

Pennbucky to Llangenny



I was brought up on my father's farm that his father farmed be-
fore, that my bro- ther be- ing old- er would farm la- ter; so I
went to earn my liv- ing far be- yond the roc- ky shore, as a deck- hand on a
barque- rigged cop- per freight- er. And I've seen so ma- ny
won- ders on the sea and on the land; that e- ven I who saw them can't be-
lieve in; now my sail- ing days are done and I've come back home a-
gain, from Pen- buc- ky to Llan- gen- ny in the even- ing.

I was brought up on my father's farm that his father farmed before,

That my brother, being older, would farm later:
So I went to earn my living far beyond the rocky shore
As a deckhand on a barque-rigged copper freighter.

(Chorus)

*And I've seen so many wonders on the sea and on the land,
That even I, who saw them, can't believe in;
Now my sailing days are done, and I've come back home again,
From Pennbucky to Llangenny in the evening.*

I remember the first time I saw the ships that sail the seas,
The morning mists about their sides a-curling;
Their masts stood by the riverbank like groves of springtime
trees

Awaiting for the leaves to start unfurling.

(Chorus)

I've seen fish that fly like birds, birds that swim beneath the sea,
Seen dolphins playing round our bow-wave breaking;
Seen trees alive with parakeets, heard monkeys singing songs,
And seen sunsets that would leave your poor heart aching.

(Chorus)

Well, I made it up to Master of my own ship in due course,
But the days of wood and canvas were fast failing;
So I cashed my share and bought a cottage near my brother's
farm

And settled down to memories of sailing.

(Chorus)

But my brother's farm was bought out by the men from the
estate,

Now my nephew drives a tractor there for wages;
So I'm grateful for my life at sea, although my brother says
That we've only lived our lives in different cages.

(Chorus)



Many younger sons of farmers had to leave the land to seek employment elsewhere. In areas like Gower, the sea was one big attraction, and many Gower lads did very well there. In later life, they would return, heads full of tales from around the world, and try to fit in with neighbours who had never travelled more than a few miles from where they were born. One old Gower sailor used to remark "I knows more of Pennbucky than Llangenny" – 'Pennbucky' was the sailors' name for Pernambuco in Brazil, while 'Llangenny' is the Gower village of Llangennith.