



GWEITHGAREDD – CELF

Creu collage sy'n cyfleu naws lle

Roedd Dylan Thomas wrth ei fodd yng ngorllewin Cymru – ardal Talacharn, Llangain, Llansteffan a Chei Newydd. Roedd ei gartref e a Caitlin, ei wraig, a'u plant yn Nhalacharn yn bennaf, yn y Boat House. Mae wedi ei gladdu ym mynwent yr eglwys gerllaw.

Mae llawer o'i straeon a'i gerddi yn defnyddio'r tirlun yn aber yr afon Taf yn sir Gaerfyrddin fel symbyliad i'w ddelweddau. Ymchwiliwch i ddelweddau o'r ardal ar wefan <http://www.geograph.org.uk/> Bwydwch i mewn derm chwilio megis *Laugharne* er mwyn cael gweld amrywiaeth o luniau i roi argraff i chi o'r fro.

Ar y daflen waith mae darnau o'i gerddi a'i ysgrifennu sy'n creu darlun trawiadol yn y dychymyg. Gadewch i'ch dychymyg ymateb i'r geiriau heb boeni a ydych yn deall yr ystyr yn llwyr.

Defnyddiwch hyn fel symbyliad i greu collage sy'n cyfleu naws yr ardaloedd hyn, a blas o'i waith. Os am ysbrydoliaeth ar gyfer arddull collage, bwydwch derm chwilio megis *multi media collage* i mewn i beiriant chwilio ac edrych ar y delweddau i roi syniadau i chi.

GWEITHGAREDD

Defnyddiwch amrywiaeth o dechnegau a deunyddiau i greu eich collage. Dyma rai syniadau:

- Delweddau ffotograffig o Dylan Thomas ei hunan, a Caitlin ei wraig – chwyddo neu leihau y delweddau.
- Delweddau o leoliadau megis y Boat House neu westy Brown's – ffotograffau neu luniadu â llaw.
- Papur wedi ei baentio gennych chi, gan ddefnyddio cyfryngau gwahanol e.e. olew, acrylig, inciau dŵr, creonau , a'i rwygo i greu siapau diddorol.
- Papur neu ddeunydd gydag arwynebeddau gwahanol i greu argraff o wead planhigion neu greigiau. Gludo hwn ar y collage neu fel sail i ludo papur tusw drosto.
- Inc, pensel a phaent, gan gyfuno deunydd i gyflwyno manylion a naws lliw priodol
- Darnau o fapiau o'r ardal.
- Llinellau neu eiriau arwyddocaol allan o'i gerddi – defnyddio inc, pensel, siarcol, cyfrifiadur, teipiadur traddodiadol.
- Darnau o'i lawysgrifen – argraffu o'r we.
- Darnau o wydr glan y môr, neu gregyn a thywod.

Gwnewch eich collage ar ddarnau garw o bapur neu gardfwrdd. Meddyliwch am sut i'w gyflwyno – ei hongian ar ddarn o froc môr, er enghraifft.



TAFLEN O LINELLAU O WAITH DYLAN THOMAS I'CH SYMBYLU:

Allan o 'Poem in October':

It was my thirtieth year to heaven
Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood
 And the mussel pooled and the heron
 Priested shore
 The morning beckon
With water praying and call of seagull and rook
And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall
 Myself to set foot
 That second
In the still sleeping town and set forth.

My birthday began with the water-
Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name
 Above the farms and the white horses
 And I rose
 In rainy autumn
And walked abroad in a shower of all my days.
High tide and the heron dived when I took the road
 Over the border
 And the gates
Of the town closed as the town awoke.

A springful of larks in a rolling
Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
 Blackbirds and the sun of October
 Summery
 On the hill's shoulder,
Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
 To the rain wringing
 Wind blow cold
In the wood faraway under me.



ALLAN O AGORIAD UNDER MILK WOOD

You can hear the dew falling, and the hushed town breathing. Only your eyes are unclosed to see the black and folded town fast, and slow, asleep. And you alone can hear the invisible starfall, the darkest-before-dawn minutely dewgrazed stir of the black, dab-filled sea where the *Arethusa*, the *Curlew* and the *Skylark*, *Zanzibar*, *Rhiannon*, the *Rover*, the *Cormorant* and the *Star of Wales* tilt and ride.

Listen. It is night moving in the street, the processional salt slow musical wind in Coronation Street and Cockle Row, it is grass growing on Llareggub Hill, dewfall, starfall, the sleep of birds in Milk Wood.

ALLAN O 'FERN HILL':

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilted house and happy as the grass was green,
 The night above the dingle starry,
 Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
 Trail with daisies and barley
 Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
 In the sun that is young once only,
 Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
 And the sabbath rang slowly
 In the pebbles of the holy streams.



ALLAN O'R STORI 'A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S'

I woke late on my last morning, out of dreams where the Llanstephan Sea carried bright sailing boats as long as liners; and heavenly choirs in the Sticks, dressed in bards' robes and brass-buttoned waistcoats, sang in a strange Welsh to the departing sailors. Grandpa was not at breakfast; he rose early. I walked in the fields with a new sling, and shot at the Towy gulls and the rooks in the parsonage trees. A warm wind blew from the summer points of the weather; a morning mist climbed from the ground and floated among the trees and hid the noisy birds; in the mist and the wind my pebbles flew lightly up like hailstones in a world on its head. The morning passed without a bird falling.

NODIADAU PERSONOL

Gwnewch nodyn yma o unrhyw ddyfyniadau eraill sy'n apelio atoch chi o'ch ymchwil amdano: