

▶ Michael Sheen gives rousing speech to Welsh national team: 'That's the blood of ...

Yma o hyd, yma o hyd,
I hear the voices singing,
Speed your journey, bois bach,
One nation, singing with one voice,
A song of hope, a song of courage,
A victory song that floats through the valleys, like a red mist,
Rolls over the mountain tops, like crimson thunder,
A red storm is coming to the gates of Qatar,
It sparkles and crackles, with the spirit of '58 and Jimmy Murphy's boys,
It turns the pages of the history books,
And finds Rob's page, waiting, still to be written,
What would you write in there, boys?
Dare you write your names on that page?
64 years and far from home, far from the old land of our fathers,
Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau,
When you are standing there listening to that song of songs start up,
Shoulder to shoulder with the lads in this room,
Team-mates, friends, brothers, princes, all selected by the divine,
When you are standing there, side by side, and that holy song begins,
Close your eyes and feel the breath on the back of your necks,
Because that's every man, woman and child in this old land standing there with you,
At your backs, that's the people of Wales, your people,
Feel their breath quickening with yours,
Hear their blood drumming in your ears,
Pounding through your heart,
Bursting through your chest,

That's the blood of Wales, your blood, red as the ancient book of dreams,
Red as the rising flag of Merthyr,
Red as the great wall of Gwalia,
Because that's what you carry with you, boys
Across 64 years, across half the span of the world,
It's there, on your chest,
It's there, at your back,
It's there, at your side,
They always say, we are too small, too, slow, too weak, too full of fear,
But yma o hyd, you sons of Speed,
With that red wall around us,
We are still here.