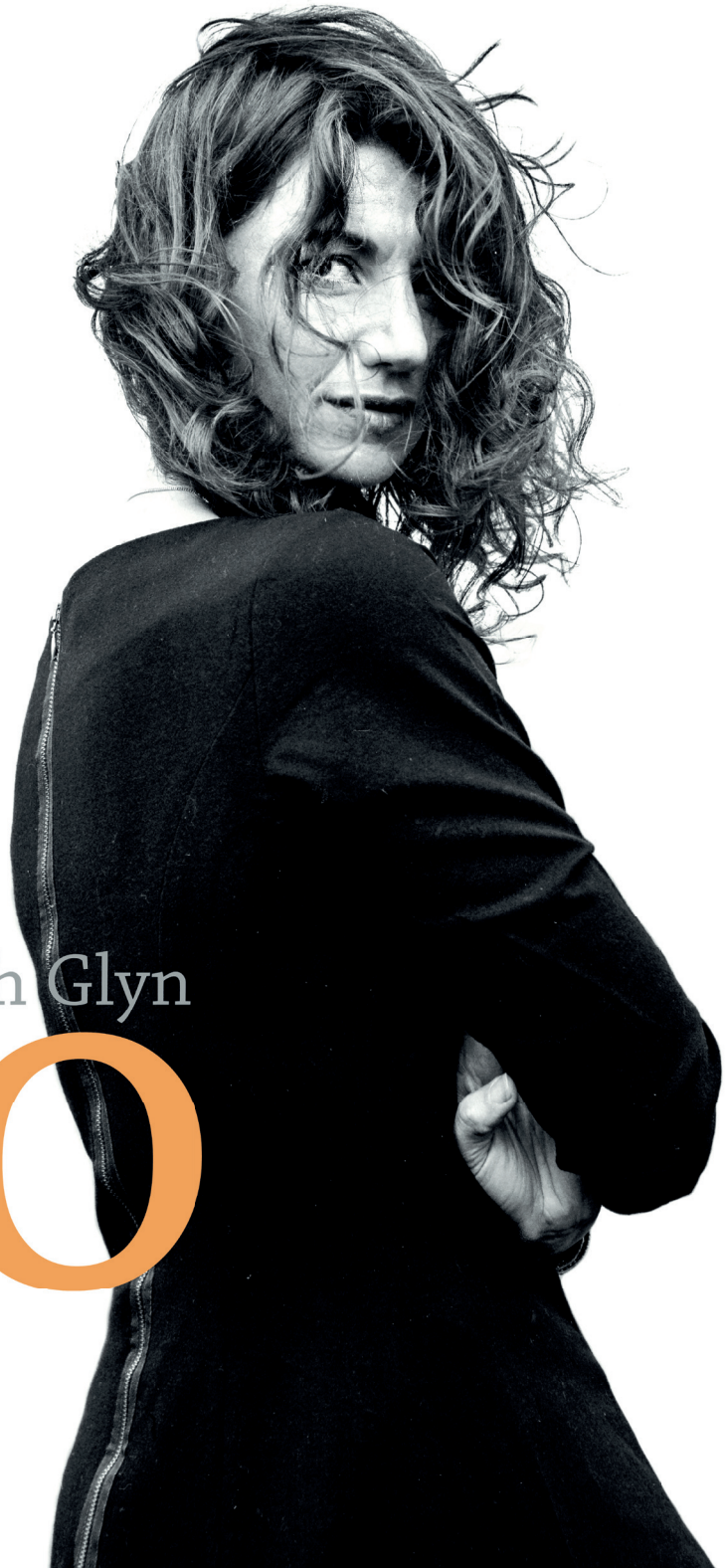
Tracks notes and translations
Noddiadaur dracs a chyfiethiadau



Tro

Gwyneth Glyn

@ Andy Morgan

1/ Tanau (2.56)

Fires

Fuo'r diwrnod byrra' erioed mor hir;
a'r dydd ar ei ddua' mi glywa'i'n glir.
A'r ddaear ar ei dalla' mi wela'i'n iawn
drwy'r t'wyllwch tu allan y tanau tu mewn.

The shortest day has never been so long;
the day is at its blackest but I hear clearly.
The earth is at its blindest but I can see plainly
through the darkness outside the fires within.

Fuo'r nos erioed yn aros mor hir am y wawr,
na'r fagddu am fore a'i wlith ar lawr,
na'r gaea' am wanwyn, na'r gwanwyn am yr ha',
na finnau am rywun sy'n fy nabod i'n dda.

The night has never waited so long for the dawn,
nor the dark for morning with its dew on the ground,
nor winter for spring, nor spring for summer,
nor I for someone who knows me well.

Fesul cam ceiliog heb siw na miw
mae'r dydd yn ymestyn dros doeau di-liw
fel breichiau dau gariad sy'n clywed yn iawn
drwy'r dwndwr tu allan y tannau tu mewn.

Step by step and silently
the day lengthens over grey roofs
like the arms of lovers who hear clearly
through the hubbub outside the strings within.

"

Rydw i wastad wedi rhyfeddu at y modd mae'r dydd yn ymestyn a byrhau dros dreigl y tymhorau. Mae 'na rywbeth gwefreiddiol yn y ffordd y mae hynny'n digwydd yn hollol annorfod - ac eto heb inni sylwi - fel syrthio mewn cariad.

I've always been fascinated by the way the day lengthens and shortens in tune with the changing seasons. There's something thrilling about the inevitability of that shift - which happens without us noticing it - like falling in love.

"

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

Voice/Guitar — **Gwyneth Glyn**
Bansitar — **Rowan Rheingans**
Electric Bass — **Dylan Fowler**

2/ Cân y cŵn (3.53)

The song of the dogs

Mi gyfra' i bob chwa o wynt
a phob un don fach wen
a'r trenau'n t'ranu ar eu hynt
a'r plu o dan fy mhen
a sŵn y cŵn yn cyfarth,
ond wneith hyn ddim unrhyw les;
mae cwsg 'di mynd yn ddiarth
ers i rywun ddod yn nes.

I'll count every breath of wind
and every little white wave
and the trains thundering on their way
and the feathers under my head
and the sound of the dogs barking,
but it will do no good;
sleep is a stranger
since someone has come closer.

Mae 'na dwrw drwm yn gwmni
i guriad y gân fach hon;
swn dy enw'n curo
yn dyner dan fy mron.

There's the noise of a drum
in the beat of this little song;
the sound of your name beating
gently in my breast.

Mi gyfra'i'r oriau meidrol,
pob munud hardd a hyll,
pob eiliad wag, dragwyddol
tan i'r golau droi yn wyll
a tan i lenni'r t'wyllwch gau
ar lygaid dall y dydd,
tan y caiff ein cyrff ni'n dau
siarad yn rhydd.

I'll count the mortal hours,
every fair and foul minute,
every empty, everlasting second
until the light turns to dusk
until the curtains of the dark close
on the blind eyes of the day,
until our bodies can speak freely.

Mae 'na dwrw drwm yn gwmni...
There's the noise of a drum...

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Bu bron i mi alw'r gân yma'n 'Insomnia'! Mae hi am y synau y mae rhywun yn eu clywed yn yr oriau mân pan na fedr gysgu, a phan nad yw eisiau cysgu.

I almost called this track 'Insomnia'! It's about the sounds you hear in the early hours of the morning when you can't fall sleep, and you don't want to fall asleep.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Guitar/Kantele	**Dylan Fowler**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Drums	**Mark O'Connor**
Violin	**Patrick Rimes**
Viol	**Gillian Stevens**

3/ Cwlwm (3.47)

Knot

Ni welaf yn fy mreuddwyd i ond gwely mawr digwilydd
ac ar y gwely rydan ni yn gwlwm yn ein gilydd.

I can see nothing in my dream but a big brazen bed,
and on the bed are you and I entwined.

Ni welaf yn fy mreuddwyd i ond lonydd dirifedi
a phob un yn fy arwain i i'r llannerch yn y llwyni.

I can see nothing in my dream but numberless roads,
each one leading me to the clearing in the groves.

Aderyn yn y bore glas a gwlith ar ei adenydd
a'i dafod aur yn codi ias yn llannerch y llawenydd.

A bird in the blue morning with dew on his wings
and his golden tongue sending a thrill through the clearing of joy.

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Twm Morys / Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Un diwrnod, anfonodd rhywun bennill ata' i. Mi anfonais innau un yn ôl. Ac yna, yn nes ymlaen, mi ysgrifennon ni bennill efo'n gilydd.

One day, someone wrote me a verse. I sent one back. And then, after a while, we wrote one together.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Drums	**Mark O'Connor**
Tabwrth	**Dylan Fowler**
Kora	**Seckou Keita**

4/ Ffair (3.50)

Fair (A translation of 'She moves through the fair' - Trad.)

Meddai 'nghariad wrtha' i: "Fydd fy Mam na 'Nhad
yn malio'r un botwm am dlodi dy stâd."
A mi roth ei law arna'i a deud wrtha' i:
"Cyn bo hir mi ddaw dydd ein glân briodas ni."

My love said to me: "My mother and my father
will not care a button that you are poor."
And he put his hand on me and said:
"Before long it will be our wedding day."

A dyma fo'n 'madal a symud drwy'r ffair
a finnau'n ei wylio heb yngan 'run gair,
a mi droth o am adra' dan un seren dlos
fel alarch yn hwylio hyd ddyfroedd y nos.

And then he left and moved through the fair,
and I watched him without a word,
and he turned homewards under one lovely star
like a swan sailing over the waters of the night.

A neithiwr daeth ata'i i gadw'r oed,
a mor dawel y daeth o, ni chlywn sŵn ei droed,
a mi roth ei law arna'i a deud wrtha' i:
"Cyn bo hir mi ddaw dydd ein glân briodas ni."

And last night he came to keep his tryst with me,
and so quietly did he come that I did not hear his footstep,
and he put his hand on me and said to me:
"Before long it will be our wedding day."

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Traditional, translated and adapted / Traddodiadol, wedi eu addasu gan Gwyneth Glyn*
Arrangement / threfniannau: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Mae cyfieithu cân werin fel hel mwyar duon - mae ambell un yn mynnu glynu i'r gangen; gadael llonydd i'r rheiny sydd orau. Ond mae ambell un arall yn syrthio'n rhwydd i dy law.Un felly ydi hon.

Translating a folk song is like picking blackberries - some want to cling to the branch; it's better to leave those ones alone. But others fall effortlessly into your hand. This is one of them.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Drums	**Mark O'Connor**
Tabwrth	**Dylan Fowler**
Shruti	**Dan Lawrence**

5/ Dig me a hole (3.42)

Oh dig me a hole that's dark and deep
where the wind won't blow, where the sun won't seep.
Oh dig me a hole and throw me in;
you won't stop this heart from a-wandering.

And all of their bricks and their sticks and their stones
might rattle the earth above my bones,
but out of the dark a lark will rise
and sing to the one with the sun in his eyes.

I am deaf to their rage
I am blind to their wrath
I could live on your love;
I could die on your path.

And the empire they've built on the tears of a child
won't last too long when the waters run wild,
and a great wind will set all their secrets alight,
for lies, like moths, are drawn to the light.

I am deaf to their rage
I am blind to their wrath
I could live on your love;
I could die on your path.

I could die on your path…

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Mae'r gân yma'n ddathliad o styfnigrwydd cariad. Mae rhywun yn dod wyneb-yn-wyneb â chosb, cenfigen, chwerwedd a chelwydd. Ond mae adenydd cariad yn codi rhywun uwchlaw'r pethau hynny.

This song is a celebration of love's defiance. You may be faced with retribution, jealousy, bitterness and lies. But the wings of love elevate you above and beyond those things.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Voice	**Rowan Rheingans**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Percussion	**Mark O'Connor**
Tabwrth/Mbira	**Dylan Fowler**
Violin	**Patrick Rimes**
Viol	**Gillian Stevens**
Claps	**Dilwyn Davies**
	Tamsin Davies

@ Andy Morgan

6/ Bratach Shi (3.01)

Sgubwch y sêr,
heliwch nhw i gyd i bentwr blêr
efo duwch y nos,
a rhowch nhw mewn sach efo'r lleuad dlos,
ond peidiwch da chi â chymryd y Bratach Shi
sy'n gynnas am fy 'sgwydda i.

Sweep up the stars,
shove them into an untidy pile
with the black of night,
and put them in a sack with the beautiful moon,
but don't you take the Bratach Shi
that's so warm around my shoulders.

Cymrwch bob dim;
sleifiwch nhw'n ara' neu'u cipio nhw'n chwim
yn y fan fawr wen;
y bŵts am fy nhraed a'r to uwch fy mhen,
ond peidiwch da chi â chymryd y Bratach Shi;
Fysa' waeth ichi fynd â f'einioes i.

Take everything;
sneak them away slowly, or snatch them away quickly
in the big white van;
the boots on my feet and the roof over my head,
but don't you take the Bratach Shi;
you might as well take my life.

Byddwch yn hael;
galwch fi'n bob un enw dan haul;
saethwch nhw i gyd,
y cerrig a'r hoelion a holl faw y stryd,
ond meiddiwch chi gyffwrdd y Bratach Shi,
ddaw i olchi 'nghlwyfau i.

Mi ddaw o i olchi 'nghlwyfau i.

Be generous;
call me every name under the sun;
shoot them all at me,
the stones and the nails and all the dirt of the street,
but don't you dare touch the Bratach Shi,
who will come to wash my wounds.

He will come to wash my wounds.

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Pan o'n i ar daith yn yr Alban, mi ddysgais am Am Bratach Sìth (Baner y Tylwyth Teg) a chael fy swyno gan ei chwedloniaeth. A minnau ymhell oddi cartref, mi sylweddololais mor lwcus oeddwn i, fod gen innau fy maner chwedlonol fy hun amdanaf.

When I was touring in Scotland, I learnt about Am Bratach Sìth (The Fairy Flag) and was mesmerised by its legend. Far from home, I realized how fortunate I was to have my own legendary banner wrapped around me.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Drums	**Mark O'Connor**
Lapsteel	**Dylan Fowler**
Banjo	**Rowan Rheingans**

7/ Far ago (4.02)

Far ago and long away
they say that you could hear them;
man of sorrow, child at play,
you followed though you feared them.
Pretty lady, bird of prey,
made you say I do one day;
you chased your demons far away
and they took the angels with them.

Far ago and long away
you lay in wild abandon;
now that dream has had its day
how grey the ground you stand on.
Troubadour with your troubled soul,
Oh who put the sock in the rock and roll?
They stole your song and it turned to gold
like all you lay your hand on.

Far ago and long away
we may well have been lovers,
wide awake at the break of the day
that dawned so warm above us.
Now we're distant as the sun;
the more we stare, the more we burn.
But to that time we may return
when this world is empty of us...

"

Wrth wagsymera ar y we, mi ddois i ar draws dyfyniad gan Joni Mitchell:

"Helia di'r cythreuluaid i ffwrdd, a mi ân' nhw â'r angylion efo nhw."

Mi wnaeth imi feddwl am rywun annwyl imi a driodd wneud yn union hynny.

I was idly perusing the world-wide-web when I came accross a Joni Mitchell quote:

"*Chase away the demons, and they will take the angels with them.*"

It made me think of someone dear to me who had tried to do exactly that.

"

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

Voice/Guitar **Gwyneth Glyn**
Banjo **Rowan Rheingans**

8/ Y Gnawas (3.39)

The Bitch

Pan ddes i i'r dre 'ma gynta'
ges i 'ngalw'n dywysogas;
buan newidion nhw'u cân
a 'ngalw i'n hen gnawas.

When I first came to this town,
I was called a princess;
they soon changed their tune
and called me a bitch.

Pe bawn i lle carwn fod
mi fyddwn lle nad ydw i.
Dyma fi lle mae'n rhaid imi fod;
lle carwn fod fysa' fiw imi.

If I were where I want to be
I'd be where I am not.
Here I am where I must be;
where I want to be, I cannot.

Pan ddes i i'r dre 'ma gynta'
o'n nhw'n hael efo'u gwinoedd cochion;
buan newidion nhw'u cân
a phasio'u gwydra' gweigion.

When I first came to this town,
they were generous with their red wine;
they soon changed their tune
and passed their empty glasses.

Pe bawn i lle carwn fod...
If I were where I want to be...

Mi wn i pwy dw i'n 'garu,
mi wn i pwy sy'n fy ngharu i;
mi wn i'n iawn i lle dw i'n mynd
a mi wn i pwy ddaw efo fi.

I know who I love
and I know who loves me;
I know very well where I'm going
and I know who will come with me.

Hyd lan y dyfroedd du,
ymlaen drwy niwl y nos,
syth i lawr y lôn
lle mae 'ngwynfyd i'n aros.

Along the bank of the black waters,
on through the mist of night,
straight down the road
where my joy is waiting.

Pe bawn i lle carwn fod...
If I were where I want to be...

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Traditional, arranged by / traddodiadol, wedi addasu gan Gwyneth Glyn*
Arrangement: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Mi glywais i'r gân yma am y tro cynta'n cael ei chanu gan Karen Dalton - hoff gantores Bob Dylan, mae'n debyg. Mae hi'n gân am orfod rhoi heibio coron poblogrwydd er mwyn bod yn driw i ti dy hun.

I first heard this song sung by Karen Dalton - Bob Dylan's favourite songstress, apparently. It's a song about having to give up the crown of popularity in order to be true to oneself.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Mandocello/Electric Bass	**Dylan Fowler**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Drums	**Mark O'Connor**
Viol	**Gillian Stevens**
Violin	**Patrick Rimes**
Banjo / Backing Vocals	**Rowan Rheingans**

9/ Caerdyni (3.36)

Dw i'n dal i deimlo golau'r haul
drwy ddwylo'r dail yn crynu
a'r bysedd mwyn drwy lwyn fy ngwallt
a'r dyn ar allt Caerdyni.

I can still feel the light of the sun
trembling through the hands of the leaves,
and the gentle fingers in the spinny of my hair,
and the man on Caerdyni hill.

Ma 'na greithiau yn ei lais
a chlais yn lliw ei ll'gadau
ac yng nghledar lefn ei law
mae'r glaw 'di hel ers dyddiau.

There are scars in his voice
and a bruise in the colour of his eyes,
and in the smooth palm of his hand
the rain has been collecting for days.

Ond O, mi gymer lawer oes
i gario'i groes i fyny
a llawer mwy i minnau ddallt
y dyn ar allt Caerdyni.

But, Oh, it will take many an age
to carry up his cross,
and much longer for me to understand
the man on Caerdyni hill.

O mae hi'n dda pan ddaw'r hindda'n ei hôl
dros y ddôl i ddownsio
yn droednoeth fel yr hogyn hy'
a'i draed yn ddu gan ddringo.

Oh it's good to have the fine weather back,
dancing across the field
barefoot like the headstrong boy,
his feet black from clambering.

Mi glywa'i sŵn rhyw ddrws yn cau
a ninnau'n dau yn disgyn
i wely blêr ar nos ddi-sêr
a'r wawr ym mêr ein hesgyrn.

I can hear a door closing somewhere,
as we two fall
into a tousled bed on a starless night,
the dawn in the marrow of our bones.

Ond O, mi gymer lawer oes...
But, Oh, it will take many an age...

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Caerdyni ydi enw'r allt sy'n arwain allan o Gricieth tua'r dwyrain. I mi mae hi'n symbol o adael a ffarwelio, a hefyd o gyrraedd adra'n ôl o bel-lafoedd byd. Ers i mi ddychwelyd adra i Eifionydd i fyw, i'r dre a fu'n gartref i genedlaethau o'm hynafiaid a'm hanwyliaid i, mae'r allt wedi magu arwyddocâd dyfnach, chwedlonol bron.

Caerdyni is the name of the hill leading out of Cricieth towards the east. For me it's a symbol of leaving and bidding farwell, and also of ariving back home from the ends of the earth. Since returning home to Eifionydd to live, in the town which has been home to generations of my forefathers and loved ones, the hill has taken on a deeper, almost legendary significance.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Banjo	**Rowan Rheingans**
Dobro	**Dylan Fowler**

10/ What's a girl to do? (2.56)

When the man at her feet
is beaten black and blue,
what's a girl to do?

When the boy at her breast
won't rest the whole night through,
what's a girl to do?

Sing of sunshine,
laugh a lifeline,
say your pain's mine too.
There's no fast train
through this hard rain,
and nowhere else I'd rather be than here with you.

When there's cyanide
inside the apple seed,
what's a girl to do?

Does she run away
or stay with him to bleed?
What's a girl to do?

Sing of sunshine...

"

Pan fyddwn ni'n teimlo briwiau ein cariad yr un mor ddyfn â'n rhai ni ein hunain, weithiau gall hynny fod yn ddigon i wella'r briw.

When we feel a loved one's wounds as deeply as our own, sometimes that alone is enough to heal the wound.

"

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Violin	**Rowan Rheingans**
Electric Bass	**Dylan Fowler**

11/ Os na wela'i di (4.29)

If I don't see you

Mi fydd yr haul yn dal i d'wynnu
os na wela'i di,
a'r blodau'n dal i dyfu
os na wela'i di.
Mi fydd 'na ffair a gŵyl a hwyl o hyd
a phobol glên yn llenwi'r stryd
ond pa les wneith y rhain i gyd
os na wela'i di?

The sun will go on shining
if I don't see you,
and the flowers will go on growing
if I don't see you.
There'll still be fairs and festivals and fun
and friendly people filling the street
but what good will these things do
if I don't see you?

Mi fydd yr afon yn dal i ganu
os na chlywa'i di,
a'r awel yn chwibianu
os na chlywa'i di.
Mi fydd y deryn du yn suo'i sain
wrth fynd a dod rhwng blodau'r drain,
ond pa fwyniant ddaw o'r rhain
os na chlywa'i di?

The river will go on singing
if I don't hear you,
and the wind will keep whistling
if I don't hear you.
The blackbird will sing his song
as he comes and goes among the thorn blossom,
but what delight will come of these things
if I don't hear you?

Pan fydd y gwynt yn rhuo
dros ael y mynydd mawr
a'r awyr las yn duo
a hithau'n stido i lawr;
pan fydd 'na lif ar hyd y lôn
yn chwalu'r blodau'n yfflon,
does 'na ddim all sigo'r galon hon
os y gwela'i di.

When the wind roars
over the brow of the mountain
and the blue sky darkens
and it's pouring down;
when there's a torrent along the road
battering the flowers,
there is nothing that can hurt this heart
if I see you.

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Ar ddiwrnod rhyddhau yr albwm yma (Medi'r 29ain 2017) byddai fy nhaid, Dafydd Glyn, petai o wedi cael parhau yn y fuchedd hon am ychydig flynyddoedd eto, wedi troi yn gant-ac-un oed. A dyna beth rhyfedd ydi hiraeth - nid y pellter sy'n brifo, gymaint â'r agosatrwydd y mae rhywun yn dal i'w deimlo at y sawl sydd wedi mynd.

On the day this album is released (September 29th 2017) my grandfather, Dafydd Glyn, had he been allowed to remain on this earth for a few years longer, would have turned one-hundred-and-one years old. Hiraeth is such a strange thing - it isn't so much the distance which hurts - but rather the closeness one still feels to the departed.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Violin	**Patrick Rimes**
Crwth	**Gillian Stevens**
Kantele / Electric Bass	**Dylan Fowler**

12/ Dan dy draed (3.40)

Under Your Feet

Dw i'n nabod sŵn dy droed
er na chlywis i mohono 'rioed;
mae'n fy nilyn i o stryd i stryd
fel adlais o ryw arall fyd.
O, pryd y do' i at fy nghoed?
Dw i'n nabod sŵn dy droed.

I know the sound of your footstep
though I've never heard it;
it follows me from street to street
like an echo from some other world.
Oh, when will I come to my senses?
I know the sound of your footstep.

Dw i'n nabod sŵn dy gân
fel y gwynt yn taro tarian,
adenydd glöyn byw mewn storm
yn chwilio am loches rhag ei ofn;
mae blas dy ddagrau yn fy ngwaed
a 'mreuddwydion o dan dy draed.

I know the sound of your song
like the wind striking a shield,
the wings of a butterfly in a storm
searching for a shelter from its fear;
the taste of your tears is in my blood
and my dreams are under your feet.

Dw i'n nabod sŵn ffarwél;
y nodau duon a'r odlau del,
ond boed i'r llwch fy llyncu i
cyn ffarwelia' i efo chdi,
ac wrth iti fynd i deithio'r byd
mae 'mreuddwydion o dan dy draed o hyd.

I know the sound of goodbye;
the black notes and the pretty rhymes,
but may the dust swallow me
before I say goodbye to you,
and as you go travelling the world
my dreams are always under your feet.

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Gwyneth Glyn*

"

Dw i wastad wedi dotio ar linellau W B Yeats:"I have spread my dreams under your feet; Tread softly because you tread on my dreams." *Mae'r ddelwedd yn crisialu'r modd y mae agosatrwydd yn eich gadael yn agored i niwed, yn ogystal â rhyfeddod.*

I have always adored W B Yeats' lines: *"I have spread my dreams under your feet; Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."* They seem to capture the profound vulnerability, as well as the wonder, which comes with intimacy.

"

Voice/Guitar	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Acoustic Bass	**Jordan Price-Williams**
Dobro	**Dylan Fowler**
Banjo	**Rowan Rheingans**
Viol	**Gillian Stevens**
Violin	**Patrick Rimes**

13/ Trafaeliais / Kidé-magni (5.24)

Trafaeliais y byd, ei led a'i hyd
pan oeddwn yn ifanc a ffôl.
Bydd glaswellt ar fy llwybrau i gyd
cyn delwyf i Gymru'n ôl.

I travelled the length and breadth of the world
when I was young and foolish.
There'll be grass on all my paths
before I come back to Wales.

Pe cawn yn awr adenydd y wawr
mi hedwn dros fryniau fy ngwlad
i weld y rhosod cochion mawr
ar fwthyn fy mam a 'nhad.

If I had now the wings of the dawn
I would fly over the hills of my country
to see the big red roses
on the cottage of my mother and father.

Cyn delwyf i Gymru'n ôl, fy ffrinds,
cyn delwyf i Gymru'n ôl,
O, bydd glaswellt ar fy llwybrau i gyd
cyn delwyf i Gymru'n ôl

Before I come back to Wales, my friends,
before I come back to Wales,
Oh, there'll be grass on all my paths
before I come back to Wales.

Ni choeliwn gynt a 'mhen yn y gwynt
fod baich o hiraeth mor drwm.
Cawn daflu'r baich i'r llif ar ei hynt
pe safwn ar bont y Cwm.

I didn't believe before, with my head in the wind,
that a burden of hiraeth was so heavy.
I could throw the burden into the moving stream
if I were standing on the bridge in the Valley.

Ffarwél fy Nhad, ffarwél fy Mam,
a heno rhowch follt ar y ddôr.
Ffarwél i'r eneth fach ddi-nam
sy'n wylo ar lan y môr.

Farewell, Father, farewell, Mother,
and tonight bolt the door.
Farewell to the blameless little girl
crying on the shore.

Cyn delwyf i Gymru'n ôl, fy ffrinds...

Before I come back to Wales, my friends...

Lyrics / Geiriau: *Traditional, arranged by / traddodiadol, wedi addasu gan Gwyneth Glyn*
Music / Cerddoriaeth: *Seckou Keita*

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Mi fûm i'n ddigon ffodus i gael cefnogi Seckou Keita ar ei daith '22 Strings' drwy'r ynysoedd hyn. Tra'n ymarfer yn Theatr Mwldan a gwrando ar Seckou'n chwarae ei alaw 'Tatono' mi glywais gân werin Gymreig yn fy mhen. O gyfuno'r ddwy a chwarae'r darn ar y daith, roedd yr effaith i'w deimlo'n glir. Pan mae cerddoriaeth yn mynd heibio i'r meddwl ymwybodol a chyffwrdd eich perfedd chi, rydach chi wir yn teimlo'r peth.

I had the good fortune of supporting Seckou Keita on his UK '22 Strings' tour. During rehearsals at Theatr Mwldan, listening to Seckou play his composition 'Tatono' I could hear a Welsh folk song in my head. We amalgamated them and played the piece on tour, and the effect was tangible. When music bypasses the conscious mind and moves you on such a deep level, you really feel it.

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Voice	**Gwyneth Glyn**
Kora	**Seckou Keita**
Electric Bass	**Dylan Fowler**
Drums	**Mark O'Connor**