**Pais Dinogad**

Amongst the oldest surviving Welsh poetry is an account of battles in the Old North, a text known after the protagonists as *Y Gododdin*. In the same manuscripts are a couple of odd bits of verse which clearly do not belong, and one of these is a nursery rhyme in which a mother tells her son - the Dinogad of the title - about his father's hunting prowess.

The seventh century text, with a bit of orthographic licence, is something like:

[Peis dinogat e vreith vreith.  
o grwyn balaot ban wreith.  
chwit chwit chwidogeith.  
gochanwn gochenyn wythgeith.  
pan elei dy dat ty e helya;  
llath ar y ysgwyd llory eny law.  
ef gelwi gwn gogyhwc.  
giff gaff. dhaly dhaly dhwg dhwg.  
ef lledi bysc yng corwc.  
mal ban llad. llew llywywg.  
pan elei dy dat ty e vynyd.  
dydygai ef penn ywrch penn gwythwch pen hyd.  
penn grugyar vreith o venyd.  
penn pysc o rayadyr derwennyd.  
or sawl yt gyrhaedei dy dat ty ae gicwein  
o wythwch a llewyn a llwyuein.  
nyt anghei oll ny uei oradein.](https://www.cs.ox.ac.uk/people/geraint.jones/rhydychen.org/about.welsh/pais-dinogad.au)

Dinogad's shift is speckled, speckled,  
It was made from the pelts of martens.  
`Wee! Wee!' Whistling.  
We call, they call, the eight in chains.  
When your father went out to hunt -  
A spear on his shoulder, a club in his hand -  
He called on his lively dogs,  
`Giff! Gaff! Take, take! Fetch, fetch!'  
He killed fish from his coracle  
Like the lion killing small animals.  
When your father went to the mountains  
He would bring back a roebuck, a boar, a stag,  
A speckled grouse from the mountain,  
And a fish from the Derwennydd falls.  
At whatever your father aimed his spear -  
Be it a boar, a wild cat, or a fox -  
None would escape but that had strong wings.

Pais Dinogad sydd fraith, fraith,  
O groen y bela y mae'i waith.  
`Chwí! Chwí!' Chwibanwaith.  
Gwaeddwn ni, gwaeddant hwy - yr wyth gaeth.  
Pan elai dy dad di i hela -  
Gwaywffon ar ei ysgwydd, pastwn yn ei law -  
Galwai ar gw+n tra chyflym,  
`Giff! Gaff! Dal, dal! Dwg, dwg!'  
Fe laddai bysgod o'i gwrwgl  
Fel y llada llew fân-filod!  
Pan elai dy dad di i'r mynydd  
Deuai ef ag un iwrch, un twrch coed, un hydd,  
Un rugiar fraith o fynydd,  
A physgodyn o readr Derwennydd.  
Beth bynnag a gyrhaeddai dy dad â'i bicell -  
Boed yn dwrch, yn gath goed, yn lwynog -  
Ni ddihangai'r un oni bai'n nerthol ei adenydd.