

### 603 The Gododin

**603 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.** This year Aeden, king of the Scots, fought with the Dalreathians, and with Ethelfrith, king of the Northumbrians, at Theakstone; where he lost almost all his army. Theobald also, brother of Ethelfrith, with his whole armament, was slain. None of the Scottish kings durst afterwards bring an army against this nation. Hering, the son of Husa, led the army thither.

**SBG St Gwarthan.** He was a warrior, and appears to have fallen in the battle of Catraeth. He is mentioned in the Gododin as " Guarchan, son of Dwywei, of. gallant bravery." He and his brothers are there credited with having had a share in the establishing of Bangor Iscoed. Previously the three were " disciples " at Llancarfan, where Gwarthan was Cadoc's periglawr or confessor, and it was Cadoc that sent them to " superintend " Bangor.

### **Aneurin.**

#### **This Is The Gododin. Aneurin Sang It**

I.

He was a man in mind, in years a youth,  
And gallant in the din of war;  
Fleet, thick-maned chargers  
Were ridden by the illustrious hero;  
A shield, light and broad,  
Hung on the flank of his swift and slender steed;  
His sword was blue and gleaming,  
His spurs were of gold, his raiment was woollen.  
It will not be my part  
To speak of you reproachfully,

A more choice act of mine will be  
To celebrate your praise in song;  
You have gone to a bloody bier,  
Sooner than to a nuptial feast;  
You have become a meal for ravens,  
Before you reached the front of conflict.  
Alas, Owain! my beloved friend;  
It is not meet that he should be devoured by ravens!  
There is swelling sorrow in the plain,  
Where fell in death the only son of Marro.

II.

Adorned with his wreath, leader of rustic warriors, whenever he came  
By his troop unattended, before maidens would he serve the mead;  
But the front of his shield would be pierced, if ever he heard  
The shout of war; no quarter would he give to those whom he pursued;  
Nor would he retreat from the combat until blood flowed;  
And he cut down like rushes the men who would not yield.  
The Gododin relates, that on the coast of Mordei,  
Before the tents of Madog, when he returned,  
But one man in a hundred with him came.

III.

Adorned with his wreath, the chief of toil, his country's rod of power,  
Darted like an eagle to our harbours, when allured  
To the compact that had been formed; his ensign was beloved,  
More nobly was his emblazoned resolution performed, for he retreated not,  
With a shrinking mind, before the host of Gododin.  
Manawydd, with confidence and strength you pressed upon the tumultuous fight,  
Nor do you regard either spear or shield;  
No habitation rich in dainties can be found,  
That has been kept out of the reach of your warriors' charge.

IV.

Adorned with a wreath was the leader, the wolf of the holme,

Amber beads in ringlets encircled his temples;  
Precious was the amber, worth a banquet of wine.  
He repelled the violence of men, as they glided along;  
For Venedotia and the North would have come to his share,  
By the advice of the son of Ysgyran,  
The hero of the broken shield.

V.

Adorned with his wreath was the leader, and armed in the noisy conflict;  
Chief object of observation was the hero, and powerful in the gory field,  
Chief fighter in the advanced division, in front of the hosts;  
Five battalions fell before his blades;  
Even of the men of Deivyr and Bryneich, uttering groans,  
Twenty hundred perished in one short hour;  
Sooner did he feed the wolf with his carcass, than go to the nuptial feast;  
He sooner became the raven's prey, than approached the altar;  
He had not raised the spear ere his blood streamed to the ground;  
This was the price of mead in the hall, amidst the throng;  
Hyveidd Hir shall be celebrated whilst there remains a minstrel.

VI.

The heroes marched to Gododin, and Gognaw laughed,  
But bitter were they in the battle, when they stood arranged according to their several  
banners;  
Few were the years of peace which they had enjoyed;  
The son of Botgad caused a throbbing by the energy of his hand;  
They should have gone to churches to do penance,  
The old and the young, the bold and the mighty;  
The inevitable strife of death was about to pierce them.

VII.

The heroes marched to Gododin, Gwanar laughed,  
As his jewelled army went down to the terrific toil.  
You slayed them with blades, when there is not much chattering;  
You, powerful supporter of the living law, produced the silence of death.

VIII.

The heroes marched to Cattræth, loquacious was the host;  
Blue mead was their liquor, and it proved their poison;  
In marshalled array they cut through the engines of war;  
And after the joyful cry, silence ensued!  
They should have gone to churches to perform penance;  
The inevitable strife of death was about to pierce them.

IX.

The heroes marched to Cattræth, filled with mead and drunk,  
Compact and vigorous; I should wrong them were I to neglect their fame;  
Around the mighty, red, and murky blades,  
Obstinately and fiercely the dogs of war would fight;  
If I had judged you to be of the tribe of Bryneich,  
Not the phantom of a man would I have left alive.  
I lost a friend, myself being unhurt,  
As he openly withstood the terror of the parental chief;  
Magnanimously did he refuse the dowry of his father-in-law;  
Such was the son of Cian from the stone of Gwyngwn.

X.

The heroes marched to Cattræth with the dawn;  
Their peace was disturbed by those who feared them;  
A hundred thousand with three hundred engaged in mutual overthrow;  
Drenched in gore, they marked the fall of the lances;  
The post of war was most manfully and with gallantry maintained,  
Before the retinue of Mynyddawg the Courteous.

XI.

The heroes marched to Cattræth with the dawn;  
Feelingly did their relatives regret their absence;  
Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring;  
That year is the point to which many a minstrel turns;  
Redder were their swords than their plumes,

Their blades were white as lime, and into four parts were their helmets cloven,  
Even those of the retinue of Mynyddawg the Courteous.

XII.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the day;  
Was not the most celebrated of battles disgraced?  
They put to death Gelorwydd  
With blades. The gem of Baptism was thus widely taunted; -  
"Better that you should, ere you join your kindred,  
Have a gory unction and death far from your native homes,  
At the hand of the host of Gododin, when the day arrives."  
Is not a hero's power best when tempered with discretion?

XIII.

The hero marched to Cattraeth with the day;  
Truly he quaffed the white mead on serene nights;  
Miserable, though success had been predicted,  
Proved his mission, which he undertook through soaring ambition;  
There hastened not to Cattraeth  
A chief, with such a magnificent design of enterprise  
Blazoned on his standard;  
Never was there such a host  
From the fort of Eiddin,  
That would scatter abroad the mounted ravagers.  
Tudwylch Hir, deprived of his land and towns,  
Slaughtered the Saxons for seven days;  
His valour should have protected him in freedom;  
His memory is cherished by his fair associates;  
When Tudwylch arrived, the supporter of the land,  
The post of the son of Kilydd became a plain of blood.

XIV.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the dawn,  
But none of them received protection from their shields,  
To blood they resorted, being assembled in gleaming armour;

In the van was, loud as thunder, the din of targets.  
The envious, the fickle, and the base,  
Would he tear and pierce with halberts;  
From an elevated position he slew, with a blade,  
In iron affliction, their steel-clad commander;  
He subdued the Mordei that owed him homage;  
Before Erthai even an army groaned.

XV.

The people will utter sighs; long has been their grief on account of the warriors'  
absence;

There will be a dominion without a sovereign, and a smoking land.  
The sons of Godebog, an upright clan,  
Bore the furrower on a long bier.  
Miserable was the fate, though just the necessity,  
Decreed for Tudwlch and Cywlch the Tall;  
Together they drank the bright mead by the light of torches,  
Though pleasant to the taste, it proved a lasting foe.

XVI.

Before, above the splendid fort of Eching he shewed a frowning aspect;  
Whilst young and forward men composed his retinue;  
Before, on the Bludwe, would the horn cheer his heart,  
Making all the Mordei full of joy;  
Before, his beverage would be braggett;  
Before, he displayed the grandeur of gold and rich purple;  
Before, pampered steeds would bear him safe away,  
Even Gwarthlev, who deserved a comely name;  
Before, the victorious chief would turn aside the ebbing tide;  
His command was ever to go forward, loth was he to skulk.

XVII.

And now the early leader,  
The sun, is about to ascend,  
Sovereign of the revolving lights,

In the heaven of Britain's isle.  
Direful was the flight before the shaking  
Of the shield of the pursuing victor;  
Bright was the horn  
In the hall of Eiddin;  
With pomp was he bidden  
To the feast of intoxicating mead;  
He drank the beverage of wine,  
At the meeting of reapers;  
He drank transparent wine,  
With a battle-daring purpose.  
The reapers sang of war,  
War with the shining wing;  
The minstrels sang of war,  
Of harnessed war,  
Of winged war.  
No shield was unexpanded  
In the conflict of spears;  
Of equal age they fell  
In the struggle of battle.  
Unshaken in the tumult,  
Without dishonour did he retaliate on the foe;  
Buried was whoever he willed,  
Ere the grave of the gigantic Gwrveling  
Itself became a green sward.

XVIII.

The complement of the surrounding country  
Were, three forward chiefs of the Novantae;  
Five battalions of five hundred men each;  
Three levies of three hundred each;  
Three hundred knights of battle  
From Eiddin, arrayed in golden armour;  
Three loricated hosts,  
With three kings wearing the golden torques;

Three bold knights,  
With three hundred of equal quality;  
Three of the same order, mutually jealous,  
Bitterly would they chase the foe,  
Three dreadful in the toil;  
They would kill a lion flat as lead.  
There was in the war a collection of gold.  
Three sovereigns of the people  
Came from amongst the Brython,  
Cynrig and Cynon  
And Cynrain from Aeron,  
To greet the ashen lances  
Of the men who dropped from Deivyr.  
Came there from the Brython,  
A better man than Cynon,  
Who proved a serpent to his sullen foes?

XIX.

I drank of the wine and the mead of the Mordei;  
Great was the quantity of spears,  
In the assembly of the warriors;  
He was solemnising a banquet for the eagle.  
When Cydywal hurried forth to battle, he raised  
The shout with the green dawn, and dealt out tribulation,  
And splintered shields about the ground he left,  
And darts of awful tearing did he hew down;  
In the battle, the foremost in the van he wounded.  
The son of Syvno, the astronomer, knew,  
That he who sold his life,  
In the face of warning,  
With sharpened blades would slaughter,  
But would himself be slain by spears and crosses.  
According to the compact, he meditated a convenient attack,  
And would boast of a pile of carcasses  
Of gallant men of toil,

Whom in the upper part of Gwynedd he pierced.

XX.

I drank of the wine and the mead of the Mordei,  
And because I drank, I fell by the edge of a gleaming sword,  
Not without desiring a hero's prowess;  
And when all fell, You also fell.  
Thus when the issue comes, it were well not to have sinned.  
Present, in his thrusting course, showed a bold and mighty arm.

XXI.

The heroes who marched to Cattræth were renowned,  
Wine and mead out of golden goblets was their beverage,  
That year was to them one of exalted solemnity,  
Three hundred and sixty-three chieftains, wearing the golden torques;  
Of those who hurried forth after the excess of revelling,  
But three escaped by valour from the funeral fosse,  
The two war-dogs of Aeron, and Cynon the dauntless,  
And myself, from the spilling of blood, the reward of my candid song.

XXII.

My friend in real distress, we should have been by none disturbed,  
Had not the white-bannered commander led forth his army;  
We should not have been separated in the hall from the banquet of mead,  
Had he not laid waste our convenient groves;  
He crept into the martial field, he crept into our families.  
The Gododin relates how that, after the fight in the fosse,  
When we had no dwellings, none were more destitute.

XXIII.

Scattered, broken, motionless is the weapon,  
That used to penetrate through the great horde, the numerous  
horde of the Lloegrians.  
Shields were strewn on the sea coast, shields in the battle of lances;  
Men were reduced to ashes,

And women rendered widows,  
Before his death.  
O Graid, son of Hoewgi,  
With thy spears  
Did you cause an effusion of blood.

XXIV.

There was the hero, with both his shoulders covered,  
By a variegated shield, and possessing the swiftness of a warlike steed;  
There was a noise in the mount of slaughter, there was fire,  
Impetuous were the lances, there was a sunny gleam,  
There was food for ravens, the raven there did triumph,  
And before he would let them go free,  
With the morning dew, like the eagle in his glad course,  
He scattered them on either side, and like a billow overwhelmed them in front.  
The Bards of the world judge those to be men of valour,  
Whose counsels are not divulged to slaves.  
The spears in the hands of the warriors were causing devastation;  
And ere was interred under the swan-white steed,  
One who had been energetic in his commands,  
His gore had thoroughly washed his armour:  
Such was Buddvan, the son of Bleiddvan the Bold.

XXV.

It were wrong not to record his magnificent feat;  
He would not leave an open gap, through cowardice;  
The benefit of Britain's minstrels never quitted his court  
Upon the calends of January; according to his design,  
His land should not be ploughed, though it might become wild;  
He was a mighty dragon of indignant disposition;  
A commander in the bloody field, after the feast of wine,  
Was Gwenabwy the son of Gwen, in the strife of Cattræth.

XXVI.

True it was, as the songs relate,

No one's steeds overtook Marchleu;  
The lances hurled by the commanding earl,  
In his prancing career, strewed a thick path;  
As he had been reared for slaughter by the aid of my mother,  
Furious was the stroke of his sword whilst lending support to others;  
Ashen shafts were scattered from the grasp of his hand,  
Above the narrow summit of the solemn pile,  
The place where one caused the smoke to ascend;  
He would slaughter with the blade, whilst his arms were full of furze;  
As when a reaping comes in the interval of fine weather,  
Would Marchleu make the blood to flow.

XXVII.

Lower down was sent from the southern region,  
One whose conduct resembled the flowing sea;  
He was full of modesty and gentleness,  
When allowed to quaff the mead:  
But along the rampart to Offer, even to the point of Maddeu,  
Enraged, he was glutted with carnage, and scattering, with desolation;  
His sword resounded on the heads of mothers;  
He was an ardent spirit, praise be to him, the son of Gwyddneu.

XXVIII.

Caredig, lovely is his fame;  
He would protect and guard his ensign,  
Gentle, lowly, calm, before the day arrived  
When he the pomp of war should learn;  
When comes the appointed time of the friend of song,  
May he recognise his home in the heavenly region.

XXIX.

Ceredig, amiable leader,  
A wrestler in the impetuous fight;  
His golden shield dazzled the field of battle,  
His lances, when darted, were shivered into splinters,

And the stroke of his sword was fierce and penetrating;  
Like a hero would he maintain his post.  
Before he received the affliction of earth, before the fatal blow,  
He had fulfilled his duty in guarding his station.  
May he find a complete reception  
With the Trinity in perfect Unity.

XXX.

When Caradawg rushed into battle,  
It was like the tearing onset of the woodland boar;  
Bull of the army in the mangling fight,  
He allured the wild dogs by the action of his hand;  
My witnesses are Owain the son of Eulat,  
And Gwrien, and Gwynn, and Gwriad;  
But from Cattrath, and its work of carnage,  
From the hill of Hydwn, ere it was gained,  
After the clear mead was put into his hand,  
He saw no more the hill of his father.

XXXI.

The warriors marched with speed, together they bounded onward;  
Short lived were they, - they had become drunk over the distilled mead.  
The retinue of Mynyddawg, renowned in the hour of need;  
Their life was the price of their banquet of mead.  
Caradawg, and Madawg, Pyll, and Ieuan,  
Gwgawn, and Gwiawn, Gwynn and Cynvan,  
Peredur with steel arms, Gwawrddur, and Aeddan;  
A defence were they in the tumult, though with shattered shields;  
When they were slain, they also slaughtered;  
Not one to his native home returned.

XXXII.

The heroes marched with speed, together were they regaled  
That year over mead, and mighty was their design;  
How sad to mention them, how doleful their commemoration!

Poison is the home to which they have returned, they are not as sons by mothers  
nursed;

How long our vexation, how long our regret,  
For the brave warriors, whose native place was the feast of wine!  
Gwlyget of Gododin, having partaken of the speech inspiring  
Banquet of Mynyddawg, performed illustrious deeds,  
And paid a price for the purchase of the battle of Cattræth.

XXXIII.

The heroes went to Cattræth in marshalled array, and with shout of war,  
With powerful steeds, and dark brown harness, and with shields,  
With uplifted javelins, and piercing lances,  
With glittering mail, and with swords.  
He excelled, and penetrated through the host,  
Five battalions fell before his blade;  
Rhuvawn Hir, - he gave gold to the altar,  
And gifts and precious stones to the minstrel.

XXXIV.

No hall was ever made so eminently perfect,  
So great, so magnificent for the slaughter;  
Morien procured and spread the fire,  
And would not say but that Cynon should see the corpse  
Of one harnessed, armed with a pike, and of a wide spread fame;  
His sword resounded on the summit occupied by the camp,  
Nor was he moved aside in his course by a ponderous stone from the wall of the fort,  
And never again will the son of Peithan be moved.

XXXV.

No hall was ever made so impregnable;  
Had not Morien been like Caradawg,  
The forward Mynawg, with his heavy armour, would not have escaped;  
Enraged, he was fiercer than the son of Pherawg,  
Stout his hand, and, mounted on his steed, he dealt out flames upon the retreating foe.  
Terrible in the city was the cry of the timid multitude,

The van of the army of Gododin was scattered;  
His buckler was winged with fire for the slaughter;  
In the day of his wrath he was nimble - a destructive retaliator;  
The dependants of Mynyddawg deserved their horns of mead.

XXXVI.

No hall was ever made so immoveable  
As that of Cynon with the gentle breast, sovereign of the saints;  
He sat no longer on his elevated throne,  
Whom he pierced were not pierced again,  
Keen was the point of his lance,  
It perforated the enamelled armour, it penetrated through the troops;  
Swift in the van were his horses, in front they tore along;  
In the day of his anger blasting was his blade,  
When Cynon rushed into battle with the green dawn.

XXXVII.

A grievous descent was made upon his native territory;  
He suffered an encroachment - he fixed a limit;  
His spear forcibly pushed the laughing chiefs of war;  
Even as far as Ephyd reached the valour of the forward Elphin:  
The furze was kindled by the ardent spirit, the bull of conflict.

XXXVIII.

A grievous descent was made upon his native territory,  
The price of mead in the hall, and the feast of wine;  
His blades were scattered about between the two hosts;  
Illustrious was the knight in front of Gododin;  
The furze was kindled by the ardent spirit, the bull of conflict.

XXXIX.

A grievous descent was made in front of the extended riches,  
But the army turned aside, with trailing shields,  
And those shields were shivered before the herd of the roaring Beli.  
A dwarf from the bloody field hastened to the fence;

And on our side there came a hoary headed man, our chief counsellor,  
Mounted on a prancing piebald steed, and wearing the golden chain.  
The Boar proposed a compact in front of the course - the great plotter;  
Right worthy was the shout of our refusal,  
And we cried "Let heaven be our protection,  
Let his compact be that he should be prostrated by the spear in battle,  
Our warriors, in respect of their far famed fosse,  
Would not quarrel if a host were there to press the ground."

XL.

For the piercing of the skilful and most learned man,  
For the fair corpse which fell prostrate on the ground,  
For the cutting of his hair from his head,  
For Gwydien, the eagle of the air,  
Did Gwyddwg bring protection to the field,  
Resembling and honouring his master.  
Morien of the blessed song, brought protection  
To the ruined hall, and cleft the heads  
Of the first in youth, in strength, and in old age.  
Equal to three men, though a maid, was Bradwen;  
Equal to twelve was Gwenabwy, the son of Gwen.

XLI.

For the piercing of the skilful and most learned woman,  
Her servant bore a shield in the action,  
And with energy his sword fell upon the heads of the foe;  
In Lloegyr the churls cut their way before the chieftain.  
He who grasps the mane of a wolf, without a club  
In his hand, will have it gorgeously emblazoned on his robe.  
In the engagement of wrath and carnage,  
Bradwen perished, - she did not escape.

XLII.

Carcases of gold mailed warriors lay upon the city walls;  
None of the houses or cities of Christians was any longer actively engaged in war;

But one feeble man, with his shouts, kept aloof The roving birds;  
Truly Syll of Virein reports that there were more  
That had chanced to come from Llwy,  
From around the inlet of the flood;  
He reports that there were more,  
At the hour of mattins,  
Than the morning breeze could well support.

XLIII.

When you, famous conqueror!  
Were protecting the ear of corn in the uplands,  
Deservedly were we said to run like marked men;  
The entrance to Din Drei was not guarded,  
There was a mountain with riches for those who should approach it,  
And there was a city for the army that should venture to enter;  
But Gwynwydd's name was not heard where his person was not seen.

XLIV.

Though there be a hundred men in one house,  
I know the cares of war,  
The chief of the men must pay the contribution.

LXV.

I am not headstrong and petulant,  
I will not avenge myself on him who drives me on,  
I will not laugh in derision;  
This particle shall go under foot.  
My limbs are racked,  
And I am loaded,  
In the subterranean house;  
An iron chain  
Passes over my two knees;  
Yet of the mead and of the horn,  
And of the host of Cattraeth,  
I Aneurin will sing

What is known to Taliesin,  
Who communicates to me his thoughts,  
Or a strain of Gododin,  
Before the dawn of bright day.

XLVI.

The chief exploit of the North did the hero accomplish,  
Of a gentle breast, a more liberal lord could not be seen,  
Earth does not support, nor has mother borne  
Such an illustrious, powerful, steel clad warrior;  
By the force of his gleaming sword he protected me,  
From the cruel subterranean prison he brought me out,  
From the chamber of death, from a hostile region;  
Such was Ceneu, son of Llywarch, energetic and bold.

XLVII.

He would not bear the reproach of a congress,  
Senyllt, with his vessels full of mead; -  
His sword rang for deeds of violence,  
He shouted and bounded with aid for the war,  
And with his arm proved a comprehensive support,  
Against the armies of Gododin and Bryneich.  
Booths for the horses were prepared in the hall,  
There was streaming gore, and dark brown harness,  
And from his hand issued a thread of gleam;  
Like a hunter shooting with the bow  
Was Gwen; and the attacking parties mutually pushed each other,  
Friend and foe by turns;  
The warriors did not cut their way to flee,  
But were the generous defenders of every region.

XLVIII.

To Llech Leucu, the land of Lleu, and Lleudvre,  
To the course of Gododin,  
And to the course of Ragno, close at hand,

Even that hand which directed the splendour of battle,  
With the branch of Caerwys,  
Before it was shattered  
By the season of the storm, - by the storm of the season,  
To form a rank against a hundred thousand men,  
Coming from Dindovydd,  
In the region of Dyvneint,  
Deeply did they design,  
Sharply did they pierce,  
Wholly did they chant,  
Even the army with the battered shields;  
And before the bull of conflict,  
The hostile van was broken.

XLIX.

The foes have in sorrow greatly trembled,  
Since the battle of most active tumult,  
At the border of Ban Carw;  
Round the border of Ban Carw  
The fingers of Brych were hurt by the shaft of a spear.  
In defence of Pwyll, of Distair and Distar,  
In defence of Pwyll, of Rodri, and of Rhychwardd,  
A stout bow was spent by Rhys in Rhiwdrech;  
They that were not bold would not attain their purpose;  
None escaped that was once overtaken and pierced.

L.

Not meetly was his buckler pierced  
Upon the flank of his steed;  
Not meetly did he mount  
His long legged, slender, grey charger;  
Dark was his shaft, dark,  
Darker was his saddle;  
Thy hero is in a cell,  
Gnawing the shoulder of a buck,

May his hand triumph,  
But far be the shoulder of venison.

LI.

It is well that Adonwy came to the support of Gwen;  
Bradwen abandoned the foaming brine,  
And fought, slaughtered, and burned, though Morien  
She did not surpass in martial deeds.  
You did not regard the rear or the van  
Of the towering, unhelmetted presence;  
You did not observe the great swelling sea of knights,  
That would mangle, and grant no shelter to the Saxons.

LII.

Gododin! in respect of you will I demand  
The dales beyond the ridge of Drum Essyd;  
The slave, greedy of wealth, cannot control himself;  
By the counsel of thy son, let thy valour shine forth.  
The place appointed for the conference  
Was not mean, in front of Llanveithin;  
From twilight to twilight he revelled;  
Splendid and full was the purple of the pilgrim;  
He killed the defenceless, the delight of the bulwark of toil,  
His inseparable companion, whose voice was like that of Aneurin.

LIII.

Together arise the foremost fighting warriors,  
And in a body march to Cattræth, with noise and eager speed;  
The effects of the mead in the hall, and of the beverage of wine.  
Blades were scattered between the two armies  
By an illustrious knight, in front of Gododin.  
Furze was set on fire by the ardent spirit, the bull of battle.

LIV.

Together arise the expert warriors,

And the stranger, the man with the crimson robe, pursue;  
The encampment is broken down by the gorgeous pilgrim,  
Where the young deer were in full melody.  
Amongst the spears of Brych you could see no rods;  
With the base the worthy can have no concord;  
Morial in pursuit will not countenance their dishonourable deeds,  
With his steel blade ready for the effusion of blood.

LV.

Together arise the associated warriors,  
Strangers to the country, their deeds shall be proclaimed;  
There was slaughtering with axes and blades,  
And there was raising large cairns over the heroes of toil.

LVI.

The experienced warriors met together,  
And all with one accord sallied forth;  
Short were their lives, long is the grief of those who loved them;  
Seven times their number of Lloegrians had they slain;  
After the conflict their wives raised a scream;  
And many a mother has the tear on her eyelash.

LVII.

No hall was ever made so faultless;  
Nor was there a lion so generous, a majestic lion on the path, so kind  
As Cynon of the gentle breast, the most comely lord.  
The fame of the city extends to the remotest parts;  
It was the staying shelter of the army, the benefit of flowing melody.  
Of those whom I have seen, or shall hereafter see  
On earth, engaged in arms, the battle cry, and war, the most heroic was he,  
Who slew the mounted ravagers with the keenest blade;  
Like rushes did they fall before his hand.  
O son of Clydno, of lasting fame! I will sing to you  
A song of praise, without beginning, without end.

LVIII.

After the feast of wine and the banquet of mead,  
Enriched with the first fruits of slaughter,  
The mother of Spoliation,  
Was the energetic Eidol;  
He honoured the mount of the van,  
In the presence of Victory.  
The hovering ravens,  
Ascend in the sky;  
The foremost spearmen around him thicken,  
Like a crop of green barley,  
Without the semblance of a retreat.  
Warriors in wonder shake their javelins,  
With pouting and pallid lips,  
Caused by the keenness of the destructive sword;  
From the front of the banquet, deprived of sleep  
They vigorously spring forth, upon the awaking  
Of the mother of the Lance, the leader of the din.

LIX.

From the feast of wine and the banquet of mead, they marched  
To the strife of mail-clad warriors;  
I know no tale of slaughter which records  
So complete a destruction.  
Before Cattræth loquacious was the host;  
But of the retinue of Mynyddawg, greatly to be deplored,  
Out of three hundred men, only one returned.

LX.

From the feast of wine and the banquet of mead, with speed they marched,  
Men renowned in difficulty, prodigal of their lives;  
In fairest order round the food they together feasted;  
Wine and mead and tribute they enjoyed.  
From the retinue of Mynyddawg ruin has come to me;  
And I have lost my general and my true friends.

Of the regal army of three hundred men that hastened to Cattræth,  
Alas! none have returned, save one alone.

LXI.

Impetuous as a ball, in the combat of spears, was Present,  
And on his horse would he be found, when not at home;  
Yet illusive was the aid which he brought against Gododin;  
For though apart from the wine and mead he was unrestrained,  
He perished on the course;  
And red stained warriors ride  
The steeds of the knight, who had been in the morning bold.

LXII.

Angor, you who scattered the brave,  
And pierced the sullen like a serpent;  
You trampled upon those who in strong mail are clad,  
In front of the army;  
Like an enraged bear, guarding and assaulting,  
You trampled upon the furious,  
In the day of capture,  
In the dank entrenchment;  
Like the mangling dwarf,  
Who in his fury prepared  
A banquet for the birds,  
In the tumultuous fight.  
Cywir are you named from your righteous (enwir) deed;  
Leader, director, and bulwark (mur) of the course of battle  
Is Merin; and fortunately (mad) were you, Madien, born.

LXIII.

It is incumbent to sing of the complete acquisition  
Of the warriors, who at Cattræth made a tumultuous rout,  
With confusion and blood, and treading and trampling;  
Men of toil were trampled because of the contribution of mead in the horn;  
But the carnage of the combatants

Cannot be described even by the cup of bounty,  
After the excitement of the battle is over,  
Notwithstanding so much splendid eloquence.

LXIV.

It is incumbent to sing of so much renown,  
The tumult of fire, of thunder, and tempest,  
The glorious gallantry of the knight of conflict.  
The ruddy reapers of war are thy desire,  
You man of toil, but the worthless you beheaded;  
The whole length of the land shall hear of you in battle;  
With your shield upon your shoulder, you do incessantly cleave  
With your blade, until blood flows like bright wine out of glass vessels;  
As the contribution for mead you claimed gold;  
Wine nourished was Gwaednerth, the son of Llywri.

LXV.

It is incumbent to sing of the gay and illustrious tribes,  
That, after the fatal fight, filled the river Aeron;  
Their grasp satisfied the hunger of the eagles of Clwyd,  
And prepared food for the birds of prey.  
Of those who went to Cattræth, wearers of the golden chain,  
Upon the message of Mynyddawg, sovereign of the people,  
There came not honourably in behalf of the Brython,  
To Gododin, a hero from afar who was better than Cynon.

LXVI.

It is incumbent to sing of so many men of skill,  
Who in their halls once led a merry life:  
Ambitious and bold, all round the world would Eidol seek for melody;  
But notwithstanding gold, and fine steeds, and intoxicating mead,  
Only one man of these, who loved the world, returned,  
Cynddilig of Aeron, one of the Novantian heroes.

LXVII.

It is incumbent to sing of the gay and illustrious tribes,  
That went upon the message of Mynyddawg, sovereign of the people,  
And the daughter of Eudav the Tall, of a faultless gait,  
Apparelled in her purple robes, thoroughly and truly splendid.

LXVIII.

The soldiers celebrated the praise of the Holy One,  
And in their presence was kindled a fire that raged on high.  
On Tuesday they put on their dark-brown garments;  
On Wednesday they purified their enamelled armour;  
On Thursday their destruction was certain;  
On Friday was brought carnage all around;  
On Saturday their joint labour was useless;  
On Sunday their blades assumed a ruddy hue;  
On Monday was seen a pool knee deep of blood.  
The Gododin relates that after the toil,  
Before the tents of Madog, when he returned,  
Only one man in a hundred with him came.

LXIX.

At the early dawn of morn,  
There was a battle at the fall of the river, in front of the course;  
The pass and the knoll were pervaded with fire;  
Like a boar did you lead to the mount;  
The wealth of the hill, and the place,  
And the dark brown hawks were stained with gore.

LXX.

Quickly rising, in a moment of time,  
After kindling a fire at the confluence, in front of the fence,  
After leading his men in close array,  
In front of a hundred he pierces the foremost.  
Sad it was that you should have made a pool of blood,  
As if you but drank mead in the midst of laughter;  
But it was brave of you to slay the little man,

With the fierce and impetuous stroke of the sword;  
For like the unrestrained ocean had the foe put to death  
A man, who would otherwise have been in rank his equal.

LXXI.

He fell headlong down the precipice,  
And the bushes supported not his noble head;  
It was a violation of privilege to kill him on the breach,  
It was a primary law that Owain should ascend upon the course,  
And extend before the onset the branch of peace,  
And that he should pursue the study of meet and learned strains.  
Excellent man, the assuager of tumult and battle,  
Whose very grasp dreaded a sword,  
And who bore in his hand an empty corslet.  
O sovereign, dispense rewards  
Out of his earthly shrine.

LXXII.

Eidol, with frigid blood and pale complexion,  
Spreading carnage, when the maid was supreme in judgment;  
Owner of horses and strong trappings,  
And transparent shields,  
Instantaneously makes an onset, - ascending and descending.

LXXIII.

The leader of war with eagerness conducts the battle,  
Mallet of the land, he loved the mighty reapers;  
Stout youth, the freshness of his form was stained with blood,  
His accoutrements resounded, his chargers made a clang;  
His cheeks are covered with armour,  
And thus, image of death, he scatters desolation in the toil;  
In the first onset his lances penetrate the targets,  
And a track of surrounding light is made by the aim of the darting of his spears.

LXXIV.

The saints exert their courage, for the destruction of thy retreat,  
And the cellar, which contained, and where was brewed  
The mead, that sweet ensnarer.  
With the dawn does Gwrys make the battle clash;  
Fair gift, - marshal of the Lloegrian tribes;  
Penance he inflicts until repentance ensues;  
May the dependants of Gwynedd hear of his renown;  
With his ashen shaft he pierces to the grave;  
Pike of the conflict of Gwynedd,  
Bull of the host, oppressor of the battle of princes;  
Though you have kindled the land before you fall,  
At the extreme boundary of Gododin will be your grave.

LXXV.

Involved in vapours was the man accustomed to armies,  
High minded, bitter handed leader of the forces;  
He was expert, and ardent, and stately,  
Though at the social banquet he was not harsh.  
They removed and possessed his valuable treasures,  
And not the image of a thing for the benefit of the region was left.

LXXVI.

We are called! The sea and the borders are in conflict;  
Spears are mutually darting, spears all equally destructive;  
Impelled are sharp weapons of iron, gashing is the blade,  
And with a clang the sock descends upon the pate;  
A successful warrior was Fflamddwr against the enemy.

LXXVII.

He supported martial steeds and harness of war;  
Drenched with gore, on the red-stained field of Cattræth,  
The foremost shaft in the host is held by the consumer of forts,  
The brave dog of battle, upon the towering hill.  
We are called to the gleaming post of assault,  
By the beckoning hand of Heiddyn, the ironclad chief.

LXXVIII.

The sovereign, who is celebrated in the Gododin,  
The sovereign, for whom our eye-lids weep,  
From the raging flame of Eiddyn turned not aside;  
He stationed men of firmness in command,  
And the thick covering guard he placed in the van,  
And vigorously he descended upon the scattered foe;  
In that he had revelled, he likewise sustained the main weight;  
Of the retinue of Mynyddawg, none escaped,  
Save one man by slow steps, thoroughly weakened, and tottering every way.

LXXIX.

Having sustained a loss, Mored bore no shield,  
But traversed the strand to set the ground on fire;  
Firmly he grasped in his hand a blue blade,  
And a shaft ponderous as the chief priest's crozier;  
He rode a grey stately headed charger,  
And beneath his blade there was a dreadful fall of slaughter;  
When overpowered he fled not from the battle, -  
Even he who poured out to us the famous mead, that sweet ensnarer.

LXXX.

I beheld the array from the highland of Adowyn,  
And the sacrifice brought down to the omen fire;  
I saw what was usual, a continual running towards the town,  
And the men of Nwython inflicting sharp wounds;  
I saw warriors in complete order approaching with a shout,  
And the head of Dyvnwal Vrych by ravens devoured.

LXXXI.

Blessed Conqueror, of temper mild, the strength of his people,  
With his blue streamers displayed towards the sea-roving foes.  
Brave is he on the waters, most numerous his host;  
Manly his bosom, loud his shout in the charge of arms.

Usual was it for him to make a descent before nine armaments,  
With propulsive strokes, in the face of blood and of the country.  
I love thy victorious throne, which teemed with harmonious strains.  
O Cynddilig of Aeron, you lion's whelp.

LXXXII.

I could wish to have been the first to shed my blood in Cattræth,  
As the price of the mead and beverage of wine in the hall;  
I could wish to have been hurt by the blade of the sword,  
Ere he was slain on the green plain of Uphin.  
I loved the son of renown, who sustained the bloody fight,  
And made his sword descend upon the violent.  
Can a tale of valour be related before Gododin,  
In which the son of Ceidiaw has not his fame as a man of war?

LXXXIII.

Sad it is for me, after all our toil,  
To suffer the pang of death through indiscretion;  
And doubly grievous and sad for me to see  
Our men falling headlong to the ground,  
Breathing the lengthened sigh, and covered with reproaches.  
After the strenuous warriors have extended their country's bounds,  
Rhuvawn and Gwgawn, Gwiawn and Gwlyged,  
Men at their post most gallant, valiant in difficulties,  
May their souls, now that their conflict is ended,  
Be received into the heavenly region, the abode of tranquillity.

LXXXIV.

Tres repelled the foe through a pool of gore,  
And slaughtered like a hero such as asked no quarter,  
With a sling and a spear; - he flung off his glass goblet  
Containing the mead, and in defence of his sovereignty overthrew an army;  
His counsel always prevailed, and the multitude would not speak before him,  
Whilst those that were cowards were not left alive,  
Before the onset of his battle-axes, and his sharpened sword,

And where his blue banner was seen to wave.

LXXXV.

There was a reinforcement of troops,  
A supply of penetrating weapons,  
And a host of men in the vanguard,  
Presenting a menacing front;  
In the days of strenuous exertion,  
In the eager conflict,  
They displayed their valour.  
After the intoxication,  
When they drank the mead,  
Not one was spared.  
Though Gorwylam  
Was awhile successful,  
When the retort was made, it broke the charge  
Of the horses and men, by fate decreed.

LXXXVI.

When the host of Pryder arrives,  
I anxiously count the bands,  
Eleven complete battalions;  
There is now a precipitate flight  
Along the road of lamentation.  
Affectionately have I deplored,  
Dearly have I loved,  
The illustrious dweller of the wood,  
And the men of Argoed,  
Accustomed, in the open plain,  
To marshal their troops.  
For the benefit of the chiefs, the lord of the war  
Laid upon rough boards,  
Midst a deluge of grief,  
The viands for the banquet,  
Where they caroused together; - he conducted us to a bright fire,

And to a carpet of white and fresh hide.

LXXXVII.

Geraint, from the South, did raise a shout,  
And on the white water was his buckler pierced.  
Lord of the spear, a gentle lord!  
The praise of mountain and sea  
Will he render our youth, even you, Geraint, will render them,  
Who have been a generous commander.

LXXXVIII.

Instantaneously is his fame wafted on high;  
His anchors from the scene of action cannot be restrained.  
Unflinching eagle of the forward heroes,  
He bore the toil, and brilliant was his zeal;  
The fleetest coursers he outstripped in war,  
But was quite a lamb when the wine from the goblet flowed.  
Ere he reached the grassy tomb, and his cheeks became pale in death,  
He presided over the banquet of mead, and honoured it with the generous horn.

LXXXIX.

Ruin he brought upon every fair region,  
And a fettering valour he displayed;  
The front of his shield was pierced.  
Caso Hir, when roused to anger,  
Defended Rhuvoniawg.  
A second time they challenged, and were crushed  
By the warlike steeds with gory trappings.  
His martial nobles formed a firm array,  
And the field was reddened, when he was greatly affronted;  
Severe in the conflict, with blades he slaughtered,  
And sad news from the war he brought,  
Which he wove into a song for the calends of January.  
Adan, the son of Ervai, there did pierce,  
Adan pierced the haughty boar;

Even he, who was like a dame, a virgin, and a hero.  
And when the youth thus possessed the properties of a king,  
He, stained with blood, brought deliverance to Gwynedd,  
Ere the turf was laid upon the gentle face  
Of the generous dead; but now undisturbed  
In regard to fame and gain, he reposes in the grave,  
Namely, Garthwys Hir, from the land of Rhuvoniawg.

XC.

The garment of Tinogad, which was of divers colours,  
Made of the speckled skins of young wolves,  
His jerks and starts and juggling motion,  
I fain would lampoon, they were lampooned by his eight slaves.  
When thy father went out to hunt,  
With his pole upon his shoulder, and his provisions in his hand,  
He would call to his dogs that were of equal size,  
Catch it, catch it - seize it, seize it - bring it, bring it;  
He would kill a fish in his coracle,  
Even as a princely lion in his fury kills his prey;  
When thy father climbed up the mountain,  
He brought back the head of a roebuck, the head of a wild boar,  
the head of a stag,  
The head of a grey moor hen from the hill,  
The head of a fish from the falls of the Derwent;  
As many as thy father could reach with his flesh piercer,  
Of wild boars, lions, and foxes,  
It was certain death to them all, unless they proved too nimble.

XCI.

Were he to narrow my dominions through extortion,  
The arrival of no enemy would prove to me more formidable.  
The man has not been nursed who could be more festive in the hall  
Than he, or steadier in the field of battle.  
On the ford of Penclwyd Pennant were his steeds;  
Far spread was his fame, compact was his armour;

And ere the long grass covered him beneath the sod,  
He, the only son of Morarch, poured out the horns of mead.

XCII.

I saw the array from the highland of Adoen,  
Carrying the sacrifice to the omen fire;  
I saw the two, who from their station quickly and heavily fell;  
By the commands of Nwython, greatly were they afflicted.  
I saw the warriors, who had made the great breach, approaching with the dawn,  
And the head of Dyvnwal Vrych by ravens devoured.

XCIII.

Gododin, in respect of you will I demand,  
In the presence of a hundred that are named with deeds of valour,  
And of Gwarthan the son of Dwywau, of gallant bravery,  
Let Tre Essyd be ours in one entire dale.  
Since the stabbing of the delight of the bulwark of battle,  
Since Aneurin was under ground,  
My voice has not been divorced from Gododin.

XCIV.

Echo speaks of the formidable and dragon-like weapons,  
And of the fair game, which was played in front of the unclaimed course of Gododin.  
Profusely did he bring a supply of wine into the tents, for the benefit of the natives,  
In the season of the storm, as long as it trickled from the vessels,  
And the army, a well nourished host, continued to drop in.  
A splendid troop of warriors, successful against a hundred men,  
Is led from Dindovydd in Dyvneint.  
Before Doleu in battle, worn out were the shields, and battered the helmets.

XCV.

He brought ruin upon every fair region,  
And a fettering valour he displayed;  
The front of his shield was pierced;  
Caso Hir, arrayed in pomp,

Protected Rhuvoniawg.

A second time were they wounded, and crushed  
By his warlike steeds, and gore-stained were their coffins.  
Always immoveable, always liberal of aid,  
Would be his gallant nobles, when roused to anger.  
Severe in the conflict, with blades he slaughtered;  
And agonising news from the war he brought,  
Which he wove into a hundred songs for the calends of January.  
Adan the son of Urvei there did pierce,  
Adan pierced the haughty boar,  
Even he who was like Urien, a maid, and a hero.  
And as the youth was thus endowed with the properties of a king,  
Lord of Gwynedd, and of the blood of Cilydd, he proved our deliverer;  
Ere the turf was laid upon the face of the generous dead,  
Wisely did he seek the field, with praise and high sounding fame:  
The grave of Gorthyn Hir is seen from the highlands of Rhuvoniawg.

XCVI.

On account of the piercing of the skilful and most learned man,  
On account of the fair corpse, which fell prostrate upon the ground,  
Thrice six officers judged the atrocious deed at the hour of mattins,  
And Morien lifted up again his ancient lance,  
And, roaring, stretched out death  
Towards the warriors, the Gwyddyl, and the Prydyn;  
Whilst towards the lovely, slender, blood-stained body of Gwen,  
Sighed Gwenabwy, the only son of Gwen.

XCVII.

On account of the afflicting of the skilful and most learned man  
Grievously and deeply, when he fell prostrate upon the ground,  
The banner was pompously unfurled, and borne by a man in the flank;  
A tumultuous scene was beheld in Eiddin, and on the battle field.  
The grasp of his hand performed deeds of valour  
Upon the Cynt, the Gwyddyl, and the Prydyn.  
He who meddles with the mane of a wolf, without a club

In his hand, will have it gorgeously emblazoned on his robe.

Fain would I sing, - "would that Morien had not died."

I sigh for Gwenabwy, the son of Gwen.