

Drwy Ddagrau Duw Through Jesus' Tears

Sonedau'r Wythnos Fawr a'r Tridiau
Sonnets for Holy Week and the Sacred Triduum

Malcolm Guite

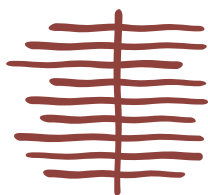
a chyfieithiad Cymraeg Siôn Aled
and a Welsh translation by Siôn Aled



Malcolm Guite



Siôn Aled



Drwy Ddagrau Duw *Through Jesus' Tears*

Sonedau'r Wythnos Fawr a'r Tridiau
Sonnets for Holy Week and the Sacred Triduum

Malcolm Guite

a chyfieithiad Cymraeg Siôn Aled
and a Welsh translation by Siôn Aled

Paratowyd ar gyfer **Gorffennwyd • It is finished,**
defodau Wythnos Fawr 2023 yng
Nghadeirlan Deiniol Sant ym Mangor
Prepared for **Gorffennwyd • It is finished,**
the observance of Holy Week 2023 at
Saint Deiniol's Cathedral in Bangor

Rhagymadrodd

Gydag Eryri'n gefn a Môn "dirion dir" dros y Fenai gyfagos, saif Cadeirlan Deiniol Sant heddiw lle y bu i'n tad a'n tarddiad fyw a gweddïo bron i fileniwm a hanner yn ôl. Yma, yn y flwyddyn 525, bu i Deiniol gynnull o'i gwmpas gymuned lawn ffydd, gobaith a chariad, gan godi o'i chwmpas ffens gyll – y "bangor" gwreiddiol – iddi'n gysgod ac yn noddfa. Ein gweddi yn y Gadeirlan heddiw yw mai yma y canfyddwn ffydd yng Nghrist, a gobaith gydol y daith, gan adnabod a dangos cariad.

I gefnogi a chyfoethogi defodau'r Wythnos Fawr yn 2023, ac fel rhan o'n buddsoddiad esgobaethol ehangach mewn diwylliant sy'n drem tua Christ, bydd Malcolm Guite yn pregethu yn y Gadeirlan, a chyhoeddwn y casgliad hwn o'i farddoniaeth. Ceir yma ugain soned sy'n ein tywys trwy bob un o ddyddiau'r Wythnos Fawr, ac i'r Tridiau, hyd at wawr Sul y Pasg. Mae Siôn Aled, y bardd coronog ac un o'n beirdd preswyl esgobaethol, wedi cynhyrchu cyfieithiad newydd, trawiadol a choeth o'r sonedau i'r Gymraeg.

Mae'n diolch yn fawr i'n dau fardd am roi mor hael o'u dawn â'u cân.

Ein gobaith yw y cawn yn y farddoniaeth hon ategiad o rym litwrgïau'r Wythnos Fawr, er mwyn i'r cyfan ddatgelu inni – eleni ac i'r dyfodol – ddyfnder Dioddefaint Crist; fel, yn ei dro, trwy dagrau'r gwawrddydd, yr adnabyddwn hefyd ogoniant ei Atgyfodiad.

Canon Siôn B. E. Rhys Evans, Is-Ddeon
Cadeirlan Deiniol Sant ym Mangor
Grawys 2023

Preface

With the mountains of Snowdonia behind us and the beaches of Anglesey ahead, Saint Deiniol's Cathedral stands today where our forebear and founder lived and prayed almost a millennium-and-a-half ago. Here, in the year 525, Deiniol gathered around himself a community of faith, hope and love, and raised around it a hazel fence – the original “bangor” – for shelter and sanctuary. Our prayer at the Cathedral is that we, today, can be a place of faith in Christ, and hope for the journey, where love is known and shared.

To support and enrich our observance of Holy Week in 2023, and as part our broader diocesan investment in culture that points to Christ, Malcolm Guite is preaching at the Cathedral, and we are publishing this collection of his poetry. Here are twenty sonnets that accompany us through each of Holy Week's days, and into the Sacred Triduum, to the dawn of Easter Day. Siôn Aled, the crowned bard and one of our diocesan Poets in Residence, has produced a striking, new translation of the sonnets into Welsh.

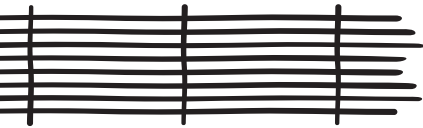
Heartfelt thanks are due to our two poets for their generosity with their creative gift.

Our hope is that this poetry will speak to us alongside Holy Week's liturgies, revealing to us this year, and in years to come, the depths of Christ's Passion – that, blinking through tears, we might know also the glory of his Resurrection.

Canon Siôn B. E. Rhys Evans, Sub-Dean
Saint Deiniol's Cathedral in Bangor
Lent 2023

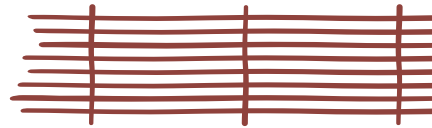
Sul y Blodau

Heddiw fe ddaw at borth 'Nghaersalem i,
dinas y dwymyn sanctaidd yn fy mron,
waredwyr. Ond ai croeso gaiff fy rhi?
Mae torf teimpladau hawdd â'u tôn yn gron
yn chwifio breichiau yn eu gwefr a'u gŵyl
fel petai'r gad ar ben. Cyn hir fe ddaw
saib i'w gorfoledd. Heria hwn eu hwyl
a throi y rhod. Fe wn beth saif tu draw
i'r joio arwynebol byr barhad:
hacrwch fy hunan-les a'r fi mor fawr,
caledrwydd calon barod fyth ei brad;
ac yn fy nghraidd mae gofid gwag fel llawr
temel dröedig. Ymgartrefa, Grist,
ac adfer adfail lom fy malchder trist.



Palm Sunday

Now to the gate of my Jerusalem,
The seething holy city of my heart,
The saviour comes. But will I welcome him?
Oh crowds of easy feelings make a start;
They raise their hands, get caught up in the singing,
And think the battle won. Too soon they'll find
The challenge, the reversal he is bringing
Changes their tune. I know what lies behind
The surface flourish that so quickly fades;
Self-interest, and fearful guardedness,
The hardness of the heart, its barricades,
And at the core, the dreadful emptiness
Of a perverted temple. Jesus come
Break my resistance and make me your home.

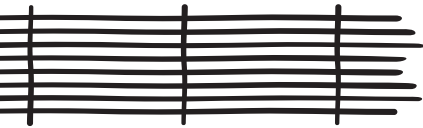


Y Llun Glân

Dagrau Iesu

Daw Iesu'n nes a thristwch yn ei wedd
o weld y ddinas yn ei gwychder gwan,
a llifa ffrydiau cariad dwfn a hedd
o darddle pob trugaredd ddaw i'n rhan.

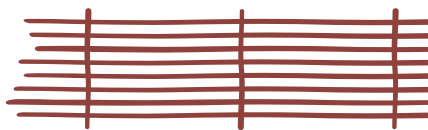
Ac â'r un cariad daniodd wefr y creu
mae'n mynnu'n casglu oll yn deulu 'nghyd
fel mam a wŷr, o reddf ei bod, ddyheu
am blant sy'n cyfri'n ddim ei dagrau drud,
dagrau dros fyd a flinodd fecso dam,
yn rhygnu byw a bod yn ddygyn ddall
i hunllef effro troi pob gwir yn gam
a phob hygrededd draw i fedd y fall.
Ond tybed, tybed, allwn droi a byw
gan weld gobeithion byd drwy ddagrau Duw?



Holy Monday

Jesus weeps

Jesus comes near and he beholds the city
And looks on us with tears in his eyes,
And wells of mercy, streams of love and pity
Flow from the fountain whence all things arise.
He loved us into life and longs to gather
And meet with his beloved face to face.
How often has he called, a careful mother,
And wept for our refusals of his grace,
Wept for a world that, weary with its weeping,
Benumbed and stumbling, turns the other way;
Fatigued compassion is already sleeping
Whilst her worst nightmares stalk the light of day.
But we might waken yet, and face those fears,
If we could see ourselves through Jesus' tears.



Y Mawrth Glân

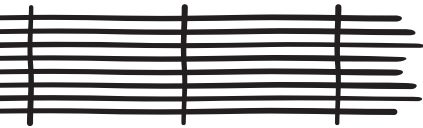
Glanhau'r Deml

Tyred i'th Demel yma i'm rhyddhau
a dymchwel fyrddau'r fasnach wag o werth,
adfer 'nychymyg wedi'r hir wacáu
a gweithia'r newid bywiol yn dy nerth.

Tyrd eto'n blentyn gyda'i fam, a gad
i'th ddiniweidrwydd grymus buro'r tir;
tyrd, unwaith eto'n fab yn ceisio'i dad
a doed o'r holi ddadorchuddio'r gwir.

Tyrd yma heddiw'n ddyn yn llawnder llid:
chwpia dy ffordd drwy f'ofn a'm gwarth a'm loes,
a gwna fi'n lân o'm llwfrdra swrth di-hid
i garu cariad eto'n sail fy oes.

Cyhoedda fasnach angau'n llwyr ar ben,
a'th eiriau ola'n rhwygo drwy y llen.

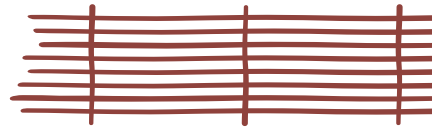


Holy Tuesday

Cleansing the Temple

Come to your Temple here with liberation
And overturn these tables of exchange,
Restore in me my lost imagination,
Begin in me for good the pure change.

Come as you came, an infant with your mother,
That innocence may cleanse and claim this ground.
Come as you came, a boy who sought his father
With questions asked and certain answers found,
Come as you came this day, a man in anger,
Unleash the lash that drives a pathway through,
Face down for me the fear, the shame, the danger,
Teach me again to whom my love is due.
Break down in me the barricades of death
And tear the veil in two with your last breath.

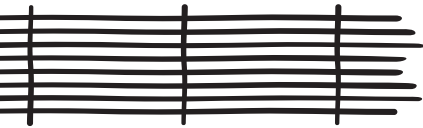


Y Mercher Glân

Yr Eneinio ym Methania

Dynesa gyda Lasarus a Mair a Martha. Eu hanadlu sy'n bywhau fflamau'r canhwyllau sy'n goleuo'r Gair am bethau dirgel am ein byw sy'n gwau.

Yma try harddwch at ran ola'r daith
wrth doltti'n dawel ddwys yr ennaint drud
mewn rhag-iachâd ar gorff heb eto graith,
ar gorff yr unig gariad gwerth y byd.
Mae'r persawr mewn eiliadau'n llenwi'r tŷ
â hiraeth chwil am golled eto'i ddod,
galara'r galon ond mae'r ysbryd hy
yn dawnsio yma yn uchafbwynt bod:
y lle cyferfydd cariad llwyr a loes
a'r fan lle traidd ein trem tu hwnt i'r groes.

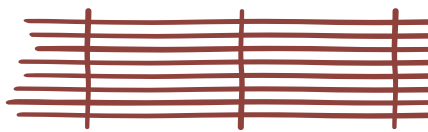


Holy Wednesday

The Anointing at Bethany

Come close with Mary, Martha, Lazarus,
So close the candles stir with their soft breath,
And kindle heart and soul to flame within us,
Lit by these mysteries of life and death.

For beauty now begins the final movement,
In quietness and intimate encounter,
The alabaster jar of precious ointment
Is broken open for the world's true lover.
The whole room richly fills to feast the senses
With all the yearning such a fragrance brings,
The heart is mourning but the spirit dances,
Here at the very centre of all things,
Here at the meeting place of love and loss
We all foresee, and see beyond the cross.

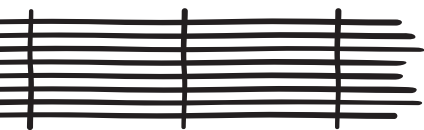


Dydd Iau Cablyd

Mae pob sagrafen yma wrth ei gwraidd
ym mhresenoldeb trawsffurfiannol Duw,
yr egni drwy bob rhan ohonom draidd
i'n creu o'r newydd drwy ei eiriau byw.

Mae'n daear yma'n rhoi o'i bara a'i gwin
a'r gwynt yn adrodd geiriau'r Ysbryd Glân;
y dŵr yw ei gyffyrddiad mwyn ei rin
tra gwelwn yn y gannwyll ddawns y tân.

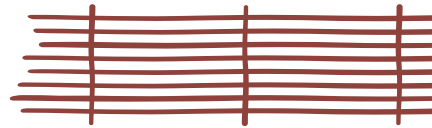
Mae'n agor drws ei gariad led y pen
i ni na allwn garu ond o ran,
ni thycia chwilio mewn rhyw nefoedd wen
am Dduw sydd wrth ein traed yn gadarn wan.
Mae'n hanner nos ein hanffyddlondeb mawr,
ond Duw sy'n mynnu'n caru hyd y wawr.



Maundy Thursday

Here is the source of every sacrament,
The all-transforming presence of the Lord,
Replenishing our every element,
Remaking us in his creative Word.

For here the earth herself gives bread and wine,
The air delights to bear his Spirit's speech,
The fire dances where the candles shine,
The waters cleanse us with his gentle touch.
And here he shows the full extent of love
To us whose love is always incomplete,
In vain we search the heavens high above,
The God of love is kneeling at our feet.
Though we betray him, though it is the night.
He meets us here and loves us into light.

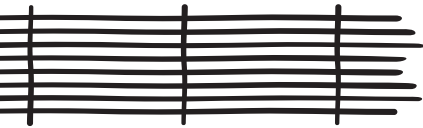


Dydd Gwener y Groglith

Gorsaf Gyntaf y Groes

Condemnio Iesu

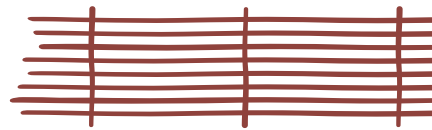
Daw'r aer anadla Peilat, fel ei lais
yn eofn yn dyfarnu, grym ei farn
i wrthod neu i dderbyn pob rhyw gais,
blynyddoedd, dyddiau, oriau'i oes, pob darn,
pob synnwyr, a'i adnabod ef ei hun,
o law'r carcharor â'i awdurdod cudd.
Does gair o amddiffyniad gan y dyn,
Y dyn sydd Dduw. Mae'n gaeth. Mae'i ras yn rhydd.
Cofleidia galon Peilat, teimla bwys
diddymdra'i fywyd er y rhwysg a'r bri,
a chynnig cysur tawel cariad dwys.
Fe ddaw â'i roddion eto oll i ni
i fyw dan fendith. Pan dry Peilat draw
mae drws yn agor. Ac mae'r farn gerllaw.



Good Friday

The First Station of the Cross **Jesus is condemned to death**

The very air that Pilate breathes, the voice
With which he speaks in judgment, all his powers
Of perception and discrimination, choice,
Decision, all his years, his days and hours,
His consciousness of self, his every sense,
Are given by this prisoner, freely given.
The man who stands there making no defence,
Is God. His hands are tied, his heart is open.
And he bears Pilate's heart in his and feels
That crushing weight of wasted life. He lifts
It up in silent love. He lifts and heals.
He gives himself again with all his gifts
Into our hands. As Pilate turns away
A door swings open. This is judgment day.

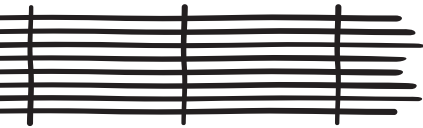


Ail Orsaf y Groes

Rhoi ei groes i Iesu

Drachefn â'i roddion oll, rhoes eto'i hun
a heddiw talwn am ei ffafr ar gam.
Rhoes groth y ddaear, rhoes yr awel sy'n
egnïo bywyd, dŵr glanhad a'r fflam.

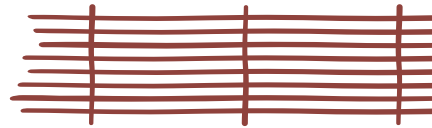
Ac o'r elfennau hyn fe greodd ddur,
a phlethodd bren o wreiddiau bywyd ir;
ef luniodd feini strydoedd Seion bur
a gweld yr oll yn dda, yn dda yn wir.
Yr haearn dan ein crefft yn fwyell droes,
yn fwyell er mwyn dymchwel ceinciau'r coed,
a chyda'i roddion llunio wnaethom groes
ar gyfer y rhyddfrefiniwr mwyaf 'rioed.
Derbynia'i roddion nôl wrth grymu'i gefn,
y rhoddion faeddon ni wrth dreisio'i drefn.



The Second Station of the Cross

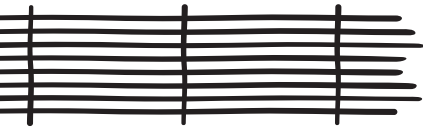
Jesus is given his cross

He gives himself again with all his gifts
And now we give him something in return.
He gave the earth that bears, the air that lifts,
Water to cleanse and cool, fire to burn,
And from these elements he forged the iron,
From strands of life he wove the growing wood,
He made the stones that pave the roads of Zion,
He saw it all and saw that it is good.
We took his iron to edge an axe's blade,
We took the axe and laid it to the tree,
We made a cross of all that he has made,
And laid it on the one who made us free.
Now he receives again and lifts on high
The gifts he gave and we have turned awry.



Trydedd Gorsaf y Groes **Iesu'n cwmpo'r tro cyntaf**

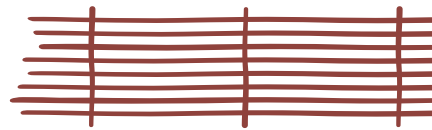
Ef luniodd feini strydoedd Seion bur
a gŵyr pa lwybr sydd o raid o'i flaen,
adnabu'r diafol mewn temtasiwn sur
ond ni wnâi dorth yn gysur o'r un maen,
gan ddewis llwybyr cariad tua'r gwyll,
dewis dioddef a chofleidio poen.
Ac yma, yn ei gwmp mae'r meini'n hyll
yn cleisio'r cyhyr ac yn rhwygo'r croen.
Daw daear a'i chreawdwr yma 'nghyd,
y llyw a'r llwch, cyfarfod llawr a ne'.
Ni allwn edrych ar y darnio drud
ag yntau'n rhoi ei hunan yn ein lle,
yn crymu dan ein pwysau ar y daith,
a'i gwmp o'n blaen i'n dal rhag cwmp mwy maith.



The Third Station of the Cross

Jesus falls the first time

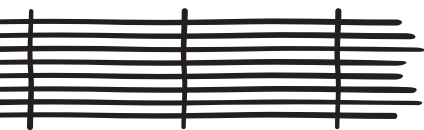
He made the stones that pave the roads of Zion
And well he knows the path we make him tread;
He met the devil as a roaring lion
And still refused to turn these stones to bread,
Choosing instead, as love will always choose,
This darker path into the heart of pain.
And now he falls upon the stones that bruise
The flesh, that break and scrape the tender skin.
He and the earth he made were never closer,
Divinity and dust come face to face.
We flinch back from his *via dolorosa*,
He sets his face like flint and takes our place,
Staggers beneath the black weight of us all
And falls with us that he might break our fall.



Pedwaredd Gorsaf y Groes

Iesu'n cyfarfod â'i fam

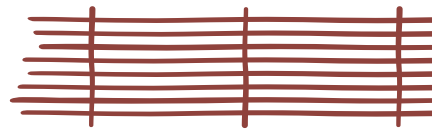
C ofleidio poen a dilyn llwybyr loes a wnaeth ei fam a'i carodd uwchlaw un, hithau a'i cariodd yn ei chroth, a roes ei fywyd yn y cnawd. Y cleddyf sy'n trywanu eto. Ac mae'n rhaid i hon a fagodd yn gariadlon hwn o'r bru sefyll a gorfod gweld yr ennyd hon ddarnio ei gwyrth wryfol. Gwelir hyd ei ing, a'i hartaith hithau, heddiw'n llwm pan gwrdd eu llygaid. Lapia'r fam y byd gâr yntau yn ei gweddi: cwrlid trwm i famau'r diflanedig, pawb sy'n fud dan barlys galar – yma maent yn un yng nghôl ei gweddi dros ei mab ei hun.



The Fourth Station of the Cross

Jesus meets his mother

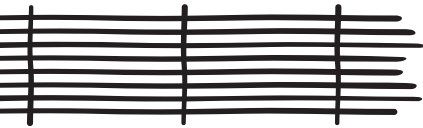
This darker path into the heart of pain
Was also hers whose love enfolded him
In flesh and wove him in her womb. Again
The sword is piercing. She, who cradled him
And gentled and protected her young son,
Must stand and watch the cruelty that mars
Her maiden making. Waves of pain that stun
And sicken pass across his face and hers
As their eyes meet. Now she enfolds the world
He loves in prayer; the mothers of the disappeared
Who know her pain, all bodies bowed and curled
In desperation on this road of tears,
All the grief-stricken in their last despair,
Are folded in the mantle of her prayer.



Pumed Orsaf y Groes

Simon o Gyrene'n cario'r groes

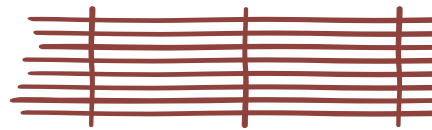
Dan barlys galar, dagrau'n halltu'r croen,
troi cefn wnawn ninnau rhag wynebu'r gwae
rhag gweld yng ngwedd dioddef ddrych o'n poen
a'n hofnau'n ninnau'n llygaid pŵl y prae;
heblaw'n gorfodi, fel gorfodwyd hwn,
drwy rym, neu amgylchiadau, i ddwyn pwys
croes rhywun arall, ac ysgwyddo'r pwn
dan ormes cariad mewn dyletswydd ddwys.
Nid disgybl oedd Simon, ond fe wnaeth
gyflawni galwad Crist i godi'r groes:
ar doriad taith annisgwyl, cyfle ddaeth
i brofi ennyd galwedigaeth oes.
Gwna finnau'n gymar it dan bwysau prudd,
pwysau'r caethiwed a'm gwna'n fythol rydd.



The Fifth Station of the Cross

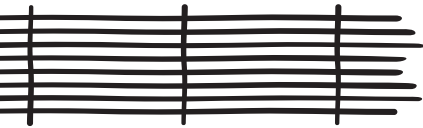
Simon of Cyrene carries the cross

I n desperation on this road of tears
Bystanders and bypassers turn away.
In other's pain we face our own worst fears
And turn our backs to keep those fears at bay,
Unless we are compelled as this man was
By force of arms or force of circumstance
To face and feel and carry someone's cross
In Love's full glare and not his backward glance.
So, Simon, no disciple, still fulfilled
The calling: "Take the cross and follow me."
By accident his life was stalled and stilled,
Becoming all he was compelled to be.
Make me, like him, your pressed man and your priest,
Your *alter Christus*, burdened and released.



Chweched Orsaf y Groes **Feronica'n sychu wyneb Iesu**

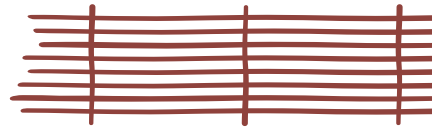
Troi cefn wna llawer rhag wynebu'r gwae
gan sychu o'u cof ddrychiolaeth lom ei wedd.
Mae hithau'n aros, aros fel petae
yn graig mewn afon, ac yn greirfa'i hedd
mewn cerrynt creulon. Traidd ei chwys llawn gwaed
a dagrau hallt ei gariad drwy bob haen
o'i hymgysegrïad, a'i argraffiad wnaed
yn lleithder cadach, fel y gwllith ar waun
yng ngwyll y wawr a'r cread ar ddihun.
Am iddi sychu'r bryntni sarnai'i groen,
a dal rhyw gip ar Dduw yn wyneb dyn,
y ddelw a ddeil dynoliaeth yn ein poen,
fe wyddom, drwy gymylau pob sarhad,
cawn ninnau gip ar gariad disglair tad.



The Sixth Station of the Cross

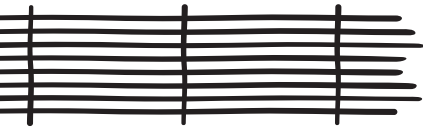
Veronica wipes the face of Jesus

Bystanders and bypassers turn away
And wipe his image from their memory.
She keeps her station. She is here to stay
And stem the flow. She is the reliquary
Of his last look on her. The bloody sweat
And salt tears of his love are soaking through
The folds of her devotion and the wet
folds of her handkerchief, like the dew
Of morning, like a softening rain of grace.
Because she wiped the grime from off his skin,
And glimpsed the godhead in his human face
Whose hidden image we all bear within,
Through all our veils and shrouds of daily pain
The face of God is shining once again.



Seithfed Orsaf y Groes Iesu'n cwmpo am yr eildro

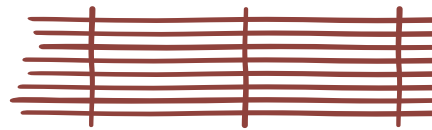
Trwy niwloedd pob sarhad, yn fach a mawr,
trwy glais ar glais a'r creithiau na wnânt gau,
fe gwympa eto, gyda ni, i'r llawr,
yn cyd-ddioddef. Ac fe wŷr barhau
cylchred creulondeb, ail-fflangellu'r cefn
lle'r arddwyd eisoes gwysau hir mewn gwaed,
artaith uwch artaith, gormes lwyr y drefn
er gwaetha'r llefain a phob ymbil wnaed.
A thrwy hyn oll, canfydda yntau'r rhai
oroesodd brawf un tro, ond methu'r ail,
y rhai fuddsoddodd ffydd wrth ffydd barhâi
a gweld eu ffydd yn gwywo gyda'r dail.
Pan fyddo'r llwybyr ddwywaith yn rhy serth
i'n hegni ni, dy wendid fyddo'n nerth.



The Seventh Station of the Cross

Jesus falls the second time

Through all our veils and shrouds of daily pain,
Through our bruised bruises and re-opened scars,
He falls and stumbles with us, hurt again
When we are hurt again. With us he bears
The cruel repetitions of our cruelty;
The beatings of already beaten men,
The second rounds of torture, the futility
Of all unheeded pleading, every scream in vain.
And by this fall he finds the fallen souls
Who passed a first, but failed a second trial,
The souls who thought their faith would hold them whole
And found it only held them for a while.
Be with us when the road is twice as long
As we can bear. By weakness make us strong.

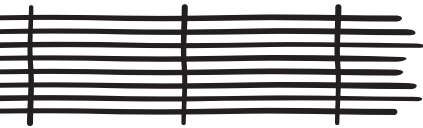


Wythfed Orsaf y Groes

Iesu'n cyfarfod gwragedd Caersalem

Fe gwympa eto, gyda ni, i'r llawr,
ond eto, deil y cariad yn ei drem
at bawb ohonom, wylwyr. Cariad mawr
sy'n dwyn ein dioddef ni, dan artaith lem.

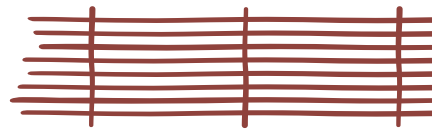
Tosturia wrth dosturi'r gwragedd hyn,
ond nid er mwyn ei hun eu dagrau gais,
ond gwragedd trefi wedi'r gad ynghynn,
yng Ngaza a Chaersalem dan eu trais
y cof a ardd yn hir a dwfn ei graith,
sy'n wylo am eu plant: Affganistan,
Irac, y Côte d'Ivoire... gŵyr yntau iaith
eich dagrau. Erys gyda chi 'mhob man
lle wylwch, ac fe wyla yntau 'nghyd
nes delo'r dydd i sychu dagrau'r byd.



The Eighth Station of the Cross

Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem

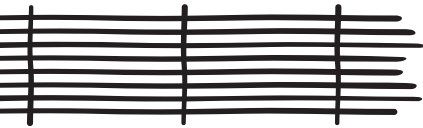
He falls and stumbles with us, hurt again,
But still he holds the road and looks in love
On all of us who look on him. Our pain
As close to him as his. These women move
Compassion in him as he does in them.
He asks us both to weep and not to weep.
Women of Gaza and Jerusalem,
Women of every nation where the deep
Wounds of memory divide the land
And lives of all your children, where the mines
Of all our wars are sown: Afghanistan,
Iraq, the Cote d'Ivoire... he reads the signs
And weeps with you, and with you he will stay
Until the day he wipes your tears away.



Nawfed Orsaf y Groes

Iesu'n cwmpo am y trydydd tro

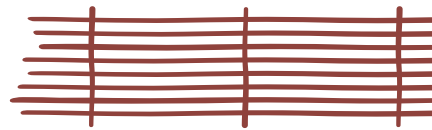
Fe wyla yntau gyda thithau 'nghyd
pan fo dy nerth a'th egni'n dod i'w pen:
'dim cam ymhellach', ond ymlaen o hyd.
Fe gwympa yntau i'r llwch ar sarn y sen
pan fo d'amheuon yn dy lorio'n llwyr
gan ddiffodd pob rhyw obaith ar y daith.
Y trydydd cwmp yw'r gwaetha i'r sawl a wŷyr
gwmp ar ôl cwmp i wyll iselder maith
lle nad oes gwawr na 'wyllys i barhau
nac anadl i gynnal curiad gwan
y galon. Hwn yw'r cwmp na wêl iachau
a bron na theimli'n falch o weld y fan
ar waelod bod. Nes gweli fod gerllaw
dy Dduw di ar ei liniau yn y baw.



The Ninth Station of the Cross

Jesus falls the third time

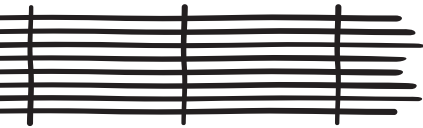
He weeps with you and with you he will stay
When all your staying power has run out;
You can't go on, you go on anyway.
He stumbles just beside you when the doubt
That always haunts you, cuts you down at last
And takes away the hope that drove you on.
This is the third fall and it hurts the worst,
This long descent through darkness to depression
From which there seems no rising and no will
To rise, or breathe or bear your own heartbeat.
Twice you survived; this third will surely kill,
And you could almost wish for that defeat
Except that in the cold hell where you freeze
You find your God beside you on his knees.



Degfed Orsaf y Groes

Dinoethi Iesu

“D im cam ymhellach”, ond ymlaen o hyd,
cyd-deithia o’i gryd yntau hyd dy fedd.
Yn awr mae ymryddhau o bwysau’r byd,
pob pwysau ond pwys cariad. Popeth fedd
ddechreuodd adael gynt, cyn gwneud pob cnawd,
cyn seilio’n prynedigaeth drwy ei waed.
Ei ymwacáu, a’i eni’n frenin tlawd,
yn drysor tragwyddoldeb i ti wnaed.
Os meiddi edrych, gwêl ei gefn yn noeth,
a gwêl ddinoethi dy esgusion gwael,
nawr gwêl bob colled yn drysorfa goeth,
nawr gwêl o gariad caeth y gwaddol hael.
Ymnoetha at waith o faich pob pwys di-fudd
a gad i’w gariad noeth dy droi yn rhydd.

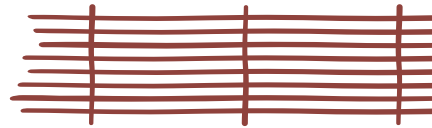


The Tenth Station of the Cross

Jesus is stripped of his garments

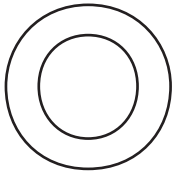
You can't go on, you go on anyway.
He goes with you, his cradle to your grave.
Now is the time to loosen, cast away
The useless weight of everything but love.

For he began his letting go before,
Before the worlds for which he dies were made,
Emptied himself, became one of the poor,
To make you rich in him and unafraid.
See, as they strip the robe from off his back
They strip away your own defences too,
Now you could lose it all and never lack,
Now you can see what naked love can do.
Let go these bonds beneath whose weight you bow,
His stripping strips you both for action now



Unfed Orsaf ar Ddeg y Groes

Hoelio Iesu wrth y groes

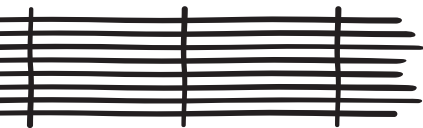


s meiddi edrych, gwêl ei gefn yn noeth,
a hoelio'i freichiau ar led wrth bren ei groes.
Tywylla'r awyr gyda brathiad poeth
yr hoelion wrth gloi cariad pur wrth loes.

Ond yma, fe ddaw newid wrth i'r pren
dychrynlyd hwn gyhoeddi gobaith byw,
iachâd o'r graith ac arswyd yn troi'n nen
anadliad gobaith a gwrthsafiad Duw.

Ac yma gwelwn gopa hyd a lled
casineb gyda chariad; concra'r un
sy'n ras uwch pechod, 'run a red
'rhyd llwybr trugarowgrwydd hardd ei lun.

A geilw Iesu ninnau at ei gôl
a'i freichiau ar led mewn cariad di-droi'n-ôl.

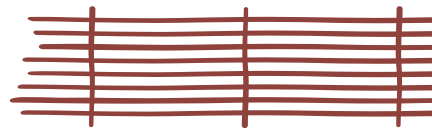


The Eleventh Station of the Cross

Jesus is nailed to the cross

See, as they strip the robe from off his back
And spread his arms and nail them to the cross,
The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black,
And love is firmly fastened onto loss.

But here a pure change happens. On this tree
Loss becomes gain, death opens into birth.
Here wounding heals and fastening makes free,
Earth breathes in heaven, heaven roots in earth.
And here we see the length, the breadth, the height,
Where love and hatred meet and love stays true,
Where sin meets grace and darkness turns to light,
We see what love can bear and be and do.
And here our Saviour calls us to his side,
His love is free, his arms are open wide.



Deuddegfed Orsaf y Groes

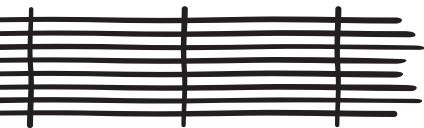
Iesu'n marw ar y groes

Dan rwyg yr hoelion a than wybren ddu
gofynna pob anadliad ei holl rym;
mae'n mynd â'n hanadl ond ei gariad sy'
yn anadl newydd ddaw o'i angau llym.

Anadla hwn mewn ymdrech drwy ei boen,
yr hwn anadlodd unwaith uwch y dŵr,
yr un a wnaeth o'r llwch ein cawd a'n croen
a deffro o ddim i fywyd wraig a gŵr.

Ei anadl, ei ysbryd, wisga'r byd
ag un awyrgylch ei gofleidiad pur,
ond nawr mae pob anadliad o mor ddrud
dan bwys ein llygredd a'n hanadlu sur.

Gorffennwyd. A'i anadliad olaf yw
yr awel i'n cyffroi o farw'n fyw.

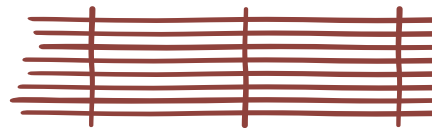


The Twelfth Station of the Cross

Jesus dies on the cross

The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black,
We watch him as he labours to draw breath.
He takes our breath away to give it back,
Return it to its birth through his slow death.

We hear him struggle, breathing through the pain,
Who once breathed out his spirit on the deep,
Who formed us when he mixed the dust with rain
And drew us into consciousness from sleep.
His spirit and his life he breathes in all,
Mantles his world in his one atmosphere,
And now he comes to breathe beneath the pall
Of our pollutions, draw our injured air
To cleanse it and renew. His final breath
Breathes and bears us through the gates of death.

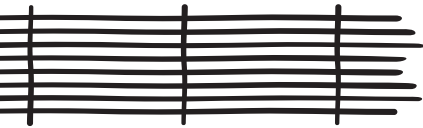


Noswyl y Pasg

Trydedd Gorsaf ar Ddeg y Groes **Cymryd corff Iesu i lawr o'r groes**

Ei anadl, ei ysbryd, wisga'r byd,
ond 'does anadlu mwyach ar y pren:
mae popeth ar y ffwlcrwm hwn yn fud,
yn wag, yn swrth, agored led y pen.

Tawel yw gwaith y datod a'r rhyddhau,
gostwng y trawst fel clorian gyda'i phwys:
datod offeryn cynnal grym a gwae
a thynnu'r hoelion. Dyma wacter dwys
y darfod eithaf a'r pen draw na fedd
un dim i'w ddweud, i'w feddwl, na'r un cri.
Ond meiddia, meiddia edrych ar ei wedd
na all, tro yma, edrych arnat ti.
Ac o'i ryddhau o'r pren yn llipa bydd
dechreuad y datgloi a'th droi yn rhydd.



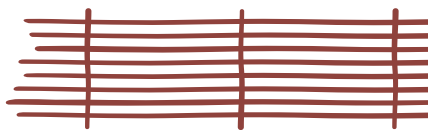
Holy Saturday

The Thirteenth Station of the Cross

Jesus' body is taken down from the cross

His spirit and his life he breathes in all
Now on this cross his body breathes no more.
Here at the centre everything is still,
Spent, and emptied, opened to the core.

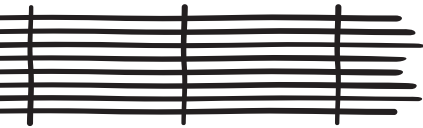
A quiet taking down, a prising loose,
A cross-beam lowered like a weighing scale,
Unmaking of each thing that had its use,
A long withdrawing of each bloodied nail.
This is ground zero, emptiness and space,
With nothing left to say or think or do,
But look unflinching on the sacred face
That cannot move or change or look at you.
Yet in that prising loose and letting be
He has unfastened you and set you free.



Pedwaredd Gorsaf ar Ddeg y Groes **Gosod Iesu yn y bedd**

Mae popeth ar y ffwlcrwm hwn yn fud
cyn stwyrion deffro ein galaru gwan,
sy'n ceisio lleddfu'r loes ag ennaint drud,
anestheteiddio'r dolur ond o ran.

Taenir eu hennaint ar y corff na all
deimlo'r un dim o'r gofal na'r llesâd,
cusanu'r cleisiau gyda'u parch di-ball,
a'u thus yn bersawr orig ddi-barhad.
Bendithia yntau'n galar drwy bob oes
a'i droi yn wewyr esgor ein bywhau:
ni chollir grym ein dagrau, daw o'n loes
aileni'r pridd ac egni ein parhau;
ac ynddo mae eithafbwynt cariad gwir
a hedyn bywyd yn y ddaear ir.

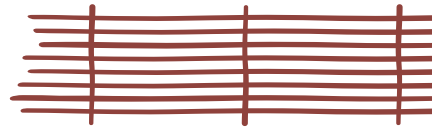


The Fourteenth Station of the Cross

Jesus is laid in the tomb

Here at the centre everything is still,
Before the stir and movement of our grief
Which bears its pain with rhythm, ritual,
Beautiful useless gestures of relief.

So they anoint the skin that cannot feel
And soothe his ruined flesh with tender care,
Kissing the wounds they know they cannot heal,
With incense scenting only empty air.
He blesses every love that weeps and grieves,
And makes our grief the pangs of a new birth.
The love that's poured in silence at old graves,
Renewing flowers, tending the bare earth,
Is never lost. In him all love is found
And sown with him, a seed in the rich ground.



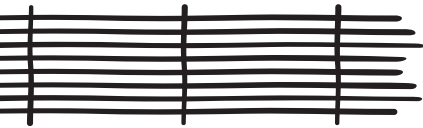
Sul y Pasg

Pymthegfed Orsaf y Groes

Gwawr y Pasg

Bendithia yntau'n galar drwy bob oes
a'r bore hwn iachâd ei fendith rydd
a'r un sy'n wylo heb weld gwawr drwy'i loes
er gwaetha'r gwawl o'r dwyrain ddechrau'r dydd.

Daw trydar yr aderyn cyntaf un
ei gân i droi ei phen a gweld o ran
y Garddwr heb adnabod pwy yw'r dyn
sy'n treiddio drwy ei dagrau. Yn y fan,
fe hola hwnnw'n dyner pam mae'n gaeth
i wylo dagrau hallt ar drothwy'r dydd,
ac etyb drwy gystwyo'r sawl a aeth
â chorff yr un a gân a'i roi ynghudd.
Ond Cariad, wrth ein henwau, eilw nawr
nyni, fel hithau, i gofleidio'r wawr.

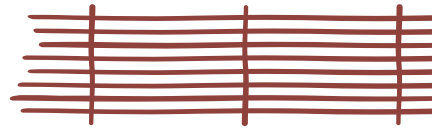


Easter Day

The Fifteenth Station of the Cross

Easter dawn

He blesses every love which weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question, "Why,
Why are you weeping?", or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply,
"They took my love away, my day is night."
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

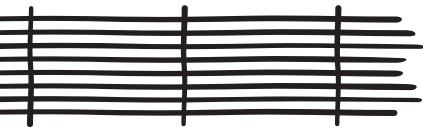


Mae **Malcolm Guite** wedi disgrifio'i hun fel "bardd, offeiriad, roc a rholer, ym mha bynnag drefn y mynnwch." Bu'n ddiweddar yn Gaplan Coleg Girton, Caergrawnt, a dilynodd Ronald Blythe fel un o golofnwyr wythnosol y *Church Times*. Am y cerddi a gyhoeddir yma, ebe Rowan Williams, cyn Archesgob Cymru, fod iddynt "gynildeb a grym pob soned dda, gan dro ar ôl tro gynnig i'r darllenydd roddion dwfn er mwyn gweddïo a myfyrio." Mae ei lyfr diweddaraf, *Lifting the Veil: Imagination and the Kingdom of God*, yn amddiffyniad egnïol o'r dychymyg creadigol fel "cynneddf sy'n dwyn y gwirionedd."

Cafodd **Siôn Aled** ei eni ym Mangor a'i fagu ym Mhorthaethwy. Enillodd Goron Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Cymru Maldwyn a'i Chyffiniau 1981 am bryddest ar y teitl *Wynebau*. Mae'n fardd ac yn gyfieithydd nodedig, ac yn byw bellach yn Wrexham. *Meirioli*, a gyhoeddwyd yn 2019, oedd ei ail gyfrol o gerddi, sawl un wedi eu gwreiddio yng Ngogledd-Orllewin Cymru. Mwy miniog yw *Rhwng Pla a Pla*, ei gyfrol o 2021 ar y cyd â'r artist, Iwan Bala, sy'n myfyrio ar drugareddau Covid a Brexit.

Malcolm Guite has described himself as "poet, priest, rock & roller, in any order you like." He was latterly Chaplain of Girton College, Cambridge, and succeeded Ronald Blythe as the writer of a weekly column in the *Church Times*. Of the poems published here, Rowan Williams, sometime Archbishop of Wales, wrote that they "have the economy and pungency of all good sonnets, and again and again, offer deep resources for prayer and meditation to the reader." His most recent book, *Lifting the Veil: Imagination and the Kingdom of God*, is a vigorous defence of the artistic imagination as a "truth-bearing faculty."

Siôn Aled was born in Bangor and brought up in Menai Bridge. He won the Crown at the 1981 National Eisteddfod of Wales in Montgomeryshire for his long poem in free metre entitled "Wynebau" (Faces). He is a noted poet and translator, and now lives in Wrexham. *Meirioli*, published in 2019, was his second volume of poems, many rooted in North-West Wales. Sharper is *Rhwng Pla a Pla*, his volume from 2021 produced in collaboration with the artist, Iwan Bala, in which they reflect on the twin outbreaks of Covid and Brexit.



Cyhoeddwyd y cerddi'n wreiddiol yn Malcolm Guite, **Sounding the Seasons: Seventy Sonnets for the Christian Year** (Canterbury Press, 2012). Diolchwn i'r bardd am y caniatâd i'w hargraffu yma. | The poems were originally published in Malcolm Guite, **Sounding the Seasons: Seventy Sonnets for the Christian Year** (Canterbury Press, 2012). We thank the poet for the permission to reproduce them here.

Hawlfraint y cerddi Saesneg | Copyright of the English-language poems:

Malcolm Guite

Hawlfraint y cyfieithiadau Cymraeg | Copyright of the Welsh-language translations:

Siôn Aled

Hawlfraint y cyhoeddiad | Copyright of the publication:

Bwrdd Cyllid Esgobaeth Bangor | Bangor Diocesan Board of Finance

bangor@eglwysyngnghymru.org.uk

Ar y clawr ceir darlun o Grist Mostyn, cerflun derw o'r bymthegfed ganrif sydd yng Nghadeirlan Deiniol Sant. | The cover image is a depiction of the Mostyn Christ, a pre-Reformation oak sculpture at Saint Deiniol's Cathedral.





**Cadeirlan
Deiniol Sant
ym Mangor**

Saint Deiniol's
Cathedral
in Bangor

