

Liwyow Ryskammel

Gemmow hel a gamm a heyl
dhe gov a sen a geveyl,
tros gwrys gwreyghyon a'n dower glan
a dreyl an ayr dhe dredan,
golow fol ow leski liw
gwynn war goesnans ha gwelsriw,
lent ow lenwel awelow
a bersloes ferslymm nenn kow:
ter ayrow Tiredh Ughel,
mallus yr melliw mar fel
dydh nowydh a deudh niwlow,
segha gluth a foen ha fow,
ha lenwel a liw na wyw,
gloria, breow glasvyw.

Oer a loer a liw avon,
kanna kevrannow hy thon,
a'i liw delinya fin ynn
dhe dir ha dor henestynn,
or yntra reyn Tryger lan
ha Pider (pow dar efan),
neusenn a nos a arghans
gwri gwres a stredhow strasnans:
ottomm' yntra lomm ha lyr
linynn a len y'n norwyr',
otta ni a'gan myttin
dre blesour ha blas an gwin
wosa holya hyns kynsa
yn lewgh meyn lomm a'ga sa'
a fol a fenten yn-tynn
berrwyeth orth tu ha barrwynn,
gres y res ow regi dor
yntra trevasow gwinglor.
Yntra hyli ha halow
lergh y'n gwi liv dre bri brow,
ha'n rys yn-res a rydhront,
ro amser (y'm surnedh tont),
a'n tremen yntra diwlann
yn skeus hen skorr blin a-vann,
mall yein lyr ow mellya'n len
orth dor ha grow mes lowen.

Y'm kov yth esov a'w sav
yn glann dower ma na gilyav:
yn y gowsow po negys
lies, dhe lann po dhe lys
re gerdhas a gordhow bro
(yn-natur po a-unttro),
dhe varghas, po gwav arghans,
pygansa chi, po goel sans,
gwertha po prena gwara,
drayl a droes, po dre doeth da,
yn kerthow po yn hwerthin,
gow po gwir, ha gyw po gwin.

Dhe'n avon may neuv ow hov
slynk ha sleygh ha derghandhov,
dhe'n heyl may'n hol ow hireth
a skavder si, skonder seth,
avorow an del a ver
lyr hedhyw'n-yr ha tener:
gluth a glywav y'm hunros,
hwistrow hwever war an fros.

Ow pevra nevra y'n grow
dre'n liv yma hen lownow:
arvow yn arva ha kas
a vaga lyr a lagas,
ha lownow nownek a nadh
skethrow eskern ughelradh,
gravya grev yeyn tus isel
(an werin a woer a wel);
dewyn pur da dur difeyth
a wolgh namm brow krow ha kreyth.

Berr an hyns a varr an hal
tro ha minow moramal,
hir an men dhodho rin meur
a'y rowedh yn grow'n greleur:
kasor a dheth, kasor eth,
ha fros Kammel hwath yw freth.

(Translation into English)

The Colours of Camelford

Generous gems from so curved an estuary accompany a resounding memory,
it is the sound of sparks of crystal from the clear water
that turns the air to electricity foolish light burning a colour
pale onto wooded valley and grassy slope slowly filling breezes
with the fierce sharp light blue-grey of a hollow canopy:
eager the airs of the High Territory [North Cornwall],
urgently fresh the cold cunning honey-colour of a new day that melts mists,
drying dew from hay and beeches, and filling unwithering colour
green living hills, making them glorious.

So icy a moon colours a river, bleaching the harmonies of its melody,
with its colour drawing a narrow boundary
for territorial possession of ancient extent,
a border between the régime of lovely Trigg and Pydar (a broad land of oaks),
a thread that marks with silver a seam made with the streams of a low
valley: here between the bare [land] and the flowing water is
a line that clings onto the earth-green, and here are we of our morning
through the pleasure and the taste of the wine after following the earliest path
in the lee of exposed standing stones intently from a frivolous spring
in a short time towards the white-topped [waves] the zeal of its run
tearing up earth between wine-cool crops.
Between brine and moors it is a path that a flood weaves through brittle clay,
and the ford given by free grant, the gift of time (I have the presumption to say)
will travel it between a pair of banks in the shadow of so ancient branches up above,
the cold eagerness of running water slowly intervening
with the earth and gravel of joyful open country.

In my memory I am taking my stand on the bank of water from where I shall not withdraw:
whether just talking or intent on business many a one, whether about sacred or secular matters
has walked from the territorial divisions of the country (habitually or just on that occasion)
for a market, or in dearth of money, for household wares, or for sacred festival,
to sell or to buy goods, with dragged food, or at good speed, intent on rights or laughing,
in falsehood or truth, and woe or wine.

To the river where swims my memory slippery and skilful, bright and untamed, to the estuary
which my longing follows with the lightness of a buzz, with the swiftness of an arrow,
tomorrow the leaves will drip the flowing water of today freshly and gently:
it is dew that I shall hear in my dream, glistening whispers on the current.

Gleaming for always in the gravel through the flood there are ancient blades:
weapons in battle and slaughter would give an eye water to flow from it,
and hungry blades whittle splinters from high-born bones,
carve the cold grievance of lowly people (the common people know what they see);
the good pure shine of abandoned steel will wash the brittle stain of gore and scar.

Short the way from the top of the moor
towards the margins of the sea-edge,
long the stone with the great secret
lying on the gravel where the cattle gather:
warrior came, warrior went,
and still the current of the Camel is swift.

Tim Saunders - Barth Gwerin