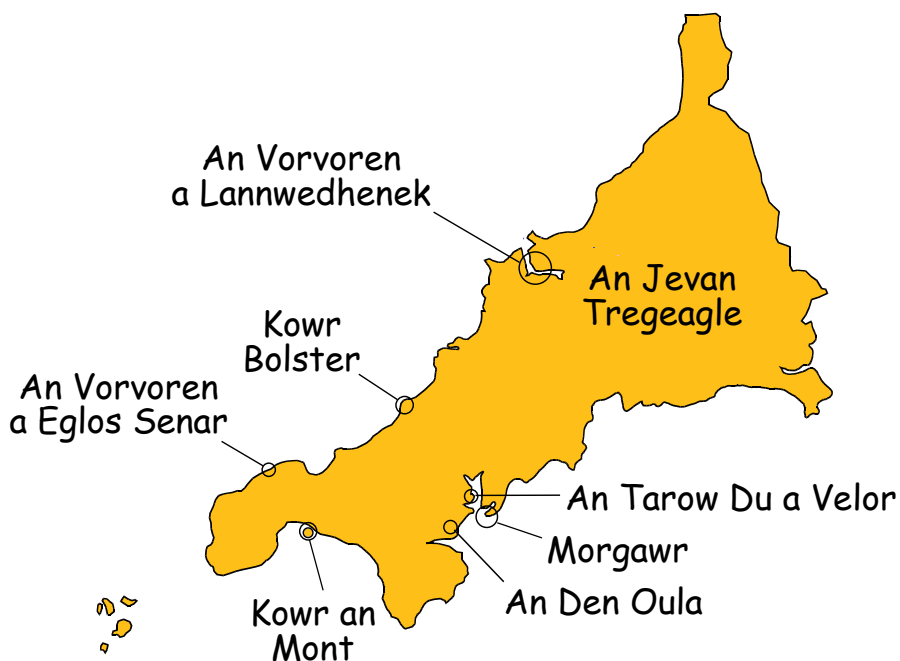


Hwedhlow Skruthus a Gernow

Creepy Tales of Cornwall



Kowr an Mont

Y'n termyn eus passys, pell kens dhe vos Karrek Loos y'n Koos, kens bos dowr y'n baya ynwedh, y triga y'n koos, Kowr henwys Cormoran, gans y wreg, Cormelian.

Cormoran a erviras drehevel tre a-ugh pennow an gwydh. Well yn hwir, res o dhe Cormelian drehevel an dre awos bos Cormoran pur dhiek.

Cormelian a wrug don an veyn vras ha gwynn yn hy aporn. Unn jydh ha Cormoran ow koska, Cormelian a wrug don men gwyrth ha bras yn le men gwynn war-tu ha'n vre.



The Giant of the Mount

Once upon a time, long before St Michael's Mount existed, even before there was water in the bay, a giant named Cormoran lived in the wood with his wife, Cormelian.

Cormoran decided to build a home above the treetops. Well, in truth, Cormelian had to build the home because Cormoran was very lazy.

Cormelian carried the large, white stones in her apron. One day while Cormoran was asleep, Cormelian carried a large green stone instead of a white stone towards the hill.

A-dhesempis, Cormoran a wrug omdhifuna ha bos pur serrys ha potya y wreg. Korden hy apern a dorras ha'n men gwyrdd a godhas war an treth. Ev a sev ena y'n jydh hedhyw.

Lemmyn, tre Cormoran yw henwys 'Karrek Loos y'n Koos' ha'n men gwyrdd yw 'Karrek an Chapel'.



Suddenly, Cormoran woke up and was very cross and kicked his wife. Her apron string broke and the green stone fell on the beach. It remains there today.

Now Cormoran's home is called 'St Michael's Mount and the green stone is 'Chapel Rock'.

[A long, long time ago, St Michael's Mount was called "Karrek Loos y'n Koos", which means 'The Grey Rock in the Wood'.]

An Vorvoren a Lannwedhenek

Yn termyn eus passys yth esa morvoren deg neb o trigys y'n porth an moyha down may hwruss'ta gweles bythkweth. ma may hallas an brassa gorholyon tewlel ankor ynno. Hi a wrug difres an porth drefen y vos le an moyha kuv dhedhi rag passya termyn.

Oll an varners ha'n byskadoryon ena a gara an vorvoren deg ma. I a wre godhvovs hi dhe witha diogel an porth. Hi a wre esedha war'n karygi ryb an mor gans hy haresow, ha kana ha kribas hy blew melyn hir.



The Mermaid of Padstow

Once upon a time there was a beautiful mermaid who lived in the deepest port you ever saw. This was the port of Padstow, where even the biggest ships could anchor. She protected the port because it was her favourite place to pass the time.

All the sailors and fishermen there loved this beautiful mermaid. They knew that she kept the port safe. She would often sit on the rocks by the sea with her friends, and sing, and comb her long blond hair.

Unn jydh y teuth gorhel estren dhe'n porth, ha marner war an gorhel ma a welas an vorvoren esa ow neuvya y'n mor. Awos acheson ny wodhon ni, ev a's tennas dhyworth an gorhel.

An vorvoren a omsedhas a-woles dhe'n dowrow down mes dehweles arta bys yn enep an mor. Hi a wrug drehevel hy breggh dhyghow ha leverel, "My a wra ambosa alemma rag ha bys vykken bos an porth ma euver. Oll an dowrow a wra gasa an le ma!" Y'n eur na hi eth ha ny veu hi gwelys nevra namoy.



One day a strange ship came to the port, and a sailor on this ship saw the mermaid swimming in the sea. For some reason that we don't know, he shot her from the boat.

The mermaid dived down to the deep waters but then returned back to the surface. She raised her right arm and said, "I vow that from now on and forever this port shall remain useless. All the waters will leave this place!" Then she went and was never to be seen again.

Termyn berr diwettha y tallathas hager awel vras a dhistruis lies gorhel ha formya tewyn meur y'n avon. 'Barr an Terros' yw y hanow.

Wosa henna an tewyn a gawsyas dhe vos kellys lies gorhel. Skathow byghan hepken a yll gul devnydh a'n porth lemmyn, bys pan vo omdennys molleth an vorvoren.



A short time later a big storm began, that destroyed several ships and created a great sand dune in the river. Its name is 'Doom Bar'.

After that, the sandbank caused the wreck of many ships. Only small boats can use the port now, until the curse of the mermaid is lifted.



An Jevan Tregeagle

Spyrys goodh Tregeagle a wra daromres an hal, an arvor karnek ha'n tewennow a Gernow.

Y spyrys a wander owth assaya oberi neb lavur may rollo powes dhodho. Yn nos keun dyowl a'n sew bys yn tardh dydh. Lev Tregeagle yw yn pub le, mes ny yll tus y weles.



The Demon Tregeagle

The wild spirit of Tregeagle haunts the moor, the rocky coast and the dunes of Cornwall.

His spirit wanders, trying to perform some task to give him rest. At night demon dogs follow him until daybreak. The voice of Tregeagle is everywhere, but people cannot see him.



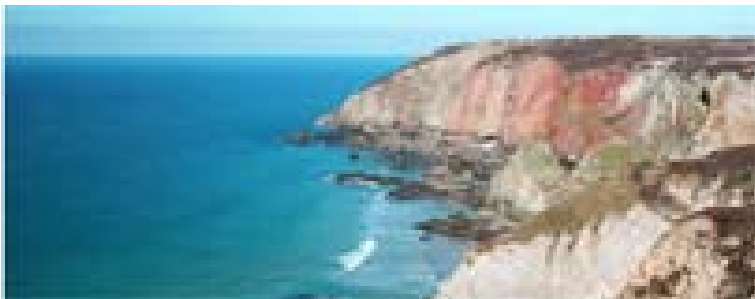
Tregeagle o drog ha fell. Ev o rych ynwedh. Y wreg ha fleghes a verwis awos y hakter.

Yth esa kedrynn yntra dew deylu rych. Res o dhe Tregeagle dustunia. An vreuslys a dhetermyas Tregeagle dhe vos kablus.



Tregeagle was evil and cruel. He was rich as well. His wife and children died because of his cruelty.

There was a dispute between two rich families. It was necessary for Tregeagle to speak as a witness. The court decided Tregeagle was guilty.



Poll Tosmeri o heb goles; gwakhe an lynn ow kul devnydh a grogen vrenigen hag ynni toll o breus Tregeagle.

Hemm o y vreis – oberi heb lett. Bledhen wosa bledhen y hwre Tregeagle oberi gans y grogen, mes an lynn a vedha hwath an keth!



Dozmary Pool was bottomless; Tregeagle's sentence was to empty the lake using a limpet shell with a hole in it.

This was his sentence - to work forever. Year after year Tregeagle worked with his shell, but the pool always stayed the same!



Kowr Bolster

Yn termyn eus passys yth esa yn Kernow kowr, Kowr Bolster y hanow. Ev a ylli gorra unn troos war Karn Bre ha'n troos aral war Karn Breanek.

Ev o hir dres eghen. Klav o dre gerensa yn kever Sen Agnes mes ny wre hi y gara.



Giant Bolster

Once upon a time there was a giant living in Cornwall whose name was Giant Bolster. He could put one foot on Carn Brea and the other foot on St. Agnes' Beacon.

He was exceptionally tall. He fell in love with Saint Agnes but she didn't love him.



Wosa termyn hir Sen Agnes a leveris ytho ev dhe brevi y gerensa dre rowedha war an alsyow dhe Borth Chapel, treghi y vregh ha lenwel toll gans y woos. Ev a dybis hemma dhe vos neppyth pur es. Ny wrug ev godhvos yth esa toll aral dhe woles an alsyow ha'y woos a wrug resek aberth-yn mor.

Kowr Bolster a wrug kelli kemmys y woos may hwrug ev merwel. Hwath yw alsyow Porth Chapel nammys rudh gans y woos.



After a long time Saint Agnes told him to prove his love by lying down on the cliffs at Chapel Porth, cutting his arm, and filling up a hole with his blood. He thought this was easy. He didn't know that there was another hole at the bottom of the cliffs where his blood ran out to the sea.

Bolster lost so much blood that he died. The cliffs at Chapel Porth are still stained red with his blood.

An Vorvoren a Eglos Senar

Yn termyn eus passys yn Eglos Senar, treveglos vyghan pell y'n howlsedhes a Gernow y triga den yowynk ha semli, Matthew Trewella y hanow.

Yth esa dhodho lev teg rag kana. Ev a gana yn keur an eglos pub dy'Sul ha pub huni a gara y glewes.

Treweythyow y slynkya y'n eglos war-tu ha'n delergh benyn deg, fethus hy dillas, hir hag owrek hy blew ha glaswyrddh hy dewlagas. Hi a dho rag goslowes orth Matti.

Y hwrussons mires an eyl orth y gila ha kodha yn kerensa mes ny geskowsons i bythkweth. Pub prys hi a wrug gasa kens diwedh an servis.

The Mermaid of Zennor

Once upon a time, in the small village of Zennor in the far West of Cornwall, there lived a handsome young man. His name was Matthew Trewella.

He had a beautiful singing voice and he used to sing in the church choir every Sunday; everyone loved to listen to him.

Sometimes a beautiful and richly dressed lady, with long golden tresses and sea-green eyes would slip into the church at the back to listen to Matti.

They looked at each other and fell in love but never spoke. She always left before the end of the service.

Unn jydh yth erviras Matti hy sewya hag ev a slynkyas yn-
mes a'n eglos a-varr rag omjunya gensi. I eth mes a wel ha ny veu
ev gwelys nevra namoy yn Eglos Senar. An bledhynnyow a bassyas
ha'n dus dhe Eglos Senar a ankovas Matti ha' y dhiank koynt

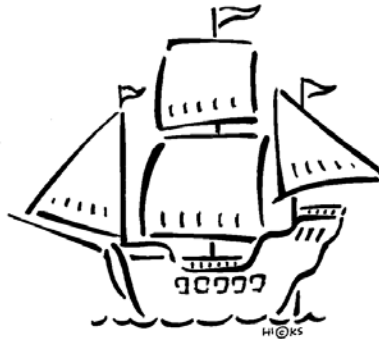


One day Matti decided to follow her, so he slipped out of
the church to join her. He was never seen in Zennor again. The
years passed and the people of Zennor forgot about Matti and his
strange disappearance.



Then one Sunday morning, a ship anchored at Pendower Cove near Zennor. The Captain was on the deck when he heard a sweet voice calling from the sea and there was a beautiful mermaid with long golden tresses and sea-green eyes.

She said to him, "Please raise your anchor, as it is blocking the door of my house. I cannot get back to Matthew and my children." The startled sailor said, "Did you say Matthew?" "Yes," she replied. "Now haul up your anchor please."



Ena unn Sul myttinweyth, gorhel a dewlis ankor dhe Borth Penndowr ogas dhe Eglos Senar. Yth esa'n Kaptan war an flour pan glewas lev hweg ow kelwel dhyworth an mor hag yth esa ena morvoren deg, hir hag owrek hy blew ha gwyrdd-hyli hy dewlagas.

Yn-medh hi dhodho, "Drehevewgh agas ankor mar pleg, drefen ev dhe stoppya daras ow chi. Ny allav dehweles dhe Matthew ha'w fleghes. " Yn-medh an marnner sowdhenys, "A wruss'ta leverel 'Matthew'?" "Gwrug," yn-medh hi. "Lemmyn tennewgh yn-bann agas ankor, mar pleg."

Yn uskis an Kaptan a wrug dell veu dervynnys gans an vorvoren ha hi a slynkyas yn-dann an tonnow ha mos mes a wel.

Kaptan an gorhel a fyskis bys yn Eglos Senar dhe dherivas an dra dhe bubonan, mes ny veu gwelys arta na Matthew nag an Vorvoren.

Mes bys y'n jydh ma hwi a yll mos gweles morvoren vyghan yw gravys war skavel yn eglos an dre dhe berthi kov a'n hwedhel 'An Vorvoren a Eglos Senar'.



The Captain hastily did as he was asked and the mermaid slipped under the waves and vanished.

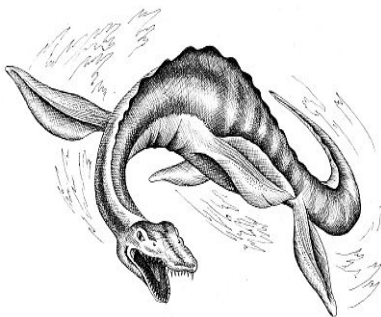
The Captain of the ship rushed into Zennor to tell all the people but neither Matthew nor the mermaid were ever seen again.

But to this day you can go to see a little mermaid carved into the end of a bench in Zennor Church as a reminder of the story of the Mermaid of Zennor.

Morgawr

Yn termyn eus passys yth esa dew byskador. Unn jydh, i a erviras golya yn aga skath yn-mes a Aberfala, dres an golowji Sen Antonin, a-berth yn Baya Gwynndreth. I a dewlis aga rosow ha gortos.

A-dhistowgh yth esa habadolya! Pyth o henna yn aga rosow, mil euthyk bras dell heveli? Res o dhedha treghi aga rosow kens an skath dhe sedhi hag i gensi.



Sea Giant

Once upon a time there were two fishermen. One day they decided to take their boat out of Falmouth, past St Anthony's lighthouse, round into Gerrans Bay. They cast their nets and waited.

All of a sudden there was uproar! What was that incredibly huge animal in their nets? They had to cut free their nets before the boat sank, taking them with it.

Diwettha, an byskadoryon a leveris oll an dra dh'aga theylu. An mil o ugens tros-hys yn hirder, du y liw, ha dhodho penn kepar ha gelvin ha lost hir ha skansek. Morgawr yn tevri!



Later, the fishermen told their families all about it. The animal was twenty feet long, black in colour, with a beak-shaped head and a long scaly tail. A real sea giant!



Neb ugens bledhen diwettha, yth esa pyskador aral a gachyas mil hevelep. Wosa henna, ny welas den vyth Morgawr dres hanterkans bledhen. Mes ena ev a omdhiskwedhas arta. Dew dhen a welas euthvil y'n mor ogas dhe Benn Dinas. I a leveris ev dhe vos kepar ha'n Loch Ness Monster.

Tus erel a welas Morgawr ynwedh. Unn venyn a'n deskrifas: "Yth esa'n euthvil ow neuvya y'n mor ogas dhe Dhowr Mahonyer (Helford River). Ev a'n jevo tron kepar hag olifans, mes war vley'n an tron yth esa penn byghan, kepar ha sarf, ha war y geyn yth esa bothennow bras. Ev a worras own ynnov."

Diwel yw Morgawr lemmyn nans yw deg bledhen. Piw a wra y weles nessa? Yw ev gwir? Eus neppyth ankoth y'n mor ogas dhe Aberfala? Piw a wor?

Some twenty years later, another fisherman caught a similar creature. After that, no one saw Morgawr for fifty years. But then it appeared again. Two men saw a monster in the sea close to Pendennis. They said it was like the Loch Ness Monster.

Other people saw Morgawr too. One woman described it: "The monster was swimming in the sea close to the Helford River. It had a trunk like an elephant, but on the end of the trunk there was a little head, like a snake, and it had humps on its back. It made me afraid."

Morgawr has not been seen for ten years. Who will see it next? Is it real? Is there something strange in the sea near Falmouth? Who knows?

An Den Oula

Yn termyn eus passys yth esa lies kreatur ankoth ha kevrinek yn Kernow.

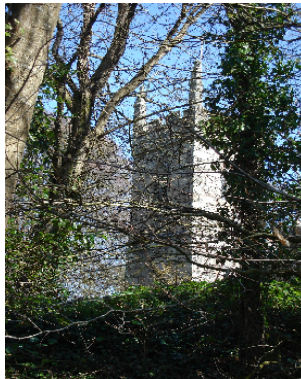
An brassa rann anedha ny vew hedhyw saw avel hwedhlow, mes dhe Eglos Maunan yma hwarvosow ankoth ow kodha hwath y'n eur ma.



The Owl Man

Long ago, there were many strange and mysterious creatures in Cornwall.

Most of them only remain as stories, but at Mawnan Church there are strange things happening even now.



Dres unn gansvledhen, yma tus re beu ownekhes gans Den Oula. Moy es dew veter yn ughelder yw ev gans dewlagas rudh ha glew, diwskovarn lymm hag yma dhodho dew byncer dhe benn y eskelli.

Kepar hag edhen yw ev, mes ynwedh kepar ha den. Hwath moy grysel, ev a wra sia, ughel y lev, ha settya war dus, dres eghen tus yowynk. Pubonan a verk ass yw ev mar vras, ha'y dhewlagas rudh.



For a hundred years, people have been frightened by an Owl man. He is over two metres tall, with red eyes, pointed ears and pinchers at the end of his wings.

He looks like a bird, but also like a man. Even more frightening, he hisses loudly and attacks people, especially young people. Everyone notices his red eyes and how large he is.

Dell yw usys, an Den Oula a mes a wel tus a-wosa a-berth y'n kosow.

Yth esa an dus re'n gwelas, dre vras, benenes ha myrghes, gwer ha mebyon, ow kerdhes y'n kosow ogas dhe'n eglos. Re erel re beu y'n gorflan.

Yth esa hwarvosow pur gevrinek ow kodha, ha nyns yw orsik may kyv tus y'n kosow na!



The Owl man usually disappears into the woods afterwards.

Most people who have seen it, girls and women, men and boys, have been walking in the woods near the church. Some have been in the churchyard.

Something mysterious has been happening and it is not a teddy bear that people find down in those woods!

An Tarow Du a Velor

W. D. Watson o den Ponsnowydh; hag yn y yowynkneth ev a dravalys menowgh dhe Aberfala, der Gowbal Nanskersys, rag skol gorthugher ha'y ober y'n lowarth Rosehill a'n teylu Fox.

Watson eth ha bos Pennlowarther Lowarth Morrab yn Pennsans. Ev a wodhya meur a Gernewek kewsys; koweth Mordon o ev; ev a veu gwrys Bardh yn 1928, onan a'n kensa – 'Tirvab' o y hanow – ('Son of the Soil').

An hwedhel ma a veu derivys dhodho gans benyn goth, a-dro dhe 1890.



The Black Bull of Mylor

W. D. Watson was a man of Mylor Bridge; in his youth he often travelled to Falmouth, via the Flushing ferry, for evening school and his work in Rosehill, the garden belonging to the Fox family.

Watson became head gardener of the Morrab Gardens in Penzance. He knew much of spoken Cornish; a friend of Morton Nance, he was made a Bard in 1928, one of the first, with the name 'Tirvab' – ('Son of the Soil').

This tale was told to him by an old woman in about 1890.

Hi a leveris y'n termyn hi dhe vos mowes (c.1820?), hi a drigas gans hy mamm ha'y lestas, yn chi byghan ryb an treth Heylyn Melor, a-woles dhe Borloe – tyller hanter mildir a–ugh dhe dreveglos Melor. Hy lestas o gwithyas an arvor.

Y'n termyn na yth esa lies gorhel a dheuth a Bow Frynk rag ester, hag yth esa meur a franklondya; rag henna yth esa ober bras rag gwithysi an arvor.

Gwithyas aral a drigas y'n chi nessa.



She said that when she was a girl (c.1820?), she lived with her mother and stepfather in a cottage by the beach at Mylor Creek, below Porloe – a place half a mile above Mylor Churchtown. Her stepfather was a coastguard.

At that time there were many ships that came from France for oysters, and there was much smuggling; therefore there was much work for the coastguards.

The other guard lived in the next house.



Unn nos, an dhew withyas a wrug mos war aga fordh usys gans porpos dhe vysytya Poynt Penarrow, ow tremena Poynt Trefusis ogas dhe Nanskersys. Ena yth esa 'The Kuzond', saven vras, hag ogo ynni, tybys bos usys rag gwara franklondys.

A-dhesempis, wosa i dhe bassya trapp an eglos, i a wrug hedhi. Y'n pelder, ow tos nessa dhedha i a glewas son bedhyglans euthyk; yth esa grow ow neyja; i a allas gweles furv tarow bras, ha tan ow tos a'y frigow.



One night, the two guards went on their regular route, intending to pass Penarrow Point, on the way to Trefusis Point near Flushing. At that place there was 'The Cuzond', a large gully, with a cave supposedly used for smuggled goods .

Suddenly, after they passed the church stile, they stopped. In the distance, but getting closer to them, came a dreadful roaring sound; there was gravel flying; they could see the shape of a great bull with fire coming from his nostrils.

I a wrug ponya yn skon ha gortos a-dryv fos y'n gorflan. Ha'n tarow ow passya, i a wrug tenna aga fystolys dhodho poran, mes heb les vytholl. I a wrug y sewya, ow ponya a-dreus an treth yn-dann Lawithyk.

An dhiw venyn ha'ga hentrevogyon a glewas an son, an chiow ow krena awos tremenyans an tarow, ha wosa aspia, i a wrug mos tre yn unn fistena.

An dhew dhen a wrug y holya a'n fordh pella es 'Well Ackett' (pyth po fenten ... ? plema?). Ena i a wrug kelli y wolok ha'y son, ytho wostiwedh i a wrug mos tre.



They quickly ran and waited behind a wall in the churchyard. When the bull was passing, they fired their pistols straight at him, but without any effect. They followed him, running over the beach below Lawithick.

The two women and their neighbours heard the noise, their houses shaking as the bull went past, and after watching, they went hurriedly indoors.

The two men followed him further than 'Well Ackett' (where? a dug well? a spring?). Then they lost sight and sound of him, so finally they went home.

Ternos vyttin yth esa govynnow yn pub pluw a-dro; mes nyns esa den vyth a wodhva tarow du dhe vos kellys.

Eus y'n hwedhel ma neppyth a-dro dhe reun (po leugh ogow) war Boynt Penarrow ogas dhe Black Rock ('Carregroyne' y'n 'Ordinalia'), ha Lugo Rock ryb Kastel Lannvowshedh? Parhap yth o neb kast an wikoryon frank.

Dell brederav, martesen yw an hwedhel kottha, (hanter ankevys?); prag nag eus tra vyth a-dro dhe'n Lestriva Riel Melor (fondys 1795) y'n hwedhel?

[An hwedhel ma a veu ⁷⁹derivys yn 'Old Cornwall', Vol 1, No 7, April 1928: skrifer e W. D. Watson.]

Next day questions were asked in each parish round about, but nobody knew of a lost black bull.

Is there something in this tale about a seal (or 'leugh ogow' – 'cave calf') on Penarrow Point, which is near the Black Rock ('Carregroyne' – 'Seal Rock' in the 'Ordinalia') and Lugo Rock by St Mawes Castle? Perhaps it was some trick of the smugglers.

I think perhaps the tale is older (half forgotten?); for why is there nothing about Mylor Royal Dockyard (founded 1795) in the story?

[This story was told in 'Old Cornwall', Vol 1, No 7, April 1928; writer W. D. Watson.]