

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'enaïd,
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'enaïd,
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
Adael 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...

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...

*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.*

*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.*

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...

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...

*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.*

*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.*

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...

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..

*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.*

*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.*

*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.*

*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
fraint 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]