

# The Bards

Gwydion

Passing obscure vales of shadows  
By the wooded inland meadows  
Facing the green trails to the lake  
Sloping down by the trees awake  
Curious creatures of illusion;  
My brain is stunned in confusion  
In wind, sounds of solitude, singing;  
Heralds misfortunes proclaiming

I am a harmonious one; I am a clear singer;  
I will indulge in feasting  
I am steel; I am a druid  
I will make wonderful cries;  
I am an artificer; I am a scientific one  
I am not a confused bard driveling  
I am a serpent; I am love  
When songsters sing a song by memory

I love the trees, the protection above  
And a bard that composes, without earning anger;  
I love not him, that causes contention;  
He that speaks ill of the skillful shall not possess mead

It's the fifth time, that we go to drink  
It's the sixth time, that we go to drink  
It's the seventh time, that we go to drink  
It's the eighth time, that we go to drink

The rock wave-surrounded, by great arrangement  
Will convey for us a defense, from the enemy  
The rock of the chief, the head of tranquility  
The intoxication of meads will cause us to speak

Like making light for the blind  
Like sharing clothes to the naked  
Like spreading buttermilk on the sands  
Like feeding fish upon milk  
Like reaching the sky with a hook  
Like roofing a hail with leaves

Like seeking for ants in the heat  
Like an instrument of foolish spoil  
Like the retinue of an army without a head  
Like feeding the unsheltered on lichen  
Like ridging furrows from the country  
Like deprecating with the blood of thistles