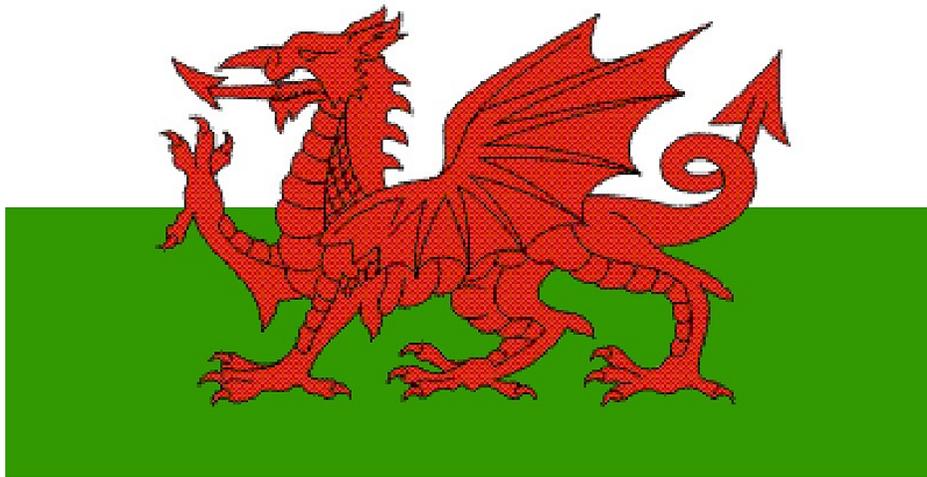


*The Lady Karen
on the occasion of her
special birthday on
Friday 16th February 2007*



*a programme
of Welsh songs
cantorion Cymraeg*

*With great affection, and
hopes for a splendid celebration
from your Welsh singers...*

Hen Wlad fy Nhadau

Land Of My Fathers

English paraphrase

*The land of my fathers is dear unto me;
Old land where minstrels are honoured and free,
It's warring defenders, so gallant and brave -
For freedom their life's blood they gave.*

*Wales! Wales! True am I to Wales.
Whilst seas secure
This land so pure;
Oh, may our old language remain.*

Hen Wlad fy Nhadau

*Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi.
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri.
Ei gwrol rhyfelwyr, gwlad garwyr tra mad.
Dros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.*

*Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad;
Tra môr yn fur,
I'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r heniaith bar hau.*

Sosban Fach - introduction

Sosban Fach (Welsh for "Little Saucepan") is a Welsh folk song that catalogues the troubles of an harassed housewife, mostly associated with the Llanelli rugby club.

The association derives from Llanelli's tin plating industry, which used to tin-plate steel saucepans and other kitchen utensils as a cheap supply to the British public. The tops of each goalpost at the Llanelli home ground are adorned with saucepans as a tribute.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

**Mary-Ann has hurt her finger,
And Dafydd the servant is not well.
The baby in the cradle is crying,
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.**

**Little Dai is a soldier,
Little Dai is a soldier,
Little Dai is a soldier,
And his shirt tail is hanging out.**

**Mary-Ann's finger has got better,
And Dafydd the servant is in his grave;
The baby in the cradle has grown up,
And the cat is 'asleep in peace'.
A little saucepan is boiling on the fire,
A big saucepan is boiling on the floor,
And the cat has scratched little Johnny.**

Sosban Fach (1 of 2)

Oooo-Oo-Oooo, (p)
Oooo-Oo-Oooo, (<)
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo, (mf)
Ooo-oooo-oooo-oooo. (>)

*Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach.*

**Mae bys Mari-Ann wedi brifo
A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach.
Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio,
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach.**

*Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach.*

Sosban Fach (2 of 2)

Oooo-Oo-Oooo, (p)
Oooo-Oo-Oooo, (<)
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo, (mf)
Ooo-oooo-oooo-oooo. (>)

**Mae bys Mari-Ann wedi gwella,
A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd;
Mae'r baban yn y crud wedi tyfu,
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd. Sosban
fach yn berwi ar y tân
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach.**

Oooo-Oo-Oooo, (p)
Oooo-Oo-Oooo, (<)
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo, (mf)
Ooo-oooo-oooo-oooo. (>)

**Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach. (rit)**

Ar Hyd y Nos - All Through the Night

*While the moon her watch is keeping,
All through the night.*

*While the weary world is sleeping,
All through the night.*

*O'er thy bosom gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night. Through the night.*

*Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant,
Ar hyd y nos.*

*Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant,
Ar hyd y nos;*

*Golau arall yw tywyllwch,
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch;
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch,
Ar hyd y nos. Ar hyd y nos.*

(optional verse)

*O! Mor siriol gwena'r seren,
Ar hyd y nos.*

*I oleuo'i chwaer ddaearen,
Ar hyd y nos.*

*Nos yw henaint pan ddaw cystudd,
Ond i harddu dyn a'i hwyrddydd
Rhown ein golau gwan i'n gilydd,
Ar hyd y nos. Ar hyd y nos.*

Myfanwy

Myfanwy, daughter of the Norman Earl of Arundel, is the most beautiful woman in Powys, but she's vain and likes nothing better than to be told how beautiful she is.

Many men come to Dinas Bran to court her, but she'll have nothing to do with them, even if they are rich and handsome because they are not able to compose and sing poems that reflect the depth of her beauty.

Only one man, Hywel ap Einion, a penniless young bard who lives in the valley below the castle, has the talent to satisfy Myfanwy.

Hywel is in love with her, and one day he plucks up the courage to climb up the hill to the castle with his harp, to sing and play to her.

He's allowed in to play for her, and while he's playing and complimenting her on her beauty she can neither listen nor look at any other man. Because of this Hywel believes that she has fallen in love with him.

But his hopes are dashed when a richer, more handsome and more eloquent lover comes along. Hywel, discarded and quickly forgotten by Myfanwy wanders through the forests composing a poem to his lost love:

*Far from Myfanwy's marble towers
I pass my solitary hours
O thou shinest like the sky,
Behold thy faithful Hywel die!*

Myfanwy

Paham mae dicter, O Myfanwy
Yn llenwi'th lygaid duon di?
A'th ruddiau tirion, O Myfanwy
Heb wrido wrth fy ngweled i?
Pa le mae'r wen oedd ar dy wefus
Fu'n cynnau 'nghariad ffyddlon ffôl?
Pa le mae sain dy eiriau melys
Fu'n denu'n nghalon ar dy ôl?

Oh, have I hurt you so, Myfanwy,
That you should feel such pain for me?
Please think of days when we were happy,
Even though those days were oh, so few.
I know I've been so wrong, Myfanwy,
But through it all, I loved you so.
Forgive me now, for all my sins,
Speak words of love, before you go.

Myfanwy boed yr holl o'th fywyd
Dan heulwen ddisglair canol dydd
A boed i rosyn gwridog ienctid
I ddawnsio ganwaith ar dy rudd.
Anghofiais oll o'th addewidion
A wnest i rywun, 'ngeneth ddel
A rho dy law, Myfanwy dirion
I ddim ond dweud y gair "Ffarwel".

*Penblwydd Hapis
Happy Birthday*

**Penblwydd hapus i chwi
Penblwydd hapus i chwi
Penblwydd hapus annwyl Karen
Penblwydd hapus i chwi**

A reasonable approximation is

**Penblith happis i chi
Penblith happis i chi
Penblith happis anwill Karen
Penblith happis i chi**

(With a hard "th" as in "with",

*and the "ch" having the Gaelic pronunciation,
as in "loch")*

(Thank-you to Ian Saunders for the suggestion)

We'll keep a welcome

*Far away a voice is calling,
Bells of memory chime,
Come home again, come home again,
They call through the oceans of time.*

*We'll keep a welcome in the hillside,
We'll keep a welcome in the glen.
This land you knew will still be singing
When you come home sweet home again.*

*There'll be a friendly voice to guide you
On your return we'll always pray.
We'll kiss away each hour of longing
When you come home again someday.*

*We'll keep a welcome in the hillside,
We'll keep a welcome in the vales.
This land you knew will still be singing
When you come home again to Wales.*

*This land of song will keep a welcome
And with a love that never fails,
We'll kiss away each hour of hiraeth
When you come home again to Wales.
We'll kiss away each hour of hiraeth
When you come home again to Wales.*