

Barddair an Cheoil

Matilda Kirk Méabh ní Bheaglaich Meic Llewellyn Osian Morris Padraig Jack Róisín Sheehy

Lirici

Geiriau

Lyrics

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Padraig Jack

Song 1: Oíche Gheal

Literal translation: 'Moonlit Night'

Phonetic: 'ee-heh-gal'

1st verse of my Gaelic version:

Ar oíche gheal, i mo luí sa leaba
Ar oíche gheal, i mbrionglóid fíor
chualas rothaí carr, ag imeacht uaim san oíche
Agus tar éis me dhúiseacht, bhí tú imithe uaim

Full lyrics of Sean Tyrrell's version in English: *One starry night as I lay sleeping,
One starry night, as I lay on my bed;
I dreamed I heard wagon wheels a-creaking.
When I awoke my love had fled.*

*And it's many's the mile with you I've travelled
And many's the hour, love, with you I've spent.
I dreamed you were my own love forever,
But now I find, love, that you were only lent.*

*I'll search the highways and I'll search the byways,
I'll search the burreens and camping places too.
I will enquire of all our people
Have they time or tidings or sight of you?*

*I'm oft-times drunk; tonight I'm sober,
A constant rover from town to town;
And when I'm dead and my travelling's over,
O Molly ban a storin, come and lay me down.*

*One starry night as I lay sleeping,
One starry night, as I lay on my bed;
I dreamed I heard wagon wheels a-creaking.
When I awoke my love had fled.*

Song 2: i bhFostú sa bhFiántas

Literal translation: 'Lost in the Wilderness'

Phonetic: 'ih-wass-thuh-suh-vee-on-thas'

I have released an English language version of this song called 'Can't Find My Way Home'. This is a song inspired by a sea tragedy on a stormy night off the coast of Connemara. It is sung from the perspective of a skipper trapped inside the cabin during a storm.

Meic Llewellyn

Gylfinir

Curlew

Côf hanner anghofiedig, crychdon wrth y brwyn.

Deilen sych yn chwythu ar y cerrig o dan y llwyn.

'Dw i dy glywed galw yn y cyfnos a'r wawr,

Ond dim ond ym mreuddwydion ga i dy weld di nawr.

Adlais pôr byddet ti cyn hir, adlewyrchiad mwyn?

A memory half-forgotten, a ripple among the reeds/ A dry leaf blown along the stones below the wood/

I hear you calling in the dusk and early dawn/ But only in my dreams do I ever see you now/

Are you just an echo now, a reflection soon to fade?

Cân y gwyddau gwyllt

Song of the wild geese

Ni yw adenydd y storwm,

Y lleisiau yn y gwynt,

Cysgodion eira sy'n tywyllu'r byd,

Plu eira sy'n llenwi'r dydd.

Ni sy'n dychryn y cymylau

Yn gwawdio'r copaon,

Yn troedio'r gwyntoedd oddi tanom.

Ni yw'r clogwyni sy'n tyrru

Ar bob traeth llwyd,

Ni yw'r ewyn sy'n chwythu

o'r tonnau fel ffrwyd.

Marchfilwyr O'Neill,
Llychlynwyr y lluwchwynt,
Yn chwilio'r byd am ryddid
Ysbrydion gwyllt y gwynt.

We're the wings of the storm/ The voices in the wind./ Snow clouds that darken the world/ Snowflakes that fill the day./ We bully the clouds/ We mock the mountain peaks/We tread the winds beneath us./ We're the boulders crowding/ On every grey beach/ We're the foam that blows. From the waves like an explosion./ We're O'Neill's cavalry, The Vikings of the storm/ Searching the world for freedom/ Wild spirits of the wind.

Note: 'O'Neill's Cavalry' refers to the Gaelic chieftans and their retainers, the "Wild Geese" who fled Ireland in the early seventeenth century as English colonisation and military occupation began to seem irrevocable. Many took service with the King of France, beginning a tradition of Irish contingents in the French army that lasted till Napoleon's time.

Róisín Sheehy

Macallaí - Echoes

D'fhógair crotaigh do chách

Go raibh stoirm á réabadh aneas

Bhailíodar chucu cipíní

's duilleoga bháite

Ag cosaint a hál sicíní

Mhúscail m'anam ag éisteacht

Lena gceol siorraí

Á chartadh thar na tonnta

Go grinneall na cruinne

's ar ais arís.

Curlews forecasted to the masses

A storm is brewing from the south

They gathered up twigs

And damp leaves

Protecting their cluster of chicks

It elevated my soul

To hear their eternal music

Carting over waves

To the core of the earth

And back again.

Méabh Ní Bheaglaoidh

Glaoch an Chúirliúin (The Curlew's Call)

A chara na mara ca'il tú ' imeacht uainn?
Tá'n fraoch a fuaradh is do nead suite go huaigheach,
Agus ceol do mhacalla a chloisimid go deo.

Cúrfá: Cúr lí x4

Tá barra na haille a' sileadh deor dhuit,
's an fear sínte sa bhfarraige
a' taidhreamh ar d'fhilleadh,
is le héirí na gréine éist lenár nglaoch

[Notes: - The English below is a rough translation.

"The man who lays in the sea" refers to one of the Blasket Islands off the coast of West Kerry called
"The Sleeping Giant"]

Dearest friend of the sea, where are you going from us?

The heather is growing cold as your nest,
it lonely rests,

And the music of your echo we shall hear forever.

Chorus: Coor lee x4

The clifftop is shedding tears for you

And the man who lays in the sea

is dreaming of your return

And as the sun rises, hear our call.

Matilda Kirk

Can 1: Yr Afon – the river

Dilyn yr afon
Gadael y flwch, mae fy nghalon a'r môr ar agor
Mae'r cwsg yma'n hyfryd
Yn y byd yn fy mhen rwy'n gallu
Dilyn yr afon

Nid 'jyst' am y daith ond am y teimlad
Dŵr ar fy nhraed, yr awyr a'r haul yn fy ngwallt

Dwi'n canu i'r 'stafell 'ma
Sy'n llawn breuddwydion ond nid llawer arall
Dwi'n canu i'r dagrau 'ma
Sy'n rhedeg tra dwi'n sefyll yn llonydd
Llygaid yn cau

A rwy'n dilyn yr afon
Gadael y flwch, mae fy nghalon a'r môr ar agor
Mae'r cwsg yma'n hyfryd
Yn y byd yn fy mhen rwy'n gallu
Dilyn yr afon
Ymlaen ag ymlaen ag ymlaen
Dianc o'r byd mor hyll

Mae trachwant dynol yn dod yn uwch
Mae cân yr adar yn dawelu
Dwi'n gweiddi yn fy meddwl
Ond mae pawb yn cadw'n dawel
Rydyn ni i gyd eisiau 'wneud gwahaniaeth
Ond mae'n rhaid i fi ffeindio fy llais
Stopio'r byd
I gyd

A rwy'n dilyn yr afon
Gadael y flwch
Mae fy nghalon a'r môr ar agor

English translation

Follow the river/ Leave this space, my heart and the ocean are open/
My sleeping is lovely/ In the world in my mind I can/
Follow the river

Not just for the journey but for the feeling/ Water on my feet, the sky and the warmth in my hair/
This song's for this room, full of dreams but empty of anything else/
This song's for my tears that run while I stand still/
And close my eyes

And I follow the river/ Leave this space, my heart and the ocean are open/
My sleeping is lovely/ In the world in my mind I can
Follow the river
Along and along and along/ Away from this ugly world

Human greed is getting louder as the birdsong's getting quiet/
I'm screaming in my mind but the world is saying nothing/
We all want to make a difference but I have to find my voice/
Stop the world/ Stop it all/ And let me
Follow the river/
Leave this space, my heart and the ocean are open

Can 2: Yn fy mreuddwyd

Weithiau dwi'm yn cysgu
Achos weithiau yn fy mreuddwyd
Dwi'n gorfod dy wneud yn anhapus

Dwi eitha' ofn y dywyllwch
Dwi'n hoffi gwybod be' 'sy o'm blaen
Mae gen i ofn o fod yn uchel iawn uwchben y llawr
Ond byddwn i'n dringo mynydd yn y nôs
Er mwyn dy wên

Weithiau dwi'm yn cysgu
Achos weithiau yn fy mreuddwyd
Dwi'n gorfod dy gwneud yn anhapus

Dwi wedi dy garu di am flynyddoedd
Rydyn ni 'di mynd drwy gormod i rhoi mewn un cân

Mae gen i ofn o dy golli, bydd y byd yn stopio troi
Ond byddwn i'n troi rownd a cerdded ffwrdd
Er mwyn dy wên

Weithiau dwi'm yn cysgu
Achos weithiau yn fy mreuddwyd
Dwi'n gorfod dy wneud yn anhapus
A pob tro dwi'n codi
Dwi'n anghofio'r breuddwyd
A dwi'n trio dy gwneud yn hapus
Treulio fy mywyd yn dy gwneud yn hapus

English translation

**Sometimes I can't sleep
Because sometimes in my dreams I have to make you unhappy**

**I'm pretty scared of the darkness
I like to know what's ahead
I'm afraid of being high up from the ground
But I would climb a mountain in the night
For your smile**

**Sometimes I can't sleep
Because sometimes in my dreams I have to make you unhappy**

**I have loved you for a lifetime
We've been through too much for one song
I'm afraid of losing you, because the world would cease to turn
But I would turn around and walk away
For your smile**

**Sometimes I can't sleep
Because sometimes in my dreams I have to make you unhappy
And every time I wake
I forget the dream
But I try to make you happy
Spend my life trying to make you happy**

Osian Morris

Pegi bîg hir

(Peggy long nose - the curlew)

I ble yr est i? Yr aderyn prin,
I ble yr est i? Yr aderyn prin,
Dy chwiban sy'n atgof ar y gwynt.

Cwn Ebrill cwn Ebrill,
Ble mae dy nyth?
Cwn Ebrill cwn Ebrill,
Ble mae dy nyth?
Ebrill aeth heibio heb ru'n chwib.

CYTGAN - chorus.

Meddwl am, honno efo'l chrymanbîg,
Pegi, tyd yn ôl i dy ucheldir,
O am hiraeth, am honno efo'l chrymanbîg,
Pegi, tyd a chân fach cwrlig iddyn ni.

Pegi bîg hir, ble wyt ti nawr?
Pegi bîg hir, ble wyt ti nawr?
Ydi'r bugail di gadael chdi lawr?

Arhosaf am hir, am Gylfinir,
Arhosaf am hir, am Gylfinir,
Ma'i lawr yn y morfa, ond ddim yn y ffridd.

Bydd ysgafndroed
(Brightness will come)

Diffoth y golau, A tania ganwyll,
Dyma'r cyfle olaf, I achub ein byd.
Cym mond be wyt ti angen, dim dafnyn mwy,
Mae'r hinsawdd yn gwegian, o dan yr holl nwy.

CYTGAN - chorus.

Bydd yn ysgafn droed, bydd yn ysgafn droed,
Heb gadael hoel, bydd yn ysgafn droed.

Pa werth yw arian, heb bysgod yn y môr,
A fydd natur yn anghof, os mae dyn yw'r broblem,
Beth am newid y drefn, datrys cyn ini ddrengi.

Mae'n werth gwerthuso, be wyt ti eisiau,
I fyw yn fodlon,
Ein oes ni, yw'r oes i arafu,
Gwerthfawrogi'r pethau bychain.