



# Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau



Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,  
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;  
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra môd,  
Tros 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 barhau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,  
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;  
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si  
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.

Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,  
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,  
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,  
Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,  
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,  
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,  
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,  
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.



# Land Of My Fathers



*N.B. This is a literal translation to give a feeling of the meaning of the song. It doesn't rhyme or fit in with the tune.*

This land of my fathers is dear to me  
Land of poets and singers, and people of stature  
Her brave warriors, fine patriots  
Shed their blood for freedom

Land! Land! I am true to my land!  
As long as the sea serves as a wall for this pure, dear land  
May the language endure for ever.

Old land of the mountains, paradise of the poets,  
Every valley, every cliff a beauty guards;  
Through love of my country, enchanting voices will be  
Her streams and rivers to me.

Land! Land! I am true to my land!  
As long as the sea serves as a wall for this pure, dear land  
May the language endure for ever.

Though the enemy have trampled my country underfoot,  
The old language of the Welsh knows no retreat,  
The spirit is not hindered by the treacherous hand  
Nor silenced the sweet harp of my land.

Land! Land! I am true to my land!  
As long as the sea serves as a wall for this pure, dear land  
May the language endure for ever.