

Dylan Thomas

Audio Guide transcript of National Sound Archive recording

His powerfully evocative verse has lived on after him. Here is *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, recorded in 1952.

'Years and years ago when I was a boy, when there were wolves in Wales and birds the colour of red flannel petticoats whisked past the hub-shaped hills. When we sang and wallowed all night and day in caves that smelt like Sunday afternoons in damp front farmhouse parlours, and we chased with a jaw-bones of deacons, the English and the bears. Before the motorcar, before the wheel, before the Duchess faced horse, when we rode the daft and happy hills bare-back. It snowed and it snowed. But here a small boy says: 'it snowed last year too – I made a snowman and my brother knocked it down, and I knocked my brother down and then we had tea.' 'But that was not the same snow', I say, 'our snow was not only shaken from whitewashed buckets down the sky, it came shawling out of the ground and swam and drifted out of the arms and hems and bodies of the trees. Snow grew overnight on the roofs of the houses like a pure and grandfather moss. Minutely -ivied on the walls and settled on the postman opening on the gate like a dumb, numb thunderstorm of white, torn Christmas skirts. Were they postmen then too?'