

## Nana Mouskouri "The Ash Grove (Llwyn Onn)"

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Yn Nyffryn Llwyn Onn draw mi welais hardd feinwen  
A minnau'n hamddena 'rol byw ar y don;  
Gwyn ewyn y lli oedd ei gwisg, a disgleirwen  
A'r glasfor oedd llygaid Gwen harddaf Llwyn Onn.  
A ninnau'n rhodiana drwy'r lonydd i'r banna,  
Sibrydem i'n gilydd gyfrinach byd serch;  
A phan ddaeth hi'n adeg ffarwelio a'r wiwdeg,  
Roedd tannau fy nghalon yng ngofal y ferch.

[Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander  
When twilight is fading I pensively rove;  
Or at the bright moontide in solitude wander,  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove;  
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,  
I first met that dear one the joy of my heart!  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.]  
Cyn dychwel i borthladd wynebwn y tonnau,  
Ond hyfryd yw'r hafan 'rol dicter y don;  
Bydd melys anghofio her greulon y creigiau--

Un felly o'wn innau 'rol cyrraedd Llwyn Onn.  
A thawel mordwyo wnafl mwyach a Gwenno  
Yn llong fach ein bwthyn a hi wrth y llyw;  
A hon fydd yr hafan ddiogel a chryno  
I'r morwr a'i Wenno tra byddwn ni byw.

[Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and  
mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and  
fountain,  
But what are the beauties of Nature to me?  
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,  
All day I go mourning in search of my love!  
Ye echoes! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden?  
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash  
Grove."]

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