# Alawon a Chaneuon Sesh Sŵn Medi 2021
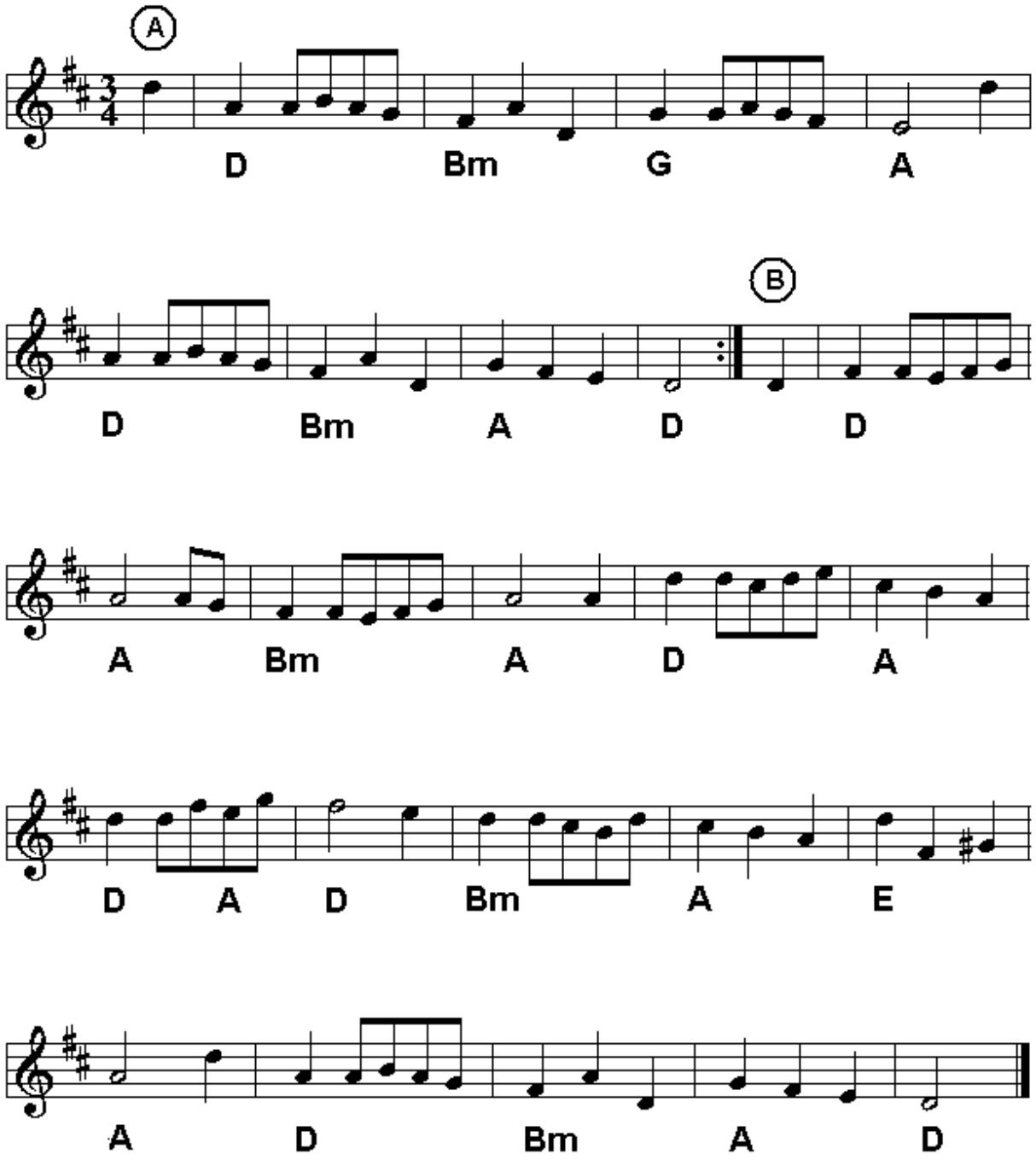
*Thema: "Afonydd Cymru"*




"*Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si /*
*Ei nentydd, afonydd, i fi.*"
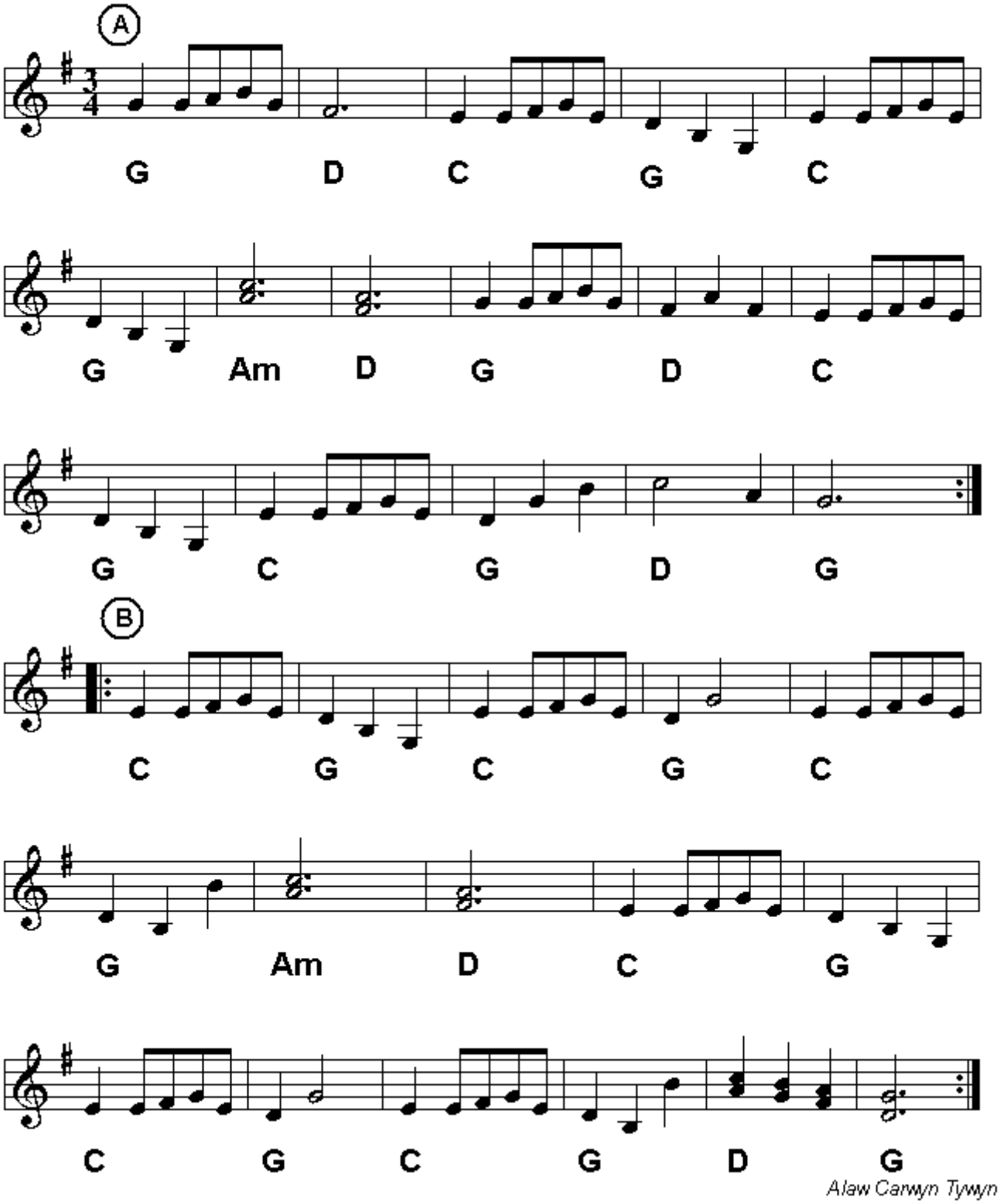
Graffeg gan Dafydd Elfryn

# Dawns y Pistyll




*Addasiad Meurig Williams*

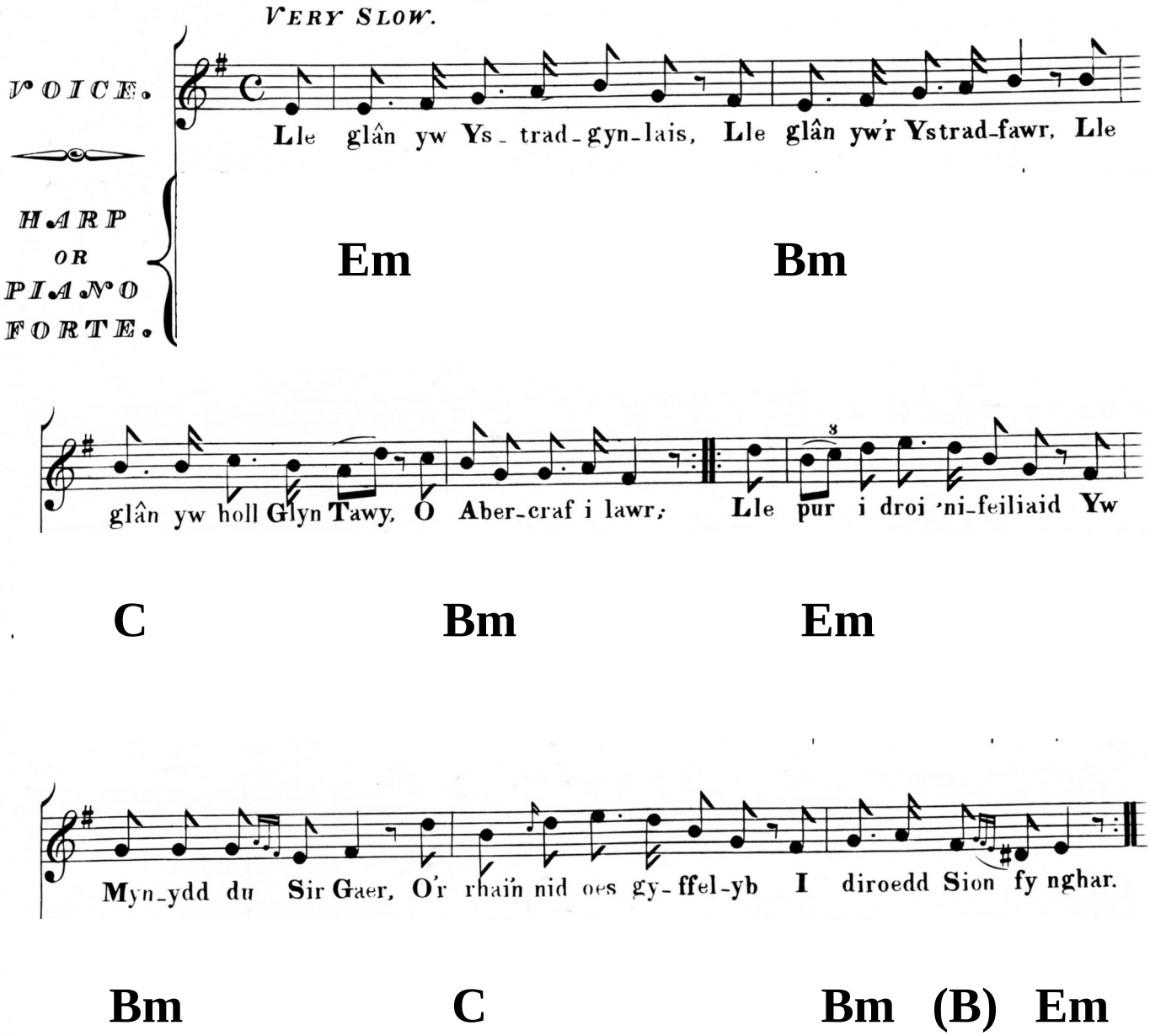
# Afon Gwy




Nodiant o wefan arbennig Meurig Williams, sesiwn.com

# GLYN TAWY.
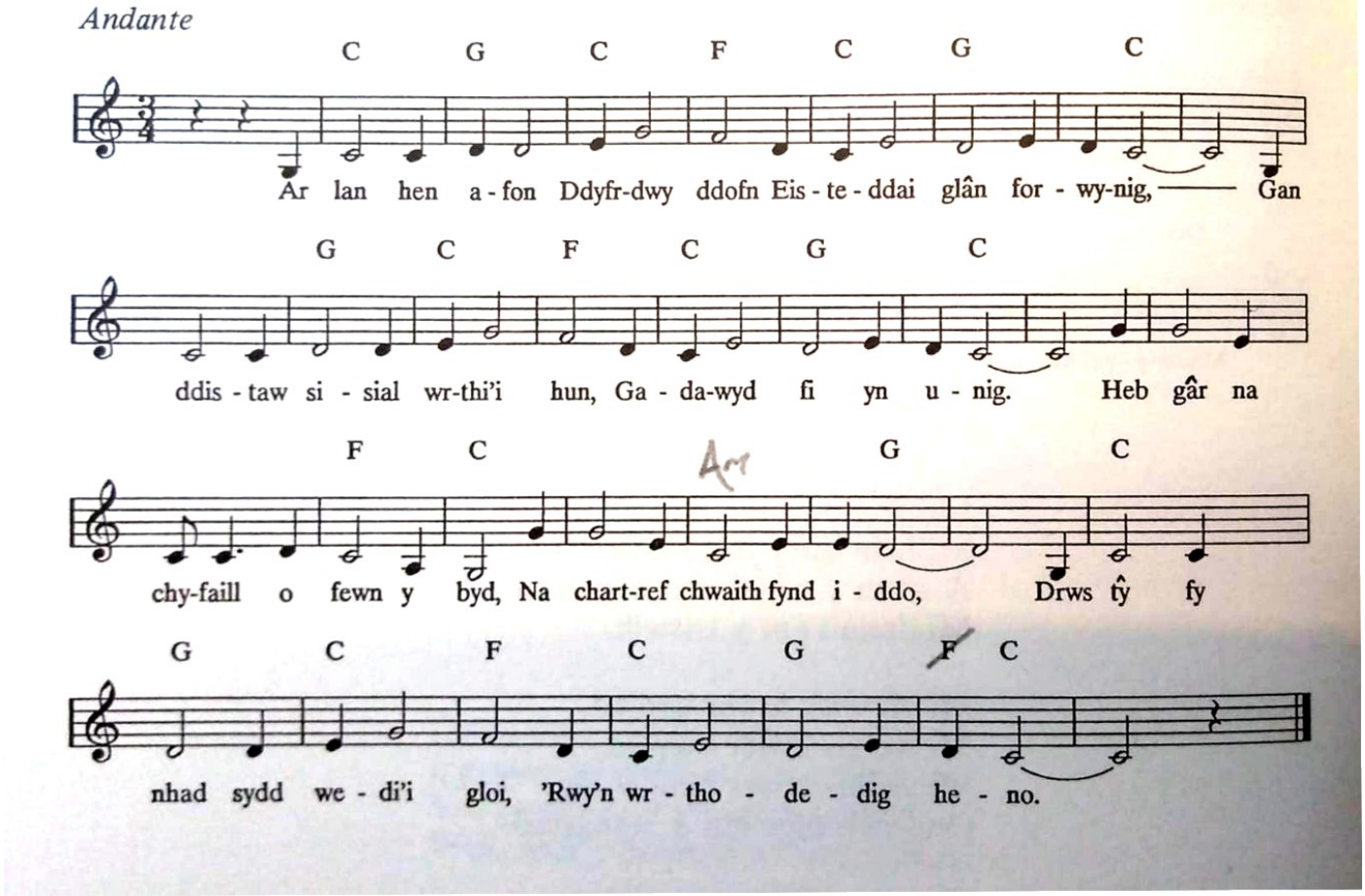
## The Vale of Tawy




O *Ancient National Airs of Gwent and Morgannwg,*

Maria Jane Williams

# Yr Eneth Gadd ei Gwrthod




Mae bys gwaradwydd ar fy ôl
Yn nodi fy ngwendidau,
A llanw 'mywyd wedi ei droi
A'i gladdu o dan y tonnau.
Ar allor chwant aberthwyd fi,
Do! collais fy morwyndod,
A dyna'r achos pam yr wyf
Fi heno wedi 'ngwrthod.

*THE REJECTED MAIDEN*

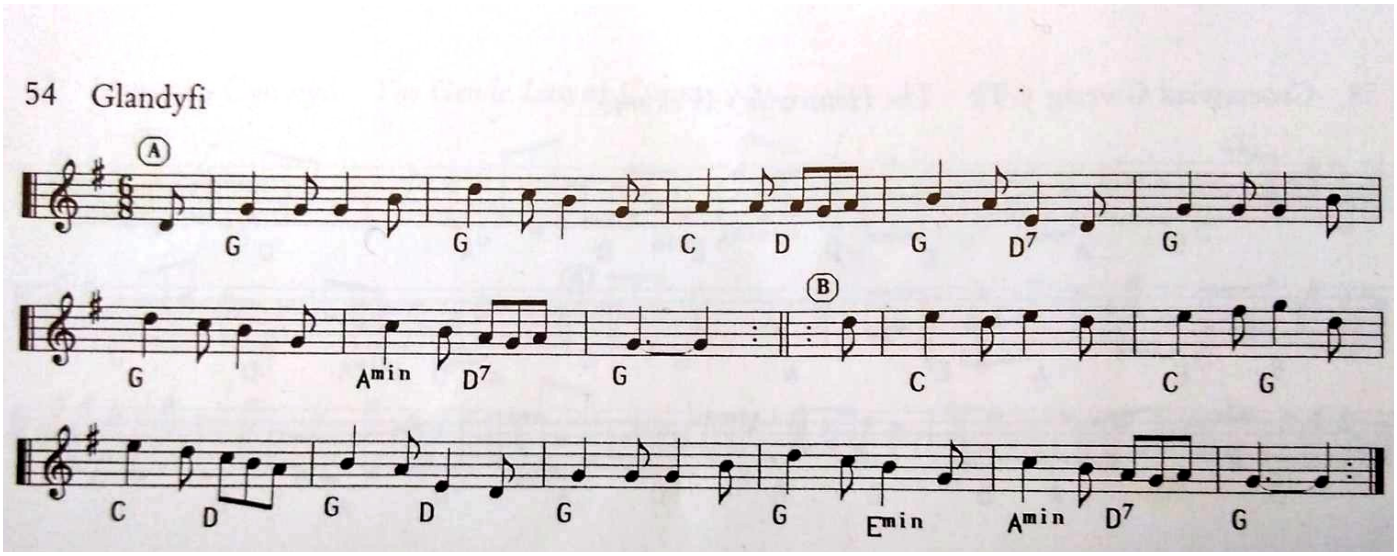
*On the shores of deep old Dee river / A pure maiden sat / Silently whispering to herself / 'I was left alone / With no love or friend in the world / Nor a home to go to / My father's house's door is locked / I am rejected tonight. // The finger of shame comes after me / Noting my weaknesses / And the tide of my life turned / And buried beneath the waves / On lust's altar I was sacrificed / I lost my virginity And that's the reason why / Tonight I am rejected. // But my sad thought flies / To a world that is to come / And remember you severe traitor / You will have to meet me / But to think upon your name / To live is too much for me / O deep river, take me / I will be buried in your depths. // You little trout playing happily / In the pure waters of the river / You have many companions / And a refuge from enemies. / You can live and die beneath the water / With no man to know you / Oh if only I could, like you / Die and that would be the end.' // The next morning she was found / In the pure waters of the river / With a piece of paper in her hand / And on it the phrases / 'Make me a grave in a lonely place. / Don't raise a stone or monument / To note the place where lies the ashes / of the rejected maiden.'*

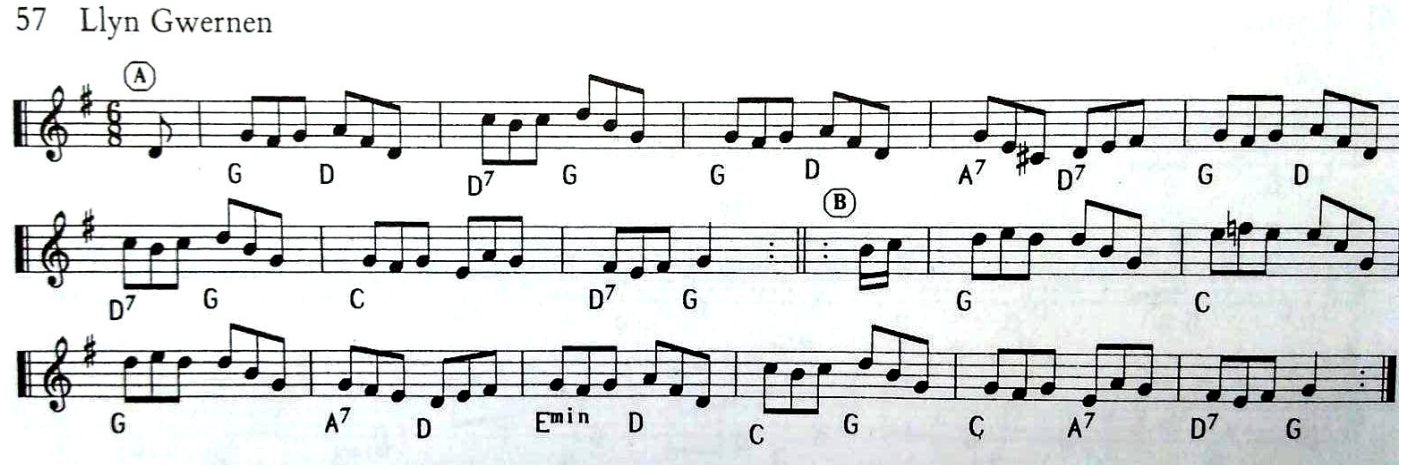
O *Mabsant* Siwsann George a Stuart Brown

Ond hedeg mae fy meddwl prudd
I fyd sydd eto i ddyfod,
A chofia dithau, fradwr tost,
Rhaid iti fy nghyfarfod;
Ond meddwl am dy enw di
A byw, sydd imi'n ormod—
O! afon ddofn, derbynia fi,
Caf wely ar dy waelod.

Ti frithyll bach sy'n chwarae'n llon
Yn nyfroedd glân yr afon,
Mae gennyt ti gyfeillion fyrdd
A noddfa rhag gelynion;
Cei fyw a marw dan y dŵr
Heb undyn dy adnabod—
O! na chawn innau fel tydi
Gael marw a dyna ddarfod.

A bore trannoeth cafwyd hi
Yn nyfroedd glân yr afon,
A darn o bapur yn ei llaw
Ac arno'r ymadroddion:
'Gwnewch imi fedd mewn unig fan,
Na chodwch faen na chofnod,
I nodi'r fan lle gorwedd llwch
Yr eneth gadd ei gwrthod.'




O lyfr *Blodau'r Grug*, Alex Hamilton a Robin Huw Bowen