

# MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

## THREE WELSH FOLK SONGS

These songs show how important horses were to the lives of people before cars and motorways.

They also show ordinary people's feeling about having to work in the fields, and what they ate.

### Y MARCH GLAS

Gen i farch glas, a hwnnw'n towli,  
'does dim o'i fath yn sir Aberteifi.

*Cytgan:*

*Ffal a rwdl didl dal, Ffal a rwdl didl dal,  
Ffal a rw, ho, ho! Ffal a rw, ho, ho!  
Ffal a rwdl didl dal.*

Gen i gyfrwy newy' o groen ochr mochyn,  
ffrwyn dwbwl reins, a gwarthol a sbardun.

*(Cytgan)*

Gen i het silc o siop Aberhonddu,  
'phrisiwn i fawr roi sofren amdani.

*(Cytgan)*

Gen i gôt fain o waith teiliwr Llunden,  
stitshoi'n dynn oboiti fy nghefn.

*(Cytgan)*

*'Mae gen i Farch Glas' available on CD by Vri, 'Islais a Genir' Bendigedig, 2023*

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## Y MARCH GLAS

### English Translation

I've got a grey mare, who pulls a cart  
There's not another like her in Cardiganshire!

I've got a new saddle made from pigskin  
Reins with a double bit, and stirrups with spurs

I've got a silk hat from a shop in Brecon  
It was dear, I gave a sovereign for it!

I've got a big coat from a London tailor  
Stitched tightly around my back.

# MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

## AR Y BRYN MAE CASEG FELEN

Ar y bryn mae caseg felen,  
O na bawn i ar ei chefen

*Cytgan: Fal da li dal dal i rei dei do*

O na chawn i bâr o adenydd,  
Hedfan wnawn i pan fo'r awydd.

O na bawn i fel yr wylan,  
Hedfan wnawn i'r môn fy hunan,

Fe fyddwn rhydd fel hydd i rhedeg,  
Onod yn y shafftie mae y gaseg.

On waeth i mi hab â siarad,  
Rhaid i mi aros hefo'r arad.

English Translation:

On the hill is the yellow mare  
O! that I were on her back!

## AR Y BRYN MAE CASEG FELEN

English translation:

O that I had a pair of wings  
I would fly whenever I wished

O that I was like the seagull  
I would fly to the soul of man

I'd be free like the hind to run  
But in the shafts is a mare

I'd just better stop talking  
I've got to stay here with the plough.

*Ar y Bryn mae Caseg Felen' available on CD by Vri, 'Islais a Genir' Bendigedig,  
2023*

# MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

## CÂN Y CATHREINIWR

Mi ges i ngwadd i swper  
Gan wr bonheddig hawddgar  
A chael neidr wedi'i lladd  
A phedair gwadd, a wiwer!  
Ma-hw!

Mi ges i ngwadd i ginio  
I gael winwns wedi'u stiwoo  
Bara haid fel rhisgyl coed  
Ni ches i erioed well groeso!  
Ma-hw!

Tri pheth sy'n dda gan hogyn  
Yw gwraig y tŷ yn chwerthin  
Crochan bach yn berwi'n ffrwd  
A llond y bol o bwdin!  
Ma-hw!

Tri peth sy'n gas a lletwith  
Yw hwch â iwc mewn gwenith  
Atgor gwan yn torri tôn  
A phac o gryddion llawchwith!  
Ma-hw!

Tri pheth anhawdd ei nabod  
Dyn, derwen a diwrnod –  
Mae'r pren y gou, a'r dydd yn troi,  
A dyn sy'n ddau-wynebog -  
Ma-hw!

*'Cân y Cathreiniwr' available on CD 'Blas y Pridd', Plethyn, Sain, 1979*

# MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

## **CÂN Y CATHREINIWR**

English translation:

I was invited to supper  
By a pleasant gentleman  
I had prepared snake  
And four moles, and a squirrel!  
Ma-hoo!

I was invited to dinner,  
I had stewed onions  
Barley bread like tree bark  
I never had a better welcome!  
Ma-hoo!

Three things a chap likes:  
The woman of the house laughing,  
A little pot bubbling away,  
And a bellyful of pudding!  
Ma-hoo!

Three things that are nasty and hateful,  
Are a sow under yoke in the wheat,  
A blunt scythe to cut the crop,  
And a pack of clumsy cobblers.  
Ma-hoo!

Three things difficult to know  
Man, oak tree and day:  
The tree is hollow, the day turns,  
And man is a deceiver  
Ma-hoo!