

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