Bro Goth Agan Tasow
(Old Land of Our Fathers)

Bro goth agan tasow, dha fleghes a'th kar!
Gwlas ker an howlsedhes, pan vro yw dha bar?
War oll an norvys, 'th on ni skoellys a-les,
Mes agan kerensa yw dhis.

Kernow! Kernow, y keryn Kernow!
An mor, hedra vo
Yn fos dhis a-dro,
'Th on onan hag oll rag Kernow!

Gwlaskor Myghtern Arthur, an Sens kyns ha'n Gral,
Moy kerys genen nyns yw tiredh arall;
Ynnos sy pub karn, nans, menydh ha chi
A gews in Kernewek dhyn ni.

Chorus

Old land of our fathers, your children love you!
Dear land of the west, what country is your equal?
Across the whole world, we are spread far and wide,
But our love is for you.

Cornwall! Cornwall, we love Cornwall!
As long as the sea may be
As a wall around you,
We are one and all for Cornwall!

Kingdom of King Arthur, ancient saints and the Grail,
No other land is more beloved by us;
In you every tor, valley, mountain and house
Speaks to us in Cornish.