

**Owain Gwynedd,
Cywydd gorchestol, wyneb y'ngwrthwyneb, i Sion Lewis Owain, wrth Ddolgellau**

[Rhys Jones, *Gorchestion beirdd cymru : neu flodau godidowgrwydd awen*
(Caernarfon, 1864), 248–50]

Glain gwiw arwydd, glân geirwir,
Eglur ei swydd, a glyw'r sir:
Glain a goelir, glân galon,
Gloyw enaid sir, glân wyd Sion.

Glain aur mâd, galon îr Mai,
Gloyw iawn dyfiad, glain difai
Defod fo, difai hyd fead,
Da tyfo dy etifedd;
Yr wyrion a oreurir,
O nod Sion, enaid y sir.
Synwyr at wÿs, seiniai'r tad,
Sion Lewys sy'n oleuad.
I ruwlio'r tir araul teg,
Eich henwir yn ychwaneg.
E glodforir gwlad Feirion,
A chwe' sir, o achos Sion.
Mae ar redeg mawr radau,
Ras Duw teg i'r ystod tau,
Goleuni a ga'lynir,
Canwyll wyt ti, canllaw tir ;
A di gynen wyd ganwyll,
A drig yn ben draw gan bwyll,
Duw a dynion da 'dwaeniad
A dylun dôn dy lân dad;
Y wlad gain oludog wedd,
Lewys Owain lwys hoywedd,
Y gair draw, a'i gariad rodd,
Yn ei ddwylaw a ddaliodd;
Dyn a'i daliodd do'n deilwng,
Dal un modd dy law'n y mwng,
Denu'r llu da iawn yw'r lle,
Dal iau gallu Dolgelle.
Prynwyd haelwyd pren talaeth,
Palis dawn wyd, Pilstwn iaith;
Gem aur sydd gymhares uwch,
A gyd gyrydd gwaed goruwch;
O ryw union, aur waneg,
Eres loyw dôn Wr'sle deg;
Aur oedd ei dau a'i rud i dart,
Wrth drasau ei thad Risiart.
Aed a'r bêl hyd hir y bo,
Heb air uchel, heb wrychio:
Doi'n wehelyth dan heulwen,

Dylen' byth dy alw yn ben;
Da'r adw'en dy air ydyw,
Doi di'n ben, o duw dyn byw;
Doi i enyn daioni,
Ni ddaw dyn, oni ddoi di.
Bwrw am wiwryw bro Meirion,
Bo un o'r rhyw'n ben ar hon:
Nid trachryf natur wychrol,
Eith un a dyf o'th ryw'n d'ol.
Di a euri dy warau
Yn d'ôl di un a dal dau;
Doeth wiwdon Duw i'th ado,
I'r dîd fôn er dâed fo.

Owain Gwynedd to Siôn Lewis Owain

(Translation: Dafydd Johnston)

Jewel of true sign, pure and truthful,
Prominent his office, who secures the county:
A trusted jewel, pure heart,
Bright soul of the county, you are pure Siôn.
Good golden jewel, heart to the month of May,
Bright straight growth, pure and faultless.
May it be a custom, faultless to the grave,
May your heir grow well;
The grandchildren will be gilded
By Siôn's mark, soul of the county.
Sense for summons, the father voiced,
Siôn Lewys is a light.
To rule the shining fair land
You are named in addition.
The country of Meirion is celebrated,
And six counties, on account of Siôn.
Great blessings are running,
The grace of the fair God to your course.
A light which is followed,
You are a candle, land's handrail;
And you are a peaceful candle
Which endures yonder as a chief in wisdom.
God and men knew well
And followed the tune of your pure father;
The fine wealthy land,
Fair handsome Lewys Owain,
The renown yonder, and his loving gift,
In his hands he held them;
A man who did hold it worthily,
Hold your hand in the mane in the same way,
Attract the host, the place is excellent,
Hold the yoke of Dolgellau's power.
The tree of the kingdom was bought and dispensed,
You are the palisade of bounty, Pilston's stock;
Your consort is a golden jewel
Who reaches exalted blood with you,
Of good breeding, golden wave,
Wonderful bright tune, fair Ursula;
Golden were her parents and their red spear
In the ancestry of her father Richard.
May she carry the ball for a long time,
Without a loud word, without bristling.
You will become a lineage in the sunshine,
They should ever call you chief;
Well do I know, it is your renown,
You will be chief, if any living man will.

You will come to inspire goodness,
If you do not, no man will.
Taking account of the good stock of Merion's land,
May one of the stock be head of the land.
No valiant nature will be dominant
Except one who grows from your stock after you.
You will gild your napes,
After you one will be worth two;
Fine wise tone, may God preserve you
In pole position however high that be.