

MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD Y FRWYDR (THE BATTLE)

by Paula Denby

Prelude

Silent in the woods we hid
Knowing this was a battle
For our freedom, our families
Our lives were on the line
It was fight or die
We are the Cymry
We will not accept conquest

The Battle

Hiding silent
we heard them come
from miles away.
clanking armour, horses noisy,
men talking and laughing
So certain of victory
they were.

MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

We hid silent
We kept still
The might Oaks reassured us
We could win
We could win.
Still as foxes
Silent as owls
We waited.
Closer and closer they came
In their hundreds, they
Poured up the main tracks
in full view.
They were the doves
to us the hawks.
We stayed amongst the trees
'till they were all here.
On our land

MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

Our field of battle.

This mountain has given us

her yews. Our longbows

sprang into action

Our slingers sprang

from cover

arrows, stones all missiles

all aiming at the hated gelyn...

I thought of my baby

Hidden In the cave with

my wife.

She was one of our best slingers

accurate and powerful fast, but

our baby newborn

needs her.

The older children here

with water from the mountain...

MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

I saw him
he who had slain so many
of my friends.

Hate filled my heart
I swung my arm back
as in his arrogance
he took his helmet
off.

Roaring his defiance
as the shields of his knights
raised around him

As he sat that magnificent Stallion –
that roared with his Master

What a horse!

He reared, excited and brave
to do battle

A trained Stallion of war.

MYSTERIOUS AFAN CUDD

My stone flew, avoiding
the horse, slamming his master
from the saddle.

We ran roaring our defiance
Roaring our hate
Roaring with courage
Out from the mighty Oaks we
dropped in our numbers
With courage and skill enough
to take them on
To destroy those who sought
to enslave us to
their ways.

We fought and we
fought
and we kept their
Horses.