

Children of Earth

(a literal translation)

They seize the trembling circle of the earth,
They storm the edges of the sky,
And carry into their bannered hell
A captive world of lies.

They kept, bound fast to iron,
The ancient alphabet of chains and blood.
The wisdom of the earth they will not own,
And the grass withers beneath their feet.

Yet he stands, the countless small one,
For a moment in the ages of his line,
Seeing nothing of the greatness of powers
If he only knew the weight of the one small life.
Though often lost amid their turmoil,
His heart has never yielded:
The earth will know and claim her child,
And flower where his footsteps fall.

A day will come when the small are mighty,
A day when the mighty are no more;
A dawn that sees nothing but brotherhood
Gathering the families of the earth.
From the caves of night we have walked
To the wind that stirred in our blood;
Mercy, O stars, above our heads,
Patience, O soil, beneath our feet.

Waldo Williams

Y Ci Coch

(a literal translation)

Have you heard
The story of the red dog,
He with the slender nose and neat little tail
Who made a dash for the duck-pen?
'My right,' said he, 'today
Is one fine white duck,
Before Owen comes tonight
To lock the door with his iron key.'
With evening he left his woods
To the edge of the farm fields.
And quietly, stealthily he came
To the clear grass by the yard.
The duck herself
Was poking at the earth near a wooden shed.
Without "Good evening," without a fuss,
Came the rogue, came the fowl-stealer.
Gwen (the duck) raised her head without a flutter
And with a flip and a flap she flopped
Into the shed through the gable shutter
And shut the little door. Bitter indeed!
And there! that was his fate.
He peeps inside, she peeps out,
And she says 'Quack' and 'Dick-a-do,'
'You're not getting *me* yet!'

Waldo Williams