

Dwy Iaith – Dwy Ffenest

Yn fy mhen y mae dwy ffenest
i weld y byd yn well,
drwy'r naill rwy'n gweld *montañas*,
drwy'r llall y moroedd pell.

Drwy un rwy'n cyfri'r blodau
gan ddweud 'un, dau, tri', o hyd,
drwy'r llall rwy'n cyfri'r adar
sy'n *uno, dos, tres*, uwch y byd.

Rwy'n agor un a gweiddi:
'Helo 'na! Sut wyt ti?'
O'r llall rwy'n mentro holi:
'¿*Tienes algo para mi?*'

At y naill fe ddaw *mis amigos*
â'u *sonrisas* yn chwerthin iach,
at y llall daw'r straeon doniol
gan griw o ffrindiau bach.

A rhwng y ddwy rwy'n gwybod
mod i'n gyfoethog iawn -
mae gen i ddau o bopeth,
mae 'myd i gyd yn llawn!

Two languages – Two Windows

In my head I have two windows
through which I watch the world,
from one I see a *pájaro*,
from the other just a bird.

Through one I count the flowers
by chanting 'one, two, three',
through the other I count the meadows
with '*uno, dos, tres*' – do you see?

I open one and listen
to the voice of a leaf on a tree,
then the wind asks through the other
'¿*Cantas algo para mi?*'

To one I call *mis amigos*,
they come with *sonrisas* and smiles,
to the other I call for stories
that travel many miles.

And thanks to these two windows
I'm richer than any king -
my world is overflowing,
I have two of everything!