

## Y Gylfinir

Aled Jones

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 heard 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.