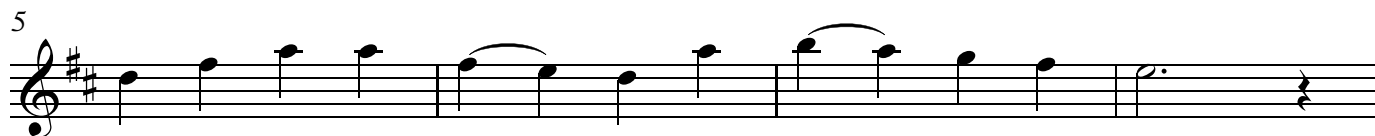


# Rosenik Gwer / Green Cockade

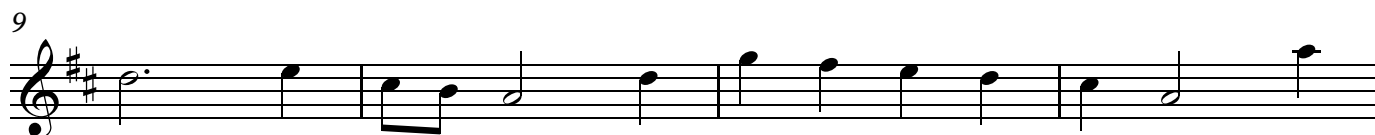
*Noted by Jim Thomas and Tom Miners from Miss J. Kelynack of Troon in 1924  
Cornish Translation: E. G. Retallick Hooper (1966), Standard Written Form: Mick Paynter (2021)  
From the singing of Tavas (Crysten Truran & Lester Fudge) in 1978.*



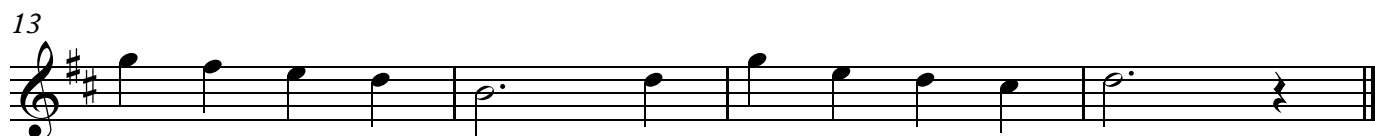
Gal - las ow huf ko - lon - vy gwisk ef ros - en - ik gwer; Gans  
My love is new - ly list - ed he wears a green cock - ade; He



lu er - vys yth eth a ves, avel smat\_\_ la - vas - er:  
marched a - way and left me, like an - y rov - ing blade;



Ow ho - lon\_\_ trist! ow ter - ri y - ma\_\_ va, Dre  
Oh my po - or heart! my very heart is break\_\_ king, All



goll an - oth - o ev, Dre goll an - o - dho ev.  
through the loss of him, All through the loss of him.

2. Nans yw dhe wir y oghen,  
An koll i a'n disqweth;  
An dor may hwre ef kerdhes,  
Gwels ny dewis bythkweyth

2. His team of oxen ploughing.  
Their loss now plainly show;  
The very ground he trod on,  
The grass refused to grow.

3. A lavarsen vy dhodho,  
A'm euthter ha ow fayn;  
Ow har ny wrussa mones,  
Golya dhe ves dhe Spayn.

3. If only I had told him,  
One half my grief and pain;  
My lad had never listed,  
To sail away to Spain.

4. Y hwedher skon an del,  
Pup bleuven a beder;  
Tekter benewen a fyll,  
Ha henys a'n ledar.

4. Oh soon the leaves will wither,  
And every flower decay;  
The beauty of a young maid,  
Will likewise decay.