ken George 1978).

Kanow Tavern, *Cornish Pub Songs* (Bodmin, An Daras Folk Arts Project, 2007).

Correspondence

Anne Kennedy Truscott [kennedytruscott@btinternet.com], **Sent:** 25 June 2006 (Cornish Pub Song Project)

Mike O'Connor 12th Sep 2008.

Observation

Regularly sung at Cornish Arms, London Inn and Ring Of Bells Session 2005 – 2011.

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Notes

Davey, M, Hengan, Dyllansow Truran, Redruth, 1983:

Noted from living tradition circa 1980: "Like the white Rose (Rosen Wyn) and Little Lize, Lamorna enjoys considerable popularity in Cornwall at the present time and it is with some trepidation that I include them here as most singers will have a "correct version" which differs from the one I have given (and from each others) . These songs are all being subject to the "folk process" of oral transmission at the present time and the version I have used will hopefully provide interesting comparison for traditional music enthusiasts in the distant future.

The English and Cornish words were provided by Ken George of Torpoint in 1980. The tune is as near as I can manage to the way it was sung in the Sailors Arms in Newquay after the silver gig race in 1974. I have not been able to testablish any firm origins for the song . It seems unlikely to be very old and hearsay makes it out to be a musical hall song before it was embraced by the fisherfolk of Newlyn and Penzance." (p.11)

Correspondence with Mike O'Connor 12/09/08

It is possible that this was written or adapted by Charles Lee, he was an associate of various members of the Newlyn Art School in the late 19th Century one of whom from Manchester may have communicated the Music Hall Song "Down to Pomorna" [Bodleian Library Ballads Catalogue: Harding B 11-(65)] or used it for a concert party with which Lee was involved. In a conversation with Brenda Wooton in May 1993 Mike was told that she had met a person in the early fifties who claimed to have written it some fifty years earlier and Mike surmised that this may have been Lee that she met. It might have course have gone the other way and been the inspiration for a Music Hall song but this is unlikely ever to be knowable and the fact remains that Lamorna is now embedded in Cornish tradition and has a good case for music hall roots.

Authors note

Charles Lee stayed in Cornwall on a number of occasions for quite long periods of time, possibly for his health but also to collect inspiration for his novels - See Ken Phillips, *The Cornish Journal of Charles Lee 1892 – 1908*, (Padstow Tabb House, 1995).

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Lyrics and Music

Cornish Pub song project 2007 :Anne Kennedy Truscott: 25 June 2006

So now I'll sing to you Its a - bout a mai - den fair, I
 Y kan - av lem - myn dhywgh, Yn kev - er mow - es teg; Y'n
 met the o - ther evening at the cor - ner of the square, she'd a
 plen y fet - is gen - si, Pan en vy heb ow gwreg: Dew -
 dark and ro - ving eye, and her hair was cov - ered o - ver, we
 - la - gas tewl dhe - dhi, Ha hud - el hi ow kwand - ra, Dres
 rowed all night in the pale moon - light way down to la - mor - na.
 oll an nos, Y hwren ni mos, A - lem - ma dhe Lam - om - a.

Chorus:
*Twas down in Albert Square
 I never shall forget
 Her eyes did shine like diamonds
 And the evening it was wet, wet,
 wet,
 And her hair hung down in curls
 She was a charming rover
 We rode all night
 in the pale moonlight
 Away down to Lamorna*

Burdhen:
*Plen Albert o an le,
 Ankevi bydh ny wrav
 Dewlagas ow terlenri
 Ha 'n gorthugher glyb yn Hav,
 Hav, Hav,
 Oll krollys o hy blew,
 Ha hudel hi ow kwandra,
 Dres oll and nos
 Y hwren ni mos
 Alemma dhe Lamorna.*

As we got in the cab
 I asked her for her name
 And when she gave it me
 For with mine it was the same
 So I lifted up her veil
 For her face was covered over
 To my surprise,
 it was my wife,
 I took down to Lamorna

Dervynn hy hanow hi
 A wrug, pan eth y'n karr:
 Pa'n ros hi dhymmo vy,
 Ogh, dhe'm hanow 'th o an par!
 'Trehevis vy hy vayl,
 Hy thremynn kel re bia,
 Marth genev o,
 Ow gwreg yth o
 A worren dhe Lamorna !

Chorus:
 Twas
 She said I know you know
 I knew you all along
 I new you in the dark
 but I did it for a lark
 and for that lark you'll pay
 For the taking of your donna
 You'll pay the fare,
 for I declare
 Away down to Lamorna

Burdhen:
 Plen
 Yn-medh hi: "My a woer,
 Dha aswonn my a wrug,
 Y'n tew! my a'th aswonnis,
 Mes avel pratt my a'n gwreg:
 Rag henna ty a be,
 Rag doen dhe-ves dha Dhona:
 An gober pe
 A wredh, re'm fay,
 Alemma dhe Lamorna.

Treylys - Ken George

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Pomona:

Bodlien Ballads Catalogue- Harding B 11- 65 no date – 19th Century Broadside Ballad

DOWN TO POMONA.

Now I'm going to sing,
A nice young lady fair,
I met some time ago.
At the corner of Albert Square
She had a lovely jet-black eye.
I thought I should like to own her,
For in a voice so sweet she asked of me,
The way down to Pomona

Chorus

We met in Albert Square,
And I never shall forget,
Her eyes shone like the stars,
Though the evening it was wet.
The hair it hung in curls,
Of this lovely little Donah,
As we drove that night in great delight,
Away down to Pomona.

My heart beat like a drum,
As I answered her with pride,
Yes, and if you have no objections,
I will take you there beside.
She blushed and answered yes,
Then I felt in love all over,
For a cab I sent and off we went,
Away down to Pomona.

We'd scarce got in the cab,
When she ask'd me for my name,
I gave it to her then,
And ask'd of her the same.
When she lifted up the fall,
Which her face had covered over,
Upon my life she was my wife,
I was taking down to Pomona.

She said, sir, you know me now,
That we're not in the dark,
I said, yes love, before now,
But I thought I would have a lark.
Then for your larking you shall pay,
And forgetting your lovely Donah,
You shall have it to say, you have had to pay
For your wife into Pomona.

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