

### *Hir Yw Aros Arawn*

**Y**N rhywle yng ngodre'r wlad,\* [\* Wrth "odre'r wlad" y golygir, yng nghanolbarth Ceredigion, ranau isaf y Sir honno, yng nghyd â'r parthau cyfagos o Sir Gaerfyrddin a Sir Benfro, yn enwedig yr olaf. Nid hawdd nodi y terfynau, gan nad arferir yr enw gyd ag un math o fanyldeb; ond ymddengys nad yw yn cynnwys "gwaelod Sir Benfro," y parth, yn ol llên y werin, y mae y dynion hyny sydd â'u meddyliau ar grwydr mor hoff o hono, ac mor gymhwys i'w breswyllo.] yn yr amser gynt, yr oedd amaethdy cyfrifol, a phobl gyfrifol ddigon yn byw ynddo; ond yr oedd un o ystafelloedd y ty, yr hon a arferasai fod yn ystafell wely, yn ddiwerth, ac yn waeth na diwerth, i'r preswylwyr, o herwydd bod aflon-yddwch ynddi, a rhyw swm rhyfedd ar brydiau yn dyfod o honi. Os cynnygiai neb fyned iddi i gysgu, ni fuasai waeth iddo geisio gwneuthur hyny ar ben llwyn drain, gan na chai ddim tawelwch na gorphwysdra; ac o blegid hyny, bu gorfod gadael yr ystafell heb wneuthur un defnydd o honi. Clywid ynddi bob math o dwrw a dwndwr annymunol; a gallesid meddwl lawer tro na buasai cymmaint a dodrefnyn o'i mewn heb gael ei wneuthur yn gandryll. Yn nhrymder y nos clywid yn fynych yn y gell honno, ac weithiau o amgylch y tŷ, ryw lais irad yn dolefain yn hirllaes:—"Hir yw'r dydd, a hir yw'r nos, a hir yw aros Arawn." Yr un oedd y geiriau bob amser, a'r un oedd tŷn y llais anhyfryd a'u llefarai. Yn y wedd hon elai pethau ym mlaen am lawer o amser, nes yr oedd y teulu, i ryw raddau, wedi cynnefino â'r aflonyddwch a'r oernad; ond prin yr oedd neb o honynt byth yn beiddio agoryd drws yr ystafell honno.

Un noswaith dduoer yn y gauaf, a phobl y tŷ yn eistedd o amgylch tân y gegin cyn swper, dyna rywun yn galw yn y drws. Ateb y drws ac erchi i'r neb oedd yno ddyfod i mewn at y tân ac ymdwymo. Gyda'i fod wedi eistedd a chyfarach y teulu, gofynodd y gwr dieithr am damaid i'w fwyta, ac am letty o dan y gronglwyd dros nos. Dywedwyd wrtho fod iddo groesaw calon i fwyd, a diod, a chynhesrwydd; ond am y gwely, yr oedd yn ddrwg iawn ganddynt nas gallent gynnyg un iddo; gan fod yr holl welyau yn ddigon bach i wahanol aelodau'r teulu; ac am yr unig ystafell segur oedd yn y tŷ, nis gallent feddwl am gynnyg honno iddo ef, am fod ynddi ryw gythrwfi a dwmbwr parhäus, ac na chai neb lonyddwch na

### *Waiting for Arawn is Long*

**S**omewhere on the the edge of the country\* [\* at "the edge of the country" means, in mid-Ceredigion, the lower parts of that county, including the parts bordering on Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, especially the latter. It's not easy to mark the borders, since the name is not used with any sort of precision; but it appears that it doesn't encompass "the bottom of Pembrokeshire," the part, according to folklore, that those people with rambling thoughts are so fond of, and find so suitable to live in.] in olden days, there was a notable farmhouse, and respectable enough people lived in it; but one of the rooms of the house, which used to be a bedroom, was worthless and worse than worthless to the inhabitants because of the disturbance in it, and this strange sound that would come from it at times. If anyone attempted to go in to sleep, he wouldn't have been worse off trying to do that on a thornbush, since he'd find neither quiet nor rest; and because of that, he'd have to leave the room without making any use of it. Every sort of din and disagreeable clamour was heard in it; and it could be supposed many times that there wasn't so much as a piece of furniture inside that hadn't been smashed. In the depth of night a sorrowful voice was often heard in that room, and sometimes around the house, crying lugubriously: "Long is the day, long is the night, and long is waiting for Arawn." The words were the same every time, with the same displeasing tone of voice which spoke them. Things would go on in this way for a long time, until the family, to some extent, had grown used to the disturbance and the lamentation; but it was rare for any of them ever to dare open the door of that room.

One cold, dark night in winter, when the household was sitting around the kitchen fire before supper, someone came calling at the door. They answered the door and asked the person there to come in to the fire and warm himself. When he had sat and greeted the family, the strange man asked for a little to eat, and for lodging under the roof overnight. They told him he was warmly welcome to food, and drink, and warmth; but as to the bed, they were very sorry that they couldn't offer him one; since all the beds were little enough for the different members of the family; and about the only unoccupied room that was in the house, they couldn't think about

thawelwch i gysgu ynddi gan rywbeth nas gwyddent hwy yn iawn pa beth. “Nid gwaeth am hyny,” ebai'r teithiwr blin; “nid oes yno ddim a wna niwed i *mi*; mi a'i cymmeraf yn ddiolchgar, ac na fyddwch anesmwyth o'm plegid.” Edrychai y gwr dieithr yn flin iawn; ni siaradai braidd ddim ond a ofynid iddo; ac ni welid cymmaint a gwên ar ei wynebpryd. Cytunwyd ar unwaith â'i gais, er bod yn ddrwg ganddynt feddwl y buasai raid iddo fwrw'r nos yn yr ystafell anniddan honno; a thra yr ydoedd yn cymmeryd lluniaeth, gofynodd gwr a gwraig y tŷ iddo beth oedd ei enw, ac os ydoedd wedi dyfod o bell. “Fy enw,” ebai yntau, “yw A r a w n; yr wyf wedi dyfod o bell ffordd, ac wedi cerdded yn galed.” Pan glywyd ei *enw*, edrychodd y teulu yn syn ddifrifol ar eu gilydd, a buwyd am beth amser heb yngan un gair.

Wedi bwyta hyd ddigon, ac ymdwymo hyd gynhesrwydd, gofynodd y dyn dieithr am gael myned i orphwys, gan ei fod yn ddiffygiol gan y daith a'r tywydd. Dangoswyd iddo yr ystafell fwciaidd; dymunwyd iddo noswaith dda, a chwsg tawel; er mai prin yr oedd neb o honynt yn disgwyl y cai gysgu amrentyu.

I'w wely yn yr ystafell brudd yr aeth; ac yn yr amser arferol aeth y tylwyth oll i'w gor-phwysfaoedd hwythau. Y noson honno ni chlywyd dim trybestod yn yr ystafell gythryblus, nac mewn un man arall. Pan ddaeth y bore, cododd y teulu fel arferol; edrychwyd yn gyntaf dim am y gwr dieithr; ond nid oedd efe yno ; ni welwyd mo hono mwy, ac ni chlywyd dim am dano; eithr deallwyd yn rhyw fodd ei fod wedi gadael y lle, a chychwyn i'w daith gyda rhaciad y wawr; ac o'r pryd hwnw allan darfu yr aflonyddwch a'r dwndwr a'r terfysg, ac ni chlybuwyd byth, nac yn y tŷ nac o'i amgylch, neb yn oeraidd gwynfan am feithder dydd, na meithder nos, na meithder aros Arawn.

*Ystên Sioned, neu, Y Gronfa Gymysg* (Aberystwyth: John Morgan, Swyddfa Yr “Observer,” 1882), tt. 25–27.

offering that to him, since there was some continual disturbance and commotion, and no one could get any peace nor quiet to sleep in it from something, they didn't know quite what. “No worse for that,” said the tired traveller; “there's nothing that will do any harm to *me*; I'll take it gratefully, and don't be uneasy on my behalf.” The stranger looked very tired; he hardly spoke except what they asked of him; and they didn't see so much as a smile on his face. They agreed to his request at once, although they were sorry to think that he had to spend the night in that wretched room; and while he was making the arrangement, the man and wife of the house asked him what his name was, and if he'd come from far away. “My name,” he said, “is Arawn; I have come far down the road, and have walked and walked.” When they heard his *name*, the family looked at each other in amazement, and for some time they didn't utter a single word.

Having eating until satiated, and warmed himself until warm, the stranger asked to be able to go rest, since he was weary from the journey and the weather. He was shown the haunted room; they wished him good night, and a quiet sleep, although hardly any of them expected that he could get a wink of sleep.

He went to his bed in the gloomy room; and at the usual time the whole family went to theirs. That night they heard no commotion in the troublesome room, nor anywhere else. When the morning came, the family rose as usual; they looked for the stranger first, but he wasn't there. They didn't see anything more of him, and they heard nothing about him, but they understood that in some manner that he had left the place, and set out on his journey at the break of dawn; and from that time on the disquiet and tumult and commotion came to an end, and was never heard again, neither in the house nor its surroundings, no one dismally lamenting about the length of day, nor the length of night, nor the length of waiting for Arawn.

*Ystên Sioned, neu, Y Gronfa Gymysg* (Aberystwyth: John Morgan, Swyddfa Yr “Observer,” 1882), tt. 25–27.