

## Biographical Research

Taliesin is best known for his relation to King Arthur, mostly through the poem the Spoils of Annwn, which details his descent on a raid into the underworld, to capture the cauldron of Ceridwen, along with Arthur, Cei, and others.

The earliest full stories concerning King Arthur and his exploits appear to be the little known Welsh tales of "*Culhwch and Olwen*" and the "*Dream of Rhonabwy*". Though dating from before the 11th century, these two stories became a late attachment to a collection of Welsh mythological tales taken from the 14th century *White Book of Rhydderch* and *Red Book of Hergest*. Together, they are known as the "*Mabinogion*": an introduction for aspiring poets. Though the stories have a mythological slant, a certain amount of bardic poetic license is to be expected. Their background, however, is clearly an unfamiliar Dark Age society that gives us some idea of what the *real* Arthur was probably like.

The poems of Taliesin are fragmentary, and known only through a few sources. It is believed however, that they formed the nexus of material for the Mabinogion. The "*Otherworld*" was a domain of Celtic deities or supernatural beings such as the "Fairy People". The Otherworld was considered to be the Celtic version of heaven (or even hell to most Christian writers).

They were hidden from mortal eyes by strong Otherworld magic. They were situated in all sort of places. Some of these Otherworlds were located on the islands, the dunes, dun-hills, forests, rivers, and lakes. A grand castle or even humble cottage could be the Otherworld, which would, appeared at night for mortals, but would probably vanish in the morning.

Normal rule does not apply in the Otherworld. A year may seem to pass in the Otherworld, but in the real world centuries may have passed. Time seemed to have stand still. Nor does the people who live there, aged like mortals. They seemed to remain forever young.

The Welsh called their Otherworld – *Annwn* (pronounced Annoovin) The actual cosmology is fairly complicated, but Arawn ruled a darker part of this this Otherworld kingdom. In the *Spoils of Annwn*, Arthur his companions (including Cei) steal the magic cauldron of Ceridwen which brings life, from Annwn.

Another popular name for a portion of the Welsh Otherworld, was the Caer Wydyr or Caer Wydr – the "Fortress of Glass". Caer Wydyr is similar to Tower of Glass in the Arthurian Legend, but associated with Glastonbury Tor, England. Glastonbury Tor was supposed to be the location of the "Isle of Avalon" or "Isle of Apples", the finally resting place of King Arthur.

**Iolo Morganwg, Edward Williams (1747-1826)**

**Edward "Celtic" Davies (1756-1831)**

Most of what we know of the Bard Taliesin's writing comes from a very limited number of sources. Potentially the richest source are the manuscripts of Iolo Morganwg. Morganwg, along with Edward "Celtic" Davies (1756-1831) was responsible for the 'druidic revival' of the early 19th century, which included the Gorsedd Bardic festivals which continue to this day. Davies a poet, dramatist and collector of manuscripts *Celtic Researches* (1804) and *The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids* (1809). Morganwg's renditions of Taliesin's work were widely accepted until Celtic Studies began to be properly organized at university level, and serious scholars such as Sir John Rhys (1840-1915) who became the first Professor of Celtic Studies at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1877 began to give such work serious attention. At that point certain rather glaring modernisms in construction and content led Rhys to believe that these works were the fabrications of Williams and his comrades and identified and dismissed them.

The various poems recited in the Tale of Taliesin appear to have been composed at different periods, and it is not improbable that Thomas ab Einion Offeiriad collected the poems attributed to Taliesin, which were in existence before his time, and added others to form the Mabinogi, and the very numerous transformations stated in the poetry, but not given in the prose, must have been much more complete than in its present state.

## The Search for the Lost Book of Taliesin

During the late middle ages, a source manuscript existed which was a more or less complete copy of the Songs of Taliesin, probably the source for Thomas ab Einion Offeiriad and the Mabinogion.

A number of Player characters are able to send you useful information which helps you track the probable course of this manuscript. One copy may have been lost with Prince Madoc in 1170 or subsequently when the Louisiana Colony was devastated around 1200.

All the known fragmentary copies of Taliesin's work occur later than this the *Black Book of Carmarthen* dates from around 1225 to 1250. The now lost *White Book of Rhydderch* was composed in the 14th century, and some of the material is included in the later *Red Book of Hergest*. These ancient Codex-Bound books are generally known by their location and cover color. Most sources for Mythology are not much earlier than this - for example the primary source for Ulster Mythology is the *Book of Dun Cow*, from the mid 11th century

The final form of Taliesin's work, the *Lyfr Taliesin* (Book of Taliesin) was composed around 1275, and is thus nearly a century late. The Author of the *Lyfr Taliesin* obviously did not have a copy of the original *Book of*



Taliesin when writing it and was attempting to reconstruct a lost work from fragments.

A conjectural *Snowdon Ms.* of Taliesin's work

may have been at Dolwyddelan Castle in Snowdon where Madoc was born in the time of Edward, survived into medieval times at Harlech. On this rugged promontory, a spur of the Harlech Dome (the oldest known geological rock formation in the world) now stands the architectural grandeur of Harlech Castle.

The castle, was one of Edward I's "iron ring" of fortresses, built in the 13th century to subdue the newly conquered lands of North Wales.

In 1404 the Castle was captured by Owain Glyndwr during the great national uprising of the Welsh. Harlech became Glyndwr's official residence and court and the place to which he summoned parliaments of his supporters. It was here that he was formally crowned as Prince of Wales, witnessed by envoys from Scotland, France and Spain. The Castle was recaptured by the English in 1409 under the command of Harry of Monmouth, the future King Henry V and victor of Agincourt. Sixty years later Harlech was one of the last Lancastrian strongholds during the Wars of the Roses.

"Kynge Edward", wrote the Chronicler John Warkworth, "was possessed of alle Englande excepte a castelle in Northe Wales called Harlake." The Castle gave shelter to Henry VI's Queen, Margaret of Anjou before finally surrendering after a fierce and lengthy resistance to the Yorkist seige in 1468. It was from this seige that the song "Men of Harlech" is said to originate. During the Civil War Harlech was defended for the king and was the last Royalist castle to fall. Its surrender to the besieging Parliament forces in March of 1647 marked the end of the Civil War and brought Oliver Cromwell to the region.

You are eventually (with much help from others) able to determine that the book was taken by Margaret of Anjou, or someone in her party after her surrender. Interestingly, her marriage to Henry was arranged by William de la Pole, 4th earl (later 1st duke) of Suffolk, a relative of Wesley Tudor-Pole. After a further abortive invasion, and her capture, her ransom was paid by Louis XI and enabled her to return to France in 1476, where she spent her last years in poverty.

You are fairly certain that at this point the Book passed into either the Archives of Louis XI, or the personal collection of the La Salle family. At any rate, you are able to confirm that the book ended up in the hands of

Georges Laurent La Salle of Bruges before 1581, and that he gave it to Monsignor Andrea de Camora.

There the trail ends. Jeremiah Perry clearly tried to follow it up, and got Camora's letter out of the Spanish Archives. But he did not get the Book, unless he hid it, or it burned at sea with him in 1814. There is no known gravesite, and no will, for Andrea de Camora either. He apparently died shortly after 1581, without a trace. That's not particularly surprising, as it merely may mean that records from that period are lost, and the chaos in Spain prohibits a really thorough search.

All this seems frustrating of course, but with a good bit of help you find that there may be some hope. Several of the Harlech MS. were copied around 1460 in Shropshire. Eventually through reference to Morgwang and Davies, you are able to find Harlech MS 14 in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth, which contains a number of fragments from the *Snowdon MS* that are found nowhere else.

You are still far from having the original text, but what you have discovered is of some value.

#### BACKGROUND:

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The Welsh called their Otherworld – *Annwn Annwfn* or *Annwyn*. Arawn ruled this Otherworld kingdom. In the *Spoils of Annwfn*, a Welsh story tell of how Arthur with his companions (including Kei) stoles the magic cauldron from Annwfn.

Another popular name for Welsh Otherworld, was the *Caer Wydyr* or *Caer Wydr* – the "Fortress of Glass". *Caer Wydyr* is similar to Tower of Glass in the Arthurian Legend, but located in Glastonbury Tor, England. Glastonbury Tor was supposed to be the location of the "Isle of Avalon" or "Isle of Apples", the finally resting place of King Arthur.

## TALIESIN

The name of Taliesin is commemorated in the Triads: - "The three Baptismal Bards of the Isle of Britain:- Merddin Emrys, Taliesin, Chief of Bards, and Merddin, son of Madoc Morvryn."

The Nine Impulsive Stocks of the Baptismal Bards of Britain. The three primitive baptismal bards of the Cambro-Britons: Madog, the son of Morvryn, of Caerlleon upon Usk; Taliesin, the son of Saint Henwg, of Caerlleon upon Usk; and Merddin Emrys, who was bornless; after whom came Saint Talhaiarn, the father of Tangwyn, Merddin, the son of Madog Morvryn, and Meugant Hen, of Caerlleon upon Usk; who were succeeded by Balchnoe, the bard of Teilo, at Llandaff; Saint Cattwg; and Cynddylan, the bard. These nine were called the Impulsive Stocks of the baptismal bards of Britain; Taliesin being their chair-president; for which reason he was designated Taliesin, Chief Bard of the West. They are likewise called the nine super-institutionists of the baptismal chair; and no institution is deemed permanent unless renewed triennially, till the end of thrice three, or nine years. The institution was also called the Chair of the Round Table, under the superior privileges of which Gildas, the prophet, and Saint Cattwg the Wise, of Lancarvan, were bards; and also Llywarch Hen, the son of Elidr Lydanwyn, Ystudvach, the bard, and Ystyphan, the bard of Teilo.

Tradition has handed down a Cairn near Aberystwyth as the grave of Taliesin, the locality of which agrees with the

foregoing account. It contains a Cistvaen, eight feet long by two feet six wide, and about three feet deep, composed of rude slabs of stone. One of the top stones, which lies near it, measures five feet nine by three feet nine.

Taliesin, Chief of the Bards, the son of Saint Henwg of Caerlleon upon Usk, was invited to the court of Urien Rheged, at Aberllychwr. He, with Elffin, the son of Urien, being once fishing at sea in a skin coracle, an Irish pirate ship seized him and his coracle, and bore him away to the Kingdom of Thomond in Ireland, where he lived for a while, but while the pirates were at the height of their drunken mirth, Taliesin pushed his coracle to the sea, and got into it himself, with a shield in his hand which he found in the ship, and with which he rowed the coracle until it verged the land; but, the waves breaking then in wild foam, he lost his hold on the shield, so that he had no alternative but to be driven at the mercy of the sea, in which state he continued for a short time, when the coracle stuck to the point of a pole in the weir of Gwynedd, Lord of Ceredigion, in Aberdyvi; and in that position he was found, at the ebb, by Gwynedd's fishermen, by whom he was interrogated; and when it was ascertained that he was a bard, and the tutor of Elffin, the son of Urien Rheged, the son of Cynvarch: "I, too, have a son named Elffin," said Gwynedd, "be thou a bard and teacher to him, also, and I will give thee lands in free tenure." The terms were accepted, and for several successive years he spent his time between the courts of Urien Rheged and Gwynedd, called Gwynedd Garanhir, Lord of the Lowland Cantred; but after the territory of Gwynedd had become overwhelmed by the sea, Taliesin was invited by the Dux Bellorum Artur to his court at Caerlleon upon Usk, where he became highly celebrated for poetic genius and useful, meritorious sciences, along with Merddin Emrys, whom he taught much. Taliesin became Chief Bard of the West, from having been appointed to preside over the chair of the Round Table, at Caerlleon upon Usk after the departure of Merddin Emrys. After Artur's death he retired to the estate given to him by Gwynedd, taking Elffin, the son of that prince, under his protection. It was from this account that Thomas, the son of Einion Offeiriad, descended from Gruffydd Gwyr, formed his romance of Taliesin, the son of Cariadwen-Elffin, the son of Goddnou-Rhun, the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd, and the operations of the Cauldron of Ceridwen.

Thus is the Pedigree of Taliesin, Chief of the Bards of the West, the son of Saint Henwg, of Caerlleon upon Usk, the son of Fflwch, the son of Cynin, the son of Cynvarch, the son of Saint Clydawc, of Ewyas, the son of Gwynnar, the son of Caid, the son of Cadren, the son of Cynan, the son of Cyllin, the son of Caradog, the son of Bran, the son of Llyr Llediaith, King Paramount of all the Kings of Britain, and King, in lineal descent, of the country between the rivers Wye and Towy.

Taliesin, Chief of the Bards, erected the church of Llanhenwg, at Caerlleon upon Usk, which he dedicated to the memory of his father, called Saint Henwg, who went to Rome on a mission to Constantine the Blessed, requesting that he would send Saints Germanus and Lupus to Britain, to strengthen the faith and renew baptism there.

Taliesin, the son of Henwg, was taken by the wild Irish, who unjustly occupied Gower; but while on board ship, on his way to Ireland, he saw a skin coracle, quite empty, on the surface of the sea, and it came closely to the side of the ship; whereupon Taliesin, taking a skin-covered spar in his hand, leaped into it, and rowed towards land, until he stuck on a pole in the weir of Gwynedd Garanhir; when a young chieftain, named Elphin, seeing him so entangled, delivered him from his peril. This Elphin was taken for the son of Gwynedd, although in reality he was the son of Elivri, his daughter, but by whom was then quite unknown; it was, however, afterwards discovered that Urien Rheged, king of Gower and Aberllychwr, was his father, who introduced him to the court of Arthur, at Caerlleon upon Usk, where his feats, learning, and endowments were found to be so superior that he was created a golden-tongued Knight of the Round Table. After the death of Arthr, Taliesin became Chief Bard to Urien Rheged, at Aberllychwr in Rheged."

After the death of Talhaiarn, Taliesin, Chief of the Bards, presided in three chairs, namely: the chair of Caerlleon upon Usk, the chair of Rheged, at Bangor Teivy, under the patronage of Cedig ab Ceredig, ab Cuneddav Wledig; but he afterwards was invited to the territory of Gwyddnyw, the son of Gwydion, in Arllechwedd, Arvon, where he had lands conferred on him, and where he resided until the time of Maelgwn Gwynedd, when he was dispossessed of that property, for which he pronounced his curse on Maelgwn, whom Gildas also accursed, and all his possessions; whereupon the Vad Velen came to Rhos, and whoever witnessed it became doomed to certain death. Maelgwn saw the Vad Velen through the keyhole, in Rhos church, and died in consequence. Taliesin, in his old age, returned to Caer-Gwyrswydd, to Riwallon, the son of Urien; after which he visited Cedig, the son of Ceredig, the son of Cuneddav Wledig, where he died, and was buried with high honours, such as should always be shown to a man who ranked among the principal wise men of the Cymric nation; and Taliesin, Chief of the Bards, was the highest of the most exalted class, either in literature, wisdom, the science of vocal song, or any other attainmeint, whether sacred or profane.

It is said that when he was a prisoner in Thomond, Taliesin was set to watch over the cauldron of Ceridwen in which was brewed a drink of knowledge and inspiration intended for her son, Morfran or Afagddu. Three drops splashed out onto his fingers which he then thrust into his mouth, in order to cool them - thus did he have access to all knowledge. He was smart enough to

know that Ceridwen would wish to destroy him, so he underwent a series of shape-shiftings, which is a magical art of the Northmen, which they afterwards brought to Less Britain, to avoid her. After several changes, he turned himself into a grain of wheat and she turned into a hen and ate him. He grew in her stomach and was reborn. The story is also attributed to Finn MacCumhal.

After her plan had been spoiled, Ceridwen desired to get rid of him, but he had been born of her and being a goddess of the harvest and pigs could not bear to destroy her own young, she put him in a coracle or a leather bag and sent him sailing off down the River Dee. He arrived in Aberdovey where King Elphin the Unfortunate found him on May-Eve at the Salmon Weir and rescued him. The King was struck by the brightness of the baby's forehead and called him Taliesin, meaning Radiant Brow.

Taliesin grew up in Elphin's court and was tutor to Elphin's son, but misfortune befell him and Taliesin was sent packing. He went to Gwynedd and became a bard, putting all others to shame. Some legends have it that that was in the court of King Maelgwn Gwynedd. Others claim that it was the court of King Arthur. Later, Taliesin was associated with another Prince Elphin whose life he saved from the Drowned Hundred, the villages which were submerged when Sienhethryn the Drunkard failed to repair the dikes holding back the ocean. (The legend of Yr Gantref yr Gwaelod - the drowned villages).

The Welsh poem Preiddeu Annwfn states that Taliesin was a companion of Arthur when the latter went to the Otherworld, and one of the seven men who returned from that expedition. He is also supposed to have accompanied Bran Bendegeid in his invasion of Ireland to rescue his sister Rhiannon. It is said too that he made peace with the King of Thomond, and married a Princess there.

### **Elegy for Ambrose**

Before Ambrose, the enemy's scourge,  
I saw white horses, tensed, red,  
After the war cry, bitter the grave

Before Ambrose, the unflinching foe,  
I saw horses jaded and gory from battle,  
After the war cry, a great driving force

Before Ambrose, the enemy of tyranny,  
I saw horses white with foam,  
After the war cry, a terrible torrent.

In Llongborth I saw the rage of slaughter,  
And biers beyond all number,  
And red-stained men from the assault of Ambrose.

In Llongborth, I saw the clash of swords,

Men in terror, bloody heads,  
Before Ambrose the Great, his father's son.

In Llongborth I saw spurs,  
And men who did not flinch from the dread of the spears,  
Who drank their wine from the bright glass.

In Llongborth I saw the weapons,  
Of men, and blood fast dropping,  
After the war cry, a fearful return.

In Llongborth I saw Ambrose  
Heroes who cut with steel.  
The Emperor, ruler of our labour.

In Llongborth Ambrose was slain,  
with poison by the Saxon Octa  
And before they were overpowered, they committed  
slaughter.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, wheat their fodder,  
Ruddy ones, swooping like spotted eagles.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, grain was given them,  
Ruddy ones, swooping like black eagles.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, restless over their grain,  
Ruddy ones, swooping like red eagles.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, grain-scattering,  
Ruddy ones, swooping like white eagles.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, with the pace of the stag,  
With a nose like that of the consuming fire on a wild  
mountain.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, satiated with grain,  
Grey ones, with their manes tipped with silver.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, well deserving of grain,  
Ruddy ones, swooping like grey eagles.

Under the thigh of Ambrose swift chargers,  
Long their legs, having corn for food,

#### **Ewddyr Battle of Argoed Llwyfain**

There was a great battle Saturday morning  
From when the sun rose until it grew dark.  
The fourfold hosts of Fflamddwyn invaded,

Goddau and Rheged gathered in arms,  
Summoned from Argoed as far as Arfynydd –  
By the Warlord Ewddyr  
They might not delay by as much as a day.  
With a great blustering din, Fflamddwyn shouted,  
'Have these hostages come? Are they ready?'  
To him then Owain, scourge of the eastlands,  
'They've not come, no! they're not, nor shall they be  
ready.'  
And a whelp of Coel would indeed be afflicted  
Did he have to give any man as a hostage!  
And Ewddyr, Duke of the Bretons, shouted,  
'If they would meet us now for a treaty,  
High on the hilltop let's raise our ramparts,  
Carry our faces over the shield rims,  
Raise up your spears, men, over our heads,  
And set upon Fflamddwyn in the midst of his hosts  
And slaughter him, ay, and all that go with him!'  
There was many a corpse beside Argoed Llwyfain;  
From warriors ravens grew red  
And with their leader a host attacked.  
For a whole year I shall sing to their triumph.

#### **Urien of Yrechwydd**

Urien of Yrechwydd most generous of Christian men,  
much do you give to the people of your land;  
as you gather so also do you scatter,  
the poets of Christendom rejoice while you stand.  
More is the gaity and more is the glory  
that Urien and his heirs are for riches renowned,  
and he is the chieftain, the paramount ruler,  
the far-flung refuge, first of fighters found.  
The Lloegrians know it when they count their numbers,  
death have they suffered and many a shame,  
their homesteads a-burning, stripped their bedding,  
and many a loss and many a blame,  
and never a respite from Urien of Rheged.  
Rheged's defender, famed lord, your land's anchor,  
all that is told of you has my acclaim.  
Instense is your spear-play when you hear ploy of battle,  
when to battle you first come 'tis a killing you can,  
fire in their houses ere day in the lord of Yrechwydd's  
way,  
Yrechwydd the beautiful and its generous clan,

The Angles are succourless around the fierce king  
are his fierce offspring. Of those dead, of those living,  
of those yet to come, you head the column.  
To gaze upon him is a widespread fear;  
Gaity clothes him, the ribald ruler,  
gaity clothes him and riches abounding,  
gold king of the Northland and of kings king.

Until I am old and ailing,  
in the dire necessity of death,  
I shall not be in my element  
if I don't praise Urien.

[I am Taliesin of ardent song, which I bestow on Christendom, praising the wonders of the lord of Christendom.]  
 Between the brine and the high slope and fresh stream water,  
 men will cringe before Cunedda, the violent one.  
 In Caer Weir [?Durham] and Caer Lywelydd [Carlisle],  
 fighting will shake the Roman towns [civitates].  
 A tidal inrush of flame, a wave from across the sea;  
 champion will set upon champion;  
 moved by the man who gained sway across the habitable  
 surface of the world,  
 as the sighing of the wind over the ash wood.  
 The heirs of Kynvarch and those of Coel will hold fast  
 together in alliance.  
 They will adorn the skillful bards who sing.  
 It is the death of Cunedda that I mourn and shall  
 A song of pain was sung for fear and dread of him before  
 a covering of earth became his portion.  
 A pack like wild dogs ensheathed him.  
 Cowardice is worse than death. For this bitter death I  
 lament,  
 for the court and the onslaught of Cunedda.  
 For [want of] the abundance of the brine, for the salmon  
 of the sea,  
 for the spoils of the oven, I shall now surely perish.  
 I shall recite the verse that the bards recite.  
 As others reckon, I shall reckon  
 the wonders of the battle lord:  
 [his] gift of a hundred steeds before Cunedda took his  
 share.  
 He used to grant me cattle in mid summer.  
 He used to grant me horses in winter.  
 He used to grant me bright wine and oil.  
 He used to grant me a throng of slaves for a household.  
 He was a mighty attacker in conflict --  
 the chieftain whose face was that of a lion. The  
 borderland was always  
 reduced to ashes prior to the everlasting overthrow of  
 Edern's son [Cunedda]. He who was brave, unyielding,  
 fierce,  
 is cut off by the consuming power of death.  
 He was wont to sustain a resplendent shield [ie  
 protection].  
 Heroic men were his captains.  
 Grief wakens me, holds back the wine of the man great in  
 feats --  
 the sleep of Coel's descendants destroyed.

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 in the dire necessity of death,  
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### **The Days of Arthur**

Hear now of the days of Artur who was Dux Bellorum  
 Many years before Artur Came Ceasar to Britain

### **Book of Taliesin**

And for many years The Emperor and his Dux  
 Ruled the land in peace In those days St. Germanus  
 Fought the Arian Heretics And the Chuch held its Great  
 Council at Arles But the Picts rose in strength  
 And the wall was breached From time to time  
 And the Empire troubled Within and without  
 The Germans came often And defenses were set  
 Along the shores Against the saxe -knives  
 In those days in Hibernia Were Dyfed, Bricheiniog,  
 And Dalriada Kingdoms And they conquered  
 A part of the Pict Lands So that Cunedda fled  
 And settled to the south To the lands of Gwynedd  
 Where he would be the Ancestor of Urien Rheged  
 And Maelgwyn In the time of Theodosius  
 The Picts and Germans allied Hadrian's dyke was cast  
 down  
 And as far south as London Towns were burned  
 Livestock was slaughtered Macsen Wledig  
 Dux Britaniarum, Dux Bellorum Demanded attention  
 From far away Rome From Segontium and other  
 Garrisons of Britain He marched his men  
 Against the Emperor Gratian fell dead  
 Slain by Macsen who Ruled the West until his hand  
 was raised in just struggle against Valentinian  
 Stilcho the Vandal Sent legions to fight  
 Against Pict, German, Scot When Macsen died  
 Marcus, Gratian and The Third Constantine  
 Called Wardewyr Went into Gaul to  
 Challenge in arms Vandals, Alans and Suevi  
 And Constantine Waredwyr prevailed Until Honorius  
 betrayed him  
 Marched against him and Drove him down in defeat  
 In Iberia where he had kinsmen and he  
 Was betrayed by Vortigern who was his troth kinsman  
 The counsels in Britain Expelled Honorius' Dux  
 And Honorius wrote To the Civites and bade  
 Them look to their own Sword hands for defense  
 For a decade of time There were councils and losses  
 Then Vortigern rose He who had wed  
 The Daughter of the Wardewyr and claimed the Purple  
 Murdering the son of Constantine  
 And Ambrosius into exile fled to  
 The Court of Brittany to his Kinsman Aldrien  
 So Vortigern Rose The Superb Tyrant  
 Who allowed the Germans Of Hengist  
 to come And settle in Kent in return for their sworn  
 swords  
 Came Ambrosius to Totne with a full complement of  
 warriors  
 and battled Vortigern and Vo rtimer at Guoloph  
 And they sued for Peace giving him the whole  
 of the Western Kingdoms but betrayed  
 Ambrosius at the first sign that his hand was  
 Taken away from his shield  
 And there was war upon war Briton against German  
 Vortigern driven to seige at Caer-Guorthigirn  
 Lighting from heaven called as in prophesy  
 By Ambrosius' Myriddn struck down the towers  
 Met Hengist at Maesbeli and then at Caer-Conan

Ambrosius with full arms and gave good account  
 Octa and Osla beseiged at Caer-Ebrauc  
 Paid him oxhides and gold and cried for mercy  
 Which he gave and let them settle in Bryneich  
 After giving their sworn word to put away the Saxe-  
 knives  
 But Hengist turned to treachery and  
 Delivered to him a poisoned cup  
 Which he took at Caer-Guinntguic  
 And was felled as if by a blow  
 And the medicine of Myriddn and the  
 prayers of the Saints could not save from Death  
 Ambrosius the Warlord.  
 Then came Ewddyr the son of Ambrosius  
 And battle upon battle  
 With Urien of Rhegedd with  
 Brandygyr and Gwr and with others  
 King struggled against King and  
 None knew peace in the land  
 Last his conquest of Gwrllys  
 From whom he took to wife Igne  
 And gave birth to Artur who was  
 Sent to the court of Less Britain  
 That he might escape the tumult and  
 Ewddyr met the hosts of the North and  
 Was victorious but died of his wounds  
 Britain left Kingless with ruin and warfare  
 Many hands raised to claim the purple  
 From Britain came Artur  
 With Lugh Llantiac....  
 [text ends, incomplete or remainder missing]

### **Lugh of the Angry Blows seeks the Queen**

Three days on Gavin's tomb Lugh Llauyntiauc wept,  
 Then drew about him baron, knight, and earl,  
 And cried, "Alack, fair lords, too late we came,  
 For now heaven hath its own, and woe is mine:  
 But 'gainst the black knight Death may none avail.  
 I will that ye no longer stay for me.  
 In Iberia I go to seek the Queen,  
 Nor ever more in earthly lists shall ride."  
 So, heeding none, seven days he westward rode,  
 And at the sainted mid-hour of the night  
 Was 'ware of voices, and above them all  
 One that he knew, and trembled now to hear.  
 Rose-hedged before him stood a nunnery's walls,  
 With gates wide open unto foe or friend.  
 Unquestioned to the cloister court he came,  
 And in the moonlight, on the balcony, saw  
 Beneath the arches nuns and ladies stand,  
 And in their midst a cowed white face he loved,  
 Whereat he cried aloud, "Lo, I am here!  
 Lo, I am here!--I, Llauyntiauc, am here!  
 Would ye I came? I could not help but come."  
 Spake then the Queen, low-voiced as one in pain:

"Oh, call him here, I pray you call him here."  
 Then lit Lugh Llauyntiauc down, and climbed the stair,  
 And doffed his helm, and stood before the Queen.  
 But she that had great fear to see his face:  
 "Oh, sinless sisters, ye that are so dear,  
 Lo, this is he through whom great ills were wrought;  
 For by our love, which we have loved too well,  
 Is slain my lord and many noble knights.  
 And therefore, wit ye well, Lugh Llauyntiauc,  
 My soul's health waneth; yet through God's good grace  
 I trust, when death is come, to sit with Christ,  
 Because in heaven more sinful souls than I  
 Are saints in heaven; and therefore, Llauyntiauc,  
 For all the love that ever bound our souls  
 I do beseech thee hide again thy face.  
 On God's behalf I bid thee straitly go,  
 Because my life is as a summer spent;  
 Yea, go, and keep thy realm from wrack and war,  
 For, well as I have loved thee, Llauyntiauc,  
 My heart will no more serve to see thy face;  
 Nay, not if thou shouldst know love in mine eyes.  
 In good haste get thee to thy realm again,  
 And heartily do I beseech thee pray  
 That I may make amend of time mislived.  
 And take to thee a wife, for age is long."  
 "Ah no, sweet madam," said Lugh Llauyntiauc,  
 "That know ye well I may not while I breathe;  
 But as thou livest, I will live in prayer."  
 "If thou wilt do so," said the Queen, "so be.  
 Hold fast thy promise; yet full well I know  
 The world will bid thee back." -- "And yet," he cried,  
 "When didst thou know me to a promise false?  
 Wherefore, my lady dame, sweet Gwenhwyfar,  
 For all my earthly bliss hath been in thee,  
 If thou wilt no more take of this world's joy,  
 I too shall cease to know the bliss of life.  
 I pray thee kiss me once, and nevermore."  
 "Nay," said the Queen, "that shall I never do.  
 No more of earthly lips shall I be kissed."  
 Then like to one stung through with hurt of spears,  
 Who stares, death-blinded, round the reeling lists,  
 At gaze he stood, but saw no more the Queen;  
 And as a man who gropes afoot in dreams,  
 Deaf, dumb, and sightless, down the gallery stairs  
 Stumbling he went, with hands outstretched for aid,  
 And found his horse, and rode, till in a vale  
 At evening, 'twixt two cliffs, came Bedywyr,  
 And with his woesome story stayed the knight.  
 At this, Lugh Llauyntiauc's heart did almost break  
 For sorrow, and abroad his arms he cast,  
 And cried, "Alas! ah, who may trust this world!"

Gwenhwyfar was abducted by Melwas  
 Whose name means Prince of Death

### **The Spoils of Annwfn**

. I praise the Lord,  
 Prince of the realm, King.  
 His sovereignty has extended  
 across the world's tract.  
 Equipped was the prison of Fril  
 in the Caern of the Sidhe  
 throughout the account of  
 Pwyll and Pryderi.  
 No one before Artur  
 went into it,  
 into a heavy blue/gray chain;  
 a faithful servant it held.  
 And before the spoils of Annwfn  
 bitterly he sang.  
 Annwfn the Otherworld  
 Beyond the Caern of the Sidhe  
 Annwfn the Otherworld  
 Beyond the reach of Morgan  
 Annwfn the Otherworld  
 Beyond the shores of Bresil  
 And until Judgment  
 shall last our bardic invocation.  
 The white ship of Arthur  
 Prydwen the fair oared  
 Three fullnesses of Prydwen  
 we went into it.  
 How it came that we went there  
 Is a story I tell  
 Myrddin Emrys was the husband  
 Of Vi Vianna the Goddess of Water  
 Gwendoloena.  
 He came from her born on wings  
 And the time came he needs must  
 Return to her having had  
 Prophecy that he must be  
 Called again and call us Warriors  
 To him in the days of the last  
 Battle against the Giants  
 So we journeyed in Prydwen to Bresil  
 To the city of Morgana  
 Outside the shores of Middle-Earth  
 There I took Myrddin Emrys  
 From whom I had learned much  
 And taught much as well  
 And he passed into the Outer Darkness  
 Walking beyond the Fortress of Glass  
 How should he be found  
 This I record  
 He is guardian of the sword which  
 Was given by Vi Vianna  
 Out of the Lake to Arthur  
 And it has been given into  
 His hand to return  
 When the Aeon has passed  
 It shall be handed to him in the first  
 Cataclysm of the New Aeon  
 In the years before the final battle  
 He surrounded himself  
 In Runes which little men

Could not know  
 Only those Lords  
 Who know the time of the season  
 Who know when God was breathed  
 And who have seen it  
 Could know the path to him  
 Up [twenty two] stairways  
 Once Emrys Myrddin  
 Had taken his leave  
 And been placed by Vi Vianna  
 Into the sleep of the Morgan  
 To go on his journey  
 Arthur Resolved  
 And would not be dissuaded  
 To undertake the destruction  
 Of the Fortress of the Four Sides  
 With the Eye of Fal  
 And myself for its singing  
 I had learned the method  
 Of singing it of Myriddin  
 And had written a song  
 Of my own for the riving  
 Of that place in shadow  
 Perpetual and crespuscular  
 So sailed Prydwen  
 Sailed with the leave of  
 Morgan kinswoman  
 Sister of Arthur who was  
 Half born of a god  
 Past the shores of Breasil  
 Into the freezing north  
 Sailed Prydwen to Annwyn  
 Except seven none rose up  
 From the Black Fortress of the Mound.  
 I am honored in praise.  
 Song was heard  
 in the peaked black fortress,  
 Four its sides.  
 My poetry from the cauldron  
 Of Ceridwen it was uttered.  
 From the breath of nine maidens it was kindled.  
 The cauldron of the chief of Annwfn:  
 what is its fashion?  
 A dark ridge around its border  
 and pearls.  
 It does not boil the food of a coward;  
 it has not been destined.  
 The flashing sword of Lugus  
 has been lifted to it.  
 And in the hand of Llauyntiauc  
 it was left.  
 Llauyntiauc the god born  
 Who after loved Gwenthwyfar  
 And before the door of the Cold Hell  
 lamps burned.  
 And when we went with Arthur,  
 brilliant difficulty, except seven  
 none rose up  
 from the Fortress of Mead-Drunkness.



I am honored in praise;  
 song is heard  
 in the Fortress of Four-sides  
 isle of the strong door  
 Daytime is jet there  
 shadow is mingled.  
 Three fullnesses of Prydwen  
 we went on the sea.  
 Except seven none rose up  
 from the Fortress of Hardness.  
 I merit not the Lord's  
 little men of letters.  
 Beyond the Glass Fortress they did not see  
 the valor of Arthur.  
 I learned something of it in Thomond  
 When I was captive  
 When the first of the Dalraida came  
 From Iberia to Hibernia  
 They encountered a glass tower  
 In the midst of the sea  
 Whose people did not respond  
 To their hailing  
 And were not of the Sidhe  
 Of Morgana, or Bresil  
 With thirty ships they made good  
 To attack the fastness  
 All of which foundered  
 Save one which would rise  
 To populate all Hibernia  
 Six thousand men  
 stood upon the wall.  
 It was difficult to speak  
 with their sentinel.  
 Three fullnesses of Prydwen  
 went with Arthur.  
 Except seven  
 none rose up  
 from the Fortress of the Middle of the Earth  
 I do not merit little men,  
 slack their shield straps.  
 They do not know which day  
 the world was created  
 The hour and words by which  
 God was born  
 Who made him  
 who did not go  
 meadows of Defwy?  
 They do not know the golden ox  
 thick his headband.  
 Seven score links  
 on his collar.  
 And when we went with Arthur,  
 dolorous visit,  
 except seven none rose up  
 from the fortress of God's Peak.  
  
 I do not merit little men,  
 slack their will.

They do not know which day  
 the chief was created,  
 what hour of the midday  
 secret knowledge was born,  
 The use of what animal they keep,  
 silver its head.  
 When we went with Arthur,  
 sorrowful strife,  
 except seven none rose up  
 from the Fortress of Enclosedness.

Was not I a man  
 Who stood by Artur and Lugh  
 Of the Angry blows  
 When they ventured to ride  
 Upon the castle of four corners  
 They blew horns and none  
 Answered their challenge  
 Heroes rode forth to challenge us  
 With whom I hesitated  
 To cross swords  
 For I knew them for the fashionings  
 Of my own harp  
 Song-warriors whom I had  
 Woven tales of  
 I bid them let pass  
 These shades of men  
 Yet they were no shades  
 But had taken the forms  
 Of our own songs  
 To fight against us  
 And they fought as demons  
 When we had vanquished  
 A new legion arose  
 From songs of my harp  
 And did fight with us

The Eye of Fal  
 The Bright Eye of God  
 Was focused upon it  
 And to no avail our arms  
 Slaughter among us  
 They wreaked till the snows  
 Grew red with the perishing  
 Of good men of Prydwen  
 The warriors of Artur  
 Many a corpse lay  
 Encrusted with hoar-frost  
 Yet the killing did not end  
 Till a song was blown  
 On the Horn of Llyr Sea-God  
 Which I had crafted  
 A prayer to Arianrhod  
 Who is Lady of All that is  
 Of times and places and of magic  
 And the song warriors were banished  
 Great was the slaughter  
 Among Three fulnesses of Prydwen

Scarce one company remained  
Monks pack together howling  
like a choir of dogs  
From an encounter with masters of secrets  
who know:  
is there one course of wind?  
is there one course of water?  
is there one spark of fire  
of fierce tumult?

At last we stood on the plain  
The blasted ruin of Bile  
Lord of the Dead  
Vast wasteland of crushed spirits  
And broken bodies paying  
Eternal homage to Bile  
Lord of the Dead  
Before the fortress of four corners  
We blew a challenge upon the Horn  
Of Llyr the Sea-God  
The Kinsman of Lugh of Angry Blows  
And the Eye of Fal  
Was turned upon the Fortress  
Where was stored  
The spoils of Annwfn  
Loud and Long  
Sounded the Sentinel of Artur  
And echoes rang  
Without answer as  
The Magical Fires  
Burned at the Fortress  
The fires which had slain  
The Hundreds at Bath Hill  
Were nothing to the  
Fortress of Fastness  
Death rolled upon us  
In the form of \*\*\*\*  
Yet firm stood the  
Company as all fell about us  
The shield of Kai  
Was turned on the Fortress  
Over the shield-rim  
Was death and slaughter  
Behind stood the seven  
Who alone returned from the  
Realm of Annwfn  
Seeing our ruin  
That our hands prevailed not  
Seeing none to challenge  
No single herald of the  
Form of death  
I blew upon the Eye  
The Horn of Llyr  
And called for our succor  
So the [ ] Dragon  
Laid fire about us  
And we were transported  
By the winds summoned

By the Sea God of Llyr  
By the Leviathan of Llyr  
To the Isles of Summer  
From thence we came  
By many adventures  
Seven who walked  
From the Cave of Cruachan  
Alive and alone  
With the spoils of Annwfn

Monks pack together howling  
like young wolves  
from an encounter with lords  
who know.  
They do not know when midnight  
and dawn divide.  
Nor wind, what its course,  
what its onrush,  
what place it ravages,  
what region it strikes.  
They do not know how many Saints  
Have been lost in the Otherworld  
How could they survive  
Where Saints and Lords who know  
The days and numbers of things  
Have perished fully  
Or worse than perished  
I praise the Lord, great prince,  
that I be not sad; Christ endows me.

#### Song of Myrddin

Eyes of sea peer into mist,  
Ever the turning come to not.  
All and every chant the magic,  
Bring that which is sought.

From air and sky he came,  
Future's histories, upon the wall.  
Printed words now to scrolls,  
Written scripts await his call.

Swirling mists entrust his presence,  
Formed by words and herbs of new.  
Waiting for commands he utters,  
Mystic force, controlled by few.

Kings and knights do bid his counsel,  
He, brought by whims of fate.  
Shouldering this mantle never his intention,  
To fall backwards, date by date.

Yet he lingers not in Victory,  
For him praise and glory never meant.  
Knowing well his due is given,  
For his blood he was sent.

Ever questing truth and knowledge,  
Myrddin's ghosts formed fabled stone.  
Excalibur from cold lakeshore given,  
Sorcerer and lord destined alone.

Myrddin's boon soon Artur's quest,  
Swearing vows they would not fail.  
Raising tankards in their passion,  
For their Lord, they'd find the Graal.

Artur will wait years uncounted,  
None but one found fabled prize.  
Medraut seeks the warlord's mantle,  
Death, their lord's last cries.

Kinslayer of Dragon White  
Orkney's Medraut Son of Lott  
Lady's hand the sword did fall  
Seek his glory, find it not

Nor to be found upon the land,  
Gone the wizard in mists so dense.  
Maiden's cup and hand did heal,  
Myrddin's mantle now future tense.

Prophesied Red Dragon  
Obscured by Saxon Worm  
Threatens Britain newly  
Myrddin must return

Be it known Myrddin's promise,  
Spanning ages it will bring.  
Destiny by one man's birthing,  
Mantle of Artur, Once and Future King.

### **The Prophecy of Ambrose**

Vortegern, king of the Britons,  
was sitting upon the bank of the drained fountain  
Two dragons, one of which was white, the other red,  
came forth,  
and approaching one another, began a terrible fight,  
and cast forth fire with their breath  
But the white dragon had the advantage,  
and made the other fly to the end of the lake  
And he, for grief at his flight,  
renewed the assault upon his pursuer,  
and forced him to retire

After this battle of the dragons,  
the king commanded Ambrosius  
to tell him what it portended

Upon which he, bursting into tears,  
delivered what his prophetic spirit  
suggested to him, as follows:-

Woe to the red dragon, for his banishment hasteneth on

His lurking holes shall be seized by the the Saxons whom  
you have treated with;  
but the white denotes the British nation, which shall be  
oppressed by the red  
And by the Germans of Hengest and Horsa

The island shall be called by the name of Brutus;  
and the name given it by foreigners shall be abolished  
From Conan shall proceed a warlike boar,  
that shall exercise the sharpness of his tusks within the  
Gallic woods  
For he shall cut down all the larger oaks, and shall be a  
defence to the smaller  
The Arabians and Africans shall dread him;  
for he shall pursue his furious course to the farther part of  
Spain  
A blessed king shall prepare a fleet,  
and shall be reckoned the twelfth in the court among the  
Saints  
He shall sail to the land of the Fountain  
And drink its waters  
and corn shall abound by reason of the fruitfulness of the  
soil  
Women shall become serpents in their gait  
and all their motions shall be full of pride  
The camp of Venus shall be restored  
nor shall the arrows of Cupid cease to wound  
The fountain of a river shall be turned into blood  
and two kings shall fight a duel at Stafford for a lioness  
Luxury shall overspread the whole ground  
and fornication not cease to debauch mankind  
All these things shall three ages see  
till the buried kings shall be exposed to public view in the  
city of London  
Famine shall again return  
mortality shall return  
and the inhabitants shall grieve for the destruction of  
their cities  
Then shall come the board of commerce  
who shall recall the scattered flocks to the pasture they  
had lost  
His breast shall be food to the hungry  
and his tongue drink to the thirsty  
Out of his mouth shall flow rivers  
that shall water the parched jaws of men  
After this shall be produced a tree upon the Tower of  
London  
which having no more than three branches  
shall overshadow the surface of the whole island with the  
breadth of its leaves  
Its adversary the North wind shall come upon it  
and with its noxious blast shall snatch away the third  
branch  
but the two remaining ones shall possess its place  
till they shall destroy one another by the  
multitude of their leaves: and then shall it obtain the place  
of those two  
and shall give sustenance to birds of foreign nations  
It shall be esteemed hurtful to native fowls

for they shall not be able to fly freely for fear of its shadow

There shall succeed the ass of wickedness  
swift against the goldsmiths  
but slow against the ravenousness of wolves

London shall mourn for the death of twenty thousand  
and the river Thames shall be turned into blood  
The monks in their cowls shall be forced to marry  
and their cry shall be heard upon the mountains of the Alps

Three springs shall break forth in the city of Winchester  
whose rivulets shall divide the island into three parts  
Whoever shall drink of the first  
shall enjoy long life and shall never be afflicted with sickness

He that shall drink of the second  
shall die of hunger and paleness and horror shall sit in his countenance

He that shall drink of the third  
shall he surprised with sudden death  
neither shall his body be capable of burial  
Those that are willing to escape so great a surfeit  
will endeavour to hide it with several coverings: but  
whatever bulk shall be laid upon it  
shall receive the form of another body

For earth shall be turned into stones  
stones into water wood into ashes ashes into water  
if cast over it

Also a damsel shall be sent from the city of the forest of Canute to administer a cure  
who after she shall have practiced all her arts  
shall dry up the noxious fountains only with her breath  
Afterwards as soon as she shall have refreshed herself  
with the wholesome liquor  
she shall bear in her right hand the wood of Caledon  
and in her left the forts of the walls of London  
Wherever she shall go she shall make sulphureous steps  
which will smoke with a double flame  
That smoke shall rouse up the city of Ruteni  
and shall make food for the inhabitants of the deep  
She shall overflow with rueful tears  
and shall fill the island with her dreadful cry  
She shall be killed by a hart with ten branches  
four of which shall bear golden diadems but the other six  
shall be turned into buffalo's horns  
whose hideous sound shall astonish the three islands of Britain  
The Daneian wood shall be stirred up  
and breaking forth into a human voice  
shall cry: Come O Cambria and join Cornwall to thy side  
and say to Winchester the earth shall swallow thee up  
Translate the seat of thy pastor to the place where ships  
come to harbour  
and the rest of the members will follow the head  
For the day hasteneth in which thy citizens shall perish  
on account of the guilt of perjury

The whiteness of wool has been hurtful to thee  
and the variety of its tinctures

Woe to the perjured nation  
for whose sake the renowned city shall come to ruin  
The ships shall rejoice at so great an augmentation  
and one shall be made out of two

It shall be rebuilt by Eric laden with apples  
to the smell whereof the birds of several woods shall flock together

He shall add to it a vast palace  
and wall it round with six hundred towers  
Therefore shall London envy it  
and triply increase her walls

The river Thames shall encompass it round  
and the fame of the work shall pass beyond the Alps  
Eric shall hide his apples within it  
and shall make subterraneous passages

At that time shall the stones speak  
and the sea towards the Gallic coast be contracted into a narrow space

On each bank shall one man hear another  
and the soil of the island shall be enlarged  
The secrets of the deep shall be revealed  
and Gaul shall tremble for fear

After these things shall come forth a hern from the forest of Calaterium

which shall fly round the island for two years together  
With her nocturnal cry she shall call together the winged kind

and assemble to her all sorts of fowls  
They shall invade the tillage of husbandmen  
and devour all the grain of the harvests

Then shall follow a famine upon the people  
and a grievous mortality upon the famine  
But when this calamity shall be over

a detestable bird shall go to the valley of Galabes  
and shall raise it to be a high mountain  
Upon the top thereof it shall also plant an oak

and build its nest in its branches  
Three eggs shall be produced in the nest  
from whence shall come forth a fox

a wolf and a bear  
The fox shall devour her mother  
and bear the head of an ass

In this monstrous form shall she frighten her brothers  
and make them fly into Neustria  
But they shall stir up the tusky boar

and returning in a fleet shall encounter with the fox who  
at the beginning of the fight shall feign herself dead and  
move the boar to compassion

Then shall the boar approach her carcase  
and standing over her  
shall breathe upon her face and eyes

But she not forgetting her cunning  
shall bite his left foot  
and pluck it off from his body

Then shall she leap upon him  
and snatch away his right ear and tail  
and hide herself in the caverns of the mountains

Therefore shall the deluded boar require the wolf and  
bear to restore him his members  
who as soon as they shall enter into the cause  
shall promise two feet of the fox  
together with the ear and tail  
and of these they shall make up the members of a hog  
With this he shall be satisfied  
and expect the promised restitution  
In the mean time shall the fox descend from the moun-  
tains  
and change herself into a wolf  
and under pretence of holding a conference with the boar  
she shall go to him  
and craftily devour him  
After that she shall transform herself into a boar  
and feigning a loss of some members  
shall wait for her brothers  
but as soon as they are come  
she shall suddenly kill them with her tusks  
and shall be crowned with the head of a lion  
In her days shall a serpent be brought forth  
which shall be a destroyer of mankind  
With its length it shall encompass London  
and devour all that pass by it  
The mountain ox shall take the head of a wolf  
and whiten his teeth in the Severn  
He shall gather to him the flocks of Albania and Cambria  
which shall drink the river Thames dry  
The ass shall call the goat with the long beard  
and shall borrow his shape  
Therefore shall the mountain ox be incensed  
and having called the wolf  
shall become a horned bull against them  
In the exercise of his cruelty he shall devour their flesh  
and bones  
but shall be burned upon the top of Urian  
The ashes of his funeral-pile shall be turned into swans  
that shall swim on dry ground as on a river  
They shall devour fishes in fishes  
and swallow up men in men  
But when old age shall come upon them  
they shall become sea-wolves  
and practise their frauds in the deep  
They shall drown ships  
and collect no small quantity of silver  
The Thames shall again flow  
and assembling together the rivers  
shall pass beyond the bounds of its channel  
It shall cover the adjacent cities  
and overturn the mountains that oppose its course  
Being full of deceit and wickedness it shall make use of  
the fountain Galabes  
Hence shall arise factions provoking the Venedotians to  
war  
The oaks of the forest shall meet together  
and encounter the rocks of the Gewisseans  
A raven shall attend with the kites  
and devour the carcasses of the slain  
An owl shall build her nest upon the walls of Gloucester

and in her nest shall be brought forth an ass  
The serpent of Malvernia shall bring him up  
and put him upon many fraudulent practices  
Having taken the crown he shall ascend on high  
and frighten the people of the country with his hideous  
braying  
In his days shall the Pachaian mountains tremble  
and the provinces be deprived of their woods  
For there shall come a worm with a fiery breath  
and with the vapour it sends forth shall burn up the trees  
Out of it shall proceed seven lions deformed with the  
heads of goats  
With the stench of their nostrils they shall corrupt women  
and make wives turn common prostitutes  
The father shall not know his own son  
because they shall grow wanton like brute beasts  
Then shall come the giant of wickedness  
and terrify all with the sharpness of his eyes  
Against him shall arise the dragon of Worcester  
and shall endeavour to banish him  
But in the engagement the dragon shall be worsted  
and oppressed by the wickedness of the conqueror  
For he shall mount upon the dragon  
and putting off his garment shall sit upon him naked  
The dragon shall bear him up on high  
and beat his naked rider with his tail erected  
Upon this the giant rousing up his whole strength  
shall break his jaws with his sword  
At last the dragon shall fold itself up under its tail  
and die of poison After him shall succeed the boar of  
Totness  
and oppress the people with grievous tyranny  
Gloucester shall send forth a lion  
and shall disturb him in his cruelty  
in several battles He shall trample him under his feet and  
terrify him with open jaws  
At last the lion shall quarrel with the kingdom  
and get upon the backs of the nobility  
A bull shall come into the quarrel  
and strike the lion with his right foot  
He shall drive him through all the inns in the kingdom  
but shall break his horns against the walls of Oxford  
The fox of Kaerdubalem shall take revenge on the lion  
and destroy him entirely with her teeth  
She shall be encompassed by the adder of Lincoln  
who with a horrible hiss shall give notice  
of his presence to a multitude of dragons  
Then shall the dragons encounter  
and tear one another to pieces  
The winged shall oppress that which wants wings  
and fasten its claws into the poisonous cheeks  
Others shall come into the quarrel  
and kill one another  
A fifth shall succeed those that are slain  
and by various stratagems shall destroy the rest  
He shall get upon the back of one with his sword  
and sever his head from his body  
Then throwing off his garment  
he shall get upon another

and put his right and left hand upon his tail  
 Thus being naked shall he overcome him  
 whom when clothed he was not able to deal with  
 The rest he shall gall in their flight  
 and drive them round the kingdom  
 Upon this shall come a roaring lion dreadful for his  
 monstrous cruelty  
 Fifteen parts shall he reduce to one  
 and shall alone possess the people  
 The giant of the snow-white colour shall shine  
 and cause the white people to flourish  
 Pleasures shall effeminate the princes  
 and they shall suddenly be changed into beasts  
 Among them shall arise a lion swelled with human gore  
 Under him shall a reaper be placed in the standing corn  
 who while he is reaping  
 shall be oppressed by him  
 A charioteer of York shall appease them  
 and having banished his lord  
 shall mount upon the chariot which he shall drive  
 With his sword unsheathed shall he threaten the East  
 and fill the tracks of his wheels with blood  
 Afterwards he shall become a sea-fish  
 who being roused up with the hissing of a serpent  
 shall engender with him  
 From hence shall be produced three thundering bulls  
 who having eaten up their pastures shall be turned into  
 trees  
 The first shall carry a whip of vipers  
 and turn his back upon the next  
 He shall endeavour to snatch away the whip  
 but shall be taken by the last  
 They shall turn away their faces from one another  
 till they have thrown away the poisoned cup  
 To him shall succeed a husbandman of Albania  
 at whose back shall be a serpent  
 He shall be employed in ploughing the ground  
 that the country may become white with corn  
 The serpent shall endeavour to diffuse his poison  
 in order to blast the harvest  
 A grievous mortality shall sweep away the people  
 and the walls of cities shall be made desolate  
 There shall be given for a remedy the city of Claudius  
 which shall interpose the nurse of the scourger  
 For she shall bear a dose of medicine  
 and in a short time the island shall be restored  
 Therefore shall the people of the kingdom be at peace  
 and provoke the lion to a dose of physic  
 In his established seat he shall adjust the weights  
 but shall stretch out his hands into Albania  
 For which reason the northern provinces shall be grieved  
 and open the gates of the temples  
 The sign-bearing wolf shall lead his troops  
 and surround Cornwall with his tail  
 He shall be opposed by a soldier in a chariot  
 who shall transform that people into a boar  
 The boar therefore shall ravage the provinces  
 but shall hide his head in the depth of Severn  
 A man shall embrace a lion in wine

and the dazzling brightness of gold shall blind the eyes of  
 beholders  
 Silver shall whiten in the circumference  
 and torment several wine-presses  
 Men shall be drunk with wine  
 and regardless of heaven  
 shall be intent upon the earth  
 From them shall the stars turn away their faces  
 and confound their usual course  
 Corn will wither at their malign aspects  
 and there shall fall no dew from heaven  
 The roots and branches will change their places  
 and the novelty of the thing shall pass for a miracle  
 The brightness of the sun shall fade at the amber of Mer-  
 cury  
 and horror shall seize the beholders  
 And Britain shall its mountains be levelled  
 as the valleys, and the rivers of the valleys shall run with  
 blood  
 Stars will fall from the sky and rain fire upon the Civites  
 In Iberia the exercise of religion shall be destroyed,  
 and churches be laid open to ruin  
 At last the oppressed shall prevail,  
 and oppose the cruelty of foreigners  
 For a boar of Cornwall shall give his assistance,  
 and trample their necks under his feet  
 The currents of the ocean and the air  
 shall be subject to his power,  
 and he shall possess the forests of Gaul  
 They shall load the necks of roaring lions with chains,  
 and restore the times of their ancestors  
 Then from the first to the fourth,  
 from the fourth to the third,  
 from the third to the second,  
 the thumb shall roll in oil  
 The sixth shall be born in Ireland  
 His sons shall overturn the walls  
 and change the woods into a plain  
 He shall reduce several parts to one,  
 and be crowned with the head of a lion  
 His heirs shall be born beyond the seas  
 And from them shall come the great leader  
 His beginning shall lay open to wandering affection,  
 but his end shall carry him up to the blessed, who are  
 above  
 For he shall restore the seats of saints in their countries,  
 and settle pastors in convenient places  
 Two cities he shall invest with two palls,  
 and shall bestow virgin-presents upon virgins  
 He shall merit by this the favour of the Thunderer,  
 and shall be placed among the saints  
 From him shall proceed a lynx penetrating all things,  
 who shall be bent upon the ruin of his own nation;  
 for through him Neustria shall lose both islands,  
 and be deprived of its ancient dignity  
 Then shall the natives return back to the island;  
 for there shall arise a dissension among foreigners  
 Also a hoary old man, sitting upon a snow-white horse,  
 shall turn the course of the river Periron,

and shall measure out a mill upon it with a white rod  
 Six of his posterity and his forbears shall have swayed the  
 sceptre,  
 but after them shall arise a German worm  
 The white dragon shall rise again,  
 and invite over a daughter of Germany  
 Our gardens shall be again replenished with foreign seed,  
 and the red one shall pine away at the end of the pond  
 There shall succeed the goat of the Venereal Castle  
 Whose father is from Birmingham of the Smiths  
 having golden horns and a silver beard  
 who shall breathe such a cloud out of his nostrils  
 as shall darken the whole surface of the island  
 There shall be peace in his time  
 The house of Romulus shall dread his courage,  
 and his end shall be doubtful  
 He shall be celebrated in the mouths of the people  
 and his exploits shall be food to those that relate them  
 He shall be advanced by a sea-wolf,  
 And from the the woods of Gaul to Africa shall his  
 Liegeman bear the Legion Standard.  
 Religion shall be again abolished, and there  
 shall be a translation of the metro politan sees  
 The dignity of London shall adorn Dorobernia,  
 and the seventh pastor of York  
 shall be resorted to in the kingdom of Armorica  
 Menevia shall put on the pall of the City of Legions,  
 and a preacher of Ireland shall be dumb  
 on account of an infant growing in the womb  
 It shall rain a shower of blood,  
 and a raging famine shall afflict mankind  
 And corn shall be sold dearly so that many  
 starve but for having gold to buy it  
 When these things happen, the red one shall be grieved;  
 but when his fatigue is over, shall grow strong  
 Then shall mis fortunes hasten upon the white one,  
 and the buildings of his gardens shall be pulled down  
 Seven that sway the sceptre shall be killed,  
 one of whom shall become a saint  
 A Queen who is a stranger to Christ  
 Will sit upon the throne of Israel  
 Among the Germans  
 The wombs of mothers shall ripped up,  
 and infants be abortive  
 There shall be a most grievous punishment of Israel  
 that the natives may be restored  
 He that shall do these things shall put on the brazen man,  
 and  
 upon a brazen horse shall for a long time harry the gates  
 of London  
 And he shall assault as well the Red Dragon  
 And the House of Romulus Hail him  
 And the Bishop of Rome shall struggle against him  
 Then bow down before him  
 After that shall the German worm be crowned,  
 and the brazen prince upheld and he shall March through  
 Gaul  
 He has his bounds assigned him, which he shall not be  
 able to pass

For a score of years less one he shall continue  
 in trouble and subjection, but shall bear sway  
 Then shall the West wind rise against him,  
 and shall snatch away the flowers  
 which the west wind produced  
 There shall be gilding in the temples,  
 nor shall the edge of the sword cease  
 The German dragon shall hardly get to his holes,  
 because the revenge of his treason shall overtake him  
 At last he shall flourish for a little time,  
 but the decimation of Neustria shall hurt him  
 For a people in wood and in iron coats shall come,  
 and revenge upon him his wickedness  
 They shall restore the ancient inhabitants to their  
 dwellings  
 and there shall be an open destruction of foreigners  
 The seed of the nation of Israel  
 shall be swept out of his gardens,  
 and the remainder of their generation shall be decimated  
 They shall bear the yoke of slavery,  
 and wound their mother with spades and ploughs  
 After this shall succeed two dragons,  
 whereof one shall be killed with the sting of envy,  
 but the other shall return under the shadow of a name  
 Then shall succeed a lion of justice, at whose roar the  
 Gallican towers and the island dragons shall tremble  
 In those days gold shall be squeezed from the lily and the  
 nettle,  
 and silver shall flow from the hoofs of bellowing cattle  
 The frizled shall put on various fleeces,  
 and the outward habit denote the inward parts  
 The feet of barkers shall be cut off;  
 wild beasts shall enjoy peace:  
 mankind shall be grieved at their punishment:  
 the form of commerce shall be divided:  
 the half shall be round  
 The ravenousness of kites shall be destroyed,  
 and the teeth of wolves blunted  
 The lion's whelps shall be transformed into sea-fishes;  
 and an eagle shall build her nest upon Mount Aravius  
 And carry men across the sea  
 Venedotia shall grow red with the blood of brothers,  
 and the Saxons slay brother and sister  
 The island shall be wet with night-tears;  
 so that all shall be provoked to all things  
 Woe to thee, Neustria,  
 because the lion's brain shall be poured upon thee;  
 and he shall be banished with shattered limbs from his  
 native soil  
 But shall return and maul the German Dragon  
 Posterity shall endeavour to fly above the highest places;  
 but the favour of new comers shall be exalted  
 After this shall the red dragon return to his proper  
 manners,  
 and turn his rage upon himself  
 One shall come in armour  
 and shall ride upon a flying serpent  
 He shall sit upon his back with his naked body  
 and cast his right hand upon his tail

With his cry shall the seas be moved  
 and he shall strike terror into the second  
 The second therefore shall enter into confederacy with  
 the lion  
 but a quarrel happening  
 they shall encounter one another  
 They shall distress one another  
 but the courage of the beast shall gain the advantage  
 Then shall come one with a drum  
 and appease the rage of the lion  
 Therefore shall the revenge of the Thunderer show itself,  
 for every field shall disappoint the husbandmen  
 Mortality shall snatch away the people, and make a  
 desolation over all countries  
 There shall be a miserable desolation of the kingdom, and  
 the floors of the harvests shall return to the fruitful forests  
 The Severn sea shall discharge itself through seven  
 mouths  
 and the river Uske burn seven months  
 Piety shall hurt the possessor of things got by impiety,  
 till he shall have put on his Father: therefore,  
 being armed with the teeth of a boar,  
 he shall ascend above the tops of mountains,  
 and the shadow of him that wears a helmet  
 Albania shall be enraged, and assembling her neighbours,  
 shall be employed in shedding blood  
 There shall he put into her jaws a bridle  
 that shall be made on the coast of Armorica  
 The eagle of the broken covenant shall gild it over,  
 and rejoice in her third nest  
 The roaring whelps shall watch, and leaving the woods,  
 shall hunt within the walls of cities  
 They shall make no small slaughter of those that oppose  
 them,  
 and shall cut off the tongues of bulls  
 In those days the oaks of the forests shall burn  
 and acorns grow upon the branches of teil trees  
 Fishes shall die with the heat thereof  
 and of them shall be engendered serpents  
 The baths of Badon shall grow cold and their salubrious  
 waters engender death  
 Then shall there be a slaughter of foreigners;  
 then shall the rivers run with blood  
 Then shall break forth the fountains of Armorica,  
 and they shall be crowned with the diadem of Brutus  
 Cambria shall be filled with joy;  
 and the oaks of Cornwall shall flourish  
 The seas shall rise up in the twinkling of an eye  
 and the dust of the ancients shall be restored  
 The winds shall fight together with a dreadful blast  
 and their sound shall reach the stars

When he was a man and Vortigern defeated,  
 Ambrose went to the Dans Meyn  
 and built a circle at the place of the  
 drained fountain that the prophecy might be swayed



This text is in a different portion of the Shropshire Ms. but in the same hand. It was presumably copied either from the same source, or from one found at the same location. The version of the Navigatio is fairly familiar, but contains some additional elements.

## The Navigatio of Saint Brendan

### Prologue: Lineage and Desire to See the Promised Land

The blessed St Brendan was born of very noble lineage and was a lord of great self-restraint and a shining example of virtue. He was Father abbot of many monks and monastic houses, according to what is said.

He wished to encircle and explore the regions and boundaries of the wide ocean. St Brendan elected fourteen brothers from his entire congregation and they entered the oratory to speak amongst themselves. He said to them, "My lords, you are greatly loved by our Lord; therefore I ask your advice that you might counsel me on the matter I put before you. For my intention is to go towards the Promised Land and I have a great desire to see the resting place of the saints there; tell me if you think well of this."

No sooner did they know the wish of the noble saint than they said with one voice, "Lord father, by your leave, our reply is to do as you wish and we are ready to accompany you until we die. One thought alone may sustain us: you have requested that it be done by the will of Jesus Christ." Preparations for the Voyage

Saint Brendan commanded them to fast for forty days before they set out. Once forty days had passed, they took leave from the brothers and decided to go towards the east coast to an island which belonged to St Brendan. There stood a monastery of St Brendan and the island was called Ahenda. They stayed there three days and three nights.

There they started to make a boat, which was not very wide but was very long; and they had it made within forty days and they covered it with skins of raw oxhide and sealed all the external joints of the skins. They put inside water and all the necessities of human life; they had a mast, sails and oilcloths on the boat.

### The Intruding Monks

St Brendan and the 14 brothers got into the boat in the name of Our Lord, but before they departed, there came 3 brothers from St Brendan's order. They said to him, "Lord, we wish to come with you since we are prepared to die on pilgrimage and to follow you wherever you are and as far as you wish to go." When God's saint knew what they wanted, he said, "Let it be done, my sons, as you wish." They got into the boat and with the sails hoisted began to sail wherever the wind was willing to take them.

## Conditions of the Voyage

After fifteen days the wind died down and they could go no further in any direction; this caused the brothers to fear that the calm sea would last forever. But St Brendan comforted them and said, "Fear not, for God is our Saviour. Leave the sails hoisted and make our devotions to God that He may be pleased by his servants." They went in search of His miracles. They spent forty days at sea without coming to shore.

### The Isle of Temptation

After the forty days had passed, there appeared in the west the plateau of an island covered in trees. As they sailed along the coast they saw a rock made like a wall and they saw a stream of water flowing down the rock into the sea. Then they could not find anywhere they could beach the boat ashore and the monks were greatly afflicted with thirst. They sailed around the island, on the third day they found a port which was called The Hollowed Rock, and they disembarked on to land.

Immediately there came to them a large dog which neither barked nor made a sound. St Brendan said to the monks, "Our Lord has sent us a good messenger and we can tell that this island is habitable by some creatures." The dog turned its head and decided to go; the monks followed it to a pleasant dwelling lodge and they entered inside. They saw a beautiful hall made welcome with hangings and fine beds. Then St Brendan said to the monks, "Take care lest Satan tricks you, as I foresee that, of the three monks, two will come after and one wretch will go into damnation for Satan's use. Pray for his soul for his flesh is given over to the power of Satan."

St Brendan summoned the monks to bring food that they could eat at the table. One monk stepped forward as his steward and found a table spread with beautiful cloths, and bread of amazing whiteness and fish cooked in many fashions. They ate and drank and praised God. After the meal, St Brendan said, "Brothers, let us take our rest here; give rest to your limbs in these fine beds." They stayed there three days. Then St Brendan instructed the monks that they should take nothing away from that island; they returned to the boat and sailed on.

### The Easter Feast

They saw another island from which there flowed many fountains and they landed on it. It was the day on which Our Lord celebrated the last supper with his disciples. For that reason they stayed there until the sabbath day came; then they set out over the island and found a large herd of animals. Then St Brendan said to the monks, "You can take some of these animals as our Lord has placed them for you to take; let us celebrate the feast of Easter."

### The Isle of Birds

Once the Easter feast was over, they put to sea and came to another island on which they found a beautiful stream and a tree of great height, full of pure white birds. As they admired the mystery of the tree and its birds, one of them flew down and began to speak to St Brendan, saying to him, "Be not amazed by us, holy father. Know that we are from that large army of the damned belonging to our former master who transgressed God's command. In as much as we sinned in our consent to his teaching, by that measure we stay here; when we asked neither help nor refuge from our Lord, we fell along with the others. Yet, because our Lord created us, He wanted us to come here, and then some others came; He has given us this much grace in that we suffer no hardship, but sends us here where we are at leisure to fly like the other spirits through the different parts of the firmament and the planets. The Lord God commands us to praise our creator on Sundays and this we do. You and your brothers have spent one year on your journey and still have six years more at sea; after six more years you will come to the Promised Land, where there are the saints of the Old Testament."

When he had said this, the bird began to fly back to the others; since it was the hour of vespers, all the birds in the air with one voice began, while beating their wings, to sing these words with their beaks, "To you, Lord God sing praises in Sion and to you will be given homage in the Risen Jerusalem" and the whole time they alternated their words.

When these hymns were finished, the noble saint began to say, "Lord God, may you open my ears." Then they heard the birds say, "Praise God, all His angels, and praise God, all His powers."

Since the dawn was beginning to break, they began to sing, "May the splendor of our lord God be upon us"; similarly, at the hour of tierce, they sang, "Sing to our King." At the hour of sext, they sang these words, "Behold what a good thing it is to dwell and live as a family in one place."

Thus night and day the birds recited and gave praises to our Lord. Through the fragrant smell which came from the birds and because of their sweet and pleasant song, St Brendan stayed there until Pentecost.

#### The Crystal Isle

Then they departed that place and came to an island where they found a monastery of monks who were doing God's service; there was a cathedral church as high as it was long. There were two altars here which were of fine crystal and the vessels which served in the church were completely of crystal as were the paten, the chalice, the plates, the candelabra and the censer. The monks maintained the great silence between themselves so that none spoke; occasionally they used signals to show what they wanted. St Brendan took the prior to one side and asked about the existence of the monastery, and with great

reverence he replied, "Lord father, before my Lord Jesus Christ, I confess that eighty years have passed since we came here to this island; in all that time I have not heard a human voice except when we sing amongst ourselves the praises of God and when the Holy Spirit replies through the mouth of an angel, most noble words admonishing us to persevere and live at the command of the angels."

St Brendan said to him, "My lord prior, may it please you that we stay here with you." The prior replied, "It is not permitted, as you know well. It has been revealed by our Lord that God has decreed that you must return to the place whence you set out, except for the four brothers." While they were speaking, a shaft of fire entered through the window and extinguished the candles which were standing in front of the altar. After that, the fire, which seemed to have been extinguished, was not so at all, since the light remained in the candles and at no time did they go out but stayed burning night and day.

St Brendan spent the entire night in front of the altar and in the morning he asked permission from the prior to sail away. The prior said to him, "You will celebrate the birth of our Lord here until Epiphany and then leave here."

#### Vision of the Leviathan

Leviathan of the Prophet Isaiah rose out of the deep, and we saw of vision of how he will be killed by God when those days come to pass. Before him rose Balor, who we knew by his appearance and he charged at Leviathan through the waters, with smoke surrounding him.

From the air above Leviathan descended a dragon which felled Balor and which we saw fly off towards the City of Glass in the north. And the stinger of Leviathan darted out as it were a Scorpion, and two dragons of Red sprang into the sky, and flew about the quarters of the earth. And they would have laid waste to the four quarters of the Globe but by the Grace of God Arianrhod rose up from the waves and sent them in different directions, one into the setting sun and one into the rising sun, further than the sunrise and before the sunset.

One went into the far north and laid waste there among the timbers, striking them down with the fire of his breath. The other in vision we saw fall upon a great city of the Persias, and it burned through the streets and slew and none escaped

But the voice of the Angel Arianrhod spoke and said "The time is not yet come. The two dragons are destroyed. All nations are not yet destroyed in war."

#### Further voyages

St Brendan endured many tribulations and witnessed diverse miracles in the course of his ocean journey, which would be too long to recount.

## The smoking mountain

Suddenly there appeared a mountain so high that it soared amidst the sky, and from the highest peak there was a fiery smoke. It was not long before the boat came to shore. They saw the barren top of the mountain throwing long tongues of flame and fire, reaching right to the heavens and then the fire falling down right to the depths of the sea. St Brendan wanted to leave that evil place.

## Judas

Not far from the land, he caught sight of something like a blackened and burnt man sitting on a rock; he had a cloth in front of him hanging from two iron spikes and he was not holding the cloth. The monks who were with St Brendan said when they saw it from afar that it was a boat which had capsized. Others said that it was a dead fish, and as they approached the man, they found him sitting on a substantial rock. The waves of the sea battered him right to the top of his head. As the waves ebbed, the rock appeared in its entirety and the cloth in front over his eyes pulled at his face and his nostrils.

St Brendan began to ask him who he was and for what crime he was put there and for what reason he sustained such punishment. He replied, "I am the misbegotten Judas. I am not here in this place through any merit of mine, but through the great mercy of Jesus Christ is this place given to me for my penitence. Know that I am staying here on this rock that I might be punished; yet I have here complete delight by comparison with the fear of the torments which I must endure. I burn like a lump of lead molten in a pot by night and day in the middle of this mountain which you see. This is the mountain of hell which throws out its fiery bolts, consuming the souls of impious sinners. I have indeed a brief time of respite here every Sunday from one hour of vespers to the next and on the day of the birth of Jesus Christ until the day of Epiphany, and from Easter until Pentecost; and on the day of the purification of the Virgin Mary I have this respite that I do not suffer in hell but come here to this place. And then I am tormented in the lowest depths of the demons' lair with Herod, Annas and Caiaphas. For the love of that holy Father, I implore you through the redeemer of the world to beg my Lord Jesus Christ that I may have permission to stay here until sunrise tomorrow so that the demons do not torment me at your coming nor carry me away to the painful destiny which is my price for the evil bargain I made of Jesus Christ." The noble saint said, "May the Lord's will be done." Then St Brendan asked him whose cloth it was which was hanging before his eyes. Judas replied, "This cloth which you see I gave to a leper when I was with my Lord Jesus Christ; but I do not have any respite because of it; instead it was granted to me as a hindrance since the cloth was not rightfully mine. The iron spikes on which it hangs I gave as a gift to the priests of the temple. The rock on which I sit I placed in a ditch on a public street to assist

the passers-by and I did this before I was a disciple of the Lord."

Since the hour of vespers had now come, there arrived a large crowd of demons, shouting, "Be gone from us, Saint of God. We cannot approach our companion until you have completely departed from this area. We dare not approach nor follow our prince, Satan, unless he has his own Judas Iscariot." St Brendan, the noble saint, replied to them, "I will not permit God's enemy to have access to you, neither on the boat nor elsewhere; but I pray our Lord Jesus Christ to grant him respite of his punishment until tomorrow morning. May the Lord grant this to me not because of my merit but through his great mercy and grace that he might stay here tonight until the morning. Therefore I command you in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ to let him go."

The demons cried out at the top of their voices, "How can it be that Jesus Christ has any power to give help or respite to the one full of evil and malice who betrayed Him?" "I command you," said St Brendan, "on behalf of Him whose grace and mercy is all-powerful that you and the others do not touch him nor do him any harm."

It thus happened that the demons returned immediately to hell. In the morning they led him back without a word and returned him to the cruel punishments which he suffered before and will suffer endlessly and forever.

## The final voyage

St Brendan sailed towards the south with his companions and the boat went where our Lord wanted to conduct them. They sailed first with one wind and then with another, sometimes from the right, sometimes from the left. They saw so many miracles that whoever would wish to recount them all would become a bore. Each day they praised and glorified God in and for all things.

## The Promised Land

When they had been seven years on the sea, our Lord wished them to arrive in the Promised Land. They landed and visited the resting place of the saints who dwelt there without mortal form.

## Brendan's return and death

After leaving there, he came to the land of his own monastery. He related those things which he had seen at sea and said that his life would not be long. Our Lord took him, fortified by the sacraments of the church, which he received humbly in the hands of his disciples. With all glory he went to Jesus Christ.

Finished on the twelfth day of June in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord, 1211, in the Castle of Harlech.

## Supplement - the Pronunciation of Welsh Names

Despite its formidable appearance to the uninitiated, Welsh is a language whose spelling is entirely regular and phonetic, so that once you know the rules, you can learn to read it and pronounce it without too much difficulty. For young children learning to read, Welsh provides far fewer difficulties than does English, as the latter's many inconsistencies in spelling are not found in Welsh, in which all letters are pronounced.

### THE WELSH ALPHABET: (28 letters)

A, B, C, Ch, D, Dd, E, F, Ff, G, Ng, H, I, L, Ll, M, N, O, P, Ph, R, Rh, S, T, Th, U, W, Y

(Note that Welsh does not possess the letters J, K, Q, V, X or Z, though you will often come across "borrowings" from English, such as John, Jones, Jam and Jiwbil (Jubilee); Wrexham (Wrecsam); Zw (Zoo).

### THE VOWELS: (A, E, I, U, O, W, Y)

**A** as in man. Welsh words: am, ac Pronounced the same as in English)

**E** as in bet or echo. Welsh words: gest (guest); enaid (enide)

**I** as in pin or queen. Welsh words: ni (nee); mi (me); lili (lily); min (meen)

**U** as in pita: Welsh words: ganu (ganee); cu (key); Cymru (Kumree); tu (tee); un (een)

**O** as in lot or moe. Welsh words: o'r (Ore); don (don); dod (dode); bob (bobe)

**W** as in Zoo or bus. Welsh words: cwm (koom), bws (bus); yw (you); galw (galoo)

**Y** has two distinct sounds: the final sound in happy or the vowel sound in myrrh Welsh words: Y (uh); Yr (ur); yn (un); fry (vree); byd (beed)

All the vowels can be lengthened by the addition of a circumflex (ä), known in Welsh as "to bach" (little roof). Welsh words: Täan (taan), läan (laan)

### THE DIPHTHONGS:

**Ae, Ai and Au** are pronounced as English "eye": ninnau (nineye); mae (my); henaid (henide); main (mine); craig (crige)

**Eu and Ei** are pronounced the same way as the English ay in pray. Welsh words: deisiau (dayshy), or in some

dialects (deeshuh); deil (dale or dile); teulu (taylee or tyelee)

**Ew** is more difficult to describe. It can be approximated as eh-oo or perhaps as in the word mount. The nearest English sound is found in English midland dialect words such as the Birmingham pronunciation of "you" (yew). Welsh words: mewn (meh-oon or moun); tew (teh-oo)

**I'w and Y'w** sound almost identical to the English "Ee-you." or "Yew" or "You": Welsh words: clyw (clee-oo); byw (bee-you or b'you); menyw (menee-you or menyou)

**Oe** is similar to the English Oy or Oi. Welsh words: croeso (croyso); troed (troid); oen (oin)

**ow** is pronounced as in the English tow, or low: Welsh word: Rhown (rhone); rho (hrow)

**Wy** as in English wi in win or oo-ee: Welsh words: Wy (oo-ee); wyn (win); mwyn (moo-in)

**Ywy** is pronounced as in English Howie. Welsh words: bywyd (bowid); tywyll (towith)

**Aw** as in the English cow. Welsh words: mawr (mour); prynhawn (prinhawn); lawr (lour)

### THE CONSONANTS:

For the most part b, d, h, l, m, n, p, r, s, and t are pronounced the same as their English equivalents (h is always pronounced, never silent). Those that differ are as follows:

**C** always as in cat; never as in since. Welsh words: canu (Kanee); cwm (come); cael (kile); and of course, Cymru (Kumree)

**Ch** as in the Scottish loch or the German ach or noch. The sound is never as in church, but as in loch or Docherty. Welsh words: edrychwn (edrych oon); uwch (youch), chwi (Chee)

**Dd** is pronounced like the English th in the words seethe or them. Welsh words: bydd (beethe); sydd (seethe); ddofon (thovon); ffyddlon (futh lon)

**Th** is like the English th in words such as think, forth, thank. Welsh words: gwaith (gwithhe); byth (beeth)

**F** as in the English V. Welsh words: afon (avon); fi (vee); fydd (veethe); hyfryd (huvrid); fawr (vowr), fach (vach)

**Ff** as in the English f. Welsh words: ffynnon (funon); ffyrdd (furth); ffaith (fithe)

**G** always as in English goat, gore. Welsh words: ganu (ganee); ganaf (ganav); angau (angeye); gem (game)

**Ng** as in English finger or Long Island. Ng usually occurs with an h following as a mutation of c. Welsh words Yng Nghaerdydd (in Cardiff: pronounced ung hire deethe) or Yng Nghymru (in Wales: pronounced ung Humree)

**Ll** is an aspirated L. That means you form your lips and tongue to pronounce L, but then you blow air gently around the sides of the tongue instead of saying anything. Got it? The nearest you can get to this sound in English is to pronounce it as an l with a th in front of it. Welsh words: llan (thlan); llawr (thlour); llwyd (thlooid)

**Rh** sounds as if the h come before the r. There is a slight blowing out of air before the r is pronounced. Welsh words: rhengau (hrengye); rhag (hrag); rhy (hree)