

Y Gododdin

by
Aneirin

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GODODDIN

I

Departures

II

Gwanhanon

III

To Catraeth

IV

Battle's Onset

V

Gwarchan

VI

Fallen Heroes

VII

Liddesdale

VIII

Fallen Legends

IX

Battle's Increase

X

Fallen Leaders

XI

Battle's End

XII

Nostoi

Canto I

Departures

I

Gododdin, should I breathe this breath for thee,
Let crowded courts appraise my bombast bold,
Weaving the words of Dwywai's dashing son,
Whose single song, a poet's privilege,
'Midst vanquish'd places manifests itself,
For since this saint-like awesome soul was slain
Since soil was swept across Aneirin
Poetry has parted from Gododdin,
& as no soldier marches without arms
No bard without this poem may contend...

...Y Gododdin, by Aneirin, begins.

II

Sharp points have punctur'd seas of swarming spears

A shar'd defence of brutal foes defied,

Well-hidden men, before the shield-din's onset,

Awake beneath Dun Eidyn's lofty sphinx,

Alas, for this proud host Death spurns return

So let those Bards of valour truthful sing

When stubborn shields were split thro' fearing fields

Their victims seldom felt the spear-gift twice!

III

As early rose the reign of lamplit day
Revolving sov'reign of the royal light
That shines high over heath & heavenly vales
What sad march starts the shaking of the shield
Towards Victory's vicinity, hoped-for,
Those hollow mead-horns bright in Eidyn's hall
Excite, & invite intoxication,
Inciting with its crystal vintage clear
When scything reapers sing of shining war
& minstrels muse on battle-braided war

IV

The multi-colour'd coat of Tinagad
Spun from the speckl'd skins of vaulting wolves
Has framed his whistle-jerks & juggling jigs
Disdainfully received by Eidyn's sleighted slaves;
*"Friends, when my daddy went out a-hunting
Pole bourn on shoulders, foodstuffs in his hand
Out to his same-sized canines would he call,
"Snatch it! Catch it! Tease it! Seize it! Fetch it!"
He kill'd the flippers in his coracle
Just as the princely lion slays its prey,
& when he moved up steep'ning mountain slopes
Fresh heads well won of roebucks, stags & boar,
He caught a spotted, moor-hen from the hill
& pull'd a fish from Derwent's tumbling falls.
The flesh-hook of my father furrow'd far
Thro' tusky boars, lone lions, foxes swift -
Whose noose none saved but those with nimblest bounds."*

V

Men gather'd in Gododdin gladly laughing
But bitter in their battles blades display'd
Between, what peaceful year had they enjoy'd,
But now brave Bogdad's son send bloodpulse rushing,
Tho' all perform'd good penance in the church
Both old & young, those hungry for glory
Faced death's inevitable penetrations!

VI

As natives of a wine-fed land grow brave
Gododdin's Gwlyget inspires thro speech
First fashioner of Mynyddawg's fair feast
Whose cost entails the carnage at Catraeth.

VII

As he was when he rode with his riders
A bouncing ball rebounding back & forth
So shall he be until the heart-warm hearth
Whence from banded Gododdin's goodly nest
In grand Dun Eidyn, with the sun-dress'd mead
They offer'd firmest force to violent strife
Cadfannon in command, steersman of steeds
Careering crimson fillies with the dawn!

VIII

From native bed his fame spread far abroad

From golden torque has vino fairly flow'd

He gifted finest suits, clad those brave men

Who match'd his own heroic courtesy

That sons of foreign soldiers full recieved

Like Cian's only boy from yon Bannawg

No lad more ardent on the fosse did tread

Ever, of Votadini, than Llivieu

IX

From yonder Sea of Iudeu, battle-bold
Comes man thrice-times more fierce than fiercest lion
Brave Bubon, mightiest in battle's mire

X

From Edina's splendid, castellated crag
He led his loyal men-at-arms to war
Before... his happy palace saw him pour
The mead that made the Mordei joyful be
The well-brew'd braggets blissful beverage
Before... he wore the grand, gold, purple garb
& on plush horses him borne safe away
Come lift up Gwrthleu, liquor on the tongue,
Whose vocal valour turn'd aside the tide,
Him restless bear e'er pacing down the path!

XI

Hail warrior wolf! First prince of thy pack,
What beads of amber warmth drip from the brow,
More precious than a banquet, sipping mead,
Ye block'd in battle foes which pour'd with blood
Both Gwynedd & the Hen Ogledd be yours
For as the son of Ysgarran once counsel'd
Thou art first bladesman of the broken shield.

XII

Three centuries of ore-kiss'd soldiers speed
Of valour fond, blown headlong down the course
Three hundred haughty heroes of the heart
Unanimous! As one! A single sword
Has hasten'd forth upon three hundred horses
Of these, none would return, O world of woe!

Canto II
Gwanhanon

I

As battle approaches arms assembl'd
By warlike men, stood pois'd by noble chiefs,
& trenches bustle to the curv'd horns call,
A great king & his crew shall carnage cause
& dark gore spread from bush-stalk to the spear.

II

The men of Catraeth clamour'd with the dawn
About their long-successful Guledig
This Urien arose the most respected
His sov'reign seat sustain'd, & kept its ties,
Both warrior & perfect prince baptised
The tribal pride of Prydain wide array'd
At Gwenystrad, & made a constant charge
Not field nor wood the people could protect
With shelter when this slaughter to them comes

III

Enthused with day-dawn lifting up their limbs

Men rose up, solid soldiers by their sides

But whether them at beck & call or king

Each seem'd as if them hundred men among

With dispositions urging on attack

In measures same as merrying with mead

Along thick hack-paths prick-blades spare no foes

Of those held on a forward horse-flung course

IV

He roar'd to war while grass-fed cattle dozed
 & sporting lion's likeness heart & stern
His mead-meant courage thro' Gwanhanon moved
 & battl'd every inch, captain renown'd,
 & as Aneirin his prowess prais'd
All men should brave & splendid-minded praise
 Such as Eithinyin, Boddar Adaf's son!

V

Geraint, from southern realms, has rais'd a shout
& by the blessed stream his buckler pierced
Sword-master & best lord of gentle mein
Up mountains & oer oceans far regaled
Leader of the Gododdin's soldier'd youth
Commander of true generosity!

VI

Tis best the bards praise tribes illustrious
A message sent from Mynyddawg, man-lord,
As through Gwanhanon Eudaf's daughter scourged
Those clad in purple robes would crush & mangle men

VII

O Lord of Rheged, dealer in daring,
What blades of rage have revel'd on thy brow
Attacking foes with fury at the rock,
O sacred stone of blessed Galystem!
To form a shield, defending thine own force
Let battle settle in brave Owain's soul

VIII

Unyielding, with their broad shields flashing sunflame

Such glory-greed demands harsh action's fame

Steeds fill the van as spears plant blood-stain'd bones

While friends were struck so too were all our foes

Spurning unendurable dishonour

Firm at the ford they stood their stubborn ground

Or dash'd at many courtly champions

IX

Before he left his life beside the ford
This flight-wild eagle swept thro' dewy morn
& scatter'd an advance on either side;
So as we bards must judge man's noblest deeds,
No ransom war-mad blood-pursuits could prevent
Or halt the devastations of his foes
When under swan-white steed was he interr'd
& slept well him whom firm hearts could command
His armour cover'd with a quart of gore
Undaunted Buddvan, son of Bleiddvan bold

X

As rolling waves oer shingle roaring wings
Valiant men assault the foe in lines
Them after morning mush to mangl'd flesh
This day tumultuous three parts play'd out
Til in the front was heard an active shout
Before the key to Gwenystrad's defence
That barricading mound & sloping ground
Gore-tinted men drooping by the ford-pass
Dropping their arms in pallid misery
Both peaceful & dejected with defeat!

XI

Men wail upon the walls of Gwanhanon
Invoking Christ, knights of enrich'd descent
Clothes clotted with blood, toiling in battle
Incessantly, energetically,
All thoughts of flight flown from their mighty minds

XII

Gore-waging war has ravaged his retreat
Far from the warm, safe hearthside of the hall
& cellars full of sweet ensnaring mead
To battle's clash has Gwrys dash'd at the dawn
Giving the Angles interesting gifts
Til Karma comes, inflicting cruel pain
Soon Gwynned's sons shall of his glory sing
& weep for his grave at Gwanhannon
Where clutching the buck-lance of Cadwallon
He bull-like wrought the Battle of Princes
Until slumbering under muddy sod
Gododdin's foremost border knows his grave!

Canto III
To Catraeth

I

This is the cataclysm of Catraeth
So many souls in sorrow sigh its song
A kingless county & a smoking land
The clan of Old King Cole did savage reeve
Long biers of streaming blood, what wretched fate
Awaits in miserable necessity
Cyvwlch the Tall & Tudvwlch's doom decreed
Together they had sunk the torchlit mead
Tho' pleasant then, its taste detested now

II

Come rise as one, Gododdin's golden sons
& flow to Catraeth, go with eager speed
& there encounter how affects ye mead
When bloody blades shall scatter between teams
Of Knights illustrious, & at thy front
Ardent Eithinyin, far his name's fame known

III

A bear in battle & a stone in stress
Across the border roars a famous man
Torque blushing in the flush of well-earn'd wine
A century of stainless men retain'd
O noble-natured knight from distant heights
Yon Bannawg's hoary peak, Lord Cian's single son
Of whom the bards Gododdin none compare
In ardency, when musing on Llivieu

IV

From Loth's rock thro Loth's lands to Liddesdale
Gododdin by the course of Ragno go
Whose hands directed the splendid slaughter
& clutch'd the branch of Caerwys long before
It shatter'd in the storm of the season
From overseas roar'd tempests, vessels tore,
Whose full-mann'd, nourish'd navy sail'd the waves
Fetching successful warriors to war
The wild hosts of Heibilyawn, & the host
Of Meidlyawn, more animals than men
From deep Dindywydd march'd, but shatter'd soon,
Some batter'd shield neath conflict's evil hooves
Broken afore war's vacuums fill'd the van.

V

Men moved to Catraeth, marching with the morn

The foam of flagons quaff'd on quiet nights

Their prophesied success would falsely prove

Mission ambitious, men must maim & slay!

Rush'd standards blazing wond'rously to war

From Eidyn's fort no force like this e'er flow'd

To scatter battle-horsemen form'd abroad

VI

Men went to Catraeth, company & keen,
Whose drunken mead would soon sick poison prove
Three hundred caught the cataclysmic storm
Where sportive celebrations silenced cries
 & tho stood at the altar, penitent,
Inevitable Death confronted them

VII

Tis important noble retinues to raise
Whose sword-shafts falcon-thirsts shall satisfy,
& other birds of prey foodstuffs prepare
Of those who march'd on Catraeth golden chain'd
Under the sov'reign rod of Mynyddawg
No better Briton march'd on their behalf
Than Cynon, to Gododdin, from afar.

VIII

What waves of woe have burst across the world
Them mirror'd in the mead which blue horns fill
 He wears the purple robes & foes defies
Come praise Tudvwilch's appearance of stern aspect
 Whose banners fly with colours of good wine

IX

In jollity men gather'd for Gododdin

O mighty force approaching certain doom

There swords in silent slaughter shall slay in shortest order

Form stillnesses pillar'd by the mighty laws of life!

X

Those men had march'd on Catraeth neath the sun
Whose host's most fearsome foes shall pierce the peace
Ten thousand seek three hundred's overthrow
Where, crimson-chrism'd under lances dancing,
What gallant, manful war-post fearless held
By Mynyddawg Mwynfawr & his braw men

XI

The men had gone to Catraeth with the dawn
Those left behind regret their absent charms
Ensnar'd by lustrous mead of luscious gold
Them baned by year of song & minstrelsy
Swords running redder than the thickest plumes
Long blades lime white, helms cloven in quarters,
Comes the onslaught of Mynyddawg Mwynfawr

XII

With spirit siezed by easy drunken mead

A multitude moved across the border

Their goal the preservation of the law

Acting to higher call, accordingly

Tudvwlch & Cyvwlch carv'd breaches in Caers

But disastrous proves the feast of Mynyddawg!

For Catraeth's throng I cherish long revenge

For blades of steel, for mead, for vehemence

& for our fetters, those assembl'd arms

War-forces form... are those their ghostly howls I hear?

Aye! Tis right to kill Angles with anger!

Aye! Tis just to crush those that are crushing!

Canto IV
Battle's Onset

I

The lads were led to Catreath at the dawn
A cirque of shields their certain doom delays
Esteem'd in armour's gleaming & blood-greedy,
What clash of arms! What mighty thunder made!

When men of low-born breeding basely find

This hero & his halberd, as them hewn
From higher point, this rampant champion
Lays low the foe, this captain clad in steel
Lord of all Mordei, whose rich homage paid
To Erthai as the grandest armies groan'd!

II

There was a fight that first glimpse of the dawn
At the river fall, fought in front of the wall,
Both pass & knoll in flashing flames there flared
While lusting tusker rushes up the hill
Bent on the city's priceless treasure chests
Blood ochreing to hues of moon-dark hawks

III

The men rise early, time a moment's instant
The confluence aflame, he found the fence
 With loyal lads behind him lion-led
He fought a hundred, tho' their foremost slain
What sadness agues us as his bloodspill pools
Like quaffing liquer-mead in laughter's midst
How brave were you, who slew that little man
 With bitter stroke of sword impetuous,
 Extol my lord's irresistible ocean
When not one foe his fair fight could afford!

IV

This hero fell'd the foe with sling & spear
 & in the slaughter no quarter requir'd
Repell'd by pools of gore, his goblet's glass
Flung off with all its mead before his king
 Whom armies single-handedly oerthrew
 By every soul his counsel was approved
 For cowards from his company removed
Before bleak battle's onset, when sharp swords
 By banners waving azure silver shone

V

By dream-lit Dawn mens' might in marching sped
Unto the cutting, captain at their crown
Gore-fields greet Gwair's ungodly gobsmack'd stare
& as thro' day's distress my friend fought on
He made a brave defence of the mountain
But murky was his forward beam of war
& men made weepy for his gentile heart
Him queen amid we fluid flights of bees
Before his bones lay buried under sward
Lord Mynyddawg made Mordei's sword-mead flow

VI

Eyes flicker in the rosy-finger'd dawn
Legs quicken in a battle-loving band
Such gallant fellows follow from his lead
That fronting hundreds lungblast rais'd the bouts
Eager now to prove himself in battle
As if him hungry for the wine & mead
How savage did ye sliced & slaughter foes
Bold Ithael, audacious in attack!

VII

Aedan has donn'd the hero's double-shield

Of varied front, a stallion in stride

Him hurricane of hurt & blazing fire,

His dashing lances dancing in the sun

Drew carrion, fat profit for the crows

VIII

The Guledig shall lads to battle lead
This mallet of the land their reappings loved
But youth's ebbulience by blood bestain'd
Their armours tramp'l'd-garments crimson-dyed
Death's Angel made a merry desolation
When lances dancing at the first advance
Clove spear-path kinks of light thru phalanx'd foes

IX

The border cross'd, a belly full of mead
Deem them not harmless when them reckless-hearted
Ye fashion'd lavish feasts of lion's fare
& flung back those who flock'd to fling a spear
If friends fell back ye yell'd on the attack
Blood flows as finest wine from gaping gore
More than the three-year store thy steward pour'd
That on the fourth in volume did decrease
Ambrosia to all defiant stood
Against such odds - globe-gloried Breichiawl

X

More mightier a hall was never made
As that of Cynon, sainted sovereign,
He sits no longer at his table's head
& those struck down are never struck again
His sharp-apical'd spear-points penetrate
& perforate the blood-serrated foe
His armour'd chargers fly off in the van
His blasting blade this raid of wrath attends
When Cynon rush'd to battle one green dawn.

XI

Three charging chieftans Novantean led
Five centuries of loyal soldiery
These leaders three of three swift hundred hunting hounds,
All clad in gold, from Eidyn's riches rode
Chasing their fleeing foes with bitter face
Three kings of towns from Britain's crown came forth
Cynon, Cynrig, & Cynrain of Aeron
Smashing the ashen lances of Deivyr
In Britain was no better knight e'er rais'd
Than Cynon, stinging serpent to all his sullen foes

XII

Full never was feast-hall more flawless made
Nor kinder, nor majestic lion born
Than comely Cynon, gentle-breasted lord
Flesh-castle of the combat on the flank
To parts remote his city's fame extends
A shelter for the soldiers & their songs
& of all heroes seen, or seen hereafter
On earth who war-cry when the combat comes
Thou art the bravest at the weapon's wield
Thy keen-edg'd axehead scythes thro fields of blood
& cuts men down, bull-rushes fallen low,
Slaying the pillage-crew with courage keen
E'er-soaring praise I sing for Clydno's son
His praises swept unslated & unstill'd!

Canto V
Gwarchan

I

After the wine & feastings' flavours flown
Enrich'd on first fat fruits of slaughter's spoil
Energetic Eidol mounts the hill
As ravens hover sensing victory
Ascending skies oer spears wide thickening
That him surround, some virgin barley-crop
& offers not one semblance of retreat
While warring-wonders shock stiff javelins
Lips pallid grown, & pouting , lances carve
Banquets of blood, tho' dim from lack of sleep
Men surge from under Heiddun's sword-sharp son
Tough leader of the din tumultuous!

II

Blood-frigid Eidol, pallid skin-stretch pale
Regaling judgement as his carnage spread
Him owning horses, captain of their trappings,
He makes an instantaneous onset
Descending & ascending as he flies.

III

Correct it is to praise those skillful men
Who lusting life leapt from the craven halls,
Eidol's ambition moves bards every side,
"Praise goblets full of mead, good steeds & gold!"

O quiet soul! O conqueror! O king!

Sea-roving foemen spy thy streamers blue
Thee tiger on the tides, whose swarming host
Charg'd manfully by thy broad-beating breast
Twas custom'ry for ye nine companies to lead
 Into the blood for love of lands & tribe
O throne victorious, hear strains harmonious,
 Cynddilig praising, Aeron's lion-cub,
& Enovant's grandson loved the world the most

IV

As harnesses his charging horses held
Them gut-gore drench'd on Catraeth's crimson field
His was the foremost hillfort-hewing shaft
Whose battle-hounds harried the hoary highlands
Behind whose bark men hearken to the post
Hard beckon'd to by Heiddun, steel-clad chief!

V

When fairly met good men must meet life's loss!

Arvon's Dialgur brought the golden torque

Beyond brave battles fought by Brythons bold

Him by Cynon's own riders wide renown'd

VI

No shame by Senylt's court was ever felt
Far-famed for filling brimming bowls of mead
Whose sword-arm earn'd the holiest devotions
For as he bray'd & barg'd into battle
Supporting blood-soak'd soldiers in his arms
Before Gododdin, Brennych & Deivyr,
What hooves of Hermes hied between the hosts
When spear-gore stream'd over battle-black gear
& beams of bow-thread gleam from outstretch'd hands
Praise Gwen, him like a hunter in the haar
When foemen fought in mutual reproach
When not one foot would turn its toes in flight
Defending every region generally!

VII

Tis right for bards to relish such renown
The Zeus-blast, & the Sunstorm, & the Tempest
 Swells with this gallant & talented knight
Whose ruddy reapers ache for breakneck war
 A manly lion leading pens of sheep
All Britain lauds his firth-broad battle-sword
Fields cleaving clear beneath broad-shoulder'd shields
 Blood flowing as liquer leaves vessel'd glass
 If mead be money, deem gold thine to claim
Wine-nourish'd was Gwaednerth, old Llywri's son!

VIII

As native acres received invaders
He fix'd a front against the coming foe
& drove them off, those laughing chiefs of war -
Even as far as Ephyd, Elphin-famed,
A bull of battle Eithinyin became!

IX

From realms about with qualities acclaim'd
To combat, & to Catraeth, with a cry
Mix speedy steeds with shields, broad armours dark,
Uplifted javelins, lances sharp-pointing,
Mailcoats a-glittering & with swords!
Excelling, he would penetrate the host
Blade felling a full five battalions
As altars took the gold of Rhuvawn Hir
We minstrels, too, receiv'd a rich reward.

X

Again has Angor blown away the brave
Pike fierce, some widely-piercing serpentine
An army's immovable monument
Proposing plenty pain & punishment
Prize-giver to the best assaulting lance,
Thou art perfection's lawful pinnacle
& cometh careful to thy faithfull's call
Protecting all our Cymric progeny
Praise Tudvwlch, Castle slayer, battle-lord!
& Meryn, Madyen's son & man well born!

XI

The grey wolf roars as water, & was caught
By Gwolywy, as Angor scatters slain
This bold, unbroken rock defends his ain
Main guardian Gododdin loved to love
Whose ruddy horses, radiance & swords
Have heard the song that rises rapidly
From Cymry's famous bard, who stands in front
Of Garth Meryn, Tottarth with taleful tongue!

XII

It was his heart's first custom to defend
 Gododdin versus very best of foes
In battle's van avenging vehemence
It was his body's custom, lion-swift,
 To run on predatory shifting hordes
It custom was for Golstan's sov'reign son
 To listen to his father's worldly words
& custom kept when Mynyddawg him held
 To ruin regal shield & redden lance
Before the lord of Eidyn, when him sworn.

Canto VI
Fallen Heroes

I

Come rise as one, rise warriors, uprise
& wick with one accord gan sally forth!
From shorter lives are longer grieftimes wept
Tho' seven times their number had they slain
Each woman on love's ending day laments
With weeping tears a-line the lashes of wild eyes.

II

Wreath-leader midst conflict's cacophony
Observ'd by most on the murderous moor
Chief champion acharge & head of hosts,
Beneath whose blades fell five battalions
Men of Brennych & Deivyr utter'd moans
Two thousand slain in just one single hour,
Alas, his flesh wolf-won before him wed
Alas, him ravens' prey before love's vows
His spear laid low upon the blood-soaked soil
The mead-price of the hero-teeming hall
Praise Hyveidd Hir while still the minstrel's play

III

Men went to Catreath, inebriated,
Both firm & strong, tis wrong to spurn their praises
As about the blackening, blood-red blades,
Full fierce & tough the stern, rough war-dogs roar'd
& if a man was judged to be of Brennych
Of him no single phantom left alive
A friend is fallen... while I still breathe air...
Who terrors of the father-chief defied
Too noble to accept his bridal dowry
Cian's son, born of Maen Gwygwyn's soil

IV

Were I to lose lands thro lewd extortions
This crude calamity would lay me low
No hall-housed hero braver than him born
None steadier in slaughter's awful pity
On Penclwyd's ford his horses foremost strove
His fame far-flung, pock'd armour, riddl'd shield
Before his corpse by reed-long copse-grass stor'd
The only fawn of Fermarch pour'd the mead

V

Thro every region wrack & ruin reign'd
As over all his fetter'd valour rose
His shield-front yielding to the piercing point
Protected, he, Rhuvoniawg, with pomp
Beside the banks of Heledd's stream were seen
Horses of scarlet-harness'd war once more
A mass of arms there form'd immovable
That when affronted, reddening the field,
Would slash & slaughter at the battle's clash!
Such sadness in the news was wrested home
To teary dirges bards this New Year sung
Erthai, the son of Aedan, show'd his blade
Aedan, who pierced the Boar with haughty roar!

VI

Let Kings stand firm twyx Dremrudd's ruddy glances

Whose purposes times pillages obscure

Men plough the seas with pure impunity

Of these, the palest first is satisfied

A wee bit crazed & yet his crown complete

Before him garden-cover'd, Gownddelw

Right worthy lived as tall as Maelderw

& wielded spears as such we bards must praise

& moved our souls as he pervaded lands

Into the hill-ravine his charge descends

Full flesh & bone not shadows following

VII

For Abedon this gwarchan I shall sing
An apple not far fallen from its tree
Rent naked, render'd bold among thistles
This death, his death, shall not again occur
Effeminate, horses were his dainties
Now peace is lost in the grieving mansion
Thou hero wert in the day of conflict
Ye were a seeker, seeking things to fear!

VIII

The rich mead of the Mordei I consumed
Some spear-fest in the crest-encrusted hall
A feast for eagles he did fashion fair
When Cydwal sallied forth he rais'd a shout
The verdant dawn observ'd his hardening trials
As shards of splinter'd shields by him bestrewn
Darts flown with heartless cruelty men slay
In conflict's foremost quarter did he stand
First son of Syvno, soothsayers had seen
Him deign'd to sell his life, tho dearly warn'd
The price of slaughter, for his massing foes
Who with barb'd crosses & sharp spears him down
Both Athrwys & Affrel fell before
A carcass phalanx form'd from Gwynedd's gallant line

IX

I wish I would have been the first to fall
The price of all those courtly quarts of wine
I wish I could have buckl'd neath the blade
 Before he fell on Elphin's fertile plain
I loved his fame who forced the blood to flow
& thrust his sword thro those who violence loved
 Could ever a valourous tale regaling
Leave out the son of Keidyaw, man of war!

X

No shield unwielded in that spear-flung field

They met war-waging equals, eye for eye

In gory battle's struggle raging fall

Unshaken in the shield-storm surged his shout

Full faultless honour as he fought his foes

In phrenzied force until his will there fail'd

Before the grave of Gwrvelling the gargant

Some swardy heap of green fore'er became

XI

To never lower his athletic shield
Was his life's lot, to not encourage wrong
His rush for horses bluster'd thro the gates
Til holly lances brush'd the gold with gore
If friends fell by him foemen too would fall
Him on his kith could never shower shame
Whose valour's brave activity display'd
When slain was Mordei's far-famed Chyhuran

XII

Gododdin, I respectfully demand
The dales beyond Drum Essyd's ridgy range
Where money's love-slaves own no self-control
& Dwywai's son inspires our valours' shining
The site all settl'd on for conference
Was not degrading, in Llanveithin's front
We danced an airy shimmy between twilights
Puff'd-up upon the pilgrim's splendid purple
Alas! Defenceless Gwaws was slit & slain
Whose sweet voice seem'd Aneirin's in song

Canto VII
Liddesdale

I

I glanced on gather'd hosts from Hyddwyn high
Conflagration's ghostly sacrifice
& saw two leaders from their stations fall
Gore spills thro Nwython's orders under sword
Men marching on harmonious... a shout
When the heads of Brych & Dyvynwal raven-gnaw'd!

II

Uprise as one, Gododdin's silver sons
About the stranger of this crimson robe
Thou gorgeous pilgrim, ye who broke the camp
Where young bucks sing raw-throated melodies
Where Brych's spears shone no rods there could be seen
Men win no merit milling in the rear
Morial suffer'd not their evil deeds
His steel-edge ready for red flows of blood

III

Foes languish in a sad & trembling sorrow
Since that mad battle's impetuous tumult
About the the battling borders of Ban Carw,
Brych's fingers bullied by his spear shaft hurl'd
Defending Pwyll of Disteir & Distar,
Rychwardd of Rodri, & Rhys of Rhiwdrech
Spending the bow & bending stout & strong
Thro courage true his targets were attain'd
When none escaped, o'ertaken by the shaft!

IV

The noise of rivers meeting 'neath the fort
Arouses men to splendour, & to arms,
As chillness ebbs & flows thro battle's breach
Do those that lust for fame now seek death's dreams
When bodies lay cover'd by the rugs of heroes
After the best of shelterless assaults
The breach lies unafflicted by the surge
Men must bear great exertions with much patience
Yet frown at arms, while intellect allures,
& if found fleeing from pursuing foes
The grass-roof'd grave a slumber-house would be!

V

No hall was ever made more eminent
Nor mightier for slaughters more immense
The mead of Morien has turn'd to flame
& none could say that Cynon can't carve corpses
Whose hero-sword resounds around the ramparts
No more than we can move a massive boulder
Will Gwid, the son of Peithan, too be moved!

VI

It was as true as the old songs tell us
When no mans' mare dare overtake Marchleu
Whose lances, hurl'd by this grand Earl, commanding
From prancing stallion, thick hack-paths form,
A soldier rear'd for slaughter & support
Full furious his sword's defensive arc
Whose grasp sent ashen shafts a-shattering
Atop the stony pile in solemn stance
He spreads destruction with a dark delight
With blade well-bloodied midst the verdant furze
As when the reapers in fine weather flock,
So Marchleu made the sleepers' life-streams flow

VII

The mull'd mead of the Mordei did I drink
Which liquer led me to the rampart's edge
To spy & praise Colwedd's heroic prowess
When all were fallen he would also fall
When sinless souls in sweeter judgement proved
His was a rare arm daring on that field

VIII

Those swords & spears are splinter'd, strewn & still
That used to pierce the large, Lloegrian horde
Shields at the entrance, shields amid lances
Men weaving weeping widows as they died
While the blazing spears of Graid, great Hoewgi's son
Caus'd blood to pour in rude effusions crude.

IX

When thou, first nameling of the flames of fame
Defending highland harvests was observ'd
Twas said we fled thy fury like mark'd men
Yet yonder gaurdless doorway to Din Drei
With summit spilling silver, jade & gold
When his enemies dared venture an entrance
Gwynwydd's face there unseen, his name there unheard!

X

Round Neimyn's name no glory gain'd today
Tho noble men descended share the shade
When deed-songs these endeavours far deserve
Now Nwython's son is dead, his golden ring
Shared by three hundred chieftans, furious
Large-hearted heroes, bellies full of mead
The army loved his energetic arms
On Cavall's ridge-crown foemen fiercely fell'd
No man among a thousand soldiers strong
No spear, shield, sword or dagger better handle'd
Than by our bravest Neimyn, Nwython's son

XI

Three centuries of soldiery lay slain
All slaughter'd from the centre to the edge
His leadership inspired & gentle glow'd
As thro harsh winters barley fill'd his horses
Now sable ravens cloak those fortress walls
Of choking fire, & there an Arthur fought
Right at the heart of warring's weariness
Heroic pass-defender, Gwenor praise!

XII

Upon the fort aflame with blazing mail
Both sure & slow his cureless slaughter grows
One weak, wan man with feeble cries fends off
 The local birdlife, like Pelloid Mirain
 No living soul shall ever demonstrate
What happen'd on that brash, unhappy bank
 Of Llwch Livanad in the lands of Lliw
No soul on earth now living could e'er name
 A man in conflict Cynval could not match!

Canto VIII
Fallen Legends

I

See forces flow forwards on swan-colour'd horses
 With manes all a-quiver & harnesses low
Beside men descending the heavy host heaving
Defending brave Mynyddawg manship & mead
 Shields float, lances fall on the fairest brows
Men languid dropp'd like fruit lopp'd from a tree
& skulkless fall, reproachless them remember'd

II

Cynvelyn rises high on pillar'd wrath
Who left the milling birds a filling meal
Lord sovereign of lands of awesome songs
His death hall I lament until I die
His blade is lost, his region's sadness grieves
For Gwynned's strongest torn from kindred parts
Lament the brave, & let Dun Eidyn fear
The dreaded Pictii painted naked-blue!

III

O Maiden! O Virgin! O Legend!

Since ye was rais'd from birth a sov'reign son

The lordly lad of Cilydd, Gwynedd-born,

Before the turf had cloak'd thy face with furze

To him was given treasure, praise & fame

That sleeps within this grave... brave Garthwys Hir!

IV

His native place invasions grievous gain'd
The price of vine-wrapt feastings in the hall
Blades lying still between embatt'd hosts
Gododdin praise thy knights illustrious
Brave Eithinyin a battle's bull becomes
Whose swordthumbs bounce like thunder off the shield
Until, men growing stricken at the loss,
Another death-foul'd fighter there must fade!

V

Bleiddiad's wolfish boldness unrestrain'd
Whose shining shafts shall snake-like sky-flow glow
Him kings & women smitten wounded lies
Life-lover! How I wish that ye had lived
Thy zest victorious oppress'd unjustly
Whose death despised for combat did ye crave!

VI

In brazen battle & in tumult tall
The conflict craws thro him cacophonous
No brand of angry combat could he shun
Brave Bleiddig, Eli's son, a bounding boar
Whose flasks of glassy wine guts gulp'd down deep
Upon this combat-day his fame ensured
On Arvwl Cann, before our man expired
Such bloody, ruddy carnage he did crave.

VII

From him has sprung a thousand mountain streams

Whose crimson fluid flow'd down from the front

His was a weapon wanton in the war

Prevailing in well-made, unfailing mail

Whose ambidextrous blade remain'd unseen

To confidenceless swords, unmanifest,

Whose flashing slashings blasts them to ashes

When wives are in a moment widows made

Before his death would Breint, proud Bleiddig's son

Send blood up-gushing from his deadly spear

VIII

For the murder of a man most learned
Such sorrows follow bleeding bodyfall
All for the hewing of his hairy head
Shall Gwydien, sky-eagle steep'd in gore,
Defend the field with ever brutal spear
Wherehonour'd by his master's trembling semblance,
Morien rais'd his ancyent saintly lance
& with a roar unbent his stiff, strong bow
Morien of the sacred song protects
The ruin'd hall, & cleaves the triple heads
Of first in youth, in strength, in later age,
Equal to them was the maid-like Bradwen,
Equal to twelve, Gwenabwy, son of Gwen!

IX

For the guttings of his talented master
A servant bore the shield into the fray
To help her vital blade off-hack the heads
Of Saxon churls who cut their chieftain's tracks
She grasps a wolfish mane without a club
In hands hard held, she sorely brave must be
At Catraeth's carnage & its wrath engaged
Has Bradwen perish'd like a sand-lock'd fish.

X

For a feast, most sad, most very precious
For settl'd land, for land made desolate
Shields shatter in the battle as them strewn
About the swordswirls of three hundred lords
Them riding ramparts as the warbands fought
With Saxons, them with Irish, them Pictii
& one, without a weapon in his hand
Would raise aloft fair Bradwen's stiff-red corpse
Where midst the wrath & ruin of the rout
Gwenabwy, son of Gwen, deft-handed raved

XI

Tis wrong to leave his memory unsung
Fearless, he never fail'd to block the breach
Whose court no British minstrel ever quitted

Last January this man made a plan
To leave the land untill'd, made waste & wild

O dragon of indignant disposition!

Commander of the field, after the wine,
Gwen's son, Gwenabwy, fell for Catraeth fought,
Grief lauds his lovely, slender blood-stain'd corpse!

XII

How well it was Adonwy went to Gwen
Him made bereft when stripp'd of Bradwen brave
& aye, he fought, & murder'd men, & burn'd
Tho Morien he never would surpass -
Regardless of the warline & the rear
His towering & helmetless presence
Had not observ'd the seaswell chivalry
That mangling Angles all no quarter gave!

Canto IX
Battle's Increase

I

They had bounced as a bouncing ball thro spears
 & mounted horses, far from home
 Yet given aid prov'd useless for Gododdin
 Wine-ravish'd they had perish'd on the corn
 & under red-stain'd knights still steeds array'd
Neath those whom morning-time had chimed so bold

II

Invaders drive in the van of vast riches
Until, by trailing shields, them turn'd aside
Sent shivering before hoard-roving Beli
Up from the bloody field a dwarf hopp'd to the fence
Made parley with hoar-headed counsellors
Entrhon'd on prancing piebald, golden-chain'd,
The Boar proposed a compact at the course
Curtly refused by worthy shouts of rage
As men there sang, "*Let Heaven's realm protect us
& let this offer rot, some spear collaps'd,
Just as the lads of Alt Clud's far-famed fosse
Had press'd that same spear low into the soil
Or Cadfannon, plunderer widely-known,
Whose enemies suffer'd, crush'd underfoot.*"

III

There was a reinforcement of the host
With penetrating weaponry supplied,
Them from all points of vantage form'd the van
Whose serried front the enemy must fear
Thro days of long & strenuous exertion
Their bravery was rais'd, display'd & prais'd
But, following intoxicating mead,
No man was spar'd, tho Gorwylam fought well
Twas destin'd Fate decreed to break our charge.

IV

Three hundred sport the cirques of sparkling gold

About the sallies savagery ensues

& tho men slain how heavily they slew

Forever their eternal honour earn'd

Of those dear friends who fearless fought the foe

But one man in a hundred would return

V

As Isaac came to Catraeth from the south
In conduct he invok'd the flowing sea
Quite genial & gentle in his ways
He drank the mead & sank it with delight
From Castle Offer to the point Madeu
He scatter'd, thro engagement, foes engaged
His sword resounding in poor mother's mouths
Praise Gwyddneu's son, whose spirit ardent grown

VI

Men summon, yet reproach not if them keen,
Nor meddle with if violent hearts have they
Let boundaries be broken by just claims
& shelters be defended without praise
For praise is later heap'd on those that folk impress!

VII

How many men of excess northward went
Who loved the wine & revelries of mead
Hosted by mighty-minded Mynyddawg
Outliving them lament we at the loss
Of such a fearsome swirl of spiritus
Shields clash'd as the wild sky flashes thunder
Over warrings Eithinyin's angers caus'd

VIII

As precious gem-stones with seduction gleam
Compare them with Eithinyin's splendid mares
& Cynvelyn, Gododdin him long loved
Who gave his spear of heavy gold to me
Bestowing for the benefit of soul
Thus let us praise his Tegvan, son well-sired,
Whom, as him Cadfannon's grandson, ardent grew,
When weapons whistl'd over heads of wolves
He would arrive astride the day's distress.

IX

Have I not supp'd the mead upon the march
& flush'd my guts with wine afore Catreath
What slaughter rises from this restless lance
When wallowing in war, what glory seen!
Deliverer of fearless fight effective,
Madawg Elmet wielded his frightful shield

X

To Angor given freely-offer'd fame
Him standing in the slaughter like a stone
O flinchless eagle of the forward host!
With zeal ye bore the brunt of boiling toil
When warring worlds outstripp'd the swiftest steeds
Yet with the lamb-mild mead, when goblets flow'd
With fresh wine buffing up thy paling cheek
Ye loved to feast & vine-bowls loved to lift!

XI

Before brave men by Angor scatter'd wide
 & sullen souls all skewer'd serpent-like
See mail-clad van-men trample & contain
 Some bee-stung bear, stoic & assaulting
 Forcing furious fightless to their feet
Thro conflict's call, at the drench'd entrenchment
 This dwarf-death hath a ravens' feast devised
His righteous name to prize-like deeds attach'd
 Before the boss & bulwark of the War
Meryn... beside him Madyen, lucky-born

XII

Lord, raise us up thro Heaven's order'd realms
We slain by woe, a dirge of constant grief
When from Dun Eidyn strangers left the feast
& wiser men from councils banish'd were
When with the Angles we did widely war
For every son of ours nine score we slew
What harness, horse & silken robes array'd
By Gwaedneth, spread in bright & lively rows

Canto X
Fallen Leaders

I

When Ceredig in battle-armour charg'd
Twas like the tearing onset of a Boar
Or Minotaur, into the mangling fray
When wild dogs waver'd at his waving hand
As witness'd by wild Owain, Eulat's son,
By Gwrien, with Gwriad & Gwynn
But from Catraeth's dreadful disastrous day
From Hyddwyn Hill, before its slopes were lost
After his hand received the stream-clear mead
Not one would face their father's smile namore!

II

Praise Ceredig, brave captain fondly loved
His kingly fame collecting & protecting
Yet pet-cub calm quite peaceful 'fore the days
When he would ken of bravery in men
O friend of songs! Hope I ye recognize
In Heaven's blissful regions thine abode

III

Praise Tudvwilch Hir, defending his ain lands
Who seven days of slaughter Saxons gave
Full valorous until his deathdom came
When in mens' memories he must remain
When Tudvwilch came to Catraeth in support
The post of Cilydd's son a plain of blood became

IV

Before the grave, broad-ruddy was the blade
Of he who deftly fill'd the fields with death
His legend was a wolf & won men's joys
About the camp, by fawning corp'rals cooed
Before arrested none could say him feeble
Stood perfect in the doings of a deed
O leader of thy diaspora's speech
About Tudvwlch both caers & corpses fall

V

Men cherish Ceredig, yes him acclaim
Some wrestler 'midst impetuous slaughter
Whose golden shield lit up the gory field
Lance-shatterings form splinters manifold
How fierce his spear-point pierces every foe
As manly posture firm the post maintains
Before he suffer'd earth, before the death-rough blow
His station's duty held there & fulfill'd
Thus he may be received with angel song
In unity before the Trinity!

VI

No hall could ever rise up more renown'd!
When heavy armour'd Mynawg lost his life
His temper's venom Pherawg's fierce son topp'd
From mounted steed, stout-handed, dealt out flames
To tame his horse-back'd enemies, then rout,
The city suffer'd as its masses wail'd
The van that was Gododdin scatter'd wide
Upon the day of wrath, when battle sigh'd for blood
Still Mynyddawg's brave men deserv'd their horns of mead.

VII

As Morien was lost so was the shield
Which block'd the breach & set the fields aflame
More ponderous than a crozier's shaft
In hearty hand he bore the bluest blades
The other steering stately-headed steeds
That flashing dapple-grey thro slaughter smash'd
Til overwhelm'd, yet fleeing not from Death
Praise him who pour'd the soul-ensnaring mead!

VIII

Praise diadem'd Owain! a nation's mainstay
Like eagle striking sea-crest for its prey
Him compact-allured its vital points did meet
With shrinking resolution, but no retreat
Before Gododdin's host,
 , come day's descent
For Manawd's realm ye press'd on confident
& shields & spears were disregarded bold
No space there is of easy mead & meat
That from thy fiercest fray-brothers feel safe

IX

It is a force's fate to suffer trial
With manly hands Mynawg moulded his men
Deep-fathom'd wisdom strove for stateliness
That let the happy food & music flow
While friendship stripp'd treasures from his coffers
Left nothing for the nurture of his fort
When him summon'd to the sea-storm slaughter
Thro conflict's crazefest split spears equal slew
When metal weapons even gash'd the ground
Them with a clang had smash'd the heads of foes
With much success has Fflamdwyn fought his frays!

X

Of mind & mettle manly, yet years young
Grown valorous & gallant in the gore
The gallopings of tangle-maned stallions
Would thunder under thighs illustrious
With shield-flight hung all featherlite & broad
He flow'd abroad on swift, slim, flashing steeds
Whose spurs gleam'd golden by his ermine furs
& blade-length beam'd a brilliantine blue;
These lips of mine shall never, as I live,
Accurse thy name with cumbersome contempt
For priceless is thy praise, I sing this song
For life abandon'd to the battlefield
Before the joys of journeys conjugal
Before conflicted fronts crows carrion
Alas! my precious friend, Owain my brave
I fall distress'd, for ravens ripp'd thy flesh -
There is a pain of absence on that plain
Where slain was Marco's only scepter'd son

XI

While plunging headlong from the precipice
Not branch nor bush defends him from breach-fall

His death a violated privelege

Lord Owain, what law lifts a man so high?

Before this battle ye had preach'd of peace

& worship'd poesy's words in proper place

While dreading murder's din & spurning swords

& cupping empty corsletts in thy hands

Let sovereigns reward men at his shrine!

XII

Lord Heavenly, consider Owain's soul
Rheged's first chief the heavy sward conceals
His thirst for knowledge drunk from deepest pools
 & as he gave safe succor to the bards
His lances flow'd as wings of glowing dawn
This slayer of his stubborn, stalwart foes
His father's cub, his grandfather's offspring
 O matchless king of the glittering west
When slain by Fflamdwyn slept no better man
While all about him Angles death-dreams share
 Or fled the bloody floods of deadly fray
Chastised by chieftans sleeplike as they sped
 Ye were a multi-colour'd man of style
 & gave good horses to all those who ask'd
Thy riches were not shared out for your soul
 The soul of Owain, Urien's ain son!

Canto XI
Battle's End

I

Brave men, from mead & meal heel-swift did march

No tale of pain more famous told than theirs

A slaughter all so total has occur'd!

At Catraeth, of a host once-talkative,

Then let us grieve for Mynyddawg's brave men!

II

As one those swift-heel'd warriors charg'd hard
Lives were shorten'd by the merry mead distill'd
The band of Mynyddawg in trials renown'd
Found life the price of wine & feastings fine
Ceredig, Madawg, Ieuan & Pwyll,
With Gwynn, Cynfan, Gwyawn & Gwyan,
Steel-arm'd Peredur, Aedan & Gwawrddur
From battle-steadfast warband... scatter'd shields!
Learn as them slain those soldiers also slew

III

Regale those swift-heel'd heroes as one soul!

A year of luscious wine design'd so grand

& now... to mention them makes anguish, dole & drain

For proud homes left behind now childless caves

Where we shall grieve their loss in mournings long

IV

When thoughts in throngs come to my mourning mind

I count the bards in cold anxiety

That now are found in flight precipitate

Along such luckless & lamenting lanes

I have with love deplored & dearly loved

Those gallant lads of Argoed who gell'd

In company accustom'd on the plain

& marshalling themselves their chieftans please

Thro tough woods grafting, & thro fields of grief

They often curs'd that banqueting's carouse

When men were fed & led beyond the fire

Built by a carpet, fresh with white hide spread

V

My friend, we would have pass'd our days in peace
Had he not march'd, commander banner'd white
We would be sat by platters & mull'd mead
Had he not turn'd our homely groves to mud
Across the field, through families of ours
He crept, & this Gododdin shall relate
That after the fight in the fosse, what fuss!
Quite dwellingless we din-wail destitute!

VI

Host-slayers have been summon'd to the soil
Earth-portions to their peoples bitter-sweet
The dead leaves of their rules blown to & fro
 & left their land's advantages awry
From battle not an acre's-half they stray'd
Their fate forever sad that it should be!

VII

Tis proper that brave company to praise
& celebrate our nation, tho Catraeth
Did turn into a tumult & a rout,
Confused & crimson, trampling & stamping
Puts valour underfoot, pours vengeance like wine
As now the hurt of combat horrific
Cibno cannot relate, nor war describe
Despite his splendid eloquence in song

VIII

Watch the great & courteous retinue
Which held the wall & all its ashen spears
Now never to the sea forever come
Thou fail'd not neither in retreat nor meeting
He nobly rose defending his own borders
Alas, unable made to leave the fort,
Nor extricate himself from Eidyn's fence
Lord Cynon's fortress-chested excellence
Rested his sword on the golden entrenchment
Victorious in sovereign disposal
Thou hoary-headed master of ministry
Whose counsels seem'd as deep as ocean streams!

IX

Yon ramparts full of golden carcasses
No citizen nor steed dire slaughter saw
But for one feeble wretch off-shooing birds
Those featherlings which Syll of Mirein
Said he had seen swooping that matin hour,
Beaks flying in from Llwy's flacid flood
More than the breeze of morning could support

X

Many slippery tears sail down the cheek
Many punctured sides red-cropp'd with gore
Many feet in widely-spill'd blood bathe
Many widows for lost husbands scream
Many minds much drown'd in heaviness
Many sons without a father wonder
Many an old grey town deserted lies
By Catraeth ruin'd & its deeds of war
Many cries of misery rose up as esrt Camlann!

XI

These weary tears fall on from dreary war
Shed dearly for dead soldiers, staining soul
 & doubling grief grows upon the seeing
Great heads of heroes falling to the floor
 For those I blow a long, embitter'd sigh
Praise those who strove their country to defend
 Gwylyyd & Gwyawn, Rhuvawn & Hwyawn
 Defied discomfort stoic at their posts
Come conflict's end let spirit's rich, & helms,
 Uplifted be to Heaven's tranquil realms!

XII

Alas, smile-hearted Cynwal's shield was pierc'd

 Him stallion long-legged settl'd thighs

His shaft dulls dark, his saddle darker park'd

 Spread under Saxon sitting in his cell

 Sate gorging on a goat's leg, may he be

A man whose purse e'er emptied of all spoils

Canto XII

Nostoi

I

I know no petulance, nor headstrong charge,
On those who drive me seeketh no revenge
Nor will I laugh in tones derisory
While I receive this hard earth underfoot
My limbs are lock'd & bound these hands both be
Yet sat in this subterranean, slimy cell
With steely chains across my kneecaps clapt
Still yearn I for the mead-horn & to sing
About those lads at Catraeth, to compose
Glad verse elaborate, as I, Aneirin,
Shall Taleisin's thoughts tell, told to me,
Thus Y Gododdin's strains I summon here
Before dawnbreak on Britain's brightest day.

II

My lord achiev'd the Old North's chief exploit

Breast generous, his brood magnaminous

No mother on God's Earth has ever sired

A steel-clad killer more illustrious

Whose gleaming sword becomes my nightmare's lamp

This fading frame from dismal prison dragg'd

From place of death, from dungeon's dangers bourn

Come praise Ceneu! Llywarch's undaunted son!

III

Three hundred arm'd & charg'd to Catraeth's call
Of those who rush'd from cups of frothing mead
To celebrate their cause just three return'd
Cynon, Cadreaith & Cadlew of Cadnant
& with them I, & as my blood deplored
A ransom laid with silver, steel & gold;
On payment made bard-raiment by me worn
To sing this elegy for fallen freinds
Kenning the cares of deep distressful war
When chieftans must their contibutions pay!

IV

First lord of the Gododdin's firth-side strand
For thee, Mynawg, these tears unpeel my cheeks
The raging flames of Eidyn form'd thy force
A well-pick'd pack! Thy plan's most primal part,
To forge a wall of firmness at the front
Alas! the savage scatters each assault
Alas! since meat was shared & sloe-mead sunk
Of thy brave retinue none have return'd
Save three frail blades, slow slouching down the vales.

V

The company's crown'd captain coronet
How breathless stylish maidens serv'd him mead
Before the wrack of war-shields, when rough ears
Heard surging soul-cries urging no quarter,
 & no retreat before the foe-blood flows
When those dare-standing dropp'd as rushes hewn,
 Gododdin! Remember! On Mordei's shores
& Madawg's tented camps few lads made base,
 But one man in a hundred with him came!

VI

First soldiers celebrated sweet Jesus
Then kindl'd battles flames within their hearts;
On Tuesday, by dark-brown garments armour'd
 On Wednesday they polish'd its enamel
On Thursday, fatekeepers there denied them
 On Friday, Hades Halls did slowly fill
 On Saturday their unity made useless
 On Sunday, not a scarlet sword unstain'd
On Monday men would wade waist-deep through mud
 After such toils Gododdin grimly tells
That at the tents of Madawg, when him home,
 But one man in a hundred with him came

VII

Come battles kings must spurn the angel's day
Before the wars were swamp'd by num'rous hosts
 & firestorms had torn thro all the fray;
 On Tuesday, they donn'd the regal robage
On Wednesday was an anxious conference held
 On Thursday, ambassadors made contracts
 On Friday, came carnage & confusions
 On Saturday, murders by blows return'd
On Sunday, blood reduced weapons by drowning
 On Monday form'd a pool seen deep as knees
 Gododdin! all of this cannot relate
At Madawg's tents as to the camp men came!

VIII

Those thick chains of three hundred golden chieftans
Star-glimmer as them for their country rode
Hard into battle, & tho slain they slew
Striding to the highest point of honour
But from that band of happy-hearted comrades
What tragedy befalls! For only three return'd

IX

Ye men of Mynyddawg, of those who sped
To sit in splendid order round the store
Of beverage, & each bold stories told
When conjuring that feast, my sad mind reels
To those true kinsmen lost by me for life
Of those three hundred Catraeth call'd to war
Just me, & three safe souls by brutal death deplor'd

X

From mead & meal, with speed, real soldiers march'd
Acclaim'd in crises, careless with their lives
About the viands they together feasted
Where foodstuffs & fine wines would all enjoy
My ruin came from Mynyddawg's array
Where I did lose there leader & a friend
From Catreath's regal crew, who battle roar'd,
But I & three brave warriors return'd

XI

Wine-soak'd & slur this war-band havoc swore,
In famous fighting, fearless all of Death
Men gather'd together in Mynyddawg's hall
Oer bragget & mead & the banquet bowl
Now, fallen leaves appal my grieving mind
How many friends from life's ends faded far
At Catraeth, of three hundred men that charg'd
But three return'd, & still the woe burns deep!

XII

Men march'd on Catreath with a true renown
Lush cups of blissful beverage their wine
Thro a year of exalted solemnities
Three & three hundred chieftans golden-chain'd
Of all those knights who form'd that charging party
But three forc'd path-hack from a rampant death
Aeron's two war-dogs fled with dauntless Cynon
& I, too, lived, breath saved, to sing my sacred song!

Glossary

UE = Unrecorded elsewhere. The same name may be found in other sources, but in a different historical context.

Abedon - (VI-VI... UE) His sole appearance is in one of the Gwarchans from the Book of Aneirin.

Adonwy - (VIII-XII... UE)

Aedan - (IV-VIII/VI-V) King of the Dalriadan Scots (see p.??). However, there is an Aedan mentioned in XI-II that cannot be Aedan

Aeron - (V-III/XII-XII) Probably the region in west Scotland about the River & town of Ayr. This area borders Galloway, which connects with Taleisin's statement that *Urien* of Rheged was a 'protector in Aeron.' *John Morris Jones* notices how Aeron is associated with 'Clud,' i.e. Dumbarton, just to the north of Ayrshire.

Affrel - (VI-VII... UE)

Alt Clud - (IX-II) Dumbarton, capital of the Brythonic kingdom of Strathclyde.

Aneirin - (I-I/II-IV/VI-XII/XII-I) 6th century Welsh bard & author of the poem Y Gododdin

Angles - (II-XII/III-XII/VIII-XII/IX-XII/X-XII) The Teutonic tribe that invaded eastern Britain in the 5th-6th centuries. They made their incursions north of the Humber. They were the chief enemy of the Gododdin at Catraeth.

Angor - (V-X/V-XI/X-X/X-XI...UE)

Argoed - (XI-IV) A region in Wales that stretched from Powys to Gwent.

Arthur - (VII-XI) King Arthur, the early sixth century military leader that for a time held back the Anglo-Saxon invaders

Arvon - The heart of Dark-Age Gwynedd, the region faced Anglesey across the Menai Strait.

Arwl Cann - (VIII-V) A horse, as in Arwl Velyn, the horse of Pacesen fab Urien that is named in an englyn by Llywarch Hen.

Athrwys - (VI-VIII) The same name appears in the genealogies of the Old North, but this Arthwys lived many decades before Catraeth. There is a greater possibility of him being Athrwys, son of Meurig, king of Gwent, who lived at roundabout the right time.

Bannawg - (I-VIII/III-III) Most probably the Bannock Hills of Stirling, as in the Bannock burn. The 11th century 'Life of Cadog' tells us the saint came to a town 'citra montem Bannauc' (to the south of Bannauc) which was said to be 'in the middle of Albania.' It is widely known that Stirling has always been considered the linch-pin between highland & lowland Scotland. A Triad names 'the spectre of Banawg' as one of the Three Wild Spectres of the island of Britain.

Ban Carw - (VII-III) A deer park in the Liddesdale (see p.)

Beli - (IX-II) King of Strathclyde, the father of his successor Owen, who defeated the Dalriadans at the Battle of Strathcarron, 642. The Harleian genealogies name him as the son of Nwython, his predecessor as king.

Bleiddiad - (VIII-V) The Bonedd y Saint mentions a certain Bleiddut son as the father of Cynvelyn.

Bleiddig - (VIII-V/VIII-VII) Son of Eli & father of Breint. A triad - Three kings who sprung from villeins - mentions a Hyfaidd son of Bleiddig in Deheubarth.

Bleiddvan - (II-IX... UE) Buddvan's father

Boddar Adaf - (II-IV) Eithinyin's Father

Bogdad - (I-V...UE)

Bradwen - (VIII-VIII/VIII-IX/VIII-X/VIII-XI UE) A female fighter.

Breichiawl - (IV-IX) Possibly Brocuuael Ysgithrawc, son of Kyngen.

Breint - (VIII-VI...UE) Son of Bleiddig

Brennych - (V-VI/VI-II/VI-III) Bernicia, a kingdom of the Angles corresponding to modern Northumberland & Durham.

Brych - (VII-I/VII-II/VII-III) Stanza VI-I has been mistakenly considered an interpolation that refers to the Battle of Strathcarron (642AD) where fought aa certain Domnall Brecc. Yet the Welsh text explicitly describes two leaders - Dyvynwal & Brych - not an individual with both names.

Brython - (V-V) A Dark-Age, Welsh-speaking native of Britain.

Bubon - (I-IX...UE)

Buddvan - (II-IX... UE) Son of Bleiddvan

Cadfannon - (I-VII/IX-II/IX-VIII ...UE)

Cadlew - (XI-III...UE) One of the three survivors of Catraeth.

Cadnant - (XI-III) A sub-region of Gwynned

Cadreaith - XI-III) One of the three survivors of Catraeth. A Caedrieith son of Seidi is named by the Triads as one of the three Chieftans of Arthur's court.

Cadwallon - (II-XII) King of Gwynedd (d.634), son of his regal predecessor, Cadvan. The appearance of his 'buck-lance' at Catraeth seems to indicate that a young Cadwallon was fighting in his first battle, his contingent being led by his fellow Gwynedd man, Gwrys.

Caers - A fortified encampment, equivalent to the Latin 'Castris.'

Caerwys - (III-IV) A town in modern-day Flintshire, North Wales.

Camlann - (XI-X) The battle which saw the death of King Arthur, recorded in the Annales Cambrae as; 537 The battle of Camlann, in which Arthur and Medraut fell: and there was plague in Britain and Ireland.

Catraeth (I-VI/II-I/III-I/III-II/III-V/III-VI/III-VII/III-X/III-XI/IV-I/V-IV/V-IX/VI-III/VIII-IX/IX-V/IX-IX/X-III/XI-I/XI-VII/XI-X/XII-I/XI-III/XII-IX/XII-X/XII-XI/XII-XII) The name of the battle where the Gododdin were slaughter'd. It took place in the Liddesdale of the Scottish Borders (ssee p.??)

Cavall - (VII-X) A ridge on the Battlefield of Ctraeth, & also the name of King Arthur's dog.

Ceneu - (XII-I) One of the 24 sons of Llywach Hen. He paid the ransom to free Aneirin.

Ceredig - (X-I/X-II/X-V/XI-II... UE)

Chyburan - (VI-XI... UE)

Cian (I-VIII/III-III/VI-III) The father of Lliv. Possibly a Pict.

Cibno - (XI-VII... UE) A bard.

Cilydd - (VIII-III/X-III... UE) The father of Tudvwlch & Garthwys Hir.

Clydno - (IV-XII) Clydno Eidyn???

In the late 6th century, the king of the Votadini was, apparently, the Mynyddog Mwynfawr who is said to have ruled from Din Eidyn or Edinburgh. He was the son of a certain Ysgyran, and probably succeeded Clydno Eidyn. The *Gododdin* oem implies that the Britons who fought the English at Catteraeth assembled at Mynyddog's court at Edinburgh. Clydno Eidyn, in turn, was the son of Cynfelyn son of Dyfnwal Hen. Mynyddog is also given the epithet "Eidyn".

Colwedd - (VII-VII... UE)

Cydwal - (VI-VIII)

Cymry - (V-X/V-XI) The old Welsh term for the united Brythonic tribes.

Cynddilig - (V-III) Grandson of Enovant. A member of the contingent from Aeron.

Cynfan - (XI-II... UE)

Cynon - (III-VII/IV-X/IV-XI/IV-XII/V-V/VII-V/XI-VIII/XI-III/XII-XII) The son of Clydno Eidyn. One of the three survivors of Catraeth. A Welsh Triad calls him one of the 'three lovers of the island of Britain,' with his sweetheart being a daughter of Urien. The Stanzas of the Graves tell us;

'The grave of Cynon is in Llan Badarn.

The grave of the warrior of high renown is in a lofty region,

But a lowly place of repose,

The grave of Cynon the son of Clydno Eden.

The grave of Cynon is in Ryd Reon. Whose grave is beneath the hill?

The grave of a man mightily in conflict,

The grave of Cynon the son of Clydno Eden.

Cynrain - (IV-XI... UE)/

Cynrig - (IV-XI... UE)

Cynvelyn - (VIII-II/IX-VIII)

Cynwal - (XI-XII... UE)

Cyvnal - (VII-XII... UE)

Cywllch the Tall - (III-I/III-XII...UE)

Deivyr - (IV-XII/V-VI/XI-II) Deira, a kingdom of the Angles corresponding to the region between the River Humber & the River Tees.

Din Drei - (VII-IX) A fortress in the Liddesdale (see p.??)

Dialgur - (V-V...UE)

Dindywydd - (III-IV) A site on the Lleyrn peninsular, NW Wales. *'To the north side of the mountain there is a place called the Town Land, and it wrecked many old walls called Cwmwd Tindywydd.'* Rambling Lleyrn - Ieuan Lleyrn 1799

Derwent (*Derwynedd*... I-IV) - A river in north Cumbria. The falls are most likely the famous 100 feet high Lodore Falls at the southern end of the Derwent Water

Distar - (VII-III... UE)

Disteir - (VII-III... UE)

Dremrudd - (VI-VI... UE)

Drum Essyd - (VI-XII... UE)

Dun Eidyn - (I-II/I-VII/III-V/IV-XI/V-XII/VIII-II/IX-XII/XI-VIII/XI-III) An ancient hillfort that stood on Edinburgh rock, where today's modern castle now stands.

Dwywai - (I-I/VI-XII) Aneirin's mother (see p.??)

Dyvynwal - (VII-I...UE)

Edina - (I-X) Dun Eidyn/Edinburgh

Eidol - (V-I/V-II/V-III... UE)

Eidyn - See Dun Eidyn

Eithinyin - (II-IV/III-II/V-VIII/ VII-IV/IX-VII/IX-VIII... UE) Boddar Adaf's son

Eli - (VIII-V) Father of Bleiddig. There is a possibility that Eli is another name for Beli, as in Culhwych & Olwen's Reidwn, son of Eli, who is later on in the same tale known as the son of Beli.

Elmet - A Brythonic kingdom based about modern-day Leeds.

Elphin - (V-VIII/VI-IX) Either Elphin, the son of Urien & foster-father of Taleisin, or Elphin the son of Gwyddneu (from the Hanes Taleisin).

Enovant - (V-III) Grandfather of Cynddilig

Ephyd - (V-VIII) Named after the Epidii who inhabited the peninsular of Kintyre in Roman Times, before being displaced by the Dalriadan Scots.

Erthai - (IV-I/VI-V) Probably Artur, son of Aedan on account of him being a lord of the Mordei (see p.)

Eudaf - (II-VI... UE)

Fermarch - (VI-IV) Possibly Aedan's grandson Ferchar, son of Conaing. The *History of the Men of Scotland* records: "Aedan had seven sons. i. two Eochaid. i. Eochu Bude and Eochaid Find, Tuthal, Bran, Baithíne, Conaing, and Gartnait These are the sons of Conaing son of Aedan. i. Rígallán, Ferchar, Artán, Artúr, Dondchad, Domngart, Nechtan, Ném, Crumíne"

Bannerman Studies in the History of Dalriada 1974 p.47-48

Fflamdwyn - (X-IX/X-XII) The slayer of Owain (see p.). IN his '**The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain**' 'Taleisin writes of an earlier battle between Owain & Fflamdwyn

Galystem - (II-VII) The valley of the River Gala in the Scottish Borders.

Garth Meryn - (V-XI) Garth means an enclosure, or battle-square in the context of a military conflict. In stanza V-XI it should mean the battle-square of Meryn, one of the Gododdin.

Garthwys Hir - (VIII-III) The Bonedd Y Saint names a certain Garthwys as the son of Owain of Rheged.

Geraint - (II-V... UE)

Gododdin (I-I/I-V/I-VII/II-V/II-XII/III-II/III-III/III-IV/III-VII/III-IX/V-VI/V-XII/VI-XII/VII-II/VII-IV/IX-I/X-VI/X-VIII/XI-V/XI-III/XII-IV/XII-V/XII-VI/XII-

VII) The Brythonic tribe & area known to the Romans as the Votadini. Their lands covered roughly the three Lothian counties of modern Scotland, whose capital was at Din Eidyn/Edinburgh.

Golstan - (V-XII...UE)

Gorwylam - (IX-III... UE)

Gownddelw - (VI-VI... UE)

Graid - (VII-VIII... UE) The son of Hoewgi

Guledig - (II-I/IV-VIII) A title generally used for a king of the united Welsh tribes

Gwaednerth - (V-VI/IX-XII ... UE)

Gwair - (IV-V) The Triads name a Gweir son of Gwystyl as one of the three "taleithiawg cad," or coronetted chiefs of battle.

Gwanhanon - (II-IV/II-VI/II-XI/II-XII) Stow-on-Wedale (see p.)

Gwawrddur - (XI-II) Culhwch & Olwen names; *'Duach the son of Gwawrddur Kyrvach; Grathach the son of Gwawrddur Kyrvach; -*

Gwaws - (VI-XII... UE)

Gwen - (V-VI/VIII-VIII/VIII-X/VIII-XI/VIII-XII) The father of Gwenabwy (see p.???)

Gwenabwy - (VIII-VIII/VIII-X/VIII-XI ... UE) The son of Gwen

Gwenor - (VII-XI... UE)

Gwenystrad - (II-I/II-X) The Gala Water (see p.??)

Gwid - (VII-V... UE) The son of Peithan

Gwlyget (I-VI) As Mynyddawg's steward he would have prepared the feast on which the Gododdin dined. He is named as such in the old Welsh tale Culhwch & Olwen, where *Gwlgawd Gododdin* owned the horn used to pour out wine at the wedding of Olwen & the giant Ysbaddaden. Probably the man mentioned in X-VII.

Gwolowy - (V-XI... UE)

Gwriad - (X-I... UE)

Gwrien - (X-I... UE)

Gwrys - (II-XII... UE)

Gwrthleu - (I-X...UE)

Gwrvelling - (VI-X... UE)

Gwyan - (XI-II/XI-XI... UE)

Gwyawn - (XI-II)

8. 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.

peniarth

Gwydien - (VIII-VIII) - A Gwydion son of Dôn is mentioned by the Triads;

Three Great Enchantments of the Island of Britain: The Enchantment of Math son of Mathonwy which he taught to Gwydion son of Dôn, and the Enchantment of Uthyr Pendragon which he taught to Menw son of Teirgwaedd, and the Enchantment of Rudlwm the Dwarf which he taught to Coll son of Collfrewy his nephew.

Gwyddneu - (IX-V... UE) Father of Isaac. Probably the son of Clydno Eidyn. As the king of Meirionydd he is normally given the epithet Garanhir, meaning crane legs. He was said to rule a sunken land of the west

Gwylyyd - (XI-XI... UE)

Gwynn - (X-I/XI-II ... UE)

Gwynned - (I-XI/II-XII/VI-VIII/VIII-II/VIII-III) A kingdom in the NW of modern Wales comprising Snowdonia & the island of Anglesey

Gwynwydd - (VII-IX... UE)

Heibiliawn - (III-IV) The Men of Hibernia, i.e. Ireland

Heiddun - (V-I/V-IV... UE)

Heledd - (VI-V) A Princess of the Hen Ogledd. Sister of Llywarch Hen, she gave her name to the river from which the Liddesdale draws its name. The actual name in YG is Mallet - Eil gweith gelwideint a mallet / Yg catveirch a seirch greulet - the similarity of the letters M & H suggest a copyist's error.

Hen Ogledd - (I-XI) The Old North, i.e. the Brythonic parts of Britain north of the Mersey-Humber line.

Hoewgi - (VII-VIII... UE) Father of Graid

Hwyawn (XI-XI... UE)

Hyddwyn - (VII-I/X-I) Harden Hill in the Liddesdale (see p??)

Hyveidd Hir - (VI-II... UE)

Ieuan - (XI-II... UE)

Isaac - (IX-V ...UE) The son of Gwyddneu.

Iudeu - (I-IX) Traprain Law in East Lothian. The Sea of Iudeu would be the Firth of Forth (see p.???)

Ithael - (IV-VI... UE)

Keidyaw - (VI-IX) Sir Kay of Arthurian legend. (see p.???)

Liddesdale - The valley in the borders where the Battle of Catraeth took place. Aneirin uses 'Leudvre,' which *Reverend John Williams* identifies with the River Liddel.

Llanveithin - (VI-XII) An area near Cardiff

Lliw - (VII-XII) King Loth

Llivieu (I-VIII/III-III) The son of Cian

Lloegrian - (VII-VIII) The word Lloegyr was, & still is, used by the Welsh for the Anglo-Saxons.

Llwch Livanad - (VII-XII) Loch Leven is found in the county of Perth & Kinross - its antiquity is related to Saint Serf, who founded monastic community on an island there - tell story of owan & thaney

Llwy - (XI-IX... UE)

Llywarch - (XII-I) A poet & king of the Hen Ogledd

Llywri - (V-VI... UE)

Loth - (III-IV) His name appears in Welsh as both 'Lliw' and 'Lewdwn Lwydawc of Din Eidyn.' The first line of stanza (III-IV) reads, 'Llech leutu tut leu leudvre.' Here, 'Llech,' means rock while Lleu-tu means 'belonging to Lleu,' giving us 'the rock belonging to King Loth,' i.e. the rock on which Din Eidyn sat. With 'Tut,' meaning tribe or people, &

Leudvre meaning Liddesdale, we obtain the lines translation of, 'From Loth's rock thro Loth's lands to Liddesdale.'

Madawg - (XII-V/XII-VI/XII-VII) A leader of a Scottish contingent in thge Catraeth campaign_(see p.??)

Madawg Elmet - (IX-IX/XI-II ... UE) A warrior from the Brythonic kingdom of Elmet. He could be Madawg son of Bryn, one of the triadic Golden Corpses of the Island of Britain, or Madog son of Uther as mentioned in the Book of Taleisin. Another poem mentions Eliwod as Madog's son, & specifically describes Eliwood as Madog's nephew, making Arthur & Madog brothers.

Madeu - (IX-V) The Maiden's Way (see p.??)

Madyen - (V-X/X-XI... UE) The father of Meryn

Maelderw - (VI-VI) His sole appearance is in one of the Gwarchans from the Book of Aneirin.

Maen Gwen - Could be related to the Venicones - a tribal name described by Ptolemy for lands between the Dee & Forth.

Maen Gwygwyn - (VI-III) Its connection to Cian suggest it is to be found 'beyond Bannawc' in Pictland

Manawd/ - (X-VIII) Manau Gododdin, an area encompassing both sides of the Firth of Forth, with *Din Eidyn* as its capital. Nennius (chapter 62) tells the story of how Cunedda left manau Gododdin to settle in Gwynedd. The name remains today in Clackmannan at the head of the Forth. The Annals of Ulster mention a battle (711) in Manau as taking place between the rivers Haefe (Avon) & Caere (Carron).

Marchleu - (VII-VI... UE)

Marco - (X-X) King Cynfarch (see p.??)

Meidlyawn - (III-IV) The men of Mide - the kingdom roughly surrounding Dublin. The description of the men as being animals relates to the wildness of the native Irish.

Meryn - (V-X/X-XI... UE) The son of Madyeith

Mirein - (XI-IX... UE)

Mordei - (I-X/IV-I/IV-V/VI-VIII/VI-XI/VII-VII/XII-V) The ruling dynasty of Morien

Morial - (UE)

Morien - (VII-V/VIII-VIII/VIII-XIIX-VII...UE) An imperial region spanning the Central Belt of Scotland - see p.mordei

Mynawg - (X-VI/X-IX/ XI-III) Another name for Mynyddawg Mwynfawr

Mynyddawg Mwynfawr - (I-VI/II-VI/III-VII/III-X/III-XI/III-XII/IV-V/V-XII/VIII-I/IX-VI/X-VI/XI-I/XI-II/XII-IX/XII-X/XII-XI) Lord of Edinburgh & the overall commander of the Gododdin. The epithet 'Mwynfawr' means wealthy.

Neimyn - (VII-X...UE) The son of Nwython

Novantean - (IV-XI)

Nwython - (VII-I/VII-X) Father of Neimyn. The king of the Brythonic realm of Strathclyde at the battle of Catraeth

Old King Cole - (III-I) The text reads, '*The Sons of Godeburg.*' The great 5th century king of the Hen Ogledd from whom several dynastys dscended.

Offer - (IX-V) Castle Over (see p.??)

Owain - (i) (II-VII/X-VIII/X-X/X-XI/X-XI) Owain of Rheged (see p.??)

(ii) (X-I... UE) The son of eulat

Peithan - (VII-V... UE) The father of Gwid

Pelloid Mirain - (VII-XII... UE) Apparently the name of a bird.

Penclwyd - (VI-IV) The head of the River Clyde

Peredur - (XI-II... UE)

Pherawg - (X-VI... UE)

Pictii - (VIII-II/VIII-X)The Picts

Prydain - (II-I) Britain

Pwyll - (VII-III/XI-II ... UE)

Ragno - (III-IV... UE) The text implies he is from Caerwys

Rheged - (II-VII/X-XII) A kingdom of the Hen Ogledd ruled over by the Urien's (see p.)

Rhuvawn - (V-IX/XI-XI... UE) A Triad names Rhufawn the Radiant son of Dewrarth Wledig as one of the Three Fair Princes of Britain alongside Owain of Rheged.

Rhuvoniawg -(VI-V) A sub-region of Gwynedd.

Rhiwdrech - (VII-III... UE)

Rhys - (VII-III... UE)

Rodri - (VII-III... UE)

Rychwardd - (VII-III... UE)

Saxons - (VIII-IX/VIII-X/X-III/XI-XII) The Teutonic tribe that invaded eastern Britain in the 5th-6th centuries. They made their incursions in the south & east of the island. In VIII-X, the actual word Aneirin used was 'gynt,' which means heathen, based on a loan from the Latin "gentes," meaning in biblical "the nations who are not chosen by God like us."

Senylt - (V-VI) The father of King Nudd Hael. In a Welsh Triad, Heilyn's court is compared to Senylts for its liberality.

Syll - (XI-IX...UE)

Syvno - (VI-VIII... UE)

Taleisin - (XII-I) One of the greatest bards of the early Welsh. A contemporary of Aneirin.

Tegvan - (IX-VIII... UE)

Tinagad (I-IV) The stanza infers that Tinagad was something of a court jester. A Triad names a Dinogad, son of Cynan Garwyn, the king of Powys.

Tottarth - (V-XI... UE) From the text we can infer that he was a famous bard.

Tudwlch Hir - (III-I/III-VIII/III-XII/V-X/X-III/X-IV... UE) The son of Cilydd

Urien - (II-I/X-XII) A title used for the kings of Rheged.

Votadini (I-VIII) A Brythonic tribe whose regions in Roman times roughly encompassed the Lothian counties of modern Scotland. They would be known as the Gododdin by Aneirin's time.

Ysgarran - (I-XI... UE)