

# PEDWAR PENNILL,

I'R ANRHYDEDDUS.

## R. H. CLIVE, YSW.,

A'U ORUCHWYLWYR,

Sef, un o Destunau Cymreigyddion y 'Carw Coch' (Stag,) Heol-Harriet, Aberdar, Mehefin yr 8fed, 1846. (Hon a farnwyd yn fuddygol.)

Ton,—“*Merch Megen.*”

1. Holl Feirddion y gwledydd, cydunwn, rhown ganiad,  
I “Clive a'u or'chwylwyr,” o glodydd yn glir;  
Pa rai ynt yn deilwng o'u canmol bob amser,  
Mewn geiriau eysonol mwyn gwreiddiol mewn gwir;  
Mae'r Bonedd haelfrydig, yn do'd o hiliogaeth,  
Uchelfawr raddoliaeth, yn helaeth ei hawl,  
Ei riaint hawddgaraf ynt yn anrhydeddus,  
Ag oll yn bur barchus, a dilys heb dawl:  
Drwy amrywiol barthau o'n gwlad hoenus unol,  
Ceir gweled ei diroedd, ar lled, ac ar hyd;  
A'u *Swyddwyr* ffyddlonaf, didwyll a rhinweddol,  
A'u hymgais i wneuthur daioni bob pryd.
2. At bethau daionus, dymunol o fuchedd,  
Cyfrana'r hael Fonedd, o'i roddion yn rhad;  
Nid at rhyw oferedd byth mae ef yn rhoddi,  
Ond er adeiladaeth gwiwglodus drwy'n gwlad;  
I dldion eiddilaf bob amser mae'n dwymgar,  
Ni chwennych orthrechu y truan ddynd tlawd;  
Diwalla'r anghenus, a phob rhyw gaiff nodded,  
I'r hen a'r methiedig, a'r gweinion mae'n frawd.  
At addysg\* dynolryw cyfrana'n hynodwyd,  
O'i drysor gan draserch, rhinweddol yn rhad;  
A chalon dosturiol at bob peth er llesiant,  
Cyfeiria'n wastadol er bythol wellad.
3. Boed parch ac anrhydedd, i “Clive a'u Or'chwylwyr,”  
Gan bawb o wir 'wyllys, a chalon ddifrad;  
A gwerth eu gweithredoedd r'un modd fyddo'n glodfawr,  
Ac etto i bara' er llwyddiant a llad;  
I'w ddeiliaid ffyddlonaf mae 'Clive' yn resymol,  
Mae'n Feistr rhagorol dyngarol dan gur;  
Mae'n dyner tu ag atynt ac hynod haelionus,  
Dwg hollol deg 'wyllys, fe'i gwyddys mewn gwir.  
'Run modd eu “Orch'wylwyr” ymddygant o dano,  
Dilynant ei lwybrau, yn ddiau, o dde;  
Gwnant hwythau eu gorau, at bawb o'u hoff weithwyr,  
Mewn tymer gariadlon, gweithredant heb ble.
4. Ein Ior hael a rhoddo hir einioes ac iechyd:—  
I “Clive a'i Or'chwylwyr,” tra byddont hwy byw;  
A phob rhyw fendithion, fo'n deillio fyth iddynt,  
Drwy nawdd a thrugaredd, llaw dirion ein Duw;  
Boed iddynt bob amser i fod o'r un galon,  
Mewn cwlwm tangnefedd a chariad ynghyd;  
Er dwyn oddiamgylch weithredoedd fyth gofir,  
Yn werthfawr a mirain, gan bawb o wir fryd.  
Pob braint a derchafiad, ac urddas wedd eur-ddoeth,  
I “Clive a'u Or'chwylwyr,” a hawddfyd a hedd;  
'Nol iddynt ymado a'r byd hwn a'i bethau,  
Y caffont bur wynfyd mewn nefolaidd wledd.

TEITHIWR.

(Sef, J. Jones, Heol-Harriet, Aberdar.)

\* Y mae y Boneddwr uchod yn cyfranu llawer o roddion ac elusenau at wasanaeth Ysgolion dyddiol, er dysgu plant tlodion mewn amrywiol fanau; ynghyd a llawer o weithredoedd haelionus eraill, teilwng eu crybwyll a'i cofio yn mhen hir amser.

# A SONG,

IN PRAISE OF

## R. H. CLIVE, ESQ. M.P.

AND HIS AGENTS.

Tune,—“*Megen's Daughter.*”

1. Ye Bards of my country, your strains be united,  
To Clive and his Agents, now weave the loud song;  
Full worthy are these of the lay that's recited,  
In words which the land they adorn shall prolong.  
From Noblemen sprung, O! how noble the bounty  
Of him whose bright actions, our gratitude claim:  
As his Sires, shall his deeds be the theme of each county,  
And the country he loves, shall take charge of his fame.  
Midst Cambria's green mountains, wide are his possessions,  
For all to behold in their beauteous extent;  
And where spread his acres there are the professions,  
Of love to the Stewards that gather his rent.
2. As his bounty bestows for the good that hath lasted,  
And still doth the comforts of hundreds extend,  
Let the praise he has earned by no envy be blasted,  
In the land whose industrious he still would befriend;  
The weak and the aged that share of his treasure,  
Of him let them speak as his hand did them feed,  
The children of want, too, shall join in the measure,  
That awards him the honours, that are his just need.  
The country whose children he's glad to enlighten,  
Shall they too not own what his goodness hath done?  
And join to extol the examples that brighten,  
The land that his kindness hath worthily won?
3. The love and respect of which Clive is deserving,  
Let him have with the worthies he loves and employs,  
Like him may his Agents, in that be unswerving,  
Which adds to the tenants', and labourers' joys:  
The tillers of his soil, as he treats them with reason,  
Will sing of his bounty on mountain and hill,  
And as he forgets them not, O! through such season,  
His name shall, aye, strengthen the limbs that must till.  
As the heart that doth sway them distends with compassion,  
The Stewards that own the behests of a Clive,  
By his must their conduct and sentiments fashion,  
And act for the heart that would “Live and let live.”
4. Long life in the land, his munificence honours,  
May Heaven to the Clive, and his worthy ones grant,  
And O! of the blessings of which they're the donors,  
May theirs be the share that can soothe woe and want;  
The heart of the Nobleman may every action,  
Of theirs who best serve him in reason attest,  
That good to accomplish which serveth no faction,  
But doth what is ever the kindest and best:  
All honour and love from a bosom devoted,  
Be Clive's for his bounty both present and past,  
And when in this life he hath done what's allotted,  
The bliss of the blest be his portion at last.

Rees Lewis, Printer, Merthyr.

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