

Avellenau (Appletrees)

The Black Book of Carmarthen XVII

I

Sweet apple tree, your branches delight me,
Luxuriantly budding my pride and joy!
I will put before the lord of Macreu,
That on Wednesday, in the valley of Machawy
Blood will flow.
Lloegyr's (England's) blades will shine.
But hear, O little pig! on Thursday
The Cymry will rejoice
In their defence of Cymimawd,
Furiously cutting and thrusting.
The Saesons (Saxons) will be slaughtered by our ashen spears,
And their heads used as footballs.
I prophesy the unvarnished truth -
The rising of a child in the secluded South.

II

Sweet and luxuriant apple tree,
Great its branches, beautiful its form!
I predict a battle that fills me with fear.
At Pengwern, men drink mead,
But around Cyminawd is a deadly hewing
By a chieftain from Eryri - till only hatred remains.

III

Sweet yellow apple tree,
Growing in Tal Ardd,
I predict a battle at Prydyn,
In defense of frontiers.
Seven ships will come
Across a wide lake,
Seven hundred men come to conquer.
Of those who come, only seven will return
According to my prophecy.

IV

Sweet apple tree of luxuriant growth!
I used to find food at its foot,
When because of a maid,
I slept alone in the woods of Celyddon,
Shield on shoulder, sword on ,
Hear, O little pig! listen to my
As sweet as birds that sing on Monday
When the sovereigns come across the sea,
Blessed by the Cymry (Welsh), because of their strength.

V

Sweet appletree in the glade,
Trodden is the earth around its base.
The men of Rhydderch see me not,

Gwendydd no longer loves nor greets me
I am hated by Rhydderch's strongest scion.
I have despoiled both his son and daughter:
Death visits them all - why not me?
After Gwnddoleu no one shall honour me,
No diversions attend me,
No fair women visit me.
Though at Arderydd (Arthuret) I wore a golden torque
The swan-white woman despises me now.

VI

Sweet apple tree, growing by the river,
Who will thrive on its wondrous fruit?
When my reason was intact
I used to lie at its foot
With a fair wanton maid, of slender form.
Fifty years the plaything of lawless men
I have wandered in gloom among spirits
After great wealth, and gregarious minstrels,
I have been here so long not even sprites
Can lead me astray. I never sleep, but tremble at the thought
Of my Lord Gwenddoleu, and y own native people.
Long have I suffered unease and longing--
May I be given freedom in the end.

VII

Sweet appletree, with delicate blossom,
Growing concealed, in the wind!
At the tale was told to me
That my words had offended the most powerful minister,
Not once, not twice, but thrice in a single day.
Christ! that my end has come
Before the killing of Gwendydd's son
Was upon my hands!

VIII

Sweet apple tree with your delicate blossom,
Growing amid the thickets of trees!
Chwyfleian foretells,
A tale that will come to pass
A staff of gold, signifying bravery
Will be given by the glorious Dragon Kings.
The grateful one will vanquish the profaner,
Before the child, bright and bold,
The Saesons shall fall, and bards will flourish

IX

Sweet apple tree of crimson colour,
Growing, concealed in the wood of Celyddon:
Though men seek your fruit, their search is vain
Until Cadwaladr comes from Cadfaon's meeting
To Teiwi river and Tywi's lands,
Till anger and anguish come from Arawynion,

And the long-hairs are tamed.

X

Sweet apple tree of crimson colour,
Crowing, concealed, in the wood of Celyddon
Though men seek your fruit, their search is vain,
Till Cadwalad comes from Rhyd Rheon's meeting,
And with Cynon advances against the Saeson.
Victorious Cymry, glorious their leaden,
All shall have their rights again,
All Britons rejoice, sounding joyful horns.
Chanting songs of happiness and peace!

This poem is attributed to Myrddin as written to his Lord Gwendoleu