

Hail To The Homeland / Hayl Dh'Agan Mammvro

Pearce Gilbert 1958

Set to music: Kenneth Pelmear 1982

Cornish words: Richard Jenkin 1982

Hail to the Home - land Great bas - tion of the free,___
Hayl dh' agan__ Mamm-vro Ker veur__ a' - gan rydh- ses____

Hear now thy chil - dren Pro - claim their lo - ve for thee____
Klew prest_ dha flegh - es A - gan ke - ren - sa dhis____

Age - less_ thy splen - dour, un - dimmed that Cel - tic flame,___
Heb oos_ dha splann - der, An flamm Kel- tek_ gol - ow,____

Proud - ly our souls re - flect, The glo - ry of thy name.____
On ni_ oll go - thus, A'n gol - ew-der a'th han - ow.____

Notes

The English words were written by Pearce Gilbert in 1959. Kenneth Pelmear (1923- 1995) composed the music and published it together with a translation by Richard Jenkin in a booklet of compositions in 1982 called *Cornish Voices*. It has since enjoyed increasing popularity as one of the national anthems of Cornwall and is used in the Gorsedd Kernow ceremony.

Hayl Dh'agan Mammvro! / Hail To The Homeland!

1. Hayl dh'agan Mammvro!
Ker veur a'gan rydhse:
Klew prest dha fleghes
Agan kerensa dhis;
Heb oos dha splannder
an flamm Keltek golow,
On ni oll gothus
A'n golewder a'th hanow.
1. Hail to the Homeland!
Great bastion of the free,
Hear now thy children
Proclaim their love for thee;
Ageless thy splendour
Undimmed that Celtic flame,
Proudly our souls reflect
The glory of thy name.
2. Gwelewgh an tekter,
An kres war hal Bodmen,
Marhogewgh tardh mor
War tu h'an treth Sennen;
Chersewgh gans dorn krev
Karyji war Drenkrom,
Kenewgh Trelawny bras
Heglew gans kolon domm.
2. Sense now the beauty,
The peace of Bodmin Moor,
Ride with the breaker
Towards the Sennen shore.
Let firm hands fondle
The boulders of Trencrom,
Sing with all fervour, then
The great Trelawny song.
3. Hayl dh'agan Mammvro!
Ahanas on ni rann,
Y'gan kolonnow a
Rydhse golow splann;
Ynni ha hembronk
Gans gallos lanow ni,
Erbynny an jydh a drelyans
Roy dha nerth dhyn ni.
3. Hail to the Homeland,
Of Thee we are a part.
Great pulse of freedom
In every Cornish heart,
Prompt us and guide us,
Endow us with thy power,
Lace us with liberty
To face this changing hour.