

**Alecia Nugent****"Tylluanod"**

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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  
Rhwng briglas Iwyni'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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