

David of the White Rock		
Version I	Version II	Version III
<p><i>David the bard for his harp softly cried "Let me in dying have thee by my side Let my weak fingers caress thee once more God bless my loved ones till life's song be o'er</i></p> <p><i>Last night an angel called softly to me "David, come home now and play with the free." Harp of my fathers, my song now must cease; God bless my loved ones and grant them his peace."</i></p>	<p><i>"Bring me my harp," was David's sad sigh, "I would play one more tune before I die. Help me, dear wife, put the hands to the strings, I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings."</i></p> <p><i>"Last night an angel called with heaven's breath: David, play, and come through the gates of death! Farewell, faithful harp, farewell to your strings, I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings."</i></p>	<p><i>David the bard on his bed of death lies Pale are his features and dim are his eyes Yet all around him his glance wildly roves Till it alights on the harp that he loves.</i></p> <p><i>Give me my harp, my companion so long Let it once more add its voice to my song Though my old fingers are palsied and weak Still my good harp for its master will speak.</i></p> <p><i>Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred When its loud summons to battle was heard Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave Let thy last notes hover over my grave.</i></p>

The Welsh poem that "David of the White Rock" (above) is supposed to be translated from:

Level One (English trans. follows below)	Level Two (English trans. follows below)	Original Text (English trans. follows below)
<p>'Dw i eisiau fy nhelyn, mae Dafydd yn dweud. 'Dw i eisiau canu'r delyn cyn marw. Mae'n anodd i godi fy llaw. Diolch i chi, Gwraig a phlant.'</p> <p>'Ddoe dw i wedi clywed llais angel yn dweud: "Dafydd, amser marw ydy." Hen delyn, ffarwel. Diolch i chi, Gwraig a phlant.'</p>	<p>'Cariwch,' dweudodd Dafydd, 'fy nhelyn i mi Cyn marw byddaf yn ceisio rhoi tôn arni hi Codwch fy llaw i gyffwrdd y tant Bendith duw arnoch chi, Fy ngwraig a fy mhlant.'</p> <p>'Neithiwr dw i wedi clywed llais angel fel hyn "Dafydd, dere adref a chwarae trwy'r glyn," Hen delyn, ffarwel i ti Bendith duw arnoch chi, Fy ngwraig a fy mhlant.'</p>	<p>'Cariwch,' medd Dafydd, 'fy nhelyn i mi Ceisiaf cyn marw roi tôn arni hi Codwch fy nwylo i gyrraedd y tant Duw a'ch bendithio, fy ngweddw a'm plant.'</p> <p>'Neithiwr mi glywais lais angel fel hyn "Dafydd, tyrd adref a chwarae trwy'r glyn," Delyn fy mebyd, ffarwel i dy dant Duw a'ch bendithio, fy ngweddw a'm plant.</p>
<p>'I want my harp,' David is saying. 'I want to play the harp before dying. It's difficult to raise my hand. Thanks to you, Wife and children.'</p> <p>'Yesterday I heard an angel's voice saying: "David, it's time to die." Old harp, Goodbye. Thanks to you, Wife and children.'</p>	<p>'Carry,' said David, 'my harp to me Before dying I'll try to play a tune on it Raise my hand to touch the string God's blessing on you, My wife and my children.'</p> <p>'Last night I heard An angel's voice, like this: "David, come home and play through the valley," Old harp, Goodbye to you. God's blessing on you, My wife and my children.'</p>	<p>'Carry,' said David, 'my harp to me Before dying I will try to play a tune on it Raise my hands to reach the string God bless you, my widow and my children.'</p> <p>'Last night I heard an angel's voice, like this: "David, come home and play through the valley," Harp of my childhood, Goodbye to your string. God bless you, my widow and my children.'</p>

Note: Glyn means "(wooded) valley," but also "imminent approach or throes of death." (*GeiriadurPrifysgol Cymru*)

Dafydd y Garreg Wen
gan Glasynys

Roeddwn i yn Eifionydd. Dw i wedi cwrdd â dyn. Doedd e ddim yn gwybod pwy oeddwn i. Dw i wedi dechrau siarad ag ef. Dyn ni wedi mynd i fynwent Ynys Cynhaiarn. Mae beddau yno. Mae popeth yn lân, ac mae englynion yn y fynwent. Dyn ni wedi mynd at faen. Carreg a *llun telyn* arni! Dw i'n darllen, a dyma fedd DAFYDD OWEN, neu *Ddafydd y Garreg Wen*. Dw i wedi gofyn ei hanes. Mae fy ffrind yn dweud rhywbeth am *Ddafydd y Garreg Wen*. Roedd ei rieni yn byw mewn tŷ bychan. Merch o'r enw Issallt oedd ei fam. Roedd teulu Issallt yn dod o FYDDFAI. Mae Gwen yn hoffi canu telyn. Dw i ddim yn cofio enw ei gŵr, ond maen nhw'n byw yn y Garreg Wen. Mae Dafydd yn blentyn iddyn nhw. Mae e'n dechrau canu telyn yn ifanc. Mae Dafydd yn byw gartref gyda'i dad a'i fam. Mae Rhys, ei frawd, yn yr Alban. Mae Dafydd yn canu mewn nosweithiau llawen. Mae e'n gerddor da. Mae e'n eistedd ar faen: mae e wedi blino. Mae ehedydd yn canu cân. Mae rhywun yn dweud, "mae Dafydd yn teimlo:—

'Fel cwmwl yn bwrw llaeth
wedi codi, yn wlyb,
Yr hedydd a'i gân,—
Roedd e'n bwrw emynau."

Mae'r aderyn o flaen Dafydd; ac mae Dafydd yn cymryd y delyn a chwarae CODIAD YR HEDYDD, cân o Gymru! Roedd Dafydd yn chwilio am ei frawd Rhys ac wedi mynd i'r Alban. Roedd y bonheddwr yn gofyn am dôn. Mae Dafydd wedi canu *Difyrrwch Gwyr Criccieth*—yn yr Alban, *Rosslin Castle*. Yng Nghymru, doedd Dafydd ddim yn teimlo'n dda. Roedd peswch arno. Roedd ei lygaid yn wan. Roedd e'n mynd i farw! Roedd rhaid iddo stopio canu'r delyn: ond roedd e'n chwarae rhai,—

"O'r hen ganeuon
Yn tynnu dagr o'r llygaid."

Roedd e'n wan, a dim yn gallu gadael ei wely. Roedd ei fam yn gwyllo arno fe. Roedd gwên ar ei wyneb, ac roedd ei fyseidd yn symud. Roedd ei wyneb yn edrych yn iawn. Roedd ei wyneb yn well! Efallai *roedd* yn farw! Ond mae e wedi agor ei lygaid: "O! mam, dw i wedi gweld pethau neis!" Yna— "Dw i ddim wedi clywed canu fel 'na! Y Miwsig! O! mam, rhowch i mi fy nhelyn! Dw i'n gallu chwarae!" Yna mae e wedi cysgu. A'i fam yn ei wyllo, yn wylo. Fel golau yr haul, pam na weld Duw yn ei mab hi? Mae

I was in Eifionydd. I met a man. He didn't know who I was. I started to speak with him. We went to the cemetery of Cynhaearn Island [near Porthmadog]. There are graves there. Everything is neat, and there are *englynion* poems in the cemetery. We went to a stone. A stone with *a picture of a harp* on it! I'm reading, and here's the stone of DAVID OWEN, or *David of the White Rock*. I asked for his story. My friend says something about *David of the White Rock*. His parents lived in a little house. His mother was a young woman by the name of Isolde. Isolde's family came from MYDDFAI. Gwen likes to play a harp. I don't remember her husband's name, but they live in "The White Rock." David is their child [lit. "a child to them"]. He begins playing a harp young. David lives at home with his father and his mother. Rhys, his brother, is in Scotland. David plays for social evenings. He is a good singer. He is sitting on a rock: he is tired. A lark is singing a song. Someone says, "David feels:—

'Like a cloud raining milk
arisen, wet,
The lark with its song,—
It was raining hymns.'

The bird is in front of David; and David takes the harp and plays THE RISING OF THE LARK, a song of Wales! David was looking for his brother Rhys and went to Scotland. The gentleman asked for a tune. David sang *The Men of Criccieth's Delight*—in Scotland, *Rosslin Castle*. In Wales, David wasn't feeling well. He had a cough. His eyes were weak. He was going to die! He had to stop playing the harp: but he played some—

"Of the old songs
Pulling tears from the eyes."

He was weak, and could not leave his bed. His mother watched over him. There was a smile on his face, and his fingers were moving. He face looked fine. His face was better! Perhaps he *was* dead! But he opened his eyes: "O! Mother, I saw nice things!" Then— "I didn't hear singing like that! The Music! O! Mother, give me my harp! I can play!" Then he slept. And his mother, watching him, weeping. Like the light of the sun, why not see God in her son? *David* woke up, and

<p><i>Dafydd</i> wedi deffro, a gofyn, “A gaf fi fy nhelyn i?” Pam lai? Ni fydd <i>Gwen</i>, y fam, yn gwrthod. Mae hi wedi rhoi’r delyn iddo. Mae ei fam wedi rhoi clustog iddo fel cadair. Ac yna—</p> <p>Mae DAFYDD yn chwarae Y GARREG WEN.</p> <p>Ar ôl chwarae, mae <i>Dafydd</i> wedi mynd yn ôl i’r gwely. Mae e’n dweud wrth ei fam sut mae e wedi dysgu. Roedd e mewn byd arall. “Roeddwn i mewn coed. Roedd y dail yn las a’r afon yn loyw. Roedd gardd ac roedd rhywun yn chwarae’r delyn. Roedd dwy golomen yn gwranddo. Doedd dim telyn yno, ond awel yn chwarae yn y canghennau! O! mam! Y canu! Roeddwn i’n gweld dwy golomen yn unig. Yna dw i wedi ddeffro, a gweld chi, fy mam annwyl.” Roedd e’n wan iawn. Roedd Angau yn chwibanu! Roedd <i>Dafydd</i> yn byw am dipyn bach. Roedd ei fam yn gallu canu’r alaw, ac roedd y Telynor yn hapus.</p> <p>Cyn hir, mae e wedi marw! Mae e wedi mynd adref!</p> <p>“Maen nhw wedi claddu <i>Dafydd</i> yn yr Ynys yma. Dyma’i fedd. Roedd pawb yn canu’r Alaw! Ond peth rhyfedd: roedd dwy golomen yn dod ac yn dilyn yr elor. Ond pan oedd yr Offeiriad yn dweud “Daear i’r ddaear pridd i’r pridd, lludw i’r lludw,” roedd y ddwy yn mynd i ffwrdd!” Dyna hanes DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN.</p>	<p>asked, “May I have my harp?” Why not? <i>Gwen</i>, the mother, will not refuse. She gave him the harp. His mother gave him a cushion as a chair. And then—</p> <p>DAVID plays THE WHITE ROCK.</p> <p>After playing, David went back to bed. He tells his mother how he learned. He was in another world. “I was in a wood. The leaves were green and the river shining. There was a garden and someone was playing the harp. Two doves were listening. There was no harp there, but a breeze playing in the branches! O! mother! The singing! I only saw two doves. Then I woke up, and saw you, my dear mother.” He was very weak. Death was whistling! David lived for a little bit. His mother could sing the melody, and the Harpist was happy.</p> <p>Before long, he died! He went home!</p> <p>“The buried David on this island. Here is his grave. Everyone sang the Melody! But a strange thing: two doves came and followed the bier. But when the Priest said “Earth to earth, soil to soil, ashes to ashes,” the two went away! That is the story of DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK.</p>
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Level Two, simplified from the text in *Cymru Fu*, pp. 343–6

Dafydd y Garreg Wen
gan Glasynys

<p>Rhywbryd, pan oeddwn i yn Eifionydd, fe ddigwyddodd i mi gyfarfod â dyn. Roedd yn amlwg na wyddai ef pwy oeddwn i, a dechreuais i siarad ag ef. Ni wnaif ddesgrifio fy nghydymaith; roeddwn i yn ei gwmni hyd at fynwent Ynys Cynhaiarn. Beddau aml a cherrig destlus! Popeth yn lân, ac mae cymaint o englynion <i>da</i> mewn un fynwent! Ymhlith y beddau, dyn ni wedi mynd at faen wahanol i’r lleill. Carreg a <i>llun telyn</i> arni! Dw i wedi dechrau darllen, a dyma fedd DAFYDD OWEN, neu <i>Ddafydd y Garreg Wen</i>. Dw i wedi gofyn hanes y telynor. Mae’r dau ohonom ni wedi mynd i Borth, ac eistedd. Mae fy nghyfaill wedi dweud wrthyf rhywbeth fel hyn am DAFYDD OWEN, neu <i>Ddafydd y Garreg Wen</i>. Roedd ei rieni yn byw mewn tyddyn ym mhlwyf Treflys. Merch o’r enw Issallt oedd hi, a’i henw bedydd oedd <i>Gwen</i>. Roedd teulu Issallt yn dod o FEDDYGON MYDDFAI, sef o Rhiwallon a’i feibion.</p>	<p>One time, when I was in Eifionydd, I happened to meet a man. It was obvious that he didn’t know who I was, and I started to speak with him. I won’t describe my companion; I was in his company as far as the cemetery of Ynys Cynhaearn. Numerous graves with fine stones! Everything is neat, and there are so many good <i>englynion</i> poems in one cemetery! Among the graves, we went to a stone different from the others. A stone with a <i>picture of a harp</i> on it! I began to read, and here was the grave of DAVID OWEN, or <i>David of the White Rock</i>. I asked the harpist’s history. The two of us went to Borth, and sat. My friend told me something like this about DAVID OWEN, or <i>David of the White Rock</i>. His parents lived in a little farmhouse in the parish of Treflys. She [his mother] was a young woman by the name of <i>Isolde</i>, and her baptismal name was <i>Gwen</i>.</p>
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Roedd Gwen yn hoff o ganu gyda'r delyn. Dw i ddim yn cofio beth oedd enw ei gŵr: ond roeddynt yn byw yn y Garreg Wen. Roedd ganddynt blant, yn gynnwys Dafydd. Dw i ddim yn gwybod pryd dechreuodd canu telyn, ond roedd e'n ifanc. Roedd Dafydd gartref gyda'i dad a'i fam. Mae Rhys, ei frawd, wedi mynd i ffwrdd, i'r Alban. Roedd Dafydd yn cadw nosweithiau llawen yn aml. Roedd e'n gerddor da, ac mae sôn amdano wedi mynd ar hyd y wlad. Rywbryd yn nechrau haf, eisteddodd ar faen: mae'n debyg ei fod wedi blino. Cododd yr hedydd o'i wely, a dechreuodd ganu cân. Fel mae rhywun wedi dweud,—mae'n debyg oedd Dafydd yn teimlo:—

“Fel cwmwl uwchben y waun, yn bwrw llaeth
wedi codi yn syth, yn wlyb o wlyth
Yr hedydd hudol, a'i gan,—
Roedd e'n bwrw emynau da.”

Mae'n debyg oedd o flaen Dafydd; ac yn sydyn mae e'n cymryd y delyn, a chwarae CODIAD YR HEDYDD: un o alawon gorau Cymru! Wedi blino gartref, mae e wedi cychwyn, â'i delyn ar ei gefn, i chwilio am ei frawd Rhys; daeth o hyd iddo yn yr Alban. Wedi blino yno, gofynodd y boneddwr am dôn ganddo i gofio aros yn y lle. Mae Dafydd wedi rhoi'r dôn newydd wneud, sef, *Difyrrwch Gwyr Criccieth*—yn yr Alban, *Rosslin Castle*. Yng Nghymru, roedd yn amlwg nad oedd teithio wedi bod yn dda iddo. Roedd e'n pesychu. Roedd ei lygaid wedi suddo i mewn i'w ben. Roedd ei wyneb yn welw, ac roedd e'n mynd i farw! Cyn bo hir roedd rhaid iddo roi goreu i'r delyn, achos roedd ei nerth yn rhy wan: ond er hynny, roedd e'n canu rhai,—

“O'r hen Alawon tyner
Sydd wedi tynnu deigr o lygaid amser.”

Roedd e'n parhau i fod yn wan, ac o'r diwedd, dim yn gallu gadael ei wely. Un diwrnod roedd ei annwyl fam yn gwyllo arno fe. Roedd hi'n gweld gwên ar ei wyneb, ac roedd ei fysedd yn symud yn ôl ac ymlaen. Roedd ei wyneb yn edrych fel roedd yn gynt. Roedd y pantiau yn ei ddwyfoch yn llenwi! Roedd *Gwen* yn ofni ei fod yn marw! Ond mae e wedi agor ei lygaid, a dywed, “O! mam, dw i wedi gweld y peth harddaf!” Yna roedd e'n tynnu ei anadl, a rhoi hanner tro ar ei ben; ac yna,— “Dw i ddim wedi clywed y fath ganu o'r blaen! Y Miwsig! O! mam, rhowch i mi fy nhelyn! Dw i'n gallu chwarae honno!” Yna mae e wedi mynd i mewn i berlewyg. A'i fam yn ei wyllo, yn gweled goleuni drwy'r dagrau o'i dau lygad. Fel golau yr haul yn y

Isolde's family came from the PHYSICIANS OF MYDDFAI, that is, from Rhiwallon and his sons. Gwen was fond of singing with the harp. I don't remember what her husband's name was: but they lived in “The White Rock.” They had children, including David. I don't know when he began to play a harp, but he was young. David was at home with his father and his mother. Rhys, his brother, had gone away, to Scotland. David often frequented social evenings. Sometime at the beginning of summer, he sat on a rock: he was probably tired. The lark rose from its bed, and began to sing a song. As someone said,—David probably felt:—

“Like a cloud above the moor, raining milk
Risen straight up, wet with dew
The magical lark, with its song
It was raining good hymns.”

It was probably in front of David; and suddenly he takes the harp, and plays *The Rising of the Lark*: one of the best songs of Wales! Tired at home, he set out, with his harp on his back, to look for his brother Rhys; he came across him in Scotland. Tired there, the gentleman asked for a tune from him to remember his stay in the place. David gave a newly made tune, that is, *The Delight of the Men of Criccieth*—in Scotland, *Rosslin Castle*. In Wales, it was obvious that travelling had not been good for him. He coughed. His eyes had sunk into his head. His face was pale, and he was going to die! Before long, he had to give up the harp, because his strength was too weak: but despite that, he played some,—

“Of the tender old melodies
That pulled tears from the eyes of time.”

He continued to be weak, and at last, could not leave his bed. One day his dear mother was watching over him. She was a smile on his face, and his fingers were moving back and forth. His face looked like it had before. The hollows in his cheeks were filling out! *Gwen* feared that he was dying! But he opened his eyes, and said, “Oh! mother, I saw the most beautiful thing!” Then he drew in his breath, and gave a half-turn of his head; and then, “I have not heard such singing before! The Music! O! Mother, give me my hard! I can play that!” Then he went into a trance. And his mother, watching him, saw light through the tears of her eyes. Like the light of the sun in the dew; why not see divinity in her own son? *David* woke a second time, and asked, “May I, dear

gwlith; pam na weld dwyfoldeb yn ei mab hithau? Mae *Dafydd* wedi deffro yr eildro, a gofyn, “A gaf fi, mam annwyl, fy nhelyn i unwaith eto!” Pwy a all ddweud “na chei”? Nid *Gwen*: nid y fam. Mae hi wedi dwyn y delyn i mewn, a chododd y Telynor i eistedd ar y gwely. Mae ei fam wedi rhoi clustogau a gobenyddiau iddo fel cadair. Ac yna—

Dechreuodd DAFYDD chwarae
HEN ALAW'R GARREG WEN.

Ar ôl cael digon o'r hen delyn, mae hi wedi rhoi *Dafydd* yn ôl yn ei wely. Ar ôl gorffwys, mae e wedi dweud wrth ei fam sut mae e wedi dysgu'r dôn. Roedd e wedi bod mewn byd arall. Dyma ei eiriau:— “Roeddwn i mewn gwlad goediog: pob deilen yn las. Y gwrychoedd yn ddaill i gyd, a'r dolydd yn llawn o feillion. Yr afonydd yn loyw, heb sŵn. Roeddwn i wrth Neuadd hardd; ac o flaen y drws yr oedd gardd. Yng nghornel yr ardd, roedd rhywun yn chwarae ar y delyn; a'r alaw oedd yr hon a oeddwn i'n chwarae, mam. Roedd dwy golomen yn gwrando. Es i yn araf at y lle, ac er fy syndod, nid oedd telyn yno. Ond eto, roedd y canu yn parhau; roedd yr awel yn dod o'r berllan, drwy'r canghennau! O! mam! os oeddech chwi'n gallu clywed y canu! Welwn i ddim neb ond y ddwy golomen. Ar hyn dw i wedi ddeffro, a gweld chi, fy mam annwyl.” Mae e wedi tewi; roedd yn amlwg ei fod yn wan iawn. Roedd *Angau* yn chwibanu alargerdd! Roedd e'n byw am ddyddiau: a'i fam a ddywedodd y cyfan. Roedd hi'n gallu canu'r alaw hefyd, ac roedd y Telynor yn hapus i glywed ei fam yn canu'r *Alaw Newydd*.

Cyn hir, mae e wedi marw! Aeth adref!

“Cafodd ef ei gladdu yn yr Ynys yma,” ebai'r Cofiadur; “dyma'i fedd. Ar ddiwrnod ei angladd, roedd pawb yn canu'r *Alaw*, o'r *Garreg Wen* i'r *Eglwys*, ac hefyd ar lan y bedd! Ond y peth rhyfeddaf: roedd dwy golomen yn dod at dŷ'r *Garreg Wen* pan oedd y corff yn dod allan i'r drws, ac yn dilyn yr elor;— ac aros yn llonydd yno; ac ar lan y bedd roedden nhw yn agos at yr arch. Ond pan ddywedodd yr *Offeiriad* “Daear i'r ddaear pridd i'r pridd, lludw i'r lludw,” roedd y ddwy yn ehedeg ymaith am byth!” Dyna hanes DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN.

mother, have my harp once again!” Who could say “no”? Not *Gwen*: not the mother. She brought the harp in, and the Harpist rose to sit on the bed. His mother gave him pillows and cushions as a chair. And then—

DAVID began to play

THE OLD MELODY OF THE WHITE ROCK.

After having enough of the old harp, she put David back in his bed. After resting, he told his mother how he had learned the tune. He had been in another world. Here are his words:— “I was in a wooded land: every leave was green. The hedges were all in leaf, and the meadows full of clover. The rivers were sparkling, without a sound. I was in a beautiful Hall; and before the door there was a garden. In a corner of the yard someone was playing the harp; and the melody was the one that I was playing, mother. Two doves were listening. I went slowly towards the place, and to my surprise, there was no harp there. But still, the singing continued; the breeze was coming from the orchard, through the branches! O! mother! if you could have heard the singing! I didn't see anyone except the two doves. At that, I awakened, and saw you, my dear mother.” He fell silent; it was obvious that he was very weak. Death was whistling a dirge! He lived for days: and his mother told the whole thing. She could sing the melody, too, and the Harpist was happy to hear his mother singing the *New Melody*.

Before long, he died! He went home!

“He was buried on this island,” said the Chronicler; “here is his grave. On the day of his funeral, everyone sang the *Melody*, from the *White Rock* to the Church, and also at the graveside! But the strangest thing: two doves came to the *White Rock* when the body was coming out of the door, and followed the bier;— and waited tranquilly there; and at the graveside they were close to the coffin. But when the Priest said “Earth to earth, soil to soil, ashes to ashes,” the two flew away forever!” That is the story of DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK.

Dafydd y Garreg Wen
gan Glasynys

Rhywbryd, pan ar fy mhererindod “Yn fy anwyl hen Eifionydd,” fe ddigwyddodd i mi gyfarfod â dyn ar ddamwain; os oes y fath beth a chyfarfod ar ddamwain yn bod? Hyn sydd amlwg, fodd bynag, na wyddai ef ar faes medion y ddaear pwy oeddwn i, ac nad oedd dim peth mwy anfwriadol ar fy rhan inau, na dechreu siarad âg ef; ond fel yr oedd rhywbeth yn *mynu bod*, i siarad yr aethom, ac ni bu yn edifar genyf ddechreu. Ni wnafr ddesgrifio fy nghydymaith; ond troaf ar fy union yn ei gwmmi i fonwent Ynys Cynhaiarn. Beddau aml a cherrig coffhaöl destlus! Pob peth yn lanwaith gryno: ac nid wyf yn meddwl y ceir cymaint o englynion beddargraph *da* mewn un fonwent yn Nghymru! Wrth rodio yn ol ac yn mlaen o gylch y beddau, daethom o’r diwedd at feddfaen wahanol i’r lleill. Carreg a *llun telyn* arni! Dechreuais ddarllen, a chanfum yn ebrwydd mai bedd DAFYDD OWEN, neu *Dafydd y Garreg Wên*, ydoedd. Ar ol syllu ennyd ar fan fechan ei fedd, gofynais ychydig o hanes y Telynor. Gan fod yr hin yn lled frwd, aethom ein deuodd i Borth y fonwent, ac yno yr eisteddasom i rydd ymgomio am hwn a’r llall, ac ym mysg y cofianau a roed i mi o’r rhai sydd yno’n huno, dywedodd fy nghyfaill wrthyf mewn dull syml a diseremoni, rywbeth yn debyg i hyn am DAFYDD OWEN, neu *Ddafydd y Garreg Wên*. Yr oedd ei rieni yn byw mewn Tyddyn lledfychan ymmhlwyf Treflys. Merch lle o’r enw Issallt oedd hi, a’i henw bedydd oedd Gwen. Teulu pur glyfar am feddyga oedd teulu Issallt, a dywedir eu bod yn deilliaw lin o lin o FEDDYGON MYDDFAI, sef o Rhiwallon a’i Feibion, (ac y mae teulu Dolffanog hefyd yn deillio o’r unrhyw.) Yr oedd Gwen yn medru prydyddu ambell i bennil [*sic*] siawns, ac yn hoff odiaeth o ganu hefo’r delyn. Nid ydwyf yn cofio, pe trigwn, pwy na pha beth oedd enw ei gŵr: ond yn y Garreg Wên yr oeddynt yn byw. Bu iddynt amryw o blant, ac yn eu mysg Dafydd. Nis gwyddis pa bryd y dechreuodd gyweirio telyn, ond gellid coelio yn hwylus i hynny gymeryd lle pan oedd yn bur ieuangc. Gartref yr oedd Dafydd hefo’i dad a’i fam. Aeth Rhys, brawd iddo, i ffwrdd, a throes allan, ar ol hir grwydro draw ac yma, yn arddwr i ryw ŵr boneddig yn Ysgotland.

One time, when I was on my pilgrimage “In my dear old Eifionydd,” I happened to meet a man by accident; if such a thing as ‘meeting by accident’ exists? This was obvious, anyway, that he didn’t know who on earth I was, and that there was nothing more unpremeditated on my part, either, than to speak with him; but as something was *meant to be*, we began to speak, and I didn’t regret starting. I won’t describe my companion; but I’ll turn straight in his company to the cemetery of Ynys Cynhaearn. Numerous graves with fine memorial stones! Everything thoroughly neat: and I don’t think that there are so many *good* inscriptions of *englynion* poems within one cemetery in Wales! Wandering back and forth around the graves, we at last came to a gravestone different from the others. A stone with *a picture of a harp* on it! I started to read, and swiftly discovered that it was DAVID OWEN’s grave, or *David of the White Rock’s*. After gazing a moment at the little plot of his grave, I asked a little of the Harpist’s story. Since the weather was rather intense, the two of us went to the cemetery porch, and there we sat to chat freely about this and that, and amongst the memories which were given to me concerning those who were sleeping there, my companion told me, in a simple and unceremonious style, something similar to this about DAVID OWEN, or *David of the White Rock*. His parents lived in rather a small farmhouse in the parish of Treflys. She [his mother] was a local woman by the name of Isolde, and her baptismal name was Gwen. Isolde’s family was very clever in doctoring, and it is said that they descended directly from the Physicians of Myddfai, that is, from Rhiwallon and his son (and that the Dolffanog family issues from the same). Gwen could compose the occasional extemporaneous verse, and was exceedingly fond of singing with the harp. I don’t know, for the life of me, who or what her husband’s name was: but they lived in “The White Rock.” They had various children, and amongst them [was] David. It isn’t known when he began to play the harp, but it could be fervently believed that it took place when he was quite young. David was at home with his father and his mother. Rhys, his brother, went away, and after long wandering hither and yon, he turned out to be a

Byddai Dafydd yn arfer cadw nosweithiau llawen mewn gwahanol fanau yn fynych. Daeth yn gerddor medrus, ac aeth son am dano ar draws ac ar hyd y wlad. Rywbryd pan oedd yn dyfod adref un bore yn nechreu hâf, ar ol bod yn chwareu mewn palas heb fod yn neppell o'i gartref, eisteddodd ar faen mwsoglyd, a rhoes bwys ei ben ar ei delyn: y mae'n debyg ei fod wedi blino wedi bod wrthi hi trwy gydol y nos. Cododd yr hedydd o'i wely gweiriog yn ei ymyl i achub blaen y wawr, a dechreuodd hidlo cân. Fel y dywedodd rhywun am dano,— y mae'n debyg y teimlai Dafydd:—

“Fel cwmmwl uwch y gweunydd, yn hidlo odlau blith

Ymgodai'n syth, a'i esgyll yn wlyb o berlog wllith

Yr Hedydd lafar hudol, a'i gu awenol gan,—

Fe wlawiai yn gawodau ei fwyn Emyrau mân.”

Cyffelyb, yn ddiddadl, oedd o flaen Dafydd; ac ar amrantiad dyma'r hên orchudd i ffwrdd oddiam y delyn, a chwareuodd y Cerddor GODIAD YR HEDYDD: un o alawon pereiddiaf, a mwyaf dynwarddol, a fêdd Cymru! Ryw dro arall yr oedd wedi blino gartref, a chychwynodd, a'i delyn ar ei gefn, i chwilio am ei frawd *Rhys*; ac ar ol hir grwydro, daeth o hyd iddo, draw yn mryniau'r Alban, a bu yno'n aros mewn parch a llawenydd am hir amser. Wedi blino yno, a phan ar gychwyn tuag adref, gofynodd y boneddwr, gyda'r hwn yr oedd ei frawd yn aros, am dôn ganddo fel coffhâd o'i arhosiad yn y fan a'r lle. Pa beth a wnaeth *Dafydd* ond rhoddi iddo'r dôn oedd newydd wneyd cyn cychwyn oddicartref, erbyn Gwylmabsant Criccieth, sef, *Difyrwech Gwyr Criccieth*, a galwyd hi yn yr Alban yn *Rosslin Castle*. Ar ol iddo ddyfod yn ol, yr oedd yn amlwg ddigon nad oedd teithio wedi gwneyd llawer o ddaioni iddo. Yr oedd yn pesychu yn enbyd. Ei lygaid wedi suddo i eigion ei ben. Ei wyneb dealltwrus a welwai, a gwelid argoelion fod angau yn chwareu alaw leddf ar delyn ei fywyd! Curio wnaeth; ac nid yn hir y bu heb orfod rhoi goreu i dynnu'r tannau, o herwydd yr oedd ei nerth yn rhy egwan: ond er hynny, bob tro y caffai awr led ddiboen, ymlusgai at ei hen offeryn, a chwareuai rai,—

“O'r hen Alawon tyner

Sydd wedi tynnu deigr o lygaid amser.”

Parhâu i wanychu yr oedd, ac o'r diwedd, prin y

gardener for some nobleman in Scotland. David would frequent social evenings in different places. He became a capable singer, and his fame went out across the country. One time when he was coming home one morning at the beginning of summer, after having been playing in a manor not too far from his home, he sat upon a mossy stone, and placed the weight of his head upon his harp: he was probably tired after having been at it throughout the night. The lark rose from its grassy bed near him to hasten the coming of the dawn, and began to pour out a song. As someone said about him,—David probably felt:—

“Like a cloud above the moors, sprinkling rich poems

The loud enchanting lark, with dear inspired song

Rose straight up, its wings wet with glistening dew, —

It rained down its fine tender hymns in showers.”

It was, no doubt, a similar one that was in front of David; and in the wink of an eye, the old cover was off the harp, and the Musician played THE RISING OF THE LARK: one of the most precious and most imitable songs that Wales possesses! Another time he had grown tired at home, and set out, with his harp on his back, to look for his brother *Rhys*; and after long wandering, he came across him way out in the hills of Scotland, and he stayed there in dignity and joy for a long time. Having grown tired there, and when he was about to set out for home, the gentleman, with whom his brother was staying, asked him for a tune as a souvenir of his stay in the place. What did *David* do but give him the tune he had just made before setting out from home, for the Criccieth Festival, that is, *The Men of Criccieth's Delight*, and it was called *Rosslin Castle* in Scotland. After coming back, it was quite obvious that travelling had not done him much good. He was coughing severely. His eyes had sunk into his head. His intelligent face had grown pale, and signs were to be seen that death was playing an oblique melody on the harp of his life! He weakened; and it wasn't long before he had to give up plucking the strings, because his strength was too weak: but despite that, every time he got a partially pain-free hour, he crept to his old instrument, and played some,—

“Of the tender old melodies

Which pulled tears from the eyes of time.”

He continued to weaken, and in the end, he could

medrai adael ei wely. Un diwrnod edrychais yn bur gysglyd; gwylid ef yn ddyfal gan ei anwyl fam. Pan yn ei wylid, gwelais fath o wên ar ei wynebpryd, a chanfyddais ei fysedd yn ystumio yn ol ac yn mlaen. Daeth ei wêdd hefyd i edrych fel yr oedd cyn iddo fyned yn sâl. Llenwai'r pantiau, ac ymledais ei foch-gernau! Ofnais *Gwen* ei fod yn marw! Ond ar fynydd, agorodd ei lygaid, a dywedodd, er yn floesg, "O! mam, mi welais y peth harddaf a welodd neb erioed!" Yna tynnais ei anadl yn hirllaes, a rhoes rhyw haner tro ar ei ben; ac yna aeth yn mlaen,— "Ni chlywais i erioed o'r blaen y fath ganu! Y Miwsig! O! mam, rhowch i mi fy nhelyn! Medraf, mi fedaaf (*sic*) chwareu hono!" Yna syrthiodd i fath o bêr-lewyg esmwyth. A'i fam yn ei wylid; pwy wyr nad oedd hithau yn gweled rhyw oleuni drwy'r dagrau gloywon a ddylifiai o'i dau lygad tyner. Fel ag yr adbelydrir goleu yr haul yn y mânwlith; pa'm nad ad-dywynais dwyfoldeb yn ei heiddo hithau? Deffrodd *Dafydd* yr eiltro, a gofynais hefo'i olwg yn gystal ag hefo'i lais, "A gaf fi, mam anwyl, fy nhelyn am unwaith eto!" Pwy fedrais ei ommedd? Nid *Gwen*: nid y fam. Dygodd y delyn i mewn, ac araf a thynnodd y Telynor; a rhoes ef i eistedd ar echwyn y gwely. Rhoes glustogau a gobenyddiau i'w gynnal nes yr oedd fel mewn cadair. Ac yna—

Dechreuodd DAFYDD chwareu;— a'i fam gynhaliai 'i ben—

O'r tanau mwyn y tynnodd HEN ALAW'R GARREG WEN.

Ar ol cael ei wala ar yr hen delyn, rhoed ef yn ol yn ei wely, a theimlai ei hun yn llawer gwell a mwy diboen. Ar ol gorphwys gronyn, dywedodd wrth ei fam pa fodd y dysgodd y don. Yr oedd, meddai, wedi bod mewn byd arall. Dyma ei eiriau:— "Gwelwn fy hun mewn gwlad goediog: pob deilen yn werddlas: pob brigyn yn îr, a phob canghen yn llawndwf. Y gwrychoedd yn ddail i gyd, a'r dolydd yn llawn o feillion aroglber. Yr afonydd yn loywon, ac yn araf ddiog lithro, heb sŵn na dadwrdd. Gwelwn fy hun wrth Neuadd hardd; ac o flaen y drws yr oedd gardd lysiau. Mewn deildŷ, yng nghongl yr ardd, clyw-wn rywun yn chwareu ar y delyn; a'r alaw oedd yr hon a chwareuais I [*sic*], mam. O flaen y deildŷ, yr oedd dwy golomen lwyddlas yn gwrando. Aethum yn araf a digon gostyngedig at y fan a'r lle, ac er fy mawr syndod, nid oedd yno na thelyn na pheth. Synnais beth wrth hyn. Ond etto, yr oedd y canu

scarcely leave his bed. One day he looked very sleepy; he was watched over diligently by his dear mother. While watching him, she saw a sort of smile on his face, and perceived his fingers moving back and forth. His appearance, too, looked like it had before he became ill. The hollows filled and his cheeks broadened! *Gwen* feared that he was dying! But just then, he opened his eyes, and said, though indistinctly, "O! Mother, I saw the most beautiful thing that anyone ever saw! Then he drew in a long breath, and gave a sort of half-turn of his head; and then he went on, "I never heard such singing before! The Music! O, mother, give me my harp! Yes, I can play that!" Then he fell into a sort of easy trance. And his mother was watching him; who knows that she didn't see some light through the shining tears which flowed from her tender eyes? As the light of the sun will be reflected in a light dew; why would divinity not shine in her own? *David* woke the second time, and asked with his glance as well as with his voice, "May I, dear mother, have my harp once again!" Who could refuse him? Not *Gwen*: not the mother. She brought the harp in, and slowly and fragilely the Harpist arose; he came to sit on the edge of the bed. She brought cushions and pillows to support him until it was as if he was in a chair. And then—

DAVID began to play;—and his mother supported his head—

From the sweet strings he plucked THE OLD MELODY OF THE WHITE ROCK.

After having his fill of the old harp, he was put back in his bed, and he felt much better and more free of pain. After resting a bit, he told his mother how he learned the tune. He had, he said, been in another world. Here are his words:— "I saw myself in a wooded land: every leaf was deep green: every twig was full of life, and every branch was full. The hedges were all in leaf, and the meadows full of sweet-smelling clover. The rivers were sparkling, and slowly, lazily flowing, with no noise or tumult. I saw myself at a beautiful Hall; and in front of the door there was a vegetable garden. In a bower, in a corner of the garden, I heard someone playing the harp; and the melody was the one I was playing, mother. In front of the bower, there were two slate-grey doves listening. I went slowly and humbly enough toward the place, and to my great surprise, there was no harp or anything there. I wondered greatly at this. But still, the singing continued; and what was it but the breeze coming from the orchard

yn para; a pha beth oedd ond yr awel yn d'od o'r berllan i'r deildŷ, drwy wiail wedi eu cordeddu! O! mam! fel yr oeddwn yn blyso i chwi gael clywed canu! Ond ni welwn yn fy myw neb ond y ddwy golomen. Ar hyn mi ddeffroais, a gwelais chwi, fy mam anwyl,"— Distawodd; ac amlwg oedd ei fod wedi llesgâu, a bod ei "ddaearyl dŷ" yn prysur ddadfeilio,— fod ei luesttŷ yn cael ei brysur ddatod. Chwibianai Angau, ei alargerdd, yn ei fonwes ei hun! Bu fyw am ychydig o ddyddiau: a'i fam a ddywedodd y cyfan a ddywedodd *Dafydd* wrth ei chydabod. Yr oedd hi yn medru yr Alaw hefyd ar dafod leferydd, ac nid oedd dim yn lloni y Telynor yn fwy na chlywed ei fam yn canu'r *Alaw Newydd*.

Cyn hir, fe hunodd! Aeth adref i ardal lonydd yr aurdelynau!

"Claddwyd ef yn yr Ynys yma," ebai'r Cofiadur; "a thyma'i fedd. Ar ddiwrnod ei ganhebrwng, yr oedd is yn canu'r Alaw, o'r Garreg Wen bob cam i'r Eglwys, ac hefyd ar làn y bedd! Ond y peth rhyfeddaf o gwbl ydoedd, i ddwy golomen dd'od at dŷ'r Garreg Wen pan ddygwyd y corph allan i'r drws, ac i'r ddwy ddilyn yr elor o hyd, drwy gydol y ffordd;— iddynt fyned i'r Eglwys, ac aros yn llongydd yno tra buwyd yn darllen y Gwasanaeth; a phan aed at làn y bedd yr oeddynt hwythau yn ymyl yr arch. Ond pan ddywedodd yr Offeiriad "Daearyl i'r ddaear pridd i'r pridd, lludw i'r lludw," ehedodd y ddwy ymaith, ac ni's gwelwyd mo'nynt mwy!" A thyna gefais I (*sic*) o hanes DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN.

to the bower, through the twigs which had been woven together! O! mother! how I longer for you to be able to hear the singing! But I never upon my life saw anyone but the two doves. At that I woke, and saw you, my dear mother, Ar hyn mi ddeffroais, a gwelais chwi, fy mam anwyl,"— He fell silent; and it was obvious that he had grown feeble, and that his "earthly house" were busy shutting down,— that his tabernacle was busily being undone. Death was whistling his dirge in his own breast! He remained alive for a few days: and his mother told everything that *David* had said from her [own] knowledge. She could produce the Melody, too, vocally, and nothing made the Harpist happier than to hear his mother singing the *New Melody*.

Before long, he slept! He went home to the quiet neighbourhood of the golden harps!

"He was buried in this Island," said the Chronicler; "and here is his grave. On the day of his funeral, the Tune was sung, every step of the way from the White Rock to the Church, and also at the graveside! But the strangest thing of all was that two doves came to the house at the White Rock when the body was brought out through the door, and the two followed the bier along, the whole way;— they came to the Church, and stay still while the Service was read; and when we went to the graveside they were beside the coffin. But when the Priest said, "Earth to earth, soil to soil, ashes to ashes," the two flew away, and they were never seen again! And that's what I got of the history of DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK.

The Poem

Fel cwmmwl uwch y gweunydd, yn hidlo odlau blith
Ymgodai'n syth, a'i esgyll yn wlyb o berlog wlith
Yr Hedydd lafar hudol, a'i gu awenol gan,—
Fe wlawiai yn gawodau ei fwyn Emynau mân."

[Poem notes: four 13-syllable lines in rhyming couplets. Internal rhyme (blith / syth / wlith); alliteration (wlyb / wlith / wlawiai; hidlo / hedydd / hudol).]

[Poem vocabulary:

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| gwaun, gweunydd, f. | <i>high and wet level ground, moorland, heath; low-lying marshy ground, meadow.</i> |
| hidlo (hidl-), v. | <i>to strain, filter, clarify (liquid), purify, cleanse, percolate; pour, sprinkle, scatter, shed (e.g. tears); riddle, sift; drop, drip, distil, flow, stream</i> |
| from hidl-, -au, f. | <i>strainer, sieve, riddle, colander, filter; gush, squirt.</i> |
| awdl, odlau, m. | <i>(long) poem, ode, song, stanza; monorhyme poem, poem using one or more of the twenty-four traditional Welsh metres, &c.</i> |
| odl-, -au, m. | <i>rhyme</i> |
| blith, adj. | <i>milch; full of milk; productive, fruitful, nourishing, pregnant</i> |

ymgodi (ymgod·), v.	<i>raise oneself, exalt oneself</i>
asgell, esgyll, m.	<i>wing</i>
perlog, adj.	<i>pearly, nacreous; glistening</i>
gwllith, -oedd, m.	<i>dew</i>
(e)hedydd, -ion, m.	<i>lark, flyer</i>
<i>from (e)hedeg ((e)hed·), v. fly</i>	
llafar, adj.	<i>loud, clear, vociferous, resounding, resonant, sonorous; pertaining to the voice, vocal; talkative, loquacious; spoken, oral, verbal</i>
hudol, adj.	<i>magical</i>
<i>from hud, -au, m.</i>	<i>magic</i>
cu, adj.	<i>dear, beloved, precious</i>
awenol, adj.	<i>inspirational</i>
<i>from awen, -au, f.</i>	<i>poetic inspiration, music; poetic gift</i>
glawio (glawi·), v.	<i>rain (more poetic than bwrw glaw)</i>
<i>from glaw, -ogydd, m.</i>	<i>rain</i>
cawod, -au, f.	<i>shower</i>
mwyn, adj.	<i>tender, mild, gentle, meek, amiable, loving, kind, obliging, courteous, noble; fair, pleasant, sweet-sounding, melodious; soft; soothing.</i>
mân, adj.	<i>small, little, fine, refined, insignificant, minor]</i>