



Palestinian Short Story “The Slave Said” adapted into Welsh

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Wel, mae'n byd yn anhygoel weithiau. Ces i neges o David Morgan i ddweud mae straeon Palestinian gyda fe, sydd wedi cael ei cyfieithu i mewn i'r Gymraeg. Pan gwnes i ofn mwy amdano fe, dwedodd e gwnaeth e gyfieithu nhw o'r Ffrangeg! Mae David yn parhaol gyda'r stori...

Well, it's an incredible world sometimes. I received a message from David Morgan to say he had some Palestinian stories that had been translated into Welsh. When I asked more about it, he said that he translated them from French! David continues the story...

Yn anffodus, dim o'r Arabeg wnes i gyfieithu'r stori, ond o'r Ffrangeg. Mae gen i fymryn o Arabeg o'r adeg o'n i'n gweithio yn y Swdan, yn y chwedegau, ond Arabeg garw ydy o- iaith y stryd o wlad sydd ganddi hi dwsinau o ieithoedd eraill, a thafodiaeith sydd wedi cael ei effeithio ganddyn nhw.

Unfortunately, it wasn't from the Arabic that I translated the story, but from a French translation of the original. I have a little Arabic from the time I worked in Sudan, in the sixties, but it's rough Arabic – the language of the street from a country that has dozens of languages, and a dialect that has been affected by them.

Sut wnes i ddod o hyd i'r stori? Mi es i ar wyliau i Syria jyst cyn i'r rhyfel ddechrau, yn ymweld a ffrind oedd yn gweithio mewn gwrsyllfa

ffoaduriaid Palesteinaidd yn Damascus, ac yno gwnes i gyfarfod yr awdur, Mahmoud Shahin, oedd yn rhedeg siop lluniau ar stryd fawr Hen Ddamascus. Boi diddorol, oedd wedi bod yn aelod y PLO ac oedd yn paentio lluniau, fel arfer lluniau o ferched oppressed mewn dillad oedd yn cuddio nhw i gyd.

How did I find the story? I went to Syria on holiday just before the war started, visiting a friend working in a Palestinian refugee camp in Damascus, and there I met the author, Mahmoud Shahin, who was running a picture shop on the high street of Old Damascus. He was an interesting guy, who had been a PLO member and was painting pictures, usually pictures of oppressed women in clothes that hid all their features.

Wedyn, ar ôl imi ddod adref i Gymru, wnes i chwilio ar y we am straeon Shahin, a'r unig bethau a ffeindies i oedd yn Ffrangeg. Mae'n debyg bod 'na rhai yn Arabeg, ond dwi ddim yn darllen Arabeg hyd yn oed. Beth bynnag, wnes i gyfieithu dwy stori o'r Ffrangeg, ond doedd na ddim modd i gael caniatâd o'r awdur i'w gyhoeddi. Roedd y rhyfel wedi dechrau, a'r gwersyllfa Balesteineg yn Damascus wedi cael ei dinistrio'n llwyr, a'r ffrindiau o'n i wedi nabod yno cael ei spredio allan dros Syria, Twrci ac Ewrop. Ac mae'r hen wefan Shahin wedi diflannu. Felly yn lle trio cyhoeddi straeon ei hunain, penderfynes i addasu un ohonyn nhw, o'r enw 'Y Caethwas Said', am blentyn caethwas yn Palestein dan lywodraeth Twrci, a dyna 'Englyn Ceidio' sydd wedi dod allan.

Then, after I came home to Wales, I searched the web for the stories of Shahin, and the only items that I could find were in French. There must be some in Arabic, but I do not read Arabic in any case. Anyway, I translated two stories from the French, but it was not possible to obtain the author's permission to publish them. The war had begun, and the Palestinian camp in Damascus had been completely destroyed, and the friends I had known were spreading out over Syria, Turkey and Europe. And the old Shahin website has disappeared. So instead of trying to publish the stories themselves, I decided to adapt one of them, called 'The Slave Said', about a slave child in Palestine under the Turkish government, and the result was Englyn Ceidio.

Beth ydy 'Y Caethwas Said' yn golygu imi? Mae'n stori arswydus sy'n focyssu ar greulondeb y llywodraeth Tyrceg yn Palestein. Steil gwasgarog a phrinder ansoddeiriau sy'n siwtio gerwindeb y stori, a thriais i efelychu hynny yn 'Englyn Ceidio'. O'n i wedi clywed sôn yn y Swdan am greulondeb y Twrciaid yn y cyfnod, ond gwnaeth stori Shahin fy atgoffa am hynny. Mae'n rhoi rhyw syniad o ffordd o fyw y Palesteinwyr adeg hynny hefyd.

What does 'The Slave Said' mean to me? It is a spine-chilling story that centres on the cruelty of the Turkish government in Palestine. It has a spartan style with a shortage of adjectives that suits the harshness of the story, and I tried to imitate it in 'Englyn Ceidio'. I had heard in the Sudan about the cruelty of the Turks in the period, but Shahin's story reminded me of that. It also gives some idea of the Palestinian way of life at that time.

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Stori *Englyn Ceidio* (Ar gyfer Mahmoud Shahin, storiwr Palestein ac awdur 'Y Caethwas Said')

Tro cyntaf wnes i glywed son am Englyn Ceidio oedd mewn ffermdy gwyn galchedig Ceidio Fawr, erbyn y tai Saunders Lewis sydd yn dal i amgylchynu Fferm Glanrhyd. Ar ol i mi glywed yr hanes, dw i wedi tsecio'i geirwiredd efo unrhyw drigolyn sydd yn debygol i wybod. Yn enwedig, mae Gwyn Peniel yn dweud oedd ei daid yn bendant bod y stori cyfan yn hollol wirioneddol. Ac os medrwn ni dibynnu hyd yn oed ar yr hanner a dudodd o, a dan ni'n medru credu beth mae Gwyn yn dweud, dw i am ei goelio fo.

It was in the whitewashed farmhouse of Ceidio Fawr that I first heard of Englyn Ceidio, and I've since checked out the veracity of the story with anyone who might know. Gwyn Peniel, in particular, says his grandfather was as definite as anything that it was all God's truth, and if Gwyn's grandfather was even half as reliable as Dewi himself, I'm inclined to believe it.

Gaeth Englyn Ceidio ei eni yn sydyn ac yn annisgwyl, ar draeth Porth Dinllaen, yn y cyfnod pan oedden nhw'n dal i adeiladu llongau yno. Maen nhw'n dweud bod o wedi cael ei felltithio wrth ei eni gan tramwrwr mewn gŵn gwyn a helpodd i'w rhyddhau. Yn ôl Magi Crogwrach Isaf, y ferch a ddiodeffodd y profiad chwithig ar y traeth, pan welodd yr estron y fwng o wallt golau a oedd gan y baban newydd-anedig, wnaeth o gymryd cam yn ol a ddweud rhywbeth fel 'Gwalad Saith Tan, Gwalad Saith Tan!' Beth bynnag, wnaeth Magi dderbyn y brawddeg yma fel bendith, a tasai hi ddim wedi teimlo'n fymryn amheus am y 'saith tan', buasai am enwi fo 'Gwalad'.

Englyn Ceidio was born suddenly and well before his expected time, on the beach at Porthdinllaen, in the days when they were still building boats there. They say he was cursed at birth by the white-robed foreigner who helped to deliver him. According to Magi Hirdre Uchaf, who suffered the embarrassing experience on the beach, on seeing the full head of shiny curls with which he was born, the foreigner had stood back in horror, intoning the phrase 'Walad Saith Tan, Walad Saith Tan!' or something like that. Magi took this as a blessing and had it not been for her well-founded doubts about the 'saith tan' bit, she would have named him Walad.

A dweud y gwir nac oedd hi ei hun na'r hogyn chwaith yn fawr o fendigedig. Cyn diwedd y flwyddyn, roedd gwr Magi wedi marw, wedi cael ei fodd ar y mor heb gael cipolwg o fodrwyau gwallt aur ei fab. A heblaw y cyrlliau, doedd gan Englyn fawr o spacial ac eithrio tafod hollt, minfwlch a wyneb fel gargoel. Hyd yn oed roedd ei enw yn gamgymeriad, oherwydd er waetha'r chwyldro crefyddol a oedd yn sgubo Pen Llyn a'r weddill Cymru yr adeg honno (a dinistrio'r tirlun efo erchyllterau fel Capel Peniel yn Ceidio Fawr) aeth Magi i'w fedyddio yn yn yr hen Eglwys Ceidio, gan Sais rhonc unieithog, yfwr mawr ofnadwy, a oedd yn berson Eglwys Lloegr yno. O ganlyniad, er bod Magi am ei alw Emlyn, gaeth ei enwi Englyn. Er gwaetha hagrwrch arswydus yr hogyn camenwedig, roedd yr enw cerddorol hwn braidd yn addas, oblegid er bod o byth yn mynd i ddysgu cyfathrebu yn glir mewn unrhyw iaith, roedd ganddo fo draw perffaith, ac aeth yn ganwr angylaidd, er heb eiriau dealladwy, a fynychu gwasanaethau'r eglwys yn gyson.

And as it turned out, neither she nor the child were particularly well-blessed. Within the year, Magi's husband was dead, drowned at sea without ever setting eyes on the golden curls of his son. And apart from his curls the boy had little to distinguish him other than his harelip, cleft palate and the ugliest face you've ever set eyes on. Even his name was a mistake, because in spite of the ferment of religious fervour which was sweeping the Llyn Peninsula and the rest of Wales, blighting the landscape with such monstrosities as Peniel Chapel itself, Magi took him to be baptised by the drunken Church of England parson at the ancient Ceidio Church. The upshot was that, instead of Emlyn as Magi intended, he named the boy Englyn. Ugly as Englyn was, this poetic name was appropriate, for although he never learnt to talk coherently in any language, he had perfect pitch and became an angelic singer, albeit without meaningful words, and a regular attender at the church.

Oedd ei unig dalent, cerddoriaeth, am ei gefnogi a'i gymorthwyo trwy'r bywyd cyfan. Ac oedd o toc ar fin angen cefnogaeth, achos erbyn ei bump oed roedd ei fam, Magi Crogwraich isaf druan, wedi huno gan bwl o dwymyn, ac oedd Englyn ar ei ben ei hun, yn unig yn y byd, go brin yn goroesi mewn hen gwt hwch o dan Bryn Peniel, lle oedd ei fam wedi ymdrechi i'w gynnal.

His single talent, music, was to support and sustain him throughout his short life. And he soon needed support because by the time he was five his mother, poor Magi Hirdre Uchaf, was dead of a fever, and he was left alone in the world, just surviving in a wooden hovel under Peniel hill where his mother had struggled to support him.

Am gyfnod byr, gafodd ei gadw yn fyw gan gymdogion duwiol a'r person cwrw-cyfeillgar, tan iddo fo lwyddo ei wneud ei hun yn ddefnyddiol wrth perfformio gwasanaethau bach, yn glanhau ac yn trwsio pethau. O'r diwedd wnaeth o ffindio gwaith yn gwarchod buchod a defaid yn fferm Dinas Bran. A dyma fo'n dechrau defnyddio ei dalent unigol. Ers ei blentyndod cynnar oedd o wedi chwarae efo chwibanau brigau celyn, pibau brwyn ac unrhyw offeryn oedd angen ei chwythu trwyddo. Erbyn adeg oedd o'n gweithio efo'r anifeiliaid, roedd o'n feistr y pibau.

For a time, he was kept alive by pious neighbours and the half-baked English parson, until he managed to make himself useful around the local farms doing odd jobs mucking out and mending and eventually found work at Dinas Bran looking after the cattle and sheep. It was here that his one talent came into play. Since early childhood he had played with holly whistles, reed pipes and any kind of instrument you blow into, and by the time he was working with the cows, he was a master of the pipes.

Hyd yn oed oedd yr anifeiliaid yn ymateb i felusrwydd ei alawon, a doedd o ddim angen ffon neu sbardun i'w gyrru, dim ond eu harwain i'r porfeydd gan swm ei offeryn. Rwan roedd o'n byw ar ben ei hun yn y goedwig o gwmpas Meillionen, a treulio'r nos yn chwarae miwsig o'r machlud i'r wawr. Ac felly am flynyddoedd cedwid y creadurau a oedd o'n gwarchod yn saff ac yn ddiniwed, yn pori, yn cymharu ac yn rhoi genedigaeth heb anffawd dan amddiffyniad y pibau.

Even the animals responded to the sweetness of his melodies, and he had no need of sticks or goads to drive them, simply leading them where necessary with the sound of the pipes. Now he lived alone in the woods around Meillionen, and spent his nights playing the pipes from dusk until dawn. Thus for years the creatures he tended were kept safe and free from harm, feeding, mating and delivering their young without incident under the protection of the pipes.

Trist dweud, roedd y pibau am ei ddinistrio yn y pendraw. Digwydd bod melusrwydd hudol ei alawon yn cael effaith anorchfygol ar y merched, a lasai fo wedi byw mewn ardal mwy poblogedig, fuasai'n ddiarnheuol wedi denu torfeydd o ferched o'r pellter hir o gwmpas. Roedd o'n wirioneddol arswydus o hyll, cymaint mwy gan fod ei cyrlliau golau wedi diflannu ers blynyddoedd, a gan ei flaenlencyndod oedd ddau o dalpiau wedi ymddangos ar ddau ochr ei ben. Yn araf ond yn anrhwystriadwy, roedd y talpiau yn datblygu mewn ddau o gyrn bach miniog.

Sadly, the pipes were to be his downfall. It happened that the magical sweetness of his music had an irresistible effect on women, and had he lived in a more populated area he would undoubtedly have drawn hordes of women from miles around. He was hideously ugly, especially since his childhood curls were now long gone, and with the onset of puberty he had developed two little bumps on either side of his head which were gradually sharpening out into a pair of little horns.

Er gwaetha ei olwg cyfogyld, roedd y merched yn ffindio bod nhw'n cael ei denu at hud a lledrith ei gerddoriaeth, yn hollol erbyn eu ewyllys a'u dymuniad. Yn rhyfeddol, oedd o'n edrych bod yn methu'n llwyr synhwyro'u presenoldeb nhw. Ond roedden nhw'n dod yn rhydd ac heb feddwl dan swyn y pibau. Bydden nhw'n dod i orwedd o'i flaen o, weithiau wedi ei wisgo, weithiau yn noethlymun, ond wastad yn digywilydd llwyr gan bod nhw'n ymgolledig yn y cerddoriaeth. Dim ond gan y wawr gaethon nhw eu rhyddhau o'u swyngwsg, ar ol i Englyn Ceidio orffen chwarae a ddringo lawr o'i olygfa ar ben maenhir cyntefig Meillionen i warchod ei anifeiliaid.

Yet, in spite of his repulsive appearance, he found that women were attracted to the enchantment of his music completely against their will and desire. Strangely he seemed to be entirely oblivious to their presence, but come they did free and unthinking in the presence of the pipes. They came and lay before him, sometimes clothed and sometimes naked, but quite unashamed in their absorption in his music. And it was only with the coming of the dawn that they were released from their trance by the silencing of the pipes, as Englyn Ceidio climbed down from his vantage-

point on the prehistoric standing-stone at Meillionen and went about the business of tending to his animals' needs.

A dyna sut cafodd ei chamarwain Meinir, gwraig Huw Bwyell, a oedd newydd briodi gan y gwr a oedd hi'n caru mwy na'i bywyd ei hun. Am fisoedd oedden nhw wedi bod yn cyfrannu fresni bendigedig y dyddiau cyntaf o'u bywyd yn gomyn, mewn caban oedd Huw ei hun wedi adeiladu ym Mochras, dim yn bell o'r coedwigaeth lle mae Ysgubor Dinas Bran yn sefyll heddiw. Roedden nhw wrth eu boddau bod gyda'u gilydd, a chael pleser dwys mewn pob anadl eu hunain, wrth archwilio agosatrwydd y priodas.

And so it happened that Meinir, the wife of Huw Bwyell, so recently married to the man she loved, was led astray. For months they had lived together in the wonderful freshness of the first days of marriage, in the cabin Huw had built at Mochras, not so far from the wood where Ysgubor Dinas Bran now stands. Their every breath was sweetness itself to each other and each moment of every day was lived in the awareness of and delight in the presence of the other, as they shyly explored and accepted the intimacies of marriage.

Serch y difyrwch a'r mwynder hyn, daeth tymor pryd, heb reswm amlwg, dechreuodd Meinir teimlo bod hi angen aros tu allan yr hwyr. Neu i sicrhau bod yr ieir yn wirioneddol dan glo a saff am y noson, neu jesd i ogla'r jasmin nospersawrus a oedd yn tyfu nunlle ond o gwmpas y caban bendigedig hwnnw, byddai hi'n ffindio rhyw reswm i fod tu allan bob nos. Doedd yna ddim byd crwydrol yn ei hetifeddiaeth deuluol – roedd ei hachau i gyd wedi bod yn ffermwyr ers cenhedlaethau – ond wrth y machlud haul, roedd ei chalon yn dechrau crwydro. Ac ym Mochras roedden nhw'n beryglus agos at maenhir Meillionen. Cyn bo hir, roedd ei chydgaru dyddiol wedi dod yn wyllt ac yn afreolus, ond yn ystod y nos oedd hi wedi dechrau sleifio i fwrdd i'r goedwigaeth.

But in spite of this innocent delight and contentment, there came a season when for no obvious reason Meinir felt drawn to stay outside late in the evening. Whether it was to ensure that the hens really were well shut in for the night, or to sniff the night-scented jasmine that grew nowhere else, but in joyous abundance round that home, she seemed to find a reason each evening to be outside. Though there was nothing of the nomad in her family inheritance – they had been farming folk for generations – as the sun went down, her heart seemed to wander. And of course, at Mochras they were all too near to the standing-stone of Meillionen. Before many months had passed her lovemaking by day had become wild and uncontrolled, but by night she had taken to slipping away into the woods.

Ac yn sicr pibau Englyn oedd wedi ei chythryblu. Roes ei chlyw hi'n oruwchddynol. Cyn gynted a dechreuodd y cerddoriaeth ochr arall y bryn a'r goedwigaeth, ym Meillionen, dechreuodd ei chalon hi daro mymryn yn gyflymach, aeth ei chroen hi'n wlyb efo cynhyriad, a daeth hi mor aflonydd a chath yn hel cathod. Ond wrth gwrs, doedd ei absenoldebau ddim heb eu sylwi gan Huw. Hyd yn oed dan swyn eu cariad nhw, ac er bod o'n cychwyn i'r gwaith bob bore yn teimlo bod ei fwyell anferth mor ysgafn ag yn gynt, eto i gyd, oedd wedi dechrau teimlo'n ddaduriedig heb iddo wybod pam, fel tasai rhywun wedi rhoi mwd yn ei ddwr yfed. Pan sylweddolodd tro cyntaf bod ei wraig yn arfer mynd allan i synhwyro arogl y nos, teimlodd pa mor lwcus oedd o am gael wraig mor sensitif a ddychmygol. Ond ar ol iddo fo sylweddoli bod hi'n diflannu yn rheolaidd bob nos, dechreuodd amau a phryderi, a phenderfynodd ei dilyn hi yn gyfrinachol.

And there is no doubt that it was Englyn's pipes that had unsettled her. It was as if she had superhuman hearing. The moment the music started in Meillionen, her heart began to beat a little faster, her skin became damp with excitement and she became as restless as a she-cat on heat. But of course her absences did not go unnoticed. Huw Bwyell, for all he was love-blinded, shouldering his huge woodcutter's axe each day as lightly as if it were a fountain-pen, yet he began to feel a vague sense of discomfort in his life, as if someone had secretly put mud in his drinking-water. When he first noticed his wife's nightly disappearances, he thought little of it, feeling how lucky he was to have a wife of such a sensitive, imaginative nature. But as the days went by, he became first uneasy then concerned at her continuing absences, and one night he decided to secretly follow her.

Yn hollol anghlywadwy i Huw ond yn gwneud sefyll y blew ar war ac ysgwyddau Meinir, roedd nodau cyntaf gyfansoddiad nosweithiol Englyn wedi dechrau swnio yn y pellter, a chyn bo hir cyffroddodd Meinir, a chodi. Edrychodd Huw arni yn slei wrth iddi hi sleifio allan yn ddistaw, wedyn gwisgodd fel am fynd i'r gwaith. Dilynodd Meinir, a oedd yn symud yn ysgafn ac yn chwim, traed noeth, lawr y lon at Meillionen, yn gynt yn cerdded at flaenau ei thraed, wedyn yn prancio ac yn dawnsio trwy'r llennyrch deiliog o gwmpas bryn Meillionen. Edrychodd Huw dan gyfaredd wrth iddi hi dynnu'r dillad, yn hongian nhw fesul un ar brigau coed wrth iddi hi basio heibio, tan iddi hi gyrraedd yn noethlymun at y pant lle oedd Englyn yn chwarae, yn eistedd ar ben y maen cyntefig, yn awybus am wylltneb oedd o wedi achosi mewn bron y ferch newydd-briodi. *Completely inaudible to Huw but causing the hair to stand up on Meinir's neck and shoulders, the first distant notes of Englyn's nightly rhapsody had begun, and before long Meinir stirred in the bed and rose. Huw observed her as she slipped silently out of the door. More out of habit than from malice aforethought, he took up his great axe as he followed her. He followed at a distance as Meinir moved lightly and swiftly, barefoot, down the lane towards Meillionen, first tripping lightly and soon skipping and then dancing through the leaf-strewn glades surrounding Meillionen Hill. Huw watched spellbound as she gradually cast off all her clothing, hanging each item on a tree-branch as she passed, till she arrived quite naked at the dell where Englyn sat playing, astride the ancient standing-stone, apparently oblivious to the frenzy he had aroused in the young newly-wed.*

Am rhyw amser edrychodd Huw dan swyn osgeiddigrwydd ddawns ei wraig, a gan rhyfeddu fel arfer at harddwch ei hwyneb hi, a pherffeithrwydd ei chorff esmwyth a siapus. Ond cyn bo hir cododd ddieter gryf a hebfeddwl a achosodd daro ei galon o a phwyo'r gwaed coch yn drwm tu ol i'w lygaid. Roedd dawns ei wraig yn agosau at uchafbwynt gorffwyll a wyllt yn sgil melodi a rhythm gerddoriaeth Englyn, yn wyllt fel griw o dderfis udol.

For a time Huw watched entranced by the grace of his wife's dancing, and marvelling as always at the beauty of her features and the perfection of her smooth curvaceous flanks. But soon such an unthinking anger rose within him that his thudding heart set the red blood pounding hard

behind his eyes. His wife's dancing was approaching a wild and frenzied climax in consort with the rhythm and melody of Englyn's music, wild as a pack of dervishes, until finally that great axe came down with a single sickening blow.

Yn sydyn daeth lawr y fwyell enfawr efo ergyd chwydyd. Ar yr un pryd a stopiodd y miwsig, lluchiodd Huw ei hun ar y llawr gan sgrechian yn hysteraidd ac yn rhwystredig a gan dynnu'r daear ar hyd ei nerth. Rhuthrodd drosodd Huw a neidio arni ar gyfer ei chadw hi yn ddistaw ac i stopio hi rhag brifo ei hun. Ond methodd o rhwystro hi rhag daro a gweiddu yn orffwyll, a roedd rhaid iddo fo gario hi i ffwrdd a dal yn fflapio ac yn ffustio a sgrechian ar hyd ei nerth, yn ol i'w caban bach ym Mochras, ac yno gosod hi ar y gwely a'i chadw hi'n ddistaw. Pasiodd oriau cyn iddi hi ddod at ei hun a gorwedd yn dawel lle oedd Huw wedi ei rhoi hi.

The moment the music stopped, Meinir flung herself to the ground screaming in hysterical frustration and beating the ground with the full force of her fists. Huw rushed across and leapt on her to hold her still and prevent his only love from harming herself, but it was all he could do to restrain her manic beating and bawling, and he was forced to carry her off still flapping and flailing and screaming at the top of her voice, back to their little cabin in Mochras, and there he laid her on the bed and held her still. It was some hours before she came to herself again and lay calmly where Huw had laid her.

Am wythnosau dawnsiodd Huw tendans arni hi, yn dod a'i hoff bwydydd, y pethau gorau a oedd o'n medru ffindio, ac er bod hi'n ddiolchgar am ddyfnder a ddwyyster ei gariad a'i ofal dyner drosti hi, cadwodd hi yn bell, fel mewn gyflwr ol-epileptig, yn nychu yn ddiymadferth fel tasai rhyw bwr uffernol yn sugno ei bywyd i ffwrdd. Yn yr ychydig dyddiau oedd ar ol iddi hi, wnaeth hi ddweud ac ailddweud bod ei chariad unig hi oedd Huw, ond na fedrodd naill ei chariad hi ai cariad Huw na phurdeb eu teimladau nhw atal hi rhag cael ei chario lawr i'r mynwent bach dan Bryn Peniel.

For days Huw waited on her, bringing her all her favourite foods, all the richest titbits he could find, and though she was grateful for his attention and the intensity and depth of his tender concern, she remained distant, as if in a post-epileptic state, wasting away helplessly as some hellish force sucked her life away. In the few days that were left to her she was able to repeat again and again that she only had eyes for Huw, but neither her love nor Huw's nor the purity of their feelings could prevent her from being carried down to the little churchyard below Peniel Hill.

Nac oedd yna ddiffyg gyfiawnder daearol chwaith i Englyn druan, hyll a ddiniwed, achos ar ol yr angladd aeth Huw hefyd i'w wely. Yn bwyelledig gan golled ei wraig annwyl, ac efallai dan bwys euogrwydd, roedd o'n teimlo bwys enfawr y fwyell anferth fel petai'n gorwedd yn drwm ar ei frest. Ac oedd ei fywyd toredig yn diferu i ffwrdd.

Nor was there any question of earthly justice for poor, innocent, ugly Englyn, because after the funeral, Huw also took to his bed, felled by the loss of his main reason for living and perhaps weighed down by guilt at the madness which had taken hold of him. He could feel the massive weight of his huge axe now lying heavy upon his chest as his ravaged life drifted gradually away.

Ac yno hyd heddiw, yn y goedwigaeth, os ydych chi'n person synhwyrus, mae'n bosib i chi glywed, rhwng sibrwd y dail, atsain pell o ryw gerddoriaeth hynafol. A tasech chi'n cerdded lawr i'r mynwent anghydfurfiol dan Bryn Peniel a chwilio ymhlith y beddau, mae'n bosib y fuasech chi'n ffindio manylion y stori hwn wedi eu ysgythru yn iaith y nefoedd.

And there to this day, in the woods beside Meillionen, if you are fine of feeling you may hear among the whispering of the leaves the echo of some ancient music. And if you walk down to the little nonconformist graveyard under Peniel Hill and search among the gravestones, you may find the details of this story written in the language of Heaven.