

CWYN Y DALL

—:0:—

FY hoff gyfeillion, clywch fy nghwyn,
 Mae cur o dan fy mron
 Wrth gofio dyddiau 'mebyd gynt,
 Yn hoenus ac yn llon;
 'Rwy'n cofio gweled dysglaer sér
 Yn y ffurfafen fry,
 Yn britho nen oedd uwch fy mhen,
 Ond heddyw dall wyf fi.

Mor hyfryd oedd i fyw mewn byd
 Sydd bur oleuni gwyn,
 A'r gwenyn bach o'm cylch yn gwau,
 O gwmpas bro a bryn;
 A gwel'd yr adar bach diri'
 Yn dorf o gylch y tŷ;
 Mor swynol im' eu peraidd gân,
 Ond heddyw dall wyf fi.

Mi glywaf si yr awel fwyn
 Fel miwsig per im' clyw,
 A'i pheraidd arogl sydd trwy'n gwlad—
 Iachusol i bob rhyw;
 Pa le mae'r dolydd welais gynt
 Dan heirdd belydrau'r gwllith?
 'Rwyf heddyw'n byw mewn dyffryn' du,
 O gwelwch—dall wyf fi.

Ni welaf byth mo'r bwthyn clyd
 Lle 'roes i gyntaf gam,
 Na thyslon flodau amryw liw
 A blanwyd gan fy mam;
 Mae mam yn gorwedd heddyw'n fud
 Mewn beddrod tywyll du,
 A minau'n eiddil—gwan fy llun,
 O gwelwch—dall wyf fi.

Rhwng creigiau du y ddaear faith,
 Lle rhoddodd Duw dan gudd
 Drysorau drudion, mawr eu gwerth,
 A'm cynal nos a dydd,

Yn llys y nos mae'r glowr dewr,
Yn nghanol marwol nwy,
Yn fawr ei chwys, mewn alaeth prudd,
Ond heddyw dall wyf fi.

Un noson aethom gyda brys
Yn brysur at fy ngwaith;
Mor rhyfedd yw rhagluniaeth Duw—
Ei throion dyrus maith,
Am Lofa'r Darran, byth tra bwy',
Mi gofiat am y fan—
Y pylor poeth a'm gwnaeth yn ddall,
O! 'r ddamwain ddaeth i'm rhan.

Pe meddwn aur melynion fyrdd,
Ac arian, tai, a thir,
Mi ro'wn nhw'n glaer pe caem un drem
Ar huan, lloer, a sêr;
A gwel'd yr haul, fel brenin nen,
Yn yr eangder fry;
Fy hoff gyfeillion clywch fy nghwyn—
O gwelwch dall wyf fi.

Mae'r gruddiau gynt a wisgai rhos
Yn llwyd a gwelw eu gwedd;
Daeth anffawd chwerw i fy nghwrdd,
Nes bron a'm gyru'r bedd;
Er colli'm golwg 'rwyf yn brudd,
Mae'm gobaith eto'n gref
Fod dydd yn d'od caf olwg ffydd
Gan Lywydd mawr y nef.

Af 'nawr i fro dystawrwydd llwyr—
Terfyna'm cwyn a'm cân,
Anfonaf lef o'm trallod dwys
Fry at yr orsedd lân!
Mae yno Un a wrendy'm cwyn—
Fe wyr nad wyf on' gwan;
Daeth lawr i wisgo natur dyn,
Bu farw ar ein rhan.

D. JONES (LLANWYLLT).

THE BLIND'S COMPLAINT.

MY Friends, O listen to my plaint,
My heart is full of grief,
When I remember times of youth,
Although they were but brief;
I once could see the glitt'ring stars
In God's grand atmosphere,
With pleasure then I viewed afar,
But blind to-day I'm here.

It was a pleasure then to me
To walk in Nature's light,
And watch the humming honey bees—
O! 'twas a noble sight;
To see the num'rous birds of air,
You'll bear me now to say—
It was a blessing then to me,
But blind I am to-day.

I listen to the fine soft breeze—
It is a charming sound,
I smell the scent of Nature's flowers,
That seem to be around;
Where are the fields I once beheld
O'er-filled with corn and hay?
They are the same, but I am not—
You see I'm blind to-day.

I ne'er shall see my father's cot,
Where I began to tread,
Nor view the flowers around the house
That my dear mother spread;
She now lies quiet in the grave,
With sorrow I must say,
And I am wretched you can see,
For blind I am to-day.

Between the rocks of hidden earth
Where God hath set below
Such precious treasures for our use—
Indeed, we're all to know;

The poor, brave, collier goes to work,
O, for him we should pray,
His perspiration wets his clothes,
But I am blind to-day.

One night I went myself the same,
To work as others do ;
But Providence has curious ways,
Although they are but right, too,
The Darren Level evermore
Will always be in my mind ;
It was the powder burnt my eyes,
So now I am quite blind.

If I possessed the gold of earth,
And silver pearls quite bright,
With willingness I'd give them all
If I could have my sight,
I'd like to see the sun and moon,
And friends that are so kind,
But ne'er I shall, O listen now,
You see I am quite blind.

The cheeks that once were like the rose,
Are now, alas ! quite pale,
An accident I met, which brought
Me to a dark, dark vate ;
Although I'm now without my sight,
My hope is still quite strong,
There comes a day, I'll see by faith,
And join the heavenly throng.

In darkness still I'm forced to go,
Yet still I'll not complain ;
I'll pray upon the Lord my God,
It will not be in vain,
In heaven there's One who'll hear my voice,
My part I know He'll take ;
In mankind's nature here He came,
And died for sinners' sake.

Tredegar.

D. JONES (LLANWYLLT).