

## LEARNERS' SHOWCASE

*Editors' note: This is the winning piece from Cwrs Cymraeg Cymdeithas Madog 2011 held at Shenandoah University in Winchester, Virginia July 17-24, 2011. The theme for the 2011 competition was "Gwreiddiau" (Roots).*

### GWREIDDYN A CHRAIG

### ROOT AND ROCK

*Mochyn Daeaf (Robert Davis) Welsh League of Arizona*

"Myfi yw'r winwydden," a  
"Chwithau yw'r canghennau" oedd  
y geiriau oddi wrth Grist.  
Ond gyda'r winwydden 'na,  
ddim gair o wreiddyn nid oedd.  
Ydy gwinwydden yn drist  
heb wreiddyn yn angorfa?

Cymharodd Crist ei deyrnas  
â had mwstard, sy'n prifio  
nes i'r adar bach gytraedd  
a nythu yn ei gadllas.  
Ni allaf mo'i ddisgrifio—  
Allai coeden heb 'r un gwreidd'n  
fyw a ffynnu yn wyrddlas?

"I am the vine," and  
"You are the branches" were  
the words from Christ.  
But with that vine,  
there was no word of a root.  
Is it sorrow to a vine,  
lacking a root to anchor it?

Christ compared his kingdom  
to a mustard seed, which grows  
until the little birds arrive  
and nest within it.  
I can't describe it—  
Could a tree without a single root  
live and thrive verdantly?

Mi welais goeden fel tŵr,  
llwyd ei rhisgl a gwyrdd ei dail,  
a brifodd ar ben clogwyn.  
Erydwyd y pridd gan ddŵr,  
a chraig oedd ei hunig sail.  
Mi welais ei gwreiddiau gwyn  
fel bysedd esgrynog gŵr.

Ymysg crwca ganghennau,  
dan gysgod y dail gwanllyd,  
mi drigodd yr adar llon  
sy'n canu i'r cymylau  
yn eu lleisiau tlws ynghyd,  
hiraethus eu halawon.  
Gwrandawais ar eu chwedlau.

Mi glywais chwedl oesol  
o hudoles a'i chariad  
at hen swynwr o Gymru.  
Trawsfurfiwyd ef yn dreisiol  
i goeden ddigymeriad,  
am ofnodd hi ei golli.  
Ar wreidd'n cysgodd hi'n nosol.

O! Mi wnaeth hi resynu  
na allon nhw gyd-orwedd,  
a gwingodd hi fel mwydyn.  
Roedd dagrau yn defnyddu  
i lawr y rhisgl, rhwng bysedd

I saw a tree like a tower,  
with gray bark and green leaves,  
growing at the top of a cliff.  
The earth had been eroded by water,  
and a rock was its only foundation.  
I saw its white roots  
Like a man's bony fingers.

Amidst crooked branches,  
under the shade of the delicate leaves,  
dwelt the merry birds  
who sing to the clouds  
together in their pretty voices,  
their melodies full of longing.  
I listened to their tales.

I heard an ancient tale  
of an enchantress and her love  
for an old magician of Wales.  
He was transformed violently  
into an unremarkable tree,  
for she feared to lose him.  
She slept nightly on a root.

O! how she did regret  
that they could not lie together,  
and she winced like a worm.  
Tears were dribbling  
down the bark, between fingers

lle llochodd hi ei choeden,  
am byth oddi ar hynny.

Mi gafodd hi ei chladdu  
o dan goeden ei chariad  
ymhlith y gwreiddiau dyrys,  
yn ôl ei dymuniad cu.  
"Hawdd cymod lle bo cariad"—  
Er gwaetha' bod yn amwys,  
dyma ei beddagraff hi.

Ar ymyl serth, parhaodd  
ei choeden am flynedd maith.  
Mi ddaeth stormydd, broch fel draig,  
a therrwyn wynt, a chrynnodd  
y goeden tal yn waethwaeth.  
Ond, serch hynny, wrth y graig,  
y gwreiddiau a ymlynodd.

Pa beth mwy cryf na'r gwreidd'n hwn,  
mor gryf â gwreiddiau o faen,  
fel gwreiddiau y mynyddoedd?  
Pa beth mwy diball na'r crwn  
graig, sy'n dioddef heb straen  
yng nghraff y gwreidd'n am hydoedd,  
sad yn wastad, byth yn dwn?

Mae'r ystyr yn anhydraeth—  
Ynfydrwydd o chwenychu?

where she caressed her tree,  
and ever after.

She was buried  
under the tree of her love  
amongst the gnarled roots,  
according to her dear desire.  
"Reconciliation is easy where there is love"—  
Despite being so ambiguous,  
This is her epitaph.

On a steep edge,  
her tree endured for long years.  
Storms came, angry like a dragon,  
and a fierce wind, and  
the tall tree shook worse than ever.  
But, even so,  
the roots clung to the rock.

What is stronger than this root,  
as strong as roots of stone,  
like the roots of the mountains?  
What is more unfailing than the round  
rock, which suffers without strain  
for ages in the grasp of the root,  
always solid, never broken?

The meaning is difficult to express—  
The foolishness of coveting?

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Beth alwn gyfryw 'mrwymiad—  
gyda'i gilydd, craig a gwreidd'n?  
Beth yw'r enw i'w weddu?  
Mi alwn gyfryw gariad  
gan yr enw hwn: Hiraeth.

What do we call such commitment—  
together, rock and root?  
What is the name to suit it?  
We call such love  
By this name: Hiraeth.