

3. Marwnad Madog ap Maredudd

Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr

edited and translated by Ann Parry Owen

- Cyfarchaf i'm Rhi rhad wobaith,
Cyfarchaf, cyferchais ganwaith,
I brofi prydu o'm prifiaith – eurgerdd
4 I'm harglwydd gedymdaith,
I gwynaw Madawg meddfaith, – ei alar
A'i alon ym mhob iaith:
Dôr ysgor, ysgwyd ganhymdaith,
8 Tarian yn aerwan, yn eurwaith,
Twrf grug yng ngoddug, yng ngoddaith,
Tarf esgar, ysgwyd yn nylaith.
Rhwyf myrdd cyrdd, cerddorion wobaith,
12 Rhudd, diludd, dileddf gedymdaith.
Rhygelwid Madawg cyn no'i laith
Rhwyd galon, difogion diffraith!
Rhwydd ataf, ateb fy ngobaith,
16 Rhydd wisgoedd Wesgwyn ganhymdaith;
Rhudd ongyr Brân fab Llŷr Llediaith,
Rhwydd ei glod o gludaw anrhaith,
Rhuddfoawg faon ni olaith,
20 Rhad wastad, wystlon ganhymdaith.
Llafn argrad yng nghad, yng nghunllaith,
Llafn gwyar a gân o gydwaith,
Llaw esgud dan ysgwyd galchfraith,
24 Llyw Powys, peues ddiobaith;
Hawl ofyn, gŵr ni'i myn mabwaith,
Hwyl ysgwn, ysgwyd pedeiriaith,
Hil tēyrn yn hēyrn henwaith,
28 Hael Fadawg, feuder anhywaith.
Can deryw, darfuam o'i laith,
Can daerawd, darfu gedymdaith!
Oedd beirddgar barddglwm dilediaith,
32 Oedd cadarn angor dyfnfor diffraith,
Oedd hir ei drwydded, oedd hyged, hygar,

Oedd llafar gwyar o'i gyfarwaith;
Oedd buelin blas, gwanas gwaedraith,
36 Oedd eurllew o aerllin Gadiaith;
Oedd difarn gadarn gedymdaith – unbyn,
Oedd dyn yn hëyrn, haearn dalaith.
A'i ddiwedd ys bo, can bu ei laith,
40 I ddifwyn y cam cymaint ei affaith,
Yng ngoleuder saint, yng ngoleudaith,
Yng ngoleuad rhad rhydid perffaith.

3. An elegy for Madog ap Maredudd

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- I ask of my King the assurance of a gift,
I ask, as I have asked a hundred times,
so that I may succeed in composing a splendid poem with my best language
4 for my lordly companion,
to mourn Madog of the mead feasts, his mourning
as well as his enemies in every land:
defender of a fortress, the companion of a shield,
8 a buckler in the rush of battle decorated with gold,
the noise of heather in a tumult, in a bonfire,
scatterer of the enemy, defender in disaster.
Leader of a myriad troops, the hope of poets,
12 unrestrained his gifts of burnished gold [or crimson clothes], a steadfast
companion,
Madog used to be called before his death
the snare of fierce, evil enemies!
He was generous to me, the answer to my hope,
16 a giver of abundant garments, the companion of Gascon stallions;
bearing the bloodstained ashen spear of Brân son of Llŷr Llediaith,
his fame was widespread because of bringing plunder,
not avoiding bloodstained, plundering men,
20 constant was his gift, companion of hostages.
A blade of terror in battle, in slaughter,
he likes a blade of blood from battle,
with a ready hand under an enamelled, multi-coloured shield,
24 lord of Powys, a country without hope;
claiming his due, a hero who does not want child's play,
swift in an attack, the defender of four nations,
of royal lineage in iron armour of old craftsmanship,
28 generous Madog, causing uncontrollable dread.
Since he has perished, we have perished because of his death,
since he has come to the grave, a companion has perished.
He was beloved of poets, with their song of flawless language,
32 he was a strong anchor in the desolate sea,
his hospitality was long-lasting, he was generous and courteous,

a battle resounded because of his fighting;
he was a place of drinking horns, an upholder of blood-right,
36 he was a splendid hero of the warlike stock of Cadiaith,
he was the irreproachable, steadfast companion of lords,
his fists were in iron gauntlets, his coronet was of iron.
And may his end, since his death has happened, be
40 to make up for an injustice of so great consequence,
in the light of the saints, on a bright journey,
in the blessed light of perfect freedom.