

KOSK LEMMYN, KUV-KOLONN

“Kosk lemmyn, kuv-kolonn!” An geryow a dheuth
‘vel dagyer y’m skovarn, ha’m lenwel ganz euth,
rag nynz eus ken lavar a’m shynd mar a-has;
kyn dhymm yth yw hager y styryav an kas.

Eghan! Na, ny allav; an dra yw re grev!
Pan redyav an geryow y klewav y lev,
y tardh ow ympynnyon ganz kevrinyow kudh
ha hwath ow horf-eskern a gren ganz an skruth.

An destenn yw privedh, hag euthyk kefryz,
hunlevow a’m grevya pub nos seulabryz.
Y lev my a’n klew, ha’n geryow na hwath:
“Kosk lemmyn, kuv-kolonn!”, an geryow a’m ladh.

Assayav displegya an kas tamm moy kler:
ow ewnter yth o neb a wrug ow ahwer,
a dho byz dhe’m chambour, a dho byz dhe’m kig,
ha’m godroz a dhial mar kewssen vy mik.

Sleep now, (my) darling

(literal translation)

“Sleep now, my darling!” The words came
like a dagger to my ear, and filled me with dread,
for there is no other phrase which wounds me so cruelly;
although it is hideous to me I shall explain the matter.

Alas! No, I cannot! The thing is too strong!
When I read the words, I hear his voice,
my brain explodes with hidden secrets
and still my skeleton shudders with the shock.

The subject is private, and also dreadful;
formerly nightmares troubled me every night.
I still hear his voice, and those words:
“Sleep now , my darling!” the words that kill me.

I shall try to explain the matter a little more clearly:
it was my uncle who caused my distress;
he would come to my bedroom, he would come to my flesh,
and threaten vengeance if I made a sound.

Y to dhymm mayth ynnov y hordhas y g----,
hag ev a leverri, pan gavsav y walgh,
“Kosk lemmyn, kuv-kolonn!”, an keth tra pup-pryz;
ow gwyrghyz yw ledryz, deffolyz ow bryz.

Ottena! 'Th yw skrifyz! Y farwav ganz meth,
an torment ny'm gaz erna vydhav y'm bedh;
y hwysav, y uzav, ow dagrow a goedh
pan dheu dhymm an kov woza hanterkans bloedh.

Kosella yth ov woza termyn mar hir
mes nefra ny vydh taklow reydhel yn skwir:
ny wrug vy demmedhi, 'th o re rag ow bryz;
flogholeth distruez, ha'm bewnanz kefryz.

Py rag yma peghez a'n par ma y'n byz ?
A'n gwronz ynz dewolow po klav y'ga bryz?
Ny wonn vy an gorthyp, kyn pyzav war Dhuw,
ha bydh ny gonvedhav vy, hedra viv byw.

He came to me so that he might in me ram his -----,
and would say, after he had had his fill:
“Sleep now, my darling!” the same thing every time,
my virginity was stolen, my mind/womb polluted.

There! It is written! I die with shame,
the torment will not leave me until I am in my grave;
I sweat, I yell, my tears fall
when the memory comes to me after fifty years.

I am calmer after such a long time,
but sexual matters will never be correct;
I did not marry; it was too much for my spirit,
my childhood destroyed, and also my life.

Why is there this kind of sin in the world?
Are those who commit it devils or sick in their mind?
I know not the answer, though I pray to God,
and I shall never understand, as long as I live.