

Pam fod eira'n wyn?

Why is snow white?

When the sun is on the mountain
Wind on the sea
Flowers in the bushes
And the forestry is a choir (bird songs)
When my loved one's tears
Are like dew on the cobwebs
Then is when I know
That this is right.

Cytgan:

I know what freedom is
I know what's the truth
I know what love is
Towards people and land
So, don't ask your silly questions
Don't look startled at me
Only a fool asks
Why snow is white

When my friends' words
Are sweet like wine
And the tender noise of homeland/ habitat
Dances on their lips
When the notes of an old tune
Calms my hearing
Then is when I know what belonging means
And I know what living means

When I see the miner's scars
And the blood on the gray stone
When I see where the crofter was
Raking grass/hay into a haystack
When I see the wood of oppression
Around the poor boy's neck
It's then that I realise that I must
Stand up for my brother