

Gutun Owain, Awdl-gywydd i Ddafydd Abad Glynn Egwestl

L'Oeuvre Poétique de Gutun Owain (ed. E. Bachellery, Paris, 1950), 179–81

Y pab o'r Glynn pybyr glod
Yw'n vn nod, yn enwedic:
Davydd ddoeth, dof y'w ddehol,
Bevno'r ddôl, eb vn awr ddic:
O galonn a rroddion rrad,
Odid abad o'i debic.
Llu ym o veirdd lle 'mae vo,
Yn kael yno 'n kalenic,
A'n bwrdd lle 'r ydym yn byw,
Gwell yw no gwledd Gelliwic:
Dismed a bowyd esmwyth
Ac wyth wasanaeth o gic,
Heilo gwin yn yhelaeth,
A maeth, val Ieirll y Mwythic,
Powdr llysiav siopav y sydd
Ar ddiodydd vrddedic
A'r swgr mewn seigiav, a'r mas
I ddwyn blas i ddyn blysic:
Kynnes ydiw 'r vynwes vav
Kann vwydav kynevodic
Vy llys rrydd bevnydd lle 'bai
A dalai wledd Nodolic.
A gar dyn ond y gŵr du?
Elw yw karv ail Kuric.
Yr rroi byth mwya rraib oedd,
Bvnoedd bob gŵyl arbenic,
Ni'n gâd, arglwydd abad glân,
Eb arian gan bob oric:
Os gwrthod ŵr nod o'n iaith
Aur ganwaith yr i gynic,
Rrodd Ivor yn Ior a wnai
Ar vwnai aur y'w venic.
Val mab anarab o nwyf
Ar vaeth wyf ar v' eithevic:
Is Hyrddin ar win yr ioed, –
A'i goed, – yr wyf drigiedic:
Ni allaf adaw Davydd
Awr o'r dydd, eryr diddic,
Nis rrof yr pab nac abad,
O wlad Gvnedda Wledic:
Vwch vydd, a'm naf, – o Iâl,
– Wr a'i tâl, – i Ryd Helic;
Os rroi a chynal llys rydd,
Davydd yw y penndevic;
Os o glod yn y wisc laes,

Aed â'r maes, owdyr mvsic!
Gair Nvdd oll y'n gŵr-ni 'dd â,
Swydd Assa sy ddewisic.
Bid i grair bywyd y Groes
Bedeiroes y byd oric!

Gutun Owain, *Awdl-gywydd* to Dafydd, Abbot of Valle Crucis

(Translation: Dafydd Johnston)

The renowned pope of the Vale
Is our sole target in person:
Wise Dafydd, I come to choose him,
St Beuno of the valley, never surly:
For goodness of heart and bounty
There is hardly an abbot like him.
We poets crowd wherever he is,
Getting our gifts there,
And our table where we dwell,
It is better than the feast of Camelot:
Delicacies and easy living
And eight courses of meat,
Wine poured in abundance,
And nourishment, like the Earls of Shrewsbury,
There is powdered spice from shops
On high-class drinks
And sugar in dishes of food, and mace
To whet the gourmet's appetite:
My breast is warmed
By the accustomed foods
Of the court open to me every day
Where there is one who would pay for a Christmas feast.
Is anyone loved but this dark-haired man?
It is profitable to love this second Curig.
Although he has always given (greatest booty ever)
Pounds on every high festival,
The fair lord abbot will not leave us
Without money a single moment:
If a good man of our nation refuses
Gold despite being offered a hundred times,
Our lord would make Ifor's gift
Of gold coins in his gloves.
I am like a young man of sober disposition
In fosterage with my sturdy ox:
I dwell always in wine
Below Hyrddin and its woods:
I cannot leave Dafydd
At any hour of the day, genial eagle,
I would not exchange him for any pope or abbot,
He of the land of Cunedda Wledig:
He will be higher – he is worth them all –
My lord from Yale to Rhydhelig (i.e. all of Powys);
If it is a matter of giving and holding open court,
Dafydd is the chieftain;
If for praise in the flowing robes,
Let him carry the day, composer of music!

All the renown of Nudd the Generous goes to our man,
He is the choice for Asaph's seat.
May the treasure of the life of the Cross
Have four lifetimes of this world in an instant!