



**NODIADAU CANEUON A GEIRIAU  
GAN GWYNETH GLYN A TAUSEEF AKHTAR**

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**TRACK NOTES AND LYRICS  
BY GWYNETH GLYN AND TAUSEEF AKHTAR**

## 1/ Tum nazar se / Cyfri'r sêr

In this ghazal the poet reflects upon what life could have been, had his beloved not left him. 'Cyfri'r sêr' means 'counting the stars' - which, according to the Welsh verses, is as difficult a task as deciphering a beloved's intentions. Gwyneth hand-picked three 'Hen benillion' or 'old verses,' a form of folk poetry which became integral to the Welsh oral tradition following the Middle Ages. These anonymous verses offer distilled pearls of wisdom on the themes of love, loss, and life's seasons. Many of them are presumed to have been written by women.

*Yn y ghazal yma mae'r bardd yn myfyrio am beth fyddai bywyd wedi gallu bod, petae ei gariad heb ei adael. Mae cyfri'r sêr, yn ôl y penillion Cymraeg, yn dasg mor anodd â datrys bwriadau cariad. Dewisodd Gwyneth dri 'Hen bennill' o'r cerddi gwerin, ffurf a ddaeth yn rhan hanfodol o'r traddodiad llafar Cymraeg wedi'r Oesoedd Canol. Mae'r penillion anhysbys yma'n cynnig perlau o ddoethineb ar themâu cariad, colled a thymhorau bywyd. Credir mai merched oedd awduron nifer ohonynt.*

Lyrics: Nawaz Deobandi / Trad.

Music: Tauseef Akhtar / Gwyneth Glyn

“

Tum nazar se nazar milaate to!  
Baat karte na, muskuraate to!

*You should have at least let our glances meet.  
We didn't have to talk but could have at least smiled for old time sake.*

Maent yn dwedyd na chaf garu  
f'annwyl gariad byth ond hynny,  
mi a'i caraf er cael cerydd  
tra bo Cricieth yn Eifionydd.

*They say I can't love  
my sweetheart, but nonetheless  
I will love him despite scorn  
as long as Cricieth is in Eifionydd.*

Ikhtilafaat hote rehte hai'n,  
Aanaa jaanaa thaa, aate jaate to!

*Differences are normal through life but it shouldn't cause complete break up.  
We could have at least tried to stay in touch.*

Mae dwy galon yn fy mynwes;  
un yn oer a'r llall yn gynes.  
Un yn gynes yn ei garu  
a'r llall yn oer rhag ofn ei golli.

*There are two hearts in my chest,  
one cold and one warm;  
one warm, loving him,  
and one cold, in case I lose him.*

Chaandni raat siskiyaa'n bharti,  
Tum zaraa apni chhat pe aate to!

*The night, brightened by moon light, would have sobbed helplessly  
if only you could've appeared on your rooftop and showed your matchless beauty!*

Tri pheth sydd yn anodd imi;  
cyfri'r sêr pan fo hi'n rhewi,  
rhoi fy llaw ar gwr y lleuad  
a gwbod meddwl f'annwyl gariad.

*Three things that are difficult for me:  
counting the stars when it's freezing,  
placing my hand on the rim of the moon  
and knowing the mind of my dear love.*

”

## 2/ Teri aankhon mein / Seren syw

A love-song in which the ghazal poet describes the intensity of his devotion. He commits himself so completely that he prays to the Almighty for nothing more than to be allowed to spend his life with his beloved. 'Seren syw' echoes this fervour, as the poet describes the intoxicating bliss of beholding his 'bright star.' The lover's passion is expressed in touches of cynganedd - the Welsh strict-metre poetic form. 'Clyw di'r claf' is a plea for the love-sick admirer to be heard.

*Cân serch ble mae'r bardd ghazal yn disgrifio dwyster ei ymroddiad. Mae'n ymroi mor llwyr fel ei fod yn gweddïo ar yr Hollalluog am ddim mwy na chael treulio'i oes yng nghwmni ei gariad. Mae 'Seren syw' yn adleisio'r awydd yma, fel y disgrifia'r bardd wynfyd meddwol cael gweld ei 'seren ddisglair'. Mae dwyster y cariad yn cael ei fynegi mewn cyffyrddiadau cynganeddol. Erfyn mae 'clyw di'r claf' am i'r edmygydd claf o serch gael ei glywed.*

Lyrics: Qateel Shifai / Trad.

Music : Tauseef Akhtar / Trad. / arrangement Gwyneth Glyn

“

Teri aankho'n mei'n woh dekhi hai mohabbat maine,  
Chhor di apne muqaddar ki shikaayat maine.

*The kind of love, my love, I have seen in your eyes for me,  
has stopped me complaining of all the misery that fate has brought me.*

Mae prydferthwch ail i Eden  
yn dy fynwes gynes, geinwen,  
fwyn gariadus, liwus lawen.  
Seren syw, clyw di'r claf.

*There is beauty second only to Eden  
in your warm, precious-white bosom,  
gentle, loving, full of colour, joyful.  
Beautiful star, hear this sickened one.*

Tere qadmo'n se lipat jaane ko bhaage meraa dil,  
Mai'n to peeche hoon, bahut mujhse hai aage meraa dil,  
Dil ki pehle to na dekhi thi yeh haalat maine.

*My heart always races to embrace your feet.  
It feels like it has left my physical being far behind in the craze to be with you.  
In my entire life, I have not seen love quite like this.*

Yn dy lygaid caf wirionedd  
yn serenu gras a rhinwedd,  
mae dy weld imi'n orfoledd.  
Seren syw, clyw di'r claf.

*In your eyes I find truth,  
radiating grace and virtue.  
Beholding you is ecstasy.  
Beautiful star, hear this sickened one.*

Chhor kar saara jahaa'n, teri wafaa maangi thi,  
Dene waale se yahi ek duaa maangi thi,  
Phir kisi cheez ki samjhi na zaroorat maine.

*I have always prayed for your faithful love in exchange for all the riches of the entire world.  
This was the only pleading I ever did to the Almighty,  
and when it was granted, I never felt the desire to ever pray for anything else.* ”

### 3/ Apni Ruswaayee / Sefyll yn stond

This ghazal portrays the most dominant colour of Urdu love poetry: pathos. The poetess dwells on her helplessness in love. She admits to being nothing in the eyes of her beloved, but still commits her deepest devotion to him. Gwyneth penned the Welsh words in response to the ghazal. The repetitive phrases describe the stifling frustration of waiting for someone or something which might never materialize.

*Mae'r ghazal yma'n portreadu'r lliw mwyaf blaenllaw mewn cerddi serch Wrdw: pathos. Yn ei cherdd mae'r bardd yn ystyried ei diymadferthedd wrth garu. Mae'n cyfaddef nad yw'n ddim yng ngolwg ei chariad, ac eto mae'n cyflwyno iddo'i chariad llwyr. Ymateb Gwyneth i'r gerdd yw'r geiriau Cymraeg. Mae'r brawddegau ailadroddus yn disgrifio'r rhwystredigaeth o aros am rywun neu rywbeth na ddaw, efallai, fyth i fod.*

Lyrics: Parween Shakir / Gwyneth Glyn  
Music: Tauseef Akhtar / Gwyneth Glyn

“ Apni ruswaayee tere naam ka charcha dekhoon,  
Ek zaraa sher kahoo'n aur mai'n kyaa kyaa dekhoon.

*I only wrote a couplet, and the outcome I see  
is your fame and my infamy.*

Shaam bhi ho gayi, dhundhla gayi'n aankhei'n bhi meri,  
Bhoolnawaale mai'n kab tak teraa rastaa dekhoon'n.

*My eyes have dimmed with the drawing of the evening to a close.  
Oh you, who has forgotten, how long do I still pine for you?*

Dwi'n sefyll yn stond  
a dim ond dy gysgod di'n gwmni  
fel arogl glaw.

*I'm standing still  
with only your shadow as company  
like the smell of rain.*

Dwi'n sefyll mewn cyfnos  
fel angof yn aros am rywun  
fel eira na ddaw.

*I'm standing in twilight  
like a forgotten memory, waiting for someone  
like snow that will never come.*

Tu meraa kuch nahi'n lagtaa hai magar jaan-e-hayaan,  
Jaane kyun tere liye dil ko dhadaktaa dekhoon'n

*You, the soul of my love, though I have no worldly relation with you,  
my heart still beats only for you.* ”

#### 4/ Hosh apne / Y botwm du

Here, the poet muses on the similarity between love, the weather, and his beloved. He reiterates how unpredictable these all are! The ‘Hen benillion’ (old verses) echo the passing seasons of lust and desire. Gwyneth added her own third verse in which the Girl gets the Boy, or at least his ‘botwm du’ (black button) as a souvenir!

*Yma mae'r bardd yn myfyrio am y tebygrwydd rhwng serch, y tywydd, a'i gariad. Mae'n pwysleisio mor anwadal yw'r rhain i gyd! Mae'r Hen Benillion yn atseinio hynt tymhorau chwant a serch. Ychwanegodd Gwyneth ei thrydydd pennill ei hun ble mae'r Ferch yn ennill y Bachgen, neu o leiaf ei 'fotwm du' fel swfenir!*

Lyrics: Zafar Kaleem / Trad. /  
Gwyneth Glyn  
Music: Tauseef Akhtar /  
Gwyneth Glyn

“ Hosh apne udaa gayaa mausam,  
Humko paagal banaa gayaa mausam.

*The beauty of spring has so struck me  
that I have been driven insane by it.*

Mae'r merched yn llawenu  
wrth weld y caeau'n glasu  
O gan ddywedyd "fe ddaw'r haf  
ac amser braf i garu!"

*The girls are rejoicing  
as they see the fields growing greener  
saying "summer's coming  
and a fine time to love!"*

Milte Milte bichad gayaa koi  
Aate aate chala gaya mausam

*I lost someone at the threshold of togetherness,  
like spring turning away, as soon as it arrived.*

Mae'r adar bach yn caru  
o lwyn i lwyn dan ganu.  
O pam na ddaw'r mab â'r botwm du  
i wneud â mi fel hynny?

*The little birds are making love  
from hedgerow to hedgerow as they sing.  
Oh why won't the boy with the black button  
do the same with me?*

Ik zaraa si milan ki rut aayi,  
Phir judaai ka aa gayaa mausam,

*A moment of togetherness had not fully unfolded,  
that the season of hurtful separation has arrived.*

Mae'r merched glân yn wylo  
â hitha'n oeri heno.  
Ond gaea' hir sy'n haf imi  
â'r botwm du'n fy nwylo.

*The pretty girls are crying  
as it's getting colder tonight,  
but long winter is summer to me  
with the black button in my hand.* ”



## 5/ Hud se / Cainc yr aradwr

Penned by poet Akhtar Azad (who happens to be Tauseef's father!) this ghazal expresses the softer moments of romance in the culture of the Indian subcontinent. On one hand the lover desires the company of his beloved, but on the other hand he is fearful of people discovering their feelings. He uses this fear to convince his beloved to be discreet, but to stay with him. Welsh antiquarian Iolo Morganwg notes in a letter to William Owen Pugh, "here is one for you that I picked out of the mouth of a ploughboy a few days ago." In one of many ploughing songs which originated from the southern Welsh county of Morgannwg in the 19th century, the ploughman calls his ox onwards along the field. Or perhaps he is trying to lift up his own lovelorn heart.

*Wedi'i hysgrifennu gan y bardd Akhtar Azad (sydd yn digwydd bod yn dad i Tauseef!) mae'r ghazal yma'n cyfleu munudau tynerach rhamant yn niwylliant isgyfandir India. Ar y naill law mae'r cariad yn chwennyech cwmni ei anwylyd, ond ar y llaw arall mae'n pryderu am i bobl wybod eu teimladau. Mae'n defnyddio'r pryder yma i bwysu ar ei anwylyd i fod yn gyfrinachol, ond iddynt barhau'n gariadon. Noda'r hynafieithwr Iolo Morganwg mewn llythyr at William Owen Pugh, 'dyma ichi un y'i cipiais o geg aradwr rai dyddiau'n ôl.' Mewn un o sawl cân aredig a ddeilliodd o Sir Forgannwg yn y 19eg ganrif, mae'r aradwr yn annog ei ych ymlaen hyd y cae. Neu efallai ei fod yn ceisio codi'i galon serch-glwylfus ei hun.*

Lyrics: Akhtar Azad / Trad.

Music: Tauseef Akhtar / Trad. arrangement Gwyneth Glyn

“ Hud se gubar na jaau'n mai'n, aisaa na keejiye,  
Masti bhari nigaah se dekhaa na keejiye.

*Oh my love, don't give me that intoxicating look.  
It can make me break all the barriers  
and cross all the limits in love.*

Fe gwyd yr haul er machlud heno,  
fe gwyd y lloer yn ddisglair eto,  
cwyd blodau'r haf o'r ddaear dirion,  
ond byth, o byth ni chwyd fy nghalon.

O da machgen i,  
O dere, dere,  
O...

*The sun will arise though it sets tonight.  
The moon will arise, shining again.  
Summer flowers will arise from the kind earth,  
but never, oh never will my heart arise.*

Oh well done, my boy.  
Oh come on, come on,  
Oh...

Padh lenge log chehre se dil ki kitaab ko,  
Itnaa kisike baare mei'n sochaa na keejiye.

*The expressions on your face are like an open book  
to the ones who care to read.  
If you want to keep your love a secret,  
don't constantly think about the one you are in love with.*

Mi wn am ferch o blwy Eifionydd  
yn hardd ei thwf, yn deg ei dwyrdd,  
ei gwallt modrwyog, bronau gwynion,  
a duwch uffern yn ei chalon.

*I know of a girl from the borough of Eifionydd,  
beautiful of growth and fair her cheeks,  
her ringleted hair, white breasts,  
and the blackness of hell in her heart.*

Oh well done, my boy.  
Oh come on, come on,  
Oh...

Mai'n aapse bichad ke bhi jee lunga  
zindagi, Lekin khudaa ke waaste aisaa  
na keejiye.

*Even if you leave me I will still be able  
to live this life, but, Oh my beloved,  
I plead you not to ever leave me.* ”

## 6/ Moliannwn / Ishq karo:

'Moliannwn' (meaning 'give praise') heralds the joys of the coming spring. A transatlantic creation, the lyrics were penned by Welsh poet Benjamin Thomas while he was working in the North American slate mines. 'Ishq Karo' ('Be in love' in Urdu) prescribes love as the antidote to 'the smoke of hate' and the transience of life. These couplets urge listeners to fight the darkness of evil with the strength and the light of love.

*Mae 'Moliannwn' yn cyhoeddi pleserau'r gwanwyn i ddod. Wedi'u creu dros yr lwerydd, ysgrifennwyd y penillion gan y bardd o Gymro Benjamin Thomas tra'r oedd yn gweithio yn chwareli llechi Gogledd America. Mae 'Ishq Karo' ('Byddwch mewn cariad' yn Wrddw) yn argymhell cariad yn foddion yn erbyn 'mwig casineb' a byrder bywyd. Mae'r cwpledi'n annog gwrandawyr i frwydro'n erbyn tywyllwch y drwg â nerth a goleuni cariad.*

Lyrics: Benjamin Thomas / Waali Aasi  
Music: Trad. arrangement Gwyneth Glyn / Tauseef Akhtar

“ Nawr lanciau rhoddwn glod,  
y mae'r gwanwyn wedi dod,  
a'r gaeaf a'r oerni a aeth heibio.  
Daw y coed i wisgo'u dail  
a mwyniant mwyn yr haul  
a'r ŵyn ar y dolydd i brancio.

*Now lads, give praise,  
the spring has come,  
and the winter and its coldness has passed.  
The trees come to wear their leaves  
and the lovely gentleness of the sun,  
and the lambs on the hills to frolic.*

Moliannwn oll yn llon,  
mae amser gwell i ddyfod, Haleliwial!  
Ac ar ôl y tywydd drwg  
fe nawn arian fel y mŵg,  
mae arwyddion dymunol o'n blaena'.

*Give praise one and all merrily,  
the time has come, Hallelujah!  
And after the bad weather  
we'll make money like the smoke;  
there are pleasant signs ahead.*

Ffwd-la-la, Ffwd-la-la, Ffwd-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Ishq karo, ishq karo, ishq karo, ishq karo.

*Spread love, spread love, spread love, spread love.*

Phailtaa jaataa hai nafrat ka dhuaa'n, ishq karo,  
Bujh na jaaye kahi'n yeh shola-e-jaa'n, ishq karo.

*The haze of hatred is overpowering humanity.  
But before it succeeds completely, let's fight it with love, spread love.*

Daw'r robin goch yn llon i diwnio ar y fron  
a cheiliog y rhedyn i ganu,  
a chawn glywed wipar-wil  
a llyffantod wrth y fil  
o'r goedwig yn mwymian chwibianu.

*The red robin comes joyfully  
to tune on the hillside  
and the cockrel of the grass to sing,  
and we'll hear the whipper wheel  
and frogs by the thousands  
from the forest humming their whistle.*

Kal na hum honge na tum hoge na yeh hungaamey,  
Koi din aur hai yeh rang-e-jahaa'n, ishq karo.

*Tomorrow will see nothing of what there is today.  
This world must perish one day.  
So, while you have the chance,  
love and spread love.* ”

## 7/ Khoobsoorat koi sazaa / Cosb mor dlos

Here, the poet attests to the significance of love in one's life. He displays his affection for his beloved by giving away all his worldly possessions in exchange for her love. The Welsh words and melody came to Gwyneth as she listened to Tauseef singing and translating the meaning of the ghazal. The words play upon a paradox; the 'beautiful punishment' of craving that which we cannot have, and owning that which we can never truly love.

*Yma mae'r bardd yn tystio i arwyddocâd cariad yn ein bywyd. Mae'n arddangos ei hoffter tua'i gariad drwy roi i ffwrdd ei holl eiddo bydol yn gyfnewid am ei serch. Daeth y geiriau a'r dôn Gymraeg i feddwl Gwyneth wrth wrando ar Tauseef yn canu ac yn cyfieithu ystyr y ghazal. Mae'r geiriau'n chwarae ar baradocs: y 'gosb dlos' o chwennyach yr hyn nas cawn, a meddiannu'r hyn nas gallwn fyth ei wir garu.*

Lyrics : Anonymous / Gwyneth Glyn  
Music: Tauseef Akhtar / Gwyneth Glyn

“ Khoobsoorat koi sazaa de do,  
Mujh ko jeene ki badduaa de do.

*Give me a curse of death,  
it will still be a beautiful gift for me as it comes from you.*

Cosb mor dlos ydi'r bywyd hwn,  
ysgafn ydi'r sidan a'i bwysau mor drwm.  
Cymer y trysor a'r tlysau drud  
sy'n g'leuo fy mywyd, sy'n t'wyllu fy myd.

*Such a beautiful punishment is this life,  
light is the silk, yet so heavy its weight.  
Take away the treasure and the expensive jewels  
that lighten my life, that darken my world.*

Chheen lo mujhse yeh mehal mere,  
Saans lene ko kuch hawaa de do.

*Take away all the riches from me,  
but do leave me some fresh air to breathe.*

Cymer y plasau a'r gerddi i'r  
a rho i minnau lygedyn o'r gwir,  
cymer bob un o 'nhlysau bach  
a rho imi fymryn o'r awyr iach.

*Take away the palaces and their lush gardens,  
and give me a grain of truth.  
Take away every one of my little jewels  
and give me a tiny bit of fresh air.*

Apni aankho'n mei'n bhar lo tum neendei'n,  
Meri aankho'n ko ratjagaa de do.

*You, my love, sleep in the comfort of all my love  
and let me be sleepless for you.* ”



## 8/ Lusa lân

One of the saddest, most haunting folk songs in the Welsh canon. A lover remembers the blissful hours he shared with a beloved, before requesting that she visit the grave for which he is bound. Many different versions of the song were noted in Anglesey, but variations of the melody were known in other parts of Wales, and also in parts of England and Ireland. Gwyneth swapped the more common form of 'Lisa' for 'Lusa' - it being the name of one of her two sisters!

*Un o'r caneuon gwerin tristaf, mwyaf hiraethus yn y canon Cymraeg. Mae carwr yn cofio'r oriau paradwysaidd a rannodd â'i anwylyd, cyn gofyn iddi ymweld â'r bedd sydd yn ei ddisgwyl. Cofnodwyd nifer o wahanol fersiynau o'r gân ym Môn, ond roedd amrywiaethau o'r dân yn wybyddus mewn rhannau eraill o Gymru, ac hefyd mewn mannau yn Lloegr ac Iwerddon. Ffeiriodd Gwyneth y ffurf fwy arferol 'Lisa' am 'Lusa', gan mai dyna enw un o'i dwy chwaer.*

Trad. arrangement Gwyneth Glyn

“ Bùm yn dy garu lawer gwaith,  
do lawer awr mewn mwynder maith.  
Bùm yn dy gusanu, Lusa gêl,  
yr oedd dy gwmni'n well na'r mêl.

*I have loved you many a time,  
yes, many a blissful hour.  
I have kissed you, mysterious Lusa,  
your company was better than the honey.*

Fy nghanen lân, fy nghoflaid glyd,  
tydi yw'r lanaf yn y byd.  
Tydi sy'n peri poen a chri  
a chdi sy'n dwyn fy mywyd i.

*My fair branch, my warm embrace,  
you are the fairest in the whole world.  
You're the one who causes pain and wailing  
and you're the one who steals my life.*

Lusa a ddoi di i'm danfon i  
i roi fy nghorff mewn daear ddu?  
O dwed y doi di, f'annwyl ffrind,  
hyd lan y bedd lle rwyf yn mynd.

*Lusa, will you come to take me,  
to put my body in black earth?  
Oh say you'll come, my dear friend,  
to the edge of the grave where I am going.* ”



## 9/ Guzur jaayenge jab din / Hiraeth

The poet recounts his efforts in love; he is confident that even when the world ends, his love will be remembered. A common theme in 'Hen benillion' (old verses) is that of longing. 'Hiraeth' is a particularly painful, Welsh kind of longing, for a time, a place or a person. Gwyneth added her own final verse which declares that, of all the deep waters of the world, none are as deep as 'Hiraeth.'

*Mae'r bardd yn adrodd ei ymdrechion ym maes cariad; mae'n ffyddiog, hyd yn oed pan fydd y byd ar ben, y bydd cof am ei serch. Testun cyffredin yn yr Hen Benillion yw hiraeth. Rhyw fath Cymreig, arbennig o boenus o ddyheu yw hiraeth; am gyfnod, am le neu am berson. Ychwanegodd Gwyneth ei phennill clo ei hun, sydd yn cyhoeddi, o holl ddyfroedd dwfn y byd, nad oes yr un mor ddwfn â 'Hiraeth.'*

Lyrics: Kaleem Aajiz / Trad. / Gwyneth Glyn  
Music: Tauseef Akhtar / Gwyneth Glyn

“Guzar jayenge jab din guzre aalam yaad aayenge,  
Humei'n tum yaad aaoge tumhei'n hum yaad aayenge.

*When the time of togetherness shall be all spent  
we shall both miss each other sorely.*

Ni chân y gôg ddim amser gaea',  
ni chân telyn heb ddim tanna'  
ni chân calon, hawdd ich wybod,  
pan fo galar yn ei gwaelod.

*The cuckoo doesn't sing in wintertime,  
a harp doesn't sing without strings,  
a heart doesn't sing, well you know,  
when there's sorrow at its core.*

Canu wnaif a bod yn llawen,  
fel y gôg ar frig y gangen,  
a beth bynnag ddaw i'm blino,  
canu wnaif a gadael iddo.

*I shall sing and be merry  
like the cuckoo at the top of the branch,  
and whatever comes to bother me,  
I shall sing and let it be.*

Mohabbat mein jo kuch hum kar gaye, kisne kiya hoga,  
Jahaa'n sab bhool jaaoge, wahaa'n hum yaad aayenge.

*What I have done for love is unique.  
So when every lover is forgotten,  
the one who shall be remembered forever  
shall be me.*

D'wedwch fawrion o wybodaeth  
o ba beth y gwnaethpwyd hiraeth?  
A pha ddefnydd a roed ynddo  
na ddafyddai wrth ei wisgo?

*Tell me, you of great knowledge,  
of what material is hiraeth made?  
And what stuff was put in it  
that it doesn't wear out when worn?*

Derfydd aur a derfydd arian,  
derfydd melfed, derfydd sidan,  
derfydd pob dilledyn helaeth,  
eto er hyn ni dderfydd hiraeth.

*Gold perishes and silver perishes,  
velvet perishes, silk perishes,  
every substantial garment perishes,  
but still, hiraeth doesn't perish.*

Phir apne saaz-e-dil par humne chhedi hai ghazal,  
sun lo,  
Yeh dhun yaad aayegi, yeh sur, yeh sargam yaad aayenge.

*I'm strumming a new song on the strings of my heart.  
Hear it now for you shall miss it immensely when the  
time has passed and you lose this chance.*

Dwfn yw'r môr a dwfn yw'r galon,  
dwfn yw'r hiraeth sy'n fy nghalon.  
O'r tri hynny un a fynnaf;  
dyfroedd hiraeth fyddo'r dyfnaf.

*Deep is the sea and deep is the river,  
deep is the hiraeth that's in my heart.  
Of those three, only one do I desire;  
the waters of hiraeth are the deepest.*

”

## 10/ Jugnu ke sitara tha / Hen ferchetan

This particular form of poetry is called 'Mahiya.' It has its origin in Punjabi, the third most common native language spoken in the Indian subcontinent. Here, these verses are cloned into Urdu. Each 'Mahiya' narrates the delicate moments of romance with imagery of nature and its beauty. Into these verses is woven a bitter-sweet Welsh taunting song, in which an old maid is ridiculed for her lack of suitors. However, she gets the last laugh at the fair, when a young man called Siôn Prys whispers something in her ear which lightens her heart. The song was first published in the magazine of Cymdeithas Alawon Gwerin (the Welsh Folk Song Society) in 1925. Only the first verse has survived. The other three verses were composed by Enid Parry.

*Enw'r math arbennig yma o gerdd yw 'Mahiya'. Yn iaith Pwnjabi mae ei wreiddiau, sef y drydedd iaith frodorol fwyaf cyffredin yn isgyfandir India. Yma, trawsnewidir y penillion i Wrddw. Mae pob 'Mahiya' unigol yn adrodd eiliadau teimladwy rhamant trwy gyfrwng delweddau natur a'i harddwch. I mewn i'r penillion yma nyddir cân bryfocio Gymraeg chwerw-felys, ble gwneir hwyl am ben hen ferch am brinder ei hedmygwyr. Hi, sut bynnag, gaiff chwerthin yn y diwedd yn y ffair, pan sibryda gwr ifanc o'r enw Siôn Prys rywbeth yn ei chlust sy'n codi'i chalon. Cyhoeddwyd y gân gyntaf yng nghylchgrawn Cymdeithas Alawon Gwerin ym 1925. Dim ond y pennill cyntaf a oroesodd. Cyfansoddwyd y tri phennill arall gan Enid Parry.*

Lyrics: Amjad Islam Amjad / Trad. Rights owned by Enid Parry  
Music: Tauseef Akhtar / Trad. arrangement Gwyneth Glyn

“ Jugnu ke sitara thaa,  
Tere baam pe jo chamkaa,  
Wahi naam humara thaa.

*Oh my love, you thought that what shined  
up above was a star or a firefly but to tell  
you the truth, it was neither; it was only my  
name!*

Hen ferchetan wedi colli'i chariad.  
Cael un arall, dyna oedd ei bwriad.  
Ond nid oedd un o lanciau'r pentre  
am briodi Lisa fach yr Hendre.

*Old maid, lost her love.  
Getting another one, that was her aim.  
But not one of the village lads  
wanted to marry little Lisa of the Hendre.*

Daryao'n ke dhaare hai'n,  
Tum maano ke na maano,  
Hum dil se tumhaare hai'n.

*Like the waves in the river are undeniable,  
in the same way, whether you accept it or  
not,  
my belonging to you with all my heart is  
undeniable.*

Qisse nahi'n dohraate,  
Jo lamhe guzar jaayei'n,  
Woh mudke nahi'n aate.

*Let's not waste time in repeating the past;  
we know it will never return.  
Let's live in this moment since even this  
moment will not return once it's passed.*

Hen ferchetan sydd yn dal i drio;  
gwisgo lasie sidan ac ymbincio.  
Ond er bod brân i frân yn rhywle,  
nid oedd neb i Lisa fach yr Hendre.

*Old maid is still trying;  
wearing silky laces and prettifying herself.  
But although there's a crow for every crow  
somewhere there was no one for little Lisa of  
the Hendre.*

Duniya mere saath chale,  
Har cheez theher jaaye,  
Jab tumse baat chale.

*The whole world walks with me,  
but my love, everything becomes still  
when our love starts to talk.*

Kuch kaam to kar jaayei'n,  
Teri chaah mei'n zinda hai'n,  
Teri raah mein mar jaayei'n.

*I wish that I could do something in my life  
that's worthwhile.  
I've always lived for your love  
and would love to die for you.*

Hen ferchetan aeth i ffair y Bala,  
gweld Siôn Prys yn hogyn digon smala;  
gair a ddywedodd wrth fynd adra  
gododd galon Lisa fach yr Hendre.

*Old maid went to Bala fair,  
saw Sion Prys was a rather smart lad.  
A word he said as he left for home,  
rose the spirits of Little Lisa of the Hendre.*

Tumhei'n bhool na paayenge,  
Jab yaad karoge tum,  
Hum laut ke aayenge.

*I will never be able to forget you, my love.  
But know this, whenever you long for me  
I will always return to you.* ”