

Branwen Slayne

Faith and the Muse

O my deare brother I am damnifyed at Caer Siddi
For myn housbonde hath this twelfmonth treated me with crueltie
Albe to please thee I didst cheerfullie accept his proffred hand

I was ne'er wary he was ruler of y Uffern land
For whan his gastfull subjekts they didst first espy hir freond
lesse Queene

Eftsoone they wept for I to them was noughte but a living thinge

hence with despight his consorted kingdomes stonie hart eshewde
And I am thrall'd to sufferance in poverte and servitude

For I am one of three great queenes of the Cymry
Loneliness -- Patience -- Wisdom -- Happiness

O my brother thou art Kinge of y Island o the Mightye
alfeare of thy rage hath plac'd silent centenells at Caer Siddi
Ynow for bane or worse that may betide I send my gentil byrd
Whilst I bemone mine outcast state tho hold my tonges unthrifty
worde

There mew'd withinne its tamed winge myn urgent message pleades
thyn ayd

battailous make thy complement and reskue this most piteous mayde

Heerin this underwourldlye gloome I implore thee to appeare
And carrye me to Aber Alaw for I am buried there

Loneliness -- Patience -- Wisdom -- Happiness
(Unigrwydd) (Aynedd) (Doethineb) (Llavenydd)

For I am one of three who broke their harts in grieve