

8. Moliant i Wiliam Gruffudd o Gochwillan

gan Guto'r Glyn

edited and translated by Eurig Salisbury, www.gutorglyn.net, poem 55

- 4 Mae gwahawdd ym a gohir
Draw gan hael i drigo'n hir:
Wiliam ap Gruffudd waywlas
Ap Rhobin, gwreiddin y gras.
I'w dai y'm gwahoddai hwn
Ac i'm hoes drwy gomhisiwn.
8 Mawr amod ym a rwymodd,
Mwy yw fy rhwym am fy rhodd.
Mae da Wiliam i'm dwylaw,
Mae'n feistr ym yn f'oes draw.
12 Gwely ares goleurym
A siambr deg sy'n barod ym.
Mae yno i ddyn mwyn a ddêl
Fwrdd a chwpwrdd a chapel
16 A gwyh allor Gwchwillan
Ac aelwyd teg i gael tân;
Y mae deuwres i 'mdiro:
Ei goed o'r glyn gyda'r glo.
20 Gwledd fraisg ac ymgeledd fry,
Gwin aml a'i gywain ymy.
Ni châi Ddafydd, llywydd llwyd,
Gan Ifor ryw giniewfwyd;
24 Iolo Goch ni welai gael
Rhyw fwythau yn nhref Ithael.
Eiddil yw llu i ddal llys
Wrth enaid yr wyth ynys;
28 Nid gwyhder, nid gwayw awchdwn,
Nid hael hael ond dwylaw hwn.
Fy nef, ei fro ef, erioed
Fu lan Ogwen flaeneугоed.
32 Mi af i'w lys, mwyfwy wledd,
Mal eidion moel i adwedd;
Ni ddof fyth o Wynedd fawr
O dai Wiliam hyd elawr.
36 Bwrw ydd wyf, beraidd ofeg,
Breuglod hir i'r briglwyd teg.
Samson yn awchlôn a wnaeth

40 Â'i flew arian filwriaeth;
Wiliam â'i wallt, waywlym wr,
Arial mawl, yw'r ail milwr.
Tew ei blaid, llonaid pob llys,
Trwy Wynedd a'r tair ynys:
44 Llwyn o iachau'n llawn iechyd,
Llin y gŵr, yw Llŷn i gyd.
Môn a ddaw i'r man ydd êl,
Meirionnydd, mae ar annel.
48 Blodau aml ei blaid yma,
Blodeuyn y ddeuddyn dda,
Ei dad a'i fam, odid fyth
Rôl haelion ryw wehelyth.
52 O'u mab hirbraff mae perbren
Y sy grair i sir Gaer wen.
Y sirif fyth oeswr fo
A swyddau'r wlad sy eiddo.
56 Mal Gwilym ail y gelwynt
Mab Gruffudd ar gynnydd gynt;
Urddas o enw, gras a grym,
I hwn eilwaith hen Wilym!

8. In Praise of Wiliam Gruffudd of Cochwillan *by Guto'r Glyn*

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- There's an invitation and delay for me
from a generous man yonder to reside for a long time:
Wiliam ap Gruffudd ap Rhobin blue his spear,
4 root of the kindness.
This man invited me to his houses
and for the rest of my life through a commission.
He bound a great agreement for me,
8 greater is my bond because of my gift.
Wiliam's wealth is in my hands,
he's my master yonder in my time.
A bright and sturdy arras bed
12 and a fair chamber are ready for me.
There are for a gentle man who comes there
a table and cupboard and chapel
and Cochwillan's brilliant altar
16 and a fair hearth for a fire;
there are two types of heat for warming:
his trees from the glen along with the coal.
A sumptuous feast and sustenance above,
20 plenty of wine and it all gathered for me.
Dafydd, grey-headed leader,
wouldn't get such a meal from Ifor;
Iolo Goch wouldn't see himself receive
24 such luxury in Ithel's home.
A host of people are feeble in terms of holding court
in comparison with the loved one of the eight islands;
there's no brilliance, there's no spear with a notched edge,
28 there's no extremely generous man apart from this man's hands.
My heaven was always the bank
of the sylvan-sourced river Ogwen, his land.
I'll go to his court like a bald bullock goes homeward,
32 a greater and greater feast;
I'll never come from great Gwynedd
from Wiliam's houses until I'm on my bier.

I'm casting a flowing, ample song of praise
36 for the fair, grey-headed man, sweet intent.
Samson eagerly did a soldier's work

with his silver hair;
Wiliam with his hair is the second soldier,
40 sharp-speared man, essence of praise.
His family is abundant throughout Gwynedd
and the three realms, the full of every court:
the whole of Llŷn is a wood of pedigrees
44 full of health, the man's lineage.
Anglesey will come to the place he goes,
Meirionnydd is ready.
His family are numerous flowers here,
48 flower of two good people,
his father and mother,
hardly ever would generous people provide such stock.
From their tall and strong son there is a luscious tree
52 that is a treasure for fair Caernarfonshire.
May the sheriff always be my contemporary
and the duties of the land are his.
They'd call him a second progressing
56 Gwilym son of Gruffudd of yore;
may this man have honour, grace
and strength again by old Gwilym's renown!