

Aled Jones "Y Gylfinir"

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Dy alwad glywir hanner dydd
Fel ffiwt hyfrydlais uwch y rhos
Fel chwiban bugail a fo gudd
Dy alwad glywir hanner nos;
Nes clywir, pan ddwysa dy sun
Cyfarth dy anweledig gun.

Dy braidd yw'r moel gymylau maith,
A'th barod gun yw'r pedwar gwynt
Gorlanna'th ddiadelloedd llaith,
I'w gwasgar eilwaith ar eu hynt
Yn yrr ddiorffwys, laes, ddifref,
Hyd lyfnion hafodlasau'r nef.

The Curlew

Your call is heart at mid-day

As a sweet-voiced flute above the moor,
As the whistle of an invisible shepherd
Your call is heard at midnight.
Until one hears, as your sound intensifies,
The barking of your unseen dogs.

Your sheep are the boundless clouds,
Your ready dogs the four winds
Penning your damp flocks
To scatter them again
A silent and restless herd
Across the heavens' flowing meadows.

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