

Cornwall My Home / Kernow Ow Dhre

Composer: Harry Glasson

Cornish translation: Matthi Clarke

Music Transcription: Roger Pinsent



I've stood on Cape Corn-wall in the sun's even-ing glow___
Re se - vis war Gil - goodh y'n howl - se - dhes kogh___



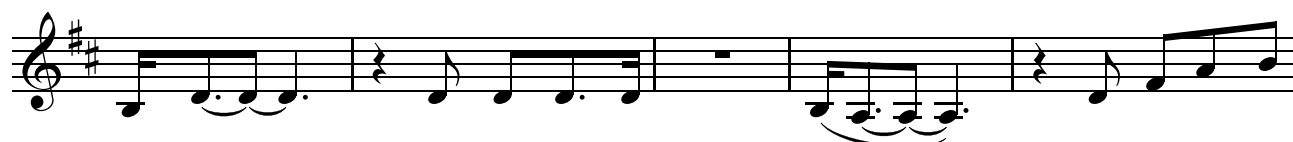
On Chywoone Hill at New - lyn to watch the fish-ing fleet go,
War Ji - woon dhe Lu - lynn ha'n kock - ow ow mos,



Watched the sheaved wheels at Gee-vor___ as they spun a - round
Ha_____ mi - res orth Ge-ver ha'n ro - sow yn - tro



And heard the men sing - ing as they went un-der - ground. And no - one will
Ha klew - es kan tus - bal pan ons pell_ dann vro. Ha den-vyth ny'm



e - ver___ move me from this land,___ Un - til the Lord
dann - von yn - mes___ an tir ma___ Kyns ga - low an



calls me___ to sit at his hand, For this is my Ed - en,___
ar - loedh___ ryb-dho dh'es-edh - a, Dref-en bos ow Ed - en,___



and I'm not a - lone, For this is my Corn-wall and this is my home!
ha'm ho-nan nyns ov, Rag bo-nes ow Her-now rag bo-nes ow threv!

Kernow Ow Dhre / Cornwall My Home

1. Re sevis war Gilgoodh
Y'n howlsedhes kogh,
War Ji-woon dhe Lulynn
Ha'n kockow ow mos,
Ha mires orth Gever
Ha'n rosow yn-tro,
Ha klewes kan tus-bal
Pan ons pell dann vro.

Burdhen

*Ha denvyth ny'm dannvon
Yn-mes an tir ma
Kyns galow an arloedh
Rybdho dh'essedha ,
Drefen bos ow Eden,
Ha'm honan nyns ov,
Rag bones ow Hernow
Rag bones ow threv!*

2. Re asis dhe Senan
Olyow yn treth blin,
Ha chasya morenyon,
Howleskys, hwerthin.
Re sevis war alsyow,
Gwyns skeusys ow heyn,
Ha taran a-woeles
Ow tardha war veyn.

Burdhen

3. Ha war Japel Karn-Bre,
ha boragweyth gann
Y firav orth pellder
war worwel Syllan.
Rag bones ow Hernow,
ha styrya a wrav
'Wos omma 'th en genys,
hag ynweth y ferwav.

Burdhen

1. I've stood on Cape Cornwall
In the sun's evening glow,
On Chywoone Hill at Newlyn
To watch the fishing fleet go,
Watched the sheaved wheels at Geevor
As they spun around,
And heard the men singing
As they went underground.

Chorus

*And no-one will ever
Move me from this land,
Until the Lord calls me
To sit at his hand,
For this is my Eden
And I'm not alone,
For this is my Cornwall
And this is my home!*

2. I've left childish footsteps
In the soft Sennen sand,
I've chased the maids down there
All giggly and tanned,
I've stood on the cliff top
In a westerly blow,
And heard the waves thunder
On the rocks far below.

Chorus

3. First thing in the morning,
on Chapel Carn Brea
I gaze at the Scillies
in the blue far away.
And this is my Cornwall
and I'll tell you why
Because I was born here
and here I shall die.

Chorus

(repeat last line of the Chorus – with feeling & slowing!)