

POEMS REFERRING TO ARTHUR

XXVIII.BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXV.

IT broke out with matchless fury.

The rapid vehement fire.

Him we praise above the earth,

Fire, the fiery meteor of the dawn.

Above the high gale,

Higher than every cloud.

Great his animal.

He will not delay

Nor the wedding-feast of Llyr.

10. His path is like a water-course,

Thy rage in the chief streams.

The dawn smiles, repelling gloom,

At the dawn with violence,

At every meet season,

At the meet sea-son of his turnings,

At the four stages of his course,

I will extol him that judges violence,

Of the strong din, deep his wrath.

I am not a man, cowardly, gray,

20. A scum, near the wattle.

The illusion of my two relatives,

Two groans of affliction without appetite.

From my hand to thy hand God will give naught.

Thrice three protections,

Returning to the old places,

With a steed used to the field.

And the steed of Genethawg,

And the steed of Caradawg,

Perfect for travelling.

30. And the steed of Gwythur,
And the steed of Gwarddur,
And the steed of Arthur.
Dauntless to cause an ache,
And the steed of Taliessin,
And the steed of Lleu half domesticated,
And of Pebyr, the dark gray of the grove.
And Grei, the steed of Cunin.

Cornan stubborn in the conflict,
Of ardent desires,
40. The Black, from the seas famous,
The steed of Brwyn, betrayer of the country.
And the three cloven-footed ones
They will not go a journey conveniently,
The terrible steed of Ceidaw,
A hoof with bribery on it.
Mottle-shouldered Ysgodig
The steed of Llemenig
The horse of Rhydderch Rhyddig
Of the gray colour of a pear.

50. And Llamre, full of inherent vigour,
And Froenvoll of a vigorous growth,
The steed of Sadyrnin,
And the steed of Constantine.
And others handling,
For the country, the smart of foreigners.
The good Henwyn brought
A tale from Hiraddug.

I have been a sow, I have been a buck,
I have been a sage, I have been a snout,
60. I have been a horn, I have been a wild sow,
I have been a shout in battle.
I have been a torrent on the slope,
I have been a wave on the extended shore.
I have been the light sprinkling of a deluge,

I have been a cat with a speckled head on three trees.
I have been a circumference, I have been a head.
A goat on an elder-tree.
I have been a crane well filled, a sight to behold.
Very ardent the animals of Morial,
70. They kept a good stock.
Of what is below the air, say the hateful men,
Too many do not live, of those-that know me.

XXIX.THE VERSES OF THE GRAVES. BLACK BOOK OF CAERMARTHEN XIX.

XLIV. The grave of March, the grave of Gwythur,
The grave of Gwgawn Gleddyvrudd;
A mystery to the world, the grave of Arthur.

POEMS REFERRING TO ARTHUR THE GULEDIG. VI. THE CHAIR OF THE
SOVEREIGN. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XV.

THE declaration of a clear song,
Of unbounded Awen,
About a warrior of two authors,
Of the race of the steel Ala.
With his staff and his wisdom,
And his swift irruptions,
And his sovereign prince,
And his scriptural number,
And his red purple,
10 And his assault over the wall,
And his appropriate chair,
Amongst the retinue of the wall.
Did not (he) lead from Cawrnur
Horses pale supporting burdens?
The sovereign elder.
The generous feeder.
The third deep wise one,
To bless Arthur,

Arthur the blessed,
20 In a compact song.
On the face in battle,
Upon him, a restless activity.
Who are the three chief ministers
That guarded the country?
Who are the three skilful (ones)
That kept the token?
That will come with eagerness
To meet their lord?
High (is) the virtue of the course,
30 High will be the gaiety of the old,
High (is) the horn of travelling,
High the kine in the evening.
High (is) truth when it shines,
Higher when it speaks.
High when came from the cauldron
The three awens of Gogyrwen.
I have been Mynawg, wearing a collar,
With a horn in my hand.
He deserves not the chair
40 That keeps not my word.
With me is the splendid chair,
The inspiration of fluent (and) urgent song.
What the name of the three Caers,
Between the flood and the ebb?
No one knows who is not pressing
The offspring of their president.
Four Caers there are,
In Prydain, stationary,
Chiefs tumultuous.
50 As for what may not be, it will not be.
It will not be, because it may not be.
Let him be a conductor of fleets.
Let the billow cover over the shingle,

That the land becomes ocean,
So that it leaves not the cliffs,
Nor hill nor dale,
Nor the least of shelter,
Against the wind when it shall rage.
The chair of the sovereign
60 He that keeps it is skilful.
Let them be sought there!
Let the munificent be sought.
Warriors lost,
I think in a wrathful manner.
From the destruction of chiefs,
In a butchering manner,
From the loricated Legion,
Arose the Guledig,
Around the old renowned boundary.
70 The sprouting sprigs are broken,
Fragile in like manner.
Fickle and dissolving.
Around the violent borders.
Are the flowing languages.
The briskly-moving stream
Of roving sea-adventurers,
Of the children of Saraphin.
A task deep (and) pure
To liberate Elphin.

VII.BLACK BOOK OF CAERMARTHEN XXXI.

WHAT man is the porter?
Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr.
Who is the man that asks it?
Arthur and the fair Cai.
How goes it with thee?
Truly in the best way in the world.
Into my house thou shalt not come,

Unless thou prevailest,
I forbid it.
10 Thou shalt see it.
If Wythnaint were to go,
The three would be unlucky:--
Mabon, the, son of Mydron,
The servant of Uthir Pendragon;
Cysgaint, the son of Banon;
And Gwyn Godybrion.
Terrible were my servants
Defending their rights.
Manawydan, the son of Llyr,
20 Deep was his counsel.
Did not Manawyd bring
Perforated shields from Trywruid?
And Mabon, the son of Melit,
Spotted the grass with blood?
And Anwas Adeiniog,
And Llŵch Llawynnog--
Guardians were they
On Eiddyn Cymminog,
A chieftain that patronised them.
30 He would have his will and make redress.
Cai entreated him,
While he idled every third person.
When Celli was lost
Cuelli was found; and rejoiced
Cai, as long as he hewed down.
Arthur distributed gifts,
The blood trickled down.
In the hall of Awarnach,
Fighting with a hag,
40 He cleft the head of Palach.
In the fastnesses of Dissethach,
In Mynydd Eiddyn,

He contended with Cynvyn;
By the hundred there they fell,
There they fell by the hundred,
Before the accomplished Bedwyr.
On the strands of Trywruid,
Contending with Garwlwyd,
Brave was his disposition,
50 With sword and shield;
Vanity were the foremost men
Compared with Cai in the battle.
The sword in the battle
Was unerring in his hand.
They were stanch commanders
Of a legion for the benefit of the country--
Bedwyr and Bridlaw;
Nine hundred would to them listen;
Six hundred gasping for breath
60 Would be the cost of attacking them.
Servants I have had,
Better it was when they were.
Before the chiefs of Emraais
I saw Cai in haste.
Booty for chieftains
Was Gwrhir among foes,
Heavy was his vengeance,
Severe his advance.
When he drank from the horn,
70 He would drink with four.
To battle when he would come
By the hundred would he slaughter;
There was no day that would satisfy him.
Unmerited was the death of Cai.
Cai the fair, and Llachau,
Battles did they sustain,
Before the pang of blue shafts.

In the heights of Ystavingon
Cai pierced nine witches.
80 Cai the fair went to Mona,
To devastate Llewon.
His shield was ready
Against Cath Palug
When the people welcomed him.
Who pierced the Cath Palug?
Nine score before dawn
Would fall for its food.
Nine score chieftains.

VIII. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXX.

I. I WILL praise the sovereign, supreme king of the land,
Who hath extended his dominion over the shore of the world.
Complete was the prison of Gweir in Caer Sidi,
Through the spite of Pwyll and Pryderi.
No one before him went into it.
The heavy blue chain held the faithful youth,
And before the spoils of Annwvn woefully he sings,
And till doom shall continue a bard of prayer.
Thrice enough to fill Prydwen, we went into it;
Except seven, none returned from Caer Sidi.

II. Am I not a candidate for fame, if a song is heard?
In Caer Pedryvan, four its revolutions;
In the first word from the cauldron when spoken,
From the breath of nine maidens it was gently warmed.
Is it not the cauldron of the chief of Annwvn? What is its intention?
A ridge about its edge and pearls.
It will not boil the food of a coward, that has not been sworn,
A sword bright gleaming to him was raised,
And in the hand of Lleminawg it was left.
And before the door of the gate of Uffern the lamp was burning.
And when we went with Arthur, a splendid labour,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vedwyd.

III. Am I not a candidate for fame with the listened song
In Caer Pedryvan, in the isle of the strong door?
The twilight and pitchy darkness were mixed together.
Bright wine their liquor before their retinue.
Thrice enough to fill Prydwen we went on the sea,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Rigor.

IV. I shall not deserve much from the ruler of literature,
Beyond Caer Wydyr they saw not the prowess of Arthur.
Three score Canhwr stood on the wall,
Difficult was a conversation with its sentinel.
Thrice enough to fill Prydwen there went with Arthur,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Golud.

V. I shall not deserve much from those with long shields.
They know not what day, who the causer,
What hour in the serene day Cwy was born.
Who caused that he should not go to the dales of Dewwy.
They know not the brindled ox, thick his head-band.
Seven score knobs in his collar.
And when we went with Arthur, of anxious memory,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vandwy.

VI. I shall not deserve much from those of loose bias,
They know not what day the chief was caused.
What hour in the serene day the owner was born.
What animal they keep, silver its head.
When we went with Arthur of anxious contention,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Ochren.

VII. Monks congregate like dogs in a kennel,
From contact with their superiors they acquire knowledge,
Is one the course of the wind, is one the water of the sea?
Is one the spark of the fire, of unrestrainable tumult?
Monks congregate like wolves,
From contact with their superiors they acquire knowledge.
They know not when the deep night and dawn divide.
Nor what is the course of the wind, or who agitates it,
In what place it dies away, on what land it roars.

The grave of the saint is vanishing from the altar-tomb.
I will pray to the Lord, the great supreme,
That I be not wretched. Christ be my portion.

THE BATTLE OF GODEU. BOOK OF TALIESSIN VIII.

I HAVE been in a multitude of shapes,
Before I assumed a consistent form.
I have been a sword, narrow, variegated, Arthur
I will believe when it is apparent.
I have been a tear in the air,
I have been the dullest of stars.
I have been a word among letters,
I have been a book in the origin.
I have been the light of lanterns
10 A year and a half.
I have been a continuing bridge,
Over three score Abers.
I have been a course, I have been an eagle.
I have been a coracle in the seas:
I have been compliant in the banquet.
I have been a drop in a shower;
I have been a sword in the grasp of the hand:
I have been a shield in battle.
I have been a string in a harp,
20 Disguised for nine years.
In water, in foam.
I have been sponge in the fire,
I have been wood in the covert.
I am not he who will not sing of
A combat though small,
The conflict in the battle of Godeu of sprigs.
Against the Guledig of Prydain,
There passed central horses,
Fleets full of riches.
30 There passed an animal with wide jaws,

On it there were a hundred heads.
And a battle was contested
Under the root of his tongue;
And another battle there is
In his *occiput*.
A black sprawling toad,
With a hundred claws on it.
A snake speckled, crested.
A hundred souls through sin
40 Shall be tormented in its flesh.
I have been in Caer Vevenir,
Thither hastened grass and trees,
Minstrels were singing,
Warrior-bands were wondering,
At the exaltation of the Brython,
That Gwydyon effected.
There was a calling on the Creator,
Upon Christ for causes,
Until when the Eternal
50 Should deliver those whom he had made.
The Lord answered them,
Through language and elements:
Take the forms of the principal trees,
Arranging yourselves in battle array,
And restraining the public.
Inexperienced in battle hand to hand.
When the trees were enchanted,
In the expectation of not being trees,
The trees uttered their voices
60 From strings of harmony,
The disputes ceased.
Let us cut short heavy days,
A female restrained the din.
She came forth altogether lovely.
The head of the line, the head was a female.

The advantage of a sleepless cow
Would not make us give way.
The blood of men up to our thighs,
The greatest of importunate mental exertions
70 Sported in the world.
And one has ended
From considering the deluge,
And Christ crucified,
And the day of judgment near at hand.
The alder-trees, the head of the line,
Formed the van.
The willows and quicken-trees
Came late to the army.
Plum-trees, that are scarce,
80 Unlonged for of men.
The elaborate medlar-trees,
The objects of contention.
The prickly rose-bushes,
Against a host of giants,
The raspberry brake did
What is better failed
For the security of life.
Privet and woodbine
And ivy on its front,
90 Like furze to the combat
The cherry-tree was provoked.
The birch, notwithstanding his high mind,
Was late before he was arrayed.
Not because of his cowardice,
But on account of his greatness.
The laburnum held in mind,
That your wild nature was foreign.
Pine-trees in the porch,
The chair of disputation,
100 By me greatly exalted,

In the presence of kings.
The elm with his retinue,
Did not go aside a foot;
He would fight with the centre,
And the flanks, and the rear.
Hazel-trees, it was judged
That ample was thy mental exertion.
The privet, happy his lot,
The bull of battle, the lord of the world.
110 Morawg and Morydd
Were made prosperous in pines.
Holly, it was tinted with green,
He was the hero.
The hawthorn, surrounded by prickles,
With pain at his hand.
The aspen-wood has been topped,
It was topped in battle.
The fern that was plundered.
The broom, in the van of the army,
120 In the trenches he was hurt.
The gorse did not do well,
Notwithstanding let it overspread.
The heath was victorious, keeping off on all sides.
The common people were charmed,
During the proceeding of the men.
The oak, quickly moving,
Before him, tremble heaven and earth.
A valiant door-keeper against an enemy,
His name is considered.
130 The blue-bells combined,
And caused a consternation.
In rejecting, were rejected,
Others, that were perforated.
Pear-trees, the best intruders
In the conflict of the plain.

A very wrathful wood,
The chestnut is bashful,
The opponent of happiness,
The jet has become black,
140 The mountain has become crooked,
The woods have become a kiln,
Existing formerly in the great seas,
Since was heard the shout:--
The tops of the birch covered us with leaves,
And transformed us, and changed our faded state.
The branches of the oak have ensnared us
From the Gwarchan of Maelderw.
Laughing on the side of the rock,
The lord is not of an ardent nature.
150 Not of mother and father,
When I was made,
Did my Creator create me.
Of nine-formed faculties,
Of the fruit of fruits,
Of the fruit of the primordial God,
Of primroses and blossoms of the hill,
Of the flowers of trees and shrubs.
Of earth, of an earthly course,
When I was formed.
160 Of the flower of nettles,
Of the water of the ninth wave.
I was enchanted by Math,
Before I became immortal,
I was enchanted by Gwydyon
The great purifier of the Brython, Maelgwyn
Of Eurwys, of Euron,
Of Euron, of Modron.
Of five battalions of scientific ones,
Teachers, children of Math.
170 When the removal occurred,

I was enchanted by the Guledig.
When he was half-burnt,
I was enchanted by the sage
Of sages, in the primitive world.
When I had a being;
When the host of the world was in dignity,
The bard was accustomed to benefits.
To the song of praise I am inclined, which the tongue recites.
I played in the twilight,
180 I slept in purple;
I was truly in the enchantment
With Dylan, the son of the wave.
In the circumference, in the middle,
Between the knees of kings,
Scattering spears not keen,
From heaven when came,
To the great deep, floods,
In the battle there will be
Four score hundreds,
190 That will divide according to their will.
They are neither older nor younger,
Than myself in their divisions.
A wonder, Canhwr arc born, every one of nine hundred.
He was with me also,
With my sword spotted with blood.
Honour was allotted to me
By the Lord, and protection (was) where he was.
If I come to where the boar was killed,
He will compose, he will decompose,
200 He will form languages.
The strong-handed gleamer, his name,
With a gleam he rules his numbers.
They would spread out in a flame,
When I shall go on high.
I have been a speckled snake on the hill,

I have been a viper in the Llyn.
I have been a bill-hook crooked that cuts,
I have been a ferocious spear
With my chasuble and bowl
210 I will prophesy not badly,
Four score smokes
On every one what will bring.
Five battalions of arms
Will be caught by my knife.
Six steeds of yellow hue
A hundred times better is
My cream-coloured steed,
Swift as the sea-mew
Which will not pass
220 Between the sea and the shore.
Am I not pre-eminent in the field of blood?
Over it are a hundred chieftains.
Crimson (is) the gem of my belt,
Gold my shield border.
There has not been born, in the gap,
That has been visiting me,
Except Goronwy,
From the dales of Edrywy.
Long white my fingers,
230 It is long since I have been a herdsman.
I travelled in the earth,
Before I was a proficient in learning.
I travelled, I made a circuit,
I slept in a hundred islands.
A hundred Caers I have dwelt in.
Ye intelligent Druids,
Declare to Arthur,
What is there more early
Than I that they sing of.
240 And one is come

From considering the deluge,
And Christ crucified,
And the day of future doom.
A golden gem in a golden jewel.
I am splendid
And shall be wanton
From the oppression of the metal-workers.

POEM REFERRING TO GWYDDNO AND GWYNN AP NUDD. XVIII. BLACK BOOK
OF CAERMARTHEN XXXIII.

I, BULL of conflict was he, active in dispersing an arrayed army,
The ruler of hosts, indisposed to anger,
Blameless and pure his conduct in protecting life.

II. Against a hero stout was his advance,
The ruler of hosts, disposer of wrath.
There will be protection for thee since thou askest it.

III. For thou hast given me protection
How warmly wert thou welcomed!
The hero of hosts, from what region thou comest?

IV. I come from battle and conflict
With a shield in my hand;
Broken is the helmet by the pushing of spears.

V. I will address thee, exalted man,
With his shield in distress;
Brave man, what is thy descent?

VI. Round-hoofed is my horse, the torment of battle,
"Whilst I am called Gwyn, the son of Nud,
The lover of Creurdilad, the daughter of Llud.

VII. Since it is thou, Gwyn, an upright man,
From thee there is no concealing;
I also am Gwydneu Garanhir.

VIII. He will not leave me in a parley with thee,
By the bridle, as is becoming;
But will hasten away to his home on the Tawy.

IX. It is not the nearest Tawy I speak of to thee,

But the furthest Tawy;

Eagle! I will cause the furious sea to ebb.

X. Polished is my ring, golden my saddle and bright:

To my sadness

I saw a conflict before Caer Vandwy.

XI. Before Caer Vandwy a host I saw,

Shields were shattered and ribs broken

Renowned and splendid was he who made the assault.

XII. Gwyn ab Nud, the hope of armies,

Sooner would legions fall before the hoofs

of thy horses, than broken rushes to the ground.

XIII. Handsome my dog and round-bodied,

And truly the best of dogs;

Dormach was he, which belonged to Maelgwn.

XIV Dormach with the ruddy nose! what a gazer

Thou art upon me! because I notice

Thy wanderings on Gwibir Vynydd.

XV. I have been in the place where was killed Gwondoleu,

The son of Ceidaw, the pillar of songs,

When the ravens screamed over blood.

XVI. I have been in the place where Bran was killed,

The son of Gwerydd, of far-extending fame,

When the ravens of the battle-field screamed.

XVII. I have been where Llachau was slain,

The son of **Arthur**, extolled in songs,

When the ravens screamed over blood.

XVIII. I have been where Meurig was killed,

The son of Carreian, of honourable fame,

When the ravens screamed over flesh.

XIX. I have not been where Gwallawg was killed,

The son of Goholeth, the accomplished,

The resister of Lloegir, the son of Lleyrnawg.

XX. I have been where the soldiers of Prydain were slain,

From the East to the North;

I am alive, they in their graves!

Dialogue of Arthur and Eliwlod

Arthur

I wonder, seeing I am a bard,
On the top of the oak and its branches on high
What the vision of an eagle, what the illusion.

Eagle

Arthur, who hast attained distant tame
Joy and advantage of thine host,
The eagle heretofore hast thou seen.

Arthur

I wonder at thy station by the side of the wall.
And I will ask of thee in metre
What the illusion, what the vision, of an eagle.

Eagle

Arthur whose fame hath travelled far
And whose host is of gladsome aspect.
The eagle hast thou seen heretofore.

Arthur

Eagle, being on the top of the oak
If thou beest of the race of birds
Thou canst not be either domestic or tame

Eagle

Arthur, glacial portent,
Before whose onset nothing stands.
I am the sott of Madoc son of Uthyr.

Arthur

I know not the kind of the eagle

[As one] that frequents the vales of Cornwall.

The son of Madoc ap Uthyr liveth not.

Eagle

To meditate unrighteous treason

And conceal your purpose long

Is called complete sin.

Arthur

Eagle, gentle in discourse,

Speak thou without reserve.

What shall enable me to escape?

Eagle

Praying God at every dawn,

And seeking to obtain remission

And asking the aid of the saints.

Arthur

Eagle, not poor of speech,

I will question thee on thy discourse,

Of what sort is the worst that happens to sin.

Eagle

To obtain the long penance infernal,

And get an irrecoverable fell,

And lose God to eternity.

Arthur

Eagle of speech about to depart,

I will ask of thee previously,

Is there a course devoid of hope?

Eagle

Arthur of exalted elocution,

If thou wouldest obtain a share of the world,
With the mighty hope is weak.

Eagle

Arthur of speech both subtle and fierce,
Whose host is of unreproached wrath,
Eliwloð erewhile was I called.

Arthur

Eagle of blameless aspect
And whose discourse is not evil,
Art thou Eliwloð my nephew?

Eagle

Arthur audacious in the onset,
If I be Eliwloð
Am I a good connection of thine?

Arthur

Eagle, untreacherous in discourse,
If thou art Eliwloð,
Was the battle-slaughter good around thee?

Eagle

Arthur, audacious in answering,
Before whose face no enemy standeth,
From death there is no escape.

Arthur

Eagle, undisguised of speech,
No one could through war
Bring thee to life again.

Eagle

Arthur, dignitary among the generous,

If the words of the canon shall be believed.
With God contention is not good.

Arthur

Eagle clear of speech,
Wilt thou say unto Arthur
What thing is evil for him to do?

Eagle

To purpose evil with premeditation,
And to abide long in the purpose,
Is called sin and failure.

Arthur

Eagle, most wise in discourse,
Of thyself will I enquire,
How shall I attain to God's approbation?

Eagle

To love God with righteous mind,
And ask upright requests,
Procures heaven and the mundane gift.

Arthur

Eagle, veracious in declaring,
If it be correct, I will ask thee,
Is the praising of him good in Christ's sight?

Eagle

Arthur, thou art the most mighty.
On the tower I will expect the excellent hero.
Let every spirit praise its Lord.

Arthur

Eagle of serene existence,

Without intrusion I will ask thee.
Who doth the spirit say is nearest?

Eagle

Arthur, restless with blades,
Who has fallen by the pain of thy blood-sheddings,
Christ it is, whose faith is not concerning falsehoods.

Arthur

Eagle speaking words of acknowledgment
I will ask, the while I cry out,
What is the course to seek for heaven?

Eagle

Repentance for perverseness,
And to hope for mercy.
This procureth peace.

Arthur

Eagle not ungracious in speech.
Declare thou with clearness
What thing it is evil to do.

Arthur

Eagle sincere of speech,
Of thyself it shall be asked,
When is not the mighty possessor of the earth?

Eagle

Arthur, exalted gwyddva,
Not to lose God or the Alpha
Is the summit of mightiness.

Arthur

Eagle, certain in thy speech,

I will question thee on thy words:
Except that I myself am mighty.

Eagle

Arthur head of the battles of Cornwall,
Exalted one, acute-edged of shape,
None is mighty excepting God.

Arthur

Eagle of intricate speech,
I will ask thee without trifling,
What doeth God with [my] retinue?

Eagle

If the retinue be sincere to worship,
If uptight in praying together,
God will not give hell to them.

Arthur

Eagle of speech, dismal as the grave,
I will ask thee in my mightiness,
Who shall give judgment in the doomsday?

Eagle

Arthur, exalted gwyddva.
Sacred enigma of the divided-place,
God himself shall judge.

Arthur

Eagle of celestial destiny,
Hast thou not obtained to see
What Christ doeth to those who believe?

Eagle

Arthur, gwyddva of gladness.

With thy host thou wert a complete huntsman,
Thy self shall know the judgment-day.

Arthur

Eagle, with the speech of
I will ask of thee the owner of hosts,
What shall the judgment-day do to the Gentiles?

Eagle

Arthur, exalted swifly-moving lamp,
Whose pure innocency is gash-extinguish'd.
There shall each one know his place.

Arthur

Eagle, not fitter in discourse,
I will ask of thee without offence,
Is it good for the sun to obtain service?

Eagle

If thou seekest to have the service of the sun.
And favour with God afterwards.
Blessed art thou by reason thereof.

Arthur

Eagle condescending in discourse,
By the Concealed-God I will ask thee.
What shall be mine, if I shall be without it?

Eagle

If thou wilt have unveiled discourse,
Thou art the sun, saith Necessity. saith Destiny,
Until the other sun of no illusory lustre.

Arthur

Eagle of very notable discourse,

I will ask thee in all security,
What is the course for the soul?

Eagle

The Pater and prayers,
And fasting and charities,
And calmness of the soul until death.

The Dialogue of Melwas and Gwenhyfer

Melwas

Black is my steed and brave beneath me
No water will make him fear
And no man will make him swerve

Gwenhyfar

Green is my steed of the tint of leaves
No disgrace like his who boasts and fails:
He is no man who fulfills not his word

Gwenhyfar

.....
.....in the forefront of the fray
No man holds out but Kei the tall, son of Sevin

Melwas

It is I that will ride and will stand,
And walk heavily on the brink of the ebb:
I am the man to hold out against Kei.

Gwenhyfar

Pshaw, young man, it is strange to hear thee!

Unless thou be other than thou lookest
Thou wouldst not, on of a hundred, hold against Kei

Melwas

Gwenhwyvar of the bright face
Do not insult me small though I be:
I would hold against a hundred myself

Gwenhyfar

Pshaw, young man of black & yellow!
After scanning long thy looks
Me thought I had seen thee before

Melwas

Gwenhwyvar of the face
Tell me if you know it
Where you saw me before

Gwenhyfar

I have seen a man of moderate size
At Arthur's long table in Devon
Dealing out wine to his friends

Melwas

Gwenhwyvar of facetious speech
It is woman's nature to banter:
There it is thou didst me see

Cei:

Who is the man who sits in the common part of the feast,
Without for him either its beginning or its end,
Seated down there below the hall?

Melwas:

Melwas from the Isle of Glass
Thou with the golden, gilded caskets [of wine]

I have drunk non of thy wine.

Cei:

Wait a little ??

I do not pour out my wine

For a man who cannot bide, cannot hold out in the fray.

Gwenhyfer:

... [lines missing]

... ["

He would not stand up to Cei in his wine.

Melwas:

I would wade a ford

Even if it were a fathom deep

With a coat of mail (on the shore) of the ebb tide

I am the man who would stand up to Cei.

Gwenhyfer:

Silence, lad, silence to thy idle talk

If thou (art) not better than thy appearance

Thou wouldst not stand up to Cei, if thou were one of eight.

Melwas:

Gwenhyfer of the deer's glance

Do not despise me although I am young

I would stand up to Cei alone.

Gwenhyfer:

Though lad (?) above a number

With thy head red like lungs

Thou art unlike Cei in size.

Melwas:

It is a drunken man's nature to be weak

We will therefore keep to what is right (?)

I am Melwas, let us leave it at that.

Cei:

Since you have begun

Go on with your conversation

A lad knows who fondles him.

Gwenhyfer:

Where before have you seen me?

Melwas:

In a court of honour and privilege

Drinking wine to (?with) his companions

??? in the land of Dyfneint.

I hate the smile of an old gray-haired man

With his sword like a skewer beneath his chin

Who desires but cannot achieve.

Cei:

Still more hateful to me

A proud man, timid except in words

Who will not be silent nor draw his sword.

Melwas:

Take that!

Cei:

You take that!

Death of Duran ap Arthur

Sandde [Bryd Angel] drive the crow

off the face of Duran [son of Arthur].

Dearly and belovedly his mother raised him.

Arthur [sang it]

Triads of King Arthur

Twenty-four ordained Knights were in Arthur's Court dwelling continuously, and each one of them had an inflat peculiarity of achievement beyond other people.

Three Golden-Tongued Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Gwalchmai son of Llew son of Cynfarch, and Drudwas son of Tryffin, and Eliwlod son of Madog son of Uthur: and there was neither king nor lord to whom those came who did not listen to them; and whatever quest they sought, they wished for and obtained it, either willingly or unwillingly.

Three Virgin Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Bwrt son of Bwrt King of Gascony, and Peredur son of Earl Efrog, and Galath son of Lanslod Lak. Wherever those came, where there might be giant or witch or fiendish being —(such) could not withstand one of those Three Virgin Knights.

Three Knights of Battle were in Arthur's Court:

Cadwr Earl of Cornwall, and Lanslod Lak, and Ywain son of Urien Rheged. The peculiarities of those were that they did not flee for fear of spear or sword or arrow; and Arthur was never shamed in battle on the day that he saw their faces in the field. And therefore they were called Knights of Battle.

Three Enchanter Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Menw son of Teirgwaedd, and Trystan son of Tallwch, and E(i)ddilig the Dwarf; since they changed themselves into the form they wished when they were hard-pressed, and therefore no one could overcome them.

Three Royal Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Nasiefn son of the King of Denmark, and Medrod son of Llew son of Cynfarch, and Howel son of Emyr Llydaw. The peculiarities of those were that there was neither king nor emperor of the world who could refuse them, on account of their beauty and wisdom in peace; while in war no warrior or champion could withstand them, despite the excellence of his arms. And therefore they were called Royal Knights.

Three Just Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Blaes son of the Earl of Llychlyn, and Cadog son of Gwynlliw the Bearded, and Pedrog Splintered-Spear, son of Clement Prince of Cornwall. The peculiarities of those were that whoever might do wrong to the weak, they contended against him who did him wrong in the cause of justice; and whoever might do wrong they slew, however strong he might be.

For those three had dedicated themselves to preserve justice by every Law:

Blaes by earthly Law, Cadog by the Law of the Church, and Pedrog by the Law of arms. And those were called Just Knights.

Three Offensive Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Morfran son of Tegid, and Sanddef Angel-Face, and Glewlwyd Mighty-Grasp. The peculiarities of those were that it was ~repugnant to anyone to refuse them anything: Sanddef because of his beauty, Morfran because of his ugliness, and Glewlwyd because of his size and his strength and his ferocity. And therefore they were called Offensive Knights.

Three Counsellor Knights were in Arthur's Court:

Cynon son of Clydno Eiddyn, and Aron son of Cynfarch, and Llywarch the Old son of Elidir Lydanwyn. And those three were Counsellors to Arthur: whatever hardship came pon him, they counselled him, so that nobody could overcome him. And thus Arthur triumphed over everyone, and in every eat, and over every nation in the world; through the strength the powerful spirit and the faith and hope that were in his eart towards those men, and through the sacred weapons at God had given him: Rhongomiant his spear, Caledfwlch a sword, and Carnwennan his dagger.

Three tribal thrones of the Island of Prydain. Arthur the Chief Lord at Menevia, and David the chief bishop, and Maelgwyn Gwyned the chief elder. Arthur the chief lord at Kelliwic in Cornwall, and Bishop Betwini the chief bishop, and Caradawg Vreichvras the chief elder. Arthur the chief lord in Penrionydd in the north, and Cyndeyrn Garthwys the cheif bishop, and Gurthmwl Guledic the chief elder.

Three naturalists of the Island of Prydain. Gwalchmei son of Gwyar; and Llachau son of Arthur; and Rhiwallawn Gwallt Banadlen

Three red-spotted ones of the Island of Prydain. Arthur; and Run son of Beli; and Morgant Mwynfawr.

Three front leaders of battle of the Island of Prydain. Trystan son of Tallwch; and Huil son of Caw; and Cei son of Cynyr Cynfarfawc and one person was supreme over these three: Bedwyr son of Pedrawt was that one.

Three powerful swineherds of the Islad of Prydain. Trystan son of Tallwch, who kept the swine of March, son of Meirchiawn, while the swineherd went on a message to Essyllt to desire a meeting with her, and Arthur desired one pig by deceit or by theft, and could not get it; and Pryderi son of Pwyll, who kept the swine of Pendaran Dyfed in Glencuwch in Emlyn; And Coll son of Collfrewy, who kept the ancient sow of Dallweir Dalben, who went burrowing as far as Penryn Awstin in Cornwall, and there going to the sea, landed at

Abertorogi in Gwent Iscoed, and Coll son of Collfrewy having his hand on her bristles, wherever she went on the sea or on the land, and at Maes Gwenith in Gwent she dropped wheat and bees, and from henceforth there is the best wheat there, and from thence she went to Lonwen in Penbro, and there she dropped barley and bees, and from thence there is the best barley in Lonwen, and from thence she proceeded to the Riw Cyferthwch in Eryri, and there she dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle, and Coll son of Collfrewy gave the eagle to Brynach Gwyddel of the north, and the wolf he gave to Menwaed fo Arllechwedd, and these are the wolf of Menwaed and the eagle of Brynach, and thence going to Maendu in Llanfare, in Arvon, and there she dropped a kitten, and Coll son of Collfrewy threw the kitten in the Menai, and she became afterwards the Paluc cat.

Three primary illusions of the Island of Prydain. The illusion of Math son of Mathonwy; and the illusion of Uthyr Pendragon; and the illusion of Gwydalen Gor.

Three disloyal households of the Island of Prydain. The household of Goronw Pebyr of Penllyn who refused to stand in place of their lord to receive the poisoned darts from Lew Law Gyffes in Lech Goronwy in Blaen Cynfael; and the household of Gwrgi and Peredur, who deserted their lords at Caer Greu, when there was appointment for battle next morning against Eda Glinmaur, and they were both slain; and the third, the household of Alan Fyrgan, who returned back by stealth from their lord, on the road at night with his servants at Camlan, and there he was slain.

Three Frivolous Bards of the Island of Britain:

Arthur, and Cadwallawn son of Cadfan, and Rahawd son of Morgant.

Three Fortunate Concealments of the Island of Britain:

The Head of Bran the Blessed, son of Llyr, which was concealed in the White Hill in London, with its face towards France. And as long as it was in the position in which it was put there, no Saxon Oppression would ever come to this Island; The second Fortunate Concealment: The Dragons in Dinas Emrys, which Lludd son of Beli concealed; And the third: the Bones of Gwerthefyr the Blessed, in the Chief Ports of this Island. And as long as they remained in that concealment, no Saxon Oppression would ever come to this Island. And they were the Three Unfortunate Disclosures when these were disclosed. And Gwrtheyrn the Thin disclosed the bones of Gwerthefyr the Blessed for the love of a woman. That was Ronnwen the pagan woman; And it was he who disclosed the Dragons; And Arthur disclosed the Head of Bran the Blessed from the White Hill, because it did not seem right to him that this Island should be defended by the strength of anyone, but by his own.

Three Harmful Blows of the Island of Britain:

The first of them Matholwch the Irishman struck upon Branwen daughter of Llyr; The second Gwenhwyfach struck upon Gwenhwyfar: and for that cause there took place afterwards the Action of the Battle of Camlan; And the third Golydan the Poet struck upon Cadwaladr the Blessed.

Three Unrestrained Ravagings of the Island of Britain:

The first of them when Medrawd came to Arthur's Court at Celliwig in Cornwall; he left neither food nor drink in the court that he did not consume. And he dragged Gwenhwyfar from her royal chair, and then he struck a blow upon her; The second Unrestrained Ravaging when Arthur came to Medrawd's court. He left neither food nor drink in the court; And the third Unrestrained Ravaging when Aeddan the Wily came to the court of Rhydderch the Generous at Alclud [Dumbarton]; he left neither food nor drink nor beast alive.

Three Great Queens of Arthur:

Gwennhwyfar daughter of Cywryd Gwent, and Gwenhwyfar daughter of Gwythyr son of Greidiawl, and Gwenhwyfar daughter of Gogfran the Giant.

Three Well-Endowed Men of the Island of Britain:

Rhiwallawn Broom-hair, and Gwal(chmai) son of Gwyar, and Llachau son of Arthur.

Three Unfortunate Counsels of the Island of Britain:

To give place for their horses' fore-feet on the land to Julius Caesar and the men of Rome, in requital for Meinlas; and the second: to allow Horsa and Hengist and Rhonwen into this Island; and the third: the three-fold dividing by Arthur of his men with Medrawd at Camlan.

Three Red Ravagers of the Island of Britain:

Rhun son of Beli, and Lleu Skilful Hand, and Morgant the Wealthy. But there was one who was a Red Ravager greater than all three: Arthur was his name. For a year neither grass nor plants used to spring up where one of the three would walk; but where Arthur went, not for seven years.

Three Unrestricted Guests of Arthur's Court, and Three Wanderers:

Llywarch the Old, and Llemenig, and Heledd.

Three Exalted Prisoners of the Island of Britain:

Llyr Half-Speech, who was imprisoned by Euroswydd, and the second, Mabon son of Modron, and third, Gwair son of Geirioedd. And one (Prisoner), who was more exalted than the three of them, was three nights in prison in Caer Oeth and Anoeth, and three nights imprisoned by Gwen Pendragon, and three nights in an enchanted prison under the Stone of Echymeint. This Exalted Prisoner was Arthur. And it was the same lad who released him from each of these three prisons- Goreu, son of Custennin, his cousin.

Three Powerful Swineherds of the Island of Britain:

Pryderi son of Pwyll, Lord of Annwfn, tending the swine of Penndaran Dyfed his foster-father. These swine were the seven animals which Pwyll Lord of Annwfn brought, and gave them to Penndaran Dyfed his foster-father. And the place where he used to keep them was in Glyn Cuch in Emlyn. And this is why he was called a Powerful Swineherd: because no one was able either to deceive or to force him; and the second, Drystan son of Tallwch, tending the swine of March son of Meirchyawn, while the swineherd went with a message to Essyllt. Arthur and March and Cai and Bedwyr were (there) all four, but they did not succeed in getting so much as one pigling - neither by force, nor by deception, nor by stealth; And the third, Coll son of Collfrewy, tending the swine of Dallwyr Dallben in Glyn Dallwyr in Cornwall. And one of the swine was pregnant, Henwen was her name. And it was prophecied that the Island of Britain would be the worse for the womb-burden. Then Arthur assembled the army of the Island of Britain, and set out to seek to destroy her. And then she set off, about to bring forth (?), and at Penrhyn Awstin in Cornwall she entered the sea, and the Powerful Swineherd after her. And in the Wheat Field in Gwent she brought forth a grain of wheat and a bee. And therefore from that day to this the Wheat Field in Gwent is the best place for wheat and for bees. And at Llonion in Pembroke she brought forth a grain of barley and a grain of wheat. Therefore, the barley of Llonion is proverbial. At the Hill of Cyferthwch in Arfon she brought forth a (wolf-cub) and a young eagle. The wolf was given to (M)ergaed and the eagle to Breat, a prince of the North: and they were both the worse for them. And at Llanfair in Arfon under the Black Rock she brought forth a kitten, and the Powerful Swineherd threw it from the Rock into the sea. And the sons of Palug fostered it in Môn, to their own harm: and that was Palug's Cat, and it was one of the Three Great Oppressions of Môn, nurtured therein. The second was Daronwy, and the third was Edwin, king of Lloegr.

Three Favourites of Arthur's Court, and Three Battle-Horsemen: they would never endure a PENTEULU over them. And Arthur sang an ENGLYN:

These are my Three Battle-Horsemen:

and Lludd Llurugawc [of the Breastplate],

and the Pillar of the Cymry, Caradawg.

Three Lively Steeds of the Island of Britain:

Gwineu Gwdwc Hir [Chestnut Long-neck] horse of Cei, and Grei horse of Edwin, and Llwyd [Grey] horse of Alfer son of Maelgwn.

(Ed. See also **When a Host went to Llychlyn**. At 380 AD.)

Welsh Triad

Three Wild Spectres of the Island of Britain:

The Spectre of Banawg, and the Spectre of Ednyfedawg the Sprightly, and the Spectre of **Melen**.

Welsh Triad

Three Humble Princes of the Island of Prydain. Llywarch Hen son of Elidyr Lydanwyn; and Manawydan son of Llyr Lledyeith; and Gwgawn Gwrawn son of Peredur son of Eliffer Gosgordvaur.

The Quarrel of Arthur and Huail

Kaw o Brydain was the name of a chieftain who ruled of Edeirnion, in North Wales. He had two sons, Gildas and Huail. Huail was *gwr gorhewg anllad* 'cheeky and wanton'. He obtained possession of one of Arthur's mistresses. Arthur came to spy upon the pair, and a fierce combat took place between him and Huail. Finally Huail wounded Arthur in the knee. After this peace was made between them, on the condition that Huail should never reproach Arthur with regard to his wound. Arthur returned to his court at Caerwys, but for ever after he remained slightly lame.

On a subsequent occasion Arthur dressed himself in women's clothes in order to visit a girl at Rhuthun. Huail chanced to come there, and he recognized Arthur by his lameness, as he was dancing in a company of girls. These were his words:

Da iawn yw downshio velly oni bai'r glun 'This dancing were all right if it were not for the knee'. Arthur heard them and knew who had spoken them. He returned to his court where he caused Huail to be brought before him, and he reproached him bitterly with his faithlessness. Huail was taken to Rhuthin, where Arthur cutt off his head on a stone in the market-place, which to this day is known as Maen Huail.