

We will all sing Calon lân at 1.30 p.m. so please take this sheet with you. There are also two protest songs. The first, by John Hughes and the second by Sonya Smith. They will be singing these and other songs as we arrive, so please join in Sonya's song and the refrain to John's (to his own tune).

Calon lân

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân:
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lân.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu-
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Hedyn buan ganddo sydd;
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd.

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Gwyd i'r nef ar edyn cân
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad,
Roddi i mi galon lân.

In the Green Hills Far Away

(To the tune of the House of the Rising Sun)
There are some green hills far away,
That's what Westminster said,
The Welsh Assembly Government
Can put Turbines there instead.

The people there won't stop us
We can desecrate the land,
They're sleepy and they're passive
Heads buried in the sand.

But the green hills are all trembling
Voices raised throughout the land,
There saying the Politicians
Have their heads deep in the sand.

All the power companies
Will be shaken to the core
We'll stop this industrialisation
We refuse to be ignored.

In green hills not so far away
People no longer still
Are stopping the vandalism
Of the valleys and the hills.

We'll save them for our nation,
We'll stop these monstrous plans,
There'll be no desecration
Of this green and pleasant land.

Born in a Welsh Valley

I was born in a sweet Welsh valley
A land so green and free
The river flows down through here
On its way down to the sea.

*Down the hilltops trees and laughter
Wildflowers dancing in the breeze
In the meadow sheep and cattle
In peace and harmony.*

I grew up we raised a family
Four children on the farm
How they loved the peace and freedom
And a home that's safe and warm.

Will we now take Judas' shilling
From the power companies
As they sword our greatest treasure
And our valley's dignity.

Men of Trefaldwyn Wake from Slumber
Gather loved ones close to hand
We must march en mass to Cardiff
We must save our precious land.

*Ry'n ni yma o hyd, x2
Er gwaetha pawb a phopeth, x3
Ry'n ni yma o hyd, x2
Er gwaetha pawb a phopeth, x3
Ry'n ni yma o hyd.*