



CYMDEITHAS TREFTADAETH PUM HEOL

FIVE ROADS HERITAGE SOCIETY

Local Poets and their Poems

Rev. David Bowen

Spencer Hughes

Olwen Treharne

Rev. David Bowen:

David Bowen was a highly successful minister and editor, and for being “prominent in all Welsh cultural movements”. He merits a mention in the National Library of Wales’ ‘Dictionary of Welsh Biography’.

He was born into a Welsh-speaking, chapel-going, coal mining family in 1874 in Treorchy. Having started work in the mines, aged twelve, his literary ambitions were encouraged by his chapel, by the local eisteddfodau and by the success of his younger brother, Ben’s, poetry.

In 1897 he joined the Gorsedd of Bards. He began preaching during the Revival of 1904-5, extending his education further and taking up the ministry at Capel Isaf, Brecon, where he worked hard to restore the Welsh language. This continued into his ministry here at Horeb between 1913 and his retirement in 1939.

His influence on the lives of many young people in this community was immense, and which he saw as his responsibility. Under his ministry, the Sunday School had upwards of six classes every Sunday, in which children were expected to attend. One of his greatest achievements was to set up the ‘*Urdd y Seren Fore*’ in 1929, a movement for Welsh-speaking young people.

He was Welsh editor of the *Llanelli Mercury* (1915-42) and ‘*Seren yr Ysgol Sul*’ (1916-50).

He was also President of the *Llanelli Cymrodorion* and the ‘*Awen a Chân*’ literary society.

He published five books on his brother, Ben, as well as eight of his own work, and presided over a number of eisteddfodau in Horeb Chapel.

A towering figure of the community, he composed under the bardic name of ‘*Myfyr Hefin*’, ‘Summer Reflection’.

He died on the 22nd April 1955, aged 80, and is buried in the new Horeb Cemetery.

Ar y Mynydd Gyda Duw*

Ar y mynydd gyda Duw,
O mor ogoneddus yw;
Dwndwr pechod byd ymhell,
Ninau gyda'r bywyd gwell.

Ar y mynydd gyda Duw,
Dyma nefol fan i fyw;
Gwel'd yr haul yn codi draw,
Gwel'd boreuau Duw gerllaw.

Rhaid yw dringo uwch y byd,
Cyn ceir cwmni Duw o hyd;
Teml hardda'r Cristion yw,
Pen y mynydd gyda Duw.

Myfyr Hefin

*This hymn was composed with Mynydd Sylen, the highest point in Llanelli, in mind.

Emyn*

Wedi canrif o fendithion
A grasurau'r nefol wlad,
Y rhown weithiau ddiolch calon
Yng nghynteddau ty ein Tâd;
Canrif gyfan
O'i ofalon gawsom ni.

Myfyr Hefin

*This hymn was written in 1932 to mark the centenary of Horeb Chapel.

Cân yr Ysgol*

Cânwn glod ein hysgol
Ym moreddydd oes,
Hon a'n ceidw'n siriol
Trwy ei gwers a'i moes;
Fe'n dysg ni i barchu
Popeth Cymru fad,
Ac fe'n gwna yn Gymry teilwng
O'r hen wlad.

Cytgan: Ysgol hoff y Cymry
Yw ein hysgol ni,
Fe ddeil hon i'n codi
I binaclau bri.

Dysg nyni i siarad
Iaith ein hannwyl wlad,
Fe gawn ddysgu Saesneg
Hefyd, i'n llesiad;
Golau rydd i feddwl
Llonder rydd i fron,
Ym mha le ceir ysgol
Fel yr ysgol hon.

Myfyr Hefin

*This school anthem was composed to celebrate the official opening of Ysgol Dewi Sant, Llanelli on the 1st March 1947. This was the first Welsh primary school set up under the 1944 Education Act.

IN MEMORIAM*

MARGARET JONES

Beloved wife of Thomas Jones, Tyrderi

Died 30th January 1915

(Horeb Chapel Cemetery: Row 5 No. 07)

Gadwodd Marged ei chredo - yn ei Duw
Dan ei holl gystuddio,
Yn Sunny Bank bu'n oesi'n bêr
I'w gwiwner hyd adeg huno.

Myfyr Hefin

Margaret kept her faith in God
Throughout her pain and sorrow,
At Sunny Bank she blossomed fair
'Til death and sweet new morrow.

Translation by Spencer Hughes

CORPORAL WILLIAM MORGAN

Fell in the Great War 29th April 1918

(Horeb Chapel Cemetery: Row 8 No. 02)

Deil llinyn y teulu o hyd yn un cainc
Er bod eu William yn huno yn Ffrainc,
Mae gofal y Ne yn llydanach na'r byd
Daw meirw'r cyfanfyd i fyny'r un pryd.

Myfyr Hefin

The family line knots as one on the branch
E'en though our William sleeps peaceful in France,
But this world bows down to Heaven's greater care
And the dead shall rise, as one, in prayer.

Translation by Spencer Hughes

*These elegiac epithets were composed in memory of the above and appear on their gravestones.

Spencer Hughes

Spencer is a co-founder and Treasurer of the Heritage Society.

PEDWARAWD I GOFF'AU Y RHYFEL MAWR A QUARTET IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE GREAT WAR

Sacrifice · Aberth

Sleep, sweet village, dream your dreams
And hear our cries in rippling streams,
Our lives we give, remember yet,
That's all we ask, do not forget.

Cymuned fach, cymuned ddwys – Croeslaw
Ti heno'n dawel.
Ein bywydau a roesom, dyna ein crwys,
Ond mae'n henaid ar yr awel.

☆☆☆☆☆

Yr Addewid

Nid bedd fan draw, mewn unig fan
Na chwaith y bedd sydd dramor.
Gwell coffa 'nghynefin y Garreg hon
A gorffwysfan gyda'r lôr.

☆☆☆☆☆

Y Goeden Goffa

O Fedwen fwyn, mor felys lân,
Dy ddail sy'n suo'n yr awel gân
I ddenu llais i'n cri a chwant,
Am goffa, nid ebargofiant.

Penwythnos Pwysig yn y Pentre

Mae penwythnos pwysig yn y pentre
Canmlwyddiant y Rhyfel Mawr,
I gofio ein gwrol ryfelwyr
Ein harwyr, a gwympodd i lawr.

Cyrhaeddodd y Garreg mewn tristwch,
Yn wylo amdanynt yn y glaw.
Cofeb i'r dyddiau dychrynlyd
Ac hefyd, i'r gwell a ddaw.

Perthnasau, ffrindiau a thrigolion
Hwy a ddaethant yn gytûn,
I ganmoli a chlodfori
Ein achubwyr, dewrion, pob un.

Gwasanaeth parchus, bythgofiadwy
Y plant yn gwneud eu rhan mewn bri.
Hefyd y Garreg, fe saif yn urddasol
A do, fe wenodd yr haul arnom ni.

☆☆☆☆☆

THE GREAT WAR POEMS

Sacrifice · Aberth

This bilingual poem, in two parts, tells of a range of conflicting emotions encountered by a soldier on his journey from this life to the next. The first part sees him having been hit and lying amidst the horrors and trauma of his surroundings. In some distress he thinks of his village, his family and friends, but with feelings of anger and bitterness, perhaps even contempt. *“Why me? Come, share my pain, hear my cries, feel my tears in the streams and rivers as you walk through the lanes and the fields.”* Realising his mortality, and in desperation, he reminds us of his ultimate sacrifice, and pleads for remembrance.

Part two sees him at his journey's end, having crossed over. Again he thinks of the village, but this time with feelings of care and affection. He knows that his family and friends have learned of his death and notices that the community is quiet and shrouded in a sombre mood. He tells us not to feel sorrowful. His sacrifice was his cross to bear, and through that gift he has obtained immortality. He is still with us, in our hearts and thoughts. He is with us on the breeze.

Yr Addewid · The Promise

Our intention was not to denigrate or in any way be ungrateful for any other monument or memorial erected to the memory of our fallen warriors. Rather it is to show that our memorial was conceived, and erected by the local community, and by relatives, friends and neighbours of the fallen. Furthermore, all the stones were sourced within the community.

That is the essence of the title of this poem, 'The Promise,' having been inspired by the moving and poignant 'Ode of Remembrance' taken from Laurence Binyon's poem, 'For the Fallen.'

*'At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.'*

We have remembered, and what better than to site this memorial at the heart of the community and the focal point for all important commemorations, events and meetings. A place where they cannot be forgotten.

Penwythnos Pwysig yn y Pentre · An Important Weekend in the Village.

This poem describes the events held on our commemorative weekend, the culmination and purpose of the work done by our society.

Those who were there will remember the arrival of the stone on that soul drenching Friday morning. The rain poured and poured, and it seemed that the stone itself was bathed in sorrow and crying for our fallen warriors.

The following two days saw their relatives, friends and residents come together to praise and honour them. Then, following the service when we all gathered by the stone for the dedication, the sun shone through, smiling at us, and the Stone stood nobly in regal splendour.

Y Goeden Goffa · Tree of Remembrance

To commemorate the centenary of the end of the Great War, the Society decided to plant a tree to mark this auspicious occasion. Together with the W.I's Green Project and with their kind donation a Community Tree Planting was held. A silver birch was planted in commemoration of the cessation of hostilities; the original Jubilee Oak which unfortunately failed to flourish was replaced with a new native oak and the children of Five Roads School were also in attendance to witness the planting of a selection of trees around the park to signify the importance of the preservation and care of the environment.

This poem complements 'Sacrifice · Aberth' in that the first poem alludes to our fallen warriors' souls floating on the breeze; here, the rustling of the leaves entice their voices into the song of the breeze.

The planting of this Silver Birch closes the circle of the start and end of the Great War and reminds us of our commitment to remember and honour the sacrifice made by these brave warriors. Most importantly, this adversity has brought together the Societies, the people and the children of this community.

Spencer Hughes
Pum Heol, Tachwedd 2014 - Mawrth 2019
Five Roads, November 2014 - March 2019

Olwen Treharne

Olwen, born and bred in Tymawr, Five Roads was one of seventeen children. Together with elder sister, Bess, both were teachers at Pontyates School.

Y Tymawr, Pum Heol

Cartref yw wrth droed y mynydd,
Swyn a ddaw o'i enw pêr;
Diwyd ddwyllaw weithiodd yno,
Yng ngoleuni haul a sêr.

Muriau gwyngalch sydd o'i amgylch,
Blodau'n gwenu ym mhob llwyn;
Campwaith oedd ei gadw'n daclus,
Archwaith ddedwydd i'm rhai mwyn.

Gyda'r wawr bob bore beunydd
Gwartheg fyddai ar y clôs;
Gweithio'n ddyfal bellach fyddent,
Hyd nes deuai'r dawel nos.

Distaw aeth swm traed rhai annwyl,
Distaw aeth y sain a'r swm;
Fferm Tymawr sydd heb ei theulu,
Mud yw'r gwartheg, mud yw'r cwn.

Teulu newydd 'nawr sydd yno,
Teulu dedwydd, newydd sbon;
Ffarwel aelwyd, ffarwel buarth,
Daeth pendraw i'th rhamant llon.

Olwen