
4. Marwnad Meibion Cedifor *by Peryf ap Cedifor Wyddel*

edited by Morfydd Owen and translated by Ann Parry Owen

4 Tra fuam ein saith, trisaith – ni'n beiddai,
Ni'n ciliai cyn ein llaith;
Nid oes, ysywaeth, o'r saith
Namyn tri trin ddiolaeth.

8 Seithwyr y buam, dinam, – digythrudd,
Digyfludd eu cyflam,
Seithwyr ffyrf ffo ddiadlam,
Saith gynt ni gymerynt gam.

12 Can eddyw Hywel, hwyl ddi-oddef – cad
(Cydfuam gyd ag ef),
Handym oll goll gyfaddef,
Handid tegach teulu nef.

16 Meibion Cedifor, cyd ehelaeth – blant,
Yn y pant uch Pentraeth,
Buant brwysgion, braisg arfaeth,
Buant briw ger eu brawd-faeth.

20 Yn y berwid brad Brython – anghristiawn
O Gristin a'i meibion,
Ni bo dyn ym myw ym Môn
O'r Brochfaeliaid brychfoelion.

24 Er a ddêl o dda o ddala tir – present,
Preswylfod anghywir,
Â gwayw, gwae Ddafydd enwir!
Gwân gwalch rhyfel, Hywel hir.

4. Marwnad Meibion Cedifor *by Peryf ap Cedifor Wyddel*

edited by Morfydd Owen and translated by Ann Parry Owen

While we seven lived, three sevens would not challenge us,
they would not cause us to flee before our death;
alas, of the seven, there are
4 only three left who do not shun battle.

We were seven warriors, faultless and undaunted,
whose swift attack could not be hindered,
seven steadfast heroes from whom there was no place to flee,
8 seven who once would not tolerate any injustice.

Since Hywel has gone, the one who endured attack in battle
(we were there with him),
we all acknowledge the loss,
12 and the heavenly host will now be so much more beautiful.

The sons of Cedifor, offspring who were generous to each other, united
in the hollow above Pentraeth,
they were fierce, strong in their purpose,
16 they were wounded alongside their foster brother.

Where unchristian treachery was brewed against the Brython
by Cristin and her sons,
may there not be a single person alive in Anglesey
20 from the bald and freckled clan of Brochfael.

Despite all the wealth that may come from holding the land in this world
which is a deceitful dwelling-place,
it was with a spear (woe betide evil Dafydd!)
24 that the hawk of war was pierced, tall Hywel.