



# Men Scryfa

lyrics by Giles Watson  
music by Kathryn Wheeler

*A song about a standing stone in Cornwall that bears the inscription "Rialobrani-Cunovali-Fili" (Rialobran son of Cunoval (lies here)). The name is pronounced Ree-al-o-bran" with the emphasis on the second syllable.*

*A continuous drone of G&D sounds good behind this entire song.  
Rhythm is provided by plucked strings (here, plucked violin - but could be a harp, guitar etc). Avoid any use of thirds in chords.*

Violin

3

1) Fa-mous chief-tain, Cu-no-val, his fort u-pon a

pizz.

6

hill, gaun-tlet-ed, he go-vern's all, with an i-ron will, un-

11

til in-va-ders seize his lands, de-feat this no-ble lord, the

15

Chorus:

nim-ble run to Carn Eu-ny the slow fall to the sword. "Then

21

rise, you ra - ven, Ri - al - o - bran, your fa - ther to de - fend,

Dm Bb F C

25

fly to fight your fa - ther's foes be - fore you meet your end\".

Gm Bb Bb F

29

2) They watch the mounting army,  
While clouds of thunder roll,  
Then hewing life and hacking limb  
Hard by Men-an-Tol,  
The royal raven, Rialobran  
Swoops across the field,  
Croaking in his corselet,  
Commanding men to yield.

Chorus

3) They lie about like carrion,  
The raven's bleeding dead,  
Blood upon the heather moor  
From gashes in each head.  
But as the faithless turn to flee,  
An arrow strikes him down;  
The raven, flailing in the field,  
Though slain, has saved the crown.

4) They bury him beneath a stone,  
Men Scryfa, granite grey;  
The raven's claw shall strike no more,  
Wind dries the tears away.  
Now take a chisel to the stone,  
As tall as he stood high.  
Remember Rialobran,  
Who did not scorn to die.

Chorus