



## Derw a chwrw a chân

Dwy gerdd gan Huw Morys (1622–1709)

Two poems by Huw Morys (1622–1709)

Canwyd y ddwy gerdd ofyn hyn i bobl yn Nyffryn Ceiriog, y naill yn Rhiwlas Uwch-foel – sef, yn fras, yr ardal rhwng Tregeiriog a'r Pandy – a'r llall yn Llanarmon. Mae'r gyntaf wedi ei chanu ar ran y tlotyn Rolant y Cobler, hen filwr a fu'n ymladd gynt yn y Rhyfeloedd Cartref, a ddymunai wahodd ei gyfeillion ym mhlwyfi Llansilin a Llangadwaladr i'w gartref i yfed cwrw – ac i dalu amdano! Cyflwynwyd petisiwn am fudd-dâl ar ran Rolant yn 1665 am iddo ddioddef '*seu[er]all hurts & maymes*' yn sgil ymladd dros y brenin mewn rhes o frwydrau, yn cynnwys brwydr enwog Naseby (1645), a gellir ystyried y gerdd hon yn yr un modd fel petisiwn ar gân. Yn wir, gwnaeth Huw fwy na'i siâr i helpu ei gymydog agos: canodd ddwy gerdd arall i Rolant, y naill i wahodd ei gymdogion yn Rhiwlas Uwch-foel i'r un parti a'r llall i ofyn cap mownturo ar ei ran. Canwyd yr ail gerdd isod ar ran Rhisiart Siamas, tafarnwr gweithgar o Lanarmon. Roedd Rhisiart â'i lygad ar dderwen fawr a dyfai ar dir Edward Hanmer o'r Bryn, trefgordd ym mhlwyf Llanyblodwel. Ni thyfai yn Llanarmon ond *drain geirwon*, yn ôl Huw, a hoffai Rhisiart glirio'r tir – naill er mwyn adeiladu arno neu, efallai, ei aredig – gydag offer a wnâi o'r pren. Mae'r ddwy gerdd yn enghreifftiau gwych o ddefnyddioldeb barddoniaeth ac o berthynas agos Huw â phobl ei ddyffryn ei hun.

These two poems of request were sung to people in the Ceiriog Valley, one in Rhiwlas Uwch-foel – roughly the area between Tregeiriog and Pandy – and the other in Llanarmon. The first poem was composed on behalf of Rolant the Cobbler, a poor Civil War veteran who wished to invite his friends in the parishes of Llansilin and Llangadwaladr to his home to drink beer – and to pay for it! A petition presented on Rolant's behalf in 1665 mentions *seu[er]all hurts & maymes* that he suffered as a result of fighting for the king in a series of battles, including the famous battle of Naseby (1645), and this poem can be considered in the same way as a petition in verse. In fact, Huw did more than his share to help his close neighbour: he composed two other poems to Rolant, one to invite his neighbours in Rhiwlas Uwch-foel to the same party and another to ask for a montero cap on his behalf. The second poem below was sung on behalf of Rhisiart Siamas, an industrious publican from Llanarmon. Rhisiart had his eye on a large oak that grew on the land of Edward Hanmer of Bryn, a township in the parish of Llanyblodwel. According to Huw, only '*drain geirwon*' 'rough thorns' grew in Llanarmon, and Rhisiart would like to clear the land – either in order to build on it or, perhaps, to plough it – with tools he made from the wood. Both poems are great examples of the utility of Welsh poetry and of Huw's close relationship with the people of his valley.

## Hela'r cwmni glana' 'Nghred

Gwahodd gwŷr Cynllaith i gwrw cymorth Rolant y Cobler o Riwlas Uwch-foel

Alaw: Hela'r Ysgyfarnog

- Hyd atoch, gwŷr Cynlleth, gorchmynna'i 'ngwysaneth;  
Nid mater cymyrreth o'r gyfreth yw'r gân,  
Ond rhoi ichwi wahoddieth i hoyw gwmnhieth  
4 I borthi naturieth rhaglunieth rhai glân:  
Y gwŷr a'r llancie, dowch i gyd  
Lle rwy'n llunio, llawen fyd,  
Cyn y delo amser yd i'w fedi a'i glyd gludo;  
8 Yn nhŷ'r pen cobler y mae'r fan  
I benodi codi'r can,  
Chwi gewch yfed bawb ei ran yn dyner dan diwnio.
- Holl ddeiliaid y brenin drwy ddyffryn Llansilin,  
12 Dowch yno dan chwerthin yn ddiflin ryw ddydd,  
A'r gwŷr â'r mawr gariad o blwy' Llangydwalad',  
Cewch union gyfraniad o'r farchnad a fydd;  
Ni necir un cydymeth da,  
16 Oni bydd yn gloff ne'n gla';  
Chwi gewch gwrw a'ch llawenha, iach reswm, a chroeso!  
Elusen ichwi helpio hwn,  
Mae fel henfarch dan ei bwn,  
20 Sytha' gŵr yn saethu gwn oedd Rolant grwn gryno.
- Mae'n ormod gwaith imi eich annerch a'ch henwi,  
Daw siri ne faeli i ddyfyn pob un!  
Mae ganddo farilied i'w ffrins a'i gwsmeried  
24 Nid all wrth ei syched mo'i hyfed ei hun!  
Rwy' yn ofni fod peth dylêd,  
A minne sydd fel heliwr sied  
Yn hela'r cwmni glana' 'Nghred i roi iddo ged gadarn;  
28 Os wyf gyfarwydd ar y gwir,  
Gallase brynu part o dir,  
Pe base heb chware'r Cabalîr â'r fwsged hir haearn.
- Chwi glowsoch sôn lawer am Rolant y Cobler  
32 Ac am ei wasgwechder yn uchder ei nerth;  
Pan fydde 'n ei arfe, yn waedwyllt anwyde,  
Â'i gledde ac â'i ddyrne, hir gure'n rhy gerth;  
Pe bai fo rowan fel y bu  
36 Ei freichie a'i fron a'i galon gu,  
O ddialedd ar y ddelw ddu, fo ladde lu Lewis!

Nid all un gŵr hirbarhau  
Ar ôl ei 'fienctid, breuddwyd brau;  
40 Ni gawn henaint i'n gwanhau: nid oes mo'r ddau ddewis.

Trai bu fo'n ŵr serchog, fo gerdde'n rhy gefnog  
I'r dafarn redegog â'r geniog a gâi;  
Na cheisied neb annod: mae'r gŵr yn cydnabod  
44 Fod arno 'n ei feddwodod ryfeddod o fai;  
O bu fo ffôl ar ôl ei ryw,  
Fo drodd yr eryr dewr yn ddryw  
I ymado â'r byd, dedwyddyd yw – fo fethodd fyw yntho;  
48 Mae Duw'n delio'n deg â'i was,  
O drugaredd, nid o gas;  
Roi tylodi i'w dynnu i grefu gras, mae'n addas iawn iddo.

Mae'n rhowyr ymendio i gasglu da'n gryno,  
52 Mae'r corff gwedi ffaelio, mawr wywo y mae'r wedd,  
Fo gollodd y gallu, mae'r llyged yn dallu  
A'r meddwl yn mallu trwy ballu tuo'r bedd;  
Drwyddo'n siŵr, fo drodd yn sant,  
56 Darfu'r dig a'r chwithig chwant –  
Y peth ni choelia chwech o gant a garant hen gwrw!  
Ni ddaw i'ch tryblio byth ond hyn,  
Fo gân ffarwél a'i fol yn dynn  
60 Pan ollyngo'r baril gwyn yn glae ar lyn gloyw.

Mae'ch arian yn cerdded i gadw dieithred  
I ymladd â bleiddied a dreied yn draws;  
Gweithred drugarog, elusen luosog,  
64 Roi peth i'ch cymydog anwydog ei naws;  
Gwell na mynd i'r dafarn deg,  
Llei'r â bonddigion bob yn ddeg,  
Fynd at y gŵr sydd sych ei geg heb wartheg i'w borthiant;  
68 Rhydd fendith Dduw i bawb a ddêl  
Yn gyfannedd, santedd sêl,  
A chlod trwy'r byd i gyd heb gêl y ffordd yr êl Rolant.

Huw Morys

Seiliwyd y golygiad ar destun awtograff yn llawysgrif LIGC Cwrtmawr 224, 35<sup>r</sup> (1697–1703).  
Yn llinell 37, *Lewis* yw Louis XIV, brenin Ffrainc 1643–1715 a bwgan mawr o babydd gan y  
beirdd. Yn llinell 57, ymadrodd, mae'n debyg, yw *chwech o gant*, gyda'r ystyr 'ychydig iawn'.

## Seeking the worthiest company in Christendom

To invite the men of Cynllaith to Rolant the Cobbler's bid-ale in Rhiwlas Uwch-foel

Tune: Hunting the Hare

- To you, men of Cynllaith, I direct my greeting;  
this song is no meddlesome legal matter,  
but an invitation to a lively gathering  
4 to support some worthy ones in a state of frugality:  
young men and old, come all  
where I set out, a joyful place,  
before the time comes for corn to be harvested and tightly transported;  
8 the head cobbler's house is the place  
to arrange the lifting of the can,  
you'll all get a chance to drink your portion graciously while singing.
- All the king's men in the vale of Llansilin,  
12 come laughing tirelessly to that place on a certain day,  
and the men of great affection of the parish of Llangadwaladr,  
you'll have full participation in the commerce to come;  
not one good fellow will be exempt,  
16 unless he's lame or unwell;  
you'll have beer to cheer you, a healthy motive, and hospitality!  
It's charitable for you to help this man,  
he's like an old horse beneath his burden,  
20 [yet in days gone by] the most unbending man to fire a gun was round, stout Rolant.
- It's too much work for me to greet and name you,  
a sheriff or a bailiff will summon you all!  
He has a barrelful for his friends and customers  
24 that he can't by his own thirst drink himself!  
I'm afraid there's some obligation,  
and I'm like an escheator  
seeking the worthiest company in Christendom to give him a mighty gift;  
28 if the truth is known to me,  
he could have purchased a bit of land,  
had he not [of yore] played the part of the Cavalier with a long, steel musket.
- You've heard a good deal about Rolant the Cobbler  
32 and his bravery at the height of his power;  
in arms, with hot-headed passion,  
he'd relentlessly strike too terribly with his swords and fists;  
if he were now as he was,  
36 his arms and breast and good heart,  
he'd destroy Louis's army in vengeance upon the wicked idol!

No man can last long  
after his youth, fragile dream;  
40 old age comes to weaken us: there are no two choices.

When he had love on his mind, he'd go too vigorously  
to the flowing tavern with the sum of his earnings;  
[but] may no one rebuke him: he acknowledges  
44 the enormity of his faults in his drunkenness;  
if he acted foolishly according to his kind,  
the brave eagle became a wren  
to depart from the world, [and] it's a blessing – he couldn't live in it;  
48 God deals justly with his servant,  
with mercy, not hate;  
it's fitting that He made him poor to stir him to seek grace.

It's too late to mend one's ways and gather wealth orderly,  
52 the body's waned, the countenance withers greatly,  
he's lost the ability, the eyesight is darkening,  
and the mind is rotting from weakening towards the grave;  
all through him certainly, he's become a saint,  
56 the ire and unpleasant greed has ceased –  
something six out of a hundred who like old ale won't believe!  
He won't trouble you ever except for this,  
he'll sing farewell on a full stomach  
60 as he taps the white barrel of clear, lukewarm drink.

Your money travels far to keep strangers  
fighting wolves that are destroyed fiercely;  
it's a merciful act, a great act of charity,  
64 to give some to your neighbour of cold disposition;  
better than going to a fair tavern,  
where noblemen go ten at a time,  
is going to the man whose mouth is dry and has no cattle for sustenance;  
68 Rolant will give God's blessing to everyone who comes  
one and all, holy zeal,  
and praise openly throughout the whole world wherever he may go.

Huw Morys

The edition is based on an autograph text found in NLW Cwrtmawr 224, 35<sup>r</sup> (1697–1703).  
In line 37, *Lewis* is Louis XIV, king of France 1643–1715, a Catholic bugbear for Welsh poets.  
In line 57, *chwech o gant*, literally 'six out of a hundred', is probably a phrase, 'very little'.

## Pur nodi pren adail

Gofyn derwen gan Edward Hanmer o'r Bryn ar ran Rhisiart Siamas o Lanarmon  
ar fesur y tri thrawiad

Y gŵr ni wna gerydd i wyneb awenydd,  
Mae ichwi glod gwledydd o'ch bedydd i'ch bedd,  
Eich glendid a'ch mwynder sydd ddisglair a thyner  
4 Ar feister, aur faner, o fonedd.

Edward hael hynod Hanmer bêr barod  
I wneuthur 'lusendod, rwy'n gwybod y gwaith,  
Mi glowes eich moli a chofio'ch daioni –  
8 Bu hynny'n dda cenny' ddau canwaith.

Eich buchedd ffyddlonedd, ar union wirionedd,  
Sydd burach na bonedd, gorfoledd gwir fab,  
Eich geni oedd ddedwyddol a'ch magu'n ufuddol  
12 I fyw yn gyneddfol gynyddfab.

Y rowan, gŵr gŵredd mewn parch ac anrhydedd  
Yn cynnal tyngnhefedd yn beredd, iawn bart;  
Ymysg y gwŷr gore, nid oes un gŵr gole  
16 Heb flotie ar flode fel Edwart.

Am drefnus reoleth mewn bydol wybodeth,  
Mwyn ydych mewn odieth ragorieth ar gant;  
Fi a'ch gweles yn rhosyn howddgara' ar lawr dyffryn,  
20 Egluryn pen melyn, paun moliant.

Er darfod heneiddio, mae'ch clod gwedi gwreiddio,  
Fo ddarfu sancteiddio, pereiddio'ch pur wedd,  
Mae'ch meddwl yn rhowiog a'ch synnwyr yn fowiog,  
24 A'ch corff yn goronog o rinwedd.

Glain annwyl, glân enaid, y mowrion Hanmeriaid,  
Cawn blaid o benaethiaid iach euraid i chwi,  
Gwaedolieth eich gwreiddyn o fronnau dau frenin  
28 Sy'n dilyn hen lilyn haelioni.

Anwyl, ni welwn mewn clod ffordd y rhodiwn  
Neb well ei gondisiwn, ni fwriwn iawn farn;  
Eich ache seliedig a gawn yn breintiedig,  
32 A'ch gras fendigedig yn gadarn.

- Duw Dad wrth dŷ dedwydd a roes yn dragowydd  
Fawr feysydd a dolydd a choedydd i chwi,  
A chalon bur ffyddlon ddaionus i ddyinion  
36 Am dirion les union 'luseenni.
- 'Y mryd, Meister Hanmer, gael gweled ar fyrder  
Lawer o'ch haelder ar syber wir sail:  
Gŵr taer wrth ei dlodi yng nghanol eich copi  
40 Sydd gwedi pur nodi pren adail.
- Hwn yw Rhisiart Siamas, a welsoch yn atgas  
Â'r merched o'i gwmpas, ufuddwas, o'i fodd;  
Er trin y rhianod, mae'i nwy' gwedi darfod,  
44 Er dewred ei dafod a'u dofodd!
- Rhodio'n ŵr rhadlon y mae fo'n Llanarmon  
Wrth fodd ei gymdogion, da foddion di-farn;  
Er hynny, mae'r merched yn dyfod cyn fwyned  
48 Â'r ŵyn at y defed i'w dafarn.
- Nid oes o fewn Cymru mewn tafarn yn tyfu  
Mo'i fath fo a'i gywely tan ganu teg iaith;  
Pei rhown yno dridie i wario tair dime,  
52 Ni chawn i un gair gwine na gweniaith.
- Ei fara ni lwyda, a'i gwrw ni sura,  
A'r gaea' ni rewa y 'dewa 'n ei dŷ,  
Gwell ganddo roi diod, a hynny heb ei hannod  
56 Nes gorfod ei gwrthod, na'i gwerthu.
- Cwyno y mae beunydd o eisie coed deunydd  
I wneuthur gwlad newydd yn gelfydd â'i gêr;  
Pawb o bob herlod a ddêl ar ddisberod,  
60 Os meddwdod, os methodod esmwyther.
- Nid oes yn Llanarmon yn tyfu ond drain geirwon  
Fel cynn ceirw cochion minllymion mewn llaw;  
Fo aeth yn bwrpasol ddwy filltir fesurrol  
64 I droedio'i ddwy ystol yn ddistaw.
- Ni chaech ar ei lifyn bur acw ddau bricyn  
A ferwe ben gwreinyn, gwirionedd yw hyn;  
Ni fedre fo er ceisio gael romer tybaco  
68 Er dim a roid iddo ar ei dyddyn.

Canu'ch camholieth hyd dydd ei farwoleth  
A wnaiff mewn gwroleth dan obeth di-nag  
Cael gennych braff hirbren a dyfodd o fesen  
72 Yn globen o dderwen ddiorwag.

Er cymin ei angen, ni fyn un pren gwernen  
Nac onnen na bedwen na cheubren ychwaith,  
Ond derwen nodedig a wnaiff, y pendefig,  
76 Eich barnu'n garedig w'r odiaeth.

Derwen a dorrwch, a'r gŵr a fodlonwch,  
Dim tâl na ddisgwylwch, ond gwyliwch yn gall  
Rhag iddo drwy gamwedd gonfeio'n lladradedd  
80 O goed y Bryn iredd bren arall!

### Huw Morys

Seiliwyd y golygiad ar destun awtograff yn llawysgrif LIGC Cwrtmawr 224, 47<sup>r</sup> (1697–1703). Fodd bynnag, rhannau'n unig o linellau 29–32 a welir yn llaw Huw, yn ôl pob tebyg am na fedrai eu cofio'n iawn, ond fe welir y pennill hwnnw yn ei gyfanrwydd mewn copi arall o'r gerdd yn llaw un o noddwyr Huw, Rhisiart Ffowc (1684–1763) o Lanoge yn Rhiwlas Is-foel, yn LIGC Wynnstay 5, td. 74 (c.1700–6). Anodd gwneud pen na chynffon, ar hyn o bryd, o'r gair anhysbys *romer* yn llinell 67.

## Timber, neatly marked out

To request an oak tree from Edward Hanmer of Bryn on behalf of Rhisiart Siamas of Llanarmon  
on the 'tri thrawiad' metre

4 The man who doesn't rebuke a poet's audacity,  
yours is the praise of countries from christening to grave,  
your integrity and kindness are radiant and gracious  
on a master of the highest nobility, a golden standard.

8 Generous, renowned, and pleasant Edward Hanmer who's willing  
to do charity, I know the job [at hand],  
I've heard you being praised and remember your kindness –  
I was glad of it many times.

12 Your faithful conduct, in perfect truth,  
is purer than nobility, the glory of a true son,  
your birth was blessed and your rearing made you humble  
to live as one who is sure to thrive.

16 Today, [you're] a courageous man of honour and esteem  
who pleasantly maintains peace, a just part played;  
among the best men, there's no bright man  
unblemished like Edward in the prime of life.

20 For the orderly rule of worldly knowledge,  
you're kindly in splendid superiority over all others;  
I saw you as a most lovely rose on the valley floor,  
a fair-haired paragon, peacock of praise.

24 Since growing old, your praise has taken root,  
your pure countenance has become sanctified, sweetened,  
your mind is strong and your wisdom sprightly,  
and your body is crowned with virtue.

28 Virtuous soul, beloved gem of the great Hammers,  
we have a host of leaders, healthy and golden, related to you,  
your pedigree's descent from the breast of two kings  
follows a long line of generosity.

32 Loved one, wherever we go we won't see as to praise  
no one in better condition, we pass good judgement;  
we may find printed your seal-bearing pedigree,  
and your splendid grace well founded.

God the Father placed for evermore beside a blessed house  
expansive fields and meadows and woodlands for you,  
and a pure, faithful, and gracious heart for [the benefit of all] men  
36 as to the true, kindly benefit of charity.

My desire, Master Hanmer, is to see shortly  
much of your generosity for a true, sincere cause:  
an earnest man in poverty has in the middle of your coppice  
40 neatly marked out timber.

This is Rhisiart Siamas, whom you considered detestable  
with women surrounding him, obedient fellow, of his own accord;  
having dealt with the maidens, his passion's spent,  
44 as bold as his tongue was that tamed them!

A genial fellow, he goes around Llanarmon  
to his neighbours' liking, a good, faultless manner;  
nevertheless, the women come to his tavern  
48 as gently as lambs to sheep.

There's no one in Wales making progress in a tavern  
the like of him and his wife while singing fair words;  
if I were to set aside three days to spend three halfpennies there,  
52 not a single dark word or cajolery would I hear.

His bread doesn't become mouldy, and his beer doesn't turn sour,  
and in winter whosoever's allowed into his house doesn't freeze,  
he prefers to give away drink, and that without delay  
56 until he has no choice but to refuse it, rather than sell it.

He complains every day for want of timber  
to fashion a new tract of land skilfully with his tools;  
every son of a harlot will go astray,  
60 be it through drunkenness, [or] through the failure of idleness.

Nothing but rough thickets grow in Llanarmon  
like the sharp-edged horns of red stags in one's hand;  
he went deliberately two measured miles  
64 to quietly climb his two ladders.

You wouldn't find there two pieces of kindling on his clean bow-saw  
that could boil the head of a mite, that's the truth;  
despite trying he couldn't get [?romer] tobacco  
68 for anything given to him on his smallholding.

He'll sing your praise to his dying day  
with force in the certain hope  
of getting from you a long, thick piece of timber that grew from an acorn  
72 into a huge strapping oak tree.

As much as his need, he doesn't want an alder-tree  
nor ash nor birch nor a hollowed-out tree either,  
but a particular oak that will, lord, [by the act of giving it]  
76 judge you to be an exceedingly kind man.

An oak you'll cut down, and this man you'll satisfy,  
don't expect any payment, but wisely keep watch  
in case by wrongdoing he stealthily removes,  
80 from Bryn's verdant wood, another tree!

Huw Morys

The edition is based on an autograph text found in NLW Cwrtmawr 224, 47<sup>r</sup> (1697–1703). However, only parts of lines 29–32 are in Huw's hand, probably because he could not remember them properly. The verse can be seen in its entirety in another copy of the poem in the hand of one of Huw's patrons, Rhisiart Ffowc (1684–1763) of Glanoge in Rhiwlas Is-foel, in NLW Wynnstay 5, p. 74 (c.1700–6). The meaning of the word *romer* in line 67 is not known.

Er mai Huw Morys oedd bardd mwyaf yr ail ganrif ar bymtheg, ac er iddo gael dylanwad mawr ar farddoniaeth Gymraeg am ganrif a mwy ar ôl ei farw, ychydig iawn o'i gerddi sydd o fewn cyrraedd hawdd heddiw. Er 2017, dwi wedi bod yn ymchwilio i'w waith ac yn rhannu golygiadau o'i gerddi â chynulleidfaoedd newydd. Gyda thros bedwar cant o gerddi wrth ei enw, mae digon o waith i'w wneud.

Os hoffech wybod mwy amdano ac am yr ymchwil, anfonwch ebost at

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neu ewch i

[www.eurig.cymru/huw-morys](http://www.eurig.cymru/huw-morys)

neu dilynwch y cod qr.



Although Huw Morys was the greatest Welsh poet of the seventeenth century, and although he had a great influence on Welsh poetry for a century and more after his death, very few of his poems are within easy reach today. Since 2017, I have been researching his work and sharing critical editions of his poems with new audiences. With over four hundred poems to his name, there's plenty of work to do.

If you would like to know more about Huw and the research, send an email to

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go to

[www.eurig.cymru/huw-morys](http://www.eurig.cymru/huw-morys)

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