

Gwyneth Glyn Songs

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1. Adra - Home

Gwyneth Glyn

"There is a town in North Ontario",
meddai Neil Young yn ei gan.
"Sweet home Alabama",
meddai Skynyrd 'rownd y tan.

"Rwy'n mynd 'nol i Flaenau Ffestiniog ie...",
meddai'r hen Debot Piws.
"Take me home, country road",
meddai Denver - ond be 'di'r iws?

*"Does unman yn debyg i Adra",
medda' nhw wrtha fi.
Does unman yn debyg i Adra, na.
Ond mae Adra'n debyg iawn i chdi.*

Dwni ddim i lle dwi'n mynd,
Dwni ddim lle dwi 'di bod.
Sgyn i'm syniad lle dwi rwan hyn
A Duw a wyr lle dwi fod.

Dwi cysgu dan ser yn y Sahara,
Ac aros ar 'nhraed drwy'r nos yn Prague.
Dwi 'di dawnio ar fynydd hefo
ffrindiau newydd,
A deffro ar awyren wag.

*"Does unman yn debyg i Adra",
medda' nhw wrtha fi.
Does unman yn debyg i Adra, na.
Ond mae Adra'n debyg iawn i chdi.*

Fy nghyfeir yn fy nefoedd,
A bro fy mebyd yn fy myd.
'Nabod fa'ma cystal a fi fy hun,
Felly pam 'dwi ar goll o hyd?

Sgyn 'im map, sgyn 'im arwydd.
A sgyn 'im 'rough guide' ar y daith.
Dwi'n cau fy llygaid ac agor fy enaid
A dilyn lon dy lais.
Dwi'n cau fy llygaid ac agor fy enaid
A dilyn lon dy lais.

*"Does unman yn debyg i Adra",
medda' nhw wrtha fi.
Does unman yn debyg i Adra, na.
Ond mae Adra'n debyg iawn i chdi.
Mae Adra'n debyg iawn i chdi.*

"There is a town in North Ontario",
said Neil Young in his song.
"Sweet home Alabama",
said Skynyrd beside the fire. (Note 1)

"I'm going back to Blaunau Ffestiniog...",
said the old 'Tebot Piws'. (Note 2)
"Take me home, country road",
Denver said - but what's the use?

*"There's no place like home",
is what they told me.
There's no place like home, no.
But Home is very much like you.*

I don't know where I'm going,
I don't know where I've been.
I've no idea where I am right now,
And God knows where I'm supposed to be.

I've slept under stars in the Sahara,
And stayed up all night in Prague.
I've danced on a mountain top
with new friends,
And woken up on an empty 'plane.

*"There's no place like home",
is what they told me.
There's no place like home, no.
But Home is very much like you.*

My home is my heaven,
And my homeland is my world.
I know here as well as myself,
So why am I lost?

I haven't a map, I haven't a sign,
And I haven't a 'rough guide' for the journey.
I close my eyes and open my soul
And follow the road of your voice.
I close my eyes and open my soul
And follow the road of your voice.

*"There's no place like home",
is what they told me.
There's no place like home, no.
But Home is very much like you.
Home is very much like you.*

Note 1. Lynyrd Skynyrd was an American rock band who popularised southern hard rock in the 1970s
Note 2. Tebot Piws (Purple Teapot) was a folk / pop group of the 1970s

2. Iar Fach yr Ha' - Butterfly

Gwyneth Glyn

Mae hi'n hwyr, mae hi'n hwyr,
dwi 'di blino'n llwyr,
mae llygaid y dydd 'di cau.
Mae'r gwyfyn a'r gwibedyn 'di hen
fynd i'w gwlaau,
'sa neb ar eu traed ond y ni 'yn dau.

*Iar fach yr ha', iar fach yr ha',
mae'r tywydd braf 'di mynd.
Mea'r haul yn noswyllo yn bell dros y bryn,
ond aros am dipyn bach eto, fy ffrind.*

Mae hi'n hwyr, mae hi' hwyr,
a phwy a wyr pa awr o'r nos 'di hi.
Mae'r adar yn taeru bod hi'n chwarter i dri,
o iar fach yr ha' mae'n gynnweld di.

*Iar fach yr ha', iar fach yr ha',
mae'r tywydd braf 'di mynd.
Mea'r haul yn noswyllo yn bell dros y bryn,
ond aros am dipyn bach eto, fy ffrind.*

*Iar fach yr ha', iar fach yr ha',
mae'r tywydd braf 'di mynd.
Mea'r haul yn noswyllo yn bell dros y bryn,
ond aros am dipyn bach eto, fy ffrind.
O aros am dipyn bach eto, fy ffrind.*

It's late, it's late,
I'm so very tired,
the daisies (*lit: eyes of the day*) have closed.
The moth and the flies have long
gone to bed,
no one's on their feet but you and I.

*Butterfly (lit: little hen of summer), butterfly,
The sunny (lit: fine) weather has gone.
The sun is setting far over the hill.
But stay a little while longer my friend.*

It's late, it's late,
and who knows what time of night it is.
The birds assert that it's quarter to three
oh butterfly, it's early to see you.

*Butterfly, butterfly,
The sunny weather has gone.
The sun is setting far over the hill.
But stay a little while longer my friend.*

*Butterfly, butterfly,
The sunny weather has gone.
The sun is setting far over the hill.
But stay a little while longer my friend.
Oh, stay a little while longer my friend.*

3. Du Ydi'r Eira - Black is the Snow

Gwyneth Glyn

Ma 'na ddiwadd i bob afon,
a gwaelod i bob llyn,
a glan i bob un cefnfor,
ond ddaw 'na ddim pendraw i hyn.

*A du ydi'r eira, gwyn ydi'r glo
a llwyd ydw inna hebddo fo.
A llachar di'r fagddu, a tywyll di'r haul
pan 'sgin ti ddim be tisho'i gael.*

Mae 'na darddiad i bob ffynnon,
a chop a i bob bryn,
a gwraidd i bob un coedan,
ond doedd 'na'm byd cyn dechra hyn.

*A du ydi'r eira, gwyn ydi'r glo
a llwyd ydw inna hebddo fo.
A llachar di'r fagddu, a tywyll di'r haul
pan 'sgin ti ddim be tisho'i gael.*

O deud y deu' di i gerddad
rhyw ddydd ar lan y llyn.
Ac yno 'bydda i'n gorwadd,
cysgu'n drwm dan amdo gwyn.
A rho ddwy gusan gynnas
ar gaeada'n llgada oer,
ac ella y cawn ninna
weld y wawr yng ngola'r lloer.

A gwyn fydd yr eira,
du fydd y glo,
a llon fydda inna hefo fo.
A llachar di'r fagddu,
a llachar di'r haul,
pan gei di'r hyn w't tisho'i gael,
pan gei di'r hyn w't tisho'i gael.

There's an end to each river,
and a bottom to each lake,
and a shore to each ocean,
but there will be no conclusion to this.

*And black is the snow and white is the coal,
and grey am I without him.
And bright is the darkness, and dark is the sun
when you don't have what you desire.*

There's a source to each fountain,
and a summit to each hill,
and a root to each tree,
but there was nothing before this began.

*And black is the snow and white is the coal,
and grey am I without him.
And bright is the darkness, and dark is the sun
when you don't have what you desire.*

Oh say that you will come walking
one day by the bank of the lake.
And there I will be laying,
sleeping deeply under a white shroud.
And place two warm kisses
on my cold eyelids,
and perhaps we shall
witness the dawn by the light of the moon.

And white shall the snow be,
and black will be the coal
and merry will I be with him.
and bright is the darkness,
and bright is the sun,
when you get what you desire,
when you get what you desire.

4. Cariad - Lover

Gwyneth Glyn

Mi fum i yn dy garu o bellter
ers tro byd,
dros foroedd a chyfandir,
ac o ochor draw i'r stryd.

Mi fum i yn breuddwydio
fatha hogan dair-ar-ddeg,
am roi 'nwylo yn dy bocad
a 'nghusan ar dy geg.

Ond er bod lliw dy galon
'run ffunud a'n un i,
peth creulon ydi cariad,
un arall aeth a hi.

Mor hegar oedd yr hiraeth
am swn dy enw di,
mor llawn fy enaid ifanc,
mor wag fy nylo i.

Mi welis i chi'n downsio
fath a ffyliaid yn y ffair,
yn syllu ar eich gilydd
heb unwaith yngan gair.

Mi welis i chdi'n sbio
am eiliad y ffordd hyn,
mi drois i ar fy swdwl
a'n llgada fel dau lyn.

Ma Chwefror yn troi'n wanwyn,
ac Ebrill yn troi'n Fai.
Ma'r dydd yn dechra 'mestyn
a'r twyllwch yn byrhau.

Mi sbis i i fyny
a chwerthin, chwerthin yn braf.
Mi godis i fy nghalon
a'i thaflu i ganol yr ha'.

Mi hwyliodd ynta heibio
a gafael ynddi hi,
a deud "does neb yn y byd mawr crwn
mor annwl ag wyt ti."

Ond rhy hwyr ei gusan ofer,
rhy hwyr ei eiria gwyn.
Rhy hwyr dy freichia, fachgen,
yn gafael amdana i'n dynn.

A dyma fi'n dengid o'i afael,
a 'nghalon i'n curo fel cyn.
Peth creulon ydi cariad,
dwi'n iawn ar 'y mhen 'yn hun.
Peth creulon ydi cariad,
dwi'n iawn ar 'y mhen 'yn hun.

I loved you from a distance
for a long time,
over oceans and continents,
and from across the street.

I dreamt like a
thirteen year old girl,
of putting my hands in your pocket
and kisses on your lips.

But despite the colour of your heart
being the same as mine,
love is a cruel thing
and another stole her away.

So rough was the longing
for the sound of your name,
so full was my young soul,
so empty were my hands.

I saw you two dancing
like fools in the fair,
staring at each other
without once uttering a word.

I saw you look
this way for a second,
I turned on my heel,
my eyes like two lakes.

February turns to spring,
and April turns to May.
The days are getting longer
and the darkness decreases.

I looked up
and laughed, laughed heartily.
I raised my heart and threw her into
the middle of summer.

And then he sailed by
and took hold of her,
and said "no one in the whole
world is as dear as you,"

But too late was his futile kiss,
too late his vivid words.
Too late were your arms, boy
to hold around me tightly.

And so I fled from his grasp
my heart beating like before.
Love is a cruel thing
and I'm fine on my own.
Love is a cruel thing
and I'm fine on my own.

5. Dansin Bêr - Dancing Bear

Gwyneth Glyn

Os ewch chi'n nôl amser maith
ond ddim mor hir a hynny chwaith,
ma 'na un neu ddau ar ôl yn dre
yn dal i gofio hanas y Dansin Bêr.

Roedd Jo Giovani yn Eidalwr mwyn
a du ei dash o dan ei drwyn;
mi deithiai hwn o le i le
yn diddanu'r dorf hefo'i Ddansin Bêr.

*Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
dyna i chi le oedd hefo'r Dansin Bêr.*

Doi pawb a'i nain
o bedwar ban
i weld a gŵr a'i garafan;
ei hyrddi-gyrddi i'w glywed o'r
Plu,
ond seren y sioe oedd yr arth fawr ddu.

Mi neidiai'r arth drwy gylchoedd pren
a bwrw'i thin yn ddel dros ei phen.
Yn nhraed ei sanau, ar ei choesa ôl
roedd hi'n dalach a chryfach na wal Sea Wall.

Nid arth gyffredin mohoni'n saff,
a chry ei rhy ar ben ei rhaff,
ei dannedd mor finio a llafn y lli
a mellu y fall yn ei llygaid hi.

*Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
dyna i chi le oedd hefo'r Dansin Bêr.*

John Jôs oedd taid 'yn Nhaid,
yn codi walia yn y baw a'r llaid.
A Robat Jôs oedd ei bartnar a'i ffrind;
i blas Talarfor oedd y ddau yn mynd.

Un bora oer o hydref hwyr
a'r niwl o'r môr yn hel fel cwyr,
cyn codi cŵn a chathod Criciath -
galw'n Siop Mathaw am faco a chyflath.

Brasgamu i ben Lôn Fêl ond
wrth ymyl Tan Lôn mi safon yn stond...
Be glywan nhw ond rhyw gynnwrf yn y llwyn,
roedd 'na gradur yn grwnnach yn y brogaij a'r
brwyn.

Roedd 'na chwrnu yn y chwyn,
rhyw dwr un y dail,
rhyw rochian a stwyrion
a snwffian bob yn ail.
"Be gebyst?" medda Robat,
"Be gythral?" medda John,
"Be ddiawl," medda'r ddau
"ond yr arth fawr drom!"

If you go back a long time ago
but not quite that long either,
there's one or two still left in town
who still remember the story of the Dancing Bear

Jo Giovani was a cheerful Italian
with the black of his 'tache under his nose;
he would travel far and wide
to entertain the crowd with his Dancing Bear.

*Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
oh what fun there was with the Dancing Bear.
(lit: that's where you were with the Dancing Bear)*

Everyone (*lit: people and their grandmothers*)
would come from four corners
to see the man and his caravan;
his hurdy-gurdy could be heard from the
'Feathers' (*Tafern y Plu*),
but the star of the show was the big black bear.

The bear would jump through wooden circles
and gracefully perform little tricks. (*bottom over head*)
In her stocking feet and on her hind legs
she was taller and stronger than the sea wall.

This was no ordinary (*safe*) bear by far
and so strong was she on the rope,
her teeth as sharp as a saw's blade
and the gleam of lightning (*lit: of hell*) in her eyes.

*Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
oh what fun there was with the Dancing Bear.*

John Jôs was my grandfather's grandfather,
and raised walls in the dirt and sludge.
and Robert Jôs was his partner and friend;
To Talarfor mansion did the two go.

On a cold morning in late Autumn
and the fog from the sea was thick as wax,
before the cats and dogs of Criciath were up -
they'd go to Mathew's shop for tobacco and toffee.

They strode to the top of Lon Fêl (*Honey Lane*) but
beside Tan Lôn they stopped in their tracks...
What they heard was a commotion in the bushes,
a creature was grumbling in the rush and the reed.

There was growling in the weed,
some racket in the leaves,
some grunting and rumbling
and snuffling back and forth. (*every second*)
"What on earth?" said Robert,
"What the hell?" said John,
"What the devil," said the two
"but the big large (*heavy*) bear!"

cont...

Dansin Bêr (continued)

*Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
dyna i chi le oedd hefo'r Dansin Bêr.*

Dyma droi ar eu sodla a'i gleuo'i fel y dydd
a gweiddi nerth eu lleisia - "ma'r arth yn rhydd!
O ma'r Dansin Bêr wedi dengid ar droed
felly deffrwch bobol Criciath a chodwch
yn ddi-oed!"

Yn ol a'r ddau i Siop Mathaw ar frys
yn wyn fel y galchan ac yn laddar o chwys:
"O galwch Tomos Plusman a phawb yn dre
cyn ni gyd ga'l ein llarpio gin y Dansin Bêr!"

*Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
a phawb yn dre ofn y Dansin Bêr.*

Scrialodd Tomos Plusman i fyny Stryd Fawr
efo rhwyd a ffon a phastwn cawr,
a John a Robat Jos yn dynn ar ei sodla,
a Mathaw Siop Mathaw
a'i deulu ar eu hola.

A dyma drigolion o draethau
a dôl
yn gorymdeithio yn hy ar eu hôl;
a Tomos oedd yn arwain y gad drwy'r tARTH
er mwyn achub y pentra rhag pawenna'r hen arth.

*Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
a phawb yn gweld sêr hefo'r Dansin Bêr.*

Wrth i bawb nesau at lwyni Tan Lôn
lle llechai yr horwth yn slei'n ôl y sôn,
be glywan nhw ond rhyw gynnwrf yn y llwyn,
roedd 'na gradur yn grwgnach yn y brogaij
a'r brwyn.

Roedd 'na chwrnu yn y chwyn,
rhyw dwrw yn y dail,
rhyw rochian a stwyrian
a snwffian bob yn ail.
Be welodd Tomos Plusman wrth graffu
drwy'r tARTH
ond cynffon a chlustiau a charnau arth?!...

"Myn brain!" medda Tomos hefo naid a gwaedd,
"mond hwch Nysgain Bach
ar ei ffordd at y baedd!"

*Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
bai ar gam gath y Dansin Bêr
Dansin Bêr, Dansin Bêr,
bai ar gam gath y Dansin Bêr*

A dyna hanesyn ers amsar maith,
ond ddim mor hir a hynny chwaith,
ac os clywch chi rochian a'r niwl yn drwch,
wel peidiwch cael eich twyllo gin fymyrn o hwch!

*Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
oh what fuss there was with the Dancing Bear.*

They turned on their heels and ran like the wind
and yelled as loud as they could - "the bear is free!
Oh the Dancing Bear has escaped
so wake up people of Criciath and get up
at once!"

The two returned to Mathaw's Siop in a hurry
white as a sheet and dripping with sweat:
"Call Tomos Policeman and everyone in town
before we're ripped to pieces by the Dancing Bear!"

*Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
and everyone in town is afraid of the Dancing Bear.*

Tomos Plusmon hurried up Stryd Fawr
with a net and a bludgeon and a giant's truncheon,
and John and Robat Jos hot on his heels,
and Mathaw of Mathaw's Siop
and his family behind them.

And then peoples of shores and
battlefields (*meadow*)
marched boldly after them;
and Tomos was leading the throng through the fog
in order to save the village from the old bear's paws.

*Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
and everyone saw stars with the Dancing Bear.*

As everyone approached Tan Lôn bushes
where the beast was apparently sneaking sulkily,
what they heard was a commotion in the bushes,
a creature was grumbling in the rush
and the reed.

There was growling in the weed,
some racket in the leaves,
some grunting and rumbling
and snuffling back and forth.
What Tomos Plusman saw as he peered
through the mist
but the tail and the ears and the hooves of a bear?!...

"Stone the crows!" said Tomos with a yell and a leap,
"only just the Nysgain Bach sow
on her way to the boar!"

*Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
wrongly blamed was the Dancing Bear
Dancing Bear, Dancing Bear,
wrongly blamed was the Dancing Bear.*

And that's the story from long ago,
but not quite that long ago,
and if you hear grunting and the fog is thick,
well don't be fooled by a little pig!

6. Dy Lygaid Di - Your Eyes

Gwyneth Glyn

Dwi 'rioed di bod mor rhydd,
fuo'r awyr 'rioed mor las,
Di'r byd 'ma 'rioed di troi
ar gymaint o ras
'Ben 'yn hun yn y criw.
Pwy ddiawl ydi i?
Dwi'n nabod lliw
dy lygaid di.

Dengid i lan y dwr
cyn i'r giatau gloi.
Torri'n henwa'n ddyfn
cyn i'r llanw droi ond
Dwni ddim yn fy myw
pwy ddiawl ydw i
Ond dwi'n nabod lliw
dy lygaid di.

Dwi'n gadael fan hyn.
Dwi'n gafael yn dy law.
Tydi'r bobl sy'n boddi
Ddim yn teimlo'r glaw.

Ti di rhoi bob dim
mae gyn ti i mi.
Doni'm isho dim byd
ond dy gwmni di.
Ond mae o'n brifo i'r byw.
Pwy ddial ydw i?
Ond mae o'n brifo i'r byw.
Pwy ddial ydw i?

'Ben 'yn hun yn y criw.
Pwy ddiawl ydi i?
Dw i'n nabod lliw
dy lygaid di...

I've never been so free,
the sky's never been so blue,
The world's never turned
as quickly as it does now.
On my own in the crew.
Who the hell am I?
I know the colour
of your eyes.

Escaping to the water's edge
before the gates close.
Etch our names deep
before the tide comes in but
I don't know anymore
who the hell I am.
But I know the colour
of your eyes.

I'm leaving here.
I'm holding your hand.
The people who drown
Cannot feel the rain.

You've given everything
you have to me.
I never wanted more
than your company.
But the hurt goes so deep.
Who the hell am I?
But the hurt goes so deep.
Who the hell am I?

On my own in the crew.
Who the hell am I?
I know the colour
of your eyes...

7. Y Forforwyn - The Mermaid

Gwyneth Glyn

Welis i 'rioed ddeigryn
ar rudd yr un forforwyn,
rwan dwi'n dallt pam fod
dwr y môr mor hallt.

I never once saw a tear
on the cheek of a mermaid,
Now I understand why
the sea water is so salty.

Glywist ti 'rioed g'lana
yn torri ar y tonna?
Rwan ti'n dyst pam
fod swm y môr mor drist.

Have you ever heard the shore
breaking on the waves?
Now you are the witness
as to why the sea is so sad.

*Edrych di, edrych di,
o dan y dŵr mawr du,
'nghariad i sydd yno'n huno
ar ei gefn, ar ei gefn
o dan y garreg lefn
o na bawn inna yno.*

*Look you, look you,
under the deep black water,
there my lover slumbers
on his back, on his back
under the smooth stone
oh if only I could go there.*

Deimlist ti 'rioed dywod
yn llithro drwy y gofod
rhwng dwy law,
a ma'r llanw mawr gerllaw?

Have you ever felt sand
slipping through the space
between two hands
and the vast tide close by?

Cod o dy wely,
anadla'r haul a'r heli,
rhwyfa'n gry ar for
dy fywyd di.

Arise from your bed,
breathe in the sun and salt water.
strongly row on the sea
of your life.

*Edrych di, edrych di,
o dan y dŵr mawr du,
'nghariad i sydd yno'n huno
ar ei gefn, ar ei gefn
o dan y garreg lefn
o na bawn inna yno.
O na bawn inna yno.*

*Look you, look you,
under the deep black water,
there my lover slumbers
on his back, on his back
under the smooth stone
oh if only I could go there.
Oh if only I could go there.*

8. Cofia Fi At - Remember Me to You

Gwyneth Glyn

Cofia fi at 'yn ffrindia',
cofia fi at y ffair.
cofia fi at yr eira syrthiodd
pan oni'n dair.
Cofia fi at y tylwyth teg
a'r deryn du.

*Cofia fi, Cofia fi.
Cofia fi ata chdi.*

Cer i'r lle cyfrinachol lle
cuddion ni'n dau.
Fydd o'n ddim gwahanol,
'mond yn fymryn llai.
Paid a deud i lle ti'n mynd
pan ti'n gadael ty.

*Cofia fi, Cofia fi.
Cofia fi ata ni.*

La la la la la la
Mae'r gaea' yn hwy na'r ha'.
La la la la la la
Mae'r ha' yn hyn na'r gaea'.

Mae 'na sbel ers i ninna'
drio dringo y coed.
Pres ffon yn 'y mhoced,
hoelion dy dad dan 'yn nhroed.
Fus di 'rioed mor greulon,
fushi 'rioed mor gri.

*Cofia fi, Cofia fi.
Cofia fi ata hi.*

La la la la la la
Mae'r gaea' yn hwy na'r ha'.
La la la la la la
Mae'r ha' yn hyn na'r gaea'.
La la la la la la
Mae'r gaea' yn hwy na'r ha'.

Remember me to my friends,
remember me to the fair.
remember me to the snow that fell
when I was three.
Remember me to the fairies
and the blackbird.

*Remember me, remember me.
Remember me to you.*

Go to that secret place,
where we both hid.
It won't be much different,
only a little smaller.
Don't say where you're going
when you leave the house.

*Remember me, remember me.
Remember me to us.*

La la la la la la
The winter is longer than the summer.
La la la la la la
The summer is older than the winter.

It's been so long since
we tried to climb those trees.
Phone money in my pocket,
your father's nails under my shoes (*lit: feet*).
You'd never been so cruel,
I'd never been so low.

*Remember me, remember me.
Remember me to her.*

La la la la la la
The winter is longer than the summer.
La la la la la la
The summer is older than the winter.
La la la la la la
The winter is longer than the summer.

9. Ferch y Brwyn - Girl of the Reeds

Gwyneth Glyn

Ferch y brwyn, o ferch y brwyn,
dy groen mor gras a dy lais mor fwyn,
galw di ar y gawod law
i olchi'r pris sy di'i grafu
ar gefn dy law.

Ferch y brwyn dan swyn dy sêr,
dy wen mor hallt dy wallt mor flêr,
yn plethu'r hesg ar do dy dŷ
i gadw dy deulu'n glyd pan
ddaw'r stormydd du.

Ferch y brwyn, o ferch y brwyn,
Ferch y brwyn, o ferch y brwyn,

Ferch y brwyn di-gwyn dy gân
wrth sgwrio llwyth dy lwyth yn lân
a morol am y medi wedi'r hau
a'th fywyd fel dy frwyn mor frau.

Ferch y brwyn dan ffrwyn dy ffawd,
yn byw bywyda dy chwaer a'th frawd
a'u nyddu nhw yn straeon ar a stryd
am bris mor rhad a ma dy ryddid di mor ddrud.

Ferch y brwyn, o ferch y brwyn,
Ferch y brwyn, o ferch y brwyn,

Ferch y brwyn, y fwyna'n fyw,
mor fychan dy ran ar lwyfan Duw,
a neb i daflu rhosod i dy gôl,
ond dirifedi frwyn adewi ar dy ôl,
ond dirifedi frwyn adewi ar dy ôl,
ond dirifedi frwyn adewi ar dy ôl.

Girl of the reed, oh girl of the reed,
your skin so rough and your voice so gentle,
call on the rain shower
to wash away the price that is carved
on the back of your hand.

Girl of the reed under the sway of your stars,
your smile so stern and your hair so dishevelled,
weaving the sedge on the roof of your home
to keep your family warm when
the dark storms come.

Girl of the reed, oh girl of the reed,
Girl of the reed, oh girl of the reed,

Girl of the reed so uncomplaining in your song
as you scrub the load of your tribe clean
and care for the reap after the sow
and your life like your reed so fragile.

Girl of the reed under your fate,
living the lives of your brother and sister
and entwining them in stories on the street
for such a low price your freedom is so costly.

Girl of the reed, oh girl of the reed,
Girl of the reed, oh girl of the reed,

Girl of the reed, the gentlest of them all,
so small is your part on God's stage,
and no one to throw roses in your lap,
but countess reeds you will leave behind,
but countess reeds you will leave behind,
but countess reeds you will leave behind.

10. Tywod Gwyn - White Sand

Gwyneth Glyn

Cara' fi fel carreg lan
a bual yr a i'n ango'.
Caraf fod fel y cerrig man
a dwylo neb amdana'.

*Tywod gwyn , dwi fel tywod gwyn;
mi lithra i drwy dy ddwylo
os afaeli di'n rhy dynn.
Tywod gwyn , dwi fel tywod gwyn;
mi lithra i drwy dy ddwylo
os afaeli di'n rhy dynn.*

Darfu'r gwin a darfu'r gwres,
a darfu'r tes a'r tywydd.
Ond buan iawn ma'r awyr ddu'n
cusanu lleuad newydd.

*Tywod gwyn , dwi fel tywod gwyn;
mi lithra i drwy dy ddwylo
os afaeli di'n rhy dynn.
Tywod gwyn , dwi fel tywod gwyn;
mi lithra i drwy dy ddwylo
os afaeli di'n rhy dynn.*

Gwn a daw 'na wawr o wen
i lenwi'n holl orwelion.
Ond wel yr ha a'r hindda
mo'r gaea' yn y galon.

*Tywod gwyn , dwi fel tywod gwyn;
mi lithra i drwy dy ddwylo
os afaeli di'n rhy dynn.
Tywod gwyn , dwi fel tywod gwyn;
mi lithra i drwy dy ddwylo...*

Love me like an untarnished stone
and I'll soon be forgotten.
I long to be like the small stones
with nobody's hands around me.

*White sand, I am like white sand;
I'll slip through your fingers
if you hold me too tight.
White sand, I am like white sand;
I'll slip through your fingers
if you hold me too tight.*

Ceased the wine and ceased the heat,
and ceased the sunshine and weather.
But it isn't long before the dark sky
kisses the new moon.

*White sand, I am like white sand;
I'll slip through your fingers
if you hold me too tight.
White sand, I am like white sand;
I'll slip through your fingers
if you hold me too tight.*

I know a dawn of smile
will come to fill all my horizons.
But the summer and shine
doesn't see the winter in the heart.

*White sand, I am like white sand;
I'll slip through your fingers
if you hold me too tight.
White sand, I am like white sand;
I'll slip through your fingers...*

11. Can y Llong - The Ships Song

Gwyneth Glyn

Mor ysgafn ydi hwyl y llong
Y 'nghalon i mor drom, mor drom
Mae hi'n suddo'n araf dan y don
Mor ysgafn ydi hwyl y llong.

Ffarwel, ffarwel fy nghariad hoff
Mae'r dagrau'n rhwydd a'r geiriau'n gloff
Mi garai di lle bynnag y bof
ffarwel, ffarwel fy nghariad hoff.

Pa bryd y doi di eto'n 'nol?
Pa bryd y caiff dy eneth ffol
Orweddian eto yn dy gol?
pa bryd y doi di eto 'nol?

Mae'r llong fach wen yn mynd yn llai
Yr ofnau yma yn amlhau
A drws y nos yn dechrau cau
A'r llong fach wen yn mynd yn llai

Tair mlynedd sydd ers gweld ei wen
Mae fy ffrindiau i'n ffeind a'r hogia'n glen
A'i enw o yn tyfu'n hen
Tair mlynedd sydd ers gweld ei wen.

Ond dacw long yn nol o'r llif
A dacw ef fy nghariad i
Yn gwawrio'n gynnes arna i
O dacw long yn nol o'r llif.
O dacw long yn nol o'r llif.

So gentle is the sail of the ship
Yet my heart is heavy, so so heavy
She sinks slowly beneath the waves
So gentle is the sail of the ship.

Farewell, farewell my fond lover
These tears so easy and these words so frail
I will always love you wherever I am
Farewell, farewell my fond lover.

When will you return to me?
When will your foolish girl
Next hold you in her arms?
When will you return to me?

That small white ship is fading away
these fears are ever increasing
And the gate of night is starting to shut
And that small white ship is fading away

Three years have gone since seeing his smile
My friends are caring and the boys are kind
And his name grows old
Three years have gone since seeing his smile.

But look a ship, back from the sea
And look there my lover is
Dawning warmly over me
Oh look a ship, back from the sea.
Oh look a ship, back from the sea.

12. Dail Tafol - Dock Leaves

Gwyneth Glyn

Mynd am dro yn y car bach coch,
chdi a fi a'r haul ar 'y moch,
y byd i gyd yn deud da-boch.

*Ma 'na dduw a ma 'na ddiadol,
danal poethion a dail tafol,
a ninna'n crwydro yn y canol.*

Mynd am dro yn y car bach glas,
'ben 'yn hun rownd y gongol gas,
dod i gwfw'r rhywun arall ar ras.

*Ma 'na dduw a ma 'na ddiadol,
danal poethion a dail tafol,
a ninna'n crwydro yn y canol.*

Mynd am dro yn y car mawr du,
cysgu'n drwm ar obenydd plu,
ches i 'rioed ddeud ta-ta wrth y ty.

*Ma 'na dduw a ma 'na ddiadol,
danal poethion a dail tafol,
a ninna'n crwydro yn y canol.*

Going for a stroll in the little red car,
you and me and the sun on my face,
the whole world saying farewell.

*There's a god and there's a devil,
stinging nettles and dock leaves,
and we're wandering somewhere in the middle.*

Going for a stroll in the little blue car,
on my own round a nasty corner,
running into someone else in a hurry.

*There's a god and there's a devil,
stinging nettles and dock leaves,
and we're wandering somewhere in the middle.*

Going for a stroll in the big black car,
sleeping soundly on a feather pillow,
I never got to say goodbye to the house.

*There's a god and there's a devil,
stinging nettles and dock leaves,
and we're wandering somewhere in the middle.*

13. Can y Siarc - The Shark's Song

Gwyneth Glyn

Dau forwr dewr, dau frawd direidus
oedd yr Hen King ac Owen Griffiths,
yn caru'n cwrw yn fwy na'r cefnfor,
yn gweld angylion ymhob angor.

Un pnawn o ha' a'r rhwydi'n drymion,
a'r ddalfa'n goeth o benwaig gwynion,
mi welsant 'sgodyn tra gwahanol
yn gawr o gryndod yn eu canol.

"Be ddiawl 'nawn ni a'r cradur yma?
Rown ni o'n ol yng nghol y tonna?"
"Mi awn ag o i dre Porthmadog;
ma hwn werth mwy na phum can pennog!"

A dyma'i godi ar eu sgwydda
a chodi paball o hen hwyliā,
a bod mor hy' a chodi ceiniog
am gip go sydyn o'r 'sgodyn enwog.

A dyna hwyl, a dyna sbort
o weld y siarc yn y parc yn Port!
A phawb yn heidio o bob lle
i gael eu dychryn yn y dre.

"Wel dyma'r ddalfa ffeindia 'sdalwm!
Awn am y Fleece i wario'n ffortsiwn!"
"Mi yfwn gwrw am y gora,
a mi nawn ni fwy o bres yn bora!"

Ar doriad gwawr daeth bloedd
y Plismon;
"Claddwch y cena ar 'ych union!
Erioed ni brofais y ffasiwn ddrewdod;
ma Port i gyd yn drewi o bysgod!"

A'u penna'n drwm 'rol noson hegar,
mi gladdon y siarc yn ddyfn yn y ddaear.
A darfu'r hwyl a darfu'r arian;
parhau wna'r hanas rhwng
muria'r dafern.
parhau wna'r hanas rhwng
muria'r dafern.

Two brave seamen, two mischievous brothers
were the Hen King and Owen Griffiths,
who cherished ale more than the high sea,
and saw angels in each anchor.

One summer's afternoon and the netting heavy,
and the catch plentiful in white herrings,
they saw a fish like no other
like a giant quivering amidst them.

"What on earth will we do with this creature?
Will we throw him back to the waves?"
"We'll take him to Porthmadog town;
he's worth more than five hundred herrings!"

And so they lifted him on their shoulders
and raised a tent out of old sails,
and were as bold as to charge a penny
for a quick glance at the infamous fish.

And oh what fun and oh what sport
of seeing the shark in a park in Port!
And people flocked from all around
to be terrified in the town.

"Well this is a catch found in the days of old!
We'll go to the Fleece to spend our fortune!"
"We'll drink some ale for the better,
and we'll make some more money in the morning!"

On the break of dawn came a cry from
the policeman;
"Bury the scoundrel this instant!
I never came across such a stench;
the whole of the Port stinks of fish!"

And with their heads heavy after a rough night,
they buried the shark deep in the earth.
So ceased the fun and ceased the wealth;
but continue did the tale 'tween the
walls of the tavern,
continue did the tale 'tween the
walls of the tavern,

14. Angen Haul - Need Sunshine

Gwyneth Glyn

Ti'n chwerthin 'lond y 'stafall,
A ti'n cuddio'r ochor arall i dy hin.
Tin giamstar ar y gwenu ond
dwi'n gweld tu ol i'r llenni
Mor dywyll di'r llun...

Your laughter fills the room,
Yet you hide that other side of you.
You're an expert at pretending but
I see behind that smile
How dark the image...

*Ti angel haul pan ma petha'n ddu,
Ond ti angen glaw i dyfu'n gryf...
Nei di'm tyfu yn y ty.*

*You need sunshine when things are dark,
But you need rain to grow stronger...
You won't grow indoors.*

Mae'r ha' yn dod ac mae'r ha' yn mynd,
ac mae rhai yn dal i fod y ffrindia da.
Mae'r gaea' yn hwyr ond mae'r gaea'n hir.
Mi gaea' i'r drws ar y gwres a'r gwir
..a'r rhew a'r haul.

The summer comes and the summer goes,
and some stay the best of friends.
The winter's late but the winter's long.
I'll close the door on the warmth and truth
... and the ice and the sun.

*Ti angel haul pan ma petha'n ddu,
Ond ti angen glaw i dyfu'n gryf...
Nei di'm tyfu yn y ty.*

*You need sunshine when things are dark,
But you need rain to grow stronger...
You won't grow indoors.*

Ti'n cau y drws ar y petha drwg
a mae'r petha tlws yn troi'n fwg run pryd.
Ti'n cau dy ffenast ar y gwynt
a ti'n colli hwyl, ti'n colli hynt y byd.

You close the door on the bad things
and the beautiful things turn to smoke all at once.
You close your window on the wind
but you miss the enjoyment and affairs of the world.

*Ti angel haul pan ma petha'n ddu,
Ond ti angen glaw i dyfu'n gryf...
Nei di'm tyfu yn y ty.*

*You need sunshine when things are dark,
But you need rain to grow stronger...
You won't grow indoors.*

Tasa gyn i lygaid wydr, sa 'na dal
hen ddagra' budur yn'i hi.
Sa gyn i galon garreg,
sa'r gwaed yn dal i redag yn ol ata chdi.

If I had a glass eye, these old
unclean tears would still be here.
If I had a heart of stone,
my blood would still run back to you.

*Ti angel haul pan ma petha'n ddu,
Ond ti angen glaw i dyfu'n gryf...
Nei di'm tyfu yn y ty.*

*You need sunshine when things are dark,
But you need rain to grow stronger...
You won't grow indoors.*

Ti'n cau y drws ar y petha drwg
a mae'r petha tlws yn troi'n fwg run pryd.
Ti'n cau dy ffenast ar y gwynt
a ti'n colli hwyl, ti'n colli hynt y byd.

You close the door on the bad things
and the beautiful things turn to smoke all at once.
You close your window on the wind
but you miss the enjoyment and affairs of the world.

*Ti angel haul pan ma petha'n ddu,
Ond ti angen glaw i dyfu'n gryf...
Nei di'm tyfu yn y ty.
Nei di'm tyfu yn y ty.*

*You need sunshine when things are dark,
But you need rain to grow stronger...
You won't grow indoors.
You won't grow indoors.*

15. Angeline

Gwyneth Glyn

Angeline, Angeline,
tydi'r colur ddim yn cuddio dy wyneb blin,
dacw ar dy dalcen groen dy din,
a fake tan fatha tangerine, Angeline,,,

Angeline, Angeline,
rwy'ti'n swnio fatha bob un 'Country Queen',
a ti'n edrych ston yn dewach ar y sgrin.
Ddei di byth i mewn i'r sgrin, Angeline.

Angeline, bydd y byd isho tynnu dy lun,
Angeline, Angeline.
Ydi'n braf ar dy ben dy hun Angeline?

Angeline, Angeline,
rwy'ti'n dwyn dy riffs i gyd gyn Don McLean,
a ti'n dwyn dy eiriau i gyd o fagazine.
Pam wnei di'm sgwennu rhai dy hun, Angeline?

Angeline, does na neb isho tynnu dy lun,
Angeline, Angeline,
Ydi'n braf ar dy ben dy hun Angeline?
Ydi'n braf ar dy ben dy hun Angeline?

Angeline, Angeline,
make-up doesn't hide you sorry face,
there on your forehead, the skin of your ass,
a fake tan like a tangerine, Angeline,,,

Angeline, Angeline,
you sound just like another 'Country Queen',
and you look a stone heavier on the screen.
You'll never be a part of the scene, Angeline.

Angeline, the world will want to take your picture,
Angeline, Angeline.
Is it nice on your own Angeline?

Angeline, Angeline,
you steal all your riffs from Don McLean,
and you steal all your lyrics from a magazine.
Why won't you write some yourself, Angeline?

Angeline, nobody wants to take your picture,
Angeline, Angeline.
Is it nice on your own Angeline?
Is it nice on your own Angeline?

16. Mhen i'n Llawn - My Head is Filled

Gwyneth Glyn

Ella na'r tywydd,
ella na'r tes,
ella na'r gwin,
ella na'r gwres,
ella na'r llanw ar y lli,
ond ma 'mhen i'n llawn ohona chdi.

It might be the weather,
it might be the sunshine,
it might be the wine,
it might be the heat,
it might be the tide on the sea,
but my head is filled with you.

Dwi'n codi ceuad da-da o ganol y baw,
a ma llythyren gynta dy enw yn fy llaw.
Dwi'n clwad alaw gron fel cacan gri,
a ma 'mhen i'n llawn ohona chdi.

I lift a sweet lid from the dirty ground,
and the first letter of your name is in my palm.
I hear a round melody like a Welsh cake,
and my head is filled with you.

Yng nglesni'r aeron,
yng ngwyn yr wy,
yn aur y siwgwr man yn llachar ar y llwy,
ac yn y duwch ar ddiwadd DVD,
o ma 'mhen i'n llawn ohona chdi,
ma 'mhen i'n llawn ohona chdi.

In the blueness of the berries,
in the white of an egg,
in the gold of the sugar that sparkles on the spoon,
and in the darkness at the end of a DVD,
oh my head is filled with you
my head is filled with you.

17. Wyneb Dros Dro - Temporary Face

Gwyneth Glyn

Bum mlwydd oed mi dorrodd ei throed,
yn bymtheg mi dorrodd 'i chalon.
Yn ugain a thair mi dorrodd o'i air
a thaflu'r ddau hanner i'r afon,
taflu'r ddau hanner i'r afon.

Five years old she broke her foot,
at fifteen years she broke her heart.
At twenty three he broke his promise
and threw the two halves 'to the river,
threw the two halves into the river.

[Cytgan]
O, o - wyned dros dro,
fyddi di'm yma yfory.
Tro dy air tua'r haul,
ti'n gwybod i fod o'n dy garu.

[Chorus]
Oh, oh - temporary face,
you won't be here tomorrow.
Turn your promise towards the sun,
you know that he loves you.

Gwyn dy fyd, yn greithia' i gyd,
ti 'di gorwadd rhy hir yn y rhosod.
Gwna' dy ora' i bara' tan bora',
mae rhywun yn rhwla' yn dy nabod,
mae rhywun yn rhwla' yn dy nabod.

Poor you, covered in scars,
you've lain too long in the roses.
Do your best to last until morning,
someone somewhere knows you,
someone somewhere knows you.

[Cytgan]

[Chorus]

[Cytgan]

[Chorus]

18. Llun yn y Papur - Picture in the Paper

Gwyneth Glyn

Mae nhw'n deud dy fot ti'n un o fil,
ond ti 'mond yn un o'r criw.
Ti'n mynd er mwyn cael dod yn ol
a ti'n lladd er mwyn cael byw.
A ti'n neud o'n enw Duw...

[Cytgan]

*A mae dy lun di yn y papur,
mae dy blant di yn eu dagrau.
Mae'r arwr yn yr awyr,
yn bell o swm y gynnuau.*

Mor oer, mor oer dy galon di
yng nghanol gwres y gwir.
Mor dawel dy gydwybod di
yng nghanol twrw'r tir.
Mae bob un rhyfel rhy hir.

[Cytgan]

*Mae dy lun di yn y papur,
mae dy blant di yn eu dagrau.
Mae'r arwr yn yr awyr,
yn bell o swm y bomiau.*

Mae'r afon fach yn llifo'n sych,
di'r plantos ddim yn chwarae.
Mae'r wen ar wep y gwleidydd gwan
yn gaddo fel tro diwethaf
neith y rhyfel yma ddim parhau...

[Cytgan]

*Ond mae dy lun di yn y papur,
mae dy blant di yn eu dagrau.
Mae'r arwr yn yr awyr,
yn bell o swm y bomiau.
Yn bell o swm y bomiau.*

They say that you're one in a million,
but you're only one of the crew.
You go in order to come back
and you kill in order to live.
And you do it in the name of God...

[Chorus]

*And your picture is in the paper
and your children are in tears.
The hero is in the heavens,
far from the sound of the guns.*

So cold, so cold is your heart
amidst the warmth of the truth.
So quiet is your conscience
amidst the noise of the land.
Every war is just too long.

[Chorus]

*And your picture is in the paper
and your children are in tears.
The hero is in the heavens,
far from the sound of the bombs.*

The little river flows dryly,
the children are not playing.
The smile on the face of the weak politician
promises like last time
that this war will not last...

[Chorus]

*And your picture is in the paper
and your children are in tears.
The hero is in the heavens,
far from the sound of the bombs.
Far from the sound of the bombs.*

19. Nei Di Wely Clyd? - Will You Make Me a Cosy Bed?

Gwyneth Glyn

Nei di wely clyd i mi fan hyn?
Nei di wely clyd i mi fan hyn?
Neith ar lawr yn iawn i mi fy ffrind
pan sgin i'm dima goch na nunlla i fynd.

'Di bod yng nghwmni criw y
gwin a'r gân,
'Di bod yng nghwmni criw y
gwin a'r gân,
ffrindia mawr sy'n troi yn ffrindia mân
pan na sgin ti'r modd am
y medd a'r tân.

A'r felan yn 'y nilyn fel rhyw gi,
A'r felan yn 'y nilyn fel rhyw gi,
O, mai'n cyfarth ar 'yn ffera i;
chath neb 'rioed a felan fel y fi.

O, falla fory fydda i'n teimlo'n well,
falla fory fydda i'n teimlo'n well,
falla fydd yfory fymryn gwell
os y dalia'i dren sy'n mynd yn bell.

O, nei di wely clyd i mi fan hyn?
Nei di wely clyd i mi fan hyn?
Neith ar lawr yn iawn i mi fy ffrind
pan sgin i'm dima goch na nunlla i fynd.

Will you make me a cosy bed here?
Will you make me a cosy bed here?
Here on the floor is fine my friend
when I haven't a penny and nowhere to go.

I've been in the company of the crew of
wine and song,
I've been in the company of the crew of
wine and song,
close (*lit: big*) friends turn into little friends
when you you haven't the means for
the mead and fire.

And the blues follow me like some dog,
And the blues follow me like some dog,
Oh, it barks at my ankles;
nobody's ever had the blues like me.

Oh, perhaps tomorrow I'll feel better,
perhaps tomorrow I'll feel better,
perhaps tomorrow will be better
if I catch a train that'll take me far away.

Oh, will you make me a cosy bed here?
Will you make me a cosy bed here?
Here on the floor is fine my friend
when I haven't a penny and nowhere to go.

20. Ar Ddim - So Easily

Gwyneth Glyn

Ti fel hen ddant y gitar newydd sbon,
'nabod yr hen rei'n well na hon.
Dalish i'n ddrud, dynnai di'n dynn,
Ti ddim fel y lleill,
mae'n nhw'n torri ar ddim,
ar ddim.

You're like an old string for a brand new guitar,
I know the old ones better than this one.
I paid dearly, I'll pull you tightly,
You're not like the others,
they break so easily,
so easily.

Ti fel tawelwch rhwng y nodau man,
fel twyllwch rhwng fflamau'r tan.
Dalish i'n ddrud i ganu dy glod.
Ti ddim fel y lleill, di'r lleill ddim yn bod,
ddim yn bod.

You're like the silence between the notes,
like the darkness between the fire's flames.
I paid dearly to sing your praise.
You're not like the others, the others don't exist,
don't exist.

21. O'n i'n Mynd i... - I was Going to...

Gwyneth Glyn

O'n i'n mynd i frwsio'r llawr,
o'n i'n mynd i neud petha mawr,
o'n i'n mynd i drwsio'r bwrdd,
ond na,
mi aeth y dydd i ffordd.

I was going to sweep the floor,
I was going to do big things,
I was going to fix the table,
but no,
the day went by.

O'n i'n mynd i frwsio 'ngwallt,
rhedeg milltir i fyny'r allt,
o'n i'n mynd i ddal y tren,
ond na,
mi aeth y dydd yn hen.

I was going to brush my hair,
run a mile up the hill,
I was going to catch the train,
but no,
the day grew old.

O'n i'n mynd i ffonio ffrind,
gofyn lle ma'r dyddia'n mynd.
O'n i'n mynd i neud bob dim
o'n i isho'i neud
ond nes i ddim.

I was going to phone a friend,
ask where the days go,
I was going to do everything
I wanted to do
but I didn't.

22. Dy Dywydd Dy Hun - Your Own Weather

Gwyneth Glyn

[Cytgan]

*Ma 'na dylla mân yn y got law ddel,
amball i rwyg yn yr ambarel,
cymylau'n casglu dros y bryn,
a wyddwn i ddim bod hi'n gaddo'i fel hyn.*

[Cytgan]

[Cytgan]

Ond os di'n bwrw'n dragywydd,
a ti'n colli dy drywydd,
gna dy dywydd dy hun,
dy dywydd dy hun.

[Chorus]

*There are small holes in the beautiful raincoat,
one or two tears in the umbrella,
clouds are gathering over the hill,
and I didn't realise it was going to be like this.*

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

But if it rains eternally,
and you lose your way,
make your own weather,
your own weather.

23. Tasa Ti Yma - If You Were Here

Gwyneth Glyn

Tasa ti yma, tasa ti yma,
sa'm rhaid i mi ganu y gan 'ma.
Taswn i yna, taswn i yna,
sa'm rhaid i mi ganu y gan 'ma.

[Cytgan]

*Lawr y lon
Gollish i 'nghalon.
Rwla ar y ffordd
O Gaerdydd i G'narfon.*

'Blaw am y gan 'ma,
'blaw am y gan 'ma,
Beryg na y fyswn i'm yma.

[Cytgan]

Tasa ti yma, tasa ti yma,
sa'm rhaid i mi ganu y gan 'ma.

If you were here, if you were here,
I wouldn't need to sing this song.
If I were there, if I were there,
I wouldn't need to sing this song.

[Chorus]

*Down the road
I lost my heart.
Somewhere along the way
From Cardiff to Caernarfon.*

If it weren't for this song,
if it weren't for this song,
I fear that I wouldn't be here.

[Chorus]

If you were here, if you were here,
I wouldn't need to sing this song.

24. Ewbanamandda

Gwyneth Glyn

Gweithio yn y Siswrn o naw tan bump,
ac yn y Sosban o bump tan naw,
swigod sodla a straightners poeth
a saim yn llosgi fy llaw.

[Cytgan]

*Pe cawn i'n ffordd 'yn hun rwan hyn,
ni nawn i'n ffordd 'yn hun o fan hyn.
Ond ewbanamandda, banamandda,
ewbanamandda,
ewbanamandda, banamandda,
ewbanamandda.*

Tyllu'r lon o Fôn i Fynwy
a'i llenwi hi o Fynwy i Fôn,
y glaw ar 'y ngwar, y bos ar 'y nghefn
a gin i wraig fawr flin ar y ffôn.

[Cytgan]

Ista ar 'y nhin o flaen prifathro blin
a ma 'na oes i fynd tan hanner - 'di tri,
a phan a'i adra gin i lwyth o waith cartra;
diawl, pa fath o athro ydw i?

[Cytgan]

Trio gorffen can ers hanner awr
ond 'di geirau'r bennill ola'm yn dod.
Trio gorffen can ers hanner awr ond...

[Cytgan]

Working in the 'Siswrn' from nine 'til five,
and in the 'Sosban' from five 'til nine,
high heels and hot straighteners
and grease burning my hand.

[Chorus]

*If I had my own way right now,
I'd go my own way from here.
But ewbanamandda, banamandda,
ewbanamandda,
ewbanamandda, banamandda,
ewbanamandda.*

Drilling the road from Môn to Mynwy
and filling her from Mynwy to Môn,
the rain on my neck, the boss on my back
and I've a big angry wife on the phone.

[Chorus]

Sitting in front of an angry headmaster
and there's ages to go 'til half past three,
and when I get home I've tons of homework;
hell, what sort of teacher am I?

[Chorus]

Been trying to finish a song for half an hour
but the last verse's words just won't come.
Been trying to finish a song for half an hour but...

[Chorus]

25. Pa Bryd y Deui Eto? - When Will Thou Come Again?

Gwyneth Glyn

Pa bryd y deui eto i edrych am
dy Wenno ?
Pa bryd y deui eto o'th
grwydro, Deio'r Glyn?
Ma 'nghalon heno'n disgwyl cael
weld dy wyneb annwl.
Ma 'nghalon heno'n disgwyl
amdanant, Deio'r Glyn.

Dwi'n cofio'r noson loergan,
a'r gwynt drwy'r coed yn chwiban.
Dwi'n cofio'r noson loergan
a'th gusan, Deio'r Gwyn.
Mae'n lleuad heno eto,
a brigau'r coed yn siglo.
Mae'n lleuad heno eto,
a ddoi di, Deio'r Glyn?

Dwi yn fy ffenast fechan,
oes rhaid cyfadda'r cyfan?
Dwi yn fy ffenast fechan
ers oria, Deio'r Glyn.
O na chawn weld dy gysgod
ar borfa'r berllan isod.
O na chawn weld dy gysgod
yn dyfod, Deio'r Glyn.

When will thou come again to look for
your Gwenno?
When will thou come again from your
wanderings, Deio'r Glyn?
My heart tonight is waiting
to see your dear face.
My heart tonight is waiting
for you, Deio'r Gwyn.

I remember that moonlit night,
and the wind whistling through the trees.
I remember that moonlit night
and your kiss, Deio'r Gwyn.
The moon is above again tonight
and the boughs of the trees are swaying.
The moon is above again tonight
will you come, Deio'r Glyn.

I'm in my little window,
must I confess everything?
I've been in my little window
for hours, Deio'r Glyn.
Oh that I could see your shadow
on the orchard's grass below.
Oh that I could see your shadow
approaching, Deio'r Gwyn.

26. Pwyll a Macsen - Pwyll and Macsen

Gwyneth Glyn

Wyt ti'n cysgu, Macsen?
Wyt ti'n effro, hogyn gwyn?
Wyt ti'n sbecian arnai?
Wyt ti'n clywad hyn?

Ma 'na ddrych wrth dy ochor,
heb un ymyl, heb un twyll.
Ma o'n gwenu yn 'i gwsg,
dy dlws efaill, Pwyll.

Dwy galon gyson,
dau fywyd, dau fyd.
Dau frawd, dwy freuddwyd,
dan un gynfas glud
dan un gynfas glud.

Are you sleeping Macsen?
Are you awake, dearest boy?
Are you peeking at me?
Are you hearing all of this?

There's a mirror by your side,
without an edge, without deception.
He smiles in his sleep,
your beautiful twin, Pwyll.

Two hearts in harmony,
two lives, two worlds.
Two brothers, two dreams,
under one warm blanket
under one warm blanket.

27. Lle Fyswn i? - Where Would I Be?

Gwyneth Glyn

Lle fyswn i hebdda chdi?
Lle fyswn i hebdda chdi?
Ar blatfform oer am bedwar a'r tren
'di mynd ers tri.
O lle fyswn i hebdda chdi?

Sut o'n i cyn inni gwrdd?
Sut o'n i cyn inni gwrdd?
Fel coeden heb yr adar, fel cadar
heb fwrdd.
O sut o'n i cyn inni gwrdd?

Di'r gwanwyn ddim yn para am byth,
Di'r gwanwyn ddim yn para am byth
Ond dwi'n hedfan i dy freichiau fath â
deryn i'w nyth,
A ma'r gwanwyn yn para am byth.

Dwi'n gwbod mai cariad 'di hyn,
Dwi'n gwbod mai cariad 'di hyn,
'chos ma dy grys tu mewn i'th
drwsus uwchlaw dy sana gwyn,
A dwi'n gwbod mai cariad 'di hyn.

Lle fyswn i hebdda chdi?
Lle fyswn i hebdda chdi?
Ar blatfform oer am bedwar a'r tren
'di mynd ers tri.
O lle fyswn i hebdda chdi?

Where would I be without you?
Where would I be without you?
On a cold platform at four when the train's
gone since three.
Oh where would I be without you?

How was I before we met?
How was I before we met?
Like a tree without birds, like a chair
without a table
Oh how was I before we met?

The spring doesn't last forever
The spring doesn't last forever
But I fly to your arms like a
bird to his nest
and the spring lasts forever

I know that this is love
I know that this is love
because your shirt is tucked into
your trousers, above your white socks
and I know that this is love

Where would I be without you?
Where would I be without you?
On a cold platform at four when the train's
gone since three.
Oh where would I be without you?