

BWYSTFILOD AFLAN

UNCLEAN BEASTS

Libretto Cymraeg

MAE DYN AR BEN EI HUN.

MAE YNA FEIBL A DEUNYDD YSGRIFENNU
AR FWRDD BACH. MAE'R DYN YN EI
DDILLAD ISAF, HEB WISGO ETO - EI
DDILLAD WEDI'U PLYGU'N DACLUS AR
GADAIR. MAE'N DARLLEN YN UCHEL O
LYFR BARDDONIAETH.

"...Haerasom fod y byd yn ddrwg i'w fôn;
Mynasem gael y byd o'i fôn yn dda;
A'i roi mewn moddau byw fel na bai sôn
Am wanc neu syrffed fyth ar ddyn yn bla.."

MAE'N EIN HANNERCH NI.

(RECIT.)

Pam wna Eisteddfod Genedlaethol ddodi sêl ei
chymeradwyaeth
ar gyfansoddiad o'r natur hwn.
A chân am bechodau na wŷr y Cymro cyffredin
(mi obeithiaf) ddim amdanynt.

MAE'N DARLLEN RHAI LLINELLAU'N
UCHEL ETO O LYFR.

"Tyngasom ddiystyrru'n greddfau gwael;
Nid oedd y Corff ond teml y Meddwl drud;
Er blysiu o Ieuencid garu'n hael
Nid ildiem ni i ddim rhyw gnawdol hud"

AC YNA'N EIN HANNERCH NI.

Sôn lawer am y cnawd,
ond yr ysbryd a rydd i'r natur ddynol ei phrif urddas.
Y mae yr ysbryd yn gymaint mwy na'r meddwl
ag yw y meddwl yn fwy na'r cnawd.

MAE'N DARLLEN RHAGOR YN UCHEL ETO,

"Fe gredasom
Ninnau, ill dau, fod ein Meddyliau'n lân
Y noson ryfedd honno, a hunasom
A'n clustiau yn ail-ganu'r santaidd gân
Hunasom . . Rywdro hanner-deffro'n dau;
A'n cael ein hunain yn coffeidio'n dynn; a'I swynhau;
A phallu'n sydyn fel ar lan y llyn..."

..AC YNA'N EIN HANNERCH NI.

...naturaol ydyw casglu fod
yr awdur yn berchen ddychymyg trofaus (pervert)
a blysiu annaturaol...
Drych ei feddyliau ei hun...
...gweddu yn well i Sodom a Gomorah nag i Gymru

English Libretto

A MAN IS ALONE.

THERE IS A BIBLE AND SOME WRITING
MATERIALS ON A SMALL DESK. HE IS IN
HIS UNDERWEAR, NOT YET DRESSED -
HIS CLOTHES NEATLY FOLDED IN A
CHAIR. HE READS ALOUD FROM A BOOK
OF POETRY.

"...We believed the world was rotten to its core
And we swore to make it a realm of good.
A place of purity where man was free
From the shackles of boredom and desire

HE ADDRESSES US.

(RECIT.)

Why does the National Eisteddfod put its seal of
approval
On a composition of this nature.
And a song about sins that the average Welshman
(I hope) knows nothing about.

HE READS SOME LINES ALOUD AGAIN
FROM A BOOK,

"We swore to overcome our baser instincts:
The body is but a temple to hold the mind;
Despite youth's craving for love's excitement
We would not yield to the allure of flesh."

THEN ADDRESSES US.

It speaks a lot about the flesh,
But it is the spirit that gives human nature its main
dignity.
The spirit is as much greater than the mind
As the mind is greater than the flesh.

HE READS SOME MORE ALOUD AGAIN,

"We both believed
That our Thoughts were pure
That strange night, when we awoke,
A sacred song still ringing in our ears,
And we found ourselves entwined;
Overpowered by sex, overcome by pleasure,
Then stopping suddenly as once by the lake..."

..THEN ADDRESSES US.

...it is natural to conclude that
The author has a pervert's imagination
And unnatural desires...
The mirror of his own thoughts.
Better suited to Sodom and Gomorah than to Wales

MAE'N DARLLEN RHAGOR YN UCHEL ETO,

“Mae Cyfeillgarwch gwyr yn nhroeon Ffawd
Nel llinyn aur drwy holl gronclau'r byd;
Ni warafunaf iti ar dy rawd
Gale profi o ddigrifwch hun i gyd;
Ond gwylia bwyso gormod arno fo
Oherwydd dy syrffedu, for, ar ferch,
A thybio yrru felle Rhy war ffo:-
Geill deu-gnawd un-rhyw ei ail-alw yn erch”

..Y TRO HWN, NID YW'N GALLU
GORFFEN AC MAE'N CAU'R LLYFR, GAN
YMGASGLU EI HUN
..CYN EIN HANNERCH NI.

(Aria)

Cymru, Rhwyga Dy Ddillad
Gwisga Sachlian a Llundw a Gwaedda
Chwerwder Uchel
aeth yr Eisteddfod Cymru
ei chrefydd a'i gwareiddiad,
ei moes, ei llenyddiaeth, ei dysg
a'i hawen, a'i beirniadaeth i argyfwng enbydus

Coronwyd gwaith a chywilydd i'n cenedl;
llithrodd safon ein llenyddiaeth
megys dros ddibyn
i lawr moes paganiaeth.

Dath anlladrwydd i barch, trythyllwch i fri, ac afendid
i anrhydedd... naturiol ydyw casgly fod yr awdur yn
berchen ddychymug trofaus pervert!

MAE'N DARLLEN RHAGOR YN UCHEL ETO,

“Di, lanc gwalltfelyn, rhadlon,
Gwyddost y cyfan a fu rhyngom ni,-
Yr holl ymddiried gonest, a'r afadlon
Arfaethau glân a wnaethpwyd ger y lli.”

..AC YNA'N HANNERCH NI.

(RECIT.)

Camgymeriad o'r mwyaf ydyw i'r Bardd
feddwl ei fod yn artist am ei fod yn medru darlunio
profiad yr adyn cnawdol...
Mae'n darllen rhagor yn uchel eto, darn byr.

“Beth wyt ti, Gnawd? Tydi ar siawns a wnaed Rhag
trachwant Rhyw dau na'th fynasent ddim, A'r trachwant
hwnnw'n ysfa yn dy waed Dithau bob dydd a nos?”

..AC YNA'N EIN HANNERCH NI.

Os oes llanc ieuanc yn y safle yna o feddwl,
wel nid dyn mohono,
a goreu po bellach y cadwo
oddiwrth ferched ieuanc ein gwlad.

MAE'N DECHRAU GWISGO EI HUN

..YN EIN HANNERCH WRTH IDDO ROI EI
DDILLAD YMLAEN.

HE READS SOME MORE ALOUD AGAIN,

“True friendship between me can be a golden thread to
guide you through your days;
I would not deny you that comfort.
That joy, as you make your way through life;
But beware of leaning too heavily on such a friendship,
Though you once grew sick of women
And therefore, think yourself free from Sex.
Two bodies of one sex may call out to each other”

..THIS TIME HE CANNOT FINISH AND
CLOSES THE BOOK, COLLECTING HIMSELF
..BEFORE ADDRESSING US.

(Aria)

Wales, tear your clothes,
Wear sacks and ashes and produce
high bitterness.
[Went] the Wales Eisteddfod,
Its erudition and its civilization,
Its morals, its literature, its learning
And its muse, and its criticism into a dire crisis

A work of shame was crowned for our nation;
the standard of our literature slipped
like over a slope
Down to the manners of paganism.
Obscenity came to respect,

Filth to prestige, and filth to honour, it is natural to
conclude that the author has a perverted imagination!

HE READS SOME MORE ALOUD AGAIN,

“You, blonde good-natured lad,
you know all that transpired between us,-
the bold confidences we shared, and the lavish
plans we made for the future.”

..THEN ADDRESSES US.

(RECIT.)

It is a mistake of the greatest for the bard
To think he is an artist because he can depict
The experience of the carnal man... (non-man)
He reads some more aloud again, a fragment

“What art thou, Flesh? A collision formed by chance
By the Lust of those who do not seek you.
A fire burning in your veins,
That can not be extinguished.”

..THEN ADDRESSES US.

if there is a young lad in that position of thinking,
Well he is not a man,
And the further the better kept
from the young women of our country.

HE BEGINS TO DRESS HIMSELF

.. ADDRESSING US AS HE PUTS HIS
CLOTHES ON.

(ARIA)

Camgymeriad truenus
fu gollwng i'r cyfle ddianc
o gollfarnu y fath gyfansoddiad

"fydd yn berygl llygru y genedl am flynyddoedd,"

ar gyfrif y gelf a addurnai yr aflenid;
y mae fel pe perchid putain ar gyfrif ei gwisgoedd
gwyghion,
gan droi yn ôl ddynes rinweddol mewn dillad llai
swynhudol.

Dyma berygl y byd o hyd,
er ddwy fil o flynyddoedd o Gristmogaeth,
sef cael ein hudo gan swyn celf yn cuddio drygioni
ac aflenid.

Cynrychiola celf Barabbas yma,
a moes a daioni Grist,
a theimlwn yn sicr i'r tri beirniad
ar bwnc y Bryddest yn Mhontypwl
wneud fel ur Iddewon gynt,
sef dewis Barabbas a gwrthod Crist!

(RECIT.)

Gwneir Teml Santaidd gan hwn yn ogof lladron
ac yn ffau bwystfilod aflan

MAE WEDI GWISGO. CLERIGWR, EFALLAI?
MAE 'N EISTEDD AC YN DECHRAU
YSGRIFENNU LLYTHYR,
..GAN ADRODD Y GEIRIAU 'N UCHEL WRTH
WNEUD.

(ARIA)

A dyma gwmp yr Eisteddfod
o fwyta y ffrwyth...
Pan wedi ysgrifennu barddoniaeth mor drythyll,
dan gynhyrriad ei awen aflan,
ei ddyletswydd fypsai ei chuddio
rhag llygad goleuni;
gwneud diwedd ohoni yn ddioed;
ei llosgi, neu ei difodi, rywffordd neu gilydd,
a ymdrechu anghofio iddo gyflawni
y fath fawrddrwg,
dylsai syrthio ar ei liniau,
...liniau,
...liniau,
a gwaeddu dros y lle
am faddeuant a thrugaredd.

MAE EI ANGERDD YN EI DDYCHRYN.
MAE 'N CHWALU'R LLYTHYR YN EI
DDWYLO.
MAE 'N CODI'R LLYFR BARDDONIAETH, YN
DARLEN YN DAWEL WEDYN YN EI GAU
A'I ROI I LAWR..

WRTH ORFFEN GWISGO, MAE 'N CODI
DRYCH LLAW AC YN EDRYCH YN
UNIONGYRCHOL IDDO, YN ARCHWILIO 'I
HUN.

(ARIA)

A pitiful mistake
Would be to let the opportunity escape
for condemning such a composition

"will be in danger of polluting the nation for years"

On account of the art that decorated the filth;
it is as if a harlot was respected on account of her
white clothes,
Turning back to a virtuous woman in less glamorous
clothes.

This is still the danger of the world,
Despite more than a thousand years of christianity,
Which is to be seduced by the charm of art hiding evil
and impurity.

"The world is still deceived with ornament."
The art of Barabbas represents here,
And the morals and goodness of Christ,
And we feel certain that the three judges
On the subject of the pryddest in Pontypool
Did as the Jews used to do,
Which is to choose Barabbas and reject Christ!

(RECIT.)

This makes a holy temple a den of thieves
And a den of unclean beasts

HE IS DRESSED. A CLERIC?
HE SITS AND BEGINS TO WRITE A
LETTER,
.. SAYING THE WORDS OUT LOUD AS HE
DOES SO.

(ARIA)

...And this is the downfall of the eisteddfod
From eating the fruit...
When he had written a poem that was wretched,
Under the influence of his restless muse,
it was his duty to hide it
from the eye of light;
Make an end of it without delay;
Burn it, or exterminate it, one way or another,
And try to forget that he committed
such an evil act,
he should fall on his knees,
...knees,
...knees,
And cry over the place
for forgiveness and mercy.

HIS PASSION FRIGHTENS HIM.

HE CRUMPLES UP THE LETTER.

HE LIFTS THE POETRY BOOK, READS
SOME IN SILENCE THEN CLOSES IT AND
PUTS IT DOWN..
FINISHING HIS DRESSING ROUTINE, HE
PICKS UP A HAND MIRROR AND LOOKS
DIRECTLY INTO IT, CHECKING HIMSELF.

(ARIA)

“O’r Eisteddfod,
Y fath anfadwaith a wneir yn dy enw!”
...Diau fod eithriadau,
sef y bodau hynny a eilw’r Sais yn
freaks of nature,

MAE’N SYLLU AR EI HUN YN Y DRYCH.

ac os ydyw Prosser Rhys yn un o’r freaks hynny,
y mae’n wrthrych tosturi.

MAE’N GWELD EI HUN, EFALLAI AM Y
TRO CYNTAF..?

GOLEUADAU I LAWR.

(ARIA)

“Oh Eisteddfod!
Such iniquity is done in your name!”
...No doubt there are exceptions,
Namely those beings that the English call
freaks of nature,

HE LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

And if Prosser Rhys is one of those freaks,
he is an object of pity.

HE SEES HIMSELF. PERHAPS FOR THE
FIRST TIME..?

LIGHTS DOWN.

BWYSTFILOD AFLAN

EISTEDDFOD

Sinfonia
Cymru

1873
PROFESSOR
ABERYSTWYTH
UNIVERSITY

MUSIC.
THEATRE.
WALES.