

[2] Vision of time and Eternity, Op. 61 (1972)

Text: Henry Vaughan, 1622–1695

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it,
Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved;
In which the world
And all her train were hurl'd;
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure;
Yet his dear treasure
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.
The darksome Statesman hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Work'd under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but One did see That policy;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries were gnats and flies,
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful Miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The downright Epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorn'd pretence,
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring,
But most would use no wing.
O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he.
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whisper'd thus,
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His bride".

[6] Tears (1953)

Text: Anonymous

Weepe you no more, sad fountaines
What need you flowe so fast,
Looke how the snowie mountaines,
Heaven's sunne doth gently waste,
But my sunnes heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping,
That nowe lie sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleepe is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets,
Doth not the sunne rise smiling,
When faire at even he sets,
Rest you, then rest sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

[10] Dafydd y Garreg Wen ('David of the White Rock') (1958)

Text: Ceiriog (English words – John Gwilym Jones)

Reproduced by kind permission of Gwynn Publishers

'Cariwch,' medd Dafydd, 'fy nhelyn i mi,
Ceisïaf cyn marw roi tŷn arni hi.
Codwch fy nwylo i gyrraedd y tant,
Duw a'ch bendithio fy ngweddwn a'm plant.'

'Neithiwr mi glywais lais angel fel hyn:
"Dafydd, tyrd adref, a chwarae drwy'r glyn."
Delyn fy mebyd! Ffarwel i dy dant,
Duw a'ch bendithio fy ngweddwn a'm plant.'

'Bring me,' said David, 'my harp where I lie,
I wish to play one last air before I die;
Lift my weak arms, lay my hands to the strings,
May you, my loved ones, be kept 'neath God's wings.'

'Last night an angel came near me to say,
"David, come home now, and as you come play."
Harp of my youth! Farewell, strings of my life,
May God now bless you, my children, my wife.'

[12] Tŷn y Melinydd ('The Miller's Song')

Text: John Gwilym Jones (English words)

Reproduced by kind permission of Gwynn Publishers

Mae gennyf dŷ cysurus,
A melin newydd spon,
A thair o wartheg blithion
Yn pori ar y fron.

Weli di, weli di Mari fach,
Weli di Mari annwyl.

Mae gennyf drol a cheffyl,
A merlyn bychan twt,
A deg o ddefaid tewion,
A mochyn yn y cwt.

Mae gennyf gwpwr cornel,
Yn llawn o lestri te,
A dreser yn y gegin,
A phopeth yn ei le .

I have a cosy cottage,
I have a modern mill,
Three cows I have for milking
That graze upon the hill.

Love me and live with me, come, my joy,
Join me and come, my honey.

I have a lively pony,
A horse and cart I keep,
A pig within the pigsty
And ten well-fattened sheep.

I have a corner cupboard
With china sets complete,
A dresser in the kitchen,
And all so nice and neat.

[13] Y Gwŷdd ('The Loom')

(verse 2) (English words by John Gwilym Jones)
Reproduced by kind permission of Gwynn Publishers

Pan oeddwn ar frig noswaith, yn y gwŷdd,
Yn gweithio 'nghrefft mewn gobaith, yn y gwŷdd:
Meddyliais wrth fy hunan,
Na wyddwn pa mor fuan,
Er dwysed oedd fy amcan, yn y gwŷdd,
Y cawn ymado'r â'r cyfan yn y gwŷdd.

R'un fath â 'ngwennol fuan, yn y gwŷdd,
Yw f'eiioes I fy hunan yn y gwŷdd,
Ond ni ddaw f'oes i'w diben
Nes trefnu o Dduw'r ddaeren
Pan ballo edau'r bellen yn y gwŷdd,
Bydd patrwm wedi'i orffen yn y gwŷdd.

As I was busy treading at the loom,
While shades of night were spreading at the loom,
I pondered how I'll never
Know where, or know whenever,
In spite of all endeavour at the loom,
I will depart forever from my loom.

Just as my shuttle, darting through the loom,
My life I see departing at the loom;
But not till God has ended
The pattern be intended,
With all the yarn extended on the loom,
And all the colours blended on the loom.

[15] Hobed o Hilion ('When I was a Young Lad') (1971)

Text: John Ceiriog Hughes, 1832–1887
(English words by Anthony Conran)
Reproduced by kind permission of Gwynn Publishers

Pan oeddwn i gartref, fy mhennaf fwynhad
Oedd naddu, a naddu ar aelwyd fy nhad;
Tra'm chwaer efo'i hosan, a mam efo'r carth
Yn nyddu, yn nyddu, ar garreg y barth.
Deued a ddelo, anian dyn yno,
Hedaf yn fy afiaith ar adenydd hiraeth I'r hen dŷ,
Glân gynnes, dirodres, adewais ar fy ôl.

Mae'r wennol yn crwydro o'i hannedd ddilyth,
Ond dychwel wna'r wennol yn ôl I'w hen nyth,
A chrwydro wnawn ninnau ymhell ar ein hynt,
Gan gofio'r hen gartref a'n magodd ni gynt.
Pwyso mae adfyd, chwerwi mae bywyd,

Chwerwed ef a chwerwo, melys ydyw cofio annedd wen,
Dan heulwen yr awen a wena arnom byth.

When I was a young lad, no pleasure was higher
Than whittling and chipping before my dad's fire;
While sister sat knitting and Mam evermore
Was spinning, was spinning upon the stone floor.
Come what may come now, man that I am now
Eagerly I'm flying on the wings of longing back once more
To the cosy, unassuming old homestead that I knew.

The swallow must wander from home in the eaves,
But next Spring returns to the nest it now leaves,
And we too must wander again and again,
Remembering the old home that nurtured us then.
Troubles are heavy, bitter Life's story,
Let who may be bitter, sweet yet to remember my white home
In the glow of inspiration that is smiling on me still.

[18] Pan Oeddwn Fachgen ('A Dream of Youth'), Op. 49 (1970)

Text: Alun Llywelyn-Williams, 1913–1988
Reproduced by kind permission of Gwynn Publishers

Trwy'r dydd a phob dydd ymlathrai'r môr, gan fwydo'i lesni;
Ni frudiau'r haul stormydd yfory, ni wylai euogrydd doe;
Cerddais y cei yn y bore gwyn, a holi'r hwylybrenni,
Stilio a chwilio dan dwrf y gwylanod cras;
A dacw fy Ngwennan Gron, cnyw ewyn, gwannwr gweilgi.
Gorweddwn ym mlaen y cwch a throchi 'nwylo'n y dŵr;
Nesâi annioddefol ddiweirdeb goleudy'r ynys
Lle siglai a gwibiai'r pysgod dan y graig ddistŵr;
Mor llawen y llamai'r hwyl i'r lasnef,
Mor bert y suddai drachefn ym mhwll fy ngiau anturus!
Crogai y tir glas draw fel breuddwyd rhwng blew'r amrannau
Ni rifai cwysi'r môr fabol amserau fy rhawd;
Garw, wedi'r dychwelyd, troedio'r ddaear ddisyfl,
Tramwy trymder y clai a chlywed, o'i gell yn awr,
Farwol guriadau'r cnawd. Dychwel heb ddychwel ydoedd;
Treuliodd yr heuliau hynny'n i'w hwy'r hir fachlud;
Ond y golau'n y gwyll dros y bae, hwnnw sy'n aros,
Fel gwyrrh a gipiodd i'r meindwr gwyrly lygad cynhesol y byd:
Megis cyn gwarchae arnaf gan wylwyr amser,
Tywynnu y mae ar fordaith anorffen o hyd.

All day and each day the sea shone, so deep in blueness;
The sun could see no storms for tomorrow, for yesterday's guilt no
tears;
Walking the quay in the morning light, the masts asking questions,
Prying and spying while gulls cry overhead;
And there was my Gwennan Gorn, whelp of spray, billow spearer.
I'd lie in the prow and trail my hands in the water;
We near, pure and selfless the lighthouse upon the island,
Where darted and wriggled fish under silent rocks;
How gaily the sail reached to the heavens,
How swiftly then it sank to the depth of my sinews!
There in a green dream hung the land between my eyelids,
Unheeded by the sea youth sent the hours away,
Dreadful, when on returning, treading on firm ground,
Walking over the heavy clay, to hear within
Death calling to the flesh. Dreaming of yore, not returning;
Trailing their rays those suns sank down in sadness;
But the light linger'd on o'er the bay, fighting the darkness,
As if by faith light had been gather'd to that tow'r:
Just as before Time's dread hand had seized upon me,
It shines still upon a voyage unfinished for me.