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Rhonabwy's Dream



MADOG son of Maredudd ruled Powys from one end to the other, that is, from Porffordd to Gwafan in the uplands of Arwystli.* At that time he had a brother whose rank was not equal to his. His name was Iorwerth son of Maredudd.* And Iorwerth became greatly concerned and saddened to see the honour and power possessed by his brother, and he with nothing. So he sought out his companions and foster-brothers, and consulted with them as to what he should do about it. They decided that some of them should go and ask Madog for maintenance. Madog offered him the position of the head of the retinue,* and equal standing with himself, and horses and armour and honour. But Iorwerth refused that, and went raiding in England, and he committed murder, and burned houses and took prisoners. Madog took counsel, together with the men of Powys. They decided to place a hundred men in every three commots in Powys to look for Iorwerth. And they regarded Rhychdir Powys, from Aber Ceiriog in Halictwn as far as Rhyd Wilfre on Efyrrnwy,* as equal to the three best commots in Powys. And anyone who did not succeed with a retinue in this arable land would not succeed anywhere in Powys. And those men split up as far as Didlystwn,* a small town in this arable land.

There was a man on that quest whose name was Rhonabwy. He and Cynwrig Frychgoch, a man from Mawddwy, and Cadwgan Fras, a man from Moelfre in Cynllaith, came to the house of Heilyn Goch son of Cadwgan son of Iddon* for lodging. And when they approached the house, they could see a very black old building with a straight gable end, and plenty of smoke coming from it. When they came inside they could see an uneven floor, full of holes; where there was a bump in the floor, scarcely could a man stand up, so slippery was the floor with the dung of cattle and their piss. Where there was a hole, a man would go over his ankle, what with the mixture of water and cattle-piss. And there were branches of holly in abundance on the floor, with their tips eaten by the cattle. When they came to the

upper end of the hall they could see bare, dusty, dais boards, and a hag feeding a fire on one dais.* And when she became cold, she would throw a lapful of chaff on the fire so that it was not easy for anyone in the world to put up with that smoke entering his nostrils. On the other dais they could see a yellow ox-skin;* good luck would befall whichever one of them got to lie on that skin.

When they had sat down they asked the hag where the people of the house were, but she would only speak gruffly to them. Suddenly the people arrive, a red-haired, balding, wizened man, with a bundle of sticks on his back, and a little skinny, grey-haired woman, with a bundle under her arm too. And they gave the men a cold welcome. The woman lit a fire for them with the sticks and went to cook, and brought them their food—barley bread and cheese, and watered-down milk. Suddenly there was a surge of wind and rain, so that it was not easy for anyone to go out and relieve himself. And because their journey had been so troublesome, they grew weary and went to sleep. When they examined their sleeping-place there was on it only dusty, flea-infested straw-ends, mixed with bits of twig, the cattle having devoured all the straw that was above their heads and below their feet. A greyish-red blanket, rough and threadbare and full of holes, was spread on it, and over the blanket a coarse, tattered sheet with big holes, and a half-empty pillow with a filthy cover on top of the sheet. And they went to sleep. Rhonabwy's two companions fell into a deep sleep, after the fleas and discomfort had tormented them. But Rhonabwy, since he could neither sleep nor rest, thought he would suffer less if he went to sleep on the yellow ox-skin on the dais. And there he slept.

As soon as sleep entered his eyes he was granted a vision, that he and his companions were travelling across Maes Argyngroeg, and his inclination and intent, so he thought, was towards Rhyd-y-groes on the Hafren.* As he was travelling he heard a commotion, and he had never heard a commotion like it. He looked behind him, and saw a young man with curly yellow hair and his beard newly trimmed, on a yellow horse, and from the top of its forelegs and its kneecaps downwards green. And the rider was wearing a tunic of yellow brocaded silk, embroidered with green thread, a gold-hilted sword on his thigh, with a sheath of new Cordovan leather, and a thong of deerskin with a clasp of gold. And over that a mantle of yellow brocaded silk, embroidered with green silk, and the fringes of the

mantle were green. What was green of the garment of the rider and horse was as green as the leaves of the pine-trees, and what was yellow was as yellow as the flowers of the broom.* Because the rider looked so fierce, Rhonabwy and his companions became frightened and began to retreat. But he pursued them. As the horse breathed out, the men moved a distance away from him; but as he breathed in, they came closer to him, right to the horse's chest. When he caught up with them, they asked him for mercy.

'You shall have it, gladly, and don't be afraid.'

'Lord, since you have shown us mercy, will you tell us who you are?' said Rhonabwy.

'I will not conceal my identity from you: Iddog son of Mynio. But usually I am not known by my name, but by my nickname.'

'Will you tell us your nickname?'

'I will. I am called Iddog Cordd Prydain.*'

'Lord,' said Rhonabwy, 'why are you called that?'

'I will tell you why. I was one of the messengers between Arthur and his nephew Medrawd at the battle of Camlan. And at that time I was a high-spirited young man, and because I was so eager for battle, I stirred up trouble between them. This is what I did: whenever the emperor Arthur would send me to remind Medrawd that he was his foster-father and uncle, and to ask for peace lest the sons of the kings of the Island of Britain and their men be killed, and when Arthur would speak to me the fairest words that he could, I would repeat those words to Medrawd in the most offensive way possible. Because of that I was called Iddog Cordd Prydain. And that is how the battle of Camlan was contrived. But three nights before the end of the battle of Camlan I left them, and came to Y Llech Las in Prydain* to do penance. And I was there for seven years doing penance, and I was shown mercy.'

Then they heard a commotion that was louder by far than the first one. When they looked towards the commotion, behold, a young lad with yellowish-red hair, without a beard or a moustache, and the look of a nobleman about him, on a large horse. From the top of its shoulders and its kneecaps downwards, the horse was yellow. The man was wearing a garment of red brocaded silk, embroidered with yellow silk, and the fringes of the mantle were yellow. What was yellow of his and his horse's garment was as yellow as the flowers of the broom, and what was red was as red as the reddest blood in the

world. Then, behold, the rider catches up with them, and asks Iddog if he would give him a share of these little men.

'The share that is proper for me to give, I will do so: to be a friend to them as I have been.' The rider agreed to that and went off.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who was that man?'

'Rhuawn Bebyr son of Deorthach Wledig.*'

Then they travelled across the great plain of Argyngroeg to Rhyd-y-groes on the Hafren. And a mile from the ford, on each side of the road, they could see huts and tents and the mustering of a great host. They came to the edge of the ford, and saw Arthur sitting on a flat meadow below the ford, with Bedwin the Bishop on one side and Gwartheygydd son of Caw* on the other. A tall, auburn-haired young man was standing beside them, holding his sword in its sheath, and wearing a tunic and cape of pure black brocaded silk, his face as white as ivory, and his eyebrows as black as jet. What could be seen of his wrist between his gloves and sleeves was whiter than the lily, and thicker than the calf of a warrior's leg. Then Iddog, accompanied by the men, went up to Arthur, and greeted him.

'May God prosper you,' said Arthur. 'Iddog, where did you find these little men?'

'I found them, lord, up there on the road.' The emperor smiled disdainfully.

'Lord,' said Iddog, 'why are you laughing?'

'Iddog,' said Arthur, 'I am not laughing; but rather I feel so sad that scum such as these are protecting this Island after such fine men that protected it in the past.'

Then Iddog said, 'Rhonabwy, do you see the ring with the stone in it on the emperor's hand?'

'I do,' he said.

'One of the virtues of the stone is that you will remember what you have seen here tonight; and had you not seen the stone, you would remember nothing about this.'

After that Rhonabwy saw a troop coming towards the ford.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'whose is that troop?'

'The companions of Rhuawn Bebyr son of Deorthach Wledig. And those men receive mead and bragget with honour, and get to make love to the daughters of the kings of the Island of Britain with no objection, and they have a right to that, for in each battle they lead and bring up the rear.'

Rhonabwy could see no other colour on a horse or a man in that troop that was not as red as blood. And if one of the riders broke away from that troop, he would be like a column of fire rising to the sky. And that troop encamped above the ford.

Then they saw another troop coming towards the ford. And from the horses' front pommels upwards they were as white as the lily, and from there downwards as black as jet. Behold, they saw a rider coming forward and spurring his horse in the ford so that the water splashed over Arthur and the bishop and all who were conferring with them, so that they were as wet as if they had been dragged out of the river. As the rider was turning his horse's head, the lad who was standing beside Arthur struck the horse on its nostrils with the sword in its sheath, so that it would have been a wonder had it not shattered steel, let alone flesh or bone. The rider drew his sword half out of his sheath, and asked him, 'Why did you strike my horse? Was it out of disrespect or by way of advice?'

'You needed advice. What madness made you ride so foolishly, causing the water to splash from the ford over Arthur and the consecrated bishop and their counsellors, so that they were as wet as if they had been dragged out of the river?'

'Then I shall take it as advice.' And he turned his horse's head back towards his troop.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who was the rider just now?'

'A young man considered to be the wisest and most accomplished in this kingdom, Addaon son of Taliesin.'

'Who was the man who struck his horse?'

'A stubborn and fierce lad, Elphin son of Gwyddno.'*

Then a proud, handsome man with eloquent, bold speech said that it was strange that a host as large as that could be accommodated in such a confined place, and that it was even stranger that those who had promised to be at the battle of Baddon by noon, to fight Osla Gyllellfawr,* should still be there: 'Decide whether you will go or not. I shall go.'

'You are right,' said Arthur. 'And let us go together.'

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who is the man who spoke so boldly to Arthur as he who spoke just now?'

'A man who had the right to speak to him as plainly as he wished, Caradog Freichfras son of Llŷr Marini,* his chief adviser and nephew.'

Then Iddog took Rhonabwy behind him on the horse, and that large host set off towards Cefn Digoll,* each troop in its proper place. When they were halfway across the ford on the Hafren, Iddog turned his horse's head round, and Rhonabwy looked at the Hafren valley. He could see two most disciplined troops approaching the ford on the Hafren. A brilliant white troop was approaching, each man wearing a mantle of white brocaded silk with pure black fringes, and from the kneecaps and the tops of the horses' forelegs downwards they were pure black, but apart from that they were pale white all over. And their banners were pure white, and the tip of each one was pure black.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who is that pure white troop over there?'

'They are the men of Norway, led by March son of Meirchawn.* He is Arthur's cousin.'

Then Rhonabwy could see a troop, and each man wearing a pure black garment with pure white fringes, and from the tops of the horses' forelegs and their kneecaps downwards, they were pure white. And their banners were pure black and the tip of each one was pure white.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who is that pure black troop over there?'

'The men of Denmark, led by Edern son of Nudd.'*

By the time these had caught up with the host, Arthur and his host of warriors had dismounted below Caer Faddon. Rhonabwy could see that he and Iddog were going the same way as Arthur. When they had dismounted he heard a huge, dreadful commotion among the host. And the man who would be at the edge of the host one moment would be in their midst the next, and the one who would be in their midst would be at the edge. Suddenly he could see a rider approaching, both he and his horse dressed in chain-mail, its rings as white as the whitest lily, and its rivets as red as the reddest blood, and he was riding among the host.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'is the host retreating from me?'

'The emperor Arthur has never retreated, and if you were heard uttering those words, you would be a dead man. But the rider you see over there, that's Cai;* he is the fairest man who rides in Arthur's court. And the man at the edge of the host is rushing back to see Cai ride, and the man in the middle is retreating to the edge for fear of being hurt by the horse. And that's the meaning of the commotion in the host.'

Then they heard Cadwr, earl of Cornwall,* being summoned. Behold, he got up with Arthur's sword in his hand and the image of two golden serpents on the sword. When the sword was drawn from the sheath, it was like seeing two flames of fire from the serpents' jaws. And it was not easy for anyone to look at that, because it was so terrifying. Then, behold, the host calmed down and the commotion ceased; and the earl returned to the tent.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who was the man who brought the sword to Arthur?'

'Cadwr, earl of Cornwall, the man whose duty it is to dress the king in his armour on the day of battle and combat.'

Then they heard Eiryn Wych Amheibyn,* Arthur's servant, being summoned, a rough, ugly, red-haired man, with a red moustache full of bristling hairs. Behold, he came on a big red horse with its mane parted on both sides of its neck, carrying a large, handsome load. The big red-haired servant dismounted in front of Arthur and pulled out a golden chair from the load, and a mantle of damasked, brocaded silk. He spread out the mantle in front of Arthur, with a reddish gold apple at each of its corners. He placed the chair on the mantle, and the chair was so large that three armed men could sit on it. Gwen was the name of the mantle.* One of the attributes of the mantle was that the person wrapped in it could see everyone yet no one could see him. And no colour would ever last on it except its own colour. Arthur sat down on the mantle; Owain son of Urien* was standing near him.

'Owain,' said Arthur, 'do you want to play *gwyddbwyll*?'*

'I do, lord,' said Owain. And the red-haired servant brought the *gwyddbwyll* to Arthur and Owain—pieces of gold and a board of silver. And they began to play.

When their game of *gwyddbwyll* was at its most entertaining, behold, they see coming from a white, red-topped tent—with an image of a pure black serpent on top of the tent, and crimson-red, poisonous eyes in the serpent's head, and its tongue flame-red—a young squire with curly yellow hair and blue eyes, sprouting a beard, wearing a tunic and surcoat of yellow brocaded silk, and stockings of thin greenish-yellow cloth on his feet. And over the stockings two buskins of speckled Cordovan leather,* and clasps of gold around his ankles to fasten them, and a golden-hilted, heavy, triple-grooved sword, with a sheath of black Cordovan leather, and a tip of excellent

reddish gold at the end of the sheath. And he was coming to where the emperor and Owain were playing *gwyddbwyll*. The squire greeted Owain. And Owain was surprised that the squire greeted him but did not greet the emperor Arthur. And Arthur knew what Owain was thinking, and he said to Owain, 'Do not be surprised that the squire greeted you just now. He greeted me earlier. And his message is for you.'

Then the squire said to Owain,

'Lord, is it with your permission that the emperor's young lads and squires are molesting and harassing and brawling with your ravens?*' If they don't have your permission, then ask the emperor to call them off.'

'Lord,' said Owain, 'you hear what the squire says. If you please, call them off my little ravens.'

'Your move,' he said. Then the squire returned to his tent.

They finished that game and began another. When they were halfway through the game, behold, a young ruddy-faced lad with very curly auburn hair, sharp-eyed, well-built, having trimmed his beard, coming from a bright yellow tent, with the image of a bright red lion on top of the tent. And he was wearing a tunic of yellow brocaded silk down to his calf, embroidered with thread of red silk, and two stockings on his feet of thin white linen, and over the stockings, two buskins of black Cordovan leather with golden clasps. And he had a large, heavy, triple-grooved sword in his hand, and a sheath of red deerskin for it, and a golden tip on the sheath, and he was coming to where Arthur and Owain were playing *gwyddbwyll*. The lad greeted him. And Owain was put out at being greeted, but Arthur was no more troubled than before. The squire said to Owain, 'Is it against your will that the emperor's squires are wounding your ravens, and killing some and bothering others? If it is against your will, beg him to call them off.'

'Lord,' said Owain, 'call your men off if you please.'

'Your move,' said the emperor. Then the squire returned to his tent.

They finished that game and began another. As they were beginning the first move in the game, they could see a short distance from them a mottled yellow tent, bigger than anyone had ever seen, with an image on it of an eagle made of gold, and precious stones in the eagle's head. Coming from the tent they could see a squire with

bright yellow hair on his head, fair and graceful, wearing a mantle of green brocaded silk, a golden pin in the mantle on his right shoulder, as thick as a warrior's middle finger, and two stockings on his feet of thin totnes cloth,* and two shoes of speckled Cordovan leather with golden clasps. The young lad was of noble appearance—he had a white, rosy-cheeked face, and large, hawk-like eyes. In the squire's hand was a thick, speckled yellow spear, with a newly sharpened head, and on the spear a conspicuous banner. The squire came angrily, passionately, and at a fast canter to where Arthur was playing *gwyddbwyll* with Owain. And they realized that he was angry. Yet he greeted Owain, and told him that the most notable ravens had been killed, 'and those who have not been killed have been wounded and injured so badly that not one of them can raise its wings six feet from the ground.'

'Lord,' said Owain, 'call off your men.'

'Play on,' he said, 'if you want to.'

Then Owain said to the squire, 'Go back, and raise the banner where you see the battle at its most intense. And let God's will be done.'

Then the squire rode to where the battle was at its most intense for the ravens, and raised the banner. As he raised it the ravens flew up into the sky angrily, passionately, and ecstatically, to let wind into their wings and to throw off their fatigue. When they had regained their strength and power, with anger and joy they swooped down together on the men who had previously caused them injury and pain and loss. They carried off the heads of some, the eyes of others, the ears of others, and the arms of others, and took them up into the air. There was a great commotion in the sky with the fluttering of the jubilant ravens and their croaking, and another great commotion with the screaming of the men being attacked and injured and others being killed. It was as terrifying for Arthur as it was for Owain to hear that commotion above the *gwyddbwyll*.

When they looked they could hear a rider on a dapple-grey horse coming towards them. His horse was of a very strange colour*—dapple-grey, and its right foreleg bright red, and from the top of its legs to the top of its hoof, bright yellow. The rider and his horse were dressed in strange, heavy armour. His horse's covering, from the front pommel of his saddle upwards, was of bright red sendal, and from the pommel downwards, of bright yellow sendal. There was a

large, golden-hilted, one-edged sword on the lad's thigh and a new bright-green sheath with its tip of Spanish latten.* The sword's belt was of rough, black, Cordovan leather with gilded cross-pieces, and a clasp of ivory with a pure black tongue. On the rider's head was a golden helmet with precious, valuable stones in it, on top of the helmet an image of a yellow-red leopard, with two crimson-red stones in its head, so that it was terrifying for a warrior, however strong-hearted he might be, to look in the face of the leopard, let alone in the face of the warrior. In his hand a spear with a long, heavy, green shaft, and from its hilt upwards it was crimson-red with the blood of the ravens and their feathers. The rider approached the place where Arthur and Owain were over the *gwyddbwyll*. They realized that he was weary, angry, and troubled as he came towards them. The squire greeted Arthur and said that Owain's ravens were killing his young lads and squires. Arthur looked at Owain and said, 'Call off your ravens.'

'Lord,' said Owain, 'your move.' They played. The rider turned back towards the battle, and the ravens were no more restrained than before.

When they had played a little they could heard a great commotion, and the screaming of men, and the croaking of ravens as they seized the men by brute force into the sky and tore them apart between each other, and let them fall in pieces to the ground. Out of the commotion they could see a rider approaching on a pale white horse, and the horse's left foreleg was pure black down to the top of the hoof. The rider and his horse were dressed in large, heavy, green armour. He wore a cloak of yellow, damasked, brocaded silk, and the fringes of the cloak were green. His horse's covering was pure black with its fringes bright yellow. On the squire's thigh was a long, heavy, triple-grooved sword, with a sheath of engraved, red leather, and the belt of new red deerskin, with many golden cross-pieces, and a clasp made of whalebone with a pure black tongue. On the rider's head a golden helmet with magic sapphires in it, and on top of the helmet an image of a yellow-red lion, its foot-long, flame-red tongue sticking out of its mouth, and crimson-red, poisonous eyes in its head. The rider carried a stout spear of ash in his hand, with a new, bloody head on it and silver rivets. And the squire greeted the emperor.

'Lord,' he said, 'your squires and young lads have been

killed, together with the sons of the noblemen of the Island of Britain, so that from now on it will never be easy to protect this Island.'

'Owain,' said Arthur, 'call off your ravens.'

'Lord,' said Owain, 'your move.'

That game ended and they began another. When they were at the end of that game, behold, they heard a great commotion, and the screaming of armed men, and the croaking of ravens and their fluttering in the sky as they let the weapons fall to the ground in one piece but the men and horses were in pieces. Then they could see a rider on a black-hoofed, high-headed horse, and the top of the horse's left leg was bright red, and its right foreleg was pure white to the top of the hoof. The rider and his horse were dressed in mottled yellow armour, speckled with Spanish latten. He and his horse wore a cloak, in two halves, white and pure black, and the fringes of his cloak were golden purple. On top of his cloak was a golden-hilted, shining, triple-grooved sword. The sword's belt was of yellow gold cloth, with a clasp made of the eyelid of a pure black whale and a tongue of yellow gold. On the rider's head was a shiny helmet of yellow latten with shining crystals in it, and on top of the helmet an image of a griffin with magic stones in its head. In his hand was a spear of ash with a rounded shaft, coloured with blue azure, with a new, bloody head on the spear, riveted with precious silver. The rider came angrily to where Arthur was, and said that the ravens had killed his retinue and the sons of the noblemen of this Island, and asked him to persuade Owain to call off his ravens. Then Arthur asked Owain to call off his ravens. Then Arthur crushed the golden pieces that were on the board until they were nothing but dust; and Owain asked Gwres son of Rheged to lower his banner. Then it was lowered and everything was peaceful.

Then Rhonabwy asked Iddog who were the first three men who had come to tell Owain that his ravens were being killed. Iddog said, 'Men who were unhappy at Owain's loss, fellow noblemen and companions, Selyf son of Cynan Garwyn from Powys, and Gwgawn Gledlyfrudd,* and Gwres son of Rheged, the man who carries Owain's banner on the day of battle and combat.'

'Who were the last three men who came to tell Arthur that the ravens were killing his men?' said Rhonabwy.

'The best and bravest men,' said Iddog, 'and they hate to see

Arthur suffer any loss: Blathaon son of Mwrheth, and Rhuawn Bebyr son of Deorthach Wledig, and Hyfaidd Unllen.*'

Then twenty-four horsemen came from Osla Gyllellfawr to ask Arthur for a truce until the end of a fortnight and a month. Arthur got up and took counsel. He went up to a large man with curly auburn hair standing a short distance from him. And there his counsellors were brought to him: Bedwin the Bishop, and Gwartheygydd son of Caw, and March son of Meirchawn, and Caradog Freichfras, and Gwalchmai son of Gwyar, and Ederm son of Nudd, and Rhuawn Bebyr son of Deorthach Wledig, and Rhiogan son of the king of Ireland, and Gwenwynwyn son of Naf, Hywel son of Emyr Llydaw, Gwilym son of the king of France, and Daned son of Oth, and Gorau son of Custennin, and Mabon son of Modron, and Peredur Paladr Hir, and Hyfaidd Unllen, and Twrch son of Perif, Nerth son of Cadarn, and Gobrw son of Echel Forddwyd Twll, Gwair son of Gwystyl, and Adwy son of Geraint, Dyrstan son of Tallwch, Morien Manog, Granwen son of Llŷr, and Llacheu son of Arthur, and Llawfrodedd Farfog, and Cadwr, earl of Cornwall, Morfran son of Tegid, and Rhyawdd son of Morgant, and Dyfyr son of Alun Dyfed, Gwrhwr Gwalstawd Ieithoedd, Addaon son of Taliesin, and Llara son of Casnar Wledig, and Fflewddwr Fflam, and Greidol Gallddofydd, Gilbert son of Cadgyffro, Menw son of Teirgwaedd, Gyrthmwl Wledig, Cawrdaf son of Caradog Freichfras, Gildas son of Caw, Cadyriaith son of Saidi, and many men from Norway and Denmark, together with many men from Greece.* And plenty of people came to that counsel.

'Iddog,' said Rhonabwy, 'who is the man with auburn hair they approached just now?'

'Rhun son of Maelgwn Gwynedd, a man who has such authority that everyone goes to him for advice.'

'Why was a lad as young as Cadyriaith son of Saidi* brought to a counsel of such high-ranking men as those over there?'

'Because no one in Prydain gives more solid advice than he.'

Then, behold, poets came to perform a poem for Arthur. And no one understood the poem, apart from Cadyriaith himself, except that it was in praise of Arthur.* Then, behold, twenty-four mules arrived with their loads of gold and silver, and a tired and weary man with each of them, bringing tribute to Arthur from the Islands of Greece. Then Cadyriaith son of Saidi asked that a truce be given to Osla

Gyllellfawr for a fortnight and a month; and that the mules which had brought the tribute be given to the poets, along with what was on them, as a reward for waiting; and that during the truce they should be given payment for their singing. And that was agreed.

'Rhonabwy,' said Iddog, 'would it not be wrong to stop a young man who can give such generous advice as that from attending his lord's council?'

Then Cai got up and said, 'Whoever wishes to follow Arthur, let him be with him tonight in Cornwall.* And he who does not, let him stand against Arthur until the end of the truce.'

So loud was that commotion, Rhonabwy awoke. And when he awoke he was on the yellow ox-skin, having slept for three nights and three days.

And this story is called the Dream of Rhonabwy. This is why no one knows the dream—neither poet nor storyteller—without a book,* because of the number of colours on the horses, and the many unusual colours both on the armour and their trappings, and on the precious mantles and the magic stones.