

THE COURT OF OWAIN GLYNDŴR by Iolo Goch

Baron's palace, place of generosity,
Where the bards come often, a good place
Lady of great Powys, land of Maig,
A place of great promise.
Behold the way in which it appears
Within a ring of bright water within a moat:
(Is it not a good court?), a bridge on the lake,
And one gate where the multitudes go;
The roof-beams joined,
Each one together;
Tower of St Patrick's, excellent work,
Cloister of Westminster, a pleasant cloister;
The arches springing from every corner,
A golden chancel, all complete.
Connected side by side,
Side by side like houses of earth,
And each one the same type of tight knot
All tightly together;
The nine chambers in one mansion,
Fine timber houses on a green hill;
With four wondrous timber posts
His court is near the heavens;
On each stout timber post
A lofty bedchamber cunningly built,

And the four bedchambers pleasantly
Under the same beams, where the bards sleep;
The four high chambers form,
Quarters for a fine tribe, eight rooms;
A slated roof on every tall (frowning) tower,
And a chimney that draws the smoke.
Nine halls of the same shape and size,
And nine dressing-chambers for the use of each one.
Like splendid shops full of fine merchandise,
Full and fair, like London's Cheapside;
A church cross limewashed all over,
Chapels with windows of stained glass;
A full oven serves the palace,
An orchard, a vineyard near the white court;
A fair mill on a constant stream
And his shining dove-cot, a stone tower;
A fish-pond, well sheltered,
On which to throw the nets;
Well stocked, with no doubt,
With herrings and whiteheads as is seemly,
His table-land and his living birds,
Peacocks, cranes of the best breed;
Fair green hay-meadows,
Corn in orderly fields,
The rabbit-warren of the lord of our nation,
Tackle and horses of renown

By the court, complementing each other,
The deer-pasture in another enclosure;
His servants carry out every fit task,
Ploughing together,
Quaffing the best Oswestry ale,
The best drink and meads,
Every drink, white bread and wine,
And his meat, and his fire for the kitchen.
Shelter for the bards, whithersoever they come,
Every day, all may have there;
Fairest timber court, blameless lord,
Of the kingdom, God's blessing on it;
And the best of wives,
Blessed am I in her wine and mead!
A fine lady of knightly line,
Most generous by nature;
Her children come in two by two,
A beautiful nest of chieftains.
Very seldom was there
A latchkey or lock to be seen,
Nor surly porter,
Nor will there be need, thanks to him,
No want or hunger or shame,
Or thirst will ever be in Sycharth.
The best of Welshmen, most strong
Holds this land, of the line of Pywer Lew,

A man of strong countenance, the best place,
Holds the court; a fair place it is.