

Nana Mouskouri, The Ash Grove (Llwyn On)

Yn Nyffryn Llwyn Onn draw mi welais hardd feinwen
A minnau'n hamddena 'rol byw ar y don;
Gwyn ewyn y lli oedd ei gwisg, a disgleirwen
A'r glasfor oedd llygaid Gwen harddaf Llwyn Onn.
A ninnau'n rhodiana drwy'r lonydd i'r banna,
Sibrydem i'n gilydd gyfrinach byd serch;
A phan ddaeth hi'n adeg ffarwelio a'r wiwdeg,
Roedd tannau fy nghalon yng ngofal y ferch.

(Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander
When twilight is fading I pensively rove;
Or at the bright moontide in solitude wander,
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove;
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one the joy of my heart!
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.)
Cyn dychwel i borthladd wynebwn y tonnau,
Ond hyfryd yw'r hafan 'rol dicter y don;
Bydd melys anghofio her greulon y creigiau--
Un felly o'wn innau 'rol cyrraedd Llwyn Onn.
A thawel mordwyo wnaif mwyach a Gwenno
Yn llong fach ein bwthyn a hi wrth y llyw;
A hon fydd yr hafan ddiogel a chryno
I'r morwr a'i Wenno tra byddwn ni byw.

(Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of Nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love!
Ye echoes! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.")