

## Battle of Alclud Ford

Gwydion

Wind told me the enemy is riding through our lands  
We'll break their heresy with the power of the sword

Rumors came, from Calchvynyd kingdom  
The beat of his heart, our steady rhythm  
Big helmet on his head, splittin' image  
Disgrace in the south, a praiseworthy pillage

Not yet, will those fields be green again  
Yesterday, blood of youth was shed  
Grave whose earth must hold, too deep a stain  
Forever we may speak, as we may tread

The slaughter of thy foes  
About the country grows  
Like fire, it heats water  
Blood within veins, is hotter

Crimson were the kin of Bender and great is his grace  
Gore surrounding the top of his head

Let the cattle of the son of Idno come to Dyved  
And let no one dare not to come  
To pay a hundred cows I will give one calf  
Cattle would not run about without crimson faces

Against the four-way-spreading conflagration  
Against the mighty rising  
Against the gore on flesh  
Against the dismal straining

The battle in the Ford of Alclud, the battle in the Gwen  
A battle, the conjunction of tumult to them

The battle on this side of gleaming guiding heart of oak  
A battle king Ulph violently spoke  
The battle of men, clash of sword, spear and horsemen  
A battle where the killing spree began  
The battle between Bernician and Rhegedian  
A battle that made one King, the demon  
The battle is the resting place of corpses  
A battle of joy, by the raven forces