

Aled Jones "Tylluanod (Owls)"

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Pan fyddai'r nos yn olau,
A llwch y ffordd yn wyn,
A'r bont yn wag sy'n croesi'r dur
Difwstwr ym Mhen Llyn,
Y tylluanod yn eu tro
Glywid o Lwyncoed Cwm y Glo.

Pan siglai'r hwyaid gwylltion
Wrth angor dan y lloer,
A Llyn y Ffridd ar Ffridd y Llyn
Trostynt yn chwipio'n oer,
Lleisio'n ddidostur wnaent i ru
Y gwynt o Goed y Mynydd Du.

Pan lithrai gloywddwr Glaslyn
I'r gwyll, fel cledd i'r wain,
Pan gochai pell ffenestri'r plas
Rhwyng briglas lwyni'r brain,
Pan gaeai syrthni safnau'r cun,
Nosai Ynysfor yn eu sun.

A phan dywylla'r cread
Wedi'i wallgofddydd maith,
A dyfod gosteg ddiystwr
Pob gweithiwr a phob gwaith,
Ni bydd eu Lladin,
Ar fy llw, Na llon na lleddf
Tw-whit, Tw-hw !

Owls

When the night was clear
And the dust on the road was white,

The bridge empty across the silent
Waters of Pen Llyn
The owls were heard in turn
From Llyncoed, Cwm-y-glo.

As the wild ducks swayed,
Anchored in the moonlight,
And the lake on Ffridd y Llyn

Whipped so cold,
They called without remorse
To the roar of the wind from Mynydd Du woods.

As the clear water of Glaslyn slid
Into the dusk, as a sword in its sheath
And the distant windows of the mansion reddened
Amidst the green branches of the rooks
When fatigue silenced the dogs,
Night fell on Ynysfor to their sound.

And when the creation will darken
After its long mad day
And the ultimate silence befalls
Every worker and every job,
Their Latin tones will I warrant you
Be neither happy nor sad 'Too whit Too hoo'!

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