

Sir Anthony Kingston in Cornwall

gans Yowann Parker

Introduction and translation by David Matthew

Introduction

This piece by the late Yowann Parker relates to the aftermath of the famous **Prayer Book Rebellion of 1549**. That rebellion was an outcome of the Reformation, and proved to be a significant event in the decline of the Cornish language.

In the reign of young King Edward VI, parliament's First Act of Uniformity required English to be used in all church services in England, Wales and Cornwall, imposing Archbishop Cranmer's *Book of Common Prayer*, with its Reformed theology. The Cornish were used to Catholic services in Latin; its cadence and rhythm were thus familiar, even if they didn't understand the meaning.

In response to the Act—and smarting from the closure and destruction of Glasney College in 1548, plus unrest from heavy taxation (e.g. poll tax on sheep) and the enclosure of lands imposed by the English—the Cornish rebelled, led by 36-year-old Humphry Arundell of Helland (near Bodmin). They declared that the new English liturgy was 'but lyke a Christmas game'. They camped around Bodmin while their leaders drew up a supplication to the king, reminding him that some of the people of Cornwall did not understand English at all.

The rebels laid siege to Exeter in July, but were crushed by the king's forces. These pursued the retreating remnants right into Cornwall, after which **Sir Anthony Kingston** was left with the job of continuing reprisals against those rebels who had returned home to Cornwall. The leaders of the rebellion were executed.

The Prayer Book thus became an instrument of English incursion into the Cornish language—though sermons in Cornish remained lawful. Permission for the Bible to be translated into Welsh was granted in 1563, but there was no parallel for Cornish, and so this means of perpetuating the language was lost. Also, in the uprising, some 5500 men—about a quarter of Cornwall's male population, many of them Cornish-speakers—were killed.

In this piece, Yowann Parker describes the activities of Sir Anthony Kingston through the eyes of an imaginary servant of his: his farrier.

The Story

Yowann Parker's Cornish text	Translation
Syrr Anthony Kingston? An den jentyl na? Sur, y'n aswonnis vy. Pur dhiogel, y'n aswonnis, an den jentyl na. Gyllys dhe ankow ywa lemmyn, dell glewav, mes yn fyw ova kyns, yn tevri. Marthys bywek o ev, avel ebel nag yw terrys hwath. Bedhewgh sur, a vester, anodho y porthav kov fest yn ta.	Sir Anthony Kingston? That gentleman? Sure, I knew him. Most certainly, I knew him, that gentleman. He's dead now, I hear, but he was alive previously, most definitely. He was full of life, like an unbroken colt. Be assured, master, that I remember him very well indeed.
Fatell dheuth vy er y bynn, a wovynnowgh? Y'n vlydhen 1549 yth en vy pennferrer an marghoglu Myghtern Edward dhe Loundres. Nyns o an huni na saw maw hepken, dewdhek bloedh y oes, ha kals a dus oll a-dro dhodho rag y gusulya. Dell wodhowgh, yth esa y'n eur na rebellyans yn Kernow, yn kever lyver pysadow, dell leveryys. Ha my, nyns en vy prederus a daklow a'n par na: souder en vy ha gov, lowen lowr mars esa horn dhe wul hern-margh anodho, ha mergh dhe vos arghenys. Mes a-dhesempis y teuth an den ma, ow payoni dres an marghti ha gwiskys gans henna yn payon, yn-dann elwel yn-mes, "Ple'ma an kernow, py'ma an polat Peder?" Ny wodhyen fatell gavsas ow hanow, mes yn pur gortes y	How did I come across him, you ask? In the year 1549 I was chief farrier to King Edward's cavalry in London. The king was only a child, twelve years old, with stacks of people around him to advise him. As you know, at that time there was a rebellion in Cornwall—to do with the Prayer Book, it was said. Personally, I wasn't fussed about things like that; I was a soldier and smith, happy enough if there was iron to make horseshoes from, and horses to be shod. But suddenly this man came, strutting like a peacock through the stable, dressed, fittingly, like a peacock, and calling out, 'Where's the Cornishman, that fellow Peter?' I didn't know how he'd found out my name, but I replied, very politely, 'I'm

hworthybis vy, "My yw Peder, syrre," yn-dann dhiwiska ow happa.

"Osta kernow?"

"Ov, mar pleg dhywgh, syrre."

"Dell leverir dhymm, ty a woer klappya kernewek. Yw henna gwir?"

"Yw, syrre."

"Ytho, edhomm a'm beus a dreustreylyer, neb a woer klappya an yeth wyls na. Yma ober an myghtern dhe wul yn Kernow, pow mollotheck dell ywa, ha ty ha my y fydhyn y'gan fordh di haneth yn nos. Ow ferror ty a vydh ynwedh - kuntell warbarth dha dhaffar ha deus dhe'n porth dhe hwegh eur. Agan dew, y hwelvydhyn ni meur a sport, orthis y'n ambosav." Wosa ev dh'avodya, my a wovynnas orth ow howetha, "Piw o henna, re Varia?" mes nagonan ny'n wodhya.

Ha my ow kortos dhe'n porth an gorthugher na, parys dhe vos y'n fordh, an porther a dherivis orthiv oll yn kever an estren. Syrr Anthony Kingston ova, *Provost-Marshal* an lu ryal yn Kernow. Yth o y soedh dhe weres dhe'n arloedh Russell, o pennhembrenkyas Lu an Howlsedhes, ow suppressya an rebellyans y'n vro na. Prevys o Kingston seulabrys yn ober a'n par ma - boghes moy es maw re bia, neb seytek bloedh y oes, pan hembronkas yn unn seweni mil souder erbynn an "Bergherinses a Ras", rebellyans y'n gledhbarth a Bow Sows. Awos an gonis ma ev re bia henwys avel "Marghek" gans an myghtern Hal.

Y'n pols na y teuth Syrr Anthony dhe'n porth ha ganso hwegh souder, keffrys ha margh brav ragov. Oll warbarth ni a varghogas tri dydh war-tu ha'n Worlewin bys pan dhrehedhsyn Karesk. Yn ker ma y teuthen ni erbynn an arloedh Russell. An dhew soedhek a gusulyas warbarth dres an nos, ha ternos vyttin parys en ni oll dhe vos yn-rag dhe Gernow.

Py par den o Syrr Anthony Kingston? Den yowynk o ev, namoy es deg bloedh warn ugens pan dheuth vy er y bynn dhe'n kynsa torn. Ow hwerthin yth esa pub eur oll, pub toch a'n jydh, ha dell heveli yth o an nor ma plegadow dhodho oll yn tien. Mes, yn despit dhe henna, bythkweyth nyns en vy attes ganso yn kowal.

Yth esa gans Syrr Anthony rol hir a henwyn, henwyn traytours. An henwyn ma re bia res dhe'n arloedh Russell gans aspiysi esa owth oberi yn-dann gel a-berth y'n lu kernewek. Kyn fia fethys an lu kernewek yn Dewnens gans an lu ryal, an rann vrasa a gernowyon re wrussa fia yn kerdh ha dehweles tre pubonan a'y du yn Kemow. Yn mysk an re ma y kevys preydh Syrr Anthony, drefenn bos mernans piwas trayturi.

My a lever "preydh", ha henn yw an ger ewn. Dell wodhowgh, dhe'n re vryntin yma pup-prys meur a dhelit a helghya gam. Ny wrons i fors py par gam a vova

Peter, sir', while doffing my cap.

'Are you Cornish?'

'Yes, if you please, sir.'

'They tell me you can speak Cornish. Is that so?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well then, I need an interpreter who can speak that uncivilised language. There is business to do for the king in Cornwall, cursed country that it is, and you and I will be on our way there tonight. You will also be my farrier—get your tackle together and come to the gate at six o'clock. The two of us will be seeing a lot of sport, I promise you.' After he had gone, I asked my friends, 'Who was that, by Mary?' but none of them knew.

While I was waiting at the gate that evening, ready to set off, the gatekeeper told me all about the stranger. He was Sir Anthony Kingston, *Provost-Marshal* of the royal forces in Cornwall. His job was to help Lord Russell, who was general of the Western Army, put down the rebellion in that land. Kingston was already experienced in that type of work—he had been little more than a boy, some seventeen years old, when he successfully led a thousand soldiers against the 'Pilgrimage of Grace', a rebellion in the north of England. Because of this service he had been knighted by King Hal.

At that moment Sir Anthony arrived at the gate with six soldiers, as well as a fine horse for me. Together we rode westwards for three days until we reached Exeter. In the castle there, we encountered Lord Russell. The two officers consulted together overnight, and the next morning we were all ready to proceed to Cornwall.

What sort of man was Sir Anthony Kingston? He was a young man, no more than thirty years of age when I met him for the first time. He was forever laughing, every moment of the day, and it seemed as if this world was fully pleasing to him. But, despite that, I was never totally at ease with him.

Sir Anthony had a long list of names, the names of traitors. These names had been given to Lord Russell by spies working undercover inside the Cornish army. Although the Cornish army had been defeated in Devon by the royal army, the majority of Cornishmen had fled on foot and returned home, each to his place in Cornwall. Among them were Sir Anthony's prey, because death was the reward for treachery.

I say 'prey' and that is the right word. As you know, high and mighty people always find great pleasure in hunting game. It doesn't matter what kind of game it

- karow, konin, kolomm, den - puboll yw an keth tra dh'aga breus i.

Nyns o Syrr Anthony torrva a'n rewl ma. Yth esa golok wyls yn y dhewlagas pan gevsyn an kynsa den y'n rol. Pronter o an huni ma, trigys yn krowji ryb y eglos. Den klor o ev, orth agan dynnerghi gans bennath. Ny'n jeva marth hewel a glewes y vos dempnys avel traytour. Yn kosel yth omsoenas ha degea y dhewlagas, yn-dann leverel *Ave Maria*, henn yw "Hayl a Varia", ha *Pater noster*, henn yw "Pader". Apert o dhymm y vos densa, saw byttegyns y feu lovan tewlys a-dreus skorrenn gwydhenn, ha'n pronter a veu kregys, yn-dann pysi bys dh'y worfenn. Neb unn souder a worras tan y'n krowji trogh, ha korf an pronter marow - po hanter-marow, ny yllis vy y dhismygi - a-berth ynno. "Gallas y wober ganso," yn-medh Syrr Anthony yn-dann vinhwerthin, ha hwilas an nessa hanow y'n rol.

Yndellma y hwren ni spena nebes misyow, ober ladhva ow pesya mo ha myttin heb hedhi. Tir a stenoryon o, ha tus-bal, a dyogyon ha gwikoryon voghosek hag oberwesyon heb pythow vytholl, dell ylls y weles, ow pywa kepar y'n bys ha kethyon. Treweythyow y teuthen ni erbynn aspiysi a dherivis orth Syrr Anthony ple'th o trigys neb unn traytour. Mar nyns esa aspiyas yn tyller, towl Syrr Anthony o sempel. Orth seul a vettyen ganso war an fordh, Syrr Anthony a wre dhymm lenna rol berr a henwyn an dus a driga kyns y'n ranndir na, ha govynn mars esens i ow triga yn ogas y'n eur na. Mara nyns esa gorthyp vyth heb ahwer, Syrr Anthony a wre godros gorra tan yn chi an den truan, po y gregi, wosa y gronkya yn fell. Heb falladow y hwre Syrr Anthony tenna yn-mes wostiwedh an derivadow a hwilas. Ena yth o an helgh yn fyw. "A Beder," y hwre leverel dymm, ha ni ow poenya a-dreus an halyow, agan mergh ow hwysa hag ow tyena, "hemm'a wra dhe'n golonn lamma, a nyns osta unnver?"

Pan gevsyn ni an preydh, piwpynag a veva, yn fenowgh y hwre Syrr Anthony gul ganso gwari tynn. Yn le y ladha distowgh, Kingston a wre klappya ganso, ow kovynn yn kever y deylu ha'y ober, ow profya orto martesen banna dhe dhybri po eva, mes pub termyn yth o an diwettha torn an keth homma - an lovan tewlys a-dreus an skorrenn, unn penn anodho yn kyrghynn konna an den ow merwel.

My a borth kov a'n jydh may teuthen ni dhe Vosvenegh, mayth esa ow triga den henwys Nicholas Boyer, neb o mer an dre. Kingston a wrug dhymm skrifa lyther dhe Nicholas, ow leverel ni dhe dhos rag livya ganso. Ytho, ha ni devedhys y'n dre, ottena an mer orth agan dynnerghi yn stout. "A, Nicholas," yn-medh Syrr Anthony, "kyns dybri, yma tamm negys dh'y ordena. A vynn'ta drehevel ragov kloghbrennyer, drefenn bos krog dhe wul hedhyw?" "Gans lowena, syrra," a

is—a stag, a rabbit, a pigeon, a man—they are all the same, as they see it.

Sir Anthony was no exception to that rule. There was a savage look in his eyes when we found the first man on the list. This was a preacher, who lived in a cottage next to the church. He was a mild man, who welcomed us with a blessing. He showed no obvious surprise on hearing he had been condemned as a traitor. He quietly crossed himself and closed his eyes, while saying *Ave Maria*, which is 'Hail, Mary', and *Pater noster*, which is the Lord's Prayer. It was clear to me that he was a good man, but nevertheless a rope was thrown over the branch of a tree, and the preacher was hung, praying right to the end. Some soldier set fire to the wretched cottage, with the body of the dead preacher—or half-dead, I couldn't tell—inside it. 'He got what he deserved,' said Sir Anthony, with a smile, and went after the next name on the list.

We spent some months in this way, a work of slaughter that went on day and night without stopping. It was a region of tanners and miners, of poor farmers and traders, and labourers, clearly with no possessions at all, living for all the world like slaves. Sometimes we would come across spies who informed Sir Anthony where some traitor lived. If there was no spy in a place, Sir Anthony's plan was simple. He had me read out, to anyone we met on the road, a short list of names of the people who used to live in that area, and ask if they were still living nearby. If no ready answer was forthcoming, Sir Anthony would threaten to set fire to the wretched man's house, or to hang him, after beating him cruelly. Without fail, Sir Anthony would at last drag out of him the information he sought. Then the hunt was on. 'Ah, Peter,' he would say to me as we galloped across the moors, our horses sweating and gasping, 'this makes your heart leap, don't you agree?'

When we found the prey, whoever it was, Sir Anthony would often play a cruel game with him. Instead of killing him straightaway, Kingston would chat with him, asking him about his family and his work, perhaps offering him something to eat or drink, but, every time, it ended the same way—the rope thrown across the branch, with one end of it round the dying man's neck.

I remember the day we came to Bodmin, where there lived a man called Nicholas Boyer, the mayor of the town. Kingston had me write a letter to Nicholas, saying we were coming to have lunch with him. So, as we came into town, there was the mayor to greet us proudly. 'Ah, Nicholas,' said Sir Anthony, 'before we eat, there's a small matter to sort out. Would you set up a gallows for me, because there's a hanging to do today?' 'With pleasure, sir,' replied the mayor, and

worthybis an mer, hag a worhemmynnis yndella. Wosa dybri hag eva gans meur a hwarth ha lowender, Kingston a wodhva gras dhe'n mer ha govynn mars o drehevys an kloghbrennyer.

"Dell dybav, kowlwrys yns i yn ta," a worthybis an mer.

"Splann. Diskwa i dhymm," yn-medh Kingston, yn-dann settya dalghenn yn leuv an eyl.

"Ottensi omma," yn-medh an mer.

"A dybsys sy aga bos krev lowr?"

"Tybav, syrra."

"Bryntin, ytho, yskynn di, a vester mer, drefenn aga bos darbarys ragos."

"Syrra, my a drest na vynnogh hwi dhymm travyth a'n par na!"

"Syrra," yn-medh Kingston, "nyns eus gweres dhis, awos dha vos omsevyas bysi, ha rakhenna, *in nomine Regis*" - henn yw, "yn hanow an myghtern" - "ordenys yw hemma avel dha werison," hag yndellma kregys veu an mer Bosvenegh.

A dermyn berr wosa henna, y terivis aspiyas orth Syrr Anthony bos neb unn meliner, re bia omsevyas, trigys ogas dhe Vosvenegh. Ha ni devedhys dhe'n velin, ottena den hir ha brav owth oberi a-berth ynni.

"Piw osta?" orto a wovynnas Kingston.

"An meliner yth ov", o an gorthyp.

"Dres pes termyn?"

"Dres teyr blydhen."

"Ytho, traytour osta, gwiw dhe vos kregys!"

"A, syrra," a grias an den, own meur yn y dremmynn, "nyns ov vy an meliner. Gowleverel a wrug vy. Gevowgh dhymm, my a'gas pys. Ow mester, yw an gwir veliner, a'm gorhemmynnis may leverriv ow bos an meliner. Yn kerdh gallas nans yw dew dhydh, ny wonn py'ma trigys lemmyn."

"Ny vern," a worthybis Kingston, "jowdyn osta dhe vos yn dew hwedhel. Krog e!"

Hag yndella kregys veu gwas an meliner.

A-wosa y leveris onan a'gan bagas dhe Kingston, "Yn sertan, syrra, an huni na, nyns ova lemmyn gwas an meliner."

"Pandra!" yn-medh Kingston, yn unn hwerthin, "rag y vester a allsa ev gul gonis y'n bys gwell es merwel yn y le?"

Ny'n jevedha Kingston meth vyth a'y wriansow. "Kepar ha karow gwyls a glew harth an brathkeun nep-pell, y hallsens i oll fia dhe'n fo ha diank martesen, mara mynnsens, kepar dell wrug an meliner jolyf." Yndella o brys Kingston, avel helghyer owth assaya settya an

ordered it to be done. After eating and drinking, with lots of laughter and good cheer, Kingston thanked the mayor and asked if the gallows had been set up.

'I think it's all finished,' answered the mayor.

'Great, show it to me,' said Kingston, taking hold of his hand.

'Here it is,' said the mayor.

'Do you think it's strong enough?'

'I do, sir.'

'Fine. Then get up there, Mr Mayor, because it's ready for you.'

'Sir, I trust you're not wanting to do anything like that to me!'

'Sir,' said Kingston, 'there's no help for you, for you were a prominent rebel, and therefore, *in nomine Regis*—that means, 'in the name of the King'—this is your appointed reward,' and thus the mayor of Bodmin was hanged.

A short time after this, a spy informed Sir Anthony of a certain miller who had been a rebel, who lived near Bodmin. When we arrived at the mill, a tall, fine man was working inside.

'Who are you?' Kingston asked him.

'I'm the miller,' was the reply.

'Since when?'

'Three years.'

'Then you're a traitor who deserves to be hanged!'

'Oh, sir,' cried the man, with great fear on his face, 'I'm not the miller. I told a lie. Forgive me, I beg you. My master, who is the real miller, ordered me to say that I was the miller. He left two days ago, and I don't know where he is staying now.'

'No matter,' replied Kingston, 'you're a knave to enter into two stories. Hang him!'

And thus was hanged the miller's servant.

Afterwards, one of our group said to Kingston, 'Sir, that man was honestly just the miller's servant.'

'So what?' said Kingston, laughing. 'Could he ever have served his master better than by dying in his place?'

Kingston had no shame at all about his actions. 'Just like a wild deer that hears the baying hounds some distance away, they could all have taken flight and perhaps escaped, if they had wished, just as the jolly miller did.' That's how Kingston's mind worked, like a hunter trying

preydh dhe'n harthva, rag y hyga. Mes dell redir yn lyver an profoes Amos, "Ny omdennav an kessydhyan drefenn ev dhe helghi y vroder gans kledha ha hepkor truedh oll." Piw a yll doutya bos Syrr Anthony yn yfarn y'n eur ma, ow perthi bys vykken y gessydhyan ewn?

Dres an misyow, ni a lavurya oll a-dro dhe Gernow, bys y'n Porthia, le may krogas Kingston mer an dre. Byttiweth y tehwelsyn dhe Garesk, ow kasa war agan lerg h ladhva ha duwon hepken. Trist dres eghenn en vy a-barth ow fobel mes nyns esa travyth y'm galloes dh'y wul rag aga gweres.

Onan a'gan bagas a vedras ow bos trist ha leverel dhymm dell syw:

"A Beder, na borth moredh a'ga govis! Pubonan y'n bys ma yw paynys awos y dhrogoberow. Nans yw dewdhek blydhen y feu lettys an "Bergherinses a Ras" yn Pow Sows Kledh, ha kansow a dus ledhys ena. Ha dres henna, warlyna yn Pow Norfolk tri mil dhen, eseli lu neb unn Yowann Ket, a verwis yn kas erbynn an arloedh Warwick. Ytho, bedhewgh sur, hwi gernowyon nyns owgh hwi unnik!"

Mes prag y hwre Syrr Anthony Kingston yndella, gans kemmys fellder? Pronter a'n bluw ma a dherivis orthiv bos tas Syrr Anthony, neb unn Syrr Wella Kingston, Gwithyas an Tour Loundres pan veu dibennys an vyghternes Ann Bolyn, nans o trydhek blydhen. Heb dhout an yowynk Syrr Anthony yth esa ow mires orth an hwarvos truesi na, ha'y das owth hembronk an vyghternes yn personek bys dhe'n stok. A yll bos marth a wriansow Syrr Anthony pan vydh dyghtys myghternesow yowynk ha kader yn kettella?

Mes konfort yeyn dhymm o oll an geryow ma. Keudh yth esa y'm kolonn, ha my ow kalari poen ow fobel.

My a woer Kingston dhe wul y dhever, owth obaya dhe'n arghadowyow y vestrysi, mes yn sur nyns o res dhodho omLOWENHE y'n ober euthek ha goesek na. Yth esa neb unn pronter - mes na, ny'm beus derivas an pyth a hwarva dhodho... Pell lowr a-wosa, ha kynth ov dehweyls tre lemmyn yn Kernow, hwath y'm hunlev y tasvywav an keth hwarvosow vil na hag a wrug Kingston. Dell yw skrifys neb le, "Seul na gemmero truedh a vydh drog geryes rag y fellder triflek", ha triflek yn pur sertan o fellder an tebelwas na.

Y'm yowynkses, dyskys en vy gans menegh an kollji Glasnedh, mes wosa an kollji dhe dhegea, my eth dhe Loundres ha mos ha bos souder. Dell dhesevav, mar ny ven souder, ha my dhe lia servya ow myghtern hag obaya dh'y arghadowyow, mynniv kyn na vynniv, y halla bos my ow honan dempnys avel traytour yn Kernow ha kregys gans Kingston. Yn ober y tallethis arta ow soedh yn marghoglu an myghtern, mes nyns o plegadow

to corner the prey, to bait it. But as we read in the book of the prophet Amos, 'I will not turn away the punishment thereof, because he did pursue his brother with the sword, and did cast off all pity.' Who can doubt that Sir Anthony is now in hell, suffering his just punishment for ever?

As the months passed, we travelled all over Cornwall, as far as St Ives, where Kingston hanged the town's mayor. Finally, we returned to Exeter, leaving behind us nothing but killing and sorrow. I was deeply saddened on account of my people but there was nothing in my power I could do to help them.

One of our group noticed that I was sad and spoke to me as follows:

'Oh, Peter, don't grieve on account of them! Everybody in this world is suffering because of their wicked deeds. Twelve years ago, the "Pilgrimage of Grace" in the North of England was put down, and hundreds of people were killed then. And more than that, last year in Norfolk three thousand men, members of the army of one John Kett, died in a battle against Lord Warwick. So, be assured, you Cornishmen are not the only ones!'

But why did Sir Anthony Kingston behave like that, with such cruelty? The minister of this parish told me that Sir Anthony's father, a certain Sir William Kingston, was Keeper of the Tower of London when Queen Ann Boleyn was executed, thirteen years ago. No doubt the young Sir Anthony was watching that grim act, as his father personally led the queen to the block. Can we be surprised at the actions of Sir Anthony when young and comely queens are treated in this way?

But all those words were cold comfort to me. There was sorrow in my heart as I mourned for my people's pain.

I know Kingston was doing his duty, obeying the orders of his superiors, but surely there was no need for him to take pleasure in that horrific and bloody work. There was one preacher—but no, I can't describe what happened to him... A good while afterwards, even though I am back home in Cornwall now, I still dream that I am reliving those same vile happenings that Kingston carried out. As it is written somewhere, 'He who is without mercy will be cursed for his threefold cruelty,' and threefold indeed was the cruelty of that evil man.

In my youth, I was taught by monks of the college at Glasney, but when the college closed, I went to London and became a soldier. I suppose that, if I hadn't been a soldier and taken an oath to serve the king and obey his orders, like it or not, I myself could have been listed as a traitor in Cornwall and hanged by Kingston. The fact is, I began my work again in the king's cavalry, but I no longer found pleasure in the life of a soldier. Now I'm

dhymm nafella bywnans souder. Lemmyn pes da lowr
ov ow tendil ow figans yn mysk ow neshevin y'n tyller
ma, koweth a seul a drikko ynno. Yn sempel, Peder an
gov o'ma hepken, gov par dell o ow hendasow dres an
kansblydhynyow y'n dreveglos hweg ma a
Lannaghevrán.

happy enough earning my living among my kin in this
place, as the friend of all who live in it. Simply put, I'm
just Peter the farrier, a farrier as were my forefathers
through the centuries in this pretty village of St
Keverne.