

An Velin Goth

Tren a rez yn-nes gans nell;
Miryn 'honz a'n ponz nep-pell;
Miryn syth an mor y'n Soth,
Gwelyn ni an velin goth,
Pennti ryb an mor, penntir
War lann heylynn heyl Lynnhir,
Le an ke ha kreun ha kons;
Peub a-wel y'n wel a'n ponz.
Leun an lynn a'n lanow leun,
Dowr ow krena der an kreun.

Trig re dhe'th, an treth yw bras,
Leyz a-lez yn le lynn las,
Kreun yw tegyz kynth yw teg;
Nynz es sugal, nynz es seg,
Gwaneth gwynn na gwaneth du;
Gyllyz ynz, ellas ha tru!
Nynz es jynn hedhyw y'n jydh;
Seul a dheffa seuladhydh,
Nynz es ol war aga lergh.
Ple'ma'n barlys? Ple'ma'n kergh?
Bleuz a bez byz Breuz an Byz;
Spas an velin marnaz spyz.

Byth pan yllyn ni y'n tren
Mir yn-honz an ponz a ren;
Kynth yw an keth gwel ma koth,
Gwelyn hwath an velin goth.

The Old Mill

(the tidal mill in Forder Creek, Trematon)

A train passes at high speed;
we look yonder from the bridge fairly far;
we look directly at the sea in the South,
we see the old mill,
a house by the sea, a headland
on the bank of a creek of the Lynher estuary,
place of the wall and a pond and a causeway;
all visible in the view from the bridge.
The lake full of the high tide,
water quivering across the pond.

Low tide has come, the beach is big,
extensive mud in place of a blue lake,
a pond which is choked though it is beautiful;
there is no rye, there is no draff,
white wheat nor buckwheat;
they are gone, alas and alack!
There is no machinery today;
whoever might have come formerly,
there is no trace behind them.
Where is the barley? Where are the oats?
Flour will last until the Judgment of the World;
the life of the mill (was) just ephemeral.

Every time we go in the train,
we give a look yonder from the bridge;
although this same sight is familiar,
we still look at the old mill.