

# Songs by Various Artists

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# 1. Ar Lan y Mor - By the Seaside

## Welsh Folk Song - Singer: Aled Jones

Ar lan y môr mae rhosys chochion  
Ar lan y môr mae lilis gwynion  
Ar lan y môr mae 'nghariad inne  
Yn cysgu'r nos a chodi'r bore.

By the seaside are red roses;  
By the seaside are white lilies;  
By the seaside is my sweetheart,  
Sleeping the night and rising in the morning.

Ar lan y môr mae carreg wastad  
Lle bum yn siarad gair âm cariad  
O amgylch hon fe dyf y lili  
Ac ambell gan gen o rosmari.

By the seaside is a flat rock  
Where my love and I did wander and talk;  
All around us grew the lily,  
And some sprigs of rosemary.

Ar lan y môr mae cerrig gleision  
Ar lan y môr mae blodau'r meibion  
Ar lan y môr mae pob rhinweddau.  
Ar lan y môr mae'n nghariad innau.

By the seaside are blue stones;  
By the seaside are the sons' flowers;  
By the seaside is every virtue;  
By the seaside is my sweetheart.

Ar lan y môr mae pob rhinweddau.  
Ar lan y môr mae'n nghariad innau.

By the seaside is every virtue;  
By the seaside is my sweetheart.

# 2. Colli Iaith - Losing

## Elin Fflur

Colli iaith a cholli urddas,  
Colli awen, colli barddas;  
Colli coron aur cymdeithas  
Ac yn eu lle cael bratiaith fas.

Losing language and losing dignity,  
Losing muse and losing bardism,  
Losing the golden crown of society  
And in its place a shallow debased language.

Colli'r hen alawon persain,  
Colli'r corau'n diasbedain,  
Colli tannau'r delyn gywrair  
Ac yn eu lle cael clebar brain.

Losing the old sweet-sounding strains,  
Losing the resounding choirs,  
Losing the harp's skilful strings  
And in its place the clamour of crows.

Colli crefydd, colli enaid,  
Colli ffydd yr hen wroniaid;  
Colli popeth glân a thelaid  
Ac yn eu lle cael baw a llaid.

Losing creed, losing soul  
Losing the faith of the old brave people,  
Losing everything pure and beautiful  
And in its place dirt and mud.

Colli tir a cholli tyddyn,  
Colli Elan a Thryweryn;  
Colli Claerwen a Llanwddyn  
A'r wlad i gyd dan ddŵr llyn.

Losing land and losing small-holdings,  
Losing Elan and Tryweryn, (Note 1)  
Losing Claerwen and Llanwddyn (Note 2)  
And the whole country beneath a lake's water.

Cael yn ôl o borth marwolaeth  
Gân a ffydd a bri yr heniaith;  
Cael yn ôl yr hen dreftadaeth  
A Chymru'n cychwyn ar ei hymdaith.

Getting back from the door of death  
A song and faith and respect for the old language;  
Getting back the old heritage  
And Wales begins her own journey.

Note 1. The Elan and Tryweryn valleys were flooded to make reservoirs to supply water to Birmingham and Liverpool respectively.

Note 2. Claerwen was the last dam built in the Elan Valley and Llanwddyn is a village lost under the waters of Lake Vyrnwy Reservoir to supply water to Liverpool.

### 3. Cysgodion - Shadows

Elin Fflur

Rhyfedd, wedi ngeni yn y wlad 'ma  
a 'di gweld y rhai sy'n medi ac yn hau.  
A digri, tydi ysbryd yr hen wlad 'ma  
ddim yn canu drwy dy enaid fel y fi.

A chitha'n eistedd yna yn hel dadleuon gwag,  
a minnau'n torri 'nghalon fach yn dal i weld...

Cysgodion, dim ond cysgodion.  
Cysgodion, dim ond cysgodion.  
Dros Gymru fach,  
dros Gymru fach...

O dere'n ol!

Rhyfedd, tra dwi'n cerdded yr un strydoedd  
eto'n siarad iaith sydd iddynt hwy yn od.  
A digri, mae na lefydd o fy nghwmpas  
lle dwi'n teimlo fel yr estron un mewn mil.

A chitha'n eistedd yna yn hel dadleuon gwag,  
a minnau'n torri 'nghalon fach yn dal i weld...

Cysgodion, dim ond cysgodion.  
Cysgodion, dim ond cysgodion.  
Dros Gymru fach,  
dros Gymru fach...

O dere'n ol!

Cysgodion, dim ond cysgodion.  
Cysgodion, dim ond cysgodion.  
Dros Gymru fach,  
dros Gymru fach...

O dere'n ol!

Rhyfedd, tydi ysbryd yr hen wlad 'ma  
ddim yn canu drwy eneidiau pawb yr un fath...

Its strange, I was born in this country  
and saw the ones that reap and sow.  
And its funny, that the spirit of this country  
does not sing through your soul like me.

I see you sitting there, arguing with empty words,  
and my little heart breaks, still seeing...

Shadows, only shadows.  
Shadows, only shadows,  
Over little Wales,  
over little Wales...

Please, come back!

It's strange, as I walk these streets  
still speaking a language that is to them so odd.  
And its funny that there are places all around me  
where I feel like foreigner - one in a million.

I see you sitting there, arguing with empty words,  
and my little heart breaks, still seeing...

Shadows, only shadows.  
Shadows, only shadows,  
Over little Wales,  
over little Wales...

Please, come back!

Shadows, only shadows.  
Shadows, only shadows,  
Over little Wales,  
over little Wales...

Please, come back!

It's strange, that the spirit of this country  
does not sing through each soul the same...

## 4. Tân yn Llŷn Plethyn

Beth am gynnau tân fel y tân yn Llŷn?  
Beth am gynnau tân fel y tân yn Llŷn?  
Tân yn ein calon, a thân yn ein gwaith  
Tân yn ein crefydd, a thân dros ein hiaith.

*[Cytgan]*

*Beth am gynnau tân fel y tân yn Llŷn?  
Beth am gynnau tân fel y tân yn Llŷn?  
Tân yn ein calon, a thân yn ein gwaith  
Tân yn ein crefydd, a thân dros ein hiaith.  
Tân, tân, tân, tân  
Beth am gynnau tân fel y tân yn Llŷn?*

D. J. Saunders a Valentine  
Dyna i chwi dan gynheuwyd gan y rhain!  
Tan yn y gogledd yn ymestyn lawr i'r de  
Tan oedd yn gyffro drwy bob lle.

*[Cytgan]*

Gwlad yn wenfflam o'r ffin i'r môr  
Gobaith yn ei phrotest, a rhyddid iddi'n stôr  
Calonnau'n eirias i unioni'r cam  
A'r gwreichion yn Llyn wedi ennyn y fflam.

*[Cytgan]*

Ble mae tân a gynheuwyd gynt?  
Diffoddwyd gan y galw, a chwalwyd  
gan y gwynt,  
Ai yn ofer yr aberth, ai ofer y ffydd  
Y cawsai'r fflam ei hail-gynnau  
rhyw ddydd?

*[Chorus]*

Why not light a fire like the fire in Llŷn?  
Why not light a fire like the fire in Llŷn?  
Fire in our hearts and fire in our endeavours  
Fire in our religion and fire over our language.

*[Chorus]*

*Why not light a fire like the fire in Llŷn?  
Why not light a fire like the fire in Llŷn?  
Fire in our hearts and fire in our endeavours  
Fire in our religion and fire over our language.  
Fire, fire, fire, fire  
Why not light a fire like the fire in Llŷn?*

D. J. Saunders and Valentine  
Oh what a fire that was started by them  
Fire in the north that extended down to the south  
A fire that was aflame throughout everywhere.

*[Chorus]*

A land aflame from the border to the sea  
Hope in her protest and freedom to her store  
Hearts burning to rectify the step  
And the spark of Llŷn had kindled the flame.

*[Chorus]*

Where is the fire that was lit once before?  
Demolished by the wind and extinguished  
by the rain,  
Was the sacrifice in vain, was the faith in vain  
That the flame would be lit once again  
someday?

*[Chorus]*

## 5. Sospan Fach - Little Saucepan

### Welsh Folk Song - Singer: Hanna Morgan

**Note:** Artists often sing their own versions of this song, sometimes with verses and choruses played in a different order.

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi brifo,  
A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach.  
Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio,  
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach.  
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,  
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,  
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach.

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi brifo,  
A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach.  
Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio,  
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach.  
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,  
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,  
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach.

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi gwella,  
A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd;  
Mae'r baban yn y crud wedi tyfu,  
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd.  
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân  
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr  
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach.

Dai bach y sowldiwr,  
Dai bach y sowldiwr,  
Dai bach y sowldiwr,  
A gwt ei grys e mas.

Dai bach y sowldiwr,  
Dai bach y sowldiwr,  
Dai bach y sowldiwr,  
A gwt ei grys e mas.

Mary-Ann has hurt her finger,  
And David the servant is not well.  
The baby in the cradle is crying,  
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.  
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,  
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,  
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.

Mary-Ann has hurt her finger,  
And David the servant is not well.  
The baby in the cradle is crying,  
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.  
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,  
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,  
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.

Mary-Ann's finger has got better,  
And David the servant is in his grave;  
The baby in the cradle has grown up,  
And the cat is 'asleep in peace'.  
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,  
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,  
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.

Little Dai the soldier,  
Little Dai the soldier,  
Little Dai the soldier,  
And his shirt tail is hanging out.

Little Dai the soldier,  
Little Dai the soldier,  
Little Dai the soldier,  
And his shirt tail is hanging out.

## 6. Calon Lan - A Pure Heart

### Welsh Hymn - Singer: Cerys Matthews

**Note: There are a few alternative lines in some verses of this song.**

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,  
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân:  
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,  
Calon onest, calon lân.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,  
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:  
Dim ond calon lân all ganu  
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,  
Chwim adenydd iddo sydd:  
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,  
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,  
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:  
Dim ond calon lân all ganu  
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad  
Gwyd i'r nef ar adain cân  
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad,  
Roddi i mi galon lân.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,  
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:  
Dim ond calon lân all ganu  
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,  
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:  
Dim ond calon lân all ganu  
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

I don't ask for a luxurious life,  
the world's gold or its fine pearls,  
I ask for a happy heart,  
an honest heart, a pure heart.

*A pure heart full of goodness  
Is fairer than the pretty lily,  
None but a pure heart can sing,  
Sing in the day and sing in the night.*

If I wished for worldly treasures  
On swift wings they fly away:  
The riches of a virtuous, pure heart  
Will bear eternal profit.

*A pure heart full of goodness  
Is fairer than the pretty lily,  
None but a pure heart can sing,  
Sing in the day and sing in the night.*

Evening and morning, my wish  
Rising to heaven on the wing of song  
For God, for the sake of my Saviour,  
To give me a pure heart.

*A pure heart full of goodness  
Is fairer than the pretty lily,  
None but a pure heart can sing,  
Sing in the day and sing in the night.*

*A pure heart full of goodness  
Is fairer than the pretty lily,  
None but a pure heart can sing,  
Sing in the day and sing in the night.*

## 7. Gwena - Smile

### Band: Gwibdaith Hen Frân

Gwena! Gwena!  
O gwena, gwena!

Smile! Smile!  
Oh smile, smile!

Coda' dy focha' a dy llgada,  
dangos dy ddannadd gwyn,  
gwena, o gwena fel hyn!

Raise your cheeks and your eyes,  
show your white teeth,  
smile, oh smile like this!

Gwena! Gwena!  
O gwena, gwena!

Smile! Smile!  
Oh smile, smile!

Does nunlla fel Hen Wlad fy Nhada',  
dwi mor falch ga'l bod adra,  
dwi siwr bo chdi hefyd, felly gwena!

There's nowhere like the Land of my Fathers,  
I'm so glad to be home,  
I'm sure you are too, so smile!

Petha' drwg yn digwydd, ma' nhw'n  
digwydd i pawb,  
paid a gadael petha' drwg 'ma  
dynnu chdi lawr!  
Petha' drwg yn digwydd, ma' nhw'n  
digwydd i ni gyd,  
does na'm byd o'i le os ti'n gwbo be 'di be!

Bad things happen, they  
happen to everyone,  
don't let the bad things  
bring you down!  
Bad things happen, they  
happen to us all,  
there's nothing wrong if you know what's what!

Gwena! Gwena!  
O gwena, gwena!

Smile! Smile!  
Oh smile, smile!

O ddydd Llun tan dy' Gwengar,  
erbyn dydd Sul genai'm mynadd.  
Dwi'n gwenu er bo' fi'n teimlo'n rhyfadd.

From Monday to Friday,  
by Sunday I can't be bothered.  
I'm smiling even though I feel strange.

Gwena! Gwena!  
O gwena, gwena!

Smile! Smile!  
Oh smile, smile!

Holl ffordd o Ganada i Tsiena,  
hefyd yn ôl i Blaena'.

All the way fro Canada to China,  
and also back to Blaenau.

Gwena! Gwena!  
O gwena, gwena!

Smile! Smile!  
Oh smile, smile!

Petha' drwg yn digwydd, ma' nhw'n  
digwydd i pawb,  
paid a gadael petha' drwg 'ma  
dynnu chdi lawr!  
Petha' drwg yn digwydd, ma' nhw'n  
digwydd i ni gyd,  
does na'm byd o'i le os ti'n gwbo be 'di be!

Bad things happen, they  
happen to everyone,  
don't let the bad things  
bring you down!  
Bad things happen, they  
happen to us all,  
there's nothing wrong if you know what's what!

## 8. Coffi Du - Black Coffee

### Band: Gwibdaith Hen Frân

Dwi angen coffi yn y bora  
i ddeffro'n llygaid trwm.  
So ga'i coffi yn y bora,  
ma mhen i'n teimlo'n llwm.

Dwi'n disgyn allan o ngwely,  
rhoid y teciall mlaen yn syth.  
Agor pacad ffresh o goffi,  
arogl yn un wych!

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

Dwi'n rhedag trwy y drws,  
a mwg o goffi yn fy llaw.  
Ma' rhaid mi yfad yn y car,  
dwi fod yn gwaith erbyn naw.

Coffi yn fy ngwaed  
am fod y mwg yn dod i'w ben.  
Mae o'n cylch-redeg a tynhau,  
ac yn carlamu at fy mhen!

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

Dwi'n eistedd wrth fy ngwaith,  
mae'r effaith yn lleihau.  
Hen bryd cael coffi arall  
i gadw cysglyd fi ar fae.

Dwi'n headio lawr i gegin gefn,  
rhaid bod 'na goffi - genai ffydd!  
O neith hi goffi neu ddau arall,  
cyn i mi weld diwedd y dydd.

I need coffee in the morning  
to awaken my heavy eyes.  
So I'll get coffee in the morning,  
my head's feeling dreary.

I fall out of my bed,  
put the kettle on at once.  
Open a fresh packet of coffee,  
the smell so magnificent!

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

I run out the door,  
a mug of coffee in my hand.  
I have to drink in the car,  
I'm meant to be at work by nine.

Coffee in my blood  
because the mug is coming to an end.  
It runs circuits and tightens,  
and races to my head!

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

I sit at my work,  
the effect wanes.  
It's time for another coffee  
to keep sleepiness at bay.

I head down to the back kitchen,  
there must be coffee there - I have faith!  
Oh I'll need one or two more mugs of coffee,  
before I see the end of the day.                      Cont.....



## 8. Coffi Du - Black Coffee (continued)

Band: Gwibdaith Hen Frân

*O, coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

'Dydd 'di dod i ben,  
a dwi methu dod i lawr.  
Dwi'n troi a throsi yn fy gwely,  
o tydi cysgu ddim yn hawdd.

Dwi'n goro deffro yn y bora,  
dwi'n goro mynd yn ol i ngwaith.  
Ond diolch byth gynai goffi  
i yfad ar y daith!

*O, coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf.*

Coffi du, coffi du...

*Coffi du, coffi du,  
tyd a coffi du i mi.  
Coffi du, coffi du,  
'cos dwisho coffi du cryf...*

*Oh, black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

The day has come to an end,  
and I can't get back down.  
I toss and turn in my bed,  
oh sleeping isn't easy.

I have to wake up in the morning,  
I have to go back to my work.  
But thank goodness that I have coffee  
to drink on the journey!

*Oh, black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee.*

Black coffee, black coffee...

*Black coffee, black coffee,  
give me black coffee.  
Black coffee, black coffee,  
'cause I want a strong black coffee...*

## 9. Angel

**Adapted from: 'In the Arms of an Angel' by Sarah Mc Lachlan**  
**Singer: Gemma Markham**

Ti'n derbyn y gwacter sy'n dy fywyd di  
Fel petai o di bod yna erioed.  
O diwedd pob diwrnod  
Yn bygwth un gwaeth  
A gan phob craith ei stori ei hun.

You accept the emptiness that's in your life  
As if it had always been there.  
From the end of each day  
Threatens worse  
And each scar tells its own story

Ar goll yn y tywyllwch  
O, sy'n dy lygaid di  
Mae 'na oen 'di colli ei Fam  
A cer os y mynni  
O dwi'n sicr fe gei di groeso ganddi hi.

Lost in the darkness  
Oh, its in your eyes  
There's a lamb that's lost its Mother  
And go if you wish  
I'm certain that she'll give a welcome to you.

*[Cytgan]*

*Galw am yr Angel, i dy dywys di  
A thrwy erddi o flodau ble mae'r dwr  
yn troi'n win.  
Cei anghofio am yr ofnau  
a dy boenau i gyd,  
Tra bod adain yr Angel  
Yma i warchod, dy warchod di.*

*[Chorus]*

*Call on the Angel, to guide you  
Through gardens of flowers where the water  
turns into wine.  
Forget about all your troubles  
and worries,  
Whilst the wing of the Angel  
Is here to protect you, to protect you.*

Ti'n troi yn dy unfan a troi  
oddi wrth y byd  
Tra bod bleiddiaid yn hel wrth y drws  
A bychan di'r cysur  
O ti'n cymeryd o'r ffaith  
Fod na lawer di bod yna o dy flaen

You turn in your spot, and turn  
away from the world  
Whilst the wolves gather at the door  
Little is your comfort  
But you take from the fact  
That others have been here before you

Ar goll yn y tywyllwch  
O, sy'n dy lygaid di  
Mae 'na oen 'di colli ei Fam  
A cer os y mynni  
O dwi'n sicr fe gei di groeso ganddi hi

Lost in the darkness  
Oh, its in your eyes  
There's a lamb that's lost its Mother  
And go if you wish  
I'm certain that she'll give a welcome to you.

*[Cytgan]*

*Galw am yr Angel, i dy dywys di  
A thrwy erddi o flodau ble mae'r dwr  
yn troi'n win.  
Cei anghofio am yr ofnau  
a dy boenau i gyd,  
Tra bod adain yr Angel  
Yma i warchod, dy warchod di.*

*[Chorus]*

*Call on the Angel, to guide you  
Through gardens of flowers where the  
water turns into wine.  
Forget about all your troubles  
and worries,  
Whilst the wing of the Angel  
Is here to protect you, to protect you.*

Tra bod adain yr Angel  
Yma i warchod, dy warchod di  
Dy warchod di...  
Dy warchod di...

Whilst the wing of the Angel  
Is here to protect you, to protect you.  
Protecting you...  
Protecting you...

## 10. Symud Ymlaen - Moving On

Singer: Gemma Markham

Daeth diwedd y daith, wyneba' y ffaith  
mae popeth yn ddu nawr i mi.  
Does 'na ddim mwy i ddeud,  
dwi ddim am fynd 'nôl lawr yr hen ffordd.

Rhaid symud ymlaen, mae'n rhy hwyr i ti,  
gad lonydd i fi!

Mae'r dydd wedi mynd lle gelwais  
ti'n 'ffrind', mae'n bryd symud 'mlaen lawr  
y lôn droellog oer.  
Ti'n dal fi yn ôl yn ymddwyn mor ffôl --  
mae 'na lôn wahanol i chdi.

Dwi am anghofio'r ysgol a'r hafau,  
mae'r gaeaf oer yn dangos ei rew pan ti efo fi.

A'i allan am hwyl, a dathlu fel gŵyl -  
cyrraedd dref fyddai'n teimlo'n well.  
Fel aderyn dwi'n hedfan o'r gelyn,  
hedfan heb gysgod yr un.

Rhaid symud ymlaen, mae'n rhy hwyr i ti,  
gad lonydd i fi!

Mae'r dydd wedi mynd lle gelwais ti'n 'ffrind',  
mae'n bryd symud 'mlaen lawr y  
lôn droellog oer.  
Ti'n dal fi yn ôl yn ymddwyn mor ffôl --  
mae 'na lôn wahanol i chdi.

Dwi am anghofio'r ysgol a'r hafau,  
mae'r gaeaf oer yn dangos ei rew pan ti efo fi.  
Does dim byd i ni, cefais ormod o flas o dy  
eiriau cas - does dim dyfodol i ni!

Mae'r dydd wedi mynd lle gelwais ti'n 'ffrind',  
mae'n bryd symud 'mlaen lawr y  
lôn droellog oer.  
Ti'n dal fi yn ôl yn ymddwyn mor ffôl --  
mae 'na lôn wahanol i chdi.

Mae'r dydd wedi mynd lle gelwais ti'n 'ffrind',  
mae'n bryd symud 'mlaen lawr y  
lôn droellog oer.  
Ti'n dal fi yn ôl yn ymddwyn mor ffôl --  
mae 'na lôn wahanol i chdi.

Dwi am anghofio'r ysgol a'r hafau,  
mae'r gaeaf oer yn dangos ei rew pan ti efo fi,  
pan ti efo fi.

The journey's come to an end, face the fact  
that everything's now black for me.  
There's nothing more to say,  
I won't go back down that old road.

I must move on, it's too late for you,  
leave me alone!

The days have gone where I once called  
you 'friend', it's time to move on down  
the cold winding road.  
You're holding me back, acting so foolish -  
there's a different road for you.

I'll forget about the school and summers,  
the cold winter shows its frost when you're with me.

I'll go out for fun, and celebrate like a festival,  
hitting the town I'll feel better.  
Like a bird I'm flying from the enemy,  
flying without the shadow of the one.

I must move on, it's too late for you -  
leave me alone!

The days have gone where I once called you 'friend',  
it's time to move on down the  
cold winding road.  
You're holding me back, acting so foolish -  
there's a different road for you.

I'll forget about the school and summers,  
the cold winter shows its frost when you're with me.  
There's nothing for us, I had enough of your  
cruel words -- there's no future for us!

The days have gone where I once called you 'friend',  
it's time to move on down the  
cold winding road.  
You're holding me back, acting so foolish -  
there's a different road for you.

The days have gone where I once called you 'friend',  
it's time to move on down the  
cold winding road.  
You're holding me back, acting so foolish -  
there's a different road for you.

I'll forget about the school and summers,  
the cold winter shows its frost when you're with me,  
when you're with me.

# 11. Y Caeau Aur - Fields of Gold

## A Welsh version of Sting's Song

Singer: Gemma Markham

**Note: The Welsh version is not an exact translation of the original English lyrics but allows a better flow**

Wnei di nghofio i, pan ddaw'r gwynt o'r de  
A thrwy y caeau gwenith...  
Cei atgoffa'r haul, dan ei gwmwl blin  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.

You'll remember me when the west wind moves  
Among the fields of barley  
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky  
When we walked in fields of gold

Felly aeth a'i serch a gorweddodd hi  
Ymhlith y caeau gwenith.  
Rhedodd yntau'i law drwy gydynnau'i gwallt  
Ymhlith y caeau aur.

So she took her love for to gaze awhile  
Among the fields of barley  
In his arms she fell as her hair came down  
Among the fields of gold

Wnei di ngharu i? Wnei di gadw'r holl  
Ymhlith y caeau gwenith.  
Cei atgoffa'r haul, dan ei gwmwl blin  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.

Will you stay with me will you be my love  
Among the fields of barley  
And you can tell the sun in his jealous sky  
When we walked in fields of gold

Wnes i ddim cadw pob addewid  
Fe gafodd ambell un ei thorri.  
Ond fe wn am bob dydd sydd ar ol  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.

I never made promises lightly  
And there have been some that I've broken  
But I swear in the days still left  
We will walk in fields of gold  
We'll walk in fields of gold

Wnes i ddim cadw pob addewid  
Fe gafodd ambell un ei thorri.  
Ond fe wn am bob dydd sydd ar ol  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.

I never made promises lightly  
And there have been some that I've broken  
But I swear in the days still left  
We will walk in fields of gold  
We'll walk in fields of gold

Mae blynyddoedd nawr, er yr hafau hir  
Ymhlith y caeau gwenith...  
Ac mae'r plant ar gam wrth i'r haul fynd lawr  
Tu draw i'r caeau aur.

Many years have passed since those summer days  
Among the fields of barley  
See the children run as the sun goes down  
As you lie in fields of gold

Ac fe gofi di, pan ddaw gwynt o'r de  
A thrwy y caeau gwenith.  
Cei atgoffa'r haul, dan ei gwmwl blin  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.

You'll remember me when the west wind moves  
Among the fields of barley  
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky  
When we walked in fields of gold  
When we walked in fields of gold  
When we walked in fields of gold

# 11. Y Caeau Aur - Fields of Gold

## A Welsh version of Sting's Song

Singer: Gemma Markham

### A more literal translation of the Welsh back into English

Wnei di nghofio i, pan ddaw'r gwynt o'r de  
A thrwy y caeau gwenith...  
Cei atgoffa'r haul, dan ei gwmwl blin  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.

Will you remember me when the south wind comes  
Through the fields of wheat...  
You can remind the sun under its angry cloud  
When we wander the fields of gold.

Felly aeth a'i serch a gorweddodd hi  
Ymhlith y caeau gwenith.  
Rhedodd yntau'i law drwy gydynnau'i gwallt  
Ymhlith y caeau aur.

So she took her love and laid down  
Among the fields of wheat  
He too ran his hand through locks of her hair  
Among the fields of gold.

Wnei di ngharu i? Wnei di gadw'r holl  
Ymhlith y caeau gwenith.  
Cei atgoffa'r haul, dan ei gwmwl blin  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.

Will you love me? will you keep it all  
Among the fields of wheat.  
You can remind the sun under its angry cloud  
When we wander the fields of gold.

Wnes i ddim cadw pob addewid  
Fe gafodd ambell un ei thorri.  
Ond fe wn am bob dydd sydd ar ol  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.

I didn't keep every promise  
There were some ones I've broken.  
But I know that every day that's left  
We will wander the fields of gold.  
We will wander the fields of gold.

Wnes i ddim cadw pob addewid  
Fe gafodd ambell un ei thorri.  
Ond fe wn am bob dydd sydd ar ol  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.  
Fe gawn grwydro'r caeau aur.

I didn't keep every promise  
There were some ones I've broken.  
But I know that every day that's left  
We will wander the fields of gold.  
We will wander the fields of gold.

Mae blynyddoedd nawr, er yr hafau hir  
Ymhlith y caeau gwenith...  
Ac mae'r plant ar gam wrth i'r haul fynd lawr  
Tu draw i'r caeau aur.

It is years now since the long summers  
Among the fields of wheat  
And the children play as the sun goes down  
Beyond the fields of gold.

Ac fe gofi di, pan ddaw  
gwynt o'r de  
A thrwy y caeau gwenith.  
Cei atgoffa'r haul, dan ei gwmwl blin  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.  
I ni grwydro'r caeau aur.

And you'll remember when  
the south wind comes  
And through the fields of wheat.  
You can remind the sun under his angry cloud  
When we wander the fields of gold.  
When we wander the fields of gold.  
When we wander the fields of gold.

## 12. Mae Dy Lun ar y Bwrdd - Your Picture is on the Table Singer: Gemma Markham

Mae dy lun ar y bwrdd wrth fy ngwely,  
mae dy lythyr yn ddarnau ar lawr,  
mae'r atgofion yn fy nghadw rhag cysgu,  
o pam nad wyt ti yma nawr?

Dwi ar goll yn y nos heb dy gwmni,  
does dim allai feddwl na dweud...

*O pam na ddoi eto atai nol?  
O fel dwi d'angen di.  
Do, bum yn ffwl anffyddlon ffol,  
sut wnei di faddau i mi?  
Ond mae nghalon gen ti byth mwy.*

Mae dy got ar y bachyn fel arfer,  
ac mae eco dy lais yn fy mhen.  
Mae'r dargau i gyd wedi darfod  
a phob gweddi sydd bellach ar ben.

Dwi ar goll yn y nos heb dy gwmni,  
does dim allai feddwl na dweud...

*O pam na ddoi eto atai nol?  
O fel dwi d'angen di.  
Do, bum yn ffwl anffyddlon ffol,  
sut wnei di faddau i mi?  
Ond mae nghalon gen ti byth mwy.*

Dwi yma fy hunan, yn troi yn yr unfan, does  
gen i unman i fynd.  
Wedi torri fy nghalon, a chwalu'r breuddwydion,  
ond ti yw fy nghobaith, fy ngobaith am ffrind...

*O pam na ddoi eto atai nol?  
O fel dwi d'angen di.  
Do, bum yn ffwl anffyddlon ffol,  
sut wnei di faddau i mi?*

Tyrd eto atai nol,  
o fel dwi d'angen di.  
Do, bum yn ffwl anffyddlon ffol,  
sut wnei di faddau i mi?

Ond mae nghalon gen ti byth mwy.

Your picture is on a table by my bedside,  
your letter is in pieces on the floor,  
the memories keep me from sleeping,  
oh why aren't you here now?

I'm lost in the night without your company,  
there's nothing I can think or say...

*Oh why won't you come again back to me?  
Oh how I need you.  
Yes, I was a foolish unfaithful fool,  
how will you forgive me?  
But my heart is with you, evermore...*

Your coat is on the hook like always,  
and the echo of your voice is in my mind.  
The tears have all waned  
and every prayer is now done.

I'm lost in the night without your company,  
there's nothing I can think or say...

*Oh why won't you come again back to me?  
Oh how I need you.  
Yes, I was a foolish unfaithful fool,  
how will you forgive me?  
But my heart is with you, evermore...*

I'm here on my own, turning on the spot, I have  
nowhere to go.  
Having broken my heart, and scattered the dreams,  
but you are my hope, my hope for a friend...

*Oh why won't you come again back to me?  
Oh how I need you.  
Yes, I was a foolish unfaithful fool,  
how will you forgive me?*

Come back to me again,  
oh how I need you.  
Yes, I was a foolish unfaithful fool,  
how will you forgive me?

But my heart is with you, evermore...

## 13. Y Peintwr Coch - The Red Painter

Singer: Meic Stevens

Bore'n glasu ar y bryniau,  
peintwr coch yn lliwio'i luniau,  
cysgod y gwynt dros y gwenith melyn,  
sêr yn chwyrlïo mewn gromen y nos.

Cymylau glaw yn dechrau torri,  
melin wynt yn dechrau malu,  
egni'r haul yn ei dorth o fara,  
afalau, caws, grawn a gwin.

Arluniwr ynfyd o'r Isediroedd,  
lluniau hardd ar waliau'r byd,  
aur yr haul yn ei llygaid glas,  
ond fe laddodd ei hunan 'slawer dydd.

Cadair melyn, ffenest ar agor,  
mewn cariad mae, ond mae'n dechrau marw,  
harddwch y byd sydd yn torri ei galon,  
y paentiwr coch a'i gynfas garw.

Blueing morning on the hills,  
the red painter colours his paintings,  
the shadow of the wind over the yellow wheat,  
stars whirl in the night's dome.

Rain clouds start to break,  
the windmill starts to fracture,  
the sun's energy in his loaf of bread,  
apples, cheese, grain and wine.

The troubled artist from the Netherlands,  
beautiful pictures on the walls of the world,  
the golden sun in his blue eyes,  
but he killed himself long ago.

Yellow chair, open window,  
he's in love, but he's slowly dying,  
the beauty of the world breaks his heart,  
the red painter and his rough canvas.

## 14. Codi Angor - Raising Anchor

Singer: Georgia Ruth

Mae hi'n llenwi'n gyflym hogie bach,  
mae ein cwrs ni am y cefnfor.  
Rhaid inni bellach ganu'n iach,  
pryd gawn ni godi'r angor?

Y mae'r Blue Peter yn ei lle,  
mae ein cwrs ni am y cefnfor.  
Cawn weled eto groes y de,  
pryd gawn ni godi angor?

Mae gwledydd pell tu draw i'r môr,  
mae ein cwrs ni am y cefnfor.  
Mae heulwen yn San Salvador,  
pryd gawn ni godi'r angor?

Ffarwél fy nghariad, hir yw'r daith,  
mae ein cwrs ni ar y cefnfor.  
Rwyf wedi gaddo priodi saith,  
pryd gawn ni godi angor?

Pryd gawn ni godi angor?

She's (*the tide's*) flowing in swiftly, my boys,  
our course is for the ocean.  
We must now sing heartily,  
when can we raise the anchor?

The Blue Peter's in its place,  
our course is on for the ocean.  
Once again we shall see the southern cross,  
when can we raise the anchor?

Distant countries lie beyond the sea,  
our course is on for the ocean.  
There is sunshine in San Salvador,  
when can we raise the anchor?

Farewell my love, the journey is long,  
our course is on for the ocean.  
I have promised to marry seven,  
when can we raise the anchor?

When can we raise the anchor?

## 15. Glyndŵr

Singer: Heather Jones

Bore niwlog ar waun,  
mae cynnwrf yn y goedwig -  
swn cleddyfau yn taro yn y wawr.

Daw yr haul i sychu'r gwaed  
ar gyrff y brwydwyr ffyddlon,  
ambell un yn gelain ar y llawr.

*Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
ac mae lleisiau'r milwyr dewr yn codi stwr.  
Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
ac mae lleisiau'r milwyr dewr yn codi stwr.*

Trwy y wlad mae'r fyddin gref yn ymladd  
a chynhyrfu,  
clywch yr atsain ym mhob dref a chwm.  
Does dim cwsg i'r rhai sydd nawr  
yn brwydro dros iawnderau.  
Ceisio dial tynged pobloedd llwm.

*Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
ac mae lleisiau'r milwyr dewr yn codi stwr.  
Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
ac mae lleisiau'r milwyr dewr yn codi stwr.*

Owain yn dy garchar, wyt ti'n aros  
am yfory  
pan fydd cyrff dy filwyr  
eto'n rhydd?  
Pan ddaw'r bore arwain fi drwy'r wlad  
a thrwy'r dinasoedd,  
arwain fi i'r frwydr gyda thi.

*Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
ac mae lleisiau'r milwyr dewr yn codi stwr.  
Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
ac mae lleisiau'r milwyr dewr yn codi stwr.*

A misty morning on the moor,  
there's commotion in the forest -  
the sound of swords striking in the dawn.

The sun will come to dry the blood  
on the loyal fighters' bodies,  
some lying dead on the ground.

*Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
and the brave soldiers' voices create uproar.  
Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
and the brave soldiers' voices create uproar.*

Through the land the strong army fights  
and agitates,  
hear the echoes in each town and valley.  
There is no sleep for those who are now  
fighting for rights.  
Trying to avenge the fates of poor folk.

*Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
and the brave soldiers' voices create uproar.  
Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
and the brave soldiers' voices create uproar.*

Owain in your prison, are you waiting  
for tomorrow  
when the bodies of your soldiers  
will once again be free?  
When the morning comes lead me through the land  
and through the cities,  
lead me to battle by your side.

*Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
and the brave soldiers' voices create uproar.  
Glyndwr, Glyndwr,  
and the brave soldiers' voices create uproar.*



# 16. Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau - Land of My Fathers

## Welsh National Anthem

Singer: Bryn Terfel

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,  
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;  
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra môd,  
Dros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

*Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.  
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur  
hoff bau,  
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.*

*Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.  
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur  
hoff bau,  
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.*

The old land of my fathers is dear to me,  
Land of poets and singers, famous men of renown;  
Her brave warriors, very splendid patriots,  
For freedom shed their blood.

*Nation, Nation, I pledge to my Nation.  
While the sea [is] a wall to the pure,  
most loved land,  
O may the old language endure.*

*Nation, Nation, I pledge to my Nation.  
While the sea [is] a wall to the pure,  
most loved land,  
O may the old language endure.*