God Speaks Welsh

Endeavour I shall To write and rhyme

A poem in the language of my God

The voice of my country
The Land of my fathers
Cymru where I was born.

(Wales)

I've aged a little since I was a boy And dwelt beneath the Southern skies For sixty years and a little more

My beard is white and my head is bald

And rusty is my language of old

But I shall not forget My hiraeth for home. For the mountains of Eryri

(nostalgia) (snowdonia)

Where the Eagle once roamed

The soaring King of his cloudy realm Above the misifs of craggy rocks,

Passes, lakes and slate quarries too

Where fathers toiled and shared their blood

To mantle blue our nations roofs The scars on hillsides all remain

Immortel memory of the quarryman's domain

No longer does the Eagles hunting cry, call to fall.

Echoing fear on the wrinkled faces of weathered rocks

No longer does its shadow linger anymore

Above the fearing fleeing hare no more

Centuries still, cold clear waters fall

Churning round, the wet polished glistening stones

The choir of the long thin reeds

Sing and wave in the mountain breeze

As nature invites you to come home

There's a pint on the counter

At the tavern my boy

Where friends await to bare and share

The mémorisé of many a crazy day

Some are still here

And some are not here

But Life has no Dominion

Yet I am so lucky when my turn does come

As being a Welsh speaker

A white collar worker at Sunday school

Promised me so, so long ago

There will be no need to queue and wait

For the bell to toll

And the Pearly Gate to open any more

Just glide along on your Virgin wings

Amongst the softly swirling whirling heavenly clouds

Where you will find painted in the colours of our Dragon and our flag

On a little red back door

A green message written on a white board

By the Archangel herself.....

Croeso (Welcome)

Siaradwyr Cymraeg yn unig os gwelwch chi yn Dda. (Welsh speakers only if you please)

A translation of my Welsh poem Duw Cymro Yw.

Alwyn Parry July 2024