

1. Arwyrain Madog ap Maredudd

Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr

edited and translated by Ann Parry Owen

- Arddwyreaf naf o naw rhan—fy ngherdd,
O naw rhif angerdd, o naw rhyw fan,
I foli gwron gwryd Ogrfan,
Gorun môr-gymlawdd a'i goglawdd glan.
- 5 Pargoch glyw glewdraws, maws mab Cadfan,
Pell yd wledych wŷr wledig arnan;
Perging cyniwair, pair pedrydan,
Pedrydawg Fadawg, farchawg midlan.
Fy marddlef is nef nid anghyfan,
- 10 Fy marddair i'th Barth nid gwarth, nid gwan.
Taer am aer, am gaer, am gain walchlan,
Tew am lew trylew, traul arian can;
Tarf am gelennig torf am Galan,
Twrf ton ffraeth am draeth am draed gwylan.
- 15 Perierin yng ngofur, yng ngofan—fy ngwawd,
Pernawd parch folawd fal nad diflan.
Erchwyniawg esgar, ysgwyd trywan,
Eryfais i'th lys, Leisiawn gyman,
Ermideddawg lyn erbyn eurban,
- 20 Eurgyrn buelin, bueilgyrn ban.
Eirioed y perthaist parth ag atan
Emys llaw llamhir a dan lluman,
Erchlyfn archlun ceirw uch cain ebran,
Eiliw pysgawd glas, gleisiaid dylan.
- 25 Ermid ei greulaw ar y greulan,
Eryr ar gynrain er yn gynran,
Ergyrwayw cyngad ar feirch cyngan,
Erlyniad, fleiniad, flaidd cynfaran.
- Arwar fy ngwrddfar ar fy ngwrddfan—rwyf,
- 30 Canwyf—py ganwyf?—catglwyf cludfan:
Canaf can caraf, can wyf gwaethlfan,
Canu cerdd am borth am byrth clodfan;
Cyfodwch, cenwch, cenyf o'm ban,
A mi, feirdd, i mewn a chwi allan!

1. In praise of Madog ap Maredudd

Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr

edited and translated by Ann Parry Owen

I magnify a lord with the nine parts of my craft,
with nine-fold skill, with nine types of verse,
in order to praise a brave man of the stature of Ogrfan,
the turmoil of the sea's surge as it undermines the bank.

5 He of the bloody spear in a brave and steadfast army, the handsome descendant
of Cadfan,

the leader of valiant warriors will rule over us for a long time;
the leader in an attack, a perfect chieftain,
powerful Madog, a mounted warrior on the battlefield.

My poetry below heaven is not lacking,

10 my poetic language is no dishonour for you, neither is it ineffective.

[His men are] ardent for battle, surrounding a fortress, around a fine battlefield,
standing steadfast around a very brave lion, the distributor of shining silver;
the crowd trample around him for their gift on New-year's day,
with the commotion of a lively wave around the feet of a sea-gull.

15 A pilgrim in the security and the fashioning of my poem:
finely-fashioned is my poem of praise so that he is not forgotten.

The protector of foreigners, whose shield has been pierced,
I drank in your court, the perfect one from the stock of Lles,
an honourable drink from a fine cup,

20 from a golden drinking horn, fine drinking horns made of buffalo horn.

You have always sent us

young war-horses whose strides are long under a banner,
the shape of dapple and sleek stags fed on fine fodder,
of the same colour as young fish, young salmon of the sea.

25 Praiseworthy is his bloody hand on the field of blood,
an eagle presiding over distinguished warriors ever since he's been a prince,
like a flying spear in the vanguard, riding on horses which gallop in unison,
a persecutor and a prominent fighter, a wolf in a ferocious battle.

My strong passion for my strong and mighty prince is a thing of delight,

30 allow me to sing – what shall I sing? – of a famous and noble slayer in battle:

I will sing because I need to praise, because my voice is loud in debates,

I will sing a poem in exchange for sustenance by the doors of the renowned man;

get up, sing, I will sing from my superior place,

and I, poets, will go in and you will stay outside!