

Yr Arwr

Yr Eneiniog

Wylo anniddig dwfn fy mlynnyddoedd
A'm gwewyr glyw-wyd ar lwm greigleoedd
Canys Merch y Drycinoedd - oeddwn gynt:
Criwn ym mawrwynt ac oerni moroedd.
Dioer wylwn am na welwn fanwylid,
Tywysog meibion gwlad desog mebyd,
Pan nad oedd un penyd hyd - ein dyddiau,
Ac i'w rhuddem hafau cerddem hefyd.
Un hwyr pan heliodd niwl i'r panylau
Rwydi o wead dieithr y duwiau,
Mi wybum weld y mab mau - yn troi'n rhydd
O hen fagwrydd dedwydd ei dadau.
Y llanc a welwn trwy'r gwyll yn cilio
I ddeildre hudol werdd Eldorado,
O'i ôl bu'r coed yn wylo, - a nentydd
Yn nhawch annedwydd yn ucheneidio.
Y macwy heulog, paham y ciliodd?
Ba ryw hud anwel o'm bro a'i denodd?
Ei oed a'i eiriau dorrodd, - ac o'i drig
Ddiofal unig efe ddiflannodd.
A'i rhyw ddawn anwar oedd yn ei enaid?
Neu ynteu hiraeth am lawntiau euraid?
O'i ôl mae bro'i anwyliaid - dan wyll trwch
Heb ei wên a'i degwch pur bendigaidd.
Minnau o'i ôl yng nghymun awelon,
Troais i gwffert drysi ag afon,
A churiwyd rhychau oerion - i'm deurudd,
Is tawch cywilydd a thristwch calon.
Twrf anniddan y gwynt ar fynyddau,
A gawr allwynin y wig ar llynnau,
Udent ym mhyrth fy nwydau, - oni throes
Gerddi feinioes yn darth a griddfannau.
Un nos oer hunais yn sur ewynnau,
A gwenau aethus y lloergan hithau
Hyd fy hirwallt fu oriau, - a'r crych pêr
Yn wylon dyner fel henoed dannau.
Yno mi gerddais tros drumau gwyrddion
I bau hir-ddedwydd ym mraich breuddwydion;
Hiraeth nid oedd yr awron, - canys caid
Heulwennau euraid a thelynorion.

The Hero

The Anointed (The Messiah)

Crying fretfully profound my years
And my anguish was heard on bare rocky places
For the daughter of tempests - I was formerly:
I was crying in the gale and cold of seas.
By heaven I cried for I saw not my love,
Prince of men of a sunny country of youth,
When there was not one tribulation - during our days,
And to its ruby summers we also walked.
One evening when mist collected in the hollows
Strangely woven nets of the gods,
I knew I saw my own young man - setting out
From old blessed walls of his fathers.
I saw the youth retreating through the darkness
To a magical leaf trace of green Eldorado,
At his leaving the trees cried, - and streams
Sighed in an unhappy haze.
Why did the engaging youth leave?
What kind of invisible magic attracted him from my locality?
His trust and his words not kept, - and from his dwelling
Uncaring alone he vanished.
Was it some wild gift that was in his soul?
Or perhaps a longing for golden lawns?
With his absence the place of his dear ones is - in thick darkness
Without his smile and his pure blessed fairness.
For my part I am in a communion of breezes in his wake,
I turned to an undergrowth of thorns and a river,
And cold furrows of pining - were in my cheeks,
Burdened under a vapour of shame and sadness of heart.
A miserable thunder of the wind on mountains,
And a pitiful giant of the forest on lakes,
Howled in the gates of my passions, - until it turned
The poems of my life as mist and groans.
One cold night I slept in acid foams,
Under poignant smiles of the moonlight
A lock of my long hair marked the hours as a clock hand, - and the sweet ripple
of the sea sounded as a tender weeping of aged strings.
There I walked over green ridges
To a land long-blissful on an arm of dreams;
There was no longing now, - for there was found
Golden sunlights and harpists.

Yn y bau loyw hon roedd teml ysblennydd
O liwiau breuddwyd a haul boreddydd;
Ac ar ei rhosliw geirydd - roedd hwyliau
O wyn lumannau fel niwl y mynydd.

Oddi fewn gwelwn orsedd o fynor
Ac arni ogonaid ddi-gryn gynnor;
Ei lais mwyn fel su y môr, - a'i dalaith
O wneuthuriad perffaith rhyw hud porffor.
Yno roedd duwiau cerdd a dyhewyd
A hoen ac asbri pob ieuanc ysbryd;
Nid oedd wr anedwydd hyd - y wenfro,
Ac ni bu yno o'r drwg nai benyd.
A dull y gwron di-wall a gerais
Ger allor heulog ar y llawr welais,
Ac yn ei lyfn ysgawn lais - yr awron
Hud ag alawon uwch gwybod glywais.
Cans rhyw dduw â rhin ei fedr dewinol
I'w ganaid wefus roes egni dwyfol;
A rhoed lliw disglair hudol - i'w enaid
O hafau euraid yr oes anfarwol.
A rhoed dyhewyd hendre y duwiau
Yn hud anorfod i'w danllyd nerfau,
A chrisiant serch yr oesau - fel haen ddrud
O ryfedd olud ar ei feddyliau.
Ei law fynoraidd gariai lafn euraid
A heriai dras pob diras ei doriad,
Ac ar ei harddaf safiad - gwelwn ddelw
Un allo farw i ennill ei fwriad.
Yna rhyw faddon o dân rhyfeddol
Welid yno trwy olau dewinol;
Wedi hyn y mab denol - o'i fynwes
I hwnnw a fwries y duw anfarwol.
Codwyd y macwy, ac ymhen ennyd
Doi nodau hudol y duwn dywedyd:
Y mab hwn fydd grym y byd, - a'i eiriau
Yn win y duwiau, yn dân dyhewyd.
"Gwn y bydd creulon droeon i'w drywydd,
A du iawn adwyth a byd anedwydd;
Eithr efe athro a fydd, - yn nysg gêl
Y dyddiau anwel ar oed ddihenydd.
"Didlawd felyswawd y dwyfol oesau
Au gloywaf fiwsig lif o'i wefusau;
Ac yn asur dig nosau - pawb a'i gwêl
Yn lloer dawel ac yn allur duwiau.
"Merchyg fel drycin ar flaen y trinoedd,

In this bright country was a splendid temple
Of colours of a dream and a dawn sun;
And on its rose coloured ramparts - like sails
Were ensigns white as the mountain mist.

Inside I saw a marble throne
And on it exalted one of unintimidating glory;
His gentle voice like the murmur of the the sea, - and his diadem
Perfectly made like a purple apparition.
There were gods of music and earnest devotion
And a gladness and vivacity in every young spirit;
There was not an unhappy man - throughout the blessed place,
And there was no evil or its tribulation.
And the likeness of the faultless hero that I loved
I saw near a sunny altar on the floor,
And in his calm mellow voice - now
I heard enchantment with melodies above knowing.
For some god with an essence of his wizard ability
To his songful lip gave a divine energy;
And a brilliant magical colour - was given to his soul
Of golden summers of the immortal age.
And earnest devotion was imparted to the gods' winter dwelling
As an unfailing charm to their fiery nerves,
And the love of the ages formed crystals - like a precious stratum
Deposited richly on their minds.
His marble hand carried a gold blade
That challenged all of a graceless sort with its cut,
And on a most beautiful plinth - I saw a statue
Of one that may be able to die to gain his purpose.
Then a kind of baptismal font of wonderful fire
Was seen there through wizardlike light;
At his anointing the alluring son - of his love
To that purpose which the immortal god intended
Was raised up, and in a moment
Came charming notes the god saying:
This young man will be the power of the world, - and his words
Will be wine of the gods, a resolute fire.
"I know there will be cruel times in his trail,
And very black misfortune and an unhappy world;
But he will be a teacher, - in secret instruction
To tutor a blind age bent on destruction.
"He will pour out on the deviant ones the sweet scorn of divine ages
Brightest honourable music will flow from his lips;
And in azure of angry nights - all will see him
In a quiet moon and in chainmail of gods.
"He shall ride his horse like a tempest at the front of the battles,

A baidd â'i anadl ysgwyd byddinoedd;
Ei wŷ a chwâl lynchesoedd, - a'i nerth maith
Ofwya'n oddaith ar wyllt fynyddoedd.
"Geilw ar fywyd o'i benyd a'i boenau
I fyd didranc yr ieuanc foreau,

Ar oes wen liw rhosynnau - ddaw yn ôl
Ar li anfarwol ei nwyf a'i eiriau.
"Er i helynt y gerrynt ei guro,
A bwrw ei hirnych o'r wybyr arno,
Ni wêl hwn ddim a'i blino, - canys bydd
Awen y gwynddydd pellennig ynddo.
Rhyw ddydd llachar ofwya'r tyrfaoedd
I'w oed urddasol 'rôl dadwrdd oesoedd;
Yna holl wae ei drinoedd - dry'n nerfus
Gân ar wefus moliannus ganrifoedd.
Tros wefus ddi-wrid y pyramidiau
Efe a lefair am ddwyfol hafau;
Ac o'i lyfn gofgolofnau - efe fydd
Duw a thywysydd gorymdaith oesau."
Gwelwn y macwy mwy yn tramwyo
I'w henwlad irad yn ôl i dario;
Ond ar hyd Eldorado - llw mwynllais
Yn dawnsio welais, a'r duw'n noswyllo.
Galwyd finnau o 'mreuddwyd mawreddog
Gan wyntoedd oerfin cethrin ysgythrog;
A chanai crych ewynog - ar y traeth
Ogonedd hiraeth fy mron gynddeiriog.

Y Gŵr Gofidus

Y gŵr mwynllais gerais gynt
Guriodd o gof i'r gerrynt,
Ac aeth o gof atgof oed
Moliangerdd mil o wingoed.
Rhyw welw rwyg rywelwr oedd
Ar hyn yn dod o'r trinoedd:
Nid oedd hud na golud gwyn
I'w grwm olwg, ŵr melyn.
Yn ei wallt roedd chwaon hwyr
A nos enaid i'w synnwyr.
A thrwy'r fro oedd yno'n wen
Gan eira, freugaen oerwen,
Nid oedd ŵr na channaid ddyn
I'w arddel, ledfyw furddyn.
Lliw drysau llwyd yr oesoedd

And dare with his breath to shake armies;
His summons will scatter navies, - and his limitless strength
Shall visit as a beacon on the wild mountains.
"He will call life from its tribulation and its pains
To the deathless world of young mornings,

On a blessed age the colour of roses - he will return
On the immortal sea of his vigour and his words.
"Although with trouble the way will buffet him,
And cast its long affliction from the sky on him,
This one will see nothing to weary him, - for there will be
The muse of the blessed distant day in him.
Some brilliant day the multitudes will yearn for
His noble era after the uproar of ages;
Then all the woe of his battles - will turn into a nervous
Song on a praising lip of centuries.
Across the unblushing lip of the pyramids
He shall speak of divine summers;
And from his sleek monuments - he will be
A god and guide to a procession of ages."
We will see more of the youth on the way
Back to his old green country to tarry;
But throughout Eldorado - a gentle voiced multitude
I saw dancing, and the god resting from work at eventide.
I was called from my majestic dream
By cold edged winds piercing and scraping;
And a frothy ripple sang - on the beach
A glory of longing in my raging breast.

The Sorrowful Man

The gentle voiced man I formerly loved
Faded from memory on the way,
And from recollection went a remembrance of an age
A eulogy of a thousand struggles.
Some pale and tattered warrior he was
Then coming from the battles:
There was no magic or blessed opulence
To his bowed look, a sallow man.
In his hair was evening breezes
And a night of the soul to his consciousness.
And through the vale that was then white
With snow, brittle surfaced cold white,
There was not a hero or a man of purity
To acknowledge him, a partly alive ruin.
The colour of grey doors of the ages

Hyd y trwm gardotwr oedd;
A chan ei dristed, dwedyd
Bwy oedd nid allai y byd;
I'w wedd roedd agwedd dreigiau
Welodd fil o ymladdfâu;
A thwrf alaeth rhyfeloedd

Yn y chwa o'i amgylch oedd.
Eithr o'i ing aruthr yngo
A diwyd iaith dwedai o:
"I'w hoed mewn cyflawn adeg
Y gelwais bob dyfais deg;
Ban gawn gynt ar helynt rwydd
Eurglod goruwch pob arglwydd,
Trigais yng nghanol golud
Aneddau aur bonedd hud,
Ac yn serch pob gwenferch gain
Lledais fy ngwenlliw adain;
Tithau a'm bwriais weithion
O oedfa rwyg serch dy fron.
Heddiw 'rwyn dlawd anniddos,
Yn rhan o wynt chwerw y nos.
"Daear anghyffwrdd duwiau
Ac aml bell ddigwmwl bau
Lle na bu y gwyll yn bod
Diriais o'm mebyd erod
Erwau Valhala'r arwyr
Ar deg Eldorado wŷyr.
"Sgrifennais a welais i
A phwyntil haul a phaent lili;
Gwisgais bob traith ag iaith gël
Cewri'r pellterau cwrel,
A byd hardd pob gwybod hen
Dramwyais i drwym hawen;
A thrwy fil o athrofâu
Heliais i ti feddyliau;
Erod pob rhyw wybod ros
Anwyd om deall dinos.
Enwau'r sêr au niferoedd
A'u lliw yn nail fy llên oedd;
A thrwy drwm a dieithr drais
Erod pob gwyddor huriais.
"Fy nerthoedd tymestl oeddynt
Yn huodl gerdd Handel gynt;
Cenais drom oerlom hirlef
Uffern, a hoff eiriau nef,

An encumbrance of a beggar he was;
And he indicates by his unique sadness,
That who he was the world couldn't be;
His countenance was dragon like
He had seen a thousand battles;
And a wailing thunder of wars

Was In the gale around him.
But in his strange anguish there
With sincere speech he said:
"To its age in fulness of time
I called all fair invention;
I had prominence formerly and life of ease
A gold reputation above every Lord,
I dwelt amidst wealth
Gold dwellings of a magic nobility,
And in the affection of every fair blessed maiden
I spread my blessed white wing;
You cast me away now
Torn from the bosom of your love.
Today I am poor comfortless,
Part of the bitter wind of the night.
"A godless earth
And many a far away cloudless country
Where the darkness never existed
I settled from my youth for you
In the heroes' acres of Valhala
On a fair Eldorado of men.
"I wrote what I saw
With pencil of sun and paint of lily;
I dressed each essay with secret language
Of the distant coral giants,
And a lovely world of ancient knowledge
I travelled through my muse;
And through a thousand academies
I gathered thoughts for you;
For you every kind of rose knowledge
Was born of my understanding undarkened.
Names of the stars and their numbers
And their colour was in the leaves of my literature;
And despite my violent environment
I recorded every principle for you
"My strengths were a tempest
Eloquent Handel music of former time;
I sang heavy cold dreary long notes
Of hell, and favourite words of heaven,

A llawer clir gywir gân
O hawddfyd dyn a'i riddfan.
"Mae twrf gwyntoedd cymoedd cau
Yn hud ar fy nghaniadau,
A llam hoyw pob lli miwail
A su dwys isleisiau dail.
Tithau wrandewaist weithian

Fy angerdd, fy ngerdd, fy nghân;
A'r tâl mau fu treisiau trwm
Eiddig warthrudd a gorthrwm.
"A'm hewyd fu'n fflam awen
Mewn llawer i Homer hen;
Gwisgais bob cân â manaur
O geyrydd yr hwyrddydd aur;
Ac yn heddw y nos cawn wau
Soned o wrid rhosynnau;
Ac yn honno atgo hen
Holl hiraeth mŷr y lloerwen.
"Cenais obaith maith fy myd
A hud ieuanc dyhewyd;
Yn fy ngerdd roedd angerdd wynt
Ac arogl mell y gerrynt.
Fy awen i, - llef ddofn oedd,
A'i llais a glywr holl oesoedd;
A'r wobwr fau fu treisiau trwm
A diarlwy fyd hirlwm.
"O bu ar lawer i baith
Firagl afar y gleifwaith,
Yn ei oddaith a'i weiddi,
Yn ei dân bum henaid i;
Ysgydwais dduwr Arthur hen
A chwaraidd freichiau Urien;
Am hoywlafrn gwenfflam welwyd
Is tywyll oer gestyll llwyd:
Ffoai crin ffeils frenhinedd
Ar gyfyng hynt rhag fy ngwedd.
"Rhin clae'r pob cronicle euriaith
Yw cyni nghymhelri maith."
"Bûm yn ddraig pan godai gad
Aerwyr i'r trinoedd irad;
A bûm darian i'r gwan gynt
Ar draeth alaeth a helynt;
Ac ar fy rhydd gywir fron
Mae gwaed pob Armagedon
"Od ymleddais ymgais oedd

With many a clear truthful song
Of prosperity of man and also his moaning.
"A thunder of winds in valleys' trough
Is an enchanting feature in my songs,
So is a gay leap over every soft stream
And an intense low voiced hum of leaves.
You heard at last

My passion, my poetry, my song;
And my recompense was terrible violence
Shameful disgrace and oppression.
"And my zeal was a fiery muse
In many old Homers;
I dressed every song with fine gold
From the ramparts of golden evening;
And in the peace of night I weaved
A sonnet of red roses;
In which verse was an old remembrance
Of all the longing of the passing moonlight.
"I sang the extensive hope of my world
And young wholehearted enchantment;
In my poetry was the passion of wind
And a scent of lightning in my way.
My muse, - Was a deep cry,
And its voice all the ages hear;
And my own reward was terrible violence
And an unfeasting world long bleak.
"And there was on many a prairie
A mighty grief of the wounded,
In its burning and its shouting,
In its fire was my soul;
I shook the steel of ancient Arthur
And the giant arms of Urien;
My lively blazing blade was seen
Beneath cold sombre grey castles:
Trembling kingly ranks fled
In distress before my presence.
"Recorded as shining virtue in every gold tongued chronicle
Is bitter anguished struggle."
"I was a dragon when conflict arose
As warriors marched to the battles fresh;
And I was a shield to the weak
Beside a sea of grief and trouble;
Shed for freedom and justice on my breast
Is blood of every Armageddon
"Frantically I fought, it was an attempt

Er ennill i ti rinoedd;
A'th ennill o byrth unig
Y nos ddofn a'i theyrnas ddig;
Ac ar y daith hirfaith oed
Lluniais rhag tywyll henoed
Hafod wen i'th fywyd di
O lelog teg a lili
"Er dy fwyn bu'r crwydrad, ferch,

Trosot bu trinoedd traserch;
A throsot ti gweddïais
A haenau llosg yn fy llais.
Gwyddost, Wen, na fu gennyf
Un lôn na fawn arno'n hyf.
Eithr daeth oer fâr i'th gariad
A niwl o fro anial frad;
Minnau, fu gynt ym mhenyd,
Yng nghymhelri'r cewri cyd,
A chwythaist o'th serch weithion
Ail ewyn deifl blaen y don.
Eithr ba waeth, ni fathr y byd
Actau ieuanc dyhewyd;
Gwedi cŵyn ac oed cyni,
I'r hafod wen cariaf di:
Yno cei fywn unbennes
Yng ngwlad hardd anneongl des."
"Ffo, ŵr crin", ebe finnau,
"I rwyg fyd yr ogofâu,
O'th ôl mae maith ddialydd
O dremyn storm nos a dydd.
Gwell rhag llaw yw'r glaw ar glog
I ymhonnwr crwm heiniog;
Wr di-wawr, o'th garu di
Amarch fy mro f'ai imi"
Ynar gŵr brau garw ei bryd
Giliodd fel cwmwl gwywlyd
Efo'r gwynt cyforiog oedd
Yn cwyno'n niwl drycinoedd;
Eithr o'i ôl roedd dieithr hud
I'r nos amur yn symud.

Y Merthyr

Yng nghwm fy ngwyll a nghanwedd - oedais i
Ogylch doi wynt fy nrygedd
O ddinas ddu nos ddi-hedd.

To win battles for you;
And to win you from lonely portals
Of the deep night and its angry kingdom;
And on my tedious journey
Against gloom of a long age I built
A blessed summer dwelling for you
Of fair lilac and lily
"For your sake was the wandering, girl,

In your cause were the battles of ardent love;
And for you I prayed
With burning strains in my voice.
You knew, fair maiden, there was not
One road where I dare not venture for you.
But there came a cold indignation into your love
And fog from a treacherous desert place;
I, was formerly in tribulation,
In a battle of the assembled giants,
And you imparted from your love now
A second foam dancing on the crest the wave.
But what matter, the world is not able to crush
Young impassioned actions;
After grievance and an age of anguish,
I will carry you to the blessed summer dwelling:
There you shall have a gentle sovereign mistress
In a beautiful land of inexplicable warmth."
"Flee withered man", I tell myself,
"To a hermit world of caves,
On your trail is a ceaseless avenger
An attack of a storm night and day.
A rain soaked cloak the lowly garb
Of a bowed anointed pretender;
A man without a hope, because of loving you
Often enduring the disrespect of my peers"
Then the fragile man of rough appearance
Retreated like a fading cloud
With the gusting wind he
Mourned in a fog of tempests;
But in his wake was a strange magic
Moving towards the impure night.

The Martyr

In the valley of my darkness and my iniquity – I tarried
Amidst a smell of my corruption
From a city of black night without peace.

Yno daeth rhyw chwerthin du - o lawer
O greigleoedd pygddu;
Yntau noswynt yn nesu
Fal gawr oer neu ddielfig ru.
Ar hyn trwyr coedydd crinion - heibio death
Wynebau du creulon,
A nodau brad nwyd eu bron
Yn eu mil ffurfiau moelion.
Yr ymhonnwr crwm yno - a welwn

Mewn hualau'n rhodio;
Ac olion ing ac wylo
Oedd ar ei ddwys ddeurudd o.
Yn swm dig y coedwigoedd - a dirmyg
Yr ystormus wyntoedd
Holais ryw fab o'r niwloedd
Ba oed o wae enbyd oedd.
"Ar antur fer," ebr yntau, - "y daeth gŵr
Ar daith gŵl o'r deau;
Heno bydd. cwsg y bedd cau
Ar ei wynion amrannau
"Holai am ryw anwylyd - garodd gynt
Is gwerdd gaer ei febyd;
Er ei mwyn crwydrai mhenyd
A duoer boen tloidi'r byd.
"Dwedai mai caethglud ydoedd - ei fun ef
Yn niwl du ein tiroedd;
Ac amu'r wynt y cymoedd,
Ebr ef, tros ei llwybrau oedd.
"Er hon cydrhwng ein brynau - ni ddorodd
Ddyhirwawd i'r duwiau;
A bu ofn pan glywai'r bau
Lef ei ysol wefusau.
"Ei fun aethus fynnai weithion - o deml
Oes ddideimlad greulon;
I'w diroedd di-bryderon,
I'w wlad deg tros emraid don.
"Gwaeau tost feiddiodd trosti, - o'i hachos
Chwenychodd faith dlodi;
Ei harddwch gollodd erddi
A'i wrid oll i'w gwared hi.
"Eithr er drycin a thrinoedd - a chwerwedd
Carcharau yr oesoedd
I'w enaid nerth byddinoedd
A gwayw dân i'w lygaid oedd.
"I'w neithior tros y moroedd - galwa'i wreng

There came some black laughter - too black
From pitch-black rocky places;
A nightwind approaching
As an ice-age mammoth with a devilish roar.
At that through the sapless woods - past understanding
Appeared cruel black faces,
Their treacherous intentions was the passion of their breast
In a thousand manifest forms.
The bowed pretender there - I saw

Walking In fetters;
And the appearance of anguish and crying
Were on his intense cheeks.
In a sound of the forests' anger - and scorn
Of the stormy winds
I asked some son of the mists
What age of pressing woe it was.
"On a short venture," says he - "A man came
On a secret journey from the South;
Tonight will be a sleep of the grave to close
His white eyelashes
"He asked about some dear one - whom he formerly loved
Beneath the green citadel of his youth;
For her sake he roamed in tribulation
And cold black pain of the destitution of the world.
"He said that he was an exile - his sweetheart
Now dwells in the black mist of our lands;
And the striding of the wind of the valleys,
He said, had blown her from her course.
"In sojourn in our rugged hills - she cared not
The straying her false gods mocked;
But fear would grip the country when it heard
The shrill cry of the exile's withering lips.
"The release of his love he demanded now - from a temple
Of an unfeeling cruel age;
To escape to his lands without anxieties,
To his fair country over emerald wave.
"Bitter woes he endured for her, - for her sake
He volunteered his prolonged impoverishment;
His beauty had faded in her eyes
And of his ruddy glow she had rid her memory.
"But despite a tempest and battles - and bitterness
The prisons of the ages
His soul possessed the strength of armies
And his eyes were a dart of fire.
"To his wedding feast across the seas - he called his pale cheeked proletariat

Gwelw rudd y mynyddoedd;
Ar ei air tyrrai'r tiroedd -
Rhuthr a chyrch anorthrech oedd.
"Deffrowyd y breuddwydion - a hunent
Rhwing ein bryniau llwydion;
A thorf aruthr o feirwon
A fywheid gan y llef hon.
"Gadawent drig y duwiau - tua'r wawr
Megis trin o ddreigiau:
O'u hôl roedd sŵn dialau

Yn holl byrth y dywell bau.
"Ar gŵr tros dduoer geyrydd - a orug
Eu harwain o'u tywydd,
Drwy chwyldro wen ysblennydd,
I ryddid oes werdd ei dydd.
"Yno, ebr ef, cai fanon - ado'i hen
Anghrediniaeth greulon;
Duwiau'r hwyr o'i mynwes drôn,
Eilwaith daw serch i'w chalon.
"Ond diarbed i'w erbyn - y duwiau
Duon a godesyn;
Heno bydd salm y bedd syn
Yn torri trwy'i wallt hirwyn."
Yna y llais ddiflannodd, - ar hwyrwynt
Trwy'r oror drist wylodd;
A niwl du anaele dodd
Lwyd dwyni y wlad danodd.
Eithr yn ddirgel rhywelais - heibio oer
Aberoedd du tristlais;
Ac i'r oed doi'r gŵr wawdiais
Yngo fal hud angof lais.
Ar ei grog draw yn crogi - yn ei waed
Gwelwn ef ar drengi;
A'r awel oer a'i phêr li
Hyd ei hirwallt yn torri.
Rhyw aethus lwydwawr weithion - hyd oror
Y dwyrain diglion
Dorrai fel ar arch dirion
Y gŵr gaid ar y grog hon.
Un ennyd cyn ei huno - dywedodd:
Diadwyth a drengo
A dydd ei ddyhewyd o
I'r awyr yn dwyreo.
"Wele, ferch, dyrchafael fydd, - yno tau
Pob rhyw storm annedwydd;

of the mountains;
At his word surged the lands -
A rapid onslaught became unconquerable.
"The dreams were awakened - that were sleeping
Between our grey hills;
And a strange crowd of dead
Were brought alive by this cry.
"They left the abode of the gods - moving towards the dawn
Like a battle array of dragons:
Behind them was a sound of vengeance

In all the portals of the dark country.
"And the man over cold black ramparts - acts
Leads them from their habitation,
Through a blessed splendid revolution,
To freedom of a fresh age.
"There, says he, he would have a queen - who repents her old
Cruel unbelief;
And will leave her love of her former gods,
A second time love for him will come to her heart.
"But unsparing against the man - the black gods
rise up;
This evening a psalm will be sung
Cut short by the senseless grave."
Then the voice vanished, - and the evening wind
Lamented through the sad frontier;
And a black awful mist covered over
Grey hillocks of the country below it.
But mysteriously I journeyed on to war- past cold
Black sad voiced bays;
And to that era came the man that I mocked
There like magic came a forgotten voice.
On yonder cross hanging - in his blood
I saw him about to die;
The cold breeze and it's melodious flow
Cutting a lock of his long hair.
A poignant grey dawn now - along the eastern frontier
Angry legions were breaking forth
meanwhile gently praying
The man was found on his cross.
One moment before his slumber - he said:
When he dies untainted
A day he earnestly desired
To be to the sky lifted up.
"Behold, girl, an ascension will result, - then will come
Every type of wretched storm;

Ac i'r oed is y coedydd
Cariad rhos o'i dranc hir drydd."
Dy enaid o'r gwyll dynnais ; - oth herwydd
At ferthyron cerddais;
Cans hiraeth meddf dy leddf lais
Drwy gloiau dur a glywais.
"Ponid gwell ydyw'r poenau - ddaw a gwawr
Tros brudd geyrydd oesau
Na dewis breuglod duwiau
Yn niwl y bell anial bau?
"Cyn hir fe'n hunir ninnau - ym mhaladr

Y melyn foreau;
Eisys mae llewych oesau
Y deyrnas hud ar nesháu."
Weithion di-fraw y tawodd, - ar wawr oer
Ar ei wallt chwaraeodd,
A'i lydain lygaid lwydodd
Yn y tarth cyfrin a'u todd.
Yna holais y niwloedd, - a hwythau
Y creithiog fynyddoedd,
Ai duw hud mewn oed ydoedd,
A'i rhyw wyllt ymhonnwr oedd?

Y Dyrchafael

A'r huan megis troell
O aur pur uwch y mÿr pell,
Llifodd ias boeth o draserch
I'm mynwes i o'm hen serch;
A llais ar ddull eosydd:
"Wele, ferch, dyrchafael fydd".
Yna wrth borth traeth y bau
Gwelwn sidanog hwyliau
Rhyw long o gwrel, a'i hynt
O deg orwel di gerrynt;
Ar ei bron roedd gŵr o bryd
Rhoslwyn, ag hirwallt dryslyd;
Ataf ei dremyn ytoedd,
A fenw i ar ei fin oedd.
Minnau gan hud a gludwyd
I'r llong ar y dyfnder llwyd;
Wedyn awelon gododd,
A hithau draw ymaith drodd.
O f'ôl roedd hen adfeilion
Yn oer a du ger y don;

While to the tryst beneath the wooded boughs
From his death love roses will follow."
I plucked your soul from the darkness; - because of you
Towards martyrs I walked;
The delicate longing of your plaintive voice
I heard through locks of steel.
"Are not the pains better - that will bring a dawn
Over joyless ramparts of ages
Than to choose the fragile praise of gods
In a mist of the far desert country?
"Before long we will be sleeping - in a ray of light

Of the golden mornings;
Already are times of the luminosity
Of the approach of the magic kingdom."
Now fearless he became quiet, - and a cold dawn
Played on his hair,
And his wide eyes became grey
In the secret haze that covered them.
Then I questioned the mists, - and they
Asked the scarred mountains,
Was he a magic aged god,
Or was he some sort of wild pretender?

The Ascension

And the sun was like a spinning wheel
Of pure gold above the far walls,
A warm shudder of ardent love streamed
To my bosom from my old love;
And a voice like a nightingale was heard:
"Behold, girl, there will be an ascension".
Yonder by the harbour of the country
I saw silken sails
They belonged to some ship of coral, and its course
Was from a fair pathless horizon;
At its helm was a man the complexion
Of a rosebush, with long tangled hair;
The purpose of his journey was to find me,
And my name was on his lip.
I was conveyed by a charm
To the ship on the grey deep;
Afterward breezes arose,
And yonder vessel turned away.
Behind me I left ancient ruins
Cold and black by the wave;

Is eu lawnt roedd treisiol wŷr,
A thremyn hen orthrymwyr
Wanwyd gan y mab gwynwawr
Yn nydd mellt ei drinoedd mawr;
Pand yno bu caddug cau
Ac oed hen y cadwynau?
O'm blaen bryd hyn ymdaenai
Y lli mwyn fel mantell Mai;
Ac uwch y môr porffor pell
Weithian ar ddieithr draethell
Roedd cwmwl mawr liw gwawr gël
Ceyrydd canrifoedd cwrel.

Cyn hir y llong a diries
Wrth ryw bau liw tonnau tes;
A swyn haf glas ei nefoedd
Dros ei thir fel dryswaith oedd,
A thremyn teml ddi-semi sud,
Wele, is coediog olud
Ac iddi o'r gellioedd
Diri' dorf ar grwydrad oedd.
Ymlaen tua'r deml yno
Hyd erwau aur rhoddais dro,
A phob tlysni ynddi oedd
Fel yn hafal i nefoedd;
Ac ar orsedd unwedd haul
Ym mro hwyr y mŷr araul,
Anwylyd fy mebyd maith
Welwn mewn harddwch eilwaith;
Iddo roedd talaith ruddaur
O hudol sud deilios aur;
Ac i'r llawr rhag ei fawredd
Y syrthiais i wrth ei sedd.
Arglwydd, ebr fenaïd, erglyw,
Dy ras eurad afrad yw;
Haeddiant i'th fyd ni feddaf,
Fy lôr, a'm haneisior Naf,
Canys yn oriau'r cyni
Gwerthais a bradychais di;
Ac yn ing drycin angau
Tybiais ddiwedd dy wedd dau;
Eithr er craith byw eilwaith wyt,
Duw ar dud euraid ydwy
"Eilwaith i 'mron dychweli
Fel murmur pêr llawer lli;
Eilwaith 'rwyf ar heolydd

Buried beneath their grassland were violent men,
And a vision of ancient oppressors
Pierced by the son of the blessed dawn
In a day of thunderbolts of his great battles;
Do not these gloomy hollows form
Like captive bands their tombs?
Before me then spread
The gentle water like a mantle of May;
And above the purple horizon
Now on a foreign sand bank
Was a great cloud the colour of a hidden dawn
Like ramparts of coral centuries.

Before long the ship docked
In a country by sun drenched waves;
And summer magic of its blue heaven
Intricately overspread its land,
And a vision of a wonderful temple,
Was beheld, below a verdant wood
And to it from the groves
A numberless crowd was wending.
Onward toward the temple
Along golden acres I walked a while,
Admiring its every elegant feature
Comparable to heaven;
And on a throne like the sun
In a peaceful evening vale,
Was the love of my youthful days
Whom I now saw in beauty a second time;
On his head was a diadem of crimson and gold leaf
Of a magical sort;
And to the floor before his majesty
I fell by his seat.
Lord, my soul said, please listen,
Your golden grace is squandered;
I am not worthy of your world,
My Lord, and my God,
For in my hours of adversity
I sold and betrayed you;
And in anguish of the tempest of death
I presumed an end of your prayers;
But though I wounded you, you live anew,
You are a God on a golden headed page
"You will return again to my bosom
Like a sweet murmur of many seas;
A second time you appear

Yn fain rhos, yn fynor rhydd;
Gawr wen im ac a utgorn wyt,
A rhi gwlad miragl ydwyf;
Ni ddaw'r trwy'r byd yr awran
Ond gwrid teg dy gariad tân."
Ar hyn fy arglwydd a drodd,
Ail llif hwyrwynt llefarodd:
"Yn y ddiheidd hendre ddu
Gwelais dy drist fygyly;
A gwyliais aethog helynt
Dy gorff llesg is gormes gynt,
A'th serch fel timestl erchyll
O uthr niwl a chethrin wyll,

A mil o ddu gymylau
Adwyth ag ing wedi'th gau,
Mal eiddig yr ymleddais,
Ac erod, ferch, curiwyd f'ais;
Rhyw isel gur islaw gwerth
Hebot f'ai poen fy aberth.
"Tithau a ddaethost weithion
I'r wlad o wull emerald hon,
Lle 'rwyf fi 'r ôl cyni cyd
Yn dduw pob cain ddyhewyd.
"I'm gwlad fwyn ddiallwynin
Ni ddaw trais na chwerwedd trin;
Canys ysbrydion cynnydd
Elwir i oed fy nheml rydd;
Yno tanllyd ysbryd wyf
A thad pob campwaith ydwyf;
A chyrch llongau'n dyrfa'u fil
O dranc y duoer encil
I borth llawen dadeni
Ar amnaid fy enaid i.
"Pob cân anfarwol ganwyd
Ar wefus pob nerfus nwyd,
A brud hen ddiwygwyr bro,
A'u gwronwaith geir yno,
A phob gwae cudd ddatguddir
Yng ngwrid haf di-angred hir.
"Teyrn i'r bau er angau wyf,
A'i godidog hud ydwyf;
Awen ei llên dragywydd,
A'i hoesau aur ynof sydd;
Miliynau'r mellt melynion
I'r bys mau'n fodrwyau drôn;

Now as a slender rose, you are marble no longer;
You are a blessed giant to me and a clarion,
A king of a miracle country;
Our hour will not come via the world
But through a fair blush of your love's fire."
At that my Lord turned,
A second gust of evening wind spoke:
"Formerly In the peaceless black winter habitation
I saw the miserable intimidation you experienced;
And observed your sore predicament
Your weak body under oppression,
And your love of me had become as a hideous tempest
Of tremendous mist and a horrid darkness,

And a thousand black clouds
Misfortune and anguish having enclosed you,
I fiercely fought evil jealous to deliver you,
And for you, girl, my ribs were emaciated;
I was brought low by grievous misfortune
Without you my pain became my sacrifice.
"You have come now
To this emerald country,
Where I dwell after all the adversity
A God of all desired elegance.
"To my gentle country without sorrow
Violence nor bitterness of battle will come;
For lovers of creativity, culture and civilisation
Are called as free souls to my temple;
There I am a fiery spirit
And father of every exploit ;
My armament is well stocked
There is no turning back
Happy victory is assured
At my direction.
"Each immortal song was sung
On a lip of every nervous passion,
And a chronicle of societies' revivalists,
And their heroes' work is found there,
And every hidden woe is revealed
In the blush of a long faithful summer.
"I am king of the country although I am death,
And I am its splendid magic;
The muse of its everlasting literature,
And its golden ages are embodied in me;
Millions of yellow lightnings
On my finger turn as rings;

Ac fel duw di-fraw, llawen,
Adeiniaf fyd y nef wen.
"Er maith sen Prometheus wyf,
Awdur pob deffro ydwyf,
Ar oes well wrth wawrio sydd
Ar dân o'm bri dihenydd."
Ar gŵr glew yno'n teui,
Nid oedd yn fy enaid i
Onid wyneb a daniwyd
Yn nef pob anfarwol nwyd.

And like a fearless happy god
On wings I fly in the blessed heavenly world.
"Despite the world's reviling I am Prometheus,
I am author of all awakening,
A better age is about to dawn
On fire from fame of my death."
The silence of my courageous soul is but transient,
I will be shown forth by fire
In every flaming countenance
In a heaven of all immortal passion.

English Translation by Len Shurey of Caerphilly