

*KANOW TAVERN*

**CORNISH**



**PUB  
SONGS**

In Cornish and English

*Cadgewith Anthem Camborne Hill George the Magic Chough  
Lamorna, Little Eyes, Maggie May, Old Grey Duck , The Pasty  
Song, Roll the Old Chariots, Sweet Nightingale, White Rose,  
Johnny Bugger.*

## Kanow Tavern *Cornish Pub Songs*

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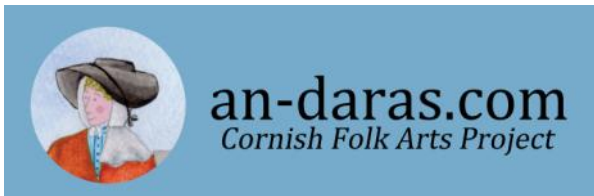
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## Cadgwith Anthem



Co - me fill up your glass - es and let us be  
De - wgh, dre - hevevgh 'gas gwed - renn ha bedh - ewgh low -



mer - ry For to rob bags of plun - der it is our in -  
en - ek, Rag rav - na ha lad - ra dhyn ni meur a



- tent As we roam through the va - lleys where the  
bleg; Ha ni owth er - ya dre'n nan - sow ma - y



lilies and the ro - ses and the beau - ty of kas - mir lay  
tyv an bleu - jen - now Ha' n yl - ys ha'n bri - alli ha'n



dro - oping his head Then a - way (then a - way) then a -  
ro - sen - now hweg, Deun she ves (deun dhe ves), Deun dhe



- way (then a - way) then a way to those  
vewes (deun dhe ves), Deun dhe ves Bys y'n



caves in yon - der moun - tains where the rob - bers re - treat  
fow - ys y' n menydh - yow ma - y kyv an ladron dre's.

Hush hush in the distance  
there's footsteps approaching,  
Stand stand and deliver  
it is our watch cry  
As we roam through the valleys,  
where the lilies and the roses  
And the beauty of Cashmir lay  
drooping his head.  
Then away . . . . .

Teweugh, teweugh, a ny glywewgh  
tros ha treys eus ow nessa?  
Seveugh, seveugh, ha daskorr  
dha vona pur deg;  
Ha ni owth erya dre'n nansow  
may tyv an bleujennow  
Ha'n lyls ha'n brialli  
ha'n rosennow hweg  
Deun dhe ves . . . . .

## Camborne Hill / Bre Gammbronn

*Trad*



Go - ing up Cam-borne hill com - ing down, Go - ing

Owth yskyn - na Bre Gamm-bronn war - nans, Owth yskyn-



up Cam-borne hill com - ing down, The hor - ses stood still,

- na Bre Gamm-bronn war - nans, Pub margh stag y - tho,



the wheels went a - round, Go - ing

Pub ros eth yn - tro, Owth ys-



up Cam-borne hill com - ing down

- kyn - na Bre Gamm-bronnwar - nans.

Going up Camborne Hill, coming  
down  
Going up Camborne Hill,  
coming down  
The horses stood still;  
The wheels went around;  
Going up Camborne Hill coming  
down

White stockings,  
White stockings she wore  
White stockings,  
White stockings she wore  
White stockings she wore:  
The same as before;  
Going up Camborne Hill coming  
down

I knowed her old father old man  
I knowed her old father old man  
I knowed her old man:  
He played in the band;  
Going up Camborne Hill  
coming down

He heaved in the coal - the steam  
He heaved in the coal, in the steam  
He heaved in the coal:  
The steam hit the beam  
Going up Camborne Hill coming  
down

Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-  
nans,  
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-  
nans,  
Pub margh stag yth o, Pub ros eth yn-  
tro,  
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-  
nans.

Hy lodrow,  
hy lodrow o gwynn,  
Hy lodrow,  
hy lodrow o gwynn,  
Hy lodrow o gwynn  
A-ugh hy dewlin,  
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn war-  
nans.

Yth aswonnyn hy thas, hi, den koth,  
Yth aswonnyn hy thas hi, den koth,  
Yth aswonnyn hy thas,  
Y'n band 'hwarias,  
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn  
war-nans.

An glow ev a halyas y'n eth,  
An glow ev a halyas y'n eth,  
Y halyas an glow,  
Ha'n eth oll-dro,  
Owth yskynna Bre Gambronn  
war-nans.

# George The Magic Chough / Jory An Balores

Brian Webb



George the Mag-ic Chough, He lived by the sea And flew a-round old  
Jo - ri an ba - lores, a driga ryb an mor, Ha nij-a 'dro an



Corn-wall's coast With red beak foot and knee. His wings they were so  
als Ker - now yn gol - ow splann an loer; dhiw - ask - ell mar led-



broad And he flapped them up and down To stop from fal-ing  
- an a flapp - yas us - kis lowr Y'n mor na wrel-la



in the sea Where he would sure-ly drown  
ko - e - dha ha beu - dhi yn-dann dhowr.

George the Magic Chough,  
He lived by the sea  
And flew around old Cornwall's  
coast  
With red beak foot and knee.  
His wings they were so broad  
And he flapped them up and down  
To stop from falling in the sea  
Where he would surely drown

In the days before the telly  
In the days of yester-yore  
King Arthur and Queen Guinivere  
They picnicked by the shore  
While Arthur cut the chips  
With Excaliburs sharp blade  
Guinivere baked pasties  
That she that day had made

Now George he was a watching  
He saw the royal crew  
He flew down from his perch on  
high  
To steal a chip or two  
He landed on the table  
Just missing the Kings head  
And landed in the ketchup  
That's why his legs are red

*Brian Webb*

Jori an blares,  
a driga ryb an mor,  
Ha nija 'dro an als Kemow  
yn golow splann an loer;  
dhiwaskell mar ledan  
a flappyas uskis lowr  
Y'n mor na wrella koedha  
ha beudhi yn-dann dhowr.

Kyns dones an bellwolok  
yn oesow koth res eth,  
Ryw Arthur ha'y Wynnuwer  
a dhybri war an treth;  
Hag ev ow treghi askloes  
dre Galesvolgh mar splann,  
Hy wreg a doemmas pastiw  
ha selsik war an tan.

Yth esa an balores  
ow mires orth an dhew;  
Y nijas a-dhiwar an als  
rag ladra askorn tew:  
Y sedhis dres an myghtern,  
ha war an voes pan dheuth,  
Y'n sows aval kerensa  
y kevis diwarr rudh.

*Treylys gans Ken George*

# Lamorna

*Trad*



So now i'll sing to you Its a - bout a mai - den fair, I  
Y kan - av lem - myn dhygh, 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*

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

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 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.*

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 !

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 gwrug:  
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*

# Little Eyes / Dewlagas Byghan

Trad



The o - ther night I had a dream the funniest dream of all, I

Nans yw unn nos, y'm beu hun-ros, An koynta 'veu a'y oes; Yth



dreamt that I was kissing you be - hind the gar - den wall, And he said

esa hi ow th am - ma dhymm, En - os a - dryv an fos! Yn-medh hi:



little eyes I love you (hon - ey), little eyes I love you, I

Dew - lag - as vy - ghan (meld - er), Dew - lag - as vy - ghan, War



love you in the spring time and the fall, Little eyes I love you,

all an nar - vys nyns eus hwath dha bar; Dew - lag - as vy - ghan,



little eyes I love you, I love you the best of all.

Dew - lag - as vy - ghan, Bys vyk - ken my a'th kar

The other night I had a dream,  
The funniest dream of all;  
I dreamt that I was kissing you.  
Behind the garden wall!

And she said

Little eyes I love you  
(honey)  
Little eyes I love you,  
I love you in the spring  
time and the fall;  
(honey, honey)  
Little eyes I love you  
Little eyes I love you  
I love you the best of all  
(honey, honey, honey)

Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is your turtle dove?  
Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is the one you love?

And she said .....

I took my honey home last night,  
Beneath the spreading pine;  
I placed my arms around her  
waist,  
And pressed her lips on mine.

And she said .....

Nans yw unn nos, y'm beu hunros,  
An koynta 'veu a'y oes;  
Yth esa hi owth amma dhymm,  
Enos a-dryv an fos !

Yn-medh hi:

Dewlagas vyghan  
(melder),  
Dewlagas vyghan,  
War oll an norvys nyns  
eus hwath dha bar;  
(melder, melder)  
Dewlagas vyghan,  
Dewlagas vyghan,  
Bys vykken my a'th kar  
(melder, melder, melder)

A lavar dhymm, A lavar gwir,  
Piw yw dha durenn deg ?  
A lavar dhymm ha lavar gwir,  
Piw'n moyha dhis a bleg ?

Yn-medh hi .....

Nyhewer y's kemmeris tre,  
Yn-dann an spemenn wynn;  
A-dro dh'y kres, 'hworris ow breg,  
Ha'y synsi strothys tyunn.

Yn-medh hi....

*Treylys - Julyan Holmes*

# Maggie May

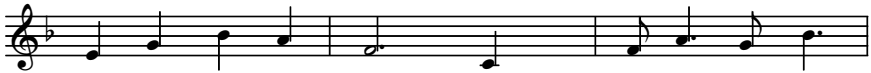
Trad



The spring had come the flow-ers bloom, The birds say out their  
Gwen - ton yth o Y hwrus-sa dos Mar las war woen ha



lay, Down by a li - ttle run - ning stream I  
bre Og - as dhe'n go - ver down yn koes Y



first saw Magg - ie May My little witch - ing  
hwel - is Mag - gie May Maggie May mar



Magg - ie Sing - ing all the day Oh, how I loved her  
vu - nys Ogh kar - is re be Fa - tell y's kerys, Ny



none can tell My li - ttle Magg - ie May  
woer den - vyth Ker - es - ik Mag - gie May

The spring had come  
The flowers bloom  
The birds say out their lay  
Down by a little running stream  
I first saw Maggie May

*My little witching Maggie  
Singing all the day  
Oh, how I loved her  
none can tell  
My little Maggie may*

Her hair was gold  
Her eyes were blue  
And shining like the day  
Her heart was pure and ever true  
My little Maggie may

And oh, her voice  
was sweet and low  
And like an angels lay  
I hear it now wher-e'er I go  
The voice of Maggie May

The years have flown  
My eyes are dim  
My hair is scant and grey  
Yet never shall I cease to love  
My long lost Maggie may

Gwenton yth o  
Y hwrussa dos  
Mar las war woen ha bre  
Ogas dhe'n gover down yn koes  
Y hwelis Maggie May

Maggie May mar vunys  
Ogh karis re be  
Fatell y's kerys,  
Ny woer denvyth  
Keresik Maggie May

Dewlagas glas  
ha mel hy blew  
Dre wyns oll yn deray  
Lowen o hi nefra gans gew  
Pan whelis Maggie May

Gans lev mar whek  
y kanas hi  
Yn lowen dres oll an dy'  
hwath an son 'ma genev vy  
Keryas Maggie May

An blydhnyow,  
oll re fias  
Mes kov ny wra lehe  
Gyllys y hy lemmyn ellas  
Ow hares Maggie May

Treylys – Merv Davey

*Treylys - Merv Davey*

# Old Grey Duck / An Hos Loes Koth

*Trad*



The old grey duck she stawl her nest and lay down in the  
An hos loes koth, A degh-as a'y neyth, Ha mos gorwedha y'n



fields And when the young ones They came forth they had no tail nor  
lin; Pan dheuth yn - mes, Pell - enn - ow pluv, Ny's tev - o lost na



bills They had no tail nor bills They had no tail nor bills and  
min. Ny's tev - o lost na min. Ny's tev - o lost na min. Pan



when the young ones they came forth They had no tails nor bills  
dheuth yn - mes Pell - enn - ow pluv Ny's tev - o lost na min.

The old grey duck  
She stawl her nest  
And laid down in the field,  
And when the young ones  
They came forth  
They had no tails nor bills  
    They had no tail nor bills,  
    They had no tail nor bills  
    And when the young ones  
    They came forth  
    They had no tail nor bills

Twos eggs were addled  
And one was broke  
And they were thrown away  
The young ones they  
Couldn't cluck nor swim  
They all died that same day  
They all .....

Next time we'll put her  
In the barn  
Or tie her by the heels  
The young ones then  
May have a chance  
To grow their tails and bills  
To grow .....

*\*Version in Kernewek has  
additional verse*

An hos loes koth  
A deghas a'y neyth  
Ha mos gorwedha y'n lin;  
Pan dheuth yn-mes  
Pellennow pluv  
Ny's tevo lost na min.  
    Ny's tevo lost na min.  
    Ny's tevo lost na min.  
    Pan dheuth yn-mes  
    Pellennow pluv  
    Ny's tevo lost na min.

Unn oy o terrys,  
Onan gwag,  
Ha tewlys vons dhe-ves;  
Pub heyjigow  
Heb kollenki o  
Kyns nos a verwis es.  
Kyns .....

*\*Ny wodhya re  
An pyth dhe wul,  
Ny vywens i namoy;  
Nyns esa dhedha  
Skians lowr  
Dhe dhensel dre'ga oy.  
Dhe dhensel .....*

Y'n krow y's gorryn  
Nessa tro,  
Fasthe hy seu'l gans lin;  
Ha chons a's tevydh  
Pub pellenn bluv  
Dhe devi lost ha min.  
Dhe devi .....

*Treyls - Ken George*

# The Pasty Song / An Gan Basti

Brian Webb.

Oh Me Lads you ought to see the past-ies, Two  
*Chorus* A! Mēb - yon res dhywgh gwel-es an past-iow, diw  
 inches long in a plas-tic bag and the in-sides full of nas-ties,  
 veusva hir, yn segh - yer heb-leth ha'n per-vedh leun a dhrog-ow,  
 Car-rots and peas and Kit-ti-kat all jumb-led in a mess oh, And a  
 Karet-ys ha pys ha Kit-ti-kat kem - mysk-ys ol yn strol-yow, Gans  
 pa-cket of Ren-nies that come quite free, with the comp-li - ments of  
 far-dell a Ren-nies yw heb kost vyth, gor - hem-myn-nadow a  
 Tes-cos. I saw <sup>it</sup><sub>verse 1</sub> in the Sun-day times so I know it must be  
 Tes-co. My a'n gwel-as yn Sun-day Times 'tho heb mar an gwiry-on-  
 true, I saw it in the tel-e-graph and the Obser-ver had one  
 - edh, My a'n gwel-as yn Tel-e-graph hag yn The Obser-ver  
 to, An ad - vert - ise-ment for past-ies, the fin - est you can  
 ynwedh, 'Ma ar - gem-myn-now rag past - i, an gwella a yl - la  
 buy, Made by Tes-co's far a-way, in Eng-land tis no lie,  
 brena, Gwrys gans Tes-co pell a-ves, yn Pow Sows heb gowa.



*Verse 2*

So early Monday morning, I set off  
for the town  
To Tesco's supermarket, In Pydar  
Street tis found  
They gave to me a trolley with four  
wheels and made of tin  
How big then could this pasty be I  
thought me luck was in

*Verse 3*

I looked all up and down the  
shelves, All piled with tins so high  
I searched amongst the cheese  
and ham, the bread, the veg the  
pies  
I searched amongst the under  
wear, even opened doors and  
hatches  
Then at last I found one hid behind  
a box of matches

*Verse 4*

I felt so sorry for the thing all pale  
and all alone  
Says I perhaps you'll grow a bit, if  
I do take you home  
So I went up to the checkout and  
then I turned quite cold  
It cost me thirty six new pence -  
the buggers made of gold!

*Verse 5*

But I put it in me pocket, and  
homeward made me way  
That's when me troubles started  
and for a fine I had to pay  
When the pasty fell from out a  
hole and on the ground did splay  
They fined me twenty pounds you  
know for fouling the highway

*Gwers 2*

Hag a-varr myttin dy'Lun, tre my a  
wrug gasa  
Dhe worvarghas Tesco, yn Stret  
Pydar yma  
I a ros dhymm vy kert, peder ros  
ha gwrys a sten  
Pyth yw braster an pasti ma? 'Ma  
meur a luk genen.

*Gwers 3*

My a viras a-hys estyll, kanns gor-  
rys mar ughel  
My a hwilas an keus, an kig, an  
leth, an frut ha'n mel  
My a hwilas yn-mysk skantys, igeri  
daras ha hatchenn  
Hag ena my a gavas onan a-dryv  
kyst a danbrenn.

*Gwers 4*

My a omglywas trist ragdho  
euthek gwynn kyn fe  
Martesen ty a wra tevi, mar kem-  
merav dhe'm tre  
Ytho my eth dhe dylliva ena  
treyls yeyn lowr  
Hwetek war'n ugens diner o –  
gast! yth yw gwrys a owr!

*Gwers 5*

Mes my a'n gorras y'm pokket, ha  
war-dre my eth di  
Hemm o dalleth ow fproblem, yth  
esa spal ragov dhe dylli  
Hag an pasti a goedhas dres toll  
ha war an leur Tarmac...  
Spalys en ugens peuns yn hwir  
rag kawgha fordh boblek.

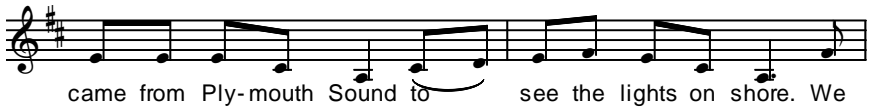
*Treyls - Pol Hodge*

# Roll the Old Chariots / Goes Nelson

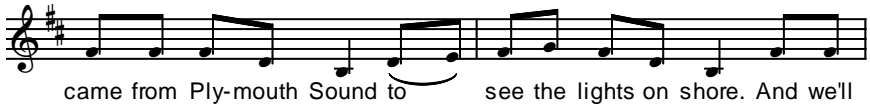
*Trad*



Dhi - worth A - ber - plymm gweles gol - ow - yow yn tir,



Dhi - worth A - ber - plymm gweles gol - ow - yow yn tir,



Dhi - worth A - ber - plymm gweles gol - ow - yow yn tir, Hag



ena ni a wra gortos. Hag ni a rol an



kyt - trin koth a - hys, Hag ni a rol an kyt - trin koth a - hys, Hag



ni a rol an kyt - rin koth a - hys, Hag ena ni a wra gortos.

Pronunciation! **shyndya** – SHIND-ya NOT shin-DI-a

We came from Plymouth Sound to  
See the lights n shore

A nice cup of tea would'nt do us  
any harm.

A plate of Irish stew would'nt do us  
any harm.

A pint of Doom Bar would'nt do us  
any harm.

A night on the town would'nt do us  
any harm.

A drop of Nelson's Blood would'nt  
do us any harm.

A night with a girl would'nt do us  
any harm.

A drop of rum & shrub would'nt do  
us any harm.

A night in the cells wouldn't do us  
any harm.

Dhiworth Aberplymm gweles  
golowyow yn tir

hanav a de da na wra agan  
shyndya ni

plat a vros iwerdhonek na wra  
agan shyndya ni

pinta da Doom Bar na wra agan  
shyndya ni

Nosweyth gwyls y'n dre na wra  
agan shyndya ni

bana a Woes Nelson na wra agan  
shyndya ni

nosweyth gans benyn na wra  
agan shyndya ni

bana a rumm ha shrub na wra  
agan shyndya ni

nos stag yn kellow na wra agan  
shyndya ni

*Treylys - Pol Hodge*

# Sweet Nightingale / Eos Hweg

Trad



My Sweet - heart come a - long don't you hear the fond  
Ow huv ko - lon gwra dos Ha ny glyw - ydh yn



song, the sweet notes of the night-ing-ale flow? Don't you  
koes An e - os ow kan - a pur hweg? A ny



hear the fond tale of the sweet night-ing - ale As she sings in the  
glyw-ydh hy lev, A woe - les a sev Yn nan-sow ow



val-ley be - low,..... As she  
kan-a mar deg?..... Yn



sings in the val-ley be - low.....  
nan-sow ow kan-a mar deg?.....

Mv sweetheart, come a long  
Don't you hear the fond song,  
The Sweet notes of the nightingale  
flow

*Don't you hear the fond tale  
Of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valey below.,  
As sings in the valley below...*

Pretty Betty, don't fail,  
For I'll carry your pail  
Safe home to your cot as we go.  
*You shall hear the fond tale.....*

Pray let me alone,  
I have hands of my own;  
Along with you, sir, I'll not go.  
*For to hear the fond tale.....*

Pray sit yourself down  
With me on the ground,  
On this bank where the primroses  
grow:  
*You shall hear the fond tale, etc.*

The couple agreed  
To be married with speed  
And soon to the church they did go.  
*You shall hear the fond tale, etc.*

Ow huv-kolon gwra dos  
A ny glywyth y'n koes  
An eos ow cana pur hweg?

*A ny glywyth hy lev,  
A woeles a sev  
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?  
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?*

Na fyll, Betty ger  
N a vyth yn ahwer  
Dha gelorn y 'n degaf dhe'th vos  
*A ny glywyth hy lev,*


Ogh, gas dhymmo kres  
My, y'n degav gans es  
Ke dhe gerdhes, ny vynnav-vy mos  
*A ny glywyth hy lev,*

Eseth dhymmo, sur  
Genev-vy yn leur  
Yn mysk an brialli y'n lann  
*A ny glywyth hy lev,*

Akordys ens i  
A dhemedhi devri  
Ha distough dhe'n eglos dhe vos  
*A ny glywyth hy lev,*

# White Rose / An Rosenn Wynn


Trad




I love the white rose in its splendour, I  
My 'gar an rosenn wynn, Mar




love the white rose in its bloom, I love the white rose so  
hweg, mar deg dell dyv hi, An ros - enn wynn, Mar




fair as it grows, It's the rose that re - minds me of you. The  
splann, mar vrin - tyn, A dhre dha gov om - ma dhe - vy! Kyn-



first time I met you my dar-ling, Your face was as fair as a  
- sa pan wel - is ow hwe-goll, Yth est - a mar deg av-el



rose, But now your dear face has grown pal-er, As  
ros, Mes lem-myn 'ma dhis liw dha vej-eth, Mar



pale as the lil - ly white rose.  
wynn av-el ros-enn mayth os.

I love the white rose in its splendour,  
I love the white rose in its fall,  
I love the white rose,  
So fair as she grows,  
It's the rose that reminds me  
of you.

The first time I met you  
My darling  
Your face was as pale as the rose  
And now your face  
Has grown paler  
As pale as the lily white rose

I love the white rose in it's splendour  
I love the white rose in its fall  
I love the white rose  
So fair as she grows  
It's the rose that reminds me  
of you

My 'gar an ros-enn wy-nn,  
Mar hweg, mar deg dell dyv hi,  
An rosenn wynn,  
Mar splann, mar vrintyn,  
A dhre dha gov omma  
dhe-vy !

Kynsa pan welis  
ow hwegoll,  
Yth esta mar deg avel ros,  
Mes lemmyn 'ma dhis I  
iw dha vejeth,  
Mar wynn avel rosenn mayth os.

My 'gar an ros-enn wy-nn,  
Mar hweg, mar deg dell dyv hi,  
An rosenn wynn,  
Mar splann, mar vrintyn,  
A dhre dha gov omma  
dhe-vy!

*Treylys - Julyan Holmes*

# Johnny Bucca / Jonni Boekka

Trad



Now old John-ny Bu - cca, he lived by him - self, So

Ha, hen Jon - ni Boek - ka, yth o ev heb gwreg, Hemma



long as 'e was in the best of health, Then one day 'e got

o da lowr mars o ev yn yagh teg Hag unn jydh ev a



him-self a wife, To look aft-er 'e for the rest of his life. Singing

ga - vas gre' ti rag y with a ev rag oll y vyw-nans di Kana



I do be - lieve, I do be-lieve, Old John-ny Bu - cca was a

my a bre - der, my a bre - der Hen Jon - ni Boek - ka o boek -



gay old bu-cca And a gay old bu-cca was 'e!

- ka pur low-en Ha Boek - ka fest low-en o ev



Now old Johnny Bucca, he lived by himself,  
So long as 'e was in the best of health,  
Then one day 'e got himself a wife,  
To look after 'e for the rest of his life.

Chorus: Singing ... I do believe, I do believe,  
Old Johnny Bucca was a gay old bucca  
And a gay old bucca was 'e!

Course old' Mrs. Bucca, she had a funny leg,  
The doctor ordered her to bed.  
Called Johnny in and said to him ...  
'You'll have to rub your wife's left leg with gin!

Well old' Johnny Bucca, he thought was a sin  
To rub his wife's left leg with gin  
So he pulled out the stopper and poured it down his throttle ...  
Rubbed his wife's left leg with the bottle!

Now old' Johnny Bucca tried milking' of his cow  
Only bugger was he didn't know how,  
So 'e pulled on the tail instead of the \*\*\*  
And all 'e got was a bucket full of \*\*\*!

So old Johnny Bucca went walking one day  
Down by the bank of the river he strayed.  
Course 'e fell in and gave a great shout ...  
There was no bugger there for to pull the bugger out!

Now God made bees and bees make honey  
God made Man and Man makes money  
Money makes the Devil and the Devil makes sin  
We shall have to dig a pit for to put the bugger in!

So old Johnny Bucca, he went up to heaven  
He got there bout half past seven ...  
He saw St. Peter, stood by the gate ...  
He said 'You'll have to bugger off cus you'm too bleddy late!'

## Jonni Boekka

Ha, hen Jonni Boekka, yth o ev heb gwreg  
Hemma o da lowr mars o ev yn yagh teg  
Hag unn jydh ev a gavas gre'ti  
rag y with a ev rag oll y vywnans di

*Kana .. my a breder, my a breder  
Hen Jonni Boekka o boekka pur lowen  
Ha Boekka fest lowen o ev*

Heb mar Mestres Boekka, "th esa Garr koynt dedhi  
Yn medh an medhek "dhe weli"  
Dhe Jonni "medh ev an dra ma  
" Res yw ruttya an arr gans jenevra.

Pegh bras yw herwydh agan Jonni Boekka  
Rag ruttya garr gans jenevra  
Ev a dennas an stoppyer hag y dhowra der ousel  
Ruttya garr wreg gans an bottel.

Now hen Jonni Boekka y vugh a wrug godra  
Mes na woer ev fatell gul yndella  
War an lost yn le an dethenn eth y dhorn  
Hag oll esa dhodho o kawgh yn kelorn

Ha hen Jonni Boekka unn jydh a gerdhas  
A-hys glann an avon ev a rosyas  
Ev o goedhas yn dowr poran yn kres  
Nyns esa boekka vyth dhe denna an boekka'mes

Dyw 'wrug gwenen ha mel i a wra  
Dyw 'wrug tus hag i arghans da  
Arghans a wra an jowl ha'n jowl a wra peghow  
Res yw dhyn palas pytt ha gorra an boekka ynno

'Tho hen Jonni Boekka, a-ugh dhe nev ev eth  
Devedhys hanter wosa eth  
'th esa Sen Peder, dhe'n yet sevys  
'medh ev,"res yw dhis boekka'ves ty re dhiwedhes.

Treylys - Pol Hodge