

# Try Drolla Nadelek

Three Christmas Drolls

*E. F. Climo*



## TRY DROLLA NADELEK :: THREE CHRISTMAS DROLLS



CORNWALL HAS LONG HAD A MIDWINTER TRADITION of guise-dance drolls, or Christmas plays, performed in dialogue, narrative, verse, song, and so on. This little book contains three such drolls, taken from our larger companion volume, *'Drollys Gys-Dons / Cornish Christmas Plays' [DGD]*. Each of the three has a parallel Cornish translation, and there's a small selection of associated tunes for singing and dancing. The three are:

- *Duffy ha'n Jawl / Duffy and the Devil*. This is Robert Hunt's original 1881 setting of the play in 2 scenes; *DGD* offers an expanded 7-scene adaptation.
- *Gwary Nadelek Lanwedhenek / Padstow Guisers Play*. This a previously unpublished version of the 'St. George' play.
- *Tum Pengersiek ha Hycka Trengurtha / Tom Pengersick & Dic Trengurtha*. A humorous doggerel account (in Dialect) of a trip to Preen Fair. (1846).

The Yuletide guise-dance drolls in this book have been published both in printed form, and as a free e-book, so as to make them more readily accessible to anyone —student, teacher, or player—who might wish to read, study, or perform them in any of Cornwall's languages: *Kernewek*, Dialect or English.



*Bagas Mymyoryon yn dan vysours / A Party of Masked Mummies.*  
A.Crowquill & J.M.Williams (1864)



Gwash  
an Orlewen



Eyver fenyk

Try Drolla Nadelek.  
Three Christmas  
Drolls.



*Golegys ha trelyes gans /  
Edited & translated by*

**E. F. Climo**



Gwask an Orlewen  
2013

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Pup gwyr gwethys.

Y hylough fotocopya po pryntya an gwaryow ha'n menestrouthy y'n  
lyver-ma, rak parusy set a scryfow dhe vos usyes gans bagas pynyl  
a dhyscoryon Kernewek po a waryoryon, mes ny yllough  
govyn mona adar cost an copya rak gul yndella.  
Ny yllough golegy po chaunjya nanyl an desten  
na an lytherennans hep cafos cumyas scryfys  
dherak dorn dhyworth an dyllor.

Desynyes gans EF Climo,  
hag olsettyes yn Caslon ha Cardinal



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Designed by EF Climo,  
and typeset in Caslon and Cardinal

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*note: section numbers match those in our larger companion volume,  
'Drollys Gys-Dons / Cornish Christmas Plays'.*

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*Gys-donsoryon Yowynk yn Kernow,  
ow tasleverel aga rannow yn gwary Nadelek :—  
(Mum), Besebuk po Tasyk Nadelek, Try Marghak,  
ha'n Medhek Pomster.  
(A.J. Mason, 1833)*

*Young Guise-dancers in Cornwall,  
rehearsing their parts in a Christmas play :—  
(Mum), Beelzebub or Father Christmas, Three Knights,  
and the Mountebank Doctor.  
(A.J. Mason, 1833)*

(adhya/from: *Christmas Carols, Ancient & Modern.*  
Williams Sandys. London, 1833.)

## Foreword

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Cornwall has a long tradition of entertainments performed over the mid-winter season as part of the Christmastide festivities. These range from storytellers with their yarns, to groups of players acting in guise-dance drolls, and using dialogue, narrative, verse, song, dance, and so on.

From the wealth of such material that's been recorded, the editor has chosen three items for this slim book to whet your appetite; each is offered for the first time with a parallel Cornish translation. Some of the drolls specify a piece of music to be sung or danced to, and section E deals with this by offering:

- a sailor's elegy with bilingual lyrics, as well as
- several dance tunes comprising two hornpipes and a couple of 3-hand reels. The three drolls are:
- A 2-scene dramatisation of the well-known Cornish folk tale *Duffy and the Devil*, taken from Robert Hunt's 1881 volume (see Bibliography). There is a longer 7-scene adaptation in the companion volume mentioned below.
- A doggerel droll in Cornish dialect, concerning what Dic Trengurtha saw at Preen Fair, as he relates it to his friend Tom Pengursick on the road home.
- A previously unpublished version of the 'St. George' Christmas guisers' play recorded in Padstow.

These three are excerpted from the larger companion book, *Drollys Gys-Dons/ Cornish Christmas Plays*, which contains seventeen drolls, fifteen songs and dance tunes, together with a comprehensive anthology of historical writings on the subject. In a similar way to this book, most of the drolls and songs have a new parallel Cornish translation.

The present book has been published in a printed version; but there's also a free downloadable PDF e-book, to make it available (as a wee Christmas present) to any of our readers who might want it. See p.36 for where to obtain copies.

The editor hopes these books will appeal not only to students of Cornish languages and folklore, but also to guisers and mummers who might wish to perform these traditional drolls in any of our tongues: *Kernewek*, Dialect, or Standard English. As with all of Gwask an Orlewen's books of plays, you are free to print or photocopy the plays, drolls and songs for use by a group of language students or players (as specified on the biblio page above).

*Nadelek Lowen re 'th fo, pup redyer oll!*

Eddie Climo,  
Gwlas an Haf, Mys Du, 2013.

## Concise Bibliography

Many of the old texts cited here are available for reading or downloading from the links given below. You can find the URLs for some of these sources on the 'Links/Cornwall' page of the Traditional Drama Research Group site listed below, a resource to which the present editor is greatly indebted.

- *The Internet Archive:* [www.archive.org](http://www.archive.org)
- *Google Books:* [books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
- *Folk Play Links, Cornwall:* [www.folkplay.info/Links/Cornwall.htm](http://www.folkplay.info/Links/Cornwall.htm)

I must express especial gratitude to the web site of the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies [URL below], who have made publicly available a massive archive of material on all aspects of traditional life in Cornwall. Durdala dhywhy, sos!

### Bottrell, William [WB]

1. *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall. Vol.1* (1870)
2. *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Penwith. 2nd series* (1873)
3. *Stories and Folklore of West Cornwall. 3rd series.* (1880)

### Federation of Old Cornwall Societies [FOCS].

1. [www.oldcornwall.org/](http://www.oldcornwall.org/)
2. [www.christmas.oldcornwall.org/play.htm](http://www.christmas.oldcornwall.org/play.htm)
3. [christmas.oldcornwall.org/](http://christmas.oldcornwall.org/)

Detailed page about Christmas in Cornwall, with videos of the plays.

### Hunt, Robert [RH]

1. *Popular Romances of the West of England, or The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* (1881)

### Internet Archive [IA]

- [www.archive.org](http://www.archive.org) — Search for 'mummers'**Master Mummers [MM]**

1. [www.mastermummers.org/](http://www.mastermummers.org/)  
Website for performers & researchers of folk plays.
2. [www.mastermummers.org/erd/Cornwall.htm](http://www.mastermummers.org/erd/Cornwall.htm)  
Index of recorded Christmas play material in Cornwall.

### Master Mummers [MM]. • [www.mastermummers.org/](http://www.mastermummers.org/)

Website for performers & researchers of folk plays.

See their index of Christmas play material recorded in Cornwall at:

- [www.mastermummers.org/erd/Cornwall.htm](http://www.mastermummers.org/erd/Cornwall.htm)

### Sandys, William [WS]

1. *Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern* (1833)  
Christmas Play of 'St. George', as represented in Cornwall (pp.174–8)
2. *Christmastide, its History, Festivities, and Carols.* (1852)
3. *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect...by Uncle Jan Trenoodle* (London, 1846). 'Account of a Chrestmas Play' (pp.53–59)

**Traditional Drama Research Group [TDRG]**

1. [www.folkplay.info](http://www.folkplay.info)

One of the main websites on folk plays; useful pages include:

2. [www.folkplay.info/Links/Cornwall.htm](http://www.folkplay.info/Links/Cornwall.htm)

The Cornwall sections of an extensive bibliography of books, papers and sites online, compiled by Chris Little.

3. [www.folkplay.info/Texts/70tq37aj.htm](http://www.folkplay.info/Texts/70tq37aj.htm)

The original text of part of Addison's opera *Rosamond*, a corrupt version of which is in the Truro play.

**Wikipedia [WP]**

1. • [www.wikipedia.org/Mummers\\_Play](http://www.wikipedia.org/Mummers_Play)

2. • [www.wikipedia.org/Pantomime](http://www.wikipedia.org/Pantomime)

**Wikimedia Commons [WM]**

1. • [commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Mummers\\_Play](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Mummers_Play)

**YouTube [YT] • [www.youtube.com](http://www.youtube.com)**

search for e.g. Cornwall mummers, Cornish mummers, mummers, guisers, or:

1. *The Blue Anchor Mummers, Helston*

2. *Cadgwith Mummers*

3. *Martlet Tipteers: The Compton Mummers* (2 videos, Crackington Haven)

4. *Cornish Mummers in Totnes*

5. *Weston Mummers at the Packhorse Inn, South Stoke*

• • • • •



*Bagas Donspryon Morris / A Group of Morris Dancers.*  
Randolph Caldecott, 1894.

## A2a. *Lady Lovell's Courtship* (play)

---

The 2-scene abridgement of *Duffy & the Devil*, as given in:

• *Popular Romances of the West of England*, Robert Hunt (1881), pp.395–8.

Cast:

|               |  |
|---------------|--|
| NARRATOR      | <i>whose parts are typeset in italics</i>            |
| SQUIRE LOVELL | aged master of Trove Hall                            |
| JANET CHYGWIN | Duffy's mother                                       |
| DUFFY CHYGWIN | Janet's idle daughter;<br>later, becomes LADY LOVELL |
| JANE          | the elderly housekeeper                              |
| HUEY LENINE   | Duffy's young true love                              |
| THE DEVIL     | His (Anonymous !) Infernal Highness                  |
| OLD BET       | a white-witch and mill-wife                          |

### Scene 3.

*Here we are, in the Squire's kitchen.*

*Duffy sitting on the chimney-stool;*

*Jane, the housekeeper, half drunk, holding fast by the table.*

JANE Oh, I am very bad, I must go to bed with the wind in my stomach. You can bake the pie, Duffy, and give the Squire his supper. Keep a good waking fire on the pie for an hour or more. Turn the glass again ; when the sand is half down, take the fire from the kettle. Mind to have a good blazing fire in the hall, for the Squire will be as wet as a shag. The old fool, to stay out hunting with this flood of rain ! Now, I'll take a cup of still waters, and crawl away to bed.

DUFFY Never fear, I'll bake the pie as well as if you were under the kettle along with it ; so go to bed, Jane.

*As soon a Jane turns her back, Huey Lenine (Lanyon) comes in with,—*

HUEY What cheer, Duffy, my dear ? How dost aw get on, then ?

DUFFY Never the better for thee, I bla, Huey. What do bring thee here this time of night ?

*A2b. Tantans Arlodhes Lovell (gwary)*

---

Gwaryoryon:

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| WHETHLOR         | y rannow yu olsettyes yn ytalek                                     |
| SQUYER LOVELL    | mester coth Lys Trewav  |
| JOWANET CHYGWYDN | mam Duffy   |
| DUFFY CHYGWYDN   | myrgh dhyek Jowanet ;<br>awosa, hy yu gyllys <b>Arlodhes Lovell</b> |
| JENA             | an hen dwythyades chy   |
| HEWY LANYON      | lel-garadow yowynk Duffy  |
| AN JAWL          | Y Ughelder Yffarnak (dyhanow !)                                     |
| BET GOTH         | peller ha benen melyn   |

**Gwel 3.***Ottany yn kegyn an Squyer.**Duffy yu a'y eseth war scavel-an-olas, ha Jena,  
an wythyades chy, hanter medhow, ow settya dalghen fast y'n bord.*

**JENA** Ogh, fest gwan of ; my a res mos dhe'n gwely awos an gwyns y'm pengasen. Ty a yl pobas an pasty, Duffy, ha ry y gynyow dhe'n Squyer. Ty syns tan bew mas war an pasty dres un owr po moy. Ena troyll an urweder arta ; pan vyth an treth hanter gyllys, kemer an tan adhywar an galtor. Ty gwayt synsy tan mas ow tywy y'n hel, rak an Squyer a vyth mar lyp avel spylgarn. An hen woky ! tryga mes a jy ha helghya pan usy'n glaw yn fros ! Lemmy'n, my a vyn cafos hanafas dower, ha cramyas yn kergh dhe'm gwely.

**DUFFY** Na borth own ; my a vyn pobas an pasty mar dha del ves ta ganso yn dan an galtor ; ytho ke dhe'n gwely, Jena.

*Kettel dreyl Jena dhe ves, Hewy Lanyon a dhe aji ha leverel,—*

**HEWY** Pyth yu dha jer, Duffy, caradow ? Fatel osta, ytho ?

**DUFFY** Vyth dhe well awos dha weles, del gryjaf, Hewy. Prak y tuthys ta omma mar helergh y'n nos ?

HUEY Why, thee art never the worse, nan, I'm sure. Nor thee cussent say that the lanes are longer than the love neither, when I'm come a-courting to thee with this rainy weather.

*Huey places himself on the chimney-stool, at a good distance from Duffy.*

DUFFY Why doesn't aw come a little nearer then, Huey ?

HUEY Near enuff, I bla.

DUFFY Nearer the fire, I mean. Why doesn't aw speak to me then, Huey ?

HUEY What shall I say, nan ?

DUFFY Why, say thee dost love me, to be sure.

HUEY So I do.

DUFFY That's a dear. Fine pretty waistcoat on to you, man, Huey.

HUEY Cost pretty money, too.

DUFFY What did it cost, man ?

HUEY Two-and-twenty pence, buttons and all.

DUFFY Take good care of en, man.

HUEY So I will.

DUFFY That's a dear.

*The Squire is heard calling the dogs.*

SQUIRE (*out of sight*) How well you did, you worthy hounds !  
Into your kennel now, Gad zounds !

DUFFY Dost aw hear ? There's the Squire close to the door. Where shall I put thee ? Oh, I'm in such a fright. Wouldn't for the world that he found thee here this time of night. Get in the wood-corner, quick, out of sight, and I'll cover thee up with the furze.

HUEY No.

DUFFY Then jump into the oven. A little more baking will make thee no worse.

*Duffy pushes Huey back into the oven with the fire-prong, till he gets our of sight, when the Squire comes in, calling,—*

HEWY Dar, nyns osta vyth dhe lacca, dhanna, certan of. Ny alses ta leverel bos an bownderyow hyrra es an kerensa nanyl, ha my dev-dhys dhe'th tanta ha'n gewer mar lyp.

*Hewy a eseth war scavel-an-olas, polta adhya Duffy.*

DUFFY Prak na wreta dos nebes nes, ytho, Hewy ?

HEWY Ogas lowr, my a gryj.

DUFFY Nes dhe'n tan, my a styr. Prak na wreta kewsel dhym ytho, Hewy ?

HEWY Pandra vynnaf leverel, dhanna ?

DUFFY Dar, lavar ty dhe'm cara, sur.

HEWY My a wra yndella.

DUFFY Ass osta cuf ! Cryspows tek braf us y'th kerghyn, a dhen, Hewy.

HEWY Mona tek o'y frys, magata.

DUFFY Pana brys o, a dhen ?

HEWY Deu dhynar warn ugans, ha'n botonnow warbarth.

DUFFY Gwra aga gwytha yn ta, a dhen !

HEWY Gwraf, sur.

DUFFY Ass osta cuf !

*Y a glew an Squyer ow carma dhe'n cun.*

SQUYER (*mes a wel*) Ass wrussough da, why gwyltrow mas !  
Eugh dhe gas cunjy, ren ow Thas !

DUFFY A wreta clewes ? Otenna an Squyer ogas dhe'n darras. Ple hallaf vy dha worra ? Ogh, ass us own dhym ! Ny vynsen vy y'n bys ef dhe'th cafos omma an ur-ma y'n nos. Ty ke yn corn cunys an olas, fysk ! mes a wel, ha my a vyn dha gudha gans an eythyn.

HEWY Nag af.

DUFFY Ytho, ty lam bys y'n forn. Ny vydhyth dhe lacca dre nebes pobas moy.

*Duffy a herth Hewy war dheleergh bys y'n forn gans an welen-tan, ernag usy va mes a wel, ha'n Squyer a dhe aji yn un arma,—*

**SQUIRE** Jane, take the hares and rabbits ; be sure to hang them out of the way of the dogs.

**DUFFY** Give them to me, master ; Jane is gone to bed. The wind from her stomach is got up in her head, at least so she said.

**SQUIRE** Why, who is here, then? I heard thee speaking to some one as I opened the door.

**DUFFY** I was driving away a great owl, master, that fell out of the ivy-bush on the top of the chimney, and came tumbling down through the smoke, perched hisself there on the end of the chimney-stack ; there he kept blinking and peeping, like a thing neither waking nor sleeping, till he heard the dogs barking, when he stopped his winking, cried out, "Hoo ! hoo !", flapped his wings, and fled up the chimney the same way he came down.

Now, master, you had better go up in the hall ; you will find there a good blazing fire.

*The Squire examines his legs by the fire-light.*

**SQUIRE** Well, I declare, these are the very best stockings I ever had in my life. I've been hunting since the break of day, through the bogs and the brambles, the furze and the thorns, in all sort of weather ; and my legs—look, Duffy, look !—are still as dry and sound as if they had been bound up in leather.

**DUFFY** Then take good care of them, master ; for I shall soon have a man of my own to knit for. Huey and I are thinking to get married before the next barley season.

**SQUIRE** You think of having a man ! a young girl like you ? If I but catch the boy Huey Lenine here, I'll break his neck, I declare ! I can never wear old Jane's stockings any more. Why, thee dust ought to be proud to know that the people from all over the parish, who were never to church before in their lives, come, and from parishes round, that they may see my fine stockings. And don't I stop outside the church door—ay, sometimes two hours or more—that the women may see the fine work ? Haven't I stopped at the cross till the parson came out to call the people in, because he and the clerk, he said, wanted to begin ?

*The Squire places himself beside Duffy on the chimney-stool.*

**SQUYER** Jena, tan an scovarnogas ha'n conynas ; gor wyth ty dhe'ga cregy mes a dhrehedhes dhe'n cun.

**DUFFY** Gwra aga ry dhym, a vester ; Jena yu gylls dh'y gwely.  
An gwyns yn hy fengasen eth yn ban dh'y fen, del leverys hy.

**SQUYER** Dar, pyu us omma, ytho ? My a glewas ty dhe gewsel orth neponen ha my owth ygery an darras.

**DUFFY** Yth esen vy ow herdhya ula bras dhe ves, a vester, a godhas mes a'n ydhyowen war ben an chymbla, ha cryghlemmel dhe'n dor der an mok, hag esedha ena war ben an glavel. Ena ef a besya plynchya ha kyky, kepar ha neppyth nag o nanyl a dhyfuna nag yn cusk, erna glewas ef hartha an cun. Ena ef a asas y blynchya, ha crya, "Hû ! hû !", ha trenyja y eskelly, ha fya an chymbla yn ban, an keth forth a dhothya dhe'n dor.

Lemmyn, a vester, gwell vya dhys mos yn ban dhe'n hel ; ty a gyf tan mas ow tywy ena.

*An Squyer a whythr y dhywar der olow an tan.*

**SQUYER** Wel,jevody, an lodrow-ma yu an gwella a ve dhym bythqueth y'm os. My re be ow helghya nans yu tarth an jeth, der an corsow ha der an dreys, yn kewer a bup kynda. Ha'm dywar—myr, Duffy, myr !—mar segh ha saw yns kepar del vens maylyes yn croghen.

**DUFFY** Ytho gwra aga gwytha yn ta, a vester ; rak kens hyr gour a vyth dhym dhe wya ragtho. Hewy ha my, yth eson ny ow predery a dhemedhy kens seson nessa an barlys.

**SQUYER** Ty a preder a gafos gour ! mowes yowynk a'th par ? Mar tef-fen ha cachya an maw Hewy Lanyon omma, my a dorsa y gonna, re'm fay ! Nefra ny vynsen vy gwysca lodrow Jena goth na fella. Dar, y cothfya dhys bos prowth dhe wothvos bos tus ow tos a bup sorn an plu-ma—tus na dheth dhe'n eglos bythqueth kens y'ga os, kefrys ha tus adhyworth an pluyow ader dro,—y a dhe dhe weles ow lodrow tek. Hag a ny wraf vy sevel aves dhe dharras an eglos—ya, trawythyow dres deu owr po moy— par may hallo an gwrageth gweles an gwyth fyn ? A ny wruk vy sevel orth an grows erna dheth an pronter mes dhe elwel an dus ajy, drefen ef ha'n scryfwas a vynny dhe dhalleth ?

*An Squyer a eseth ryp tenewan a Duffy war scavel-an-olas.*

A2A. LADY LOVELL'S COURTSHIP (PLAY)

*The Devil comes out of the wood-corner, and ranges himself behind them. Whenever the Squire is backward, the Devil tickles him behind the ear or under the ribs. His Infernal Highness is supposed to be invisible throughout.*

*Huey shows a wry face now and then,  
with clenched fist, through the oven door.*

*[The following portion, which is the Squire's courtship of Duffy with the help of the devil, is a sort of duet in the old play. I don't remember the whole, yet sufficient, I think, to give some idea of the way it is intended to be carried out. RH.]*

**SQUIRE** No, I'll marry thee myself, rather than Huey Lenine  
Shall ever wear stockings the equal of mine.  
Thou shalt have the silk gowns, all broider'd in gold,  
In the old oak chest ; besides jewels and rings,  
With other such fine things,  
In the old oak chest, as thee didst never behold.

**DUFFY** I'd rather work all the day by any young man's side,  
Than sit in the bower, and be an old man's bride.

**SQUIRE** Thou shalt have silver and gold,  
And riches untold.

**DUFFY** I'll buy my true-love his shirt, rather than your silver and gold.  
With one like yourself, both feeble and old.

**SQUIRE** You must say I'm old ; though I'm near sixty,  
I'm stronger still than many a man of twenty.  
Thou shalt ride to church behind me, upon a new pillion,  
As grand as Madam Noy, or Madam Trezillian.

**DUFFY** O master, hold your flattering tongue !  
I'm very foolish, and very young. But—

*Here Duffy tickles the Squire sharply under the ribs,  
when the Squire attempts to hug and kiss Duffy;  
she takes the fire-prong and brandishes it  
in the Squire's face.  
The Devil tickles them both.*

*An Jawl a dhe mes a gorn cunys an olas, ha sevel war aga lergb.  
Byth pan wra an Squyer posa war dhelegerb, ef a wra y dhebrenna adryf an  
scovarn po yn dan an asow. Ny a dheseff Y Ughelder Yffarnak dhe vos anwe-  
ladow pup prys oll. Orth darras an forn, Hewy a omdhysqua par termyn,  
omgammys y vyn, ha deges fast y dhorn.*

*[An ran a sew yu tantans Duffy gans an Squyer dre weres  
an Jawl ; cows deudhen a nep eghen yua y'n hen wary. Ny borthaf  
cof a bup ger oll, saw lowr anedha dhe ry nep tybyans, del grysaf,  
a fatel gothfya dhe'n wel bos performyes. RH.]*

**SQUYER** Na, avy a vyn dha dhemedhy, kens es Hewy Lanyon  
Dhe vedha gwysca tra vyth kepar ha'm lodrow.  
Ty a 'fyth an gonow cowlvrosyes syclaton,  
Usy y'n hen gyst dherow ; ha tygynnow ha bysewow,  
Kefrys ha ken taclow fyn a'n par-na,  
Us yn hen gyst dherow, bythqueth kens na welsys ta.

**DUFFY** Gwell vya dhym whel dedhwyth ryp den yowynk dur,  
Es bos gwrek dhe gothwas hag esedha y'n chambour.

**SQUYER** Ty a 'fyth arghans hag owr,  
ha tomals a rychys dres musur.

**DUFFY** Crys a brensen rak ow huf-colon ker,  
Adar spena 'gas arghans ha 'gas owr,  
Ha bos ryp cothwas dyfreth a'gas par.

**SQUYER** Ty a res leverel ow bos coth ;  
Kyn nag oma saw tryugans bloth,  
Creffa whath of es sul yu ugans bloth.  
Dhe'n eglos ty a vyn marghogeth  
War dhelegerb ow dyber, noweth y byllyon,  
mar vur 'vyth dha reouta 'vel Madame Noy, re'm leouta!  
Poken Madam Treslyan.

**DUFFY** A vester, taw dha das fekyll jy !  
Fest fol ha yowynk yth of vy. Saw—

*Lemmyn Duffy a dhebron an Squyer tyn yn dan an asow,  
wosa an Squyer dhe whylas hy byrla ha baya ;  
Hy a syns an welen-tan ha'y swaysya yn fas an Squyer.  
An Jawl a's debron aga deu.*

**DUFFY** Stand off, keep your distance, and none of your hugging !

No man shall kiss me till he takes me to church ;  
I'll never cry at Michaelmas for Christmas laughing,  
Like the poor maid left in the lurch.

Look, the sand is all down,            the pie is burn'd black,  
And the crust is too hard            for your colt's teeth to crack ;  
Up to the hall now, and take your supper.

*Here Duffy pushes the Squire off the stool.*

*The Squire jumps up and begins to dance, singing the old dancing tune,  
"Here's to the Devil ! With his wooden pick and shovel," &c.' [§E12]*

*Duffy and the Devil soon join in the dance,  
and cut all sorts of capers, till the Squire dances off to the hall,  
followed by the devil ; when Huey crawls out of the oven,  
Duffy opens the kitchen door, and drives Huey out,  
saying,—*

**DUFFY** Now take thyself outside the door,  
And never show thy face here any more !  
Don't think I'd have a poor pityack like thee,  
When I may marry a squire of high degree.

*Then she takes up the pie, and dances away.*

*During the old pitch-and-pass dance,<sup>1</sup>  
they beat time with the fire-prong and hunting staff.*

#### Scene 4.

*This is the first appearance of Lady Lovell (Duffy) after the wedding.*

*She is seen walking up and down the hall dressed in all sorts of  
ill-assorted, old-fashioned finery, that might have been forgotten  
in the old oak chest for many generations of Lovells.*

*The high-heeled shoes, train, fan, ruff, high tête<sup>2</sup>, all sorts of  
rings on her fingers, and in her ears are de rigeur.*

*Then she sings something like the following :—*

1. see note on p.18; tunes §E13a,b.

2. tête. A tall hairstyle built up with cushions, ribbons, lace and hair (Fre. 'head')

DUFFY Sa', sa'! Na dhus nes, ha gas dha vyrla fol!  
 Kens ow don dhe'n eglos, den vyth ny vyn ow baya nes;  
 Vyth ny olaf Gol Myghal awos cara cok Yül,  
 Kepar ha'n voves voghosek a ve cowlforsakyes.  
 Myr, oll an treth yu gylls, ha'n pasty yu du-leskys;  
 An gresten yu mar gales nag yl dha dhyns y derry nes;  
 Ytho, ke dhe'n hel, del us res, ha dok dha gynyow genes.

*Omnia Duffy a herth an Squyer adhywar an scavel.  
 An Squyer a lem yn ban ha dalleth donsya, yn un gana an hen ylow dons,  
 "An Jawl re sowenno! Gans y bal ha pygal pren-o," h.e [SEI2]  
 Kens hyr Duffy ha'n Jawl a wra omjunnya dhe'n dons,  
 ha gul terlamow a bup kynda, erna dhons an Squyer yn kergh  
 dhe'n hel, ha'n Jawl war y sulyow; Hewy a gram mes a'n forn, ha  
 Duffy a yger darras an gegyn ha'y herdhya mes,  
 yn un leverel,—*

DUFFY Lemmy'n ty voyd alemma mes a'n darras,  
 Ha nefra na vyth y'm fas omnia na fella!  
 Ny gafsen vy cragh-edyak avellos,  
 Yn le demedhy Squyer a dhegre ughella.

*Ena hy a gemer an pasty yn ban, ha donsya yn kergh.  
 Dres an hen dhons \*pych-ha-pass,<sup>†</sup>  
 y a syns an pols gans an welen-tan ha'n helgh-lorgh.*

#### Gwel 4.

*Otomnia kensa omdhysquedhyans Arlodhes Lovell (Duffy)  
 wosa an demedhyans. Ny a's gwel ow kerdhes yn rak ha  
 war dbelerg'h y'n hel, g'wyskys yn dyllas splan camgemyskys a'n gys coth,  
 a ve ankevys del hevel y'n hen gyst dherow dres lyes kenedhlow  
 an tylu Lovell. An 'skyjyow ughel-sul, losten an gon,  
 an wynsel, an cryghdorgh, an blew ughel,  
 beserow a bup eghen war hy besyas  
 hag yn hy dywscowarn—herwyth an gys yns y.  
 Ena hy a gan neppyth kepar del sew :—*

## LADY LOVELL (DUFFY)

Now I have servants to come at my call,  
 As I walk in grand state in the hall,  
 Deck'd in silks and satins fine ;  
     But I grieve all the day,      and fret the night away,  
 To think of my true love, young Huey Lenine.

Many a weary long hour  
 I sit all alone in my bower,  
 Where I do nothing but pine,  
     Whilst I grieve all the day,      and fret the night away,  
 To think of my true love, young Huey Lenine.

Would the devil but come at my call,  
 And take the old Squire, silks, satins, and all,  
 With jewels and rings so fine ;      Then merry and gay,  
     I'd work all the day,      and pass the night away,  
 Kissing my true love, young Huey Lenine.



*Note.* These lyrics are similar to those recorded on Prince Edward Island, Canada, to the Scots/Border hornpipe tune 'Upper Denton' [given in §E12]:

"Did you ever see the devil with his wooden spade or shovel?  
 Did you ever see the devil with tail cocked out?  
 The potatoes were so big that the devil couldn't dig,  
 So he ran through the fields with his tail cocked out!"

*The similarity suggests that 'Upper Denton may well have been the tune that Hunt heard sung in Cornwall in the 1800s. With this in mind, perhaps we may claim this hornpipe as a new addition to the body of 'Cornish' folk-dance music.*

*The version in §E12 is taken from the fiddle playing of Peter Chaisson Jnr. of Prince Edward Island, Canada. There's a good (free) recording of the Cape Breton fiddler Bill Lamey playing it on [Archive.org](http://Archive.org), in a set after the well-known 'Minstrel's Fancy'.*

ARLODHES LOVELL (DUFFY)

Servons a dhe pan wraf gelwel,

Ha statly my a gerth y'n hel,

Gwysk paly ha satyn tek ;

Saw dres an jorna cuth a'm bus,    Ha galary orth golow nos,  
Awos ow harer,    Hewy Lanyon whek.

Dres lyes owr hyr ha squyth,

'Th of a'm eseth dygoweth,

Yn un neghy morethek,

Ha dres an jorna cuth a'm bus,    Ha galary orth golow nos,  
Awos ow harer,    Hewy Lanyon whek.

A teffa an Jawl orth ow galow,

Ha sesya an Squyer ha'y daclow tek,—

Paly, satyn ha tygynnnow ;

Ena hudhyk ow holon,

Dres an jeth yth obersen,    Ha dres an nos y vynsen  
Baya ow harer,    Hewy Lanyon whek.

• • • • •



*Duffy a dhons gans an Jawl / Duffy dances with the Devil. J. Blight, 1873.*

**BIA. *Tom Pengersick and Dic Trengurtha (doggerel)***

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• *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect. Uncle Jan Trenoodle, i.e. William Sandys, (1846, London), pp.27–30.*

*Dialect words in italics are included in the Glossary below. Note that some unfamiliar looking words are Standard English, but written as pronounced in Cornwall. This droll is arranged for 2 players to recite.*

- TOM** Wher' art a going, cousin Dic ? then so *hastis, Cheeld-Vean* ?
- DIC** Fatching home to church-town. Why, I've ben into *Preen*.
- TOM** Hast a, trath ! Why, what wast a doing in there ?
- DIC** Thee may'st giss to the case, and thee know'st 'tes *Preen Fere*.
- TOM** No please shore, then, I ded'end ;—ef so be I'd a know'n et, I'd a streev'd to have sold thicky mare that I've got. But ded'st *fang* any money ? as a body may say.
- DIC** Aye ! I *fouched* the rud *gale* and whit *yeffer* away. Such powerful *tummals* of beastes was there, One cud gist e'ne *scrouge* room for to stond in the Fere.
- TOM** But what ded'st a make of the *yeffer* and *cafe* ?
- DIC** Why, I sould them please shore for three guineas and hafe.
- TOM** Then shore to my seeming, 'twor money *anow*. But dest a mit as thee comst arra rud and whit cow ?
- DIC** Aye, I zeed thicky cow thee *bofst* Friday *wor sennet*, For fifty odd shellings, of un Margery Bennet ; A wor got as 'twor picking about on the rudge, Down by uncle Dic Lugg's there by Ponds-a-Nooth Brudge.
- TOM** 'Tes the crookedest *tod*, Dic, that ever thee see'st, For she *skeses* about like a thing that's possess't,
- DIC** Take a pretty thick *balch*, Tom, and make her a *span* ; Then leave her jump hedges, as fast as she can.
- TOM** Fath ! I'll *span* her, and then if the boundses she break, I'll go dreeve her to market, and sell her next week. But ded'st a buy any thing when thee wast in the Fere ?

*Bib. Tubm PengerseK ha Hycka Trengurtha (gwers)*

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*An drolla-ma yu desedhys par del yl 2 wayer y dhevynny.*

- |       |  |  |
|-------|--|--|
| TUBM  | Pandr' yu an fysk us genes,  | Hycka, ow henderow byan ?  |
| HYCKA | Fystyna tre dhe'n dreveglos.   | Dar, gylls en vy dhe Benryn.   |
| TUBM  | Es ta, dhe wyr ! Dar, pandr'   | wrussys ena, mata ker ?  |
| HYCKA | Del wodhes ta martesen,  | yn Penryn yma an Fer.  |
| TUBM  | Na, pur sur, ny wodhyen vy ;<br>Y strefsen vy dhe wertha<br>Mes a gefys ta mona ?                              | a teffen vy ha gothvos,<br>an gasek dhymmo, sos.<br>mar callaf dhyso govyn.                            |
| HYCKA | Ay ! My a gerghas ojyon ruth<br>Mar vras o'n tomals a vestas,<br>Rak scant nyns esa lowr spas                  | kefrys ha'n lejek wyn.<br>yth en ny yn awher,<br>dhe vos a'th saf y'n Fer.                             |
| TUBM  | Mes py sul wrussys dyndyl  | a'n lugh ha'n lejek wyn ?  |
| HYCKA | Sur, a gynys try ha hanter   | my a's gwerthas kettep pen.  |
| TUBM  | Yth esa dhyso mona lowr,<br>Mes war an for' a welsys ta  | dyogel del hevel dhym;<br>nep bugh o ruth ha gwyn ?  |
| HYCKA | Sur, my a welas an vugh dhe<br>A dhek sols war dheugans<br>Hy a ve cachelys ha hy<br>Ryp tre Ewnter Hycka Lugg | Marjery Bennet, a brensys<br>de Gwener us gylls.<br>ow pory war an gryb goth<br>ogas dhe Bons-an-Woth. |
| TUBM  | An camma cronek yu, Hycka,<br>A vyth ow skesy ader dro,  | bythqueth y'th os a welsys,<br>kepar ha best muskegys.   |
| HYCKA | Kemer lost lovan tew, Tubm,<br>Gwrens hy lemmel dres an ke   | ha gul dhedhy spralow;<br>nena scaffa gallo.   |
| TUBM  | Parfay ! My a vyn hy spralla,<br>My a's dry dhe'n varghas ha<br>Mes a wrussys ta prena                         | ha mar ter hy an fosow,<br>'y gwertha 'n seythen nessa.<br>nep tra ha ty y'n Fer ?                     |

**DIC** *Arrear, Pattic !* dest think I'm come *leary* from there ?  
 In one marchant's shop I bestow'd to be shore,  
 In *poldavy* and *linclath*, five shelling or more ;  
 Besides, I've got *ferrings* and sweetmeats *anow*,  
 Ef so be thee'st amind, thee shust have some to chow ;  
 Dest a like *men* with *ame-nuts* or zeeds best inside ?  
 For a whole hafe a pound I ashore thee I *bide*.

**TOM** I thank thee—I'll take hafe a dozen, or so.  
 But what hast a zeed ?—"Tes so good for to know.

**DIC** Why, the *Mountebag* Doctor, as the people do *cale*,  
 Got a stonding *poss'd up* 'genst the market-house *wale*,  
 And the man in the *spiccaty* jacket was there,  
 And a made all the fun of the world in the Fere.  
 While another man played on the music so good,  
 I war *murely* ready to daunce where I stood.

**TOM** But dest buy any Mountebag's physic or not ?

**DIC** *Arrear, Pattick !* look here—see, what *tummals* I've got :  
 Here es one for to cure zore legs and zore eyes,  
 Thickey there en the bottle cures ev'ry disease,  
 This here en the paper cures scaldings and burns,  
 Thickey green as a lie, es to dreeve away corns.

**TOM** Shore I bleve they are mighty good medsens as how,  
 For I *boft* some in Trura 'bout three years ago :  
 And a cur'd Mally's leg when a rankled and swelled,  
 And the back of the beast that war cruelly *galed*.  
 But ded Merryman strick up his outlandish games ?

**DIC** Aye, a *caled* the poor Doctor a *mashes* of names ;  
 And a made sickey hubbub as never was heard,  
 About an ould codgar that had a gray beard,  
 And as how that a horse once mistook it for hay,  
 And had like to have snapt ale the *chacks aun* away.

**TOM** 'Tes as well to go *wemma* and put home the cow,  
 As to stond here a houilding a *scavel-and-gow*.

- HYCKA** 'Rya, cobba !  
 Of devedhys, del gryjys ta, hep ro adhyworth an Fer ?  
 Yn shoppa un marchont yth esen vy ow prena, sur,  
 Poldavy ha lyen tek a bymp sols po moy, purgwyr ;  
 Ytho, my a'm bus lyes tesen fer ha whegyn mas;  
 Pypynak yu dha syans, 'ma neppyth dhys dhe gnyas.  
 Yu gwell dhys an re gans has ynno po alamdys ?  
 Rak hanter pos, my a avow, hep mar na ma's a brenys.
- TUBM** Mur ras dhyso jy, hep wow, —nep whegh a garsen, sos.  
 Mes pandr' wrussys ta gweles ? Mar dha yu genef gothvos.
- HYCKA** Dar, an pomster medhek, del yu gans an bobel cryes;  
 'Th esava sevylyak stak ryp fos an chy-varghas;  
 Ha den an jerkyn labol re be devedhys dy,  
 Dhe wul ges a oll an bys esa y'n Fer, sur redy.  
 Ha ken den a wre gwary menestrouthy o mar vas  
 Hag en vy parys donsya yn le mayth en vy sevy.
- TUBM** Adhya'n pomster a brensys po na brensys ta ylyow ?
- HYCKA** 'Rya, cobba ! otta dhys ! Myr an tomals us dhymmo !  
 Otomma onen a yaghha gar po lagas tyn gans es;  
 Ha henna us y'n botel-na, ef a yaghha pup dyses;  
 Hag y'n paper, hem yu da rak scaldyans ha loskvannow;  
 Hemma, mar las avel gow, a dhyle calesennow.
- TUBM** Sur, my a gryj y dhe vos pur vas, dha vedheknedhow.  
 Yn Truru my a'n prenas, nans yu nebes bledhynnow,  
 A wruk yaghhe gar Mally pan o hy faklys hothfys,  
 Kefrys ha keyn an best-na a ve uthek dysruskys.  
 Mes a dhallethy Merryman gul gwary ha gul ges ?
- HYCKA** Ay, ha gelwel an medhek pup hanow oll y'n bes ;  
 Hubbadullya ef a wre del na ve bythqueth clewys,  
 Adro dhe fas un cothwas mayth esa myn-rew tevys,  
 a ve camgemerys gans nep margh rak das gora,  
 Ha scant ny ve cowlldhybrys challys an den, re'm ena !
- TUBM** Gwell vya dhym mos lemmyn ha don an vugh dhe'n bowjy,  
 Es bos omma ha synsy scavel an gow genes ty.

- DIC** I wed go weth a Tom, cud I *fittily* stay,  
 But the old peer of *moiles* hant been water'd to day :  
 This morning I turn'd them *ale* into the craft,  
 May be when 'tes durk they may fale in a shaft.  
 'Tes cuming *ale* durkish, or else I wud stay.
- TOM** Then I wish thee good night, ef thee west go away.



### BIC. Glossary of Cornish dialect words.

- ame-nut.** almond  
**anow.** enough  
**Arreat!** By Mary! (*Corn. Arya!*  
*Re Varya! oath of surprise*)  
**balch.** rope  
**boft.** bought (*-gh-* is often pronounced /f/ in this dialect)  
**chack.** cheek  
**Cheeld-Vean.** friend (*lit. 'little child'. Corn. byghan, byan*)  
**codgar, cadger.** peddler; a mean, contemptible person  
**fang.** to get, seize (*applied to earnings*)  
**Fath! Faith!** (*oath*)  
**ferring.** fairing (*sweet biscuit*)  
**gale.** ox  
**giss.** to guess  
**leary.** empty (*cf. Ger. lehr*)  
**linclath.** (?) linen cloth  
**mashes.** quantities, masses  
**men.** them  
**mit.** meet  
**moile.** mule  
**murely.** nigh, almost (*Sandys says this is from Corn. mür*)  
**pattic(k).** simpleton  
**peer.** pair  
**poldavy.** a coarse cloth or canvas  
**Ponds-a-Nooth.** Pons-an-Woth (*Corn. pons. bridge ; goth. stream*)  
**Preen.** Penryn  
**scavel-and-gow.** gossip, chattering session (*Corn. scavel an gow*)  
**scrouge.** to squeeze, to crowd together  
**sennet.** week, †sennight  
**skese.** to run away, frisk about (*Corn. skësy, scüsy*)  
**span.** a fetter or hobble to faster an animal's legs together  
**spiccaty.** speckled  
**streeve.** to try, strive  
**tod.** toad  
**tummals.** a quantity (*Corn. tomals. ample quantity, plenty*)  
**west: ef thee west.** if thou wouldst  
**wor, 'twor.** were, it were  
**yeffe.** heifer

BIB. TUBM PENGINESEK HA HYCKA TRENGURTHA (GWERS)

**HYCKA** Genes my a alsa, Tubm, a pe tryga genes gwyw,  
Mes an dhyw asen dhymmo na ve dowrhes man hedhyu.  
An jeth hedhyu y'n myttyn my a's gasas mes y'n pras;  
Y halsens codha war nans pol sten orth golow nos;  
Yma'n tewolgow ow tos, poken y vynsen gortos.

**TUBM** Durnosdadhys nena, sos, dhe dre mar mynta mos.



*Try mymyer, onen ow quary gytttern, ha pup huny  
ow quysca vysour ancoth.*

*Three mummers, one playing a lute, and each  
wearing a strange mask.*

Zacharias Dolendo, 1595-6.

**C9a. Guisers' Play, Padstow** (*no date given*)

---

*A previously unpublished script from: Miss Mary Love, St Austell.  
(courtesy of the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, EFDSS).*

**PLAYERS:**

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| FATHER CHRISTMAS | PRINCE VALENTINE |
| KING OF EGYPT    | DOCTOR           |
| ST. GEORGE       | TOM BOWLING      |
| TURKISH KNIGHT   | BELZEEBUB        |

*Introduction by Father Christmas.*

**FATHER CHRISTMAS.**

Ladies and Gentlemen we are now come in,  
Hoping your kind favours to win.  
Whether we rise or whether we fall,  
We'll do our best to please you all.  
Here am I Old Father Christmas, welcome or welcome not;  
I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot.  
I was born in a rocky country,  
Where there was no wood to make my cradle.  
First I was rocked in a bowl dish,  
Then stirred up with a ladle.  
So it's room, room, room for sport,  
For in this house I must resort,  
Resort, resort, to show some sport, No money will I pay.  
Walk in the King of Egypt, For I've cleared the room away.

*King of Egypt walks in.*

**KING OF EGYPT.**

Here am I, King of Egypt who boldly doth appear,  
To tell the victory of St. George, my only son and heir.  
See how straight he travels through his native land,  
And still gaining honour by his victorious hand.

*C9b. Gwary Nadelek, Lanwedhenek (hep dedhyans)*

---

**GWARYORYON:**

TASYK NADELEK  
MYGHTERN EJYP  
SEN JORY  
MARGHAK TURKY

PRYNS VALENTYN  
MEDHEK  
TOM BOWLING  
BELSEBUK

*Raklavar gans Tasyk Nadelek.*

**TASYK NADELEK.**

Mestrys ha Mestresow, devedhys on ajy;  
Gwaynya agas favour cuf yu agan gwaytyans ny;  
Sevel po codha pynyl a wrellen ny,  
Ny a wra gwella gyllyn dhe blekya dheugh why.  
Ottavy hen Das Nadelek, wolcum kyn fo po na vo nes,  
Del waytyaf, Tasyk Nadelek nefra ny vyth ankevys.  
Genys buf yn bro garnak,  
Ny'm bo lesk awos fowt pren;  
Yn scala crom 'th en vy leskys,  
Hag ena gans lo vras kemyskys.  
Ytho, spas, spas, spas rak sport del yu res,  
Rak y'n chy-ma esof resortyes,  
Resortyes of, sport dhe dhysquedhes.  
Mona man ny vynnaf pe.  
Myghtern Ejyp, kerth ajy,  
Rak my a wruk an rom gwakhe.

*Myghtern Ejyp a gerth ajy.*

**MYGHTERN EJYP.**

Ottavy, Myghtern Ejyp, owth omdhysquedhes dur,  
A dheryf tryghans Jory Sans, ow unyk map hag er.  
Mar gompes ef a lafur dres y wlas enesyk,  
Ha gwaynya whath enor dre nerth y dheudhorn budhek.

C9A. GUISERS' PLAY, PADSTOW (NO DATE GIVEN)

How many lions and giants      hath he subdued!  
And pierced the fiery dragon      through and through.  
He made the boldest lion roar,  
And pierced through the heart that prodigious boar.

*[King of Egypt addresses St. George:]*

Walk in St. George and boldly act your part,  
That all the loving company may see your noble heart.

*St. George enters.*

**ST. GEORGE.**

Here am I St. George,  
On whom Mars the bloody banners hung,  
And never dread Britannia's son!  
War, prepare for war,  
And always each Briton's heart shall burn,  
And France shall tremble at this British sword,  
And dread the name of bold St. George.

*Enter Turkish Knight.*

**TURKISH KNIGHT.**

Here am I the Turkish Knight,  
Come from the Turkish land to fight,  
To fight, to fight with thee, St George,  
A man of courage bold.  
And if thy heart's blood is hot      soon will I make it cold;  
So cold! So cold as any clay,  
And with this sword I'll bear thy head away.

*Enter Prince Valentine.*

**PRINCE VALENTINE.**

Here am I, Prince Valentine, of honour and renown;

*[Speaks to St George:]*

Some of your lofty courage      shall soon come tumbling down;  
For with this sword,      I'll brand it round thy head;  
And like a champion slain      thou shall droop thy head.

**ST. GEORGE.**

To whom, to whom,      dost thou that saucy challenge give?

Pes lyon hag ankenel            a wrukava cowlfetha!  
 Ha gwana an dhryk danek    ha'y berya gans y gledha.  
 An lew hartha ef a wruk        dhe uja a lef ughel;  
 Hag ef a dhe dre golon        an brassa torgh cos fell.

*[Myghtern Ejyp a gews orth Sen Jory:]*

Dus ajy Sen Jory                ha gwary harth dha barth,  
 May whella pup den omma    dha golon ryal harth.

*Sen Jory a dhe ajy.*

**SEN JORY.**

Ottavy Sen Jory,  
 Maylys gans Merth yn banerow gosek,  
 Hag a vap Breten nefra na vyth ownek!  
 Cas, ombaryseugh rak cas uthek,  
 Ha colon pup Brython a lesk, purgwyr,  
 Ha Frynk a vyn crenna awos an laun Bretennek,  
 Hag owna hanow Jory dur.

*Marghak Turkey a dhe ajy.*

**MARGHAK TURKY.**

Marghak Turkey of, devedhys        dhe omlath a Vro an Durkys,  
 Dhe omlath genes, Sen Jory        den harth y golonnekter.  
 Tom mars yu gos dha golon-jy    my a'n yeynha hep awher;  
 Mar yeyn! mar yeyn avel an pry,    ha gans ow cledha dur,  
 Dha ben dhe ves a droghaf vy.

*Pryns Valentyn a dhe ajy.*

**PRYNS VALENTYN.**

Ottavy Pryns Valentyn,        a vry hag enor mur.    ;

*[Yn un gewsel orth Sen Jory:]*

Dha golonnekter ughel scon        a vyn trebuchia dhe'n lur;  
 Rak myr an cledha—my a vyn    adro dha ben y swaysya,  
 Hag avel campyer ledhys,        ty a vyn pendroppya.

**SEN JORY.**

Dhe byu, dhe byu a vynta jy        an chalynj tont lavasos ry?

**PRINCE VALENTINE.**

To thee, to thee, to thee, thou English dog!  
No longer shall thou live;  
Draw out thy sword and fight!      Draw out thy purse and pay!  
Some satisfaction will I have      before I go away.

**ST. GEORGE.**

No satisfaction shall thou have,  
No money will I pay;  
But in a moment's time,  
I'll make you fight and die, or run away.

*They fight. Prince Valentine is wounded, and the Doctor called.*

*The Doctor enters.*

**DOCTOR.**

Here am I, the Doctor, come in with his bag of medicine,  
And pills to call all ills.

**ST. GEORGE.** From whence do you travel?

**DOCTOR.** Through Holy Germany, France and Spain.

**ST. GEORGE.** Pray what is your medicine?

**DOCTOR.**

My medicine is La Dia greencakes and pills to cure all ills;  
Three drachms of resolution; two drachms of understanding,  
And many other things known only to the Profession.

*The Doctor administers some of his medicine, and the Prince is restored.*

**DOCTOR.**

What's all the news from the Head?  
All the people with the plague are dead.

**ST. GEORGE.** Where is my son Francis? What has become of him?

**DOCTOR.** He is dead; he was drowned because he could not swim.

**ST. GEORGE.** Is he alive or is he dead?

Or with this sword off comes thy head.

**DOCTOR.** My Lord, stay your hand;

He is alive and well as any man.

*Enter Tom Bowling with an accordion. He sings:*

**PRYNS VALENTYN.**

Dhyso jy, ty vrathky Saws!                      Na fella ty ny vewyth;  
Nothha dha laun hag omlath, sos,              po ystyn dha dygen ha pe,  
Rak asteveryans my a'm byth                      kens vy dhe ombellhe.

**SEN JORY.**

Asteveryans ny'gas byth,                      mona ny vynnaf pe;  
Scon my a'th whra dhe omlath,              ha merwel, po ombellhe.

*Y a dballeth omlath. Pryns Valentyn yu gwenys,  
ha'n Medhek yu gylwys. An Medhek a dhe a jy.*

**MEDHEK.**      Ottavy an medhek ow tos a jy, gans y sagh medhekneith,  
                    ha gweres rak pup cleves.

**SEN JORY.**      A ble wreta vyajya?

**MEDHEK.**      Dres Almayn sans, Frynk ha Spayn my re dheth.

**SEN JORY.**      Y praydha, pandr' yu dha vedhekneth?

**MEDHEK.**

Ow medhekneith yu cackys glas La Dia,  
Ha pellennygow a yl pup cleves sawya;  
Try dyjyn ervyrans; deu dhyjyn understondyans,  
Ha lyes ken tra nag yu gothvedhys saw unsel gans  
an Professyon.

*An Medhek a re banna a'y vedhekneth, ha'n Pryns yu dasvewys.*

**MEDHEK.**

Adhya'n pen, pyth yu an newodhow?  
Pup vyctym oll a'n pla yu marow.

**SEN JORY.**      Ple 'ma ow map Frowncys?  
                    Pandr' yu wharfedhys dhodho?

**MEDHEK.**      Ef a vudhys drefen na wodhya nyjya, hag ef yu marow.

**SEN JORY.**

Yua bew po marow? Lavar dhym, a dhen,  
Po gans ow cledha my a'th tyben.

**MEDHEK.**

Ow Arluth, gwra lettya dha dhorn;  
Mar vew yagh yu avel nep den.

*Tom Bowling a dhe a jy, hag accordyon ganso. Ef a gan.*

**TOM BOWLING.**

Here am I, Sailor Boy, just come a-cruising.  
I'll marry the girl and make her my wife,  
And go no more a-cruising.

[*Speaks:*]

Here am I the Rebel Sailor Boy; Tom Bowling is my name.  
With sword and pistol by my side,  
I hope to win this game.  
For I with seven more        Intend to kill eleven score.  
How many battles have I been in!  
And shown our guns aboard of the *St. George*,  
Which made such a terrible noise,  
That made even the King    Leap off his throne for joy.

*Tom Bowling does a hornpipe or stepdance,  
[to the tune of e.g. 'Syans Den Bal', §E11.]  
falls down exhausted and dies.*

*Sung by one or all of the party:  
"Here lies the body of Poor Tom Bowling." [music in §E4]*

*Enter Belzeebub.*

**BELZEEBUB.**

Here am I Belzeebub    On my shoulder I carry my club.

[*End of transcript.*]

• • • • •



*Mymyoryon ow tonsya.  
Mummers dancing.  
Jacques Callot, 1616.*

**TOM BOWLING.** Ottavy!

Marner yonk of, a wre trumach; My a dhemeth an vorwen dek,  
Ha hy hemeres yn gwrek, Namoy ny vynnaf gul trumach.

[*Ef a gews:*]

An Rebel Marner yth of vy,  
Tom Bowling yu ow hanow; Gans laun ha lawdral y'm dorn vy,  
A vyn gwaynya an gwaryow. Gans len seythden ervyraf vy  
Ladha unnek ugans.  
Yn lyes cas ass esen vy!  
Ha 'gan gonnys hewel war an *Sen Jory*,  
A wruk ughella tervans,  
Ha gul dhe'n Myghtern lemmel scon  
Lowenek adhywar y dron.

*Tom Bowling a wra lappya po gul \*pybdhons [gweler §E11],  
ha codha dhe'n dor squythys, ha mer-wel.*

*Kenys gans onen po pup esel an bagas:*

*"Myr corf Tom Bowling truan growedhys," [gweler §E4].*

*Belsebuk a dhe ajy.*

**BELSEBUK:**

Ottavy Belsebuk coth, Ha culbren genef war ow scoth.

[*Deweth an trusscryf.*]

• • • • •



*Mymyoryon ow tonsya.  
Mummers dancing.  
Jacques Callot, 1616.*

E4b. *Tom Bowling Truan / Poor Tom Bowling* [C9]



1. Myr corf Tom Bowling truan  
 grewdhys,  
 Y'n cara tus agan gorhel;  
 Namoy ny glewvyth uj an enawel,  
 Gans Ancow yu kysys.  
 Y ruf a'n jevo gourylsys tek,  
 Medhal cuf y golon;  
 Len awoles, y dhevar a wruk,  
 ||: Ha gallas ef yn ban. :||

2. Ny dorras Tom y er bythqueth,  
 Y rasow o mar dhruth,  
 Ha dhodho cothmens len aga holon,  
 Tek deboner y ben;  
 Hag ef a gansa jolyf whek;  
 A, menough ha lyes torn,  
 Mes wherthyn yu gyllys morethek,  
 ||: Rak gallas Tom yn ban. :||

3. Mes Tom a gyf whath awel tecca,  
 Pan elow Comondyas pup tra  
 Felshyp bewnans adhya'n gorhel  
 Warbarth dhe omguntell.  
 Ancow, ganso yu pup den kychys,  
 Ny dhalghennas Tom truan;  
 Rak, kyn fo y gorf yn dan hachys,  
 ||: Res eth y ena yn ban. :||

1. Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom  
 Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For Death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below, he did his duty,  
 ||: And now he's gone aloft. :||

2. Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare,  
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair:  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;  
 Ah, many's the time and oft!  
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
 ||: For Tom is gone aloft. :||

3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant  
 weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars  
 dispatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,  
 For, though his body's under hatches,  
 ||: His soul is gone aloft. :||

ΕII. *Syans Den Bal/The Miner's Fancy* [§C9]

This Cornish hornpipe is normally played undotted, but it works just as well with this jig-like rhythm.

Musical score for 'Syans Den Bal/The Miner's Fancy' [§C9]. The score is written for five staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a jig-like rhythm. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. The second staff contains a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff contains a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff contains a triplet of eighth notes. The fifth staff ends with a repeat sign.

ΕI2. *Upper Denton Hornpipe/Pybdhons Denton Awartha* [§A1,2]

Musical score for 'Upper Denton Hornpipe/Pybdhons Denton Awartha' [§A1,2]. The score is written for four staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a jig-like rhythm. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. The second staff contains a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff contains a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff ends with a repeat sign.

ΕI3a,b. *Plethennow Tyr Luf/Three-Hand Reels* [§A2]

Musical score for 'Plethennow Tyr Luf/Three-Hand Reels' [§A2]. The score is written for four staves in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a jig-like rhythm. The first staff is labeled 'Myghtern Sweden/King of Sweden' and begins with a repeat sign. The second staff contains a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff is labeled 'Plethen Tyr Luf/Three-Hand Reel' and contains two first endings (1. and 2.). The fourth staff contains two first endings (1. and 2.).



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