

Rhwng y Llygru a'r Glasu

Song Translations

SBENSH

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GAI TOMS

Bloeddio drwy hanner Canŵ *Wailing Through Half a Canoe*

I'm not a politician, councillor, scientist
But pull the ropes to same sail
Sailor not Captain, Chick not Duck
But prefer to follow the unexpected

I'm not the one who's gonna save the world
It's up to all of us
So here's my effort, here's my scream and go...

Wailing through half a canoe!

Balad yr Atgyfodiad *The Resurrection Ballad*

Don't ask me what the meaning of this life is,
I'll live my life and tell you later
In hell, heaven or somewhere in between
Maybe I'll come back as an eagle

If I come back as the sky king,
I'd fly over valley's and mountains
Over wild wild seas, over beauty over ugly
A then see the truth in the world.

My wing are my weapons,
So don't shoot up towards me.

Don't ask me what is good what is bad,
Don't ask me what's the truth
If I go overboard, into the deep sea
I might come back as a whale.

If I come back as the ocean king,
I'd swim through the worlds waters,
Through salty sea water, through oil and the waste,
And then see the truth where I go.

My fins are my weapons,
So don't shoot down on me.

Don't tell me who I should be following,
Don't tell me who's right
If I get bitten by the jaws of authority
Like a Lion, I'd bite back

And rip the greedy to little shreds
And keep the wise and the good,
If I die having kept to my principles
I'd sleep all through eternity.

Our weapons are our fists,
So put your gun down and fight like a man
Our weapons are our heads
So Mr Chancellor, where's all the tax?
Our weapons are our hearts,
So don't pour the blood over our hands.

Llosgi *Burn*

I'm not a hippy or an environmentalist
I was a baby and I'll be an old man.
But way things are going, I don't think I'll reach old age
This world is burning and we are all a part of it
Tribes of the world, like bread in the sun
But we seem to be happy just a burning dry leaves.

Burn, Burn!
This place is like a grill and no one seems to care
Is there a God shouting, "Burn burn burn!"?
I don't spent much time in a laboratory
But like the idea of a greener life,
But people hassles, keep taking the piss,
Because that is not on the norm list
China needs coal re-open the coal mine
We seem to be happy in the darkness!

I'm not standing on an Ecover soap box,
I'm just angry that I'm one of Thatcher's children,
We can't choose the age we live in,
But a time machine would be handy to change the course of God
Then there might be less prejudice and violence
But we seem to piss on our panty hoses!

Cardotyn *Tramp*

Everyone hassles him, takes the piss
He means no harm, he just lives his life
They say that he used to work, no one's sure
They say it was something to do with water and electricity

He was either an engineer in a power station in Norway,
Or a lecturer in Physics, who lost it all.

It's twilight, it's colder now, he gob's before sleeping,
And burn's only old wood in the fire.

In the morning he wakes up to aeroplane sounds
To a circus of lorries and a carnival of cars
Through windows he sees today's news
The same old stories cloaked by religion

He gets drunk, he sings, the police come and takes him away
They take him away from the street where worse things happen

Er Mwyn Ein Parhad*For Our Survival*

For our survival, we must evolve the mind
 And maybe pull the selfish gene out of it all
 Evolve from the monkey who's hooked on motoring oil
 Evolve from the human who's hooked on fucking
 And gives birth to all the children who thinks of no one but themselves.

For our survival, we must grasp the reigns
 Re-think about the fuel of aeroplanes
 Forget about the bargain to the Mediteranean
 To forget about the work obsessed society, the taxes and Britain
 And evaluate the true effect of leisure

For our survival, we must live sustainably
 Recycle everything, a chicken shed full of laying
 Live off the land, plant and pray
 Live off the land, they won't grow in Tesco
 It's everyones soil, not a playground for property

For our survival, we might need to re-learn the skills
 Like sparking a fire with hay and twigs
 Hunt, fish, knit and gallop
 Gather blackberries and bake our own bread
 Build your own house, and live like Grizzly Adams

For our survival, must we murder?
 Must we pull out the passion in revolutions?
 Brainwash the masses like the American Dream?
 Brainwash the masses to eat foul food?
 "God's on your side, here, have another burger!"

For our survival, must we destroy?
 Ecosystems and stop the breathing?
 Dig out the resources, kill rare species
 Dig out material for the powers that be
 And turn the indigenous to slaves on their own lands

For our survival, must I continue?
 Or are we all with our eyes closed?
 We know we don't live in an utopian world
 But we do know that the ice is melting
 I'm not trying to upset you, just singin for the book of scientists.

Repeat 1st verse.

Melas*Yellue*

Instrumental.

Heddiw*Today*

Today, I walked down the old place were I used to live
 And memories came back into my chest
 Today, Is it me? Am I blind? Or has things gone?
 The good people, everyone knowing everyone.

Today, as I walked down, no one smiled, or said " Hello
 how are you?"
 Just strangers, made me feel like a ghost.
 Today, the houses are for sale, or they're empty, weeds
 growing everywhere
 Has the pride gone? No one seems to care.

Today, the village shop is closed, and stuff in the window
 has faded
 If you want bread you have to drive far to town
 Today, the free fields has been stolen, you can't play no more
 A barb wire fence, keeps you out.
 Today, there's not much Welsh being spoken, on the yard
 it's not in the wind
 The awareness has gone, like rare species
 Today, the elders have gone, and in their place – aliens
 The chapel is empty, it's gone to hell.

Today, I saw a friends face, said helo, but no one's home
 He's far away, scratching his arms for a sub
 Today, there's not much work, and nightlife is ok I suppose
 And the old local councillors are still self-important.

Today, if there's no change, change the crap, wipe the slate
 clean
 I'm not going to move back , there's no ambition here
 Therefore, for today, I must catch the train, back to the
 army, to hot country
 Kiss my mother, I'll leave the door open.

Cymeryd fy Llaw*Take my Hand*

I used to know a girl, really cute
 First time I met her she was walking down Bute
 Ding dong horny, Cardiff honey
 'You can have all of me but I haven't got money'
 She looked at me, stunned, and refused to take my hand.

Then I had a girl from Manchester
 Hair black, straight as direct
 Ding dong lovely, United or City?
 'To tell the truth I don't really care about your team'
 She looked at me, stunned, and refused to take my hand.

I ventured under the sea to France
 Wine so cheap I slept on a bench
 Ding dong Mama, what am i doing here?
 'Est ce que je peut coucher avec toi ce soir?'
 She looked at me, stunned, and refused to take my hand.

Somehow I foun dmy way to Rennes
 Rue St Michel was flowinf into my head
 Ding dong doo, her name was Ju Ju
 She wanted Cocla Cola, but I bought her local beer,
 She looked at me, stunned, and refused to take my hand

On the ferry back to Cornwall, I met Fran
 I was moidering her about starting up a farm
 Ding dong dah! This is becoming hugely annoying
 She's hooked on microwave meals, she can't eat healthy
 I looked at her, stunned, and refused to take her hand.

Back home, I met the one for me,
 Material life is not her scene,
 Ding dong dada, I've landed on my feet
 'Let's have babies and start revolutions'
 She looked at me, stunned, and refused to take my hand.

Un Gwch *One Boat*

No-one really controls us, magic circles in space
The old ball just turns and turns, somewhere in the Milky Way
Are there neighbours watching us? Laughing at the whole mess?
They can't believe their eyes, cause were all on the same boat.

**And on this boat there are individuals, who pulls aginst the wind
and the rain**

Brainwashing people while starving people in the leaves and mud

I try my best, to see the light

But people quarrel na na na na na

Elements are stronger than all cliques

If were the one's to care, lead and rule
Why do some people refuse to read between the lines?
Do they know that were paying taxes? But still we are confused.
We just can't believe the mess, cause were all on the same boat.

Ffoaduriaid Norfolk *Norfolk Refugees*

Their land is under the sea, they're looking for high ground
I see them from here, through my binoculars
They look quite waek, they're searching for somewhere
Their clothes are raggy, they have no money

And here we are, with a smallholding, turbine in the garden
Solars on the roof, and a horse instead of a car
Aber Glaslyn* makes sense now, come in
There is space for you here

Welcome, help your selves
I hope you like potato and swede
We'r sorry to hear about the destruction of your home
This melting ice is a hell of a thing

Female voice – "They don't understand you!"

English verse

Their children they frowned when they saw our food
Their Mother was shocked to see how our children were so free
Material family, to much decadance
Discipline has gone, out of their minds

So who's the nutters? Them or us?
And who has gone against the flow?
I'm not standing on my box because it holds my compost
To grow my beautiful potatos.

*Mouth of the river Glaslyn. Since the building of the cob in
Porthmadog, the estuary doesn't reach Aber Glaslyn anymore. In the
song, the sea overflows the cob and the name makes sense again.

Fy Mab *My Son*

Go on that horse, go over the hill
And go over the mountain till you reach a lake
There you'll find fish, the best in the country
Remember to leave plenty left my son
Go to the scrap yard, go in the night
Remember to wind the torch before you reach the stream.
There you'll find material to fix the house
Remember not to take it all my son.

**We're low on power, the wind hasn't blown
My leg it hurts too much to plough the land
Tell me straight, tell me right
Am I putting to much pressure on you my son?**

Go into the drawer, there are pictures in the back
The sides are burnt, none are in order
This is my Dad, your Grandad my son
That's an aeroplane in the background
Look in the silver envelope
There's a picture I haven't seen since the 3rd world war
There's my heart, a picture of your mother
You're old enough to understand now my son

Go on that horse and fetch a doctor my friend
My coughing is worse than ever before, it won't go
My condition is bad, I'm in such a state
Don't fight a nuclear war like I did my son

Rhwng y Llygru a'r Glasu *Between the 'ages' of Pollution and Green Ideology*

Between pollution and the 'greening', a lot of people seems to frown,
What so special about human existence then?
Between warming and cooling, a lot seems of people seems to spit,
On efforts made to help the cause.

**We know that were short on rope,
And the anchor's falling down
Like lead from the big sky
Ready to pull the whole thing down.**

**We must deal with the truth, long term
Before a life of Soylent Green and Techno fantasy
Rain clouds and sun will come,
Plant a seed in the dirt,
And the wind will blow the windmill blades.**

Between politics and anarchy, there must be hope,
Or are the 'powers that be' all mutes?
Between nothing and everything, there's something there every day
Today's the day for us my friend.

Jam Jynk *Junk Jam*

Instumental

