

## Claudio: CR4114 - Traditional Songs For Tenor & Harp

Huw-Rhys Evans - *tenor* / Ieuan Jones - *harp*

### [1] Ar hyd y nos

Holl amrantau'r ser ddywedant,  
Ar hyd y nos,-  
"Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant",  
Ar hyd y nos.  
Goleu arall yw tywyllwch,  
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch,  
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch,  
Ar hyd y nos.

O mor siriol gwena seren,  
Ar hyd y nos,-  
I oleuo'i chwaer ddaearen,  
Ar hyd y nos.  
Nos yw nenaint pan ddaw cystudd,  
Ond i harddu dyn a'i hwyrddydd.  
Rho'wn ein goleu gwan i'n gilyda,  
Ar hyd y nos.

### All through the night

All the twinkling stars say,  
All through the night -  
"This is the way to the vale of glory",  
All through the night.  
Darkness is another light  
To display true beauty,  
The celestial family in silence,  
All through the night.

Oh how cheerfully smiles the star,  
All through the night -  
To give light to her sister Earth,  
All through the night.  
Night is old age when affliction strikes,  
But to grace man at eventide,  
We will give our pale light to each other,  
All through the night.

## [2] BuGEILIO'R gwenith gwyn

Mi sydd fachgen ifanc ffâl,  
Yn byw yn ôl fy ffansi.  
Myfr'n bugeilio'r gwenith gwyn,  
Ac arall yn ei fedî.  
Pam na ddeui ar fy ôl,  
Ryw ddydd ar ôl ei gilydd?  
Gwaith 'rwy'n dy weld, y feinir fach,  
Yn lanach, lanach beunydd!

Glanach, glanach wyt bob dydd,  
Neu fi sy â m ffydd yn ffolacn,  
Er mwyn y gwr a wnaeth dy wedd,  
Gwna i'm drugaredd bellach.  
Cwnn dy ben, gwelocco draw,  
Rho i mi'th law, Wen dirion;  
Gwaith yn dy fynwes bert ei thro  
Mae allweda clo fy nghalon!

Tra fo dwr y môr yn hallt,  
A thra fo ngwallt yn tyfu  
A thra fo calon yn fy mron  
Mi fydda'n ffydalon iti.  
Dywed imi'r gwir dan gêl,  
A rho dan sêl d'atebion,  
P'un ai myfi, ai arall, Gwen  
Sydd orau gen dy galon.

## Watching the white wheat

A foolish young lad am I,  
Living as the fancy takes me.  
I care for the white wheat  
And others harvest it.  
Why don't you come after me  
One day or another?  
For I see you, my lovely young lady,  
More and more beautiful each day!

More and more beautiful are you each day  
Or I am becoming more foolish,  
For the sake of he who gave you life,  
Have mercy on me at long last.  
Raise your head to see him yonder,  
Give me your hand, gentle Gwen,  
For in your shapely bosom  
Is the key to my heart!

Whilst there is salt in the sea,  
And whilst my hair grows,  
And whilst I have a heart  
I shall be faithful to you.  
Tell me the truth in confidence,  
And give your word sincerely.  
Whether it is I, or another, Gwen,  
That your heart loves most.

### [3a] WRTH FYND HEFO DEIO I DYWYN

Mi dderbyniais bwt o lythyr  
Ffa la la la la la la la la la  
Oddiwrth Mistar Jones o'r Brithdir  
Ffa la la etc.  
Ac yn hwnnw'r oedd o'n gofyn  
Ffa la la etc.  
Awn i hefo Deio i Dywyn.  
Ffa la la etc.

Bum yn hir yn sad gysidro  
Prun oedd orau mynd ai peidio,  
Ond wedi'r oil bu i mi gychwyn  
Hefo Deio i ffwrdd i Dywyn.

Fe gychwynnwyd ar nos Wener,  
Doai Fawddwy erbyn nos swper;  
Fe gaed yno uwd a menynd  
Wrtn fynd hefo Deio i Dywyn.

Dod ymlaen ac heibio i'r Dinas,  
Bara a chaws a gaed yng Ngwanas;  
Trwv Dalyllyn yr aem yn llinyn,  
Wrth fyna hefo Deio i Dywyn.

Os bydda'i byw un flwyddyn eto  
Mynna'n helaeth iawn gynilo;  
Mi gaf bleser anghyffreain  
Wrtn fynd hefo Deio i Dywyn.

### Going with Deio to Tywyn

I received a short letter  
Fa la la la la la la la la la  
From Mr. Jones of Brithdir  
Fa la la etc.  
And in it he asked me  
Fa la la etc.  
Would I go with Deio to Tywyn  
Fa la la etc.

I took a long time to consider  
Whether it was best to go or not,  
But eventually I set off  
With Deio, to Tywyn.

A start was made on Friday evening  
Arriving at Mawddwy by supper time;  
Receiving there porridge and butter,  
Going with Deio to Tywyn.

Progressing along and passing Dinas,  
Bread and cheese was received in Gwanas;  
Through Talyllyn we went in train,  
Going with Deio to Tywyn.

If I live for another year  
I am determined to be thrifty;  
I shall have a rare pleasure  
In going with Deio to Tywyn.

### **[3b] Dacw 'Nghariad**

Dacw 'nghariad i lawr yn y berllan,  
Tw rym ai ro rym di radl idl al;  
O na bawn i yno fy hunan;  
Tw rym di ro rym di radl idl al;  
Dacw'r ty a dacw'r sguor,  
Dacw ddrws y beudyn agor,  
Ffal di radl idlal, ffal di radl idlal  
Tw rym di ro rym di radl idl al.

Mae rhai mannau ar y mynydd  
Ag sy'n llawer gwell na'i gilydd;  
A llefydd nas gall neb eirnadod,  
Felly hwythau y genethod.

Dacw'r delyn. dacw'r tannau,  
Beth wyf gwell, heb neb i chwarae;  
Dacw'r feinwen hoenus fanwl,  
Beth wyf nes heb gael ei meddwl?

Rhoes fy mryd ar eneth dirion,  
Hyn sy bron yn torri 'nghalon;  
A bu'n achos iddi hithau  
Wylo peth amdanaf finnau.

### **Behold my beloved**

Behold my beloved in the orchard,  
Tw rym di ro rym di radl idl al;  
Oh if only I were there myself,  
Tw rym ai ro rym di radl idl al;  
There's the house and there's the bam;  
Behold the door of the cowshed opens,  
Ffal di radl idlal, ffal di radl idlal  
Tw rym di ro rym di radl idl al.

There are some parts of the mountain  
Which are far superior to others;  
And some parts which no one can get to know;  
And lasses are just the same.

There the harp and there the strings,  
But of what use to me with no one to play it?  
There she is, the lively maiden:  
But futile if I don't know what she feels.

I set my heart on a gentle lass,  
This is what almost breaks my heart;  
And it also made her  
Weep a little for me.

### [3c] Lisa Lan

Bûm yn dy garu lawer gwaith,  
Do, lawer awr mewn mwynder maith;  
Bûm yn dy gusanu, Lisa gêl,  
Yr oedd dy gwmni'n well na'r mêl.

Fy nghangen lân, fy nghowlad glyd,  
Tydi yw'r lanaf yn y byd;  
Tydi sy'n peri poen a chri,  
A thi sy'n dwyn fy mywyd i.

Pan fyddwy'n rhodio gyda'r hwyr,  
Fy nghalon fach a dôdd fel cwyr;  
Wrtn glywed sŵn yr adar mân,  
Daw hiraeth mawr am Lisa Lan.

Lisa, a ddoi di i'm danfon i,  
I roi fy nghorff mewn daear ddu?  
Gobeithio doi di. f'annwyl ffrind  
Hyd lan y bedd, lle'r wyf yn mynd.

### Fair Lisa

I have loved you many times,  
Yes, many an hour in protracted pleasure,  
I have kissed you, mysterious Lisa,  
Your companionship was sweeter than honey.

My beautiful maiden, my loving dear one,  
You are the most beautiful in the world;  
You cause me pain and anguish,  
And you have taken possession of my life.

When I roam at eventide,  
My sensitive heart melts like wax;  
When I hear the song of the birds,  
Great yearning for fair Lisa overcomes me.

Lisa, will you come to me,  
And place my body in the black earth?  
I hope you will come, my dear friend,  
To the edge of the grave, where I go.

### **[3d] Paid â Deud**

Os yw'th galon bron â thorri,  
Paid â deud;  
Am fod serch dy fron yn oeri,  
Paid â deud;  
Ac os chwalu mae d'obeithion,  
Paid â deud;  
Ni ddaw neb i drwsio'th galon,  
Er it ddeud.

Pan bo stormydd byd yn gwgu,  
Paid â deud;  
A gelynion am dy faeddu,  
Paid â deud;  
Ac os weithiau byddi'n llwyddo,  
Paid â deud;  
Hawdd i'th lwydd fynd trwy dy ddwylo  
Wrth it ddeud.

### **Never Tell**

If your little heart is almost breaking,  
Never tell;  
Because the love of your heart is cooling,  
Never tell;  
And if your hopes are shattered,  
Never tell;  
No one will come to mend your heart,  
Even though you tell.

When the storms of life threaten,  
Never tell;  
And enemies wish to smite you,  
Never tell;  
And if sometimes you succeed,  
Never tell;  
It is easy for success to slip through your hands  
Because you told.

[4] Merch Megan (*harp solo*)

Megan's Daughter

### [5] Tra Bo Dau

Mae'r hon a gâr fy nghalon i  
Ymhell oddi yma'n byw  
A hiraeth am ei gweled hi  
A'm gwnaeth yn llwyd fy lliw.  
Cyfoeth nid yw ond oferedd,  
Glendid nid yw yn parhau;  
Ond cariad pur sydd fel y dur  
Yn para tra bo dau.

O'r dewis hardd ddewisais i  
Oedd dewis lodes lân;  
A chyn bydd'difar gennyf fi  
O rhewi wnaiff y tân.  
Cyfoeth...

Mae f' annwyl riain dros y lli,  
Gobeithio'i bod hi'n iach!  
'Rwy'n caru'r tir lie cerddo hi  
Dan wraidd fy nghalon fach.  
Cyfoeth...

### While there are two

She whom my heart loves  
Lives far away from here;  
And my longing to see her  
Has turned me pale.  
Wealth is of no consequence,  
Beauty does not endure;  
But true love is like steel  
Lasting while there are two.

Of the beautiful choice I made  
It was to choose a fair maiden;  
And before I regret this  
Oh, the fire will freeze.  
Wealth is...

My beautiful girl is over the sea,  
I nope she is in good health!  
I love the ground she treads  
From the bottom of my heart.  
Wealth is...



## [6] Hiraeth

D'wedwch fawrion o wybodaeth,  
O ba beth y gwnaethpwyd Hiraeth  
A pha dderydd a roed ynddo  
Na ddarfyddo wrth ei wisgo?

Derfydd aur a derfydd arian,  
Derfydd melfed, derfydd sidan;  
Derfydd pob dillecfyn helaeth,  
Eto er hyn ni dderfydd Hiraeth.

Hiraeth mawr a Hiraeth creulon,  
Hiraeth sydd yn torri 'nghalon;  
Pan fwy' aryma'r nos yn cysgu,  
Fe ddaw Hiraeth ac a'm deirry.

Hiraeth, Hiraeth, cilia, cilia,  
Paid a phwyso mor drwm arna',  
Nesa dipyn at yr erchwyn,  
Gad i mi gael cysgu gronyn.

## Yearning

Tell me, you of great knowledge,  
Of what is Hiraeth made,  
And what does it contain  
That it does not fade away?

Gold and silver fade away,  
Velvet and silk fade away,  
Every large garment fades away,  
Yet even so, Hiraeth fades not away.

Intense Hiraeth, and cruel Hiraeth,  
It is Hiraeth which is breaking my heart;  
When at deepest night I sleep,  
Hiraeth will come and waken me.

Hiraeth, Hiraeth, retreat, retreat,  
Don't lean so heavily on me,  
Move away a little,  
Allow me to sleep awhile.

### [7] Y Deryn Pur

Y 'Deryn pur a'r adain las,  
Bydd i mi'n was dibryder.  
O! brysur brysia at y fercn,  
Lie rhoes i'm serch yn gynnar.  
Dos ti ati, dwed wrthi,  
'Mod i'n wyllo'r dŵr yn heli,  
'Mod i'n irad am ei gweled.  
Ac o'i chariad yn ffaelu'â cherdded,  
O! Duw faddeuo'r hardd ei llun,  
Am boeni dyn mor galed!

Pan o'wn yn hocnus iawn fy hwyl,  
Ddiwarnod gwyl yn gwyllo,  
Canfyddwn renyw lana 'rioed,  
Ar ysgawn droed yn rhodio.  
Pan ei gwelais, syth mi sefais,  
Yn fy nghalon mi feddyliais,  
Wele ddynes lana'r deyrnas,  
A'i gwen yn harddu'r oil o'i chwmpas;  
Ni fyn'swn gredu un dyn byw,  
Nad oedd hi'n rhyw angyles!

### The Pure Bird

The beautiful blue-winged bird.  
Be to me a carefree messenger.  
Oh hurry, hurry to the girl  
Whom I have loved since my youth.  
Go to her, tell her  
I am shedding bitter tears,  
I long to see her,  
I cannot walk for love of her.  
Oh God, forgive the beautiful maiden  
For causing me such anguish.

When I was in high spirits,  
Roaming on a feast day,  
I chanced upon the most beautiful lady  
Strolling, light of foot.  
When I saw her, I stood up.  
In my heart I thought,  
Lo, the most beautiful lady in the kingdom,  
Her smile adorning all around her;  
And I could not believe  
That she was not an angel.

## [8] Saith O Ganeuon Ar Gywyddau Dafydd Ap Gwilym Ac Eraill

### Y Nos

Yn siriol i'r nos eirian  
Yr eos geindlos a gân;  
Hi'n unig o dewfrig dail  
Wna gywydd yn y gwial.  
A gwead lwys ddir  
ifddwys, fry,  
Seiriandeg nos a wrendy.

## Seven songs on poems in the Cywydd Metre By Dafydd Ap Gwilym And Others

### The Night

Happily to the beautiful night  
The elegant nightingale sings;  
She alone from a leafy branch  
Sings a song in the trees.  
Ana above, with a kind, intense look  
The starry night listens.

### **[9] Y Gwlith**

Hyfryd iawn ar fore dydd,  
Ar adeg yr ehedydd,  
Yw rhoddi tro drwy'r fro fras  
A chwardd mewn gorwych urddas,  
A gweld y gwllith gloywdeg glân  
Ar wyneb hawddgar anian.  
Y blodau a'r llyisiau lion  
A geir dan ddisglair goron:  
Maethol iawn yw'r esmwytn wllith  
A'i fwynder sydd yn fendith.

### **The Dew**

Very beautiful in early morning,  
At the time of the lark.  
It is to wander through the sumptuous countryside  
Which smiles in exquisite majesty,  
And to see the pure glistening dew  
On Nature's lovely face.  
The flowers and fresh growth  
Are there beneath a bright crown;  
Very comforting is the gentle dew  
And its gentleness is a blessing.

### [10] Miwsig

Lie bo gwên a llawenydd  
Mwynach cyfeillach a fydd,  
Tymor dibech ac iechya  
Heddychlon ar foddlon fyd.  
Persain, feinsain gyfansawdd  
Y galon dirion a dawdd;  
Ceir yst wyth sain y crasdant  
A'r lleddf fal y dileddf dant;  
Cydgerdd, anghydgerdd ynghyd  
A foddia'r bêr geltyddydd;  
Mae'n ymuno mewn mwyniant  
Bob iaith hen - ami bib a thant,  
Pob rhyw fwynber offeryn  
At dynnu - denu serch dyn.

### Music

Where there is joy and happiness  
There will be a kindlier fellowship,  
An innocent time and good health,  
Peaceful in a contented world.  
Pure and sweet sounds combining  
The gentle heart will melt;  
Bright harsh sounds are heard  
And plaintive as well as cheerful notes;  
Concord and discord, blending  
Will enhance the beautiful art;  
It unites in pleasure  
Every ancient language - many a pipe and string  
Every sweet-sounding instrument  
Which draws, captivates a man's love.

### **[11] Elen**

Am un Elen mae 'nolur,  
Am hon i'm calon mae cur;  
Elen wen o lan wyneb  
Yw f' eilun i o flaen neb.  
Uwch merched lion, beilchion byd,  
Un Elen yw f' anwylyd;  
Cyflawn hardd car f' Elen hon,  
F' angyles a fy nghalon.

### **Elen**

Elen is the cause of my pain,  
For her my heart aches;  
Beautiful Elen, fair of face  
Is my idol, surpassing all  
Superior to the mighty and arrogant girls of the world,  
Elen is my beloved,  
Exquisitely beautiful is she, my Elen,  
My angle and my life.

## [12] Dau filgi

Lliw eu cyrff hwy fal mwya,  
Lliw ewyn gwyn ar bob gwar,  
Gwyn a du ar gŵn a dwf,  
Du a gwyn, da yw gennyf.  
Coedwyr fry yn cadw'r iron,  
Cymheiriaia camau hirion;  
Wyllo y mae yr elain  
O fin rhiw rhag ofn y rhain!

## Two Greyhounds

The colour of their bodies like black berries,  
The colour of white foam on the nape of each neck,  
Black and white growing on dogs  
Black and white, it pleases me.  
Above, foresters caring for the hillsides,  
Partners with long strides;  
The fawn weeps  
On the brow of the hill for fear of these!

### [13] Claddu'r Bardd O Gariad

Minnau mewn bedd a gleddir  
Ymysg dail a maswgoed ir,  
Arwyl o fedw irion  
Yfory gaf dan frig onn;  
Amdo wenwisg amdanaf  
A lliain hoyw fcellion haf,  
Ac ysgrîn î geisio gras  
Im o'r irddail mawr urddas,  
A blodau llwynau yn lien,  
Ac elor o wyth gwialen.  
Y mae gwylanod y môr  
A ddon fil i ddwyn f' elor,  
A'r eglwys im o glos hâf  
Yn y fanallt, ddyn fwynaf;  
A dwy ddelw da i addoli,  
Dwy eos dail, dewis di.  
Ac yno wrth gae'r gwenith  
Allorau brig a llawr brith,  
A brodyr a wŷyr brydiaith,  
Llwydion a wŷyr Lladin iaith;  
Ac organ gwych y gweirgae,  
A sain clych mynych y mae:  
Ac yno ym medw Gwynedd  
I mi ar bâr y mae'r bedd!

### The Burial Of The Lovesick Bard

I my self in a grave will be buried  
Amidst leaves and soft saplings,  
Funeral rites of young birches  
Tomorrow I will have, under the branch of an ash tree;  
Clad in a white shroud  
And an elegant mantle of summer clover,  
And a shrine, to seek mercy  
For me, of young majestic leaves,  
And the flowers of the bushes as a veil,  
And a bier of eight rods.  
A thousand seagulls  
Will come to carry my bier  
To the church from a summer cloister  
In the gentle wooded hillside, dearest one;  
And two worthy images to worship,  
Two nightingales of your choice.  
And there beside the wheatfield  
Altars of twigs and a speckled floor,  
And brethren acquainted with poetry,  
Grey brethren acquainted with Latin;  
And the magnificent organ of the hayfield  
And the frequent peal of bells;  
And there amidst Gwynedd's birches  
For me awaits the grave!



### [14] Hiraeth am yr haf

Gaeaf sy'n lladd y gwiall,  
A dug o goedyda y dail,  
A'i chwitnig wynt yn chwythu,  
A'i ruad arth a'i rew du.  
Ein parlwr glas cwmpasawg  
Aetn yn fwtn rhy rwtn yr hawg;  
Y llennyrch lle'ad oedd llonydd,  
Wers oer, yn luddfawr y sydd;  
Nid oes babell mewn celli,  
Na man fal bu gynt i mi.

Yr haf hynaws, rhwyf hinon,  
O'm serch amdanad mae'm sôn,-  
Dychwel yn ôl i'r dolydd  
I'r drum draw er gwisgaw gwŷdd;  
Rho ddail a gwiall ar goed  
A'th degwch i berth dewgoed,  
A doldir yn llawn deildai,  
A thrydar mân-adar Mai:  
Rho um oed dydd. a gwŷdd gallt  
Yn gaer i'm dyn deg curwallt,-  
A'tn glod achlân a ganaf,  
Can hawddfyd hyfryd i'r haf!

### Yearning For Summer

Winterkills the branches,  
And takes the leaves from trees,  
And its bitter wind blows,  
And its bear-like roar and black ice.  
Our parlour, green around us  
Became too exposed for a while;  
The glades, once peaceful,  
Cola awhile, beset with obstacles;  
There is no shelter in a grove,  
Nor a place as of yore for me.

Genial summer, lord of the sunshine,  
My love for thee I proclaim, -  
Return to the dales  
To the ridge yonder to adorn the woods;  
Bestow trees with leaves and branches,  
And your beauty to the thicket,  
And meadowland replete with leaves  
And the chirping of May fledglings;  
Give to me light days, and a wooded hillside  
As sanctuary for my beautiful golden-haired one,  
And your praises I shall sing  
A beautiful, soothing song to the summer.

**[15] Llwyn Onn** (*harp solo*)

**The Ash Grove**

### **[16] Gyrru'r Ychen**

Ho, dere, dere'r Du,  
Mae heddiw'n fore tirion,  
Mae'r adar bach yn canu  
Yn bêr o'r gwiall irion;  
Ho, ymlaen; ho, ymlaen, ho!

Ho, dere diithau'r Glas,  
Mae heddiw des ysblennydd,  
A'r hedydd bach yn codi  
Uwch ben i'r glas wybrennydd;  
Ho ymlaen; ho, ymlaen, ho!

Ho, dere'r Du a'r Glas,  
Mae'r dalar dan y meillion,  
Cewch egwyl yno i bori,  
Ho-ho, fy hen gyfeillion;  
Ho, ymlaen; ho ymlaen, ho!

### **Driving the oxen**

Ho come, come the Black,  
Today is a gentle morning,  
The little birds are singing  
Sweetly from the green branches;  
Ho, onward ho, onward ho!

Ho, you come also the Blue,  
Today the sun shines splendidly,  
And the young lark rises  
Aloft in the blue sky;  
Ho, onward ho, onward ho!

Ho, come the Black and the Blue,  
The headland is covered in clover,  
You can rest there and graze,  
Ho, ho, my old friends;  
Ho, onward ho, onward ho!

**[17] Dafydd Y Garreg Wen** *(harp solo)*

**David Of The White Rock**

### [18] Cyfri'r Geifr

Oes gafr eto?  
Oes neb ei godro,  
Ar y creigiau geirwon  
Mae'r hen afr yn crwydro.

Gafr wen, wen, wen,  
Ie finwen, finwen, finwen,  
Foel gyffonwen, foel gyffonwen,  
Ystlys wen a chynffon.  
Wen, wen, wen.  
Las...  
Goch...  
Ddu...

### Counting the goats

Is there another goat?  
Yes, not milked,  
On the rugged rocks  
The old goat roams.

White, white, white goat  
Yes, white-lipped white-lipped white-lipped  
Bare white tail, bare white tail  
White, white, white.  
Blue...  
Red...  
Black...

### **[19a] Mae 'Nghariad I'n Fenws**

Mae 'nghariad I'n Fenws, mae 'nghariad i'n fain,  
Mae 'nghariad i'n dlysach na bloaau y drain;  
Fy nghariad yw'r lanaf a'r wyna'n y sir:  
Nid canmol yr ydwyf, ond dwedyd y gwir.

Wych eneth fach annwyl sy'n lodes mor lân,  
A'l gruddiau mor writgoch, a'i dannedd mân, mân,  
A'i dau lygad siriol, a'i dwy ael fel gwawn;  
Fy nghalon a'i carai, pe gwyddwn y cawn.

### **My Beloved is Venus**

My beloved is Venus, my beloved is slender,  
My beloved is more beautiful than wild roses;  
My beloved is the fairest and the purest in the shire:  
I do not exaggerate, but tell the truth.

A wonderful, dear girl who is a maiden so pure,  
Her cheeks so rosy and pearly, pearly teeth,  
Her two sparkling eyes and her eyebrows like gossamer;  
My heart would love her, if I knew I could have her.

### [19b] Tros Y Garreg

Fe ddaw wythnos yn yr haf,  
Gweled hen gyfeillion gaf:  
Tros y mynydd  
I Feirionydd,  
Tros y garreg acw'r af.  
Ar y mynydd wele hi,  
Draw yn pwyntio ataf fi:  
Fyny'r bryn o gam i gam,  
Gyda'm troed fy nghalon lam;  
Af ag anrheg  
Tros y garreg,  
I fy unig annwyl fam.

Fe gaf chware ar y ddôl  
Fe gaf eistedd ar y stôl  
Wrth y pentan  
Diddan, diddan  
Tros y garreg af yn ôl.  
Pan ddaw'r wythnos yn yr haf  
O mi godaf ac mi af  
Fyny'r bryn o gam i gam,  
Gyda'm troed fy nghalon lam;  
Af ag anrheg  
Tros y garreg,  
I fy unig annwyl fam.

### Over the rock

There will come a week in summer;  
I shall see old friends:  
Over the mountain  
To Meirionnydd  
Over the yonder rock I shall go.  
On the mountain I behold her;  
Yonder, beckoning to me:  
Up the slope, step by step;  
With each step my heart leaps;  
I take a gift over the rock to my mother.

I shall play in the meadow,  
I shall sit on the stool  
Beside the inglenook,  
Comfortable, comfortable,  
Over the rock I shall return.  
When that week in summer comes  
Oh, I shall arise and I shall go  
Up the slope, step by step,  
With each step my heart shall leap;  
I shall take a gift  
Over the rock  
To my beloved mother.

## **[20] Nos Galan**

Oer yw'r gŵr sy'n methu caru,  
Ffa la la la la la la la  
Hen fynyddoedd annwyl Cymru,  
Ffa la la etc.  
Iddo ef a'u câr gynhesaf,  
Ffa la la etc.  
Gwyliau llawen flwyddyn nesaf,  
Ffa la la etc.

I'r helbulus oer yw'r biliau,  
Sydd yn dyfod yn y Gwyliau,  
Gwrando bregeth mewn un pennill,  
Byth na waria fwy na'th ennill.

Oer yw'r eira ar Eryri,  
Er bod gwrthban gwlanen arni,  
Oer yw'r bobol na ofalan',  
Gwrad a'i gilydd ar Nos Galan!

## **New Year's Eve**

Hard-hearted is the man who doesn't love  
Ffa la la la la la la la  
The dear old mountains of Wales.  
Ffa la la etc.  
To him who loves them most dearly,  
Ffa la la etc.  
A joyful festival next year.  
Ffa la la etc.

To the troubled, cheerless are the bills  
That come during the festival.  
Listen to a sermon in one stanza,  
Never spend more than you earn.

Cold is the snow on Snowdonia,  
Although covered by a blanket.  
Cheerless are the people who do not care  
To gather together on New Year's Eve!

© 1991 Sybil Bevan

**[www.ClaudioRecords.com](http://www.ClaudioRecords.com)**