

Ceridwen & Taliesin

Damh the Bard

Silver moonlight dances,
From the mist of Tegid's shore,
A lady looks upon her son,
Like many times before,
As she touches his face,
Fingers wet with the tears falling.
Her daughter stands beside her,
The fairest in the land,
How her son became so cursed,
She cannot understand.
But this mother's love is a strong,
As her heart is beating,
And she calls to the Earth,
And the Earth hears her calling.

High up in the mountains,
Dinas Afferaon stands tall,
All magic and all mysteries,
Are held within these walls,
So she walks to the door,
As she does the door it opens,
Teach to me the mystery,
Of the Cauldron's Brew,
Let Utter Darkness give way to light,
And be reborn anew,
Then the Awen will shine,
From the brow of the Eagle of the Sea,
And all will know his name,
From this land to the People of the Sidhe.

The lady sets the cauldron's fire,
Tended by the hand,
Of Gwion Bach the innocent,
And Morda the blind man,
Who reached out his hand,
Place more wood,
Keep the cauldron boiling.
Then Morda he fell asleep,
Alas he didn't see,
Wood upon wood was added,
The inferno was the key,
To unlock the doors,
Of the Awen's greatest mystery,
Three drops, burning skin,
And it's Gwion how gained the power to see.

The cauldron cracks, the poison seeps,
Slowly across the land,
To kill the horses of Garanhir,
by the lakeshore where they stand,
Drinking and not knowing their fate,
As a hare runs fast across the land.
Ceridwen, Ceridwen,
Lady of the Cauldron,
Come see what they have done!
Stolen your Cauldron's power,
And betrayed your only son!

Eyes wide, lips curl,
Anger on your face!
Change your shape now lady!
Be the hound, begin the chase!

I shall be a running hare,
With sorrow and with mickle care,
Then I shall be a greyhound bitch,
And tear you from your skin!
Then I shall be a flying wren,
The King of Birds, the King of Men,
Then I shall be a falcon grey,
And tear you from your skin!
Then I shall be a salmon sleek,
Darting through a shallow creek,
Then I shall be an otter bitch,
And rest you from your skin!
I shall be a grain beneath the sun,
And you will never know which one,
Then I shall be a great black hen,
And take you deep within!

Now you may be forgiven to think,
My tale is over and down,
But nine moons later,
She gave birth to a son,
That she wanted to kill,
But she placed in a coracle on the sea.
Garanhir's salmon weir,
A catch was guaranteed,
But on this day a baby boy,
Cried out to be freed,
A radiant brow,
Shining bright for all to plainly see.
Taliesin is your name,
The greatest Bard that this land will ever see!