

*Gweddi am nerth i fyned  
trwy anialwch y byd*

Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch  
Fi, bererin gwael ei wedd,  
Nad oes ynof nerth na bywyd,  
Fel yn gorwedd yn y bedd;  
Hollalluog  
Ydyw'r un a'm cwyd i'r lan.

Myfi grwydrais hir flynyddau  
Ac heb weled codi'r wawr;  
Anobeithiais, heb dy allu,  
Ddod o'r anial dir yn awr;  
Dere dy hunan,  
Dyna'r pryd y dof i maes.

Rho'r golofn dân i'm harwain,  
A'r golofn niwl y dydd;  
Dal fi pan bwy'n teithio'r manau  
Geirwon yn fy ffordd y sydd;  
Rho i mi fanna,  
Fel na bwyf i lwfrhau.

Agor y ffynhonnau melys  
Sydd yn tarddu o'r graig i maes;  
'R hyd yr anial mawr canlyned  
Afon iechydwrïaeth gras;  
Rho i mi hynny,  
Dim i mi ond dy fwynhau.

Pan bwy'n myned trwy'r lorddonen,  
Angau creulon yn ei rym,  
Ti est trwyddi gynt dy hunan,  
Pam yr ofnaf bellach ddim?  
Buddugoliaeth,  
Gwna i mi weiddi yn y llif.

Mi ymddirieda' yn dy allu,  
Mawr yw'r gwaith a wnest erioed;  
Ti gest angau, Ti gest uffern,  
Ti gest Satan tan dy droed;  
Pen Calfaria,  
Nac aed hwnnw byth o'm cof.

*William Williams (1717–91), Pantycelyn*

**The text of the hymn in *Caniadau y rhai sydd ar y Môr o Wydr* (4th edition, 1773), with revised punctuation and modernized orthography, together with a literal English translation by E. Wyn James.**

*A prayer for strength to go  
through the world's desert*

Lord, guide through the desert  
Me, a pilgrim wretched his appearance,  
Who has not in me strength nor life,  
As if lying in the grave;  
All-powerful  
Is the one who will raise me up.

I wandered for long years  
And without seeing daybreak;  
I gave up hope, without Thy power,  
To come from the desert land now;  
Come thyself,  
That is when I will come out.

Give the pillar of fire to lead me,  
And the pillar of cloud by day;  
Hold me when I travel in the rough  
Places that are in my way;  
Give me manna,  
So that I may not lose heart.

Open the pleasant-tasting fountains  
Which flow out from the rock;  
All along the great desert let  
The river of gracious salvation follow;  
Give me that,  
Nothing for me but to enjoy Thee.

When I go through Jordan,  
Cruel death in its strength,  
Thou went through it previously Thyself,  
Why should I now fear anything?  
Victory,  
Make me shout in the flood.

I will trust in Thy ability,  
Great is the work Thou hadst done always;  
Thou hadst death, thou hadst hell,  
Thou hadst Satan under thy feet;  
Summit of Calvary,  
Never let that go from my memory.