

BRANWEN THE DAUGHTER OF LLYR

Bendigeidfran, the son of Llyr was the crowned king of this Island, and he was exalted from the crown of London. And one afternoon he was at Harlech in Ardudwy, at his court, and he sat upon the rock of Harlech, looking over the sea. And with him were his brother Manawyddan the son of Llyr, and his brothers by the mother's side, Nissyen and Evnissyen, and many nobles likewise, as was fitting to see around a king. His two brothers by the mother's side were the sons of Eurosswydd, by his mother, Penardun, the daughter of Beli son of Manogan. And one of these youths was a good youth and of gentle nature, and would make peace between his kindred and cause his family to be friends when their wrath was at the highest; and this one was Nissyen; but the other would cause strife between his two brothers when they were most at peace. And as they sat thus, they beheld thirteen ships coming from the South of Ireland, and making towards them, and they came with a swift motion, the wind being behind them, and they neared them rapidly. "I see ships afar" said the king "coming swiftly towards the land. Command the men of the court that they equip themselves, and go and learn their intent."

So the men equipped themselves and went down towards them. And when they saw the ships near, certain were they that they had never seen ships better furnished. Beautiful flags of satin were upon them. And behold one of the ships outstripped the others, and they saw a shield lifted up above the side of the ship, and the point of the shield was upwards, in token of peace. And the men drew near that they might hold converse. Then they put out boats and came towards the land. And they saluted the king. Now the king could hear them from the place where he was, upon the rock above their heads. "Heaven prosper you" said he "and be ye welcome. To whom do these ships belong and who is the chief amongst you?"

"Lord" said they "Matholwch king of Ireland is here and these ships belong to him."

"Wherefore comes he?" asked the king "and will he come to the land?"

"He is a suitor unto thee, lord" said they "and he will not land unless he have his boon."

"And what may that be?" enquired the king.

"He desires to ally himself with thee, lord" said they "and he comes to ask Branwen, the daughter of Llyr, that, if it seem well to thee, the Island of the Mighty may be leagued with Ireland and both become more powerful."

"Verily" said he "let him come to land, and we will take counsel thereupon."

And this answer was brought to Matholwch. "I will go willingly" said he. So he landed, and they received him joyfully; and great was the throng in the palace

that night, between his hosts and those of the court; and next day they took counsel, and they resolved to bestow Branwen upon Matholwch. Now she was one of the three chief ladies of this island, and she was the fairest damsel in the world.

And they fixed upon Aberffraw, as the place where she should become his bride. And they went thence, and towards Aberffraw the hosts proceeded; Matholwch and his host in their ships; Bendigeidfran and his host by land, until they came to Aberffraw. And at Aberffraw they began the feast and sat down. And thus sat they. The King of the Island of the Mighty and Manawyddan the son of Llyr, on one side, and Matholwch on the other side, and Branwen the daughter of Llyr beside him. And they were not within a house, but under tents. No house could ever contain Bendigeidfran. And they began the banquet and caroused and discoursed. And when it was more pleasing to them to sleep than to carouse they went to rest, and that night Branwen became Matholwch's bride.

And next day they arose, and all they of the court, and the officers began to equip and to range the horses and the attendants, and they ranged them in order as far as the sea.

And behold one day, Evnissyen, the quarrelsome man of whom it is spoken above, came by chance into the place, where the horses of Matholwch were, and asked whose horses they might be. "They are the horses of Matholwch king of Ireland, who is married to Branwen, thy sister; his horses are they."

"And is it thus they have done with a maiden such as she, and moreover my sister, bestowing her without my consent? They could have offered no greater insult to me than this" said he. And thereupon he rushed under the horses and cut off their lips at the teeth, and their ears close to their heads, and their tails close to their backs, and wherever he could clutch their eyelids, he cut them to the very bone, and he disfigured the horses and rendered them useless.

And they came with these tidings unto Matholwch, saying that the horses were disfigured, and injured so that not one of them could ever be of any use again. "Verily, lord" said one "it was an insult unto thee, and as such was it meant."

"Of a truth, it is a marvel to me, that if they desire to insult me, they should have given me a maiden of such high rank and so much beloved of her kindred, as they have done."

"Lord" said another "thou seest that thus it is, and there is nothing for thee to do but to go to thy ships." And thereupon towards his ships he set out.

And tidings came to Bendigeidfran that Matholwch was quitting the court without asking leave, and messengers were sent to enquire of him wherefore he did so. And the messengers that went, were Iddic the son of Anarawd, and Heveydd Hir. And these overtook him and asked of him what he designed to do,

and wherefore he went forth. "Of a truth" said he, "if I had known I had not come hither. I have been altogether insulted, no one had ever worse treatment than I have had here. But one thing surprises me above all."

"What is that?" asked they. "That Branwen the daughter of Llyr, one of the three chief ladies of this Island, and the daughter of the King of the Island of the Mighty, should have been given me as my bride, and that after that I should have been insulted; and I marvel that the insult was not done me before they had bestowed upon me a maiden so exalted as she."

"Truly, lord, it was not the will of any that are of the court" said they "nor of any that are of the council that thou shouldest have received this insult, and as thou hast been insulted, the dishonour is greater unto Bendigeidfran than unto thee."

"Verily" said he "I think so. Nevertheless he cannot recall the insult." These men returned with that answer to the place where Bendigeidfran was, and they told him what reply Matholwch had given them.

"Truly" said he, "there are no means by which we may prevent his going away at enmity with us, that we will not take."

"Well, lord" said they "send after him another embassy."

"I will do so" said he. "Arise Manawyddan son of Llyr, and Heveydd Hir, and Unic Glew Ysgwyd, and go after him, and tell him that he shall have a sound horse for every one that has been injured. And beside that, as an atonement for the insult, he shall have a staff of silver, as large and as tall as himself, and a plate of gold of the breadth of his face. And show unto him who it was that did this, and that it was done against my will; but that he who did it is my brother, by the mother's side, and therefore it would be hard for me to put him to death. And let him come and meet me" said he "and we will make peace in any way he may desire."

The embassy went after Matholwch, and told him all these sayings in a friendly manner, and he listened thereunto. "Men" said he "I will take counsel." So to the council he went. And in the council they considered that if they should refuse this, they were likely to have more shame rather than to obtain so great an atonement. They resolved therefore to accept it, and they returned to the court in peace.

Then the pavilions and the tents were set in order after the fashion of a hall; and they went to meat, and as they had sat at the beginning of the feast, so sat they there. And Matholwch and Bendigeidfran began to discourse; and behold it seemed to Bendigeidfran, while they talked, that Matholwch was not so cheerful as he had been before. And he thought that the chieftain might be sad because of the smallness of the atonement which he had, for the wrong that had been done him. "Oh man" said Bendigeidfran "thou dost not discourse tonight so cheerfully as thou wert wont. And if it be because of the smallness of

the atonement, thou shalt add thereunto whatsoever thou mayest choose, and tomorrow I will pay thee the horses.”

“Lord” said he “Heaven reward thee.”

“And I will enhance the atonement” said Bendigeidfran “for I will give unto thee a cauldron, the property of which is, that if one of thy men be slain today, and be cast therein, tomorrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech.” And thereupon he gave him great thanks, and very joyful was he for that cause.

And the next morning they paid Matholwch the horses as long as the trained horses lasted. And then they journeyed into another commot, where they paid him with colts until the whole had been paid, and from thenceforth that commot was called Talebolion.

And a second night sat they together. “My lord” said Matholwch “whence hadst thou the cauldron which thou hast given me?”

“I had it of a man who had been in thy land” said he “and I would not give it except to one from there.”

“Who was it?” asked he.

“Llassar Llaesgyvnewid; he came here from Ireland, with Kymideu Kymeinvoll, his wife, who escaped from the Iron House in Ireland, when it was made red hot around them, and fled hither. And it is a marvel to me that thou shouldst know nothing concerning the matter.”

“Something I do know” said he “and as much as I know I will tell thee. One day I was hunting in Ireland, and I came to the mound at the head of the lake, which is called the Lake of the Cauldron. And I beheld a huge yellow-haired man coming from the lake with a cauldron upon his back. And he was a man of vast size, and of horrid aspect, and a woman followed after him. And if the man was tall, twice as large as he was the woman, and they came towards me and greeted me. ‘Verily,’ asked I, ‘wherefore are you journeying?’ ‘Behold this,’ said he to me, ‘is the cause that we journey. At the end of a month and a fortnight this woman will have a son; and the child that will be born at the end of the month and the fortnight will be a warrior fully armed.’ So I took them with me, and maintained them. And they were with me for a year. And that year I had them with me not grudgingly. But thenceforth was there murmuring, because that they were with me. For from the beginning of the fourth month they had begun to make themselves hated and to be disorderly in the land; committing outrages, and molesting and harassing the nobles and ladies; and thenceforward my people rose up and besought me to part with them, and they bade me to choose between them and my dominions. And I applied to the council of my country to know what should be done concerning them; for of their own free will they would not go, neither could they be compelled against their will, through fighting. And the people of the country being in this strait,

they caused a chamber to be made all of iron. Now when the chamber was ready, there came there every smith that was in Ireland, and everyone who owned tongs and hammer. And they caused coals to be piled up as high as the top of the chamber. And they had the man, and the woman, and the children, served with plenty of meat and drink; but when it was known that they were drunk, they began to put fire to the coals about the chamber, and they blew it with bellows until the house was red hot all around them. Then was there a council held in the centre of the floor of the chamber. And the man tarried until the plates of iron were all of a white heat; and then, by reason of the great heat, the man dashed against the plates with his shoulder and struck them out, and his wife followed him; but except him and his wife none escaped thence. And then I suppose, lord" said Matholwch unto Bendigeidfran "that he came over unto thee."

"Doubtless he came here" said he "and gave unto me the cauldron."

"In what manner didst thou receive them?" "I dispersed them through every part of my dominions, and they have become numerous and are prospering everywhere, and they fortify the places where they are with men and arms, of the best that were ever seen."

That night they continued to discourse as much as they would, and had minstrelsy and carousing, and when it was more pleasant to them to sleep than to sit longer, they went to rest. And thus was the banquet carried on with joyousness; and when it was finished, Matholwch journeyed towards Ireland, and Branwen with him, and they went from Aber Menei, with thirteen ships and came to Ireland. And in Ireland was there great joy because of their coming. And not one great man or noble lady visited Branwen unto whom she gave not either a clasp, or a ring, or a royal jewel to keep, such as it was honourable to be seen departing with. And in these things she spent that year in much renown, and she passed her time pleasant, enjoying honour and friendship. And in the meanwhile, it chanced that she became pregnant, and in due time a son was born unto her, and the name that they gave him was Gwern the son of Matholwch, and they put the boy out to be foster nursed, in a place where were the best men of Ireland.

And behold in the second year a tumult arose in Ireland, on account of the insult which Matholwch had received in Wales, and the payment made him for his horses. And his foster brothers, and such as were nearest unto him, blamed him openly for that matter. And he might have no peace by reason of the tumult until they should revenge upon him this disgrace. And the vengeance which they took was to drive away Branwen from the same chamber with him, and to make her cook for the court; and they caused the butcher, after he had cut up the meat, to come to her and give her every day a blow on the ear, and such they made her punishment.

"Verily, lord" said his men to Matholwch "forbid now the ships and the ferry boats and the coracles, that they go not into Wales, and such as come over from

Wales hither, imprison them that they go not back for this thing to be known there." And they did so; and it was thus for no less than three years.

And Branwen reared a starling in the cover of the kneading trough, and she taught it to speak, and she taught the bird what manner of man her brother was. And she wrote a letter of her woes, and the despite with which she was treated, and she bound the letter to the root of the bird's wing, and sent it towards Wales. And the bird came to this Island, and one day it found Bendigeidfran at Caer Seiont in Arfon, conferring there, and it alighted upon his shoulder and ruffled its feathers, so that the letter was seen, and they knew that the bird had been reared in a domestic manner.

Then Bendigeidfran took the letter and looked upon it. And when he had read the letter, he grieved exceedingly at the tidings of Branwen's woes. And immediately he began sending messengers to summon the island together. And he caused seven score and four countries to come unto him, and he complained to them himself of the grief that his sister endured. So they took counsel. And in the counsel they resolved to go to Ireland, and to leave seven men as princes here. And Caradawc the son of Bran, as the chief of them, and their seven knights. In Edeyrnion, were these men left. And for this reason were the seven knights placed in the town. Now the names of these seven were Caradawc the son of Bran, and Heveydd Hir, and Unic Glew Ysgwyd, and Iddic the son of Anarawc Gwalltgrwn, and Fodor the son of Eryyll, and Gwlch Minascwrn, and Llassar the son of Llaesar Llaesgygyd, and Pendaran Dyfed as a young page with them. And these abode as seven ministers to take charge of this Island; and Caradawc the son of Bran was the chief amongst them.

Bendigeidfran, with the hosts of which we spoke, sailed towards Ireland, and it was not far across the sea, and he came to shoal water. It was but by two rivers; the Lli and the Archan were they called; and the nations covered the sea. Then he proceeded with what provisions he had on his own back, and approached the shore of Ireland.

Now the swineherds of Matholwch were upon the sea shore, and they came to Matholwch. "Lord" said they "greeting be unto thee."

"Heaven protect you" said he "have you any news?"

"Lord" said they "we have marvellous news; a wood have we seen upon the sea, in a place where we never yet saw a single tree."

"This is indeed a marvel" said he; "saw you aught else?"

"We saw, lord" said they "a vast mountain beside the wood, which moved, and there was a lofty ridge on the top of the mountain, and a lake on each side of the ridge. And the wood, and the mountain, and all these things moved."

"Verily" said he "there is none who can know aught concerning this, unless it be Branwen."

Messengers then went unto Branwen. "Lady" said they "What thinkest thou that this is?"

"The men of the Island of the Mighty, who have come hither on hearing of my ill treatment and my woes."

"What is the forest that is seen upon the sea?" asked they.

"The yards and the masts of ships" she answered.

"Alas" said they "what is the mountain that is seen by the side of the ships?"

"Bendigeidfran, my brother" she replied "coming to shoal water; there is no ship that can contain him in it."

"What is the lofty ridge with the lake on each side thereof?"

"On looking towards this Island he is wroth, and his two eyes on each side of his nose are the two lakes on each side of the ridge."

The warriors and chief men of Ireland were brought together in haste, and they took counsel. "Lord" said the nobles unto Matholwch "there is no other counsel than to retreat over the River Linon and to keep the river between thee and him, and to break down the bridge that is across the river, for there is a load-stone at the bottom of the river that neither ship nor vessel can pass over." So they retreated across the river, and broke down the bridge.

Bendigeidfran came to land, and the fleet with him by the bank of the river. "Lord" said his chieftains "knowest thou the nature of this river, that nothing can go across it, and there is no bridge over it?"

"What" said they "is thy counsel concerning a bridge?" "There is none" said he "except that he who will be chief let him be a bridge. I will be so" said he. And then was that saying first uttered, and it is still used as a proverb. And when he had lain down across the river, hurdles were placed upon him, and the host passed over thereby.

And as he rose up, behold the messengers of Matholwch came to him, and saluted him, and gave him greeting in the name of Matholwch, his kinsman, and showed how that of his good will he had merited of him nothing but good. "For Matholwch has given the kingdom of Ireland to Gwern the son of Matholwch, thy nephew and thy sister's son. And this he places before thee, as a compensation for the wrong and despite that has been done unto Branwen. And Matholwch shall be maintained wheresoever thou wilt, either here or in the Island of the Mighty."

Said Bendigeidfran "Shall not I myself have the kingdom? Then peradventure I may take counsel concerning your message. From this time until then no other answer will you get from me."

“Verily” said they “the best message that we receive for thee, we will convey it unto thee, and do thou await our message unto him.”

“I will wait” answered he “and do you return quickly.”

The messengers set forth and came to Matholwch. “Lord” said they, “prepare a better message for Bendigeidfran. He would not listen at all to the message that we bore him.”

“My friends” said Matholwch “what may be your counsel?”

“Lord” said they “there is no other counsel than this alone. He was never known to be within a house, make therefore a house that will contain him and the men of the Island of the Mighty on the one side, and thyself and thy host on the other; and give over thy kingdom to his will, and do him homage. So by reason of the honour thou doest him in making him a house, whereas he never before had a house to contain him, he will make peace with thee.” So the messengers went back to Bendigeidfran, bearing him this message.

And he took counsel, and in the council it was resolved that he should accept this, and this was all done by the advice of Branwen, and lest the country should be destroyed. And this peace was made, and the house was built both vast and strong. But the Irish planned a crafty device, and the craft was that they should put brackets on each side of the hundred pillars that were in the house, and should place a leathern bag on each bracket, and an armed man in every one of them. Then Evnissyen came in before the host of the Island of the Mighty, and scanned the house with fierce and savage looks, and descried the leathern bags which were around the pillars. “What is in this bag?” asked he of one of the Irish.

“Meal, good soul” said he. And Evnissyen felt about it until he came to the man’s head, and he squeezed the head until he felt his fingers meet together in the brain through the bone. And he left that one and put his hand upon another, and asked what was therein. “Meal” said the Irishman. So he did the like unto every one of them, until he had not left alive of all the two hundred men save one only; and when he came to him, he asked what was there. “Meal, good soul” said the Irishman. And he felt about until he felt the head, and he squeezed that head as he had done the others. And albeit he found that the head of this one was armed, he left him not until he had killed him. And then he sang an englyn:

“There is in this bag a different sort of meal,  
The ready combatant, when the assault is made  
By his fellow warriors, prepared for battle.”

Thereupon came the hosts unto the house. The men of the Island of Ireland entered the house on the one side, and the men of the Island of the Mighty on the other. And as soon as they had sat down, there was concord between them;



and the sovereignty was conferred upon the boy. When the peace was concluded, Bendigeidfran called the boy unto him, and from Bendigeidfran the boy went unto Manawyddan, and he was beloved by all that beheld him. And from Manawyddan the boy was called by Nissyen the son of Eurosswydd, and the boy went unto him lovingly. "Wherefore" said Evnissyen "comes not my nephew the son of my sister unto me? Though he were not king of Ireland, yet willingly would I fondle the boy."

"Cheerfully let him go to thee" said Bendigeidfran, and the boy went unto him cheerfully. "By my confession to Heaven" said Evnissyen in his heart "unthought of by the household is the slaughter that I will this instant commit."

Then he arose and took up the boy by the feet, and before anyone in the house could seize hold of him, he thrust the boy headlong into the blazing fire. And when Branwen saw her son burning in the fire, she strove to leap into the fire also, from the place where she sat between her two brothers. But Bendigeidfran grasped her with one hand, and his shield with the other. Then they all hurried about the house, and never was there made so great a tumult by any host in one house as was made by them, as each man armed himself. Then said Morddwydtyllyon "The gadflies of Morddwydtyllyon's Cow!" And while they all sought their arms, Bendigeidfran supported Branwen between his shield and his shoulder.

Then the Irish kindled a fire under the cauldron of renovation, and they cast the dead bodies into the cauldron until it was full, and the next day they came forth fighting men as good as before, except that they were not able to speak. Then when Evnissyen saw the dead bodies of the men of the Island of the Mighty nowhere resuscitated, he said in his heart, "Alas! Woe is me, that I should have been the cause of bringing the men of the Island of the Mighty into so great a strait. Evil betide me if I find not a deliverance therefrom." And he cast himself among the dead bodies of the Irish, and two unshod Irishmen came to him, and, taking him to be one of the Irish, flung him into the cauldron. And he stretched himself out in the cauldron, so that he rent the cauldron into four pieces, and burst his own heart also.

In consequence of that, the men of the Island of the Mighty obtained such success as they had; but they were not victorious, for only seven men of them all escaped, and Bendigeidfran himself was wounded in the foot with a poisoned dart. Now the seven men that escaped were Pryderi, Manawyddan, Gluneu Eil Taran, Taliesin, Ynawc, Grudyen the son of Muryel, and Heilyn the son of Gwynn Hen.

And Bendigeidfran commanded them that they should cut off his head. "And take you my head" said he "and bear it even unto the White Mount, in London, and bury it there, with the face towards France. And a long time will you be upon the road. In Harlech you will be feasting seven years, the birds of Rhiannon singing unto you the while. And all that time the head will be to you as pleasant company as it ever was when on my body. And at Gwales in Penvro you will be fourscore years, and you may remain there, and the head with you

uncorrupted, until you open the door that looks towards Aber Henvelen, and towards Cornwall. And after you have opened that door, there you may no longer tarry, set forth then to London to bury the head and go straight forward."

So they cut off his head, and these seven went forward therewith. And Branwen was the eighth with them, and they came to land at Aber Alaw, in Talebolyon, and they sat down to rest. And Branwen looked towards Ireland and towards the Island of the Mighty, to see if she could descry them. "Alas" said she "woe is me that I was ever born; two islands have been destroyed because of me!" Then she uttered a loud groan and there broke her heart. And they made her a four-sided grave and buried her upon the banks of the Alaw.

Then the seven men journeyed forward towards Harlech, bearing the head with them; and as they went behold there met them a multitude of men and of women. "Have you any tidings?" asked Manawyddan.

"We have none" said they "save that Caswallawn, the son of Beli, has conquered the Island of the Mighty, and is crowned King in London."

"What has become" said they "of Caradawc the son of Bran, and the seven men who were left with him in this Island?"

"Caswallawn came upon them, and slew six of the men, and Caradawc's heart broke for grief thereof; for he could see the sword that slew the men, but knew not who it was that wielded it. Caswallawn had flung upon him the Veil of Illusion, so that no one could see him slay the men, but the sword only could they see. And it liked him not to slay Caradawc, because he was his nephew the son of his cousin. And now he was the third whose heart had broken through grief. Pendaran Dyfed, who had remained as a young page with these men, escaped into the wood" said they.

Then they went on to Harlech, and there stopped to rest, and they provided meat and liquor, and sat down to eat and to drink. And there came three birds, and began singing unto them a certain song, and all the songs they had ever heard were unpleasant compared thereto; and the birds seemed to them to be at a great distance from them over the sea, yet they appeared as distinct as if they were close by; and at this repast they continued seven years.

And at the close of the seventh year, they went forth to Gwales in Penvro. And there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean; and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. "See, yonder" said Manawyddan "is the door that we may not open." And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And of all they had seen of food laid before them, and of all they had heard of, they remembered nothing; neither of that, nor of any sorrow whatsoever. And there they remained fourscore years, unconscious of having ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was not more irksome to them having

the head with them, than if Bendigeidfran had been with them himself. And because of these fourscore years, it was called the entertaining of the noble head. The entertaining of Branwen and Matholwch was in the time that they went to Ireland.

One day said Heilyn the son of Gwynn "Evil betide me, if I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said concerning it." So he opened the door and looked towards Cornwall and Aber Henfelen. And when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot; and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount, and when it was buried, this was the third goodly concealment; and it was the third ill-fated disclosure when it was disinterred, inasmuch as no invasion from across the sea came to this Island, while the head was in that concealment.

And thus is the story related of those who journeyed over from Ireland.

In Ireland none were left alive, except five pregnant women in a cave in the Irish wilderness; and to these five women in the same night were born five sons, whom they nursed until they became grown up youths. And they thought about wives, and they at the same time desired to possess them, and each took a wife of the mothers of their companions, and they governed the country and peopled it.

And these five divided it amongst them, and because of this partition are the five divisions of Ireland still so termed. And they examined the land where the battles had taken place, and they found gold and silver until they became wealthy.

And thus ends this portion of the Mabinogi, concerning the blow given to Branwen, which was the third unhappy blow of this island; and concerning the entertainment of Bran, when the hosts of seven score countries and ten went over to Ireland, to revenge the blow given to Branwen; and concerning the seven years' banquet in Harlech, and the singing of the birds of Rhiannon, and the sojourning of the head for the space of fourscore years.