

Marwnad Meddyg

Mihael hael sy'n awr mewn hedd,
Arwr penrhyn sy'n gorwedd.
Cawr, oedd yng nghwylltir Kerry
ei chymoedd, llynnoedd a'i lli;
o'i haig a chraig – croes a chraith
nyddodd yr Wyl Gelfyddiaeth.

Ŵr tawel hen wehyddiaeth
gŵr–gwlad–gwawl ei mawl a'i myth,
ei wên lawen. Deddfodd lu
yn weddaidd wrth weinyddu'n
agos – fel gwir ffigigwr
to 'rol to o'r dref – fel tŵr.

Ei alaw – Y Wyddeleg,
Ei dasg – ei rhannu yn deg,
án Gaeltacht – llinach a llên
ei eiddo – fel gwinwydden.

Un o actau y doctor
nôd a mawl án Blaskaed Mhór,
dyri ynys 'rawduron
rhai nobl y bobl yn y bon-
chwip cerrynt chwap y curragh
rhain a her y drin a'i hach.

Cip i ganol 'ecoleg'
trindod â'r Duwdod yn deg,
- amser â'r grymusterau –
un pwêr ynt sy'n parhau.
Antur byw yn natur bod
i hwn ydoedd o'r Duwdod.

Ei drem ar droeon y drin
ei nodd a'i rhodd ei ruddin.
Yn glir, teimlodd frethyn gwlad
yn aml â chydymdeimlad.

Hunodd noswyl 'Y Geni'
at y saint mewn braint a bri.
Caed offeren i'w enaid
a'i blant foliannodd ei blaid
un welodd drwy'r cymylau
yr oll yn oll - a'u mawrhau.

Annwyllyn – coll o'i deulu
a bwlch enfawr lle bu,
dethol feddyg cymdeithas
yn gawr – ond hefyd ei gwas.

Hiraeth ... sy'n tystiolaethu
o'r sôn ... am y gwacter sy'
gyfun yn y Penrhyn pell ...
rhoddwyd Mihael i'w phriddell!

Norman Closs Parry

Lament for a Physician (Free translation)

Michael now has gone in peace
peninsular hero laid to rest.
A giant in far Kerry 'west
it's hills, rills, valleys and shores,
out of these he wove his rhymes
and his Culture Festival fine.

A man of peace and inner calm
An Irishman it's warps and myths,
his happy smile, becalmed and soothed
his flock. He tended with ancient skill
for them more than their doctor he
for generations past in their far town.
Rhyme and tune of Celtic time
his task in life to foster charm
like the world of á Gaeltacht old
it's life and loves to world behold.

His forte, án Blaskaed Mhór
their lit and native authors,
noble people who faced up to life
the might of sea, with crafted curragh.

He gave us insight to ecology
the trinity all in all to be
time and the mighty elements,
the power and the glory – the same.
The great venture of life
God sent to him in health and strife.

His vision of it's twists and turns
and what gave all nourishment it's force.
He left the texture of being
always sympathetic fine or course.

He passed away on Christmas Eve
to the holy saints above.
A requiem mass was for him held
and the people flocked to tell
of the one who saw through clouds
to the overseer of all.

He the dear one – missed by all
his family, their loss is great ...
The chosen one, physician for all
the one was great but servant too!

Longing bites and hearts are hurt,
of the vortex in life he left,
in the culture of land bereft
for ever in it's soil to keep.

Norman Closs Parry

