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**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 ebullience 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 Llŵch Livanad in the lands of Lliw  
No soul on earth now living could e'er name  
    A man in conflict Cynnal 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  
Tho 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) 6<sup>th</sup> 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 5<sup>th</sup>-6<sup>th</sup> 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 11<sup>th</sup> 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 6<sup>th</sup> 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)

**Cywylch 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 5<sup>th</sup> 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 5<sup>th</sup>-6<sup>th</sup> 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)