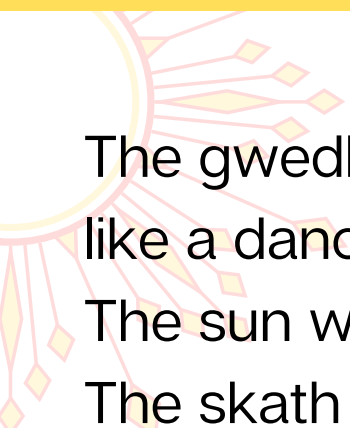


# *Alannah Griffiths*



The gwedhen swayed in the breeze it was swaying  
like a dancer,  
The sun was so melyn it looked like a banana,  
The skath was in the sea like a happy dog getting wet,  
The tykki duw flew really high like an eagle who had  
just caught some prey and was flying up back to their  
nest,  
The treths sand was so hot it was like lava.

An wedhen a swasya y'n awel glor – yth esa hi ow  
swasya kepar ha donsyer,  
An howl o mar velyn y semlant o kepar ha banana,  
Yth esa an skath war an mor kepar ha ki lowen ow  
tos ha bos glyp  
An tykki Duw a neyjas pur ughel yn tevri kepar hag er  
hag a wrug nowydh kachya preydh hag esa ow neyja  
dhe dre dh'y neyth,  
Tewys an treth o mar domm yth o kepar ha lava

