

Guto'r Glyn

(flourishing 1430s-1493)

Guto'r Glyn [1] wrote at least 124 poems, of which the 5 dedicated to one of his patrons, Harri Ddu, Blanche's great-grandfather, are given below. He was a highly regarded itinerant bard between the 1430s and 1493 who regularly visited a circuit of the houses of the nobility, including Newcourt. He was also well received by several members of the clergy, including two Deans of Bangor and the Abbot of Shrewsbury. He was noted for being able to praise his patrons, for his descriptions, for his satire and for his humorous asides which are well illustrated in this selection. He followed the precepts laid down by Taliesin in praising his patron's ability in warfare and largesse at home. The elegy on the death of Harri Ddu is a superb example of his skill in this poetic form. Guto'r Glyn's home was in Glyn Ceiriog, or perhaps Glyndyfrdwy, Merioneth, from where he journeyed around Powys, Anglesey, Gwynedd and Gwent. He also occasionally worked as a drover driving sheep for sale in England. Newcourt and Raglan Castle, which he described as a *fair rock-built court*, were at the furthest extent of his circuit. Indeed, one of his most important patrons was Sir William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1st creation) whose rise to power he witnessed.

Harri Ddu was steward of Ewyas Lacy / Longtown from March 1460 and Guto'r Glyn confirms this by describing him as *the arm of Longtown*. Guto'r Glyn further states that it was Harri who had brought him to Richard Duke of York, for they travelled together in the Duke's retinue to France in 1441 [2]. The Duke was executed in December 1460. Subsequently, Sir William Herbert, and Harri Ddu, fought at the Battle of Mortimer's Cross in 1461. Harri was awarded an annuity in 1464/5. Guto'r Glyn sang for King Edward IV, whose collar and badge he wore as an indentured soldier, and he probably entertained the young Henry Tudor at Raglan Castle in 1462. Despite Guto'r Glyn's Yorkist sympathies, he was recorded, in 1468, as entreating Sir William to focus on uniting Wales into a single country. In 1469 Guto'r Glyn lost two patrons when both brothers, the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Richard Herbert of Coldbrook, were executed. Guto'r Glyn himself died in 1493 at the Abbey of Valle Crucis where, ill and blind, he was cared for by Abbot Dafydd ab Ieuan ab Iorwerth. Although Guto'r Glyn probably knew Harri for several years before 1441, his surviving poems dedicated to Harri Ddu ap Gruffudd must date between 1452, when Newcourt was built, to Harri's death which was probably soon after 1477. Harri's son, Miles, died in 1488.

Note: As this first poem dates before 1441, it is the earliest known of these poems; it is incomplete [2]
LXXVI [3]

I Harri ap Gruffudd

Brysiaf, lle mae browysedd,
Brys mawr lys Euas y medd,
I ymweled â milwr
O gorff, a hiroedl i'r gŵr!
Henwaf ef, hynwyf ofeg,
Hwn, rho Duw, yw Henri deg,
Iawnfab Gruffudd, waywrudd iôr,
Iôn Bactwn, wyneb Ector,
Ŵyr Henri, ynni annerch,
Orwyr Siôn, aerwy ar serch.
Ieirll y[w] hyn o'r lle henyw,
Yng Nglan Aur angel ynn yw.

To Harri ap Gruffudd [4]

*I make haste to a lively place,
Great haste to Euas court, of the mead,
To visit one who has the body of a soldier,
and long may this man live!
I will name him, (with) vivacious speech,
This man, by God, is fair Henri,
True son of Gruffudd (red-speared lord),
Lord of Bacton, alike in appearance to Hector,
Grandson to Henri, (this) vigorous greeting,
Great-grandson to Siôn, master of love.
They are earls (in the place) from whence they descend,
In Glan Aur he is our angel.*

Llin Gwilym, grair llyngwlm gras
Llwyd draw a llew tir Euas.

*In the line of Gwilym Llwyd yonder, a tightly-wrought treasure
And the lion of the land of Euas. of grace,*

Herod wyf i Harri deg
A phrifardd, hoff yw'r ofeg.
Huawdl y gŵyr, hoedlawg yw,
Haeddu mydr, hydd ym ydyw.
Hur gwyliau, hwyr y gwelwn
Hydd mor hael, hawddamor hwn.

*I am fair Harri's herald
And chief-bard, it is a praiseworthy speech.
He of long life is like a stag to me,
He is eloquently aware that he is worthy of praise
Festivals' wage - a long time (will pass)
Before we may (again) behold a stag as generous (as he) -
greetings to him!*

LXXV

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I Harri Ddu o Euas

Lle nid da lliw onid du,
Llwyddiant ar bob dyn lliwddu!
Gorau lliw dan gwr lleuad
A roes Duw ar ŵr o stad.
Dewin wyf, di-wan afael,
Duw ei hun oedd ŵr du hael.
A da fydd, dragywydd dro,
Y fernagl a fu arno.
A melfed (Pwy nis credai?)
Muchudd du fydd a di-fai.
Sidan a phupur, os adwaen,
Y sabl oll y sy o'u blaen.
Gorau unlliw graeanllwydd
Gan ŵr yw y gwinau rhwydd.
Ni chair er ofn na charu
Un dewr dewr ond o ŵr du.
Hawddamor, Ifor afael,
Herwydd hyn, Harri Ddu hael!
Gwirfab o feirch ac arfau,
Gruffudd yw'r carw muchudd mau.
Ŵyr Harri, wewyr hirion,
Gyrrwr sias ac orwyr Siôn.
Henyw efô, hen fo'i wallt,
Harri o rin hoyw Reinallt.
Haws caru lliw du lle dêl
Na charu orls a chwrel.
Pob lliw'n y byd, cyngyd call,
A â'n ddu o iawn ddeall.
Llyna fal y dyfalwn
Garw du, perl gywirdeb hwn.
Nid dau-eiriog naturiol,
Ni thry'r un a wnaeth ar ôl.
Ni baidd neb, un wyneb Nudd,
At Henri â'r gwayw tanrudd.

Harri the Black of Ewyas

*Where there's no good colour but black,
success to every man of black colour!
The best colour under the edge of the moon
did God put on a man of status.
I'm a diviner, strong of grasp,
God himself was a generous black man,
and good for all time will be
the Veil of Veronica that was on him [i].
And velvet will be (who wouldn't believe it?)
jet black and faultless.
Silk and pepper, if I know,
the sable is all the best of them.
The single best colour of the rich gravel
for a man is the generous black. (jet?)
No brave one is found brave, for fear or love,
except a black man.
Greetings (an Ifor in grip) [ii]
because of this, openhanded Harri the Black!
A true son of Gruffudd, with horses and weapons,
is my jet stag.
Grandson of Harri (of long spears,
a driver of the chase) and great-grandson of Siôn.
He's descended, may his hair be old,
Harri, from the bright virtue of Rheinallt.
Easier to love the colour black where he comes
than to love fur and coral.
Every colour in the world, prudent thought,
turns black if rightly understood.
Behold, just as I made the comparison,
a black stag, he's the pearl of faithfulness!
Not two-tongued by nature,
one who won't afterward reverse what he did.
No one attacks (of the same fame as Nudd)
Harri (Henry) with the fire-red spear.*

Och ym ar dir a chymell
 O bu ŵr â bwa well;
 Na chystal, yniâl annerch,
 Ar y maen mawr er mwyn merch.
 I minnau, gwarau gwiwraen,
 Y bu air mawr er bwrw maen.
 Hiroedl a fo i Harri
 Y sydd i'm diswyddaw i.
 A hefyd, fy niwyd nêr,
 O gorfydd moes ac arfer,
 Gwell y gŵyr ef gwallaw gwin
 Garbron no gwŷr y brenin.
 Hirbell y catwo felly,
 Harri, fraich y Drehir fry!
 Dyro iddo, Duw rwyddael,
 Fywyd hir i fab Fawd hael,
 A chadw o Grist iechyd a gras
 Angel du yng ngwlad Euas.

*Alas for me when pushed to it,
 if there was a better man with a bow,
 or as good, wild greeting,
 with the great stone, for a girl's sake.
 I too, backs of worthy black,
 had a great reputation for stone-throwing.
 Long life to Harri!
 who deposes me!
 And furthermore, my diligent lord,
 if manner and custom prevail,
 he knows better how to pour wine
 in one's presence than the king's men.
 Long may he remain so,
 Harri, the arm of Longtown up there! [iii]
 Give to him, God free and generous,
 long life to the son of generous Mawd,
 and Christ preserve the health and grace
 of a black angel in the land of Euas (Ewyas).*

[i] Traditionally Saint Veronica wiped Christ's face with her veil on His way to the Cross; her Veil received the imprint of Christ's face. Perhaps Guto'r Glyn's reference is to a painting which may have hung either in the chapel at Newcourt or possibly in Bacton Church.

[ii] Harri is compared to Ifor Hael, the generous patron of the bard Dafydd ap Gwilym.

[iii] Longtown, an alternative name for Harri's district of Ewyas Lacy.

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Guto writes a tribute to Gwladus Hael, 'Gladys the Generous', to help his friend Harri Ddu win her love against a rival older poet, Ieuan Gethin, a nobleman of Glamorgan. Ieuan came from Baglan, while Gwladus came from Neath. In the event, it seems Harri did not marry Gwladus.

I Wladus Hael

Mae dawn Duw i'm dyn diwael.
 Amled sôn am Wladus hael!
 Y ferch serchocaf a fu,
 O lun oedd ael wineuddu.
 Cannwyll yw'n canu llawer
 I beri clod a berw clêr.
 Mawr a theg yw myr a thus,
 Mwy'r glod am eiriau Gwladus.
 Ei moliant yw siwgr candi,
 A mêl haid yw ei mawl hi.
 Awen Feurig yn forwyn
 A roed i ferch euraid fwyn.
 Myn Crist, y mae'n caru hon
 Ddeugant o foneddigion.
 Gweithio mae Ieuan Gethin
 Ac aur fydd pob gair o'i fin.
 Harri a wnaeth ei heuraw

Gwladus Hael (the Generous)

*A fine girl has God's gift
 how often they talk about Gwladus Hael!
 The most loving girl there was;
 in face, she was of dark brown eyebrows.
 She's a candle, singing much,
 to awaken the itinerant poets' praise and high spirits.
 Great and beautiful are myrrh and incense;
 greater is the esteem for the works of Gwladus.
 Her praise is sugar candy,
 and her eulogy is the honey of a swarm.
 Meurig's virgin inspiration [i]
 was given to a fine golden girl.
 By Christ, loving her
 are two hundred gentlemen!
 Ieuan Gethin is at work,
 and every word from his lip will be gold.
 Harri gilded her*

A'r glod yn amlach no'r glaw.
 Cywiraf mab yn caru
 O Gaer hyd Went yw'r gŵr du.
 Ofydd yw mab Gruffudd gryf
 I'r ferch hon ar farch anyf.
 Troelus i Wladus lwydwen,
 Triniwr, ymwanwr am Wen.
 O Dduw hael, pam na ddaw hon
 At Harri dan goed hirion,
 A Gwent draw lle caiff gant rhodd
 Ac Euas yn ei gwahodd?
 Ystyried ail Luned lw
 Mae pennaeth yw'r mab hwnnw.
 Addas oedd brydu iddo
 Ac i'r ferch a gâr efô.
 Eres y sorres Harri
 Na chanwn i hwn a hi.
 Gwae fi, oni bydd diwg!
 Gwae'r neb a gâi ran o'i wg!
 Os dig y pendefig du
 Hi a ddichon heddychu,
 Ac eiriol er ei gariad
 Na bo dig, ni bu ei dad.
 Minnau a wna i Ieuan,
 Feudwy brych, fod heb ei ran,
 A ffyrdd i Wladus i ffo
 Ag athrod meistr ac athro.
 Pwy beth fu bregeth heb rus
 Ieuan lwydwyn i Wladus?
 Os caru hon nis cair hi,
 Cared dyn ifanc Harri.
 Chwannog yw'r ferch wen a gân
 I gywydd serchog Ieuan.
 Er caru awen henwr,
 Ni châr Gwen chwarae â'r gŵr.
 Ac nid edwyn y dyn da
 Anniweirdeb hen wrda,
 Gordderchu a gwëu gwawd
 A rhybucho rhyw bechawd.
 Min Ieuan Gethin, goethair,
 A'i wawd y sy anniwair.
 O châr ddigrifwch, a chân,
 A chywydd gennyh, Ieuan,
 O châr ddyfod at Harri,
 Gware y nos a wna'n gŵr ni.

*with praise more frequent than the rain.
 In loving, the sincerest boy
 from Chester to Gwent is the black man.
 Gruffudd's strong son is an Ovid
 for this girl modest on horseback.
 A Troilus to fair holy Gwladus,
 a fighter, a jouster for Gwen. [ii]
 O generous God, why doesn't she come
 to Harri under tall trees
 and Gwent yonder where she'll get a hundred gifts
 and Euas inviting her? [iii]
 Consider, another Luned in vow, [iv]
 a chieftain is that young man.
 It was right to compose for him
 and for the girl who'll love him.
 Marvelously did Harri sulk
 that I wouldn't sing for him and her.
 I'm sad unless he's without a frown.
 Too bad if anyone gets a piece of his frown!
 If the black prince is angry,
 she can pacify
 and plead for his love's sake
 that he not be angry, his father was not.
 I'll also make Ieuan,
 spotted hermit, be without his share,
 and make Gwladus fly away
 and ridicule the master and teacher.
 What sort of thing was the glib sermon
 of gray-white Ieuan for Gwladus?
 If wooing doesn't win her,
 let the young girl love Harri!
 The beautiful girl who sings is keen
 for Ieuan's amorous cywydd;
 though loving an old man's inspiration,
 Gwen won't love to play with the man.
 And the good girl doesn't know
 an old nobleman's lechery,
 adulterous courting and song-weaving
 and craving for some sin.
 Ieuan Gethin's lip, fine-spoken,
 and his poetry are unchaste.
 Though she loves pleasure and song
 and a cywydd with you, Ieuan,
 if she wants to come to Harri,
 our man will play at night.*

[i] Meurig ap Iorwerth was a 14th century poet.

[ii] Gwen refers to a beautiful woman – here it is Gwladus.

[iii] Euas refers to Ewyas Lacy.

[iv] Luned was noted for devoted service in the *The Lady of the Fountain*.

Lled-Ddychan**I Harri Gruffudd o Euas**

Y du hydr o'r Deheudir,
 Da ei lun mewn du o lir.
 Llew du fal dy ddrillad wyd,
 Lliw nid êl llai no dulwyd.
 Harri Gruffudd, grudd y gras,
 Hydd a llywydd holl Euas.
 Ysgwïer, dan goler gwiw,
 Ucha'sydd i'ch oes heddiw.
 Dy fonedd di a fynnai
 Dy roi'n aur gyda'th dri nai.
 Nid anos yt, myn Dwynwen,
 Dwyn aur nog ysbardun wen.

Enaid Euas, iôn diwael,
 A Gwent wyd, a fu gynt hael,
 Ac weithian yn gywaethog
 Yn troi megis daint yr og.
 Ys da w'r wyd, nid oes drai
wine

Am win, ond na cheir mwnei.
 Mi a gawn yma gennyd
 Y llyn rhudd megis llanw rhyd.
 Ni chawn o'ch arian ychwaith,
 Na dim wrth fyned ymaith.
 Herod gynt, Harri, od gwn,
 A chywyddol iwch oeddwn.

Mwy nid hawdd, er amnaid teg,
 Moli gŵr mal y garreg.
 Cloi dy dda, caledu 'dd wyd,
 Caledach no'r clo ydwyd.
 Diemwnd ar wydr wyd yma,
 Dur ar y dur i roi da.
 Mae esgus, ystrywus drwg,
 Gennyd i wŷr Morgannwg,
 Bod yt (ni wn na bai dau)
 Ddwsin o brydyddesau,
 Ac ar fedr, digrif ydwyd,
 Harri, eu gwaddoli 'dd wyd.
 Medd Gwladus, drwsiadus sud,
 Haul Lyn Nedd, hael iawn oeddud.
 Medd y glêr a omeddwyd,
 Mab y crinwas Euas wyd.
 Eich gwledd a roddwch i glêr,
 A'ch rwmnai, a chau'r amner;
 A'ch clared âi i'ch clerwyr,

A Semi-Satire**to Harri Gruffudd of Euas [4]**

*The brave, black (haired man) from the Deheudir (south),
 Fine is his appearance in black-a-lyre (liripipe / headdress?).
 You are a black lion, (black) like your clothes,
 (Your) colour will not turn less than grey-black.
 Harri Gruffudd, (he of) graceful appearance,
 The stag and lord of all Euas.
 (He is) the most exalted squire (under a fitting collar),
 You will ever find in this age today.
 Your (noble) descent would have it
 That you were given as gold with your three nephews.
 By Dwynwen, it would not be more difficult for you to bear
 a gold spur than a silver one.*

*You are the life of Euas and Gwent, excellent lord,
 (You), who were once generous,
 And are now rich,
 Have become hard like the teeth of a harrow.
 (Although) it is true that you are a good man - your supply of*

*Never falters – money is never given (from your hand).
 I would be (freely) given here by you
 The red drink like the flow at a ford,
 (Yet) I would not be given (a penny) from your purse either,
 Nor anything (else) when I departed.
 I was once your herald, Harri, verily,
 And your poet.*

*(Yet) now it is not (an easy task) (although a seemly beck),
 To give praise to a (miserly) man who is like to a stone.
 (You) lock your goods; you are becoming a hard (man),
 You are harder than a lock.
 You are a diamond on glass here,
 Steel upon steel in giving of goods.
 You have an excuse (a) (crafty scheme),
 For the men of Morgannwg - (Glamorgan)
 That you possess (how do I know that you have not twice the number?)
 A dozen poetesses,
 And (then) with skill, amusing as you are,
 Harri, you endow them.
 Gwladus says, (in her) fashionable manner,
 (She) the sun of Glyn Nedd, that you were very generous.
 The glêr (bards), who were refused,
 Say that you are the miser of Euas.
 You give your feast to the glêr,
 And your Spanish wine, and (then) close the purse;
 And your claret goes to your clerwyr (bards),*

A'ch medd, a gomedd y gwŷr.
 Gofyn a wnei gefn y nos
 Gan cywydd gan gainc eos.
 Galw cerdd Ddafydd ap Gwilym
 A bwrddio ynn heb roi dym.
 Harri, os o ddifri 'dd wyd
 Heb roddi, hwy a' breuddwyd;
 Os cellwair, hwyr y cair ced,
 Oera' cellwair yw colled.
 Dywaid ti, pam nad wyt da?
 Dy ddewrdad ydoedd wrda.
 A da fu Fawd, di-fai ferch,
 A wnaeth roddion, nith Rydderch.
 Gweithydd fŷm ar gywydd gŵr,
 Ac weithian brawd bregethwr.
 Y sawl a glywo fy sŷn,
 Ef a rydd fwy o roddion.
 Brân Galed brin y gelwynt
 Bonedd Gwŷr y Gogledd gynt;
 Taliesin, ddewin ddiwael,
 A'i troes yn well no'r tri hael.
 Un fodd â hwnnw fyddaf,
 Troi'n well dy natur a wnaaf.
 O throi gyda'r bregeth rwydd,
 Cei fawrglod acw, f'arglwydd.
 Oni throi, neu'th ddirywiwyd,
 Collaist a roist, callestr wyd.

*And your mead, (but then you) refuse the said men.
 You ask late at night
 For a hundred cywyddau to the tune of the nightingale.
 Calling for Dafydd ap Gwilym's poem,
 And (then) mocking us (by) giving us nothing (in return).
 Harri, if you (remain) in earnest
 Without giving, (I'm afraid that) you (remain) in (our) longest dream;
 If (you) mock (a long time will pass before a gift is given),
 The worst (type of) mockery is loss.
 (Prey), tell (me now), why are you not well?
 Your brave father was a noble man,
 And (so was) Maud, faultless girl,
 Who gave gifts, a niece to Rhydderch.
 I was a craftsman of the praise poem,
 And (I am) now a preaching friar.
 Whoever shall hear these words,
 Shall himself become a more copious giver of gifts.
 The nobility of the Men of the North of old
 Used to call Brân Galed a miser;
 (Yet) Taliesin, (the) excellent magician,
 Made him more generous than the Tri Hael.
 I will be in the same mould as he -
 I will improve your temperament.
 If (you) improve with this eloquent sermon,
 You will receive great praise yonder, my lord.
 If you do not improve, or worsen,
 You will have lost (all) that which you gave - you are a flintstone.*

LXXXIII

Marwnad Harri Ddu o Euas
 Doe darfu'r Deau derfyn,
 Dwm Duw a roes dyrnod ynn.
 Daearen Duw a oeres,
 Dwyn gŵr oll a dynn ei gwres.
 Dyrnod hoedl drwy Went ydoedd,
 Dwyn Harri Ddu (dyn hardd oedd).
 Dyffryn Aur yn deffroi nos,
 Heb liw dydd, heb le diddos.
 Euas gynt wrth lais ei gorn
 Ac Erging heb gyweirgorn.
 Saethwyd yma'r saith dinas,
 Swydd Henffordd, Cliffordd a'r Clas.
 Beth a dâl byth, o delir,
 Belinger heb longwr hir?
 Bro Wy oedd hon, briwodd hi,
 Byd perygl bod heb Harri.
 Wylo mae llin Wiliam Llwyd,

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The Death of Harri Ddu of Ewyas
 Yesterday the South's frontier died,
 God's fist gave us a blow.
 God's earth turned cold,
 taking a man completely drains away its warmth.
 A mortal blow was it throughout Gwent,
 taking Harri Ddu, he was a handsome man.
 The Golden Vale rouses night,
 without day's colour, without a shelter.
 Euas (Ewyas Lacy) once had the sound of his horn;
 and Erging (Archenfield) is without a tuning-key.
 The seven cities were shot down here,
 Herefordshire, Clifford and Glasbury.
 What is a war-sloop worth, if it's held,
 without a tall shipman?
 This was the Vale of the Wye, it was wounded,
 a world of danger is it without Harri.
 William Llwyd's line is weeping, [i]

Aml dolef am lew dulwyd.

Nid wyf syth na da fy sâl
Wedi ef, na diofal.
Fy nghariad, fy nghynghorwr,
Fy llyfr gynt, fy llaw fu'r gŵr.
Dug fi at y Dug of Iorc
Dan amod cael deunawmorc.
Fy ngwaith fu, eilwaith foliant,
Fwrw gwawd hwn i frig y tant.
Dengair o gellwair i gyd
Fu rhof a Harri hefyd.
O dywedais, da ydoedd,
Na rôl ei aur, anwir oedd;
Ni rôl gawn er a genynt
Glêr y dom, bwngleriaid ynt;
Ac i'r gwŷr gorau eu gwaith
Ar unrhodd y rhôl anrhaith.

Rhydd fu'r Cwrtnewydd i ni,
A'r Drehir, dra fu Harri.
Gŵr oedd ef fal Gwrthefyr,
Gorau â'i law i Gaerlŷr.
Gwayw 'mrwydr i Gymru ydoedd,
Gard aur ysgwëriaid oedd.
Cwrtiwr oedd y milwr main,
Cryfaf o Iorc i Rufain.
Ni thrwsiodd maen na throsol,
Ni bu neb na bai'n ei ôl.
Saeth fawr a saethai f'eryr,
Saethu 'mlaen seithmil o wŷr.
Nid âi i'w naid un dyn iach,
Nid oedd ieithydd du ddoethach.
Ni roes Iesu rasusoed
Un lliw ar wŷr well erioed.

Harri Gruffudd a guddiwyd,
Heno, Dduw, dwyn hwn ydd wyd.
Heddiw ydd aeth o'i haddef
Hydd y Cwrtnewydd i nef.
Dwyn o'r coed a wnâi wŷr call
Derwen a doddi arall.
Mae un o'i wŷdd yma i ni,
Mal yw pur, Mil ap Harri.
Impyn cadr a'm pen-ceidwad,
Impied ef gampau ei dad.
Gwŷdd ieuanc a weddiwn,
Gadu hil yn goed i hwn.

a repeated cry for a dark lion.

*I'm not erect nor well-paid
after him, nor carefree.
My love, my counsellor,
my book before, the man was my hand.
He brought me to the duke of York
on the condition of getting eighteen marks. [ii]
My work was (more praise)
to cast praise of him to the top of the string.
Ten words all joking [iii]
were also between me and Harri.
If I said (he was good)
that he didn't give his gold, it wasn't true.
He wouldn't give straw for what the minstrels of shit
would sing, they're bunglers.
But to men of the best work
by a single gift he gave wealth.*

*Liberal was Newcourt for us,
and Longtown, while Harri lived.
He was a man like Gwrthefyr, [iv]
the best with his hand as far as Leicester.
He was a sword in battle for Wales,
he was the golden guard of the squires.
A courtier was the lean soldier,
the strongest from York to Rome.
No one ever trimmed stone or sceptre,
there was none who wouldn't be behind him.
A great arrow would my eagle shoot,
shooting before seven thousand men.
Not one healthy man would match his leap,
there wasn't a black linguist wiser.
Jesus of gracious life never put
a better colour on a man before.*

*Harri Gruffudd was buried,
tonight, God, you're taking him.
Today the stag of Newcourt went from his home
to heaven.
A wise man would take an oak from the wood
and put another in place.
There is one from his wood here for us,
he too is pure, Miles ap Harri,
a bold scion and my chief keeper.
Let him engraft his father's deeds.
I'd pray for young wood,
That progeny would be left as his wood!*

Note: there are very slight alterations here from the English translation in the biography.

- [i] Refers to Mawd, Harri's mother, daughter of Gwilym / William Llwyd of Tregunter / Trefgwnter.
- [ii] Guto was brought into the service of Richard Duke of York, the 18 marks being the price of his indenture as a soldier.
- [iii] Guto'r Glyn disowned this complaint in another song, number LXXXII above.
- [iv] Gwrthefyr was one of the sons of Gwrtheyrn / Vortigern the 5th century British ruler who gave land to the Saxons in return for military support against the Picts. Gwrthefyr was said to have bravely resisted these Saxon when they turned on their British hosts.

References

1. Biographical sources: Dictionary of Welsh National Biography.
2. Research by Eurig Salisbury.
3. The texts for the poems by Guto'r Glyn, referenced by the Roman numbers, are from John Llywelyn Williams editor Sir Ifor Williams, (1939, republished 1961), *Gwaith Guto'r Glyn (Guto'r Glyn's Work)*, Caerdydd Gwasg Prifysgol Cymru (Cardiff: University of Wales Press). I am grateful for the permission to use these texts.
4. Translation and copyright Eurig Salisbury.
5. 'Harri Ddu', 'Gwladus Hael', and 'The Death of Harri Ddu' are from *Medieval Welsh Poems: An Anthology*, translated by Richard Loomis and Dafydd Johnston (Binghamton, NY, 1992), pp. 179-184. Copyright Pegasus Press, Asheville, North Carolina. The numbers are those used in the *Medieval and Renaissance Texts and Studies, New York series*. I am most grateful for the permission to use these translations.