

WELSH POETRY  
OLD AND NEW  
IN ENGLISH VERSE

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES



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WELSH POETRY OLD AND  
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# WELSH POETRY

OLD AND NEW

IN ENGLISH VERSE

BY

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TO  
JOHN LLOYD WILLIAMS, D.Sc.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT BANGOR UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE

SEARCHER out in their last lone lairs  
Of Gwalia's golden olden airs,  
Searcher out of Life's mysteries  
Beside Her moon-swayed summer seas,  
Because before my children's eyes  
You have revealed to their glad surprise  
In glimmering cave and flowery nook  
The lovely leaves of Her Nature Book;  
Because you have helped their sire to mould  
Into Sassenach mintage Her Bardic gold;  
And more because our Arts unite  
Over the black notes and the white  
To guard against neglect and wrong  
Her noble ancient dower of song;  
But most because of our friendship true,  
These leaves of Her Minstrelsy old and new—  
Her oak and mistletoe's Druid wreath,  
The Princely plumes of Her purple heath,  
Her Dafydd's roses of rich delight,  
Her Ceiriog's field flowers yellow and white—  
For you in one posy proud unite.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

ERINFA, HARLECH.

*Easter Tuesday, 1912.*



## FOREWORD

MR. GRAVES'S translations cannot fail to give pleasure to those to whom his originals are familiar, but should be welcomed no less by the larger body of readers to whom Welsh poetry is accessible only by the road of translation.

Wales boasts of her early poets, and claims for her later singers a share of the divine fire and a considerable proficiency in literary workmanship.

The translator's work would be justified if he merely helped his readers to a fair judgment as to how far these claims are justified. Whether Mr. Graves has not achieved more and produced work that deserves to take its place in the fine company of English lyrics, I leave it to more competent critics to say.

He has for the most part stuck closely to his originals, but it is not difficult, I think, to trace the hand of the poet, in spite of the shackles of the translator.

With pleasure and with confidence that they will have a gratifying reception, I venture to commend these verses to the notice alike of lovers of Wales and lovers of Poesy.

A. G. ASAPH.

THE PALACE, ST. ASAPH,  
*May 23, 1911.*

## PREFACE

MANY years ago my wife's playing of Welsh airs upon the harp convinced me of their fine individuality, but it was not until I came into direct touch with the musical life of the Principality that I realized how the verse measures of her Folk-songs differed from those of England, Ireland and Scotland. Then as I listened here at Harlech to the voices of the farm labourer or milkmaid singing at their work, or followed at the Carnarvon or Ffestiniog National Eisteddfods the choir and penillion cadences, my ear became more and more possessed by these to me new and distinguishing National rhythms.

I turned to consult the English translations already made of many of the beautiful Welsh lyrics written by Ceiriog and others to these haunting melodies only to be met with deep disappointment. The undoubted difficulties in the way of the rendering into English of Welsh verse measures—their abounding final double rhymes, their internal rhymes and assonances, their peculiar vowel and consonantal sequences had been practically evaded. More

than this, the Celtic atmosphere of the originals had rarely been caught by the translators, even when they more or less faithfully reproduced the ideas they expressed.

While engaged on this inquiry I was asked to lecture on Folk-song, with special relation to the Folk Music of Wales, before the Cymmrodorion Section of the Carnarvon National Eisteddfod of 1906 and careful investigation occasioned by my preparation for the address proved to me beyond doubt that not only had the music of Wales begun to be neglected, but that her still unrecorded folk-airs were in imminent danger of perishing upon the lips of the few old people who still kept them alive in remote corners of the country.

My friend Sir Harry Reichel, in a paper which followed mine on the Cymmrodorion programme, strongly emphasized these views and their acceptance by our audience led to the foundation of The Welsh Folk-Song Society, which may be said to have saved the situation. For through the activities of the editor of its journal, Dr. Lloyd Williams, Miss Mary Davies, one of its honorary secretaries, its honorary treasurer, Mr. L. Jones ("Llew Tegid"), Mrs. Herbert Lewis, and Mr. Harry Evans, with their recording pencils and phonographs, numbers of beautiful Welsh airs have been rescued from oblivion.

With these old airs many old Folk-words of value have been recovered. When they have been found

faulty or worthless, they have been rehabilitated or dropped in favour of new lyrics provided by Llew Tegid, Robert Bryan, Eifion Wyn, and Morris Jones.

My share in this fascinating enterprise has been an endeavour to present non-Welsh singers with English renderings, reproducing, as far as lay in my power, the form and feeling of the original or supplied Welsh lyrics. Two selections from the newly revived Welsh Melodies which they partner, and of better-known Welsh Folk and National Songs, to which I have written English words, have been published by Messrs. Boosey, and others are in course of preparation for the press. A section of this volume consists of a series of these translations.

It was not unnatural that my interest in Welsh Folk-song should have drawn me on, as it did, to the study of the general body of Welsh poetry. But for this task I was linguistically so entirely unequal that had it not been for the assistance of many and good friends amongst the Welsh scholars and poets I could have accomplished nothing. Their cordiality towards me, evoked by my enthusiasm in the cause of their Folk-songs, has, however, led them to give me such generous help, not only in the selection and translation from modern Welsh poets, which I might perhaps myself have painfully achieved with the aid of the dictionary, but also in dealing with the difficult verse of the ancient and mediæval Bards—to which the cruxes of Pindar would have been but ABC to me—that I

believe I can fairly say that I am now presenting to my readers a selection of Welsh poetry, old and new, that is typical and sufficiently comprehensive.

My first friendly aider and abetter in, indeed I may say the real inspirer, of this volume, was that brilliant young Welsh journalist, Sidney Richard John, my associate upon the executive of the Celtic Association, and my near neighbour at Wimbledon. Up to within two days of his tragically early death at the age of twenty-nine, he was engaged at the British Museum in providing me with material for my translations, and his loss took the heart out of my work for the time being. The greater part of the sections in my introduction which relate to contemporary Welsh Poets, and the Poets of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries is his, and much of the long note on Welsh metres came from his pen. His death in June, 1910, left me without a definite collaborator, and greatly delayed the completion of this volume. Then Sir T. Marchant Williams and Dr. Lloyd Williams gave me great encouragement, and even greater help. Mr. H. Brython Hughes, much aided by Mr. T. Gwynn Jones and Mr. Timothy Lewis, transcribed and translated much important matter for me at the Welsh National Library at Aberystwyth including his father's (Hugh Derfel's) noble sacred poem, "The Immovable Covenant." Then I had a visit here at Harlech from my friend, Canon Edwards (Gwynedd), who threw much valuable light for me on Welsh Cynghanedd—

verse harmony—and gave my son and myself a delightful lesson on the construction of the *Englyn*.

Returning to Wimbledon, I sought and found ready and whole-hearted help from two leading Welsh poets, Professor John Morris Jones and the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, both in the way of suggested selection and of actual translation, when I was engaged upon the writings of the bards of the Princes and their immediate successors. In the latter field of assistance I have also to render cordial thanks to the Rev. Elwyn Thomas, author of that remarkable novel, "The Forerunner," and to the Rev. Tecwyn Evans, who, at his friendly instance, gave me much useful help; while my heartiest thanks are owing to Mr. H. Idris Bell for seeing all my proofs through the Press.

Then for copyright poetical material to work upon warm acknowledgments are due to Professor Morris Jones and Eifion Wyn, each represented by three poems in this volume, to "Elved," T. Gwynn Jones, Robert Bryan and W. J. Gruffydd, who have each given me the use of two lyrics, and to the Archdruid (Dyfed), and to Sir T. Marchant Williams, who have allowed me the use of single specimens of their verse, as also to Mr. J. H. Davies, the Registrar of Aberystwyth University College, for leave to translate one of the ballads in his interesting Welsh Ballad Book.

A word here as to the line I have taken as a translator. A very limited knowledge of Welsh metric convinced me of the impossibility of faithfully

following Welsh measures in English. I have, however, endeavoured by the use of alliteration, cross alliteration, and "inlaid" rhymes and assonances to give verse renderings as close in their resemblance to the peculiarities of the Welsh "strict metres" as English taste will tolerate. When my originals are in the "free metres" I have reproduced them in the same measures. Again, I have attempted, I fear very imperfectly, to reproduce in English the old world speech of the early Welsh bards, and to maintain a progressive modernization of language through the subsequent poetical periods, from that of Dafydd ab Gwilym, down to our living Neo-Romantics.

If I have been at all successful it must be in large measure attributed to two causes. The path of translation has been so attractively prepared for me by Gray and Johnes in the past, and the Rev. Edmund Jones and Mr. H. Idris Bell in the present, that I have been tempted to follow it without stepping in their footsteps. Indeed, I have, as far as possible, avoided challenging comparison with their English verse renderings from the Welsh. And then I have been aided in the accomplishment of my task by the interesting affinity in form, feeling, and even subject matter between early and mediæval Irish and Welsh poetry, in the translation of which I have, indeed, been almost concurrently engaged.

Lastly, I have to thank the editors of *The Times*, *The Contemporary Review*, *The Spectator*, *The*

*Athenæum*, *T.P.'s Weekly*, *The Nationalist*, *Wales*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Westminster Gazette*, and *The Manchester Guardian*, for permission to re-publish many of the translations contained in this volume, and also to make my best acknowledgments for the warm encouragement given me over my lyrical work by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Owen Edwards, and Sir Edward Anwyl, and above all, by the Bishop of St. Asaph, who has been good enough to write the Foreword to this Anthology.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

ERINFA, HARLECH.  
*25th April, 1912.*



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD . . . . .	vii
PREFACE . . . . .	ix
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	xxi

### EARLY WELSH POETS

ANGOR THE RIGHTEOUS . . . . .	1
THE ODES TO THE MONTHS . . . . .	2
THE PROPHECY . . . . .	5
A SONG TO THE WIND . . . . .	6
THE TERCETS . . . . .	10
THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN . . . . .	12

### THE PERIOD OF THE PRINCES

THE BOAST . . . . .	13
MY CHOSEN ONE . . . . .	14
THE DEATH-BED SONG OF MEILYR, THE POET . . . . .	15
FROM THE EULOGY OF EVE, DAUGHTER OF MADOC, SON OF MEREDYTH . . . . .	15
GWALCHMAI'S DELIGHT . . . . .	16
AN ODE TO GWENLLIAN THE FAIR . . . . .	18
MYFANWY FECHAN . . . . .	18
ON THE HOSPITALITY OF PRINCE RHYS . . . . .	22

xviii WELSH POETRY OLD AND NEW

THE RENASCENCE

	PAGE
SENDING THE SUMMER TO GLAMORGAN . . . . .	23
MY BURIAL . . . . .	26
THE LAST CYWYDD . . . . .	27
THE SONG OF THE THRUSH . . . . .	29
THE DYING LOVER . . . . .	31
THE LABOURER . . . . .	34
CYWYDD MERCH . . . . .	36
THE ELEGY ON SION GLYN, A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OF AGE . . . . .	37
LARGESSE . . . . .	39
ENGLYN, ON THE GRAVE OF GRUFFYDD HIRAETHOG . .	40
THE GREY STEED . . . . .	40
THE NOBLE'S GRAVE . . . . .	41

POETS OF THE XVII. AND XVIII.  
CENTURY

A GOOD WIFE . . . . .	42
THE MAID OF MAIDS . . . . .	43
RICHARD VAUGHAN TO HIS CAT . . . . .	46
EXILED FROM MONA . . . . .	49
WATCHING THE WHEAT . . . . .	50
THE CUCKOO'S ADDRESS TO MERIONETH . . . . .	51

XIX. CENTURY POETS

SOMEONE . . . . .	53
FROM "THE OLD SCHOOL" . . . . .	54
THE MARSH OF RHUDDLAN . . . . .	55
IN PRAISE OF WALES . . . . .	57
THE PAUPER'S GRAVE . . . . .	59
TO REACH THE REALM OF LIGHT . . . . .	60
BEHIND THE VEIL . . . . .	62

SELECTIONS FROM CEIRIOG

	PAGE
THE RED PLOUGH . . . . .	64
THE MEN OF HARLECH . . . . .	67
VENTURE, GWEN . . . . .	68
THE REIGN OF LOVE . . . . .	69
THE SHEPHERD OF THE SHIELING . . . . .	71
THE VALE OF CLWYD . . . . .	72
PLAS GOGERDDAN . . . . .	73
THE BARD'S DREAM . . . . .	74
FORTH TO BATTLE . . . . .	76
OVER THE STONE . . . . .	77
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT . . . . .	78
THE RISING OF THE SUN . . . . .	79
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK . . . . .	80
JENNY JONES . . . . .	81
SONGS OF CYMRU . . . . .	82

SONGS AND BALLADS TO FOLK TUNES

GWENO'S HARP . . . . .	84
GOOD-BYE TO ARVON . . . . .	85
DOLLY . . . . .	86
GO, GENTLE DOVE . . . . .	87
WATERFALL HOLLOW . . . . .	89
THE LITTLE CUCKOO . . . . .	90
THE FLOWERS OF THE WEST . . . . .	91
THE YELLOW CREAM . . . . .	92
THE BLACKBIRD . . . . .	94
THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY . . . . .	95

CONTEMPORARY POETS

YOUNG WALES . . . . .	97
THE HIGH TIDE . . . . .	98

	PAGE
THE DRAGOMAN . . . . .	101
IN MEMORY OF MAIR ELUNED . . . . .	102
MY LAND . . . . .	103
THE OLD MELODY . . . . .	105
MY GARDEN . . . . .	106
“ORA PRO NOBIS” . . . . .	107
A FLOWER SUNDAY LULLABY . . . . .	108
TO DAFYDD AB EDMUND . . . . .	110
THE BALLAD OF THE OLD BACHELOR OF TY’N Y MYNYDD .	112
GWERFYL MECHAIN . . . . .	113
LULLABY . . . . .	114

### HYMNS AND RELIGIOUS POEMS .

HAIL GLORIOUS LORD! . . . . .	116
THE BARD’S DEATH-BED CONFESSION . . . . .	117
QUICK, DEATH! . . . . .	119
COUNSEL IN VIEW OF DEATH . . . . .	120
FROM “THE LAST JUDGMENT” . . . . .	122
“WELE’N SEFYLL” . . . . .	124
“MARCHOG JESU!” . . . . .	125
THE IMMOVABLE COVENANT . . . . .	126
A LAMENT . . . . .	130
THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM:	
I. RACHEL MOURNING . . . . .	132
II. THE BURNING TEMPLE . . . . .	133
LOVE DIVINE . . . . .	134
 A NOTE ON WELSH METRES . . . . .	 135
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES . . . . .	145

## INTRODUCTION

THE question of the antiquity of Welsh poetic literature has been sharply discussed, but the grounds of the discussion have been modified somewhat in favour of this antiquity by such Celtic philologists as Zeuss and by the discovery of specimens of old Welsh in the Cambridge Codex of Juvenecus. Mr. Thomas Stevens, though he did so much to establish the claims of his country to a real literature, doubted the authenticity of many of the so-called works of Taliessin, Aneurin, Merlin, and Llywarch Hen ; while Mr. W. F. Skene has edited the four ancient books of Wales containing these and other early Welsh poems with consummate skill. Critical opinion now inclines to the belief that whilst these poems are in their present form not in any instances older than the eleventh century, the substance of many of them, as in the case of many early Irish poems, may belong to the dates attributed to them. Not a few of the poems accredited to Aneurin may thus be regarded, not only as popular editions of much older poems, but to have been so little altered as to be, in effect, original works ; though others have been so

substantially changed that they may be regarded as new poems on early subjects. The Gododin of Aneurin has the highest claims to antiquity. Its obscurity and fragmentary character make it difficult reading. Mr. Skene thinks that it is in reality two poems welded into one on two events long separated, *i.e.* an account of the Battle of Catteraeth, fought about the year A.D. 596, between the Britons and Scots and the pagan Saxons and their British subjects of Deira and Bernicia aided by the half-pagan Picts of Guotodin, a district along the Firth of Forth; and in the second place, a description of the Battle of Strathcairinn, now Strathcarron, in which Domnal Brec, king of the Dalriadic Scots of Alba, was slain in the year 642. The poem contains some ninety-four stanzas, and is distinguished by a fierce intensity of action and a heroic treatment in which exultation and lamentation alternate with fine effect. It is altogether a true epic. A specimen in translation has been given of this poem and also a longer one from the poem entitled "The Ode to the Months," also attributed to Aneurin.

Taliessyn, whose name has been explained to mean "splendid forehead," was, like Aneurin and Llywarch Hen, a warrior bard. Of the seventy-seven pieces attributed to him Stephens thinks twelve may be genuine, and as old as the sixth century. He became the Bard of Urien Rheged, to

whom and to his son Owain his chief poems, containing passages of great beauty, are addressed. Two specimens of translation from his works are given, *i.e.* the "Song of the Wind," and "The Prophecy." Llywarch Hen is represented in this volume by two poems; the curious "Tercets," in which nature poetry and proverbial philosophy are oddly intermingled, much in the same manner as in Aneurin's "Ode to the Months," and also by "The Hall of Cynddylan," one of the finest as one of the earliest of Welsh elegies. I have not dealt with Merlin (Myrddin), the fourth famous poet of the sixth century. Though various poems reputed to be by him are to be found in the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, they are all probably of much later date.

The second well-marked period in the history of Welsh poetry, to quote Professor Lewis Jones, "extends roughly from the beginning of the twelfth century down to the death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, in 1282, and may be called the age of the Princes. The twelfth century was in Wales, as elsewhere, the beginning of a period of remarkable literary activity and, with the growth of the power of the Welsh princes, bards found both stimulating themes to sing of and conditions eminently favourable to the cultivation of their art. Moreover, some of the princes—Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd and Owain Cyfeiliog, for example—were among the most

famous bards of this period, and remind us of those Courts of Southern France where the Troubadour's art became the study and the pastime even of kings. And, like Provence, Wales became, during the period of the Princes, a veritable 'nest of singing birds.'" The language of these poems, as the Professor points out, is difficult, but apart from this there is little in them to stimulate the interest of the modern scholar. There is a tedious iteration in the themes chosen, which consist, for the most part, of "eulogies and elegies of nobles and high-born dames of the day." Occasionally a fresh note is struck in some spirited lyric of love, such as Hywel ab Owain's celebrated "Can y Dewis," or a brief lay of Nature, such as Gwalchmai's "Delight." But most of the bards found that their duty and profit alike lay in chanting the praises of their princes and their patrons.

Much has been written lately, and well written, upon the poetry of Dafydd ab Gwilym by Professor Lewis Jones, Mr. H. Idris Bell, Mr. Ernest Rhys, and other acute critics. He undoubtedly brought into the period of Welsh poetical literature that followed that of the Princes powers hitherto unapproached in Welsh song. He was a poet of nature and of love. No nature poet had hitherto appeared in Europe with anything like his loving eye, not only for the beauties of Spring and Summer, but for the manifold

wealth of seasonal changes through which the year passes in wild Wales. He was a close observer of animal life, he described woods and flowers with absolute fidelity, he catches the song of the skylark and the storm thrush more perfectly than any English poet could have done, and pictures the gull floating in air or the swan riding the waters with inimitable art. He did not, like Wordsworth or Islwyn, read nature into human life with that spiritual insight for which they were so remarkable, but as a poet of fancy, the vivid, delicate, sympathetic fancy of the Celt, he was, and still remains, unmatched.

As Sir Norman Lockyer has lately proved what an extraordinarily close scientific observer of nature Tennyson was, so Mr. Idris Bell appositely suggests that Davydd's descriptions of nature are so strikingly accurate, and he shows such a wide range of observation, that it would be an interesting task for some one versed in Natural History to study his poems from this point of view. "I fancy," he writes, "that a fairly comprehensive, and a very trustworthy idea of the commoner fauna and flora of Wales could thus be obtained." As instances of the accuracy of Davydd's observation may be specially mentioned his admirable poems on "The Woodcock" and "The Moorcock." As a love poet he is not equally great, but he outsings the Troubadours,

some of whose conventions he has borrowed, if, indeed, they did not reach him indirectly. Professor Cowell, Professor Lewis Jones, and Professor Stern show, as Mr. Idris Bell sums up their criticism, that the influence effected upon the European lyric by the Troubadours, which reaching its height in Provence, spread from thence to Italy, Germany, and through France to England, is to be met with in the poetry of Davydd and his contemporaries. The influence of the Troubadours appears in his "pre-occupation with the subject of love, in his analyses and fanciful illustrations of the passion, in his love dialogues, in his dawn songs (*i.e.* his conversations between lovers at the daybreak), in his employment of the love messenger, his satire of the jealous husband, and his bardic quarrels with Gruffydd Gryg and others." But it is equally true that his poetry of love is individual, not abstract. Whatever may be true of his real relations with Morfydd, he leaves the impression, which he evidently intended, of real, not platonic love. "It is not except rarely," as Mr. Idris Bell finely puts it, "the *passion* of love that he expresses; he has nothing of the emotional intensity of Catullus and even the elegy of his contemporary Llewelyn Goch on Lleucu Llwyd has a thrill and actuality which we do not find in Dafydd's love-poetry. Nor is his love of that ideal kind which we see in Dante. It is playful, or tender, or

plaintive, but Dafydd, with unerring art, always avoids striking too deep a note ; he keeps his love-poetry suspended, as it were, between earth and heaven, in an airy region of fancy and pure loveliness. He embroiders his love with curious conceits, and invents fantastic or humorous adventures of which it was the occasion.

“ It is perhaps especially by virtue of his humour that Dafydd’s love-poetry stands out so strikingly from the mass of similar verse produced in the Middle Ages. The great weakness of most mediæval writers was their excessive seriousness. Humorous works are, indeed, not rare in mediæval literature ; but it is possible to take even humour too seriously, and one feels with most of the mediævals that they had never full control of their theme ; they could not get, so to say, outside of it, but allowed it to carry them along with it. Thus, Matthew Arnold speaks very aptly of the ‘ mediæval helplessness.’ From this helplessness Dafydd, like Chaucer, was free ; and his freedom was, I believe, largely owing to his humour. He does not allow himself to be so occupied with his immediate business that he cannot look at his theme as a whole and in detachment ; the perception of the humorous aspect of things is never far from him ; and yet at the same time his humour is so shot through with poetry and delicate fancy that it does not become either mere farce on the one hand or

mere wit on the other. . . .” Those who have read Mr. Idris Bell’s beautiful prose renderings from Dafydd ab Gwilym and Rhys ab Rhiccert, appearing in *The Nationalist* and elsewhere, will be gratified to know that they will ere long see the light in book form, prefaced by such a literary estimate of these poets as Mr. Bell has proved himself so happily qualified to write. It is often said that the *cywydd* was invented by Dafydd ab Gwilym ; nearer the truth is the statement of the Rev. J. C. Morrice (“ A Manual of Welsh Literature,” p. 53) that it already existed, though not as a separate metre, in the last two lines of the *englyn*. It was Dafydd ab Gwilym’s genius that saw its utility as a separate metre, and it certainly became the most popular measure with succeeding bards. As an introduction of a general character is hardly the place for the interpolation of a short essay on Welsh prosody, with its twenty-four “ strict metres,” a full technical explanation of these terms, “ *cywydd* ” and “ *englyn*,” provided by Canon Edwards (Gwynedd) and others, will be found in the notes at the end of this volume.

Brief biographies and critical notes relating to the works of Dafydd’s contemporaries and successors—Rhys Goch ab Rhiccert, Iolo Goch, Dafydd ab Edmund, Lewis Glyn Cothi, William Llyn, Gwerfy Mechain, and Dr. Sion Cent—will be found at the end of this volume.

Hugh Morris (Huw Morus) was the leading Welsh poet of the seventeenth century. The younger son of a respectable landowner, he farmed the soil in the Ceiriog Valley, but early turned to poetry, and, attracting the attention of the magnates of Chirk Castle, Porkington, Glasgold and Plasnewydd by his power of extempore verse, received an encouragement which ere long put him in the position of a recognized bard. In politics he was a staunch Royalist, and during the Civil War, proved himself the equal if not the superior of Samuel Butler as a writer of anti-Republican satire. He covered a great deal of ground as a poet, beginning as an amatory lyricist, and, after good-naturedly lashing the hypocrisies of his opponents, closing his career as the writer of some beautiful religious verses, and notably his deathbed confession. Ellis Wynne, son of Edward Wynne, born fifty years later, lived near Harlech, where he held the livings of Llandanwy and Llanbedr. He was an excellent writer of verse, and one of the greatest masters of Welsh prose. His "Visions of the Sleeping Bard" is, indeed, one of the most beautifully written works in the Welsh language. Though in many respects indebted to "Quevedo's Visions," the matter of Ellis Wynne's book is distinctly original, and most poetically expressed, though he is none the less able to expose and scourge the immoralities of his age. Other

writers of mark in this century are the Vicar Pritchard, who, knowing the poetical tastes of the Welsh people, composed some of his stirring sermons in verse, and was the author of a large body of hymns and religious poems, which have run through many editions and gained immense popularity. William Hopkin (1701-1741) was a poet of the Glamorgan Gorsedd. His "Watching the Wheat" is perhaps his most famous poem.

The eighteenth century opened upon a Wales extraordinarily different from that of our own day. Her life, literary, linguistic, social, and religious, was rooted in the Middle Ages, but drew thence only meagre and inferior sustenance. "Summing up the condition of things," say Principal Sir John Rhys and Sir David Brynmor-Jones in "The Welsh People," "we may say that there were an indifferent upper class, a clergy, wretchedly paid, of low moral and spiritual type, and a people ignorant to the last degree cultivating the soil, for the most part unable to read and write, and habitually speaking a language unknown to their superiors. . . . The inhabitants of the Welsh counties were divided into two classes very unequal in numbers; a landowning class, aristocratic in type, speaking, for the most part, the English language alone, in close touch with the same class in England, actuated by the same motives and imbued with the same prejudices; and

the other class chiefly cultivators of the soil, habitually speaking the Welsh language, retaining many views of life, ideas, and traditions belonging to an earlier stage of civilisation, lively in character, imaginative, quick in action, passionately devoted to music and country pursuits."

In such an age as this it was not to be wondered at that only the highly educated could have an opportunity of exercising the poetic craft, and but for the fostering care of Lewis Morris, grandfather of the author of "Songs of Two Worlds," and the "Epic of Hades," and himself no mean poet, as the illustration from his work in this volume will show, its leading bard would have not had a hearing. For it was through his generosity that Goronwy Owen, the Anglesey poet, received his education at Bangor, and afterwards became a scholar of Jesus College, Oxford. Joining the Anglican ministry, he continued a poor curate, in uncongenial surroundings, yearning all the time for a home in the Welsh hills. His life was indeed a miserable one. Unjustly treated by the authorities of his church, bitterly afflicted by poverty and his wife's intemperance, he at last went under. His genius, however, asserted itself through all his sufferings. As the Rev. Elvet Lewis writes, "here at once we meet the true artist lost in his art. His humour is as playful as if the hand of a stern fate had never struck him in the face. His muse can

laugh and make others laugh, or it can weep and make others weep." Specimens of two of his best known poems, an extract from his "An Ode on the Day of Judgment," and his "Farewell to Mona," as well as translations of poems by his foster-father, Lewis Morris, represent the lyrical poetry of this period; I have, moreover, given in the notes at the end of this volume an excerpt from Borrow's translation of one of "Twm o'r Nant's" (Thomas Edwards') interludes which were high in popular favour at this time.

Two clergymen of the Church of England in Wales, the Rev. John Blackwell, best known as the bard "Alun," and the Rev. Evan Evans, otherwise, by bardic title, "Ieuan Glan Geirionnydd," saw the beginning of that tendency to didacticism which became so great an influence in the Welsh poetry of last century. Yet Alun resisted it and wrote some of the most delightful songs in the Welsh language, whilst Geirionnydd, although he contributed some fine hymns of his own to the religious life of his nation, including "Ar lan Iorddonen ddofn," and some very successful translations from the English hymnology, is still more famous for his magnificent ballad to the old lamentation air of the "Marsh of Rhuddlan," popularly believed to be composed in commemoration of the defeat of Caradoc by Offa, king of Mercia, in 796, though the

Rev. S. Baring Gould considers the characteristics of the tune to be those of seventeenth-century music.

These two poets wrote in what are known as "the free metres," forms of composition in which the writers have been bound by no rules but those which satisfy the requirements of simple prosody. Eben Fardd reverted to the strict metres described in a previous paragraph, and made the *cywydd* metre, in which Dafydd ab Gwilym so excelled, not only popular with the bards, but even among those of the peasantry who had been previously disposed to regard it as something a little above their heads. According to Professor Lewis Jones ("Caniadau Cymru," p. 312), no poem in the strict metres is more read than Eben Fardd's "Dynystr Jerusalem," translated in this volume, unless, indeed, its popularity is rivalled by Hiraethog's ode on "Heddwch" (Peace).

Two more poets of this period remain to be noticed, Talhaiarn (John Jones) and Ioan Emlyn (Dr. John Emlyn Jones). Close parallels exist between the lives, the characters and the works of Talhaiarn and Robert Burns. For both achieved immortality by lyrics written to the folk music of their respective countries, and both might have earned even fairer laurels but for the same moral weaknesses. Ioan Emlyn, a Baptist minister, was a prolific writer in prose and in the strict metres, but in neither did he produce anything of equal charm

to that touching lyric "The Pauper's Grave," by which he is represented in these pages.

At first sight, it may appear that a disproportionate amount of space has been allotted in this volume to the works of Ceiriog. The inclusion of so many of his compositions is justified by the fact that they represent not merely a man, but a movement. What the New Bards collectively stand for in the twentieth century, Ceiriog, individually, embodied in the nineteenth. "The truth is," says Professor W. Lewis Jones, in the introduction to his delightful anthology, "that the Revival overshadows almost the whole of the poetry of the first half of the nineteenth century, and its bards concern themselves with things grave, and serious and sad." Against that spirit of gloom Ceiriog threw himself up in sharp and eager revolt. In him the joy of life welled up and overflowed in song. He turned from theology to nature, sang the song of the wild and of the beautiful, and tuned the Welsh harp again to themes of love and patriotism.

It was but natural, perhaps, that he

"Never could recapture  
The first, fine, careless rapture"

of the love-poets of fifteenth and seventeenth century Wales ; but he nevertheless succeeded in reminding his compatriots that the love-song might be pure and noble poetry, and that such poetry too might be

written in the free metres, despite a tendency, recent in his day, to leave them to rhymesters of poor taste and worse morals.

In one other respect did the shadow of the religious revival prove too powerful for Ceiriog. He burst through it himself, but could lead after him no company of kindly lyrical singers. It was an individual triumph which makes him stand out with startling distinctness from among the bards of his century; and only now are we witnessing the germination of the seeds he sowed so deep in the heart of his nation.

One of the Triads declares that three things are essential to poetic genius: "an eye to see nature; a heart to feel nature; and courage that dares follow nature." None of these things did Islwyn lack, and the third he possessed in a degree so uncommon that there are those who claim for him a supreme place among Welsh poets of the latter day. That place might have been incontestably his, had he not steadfastly refused to regard poetry as an art. His gifts remained uncultivated, except for that unconscious and undirected cultivation which came from their exercise. Islwyn would not use the pruning-knife, and the few finest fruits of his Muse are consequently buried beneath immense accumulations of weedy and inferior growth. In this respect he resembles Wordsworth when his finest inspiration

had left him, and though he rarely reached Wordsworth's lofty heights of thought, it is as a thinker that Islwyn stands out most prominently among those whose names are justly honoured by lovers of Welsh literature.

Two specimens of his verse are given—a lyric, and a passage in blank verse from “The Storm.”

“Like much of our own Highland Barderie,” writes Dr. Magnus Maclean, in “The Literature of the Celts,” “the Welsh poetry” of the nineteenth century “was the product of workmen who had never been taught to read or write their own language in the schools. Yet such was their natural taste and style that some of their modern lyrics need not fear comparison with those of Tannahill or even of Burns. Undoubtedly such poetry has serious limitations, but it has a charm and beauty of its own, and is as fresh and limpid as the mountain streams. The fragrance of the heather is upon it quite as much as it is upon the lyrics of our own bards in the Highlands. And as these latter felt the charm of the towering mountain, the gloomy glen, the forest solitude, the lonely, mysterious sea, the bubbling stream, the wild-flower, and the changing seasons, and gave felicitous and sympathetic expression to the emotions these awakened in their breasts, so did the peasant poets of wild Wales. All through last century, both in the Highlands and in that country, there have

been a succession of minor bards who have maintained the native tongue sweet and warm and tuneful by their lyrics."

This is a true criticism ; ample justification exists, therefore, for the inclusion of examples of the national songs as well as of the folk songs of The Principality in a collection of this kind. Often enough these are remarkable for the beauty of their words as well as that of their music. Therefore it must be matter for congratulation to all lovers of Wales that the Welsh Folk Song Society is now busy at the eleventh hour in saving for ourselves and for posterity many musical and literary treasures which seemed doomed to go down to oblivion upon the silent lips of a vanishing generation ; too silent, indeed, for many of the folk singers still possessing them are either too old to care to sing them, unless under considerable pressure, or have become too serious-minded to desire to do so.

In this section and a previous one specimens of Penillion are given. This is a form of singing which for the benefit of English readers unacquainted with the term may be explained as the improvising of verses to stock tunes in such a way that the words serve as an accompaniment to the air rather than the air to the words. Penillion might be otherwise stated to be verses written for singing, usually in simple counterpoint, to the music of the harp.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Penillion singing was extremely popular throughout Wales, and a practice which was, to say the least, of a strikingly similar character, seems to have been common far earlier. For Giraldus Cambrensis, in his description of twelfth-century Wales, describing the entertainment of guests with harping, says that "in each family the art of playing on the harp is held preferable to any other learning," and adds: "In their rhymed songs and set speeches they are so subtile and ingenious, that they produce, in their native tongue, ornaments of wonderful and exquisite invention both in the words and sentences. Hence arise those poets whom they call Bards, of whom you will find many in this nation, endowed with the above faculty. According to the poet's observation: *Plurima concreti fuderunt carmina Bardi*. But they make use of alliterations in preference to all other ornaments." All this is peculiarly applicable to Penillion singing. Thousands of these verses are floating about in Welsh tradition and in fugitive print, varied alike in subject and in excellence. Sometimes they are associated with the names of individual bards; sometimes they are of unknown authorship.

The two translated poems of Elfed, which introduce the section of this book dealing with contemporary Welsh poets have been chosen for that position because their originals illustrate very clearly

the chief characteristics of present-day Welsh poetry. Each displays finished versification ; a delicate appreciation of what words may be meant to convey, both to the ear and to the intellect ; and real power to feel and to express poetical aspects of human and natural life. With these qualities, however, there goes a determination to employ poetry as an instrument for moral instruction and uplifting, which by thus limiting its scope militates against the attainment of the highest literary success in such fields as that of the secular drama and lyric, and is opposed to the point of view of pure art.

This circumstance is largely due to the close association that has existed for many years between the Welsh poets and the Welsh pulpit. Indeed, Elfed represents a very large class of poet preachers whose works may safely be pronounced the most powerful influence operative in the Wales of our day. But even the poet preacher sometimes relaxes into humour, and the arch-druid Dyfed (the Rev. Evan Rees) reveals in his "The Dragoman" a fine turn for satire of the kind for which some of the mediæval Welsh bards were famous. The note of lamentation of which early Welsh poetry is so full, and which, indeed, no collection of Welsh verse is without, is most pathetically struck by Sir T. Marchant Williams' lament for Mair Eluned, the beautiful and gifted daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Eifion Wyn, of whose fine work three examples are given, lies between "Elfed" and the new school of Welsh lyrists. He has much of the religious feeling of the former, but is less sophisticated than the latter. Like Ceiriog he has won the heart of the people, and is more unfailingly careful in his technique than that poet, though not his equal either in versatility or *abandon*.

Professor John Morris Jones, in making patriotism the theme of "Free Wales," one of the songs translated in this collection, chooses a subject which for some time has been growing in popularity among the poets of The Principality. The patriotism of modern Welsh verse, however, is not militant, it implies no hostility to any other nationality, and in this respect differs vitally from the patriotism of the early bards. Even apart from the circumstance that their subjects lend themselves less freely to didactic treatment, it will be felt that in "Free Wales" "The Old Melody," and the charming conceit of "My Garden," Professor Morris Jones sounds the lyrical note, the appeal of pure song, far more clearly than they are sounded except in rare instances by the Welsh preacher poets.

The fact is that Professor Morris Jones stands on the threshold of a new palace of poetic art which may be destined to furnish great things in the immediate future. For whether this call to a new

literary life has come from the neo-Celtic school of Irish and Scotch writers, led by Mr. W. B. Yeats and "Fiona McLeod," or whether it is due to the fuller and freer æsthetic training now afforded by the Welsh University, it daily grows more insistent upon a Cymric hearing.

Y Beirdd Newydd (The New Poets), as it has become the fashion to speak of those identified with the movement just referred to, are here represented by examples of the works of three of their number—Professor Morris Jones, T. Gwynn Jones, and W. J. Gruffyd.

Slight though these excerpts are, they may suffice to indicate the main characteristics of the New School. Their writers have ventured outside those fields of theological discussion, philosophic reflection and moral exhortation to which the bards had become more and more devoted during the first nine decades of the nineteenth century. They look for inspiration not so much within as without themselves; to the history of the Welsh rather than that of the Jews; to the heroes of the Mabinogion rather than to the lives of local celebrities, and above all to the sharp thrusts and shrewd blows of Fate which are the common woe of human-kind and to the graces of valley and mountain, river and wold, which are their balm and recompense.

No collection of Welsh Poetry would be complete without a Sacred Section and, as is only fitting, this has been made the final section.

Here the selections made have been carried down in chronological order from the earliest to almost the latest times. Of course in a collection of this size nothing like a representative gathering of hymns and religious poems, in which the Welsh so excel, would be possible. But the specimens presented are at least typical of their periods and varied in their character and metrification. Biographical particulars and critical estimates of those of the writers included in this section who have not already been so dealt with—Pantecelyn, Ann Griffiths, Hugh Derfel and Hiraethog—will be found in the Notes at the end of this Anthology.

## EARLY WELSH POETS

### ANGOR THE RIGHTEOUS

(From "The Gododin")

ANGOR, fright-horde,  
"Snake-bite," thy sword,  
Mailed men on sward  
    To death crushes.

Like a bayed bear, fighting, fending,  
Spears thou'rt rending  
'Mid the entrenchment's  
    Bemired rushes.

As Nedding Nar  
For kites starving,  
Be thou carving  
    A feast of flesh.

Angor, "the righteous," of right we address thee,  
Yea! to our Lords of the Fight we confess thee,  
Merin and Madyer for thy birth we bless thee.

Chant, my lyre, 'tis meet, his great renown,  
Won through fire and sleet and thunder brown!

Manly knight of conflict, thou art blythe  
 With the brave red wielders of War's scythe,  
 But each worthless one wilt thou behead,  
 Where the sun gives flame thy name shall spread.  
 Shield on shoulder laid thy blade goes shearing still,  
 While its strokes Life's vintage vessels broach and  
 spill.

Drink-gold more due thou now hast won  
 Than Gwaedwerth, Llywri's wine-steeped son !

*Aneurin.*

## THE ODES TO THE MONTHS

MONTH of Janus, the coom is smoke-fuming ;  
 Weary the wine-bearer ; minstrels far roaming ;  
 Lean are the kine ; the bees never humming ;  
 Milking-folds void ; to the kiln no meat coming ;  
 Gaunt every steed ; no pert sparrows strumming ;  
 Long the night till the dawn ; but a glimpse is the  
 gloaming.

Sapient Cynfelyn, this was thy summing ;  
 " Prudence is Man's surest guide, by my dooming."

\* \* \* \* \*

Month of Mars ; the birds become bolder ;  
 Wounding the wind upon the cape's shoulder ;  
 Serene skies delay till the young crops are older ;  
 Anger burns on, when grief waxes colder ;

Every man's mind some dread may unsolder ;  
 Each bird wins the may that hath long been a  
     scolder ;  
 Each seed cleaves the clay, though for long months  
     a-moulder,  
 Yet the dead still must stay in the tomb, their  
     strong holder.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Month of Maia—athrill with amours—  
 Shelter the ditch from the hot sun secures ;  
 Comfort his robe to the aged assures ;  
 Cuckoos are talkative ones in the bowers ;  
 Converse is easy where charity flowers ;  
 Foliage flourishes ; sportive are wooers ;  
 Now in the mouths of the shrill market criers  
 Lamb-skin as sheep-skin is cheap for the buyers.

Month of Junius—fields fresh and bland ;  
 Smoothest the seas ; well pleasing the strand ;  
 Day long and fair, fond the gay woman band ;  
 Fullest the flock ; the bog hardening to land.  
 God for tranquillity ever hath planned ;  
 Satan to mischief hath still set his hand.  
 Every soul coveteth power to command,  
 Yet in weakness runs out e'en the mighty one's sand.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Month of Augustus—the beach is a-spray ;  
 Blithesome the bee and the hive full away ;

Better work than the bow hath the sickle to-day ;  
 Fuller the stack than the House of the Play ;  
 The Churl who cares neither to work nor to pray  
 Now why should he cumber the earth with his clay ?  
 Justly St. Breda, the sapient, would say  
 " As many to evil as good take the way."

Month of September—benign planets shiver ;  
 Serene round the hamlet are ocean and river ;  
 Not easy for men and for steeds is endeavour ;  
 Trees full of fruit, as of arrows the quiver.  
 A Princess was born to us, blessed for ever,  
 From slavery's shackles our land's freedom-giver.  
 Saith St. Berned the Saint, ripe Wisdom's mouth  
 ever ;  
 " In sleep shall God nod, Who hath sworn to  
 deliver ? "

Month of October—thin the shade is showing ;  
 Yellow are the birch-trees ; bothies empty growing ;  
 Full of flesh, bird and fish to the market going ;  
 Less and less the milk now of cow and goat is flowing.  
 Alas ! for him who meriteth disgrace by evil doing ;  
 Death is better far than extravagance's strowing.  
 Three acts should follow crime, to true repentance  
 owing—  
 Fasting and prayer and of alms abundance glowing.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Month of December—with mud the shoe bemired ;

Heavy the land, the sun in heaven tired ;  
 Bare all the trees, little force now required ;  
 Cheerful the cock ; by dark the thief inspired.

Whilst the Twelve Months thus trip in dance untired,  
 Round youthful minds Satan still weaves his fetter.  
 Justly spake Yscolan, Wisdom's sage begetter,  
 " Than an evil prophecy God is ever better."

*Aneurin.*

## THE PROPHECY

*(After Borrow's Version)*

A DRAGON fire-breathing,  
 In horrid coils wreathing  
 Shall fly from the East with armed pinions outspread,  
 To subdue and enthrall  
 Broad Britain's all,  
 From Lochlan's loud ocean to calm Severn's bed.

The brave British men  
 Shall fall captive then  
 To fierce stranger hosts from Saxonia's strand.  
 To their God they shall hold  
 And their speech, as of old,  
 But keep only wild Wales out of all their wide land.

*Taliessyn.*

## A SONG TO THE WIND

GUESS who is this creature  
Before us outspeeding,  
Of strength so exceeding ;  
Begot ere the flood,  
Without flesh, without blood,  
Without bones, without veins,  
Without head, without foot,  
Not older or younger  
Than when he drew breath  
At earth's first beginning ;  
And no design spinning  
Of fear or of death,  
Through thirst or through hunger,  
Through anger or scaith.

Great God ! when he cometh,  
How the sea foameth  
At the breath of his nostrils,  
The blast of his mouth !  
As it smites from the south—  
Foameth and spumeth  
And roars on the shores !  
Now on the wold,  
And now in the wood,

Without hand or foot  
Escaping pursuit ;  
Jealous Destiny's rage  
Cannot wrinkle his age,  
    Though coeval was he  
With all cycles of Time,  
Nay, still in his prime  
    Ere they were beginning to be !

All the face of the earth  
    Is his mighty demesne ;  
He has ne'er come to birth ;  
    He has never been seen,  
    Yet causeth, I ween,  
Consternation and dearth !

On the sea, on the land,  
    Unviewed and unviewing,  
    Pursued and pursuing,  
Yet never at hand.  
On the land, on the sea,  
    Unviewing, unviewed,  
Though in sight of the Sun ;  
Ne'er at command,  
    Howe'er he be sued !  
Indispensable,  
Incomprehensible,  
    Matchless one !

Out of four regions,  
 Alone, yet in legions,  
     He winneth !  
 Over the seat  
     Of the great, storm-blown  
     Marble stone  
     His journey with joy he beginneth.  
 He is loud-voiced and mute  
 He yields no salute ;  
 Vehement, bold,  
 O'er the desolate wold  
     He outrunneth !

He is mute and loud-voiced ;  
     With bluster defying,  
 O'er the half of the world  
 His banner unfurled  
     He is flying !  
 He is good, he is evil—  
 Half angel, half devil ;  
     Manifest never,  
     Hidden for ever !

He is evil and good !  
 Hither and yonder  
 Intent upon plunder ;  
 In repairing it mindless,  
 Yet, therewithal, sinless !

He is moist, he is dry,  
He will fly  
From the glow of the sun,  
And the chill of the moon,  
Who yieldeth small worth  
Of heat for the earth ;  
To profit thereby.

The Master that made him  
Gave all things their birth  
God Himself, the Beginner  
And Ender of Earth.  
Who praise not His power  
Still strike a false string,  
Who exalt not the Father  
Shall tunelessly sing !

*Taliessyn.*

## THE TERCETS

SET is the snare, the ash clusters glow,  
 Ducks splash in the pools ; breakers whiten below ;  
 More strong than a hundred is the heart's hidden woe.

Long is the night ; resounding the shore,  
 Frequent in crowds a tumultuous roar ;  
 The evil and good disagree evermore.

Long is the night ; the hill full of cries ;  
 O'er the tree-tops the wind whistles and sighs ;  
 Ill nature deceives not the wit of the wise.

The greening birch saplings a-sway in the air  
 Shall deliver my feet from the enemy's snare ;  
 It is ill with a youth thy heart's secrets to share.

The saplings of oak in yonder green glade  
 Shall loosen the snare by an enemy laid ;  
 It is ill to unbosom thy heart to a maid.

The saplings of oak in their full summer pride  
 Shall loosen the snare by the enemy tied ;  
 It is ill to a babbler thy heart to confide.

The brambles with berries of purple are dressed ;  
In silence the brooding thrush clings to her nest ;  
In silence the liar can never take rest.

Rain is without—wet the fern plume ;  
White the sea gravel—fierce the waves' spume ;  
There is no lamp like reason man's life to illumine.

Rain is without, but the shelter is near ;  
Yellow the furze, the cow-parsnip is sere ;  
God in Heaven, how could'st Thou create cowards  
here !

Rain and still rain, dank these tresses of mine !  
The feeble complain of the cliff's steep incline ;  
Wan is the main ; sharp the breath of the brine.

Rain falls in a sheet ; the Ocean is drenched ;  
By the whistling sleet the reed-tops are wrenched ;  
Feat after feat ; but Genius lies quenched.

*Llywarch Hen.*

## THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

DARK is the Hall of Cynddylan.  
 To-night, without fire, without slumber :  
 I'll weep awhile, then sit dumbly.

Dark are Cynddylan's hall porches  
 To-night, without fire, without torches :  
 Let silence fall, till it scorches.

The Hall of Cynddylan is sullen  
 To-night, as thy height, Carrec Hytwyth !—  
 Hostless and guestless and feastless.

Hall of Cynddylan, though roomy,  
 Without fire, without choir thou art gloomy,  
 And tears are a trouble unto me.

Hall of Cynddylan heart-withering !  
 Gone—he is gone who went fathering  
 Hourly thy fire-hearth's gathering.

Still is the Hall of Cynddylan !  
 Chill for the loss of its Chieftain.  
 Great, merciful God ! I am grief-struck !

*Llywarch Hen.*

## THE PERIOD OF THE PRINCES

### THE BOAST

A WHITE-TOPPED wave is washing ever  
The Royal grave of Rhufawn Bevr ;

There lies the Land I love and England loathes,  
Right rich the growths her sickles sever.

I love her mead-cup's amber treasure,  
When wintry seas storm beyond measure ;

I love the Clans that in her cooms increase ;  
Their Prince hath in her peace his pleasure.

I love her steeps, her shores blue-brimming,  
Her wood-side keeps, her glades dew-swimming,  
Her meadows fountain-fed, her valleys bright,  
Her sea-gulls white, her lovely women.

I love her warriors' hero-faces,  
Their steeds and stately dwelling-places ;

I love her fields, even to their small sweet clover,  
And laud her, as a lover his lady's graces.

*Hywel ab Owain, Prince of Gwynedd.*

## MY CHOSEN ONE

My Chosen One is tall and lissome,  
 Purple her cloak as heather blossom ;  
 My chosen joy it is to watch her face,  
 When thoughts of grace breathe from her bosom.

And oh my chosen lot t'would be to share  
 With her my secret and my dower,  
 Whose hue outshines the billow's shower,  
 Whose chaste Cymraeg completes her power.

My Chosen, till I die, what to thee am I ?  
 Hast no reply ? to lovely silence frozen ?  
 Mine is indeed the maid ! Let Love be not delayed,  
 Since thus by Heaven's aid my Queen is chosen.

*Hywel ab Owain, Prince of Gwynedd.*

THE DEATH-BED SONG OF MEILYR, THE  
POET

GREAT store had I of satin and of gold  
From generous lords who loved my art of old ;  
But silent now are all my hero lays,  
Love's poignant spell my harp no longer sways.  
While I, the Poet Meilyr, supplicate  
Peter for entrance at The Heavenly Gate,  
And sing aloud of that Last Day and dread,  
When Earth and Sea shall render forth their dead.

*Meilyr.*

FROM THE EULOGY OF EVE, DAUGHTER  
OF MADOC, SON OF MEREDYTH

My sportive Princess, to the envy of Time,  
Thou still shalt start out of thy Cynddelw's rhyme;  
As when, like the foam wreath, I saw thee float down  
From the Court of the Vale in thy gossamer gown,  
The lustre of dawn in thy glances aglow,  
Dawn's blush on thy cheek, as on Epynt's high snow.  
Fair one and rare one and bright one and blest,  
If Love's fond complaint cannot pierce to thy breast,  
Yet let me not part from thy company kind.  
Though I win not thy heart, make me one with thy  
mind !

*Cynddelw.*

## GWALCHMAI'S DELIGHT

SWIFT rising dawn of joyful gliding June,  
 Melodious song of birds, calm, lustrous noon !  
 A gold-torqued Chief am I that know not fear,  
 A fierce, host-facing lion, rout in my rear !  
 At night I guard with bound-protecting sword  
 The babbling flow of Dygen Freiddin's ford.

How green the untrodden grass ! How pearly pale  
 Its stream ! And oh, its amorous nightingale !  
 The sea-mews playing o'er its bed of flood  
 Shake their white plumes in boisterous multitude ;  
 Till, whiter breasted one, the lover's season  
 With dreams of thee distract my very reason.  
 Far, far art thou from Mona's pleasant leas,  
 Where folk in splendid solitude take their ease,  
 Where truth by choicest lips is ever told,  
 Where poesy pours in one pure stream of gold.

My falchion flashes quick to guard the brave,  
 My round shield glitters glory by the wave ;  
 While dulcet harmonies from morn till eve  
 Wood-birds and waters delicately interweave.

My mind inflamed shoots like a shivering star  
 O'er all the land to Evernwy afar ;

Over white budding apple-tree, blossoming flowers,  
Woods one wide emerald at this hour of hours,  
To Caerwys' nymph, within her bower of bowers.

Gwalchmai my name, the Saxon's steadfast foe,  
For Mona's prince I struck a battle blow ;  
Before a fortress I made blood to flow,  
For Llywy's sake, fair as on trees the snow.

The nightingale that shortens sleep in May  
And Llywy's lily looks I'll praise alway.

I saw in Rhuddlan a flaming rush before  
Owain, carnage of spears, lettings of gore.  
With mortal combats I heard the Vale outring ;  
I saw a hundred Captains' silencing.

But when War's mighty music had sunk to rest,  
Sweet sang the nightingale above his nest.

*Gwalchmai.*

## AN ODE TO GWENLLIAN THE FAIR

LOVABLE paragon, light of the course !  
 Looks rosy as sunrise, locks yellow as gorse !  
 Since we must part, with my passion unspoken,  
 The heart in my bosom lies baffled and broken.  
 Heavy its heap as a funeral pyre  
 Before the red flames of its restless desire.  
 Ah, exquisite form and flashing with gold,  
 That a white steed is whirling away o'er the wold,  
 From sun-dawn to sun-down thy praises must shine ;  
 Ah, me ! then, Ah, me ! then, what hopes can be  
 mine ?

*Llywarch ab Llywelyn.*

## MYFANWY FECHAN

WITHOUT spirit am I, O, thou that enchantest,  
 As Oreirwy her Garwy.  
 Wherever I wander I mourn for thy absence  
 From thy castle of marble, Myfanwy !  
 Love is the heaviest burthen for bearing,  
 Bright sun of my heaven,  
 And no punishment sorer to me could be meted  
 Than loss of thy favour, Myfanwy.

I, who in love am sunk deeper and deeper,  
Await no deliv'rance  
But death for the sake of thy honour and beauty,  
Mild, magical, jet-browed Myfanwy.

In verses of velvety gold all thy praises  
I've told, O Myfanwy ;  
The happiness whole is this of thy lover,  
Yet sole, sole misfortune.

A mettlesome steed bore me forth on my journey,  
As pensive as Trystan ;  
And great was his speed to attain the bright summit  
Of Dinas Bran Castle.

Daily I turn my eyes toward thee, who shinest  
Like waves of Caswennan ;  
Dear, very dear but to feast their gaze on thee,  
In that spacious and gracious Palace.

On a charger high-bred I rode hard to behold thee,  
Cherry-flower-coloured !  
Eager our course, till my horse out of Alban  
Reached Bran's Royal Keep on the Highlands.

With long and deep study, with heavy heart-travail,  
Thy Poet hath praised thee,  
O white one, O bright one, forever forth shining  
Like newfallen snow upon Aran.

Beautiful bloom of the old tree of Trevor,  
 Give ear to my sorrow.  
 Death-struck I lie, I shall die without slumber,  
 If cruelty gives me no answer.

O beautiful maid, as sorely I suffer  
 As Rhun by thy palace ;  
 Without flattering guile comparing thy path  
 To the bright-swimming course of the Day Star.

Shouldst thou, whose eyes lighten so many a land,  
 For mine make demand,  
 I would part with them gladly, so sharply I suffer,  
 When thee they encounter, Myfanwy.

So touching my tale of true love, O enchantress,  
 Pure-white as the snow-drift !  
 My fond heart sinks fainting without thy sustainment,  
 O thou of the curling wave's candour.

Heaven surely decreed that this anguish exceeding  
 For thee I should suffer.  
 To wisdom and reason whoever gave heeding,  
 Who yet was a passionate lover ?

When I saw thy fair form float before me in scarlet,  
 Prince Trevor's proud daughter,  
 The sight so overcame that, 'twixt waking and  
 dreaming,  
 I scarce could gasp out love's confession.

Oh, vain is my labour in singing thy graces,  
O thou that outshinest  
The gossamer web when the summer sun's glories  
Its glittering circlet illumine.

A hard task it were for any man's weighing—  
This load of love sorrow ;  
So afflicting its goad, bright moon among maidens,  
All hue from my gaunt face has perished.

Well I know that my anguish will nothing avail me  
To win thy affection,  
O thou of a countenance bright as the blossom  
That blooms on the bough of the hawthorn.

Well, well didst thou prosper in putting thy glamour  
Upon me, Myfanwy.  
For Heaven's sake have pity, have pity upon me,  
And soften thy sad poet's penance.

For I still am thy Bard, who, though cruelly wounded  
By beauty bewildering,  
Chants thy full praises in sweet-flowing phrases,  
Mild, slender-shaped scarer of slumber !

I still am thy Bard, from morn to morn bringing  
To Dinas Bran Palace  
Lay after lay thy bright beauty forthsinging,  
Till all the earth's echoes are ringing ; "Myfanwy!"

*Hywel ap Einion Lygliw.*

## ON THE HOSPITALITY OF PRINCE RHYS

*(After Borrow)*

A HUNDRED thousand at command  
Of Rhys might plough and reap the land ;  
For Rhys a hundred vineyards flow,  
Yet flour and wine be still to owe ;  
Nay were all earth his food provider,  
Ocean, the cellar of his cider,  
Three days of open house with Rhys  
Would eat up earth, suck out the seas !

*Dafydd Nanmor.*

## THE RENASCENCE

### SENDING THE SUMMER TO GLAMORGAN

SUMMER, father of fulness,  
Green-tangled, flower-spangled brakes ;  
Prince, whose glittering presence  
Each valley a pleasaunce makes—  
Clear are thy tracks on the highways,  
Seer of the wand green-wound,  
Painter of coloured splendours  
That dullard Art confound !  
Gems of flattering promise  
Scatter thy field and slope ;  
Each osier-laced enclosure  
Is a little Eden of hope.  
Ever thy leafy arbour  
Will harbour a bevy of birds,  
Whence, the ravine side over,  
They hover with warbling words ;  
Whiles with proud rejoicing  
The merles their song-pearls fling.  
Summer, thou crown of the earth,  
At thy birth let the folk out-sing !

Summer, hear, I implore !

And o'er me in glory go forth  
 Unto Esvllt strand from Gwynedd,  
 That noble land of the north ;  
 And when thou nearest her border,  
 The dearest on ocean's shore,  
 Fleet Morgannwg my greeting  
 Most tenderly, twenty times o'er ;  
 Blessings and honour upon her  
 Two hundred times over and more !

Abundant her wheat and barley,  
 Well-walled her generous ground ;  
 Fish-full her lakes ; excelling  
 Vineyards her dwellings surround ;  
 Roseate fruit from her leafy  
 Orchards heavily swing ;  
 Song-birds throng her tree-shadows,  
 Sweet flowers in her meadows spring.  
 Thick are her woods, o'er her acres  
 Eight grains, three grasses are seen,  
 And purple over with clover  
 Is her glittering, fair-fenced green.

Ne'er have her nobles stinted  
 Their mead or their minted gold ;  
 Many her choirs of singers,  
 Her stringers of harps are untold ;

Plenteous store of provision  
 Goes forth from her day by day,  
 With milk and wheat in division  
 Feasting lands far away ;  
 Boast of our coast, Morgannwg,  
 Our Court and our Church's stay !

Go forth in thine hour of beauty  
 And flourishing power, forth go !  
 Summer, and on Morgannwg,  
 Thy benison full bestow ;  
 Till on some sweetest morrow,  
 Thou greetest each mansion white,  
 Changing the rigour of sorrow  
 To a vigour of warm delight.  
 Over all her grey manors  
 All thy gay banners wave ;  
 All the pastures thereunder  
 With verdant wonder pave !  
 Scatter a largesse luscious  
 Of fair fruit over her trees ;  
 Pour her crops in a torrent  
 O'er oat and wheat-land leas !  
 Orchard and vineyard and garden  
 To mellow fruitfulness thrill,  
 And sprinkle sweet notes a thousand  
 O'er boughs and bushes and hill !  
 Then when the blossom is quickest,

And thickest the bosom of shade,  
 Roses I'll cull from her cloisters,  
 Flowers from her field and glade ;  
 Trefoil the earth-runner rosy,  
 Elder and guelder bloom,  
 To deck with my poet's posy  
 Illustrious Ivor's tomb.

*Dafydd ab Gwilym.*

### MY BURIAL

WHEN I die, oh, bury me  
 Within the free young wild wood ;  
 Little birches, o'er me bent,  
 Lamenting as my child would !  
 Let my surplice-shroud be spun  
 Of sparkling summer clover ;  
 While the great and stately trees  
 Their rich rood-screen hang over !  
 For my bier-cloth blossomed may  
 Outlay on eight green willows !  
 Sea gulls white to bear my pall  
 Take flight from all the billows.  
 Summer's cloister be my church  
 Of soft leaf-searching whispers,  
 From whose mossed bench the nightingale  
 To all the vale chants vespers !

Mellow toned, the brake amid,  
My organ hid be cuckoo !  
Paters, seemly hours and psalm  
Bird voices calm re-echo !  
Mystic masses, sweet addresses,  
Blackbird, be thou offering ;  
Till God His bard to Paradise  
Uplift from sighs and suffering.

*Dafydd ab Gwilym.*

## THE LAST CYWYDD

MEMORIES fierce like arrows pierce ;  
Alone I waste and languish,  
And make my cry to God on high  
To ease me of mine anguish.  
If heroic was my youth,  
In truth its powers are over ;  
With brain dead and force sped,  
Love sets at naught the lover !  
The Muse from off my lips is thrust,  
'Tis long since song has cheered me ;  
Gone is Ivor, counsellor just,  
And Nest, whose grace upreared me !  
Morfydd all my world and more,  
Lies low in churchyard gravel ;  
While beneath the burthen frore  
Of age alone I travel.

Mute, mute my song's salute,  
 When summer's beauties thicken ;  
 Cuckoo, nightingale, no art  
 Of yours my heart can quicken !  
 Morfydd, not thy haunting kiss  
 Or voice of bliss can save me  
 From the spear of age whose chill  
 Has quenched the thrill love gave me.  
 My ripe grain of heart and brain  
 The sod sadly streweth ;  
 Its empty chaff with mocking laugh  
 The wind of death pursueth !  
 Dig my grave ! oh dig it deep  
 To hide my sleeping body,  
 So but Christ my spirit keep,  
 Amen ! ab Gwilym's ready !

*Dafydd ab Gwilym.*

## THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

I GAVE ear, in the shade  
By a mighty oak made,  
To the soft warbled words  
Of the wild forest birds ;  
Till all fell a-hush,  
When the voice of the thrush  
Sent forth a sally  
Of song through the valley.  
Most exquisite  
Was the transport of it !

Speckled his breast  
That the green leaves pressed  
Of his thousand blossomed  
Deeply bosomed  
Bower by the stream.

With the dawn's first beam  
All heard the glad tune  
Of his silver bell,  
Performing well  
On his green altar's height,  
Till the hour of forenoon,  
His lone Bardic rite.

From the hazel copse now  
Of broad leaved bough  
He fashions an ode  
To the All-making God—  
A carol of love  
From the heart of the grove  
To all of his lovers  
The green glen covers,  
A balm to each heart  
Hurt by love's smart.

I had from his bill  
So inspiring a thrill,  
And a metre forth running  
With such a sweet cunning,  
That glad was I made  
By his minstrelsy's aid.  
Right duteously then  
From the stream of the glen  
To that heaven-sent bird  
My suit I preferred ;  
A message to bear  
Most urgent and fond  
To the Fairest of Fair  
Who hath me in bond.

The Bard of the bough  
Has sought Eluned now,  
Who moves among maids

Like the sun through the shades.  
 To the streams of the plain  
 St. Mary him sain,  
 Till he bring back to me,  
 Beneath the green tree,  
 My heart's grief and delight,  
 The maid of the hue of the snow of one night.

*Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert.*

## THE DYING LOVER

ALL the flowers their colours lend her ;  
 All the powers of love attend her ;  
 Jewels light her form with splendour.

Ah, the jewels !

Ah, the jewels !

Jewels would she have, bright maiden ?  
 Shepherds are not jewel-laden ;  
 Yet she steals my soul to Aiden.

Ah, my soul !

Ah, my soul !

Soul of mine, the Woodland's sweeting,  
 Though dark Death soon end our meeting,  
 Still I give her daily greeting.

Ah, the greeting !

Ah, the greeting !

Greeting, short reprieve to borrow,  
 Greeting from her Bard of Sorrow,  
 Who shall sing no more to-morrow.

Ah, the morrow !

Ah, the morrow !

Morrow of my heart's last wringing ;  
 Morrow that my death is bringing,  
 When of Gwen I cease my singing.

Ah, that singing !

Ah, that singing !

Singing now against my Treasure,  
 I will make a scornful measure.  
 Even such speech with her were pleasure.

Ah, the pleasure !

Ah, the pleasure !

Pleasure had I of a fashion,  
 Ere she pierced me through with passion,  
 For whose sake my cheeks are ashen !

Ah, the passion !

Ah, the passion !

Passion, bright one, past resisting,  
 Yet with whom can be no trysting ;  
 Therefore Death my gaze is misting.

Ah, my death !

Ah, my death !

Death is nigh ; his whispers warn me,  
Sprightly, sweet one, if thou scorn me ;  
Since love's anguish hath so torn me.

Ah, the anguish !

Ah, the anguish !

Anguish at her brow unbending,  
Not one glance of hope extending ;  
But the morn must be the ending.

Ah, the ending !

Ah, the ending !

Ending dread ! Your bright eyes drew me,  
Gwen, then shot love's fever through me,  
Then a frost, the frost that slew me.

Ah ! Death's frost !

Ah ! Death's frost !

Frost that limb and heart o'erpowers.  
For her sake I end my hours,  
Who is fairer than the flowers.

Ah, the flowers !

Ah, the flowers !

*Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert.*

## THE LABOURER

WHEN the folk of all the Earth,  
 For the weighing of their worth,  
 Promised by His Ancient Word,  
 Freely flock before The Lord,  
 And His Judgment-seat is set  
 High on mighty Olivet ;  
 Forthright then shall be the tale  
 Of the Plougher of the Vale,  
 If so be his tithes were given  
 Justly to the King of Heaven,  
 If he freely shared his store  
 With the sick or homeless poor—  
 When his soul is at God's feet  
 Rich remembrance it shall meet.

He who turns and tills the sod  
 Leans by Nature on his God.  
 Save his plough-beam naught he judgeth,  
 None he angereth, or grudgeth.  
 Strives with none, takes none in toils,  
 Crushes none and none despoils.  
 Overbearth not, though strong,  
 Doth not even a little wrong.

“ Suffering here,” he saith, “ is meet,  
 Else were Heaven not half so sweet.”

Following after goad and plough  
 With unruffled breast and brow  
 Is to him an hundred-fold  
 Dearer than for treasured gold,  
 Even in King Arthur's form,  
 Castles to besiege and storm.

If the labourer were sped,  
 Where would be Christ's Wine and Bread?  
 Certes, but for his supply,  
 Pope and Emperor must die,  
 Every wine-free King and just,  
 Yea! each mortal turn to dust.

Blest indeed is he whose hands  
 Steer the plough o'er stubborn lands.  
 How through far-spread broom and heath  
 Tear his sharp, smooth coulter's teeth—  
 Old-time relic, heron-bill  
 Rooting out fresh furrows still,  
 With a noble, skilful grace  
 Smoothing all the wild land's face,  
 Reaching out a stern, stiff neck  
 Each resisting root to wreck!

\* \* \* \* \*

Behind his oxen on his path  
 Thus he strides the healthy strath,  
 Chanting many a Godly rhyme  
 To the plough-chain's silver chime.

All the crafts that ever were  
 With the Ploughman's ill compare.  
 Ploughing, in an artful wise,  
 Earth's subduing signifies,  
 Far as Baptism and Creed,  
 Far as Christendom hath speed.

By God, who is man's Master best,  
 And Mary may the plough be blest.

*Iolo Goch.*

### CYWYDD MERCH

*(From a Serenade)*

THY sparkling grace has won me,  
 Thy delicate brow undone me,  
 With its monkish black and white  
 Still confounding my poor sprite—  
 A hood of hair o'er-arching  
 Face fair, eyes spirit-searching,  
 Bosom a one night's snow shower,  
 Blushes a sudden rose-shower.  
 Yet though thy praise be everywhere,  
 I do not of thy love despair.

*Dafydd ab Edmund.*

THE ELEGY ON SION GLYN, A CHILD OF  
FIVE YEARS OF AGE

*(By his Father)*

ONE wee son, woe worth his sire !  
My treasure was and heart's desire ;  
But evermore I now must pine,  
Mourning for that wee son of mine,  
Sick to the heart, day out and in,  
Thinking and thinking of Johnny Glynn,  
My fairy prince for ever fled,  
Leaving life's Mabinogion dead.

A rosy apple, pebbles white,  
And dicky-birds were his delight,  
A childish bow with coloured cord,  
A little brittle wooden sword.  
From bagpipes or the bogey-man  
Into his mother's arms he ran,  
There coaxed from her a ball to throw  
With his daddy to and fro.

His own sweet songs he'd then be singing,  
Then for a nut with a shout be springing ;  
Holding my hand he'd trot about with me,  
Coax me now, and now fall out with me,

Now make it up again, lip to lip,  
 For a dainty die or a curling chip.  
 Would God my lovely little lad  
 A second life, like Lazarus, had ?  
 St. Beuno raised from death at once  
 St. Winifred and her six nuns ;  
 Would to God the Saint could win  
 An eighth from death in Johnny Glynn.

Ah, Mary ! my merry little knave,  
 Coffined and covered in the grave !  
 To think of him beneath the slab  
 Deals my lone heart a double stab.

Bright dream beyond my own life's shore !  
 Proud purpose of my future's store !  
 My hope, my comfort from annoy,  
 My jewel and my glowing joy,  
 My nest of shade from out the sun,  
 My lark, my soaring singing one,  
 My golden shaft of faithful love  
 Shot at the radiant round above,  
 My intercessor with Heaven's King,  
 My boyhood's second blossoming,  
 My little, laughing, loving John,  
 For you I'm sunk in shadow wan !

Adieu sweet smile that was my spell !  
 Babble of baby lips, farewell !

Goodbye, goodbye, for evermore,  
My little lively squirrel's store,  
The happy bouncing of his ball,  
His carol up and down the hall !  
Adieu my little dancing one,  
Adieu, adieu, my son, my son !

*Lewis Glyn Cothi.*

## LARGESSE

*(Adapted from George Borrow's Version)*

FROM proud Plynlimmon's rugged flanks  
Three streams rush forth with broadening banks ;  
To thousands at their mouths who tarry  
Honey and gold and mead they carry.

From proud Plynlimmon's side, also,  
Three streams of splendid largesse flow ;  
The first a royal stream indeed,  
Like rills of Mona runs with mead ;  
The second wafts from vineyards thick  
Wine to the feeble and the sick,  
The third, till Time shall be no more,  
Mingled with gold, shall silver pour.

*Lewis Glyn Cothi.*

## ENGLYN

## ON THE GRAVE OF GRUFFYDD HIRAETHOG

*(After George Borrow.)*

FROM Adam's living lips in Eden's bowers  
 Fair Poesy put forth her first of flowers,  
 Now from thy very grave, O Poet wise,  
 Cross Consonancy's last rich blooms arise.

*William Lleyn.*

## THE GREY STEED

Dost thou need a swift grey steed,  
 These points in him are owing—  
 Coat short and clean—belly lean—  
 Mane like tresses flowing ;  
 Each unwearying, twinkling ear  
 Erect and neatly narrow ;  
 Nostrils red as fire, that shed  
 Foam showers o'er field and furrow ;  
 Neck arched and strong, nose fine and long,  
 Thin hoofs that sparkles scatter  
 Down the street, as ring on ring  
 They stamp with singing clatter !

*Gwerfyl Mechain.*

## THE NOBLE'S GRAVE

PREMIER Peer but yesterday,  
Lone within the tomb to-morrow ;  
For his silken garments gay,  
Grave-clothes in a gravelled furrow.

No love-making, homage none ;  
From his mines no golden mintage ;  
No rich traffic in the sun ;  
No more purple-purling vintage.

No more usherings out of Hall  
By obsequious attendant ;  
No more part, however small,  
In the Pageant's pomp resplendent !

Just a perch of Church-yard clay  
All the soil he now possesses ;  
Heavily its burthen grey  
On his pulseless bosom presses.

*Sion Cent.*

POETS OF THE XVII. AND XVIII.  
CENTURY

A GOOD WIFE

WISE yokel foolish King excelleth ;  
Good name than spikenard sweeter smelleth !  
What's gold to prudence ? Strength to grace ?  
Man's more than goods ; God first in place.

What though her dowry be but meagre,  
Far better wise, God-fearing Igir,  
Than yonder vain and brainless doll,  
Helpless her fortune to control.

A wife that's true and kind and sunny  
Is better than a mint of money ;  
Better than houses, land and gold  
Or pearls and gems to have and hold.

A ship is she with jewels freighted,  
Her price beyond all rubies rated,  
A hundred-virtued amulet  
To such as her in marriage get.

Gold pillar to a silver socket ;  
The weakling's tower of strength, firm-lockèd,  
The very golden crown of life ;  
Grace upon grace—a virtuous wife.

*The Vicar Pritchard.*

## THE MAID OF MAIDS

O PRIMROSE flower of sweetness, fair spray of virtue's  
stem,  
God wrought thee to completeness, thou rare love-  
sparkling gem ;  
Thou Rose of gracious splendour, thou Slender One,  
shell-white,  
O second Eve, turn tender ! make earth our Eden  
bright.  
My spirit's bright-hued pleasaunce, my paradise  
below,  
My Venus gay of presence with Virgin Grace aglow.  
No maiden melancholic, thou flingest fond and free,  
Like Dian in a frolic, love's glancing darts at me.  
Diana the imperious when thus thy looks have  
played,  
To my Susannah serious thou meltest, heavenly  
maid.

Elsewhere on earth unseekable are all these lures  
of thine,  
And so, in love unspeakable, my heart shall be thy  
shrine.

Thy fine locks, flaxen flossy, across thy bosom roam,  
Each ringlet gleaming glossy—yet kindly to the  
comb ;

As long as love endureth within a pure man's heart,  
My love for thee assureth this life's most precious  
part.

And long as woodland cover o'er trysting birds shall  
spread,  
Earth's praise shall o'er thee hover, a halo for thy  
head.

Thou Phoenix of fair fortune, thou very star of love,  
Sweet vine, whom bards importune all other blooms  
above.

Like summer beams attendant on all our changing  
year,  
Thy beauty streams resplendent thy lovers' lives to  
cheer.

Thou bough of beauteous blossom, outbreathing  
balsam fine,  
Beloved one of my bosom, would God that thou wert  
mine !

My love to you I'm sending, therewith a poet's  
strain,

To give my sighs an ending, to ease my pulses'  
pain.

My wounds of deep affection still inly for you bleed ;  
Your loving recollection light, sprightly thoughts  
succeed.

What doubt is this about you that bids my tears  
o'erflow ?

My misery ! if without you, my Gwen, I grieving go.

I slumbered sorrow-laden, you leant o'er my repose,  
A shy, slim-waisted maiden, a blushing damask rose.  
Alas ! that at my waking with passionate arms  
outspread,

From out their empty aching the loving phantom  
fled.

Ah me ! our all we hazard for one bewitching maid,  
And then behind Love's vizard find Death's dull  
skull betrayed.

*Huw Morus.*

## RICHARD VAUGHAN TO HIS CAT

*( A Welsh Cavalier Ballad )*

Most gentle of the long-tailed gentry,  
 Since here, a kitten, you made entry,  
     So far your walks have chiefly been  
 Between the kitchen and the pantry.

Your claws are keenly pointed, pussy,  
 Your eyes are green, your whiskers glossy ;  
     Soft-footed on your prey you pounce,  
 You little, light-limbed, bouncing hussy.

No fowler with his hedgerow nettings  
 Can beat you at your feathered gettings ;  
     And well with clever paw you fish,  
 Though little wish have you for wettings.

There's no immediate need for knowing  
 To whose good beard a lick is owing,  
     But at that beard don't take a turn  
 Down by Ydernion thickly flowing.

Stop playing, pussy, with that tassel !  
 And promise, like a royal vassal,  
     To be my messenger afar  
 Unto the lord of Harlech Castle.

Off then at once, or I must chide you,  
 And for your first night go and bide you,  
     With her, the widow fair and sweet,  
 Who at Rhiwgoch will greet and hide you.

When milk enow for satisfying  
 Your needs the dame hath done supplying,  
 Upon the morrow from Rhiwgoch  
 For Cwm y Moch afar go flying.

Once there, of every sound well mind you,  
 Look sharp around, before, behind you,  
     And from each mortal that you meet  
 Seek safe retreat, till darkness find you.

When sunshine on your path is sweeping,  
 Across the pools go bravely leaping ;  
     Then sate your hunger round the rocks  
 Upon the flocks of field-mice creeping.

When near at hand, with care exceeding,  
 Through briars and furze that set men bleeding,  
     Past Carnialwin's stone-marked end  
 On to the mill, my friend, go speeding.

There you shall see before you frowning  
 Gwalia's high Keep the great crag crowning ;  
     Then take one last impetuous leap  
 O'er the moat's deep, nor fear for drowning.

Flash through the sentinels well arméd,  
 Flash through the stone-paved courts unharméd ;  
     No ill my envoy shall befall,  
 Nine lives are hers and all are charméd.

When thus, sweet puss, by my avouching,  
 In Owen's happy halls you're crouching,  
     With cautious care go stealing round,  
 Till you have found where he is couching.

Then royally greet that Roundhead slayer  
 And carry him the heartfelt prayer  
     Of his old comrade stiff and stout,  
 For rout, red rout on The King's gainsayer.

Kind compliments on all be strewing,  
 And in Red Robin's ear brave mewing,  
     Pledge me to patriot Troth and Truth,  
 Till my last tooth is done with chewing.

*Anon.*

## EXILED FROM MONA

MAY God in Heaven be my tower,  
For outcast of man am I ;  
By hope forsaken and power,  
Poor and in misery.  
Dear Mona of my fathers,  
Alas for my lonely lot,  
Where once I played there gathers  
A people that know me not.  
Where I had friends an hundred,  
Scarce one would be taking the hand  
Of a noteless bard far sundered  
From Mona's lovely strand.  
Her bold old tongue ne'er greets me,  
Stilled is her wild sweet strain,  
And when their memory meets me  
My pulse is athrill with pain.  
And O ! I am so breast-stricken,  
So heart-full of sorrow sharp,  
Bright song no longer can quicken  
One chord of joy on my harp.  
Yet as I to Zion resemble  
Our Mona, my Muse takes wings,  
And my hands once more are a-tremble  
Through all of its sighing strings.

*Goronwy Owen.*

## WATCHING THE WHEAT

I AM but a simple swain,  
 Vigil fondly keeping  
 Over golden-glancing grain  
 Another shall be reaping.

Yet at last breathe back to me  
 One sigh more sweet than manna,  
 Rarest rose on beauty's tree,  
 My lovely, scornful Anna.

Fairer day by day you grow,  
 Or much my eyes deceive me ;  
 For His sake Who made you so,  
 With gentler looks receive me !

Lay in mine your little hand,  
 So soft and white and slender,  
 Knowing that it hath command  
 Of my whole heart's surrender.

Yesterday, at rosy dawn,  
 How fondly I went kissing  
 Your light footstep down the lawn,  
 No dewy impress missing.

Could your eyes, with pity pearled,  
 At length with love regard me,

THE CUCKOO'S ADDRESS TO MERIONETH 51

Nothing in the whole wide world  
So richly would reward me.

Bid me thus no more to fear  
One suitor set above me,  
While into my secret ear  
You whisper that you love me !

Then let green leaves cease to grow,  
The salt sea lose its savour,  
Summer freeze and winter glow,  
Ere I foreswear your favour !

*Wil Hopcyn.*

THE CUCKOO'S ADDRESS TO MERIONETH

*(Penillion)*

PROUDLY up the foaming height  
The salmon bright goes springing ;  
To her nest with happy hush  
The speckled thrush is clinging.  
Prouder, happier, far more fair  
Art thou, my rare Merioneth !

Now the birds with woodnotes free  
Each bush and tree are shaking ;  
Now the babe his mother's breast  
With joyful zest is taking.

Such delights are in my flights  
To thy dear heights, Merioneth !

Sweet the harp within the hall ;  
Sweet all the voices blending,  
When a song or chorus gay  
To drudging day gives ending.  
How I miss in this far earth,  
Thy maiden's mirth, Merioneth !

Yet, though filled with daintiest fare,  
And free as air to follow,  
Round the world by sea and shore,  
The spring before the swallow.  
Other joys are naught to thine,  
O, mother mine, Merioneth !

*Lewis Morris.*

## XIX. CENTURY POETS

### SOMEONE

“ GRIEF,” I heard them ever saying,  
“ In a lover’s path goes straying.”  
So I thought I’d ne’er become one,  
Till I saw the face of Someone.

Now, though counsel, though correction,  
Though the pangs of spurned affection  
Make my joyful heart a glum one,  
They’ll not steal it back from Someone.

While the snow-cliffs crown Eryri,  
Trees the top of Beili bury,  
Aye, and Alun’s waters hum on,  
Pure my heart I’ll keep for Someone.

White and cold the marble boulder !  
White the fall from Berwyn’s shoulder !  
White and cold the snow-field’s blossom !  
Whiter, colder Someone’s bosom !

Though the sun by night went burning,  
 Mountains into clouds were turning,  
 In my shroud I'll lie a dumb one,  
 Ere I lose my love for Someone !

*Alun.*

FROM " THE OLD SCHOOL "

BLITHE haunt of youthful pleasure  
 And aspirations high,  
 And blest beyond all measure  
 By friendship's trusty tie !

Where are the eager clamour,  
 The old delightful din,  
 That threw their joyous glamour  
 Around thee and within ?

Where are your faces ruddy,  
 Glad looks and laughter gay,  
 Old partners of my study,  
 Old comrades of my play ?

They rest in death's cold slumber,  
 Far off they toil or fight ;  
 No bell their broken number  
 Ah me !—can re-unite !

*Ievan Glan Geirionydd.*

## THE MARSH OF RHUDDLAN

OVER Eryri the setting sun flashes,  
Night's curtain closes o'er moorland and lea,  
Now not a breath stirs the shadowy ashes,  
Far, far away falls the sigh of the sea.  
Yet ev'ry patriot pulse in my body  
Knocks at the door of my passionate heart,  
While Rhuddlan Marsh in thy battle-field bloody,  
Curs'd of the Cymry, again I take part.

Out of the gloom leap the loud crashing targes,  
Through the spear forest the battle-axe breaks,  
Arrows fly hissing—to thundering charges  
E'en to its marges the red morass quakes !  
O'er the wild tumult, the wail of the wounded,  
Hark ! the clear voice of Caradoc is rolled :  
“ Into yon breach ! or betrayed and surrounded  
On Rhuddlan Marsh let the moon find us cold.”

Quick to his call hero hearts are up-leaping,  
Fierce as their swords hero faces out-flame ;  
Strong hero arms the red harvest are reaping,  
Gap after gap to their glory they claim !  
Then with one voice all our nation kneels praying :  
“ Great is our jeopardy, Lord God of hosts,  
Only in Thee our last hope we are staying,  
None but Thine Arm can deliver our coasts ! ”

Honour and hope kept the vantage till sunset,  
 Then overpowered our battle gave way ;  
 Vaunt not, proud foe, your victorious onset—  
 Numbers, not valour, have won you the day !  
 Oh ! but yon crowd that with Heaven interceded—  
 Grey-headed grandsire, weak women and child—  
 Now from their knees, their petition unheeded,  
 Flock in white terror far into the wild !

Coom after coom to Eryri's recesses  
 Echoes the cry of those desolate ones ;  
 Whilst Mother Wales, as she tears her wild tresses,  
 Weeps o'er the urns of her mightiest sons !  
 Beauty's rose dies at Caradoc's disaster,  
 Terror and panic his battlements climb ;  
 Whilst his arch-minstrel, lamenting his master,  
 Makes Morfa Rhuddlan our dirge for all time.

*Ievan Glan Geirionydd.*

## IN PRAISE OF WALES

GREETING glad to thee be going,  
Gwalia, blessings overflowing  
Crown thy sons with valour glowing,  
    Crown thy virgin throng !  
How thy history soul-inspiring  
All the heart of me is firing  
Unto toil for thee untiring,  
    Loveliest land of Song !  
Home of my forefathers,  
How the glory gathers  
    Round each height with fountains bright  
Or fluttering forest feathers !

While the laughing lakes and streamlets  
Flash, by blossom bordered hamlets,  
Far and wide their fairy flamelets  
    Hill and vale among !  
With a patriot's yearning  
How my breast is burning—  
    Oh ! had I but liberty  
Toward thee to be turning,  
To a mother's fond embraces,  
Brothers', sisters', beaming faces,  
How I'd sing and sing thy praises,  
    O thou land of Song !

Boundless are the Saxon's treasures,  
Meat and wine to all he measures ;  
But a thousand times more pleasures  
    Thrill the Land of Song.

Far from her what heart can lighten ?  
Far from her what face can brighten ?  
Furrows deepen, tresses whiten,  
    While for her we long.

Not the smoke life-harming,  
Not the folk town-swarmling,  
Not each quest of rich unrest  
    The poet breast come charming.  
His it is to wander gleaming,  
Wind and wave, your whispered meaning,  
Then to chant it all the greening  
    Countryside along.

With the love exceeding  
Dams their lambs are leading,  
    Misers old regard their gold  
And maids their lovers pleading,  
Souls humane their stricken brothers,  
Helpless babes their blessed mothers,  
Thee I love beyond all others,  
    Thou dear Land of Song !

*Talhaiarn.*

## THE PAUPER'S GRAVE

SEE ! where yonder yew is frowning,  
How a green mound's daisied head  
Gently lifts for quiet crowning  
By Eve's hand dew-diamonded.  
Yet its verdure tender tinted,  
That should pious tendance crave,  
Passing feet have crushed and dinted—  
Ah ! 'tis but a pauper's grave.

Hirelings, from the workhouse, bore him  
To his lonely churchyard bed ;  
When the earth they shovelled o'er him,  
Not one pitying tear was shed.  
All his years with want he wrestled ;  
Life to him no joyance gave ;  
Yet, at peace, he now lies nestled  
In a pauper's lonely grave.

Yon rough headstone, rudely carven,  
With two-lettered epitaph,  
By an old boy mate of Arfon,  
Now is lying cleft in half.  
When the sweet Flower Sunday roses  
All about the churchyard wave,

Who shall wreath their fragrant posies,  
Pitying round the pauper's grave ?

No fond Muse of marble rounded  
Guards his dust in mute despair ;  
O'er his resting-place green-mounded,  
Time ere long shall urge his share.  
One with earth, from sight 'twill perish,  
Lost in dark oblivion's wave ;  
But an Angel's care shall cherish,  
Even then, the pauper's grave.

*Joan Emlyn.*

## TO REACH THE REALM OF LIGHT

IN night's dark noon,  
The lovely moon  
Wanders with pale, perturbed face,  
Striving in vain through vasty space  
To reach the realm of light.

In beauty tristful  
Upon the astronomer she gazes,  
When world on world his thought appraises,  
With glance how wistful ;  
As if his art she would beseech  
To show her how she yet may reach  
That realm of blessed light.

She hath not now one constant friend  
 Her pale, proud circuit to attend :  
 Then is it strange, if sorrowing still,  
 She climb Heaven's hill  
     To seek that realm of light ?

A Queen, long widowed,  
 From her white throne  
 She makes her moan  
     For that blest light.

Keen star on star,  
 That wheel afar,  
 Unheeding her importunate prayer,  
 As upward still she sails the air,  
 Do ye within your orbits rare  
     Enfold that realm of light ?

To me with look intent  
 Last night her beauty bent,  
 Of her great loneliness to complain.  
 I made reply ;

“ Thy friend am I ;  
 Thy tears restrain,  
 Sad lady, comfort thee again !  
 I also sigh,  
     To seek that realm of light.”

*Islwyn.*

## BEHIND THE VEIL

WHAT say ye, can we charge a master soul  
 With error, when beyond all life's experience  
 Between the cradle and the grave, it rises,  
 Whispering of things unutterable, breaks its bond  
 With outward sense and sinks into itself,  
 As fades a star in space? Hath not that soul  
 A history in itself, a refluxing tide  
 Of mystery murmuring out of unplumbed deeps  
 On distant inaccessible strands, whereon  
 Memory lies dead amid the monstrous wreckage  
 Of jarring worlds? Are yonder stars above  
 As spiritually, magnificently bright  
 As poesy feigns? May not some slumbering sense,  
 A memory dim of those diviner days,  
 When all the Heavens were yet aglow with God,  
 Transfuse them through and through with glimmer-  
     ing grace  
 And glory? Still the Stars within us shine,  
 And Poesy is but a recollection  
 Of Something greater gone, a presage proud  
 Of Something greater yet to be—what soul  
 But sometimes thrills with hauntings of a world  
 For long forgotten, at a glimpse begotten  
 Once more, then gone again? Imaginations?

Nay why not memories of a life than ours  
A thousand times more blest within us buried  
So deeply, the divine all searching breath  
Of Poesy alone can lure it forth.  
All hail that hour when God's Redeeming Face  
Shall so illumine our past existences,  
That through them all man's spirit shall see plain,  
And to his blessed past relink Life's broken chain.

*Islwyn.*

## SELECTIONS FROM CEIRIOG

### THE RED PLOUGH

Now if you would enquire

The craft that mine I call,  
I studied with my sire

The earliest craft of all ;  
To lift and shift the moor  
To one green, fruitful plain ;  
To turn and till the shore  
To garths of glowing grain.

*I lay me down at dusk,*

*At dawn I've slept enow ;*

*And o'er the Glög-side the harrow I guide,*

*Or steer the old red plough*

*Along the ling-field brow.*

Then ere your lot be fixed,

Consider now again,  
And come awhile betwixt

The red plough-handles twain :  
Ambition's dizzy crest

How few securely scale,  
But who would not be blest  
In Clwyd's violet vale ?

Big Ben's far booming sound  
Bids City workers rise ;  
The sun's all-glorious round  
Awakes us from the skies.  
Through calendars you look  
For summer's shining track ;  
The leaves of Nature's book  
Are our bright almanac.

Indeed, I am not wise  
In wealth's luxurious lot,  
But well I know and prize  
My happy, homely cot ;  
And underneath my ash,  
With eyes elate behold  
The heavenly hues outflash  
Through gates of sunset gold.

You hark, with ravished hush,  
Singers of world renown ;  
I thrill to hear the thrush  
With joy the woodland drown ;  
The cuckoo grey descant,  
The skylark tower and trill,  
And your delightful chant,  
Dear, dusky golden-bill !

Town dwellers far away,  
And folk with fine-art scorn,

Could you but watch the May  
     Strew silver on the thorn,  
 Unlock the faint hedge-rose,  
     The lily of the lake—  
 A home of fair repose  
     Among the hills you'd make.

When January's quilt  
     Is o'er the garden drawn,  
 With flowers of frost begilt,  
     Bare branches laugh at dawn ;  
 And icy pearl on pearl  
     Is strung around the eaves,  
 And snowy frill or furl  
     The ivy's robe relieves.

Fair April in a while  
     Will hold you in her power,  
 With sudden beaming smile,  
     With sudden streaming shower ;  
 April the fond coquette  
     Whose blue eyes bathed in tears  
 Anon through lashes wet  
     Laugh out upon your fears !

*I lay me down at dusk,  
 At dawn I've slept enow,  
 And o'er the Glög-side the harrow I guide,  
 Or steer the old red plough  
 Across the ling-field brow.*

*Ceiriog.*

## THE MEN OF HARLECH

FIERCE the beacon light is flaming,  
With its tongues of fire proclaiming,  
“ Chieftains, sundered to your shaming,  
Strongly now unite ! ”

At the call all Arfon rallies,  
War-cries rend her hills and valleys,  
Troop on troop, with headlong sallies,  
Hurtle to the fight.

Chiefs lie dead and wounded ;  
Yet, where first 'twas grounded,  
Freedom's flag still holds the crag—  
Her trumpet still is sounded.

O there we'll keep her banner flying,  
While the pale lips of the dying  
Echo to our shout defying,  
“ Harlech for the right ! ”

Shall the Saxon army shake you,  
Smite, pursue and overtake you ?  
Men of Harlech, God shall make you  
Victors, blow for blow !

As the rivers of Eryri  
Sweep the vale, with flooded fury,  
Gwalia from her mountain eyrie  
Thunders on the foe !

Now, avenging Briton,  
Smite as he has smitten !

Let your rage on history's page  
In Saxon blood be written !  
Long his lance, but yours is longer,  
Strong his sword, but yours is stronger !  
One stroke more ! and then your wronger  
At your feet lies low !

*Ceiriog.*

### VENTURE, GWEN !

O'ER Cymru, like a star,  
Brightest Gwen, whitest Gwen !  
Thy fame has flashed afar,  
Brightest Gwen !  
The cresset on yon gateway  
Was set to light thy late way,  
Fear not to enter straightway !  
Only venture, venture, Gwen !  
Far better here to bide,  
Fairest Gwen, dearest Gwen !  
Than tempt the mountain side,  
Dearest Gwen !  
Their torches wave us thither,  
Then arm in arm together,  
From out the angry weather,  
Let us venture, venture, Gwen !

What means this marshalled line ?  
Whitest Gwen, brightest Gwen !  
These men-at-arms are mine,  
Brightest Gwen !  
Thou Queen of Crogan Castle,  
Yet I, its Lord, thy vassal !  
Now welcome to the wassail,  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, Gwen !  
*Ceiriog.*

## THE REIGN OF LOVE

LOVE that invites, love that delights,  
From hedgerow lush and leafy heights  
Is flooding all the air ;  
Their forest harps the breezes strum,  
The happy brooks their burden hum ;  
There's nothing deaf, there's nothing dumb,  
But music everywhere !  
Above the airy steep  
Their lyres of gold the angels sweep,  
Glad holiday with earth to keep  
Before the Great White Throne.  
Then, when Heaven and earth and sea  
Are joining in Love's jubilee ;  
While morning stars make melody,  
Shall man be mute alone ?

Naught that hath birth matches the worth  
Of Love, in God's own Heaven and Earth,  
For through His power divine  
Love opes the golden eye of day,  
Love guides the pale moon's lonely way,  
Love lights the glow-worm's glimmering ray  
Amid the darkling bine.  
Heavenly hue and form  
Above, around, are glowing warm,  
From His right hand Who rides the storm,  
Yet paints the lily's cheek.  
Yea ! wheresoe'er man lifts his eyes  
To wood or wave or sunset skies,  
A myriad magic shapes arise  
Eternal Love to speak.

*Ceiriog.*

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SHIELING

*(Bugail yr Hafod)*

WHEN I was a shepherd, a shieling my home,  
Through hayfield and cornfield my flock still would  
    roam ;

While blissfully dreaming at noon we would lie  
Under ashtree or beechtree, my collie and I.

    Naught that I view now,

    Naught that I do now

    Dims the glowing fancies

    Caught by childhood's glances

    Fresh from the rays that colour with enchant-  
        ment

Those long summer days.

At home of an evening, my heart's one desire  
Was for carving and carving before the red fire ;  
While Nesta's four needles, my mother's flax wheel  
Kept time to the cadence our voices would peal.

    No new affection

    Dulls that recollection ;

    Still on wings of longing

    Loving thoughts come thronging

    Home to that hearth, the dearest and sincerest  
And warmest on earth.

The swallows that Autumn sweeps out of the West  
 With Spring-time, sweet Spring-time, flutter home to  
 their nest :

But Cymru's poor exiles a life-time may roam,  
 And only in fancy fly back to their home.

Woes in a bevy  
 Turn bosoms heavy ;  
 Yet in life's December  
 Still will we remember

Smiling in sight, by sunshine or moonshine,  
 Our cottage lime-white.

*Ceiriog.*

## THE VALE OF CLWYD

*(Yn Nyffryn Clwyd)*

By Clwyd, all hoar with moss,  
 Lies a storm-shattered cross  
 That guarded once a hero's grave ;  
 Around, from wood to steep,  
 The shepherd calls his sheep ;  
 Below in centuried sleep  
 Great Einion grasps his glaive.

But though his shape is dust,  
 Though his dread sword is rust,  
 To memory's light they leap forth anew ;  
 Till, Clwyd, with prouder swell

Our hearts thy praises tell,  
 For their stern sakes who fell  
 To Gwalia's standard true.

If black oblivion's pall  
 On their bright fame must fall,  
 It first shall quench the stars' keen fires ;  
 For O, from hills to waves,  
 While holy Freedom paves  
 Our footsteps with their graves,  
 Can we forget our sires !

*Ceiriog.*

## PLAS GOGERDDAN

“ WITHOUT thy Sire hast thou returned ? ”

In grief the Princess cried !

“ Go back !—or from my sight be spurned—

To battle by his side.

I gave thee birth ; but struck to earth

I'd sooner see thee lie,

Or on thy bier come carried here,

Than thus a craven fly ! ”

“ Seek yonder hall, and pore on all

The portraits of thy race ;

The courage high that fires each eye

Canst thou endure to face ? ”

“ I’ll bring no blame on thy fair name,  
 Or my forefathers slight !  
 But kiss and bless me, mother dear,  
 Ere I return to fight.”

He fought and fell—his stricken corse  
 They bore to her abode :  
 “ My son ! ” she shrieked, in wild remorse ;  
 “ Forgive me, oh ! my God ! ”  
 Then from the wall old voices fall :  
 “ Rejoice for such a son !  
 His deed and thine shall deathless shine,  
 Whilst Gwalia’s waters run ! ”

*Ceiriog.*

## THE BARD’S DREAM

*(Breuddwyd y Bardd)*

BESIDE his lone hearth he sat dreaming,  
 The bard with the tresses of snow ;  
 Before him fond faces went streaming,  
 Dear forms of the long, long ago.  
 His eyelids wax heavy ;  
 A beautiful bevy  
 Are clasping and kissing their minstrel grief-  
 scarred.  
 A dream of delight is the dream of the Bard !

His *cariad* once more he is winning  
And bearing her home as his bride ;  
His first-born again is beginning  
To walk and to talk by his side,  
Say not they have perished,  
His chosen and cherished !  
They still can steal back through Heav'n's gateway  
unbarred.  
A dream of delight is the dream of the Bard !

And though not a song has been printed  
Of all that his fancy has wrought,  
He now sees in golden lines minted  
The ore of his labouring thought ;  
While young men and maidens,  
Soul-flushed by their cadence,  
With joy give their all for old Cymru's regard.  
Oh ! his dream of all dreams was that dream of  
the Bard !

*Ceiriog.*

## FORTH TO BATTLE

*(Rhyfelgyrch Cadben Morgan)*

FAST to thy girdle fix thy father's brand !  
 Forth then his slayers to withstand !  
 Hamlets are smoking in their evil path.  
 Rise, Cymru's champions, in your wrath !  
 No more weeping ! to the saddle spring !  
 O hark the rushing arrows like serpents sing !  
 Now remember, as you bend your bow,  
 Your sire within his chamber cold and low.

Full on the Saxon give your horses head !  
 Raise, raise the Dragon to his dread !  
 Now he has broken, now he flies in fear !  
 Now let your trumpet terrify his ear !  
 Shouts of triumph wake and echo on  
 For victory, our victory o'er Moel y Don :  
 God go with thee ! covering thy head !  
 For sacred is the stroke for a father dead.

*Ceiriog.*

## OVER THE STONE

*(Tros y Garreg)*

O THAT happy summer week,  
When once more my home I'll seek !  
    Leave the millside,  
    Climb the hillside,  
Past the stone upon the peak.  
There upon Merioneth's brow,  
See ! it beckons to me now.  
Upward, upward as I spring,  
Heart and foot in time shall ring ;  
    Whilst a present  
    Fine and pleasant  
To my mother lone I bring.

Past the stone when I resort,  
In the meadow how we'll sport ;  
    On the settle  
    Round the kettle  
How we'll chat, and sing and court !  
When that week of weeks is back,  
With what joy I'll take the track ;  
Upward, upward, as I spring,

Heart and foot in time shall ring ;  
 Whilst a present  
 Fine and pleasant  
 To my mother lone I bring.

*Ceiriog.*

### ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

*(Ar Hyd y Nos)*

FIERY day is ever mocking  
 Man's feeble sight ;  
 Darkness eve by eve unlocking  
 Heav'n's casket bright.  
 Thence the burdened spirit borrows  
 Strength to meet laborious morrows,  
 Starry peace to soothe his sorrows,  
 All through the night.

Planet after planet sparkling,  
 All through the night,  
 Down on Earth, their sister darkling,  
 Shed faithful light.  
 In our mortal day's declining,  
 May our souls, as calmly shining,  
 Cheer the restless and repining,  
 Till lost in sight.

*Ceiriog.*

## THE RISING OF THE SUN

*(Codiad yr Haul)*

SUN ! sun ! out of the deep  
With burning brow once more upleap !  
Shine forth, shine forth, Shekinah bright,  
O'er Ocean's mirror flash thy light ;  
While Earth adores with rapt delight !  
    Star on star to greet you,  
    While with chorus clear they throng,  
    Fade out as they meet you,  
    Lost like larks in their own song !  
Now the shy moon has hid her face,  
The while you run your hero race  
Rejoicing through the fields of space !

Sun-King, under your plumes,  
Dawn's rose of roses buds and blooms.  
In steadfast circles round your car  
The faithful planets smile from far  
Faint homage on your sovran star !  
    Fair, rare colours are swimming  
    Through the clouds beneath your track ;  
Red fire Snowdon is ringing,  
    Blood red all are sea and wrack !

The vestal moon avoids your sight ;  
 Lead on, lead on o'er waves of light,  
 Across the azure Infinite !

*Ceiriog.*

## DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK

*(Dafydd y Garreg Wen)*

“ ALL my powers wither,  
 Death presses me hard ;  
 Bear my harp hither ! ”  
 Sighed David the Bard.

“ Thus while life lingers,  
 In one lofty strain  
 Oh, let my fond fingers  
 Awake it again.”

“ Last night an angel  
 Cried, ‘ David, come sound  
 Christ’s dear Evangel  
 Death’s valley around ! ’ ”

Wife and child harkened  
 His harp’s solemn swell ;  
 Till his eye darkened,  
 And lifeless he fell.

*Ceiriog.*

## JENNY JONES

As out of Llangollen's dim, violet valley,  
I climbed to the summit of Caer Dinas Bran,  
O'er Cynedd and Corwyn I saw the sun sally,  
Ruabon's far ridges flushed faint in the dawn.  
As I gazed, Berwyn's waters to silver were smitten,  
And Dee danced in diamonds to left and to right,  
But when one lone cottage my lover's eyes lit on,  
Sure, everything else faded out of my sight.

From the Castle downhill like a deer I went racing ;  
With heart pit-a-patting I leaped the ford stones,  
Till my feet through the air, like a pair of swifts  
chasing,  
Swept me straight to the doorstep of sweet Kitty  
Jones.

She sat by her father, and I by her brother,  
Her sisters, like roses, ranged round me for choice,  
But of all and of any I only saw Jenny,  
And listened alone to each tone of her voice.

In the church of Llangollen, when joy bells were  
chiming,  
If once my wits wandered, right well I know why.

'Twas Jenny's " I take thee " to heav'n sent them  
climbing,

Until her soft pinch pulled me back from the sky.

I love a good neighbour, I love rest from labour,

Good music and preaching, my pipe and my purse ;

But, above all and any, I love my own Jenny,

For richer or poorer, for better or worse.

*Ceiriog.*

## SONGS OF CYMRU

*(From Alun Mabon)*

### I

Songs of Cymru, through the years

Sounding still upon our ears ;

Gay or grieving, loud or low,

Down the mountain wind they go ;

Songs the old folk ever sung

Round the hearth when we were young ;

Songs of love that set the leaves

Sighing round our cottage eaves ;

Fragments fierce of battle tunes

Tempest-flung across the dunes ;

Psalms and hymns the Cymro hears

In the music of the spheres !

## II

Still the mountains stand rockfast,  
Still around them roars the blast ;  
At the blueing of the day  
Still outpours the pastoral lay.  
Underneath the frowning scaur  
Still the daisy lights her star ;  
But the sun and moon behold  
Other Shepherds than the old.

Over cottage, church and grange  
Steals the silent hand of change ;  
Like the ocean's ebb and flow,  
Generations come and go.  
Life's tempestuous struggle o'er,  
Alun Mabon is no more ;  
But unto the dear old tongue  
Still the dear old songs are sung.

*Ceiriog.*

## SONGS AND BALLADS TO FOLK TUNES

### GWENO'S HARP

*(Penillion)*

Cuckoo, who at thee shall carp,  
Or yellow-beak gay trilling,  
Or nightingale with sorrow sharp  
The shadowy copses thrilling?  
But give me Gweno's golden harp  
With joy my bosom filling!

Bright and shapely is its form!  
Like pigeons to their perches  
Her hands flit o'er it white and warm;  
And O! its tune so searches,  
Sweetest birds to catch it swarm  
From out the silver birches.

Who that once has drunk the strain  
From Gweno's harp upspringing,  
But yearns to hear it once again  
Along the valley ringing,  
And, as he meets it, is not fain  
To match it with his singing.

Ah ! the bliss that strikes us through  
When harp and voice are mated !  
And still when memory weaves anew  
That spell o'er hearts woe-weighted,  
Tears of joy the cheeks bedew,  
And bosoms leap elated.

*Traditional.*

## GOOD-BYE TO ARVON

*(Canu'n iach i Arfon)*

Now empty stands each serving dish,  
Flesh, fowl and fish you'd carve on ;  
Our stock is sold to pay the rent,  
We've scarce a cent to starve on.  
And farmers by the score to-day  
Just jog away from Arvon.

Our bard no more penillion droll  
His ash-tree's bole will carve on,  
And though from woods the wind harangues  
And Jack Frost hangs his scarf on  
Elsewhere sing on the nightingales,  
They've turned their tails on Arvon.

True lovers of our native land  
Its lovely strand will starve on,

But " London " and such foreign parts  
 There's some their hearts would carve on ;  
 You'll find on mine, whate'er may hap,  
 A faithful map of Arvon.

*After Gwalchmai.*

## DOLLY

*(Doli)*

OH say have you met with my Dolly  
 Astray through yon dingle of holly ?

On Snowdon's green steep  
 She grazes her sheep,  
 Around it I dally for Dolly.

Her looks are gay daffy-down-dillies,  
 Her cheeks clustered roses and lilies.

No lark's dulcet lay  
 At dawning of day  
 Delights like that dear laugh of Dolly's.

Expecting a kiss from my Dolly,  
 I found her lost lamb, like a collie,  
 But the kiss when I sought  
 A cuffing I caught,  
 No damsel deals with me like Dolly.

Yet though her tongue scourge like the holly,  
Disdain though her violet eyes volley ;  
    Though my bosom may bleed,  
    Indeed and indeed,  
My days would be dull without Dolly.

Three wishes I wish for my Dolly,  
Herself to learn love's melancholy,  
    Her lashes to lower  
    My fond looks before,  
And declare ; " until death I'm your Dolly."

*After Alun.*

## GO, GENTLE DOVE

*(Tra bo dau)*

Go, gentle dove, whom my dear love  
    Has at her heart caressed—  
This message bear across the air  
    Unto her longing breast !  
Say beauty's rose to meet me glows  
    And starry looks are shot ;  
But I so miss her loving kiss,  
    Tell her to fear them not.

Riches desert or deceive us,  
 Beauty dissolves like the dew ;  
 Love will outlast the rudest blast,  
 Wherever hearts are true.

Say I adore her but the more,  
 Since I have crossed the seas,  
 And when from her I coldly err,  
 The very fire shall freeze.  
 Tell her that still, with eager will,  
 For her I'll do and dare ;  
 Till gathered gold enow I hold  
 With her my life to share !

Riches desert or deceive us,  
 Beauty dissolves like the dew ;  
 Love will outlast the rudest blast,  
 Wherever hearts are true.

*Traditional.*

## - WATERFALL HOLLOW

*(Pant-y-Pistyll)*

ALL the girls of Pant-y-Pistyll  
Gather around the foaming fall :  
Wherefore seek its freight of crystal,  
Each at the selfsame hour of call ?  
At the stream's enchanting cadence  
Every maiden's face is aglow ;  
Drop by drop, like diamonds flashing,  
Into the plashing pail they go.

Yet the peace of purling waters  
Dies in the strife of voices shrill ;  
Since, indeed, when Eve's fair daughters  
Chatter, the earth may just stand still.  
Then against some erring neighbour  
Each like a sabre uses her tongue ;  
While a host of goblins listening  
Into the glistening pails have sprung.

Now, towards her pitcher turning,  
Each with a gasp beholds therein,  
Into fire the waters churning,  
What but an elf with evil grin.

Frighted by the water-witchers,  
 Leaving their pitchers off they are gone !  
 " Ha, ha, ha ! " each tricksy pixie  
 " Ha, ha, ha, ha ! " laughs on and on.  
*Llew Tegid.*

### THE LITTLE CUCKOO

*(Y Gwew Fach)*

Cuckoo dear, what idle folly,  
 Fal di ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh !  
 Calling here thro' prickly holly,  
 Fal di ral, &c.  
 To Dolgelly if you'd fly on,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 Soft green boughs you'd get to cry on,  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Cuckoo dear ! my heart's companion,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 Fly from here across the Wnion !  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 There a moment lightly hover,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 O'er the home of my true lover,  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Cuckoo dear, if there you find him,

Fal de ral, &c.

Sad of cheer, O perch behind him,

Fal de ral, &c.

Then a Spring-tide carol sing him,

Fal de ral, &c.

That shall hope and comfort bring him !

Fal de ral, &c.

*Robert Bryan, after an old Folk Song.*

## THE FLOWERS OF THE WEST

UPON Merioneth's seaward height

Across the surging swell

The lovely Blodwen strained her sight,

While fast her tear drops fell.

Heaven's floor before her vision

Lay flushed with flowers Elysian,

To whose bright change

So rich and strange,

The red, round sun to rest

Sank down on Ocean's breast ;

Whilst curling like a rosy lip,

Then pearling into spray,

Each wave laughed round the gallant ship

That bore here love away.

There, past the sun's flower-pillowed head,  
 'Twixt blushing sea and sky,  
 She saw his barque with white sails spread  
 Float like a butterfly.  
 She saw the pennon shaking  
 A fluttered farewell taking  
 With friendly will  
 Of port and hill,  
 Then into distance dim  
 Fade on the far sea-rim,  
 While from the bosom of the hill  
 Rose Blodwen's cry—" O Lord !  
 Where'er he sails, oh be Thou still  
 His Pilot and his Ward ! "

*Traditional.*

## THE YELLOW CREAM

*(Yr Hufen Melyn)*

THE winter through I lov'd her true, but tarried,  
 Till when the blossom laugh'd upon the boughs,  
 In shadow cool her milking stool I carried,  
 While Gwen went calling, calling home the cows :  
 Then, as they ran around her can in riot,  
 I hooshed them, hooshed them all into the shed ;

With buck and bellow, black and yellow, dun and  
sallow, white and red,  
On litter good to chew the cud in quiet,  
Then to the milking each in turn be led.

From sweet bird throats a thousand notes were  
thronging,

While cuckoo called to cuckoo soft and clear,  
“ They mate,” thought I, “ to satisfy Love’s longing ;  
'Tis time I too make bold to woo my dear ! ”

Her milker’s skill each warm white rill set flowing,  
Across her pail she crooned the Penrhaw air.

With look entreating, colour fleeting, heart loud  
beating I watched her there.

Her lovely face with joyous grace was glowing ;  
The happy cows stood still to seek her care.

Her touch of silk had eased of milk each udder,  
Yet beating, beating on in wild unrest,

My heart of doubt, a boat without a rudder,  
Still rode the sighing billow of my breast ;

Till Gwen, her eyes with soft surprise upturning,  
Read all the trouble written in mine own,

And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow that  
I’d grown,

Her pride forsook, gave back my look of yearning,  
Then brightly blushing from my arms was flown.

*Alfred Perceval Graves and Eifion Wyn.*

## THE BLACKBIRD

(*Y Fwyalchen*)

O SWEETEST of Blackbirds, come listen !  
Nay, bird of dark colour, give ear.  
Wilt thou hence as my messenger hasten,  
To the maid of all maidens most dear,  
And tell her whose form of soft whiteness  
Out-dazzles the wind-driven snow,  
Whose face dims the April dawn's brightness,  
That without her I perishing go ?

And if she but toss back her tresses  
Broom-golden and scornful reply,  
" Cold snow from Eryri's recesses,  
A dawn of false April am I ;"  
Then answer her, blackbird, with boldness ;  
" Yet love with his magical ray  
Can melt the snow bosom of coldness  
And turn fickle April to May."

*Traditional.*

## THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY

(*Clychau Aberdyfi*)

IF to me as true thou art,  
As I'm true to thee, sweetheart,  
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five  
    From the bells of Aberdovey,  
Hear one, two, three, four, five, six,  
Hear one, two, three, four, five and six !  
From the bells of Aberdovey.  
Glad's a lad his lass to wed,  
When she's sighed, " I love ye ! "  
But to-day on air I tread  
For Gwen of Aberdovey.  
While the heart beats in my breast,  
*Cariad*, I will love ye best,  
By one, two, three, and all the rest  
Of the bells of Aberdovey.

When I cross the sea once more,  
Love comes knocking at my door,  
Like one, two, three, four, five, six  
    Of the bells of Aberdovey ;  
One, two, three, four, five and six,  
Like one, two, three, four, five and six,  
    Of the bells of Aberdovey.

Little loves and hopes shall fly  
Round us in a covey ;  
When we're married, you and I,  
At home in Aberdovey !  
If to me as true thou art,  
As I'm true to thee, sweetheart,  
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five, six !  
From the bells of Aberdovey.

*Traditional.*

## CONTEMPORARY POETS

### YOUNG WALES

ERE upon life's ocean  
Thou put forth thy sails,  
Hear this whispered caution,  
Dear Young Wales !

Evermore, when meeting  
Worldly force and guile,  
Keep thy proud heart beating  
Pure, the while.

Follow Dante's leading,  
Shakespeare's call sublime ;  
Pantycelyn heeding  
All the time.

Work ! the wondrous vision  
Of ecstatic youth  
Turns, by toil's fruition,  
Into truth.

Morfydd's grace and glory  
 In thy face we see ;  
 Every Dafydd's story  
 Is of thee.

Sweet's the cywydd, Morfydd ;  
 Love is sweet to give !  
 But O show thy Dafydd  
 How to live !

*Elvet Lewis.*

### THE HIGH TIDE

A BALMY air blows ; the waterflags shiver,  
 On, on the Tide flows, on, on, up the river !

To no earth or sky allegiance he oweth ;  
 He comes, who knows why ? unless the Moon  
 knoweth.

The Tide flows and flows ; by hill and by hollow,  
 White rose upon rose, the foam flowers follow.

He spreads broad and full from margent to margent,  
 The wings of the gull are his bannerets argent.

The Tide flows and flows ; Atlantic's loud charges  
Mix in murmurous close with the wash of the barges.

With wondering ear the children cease playing ;  
The voice that they hear, what can it be saying ?

Too well they shall know, when amid the wild brattle  
Of the waters below, they enter life's battle.

The Tide flows apace ; the ship that lay idle  
Trips out with trim grace, like a bride to her bridal.

What hath she in store ? shall Fate her boon give  
her ?

Or must she no more return to the river ?

The flood has gone past ! Ah me ! one was late for it,  
And friends cry aghast : " How long must he wait  
for it ? "

Young eyes that to-night are darkened for sorrow  
Shall hail with delight their dear ship to-morrow.

Amid the sea wrack the barque, tempest battered,  
At length staggers back, like a prodigal tattered !

What if she be scarred or scoffers make light of her ?  
Though blemished and marred, how blest is the  
sight of her !

The Tide flows and flows ; far past the grey towers,  
And whispering goes through the wheat and the  
flowers.

And now his pulse takes the calm heart of the valley  
And lifts, till it shakes, the low bough of the sally.

Slow, and more slow is his flow—he has tarried—  
The blue Ocean's pilgrim, outwearied, miscarried !

Far, far from home, in wandering error,  
A dim rocky dome beshrouding his mirror.

But hark ! a voice thrills the traveller erring ;  
In the heart of the hills its sea call is stirring :

And home, ever home, to its passionate pleading,  
One whirl of white foam, with the ebb he is speeding.

*Elvet Lewis.*

## THE DRAGOMAN

OF yellow face, heart black as burnt out brand,  
Yet in his own esteem the brag o' man,  
Dogging Time's footprints faint through desert sand,  
While dogging ours, on stalks the dragoman.  
About us like a phantom how he'll flit  
Barefaced and barefoot under burning skies,  
The Pharaohs' centuried crime and craft have lit  
The fires of hell within his ugly eyes.

His memory is one jungle of tradition,  
Wild tale on tale inextricably met ;  
He learned his land's most fatuous superstition  
Before he knew its very alphabet.  
Yet at his heart believes the world so blind,  
'Tis fain submissive at his feet to sit,  
And win all knowledge from his evil mind  
Who could not read the simplest book e'er writ.

At cross road corners he is never missed,  
His one pursuit to plague all passers by ;  
A cosmopolitan colloquialist,  
In each and every tongue well skilled to lie.

On falsehood and deceit he so has thriven,  
 He counts himself as sacred in God's sight.  
 Is there enough of saving grace in Heaven  
 To wash the dragoman's black conscience white?

*Dyfed.*

### IN MEMORY OF MAIR ELUNED

COULD I have Mair once more,  
 All that I have and ten times o'er  
 Of earthly fame and worldly store,  
 That once I set my heart upon—  
 Lord, bid them one and all begone,  
 But give me back my Mair.

Oh, how I long for Mair—  
 My gentle daughter, pure and fair !  
 Thy Hand, her life refused to spare,  
 I know not why. I bow to Thee.  
 Though woe's her mother, woe is me !  
 Since Mair no more we see.

Oh, how I long for Mair !  
 Again the children round my chair  
 Are gay as larks in summer air,

But we grow old before our time  
 To miss, amid the merry chime,  
 The footfall of our Mair.

From Mair how can I part ?  
 She made her home within my heart,  
 And filled it with the fondest love ;  
 Now she has flown to heaven above—  
 And I am left, I know not where—  
 Still mourning for my Mair.

*T. Marchant Williams.*

MY LAND •

I CHANT, with challenge fearless,  
 The loveliest land on earth,  
 For she, indeed, is peerless,  
 This Gwalia of my birth.  
 And while Llewelyn's spirit  
 And harp her sons inherit,  
 No foe shall slight her merit,  
 No rival mock her worth !

Her foaming, fern-set torrent  
 Wins praise from every bard ;  
 Of tyranny abhorrent,  
 Proud hills her borders guard,

Beneath whose purple pleasures,  
 From vale to vale she measures  
 Her green and golden treasures  
 Of harvest, blossom-starred.

Since first by Norman strangers  
 Her Princes were dethroned,  
 Her sons have been but rangers  
 Through lands that once they owned ;  
 Ere Edward broke her borders,  
 And by his tyrant orders  
 Her gallant Cymric warders  
 In cruel fetters groaned.

But now, Joy's message-bearer,  
 I sing that she shall be  
 Far happier and fairer  
 From Severn to the sea.  
 No despot shall dismay her,  
 No dastard vile betray her,  
 But our strong arms array her,  
 In freedom's panoply.

*John Morris Jones.*

## THE OLD MELODY

AH, that old-world tune we so loved to croon and  
croon

Now your hands awake once more  
On your sad harp strings, like a bird's imprisoned  
wings

Beating, till mine eyes run o'er.  
Oh, but when they danced on your harp strings that  
night,

How we stood entranced in dreamy delight ;  
Till across the chiming chords,  
Till across the rhyming words  
Stole a sigh of haunting dole.

O lamenting air, what a broken heart's despair  
Into thee at first was cried,  
Since to-day my own, breathing back thy plaintive  
moan,

Beats against its stricken side.  
Ah, but when her love in my arms she confessed,  
Angels up above seemed not more blessed !  
Now unmoved she hears your strain,  
While my heart still back again  
Tolls the dirge of severed souls.

*John Morris Jones.*

## MY GARDEN

WITH such delights my garden gleams  
As only haunt a poet's dreams ;  
Not Eden's bowers could bosom  
Such blossom, such sunny beams.

There lilies, each a lance of light,  
Guard my roses blush and white ;  
And strawberries in rich order  
Round its border invite.

Two wells it hath of halcyon hue,  
Whose lovely glances look me through,  
And set my spirit upwinging  
And singing in the blue.

Believest thou I cannot show  
This garden that I treasure so ?  
Then gaze into thy mirror ;  
Am I in error or no ?

*John Morris Jones.*

“ORA PRO NOBIS”

A SUDDEN shower lashes  
 The darkening pane ;  
 The voice of the tempest  
 Is lifted again.  
 The centuried oaks  
 To their very roots rock ;  
 And crying, for shelter  
 Course cattle and flock.  
 Our Father, forget not  
 The nestless bird now ;  
 The snow is so near,  
 And so bare is the bough !

A great flood is flashing  
 Athwart the wide lee ;  
 Like a storm-struck encampment,  
 The clouds rend and flee ;  
 At the scourge of the storm  
 My cot quakes with affright ;  
 Far better the hearth  
 Than the pavement to-night !  
 Our Father, forget not  
 The homeless outcast ;  
 So thin is his raiment,  
 So bitter Thy blast !

The foam-flakes are whirling  
     Below on the strand,-  
 As white as the pages  
     I turn with my hand ;  
 And the curlew afar,  
     From his storm-troubled lair,  
 Laments with the cry  
     Of a soul in despair.  
 Our Father, forget not  
     Our mariners' state ;  
 Their ships are so slender,  
     Thy seas are so great.

*Eifion Wyn.*

#### A FLOWER SUNDAY LULLABY

THOUGH the blue slab hides our laddy,  
     Slumber, free of fear.  
 Well we know it, I and daddy,  
     Nought can harm you here.  
 You and all the little sleepers,  
     Their small graves within,  
 Have bright angels for door-keepers.  
     Sleep, Goronwy Wyn !

Ah, too well I now remember,  
 Darling, when you slept,  
 How the children from your chamber  
 Jealously I kept.  
 Now how willingly to wake you  
 I would let them in,  
 If their merry noise could make you  
 Move, Goronwy Wyn !

Sleep, though mother is not near you,  
 In God's garden green.  
 Flower Sunday gifts we bear you  
 Lovely to be seen ;  
 Six small primroses, to show us  
 Summertime is ours ;  
 Though, alas ! locked up below us,  
 Lies our flower of flowers.

Sleep ! to mother's love what matters  
 Passing time or tide !  
 On my ear your footstep patters,  
 Still my babe you bide.  
 All the others moving, moving,  
 Still disturb my breast ;  
 But the dead have done with roving,  
 You alone have rest.

Then, beneath the primrose petals,  
 Sleep, our heart's delight.  
 Darkness o'er us deeply settles ;  
 We must say " Good-night ! "  
 Your new cradle needs no shaking  
 On its quiet floor.  
 Sleep, my child ! till you are waking  
 In my arms once more.

*Eifion Wyn.*

## TO DAFYDD AB EDMUND

### I

FOND father of a daughterhood of dreams  
 On earth unmatched, weaver of glowing words,  
 With what delight wouldst thou outdo the birds,  
 Chanting thy choice under May's Iris beams !  
 To clustering roses likening her cheeks,  
 To one night's snow her neck and bosom bright ;  
 Or with what welcome would thy Plas uplift,  
 At evening's edge, through winter's rains and reeks ;  
 When thy heart's brothers round the fire sat trolling  
 A chorus seconding the circling wine ;  
 Or one, all feats of the fine strings controlling,  
 Drew forth therefrom some descant half divine,  
 Whereunto, mouth supreme of song, a strain,  
 As cyder golden-sweet, thou gavest back again.

## II

WHEN autumn's chill in cloud the hill had cast  
And drawn his veil o'er field and coppice mute,  
With heavy heart and hesitating foot  
Around thy realm of song forlorn I passed ;  
For not one child I met and asked of thee  
Had heard that thou hadst sojourned there, God  
wot !  
Nor from his master, mean and monoglot,  
One lay had learnt of all thy minstrelsy.  
In speechless ignorance gross man he stood,  
When him I questioned of thy ancient hall,  
Upon the very spot where thy bright fame  
Most richly rests. Lost to his Country's good,  
Not his her proud old past, her young heart's flame,  
But England's tongue in tatters, the smirk that  
stamps a thrall.

*T. Gwynn Jones.*

THE BALLAD OF THE OLD BACHELOR OF  
TY'N Y MYNYDD

STRONGEST swept his sickle through the whin-bush,  
    Straightest down the ridge his furrows sped ;  
Early on the mountain ranged his reapers,  
    Above his mattock late he bowed his head.

Love's celestial rapture once he tasted,  
    Then a cloud of suffering o'er him crept.  
Out along the uplands, in the dew-fall,  
    He mourned the maid who in the churchyard slept,  
With the poor he shared his scanty earnings,  
    To The Lord his laden heart he breathed ;  
On his rustic heart fell two worlds' sunshine,  
    And two worlds' blossoms round his footsteps  
    wreathed.

Much he gloried in Young Gwalia's doings,  
    Yet more dearly loved her early lore,  
Catching ever from her Triple Harpstrings  
    The far, faint echoes of her ancient shore.

Yester-even he hung up his sickle,  
    Ne'er again to trudge his grey fields o'er,  
Ne'er again to plough the stony ridges,  
    To sow the home of thorns, alas ! no more.

*W. J. Gruffydd.*

## GWERFYL MECHAIN

WHEN Gwerfyl's charms were at their fairest  
flowering,

Life looked one dance of joy and every head

With crimson rose on rose shone garlanded,

Whence glossy gold on bosoms white fell showering ;

While velvet airs from vermeil blooms embowering

Voluptuous odours o'er the senses shed,

And kisses clustered over lips ripe-red,

And heart met heart in blisses overpowering.

Then Gwerfyl caught her passionate harp and  
yearned

To link her joy with theirs. The summer's  
fervour,

A daring wealth of sun and dew and rain,

Flooded her strings immortal. Then she turned

With sudden tears from each entranced observer,

And vanished, songless, in the black inane.

*W. J. Gruffydd.*

## LULLABY

*(Suo-gan)*

As a blossom sweet and rosy  
 Folds its petals for the night,  
 In my bosom curling cosy,  
 Hush you, hush you, baby bright !  
 While I'm by thee, nothing cruel  
 Not one harmful sound or sight  
 Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel !  
 O my armful of delight !

Little flowerets in the meadows,  
 Little nestlings in the trees  
 Now are sleeping in the shadows  
 To the cradling of the breeze ;  
 But the blossom of my bosom,  
 But the birdie on my knees,  
 While I lock him there and rock him,  
 Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not ! 'tis the ivy only  
 Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er ;  
 Start not ! 'tis the billow lonely  
 Lapping, lapping on the shore ;

Through your dreaming you are beaming  
O so purely now, my store,  
You must see your angel, surely,  
Smiling through Heaven's open door.

*After Robert Bryan.*

## HYMNS AND RELIGIOUS POEMS

### HAIL GLORIOUS LORD !

HAIL ! all glorious Lord, with holy mirth  
May Church and chancel bless Thy good counsel!  
Each chancel and church,  
All plains and mountains,  
And ye three fountains—  
Two above wind,  
    And one above earth !  
May light and darkness bless Thee !  
Fine silk, green forest confess Thee !  
Thus did Abraham, father  
Of faith, with joy possess thee.  
Bird and bee-song bless thee  
    Among the lilies and roses !  
All the old, all the young  
Laud thee with joyful tongue,  
As thy praise was once sung  
    By Aaron and Moses.  
Male and female,  
The days that are seven,  
The stars of heaven,

The air and the ether,  
Every book and fair letter ;  
Fish in waters fair-flowing,  
And song and deed glowing,  
Grey sand and green sward  
Make your blessing's award ;  
And all such as with good  
Have satisfied stood !  
While my own mouth shall bless Thee  
And my Saviour confess Thee.

Hail glorious Lord !

*From a 12th Century MS., " The Black  
Book of Carmarthen."*

## THE BARD'S DEATH-BED CONFESSION

LORD, hear my confession of life-long transgression !

Weak-willed and too filled with Earth's follies am I  
To reach by the strait way of faith to Heaven's  
gateway,

If Thou light not thither my late way.

From Duty's hard high road by Beauty's soft by-road  
To Satan's, not Thy road, I wandered away.

Thou hast seen, Father tender, Thou see'st what a  
slender

Return for Thy talents I render.

Thy pure Eyes pierced through me and probed me  
and knew me,

Not flawless but lawless, when put to the proof.  
In ease or in cumber, day-doings or slumber,  
What ills of mine would'st Thou not number !

From Thy Holy Hand's Healing, contrition annealing  
And Faith's oil of healing grant, Lord, I beseech ;  
These only can cure me and fresh life assure me,  
These only Thy Peace can procure me !

To the blood freely-flowing of The Lamb life-  
bestowing

This wonder is owing that washes out sin.  
Thy Love to us lent Him, Thy Love to death sent  
Him,  
That man through Thy Love should repent him.

Lord God, Thy Protection, Lord Christ, Thy Affection,  
Holy Ghost, Thy Direction so govern my heart,  
That all promptings other than Love's it may  
smother,  
As a babe is subdued to its mother.

For that treasure of treasures that all price out-  
measures,

Pure Faith, on whose pleasures life-giving we feed—  
Let Kings in their places, let all the earth's races  
Sing aloud in a crowd of glad faces.

Yea ! all mouths shall bless Thee, all hearts shall  
confess Thee

The bounteous Fountain of mercy and love ;  
Each gift we inherit of pure, perfect merit,  
Dear God, overflows from Thy Spirit.

*Huw Morus.*

## QUICK, DEATH!

THIS room an antechamber is :  
Beyond—the Hall of Very Bliss !  
Quick, Death ! for underneath thy door  
I see the glimmering of Heaven's floor.

*Huw Morus.*

## COUNSEL IN VIEW OF DEATH

LEAVE your land, your goods lay down !  
 Life's green tree shall soon grow brown.  
 Pride of birth and pleasure gay  
 Renounce or they shall own you !

Manly strength and beauty fair,  
 Dear-bought sense, experience rare,  
 Learning ripe, companions fond  
 Yield, lest their bond ensnare you !

Is there then no sure relief,  
 Thou arch-murderer and thief,  
 Death, from thine o'ermastering law—  
 Thy monstrous maw can none shun ?

O ye rich, in all your pride  
 Through the ages would ye bide,  
 Wherefore not with Death compound,  
 Ere underground he hide you ?

Lusty athlete, light of foot,  
 Death, the Bowman's fell pursuit  
 Challenge ! O, the laurels won,  
 If thou but shun his shooting !

Travellers by sea and land  
On remotest mount or strand,  
Have ye found one secret spot  
Where Death is not commanding ?

Learned scholar, jurist proud,  
Lifted god-like o'er the crowd,  
Can your keenest counsel's aid  
Dispel Death's shade enshrouding ?

Fervent faith, profound repentance,  
Holy hours of stern self-sentence—  
These alone can victory bring  
When Death's dread sting shall wring us.

*Elis Wyn.*

## FROM "THE LAST JUDGMENT"

DAY of Doom, at thy glooming  
     May Earth be but meet for thee !  
 Day, whose hour of louring  
     Not angels in light foresee !  
 To Christ alone and the Father  
     'Tis known when thy hosts of might,  
 Swift as giants shall gather,  
     Yet stealthy as thieves at night.

Then what woe to the froward,  
     What joy to the just and kind !  
 When the Seraph band comes streaming  
     Christ's gleaming banner behind ;  
 Heavenly blue shall its hue be  
     To a myriad marvelling eyes ;  
 Save where its heart encrimsons  
     The cross of the sacrifice !

Rocks in that day's black fury  
     Like leaves shall be whirled in the blast ;  
 Hoary-headed Eryri  
     Prone to the plough-lands cast !  
 Then shall be roaring and warring  
     And ferment of sea and firth,

Ocean, in turmoil upboiling,  
    Confounding each bound of earth.  
The flow of the Deluge of Noah  
    Were naught by that fell Flood's girth !

Then Heaven's pure self shall offer  
    Her multitudinous eyes,  
Cruel blinding to suffer,  
    As her sun faints out of the skies ;  
And the bright-faced Moon shall languish  
    And perish in such fierce pain  
As darkened and shook with anguish  
    All Life, when the Lamb was slain.

Then shall the stars from their courses  
    Rain dreadfully down the Deep,  
And Hell's gate felled by their forces  
    Into Immensity leap ;  
Then her damned unscaleable rampart,  
    Festered at last to the full,  
Shall bulge and break and be shaken  
    Through space like leprous wool ;  
While the Plague a-squat on her cauldron,  
    And the Devil and all his train  
Of Error and Terror and Horror  
    Quake in the curst Inane.

*Goronwy Owen.*

## " WELE'N SEFYLL "

*Hymn*

WHERE Judea's myrtles flower,  
 How His looks of love invite !  
 But alas ! our eyes are holden,  
 Holden from their golden light.  
 Blessed hour, blessed hour !  
 When unveiled He meets our sight !

Branch of Beauty, Rose of Sharon,  
 With a glamour far less bright,  
 Even the wondrous rod of Aaron  
 Blossomed forth in Pharaoh's sight.  
 Rose of Dawning, Rose of Even  
 Unto Heaven be our light !

Now my pulse no more is leaping,  
 Earth's idolatries to share.  
 Jesu, with thy heart's hid treasures  
 Earthly pleasures how compare !  
 Waking, sleeping, watching, weeping,  
 Fold me, hold me in Thy care !

*Ann Griffith.*

“ MARCHOG JESU ! ”

*(Hymn sung at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales)*

LORD, ride on in triumph glorious,  
 Gird Thy sword upon Thy Thigh !  
 Earth shall own Thy Might Victorious,  
 Death and Hell confounded lie.  
 Yea ! before Thine Eye all seeing,  
 All Thy foes shall fly aghast ;  
 Nature's self, through all her being,  
 Tremble at Thy Trampling Past.

Pierce, for Thou alone art able,  
 Pierce our dungeon with Thy day ;  
 Shatter all the gates of Babel,  
 Rend her iron bars away !  
 Till, as billows thunder shoreward,  
 All the Ransomed Ones ascend,  
 Into freedom surging forward  
 Without number, without end.

Who are these whose praises pealing  
 From beyond the Morning Star  
 Earthward solemnly are stealing  
 Down the distance faint and far ?

These are they, the Ever Living,  
 All in glistening garments gone,  
 Palm in hand, with great Thanksgiving  
 Up before The Great White Throne.

*Pantycelyn.*

### THE IMMOVABLE COVENANT

YE mountains whose bulwarks have towered  
 Since Heaven first beheld you of old,  
 By Time's dragon jaws undevoured  
 Through aeons of heat and of cold,  
 Ye joyed at earth's goodly beginning,  
 Mourned Adam's degenerate race,  
 Till Noah's flood swept o'er the sinning  
 And whelmed you from shoulders to base.

Not whirlwind or lightning or thunder,  
 Nor wrath of the nethermost deeps,  
 Have split your broad basements asunder  
 Or shattered your pyramid heaps !  
 Yet when, by the Saviour's revealing,  
 Sharp tremors take ocean and land,  
 When Earth like a drunkard is reeling,  
 Ye mountains, how then shall ye stand ?

When Andes her heads hoar and barren  
Shakes loose of their centuried snows,  
Say shall ye not, Wyddfa and Aran,  
Start leaping like young mountain roes ?  
Yea ! unto the zenith, like bubbles  
On God's mighty breath, ye shall fly,  
And mix with the moan of your troubles  
The roar of the sea and the sky.

Prison bolts that all powers have been mocking  
That shocking shall melt like the snow ;  
And palace and temple fall rocking,  
Then earthward loud ruining go.  
Yet though, at Thy Righteous Hands' rending,  
This orb to destruction obscure  
Should plunge through abysses unending,  
Thy Covenant still shall endure !

Fierce fountains of brimstone and fire  
Through ether shall furiously leap,  
And city and hamlet and byre  
Lie sunk in one sulphurous heap ;  
The bonds of the earth and the heaven  
Like flax in the furnace shall fail ;  
But, Lord, still unscathed and unruined,  
Thy Covenant's bond shall prevail !

The sinner, with no God to guide him,  
 Flees forth in confusion and dread ;  
 He calls on the mountains to hide him,  
 The caverns to cover his head ;  
 Aghast in the terrible Welter,  
 Each limb like an aspen-leaf quakes ;  
 The while in Thy Covenant's shelter  
 Calm refuge the Christian takes.

From thence I can see him beholding,  
 With eyes full of sorrowful love,  
 Earth's funeral pageant unfolding,  
 The heavens in black mourning above.  
 On the brow of a mighty green mountain,  
 Far off in Eternity's land,  
 His voice flows in praise like a fountain,  
 He strikes the gold harp in his hand.

In vision once more I have found him,  
 When ages on ages have run ;  
 A glistening band is around him,  
 His garments out-dazzle the sun ;  
 To Earth, still o'erhung with a curtain  
 Of dark desolation and death ;  
 " Yet, yet is God's Covenant certain,  
 And sure thy redemption ! " he saith.

He asks, as around him he gazes,  
“ Earth’s Covenants, where are ye now ?  
Kings sealed you, the folk sang your praises,  
Religion recorded your vow.  
Ah, where are those covenants solemn  
Set up in the face of the sun ? ”  
Rent pillar and overturned column  
Sigh back : “ There remaineth not one ! ”

I hear him, as spreading his story,  
Through regions where bright legions throng,  
He wakes the gold wires to God’s glory,  
And chants forth His Covenant song ;  
Until all the mountains Elysian  
Dance past with delight at the lay,  
Then forth from my rapturous vision  
They vanish and vanish away.

O Thou Who in curst Crucifixion,  
Drank down upon Calvary’s Tree  
The dregs of the cup of affliction,  
To succour a sinner like me.  
O Fountain of Love everlasting !  
Pure source of the Peace that can save,  
My soul on Thy Covenant casting,  
I triumph o’er Death and the Grave.

*Hugh Derfel.*

## A LAMENT

A LITTLE garden flower am I,  
 Still dying, slowly, slowly ;  
 All other blooms in laughter blend ;  
 I bend in sorrow, solely.  
 When dawn on every fragrant head  
 Has laid her circlet pearly,  
 Mine only, by her gems uncrowned  
 Is found, or late or early.

A little bird in bush am I,  
 Hard by a graveyard gloomy,  
 Too weak of wing therefrom to fly  
 O'er mead or meadow bloomy.  
 All strains of dance and song are sped  
 Here where the dead lie sleeping ;  
 No sound doth pass their grassy bound,  
 No sound but my sad weeping.

Nay ! I'm a shell on life's lone shore,  
 Swept o'er by water chiding ;  
 Still longing, longing for release  
 At the rough sea's subsiding.  
 A shell indeed ! for hush ! and hark !  
 How Jordan's dark wave presses,  
 And sweeps with hollow haunting call  
 Through all my soul's recesses.

Could I but wander with the wind  
    Behind the lark's song-fountain ;  
Or on my way go leaping gay,  
    Like lambs upon the mountain ;  
Or smile as rarely as the Sun  
    Aurora's dun cheek rosing,  
Or laugh and dance like stars elate,  
    When Even's gate is closing !

He set them circling in the height  
    To light Heaven's darkling hollow,  
Who in my forehead fixed hath  
    Twin stars, His path to follow.  
The lamps of Heaven burn on and on,  
    In virgin splendour shining ;  
While my poor eyes like rush-lights wan  
    Fade out with life's declining.

Yet if their lids must close awhile,  
    In death's dark, dolorous hour,  
Full soon they'll open with a smile,  
    When Christ returns with power.  
Then star on star shall fall from far,  
    To black oblivion hasting,  
But I ! mine eyes in Paradise,  
    Shall meet The Everlasting.

*Telynog.*

## THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

## I

## RACHEL MOURNING

RACHEL, ah me ! most wretchedly  
     Mourns, meekest, worthiest woman,  
 Her husband dear hurled to his bier  
     By Roman fiends inhuman.  
 Tremulously now murmurs she :  
     “ Naught’s here but naked horror ;  
 Black despond and blind despair,  
     Mad turmoil, murderous terror !  
 Free he rose, his hero blows  
     Gave Rome black cause to rue him ;  
 Ten to one, then they run  
     Their poisonous poignards through him.  
 Thus took flight thy tortured sprite,  
     Dear heart, from my fond seeing !  
 Now stars on high in stark dawn die,  
     We too must far be fleeing.  
 Children dear, I thrill with fear  
     To hear your hungry crying !  
 Away, away ! one more such day—  
     And we’re too weak for flying.”

## II

## THE BURNING TEMPLE

THE savage foes of this lost land of ours  
 Conspire to fire Antonius' shapely towers.  
 Ere long the Temple proud, surpassing all  
 Art's fairest gems, shall unto earth be bowed !  
 Lo ! through the lurid gloom the lightning's lash !  
 And hark the unnatural thunder crash and boom !  
 Moriah's marvellous fane is leaning low ;  
 With cries of woe her rafters rend in twain ;  
 For our Imperial One is brought to naught.  
 Yea, even where most cunningly she was wrought,  
 The fire has cleft its way each coign into,  
 For wood and stone searching her bosom through.  
 Astonishingly high she took the blue,  
 Yet weeping molten dross shall meet the ground—  
 A sight for grief profound to gaze across.  
 Flame follows flame, each like a giant worm,  
 To feast and batten on her beauteous form.  
 Through gold and silver doors they sinuous swarm  
 And crop the carven flowers with gust enorme ;  
 Till all is emptiness.

Then with hellish shout  
 The embruted Gentiles in exultant rout  
 Into her Holy of Holies profanely press !

One streaming flood of steaming blood—  
 Shudders her sacred pavement !

*Eben Fardd.*

## LOVE DIVINE

*(From " Emanuel ")*

WHEN the angel trumpet sounded,  
 Through the unbounded ether blown,  
 Star on star danced on untiring,  
 Choring past the great White Throne ;  
 Then, as every globe outglancing  
 Earth's entrancing orb went by,  
 Love Divine in blushing pleasure  
 Steeped the azure of the sky.

Wisdom, when she saw Earth singled  
 From the bright commingled band,  
 Whispered Mercy : " That green wonder  
 Yonder is thy promised land ! "  
 Mercy looked and loved Earth straightway,  
 At Heaven's gateway smiling set.  
 Ah ! that glance of tender yearning  
 She is turning earthward yet.

*Gwilym Hiraethog.*

## A NOTE ON WELSH METRES

“NATIVE WELSH POETRY,” to quote Mr. Idris Bell, “is not scanned, like English, by a regular recurrence of stress accents, and is therefore reckoned by syllables, not by feet. Accents may, for the most part, be distributed at the writer’s will. This would seem to destroy rhythm, but a kind of rhythm is secured by the use of alliteration and rhyme. From the earliest periods,” the times of Aneurin, Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, “there was a tendency to employ both alliteration and internal as well as end rhymes. During the period of the Princes, their use grew more and more frequent and systematic, but not until the days of Dafydd ab Gwilym, as stated in the introduction, “was it reduced to a regular system, which, made stricter in course of time, has endured to the present day. This system is called *cynghanedd*, and forms the basis of what are called the strict metres.” These four-and-twenty strict metres, first classified by Dafydd

ab Edmund at the famous Carmarthen Eisteddfod of 1451, are the dominant features of Welsh prosody. To explain their intricacies would be a task far too long to be attempted here. "I have laboured long and not unsuccessfully," wrote Archdeacon Prys, "at eight of the chief languages; I have not found, under the sky, so closely woven a web as that of Welsh verse":—

Profais, ni fethais, yn faith,  
 O brif ieithoedd braf wythiaith;  
 Ni phrofais dan ffurfafen  
 Gwe mor gaeth a'r Gymraeg wen.

Suffice it to say that the twenty-four metres constitute a system of prosody which is, for intricacy of construction, delicacy of form, and susceptibility of polish, absolutely without parallel outside the kindred poetry of the Irish. That they are of considerable age is proved by the fact that their names are set forth in the *Red Book of Hergest*, a fourteenth-century manuscript which is one of the treasures of Jesus College, Oxford. The *cywydd*, destined to surpass all the other metres in importance, is exemplified by the first twenty-two lines of Eben Fardd's "Rachel Mourning." It consists of lines of seven syllables, rhyming in couplets. If the closing accent fall upon the last syllable of one line, it must

be on the penultimate of the next, or vice versa. Thus the accented syllables in the first couplet quoted are those italicized :—

*Gwelaf* *Rahel*, *isel*, *lwys*,  
Yn *wylo*, *fenyw* *wiwlwys*.

while a little later comes the couplet :—

*O!* *fy mhriod* a *godai* .  
*Llon* wr *rhydd*, *allan* yr *äi*.

In addition to rhythm and rhyme, the *cywydd* line must embody one of three forms of *cynghanedd*, or harmony. These are all illustrated in the original of the translated extract from Eben Fardd; they are named, *cynghanedd groes*, or correspondence between the consonants of the halves of the line, as in :—

*Llid* a *chwyn*, *trallod* a *chur* ;

*cynghanedd lusk*, or internal rhyme, as in :—

Ni *welaf mwy* f' *anwylyd* ;

and *cynghanedd sain*, which embodies variations of both the foregoing, as in

*Clwyfent* *hwy*, *Frathent* *ei* *FRON*

During the Period of the Princes there was, as

there had been in earlier Ireland, a great development of the Bardic Order. Indeed, the Princely alliances between Ireland and Wales and the probable exchange of Court poets between the two may account in a measure for the similarity of the Bardic systems in the sister countries and the correspondence between the form and character of their poets' compositions.

The three classes of Welsh Bards, those of the *prydydd* or master poet, the *teuliwr* or household bard, and the *clerwr*, or wandering minstrel, were jealously divided from each other.

The *clerwr* chiefly devoted himself to satire, the *teuliwr* to extempore verse, the *prydydd* to official poems—praises of the prowess of the princes, epithalamia and elegies, as well as to religious poetry. The verse of the first two classes has practically perished, but Dafydd ab Gwilym is believed to have taken his *cywydd* metre from a metre used by the Welsh household bard.

The *englyn* is the Welsh epigram, and is remarkable for the complexity of its structure. It has five varieties, but by far the most important is that here exemplified—this *englyn unodl union*, or direct single-rhymed englyn. Its chief characteristics—the highly organized consonantal framework, and the complicated vowel-harmonies—may be understood to some extent from the following attempt to

emphasize them as they are exemplified in this quotation from Elfed :—

BOREU oes O ! mor BRysur—y GwiBia  
 GoBaith ar ei antur :  
 Canai *lai* pe Gwelai Gur  
 Y BLODau dan y BLaDur.

For English readers I give an *englyn* in English wrought after the Welsh pattern by my son Robert. It will be observed that the first line is divided into two parts of seven and three syllables, respectively ; that the second line consists of six, and the third and fourth of seven syllables, that the ends of the first division of the first line and of the second, third and fourth lines are rhymed, or rather have the same termination, but that the last word of the third line is and indeed must be monosyllabic. The harmonic scheme is completed by the combined accentual and alliterative nexus of *gleam, gloam, OUT YONDER IT WAND' reth, Its FORCE THat is a FIERCE THing, It draweth men to drowning.*

### THE WILL O' THE WISP

SEE a gleam in the gloaming—out yonder  
 It wand' reth bright flaming ;  
 Its force—that is a fierce thing !  
 It draweth men to drowning.

Of the literary value of the *englyn* a fair estimate may be formed by these translations into English free metres of two typical modern *englyns* by Mr. Idris Bell.

### A SAILOR'S EPITAPH

*By Tudno*

HERE sleeps a sailor, safe from wind and tides,  
 Where never is the sea's rough thunder heard.  
 In port at last, his bark at anchor rides,  
 And the still water with no wave is stirred.

### THE COLLIER

*By Elfed*

THOU piercest through the mountain's inmost frame,  
 Treading the sunless streets far underground ;  
 Thy strong arm is the pillar of thy fame,  
 Thy glory in thy weariness is found.

So intricate a form has, of course, only come into existence very gradually. Principal Sir John Rhys has suggested that its beginnings may be found in the adoption of the Horatian metre by the writers of inscriptions cut in Roman-British times upon

stones found in Montgomeryshire. Some of the seventy-three *englynion* in *The Black Book of Carmarthen*—probably the oldest Welsh MS. in existence (1195–1230), now in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth—bear marked metrical resemblances to those inscriptions, and it is curious that many of the stanzas, whether beginning with a hexameter, pentameter, or heptameter, require half pentameters to complete them. Principal Rhys suggests that it is from this circumstance of its apparently requiring something further associated with itself that the *englyn* derives its name. Whether that be so or not, the form is now unparalleled in the prosodies of the world, alike for complexity and for its popularity with the people among whom it has come into being. Wales has no bard so unskilful as never to have composed one; and few peasants so poor as not to hope that an *englyn* may adorn the blue slab which is their final coverlet. Men of all minds and classes appreciate a witty *englyn*, and its appeal is as universal, in Wales, as that of the *hokku* in Japan.

Strangely enough the Sixteenth Century, during which England, under a Welsh Royal line, reached the zenith of her poetical fame in the works of William Shakespeare, saw a corresponding decline in Welsh metric. Mr. Idris Bell admirably explains its cause. “From a mistaken conception

of the country's good the Tudors attempted to induce the Welsh to give up their language; the nobility, who with the establishment of peace began to frequent the English Court, forsook their national traditions, and the consequence was that by the end of the Sixteenth Century there had already opened that breach between the land-owning class, English in speech and sentiment, and the Welsh speaking peasantry, which has continued until this day.

The gentry and nobility had been the patrons of the bards, and with their growing indifference to national customs, the occupation of the latter was gone. . . .

But the literature was not dead, and did not die. As in the Fourteenth Century Dafydd had revived poetry by raising an inferior order of verse to canonical rank, so, too, now a fresh impulse came through a kind of composition not hitherto recognized by the higher class of bards.

While the *Cywydd* and the *cynghanedd* system had held the field among *them*, the wandering minstrel had been writing verse in other metres, and without *cynghanedd*; and, in consequence, no doubt, of English influence, this less formal verse came to be written accentually, like that of England. By the end of the Sixteenth Century we find it emerging from obscurity, and from that time to this Welsh poetry has fallen into two great classes, that written in

accordance with the native principle, in one or other of the so-called strict metres, and that written accentually and for the most part without *cynghanedd* and known as 'free poetry.' "

Quite the most masterly treatise on the Bardic System and on this whole question of Welsh metric is to be found in the volume of the proceedings of the Carnarvon National Eisteddfod in 1886.

It is by Canon Edwards (Gwynedd), Rector of Aber, and obtained a similar prize at the National Eisteddfod at Carnarvon to that gained for his classification of the twenty-four direct metres by Dafydd ab Edmund at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod in 1451. It is a thousand pities that this excellent essay should not be published separately for the benefit of all students of Welsh Literature.

"In most of the poems attributed to Llywarch Hen," writes Mr. W. J. Gruffydd in his article on Welsh Literature in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "and in some of the Myrddin poems, the verses begin with the same line, which, though it has no direct reference to the poem itself, is used as a refrain or catch-word exactly like the refrain employed by Mr. Swinburne and others in their ballads."

These lines generally refer to some natural object or objects, as, for instance, "the snow of the mountain" or "bright are the tops of the broom."

Again, it will be noticed that the refrain at the end of each verse of Rhys Goch ab Rhiccert's "Dying Lover," introduces each subsequent verse, as shown in my translation of that poem. This looks like an artificial form of verse caught from the Troubadours and akin to such forms as the ballade, the rondeau, the rondel and the villanelle which arose among the poets of Northern France in the Fourteenth Century.

It has been pointed out by Francis Korbay that each language has a rhythmical genius of its own. Thus that of England is as markedly "iambic" as that of Hungary is "choriambic"; while in the Folk Songs and free metres of the Principality there is as distinct a tendency for Welsh verse to fall into trochaic measures. This I connect with the noticeable fact that the greater proportion of the Welsh harp tunes are introduced with a "down" musical beat.

## BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES

ALUN (the Rev. John Blackwell).—Born at Pontarwyl near Mold, in 1797. Was the son of a miner and apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of eleven, but his abilities having attracted attention, a fund was raised to send him to Jesus College, Oxford, where he matriculated in 1825, graduated in 1828, was ordained curate of Treffynnon in 1829, and rector of Maenor Deifi, co. Pembroke, in 1833. He died May 19, 1840, and lies buried in Maenor Deifi Churchyard. His works were published 1851, under the title, "Ceinion Alun."

ANEURIN or ANEIRIN.—Lived in the early part of the sixth century. Was the son of Caw, Lord of Cawlwyd. Took part in the Battle of Cattræth where the Britons lost so heavily that only three of the British chiefs, amongst them Aneurin, escaped the slaughter. Imprisoned by his enemies, he was rescued by Cencu, son of Llywarch Hen. He found refuge at the famous college of Cattwg, in South Wales, where, about 570 A.D., he was treacherously slain by one Eiddin. Dr. Owen Pughe and others attempted to identify him with Gildas, but the animosity with which Gildas denounces the

bards, of whom Aneurin was one, militates against this view. Moreover the writers of the *Life of Gildas* state that he embraced the sacred profession at an early age, whereas Aneurin was for long a warrior. His leading poem, "The Gododin," an account of the Battle of Catteraeth, contains 920 lines in varied measures but all in rhyme, and probably is an amalgam of two or more poems. His other most notable poem is entitled "Englynon y Misoedd : The Ode to the Months."

BRYAN, Robert (1862).—Robert Bryan is a Carnarvon poet and musical composer. Began life as a schoolmaster, then studied music at Oxford and devoted himself to this and the literary art. He has written many articles and both Welsh and English verse for the Welsh magazines, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Welsh Folk Song Society and a contributor, lyrical and musical, to Messrs. Boosey's *Welsh Melodies*. He has published a volume of poetry entitled "*Odlau Cân.*"

CEIRIOG.—John Hughes (afterwards known as John "Ceiriog" Hughes, or simply "Ceiriog") was born September 25th, 1832, at Penybryn, Llanarmon, in the Vale of Ceiriog, in the S.E. of Denbighshire. Here the battle of Crogen was fought in 1165, between the forces of Henry II. and Owen Gwynedd, while one of the most famous of the Welsh lyrical poets, Huw Morus, lived in the same valley between the years 1622 and 1709. As he showed more taste for books than agriculture, he was sent after school to a Printing Office at Oswestry, but,

as the period of apprenticeship was seven years, his parents could not afford to keep him at this work and sent him to Manchester, where he became a railway clerk in London Road Station. Here he educated and trained his mind and discovered his powers. Much of his most beautiful poetry was written during this period, and two facts are particularly interesting in connection with it. In the first place it must be noticed that some of his best work was then written for various Eisteddfodic competitions ; in the second it is very remarkable that some of his most charming pictures of nature and rural life should have been painted in the murky atmosphere of Manchester. His winning of the prize love poem at the Llangollen Eisteddfod in 1858, with his "Myfanwy," at once made him famous. In 1862 he published his first volume, "Evening Hours" (Oriau'r Hwyr), the lyrics from which were soon quoted through the length and breadth of the land. Musicians were quick to see the merits of his lyrics. Owain Alaw, in his "Gems of Welsh Melodies," made use of a large number of his songs, and later about fifty were written for Brinley Richard's "Songs of Wales" ; while in his preface to "The Poet and Minstrel," Ceiriog has some excellent remarks and suggestions on the writing of words to music. Ceiriog's second book, "Morning Hours," appeared in 1862. This contains "Alun Mabon," regarded by many competent critics as Ceiriog's masterpiece. The poem is a series of twenty-six short songs, descriptive of successive episodes in the life of Alun, the shepherd.

"The Hundred Songs" were published in 1863,

among these were many written expressly for Welsh airs, which alone would immortalize his name; for he closely studied the spirit of every melody and took care that the subject of the song had direct relation to the title of the air, while in all his successful efforts both ideas and words seem to have been expressly inspired by the music.

In 1865 he returned from Manchester to Wales and was appointed station-master at Llanidloes. This change was unfortunate, for nothing was subsequently produced by him of as fine quality as that of his Manchester lyrics. His "Other Hours," published in 1868, show a strange predilection for less natural metres. In 1870 he published his last book, "Summer Hours." His later years were spent as station-master at Caersws, where, after a long and painful illness, he died in 1887. Ceiriog is described as a man of pure mind and noble aspirations. His heart was full of sympathy for the poor and his spirit of love of the Divine.

"Of the thousands of lines left by him as a heritage to his people there is not one that is corrupt, ungodly, or even unkind, but they are full of beautiful and ennobling thoughts."

CENT, SION (1380-1420).—Born in Kilgerran in Pembroke, afterwards priest of Kentchurch, in Hereford, where he was known as Dr. John Kent. He held the opinions of the Lollards, inveighing strongly against the luxury and corruption of the Churchmen of his day, and alluding in his writings to the death of his near neighbour,

Sir John Oldcastle, the famous Lollard. He wrote learned Latin treatises as well as Welsh poetry. Owing to his superior knowledge and learning he was in his time regarded as a magician, and strange tales of his exploits are still current in Monmouthshire.

COTHI, LEWIS GLYN (1425-1486).—A native of Glyn Cothi, in Carmarthenshire, served as an officer under Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, to whom he dedicated several of his poems. His poetry has been published by the London Cymmrodorion Society, illustrated with notes by the Rev. John Jones and the Rev. Walter Davies, 1837.

CYNDDELW (1150-1200).—"This poet lived in the second half of the twelfth century, was a contemporary of Gwalchmai, and wrote on a great number of subjects, including religious ones; indeed, some of his eulogies have a kind of religious prelude. He had a command of words and much skill in versification, but he is pleonastic and fond of complicated metres, and of ending his lines with the same syllable" (W. J. Gruffydd—article on Welsh Literature in new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*).

DAFYDD AB EDMUND.—A native of Hanmer, in Flintshire, and lived on his own estate at Pwll Gwepre. He obtained the chair at the famous Eisteddfod, held at Carmarthen under Gruffydd ap Nicholas, and the sanction of that Congress to the twenty-four new canons

of poetry which he, with the assistance of other bards of North Wales, had compiled; the original rules having been lost. The Glamorgan bards alone dissented, maintaining that they were the possessors of the original canons. He was uncle and preceptor of Tudor Aled, and some of his compositions are preserved in MSS.

DAFYDD AB GWILYM.—His origin is doubtful. Was born about 1340 and died about 1400, and was buried in the Abbey of Ystrad Flur in Llanbadarn Vawr, his native parish. Educated by his maternal uncle, Llewelyn ab Gwilym Vychan, who had large estates in Emlyn, he returned at the age of fifteen to his paternal home, where, however, he did not long remain, owing to his bitter tongue. Appointed steward and preceptor to his daughter by his kinsman Ivor Hael, of Maesaleg, Monmouthshire, a mutual attachment sprang up between him and the young lady which led to her removal to a convent in Anglesey. Elected chief bard of Glamorgan he became a famous figure in the leading princely houses of Wales. "He has been aptly compared to Petrarch, whom he resembled in many points, and the counterpart of Laura we find in Morfydd, daughter of Madog, Lawgam, of Anglesey." To her he addressed 147 poems, but though she returned his love, she was forced by her relations to marry a decrepit old man, Cymorig Cynin, whose wealth was his only recommendation. The poet eloped with her, but being overtaken was fined so heavily that, unable to pay the penalty, he was thrown into prison whence he was ultimately released through the

generosity of his Glamorgan friends. Having survived his munificent patron, Ivor, and his love, Morfydd, he died at the age of sixty at his home in Cardiganshire. His poems, 262 in number, were published by Owen Jones (Myvyr) and William Owen (Dr. Pughe) in 1789. Other poems of his have since been discovered in the Mostyn Library, and fine translations into English verse have been made from his lyrics by Arthur Johnes in a volume published in 1834.

DERFEL, HUGH (1816-1890).—Hugh Hughes, who bore the bardic name Huw Derfel, was born at Llandderfel, near Bala, in 1816, and died in 1890 at Llanllechid. When a young man he moved to Bethesda, near Bangor, and obtained employment as a machine man in Lord Penrhyn's quarry. He never mastered English sufficiently well to delight in English literature, but had a good knowledge of Welsh literature. He published a volume of poetry "Bloden'r Gan" at Llangallen in 1844 (2nd edition, 1862), and another volume "Y Gweithiwr Camadgar" in 1849. He was also the author of a book on the Antiquities of Llandegai and Llanllechid published in 1866. He is best known as the author of the poem "Y Cyfammod Disigl," suggested to him by the sight of his native mountains as he was returning with his scythe on his shoulder from working in the cornfields of Shropshire. His grandson, Mr. Ifor Williams, inherits his poetical tastes.

DYFED, the Rev. EVAN REES (*Dyfed*), the Archdruid of Wales, was born near Fishguard, in 1852. His parents migrated to Aberdare when he was but a few months old, and it was in the beautiful valley of Aberdare, which, in the fifties and the sixties, was a centre of much literary activity, that he received the encouragement, and, possibly, also the inspiration that were necessary for the development of his poetic gifts. He is one of the greatest living masters of Welsh alliterative poetry. He has won four Bardic Chairs (Merthyr in 1881 and 1901; Liverpool in 1884; Brecon in 1889). He also won the Bardic Chair at the International Eisteddfod of Chicago, in 1893. He has been a great traveller, and is one of the most popular lecturers in the Principality. Among his published works are "A Tour in Palestine," and two volumes of poetry.

ELVED (the Rev. Howell Elvet Lewis).—Born in the Parish of Conuil Elvet, Carmarthen, April 14th, 1860, educated at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, "Crowned" at the National Eisteddfod, 1888, and "Chaired" in 1894. Hon. M.A. of The University of Wales, 1906. *Publications in English*: "Sweet Singers of Wales," "My Christ and other Poems," "Life and Letters of Dr. Herber Evans," "The Gates of Life," "By the River Chebar," etc. His Welsh poems are entitled "Caniadau Elfed." As a poetical artist he lies midway between Ceiriog and the New Bards, and is the finest living religious poet of Wales, or at any rate shares that distinction with Eifion Wyn.

EMLYN JOAN (Dr. John Emlyn Jones).—Born at Castill Newydd Emlyn, January 8th, 1820, apprenticed to a watchmaker at twelve years old. At the age of fifteen became pupil of “Carnhuanawr,” the historian. Ordained a Baptist minister at Pontypridd, in 1852. Hon. LL.D. of Glasgow in 1863, was a member of the Gorsedd at the age of eighteen, and won several Bardic Chairs, gaining special distinction in this way at the Eisteddfod of 1860. Died at Glyn Ebwy on January 18th, 1873.

FARDD EBEN (Ebenezer Thomas (1802–1863)) was a famous Eisteddfodwr. His best work, in W. J. Gruffydd’s opinion, “is his *awdlan*, and no one will deny him the distinction of his being its master poet in the nineteenth century.” He was born at Tanylan, Llavaarmon, distinguished himself as a poetical critic, and besides his famous ode “Dinyster Jerusalem” (The Destruction of Jerusalem) wrote, amongst other works, “Hymns” (1862), “An Elegy on John Jones Talysarn” (1857). His “Poetical Works” were published posthumously in 1873.

GEIRIONNYDD IEUAN GLAN (the Rev. Evan Evans).—Was born in 1795, ordained in 1826. His poetical works were published under the title of “Geirionydd” (Isaac Clarke, Rutlin) about 1860. He wrote fine original hymns in the Welsh language as well as some very successful translations of English hymns into his own tongue, but is most famous through his fine ballad of “Rhuddlan Marsh.”

GRIFFITHS, ANN.—Born in 1771 at Dolwar Fach, Llanfihangal yn Ngwynfa, co. Montgomery. Was at first an Independent, but eventually a Calvinistic Methodist. Her maiden name was Thomas.

Her hymns were not published till after her early death in 1805, having been written mainly for her own use. "While her poetry is exclusively composed of hymns," writes W. J. Gruffydd, "to the English mind the word hymn is entirely inadequate to give any idea of the passion the mysticism and the rich symbolic grace of her poems. She gave to the Welsh lyric the depth and the rather melancholy intensity which has always characterized it."

GRUFFYDD, WILLIAM JOHN.—Born in the Parish of Llanddeiniolen, Carnarvonshire, about 1880, educated there at Bethel School, at the Carnarvon Intermediate School and Jesus College, Oxford, where he graduated M.A., and is now Lecturer in Celtic at University College, Cardiff. His works are "Telynegion" (in conjunction with Silyn Roberts, M.A., circa 1901), "Canenon a Cherddi," 1906; "Y Flodengerdd Newydd," an anthology of Welsh Verse, 1909; article in the New Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Welsh Literature. Edited the works of Goronwy Owen, and published a study of the connection between Welsh and Continental literature in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, also, in *The Celtic Review* admirable translations of Dafydd ab Gwilym into English.

**GWALCHMAI (AB MEILYR).**—One of the most eminent poets of the twelfth century and a skilful performer on the harp. He was a native of Anglesey and is said to have accompanied Richard I. to the Holy Wars. He flourished from 1150 to 1190. Twelve of his poems are preserved in the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, admirable for their poetic excellence, and one of them, addressed to Owain Gwynedd on the Battle of Tal y Voel in 1158, has been translated by Thomas Gray. Another poet with this Bardic title of “Gwalchmai” was noted as a writer of *awdlau* in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century and is represented by “Good-bye to Arvon” in this volume.

**GWERFYL MECHAIN (1460–1490).**—Was the daughter of Hywel Vychan, and has been regarded by some as the Welsh Sappho, owing to the passionate beauty of her verse. Some of her poems are preserved in MSS.

**HIRAETHOG, GWILYM (the Rev. WILLIAM REES, D.V.) (1802–1880).**—“His boyhood was spent,” writes “Elved,” “under the shadow of the Hiraethog hills, near Denbigh. It was faithful devotion to self-culture which lifted him out of humble surroundings to be a leader of a nation. The first Welsh newspaper owes its start to him and its earliest history is noteworthy for the valiant fight he made on behalf of Kossuth. . . . In the same spirit he gave ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ to his countrymen. His ode on ‘Peace’ which gained the chair of Madoc in 1851; a poem on ‘Job,’ an elegy on ‘Williams y Wern,’ the famous Welsh preacher; and

the epic of 'Emmanuel' which is one of the chief Welsh class-books in Continental Universities, are his principal poetic works."

HOPKIN, WILLIAM (1701-1741), was a poet of the Glamorgan Gorsedd. His "Watching the Wheat," sung to a beautiful Welsh air, is perhaps his most famous poem.

HYWEL AP EINION (1330-1370).—His most memorable poem, "The Ode to Myfanwy Vechan of Dinas Bran," is preserved in the Myvyrian Archaeology. The relations between him and this lady are immortalized by Ceiriog's famous Eisteddfod poem, "Myfanwy."

HYWEL AB EINION AB OWAIN.—He was Prince of Gwynedd and came from a royal stock in South Wales. He joined with his brother Meredydd in a conspiracy to seize the Crown of North Wales, failed in his enterprise, but renewed it ten years later in 1031, with the aid of Irish Scots, when he and his brother defeated and slew the then Usurper, Rhydderch ab Iestyn, and in their joint names carried on the Government of Gwynedd. Within a year, however, his brother was slain in a conspiracy and he was himself driven into exile. He made four gallant attempts to regain his throne, but was as often defeated in battle by Gruffydd ab Llewelyn, losing his beautiful wife to his victor in the second engagement and in the last parting with his own life at his hands.

IOLO GOCH (Iowerth the Red).—He was Lord of

Llechryd in Denbigh. His mother was Countess of Lincoln, and he received a liberal education, taking the degree of M.A. at one of the Universities. During the Insurrection of Owain Glyndwr, he roused his countrymen against the English by his fiery odes. When very old he resided with Owen at his palace of Sycharth, and we learn many interesting particulars of his chief's domestic life and the magnificence of his palace from his poems. He lived to extreme old age, for amongst his poems are to be found an Elegy on Tudyr ab Gronw, who died in 1315, and a poetical address on the comet which appeared in 1402. More than fifty of his poems are still preserved in MSS. He also wrote the history of the three Principalities in Wales.

ISLWYN, WILLIAM THOMAS.—Born in 1532 in Ynys Ddu, a small village in the vale of Sirhowy, Monmouthshire, took his Bardic title from the hill of Islwyn in that neighbourhood. Educated at the Cambridge Grammar School, and afterwards at the Swansea Normal College, he was marked out by his parents for the position of a surveyor of mines, but was destined to be a poet and a preacher, and in both callings he greatly excelled. He was greatly influenced by the poetry of Wordsworth, but was in no sense his imitator. Sir T. Marchant Williams thus writes of him: "He would have been the Poet of the Night and the Everlasting stars had he never read a line of any English Poet. . . . He struck out a path in the field of Welsh poetry that had never been trodden before, and so new is it even to-day that full justice is

not yet done to him as a poet or thinker." Though he was not careful to prune his periods, and "fumed at his fetters, he sang in the free alliterative metres of his choice with as much ease and spontaneity as the best of the so-called master bards of Wales. . . . He loved Nature, not so much for the beauty of her face as for the charm of her secrets." No doubt "his poetry frequently dominated his style, just as his theology and his intellect dominated his poetry. He was conscious that he was working for posterity," though he felt he was in his own time "only greatly appreciated by the few."

"Most of his smaller pieces are singularly beautiful—a beauty largely due to their naturalness, spontaneity, and the film of imagery that veils them." He died only too early in 1878 in his 46th year.

JONES (Prof. JOHN MORRIS).—Is a native of Llandrygarn, Anglesey, where he was born in October, 1864. He was educated at Christchurch, Brecon, and afterwards at Jesus College, Oxford, of which he became a Scholar and Research Fellow. He has been Professor of Welsh since 1895 at Bangor University College, and is now its Vice-Principal besides being a member of the Anglesey County Council and of the Carnarvon Education Committee. He has acted as adjudicator on the Chair Poetical Prize at many Eisteddfods, being a learned and acute poetical critic. He edited the report of the Orthographical Committee of the Welsh Language Society and the Welsh Elucidarium in "The Anecdota Oxoniensa." He is a leader of the new School of Welsh

Poetry, and has published, among other writings, the following: "Y Bardd Cwse," 1898; "Welsh Versification," 1901, excellent translations into Welsh verse from "Heine" and "Omar Khayyâm" and fine original poems, including pieces in the original bardic metres.

JONES, THOMAS GWYNN, author and lecturer, Aberystwyth.—Born October 10th, 1871, at Gwynridg Uchaf, Betws yn Rhos, Denbighshire. Educated at Colwyn, Denbigh and privately. Works: "Gwedi Baad a Gopil," a novel, 1898; "Gorchest Gwilym Bevan," a novel, 1900; "Gwlad y Gan a Chaniadau," Ereill, Poems, 1902; "Dante and Beatrice," a drama, in conjunction with Daniel Rees, Board of Trade, London, 1905 (*circa*); "Traethodau," a volume of essays, 1910; "Ymadawiad Arthur a Chaniadau Ereill," 1910; "Straeon y Pantau, gan Daniel Owen," edited with notes, etc., 1911. Is an Irish Scholar, and has translated poems from Gaelic and Breton, German, French and Italian, and published studies of early and middle Welsh Literature. Is one of the finest living writers of the old Welsh metres, and by many regarded as the greatest of the new poets. W. J. Gruffydd speaks of his "Ymadawiad Arthur" and Professor Morris Jones's "Awdl y Famon" as indications "that Welsh Poetry was only entering on its golden period."

LLEYN, or LLYN, WILLIAM.—Was born about 1530, in Carnarvon, and was the leading bard in his days both in serious and witty verse. William Owen, which was his

proper name, was appointed Vicar of Oswestry in 1583, and died in 1587. Some forty of his poems are extant. His best known work is the famous *marwnad*, to his master, Gruffydd Hiraethog.

LLEW TEGID (LEWIS JONES).—A leading lyrical poet, born on a farm, near Bala, North Wales, in November, 1851. Educated in Bala British School; entered Bangor Normal College in 1872. Headmaster of Cefufaes British School, Bethesda, 1874-5. Headmaster of the Practising School, Garth, Bangor, 1875 to 1903; then Organizing Secretary of the Bangor University College Building Fund (still going on). For some years secretary of the "Welsh Language Society;" first secretary and now treasurer of the "Welsh Folksong Society;" prepared and edited several school books; published a series of short biographies of eminent Welsh divines; wrote Welsh and English words for Welsh airs for a School song book, published by Novello; also for two books published by the Educational Publishing Co., Cardiff; wrote Welsh words for "Welsh Melodies," published by Boosey, and the libretto and lyrics of *Aelwyd Angharad*, an old-time "Noson Lawen," or "Merry Evening" in a Welsh farm house, to Dr. Lloyd Williams' music. Is a member of the Bardic Gorsedd, and a most popular adjudicator and conductor at the Welsh National Eisteddfod.

LLYWARCH HEN (from the Sixth to the Seventh Century).—Was the son of Elidr Lydauwyn, a prince of

the North Britons and a descendant from Coel, King of Britain. His paternal estate was Argoed, a part of Cumberland bordering on the forest of Celyddon (Caledon), where he exercised sovereignty as appears from the Triads in which he is called "One of the three discontented princes of Britain." Here, however, he is also called "One of the three counselling warriors of the Court of Arthur," "One of the three wise bards of Arthur's Court," and "One of the three unambitious princes of Britain," who rejected sovereign power and devoted themselves to bardism. He left Caerlleon in disgust, however, as his first *soubriquet* in The Triads shows, after having fought under Arthur at the Battle of Llongborth, to which he refers in his Elegy on Geraint ab Erbon. Returning to North Britain he leagued with his relative, Urien, Prince of Rheged, and his son Owen against the Saxon invaders and holders of Deira and Bernicia. On the death of Urien and the loss of his own patrimony he fled to the court of Cynddylan, Prince of part of Powys, but having witnessed the death and defeat of his patron, he retired into the solitudes of Montgomery, where his condition is pathetically described in his "Elegy on Old Age." Tradition affirms that he died at the age of 150, and lies buried in the neighbourhood of Bala. Twelve poems are attributed to him, six of historical and six of a moral character.

LLYWARCH AB LLEWELYN (1160-1220).—Some thirty of his poems are extant in the first volume of the Myvyrian Archaeology. They show much poetic talent

and being addressed to the several princes who reigned in his time are valuable for their historical allusions. Amongst them is a poem in the nature of an invocation when undergoing the fiery ordeal, to exonerate himself from having any knowledge of the fate of Madog, the son of Owain Gwynedd, who is said to have emigrated in 1172 to a land found by him far to the westward in a previous voyage. Hence the Welsh claim to have discovered America.

MORUS, HUW (1622-1709).—In addition to what is stated of him in the Introduction it may be said that his love poems, that are his best as well as his earliest compositions, were largely influenced by the contemporary English Cavalier Poetry, and are described by W. J. Gruffydd as "perfect marvels of felicitous ingenuity and sweetness." He adds: "He formed the poetic canons of the free metres and made what was before homely and uncouth, courtly and dignified." Most of his later work consists of "moral pieces" and carols.

MORRIS, LEWIS or MORYS, LEWYS (1700-1765).—His greatest claim to fame is as the inspirer and patron of Goronwy Owen. He will not be personally remembered except by a few well-known pieces, but he has the merit of writing in popular measures with literary elegance, for like his brothers Richard and William, he was a scholar. He was the grandfather of his namesake, the Victorian poet, Sir Lewis Morris, author of "Songs of Two Worlds," "The Epic of Hades," and "Gwen."

NANMOR, DAFYDD (from about 1430-1490).—Famous for two beautiful poems, his Cywydd "Marwnad Merch," or "Elegy of a Maiden," and "Cywydd Marwnad y Wallt Llio," or "Cywydd to Llio's hair," which show great fancy and elegance of expression.

OWEN, GORONWY (1728-1769).—To what has been said in the introduction may be added the opinion expressed by W. J. Gruffydd in his fine article on Welsh Literature in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that he gave renewed life to the strict Welsh metres which they have preserved down to the present day, and that indeed, "after Dafydd ab Gwilym he was the greatest poet who sang in the old metres."

PANTYCELYN (The Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMS).—Born according to the Dictionary of National Biography at Cefu-y-Coed, near Llandovery, in 1717. Was a co-worker with Howel Harris and Daniel Rowlands in the Methodist revival. Was ordained deacon 1740, curate of Llan Watyd and Llan Ddewi Aber Gwerin, but resigned in 1743. He died January 11th, 1719. W. J. Gruffydd says: "He wrote in free metres in a way which was astonishingly fresh. It is not enough to say he was a hymnologist. He was much more. He is the national poet of Wales. He had certainly the loftiest imagination of all the poets of five centuries, and his influence on the Welsh people can be gauged by the fact that a good deal of his idiom and dialect has fixed itself indelibly in modern literary Welsh. Besides the hymns

he wrote a religious epic, "Theomemphus," which is to this day the national epic of evangelical Wales. Even as Goronwy Owen is the Father of Modern Welsh Poetry in the old metres, so William Williams is the great fountain head of the free metres."

PRITCHARD, THE VICAR, otherwise RHYS PRITCHARD (1569-1644).—Was the author of the famous "Welshmen's Candle," "Cannwyll y Cymry," written in the free metres, first published in 1646 and completed in 1672. This consisted of a series of moral verses in the metres of the old Folk Songs (Penillion Telyn), and remained dear to the hearts of the Welsh people for two centuries.

RHYS GOCH AB RHICCERT.—An eminent poet of Coelty, in Glamorgan, who flourished from 1140 to 1170. He was the grandson of Einion ab Collwyn, who is well known as the introducer of the Normans into Glamorgan.

TALHAIARN (JOHN JONES, 1810-1869).—He published three volumes of verse and prose of most unequal merit in 1855, 1862, and 1869. "His best poems," writes the Rev. Edmund O. Jones,—“and his best was as good as his worst was bad—almost defy translation.” He will be most remembered by his lyrics, written to Welsh Folk Airs.

TALIESSYN (520-570).—The most celebrated of the ancient British poets and therefore styled "Pen Beirdd,"

or chief of the Bards. Many of his poems are still extant and, with some of later date wrongly attributed to him, are printed in the first volume of the Myvyrian Archaeology. He was of old lineage being the son of St. Henwg of Caerlleon upon Usk, and was educated for a time at the college of Cattwg, in Glamorgan. He was invited to the Court of Urien Rheged, where he long resided, and many of his poems are addressed to that Prince. Afterwards he was granted land near Aderdyfi by a local Prince, but was invited thence by Arthur to Caerlleon on Usk, where he became celebrated for his poetic genius and profound learning and is ranked in the Triads with the two Merddins as one of the three Privardd Bedydd, or baptismal bards of the Isle of Britain. He is then said to have dwelt on the banks of Llyn Geirionydd, in the mountains of Carnarvon, and his place of sepulchre is still recorded by the name of Bedd Taliesin, near Aberystwyth, to which neighbourhood he retired after the death of Arthur.

TELYNOG (1840-1865).—Thomas Evans (*Telynog*) was born at Cardigan in the year 1840. He went to live at Aberdare when he was twelve years of age, and there he remained until his death in 1865, working underground as a miner. He was unquestionably the most promising young Welsh bard of his day; he died, however, of consumption, before his rare poetic gifts were fully developed. A small volume of his poems has been published. The sweet lyric, "I am but a little flower," was written by him during his last illness.

TUDNO (THOMAS TUDNO JONES).—Born at Llandudno April 28th, 1844, youngest son of William Jones. At first a journalist, in 1881 entered St. Bees College, ordained in 1883 to a curacy at the Welsh Church of St. David at Liverpool; afterwards curate at Llanyblodwel, but resigned the curacy through ill-health in 1888; became senior curate at Llanrwat in 1890, died May 18th, 1895. His works were published by Hughes & Son, of Wrexham, and edited by David Rowlands (Dewi Mon), under the title, "Telyn Tudno."

TWM O'R NANT (1739-1810).—Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant or Tom of the Dingle) was a writer of interludes and ballads who had a high popularity amongst the common people of his day, and "is probably," writes Mr. W. J. Gruffydd, "the oftenest quoted of all the Welsh poets." The following is a specimen of his work as translated by George Borrow. It will be found at full length in "Wild Wales."

## RICHES AND POVERTY

*Enter Captain Poverty.*

O Riches, thy figure is charming and bright,  
 And to speak in thy praise all the world doth delight;  
 But I'm a poor fellow all tattered and torn,  
 Whom all the world treateth with insult and scorn.

## RICHES.

However mistaken the judgment may be  
 Of the world which is never from ignorance free,  
 The parts we must play, which to us are assigned,  
 According as God has enlightened our mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Creation is all, as the sages agree,  
 Of the elements four in man's body that be ;  
 Water's the blood, and fire is the nature  
 Which prompts generation in every creature.  
 The earth is the flesh which with beauty is rife,  
 The air is the breath, without which is no life ;  
 So man must be always accounted the same  
 As the substances four that exist in his frame.  
 And as in their creation distinction there's none  
 'Twixt man and the world, so the Infinite One  
 Unto man a clear wisdom did bounteously give,  
 The nature of everything else to perceive.

## POVERTY.

But one thing to me passing strange doth appear  
 Since the wisdom of man is so bright and so clear,  
 How comes then such jarring and warring to be,  
 In the world between Riches and Poverty ?

## RICHES.

\* \* \* \* \*

The world which the same thing as man we account,  
 In one place is sea, in another is mount,  
 A part of it rock and a part of it dale,

God's wisdom has made every part to avail.  
 With wonderful wisdom the Lord God on high,  
 Has contrived the two lights that exist in the sky ;  
 The sun's hot as fire, and its ray bright as gold,  
 But the moon's ever pale and by nature is cold.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Now say if two things in creation there be  
 Better emblems of Riches and Poverty.  
 The sun doth uplift his magnificent head,  
 And illumines the moon that were otherwise dead,  
 Even as Wealth, from its station on high,  
 Giveth work and provision to Poverty.

#### POVERTY.

I hope there are some who 'twixt me and the youth,  
 Have heard this discourse (whose sole aim is the  
     truth)  
 Will see and acknowledge as homeward they plod,  
 Each thing is arranged by the wisdom of God.

WILLIAMS, Sir T. MARCHANT.—He was born at Aberdare on the 31st July, 1845, educated at London University, where he graduated in honours. He has been called to the Bar and acted as Inspector of Schools under the London School Board, and as Assistant Charity Commissioner, and is Treasury representative on the Court of the Welsh University and Chairman of Committee of the National Eisteddfod Association of Wales. His bardic title is "Marsiant," and his publications are "The Land of my Fathers," "The Welsh

Members of Parliament," and "Poems in Welsh and English." He is, moreover, the editor of that vigorous Welsh quarterly *The Nationalist*, which might fitly be called "The Welsh Truth." He is the master of an incisive as well as brilliant prose style, excels at the *englyn*, and is a stout champion of the older school of Welsh Poetry against what he regards the undue innovations and the eccentricities of the New Bards. He has, moreover, remarkable powers as a speaker and lecturer.

WYN, EIFION (1867).—Eifion Wyn is a native of Eifionnydd, Carnarvonshire. Born May 2nd, 1867, at Portmadoc, where also educated. Commenced life as a school teacher. Began to preach 1890. Works: "Ieuenctid y Dydd," a volume of poetry, 1894; "Awdl y Bugail," 1900; "Telynegion Maes a Mor," first edition, Carnarvon, 1906; second edition, Cardiff, 1908.

He lies between "Elfed" and the New Bards. His technique is more careful than that of Ceiriog and Islwyn, his muse is more spiritual than that of the new school. His poetry is extremely popular.

WYNNE, ELLIS O LASYNYS (1671-1734).—Son of Edward Wynne, held livings of Llandanwy and Llanbedr, near Harlech; translated Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying" into Welsh, but his masterpiece is "Gweledgaethan y Bardd Cwse," suggested by L'Estrange's translation of the Suenos of the Spanish writer Quevedo. Of this work Mr. W. J. Gruffydd writes: "He has certainly followed his original closely

even as Shakespeare followed his, but by his inimitable magic he has transmuted the characters and scenery of the Spaniard into Welsh characters and scenery of the seventeenth century. No writer before or after him has used the Welsh language with such force and skill, and he will ever remain the stylist whom all Welsh writers will strive to imitate. The magic of his work has endowed the stately idiom of Gwynedd with such glamour that it has now become the standard idiom of Welsh prose."

THE END









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