

The Pasty Song / An Gan Basti

Brian Webb.

Oh Me Lads you ought to see the past-ies, Two
A! Meb - yon res dhywgh gwel-es an past-iow, diw
inches long in a plas-tic bag and the in-sides full of nas-ties,
veusva hir, yn segh - yer heb-leth ha'n per-vedh leun a dhrog-ow,
Car-rots and peas and Kit-ti-kat all jumb-led in a mess oh, And a
Karet-ys^{Chorus} ha pys ha Kit-ti-kat kem - mysk-ys ol yn strol-yow, Gans
pa-cket of Ren-nies that come quite free, with the comp-li - ments of
far-dell a Ren-nies yw heb kost vyth, gor - hem-myn-nadow a
Tes-cos. I saw it in the Sun-day times so I know it must be
Tes-co. My a'n gwel-as yn Sun-day Times 'tho heb mar an gwiry-on-
true, I saw it in the tel-e-graph and the Obser-ver had one
- edh, My a'n gwel-as yn Tel-e-graph hag yn The Observ-er
to, An ad - vert - ise-ment for past-ies, the fin - est you can
ynwedh, 'Ma ar - gem-myn-now rag past - i, an gwella a yl - la
buy, Made by Tes-co's far a-way, in Eng-land tis no lie,
brena, Gwrys gans Tes-co pell a-ves, yn Pow Sows heb gowa.

Verse 2

So early Monday morning, I set off
for the town
To Tesco's supermarket, In Pydar
Street tis found
They gave to me a trolley with four
wheels and made of tin
How big then could this pasty be I
thought me luck was in

Verse 3

I looked all up and down the
shelves, All piled with tins so high
I searched amongst the cheese
and ham, the bread, the veg the
pies
I searched amongst the under
wear, even opened doors and
hatches
Then at last I found one hid behind
a box of matches

Verse 4

I felt so sorry for the thing all pale
and all alone
Says I perhaps you'll grow a bit, if
I do take you home
So I went up to the checkout and
then I turned quite cold
It cost me thirty six new pence -
the buggers made of gold!

Verse 5

But I put it in me pocket, and
homeward made me way
That's when me troubles started
and for a fine I had to pay
When the pasty fell from out a
hole and on the ground did splay
They fined me twenty pounds you
know for fouling the highway

Gwers 2

Hag a-varr myttin dy'Lun, tre my a
wrug gasa
Dhe worvarghas Tesco, yn Stret
Pydar yma
I a ros dhymm vy kert, peder ros
ha gwrys a sten
Pyth yw braster an pasti ma? 'Ma
meur a luk genen.

Gwers 3

My a viras a-hys estyll, kanns gor-
rys mar ughel
My a hwilas an keus, an kig, an
leth, an frut ha'n mel
My a hwilas yn-mysk skantys, igeri
daras ha hatchenn
Hag ena my a gavas onan a-dryv
kyst a danbrenn.

Gwers 4

My a omglywas trist ragdho
euthek gwynn kyn fe
Martesen ty a wra tevi, mar kem-
merav dhe'm tre
Ytho my eth dhe dylliva ena
treyllys yeyn lowr
Hwetek war'n ugens diner o –
gast! yth yw gwrys a owr!

Gwers 5

Mes my a'n gorras y'm pokket, ha
war-dre my eth di
Hemm o dalleth ow froblem, yth
esa spal ragov dhe dylli
Hag an pasti a goedhas dres toll
ha war an leur Tarmac...
Spalys en ugens peuns yn hwir
rag kawgha fordh boblek.

Treylys - Pol Hodge