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Llyvyr Taliesin.

Vol. ixB of the

Series of Old Welsh Texts.

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Poems

from the

Book of Taliesin

Edited,
amended, & translated by

J. Gwenogvryn Evans
Hon. D. Litt. (*Wales*).

Criticism does not mention the salvages.
TALIESIN, 30·12.

Tremvan, Llanbedrog, N. Wales
1915

Preface

THERE ARE QUALITIES THAT MAKE things live; that which lives becomes classical; and what has become classical is mostly remote needing hard linguistic and grammatical study, which is apt to dry up the little spring of poetry. By translating the words into dictionary language the original is emptied of most of its meaning; we miss form, light, and shade; because we have not the knowledge or the sympathy, we fail to catch, across the gulf of years, the peculiar thrill of what was once a 'winged word' flying from soul to soul. It is perhaps in this department that the most pressing work of pure scholarship remains to be done.[1]

EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THIS LITTLE BOOK, has a history. In the far-away 'seventies' I bought a copy of the Four Ancient Books of Wales.[2] After 'looking' at the Welsh text with blank amazement I placed the two volumes reverently on my shelves. My admiration for their editor knew no bounds, for did he not understand and translate the whole? I read the prolegomena with unquestioning faith, and felt humiliated that it had been left to a Scot to render such service to Welsh studies. A few years later I read the proof-sheets of Celtic Britain, which followed the Scot's lead, and thus raised him still higher in my estimation. I now turned to the translations

1 See The Rise of the Greek Epic by Prof. Gilbert Murray, pp. 5-7.

2 Edited by William F. Skene, Edinburgh, 1868.

190195

Pre-face

of the Four Ancient Books with results entirely disastrous to my patriotism. I fell into the common error of judging the originals by the translations. The habit of believing the story of the first narrator is engrained in human nature. 'Where there is smoke there is fire,' sums up the collective experience of mankind. Few stay to observe closely, so as to distinguish between smoke and mirage, or mist. I was no exception. I turned my back on the Kymric Muse—I sought fresh woods and pastures new; I tended sheep with Michael in the dells of Cumberland; I wandered on the banks of bonie Doon; I talked of the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river Po; I felt the impulse of the wild West Wind; I learnt The letters that Cadmus gave—Think ye he meant them for a slave?

The MS.

I went to Peniarth and saw the Book of Taliesin—I borrowed the MS., and copied it. To my surprise I found the meaning of a multitude of passages was clear as day-light and, like Tartini's sixth Sonata, their pure, simple harmonies haunted me. To account for the obscurity of the other parts, I conceived the theory that the 'sixth century' work of Taliesin had been vamped in the twelfth, for I was nurtured in sixth century traditions. I elaborated my theory on 609 folios of foolscap. When the last page was written, I looked with pride upon my pile of sheets. After a week or two I set to the work of testing my thesis at every point, and by degrees demolished my own superstructure to the last line. To my credit be it recorded the 609 folios of foolscap, with all their prettily turned passages, were consigned to the flames, leaving me sadder, but no whit wiser.

A dis-aster

About this time the late Professor Zimmer spent a day at Tremvan. I plied him with many a question about Taliesin, but received uniformly for answer: *nis gwnn—nis gallav δweyd*, I do not know—I cannot say. I next turned to a Welsh scholar of repute, and proposed that we should jointly attempt to amend and translate the text of Taliesin. He advised me to attempt no such thing—he, certainly, would not cöoperate; 'in short I funk it' were his parting words. The distraction of reporting on Welsh MSS. thrust Taliesin aside for a time. But one day I was with my Gamaliel, and as the skies were serene I sought for guidance and light, and lo! the atmosphere became electric. He seized volume ii. of the Four Ancient Books and read: *agwr bwrr bythic . . am ys gwin ffeleic, am ys gwin mynic gyltwn*, 59·19. Eyeing me intently he asked: What do you make of that? or of these 'bones of the mist,' *escyrn nywl?* (22·15). Then turning over energetically some more leaves he remarked: The only sensible thing I can see in Taliesin is this—*pren onhyt yw vy awen*, 62·25, my muse is—is—wooden! Flinging the book to an adjoining table I was asked with crushing emphasis: Do you think that *you* are going to get at the bottom of stuff like that?[3] Men and brethren! I thus became a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee of the straitest sect, and renounced Taliesin, as I thought and believed, for ever. But the virus was in my blood. The unprisoned spirit of Taliesin haunted me. I knew his muse was not 'wooden.'

Discouragement

3 When first I asked to see a MS. it was remarked: "What is the good? You can't read it." The tone in which that was said became the driving force that shaped the after-activities of my life.

En -cour -age -ment

While sitting around the yule log one evening I unburdened my soul to the late Professor Strachan. My friend became alert, interested, sympathetic, protesting that "after so much labour it is wrong to throw your work away. You have learnt more than you think. The difficulties are, as is well known, very great, and *you will have to run the risk of making howlers; but in Keltic he, who is not prepared to face that risk, will accomplish very little.* As for criticism, why should you mind that? The few who know anything about Taliesin will appreciate your contribution—what the rest may think or say—it does not really matter."

A fresh start

The pages of Taliesin were scanned once more. Many plans were formed, considered, and rejected. At last the policy of the 'clean slate' was adopted. I resolved to have no plan, no theory, no object but one—to get at the *meaning* of the text, and follow the evidence whithersoever it might lead. A beginning was made with the poems that seemed easiest. Metre and orthography were regularised, and such portions as I understood translated, the remainder being left blank for future effort. This *tour de force* lasted over a year, and seven times was it repeated. Gradually one by one certain historical and topographical landmarks emerged clearly above the mists, but in isolation. I turned to the elegies to Owein Gwyneδ by Gwalchmei and Kynδel with suggestive results. I, therefore, read carefully the works of Meilir, Gwalchmei, Kynδel, Hywel ap O. G., and the Bard of Mochnant, compiling an Index verborum to each poet as I went along. A comparison of these vocabularies with one another, as well as with that of Taliesin shewed that Meilir, Gwalchmei and

Taliesin belonged to the same period. Much of their topography is also in common. This led to my spending three summer outings in traversing the counties of Flint and Denbigh, as well as the English borders from Montgomery to Oswestry—from Whitchurch to Chester. I climbed the hills and surveyed the land from the promontory castle of Beeston, from Breiδin, from many points on Berwyn, from y Rhodwyδ and Buδugre, from Treiδin, Caer Gwrlè, Caer Estyn, and Montalt; and from Moel y Gaer to Coppa Ŀwyvenyδ. With the help of a bicycle I covered close on a thousand miles.[4] It was only after these interesting, but strenuous wanderings that I really began to understand our text, and learnt to appreciate the felicity of many a descriptive passage. How seldom do we realize that so much depends on what *we bring* to the understanding of a subject. Just as mathematical formulæ convey nothing to a non-mathematical mind, so the student who finds no meaning in Taliesin doth but proclaim his own ignorance of Brythonic twelfth-century thought and action. Acquaintance with the records and literatures of the Norman period is an illuminating factor in providing an insight into our text. It is necessary not only to master facts, but also to imbibe the spirit of the time. Paleography, Philology, Grammar can do much for us, but it is the comparative study of contemporary literatures and of history that will help most to the understanding of our author. After all it is Taliesin's poetry & message, not his words, that have the human interest.

Surveying the ground

4 Part was done a-foot in the company of Mr. Llywarch Reynolds. On our way from Gwerni Dygen to Breiddin the bull of Crugion disputed our progress and passage of the Severn at the Ferry. On gaining the right bank the Lord

Vol. ii.

After such a fashion did this bantling originate. But there was no idea of publishing till it became evident that the Notes, consisting of emendations, alternative suggestions, illustrative passages from the poets and historical evidence, would fill upwards of 700 pages. The expense this would involve led to the embodiment of the emendations in an edited text, thus presenting the thoughts of every poem continuously, in place of in a series of disjointed comments. To point out irregularities would be supererogatory. Metre, assonance, and rhyme act as so many detectives of the scribe's infidelities, as well as of his omissions and interpolations. Those able to count up to ten can test the metres; and the reading aloud of the MS. text makes us aware of 'things gone wrong.' The Tables of Scribal Errors shew how things do go wrong—how words get transmogrified in transcription, and why we should choose one word rather than another, though of the same meaning.

Paleographical mistakes[5] are mainly due to certain resemblances of different letters in combination, and can be reduced to a fairly fixed rule. Emendations worked out on these lines will be outside the experience and ken of many of my critics, but are none the less valid for that—'They don't know everything down in Judee.'

put it in my heart to run, for my friend carried his seventy years with an agility that made light of ditches and seven-barred gates, thus reducing the enemy to impotent rage. The memory of the after-thirst on the slopes of Breiddin remains, as well as of the downpour we experienced west of Corwen, while ascending the Berwyn. It is no wonder that the RAIN on this mountain-range caused Henry ii. to flee.

5 Mistakes due to metathesis are familiar. So are repetitions and anticipations of neighbouring syllables. The tendency to telescope words, like 'whey' for 'when they,' is the mark of age—the hand is too slow for the brain.

Where there is a lacuna, consisting of a line (part or whole), or the end of one line and the beginning of the next, we must needs have recourse to divination, relying on context, rhythm, and rhyme. Insertions of this kind, which have no sanction in the original are printed in *italics*[6], being offered tentatively as suggestions. Then there are numerous cases where there is something wrong, but exactly what is wrong, it is hard to say. In these cases there is an equal danger in the avoidance of all change as in changing too much. It is likely enough that I have erred both ways—that I have stuck in the mud here, and meddled there unadvisedly. Most *workers* do such things,[7] because it is only '*Sometimes* a light surprises a Christian while he' toils. Owing to the fitfulness of this discerning light Taliesin provides pitfalls enough to ruin the reputation of a dozen Academicians. As a guiding principle the fewer the changes the better, provided that we get good sense, which is ever characteristic of Taliesin's muse.

Paleography

In orthography I have not followed my own whims, but rather the practice of the best MSS. before Welsh lost its way in Tudor times. All the modern patents are unhistorical; they are also

Orthography

6 It was intended to italicise also all changes not made on paleographical lines; but here and there I was too intent on the meaning of the text to remember my own rule. For example, if cledyf were changed into clefyd, celfyd, crefyd, or dedyf nothing should be italicised, because the five words are, paleographically speaking, liable to be confused by our scribe. But if, for any reason, gwaew displaces cledyf, gwaew should be in italics, because no confusion of form is possible between the two words.

7 The man who never makes a mistake is a prattling dummy. J. Stuart Mill spent his life "struggling on, making mistakes and correcting them." And Sir Edward Grey has told us that 'If we get into a mess everybody knows about it, but it is only we ourselves know the mess into which we did not get.' 17. ii. 12.

unscientific, because they ignore the dominating influence of the accent. To intrude etymology into spelling is sheer pedantry. Our spelling once represented sound in the simplest possible way.[8] To double consonants except under the accent is to defy the practice of the golden age of Welsh literature, and of every Welsh mouth[9]. What a reader wants are ideas, not an uncouth agglomeration of redundant consonants. The man who writes *yng-Ng*hymry is like a drunkard who sees double, but then he is drunk.

Mutations take place in the Genitive case, in the Accusative, in words expressing duration of time, and with verbs of motion, as 'aeth Von.' Words in opposition are also mutated, and even verbs, though the relative be dropped, as 'Taliesin *g*an,' yscriven Brydein *b*ryder, etc.

Translation

The translation was begun solely for my own discipline and correction. Seeking for the inward thought and spirit of the poems, I tried to interpret them to myself, so as to render sense for sense, rather than follow the letter which killeth. In the revisions I strove further to provide not a crib for the class-room, but a version for the lover of literature who needs, along with the sense, something of the bloom of the poet's inspiration, so hard 'to keep unhurt in another tongue.' If I have failed, I have done my best, and I feel no shame to fall where 'other footsteps dare not.'

8 The older the MS. the simpler the spelling. See B.B.C., note 2·2. cp. 'Yng Haerwys, Yng Wynedd.' Gr. Hiraethog.

9 Cp. ynghyngor 1·28, yng hyoe*d* 33·2, yng Wensteri 30·12, yng Wyne*d* 64·20, yng warth 17·17, yng wlat 44·25, 76·8, ymro 30·6, ymryn 22·25, ymyt 36·6, y Mon 45·18, 73·15, ymrythwch 11·6, 48·20, ymhwyllat 92·7, vyng hyfalle 3·20, vyng hynny*d* 74·10, anghyfieith 79·3, amhâr 16·6, &c., &c.

The question is not so much how many mistakes have been made as how many have been avoided—how many errors have been corrected—how many obscurities have been removed.[10]

Taliesin is a well-authenticated historical character. He tells us that he 'was not born in adversity,' 27·3, though he grew up in abject poverty. At 71·9 he says that he was 'a prince in disguise'; and yet he had no settled home, but simply 'slept at Pulford.' His play-ground was the watery lane that led thence to the city of the Legion.[11] He was a subject of the earl of Chester till the battle of Godeu, whence he was carried off to Powys, and made a herdsman there. After a time he escaped into the Forest of ILwyvenyδ, and became subject and bard to Owein Gwyneδ. There are two additional passages, 42·6·7—the one speaks of him as 'a preceptor in Dygen,' i.e. at

Tal
-iesin

10 Even if it be proved that I have made a mistake in every line the TIME of COMPOSITION, the CHIEF ACTORS, and the GEOGRAPHY will remain unaffected. A critic may dispute my rendering, but it does not follow that he is right because he differs from me, or cannot in 7 minutes see what it has taken me 7 years to 'grip.' However the really obscure passages are but a fraction of the whole.

11 Note .1. that Caer Lleon is not used for Chester by Taliesin (see nn. 69·12,b; 73·11); 2. that Caer Lleon is unknown to Aneirin; 3. that the one instance of its occurrence in the B.B.C. is later than 1200, and that it sets the metre wrong. The list of cities in the Nennian ADDITAMENTA has Cair Ligualid, Cair legion, & Cair legeion guar ufic. In Taliesin and the Bard of Mochnant Caer Liwelydd means Chester. Can it be that the Cair legion of the list means Holt, to which the name of 'Caer lleon' has adhered? The 'Gweith Cair Legion' of Annales Cambrie, Ao. 613, may have taken place at or near Holt, or between Holt and Bangor Iscoed, whose monks were present in their hundreds. (Bede Bk. ii. cap. ii.) Had the battle been at Chester the monks would hardly have turned out in a body: observe also that the Welsh leader was the prince of Powys, and that Powys never reached beyond Pulford. The best ford on the lower Dee is at Holt, near which the XXth Legion had its tile kilns.

Strata Marcella; the other as 'a hoary wanderer' at Norham on the Tweed in 1209. In as much as the house of Powys was anathema to the bard, it is, on the face of it, incredible that he would enter a Powysian foundation; and chronology condemns the reference to the northern expedition as a later accretion 'in the manner of Taliesin.'

The Welsh Atom

On the other hand 'patriots' of the mythological school tell us that Taliesin flourished in the sixth century. In the Introduction to volume i., the evidence has been reviewed briefly, but with care. 'It will be wise to hearken not to me but to my arguments.' However, we have Mr. Lloyd George's assurance that 'there is nothing a man likes less than to be convinced by argument.' And I have myself observed that there is always in fact something trivial not to the taste of poetic minds. It has ever been so. The Greek Atomists[12] were proof against the discovery that the earth was round—they preferred a world shaped "like a tambourine" that rested elegantly 'on air.' Similarly the Welsh Atomist[13] hugs tradition, repels discovery, and loves not the truth.[14]

From idle dreams, and rant—
From tambourines aslant,
Good Lord! deliver us.

12 Leukippos, the father of the atom, deliberately rejected the Pythagorean discovery that the earth was spherical, and taught that it was in shape "like a tambourine," resting on the air, and sloping towards the south. J. Burnet.

13 The Welsh 'atom' is true to type—it has 'no weight,' though characterised by 'excess of magnitude.' Its votary cannot construe a dozen lines of early Welsh poetry, nor write a modern dozen with decency, but he struts before the public with hat a-tilt, deceiving himself and some others by the tinkle of his tambourine.

14 "It is difficult to get the truth believed. It is quite easy to get something which is not the truth believed." Sir Edward Grey.

The proof-sheets of a portion of this booklet were seen by Mr. T. Gwynn Jones, and received a good deal of frank, honest comment. But as there is no way of indicating minute criticism except by reproducing it, I can only refer to it in general terms, while tendering my cordial thanks. For what Mr. Gwynn Jones is directly responsible see the Notes. It is also a pleasant duty to thank the Council and Librarian of the National Library of Wales, for allowing this little book, as well as the Notes and Index of Vol. i., to be machined in their printing department. Neither must I pass over in silence the efficient and rare service of my sometime assistant, Mr. George Jones; nor omit to mention the information I received, on certain points of medieval theology, from my friend and neighbour, Mr. Ernest Edwin Williams of the Inner Temple.

J. Gwenogvryn Evans.

Tremvan, Llanbedrog.
May 25, 1915.

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CORRECTIONS.

——o——

*** Certain inconsistencies in the orthography were mainly introduced by the Compositors, who could not unlearn old ways. My punctuation was also persistently edited. As it was not feasible to revise the final 'corrections' on the machine many errors have remained, and a few fresh ones have crept in.

The following references specify passages that have been amended in the *Miscellaneous Notes*, (pp. 82–145 of Vol. i.)

15·79, 26·3, 28·28·70·76, 30·68, 34·121, 36·180, 38·186·195, 40·230, 50·43, 52·96, 54·108·119·131, 55·108, 56·13, 58·36, 62·19, 64·10, 70·113, 72·20, 78·3, 82·49, 84·22·29·32·33, 86·14, 88·*47*, 90·20, 94·13·50, 108·41, 114·28, 116·46, 118·43, 120·59, 120·4–7, 122·29·32·35, 124·6, 126·17, 128·56, 134·32, 140·15, 142·6, 144·18·26·8, 146·19·25–40, 158·29, 168·148, 176·39, 180·93, 188·6.

Alternative readings have been offered in other places.

xii., l.15 for '*o*pposition' read '*a*pposition.'

1·22 for '122*o*' read '1230.'

1·25 Delete 'Owein Kyveilog.'

7·15 for *singers* read *joglars.*

12·24 for 'Wenδyδ' read 'Gwenδyδ.'

16·14 for *suδen* ? read *suδem*, we must sink.

29·49 for *princes* read *prince.*

30·70 for *Gwern* read *Derw*, oak.

31·76 for *medlar* read *briar.*

41·27 read : *I was not born in adversity.*

42·3 for '*i h*anghen' read *anghen.*
who sustained poverty, etc.

42·19 for 'govar*v*an' read *govaran.*

50·61 for *a dwvn* ? read *aδwyn.*

53·96 read : 'in the treasury of *lyric* song.'

55·119 From *Holy*-head to 'Lache eyes.'

60·10 *? read* : Dedwyδ Đovyδ . . . *the Blessed Lord*, too, *created my own son*, *Avagδu.*

64·1 for *gelvyδ* read *celvyδ.*

64·31 for 'en·*i*eineu' read *eneineu.*

66·52 for *an* read *ânt.*

69·64 read : *The Saxons, having been crippled at Seon, show signs of exhaustion.*

71·113 for 'bears an' ? read *introduces his*

76·12 for *a'i* read *no'i.*

78·41 for 'eisyllyδ' read 'eisyllyδ.'

78·3 *History suggests reading:* gor·vodesо·gyv·nes Welyδon, *(Rhun) mastered the rather near neighbourhood of the Laches.*

85·19 for *flows* read *flowed.*

86·10 for 'Clydwyn' ? read *cyrchyn.*
These could not sustain the counter-action of the power of the ally they '*went for.*'

101·36 for *or* read *nor.*

158·7 for *δyd* read *dyδ.*

182 (title) read '*Am δy·δyvi.*'

189 for '*a* an' read *an.*

Change d to δ and read: gorvloeδ 6·72, δy·enn illin 10·8, δelideu 12·21, δy·gwyn 20·159, δy·livas 20·175, Đeganhwy 54·107, Đovyδ 60·10, vlwyδyn 68·87, δy·hawl 84·41, byδiv 90·28, δigones 102·8, see Preface, p. *xii.*

The words following should also be read in the mutated form : verwei 10·18, gŵyndawd 12·25, or·ffennas 20·176, ? waδawl 48·21, i *d*rachwres 86·14, y ar vur 128·31. See corrections in vol. i. of 116·46, 118·34, 140·19.

Early Welsh had a 3 pl. future-present ending in -int, which appears occasionally as -ynt.

THE ARGUMENT

THE OPINIONS OF MOST MEN ARE WORTH HAVING, so it has been said, "while their reasons seldom convince any but themselves." Acting on this maxim, I submit, without comment, in the pages which follow, a transliterated, amended version of the BOOK OF TALIESIN, with a sense for sense translation. In doing so I am under no illusion. The obscurities of the original are notorious; and I, of all men, have most reason for knowing them, having spent years in going systematically through the text many times. The result offered, though not unconsidered, is necessarily tentative. The stumblings may be frequent, yet the number of problems solved, with a reasonable degree of certainty, is considerable. The question of the date of composition, which goes to the root of the whole matter, has been settled. So long as a student labours under the belief of a sixth century origin, so long will he walk in blinkers, and fail to perceive the plainest references to historical events between 1098 and 1220. The bard, or bards, after the fashion of this time, sang of contemporaries under assumed names. Owen Gwyneð and his sons, Henry II, Owen Kyveilog, Richard I, Gwen Wynnwyn, and King John are among the chief actors who figure in the poems which follow.

J.G.E.

Llyvyr Taliessin

Tanu y Gwynt.

DYCHYMIG pwy yw? 1
crëad cyn dilyw—
Crëadur cadarn,
heb gig, heb ascwrn, 4
heb wytheu, heb waed,
heb ben, a heb draed.
Ni byδ hŷn, na ieu, 7
noget y dechreu.
Ni ɕaw o·i oδeu
er ovn, nag angheu: 10
Ni δi·oes i eiseu
gan grëadurieu.
Mawr Δuw morwynneu! 13
ban δaw o δechreu?
Mawr i verthideu,
y Gwr a·i goreu. 16
Y·mäes, yng·hoed,
heb law, a heb droed:
Heb haint a heb hoed, 19
ev eiδig aδoed.
Ac ev yn gyv·oed
a phymhoes pymhoed:
Hevyd yssyδ hŷn 23
ped pymhwnt vlwyδyn.
Ac ev yn gyv·led
ac wyneb tydwed.
Ac ev ni aned: 27
Ac ev ni weled.
Ar vor, ac ar dir,
ni wŷl, ni welir. 30

Book of Taliesin

The Song of the Wind.

WHOSE idea was the wind? 1
Created before the deluge,
he is a powerful creature,
sans flesh, sans bone, 4
sans veins, sans blood,
sans head, and sans feet.
He grows nor older, nor
younger, than at the first. 8
Nor fear, nor death
will turn aside his purpose.
The world of the living will never
survive the need of him. 12
Great God of the whirlwinds!
whence comes his beginning?
Great the resources of Him 15
who made the Wind, (which
traverses) field and forest,
without hand, or foot.
Without sickness or sorrow, 19
he is impatient of delay.
And he is co-eval with the
five ages of the five periods.
Moreover, he is older, though 23
it be half a million years.
And he is as widespread
as the face of the earth.
Born he was not, 27
nor ever was seen.
On sea, and on land,
he neither sees, nor is seen. 30

37 Ev yn ang·hywir, 31
ni ðaw ban vynnir.
Ar dir, ac ar vor,
10 ev yn an·hepcor. 34
Ev yn ði·achor :
Ev yn ði·eisor :
11 Ev, o bedeiror,
ni byð wrth gynghor. 38
Ev gychwyn a*m*gor,
12 oð·uch maen yn·yvnvor.
Ev Πavar, ev mud,
e· yn an·vynud : 42
Ev yn wrð, yn ðrud,
ban dremyn dros dud.
14 Ev mud, ev Πavar,
ev yn or·ðëar— 46
mwyhav i vaniar
ar wyneb daear.
Ev yn ða, yn ðrwg,
ev yn an·eglwg. 50
Ev yn an·amlwg,
can nis gwŷl golwg.
17 Yn ðrwg ac yn ða,
ev hwnt, ev yma. 54
Ev yð an·rhevna—
ni ðïwg a wna :
Ni ðïwg a wrech,
ac ev yn ði·bech. 58
19 Yn wlyb ac yn sych,
ev a ðaw·n vynych.
20 Gwres heul ac oervel
a dry naws awel : 62
Teithi symudir,
ac ev ni ðimyir.

He is unreliable—
he will not come when desired.
On land and sea,
he is indispensable.
He knows no restraint—
his lot has not been cast.
He comes from the four quarters;
he will brook no counsel.
He starts on his round, from the
crest of a rock in the deep.
He is loquacious, he is mute,
he is frolicksome.
He is vehement, intrepid,
when he scours the land.
He is mute, he is loquacious,
he is uproarious—
The most tumultuous
on the face of the earth.
He is good, he is evil,
he is blind:
He is invisible—
no eye can see him.
He is evil, he is good,
he is there, he is here.
When he works confusion,
he will not repair what he does.
He will not restore what he wrecks,
and yet he is without sin.
Now wet, and now dry,
he comes frequently.
The sun's heat, and cold
affect the feel of the wind,
which ever changes his part,
but never is destroyed.

40.22 MENHYD tragywyδ ! 65
23 ys Tydi *wehyδ*
δyliv *oll yssyδ;*
21 *Pawb a·th* edm*yg*ynt—
Gwr a gadwyn wynt. 69
41.12 *Er* maint *vo ym·chwyδ*
tonneu y Weryδ—
40.22 Er gor·vloed eryv
22 ban δel yn rh*uthr*yδ, 73
41.13 Cyn traeth, cyverchyδ,
a·i yrva δervyδ.
14 A·m cuδ*wy* tywawd,
ac ev yn deithawg. 77

❀ ❀ ❀

Buarth Beirdd.

EV y·m peillied ym·*hob* pwyllad, 1
gan veirδ Brython, *a·r cawceinad.*
7 Pryδest over *yng·hyw·rysseδ:* 3
A·m rhy·or·seiv a·m rhy·or·seδ.
15 I·r govan goval δigawn gorδ ; 5
Wyv eisig bren, cyv·yng ar gerδ.
16 Buarth beirδ *ban vo,*
pwy ar nis gwypo ? 8
17 Pymtheg mil drostaw,
yn i gym·hwysaw.
18 Wyv cerδoliad ; wyv saer *mal* dryw ; 11
wyv ceiniad claer : wyv dru*d* ; wyv syw
19 *mal* sarff, *mal* serch ; yδ ym·ge*i*sav :
20 Neu·d wyv varδ s*w*yn ; yδ ar·veiδav.
Ban gân ceinieid ganu yng·hôv, 15
21 nid ev wnant wy ryveδ uchov.

ETERNAL MIND!
'Tis Thou that weavest
the web of all there be:
All men honour Thee
who dost chain the Wind.
However much *he upheaves*
the Ocean billows,
or shrieks in his violence
when he comes in gusts,
ere he touches shore, Thou speakest!
and his race is run.
May the sands cover me,
an the wind be in full career.

❀ ❀ ❀

Congress of the Bards.

I Was sifted in every faculty by the
Brython bards, and the crowned minstrel.
Poetising is futile in competition;
my competitor, however, chairs me.
Care enough to the young smith is his hammer;
I, too, am but a slender twig, inexperienced in craft.
The congress of the bards, when it takes place,
who is there that knows not of it?
Fifteen thousand favouring it,
and arranging for it.
I am a musician—an artificer like the wren;
I am a brilliant singer; I am formidable, subtle
as a serpent, as love; I will enter the lists:
I am an enchanted bard; I will dare (them all).
When the singers sing a song from memory,
they perform no great wonder beyond what I can do.

7 Handid i mi eu herbyniaw,
yn δi·vyvyr, heb δysc, heb braw,
mal arvolli dillad heb law—
23 val soδi yn llyn heb allu naw.
Tyrvid aches ; ehovn i graδ ;
24 uchel y gwaeδ ; mordwy deryδ.
25 Craig am waneg, wrth vawr drevnad—
ang·hlud yscrwth, escar noδiad :
27 Craig *rhag* perchen pen an·ynad ;
8.3 nid ev garav amrysoniad.
7.27 Ys gwna meδud veδdawd meδyδ ;
a gor·wyth meδ warthruδ brydyδ.
8 Ev cell, ev drull ; ev darweir lled ;
ev llogell cerδ ; ev llemynnied.
2 Carav i or·wŷδ, a chil gorr gled,
a barδ a brŷd—ni brŷn i ged.
4 A geibl gelvyδ, meueδ ni ved.
Madws myned, er ym·dr*av*awd
a chelvyδeid am gelvyδawd ;
6 a chanu clwm, cystwm cy·wlad,
i vugeil bro, porth neithoriad.
7 Mal ym·δeith *tranc* heb drwyd i gad,
8 eiri*v* vynnei ymδeith heb oed—
eiri*v* vagei gneuha heb goed—
9 mal ceisaw bydav yng·rug,
mal peireint an·rheith yn vud,
mal goscorδ llüyδ heb benn,
11 mal porthi ang·hlyd ar cenn,
mal grynniaw tyndei a gwrach,
12 mal haeδu awyr a bach,
mal eirach gwaed ac yscall,
13 mal gwneuthur goleu i δall,
mal dogni dillad i noeth,
mal tannu ewyn ar draeth,

It falls to me to compete with them,
extemporaneously, *without training or experience*,
like a man donning armour without a hand,
or sinking in water without being able to swim.
The flowing tide seethes ; eager its pace ;
loudly it roars ; then rushes ashore.
By a great design, the rock beyond the surf,
an immovable pile, *is* an insular refuge :
it is a defence against every madman :
I do not love contention.
'Tis drinking makes drunk the brewer ; *and*
over-draining of mead disgraces the bard, who is
a cellar, a liquor store ; a lewd, paunchy fellow ;
a receptacle of song ; a mere vagabond.
I love the woods,—a retreat in a cosy border, and
a bard who creates—not one who cadges for gifts.
The man who curses the artist will never prosper.
It is well to go (to Congress) for the sake of
deliberating with artists about art ; and
to sing a string of verses, as the custom is, to the
governor of the district, the provider of the feast.
As Death doth travel without track to war,
so a number went without assignation,
and many nursed the idea of nutting without trees,
like men seeking for a swarm of bees in heather,
like engines of destruction mute,
like a company of soldiers without a leader,
like men feeding the comfortless with husk,
like ridging tumbled-down houses with a *gwrach*,
like men reaching for the sky with a hook,
like men stanching blood with thistles,
like men striking a light for the blind,
like men allotting a coat of mail to the unarmed,
like men scattering foam on the strand,

15 mal porthi pyscawd ar laeth,
mal töi neuaδ a dail,
16 mal llaδ llurig a gwyeil,
mal toδi tavled rhag gair.
17 Wyv barδ neuaδ, wyv gyw cadeir :
18 Dy·δygnad beirδ ; llavar llysceir.
Cyn vy ar·gywein i·m garw gyv·log
rhy·phrynwyv i·m log i·th dy, Vab Meir !

Cwyndawd.

BARÐ, y·man y bo,
neirtheint a gaffo :
19 Caned ban dyrffo :
Sywed yn yd vo :
Haelon vanacco,
3 neu·s bi a rotho.
Drwy ieith Daliessin,
4 beirδ, dy·enniLlin.
Ciaw*r*, ban δarvu
llïaws i olychu.
5 Bid *eiδaw* wyllleith —
anrheith Avagδu :
Neu·s dug, yn gelvyδ,
6 gyvreu ar gywyδ.
Gwiawn leveryδ —
o δ*am*wei*n* dyvyδ.
8 *Gwiδon*, y peiran,
berwei, heb *wall*tan ;
7 gwnäei o varw vyw,
ac an·hy·weith yw.

like men feeding fish with milk,
like men thatching the hall with leaves,
like men battering armour with withies,
like men melting a tablet against speech.
I am the bard of the Hall ; I am the winner of the chair :
The bards are greatly incensed ; loud their anathemas.
Before my ferrying over to my hard wages,
may I secure a place in thy mansion, Son of Mary !

The Festival.

THE Bard, wherever he may be,
shall have entertainment.
Let him sing when the spirit moves :
Let him prophesy while he lives :
Let him proclaim the generous,
and there will be no lack of givers.
By the teaching of Taliesin
the bards greatly profit.
He will fall, when the people
stop admiring him.
Witchery is wont to be his—
the spoliation of Avagðu ;
And, by skill, he has brought
a finish to poetry.
Gwion opens his mouth—
an accident his song.
The Gwiðon kept the kettle
boiling without lapse of fire ;
it could make the dead alive—
a most difficult task.

19 Gwnaethei delideu,
er yn oes oeseu.
9 Y trwyth dy·δyccawd,
o δawn Wenδyδ gwawd.
10 Neu·d amgar cŵyndawd,
namyn pwy i chyn·evawd?
11 Cy·meint cerδ davawd
a dêlis ciwdawd.
12 Py·r na thraethwch, rhawg,
lad uch Ilyn Ilathrawd?
13 PenniIliach *rhoed* pawb—
dy·byδ yna nawd.
14 *A*δ·wyn d*atcani*ad;
neu·r δoeth ostegiad.
15 Tr*w*yδed, p*ei*r ynad
i varδ a cheinad.
Tri ugein mlyneδ,
16 yd bortheis lawrweδ,
yn·ovr caw giwed,
yn elvyδ Red*eg*.
17 Can gwŷs a·m dy·oeδ;
Can rhi ynδun oeδ;
18 can yw yδ aethant
pan yw y doethant,
cân eilewyδ gant,
19 ac a·u darogant.
ILadon, verch Liant,
20 oeδ bychan i chwant
o eur ac ariant.
Pwy·r byw δy·adas
21 waed y·ar i gwynnglas?
Odid traethator;
mawr y molhator.

She had worked at metals
from immemorial times.
She now brings a concoction
of the gift of the goddess of song.
She dearly loves a festival—
but what of the old custom?
The community's pay being proportionate to the quantum of poetry,
why do ye not, for a while, recite
what is good over the sparkling li-
Let all *contribute* verses— [quor?
the custom will then appear.
Pleasant was the recital;
then silence was proclaimed:
The Justiciar causes a licence (to
be given) *to bard and minstrel.*

For three score years,
I have supported earthly form in
the quarter of the licensed tribe,
in the land of Redeg.
A hundred mansions I frequented;
A hundred chiefs in them were;
Since they have gone,
whence they came,
the minstrel shall sing of all,
and prophesy concerning them.
Latona, daughter of the Ocean,
had small desire
for gold and silver.
What living person has shed
blood on her sacred island?
The fact has hardly been mentioned,
though it is worthy of great praise.

19 Mi·d·wyv Daliessin :
Rhy·phrydav iawn Ilîn.
23 Parahav, hyd ffin,
yng·hyn·elw Elphin.
Neu·r *di*·deilynghed
24 o riv eur δlyed.
Pan gassâd, carad
anudon a brad.
25 Nu, neu·r chwenych vad,
trwy gyweg *avrllad* :
26 Go·gyv·archwy*v* vrawd.
Ni wyrthid an gwawd :
Ni wybyδ nebawd.
20 Doethur, priv gelvyδ,
dis·pwyllawd sywyδ,
2 am wŷth edryvyδ—
doleu dynwedyδ.
3 A·m gŵyr gwawd gelvyδ :
Cerδwn Đuw yssyδ.
4 Drwy ieith Dalhaearn,
Bedyδ vuδ δyδ varn.
A varnwys deithi
5 angerδ varδoni,
Ev, o·i rin, roδes
awen ang·hy·mes.
6 Seith ugein ogrven
yssyδ yn awen :
7 ŵyth, o bob ugein,
yd vyδ yn un *sain*—
asswyn yn·i·wŷth ;
8 asswyn yng·or·wŷth ;
asswyn *oll* yssyδ.
9 Yn nev, uch elvyδ,
y mae a·u gwybyδ.

I am Taliesin—
I sing of true lineage.
I shall continue, to the end,
in my pristine service of Elffin.
He was removed from among the
number of the golden nobility.
When he was hated, loved were
perjuries and treachery.
Now, he seeks relief
from the fragile wafers.
Let me call in a frate.
He will set no value on our praise:
he will know no one.
The sage, foremost in skill,
shall consult astrology,
about the main line of descent—
the links of the anthropologist.
I know a fine psalm:
Let us laud the Living God.
By the teaching of Talhaearn,
Baptism will help at the last.
He, who fixed the conditions
of poetic frenzy,
did, of his secret, impart
inspiration without stint.
Seven score chords
there are in music:
The octave of every score,
which is ever in harmony,
enchants in calm—
enchants in storm—
enchants all there is.
In heaven above there is One
who knows the harmonies.

Py dristid yssyδ
well no Πewenyδ?
Go·gwn δeδv rhadeu
awen, ban δy·ffreu—
am gelvyδ dâleu—
am δedwyδ δïeu—
am vucheδ ara
oeseu escorva—
am hawl tëyrnva
byhyd cyng·wala.
Am gy·haval vy*d*,
*su*δen trwy weryd.
Mawrhydig sywyd!
Pan dy·gyv·rensid?
Pan och awel gryd?
Pan vyδ go·hoew bryd?
Pan vyδ môr hyvryd?
Pan yw gwrδ echen?
Pan echrëwyd nen?
neu heul, pan δodir?
Pan yw töir tir?
Tô y tir, pwy i vaint?
Pan tyvhid gwycheint?
Gwycheint pan dynnit?
Pan yw gwrδ gweryδ?
Gweryd pan yw gwyrδ?
Pwy echenis gyrδ?
Cyrδ pwy echenwys?
Ys·tir, ystyriwys,
ystyrieid Πyvreu,
*cylch beir*δ, *a·u cyvreu.*
Ped vwynt yd ffreuynt;
ped ffreuynt yδ ynt:

What sadness is there
better than gladness?
I KNOW the law of the favours
of the muse, when she gushes forth —
about the artistic recompenses —
about the happy days —
about the quiet life
of the ages to come —
about the claim of the kingdom
unto full fruition.
To obtain such a life, they
must sink through the sod.
Majestic is knowledge!
Whence has it been imparted?
Whence the moan of the wind that stirs?
Whence the light of the countenance?
Whence is the sea pleasant?
Whence is the race vigorous?
Whence was created the firmament?
or the sun, whence is it fixed?
Whence is clothed the land?
covering the earth to what extent?
Whence grows its splendour?
Whence does its splendour attract?
Whence is youth ardent?
Whence is green the sod?
Who has sung the songs?
Whose song did he sing?
It is necessary, he considered,
to study the books of the bards, their
round, and all that pertains to them.
The *bards* bring forth what is in them;
what they bring forth, that they are:

Beth a vont ar hynt,
llyna beth ydynt.
Y ðaear, pwy i Ued,
neu vaint i thewhed?
Go·gwn drws*t* Uavnawr,
a m*ael* rhuð aml awr.
Go·gwn a drevnawr,
y·rhwng nev a Uawr.
Pan at·sein *go*·bant?
Pan er·gyr di·vant?
Pan lewych ar·*v*ant?
Pan vyð tywyll nant?
Anadl, pan yw du?
Pan yw creu avu?
Bwch, pan yw bannawg?
Gwraig, pan yw serchawg?
Llevrith, pan yw gwyn?
Pan yw glas celyn?
Py·r b*rev*arawt myn,
yn llïaws mehyn?
Pan yw barvawt *gwr?*
Pan yw ceu evwr?
Pan yw meðw Colŵyn?
Pan yw lleðv *m*orŵyn?
Pan yw brith iyrchwyn?
Pan yw hallt halwyn?
Cwrw, pan yw ystern?
Pan yw lledruð gwern?
Pan yw rhuð egroes? —
Nev wraig a·u d*y*·roes.
Pan yw gwyrð llinos?
Pan ðy·g*evna* nos,
py ðar·weir yssyð
yn eur llïant dyð!

What they are on tour,
that is their true character.
The earth, what is its extent,
or how great its thickness?
I know the clash of arms, and
the ruddy work of constant shouting.
I know something of what is ordained
twixt heaven and earth, (but)
Whence the echo of the hollow?
Whence the stroke of extinction?
Whence the brightness on the height?
Whence is the ravine ever in shadow?
The breath, whence is it foul?
Whence is the liver's blood?
The buck, whence is it antlered?
Woman, whence is she loving?
Milk, whence is it white?
Whence is green the holly?
Why does the kid bleat
all over the place?
Whence is man bearded?
Whence is the cow-parsnip hollow?
Whence is the Calenian drunk?
Whence is a maiden gentle?
Whence is the roebuck spotted?
Whence is brine salty?
Beer, whence its ferment?
Whence the alder's reddish tinge?
Whence the ruddiness of hips? —
Heaven's lady bestowed them.
Whence is green the linnet?
When the night retires,
what wanton effulgence there is
in the golden flood of day!

21 N*u*, *a* ŵyr neb pam
y rhuδir bron huan,
12 yn llıw er·cyman?
Newyδ an·aδ·wyn,
tant telyn dy·gwyn.
13 Cog *yn ll*wyn py·*r* gan?
py geidw yn δiδan?
14 P*w*y δwg *yng*·arthan
gereint a·r arman?
Py δy·δwg y glain
15 o er·δy·gnawd vein?
Pan yw pêr erwein?
16 Pan yw gwyrliw brain?
Talhaearn yssyδ
17 mwyhav sywedyδ:
Ev am·gyffrawd wŷδ
aches amod dyδ.
18 Go·gwn δa a drwg—
cwδ â mownir vwg?
19 Mawr maint i o·gyhwg!
Cawg pwy dy·livas?
20 Gwawr pwy gor·ffennas?
Pwy a bregethas
Eli ac Elias?
21 Go·gwn gogeu hav—
a vyδant aeav?
Awen a ganav,
22 o δwvn ys dy·gâv.
Aw*e*n, cyd bei *v*ud,
go·gwn i g*or*·*vr*yd.
23 Go·gwn ban δy·veinw;
Go·gwn ban δy·leinw?
24 Go·gwn ban δillyδ?
Go·gwn ban wescryδ.

Now, does any one know why
the sun's breast is crimsoned
in pigment so perfect?
Unpleasant news,
the harp-string will bewail.
Why calls the Cuckoo in the grove?
what keeps it cheery?
Who will bring into camp
friends that make a great outcry?
What brings the sparkle
out of highly polished stones?
Whence is perfumed the meadow-sweet?
Whence is the greenish sheen of rooks?
Talhaiarn is the
greatest seer:
He comprehends the science of
the approaching birth of day.
I know something of good and evil, (but)
whither goes the smoke of green peat?
Great the size of its curlings!
Whose bowl poured it forth?
Whose dawn did it end?
Whom did Eli and
Elias declare?
I know the summer cuckoos—
do they live in winter?
I shall sing of the muse, which
I shall obtain from the abyss.
The muse, though it were mute,
I know its great impulses.
I know when it minishes;
I know when it wells up;
I know when it flows;
I know when it overflows.

21 Go·gwn py begor
25 yssyδ y·dan vor.
GO·GWN eu heisorδ—
26 pob un yn i oscorδ—
Beth giglwyd yn·yδ,
22 bob dyδ ym·lwyδyn—
Pob paladr yng·had—
2 Pob dôs yng·hawad—
Aδ·vwyn yd rann wawd;
3 nwy mevl go·gyffrawd.
Aches gwŷδ gwyp*awd*:
4 Go·gwn i nebawd.
Fy lenwis avon
ar bobl Pharäon?
5 Py δy·δwg gŵyn*i*on—
baran achwyson?
6 Py *oe*δ yscawl od*r*ev,
ban δrychavwyd nev?
Pwy vu ffor*δry*ch hwy*r*,
7 o δaer hyd awyr?
Pet bysseδ am peir,
a·m amw*y*n neδeir.
8 Pwy enw y δeu air
ni eing yn un pair?
9 Pan yw mor meδwhawd?
Pan yw dil pyscawd?
10 mor vwy*n* vyδ eu cnawd,
hyd ban yw meδysc.
11 PAN YW gennawc pysc—
du troed alarch gwyn—
12 pelydrawg gwaew Ilym?
ILwyth nev nid ystwng:
13 Py bedeir echen
ni wŷs eu gor·ffen?

I know what motion
there is beneath the sea.
I know the warp of the web,
of every man in his clan—
What was heard during the day,
every day in the year—
Every shaft in battle—
Every drop in a shower (—these I know).
Kindly will the muse apportion praise—
she will not stir mischief.
The access of knowledge she knows :
I know nothing.
What waters flowed
over the people of Pharoah ?
Who will endure complaints—
the rage of followers ?
What was the ladder's base,
when it was raised towards heaven ?
Who was the evening's guide
from earth to heaven ?
If it be fingers that fashion me,
the hollow of the hand will shield me.
What name of two words
will not *go* into any cauldron ?
Whence is the heaving of the sea ?
Whence is the structure of fish ?
How pleasant their "flesh"
until it be tainted.
Whence is fish scaly ? (Whence is)
black, the foot of a white swan ?
Whence the gleaming of the sharp lance ?
Heaven's lineage is not abased :
Which are the four stocks
which will know no end ?

22 *Gan nad* pwy vych, py·r grwydryδ?
15 A·th gyv·archav vargad *cyr*δ :
Gwr i·th gynnyδ ; escyn hynt !
16 Cuδ ynt a δên raeadr gwynt.
Traether vyng·oveg,
17 yn Evrev, yng·Roeg,
Lladin, a Chymraeg.
18 Lauda, laudate,
Jesu vab Jose.

Eilweith ym rhithad :—
19 Bum glas, bum gleisad ;
Bum ci, a bum hyδ ;
20 Bum iwrch y·mynyδ ;
Bum cyff, a bum rhaw ;
21 Bum bwell yn llaw ;
Bum ebill gevel,
vlwyδyn a hanner :
22 Bum ceilawg brithwyn,
ar ieir yn cδ*r*in ;
23 Bum amws ar re ;
Bum tarw t*r*ost*r*e ;
24 Bum *r*wch melinawr—
mâl ŷ(d a)maethawr.
Bum gronyn *yn·h*orgwys ;
25 *neu·m* tyvwys ym·ryn ;
Medawδ am dodawδ ;
26 Yn sawell gyrrawδ ;
Y·m rhuglawδ o law,
23 wrth vyng·o·δeivaw.
A·m harvolles iar
gravruδ, grib escar ;
2 Gor·ffwyseis naw nos,
yn i chroth yn was.

Whoever thou art, why dost thou wander?
I greet thee a student of arts:
A man to thy stature; ascend in thy course.
Dark are what induce the rush of inspiration.
Let my mind be set forth
in Hebrew and Greek,
Latin and Welsh.
Praise thou, praise ye
Jesus the son of Joseph.

Another time I was enchanted:—
I was a kingfisher; I was a young salmon;
I was a hound, and I was a hind;
I was a buck on the mountain;
I was a butt, and I was a spade;
I was a hatchet in the hand;
I was the pin of the tongs,
for a year and a half.
I was a light-speckled cock
over cackling hens.
I was the stallion of a stud:
I was the bull of a homestead:
I was the miller's bolter—
the ground corn of the farmer.
I was a grain in the furrow's womb;
I grew up on the hill;
He, who sowed, reaped me;
Into the kiln-pipe he drove me;
He rubbed me out of hand,
while he was scorching me.
There received me a hen,
ruddy-clawed, with a divided comb;
I rested nine nights
in her womb a child.

23 Bum aδevedig ;
Bum Ilad rhag gwledig.
Bum marw ; bum *ei*liw—
ceint yδ ym·eδiw.
Bum *swyv* a·r waδawd—
y·racδaw bum tawd.
A·m eil gynghores,
gras rhw*yδ* a·m rhoδes.
Odid traethator ;
Mawr y molhator.
Mi·d·wyv Daliessin :
Rhy·phrydav iawn Ilin.
Parahav, hyd ffin,
yng·hyn·elw Elffin.

❀ ❀ ❀

Cad Goδeu.

BUM yn Ilïaws rhith,
cyn bum dis·gyv·rith.
23 *Wyv clerwr* cwlvrith ;
Credav *yng*·o·rith.
Bum dreigl yn awyr :
Bum *yn* serwaw syr.
Bum gair yn Ilythyr :
Bum Ilyvr i·m privder.
Bum Ilugyrn Ileuver,
vlwyδyn a hanner.
Bum bont, a·r driger
ar drugein aber.
Bum hynt ; bum eryr.
Bum corwg y·mŷr.
Bum darweδ yn Ilad.
Bum dôs yng·hawad.

I was confessed ;
I was a wafer before the Gwledig.
I was dead ; I was a wraith.
I have sung of what I passed through.
I was the scum on the lees ;
Before that, I was yeast.
He, a second time, counselled me,
who gave me free grace.
It scarcely can be told—
greatly it will be praised.
I am Taliesin
I sing of true lineage.
I will continue to the end
in the pristine service of Elfin.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Battle of the Scrub.

I Was in many a guise,
before I was disenchanted.
I am a grey-cowled minstrel :
I believe in illusion.
I was for a time in the sky :
I was observing the stars.
I was a message in writing :
I was a book to my priest.
I was the light of the altar-horns,
for a year and a half.
I was a bridge, which is stationed
over three score water-meets.
I went travelling : I was an eagle ;
I was a coracle on the seas.
I was the attraction in good.
I was a drop in a shower.

Bum cleδyv yn anghad.
17 Bum yscwyd yng·hâd.
Bum tant yn·helyn
18 Iledrith, naw blwyδyn.
Yn·wvr *bum* ewyn.
Bum yspwng yn·hân.
19 Bum gwŷδ yng·warthan.
Nid un wyv ni gân ;
20 Ceint, er yn vychan,
yng·had godeu-vrig,
21 rhag Prydein wledig—
gw*y*δveirch *Gwy*δelig,
22 Ilynghes veueδig.
A gweint vil mawr em :
23 arnaw oeδ ganpen :
Ac hâd er·δygnawd,
dan vôn i davawd :
24 Hâd araII yssyδ,
yn i wegilyδ.
25 ILyffan du gavlaw*g* :
cant ewin arvaw*g*.
26 Y neidr vreith gribawg :
Eneid, drwy *i* phechawd,
a boenir yng·hnawd.
24 Bum y·Mevenyδ :
Cryssynt wellt a gwyδ :
2 Cenynt gerδorion :
Cyrchynt gadvaon :
3 Dadwyrein Vrython
a or*v*u Wydion.
4 Gelwyssid ar nevion,
ar Grist, a·i achwysson,
i δiffrid eu teyrnon,
5 hyd ban y gwarettei

I was a sword in the hand-grip :
I was a shield in battle.
I was a string in the harp of
enchantment for nine years.
In water I was the spume.
I was a sponge in the fire.
I was scrub in the covert.
I am not one who does not sing ;
I sang, though I was little,
at the battle of the Scrub-shoots,
against Britain's Ruler
and the *Irish* ships,
a rich-laden fleet.
I s p e a r e d the bejewelled beast,
which had a hundred heads ;
with seed of great trouble
under the root of his tongue ;
and another seed
at the base of his skull.
Also the cloven-footed black toad,
armed with a hundred claws.
And the crested speckled snake—
the soul, through *her* sin,
will be punished in the flesh.
I was at Mevenyδ :
They hied to the reeds and woods ;
The minstrels played ;
The (men) rushed into battles.
The ascendancy of the Brython,
bested Gwydion.
They called upon the saints,
upon Christ, and his ministers,
to protect their princes
until the Father, who had made them,

24 eu Rhi, rhwy·digonsei.
As attebwys Dovyδ,
6 drwy iaith a·chelvyδ:
"Rh*u*th*r*wch, rieδ gwŷδ,
gantaw yn llüyδ,
7 i rwystraw pobl δig,
ar law*r* anneδig.
8 Pan swynhwyd godeu,
yng·o·*w*eith angheu,
go·dorrid cadeu
9 o bedryd tanheu;
*c*wy*n*ynt am aereu—
10 tr*y*chyn drymδïeu.
Dyar garδei bun,
tarδei a·matgun—
11 blaen Ilin a blaen bun.
Buδiant buch Anhun,
12 wn*æ*ei enniIl i·n,
yng·waed hyd a·n glin.

15 *Nu*, Gwern, *ym*·laen Ilin,
a want gysevin.
16 Helyg a Cherdin
buant hwyr i·r vyδin.
17 Eirinwyδ yspin—
an·whant o δynin—
Ceri, cy·vrenhin,
18 gor·thrychan wrthrin.
IFuonwyδ eithid,
19 erbyn Ilu gwryd.
Avanwyδ wneith*ꝑ*wyd
20 yn oreu ym·wyd,
er celwch bywyd,
nid er nerthu gwyd.

would bring deliverance.
The Lord made answer
by efficacious word :—
"Rush, ye chiefs of the wood,
with the prince in your thousands,
to hinder envious people (coming)
upon an inhabited region.
When the shrubs were enchanted
for the work of destruction,
the engagements were interrupted
by the harmony of the harps,
which deplored the conflicts,
and banished sorrowful days.
Tumult drove away many, *but*
brought out a noble chief — flower
of his line, and leader of the host.
The reward of Anthony's manner
of life would do us good,
in blood up to our knee.

Now, the Alders, at the head of the line,
thrust forward, the first in time.
The Willows and Mountain Ash
were late joining the army.
The Black thorns, full of spines —
(how the child delights *in its fruit!*)
and their mate, the Medlar,
will cut down all opposition.
The Rose marched along
against a hero throng.
The Raspberry was decreed
to serve most usefully as food,
for the sustenance of life —
not to carry on strife.

24 Rhoswyð a Gwyðvid
ac Eiðew yr·bl*eth*id.
Mor Eithnen ergryd:
22 Sirian levyssid.
Bedw, er i vawrvryd,
hwyr y gwiscyssid;
23 Nid er i lyvrder,
namyn er i vawreð.
24 Euron, delis bryd
allmyr uch *g*wrhyd.
25 Seintwyð, yng·hynteð,
cadeir gyng·wrysseð.
26 Onn goreu dyrched,
rhac bron tëyrned.
Llwyv, er maraneð,
25 ni oscöes droedveð;
Ev llaðei berveð,
eithav, a diweð.
2 Collwyð, bernyssid,
wrth eiriv i arv-gryd.
3 Gwyros, gwyn i vyd,
tarw trin, tëyrn byd.
Wrth vorawg voryd,
4 lFawyð ffyniessid.
Celyn glesyssid—
bu ev yng·wrhyd.
5 Yspyðad am·nâd;
haint ech yn anghad.
6 Gwinwyð, gor·thöad,
gor·thorsid yng·hâd—
eu grawn an·rheithad.
7 Banadl, rhag bar cad,
yn rhychva briwad.
8 Eithin ni bu vad:
er hynn gwerinad.

The Wild Rose and the Woodbine
with the Ivy intertwined.
How greatly the Poplar trembles,
and the Cherry dares.
The Birch, for all its ambition,
was tardily arrayed ;
Not from any diffidence, *but*
because of its magnificence.
The Laburnum set its heart on the
dingles rather than on bravery.
The Yew is to the fore,
at the seat of war.
The Ash was exalted most
before the sovereign power.
The Elm, despite vast numbers,
swerved never a foot,
but fell on the centre,
on the wings, and the rear.
The Hazel was esteemed,
by its number in the quiver.
Hail, blessed Cornel tree,
bull of battle, King of all.
By the channels of the sea,
the Beech did prosperously.
The Holly livid grew,
and manly acts he knew.
The White Thorn checked all—
its virus aches in the palm.
The Vines, which roofed overhead,
were cut down in battle,
and their clusters plundered.
The Broom, before the rage of war,
in the ditch lie broken.
The Gorse was never prized ;
thus was it vulgarized.

Grug, buδyδ am·nad ;
dy werin swynad ;
hy·dwyll erlyniad.
Rhac Derw buanawr
crynei nev a llawr.
Gelyn glew drussiawr,
a·i enw ym·heullawr.
Craffus *r*wyδ cyngres,
cymraw a roδes.
Gwa*i*th *rhai*, gwrthodes ;
ereill, go·dylles.
Por goreu, gormes,
ym·hlymnwyd mäes.
Go·ruthrawδ gynwyδ,
aches veilonwyδ.
Castan, cewilyδ,
wrth rymiad Seinwyδ.
Handid du muchyδ ;
Handid crwm mynyδ :
Handid cyl coedyδ :
Handid gwynt myr mawr—
er*g*an, cigleu r awr.
A·n deillas *o* vedw :
A·n dad·rith, dad·edw :
A·n maglas blaen derw,
o warchan mael-derw.
Wherthinawg *cri* craig,
ne*b* nid ev tereig.
Nid o vam a thad,
pan y·m digonad.
Ys crai y·m crëad,
o naw *elven*ad :

H e a th ! that promotest obstruction,
thy multitude has been enchanted :
Easily ensnared, the pursuer.
Before the swift oak(-darts)
heaven and earth did quake.
A brave enemy is spared,
and his name preserved on a tablet.
The acuteness of his combination
caused consternation.
The attack of some he refused ;
others he riddled.
The foremost Prince doth give trouble
in the conflict of the field.
He rushed the primeval wood,
the passage of the mast trees.
The C h e s t n u t feeleth shame
at the opposing power of the Y e w.

Black is sprung from jet,
the hump from the mountain,
the furnace from the woods,
and great seas from the wind—
he, who sings, has heard the roar.
We have emanated *from* birches :
He, who disenchants, will restore us.
Oak saplings ensnared us,
by the incantation of the Oak-priest.
Full of laughter is the echo,
which offends no man.

'Twas not of father and mother,
whence I was born.
'Tis after a new fashion I was created
from nine constituents :

25 O ffrwyth y ffrwytheu,
y gwnaeth Duw δechreu.
o Vriall vlodeu :
24 o vlawd gwŷδ-godeu—
25 *blawd Derw a* Dynad,
Erwein a Banad:
24 o Briδ y briδred :
25 o Δŵr tonn nawved :
o Dan y lluched:
25 pan ym digoned.
26 A·m swynwys Vath *Hen*,
cyn bum daear*en*.
26 A·m swynwys Wydion,
mawr uδ *go*·rithion,
2 o eurvys Euron ;
o *orne* mordon ;
o bym *rhyw verthon*—
3 pymhwnt celvyδon.
Archa*d*on, eil Math,
4 ban ym dygnawδ *i lath*.
A·m swynwys Wledig,
5 ban vei loscedig.
A·m swynwys sywyd
sywyδon, cyn byd ;
6 ban vei genhyv vod ;
ban ve*u*n vaint by*ch*od.
7 Harδ varδ, buδ a·n gnawd :
yd veδav ar·wawd,
8 a draetho·m tavawd.
Gwarieis yn Ilychvor :
9 cysceis ym·Horffor.
Neu b u m yn yscor,
gan Dylan, eil mor :

From the essence of fruits
did God begin :
from Primrose flowers :
from the pollen of shrubs—
the pollen of Oak and Nettle,
of Meadow-sweet and Broom ;
from the Mould of the earth ;
from the Water of the ninth wave ;
from the Fire of the lightning—
from these things was I made.
Math the Old enchanted me,
before I was of the earth.
Gwydion, the great Master of
phantoms, enchanted me
from the Laburnum's golden finger ;
from the breaker's prismatic hues ;
from five kinds of loveliness—
the five resources of wizards.
The fosterling of Math *was* chief lord
when his wand afflicted me.
A Gwledig enchanted me,
when he was being toasted.
The science of the astrologers
enchanted me, before the world was ;
when I drew the breath of life ;
when I was a little thing.
Glorious bard, largess is ours :
I have a panegyric,
which my tongue shall recite.
I played in the lagoons of the sea ;
I slept at Pulford.
I was in the fortress
with Dylan, fosterling of the sea.

26 Yng·hylch, ym·herveδ,
rhwng deu dëyneδ :
11 Yn δeu waew an·chwant,
o nev ban δoethant.
12 Yn annwvn Ile*u*verant,
wrth vrwydrin byδant.
13 Pedwar ugein cant,
a weint er eu whant.
14 Nid ynt hŷn, na ieu,
no mi yn eu bareu.
15 Arial canhwr a geni ;
pawb anaw *cer*δ, e*i*δo*t ti.*
16 Cenhiv inheu i ng·hleδiv
brith, *a wehynei* waed bri.
19 Llachar i enw ; Llaw*n* ffer,
i luch, Llyw niver ;
20 ysceinynt i uvel,
o δovn yn uchel.
17 A·*i* darweδ, Dovyδ,
o·*r* golo Lle byδ :
A·*i* oδ*i*v Llas baeδ—
18 ev gwrith, ev dad·writh,
yng·o·lith*r* deithoeδ.
20 Bum neidr vraith ym·rynn :
21 Bum gwiber yn Llynn :
Bum serw gan Gynbyn :
22 Bum bwystner ar hynn :
Vyng·hassul a·m cawg,
23 armaav nid ynt dl*a*wd :
Pedrygant mw*lwg*
24 y·ar bawb a δy·δwg.
Pym pennwn angheLl
a·m dal, a·m cym·heLl :

On the borders, and at the centre,
(I was) between two rulers.
(I was) two lustless lances,
which came from heaven.
In the abyss they will scintillate ;
a-fighting they will be.
Four score hundred
I thrust for their pleasure.
They are neither older, nor
younger, than I in their feuds.
Of the centurion's courage thou shalt sing :
Every gift of the muse is thine.
I myself will sing to my decorated
sword, which spilled blood of renown.
Flaming his name ; highly tempered,
his flashing guides the host :
his sparks do spread
from the low (earth) up high.
The Lord guides my sword,
from His dwelling-place ;
By its stroke was slain the boar,
which appears, and disappears,
in his elusive journeyings.
I was a speckled snake on the hill ;
I was a dragon in the lake ;
I was the slave of Kynbyn ;
I was a herdsman besides.
My chasuble and chalice,
I declare, are not trumperies :
A quarter per cent of the savings,
from every one he will take.
Five flight-feathers of the wing
support, and propel me :

26 Whyth march melynell,
canweith yssyδ well:
26 Vy march, Melyngan,
cyv·rêd a gwylan.
27 My·hun nid eban,
cyv·rwng mor a glan.
2 Neu gorwyv waedlan,
ar naw can cynran.
3 Rhuδ em vyng·hy/ch/wy;
Eur vyn yscwytrwy.
Ni·m ganed yn adwy:
4 A nu, y·m govwy,
nch namyn Goronwy,
o δol Edrywy.
5 Hir wynn vym·ysawr:
pell na bum heusawr.
6 Treigleis y·mywn llawr,
cyn bum llëenawr.
7 Cylchyneis ynys;
cysceis *yng*·hann *gwys*,
8 cant caer a·thrugus.
Đerwyδon doethur!
drogenwch i Arthur.
9 Yssid yssyδ hŷn;
neu·r vu ergenhym.
10 Ac un a δeryw
O ystyr Dilyw,
a Christ yn croccaw,
a dyδbrawd rhac llaw.
11 Eurem yn er·wyll,
a·m hudwy i berthyll;
12 a byδiv drythyll,
o armes lFeryll.

The staying power of an amber-coloured
horse is a hundred times better :
Melyngan, my steed,
keeps pace with the gull.
I myself shall not pass
between sea and land.
(But) I am winning the battlefield
against nine hundred warriors.
Ruby gemmed is my diadem ;
Gold the rim of my shield.
I was not held in the pass :
And now, save Goronwy,
none will visit me
from the mead of Edrywy.
Thin and white my fingers :
It is long since I was a herdsman.
I wandered in the earth,
or ever I touched literature.
I circled the island :
I slept in a hundred mansions,
a hundred inhabited forts.
Ye learned druids !
prophesy to Arthur.
There is what is older,
of which we shall sing.
For instance, of what will happen
in consequence of the Deluge,
and of crucifying Christ,
and of judgment to come.
The gold gem in darkness—
may its beauty enchant me ;
and let me be jubilant,
because of Vergil's prophecy.

Mab gyvreu Taliessin.

QYV·ARCHAV Rëen
i ystyriaw·m awen:
27 Pwy δy·δug i hanghen
cyn no Cheridwen.
15 Cynhevin i·m byd
a vu eisywyd:
Myneich *ev* a leid!
16 *Gwy*byδ, na·m dy·weid.
Py·r na·m enregid
un awr na·m erlid?
17 P*wy* δodwy reith mwg?
Py·r echenir drwg?
18 Py ffynhawn δïwg
argel tywyllwg?
Pan yw calav cann?
19 Pan yw nos lloergan?—
arial ni chynnwyd,
dy·yscwyd allan?
20 Pan yw go·varvan
twrv tonneu wrth lann?
21 Er dyar dy·lann,
dy δa haeδ attam.
Pan yw mor drwm maen?
22 Pan yw mor llym draen?
a ŵδost pwy gwell,
23 a·i *gwaell*, a·i i vlaen?
P*wy* beris barwyd,
rhwng dyn ac annwyd?
24 Pwy gwell yn aδwyd,
a·i ieuanc, a·i llwyd?

The Youth of Taliesin.

I WILL ask the Lord
to consider my muse:
He sustained her need
before the days of Ceridwen.
Familiar to my lot
has poverty been:
The monks praise poverty!
Know, there is no telling it me.
Why! not one hour have I had
without it persecuting me.
Who shall give a law to smoke?
Why will evil be praised?
What source can improve
upon the canopy of night?
Whence is white the reed?
Whence the night's moonshine?
(Whence) the splendour unkindled
that shakes itself out?
Whence the angry thunder of
the waves against the shore?
For all the tumult of the strand
Thy goodness doth reach unto us.
Whence is stone so heavy?
Whence is the thorn so prickly?—
Knowest thou which is sharper—
its point, or the *skewer's?*
Who *first* raised a partition
to protect man from the cold?
In death, whose lot is the better,
that of the young, or of the old?

A ŵδost beth wyd,
ban vych yn cyscwyd?—
a·i corff, a·i eneid,
a·i angel canneid?
Eilewyδ celvyδ!
py·r na·m dy·wedyδ?
A ŵδost cwδ vyδ
nos yn aros dyδ?
A ŵδost ar wŷδ
pet deilen yssyδ?
Py δyrchis vynyδ,
cyn rhywiaw elvyδ?
Py gynheil magwyr
daear, yn breswyl?
Eneid! pwy i wyn*was*?
pwy gwelas? pwy gŵyr?
Rhyveδ! yn llyvreu
nas gwδan yn δiheu!
Enioes—pwy i hadneu?
pwy pryd i haelodeu?
Py barth pan δineu
rhy·wynt a rhy·ffreu?
Rhy·vel an·ygnawd,
cadwr periglawd.
Rhyveδav ar·wawd
pan vu yng·waδawd.
P*w*y goreu meδdawd,
o veδ a bragawd?
P*w*y goryw yn ffawd,
*n*amwyn Duw, *y* Drindawd?
Py am*g*en draethawd,
traethwn o honawd?
P*w*y peris ceinhawg
ariant, *yn* rhodawg?

Knowest thou what thou art,
when thou art sleeping?—
a body, or soul,
or angel of light?
Skilled minstrel!
why wilt thou not answer me?
Knowest thou where night
awaits the day?
Knowest thou, on a bush,
how many leaves there be?
What raised the mountain,
before making the earth habitable?
What supports the structure
of the earth, for habitation?
The Soul! what is its blest abode?
who has seen it? who knows it?
Wonderful! that in books
they know not for certain.
Life! who is its sponsor?
what the shape of its limbs?
From what quarter pour forth
hurricane and flood?
A war, without utmost preparation,
will endanger the soldier.
Most astonishing is the eulogy,
that has sprung from the lees.
Who ordained drunkenness
from mead and bragget?
Who controls our destiny
but God, the Trinity?
What fitter utterance could
I give concerning Thee?
Who ordained the silver
penny to be round?

28 Pan yw rhedegawg,
carr mor eichïawg?
14 Angheu, *ys* seiliawg;
ym·hob gwlad, rhannawg.
Awyr uch an pen,
15 ys Ilydan i Ilen:
Uch nev nag *wybr*en,
uch vyth yn Rheen.
16 Hynav ban anher,
a ieu ieu, AMSER.
17 Yssid a bryder
o·r bresent haeð*er.*
18 Gwedy a·n rheuveð
py·r·n gwna byrhoedleð?
19 Digawn Ilawrydeð,
cywestwch a beð.
A·r Gwr a·n *meithrin*
20 o·r wlad werthevin
a·n duccwy *yn heð*
21 attaw o'r diweð.

Tadeir Taliessin.

QI·D·WYV merweryð,
Molawd Duw Ðovyð:
31 Ilwrw cyvranc cywyð;
cyvreu dyvnwedyð.
23 Harð bron sywedyð,
ban ad·leveryð.
24 Awen, cwð echwyð,
ar veinẏoeth veinðyð?

Whence is the movement
of a wain so squeaky?
Death is established;
In every land, 'tis allotted.
The firmament over our head—
wide is its canopy:
Heaven is higher than the sky;
still higher is our Lord.
Oldest at its birth, younger
and younger grows TIME.
There are who fear the
deserts of their present life.
After endowing us,
why make us short-lived?
Humiliation enough is
association with the grave.
And may He, who *succours* us
from the sovereign land,
bring us *in peace*
to Himself at the last.

The Chair of Taliesin.

I AM the ecstasy
in the praise of the Lord God:
I am the life of verse competition,
and the inspiration of the orator.
Beautiful the presence of the prophet
when thou art repeating (his teachings).
The afflatus, where does it drop,
on a serenely fine day?

31 Beirð lavar, lug·ðe,
eu gwawd; ni·m *tawr* gre:
26 Rh*w*ystrad, ar ystre,
ystryw mawr mic·re.
32 Nid mi wyv gerð vud:
1 Cyvarchav veirð tud:
Rhy·ebrwyðav ðrud:
2 Rhy·dalmav ehud:
Du·hunav dremud:
3 Terwynn*av* volud.
Nid mi wyv gerð vâs:
4 Cyvarchav veirð tras.
Beth gwaðawl Jðas?
5 Dovn aig, iawn aðas!
pwy am·lenwis gas;
pob camp ym·noethas.
6 Pan yw dïen gwlith?
Pan yw Ilad gwenith?
7 Gwenyn, *pwy y* go·lit*h*,
o glyd ac ystor?
Py gelwy tra mor?
8 *yn* eurbiben liw?
a Ileu arian gwiw?
a rhuðem ang·rawn?
9 ac ewyn eigiawn?
Py ðy·vrys ffynhawn?
10 Berwr, py i ry·ðawn?
Py gysswIlt gwerin?
11 Brecci, bonheð Ilyn—
aIlweð Ilwyr wehyn!
12 ILeðv Ilonneð meðlyn.
A sywion synhwyr,
a sywyd am·lwyr
13 a ovrwy weð ŵyr.

The Bards, at dawn, recite
their songs — I heed not the herd :
their great plot for a row
was defeated on the spot.
I am not, *as* a singer, mute —
I salute the bards of the district :
I speed the bold :
I check the rash :
I wake up the looker on :
I make eulogy aglow.
I am not, *as* a singer, shallow —
I salute the bards of the clan.
What should the lot of Judas be ?
The deep sea would be a fit retribution :
He sated his hate, (and)
every crookedness displayed.
Whence is dew pleasant ?
Whence is wheat a blessing ?
What attracts bees
from shelter and store ?
What lies hidden beyond the sea ?
(What) *in* the orpiment hue ?
and in quick-silver's sheen ?
and in the free-flashing ruby ?
and in the foam of the sea ?
What hastens the spring ?
What is the virtue of water-cress ?
What will unite the people ? —
The nob among drinks is new beer,
the key of universal good fellowship.
Subdued is the cheer of mead.
Both the sparks of wit,
and thorough knowledge
light up even a wry face.

32 Gwrth a ŵyr *Myrðin*,
14 a mall an·oðyn ;
a gwaðawl tra ffin—
15 *y* corwg gwydrin.
Ar·lla*ð* pererin
ynt: pybyr a phyg,
16 ac urðawl segrffyg ;
a llyseu meðyg,
ell allwy venffyg ;
17 *Blagur* a blodeu,
a gwðig bertheu ;
Briallu *doleu ;*
18 Briwðeil *llawryveu*,
a blaen gwyð-godeu ;
A mael, a meueð,
19 ac aml ad·neueð ;
A gwin tal-cibeð,
20 o gwvein rosseð ;
A dwvn ðŵr echwyð—
21 dawn hy·liv Dovyð.
Nev bren, puvawr vyð ;
22 ffrwythlawn i gynnyð.
Rhed iâs berwidyð
23 oð·uch peir pum-wŷð ;
A Gwiawn avon
a ovrwy hinon,
24 a mel, a meillon,
a meðgyrn *llawnion.*
25 Aðwynid Dragon,
a dawn derwyðon.

Myrδin shall know opposition,
and the decay of the abyss ;
and *for* dower, beyond the bourne,
the coracle of glass.
The oblations of the pilgrim
are : pepper and pitch,
and worthy sacrifice ;
and medicinal plants,
which may confer benefit ;
Blossom and flowers,
and hedge-row riches ;
The primrose *of the meads*,
the bruised leaves *of the bay*,
and the (flower-)tops of bushes ;
Also produce, and store,
and frequent garnerings ;
and cups brimful of wine,
from conventual superfluity.
And the sacred water of baptism,
the flowing gift of the Lord.
Heaven's tree, full of fruit will be ;
prosperously it spreads.
The boilings of the cauldron
of the five sciences will run over :
(this overflow), Gwion's stream,
will produce fine weather,
white clover, and honey,
and *brimming* mead-horns.
The Dragon will pacify
the vates with a gift.

II.

GOLYCHAV Gu-lŵyδ—
Ev arglwyδ pob echen :
33 Arbenhig torvoeδ,
yng·hÿoeδ am orδen.
3 Ceint, yn yspyδawd,
uch gwirawd av·lawen.
4 Ceint rhag meibon ILŷr,
yn ebyr Henvelen.
Gweleis drais try*v*ar,
5 ac avar, ac anghen.
Yd lethrynt lavnawr,
6 ar bennawr discowen.
Ceint rhag uδ clodleu,
7 yn·oleu *glan* Havren—
rhag Brochvael Powys,
a garwys vy awen.
8 Ceint, y·mŵyn rodle,
ym·ore rhag Urien—
9 yn e*ch*wyδ, am a·n traed,
yδ oeδ gwaed ar·δïen.
Neu·d amug gadeir—
10 daeth o bair Ceridwen :
Hawδvryd vyn·havawd
11 yn aδawd gwawd Ogrven.

12 Gwawd offeren *δwyv*, rhwy δigones
a*ero*n, a Ilefrith, a gwlith, a mes.
13 Ystyriem yn Ilwyr, cyn *h*wyr gyffes,
δyvod yn δiheu, angheu *yn* nesnes.
15 Ac o dud EnIli dy·bi a·n lles—
d*w*yreant Ilongawr ar glawr aches.
16 Galwn ar y Gwr an digones,
a·n nothwy rhag gwyth *ty*lwyth ang·hes.

II.

I Worship the Dear Lord—
the Lord of every race :
The supreme leader of the hosts (I
worship) publicly, because of his majesty.
I sang over the unfortunate
liquor at its spilling.
I sang before the sons of Llŷr
at the water-meets of Henvelen.
I witnessed malignant
oppression, and sorrow, and want.
They polished their blades
on the shining helmets.
I sang before a famous lord,
in the meads of Severn bank—
before the Brochvael of Powys,
who loved my muse.
I sang, in a pleasance,
of a morning, before Urien—
in the evening, about our feet,
was the blood of dire execution.
(Urien) defended the chair, which
emanated from Keridwen's cauldron.
My tongue delights
in Ogrven's treasury of song.

The praise of *divine* service has produced
abundant fruit, and milk, and dew, and mast.
We should consider fully, before postponing confession,
that death's certain approach draws daily nearer.
From the colony of Bardsey will come our good—
boats will appear on the face of the ferry.
Let us call on Him who made us :
May He protect us from the wrath of foreign tribes :

33 Pan *ad*·alwer Von, dirion väes,
gwyn eu byd wleiδon, Saeson ar dres.
19 Doδwyv Deganhwy, er am·rysson,
ar Vaelgwn, vwy*n*hav o·r achwyson.
Ellyngeis v·arglwyδ, yng·ŵyδ dëon,
21 Elphin, bendevig *bon*heδigion.
Yssid i·m gadeir gyweir gysson ;
hyd vrawd parahawd gan gerδorion.
23 Bum yng·had Godeu y·gan Wydion,
a rithwys elvyδ *yr* elestron—
25 gan *vab Iwerydd*, yn Iwerδon ;
Gweleis ban *losc*wyd Morδwyd Tyllon.
27 Cigleu gyvarvod am gerδorion
a Gwyδyl, dievyl δifferogion.
34 O Benrhyn *go·luch* hyd lych Lëon,
2 Cymry, *o* un vryd, gwrhyd wirion—
gwared gym·ri*wed* yng·hymelri.
3 Tair ceneδl wythlawn, *an*·iawn deithi—
Gwyδyl, a Brith*i*on, a *Ger*mani,
a wnahon δi·heδ, a dy·vysci.
5 Am dervyn Prydein, cain i threvi,
ceint rhag tëyrneδ uch meδ lestri :
7 Yng·heinion dëon, a·u dy·roδi,
a·n dw*g* ben sywed, ced ryverthi.
8 Kyweir vyng·hadeir yng·Haer Sidi :
Nis plawδ haint heneint a vo ynδi.
10 Ys gŵyr Manawyd a Phryderi,
tyrr orian a·dan *geul*an rhegδi ;
11 ac am i banneu, ffrydieu gweilgi.
A ffynhawn ffrydlawn yssyδ achδi—
13 whêgach nor gwin gwyn y llyn ynδi.
A gweδy·th iolav, Oruchav Ri,
41 cyn gweryd gorod, cymmod a mi.

When he is recalled to Mon, pleasant land,
blessed the inhabitants will be, Saxons sailing away.
I came to Deganwy for the sake of competing—
to Maelgwn, gentlest of the courtiers.
I liberated my lord, in the presence of the gentry,
Elffin, the prince of the nobles:
My chair is one of perfect harmony; for ever
it will endure, a possession of the minstrels.
I was at the battle of Godeu with Gwydion,
who enchanted the elements of the sedges.
I was with Bran, (son of Iweryδ), in Ireland:
I was a witness to the burning of Morδwyd Tyllon.
I have heard of minstrels meeting with
the Gwyδyl, the protectors of evil spirits.
From *Holy*head to the lagoons of *Chester*,
the Kymry, unanimously, will champion the innocent—will deliver those bruised in war.
Three irascible peoples of wicked propensities—
the Gwyδyl, the Scotti, and the Northmen,
do create disturbance and confusion.
Beyond the border of Prydein, and its sweet homes,
I have sung before Kings over the mead cups:
At the feasts of the gentry, and their bounty-giving
may great inspiration, the gift of the spirit, possess us.
Harmonious is my chair at the fort of the whirlpools:
Disease shall not strike down the old therein.
Manawyd and Pryderi know of the moaning
that breaks out from a cave, in front of the fort;
and of the tossings of the sea around its heights.
There is also a plentiful spring close to it;
pleasanter than white wine is the drink therein.
And, lastly, I entreat Thee, Almighty Father!
ere I go under the sod, be reconciled with me.

Cadeir Teyrnon.

AREITH awdl eglur—
Awen tra messur,
34 am g*o*rðeu antur,
16 o echen Ar*th*ur.
A·i ffon a·i a*e*s ffur,
17 a·i rëon rechtyr,
a·i ri rwyviadur,
18 a·i riv yscwthwyr,
a·i gochl goch-assur,
19 *ev* ergyr dros vur;
Ev cadr cy·messur,
ym·hlith goscorð nug;
20 Neu·s dug, o gawrvur,
veirch gwelw go·strodur.
21 Tëyrnon, henur,
heilyn bascadur—
22 trydyð dwvn ðoethur
i *ladu* Arthur.
Arthur vendigad
23 ar gerð gyvaenad—
ar·wyneb, yng·had,
24 or·vaw*r* bystylad.
Pwy, y tri chynweisad,
25 a werchedwis wlad?
Pwy, y tri chyvarwyð,
26 a gedwis arwyð—
a ðaw, wrth awyð,
erbyn eu harglwyð?
35 Bann rhinweð rhodwyð:
Bann vyð hyn*t* hoeweð:
2 Bann corn cerðetrwyð:

The Chair of Teyrnon.

HE declaims a luminous ode,
inspired beyond measure,
about the buffettings of adventure,
like those of Arthur.
With his lance & his wary shield,
with his active generals,
and his sovereign prince,
and his company of thrusters,
and his purple cloak,
he pushes forward over the wall :
He is judiciously bold
among his agitated retinue.
He brought, from the great wall,
creamy horses used to the saddle.
Teyrnon, the elder,
waits upon his guests :
he is the third deeply wise
man to bless Arthur.
Arthur was praised
in song by all ; (for)
he would face in battle
tremendous tumult.
Who were the three chief ministers,
who kept guard over the country ?
Who were the three leaders
who observed the sign—
who will come with zeal
to meet their lord ?
High the merit of a fort in a wood :
Evident is the pursuit of mirth :
Loud is the horn of the hunt :

35 Bann biw wrth echwyδ:
3 Bann gwir pan δiscleir—
bannach pan leveir:
4 Bann, pan δoeth o bair
Ogrven awen dair.
Bum mynawg myg*r*-eir
5 yng·hor*v* anneδeir.
Ni δyly gadeir,
6 ni gadwo vyng·air—
Cadeir gyniv glaer:
Awen huawdl haer.
7 Pwy enw y tair caer
rhwng Iliant a Iaer?
8 Nis gŵyr, ni vo taer,
eisylid eu maer.
Pedeir caer yssyδ
9 yn·*hud* Powyssyδ.
Rhïeu mor Weryδ!
10 Am nid vo, nid vyδ—
Nid vyδ, am nid vo—
11 ILynghesawr a ffo.
Tohid gwaneg gro;
tra dy·lan dyppo.
12 Nac aillt, nac adon,
na bron, na thyno,
na rhynnawd godo,
a·ch diffrid yno
13 rhag gwynt, ban sorho.
Cadeir tëyrn vo!
14 celvyδ rhwy cadwo:
cedwitor yng·hô.
Ceisitor ce*n*ig
15 cedwyr colledig.

Lowing the cow at sundown :
Clear is truth when it shines—
still more clear when it speaks.
When they emerged from the cauldron
glorious were Ogrven's muses three.
I was the master of the grand style
at the dividing line in the stewards' halls.
None will merit the chair
who observes not my law—
the glorious chair of the contest :
The muse of the eloquent is dogmatic.
What are the names of the three forts
twixt flood-tide and ebb?
Only the persistent can learn of
the expulsion of their steward.
Four strongholds there are
in the Powysian country.
Ye lords of the Irish sea!
what may not be will not be—
It will not be because it may not be—
Your fleets shall flee.
The wave will cover the shingle—
beyond the very bank it will flow.
Nor villain, nor lord,
nor hill-slope, nor plain,
nor a considerable shelter,
will protect you then
from the tempest, when it rages.
The chair of a ruler be it ;
Skilful (the bard) who shall hold it—
It shall be kept in memory.
A ballad shall be attempted
to the perished warriors.

35 Tebygav ðull dig,
diva pendevig
16 o ðull di·wynnig.
O leon lurig
17 dyrchavawd gwledig,
terwynn, hynevig.
18 Briwhawd bragad vrig,
breinawl, eisorig.
Orig ym·er*w*in
19 am dervyn whevrin—
ieith oeð eðëin.
Aches ffysciolin
20 mordwyeid merin—
*g*o·blant Saraphin.
21 Dogn dwvn di·werin;
Dy·llyngem Elphin.

❀ ❀ ❀

Kadeir Keridwen.

REEN, rhy·mawyr ditheu
gyreiveint o·m careðeu.
23 Yn·eweint, ym·hylgeineu
llewychawd vy lleuvereu.
25 Myn*nwn* hoedl viniawg va*l* lleu,
a weleis yma gynheu:
26 Diweð yn llechweð *vu i* Leu:
Bu wrð i hwrð yng·hadeu.
36 Avagðu, vy mab inheu,
dedwyð, Dovyð rwy·goreu.
2 Yng·hyv·amrysson gerðeu,
oeð gwell i synhwyr no·r veu.

I deem it a savage custom
to destroy a prince
after a foul fashion.
Out of the mailèd legion
will arise a Gwledig,
brilliant, elderly.
He will smash the first of the clan,
the prescriptive, chosen (heir).
Shortly he will grow exasperated,
because of the border harshness—
the very language was passing away.
Swift the approach
of the sea-rovers—
the fosterlings of Saraphim.
Grievous is the solitary dungeon;
We must set Elffin free.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Chair of Keridwen.

LORD, be thou mindful of
forgiveness for my sins.
At midnight, and at cock-crow
My lights shall shine.
I could wish for an adventurous life like
Lleu's, whom I saw here erstwhile.
He, in Llechweð, met his end—
eager had been his attack in battle.
Avagðu, my own son,
discreet the Lord created him:
In the minstrel competitions
his wit was superior to mine.

36 Celvyδav gwr a gigleu—
4 Gwydion ab Don, dygn vertheu,
a hudwys wraig o vlodeu,
5 a δy·δug voch o Đeheu.
Can bu iδaw δysc oreu,
6 dyd i vryd i agor pletheu.
Ev a rithwys orŵyδawd
7 y·ar logawd *Pryderi* lys,
ac en·weris gyvrwyeu.
8 Pan varnher y cadeireu,
ar·benhig uδun y veu ;
9 Vyng·hadeir a beir δeδvon,
a·m areith drŷ·n awdl gysson.
10 Rhy·m·gelwir Cyvrwys yn*g·lwys* lys Dôn—
11 mi, ac Euronwy, a *Thë*yr*n*on.
Gweleis ymlaδ taer, yng·*Haer* IFrancon,
13 bryd pylgeint, rhwng Gwytheint a Gwydion.
Dyvieu, yn geugant, yδ aethant Von,
14 i geisaw n escud am hudolion.
15 Aranrod drem-glod, tra gwawr hinon ;
Mwyhav gwarth, i marth, o barth Brithon.
16 Dy·vrys, am i Ilys, evnys avon ;
Llynghes a·i hechrys ; gwrys wrth terra.
18 Gwenwyn i chyn·wŷd, cylch byd yδ â.
Nid wy δy·weid geu, Ilyvreu Beda.
Cadeir gedwidyδ yssyδ yma ;
20 hyd vrawd parahawd yn Europa.
A·n rothwy, Drindawd !
21 drugareδ δyδbrawd ;
a chardawd gwyrda.

The most artful man, of whom I have heard, is
Gwydion, the son of Don : endless his resources.
He enchanted a maid out of flowers,
and brought pigs from the South.
In virtue of his thorough training
he delights in straightening tangles.
He enchanted a number of horses
within the precincts of *Pryderi*'s Court ;
he also imitated saddles.
When the chairs are compared,
mine will lead them all—
my chair will set the laws, and
my speech will ever turn to poetry.
I am named Cunning in the fair court of Dôn—
I, and Euronwy, and Tëyrnon.
I witnessed a persistent fight at *Caer* IFrancon
at cockcrow, twixt Gwytheint & Gwydion.
One Thursday, in particular, they went towards Mon
to seek diligently for charms.
The glory of Aranrod's looks exceeds summer dawn :
Most disgraceful the harrying of her by the Scotti :
Enemies from the Menei rush round her court ;
a fleet terrifies her ; it menaces close to land.
The infection of her early passion will circle the globe :
The writings of Bede do not bear false witness.
The Guardian's chair is this here ;
till doom, in Europe, it will endure.
May the Trinity grant us
mercy on the day of judgment ;
also, the charity of the nobility.

Bardd-gybreu Taliessin.

PRIV gyvarch gelvyδ, pan ry·lëad?
Pwy cynt, a·i towyll, a·i goleuad?
1 Neu Aδav, pan vu? pa i δy·grëad?
3 neu y·dan dydwed, py·r y seilad?
4 A vollei hon*myn*, nis myn pwyllad.
Yssyδ bechadur am·nivereid,
5 collawd wlad nevwy, plwyv offereid.
Bore vebin, dêl;
6 o·r g*w*ânont, ceir bel.
Ar Eingl Allwyδel
gwnaont eu rhyvel.
7 Pan δaw nos, a dyδ?
Pan vyδ Hwyd eryr?
8 Pan yw towyll nos?
Pan yw gwyrδ Hinos?
Mor, pan δy·verwid?
9 cwδ â nis gwelid.
Yssid deir ffynnawn
y·mynyδ s*er*iawn.
10 Yssid Gaer gorchawn
a·dan donn eigawn.
11 Go·ry·th·gyvarchawr
pwy enw y porthawr.
12 Pwy vu beriglawr
i vab Meir mwynvawr?
Pa vesssur mwy*h*av
13 a orug adav?
Pwy vessur uffern?
Pwy tewhed i Henn?
14 Pwy Hed i geneu?
Pwy maint i en·ieineu?

Taliesin's Bardic Lore.

THE Seer's primal questioning, when was it answered?
Which came first, or darkness, or light?
Or Adam, when was he? of what was he created?
Or under the sward, what was the foundation laid?
He, who has accepted assertions, cares not for reasoning.
He who sins times without number will forfeit
the heavenly country, the home of devotion.
The striplings's morning, may it dawn;
If they use the spear, there will be trouble.
Upon the Anglo-Irish of Tegeingl
may they make their war.
Whence come night and day?
Whence is brown the eagle?
Whence is dark the night?
Whence is green the linnet?
The sea, whence was it storm-tossed?
Whither it goes, no one has seen.
There are three fountains
on mount Serion.
There is a towering fort
under the wave of the sea.
Thou wilt be much questioned,
as to the name of the door-keeper.
Who was the shriving priest
of Mary's gracious son?
What was the greatest measuring
done by hand?
Who will measure Inferno?
How thick is its covering?
How wide its entrance?
How great its degrees of cold?

Neu vlaen gwyδ ffaliwm,
py estwng mor grwm?
neu py rinwεδon
yssyδ yn eu bon?
Nu, ILeu a Gwydion,
buant gelvyδion:
neu·r wδant lyvrion,
pa*n* wnant *ledrithion.*
Pan δaw nos liant,
pan vyδ yn·i·vant?
Cwδ â nos rhag dyδ?
Pan δaw noswŷlyδ?
Patria nostra ambulo,
gent*es* in adiuvando:
Tonans, simil*o* signum,
rogitans fort*e cast*rum.
Am·wibiwn *ni* am gymyδ—
Am·geisant *wy* δeu gelvyδ.
Am Gaer, gerein a·dan δyδ
rhy·dynn eirch pwythwr δovyδ;
yn·ŵyviant ys ân yn *lluyδ.*
Caffwynt, yn δirdan,
Gymry yn griδvan.
Provator eneid,
rhag IIwyth eisyIIeid.
Kymry briv δirieid—
rhann rhy·goII bwyeid.
Gwae! hir ucheneid,
a·s gwyar honneid.
Dy·δöent, gwarthvor,
wyδveirch δi·ar vor,
ar Eingl yng·hyngor.

Or the leaders of the barberry bushes,
why do they bend so archedly?
or what are the medicaments
which are in their stems?
Now, Lleu & Gwydion
have been wizards;
they know the (Sibylline) books,
hence they practise enchantments.
Whence cometh the flood of darkness
when it is in evanishment?
Whither doth night retire before day?
Whence cometh the eventide?
In our native land I wander,
a-helping of the clans:
Thundering, I simulate a portent,
eagerly inquiring for the strong fort.
(While) we wander about the coombs,
they are seeking for two wizards.
The hubbub, at dawn, draws around the
fort the ships of the shoe-making chief;
Wantonly they go, a great company.
Far and wide, they find
Wales in distress.
The very soul has been tried
by the wandering horde.
Kymry's chief misfortune is
the lost blessing of the mass.
O misery! long the groaning,
which bleeds persistently.
There will come, athwart the sea,
ships to the shore,
unto the Angles in Council.

1 Gwelawr arwyδion
gwynieith ar Saeson.
29 Claudus in Syon
o rwyvanusson.
30 Byδhawt penn seiron
rhag IFichti lewon—
marini Brithion.
31 Rhy·δar·o·ganon
am *v*edi hëon,
am Havren avon.
32 *O* lad ffradyr cynna,
masswy fissa mala—
eu ffw*y*r ffinied. Sel*a*.
33 Dir·drinei tra oedei ;
Creawdwr or·iol*ei* ;
34 ILu gentis differ*ei*,
go·s·pwyll*ei*, go·δygn*ei*.
Coδ*ei ev* oscorδ mur,
35 *a* gorvu a mein-δur.

Deu·r vum gan wyr celvyδon—
Math Hên, *a Lleu*, *a Gwydion*,
3 pan re*ib*wyd c*e*u elestron.
Bum gan·hymδeith achwyson,
2 vlwyddyn yng·Haer Ovanhon.
Wyv hên, wyv newyδ wyδon :
wyv swyv, wyv synhwyr ceinon.
4 Dy·govi*av* δy·hen Vrithion—
Gwyδyl, kyl δifferogion.
5 *Ys* meδud *a wna* meδwon.
Wyv barδ—ni ri*n*av i eillon :
6 Wyv Ilyw, wyv syw amrysson.

Signs of deliverance are seen
on the part of the Saxons,
who had been shut up in Sëon,
by the dominating peoples.
The chief engineers shall act
against the bold Picts,
(and) the sea-roving Scotti.
They prophesy about
reaping what they sow
beyond the river Severn.
By the blessing of a very good frate
calamities, disunited, will die down—
their assault will be weakened. Alleluia.
He was in constant conflict while he lived ;
The Creator he fervently worshipped ;
The host of the nation he defended,
civilised it somewhat, and gently chided.
He harassed the guards of the wall,
and conquered them with pointed steel.

I was with the wise men—
Math the old, *and Lleu*, *and Gwydion*,
when the hollow reeds were enchanted.
I was the companion of courtiers,
for a year, in Caer Ovanhon.
I am the ancient, I am the modern lore ;
I am the animation and the wit of feasts.
I remember well the ancient Scotti,
(and) the Gwyδyl, defenders of the furnace.
It is drinking *which makes* the drunkard.
I am a bard, I will not prophesy to strangers :
I am the leader, and the life of competition.

Ys hëi ar a hëi,
er a hëi, nis medi.
Di·r ffradyr yn i ffradri,
posveirð bronrein a ðyvi :
Aðevhont, uch með lestri,
y g*w*nahont gam varðoni.
A geisont *ged*, nis deubi,
heb gyvreith, heb raith rhoði ;
a gwedy hynn, digoni
brithvyd, o v*r*yd dyvysci,
na *da*, *na* heðwch, *ni·w bi*.
Ervyn : *ot erchych* ni·th vi,
Rëen ry·mawyr weði :
Rhag ing, rhy·m·gwares moli
Brenhin gogoniant, *a·n* Rhi.
A·m go·gyvarch un celvyð :—
"A weleist, gadarn arglwyð,
ðarogan Buðiant Uffern?—
HIC NEMO PROGENIEM."
Dillyngwy*d* torv *av·lawen*,
per Domini virtutem :
Eu caethnawd a *gowy*llis—
Sic salvi i*p*si estis.
A chyn bo un bai arnoch,
ter-wyn boch i Ðuw diheu.
A chyn y mynhwyv i·m dervyn cleu,
cyn del ewynvriw ar vyng·eneu,
cyn vyng·hyvalleu ar llatheu pren,
boed i·m heneid y da gy·veðeu.
A·breið a·m dy·weid llythyr llyvreu
vod cystuð gwedy gwely angheu.
A·r sawl a gigleu vym·arð gyvreu,
rhy·phrynwynt wlad nev, aðev goreu.

You can sow what you will,
for all you sow, you will not reap.
To the frate in the friary a troop
of swollen-breasted bards do come.
They admit, over the mead cups, that
they cultivate the muse irregularly.
They that seek a boon shall not have it,
regardless of law, and the rule of giving ;
and they that seek thereafter to create
mischief, from sheer love of anarchy,
shall have, *nor presents*, nor peace.
Supplicate : if you ask for what you cannot
have, the Lord will bear in mind your prayer.
When hard pressed, I have found relief in
worshipping the King of Glory, our Father.
An ingenious man greets me thus :
"Hast thou seen, mighty master, the prophecy concerning the Gain of Hell?—
THERE, NO ONE (BEARS AN) OFFSPRING."
A miserable crowd was set free
by the merit of the Lord,
who dowered their bonded state—
thus are ye yourselves *saved*.
And before ye have any failing,
may ye be fervent to the true God.
And before I wish for a speedy end ;
before I foam at the mouth ; and
before my association with the boards,
may my soul enjoy the good festivals.
Scarcely do books tell me that there
will be suffering after the bed of death.
And such as have heard my bardic lore,
let them secure heaven, the happiest home.

Add·wyneu Taliessin.

AÐWYN rin, penyd *grin* yn rhy·red ;
araLL aδ·wyn, pan vyδ dy·m·gwared.
8 Aδ·wyn meδ, nwy gomeδ o gyffred ;
23 araLL aδ·wyn, y·am gyrn cyv·yved. 4
Aδ·wyn *warthegy*δ, Nuδ, *ar* breiδ nav ;
25 araLL aδ·wyn, hael ŵyl o l*ud* hav.
Aδ·wyn aeron amser cynhaeav ;
araLL aδ·wyn, gwenith ar galav. 8
27 Aδ·wyn heul yn *uchel* yn nwyvre ;
araLL aδ·wyn, rhytha*d* hwyr, a·i δe.
9 Aδ·wyn *amws* myng·vras y·mangre ;
2 araLL aδ·wyn, march di·lyw, hŵë. 12
Aδ·wyn cant ac ariant am·aerwy ;
araLL aδ·wyn, i vorwyn, modrwy.
4 Aδ·wyn cryr, ar lan llyr, ban llanhwy ;
araLL aδ·wyn, gwylein yn gwarwy. 16
5 Aδ·wyn march*awg* ac eurgalch gylchwy ;
araLL aδ·wyn, aδ·wyn yn adwy.
Aδ·wyn Einawn, meδig i liaws ;
7 araLL aδ·wyn, celLawr hael, hynaws. 20
Aδ·wyn Mei i gogeu ac ëaws ;
araLL aδwyn, pan vyδ hin*on* haws.
9 Aδ·wyn rh*ei*n, a pherffeith neithawr ;
araLL aδ·wyn, cyv·lwyn a garhawr. 24
Aδ·wyn bryd wrth benyd periglawr ;
11 araLL aδ·wyn, dy δwyn yn aLLawr.
Aδ·wyn meδ yng·hynteδ i gerδawr ;
12 araLL aδ·wyn, am dervyn torv vawr. 28
Aδ·wyn cleir catholig yn eglwys ;
araLL aδ·wyn, hyneiv neuaδwys.

The pleasant things of Taliesin.

PLEASANT the feeling that penance kills excess ;
pleasant, too, will be the hour of deliverance.
Pleasant is mead ; none will refuse it with reason :
Pleasant too around the horns to drink together.
Pleasant herdsman is Nuδ over the Lord's flock ;
pleasant, too, a generous feast of the summer's
Pleasant are fruits in harvest time ; [wealth.
pleasant, too, is wheat on the stalk.
Pleasant is the sun on high in the sky ; p., too,
is his looming large of an evening at his setting.
Fine is the long-maned stallion in the stud,
and pleasant the horse that is quiet without a bit.
Pleasant is a bracelet and necklace of silver :
pleasant, too, to a maid is a wedding ring.
Fair is the heron on the tidal reach at its
flooding, & beautiful are the gulls at play.
Comely is the knight with gold-enamelled shield ;
and blest is the merciful in the breach.
Pleasant is Einon, a physician to many ; pleasant,
too, a generous, good-natured cellarer.
Pleasant is May to cuckoos and nightingales ;
pleasant, too, when summer is more advanced.
Pleasant is a bride and a perfect wedding feast ;
pleasing, too, is a betrothal to one that is loved.
Noble the resolution under the penance of the
priest, and blest thine offering unto the altar.
Pleasant is mead, within the court, to the minstrel ;
p., too, to be beyond the edge of a great crowd.
Delightful are the broad-minded clerics of a church,
and pleasing the elders of an assembly.

8 Aδ·wyn plwyv cym·rwyv, Dwyv a'i towys ;
aralI aδ·wyn, amser paradwys. 32
15 Aδ·wyn lIoer, lIewychawd yn elvyδ ;
aralI aδ·wyn pan da δy·m·govyδ.
Aδ·wyn hav ac arav *hwyr* hirδyδ ;
17 aralI aδwyn, a·threiδ a geryδ. 36
Aδ·wyn blodeu ar warthav perwyδ ;
aralI aδ·wyn, a·chre cerenhyδ.
19 Aδ·wyn di·dryv *i* ewig ac elein ;
aralI aδ·wyn, cynawr a·m harwein. 40
20 Aδ·wyn lIuarth, pan lIwyδ i genhin ;
aralI aδ·wyn, cadavarth yn egin.
21 Aδ·wyn eδystr yng·hebystr lIedrin ;
aralI aδ·wyn, cyweithas brenhin. 44
23 Aδ·wyn glew, nwy go·leith go·gyweg ;
aralI aδ·wyn, *i* elIein *gallineb.*
24 Aδ·wyn grug pan vytho ehöeg ;
aralI aδ·wyn, morva i wartheg. 48
25 Aδ·wyn dymhor, pan dynn lIoï laeth ;
aralI aδ·wyn, e*n*wyn maeronaeth.
26 Ac ys*syδ* i mi aδ·wyn nid gwaeth, 51
a·thal *llawn* vüal wrth dal meδweith.
27 Ad·wyn *i* bysc y lIyn y lIywiawd ;
10 aralI aδ·wyn, gor·alw gwaryhawd. 54
2 Aδ·wyn gair a leveir y Drindawd ;
aralI aδ·wyn, penyd i bechawd.
3 *Ys* aδ·wynhav o bob aδ·wyndawd,
caffel cerenhyδ Dovyδ δyδbrawd. 58

Delightful are a united people, God leading it ;
delightful too the age of innocence.
Pleasant the moon that shines on earth ;
pleasant, too, when the good you recall.
Pleasant is summer, & the lingering dusk of a long
day ; pleasant, too, the communion thou lovest.
Beautiful are the flowers on the fruit-trees,
and delightful the budding of friendship.
Pleasant is solitude to the roe and fawn ;
pleasant, too, a huntsman to guide me.
Pleasant the garden when vegetables flourish ;
and sweet the charlock in young corn.
Pleasant the charger that is bridled ;
pleasant, too, the fellowship of a King.
Glorious the brave whom indecision will not destroy ;
glorious, too, his splendid *circumspection.*
Pleasant the heath when it is green ;
pleasant, too, the meadow to the cows.
Pleasant the season when calves draw milk ;
pleasant, too, the butter-milk of the dairy.
And what is to me no less pleasant,
the guerdon of a full horn beside the mead-vat.
Pleasant to the fish the water he steers in :
pleasant, too, to call decisively for the play.
Pleasant the message the Trinity delivers ;
pleasant, too, (that there is) a penance for sin.
The pleasantest of every pleasant thing —
the assured friendship of the Lord at the last.

Kanu Owein Gwyneδ.

URIEN yr Echwyδ,
haelav δyn bedyδ!
57 Llïaws a roδyδ,
15 i δynion elvyδ.
Mal y cynullyδ,
16 yδ *ad*·wesceryδ.
Llawen, beirδ bedyδ,
tra vo dy vuchyδ.
17 Ys m*aw*r llewenyδ,
gan glodvan, clod rhyδ:
18 Ys mwy gogoniant—
boδ Urien, a·i blant.
Ev yn arbennig,
gor·uchel wledig—
dinas pellennig—
ceimad cyntëig.
Lloegrwys a·i gwyδant,
pan ym·adroδant.
Angheu a gawsant,
a mynych goδiant—
llosci eu trevred,
a dwyn eu tuδed.
Gorvlwng *o* golled,
a mawr ang·hyffred;
heb gaffel gwared
rhag Urien Rheged.
Rheged δiffreidad,
clodvawr angor gwlad!
Boδ yssyδ arnad,
o bob erglywad.

The praise of Owein Gwyneð.

URIEN, (lord) of the West,
and most generous Christian!
Very many things thou givest
to the men of the world.
As soon as thou gatherest,
thou scatterest again.
Joyful, Christian bards will be,
while thy life endures.
A great joy is liberal
praise from the famed.
But greater glory is the
favour of Urien & his sons.
He is our leader,
and sovereign ruler—the
strong shield of the stranger,
and foremost champion.
The Loegrians shall know it,
when they come to negotiate.
Slaughter they have suffered,
and frequent tribulation:
the burning of their homesteads,
& the taking of their coat of mail.
Very sullen (are they),
from loss and great hardship,
without finding deliverance
from Urien of Rheged.
Rheged's Protector, and
glorious Anchor of the country!
Thou hast the good-will
of every tongue that is heard.

Dwys dy beleidrad,
ban ergyryδ gad. 32
58 Cad, ban δy·gyrchyδ,
gwynieith a wneyδ.
2 Tenid tei cyn dyδ,
rhag uδ yr Echwyδ— 36
3 yr Echwyδ teccav,
a·i dynion haelav.
Gnawd Eingl heb waesav
4 am dëyrn glewhav, 40
Glewhav eisiłłyδ—
5 ti oreu yssyδ ;
A vu, or a vyδ—
6 ni·th oes gystedlyδ. 44
Ban dremher arłław,
ehelaeth dy braw :
gnawd gwyleδ a *th*aw
am dëyrn gognaw. 48
Am·danat gwyr*th*eδ,
łławs maranheδ,
Eurdëyrn Gogleδ—
unben tëyrneδ. 52

Rhun ap Owein Gwyneδ.

YN i enw Ev, wledig nev or·chorδion, 1
rhy·chanav, rhy·chwynav yn dragon.
64 Gwrthodes o·gyv·res gweryδon ; 3
łławs gryδ Run ab nuδ o łwyth Mon.
2 Ni or·uchav cerδ beirδ i o·verthon :
Rhyveδ vael a ryδ hael lywyδon. 6

Serious are thy spear-thrusts,
when instigating the fight:
when thou enterest the list
thou dost effect deliverance.
Houses were set on fire, ere dawn,
from dread of the Lord of the West.
The West is most fair,
and her men most generous.
The Angles are habitually unreliable
on behalf of a prince that is very brave.
Very brave are thy sons,
but thou art the best.
Among those who were, or will be,
thou hast not a peer.
Upon close observation,
wide is thy experience; (though)
modesty and silence are usual
about the activity of a prince.
Thou art clothed in virtues,
like sand in number.
Thou art the golden ruler of Gogleð,
and supreme head of princes.

Elegy to Rhun, son of O. Gwyneð.

IN His name, the Lord of Heaven's glorious
company, I will extol, I will lament our leader.
He rejected the order of celibates; the people
sigh for Rhun, son of the lord of Mona's race.
The bards' art cannot over-exalt his fine gifts:
Wondrous the bounty which generous leaders bestow.

Un Ile—rhy·gethlyð leithig—rhy·ðlyav ;
rhy·chanav i wledig ;
i wlad, tudwed er·grynig,
nim gwel ; nis gwnav o·r newig.
An·hawð wng dy·olIwng ad·loneð :
Ev diffyg yn gwledig—ni orweð :
Edrychwn ad·wyth trwm uð Gwyneð ;
yn i vyw nis henyw buð or beð.
Ni ðygner a hoffer : wy buchynt
galettach, aruthrach deith hael hynt.
Twrv pressen tra Phryden ry·phryder ;
Go·hoew lurigawr a ry·lyccrer.
A ry·tharvant lawr a ry·varnher :
Rhy·varn pawb, yng·wrthawd, ban glywher
am yn ceimat yn ing nad ad·alwer.
Nid ingwr di·law roed yn·aered,
namyn gwas graid i wrhyd a o·drawed.
Ys eithawg o walIawd yn Ilywed,
hwyr weðwid o belid ar·debed.
Ni ovyn i nebun a wnelher ;
Nid i mi nac i chwi y dar·wetter.
Tew vydav ðiweð hav nis cynnyð,
namyn *awel yr oervel ai diffy*ð.
*Os Owein ni wyrein or newy*ð,
whegach *vy*ð ið*aw* genaw i henyð.
Hweðleuawg drwyðedawg draethodyn—
tëyrneð yng·Wyneð nwy ff*erchyn.*
Með vâg, tebig heul hâv huenyð,
soneð gan mwyhav. Ys cenhedyð
gân ðoeth y·gan lwys veib eilassav.
Bint bydevi derw itti bryd hâv.
Pryd mab Ilëenawg am aeth buarth [tarth :
am wawl, gwyn wawl Run : mal gwyn gnes
Tra gynnis, yð enghis heb warchawd :

One place, the master-singer's seat, is my right ;
I will sing to the Gwledig ;
His country, a state perturbed,
will not see me ; I cannot revive it.
It is a hard task to restore cheerfulness :
Our Ruler is failing ; he cannot rest.
Behold the heavy misfortune of Gwyneδ's lord, who,
in his day, will derive no comfort from the grave.
There is no tiring of the loved : *we* could wish for them
the more arduous, more eventful journey of a long life.
The present turmoil, beyond Prydein, causes anxiety ;
shining coats of mail will be tarnished.
They who disturb the country will be judged severely :
These all will condemn, when they hear
of our champion's abiding distress.
It is no helpless stripling that was consigned to earth,
but a youth, of ardent heroism, who had been smitten.
Dolorous from loss is our leader, who
has been lately bereft of a radiant countenance.
He asks of no one what is being done ;
Neither to me nor to you does he speak much.
A crowded hive in autumn does not increase ;
rather *the blast of the cold destroys it.*
If Owein cannot renew his vigour, dearer
to him the whelp of his old stock becomes.
The gossipy, recitative verse of the roving bard
the princes in Gwyneδ would not honour.
As the sun promotes summer haze, so mead promotes
chatter for the most part. Thou permittest
a wise lay by the serious sons of harmony.
Let them be as oak-swarms to thee in summer time.
The literateur will sing of the camp's sorrow—of the
radiance, the bright radiance of Rhun : like the mist's
luminous mantle, while rising, he disappeared unnoticed :

64 A chleð cleðiv*a*d i glevych*awd*. 41
26 Nid am·dyrr i *gedwyr* i ledrad,
namyn yng·hyd ym·yscwyd y gy·wlad.
65 Rhy·dyllyn, tal-*vriwyn* yscwydawr— 44
rhactaleu, *bron-ðoreu* y march*awr*.
2 O *garnial* drwst Morial *dy·chwelud*:
Rhy·th·gar *llu*, rhi-allu y Gwyn*dyd*. 47
3 Rhy·wystlan, gweinyð*an yn* Goludawg,
o Gl*w*yd *ael* hyd *yng*·haer *ve*ð Carawg.
Ys dadl *h*ir Pen prys *d*ir: An·wallawg
5 tëyrneð dewr *Wyne*ð dangweðawg. 51

Arðwyre Rheged.

AR·ÐWYRE Rheged, rhyseð rhïeu, 1
ev it rhy·gostis, cyn *ni·s* bwy teu.
61 Gnissynt gad lavnawr, a chad vereu;
3 Gwysynt wyr y·dan gylchwyawr ffleu, 4
a chwyðyn yn gelein *rhag* yn martheu.
5 Ni mad vrwydrwyd rhi, ac ni·d mad geu;
yð armerth gwledig wrth gym·ri*w*eu;
Neu·s gyrr i·w neges i geisadon. 8
7 Go·chawn varthawd mwth—moll*a*wd w*i*rion;
O dreig*l* dylaw*r* daw *a*dwythaw*l* donn.
9 Ni ðoeth Wlff yn·hrais a·r *weis* i alon,
oni ðoeth Urien ðyð yn Aeron. 12
10 Nu, bu gyv·ergyr; ni chymriwys
dalgynawd Urien y·rag Powys:
11 Ni bu hy·vrwd bryd echen yrrwys.
Hyveið a orðin, a·r llu towys: 16

With the sword was smitten his dolour.
His warriors do not break loose into theft,
but, unitedly, they give the March a shaking.
They pierce, they shiver the edges of the shields ; the
frontlets, & breast-plates of the horses. From the
caracolling of the tumult of Morial thou hast returned.
The men of the Venedotian sovereign power love thee.
They pledge themselves to serve our prince,
from the Clwydian border to the grave-fort of Carawg.
Long disputed is the land of Penprys. Faultless
are the brave princes of peaceful Gwyneδ.

The Rising of Marchia.

THE rising of Marchia, the excess of its chiefs,
cost thee dearly, before it was thine.
They brandished the blades and spears of war :
They summoned, under the spreading shields, men
who fell dead before our blows. It *was*
impolitic to fight the sovereign, & *is* to be false,
(for) a ruler prepares retributive penalties :
He will send on his business the tax gatherers.
Quickly the blow will fall, even upon the innocent :
From the piling of taxes comes destruction.
*Ran*ulf did not molest his enemies,
until Urien, one day, arrived in Aeron.
Then there was a conflict, (but) it did not bruise
the uplifted front of Urien before Powys :
Nor was there enthusiasm about the men (R.) sent.
Hyveiδ presses forward, and leads the host :

61 *Nu*, dewr yw yn ym·ðeith taith gwyð *a*vwys :
Di·vevl y dy·ðwyn *a gynllwynwys* :
14 Y·gan waed, Gwyðen *avon livwys.*
Gweles Lwyvenyð ; *i h*uðyð gy·grŷn :
15 yn ði·oed ciliwyd yn eil vehyn.
Câd, yn Rhyd ar Glwyd, gad ðy·vynner :
17 Câd, ge*r* Ilawr Brehyr, gad hir eurer :
Câd, ym·hrysc *Alun*, gad *o*leui*r* :
Câd, yn Aberi, oeð gyvranc ðir—
briwed mawr gludwei*r* ; *y*ng·weith Pen Coed,
20 Ilwyr y Ilithr cyn*ran* ar or·niant gwaed.
Adveilaw *yna* wŷn gor·uchyd :
Cyd mynnan Degeingl, eðyl wrthryd,
22 o ledruð gyvranc ac Wlff yn Rhyd.
Gwell carher gwledig aned yn uð :
Prydein ben-berchen brwysclawn *n*i by*ð* :
24 neu·d ym·ðug ðillad, a glas *aes*awr,
a cha*l*ch ehöeg wyg mor, *neu* lawr.
26 Ar·ðodes vorðwyd dros veirch Maelawr,
o geneðl Voelyrch, *ynt* mor reidawl.
62 Hav y·dan aeav, arav yn Ilaw,
2 o red a roðwyd i·w harwylaw ;
a gwest y·dan geirð i·w d*i*·wŷraw ;
ac hyd orffen byð edrywyð caw.
4 Byðin yscub*awl*, dy·hawl *am weð*,
am ðelw di·lëwr ; am leu*dir*eð.
5 Myvi edrycheis *ar* weis rhag gwyð,
peleidr ar yscwyð, yscwyd yn Ilaw—
7 Godeu a Rheged yn *cyð*·ðullíaw.
Myvi a weleis wr—*ceis* ym·uarthawr—
sarff virein vonheð, senghidyð lawr :
9 *Ev* go·wŷr ryvel yð ar·gollawr,
a·r maint a gollwyd yn argoedawr.

Bravely he adventures the pass of the woody ravines :
Without a hitch he carries out *his ambuscades :*
With blood *the streamlet* Gwyδen *flows.*
He came to ILwyvenyδ ; *her* lords tremble, &
straightway there was a retreat into another place.
There was, at Rhuδlan, a battle that will be cited :
There was, near the Baron's land, a battle that will be glorified :
There was, in the scrub of *Alun*, a battle that will be trumpeted.
There was, at the Abers, a calamitous event—a great
flotilla was broken up : in the fight of Pen Coed
a chief slips fatally on the profusion of blood.
Thereupon the *English* lust of supremacy dies away ;
while their opponents insist on having Tegeingl
after the gory enterprise with *Ran*ulf at the Ford.
More beloved is the ruler that was born a lord :
Prydein's over-lord is never reckless :
He always bears mail, and *shield* of blue,
and armour coloured like sea-weed, or grass.
He casts his thigh over the steeds of Maelor
of the Moelyrch breed : though so mettlesome,
summer and winter, they are quiet to handle,
because of the race-course provided to train them,
and the whip-cord, in disgrace, to correct them :
to the end this discipline will be evident.
The invading army clamours for a sight,
for the presence of the destroyer, and for open lands.
I watched these men before the brake,
with lances on shoulder, and shield in hand—
I watched Godeu and Rheged marshalling together.
I saw the chief—observe him in the camps—
a dragon of fine lineage, the trampler of the land.
He knows, now, something of the war that is lost,
and the extent of the loss in the woods.

62 Minheu ym·or·wyth *vwythus* veδlyn,
11 gan Hy·veiδ hy·wr—hy·*w*est δilyn.
Ev ni·s cenhedis gyscawd gweithen, 52
13 δi threchu rhïeu, rhadeu Hawen.
Ys gwasaw*g* gwlad δa wrthvrwy*dr Urien.*
14 Oni vallwyv, yn hen,
i·m dygn angheu anghen, 56
15 ni byδiv un δirwen
oni volwyv Urien. ℔

Cad Trwyn Moelvre . 1157.

YN enw Gwledig nev, Goludawg— 1
hy·drevnid vywyd cynheilwawg ;
29 Eirig i rethren rïeδawg ;
23 Rhïyδ gâr ryvel gor·herwawg. 4
Ev differth aδ·vwyn lann Heinawg ;
25 a thorhid un hwch ardwyawg.
Hil dy·chyvervyδ o vre*uhi*n—*a·i gym-*
26 *horth* o borth maw*r* Cerdin. 8
30 Ni chymeryn gyv·erbyn,
Cyv*oe*th cyweithyδ Clydwyn.
2 Digonwyd, *ad*es y Hynghes, o beleidr
o blygheid bren *m*ês : 12
Gwerinos a·u rhy·gyrches :
3 Prenial i bawb eu trachwres.
Ang·hyvnein o gadeu δygnes Wallawg :
Gwell gwyδ*awg* nog aches. 16
5 Cadr a gyngres, o achles gwawd
gognaw, *a* δivrawd δigones.
Cad, ym·ro Trwyn *Moel*vre, drwy bres
7 marw*awl*, an·veidrawl y trancres. 20
8 Cadr a·u cym·*riwh*wy, ganhawon !
Cahad cad ; cryned yn Aeron.

Meanwhile *I* quaff freely the luxurious mead
with Hyveiδ, the bold, who follows hospitality.
(Hyveiδ) never allows the shadow of war
to damp the high spirits of his chiefs.
Subdued is the rich country that opposes Urien.

Until I fall, in old age,
into my dire, inevitable end,
I shall have no pleasure
but in the praise of Urien.

The Battle of Trwyn Moelvre.

IN the name of Heaven's puissant Ruler,
(the Prince) orders an exemplary life ;
Gleaming his commanding lance ;
Our chief loves much-harrying war.
He defended the bonnie bank of ILeinawg ;
and a protecting ship was destroyed.
He meets a king's descendant, with a host
from the great port of Cerdin.
These could not sustain the attack of
the power of the chieftain Clydwyn.
Every man who left the fleet had his fill
of darts, from the bent oak-bow—
The common people rushed upon them :
A shrine to all is ambition.
Loss of numbers by warfare afflicted Gwallawg.
Better a bosky place than a roadstead.
A strong combination, inspired by stirring
ballads, destroys his plans.
In the dale, near Moelvre point, they fought through
the deadly scrub—very long the death roll.
The brave crush them, the dogs !
After the battle there was trembling in Aeron.

Cad yn Arδunwen : ac Aeron
eiδawed : Eured dy veibon :
Cad yng·hoed — beiδyδ boe*n* rhon,
δyδ ni vedylleist dy alon.
Câd, yn rhag·wyδ, awr a Mabon :
Nid adrawδ ad·vrawd achubion.
Caer Wenvrewi : ar·estwng *hon*
Loegr saffwyawg i hav·n*i*v*er*o*n*.
Câd. yn Rhos terra gan wawr, oeδ
hwysc*l*a*w*n : gwragawn yn wrawl.
Yn·echreu yng·heniad garw awr,
rhieu. o ryvel. rhy·δiffawr.
Gwŷr a oδev warth ingawg — Haearn·
eiδ a Hyveiδ, a Gwallawg.
Owein, o Vaelgyning δevawd,
a wnaho beithwyr gorweiδawg.
Ym·Hen Coed, cleδyvein :
at·vyδ calaneδ gwain,
a brain ar δisperawd.
Ym·Hrydein. yn Eiδin. yn aδevawg ; yng·
Avran. yn ad·van Brecheinawg.
Yn i erbyn. yn yscwn yn gaenawg,
ni wyl *was* — ni welas Wallawg.

Gwaith Llwydein.

GORE δyw Sadwrn cad vawr a vu,
or pan δwyre haul hyd i ge*i*mu.
Dy·gryswys Flamδwyn yn bedwar llu :
Godeu a Rheged yn *cyd*-δullu.
Dyvwy o Argoed hyd Arvynyδ :
ni cheffid aros hyd yr un dyδ.

(There was) a battle at Arδunwen, and Aeron was
seized. Thy sons were covered with glory.
In the woods, thou darest the lance's thrust :
That day thou didst not mind thine enemies.
In the first brake there was a conflict with Mabon :
Censure doth not mention the successes.
The fort of Gwenvrewi—this doth humble
England's pike-armed legions.
Then, at dawn, there was great havoc at Rhos
y Cra : (the men) press forward bravely.
At the first sound of the fierce warhoop,
Chieftains, by combat, are snuffed out.
(Aye), heroes undergo the deathly shame—
Haearneiδ, & Hyveiδ, & Gwallawg.
Owein, from Maelconian habit,
doth lay the intruders prostrate.
At Pen Coed they fight with swords ;
A time of lively carnage follows,
with crows wheeling (overhead).
In Prydein, in Eiδin he is acknowledged (chief) ;
also at Gavran on the Brecon border.
Against him he will see no youth rising in a
state of incrustation—he never saw Gwallawg.

The Battle of Llwybein.

ONE Saturday morning there was a big battle,
from the rising to the setting of the sun.
Flamδwyn made haste with four companies—
Shropshire & the March marshall together.
He marches from Argoed to Arvynyδ,
without a halt the whole day long.

60 Gor·elwis ꝼlamδwyn, vawr drebystawd,
13 a δoδynt yng·wystl—a ynt *w*arawd? 8
14 Attebwys Owein, dir·wein ffossawd,
na δoδynt, na·d ynt, na bint *w*arawd.
16 A theirei i vab *H*oel, bei gymwyawg
lew, cyn a·s talei, o wystl, nebawd. 12
17 Gor·elwis Urien, uδ yr Echwyδ :—
" O byδ gyvarvod am gerenhyδ,
18 " dyrchavwn eiδoed oδ·uch mynyδ —
19 " Cym·horthwn wyneb oδ·uch ymyl— 16
" Dyrchavwn beleidr, uch-ben *mal* gwŷr,
21 " a chyrchwn ꝼlamδwyn yn i lüyδ,
" a llaδwn, ac ev a·i gyweithyδ."
22 A rhag gwaith ꝼLwyvein 20
bu ꝼawer celein ;
23 a·r *creu*, rhuδei vrain,
rhag rhyvel gwyr*ein*.
24 Gwerin a gryswys gan or·nenyδ ; 24
a rhinav, vlwyδyn, na·d wy gynnyδ.
25 Oni vall̃wyv, yn hen,
i·m dygn angheu anghen,
26 ni byddiv un δir·wen
oni volwyv Urien. ⊱ 29

Trawsganu Kynan Garwyn mab Brochvael.

CYNAN, cad δiffred, 1
a·m ar·ꝼloves ged :
45 Cant ge*m i·m* o·δyged,
11 *y*·wrth or·gun trevred : 4
12 Cant gorwyδ, cyv·red,
arian eu tuδed :

Flamδwyn, of mighty swagger, demanded aloud
if they had come as hostages, & are submissive?
Owein, of cleaving stroke, answered that
they had not—they neither do, nor will submit;
& his son, Hoel, vowed he would be shrived
a hero, or ever he would give a single hostage.
(Then) Urien, Lord of the West, proclaimed aloud:—
"If there is to be an unfriendly meeting,
"let us hoist our banner on the mountain top—
"let us lift our eyes over the border—
"let us, with spears overhead, like men
"attack Flamδwyn among his host,
"and kill, both him & his companions."

And because of the Battle of Llwyvein
there was many a corse;
and *gore* crimsoned the crows
before the raising of the war.

The people fled along the ravines, but I prophesy that, for a year, they will not prosper.

Until I fall, in old age,
into my dire, inevitable end,
I shall take no pleasure,
but in the praise of Urien.

I

A "Satire" on Kynan ap Dwein Gwynedd.

KYNAN, the bulwark of battle,
has bestowed benefits *on me:*
A hundred gems have been brought
from the overlord of the province;
A hundred horses, which run
abreast, in silver trappings;

45 Cant Ilenn ehöeg,
o un gaen gyffred :
Cant armell arved
14 a phym pwnt canted :
Cleδyv — gwain galched —
15 Dwrn *mo*el, gwell honed.
Cant cy*vr*anc, caffad ;
16 *pob* cas an·elwad.
Cadelling ystrad
*g*an gad yscogad.
17 Cad ar Wy, cyrched
gwaewawr evrived.
Gwenhwys a laδed
18 a llavn gwyarlled.
Cad y·Mon vawrdeg,
erglyd, a vroled.
19 Tra Menei myned,
gwârwyd a orgred.
20 Cad yng·Hrûg Dyved —
Aircol ar gerδed ;
21 ac ni ry·weled
i viw, rhag ffriw neb.
Mab Brochvael, broled
22 Dyved, i eiδuned.
Cernyw cyvarched ;
23 ni mawl ieu dynghed.
Dy·s·twg ang·hyffred,
yn yδ a*n*ialed.
24 Myg*r* cynnelw Cynan,
cadeu ergyn*r*an.
25 A·i lew lavn llydan,
cyv·wyrein vawrdan.
26 Cad yng·wlad Brachan,
cadlan go·daran.

A hundred green tents, with every
covering complete in one piece.
A hundred armlets, studded with
five spikes in their rim-bands.
A sword—its scabbard had been enamelled, the handle was deemed better plain.
A hundred combats took place, &
every enemy was confounded.
The Cadellian Strath
by war was stirred.
Countless spearmen repaired
to the battle on the Wye.
The Gwentians were slain
by blood-dripping weapons.
A battle in Mon, the very fair
and cosy *isle*, was vaunted.
While crossing the Menei, the rash
were brought to their senses.
At the battle of Crûg Dyved,
when Aircol was on his travels,
the cows were not seen
being driven away.
Let the son of Brochvael boast
of Dyved (the object of) his desire.
Let him greet Cornwall, who
will not praise the yoke of fate.
He undergoes hardship
where (the land) has been laid waste.
Glorious the example of Kynan, who
participates actively in battles.
And his brave, broad sword
gives rise to a conflagration.
At the battle in the land of Brachan,
the battlefield reverberates.

Tëyrneδ truan !
46 crinynt rhag Cynan.
Llywid y*r* ymwan,
2 eisor Llywethan
gynghein gymangan :
3 Nerthiad gwlad lydan.
Cigleu ymδiδan—
pawb yn eu cochvan,
4 cylch byd go·chwiban—
'Ceith ynt δi Gynan.'

❀ ❀ ❀

Dadolwch Urien.

LLYWYÐ e·chassav ;
Mi ni·w dir·mygav :
65 Urien a gyrchav,
7 iδaw yd ganav.
Pan δel vyng·waesav,
8 cynnwys a gaffav ;
a·r parth goreuhav,
y·dan eilassav.
9 Nuδ mawr y·m dawr byth—
i helyth a volav ;
10 n*eu*·d av attaδunt,
ganthunt y byδav.
N*eu* chyrchav Ogleδ,
11 a·r mei dëyrneδ.
Cyn bei i·m lawreδ,
12 gwnelwn gyng·wystleδ.
N*eu*·d rhaid i·m hoffeδ—
Urien n*a*·m gomeδ.

The wretched princes
withered before Kynan.
He controls the fighting,
as a piece of gut
harmonizes the orchestra.
He is the stay of *England.*
I heard the talk of all
in their gory beds :
Round the world it goes whispering :
The Captives are Cynan's.

The Reconciliation with Urien.

THE Chief I do not dislike,
nor do I disregard him.
To Urien I will go—
to him will I sing.
When my warrant comes,
I shall have abundance ;
and that the best, under
the influence of harmony.
For the great lord I ever care—
his people I will praise :
I will go to them ;
with them I will stay.
I will set out to Gogleð,
and its territorial lords.
Before I go to my grave
I would have an understanding :
I cannot live without friendship—
Urien do not repel me.

13 Llwyveny∂ dire∂—
ys meu eu rheuve∂—
ys meu eu gwyl*lt*e∂—
14 ys meu eu Llare∂—
ys meu 'r delideu
a·u gor·evrasseu.
15 *Cav* ve∂ o vual,
a tha*l* di·eiseu,
gan dëyrn goreu—
16 haelav rhy·gigleu.
Tëyrned pob iaith
it oll y∂ ynt geith.
17 Rhagor, yd gŵynir,
ys *h*ir dy o·leith.
18 Cyd ev mynasswn,
gweu dyliv hen*dr*wm.
Nid oe∂ gwell gerwn,
19 cyn ni·s gwyby∂wn :
Weithon y gwelav
y maint a garav.
20 Namyn er Duw uchav,
ni·s di·ovr*yd*av.
21 Dy dëyrn veibon—
haelav dyn*ia*don,
canant y hyscyrron,
22 yn·hire∂ eu galon.
Oni vallwyv, yn hen,
23 yn·ygn angheu anghen.
ni by∂iv un ∂ir·wen
oni volwyv Urien.

The districts of ILwyvenyδ—
mine their store—
mine their wild places—
mine their cultivated parts—
mine their metals,
and their produce rich.
I shall get mead in my horn,
and gifts in abundance,
from the best of princes—
the most generous known.
The chiefs of every race
to thee are all subjects.
Still, there is grief, because
thy death is long deferred ;
though I could wish to weave
(for thee) the weft of extreme age.
There was none I loved better,
though I knew it not ;
It is but now I find
how great is my love.
Except for God, Most High,
I will not renounce my love.
Thy princely sons are
the most generous of men :
their darts go whizzing
into the lands of the enemy.
Until I fall, in old age,
into my dire, inevitable end,
I shall take no pleasure,
but in the praise of Urien.

Glaswawd Taliessin.

GENNADEU ðoðynt,
mor-hynt anvonawg :
30 Dy·gawn i·n letcynt,
mei*ly*nt yn ceudawd.
26 Gnawd rhwyv yn heli,
beli *a·i* gwirawd.
31 Gnawd yscwyd yscawn
yng·hamawn yscawd.

2 Gnawd gwyth ac adwyth o yspyðawd
gaer : anav gant, maer mawrhawd :
Ar Venei *ev* crai gyvlogawd ;
4 Mwy, ar Gonwy, gwynieith gwnahawd.

Ar oed, Ƕwyth dy·reith anav barawd ;
6 o heyrn er·chwyrn eðyrn ðyrnawd.
Try·dyƕyn dra·chor, dorch drøn, lüawg :
8 ƕynghes yn aches, armes cyn brawd.

Tri diweð yd gad am dri phriawd gwlad ;
9 Gwnahad b*r*ad *i* veðrawd :
Trin, o bop tu, rhy·phorthawd,
10 ac Eryri vre varnhawd.

ƕu o Seis ac Ynt ðygn-awd yng·Hymry :
12 yð erhy a weðwawd.
Rhag *Hywel*, *berwid llid brawd ;*
o varan tan·*re* tarðawd.

13 Cadwaladr a·i cwyn ;
briwhawd bro*n o* vrwyn.
14 Gweƕt ƕawr *an·rheithawd ;*
a tho tei, tandawd.
15 At·vyð rhyveðawd—
gwr gan verch i vrawd.

The Lament of Taliesin.

THE envoys, sent on a
sea expedition, have come :
We shall obtain news,
which will sustain our hearts.
Oars are used to the sea—
war will prove it true.
The shield is wont to be slight
in the scathe of combat.

A thorn stockade commonly causes anger & hurt—
a hundred inflictions its steward shall vaunt :
On the Menei he makes a fresh concord ;
What is more, on the Conwy, he effects deliverance.

In time, the clan will right the injury inflicted—
with swift blades it will hail strokes : [cordon :
They broke through the outer circle, a vast, strong
The fleet in the roadstead is an omen of doom.

Three princes of the land met their ends—
their betrayal led to the grave :
(Rhodri) supports the war on every side,
and Eryri's height decides.

He afflicts the host of Saxons and Northmen
in Wales ; their widows only are left.
Against *Hywel a brother's hatred seethes :*
Because of greed a conflagration springs up.

Cadwaladr weeps for (Hywel),
and breaks his heart from grief.
He lays waste the cornfields,
and fires the thatch of dwellings.
There will appear a portent—
an uncle will lie with his niece.

31 Dy·vynhyn diriawg,
o lin Anarawd :
O honaw, tyvhawd
17 coch gâd ry·bruδawd :
nid arbed nebawd—
18 na chevnder na brawd.
Wrth lev corn cadwr
naw cant, yn avrδwl,
o bedr-*or* δygnawd.
Dy gôv e*i*lw i l*oesio*n o laswawd ;
ev rêd wrth a gawδ *dy* geudawd.

Canu y Medd.

GOLYCHAV Wledig pendevigva :
Gwr a gynheil nev, Arglwyδ pob tra :
40 Gwr a wnaeth *δiawd* i bawb yn δa ;
6 Gwr a wnaeth bob Ilad, ac a·i Ilwyδa.
7 Meδhed Maelgwn Von, ac a·n *llon*na
o·i veδgorn ewyn, gwerlyn gwymha :
9 a·s cynnulI gwenyn, ac ni·s mwynha.
Meδ hidleid ! malid volud pob tra.
ILïaws creädur, a vâg terra,
11 a wnaeth Duw i δyn—*wy* ry·δonha :
Rhai drud, a rhai mud, ev a·u mwynha.
Rhai gwyIIt, a rhai dôv—Dovyδ a·u gwna
13 yn vwyd*yδ* di·*dl*awd, hyd vrawd barha :
Vu δiwig uδun, yn δiIIad yδ â.
14 Golychav Wledig, Pendevig heδ,
i δiIIwng Elffin o aIItudeδ :

They will call to account this territorial lord, of the line of Anarawd.
In consequence of this (sin) will follow
the massacre that will make sad—
which will spare no one,
not even a cousin, or brother.
At the blare of the warrior's horn
nine hundred, on all sides,
will be sadly afflicted.
(My) dirge calls to mind thy sufferings,
by going over what grieves thy heart.

The Mead-song.

I ADORE the King of the sovereign land;
Him, who supports heaven, the Lord of everything.
He made drink a blessing to all:
He made every good thing, & prospers it.
May Maelgwn be lord of Mon, & of what will cheer us
out of his foaming mead-horn, the finest social drink.
The bees store, but they do not enjoy it:
Strained mead inspires the praise of everything.
The host of creatures, which the earth fosters,
God made for man, for his welfare:
Some bold, & some timid, man enjoys them.
Some wild & some tame, God provides them
for plenteous foods: this goes on for ever.
What was their covering will go into clothing.
I entreat the King, the prince of peace,
to liberate Elffin from his exile:

16 Gwr a roδes i·m win, cwrw, a meδ, 17
a meirch mawr modur, mirein eu gweδ.
A·m rhothwy etwa, mal *ced* δiweδ—
wrth voδ Duw, yn rhwyδ, trwy enrhydeδ,
bym penhwn calan yng·hyman heδ.
Elffin, varchawg meδ, hwyr dy ogleδ! 22

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Canu y Twrw.

DENHYD TRAGYWYÐ! 1
Ys Tydi a we*h*yδ
40 δyliv nos a dyδ—
24 Dyδ i·m amodaw; 4
Nos i·m gorffwysaw:
25 Maleδ ar·vollawr
y·wrth Wledig mawr.
Mawr Ðuw, digones 8
26 heul hav, a·i ry·wres:
ac Ev δigones
41 vuδ coed a mäes.
Galwer, yn aches, 12
ar *i* eilig gymes.
2 *Gwŷl*, er pob neges,
Dëws dy·m·gwares.
3 A chyn dybyδ byd, 16
a·i lwyth*eu* y*n* unvryd,
ni *v*ellynt ronyn
4 heb vaeth mechtëyrn.
Ev a·i *s*awδ yn llyn, 20
5 oni vo egin:

Him, who gave me wine, beer, and mead,
and big spirited horses in fine condition.
May he grant me further, as a final favour,
by the grace of God, freely, & for honour's sake,
five times five new years of unbroken amity.
Elffin, Knight of the mead, late be
thy Northerning.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Beer-song.

ETERNAL MIND !
't is Thou that weavest
the warp of night & day :
The day for my activities—
the night for my rest.
Renewed life, *too*, comes
from the Sovereign Ruler,
Who created the summer sun,
with its great heat ;
And ordained the
produce of field & forest.
Call, in the haven,
upon His flowing justice.
See ! despite every transaction,
God hath delivered me.
Though the nations of the earth
were on one purpose bent,
they could not convert one grain
to malt, without the Lord's fosterage.
The Lord submerges it under
water, until it be all sprouted :

41 A sawδ waith arall, 22
oni vo yn vall.
6 Drewdawd dy·δervyδ—
ys gor·wag 'r elvyδ. 25
7 Golcher y llestri—
byδ groew y brecci.
8 Pan vo arianell, 28
dy·δyccer o gell—
dyccer rhag rhïeu
9 i gain gyveδeu ;
Nis gwrthryn neb deu ; 32
y *grawn* a·i goreu.
10 Duw envyn i noδ ;
yd vyδ *wrth* i voδ :
16 *I* deithi edmygant ; 36
yn dry·*l*yvn carant.
17 Gallawr, gollyng*ant*—
go·*dorrant* an·chwant.
Sy bwl symudant, 40
18 ban or·δiwel tant.
26 Pwy a dal y ceinon?—
aeth Maelgwn o Von.
42 Ev cyrch, cerδorion, 44
3 seδ syberw Sëon.
10 Cant calan *lo*nnwys :
Cant car a·i hyvwys.
41 Gor·wyth meδw, meδwhawd,
11 o vynud pyscawd. 49
10 Llariav yw Trindawd :
14 Hi i hun a·m gwarawd.
15 Ni δigonir nebawd,
heb gyfoeth y Drindawd. 53

He submerges it again
until it be all sodden.
The offensive smell will cease—
He will expel that element.
Let the vessels be cleansed,
and the wort will be clear.
When the (beer) sparkles brightly,
let it be brought from the cellar,
& its fine entertaining qualities
be placed before princes.
No couple will refuse it ;
it is derived from grain.
God gave grain its sap,
which pleases Him well ;
And men like its properties,
which are loved extra mild :
They bring relaxation of the energies, and satisfy strong desire :
they banish dullness,
when the strings pour forth.
Who will draw the first drinks,
(now that) Maelgwn has left Mona ?
Minstrels will repair to the
Court of the lord of Seiont.
Beer has cheered 100 new year (feasts) ;
a hundred friends have toasted it.
It is drinking like a fish
that makes the drunkard.
Most gracious is the Trinity,
which will deliver me :
None will be satisfied
without its bounty.

Canu Urien.

YNG·OR Bowys,
cân rhy·chedwys.
58 Parch, a chynnwys,
a meδ veδwys.
15 Meueδwys veδ,
e*r* *g*or·voleδ ;
a chain direδ
i mi yn rhe*u*veδ ;
16 a rhy*ss*eδ mawr
o eur ogawr ;
*Mil*awr a ched
17 a gyv·rived ;
a·r cyvriviant
a dor*r*ei whant :
17 A·*m* whant roδi
er vy Ilochi —
yd lad, yd grûg ;
19 yd vâg, yd vûg ;
yd vûg, yd vâg,
yd lad yn rhag.
20 Rhagweδ rothid
i veirδ y byd.
Be*i*rδ, yn geugant,
21 it yd weδant.
Wrth *i* ewyllis,
Duw rhy·th·beris
22 yn rihyδ gwys,
rhag ovn dy·brys—
annogiad cad—
23 diffreidiad gwlad ;

In praise of Urien.

IN the border of Powys,
the muse he maintained.
Respect and plenty,
and mead were his.
He stored mead
for great rejoicings;
And held fair lands
for my welfare,
with great abundance
of golden crops.
Beasts, and gifts
were counted out;
and the counting
satisfied desire.
My wants thou suppliest,
in order to cherish me:
Thy bounty blesses & increases:
It breeds and lows,
and lows and breeds,
and blesses for ever.
Thou didst countenance
the bards of the world:
The *bards*, assuredly,
will do thee homage.
Agreeably to his will
hath God raised thee,
to be a ruler of a people
against sudden panic—
to be the stimulator of battle,
and the country's defence.

58 Gwlad ðiffreidad ;
24 Cad annodad.
Gnawd am danad,
twrw pystylad :
25 pystylad dwrw,
ac yved cwrw.
Cwrw i·w yved,
26 a chain drevred,
a *m*ain duðed
rhy·m·an·lloved.
59 llwyvenyð vann,
ac eirch*eid* lann,
yn un, trigan.
2 *Am* vawr a bychan,
mi, Taliessin gan.
Ys ti a·*m* diðan,
3 a thi, y goreu,
o·r a gigleu,
y*ng*·wrh*yd*reu.
Molav inheu
4 dy weithredeu.
Oni vall*wyf*, yn hên,
5 i·m dygn angheu anghen,
ni byðiv un ðirwen,
6 oni volwyv Urien.

II.

AC yr un vlyneð,
y bu i·n ðar·w*l*eð.
59 Gwin am·hall a með—
8 gw*e*rhid ði·*g*aseð.

The country has been defend-
ed, and the war ended.
Usually, there is around thee
the noise of prancing:
the noise of dancing,
and of drinking beer.
Beer for drinking,
a beautiful homestead,
and fine clothing—
these were bestowed on me.
Llwyvenyð's height,
& the suppliants' court
are situated together.
Of great and small,
I, Taliesin sing.
Thou dost spoil me:
and, of all I have heard,
thou art the best
in deeds of valour.
Then will I praise
thine actions.
Until I fall, in old age,
into my dire, inevitable end,
I shall take no pleasure,
but in the praise of Urien.

II.

AND the same year
we had a great feast.
Plenteous wine and mead
do allay animosity.

59 Ac *aer*wyr Godeu
9 a heidant vereu,
a·u penff*es*tineu,
yn·hêg wyδväeu :
10 *Mal* el*hont* ael*w*yd,
δyffynt ym·hlymnwyd :
11 Pawb, a·i varch danaw,
yn mynaw Godeu.
12 Achwaneg, anaw
vuδ am li, am law.
Wyth ugein, un Ilïw,
13 o loï a biw :
Biw blith ac ychen
a phob cain amgen.
14 Ni byδwn lawen,
bei Ilëas Urien.
Ys cu, cyn eithid
15 eis cryn*ion o* grŷd.
Briger wen loched ;
16 Elor ry·δyged ;
a gran gwyarIled,
17 a·m gŵyr, go·noδed.
Ang·wr byrr-b*w*yIlig
vei, a weδ*wei i* wraig.
18 A·m *ŷv* gwin ffeleig ;
a·m ŷs myn gyIl*eig*—
w*y* a·m porth, a·m p*rain*.
19 A·m syrth cyv·wyrein,
cyn na phar gym*ein*.
Tawav. Was *Wrwst !*
21 gwarandaw py drwst—
a·i daear a grŷn,
a·i mor a δir·dyn ?

Hence the warriors of Godeu
pile up their spears,
and their helmets,
in the fair watch-towers :
So that those, who had come
into the conflict, may go home.
Every one, with his horse
under him, reaches Godeu.
Moreover, the minstrel gains
by reason of rain & flood.
Eight score, all of a colour,
of calves and cows—
milch cows and oxen,
and every fair thing besides.
(Still) I could not rejoice,
were Urien slain.
He was beloved, before the round
darts were sped from a quiver.
His white hair was spared :
the litter was brought ;
and his gory cheek,
I trow, was protected.
He would be a witless recreant,
should he put away his wife.
I drink the wine of a shrewd leader ;
I eat the kid of the stag—
these feed and feast me.
Elation befalls me,
though it will not last long.
I will say no more. Servant of
Gwrwst, listen ! what *is* the noise ?
Is it the earth trembling ?
or, is the sea convulsed ?

59 Dy·wyn 'yng·hyn·gar,
wrth i be*leitral.*
23 Ossid uch ym·ryn,
neu·d Urien a·i grym.
Ossid uch ym·hant,
24 neu·d Urien a·i gwant.
Ossid uch y·mynyδ,
25 neu·d Urien a orvyδ.
Ossid uch yn rhiw,
26 neu·d Urien a vriw.
Ossid uch yng·Hlawδ,
neu·d Urien a blawδ.
60 *Ar* hynt, *ac yng·hl*as,
ym·hob cam uchas.
2 Nac un tr*a*w, na dau,
ni nawd i·r angheu.
3 Ni byδ ar newyn,
a phraiδ o·i gylchyn.
Yng·oror *Ger*iawg,
4 gor·le*i*sawg lavar,
Eil Angheu y pâr—
y*d* laδ*ei* i escar.
Oni vallwyv, yn hen,
i·m dygn angheu anghen,
ni byδiv un δirwen,
oni volwyv Urien. ☙

Ypeil Taliessin. Canu Urien.

YNG·WRHYD, go·gyv·*id* yn·hrafferth:
O gwaedwyv, a wellwyv yn g*yd·n*erth?
62 Gwir, gweleis rhag neb *drais*—ni·m gw*ar*es.
19 Pob annŵys, ev δimŵys vy·neges.

It is my old friend who shines forth
by the light of his spear-thrusts.
If there be groaning on the hill,
it is Urien who gives it volume.
If there be groaning in the dale,
it is Urien who has thrusted.
If there be groaning on the mountain,
it is Urien who is overcoming.
If there be groaning in a steep place,
it is Urien who is wounding.
If there be groaning in the Dyke,
it is Urien who is smiting.
On the march *and in camp*,
at every step he prevailed.
An expedition, or two
are not usually fatal :
And he will not starve
with a flock around him.
In the vale of *Ceiri*og,
that so loudly speaks,
"Fosterling of Death" was the
lance, which slew his foes.
Until I fall, in old age,
into my dire, inevitable end,
I shall take no pleasure,
but in the praise of Urien.

The Spoil of Taliesin & Praise of Urien.

BY BRAVERY emerges in time of stress :
If wounded, shall I recover strength altogether ?
Verily, I saw, before any, the oppression, which I did not escape.
Every feather-brain made my message of no account.

62 Gweleis beu, pasc am leu ac am lys.
Gweleis edn — dail o δyfn a dowys.
21 Gweleis gaing, haval drain i blodeu.
Neu·r weleis uδ *hy·dreis* i δeδveu.
Gweleis *aeth* Ilyw gan draeth tra mäeu.
23 Bid wanar, nwy hachar gymyreu.
Gw*y*rth vy n*u*δ, mawr yn vuδ i radeu.
25 Pen mäon milwyr *Mon* am·de*reu*.
Preiff l*wyvyδ*, rhe*i*n onwyδ yw i a*r*veu ;
26 Gwen i yscwyd, i rac-gly*d*, glas *i ll*enn ;
63 Gloiw Hawd *Clyr*, glassav *δur*, vu i Urien :
2 *Neb* ni or·seiv i w*y*rth *glaiv*. Gor·δÿar
gor Geriawg — *yn* Il*iv*awg, gor·lavar.
3 Gorian·*re* a or·δwyre, *a* phob rhai
sang δilyv du veryδ y·mord*r*ei.
4 Uδ, tra blawδ, yn y glaw o·th ŵyδ êl,
val ŷd melynawr yn neuaδ ma*e*r.
Anheδawg, diffreidawg yn Aeron :
7 Mawr i wŷn yn amwyn ac eilIon ;
Mawr δyval, *roδi* Iâl am i alon.
Gor·nerthed ysclyvied *gan* Vrython :
8 Mal rhod tân wy dr*eigla*n dros elvyδ ;
Mal tonn *ant*, a·theithant Lwyvenyδ ;
Mal c*yrch*en cyv·liw Gwen a gweithen ;
10 Val mor*jawr* ys mwynvawr yw Urien.
Un i egin *ac* edl*i*n *go·d*riccawr.
Un rhïeu a rhwyveu δi·raδiawr.
12 Un yw meirch mäon a mwth vilawr.
Đechreu Mei, towys*sei* vyδinawr :
14 *Ev* δenwy, ban ovwy, y werin.
Eryr tir ! ys dy·hir, yth dremyn.
15 Aδun*yδ*, y·ar orwyδ ffysciolin,
dyδyn ieil, werth yspeil, Daliessin.

I saw a land, with pastures round the clearing & the Court. I saw a bird, which brings leaves from the deep.
I saw a branch, like thorns its blossoms.
I saw a lord whose laws were *oppressive* :
I saw his *distress* along the shore beyond the plains.
Let him be a leader who will avoid the ravines.
A marvel is my lord ; great to us the benefit of his gifts.
The head of the chiefs of *Mona*'s men smites right & left.
Strong elm-*bows*, & ashen spears are his weapons ; his blue-covered shield, Gwen, was *ever* a shelter before him.
And flashing *Haute clere*, of bluest steel, had Urien.
None can withstand this wondrous glaive. The Ceiriog valley roars—in flood it thunders.
Great shouting rises, and everybody treads the honeycombed black swamps, in the great retreat.
The King, while fighting, disappears in the rain, like golden-yellow grain, into the steward's hall.
He sojourns, and shelters in Aeron :
Great his rage while defending with his aliens.
Strenuously he schemes to place Yale beyond his foes.
The ravaging by the Brythons was intensified :
Like a wheel of fire they revolve over the land ;
Like a wave they advance & traverse ILwyvenyδ.
As *they* press on the sight of Gwen means battle.
As a great prince greatly courteous is Urien.
His heir is the equal of the sojourner's etheling.
Chiefs are the same as rulers of low degree.
Great men's horses are as swift as beasts of chase.
Early in May he led armies :
He charms, when he visits, the people.
Eagle of the land ! far-reaching is thy glance.
Thou vowest, on thy lively steed, a cultivated farm, a valuable spoil, to Taliesin.

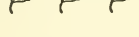
63 Un yw gwrys gor llawr prys a gor gwŷδ. 38
17 Un brehyr *a* ffig*ur* pen arglwyδ.
Un yw hyδ, a·r h*el*yδ yn·i·vant.
Un yw blaiδ banadl *wraiδ*, ac an·whant.
19 Un yw *rhad* a gwlad vad '*n* egin îr. 42
Un weδ sôn cadvä*on*, a chedwyr.
Un y drwg, ie*uanc δwg*, a chenaw—
21 Nuδ hael *vrad*, a herw wlad y·danaw. 45
Ac os y dy·gwyδ i ynni *rhag* Gwen,
22 ev gwnëid beirδ *yn* byd yn llawen.
Cyn *elhwyv*, meirw vynhwyv veib Gwyδen. 48
24 Gwaladr *mad!* gwaeδ gwenwlad *vo i* Urien.

Aδvwyn Geyryδ.

AÐ·VWYN Gaer yssyδ ar glawr gweilgi :
Bid lawen Galan—eirian i rhi.
42 Ac yn amser*awr* mawr wrhydri,
20 ys gnawd gorun beirδ uch meδ lestri. 4
Dy·δyvyδ *Magnus* ar vrys iδi—
22 dy·vrys i·*r* werlas, clas y llFichti.
Ac a·m by*ch*, Dëws ! dros vyng·weδi,
pan gattwyf amod cymod a Thi. 8

24 Aδ·vwyn Gaer yssyδ ar lydan lyn—
dinas di·achor, mor o·i chylchyn :
26 Go·gyv*ei*rch Brydein, cwδ gyngein hynn :
Blaen llin ap Erbin, boed teu Vo*n* *r*ynn. 12
43 Bu goscorδ—bu cerδ yn eil mehyn ;
ac eryr, uch wybr, a lwybr ranwyn.
3 Y·rag uδ ffesig escar gychwyn :
Clod wanar a wascar dy ym·δullyn. 16

Violence is the same in scrub and in forest.
A baron figures as a King.
The stag and the huntsman are alike in death.
The appearance of broom-root is a sign of great want.
Prosperity is the same as good land lush of growth.
The sound of battlefields and of warriors is alike.
The youth & the puppy are alike in mischief: *the youth*
betrays a generous lord, & harasses his country.
And if his activity fail *before* 'Gwen',
our country's bards would be made to rejoice.
Before I go, I wish dead the race of *Beauclerc*.
Beneficent Lord, the acclaim of a happy land be Urien's.



The Pleasant Strongholds.

PLEASANT the Kaer that looks down on the sea:
Her year begins with feasting; her chief is full of
cheer. And at times of valourous deeds, there is
the usual to-do of the bards, over cups of mead.
Magnus suddenly descends upon her; *then* hurries
(back) to the green-blue (sea), the domain of the Picts.
Be Thou, O Lord, on the side of my prayer, when
I am keeping the law of reconciliation to Thee.

Pleasant the Kaer on the broad water—an
unapproachable stronghold, girt of the sea.
It faces Prydein, where it gives delight:
Head of the line of Urien, thine be Mona's Rhynn.
There was a retinue & feast at another place, whose
eagle, now above the sky, is traversing the milky way.
Against an adroit lord, put off an expedition:
the repute of *such* a leader will scatter thy lines.

Aδ·vwyn Gaer yssyδ ar donn nawved :
Aδ·vwyn i gwerin, *rhv*δ i·n ym·wared :
Ni wnant eu *g*wynvyd trwy vevlhäed :
Nid ev eu devod bod yn galed.
Gau ni lavarav ar vyn·hrwyδed :—
Noc eillon Deudraeth gwell caeth Dyved.
Cyweithyδ, o rhyδ wleδ waredred,
gynnwys rhwng pob deu, *wr o·i* giwed.

Aδ·vwyn ! Kaer yssyδ : a·i gwna·n gyman
meδud, a molud, ac avarn bann.
Llyvn i cherδeu *gwych*, yn i chalan,
am arglwyδ hywyδ, hëwr eiran.
Cyn *aeth* yn aδwyd, yn·erwin llann,
a·m rhoes veδ a gwin o wydrin bann.

Aδ·vwyn Gaer yssyδ yn yr eglan :
Aδ·vwyn y rhoδir i bawb i ran.
Yn·Imbych adwen or·wen wylan—
cyweithyδ *hy*weδ *v*eδei·r llyssan.
Oeδ ev vyn *arver gael* nos Galan,
leδvdawd y·gan ri, rhyvel eiran,
a llen ehöeg, a meδ *hweg* prain,
oni*d rh*wyδ tavawd ar *wawd* Prydein.

Aδ·vwyn Gaer yssyδ, a·i cyvrwyδ*wn :*
oeδ meu y cerδeu a δewiswn—
ni lavarav δaith, rhaith rhy·s·catwn.
Ni δ'ly gelenig ni wyppo hwn :—
Yscriven Brydein bryder brisiwn :
Yn yd wna tonneu eu hamgyffrwn,
perhëid hyδ·bell y gell dreiδwn.

Aδ·vwyn Gaer yssyδ yn Arδ*un*wein :
Go·chanwn i·m tud volud cowrein.
Aδ·vwyn ar i *th*or, escor cyn·vrein :

Pleasant the Kaer above the ninth wave :
Pleasant her people who bring us deliverance.
They do not find their happiness in making mischief, nor is it their custom to be hard-hearted.
I will not bear false witness on my tour—
than Deudraeth's aliens, better the serfs of Dyved.
Her prince, an he give a feast of deliverance, will
place, between every couple, one of his own people.

Pleasant the Kaer is : what make it perfect are
mead-drinking, praising, & a high fee.
Harmonious, at her festival, the exquisite minstrelsy
around her discerning lord, the cheerful dispenser.
Before he went to his destiny, in the oaken chest,
he gave me mead & wine, from a high beaker.

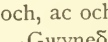
Pleasant the Kaer in the haven :
pleasant that all will receive their portion.
I know at Tenby a snow-white gull—the
gentle lady of the soil, who ruled the little court.
It had been my lot to receive, on New Year's eve,
a douceur from the lord of gleaming war ; and a
green cloak ; & the luscious mead of the feast,
till the tongue becomes fluent in Prydein's praise.

Pleasant the Kaer that I was wont to entertain :
Mine were the poems, which I selected—
I do not say it for effect I kept within my right.
He will deserve no New Year's gift, who knows not
that Prydein's script will take care of *what* I prize :
As long as the waves maintain their motion,
the parchment of the cell I occupied will endure.

Pleasant the Kaer in Arδunwent :
I would sing to my country a skilful pæan, *for* 'tis
pleasant on its Tor to renew old privilege.

44 Goδeg vrych dyrvir—ys hir i hadein,
δy·chyrch var carreg—crec mor ednein.
4 Llid y·mywn tynghed, treiδ oed tra maint :
A Bleiδ, uδ gor·llwyd, goreu affeint :
6 Dim ffynnei uch llad, pwyllad coveint.
Bendith Culwyδ nev, a chydlev sein
a·n gwnel yn vrowŷr, gor·wŷr Owein.

8 Aδ·vwyn Gaer yssyδ ar lan llïant :
Aδ·vwyn yd roδir i bawb i whant.
10 Go·gyvarch Wyneδ : boed teu vwyant :
Gwaewawr cynrein, *Clar*, a δarvuant.
11 Verchyr gweleis wyr yng·hyvnovant ;
Đyvieu bu er gwarth yδ ad·gorsant.
13 Od oeδ vriger coch, ac och ar dant,
y lluδedig wyr—Gwyneδ aethant.
14 Am gevn llech Vaelwy cylchwy vriwant :
Cwyδyn yng·Hwm Cerŵyn llu o garant.



Marwnad Owein Gwyneδ . 1170.

ĐYD·WYV deryδ gwawd, a *lawd* vedyδ ;
dyd rwyδ*eu :* rhiv edeu eiδolyδ.
69 Cyv·rwng allt, ac *is*-allt, ac echwyδ,
er·gryna Cuneδa greiseryδ.
12 Yng·Haer Veir a·cher*ir* lyw elvyδ :
Er rhynawd cyv·adawd gyv·ergyr :
an·whaneg—*dy·attreg* dân tra myr.
14 Ton *bron llew*—lluδiaw glew i gilyδ,
can cavas ym·hwel *gas* uch elvyδ.
15 *Darvu i hynt*, val uch gwynt wrth onwyδ :
Cyd·erchyn yng·hwm*plin* i gyvl*yδ* ;
a·chedwyn, a·chwelyn gerenhyδ.

The speckled, long-winged curlew, the sea-crake,
chatters when disturbed, & flies to the top of a rock.
The malice in fate persists through endless time.
Lupus, the hoary bishop, effected deliverance: nothing
prospers like the blessing & guiding of a monastery.
May the blessing of the dear God, & the united voice
of the saints, make us countrymen of Owein's worthies.

Pleasant the Kaer on the tidal bank;
pleasantly is given to all their want.
Welcome Venedotia's *aid*: be thine the aggrandizement.
The spearmen of the chieftain, *Clare*, have perished.
On Wednesday, I saw men on the march:
On Thursday, to their shame, they had returned.
If the hair was gory, and sorrowful the harp, and
men were aweary—to Gwyneð they went. Beyond
Maelwy's rocky ridge they ravage the surroundings:
There fell in C*w*m Ce*r*wyn a host of friends.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Elegy of Owein Gwyneð.

I AM the lyrist of eulogy, who praises baptism,
which confers graces: a host forsake their idols.
Twixt a high slope & a low, and the west,
Cuneða's crosier-bearer is trembling.
In the citadel of Mary, the ruler of the land is loved.
A little while since, he quitted for ever the field:
Moreover, he is checking the rebellion over-seas.
The lion's heart is sick at the brave thwarting his
fellow, for he met with a spiteful turn in his life.
His course ended, like the wind's moan in the ash trees:
His clerics united at compline to pray for (his soul);
(for) they treasured, they reciprocated his friendship.

69 *Ys cwynein*, veirð cywrein ga*r* onwyð :
marw *vy n*av a gwynav *mor avar* :
19 Cwynitor—bu dewðor di·archar.
Haval beis a dyvn-gleis, dy·chyffryn,
am ym·adaw, tuðedaw *ad-ðrychyn.*
21 *Ev noðei*, *meithrinei* galetlwm :
oeð lu*t*tach wrth *gonach* nac ascwrn.
22 Ys cyrria*d*, rhy·noða*d*, cyn cu*ðied*
a thydwed : i wyneb a gadwed.
23 *Bu* gan-waith, cyn bu laith, yn·orglwyd :
Dy·chludent *i Arðunwent* ym·h*l*ym*n*wyd.
25 Go·gan*zwyd*, rhag arswyd, i oer-gerðed,
26 cyn bu daer ðogn *amser* i duðed.
Haid, haval am wyðwal cŵn *h*eb rwyd,
70 geinan *veð*—gwaeth Ilyvreð n*i* chavwyd.
2 Aðoed hun ni ðimi*vn.* Achwynav,
ac am lys, *ac* am grys Cuneðav.
3 Am ry·law hallt *wylaw*, hy·dr*eulav* :
am vleið *trwn* a *ga*rwn aballav.
4 Gweðw veirð *Mon*—a ogon, a ogav ;
5 a·r eil*on* amrywon a rivav.
Rhy·ve*i*ðawð yn er·vlawð, ac anav
6 can gorvy*n*, cyn cymun, Cuneðav.
Rhy·n·ransei viw blith*ion* yr hav :
Rhy·n·ransei eðystrawr, aeav :
8 Rhy·n·ransei win gloew, ac olew :
Rhy·n·ransei dorv ceith rhag un crew.
10 Ev dyval *h*ogrell o gyff *g*lew :
gwelad wr—pennadur bryd Illew.
11 Illuð*ie*i veðei gy·wlad rhag *geu*—
Mab Edern, tëyrn anaeleu !

The skilled bards bewailed the warrior, (but it is)
the death of my lord that I lament so grievously.
He will be lamented—our stout, irresistible defence.
The shallow & deep pools are agitated alike, by the
dying & covering of one their waters reflected.
He sheltered & fed the hard-faring folk ;
but was more bare than a bone to the wastrel.
He was forgiven, and given sanctuary ere he was
covered by the sod : his face was saved.
He was, ere his death, a hundred times in a litter :
They bore him *to Arδunwent* into the conflict.
It was portended, from dread, that his ghost would walk
abroad, ere the earth had, for any time, been his cover.
A crowd, like dogs around a lair un-netted, keeps watch
on the grave : worse cowardice there never was.
The sleep of destiny cannot be annulled.
I sigh for both the court and the cloak of Cuneδa.
By reason of the flow of salt tears I am wasting away :
I pine for the brave countenance I loved. Like
orphans are Mona's bards : whom they glorify I will ;
and the harmonies they vary I shall esteem.
Cuneδa ventured into dire conflict—into the scathe
of a hundred combats, before his shriving. Among us
He would freely distribute milch cows in summer :
He would freely distribute war horses in winter :
He would freely distribute sparkling wine & oil :
He would freely distribute slaves against any stress :
He was a strenuous youth of a brave stock :
A man did he appear—a lord of lion aspect.
He would not allow a border prince to play false—
the son of Edern was a tremendous ruler.

70 Dywal, di·archar, di·eding, 44
am·ry·ffreu angheu dy·chyving.
Ev go·borth i aes *yn amδiffyn* :
14 Rhagorawl wyr gwrawl i unbyn.
Dym·hun ! Cysc, vad gun tal being !
15 Cam dra, diva hun o goeling. 49

Marwnad Owein.

ENEID Owein, *rhy·wyssid*, 1
go·bwyllid y ner o·i raid.
67 Rheged uδ, a·i cuδ tom clas ;
Nid oeδ vas i gy·wyδeid. 4
21 Iscell cerδ a·i chlyd clodvawr ;
Estill gawr, a gwaew llyveid.
22 Can ni cheffir cystedlyδ,
i·n vyδ llewenyδ lladreid. 8
23 Medei alon Geveilawg ;
Eisorawd i dad a·i daid.
24 Pan laδawδ Owein lFlamδwyn,
nid oeδ vwy nog oeδ gyv·reid. 12
25 Cyscid lLoegr lydan niver
a lleuver yn eu llygeid.
A·r rhai ni fföynt haeach,
68 oeδ [hydra]ch, *ynvyttach haid:* 16
1 Owein a·i cospes yn δrud,
mal cnud yn dylud deveid.
2 Gwr gwiw, uch i amliw seirch,
a roδei veirch i eircheid. 20
Cyd a·s cronnei vael caled
4 i·n rhanned : rhag*or* i Eneid.

Bold, irresistible, irrepressible,
he escapes from the jaws of death.
He supports his shield on the defensive :
Excellent men & brave were his chieftains.
Compose thyself ! Sleep, dear lord of the high bench !
It is wrong to disturb rest from a superstitious (dread).

The Elegy of Owein.

THE Soul of Owein *has been summoned*,
& his (spiritual) lord has come to his rescue.
A sanctuary's tomb now screens the lord
of Rheged. He was not low of ability, *but*
the life-blood of poesy, & its illustrious shield :
Champion, *too*, of the javelin & flashing spear.
That his equal is not to be found
to us will be a secret joy.
He mowed down the enemies of Kyveilog :
He was a fellow to his father & grandsire.
When Owein pressed the Flame-bearer hard,
it was no more than was necessary.
A number of broad England's host sleep
with the light still in their eyes :
But those who did not flee instantly
were a rasher, foolisher crowd.
And Owein did punish them severely,
as wolves punish sheep they pursue.
(Our) worthy hero, seated on gay trappings,
presented horses to the begging fraternity.
Though he amassed riches, among us it
was distributed ; his soul goes marching on.

Caer Sidi, a Chaer Ochren.

GOLYCHAF Wledig, pendefig ri,
ledas i bennaeth dros draeth mundi.
54 Bu gyweir *gyvrang* yng·Haer Sidi,
19 drwy *or*·chestol bwyll a phryderi.
Nu, neb cyn noc ev nid aeth iδi—
21 i'r *ger*wyn, dwvn *g*las cyvr*g*as gewri.
Rhag preiδei Annwvn tost*lym* gyni ;
*h*yd vrawd parahawd inga*wg* weδi.
23 Tri Iloneid Prydwen yδ aeth iδi ;
nam*yn* saith ni δyrreith o Gaer Sidi.

25 N*y*δwyv glod geinmyn : c*wyn* o·chlywid,
yng·haer bedryvan p*an* δym·chwelid.
55 Yng·hy*w*eir oeδ pair pan ry·ver*w*id :
O anadl naw morwyn go·chyneuid.
2 Neu, Pair Pen Annwvn, pwy i *ffynud* ?
Gwrm*gant* am i oror, a mererid :
4 Ni veirw vwyd *i* lwvr—ne*w·s* rhy·dynghid :
Deδv Ilw*y*th Ilëe*n*awg δi·δaw δyrchid :
5 Yn Ilaw Ilemen*i*g yδ edewid :
a rhag porth uffern Ilugyrn loscid.
7 A phan aeth Arthur drafferth lechlyd,
namyn saith ni δyrreith o gaer veδid.

9 N*y*δwyv glod geinmyn : c*wyn* glywator
yng·haer bedryvan—ynys bybr-δor.
10 Uch*er* am i huch*der* gymyscetor :
Gwin gloew y gwirawd rhag i gorδgor :
12 Tri Iloneid Prydwen yδ aeth ar vor ;
namyn saith ni δyrreith o gaer rigol.

King Richard at Joppa & Acre. 1197.

I WILL praise the King, the noble chief, who
spread his supremacy over the world's strand.
Complete was his victory at Whirlpools Fort,
by reason of extraordinary thought & care.
Now, no one before him entered this vortex,
this deep *close* of fearsome giants.
Poignant the affliction caused by the herds of the
Abyss: till doom will last the cry of distress.
Thrice filled Prydwen sailed thereto:
Only seven returned from Whirlpools Fort.

May I spin fine praise: moaning was heard
in the quadrangular fort, when it was overthrown.
Attuned was the cauldron after much boiling;
By the breath of the Nine Muses the fire was kindled.
This Cauldron of the Head of the Abyss, what is it like?
It has a dusky band around the edge, set with pearl:
It will not cook a coward's food—him it has forsworn:
The Code of the literary tribe out of it arose—
In the keeping of the minstrels it was left.
Before Inferno's portal (its) lamps were burning.
And when Arthur went into the rocky toils,
only seven returned from the fortress taken.

May I spin fine praise: moaning was heard in the
quadrangular fort—the tor with the boisterous gate.
Its top with the twilight was confused:
Sparkling wine was the liquor set before its council:
Thrice full did Prydwen sail the sea:
only seven returned from the citadel of the frith.

55 Ni o·bryn *ev* ffavr Ππ*wvr* lywiadur :
Tra Chaer Wydr gwelsid wrhyd Arthur.
15 Tri ugein canhwr a seiv y·ar mur—
an·hawδ ym·aδrawδ a·i gwyliadur.
17 Tri Ππoneid Prydwen aeth gan Arthur ;
namyn saith ni δyreith o gaer o·vur.

19 Ni obryn *ev* ffavr Ππ*wvr* yng·hylchwy :
Ni wδant py *bryd* perhid δypwy—
20 Py awr ym·*hylgein* y ganed twy—
Pwy ry·wnaeth arnynt aeth dol *Gan*dwy.
22 Ni weδant vras ych brych y pen rwy(f)—
saith ugein cygwng yn i aerwy.
24 A phan aeth Arthur avrδwl ovwy ;
namyn saith ni δyrreith o gaer *G*andwy.

25 Ni o·bryn *ev* ffavr Ππ*wvr* eu gohen :
Ni wδant py *bryd* perid dy·ben—
56 Py awr ym·*hylgein* ganed perchen—
2 Pwy wŷl a gadwant ariant ym·hen.
A phan aeth Arthur avrδwl gynhen,
3 namyn saith ni δyrreith o gaer Ochren.

Myneich δy·chwynyn val un yng·hor,
5 o gyvranc uδyδ a·r Gwiδanhor.
A·i un hynt *pob* gwynt? un dwr *pob* mor?
7 A·i un Ππev *torv a* thwrv di-achor?

Myneich δy·ch*wynyn*t *am hynt* veiδawl,
8 o gyvranc uδyδ a·r Gwiδanhawr.
Ni wδant yscein deweint a gwawr ;
10 neu wynt, pwy i hynt—pwy i rynnawr?
Py va ry·δiva, py dir aplawr.
11 Boed se*i*nt yn·i·vant *weinant* allawr.
Golychav Wledig, pendevig mawr.
15 *Bid i·m* na bwyv drist : Crist a·m gwaδawl.

He will not curry favour of the cowardly governor :
Beyond Glass-town was seen Arthur's heroism.
Three score centuries stand upon the wall—
It is not easy to converse with the sentinel.
Thrice full Prydwen went with Arthur :
only seven returned from the walled town.

He will not curry favour of the slack on their round :
They know not when will happen what is coming—
at what hour of morning the check began ; *nor*
who wrought their sorrow on the plain of Candevia.
They will not yoke *Saladin's* brindled, giant ox
which has seven score knots in its tie.
And when Arthur went on his sad expedition,
only seven returned from Candevia.

He will not curry favour of the slack in command :
They do not know when happened the end—
at what hour of morning the victory was won.
Who will detect secreters of treasure in the mouth ?
And when Arthur went into the sad struggle,
only seven returned from "Ochren" fort.

The monks wailed like one man in unison, because
of the adventure of the king with the Viedenese.
Holds every wind to one course ? Is every sea one water ?
Is the shout of a crowd the same as irrepressible thunder?

The monks wailed because of the daring journey—
the adventure of the King with the Viedenese.
They do not know that night-watch extends to dawn,
nor the course of the wind, nor what its impulses—
what spot it devastates, what land is buffeted.
May the servers of the altar be saints after death.
I will praise the King, the great nobleman.
May I not be sad : Christ be my heritage.

Marwnad Richard . 1199.

* * * * * * *

51 *Amser* croes *grwydriad*, *ban* wys*iad* byd,
bu deu dêg ar wlad wledychyssid :
Un haelhav, berthav o·r ry·aned—
Un terwyn wenwyn, gwae y giwed :
Ev dorres ardal deir gwaith yng·had,
ac ni vyδ cor-wŷδ i wŷr i dad.
Y llall, *mal* puvawr a·theghwys *wlad.*
Syrth, yng·o·δiwaw Alexander,
yn hual eurin : Gwae ! carcharer :
Ni phell garcharwyd—i angheu δyvu
ar le y cavas ergyr o lu.
Neb, *er oed*, *gwell* ni *roed yn*aerawd :
Meueδ beδ, berthrwyδ o·r aδwyndawd.
[Haer Alexander gymerth yna :—
Ynys Sur—*dinas* yng·wlad Syria—
A·r wlad δinistrad *tra* din t*e*rra—
Ciwdawd Babilon, a *llys* Susa—
Gwlad Persia, Media, Yk*bat*anna—
Yni*a*leδ Parthia a, parth India,
Mawr Wlad Galdaria, bychan i da,
hyd yr ymδug tir—tywarch yna.
Yd wnahont eu bryd wrth eu her*w*a :
Cyweδant wystlon i Europa :
An·rheithant wladoeδ, wysioeδ terra :
Gwychr gwerynt wrageδ, gor·*v*ynt yna—
Bron-loscent y·gan wyleδ gwastad,
a godei avar ban adroδ*a*d.
A δy·go*ll*ynt vraint gwneint ben brithred :
Milwyr vagent δawn ban attoded.

The Elegy of King Richard.

* * * * * * *

At the time of the Crusade when the world was
summoned, two fair ones ruled *our* land :
The one most generous, & sweetest of those born.
The other irascible ; woe to the state :
He burst our border three times in war, *but*
he never will be a covert to his father's men.
The former like an apple-tree beautified the land :
While overcoming Alexander, he falls into
the golden fetter. Alas, he was imprisoned, but
not for long. His death came on the spot
where he received the arrow from the host.
None better was ever interred : the
passport of the grave is the beauty of holiness.
[Irresistible Alexander had taken
the *island citadel* of Tyre in Syria, which he
over-ran *beyond* the earthen ramparts (of Gaza)—
the state of Babilon, & *the palace* of Susa—
the countries of Persia, Media, Ecbatana—
the Parthian desert and, towards India,
the Great Hot Country (of little good),
as far as the land went—morass beyond.
They do as they please on their wanderings :
They despatch hostages to Europe : They
plunder the countries of the nations of the earth ;
They ruthlessly tamed, then violated the women,
whose breasts burnt with constant humiliation,
which gave rise to fresh sorrow when it was told.
Those who lost their freedom raised the whirlwind :
The soldiers received a boon by marrying.

51 Rhïallu a vu varw y·rac syched— 30
eu gau gowilleu, ac eu miled :
23 A·s gwenwynwys gwres cyn no·u trevred.]
24 Nev wlad i·th weison pan ðiffoðed :
Ni byð i·th escar escor lluðed, 34
25 rhag goval yr hual a·i agaled.
Cyn no hyn *han*ffei gwell ðigoned
52 i·m harglwyð llad llwyð gwlad gogoned—
un oror oreu Jor ystlyned. 38
2 Diwyccwyv ! Wnelhwyv, genhyv gyv·red—
A·r sawl a·m clywho boed meu ŷ huned.
4 Digonwynt voð Duw cyn gwasc tydwed. 41

Echrys Ynys.

ECHRYS ynys, 1
gwawd huð*i*anus—
68 gwrŷs go·betror.

Mon vad, gogei ; 4
7 gwrhyd ervei,
y·Menei ðor.

Lleweis wirawd— 7
8 gwin a bragawd,
gan vrawd escor.

Tëyrn orwyv : 10
9 diweð pob rhwyv,
rhewinetor.

Tristlawn deon 13
10 yr archadon,
can rhychitor :

A hundred thousand died from thirst,
with their false brides, & their beasts : the
heat destroyed them before their return home.]
The heavenly kingdom be thy men's heritage at death ;
Thine enemies will never shake off their weariness,
because of the care of the fetter, & the hardship (thereof).
Or ever this happened better was prepared
for my lord, the blessings of the Land of Glory—
the unparalleled clime associated with God.
May I amend ! what I do keeps step with me.
Mine be the prayer of all who hear me : Let them
do the will of God ere the pressure of the sod.

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The Island Dread, 1197.

THE island dread
has muffled the muse—
upheaval everywhere.

It shook bonnie Mon ;
Bravery triumphed,
at Menei's door.

I drank liquor—
wine and bragget,
with an uterine brother.

The prince I will vanquish :
The end of every ruler
is to be ruined.

Very sad the chieftains
of the over-lord,
because he is buried.

68 Nid vu, nid vi, 16
11 yng·hymelri,
i gyv·eisor.

Pan ðoeth adon, 19
12 o wlad Wydion—
Seon dewðor,

Gwenwyn py·r ðoeth; 22
13 peðei beunoeth,
meinẏoeth dymhor.

Cwyðynt gyvoed, 25
14 ni bu glyd coed—
gwynt yng·oror.

Math yr eurgryð, 28
15 hudwyth gelvyð,
rhy·ðelwei vor.

Ym·yw Gwydion, 31
16 ae vamaeth, Don,
yð oeð gynghor.

Twyll-dâl roðawd 34
17 ffyrv ffodïawg—
ffyrv ði·achor.

18 Cadarn gyngres 37
i varanres,
ni bu warth-vor.

19 Llawen gyveð, 40
ym·hob gorseð,
wnelid i bor.

20 Cun Tynaethwy, 43
hyd tra vwyv vyw,
Crybwylletor.

There never was, nor will
be, in time of trial,
his equal.

When the chief came
from Gwydion's country—
the stout defence of Seon,

The Plague also came—
it stalked nightly, through
a lovely summer:

Contemporaries fell;
The woods were no shelter
from the tempest in the land.

Math, the golden cordwainer—
the expeditious craftsman,
bephantomed the sea.

In the time of Gwydion,
& of his foster-mother, Don,
there was a *modus operandi.*

He gives to illusive payment
a fortunate appearance—
an irresistible semblance.

The mighty muster,
of his battle array,
had never been to sea.

Joyous feasts were made,
at every station,
for the chief.

The lord of Dinoethwy
while I live, shall
be commemorated.

68 Am bwy gan Grist, 46
hyd na bwyv drist,
ran ebostol.

22 Hael archadon, 49
gan engylion,
cynwysetor.

II.

ECHRYS Ynys 52
gwawd huδi*a*nis—
gwrys go·chyva:

24 Rhag bug*eil*-was, 55
Cymry δivas,
aros ara.

25 Dragonawl ben— 58
(Priodawl berchen
ym·Retonia),

26 δiva r Gwledig, 61
or·bendevig,
a·i δa derra.

69 *Y* teir morwyn, 64
wedy *di*rwyn,
δygnant eu tra:

2 Er·δygnant wir, 67
ar vor a thir—
hir eu trestra.

Wy wir honyn, 70
3 na δigonyn
δim go·δrutta.

Ceryδus wyv, 73
4 na chrybwyllwyv,
a·m rhy·wnel δa.

May I have with Christ, 46
that I may not be sad,
The portion of an apostle.

The bounteous over-lord,
by the angels, has been
encompassed. 51

II.

THE island dread 52
has muffled the muse—
Upheaval is general

Against the regent, who 55
has devastated Kymry,
enduring patiently.

The military head— 58
(the rightful owner
being in Bretonia),
is eating up the King— 61
an august nobleman,
and his good land.

The three maidens, 64
after the winding,
toil at their task.

They do truly, toil hard 67
on sea & land : long
their arduous labour.

They truly asserted, 70
that they did
nothing at all rash.

I am to blame 73
for not mentioning
one who benefits me :

69 I lary lywy, 76
pwy gwaharδwy?—
pwy attrevna?
Y llary adon 79
a gynheil Mon,
mywn go·wala.
A·m bwy gan Grist, 82
(hyd na bwyv drist
o δrwg, o dra),
ran trugareδ, 85
i wlad Rhieδ—
bucheδ gyva.

Crogiad Madawg vab Maelgwn.

MADAWG mur menwyd 1
a grogid cyn beδ:
66 Bu was en·rhyveδ
o gamp a chyveδ— 4
11 Mad-wychr cyn lleas;
i·w lawr dy·m·wystlas.
12 Bu Erov greulawn:
llewenyδ ni chawn: 8
13 Tristid anwogawn,
a oreu 'r Creulawn.
Am vradu Jessu,
14 ac ev yn credu, 12
mae Cred yn gwgu—
daear yn crynu—
elvyδ yn garmu—
15 cysteg, ac arswyd, 16
am vedyδ ar grwydr.

His liberal provision—
who shall check?—
who control?

(He is) the liberal lord,
who maintains Mon,
in abundance.

May I have with Christ—
(that I may not be sad,
because of evil & excess),
the portion of mercy
for the Lord's country—
a perfect life.

King John hangs Madawg . 1212.

MADAWG the bulwark of genius
was hanged, or (he came to) the
grave. He was a wonderful youth
in feats of skill & entertainment :
Good & brave, or he was slain, he gave
himself a hostage for his country.
But "Herod" was blood-thirsty ;
& we shall, no more, have joy :
Overwhelming sorrow
the Cruel One wrought.
For betraying Jesus,
and he a believer,
Christendom is wrath—
the earth is quaking, &
the elements are howling :
(There is) affliction & horror
because baptism is missing.

66 *Dryg*lam anwogawn
16 a oryw 'r Creulawn,
yn myned, yn y drevn,
17 ym·hlith oer gethern,
yng·waelawd uffern.

Marthawd Dylan . . 1212.

UN Duw uchav,
Dewin doethav,
67 mwyhav amner.
10 P*wy·n* dylivas;
Pwy a·*n* swynas,
a *gras* trahael.
11 Neu, gynt nog Ev,
pwy vu dangnev
ar reδv go·vel?
12 Gwrthriv ga*n* dra*eth*,
Gwenwyn a wnaeth—
13 gwaith gwythloneδ.
Gwan*as* Dylan—
adwythig *v*an,
14 dreis yn hydr-weδ.
Ton Iwerδon,
a thon Vanaw,
15 a thon Ogleδ:
a thon Prydein—
torv oeδ virein
ym·heir*ann*eδ.
16 Golychav Dad,
Duw, dovyδad
gwlad, heb omeδ:
17 Creawdr celi
a·n cynnwys ni,
yn·hrugareδ.

Overwhelming the fate that will
overtake the cruel one, when
he goes, in the order of things,
among the heartless fiends
into deepest hell.

The harrying of Dylan (point).

THE One God supreme,
the wisest prophet, (&)
the greatest almoner :
Who threaded our warp ;
Who blessed us with
grace abounding.
Now, who, before His time,
acted as harmony
on the spirit of war?
The hostile force along the
coast raised discontent—
it rouses evil passions.
The Point of Dylan—
a miserable place, the
force pillages ruthlessly, i.e.
the crew from Ireland,
and the crew from Man,
& the crew from Gogleð,
and the crew from the 'South'—
a company which excelled
in feats of engineering.
I worship the Father,
God, the indisputable
Ruler of the land.
The Creator of heaven
will encompass us about
with mercy.

(Gwr)hað Erov . 1213.

YM·CHWELES elvyð, 1
val *troi* nos yn dyð.
Go·dyvod clodryð—
Erov beir vedyð. 4
Ev a dywedei,
angheu na·s rhivei.
Y·mordei, *i* yscwyd
arnaw a dorr*id*. 8
Erov, sywessid,
"ermi*d* Loegr i gyd."
Pedeir *llorv* cyhyd,
rhuðeur ar eu hyd— 12
Colovneu Ercwl
ni·s ar·vei*l* bygwl.
Bygwl, ni·s beiðei ;
g*w*res heul, ni·s gadei. 16
Nid aeth neb i·*r* nev,
hyd i *warog*aeth ev.
Erov, m*il* ffossawd,
ban am·duð tywawd, 20
A·s rhoðwy Trindawd
drugareð dyðbrawd—
wyndawd heb eiseu.

Mar(th)awð Corroi mab Dayry.

DYFFYNHAWN lydan dy·leinw aches :
i ðaw a·i hepcyr—di-bris i bres. 2
Mar(th)awd Corroï a·m cyffröes.

Over dovi gwr garw i an·wydeu,
a oeð vawr i ðrwg—mwy ni·s cigleu. 5
Mab Dayry ðalei arwr Deheu ;
dathlawg oeð i glod cyn no·i adneu.

John submits (to the Pope).

HIS reversal of polity is
like *turning* night into day.
It is a glorious event—
Herod brings about baptism.
He was wont to boast
that he would not heed death.
On the coast his shield
was shivered upon his arm.
Herod, it was prophesied, would be
in conflict with all England.
Four pillars of equal length,
all covered with ruddy gold—
the pillars of Hercules,
no rebellion will bring down.
He did not dare the interdict: he
would not quit the sun's warmth.
No one went to heaven
until his submission.
Herod, of conflicts innumerable,
when the sand shall cover,
May the Trinity grant him
mercy, on the day of doom,
& complete felicity.

The Smashing of King John . 1215.

THE spreading flood fills the road-stead; His son-in-law thrusts him aside & recks not his adversity. The smashing of Corroï has moved me.

Vain is the appeasing of a man of harsh passions,
who did much evil—I never heard of greater.
This son of Dairi detained the hero of the South,
who was renowned before his imprisonment.

66 Dyffynhawn lydan δy-leinw nanneu : 8
i δaw a·i hepcyr—dy·vrys Đeheu.
25 Mar*th*awd Corroï genhiv inheu.
Over dovi &c.

26 Dyffynhawn lydan δy·leinw y Ilyr : 12
67 Rhysaeth δy·chyrch draeth di·wng ebyr.
Gwr a werescyn *gylchyn Deheu* ;
2 M[a]wr i varanres *torres gaereu.*
Ac wedi mynaw, myned trevyδ : 16
3 a[eth]ant wy vrodyr vre Wynionyδ.

Tra mi 'm·Uδugre, vore, dugawr
chweδleu am gwyδ*aw* awyr hyd lawr.
5 Cyvre*i*ng Corroï a Chocholyn— 20
Ilıaws eu tervysc am eu tervyn.
6 Tarδei·*n* pen *i* amwyn gwerin aδvwyn.

Caer yssy i Gulwyδ, ni gwyδ, ni grŷn :
8 Gwyn vyd yr eneid a·i harobryn. 24

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Marwnad uthyr Ben.

QYVI vu*m* *v*oll*th*awd yn·hrydar ; 1
ni pheidwn, rhag Ilu heb wyar.

71 Myvi a elwit Gor·lassar :
9 'ng·wr*eg*ys, bu envys i·m hescar. 4

Myvi, tywyssawg yn·hywell :
a·m rhithwy*s* a·m dug yng·hawell.

11 Myvi, eil *S*awyl yn Arδu,
ni pheidwn heb wyar rhag Ilu. 8
Myvi a amug, wrth vessur,
13 yn·i·vant, a·charant Gasnur.

Neu·r or·δyvneis waed am Wythur—
15 cleδyval hydr rhag meib Cawrnur. 12

The spreading flood fills the channels : his son-in-law thrusts him aside and hastens South.
Of the smashing of Corroi will I sing.
Vain is the appeasing, &c.

The spreading flood fills the tidal reaches : an expedition seeks the strand of spacious Abers.
Our hero over-runs the ambit of the South with a great host : he broke its Castles.
After penetrating (everywhere) all turn homeward : The brothers went to the height of Gwynionyδ.

While I was at Buδugre, one morning, news was brought of the skies falling down.
"John" struggles with "Llewelyn"— many their quarrels over their frontier.
Our prince arose to defend the honest poor.

The loving God's citadel will neither fall, nor totter. Blessed the soul that shall win it.

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The threnody of uthyr Ben.

I WAS a bolt in the tumult :
I would shed blood to stop a host.

I was called Blue Enamel's Glory ; my girdle was as a rainbow to my enemy.

I was a prince in disguise : He, who enchanted me, placed me in the creel.

I was the fosterling of Sawyl in Arδu :
I would shed blood to stop a host.
I defended, in reason, the friends of Casnur on (his) evanishment.

I drew blood to avenge Gwythur—
Daring the fight against the sons of Cawrnur.

71 Myvi a *geveis*, wrth vessur,
nawved rhan yng·wrhyd Arthur.

Myvi a dorreis gant caer :
Myvi a leδeis gant maer.
Myvi a roδeis gant llen :
Myvi a leδeis gant pen.

Myvi a roδeis, i Henben,
gleδyvawd gor·vawr gynghallen.
Myvi *a d*ereu daran hyδ,
he*l*yator i deith pen mynyδ.

Gweδw, i·m cov, Hyδwn o gilyδ :
Nid oeδ vyd, ni bei eisillyδ.

Mi·d·wyv varδ moladwy, cywreint,
a gân *am* vraenad eryr gwytheint :
Avagδu a·i deubu yng·Him *n*eint,
ban ymsyrth bydrŵyd rhwng dwy gainc.
Dringaw i nev (oeδ ev vy chwant),
72 a·r eryr, rhag ovn am·heirant.

Wyv barδ a thelynawr—
wyv pibyδ a chrythawr
i seith ugein cerδawr
δy·or·vawr gynghallen—
Bu g*e*thlyδ ry·vreinad ;
hu, escu*d*, δ*a*tceinad.

I vab δy·veirw nad—
δy·veirw δewindab,
ar vlaen vyn·havawd,
i draethu mar*th*awd.

Handid, o·m main *gani*ad,
gwrthgloδiad wŷd Prydein,
hüyscein ym·hwyllad.

Wledig Nev ! *Clyw* 'ng·hennad,
na·m *gomeδ dy* döad.

I obtained, by measure,
the ninth part of Arthur's prowess.

I destroyed a hundred forts :
I killed a hundred castellans :
I bestowed a hundred tents :
I cut off a hundred heads :

I administered, to Henben,
the stroke of the great enchanter.
I enchanted a fair-sized stag,
that was driven to the mountain top.

Desolate, I remember, was Hyδwn without a
partner : it was not life without an offspring.

I am a skilled bard, worthy of praise, who
sings of the putrefying of the chafing Eagle.
Avagδu came to him in the dales of Cim, when
his putrid flesh was falling between the branches.

To climb with the Eagle to heaven, for fear
of dissolution — that was my desire.

I am bard and harpist —
I am piper and crowder ;
to seven score minstrels
of the very great enchanter,
who had been a highly gifted singer,
and a spirited, fluent, reciter.

His son will inspire the dirge,
and prepare the witchery,
on the tip of my tongue,
to tell of the death.

Mayhap, by my trifling song, the
wrath of Prydein has been soothed,
dispersing itself into wisdom.

Ruler of Heaven, give ear to my embassy :
Do not deny me thy roof-tree.

CAIN gyveδwch y·am dawelwch—
72 elwch am*had*.
Peryδ ang·hawr, roed yn elawr,
rhy·yscrinad.
Milein ffo Caw—
Llyng*hes* rhagδaw— mwyedig *vrad*.
Draig ym·*vr*yssiei,
oδuch Hyreu,
yn Hestreu Had.
Llad yr eur-*daw*,
*me*δ-gorn yn Haw,
Haw*r* ysciad.
Y·modrydav,
ev ry·th·iolav,
*yn rhïy*δ *mad*.
Buδug*awl* Veli!
am·Hanogan ri;
rhy·geidw yn teithi.
Ynys ve*i* Veli—
teithawg *vy*δ iδi:
Pym pennaeth δybi,
o Wyδyl Fichti—
o berth gadeithi—
o geneδl ysci.
Pymp ereiH δybi,
o *Ffreinc* Normandi.
Wheched, rhyveδ ri,
o hau hyd vedi.
Seithved, o heni,
dym·werid dros li.
Wythved, Linx a vi—
ni·d Hwyδ *i* escori.

TO LLEWELYN WHEN JOHN DIED

PLEASANT the festivity—
a thank offering for peace—
the rejoicing of many races.
The unprincely sovereign,
who was placed in a litter,
has been entombed.
Sullen the flight of "John,"
fronting him a fleet, and
ever-growing treason.
The "Dauphin" hastened,
up the tidal reaches,
in goodly vessels.
The glorious son-in-law,
mead-horn in hand, blesses
the country's deliverance.
At the mother-court
I will greatly praise thee,
our beneficent prince.
Victorious "Llywelyn",
son of the chief Manogan,
will maintain our privileges.
The island that was Beli's,
will know wandering (spirits):
Five chiefs will come
of the Irish Picts—
of fine fighting mettle—
of a ravaging race.
Five others will come—
the *Franks* of Normandy.
A sixth, a wonderful King
from seeding time to harvest.
A seventh, outside *the island*,
will be delivered over-sea.
An eighth, a Lynx will be—
his birth will bring no blessing.

Daroganeu.

DYS·GO·GAN Awen *Ffreinc* δy·vryssyn—
maranheδ a meueδ héd genhyn :
70 A phennaeth ehalaeth IFra*w* unbyn,
wedy heδ, δy·anheδ bob mehyn.
22 Gwlad veirw—dy·*chyrchir Mon*—
tyrvhit hyd Valäon.
23 Ymδeithig i haelon—
lLuδedig *marchogion*—
24 Gwlat, gwehyn bargodion.

Collawd gymyrreδ
25 yn rhy·gystlyneδ
o bennaeth weison.

26 Rhy·δybyδ lLeinawg,
a vyδ gwr hwannawg
71 i werescyn Mon.

A rhewin Wyneδ—
2 i heithav, a·i pherveδ,
a chymmer wystlon.

4 Dy·δaw gwr o guδ,
a wna gyvamruδ
a chad yng·hyn·don.

3 Ys dig i wyneb ;
ni·d estwng i neb,
na *Ffreinc* na Saeson.

5 Arall a δyvyδ—
pellenawg lywyδ,
lIewenyδ Brython.

Prognostications.

THE Muse prophesies that the *French* will hie away—
that their people & possessions will fly with them—
that the wide supremacy of the *Aber*ffro princes,
when peace is made, will settle everywhere.
The land will seethe—*Mon will be attacked*—
upheaval will extend as far as Balaon.
Our princes will be wanderers—
Our knights will be worn out: & men
of the border will exhaust our land.

Kymry will lose its status
from too much intercourse
on the part of her princes.

There will come to Lleinog
a man who will be eager
to conquer Mon:

He will ruin Gwyneδ—
its extremity, & centre,
& will take hostages.

A hero will come out of the void,
who will execute bloody work,
& give battle in the breakers.

Fierce of aspect
he will cringe to no one—
nor *French*, nor Saxon.

Another will come—
a wandering chieftain,
the joy of the Brython.

Canu Owein ap Kadwgan.

RHY·δyrchavwy Duw, ar blwyv Brython,
arwyδ Ilewenyδ—Ilüyδ o Von.
72 Cyv·rysseδ Gwyneδ, brys or·chorδion.

25 IFaw claer o bob aer caffael gwystlon : 4
Dybyδant ffŏwys yn·ŵys ffyllon :
73 Gwyr gor·wyn, gôrynt ar eu deδvon.

Deu *gun* lüyδant, byδant gysson,
2 yn un reδv, un eir, gyweir, gymon : 8
cyv·ranant yn iawn, c*yv*iawn väon.

4 Ban welych wr*th*ryn am Lyn Aeron—
Ban vo trwm Towi, a Theivi·n Ilon,
wy wnant aer, ar vrys, am lys Lonion. 12

6 Y gau ni·s dewis, yn os·*cor*δion,
ni nothwy δinas rhag *tras* wythlon.

7 Dyn clud, dyn maerud, dyn dar·ymson—
neu·d oeδ lwyr δengyn—dyn rhïeδon. 16

9 Ban δyvu Gadwgawn
dros eigawn Iwerδon
yδ atrevnwys neδ yr arδ Verion :
Ni bu hir yno heb ovalon : 20
11 *Ys* moch y clywis *am* geisadon—
am varchawg mor daer am gaer L*on*ion—
12 am δïal Ithel ar an·wynion—
am ware pell*en* a phen Saeson. 24

13 Ys tra·bluδ Cath Vraith ang·hyvreithlon :
O Ryd ar Daradr hyd Wygyr Von,
15 Jeuanc δi·vwynas δinas mäon.

O·r pan amlygir mel y·meillon 28
17 gadent ŷ hamrydar, a·u hamrysson :
ni·d di·wystl godi dig wrth alon.

To Owein ap Cadwgan.

MAY God hoist on high, over the Brython race, the flag of rejoicing : the armed host is leaving Mon :
The strife in Gwyneδ speeds away the great retinues.

Great the glory of receiving hostages, after every fight :
Those that fled into the dense thicket are returning ;
and the hoary elders are brooding over the laws.

Two *princes* are marshalling—they will act harmoniously, with one impulse, in accord, equipped, & orderly :
they will divide fairly and equitably their territories.

When you see trouble beyond the Vale of Aeron—
when the Towy is sad, and the Teivi is feasting,
they will hurriedly lay siege round Lonion's Court.

The traitor will not choose for his champions, those who will not hold the fort against the outraged kindred.

The abductor, a steward's kin, a notorious fellow,
was a thorough villain of patrician descent.

When Cadwgan returned
over the Irish sea,
He set in order a nook in hilly Merion :
He was not long there free from cares :
He soon heard about men seeking him—
about the Knight so ardent around Lonion fort—
about the vengeance of Ithel on the recreants—
about the rolling in play of Saxon heads.

Troubled is the striped Cat of the foreigners : from Taradr Ford (on the Wye) to Kemeis bay in Mon,
Owein afflicted the strongholds of the territorial lords.

From the time honey is produced in clover,
they quitted their tumult and their conflict :
To stir a foe's ire is to give hostage (to fortune).

Canu Cadwgan ap Bleðyn . 1107.

CY·CHWEÐYL a·m doðyw o Galch-vynyð :
Gwarth yn·Eheubarth—an·rheith glodryð.
38 Da ðyle*i* ðyvale*i* *wle*ð vedyð,
a Hawn *vy*ð*ei* i Ystrad *o lad* gynnyð. 4
14 *Ys* Hary Hy*wy*ð*ei* *bawb vei yno*,
oni *ð*a*eth* penblet*h* *wnaeth* araHvro.
15 *Am Nest* cad gormes tra trach-wres bro ;
odid o Gymry a·i Havaro. 8
16 Dyved ðy·gyrchei *vei* *v*a Wyðno,
ac ni lyvessid Ne*st* ni*wei*do :
Er talu can mu *bu* erot lo :
18 Go·leith d·yscarant amgant dy vro, 12
mal y twym *hu*an darth yn yd vo.
19 Ban gyrchad d*aer*ed ar dir Gwyðno,
oeð celein vein wen rhwng graean Gro.
21 Ban hwyles echwyð o glyd *l*wys vro, 16
nid evrevwys bu*w*ch wrthol y Ho.

Cadeu Mabon, a Brad Owein . 1116.

23 Cyvarchav Vabon o araH vro ! 18
Ca*ffa*d, ban amug Owein i vro,
24 cad yn Rhyd *y Gors* ; cad *ar Go*wyn :
cad yng·o·ffyHwyð—a*ffa*n uðun ; 21
25 cad rhag rhoda*wl* wys—*Fflemys* erwin,
i gwaewawr d*ere*u a Heu leïn :
39 cad rhwyvan *syberw* der·lyw der·lin, 24
a·i yscwyd yn Haw yng·arthan grŷn
2 A welei Vabon ar vr*o*n Rheidawl,
rhag·ð*aw*, *ar* redeg, dy·gymysc*awr*.
3 Oni bej ac adaneð yð ehettyn, 28
rhag Mabon, heb galaneð, wy ni·d ëyn
5 O arvod discyn a thervyn cad,
gwehenid *Razo* an·o·leithad. 31

To Cadwgan ap Bleδyn.

A TALE has come to me from Calch-vynyδ
of shame in the South, & of glorious spoil.
He should fare well who conceived a feast of baptism:
Full should his valley be of increasing blessings.
Kindly he governed all who dwelt therein,
until the entanglement arose—an outsider's work.
The Nest affair brought hardship, over and above local
explosion: scarcely out of Wales may one speak of it.
Dyved would have attacked the land of Gwyδno,
but it had not dared lest Nest should suffer.
Though fined a hundred cows you had the calf.
Your adversaries are dissolving around your
valley like a mist warmed by the sun.
When the mortuarium was sought on Gwyδno land,
the corse of the fair lady was under the sands of Gro.
When *Owein* sailed west from a cosy pleasant
home, the cow did not low after the calf.

Griffith ap Rhys, & Owein ap Kadwgan.

I greet Mabon from another valley! When Owein
ap Cradog was defending his land, we had
a battle at Rhyd *y Gors*; a battle on the Cowyn;
a battle in the darksome thicket—a curse upon it;
a battle against the roving horde—the uncouth *Flemish*,
whose spearmen *Mabon* smote with gleaming lances;
a battle with the high-lineaged lord's proud steward,
who, shield in hand, was quaking in the camp.
Those who espied Mabon, on the hillside above
Rheidol, ran before him pell-mell.
Were it not with wings that they flew,
from Mabon, without slaughter, they would not escape
Between the descent and the end of the war,
Razo was delivered from destruction.

39 Ban *ffo*wys *ðeryw* rhag Ilyw y *wl*ad, 32
tavled calch achlwyr o *gr*ys-*grw*ydrad.
8 *Nu*, nid ev yscavael
i neb ðy·ðwyn biw moel.
Cy·gesclwch, *Gynreinon!* 36
9 rhag gwyr Ileïn rhuðion—
rhag pedrydan dan·ðe—
10 rhag cadarn gyvwyre—
rhag gwyar er·ðygnawd— 40
rhag avar ystaenawd.
11 Cy·chweðyl a·m doðyw o dir*ion* Deheu—
traeth rhïeu glew, haelon:
13 ni·th o·gyveirch echwynogion,
am ry·gur gwern yng·hadväon. 45
14 Ban berid *rhyvel* gan Ri Dragon,
bollt na o·wyllt*ed neb* rhag Mabon.
15 O arvod gwr*thun*! cun ðy·*gwyð*ws
yng·halaneð *brad Ystrad* Rwn*ws*:
a bu lewenyð ið *a·i cyrchws*. 50
17 Bann ymadrawð gwyr gwedy nuchein
cad: ni·s dienghis yscwyd Owein—
18 yscwyd volch wrthiad, yng·had tra·bluð.
Ni ry·*v*ei wartheg heb wyneb rhuð; 54
20 a rhuð eu beudy *wedy*·r mawr vrâd—
gor·loched gwyar ar warthav iâd.
21 Ac ar wyneb *ll*wyd yd rhy·gaffad
eur-obell greuled, gain i dullïad. 58
23 Praið *Bo*wys iol*es* ðaresteinad
rhag taer vrwydr y tr*i* cyv·estrawn *hâd*.
25 *Wy*, ban gy·vylchyn gainc rhy·scwydad,
ðis·creinynt *yn* vawr lavnawr am iad. 62
26 Torrad Owein *l*awr o vawr irad:
40 Veinðyð, *ev* cwyð*ei vei*'n amwyn gwlad.
Ban ðiscynn Owein *yng*·wenlad yr
3 Echwyð, ervyn vuð o·i Dad. 66

When Mabon's men fled, from the ruler of the place,
their entire armour was discarded in hasty flight.
Now, it is no credit to anybody
to carry away defenceless cattle.
Band together, *ye chieftains*,
against the men with ruddy lances—
against general conflagration—
against a mighty rising—
against the gore of the conflict—
against the spread of sorrow.
A story has come to me from the lands of the South—
from the shore of brave, generous princes.
The aggrieved will not welcome thee,
because of the hardship of alder battle-grounds.
When the Dragon's King caused war to be made,
(it was) a shock that none felt wild against Mabon.
By a tragic chance the Dragon fell, in the
treacherous butchery of Ystrad Rwnws,
and it was a joy to his attackers.
Loud the talk of men after the stress of battle :
the shield of Owein did not escape—the shield
that was notched, by resisting, in grievous fight.
Nor, were the cattle without gory faces,
and gory their byre, after the great treachery—
gore was lodged on the top of their heads.
And over a pallid face was found a finely
wrought saddle of gold, stained with gore.
The *Powysian* herd sought ways of dispersion from
the persistent attacks of the three alien stocks, who,
when they forced a breach in a section that swayed,
brandished wildly their blades about their heads.
Owen was cut down from intense hatred :
At dawn, he was felling defenders of their country.
When Owein is descending into the blessed land of the
West, he craves for a blessing from his Father.

The Battle of Llech Wen.

AM ŵyr*aeth* gwŷr cadr aeth, *y*·gan ðyð,
am Wledig, gweithvuðig warthegyð.
Urien *ffawd*, hwn an·wawd o·r newyð ;
cyv·lüeð tëyrneð a·i go*r*vyð.
Rhy·vêl*ir* rhwysc en·wir rhwyv bedyð :
Gwyr Prydein a dwythein yn llüyð.
Yn Ystrad ys dadl cad, cyn y ðy*d* ;
ni noðes y·mäes na choedyð.
Tud achles ðy·ormes, pan ðyvyð,
mal tonnawr, tost eu gawr, dros elvyð.
Gweleis wyr, gwych *gedw*yr, yn llüyð ;
gwedy *brad* bore câd briwgig*yð*.
Gweleis *drin*—torv teir ffin *yn*·hranc dig ;
gwaeð god*an*, *a*·*r* baran go·chlywid.
Yn amwyn Ystrad Gw*y*n y gwelid
govud *mawr* ang·wyr llawr, llu ðedig.
Yn·rws tŷr, gweleis wŷr lledruðion,
eirv ðillwng y·rag *blwng* gyv·oedion.
Unyn *yn*·hanc, gan aethant goluðion :
llawð yng·hroes, eu gryd ro*es* ranwynion.
Cyv·edwein i gynrein gywym dôn ;
gwanecawr, llychant raw*r* eu callon
Gweleis *vig* gos*c*orthig bystylad :
Gweleis waed a vagle*d* ar ðillad.
A ðullyn ði·av·lym, ðwys wrthgad,
gânt ortho. Ni bu ffo : ban bwyllad,
glyw rhy·g*as*, rhy·veðas pan veiðad.
Gweleis *vig* rhy·o·ðig am Urien,
yn ymrysson a·i alon yn llech Wen.
Yng·henveint galwytheint oeð lawe*n* :
Ae*r*aw*d* wy*d*, go·borthid wrth anghen.
Awyð cad ðiffoðad yn Urien.

Owein ap Cadwgan, slain 1116.

BECAUSE of perfidy, brave men went, at dawn,
against the Gwledig, the victorious cattle-lifter.
Owein's *fate* will be a fresh cause of shame :
The joint action of the princes will overthrow him.
The baptized ruler's evil career shall be utterly crushed.
The men of Prydein will leap into action.

At Ystrad the strife began before daybreak :
(Owein) gave quarters neither afield, nor in the woods.
He devours the fat of the land as he goes ; like
baleful-sounding billows (he sweeps) over the country.

I saw men, fine *warriors*, in battle array : after the
morning's treachery, their mangled bodies were found.
I saw a *battle* : the host of three confines, in the hateful
grip of death, raise a shout, & the rage (of war) is heard.
In defence of Ystrad Gwyn had been seen *the great*
tribulation of the poor sons of the soil, exhausted.

At the portal of the towers, I had seen blood-stained
men who drop their arms before their angry fellows.
They made peace, for they went into the interiors ;
Solaced in misfortune their shout causes blanched cheeks.
(Owein's) chieftains know the triumphant note ; *as*
it is poured forth, they hide the tumult in their hearts.

I witnessed the spite of the wrathful retinue's activity,
and the blood that was sprinkled on their mail.
They planned a sharp, severe attack, and take
cover. There was no flight : upon reflection
the behated prince wondered that he was challenged.

I saw the animus of the spite around Owein,
contending with his enemies at ILech Wen.
(Still) in the thick of the wrath of war he was cheerful.
The lust of slaughter was satisfied as fate decreed :
Eagerness for battle was quenched in Owein.

Armes Prydein.

DYS·CO·GAN Awen *Ffreinc* δy·vryssyn — 1
marhaneδ a meueδ hêd genhyn.
13 A phennaeth ehalaeth Fra*w* unbyn,
4 wedy heδ, δy·anheδ bob mehyn. 4
Gwyr gwychr yn trydar gasnar d*reis*yn :
6 Escud yng·ovud, rhy·hyd δiffyn.
Gwaethl *Mwng* wyr Gweryδ ; gwascar *i* Allmyn
8 wnahawnt or·voleδ ; gwedy, gwehyn. 8
A chymod Cymry a gwyr Dulyn —
9 Gwyδyl *rhy·δoethon* Von, a Phrydyn.
Cornyw achlud*yn* gynn-wys genhyn :
11 Ad·borion vyδ Brython ban δy·orvyn. 12
Bell amser, dyo·ganher, dybyδyn
13 tëyrneδ o vonheδ, *a* orescyn
wyr Gogleδ yng·hynteδ eu cylchyn —
14 ym·herveδ eu tac*h*weδ y discynnyn. 16

DYS·GO·GAN Myrδin cyvervyδhyn,
16 Yn Aber yδon, meiron tëyrn.
A chyn ni bei raith, llaith a gwynyn :
17 O ewyllis vryd yd wrthvynnyn. 20
Meiron eu tretheu δy·chynnullyn ;
19 yng·hedoeδ Kymry n*i*·d *vi* delhyn.
Yssyδ δyledawg a δywawd i·n
na δyffei a dalei, yng·heith, *δim*. 24

VAB Mair ! mawr o air, pryd na tharδed
22 rhag·bennaeth Saeson, weison hoffeδ.
Pell bwy y cylchyn y·wrth dëyrn Gwyneδ —
Ev gyrhawd Allmyn i alltudeδ ; 28
24 neb ni·s arhaeδwy δyffwy yn·aer.
Ni wys py·r dreiglynt ym·hob aber.
26 Ban brynwyd Daned, drwy ffed calleδ,
gan Hors a Hengys — ing eu rhysseδ. 32

The Prophecy of Prydein.

THE Muse prophesies that the *French* will hie away—
that their folk with their property will fly with them—
that the widespread supremacy of the *Aber*ffro Princes
will extend everywhere, when peace has come.
The stalwarts will loudly hate the marauders:
He, who rushes into trouble, will have a long defence.
Magnus will attack the men of Dee; *his* Northmen will
scatter them at their triumphal feast; he will, then, depart.
And the Kymry will make peace with the men of Dublin—
the Gwyδyl *who had come* to Mon and Prydyn.
The Cornovi will carry natives away with them;
Remnants will the Brythons be when they triumph.
At a distant time, it is prophesied, there will come
high-born princes, who will overcome
the men of Gogleδ at the centre of their circuit—
in the middle of their retreat they will fall.

Myrδin prophesies that the stewards of the King
will meet at Aber Yδon; and before there
could be any right (the Kymry) will complain of a levy,
against which they will, heart and soul, protest
that the stewards will gather their crops, since
in Kymry's treasuries there will be no reserve.
A great authority has told us that no one would
ever come, who should pay anything in bondage.

Son of Mary, of puissant power, may the time never
arise for the supremacy of the Saxons, sons of greed.
Far be their border from the Prince of Gwyneδ,
who will drive the Northmen into exile:
May none he fails to seize escape the grave.
It is not known why they wander in every bay:
When Thanet was secured, through manifest wisdom,
by Hors and Hengist—straightened were their means.

Eu cynnyδ y·wrthym : *ys* an·vonheδ,
wedy rhyn, dilein ceith y·mynwer.
Dy·chyvyd anghen angheu ll̃awer :
Dy·chyvyd meδdawd mawr wirawd meδ :
Dy·chyvyd aereu δagreu gwrageδ :
Cyffry etgyll̃aeth bennaeth ll̃ed·ffer :
Dy·chyvyd tristid byd o ry·her
ban vyδ *Normanieid* an tëyrneδ.
Gwrthottid Trindawd δyrnawd bwyll̃er —
dilein o Saeson Vrython anheδ.
Boed gynt *a*·u rheges yn all̃tudeδ,
no myned Kymry yn δi·vröeδ.

Vab Mair, mawr o *ras*, pryd na·s terδyn
Gymry, rhag göeir brehyr unbyn?
Cynrycheid eilweith *an*·rheith gŵynyn —
un gor, un gynghor, un eisor ynt.
Ni *vy*δ, er mawreδ, na·s ll̃everynt ;
nag er hepcor *cas* na·s cymodynt.
I Đuw a Dewi dym·orchmynnynt :
Talent *ged*, *pallent* ffled i All̃myn :
Gwnaent an·eireu eiseu trevδyn.
Saeson a Chymry gyvervyδyn :
y·am lan *Dwy*, treul*yn drwy* ym·wrthryn.
O δirvawr vyδin yδ ym·brovyn :
ac ŷ·am all̃t ll̃avnawr ang·awr a gryn :
A amwyn Geir*iog* ergyr verw ll̃yn ;
a ll̃ym aw*r* a δaw, a garw δiscyn ;
ac mal baläon Saeson syrthyn.
Cynyrcheid Kymry, cyv·un δul̃yn ;
blaen wrth vôn granwynnion, cyvyngyn.
Yng·*w*arth gevyneu meirion greinhyn,
a·u byδin yng·waedlin yn eu cylchyn.
Ereill, ar eu traed, trwy goed cilhyn .

Their prosperity comes from us : it is, *therefore*,
churlish to destroy so soon serfs under the yoke.
Want will cause the death of many :
Much mead-liquor will give rise to drunkenness :
Battles will give rise to women's tears :
Wailing will affect the feeble chieftain :
A world-sadness will arise, from insubordination,
when the *Normans* shall be our lords.
The Trinity will avert the blow that is meditated—
the destruction of the Brython home by the Saxons.
Sooner be he, who has cursed them, in exile
than that the Kymry should lose their land.

Gracious son of Mary, when would not the Kymry
rise against the abuse of the baron-chiefs ?
Our representatives, a united band, of one mind
and lot, will complain a second time of plunder.
There is nothing, by way of magniloquence, they will
not say ; nor, to avoid ill-feeling, they will not agree to.
To God and Dewi they commit themselves : they
will pay tribute, but refuse a domicile to the Allmyn,
who will create disturbances from want of a home.
The Saxons & the Kymry will meet beyond the banks
of the *Dee* : they will wear out by contention.
With a great army they will prove each other ; & be-
yond *Berwyn* the spearmen will tremble miserably.
He, who will defend the Ceiri*og*, will contend with a
boiling flood : a shrill war-cry will come, & a fear-
some descent : like blossoms will the Saxons fall.
Kymry's men will form as one body ; close to the
rear of the pale-faced *foes* their van will hem them in.
In the disgrace of gyves the stewards will cringe—
& their army in a pool of blood will surround them.
Others, on foot, through the woods will retreat ;

15 Drwy Vwlch y Dinas Voras ffohyn. 66
Rhyvel ni δym·chwel i dir Prydyn :
2 Attor glaw gynghor—mal mor Ilithryn.

Meirion Caer Geri di·vri gwynant ; 69
4 rhai·r dyffryn, rhai·r bryn ni·s dir·wadant.
Yn Aber Yδon ni vad δoethant ;
5 anaeleu dretheu, dy·chynuIlant : 72
Naw ugein canhwr y dis·cynnant—
7 Mawr watwar ! namyn pedwar ni·d atcorant.
Dy·heδ i·w gwrageδ a δywedant—
8 eu crysseu yn Ilawn creu a or·olchant. 76
9 *Gwyneδ* gynyrcheid, eneid δi·chwant,
wŷr Deheu *rhag* tretheu a amygant.
11 ILym-liveid lavnawr, Ilwyr y Ilaδant :
Ni vyd meδig mwyn o·r a wnäant. 80
12 Byδinoeδ gwaladr cadr y deuant ;
dyrchavwynt *eu gwlad*, *bob* cad a wnant.
14 *Ar hynt* an·o·leith yδ *ym·δeith*ant ;
yn gorffen tretheu angheu wδant. 84
15 Ereill, ar ostri, a ry·blanhant,
ac yn oes oeseu ni·s escorant.
Yng·hoed, y·maes, *ym·ro*, ym·ryn,
17 *ev* gerδ yn·howyIl ganhwyIl genhyn. 88
Cynan a rag·wan ym·hob discyn :
Saeson rhag Brython gwae a gênyn.
19 Kadwaladr yn baladr gan i unbyn ; 91
drwy synhwyr, yn Ilwyr, *ev* a·u dichlyn.
21 Ban syrthwynt yng·hlas dros eu herchwyn,
dagreu custuδ rêd ar ruδ AIlmyn : 94
23 yng·orffen ang·reith an·rheith dengyn.
Sais â i hynt Gaer Wynt, pwy gynt *t*rechynt :
24 Gwyn eu byd, Gymry, ban adroδynt. 97
Rhy·n·gwarawd Trindawd o·r traIlawd gynt.

Through the Pass of Dinas to Boras they will flee.
War will not return to the land of Prydyn : Rain will
upset all plans : like the flood, the *foes* will glide away.

The stewards of Caer Geri will lament ingloriousness :
Some the dale, some the hill will not disdain.
Unto Aber Yδon they will not come for their good :
Terrible tribute they will collect—
Nine score centuries they will be descending—
O the mockery ! there will return but four. These
will report great tranquillity to their wives, *while*
their garments, soaked in gore, they will be washing.
The uncovetous soul of the *Gwyneδ* representatives
will defend the men of the South from *paying* tribute.
Sharply-ground blades do kill outright, and
no compassionate healer can make alive again.
The armies of our Prince will bravely advance :
May they glorify their country in every fight.
On a very destructive *expedition* they will go :
in putting an end to tributes they will taste death.
Fresh levies they will impose in the form of hospitality,
which never, never will be set aside.
In forest and field, in dale, and on hill, this
(hospitality) will attend them *as a* lamp in darkness.
Kynan will lead the attack in every descent :
Brythons will cause the Saxons to sing songs of woe.
Kadwaladr will be a pillar with his chieftains,
whom, for their ability alone, he will select.
When the Allmyn fall into a district beyond their bor-
der, in custody their cheeks will run with tears.
After a successful onslaught the villeins will pillage.
The Saxon will go to Winchester after vanquishment.
Blessed the Kymry, when they shall tell these things.
The Trinity will deliver us from our former trouble.

Na chryned Dyved na Glywyssing : 99
16 Ni·s gwnahon volawd meirion tëyrn,
1 na chynghor Saeson, ceffyn obryn.
Ni·s gwna go·veδud veδdawd genhyn.
3 Heb δal, yd roδ*eint* vaint a geffyn
i ymδiveid, *g*weδ*w*on, a *thlodion* ryn. 104
5 Drwy eiriawl Dewi a sein Prydyn,
hyd IFrwd ar L*air*go ffohawd AIImyn.

Dys·go·gan Awen dy·δaw y dyδ,
7 ban δyffo Iwys, yng·wŷs *rhïyδ*, 108
*y*n gôr un gynghor—ILoegr lüosyδ,
er gobeith ann·eir ar·n prydawl lüyδ :
9 A cherδ araIIvro, a ffo beunyδ :
Ni ŵyr rhuδ ym*l*aδ cwδ â, cwδ vyδ. 112
11 Dy·chyrchwynt gyvarth, mal arth o wyδ,
i dalu gwyneith, gwaed eu henyδ.
12 Ad·vi beleitral—*gwyar* δiIIyδ ;
ni·d arbettwy car gorff i gilyδ. 116
Ad·vi ben g*w*aIIawg heb e*nei*nyδ :
14 Ad·vi wrageδ gweδw a meirch gweilyδ :
Ad·vi ubein uthr rhag rhuthr *rheinyδ* :
16 ILïaws IIav*n* a phar wascar lüyδ ; 120
cennadeu angheu, dy·chyvervyδ.
*C*an saffwynt *yng·had* wrth eu henyδ,
18 ev dïalawr ar·werth y dreth beunyδ ;
a·r *aml* gennadeu, a·r geu lüyδ. 124

20 Dy·*dyr*vir Kymry—cyv·ergyr*ant*
yn gyt·ffyδ, gyd·eir, gyweir *yδ ant.*
21 Dy·dyrvir Kymry i beri *gwysi*ant ;
a IIwyth, IIïaws gwlad, a gynuIIant. 128
23 ILuman glan Đewi a δyrchavant,
i rysiaw Gwyδyl : drwy li eingant
24 a·*r* Gynhon Dulyn : Genhym savant,
ban δyffont i·r gad, ni·d ym·wadant. 132

Dyved and Glywyssing need have no fear :
Those who will not praise the King's stewards, nor
do the bidding of the Saxon, shall have their reward.
Mead-drinking leads not to drunkenness with them.
Without reservation they will distribute all they get
among orphans, widows, and *the poor* not a few.
By the intercession of Dewi and the saints of Prydyn,
as far as Portlaw on the Suir the Northmen will flee.

The Muse prophesies that a day will come, when
the Gewissi will answer the summons of the King,
a unanimous company—England's forces—in the
hope of bringing disgrace on our timely hosting.
It will traverse strange districts & daily flee : active
warfare knows not its course, nor what will happen.
They will make for the barking, like a bear from the
wood, to avenge the blood of their ancestors.
There will be spear-thrusts, and flow of blood ; even
a friend will not spare the body of his fellow :
There will be a chief lost without an *anointer* :
There will be widows, and riderless horses :
There will be a fearful outcry at the onset of the
lancers : the countless blades & javelins will scatter
the host, whom the angels of death will intercept.
Since they will stand in war by their kin,
the farming of the tribute will be avenged daily,
upon the many collectors and the traitorous host.

The Kymry will be roused—they will strike together :
confident, unanimous, prepared *they will go.*
The Kymry will be roused to mobilize ; & the nation,
in the plenitude of its numbers, will assemble.
They will raise the banner of holy Dewi to con-
found the Gwyδyl, who will escape by water to the
Northmen of Dublin. Those who stay behind,
when they come to battle, will not hold back.

Govynnan i·r Saeson py geisant :
17 Pwy vaint yn·yled o·r wlad ðaliant ?
Cw mae eu hely*th*—pan seilassant ?
2 Cw mae eu ceneðl—pan y doethant ?
3 Er *oed* Gwrthëyrn *arnom* sathrant :
ni cheffir gwir randir a·n carant.
4 Neu, breinheu a·n Sant rhy·sanghassant—
rheitheu *Ty*-Ðewi rhy·dorassant.
6 Ym·gedwynt Gymry. Ban ym·welant,
ni·d ahont Allmyn o·r van savant,
8 *nes* caffont seith-weith werth ðigonsant ;
neu angheu dïeu yng·wrth eu c*hw*ant.
9 Ev talhawr an·war Armawn garant
am drais a gormes escorassant
10 ym·hedeir blyneð ar bedwar cant.
Gwyr gwychrion, wallt hir, er·gyr*ch* do*nn*yð—
11 i ði·hol Saeson o *V*on ðyvyð.
Dybi o L*airges* lynghes rewyð—
13 rhewiniawd yn g*w*lad—rhwygawd llüyð.
Dybi o Alclud wyr drud, gweiryð,
14 ðihol o Brydein virein lüyð.
Dybi oludawg braw gyweithyð—
16 cedwyr y·ar gadveirch—ni pheirch i henyð.
Saeson o bopparth yng·warth ðeubyð :
17 rhy·drenghi*t* eu hoes, ni·s di·oes *rh*yð.
Dy·ðeubi angheu·r Du Gyweithyð :
clevyd a weryð a·u rhy·ðiffyð.
19 Gwedy cur, gorian, a chanhwynyð,
boed berth a·n differth yng·wrth dryg·ffyð :
21 Boed vur am·gor a·n cyffyllwyð :
Boed greu, boed angheu eu cyweithyð.
23 *Ev* a Chadwaladr, cadr yn llüyð,
edmyccawr hyd vrawd, ffawd a ðeubyð.

They will demand of the Saxons what they are seeking :
How much of the land they hold in fee ?
Where is their stock — when was it founded ?
Where are their people — whence did they come ?
Since the time of Gwrtheyrn they trample upon us :
We cannot enjoy the rightful share of our heritage.
And now, they have trampled on the prerogatives of our
Saint, and disregarded the rights of *St.* David's.
Let the Kymry be on guard. When they visit us, the
Allmyn will not quit the place in which they settle,
until they get seven times the value of their work ;
or meet with certain death in return for their greed.
The barbarous Northern race will be paid
for the oppression and plunder it carried on
during four years and four hundred.
Brave, long-haired, men will rush the waves,
and will come to expel the Saxons out of Mon.
From Portlaw will come a wanton fleet,
which will ruin our country, and rend our host.
There will come from Alclyde bold rustics
who will expel from Prydein a magnificent host.
There will come a prince who will prove the allies —
warriors, on their steeds, whose race he will not respect.
The Saxons, on every side, will fall into disgrace —
their time will come to an end, but freedom will endure.
The Dark allies will surely come to their death —
the plague that will spring up will extinguish them.
After anxiety, the war-cry & the conflict, let him
be prosperous, who defended us against bad faith :
Let him be the fence-wall around us & our comfort :
Let him shed blood & bring death to the allies.
He & Cadwaladr, valiant in warfare, will be
admired till doom ; fortune will favour them.

25 Deu unben dengyn, dwys gyng*haw*syδ,
Saeson or·sengyn, pleidyn Đovyδ.
Deu hael, deu ge*i*dwa*d* gwlad warthegyδ,
18 di·archar, parawd, unffawd, unffyδ.
Deu erchwyn Prydein virein lüyδ ;
2 deu a·r ni·s gwna gwarth, *p*arch*av* beunyδ.

Đys·go·gan derwyδ vaint a δervyδ :
4 O Vanaw hyd Lydaw i·w Ilaw vyδ—
O Đyved hyd Đaned wy bieuvyδ—
6 O Wawr hyd Weryδ, a·i haber*y*δ,
Ilettawd eu pennaeth dros yr Echw*y*δ.
Attora*n* Gynhon ; Saeson ni vyδ :
8 At·chwelwynt Wyδyl a·r eu henyδ :
rhy·δyrchwynt Gymry gadr gy·weithyδ.
10 Byδinoeδ am·gor athor *lüy*δ,
a thëyrneδ dwys gedwys eu ffyδ.
Đi wys pob Ilynghes a thres δervyδ ;
12 a chymod cyn*r*an gan i gilyδ.
Ni alwawr Gynhon yn gyniv*y*δ
14 namyn cy*r*ch Cadwaladr gynniweir*y*δ.
Eil Gymro, Ilawen a Ilavar vyδ ;
am ynys bwyeid haid a δervyδ.
16 Ban *wnant* galaneδ *ar* eu henyδ,
hyd yng·*H*aer Santwig *c*wynedig vyδ.
18 Allmyn a·r-gychwyn yn allτudyδ,
ol wrth ol atcor ar eu henyδ.
19 Saeson wrth angor, ar vor beunyδ ;
Kymry wenerawl, wrawl orvyδ.
21 Na cheiswch lyvrawr angawr brydyδ—
Armes yr Ynys namyn hyn ni byδ.
22 Jolwn Ri grëwys nev ac elvyδ :
Boed tywys Dewi i·r cynivyδ.
24 Yn yr ing gwell no dim dwyv*awl* ffyδ :
ni threinc, ni δieinc, ni·d ar·δispyδ—
25 ni wyw, ni wellyg, ni phlyg, ni chryδ.

These two leaders of the people, deep of counsel
will trample on the Saxons, and support the Lord.
Two generous ones—protectors of the land of cattle ;
irrepressible, equipped, of one faith, and fortune.
Two bulwarks of Prydein's magnificent army—two
who do no ignoble thing, I shall ever respect them.

The sage prophesies what great things will happen :
From Man to Brittany they will hold : from
Dyved to (the forest of) Dean they will possess :
From Woore to the Dee, and *thence* to its mouths
their sovereignty will spread over the West.
The Northmen will be thrust back ; Saxons will flee :
The Gwyδyl will return to their own people :
The Kymry will extol them, their brave allies.
The armies of the border, our host will break up,
and our sage princes will keep their faith.
Against our people every fleet & trouble will disappear : our chieftain will make peace with his fellow.
The Northmen will not be called combatants,
but the gathering of Cadwaladr's tourists.
The other Kymro, (*O.G.*) merry and jubilant will be :
Around the battered island a horde will perish.
When they make a murderous attack upon their kin,
there will be sorrowing as far as Kaer (Gybi)'s
Holy Bay. The Northmen will fly as exiles,
and retrace their course to their own people.
The Saxons will remain at sea, riding at anchor ;
and the venerable brave Kymry will conquer.
Search not the books of a miserable bard—
there will be no other Prophecy about the Island.
Let us worship the Father who created Heaven & earth :
Let (St.) David be a guide to the combatants.
In distress there is nothing like holy faith :
it dies not, deserts not, is not exhausted ; it does
not faint, nor fail, nor turn aside, nor waste away.

Daronwy.

DUW nev ðifferwy,
rhag llanw lled orðwy.
28 Cyntav *y* tarrwy,
23 a dreis dros Ðovrdwy.
Py *d*ren a vo vwy
24 nog *yn* Daronwy?
Ni·d vi a·n noðwy,
25 *ð*an gyrch Balch nevwy.
Ys rhin y suðwy—
26 gwanawr gwyr Cornwy.
Odid a·i gwypwy—
hudlath Vathonwy.
29 Yng·hoed pan tyffwy—
ffrwytheu nwy cymrwy.
2 A·r lan Gwyllionwy,
Kynan a·i caffwy,
pryd pan wledychwy.
3 Dy·ðeuant etwaeth,
dros drei a thros draeth,
4 bedeir priv bennaeth:
A·r bymhed, ni·d gwaeth—
5 gwyr gwrð ehalaeth,
a·r Brydein arvaeth.
6 Gwrageð a vi ffraeth:
Eillon a vi caeth:
Rhyverthwy hîr aeth,
7 a veð warogaeth.
Dy·ðaw dwy rïein—
8 Gweðw a gwriawg vain:
Lledyn eu hadein
ar wyr yn goriein.
9 Dy·ðeuant, gynrein,
o am dir Prydein;

Daronwy.

MAY God of heaven defend (us) against the rising tide of violence.
First may He strike him,
who will pillage beyond the Dee.
What insolence can be greater,
than that *at* Daronwy? There
will be none to protect us when
the Proud one enters the sanctuary.
'Tis a secret that *Hugh* will sink—
that the Cornovi will be dispatched.
Scarcely may any know
the magic wand of Mathonwy.
In the wood where it is growing,
its fruits none may take.
On the banks of Gwyllionwy
may Kynan find it,
at the time when he rules.
Over ebb and strand four
sovereign powers will yet
again come upon the fifth,
which is not inferior—
upon brave, generous men,
who rule over Prydein's lot.
The women will be violated:
Strangers will be made captive:
Prolonged pressure of adversity
will secure submission.
Two queens will come—
a widow and a married fair one:
They will extend their protection
over men in dire stress.
Leaders will come, from
beyond the land of Prydein;

29 Eu cerδ*ed* gyngein ;
10 Eu gwawd a yscein.
Anan δerw a drain :
a·r gorδ yd gyngein.
11 *Gnawd* ci i rynnu ; march i ryniaw;
Eidon i wan ; hwch i dyr*iaw* :
12 Pymhed, Ilwdn gwyn—a*b*erth Jesu,
a wisc Aδav, o·i ymatru.
4 *B*wys*tv*ıled coed cain eu syllu,
hyd yd vuant, a hi*r* yd vu.
15 Ban wnel Kymry ŷ cam-hüalu,
ceir arall vro pwy carho nu.
16 ILesteireis gam, gor·gam eglwg :
ILe cewsit da ni·r gaho drwg.
Mygedorth Rhun ys ev amlwg,
18 rhwng Caer Rïein a Chaer Rynwg—
rhwng Din Eiδin a Din Eiδwg:
19 eglur dremyn a wŷl golwg.
Rhag tan rhynawd dychyffrwy mwg.
20 A·n Rhëen, Duw, a·n rhy amwg.

Gwawd Llywdd mawr.

CATHLEU *d*arogant
*sei*th nieu nodant :—
74 Dyw ILun dy·byδant ;
i beithaw yδ ant.
14 Dyw Mawrth, yd rannant
wŷth i·w hyscarant.
Dyw Merchyr, med·rant
ry·odres ry·chwant.
16 Dyw Ieu, escorant
eiδolyδ an·chwant.
17 Dyw Gwener, gormant
yng·waed go·noviant.

Their advance will be in unison ;
Their fame will spread.
They will attack oak and thorn
(*fences*) : The nation will rejoice.
The dog *is wont* to shiver ; the horse to shy ;
the bull to gore ; the sow to upturn the soil :
The fifth, the sacrifice of Christ, a white
beast will clothe Adam, by fleecing it.
Beasts of the forests, lovely the sight of them,
while they flourished, and long that was.
When the Kymry will wrongly fetter them,
a stranger will be found who loves them still.
I checked wrong, manifest great wrong :
Where you find good you will not find evil.
The funeral pile of Rhun is conspicuous,
twixt Maiden and Beeston castles—
twixt Din Eiδin and Din Eiδwg :
a clear vision will catch a glimpse of it.
Shortly before there is fire a smoke rises.
May our sovereign God protect us.

The Great Hosting.

THE prophetic songs
specify seven days :—
Monday, they will come ;
to scout they will go.
Tuesday, they will impart
discontent to their foes.
Wednesday, they will display
the pomp of excess.
Thursday they will indulge
their idols of lust.
Friday, in abundance
of blood they will wade.

74 Dyw Sadwrn, *swynant* ; 13
*a·u meirwon gla*ð*ant.*
18 Dyw Sul, yn geugant
dïeu dy·*m·chwel*ant. 16
20 Pym ‖ong a phym cant,
o *rith*ad noviant.
O brithi rith*es*,
21 n*i·d* oes n*i* ved*ri*. 20
O rith Brithoni,
ysedig e*i*ði—
22 eil coed c*log*w*y*ni :
Antareð ðy·bi. 24
Pawb ði adon äe*i* ;
ar Weryð cw*y*mp*ei*.
23 D*rywon* ðarogaw*n* 27
wae hir rhag Garmawn.
24 Hir, cylch oeð gynghan
i·n gwaladr, ach *C*ynan.
25 Pyd, *o* byð bychan,
ðiva wrês hüan. 32
26 Dys·co·gan derwyð :—
"A vu a ðyvyð."
Wybr eir gerð Ðovyð—
75 cerð*l*awn ynghenyð. 36
Wylhawd eil echwyð
2 yn·horroeð mynyð.
Ban *vy*ð beu ‖awn hyð,
Brithion a·r gynhyð. 40
3 I Vrithion dybi
waeð Wyneð o·vri.
4 Gwedy aur r*e*nni
diffeithan Moni, 44
Llŷn, ac Eryri—
5 anheð*ant* ynði.

Saturday, *they will consult the*
oracles, and bury their dead.
Sunday, inevitably,
they will verily return.
Five ships and five hundred,
by enchantment float.
If you colour what he enchanted
there is nothing you cannot attain.
By the enchantment of the Scotti,
consumed is the ivy—
the fosterling wood of the cliffs :
Mad fury will follow.
Every one against his lord would go :
on the Dee, he would fall.
The druids predict a long
misery on account of Wexford.
This haunt had long been friendly
to our leader, of the line of Kynan.
Ill-feeling, though it be little,
destroys the warmth of the sun.
The druid prophesies that,
what has been, will be.
The sky pours forth the Lord's song—
full of music, its undertones.
The Fosterling of the West will weep
in the recesses of the mountain.
When the country is full of deer,
the Scotti will increase.
To the Scotti will come the
appeal of renowned Gwyneδ.
After you distribute gold,
they will lay waste Mon,
Llŷn, & Snowdonia,
and will dwell therein.

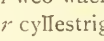
75 Dys·co·gan perffeith —
anheδyn δiffeith.
6 Cymry, bedeir iaith,
symudant i hareith.
7 I·t dyvi vuwch vraith
a wnaho gwyneith :
8 Veinδyδ a vrevawd,
veinoeth y berwhawd :
Ac ar dir verwhawr,
9 yn Ilongoeδ yssawr.
Cathl gwae cenhitor,
10 cylch Prydein amgor.
Ant, o un gynghor,
11 yng·wrthol warth mor.
Boed gwir eu myned —
Tragwyδawl, byδed !
12 Dorwys δ·oIlynghid
o δovaeth eith*l*yd.
Cyvran Ilawn *tristid*,
13 yd gyvarch gywid.
Heb ebawl aeav —
Heb henvon hâv —
14 Heb o·vur *gobeith*,
byd a vyδ diffeith.
Direid tynghettor ;
*y gr*og a·u *hescor*.
15 Hoiw gweδ trwy grevyδ :
Gwyrein bron drwy ffyδ :
16 Terwynn tuth i jolyδ,
i hewyd ar vedyδ.
17 Ni wân cyIleIlawr
veiwyr cleδyvawr.
18 Ni·d oeδ uδu y puchyssyn —
anaw angerδawl trevδyn.

Most true the prophecy—
they will dwell in the wilderness.
They will change the speech
of Kymry, with its four languages.
To thee will come the brindled cow,
which will work deliverance.
At dawn it will low ;
at eve it will seethe :
What will be boiled on land
will be eaten aboard ships.
The song of woe shall be chanted
around Prydein's border.
They will, of one accord,
return athwart the sea.
True be it that they are going ;
Forever let it be !
He entreated that he be set free
from a painful durance.
A lot full of sadness
eagerly seeks friendship :
Without a horse in winter :
Without a cow in summer :
Without the buffer of hope
the world becomes a wilderness.
The wicked will be exorcised ;
the Cross will deliver them.
Bright the countenance of the pious :
Exalted the breast through faith :
The fervent speeds to the act of
worship, intent on baptism.
Those armed with a dagger cannot
pierce warriors armed with swords.
They had not what they desired—
the intense inspiration of a home.

75 A ry·ŵyr gareδ Creuδyn—y Gwyδyl, 81
a·r Eingl, *a gwyr* Prydyn :
20 *Saeson* gyvred ar δiscyn,
21 o Wynvynyδ—o Hirmyn 84
Dygedawr gwyδveirch *hyd* ar lyn Gogleδ ;
*i Ar*llechweδ *y cyrchyn* :
22 Y cas wyr o glas *Du*lyn—
o echen a*ch*as henyn. 88
Dygedawr drwy *li* δy·gy*r*chyn vranhes,
a or·goδes wyr ein*ym* :
24 Y·meryδ miled seithyn,
a·r mor agor *am* gryssyn, 92
26 heb er·glywaw arawd nebawd vehyn
y·gan vynawg, *neu vrawd.*
25 Uch o vor, uch o vo*r*yn,
uch o orr ynial ebyrn— 96
coed, mäes, tyno, a bryn.
76 Yd *δy*vi brithred
Illïaws gynired :
2 Govud am wehyn 100
δïal *Duw ernyn* !
Drwy hoiw g*ar*δodeu
3 *yn i* breswyl*vaeu*,
Creawdr cyvoethawg 104
a vaδeu·th bechawd.
4 Pell, cyn no dyδbrawd,
y daw diwarnawd
a δi·wŷr δaer ffawd— 108
a dervyn dr*ei*son
o dir Iwerδon.
6 Yna, ym·Hrydein 111
y daw dadwyrein—
Brython o vonheδ
a rw*y*v yng·*Wyne*δ. 114

The Gwyδyl, the Angle, & the men of Prydyn
will know well the crime of Creuδyn :
Saxons flock together into the attack,
from Gwynvynyδ and Long Mynd.
Ships will be brought as far as Gogleδ water—
to Arllechweδ they will repair :
Hateful the men from the clan of Dublin—
from a hated origin they descend.
By sea will be brought those who will attack the
forces, which have so harassed our men :
In the plashes they will shoot the horses :
The sea will open about those who rush in
without their hearing prayers at any place
from monk *or brother*.
Their cry will rise from sea and breaker,
and the recess of a wood-bank wild—
aye, from wood and field, and dale and hill.
There will come the turmoil
of numerous expeditions :
But the chagrin of evacuating
God will visit on them.
By cheerful offerings,
in His tabernacles,
the puissant Creator
will remit thy sins.
Long ere doomsday
will come a time, which
will un-crook earth's lot ;
and end incursions
from the land of Erin.
Then, in Prydein,
will become ascendant
a Brython by descent,
who will rule in Gwyneδ :

76 A bi barn o δyδ
ang·hyngres *lluyδ*.
Go·gan sywyδon
ing colledigion :
9 Go·gan derwyδon,
"Tra mor tra Brython."
Hav ni byδ hinon :
10 Byrhawr brëyron :
a·u deubyδ gwang·red :
11 Tra merin *c*ad cêd.
Mil ymbrawv Brydein urδin :
Ac *r*y·am·gyffrwn gy·ffin
ni chwynav : ym·ogled wern—
13 Gwerni weδ waelod uffern.
Ergryni*v* cyllestrig gaen
14 gan wledig gwlad an·orffen.



Am a δy·δyvi.

YN wir dy·δyvi rhwyv a vi gâr ;
odid o vab dyn *welyn* i bâr.
76 Rhy·glywhawr rhagδaw maw gyvagar ;
Byδin a gwaedlin a ry·escar.
18 Ot rhy·ganer kyrn gwerin dringar,
rhy·thrych rhy·gyrchynt yng·hleδyval.
Brein ac eryron olych wyar,
20 ac, ar lwybr gwrid*goch*, wrys di·archar.
Ar·δyrch e*v*, waladr, lu *cadr*, llachar,
22 ac wyneb vyδin bröyδ ynial.

YN wir dy·δyvi ymrysoneu :
23 Govuned dyngant yng·hyn·echreu
blwyδyn, yd vuδid rhi hyd draetheu.

And he will be a law-giver from
the day the host *become* disunited.
The prophets will chant
the "miserere" of the lost:
The druids will chant,
"Brython & sea co-eval will be."
The summer will not be sunshiny.
The barons will be overthrown—
faint-heartedness will assail them.
Beyond the border there had been spoil.
A thousand will test Prydein's line;
and him, who will greatly disturb the border
I will not bewail: Let him avoid alders—
alder copses befit the bottom of hell.
The adamantine firmament will be shaken
by the Lord of the land everlasting.

⊱ ⊱ ⊱

Prophecies.

VERILY there will come a friendly ruler;
scarcely among men will they see his like.
In front of him will be widespread shouting.
The army from bloodshed he will deliver.
If the trumpets of a warlike people be sounded
he will cut down such as rush into the conflict.
Crows and chieftains delight in gore,
and, on the scarlet path, unrestrained violence.
The leader will exalt his brave, brilliant host,
and will face the army of the wild regions.

VERILY ruptures will come: A vow they
will make at the very beginning of the year,
which will profit the King along the coasts.

Gaeav, gyrr *wynt* llym — llywid longeu —
certh iawn ciliass*yn* mynud rhy·ffreu :
Pryd myr ryverthwy, ar warr tonneu,
77 *gwylein* δy·gyrch dam o glawr brocheu.
Arth a llew δer-llyv oleu byllеu :
2 Dibyn y tervyn ar ruδ vereu.
Rhwy·geis*ir* cystuδ — rhybuδ rhag geu,
rhag y varanres *o* vawr greδeu.
Cwyδir tyrch torvoeδ, dyrvynt daleu,
5 yng·hynniv gwaladr, o glod lathr gleu.
6 Dy·δyrchavwyd torc*h* o barth Deheu,
y·gan was ry·δadlas *am* i veu.

YN wir dy·δyvi hael hy-ŵreδ,
8 *a* dyrvawd volud mawr edryssеδ.
llyw byrr, tew, lüyδ, llydan i weδ,
9 hyd ban vwynt seith *meib* i ri Gwyneδ —
hyd ban dranghwy *llyw* dr*wy ffawd* ryveδ.
11 Rhi eiδun δy·hun *'n Reding* dud*w*eδ :
Treisant Eingl ar hynt o allтudeδ :
12 Trwy vor yd lithrant a·u heisillеδ.

YN wir dy·δyvi teithïawg Von —
13 Drai*g* a diffreidiad o bobl Vrython :
Pen llüyδ perchid lurigogion.
14 Dwvn y darogan dewin drywon
pebylliawnt a·r Dren a Tharanhon —
16 gor·lethant δyvynt i geisaw Mon.
*Ho*ff δebed dy·hynt o Iwerδon :
17 Teg ffaw δi*ffy*giaw Cesarogion.
Go·gan ang·harad o δelwad heδ :
19 Go·gan y perir cad arw yn neδ —
Arth o Đeheubarth gyvarth Wyneδ
20 yn amwyn rhïyδ, — rhyveδ rosseδ —
Yd heiδir all-tir a·i δarmertheδ —

Winter will send bitter winds that will control ships
which would certainly withdraw at times of storm :
When the seas rush upon the crest of the waves
gulls will snatch a morsel from the spume's surface.
Bear and lion will lap the shallow pools :
The boundary will depend on ruddy spears.
Hostages will be sought—a caution against treachery,
against the marching army of mighty projects.
Standards of forces, which disturb the land, will be
thrown down in fighting a leader of brilliant fame.
A standard was raised, on behalf of the South,
by a youth who fought stoutly for his inheritance.

VERILY there will come a very brave prince,
who will stir up eulogy *by* liberal largess.
A short, stout, broad-faced Ruler will wage war, until
there will be seven sons to the prince of Gwyneδ—
until *the Ruler* shall die by a strange fate.
The King will crave for his long rest *in Reading* soil :
The Angles will pillage on their homeward journey :
By sea, they and theirs will glide away.

VERILY there will come a true prince to Mon—
a dragon and defender to the Brython people :
The invading chief will respect his mailed warriors.
Confidently the diviner of the druids prophesies that
they will pitch their tents on the Tern & Tarannon ;
and will overwhelm those who will come to seize Mon.
Happy the departure of an expedition from Ireland :
Fair the report of the failure of the King's warriors.
(The diviner) prophesies enmity in the guise of peace :
That a fierce war will be waged in the dingle :
That the Bear from the South will harass Gwyneδ,
in defence of the King, a strange excess (of zeal) :
That the strange land and its crops will be attained :

77 Gaeav goleðir yn Ieudireð—
Rhy·lenwynt aesawr, yng·awr *o* gleð,
22 yng·hynniv gwaladr ar ior Gwyneð.

ỾN wir dy·ðaw awr dy·ðerbi hyn :
24 ILoegr*wys* ym·olIyn olI vei genhyn.
Gweler arðebed y gwyr brychwyn,
26 rh*ag* saetheu, bereu, a haearn gwyn.
Gelwhitor y·ar vor, a·u gwaewawr grỽn :
78 Nychawnt yn eigawn tra IIüyðyn :
HaIIta*wg* ymyleð vyð eu bwðyn.

ỾN wir dy·ðyvi ði dra Havren
3 wrthredid Brydein, vrenhin gorðen.
IL*wrw* lywyð IIiaws, IIüyð i echen—
Tëyrnas cy*n* adas ca*vas* *vl*aen.
5 Gwerin byd, yn wir, byðawnt lawen ;
meðhawnt ar beiron, berthwyr echen.
7 IFlemychawd hireII ði uch Havren :
Llwyth Kymry gynnuII yn ðiscowen
9 yng·hynniv gwaladr ; bythid lawen—
pen rhi cerðorion, clod a weithen.

ỾN wir dy·ðaw cawr ;
10 a·i lu, a·i longawr ;
a thorv yscwydawr ;
a newyð waewawr.
12 A gwedy gwychr awr,
i voð ev gwn*a*hawr.
Cyrch*id ev Benvro* ;
13 fflemychid yng·wo :
Draig ni·d ym·gelho,
er maint *ðel* iðo.
14 Nid yscawn ioled,
orescyn Dyved.
15 Dy·ðyccawd niwed,
tra merin Rheged.

That the winter will be spent in the cultivated parts :
That their swords will load their shields in war,
in the attack of our leader on the lord of Gwyneδ.

VERILY the hour will come when we shall see
the English collect all they have with them,
and the departure of the fair, freckled men
before arrows, spears, and flashing steel.
They will be challenged from the sea & their spearmen
will shudder : they will perish in the water while
marshalling : the salt sea-edges will be their tomb.

VERILY the King of destiny will come, from
beyond Severn, and invade Prydein. This
impetuous leader of the host will marshall his people—
before he quitted *his* kingdom he received the crown.
Verily the populace will rejoice that the
rich men of the nation will possess cauldrons.
A light will flash forth from upper Severn :
The Kymric race will assemble cheerfully
in its leader's struggle, who will be merry—
the chief patron of minstrels, the fanners of fame.

VERILY a hero will come
with his host and his ships :
with a pile of shields,
and brand new spears.
And after a victorious shout,
his will will be done.
He will proceed *to Pembroke*,
and blaze in his progress.
A dragon may not hide himself,
however many may oppose him.
It is no slight praise,
the vanquishing of Dyved.
He will carry destruction,
beyond the border of the March.

16 Peryv, perchen ced,
wledych yn Elved.
Hael, hydr y dy·liv ;
17 gor·vawr i gynniv.
Wrth a wŷr i oδiv,
18 caffad gweith heiniv.

Darogan had Maladr.

Marchawg *march* mwth, mysterin,
a·r δeu wyneb, beir vrwydrin—
80 Rhodiawg brad—Ilad i drenghi,
ac yn Eryri i oloï.
20 Ban δel cad waladr go·wna,
yn·ôl, ym·Hrydein, ben ma ;
21 *a·i aml*wg oes moes nywia ;
a·i ffinieu, vyδ i·n vad·va.
22 Ys deubi, yna,
Sais i erchi bwyta :
23 Dogn ŵyr : o *dra*
rhyvyg, *t*roseδa.
Jeuhaw gwraig gan was
24 hên gas *a* nywia.
Dogn ŵyr : o ryvyg
tremyg—brad a wna.
25 A weleist vyng·har
yn gware a·m pr*i*awd ?
Gweleis gelein vain,
a brain a·r δygnawd.
26 Ac o·r rhy·δa*m*wein,
gwall grain cleδyvawd.
Ac am lan . . . . .

The lord, owner of tribute, 81
will rule in Elved.
The prince boldly over-runs (the
country) very great his struggle. 84
With such as turn aside his stroke
a brisk encounter followed. 86

Llewelyn and W. de Braose.

THE Knight of the swift, bay *horse*, 1
with the double face, creates turmoil:
With treachery afoot, a blessing his
death and burial in Snowdonia. 4
When our war-lord comes he will make,
in a mead in Prydein, a chief place.
His manifest life will invigorate morals:
and his confines will be to us a an Eden.
There will come, thither, 9
a Saxon seeking hospitality.
Grief he will know; from excess
of presumption, he will sin. 12
The yoking of a wife by a vassal
will renew old hatred: he will
know grief: from presumption
comes contempt; he commits treason. 16
Did you see my friend
playing with my spouse?
I saw a slim corse,
and crows full of activity. 20
But the catastrophe lacks the pros-
trate form of the sword-stroke.
And beyond the bank of . . .

Appendix.*

QAWR Ðuw ðigones
heul hav, a·i ry·wres :
40·26 Ac Ev ðigones
vuð coed, a mäes.
23 Ys Ev a wehyð
ðyliv nos a dyð :
24 Dyð i·n annogaw ;
nos i·n gor·ffwysaw.

. . . . .

41.18 Nu, nos cwð ðyvyð ?
19 cw ðir·gêl rhag dyð ?
20 Py ðug wyll gaeav ?
21 Py gyr*ch* ðechreu hâv ?
19 A ŵyr cerð gelvyð
py gêl callorуð ?
20 Am·dyrr o·r anwe,
o·r parth pan ðwyre.
42·3 Ev cyrch cerðorion
seð Syberw Sëon.
41·21 Yn·ewis aethawg,
ffys*c* ffo, ys ffodiawg.
22 Ev di·hun hunawg ;
Ev go·bryn Carawg—
23 Cymry gaer-ve*ð*rawd,
i dad Garadawg.
24 Dïal Meneiv*r*on—
dïal Mynawg Mon
vawr, erch anudon.

*This Appendix contains several sections of poems that seemed out of harmony with their surroundings.

Appendix.

THE great God ordained the
summer sun, & its great heat :
He also ordained the
produce of wood and plain.
'T is He who weaves
the warp of night and day :
The day for our activity ;
the night for our rest.

. . . . . .

Now, the night, whence comes it ?
Where hides it from day ?
What took away winter's gloom ?
What fetches early summer ?
Knows the artificer of song
what the cauldrons conceal ?
The song issues from the vapour—
from that source it rises.
The artists resort to
the seat of Seiont's Superbus.
In a painful dilemma,
swift flight brings good luck.
He will rouse up the dead.
He will win Carog—
Kymry's tumulus fort
to the father of Caradog.
He will avenge Meneivron—
He, the prince of Mon, will avenge
the great and terrible perjury.

The text of pages 190—198 should have appeared before the Daroganeu, but was omitted by an oversight.

25 Gwenhwys vyllt hirion
ant Gaer Wyrangon.
42·1 Ev dy·vyδ Aeron
y coel ganawon—
2 y gor·weδw veibon.
Ni·d an·chwarδ i alon
roi i Ynyr wystlon.
4 Neu·r di·ervis Rynn,
ym·Horth Godoδin—
y·moryd Uffin,
5 esceirvrith vrenhin :
i·w vraw, bor edewim.
6 Wyv cerδenhin hen :
Wyv cyvreu llawen—
7 Athraw yn·Ygen :
Meu, molawd Urien :
Eirian i eiroes ;
8 llyminawg, llwm *i* oes.
Rhuδvedel, a anwys
Ruδ-din, ellyngwys.
Caer—yr harδ Wenn wys—
Ynyr a·i briwys.
11 Gweleis wyr gor·vawr
a δy·gyrchynt awr :
12 Gweleis waed ar llawr
rhac rhuthr cleδyvawr.
13 Glesynt escyll gwawr—
Escorynt gwaewawr.
Trychant golan
cyman clodvawr—
i vur a·i dir,
15 yn wir, cochawr.

The long-armed Gwentians
will go to Worcester.
There will come to Aeron
the petted whelps—
the be-orphaned sons.
'T is no laughing matter to *John's*
enemies to give him hostages.
He disarmed the promontory
at the Gate of Godoδin ;
and, at the great Ubban-ford,
the shank-plaided King :
To his fears I will leave the *Scot.*
I am an old wayfarer :
I am full of rejoicings :
I am a preceptor in Dygen :
Mine the praise of Owein :
Shining the purity of his life :
Austere and bare his living.
The gory reapers set free those
whom Castell Coch contained.
The citadel, Gwenn's fair castle,
King John destroyed it.
I saw the mighty men, who
were rushing to the war-shout :
I saw blood on the ground spilt
by the onslaught of the swordsmen.
As the wings of dawn grow grey
the spearmen pour forth—
They cut down a fellow-soldier
of outstanding eminence—
His stronghold and land
will, verily, be reddened.

Codiad yr Haul.

TORRID mynudawl,
duthiawl, dân ysawl.
47 Ev iole*m*, uch Hawr,
dann tanHwythin gwawr—
21 uch awel—uchel!
Uch no phob nyvel,
mawr i a·nyvel.
22 Ni thrig yng·o·vyr,
noc yn·heithawr Hyr:
23 *Dy*·lwybr yr ebyr—
dyval yng·hynvyr.
24 Gwawr wenn wrth uchyr;
gwen wrth wâr, wrth wrŷs—
wrth bob hevelis—
25 wrth *bilis* Nwython—
wrth bevr Avaon.
26 Arδwyreav a varn
wryseδ y cadarn.
48 Trydar *galanas*—
hir a dwvn i gas.
1 Ni·d mi gwr Hwvr Hwyd
δy·grwydr wrth *hel* bwyd.
2 Hud vyng·hleu garant—
cleu, di·var, di·chwant.
3 *Ac* o·m Haw i·th law
ni δyd dwy*ll* δim *maw*.
4 Tri-thri march noded—
y cor a·r enwed—
A·r *naw*, meirch meiawg,
5 oeδynt go·wythawg:
*Oe*δ march Caradawg
gyvrwy teithīawg:

Sunrise.

PUNCTUAL the orb of
consuming fire bursts forth.
We should give thanks for the spread
of the blaze of dawn above the
earth—above the breeze, high !
Above every cloud,
great the brilliance !
The *sun* abides not in the bays,
nor in the reaches of the tides.
It traverses the estuaries, &
is unceasing on the high seas.
Pearly dawn repels the powers of
darkness : it smiles upon every-
thing alike, both tame and wild :
upon the *skin-clad* Nwython—
upon the spruce Avaon.
I extol Him, who condemns
the violence of the strong.
The din *of carnage*—
long and deep the horror of it.
I am not a shy, pale fellow,
who wanders as he begs his fare.
Enchantment is my trusty friend—
faithful, spleenless, without greed.
And from me to you counterfeit will
pass on nothing tangible.

Thrice three horses were noted—
the team was named—
and the *nine* war-steeds
were somewhat mettlesome.
The steed of Caradawg
was a perfect saddle-horse :

48 6 *Velly* march Gwythur ;
Hevyd march Gwarδur.
7 *Pedweryδ vu i* Arthur—
ehovn rhoδ*ei* gur.
8 A march Taliessin ;
A phevr, Hedvegin
9 varch HLeu, HLwydin :
A Grei varch Cunin.
10 *Wythved*, Awyδawg,
march cynhei*l* voδawg.
Du—mor oeδ enwawg—
11 march Brwyn, vron vradawg.
A·r tri charnavlawg—
12 ni·d ant hynt halawg :
Kethin varch Keidaw—
13 carn *g*avr oeδ arnaw.
Yscwyδ-vrith, Goδig,
14 gorwyδ HLemenig.
March Rhyδerch—Rhyδig
15 Hwyd, Hiw elHeïg,
Hamei·n Hawn elwig.
16 HFroenvoll, gwyrenhig
oeδ march Sadyrnin,
a march Custenhin ;
17 Ac ereiH yn trin,
rhag tir aHwe*r*in.
18 Henwyn mad δy·δug,
chweδl o Hiraδug,
19 Bum hwch, a bum bwch ;
Bum syw, a bum swch :
Bum banw ; bum banhwch :
20 Bum gawr ym·rythwch :

So, the horse of Gwythur ;
and, also, that of Gwarður.
The Fourth was Arthur's,
who fearlessly inflicted pain.
And the horse of Taliesin ;
And Llwydin, the fine,
half-trained horse of Lleu.
Also Grei the horse of Cunin.
The eighth, Awyðawg was
a pleasing horse to carry one.
And Ebony, that was so famous,
the steed of traitorous Brwyn.

There are three cloven-footed : these
will not go on a knavish expedition :—
Kethin, the steed of Keidaw,
had the hooves of a goat :
Goðig, the steed of Llemenig,
was pied-shouldered :
Rhyðig, the steed of Rhyðerch—
a pear-coloured grey,
would leap full of spirit.
Wide-nostrilled, and active
was the horse of Sadyrnin,
and the horse of Custenhin,
as well as others in battle
against the land of the strangers.

Henwyn, the gentle, brought
the story from Hiraðug.

I was a sow ; I was a buck :
I was a wizard ; I was a share :
I was a store pig ; I was a store sow :
I was a hero in trouble :

Bum *or*·llIv yn eirth :
21 Bum ton yn eng·eirth : 67
Bum cavn *yn*·*istryzw*
ysceinad Dilyw.
22 Bum caeth ar dri phren :
Bum pell, *a* bum pen.
Bum g*y*nran gwala, 71
welei olwg dra.
24 Gres mire morva,
cadwent geneδl δa.

25 O·r vyδ is awyr, 75
gwedy caffer gwir,
26 Ni·d byw *neb yn llwyr*
wr*th* voδ maint a·i gŵyr. 78

I was a great current on the slopes :
I was a wave in the plains :
I was a (ferry)-boat in the destructive spread of the flood : 68
I was a captive on the cross :
I went afar, and I was chief :
I was a leader, with abundance,
who saw beyond the present. 72
Welcome the aspect of the salt marsh,
which protected the good people.

Of those that be beneaththe sky, 75
when all the truth is bare,
none lives entirely to the mind
of such as know him there. 78

Postscript.

BESIDES the poems given on pages 2-198 there are certain other poems of a theological nature. These appear to belong to the second or third quarter of the xiiith century, and cannot, therefore, be the work of Taliesin. However, they have heen edited and translated, and will, I trust, appear in a supplementary booklet, or find a hospitable corner in some publication. The following is a list of the omitted matter.

Marwnat y vil veib 3-7
Dews Duw delwat 10-12
ILoer yn anlles, l. 20 37-38
Plaeu yr Eifft 44-45
ILath Moesen 46-47
Ar clawr elvyδ 52
Ryveδav nachiawr 52
Ad Duw meiδat 53-54
Trindawd tragywyδ 73-74
Gwawr Iluyδ mawr 74-76
Ymarwar Iluyδ bychan 78
Kanu y byt mawr 79-80

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