

Original Welsh

**Word-for-word Translation
(trans. Wade Dowdell)**

**Poetic Translation
(trans. Louis Flint
Ceci)**

Ellis Evans (Hedd Wyn)
1887 - 1917

Rhyfel (War)

Gwae fi fy myw mewn
oes mor ddreng,
 A Duw ar drai ar
orwel pell;
O'i ôl mae dyn, yn
deyrn a gwreng,
 Yn codi ei
awdurdod hell.

Pan deimlodd fyned
ymaith Dduw
 Cyfododd gledd i
ladd ei frawd;
Mae sŵn yr ymladd
ar ein clyw,
 A'i gysgod ar
fythynnod tlawd.

Mae'r hen delynnau
genid gynt
 Ynghrog ar
gangau'r helyg
draw,
A gwaedd y bechgyn
lond y gwynt,
 A'u gwaed yn
gymysg efo'r glaw.

Woe is me that I live in an age
so boorish*,
 And God at ebb on a distant
horizon;
After him, man, (both) lord and
commoner,
 Raising his ugly authority.

When he felt God's going away
 He raised a sword to kill his
brother;
The sound of battle is on our
ear,
 And its shadow on poor
cottages.

The old harps that were played
before are
 Suspended on the branches of
yonder willows,
And the scream of the boys
filling the wind,
 And their blood mixed with the
rain.

*perverse/churlish/peevish/morose

Alas, this is an
age so mean
 That everyman is
made a Lord,
 For all
authority's absurd
When God himself
fades from the
scene.

As quick as God is
shown the door
 Out come the
cannons and the
sword:
 Hate on hate on
brother poured
And scored the
deepest on the
poor.

The harps that once
could help our pain
 Hang silent, to
the willows pinned.
 The cry of battle
fills the wind
And blood of lads--
it falls like rain.

Hen Wlad fy Nhadau

(Land of my Fathers)

Cymraeg

**Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion enwogion o fri
Ei gwrol ryfelwr, gwlad garwyr tra mad
Tros 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**

English:

Land of my Fathers, O land of the free,
A land of poets and minstrels, famed men.
Her brave warriors, patriots much blessed,
It was for freedom that they lost their blood.

Wales! Wales!,
I am devoted to my country.
So long as the sea is a wall to this fair beautiful land,
May the ancient language remain.

Mi glywaf dyner lais

Mi glywaf dyner lais
Yn galw arnaf fi
I ddod a golchi 'meiau i gyd
Yn afon Calfari.

Arglwydd, dyma fi
Ar dy alwad di,
Canna f'enaid yn y gwaed
A gaed ar Galfari.

I hear a gentle voice
Calling to me
To come and wash all my faults
In the river of Calvary.

Lord, here I am
At thy call,
Bleach my soul in the blood
Which flowed on Calvary.

Yr Eneth gad ei Gwrthod

Welsh ballade:

Geiriau:

Ar lan hen afon Ddyfrdwy ddofn,
eisteddai glan forwynig
gan ddistaw sisial wrthi ei hun;
"Gadawyd fi yn unig
heb gar na chyfaill yn y byd,
na chartref chwaith i fynd iddo.
Drws tŷ fy nhad sydd wedi'i gloi,
'rwy'n wrthodedig heno."

"Ti frithyll bach, sy'n chwarae'n llon
yn nyfroedd glan yr afon.
Mae gennyt ti gyfeillion fyrdd
a noddfa rhag gelynon.
Cei fyw a marw dan y dŵr,
a neb yn dy nabod.
O! na chawn innau fel tydi
gael marw, a dyna ddarfod."

Y bore trannoeth cafwyd hi
yn nyfroedd glan yr afon
a darn o bapur yn ei llaw
ac arno'r ymadroddion,
"Gwnewch i mi fedd mewn unig fan
na chodwch faen na chofnod
i nodi'r fan lle gorwedd llwch
Yr Eneth gadd ei Gwrthod."

"O, gwnewch i mi fedd mewn unig fan
na chodwch faen na chofnod
i nodi'r fan lle gorwedd llwch
Yr Eneth gadd ei Gwrthod."

English Translation/Lyrics:

By Dyfrdwy's deep river bank,
a fair maid sat lamenting
and with a mournful air whispered to herself;
"I am left alone,
without a lover or friend in the world,
or a home to go to.
My father's doors to me are closed,
tonight I am an outcast."

"Thou little trout, that merrily play'st
amidst waters of the river.
Thou hast thy friends in millions more,
and from enemies, a shelter.
Thou'lt live and die 'neath waters clear,
to shame shalt be a stranger.
O! would that I were like to thee;
to die - and sleep forever."

Next morning she was found
floating upon the river
and grasped in her fingers damp and chill
they found a hasty letter,
"Make my grave in some lone spot,
where I in peace may rest in,
raise there no stone to mark the grave
of the Rejected Maiden."

"Oh, make my grave in some lone spot,
where I in peace may rest in,
raise there no stone to mark the grave
of the Rejected Maiden."

Meic Stevens

(1942-)

La la, la la la la la, la la la la la la

O, mi wena'r haul yn y pwell glo

Oh, the sun is shining in the coal mine

Beth am botel o gwrw?

How about a bottle of beer?

O, mae gennai bres, ond mae'r mwg a tes

Oh, I've got money, but the smoke and haze

Yn troi pob un yn feddw

Is turning everyone woozy

Mor unig ar y llinyn tyn

So lonely on the taut line

Yn troedio'r eangderau

Treading the vastness

O, dim ond fi a'r brawd Houdini'n

Oh, only me and Houdini's brother

Cerdded lan i'r nefoedd

Walking up to the heavens

La la, la la la la la, la la la la la la (X2)

O, 'roedd y nos mor ddu ac mae brenin y dall

Oh, the night was so black and the king of the blind

Yn crawcian yn y bore

Is croaking in the morning

O, y dewin dwl ar y teleffon

Oh, the dim wizard on the telephone

Yn ceisio neud ei orau

Trying to do his best

A minau'n methu gweld tu fewn

And me who cannot see inside

Neu mas o'r byd a'i chwerthin

Or out of the world and its laughter

O, dim ond fi a'r brawd Houdini'n

Oh, only me and Houdini's brother

Cerdded lan i'r nefoedd

Walking up to the heavens

La la, la la la la la, la la la la la la (X6)

