

Copyright Notice

Staff and students of this University are reminded that copyright subsists in this extract and the work from which it was taken. This Digital Copy has been made under the terms of a CLA Licence which allows you to:

- Access and download a copy
- Print out a copy

This Digital Copy and any digital or printed copy supplied to or made by you under the terms of this Licence are for use in connection with this module or course of study. You may retain such copies after the end of the course, but strictly for your own personal use.

All copies (including electronic copies) shall include this Copyright Notice and shall be destroyed and/or deleted if and when required by the University.

Except as provided for by copyright law, no further copying, storage or distribution (including by e-mail) is permitted without the consent of the copyright holder.

The author (which term includes artists and other visual creators) has moral rights in the work and neither staff nor students may cause, or permit, the distortion, mutilation or other modification of the work, or any other derogatory treatment of it, which would be prejudicial to the honour or reputation of the author.

Title of extract: **Merlin's Apple Tree**

Name of Author: **Pennar, M. (translator).**

Title/Author of book/edition (if applicable): **The Black Book of Carmarthen. Pennar, M. introduction and translation**

Name of Visual Creator or other acknowledgement (if applicable):

Journal details –title/Vol/Year (if applicable):

Publisher: **Llanerch Enterprises**

Pages scanned: **67 - 76**

Course of Study (Module name and number): **Celtic Arthur CYCS7021**

Name of Designated Person
authorising scanning:

E. L. Harro

Date authorised: 03.04.17.

Moodle/Powerpoint

MERLIN'S APPLE-TREES

A fallen pen p y chageu. puwaur maur weri
 rauc enwauc in vev. Ami disgoganave rac
 pphen machrev. Jn diffirin machavuŷ mer-
 chŷrdit crev. gozuolet y loegŷr gozgoch
 lawnev. Oian aparchellan dŷdau dŷwiev. goz-
 volet yŷgimrŷ gozuaur gadev. Jn amuiŷ kŷmi-
 naud clefŷtaud clev. Aer o faeŷŷon. ar onn verev.
 A guarwŷaur pelre ac ev pennev. Ami dŷŷgogana
 fe gwir heb gev. Dŷrchafaud maban inadvan
 y dehev. **A** fallen pen pren hŷduŷ glas. Pw-
 waur y chagev hŷ ae chein wanaf. Ami dŷŷ-
 goganafe kad amdias. Penguern kŷwetŷrn.
 met y hataŷ. ~~~~~
 [ac am gŷlch kŷminawd kŷmŷn leaŷ eingŷl.
 gan pendeuic erŷri eri attkaf.]

A wallen pen. A pren melin. a.
týw in hal art. heb art inýchilch.
in. Ami discoganwe kad imprýdin. In am.
vin ev terwin aguir dulin. Seithlog. ýdeuant
drof lýdan lin. A Seith cant. drof moz ý ozeſkin.
Orfaul ýdeuant. nýdant ý kenhin. Namuin.
Seith lledwac gwýdi ev llettkint. ~~~~~

A Wallen pen. Atýf tra run. Kýmaethliff.
vne inýbon. irbot ý wun. Amýſcud.
arwý ifguit. Am clet ar wý clun. Ac ýg coed.
Keliton ý kiſceiffe vý hun. Oian apchellan.
pir puýllutte hun. Andaude adar clýwir
ev hýmevtun. Teernet drof moz adav dýv.
llun. Guin ev bid ve kýmri oz arowun.

A Wallen pen atif inllanerch. ýhange.
rt ae hargel rac riev rýderch. amfa.
thir inýbon. maon ýnýchilch. Oet aelav vt

vt dulloet diheueirch. Nu ným cari guendit
ac nimeneirch. Oef kaf gan gwaffauc guaefſ.
af Rýdirch. Rýrewineif ý mab aemerch. ag.
hev aduc paup. pa rac nam kýueirch. a.
guýdi guendolev nep riev impeirch. Ným gogaun
guarvý. ným goffvý gozterch. ac igueith arýw
derit. oet eur. wý gozthozch. Kin buýf. aelav
hetiv gan eiliv eleirch. ~~~~~

A fallen pen. blodev eſſplit. Atiff inargel in
argóydit. Chuetlev agiklev ir inechrev
dit. Rýſſozri guaffauc guaefſaf. meufit
Duýweith atheirgueith. pedeirgueith in vn.
dit. Och ieſſu. nadýffv wýnihenit. kým dýf.
fod ar willave lleith mab guendit. ~~~~~

A fallen pen atiff ar lan. aſon. Iný llurv.
ný lluit maer. ^{ar} inýchlaer aeron. Traſu
vm puýll. waſtad. am buiad inibon. a.
Bun wen wariuf. vn weinuf vanon. Dec mli.
net adev ugein inýgein anetwon. it viſ iným.
teith gan willeith agwillon. Guýdi da dý.
ogan aditan kertzion. Nv nev nam guý.
gual. gan wýlleith aguýllon. Nv nev nach.
ýſcafe ergrinaſ. wýnragon. Vý argluit guen.
dolev am brozrýv brodozion. Guýdi pozthi heint
ahoed amcýlch coed Keliton. Buýf guaf guinwý.
dic. gan guledic gozchoztion. ~~~~~

A fallen pen blodev effplit. a tŷf igwerid ag/
hŷd ŷguit. Disgogan hwimleian hwet/
il adiwit. id lathennaur gan brid gur/
hid erwit. Rac dreigev arderchev. riev Rŷbit. Goz/
uit grat wehin din digrefit. Rac maban hvan
heolit arweit. Saeŷŷon ardiwreit beirt ar kin/

A fallen pen apren fion attif ŷ dan .it.
gel ŷg coed Keliton. Kid keiŷŷeer ofer vit
heruitŷhaton. inŷdel kadwaladir oe kinadil .
kadwaon. ŷ erir tŷwi ateivi affon. adŷuod.
grande o aranwinion. aguneuthur guar. o.
willt. o gwallt hirion. ~~~~~

A fallen pen apren fion. attif. ŷdan gel ŷg
coed Keliton. Kid keiŷŷer ofer vit he/
rwit. ŷ hafon. ŷnŷ del kadwaladir oe kin/
adŷl. rid Reon. Kinan inŷerbin ef kŷchw/
in ar ŷaeŷŷon. Kimrŷ aozvit kein bid eudra/
gon. Kaffaud paub ŷ teithi. llauen vi bri. brŷ/
thon. Kenhittoz kirrn eluch. kathil hetuch

A hinon.

MERLIN'S APPLE-TREES

Sweet apple-tree
with branches sweet,
fruit-bearing
much valued
famed
my very own,
before the owner of Machrau
I prophesy
in the valley of Machafwy
on bloody Wednesday
triumph for the English
with their all too red blades.
Ah, little piglet,
come Thursday
there'll be triumph
for the Welsh
in enormous struggles
warding off the thrust,
the swift strike
with spears of ash
giving the English
a hammering,
playing football
with their heads.
I prophesy the truth
without falsehood:
a young lad will arise
in the territory of the South.

Sweet apple-tree
luxuriant
green,
with laden branches
and fine base
I prophesy

a dire battle;
the revellers of Pengwern,
mead will be their recompense,
and all around the reaper
English to the sickle put
by the venomous bile
of the lord of Eryri.

Sweet apple-tree
you golden bough
that grows on the edge
I prophesy a battle in Pictland
defending their boundary
with the men of Dublin.
In seven ships they'll come
over a wide lake
and seven hundred strong
over sea to overcome us:
of those who get here,
with us they will not come
except seven
empty heads
gone empty-handed.

Sweet apple-tree
that grows beyond the Rhun...
at its base
I had fought
for a maiden's bliss
with shield on shoulder
and sword on hip,
and I myself slept
in the forest of Celyddon.
O little piglet,
why are you thinking of sleep?
Listen to the birds' pleading.
Kings
will come Monday

over the sea.
Blessed be the Welsh
from their conspiring.

Sweet apple-tree
that in Llanerch grows,
its mystique
will hide it
from Rhydderch the king.
Bustle at its foot,
lands all around it,
they had treasure,
brave cohorts:
now Gwenddydd doesn't love me,
doesn't greet me.
I am hated by Gwasawg,
Rhydderch's protector:
I brought about the ruin
of his son and daughter.
Death took everybody away,
that is why they don't talk to me.
Now that Gwenddolau's gone,
no king respects me.
Teasing is no pleasure,
no woman comes to look me up.
And in the battle of Arfderydd
I wore a golden torque:
today I've become the plaything
of a couple of swans.

Sweet apple-tree
with splendid flowers,
that grows in a nook in Argoeddydd.
Tales did I hear tell
at the beginning of the day,
that Gwasawg the defender of riches
fulminates against me,
not twice

but three times,
four times
in one day.
O Jesus,
would that my end had come,
before coming on my hand
the blood of the son
of Gwenddydd.

Sweet apple-tree
that grows on the river bank -
because of the current
no steward can make it
to its glistening fruit -
when I was in my right mind
I was to be found at its foot
with a fair, playful maid,
a slender lemmun.
Ten years and two score
have I been
moving along
through twenty bouts of madness
with wild ones in the wild;
after not so dusty things
and entertaining minstrels,
only lack does now keep me company
with wild ones
in the wild.
I don't sleep now,
I tremble,
my dragon,
my lord Gwenddolau
and my nearest and dearest.
After suffering illness
and longing
around the forest of Celyddon,
let me be
a blissful hireling

with the Lord of Hosts.

Sweet apple-tree
with splendid flowers
that grows
in grounds
with an assortment of trees,
Chwyfleian prophesies,
she tells a tale:
spears will be cast
with the intent
born of keen courage
before exalted dragon kings.
A leap of destruction
will down
a man with no religion.
Before a youth like the sun
with daring ways
will the English
be uprooted
and bards flourish.

Sweet apple-tree
with flowers foxglove pink
that grows in secret
in the forest of Celyddon,
and even though
you look for it
it is all in vain
because of its peculiarity
until Cadwaladr comes
from his meeting of warriors
to the lowland of Tywi
and the river Teifi
with the terrible horde
of palefaces -
to tame the wild
with the long hair.

Sweet apple-tree
with flowers foxglove pink
that grows in secret
in the forest of Celyddon,
and even though
you look for it
it is all in vain
because of its peculiarity
until Cadwaladr comes
from his meeting of warriors
in Rhyd Reon -
Cynan in response
setting out for the English.
The Welsh will win,
glorious shall their dragon be:
everybody shall have their rights,
the Brythons' morale will be high,
the horns of celebration
will be blown,
the song
of peace,
of prosperity.