



Styvyn Long- shanks

Who fac'd *Death*
To win the *Knotted*
Sword
in Crown Tourna-
ment, ASXL

Once he danced and kissed these maidens all,
Now his sword and heart are sworn to one.
Maidens sigh for knights so brave and tall,
Styvyn Longshanks no more heeds their fun.
Once he broke hearts carelessly, they say,
Many maiden wept her tears for him,
Love was but a simple game to play,
Kisses given on a simple whim.
Now his sword is sworn to one fair face,
Honour knot ted in her silken tresses,
Still the gods will pay for his dis grace;
Nemesis will make her dark redresses.
Death throes wildly shown upon the field,
Though his heart and hon our to One yield.

Blodeuwedd y Gath

