

**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 delynau  
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 pwll 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