

5. Marwnad Llywelyn ap Gruffudd
by Gruffudd ab yr Ynad Coch

edited by Catherine McKenna and translated by Ann Parry Owen

- Oer galon dan fron o fraw—allwynin
Am frenin, dderwin ddôr Aberffraw,
Aur dilyfn a delid o'i law,
Aur dalaith oedd deilwng iddaw,
5 Eurgyrn eurdëyrn, ni'm daw—llewenydd:
Llywelyn nid rhydd i'm rhwydd wisgaw.
Gwae fi am arglwydd, gwalch diwaradwydd!
Gwae fi o'r aflwydd ei dramgwyddaw!
Gwae fi o'r golled! Gwae fi o'r dynged!
10 Gwae fi o'r clywed fod clwyf arnaw!
Gwersyll Cadwaladr, gwaesaf llif daradr,
Gwas rhudd ei baladr, balawg eurlaw:
Gwasgarawdd alaf, gwisgawdd bob gaeaf
Gwisgoedd amdanaf i amdanaw,
15 Bucheslawn arglwydd (ni'n llwydd ein llaw),
Buchedd dragywydd a drig iddaw!
Ys mau llid wrth Sais am fy nhreisiaw,
Ys mau rhag angau angen gwynaw,
Ys mau, gan ddefnydd, ymddifanw â Duw
20 A'm edewis hebddaw;
Ys mau ei ganmawl heb dawl, heb daw,
Ys mau, fyth bellach, ei faith bwyllaw,
Ys mau, i'm dynoedl, amdanaw—afar,
Can ys mau alar, ys mau wylaw.
25 Arglwydd a gollais, gallaf hirfraw,
Arglwydd teŷrnblas a las o law:
Arglwydd cywir gwir, gwarandaw—arnaf,
Uched y cwynaf, och o'r cwynaw!
Arglwydd llwydd cyn lladd y deunaw,
30 Arglwydd llary, neud llawr ysy daw,
Arglwydd glew fal llew yn llywiaw—elfydd,
Arglwydd aflonydd ei afluniaw,
Arglwydd canhadlwydd, cyn adaw—Emrais
Ni lyfasai Sais ei ogleisiaw:

35 Arglwydd neud maendo, ymandaw—Cymry,
 O'r llin a ddyly ddal Aberffraw.
 Arglwydd Grist, mor wyf drist drostaw
 (Arglwydd gwir gwared i ganthaw)
 O gleddyfawd trwm tramgwydd arnaw,
 40 O gleddyfau hir yn ei ddiriaw,
 O glwyf am fy rhwyf ysy'm rhwyfaw,
 O glywed lludded llyw Bod Faeaw!
 Cwbl a was a las o law—ysgeraint,
 Cwbl faint ei hynaint oedd ohonaw,
 45 Cannwyll teyrnedd, cadarnllew Gwynedd,
 Cadair anrhydedd: rhaid oedd wrthaw.
 O laith Prydain faith, cwynllaith canllaw,
 O ladd llew Nancoel, llurig Nancaw,
 Llawer deigr hylithr yn hwylaw—ar rudd,
 50 Llawer ystlys rhudd a rhwyg arnaw,
 Llawer gwaed am draed wedi ymdreiddiaw,
 Llawer gweddwl â gwaedd i amdanaw,
 Llawer meddwl trwm yn tramwyaw,
 Llawer mab heb dad gwedi ei adaw,
 55 Llawer hendref fraith gwedi llwybr goddaith
 A llawer diffraith drwy anrhaith draw,
 Llawer llef druan, fal ban fu Gamlan,
 Llawer deigr dros ran gwedi r'greiniaw.
 O leas gwanas, gwanar eurllaw,
 60 O laith Llywelyn, cof dyn ni'm daw.
 Oerfelawg calon dan fron o fraw,
 Rhewydd fal crinwydd ysy'n crinaw.
 Poni welwch chwi hynt y gwynt a'r glaw?
 Poni welwch chwi'r deri yn ymdaraw?
 65 Poni welwch chwi'r môr yn merwinaw—'r tir?
 Poni welwch chwi'r Gwir yn ymgyweiraw?
 Poni welwch chwi'r haul yn hwylaw—'r awyr?
 Poni welwch chwi'r sŵr wedi r'syrthiaw?
 Pani chredwch chwi i Dduw, ddyniaddon ynfyd?
 70 Pani welwch chwi'r byd wedi r'bydiaw?
 Och hyd atat Ti, Dduw, na ddaw—môr tros dir!
 Pa beth y'n gedir i ohiriaw?

Nid oes le y cyrcher rhag carchar braw,
 Nid oes le y trigier: och o'r trigiaw!
 75 Nid oes na chynghor na chlo nac egor,
 Unffordd i esgor brwyn gynghor braw.
 Pob teulu, teilwng oedd iddaw,
 Pob cedwyr, cedwynt adanaw,
 Pob dengyn a dyngynt o'i law,
 80 Pob gwledig, pob gwlad oedd eiddaw.
 Pob cantref, pob tref yn eu treiddiaw,
 Pob tylwyth, pob llwyth ysy'n llithraw;
 Pob gwan, pob cadarn cadwed o'i law,
 Pob mab yn ei grud ysy'n udaw.
 85 Bychan lles oedd im, am fy nhwyllaw,
 Gadael pen arnaf heb ben arnaw:
 Pen pan las, ni bu gas gymraw,
 Pen pan las, oedd lesach peidiaw;
 Pen milwr, pen moliant rhag llaw,
 90 Pen dragon, pen draig oedd arnaw,
 Pen Llywelyn deg: dygn a fraw—i'r byd
 Bod pawl haearn trwyddaw.
 Pen f'arglwydd, poen dygngwydd a'm daw,
 Pen f'enaidd heb fanag arnaw,
 95 Pen a fu berchen ar barch naw—canwlad
 A naw canwledd iddaw;
 Pen teŷrn, hēŷrn hēid o'i law,
 Pen teŷrnwalch balch, bwlch edeifnaw,
 Pen teŷrnaidd, flaid flaengar, ganhaw:
 100 Pen teŷrnedd nef, Ei nawdd arnaw!

Gwyndēŷrn (orthŷrn wrthaw—gwendorf Gorf)
 Gorfynt hynt hyd Lydaw,
 Gwir freiniawl frenin Aberffraw,
 Gwenwlad nef boed addef iddaw!

5. Elegy for Llywelyn ap Gruffudd by Gruffudd ab yr Ynad Coch

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- 1 My heart is cold in the breast because of a frightful shock
2 concerning a king, the sturdy defender of Aberffraw,
3 he used to dispense bright gold with his hand,
4 he was worthy of a golden crown,
5 a splendid king of golden drinking horns, there is no more happiness for
me:
6 Llywelyn is no longer free to generously provide me with clothing.
7 I grieve for a lord, for a hawk who was beyond reproach!
8 I grieve because of the tragedy of his overthrowing!
9 I grieve because of loosing him! I grieve because of his fate!
10 I grieve that I've heard that he has been wounded!
11 His fortress was that of Cadwaladr, a protector against a stream of
spears,
12 a lad with the red spear, a generous leader:
13 he shared riches, and every winter
14 he removed his garments and placed them upon me,
15 lord of a large herd of cattle (our leader no longer brings us success)
16 may he enjoy life everlasting!
17 I feel rage towards the Englishman for crushing me,
18 mine is to lament the necessity brought about by death,
19 mine (and I have reason!) is to reproach God
20 who has left me without him;
21 mine is to praise him without stinting or becoming quiet,
22 mine, forever, is to contemplate his achievements for a long time,
23 mine, during my lifetime, will be sorrow for him,
24 and since mine is grief, weeping will also be mine.
25 I've lost a lord, I will feel fear for a long time,
26 the lord of a royal palace who has been slain by a hand:
27 a true and perfect lord, listen to me,
28 I mourn so loudly, woe to the mourning!
29 A lord who enjoyed success before the slaying of the eighteen,
30 a generous lord, – the one who is now silent was a champion –
31 a lord brave as a lion governing his land,

32 a lord creating havoc without rest.
33 A lord whose cause flourished, before he left the land of Emrys
34 no Englishman would have dared to wound him:
35 lord under a stone roof, leader of Wales,
36 from the lineage which has the right to hold Aberffraw.
37 Lord Christ, I am so sad for him
38 (the true Lord from whom comes salvation)
39 because he has been cast to the ground by a heavy sword-blow,
40 because he has been overthrown by long swords,
41 because of the hurt for my leader which is upsetting me,
42 because of hearing about the exhaustion of Bodfaeo's chieftain!
43 A perfect lad was killed by his enemy's hand,
44 he was the embodiment of his forebears' full privileges,
45 the candle of kings, the steadfast lion of Gwynedd,
46 the throne of honour: he was our necessity.
47 Following a death of all Britain, grief due to the death of our supporter,
48 following the slaying of Nantcol's lion, the breastplate of Nantcaw,
49 many a slippery tear flows down the cheek,
50 many a blooded side has gashes in it,
51 much blood has collected around feet,
52 many a widow is wailing because of him,
53 many a sad mind wandering,
54 many a son left without a father,
55 many an ash-coloured homestead following the firebrand's course,
56 and many a wasteland yonder due to the ravaging,
57 many a sorry wail, as at the battle of Camlan,
58 many a tear having trickled down a cheek.
59 Because of the death of our leader, the golden-handed prince,
60 because of the death of Llywelyn, I have lost my mind.
61 My heart is extremely cold in the breast because of the shock,
62 and passion for life is shrivelling like withered trees.
63 Don't you see the course of the wind and rain?
64 Don't you see the oak trees thrashing against each other?
65 Don't you see the gnawing at the land?
66 Don't you see the Judgement being prepared?
67 Don't you see the sun crossing the sky?
68 Don't you see that the stars have fallen?
69 Don't you believe in God, you foolish people?

70 Don't you see that the world is in peril?
 71 Woe to us, God, that the sea does not cover the land!
 72 Why are we left here to linger?
 73 There is no place to escape from terror's prison,
 74 there is no place to live: woe to us our living!
 75 There is no counsel, no lock or key,
 76 nor any means of being freed from fear's sad warning.
 77 Every retinue was deserving of him,
 78 every soldier supported him,
 79 every strong man swore by his hand,
 80 every lord and every lordship was his.
 81 Every cantref and every township has now been usurped,
 82 every household, every family line is failing;
 83 every weak person, every strong person was cared for under his
 authority,
 84 every child is now crying loudly in his cradle.
 85 Because I was deceived, little good did it do me
 86 to have my head left in place whilst his was removed:
 87 when the head was cut off, it didn't cause his enemy any bitterness,
 88 when the head was cut off, it would have been better not;
 89 the head of a soldier, the head which will be praised,
 90 the head of a dragon, the head of a hero was his,
 91 the head of handsome Llywelyn: harsh fear for the world
 92 is the fact that there is an iron spike through it.
 93 The head of my lord, its harsh fall brings me pain,
 94 the head of my friend with no sign on it,
 95 the head that owned the esteem of nine-hundred lordships,
 96 nine hundred feasts were his;
 97 the head of a king, iron spears were sown from his hand,
 98 the head of a royal and proud hawk, causing a breach,
 99 the head of kings was his, the daring wolf:
 100 the head of heaven's kings, may His patronage be his!

101 Blessed king (may the ruler of the heavenly host be wonderful towards
 him)
 102 his career's ambition taking him as far as Brittany,
 103 the true and rightful king of Aberffraw,
 104 may the blessed land of heaven be his home!