

An Ki

Ogh, my a gar neb unn dama
Benyn yowynk, teg, rych hag a vri;
My a gar hy diwvronn ha titel
Ha hy hanow hy honan hyhi
Mes, ogh ha tru, pandr'a wrama?
Ny garav vy vy an ki!

Hy hi, hy hi, hy hi, hy hi,
Hi hi hy hy honan hyhi

Tanow ha plos yw ha flerek
Hag y fyynn ev ow tybri rag li
Awos ow bos teg ha keherek
Ha gwell agesso yn tevri.
Dar! Ke dhe ves 'gi, ke 'gi!
Ogh, my a vynn kegi an ki!

Hy hi, hy hi, hy hi, hy hi,
Hi hi hy hy honan hyhi

Demmedhys ov vy gans an dama
Gans hy rychys ha titel ha bri
Mes pubtydh oll yma drama
Gans hy hi hy hy honan hyhi.
Ogh ha tru, dar, pandr'a wrama?
Ny vynnys demmedhi an ki!

Hy hi hy hi, hy hi hy hi
Hi hi hy, hy honan hyhi

Soweth re verwis an dama
Mar drist o yn tevri
Mes tristans yw dres eghenn
Na vydh travydh ragovy
Ma's- Gast! Ogh, pandra' wrama? Dar!
Res yw dhymm gwitha an ki!

Hy hi, hy hi, hy hi, hy hi
Hi hi hy, hy honan hyhi

Marow yw lemmyn an venyn
Gans hy thekter ha hwekter ha bri
Yma'n ki na prest ow karma
Hag ow plamya an dra orthiv vy!

Hy hi, hy hi, hy hi hy hi
Hi hi hy, hy honan hyhi

Ha finweydh yw dhe'n drama...

Wel,

Y hallav kara an ki.

Hy hi hy hyhi, hy hi hy hyhi
Hy hi hy, hy hi.hy hyhi.

Gans **Philip Chadwick**

Oh I love a lady
Young., beautiful, rich, of high degree;
I love her breasts and her title
And her name so pleasing to me
But oh dear what shall I do, by God
I really, really don't like the dog

Her dog , her dog, her dog, her dog;
Her very own dog, her dog.

It's thin and dirty and smelly
And it wants to eat me for tea
Because I'm nice and hunky
And far, far better than he
Oh go away dog, go way
By God I could cook that dog!

Her dog , her dog, her dog, her dog;
Her very own dog, her dog.

I'm married now to the lady
With her riches and title and fame
But every day there's a drama
With her dog . It's such a pain.
Oh dear what shall I do? Good God,
I didn't want to marry the dog!

Her dog , her dog, her dog, her dog;
Her very own dog, her dog.

Alas! The lady has died
So sad it was,indeed,
But sad it was beyond measure
There'll be nothing at all for me
Unless - Bitch! What shall I do? Oh God
I have to look after the dog!

Her dog , her dog, her dog, her dog;
Her very own dog, her dog.

The woman is now dead
With her beauty, sweetness, esteem
The dog is continually howling
And blaming it all on me

Her dog , her dog, her dog, her dog;
Her very own dog, her dog.

And the last act of the drama

Well, I s'pose I can love the dog

Her dog , her dog, her dog, her dog;
Her dog, her dog, her dog

By Philip H.B. Chadwick.

**Philip Chadwick,
Flat 6,
136 Fordwych Road,
London NW2 3PB**