

Llywelyn's Prayer and the Song of Stars



Introduction

(Cyflwyniad)

In the annals of Welsh history, few figures evoke the same depth of passion and sorrow as Prince Llywelyn ap Gruffudd, the last sovereign Prince of Wales. His fall in 1282, during the long and bitter struggle against King Edward I of England, marked a turning point for the Welsh people—a moment when hopes for an independent Cymru seemed to fade into the shadows. Yet, even in the face of defeat, legends and prophecies continued to stir, promising the eventual return of their fallen prince.

This poem, written in the tradition of ancient Welsh verse, honors the spirit of Llywelyn ap Gruffudd, weaving together the celestial alignments on the night of his ambush and the mystical forces that betrayed him. The stars themselves, aligned in a cosmic conspiracy, symbolize the deceit that led him to his tragic end. Mars, Mercury, the Sun, and Venus each play their part, reflecting the forces of war, deception, false prophecy, and the failed promise of unity through marriage.

Yet, Llywelyn's story does not end with his death. Echoing the sentiments of Psalm 83:11, this work envisions his eventual resurrection, a day when Cymru will rise again and the wrongs committed against its last prince will be avenged. Through rhythmic and arcane verse, the poem invites readers into a timeless narrative—one that speaks not only of the past but also of an enduring hope for the future.

In these verses, Llywelyn prays for his return before his final breath, beseeching the winds of Cymru to carry his spirit onward until the day of reckoning arrives. His journey is written in the stars, and as the heavens realign, so too shall his destiny be fulfilled. Through his resurrection, the chains of betrayal will be broken, and the sword of Cymru will once again be lifted in his hand.

As you read, remember the last prince of Wales—his love for his land, his fall, and his undying spirit that refuses to be forgotten. This is a song of revenge, of hope, and of the promise that one day, Llywelyn will rise again.

The Prince's Return

(Dychweliad y Tywysog)

Through mist-clad hills where rivers flow,

And winds of Cymru softly blow,

A whisper stirs in ancient stone,

The last-born prince, though flesh and bone

Have long since turned to earth and sky,

Awaits the time when stars align.

O Cymru, land of valiant heart,
Your prince's tale shall not depart,
For in the depths where shadows sleep,
A vow is made, a bond to keep.
Though darkness claimed him on that night,
His soul remains, a flickering light.

In silent skies, where eagles soar,
His spirit watches, waits once more,
And when the heavens call his name,
He'll rise again to stake his claim.
The sword of Cymru in his hand,
To free once more his beloved land.

So speak his name with quiet breath,
For though he walks the halls of death,
The hour draws near, the stars will turn,
And Cymru's prince, at last, return.

Dychweliad y Tywysog

(The Prince's Return)

Trwy fryniau gorchuddiedig o niwl lle mae afonydd yn llifo,

A gwyntoedd Cymru yn chwythu'n fwyn,

Mae sibrydion yn deffro mewn cerrig hynafol,

Tywysog olaf ei linach, er bod cnawd ac asgwrn

Wedi troi ers talwm yn ddaear ac awyr,

Yn aros am yr awr pan fydd y sêr yn alinio.

O Gymru, tir calon ddewr,

Ni ddiflanna stori dy dywysog,

Canys yn nhywyllwch lle mae cysgodion yn cysgu,

Mae addewid yn cael ei wneud, cytundeb i'w gadw.

Er i'r tywyllwch ei hawlio ar y noson honno,

Mae ei enaid yn aros, yn fflam drydanol.

Mewn nefoedd ddistaw, lle mae eryrod yn hofran,

Mae ei ysbryd yn gwyllo, yn aros unwaith eto,

A phan alwa'r nefoedd ei enw,

Bydd yn codi eto I hawlio ei etifeddiaeth.

Cleddyf Cymru yn ei law,

I ryddhau ei wlad annwyl unwaith eto.

Felly dywedwch ei enw'n dawel,

Oherwydd er ei fod yn cerdded neuaddau marwolaeth,

Mae'r awr yn nesáu, a'r sêr yn troi,

A thywysog Cymru, o'r diwedd, yn dychwelyd.

Llywelyn's Last Prayer and the Song of Stars

(Gweddi Olaf Llywelyn a Chân y Sêr)

I. Llywelyn's Prayer

(Gweddi Llywelyn)

O, wyntoedd Cymru, cymerwch fy anadl,

Dygwch hi i'r bryniau lle mae'r hynafiaid yn cerdded.

Oherwydd er fy mod yn cwympo gan sêr ffug ar eu trywydd,

Fe godaf pan fydd amser yn galw, i adennill yr hyn sy'n f'eiddo i.

Trwy waed fy nghyndeidiau a chalon fy ngwlad,

Rhowch imi ddial, trwy law Duw ei hun.

Fy ysbryd yn parhau, er bod fy nghorff yn pydru,

Hyd nes y safai Cymru'n rhydd ar ddydd y farn.

(Translation:

O, winds of Cymru, take my breath,

Bear it to the hills where the ancients tread.

For though I fall by false stars aligned,

I shall rise when time recalls, to reclaim what's mine.

By the blood of my kin and the heart of my land,

Grant me vengeance, by God's own hand.

My spirit endures, though my body decay,

Till Cymru stands free on the judgment day.)

II. The Ambush of the Stars

(Y Ddial Sêr)

Pan fflamiai Mawrth yn goch o waed,

Brenin o haearn a breuddwyd rhyfel annedwydd,

Llaw Edward, a choron trais,

Yn y nefoedd distaw, rhoddwyd y brad yn barod.

Gyda Mercher yn agos, tafod y celwyddog,

Heddwch ffug a siaradwyd, cân heb ei chanu.

Sibrydodd eiriau o ymddiried a chyndeidiau,

Ond arweiniodd y tywysog i farwolaeth o fewn.

O flaen yr Haul, yn feiddgar a llachar,

Cododd proffwyd gyda goleuni dallu.

"Heddwch!" gwaeddodd, celwydd wedi ei droi,

Ond yn ei galon, gorweddai twyll.

"Trwy air Duw ei hun, fe'i hunir,"

Eto roedd tywyllwch wedi casglu yn y nos.

"Proffwydi ffug yn dod, mewn ffurf o ddefaid,"

"Yn arwain ar gyfeiliorn, y ffordd ddewisol."

Fel hyn siaradodd yr Haul gyda thwyll llachar,

Goleuni ffug cyn y gelyn.

(Translation:

When Mars in blood-red hue did gleam,

A king of iron and war's cruel dream,

Edward's hand, by violence crowned,

In silent skies, the trap was bound.

With Mercury close, the liar's tongue,

A false peace spoken, songs unsung.

He whispered words of trust and kin,

Yet led the prince to death within.

Before the Sun, bold and bright,

A prophet rose with blinding light.

"Peace!" he cried, a twisted lie, _

But in his heart, deceit did lie.

"By God's own word, you shall unite,"

Yet darkness gathered in the night.

"False prophets come, in sheep's array,"

"Leading astray, the chosen way."

Thus spoke the Sun with treacherous glow,

Deceitful dawn before the foe.)

III. The Woman's Web

(Gwe'r Fenyw)

A gwelai Venus, yn llachar o flaen y ddaear,

Addewid a wnaed mewn geiriau o werth—

Gwraig i rwymo dwy wlad yn un,

Ond ffug oedd hyn, ei gwaith yn aflwyddiannus.

Enw Eleanor, unwaith melys, nawr oer,

Ei chariad yn fant yn llaw Edward.

Ni arhosodd hi dan y sêr,

Oherwydd roedd tynged Llywelyn wedi'i selio gyda chelwyddau.

Llaw menyw a ddylai uno,

Trodd gan dywyllwch i'r noson.

(Translation:

And Venus, bright before the earth,

A promise made in words of worth—

A bride to bind two lands as one,

But false was this, her work undone.

Eleanor's name, once sweet, now cold,

Her love a pawn in Edward's hold.

She waited not beneath the skies,

For Llywelyn's fate was sealed with lies.

A woman's hand that should unite,

Was turned by darkness into night.)

IV. The Fall and the Prophecy

(Y Cwmp a'r Broffwydoliaeth)

Wrth bont Orewin, roedd y sêr wedi cynllwynio,

Llywelyn, yr olaf, gan frad ei lapio.

Ni chwalwyd ef gan gleddyf na tharian,

Ond lladdwyd ef gan gynllwyn cyn y wawr.

Roedd Mawrth a Mercher yn selio ei farn,
Yr Haul a Venus yn taflu eu gorchuddion.
Ond yn y sêr, mae arwydd yn parhau,
Bydd gwaed tywysog yn torri'r cadwynau.

(Translation:

By Orewin's bridge, the stars conspired,
Llywelyn, the last, by treachery mired.
He fell not by sword nor shielded fray,
But ambushed cruel at the break of day.
Mars and Mercury sealed his doom,
The Sun and Venus cast their gloom.
Yet in the stars, a sign remains,
A prince's blood shall break the chains.)

V. The Promise of Return

(Addewid Dychwelyd)

O sêr, fe marciwch fy anadl ddarfodedig,
Ond fe godaf o byrth angau.
Yn bryniau Cymru, lle mae'r afonydd yn canu,

Mae'r ddraig yn deffro ar adenydd gwyntog.
Bydd Mawrth yn pylu, a Mercher yn syrthio,
Ni fydd goleuni ffug yr Haul mwyach yn caethiwo.
A phan fydd y sêr yn y nefoedd yn aildrefnu,
Fe godaf i hawlio'r hyn a fu unwaith yn f'eiddo.
Dial ar y brad, adfer y wlad,
Gyda chleddyf Cymru yn llaw Llywelyn.

Oherwydd fel y syrthiodd Oreb a Seeb,
Felly bydd llinell Edward yn cael ei distrywio.
Fel y gwyddai Zebah a Zalmunna,
Felly bydd fy ngelynion hefyd yn difaru.
O galon Cymru, bydd y galwad yn swnio,
Bydd y tywysog yn cael ei aileni, gyda choron gogoneddus.

(Translation:

O stars, you mark my fleeting breath,
But I shall rise from the gates of death.
In Cymru's hills, where the rivers sing,
The dragon stirs on whispered wing.

Mars shall fade, and Mercury fall,
The Sun's false light no more enthrall.
And when the stars in heaven realign,
I'll rise to claim what once was mine.
Avenge the ambush, restore the land,
With Cymru's sword in Llywelyn's hand.

For as Oreb and Zeeb were felled,
So shall Edward's line be quelled.
As Zebah and Zalmunna knew,
So too shall my enemies rue.
From Cymru's heart, the call shall sound,
The prince reborn, with glory crowned.)

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