

# 2117 / Hedd Wyn

## Libreto, gan Gruff Rhys

*\*Mae testun italig gyda seren (ee t.28) yn dynodi barddoniaeth Gymraeg wreiddiol Hedd Wyn*

Cyfieithiad Saesneg gan Gwenda Richards a Gwyneth Glyn

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## Libretto, by Gruff Rhys

*\*Italicised text with asterisk (eg p.28) denotes Hedd Wyn's original Welsh poetry*

English translation by Gwenda Richards and Gwyneth Glyn

## Prolog a Baled

### 1. Yng nghysgod yr atomfa

[*Tirwedd – clywn leisiau yn y pellter*]

#### Corws bach o ddyinion

Yng nghysgod yr atomfa  
Mae'n lloches rhag y byd,  
Ni feiddia unhryw elyn  
Ein dilyn i'n Huffern clyd.

Tywynnu wna'r pelydrau  
Yn wenwyn ar ein crud,  
Pelydrau anweledig  
Sy'n gofeb wae i'n cig.

#### Corws

[*Mae'r myfyrwyr yn ymddangos, gan ganu*]

Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith,  
Dwy fil, un cant a dwy ar bymtheg.

#### Y Pelydrau

[*Wrth i'r myfyrwyr gael eu tywys o amgylch cartref Hedd Wyn (Yr Ysgwrn) mae Y Pelydrau – ar ba bynnag ffurf y maen nhw wedi esblygu i mewn iddi erbyn 2117 – yn ymddangos*]

Daeth ffrwydriad creulon ffasgaidd  
Yn nwy fil saith deg un,  
Fe ruodd drwy y cynfyd  
A chwedlau'r dyffryn crin.

## Prologue and Ballad

### 1. In the shadow of the reactor

[*A landscape – we hear voices in the distance*]

#### Semi-chorus of men

In the shadow of the reactor  
Lies our refuge from the world,  
No enemy dares  
Follow us to our enclosed Hell.

The rays radiate  
Their poison on our cradle,  
Invisible beams,  
A woeful monument to our flesh.

#### Chorus

[*The students gradually appear, singing*]

Two one one seven,  
Twenty-one seventeen,  
Two thousand, one hundred and seventeen.

#### Y Pelydrau

[*As the students are seen taking the tour of Hedd Wyn's ancestral home (Yr Ysgwrn), Y Pelydrau – in whatever form they have evolved into by 2117 – appear*]

A cruel fascist explosion occurred  
In two thousand and seventy-one  
It roared through antiquity,  
Through the legends of the arid valley.

Daeargryn blin o'r isfyd  
A rwygodd drwy y tir,  
O Gynfal i Arduw  
Drwy heddwch Feirion Sir.

Atomfa lwyd y ll'wodraeth  
A gwreichion tân ar sbri,  
Ymgrymodd dan y pwysau  
A grëwyd ynddi hi.

Gan ddymchwel y deml drydan  
I arswyd pobl Traws,  
Bu blygu'r syth i ystum  
A phob llyffant yn gaws.  
A phob tomato'n saws.

### Y Fon Hon

[*Mae'r athrawes – Y Fon Hon – yn cyfarch y myfyrwyr*]

Croeso i'r Ysgwrn bawb.

[**Y Pelydrau:** Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith.]

Gan fod rhai ohonoch ddim wedi ymuno a'r  
ymarferiadau tan heddiw...

[**Y Pelydrau:** Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith.]

'swn i'n hoffi cyflwyno'r Bon Pebr i chi – fo fydd

From the underworld  
A furious earthquake tore the land,  
From Cynfal to Arduw and through  
The tranquility of Meirionethshire.

The government's grey nuclear reactor  
And the fire's wild sparks,  
Bowed down under the pressure  
Created within it.

Demolishing the electric temple  
To the horror of the people of Traws,  
Rendering the straight crooked  
And every toad, cheese.  
And every tomato, sauce.

### Y Fon Hon

[*The female teacher – Y Fon Hon – addresses the students*]

Welcome to Yr Ysgwrn everyone.

[**Y Pelydrau:** Two one one seven,  
Twenty-one seventeen.]

As some of you haven't joined in with the  
rehearsals until today...

[**Y Pelydrau:** Two one one seven,  
Twenty-one seventeen.]

I would like to introduce you to Y Bon Pebr –

yn cyfarwyddo'r opera, ac mae o'n wybodus  
iawn am hanes Hedd Wyn hefyd.

### **Y Pelydrau**

Yng nghysgod yr atomfa  
Mae'n lloches rhag y byd,  
Ni feiddia unhryw elyn  
Ein dilyn i'n Huffern clyd.

Tywynnu wna'r pelydrau  
Yn wenwyn ar ein crud,  
Pelydrau anweledig  
Sy'n gofeb wae i'n cig.

### **Y Fon Hon**

[*Gan rybuddio...*]

Mae 'na sôn fod corwynt coch yn debygol  
o daro heddiw – os fedrwch chi gadw'ch  
mygydau yn gyfleus sa hynny'n fendigedig.  
Hefyd, mae hwn yn gyfle da i chi gymryd eich  
talpau, ac yn olaf, bydd brinio heddiw am un ar  
ddeg yng nghromen rhif wyth.  
Diolch pawb... Pebr?

### **Y Pelydrau**

Heb loches o'r taranau  
A gydiodd yn y wlad  
Fe ffodd pob person ffodus  
Na bu iddynt i'w lladd.

he will be directing the opera, and he is also  
very knowledgeable about the life of Hedd  
Wyn.

### **Y Pelydrau**

In the shadow of the reactor  
Lies our refuge from the world,  
No enemy dares  
Follow us to our enclosed Hell.

The rays radiate  
Their poison upon our cradle,  
Invisible beams,  
A woeful monument to our flesh.

### **Y Fon Hon**

[*Y Fon Hon warns...*]

There's talk that a red hurricane will likely strike  
today – if you could keep your masks handy,  
that would be wonderful. Also, this is a good  
opportunity for you to take your chunks, and  
finally, brunch today will be at eleven in dome  
number eight.  
Thanks everyone... Pebr?

### **Y Pelydrau**

Without shelter from the lightning  
That gripped the land  
Every lucky person fled  
That wasn't killed.

Sefydlwyd parth o'u hamgylch,  
Y meirw hynny yw,  
Yn mesur deugain milltir  
Yn grwn i gadw'r byw.

## Y Fon Hon

Pebr...?

## Y Bon Pebr

*[Yn ystod yr isod bydd Y Pelydrau yn ail-gychwyn y lagfargan 2117 unwaith eto, bron fel sombis. Mae'r myfyrwyr yn ymuno â nhw, a dylem ddechrau pendroni amdany'n nhw...]*

Diolch, Hon – wel i'r newydd yn ein mysgr – syniad yr opera ma ydi creu dadansoddiad o, efallai unig gampwaith Hedd Wyn – 'Yr Arwr'. I raddau roedd gweddill ei waith yn brentisiaeth oedd yn arwain at yr awdl hon. Ac wrth gwrs mae amgylchiadau'r cadeirio bellach yn cysgodi'r gwaith ei hun, felly 'da ni'n chwilio am gydbwysedd, mewn ffordd.

Ac i baratoi am ein trochfa operatig awyr agored i ddathlu dau gan mlwyddiant marwolaeth Hedd Wyn, mi o'n i'n meddwl ei fod yn bwysig iawn i ni ymweld â lleoliad magwraeth y bardd.

**[Y Pelydrau:** Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith,  
Dwy fil, un cant a dwy ar bymtheg.]

A zone was established around them,  
The dead that is,  
Measuring forty miles  
To safeguard the living.

## Y Fon Hon

Pebr...?

## Y Bon Pebr

*[During this narration Y Pelydrau start the 2117 chant again, almost zombie-like. They are joined by the students and we begin to wonder about them...]*

Thank you, Hon – to those newcomers in our midst – the idea behind this opera is to analyse what is, perhaps, Hedd Wyn's only masterpiece – 'Yr Arwr' (The Hero). To some extent the rest of his work was an apprenticeship leading up to this poem. And of course, the circumstances surrounding the charring now shadow the work itself, so we are looking for a balance, of sorts.

And to prepare for our immersive open-air opera to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of Hedd Wyn's death, I thought it was very important for us to visit the place where the poet was brought up.

**[Y Pelydrau:** Two one one seven,  
Twenty one seventeen,  
Two thousand, a hundred and seventeen.]

Er i lawer ohonoch ymweld â'r amgueddfa hon  
o'r blaen wrth gwrs, mae'r tirwedd godidog yn  
allwedd i ddeall delfryd ramantus y bardd hwn.

[Yn sydyn mae popeth yn tawelu]

A sylwch ar lyfrau ei ddylanwad pennaf,  
Shelley ar y sillfoedd. Mae'n bwysig dod i'r  
ffynhonnell. Does dim ffordd well i gael o dan  
groen athrylith y bardd, fel petae – heblaw am  
ffrwydriad niwcliar wrth gwrs...

[Mae yna ffrwydrad o swm ac mae Y Pelydrau  
yn ei foddï gyda'u cytgan]

### Corws

Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith,  
Dwy fil, un cant a dwy ar bymtheg.

Yng nghysgod yr atomfa  
Mae'n lloches rhag y byd,  
Ni feiddia unhryw elyn  
Ein dilyn i'n Huffern clyd.

Tywynnu wna'r pelydrau  
Yn wenwyn ar ein crud,  
Pelydrau anweledig  
Sy'n gofeb wae i'n cig.

Although many of you have visited this museum  
before of course, the magnificent landscape  
is key to understanding this poet's Romantic  
idealism.

[Suddenly it all goes quieter]

And notice the books of Shelley, his foremost  
influence, on the shelves. It's important to come  
to the source. There's no better way to get under  
the skin of the genius of the poet – apart from a  
nuclear explosion, of course...

[There is an explosion of sound and Y Pelydrau  
top it with their chorus]

### Chorus

Two one one seven,  
Twenty-one seventeen,  
Two thousand, a hundred and seventeen.

In the shadow of the reactor  
Lies our refuge from the world,  
No enemy dares  
Follow us to our enclosed Hell.

The rays radiate  
Their poison upon our cradle,  
Invisible beams,  
A woeful monument to our flesh.

## Rhan Un

[Mae'r darlithydd ysgogol yn adrodd hanesion am gyfnod hirfelyn Hedd Wyn fel bugail. Mae'r darlithydd (Y Bon Pebr) yn cyfeirio'n benodol at ddau fyfyrwr sydd wedi derbyn rhannau Hedd Wyn (Carlo) a'i gariad olaf Jini Owen (Modlen) yng nghanol y dyrfa.]

## 2. Wel, dyma ni yn Yr Ysgwrn

[Mae'r myfyrwyr a'r athrawon yn ymgynnull yn griw. Mae Y Bon Pebr yn sôn am Hedd Wyn wrth y grŵp, gan gyfarch Carlo a Modlen yn benodol.]

### Y Bon Pebr

Wel dyma ni yn Yr Ysgwrn, cartref teulu Hedd Wyn, bellach yn amgueddfa, wrth gwrs.

### Carlo

Pryd ganwyd o?

### Y Bon Pebr

Ganwyd ef yn 1887.

Ei dad yn trin y tir, ond hefyd yn meddu ar ddawn farddonol.

Evan Evans ei enw rhagorol.

Ellis Humphrey Evans, oedd enw gwreiddiol Hedd. Yr hynaf o un ar ddeg ac fel yr Iesu, fe'i ganwyd gan Mary.

## Act One

[The motivational lecturer regales tales of Wyn's idyllic days as a shepherd. The lecturer (Y Bon Pebr) singles out the two students, who have been given the roles of Hedd Wyn (Carlo) and that of his last girlfriend Jini Owen (Modlen), from the throng.]

## 2. Well, here we are in Yr Ysgwrn

[The students and teachers gather in a group. Y Bon Pebr tells the group about Hedd Wyn. He particularly addresses Carlo and Modlen.]

### Y Bon Pebr

Well, here we are in Yr Ysgwrn, Hedd Wyn's ancestral home, now a museum, of course.

### Carlo

When was he born?

### Y Bon Pebr

He was born in 1887.

His father tilled the land but also had a talent for poetry.

Evan Evans was his excellent name.

Ellis Humphrey Evans was Hedd's original name. The eldest of eleven and like Jesus, was born of Mary.

## Y Fon Hon

Ac fel yr Iesu.

## Y Bon Pebr

Gan Mary.

[*Mae 10 o'r myfyrwyr yn ymuno â Carlo/Hedd mewn ystum brodyr-a-chwiorydd. Mae Y Bon Pebr ac Y Fon Hon yn ymuno â'r teulu gan ymarweddu fel rhieni.*]

## Y Bon Pebr

Bugail ydoedd a bardd gwlad yn troedio'r tiroedd a boddhad. Bwyd a diod; adloniant y cyfnod oedd yr englyn, y bennill, y cywydd hynod.

Yn unarddeg oed fe roddwyd y llyfr hwn iddo, Yr Ysgol Farddol yn rhodd gan ei dad.

[*Mae Y Bon Pebr yn dal llyfr i fyny*]

A buan wedyn fe ysgrifennodd ei englyn cyntaf – yn dilyn yr hen draddodiad Cymraeg. Yr englyn, y bennill, y cywydd hynod.

Felly gath o fawr o addysg ond daeth o aelwyd diwylliedig. Roedd Trawsfynydd fel pair y dadeni, yn fwrllwm o gyngherddau ac eisteddfodau.

## Y Fon Hon

And like Jesus.

## Y Bon Pebr

Of Mary.

[*10 of the students join Carlo/Hedd in a sibling pose. Y Bon Pebr and Y Fon Hon join the huddle and pose as parents.*]

## Y Bon Pebr

He was a shepherd and a country poet walking the land with pleasure. Food and drink; that period's entertainment was the *englyn*, the verse and the remarkable *cywydd*.

At eleven years old he was given this book, *The School of Poetry* as a gift from his father.

[*Y Bon Pebr holds up a book*]

And soon afterwards he wrote his first *englyn* – following the old Welsh tradition. The *englyn*, the verse and the remarkable *cywydd*.

So he had little education, but he came from a cultured home. Trawsfynydd was like a Renaissance cauldron, bustling with concerts and many an eisteddfod.



Arferai ei rieni adael iddo farddoni tan oriau  
man y bore, heb ddisgwyl iddo godi i odro neu  
aredig – rhieni bendigedig!

### **Y Fon Hon**

Dyna gyfrinach unhryw awen: cael yr amser i  
ymarfer y grefft am gyfnodau hir.

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Diolch i'r Fon!

Daeth Ellis yn eisteddfodwr pentre brwd.  
Fe deithiodd hyd y Bala, Llanffestiniog a  
Phontardawe i gystadlu am gadair, llymeita,  
mercheta. Drygionus lanc; chware plant!

### **Carlo**

Roedd yn dipyn o gymeriad felly?

### **Y Bon Pebr**

[*Nodio pen*]

Er, fel pawb yn y cyfnod mi roedd o'n grefyddol  
iawn hefyd wrth gwrs. Roedd yn berson swil,  
distaw, breuddwydiol iawn ar yr un llaw, ond  
ag angerdd ac awen ddi-ofn arno. Roedd  
yn uchelgeisiol ac yn gobeithio ennill cadair  
Genedlaethol. Felly pan fyddi di'n ei chwarae o  
yn yr opera 'ma, Carlo, dychmyga fo fel craig  
gryf, ond un sydd wedi ei orchuddio a mwsog.

His parents would let him write poetry until the  
early hours of the morning, without expecting  
him to rise to milk or plough – what wonderful  
parents!

### **Y Fon Hon**

That is the secret of any muse: having the time to  
practise the craft for prolonged periods.

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Thanks to Y Fon!

Ellis became an enthusiastic village  
*eisteddfodwr*. He travelled as far as Bala,  
Llanffestiniog and Pontardawe to compete for a  
chair, drinking, womanising. Wicked lad; child's  
play!

### **Carlo**

He was a bit of a character then?

### **Y Bon Pebr**

[*Nods head*]

Although, like all people of the time, he was  
also very religious of course. He was a shy,  
quiet person, a dreamer on the one hand, but  
with passionate and bold poetic genius. He  
was ambitious and hoped to win the chair at the  
National Eisteddfod. So when you're playing  
him in this opera, Carlo, imagine him as a solid  
rock, but one covered in moss.

## Carlo

Fel hyn?

## Y Bon Pebr

Yn union, Carlo...

Yn wir yn un o'r 'steddfodau yma tua'r 'stiniog y cyfarfu a'i gariad pennaf, Jini.

Felly Modlen, dychmyga hi fel dynes gref, sydd ddim yn cael ei dallu gan awen Hedd Wyn.

Ond roedd yn amlwg nad oedd hi'n ddi-hiwmor chwaith.

## Modlen

[Yn goeglyd]

Fel cragen gref wedi ei llenwi a mwsog, Bon?

## Awen a Carlo

*\*Pe byddwn i'n awel y mynydd  
Yn crwydro trwy'r ffriddoedd yn rhydd,  
Mi wn i ba le yr ehedwn,  
Nid unwaith na dwywaith y dydd.*

## Awen

Dychmyga hi fel dynes gref.

## Carlo

*\*Wrth fynd drwy'r helyg a'r rhedyn,  
Heb beidio mi ganwn fy nghân:  
I'm calon nid oes ond un testun,*

## Carlo

Like this?

## Y Bon Pebr

Exactly, Carlo...

In fact it was whilst attending one of these Eisteddfodau in 'stiniog way that he met his true love, Jini.

So Modlen, imagine her as a strong woman, who isn't blinded by Hedd Wyn's poetic genius. But it's obvious she wasn't without humour either.

## Modlen

[Sarcastically]

Like a strong shell filled with moss, Bon?

## Muse and Carlo

*\*If I were the mountain breeze  
Wandering freely through the moors,  
I'd know where I would fly to,  
Not once nor twice a day.*

## Muse

Imagine her as a strong woman.

## Carlo

*\*Whilst moving through willows and ferns,  
I would sing my song without ceasing:  
For my heart there is only one theme,*

[Awen: Aah...]

*\*A hwnnw am byth ydy Siân.*

### 3. Edrychwch mewn difri calon

#### Y Fon Hon ac Y Bon Pebr

Edrychwch mewn difri calon ar y dyffryn hwn.  
Dyffryn chwedlonol Blodeuwedd.  
A'r Rhufeiniaid yn cerdded drwy'r cwm.

#### Carlo

Hen gaer Rufeinig Tomen y Mur.

#### Modlen

Cadarnle iaith ers amser maith.

#### Corws

Y capel, y cymun, yr ysgol Sul.

#### Y Fon Hon

Gwisgwch eich gwisgoedd, helmed ymlaen,  
Mae'n amser ymadael, a fi ar y blaen.

#### Corws

Ac  
Edrychwch mewn difri calon ar y dyffryn hwn.  
Dyffryn chwedlonol Blodeuwedd.  
A'r Rhufeiniaid yn cerdded drwy'r cwm.

[Muse: Aah...]

*\*And that forever is Siân.*

### 3. Look with all seriousness

#### Y Fon Hon and Y Bon Pebr

Look with all seriousness at this valley.  
Blodeuwedd's mythical valley.  
With the Romans marching through it.

#### Carlo

The old Roman fort of Tomen y Mur.

#### Modlen

The language's stronghold for ages.

#### Chorws

The chapel, the communion, the Sunday school.

#### Y Fon Hon

Put on your suits, helmet on,  
It's time to leave, and I will lead.

#### Chorws

And  
Look with all seriousness at this valley.  
Blodeuwedd's mythical valley.  
With the Romans marching through it.

### **Modlen**

Pentref unieithog yn nghyfnod Hedd Wyn.

### **Carlo**

Cyn ffordd osgoi, atomfa a'r A-pedwar-saith-dim.

### **Y Pelydrau**

Cyn llyn ymbelydrol a physgod cynnes.

### **Corws**

Daeth Sarn Helen â'r byd i'n mynwes.

### **Y Fon Hon**

Gwisgwch eich gwisgoed, helmed ymlaen,  
Mae'n amser ymadael, a fi ar y blaen.

### **Corws**

Ac  
Edrychwch mewn difri calon ar y dyffryn hwn.  
Dyffryn chwedlonol Blodeuwedd.  
A'r Rhufeiniaid yn cerdded drwy'r cwm.

### **Modlen**

A monolingual village in Hedd Wyn's time.

### **Carlo**

Before a bypass, the power station and the A470.

### **Y Pelydrau**

Before a radioactive lake and warm fish.

### **Chorus**

Sarn Helen brought the world into our bosom.

### **Y Fon Hon**

Put on your suits, helmet on,  
It's time to leave, and I will lead.

### **Chorus**

And  
Look with all seriousness at this valley.  
Blodeuwedd's mythical valley.  
With the Romans marching through it.

#### **4. Rwan bydd y gân am gymydog Hedd**

[*Mae Y Pelydrau yn diflannu. Mae Y Fon Hon yn trefnu gorymdaith wrth i'r Bon Pebr draethu'r hanes...*]

##### **Y Fon Hon**

Rwan bydd y gân am gymydog Hedd dair canrif ar wahan. Y Merthyr John Roberts 1576-1610.

Rwan bydd y gân am gymydog Hedd. Mae angen i chi gario'r coesau ma yn y gytgan.

[*Mae Y Fon Hon yn dosbarthu coesau mannequin ac mae rhyw fath o orymdaith yn ffurfio*]

##### **Y Bon Pebr**

Dros gaeau'r merthyron, tyrrwn i'r stryd.  
Yma bu John Roberts, Plas Capten un pryd.  
Wedi'r crogbren creulon fe'i dorwyd i bedwar darn,

##### **Y Fon Hon ac Y Bon Pebr**

A'i gorff a gariwyd i bedwar ban.

##### **Y Bon Pebr**

Pan ganfu ei ffrindiau ei goes,

##### **Y Fon Hon ac Y Bon Pebr**

Fe'i cariwyd i Santiago, Galicia a moes,

#### **4. Now comes the song about Hedd's neighbour**

[*Y Pelydrau disappear. Y Fon Hon organises a procession while Y Bon Pebr relates the history...*]

##### **Y Fon Hon**

Now comes the song about Hedd's neighbour, three centuries apart. John Roberts the Martyr 1576-1610.

Now comes the song about Hedd's neighbour. You will need to carry these legs in the chorus.

[*Y Fon Hon hands out mannequin legs and a sort of procession forms*]

##### **Y Bon Pebr**

Over the fields of martyrs, we'll flock to the street.  
John Roberts, Plas Capten once lived here.  
After the cruel gallows he was quartered,

##### **Y Fon Hon and Y Bon Pebr**

And his body was carried to the four corners.

##### **Y Bon Pebr**

When his friends found his leg,

##### **Y Fon Hon and Y Bon Pebr**

It was dutifully carried to Santiago, Galicia,

## Y Fon Hon

Ac yno y claddwyd ei droed a phenglin,  
Heb anghofio ei ffêr a'i dîn.

## Corws

Dros gaeau'r merthyron, tyrrwn i'r stryd.  
Yma bu John Roberts, Plas Capten un pryd.

## Modlen, Carlo, Y Pelydrau, Corws

*[Maen nhw'n crwydro yn eu blaenau gan  
enwi'r llefydd wrth fynd heibio iddynt]*

Ffridd Siglen, Gelli Iorwerth,  
Bodyfuddai, Maes y Bedd.  
Oddi yma'r aeth y merthyron,  
Dair canrif ar wahan i'r cledd.

Ffridd Siglen, Gelli Iorwerth,  
Bodyfuddai, Maes y Bedd.  
Cae moch, a'r Myddyryon,  
Olion Rhos y Grwm.

Ffynnon yr adar,  
Crawcwellt holl wastatir y cwm.  
A'r Myddyryon,  
Olion Rhos y Grwm.

Ffridd Siglen, Gelli Iorwerth,  
Bodyfuddai, Maes y Bedd.  
O'r Rhiw Goch i'r Mynachdy.  
Yn Santiago de Compostela.

## Y Fon Hon

And there his foot and knee were buried,  
Not forgetting his ankle and arse.

## Chorus

Over the fields of martyrs, we flock to the street.  
John Roberts, Plas Capten once lived here.

## Modlen, Carlo, Y Pelydrau, Chorus

*[As they roam ahead naming the places they  
pass]*

Ffridd Siglen, Gelli Iorwerth,  
Bodyfuddai, Maes y Bedd.  
From here the martyrs went,  
Three centuries apart, to the sword.

Ffridd Siglen, Gelli Iorwerth,  
Bodyfuddai, Maes y Bedd.  
Cae moch, and the Myddyryon,  
The remains of Rhos y Grwm.

Ffynnon yr adar,  
Wild grass from the valley's flatlands.  
And the Myddyryon,  
The remains of Rhos y Grwm.

Ffridd Siglen, Gelli Iorwerth,  
Bodyfuddai, Maes y Bedd.  
From Rhiw Goch to the Monastery.  
In Santiago de Compostela.

## Corws

Dros gaeau'r merthyron, tyrrwn i'r stryd.  
Yma bu John Roberts, Plas Capten un pryd.

Wedi'r crogbren creulon  
Fe'i dorwyd i bedwar darn,  
A'i gorff a gariwyd i bedwar ban.  
Pan ganfu ei ffrindiau ei goes,  
Fe'i cariwyd i Santiago, Galicia a moes,  
Ac yno y claddwyd ei droed a phenglin,  
Heb anghofio ei ffer a'i din.

Dros gaeau'r merthyron, tyrrwn i'r stryd.  
Yma bu John Roberts, Plas Capten un pryd.

## Y Pelydrau a Corws

Sant John Roberts, Santiago,  
Sant John Roberts, Santiago,  
Sant John Roberts, Santiago.

## Modlen, Y Fon Hon, Carlo, Y Bon Pebr

Dros gaeau'r merthyron, tyrrwn i'r stryd.  
Yma bu John Roberts, Plas Capten un pryd.

[*Mae hyn yn troi i fod bron fel mantra  
lesmeiriol. Mae Modlen a Carlo yn closio. Mae  
hyd yn oed Y Fon Hon ac Y Bon Pebr fraich-ym-  
mraich...*]

## Chorus

Over the fields of martyrs, we'll flock to the street.  
John Roberts, Plas Capten once lived here.

After the cruel gallows  
He was quartered,  
And his body was carried to the four corners.  
When his friends found his leg,  
It was dutifully carried to Santiago, Galicia,  
And there his foot and knee were buried,  
Not forgetting his ankle and arse.

Over the fields of martyrs, we'll flock to the street.  
John Roberts, Plas Capten once lived here.

## Y Pelydrau and Chorus

Saint John Roberts, Santiago,  
Saint John Roberts, Santiago,  
Saint John Roberts, Santiago.

## Modlen, Y Fon Hon, Carlo, Y Bon Pebr

Over the fields of martyrs, we'll flock to the street.  
John Roberts, Plas Capten once lived here.

[*This becomes almost mantra-like and ecstatic.  
Modlen and Carlo seem very close. Even Y Fon  
Hon and Y Bon Pebr are arm-in-arm...*]

## Rhan Dau

### 5. Yn y cyfnod hwn...

*[Mae'r darlithydd yn egluro, ar drothwy y Rhyfel Byd Cyntaf, fod yr awyrgylch yn newid]*

#### Y Bon Pebr

Yn y cyfnod hwn roedd yr Hedd ifanc yn gymeriad swil, efallai, ond sionc ac yn dipyn o ges. Cymerwch ei gerdd i Lanelltyd fel enghraifft...

#### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

*\*Hen afrwydd fro anhyfryd  
Lle dan boen yn nhwll din byd.*

#### Y Bon Pebr

Ond bu tro ar fyd – o haf hirfaith ei fagwraeth, erbyn hyn roedd ganddo gasgliad o gadeiriau pentref, cerddi rhamantus, diniwed, cynnar.

**[Awen: Aah...]**

Ond torrodd rhyfel erchyll a ddinistriodd genhedlaeth o ddyinion ifanc Cymru – cenhedlaeth a fuasai wedi ymgyrchu pe'n fyw efallai am 'Home Rule', ysdywed Lloyd George a'i debyg.

Dyma droad y rhod.

## Act Two

### 5. In this period...

*[The lecturer explains that as the First World War breaks out, the mood changes]*

#### Y Bon Pebr

In this period, the young Hedd was a bit shy, perhaps, but lively and a bit of a character. Take his poem to Llanelltyd for instance...

#### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

*\*A wretched ugly village,  
A place of pain in the arsehole of the world.*

#### Y Bon Pebr

But times changed – from the long summer of his youth, by now he had a collection of village bardic chairs, early, innocent, romantic poems.

**[Muse: Aah...]**

But a war broke out and destroyed a generation of young Welshmen – a generation that might have fought for 'Home Rule', as Lloyd George and his type would say.

This was the turning point.



[Awen: Aah...]

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

*\*Gwae fi fy myw mewn oes mor  
ddreng,  
A Duw ar drai ar orwel pell;  
O'i ôl mae Dyn, yn deyrn a gwreng,  
Yn codi ei awdurdod hell.*

*Pan deimlodd fyned ymaith Dduw  
Cyfododd gledd i ladd ei frawd;  
Mae sŵn yr ymladd ar ein clyw,  
A'i gysgod ar fythynnod tlawd.*

*Mae'r hen delynau genid gynt  
Ynghrog ar gangau'r helyg draw,  
A gwaedd y bechgyn lond y gwynt,  
A'u gwaed yn gymysg efo'r glaw.*

## 6. Dewch, wirfoddolwyr!

[Roedd Lloyd George, y Cymro Cymraeg,  
bellach yn brif weinidog]

### Lloyd George

*Dewch, wirfoddolwyr!  
Mae brwydr fechan hawdd  
I'w hymladd dros y Sianel.*

[Muse: Aah...]

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

*\*Woe is me that I was born into such a bitter  
age,  
With God retreating over a distant horizon;  
After Him, Man, ruler and plebeian,  
Raises his ugly authority.*

*When he felt that God had left,  
He raised a sword to kill his brother;  
The fighting rings in our ears,  
Its shadow on our miserable cottages.*

*The old harps that were played long ago  
Are hanging now on the willow boughs,  
The youths' cries fill the air,  
And their blood mixes with the rain.*

## 6. Come, volunteers!

[Lloyd George, the Welshman, is now prime  
minister]

### Lloyd George

*Come, volunteers!  
There's an easy little battle  
To be fought across the Channel.*

Cewch guddio tu ôl i glawdd.

Dewch, wirfoddolwyr!  
Bydd drosodd erbyn 'dolig,  
Cewch g'lennig gan eich mam,  
A sylw'r merched lleol,  
A thafarn dan ei sang.

### **Dynion**

Awn i frwydro dros ein brenin,  
Awn i frwydro, dyma'n hawr.  
Anghofiwn ein diwylliant  
Er gwarchod Prydain Fawr.

### **Lloyd George**

Diolch, wirfoddolwyr!  
Fe fu yn golled fawr,  
Dwi'n ofni na fydd diwedd  
Go fuan arni nawr.

Diolch, wirfoddolwyr!  
Cyflwynaf fesur newydd  
I'ch cyrchu at y gwn  
Cans lladdwyd y gwirfoddolwyr  
Gwreiddiol tu ôl i'w drwm.

### **Corws**

Awn i frwydro dros ein brenin,  
Awn i frwydro, dyma'n hawr.  
Anghofiwn ein diwylliant  
Er gwarchod Prydain Fawr.

You can hide behind a hedge.

Come, volunteers!  
It will be over by Christmas,  
You will have *calennig* from your mam,  
And the local girls will flirt,  
And the tavern will be crammed.

### **Men**

We will fight for our king,  
We will fight, this is our hour.  
We'll forget our culture  
To protect Great Britain.

### **Lloyd George**

Thank you, volunteers!  
It was a great loss,  
I'm afraid it won't be  
A swift ending after all.

Thank you, volunteers!  
I'll present a new law  
To lead you to the guns  
For the first volunteers were killed  
Behind their drums.

### **Chorws**

We will fight for our king,  
We will fight, this is our hour.  
We'll forget our culture  
To protect Great Britain.

## Lloyd George

Dewch, wirfoddolwyr!  
Ers tro nid rhaid i'r ffermwr  
A'r glöwr fynd i'r maes.  
Ond nawr mae'n rhaid ymateb  
I'r gyflafan gyda thrais.

Tri deg mil o ddynion  
Yr wythnos yw fy nod,  
I'w gyrru draw i'r corysdd gwaed  
I farw ar y grog.

## Corws

Awn i frwydro dros ein brenin,  
Awn i frwydro, dyma'n hawr.  
Anghofiwn ein diwylliant  
Er gwarchod Prydain Fawr.

## 7. Corwynt coch! Corwynt coch!

### Y Fon Hon

Corwynt coch! Corwynt coch! Pawb i gromen  
rhif wyth, cromen wyth!

*[Mae'r myfyrrwyr yn encilio i ddiogelwch yr ardal loches ac mae Y Bon Pebr yn parhau â'i draethu]*

### Y Bon Pebr

Erbyn 1916 roedd cannoedd o filoedd o

## Lloyd George

Come, volunteers!  
For some time, the farmer and the miner  
Were exempt from the battlefield.  
But now we must react  
To the massacre with violence.

Thirty thousand men a week,  
That's my target,  
To send them over to the bloody trenches  
To die on the gallows.

## Chorws

We will fight for our king,  
We will fight, this is our hour.  
We'll forget our culture  
To protect Great Britain.

## 7. Red hurricane! Red hurricane!

### Y Fon Hon

Red hurricane! Red hurricane! Everyone to  
dome number eight, dome eight!

*[The students make for the safety of the protected area and Y Bon Pebr continues his narration]*

### Y Bon Pebr

By 1916 hundreds of thousands of young men

ddynion ifanc wedi eu lladd yn y rhyfel, gan gynnwys nifer o fechgyn Trawsfynydd.

Gyda Hedd Wyn yn defnyddio ei statws fel ffermwr i osgoi ymuno – roedd bellach yn ffigwr amhoblogaidd mewn pentre lle roedd sawl teulu wedi aberthu eu meibion eisioes.

*[Yn ystod yr araith mae'r myfyrwyr yn dechrau ymddwyn fel tyrfa fygythiol sydd yn prysur droi'n llafar]*

### **Carlo**

Faint oedd ei oed o bellach?

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Roedd o'n reit hen mewn ffordd, 29 erbyn iddo ymuno a'r fyddin.

### **Carlo**

A doedd o'r iroed di gadael Trawsfynydd?

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Wel, gan nad oedd yn amaethwr difrifol iawn, fe sym'odd i Abercynon yn y de i fod yn löwr pan oedd o tua ugain oed.  
Ond barodd o ddim mwy na ryw dri mis fano cyn dod adre.

### **Y Fon Hon**

Corwynt drosodd!

had been killed in the war, including a number of Trawsfynydd boys.

As young Hedd Wyn used his status as a farmer to avoid being called up – he was an unpopular figure in a village where several families had already sacrificed their sons.

*[During this speech the students begin to take on the role of an intimidating crowd who soon become vocal]*

### **Carlo**

How old was he by now?

### **Y Bon Pebr**

He was quite old in a way, about 29 by the time he joined the army.

### **Carlo**

And he'd never left Trawsfynydd?

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Well, because he was not a serious farmer, he moved to Abercynon in the south to become a miner when he was about twenty years old.  
But he didn't last more than three months there before returning home.

### **Y Fon Hon**

Hurricane over!

Da ni'n symud mlaen i'r olygfa yn y pentre  
rwan. Sym'wch ymlaen i'r pentre bawb,  
brysiwch!

[*Mae Hedd Wyn yn cyrraedd y pentref – mae  
criwiau o ddynion a merched yn ei erlyn*]

### **Corws**

Bradwr! Bradwr!

### **Merched**

Y cachgi, be nei di?  
Cer nôl i dy genel.  
Does dim lle i'r gwantan,  
Ym mhentre arwrol.  
Y cachgi!

### **Modlen / Jini**

Anwybydda nhw Hedd,  
Dwi'm isio chdi mewn bedd!

### **Merched**

Y cachgi! Ymaith i'r mynydd,  
Cer nôl ar dy din.  
Mae'r pentre yn wylo  
A'r mamau yn flin.  
Y cachgi!

### **Corws**

Bradwr! Bradwr!

We're moving on now to the scene in the village.  
Move on to the village everyone, hurry!

[*Hedd Wyn walks into the village – groups of  
men and women hound him*]

### **Chorus**

Traitor! Traitor!

### **Women**

You coward, what'll you do?  
Crawl back into your hole.  
There's no place for the feeble  
In a village of heroes.  
You coward!

### **Modlen / Jini**

Ignore them Hedd,  
I don't want you in a grave!

### **Women**

You coward! Go back to the mountain  
On your arse.  
The village is weeping  
And the mothers are angry.  
You coward!

### **Chorus**

Traitor! Traitor!

## **Dynion**

Y llipryn anaeddfed, a ffermwr di werth,  
Y diogyn goreiriog dos nôl i dy berth  
I guddio o'r rhyfel i ymgom a'r gelyn

A chwarae a'th eiriau a mwytho dy delyn.

## **Modlen / Jini**

Gadwch o lonydd, fo di'r un call,  
Da chi gyd yn wallgo, da chi gyd yn ddall!

## **Merched**

Y cachgi! Ymaith i'r mynydd,  
Cer nôl ar dy dîn.

## **Dynion**

Y llipryn anaeddfed, a ffermwr di werth.

## **Merched**

Mae'r pentre yn wyllo,  
A'r mamau yn flin...  
Y cachgi!

## **Corws**

Bradwr! Bradwr!

Mae 33 o'n meibion yn gelain yn y llaid,  
Arwyr! Arwyr!

Bradwr! Bradwr!

## **Men**

You immature wimp, and useless farmer,  
Wordy idler, go back to your hedge  
To hide from the war, to discourse with the  
enemy  
And play with your words and stroke your harp.

## **Modlen / Jini**

Leave him alone, he's the sane one,  
You're all mad, you're all blind!

## **Women**

You coward! Go back to the mountain,  
On your arse.

## **Men**

You immature wimp, and useless farmer.

## **Women**

The village is weeping,  
And the mothers are angry...  
You coward!

## **Chorus**

Traitor! Traitor!

33 of our boys are corpses in the mud,  
Heroes! Heroes!

Traitor! Traitor!

Mae 33 o'n meibion yn gelain yn y llaid,  
Arwyr! Arwyr!

Bradwr! Bradwr!

*[Maent yn dal placardiau o wynebau'r dynion  
marw o Drawsfynydd, tra'n pwyntio bys at  
Hedd Wyn]*

## 8. Heb loches o'r taranau

### Y Pelydrau

Heb loches o'r taranau  
A gydiodd yn y wlad,  
Fe ffodd pob person ffodus  
Na bu iddynt i'w lladd.

Sefydlwyd parth o'u hamgylch,  
Y meirw hynny yw,  
Yn mesur deugain milltir,  
Yn grwn i gadw'r byw.

Rhag mentro mewn i'r uffern  
A greuwyd gan y tân,  
Cymysgwyd ymbylydredd  
I bob diferyn mân.

I ddwfr croyw'r Prysor,  
I gerryg y Fraich Ddu,  
Daeth cysgod anweledig.  
Yr ymbelydredd cryf;  
Yr ager aflan sydd.

33 of our boys are corpses in the mud,  
Heroes! Heroes!

Traitor! Traitor!

*[They hold up placards picturing the faces of  
the dead men of Trawsfynydd, while pointing at  
Hedd Wyn]*

## 8. Without shelter from the thunder

### Y Pelydrau

Without shelter from the thunder  
That gripped the land,  
Every lucky person fled  
That wasn't killed.

A zone was established around them,  
The dead that is,  
Measuring forty miles  
to safeguard the living.

From venturing into the hell  
Formed by the fire,  
Radiation was mixed  
Into every last drop.

Into the clear waters of Prysor,  
Into the stones of Fraich Ddu,  
There came an invisible shadow.  
The powerful radiation;  
The foul vapour.

Yng nghysgod yr atomfa  
Mae'n lloches rhag y byd,  
Ni feiddia unhryw elyn  
Ein dilyn i'n Huffern clyd.

Tywynnu wna'r pelydrau  
Yn wenwyn ar ein crud,  
Pelydrau anweledig  
Sy'n gofeb wae i'n cig.

## 9. Bu rhaid i Hedd guddio yn Yr Ysgwrn

### Y Bon Pebr

Bu rhaid i Hedd guddio yn Yr Ysgwrn, ac ymhen amser a sawl tribiwnlys fe'i orfodwyd i ymuno a'r fyddin. Roeddynt yn fodlon i'r teulu yrru mab arall, ei frawd bach, Bob.

### Corws

[*Mae'r dyrfa yn siarad yn dawel â Bob*]

Arhosa di Bob bach, fydd o'n iawn sdi washi.

[*Sylweddola Hedd Wyn, er mwyn ei frawd, y bydd rhaid iddo ymuno â'r fyddin. Caiff unrhyw amheuaeth sy'n weddill ei sgubo i'r neilltu gan atgasedd cynyddol y dyrfa.*]

### Corws

Bradwr! Arhosa di, Bob bach,  
Fydd o'n iawn sdi washi.  
Bradwr! Arhosa di, Bob bach.

In the shadow of the reactor  
Lies our refuge from the world,  
No enemy dares follow us  
To our enclosed Hell.

The rays radiate  
Their poison upon our cradle,  
Invisible beams,  
A woeful monument to our flesh.

## 9. Hedd had to hide in Yr Ysgwrn

### Y Bon Pebr

Hedd had to hide in Yr Ysgwrn, and in time after several tribunals he was forced to join the army. They were happy for the family to send another son, his younger brother, Bob.

### Chorus

[*The crowd quietly speaks to Bob*]

You stay Bob bach, he'll be okay son.

[*Hedd Wyn realises that, for his brother's sake, he will have to join the army. Any further hesitation is dismissed by the mounting anger of the crowd.*]

### Chorus

Traitor! You stay, Bob bach,  
He'll be okay, son.  
Traitor! You stay, Bob bach.



## Y Bon Pebr

[*Mae penderfyniad Hedd Wyn wedi ei wneud*]

Ond tybiai Hedd mae ef ei hun oedd y ffermwr  
lleiaf effeithlon yn y teulu.

[**Awen:** \**Pe byddwn i'n awel y mynydd,  
Yn crwydro trwy'r ffriddoedd yn rhydd,  
Mi wn i ba le yr ehedwn,  
Nid unwaith na dwywaith y dydd.*]

A bu rhaid iddo, yng ngwyneb pwysau  
cynyddol ei gymuned, ymuno. Er y gwyddai  
mae cyflafan oedd yn ei ddisgwyl.

Ta waeth, i Lerpwl yr aeth Hedd Wyn ar y trên.

## CD2

### 1. Clic a chlac a trac y trê

#### Corws

Clic a chlac a trac y trê,  
A tic a thoc a'r inc a'r pen,  
I'm cludo'n clebran cerddi hedd  
A saif fel creigiau wedi'r bedd.

#### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

Yn alltud yn Lerpwl  
Yr hiraeth sy'n raff  
Sy'n troi am fy nghanol  
A dicter sy'n graff.

## Y Bon Pebr

[*Hedd Wyn's decision is made*]

But Hedd reckoned that he himself was the most  
inefficient farmer in the family.

[**Muse:** \**If I were the mountain breeze,  
Wandering freely through the moors,  
I'd know where I would fly to,  
Not once nor twice a day.*]

And he was forced, in the face of increasing  
pressure from his community, to join up. Even  
though he knew that a massacre awaited him.

Hedd Wyn went off to Liverpool on the train.

## CD2

### 1. Click and clack goes the train and track

#### Chorus

Click and clack goes the train and track,  
Tick and tock goes the ink and pen,  
To carry me, chattering poems of peace  
That stand like rocks after death.

#### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

An outcast in Liverpool  
The *hiraeth* is a rope  
That wraps itself round my middle  
With an angry grip.

Yn alltud yn Lerpwl  
Wrth grebachu'n drwyadl  
Fel cwlwm rhy dynn  
I adael fy anadl ganu fel hyn.

Os bydd tro ar fyd  
Ac os ddaw'n hawr yn rhydd,  
Fe gludwn ein golud  
Adref ynghyd.

### **Corws**

Clic a chlac a trac y trê,  
A tic a thoc a'r inc a'r pen,  
I'm cludo'n clebran cerddi hedd  
A saif fel creigiau wedi'r bedd.

### **English Officer**

Come on! You're not on a bloody Welsh farm  
now, wake up!

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

Mae'r gaeaf yn greulon a'r gwlaeu sydd yn llaith.  
Cadfridogion yn gweiddi a chyfarth, eu gwaith  
Yw dychryn y llanciau rhag dangos eu barn.

Ond finnau sy'n gignoeth yn disgwyl dydd barn.

Os bydd tro ar fyd  
Ac os ddaw'n hawr yn rhydd,  
Fe gludwn ein golud  
I gartref bach clyd.

An outcast in Liverpool  
As it contracts relentlessly  
Like a knot too tight  
To let my breath sing like this.

If things change  
And the hour of our freedom comes,  
We'll carry our belongings  
Home together.

### **Chorws**

Click and clack goes the train and track,  
Tick and tock goes the ink and pen,  
To carry me, chattering poems of peace  
That stand like rocks after death.

### **English Officer**

Come on! You're not on a bloody Welsh farm  
now, wake up!

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

The winter is cruel and the beds are damp  
Generals yell and bark, their job  
Is to frighten the boys from sharing their  
opinions.

But I'm raw, waiting for Armageddon.

If things change  
And the hour of our freedom comes,  
We'll carry our belongings  
To a cosy little home.

## Corws

Clic a chlac a trac y trê,  
A tic a thoc a'r inc a'r pen,  
I'm cludo'n clebran cerddi hedd  
A saif fel creigiau wedi'r bedd.

## English Officer

On your knees again, Evans – I told you to scrub the floor clockwise, not anti-clockwise, you useless nincompoop. I want this floor to be gleaming like a nun's cross. I want to see the reflection of my face in the floor, you dough-faced Welsh bastard, Evans!

## Modlen / Jini

Cadwa'n gynnes, fab annwyl dy fam,  
Dy gerddi'n sy'n llonni fy ngrudd wrth y tân,  
Sy'n tasgu a gwreichion y mawn a'r glo  
Mi yrraf it delpyn o'r tân o fy mro.

Os bydd tro ar fy  
Ac os ddaw'n hawr yn rhydd,  
Fe gludwn ein golud  
I gartref bach clyd.

## Modlen / Jini a Carlo / Hedd Wyn

Ac os na gawn y cyfle i uno dan y nef,  
Bydd geiriau ein llythyrau yn canu yn ein lle.  
Priodas aur nefolaidd yn trigo 'ngofod llyfr.

## Chorws

Click and clack goes the train and track,  
And tick and tock goes the ink and pen,  
To carry me, chattering poems of peace  
That stand like rocks after death.

## English Officer

On your knees again, Evans – I told you to scrub the floor clockwise, not anti-clockwise, you useless nincompoop. I want this floor to be gleaming like a nun's cross. I want to see the reflection of my face in the floor, you dough-faced Welsh bastard, Evans!

## Modlen / Jini

Keep warm, dearest son of your mother,  
Your verses gladden my cheeks by the fireside,  
That spits sparks from the peat and the coal.  
I'll send you a piece of the fire from my home.

If things change  
And the hour of our freedom comes,  
We'll carry our belongings  
To a cosy little home.

## Modlen / Jini and Carlo / Hedd Wyn

And if we don't have the chance to unite under the skies,  
The words of our letters will sing out in our place.  
A golden heavenly marriage will live in the spaces of a book.

Priodas sy'n haniaethol;  
Priodas fythol wyrdd.

### **English Officer**

All skilled ploughmen and all other farm workers are given immediate leave to aid the national effort in the production of more food. I'll expect you all back in six weeks.

### **Corws**

Clic a chlac a trac y trêh,  
A tic a thoc a'r inc a'r pen,  
I'm cludo'n clebran cerddi hedd  
A saif fel creigiau wedi'r bedd.

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Dychwelodd Hedd i Drawsfynydd i 'sgrifennu ei gampwaith, 'Yr Arwr' – testun y gadair ar gyfer Eisteddfod Birkenhead, 1917.

### **Awen a Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

Un cynnig mwy am anfarwoldeb.  
Y rhodd cudd a ddaw ac undeb  
Dynol ryw ar awel felys.  
Dyn a farw.  
Ond awen erys.

### **Corws**

Clic a chlac a trac y trêh.

An abstract marriage;  
An everlasting marriage.

### **English Officer**

All skilled ploughmen and all other farm workers are given immediate leave to aid the national effort in the production of more food. I'll expect you all back in six weeks.

### **Chorus**

Click and clack goes the train and track,  
And tick and tock goes the ink and pen,  
To carry me, chattering poems of peace  
That stand like rocks after death.

### **Y Bon Pebr**

Hedd returned to Trawsfynydd to write his masterpiece, 'Yr Arwr' – the theme of the competition for the chair at Birkenhead Eisteddfod, 1917.

### **Muse and Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

One more attempt at immortality.  
That secret gift that brings the unity  
Of mankind on a sweet breeze.  
Man dies.  
But inspiration lives on.

### **Chorus**

Click and clack goes the train and track.

## 2. Trigais yng nghanol golud

[Pan gyrhaedda Carlo/Hedd Wyn adref, daw Modlen/Jini i'w gwfwr]

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

\*Trigais yng nghanol golud  
Aneddau aur bonedd hud,  
Ac yn serch pob gwenferch gain  
Lledais fy ngwenlliw adain;  
Tithau a'm bwriaiſt weithion  
O oedfa rwyg serch dy fron.  
Heddiw 'rwyn dlawd anniddos,  
Yn rhan o wynt chwerw y nos.

Ac yn hedd y nos cawn wau  
Soned o wrid rhosynnau;  
Ac yn honno atgo hen  
Holl hiraeth mŷr y lloerwen.  
Er dy fwyn bu'r crwydrad, ferch,  
Trosot bu trinoedd traserch;  
A throsot ti gweddïais  
A haenau llosg yn fy llais.

### Modlen / Jini

\*Cenais obaith maith fy myd  
A hud ieuanc dyhewyd;  
Yn fy ngherdd roedd angerdd wynt  
Ac arogl mellſt y gerrynt.  
Fy awen i, llef ddofn oedd,  
A'i llais a glyw'r holl oesoedd;  
A'r wobr fau fu treisiau trwm  
A diarlwyr fyd hirlwm.

## 2. I dwelled in the midst of riches

[When Carlo/Hedd Wyn arrives home, Modlen/Jini meets him]

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn

\*I dwelt in the midst of riches  
Golden dwellings of the mystical nobility,  
And in the love of every fine, lovely maiden  
I spread my bright wings;  
You flung me now  
From the torn hiding place of your loving breast.  
Today I'm poor, comfortless,  
Part of the night's bitter wind.

And in the peace of the night, I'd weave  
A sonnet of blushing roses;  
And in it the memory  
Of all the longing of the oceans of the moon.  
My roaming was for you, girl,  
Over you battles of infatuation were fought;  
And I prayed for you  
With burning seams in my voice.

### Modlen / Jini

\*I sang of the great hope of my life  
And the youthful magic of devotion;  
In my song there was a stormy passion  
And the aroma of lighting paths.  
My muse was a deep cry,  
All ages could hear that voice;  
And great violations were my prize  
And a bleak world of scarcity.

## Modlen / Jini a Carlo / Hedd Wyn

*\*Ac yn hedd y nos cawn wau  
Soned o wrid rhosynnau;  
Ac yn honno atgo hen  
Holl hiraeth mŷr y lloerwen.  
Er dy fwyn bu'r crwydrad, ferch,  
Trosot bu trinoedd traserch;  
A throsot ti gweddias  
A haenau llosg yn fy llais.*

### Y Bon Pebr

Nid Hedd a Jini ydych bellach – mae'r gerdd wedi ei 'sgrifennu a chi yw'r prif gymeriadau; Modlen, ti yw Merch y Ddrycin,

[**Y Pelydrau:** Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith,  
Dwy fil, un cant a dwy ar bymtheg.]

sy'n cynrychioli y ddaear, cynefin, ffynhonnell deallusrwydd, cariad a chreadigrwydd. Carlo, ti yw Yr Arwr, wedi'i seilio ar Prometheus, neu'r natur ddynol mewn perffeithrwydd, yn nhraddodiad patrearchaidd y cyfnod clwyfus – Iesu, Arthur, Urien, Shelley, Lenin, Hedd Wyn!

Mae'r Arwr yn aberthu ei hun i greu cyfle i Ferch y Ddrycin greu bydysawd o burdeb, ond dim ond drwy undeb a chytgord rhwng y ddau gymeriad yma y gall y byd ganfod oes well, heddychlon: oes aur, yn rhydd o ormes, rhyfel a thrais.

## Modlen / Jini and Carlo / Hedd Wyn

*\*And in the peace of the night I'd weave  
A sonnet of blushing roses;  
And in it the memory  
Of all the longing of the oceans of the moon.  
My roaming was for you, girl,  
Over you battles of infatuation were fought;  
and I prayed for you  
With burning seams in my voice.*

### Y Bon Pebr

You are not Hedd and Jini anymore – the poem has been written and you are its main characters; Modlen, you are *Merch y Ddrycin*,

[**Y Pelydrau:** Two one one seven,  
Twenty-one seventeen,  
Two thousand, a hundred and seventeen.]

who represents the world, habitat, the fount of knowledge, love and creativity. Carlo, you are The Hero, based on Prometheus, or humanity in its perfection, in the patriarchal tradition of the painful period – Jesus, Arthur, Urien, Shelley, Lenin, Hedd Wyn!

The Hero sacrifices himself to create an opportunity for *Merch y Ddrycin* to forge a universe of purity, but only through the unity and harmony of these two characters can the world find a better age, a peaceful age: a golden age, free from oppression, war and violence.

[**Y Pelydrau:** Dau un un saith,  
Dau ddeg un, un deg saith,  
Dwy fil, un cant a dwy ar bymtheg.]

Ond yn awr maent yn cael eu gwahanu,  
gan achosi oes o waedlif. Nawr mewn oes  
o ysgariad rhwng natur a dynol ryw, dim  
ond drwy eu hundeb a chyfartaledd y gall  
erchylltra'r oes ddod i ben.

### **Modlen / Jini a Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

*\*Ac yn hedd y nos cawn wau  
Soned o wrid rhosynnau;  
Ac yn honno atgo hen  
Holl hiraeth mŷr y lloerwen.  
Er dy fwyn bu'r crwydrad, ferch,  
Trosot bu trinoedd traserch;  
A throsot ti gweddïais  
A haenau llosg yn fy llais.*

### **3. Bu ddeffro'r dylluan flodau**

#### **Y Pelydrau**

Bu ddeffro'r dylluan flodau  
A Gwydion yn y glec  
Fe godwyd yr hen domen  
A'i milwyr, sbec wrth spec.  
Fe glywn y pelydrau  
Yn udo yn y gwynt  
A dyna'r Hedd Wyn ifanc  
Yn rhedeg ar ei hynt.

[**Y Pelydrau:** Two one one seven,  
Twenty-one seventeen,  
Two thousand, a hundred and seventeen.]

But now they are being separated, leading to an  
age of bloodshed. Now in an age where nature  
and humanity are divorced, it is only through  
their unity and equality that the horrors of the  
age can come to an end.

### **Modlen / Jini and Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

*\*And in the peace of the night I'd weave  
A sonnet of blushing roses;  
And in it the memory  
Of all the longing of the oceans of the moon.  
My roaming was for you, girl,  
Over you battles of infatuation were fought;  
And I prayed for you  
With burning seams in my voice.*

### **3. The flower-owl awoke**

#### **Y Pelydrau**

The flower-owl awoke  
As did Gwydion in the explosion  
The ancient mound was raised  
Along with its soldiers, speck by speck.  
We hear the rays  
Howling in the wind  
And there's the young Hedd Wyn  
Running on his way.

Yn wir 'rôl ugain mlynedd  
Fe ailfeddianwyd bro;  
Yn helyg ar hynafion,  
Y madfall ar ei dro.

Sefydlwyd cymunedau  
Hungynhaliol,  
I dyfu llysiau gwyreddion  
A dysgu'r plant rhag lol,  
Rhoi'r ceffyl cyn y dro.

Yn nghysgod yr atomfa  
Mae'n lloches rhag y byd,  
Ni feiddia unhryw elyn  
Ein dilyn i'n Huffern clyd.

Tywynnu wna'r pelydrau  
Yn wenwyn ar ein crud  
Pelydrau anweledig,  
Sy'n gofeb wae i'n cig.

#### **4. Corwynt coch arall, pawb!**

[*Seinia'r seiren eto – anhrefn!*]

##### **Y Fon Hon**

Corwynt coch arall, pawb!  
Corwynt yn dod, pawb yn ôl i'w cromen am y  
tro os gwelwch yn dda.

Lawr â ni ar frys, lawr i'r maes.  
Dewch â ni ar frys, lawr i'r maes.  
Brysiwch!

Indeed after twenty years  
The place was reoccupied;  
Willows over monuments,  
A lizard on its walk.

Self-sufficient communities  
Were formed,  
To grow green vegetables  
And teach the children to behave,  
Putting the horse *before* the cart.

In the shadow of the reactor  
Lies our refuge from the world,  
No enemy dares  
Follow us into our enclosed Hell.

The rays radiate  
Their poison upon our cradle,  
Invisible beams,  
A woeful monument to our flesh.

#### **4. Another red hurricane, everyone!**

[*The siren sounds again – maelstrom!*]

##### **Y Fon Hon**

Another red hurricane, everyone!  
Hurricane coming, everyone back to their dome  
for the time being if you please.

Down we go quickly, down to the field.  
Come with us quickly, down to the field.  
Hurry!



## Merched

Brysiwchl!

[Caiff y cwpwl eu gwahanu a'u cymryd  
i wahanol gyfeiriadau. Ni allant weld na  
chlywed ei gilydd.]

### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

\*Wylu anniddig dwfn fy mlynyddoedd  
A'm gwewyr glywyd ar lwm greigleoedd,  
Canys Merch y Drycinoedd – oeddw'n gynt:  
Cŵn ym mawrwynt, ac oerni moroedd.

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr

Merch y Ddrycin? Ateb fi!

### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

\*Dioer wylwn am na welwn f'anwylyd,  
Tywysog meibion gwlad desog mebyd,  
Pan nad oedd un penyd hyd, ein dyddiau,  
Ac i'w rhuddem hafau cerddem hefyd.

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr

Merch y Ddrycin? Ateb fi!

#### [Merched:

\*Wylu anniddig dwfn fy mlynyddoedd  
A'm gwewyr glywyd ar lwm greigleoedd,

## Women

Hurry!

[The couple are separated and taken in different  
directions. They can neither see nor hear each  
other.]

### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

\*The deep fretful weeping of my years  
And my anguish were heard on barren crags,  
For I was the Daughter of the Tempest long ago:  
I cried in the great winds and the coldness of  
the seas.

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr

Merch y Ddrycin? Answer me!

### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

\*Doubtless I wept because I could not see my  
beloved,  
The prince of the sons of youth's sunny land,  
When not a single torment marred our days,  
As we strolled its ruby summers.

### Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr

Merch y Ddrycin? Answer me!

#### [Women:

\*The deep fretful weeping of my years  
And my anguish were heard on barren crags,

*Cans Merch y Drycinoedd – oeddwn gynt:  
Criwn ym mawrwynt, ac oerni moroedd.]*

### **Y Bon Pebr**

*\*Yna'r 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.*

## **5. Dros y weiren bigog**

*[Yn awr rydym ar y Ffrynt Orllewinol]*

### **Dynion**

*Dros y weiren bigog,  
Tua'r llinell las,  
Rowliwn drwy y gors  
A'r llaid fel moch mawr bras.*

*Ffrwydriad gwyn yn tasgu  
Gwaed a mwd yn un.  
Chwibanwn dros y brenin,  
Pob un yn gytŷn.*

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

*Cefn Pilkem, Gwlad Belg, Gorffennaf 31, 1917.*

*For I was the Daughter of the Tempest long ago:  
I cried in the great winds and the coldness of  
the seas.]*

### **Y Bon Pebr**

*\*Then the brittle man, rugged-faced  
Retreated like a fading cloud  
With the swarming wind that was  
Lamenting in the mist of storms:  
But in its wake was a strange spell  
Moving through the impure night.*

## **5. Over the barbed wire**

*[We are now at the Western Front]*

### **Men**

*Over the barbed wire,  
Towards the blue line,  
We roll through the marsh  
And mud like big wide pigs.*

*A white explosion splashes  
Blood and mud combine  
We whistle for the king,  
Everyone together.*

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

*Pilkem Ridge, Belgium, July 31, 1917.*

## English Officer

Infantry Brigade: Order number 143, the  
fourteenth Corps, with the eighteenth on the right  
and the first French on the left will attack the  
German lines.

## Lloyd George

I'r gad, hogia! Chwalwch y gelyn, Aberthwch  
eich hun ar Groes y Brenin!

## Dynion

Dros y weiren bigog,  
Tua'r llinell las,  
Rowliwn drwy y gors  
A'r llaid fel moch mawr bras.

## English Officer

There is very little to account of him whilst he  
was in the battalion, except that he was a very  
silent fellow. Also, it would appear he could  
speak but little English, or at least, if he could,  
he did not.

## Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr

[*Wrth filwr arall*]

Os byddaf farw, postia f'awdl.

## Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

*\*Y llanc a welwn trwy'r gwylly yn cilio  
I ddeildre hudol werdd Eldorado.*

## English Officer

Infantry Brigade: Order number 143, the  
fourteenth Corps, with the eighteenth on the right  
and the first French on the left will attack the  
German lines.

## Lloyd George

Into battle, lads! Crush the enemy,  
Sacrifice yourselves on the King's Cross!

## Men

Over the barbed wire,  
Towards the blue line,  
We roll through the marsh  
And mud like big wide pigs.

## English Officer

There is very little to account of him whilst he  
was in the battalion, except that he was a very  
silent fellow. Also, it would appear he could  
speak but little English, or at least, if he could,  
he did not.

## Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr

[*To another soldier*]

If I die, post my manuscript.

## Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

*\*I saw the lad through the twilight retreating  
Towards the magical green leafy city of*

*O'i ôl bu'r coed yn wylo, a nentydd  
Yn nhawch annedwydd yn ucheneidio.*

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr**

Merch y Ddrycin? Ateb fi!

[*Yn parhau islaw y corws o ferched*]

### **Merched**

*\*Wylo anniddig dwfn fy mlynyddoedd,  
A'm gwewyr glywyd ar lwm greigleoedd.*

### **Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin**

*\*O'i ôl bu'r coed yn wylo, a nentydd  
Yn nhawch annedwydd yn ucheneidio.*

### **English Officer**

He was in my platoon and went over the top with us on the 31st of July. He fought extremely well and was always in the thick of the fighting.

### **Dynion**

Dros y weiren bigog,  
Tua'r llinell las,  
Rowliwn drwy y gors  
A'r llaid fel moch mawr bras.  
Ffrwydriad gwyn yn tasgu  
Gwaed a mwd yn un.  
Chwibanwn dros y brenin,

*Eldorado.*

*After him the trees wept, and streams  
Moaned in the miserable haze.*

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr**

Merch y Drycin? Answer me!

[*Continues under female chorus*]

### **Women**

*\*The deep fretful weeping of my years  
And my anguish were heard on barren crags.*

### **Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin**

*\*After him the trees wept, and streams  
Moaned in the wretched haze.*

### **English Officer**

He was in my platoon and went over the top with us on the 31st of July. He fought extremely well and was always in the thick of the fighting.

### **Men**

Over the barbed wire,  
Towards the blue line,  
We roll through the marsh  
And mud like big wide pigs.  
A white explosion splashes  
Blood and mud combine.  
We whistle for the king,

Pob un yn gytŷn.

[Yn hytrach na brwydr naturiolaidd gwelwn y milwyr yn dynesu mewn dawnys angau erchyll]

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

The 'Wipers' offensive was doomed before it began because of the bombardment of the intricate drainage systems of Flanders: 'The Swamps of Passchendaele'.

### **Dynion**

Dros y weiren bigog  
Rhowliwn drwy y gors a'r llaid.

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Drwy ddychrynfeydd Tir Neb ar ruthr gwallgof.

### **Dynion**

Fel moch mawr bras mewn llaid, diogel!

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Drwy uffern y gwifrau pigog, diogel!

### **Dynion**

Gwaed a mwd yn un, diogel!

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Ac yna cenlli o fwledi yn eu cyfarfod.

Everyone as one.

[Rather than a realistic battle we see the soldiers advance in a grotesque dance of death]

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

The 'Wipers' offensive was doomed before it began because of the bombardment of the intricate drainage systems of Flanders: 'The Swamps of Passchendaele'.

### **Men**

Over the barbed wire  
We roll through the marsh and mud.

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Through the horrors of No Man's Land in a demented charge.

### **Men**

Like big wide pigs in mud, safe!

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Through the hell of barbed wire, safe!

### **Men**

Blood and mud are one, safe!

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

And then the torrent of bullets greets them.

### English Officer

Many Welshmen were killed, but he was safe,  
so far...

### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

*\*Ffo, wr crin i rwyg fyd yr ogofâu.*

### Anglo-Welsh NCO

On to the next line.

### Dynion

Diogel!

### Anglo-Welsh NCO

On to the next line, ymlaen!

### Corws

Ymlaen!

On ddim ymhell.

Ffrwydriad ofnadwy!

[*Syrthia Hedd Wyn, wedi'i anafu'n angeuol*]

### English Officer

The nature of his wounds, and the fact he was fully conscious for three hours prove that he must have suffered untold agony. But his comrades testify that not a single groan escaped his lips.

### English Officer

Many Welshmen were killed, but he was safe,  
so far...

### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

*\*Flee, withered man to the torn world of caves.*

### Anglo-Welsh NCO

On to the next line.

### Men

Safe!

### Anglo-Welsh NCO

On to the next line, onwards!

### Chorus

Onwards!

But not far.

A terrible explosion!

[*Hedd Wyn falls, mortally wounded*]

### English Officer

The nature of his wounds, and the fact he was fully conscious for three hours prove that he must have suffered untold agony. But his comrades testify that not a single groan escaped his lips.

## **Merched**

*\*Wylo anniddig dwfn fy mlynyddoedd  
A'm gwewyr glywyd ar lwm greigleoedd.*

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Trench mortar wound in the back.

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

Do you think I will live?

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

You seem very happy...

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

Yes, I am very happy.

[*Caea Hedd Wyn ei lygaid...*]

## **Women**

*\*The deep fretful weeping of my years  
And anguish were heard on barren crags.*

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

Trench mortar wound in the back.

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

Do you think I will live?

### **Anglo-Welsh NCO**

You seem very happy...

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn**

Yes, I am very happy.

[*Hedd Wyn closes his eyes...*]

## Rhan Tri

### 6. Er i helynt y gerrynt ei guro

[Caiff Hedd Wyn brofiad tu-hwnt-i'w-gorff.  
Mae'n fardd sy'n marw, ac eisioes yn croesi i  
fangre o lesmair, ac fel St John Roberts o'i flaen,  
wrthi'n troi yn arwr a merthyr.]

#### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

\*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 tyrafoedd  
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.

[O grombil y ceudwll lle gorwedda Hedd Wyn  
marw, gwelwn Hedd Wyn, neu Yr Arwr, yn  
cael ei godi ar gadair, wedi ei ailymgnawdoli,

## Act Three

### 6. Although the turbulence of the current thwarts him

[Hedd Wyn is having an out-of-body  
experience. He is a dying poet who is already  
passing to a place of ecstasy and, like St John  
Roberts before him, is becoming a hero martyr.]

#### Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin

\*Though the turbulence of the current thwarts  
him,  
And throws its lingering sickness onto him from  
the sky,  
He will see nothing to weary him, because  
Inspiration from the distant daylight will remain  
within him.

Some bright day the crowds will come  
To honour him after the clamour of the ages.  
Then all the woe of his battles will become  
A nervous song on the lips of vainglorious  
centuries.

Across the colourless lips of pyramids  
He will speak of sacred summers;  
And from his sleek monuments he will be  
God and guide to the procession of the ages.

[Out of the crater of the battlefield where Hedd  
Wyn lies dying we see a chair-bound Hedd  
Wyn, or Yr Arwr, now lifted up, reincarnated by



gan ei gyfoedion gyda gorchudd du drosto,  
ond y gwelir ei wyneb rhywfodd.

*Rhyw fath o ddadeni ar ffurf arallfydyn pedair-  
coes-breniog, gorchuddiedig, grotésq a gaiff ei  
gario fel brenin gan ei gyhoedd newydd, fyth  
rhaqor yn ddi-enw.]*

## 7. Yno daeth rhyw chwerthin du

### Corws

*\*Yno daeth rhyw chwerthin du, o lawer  
O greigleoedd pygddu;  
Yntau noswynt yn nesu  
Fal gawr oer neu ddieflig ru.*

*Ar hyn trwy'r coedydd crinion –  
Heibio daeth  
Wynebau du creulon,  
A nodau brad nwyd eu bron  
Yn eu mil ffurfiau moelion.*

*[Mae Y Fon Hon yn ailymddangos fel  
Blodeuwedd, y ferch o flodau, yng nghwmni  
Tylluanod; try Y Bon Pebr yn Gronw Pebr, ei  
chariad. Maent yn coffleidio. Yna daw Llew,  
gŵr Y Fon Hon. Ar ffurf eryr i ddechrau, cyn  
trawsnewid i ddyn gyda gwaywffon. Mae  
Gronw Pebr yn codi craig fel tarian ac mae  
Llew yn taflu'r waywffon drwy'r graig, gan ladd  
Gronw Pebr. Try Blodeuwedd i mewn i dylluan  
a hedfan ymaith, yn union fel yn y Mabinogi.]*

*his colleagues with a black drape over him, but  
his face visible somehow.*

*A kind of rebirth as a grotesque four-wooden-  
legged, draped alien who is carried, palanquin-  
like by his newly found public, anonymous no  
more.]*

## 7. Then came dark laughter

### Chorus

*\*Then came dark laughter from many  
A pitch-black crag;  
And he, the night-wind approaches  
Like a cold giant or a devilish roar.*

*At this, through the withered woods –  
Came a procession of  
Cruel muddied faces,  
And the marks of their treacherous hearts  
In a thousand barren forms.*

*[Y Fon Hon reappears as Blodeuwedd, the  
woman made of flowers accompanied by Owls;  
Y Bon Pebr becomes Gronw Pebr, her lover.  
They embrace. Now comes Llew, Y Fon Hon's  
husband. Initially an eagle, he morphs into a  
man with a spear. Gronw Pebr holds up a rock  
as a shield and Llew throws the spear through  
the rock, killing Gronw Pebr. Blodeuwedd  
turns into an owl and flies away, just like in the  
Mabinogi.]*

## Tylluanod

Blodeuwedd!  
Dyma hi!  
Blodeuwedd!

## Gwydion y Dewin

Mynnaf ddial! Am y cam a gefais, ni chei dy  
laeth, ond cei dy droi yn aderyn ac oherwydd  
y cam a wnaethost a Lleu, ni chei ddangos dy  
wyneb yn y dydd rhag ofn yr holl adar eraill.

Ni chollir dy enw, gelwir di fyth yn Blodeuwedd.

## Tylluanod

Aah...  
*\*Yr ymhonnwr crwm yno, a welwn  
Mewn hualau'n rhodio.  
Ac olion ing ac wylu  
Oedd ar ei ddwys ddeurudd o.*

*Yn sŵn dig y coedwigoedd a dirmyg  
Yr ystormus wyntoedd  
Holais ryw fab o'r niwloedd  
Ba oed o wae enbyd oedd.*

## Corws

*\*Ar antur fer' ebr yntau, y daeth gŵr  
Ar daih gêl o'r deau;  
Heno bydd cwsg y bedd cau  
Ar ei wynion amrannau.*

## Owls

Blodeuwedd!  
Here she is!  
Blodeuwedd!

## Gwydion the Magician

I will have my revenge! For the wrong that was  
done to me, you won't be killed, but you will  
be turned into a bird and because of the wrong  
you did to Lleu, you shall not show your face in  
daylight so as not to frighten the other birds.  
Your name will remain forever as Blodeuwedd.

## Owls

Aah...  
*\*That bent charlatan there I saw  
In shackles walking.  
Traces of pain and tears  
Were on his solemn countenance.*

*In the angry sound of the woods and the scorn  
Of the stormy winds  
I asked some son of the mists  
What terrible assignation of woe was this?*

## Chorus

*\*'On a short adventure' he said, a man came  
On a secret journey from the south;  
Tonight the sleep of the closed grave  
Will be on his pale eyelids.*

Holai am ryw anwylyd – garodd gynt  
Is gwerdd gaer ei febyd;  
Er ei mwyn crwydrai mhenyd  
A duoe'r boen tlo'di'r byd.

Deffrowyd y breuddwydion – a hunent  
Rhwing ein bryniau llwydion;  
A thorf aruthr o feirwon.

Weithion difraw y tawodd – a'r 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,  
Ai rhyw wyllt ymhonnwr oedd?

## 8. Yn y bau loyw hon roedd teml ysblennydd

### Corws

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

[Wrth gael eu tywys i Lyn Trawsfynydd, ymuna

He asked about a loved one that he had loved  
In the green stronghold of his childhood;  
For her sake he wandered in the penitence  
And miserable pain of the world's poor.

The dreams were woken that slept  
Between our grey hills;  
And a terrible crowd of the dead.

Now he fell fearlessly silent, the cold dawn  
On his hair played,  
And his wide eyes faded  
In the mysterious mist that melted them.

Then I questioned the mists  
And the scarred mountains too,  
Was he a magical old god,  
Was he a wild charlatan?

## 8. In this shining country was a splendid temple

### Chorus

\*In this shining country was a splendid temple,  
Of dream-like colours and morning sun;  
And on its rosy ramparts flew sails  
Of white banners like mountain mists.

[As they are escorted to Trawsfynydd Lake, our

ein harwr a'n harwres â'i gilydd drachefn. Cânt  
eu harwain ar gwch a aiff â nhw i'w Hafallon.]

### **Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin**

*\*A'r huan megis troell  
O aur pur uwch y môr pell,  
Llifodd ias boeth, o draserch  
I'm mynwes i o'm hen serch;  
A llais ar ddull eositydd.*

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr**

*\*Wele, ferch, dyrchafael fydd.*

### **Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin**

*\*Yna wrth borth traeth y baw  
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 f'enw i ar ei fin oedd.*

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr**

*\*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.*

hero and heroine are reunited. They are led onto  
a boat to make their way to their Avalon.]

### **Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin**

*\*The sun like a spinning wheel  
Of pure gold above the distant oceans,  
A scorching thrill of passion flowed  
Into my breast for my old love;  
And a voice like nightingales.*

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr**

*\*Behold, maiden, there will be an ascension.*

### **Modlen / Jini / Merch y Drycin**

*\*Then, near the port of the bay  
I saw silken sails  
Of some coral boat  
Come from a fair, calm horizon;  
At its bow was a man of rosy complexion,  
And long, tousled hair;  
His gaze was towards me,  
And my name was on his lips.*

### **Carlo / Hedd Wyn / Yr Arwr**

*\*By magic I was taken  
To the boat on the grey deep;  
Then the breeze arose,  
And she turned away.  
Behind me were old ruins,  
Cold and bleak, by the shore.*

[Maent yn camu ar y cwch wrth i'r olygfa apocalyptaidd gyfan ddod yn amlwg. Gwelwn atomfa erchyll yn llosgi a mygu y tu draw i'r llyn...]

### Corws

\*Ac ar ei rhosliw geirydd – roedd hwyliau  
O wyn lumannau fel niwl y mynydd.

### Y Bon Pebr ac Y Pelydrau

Heb loches o'r taranau  
A gydiodd yn y wlad,  
Fe ffodd pob person ffodus  
Na bu iddynt i'w lladd.

Sefydlwyd parth o'u hamgylch,  
Y meirw hynny yw,  
Yn mesur deugain milldir  
Yn grwn i gadw'r byw.

Rhag mentro mewn i'r uffern  
A greuwyd gan y tân,  
Cymysgwyd ymbylydredd  
I bob diferyn mân.

I ddwfr croyw'r Prysor,  
I gerryg y Fraich Ddu,  
Daeth cysgod anweledig.  
Yr ymbelydredd cryf;  
Yr ager aflan sydd.

[They step into the boat as the full apocalyptic scene is revealed. We see a grotesque power station burning and smoking across the lake...]

### Chorus

\*And on its rosy ramparts flew sails  
Of white banners like mountain mists.

### Y Bon Pebr and Y Pelydrau

Without shelter from the lightning  
That gripped the land,  
Every lucky person fled  
That wasn't killed.

A zone was established around them,  
The dead that is,  
Measuring forty miles  
To safeguard the living.

From venturing into the hell  
Formed by the fire,  
Radiation was mixed  
Into every last drop.

Into the clear waters of Prysor,  
Into the stones of Fraich Ddu,  
There came an invisible shadow.  
The powerful radiation;  
The foul vapour.

Yng nghysgod yr atomfa  
Mae'n lloches rhag y byd,  
Ni feiddia unhryw elyn  
Ein dilyn i'n Huffern clyd.

Tywynnu wna'r pelydrau  
Yn wenwyn ar ein crud,  
Pelydrau anweledig  
Sy'n gofeb wae i'n cig.

### **Awen**

*\*Tir a fu yn gartref awen – a'i erwau  
Yn dud arwyr llawen.  
Heno wyla o'i niwlen,  
Ysbryd oes y brudiau hen.*

### **DIWEDD**

In the shadow of the reactor  
Lies our refuge from the world,  
No enemy dares follow us  
To our enclosed Hell.

The rays radiate  
Their poison upon our cradle,  
Invisible beams,  
A woeful monument to our flesh.

### **Muse**

*\*A land, once the home of the muse – and its  
acres  
The kingdom of heroes.  
From its mists tonight laments  
The spirit of the age of legends.*

### **END**