

Bryn Fon Songs

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1. Y Gan Gymraeg - The Welsh Song

Singer: Bryn Fon

O'r chwe degau daeth y gri i ysgwyd ein gwlad
fach ni.

Canu protest ddaeth i'r bri, cofnod o'ch
dicter chi.

Ond toedd y gwrthrych ddim yn dallt
ddim un gair o'r gan.

[Cytgan:]

*O pam! Pam dwi'n mynnu hogi
crafangau'r ddraig?*

*O pam! Pam trafferthu canu'r gan Gymraeg?
Yn Gymraeg, ie, Cymraeg...*

Wedi malu llwyth o seins,
cyngerdd "Cymdeithas yr Iaith",
gwalltiau gwirion a gitars, canu am winllan a
chraith.

Ond beth oedd pwrpas pregethu wrth y rhai sy'n
dalld?

[Cytgan:]

*O pam! Pam dwi'n mynnu hogi
crafangau'r ddraig?*

*O pam! Pam trafferthu canu'r gan Gymraeg?
Yn Gymraeg, ie, Cymraeg...*

Ond sut ma cyfleu anfodlonrwydd cenedl?
Sut mae deud ych deud pan does neb
yn dalld?

(Canu'r gan Gymraeg...)

This bit is in English so you can understand,
that we're a different nation, we are a different
band!

This bit is in English so you can understand,
that we're a different nation, we are a different
band!

Understand, different band, take my hand...

From the sixties came the cry to shake our little
country.

Singing protest became the trend, a record of
your anger.

But the object didn't understand
any word of the song.

[Chorus:]

*Oh why! Why do I insist on sharpening the
dragon's talons?*

*Oh why! Why bother singing the Welsh song?
In Welsh, yeah, Welsh...*

Having destroyed loads of signs,
"Cymdeithas yr Iaith" concert,
silly hairs and guitars, singing about vineyards and
scars.

But what was the point in preaching to those who
understand?

[Chorus:]

*Oh why! Why do I insist on sharpening the
dragon's talons?*

*Oh why! Why bother singing the Welsh song?
In Welsh, yeah, Welsh...*

But how do you convey the discontent of a nation?
How can you say your say when nobody
understands?

(Singing the Welsh song...)

This bit is in English so you can understand,
that we're a different nation, we are a different
band.

This bit is in English so you can understand,
that we're a different nation, we are a different
band.

Understand, different band, take my hand...

2. Abacus

Singer: Bryn Fon

Ti'n gadael i mi gredu bo gyn ti ddim diddordeb
Wedyn cynnig cysur, y cysur mwyaf glandag
Fethishi ymateb, mae'n rhaid mod i yn ddwl
Ond roeddet ti 'di chwarae' fo Abacus
fy meddwl.

You allow me to believe that you're not interested
Then offer me solace, such unfeeling solace
I did not respond - I must be a fool
But you had messed around with the abacus in
my mind.

Ti'n gadael i mi greu y broblem o ddau un
Wedyn cynnig ateb, dy ateb di dy hun
Fedrai'm cael fy mhen rownd
y sym anhygoel hon
Ti chwalu'r Abacus, Abacus
fy nghalon

You allow me to believe this two-one problem
Then you offer an answer, your own answer
I can't get my mind around
this complex equation
You've demolished the Abacus, the Abacus
in my heart

[CYTGAN:]
Mae un ag un yn ddau a chdi a fo 'di rheiny
Dwi'n cyfri dim i chdi - yr un odd sydd
ddim yn rhannu
Ond cerddais lawr y bryn yn rhannu
fy mreuddwydion
Yn tynnu gwallt fy mhen
Tynnu gwallt fy mhen
A chyfri fy mendithion.

[CHORUS:]
One and one is two and that is you and him
I mean nothing to you - that odd number that
doesn't divide
I walked down the hill, sharing
my dreams
Pulling the hair from my head
Pulling the hair from my head
And counting my blessings.

Ti'n gadael i mi feddwl fod rhywbeth yn y gwynt
Ond gwn yn mer fy esgyrn - ddaw'r ateb
ddim ynghynt
Ti'n cynnig rhif dy ffon fel
mathemateg pur
A'r cwbl dwi angen ydi'r ateb i fy nghur.

You allow me to think that something's in the wind
But I know in my bones that the answer
won't come soon
You offer your phone number like
pure mathematics
And the only thing I need is the answer to my ache.

Ti'n gadael i mi fynd efo cusan ar fy moch
'Di'r gawn ni rywbyrd eto jysd
ddim yn canu cloch
Y batri aeth yn fflat yn y gyfrifiannell hon
Ti di chwalu'r Abacus, Abacus
fy nghalon.

You allow me to leave with a kiss on my cheek
The "well meet again soon" just
doesn't ring a bell
The battery went dead in this calculator
You've demolished the Abacus, the Abacus
in my heart.

[CYTGAN]
[Ailadroddwch bedair gwaith]
Un dau tri
Mam yn dal y pry
Pry wedi marw
Mam yn crio'n arw

[CHORUS]
[Repeat four times]
One two three
Mum catches the fly
When the fly is dead
Mum cries bitterly

[CYTGAN] x 2

[CHORUS] x 2

3. Dim Mynadd - Can't be Bothered

Singer: Bryn Fon

Oni 'di meddwl achub y byd
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Dod a'r cenedloedd oll ynghyd
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Banio rhyfel, poen a trais,
sortio llanast yr yank a'r sais,
byth rhy hwyr i godi pais
ond sgin i'm mynadd!

Oni am drwsio'r 'ozone layer'
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Stopio pawb rhag llygru'r ddaear
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Gneud fel yn yr oesoedd gynt,
troi peiriannau hefo gwynt,
gyrru llygredd ar ei hynt
ond sgin i'm mynadd!

[Cytgan:]

Na, na, na, na, na, na
sgin i'm mynadd!
Na, na, na, na, na, na
sgin i'm mynadd!

Oni am frwydro dros yr iaith
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Mynd a'r band ar daith
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Canu 'protests songs' yn groch,
cael fy arestio gan y moch,
hyn i gyd cyn chwech o' gloch
ond sgin i'm mynadd!

[Cytgan]

Dwi am godi o fy ngwely,
mae 'na raglen ar y teli
sydd yn trafod problem 'apathy'.

O dyna problem fawr ein hoes ni, (wel hynny
ag S4C)
ond fel ddwedodd Ems bach lawer gwaith
o mlaen i,
'Sgin i'm math o fynadd!'

Oni am sgwennu can i chdi
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Deud bo fi'n dy garu di
ond sgin i'm mynadd.
Odlu' a threigliada'
i ddatgan fy nheimlada'.
Fedrai'm ffeindio'r geiriau,
sgin i'm mynadd!

[Cytgan]

I thought about saving the world
but I can't be bothered.
Bring the all nations together
but I can't be bothered.
Ban war, pain and violence
sort out the mess of the yank and the Englishman,
never too late to lift an underskirt
but I can't be bothered!

I was going to fix the ozone layer
but I can't be bothered.
Stop everyone from polluting the earth
but I can't be bothered.
Do things like the ages before,
turn machinery with wind,
send pollution on its way
but I can't be bothered!

[Chorus:]

No, no, no, no, no, no
I can't be bothered!
No, no, no, no, no, no
I can't be bothered!

I was going to battle over the language
but I can't be bothered.
Take the band on tour
but I can't be bothered.
Sing protest songs at the top of my voice,
and be arrested by the pigs,
and all of this before six
but I can't be bothered!

[Chorus]

I'm going to get out of my bed,
there's a programme on the telly
that discusses the problem of apathy.

Oh that's the great problem of our time, (well that
and S4C)
but like old Ems said many times
before me,
'I just can't be bothered!'

I was going to write a song for you
but I can't be bothered.
Tell you that I love you
but I can't be bothered.
Rhymes and mutations
to declare my feelings.
I can't find the words,
I can't be bothered!

[Chorus]

4. Un Funud Fach - One Small Minute

Singer: Bryn Fon

Weithiau dwi'n deffro'n flin fel tincer
ag edrych ar fy hun.
A'i hwn yw y dyn oni isho bod?
Yn taflu llwch i lygaid cariad cyn
rhedeg ffwrdd mewn ofn.
A'i hyn yw y ffordd i fyw fy oes?

Hyn dwi'n ofyn -

[Cytgan:]

*Un funud fach, gad mi drïo ffeindio'n nhraed,
mi dreia i esbonio pam all carrag ddim rhoi
gwaed (ddim rhoi gwaed).*

*Un funud fach, gad mi drïo ffeindio'n nhraed,
mi dreia i esbonio pam alla carrag ddim
rhoi gwaed.*

Serch y boen, serch yr ymladd di-ben-draw,
peth rhyfadd oedd, oni'n meddwl dy fot ti'n deall.

[Cytgan:]

*Un funud fach, gad mi drïo ffeindio'n nhraed,
mi dreia i esbonio cyn fod petha'n mynd yn waeth
(mynd yn waeth).*

*Un funud fach, gad mi drïo ffeindio'n nhraed,
mi dreia i esbonio pam alla carrag ddim
rhoi gwaed.*

[Cytgan:]

*Un funud fach, gad mi drïo ffeindio'n nhraed,
mi dreia i esbonio pam fod petha'n mynd yn
waeth (mynd yn waeth).*

*Un funud fach, gad mi drïo ffeindio'n nhraed,
mi dreia i esbonio pam alla carrag ddim
rhoi gwaed.*

Sometimes I wake up as angry as a tinker
and take a look at myself.
Is this the man that I wanted to be?
Throwing dust into the eyes of love before
running away in fear.
Is this the way to live my life?

This is what I'm asking --

[Chorus:]

*One small minute, let me try and find my feet,
I'll try to explain why a stone can't give blood
(can't give blood).*

*One small minute, let me try and find my feet,
I'll try to explain why a stone can't
give blood.*

Despite the pain, despite the never-ending fighting,
the strange thing is, I thought that you understood.

[Chorus:]

*One small minute, let me try and find my feet,
I'll try to explain before things get worse
(get worse).*

*One small minute, let me try and find my feet,
I'll try to explain why a stone can't
give blood.*

[Chorus:]

*One small minute, let me try and find my feet,
I'll try to explain why things are getting worse
(getting worse).*

*One small minute, let me try and find my feet,
I'll try to explain why a stone can't
give blood*

5. Ceidwad y Goleudy - Lighthouse Keeper

Singer: Bryn Fon

Wrth gwrs fe gei di gerdded ar hyd fy llwybr,
Cei fynd lle y mynni ar fy nhir.
Wrth gwrs fe gei di gasglu
mlodau harddaf,
Dim ond i ti addo dweud y gwir.
Wrth gwrs fe gei di gerdded i fy mwthyn,
Cei gynna' y tan a hwylio'r te.
Wrth gwrs fe gei di groeso ar fy aelwyd,
Dim ond i ti esbonio be' 'di be.

[Cytgan:]

*Dyma gan a achubwyd o donnau
y moroedd
Fe'i gwelwyd yno'n boddi gan
geidwad y goleudy
Fe'i clywodd yn gweiddi 'A wnei di fachub i?'
Can a oedd yn llithro rhwng muriau llaith
anghofio
Ceidwad y goleudy ydwyf i.*

[Cytgan:]

*Dyma gan a achubwyd o donnau
y moroedd
Fe'i gwelwyd yno'n boddi gan
geidwad y goleudy
Fe'i clywodd yn gweiddi 'A wnei di fachub i?'
Can a oedd yn llithro rhwng muriau llaith
anghofio
Ceidwad y goleudy ydwyf i.*

Wrth gwrs fe gei di weddi wrth fy allor
Rhoddaf glustiau fy Nuw yn eiddo i ti
Wrth gwrs cei fedyddio dy blant
yn nwr fy ffynon
Dim ond i ti ddysgu ngharu i

[Cytgan:]

*Dyma gan a achubwyd o donnau
y moroedd
Fe'i gwelwyd yno'n boddi gan
geidwad y goleudy
Fe'i clywodd yn gweiddi 'A wnei di fachub i?'
Can a oedd yn llithro rhwng muriau llaith
anghofio
Ceidwad y goleudy ydwyf i.
Ceidwad y goleudy ydwyf i.*

Of course you may walk upon my path
You may go where you wish on my land.
Of course you may gather my
most beautiful flowers,
Only if you promise to tell the truth.
Of course you may walk to my cottage,
You may light the fire and sail the sea
Of course you'll be welcome by the hearth,
Only if you explain everything.

[Chorus:]

*Here's a song that was rescued from the waves
of the sea
She was seen there drowning, by the
lighthouse keeper
He heard her crying 'Will you rescue me?'
A song that was slipping between the wet walls of
forgetting
I am the lighthouse keeper...*

[Chorus:]

*Here's a song that was rescued from the waves
of the sea
She was seen there drowning, by the
lighthouse keeper
He heard her crying 'Will you rescue me?'
A song that was slipping between the wet walls of
forgetting
I am the lighthouse keeper...*

Of course you may pray by my altar
I will give the ears of my God to you
Of course you may christen your children
in the waters of my spring
Only if you learn to love me.

[Chorus:]

*Here's a song that was rescued from the waves
of the sea
She was seen there drowning, by the
lighthouse keeper
He heard her crying 'Will you rescue me?'
A song that was slipping between the wet walls of
forgetting
I am the lighthouse keeper...
I am the lighthouse keeper...*

6. Y Bardd o Montreal - The Bard from Montreal

Singer: Bryn Fon

Mae o yma o'm mlaen i rwan
Yn barddoni lle bu bocsio
A'r ddinas yn dathlu milflwydd
A'r iddew yn canu y croeso
"I remember you well, at the Chelsea hotel"
Mae o'n deud ei ddweud heb wenu
Lady Midnight Man a'r Hippie
O na, dwi wedi anghofio
Gwna ditha r'un fath y lembo
"Oh, I remember you well, at the Chelsea hotel"

[CYTGAN:]

*Cofio ei eiriau di-droi nol
Janis a'r bardd o Montreal
Cofio ei eiriau di-droi nol
Janis a'r bardd o Montreal
I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel...*

Mae o yma o'm mlaen i rwan
Yn canu lle bu cwffio
Dulyn yn dathlu hefo fo
Yr iddew a gafodd y croeso
"I remember you well, at the Chelsea hotel"

[CYTGAN:]

*Cofio ei eiriau di-droi nol
Janis a'r bardd o Montreal
Cofio ei eiriau di-droi nol
Janis a'r bardd o Montreal
I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel...*

*Cofio ei eiriau di-droi nol
Janis a'r bardd o Montreal
Cofio ei eiriau di-droi nol
Janis a'r bardd o Montreal
I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel...*
Yes I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel
Oh, at the Chelsea Hotel
Oh, at the Chelsea Hotel

He's here in front of me now
Composing poetry where once was boxing
And the city celebrating a millennium
And the Jew sings the welcome
"I remember you well, at the Chelsea hotel"
He says his say without smiling
Lady Midnight Man and the Hippie
Oh no, I've forgotten
You do the same, you fool
"Oh, I remember you well, at the Chelsea hotel"

[CHORUS:]

*Remember his words, no turning back
Janis and the poet from Montreal
Remember his words, no turning back
Janis and the poet from Montreal
I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel...*

He's here in front of me now
Singing where once was fighting
Dublin celebrates with him
The Jew who received the welcome
"I remember you well, at the Chelsea hotel"

[CHORUS:]

*Remember his words, no turning back
Janis and the poet from Montreal
Remember his words, no turning back
Janis and the poet from Montreal
I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel...*

*Remember his words, no turning back
Janis and the poet from Montreal
Remember his words, no turning back
Janis and the poet from Montreal
I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel...*
Yes I remember you well, at the Chelsea Hotel
Oh, at the Chelsea Hotel
Oh, at the Chelsea Hotel

7. Rebel Wicend - Weekend Rebel

Singer: Bryn Fon

Mae'n cyrraedd ei swyddfa yn gynnar bob bore
Yn cario ei friffces ecsetiwtf bach.

"Bore da, Mistar Eliot" a "Diolch
yn fawr Rachel,
A chofiwch, dim siwgwr, trio cadw yn iach."
Ac mae'n eistedd fel sowldiwr o flaen
ei brosesydd
A phob pin a phapur a ffeil yn eu lle,
Ac am bump mae o'n ol tu ol i
lyw'r BMW
Yn gyrru am adre ar gyrion y dre.

Bob nos wrth droi'r goriad mae'n gweiddi,
"dwi adre.

Sut ddiwrnod ges ti a be sy 'na i dde?"

Ac ar garreg yr aelwyd

mae'i slipars yn c'nesu

Ac arogl cartref yn llenwi y lle.

Ond ar nos Wener daw adre a hongian
ei siwt

A newid i'r hen denims cul,
Hongian modrwyau trwy'r tyllau'n ei glustiau
A chuddio y rasal tan yn hwyr ar nos Sul.

[Cytgan:]

*A dyna chi fo, yn rebal wicend go iawn,
Hefo'i stic-on tatw a'i dun baco herbal
yn llawn.*

*Yn rebal wicend o'i gorun i'w draed
Ac ysbryd gwrthryfel yn berwi 'mhob diferyn
o'i waed.*

Ac ar bnawn Sadwrn mewn denims a lledar,
Crys T heb lewys a'i wallt o yn saim,
Mae'n mynd draw i'r dafarn i siarad a'r rocars,
I yfed Jack Daniels yn lle lagyr a laim.
Ac ar ol yfed digon mae'r gitar yn dod allan
Ac mae o'n canu y blws a thrio swnio yn ddu.
Son am drallodion genod ysgol yn disgwyl.
Mae o'n teimlo fel deryn ac ymddwyn fel ci.

[Cytgan]

Amser cinio dydd Sul mae o'n ol yn y dafarn
Yn yfed ei hochor o ddeuddeg tan dri,
Yn siarad yn ddwfn am genod a wisgi
A phob ystum o'i eiddo yn dweud 'ylwch fi'.
Ond gyda'r nos, cyn gwyllo Hel Straeon,
Mae o ar goll ym mybly bath, digon siwr.
Mae'r metamorffosis drosodd am
wythnos fach arall
Pan mae'r rebal yn mynd lawr y plyg gyda'r dwr.

[Cytgan]

Ac ar fore dydd Llun mae o'n ol yn y swyddfa
A'r cris yn ei drowses yn finiog fel bled.
Mae'r rebal wicend yn edrych o'i gwmpas
Ac yn sylweddoli ei fod o ym medd.

He arrives in his office early each morning
And carries his little executive briefcase.

"Good morning, Mister Eliot" and "Thank you
very much Rachel,
And remember, no sugar, trying to stay healthy."
He sits like a soldier in front of
his processor
With each pin and paper and file in their place,
And at five he's back behind the
BMW's steering wheel
Driving back home on the outskirts of town.

Each night as he turns the key he yells,
"I'm home.

How was your day and what is there for tea?"

And on the stone of the fireplace

his slippers are warming

And the smell of home filling the place.

But on Friday night he comes home and hangs
his suit

And changes to the old narrow denims,
He hangs rings through the holes in his ears
And hides the razor until late on Sunday night.

[Chorus:]

*And there he is, a real weekend rebel,
With his stick-on tattoo and his herbal tobacco tin
filled.*

*A weekend rebel from his crown to toe
And the spirit of rebellion boiling in each drop
of his blood.*

And on a Saturday afternoon in denims and leather,
A sleeveless T-Shirt and his hair full of grease,
He goes down to the tavern to talk with the rockers,
To drink Jack Daniels instead of lime and lager.
And after drinking enough the guitar comes out
And he sings the blues and tries to sound black.
Discusses the woes of pregnant school girls.
He feels like a bird and acts like a dog.

[Chorus]

At lunch time on Sunday he's back in the tavern
And drinks from twelve until three,
He talks deeply about girls and whiskey
And each motion of his says 'look at me'.
But by night time, before watching 'Hel Straeon',
He's lost in the bubbles of the bath, most likely.
The metamorphosis is over for
another small week
When the rebel goes down the plug with the water.

[Chorus]

And on Monday morning he's back in the office,
And the crease in his trouser is as sharp as a blade.
The Weekend Rebel looks around him
And realizes that he's in a grave.