

## 7. Moliant i Lys Owain Glyndŵr yn Sycharth *gan Iolo Goch*

*edited and translated by Dafydd Johnston, Iolo Goch Poems (1993), poem 10*

- 4           Addewais hyd hyn ddwywaith,  
              Addewid teg, addo taith;  
              Taled bawb, tâl hyd y bo,  
              Ei addewid a addawo.  
              Pererindawd, ffawd ffyddlawn,  
              Perwyl mor annwyl, mawr iawn,  
8           Myned, eidduned oddáin,  
              Lles yw, tua llys Owain;  
              Yn oddáin yno ydd af,  
              Nid drwg, yno y trigaf  
              I gymryd i'm bywyd barch  
12           Gydag ef o gydgyfarch;  
              Fo all fy naf, uchaf ach,  
              Eurben claer, erbyn cleiriach;  
              Clod bod, cyd boed alusen,  
16           Ddiwarth hwyl, yn dda wrth hen.  
              I'w lys ar ddyfrys ydd af,  
              O'r deucant odidocaf;  
              Llys barwn, lle syberwyd,  
20           Lle daw beirdd aml, lle ba byd;  
              Gwawr Bowys fawr, beues Faig,  
              Gofuned gwiw ofynaig.
- 24           Llyna'r modd a'r llun y mae  
              Mewn eurgylch dwfr mewn argae:  
              (Pand da'r llys?) pont ar y llyn,  
              Ac unporth lle'r âi ganpyn;  
              Cyplau sydd, gwaith cwplws ýnt,  
28           Cwpledig pob cwpl ydynt;  
              Clochdy Padrig, Ffrengig ffrwyth,  
              Clostr Wesmustr, clostir esmwyth;  
              Cynglynrhwym pob congl unrhyw,  
32           Cangell aur, cyngan oll yw;  
              Cynglynion yn fronfron fry,

Dordor megis daearddy,  
 A phob un fal llun llyngwlm  
 36 Sydd yn ei gilydd yn gwlm;  
 Tai nawplad fold deunawplas,  
 Tai pren glân mewn top bryn glas;  
 Ar bedwar piler eres  
 40 Mae'i lys ef i nef yn nes;  
 Ar ben pob piler pren praff  
 Llofft ar dalgrofft adeilgraff,  
 A'r pedair llofft o hoffter  
 44 Yn gydgwplws lle cwsg clêr;  
 Aeth y pedair disgleirlofft,  
 Nyth lwyth teg iawn, yn wyth lofft;  
 To teils ar bob tŷ talwg,  
 48 A simnai lle magai'r mwg;  
 Naw neuadd gyfladd gyflun,  
 A naw gwardrob ar bob un,  
 Siopau glân glwys cynnwys cain,  
 52 Siop lawndeg fal Siêp Lundain;  
 Croes eglwys gylchlwys galchliw,  
 Capelau â gwydrau gwiw;  
 Pobty llawn pobtu i'r llys,  
 56 Perllan, gwinllan ger gwenllys;  
 Melin deg ar ddifreg ddŵr,  
 A'i glomendy gloyw maendwr;  
 Pysgodlyn, cudduglyn cau,  
 60 A fo rhaid i fwrw rhwydau;  
 Amlaf lle, nid er ymliw,  
 Penhwyaid a gwyniaid gwiw,  
 A'i dir bwrdd a'i adar byw,  
 64 Peunod, crehyrod hoywryw;  
 Dolydd glân gwyrn a gwair,  
 Ydau mewn caeau cywair,  
 Parc cwning ein pôr cenedl,  
 68 Erydr a meirch hydr, mawr chwedl;  
 Gerllaw'r llys, gorlliwio'r llall,  
 Y pawr ceirw mewn parc arall;  
 Ei gaith a wna pob gwaith gwiw,

72        Cyfreidiau cyfar ydiw,  
Dwyn blaendrwyth cwrw Amwythig,  
Gwirodau bragodau brig,  
Pob llyn, bara gwyn a gwin,  
76        A'i gig a'i dân i'w gegin;  
Pebyll y beirdd, pawb lle bo,  
Pe beunydd, caiff pawb yno;  
Tecaf llys bren, pen heb bai,  
80        O'r deyrnas, nawdd Duw arnai;  
A gwraig orau o'r gwragedd,  
Gwyn fy myd o'i gwin a'i medd!  
Merch eglur llin marchoglyw,  
84        Urddol hael anianol yw;  
A'i blant a ddeuant bob ddau,  
Nythaid teg o benaethau.

Anfynych iawn fu yno  
88        Weled na chliced na chlo,  
Na phorthoriaeth ni wnaeth neb;  
Ni bydd eisiau, budd oseb,  
Na gwall na newyn na gwarth,  
92        Na syched fyth yn Sycharth.  
Gorau Cymro, tro trylew,  
Piau'r wlad, lin Pywer Lew,  
Gŵr meingryf, gorau mangre,  
96        A phiau'r llys, hoff yw'r lle.

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## 7. In Praise of Owain Glyndŵr's Court at Sycharth by Iolo Goch

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- I have promised twice before now,  
fair promise, promising a journey;  
let everyone fulfill, as much as is due,  
4 his promise which he promises.  
A very great pilgrimage,  
certain prosperity, such a dear destination,  
is going, swift promise,  
8 it is beneficial, towards Owain's court;  
swiftly will I go there,  
not bad, there will I dwell  
to bring honour into my life  
12 by exchanging greetings with him;  
my liege can, highest lineage,  
bright golden head, receive an old codger;  
it is praiseworthy, though it be but alms,  
16 course without shame, to be kind to the old.  
I will go to his court in haste,  
the most splendid of the two hundred;  
a baron's court, place of refinement,  
20 where many poets come, place of the good life;  
queen of great Powys, Maig's land,  
promise of good hope.
- This is its manner and its form  
24 in a bright circle of water within an embankment:  
(isn't the court fine?) a bridge on the lake,  
and one gate through which would go a hundred loads;  
there are couples, they are couple work,  
28 every couple is coupled together;  
Patrick's bellhouse, French fruit,  
the cloister of Westminster, comfortable enclosure;  
each corner is bound together in the same way,  
32 golden chancel, it is entirely symmetrical;  
bonds side by side above,

cheek-to-cheek like an earthhouse,  
and every one looking like a tight knot  
36 is tied fast to the next one;  
nine-plated buildings on the scale of eighteen mansions,  
fair wooden buildings on top of a green hill;  
on four wonderful pillars  
40 his court is nearer to heaven;  
on top of each stout wooden pillar  
a loft built firmly on the summit of a croft,  
and the four lofts of loveliness  
44 coupled together where poets sleep;  
the four bright lofts turned,  
a very fair nest load, into eight lofts;  
a tiled roof on every house with frowning forehead,  
48 and a chimney from which the smoke would grow;  
nine symmetrical identical halls,  
and nine wardrobes by each one,  
bright fair shops with fine contents,  
52 a lovely full shop like London's Cheapside;  
a cross-shaped church with a fair chalk-coloured exterior,  
chapels with splendid glass windows;  
a full bakehouse on every side of the court,  
56 an orchard, a vineyard by a white court;  
a lovely mill on flowing water,  
and his dovecot with bright stone tower;  
a fishpond, hollow enclosure,  
60 what is needed to cast nets;  
place most abounding, not for dispute;  
in pike and fine sewin,  
and his bord-land and his live birds,  
64 peacocks, splendid herons;  
bright meadows of grass and hay,  
corn in well-kept fields,  
the rabbit park of our patriarch,  
68 ploughs and sturdy horses, great words;  
by the court, outshining the other,  
stags graze in another park;  
his serfs perform all fitting tasks,

72 those are the necessities of an estate,  
bringing the best brew of beer from Shrewsbury,  
liquors of foaming bragget  
every drink, white bread and wine,  
76 and his meat and his fire for his kitchen;  
shelter of poets, everyone wherever he be,  
were it daily, he will have everyone there,  
loveliest wooden court, chief without fault,  
80 of the kingdom, may God protect it;  
and the best woman of all women,  
blessed am I by her wine and her mead!  
Fair girl from the line of a knightly ruler,  
84 she is dignified and noble by nature;  
and his children come in pairs,  
a fine nestful of chieftains.

Very rarely was bolt or lock  
88 to be seen there,  
nor did anyone act as porter;  
there will be no want, beneficial gift,  
nor lack not hunger nor shame,  
92 Nor ever thirst in Sycharth.  
The best Welshman, valorous feat,  
owns the country, of Pywer Lew's line,  
slender strong man, best spot,  
96 and owns the court, splendid is the place.