

Welsh Poem - Story Massage

A land of rugged mountains,
A land of finest slate,



The sound of rushing rivers
Gives us cause to celebrate.



A land of ancient Castles,
Green Valleys, grazing Sheep,



Gives the people of Cymru
A land they wish to keep.



Follow the red dragon flag,
In parades led by Welsh bands,



Raise voices in the choirs
To salute this lovely land.



For here in Wales, or far away,
The Welsh remember still,



And on St David's Day with pride
Wear leek or daffodil.



(Poem by Brenda Williams)

Traditional Welsh Children's Rhyme about a Donkey travelling up & down the Valleys.

Mynd ar yr asyn, clipiti-clop,

Mynd ar yr asyn, trot, trot, trot,

Lan i'r mynydd ac i lawr y cwm,

Draw dros y dolydd, bwm, bwm, bwm

(Hold hands like 'row your boat')

Gyrru a gyrru, gyrru a gyrru,

Gyrru a gyrru fel y gwynt!

'Mynd ar yr asyn, clipiti-clop,

Mynd ar yr asyn, trot, trot, trot,

Lan i'r mynydd ac i lawr y cwm,

Draw dros y dolydd, bwm, bwm, bwm

