

POEMS RELATING TO URIEN OF REGED.

RED BOOK OF HERGEST XI.

I. I WAS formerly fair of limb, I was eloquent in speech:

What is not wonderful will be extolled

The men of Argoed have ever supported me.

II. I was formerly fair of limb, I was bold,

I was admitted into the congress-house

Of Powys, the paradise of the Cymry.

III. I was formerly fair of limb, I was comely;

Throbbing was concomitant with my spear:

My back (now) curved was first in vigour--I am heavy, I am wretched.

IV. Wooden crook! is it not the time of harvest,

When the fern is brown, and the reeds are yellow?

Have I not once disliked what I now love!

V. Wooden crook! is not this winter,

When men are noisy over the beverage?

Is not my bedside void of greeting visits!

VI. Wooden crook! is it not the spring,

When the cuckoos are brownish, when the foam is bright?

I am destitute of a maiden's love.

VII. Wooden crook! is it not the beginning of summer,

Are not the furrows brown, are not the corn-blades curled?

It is refreshing to me to look at thy beak!

VIII. Wooden crook! thou contented branch

That supportest a mourning old man!

Llywarch of pleasant talk!

IX. Wooden crook! thou hardy branch

That bearest with me--God protect thee!

Thou art justly called the tree of wandering.

X. Wooden crook! be thou steady,

So that thou mayest support me the better--
Am not I Llywarch known to many far away?

XI. Surely old age is uniting itself with me,
From my hair to my teeth,
And the glowing eyeball which the young ones loved!

XII. Surely old age is uniting itself with me,
From my hair to my teeth,
And the glowing eyeball which the women loved!

XIII. The wind grinningly blusters out, white is the skirt of the wood,
Lively is the stag, there is no moisture on the hill;
Feeble is the aged, slowly he moves!

XIV. This leaf, is it not driven by the wind?
Woe to it as to its fate!
It is old, this year was it born.

XV. What I loved when a youth are hateful to me now:
A stranger's daughter, and a gray steed.
Am not I for them unmeet?

XVI. The four most hateful things to me through life,
Have met together with one accord:--
Cough and old age, sickness and grief.

XVII. I am old, I am lonely, I am decrepit and cold,
After the sumptuous bed of honour:
I am wretched, I am triply bent!

XVIII. I am triply bent and old, I am fickle bold,
I am rash, I am outrageous:
Those that loved me, love me not.

XIX. Young maidens love me not, I am visited by none,
I cannot move about--
Ah! death, that he does not seek me!

XX. I am sought by neither sleep nor gladness;
After the slaughter of Llawr and Gwen,
I am outrageous and loathsome, I am old.

XXI. Wretched was the fate decreed to Llywarch
On the night he was born;
Long pain without being delivered of his load of trouble.

XXII. Array not thyself after waiting; let not thy mind be vexed;
Sharp is the gale, and bleak the spring!--
Accuse me not, my mother--I am thy son!

XXIII. Do I not recognise by my Awen,
My descent, sway, and kindred:
Three themes of the harmonious Awen?

XXIV. Sharp is my spear, furious in the onset;
I will prepare to watch the ford;
Support against falling may God grant me.

XXV. Shouldst thou run away, I will weep for thee;
Shouldst thou be slain, I shall mourn thee:
Lose not the countenance of the men of conflict.

XXVI. I will not lose thy countenance, prone to warfare,
From the time that the hero puts on harness for the course;
I will hear the pang ere I quit the spot.

XXVII. Gliding is the wave along the beach;
I perceive that the design of that battle will be frustrated,
It is usual for the talkative to run away.

XXVIII. Of that which concerns me I will speak;
There is breaking of spears about the place where I am;
I will not say but that I may retreat.

XXIX. Soft is the bog, the cliff is hard,
Before the hart's hoof the edge of the bank breaks,
A promise not fulfilled is none at all.

XXX. The streams will divide around the wall of the Caer,
And I will prognosticate--
A shield with a fractured front before I skulk.

XXXI. The horn given to thee by **Urien**,
With the wreath of gold around its rim,
Blow in it, if thou art in danger.

XXXII. For the terror of death from the base men of Lloegyr
I will. not tarnish my honour;
I will not dispraise maidens.

XXXIII. Whilst I was of the age of yonder youth,
That wears the golden spurs,

I was active in thrusting the spear.

XXXIV. Truly thy young man is faithful,
Thou art alive, and thy witness is slain,
The old man that is now feeble was not so in his youth.

XXXV. Gwen, by the Llawen, watched last night,
And success did not fail him:
The battle progressed on the green embankment.

XXXVI. Gwen, by the Llawen, watched last night,
With the shield on the shoulder;
As he was my son, he did not retreat.

XXXVII. Gwen with the lowering look, troubled is my mind,
Thy death greatly provokes my wrath--
It is not kindred (only) that will speak of thee!

XXXVIII. Gwen with thigh of wide opening watched last night
On the border of the ford of Morlas;
And as he was my son, he did not retreat.

XXXIX. Gwen, I knew thy inherent disposition;
In the assault like the eagle at fall of rivers thou wert;
If I were fortunate thou wouldst have escaped.

XL. Let the face of the ground be turned up, let the assailants be covered,
When chiefs repair to the toil of war;
Gwen, woe to him that is over old, for thee he is indignant.

XLI. Let the face of the ground be turned up, and the plain be covered,
When the opposing spears are lifted up.
Gwen, woe to him that is over old, that he should have lost thee.

XLII. My son was a man, splendid was his fame;
And he was the nephew of Urien;
On the ford of Morlas, Gwen was slain.

XLIII. The shrine of the fierce overbearing foe,
That vanquished the circularly compact army of Lloegr;
The grave of Gwen, the son of Llywarch Hen, is this!

XLIV. Four-and-twenty sons have been to me,
Wearing the golden chain, leaders of armies;
Gwen was the best of them.

XLV. Four-and-twenty sons have been to me,

Wearing the golden chain, leaders of battle;
Gwen was the best son of his father.

XLVI. Four-and-twenty sons to me have been,
Wearing the golden chain, leading princes;
Compared with Gwen they were but striplings.

XLVII. Four-and-twenty sons were in the family of Llywarch,
Of brave men fall of the wrath of war;
Their march was a rush, immense their fame.

XLVIII. Four-and-twenty were my sons complete;
My flesh they have caused to wither;
It is well that my budget of misfortune is come!

XLIX When Pyll was slain, gashing was the wound;
And the blood on the hair seemed horrible;
And on both banks of the Ffraw there was violence.

L. A room might be formed for the wings of shields,
Which would hold one standing upright,
That were broken in the grasp of Pyll.

LI. The chosen man amongst my sons,
When each assaulted the foe,
Was fair Pyll, impetuous as a fire through a chimney.

LII. Gracefully he placed his thigh over the saddle.
Of his horse, on the near and far side--
Pyll, impetuous as the fire through a chimney.

LIII. He was gentle, with a hand eager for battle;
He was second to no treasure;
He was a bulwark on the course--
Fair Pyll! fearful is his covering of separation.

LIV. When he stood at the door of his tent,
On the dark-gray steed,
At the sight, the wife of Pyll would recognise a hero.

LV. There was fractured before Pyll a strong skull;
Seldom would the silent coward be concealed from him;
The weak is satisfied without anything.

LVI. Fair Pyll, widely spread his fame:
Am. I not invigorated since thou hast existed

As my son, and joyful to have known thee?

LVII. The best three men under heaven
That guarded their habitation,--
Pyll, and Selyv, and Sandev.

LVIII. A shield I gave to Pyll;
Before he slept was it not perforated?
To promise it carelessly was to depreciate it.

LIX. Should Cymry come, and the predatory host of Lloegr,
And many from distant parts,
Pyll would show them conduct.

LX. Nor Pyll nor Madawg would be long lived,
If they preserved the custom.
Would they surrender? they would not surrender! they would never ask for truce!

LXI. Behold here the grave of a faultless one and warlike;
With the Bards his fame went, where would not have gone,
Pyll, if longer he had continued?

LXII. Maen, and Madawg, and Medel, valiant men,
And brothers not refractory,
Selyv, Heilyn, Llawr, and Lliver.

LXIII. The grave of Gwell is in Rhiw Velen;
The grave of Sawyl in Llangollen;
Llawr protects the pass of Llorien,

LXIV. The grave of Rhudd, is it not covered with sods?
The earth of Ammarch does not conceal
The grave of Llyngedwy, the son of Llywarch.

LXV. Far from hence is Aber Llyw,
Farther are the two Cyvedliws:
Talan, thou hast repaid my tears to-day.

LXVI. I have drunk wine from the goblet;
He would rush forward against the lance-bearer;
Like the wings of the dawn were the gleamings of the spear of Duawg.

LXVII. I have repented of the time that I entreated
That thou shouldst not have thy choice;
It would have been generous to have life prolonged a month.

LXVIII. I know the voice of distress:--

When he descended into the congress-house,
Chief of men, a goblet of wine he deserved.

POEMS RELATING TO URIEN REGED.

XXXVII. RED BOOK OF HERGEST XVII.

I HAVE freely greeted, I will freely greet, the familiar greeter of
Urien Reged. May he diffuse his joy abroad!
Gold and silver, how great their consumption and destruction.
(Even) before they could come between the hands of the scatterer!
Ieuav caused loss and sorrow for horses daily;
Ceneu his brother, dilatory in the conflict, was not skilful;
Urien made retaliation for the dishonour
Of Cynin the active, ignominious was their execution.
About Aerven, all uncovered precipice, there will come an army.
10 Selev has been captured; he was incensed for what was to come.
It will fare worse with the free and the bond on their account,
Blades will be reddened, through proud words for the fruit of their trees.
The four men will maintain the place of four hundred,
With the deepest water. I would bless the corrupt in the enclosure on their account;
And whoever obtains it, may he be blessed for ever!
There will befall a loss from confiding in the claimant;
And hands without thumbs, and blades on the flesh, and a poor muster.
Puerile age will not be harmonious in the distraction.
There will be no fellowship, nor confidence in any toward others.
20 A dragon from Gwynedd of precipitous lands and gentle towns,
To the Lloegrians will go, when the report of him will spread abroad.
Stonework will be broken, with terrible destruction, in the encounter;
And more will be lost than spared of the Gwyndodians.
From mutual counselling, there will be means of deliverance by sea and land.
There will arise from concealment a man that will be a blessing to the Gwyndodians;
And the Brythyon, though a remnant, will be victorious over the ungentle multitude.
There will come a time when song will not be cherished, nor will it be elaborate;
The ruler will love wealth, and one sister will be bearish to another.
Killing and drowning from Eleri as far as Chwilvynydd,
30 A conquering and unmerciful one will triumph;

Small will be his army in returning from the (action of) Wednesday.
A bear from the south, will arise, meet
The Lloegrians, and kill vast numbers of Powysians.
The affair of Cors Vochno, he that will escape from it will be fortunate;
There will be twelve women, and no wonder, for one man.
The age of youth will fare unbecomingly worse;
After the tumultuous extermination, a bearded man in a hundred will not be a warrior.
Urien of Reged, generous he is, and will be,
And has been since Adam.
40 He, proud in the hall, has the most wide-spreading sword
Among the thirteen kings of the North.
Do I know his name--Aneurin the poet with the flowing song,
I being Taliesin, from the borders of the lake of Geirionnydd?
May I not, when old,
Support my sore necessity,
If I praise not Urien. Amen.

XXXIX. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXXII.

URIEN of the cultivated plain,
The most generous man of baptism,
Abundance has been given
To the men of earth.
As it has been gathered,
It has been scattered.
Joyful the bards of baptism
Whilst thy life continues.
There is greater joy
10 For the high-famed, and liberal of praise.
It is greater glory,
That Urien and his children should exist.
And he especially
The supreme Guledig.
In a distant city,
A principal pilgrim,

The Lloegrians know him,
When they converse.
Death they had,
20 And frequent vexation,
Burning their homesteads,
And drawing their coverings.
And loss,
And great incomprehension,
Without obtaining deliverance
From Urien Reged.
The protector of Reged,
The praise of Ior, the anchor of the country.
My inclination is on thee,
30 Of every hearing.
Heavy thy spear-throwing,
When the battle is heard,
When they resort to battle,
A smarting is made.
Fire in houses before day,
Before the sovereign of the cultivated plain,
The most fair cultivated plain,
And its most generous men.
The Angles are accustomed to be without homage
40 From most valiant king.
A most valiant progeny,
Thine is the best.
Of those who have been, or will be,
There is not thy match.
When he is looked upon,
Very great is the terror.
It is usual to look for him,
For an active king.
Around him a modest demeanour,
50 And the varied multitude,
The splendid prince of the North,

The choicest of princes.
And when I fail in age,
In the sore necessity of death,
May I not be smiling,
If I praise not Urien.

XL. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXXIII.

IN rest,
A song I kept.
Respect and plenty
And mead I possessed.
I possessed mead.
His triumph,
And fair lands,
A great wonder.
And gold and hour,
10 And hour and treasure,
And plenty
And esteem.
And giving a desire,
A desire of giving it,
To encourage me.
He slays, he plagues,
He cherishes, he honours,
He honours, he cherishes,
He slays before him.
20 Presence was given
To the bards of the world.
Ever certainly
To thee they say
According to thy will.
God hath caused to thee
The shoulder of kings
Against despicable fear.
Incitement of battle

The protection of a country.

30 The country protected

Battle of incitement

Usual about thee

The tumult of capering,

The capering of tumult

And drinking of ale.

Ale for the drinking,

And a fair homestead,

And beautiful clothing,

To me has been extended.

40 The lofty Llwyvenydd,

And requests open.

In one dwell

Great and little.

Taliessin's song

Thou comfortest it.

Thou art the best

Of those that have heard

His vehement animosities.

I also will praise

50 Thy deeds,

And until I fail in old age,

In the sore necessity of death,

May I not be smiling

If I praise not Urien.

XLI. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXXIV.

IN one year

One that provides

Wine and bounty and mead,

And manliness without enmity,

And a musician excelling,

With a swarm of spears about him.

With ribbands at their heads,

And their fair appearances.

Every one went from his presence,

10 They came into the conflict,

And his horse under him.

Purposing the affair of Mynaw.

And more harmony,

Advantage flowing about his hand.

Eight score of one colour

Of calves and cows.

Milch cows and oxen.

And every fair need.

I should not be joyful

20 If Urien were slain.

He is dear before he went.

A Saxon shivering, trembling,

With hair white-washed,

And a bier his destiny,

With a bloody face.

For the blood of men a little protected.

And a man of the intrenchment persevering,

Whose wife is a widow.

Mine is the wine of the prince,

30 Mine is the wine of frequent parties,

My chance, my aid, my head.

Since the rising up will not cause

A striking fronting one another.

Porter, listen.

What is the noise: is it the earth that quakes?

Or is it the sea that swells?

Whitened, clinging together, against the infantry.

If there is a cry on the hill,

Is it not Urien that terrifies?

40 If there is a cry in the valley,

Is it not Urien that pierces?

If there is a cry in the mountain,

Is it not Urien that conquers?
If there is a cry on the slope,
Is it not Urien that wounds?
If there is a sigh on the dyke,
Is it not Urien that is active?
A cry of a journey over the plain,
A cry in every meandering vale.
50 Nor will one sneeze or two
Protect from death.
He would not be on famine
With spoils surrounding him.
Over-querulous, trailing, of a blue tint.
Like death was his spear,
Killing his enemy.
And until I fail in old age,
In the sore necessity of death,
May I not be smiling,
60 If I praise not Urien.

XLII. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXXVI.

EXTOL the career of the kings of Reged.

Was I not an expense to thee, though I am thine?
They brandished the blade of battle, and spears of battle,
Men brandished under the round shield; lights
White gulls trampled.
It was not fell fought. A false king is not good.
The Guledig will prepare himself against contusions.
He will not drive the business of those that seek him.
We shall have a nimble horseman, of Gwirion's fame,
10 A leader of fair promise, wise as Don.
Until Ulph came with violence on his enemies.
Until Urien came in the day to Aeron.
He was not an aggressor, there appeared not
The uplifted front of Urien before Powys.
Was not easily treated the heat of the compact elf the tribes,

Hyveidd and Gododin and the lion prince.
Bold in patience, and journey of joint summons.
Without pollution he drew blood in his veins.
(He) that saw Llwyvenydd humbly will tremble,
20 A conspicuous banner in the second place,
A battle in the ford of Alclud, a battle at the Inver.
The battle of Cellawr Brewyn. The battle of Hireurur.
A battle in the underwood of Cadleu, a battle in Aberioed.
He interposes with the steel loud (and) great.
The battle of Cludvein, the, affair of the head of the wood.
A tribe attracted of dogs to a plentitude of blood.
To destroy supreme felicity is the aim
Of the Angles, a hostile crew.
Ruddy-stained from the conflict with Ulph at the ford.
30 Better is born the Guledig, forward was born his lord,
Prydain's chief proprietor, harmonious his lord.
He bare not clothes, either blue or gray,
Or red or green; he will not honour the ground.
He placed not his thigh over Moel Maelaur,
On horses of the speckled race of Mor Greidiawl.
Summer until winter, and gently in hand,
On ford, and course exercising them.
And a guest under songs and exalting one's-self,
And until the end of the world was perceived the band.
40 They arrange, they sweep about chainless for an image,
Uncowardly about lights did I not mangle?
I strove against the fall of spears on shoulders.
Shield in hand, Godeu. and Reged protecting;
Did I not see a man folding cattle?
A serpent of enchantment, a comely trampler of the ground.
Do I not know a war wherein he was lost,
And how much I lose by his perishing?
I shall not be extremely angry to possess mead-liquor.
From the heroic Hyveidd, of hospitable course.
50 Wit not I that was permitted (to have) shelter of the battle.

My kings were broken off from cheerful graces,
Shelter of the country good to the oppressed.
And until I fail in age,
In the sore necessity of death,
May I not be smiling,
If I praise not Urien.

XLIII. THE SATISFACTION OF URIEN. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXIX.

THE lion will be most implacable;
I will not deplore him.
Urien I will approach,
To him I will sing.
When will come my surety,
I shall obtain admission.
Of the very best part,
Under the flow of melody,
It concerns me not much,
10 The everlasting lineage which I see.
I will not go to them, I will not be with them.
I will not address the North
And the kings of the plain.
Though there should be for many
That I should see a mutual pledging.
I have no need of affection:
Urien will not refuse me
The lands of Llwyvenydd.
Mine is their wealth,
20 Mine are the festivals,
Mine is the produce,
Mine are the metals,
And its rich productions.
Mead out of buffalo-horns
And good in abundance,
From the best prince,
The most generous that has been heard of.

The chiefs of every language
To thee are all captive.
30 For thee there will be lamentation when thy death is certain.
Though I should have preferred him
After being benefited, I would grow old.
There was not one that I loved better,
(Of those) that I knew before.
At times I see
The amount of what I shall have.
Except to God supreme,
I will not renounce
Thy royal sons,
40 The most generous of men,
Their spears shall resound
In the land of their enemies.
And until I fail in old age,
In the sore necessity of death,
May I not be smiling,
If I praise not Urien.

**XLIV. THE SPOILS OF TALIESSIN, A SONG TO URIEN. BOOK OF TALIESSIN
XXVII.**

IN manliness he will greet my trouble,
Should I be bled, I should evidently get better;
Truly I saw. no one before, who saw not in me
Every indisposition, he will cultivate his business.
I saw a feeding about a lion for plants,
I saw leaves of luxuriant growth.
I saw a branch with equal blossoms.
Did I not see a prince? most liberal his customs,
I saw the ruler of Catraeth beyond the plains
10 Be my oak (*i.e.* prince) the gleaming spirit (*i.e.* lightning) of the Cymry.
The value of my cry great will be its advantage to degrees.
The chief of men, shield of warriors.
The extensive booty of the ashen shaft is my fair Awen.

A shield before a prince, bright his smile,
Heroic, aspiring, the most heroic is Urien.
A merchant will not oppose me. Tumultuous
The slothful one, brightly shines the blue of the enamelled covering; prolific and highly
exalted
Every one; a step without skill on the side of the watery fronts of the Mordei.
A chief excessively active to us he will come of thy will.
20 Active the yellow-gray one in the hall.
Full of people. A protector in Aerou.
Great his energy, his poets, and his musicians,
Very fierce is Ial against his enemies.
May great strength of men be connected with Brython.
Like the wheeling of a fiery meteor over the earth.
Like a wave that governs Llwyvenydd.
Like the harmonious ode of Gwen and Gweithen,
Like Mor the greatly courteous is Urien.
In his early career an intrepid hero.
30 He is such a ruler of kings as Dyawr,
He is one (i.e. unequalled) as a chaser of the swift horses of the multitude.
In the beginning of May in Powys, in battle array,
He is one, coming when he visits his people.
Eagle of the land, extensive thy glance.
I would have requested an active courser
Of vigorous trot, the price of the spoil of Taliessin.
One is the violent course on the bottom and the summit,
One is the gift of a baron to a lord.
One is the herd of stags in their flight,
40 One is the wolf not covetous of broom,
One is the country where a son is born,
And of one form and one sound is the battle-place of warriors.
Of one sound they will evilly yoke
And Ceneu and Nudd Hael, and an extensive country under him.
And if I obtain for myself a smile,
He will make the bards ever joyful,
Before that I could wish dead the sons of Gwyden,

May the happy country of Urien be filled with blood.

XLV. RED BOOK OF HERGEST XII.

I. LET the furious Unhwch lead me on
To the front of the mutual conflict--
'Tis better to be killed than parley on terms.

II. Let the furious Unhwch lead me on--
It was said in the Pass of Llech,--
"Dunawd the son of Pabo will not lurk."

III. Let the furious Unhwch lead me on--
Like the sullen agitation of the sea was the war-expanding tumult.
Of Urien with the ardent grasp.

IV. The eagle of Gal, Unhwch, bold and generous,
Wrathful in war, sure of conquest,
Was Urien with the ardent grasp.

V. The eagle of Gal, Unhwch,
The possessor of the energetic soul . . .
The cell of the sea of smooth inlets with green surface.

VI. A head I bear by my side,
That has been an assaulter between two hosts--
The magnanimous son of Cynvarch was its possessor.

VII. A head I bear by my side,
The head of Urien, the mild leader of his army--
And on his white bosom the sable raven is perched.

VIII, A head I bear in my shirt,
The head of Urien who governed a court in mildness--
And on his white bosom the sable raven gluts.

IX. A head I bear in my hand,
He that was a soaring eagle, whose like will not be had,
His princely breast is assailed by the devourer.

X. A head I bear by the side of my thigh,
That was the shield of his country,
That was a wheel in battle,
That was a ready sword in his country's battles.

XI. A head I bear on my sword:

Better his being alive than that he should go to the grave;
He was a castle for old age.

XII. A head I bear from the bordering land of Penawg,
Wide extended was his warfare:
Urien the eloquent, whose, fame went far.

XIII. A head I bear on my shoulder,
That would not bring on me disgrace--
Woe to my hand that my lord is slain.

XIV. A head I bear on my arm,
He that overcame the land of Bryneich--
But after being a hero, now on the hearse.

XV. A head I bear in the grasp of my hand,
Of a chief that mildly governed a country;
The head, the most powerful pillar of Prydain.

XVI. A head I bear that supported me,
Is there any known but he welcomed?
Woe my hand, gone is he that sustained me.

XVII. A head I bear from the Riw,
With his lips foaming with blood--
Woe to Reged from this day!

XVIII. My arm has not flagged; my bosom is greatly troubled;
Ah! my heart, is it not broken?
A head I bear that was my support.

XIX. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-day,
Under earth and stones:
Woe my hand, that the father of Owain is slain!

XX. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-day,
Amidst earth and oak:
Woe my hand, that my cousin is slain!

XXI. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-night;
Under stones let it be left:
Woe my hand, what a step has fate decreed me!

XXII. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-night
Amidst earth and green sods:
Woe my hand, that the son of Cynvarch is slain!

XXIII. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-day
Under the greensward and a tumulus:
Woe my hand, that my lord is slain!

XXIV. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-day,
Under earth and sand:
Woe my hand, the step that is decreed to me!

XXV. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-day
Under earth and nettles:
Woe my hand, that such a step could have happened to me!

XXVI. The delicate white corpse will be covered to-day
Under earth and blue stones:
Woe my hand, the step that has befallen me!

XXVII. A master-feat of the world the brother has been in pursuit of;
For the horns of the buffalo, for a festive goblet
He was the depredator with the hounds in the covert of Reged!

XXVIII. A master-feat of the world the brother has eagerly sought,
For the equivocal horn of the buffalo;
He was the chaser with the hounds with the men of Reged.

XXIX. Eurdyl will be joyless this night,
And multitudes (will be so) besides:
In Aber Lleu has Urien been slain.

XXX. Eurdyl will be sorrowful from the tribulation of this night,
And from the fate that is to me befallen;
That her brother should be slain at Aber Lleu.

XXXI. On Friday I saw great anxiety
Among the hosts of Baptism,
Like a swarm without a hive, bold in despair.

XXXII. Were there not given to me by Run, greatly fond of war,
A hundred swarms and a hundred shields?
But one swarm was better far than all.

XXXIII. Were there not given to me by Run, the famous chief,
A cantrev, and a hundred oxen?
But one gift was better far than those.

XXXIV. In the lifetime of Run, the peaceless ranger,
The unjust will wallow in dangers;

May there be irons on the steeds of rapine.

XXXV. The extreme I know of my trouble:
Is what all will hear in every season of warfare;
No one can charge me with anything.

XXXVI. Dunawd, the leading horseman, would drive onward,
Intent upon making a corpse,
Against the onset of Owain.

XXXVII. Dunawd, the chief of the age, would drive onward,
Intent upon making battle,
Against the conflict of Pasgen.

XXXVIII. Gwallawg, the horseman of tumult, would drive onward,
Intent upon trying the sharpest edge,
Against the conflict of Elphin.

XXXIX. Bran, the son of Mellyrn, would drive onward,
Collecting men to burn my ovens:
A wolf that looked grimly by the banks of Abers.

XL. Morgant and his men would drive onward,
Collecting a host to burn my lands:
He was a mouse that scratched against a rock.

XLI. I pushed onward when Elgno was slain;
The blade which Pyll brandished would gleam terribly,
If tents were pitched in his country.

XLII. A second time I saw, after a conflict,
A golden shield on the shoulder of Urien;
A second to him there was Elgno Hen.

XLIII. Upon the resolution there came a failing
From the dread of a furious horseman:
Will there be another compared with Urien?

XLIV. Decapitated is my lord, his opponents are powerful:
Warriors will not love his enemies:
Many sovereigns has he consumed.

XLV. The ardent disposition of Urien! it is sadness to me:
There is commotion in every region.
In pursuit of Llovan Llawdivro.

XLVI. Gentle gate! thou art heard afar;

There is scarcely another deserving praise,
Since Urien is no more.

XLVII. Many a hunting-dog and fine grown hawk
Have been trained on its flow,
Before Erlleon became desolate.

XLVIII. This hearth, deserted by the shout of war,
More congenial on its floor would have been
The mead, and loquacious drinkers.

XLIX. This hearth, will not nettles cover it?
While its defender lived,
More congenial to it were those who made requests.

L. This hearth, will it not be covered by the greensward?
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin,
Its cauldron boiled the prey.

LI. This hearth, will it not be covered with musty fingers?
More congenial around its viand would have been
The gashing sword of the dauntless.

LII. This hearth, will not the slender brambles cover it?
Burning wood used to be on it,
Which Reged was accustomed to give.

LIII. This hearth, will not thorns cover it?
More congenial on it would have been the mixed group
Of Owain's social retinue.

LIV. This hearth, will it not be covered over by the ants?
More accustomed it was to bright torches,
And harmless festivities.

LV. This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves?
More congenial on its floor would have been
The mead, and loquacious drinkers.

LVI. This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine?
More congenial to it would have been
The joy of men, and the circling horns of banquet.

LVII. This hearth, will it not be scratched up by the fowl?
Want would not approach it
In the lifetime of Owain and Urien.

LVIII. This buttress, and that one there,
More congenial around them would have been
The joy of a host, and the tread of a minstrel.

XLVII. THE AFFAIR OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XXXV.

IN the morning of Saturday there was a great battle,
From when the sun rose until it gained its height.

Flamdwyn hastened in four hosts

Godeu and Reged to overwhelm.

They extended from Argoed to Arvynydd.

They retained not life during one day.

Flamdwyn called out again, of great impetuosity,

Will they give hostages? are they ready?

Owen answered, Let the gashing appear,

10 They will not give, they are not, they are not ready.

And Ceneu, son of Coel, would be an irritated lion

Before he would give a hostage to any one.

Urien called out again, the lord of the cultivated region,

If there be a meeting for kindred,

Let us raise a banner above the mountain,

And advance our persons over the border.

And let us raise our spears over the heads of men,

And rush upon Flamdwyn in his army,

And slaughter with him and his followers.

20 And because of the affair of Argoed Llwyfain,

There was many a corpse.

The ravens were red from the warring of men.

And the common people hurried with the tidings.

And I will divine the year that I am not increasing.

And until I fail in old age,

In the sore necessity of death,

May I not be smiling,

If I praise not Urien.

XLVIII. THE DEATH-SONG OF OWAIN. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XLIV.

THE soul of Owain son of Urien. May its Lord consider its need.

The chief of Reged, the heavy sword conceals him. His knowledge was not shallow.

A low cell (contains) the renowned protector of bards, the wings of dawn were the flowing of his lances.

For there will not be found a match for the chief of the glittering west.

The reaper of the tenacious foes. The offspring of his father and grandfather.

When Flamdwyn killed Owain, there was not one greater than he sleeping.

A wide number of Lloegyr went to sleep with light in their eyes.

And those that fled not instantly were beyond necessity.

Owain valiantly chastised them, like a pack (of wolves) pursuing sheep.

10 A worthy man, upon his many-coloured trappings, he would give horses to those that asked.

While he hoarded hard money, it was not shared for his soul.

The soul of Owain, son of Urien.

SONG TO ALE. BOOK OF TALIESSIN XX.

THE qualities shall be extolled

Of the man that. chained the. wind.

When his powers come,

Extremely noisy the elements;

For ever will thy impulse be,

Thou dost pervade

The tide of darkness and day.

The day, there will be a shelter to me,

The night, it will be rested.

10 Softness is praised.

From a great Guledig.

The great God caused

The sun of summer, and its excessive heat;

And he caused

The abundance of the wood and field.

He is the powerful cause of the stream,

Flowing abundantly.

He is the powerful cause of every kindness;

God redeemed me

20 And before they come,
The people of the world to the one hill,
They will not be able to do the least,
Without the power of the King.
He shall steep it in the Llyn,
Until it shall sprout.
He shall steep it another time
Until it is sodden.
Not for a long time will be finished
30 What the elements produce.
Let his vessels be washed,
Let his wort be clear.
And when there shall be an exciter of song,
Let it be brought from the cell,
Let it be brought before kings.
In splendid festivals.
Will not oppose every two
The honey that made it.
God's departure in me,
40 As long as the world is in being,
The mildest is the Trinity.
The provocative of the drunkard is drunkenness.
The fishes might show
The capacity of the lodgments
Of the gravel of the salt sea,
Before it overwhelms the strand.
The gravel of the salt sea
Below the sand
Will conceal me from the privileged one.
Myself he will deliver.
50 No one will be satisfied,
Without the power of the Trinity.

II.

Qualities they will honour
In the boundary of Garant.

The mighty ones, without desire, from the reeking
Marsh will remove,
When the string of harmony resounds,
Or the shades of night approach,
The hidden retreat from day.
Do the skilful in song know
Where the powerful artist is concealed?
10 That will give me a robe
From the gate when he ascends.
When the chief leads, in winter,
What melody is commenced together.
In choosing loud fame,
With haste the fortunate will run,
He will awake the sleeper.
He will merit Carawg
Of the many-citied Cymry,
The father of Caradawg;
20 The sound of the Meneivians,
The sound of Mynawg of Mona.
The great terrible perjured
Gwentians, long-haired.
On account of Caer Wyrangon.
Who will pay the precious reward?
Is it Maelgwn from Mona?
Or shall it come from Aeron?
Or Coel or Canawon?
Or Gwrweddw or his sons?
30 His enemies shall not exult
From the hostages of Ynyr.
To him will resort the minstrels
The star of magnificent stars,
Have I not disarmed the mystery?
In Mordei Uffin,
In the seas of Gododin,
He is a sharer of varied words,

The raven of the morning divining.
I am an aged exile,
40 I am of joyful talents,
And the stroke of malice.
Mine, the praising of Urien,
Of splendid purity of life.
Very keen his conduct of hosts,
The ruddy-reaping of the steep.
Ruddyn formed them,
At the battle in Harddnenwys,
It was Ynyr that broke them to pieces.
A hundred festivals holding
50 A hundred friends be defended.
I saw mighty men,
Who hastened to the shout of war;
I saw blood on the ground
From the assault of swords.
They tinged with blue the wings of the dawn;
They threw off the spears.
Three hundred festivals complete of the renowned
Ynyr, on the earth indeed there will be redness.

TRIADS REFERRING TO URIEN

Three ruddy-speared bards of the Island of Prydain. Tristvardd bard of Urien; and Dygynelw bard of Owen; and Mainferdic, bard of Cadwallawn, son of Catfan; and they were sons of Morgant

Three ruddy-speared bards of the Island of Prydain. Tristvardd bard of Urien; and Dygynelw bard of Owen; and Mainferdic, bard of Cadwallawn, son of Catfan; and they were sons of Morgant.

Three arrogant ones of the Island of Prydain. Sawyl penuchel; and Pasgen son of Uryen; and Run son of Einiaun.

Three atrocious assassinations of the Island of Prydain. Eidyn son of Einygan, who slew Aneiryn Gwawdrud, the supreme of bards; and Llawgat Trumbargawt, who slew Afaon son of Taliessin; and Llovan Llawdino, who slew Urien son of Kynvarch.

Three bull-princes of the Island of Prydain. Elmwr son of Cadeir; and Cynhafal son of

Argat; and Afaon son of Taliessin. Three sons of bards were these.

Three Fair Princes of the Island of Britain:

Owain son of Urien, Rhun son of Maelgwn, Rhufawn the Radiant son of Dewrarth Wledig

Three Bull-Chieftains of the Island of Britain:

Adaon son of Taliesin, and Cynhafal son of Argad, and Elinwy son of Cadegr.

Three Battle-Leaders of the Island of Britain:

Selyf son of Cynan Garrwyn, and Urien son of Cynfarch, and Afaon son of Taliesin. This is why they were called battle-leaders: because they avenged their wrongs from their graves.

Three Fettered War-Bands of the Islands of Britain:

The War-Band of Cadwallawn Long-Arm, who each one put the fetters of their horses on their (own) feet, when fighting with Serygei the Irishman at the Irishmens' Rocks in Môn; And the second, the War-Band of Rhiwallawn son of Urien when fighting with the Saxons; And the third, the War-Band of Belyn of Llyn when fighting with Edwin at Bryn Edwin in Rhos.

Three Red-Speared Bards of the Island of Britain:

Dygynnelw, bard of Owain son of Urien, and Arouan Bard Selen son of Cynan, and Afan Ferddig, bard of Cadwallawn son of Cadfan.