

NIWLVOG Y'N HOWLDREVEL

Y'n howldrevel
 hwarvoz drog;
'ma ow sevel
 kommol mog,
mog ow tava
 lies pow:
Bali, Java,
 Borneo.

Lies gwydhenn
 a vydh treghyz;
'vel pub blydhen,
 kusul neghyz,
 prennyer beghyz;
hag yn mysk
 an gwydh diruskyz,
tanyow prysk
 yw gwryz yn uskis;
nynz es gezyz
 planzow mann:
mog yw lezyz
 pell yn-bann,
owth yskynna
 'ugh an tir,
owth ystynna
 mil vildir,
owth amaya:
 pana vynz !

Nynz es gwaya,
 nynz es gwynz,
'th yw kemmyskyz
 mog ha niwl;
skon hag uskis
 oll yw tewl:
ponn ow sevel,
 moz ha doz;
dydh a hevel
 'vel an nos.
Ple'ma'n Howl ?
 Kudhyz 'vydh:
Sin an Jowl,
 nos y'n jydh.

SMOG IN THE EAST (literal translation)

In the East
 an evil event;
there is rising
 a cloud of smoke is rising,
smoke which is reaching
 many countries:
Bali, Java,
 Borneo.

Many trees
 are cut down,
as every year
 advice is ignored,
 planks are stacked;
and among
 the trees stripped of their bark,
fires of brashings
 are quickly made;
there remain
 no plants:
smoke spreads
 far upwards,
rising
 above the land,
extending
 a thousand miles,
astounding:
 what an amount!

There is no movement,
 there is no wind,
there are mixed
 smoke and fog;
soon and quickly
 all is dark:
dust rising,
 coming and going;
day seems
 like night.
Where is the Sun?
 It is hidden:
sign of the devil,
 night in the daytime.

Mog a-has !
Tanyow fell !
Ebron nag yw glas
mes gell:
nos a vydh
yn-dann an pall;
Lagaz Dydh
yw gyllyz dall.
Dydh heb golow,
ponnek, plos;
tan, tewlwolow,
niwl ha nos !

Niwlvog mosek
der an hav;
tus voghozek
koedhyz klav:
niwlvog fleryus,
ayrgylgh plos,
tus kargheryz
y'ga boz.

Piw a wra
an drog oberow,
gorra pla
war vilvil erow ?
Re a lever
an diogyon,
kows yn kever
boghozogyon
ow kul praz,
leski keunyz.
Nynz ynz ma's
puskez munyz.
Hwilyn kynsa
tuz heb fas,
ha'ga hynza,
pennow bras,
tuz a'n sita,
tuz dhibyta,
na ronz oy.

Hateful smoke!
Wicked fires!
A sky that is not blue
but brown:
it is night
beneath the pall;
the Eye of Day
has gone blind.
A day without light,
dusty, dirty;
fire, twilight,
fog and night!

Filthy smog
throughout the summer;
poor people
fallen ill,
stinking smog,
dirty atmosphere,
folk imprisoned
in their home.

Who commits
the crimes,
bringing a plague
to a million acres?
Some say
the farmers,
talk about
the poor
making fields,
burning fuel.
They are but
small fry.
Rather let us seek
the faceless ones
and their ilk,
the fat cats,
city types,
men without pity,
who do not give a damn.

Nessa blydhen
y fydh moy;
milvil gwydhenn
moy 'vydh dywyz,
milvil erow
moy distruyz;
koez a verow,
gallas gwydh; an
tir yw noeth.
Skon y fydh an
norvyz poeth.
Drog bodredhez,
pithneth krav
'wra mostedhez,
tiredh klav.

Tru ! Ellas !
Gwith an koezow
may fonz glas
'hyz an oezow.
Welawo !
Difennyn tan
rag may fo
an norvyz glan.

Next year
there will be more;
a million trees
more will be burnt,
a million acres
more will be destroyed;
the forest will die,
the trees gone; the
land is bare.
Soon the
world will be hot.
Evil rotting,
grasping greed
cause defilement,
a sick landscape.

Alas! Alack!
Keep the woods
that they may be green
throughout the ages.
Woe!
Ban the fire
so that
the world may be clean.