

DETHOLIADAU O ATGOF EXTRACTS FROM ATGOF

gyda chyfieithiad gan Gruffudd Owen
with translation by Gruffudd Owen

Mwg mawn!

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Aroglau hwnna..

A'm dwyn i'r cartref gwyn rhwng perthi cau.
Cofiaf yr ystafelloedd bach, a gwawr
Y celfi hen, a'r cynefin-dra rhydd;

A chofaf stormydd hwyr yn chwipio'r drws
A minnau'n swatio'n felys wrth y tân,

A mam a thad

Dau ddedwydda'r byd

Cans yma, a mi'n prifio, gwyliais un
Yn wylo a chynddeiriogi yn ei thro
Tan fin y gwir fod tâd ei phlant ei hun
Yn peri sôn amdano hyd y fro.

A mam a thad

A dim ond arfer oer i'w cadw'n rhwym.

A chredais, gartre, ym mwg y mawn, a'r boen,
Nad ydoedd Cariad namyn Rhyw i gyd,-

A fei-id y Diawl am reddf a greodd Duw?
Derbyniaf Gariad, meddwn, fel y mae;

Aroglau'r pridd!

Aroglau'r pridd!

Aroglau'r pridd! Aroglau'r ddaear hen..
Pigyn a beri mwyach, ac nid gwên.

Nid oedd fy mryd ar ddim

Ond meddwl am y gwin sy'n enaid merch

Gwelaf yn awr y nos y bennais im'
Gwrddydd â Mair ar berwyl anllad serch

Ar lan y llyn

Yr eisteddasom fel y cochai'r hwyr

Llenwais ei llygaid du â mwynder maith

...ac ildio'n dau

Cerddasom adref
Aroglau gwair ar lawr!

Peat fire Smoke!

Peat fire smoke!

That smell...

transports me to my whitewashed home stifled
by dark hedges.

I recall the small rooms, and the dawn light
of old furniture, and the easy familiarity;

and I recall the late-night tempests pounding
the door
as I nestled sweetly by the fire,

and mother and father

the most contented pair in the world.

It was here, as I matured, that I witnessed
a woman weep, full of rage,
wounded that the father of her own children
had made himself the subject of gossip.

And mother and father

With nothing but cold custom binding them
together.

And I believed, in that home, bound in pain
and peat fire smoke,
That Love was nothing more than Sex, -

Can we blame the Devil for a God-given
instinct?

"I shall receive Love ", I said, "as I find it";

The smell of earth!

The smell of earth!

The smell of earth! The smell of the old
world!

Now there is a thorn where once there was a
rose

My desire was for nothing but the subtle wine
distilled in a woman's soul

I live again the night I waled with Mair
To prove the perils of adulterous love.

By the lake's edge

We sat as the day burned to night

I filled her dark eyes with a heavy tenderness,

And we both surrendered

We walked home
The Smell of Cut Grass!

Di, lanc gwalltfelyn, rhadlon,
Gwyddost y cyfan a fu rhyngom ni,-

Cofio wnaif
Y fel y treiglais ar fy nyfal gais
Am gyfaill

A'i gwrdd efô luniais yn y man
Yn bartner enaid a bodlonrwydd llwyr
...wrth Lan Faglan syn

Fe gredasom
Ninnau, ill dau, fod ein Meddyliau'n lân
Y noson ryfedd honno, a hunasom

Hunasom...Rywdro hanner-deffro'n dau;
A'n cael ein hunain yn coffeidio'n dynn;

A Rhyw yn ein gorthrymu; a'i fwynhau
A phallu'n sydyn..
Llwyr ddefro...ac ystyried beth a wnaed?

Aroglau'r gwymon!

Ar y draethell braf
A sylwi ar un
Yn sylwi arnaf i..

Deallai'r naill ystori'r llall yn glau
Ni thorrem air; ni cherddem yr un rhawd;
Ac ni chusanem, ni choffeidiem ni.

A mynegasem yn ein cariad mud
Deimladau drechai holl dafodau'r byd

Gwae beri o'r gwymon
Yr hwyr y staeniwyd Cariad glan y môr

Ond gwn i mi freuddwydio ganol nos
Gael pleser wrth halogi 'nghariad fud...

Mentrais i'r traeth
Ond mi ddihengais mewn rhyw uffern dân
O gyrraedd pawb o'r byd pan welais i
Euogrwydd hefyd yn ei llygaid hi!

Ynfyd o beth yw dyn!

Nid ei di adref i aroglau'r mawn
Na chofi eto ddechreu'r crwydro ffôl;
Ni chlywi sawr y pridd, wanwynol nawn,
Na ddaw a wnaethost di a Mair yn ôl;
Ni chlywi fyth aroglau gwair yr haf
Heb gofio llygru Cyfeillgarwch cu;
Na sawr y gwymon na ddaw methiant claf
Y caru anghyffwrdd, eto i'th gof yn hy.

Felly y teli bris dy feiau oll
Nes pylo colyn Atgo, a mynd ar goll.

You, blonde good-natured lad,
you know all that transpired between us,-

I remember
how I manifested my desire
for a true friend

We met, and I transformed him contentedly by
and by Into a soulmate
...near mute Llan Faglan

We both believed
that our thoughts were pure
that strange night, when we awoke

...or half woke;
and found ourselves entwined;

overpowered by Sex, overcome by pleasure,
then stopping suddenly...
fully awake then...fully aware of what had been
done

The smell of seaweed!

On the beach
I notice someone
noticing me...

Neither knew the other's story.
Not a word was spoken. We trod separate paths.
We did not kiss. We did not embrace.

Yet our silent looks expressed
a yearning that silenced the whole world.

The seaweed -scented
twilight stained the shore

and I knew that soon, deep in dreaming
I would take pleasure in defiling my silent
love...

I ventured to the beach
and descended into hellfire
beyond all saving when I saw
that her eyes were also filled with guilt!

Man is a fool!

You will not return home to the peat fire smoke
without recalling the beginning of your wild
wanderings;

You will not breathe the scent of earth one
spring afternoon
without being reminded of your sin with Mair;
You may not smell the cut grass
without recalling a friendship sullied;
Or the smell of seaweed without the sickening
failure
of love unconsummated infecting your mind.

This is the price you pay for all your faults
until the pull of Memory fades, and is forever
lost.