

# Dafydd Iwan Songs

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# 1. Mae Hiraeth yn fy Nghalon

## There is a Longing in my Heart

### Dafydd Iwan

Mae hiraeth yn fy nghalon  
am y ddoe na ddaw yn ol,  
Mae tristwch yn f'enaid,  
am y fu...  
Mae dagrau yn fy llygaid  
ar ol y rhai sydd wedi mynd  
A'r atgof sydd yn bwrw cysgod du  
Af i chwilio yn y mynydd,  
Af i chwilio yn y glen  
Af i chwilio am orffennol teg fy ngwlad  
Gwrandawaf ar yr afon a syllaf ar y llyn  
A disgwyl, disgwyl gweled fy nhreftad.

Mae'r awel yn y brigau  
yn dweud am y dyddiau blin  
Pan roedd gormes landlordiaid yn y tir  
A'r hesg yn dweud yn ddistaw  
am fuchedd gwerin dlawd  
Aberth bywydau byr a'r dyddiau hir  
Ond dywed nant y mynydd  
am lawenydd ac am hwyl  
A'm balchder a gorfoledd dan yr iau  
A dywed llif yr afon  
am fethiant gormes Sais  
I dorri calon ddewr y bur hoff bau.

Mae hiraeth yn fy nghalon  
am y ddoe na ddaw yn ol,  
Mae tristwch yn f'enaid,  
am y fu...  
Mae dagrau yn fy llygaid  
ar ol y rhai sydd wedi mynd  
A'r atgof sydd yn bwrw cysgod du  
Af i chwilio yn y mynydd,  
Af i chwilio yn y glen  
Af i chwilio am orffennol teg fy ngwlad  
Gwrandawaf ar yr afon a syllaf ar y llyn  
A gwelaf, gwelad yno fy nhreftad.

There's a longing in my heart  
for the yesterday that won't return,  
There's a grief in my soul  
for what has been...  
There are tears in my eyes  
for the ones that have gone  
And the memory casts such a dark shadow  
I'll go look in the mountains,  
I'll go look in the glen  
I'll go look for the fair past of my land  
I will listen to the river and stare at the lake  
And wait, wait to see my heritage.

The breeze in the branches  
speaks of the woeful days  
When the tyranny of the landlords was in the land  
And the sedge whispers  
of the mortality of pitiable peasantry  
And the sacrifice of short lives and long days  
But the mountain's creek speaks  
of joy and merriment  
And pride and jubilation of the young  
And the flow of the river speaks  
of the failure of English domination  
To break the hearts of the pure and brave.

There's a longing in my heart  
for the yesterday that won't return,  
There's a grief in my soul  
for what has been...  
There are tears in my eyes  
for the ones that have gone  
And the memory casts such a dark shadow  
I'll go look in the mountains,  
I'll go look in the glen  
I'll go look for the fair past of my land  
I will listen to the river and stare at the lake  
And there, there I see my heritage.

## 2. Yma o Hyd - Still Here

### Dafydd Iwan

Dwyt ti'm yn cofio Macsen,  
Does neb yn ei nabod o;  
Mae mil a chwe chant o flynyddoedd  
Yn amser rhy hir i'r co';  
Pan aeth Magnus Maximus o Gymru  
Yn y flwyddyn tri-chant-wyth-tri,  
A'n gadael yn genedl gyfan  
A heddiw: wele ni!

*[Cytgan]*

*Ry'n ni yma o hyd, x2*  
*Er gwaetha pawb a phopeth, x3*  
*Ry'n ni yma o hyd, x2*  
*Er gwaetha pawb a phopeth, x3*  
*Ry'n ni yma o hyd.*

Chwythed y gwynt o'r Dwyrain,  
Rhued y storm o'r môr,  
Hollted y mellt yr wybren  
A gwaedded y daran encôr,  
Llifed dagrau'r gwangalon  
A llyfed y taeog y llawr  
Er dued yw'r fagddu o'n cwmpas  
Ry'n ni'n barod am doriad y wawr!

*[Cytgan]*

Cofiwn i Facsen Wledig  
A dael ein gwlad yn un darn  
A bloeddiwn gerbron y gwledydd  
'Mi fyddwn yma tan Ddydd y Farn!  
Er gwaetha pob Dic Siôn Dafydd,  
Er gwaetha 'rhen Fagi a'i chriw  
Byddwn yma hyd ddiwedd amser  
A bydd yr iaith Gymraeg yn fyw!

*[Cytgan]*

You don't remember Macsen,  
Nobody knows him;  
One thousand and six hundred years  
Is a time too long to remember;  
When Magnus Maximus left Wales  
In the year 383  
Leaving us a whole nation  
And today - look at us!

*[Chorus]*

*We are still here x2*  
*In spite of everyone and everything x3*  
*We are still here x2*  
*In spite of everyone and everything x3*  
*We are still here.*

Let the wind blow from the East  
Let the storm roar from the sea  
Let the lightning split the heavens  
And the thunder shout "Encore!"  
Let the tears of the faint-hearted flow  
And the servile lick the floor  
Despite the blackness around us  
We are ready for the breaking of the dawn!

*[Chorus]*

We remember that Macsen the Emperor  
Left our country in one whole piece,  
And we shall shout before the nations  
'We'll be here until Judgement Day!'  
Despite every Dic Siôn Dafydd (*Note 1*)  
Despite old Maggie and her crew,  
We'll be here until the end of time,  
And the Welsh language will be alive!

*[Chorus]*

Note 1: Dic Siôn Dafydd was the name of a satirical ballad by Jac Glan-y-gors (1766-1821) about a stereotypical Welshman who has turned his back on the Welsh language and culture, in his bid to succeed in England.

### 3. Carlo - Charles Dafydd Iwan

Mae gen i ffrind bach yn byw ym  
Muckingham Palas,  
A Charlo Windsor yw ei enw ef.  
Tro dwethaf es i gnocio ar ei ddrws ei dy,  
Daeth ei Fam i'r drws a medde hi wrthof i...

*O, Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo heddi, heddi,  
Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo gyda Dadi, Dadi,  
Ymunwch yn y gan, trigolion fawr a man,  
O'r diwedd mae gynon ni  
'Brins' yn ngwlad y gan.*

Fe gafodd ei addysg draw yng ngwlad  
Awstralia,  
Ac yna lan i Scotland yr aeth o.  
Colofn y diwylliant Cymraeg,  
Cyfrannwr i Dafod y Ddraig,  
Aelod o'r Urdd,  
gwersyllwr er cyn cof...

*O, Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo heddi, heddi,  
Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo gyda Dadi, Dadi,  
Ymunwch yn y gan, trigolion fawr a man,  
O'r diwedd mae gynon ni  
'Brins' yn ngwlad y gan.*

Bob wythnos mae e'n darllen Y Cymro a'r Faner,  
Yn darllen Dafydd ap Gwilym  
yn ei wely bob nos,  
Mae dyfodol y wlad a'r iaith yn agos  
at ei galon fach ef,  
Y mae'n fwy o genedlaetholwr na'r FWA ...

*O, Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo heddi, heddi,  
Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo gyda Dadi, Dadi,  
Ymunwch yn y gan, trigolion fawr a man,  
O'r diwedd mae gynon ni  
'Brins' yn ngwlad y gan.*

*O ie, Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo heddi ie,  
heddi,  
Carlo, Carlo, Carlo'n warae polo gyda Dad ie,  
Dadi,  
Ymunwch yn y gan, daiogion fawr a man,  
O'r diwedd mae gynon ni  
'Brins' yn ngwlad y gan.*

I've a little friend who lives in  
Buckingham Palace,  
And Charles Windsor is his name.  
Last time I went to knock on his door,  
His Mother answered and told me...

*Oh, Charles is playing polo today, today,  
Charles is playing polo with Daddy, Daddy,  
Join in the song, peoples old and young,  
Finally, we have a  
Prince in the land of song.*

He received his education over in  
Australia,  
And off to Scotland did he go.  
Columnist of Welsh culture,  
Contributor to 'Tafod y Ddraig'  
A member of the Urdd,  
a camper ever since I can remember...

*Oh, Charles is playing polo today, today,  
Charles is playing polo with Daddy, Daddy,  
Join in the song, peoples old and young,  
Finally, we have a  
Prince in the land of song.*

Every week he reads the 'Cymro' and the 'Faner',  
He reads Dafydd ap Gwilym (*Note 1*)  
in his bed every night,  
The future of the language and country is close  
to his little heart,  
And he's a greater nationalist than the FWA..

*Oh, Charles is playing polo today, today,  
Charles is playing polo with Daddy, Daddy,  
Join in the song, peoples old and young,  
Finally, we have a  
Prince in the land of song.*

*Oh yeah, Charles is playing polo today yeah ,  
today,  
Charles is playing polo with Daddy yeah,  
Daddy,  
Join in the song, peoples old and young,  
Finally, we have a  
Prince in the land of song.*

Note 1: Dafydd ap Gwilym was a 14th century poet of renown. He wrote mainly about his own love and experiences with women, some of his poems being erotic.

## 4. Can Y'r Ysgol - The School Song

### Dafydd Iwan

Pan oeddwn i rhyw flwydd neu ddwy yn iau  
a minnau'n fachgen bochgoch bach di-fai,  
mi awn i'r ysgol fel pob bachgen bach da  
drwy niwl a glaw, boed aea' neu'n  
boed ha'.

*[Cytgan]*

*Ond yn yr ysgol mi ges...  
Lessyns 'History', lessyns 'Geography',  
lessyns English o hyd ac o hyd  
ac ambell i lessyn yn Welsh - chwarae teg,  
am mae Cymro bach oeddwn i.*

Fe alwai Mam bob bore am saith o'r gloch,  
gan weiddi yn Gymraeg, "Wel cwyd os wyt am  
dy gig moch."  
Ar ôl imi godi a llyncu'r bwyd i lawr,  
yn Gymraeg y dymunai Nhad a Mam  
'Hwyl fawr'.

*[Cytgan]*

A chyda'r nos mi awn am dro bach i'r  
coed  
ac yno y bum i'n caru'n gynta' erioed.  
O dan y llwyni rhoes fy nghalon i hi  
ac yn Gymraeg y sibrydiais 'O rwy'n dy garu di,'

*[Cytgan]*

Ac ar y Sul mynd i'r Capel oedd fy  
mraint,  
a darddlen Beibl Wiliam Morgan yng  
nghwmni'r saint.  
Cymrag siaradai yr Iesu am a wyddwn i  
a Chymraeg oedd iaith pob gweddi  
siwr i chi.

*Ond yn yr ysgol mi ges...*

*Lessyns 'History', lessyns 'Geography',  
lessyns English o hyd ac o hyd  
ac ambell i lessyn fach  
ie dim ond ambell i lessyn fach yn Welsh -  
chwarae teg,  
am mae Cymro bach oeddwn i.*

When I was a few years younger  
and a cheery innocent little boy,  
I went to school like every good little boy  
through rain and fog, be it winter or  
be it summer.

*[Chorus]*

*But in school I had...  
History lessons, geography lessons,  
English lessons, all of the time  
and every so often a lesson in Welsh - fair play,  
because I was a little Welsh boy.*

Mum would call every morning at seven,  
and yelled in Welsh "Well get up if you want  
breakfast. (your bacon)"  
After I got up and swallowed the food down,  
it was in Welsh that my Father and Mother said  
'Farewell'.

*[Chorus]*

And in the evening I'd go for a little walk in the  
woods  
and there I made love for the very first time.  
Under the shrubbery I gave her my heart  
and in Welsh I whispered 'Oh I love you,'

*[Chorus]*

And on Sundays, going to the Chapel was my  
privilege,  
and read William Morgan's Bible in the  
company of the saint.  
Jesus spoke Welsh as far as I knew  
and Welsh was the language of each prayer  
sure enough.

*But in school I had...*

*History lessons, geography lessons,  
English lessons, all of the time  
and every so often a little lesson  
yes only every so often a little lesson in Welsh -  
fair play,  
because I was a little Welsh boy.*

## 5. Mae'r Saesneg yn Esensial

### English is Essential

#### Dafydd Iwan

*[Cytgan]*

*"O, mae'r Saesneg yn esensial" meddan nhw,  
"A'r heniaith yn ddymunol"  
meddan nhw.  
Pa bynnag swydd a geisiwch, pa bynnag  
waith y dymunwch,  
Yr unig gymhwyster, cofiwch, yw'r  
iaith fain!*

Does neb yn eich rhwystro rhag siarad Cymraeg,  
mae hon yn wlad rhydd i bob gwr a phob gwraig,  
A chyfraith Lloegr yw'r  
gyfraith orau'n bod...  
Fe gewch ganmol y Gymraeg fel  
canmol jwg ar seld,  
Ond fe gewch hi'n hanfod, ac fe gewch chi weld  
Fe gewch eich cosbi gan y 'Race Relations  
Board'.

*[Cytgan]*

O mae'n rŵd dros ben i fynnu siarad eich iaith,  
yng ngwydd y Sais a ddaeth o bellter maith,  
I leddfu di-boblogu ac i hybu  
economi'r fro...  
A mae'n bryd i ni ddysgu mae ein  
frait i gyd  
yw siarad yr iaith sy'n cael ei siarad drwy'r byd  
Felly plygwn gyda'n gilydd i lyfu'i 'sgidiau fo!

*[Cytgan]*

*"O, mae'r Saesneg yn esensial" meddan nhw,  
"A'r heniaith yn ddymunol"  
meddan nhw.  
Pa bynnag swydd a geisiwch, pa bynnag  
waith y dymunwch,  
Yr unig gymhwyster, cofiwch,  
Yr unig gymhwyster, cofiwch,  
Yr unig gymhwyster, cofiwch,  
yw'r iaith fain!*

*[Chorus]*

*"Oh, the English is essential" or so they say,  
"And the ancient language is pleasant"  
or so they say.  
In any job you seek, in any  
work you desire,  
Remember, the only qualification needed is an  
English tongue (lit: fine language)!*

Nobody's stopping you from speaking Welsh,  
this is a free land for any man or woman,  
And the laws of England are the best  
laws in the world...  
You may praise the Welsh language like  
praising a jug on a dresser,  
But if you find it essential and you will see  
That you will be punished by the Race Relations  
Board.

*[Chorus]*

It's rude to insist on speaking your language,  
in the eyes of the Englishman who came so far,  
To improve depopulation and to promote  
the local economy...  
And it's time we all learnt that it's an  
honour and privilege  
to speak the language that's spoken worldwide  
So let's kneel together to lick his boots!

*[Chorus]*

*"Oh, the English is essential" or so they say,  
"And the ancient language is pleasant"  
or so they say.  
In any job you seek, in any  
work you desire,  
Remember, the only qualification needed,  
Remember, the only qualification needed,  
Remember, the only qualification needed,  
is an English tongue!*

## 6. Wrth Feddwl Am Fy Nghymru

### As I Think of My Wales

#### Dafydd Iwan

Rwy'n cofio Llywelyn, byddinoedd Glyndwr  
Yn ymladd dros ryddid ein gwlad  
Ond caethiom ni eto, dan  
    bowen y Sais  
Mor daeog, mor llwm ein hystad.

*Ac wrth feddwl am fy Nghymru  
Daw gwew i 'nghalon i  
Dyw'r werin ddim digon o ddynion - 'bois'  
I fynnu ei rhyddid hi.*

Wrth edrych o'th gwmpas fe weli  
Fod yr heniaith yn cilio o'r tir  
Ni chlywir yr un acen a ni chlywir yr un gair  
O iaith ein cyn dadau cyn hir

*Ac wrth feddwl am fy Nghymru  
Daw gwew i 'nghalon i  
Dyw'r werin ddim digon o ddynion - 'bois'  
I fynnu ei rhyddid hi.*

Mae argae ar draws Cwm Tryweryn  
Yn gofgolofn i'n llwfrdra ni  
Nac anghofiwn ddewrder yr hogiau prin  
Aeth i garchar y Sais drosom ni.

*Ac wrth feddwl am fy Nghymru  
Daw gwew i 'nghalon i  
Dyw'r werin ddim digon o ddynion - 'bois'  
I fynnu ei rhyddid hi.*

Disgynnodd yr iau ar ein gwarae  
'Ni allwn ni ddianc rhag hon'  
Y mae arial y Celt yn byrlymu'n ein gwaed  
A fflam Glyndwr dan ein bron.

*Ac wrth feddwl am fy Nghymru  
Daw llawenydd i'n nghalon i  
Os nad yw'r werin yn ddigon  
Rhaid i ni ddod yn ddynion  
I fynnu ei rhyddid hi...*

I remember Llywelyn, the armies of Glyndwr  
Fighting for the freedom of our country  
But confined were we once more under  
    the paw of the English  
So wicked, and so bleak our estate.

*And as I think of my Wales  
An ache comes to my heart  
The people aren't man enough  
To demand her freedom.*

If you look around you'll see  
That the ancient language is fading from the land  
Soon no accent or word will be heard  
Of the language of our fathers

*And as I think of my Wales  
An ache comes to my heart  
The people aren't man enough  
To demand her freedom.*

The dam across Cwm Tryweryn  
Is testament to our weakness  
And we will not forget the bravery of the boys  
Who went to the Englishman's prison over us.

*And as I think of my Wales  
An ache comes to my heart  
The people aren't man enough  
To demand her freedom.*

The young fell in battle  
'We cannot escape from her'  
The passion of the Celt boils in our blood  
And the flame of Glyndwr in our hearts.

*And as I think of my Wales  
A happiness comes to my heart  
If the people aren't man enough  
We must become men  
To demand her freedom...*

## 7. Bod yn Rhydd - Being Free

### Dafydd Iwan

Dwi wedi penderfynu, a da o beth yw hynny,  
dwi wedi penderfynu bod yn rhydd!  
Bod yn rhydd, bod yn rhydd,  
dwi wedi penderfynu bod yn rhydd!

I have decided, and what a good thing it is,  
I have decided to be free!  
To be free, to be free,  
I have decided to be free!

Dwi wedi ca'l llond bola ar fod yn  
Gymro tila,  
dwi wedi penderfynu bod yn rhydd!  
Bod yn rhydd, bod yn rhydd,  
dwi wedi penderfynu bod yn rhydd!

I have had enough of being a  
feeble Welshman,  
I have decided to be free!  
To be free, to be free,  
I have decided to be free!

*Mi ddawnsiaf ddawns y Gymru rydd,  
mi ganaf gan y Gymru rydd,  
dwi'n yfed i doriad yr hyfryd ddydd,  
y dydd y bydd pob Cymro'n rhydd!*

*I'll dance the dance of a free Wales,  
I'll sing the song of a free Wales,  
I'm toasting to the dawn of a beautiful day,  
the day where every Welshman will be free!*

Dwi wedi cael hen ddigon ar fod yn Gymro bodlon,  
o hyn ymlaen rwyf eisiau bod yn rhydd,  
bod yn rhydd, bod yn rhydd,  
rwy' wedi penderfynu bod yn rhydd!

I'm fed up of being a passive Welshman,  
from now on I want to be free,  
to be free, to be free,  
I have decided to be free!

Ma nghalon wedi blino ar fod yn  
hanner Cymro,  
o hyn ymlaen dwi'n dechrau bod yn rhydd,  
bod yn rhydd, bod yn rhydd,  
rwy' wedi penderfynu bod yn rhydd!

My heart is sick and tired of being  
half a Welshman,  
from now on I'm going to start being free,  
to be free, to be free,  
I have decided to be free!

*Mi ddawnsiaf ddawns y Gymru rydd,  
mi ganaf gan y Gymru rydd,  
dwi'n yfed i doriad yr hyfryd ddydd,  
y dydd y bydd pob Cymro'n rhydd!*

*I'll dance the dance of a free Wales,  
I'll sing the song of a free Wales,  
I'm toasting to the dawn of a beautiful day,  
the day where every Welshman will be free!*

*Mi ddawnsiaf ddawns y Gymru rydd,  
mi ganaf gan y Gymru rydd,  
dwi'n yfed i doriad yr hyfryd ddydd,  
y dydd y bydd pob Cymro'n rhydd!*

*I'll dance the dance of a free Wales,  
I'll sing the song of a free Wales,  
I'm toasting to the dawn of a beautiful day,  
the day where every Welshman will be free!*



## 8. Gwinllan a Roddwyd - The Vineyard Given Dafydd Iwan

O'r gorwel mae gair y gwr yn herio,  
a breuddwyd y proffwyd praff yn herio,  
a'r gwyliwr ar y twr yn herio  
gwlad mor llywaeth, gwlad mor saff.

A'i yn ofer ei eiriau ef?  
Oni chlywid di'r alwad gref  
i ni sefydd yn gadarn yn awr  
dros Gymru, dros ryddid yn awr?

*Gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
gwinllan a roddwyd i ni.  
Gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
meddiannwn hi, meddiannwn hi.*

*Gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
gwinllan a roddwyd i ni.  
Ie gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
meddiannwn hi, meddiannwn hi.*

Mae'r niwl ar y tipiau glo yn cofio,  
mae'r llwyni rhwng y llechi llwyd yn cofio,  
a'r beddau yn y gro yn cofio  
gwres y frwydr a thân y nwyd.

Nid yn ofer fu haberth hwy,  
yn ein dwylo mae'n tynged mwy.  
Fe safwn 'da'n gilydd yn awr,  
dros Gymru, dros ryddid yn awr!

*Gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
gwinllan a roddwyd i ni.  
Ie gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
meddiannwn hi, meddiannwn hi.*

*Gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
gwinllan a roddwyd i ni.  
Gwinllan a roddwyd i'n gofal,  
meddiannwn hi, meddiannwn hi.*

From the horizon the man's word challenges,  
and the bold prophet's dream challenges,  
and the watcher on the tower challenges  
a country so docile, a country so safe.

Were his words in vain?  
Do you not hear the loud call  
for us to stand firm now  
for Wales, for freedom now?

*The vineyard entrusted to our care,  
The vineyard given to us.  
The vineyard entrusted to our care,  
we'll control (lit: possess or occupy) her,  
we'll control her.*

*The vineyard entrusted to our care,  
The vineyard given to us.  
Yea the vineyard entrusted to our care,  
we'll control her, we'll control her.*

The fog on the coal tips remember,  
the shrubs between the grey slates remember,  
and the graves in the gravel remember  
the heat of the battle and the flames of the passion.

Their sacrifice was not in vain,  
our fate is in our hands.  
We'll stand together now,  
for Wales, for freedom now!

*The vineyard entrusted to our care,  
The vineyard given to us.  
Yea the vineyard entrusted to our care,  
we'll control her, we'll control her.*

*The vineyard entrusted to our care,  
The vineyard given to us.  
The vineyard entrusted to our care,  
we'll control her, we'll control her.*

## 9. Can Lewis Valentine - Lewis Valentine's Song Dafydd Iwan

Cadarn y troediaist yn nhabernacl gras,  
heb hidio y gwawdiwr a'i sen.  
Cryf oedd dy 'deyrnas' a'i phennawd yn fras  
- dros Gymru, a'r Iesu yn ben.  
Huawdl dy gerydd i'r taeog a'i ryw,  
heb ofni 'run bradwr a'i sen.

*[Cytgan]*

*Fe gest ti achos i suro,  
fe gest ti achos i droi  
Fe gest ti achos i golli'r ffydd,  
ond roedd gen ti ormod i'w roi.  
Roedd gen ti ormod i'w roi.  
Fe sefaist yn gadern ddi-wyro fel craig  
ynghanol y lli.  
Dy fflam, dy neges, dy seren - O boed  
yn olau i ni!*

Talog a cerddaist i dir penyberth i gynnu  
yr anniffordd fflam.  
Heb blygu, wynebaist ti boeri y dorf,  
yn eofn, mor sicr dy gam  
Fe gerddaist i'r carchar, fi gerddaist yn rhydd -  
yn llawen ddi - wenwyn ddi-nam.

*[Cytgan]*

Clir oedd dy neges ym mhulpud  
dy Grist a chlir yw dy neges o hyd.  
Clir oedd dy bregeth ar lwyfan y byd,  
a'r un yw dy neges o hyd.  
Pulpud oedd Cymru yn gyfan i ti  
a chlir yw dy bregeth o hyd.

*[Cytgan]*

Firmly you walked in the grace of the tabernacle,  
without care of the owner and his slur.  
Strong was your kingdom, her heading was -  
for Wales and Jesus - the leader.  
Eloquent your censure to the villain and his kind,  
without fear of any traitor and his slur.

*[Chorus]*

*You were given a reason to be bitter,  
you were given a reason to turn.  
You were given a reason to lose faith,  
but you had too much to give.  
You had too much to give.  
You stood firm and enduring like a rock  
amidst the waves.  
Your flame, your message, your star - be it  
a light to us!*

Proud you walked to Penyberth to light  
the inextinguishable flame.  
Without bowing you faced the maligning of  
the crowd, shameless, and so sure of your stance.  
You walked to jail, you walked free -  
merry, un-corrupted, unflawed.

*[Chorus]*

Clear was your message on the pulpit of  
your Christ, and clear is your message still.  
Clear was you preaching on the world's stage,  
and your message is the same, still.  
Wales was a pulpit to you  
and clear is your preaching, still.

*[Chorus]*