

Poem
Eloquent Gentleman

***Softly spoken, gentle words of wisdom, a glint in his eye,
the eloquent gent confidently lives, no need to lie.
Kindness in thought, also in deed
has tasted bitter failure, retains the will to succeed.***

***Always says the appropriate word,
knows when to listen, so you'll feel heard.
Patience a virtue he holds dear,
has conquered his demons, faced his fear.***

***He may have tales of brave endeavour,
doesn't consider himself too wise or clever.
A good sense of humour is a wonderful trait,
arrives on time, is rarely late.***

***Loves with a vulnerable and giving heart,
no shame, a tear shed as loved ones depart.
Stands up for those without a voice,
that life abandoned, regardless of choice.***

*Feels the spirit of animals, is never cruel,
Acknowledges the wise, won't disparage the fool.
Clothes of refinement, clothes to dress down,
he's at ease in the pub or topside of town.*

*Wealth and status do not make him a man,
how he treats those less fortunate, can.
Strength in body and also of mind,
manners and chivalry this too you'll find.*

*He plays with the children, helps colour a book,
you know he loves you, it's just the look.
Sees captivating beauty in forests of flowers,
will be your strength and support in the darkest of hours.*

*He is loyal and expects the same in return,
dont take him for granted, his trust you'll earn.
I hope you are blessed to know an eloquent gent,
for if heaven exists, from here he's sent.*

Written by Ray Sinclair on 21/01/16

**Land of My Fathers
(Hen Wlad Fly Nhadau)**

*The old land of my fathers is dear to me,
Land of poets and singers, famous celebrities
His brave warriors, mighty patriots,
For freedom they lost their blood.*

*Country, Country, I'm a supporter of my country,
While the sea is a wall to the very favorite bau,
O may the old language continue.
Old mountainous Wales, the poet's paradise,*

*Every valley, every cliff, to my eyes is beautiful;
Through patriotic feeling, so charming is a rumour
Its streams, rivers, for me.
Country, Country, I'm a supporter of my country,*

*While the sea is a wall to the very favorite bau,
O may the old language continue.
If the enemy trampled my land under his foot,
The old Welsh language is as alive as ever,*

*The muse was not drowned by the horrible hand of treachery,
Nor the melodious harp of my country.
Country, Country, I'm a supporter of my country,*

*While the sea is a wall to the very favorite bau,
O may the old language continue.*

*Hen Wlad Fly Nhadaw
(Land of My Fathers)*

*Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra môd,
Tros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.*

*Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyfi'm gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoffbau,
bydded i'r heniaith barhau.
Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,*

*Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.
Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyfi'm gwlad,*

*Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoffbau,
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.
Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,*

*Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.
Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyfi'm gwlad,*

*Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoffbau,
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.*