

6. Cywydd Mawl i Ifor Hael

by Dafydd ap Gwilym

edited and translated by Dafydd Johnston, dafyddapgwilym.net, poem 13

Ifor, aur o faerwriaeth
Deg yw'r fau, diegr o faeth.
Dewraf wyd ac euraf gwr
4 Dy ddilyn, dieiddilwr:
Myned o'm gwlad, dyfiad iôr,
Â'th glod, a dyfod, Ifor.
Myfi yw, ffraethlyw ffrwythlawn,
8 Maer dy dda, mawr yw dy ddawn.
Ys dewr, ystyriol ydwyd,
Ystôr ym, ys da wr wyd.
Telaïs yt wawd tafawd hoyw,
12 Telaist ym fragod duloyw.
Rhoist ym swllt, rhyw ystum serch,
Rhoddaf yt brifenw Rhydderch.
Cyfarf arf, eirf ni'th weheirdd,
16 Cyfaillt a mab aillt y beirdd,
Cadarn wawr, cedyrn wiwryw,
Caeth y glêr, cywaethog lyw.
Da wyd a syberw dy ach,
20 Duw a fedd, dau ufuddach
Wyd i'th fardd, pellgardd pwyllgall,
Llywiwr llu, no'r llaw i'r llall.
O'm iaith y rhyllunieithir,
24 Air nid gwael, arnad y gwir.
O'm pen fy hun, pen cun cyrdd,
Y'th genmyl wyth ugeinmyrdd.
Hyd yr ymdaith dyn eithaf,
28 Hyd y try, hwyl hy, haul haf,
Hyd yr hêir y gwenith,
A hyd y gwlych hoywdo gwllith,
Hyd y sych gwynt, hynt hyntiaw,
32 A hyd y gwlych hoywdeg law,
Hyd y gwyl golwg digust,
Hydr yw, a hyd y clyw clust,

Hyd y mae iaith Gymrâeg,
A hyd y tyf hadau teg,
Hardd Ifor, hoywryw ddefod,
Hir dy gledd, hëir dy glod.

6. A Cywydd of praise for Ifor Hael by Dafydd ap Gwilym

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Ifor, a fair golden stewardship
is mine, sweet nurture.
You are the bravest man and the most lucrative
4 to serve, mighty man:
taking your praise from my land,
and returning, Ifor of lordly stature.
I am the steward of your goods,
8 eloquent fruitful leader, you are greatly gifted.
You are a good and brave man,
you are thoughtful, a storehouse for me.
I paid you lively poetry,
12 you paid me dark shining bragget.
You gave me a shilling, a gesture of love,
I will give you Rhydderch's epithet.
Fully-armed fighter, weapons do not curb you,
16 poets' companion and their serf,
strong lord, of the fine stock of strong men,
slave of minstrels, wealthy leader.
Your genealogy is good and noble,
20 by God the Ruler, you are twice as faithful
to your poet as one hand to the other,
wise-minded governor of a host who shuns dishonour.
Through my language the truth about you
24 is expressed, no mean word.
From my own mouth eight-score thousand
praise you, chief lord of hosts.
As far as man's furthest journey,
28 as far as the summer sun goes, bold course,
as far as wheat is sown,
and as far as the lovely covering of dew wets,
as far as wind dries, travelling a path,
32 and as far as fair rain wets,
as far as clear eyesight can see,
it is powerful, and as far as ear can hear,

as far as the Welsh language is [spoken]
and as far as fair seeds grow,
handsome Ifor, splendid custom,
long is your sword, your praise is spread.