

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 Calchvynydd 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