

## Yr Alarch

Yr alarch ar ei wiwlyn,  
Abid galch fal abad gwyn,  
Llewych, edn, y lluwch ydwyd,  
Lliw gŵr o nef, llawgrwn wyd.

...

Duw roes yt yn yr oes hon  
Feddiant ar Lyn Yfaddon.

...

Gwaith teg yw marchogaeth ton  
I ragod pysg o'r eigion.  
Dy enwair, ŵr dianardd,  
Yn wir yw'r mwnwgl hir hardd,  
Ceidwad goruwch llygad llyn,  
Cyfliwiaidd cofl o ewyn.  
Gorwyn wyd uwch geirw nant  
Mewn crys o liw maen crisiant.  
Dwbled fal mil o'r lili,  
Wasgod teg, a wisgud di.  
Sieced o ros gwyn yt sydd,  
A gown o flodau'r gwinwydd.  
Cannaid ar adar ydwyd,  
Ceiliog o nef, clogwyn wyd.

.....

—Anhysbys

*The swan on his lake,  
A chalk habit, like a white abbot:  
O Bird, you are the gleam of a snowdrift,  
The colour of an angel, perfect.*

...

*God has given you, in this age,  
Rule over Lake Yfaddon.*

...

*Riding the waves to snatch fish  
From the deep is pleasant work.  
You are defined, O Being without blemish,  
By your long, graceful throat.  
Lord above the eyes of the lake,  
A breast the colour of foam.  
In your shirt of crystal hues, you are  
More beautiful than the deer at the stream.  
You wear a doublet like a thousand lilies:  
a wondrous waistcoat;  
A jacket of white rose,  
And a gown of the flowers of the vine.  
Bright-white above birds are you,  
Heaven's cockerel, a shining crag.*

.....

—Anonymous (14th C.)