

The Spoils of Annwn

SuidAkra

Am I not worthy of fame and song for ever,
In the four-cprnerend castle in the island of the
Strong door,
Where twilight and pitchy darkness meet together,
And bright wine is the drink of the host ?
Thrice enough to fill Arthur`s ship we crossed the
Waters.
None but seven returned from the castle of the
Rulers,
None but seven returned from Caer Rigor.
I allow the kings of the story little honour
That beyond the glass castle saw not the prowess of
Arthur.
Three-score hundrets arrayed along those ramparts
With their watchmen we could scarce confer.
Thrice enough to fill Prydwen we went with Arthur.
None but seven returned from the castle of treasure,
None but seven returned from Caer Colur
I will not allow much praise to those of drooping
Courage.
They know not on what day the ruler arose,
Nor in what hour of the serene day the owner was
Born,
Nor of what kind was his silver-headed beast.
Ah, when we went with Arthur, mournful the memory,
None but seven returned from Caer Ochren.