

Raise your voices in praise of Lord Gideon ap Stephen.  
Lustrous among the bards of our people.  
He animates the strong, guides the heedless,  
Wakes the witnesses, ennobles bold kings, and  
Joins the people's hearts like the golden pipes of Lleu.  
When he intones the *Awen* in the gloaming  
And calls a fine night down onto a fine day, his voice  
Rings like a curtain of excellent silver, all honey and trefoil,  
And wheat freshly reaped, and bees flying gentle.  
His pen drops ink like wine overflowing the brim,  
And deep still water worth the nobility of ambrosia.  
So I sing this song for him, over mead-horns euphoric,  
And call him a Shining Pearl Rising from Atlantia's deep ocean.  
So sings his Sister, so sing his Peers, and so sing his Queen and King.

Given on this nineteenth day of May, anno societatis LII from the hands and throats of Sultan  
Dietrich von Stroheim and Suntana Una Olfuss

Based on--and cribbed from--The Chair of Taliesin. My grad school translation is a messy hand-written thing, but W. F. Skene's 1868 translation is a standard academic version and readable.  
<http://www.maryjones.us/ctexts/t13.html>