

HAVYSI (c.1982)

Erbynn havyzi ov, er aga fynn;

ny vynnav aga gwelez y'gan mysk:

y'n mater ma ow spyryz yw pur dynn,

rag mollath yw havyzi. P'eur y tysk

rewloryon agan bro, an re a's kar,

muskoegyon, pan dhrehevonz fordhow bras

rag dri havyzi omma? Rag, heb mar,

pup-pryz ymonz ow sowsnekhe an wlaz,

ow kul deffolanz omma y'ga liv.

Miryn orth Tewynn Bleustri; hager yw

dhe welez lordens vedhow ow kul strif

pub nos y'n stretys dres an hav. A Dhuw!

Namoy ny allav perthi: enz dhe-ves

ha gaza trevezigyon dor yn krez!

SUMMER VISITORS (*literal translation*)

I'm against tourists, I'm against them,

I don't want to see them in our midst:

in this matter my resolve is unyielding,

for tourists are a curse. When will

the rulers of our country learn, they who love them,

nutcases, when they build big roads

to bring tourists here? For surely

they are constantly anglicizing the land,

creating pollution here in their flood.

Look at Newquay; it is unseemly

to see drunken louts raising Cain

in the streets every night throughout the summer. O God!

I can't stand any more: let them push off

and leave the natives in peace!