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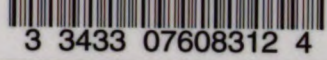
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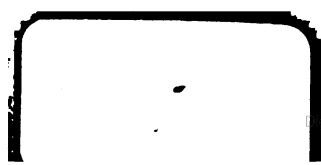
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THE
Literature of the Kymry;
BEING A CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE
HISTORY
OF
THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
OF
Wales,

DURING THE TWELFTH AND TWO SUCCEEDING CENTURIES; CONTAINING NUMEROUS
SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT WELSH POETRY IN THE ORIGINAL AND
ACCOMPANIED WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS; TO
WHICH WAS AWARDED THE
PRIZE GIVEN
BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

AT THE LATE ABERGAVENNY EISTEDDVOD.

BY THOMAS STEPHENS.

LLANDOVERY,
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM REES; LONDON, LONGMAN & CO.

MDCCCXLIX.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM REES, LLANDOVERY.



WILLIAM REES
LLANDOVERY
1835

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
THE FOLLOWING RECORD OF
LITERARY AND INTELLECTUAL
LABOURS AMONG THE
Ancient and Illustrious Race,
WHOSE
REPRESENTATIVE HE IS;
IN THE HOPE,
THAT WHEN FUTURE YEARS HAVE EXTENDED HIS EXPERIENCE,

AND RIPENED HIS JUDGMENT,

HE MAY FEEL A REGARD FOR THE INHABITANTS
OF
The Principality,
AS STRONG AS IS THEIR AFFECTION FOR THE
HEIR APPARENT
TO THE THRONE OF BRITAIN.

PREFACE.

ON the Map of Britain, facing St. George's Channel, is a group of counties called Wales, inhabited by a people, distinct from, and but very imperfectly understood by, those who surround them. Their neighbours call them *Welshmen*; Welsh, or Walsch, is not a proper name, but a Teutonic term signifying "strangers," and was applied to all persons who were not of that family; but the proper name of these people is "Kymry." They are the last remnant of the *Kimmeroi* of Homer, and of the Kymry (Cimbri) of Germany, that great people whose arms struck terror into the Roman legions, and whose virtues Tacitus held up for the imitation of his countrymen. From the Cimbric Chersonesus, (Jutland), a portion of these landed on the shores of Northumberland, gave their name to the county of *Cumberland*, and in process of time followed the sea-side to their present resting place, where they still call themselves Kymry, and give their country a similar name. Their history, clear, concise, and authentic, ascends to a high antiquity; their language was embodied in verse, long before the languages now spoken rose into notice; and their literature, cultivated and abundant, lays claim to being the most ancient in modern Europe.

In the history of Cambrian literature, there are four marked periods. Of these, the first relates to the fortunes of the Strathclyde Kymry, the wars of the Ottadini in the North of England in the sixth century, and the subsequent emigration of that people to South Wales; the second is embraced between the years 1080 and 1350; the third, thence to the first half of the seventeenth century; and the fourth from 1650 to the present time. The following Essay treats of the second period; and is the work to which the Ven. Archdeacon Williams awarded the Prize offered by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at the Abergavenny Eisteddvod of 1848. It has since been considerably enlarged, and through the liberality of Sir John Guest, Bart. M.P. is now made public. It embraces a term of years among the most stirring in the history of man; for in the greatness of the aims, the vastness of the achievements, and the prevalence of profound excitement, it can only be compared to the age of the Reformation, or the late European war. Activity prevailed everywhere, and was as apparent in literature, philosophy, and theology, as it was in warfare. It is during such an era of general movement, that we have to treat of the literature of Wales; and it will be found on examination, that the Kymry need not shrink from a comparison with any contemporaneous people.

The Essay, it will be observed, embraces a variety of subjects; and surveys all the manifestations of the Cambrian intellect. My object was to give a complete account of the mental labours of the Kymry of these centuries; and to this end, Poetry, Music, His-

tory, The Triads, and the Mabinogion, have been made subsidiary. In order to embrace this variety of topics, I found it necessary to divide the history of the Poetry into four periods, and preferred arranging the special dissertations in groups around the fixed points thus obtained, to interrupting a continuous narrative by such a number of lengthy Episodes. By this arrangement we gain in variety what is lost in symmetry; and as the episodical sections are the most original in the book, it is to be hoped that the defect they have caused in the plan may be the more readily pardoned. A rational account is now given of the poems so long erroneously attributed to Taliesin and Merddin; an attempt is here made to develop the pregnant meaning of "Hud a Lledrith;" and the old stories of the massacre of the bards, with the burning of the books by the often execrated Scoln, have been thoroughly sifted with a view to their final settlement.

My own predilections were strongly in favour of taking an enlarged view of the literature of the centuries embraced between the ages of Meilir and Gwilym Ddu; and I have been strengthened in that desire, by a conviction that this ought to be an Essay more particularly directed to English readers. This is the way in which the Kymry can best serve their country, as the preponderance of England is so great, that the only hope of obtaining attention to the just claims of the Principality, is by appealing to the convictions and sympathies of the reading part of the English population. It is full time for some of us to do this; and therefore it was my aim so to shape the Essay, that, if successful, it might be published, and

its contents made known to the English people, that they may no longer be ignorant of our real literary worth. This is a knowledge of which our neighbours are deficient, and one which we feel confident will surely produce an effect most favourable to the inhabitants of the Principality. Past experience justifies this anticipation; for Sharon Turner was not slow to exhibit his appreciation of our poetic remains; and Robert Southey, the late poet laureat, lent us a willing ear. Leigh Hunt, a veteran in literature, exhibits the same kind regard, in these lines :—

“ I used to think of thee and thine,
As one of an old faded line,
Living in his hills apart,
Whose pride I knew, but not his heart ;—
But now that I have seen thy face,
Thy fields and ever youthful race,
And women's lips of rosiest word,
(So rich they open), and have heard
The harp still leaping in thy halls,
Quenchless as the waterfalls,
I know thee full of pride, as strong
As the sea's most ancient song,
And of a sympathy as wide.”

And it would be ingratitude not to acknowledge our obligations to the poet Gray and to Mrs. Hemans. These examples teach us that we have but to make known the richness of our ancient literature, to earn a favourable estimate of ourselves ; and I, for one, will no longer bear the too just reproach, that we are continually boasting of literary wealth which we never produce for the public inspection, in an intelligible form; for how can we reasonably expect our neighbours to appreciate our literature, until they are made acquainted with it in a form which they can understand? But while I exhort my countrymen to addi-

tional exertions, it is not to be inferred that they have hitherto made no efforts to diffuse a knowledge of their ancient literature. Llwyd's account of our ancient MSS. was published in 1707; and in 1764, Dodsley, under the designation *Dissertatio de Bardis*, published several specimens of ancient Kymric poetry, with translations, undertaken by the Rev. Evan Evans, at the suggestion of Bishop Percy. Mr. Lewis Morris had frequent correspondence on the subject with Mr. Thomas Carte, and Dr. Samuel Pegge; Sir Walter Scott was on intimate terms with Mr. William Owen, afterwards Dr. W. O. Pughe, and has included in the notes to several of his poems, extracts from Kymric documents, furnished by the Cambrian lexicographer; and Mr. Hooper, Pall Mall East, in 1834, published a small volume of translations by Arthur James Johnes, Esq. of the Poems of Davydd ab Gwilym.

I have not thought it necessary to offer any vindication of the antiquity of the Cambrian Poems; a large portion of the originals are lodged in the British Museum; and may be seen on enquiry. Such specimens as are here given, are accompanied by the originals; and the translation being line for line, the reader may easily test my fidelity. The Cambrian names of persons and places, have been rendered in English equivalents; the English V has been substituted for the Kymric F; and where there was any probability of the C being pronounced soft, its place has been supplied by the letter K: in all cases I have not hesitated to alter the symbols, in order to preserve the proper sounds.

Throughout the volume I have been more solicitous to inform than to instruct; to state facts than to advance speculations; to allow our ancient remains to make their own impression, than to make out a case for them; and to supply the reader with materials wherewith to frame his own opinions, than to furnish him with thoughts ready made. Of such a work, the specimens must of necessity form a most important part; in adhering as closely as possible to the originals, I have been in most cases, compelled to give unrhymed translations; but where metrical versions, such as those of Mrs. Llewelyn, which were kindly placed at my disposal, were also distinguished for fidelity, they have been given in preference. In my own translations, I have derived much valuable assistance from the Dictionary of Dr. Pughe, the translations of the Rev. Evan Evans, and the paraphrases of the Rev. Thomas Price. I am also under considerable obligations to the works of the Rev. Edward Davies and the Rev. Walter Davies. Many errors may naturally be expected to have crept into the pages of one, whose life has been spent within the shadows of his native mountains, and whose scanty information has been, as chance directed, picked up on the out-skirts of the empire of intelligence. For the correction of many of these, I am much indebted to Lady Charlotte Guest, whose suggestions, as well as those of Mr. Rees, the Publisher, offered while the sheets were coming through the press, have been gratefully received, and generally adopted.

Merthyr Tydfil, July 2nd, 1849.

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CHAPTER I.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF WELSH LITERATURE PRIOR TO THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

THE facts of history, apart from the circumstances from which they sprang, can afford no instruction; for our knowledge of effects is not complete, until we add to it some acquaintance with their causes. And therefore, as the phenomena visible in the twelfth and following centuries, are the products of agents set in operation in a previous era, it becomes of importance to ascertain what those were, and what the state of literature was, when we commence our criticism.

It is said that there are remaining some portions of genuine Druidic lore; but as I am able neither to deny nor confirm that assertion, it will be wiser to abstain from giving any opinion upon the subject, and proceed at once to the Bards of the sixth century. The genuineness of the compositions, which go under the names of these bards, was denied many years ago by Mr. Malcolm Laing, and the *Critical Review*; but as they could have known nothing of the matter, their opinions were not of much value. Mr. Sharon Turner¹, an Englishman of great learning and rare impartiality, has devoted an extensive Essay to this enquiry; and as he has ratified the conclusions of Welsh critics, we

¹ Vindication of the British bards by Sharon Turner, F.A.S.

may now take it for granted, no one disputes that such persons as Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch lived at the time stated. Many of the pieces imputed to Taliesin are undoubtedly not older than the twelfth century, as will be hereafter shown; but it is also equally evident that other pieces must be referred to a much earlier date. The bards who lived in the sixth century, were Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch, Myrddin, Kian, Talhaiarn, Meugant, and Kywryd.

The poems of Llywarch Hen are undoubtedly old, and in referring to an age of whose manners we have but few other transcripts, are very valuable; nor are they destitute of poetic excellence. Though a warrior, and treating of warriors, his *forte* does not lie in heroic poetry; his descriptions of manners are happy, and the incidental allusions are strikingly illustrative of the age; but his chief power lies in pathetic lamentation, and his elegies have many fine sentiments. He cannot however take a high rank in bardic literature; for either from want of capacity, or in compliance with a bad usage, he begins long strings of verses with the same words, such as "Eryr Pengwern," "Eiry Mynydd," "Eglwysau Bassa," and with better effect, "Ystaveu Kynddylan." He has some very affecting verses with this commencement, many of which bring out the facts of the time with great clearness.

The hall of Kynddylan is dark to-night
Without fire, *without songs*,
Tears afflict the cheeks.¹

From this we learn that the order of the bards existed in his days.

Aneurin takes a higher position in the roll of poets, and his Gododin, a poem detailing the adventures of the Ottadini, a tribe of the Kymry, before their immigration from Cumberland and the adjoining country to that portion of

¹ Owen's Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen, p. 78. The original runs thus,—
Ystafell Cyndylan Ys tywyll heno,
Heb dan, heb gerddau,
Digystudd deurudd dagrau.

this kingdom now known as Wales, justly entitles him to the precedence among the bards of his day, the next being Taliesin. Any criticism on this poem, which did not treat the subject at length, could not fail to be unsatisfactory; I shall therefore only pause to offer a few remarks on what the object of the composition seems to be. The Rev. Edw. Davies conceives the Gododin to refer to the reported massacre of three hundred Cambrian chiefs, by Hengist and the Saxons, who invited them to a feast at Stonehenge; but the Rev. Thomas Price dissents from that view, though acknowledging that he has seen no satisfactory explanation of the meaning of the word "Cattraeth." Methinks the acuteness which discovered the meaning of "Dyvynaul Vrych," might easily have overcome that difficulty, for I believe the following to be the key to the Gododin. We know that a tribe called the "Ottadini" occupied the shores of Northumberland, from Flamborough Head to the Frith of Forth; we know further that Deivyr and Bryneich were adjacent territories; and lastly we know that in the adjoining county of York, there was a Roman town of note, named *Cataracton*, and now called Catterick. The bard says, "The men of Gododin went to Cattraeth;" now Cattraeth must have been somewhere near. Many phrases countenance this assumption;—

"Gwyr a aeth Gattræth gan ddydd." (twice repeated.)

Men went to Cattraeth *at break of day*, or with the day.

and

"Gwyr a aeth Gattræth gan wawr. (thrice repeated.)

Men went to Cattraeth *with the dawn*.

It therefore appears to me perfectly clear, that the subject of the Gododin is an expedition of the Ottadini against the town of Cataracton, then held most probably by the Brigantes. Taliesin says,—

"Arwyre gwyr Cattraeth gan ddydd."

I will extol the men of Cattraeth who with the day, &c.

and we cannot suppose that this is simply an allusion to Aneurin's poem, and not to real personages who might with propriety be said to be of "the men of Cattræth." The whole scene and actions are laid in the North; and there is not the slightest reason for believing it can have had any reference to the reported massacre at Stonehenge in Wiltshire. Aneurin also makes allusions to bards existing in his time,—

"Hyfeidd hir etmygir tra vo *kerddawr*."

Hyveidd the tall will be known while there are minstrels.
and again,—

"Blwyddyn bu llawen llawer *kerddawr*."

That year many minstrels were merry.

Both Aneurin and Taliesin have been honoured with the title of "king of the bards," but in my opinion the title has been given with least propriety to the latter; for he has no single work to compare with the Gododin, though he has several small poems possessing more real poetry than any portion of that poem. His life seems to have been more exclusively devoted to the profession; and unlike Aneurin he does not seem ever to have handled the spear. His poems show more skill in composition, finer ideas, bolder images, and more intense passion than any poet of the same age. The historical value of the Gododin is greater; poetical merit belongs more exclusively to Taliesin. There are nearly eighty pieces attributed to him, most of which belong to a much later date; but the "Battle of Gwenystrad," "The Battle of Argoed Llwyvain," "The battle of Dyffryn Gwarant," and some of the Gorchanau seem to be genuine remains.

Under the name of Merddin, the editors of the Myvyrian Archæology place "The Hoianau," "The Avallenau," "Kyvoesi Merddin a Gwenddydd ei chwaer," the "Gwasgargerdd," and "I Ysgolan." The Hoianau which were supposed to be as old as the sixth century will with "the Aval-

enau" be shown to belong to the thirteenth century, and the "Kyvoesi" to the tenth; the Ysgolan here alluded to will be found identical with the Ysgolan, whom our poets and historians have conjured up in the Tower of London to destroy an imaginary heap of books; and the real Ysgolan of actual history will be produced in the third chapter to answer for himself. From this it would seem that not one of the poems which are attributed to Merddin, is likely to be his.

We have but few remains of the labours of other authors, much too few to form any useful estimate of their poetical merits. Kyhelyn, Llevoed, Elaeth, Tyssilio, Gwyddno, and Gwdion ab Don, were bards who lived about the same time.

A little later lived Avan Verddig, who has left an elegy on Cadwallon, of which Ieuan Brydydd Hir has formed a favourable opinion; and still later lived Golyddan. It is also said that Cadwaladr held an Eisteddfod some time during his reign. The abdication of this monarch left the Kymry in great difficulties; and the two succeeding centuries are barren of literary productions. We are not however to infer, that the order of bards was extinct, for on the contrary, it seems to have grown considerably. The bard had, in fact, become a necessary element in Welsh society; and as we learn from the laws of Howel Dda, had obtained an eminent social position. These laws throw much light upon the character and office of the bard, and show him to have formed an essential member of the royal household. Minstrels attended the monarch whenever he went from home; but the chief minstrel should not be confounded, as he sometimes is, with the Bardd Teulu, for it was the latter and not the former that was a member of the household, one of the twenty-four officers of the court. This expression, Bardd Teulu, (The family Bard,) at once shows the estimation in which that personage was held; and his position will be still more clearly understood from the following notices in the Welsh Laws.¹

¹ Wotton's *Leges Wallicæ*.

"The domestic Bard shall receive of the family, a beast out of every spoil in which he shall be present; and a man's share like every domestic.

If there should be fighting, the Bard shall sing *The Monarchy of Britain* in front of the battle.

When a bard shall ask a gift of a prince, let him sing one piece; when he asks of a baron, let him sing three pieces; should he ask of a villain, let him sing until he falls asleep.

His land shall be free; and he shall have a horse in attendance from the king.

The Chief of Song shall begin the singing in the common hall.

He shall be next but one to the patron of the family.

He shall have a harp from the king, and a gold ring from the queen, when his office is secured to him. The harp he shall never part with.

The protection of the domestic Bard, is to conduct a person to the patron of the family.

The domestic Bard, and the physician, shall be in the lodging of the patron of the family.

The steward of the household, judge of the court, headgroom, chief of song, master of the hawks, page for the chamber, and domestic chaplain; the satisfaction of their insult and murder are the same, and their heriots the same; and their daughters are alike in rank.

In satisfaction for their insult shall be paid nine cows, and nine score pence of money.

In their satisfaction for murder shall be paid nine hundred and nine cows, with three advancements.

A pound is the heriot of each of them.

A pound is the maiden fee of their daughters, their covert fee is three pounds, their jointure is seven pounds."¹

¹ Bardd teulu a geif eidyon y gan y teulu o bop anrheith yd vo yndi, aran gwr mal pob teuluwr. Enteu a ddyly canu unbenaeath prydein o byd y wlad rae bron y gad.

Ban a archo bard y teyrn caned un canu; ban archo breyr caned tri chanu. Od eirch ytaeawc, caned yny gygo.

Y dir yn ryd amarch bith oesepp ygan y brenhin.

Y penkerd a dechreu canu yn y neuad kysevin.

Eil nesaf ir penteulu vyd.

Telyn a geif y gan y brenhin, amodrwy eur ygan y vrenhines, pan gwyntler yswyd idaw. Y delyn ni ad byth ganthaw.

Nawd y bard teulu yw kanhebrwng dyn hyd ar y penteulu.

En llety ypenteulu ybydant y bard teulu a'r medic.

Dystain, ygnad llys, Pengwastrawd, Penkynydd, Penkerd, Hebogyd, Gwasystavell, Effeiriad teulu, vn sarhaed, ac vn galanas, ac vn ebiedi, ac vn vreint eu merched.

En eu sarhaed ytelir naw muw, a nawugaint ariant.

En eugalanas ytelir naw muw anaw ugaint muw gan dri dyrchavael.

Punt yw ebiedi pob un onadunt.

Punt yw gobyr eu merched; teir punt yw eu kowyll; seithpunt yw eu hag-wedi.

We have here clear evidences of the high estimation in which the Bardic Order was held in the tenth century; and it would seem that the profession had been organized to a considerable extent, so that there were at that time various degrees of bards. The copies of the laws consulted by Dr. Wotton, and also the one given in the first volume of the Cambrian Register, are somewhat defective; and their account of the domestic bard, the presiding bard, and the chief of song, is so confused that one might suppose them to be various names for the same person. A copy of the laws in the Welsh School in London, supplies the deficiency, and enables us to see with more clearness into their actual conditions; and from this we find the differences between these functionaries to be the following,—

The chief of song was not one of the twenty-four officers of the court.

The chief of song and the bard president might be the same person, if he should have obtained in bardic contests the chair of presidency; but they were frequently different persons. The being a bard president entitled the bard to a seat at the royal table, though the chief of song was not permitted to enter the hall.

The bardd teulu was distinct from both. At the table the bardd teulu sat below the pillars with the inferior officers of the court, while the bard president sat above.

It is somewhat singular that the bards who lived at this time, and under the guardianship of so able and accomplished a prince, should have left no traces of their poetical labours. It will perhaps be suggested that their poems have been lost; but I cannot countenance such an assumption. We shall presently see, in the first work of Meilyr, that the poetry of the bards one hundred and fifty years later was very rudimental, and may therefore conclude that the age was not honoured by any extraordinary intellectual exhibitions. The greatness of the age was concentrated in Howel; and perhaps we shall not be far wrong, if we attribute to the bards of that day no higher aims than “Englynion y

Clywed," and such moral lessons as "Chwedleu y Fran," or the aphorisms of Cattwg. These verses, though indicating no great intellectual capacity, are in their way exceedingly curious, and instructively show how an intelligent people supplied the defect felt in the want of a written literature. For this purpose we subjoin the following,—

Hast thou heard what Avaon sung,
The son of Taliesin of just lay?
The cheek will not conceal the anguish of the heart.¹

That is one of the Verses of the Hearing, and here follows one of the Fables of the Crows,—

A crow sang a fable on the top
Of an oak, above the junction of two rivers,—
Understanding is more powerful than strength.²

This is one of Cattwg's aphorisms,—

Make the best on all occasions
Of what you already possess:—
Better than nothing is the shelter of a rush.³
Cattwg the Wise sang it.

Possibly some of these may be later than the time of their reputed authors; but some of them may lay claim to high antiquity.

These however rather confirm than disprove the assertion, that after Howel, darkness covered the land. King Alfred informs us that there were but very few able to read in his day, and we may thence infer that there were no exertions made to cultivate literature, or diffuse information. Perhaps, we have no right to expect more than the laws of Howel, the life of Alfred, and the writings of Asser, from

¹ A glyweisti a gant Avaon
Vab Taliesin, gerdd gyfion,—
Ni chel grudd gystudd calon.

² Brân a gant chwedl ar uwchder
Derwen uwch deuffrwd aber,
Trech deall na grymusder.

³ Gwna y goreu ym mhob angen,
O'r peth fo'n dy berchen,
Gwell no dim gwasgawd brwynen.

Cattwg Ddoeth a'i cant.

so barren an age. Some persons have, in a most uncritical manner, referred the poems sometimes called mythological to the time which intervened between the death of Howel and the appearance of Meilyr; for this they assign no better reason, than that a number of poems exist to which there has hitherto been assigned no date, and that there is a gap which ought to be filled by something or another:—they it would seem not being cognizant of the fact, that the internal evidence of these poems contradicts such an assumption. Their true character, and probable date, will be shown in the seventh chapter.

Another part of the literature of these centuries, was composed of the prose histories of Gildas, Nennius, and Ty-silio, and the sources from which they derived their information. I know not for certain, what class of persons Gildas means by the "*seculares*," (men of the world,) to whose fables monks and princes were so prone to listen; but there can be no mistake when Nennius speaks of "*antiquis libris nostrorum veterum*," *the old books of our ancestors*. Such old books there must have been. Mr. Price has advanced as a proof that Nennius was less an original historian than translator, that his statement of the likeness of the Virgin being borne on Arthur's shoulders, is probably a translation of "ysgwyd" a shield, which he is supposed to have found in a Welsh history, and mistaken for "ysgwyt" shoulder, or "ysgwydd" as it is now written. This opinion is to my thinking extremely probable, and is confirmed by the occurrence in Nennius of such words as "Cat Coet Celyton," where the Welsh is not translated into Latin equivalents at all. If these conjectures are correct, then it would result that the Welsh had in addition to their poetry valuable prose histories, in their own language, about A.D. 858. We also find mention of many learned men during these years; but they for the most part belonged to the church.

We have not many memorials left by which to judge of the fortune bards during the stormy period, which

succeeded the death of our legislator, though an occasional ray darts through the gloom, and enables us to form an imperfect notion of the character of the order. There is an assertion sometimes made that there was an eisteddfod held in the ninth century, at which presided Geraint, usually called *Bardd Glas*, or the *Blue Bard*, and at which *cynghanedd* was established as a constituent part of verse.¹ How much truth there may be in the former statement, as to the fact of an eisteddfod having been held, I am unable to ascertain; but that which relates to *cynghanedd* as an element in, though not as yet a necessary constituent of, Welsh poetry is correct. It is however pretty well ascertained that Bleddyn ap Kynfyn held an eisteddfod in 1070, and issued some regulations for the better government of the order.

The important truths we learn from the preceding digest of facts, are that in the eleventh century, the Welsh had an ancient literature; a language which had been forming for many centuries, and was always used as the vehicle for the transmission of thought; and an order of bards possessing great influence over the popular mind, very numerous, and held high in public estimation. Add to these, intelligent princes, a people of subtle genius, an educated priesthood, and an intimate intercourse with Ireland the then favourite seat of learning, and some preparation will have been made to appreciate the facts and intellectual phenomena which will be unfolded in the following pages.

¹ Cambrian Register, p. 400.

SECTION II.

WELSH POETRY FROM A.D. 1080 TO A.D. 1194.

From the remarks in the preceding section, it would appear that no poems of any great merit except those of the bards of the sixth century had appeared prior to the appearance of Meilyr, and the very inferior character of the first poem we have belonging to Meilyr, will infallibly lead to the conclusion that at that time bardism was at a low ebb. It may therefore be safely inferred that no poems of any moment, belonging to the tenth or eleventh centuries, have been lost, for it was scarcely probable that any existed. The tranquillity of the reign of Howel, and the stormy period which succeeded, are both equally barren of literary fruit. Brighter times are now about to appear. Gruffydd ab Kynan returned from Ireland to claim the patrimony of his father from the usurper Trahaearn, whom he at length defeated in the battle of Carno; and Meilyr, the bard of the latter prince, in a lament upon his patron's fall composed soon after the battle, furnishes us with the first poem demanding critical remark. He narrates briefly, and with evident sincerity, the fall of his patron; and though the poem possesses but little merit of a poetical character, it will be found useful for the facts it mentions, and as an illustration of the manner in which men and things were contemplated in his day. Meilyr was a man of some repute, and held in considerable estimation; but this short piece affords no trace whatever of the poetical capacity which he afterwards showed.—

I will adore my God, King of air,
 The Lord knows my distress,
 In trouble I grieve greatly,
 For my kind lord the ruler of many.
 O that they should have come across the sea a second time,
 The savage people of Nanhyver,
 The Gwyddelians, black devils.
 And the Scots, a people half strong.
 A battle there was in Carn mountain,
 And Trahaearn was slain,
 And the son of Rhywallawn, a spirited leader,
 Came not away from the conflict,
 Thursday, three weeks since,
 Towards night, was he slain.¹

The attentive reader will notice the orthography of the original, that he may be better prepared for a dissertation upon the language, which will form an introduction to the fourth chapter; and also bear in mind that the "u" coming before "y" and the vowels is to be read as "v," and the "t" frequently is to be sounded as "dh."

Apart from its historical value, the most noticeable feature is the metre. It does not rhyme at the ends of the lines; but the last word of a line rhymes with a word towards the middle of that which succeeds. This "awyr" rhymes with "wyr," "fawr" with "llawr," and so on throughout the poem. In the language of the bards this recurrent rhyme is called *Ban Kyrch*; and with me it has ever been an especial favourite.

¹ I DRAHAERN A MEILYR.

Meilyr Brydyt agant yr Awdyl hon yn y llyt y llas Trahaearn uab Caradawc a Meilyr uab Ithiwallawn fab Cynvyn.

Gwolychaf ym Ren rex awyr
 Arglwyd a wyr uym pryder
 Pryder pryderaf yn fawr
 Am fy Arglwydd llawr lliw niuer
 Ny dotynt dros uor etwaith
 Pobyl anhyuaeth nanhyuer
 Gwytyl dieuyl duon
 Ysgodogion dynion lletfer
 Cad a uyt ym mynyt Carn
 A Trahaearn a later
 A mab Rhywallawn rwyf iwygr
 O'gyferger yd aduer
 Ddieu ymgen y teir wythnos
 Tu a nos yd itti later.

We have two other poems by Meilyr, one an elegy on the death of his second patron Gruffydd ab Kynan, and the other on the near approach of his own. Meilyr must have been an old man when he wrote the latter; a wide gap of fifty-seven years separates the dates of these and his former poem; but as has been clearly shown by the author of *Hanes Cymru*, there is no difficulty here presented which may not be explained on the assumption that he was a young man at the death of Trahaearn. The battle of Carno was fought in 1080, and the death of Gruffydd ap Kynan took place in 1137. Now if we assume that Meilyr was twenty years old at the former period, he must have been seventy-seven at the latter; and when we know that the king himself was quite as old, an octogenarian poet is by no means an unaccountable phenomenon. However I am less solicitous about the age of the poet, than about the very striking difference which appears between the poems of the same man. What his first poem was, we have seen; the first was tame and uninteresting; the latter are full of poetic traits, vigorous thought, and weighty observations. Youth is impressed upon one, the others indicate maturity. We shall select as an example the poem entitled the Death Bed of the Bard, for we shall have elegies on monarchs in abundance as we proceed.¹

The King of kings is accessible to be adored;—
 To my Lord supreme I will prefer a prayer,
 Sovereign of the region of necessity,
 The most exalted circle of bliss,
 Beneficent Being, make a reconciliation
 Betwixt thee and me!

Returning memory iterates a groan, that thou should'st
 Be contemned for my sake, yet repenting it was done!

¹ Rex Regwm rybyt rwy i voli:—
 Ym Arglwyd uchav archav weti.
 Gwledic gwlad orvod,
 Goruchel Wenrod:
 Gwrda gwna gymmod
 Ryngod a mi!

Advrev advant cōv dy rygoti
 Erov, ac edivar y digoni!

I deserved shame,
 In the presence of God the universal Ruler,
 In not serving truly
 In my devotion !

Thou wilt serve me nevertheless, my Protector and King,
 Ere I am become an earthly clod !

A faithful prediction
 To Adam and his race,
 Foretold in ancient days
 The prophets.

The being of Jesus in the womb of martyrdom ;—
 The good Mary the burden did sustain.

A burden have I accumulated
 Of tormenting sin :
 Severely have I been agitated
 By its perturbations.

Sovereign of all life, how good art thou when worshipped !
 May I worship thee ; may I become pure before I am tried !

The king of all chiefs
 Knows that he will not refuse me,
 Of his mercy
 For my evil deeds.

I have received heaps of gold and velvet,
 From frail princes for loving them !

Digonais geryt
 Yggwyd Duw Dovytt,
 Vy iawn grevyt
 Heb i weini.

Gweinivi hagen, ym reen ri,
 Cyn bwyd deierin divenyni !
 Diheu darogant,
 I Adav a'i blant,
 Y rydraethasant
 Y profwydi.

Bod Iesu yn mru merthyri ;—
 Mair mād ymborthes i beichiogi.
 Baich rygynnullais
 O bechawd annovais,
 Ry dy ergrynais
 O'i gymhelri !

Rwyv pob wa mor wyd da wrth dy ioli !
 A'th iolwyv : ry purwyv cyn nom poeni !
 Brenin holl riet,
 A'm gwyr na'm gomet,
 Am i drugaret
 O'm drygioni.

Cevais i liaws awr aur a phali
 Gan vreuwawl riau am eu hoffi !

But after the gifted muse I feel another impulse;
 Faltering is my tongue, urging me to silence.
 I Meilyr the Poet am a pilgrim to Peter,
 A porter that regulates appropriate merits.

On that appointed day, when there shall rise up
 Those who are in the grave, I will then look forward,
 When I am in my allotted rest
 There waiting for the call
 To strive and win the goal
 In time of need:—

And let that be a solitude, by passengers not trodden,
 And around its walls the bosom of the briny sea;
 The fair isle of Mary;
 The holy isle of saints,
 The type of renovation,
 There to rest in happiness.

Christ the predicted Cross,
 Will recognize me there
 And guard me from the rage of hell,
 A place of exiled beings;—

The Creator who formed me, will give me room among
 The community of the inhabitants of Enlli!¹

Ac wedy dawn awen amgen yni:
 Amdlawd vyn tawd ar vyn tewi !
 Mi, Veilyr Brydyt, berierin i Bedyr,
 Porthawr a gymedyr gymmes deithi.

Pryd y bo cyvnod yn cyvodi
 Ysawl y sy 'met, armâa vi,
 As bwyv yn adev
 Yn aros y llev,
 Y lloc a achev,

Aches wrthi :—

Ac yasi didryv, didraul ebri
 Ac am i mynwent mynwes heli :

Ynys Vair Virain:
 Ynys glân y glain,
 Gwrthrych dadwyrain.—
 Ys cain yndi.

Crist, croes darogan.
 A'm gwyr, a'm gwarthan,
 Rac ufern afan,
 Wahan westi

Creawdyr a'm crewys a'm cynnwys ym plith
 Plwyr gwirin gwerin Enlli !

¹ For much of the above translation, I am indebted to the Cambrian Register. "The region of necessity," is a phrase from the bardic mythology; and "the circle of bliss" is a term for heaven in the doctrine of transmigration. "Enlli" was the Welsh name for the isle of Bardsey. There was formerly a religious

This poem is infinitely superior to the preceding. It contains poetical sentiments, a mastery of the metre, and skill in the use and application of the language; and if we subtract the bardic colouring, the conception of the attributes of the Deity would not discredit a more enlightened age. His chosen resting place is quite a poet's thought; and I should like the reader to peruse the verse a second time.

A very striking improvement had taken place in Welsh poetry during the life of Gruffydd ab Kynan; and the muse which limped so lamely in 1080, after a lapse of fifty years, takes such flights, that but few succeeding bards have been able to equal them. Upon the causes which had a general tendency towards improvement, we shall hereafter treat; but much of the excellence exhibited is owing to the individual capacities of the poets themselves. Favourable circumstances may afford facilities for the exhibition of original powers; but general causes cannot produce genius. Meilyr in his latter poems shows great ability; yet he was greatly distanced by his son. Few men have ever shown a greater mastery over the Welsh language than Gwalchmai, and he has left us fourteen pieces, most of which are excellent. We shall draw attention to two of them. The poem called "Gorhoffedd Gwalchmai" shows a love of nature, which reminds one of passages in "l'Allegro," and of some of the sweet small poems of Wordsworth,—so natural are the sentiments, so smooth and flowing the diction, and so poetic the ideas. We shall quote a few of the lines,¹—

GWALCHMAI'S DELIGHTS.

Thou early rising summer sun! hasten,
The melodious talk of birds—the glorious season of song.

house in it, where it was customary for people of note to be buried; and the bards in particular. The Celtic people seem to have had a general desire of being interred in solitary islands; for we find similar burying grounds on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland.

¹ Mochddwyreawg huan ddyfstin
Maws llafar adar mygr hyar hin

I am of the golden order fearless in battle,
 I am a lion in the front of the army,—ardent in my advance,
 Anxiously have I, at night, watched the boundary
 Fords of the murmuring waters of Dygen Vreiddin,¹
 Where the untrodden grass was supremely green, the water
 limpid,
 And excessively talkative the nightingale well versed in odes.
 And where the sea mews were playing on a bed of streams,
 In love-united groups with glittering plumage.
 I love the nightingale of May, with its long white face,
 At the break of day, and at evening's close ;
 I love the sweet musicians, who so fondly dwell
 On clear plaintive murmurs, and the accents of woe,
 I love the birds, and their sweet voices
 In the soothing lays of the wood.

Lines such as these have at this day a double merit, that of being in themselves poetical, and of shewing that occasionally the Bards turned from war and turmoil to commune with the sweet choristers of the grove. Many of the bards were men of good social position ; and from such examples as are furnished by Gwalchmai, we may infer, that some of them were men of learning and of cultivated tastes,—men with eyes to see the beauties of nature, and minds to appreciate them as objects worthy of the poet's affection. There is a world of poetry and truthfulness in that little line,—

“Cathl foddawg coed.”

the epithet “soothing” as applied to the “lays of the wood”

Mi ydwyf eurddeddf diofn fy nhrin
 Mi ydwyf llew rag llu lluch fy ngorddin
 Gorwyliais nos yn achadw ffin
 Gorloes rydan dwfr Dygen Freiddin
 Gorlas gwellt didryf dwfyr neud iesin
 Gordyar eaws awdyl gynnefin
 Gwylain yn gware ar wely lliant
 Lleithrion eu pluawr pleidiau edrin.
 Caraf Eos Fai, forehun ludd
 Agolygon lwyr hirwyn ei grudd ;
 Caraf eilon mygr maith arnadudd,—
 Eiliwed asserw, a seirch cystudd :
 Carafi yr ednan, a'u llarian lais
 Cathl foddawg coed.

¹ Dygen Vreiddin was not far from Shrewsbury, but within the Radnorshire boundary ; and the name remains to this day attached to the Breiddin Hills.

being so beautifully descriptive, and so strictly appropriate. It should however be observed, that Gwalchmai is better known among Cambrian critics by his ode upon the battle of *Tal y Moelero*. It is not clearly ascertained what battle the bard alludes to, since Welsh history supplies no account of any engagement of sufficient magnitude at that time, to justify the language of the poet. The editor of the *Cambro Briton* (vol. i. p. 231) gives it as his opinion, that the poem refers to a series of engagements; but I am of opinion with the Rev. Moses Williams, that the poet treats of the defeat of the fleet entrusted by Henry the second to Madoc ap Meredydd in 1157, and which attempted to land at Abermenai. Mr. Price, I am happy to perceive, came to the same conclusion; and the fact that Howel ab Owain, a contemporary bard, has a poem referring to the same event, very clearly shows that Mr. J. Humphreys Parry was wrong when he designated the engagement as a mere skirmish. The following translation, which I have altered where it did not seem sufficiently literal, is by Mr. Parry.

ODE TO OWAIN GWYNEDD KING OF NORTH WALES.¹

The generous chief I sing of Rhodri's line,
 With princely gifts endowed, whose hand
 Hath often curbed the border land,
 Owain, great heir of Britain's throne;
 Whom fair ambition marks her own,
 Who ne'er to yield to man was known :
 Nor heaps he stores at Avarice's shrine.
 Three mighty legions o'er the sea-flood came,
 Three fleets intent on sudden 'fray,

¹ARWYRAIN I OWAIN.

Ardwyreav hael o hil Rodri,
 Ardwyad gorwlad, gwerlin teithi.
 Teithiawc Prydein
 Twyth avyrdwyth Ywein
 Teyrnein ni grein
 Ni grawn rëi.
 Teir llong y daethant, lliant lestri ;
 Teir praf priv lynges wy bres brovi.

One from Erin's verdant coast,
 One with Lochlin's armed host,
 Long burthens of the billowy way :
 The third, from far, bore them of Norman name,
 To fruitless labour doom'd and barren fame.

'Gainst Mona's gallant lord, where lo! he stands,
 His warlike sons rang'd at his side,
 Rushes the dark tumultuous tide,
 Th' insulting tempest of the hostile bands ;
 Boldly he turns the furious storm,
 Before him wild Confusion flies,
 While Havoc rears her hideous form,
 And prostrate Rank expiring lies :
 Conflict upon conflict growing,
 Gore on gore in torrents flowing,
 Shrieks answering shrieks, and slaughter raving,
 And high o'er Moelvre's front a thousand banners waving.

Now thickens still the frantic war,
 The flashing death-strokes gleam afar,
 Spear rings on spear, flight urges flight,
 And drowning victims plunge to night ;
 Till Menai's overburthened tide,
 Wide-blushing with the streaming gore,
 And choked with carnage, ebbs no more ;
 While mail-clad warriors, on her side,

Un o Iwerton;
 Arall arvgion
 O'r Llychlynigion,
 Llwrw hirion lli ;

A'r drydet dros vôr o Normandi
 A'r drafferth anverth, anvad iti,
 A dreic Môn, mor drud i eisylyd yn aer,
 Y bu tervysc taer, y haer holi.

A rhacdo rewys dwys dyvysgi,
 A rewin, a thrin, a thranc Cymri,
 Ar gad gad greude;
 Ar gryd gryd graende,
 Ac am dal Moelfre
 Mil Vanieri !

Ar lât lât llachar ar bar beri;
 Ar fwyr fwyr fyrgawt; ar vawt voti;
 A menei heb drei o drallanw gwaedryar;
 A lliw gwyr gwyr yn heli;

A llurygawr glas a gloes trychni;
 A thrychion yu dut rac reitrut ri.

In anguish drag their deep-gash'd-wounds along,
And 'fore the King's Red Chiefs are heap'd the mangled throng.

Thus Loegria's onset, Loegria's flight,
The struggle doom'd her power to tame,
Shall with her routed sons, unite,
To raise great Owain's sword to fame :
While sevenscore tongues of his exploits shall tell,
And all their high renown through future ages swell.

Before entering into a minuter criticism of this poem, it might not be uninteresting for the English reader to know that "The Triumphs of Owen" in Gray's poetical works is a translation of the above. Of the two versions, that of Mr. Parry is the more correct generally, though the finest image in the poem is better, and more accurately rendered by Gray. Mr. Parry's version is tame and diffuse; Gray's is nearly as nervous, terse, and bold as the original,—

"Check'd by the torrent tide of blood
Backward Menai rolls his flood."

This ode, when presented to the English public by the Rev. Evan Evans, won the admiration of several literary men. Gray translated it; and another critic of no less taste than that poet was known to possess, has written a flattering criticism upon it, which I here copy at length. It occurs in a letter from the Rev. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and Editor of Percy's Reliques, to the Rev. Mr. Evans already mentioned, and is as follows:—

"I admire your Welsh Ode very much; it contains a large portion of the sublime. The images are very bold and animated, and are poured forth with such rapidity, as argues an uncommon warmth of imagination in the bard, whose mind seems to have been so filled with his subject, and the several scenes of the war appear to have so crowded in upon him, that he has not leisure to mark the transitions

O dygyvor Lloegr a dygyvrang a hi,
Ac eu dygyvwrw yn astrusi,
Y dygyvod clód cletyv divri,
Yn seith ugein iaith wy veith voli.

with that cool accuracy, which a feebler genius would have been careful to have done. It is one continued fiery torrent of poetic flame, which, like the eruptions of *Ætna*, bears down all opposition." * * * * *

The writer then corrects an error respecting the characteristics of epic and lyric poetry, and continues. "On the other hand it is the essence of the ode to neglect circumstance, being more confined in its plan, and having the sublime equally for its object. In order to attain this, it is obliged to deal in general terms, to give only such hints as will forcibly strike the imagination, from which we may infer the particulars ourselves. It is no demerit or disparagement in your bard to have neglected the minute circumstances of the battle, because it would have been impossible for him to have described them within the narrow limits of his ode. Here lies his great merit, that the hints he drops, and the images he throws out, supply the absence of a more minute detail, and excite as grand ideas as the best description could have done. And so far I agree with your critical friend that no poet ever hit upon a grander image than that of *A Menai heb drai o drallawo*, &c. nor could take a nobler method to excite our admiration at the prodigious cause of so amazing an effect."¹

There is another feature connected with Welsh poetry, with which the Bishop does not seem to have been made acquainted; but which is essential to a thorough understanding of the literature of the country. In the laws of Howel, we find that it was customary to have songs after meals:—"The chief of song shall begin the singing in the common hall. When a song is called for, the bard president should begin; the first song addressed to God, the next to the King to whom the court belongs, or if there is not one, to another King. After the bard president, the domestic bard is to sing three pieces on different subjects. If the Queen should desire a song, let the domestic bard go aside

¹ *Cambro Briton*, Vol. I. pp. 175—6.

and recite without music, and softly, so as not to disturb the hall." Now we have here, as in many other places, proof that singing, and singing to the harp, were established customs; there must therefore have existed many songs at that period, though we have now not a single specimen, unless Gwalchmai's Ode may be accounted one. I am inclined to think this was sung to the harp. For such a purpose condensation was an object which a judicious poet would not neglect, as a heap of expletives and connectives would only render the most energetic poem tame and insipid, while on the contrary, the mind which could marshal great thoughts together, giving each palpability and individuality like the ghosts raised before the eyes of Macbeth, and suggesting rather than describing the links of connexion, would exhibit the most perfect mastery of his art:—the highest art being an abandonment of the mind to its natural tendency, for great ideas make their own appropriate expression, and as Milton finely expresses this truth, there are

"—————thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

The abrupt transitions of this Ode, when sung in accompaniment to the harp, were rather beauties than defects. Every hearer would readily supply the connecting links as best suited his own taste; and when an enthusiastic people had bold images presented to their minds in nervous language, and in such a manner that by an easy transition each auditor would find responses to the sentiments in his own noble and ardent feelings, the effect must have been electric.

But this Ode has other merits; for not only is it poetical; it is also true to nature, as all genuine poetry must be. It is a reflection of the time, place, and circumstance. This truthfulness to the manners, customs, and minutiae of every day life, is a fine feature in the poems of the bards, which is strikingly apparent in the line,—

"A thrychion yn dut rac *reit rut ri*,"

which I have translated into,—

And 'fore the King's *Red Chiefs* are heaped the mangled throng.

The learned reader will perceive that this differs from every other translation yet given. The Rev. Evan Evans translates "*Reit rut Ri*," into "the king's red lance;" Mr. Price, into "red streams of blood;" Dr. Pughe, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Ryder render it by "red stained chief;" while Mr. Gray adopts the version given by Mr. Evans. To my thinking, not one of these conveys a correct idea of the original meaning; which, for the reasons which follow, appears to me to be that given above. I cannot help thinking that the chiefs and nobles of the country are to be here understood; and among other contemporary allusions there is a line in Owain Kyveiliog's *Hirlas*, where the words *reit rut* occur in a connexion which confirms my view, and discountenances each of the others.

"Achubeit *pob reit rut* eu harveu,
Echedwynt rag terfysg eu tervynau,"

Each of the red chiefs was prompt to use his arms,
And keep their boundaries free from turmoil.

This line of itself is enough to decide the question; but as national dresses and costumes are always objects of interest, I will continue the quotation of extracts of the same purport. "*Reit*" is evidently the plural of "*rei*" a chief, a word in popular use among the bards. In the "*Avallenau*" mention is made of "*riau Rhydderch*," the chiefs of *Rhydderch*; Meilyr speaks of God as *King of all chiefs*, "*Brenin holl riet*," and in another place,

"Cefais liaws awr aur a phali,
Gan vreuwawl *riau* am eu hoffi."

I have received heaps of gold and velvet
From various princes for my friendship.

Einion ap Gwalchmai terms Nest the daughter of Howel "*reid y meini*," the *chief of the pearls*, and even Gwalchmai himself in this very ode says,—

“Ni grawn rei”

The king hoards no treasures.

From these it is pretty apparent that “reit” refers to persons, and not inanimate objects, or qualities; and if we wanted express testimony on the point we have it in Kynddelw,

“Gwirawd an gwrthvyn, gwrth syr a lleuad
Gan rwyv *rad rut* vyhyr.”

Liquor is pressed upon us, by the light of stars and moon,
By the ruler of the impetuous red chieftains.

and again;—

Ninth tribe of the red clad chiefs of battle,
Before death became their fate,
Tyngyriawn of triumphant destiny,
Tyngyr was no lover of peace.¹

THE TRIBES OF POWYS.

It therefore only remains for us to see if the notion of red clothing is consistent with the idea of the *reid* being chieftains, warriors, or knights. Apart from the quotations already given, in which the words *reit*, *rut* three times occur in the sense here expressed, there are other testimonies which clearly show that the most honourable dress among the Welsh were red garments. Kynddelw in praise of Howel ab Owain says,—

“Gwnawd im ri *ruddfeirdd* o faran,
A rhoddi *rhuddwisg* am danan.”

My prince transformed us into red bards,
By putting red garments about us.

and leaves us to infer that this was a mark of great honour; and Llywarch Hen says,—

“Gwedy meirch hywedd, a *chochwedd* ddillad
A phluawr melyn,
Main fy nghoes, nid oes ym dremyn.”

¹ Nawwed eu riued *rut* wet yg Kyfranc
Kyn bu tranc eu troseidd
Tygyriawn tyngned orvolet
Ni charws Tyngghyr tangnevet.

GWELYGORTEU POWYS.

This verse is thus translated by Dr. Pughe.

“After delighting in the sleek tractable steeds, and
garments of ruddy hue,
And the waving yellow plumes,
Slender is my leg, my piercing look is gone.”

Which thus combining the two ideas of red clothing, and warrior wearers, conclusively proves that red was the most honourable colour of military garments. But this colour was not confined to the men, for red was also in favour with the fair sex. The reader knows the story about the landing at Fishguard of the French in 1797, and of the army of “Red whittled” old women who frightened them to submission, and it is to be presumed knows that the red stripe¹ is the exclusive wear of the women of Pembroke, and Carmarthenshire,—the women of Pontardawe, and Cwm Tawe generally, are also noticeable for the glaring red of their gowns and petticoats. Probably the taste of the modern females is inherited from their ancestors; Howel ap Einion Lygliw speaks of the “scarlet dresses” of Myvanwy Vechan, and Gruffydd ab Meredydd, in Marwnad Gwenhwyvar, is very clear on this point.—²

The wearer of white and green, of red and blue,
Is now in the painful confinement of death,
She whom gold so adorned,
The wearer of velvet, the church conceals her.

We mourn in tears that the flush of beauty's gone,
That the wearer of velvet and red is no more.

Whence came the *red* dragon of Cadwaladr? Why was the Welsh dragon in the fables of Merddin, Nennius, and

¹ As female wear, there are two articles extensively used in Carmarthenshire, one known as “minko” where the red predominates over the blue in the stripe, and another where the *blue* predominates. In each stripe there are *red* and *blue*, as in the poem.

² Lle bu ra a gwyrdd, lle bu rudd a glas,
Neud gloes angau gystudd;
Lle bu aur am eu deurudd,
Lle bu borffor ——— cor ai cudd.

Lle bu ffwch degwch, deigr a wylir
A phorphor a rhudd, neud grudd grodir

Geoffrey described as *red*, while the Saxon dragon was *white*? Has this anything to do with the *red* and *white* roses? Whence the derivation of the *red* uniforms of English soldiers? Should these conjectures be founded in truth, then should we have in this line the double merit of being true to actual facts, and of suggesting a train of reasoning, which has thrown light upon a national custom of an interesting character. We think living warriors more dignified than inanimate spears, or streams of blood, and therefore adhere to the reading above given.

Bardism had now become an honourable calling, and excellence in poetical composition was thought not unworthy of kings and princes; for we find persons of no less note and influence than Owain Kyveiliog prince of Powys, and Howel, one of the seventeen sons of Owain Gwynedd, aspiring to the laurel crown.

Owain Kyveiliog took a prominent part in the military and political affairs of his day. He was the son of Gruffydd ab Meredydd, prince of one of the three divisions of Wales, called Powys. His father died while his elder brother ruled over the country, and therefore on the death of Madoc ab Meredydd, we find him taking an active part in the affairs of his district. There is reason to believe that his father was held high in favour at the English court, as most of the Powysian princes were; and that Owain may therefore have thus contracted the regard for the Saxons, which he sometimes showed in his after life. The first mention of him occurs in the year 1162. A little before that, Cadwallawn ab Madoc ab Idnerth was apprehended by his brother Einion Clud, and transferred to Owain Kyveiliog. He sent him to England, and got him imprisoned at Winchester; but by the assistance of some of his friends he escaped and returned to his own country. This Cadwallon, on whom Kynddelw has a long elegy, belonged most probably to the tribe of Elystan Glodrydd, for we find in 1162, that Howel ab Ievav ab Cadwgan ab Elystan Glodrydd, whose territories lay between the Wye and the Severn, laid siege to

Walwern castle in Kyveiliog, the district which gave Owain his name, and destroyed it. Owain in return led an army into the territories of Howel, destroying whatever came in his way, on which the country people led by their chief, followed Owain to his encampment on the banks of the Severn. A bloody conflict ensued in which Howel's forces were beaten, and compelled to seek safety in the woods. and Owain returning to his own country, fortified his castle. In the following year Owain Kyveiliog, with two other Welsh chieftains, took the castle of Carreghova, near Oswestry, then in the possession of Gruffydd Maelor.

In consequence of an incursion in 1165 into Tegengl, then in the possession of the king, by David the son of Owian Gwynedd the king of North Wales, Henry the second determined to subjugate the principality; large preparations were made for this purpose, and in addition to the men furnished by the barons of England, he sent for levies from Normandy, Flanders, Anjou, Gascony, Guienne, and Scotland. With these he came to Oswestry, intending wholly to destroy the people of Wales. On the other hand the Welsh chieftains were not idle. The princes of the three divisions of the country joined their forces to receive him. Owain Gwynedd, and his brother Cadwaladr, brought the men of North Wales; the lord Rhys those of South Wales; Owain Kyveiliog, Iorwerth Goch, and the sons of Madoc ab Meredydd brought the men of Powys; and to these were added the men between the Wye and Severn led by the sons of Madoc ab Idnerth. These forces having joined, marched to Corwen, (Merionethshire) to meet the king. Here the two armies lay in sight of each other for some time, neither daring to attack. The king being at length tired of this inactive life, and knowing that it was the object of the Welsh princes to prevent supplies coming to his camp, moved his army to Aberceiriog, whence he was followed by the Welshmen, and a skirmish, commenced between some straggling parties, led to a general engagement in which the king's forces were so severely handled, that he retreated to

the Berwyn mountain. The skirmish was commenced between some men who had been sent to cut down the trees which grew so plentifully near Aberceiriog, as the king was anxious to avoid the inconvenience which had previously befallen him, in Eulo wood; and the Welsh knowing the advantage it gave them determined to preserve the wood. Henry was much chagrined at the result, and wantonly caused Cadwallawn and Kynwrig, two sons whom Owain Gwynedd had on a previous occasion given to him as hostages, as well as Meredith the son of the lord Rhys, and other young princes, to have their eyes pulled out, and to be otherwise maltreated! Soon after, harassed by the Welsh, and suffering from the heavy rains and want of provisions, he found his position to be untenable, and completely discomfited returned homeward; and it would seem as if the English chroniclers shared his discomfiture, for *Matthew Paris* does not say a word about the expedition, and *Matthew of Westminster* simply says, "*Rex in Walliam expeditionem fecit.*"—The king made an expedition into Wales.

It is conjectured that the poem of *The Hirlas Horn* was composed on the occasion of this battle of Crogen, as it is called; and Mr. Price, to whose *History of Wales* I am indebted for the preceding facts, confirms the belief. But as the poem relates only to Powysian chiefs, indicates that the prince was at home at the time, and affords no trace of the presence of the allied army, it appears to me to have been intended for a less public occasion.

Soon after the pressure of the English forces had been removed, we find the Welsh princes, in their usual manner, quarrelling among themselves; for two years afterwards we see Owain Kyveiliog, and his cousin Owain ab Madoc, making war upon their neighbour Iorwerth Goch, driving him away, and dividing his lands among themselves, Mochnant above Rhaiadr being given to Owain Kyveiliog, and Mochnant below Rhaiadr to Owain ab Madoc. The princes of North and South Wales being made acquainted with these facts determined to punish the malefactors, and invading

Powys, Owain Gwynedd and his brother Cadwaladr, with the lord Rhys, compelled Owain Kyveiliog to seek refuge in England, and made Owain ab Madoc leave the castle of Caereinion in the hands of Owain Gwynedd. Shortly after Owain Kyveiliog returned assisted by a body of Normans, and soon reconquered his lands, took Caereinion castle, and burnt it to the ground.

Three years afterwards we find a dispute between the lord Rhys and Owain Kyveiliog, the reason given in the Chronicle of Caradoc being, "for as often as Owain could oppose the lord Rhys he would do so." Rhys led an army into his country, and compelling Owain to give hostages for good behaviour in future, considerably retired without inflicting any injury on the property of his opponent. This magnanimity it would seem had the desired effect, for we hear no more of Owain for nearly eighteen years.

In 1188, archbishop Baldwin accompanied by Giraldus visited the principality with the view of enlisting soldiers for the Crusades. They succeeded in getting three thousand volunteers, and were well received wherever they went. Several of the Welsh princes showed them much respect, and all came forth to meet them, except Owain Kyveiliog: he would not come, and therefore says the ecclesiastic, "we excommunicated him." Owain seems to have seen through the hollowness of their pretences, and to have deemed it wiser to protect his own countrymen. The other princes gave them warm receptions; but refused to enlist personally in the cause. The lord Rhys had some intention of going to Palestine, but his wife dissuaded him from going, and thereby drew upon her head the censure of the church. Owain, however, would neither go himself nor induce others to go; and probably was much too intelligent to be frightened by the anathema of the disappointed archbishop.

Judging from the commendations bestowed upon him by Kynddelw, Owain Kyveiliog must have shone conspicuously among the warriors of his day, for skill and personal prowess; and the same authority represents his court as being distinguished for generous hospitality,—

"Yn y mae yved heb neued heb nag
Heb nebawd eisiwed "

There was drinking without regret, without refusal,
And without any kind of want.

Yet it seems singular that Kynddelw, who sang the praises of Owain himself, and afterwards of his son Gwynwyn, should have left no elegy on his death. Latterly he owned allegiance to Henry the second, and was on friendly terms with that monarch, who admired the wit, and conversational powers of the Cambrian Chieftain. He died in 1197, and his son inherited his possessions.

But though Owain Kyveiliog was a prince renowned for warlike achievements, his claim upon the notice of posterity chiefly rests upon his poetical labours. The *Hirlas* is one of the longest poems we have of the twelfth century, and has more than ordinary merit. Its plan is eminently original and curious. The prince imagines all his warriors assembled at night in his palace, after an engagement which had taken place in the morning. Himself presiding, he gives instructions to his cup-bearer to fill the *Hirlas* horn, and as the cup is taken to each chief in succession, he enumerates the warrior's feats. He begins each verse with "Diwallaw di venestr," *fill cup-bearer*, and first of all ordering it to be taken to a chieftain named Rhys, he narrates that chief's exploits, and in going over the names of the various chiefs shows much tact in diversifying the praise bestowed upon each. One of the verses thus appropriated to individual praise, has a fine touch of pathos, which speaks volumes for the poet's taste. In going round the circle, it became the turn of a chieftain named Moreiddig to be mentioned; and this the poet does in the following lines,—

Fill, cup-bearer, as you would avoid death,
Fill the horn of honour at our banquets,
The long blue horn, of high privilege, of ancient silver,
That covers it not sparingly;
Bear to Tudyr, eagle of slaughter,
A prime beverage of florid wine.
Thy head shall be the forfeit, if there come not in
The most delicious mead.

Having thus, to enhance the compliment, threatened death to his cup-bearer if he brought not in the appropriate mead, he proceeds,—

To the hand of Moreiddig encourager of songs;—
 May they become old in fame before they leave us !
 Ye blameless brothers of aspiring souls,
 Of dauntless ardour that would grasp ev'n fire;
 Heroes, what services ye have achieved for me!
 Not old, disgustingly, but old in skill;
 Unwearied, rushing wolves of battle;
 First in the crimsoned ranks of bleeding pikes,
 Brave leaders of the Mochnantians from Powys,
 The prompt red chiefs to use their arms,
 And keep their boundaries free from turmoil,
 Praise is your meed, most amiable pair.

Having thus recited the merit of Tudyr and Moreiddig, he turns to greet them; but their places are vacant, and suddenly he recollects they had fallen in the morning's conflict, he hears their dying groans, his triumphant exultations cease, his hilarity flies, and the broken tones of mournful exclamations suddenly burst out,—

“Ha! the cry of death—And do I miss them,
 O Christ! how I mourn their catastrophe,
 O lost Moreiddig—How greatly shall I need thee!”¹

¹ This translation, slightly altered, is taken from Turner's Vindication; the original is—

“Diwallaw di venestr na vyn angau
 Korn can anrydet ynghyvetau
 Hirias buelin breint uchel hen arian
 Ai gortho nid gortheneu
 A dytwg i Dudur eryr aereu
 Gwirawd gysevin o'r gwin gwineu
 Oni daw i mewn or met goren oll
 Gwirawd o ban dy ben vateu
 Ar llaw Voreiddig llochiat certan
 Kertyn hyn i glod cyn oer adnau
 Dieithr vrodyr vryd ucheldeu
 Diarchar arial a dan daleu
 Cedwyr am gorug gwasanaetheu
 Nid ym hyn dhiyll nam hen deheu
 Kynnivieid gyrthieid vleinieid vleitau
 Kynvaran creulawn creulyd vereu
 Glew glyw Mochannwys o Bowys beu
 O glew gwnet arnatunt deu
 Achubieit pob rheid rhut eu harveu
 Echedwynt rag tervysc eu tervynau
 Moliant yw ei rann y rei gwynnau
 Marwnad vu neud mi newid y dau
 O chan Grist mor drist wyv o'r anaeleu
 O goll Moreiddig mawr ei eisieu.”

This poem affords us a curious insight into the mode of living in Wales; and in perusing the lines which follow, I could almost fancy myself reading in a Scottish legend of "Black Mail."—

"Llys Owain a borthwyd eirioed ar *braid*
Porth mil a glywi—pyrth agored."

"Owain's court has ever been fed on *prey*;
And open wide his gates are flung,
In Cambria's peaceful days."

It would perhaps be well to state that the *Hirlas* was a drinking horn—long, blue, and rimmed with silver, and is thus described,—

"This hour we dedicate to joy,
Then fill the Hirlas horn my boy,
That shineth like the sea;
Whose azure handles, tipped with gold,
Invite the grasp of Britons bold,—
The sons of liberty."

And the poem concludes with the following apostrophe,—¹

"For Daniel fill the Horn so green,
Of haughty brow, and angry mien;
While less'ning tapers shine
Fill it up with generous wine;
He no quarter takes nor gives
But by spoil and rapine lives.
Comely is the youth and brave,
But obdurate as the grave.
Hadst thou seen in Maelor fight
How we put the foe to flight!
Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms
When the foe rush'd on in swarms!
Round about their prince they stood,
And stained their swords with hostile blood.

¹ This passage in the original, runs thus,—

"Gwr ni dal ni dwng, ni bydd wrth wir
Daniel dreig cannerth, mor fferth hewir
Menestr mawr a gweith yd ioleithir.
Gwyr ni oleith lleith; oni llochir,
Menestr medd anwyn a'n cydroddir,
Gwrth dangloyw, goleu, gwrddloyw babir,
Menestr gwelud dy gwyth yn lliedwm dir
Y gwyr a barchaf wynt a berchir.

Glorious bulwarks! to their praise
 Their prince devotes his latest lays.
 Now, my boy, thy task is o'er;
 Thou shalt fill the Horn no more.
 Long may the King of kings protect,
 And crown with bliss my friends elect:
 Where Liberty and Truth reside,
 And virtue, Truth's immortal bride!
 There may we altogether meet,
 And former times renew in converse sweet."—R. W.

This prince has left us another poem upon an interesting national custom. At this early period, the king was compelled to visit his subjects in various parts of his dominions to receive his revenue at stated periods, and also to hold his court. Owain has finely described his circuit, and named one by one the various places he was in the habit of visiting. The subject being novel, I insert the poem at length, in a translation by R. Fenton, Esq. a gentleman favourably known in literature as the author of "Fenton's Pembrokeshire."

THE CIRCUIT THROUGH POWYS.¹

To share the festal joy and song
 Owain's train we move along;
 Every passion now at rest,
 That clouds the brow, or rends the breast;
 But oppression's foes the same,
 Quick to kindle into flame,
 Setting off from Mortyn, say
 Whither shall we bend our way?

Menestr gwelud dy galchdoed Cyngrein,
 Ynghylchyn Owain gylchwy enwir,
 Pan breiddwyd Cawres, taerwres trwy dir,
 Preidd ostwng orffwng a orfolir,
 Menestr nam didawl, nim didolir,
 Boed ym mharadwys in cynhwysir,
 Can pen teyrnedd, poed hir eu trwydded,
 Yn i mae gweled gwaranred gwir."

¹ I GYLCHAU KYMBRY.

Teulu Ywein llary lluoet anhun treis—
 Yn eu traws arovun
 Fyrt kyrt kyvetau duhun
 Pa fort yt awn o Vortun.

F

Quick dispatch thee boy ; take heed
 That thou slack not of thy speed,
 Or with idle gossip greet
 The loit'rer thou mays't chance to meet,
 Onward push, and look not back ;
 Let nought divert thee from thy track.
 To Keri hie thee, lad, and say,
 Thither will we bend our way.

Keri greeted, onward haste,
 Thy time will not admit of waste,
 With no vulgar message sent,
 On thy duty be intent :
 Dread our anger to excite,
 Lest our vengeance on thee light.
 Then announce that in our rounds,
 We visit next Arwystli's bounds.

Thy errand told, stay not long,
 Herald of a princely throng :
 But onward still thy steps pursue,
 Ceredig's confines in thy view,
 Thither with speed increasing go,
 Swift as arrow from a bow :
 And to Penwedig tidings bear,
 Of our approach and visit there.

Hence without delaying, boy,
 To toil familiar by employ ;
 Scorn fatigue, and unsubdued
 Be thy painful march renewed :
 Then with shout as hunter's loud,
 Publish this our message proud :
 That Meirion's mountains shall detain
 The course of our convivial train.

Dos was yn ebrwydd heb roti—geirda
 Yr gwrda y sy yndi
 Dywan wan trywan trwydi
 Dywed an dyvot i Geri
 Dos was o Geri ac archwn wrthid
 Rac an llid an llochi
 Diwet y doethem i ti
 Dywed y down Arwystli
 Dygychwyn gennad gan vawrrydic doryf
 Y dervyn Keredic
 Dywan ar wyllt ar wallt pic
 Dywed y down Benwedic
 Dos o benwedic baem ouyt—gennad
 Gan yth wna kewilyt
 Dywan ar gynan genyt
 Dywed y down Veiryonnyt

Quick proceed, the mountain crost,
 That not a moment may be lost;
 Fast by the margins of the deep,
 Where storms eternal uproar keep.
 The road to shorten mend thy pace,
 Be thy speed contracting space;
 And faithful to thy message, say
 We take Ardudwy in our way.

No delaying, boy, push on,
 Ardudwy visited, be gone,
 Haste the region to survey
 Which Mervyn gloried erst to sway,
 To Nevyn go, inquire for Nest,
 And lodging there become her guest,
 By which untold it may be seen,
 That we are on our road to Lleyln.

Messenger, set off again,
 Forerunner of our gallant train,
 Hurry at our chief's command,
 Prince of liberal heart and hand:
 And as through Arvon winds thy way
 Armed knight, we charge thee stay,
 That having journeyed many a mile,
 We mean to visit Mona's isle.

We are Owain's princely host,
 Spoils of foes the wealth we boast,
 Tyrant Lloegyr overthrown
 Gives us title to renown,
 Then our toilsome marches o'er
 Can we want an opening door?
 Shall we not find in Rhos a bed,
 Whereon to lay the weary head?

Dygychwyn gennad gyyl mordwy—gwynt
 Gordyar y gylchwy
 Dywan yr traean tramwy
 Dywed y down Ardudwy
 Dygychwyn gennad gein dervyn y wlad
 A wledychwys Mervyn
 Dos y west ar nest Nevyn
 Dywed an dyvod Lelyn
 Dygychwyn gennad o gylch dragon—a llary
 Lluossawc y galon
 Dos varchawc arvawc Arvon
 A dywed an dyvod Von
 Taulu Ywein hael hawl dioleith—Lloegyr
 Lluossawc am anrheith
 A ennir wedi hirdeith
 A annwny yn Ros nosweith

Thy prince commands thee to depart,
 (Except the mistress of his heart
 Haply thou shoud'st chance to meet,)
 With strictest orders none to greet;
 But quickly mount the fleetest steed,
 Not confiding to thy speed;
 To Llanerch tidings to convey
 That we shall stop there on our way.

Off again, that region face,
 Nurse of a renowned race,
 Who, for many a gallant deed,
 Deserve the horn, the hero's meed;
 Thither haste with our commands,
 Quitting Tyno Bedwal's lands,
 And say we purpose to regale,
 And taste of social joys at Iâl.

But tarry not, no respite take,
 This witching region quick forsake,
 Howe'er her sons to charm thy stay,
 May throw temptation in thy way;
 We forbid thy lingering there
 Beyond the opening of the year,
 To Maelor then thy steps direct,
 That she our coming may expect.

This performed, yet loiter not,
 Be thy very food forgot:
 Every hind'rance put away,
 All that can create delay.
 To stop at Maelor's not allow'd,
 For further still extends thy road;
 To visit Kynllaith we propose,
 Then haste the message to disclose.

Dos was y gennyf ac nac annerch—nep

Ony byt ryg gortorch
 Dywan ar vuan Veinerch
 Dywed an dyvod Lannerch

Dygychwyn gennad gadyr ardal—teulu
 Teilwng met o vual

A dywan Dyno Bydwal
 A dywed an dyfod Iâl

Kychwyn yw thervyn pathawr—eu hoewet
 Hirvelyn eu gwaewawr
 Dywan diw Calan Ionawr
 Dywed an dyvod Vaelawr

Dos was na olut na oleith—dylwrw

Dy lutyaw nyd hawtweith
 Dywan o Vaelawr vawrdeith
 Dywed an dyvod Gynlleith

Thy progress then, with counsel due,
 And forms that suit our rank pursue,
 Worthy of our commission prove,
 For not like petty tribes we move ;
 Prompt to discharge the duty go,
 And borrow fleetness from the roe,
 That Mechain in her turn may hear
 Of our intended visit there.

What though our prince, with prosperous rounds,
 Has measured Cambria's lovely bounds,
 Though conquer'd realms enrich our train,
 Heaven's kingdom yet is ours to gain,
 Which to possess may we aspire,
 Faith lending pinions to desire ;
 Where we our earthly journies past,
 May find eternal rest at last.

This mode of sending messages was practised among the farmers of the counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan, during the Rebecca riots; and the reader who has read Scott's exhortation in "The Lady of the Lake," and followed Malise over the Highland Craggs, will not fail to relish a similar exhortation written under actual circumstances *six hundred years ago*. The practice of proclaiming war by sending an arrow round the houses of the chiefs, which is said to have been prevalent in Wales, is now found among the Indian tribes, also among those whom Catlin supposes to have been the Madogwys, or *Madocians*,—"the gentlemanly Mandans."

We now come to another poet prince, Howel ab Owain. He was the son of Owain Gwynedd, king of North Wales, by a lady named Pyvog, the daughter of an Irish Chieftain. He was distinguished in early youth for skill and ingenuity, and he began his warlike career while yet a very young

Dos was a chynggor na chyngein—au toryf
 Val teiluoet bychein
 Dywan dwc rybut hytwein
 Dywed an dyvod Vechein
 Teulu Ywein rwyf rwystrassam—wladdet
 Poed gwlad nef a welam
 Kyrch kyfrwyf kyflwyf adlam
 Kylch Kymry kymerasam.

man. In 1144, we find him and his brother Kynan leading an army into South Wales, defeating the Flemings, and taking Carmarthen castle from the Normans. This feat is referred to by Kynddelw,—

Am byrth Caer Fyrddin
Porthes gwyr gwaedlin
A gwawr trin bu trechaf.

About the forts of Carmarthen
Were collected warlike men,
And the hero of battle was victorious.

In 1155, Rhys ab Gruffydd and his brothers, the princes of South Wales, sent to desire his assistance to destroy Tower castle, Howel having obtained great reputation for engineering talents and for military skill. Not long after, we find him engaged in besieging his uncle Cadwaladr in Kynvael castle, wherein he was successful, as appears from the ode above alluded to, which Kynddelw addressed to this prince,—

Thunderlike was the sound of the generous prince's army,
And heavy it was to hear Kynvael's towers fall,
Flames crackled all around,
And arms were there to aid fire's destructive powers.¹

Just about the same period occurred the battle of *Tal y Moelere*, at which he was undoubtedly present, as appears from Gwalchmai's ode, wherein he says,—

"A draig Môn, mor ddrud ei eislydd yn aer,"

And the chief of Mona's son so earnest in battle.

This clearly refers to Howel. The same fact is proved by one of Howel's own poems, which could scarcely have been so written had he not been on the spot; and of which I have

¹ Twrwl Tonn torchawc hael—trwm oet y clywet
Twr Kynvael yn kwytaw
A flameu o drim yn edrinaw
Ac angert ac ongyr yn llaw.

attempted a translation in *Ban Cyrch* metre, such as is seen in the following lines,—

“Pan ruddlam ruddflam flamychei hyt nef
Yn addef ny noddei,”

where the “nef” at the close of the first line, rhymes with the last syllable of “addef” in the second.

THE BATTLE.

The ravens croak'd, and human blood
In ruddy flood, poured o'er the land;
Then burning houses war proclaim'd,
Churches inflamed and palace halls;
While sheets of fire scale the sky
And warriors cry “To Battle.”

They clearly heard the conflict's roar
On Menai's shore, from Seiont's fort,
Three hundred ships, so heroes say,
The third of May, were set on fire.
Ten hundred times as many fled,
And not a beard staid on Menai.¹

Owain Gwynedd died in 1169 after a prosperous reign of fifty-two years; and after some disputes had taken place respecting the succession, Howel, being the eldest son, seized the reins of government, and ruled the country for two years, during which there prevailed perfect peace. At the end of that time his grandfather dying, he went to Ireland to take possession of the property which now became his mother's. During his absence, David, a younger brother

¹ Pan vei lawen vrein pan vryysei waed
Pan wyar waryei
Pan ryvel pan rudit e thei
Pan ruddlan pan rudlys losgei
Pan rudlam ruddflam flamychei hyt nef
Yn addef ny noddei
Hawdd gweled goleulosc arnei
O gaer wenn geir emyl menei
Treghissant trydydyd o vei trichanllong
Yn llyghes vordei
A deckant kymant æ kilylei
Kyaryf heb un varyf ar venei.

by Owain's second wife, but who had the merit of being a legitimate son, aspired to deprive Howel of the sovereign power. Neither of them had in reality any legal claim to rule ; but this was a period when hereditary monarchy was very little respected, unless the son at the same time inherited the father's ability. In this case, it would seem that the children of Owain's first wife were incapable. Howel, therefore, though illegitimate, having the double qualification of being the eldest son, and, what was better in a warlike age, being possessed of military skill, and used to command, found no great difficulty in being made King of North Wales. Being now from home, David, who also seems to have had more daring than his elder brothers, availed himself of the opportunity afforded by Howel's absence, called together the friends of his mother, and being joined by some discontented spirits proclaimed himself King of North Wales. Howel hearing of this, returned with all possible dispatch, but meeting David with a much larger army than he had been able to muster, Howel was defeated and mortally wounded.¹

This young prince was not only talented himself, but seems to have won the affections of many other men of talent. We have alluded to Kynddelw's ode to him already ; and in the Myv. Archaiology there is a poem by *Perif ab Kedifor* mourning his death, in truly elegiac strains, and with all the marks of genuine feeling. From this poem it would seem that his body was buried in Bangor, with two other sons of this Kedifor. And now, while speaking of these sons of Kedifor, whose affection for this young poet prince has linked them inseparably in my thoughts with Howel ab Owain, perhaps I may be allowed to quote another poem written upon the death of the prince. The Editors of the Archaiology attribute the poem to

¹ These facts are taken from an extract in *Hanes Cymru*, from the *Llyfr Aberpergwm*, a Manuscript, which Mr. Price thinks former historians had not consulted.

Llewelyn Vardd in one place, and to Einiawn ab Gwgan in another; but the arguments urged by Mr. Price seem to me to be conclusive,—there being more reason for attributing them to one of the sons of Kedivor, than to any other person. Periv the author of the Elegy already mentioned was most probably the author of the following Englynion.¹

While we were seven, three sevens could not beat us,
We would not fly;
Unfortunately there now remain unkill'd
But three out of the seven.

Seven men we were, faultless, firm,
And irresistible in our outset,
Seven immovable men, who would not fly,
Nor tolerate an insult.

Since Howel suffered death
While we were with him,
A great loss has befallen us,
But he is in the better company of the family of heaven.

The sons of Kedivor, numerous children
In the hollow above Pentraeth,
Fought desperately in the battle,
And were slain with their foster brother.²

¹ The original :—

Tra vuam ein seith triseith nyn beitei
Nyn kilyei kyn an lleith
Nid oes yssywaeth o'r seith
Namyn tri trin dioleith.

Seithwyr y buam dinam digythrut
Digyflut eu Kyflam,
Seithwyr ffyrff fio diadlam,
Seith gynt ny gymmerynt gam.

Can etiw Hywel hwyl diotef kad,
Kydvuam gyd ac ef,
Handym oll goll gyvadeff
Hlandid tegach teulu nef.

Meibion kedivor kyd ehelaeth blant
Yny pant uch pentraeth,
Buant brwysgyon breise arvaeth
Buant briw ger ei brawd maeth.

² Kedivor was Howel's foster father.

There was deep treachery, and unchristian
 On the part of the sons of Cristin,¹
 There is not a man living in Mona,
 Of the freckled Brochvaelians.

But little good will come even now
 Of holding unjust power,
 And woe be to the false David, for spearing
 That hawk of war, Howel the tall.

Caradoc, old Kedivor's son,
 Leader of armies of border troopers,
 Hawk of the family, kind relation,
 We are loath to part with thee.

The original is in very intelligible Welsh, and forms an important fact to support the opinion that the language of Wales, seven hundred years ago, is easily understood by a Cymro of the present day, when, as in these Englynion, it is to be had free from the refinements, technicalities, and affectations of the more celebrated bards.

It is now time for us to review the poems of this poet prince, for whom I have a great liking. He is the most sprightly and charming poet I shall have to notice. We have already seen that his talents as an engineer, his skill as a commander, and his courage as a warrior, had won him a great reputation among his countrymen; and it will now be seen that he shines as eminently as a poet as in any of the other characters. The short poems he has left us are the sweetest productions of the age; and free from verbal intricacies, and affected images. While full to overflowing of

Yny bernid brad brython ag cristyawn
 O Cristin ae meibyon
 Ni bo dyn y myw y mon
 Os Brychvaelyeid brychvoelyon.

Yr a del o da o dala tir pressent
 Preswylvod anghywir
 Y gwaew gwae Davyt enwir
 Gwan gwalch ryvel Hywel hir.

Caradoc vab kedivor
 Gwalch bydyn gwerin goror
 Hebawc teulu ku Keinmyn
 Anhawd gennym dy hepcor.

¹ Cristin was David's mother, Owain's Gwynedd's second wife.

a love of natural scenery, and gay humour, they are really very delicious little morsels. They could scarcely have found admirers among the more pedantic bards; but they will be relished by every man of taste, who looks for feeling in poetry, and desires rhymed compositions to be something better than jingling nonsense.

The first we shall notice is "Gwladgarwch Hywel," or Howel's Patriotism, which is finely expressed in an admiration of the many good things which existed among the Welsh. And if we may judge of Wales from this poem, it was rather a comfortable sort of place to live in.

HOWEL'S DELIGHT.¹

A white foam crowned wave flows o'er the grave
Of Rhuvawn Bevyr,² chief of Rulers.
I this day hate England, a flat and inactive land,
With a people involved in every wile,
I love the land where I had the much desired gift of mead
Where the shores extend in tedious conflict;
I love the society and the numerous inhabitants
Therein, who obedient to their Lord,
Direct their views of peace;
I love its sea coast and its mountains,
Its cities bordering on its forests, its fair landscapes,
Its dales, its waters, and its vales,

¹ Ton wen orewyn a orwlych bedd
Gwyddfa Rhufawn Befyr, Ben Teyrnedd.
Caraf trachas lloegyrr lleudir gogleit hetiw
Ac yn amgant y lliw lliaws callet.
Caraf am rotes rybuched met
Myn y dyhaet myr meith gywryset
Caraf y theilu ae thew anhet yndi
Ac wrth vot ri rwyfaw dyhet
Caraf y morfa ac mynytet
Ae chaer ger ei choed ae chaen dirit
Ae dolyt ae dyffrynnet

² Rhuvawn Bevyr was apparently a hero of note; but the most specific notice of him is contained in the following Triad:—

"Tri Eurglein ynys Prydain; Madawc mab Brwyn, Ceugant Beilliawc, a Rhufawn Befyr ab Gwyddnaw Garanhir, sef yu gelwid felly achaws rhoddi eu pwys yn aur am danynto ddwyllaw a'u lladdes."

Which translated means:—The three golden corpses of the isle of Britain—Madoc the son of Brwyn, Keigant Beillioc, and Rhuvawn Bevyr son of Gwyddno Garanhir, and they were so called because there was given for their bodies to those who slew them, their weight in gold.

Its white seamews, and its beauteous women.
 I love its warriors and its well-trained steeds,
 Its woods, its strongholds, and its social domicile ;
 I love its fields clothed with tender trefoil
 Where I had the glory of a lasting triumph.
 I love its cultivated regions, the prerogative of heroism,
 Its far extended wilds, and its sports of the chase,
 Which Son of God ! are great and wonderful.
 How sleek the majestic deer, and in what plenty found.
 I achieved with a push of a spear the task of honour
 Between the Chief of Powys¹ and fair Gwynedd ;²
 And if I am pale in the rush of conflict
 'Tis that I know I shall be compelled to leave my country,
 For it is certain I cannot hold out till my party comes,
 A dream has revealed it, and God say 'tis true.
 A white foam crowned wave flows o'er the grave
 A white bright foaming wave, boldly raves against the towns
 Tinted the time it swells like glittering hoar.
 I love the marches of Merioneth
 Where my head was pillowed on a snow white arm,
 I love the nightingale on the privet wood
 In the famous vale of Cymmer Deuddwfr³
 Lord of heaven and earth, the glory of Gwyneddians,

Ae gwylein gwynnyon ac gwyp wraget
 Cara fy milwyr ae meirch hywet,
 Ae choed ae chedryn ae chyfannet
 Caraf y meusyt ae man veillyon arnaw,
 Myud gafas ffaw ffyrff orfolet
 Caraf y brocet breint hywret
 Ae diffeith mawrfeith ae marannet
 Wy a un mab Duw mawr a ryvet
 Mor yn eilon mygyr meint y refet
 Gwneuthum a gwlh gwaew gweith arderchet
 Yr rwng glyw Powys a glwys wynet
 Ac y ar welw gann gynnif rysset
 Gorpwyf ollyngdawd o alltudet
 Ni dalyaf diheu yny del ymplaid
 Breutwyd ae dyweid a Duw ae met
 Tonn wenn orewyn a orwlych bet
 Tonn wen orewyn wychyr wrth drefyt
 Gyflw ac arien awr yd gynnyet
 Caraf y morva y meiryonnyet
 Men yd bu vreich wenn yn obennyet.
 Caraf yr caws ar wyrriaws wyt
 Yg kymer Deudwyf dyffrynt iolyt
 Arglwyt nef a llawr gwawr gwindodyt

¹ Powys comprised Radnor, Montgomery, and Merionethshire.

² Gwynedd was that portion of North Wales not included in Powys.

³ Cymmer Deuddwfr is in Radnorshire, and is now called Cwm Dauddwr.

Though it is so far from Keri¹ to Caerliwelydd,²
 I mounted the yellow steed, and from Maelienydd³
 Reached the land of Reged⁴ between night and day.
 Before I am in the grave, may I enjoy a new blessing
 From the land of Tegygyl⁵ of fairest aspect !
 As long as I am courteous and travel as a craftsman,⁶
 God will watch over my destiny.
 Fair foam crowned wave of impetuous course,
 I will implore the Divine Supreme,
 Precious from being a King,
 To create a primitive muse,
 For a song of praise, such as Merddin sang,—
 To the women who have so long claimed my bardic lore,
 And who are so tardy in dispensing grace.
 The most eminent in all the west I name,
 From the gates of Chester to Portske Witt :⁷

Mor bell o geri gaer Lliwelyt
 Esgynnais ar velyn o vaelyenyd
 Hyd yn hir Reged rwng nos a dyt
 Gorpwyfy kyn bwyf bet butei newyt.
 Tir Tegygyl teccaf yny elfyt
 Ked bwyfy karyadawc kered ofyt
 Gobwylled fy nuwy fy nihenyd.
 Ton wenn orewyn wychyr wrth drefyt
 Cyfarchaf yr dewin gwertheffin
 Gworthfawr wrth y fod yn frenhin
 Kysylltu canu cyseffin
 Kert folyant fal y cant mertin
 Yr gwraget æ met fy martin mor hir
 Hyvyr wetawc ynt am rin
 Pennaf oll yn y gorllewin
 O byrth caer hyd borth ysgewin

¹ Keri is in Montgomeryshire.

² The Rev. Evan Evans (*Dissertatio de Bardis*, p. 36) says Caer Lliwelydd means Carlisle. I cannot say in what part of Wales it lies, but feel assured it is not Carlisle in Cumberland. May it not be Llywel in Breconshire?

³ Maelienydd is the old name of a district in Radnorshire.

⁴ The late Rev. T. Price, whose sudden death since this work was put into the Press every Welshman must deeply deplore, said that it is difficult to find the geography of Rheged, and considered it to be the present county of Cumberland. (*Hanes Cymru*, p. 278). But this poem shows it to have been within a night's ride of Maelienydd, mentioned in the preceding note, which accords with the locality assigned to it in the recently published volume called *Iolo MSS.*, wherein it is stated that it was situated in the district between the rivers Tawy and Towy, and comprised the territories of Gower, Kidwely, Carnwylion, Iscennen, and Cantrev Bychan.

⁵ A cantrev in Flintshire.

⁶ Artisans in Wales could travel anywhere, and had admission everywhere. It is this privilege the bard alludes to; and this respect for artisans is strikingly shown in the *Mabinogion*. A knight knocking at the gate of a castle is told, "The knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in the hall of Gwrnach the Giant; and *except for a craftsman bringing his craft the gate will not be opened to night.*" *Mabinogion* Vol. ii. p. 293.

⁷ Portske Witt is near Chepstow, in Monmouthshire.

The first is the nymph who will be the subject of universal praise,
 Gwenllian whose complexion is like the summer's day,
 The second is another of high state, far from my embrace,
 Adorned with golden torques,¹
 Fair Gweirvyl from whom nor token nor confidence
 Have I obtained, nor has any of my race ;
 Though I might be slain by two lipped shafts,
 She whose foster brother was a king should be my theme.
 And Gwladys the young and modest virgin,
 The idol of the multitude ;
 I will utter the secret sigh ;
 I will greet her with the yellow blossoms of the furze.
 Soon may I see my vigour rouse to combat,
 And my hand on my blade,—
 And the bright Lleucu my sister laughing,
 Though her husband laught not from anxiety.
 Great anxiety oppresses me, makes me sad
 And longing, alas ! is become habitual
 For the fair Nest, like the apple blossom sweet,
 For Perwewr, the centre of my desire,
 For Generys the chaste, who will not grant me a smile,—

Un ywr fun a fyt kyssefi n foliant
 Gwenllian lliw hafin
 Eil ywr llall or pall pell vy min y wrthi
 Y am ortherch eurin.
 Gwervyl dec fy reo fy rin ni gefeis
 Ni gafas neb om llin
 Yr fy llat a llafnau deufin
 Rym gwalaeth y gwreic brawdfaeth brenin
 A Gwladus wetus wyl febin vabwreic
 Gofyneic y werin
 A chenaſ ucheneid gyfrin
 Mi ae mawl a melyn eithin.
 Moch gwelwyf am nwyf yn etein y wrthaw
 Ac ym llaw am fy llain
 Lleucu glaer fy chwaer yn chwerrthin
 Ac ni chwart y gwr hi rao gortin
 Gortin mawr am dawr am daerhawd
 A hiraeth yssywaeth yssy nawd
 Am nest dec, am debic afallulawd.
 Am berwewr bervet vymhechawd
 Am enerys wryr ni warawd ym hoen

¹ Torques were rings or chains of gold worn about the neck among the ancient Welsh, as a mark of nobility. They were worn alike by males and females. In 1692 one of these antique chains was found in a garden near Harlech Castle ; it weighed eight ounces of solid gold, and measured four feet in length. It is now in the possession of the Mostyn family in Flintshire. The lady of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, in the tomb at Carmarthen, is represented with a square cap on her head, and a chain round the neck ; a short gown tied at the waist by a golden string, the ends of which reach her knees ; and a long mantle with large sleeves covers the whole.

May continence not overcome her,
 For Hunydd, whose fame will last till the day of doom,—
 For Hawy who claims my choicest eulogy.
 On a memorable day I had a nymph ;
 I had a second more be their praise ;
 I had a third and a fourth with prosperity ;
 I had a fifth of those with a skin white and delicate,
 I had a sixth, bright and fair, avoiding not the temptation,
 Above the white walls, she arrested me,
 I had a seventh, and this was satiety of love,
 I had eight in recompense for a little of the praise which I sung ;
 But the teeth most opportunely bar the tongue.¹

I should conjecture from several parts of this poem that it was sung or composed on his return from Ireland to defend his Crown. He had a presentiment of his own death. It would also seem that he was travelling in disguise. These facts would explain the melancholy tone which pervades the poem, in which, though the ruling passion is manifest, it yet shines with a subdued light. The poem has many fine lines, and several very elegant and forcible images, and cannot fail as a whole to produce a favourable impression.

Most of Howel's poems are devoted to the passion of love. The following has a delicacy, and gaiety which are quite charming.—²

Give me the fair, the gentle maid,
 Of slender form, in mantle green ;
 Whose woman's wit is ever staid,
 Subdued by virtue's graceful mien.

¹ Slightly altered, where not sufficiently literal, from the translation of Dr. Pughe.

Ni orpo hi diweirdawd
 Am hunyt defnyt hyd dytbrawd
 Am hawis ry newis devawd
 Keveisy run duun diwyrnawd
 Keveis dwy handid mwy en molawd
 Keveis deir a phedeir a flawd
 Keveis bymp o rei gwympeu gwyn gnawd
 Keveis chwech heb odech pechawd
 Gwenglaer uwch gwengauer yt ym daerhawd
 Keveisy seith ac ef gweith gordygnawd
 Keveisy wyth yn hal pwyth peth or wawd yr geint
 Yda deint rac tavawd.

² Fy newisi riain firain faindeg,
 Hirwen yn y llen lliw ehoeg ;
 A'm dewis synwyr synhyaw arwreigedd,
 Ban dywed o fraidd weddaidd wofeg;

Give me the maid, whose heart with mine
 Shall blend each thought, each hope combine,
 Then, maiden, fair as ocean's spray,
 Gifted with Kymric wit's bright ray,
 Say am I thine ?
 Art thou then mine ?
 What ? silent now ?
 Thy silence makes this bosom glow.
 I choose thee, maiden, for thy gifts divine,
 'Tis right to choose, then fairest choose me thine.¹

This image of the water-spray, was a very great favourite with the bards, and occurs in the amatory poems of most of them. Howel himself has used it no less than three times, once in the above, once in the preceding poem, and once in the poem called "the Choice," in the line:—

"Gorewynawg ton tynhegyl ebrwydd."

The Rev. Edward Davies, the learned author of "The Mythology of the Druids," a gentleman whom I shall have frequent reasons to quote in the following pages, is of opinion that some passages in the poems called "Awdl Hoffder Hywel," and "Y Dewis," countenance the assumption that the worship of Druidism prevailed in the twelfth century. I am sorry to be obliged to doubt the accuracy of his conclusions ; my reasons will be found stated in another place.

Hereditary talent is not an ordinary phenomenon ; yet we find such a fact in the bardic history of this period. Meilyr the father, Gwalchmai the son, and Einion and Meilyr the grandsons, were all bards, and bards too of considerable repute. Of Meilyr and Gwalchmai we have already treated ; and we will next notice the writings of Einion ap Gwalchmai. Five of his poems have escaped the

A'm dewis gydran gyhyd reg â bun,
 A bod yn gyfrin am rin, am reg.
 Dewis yw genyfi harddliw gwaneg,
 Ydoeth i'th gyfoeth, dy goeth Gymraeg.
 Dewis genyft y di;
 Beth yw genyft fi?
 Beth, a dewi di ? Deg y gosteg ?
 Dewisics fun, fal nad attreg genyft :
 Iawn yw dewissaw — dewis dyn deg.

¹ The above very faithful translation, is by Mrs. Llewelyn of Llangynwyd Vicarage.

ravages of time; the best of which we here lay before our readers, who will then have had religious musings, war-like odes, didactic narratives, love songs, and elegiac strains, laid before them; and when to these we add some most exquisite Englynion, presently to be noticed, it is to be hoped they will not quarrel with the selection, or complain that the feast is either plain or scanty. The elegy is written upon "Nest the daughter of Howel:" who the Howel is, is not clear; but from her being styled "*Gwynedd Anrhydedd*," *Gwynedd's glory*, I am led to suppose the lady Nest, "Queen of pearls," to be the daughter of Howel ab Owain the poet-king. It is not necessary to enter into a detailed criticism of the poem; here and there throughout the piece there are a few poetical ideas, but for the most part it is a series of unconnected sentiments of a common place character, heaped together without any very apparent link of connexion, and it contains nothing truly poetical except the introductory lines:—¹

The spring returns, and May with its long days,
The trees are in their bloom, and the forest in its beauty
The birds chaunt, the sea is smooth,
The gently rising tide sounds hollow, the wind is still,
The best armour against misfortune is prayer;
But I cannot hide nor conceal my grief,
Nor can I be still and silent.
I have heard the waves raging furiously
Towards the confines of the land of the sons of Beli:
They flowed with force, and conveyed
A hoarse complaining noise on account of a gentle rain.

¹Amser Mai maith ddydd, neud rhydd rhoddi,
Neud coed nad ceithiw, ceinliw celli;
Neud llafar adar, neud gwar gweili.
Neud gwaeddgreg gwaneg, gwynt yn oedi,
Neud arfau doniau, goddau gwedi,
Neud argel dawel nid mieu dewi,
Endeweis i wenyg o Wynnofi dir,
I am derfyn mawr nieilion Beli.
Oedd hydreidd wychr llyr yn llenwi,
Oedd hydr am ddylan gwynfan gweidi,
Helli mid oedd ei deddf hi hwyreddf helli,
Helli oedd ei dagrau, digrawn helli,
A helw bun araf uch bannieri ton,

H

I have passed the deep waters of the Teivi with slow steps.
 I sang the praise of Nest ere she died.
 Thousands have resounded her name like that of Elivri.
 But now I must with a pensive and sorrowful countenance,
 Compose her elegy, a subject fraught with misery.
 The bright luminary of Cadvan¹ when array'd in silk,
 How beautiful did she shine on the banks of Dysynni!²
 How great was her innocence and simplicity,
 Joined with consummate prudence!
 She was above the base arts of dissimulation.
 Now the ruddy earth covers her in silence.
 How great was our grief,
 When she was laid in her stony habitation.
 The burying of Nest was an irreparable loss.
 Her eye was as sharp as the hawk,
 Which argued her descended from noble ancestors.
 Virtue and goodness added to her native beauty,
 She was Gwynedd's ornament and pride.
 She rewarded the bard generously.
 Never was pain equal to what I suffer for her loss.
 Oh death! I feel thy sting, thou hast undone me,
 No man upon earth regretteth her loss like me,
 But hard fate regardeth not the importunity of prayers,
 Whenever mankind are destined to undergo its power.

Tynhegl a gerddais i gorddwfr Teifi;
 Ceintum gerdd i Nest cyn noi threngi.
 Cânt cant i moliant mal Elifri,
 Canaf gan feddwl awrddwl erddi,
 Caniad i marwnad, mawr drueni!
 Canwyll Cadfan lan o lenn bali
 Canneid i synnieid gar Dysynni,
 Cwan, wargan, wryrgall, ddeall ddogni,
 Gwreig nid oedd un frad gariad genthi,
 Gweryd rhudd ai cudd gwedi tewi,
 Gwael neuedd maenwedd mynwent iddi,
 Golo Nest goleu direiddi.
 Golwg gwaleh dwythfaleh o briif deithi,
 Gweuned gwawn ai dawn o'i daioni,
 Gwynedd anrhydedd, oedd rhuid wrthi
 Nid oedd ffawd rhy gwnawd rhin y genthi,
 Gnawd oedd dâl eur mal er i moli
 Ni ryfu dogmarch er i dogni poen.
 Penyd a fo mwy no'r neu hebddi,
 Neum gorau angau anghyfnertlii,
 Nid ymglyw dyn byw o'r byd fal mi,
 Ni chyfeirch angen iawlwen ioli,
 Er neb rhy barther i rhyborthi,

¹ Cadvan is the saint of Towyn in Merionydd.

² Dysynni is the name of a river that runs by Towyn.

O generous Nest, thou liest in thy safe retreat,
 I am pensive, and melancholy like Pryderi.¹
 I store up my sorrow in my breast,
 And cannot discharge the heavy burden.
 The dark, lonesome, dreary veil,
 Which covereth thy face is ever before me.—
*A face that shone like the pearly dew on Eryri.*²
 I make my humble petition to the Great Creator of heaven
 and earth,
 And my petition will not be denied,
 That he grant that this beautiful maid,
 Who glitter'd like pearls,
 May through the intercession of Holy Dewi,³
 Be received to his mercy,
 That she may converse with the prophets,
 That she may come to the inheritance,
 Of the All-wise God with Mary and the Martyrs.
 And in her behalf I will prefer my prayer,
 Which will fly to the throne of Heaven.
 My love and affection knew no bounds.
 May she never suffer. St. Peter protect her;
 God himself will not suffer her to be an exile
 From the mansion of bliss. Heaven be her lot.

E. EVANS.

Nest yn ei haddawd, wenwawd weini,
 Ydd wyf pryderus fal Pryderi.
 Pryderwawd ceudawd, cyfuertbi ni wnn,
 Nid parabl yw hwn ni fo peri.
 Llen argel issel y sy'm poeni,
 Lludd Gwen lliw arien ar Eryri.
 Archaf im Arglwydd culwydd celi,
 Nid ef a archaf arch egregi,
 Arch, ydd wyf un arch yn i erchi
 Am archfein riein, reid y meini,
 Trwy ddiwyd eiriawl deddfawl Dewi
 A deg cymmaint seint senedd Frefi,
 Am fun a undydd i hammodi,
 A'r gystiwn pryflwn y prophwydi,
 Ar gyfoeth Duw doeth i detholi,
 Ar anghyweir Meir a'r Merthyri,
 Ac yn i goddau gweddi a doddaf.
 Am dodeis nwyf im addoedi.
 Ni bu dyn mor gu gennyf a hi
 Ni bu poen oddef, Pedr wy nodi,
 Ni bu da gan Dduw i ddidoli,
 Ni bo ddiidawl Nest, nef boed eiddi.

¹ One of the heroes of Romance, and son of Pwyll Prince of Dyved.² Eryri:—Snowdon.³ St. David, the patron Saint of Wales.

There are in the *Myv. Arch.* twelve Englynion in praise of Madoc ap Meredydd, prince of Powys, which, with Gwalchmai's Ode, and the sweet flowing sonnets of Howell ap Owain, I account the most interesting pieces belonging to the twelfth century. They throw much light upon the military history and habits of the country, shew the influence of the Norman manners in their proximity to the people of Powys, and of the intercourse of the Powysian princes with the English court, and are capable of being turned to good purpose by such as understand their real significance, and can appreciate their merits. In the whole range of our literature we have not as lively a portrait of a chieftain; the minutest features are noticed, without the *tout d'ensemble* being lost sight of, and Llewelyn ap Madoc stands as palpable before us, as if his portrait had been painted on the canvass. In the easy flow of the language, the minuteness of the description, and the spirit of the whole delineation, we have a collection of merits not frequently to be met with in the works of the bards; and the prince described, seems deserving of being the idol of a poet's fancy, that the poet and his subject share our unbounded admiration.¹

Does no one ask,—are men so unconcern'd

Before unsheathing their swords,

Who is yon mail-clad youth?

Who is the haughty warrior before us?

A glorious prince full of intelligence,

None will be allowed to lead him,

He is a prince, valiant, powerful, and brave;

Llewelyn, the enemy of Gwynedd.

Gdy yd wyys nebun ny raen gan y

Eyn r dawl hacarngaen

Po wa'n awg e llaen

Po'u ddiu y bwlch o'r blaen.

Does no one wonder who's the

Mail-clad youth before us?

Who is the haughty warrior

Who's the enemy of Gwynedd?

Whose swift moving shield is that,

And bright shining spear ?

Who is the determined warlike chief,

Who holds it by its armlets ?

It is the shield of Llewelyn the brave

Protector of his country's rights ;

A shield with a man's shoulder behind it ;

A shield which carries terror before it.

Whose is the flashing sword which cuts the air,

A sure wound-inflicter ;

An emblem of honour it will ever be,

And in that right hand will destroy enemies.

He who handles it, is the defender of his country,

Renown'd for downward strokes ;

A courageous soldier in the day of battle,

Is the hero of Mechain,—his country's pride.

Whose is that red helmet of battle

Bermounted with a fierce wolf ?

Who is the rider of the fierce white steed ?

What is his name ? how wonderful his appearance !

He is called long-handed Llewelyn,

The irresistible leader of conflict,

Commander of men of the terrible shout,

Conqueror of England; faultless, and perfect is he.

Pieu yr ysgwyd egutwal kynwan

Ar kanwaew am y thal

Pw'r glew llew llit aer ddywal

Ar deily kyfrwng drwy brennyal.

Ysgwyd Llewelyn liw kadeithi bro

En honno yw honni.

Ysgwyd ac ysgwyd yndi

Ysgwyd ac ysgryt reedi.

Pieu y cleddyf cleu a dravodir

K'wythir diambheu

Klotawr klywitor nat geu

Kana llad ar llaw deheu.

Ysref ae trovyt trevat amddiffyn

Am diffwys gymmynat

Ge eileh argae yn dyd aergat

Gwaleh mechein gorwyrein gwlat.

Pieu y rodawc rud varan aervle

Ae haervleid ger y ban

Pwy briw uwch browysareh can

Pwy y henw hynot gyvrann.

Ysref y gelwir llawhir Llewelyn

Ely tervyn tervyse dir

Yllaw gawr goruchel y wir

Yllaw ddiva ddiveryl gywir

Whose is the suit of complete armour ?
 He will not fly from the battle field.
 Who is this hero of princely race ?
 I ask you all, whence sprang he?
 He is a renowned and valiant prince,
 Famed for bravery, and slaughtering ;
 The majestic Chief, dreadful in the fight,
 Is the son of Madoc ap Meredydd.
 Whose is the war-steed, fastest in the race,
 Which so haughtily paws the ground ?
 Who the prince so loved by his army,
 With the spear which pierces without warning ?
 He is a known, ambitious chief,
 Who as long as God supports him,
 Will be famed as conqueror, brave and glorious—
 Worthy of the men of Tysiliaw.

We can now easily understand the feeling which won for this young prince, the name of being the "sole hope of the men of Powys," for every line of the above Englynion, free from bardic affectation and stamped with sincerity, clearly shows that Llewelyn was a young chief of no ordinary promise.

The authorship of the verses is involved in some degree of obscurity. Llywarch Llaety, the reputed author, lived between 1290 and 1340 ; and therefore so long after the death of Llewelyn, as to render it quite impossible for him to be the author of lines which were written during this prince's life time. The poet gives his name, as is shown by

Pieu yr arveu arvet heb gilyaw
 Ni gylyant hyd angen
 Pwy wr pennaetheid geneu
 Rac pawb pieu y dechreu.
 Yssef yw hwnnw honneit nud or glyw
 Ef yw giew a llofrud
 Mygyr gawr var trablaur trablud
 Mab Madawc vab Maredud.
 Pieu y katvarch, catvlaen ae gorveid
 Ar gorvot dihavarch
 Ar gwr ar gwyr am y barch
 Ar gwaew ar gwan anghyvarch,
 Yssef yw hwnnw hanneit gan llaw draws
 Dra savo Duw ganthaw
 Gwyr orvod gwrdd glot gludaw
 Gwr rac gwerin dyssiliaw.

the subscription to the Englynion, as Llywarch Llew Cad; and therefore, as Carnhuanawe suggests, either Llywarch Llaety and Llywarch Llew Cad were different persons, or the former lived a hundred years earlier than the date usually given to his compositions. I therefore incline to the opinion that the Author is the person called *Llywarch Llew Cad*; though I have no further knowledge of that personage, for we know but little of the biography of most of the bards.

The last remark indicates a sad defect, which is felt by every one who attempts to give anything like a correct historical sketch of our bardic literature. Few facts are so unsubstantial as the bards, like shadows they come and like shadows depart. We know something of Davydd ab Gwilym, Iolo Goch, and Lewis Glyn Cothly; but who was Meilir? Where lived his son Gwalchmai? Llywarch ab Llywelyn, where was he born? Whose son was Kynddelw? When was Davydd Benfras born? When did Gruffydd ab Yr Ynad die? We cannot tell. Rhys Goch came from the neighbourhood of Eryri; Davydd Nanmor wrote extravagant panegyrics; Tudur Aled was liked by Sir Rhys ab Thomas; Guttyn Owain wrote history; and Davydd Llwyd lived at Mathraval; but beyond these scanty hints we have no materials to construct biographies. The lives of the most worthy are written in their poems;—the lower grade, or *clerwyr*, many of them were spies, beggars, and wanderers; they lived from house to house, composed songs for weddings, and importuned farmers for beds, cows, guns, saddles, bridles, and horses; they eat and drank whatever came in their way, and were jealous of their rivals—the monks; but beyond these facts, which hold good of all, we know nothing. Particular incidents we have not; and therefore biographical sketches are impossible.

Having thus passed in review such portions of the poetry of the twelfth century as seemed most deserving of notice, we now come to speak of such other employments, as composed with poetry the intellectual life of the Welsh. Of these the science of music first demands attention.

SECTION III.

MUSIC.

Of literature and civilization, music has ever formed a part; and in most countries, the popular sentiment has very closely allied a love of music with the love of virtue. Plato in one of his dialogues makes Socrates express a regret that he had not paid sufficient attention to the science; Polybius attributes the advancement in civilization of an Arcadian tribe, to their love of music; and Quintilian commends the science of harmony to the notice of the learned. The poets of Italy make frequent allusions to its civilizing tendency; it has been acknowledged in other countries that "music has charms to soothe the savage breast"; and Shakspeare, followed by Congreve, have borne their testimony in favour of the same doctrine. The poets of Wales have not been behind hand, as is shown in these verses, translated from the Welsh:—

The man to whom the harp is dear,
Who loves the sound of song and ode,
Will cherish all that's cherished there,
Where angels hold their blest abode.

But he who loves not tune or strain,
Nature to him no love has given;
You'll see him while his days remain,
Hateful at once to earth and Heaven.

Nor is this affection, which greatly prevails at the present day, a thing of recent origin. It is inseparably linked with our literature and history; and the first poem we have concerning the intelligence of a prevalent love of music. A few

have seen these allusions to the *Cerddorion* in the extracts from the early bards; and the fact that a *pencerdd*, or doctor of music, was recognised by the laws of Howel, is full of significance. Towards A.D. 1100, we find Gruffydd ab Kynan, king of North Wales, turning his attention to the subject of musical regulations; and from his paying more attention to music than to poetry, we may infer that he was partial to the former, and was perhaps himself a competent judge of musical excellence. He was born and educated in Ireland, of Welsh parents,—his father having sought a refuge there; and he had, it is probable, imbibed a taste for sweet sounds in the Emerald Isle. In fact he seems to have fallen in love with the pipe—the bagpipe, and when the country became somewhat pacified, he made an attempt to inoculate the people of North Wales with a similar taste. We learn this from the account of his life by Robert ap Gruffydd,—

“Gruffydd ap Kynan, King of North Wales, held an Eisteddvod, for the purpose of regulating minstrelsy, at Caerwys, whither travelled all the musicians of Wales. There came also some from England and Scotland. At that time the Welsh disliked the pipes, and in fact forbade their use; and therefore it was a Scot that won the prize, and the king gave him a silver pipe as a reward for his skill. The laws then enacted, continue in force now, and are binding upon, and guides to, the Welsh minstrels at the present day. Gruffydd did not attempt to make these regulations binding in South Wales, on account of its being in the possession of strangers; nor can the Princes of South Wales lay claim to the obedience of the North Welsh minstrels.”

In the 1st volume of the *Cambrian Register*, (page 386,) we find a more specific statement:—

“Observe this is the book, called the Repertory of string music, that is to say the harp and crwth, within the three principalities of Wales, which was drawn up from the science of music, at the desire of four musical performers,

on the harp and crwth, who were unanimous in opinion, and desirous to render song more perfect, to preserve, to play it with correctness, and to elucidate it. The names of these four Doctors were Allon y Cenaw, Rhydderch Voel, Matholwch the Gwyddelian, and Olav the Minstrel; and the auditors were Henri Gyveurydd, Carsi the Harper, and many others who assisted by their counsel and their art. And through the advice of these teachers, and the science of the doctor of music, and the four professors with their art, by unanimous consent, the twenty-four musical canons were made, and to give stability to these, the twenty-four measures were formed. For three causes were they made: in the first place to compose music; secondly, to know music, and thirdly, to preserve it; and their names follow in the language of Ireland; and *Murchan* the *Gwyddelian* was a Sovereign in Ireland at that time, who confirmed them at a place called *Glynachalch*, by all his power and offices, and commanding all to maintain them."

At that time, Ireland was famed as the seat of learning; and though it is said that "Cadivor, Abbot of Llanveithin, a wise and learned man, and of great piety, sent six young men who were students with him, to instruct the Irish, A.D. 883,"¹ the visit of Sulien, afterwards Bishop of Saint David's, to Ireland, and his having remained there ten years to study, prove Archbishop Usher to have been perfectly correct when he said, that "in the 11th century Ireland was full of pious and learned men." (Moore's Ireland, vol. 2, p. 181). Considered in the light thus afforded as to the intellectual state of Ireland, the above statements respecting the part taken by Irish minstrels in organizing the minstrelsy of Wales, become very probable; and therefore it behoves us to inquire what influence the labours of Gruffydd ab Kynan, and the Irish teachers whom he had imported, had upon the music of Wales? This is a disputed point; and therefore we must approach it with becoming caution.

¹ Price's history of Wales, p. 464.

It was Dr. Powel's opinion that, "these musicians (i.e. the Irish) framed in a manner all the instrumental music now in use among the Welsh;" while the Rev. Thomas Price most positively denies, that the music of the Welsh is in any way indebted to these Irish teachers. The words "in a manner" are not by any means clear; while the assertion that all the instrumental music of Wales is of Irish origin, is evidently untrue. Mr. Price has discussed the subject fairly, and at much length, in his History of Wales; but I am as unable to follow him into one extreme as I am unwilling to be led into the other by the weighty name of Dr. Powel. Mr. Price, however, admits that the names of several of the metres are Irish; and that the framers of our musical code were guided by the principles of the Irish system to some extent in framing their own. I think we ought to admit more than this; and though concurring with Carnhuanawc in the belief that there was no revolution effected in the musical taste of the Welsh, it appears to me that we are to refer the introduction of the pipes among the Welsh, to the reign of Gruffydd ab Kynan. In the account of the Feast of Cadwgan ab Bleddyn in 1107, we find no mention made of any but stringed instruments; nor yet in the history of the Eisteddvod held under the auspices of Gruffydd ab Rhys in 1135. Up to that date the bagpipes were unknown in South Wales; but between 1135 and 1177 they had made some progress in popular opinion.

The pipes were coming into use, not *instead* of the *crwth* and the harp; but *with* those instruments; and we find harpers, violinists, and pipers invited to the court of the Lord Rhys at the latter date. I am strongly inclined to think that the pipes were first introduced here, at the Caerwys Eisteddvod; and I am further of opinion that the "Ysgodawg" mentioned by the biographer of Gruffydd ab Kynan, as having won the silver pipe, came not from Scotland, but from Ireland, as a portion of the Irish people were known by the name of Scots in the twelfth century. This appears

from a poem by bishop Sulien's son, descriptive of his father's visit to Ireland,—

"His ista digestis *Scotorum* visitat arva,"

and from Meilyr's poem already quoted.—

"Gwytyl dienvil duon
Ysgodogion dynion lletfer."¹

The pipe was never greatly liked among the Welsh; they treated it with contempt at Caerwys, and the bards always rose their voices against it; and Lewis Glyn Cothy has left us an excellent satire upon a piper. The poem occurs at page 389 of his collected works; and has been thus spiritedly translated by Mrs. M. C. Llewelyn, which translation is here given with her kind consent.

THE SAXONS OF FLINT.

A man, like others, formed by God,
On sunday morning last I trod
The streets of Flint; an ill built maze—
I wish the whole were in a blaze!
An English marriage feast was there,
Which, like all English feasts, was spare.
Nought there revealed our mountain land,
The generous heart—the liberal hand—
No *hirlas* there was passed around
With richly foaming mead high crowned.
The reason why I thither came
Was something for my art to claim—
An art that oft from prince and lord
Had won its just—its due reward.
With lips inspired I then began
To sing an ode to this mean clan:
Rudely they mocked my song and me,
And loathed my oft praised minstrelsy.
Alas! that through my cherished art
Boors should distress and wound my heart.
Fool that I was to think the muse
Could charm corn dealers—knaveish Jews;
My polished Ode forsooth they hissed,
And I midst laughter was dismissed.
For William Beisir's bag they bawl,
"Largess for him" they loudly squall;

¹ For translation see page 20.

Each roared with throat at widest stretch
 For Will the piper—low born wretch!
 Will forward steps as best he can,
 Unlike a free ennobled man:
 A pliant bag 'tween arm and chest,
 While limping on he tightly prest.
 He stares—he strives the bag to sound;
 He swells his maw—and ogles round;
 He twists and turns himself about,
 With fetid breath his cheeks swell out.
 What savage boors! his hideous claws
 And glutton's skin win their applause!
 With shuffling hand and clumsy mien
 To doff his cloak he next is seen;
 He snorted; bridled in his face,
 And bent it down with much grimace,
 Like to a kite he seemed that day,
 A kite, when feathering of his prey!
 The churl did blow a grating shriek,
 The bag did swell, and harshly squeak,
 As does a goose from nightmare crying,
 Or dog, crushed by a chest when dying;
 This whistling box's changeless note
 Is forced from turgid veins and throat;
 Its sound is like a crane's harsh moan,
 Or like a gosling's latest groan;
 Just such a noise a wounded goat
 Sends from her hoarse and gurgling throat.
 His unattractive screeching lay
 Being ended, William sought for pay;
 Some *fees* he had from this mean band,
 But *largess* from no noble hand;
 Some pence were offered by a few,
 Others gave little halfpence too.
 Unheeded by this shabby band
 I left their feast with empty hand.
 A dire mischance I wish indeed
 On slavish Flint and its mean breed,
 Oh! may its furnace be the place
 Which they and piper Will may grace!
 For their ill luck my prayer be told,
 My curses on them young and old!
 I ne'er again will venture there,
 May death all further visits spare!¹

¹ I have omitted Tegid's prefatory summary, as the reader will easily get at the facts from the poem; and it is scarcely necessary to state that I do not participate in the slander cast upon the English; for, not having shared the disappointment of the bard, my temper is unruffled. The furnace alluded to, is one of the furnaces used in smelting lead ore, for which even in the bard's day, Flint was famous.

The pipe has now disappeared from the land; and the fact is an admirable proof of an improvement in the musical taste of the people; for it really is impossible that the bag-pipe could be a favoured instrument, where the clear tones of the harp had once been heard.

The harp was almost the sole instrument in the tenth century known to the Welsh; and after the pipe had lingered here for seven hundred years, the harp and the violin, the modern representative of the crwth, are left in undisputed possession of the popular will. The harp never lost its hold upon the affections of the people, is now the favourite instrument, and will probably continue to be so while "the language of the soul dwells on its strings." That line, in the original,—

"Iaith enaid ar ei thannau,"

occurs in one of the Englynion which competed against the Rev. Walter Davies, and is superior to any single line in his Englyn, though the whole Englyn is inferior to the veteran bard of Mechain's victorious verse, which ran as follows,—

"Plethiadau tannau tynion—y delyn,
I'r dilesg veddylion,
Odlau saint yw adlais hon,
Llais yn vawl llys nevolion."

But the finest compliment paid to the harp, is to be found in "Marwnad Sion Eos," where the poet admirably manages to compliment both harper and harp at the same time,—

"Nid oes nac angel na dyn,
Nad wyl pan ganai delyn."

Neither angels nor men could refrain from weeping,
When he (John the Nightingale) played the harp.

But we must revert to the subject of the influence of Irish music. Much stress has been laid upon the language of Giraldus, who being a contemporary writer, a lover of music, and one intimately acquainted with the music of both countries, is looked upon as an authority. On the one part it is

confidently claimed that he supports Powell's assertion, while the defenders of the integrity of Welsh music, deny that any such conclusion can fairly be drawn from his words. The question is therefore one of interpretation, and easy of solution when fairly entertained. His words are these :—

“Notandum vero, quod Scotia et Gwallia, hæc propagationis, illa commectionis et affinitatis gratia, Hiberniam in modulis, æmula imitari nitantur disciplina.”

Which may be thus translated :—

“It should be observed notwithstanding, that the Scotch and Welsh, this from being of the same origin, and that from intercourse and relationship, are emulous to imitate the Irish in musical proficiency.”

Now what does this passage signify? Mr. Price states that we are not justified in understanding it to mean that they *imitated* the style of the Irish musicians; but simply that they were emulous to cope with them, in the *skilful practise of another style*,—i. e. the native music of Wales. Sorry as I am to differ from our national historian, the word *imitari* seems to me to be positive and conclusive; for at the period of Giraldus's visit, as I have already shown, the pipes were spreading over the land, and the Irish doctors of music had undoubtedly exercised considerable influence upon the music of this country. We must therefore in my opinion concede, that *some* of the musicians of Wales were imitators of the Irish music; but it is contrary to all experience, and contrary to an express declaration made by Giraldus in this very Essay on the state of Ireland, that the Welsh had a native music which differed essentially from that of Ireland, to suppose that the whole of a country can be described in such few words, or that these words hold true of *all* the Welsh musicians. Giraldus's language is just what we might from other facts have expected. Gruffydd ab Kynan, to reform, discipline, and improve the music *already existing*, imported some teachers of Irish music. These men, teachers of a science which appears to have been very per-

fect, and patronized by a powerful monarch, who was anxious to diffuse his own taste among his subjects, must have had some influence among the Welsh; and therefore I should have anticipated that many minstrels desirous of the favour of the king would have humoured his prejudices, even if Giraldus had not said that they found imitators in Wales. Many of the Irish then introduced never returned to their own country; and we have already noticed the Irish extraction of Howel ab Owain, and Cadivor Wyddel, with his seven sons. They would of course be patrons of the pipes; and the prevalence of these towards the close of the twelfth century, and for many centuries afterwards, attests the fact, that the influence of Gruffydd ab Kynan and his hired teachers was by no means insignificant.

The point at issue seems to me, to be one of degree; that a taste for the music of Ireland had been introduced among the Welsh appears to be an ascertained and well-authenticated fact; but that it became so prevalent as to displace the native music in popular estimation, is an assertion quite unsupported by evidence. Such a taste was prevalent, but at no time did it displace or even become a formidable rival of the Welsh music; for beyond the circle of Gruffydd's influence it commanded no respect. The bards always derided it; and they are much the best criteria of public taste. The disputants on both sides have omitted the consideration of a fact which would have gone a long way to reconcile them. In the term Wales, there must have been included many districts occupied by persons not Welshmen, such as the Flemings of Glamorgan and Pembroke, the Saxons of the North and of Powys, the Normans, and the Irish, who seemed to have remained in the principality in sufficient numbers to have formed a distinct class. The musical taste of this foreign population, differed essentially from that of the native Cambrians; and the incautious observer might be led to state, that the pipe was popular in Wales, from neglecting to distinguish between the foreign and native inhabitants, the uninformed reader being thereby led to be-

lieve that that instrument was in favour with the Welsh, while in reality it only found admirers in the other part of the population. That this was really the state of the case appears from many passages in the bardic writings. We have seen it exemplified in the case of the Saxons of Flint; Davydd ab Gwilym brings out this difference of taste with great clearness; when deriding "the leather harp," he says,

"Ni luniwyd ei pharawyden,
Na'i chreglais ond i Sais hen."

"Its trunk was not formed, nor its hoarse sound,
But for an old Saxon."

We have here a distinction very carefully drawn, between the musical taste of the two nations; and again, in the same poem he compares its tones to—

"Sain gwydd gloff, anhoff yn yd,
Sonfawr *Wyddeles* ynyd."

"The shrill screech of a lame goose (caught) in corn,
Horribly noisy, mad Irishwoman !"

thereby strongly insisting upon the same point. We therefore learn that the taste for foreign music still lingered in the land, though the public taste was adverse. The same distinction is made by Lewis Glyn Cothy, in satirizing the bands of itinerant minstrels and monks, who went begging about the land,—

"By the door would be one with a *crazy fiddle*,
And another dirty chap with a *hurdy gurdy*;
And close by one with a *pipe*,
And some carcase with a *hautboy*."¹

Here these various instruments are held up to ridicule; but the harp was an honoured instrument never mentioned save in commendation. The real state of the case will now be apparent; there was a taste for foreign music, but it was

¹ "Wrth y drws, un ai grwth drwg,
A baw arall a'i berwg;
O'r lle bai arall a'i bib,
A rhyw abwy a rhibib."

not *the taste* of the Welsh people; nor can Giraldus be fairly represented to have said so. He mentions the existence of a native minstrelsy among the Welsh; and we ought not to assume that he either believed or asserted that the taste of a nation can be easily altered, where his words fall short of saying so.

There are many passages in the writings of Giraldus, and those too written subsequent to his tract on Ireland, clearly showing that the harp was the national instrument of Wales, and leading us to infer that its music was so deeply rooted in the public affection, as to render any attempt to dislodge it, hopeless and impracticable. The remarks hitherto quoted from Giraldus, were written in 1187; but the reader will be pleased to bear in mind that the following was given to the world in 1204, subsequent to his tour through Wales with archbishop Baldwin, and when he had had sixteen years additional knowledge, information, and experience;—

“The strangers, who arrived in the morning, were entertained until evening with the conversation of young women, and with the music of the harp; for in this country (Wales) almost every house was provided with both. Hence we may reasonably conclude, that the people were not much inclined to jealousy. Such an influence had the habit of music on their minds, and its fascinating powers, that in every family, or in every tribe, they esteemed skill in playing on the harp beyond any kind of learning.”

The fair conclusion to be drawn from these facts is, that Mr. Price enunciates a substantial truth when he asserts the integrity, and national origin of the music of Wales; while there is more foundation in fact for the other view, than his warm patriotism allowed him to admit.

Having thus spoken of the instruments, it may not be out of place to say a few words on the characteristic features of the music of Wales. Any person in some degree acquainted with the history of the English drama, must know how the noble compositions of Shakespeare and his imita-

tors were, for a time, nearly superseded in England by the rhyming tragedies, which were baser imitations of French models. Nearly similar to the temporary eclipse which obscured the genuine Shakesperean drama, was that which nearly sent to oblivion the finest cathedral music of the same country; but happily for England, she can boast that in respect of church music, she possesses as truly as any other country in the world, what may be termed national, or at least, a body of sacred melodies sufficiently characteristic of the genius of her composers, to distinguish them through all time from those of other countries; so may she boast, but not so triumphantly, of her secular music, inasmuch as the sea songs, and several of the pastoral lyrics of England, are sung to airs that bear no resemblance to those of any other country, with which she was connected by commerce or scientific intercourse. But during the years in which additions were made to these national melodies, many of the most popular English composers were servile imitators of every thing that was foreign, while such men as Purcell and Lily were forgotten. However, they were forgotten only to be remembered again with deeper gratitude, and higher exultation; and such precisely appears to me to have been the fate of the music of Wales, for although we possess but few of the most ancient (if they must be recognised by the names given them in the curious MSS. in the Welsh School, London,)¹ we possess very old melodies, which I believe to have been composed at periods, when the Welsh were less inclined to imitate the Irish, than they may be supposed to have been during the reign of Gruffydd ab Kynan, and as different in style and character from the melodies of Ireland, as the cathedral music of England is from that of Scotland. Affected as appears to most men of good taste, the net-work of Welsh alliteration, it cannot be denied, that the finest Welsh airs, viz.—Ar

¹ Cambrian Register, volume I, page 391.

hyd y Nos,—Glan meddwdod mwyn,—Morva Rhuddlan,—Y Gadlys,—Codiad yr Hedydd,—Dyfywrch Gwyr Harlech, &c. are specimens of such simple, pure, and unaffected melody as neither Ireland nor Scotland did ever produce, though in sweetness, tenderness, and voluptuousness the melodies of these two countries may even excel those of Wales. Be that as it may, no one who is capable of comparing the tunes of the three nations, can for a moment doubt that those of Cambria are distinguished by characteristics, so thoroughly distinct from those of Ireland, that it would not be more absurd to believe that our oaks have sprung from hips and haws, than to say that our best airs are of Irish origin.

It is gratifying to find that eminent English critics have expressed the same opinion, with respect to the essentially distinct character and beauty of Welsh music. Jones, in the *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, quotes a highly flattering opinion given in its favour by Dr. Armstrong; and I was glad to perceive that so fastidious a critical authority as the *Athenæum*, viewed our music in the same light,—“There is the same animation in its music; and though we allow the excellent effect of the Scotch, and the power of the Irish in noting the transitions from rage to despair, and in describing their irritable temperament, we must say of the Welsh music, that there is in it an antique superiority which adorns every thing it approaches. It breathes the spirit of a people yet proud of their former pastimes, who treasure up as precious gold the traditions of their forefathers, and with that a coldness to strangers, and strange habits.”¹

But in addition to having found favour with the musical authorities of England, it has elicited a response from the public opinion of the musical circles of the metropolis, as appears from the following announcement in the *Examiner*,

¹ *Athenæum*, November 2, 1834.

“The Welsh air ‘Strike the harp,’ with its chorus, quite delighted the audience, and cold must they have been had they not felt its effect.”¹

It is therefore unnecessary to adduce further evidence, of the sweetness, beauty, and sublimity of our national music.

The characteristics of the Scotch and Irish melodies, are the frequent recurrence of leaps to thirds and fifths, and often fourths and sixths above and below the key note, and the prominence given to those notes; and this appears to have been occasioned by the necessity under which the composer felt himself of making the passing discord, with respect to the drone-note of the bagpipe, as short as possible. The bass consisting only of one note, made it necessary that certain notes in the melody should be as transitory as they could be made to be; while on the other hand, the melodies that had basses of many intervals given them, are not distinguished by these faint transitions, but have notes of every length on every interval of the diatonic scale, while in their composition appears no avoidance of a pause on one more than the other. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the superiority of the Scotch airs, was attributable to this frequent recurrence of the principal notes of the common chords in them, but musicians of the highest eminence in this as well as other European countries, could tell him that the Old Hundredth, God save the King, Luther’s Hymn, and many of the best Welsh melodies, yea even those which continue to this day to be admired by Englishmen as well as Welshmen, are quite destitute of what he deemed so essential to true melody. Although so many of the airs of Ireland have the peculiarities noticed above in common with those of Scotland, the Irish melodies are more commonly in triple time, than either those of Scotland or Wales; and often have a wildness which is at once sad and seductive. Inasmuch as it cannot be doubted that

¹ Examiner, a London literary newspaper, May 13, 1843.

Ireland once possessed excellent harpers, one cannot help asking where are the tunes that were their favourites? for it cannot be denied that the published tunes of that country are more playful and pastoral in their character, than we can possibly believe the gravest compositions of her harpers to have been. In other words, a country whose harpers were so celebrated should have preserved more of the pieces in which their skill was oftenest displayed. The music of Ireland and Scotland seems to have been composed expressly for the bagpipes; but that of Wales must have been from its very structure intended for the harp.

In the twelfth century the inhabitants of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales seem to have attained to considerable perfection in the art of musical performance: but the following very fine descriptive criticism by Giraldus, seems to point to the harp, as the difficulties could not be overcome by any other instrument then in use. His words are these,—

“By the sweetness of their musical instruments, they sooth and delight the ear; they are rapid, yet delicate in their modulation; and by the astonishing execution of their fingers, and their swift transitions from discord to concord, produce the most pleasing harmony. This cannot be better explained than by what I have said in my topography of Ireland, concerning the musical instruments of the three nations. It is remarkable that in all their haste of performance, they never forget time and musical proportion; and such is their art that with all their inflection of tones, the variety of their instruments, and the intricacy of their harmony, they attain perfection of consonance and melody, by a sweet velocity, an equable disparity, and a discordant concord; as if the strings sounded together fourths or fifths, they always begin with B flat and afterwards return to it, that the whole may be completed under the sweetness of a grand and pleasing sound. They enter into a movement and conclude in so delicate a manner, and *play the little notes so sportively under the blunter sound of the base strings, enlivening with a wanton levity. or communicat-*

ing a deeper internal sensation of pleasure, that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of it; for—

Art profits when concealed,
Disgraces when revealed.

From this cause those very strains, which afford deep and unspeakable mental delight to those who have looked far, and skilfully penetrated into the art, fatigue rather than gratify the ears of others, who though they see do not perceive, and though they hear do not understand.”¹

It is asserted that the Welsh were acquainted with counterpoint prior to Guido’s supposed discovery of it, as one of the twenty-four ancient games, in which Welshmen were ambitious to excel, was to sing a song in four parts with accentuations. (*Canu Cywydd pedwar ac acen.*)

SECTION IV.

HUD A LLEDRITH, OR AN INCIPIENT DRAMA!

IN the account of the feast given by Gruffydd ab Rhys in 1135, there occur these remarkable words,—

“A chynnal pob chwareuon Hud a Lledrith, a phob arddangos.”

“And there were performed all sorts of plays of illusion and phantasm, and every kind of exhibition.”

I have as yet seen no attempt to explain what is meant by these words; but that others may not be compelled to stumble in the dark as I have done, an attempt will be here made to throw a ray of light upon the subject. It seems to me that these exhibitions were similar to the plays known as masks and mysteries, or the still earlier miracle plays

¹ Quoted in Jones’s *Relics of the Welsh Bards*.

among other nations; and this opinion is confirmed by the facts, that in the writings of the bards, we find frequent mention of "miragl" in connexions which forbid our supposing they refer to the miracles of Scripture.

On looking over the history of English literature, we find that plays were instituted in London as early as A.D. 1180. William Fitz-Stephen in his life of archbishop Becket, written between 1170 and 1182, alludes to similar practices among the monks. Matthew Paris, and Bulæus state, (*Historia Universitatis Parisiensis*,) that the miracle respecting Saint Catherine was played at Dunstable as early as 1119, and the latter states that there was nothing new in this; while we learn from the "*Annales Burtonensis*" that strolling players were common towards the middle of the thirteenth century. There is therefore nothing improbable in the supposition that the "*Hud a Lledrith a phob arddangos*" here mentioned were things of this description; on the contrary there are strong reasons for the belief. The language of the historian is positive, and "*arddangos*" cannot be predicated without impropriety of any thing else. Assuming therefore this conjecture to be correct; we shall proceed to enquire how far these displays were founded in nationality. Did they come from the Welsh soil? Or were they borrowed from the English court?

There is nothing *a priori* impossible, in the assumption of a native origin for these exhibitions. Monks covered the surface of Wales as well as England; these miracles originated among the monks in England, and as the Welsh monks had hitherto shown much more literary activity than the English, as witness Gildas, Nennius, Asserius, Walter Mapes of Oxford, Giraldus, and Geoffrey, why may not these miracles have sprung from them? The drama of the middle ages was a spontaneous product;¹ the classic writings had been laid aside for many centuries previously, and their study was not revived for centuries after

¹ Muller, *Hist. of the Lit. of Ancient Greece*, page 287, says it sprang from obscure traditions of antiquity.

this date; and therefore these facts, coupled with the existence of a rich dramatic literature among the Hindoos, tend to prove, as A. W. Schlegel, a well known German critic, has stated, that "we are by no means entitled to assume that the invention of the drama was made once for all in the world, to be afterwards borrowed by one people from another." On the contrary, as that able writer very clearly shows, "The invention of dramatic art, and of the theatre, seems a very obvious and natural one. Man has a great disposition to mimicry; when he enters vividly into the situation, sentiments, and passions of others, he involuntarily puts on a semblance to them in his gestures. Children are perpetually going out of themselves; it is one of their chief amusements to represent grown people whom they have had an opportunity of observing, or whatever strikes their fancy; and with the happy pliancy of their imagination, they can exhibit all the characteristics of any dignity they may choose to assume, be it that of a father, a school-master, or a king. But one step more was requisite for the invention of the drama, namely, to separate and extract the mimetic element from the separate parts of social life, and to present them to itself again collectively in one mass; yet in many nations it has not been taken."¹ Among both the English and Welsh in the twelfth century the step was taken; was it spontaneous in both, or did one borrow from the other?

The Welsh princes had frequent intercourse with the English Court, and there can be no doubt adopted some of its manners; but I confess myself inclined to believe that at this period Wales had an incipient drama belonging to itself. It is admitted, by the best critics of the day, that Europe owes its romantic literature to the Welsh and Bretons, why not the romantic drama? and particularly as such dramatic remains as we have are exclusively romantic? The Mabinogion are full of dialogues; it required no great

¹ Dramatic Literature, Lecture ii.

stretch of fancy to get similar dialogues put into the mouths of living speakers. In every other department of literature, the Welsh were in advance, and greatly too, of their neighbours; whence arises the difficulty of conceiving that a people who could invent for themselves Romances, and Tales, could also imagine the possibility of spoken dialogue? But, however we may decide this question, it is certain that dialogues could only have originated under such circumstances, and that we have such dialogues among our literary remains; and the fact that they are not translations, but original compositions, goes a long way to prove my view of the origin among us of a national drama, or at all events of what would, with proper care, have become so. If, on the contrary, the reader inclines to believe the idea of representation before audiences, borrowed, he will readily admit that in intellectual entertainments, the Welsh Princes were not behind the Monarchs of England.

Written dialogue seems to indicate the existence of a drama of some sort, and the fact that among the Welsh remains there were several dialogues of undoubted antiquity has always appeared to me inexplicable on any other hypothesis. Those we have are very simple, and certainly indicate a very rudimental state of the supposed drama; but I have not been able to ascertain whether in the libraries of our old families, there may not be more of them, and of a superior character. However, such as they are, they are now presented to the reader. The first specimen shall be the dialogue between Arthur the King, in his youth, and his second wife Gwenhwyvar, who was a girl educated by Melwas, King of Scotland.¹

ARTHUR.

Black is my steed, and bears me well,
Nor will he the water shun;
And for no man will he retreat!

ARTHUR.

¹ Du yw fy march, a da dana
Ac er dwr nid arwyda;
A rhag un gwr ni chilia,

GWENHWYVAR.

Green is my steed, of nature's hue,
May the boaster always be despised
He only is a man who makes good his word !
Who will ride, and will be firm ?
Who will march in the front of battle ?
None but a hero can overcome Cai the tall,
the son of Sevin.

ARTHUR.

I will ride, and I will be firm, and will
March with speed along the bank of the ebbing tide ;
I am the man who will overcome Cai.

GWENHWYVAR.

Hold, youth ! It is strange to hear thee ;
Unless thou art more than thy appearance,
Thou couldst not overcome Cai with a hundred in thy train.

ARTHUR.

Gwenhwyvar of beauteous look,
Deride me not, though small I seem ;
I would myself a hundred take !

GWENHWYVAR.

Ha ! thou youth in black and yellow garb !
From having steadfastly viewed thy form,
Methinks I have seen thee before.

GWENHWYVAR.

Glas yw fy march o liw dail ;
Llwyr ddirmygid mefi mawr air,
Nid gwr ond a gywiro ei air.
Pwy a ferchyg ac a saif ?
Ac a gerdd ymlaen y drin ?
Ni ddeil ond gwr e, Cai hir ab Sevin.

ARTHUR.

Myfi a ferchyg ac a sai
Ac a gerdda yn drwm geulan trai,
Myfi y gwr a ddaliai Gai,

GWENHWYVAR.

Dyd was ! rhyfedd yw dy glywed,
Onid nyd amgen noth weled
Ne ddelit ti Gai ar dy ganfed.

ARTHUR.

Gwenhwyvar olwg eirian,
Na ddifrawd fi cyd bwyf bychan,
Mi a ddaliwn gant fy hunan.

GWENHWYVAR.

Dyd was ! a du a melyn.
Wrth hir edrych dy dremyn ;
Tybias dy weled cyn no hyn.

ARTHUR.

Gwenhwyvar, with sweet looks of mildness,
Inform me if thou knowest,
Where didst thou see me before ?

GWENHWYVAR.

I saw a man of moderate stature,
At the long table of Kelliwig, in Devonshire,
Distributing his wine to his friends around him.

ARTHUR.

Gwenhwyvar, charming in discourse,
From woman's lips we look for idle talk,
There truly thou hast seen me.

Here there is very clearly implied, an audience to relish the moralizing at the commencement ; and it is difficult to conceive any other motive for the composition of the dialogue, than an intended personation. The following is of a different character :—¹

Question.—Who is the Porter ?

Answer.—Glewlywd Gavaelvawr.

Question.—Who is it that asks ?

Answer.—Arthur and the blessed Cai.

Glewlywd.—If thou shouldst bring with thee
The best wine in the world,
Into my house thou shalt not come,
Unless it be by force, &c.

ARTHUR.

Gwenhwyfar olwg wrthroch ;
Doedwch i mi os gwyddoch,
Yn mhale, cyn hyn ym gwelsoch ?

GWENHWYVAR.

Mi welais wr graddol o faint
Ar fwrdd hir Celliwig yn Dyfnaint
Yr rhannu gwin iw geraint

ARTHUR.

Gwenhwyvar, barabl digri,
Gnawd o ben gwraig air gwegi,
Yno y gwelaist ti fi.

¹ Pagwr yw y Porthawr ?
Glewlywd Gavaelvawr,
Pagwr ai govin ?
Arthur a chai *gwyn*
Pa indda genhit
Gwin goreu im bid
Yn ty ny ddoi
Onis gwaredy, &c.

There is a very pretty play on the word "gwin" in the original. When Arthur says it is, "Arthur a Chai gwyn," Glewlwyd affects to believe that he had said, "Cai gwin," or "Cai of the wine," instead of "the blessed Cai."

Mr. Davies endeavours to show, in his ingenious and learned work, that there are references to Druidic worship here; and the reader will form his own judgment as to the comparative merit of our widely different explanations. The dialogue between Gwalchmai and Trystan, in the presence of Arthur, shows a still further stage of development. Of a still different character is the following dialogue between Llewelyn and Gwrnerth, two Powysian saints:—¹

LLEWELYN.

Mountain snow, wind about hedges,
The Creator of Heaven is my strength;
Does Gwrnerth sleep?

GWERNERTH.

Mountain snow, God is greatest,
And to him I will pray,
I am not sleeping, I cannot sleep.

LLEWELYN.

Mountain snow, wind about the house,
As you speak so,
What, Gwrnerth, makes you look so?

GWERNERTH.

Mountain snow, wind in the south,
I speak important words,
I think it is death, &c.

LLYWELYN.

¹ Eiry mynydd, guynt am berth,
Cany creawdyr nef am nerth
Ai cysgu a wna Gwrnerth,

GWERNERTH.

Eiry mynydd, Duw yn behnaf,
Cany attaw gweddiad,
Nac ef, cysgu ni allaf.

LLYWELYN.

Eiry mynydd guynt am ty
Kany llevery velly
Beth Urnerth a wna hynny.

GWERNERTH.

Eiry mynydd guynt decheu
Kany traethaf prif eiryau
Tebekaf yu mae agheu.

The original of the next specimen, is older than any of the preceding, and purports to be a dialogue between Taliesin and Myrddin; but we know not the author or authors of any of these. According to Mr. Davies, Myrddin, in this dialogue, deplores the persecution of the Druids: I adopt his translation.¹

MYRDDIN.

How great my sorrow! how woful
Has been the treatment of Kedwy and the boat!
Unanimous was the assault with gleaming swords,
From the piercing conflict, one shield escaped,
Alas, how deplorable.

TALIESIN.

It was Maelgwn whom I saw, with piercing weapons before
the master of the fair herd, his household will not be silent.

MYRDDIN.

Before the two personages, they had in the celestial circle,
before the passing form, and the fixed form, over the pale white
boundary. The grey stones they actually remove. Soon
is Elgan and his retinue discovered, for his slaughter, alas, how
great the vengeance that ensued!

TALIESIN.

Thou that rushest forth, with one tooth (thou boar) thy shield
has overwhelmed. To thee, complete liberality had been extended.
Excessively is the slaughter of Kyndur deplored. Slain
are three men who were liberal in their lives, even three eminent
men, highly esteemed by Elgan.

MYRDDIN.

¹ Mor truan genhyf, mor truan
A dery am kedwy a chavan!
Oedd llachar kyvlavar cyvlavan,
Oedd yscuid o Tryvryw, o truan!

TALIESIN.

Oed Maelgwn a welwn, yn ymwan,
Y deulu, racter y vulu, ni thawan.

MYRDDIN.

Rac deuwr, yn nentur, y tiran,
Rac Errith a Churth, y ar welugan
Meinwineu, yn ddiheu, a ddygan,
Moch gweler y niver gan Elgan,
Och, oe laith, mawr aeth y deuthan!

TALIESIN.

Rys undant, oedd rychuant y tarian,
Hyd attad y daeth rhad cyflawn,
Llas Cyndur, tra messur, y cwynan,
Llaes haelon o ddynon, tia fuan
Trywyr nod, mawr eu clod, gan Elgan.

MYRDDIN.

Through and through, wide and pointed, they came advancing and surrounding the only wise Bran, the son of Elgan. Dywal the son of Erbin, with his retinue did they slaughter, in their last assault.

TALIESIN.

The host of Maelgwn, exulting, advanced ; and severely did the embattled warriors pierce in the bloody inclosure. Even the battle of Arysderydd, which is at hand, with the utmost energy will they prepare.

MYRDDIN.

A host of flying darts, in the bloody plain, prepare the banquet of gore. A host of warriors destroy the tottering Sidan. Many a festive horn is broken ; many a horn bearer is put to flight, whilst the host is forcing them back to promiscuous slaughter.

TALIESIN.

The seven sons of Eliffer, seven heroes, when put to the test, shun not the seven spears, in their seven stations.

MYRDDIN.

Seven blazing fires will counteract seven battles, the seventh is Kynvelyn, in the front of every mount.

MYRDDIN.

Trwy a thrwi, vug a rug, y daethan,
Traw a thraw, undoeth Bran a Melgan,
Llad Dyvel, oe diwed cyflafan,
Ab Erbin, ae werin, a wnaethan,

TALIESIN.

Llu Maelgwn, bu yscwn y daethan :
Aerwyr cad, trybelidiad, gwaedlan,
Neu gwaith Arysderydd,
Pan fydd, y deunydd,
O hyd y wychydd,
Y darparan.

MYRDDIN.

Lliaws peleidrad, gwaedlad gwaedlan,
Lliaws aerwyr bryw breuawl Sidan.
Lliaws ban briwher ;
Lliaws ban foher,
Lliaws eu hymchwel,
Yn eu hymwan.

TALIESIN.

Seith meib Eliffer,
Seith gwyr, ban broffer,
Seith gwayw ni ochel,
Yn ei Seithran.

MYRDDIN.

Seith tan ufelin
Seith cad cyferbin,
Seithfed Cynfelin,
Y pob cinhvan.

TALIESIN.

Seven piercing spears shall fill seven rivers, with the blood of leading heroes shall they fill them.

MYRDDYN.

Seven score liberal heroes are now become wandering spirits ; in the forest of Caledonia they met their fate.

Since I, Merddin, am next after Taliesin, let my prophecy be received in common with his.

We shall have occasion again to refer to the last verse, and therefore the reader will be pleased to bear it in mind, when we come to speak of the "Avallenau."

Quite as old as the preceding, i.e. as old as the 12th or 13th centuries, is another dialogue, between Ugnach, the son of Mydno, of *Caer Sêon*, and Taliesin, of *Caer Deganwy*." All are metrical in the original.¹

TALIESIN.

O knight, who approachest the city with white dogs, and large horns, I know thee not : to my eyes thou art not familiar.

UGNACH.

Thou knight, who reparairst to the river's mouth, on a stout warlike steed, come with me ; I take no denial.

TALIESIN.

Seith gwaew gowanon
Seith loneid afon
O gwaed Cinreinon,
Y dylanwan.

MYRDDIN

Seith ugein haelon
A aethan yg wllon ;
Yngloed Celyddon,
Y darfuan

Carys mi Myrtin,
Gwedi Taliesin,
Bythawd cyffredin
Fy darogan.

TALIESIN.

¹ Marchawc, a giroh y Dinas,
Ae con gwinion, ae cirn bras
Nyth adwaen : ni rythwelaa.

UGNACH.

Marchawc, a circh i'r Aber,
Yar march cadarn, cadfer,
Dabre genhiw, nim gwatter.

TALIESIN.

At present that is not my road, abstain from an injurious act,
for the blessing of heaven and earth.

UGNACH.

O thou who hast not often seen me, thou who resemblest one
of the initiated, how long wilt thou absent thyself, and when
wilt thou come?

TALIESIN.

When I return from *Caer Seon*, from contending with Jews,
I will come to the city of *Leu* and *Gwydion*.

UGNACH.

Come with me into the city, thou shalt have mead which I have
prepared, O thou with pure gold upon thy clasp.

TALIESIN.

I know not the confident man, with his meads under his couch
—fair and courteous are thy words.

UGNACH.

Come with me to my dwelling, and thou shalt have wine that
briskly sparkles. *Ugnach* is my name the son of *Mydno*.

TALIESIN.

Mi nid aw ina in awr :
Gollew gweith y godriocawr,
Elhid bendith nev a llawr !

UGNACH.

Y gwr nim gwelas beunit,
Y tebic i gur deduit
Ba hyd ei dy, a phan delit ?

TALIESIN.

Ban deuaw o *Caer Sëon*,
O imlat ac itewon,
I tan *Caer Leu* a *Gwydion*.

UGNACH.

Dabréde genhiw i'r Dinas,
A thuit met ara phellas
Ac eur coeth, ar di wanas.

TALIESIN.

Mi nid adwen y gur hy,
A meteu tan y gweli,
Tec a chwee y dywedi

UGNACH.

Debre genhiw im tino
A thuit gwin goros gelho,
Ugnach yw fy heno, mab *Mydno*.

M

TALIESIN.

Ugnach, a blessing attend thy throne, thou teacher of liberality and honour ! I am Taliesin, who will repay thy banquet.

UGNACH.

Taliesin, chief of men, thou victor in the contention of song, remain here till Wednesday.

TALIESIN.

Ugnach, the most affluent in riches, on thee may the supreme Ruler bestow his bounty ! I merit not the booth. I may not stay.

There are several other dialogues among the Welsh, between Myrddin and Ysgolan, between Myrddin and his sister, between Arthur and Trystan, and between Arthur and Madoc ab Uthr.

But whatever we might consider the object of these dialogues to have been, the frequent occurrence of the word "Miragl" in the writings of the bards, very clearly shows that dramatic exhibitions were in existence among the Welsh. Of this we have positive proof in an old Welsh poem, addressed to some Sir Walter, vicar of Bryn Buga, (Usk) to which is appended the following explanation,— "Composed by Meredydd ab Rhosser, to the miracle performed by Sir Walter, at Bryn Buga, (Usk) which miracle is in Welsh called Hud a Lledrith." We are told by Mr. Taliesin Williams, that among his father's papers is the following entry,— "In many manuscript tracts on musicians and minstrels, or reciters, Chware Hud a Lledrith, is expressly said to be the same thing as *anterluwt* (interludes.)"

TALIESIN.

Ugnach, bendith ith orset,
Athrod rad ac enrydet !
Taliesin viw inheu, talaw iti dy gulet.

UGNACH.

Taliesin, penhav or gwir
Beitat yng kort kyrgir,
Tric yma byd dyw Merchir.

TALIESIN.

Ugnach, moihav y alaw,
Ath ro rad y gulad penhaw ;
Ni haetaw Kabit, ny thrigiaw.

The "miragl" was a step in advance of these; and we are informed on the same authority, that the "poem above alluded to displays a considerable degree of imaginative energy; blended however throughout with strong superstition. Sir Walter's miracle consisted, according to this poem, in the exercise of that degree of extreme magic, which ultimately reduced the prince of darkness himself to strict bondage. The rampancy of the evil spirit, who it is said had most inveterately laid siege to the town and neighbourhood, and the awful spells practised by Sir Walter, to counteract his operations, are mentioned in the poem with fear and trembling."¹ A few extracts will show more clearly the nature of this composition. The poet asks,—

Who of virtuous conduct,
By strength of learning, can bind the devil?²

and Sir Walter replies,—

What an exertion of gift! to exhibit a miracle!
Ten thousand crimes, and their causes, all in flames.
Have I seen through its means; and to the very bottom,
The circle of the depravities and error that exist;
And also their fate. Woe betide the knowledge.³

The poet in wonder remarks,—

Fully manifested to my view appeared,
The intuitive genius of devils.⁴

Ab Iolo gives it as his opinion, that the plays of *Hud* and *Lledrith*, "were Dramatic Representations, rather in imitation of the Roman Dramas, that must have been familiar to the Britons;" and should this conjecture turn out to be

¹ Williams's Colyn Dolphyn, page 126.

² "Pwy, wrth fuchedd rinweddol,
O rym Dyag, a rwym y Diawl?"

³ "Dawngais mawr, dangos miragl;
Drygau myrdd, a'u ffyrdd yn ffagl?
Gwelais yn hon, i'r gwaelod,
Gylch drygau beiau sy'n bod;
A'u diwedd. Gwae! o'u deall."

⁴ "Amlwg i'm golwg fe gaid
Athrylith y Cythreuliaid."

founded in truth, we shall have discovered a link of connexion between modern and ancient Europe, hitherto unsuspected.

In the meantime, we shall be content with having shown the strong probability of our having had in the twelfth century, such miracle plays as were known to other nations. Compared with contemporaneous princes, the Welsh kings were intellectually superior, the country was more civilized, their literature abundant, and their bards in high estimation; may we not therefore conclude that *Hud a Lledrith a phob arddangos* are striking proofs of their being as far advanced in the appreciation of dramatic displays, as were their most intelligent neighbours. The miracle plays of England have been published, and ably edited by Hone and others; and possibly there may be compositions of this class still lingering in the libraries of Wales. The *Comus* of Milton, is a well known mask, or a drama in a much higher stage of development.

Since the above was written, the Iolo MSS. have been published; and in that volume, I find the terms *Hud a Lledrith* thus explained, on the authority of Ieuan Vawr ap y Diwlith's treatise on the Welsh metres, which according to Mr. Edward Williams must have been written about A.D. 1180. "*Hud a Lledrith*, (Illusion and phantasm) a poetical composition, in which a number of persons, assuming characters different, with regard to rights, grades, and condition, from those which really belong to them, carry on contentions and consultations, is called a poem of Illusion and Phantasm. In such representations, persons, under disguise, dispute with each other, either for or against the subject submitted to their consideration; so as to develop its just and unjust,—its cheering and its disconsolate tendencies, with regard either to chance, congeniality, and necessity,—or their opposites; so as eventually to confer honour and reward on virtue, and reflect disgrace, loss, and punishment on vice; and thus to portray the misery of all persons of evil habits, actions, and dispositions,—and the

prosperity of the good. A poem of this description, is carried on by question and answer; for and against; for and for; opposition and co-opposition; that the subject or event under discussion, may appear in its true form and semblance; and that the persons attracted thereby, may, from first to last, perceive things in their real characters, and be led to acknowledge that the whole of the disguised representation tended to unfold the truth. For these reasons compositions of this sort were variously called poems, plays, and arguments of Illusion and Phantasm, in older times; but now the place of performance, including the actors, is called,—the Hillock of Illusion and Phantasm, and the representation,—a Play of Miracles.”

CHAPTER II.

BARDS AND BARDISM.

IN going through the preceding pages, the reader cannot fail to have noticed the striking difference which exists between the position of the poets of the past, and those of the present time. Now the patronage of kings, lords, and commons sinks into insignificance by the side of public approbation; then the nobles were the chief patrons of literature, and the stern castle was the seat of poesy. Now, the exalted by birth are frequently outstripped in the race of intelligence; then, they led the way. Now, the popular author may laugh to scorn the frowns of the great; then, the poet was an appendage to the lord of a small domain. Strange things have taken place in the interval; but all tend to the same point; the substitution of intelligence and moral worth for rank and wealth, in public estimation. This is the strange eventful phenomenon which future years will more fully develop: the history of authorship in modern Europe begins with the bards. By and bye, when the author, as such, takes a firmer hold of public regard, the history of the class will become more and more interesting; and the bards,—the pioneers of intellectual dominion, will I trust become objects

of profound interest and respect. In order therefore to facilitate in some measure the development of auctorial history, I shall detain my reader for a little time, and turn his attention from the work to the worker, from bardism to the bard.

The respect shown to men of letters is a fair test of civilization. In Sparta, where "Captain Sword" was high in the ascendant, it was accounted unworthy of a freeman to learn a mechanical art—the helots or slaves being the artizans; and at a much later date in the history of the world, the same feeling prevailed, and may to some extent be said to prevail even at the present day. We can therefore credit the statement, that Sir Walter Scott enunciated a striking historical truth, when he put in the mouth of Douglas these lines,—

"A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed,
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line,
So swore I, and so swear I still,
Let my boy bishop fret his fill."

In Wales a better spirit seems to have prevailed; and in direct contrast, *it was here penal for a slave to assume the profession of a scholar, a smith, or a bard*. This respect for artizans enforced by the laws of Wales, was also a popular sentiment which has found a prominent place in the lighter literature of the country. In the Mabinogi of Kilhwch and Olwen," the hero knocking at the gate of Arthur's palace, bids the porter, "Open the portal." "I will not," replies Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr. "Wherefore not?" "The knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's hall; and none may enter therein but the son of a king of a privileged country, or a *Craftsman bringing his Craft*." And we find it was reduced to practice in common life, for Howel ab Owain, when his person was in danger, relies upon this sentiment for protection,—

"As long as I am courteous and travel as a craftsman,
God will watch over my destiny."¹

From the same laws we learn that the bard was in repute at the king's court, and ranked next to the judge in the royal hall. We have seen that from a very early period, the bards were much respected, and at the time of which this Essay treats, it would appear that they were numerous. It is certain the profession was considered reputable, for we find king Gruffydd ab Kynan framing laws for the government of the poets, and among them we find many influential names. Meilyr mentions his having been sent on important missions; and both Meilyr and Kynddelw speak of their having figured among the warriors and chieftains of the various provinces. Howel ab Owain, and Owain Kyveiliog, shed lustre on the profession; and bardism must have been of importance, when princes thought the art worthy of their ambition. If additional names were wanting to prove this position, we might cite the case of Iolo Goch and Rhys Goch o Eryri, two able and accomplished bards; and men who though independent, thought it not unbecoming in them to shine among the bards of Owain Glyndwr. By the Laws of Howel the Good it was the duty of the bard to sing the national anthem on going forth to battle, for which service he was to have an extra share of the spoil which might be taken; and perhaps Gwalchmai and Kynddelw were present at the engagements they mention, in discharge of this professional duty. These facts show that the poet was a man of note; the respect shown to the professors of bardism, indicates worth in the bards and refinement among the ruling powers; and this exalted appreciation of the importance of *The Author's* civilizing mission, reflects infinite credit on the character of the ancient Welsh.

The domestic Bard had the care of the historical documents pertaining to the tribe and its chief, and was the

¹ See page 35.

historiographer of his patron, as well as his laureate. It also very frequently happened that the Bard was the teacher of the Chieftains' children, in fact this was one of the Bard's duties ; and the reader will at once bring to mind the unfortunate attachment of the bard Davydd ab Gwilym, for Morvydd the daughter of Ivor Hael, who had imprudently honoured the bard, by entrusting to him the education of his heiress. This relationship will account for the more than friendly feeling which frequently connected the bards with the young chieftains, and is so frequently shown by the occurrence of poems addressed to young princes, who would not have been otherwise known to posterity. Kynddelw was warmly attached to the young prince Howel ab Owain ; and Llywarch ab Llywelyn has several poems addressed to Prince Rodri, another of the sons of Owain Gwynedd. We have already quoted the verses of Llywarch Llew Cad, to his patron Llywelyn ab Madoc ; and we find again that that gallant young chieftain has elicited the approbation of the old bard Kynddelw, by an act of liberality, indicating at the same time the generosity of Llywelyn, and the respect generally entertained for the bardic profession. Happening to be hunting one day, Llywelyn ordered his huntsman to give Kynddelw a stag which they had slain close by the poet's house ; in gratitude for which he sang the praises of the Chieftain's horn.

The bards, besides being the teachers of the young princes, were also their companions. Llywarch ab Llewelyn gives an account of a quarrel between the sons of Owain Gwynedd of which there would seem to have been no other witness ; and Philip Brydydd in his remonstrance to his patron Rhys Gryg, says,—

Hate me not, be patient—passionate chief, refrain
Rhys of Rhos and Epynt ;
I have been thy bard, and many know it,
And a hundred times thy companion formerly.

At the court of Masaleg,

“ Bounteous Ivor made the Bard,
Steward o'er his wealth to guard ;”

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and further, that chieftain seems to have given Davydd many other privileges, which are recorded in verse, strikingly illustrative of the manners of the times,—

“Honours great for me are stored
(If I live) from Ivor's hand,
Hound and huntsman at command,
Daily banquet at his board,
Princely baron ! at the game
With his piercing shafts to aim ;
And to let his falcons fly
On the breezes of the sky.
Every melody that rings
From the harp's sweet treble strings,
Every 'solo' that is sung,
His Maesaleg's halls among,
Dice and draughts, and every sport
Of Maesaleg's joyous court,
Will the host who governs there,
Freely with the poet share.”¹—JOHNES.

But great as were these honours, Lewis Glyn Cothy contends that still greater were shown to himself.

In the earlier stages of Bardism there was an evident and close connexion, between the poems of which some have come down to us, and the feasts of princes, and chieftains. A very large majority of the poems which have been passed in review for the first three chapters of this Essay, are panegyrics upon living chieftains, and the remainder excepting religious poems, a few love songs, and a single satire, are elegies upon those who had died. The first class were evidently calculated to produce effect, and were therefore in all probability recited at the public feasts. We should easily have arrived at this conclusion from the difficulty of assigning any other origin to these poems, had we no other data to guide us in forming an opinion than the express enact-

¹ Mawr anrhydedd am deddyw
Mi a gaf, o byddaf byw,
Hel a chwn, nid haolach ior
Ac yfed gydag Ifor.
Saethu ei geirw saethynt,
A bwrw ei weilch i'r wybr wynt ;
A cherddau cildannau'n deg
A solos ym Maesaleg,
Chwarau ffristial a thawlbwrdd,
Yn un gyflwr a'r gwr gwrrdd.—D. ab Gwilym

ments in the laws of Howel the Good (see p. 21) ; but when in addition we have the direct testimony of an eye-witness, there need be no doubt as to the correctness of the conclusion. The words of Giraldus are clear and specific,—“ One day when Llewelyn prince of Gwynedd held a full court, there came forward before all, at the conclusion of the dinner, a certain man of fluent speech, such as those who in the British language are called bards, of whom Lucan says,

The bards poured forth many songs.¹”

On the same authority we learn, that there were written records among the Welsh as well as historical singing. When at a meeting of the British Princes, for the purpose of supporting Giraldus's ecclesiastical claims to the Bishopric of St. David's, Gwenwynwyn Prince of Powys spoke strongly in favour of Giraldus's long struggle against king John, and said of his exertions in favour of the independence of the see of St. David's, that “ as long as Wales shall stand, this noble deed will be transmitted with deserved praises and applauses by historical writings, and by the mouths of those singing.”²

The elegies were, we may readily infer, composed at the request of the surviving relations ; and the only bards who seem to have been under the influence of pure inspiration, are Owain Kyveiliog and Howel ab Owain.

But in addition to having fixed patrons and places of abode, the bards had a practice of making the tour of the country once in three years ; this was called “ Clera.” In the process of time they framed regulations for the maintenance of these circuits, by which a chief bard or pencerdd

¹ *Processit in fine prandii coram omnibus vir quidam lingue dicacis cujusmodi lingua britannica sicut et latina Bardi dicuntur unde Lucanus :—*

“ *Plurima concreti (securi :) fuderunt (fudistia) carmina Bardi,*”

Giraldus de jure et statu Menev. Ecc. ap. Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, vol. II. p. 559.

² “ *Quod, quamdiu Wallia stabit, nobile factum hujus et per historias scriptas et per ora canentium dignis per tempora cuncta laudibus atque preconis efferetur.*”—Girald. Ibid.

had the range of the houses of the chieftains, but was allowed to enter no house of less note; and the lower grade of bards debarred from entering the mansions of the nobility, were equally jealous of the visits of the superior grade to the domiciles of the common people. Originally the practice was not much objected to; but by degrees it became a burden to poor people; and this offensive view of it has survived to the present day, for we not unfrequently find old people saying of some worthless person, "Clera wyv yn ei chovio hi y vaiden ddiffaeth." "It is as a beggar I recollect seeing the worthless creature." On leaving the halls of his patron, the bard did not usually forfeit his place; for his chair was generally kept for him until his return. Rhys Gryg it would seem objected to this practice, thinking Philip Brydydd, his bard, should have but one master; but the bard stands upon his privileges, and almost defies his patron to give the chair to another. Wherever he went the bard was a welcome visitor, and he had by virtue of his office free admission into the palaces of the chieftains of the country. We find Kynddelw and Llywarch ab Llywelyn eulogizing South Welsh, as well as North Welsh and Powysian Princes; and on the other hand, the bards of South Wales used to visit North Wales. This migratory custom bears considerable resemblance to the practices of the Trouveres of the North, and the Troubadours of the South of France; and the bards, clerwyr, and minstrels of Wales correspond pretty closely to the Bards, Rhymers, and Jongleurs of the age of Chivalry.

The bards were also the frequent bearers of messages from one chieftain to another, the bard being in fact looked upon as the agent or representative of his patron. Meilyr describes in glowing terms his reception by King Gruffydd ab Kynan when sent on an errand to his court,—¹

From the hand of the prince I drank in golden horns,
(His ministering hand dared the boars)

¹ Yfais gan deyrn o gyrn eurawc
Arfod faet feisiad anghad weiniawc

In the Court of Aberffraw, for the glory of the prosperous,
I went there on the part of an enthroned ruler !
A second time I went as a messenger,
From the splendid leader of battle—a righteous Prince,
With fingers encircled with golden rings.

It must however be admitted that the relative position of chieftain and bard, were unfavourable to the growth of truthfulness and mental independence in the latter; and we accordingly have much reason to doubt the sincerity of the professions made by the bards on some occasions. There occur to my mind one or two instances of this want of sincerity. Gwalchmai and Kynddelw have both sung the praise of Madoc ap Meredydd, prince of Powys; and also with equal if not greater zeal, that of his enemy Owain Gwynedd, king of North Wales. Now the question arises, how could they do this in consistency, or in candour? Mr. Price, who is usually candid, has given answers in both cases, the highest praise that can be given to which is that they are plausible. Of Kynddelw, he has stated that his praises of Madoc may be attributed to the favour shown to the bards by that prince, and also to the fact that Kynddelw was a native of Powys; but this is not the question to be discussed. How came Kynddelw to sing the praise of Owain Gwynedd with much greater fervour? This is the real matter at issue. It cannot be said that Mr. Price has evaded the question, for his remarks give it more significance, than it previously possessed; but having raised this point, and stated it with fairness and candour, he seems to have forgotten to give the explanation. As regards Gwalchmai, his words are more definite and complete; and he attributes the apparent insincerity to a supposed relationship between the bard and Madoc; but here again the reply is unsatisfactory, for

Yn Llys Aberffraw yn ffaw ffodiawc
Bum o du gwledig yn lleithiawc
Eilweith yt aethum yn negessawc
O leufer llyw camawn iawn dywysawc
Bysedd anrgyliehw ym fodmyang.
Marwnad Gruffydd ab Cynan.

supposing the relationship to exist, and admitting that the bard was thereby biassed to do, what he would not otherwise have done, that would form an admission of the charge rather than a justification of the offence. We may therefore, notwithstanding Mr. Price's defence,¹ consider these bards obnoxious to the accusation of insincerity; and it remains for us to show the grounds, upon which such apparent treachery was then held to be justifiable. These will be found in the code of bardic morality. A bard by right of his profession had free egress and ingress to the palaces of the great; and it is to be feared that the bardic code permitted the bard to become the advocate of whoever paid him. He stood in the same relation to his chieftain as a lawyer does to his client; and seems to have been the willing advocate of whoever honoured him with his patronage. We may almost go the length of saying this, from a perusal of Meilyr's ode already quoted.—

"Cevais i liaws awr aur a phali,
Gan vreuawl riau, er ei hofi."

"I had heaps of gold and velvet,
From frail princes, for loving them."

and if there were room for doubt, the venal conduct of Gwalchmai and Kynddelw prevents any more charitable conclusion. In all countries, and at all times, the standard of moral principle has ever been higher than the practice; but it is to be regretted that such sophistry as professional privileges, is used to stifle the voice of duty, block up the path of morality, and supply substitutes for faithfulness, and sincerity.

From their positions, the bards had much power for good or evil. They might have raised the standard of moral and intellectual greatness among their countrymen, and have pointed out more becoming pursuits than those in which they indulged; but instead of preaching peace, they were

¹ Hanes Cymru, page 564—6.

too frequently the abettors of war; instead of healing dissensions, they were prone to widen the breaches already made; and instead of leading the way to grander views, and principles of conduct, they have on too many occasions been the echoes of popular prejudices, and the tools of ambitious chieftains. This is a light in which their conduct is seldom presented; it is nevertheless the truth. It should not however be concealed that as in the case of Iolo Goch, they have occasionally given the chieftains good advice, though these cases unfortunately form the exceptions rather than the rule. Now, and then, they also had the courage to remonstrate with the princes, as appears from the following lines imputing blame to Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, for imprisoning his brother,—

A man is bound by the Chief of Snowdon;
A man, if free, like Rhun the son of Beli;
A man that would not suffer England to burn his frontier,
A man of the race of Mervyn, magnanimous like Benlli.¹

But I am sorry that the rarity of such occurrences, prevents my forming a more favourable estimate of the truthfulness of the bards.

It would appear that they were much more numerous, than the scanty remains of poetry would lead us to expect; for we sometimes find mention of bards as being celebrated in their day, of whose works not a vestige has escaped the ravages of time. In 1157, we are told that “Gwrgant ap Rhys ap Iestyn, the best and most learned bard of his time, was slain by Ivor ap Meurig of Sainghenydd;” and in relating this fact, Mr. Price adds the following comment, “Where is the work of Gwrgant ap Rhys,—the best poet of his day? We do not find as much as a line of it. And there can be no doubt that many other excellent compositions have been lost; for it is scarcely credible, that from

¹ “Gwr yn rhwym gan Rwyf Eryri
Gwr pe rhydn, fal Rhun fab Beli,
Gwr ni adai Loegr losgi ei derfyn
Gwr o hil Mervyn, mawrfryd Benlli.”

1080, the time when Meilyr first sang, to 1157, the date of his son Gwalchmai's ode to Owain Gwynedd, the brilliant deeds that were performed, should have elicited no more bardic compositions, than the few which have descended to us."¹ The same historian again relates another fact of a similar character. "Madoc ap Iddon, king of Gwent, was killed by a blow given by his brother Thomas, during a fit of intoxication, A.D. 1084. Madoc was a man who knew many arts and sciences, and there was not found his equal in his time; and he was the best Poet and Wit of any in Wales." The fact can scarcely be doubted, and yet not a vestige remains, wherewith to test the justice of the criticism. During these periods, the bards continued to increase in number; and had become so numerous towards the time of Edward the First, that on the submission of the Welsh, that monarch found it necessary to order "that the West-ours, Bards, Rhymers, and other idlers and vagabonds, who lived upon the gifts called Cymmortha, be not supported, nor sanctioned in the country, lest by their invectives and lies they lead the people to mischief, and burden the common people with their impositions." It is to be observed that this really salutary prohibition is directed against the irregular and wandering bards, and not against those who were more orderly; and in the assertion made by Sir John Wynne, in the history of the Gwedir Family, and repeated by Carte, in his History of England, that many bards were put to death by this monarch, there does not seem to be a word of truth; for we find many bards of note living at the date of the alleged massacre, A.D. 1294—1300. Similar proclamations were issued by Henry the Fourth, Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth; but all concur in making a distinction between the orderly and the disorderly bards, censuring the oppressive exactions of the latter, and proving the lower grade of bards to have been a numerous, and not very conscientious class of persons; and unfortunately for

¹ Hanes Cymru, page 560.

the account of the massacre, the friendly proclamations of Elizabeth and her father, are as harsh against the wandering minstrels, as the reported inimical ones of Edward and Henry the Fourth.

Of the numbers of the bards at these periods, some idea may be formed from the following list, of such as have left poems behind them, to attest their existence.

FIRST PERIOD, A.D. 510 TO A.D. 1080.

510	560	Aneurin, one long heroic poem, and some moral verses
520	570	Taliesin, 77 poems, of which the larger portion belong to later periods.
550	640	Llywarch Hên, 12 poems, all apparently genuine
530	600	Myrddin 6, most of them doubtful
520		Gwdion ab Don
520		Gwyddno
560	630	Golyddan
600	650	Meigant
640	700	Elaeth
660	720	Tysilio
770	800	Cuhelyn
900	940	Llevoed

Anonymous pieces 15 in number

SECOND PERIOD, A.D. 1080 TO 1400.

1080	1160	Meilyr 3 poems
1090		Bleddyn Ddu 2 poems
1150	1900	Gwalchmai 12 do.
1150	1200	Kynddelw 49 do. most of them long
1150	1197	Owain Kyveiliog 2 do.
1150	1200	Daniel ab Llosgwrn Mew 2 short poems
1157		Gwrgant ab Rhys
		Madawc ab Iddon
1160	1220	Gwynvardd Brycheiniog 2 long poems
1160	1220	Gwilym Ryvel 2 short do.
1140	1172	Howel ab Owain Gwynedd 8 do.
1160	1220	Llywarch ab Llewelyn 32 long do.
1170	1240	Davydd Benfras 12
1170	1220	Meilyr ab Gwalchmai 8 short
1170	1220	Einiawn ab Gwalchmai 5 ditto
1170		Periv ab Cadivor 2 ditto
1170		Gwgawn 1 ditto
1170		Llywarch Llew Cad 1 ditto
1170	1210	Scisyll Briffwrch 3 ditto
1170	1220	Elidyr Sais 11 ditto
1170	1210	Dewi Mynyw 1 ditto

1200	1260	Einiawn ab Gwgawn 1 ditto
1200	1250	Einiawn Wann 6 ditto
1220	1270	Llygad Gwr 5 long
1230	1280	Llywelyn Vardd 7 ditto
1250	1290	Bleddyn Vardd 13 short
1210	1260	Gruffydd ab Gwrgeneu 2 short poems
1200	1250	Phylip Brydydd 6 ditto
1210	1260	Prydydd Bychan 21 ditto
1230	1270	Einiawn ab Madawg Rhahawd 1 ditto
1240		Adda Vras
1240	1280	Hywel Voel ab Grifri 1 ditto
1250	1300	Madawc ab Gwallter 3 ditto
1260	1300	Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch 9 long ditto
1270		Gwerneg ab Clydno, moral verses
1270		Ednyved Vychan
1280		Cadwgan ab Cynvrig
1280	1320	Gwilym Ddu 3 long poems
1290		Cadwgan ab Ednyved
1280		Llywelyn Brydydd Hodnant 2 short
1280		Hillyn 2 ditto
1280		Heilyn Ddu
1290	1340	Iorwerth Vychan 2 ditto
1290	1340	Llewelyn Ddu 1 ditto
1290	1340	Casnodyn 5 long
1290	1340	Rhisserdyn 1 ditto
1290	1340	Rhys Goch ab Rhicert 20 ditto
1290	1340	Gruffydd ab Meredydd 26 (A.D. 1400, Llwyd)
1290	1340	Iorwerth Beli 1 ditto
1290	1340	Gruffydd ab D. Tudyr 5 ditto
1290	1340	Madawg Dwygraig 10 ditto
1290	1340	Prydydd Breuan 1 ditto
1300	1350	Y Proth 1 ditto
1300	1350	Davydd y Coed 7 short
1300	1360	Trahaiarn Brydydd Mawr 2 ditto
1310	1360	Goronwy Gyriawg 2 ditto
1320	1360	Iorwerth Gyriawg 2 ditto
1320	1370	Sefnyn 3 ditto
1310	1360	Llywarch y Nam 1 ditto
1310	1360	Iorwerth Llwyd 1 ditto
1310	1360	Meurig ab Iorwerth 1 ditto
1320	1370	Goronwy Ddu 2 ditto
1330	1370	Mab y Clochyddun 1 ditto
1330	1370	Howel ab Einion Lygliw 1 long
1330	1370	Llywelyn Goch ab Meurig 6 ditto
1330	1370	Howel Ystornyn 1 ditto
1340	1380	Tudur Ddall
1340		Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug 1 ditto
1350		Gruffydd ab Llywelyn Llwyd

1362	Y mab Cryg 3 short
1362	Bergam o Vaelor 1 ditto
1362	Ieuan Trwch y Daran 1 ditto
1380	Y Justus Llwyd 2 ditto
1380	Tudyr ab y Gwyn Hagr
1380	Cadwgan Henvoel
1380	Jokyn Ddu ab Ithel Grach
1380	Mab Clav ab Llywarch
1390	Rhys Meigen
1390	Gruffydd ab Adda ab Davydd

By a natural transition we are led to look more closely into their manners ; and we find the picture drawn to be anything but favourable. The language of the proclamations is strong, explicit, and condemnatory of the lower grade of bards and minstrels ; but coming from strangers, they may be looked as upon prejudgments, we will borrow a description, from the satire of Taliesin, on the bards of Maelgwn Gwynedd ¹,—

Minstrels persevere in their false custom,
Immoral ditties are their delight,
Vain and tasteless praise they recite,
Falsehood at all times do they utter,
Innocent persons do they ridicule ;
Married women by their flattery,
Through mischievous intent they deceive ;
The pure white virgins of Mary they corrupt,
Those who believe them they bring to shame,
They cause uneasiness to moral men
As they pass their lives away in vanity ;
At night they get drunk, they sleep the day,
In idleness without work they feed themselves,

¹ " Cler o gam arfer a ymarferant
Cathlau anneddfol fydd eu moliant
Clod orwas diflas a ddatcanant
Celwydd bob amser a ymarferant
Gorchmynau ddedfau Duw a dorant
Gwragedd priodol wrth ei moliant
Drwy feddwl drygbwyll a fawr dwyllant
Morwynion gwynion mair a lygrant
A goelio iddynt a gywilyddiant
A gwirion ddynton a ddyfalant
Ai hoed ai hamser yn ofer treuliant
Y nos y meddwant y dydd y cysgant
Segur heb lafur yr ymborthiant
Yr eglwys a gashant ar Dafarn a gyrchant
A lladron ffleision y cydsyniant

At courts they inquire after feasts,
 Every senseless word they bring forward,
 Every deadly sin they praise,
 Every vile course of life they lead,
 Concerning the days of death they think not,
 Neither lodging nor charity do they give,
 And from no sensuality do they refrain.
 Tithes and other proper offerings they do not pay
 And righteous people they delude,
 Indulging in victuals to excess.
 The birds do fly, the fish do swim,
 The bees collect honey, worms do crawl,
 Everything travels to obtain its food
 Except minstrels, and useless idlers.
 I deride nor learning, nor minstrelsy,
 For they are given by heaven to lighten thought,
 Be silent then ye unlucky rhyming bards,
 For you cannot judge between truth and falsehood.

The scene of this poem is laid in the sixth century; and the bards mentioned are those of Maelgwn Gwynedd, king of North Wales; but it was composed in the thirteenth century, and is intended to satirize the bards of the writer's own day. It was usual to attribute this poem to Taliesin; but it is now known to be the production of a later author. A monk, Jonas Mynyw, being the reputed author, would scarcely paint flattering portraits of the bards, for they were sworn enemies; but I cannot help thinking that there is

Llysoedd a gwleddoedd a ymofynant
 Pob parabl dibwyll a grybwyllant
 Pob pechod marwol a ganmolant
 Pob pentre pob tre pob tir a dreiglant
 Pob salwedd ofer a ymarferant
 Gorchmynau y Drindod a ddifrodant
 Gwiliau na Suliau nis addolant
 Am ddyddiau angeu nis gofaland
 A phob glothineb nis arbedant
 Gormod o fwydydd i ddiodydd a fynant
 Degwm ag offwrn teilwng, nis talant
 Deddfolion ddynion a ddyfalant
 Adar a hedant gwenyn a felant
 Pysgod a nofiant bryfed mlysgant
 Pob beth a ymdaith i gynnul i borthiant
 Ond cler ac oedion, a lladron difwyniant
 Ni chabla ich mysg dysg na cherddwriaeth
 Cans Duw ai rhoes gloes argyllaeth
 Ond sawl syn arfer o gam arfaeth
 Am watwar Iesu ai wasanaeth
 Teweh chi Bosfeirddion teision anhylwedd,
 Ni wydech farnu rhwng gwir a chieled."

much truth in what is here said. And this is confirmed by Madoc Dwygraig, a poet who lived between 1290 and 1340, and who, speaking of the rewards bestowed by his patron upon the bards, says,—

In the wooden town honour was awarded to us,
Whilst uninstituted bards were pursuing vanity,
Swifter than the sudden gale, that sweeps the valley.¹

But it should in candour be admitted that these remarks were not intended to apply to the regular bards, and have a pointed reference only to the disorderly, and less reputable poets and minstrels.

The more respectable bards were at all times anxious, to mark the distinction between their less orderly brethren and themselves; and there was a perpetual feud between the bards and the minstrels. Both laid claim to much popular respect, and we can believe that the chieftains were occasionally thrown into some perplexities by their rival claims. In this sort of conflict, the bards seem to have had the advantage, and there is an amusing story told, and probably invented by the bards, of Maelgwn Gwynedd, who one day when pestered by the rival candidates, hit upon a very original method of settling the dispute,—

When Maelgwn went to Ceredigion,
He bade the whole of the number
To swim the river.
When they landed on the opposite bank,
The Harps were not worth a half-penny,
In consequence of the strings being wetted;
But the bards could sing and poetise
As well as before, and therefore were they declared
Entitled to the pre-eminence.²

The bards used to relate this story with a peculiar gusto, and with willing auditors, the logic seems generally to have been convincing.

¹ "Yn nhrevgoed i'n rhoed anrhydedd a—Digeirdd
Ym ac virein Veirdd am overedd
Yn gynt na'r llechwynt arllechwedd—Ystrad.

² Iorwerth Beli, *Myvyrian Archæaology*, volume i. page 476.

In the monks, the bards found bitter, and much more powerful enemies; and a most angry war of words seems to have been carried on between them. We have seen that the bards received but few compliments from the clergy; and it will now appear that the former were quite as ready to pick out the faults of "the grey brothers." Their greediness is the standing topic for abuse, and the author of the *Avallenau* in one sweeping line describes them as—

"False, luxurious, and gluttonous monks."

Myneich genawg, gwydawg, gwydus.

Kynddelw was on very bad terms with them; and Davydd ab Gwilym relates an encounter he had with a monk, which ended in the consignment of the bard, to the bigots' ready receptacle for all troublesome censors. Davydd's opinion of the monk was not much more complimentary,—

"With a false form of holy life,
O'er all the wide world they are rife—
Dull Friars."

Sion Kent, half monk half bard, had no very high opinion of his brethren. He was like Iorwerth Vynglwyd, Twm Ivan Prys, and many of their contemporary bards, tainted with Lollardism. Indeed the bard was generally a heretic, and much given to looking through the deeds of the clergy; and therefore we need not much wonder that Sion Kent tells his brethren in very intelligible Welsh, that they must either forsake their luxurious living, or give up all hope of the kingdom of heaven; but then, as since, those gentlemen seem to have preferred the former alternative. As monks and bards increased in number, they became more and more enraged against each other; they were rival beggars, and therefore in each other's way. Lewis Glyn Cothy has a graphic description of one of these begging exhibitions,—¹

One Friar sells little glass images,
Another carves a garbless relic from a piece of alder wood,

¹ "Un a bryn er na bai'r wedd
Delw o wydr er dwy lodwedd;
Arall a wnai, o'r lle noeth,
O gwr gwernen grair gwarnoeth

One has a grey Curig (St. Curig) beneath his cloak,
And another carries Seiriol (St. Seiriol),
With nine cheeses under his arm ;
And by impressing unity upon the Trinity
A load of wool, or perhaps a bag of meal.

In these encounters the monks were overmatched, for the wit of the bards was aided by the popular contempt into which the mendicant friars had fallen. The reader of Chaucer, will perceive that the same sentiments prevailed on the other side of the Severn.

Another fact merits attention. Not only were the bards numerous, but they were divided into classes, and seem to have attained to complete organization. The Rev. Evan Evans states,¹ that by the law of Gruffydd ap Kynan, the bards were classified as Prydydd, Teuluwr, and Clerwr. The "Teuluwr," was the family bard ; the "Clerwr," was the wandering bard ; but the Prydydd took a higher rank than either. The "Clerwr" was the vagabond bard, who went from house to house, and subsisted upon the charity of the chieftains, whose praises he sang for the bread he ate. Generally speaking this was the lowest grade of the bardic profession, though we find bards of considerable repute, and who had a local habitation, travelling from place to place ; but as in the case of Davydd ab Gwilym, more for pleasure than from necessity ; the "Clerwr" corresponded nearly to the modern wandering vocalist, and considered with reference to him, bardism was truly an "idle trade."

The "Teuluwr" was the family bard kept by the princes, in their palaces, and is well described by Giraldus ;—"This also appears to me worthy of notice, that the Welsh bards, and singers, or reciters, have the genealogy of the above

Un a arwain, yn orïog,
GURIG lwyd dan gwr ei glog ;
Gwas arall a ddwg SEIRIOL
A naw o gaws yn ei gôl ;
Drwy undeb erchir Drindawd
Cnuw o wlan acw, neu flawd."

Works, page 280.

¹ Dissertatio de Bardis, page 81.

mentioned princes in their most ancient and authentic books, and that too written in Welsh."¹ It is therefore to be inferred, that this *bardd* was a local functionary, and an appendage to the court, or castle.

Distinct from these, and holding a more honourable title and position, was the Prydydd. We have seen what he was in the time of Gruffydd ab Kynan; and Lewis Glyn Cothy shows that the Prydydd held the same superiority in his day.—

"Tri firwythlawn gerddor a ragorant,
Un yw *Bardd* ei hun ac a henwant;
Ail yw *Storiawr* ac a elwant;
Trydydd *Teuluwr* cywydd os cant.

Here we see the "*Teuluwr*" still occupying his former place; but Lewis being himself a *Cler*, with much tact omits that offensive distinction, and insinuates that there was no distinction between him and the more honourable *Prydydd*, here designated by the more comprehensive term *Bardd*. We also here find another class making its appearance, viz. the *Storiawr* or the fabler, which corresponds with the second class, described by Sion Kent as *liars*, or writers of tales,—

"Awen arall, nid call cant,
Ar gehwydd, vudr argoeliant."

Among the class Prydydd, may be ranked Meilyr, Gwalchmai, Howel ab Owain, and Owain Kyveiliog; and I am inclined to think that when they wished to distinguish themselves from the *Cler*, and the *Storiawr*, the family bards classed themselves as Prydyddion, as in the case of Kynddelw, and most of the other bards, who had talent enough to vindicate their position.

But even among the Beirdd, properly so called, there was another distinction set up during the period embraced by this chapter—that of Priv-vardd. In the contest between

¹ Schulz's Essay on Welsh Tradition, page 29.

Seisyllt and Kynddelw for the *chair* of Powys, the former claims a superiority on account of an alleged descent from the primitive bards,—

It is my right to be master of song,
Being in the right line, of the true tribe, a Bard of the inclosure;
But Kynddelw the great, the giant of song,
Is of a race which has produced no Bards.¹

Mr. Davies² is of opinion that the Priv-veirdd, or chief bards, here and in other places alluded to, were the Druids; but to me it appears that they were the three chief bards of Britain, Myrddin ab Morvryn, Myrddin Emrys, and Taliesin Ben Beirdd. But to proceed, we find the same distinction urged in the “Awdl Vraith,”—

Puny bards, crows of the district,
Why do you not take to flight?
* * *

If you be primary bards, formed by heaven,
Tell your king what his fate will be.³

and again by Phylip Brydydd,—

The chair of Maelgwn was prepared for bards,
And it was not intended for poetasters;
And if they aspired to the chair this day,
They would be proved by truth and privilege to be unfit;
The grave Druids of Britain would be there,
And those would not attain it, though their wings ached.⁴

From the supposition that the chair of Maelgwn was

¹ “Mi biau bod yn Bencerdd,
O iawllin o iawllwyth Culvardd;
A hŷn Cynddelw vawr, cawr cyrdd,
O hon ni henyw beirdd.”

² *Mythology of the Druids*, page 12.

³ “Beirdd bychain, brain bro,
Py nad ewch ar ffo?
* * *

Od ych brif-feirdd fydd o waith Dofydd,
Gwedwch i'ch brenin pa ei drangwydd.”

⁴ “Cadair Faelgwn hir a huberid— i *Veirdd*
Ac nid i'r goveirdd yd gyverchid;
Ac am y gadair honno heddyw bei heiddid
Bod se ynt herwydd gwir a braint yd ymbrovid
Byddynt Derwyddon pruddion Prydain
Nis gwayw yn adain nid attygid.”

filled by Taliesin; and from the mention in the same poem of "the three chief fountains," we derive confirmations of the opinion above advanced respecting the chief bards; though it is probable that they were said, and believed to be Druids as well.

Those who could claim a descent from the chief bards, set up for themselves another distinction—that of being Druids. It is possible that some of them might really claim a descent from the Druids; and it is certain that the influence of Druidic ideas is observable in the poetry of these centuries; but the facts which in Davies's opinion prove the existence of Druidic worship in the twelfth century, admit of a different, and more probable explanation. In a careful analysis of the mental phenomena of this period, we everywhere see in full activity the influence of tradition; and we accordingly find in this fact, the explanation of what puzzled the acute author of the "Mythology of the Druids,"—the peculiarity of the Druidism which now presented itself. It was not the real Druidism of history; but that of tradition purified, modified, and altered to suit the taste of a more refined age, and superior intelligence; there was probably as much difference between the moody, and tyrannical Druid of reality, and the gentlemanly Druid of the age of chivalry, as there was between the latter and the democratic Druid of Iolo Morganwg. Both the latter were fictitious; they were psychological—not historical truths. I find it difficult to believe, that Druidism had continued to be practised as a form of worship to the twelfth century; though the ideas which formed the theology of the bards, lingered for a long time after the introduction of Christianity, just as the cries "Hey Bull Biger" and "Hey Jack and Lantern" have come down to the present day, though the controversies between John Calvin and his "inward light," and the church of Rome, which gave rise to these party cries, are nearly forgotten. Druidism in the twelfth century, only survived in the bardic theology; and mythology with romance had appropriated to their respective uses,

the facts of history, and the stories of tradition. It was revived for the purposes of a class, and used to give additional dignity to those who were admitted to the fraternity of *prioveirdd*, or primitive bards. Some passages in the poets, seem to warrant a belief in the celebration of mysteries; and it is certain the bards encouraged such a belief. They attributed to the primitive bards what did not belong to them; and "pair Keridwen," is not much older than the eleventh century.

The perusal of the bardic remains, have led me to the following conclusions:—

First, that the Druidism of the twelfth century was confined to the bards.

Secondly, that the institution was of recent origin; and if the reader will look over the proofs which will be here produced, I think he will adopt the same views.

I. From a variety of evidences, we conclude that the bards were desirous of forming some exclusive distinction for themselves, and the traditional veneration of Druidism was suited to their purpose. They seized upon this, and breathed new life into the old belief, and threw a halo of mystery round their own persons. At the period now under consideration, it would seem that the order was pretty numerous, or what is more probable, that the bards wished to make that appear to be so; and we learn this from Kynddelw,—

Excepting God and the divines of the land,
And sedulous Druids
Of the splendid race, wearers of gold rings,—there is
none who know
Our numbers in the billows of the stream.¹

There would have been no such doubt and uncertainty, if they were known and had been long established, nor among princes favourable to their cause, need there have been any

¹ "Nis gwyr namyn Duw a dewinion—byd
A diwyd Derwyddon
O eurdorv, eurdorchogion
Ein rhiv yn rhyveirth avon."

concealment; we therefore must look upon this declaration, not as the result of fear, for the bard avows himself one of the Druids, but as a systematic attempt at mystification. "Pair Kyridwen" in the language of the bards, is equivalent to our phrase "the fount of inspiration," and is in fact the bardic name for the muse. This will appear from innumerable passages in their writings,—Llywarch ap Llywelyn desires,—

"Duw Dofydd dyn rydd reitun Awen,—ber
Val o bair Ceridwen."

God the Ruler, gives me a ray of melodious song,
As if from the cauldron of Keridwen;

and in another poem, the same bard terms Keridwen, "the Ruler of Bardism." Elidir Sais attributes the melody of his lines to this source,—

"Llethraid vy marddair wedi Merddin
Llethrid a berid o bair Awen."

Flowing is my bardic lay after the model of Merddin,
A smoothness produced from the cauldron of the Awen.

Here we have "pair Awen," having the same signification as, and supplying the place of "pair Ceridwen." In another passage, allusion is made by Kynddelw to "cyrrd Keridwen,"—the songs of Keridwen. This is also the sense in which we are to understand, the allusion to Keridwen by other bards; and there is not a shadow of a valid reason, for the belief that Keridwen was an object of worship. One peculiarity of the new Druidism, is the fact that the characters of the bard and Druid are united, and the bards, i. e. the *priv-veirdd*, are always members of the order. Llywarch ab Llywelyn is very careful to certify this, and stoutly asserts his being one of the fraternity,—

My tongue pronounces judgment upon Britons,
From the British Channel to the Irish Sea,
To my institute, I am (entitled) without contention, (being)
Of the chief bards, my principal companions.

¹ "Vy nhavawd yn vrawd ar Vrython
O vor Ut hyd vor Iwerddon,
Mi i'm deddv wyv diamryson
O'r priv-veirdd, vy mhriv gyfeillion."

Kynddelw speaks of Druids and bards, as praising Owain Kyveiliog, and in another passage, shows that the two characters were identical,—

Bards are constituted the judges of excellence,
And bards will praise thee, even Druids of the circle,
Of four dialects, from four regions.
A bard of the steep mount will celebrate thee,
Even Kynddelw the first object in the gate.¹

From these facts we may see, that this new Druidism was a thing of limited significance, and so obscure as to require explanations; and a little reflection will show that it was instituted by, and maintained for, those who wished to distinguish themselves from the less gifted bards. We further learn from the last extract, that Kynddelw was the high priest of the new hierarchy; and this perhaps may, if borne in mind, throw light upon those poems which are rendered so obscure by the druidic allusions.

2. Two fallacies pervade Mr. Davies's very ingenious work. Of these, the first is the assumption that Druidism existed as a form of worship in the twelfth century; and the second, the assumption that the mythological poems are the productions of Taliesin. We shall by and bye show, that these poems cannot be older than the twelfth century; and had he looked upon them as the completion of a system of mythology, which time had gradually developed, his work would have assumed a more coherent character, and his theory would have been much more correct and valuable. Our present business has reference to the former assumption. In the preceding pages an attempt has been made to show, that the Druidism of the twelfth century was a bardic fiction; and we shall here follow up that view by endeavouring to show, that the fiction was of recent origin. This view of the matter derives its chief support from one of the

¹ "Beirnaid amrhegydd Beirdd am ragor,
Ath volant Veirddion, Derwyddon dor,
O bedeiriaith dyvyn, o beder ôr
Ath gyvarwyre bardd bre breudor,
Cynddelw, cynhelw yn y cynnor."

poems of Kynddelw, being a conciliatory address to Rhys ab Gruffydd, the prince of South Wales;—

O thou consolidator of the comely tribe! since I am returned home into thy dominion,
 To celebrate thee under heaven,
 O thou with the golden protecting spear, hear my Bardic petition!
 In peace let us taste the cauldron of Prydain's tranquillity,
 Round the sanctuary of the uneven number, thy sovereign power extend.
 It (the bardic sanctuary) loves not vehement loquacity;
 It is no cherisher of useless sloth,
 It opposes no precious concealed mysteries (Christianity.)
 Disgrace alone is excluded from Bardic worship.
 It is the guardian bulwark of the breaker of shields,
 It is wise and zealous for the defence of the country, and for decent manners,
 A foe to hostile aggression, but the supporter of the faint in battle.¹

We find here the same anxiety to distinguish between the bards proper, and the less reputable class; and the poem has been termed "a general intercession for the *cause*, the *mysteries*, and the *worship* of the bards." It is more than that; it is an answer to calumnies heaped upon it by some person or persons—an attempt to disabuse the Prince's mind of some prejudices he seemed to have against the cause, or an answer to certain questions he seemed to have asked—and an exposition of what the bardic ceremony *was not*. Now, if it were Druidism, a thing known by every Cymro, and instilled into the Cymry with their mother's

¹ Corv eurdorv can do hwyv i adrev
 Ith edryd ith adrawd is nev
 Par eurglawr erglyw vy marddlew!
 Pair Prydain provwn yn nhangnev
 Tangnefedd am nawdd amniverwch—riv:
 Riallu dyheiddwch.
 Nid achar llachar llavarwch,
 Nid achles avles aravwch,
 Nid achludd eurgudd argelwch
 Argel carth cerddorion wolwch;
 Dor ygor yagwyddeu amdrwch,
 Doeth a drud am dud am degwch,
 Tarv aergawdd aergwl gadarnwch.

milk, what need was there for such an explanation? If it were not new, and its principles utterly unknown to the Prince, what need of such assurances that it did not clash with Christianity? And if it was already recognised and established, what need could there have been for the Prince's sanction? Any explanation other than the above, involves us in endless perplexities.

Mr. Davies lays much stress upon several of the poems of Howel ab Owain, which, in his opinion, clearly prove that Druidism existed as a form of worship in the twelfth century. I am unable to draw the same conclusion from them, but as they are not destitute of poetic merit, the poems are here given in the translations of Dr. Owen Pughe,¹

I love the white glittering walls near the pleasant shore,
Where bashfulness loves to observe the seamew's course ;
It would be my delight, though I have met with no great
return of love,
In my much desired visit on the sleek white steed,
To behold my sister of flippant smile ;
To talk of love since it has come to my lot,
To restore my ease of mind,
And to renew her slighted troth with the nymph,
As fair as the hue of the shore-beating wave.
From the country of her, who is bright,
As the coldly drifted snow upon the lofty hill,
A censure has come to us,
That I should have been treated disdainfully in the hall of
Ogyrvan.
Playful, from her promise was now torn expectation :
She has taken away my soul, and I am wretched !

¹Carafi gaer wennglaer o du gwenylan
Mynydd gar gwylded gweled gwyllan
Ydgarwny vned kenym kared yn rwy
Ry eitan ovrwy y ar Veingann
Y edrych vy chwaer chwerthin egwan
Y adrawt caru can doeth ym ran
Y edryt vy lledvryd ae llet ovrwy
Y edryt llywy lliw tonn dylann.
Llifant oe chyfoeth a doeth atann
Lliw eiry llathyr oerfel ar uchel vann
Rac val ym cotidy yn llys Ogyrvann
Chweris oe hadaw hi adod kynrann
Ethyw am eneid y athwyv yn wann

Am I not become like Garwy Hir,¹
For love of the fair one, of whom I am debarred in the halls
of Ogyrven ?²

This differs slightly from the translation given in "the Mythology of the Druids," where Llywy, here translated "fair", is made, in the face of scores of passages which contradict the assumption, to be a proper name. That author also translates Ogyrvan into "the mysterious God"; but in the passage,

Gwrdd i gwnaeth uch Deudraeth Dryvan,
Gwr hydwl gwrhydri Ogyrvan.

He bravely achieved above Deudraeth Dryvan,
The feats of the renowned Ogyrvan,

Llywarch ab Llywelyn, evidently compares Llywelyn ab Iorwerth's valour, to that of a renowned and real warrior : therefore, as far as it depends on this poem, his conclusion is not supported. The next poem from which he attempts to prove his assertion, is the following,—

I love the fort of proud workmanship in the Kyvylchi,
Where my own assuming form is wont to intrude ;
The high of renown, eagerly seek admittance there,
And near it speaks the mad resounding wave,
It is the chosen place of a luminary of splendid qualities, and
fair.

Neud athwyl o nwy yn eil garwy hir
Y wenn am llutir yn llys Ogyrvann.

¹ Garwy was one of the most courteous knights of the court of Arthur. In a poem, addressed by Howel ab Einion Lygliw to Myvanwy Vechan, he says,

Neud wyf ddihunwyl, hoen Creirwy hoywdeg,
Am hudodd mal Garwy.

I am without spirit, O thou that hast enchanted me,
As Creirwy enchanted Garwy.

I am not aware that the story of this enchantment of Garwy by Creirwy, "one of the three immaculate ladies of the Isle of Britain," is now in existence ; but it was evidently well known to this bard, and also two hundred years earlier to Howel ab Owain, for it is to that he refers.

² Ogyrvan was contemporary with Arthur, and father of one of his wives ; and the Halls of Ogyrvan were probably the residence of an earthly damsel.

³ Caraf gaer valchweith or Gyyylchi
Yny byleha balchlun vy hun yndi
Enwawc drafferthawc a dreit iddi
Anwar don lavar levawr wrthi
Dewisle lywy loyw gydteithi

Glorious, her rising from the verge of the torrent,
And the fair one shines upon the now progressing year,
In the wilds of Arvon, among the Snowdonian hills.
The tent does not attract, the glossy silk is not looked on
By her I love, with passing tenderness ;
If her conquest could be wrought by the muse's aid,
Ere the coming night, I should next to her be found.¹

There is certainly nothing mystical in this ; and instead of there being any propriety in supposing "the proud wrought *Caer* of the Gvylychi" to have been a Druidic sanctuary, we find in the very spot indicated in the poem—in the wilds of Arvon, among the Snowdonian Hills, and on the sea shore, a fortification of great extent, of which a warrior like Howel might have felt prond, and which proved of immense service to his countrymen after his death². His other proof was drawn from a single word, in the last of Howel's poems,—³

I love the time of summer, when the steed
Of the exulting chief, prances in the presence of a gallant lord,
When the nimbly moving wave is covered with foam,
When the apple tree wears another aspect,
And when the white shield is borne on my shoulder to the
conflict.

¹ Glaer gloew y dwyre o du gweilgi
Ar wreic a lewyrch ar eleni
Vlwyddyn yn ynyal Arvon yn Eryri
Ni dirper pebyll ni syll pali
Nep a rwy garwy yn vwy noti
Pei chwaerei y but yr barddoni
Nebawd nossweith y byddwn nassaf iddi.

² Dwygyrylechi, is the name of a parish in the upper part of Carnarvonshire. It is also the name of a place, near which on a hill called Braich-y dinas, rising out of Penmaen Mawr, are the ruins of a castle, the fortifications of which were capable of containing 20,000 men. The remains of walls are still standing, and a well that supplied the garrison is full of constant water, furnished by the condensed vapour of the mountain. (Gibson's Camden, Vol. II. p. 804). This was considered the strongest post possessed by the Welsh in the district of Snowdon ; it was of great magnitude, and so strong by its natural position, that a hundred men might have defended themselves against an army ; in that age it was deemed impregnable, and here it was that the remains of the Welsh army were posted, pending the negotiation between Edward and Llewelyn. (Evans's Tour in North Wales, p. 244.)

³ Carafy amser haf amsathr gorwyt
Gorawenus glyw rac glew Arglwyt
Gorewynawg tonn tynhegyl ebrwyt
Gorwiegwys avall arall arwyt.
Gorwenn vy ysgwyd ar vy ysgwyt y dreis

Q

I have loved, ardently, but unsuccessfully,
 A tall and white-necked fair, of slowly languid gait;
 Her complexion vies with the mild light of the evening hour,
 Bright, slightly formed, feebly bending, white-hued knowing
 one.

In stepping over a rush she would nearly fall,
 The small and delicate one of feeble step;
 But though small, she is older than a ten-year old man,
 And though child-like in appearance, is full of propriety;
 From her childhood she has learned to give freely,
 And the virgin would rather impede her own prosperity,
 Than utter one sentence of unseemly import.
 I will be a pilgrim worshipper at the place of meeting;
 How long shall I worship thee? stop, and think of thine
 office,
 If I am unskilful through the dotage of love,
 Jesus, the well-informed, will not rebuke me.

The Druidism in this poem is said to be in the seventh line. In the original it will be observed, that the line begins with the word "Kecidwen," whitenecked. But our mythologist reads "Keridwen," the Druidical mother of all created things, whose mysteries were the supposed objects of Howel's love. We have already shown that if the word had been "Keridwen," his hypothesis would not have been much benefited thereby; but it is of importance to ascertain the proper reading of the passage. I do not know whether our author has MSS. authority for his reading; but as that name frequently occurs in the poems

Kereis ny gefeis gefeiawyt
 Kecidwen hirwen hwyrywann ogwyt
 Kyfeiliw gwenn wawr yn awr echwyt
 Klaer wanllun wenlletyf wynlliw kywyt
 Wrth gamu brwynen breit na dygwyt
 Bechaannigen wenn wann y gogwyt
 Bychan y mae hyn no dyn degmlwyt
 Mabineit luncyit lawn gwetetrwyd
 Mabdysc oet iti roti yn ruyt
 Mabwreic mwy yd feic fennedic rwyd ar wen
 No pharabl oe phenn anghymhenrwyd
 Petestric iolyt am byt y eilwyt
 Pa hyd yth iolaf saf rac dyswyt
 Adwyfy yn anvedret o ynvydrwyd caru
 Nym ceryt yessu y cyfarwyt.

of this period, and as Mr. T. L. Jones in "Ceinion Awen y Cymry," Dr. Pughe in his translation of this line, and Mr. Davies, who is generally scrupulously accurate in his quotations, have all written the word "Keridwen," it is but fair to assume that there is such authority. Yet as the Editors of the *Archæology* saw nearly every Welsh Manuscript in existence, and therefore this particular one, if such existed, the adoption by them of a different reading is conclusive of the question. Besides, "Kecidwen" is much more in unison with the tenor of the poem, and therefore deserves the preference.

Having gone thus minutely over this ground, we have now no other alternative than to believe, that the Druidism of the 12th century was simply a name, and not a reality. The bards undoubtedly did call themselves Druid-bards, have done so from that time to this, and do at the present day; the late Mr. Edward Williams used to say, that he was the only living personage of genuine Druidic descent; his son claimed the same privilege after his death; and if I may judge from a Welsh placard which lately came under my notice, in which he is termed "Y diweddard Dderwydd-fardd Dysgedig Ab Iolo," *the late learned Druid-bard ab Iolo*, the claim was allowed; but in neither the 12th century, nor in this, did they pretend to restore Druidism as a form of religious worship. There are societies of men who call themselves Druids in our large towns; but they are Druids in nothing but the name. It was something similar that prevailed among the early bards, who might have been, as Kynddelw asserts they were, very good Christians, notwithstanding this politic profession.

Kynddelw, if not the originator of this distinctive characteristic of the chief bard, had certainly much to do with its propagation. We find him seeking the countenance of Prince Rhys in the preceding lines, and the enmity of the monks of Ystrad Marchell, has been with much plausibility attributed, to the prominent part he took in supporting and extending this cause. That theological objections had been

urged against renovated Druidism, clearly appears from Kynddelw's defence.

At a subsequent period, the bards introduced another species of exclusiveness, as appears from the following regulation :—

Whoever says he is an heraldic poet should know the genealogies of Kings and Princes, and have received instructions from the three chief bards of the Isle of Britain, viz. Myrddin ap Morvryn, Myrddin Emrys, and Taliesin chief of bards.¹

This very idle and foolish regulation, must soon have been seen to be practically inoperative; but it is useful as serving to show the exclusive spirit, by which the leading bards were actuated.

With the regulations of the Bardic chair of Glamorgan, I shall not have much to do; but it would be improper for me to close this sketch of the bards, without entering a protest, against the pacific character claimed for them by Iolo Morganwg and Dr. Pughe. Such an assumption is at variance with the ordained functions of the bards, with the tenor of their conduct, and with their own works and declarations.

In the social constitution of Wales, the bard was an important and a necessary element. The bards were the depositaries of the knowledge of the country; and as each family of any note had a domestic bard, whose business it was to keep the family records, praise his patron, and instruct the children, they must have formed a very useful and almost indispensable class of persons. Many of them were for their age learned men. Whatever was known they knew; their theology was evidently in advance of that of the church; and though their speculations about "The four elements," and upon matters pertaining to the natural sciences, were crude, undigested, and of but little value, yet were they as

¹ Pwy bynag a ddywetto ei fod yn arwyddfardd gwybydded achoedd Brenhinedd a thywysogion, a chyfarwyddyd oddiwrth y tri Phrifardd Ynys Prydain, nid amgen, Myrddin ap Morvryn, a Myrddin Emrys, a Thaliesin ben Beirdd.

far advanced in knowledge as any contemporaneous class of persons. They were exceedingly anxious to acquire knowledge; and when acquired, they possessed much skill in the art of imparting it to others. One of them, has a graphic description of the manner in which he picked up his knowledge;—

LEWIS GLYN COTHY TO DAVID AB RHYS OF TRE'R DELYN,
RADNORSHIRE.

“Reading both of us, the bard and a learned chieftain,
Carefully through the books, we spent the time;
Suppressing all noise, we had sensible conversation,
And where there was a verse that I did not understand,
Davydd with the poem of Gwion, (Taliesin)
Would explain to me its proper signification.”—Works, p. 235.

There is also a strong probability that the Welsh bards, were many of them classical scholars. Gwilym Ddu mentions one bard as being reputed for writing Latin verses, and takes upon himself to pass a critical opinion upon their merits, pronouncing them to be correct in prosody, and compact in sense; and Davydd ab Gwilym inviting the Nun to,—

“ the knotted birchen tree
To learn Cuckoo and woodland piety,
There in the green bush will thy mind
A path to heaven, O lady find;
There Ovid's volume shalt thou read,
And there a spotless life we'll lead.”—Works, p. 19.

appears to imply, that Ovid's being in Latin was no obstacle to its perusal. Many of the poems attributed to Taliesin, are thickly sprinkled with Latin words; and as that was the language of the age, there seems to be no difficulty in the way of assuming, that some of the bards had added a knowledge of Latin to that of their native tongue. In the use of their parent language, the bards of the twelfth and succeeding centuries, exhibit a proficiency which is quite extraordinary; for at a time when all the languages now spoken in Europe, were beginning to be formed, the people of Wales had not only a copious language fully developed, but also a class of men enriching its literature with poetical

compositions, exhibiting a classical severity of style, and developing in the diction, the wonderful etymological richness of the Cambrian speech. These poets prided themselves upon the smoothness of their lines, the correctness of their syntax, and the strength of their language. A pretended standard of perfection was raised in the names of the early bards; and though their own verses were much superior, the later bards feigned to tread in the footsteps of their predecessors. Howel ab Owain pretends to follow Merddin; Elidir Sais in a line already quoted does the same; Kynddelw says,—

“I particularly, shall be called the powerful—the quick
Of blithsome course in the joy inciting dispute,
In the ways of songs of the plaintive muse,
A poet, a primary bard of learning.”

And again, addressing Madoc ab Meredydd, Prince of Powys, he says,—

“My Bardic voice 'neath heaven has not been faltering;
My bardic word on thy behalf is neither feeble nor dishonourable.”

Llywarch ab Llywelyn, very frequently boasts of his versification, and not without cause. In addressing Davydd ap Owain Gwynedd, he says,—

“I am engaged upon a wise and precious song.”

and again,—

“Base men will not consider *the polish* of my song.”

The same feeling peeps out in their disputations, and doubtless prevailed to a considerable extent in their day; and therefore, as pride in literary composition is of necessity an evidence of refinement, we must award to these Cambrian poets, a respectable position among civilized communities.

The influence of the earlier bards among their contemporaries must have been very great. Their poems were nearly always incentives to war; frequently they uttered their exhortations at the instigation of the Welsh princes; but there

is no reason to doubt their readiness at all times to hurl defiance at the Saxons. We have abundant evidences of their hatred of the English; but though the chieftains frequently betrayed their country, and allowed the kings of England to direct their enmities against each other to the advantage of the common enemy, there is not a single instance of a bard having betrayed his native land. On all occasions they fanned the flame of national hatred, and considered no man a hero who was not "a killer of Lloegrians," *llofrudd Lloegrycs*. A better spirit now prevails; and at the present day, the inhabitants of the principality, yield in loyalty to no people owning the supremacy of our gracious Queen. Then the case was different. England was then inferior in intelligence, in literature, and in refinement,—superior in numbers alone. Patriotism was then the highest wisdom; and while the superiority in comfort, personal freedom, and literary recreations was on their side, the Welsh would have been culpable not to have resisted the aggressions of the English. Of this patriotic spirit, the bards were the chief supporters; by the directions of their chieftains they prophesied in the name of Taliesin and Merddin, the coming again of Arthur, Cadwaladr, and Kynan; and as it is difficult to conceive of a people at once intellectual and enslaved, they found it an easy task to inoculate their countrymen with their own fervent love of home and hatred of the stranger. In this respect they were of inestimable service to their countrymen, during their arduous struggle for independence. During the revolt of Owain Glendower, and the wars of the Roses, the bards played a very conspicuous part; and Lewis Glyn Cothy, who was in the pay of the Lancastrian party, with his brethren are known to have been of signal service to their friends, and to have done much to influence the result. We therefore owe an immense obligation to the bardic order, both for having defended their country while it was possible, and for having, when resistance was no longer advisable, been instrumental in forming so high and honourable a national character, as

to have earned the privilege of being united on terms of perfect equality, to the English crown. The Welsh have a proverb,—

“Cas gwr na charo y wlad a'i maco.”

Hateful is the man who loves not the land of his birth;

the late poet laureat, in the Doctor, said he never knew a good man who had not a taproot in the love of his native land; and in conclusion, I will add, that he who does not feel and promptly acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the bards of Wales, is unworthy of the name of Kymro. I have freely pointed out their faults, and attempted to portray their virtues; but notwithstanding all their demerits, I can, after communing with the finer and greater minds of England, and the Continent in modern days, and of Greece and Rome in the past, still feel a pleasure in running over their labours, and be proud as ever of these “old men eloquent.” And when it shall have been shown that before Gower sung, Chaucer wrote, or England had a literature of her own, there were poets in Wales, who left behind them in the course of two hundred years, upwards of four hundred poems, many of which are more than three hundred and fifty lines in length, it is hoped that some little will have been done towards obtaining for the early literature of the principality, the respect and sympathy of a larger circle of admirers.

This sketch of the bards will form an appropriate introduction to a critical review of the poetry of the reign of Llywelyn ap Iorwerth.

SECTION II.

WELSH POETRY FROM A.D. 1194 TO A.D. 1240.

MANY bards of note flourished during the agitated period embraced by this chapter: and among the literary remains, we have twelve poems by Davydd Benvras; one poem by Einion the son of Gwgan, five odes by Einion the son of Gwalchmai, six by Einion Wan, two by Gwilym Ryvel, two by Gruffydd the son of Gwrgeneu, two by Gwynvardd Brycheiniog, seven pieces by Llywelyn Vardd, three by Seisyll, and six by Phylip Brydydd. Llywarch ab Llywelyn, commonly called "Prydydd y Moch," has left thirty-two poems; and Kynddelw Brydydd Mawr, or the Great Poet, has enriched our mediæval literature with nearly fifty meritorious productions. Each of these would merit a separate notice; but as the plan of the Essay admits such only as reveal traits of national character, many of them must be left without further remarks. No practical purpose can be served by an indiscriminate collection; we shall therefore confine our attention to such as, on the grounds of literary merit, and historic truthfulness, appear most worthy of perusal.

The frequent mention of Kynddelw in the preceding sketch of bards and bardism, must have created a desire to know more of him; and truly he is the bard whose merit claims precedence. He was a man of note and influence in his own day, and was possessed of great and varied powers. His compositions as well as his conduct are distinguished by a vigour of thought, independence of mind, and profundity of reasoning, which reflect much credit upon himself, and upon the order of which he was an influential and illustrious member. Indeed, this seems to be characteristic of the bards; for we not unfrequently find very original ideas in their poems; and their theological notions soar far above the dark and bigotted age in which they lived. All else

had been enslaved by the Romish priesthood; but these choice spirits would have no such instructors. The bard and the priest were sworn enemies; and the productions of the former teem with sneers at the monks, while the latter not unfrequently show their petty malignity against their rivals in popular estimation. One instance of this is mentioned by Kynddelw. The monks of the abbey of Ystrad Marchell had sent to tell him, that his body should not be buried in their abbey; and in reply the bard sent the following Englyn,—

If he had not promised to come against me,
And the blessed God knew it;
It were more becoming in a monk
To demand, than to refuse my body.¹

We have here a consciousness of intellectual worth, and a dignified self-reliance which rises into heroism, and transcends all feelings of dislike, and hatred; and some lines, wrongly attributed to Merddin, in strength of moral indignation, and elevated theological conception, reach absolute sublimity,—

I will not receive the sacrament,
From excommunicated monks
With their togas on their knees;—
*I will commune with God himself!*²

Kynddelw has a poem addressed to the Deity, which I here quote, as a specimen of the prevalent theology of the bards.—

To God.³

One God prosperous, and righteous—A sovereign,
Who rules without fear;
One son of Mary, a dauntless being,

¹ Oen ni bai ammod dyfod—i'm herbyn
A Daw Gwyn yn gwybod;
Oedd iawnach i fynach fod,
I'm gwrthfyn nac i'm gwrthod.

² Ni chymeraf gymmun,
Gan yegymmun fynych
A'u twygan ar eu glyn,
A'm cymmunuo Daw ei hun.

³ I Dduw.
Un Daw cyfrwydd cyfreithgar,—wiedig
A wiedych heb afar;
Un mab Mair, meidrawl diarhar,

One eternal, and merciful Deity,
One King, Ruler of heaven and earth ;

Before weakness, the condition of happy age, overtakes me,
I will be God's servant, in a banqueting house without complaint,
Before I become needy, with a mild necessity,
And life, age, and complexion, give place to inanimation,
Before the necessity of a merciful death,
And the mention of the azure hue of dissolution,
Before the time for the great covering of the sky,
Before I am brought to the last prison,
Before the cold closing up, and the frigid funeral,
And the confinement in a dress of oak and gore,
I will devote my tongue to wise conversation,
And to unlimited, and unceasing praise ;
I am a praiser of vigour in the garb of sadness,
I will praise God, the impartial in judgment,
The joy of the heavenly angels will enliven me,
In thy blessed state, and thy blessed habitation.

Several of the preceding lines have in them much beauty; the metaphors "frigid funeral," and "oaken dress" are very striking; the description of death as a state in which he will have no warmer covering, than "the great sky above" is exceedingly happy; and the epithets, "prosperous, righteous, fearless," and "impartial," applied to the Deity, bespeak an enlightened theology.

The language of this bard is exceedingly intricate, and difficult to be understood; and though he wrote on a variety of topics, to unravel his meaning, in the very involved

Un Dofydd tragywydd trugar

Un Rlen rwyf nef a daear:

Cyn bwyf gwan eagus gwyn eagar
Bwyf gwaw Duw, gwesti dialar
Cyn bwyf angenawg angenwar,
Hoedi hoedran hoen eban aber
Cyn angen angen athrugar,
Arglywed gloes glaswedd glar,
Cyn dirfawr gyfawr gyfygar,
Cyn no'm dwyn i'm diwedd garchar,
Cyn oergawdd angliadd anghlaear,
Yn ngwag yn ngwag derw a gwyar:
Iawn o'm dawn, doeth arlar,
Lawl heb dawl, heb doli arwar,
Lolydd wyl o nwyf yn afar,
Lolaſ Ddau y difwyn ei far,
Llawenydd llu nef llawena fy mryd

Yth wynaf yth wynfa.—Myv. Arch. ii. page 249.

diction of his poems, is not an easy task. It is therefore difficult to form a right estimate of his abilities; certain it is however, that this very complicated verbiage, has prevented him from succeeding in all he undertook; and we dismiss such lighter portions of his poetry, as his address "I verch," as harsh, clumsy, and pedantic. He succeeds better on weightier subjects, as may be seen by his elegy on Owain Gwynedd, a portion of which here follows. It would be well, perhaps, to premise, that when the bards wished to compare their princes to well known heroes, they called their rulers by the names of those heroes. Here our bard calls Owain Gwynedd by the name of Gwalchmai, and by the names of several other celebrated warriors.—¹

The lion made numbers perish in the encampment of thick hosts,
Like an intrepid warrior Gwalchmai² withstood the shock,
The numerous host of Gwrvan³ triumphed.

He was impatient for the signal of battle,
Which like the shout of Erov⁴ would collect warriors together,
It was a glorious victory, and the golden treasures lay exposed.
There was wasteful work, the warriors were energetic, and their
arms glittering.

The impetuosity of the attack broke the foremost ranks,
And the rushing swords, making fresh carnage,
Hewed down whatever they met.

*The green flood of Teivi⁴ was thickened,
The river was filled with the blood of men,
The blood-stained waterfowl called aloud for a glut of gore,
And swam with toil on waves of blood.*

¹ Gwersyll torfoedd tew llew lladdai,
Gorsaf tarf, taerfalch fal Gwalchmai,
Gorfan Gwrfan gorfyddai,
Gwr yn aer yn aros gwaeddfai,
Bryd Erov gryd, arf greu a ddodai,
Brwydr eurgwydr, eurgrawn ni guddiai
Bradog waith gwynniaith gwynnygai,
Brys Briwgad, brig bragad briwiai,
Brwys lafneu ynghreu ynghrai celanedd
Cymminedd cymmynai.
Gwyrdh heli Teifi tewychai
Gwaeddlan gwyr, a llyr ai llanwai
Gwyach rudd gorfudd goralwai,
Ar donniar gwyar gonofiai

¹ Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, one of Arthur's knights.

² Gwrvan Wallt Awwyn, one of the agents of Arthur in the ancient Welsh romances.

³ Erov is mentioned Myv. Arch. i. page 69, as "Erov the Fierce."

⁴ A river in Cardiganshire.

The wooden horses of the wave, were overthrown,
 By him who is as fierce as Gwythur.¹
The English, men weak as woodbines, will have many funerals ;
 He who used to feed the wild wood-dogs, is no more;
He who lies in a wooden bed had won my sympathies,
 And might have had my possessions.
 I lost a wise lord, who ever regarded me;
 Attired in gold, he used to give gold to me.
 I am troubled by the memory of the battle's rage. He who
 loved me,
 Friend of the songster, songs have greeted him.
 The shout of dispersion and the gleaming of arms sheltered me,
 The obstructing strength of Dillus² ab Evrai,

Gwyddfeirch tonn torrynt yn ertrai,
 Gwythur naws fal traws ai treisiai,
 Gwyddfid Eingl ynghladd au trychai,
 Gwyddgwn coed colled au porthai,
 Gwyddwal dyfneual dyfnasai fy modd,
 Fy meddiant a gaffaei.
 Colleis Arglwydd call ni'm collai,
 Corf eurdorf, eurdal am rhoddai,
 Cof cadflawdd am cawdd, am carai
 Car Cerddawr, cerddai ai cyrchai,
 Gryn wasgar, llachar, a'm llochai,
 Grym dilludd Dillus fab Efrai

¹ Gwythyr ab Greidiol, a warrior who served under Arthur, and the father of one of his three wives called Gwenhwyvar. His grave is noticed in the Englynion y Beddau, Myv. Arch. i. p. 81. He is also a distinguished character in Welsh romance. See the Mabinogi of Kilhwch and Olwen, ii. 305." Extracted by permission from part VI. of the Biographical Dictionary by R. Williams, B.A. Llangadwaladr, a most valuable work, now in the press.

² Dillus ab Evrai, called also Dillus Varchawc, and Dillus Varwawc. He is mentioned in the Mabinogi of Kilhwch and Olwen; and as that is the only notice I have seen of him, I will quote it here. Before Kilhwch could marry Olwen, it was necessary to obtain the comb, the scissors, and razor, which were between the ears of the boar Trwyth; this boar could only be successfully hunted, with Drudwyn the cub of Greid the son of Eri; this cub could only be held by a leash made of the beard of Dillus the bearded; and this beard must have been plucked with wooden tweezers, while the owner was still living. Kai and Bedwyr, two of Arthur's knights, one day espy Dillus, "the greatest robber that ever fled before Arthur," asleep in a wood, dig "a pit under his feet, the largest in the world," and having struck him a violent blow, squeeze him into it. "There they twitched out his beard completely with the wooden tweezers, and after that they slew him altogether. And from thence they both went to Gelliwic, in Cornwall, and took the leash made of Dillus Varwawc's beard with them, and they gave it into Arthur's hand. Then Arthur composed this Englyn,—

Kai made a leash
 Of Dillus son of Evrei's beard
 Were he alive, thy death he'd be.

And thereupon Kai was wroth, so that the warriors of the Island could scarce make peace between Kai and Arthur. And thenceforth, neither in Arthur's troubles, nor for the slaying of his men, would Kai come forward to his aid for

And the friendly disposition of Greidwyr,¹ Kywyr,² and Kai.³
It was the worthy practice of the leader of those who delight in
broken shields,

To resort to the pleasant, and enthusiastic banquets.

Happy was he who enjoyed them.

The fierce fort beyond the sea, beyond Menai,
Is in a wild region from which I have profited,
While lived Owain the Great who owned it;
Mead, and wine, and liquor were there, in
Gwynedd the white, with its intelligent inhabitants.
After the hero, who fought a great battle in its defence,
What patriot—hero of the houses of excessive whiteness,
What sovereign will rule over it?

This poem regarded as an elegiac composition is a sad failure, and is utterly destitute of pathos. It displays a perfect mastery over words and skill in versification; but the perpetual straining to make each line terminate alike, has led to the introduction of many words which serve no useful purpose, though they confuse the meaning. Indeed the whole of the poetic merit of this extract, is comprised in the four lines descriptive of the battle of Aberteivi, fought on the banks of the river Teivi, near Cardigan; but it must be confessed that these four lines beginning, "The green flood of Teivi, &c.," set forth a very vivid picture. Here the bard is perpetually aiming at effect, and evidently stag-

ever after." *Mabinogion*, ii. p. 305. From this collective mention of so many romantic names found in the tale, I should infer that the *Mabinogi* of "Kilhwch and Olwen" was familiarly known in A.D. 1169—the date of Owain Gwynedd's death.

Greddf Greidwyr, a Chywyr, a Chai,
Glew ddefawd giyw oedrawd aedrai
Ystre hynt, wastad, westei gwynfydig
Gwyn ei fyd bieufel.

Gwyth ygor tra mor, tra Menai,
Gwlydd eifydd elwais o honai
Tra fu Owain mawr ai meddai
Medd a gwin, a gwirawd fyddai
Gwynedd wen Gwyndyd len lodpar,
Gwedi gwawr, cadfawr ai cadwai,
Pa wiadwr, arwr arwyndai,

Pa wledig a wledych arnai?—*Myv. Arch.* i. p. 208.

¹ Greidwyr probably means Greidiol, one of Arthur's warriors, or Gwrhir Gwalatawd Ieithoedd, another of those chiefs.

² Most likely this is Kynyr Keinvarvawe mentioned in "Kilhwch and Olwen."

³ One of the "Coronnetted chiefs of battle," and chief of Arthur's cooks.

gers under the weight of his subject ; but his verses to Rhys ab Gruffydd, lord of South Wales, flow with more ease, and are much more readable. A few of these are here subjoined,—¹

I invoke the protection of God! undoubted are thy talents,
And I am thy talented bard,
On thy men—the eagles of battle,
On thy land—discreet ruler.

I invoke, and make great supplication to the Cause
Who caused heaven and earth,
Protection from thy anger, friend of the songster,
On thy halls, and on thy porters.

I invoke, and supplicate, for I am called The Asker,
Sincere and permanent protection,
On thy gold adorned portals,
And on thy door-keeper; thou in whom the beauty of the
land is reflected.

I invoke your protection, that your favour may not be denied
As it is not becoming to withhold,
Officers of the palace! procure silence,
Bards! be silent; It is a bard you hear.

I invoke the ready protection of the southern chieftains,
For thee, judicious patron of bards,
And for thy troops of shield-bearers,
And thy hosts, and thy royal sons.

¹ *Aswynaf nawdd Duw diamben dy ddawn*

Ath ddoniawg wyf finnau

Ar dy wyr eryr aerau

Ar dywiad wledig deheu.

Aswynaf archaf arch fawr i beryf

A beris nef a llawr

Nawdd rac dy var car cerddawr

Ar dy byrth ar dy borthawr.

Aswynaf archaf eirchriad ym gelwir

Nawdd cywir cyngwastad

Ar dy ddrysau aur drwlad

Ar dy ddrysauwr gwawr gwenwiad

Aswynaf awch nawdd na chelwch awch porth

Can perthyn atregwch

Gostegwyr llyn gostegwch

Gosteg beirdd bardd a glywch.

Aswynaf nawdd hawdd haellion Deheubarth

Dibeubarth cerddorion

Ath dwrf oth dariannogion

Ath dorf ath deyrnastibion

I invoke ready protection, liberal justiciary,
 Whom kings will not withstand,
 On thy army, *thou impersonated contention!*
 On thy family, who are worthy of possessions.
 Clear mead is their drink, mead-horns they circulate,
 They will be golden rulers.
 Thou wilt be illustrious in government,—
 A valiant leader, and a bold ruler.
 Royal scions of Britain, I will compose your eulogy,
 And will celebrate your virtues,
 I will be your bard and counsellor,
 And will merit your patronage.

These Englynion, though possessing but little poetical merit, are favourable specimens of smooth versification, and flowing language; as well as being plain evidences of the manners of the people, the state of the country, and the relative positions of bard and chieftain. One other poem shall conclude our selection from this poet. It is addressed to Owain Kyveiliog, refers to his banquets, and is a companion sketch to Owain's own Hirlas. Like the preceding it consists of a series of Englynion; the lines read smoothly, the language is unusually simple for this bard, and the description is both animated and striking.—¹

The liquor of Owain, yonder beyond mount Digoll,²
 How frequently it cheers us;

Aawynaf nawdd bawdd haeloned worsaf
 Nith orseif teyrnedd
 Ar dy dorf corf cywrysedd
 Ar dy deulu teilwn medd.
 Meddgyrn eu gwirawd meddgyrn au gw
 Au gwarcheidw yn eurdgyrn
 A gloyw y fed yn edyrn
 A glyw dewr a glew deyrn.
 Teyrnweilch Prydain prydaf awch prif gerdd
 Awch prifglod a ddygaf
 Awch bardd awch beirniad fyddaf
 Awch porth perthyn yw attaf.—Myv. Arch. i. p. 284
¹ Gwirawd Owain, draw dra Digoll vynynt,
 Mor vynyech i harvoll:

² Mynydd Digoll is not far from the town of Montgomery. "On this mountain may be said to have expired the liberties of Wales; for here was the last contest against the power of the Conqueror." Pennant's North Wales, Vol. iii. page 208.

Of clear sparkling wine without lacking,
Of mead, all from the buffalo's horn.

The liquor to me shall be appropriated, it shall come from a patron,
Who gives it me out of his white hand;
The chief of battle distributing treasures,
He is the head of the circle: I am chief bard to him.

Liquor will be brought to us plenteously,
Wine out of the goblet, a gracious gift;
In the court of the lord of Lleision,¹ the benefactor of chieftains,
In the hand of the lion of conflict, are the overflowing horns of
liberality.

The liquor of Owain the mild, is joyfully distributed
In the land by the side of the Severn,—
With a truly amiable profusion;
And yonder are they bringing it.

The liquor of Owain the mild, whose tumult
Is a gleaming flame on the borders of his foe;
Proudly it comes in the wrath-dealing hand,
Whose host is exhilarated, and whose circling wave is mead.

Liquor is pressed upon us by the light of moon and stars,
By the ruler of the impetuous red chieftains;
About Hirvryn² the eagle is great and stately,
About Severn happy is the smile of men.

O win cyvrgain, nid cyvyrgoll,
O vet: o vuelin oll.

Gwirawd am daerawd, a'm daw gan rebut,
Am rybuch o'i wenllaw;
Peniadur oad, oed wallaw,
Pen oôr; pencoedd wyv idaw.

Gwirawd a dygyr a digawn atan;
Gwin o ban, ran radiawn;
Yn llys, lles glyw, llyw Lleislaw,
Yn llaw llew cad cyrn llad llawn.

Gwirawd Ywain llary, llawen yd rotir
Yn y tir tu Havren,
A thraul hygar yw hagen
A thraw y daw a dygen

Gwirawd Ywain llary, llachar i dervysge
Al dervyn i oegar
Balch y daw yn llaw lluchvar,
Metw i thoryv, met a thoniar.

Gwirawd am gwrthvyn, gwrth syr a lleuad,
Gan rwyf rad rut vyhyr;
Am Hirvryn hirvraisc eryr;
Am Havren hyvryd gwen gwyr.

¹ "The palace of the princes of Powys in the county of Montgomery, now called Llysin-Park, the patrimony of lord Powys." *Dissertatio de Bardis*, page 20.

² Another name for Mynydd Digoll.

In the hand of Owain the generous, who manfully asserts his claims,

Is the golden flagon;
Splendid is the honour of bearing wine,
A sovereign's prime and precious gift.

Behold my prince this day mounted on his cars,
Not a lion beneath the moon will dare to assail him;
With couched lance in the day of trial, will he lead the assault
Of the impetuous thrust, in his golden mail.¹

Llywarch ab Llywelyn, was a bard of a very superior order. His compositions are neither so numerous, nor so various as the writings of Kynddelw, but in depth of feeling, power of delineation, and beauty of conception, they are much superior. His address to Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of North Wales, is too long to copy entire; but the reader will be presented with an extract. The invocation contains sentiments, which, familiar then, strike us now as being very strange,—²

May Christ, the Creator and Governor of the hosts of heaven and earth,

Defend me from all disasters;

May I through his assistance be prudent and discreet,

Ere I come to my narrow habitation.

Christ, the Son of God, will give me the gift of song,

To extol my prince, who giveth the warlike shout with joy;

Ar llaw Ywain hael, hawl dilin gwrvalch

Y mae gorvlwch eurin;

Anrydet gwyp arwet gwin;

Anrec brivdec breyenin.

Ut ysaïm etiw ar geir,

Nis arvait llew o dan lloer

Gwaew crwm yn dyt trwm, trwy fwyr

Gwan fyse, yn eurwyse yn aer.—Myv. Arch. i. p. 234.

¹ In this, as in preceding translations, I have availed myself of those inserted in the Cambrian Register, making only such alterations as seemed to be necessary; thus in the second lines of verses the first and sixth, I have been compelled to differ widely from Dr. Pughe, whose translations are generally very faithful.

² Crist Greawdr, llywiauwr llu daear a nef,

Am noddwy rhag afar,

Crist celi bwyf celfydd a gwar,

Cyn diwedd gyfyngwedd gyfar

Crist fab Duw am rhydd arllafar.

I foli fy rhwyf rhwyg o ddýar

Christ who hath formed me of the four elements,
And hath endowed me with the deep and wonderful gift of poetry:
Llywelyn is the ruler of Britain and her armour.

The bard then proceeds to give his hero's pedigree, and afterwards gives the following vivid description of the battle of Porth Aethwy.—¹

Llywelyn was our prince ere the furious contest happened,
And the spoils were eagerly amassed,
Purple gore ran over the snow white breast of the warriors,
And after the shout the havock and carnage was general ;
The particoloured waves flowed over the broken spear,
And the warriors were silent ;
The briny wave came with force,
And met on its way one mixed with blood.
When we went to Porthaethwy² on the steeds of the main,
Over the great roaring of the floods,
The spear raged with relentless fury,
And the tide of blood rushed with force ;
Our attack was sudden and fierce,
Death displayed itself in all its terrors,
So that we doubted whether any of us would die of old age.

An enumeration of the battles which Llywelyn fought follows, and the poem concludes with these sentiments,—³

Happy was the mother who bore thee,
Who art wise and noble,

Crist fab Mair am pair o'r pedwar defnydd,
Dofn awen ddiarchar,
Llywelyn llyw Prydain ai phâr.

¹ Ef yn llyw cyn llid gyfygar,
Ysglyfion ysglyfnt llwrw bar,
Oedd rynn rudd ebyr or gwyr gwar,
Oedd ran feirw fwyaf o'r drydar,
Oedd amlw tonnau, twnn amhar eu neid,
Neud oeddynt dilafar,
Ton heli ehelaeth i bar,
Ton arall gwall, goch gwyar,
Porth aethwy pan aetham ni ar feirch mordwy,
Uch mowrdwrf tonniar,
Oedd ongyr, oedd engir ei bar,
Oedd angudd godrudd gwaedryar,
Oedd enghyrth ein hynt, oedd angar,
Oedd ing, oedd angau anghymar,
Oedd ammau ir byd bod abar o honam,
O henaint lleithiar.

² Porthaethwy is in Anglesea.

³ Mad yth ymddug dy fam, wyd doeth,
Wyd ai dnm, wyddidawl, o bob chwant,

And freely distributest rich suits of garments,
 With gold and silver.
 And the bards celebrate thee
 For presenting thy bred steeds, when they sit at thy tables ;
 And I myself am rewarded for my gift of poetry,
 With gold and distinguished respect ;
 And should I desire of my prince the moon as a present,
 He would certainly bestow it on me.
 Thy praise reacheth to Lliwelydd,¹
 And Llywarch is the man who celebrates thee in songs ;
 My praises are not extravagant,
 To thee the prodigy of the age :
 Thou art firm in battle like the elephant,
 When thou arrivest at the period of thy glory,
 When thy praises no longer employ the bard and the harp,
 My brave prince ere thou comest,
 When the last hour approaches to confess thy sins,
 After thou hast vanquished thy enemies,
 Mayest thou at last become a glorious saint !

Of his address to Davydd ab Owain, whom he praised as highly while tyranizing over his nephew, the above mentioned Llywelyn, as he afterwards praised the nephew for displacing his uncle, we shall treat when the "Avallenau" come under consideration.

O borffor o bryffwn fiant,
 O bali ag aur ag aryant,
 O emys gochwyys gochanant dy feirdd,
 Yn fyrddeodd i caffant.
 Minnau om rhadau rhymfuant,
 Yw rhuddaur yn rhwydd ardduniant :
 O bob rhif im Rhwyf im doniant,
 O bob rhyw im rhodded yn gant
 Cyd archwyf im llyw y lloergant yn rhodd,
 Ef am rhydd yn geugant.
 Lliwelydd dy foliant
 Llywelyn, a Llywarch rwy cant.
 Munerawd ym marw fy mwyniant fal yn byw
 Lleisiawn ryw Run blant
 Nyd gormod fy ngair it gormant !
 Teyrn wyd tebyg Eliphant,
 Can orfod pob rhod yw rhamant,
 Can folawd a thawd a thant,
 Cein deyrn, cyn bych yngreifiant,
 Can difwyn o ysgwn eegarant,
 Can Aduw ren yw ran westifiant,
 Can ddiwedd pob buchedd, bych sant.—Myv. Arch. i. p. 297.

¹ See note to Howel ab Owain's Delight, p. 45.

In a poem addressed to Rodri the son of Owain Gwynedd, there is a passage said to refer to the departure of Madoc ap Owain Gwynedd for America. It runs thus,—

Two princes of strong passion broke off in wrath,
The multitude of the earth did love them ;
One on land in Arvon allaying ambition ;
And another, a placid one, on the bosom of the vast ocean
In trouble great and immeasurable,
Prowling after a possession easy to be guarded,
Estranged from every one for a country.

These two princes most probably were Howel and Madoc. I have not paid sufficient attention to the evidence, to form any opinion as to the credibility of the popular story of Madoc's emigration ; but Mr. Catlin, in the second volume of his *American Indians*, has imparted renewed interest to the subject. He believes the tradition, and is firmly convinced that the Mandans, whose manners differ so widely from the other tribes of Indians, are the remnants of Madoc's emigrants. The late Lieut. Ruxton, author of the spirited sketches of "Life in the far west," which lately appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is said to have fallen a victim to this seductive theory, and to have firmly believed that he would be able to prove the Mowqua Indians, to be the descendants of those who accompanied the Cambrian Prince. How much of truth there may be in this, I am unable to determine ; but that Madoc disappeared from his native country is proved beyond a doubt, by some allusions in another poem by this Bard. It is addressed to "The Hot Iron," and exhibits an extraordinary alternation of belief and scepticism, which appears to imply the recent introduction into Wales of that ordeal. In some places he seems to consider the hot iron as a manifestation of Christ ; and yet, no sooner has he said that, than doubts again recur to his mind, which, in thus wavering, shows us in an interesting manner, how the ordeal was looked upon in the twelfth century, by a shrewd and sensible man,—

TO THE HOT IRON.¹

Creator of Heaven ! thy servant is a believer,
 Shall we believe in this, as we believe in Jonas ?
Steel magistrate ! of cheap ordinances, blessed by the God of
 Heaven,
 Subdued I am before the transfix'd One.
Consecrated truth, glowing hot !
 My song delights in thy blessedness.
 Reflect when thou judgest, the number of my kindred,
Hot wounding creature, who created thee ?
 I will ask advice through Peter, of Christ
 Who was appointed to bear the cross ;
 And of the fair interceders Thomas and Phylip,
 And Paul and Andrew,
 Lest my hand be misplaced, and I be slain by the bright sword,
 And my kinsmen pay the retribution fee for murder.
 Good iron ! exonerate me
 From the charge of having slain Madoc,
 And show that he who slew the fair prince,
 Shall have no part of heaven, nor its nine kingdoms ;
 But that I shall obtain the society of God,
 And escape his enmity.

From this it would seem that Madoc had gone away the first time by stealth, and that the bard, from being perhaps the last person seen in his company, was suspected of having murdered him. The passage first quoted appears to have been written after this, and looks as if it had been written

¹ Creawdyr nef crededun y was
 Credwn y hwn val y credwn yonas
 Dur ynad detyf rad ry swynas douyt
 Dof wyt yt yn wanas.
 Dywynnyo dy wir dy wynnyas
 Dy wynnyd yn kywyd nyd kas
 Edrych pan vernych veint vyn tras
 Creadur poeth gur path greas.
 Archaf arch y bedyr o berthynas Crist
 A dug crog yn urtas
 Trwy eirawl ymyawl tomas a phylip
 A phawl ayr andras,
 O affen fy llaw a llavyn wyn las
 O afeith goleith galanas
 Da haearn diheura pan llas
 Lleith madawc nad om llaw y cawas
 Noc ae ocif cain ae glas
 Rann o nef ae naw teyrnas
 A minheu mynnaf gyweithas
 Bot duw ym a dianc oe gas.

after Madoc's return, for it describes the newly found territory as "easily guarded." The line,

"Yn esguraw hawl hawt adnes"

Prowling after a possession easily guarded,

seems more decisive of the question than any other evidence that can be adduced, as the description seems applicable to a new and thinly populated country. Too much stress has been laid upon the poem of Davydd ap Meredydd ap Rhys, both by the opponents, and the advocates of this story; for after all, it simply states the fondness of Madoc for the sea, and leaves the question of his discovery of America just where it was before. That Madoc left the country, is quite clear from the concurrent testimony of the bards, and the following triad,—

"The three missing ones of the Isle of Britain, Third, Madoc ab Owain Gwynedd who went to sea with three hundred men in ten vessels, and *it is not known whither they went;*" for the annals of the country leave his landing place unknown. We must therefore look elsewhere for proofs of his discovery of the American continent. There are abundant evidences that the Welsh had numerous ships, and frequently went back and fore to Ireland; as the passage from America to this country has been made in a boat, there is no insuperable difficulty interposed by the distance between the two continents; and as late researches tend to show, that the American continent was discovered by the Northmen, three or four hundred years before the voyage of Columbus, the tale is not improbable. The arguments in favour of the Cambrian story, are forcibly, and ingeniously urged by an old traveller, who shall speak in his own quaint language. The passage, though principally devoted to Madoc, also illustrates the political history of Wales during this period with tolerable accuracy; but Sir Thomas Herbert is slightly in error, in making Howel ab Owain fall in contending for the succession. Howel succeeded in obtaining the crown, and kept it for two years; and the cause of his death has been already (p. 48.) more fully related.

He first quotes Seneca's predictions, as given in the *Medea* of that philosopher,—

"Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat Tellus, Typhisque Novas
Detegat Orbes, Nec sit Terris
Ultima Thule."

Which he thus translates,—

The time shall one day be,
Guided by Providence when man shall see
The liquid ocean to enlarge her bounds,
And pay the earth a tribute of more grounds
In ample measure. For the sea Gods then,
Will show new worlds and rarities to men,
Yea by his leave who everything commands,
See Thule far less North than other lands.

And then he proceeds to say, that these words are, "Dim lights to show the way to the western world. So that upon the whole it may be granted, the discovery of that vast continent was reserved for a succeeding generation. The first we meet with is Madoc son of Prince Owen Gwynedd, who for 30 years ruled Wales after his father Griffith ab Cynan had at St. David's done homage to William the Conqueror, for lands he held on the other side of the Severn. The annals of those times acquaint us, that Owen was no sooner dead, but that the custom of gavel kind induced the numerous sons of that Prince to claim a division of his dominions among them. Iorwerth Drwyndwn, or Edward the brokennosed, the eldest son of Owen, was set aside, and denied the right of succeeding to his father's throne on account of that blemish and other imperfections, when Howel claimed the throne, but was objected to on account of his illegitimacy, being the son of Owen by an Irish concubine. David opposed the pretensions of Howel, and in the war that followed between them, the latter was killed. David having married Emma Plantagenet, the sister of Henry the II. was supported in his usurpation by the arms of England, in addition to those of his own adherents. However, as soon as Llewelyn the son of the

unfortunate Iorwerth arrived at the age of manhood, he dethroned his uncle David, and became with the general consent of the country, Sovereign Prince of Wales. These intestine broils were no way pleasing to Madoc, another of the sons of Owain, who seems to have foreseen that the ruin of their country would be the consequence of their discord and fraternal rage. Therefore, to avoid the storm and provide for himself, he resolves upon a sea adventure, hoping to find some place abroad, where he might fix himself securely and not be liable to invasion. Thus says tradition. It is not unlikely but that Madoc was acquainted with the prophecy or 'dim lights' which led to the discovery of the western world. Madoc having provided ships, men, and provision, put to sea from Abergwilly, in the year 1170. Wind and sea favouring his design, after some weeks sailing due west he descried land, probably Newfoundland; but whatever it was it overjoyed him. Madoc then ranging the coast, so soon as he found a convenient place sat down to plant, meaning, fixt on a spot to form his intended settlement. After he had stayed there awhile to recruit the health of his men, he fortified his settlement and left 120 men there to protect it. And by providence (the best compass) he returned in safety to his own country. Having recounted his voyage, the fruitfulness of the soil, the simplicity of the savages, the wealth abounding there and facility of enlargement, after some months' refreshment in ten barques loaden with necessary provisions they put to sea again, and happily recovered their settlement. They found but few of those whom they had left remaining, their death it is conjectured being by an incautious indulgence in the produce of a novel climate and country, or the treachery of the natives. Madoc, with the assistance of his brothers Eineon and Edwal, put things once more in comparative good order, and remained there some time, expecting the arrival of more of their countrymen from Wales, for which they had made arrangements previous to their departure; but they never came, and caused grievous

disappointment. The cause of this failure is said to have been the wars which ensued, and which called for the service of every man for the defence of his country, but which ended in the subjugation of Wales by the English.

“But though Madoc and his Cambrian crew be dead, and their memory moth-eaten, yet are their footsteps plainly traceable, which the language they left, the religion they taught, and the reliques they found do clearly evidence. Otherwise how are we to account for the British words, not much altered from the dialect used at this day, among the Mexicans. Whence had they the uses of beads, crucifixes, &c.? All which the Spaniards, as we read in Lopez de Gomeza and others, found amongst those, Acusano and Calhuaeian at their first landing in America. Yea, whence comes that tradition amongst the Mexicans, that a strange people came thither in corraugles who taught them the knowledge of God, and by whose instruction they became civilized? as is related by Columbus, Postellus, Francus, Lopez, Cortes, and other Castilians.

“That of Herniando Cortes, who Anno Dom. 1519 was Ambassador and General for Ferdinand and Isabella, is most remarkable. In some discourse between him and Montezuma, the second son of Antzol, and father of Quabutumoc, the last King of Mexico, Cortes, observing the Indians to have many ceremonies which the Spaniards used, demanded who instructed them. The answer was, that many years before, a strange nation landed there, who were such a people as induced his ancestors to afford them a civil reception. But how they were called, or whence they came, he could not satisfy. Another time, in a panegyrick which Montezuma returned them, he had this expression. One chief cause of my affection to your nation is, I have heard my father say, how that he had heard his grandfather affirm, that some generations before, his progenitors came thither as strangers in company of a nobleman who abode there awhile, and then departed, but left many of his people behind. That upon his return, most of those

he left there died ; and that from him or some of them they supposed themselves to be descended. By which narrative it may be presumed, the people he meant were Welsh rather than Spaniards. And the records of that voyager writ by many bards and genealogists confirm as much, as may appear by the learned poems of Cynwric ab Grono, Guttyn Owain who lived in Edward IVth's time ; and Sir Meredith ab Rees, who lived in 1477, of Madoc had this eulogy.

Madoc ab Owen called was I
Strong, comely, brave, of stature high,
No home-bred pleasures proved my aim
By land and sea I won high fame.¹

By their language also, Welsh names being given to birds, and beasts, rivers, and nooks, &c., &c., as Pengwyn, a bird that has a white head ; craigwen, a white rock ; Gwyn-ddwr, white water ; nev, heaven ; llwynog, a fox ; wy, an egg ; calaf, a quill ; bara, bread ; trwyn, a nose ; mam, a mother ; tad, father ; dwr, water ; pryd, time, and many others. There are islands called *corrhoeso*, and a cape Britain. Buwch, a cow ; and clugar, a heathcock, &c. Nor is it a phansie of yesterday. Since learned men both of late and former times have taken notice. Such are Cynwric ab Grono, Meredydd ab Rees, Guttyn Owain, Lloyd, Howel, Prys, Hackluit, Broughton, Purchas, Davy, and others, whose learning and integrity have credit, and abundantly convince the ingenious, so as no doubt had it been known and inherited, then had not Columbus, Americus Vespasius, Magellan, nor others carried away the honour of so great a discovery, Nor had Madoc been defrauded of his memory, nor our Kings of their just title to a portion of the West Indies." ²

¹ Madoc wif mwydio wedd
Iawn genau Owain Gwynedd
Ni funnwn dyr fy enaid oedd
Na da mawr ond y moroedd.

² From Travels into Africa and Asia the Great, especially describing the famous empires of Persia and Industan, as also divers other Kingdoms in the Oriental Indies, and the isles adjacent. The 3rd edition further enlarged by Sir Thomas Herbert, Bart. London, printed in the year 1677. Pawb yn y arver.

I have already pointed out the looseness of logic, in the supposition that the words of Davydd ab Meredydd ab Rhys, prove anything more than Madoc's departure ; and now it only remains to correct the quotation made from that poem. In Theophilus Evans's *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, the lines are said to *have been found upon Madoc's tombstone*. The assertion was too flagrantly untrue to receive credit ; and therefore Herbert rejected the statement, but copied the lines. Originally, they formed part of a poem composed in acknowledgement of a fishing net, which the bard received as a gift, and stood thus,—

Let Evan of generous growth,
Hunt upon the fair land, like his father ;
With kind consent, at proper hours,
I will be a hunter upon the waters.
Madoc the brave of the weather-beaten countenance,
The rightful issue of Owain Gwynedd,
Would have no land, (man of my own soul !)
Nor great wealth, except the seas.¹

When the bards were out on their circuits, they used to stay for a month or two at a time in the same house, their stay being in proportion to the hospitality shown them ; and when they took their leave, they generally left behind them, an ode, or some verses in praise of their host. Our bard has left us a favourable specimen of this class of poems, which is here translated. Llywarch was a Northwallian ; and the lines are addressed—²

TO RHYS GRYG, PRINCE OF SOUTH WALES.

Christ Creator, Emperor, who owns us,
Christ the mysterious, pillar of peace,

¹ Helied Ifan, hael dyfiad
Ar y tir teg, wedir tad ;
Mewn awr dda minnau ar ddwr,
O fodd hael a fydd heliwr
Madog wych, mwyledig wedd,
Iawn genau Owain Gwynedd
Ni fynnai dir f' enaid oedd
Na da mawr, ond y moroedd.

² Crist creawdyr ymerawdyr an met
Crist keli kolofyn tangnevet

Christ son of Mary, who causest our pure nobility,
 Sensible in the detection of untruth,
 Crowned Jesus watch over me !
 From Keirionydd¹ I have bent my steps,
 And first I will go to the palace of the South,
 To the skilful ruler of kingdoms,
 Rhys the son of Rhys of violent course;
 The assaulter of battle, of the race of Cadell,²
 The travelling bards resort to his assembly,
 Which is as gentle, as it is a frequent resort.
 Thou wentest to the barren covert of Rhos,³
 And to Pembroke in the height of triumph,
 Thou brokest Carmarthen, and its hosts from France,⁴
 And many a Frenchman was slain on the return.
 And Swansea, a tranquil town,
 Was broken in heaps, and then we made peace with the people;
 And Saint Clears⁵ with its bright white lands
 It is not Saxons who possess it.
 In Swansea, the strong key of Lloegria,
 We made widows of all the wives.
 The Eagle of men, loves not to lie, nor sleep,
 Nor an idle retinue.
 There was a raising and shaking of swords,
 At the fortified breastplate of royalty.

Crist mab meir am peir pur vonhet
 Synwyr—kyn synhwyaw enwret
 Caranhawc yessu car ym wet
 Keirionnyt kyrcheis ym buchet
 Kyrchaf yn gyntaf kyntet deheubarth
 Diheubenn teyrnet
 Kyrchaf Rys vab Rhys om ryaset
 Kyrchyad cad Cadell edivet
 Kyrchynveirt kyrchant wy orset
 Kyrchwawr llawr ys kyrohu llaryet
 Kyrcheist ros ditos divaet
 A phenvro a phen gorvolet.
 Torreist gaer vyrtin torvoet ar freinc
 Llawer franc an adwet
 Ac abertawy tref dyhet
 Tyryoet briw a hetiw neud het
 A seint Cler ar clae wyndiret
 Nyd Saeson y maon ae met
 Yn Abertawy terwyn allwet Lloegyr
 Neud llwyr wetw y gwraet
 Ny char eryr gwyr gorwet na chysgu
 Na chosgort heb wnet
 Gnawd ysgyn ac ysgwyd ar glet
 Yn ysgor brondor brenhiniet

¹ In the upper part of Carnarvonshire.

² Cadell, the son of Roderick the Great, was the father of Howel the Good.

³ Rhos is in Pembrokeshire.

⁴ By French, the bards mean Normans.

⁵ Saint Clears is in Carmarthenshire.

We accustomed the spear of valorous enthusiasm,
 To pierce through them in a twinkling.
 His hand taught the bloody-stained blades,
 To make the Germans move to exile;
 His army slew till they were satiated,—
 The grey whelps had circumspection.
 The dreaded eagle is accustomed to lay bodies in rows,
 And to feast with the leader of wolves,
 And with hovering ravens glutted with flesh,—
 Butchers with keen bodings for carcases.
 Three days he feasted, with bards
 At his board at his residence,
 With his prey, delicious wine, and his feast,
 This greatly beloved ravager,
 His red gold, his good fortune, and his wealth,
 And his sleek stallions of well trained restlessness;
 And I of my talents had no peace,
 But was obliged to sing an infinity of songs.
 This is a fair region for a bard to meet with splendid gifts,
 Prince-like he will not let me experience one want,
 Chief of elegance, I will tell when I return to Gwynedd,
 How in a court name, and wonderful grandeur,
 I go with the chief.
 Chief of rulers, thou excellest in daring,
 The bold riders of thy proud saddles;
 On a rising course free from obstruction,

Gnawd gwaewawr gwryawr gwythlonet
 Gwan trwywan trwydun gythrymet
 Gnawd oe law y lavur cochwet
 Y gychwyn allmyn i alltudet
 Gnawd y lu y lat eu tachwet
 Y lwydyon canaon callet
 Gnawd eryr ebyr abar gwet bangnaw
 Y bencnud wy gyvet
 A chievrein kyvwyrein kicwlet
 Kicytyon coelyon kalanet
 Trydyt gnawd kannvrawd Kynrawet o veirt
 Am y vwrth kyvannhet
 Ae breitin ae wlytwyn ae wlet
 Ae breityawr gorvawr gorhoffet
 Ae eur rut ae rut ae venet
 Ae emys hywetvrys hywet
 A minheu om donyeu dym het
 Gnawd ym daw anaw anvedret
 Or deheu yrdanc haelonet
 Ardal hart y vart am verthet
 Por eissor un eissyau nym gwet
 Penn elyf pan elwyf wynet
 Un llysenw a run nyd ryvet vy mod
 Yn mudaw am reuet
 Reuet teyrnet ti bieu y dreis
 Ar draws valch gyfriëu
 Ryssa dygyn dugost wy gotëu

When once determinedly started, thou art not easily interrupted.

Princes who are thy opponents,
Fall before thee like the stars of creation.

Rhos was destroyed and Pembroke,—the people,
A baptized people fond of meat¹ were pardoned.
The court of Haverford² of the surge, and its houses,
Was also burned to the ground.

The whole of what the inhabitants had was taken,
And divided among the followers.

The castle of Gwys³ thou didst quickly humble,
And Arberth⁴ of the light gossamer.

Death is the natural consequence of thy enmity,

And of that of thy retinue—best of rulers.

Rhys the Little⁵ art thou called, but falsely,
For thou art Rhys the proudly great, towering in arms in the
battle.

Rhys the Hoarse⁶ they call him—pillar of state,

Not Rhys the harsh attempting oppressions.

Rhys that not ten thousand nor double will drive back,

Rusgleth gwr't nyd ymhwr't amheu
Rinet syr syrthiasant yg creu
Oth gynnygyn oth gynnevedeu
Roc divro Penfro penn vateu pybyl
Pobyl vedyt rwy kigleu
Llys hawrfort y berw fyr't neud teu
Llwyr lloaged y thudwet hitheu
Llutwyd kymynwyd kwbyl yn eu pobed
Pob kenveint yn yohreu
Kastell gwis kystyngest yn gleu
Ao Arberth goesmerth goleu
Anghen yn aghen yn anghen oth gas
Ath oagort rwy goreu
Rys Vychan y galwant ys geu
Rys vawr valch yg calch yg cadeu
Rys Gryg y galwant golofyn peu
Nyd Rhys Gryg yn kynnyc kamen
Rys nys kil na deng mil na deu

¹ This expression might amuse a stranger; and yet it affords an interesting insight into the manners of the Welsh. Their diet was of rather a pastoral character, being bread and milk, without meat; the want of the latter article prevented the earl of Leicester from keeping an army of Englishmen in Wales, when Llewelyn ap Gruffydd and himself were confederates. Warrington is wrong when he says (volume ii. page 179,) it was want of bread; for of that as Giraldus shows they had plenty.

² Haverfordwest in Pembrokeshire.

³ In Pembrokeshire.

⁴ Narberth in Pembrokeshire.

⁵ When father and son were of the same name, the son was called the "Little," *Vychan*.

⁶ This is a pun, as in the preceding case, upon the word "Gryg," which may signify either hoarse or harsh.

A warrior that does not give his warriors,
 A destiny of idleness.
 A hero before whose bloody wide spreading sword,
 Chieftains fall like shooting stars.
 Hero of Dynevor,¹ with the hand unused to except,
 By seeing thee am I not become,
 The first chief of the faith,
 Of a Cambrian from a Cambrian multitude.
 From every kingdom tribute comes to our sovereign,
 And he protects those who give it.
 His favours are scattered among suitors,
 His red gold, his bounty, and his society.
 I being anxious to return home,
 The liberal prince was so pressing,
 That to stay he offered me gold and silver in abundance,
 And stallions of headlong haste pampered with corn,
 Men and land, and an extensive township,
 And frequent admission to his society,
 With a lordship well known and fruitful;
 Without limit and enough for the wisest
 Were given to me by the potent ruler;
 A golden mirror, and three hundred garments.
 He is the best prince ever born,
 Since the meek Arthur the leader of the nation;
 He pours his gold into the lap of the agitated bard,

Pan el Rys yn rwyso y arveu
 Arwawc kymynawg kymened oeswyt
 Oes vdu't nyd tynghed
 Aerwr syr syrthyws eu riued
 Ar y law ae lafyn wyarlled
 Arwr dinevwr dinambed adaf
 Neud athwyf ath weled
 Yn bennaf yn bennaeth or gred
 O gymro o gymry giwed
 O bob teyrnas teyrnged yn rwyf
 Nwy rotwy gogeled
 Y eirchion y eirchyeid ar lled
 Ae eur rut ae vut ae vynwed
 A minheu ked mynhwyf vyned
 Am radeu ryeu ry daenred
 Ysëym eur ac aryant nyd fied
 Ac emys grawhury's grawnvyged
 Ysëym wyr a thir a threfred ehang
 Ac ehofyn ystlyned
 Ysëym ut digut digaled
 Digryno digawn y doethed
 Am rotes ryodres riued
 A drych eur ar drychant tuted
 Ef goreu rieu ry aned
 Er Arthur llary modur lliwed
 Ef dihytyl y eur yn arfed frawt feirt

¹ The Royal seat of the princes of South Wales. It is in Carmarthenshire.

As ripe fruit falls from the trees.
 Llywelyn ruler of baptism and belief,
 Son of Iorwerth, my strength and protection,
 Thou too should'st come to the South,
 The renowned meek one would give thee permission:
 Thou would'st meet with abundant honour,
 And live on terms of equality, an age of generosity.
 Thou art like Mordav¹ and Nudd, givers of red gold,
 And Rhydderch of equal fame.
 And thy stature and powerful frame,
 Is like Erculf² the dreaded
 And Samson, wood dogs of the most glorious cause,
 And Hector when the trial came;
 And from the time thou hast proved thy courage,
 Jesus has not left thee to want.
 In the communion of the three, in a band so fair,
 Have I not left thy support?
 Grand consociate of the respected Kymry,
 Terrible opposing leader—give me thy hand.
 Rhys the son of Rhys, to whom Britain is certainly indebted,
 Is the favourite of the poets;
 Rhys of Derllys³ I should deserve his reward,

Val frwyth coed llawn adved
 Llywelyn llyw bedyt a ohred
 Vab Iorwerth vy nerth vy noted
 Y titheu ut deheu dyred
 Clod wr llary om llwry yth drwyted
 Ny bytud wrthut vut vyged
 Yth eissor yth oes o haelhed
 Wrth vordaf a nut pan roted ruteur
 A ryterch afneved
 Yth wrthyd yth wrt gadarnhed
 Mal gwrhyd Ercwlff ergrynهد
 A Samswn gwytgwn gogonet achaws
 Ac echdor pan broved
 Ac or pryd y provaf nad fled
 Nath adws Yessu eissywed
 Yn hygant y tri yn tecced adaf
 Neud adwyf yth ganred
 Run gymrawt gymry ovyged
 Rynn wrthyd llyw ryd llaw roted
 Rys vab rys dilyd dylyed prydein
 Prydytyon eituned
 Rys derllys dyrlytwn y ged

¹ Mordav, Nudd, and Rhydderch were the three generous princes of the Isle of Britain. Their courteous dispositions were such, that they did not fail to grant anything whatever to any person who solicited it of them, if they had it in possession, or could obtain it by gift, loan, or present, whether the applicants were friends or foes, relatives or strangers. Triad 80.

² Hercules.

³ There is a farm house of this name about five miles from the town of Carmarthen.

Rhys the Protector deserves Dyved;¹
 Ruler of Dyved! thy ravages, thy praise, thy enemies,
 Thy progress is wonderful;
 Thy sword of which we have heard so much,
 And thy red spear always ready for conflict;
 Thy crest, the pervading spirit above,
 Is easily seen on the field of battle;
 The protector of the orderly pleasant places,
 Is thoroughly known to the men of England;
 Three hundred times has thy shield been fractured,
 In three hundred hostile encounters.
 Thy red gold lying uncounted in thy palace,
 And thy prancing stallions,
 And thy flocks playfully skipping along,
 And thy herds, and thy wide domains:
 Thus wert thou when I found thee,
 And I am voluntarily impelled to sing thy praise.
 How energetic the man who overcomes
 All the unruly people;
 May God protect thee,
 And assist thee to prepare for thy end,
 Since there is no promise to tarry here.
 Dragon of Britain look before thee;
 And when thou shalt have run thy life of fair converse,

Rys rebyt ef dyrilyt dyved
 Dyved rwyf dy glwyf dy glod dy gynygyn
 Dy gynnif ys hynod
 Dy gletyf ry glywasam arvod
 Ath waew rut yn rynn ym wosod
 Dy arwyf ech awyt uchod
 Ys ar grad y gad y ganvod
 Canhorthwy gordwy gordirod
 Can wyr lloegyr ys llwyr adnabod
 Dy ysgwyd rwygwyd ragod trychanweith
 Trychangwyth gyvarvod
 Ath eur rut dilut divyth od yth lys
 Ath emys amgyrvod
 Ath breityawr yn dyrawr dyvod
 Ath preitin ath braf dy ofod
 Mal yt wytt yt wyf yth ganvod
 Yth ganmawl ny gannwrf gorvod
 Mor huyegwr gwr yn gorvod ar bawb
 Or bobloet anghydvod
 Cynnhyad Duw ys diheu y vod
 Yth gannerth cyn darmerth darvod
 Canyd oes yma ammod y drygiaw
 Dreic prydein syll ragod
 Pan vytych oth vyd hart gydvod

¹ The district of Dyved latterly comprised all South Wales except Glamorganshire.

Of which I would not have concern without thee;
 In heaven may thy permanent mansion be, and thy summer
 dwelling,—
 A prince of the kingdom of God above.

Eineon ap Gwgan does not seem to have gained much renown in his own age; but he has contributed one fine poem to the store of Cambrian literature. This is a long heroic address to Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, the commencement and conclusion of which are really fine specimens of poetry,—¹

I invoke the assistance of my Lord, the God of Heaven,
 Christ the mysterious love promoter, whom to neglect is
 impious,
 (The gift is true which descendeth from above,
 The gifts that are given me are immortal,)
 According to the words of Paul,
 To prove all things,
 And to celebrate my prince, the ardent ruler,
 Who avoids not the battle, nor its danger ;—
 Llewelyn the generous, the maintainer of bards.
 He is the dispenser of happiness to his subjects,
 His noble deeds cannot be sufficiently extolled,
His spear flashes in a hand accustom'd to martial deeds.

His numerous battles are then related, and the poem concludes with the following summary of the hero's character :—²

Protector of our country, may God protect thee !
 Britain, fearless of her enemies, glories in being ruled by

Or bythwn ny hebwn hebod
 Boed yn nef ath bendref ath havod teyrn
 Teyrnas duw uchod.—Myv. Arch. i. p. 294.

¹Cyfarchaf om naf, am nefawl Arglwydd,
 Crist celi culwydd, cwl i ddiawl,
 Celfydd leferydd o le gweddawl,
 Celfyddydau mau ni fo marwawl
 I brofi pob peth o bregeth Bawl,
 I foli fy rhi, rhwyf angerddawl
 Rhyfel ddiocchel, ddiocchwyth hawl,
 Llywelyn heilyn hwylfeirdd waddawl
 Llawnnydd y dydd, deddyf ai mawl,
 Llewychedig llafn yn llaw reddfawl.

²Rhy chyngain Prydein yn ddibryder,
 I Briodawr llawr yn llawn nifer,

A chief who has numerous troops to defend her,
 By Llewelyn who defies his enemies from shore to shore,
 He is the joy of armies, and like a lion in danger,
 He is the emperor and sovereign of sea and land.
 He is a warrior that may be compared to a deluge,
 To the surge on the beach which covereth the wild salmon.
 The sound of *his approach is like that of the roaring wave that*
rusheth to the shore,
That can neither be stopped nor appeased ;
He puts numerous troops of his enemies to flight,
Like a mighty wind.
 Warriors crowded about him zealous to defend his cause,
 Their shields shone bright on their arms,
 His bards make the vales resound with his praises;
 The justice of his cause, and his bravery in maintaining it,
 Are deservedly celebrated;
 His valour is the theme of every tongue,
 The glory of his victories is heard in distant climes ;
 His men exult about their eagle,—
 To yield or die is the fate of his enemies.
 They have experienced his force by the shivering of his
 lance;
 In the day of battle, when no danger can change his purpose,
 He is conspicuous above the rest,
 With a large, strong, crimson lance.
 He is the honour of his country, great is his generosity,

Llewelyn gelyn yn i galwer
 I gelwir am dir am dud tymer.
 Llawnnydd lluoedd llew ynryder,
 Llywiawdyr ymmerawdr mor a lleufer,
 I ddylif cynnif cynhebyecer
 I ddylan am lannu, am leisiaid ffer.
 Terfysu tonu dilyso dyleinw aber ;
 Dylad anwasdad ny oestecor,
 Terwynt twrwr rhywynt yn rhyw amser,
 A rhialluoedd lluoedd llawer.
 Torfoedd ynghyhoedd ynghyflawnder
 Tariannau golau wal i gweler :
 Ry folant anant, anaw cymer,
 Ry molir i wir i orober
 I wryd yn rhyd yn rheid nifer,
 I orofn gwraf yn ydd eler,
 I orofn gorfod glod a glywer,
 I wyr am eryr ni amharer
 I warae orau pan waraer
 I wayw a orau yn ddau hanuer,
 Dinidr yn nydd brwydr ynyd brofer,
 Dinodyng perging, pargoch hydrfer,
 Dinas dreig urddas, eurddawn haelder

And he is never sued in vain.
 Llewelyn is a tender-hearted prince;
 He is wise, witty, and ingenious,
 And diffuses happiness as he circulates his wine.
 May he that bestowed on us a share of his heavenly revelation,
 Grant him the blessed habitation of the saints above the stars.

Next in point of literary merit is Davydd Benvras, who has also composed a fine poem in honour of this Prince. In the preceding portions, I have contented myself with presenting literal prose versions; but in order to afford a little variety, I will give Davydd Benvras's ode, in a very faithful metrical version by Mr. Maurice Roberts of Llanrhudol,—¹

Creator of that glorious light,
 Which sheds around his vivid rays,
 And the pale moon which rules the night,
 O deign to animate my lays !
 O may my verse like Merddin's flow !
 And with poetic visions glow.
 Great Aneurin, string my lyre,
 Grant a portion of thy fire !
 That fire, which made thy verse record
 Those chiefs, who fell beneath the sword
 On Cattraeth's ² bloody field :
 O ! may the muse her vigour bring
 While I Llewelyn's praises sing,
 His country's strongest shield.

Dinac efynag pan ofynner.
 Dyn yw Llewelyn llywiauwr tyner,
 Doeth coeth cywrenn, gwin a gwener
 Ar gwr ai rhoddes in ran or pader,
 Ai rhoddo ef gwenfro gwynfryn uch ser.

¹ Gwr a wnaeth llewydych o'r gorllewin,
 Haul a lloer addoer, addaf iessin
 Am gwnel radd uchel rwyf cyfychwyn
 Cyflawn Awen, awydd fyrddin
 I gannu moliant mal Aneurin gynt
 Dydd y cant Ododin
 I foli gwyndawd gwyndyd werin
 Gwynedd bendefig fflynnedig ffin
 Gwanas deyrnas deg cywrennin
 Gwreidd teyrneidd taer ymrwydrin

² See Chap. 1. p. 3.

Ne'er was such a warrior seen,
 With heart so brave and gallant mien ;
 From a regal race descended,
 Bravely he the land defended,
 Kings have learnt his pow'r to dread,
 Kings have felt his arm and fled.
 Loegria's king with conquest flush'd
 Boldly to the battle rush'd,
 Then was heard the warlike shout,
 (Signal of the approaching rout)
 Great Llywelyn raged around,
 Bravest Chieftains press'd the ground,
 None his valour could withstand,
 None could stem his furious hand,
 Like a whirlwind on the deep,
 See him through their Squadrons sweep.
 Then was seen the crimson flood,
 Then was Offa¹ bathed in blood,
 Then the Saxons fled with fright,
 Then they felt the Monarch's might.
 Far is heard Llywelyn's name,
 Resounded by the trump of fame ;
 Oft the hero chased his foes
 Where Sabrina² smoothly flows.
 Could I poetic heights attain,
 Yet still unequal were my strain
 Thy wondrous deeds to grace.

Gwrawl ei ffamdo am fro freiddin
 Er pan oreu Duw dyn gyssefin
 Ni wnaeth ei gystal traws arial trin
 Gorug Llywelyn orllin—teyrnedd
 Ar y brenhinhedd braw a gorddin
 Pan fu yn ymbrofi a brenin Lloegyr
 Yn llygru swydd erbin
 Oedd breisc weisc ei fyddin,
 Oedd brwys rwyse rhag y godorin
 Oedd balch gwalch, golchiad ei lain,
 Oedd beilch gweilch, gweled ei warin,
 Oedd clywed cleddyfau finfin
 Oedd clybod clwyf ym mhob elin
 Oedd briw rhiw yn nhrabludd odrin
 Oedd braw saw saeson clawdd y Cnwccin
 Oedd bwlich llafn yn llaw gynnefin,
 Oedd gwaedlyd pennau, gweddi gwaedlin rhyw
 Yn rhedeg am ddeulin.
 Llywelyn, ein llyw cyffroddin
 Llywiauwrdr berth hyd borth ysgewin

¹ Offa's Dyke.

² The river Severn.

E'en Taliesin, bardic King,
 Unequal were thy praise to sing,
 The glories to retrace.
 Long and happy may he live !
 And his hours to pleasure give.
 Ere his earthly course is sped,
 And he lies number'd with the dead ;
 And, ere upon his honoured tomb,
 Herbs shall rise, and flowers shall bloom.
 May the Redeemer intercede,
 And unto God for mercy plead !
 And when the judgment day shall come,
 When all attending to their doom,
 Then may Llywelyn, warrior brave,
 In glory live beyond the grave,
 O may the hero's sins be then forgiven,
 And have a seat with blessed saints in heaven !

The diction here is dignified, well-sustained, and appropriate; but in the original of this, as in many compositions of the same, and later ages, the versification is elaborated at the expense of sentiment, and a jingling of similar sounds is made to conceal a poverty of ideas; yet Davydd Benvras is more coherent and concise than most of his contemporaries. What he has to say, he puts into a few nervous words; and if his thoughts fall short of sublimity, they must be admitted to be less trite, and common place, than those which pervade many of the bardic remains. Twelve of his poems have been preserved; most of them are addressed to Llywelyn the Great, but there a few moral

Ni ryfu gystal Gwstennin ag ef
 I gyfaill pob gorllin
 Mi i'm byw be byddwn ddewin
 Ym marddair ym marddawn gysefin
 Adrawd ei ddaed aerdrin ni allwn,
 Ni allai Daliesin.
 Cyn adaw y byd gyd gyfrin
 Gan hoedyl hir ar dir daierin
 Cyn dyfnfedd escyrnwedd yscrin
 Cyn daer dyfnlas arllesin
 Gwr a wnaeth or dwfr y gwin
 Gan fodd Duw a diwedd gwirin
 Nog a wnaethbwyd treis anwyd trin
 Ymhresant ymhrysor orllin
 Ni warthaer hael am wertheffin nos.
 A nawdd saint boed cyfrin.

verses, which if they have no other merit, are smooth, flowing, and suited to the subject.

MORAL VERSES.

All will come to the earthen ship,
 Poor, little people will perish :
 Who owns great wealth will cease to be,
 And in one hour be swallowed up.

The hosts of earth will have an end,
 And all we loved or followed ;
 Do we not pass to a cold tenement ?
 There is no life to man.

Every man will have a cold habitation,
 With death for his companion,
 And though he owns the land above,
 He'll end his days in that beneath.

Elidir Sais has left eleven poems, of which many are on religious subjects. Of those which relate to temporal matters, we will take the first on the list in the Archaiology.

AN ATONEMENT TO LLYWELLYN AB IORWERTH.¹

Natural is the quaffing of the clear bright wine,
 From the horn of the buffalo,
 From the fold of the bugle,
 Natural is the singing of the cuckoo in the beginning
 of summer,
 Natural is the increasing growth of the springing blade,
 Natural to the wise is his intellectual wealth,

¹ Pawb a ddaw yr ddacwr long
 Pobyl vchein druhein a dreing
 A vacco treul gywro trang
 Yn auawr y llawr ae llwng.

Llyngvawr daearawr dervyn a garaf
 A gereis ych hanlyn
 Neut eddwyf yn oer dyddyn
 Nid oes dim enioes y ddyn.

Pob dyn oer dyddyn neied eiddaw angheu
 Anghyveilliwr iddaw
 Y veddu dayar arnaw
 Y vedd or diwedd y daw.

² DADOLWCH I LLYWELLYN AB IORWERTH.

Gnawdd yr ysawdd glyw gloyw win o fual
 O fuarth buelin.

Gnawd cathleu cogeu cyntefin
 Gnawd y tyf tywys o egin
 Gnawd y doeth cyfoeth cyfyewin

But not natural, not tranquil is it to be sorrowful.
 Regret has done me great injury,
 For the brothers of dignity, the best men of the west ;
 Brothers separated in lamentable terror by foes,
 O God, and Mary, and the sisters ! can I smile ?
 Can I rejoice with a mind full of anxiety ?
 He came as a lion with lightning impelling,
 The excelling hawk, the victorious hawk of enterprise,
 Llywelyn the gentle sovereign,
 Of courteous manners ; the director of the banquet, (or the
 filling of the circulating glass,)
 I am not accustomed to the habit of soaring, (or whirling
 round,)
 I have not been roaming,
 To view the paths of the songs of Taliesin,
 Lo ! I am not so sprightly
 As prior to the end of the frail conflict of Breiddin,¹
 To express myself in the bardic strains of Merddin.
 I will give thee counsel ; who art most excellent in disposition,
 Whose dread spreads beyond the sea !
 Consider, when you oppress beyond the borders,
 To make every one extend his head to his knees,
 Be to the weak an equal distributor of the spoil ;
Be truly mild to the songs of the right line ;
 Be of ardent courage in the slaughter, adhere to thy labour ;
Destroy England, and plunder its multitudes,

Ni nawd nid llonydd a llwyfin
 Hiraeth am ry wnaeth rewin
 Braint brodyr gwellwyr gollewin
 Broder de braw aele elin
 Duw a mair a chwair yn chwerrhin
 Chwerthid bryd o bryder chweurin
 Dothyw llew a lluchig gorddin
 Detholwalch buddugfalch byddin
 Llewelyn llyerw freyenhin
 Llary ddefawd llyw gwyrddrawd gwydrin
 Nid wyf gynnefawd gynnefin amchwyf
 Ni rybum gerddenin
 Edrych cyrdd cerddau Taliesin
 Edrych ni mor wyf eddein
 Ry ddarfod brau gyfnod Breiddin
 Ry ddywawd oi farddwawd Ferddin
 Cyseil ath roddaf oth rin wyd goreu
 Gorofn tra nieren
 Ystyrych pan dreisych dros ffin
 Ystwg pawb hyd ben ei ddeulin
 Bydd wrth wann gyfran gywrenin
 Bydd iawn llary wrth gerddau iownllin
 Bydd wrddrud aer ddyliud ddilin
 Dilein Lloegr a llwgr oi gwerin

¹ The same place as the Breiddin mentioned by Gwalchmai in the first chapter.

Mercy be to thee in thy stony fortress
For loving the prophetic Deity !

THE SAME SUBJECT IN A DIFFERENT METRE.

Llywelyn the affable, permit me to remain in the country
Of the obstructors of the great Ca-esar¹
And honour me, thou whose course is like the fiery flame,
With thy gift, and thy favour, but not thy anger,
Thy anger Llywelyn has been heavy,
And nearly annihilated me.
Thou whose golden tributes are wrung from every land,
Hast nearly exterminated a youth in his manhood.
Manliest of men, supporter of the tents of Avarwy,²
His anger is dreadful,

Trugaredd ath fo oth feinyn gaerwedd
O garu Duw Ddewin

KYNGOGION OR DADOLWCH.

Llywelyn hyddyn haedd am par cywlad
Cyfluddion Udd Kesar
Om rhoddud rwyg ufeliar
Da rodd dy fodd heb dy far
Dy far Llywelyn a fu fawr i drwm
Ei drymed am diddawl
Eurdreth o drymyn pob llawr
Aer drange gwr ieuange gwriawr.
Gwr gwraf gorsaf gweryll Afarwy
Ei fareu am archyll

¹ Welsh Literature furnishes additional proofs of the propriety of sounding the C hard in Latin words. The Bards, who usually adhered strictly to sounds, always say Kesar. It sounds strange to say Kikero, and yet that seems to be the proper pronunciation.

² In the Biographical Dictionary of the Rev. Robert Williams, Avarwy, upon the authority of the Triads, is represented to have been the same person as the Androgeus of the Chronicles; but though doubtful of the soundness of that view, I cannot stay to enquire into its correctness. It is however certain that the Avarwy to whom Llywelyn is compared, was not Androgeus but Arviragus; for a Welsh bard would scarcely think it a compliment, to compare Llywelyn ab Iorwerth to one of "three arrant-traitors of the Isle of Britain." He was the son of Kynvelyn (Kymbelinus,—the Cymbeline of Shakspeare) King of Britain. Arviragus is placed by Geoffrey in the Reign of the Emperor Claudius. His brother Gwiderius (Gwydyr) and Arviragus (Avarwy) having refused to pay tribute to the Romans, Claudius came against him with a large army. In the battle that ensued, Gwiderius was slain treacherously by Hamo, a Roman General; but Arviragus having put on his brother's armour continued the conflict, and defeated the Romans. He subsequently married the daughter of Claudius, and gave his assistance to the Emperor in reducing the Orkneys. He afterwards rebelled against the Romans, and acquired great fame as a warrior; but after fighting an indecisive battle against Vespasian, who had been sent to oppose him; he, through the good offices of his wife, made peace with that General. Afterwards, when he grew old, he began to show much

Nimble slaughterer of the hosts of Loegria,¹
 Though the red-armed chief accuses he will not lose me.
 Than be sent away by him who pays me from his riches,
 It is more likely far;
 That he will leave me to want nothing,
 But make me like Gwgan, live an age of prosperous gene-
 rosity.
 Most generous were Mordav² and thy honoured father,
 They would not bid me seek another land ;
 Impeller of armies, hero of slaughterers,
 Eagle of warriors, send me not away.
 Let me not be exiled, without having deserved thy hatred,
 From thy large and wide domain,

respect to the senate, and to govern his kingdom in peace and tranquillity. He confirmed the old laws of his ancestors, and enacted some new ones, and made very ample presents to all persons of merit. So that his fame spread over all Europe, and he was both loved and feared by the Romans, and became the object of their discourse more than any King in his time. Hence Juvenal relates how a certain blind man speaking of a turbot that was taken, said :—

“Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi,
 Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
 Excidet Arviragus.”

Thou hast here an Omen, of a victory great and glorious ;
 Arviragus shall from his British chariot fall,
 Or thee his lord, some captive king shall call.

In war none was more fierce than he, in peace none more mild, none more pleasing, or in his presents more magnificent. When he had finished his course of life, he was buried at Gloucester, in a certain temple which he had built and dedicated to the honour of Claudius. Such is Geoffrey's story, which though some of it may be imaginary, is evidently that to which the bard refers.

Aerflawdd Lloegr lluoedd eryll
 Arfrudd er cyhudd nim cyll.
 No chollod alaf elw freuner om tal
 Tebygach ym lawer
 Heb eisieu neb neuom ner
 Oes wogawn hwyldawn haelder
 Haelaf oedd Fordaf ath fawrdad am ged
 Nym gedynt arallwlad
 Eryf llu arwr lleiddiad
 Eryr ar gedwyr nam gad
 Nam gad i wybraw eb obryn dy far
 Oth fawr ehang derfyn

¹ Lloegria is the Welsh name for England.

² “Gwgan Gwron, the son of Peredur vab Eliver, distinguished with Llywarch Hen and Manyddan, as the three unambitious princes of Britain; who having devoted themselves to bardism, refused to accept of regal power when offered them. He was also one of the three heralds who regulated the laws of war; the other two were Greidiol and Trystan. He flourished about the close of the sixth century.” Owen's Cambrian Biography, p. 161.

³ One of the three generous princes of the Isle of Britain.

Brave leader of the great tribe of Mervyn,
Llywelyn hero of Lliwelydd.

We shall speak of the religious poems of this bard hereafter. Of the cause of this anger on the part of Llywelyn there seems to be no information; but it is possible that the Prince was suspicious of his integrity, for as the name Elidir Sais (Heliodorus the Englishman) indicates, the bard either was not of Welsh parentage, though he had acquired a pretty complete knowledge of the language, or he had spent much of his life in England,

Gwynvardd Brycheiniog, another bard of this age, has left us two long poems, one addressed to the Lord Rhys of Dinevor, and the other to the memory of St. David. The latter is a curiosity, and a good specimen of an historical poem. In the following lines the poet shows much skill in his enumeration of the churches dedicated to this saint in his day:—

Dewi (or David) the great of Menevia, the wise sage,
And Dewi of Brevi¹ near the plains,
And Dewi is the owner of the superb church of Kyvelach,²
Where there is joy and great piety.
And Dewi owns the choir that is
At Meidryn,³ a place affording sepulture to multitudes;
And Bangor Esgor; and the choir of Henllan,
Which is a place of fame for sheltering yews,
And Maenor Deivy,⁴ void of steep declivities;
And Abergwily,³ containing mildness and modesty;
And fair Henvynyw,¹ by the side of the Glen of Aeron,

Glew llawr cenedl fawr Feryn
Glyw Lliwelydd Llywelyn.

Dewi mawr Mynyw, syw sywedydd,
A Dewi Brevi, gar ei broydd
A Dewi bieu balch lan Gyfelach,
Lle mae moraach a mawr grefydd.
A Dewi bieu Bangeibyr y sydd
Meidrym, le a'i mynwent i luosydd,
A Bangor Esgor; a Bangeibyr Henllan,
Y sydd i'r clodfan y clyd ywydd
Maenawr Deifi di orfynydd;
Abergwyli bieu gwylwlydd;
Henvynyw deg o du glennydd Aeron,

¹ In Cardiganshire. ² Glamorganshire, near Swansea. ³ Carmarthenshire.

⁴ Pembrokeshire.

Fields prolific in trefoil, and oaks productive of acorns.
 Llanarth, Llanarthney,¹ churches of the patron saint ;
 Llangadog,¹ a privileged place, enriched by chiefs ;
 Llanvaes², a lofty place, shall not suffer by war ;
 Nor the church in Llywel² from any hostile band,
 Garthbrengi,² the hill of Dewi, void of disgrace
 And Trallwng Cynvyn² by the dales ;
 And Llanddewi² of the Cross, with a new chancel ;
 And Glaschwmm,² and its church by Glas Vynydd (the green
 mountain)
 A lofty sylvan retreat, where sanctuary fails not ;
 Craigvuruna² fair is here, and fair its hilly prospects ;
 And Ystradvynydd,² and its uncontroled liberty."

The translation is taken from "Williams's Dissertation on the Pelagian Heresy."

Next on the list stands the name of Phylip Brydydd, or Phylip the poet. We have six poems by him on various topics, none possessing any great degree of poetical merit, and yet each possessing some feature of sufficient interest to deserve notice. He seems to have been considered in his own day to possess considerable talent; and though he will not now bear comparison with the great luminaries of the world, yet has he in him something more than the run of common men. He was the family bard of that turbulent chieftain Rhys Gryg, Lord of South Wales, and seems to have given offence to his patron by his leaving the court of Rhys to travel the regular bardic circuit, the chieftain objecting to the celebration of any praise but his own; the following poem contains a species of remonstrance on the part of the bard,—

¹ Carmarthenshire.² Brecknockshire³ Radnorshire.

Hyfaes ei mellion, hyfes goedydd ;
 Llanarth, Llanadneu, llanau llywydd ;
 Llangadawg, lle breiniawg rannawg rhydd ;
 Nis arfeidd rhyfel Llanfaes, lle uchel ;
 Na'r llan yn Llywel, gan neb lluydd ;
 Garthbrengi, bryn Dewi, digywilydd ;
 A Thrallwng Cynfyn ger y dolydd,
 A Llandewi y Crwys, Llogawd newydd,
 A Glaschwmm ai eglwys ger glas fynydd
 Gwyddelfod aruchel, nawdd ni achwydd,
 Craig Furuna deg yma, teg ym mynydd,
 Ac ystradvynydd, ai ryddid rydd.

Myv. Arch. v. 1. p. 127.

ATONEMENT TO RHYS GRYG.¹

Why seekest thou, bloodstained rallying point of the
 Blood-soiled spear, that I should leave thee ?
 Why patron of bards, wolf of the Lord,
 What fault foundest thou in me ?
 I will take upon me, eloquent Rhys, to answer ;
 It is rendering to him in his own court,
 Ready and certain services,
 And singing the great praises of the Lord Rhys.
 Rhys the honoured of England, and gentle host of the ban-
 queting house of numbers,
 The shield of Ystrad Towy ;
 From thy fury, loving patron of song,
 May God protect me as if I were helpless.
 I have been thy supporter, thou maintainer of armies,
 It cannot be denied,
 When, well known ruler, lion of battle,
 Thou wert involved in all sorts of wars.
 For thy fame, great hero, dishonour me not,
 Nor treat me with contempt ;
 Radiant Eagle, sheltering hand,
 Let me not feel thy ire.
 I cannot continue to eat the bread of Rhys,
 The crimson spotted one of battles :
For pleasureless to me is all good,

¹ KYNGHORION DADOLWCH A GANT PHYLIP PRYDFT Y RHYS GRYG GWEDI
 SORREI WRTHAW AM BRYDU Y NED NAMYN ITAW EF.

Pa gessidy vi vodrydaf kreugar
 Kroewgoch gwaew oth adaf
 Pa ham veirt adlam vleit naf
 Pa gam a gefeisty arnaf
 Arnaf kymeraf kymhennrys atdeb
 Hyd attaw yny lys
 Myned dyllyed diliys
 A mawrglod ym arglwyd rys.
 Rys vvg Loegyr westyng lary westi torvoet
 Taryan ystrad Tywi
 Rao dy var kar kert lochi
 Mal gwiryon gwared dduw vi
 Mi ath fum borthwr borthiad riallu
 Ni ellir y ddiwad
 Pan oed lyw kyhoet lew cad
 Ym pob riw ryvel arnad.
 Ar dy vawivar par pymillyg nam gwartha
 Nam gwrthod yn ddurvyg
 Eryr llewyr llaw bergyng
 Erreityeisty ehang o yng
 Ys yng yn ystwg ystic vara rys
 Rutvoawc cadurva
 Ys amlys im ddim da

While disliked by him who used to love me.
 Hate me not, be patient passionate one, refrain
 Rhys of Rhos and Eppynt,¹
 I have been thy bard, and many know it,
And a hundred times thy companion formerly.
 First I will save my important privileges from the rage,
 Of the descendant of Casnar² of the dreaded thrust;
 The protection of the great God of the ten shades of midnight,
 Be given me, and that of nine thousand saints!
 And beware heroic ruler, blood furious Rhys,
 Who ragest like the great sea monster,
 That thou givest coronal greeting to thy minstrel,
*When in the course of song, he comes on the eve of January.*³
 More than the relics of the faith, I believe thee,
 Supporter and the pillar of battle;
He is one who will keep my chair for me,
 I know he will not break his word.
 If in a vain mood I heedlessly said a word, to cause
 Offence to the golden pillar of the Kymry,
 I can easily alter that;
 God above will take the unkind.

This bard in his own day was a distinguished champion

Os am carwys am cassa.
 Nam cassa pwylla pyllawd edvynt rys
 Y rwng ros ac eppynt
 Bart vum itt trimud tremynt
 A chedymddeith kanweith kynt
 Kyntaf achubaf echel vreint rac bar
 Hil casnar cas wytheint
 Nawt duw mawr dengwawr deweint
 Gyda nawt naw mil o seint.
 Synnya di roti rwyf gwawr carannawe
 Kerennhyt yth gerddawr
 Rysva kyrt kalan yonawr
 Rys rut bar rwysc morvar mawr
 Mawr fwy y credaf ne chreir ked
 Nerthyad echel kad ked adneir
 Gwr yssey ym kadw ym kadeir
 Gwn itaw goreuraw geir
 O dywedeisy eir ar wekrei heb porth
 Parth eurgolofn Kymry
 Diwygaf honnaf hynny
 Difwyn a gymer duw vry.

¹ Carmarthenshire.

² Casnar is in the Mabinogion called prince Kasnar, and in other places Kasnar Wledig. He is mentioned in a poem attributed to the pseudo-Taliesin, called "Marwnad Uthr Pendragon," with Gorlaix and other romantic heroes; and was the father of Llary, one of Arthur's warriors.

³ On the first day of every new year, each prince held a feast, after which, on the departure of the guests, there was a general distribution of presents. On these occasions the bards and other officials received presents of new garments, harps, and money; and accordingly the first day of January was anxiously expected. Children still run about Wales for new year's gifts.

of the privileges and pretensions of the chief bards. A portion of one of his invectives against the inferior grade, or poetasters, has been already given; and it is hoped that the interest of the next poem will atone for its insertion. The object of the poem is to state, that he would, at Christmas, meet the poetasters at the court of Llywelyn, when he engages to expose their incapacities, and bring them into utter discredit. It would appear that he had been twitted with the statement, that the bard Golyddan had given a blow with the hand to Cadwaladr the Blessed. The fact is stated in this Triad,—¹

The three accursed battle-axe strokes of the Isle of Britain; the stroke of Eiddyn ab Enygan on the head of Aneurin Gwawdrydd; the stroke of Cadavael the Wild on the head of Iago ab Beli; and the stroke on the head of Golyddan the Bard, for the palmstroke he had given to Cadwaladr the Blessed."

We find the same fact stated in another Triad at greater length. It appears from the Triads that this palmstroke was fatal,—²

"The three fatal palmstrokes of the Isle of Britain; the palmstroke of Matholwch the Irishman, on Bronwen the daughter of Llyr; the palmstroke which Gwenhwyvach gave Gwenhwyvar, and which caused the battle of Camlan; and the palmstroke which Golyddan the Bard gave Cadwaladr the blessed."

The passage in the poem, is a reply to an accusation of this want of respect, shown by a bard for that monarch,—³

Lord of heaven and earth, great and wonderful
Like the Ca-esars, the causes of all mischief;
List! red-speared hero of sovereignty,
To the dispute between the bards and the poetasters.
Since the time that Elphin was in the contention of Maelgwn,

¹ Tair Anfad Fwyellawd Ynys Prydain;—Bwyellawd Eiddyn ab Enygan ym mhen Aneurin Gwawdrydd, a bwyellawd a roddes Cadafael Wylt ym mhen Iago ab Beli, ar Fwyellawd ym mhen Golyddan Fardd achaws y balfawd a roddes efe ar Gadwaladr Fendigaid.—Triad 78.

² Probert's Ancient Laws of Cambria, page 393.

³ Arglwydd nef a llawr mawr a ryved
Val y Keisyr cam pob camwedd.
Andawt ud gwaywrud gwawr teyrned
Y goveird ar beird yn kywryssed
Yr pan vu Elffin ynghywryssed Maelgwn

Babbling has not produced such extensive woe;
 Many a wise and simple story, should have trickled in the speech
 Of the snow white women of Gwynedd,
 Before this should have come, from the carols
 Of lying bards, ignorant of the Creator and his honours.
 If Golyddan did the mischievous act,
 Strike Cadwaladr the pillar of war—
 One who was capable of making similes,—
 And already suffering anguish,—
 On his soul be the iniquity.
 To disqualify the talents given by God is not in man ;
 Yet how severely is discord experienced,
 Since the presidency of Cambrian song is fallen to false superfluity.

The lord of truth, Prince of Gwynedd,
 And descendant of Madoc¹ of abundant riches ;
 Llywelyn, the glorious long sworded lion of war,
 Whose fame is known in distant parts,
 Will not give false judgment; he will speak firmly,
 He is one whose name will be popularly known,
 One who owns the taxes of the port of London,—
 The worthless land of Britain and its residences,
 One who knows the sense of the senate of Saints,
 One who uses the privilege of sovereignty ;
 I love best of all things, to recline in the halls,

Neus porthes pepprwn pell dyfryded
 Llavar meriunyeu gwynnyeu gwraged
 Llauer chwedel annoeth a doeth Wyned.
 Kyny deley hwn o achened
 Geuveird anghyfrwys y beryf ae henryded
 O gwnaeth Golyddan gyflavan diryelt
 Bit ar ei eneit yr enwired
 Taraw Kadwaladyr colofn elyflu
 Gwr oed yn gallu y dyvalied
 Ac eissoes eissoes yny dygned
 Divreiniaw dawn duw nyd dyn ae med
 Mor dygawn y mae digymroded
 Wedi penkeyrdeth kymry ynghamryssed
 O byd arglwyd gwir gwyned dywysawc
 Eissyllid Madawc rywawc reuved
 Llewelyn llew gwawr clodvawr cledddyfin
 Pell yd etnyger y atchwoded.
 Gwr ny varn kamvawn kadarn yt ved
 Gwr a vyd y anw yn edryssed
 Gwr bihen tretheu trathoed Llundein
 Diffeithdir prydein ae chyvanhed
 Gwr yn llwyr a wyr synnwyr sened Seint
 Gwr a wys y vreint o vreninied
 Goreu yw gennyfy gorwed neuadawr

¹ Madoc Brwyn, a chieftain who lived in the middle of the sixth century.—
 Cambrian Biography, p. 280. For further information, see note on Rhuvawn
 Bevyr, p. 48.

Of the lion of the tribe of Tewdwr! the Great—the heroic protector.

I am competent to sing,
A song for support and rich patronage,
The old song of Taliesin, the elementary sovereign.
It was new nine times seven years,
And if death does not consign me to the fated earthy mansion,
Before the ungentle meeting of parleying,
The muse shall not cease from lavishly flowing,
While sun and moon keep their places in the circle;
And if lies do not overpower truth,
Or a cessation of the talents of God before the end,
I will bring disgrace in the contest,
Upon the raw and false-bards and their vain affectations.

This bard has left among his poems, an Elegy on Rhys Ieuanc, in which there occurs a striking thought. On seeing the body he exclaims, Can this be real,—²

"Is it not an image in a mirror that I see?"

Was it not to-day that I saw him at the head of his army?
(Life is but grass) now I support the body of a lifeless king!'

Einion Wann, described by one of his contemporaries as "Einion of unexceptionable talents," is the author of several small poems of a pleasing character. They are principally addresses to, and elegies on warriors; and among them occurs an elegy on Madoc ab Gruffydd Maelor, of Powys, which is here translated.—³

Will not the tribes weep for the loss of Madoc,
Hawk of battles, bold and powerful chieftain?

Llyw llwyth Tewdwr mawr gwawr gwaradret
Kynnedylf yw gennyf y k— derganed
Kanu kerd am borth am byrth neued
Hengerd Talyessin y teyrned elvyd
Hi a vu newyd naw Seith mlyned
Ao onym agheu y anghenved daear
Kyn anwar kyfar kyflavared
Ny dervyd awen ty ar darwed treul
Tra vo lloer a heul ar y rodwed
Ao onyt trech kelwyd na gwiryoned
Neu darvot dawn duw yn y diwed
Ys my a veflawr or gynghewsed
Gweryt yr gwagveird y gwaghoffed

¹ Tewdwr was father to Rhys ab Tewdwr, and grandson to Howell the Good. He was slain when fighting under his uncle, Meredydd prince of South Wales, against Idwal king of North Wales, in the year 997.

² Neud rhaid am Fadawg trengi ciwdodoedd
Gwalch cadoedd cadrfalch ri

Have not my heart's tears ebb'd completely away,
 And is not my heart bursting through his loss ?
 The loss of Madoc, sorrowful recollection,
Makes the heart wither from regret.
 Hero of the north, prosperous chieftain ;
 Miserable is his valley, and his foster brother ;
 Cherished Madoc, wilful, but courteous to his leader,
 And swelling with rage like a lion ;
 A warrior who scared the enemy from extensive boundaries,
 The best of warriors, though an hundred years old.
 Being a hundred years old, it became him—
 To preserve beneficial peace ;
 Hawk of the hill of the king of the wilderness,¹
 Pity he is not alive,—*is not the world about to be wreck'd ?*
 Blunt is the man, the hero, and regulator of the people,
 Best of a father's son ;
 He was the lion of war in the path of battle,
 He was in the front rank of the land of the fifteen.²
 Madoc used to be, unlike the chiefs
 Of other countries of the world ;
 Parted from his region, he no longer exists,
 Guardian of the bulwark with his worn and broken shield.
 Broken is the harness of his shield from the tempests of
 battle.

Neud trai calon donn dug fi
 Ac neud trwydoll o'i golli.
 O golli Madawg edgyllaeth coflon
 Gwyw calon gan hiraeth
 Gwawr llawr llywyddedig bennaeth
 Gwae ei fro ai frodyr maeth
 Maeth Madawg mynawg mynadrwydd wyrthlyw
 Ac wrth lew ymorchwydd
 Arf tarf terfyn ehangrwydd
 Aerwr oreu pei canmlwydd
 Canmlwydd ydd oedd raid ruddelwch i fod
 I fad gynnal heddwch
 Gwalch brynn brenin ynialwch
 Gwael nad byw byd neud amdrwch
 Trwch yw'r gwr arwr ardwyaed gwerin
 A goreu o fab tad
 Ef oedd aerllew arllwybr cad
 Ef oedd arlleng pumthengwlad
 Gwladocedd ni debyg glud oeddlw ym myd
 Madawc oedd cyn heddiw
 Egor oi dud nad ydiw
 Ysgor gadw ysgwyd fradw friw

¹ A knight templar I should presume.

² The fifteen tribes of Powys.—See Kynddelw's Privileges of the Men of Powys, a poem.

He lies in a bed cold and unshapely,
 One who will be made like Gwair the son of Gwestl,¹
 Heroic men on the floor of Llan Egwestl.²
 We mourn our defender is not raging,—the generous chief
 I loved, is not living;
 Daring wolf, active in the violent tumult,
 Three terms of existence he lived.
 I entertain much heavy grief, and enduring indignation,
 For the slaughterer—the hero of the tribe,
 For the eagle of the men of victorious work,
 For the aged elected guardian of war.
 Elected prince of the kingdom of the red arms of battle,
 He was fond of war while he had strength,
 And the world regrets that he has been obstructed;
 The angry, the gentle Madoc, son of Gruffydd.
 For the son of Gruffydd, the gentle encourager of justices,
 I know that no smile is seen on my face;
 Is not the end of every prince accustomed to prosperity,
 Ordained to be in a ruddy grave?

In this rapid survey of the works of the numerous Bards, who flourished under the powerful and genial sway of Llywelyn the Great, we have been compelled to leave many of

Briw galch ei rodawg o ryw tymhestl cad
 Cynnoer wely diddestl

Gwr a wnair fal Gwair fab Gwestl
 Gwyr wawr yn llawr llynn Egwestl

Diwestl ei ysgor yscwynais nad byw
 Hael or rhyw rygollais

Blaidd blaengar blawdd trydar trais
 Trei hoeddyl ei hoed yr borthais

Porthais alar trwm tramawr odrig gwyth
 Am wawr llwyth a lleithig

Am eryr gwyr gwaith fuddig
 Am ior aerddor urddedig

Arddas teyrnas teyrn arfrudd cad
 Tryngyrchiad tra fu fudd

Trymfryd byd bod yn achludd
 Traws maws Madawg mab Gruffydd

Am fab Gruffydd lary lawch ynaid i'm ken
 Nid mau wen wedd honnaid

I bob rhwyf rhwyg orddyfnaid
 Diwedd nod rhuddfedd neud rhaid.—Myv. Arch. i. p. 334.

¹ Gwair was one of the three coronetted warriors of the Isle of Britain, renowned for being of a dismal disposition.—Guest's *Mabinogion*, Vol. ii. p. 140. and Myv. Arch. ii. p. 12.

² Llanegwest, is Valle Crucis Abbey, near Llangollen, in Denbighshire.—*Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. i. p. 13.

the minor poets without a special notice; and can now do no more, than offer a few remarks upon them collectively. Daniel ap Llosgwrn Mew has a short elegy on Owain Gwynedd; Gwilym Ryvel, who appears to have been more highly thought of by his contemporaries than the existing remains seem to warrant, has two odes to David the son and successor to that prince; Gwgan Brydydd has a short ode to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth; and Seisyll Bryffwrch, has three poems of rather an ordinary character. It is difficult to conceive, judging from the specimens we now have of his poetry, how Seisyll could have defeated Kynddelw in a Bardic contest for the chair of Powys; and we can scarcely avoid concluding, either that the decision was partial, or that the story is unfounded. Notwithstanding the claim to superiority—that of being a chief-bard, set up by Seisyll, I am inclined to adopt the latter alternative; for if he had competed for, and obtained the chair of Madoc ab Meredydd, we should surely have found some allusions to Powys and its prince in his poems. One of his poems being an elegy on Owain Gwynedd, another an elegy on Iorwerth ab Owain, and the other being addressed to the Lord Rhys, of South Wales, are facts which countenance that conclusion. Gruffydd ab Gwrgeneu has two small poems, one addressed to Gruffydd ab Kynan, son to Owain Gwynedd, and the other a lament on the loss of his companions. The latter is not unworthy of quotation,—¹

The death of the ever mild Merwydd,² incessantly wets my
cheeks,
With tears which flow fast and frequent;
It is not the age of man which causes them,
For man is no longer lived than a shadow.

¹ Marw merwyd hirwlyd am hirwlych dagreu
Digrawn ynt a mynych
Nyt heneint gwr ae gwrthrych
Nyt hyn oes dyn noo oes drych

² I know not who Merwydd was.

Let us consider and condole; we shall share the entertainment
of the Lord,
For God will not let us be lost ;
Tens of thousands die, and the majesty of song will be unheeded,
Merwydd is dead—dead we shall all be.
Far from Powys, lifeless and concealed is the man,
We should avenge his heart's blood;
In a house floored with silent sand,
Is the ruddy bed of Gwilym Ryvel.¹
I saw a place to-day, and sorry am I in consequence,
I can easily weep ;
A red grave of precious appearance was by,
And a bier under a body.
Death will be the lot of greatness and power,
The death of Griffri² is saddening ;
And Einion³ of faultless muse being gone,
There is nothing of any good remaining.

Three Englynion have been left by Gwernec ab Olydno;
but they possess no merit.

Towards the close of this period, we find a newer and
freer species of verse starting into existence. The involved,
and frequently obscure diction of the more pedantic bards,
was but little in unison with the buoyant and bustling
spirit of the times. Llywelyn's courage and ability had
restored confidence to his subjects, and the contest between

Ystyrywn kwynwn ketwyr arroll naf
Ny ad duw yghyrgoll-
Marw myrd mawred kyrd kardgoll
Marw merwyd meirw vyddwn oll
Pell yw o Bowys pwyll argel y dyn
Ymddial gwaed avel
Gwaelawt ty tywawt tawel
Gwely rud gwilym ryvel
Gweleis le am de am danaw heddiw
Hawdd y gallaf wylaw
Rudved werthvawr wed wrthaw
Ac edenawc y danaw
Kanye marw mawred agrym
Griffri y trengbi oet trwm
Marw vyd Einiawn dawn dinam
O dyn a ni byd da dim.

¹ The Bard of that name.

² Either Howell ab Griffri, or his father.

³ Einion Wann I presume.

him and the Kings of England developed the talents of his countrymen, and impelled the literary men of the day to keep pace with other forms of activity in an age of progress and animation. I allude to those loose rhymes which the Prydydd Moch, and Davydd Benvras, introduced among their countrymen, who soon got so enamoured of them, that they formed the nuclei of the versified tales of a later day. Literary merit, these rhymes have none; but they have the property of elasticity, and could not fail to have been popular. That, by Llywarch ab Llywelyn, is called "Y Canu Bychan,"—the little Song; it is dedicated to the praise of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, and begins thus,—¹

I will address my Lord,
With the great greeting muse,
With the dowry of Ceridwen,
The ruler of Bardism,
In the manner of Taliesin,
When he liberated Elphin,
When he overshadowed the bardic mystery,
With the banners of the bards.

Then follows a rhymed Chronicle of the Prince's exploits, —things of no present interest. Seisyll Bryffwrch has verses in a similar metre, but in neither of these cases do the verses possess any poetic merit; nor yet those of Davydd Benvras. His poem is addressed to the last Prince of Wales, and as it enumerates twenty-one of his military excursions, makes up in historical worth, for poetic demerits. A few of the verses are here subjoined:—²

Fifth Glamorgan,
A perpetual conflict;

¹ Cyvarchav i'm Rhen
Cyvarchvawr Awen,
Cyvren Cyrridwen
Rwyv Barddoni
Yn dull Taliesin,
Yn dillwng Elphin,
Yn dyllest Barddrin,
Beirdd vanieri.

² *Pummed Forganwg*
Parhaus gilwg;

And though he did much harm,
He has not finished.

Sixth journey,
Sixth place of conflict
At Swansea,—
A pleasant place.

Seventh, Kidwelly,
Burnt on this seventh excursion,
And Ystrad Towy
Saw hard fighting.

Eighth, cruel journey,
To Carnwyllion ;
From Ceredigion
We came hence.

SECTION III.

MYTHOLOGICAL POEMS.

ALTHOUGH the easy rhymes last noticed, exhibit but little poetic merit, they contain many historical facts; and are extremely useful as showing in the persons of known bards, the existence of a mental tendency, which will explain the origin of other poems of doubtful parentage. *The Mythological Poems, the "Awdl Vraith," and the "Avalleuau," are the offsprings of the same state of mind, as that which gave*

Er a wnel o ddrwg
Nis diwedda.

Chweched i dramwy
Chwechad yn Adwy
Yn Aber Tawy
Teg esgorva.

Seithved, Gedweli
Seithgad i'w llosgi
O Ystrad Tywi
Tew ei haerva.

Wythved, hynt greulawn
I Garnewilliawn
O Geredigiawn
Y dug yma.

rise to the flowing rhymes of Llywarch ab Llywelyn, and Davydd Benveras. Some of them may be earlier than this period; but most of the poems classed as Mythological, belong to the age of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth and his successors; and a large number of the poems assigned to Taliesin in the Myvyrian Archaiology, will come under this designation.

Presently we will speak of the Romances, and the Mabinogion: These poems belong to the same era, and sprang from the same cause. The Romance treated of external actions, and the popular manners; in the Mythological Poems we see the same mental impulse, operating upon the theological belief of a lively and imaginative people. Of this we have satisfactory evidence, in the fact that the chief characters in both are the same. In the Romance, Arthur is the prime mover; in the Poems, there is a fervent admiration of the same personage. The Geography of the Romance is very confused, and sometimes there is no place mentioned; the same indefiniteness belongs to the Poems. The language of the Mabinogion is free and flowing; that of these Poems is much clearer and smoother than any of the bardic remains of the same age. The Mythological Poems are also conversant about the same things, and treat of the same topics as the Mabinogion,—in a similar romantic strain; and in the Mabinogi of Taliesin, we see the characteristics of both, combined in one poem.

The matter, of course, was of older date, and of gradual growth. Every age had added new ideas to its mythology, clothed in statelier garb its ghastly forms, and added new features to the tales of tradition. There was nothing wanting to give them embodiment in the national literature, but the aid and countenance of the more skilful bards. But this was possible at no time previous to the twelfth century, when there was a great movement, in art, science, and literature. Mental activity showed itself in a variety of ways; old traditions were revived, chastened, and adorned; superstition was called upon for liberal contributions to the national literature; and to supply the popular demand for in-

tellectual food, magic, and the remains of Druidic theology, were made the subjects of songs and tales. These appear to have been considered as light exercises by the bards, who were their undoubted composers, as appears from the perpetual jealousy of inferior artists, which finds expression in them. In nearly every one of these poems, this distinction is studiously drawn; and this feeling corresponding with the position of the *priv-veirdd*, and with the mention of Arthur as the hero of romance, compels us to refer their origin to the twelfth and succeeding centuries. The anachronisms in several are most glaring, and in one we find the following boast,—

“I am a Bard, and I am a harper;
I am a *Piper*, and play the *Crwth*.”

It does not appear that there were *Pipes* here before the time of Gruffydd ab Kynan; and if so, this alone, to say nothing of smooth versification, allusions to the Arthur of Romance, and easily intelligible diction, settles the question of age. Simplicity is a quality that may be predicated of the diction of these poems; the meaning of the passages may not always be clear, and the allusions may be obscure, but the language is much plainer, than that of any bard earlier than the end of the fourteenth century. Some of them, I am satisfied, were composed as late as the time of Sion Kent, (1350,) and from his remarks, I should imagine them to have been those which celebrate the praises of Hu the Mighty. We hear nothing of Hu until after the fall of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd; but soon after “Hu” sprang into notice. The bards of this period frequently mention him; Iolo Goch is loud in his praise; and we may infer from the following lines by Sion Kent, that this admiration of “Hu” was at its height in his day:—

Two active impulses truly
There are in the world, and their course is manifest;
An impulse from Christ—joyful is the theme,
Of a right tendency—an energetic principle.
Another impulse there is—indiscreetly sung,

Of falsehood, and base omens ;
This has been obtained by the men of Hu,
The usurping bards of Wales.

It will not be necessary to advance further arguments to settle the date of these poems, and thereby in fact point out their true signification. One needs but to compare them with the Mabinogion to see at once their meaning. Mr. Turner was quite right when he supposed that the Mabinogion would throw light upon the poems falsely attributed to Taliesin ; but he does not seem to have suspected that the bardic mythology was romanticized, and the vulgar belief in conjuration symbolized, in the surprising narratives of Taliesin's transmigrations, and transmutations.

Many of these poems seem to be nothing else than the narrated wonders of magic, which, among persons unacquainted with science, have always found believers. The story of Gwion the little, (the poet Taliesin,) who successively transformed himself into a hare, a fish, a bird, and a grain of wheat, has its counterpart in the tale of "the second royal calender," in the Arabian Nights. Gwion, a male conjuror, was pursued by Kyrridwen, a female magician; and in the Indian tale, the male magician assumes the form of a lion, a scorpion, a cat, a fish, a worm, and a seed, to escape the vengeance of a female persecutor. The resemblance is very striking; and in both we see the play of rich and imaginative minds. Some persons may see more, but I cannot. Mr. Davies sees in everything an allusion to the ark. In many Welsh Triads there are evident references to Noah and the ark, and the allusions are not unfrequent; but they are by no means so numerous as that ingenious author imagined. A theorist may see concealed meanings in "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Jack the Giant Killer;" several of the poems called Mythological, are in no respect more mysterious than those favourites of childhood; and it is to be feared that they are not more worthy of notice, than the common stories of conjuration ; but lest we should be too sceptical, let the reader judge for himself:—

"Gwion perceiving her at a distance transformed himself into a hare, and doubled his speed; but Kerridwen instantly becoming a greyhound bitch, turned him, and chased him towards a river.

"Leaping into the stream, he assumed the form of a fish; but his resentful enemy, who was now become an otter bitch, traced him through the stream, so that he was obliged to take the form of a bird, and mount into the air.

"That element afforded him no refuge; for the lady in the form of a sparrow hawk was gaining upon him—she was just in the act of pouncing upon him, when shuddering with the dread of death, he perceived a heap of clean wheat upon the floor, dropped into the midst of it, and assumed the form of a single grain.

"Kerridwen took the form of a black high crested hen, descended into the wheat, scratched him out, distinguished and swallowed him. And as the history relates she was pregnant of him nine months, and when delivered of him she found him so lovely a babe, that she had not resolution to put him to death.

"She placed him, however, in a Coracle, covered with a skin, and by the instigation of her husband, cast him into the sea, on the twenty ninth of April."

This was he who afterwards became the great Taliesin.

The Mabinogi of Taliesin is the most interesting of the Welsh metrical romances; and the story, taken up where we have now left him, will justify a little delay.—

Gwyddno Garanhir, a prince, part of whose dominions was an extensive tract of land, on the sea coast of Merioneth and Cardigan, had a profligate son named Elphin. On part of this property was a fishing weir, in which was usually taken on the night preceding every May-day, a draught of fish equal in value to one hundred pounds. Elphin being in want of funds, obtained from his father, by the advice of his council, the draught of this weir for one May-day Eve. The eventful hour having arrived, Elphin approached the weir, which was found to be empty,—on seeing which one of the weir-keepers remarked, "Elphin, thou hast never been thoroughly unfortunate till this night; for thou hast destroyed even the virtues of this weir, which has hitherto ever produced the worth of one hundred pounds every May-day Eve." "What now?" said Elphin, pointing to a skin bag on one of the poles of the weir, "perhaps there is equi-

valent to one hundred pounds there." The bag was opened, and he who opened it seeing a child, exclaimed, "Here is a fair forehead." "Fair Forehead (Tal-Iesin) be his name then," replied Elphin, and took up the child, carrying him homeward towards his father's house. Seeing the young prince depressed by failing to capture any fish, the child addressed him in the following words,—¹

Oh Elphin fair! lament no more,
No man should e'er his lot deplore;
Despair no earthly good can bring.
We see not whence our blessings spring;
Kynllo's¹ prayer deem not unheard,
God will maintain his sacred word;
In Gwyddno's weir, was never seen,
As good as there to-night has been.
Fair Elphin, dry thy tearful face,
No evil hence can sorrow chase;
Tho' deeming thou hast had no gain,
Grief cannot ease the bosom's pain;
Doubt not the great Jehovah's power,
Tho' frail I own a gifted dower.

¹ Elphin deg taw ath wyllo
Na chabled neb yr eiddo
Ni wna les drwg obeithio
Ni wyl dyn dim ai portho
Ni fydd goeg gweddi Cynllo
Ni thyr Duw ar addawo
Ni chad yngored Wyddno
Erioed gystal a heno.

Elphin deg sych dy ddeurudd
Ni weryd bod yn rhy brudd
Cyt tybiaist na chefaist fudd
Nith wna da gormod cystudd
Nag ammau wyrthiau Dofydd
Cyt bwyf bychan wyf gelfydd

¹ "Kynllo was the tutelar saint of the three churches of extensive endowments in Radnorshire, viz. Nantmel, Llangynllo, and Llanbister. He was also the founder of Llangynllo and Llangoedmor, in Cardiganshire; to the latter of which, the neighbouring churches of Mount and Llechryd, both dedicated to the Holy Cross, were formerly subject. Kynllo is commemorated in the Calendar, July 17, under the name of Kynllo Frenhin, or the king; and as he belonged to a powerful family, it is probable that he was originally a chieftain, and might afterwards, according to the practice of the age, have embraced a life of religion. The Pseudo-Taliesin says of him,—

'The prayer of Kynllo shall not be in vain,'

a proof that in after times his intercession was considered efficacious."—Rees's Welsh Saints, p. 133.

From rivers, seas, and mountains high,
 Good to the good will God supply.
 Fair Elphin blest with genius gay,
 Unmanly thoughts thy bosom sway;
 Thou should'st dispel this pensive mood,
 The future fear not—God is good.
 Tho' weak, and fragile, now I'm found
 With foaming ocean's waves around,
 In retribution's hour I'll be
 Three hundred salmons' worth to thee.
 Oh, Elphin! prince of talents rare,
 My capture without anger bear,
 Tho' low within my net I rest,
 My tongue with gifted power is blest.
 So long as I to thee am near,
 Thou never wilt have cause to fear,—
 Bear thou the triune God in mind
 And fear no earthly foe to find."

This elegant translation is from the able pen of Mrs. Llewelyn; and the conclusion of the second verse,—

"O Voroedd ac o Vynydd
 Ac o eigion avonydd
 Y daw Duw a da i ddedwydd,"

which I would translate thus,—

From the seas, and from the mountains,
 And from the depths of rivers,
 God brings good to the cheerful,

contains a psychological truth, in addition to much poetical

O foroedd ac o fynydd
 Ac o eigion afonydd
 Y daw Duw a da i ddedwydd.

Elphin gynneddfau diddan
 Anfilwraidd yw d'amcan
 Nid rhaid yt ddirfawr gwynfan
 Gwell Duw na drwg ddarogan
 Cyd bwyf eiddil a bychan
 Ar fin gorferw mor dylan
 Mi a wnaf yn nydd cyfrdan
 Yt well no thrychan maran

Elphin gynneddfau hynod
 Na sorr ar dy gaffaelod
 Cyt bwyf gwan ar lawr fy nghod
 Mae rhinwedd ar fy nhafod
 Tra fwyf fi yth gyfragod
 Nid rhaid yt ddirfawr ofnod
 Drwy goffhau enwau'r Drindod,
 Ni ddichon neb dy orfod.

beauty. All things are coloured by the imagination ; and objects are pleasing or painful, as the mind is cheerful or depressed. Shakspeare's expression of the same sentiment has elicited world-wide admiration,—

“ Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing,”

as has the “*Thanatopsis*” of Bryant, the American poet ; and Wordsworth's whole works are but various expressions of similar grand, ennobling, and profound truths. A love of the beautiful was prevalent among the ancient Welsh ; and I shall be glad to see the day when their descendants show as great a love of nature as is found in this poem, and in those of Gwalchmai, Howel ab Owain, and Davydd ab Gwilym. It was a pity, that the narrow spirit of bardism, crushed the buoyant and elastic spirit of romance. This love of nature is eminently characteristic of romance literature ; for the waving woods, the grass of excessive greenness, the limpid streams, and opening blossoms, have often made the hearts of Trouveres bound as joyously as did those of some of our bards, or as does the heart of Wordsworth, when it “*dances with the daffodil*.”

Some time after this, Elphin was taken prisoner by his uncle Maelgwn Gwynedd ; on hearing of which misfortune, Taliesin, as in duty bound, flew to his patron's assistance. No sooner had he arrived than he commences a diatribe against the bards of Maelgwn, and in order to show his vast superiority, commences a narrative of his casualties,—¹

First, I have been formed a comely person,
In the court of Keridwen I have done penance ;
Though little I was seen, placidly received,
I was great on the floor of the place to where I was led ;
I have been a prized defence, the sweet muse the cause,
And by law without speech I have been liberated

¹ Cyntav ym llunwiwyd ar lun dyn glwys :
Yn llys Ceridwen ym penydiwys ;
Cyd bach ym gwelid, gwyl vy nghynnwys,
Oeddwn vawr uch llawr llan ym tywys ;
Prid bum parwyden per awen parwys,
Ac o gyvraith heb iaith ym rhyddawys

By a smiling black old hag, when irritated,
 Dreadful her claim when pursued:
 I have fled with vigour, I have fled as a frog,
 I have fled in the semblance of a crow, scarcely finding rest;
 I have fled vehemently, I have fled as a chain,
 I have fled as a roe into an entangled thicket;
 I have fled as a wolf cub, I have fled as a wolf in a wilderness,
 I have fled as a thrush of portending language;
 I have fled as a fox, used to concurrent bounds of quirks;
 I have fled as a martin, which did not avail:
 I have fled as a squirrel, that vainly hides,
 I have fled as a stag's antler, of ruddy course,
 I have fled as iron in a glowing fire,
 I have fled as a spear-head, of woe to such as has a wish for it;
 I have fled as a fierce bull bitterly fighting,
 I have fled as a bristly boar seen in a ravine,
 I have fled as a white grain of pure wheat,
 On the skirt of a hempen sheet entangled,
 That seemed of the size of a mare's foal,
 That is filling like a ship on the waters;
 Into a dark leathern bag I was thrown,
 And on a boundless sea I was sent adrift;
 Which was to me an omen of being tenderly nursed,
 And the Lord of heaven then set me at liberty.

Having thus stated the changes he had undergone, he in
 the next place sets forth his grandest pretensions,—

Hen widdon ddulon, pan lidiwys
 Engiriawl ei hawl pan hwyliwys;
 Foais yn gadarn, foais yn llyfan
 Foais yn rhith bran braidd orphowys;
 Foais yn derwyn, foais yn gadwyn,
 Foais yn iychwyn, mewn llwyn llychwys;
 Foais yn vleiddyn, foais vleiddawr yn nifaith,
 Foais yn vronvraith, cyviaith coelwys;
 Foais yn gadno, cydnaid ystumiau,
 Foais yn velau, mal na thyciwys;
 Foais yn wiwair, ni chynnydd celwys,
 Foais yn gern hydd, rhudd ym rhwywys,
 Foais yn haiarn mewn tan tywys,
 Foais yn ben gwaew, gwaew ei puchwys;
 Foais yn darw taer chwerw ymladdwys,
 Foais yn vaedd gwrych mewn rhych rithwys,
 Foais yn ronyn gwyn gwenith glwys:
 Ar ael llen carthen ym carvagliwys
 Cymaint oedd ei gweled a chyveb rhewys,
 A yw yn llenwi val llong ar ddywrys;
 Mewn boly tywyll lle ym tywalltwys,
 Ac mewn mor dylan ym dychwelwys;
 Bu goelvain im' pan ym cain vagwys,
 Arglwydd nev yn rhydd ym ryddygwys.

Primary chief bard
 Am I to Elphin,
 And my original country
 Is the region of the summer stars,
 Joannes the diviner
 Called me Merddin,
 At length every king
 Will call me Taliesin.
 I was with my Lord
 In the highest sphere,
 On the fall of Lucifer
 Into the depth of hell;
 I have borne a banner
 Before Alexander;
 I know the names of the stars
 Of the North and the South.
 I have been on the galaxy
 At the throne of the Distributor;
 I was in Canaan
 When Absalom was slain;
 I conveyed the divine Spirit
 To the level of the vale of Hebron;
 I was in the court of Don¹
 Before the birth of Gwdion.
 I was instructor

Prif vardd cyssevin
 Wyr vi i Elfin,
 A'm gwlad gynnevin
 Yw bro ser hevin;
 Ioannes ddewin
 Ym gelwis Merddin,
 Bellach pob brenin
 Ym geilw Taliesin.
 Bum gyda vy Ner
 Yn ngoruchelder,
 Ar gwmp Lucifer
 I ufern ddyvnder;
 Bum yn dwyn baner
 Rhag Alexander;
 Mi wn enwau ser
 Gogledd ac awster
 Bum yn nghaer Gwdion
 Gan orsedd Deon;
 Bum mi yn Nghanon
 Pan las Absalon;
 Mi dygum Heon
 *I lawr glyn Hebron;
 Bum mi yn llys Don,
 Cyn geni Gwdion.
 Bum mi baderog

¹ Llys Don is the bardic appellation of the constellation Cassiopeia; and so Caer Gwdion is the galaxy.

To Eli and Enoc ;
 I was at the place of crucifixion
 Of the merciful Son of God ;
 I have been loquacious
 Prior to being gifted with speech ;
 I have been winged by the
 Genius of the splendid crosier ;
 I have been for three periods
 In the court of Arianrod ;¹
 I have been the chief director
 Of the work of the tower of Nimrod ;
 I am a wonder
 Whose origin is not known.
 I have been in the ark,
 With Noah and Alpha ;
 I have seen the destruction of
 Sodom and Gomorra ;
 I was in Africa
 Before the foundation of Rome ;
 I am now come here
 To the remains of Troia.
 I have been with my Lord
 In the manger of the ass ;
 I strengthened Moses
 Through the waters of Jordan ;

Eli ac Enog ;
 Bum mi ar van crog
 Mab Duw trugarog ;
 Bum mi lavarog
 Cyn bod tavodog ;
 Bum mi adeiniog
 Awen ceinvaglog ;
 Bum mi dri chyvnod
 Yn llys Arianrod ;
 Bum mi ben ciwdod
 Ar waith twr Nimrod ;
 Mi wyv ryveddod,
 Ni wyddis vy hanvod.
 Bum mi yn arca,
 Gan Noah ac Alpha ;
 Mi gwelais ddiva
 Sodom a Gomorra ;
 Bum yn Africa
 Cyn seiliad Roma ;
 Mi ddaethym yma
 At weddillion Troia.
 Bum gyda vy Rhen
 Yn mhreseb asen ;
 Mi nerthais Moesen
 Drwy ddwyr loddonen ;

¹ The constellation called the northern crown, literally the court of the silver circle.

I have been in the firmament
 With Mary Magdalene ;
 I have suffered hunger
 For the Son of the Virgin.
 I have obtained the muse
 From the cauldron of Keridwen ;
 I have been bard of the harp
 To Lleon of Lochlin.
 I have been on the White Hill,
 In the court of Kynvelyn,
 In stocks and fetters
 For a day and a year.
 I have been a teacher
 To the whole universe ;
 I shall be until the day of doom
 On the face of the earth ;
 My body it will not be known
 Whether flesh or fish.
 I have been in an easy chair
 Above the ecliptic,
 And this revolves
 Between three elements ;
 Then I was for nine months
 In the womb of the hag Keridwen ;
 I was originally little Gwion,
 And at length I am Taliesin.¹

Bum ar yr wybren
 Gyda Mair Vadlen ;
 Mi cevais newyn
 Am Vab y Vorwyn.
 Mi cevais awen
 O bair Ceridwen ;
 Bum mi vardd telyn
 I Leon Llychlyn ;
 Bum yn y Gwynvryn,
 Yn llys Cynvelyn,
 Mewn cyf a gebyn,
 Un dydd a blwyddyn.
 Mi a vum dysgawd
 Yr holl vedysawd ;
 Byddav hyd ddydd brawd
 Ar hyd daiarawd ;
 Ni wyddis vy nghnawd
 Ai cig ai pysgawd.
 Bum yn nghadair vlydd,
 Goruwch caer sidydd
 Hon yn troi y sydd
 Cyvrwg tri elvydd ;
 Bum naw mis haiach,
 Yn nghroth Ceridwen wrach ;
 Bum gynt Wion bach,
 Taliesin bellach.

¹ This and the preceding translation were written for the Cambrian and Ca.

A question here arises as to the meaning of these mutations. The Druids undoubtedly believed in the transmigration of souls, as do the Jews at the present time;¹ and there is no reason to doubt that the belief lingered among the bards. In the thirteenth century it must however have been faint, and the language of the Mabinogi is less that of a believing professor, than of one who infuses new life into old traditions, playing with known opinions, and alluding to persons, and names of places which still found favour in the popular mind. We do not require that Virgil should have believed the whole of the *Enëid* to be historically correct, nor that Milton should swear, that *Paradise Lost* contains no statement not founded in fact; and I must protest against the system adopted by Davies, and subsequently by the Rev. Vernon Harcourt,² of allowing no play for the imagination of the Welsh poets, and assuming every word to be true to actual phenomena. Even if we could believe, as with a singular want of critical discernment they do, that the writer of this Mabinogi lived in the sixth century, it would be inconsistent with our knowledge of human nature, to suppose that the poet had simply reflected the opinions of others, without impressing them with his own individuality; but when we feel certain that this poem belongs to the thirteenth century, when Druidism was a thing of tradition and not of actual belief, we should not too literally interpret its meaning. The changes said to have been undergone by the Taliesin of the tale, it is very possible, may have reference to the doctrine of transmigration; but we shall certainly fall into an error, if the fact be overlooked that we have here *the romance of the metempsychosis*, and not an exposition of the doctrine itself. This must be evident from the fact that the changes are not forced on the person by some superior power; but are quite voluntary,

Ibedonian Quarterly Review, by the late lamented Dr. Pughe, and occur at pages 370—2, volume V.

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. xxxiii. p. 628.

² *Doctrine of the Deluge*, Vol. i. p. 397.

as was seen in the case of Gwion and Keridwen; and we also find from frequent instances in the Mabinogion, that the assumption of shapes was a matter of choice, and not a compulsory act. Menw ab y Teirgwaedd, and Gwrhŷr Gwalstawt Ieithoedd, voluntarily assume the forms of birds in order to get close to the boar Twrch Trwyth; and the latter gets into conversation with the young boars! We therefore miss the solemnity which accompanies theological belief.

The poet then states the object of his journey,—¹

Puny bards, I am trying
To secure the prize, if I can ;
By a gentle prophetic strain
I am endeavouring to retrieve
The loss I may have suffered ;
Complete the attempt, I hope,
Since Elphin endures trouble
In the fortress of Teganwy,²
His confinement may not be over much,
Strengthened by my muse I am powerful ;
Mighty on my part is what I seek ;
For three hundred songs and more,
Are combined in the spell I sing.
There ought to stand where I am
Neither stone and neither ring ;
There ought not to be about me,
Any bard who may not know

¹ Culveirdd, ceisiaw yr wyv
Cadw y gamp neus gallwyv ;
Darogan dawelwyv
Ei rygeisiaw yr wyv
Y gollod a gafwyv ;
Cwbl geisydd rhygoelwyv,
Neud Elfin yn nghystwy
Sydd o gaer Teganwy,
Arno na ddoded rwy,
Cadr vy ngorawen wyv.
Cadarn ym a geiswyv ;
Sev tri chant cerdd a mwy
Yw y a wawd a ganwyv
Nis dyl sav lle ydd wyv
Na maen ac na modrwy ;
Na bydd i vy nghylchwy
Nebun bardd nas gwywo

² The ruins of the fort of Teganwy; there are still some remains of it on the northern side of the estuary of the Conwy river.

That Elphin son of Gwyddno
Is in the land of Artro,¹
Secured by thirteen locks,
For praising his instructor :
And then I Taliesin,
Chief of the bards of the west,
Shall loosen Elphin
Out of a golden fetter.

And he eventually obtains his patron's release.

It was this occasion that gave rise to the following very fine apostrophe to the Deity,—²

THE MEAD SONG.

To him who rules supreme ; Our Sovereign Lord,
Creation's Chief—by all that lives adored,
Who made the waters, and sustains the skies,
Who gives and prospers all that's good and wise,—
To him I'll pray that Maelgwn³ ne'er may need
Exhaustless stores of sparkling, nec'trous mead,
Such as with mirth our hours has often crown'd,
When from his horns the foaming draught went round.
The bee, whose toils produce it, never sips
The juice ordained by Heaven for human lips.
Delicious mead ! Man's solace, and his pride,
Who finds in thee his every want supplied,

Mae Elphin ab Gwyddno
Sydd yn naiar Artro,
Tan dri-ar-ddeg clo,
Am gannmawl ei athro ;
A minnau Taliesin,
Pen beirdd y gorllewin,
A ollyngav Elfin
O hual goreurin.

¹A small estuary, two miles south of Harlech, in Meirion.

²CANU Y MEDD.

Gwolychaf wledig pendefig pob fa,
Gwr gynnail y nef, Arglwydd pob tra ;
Gwr a wnaeth y dwfr i bawb yn dda,
Gwr a wnaeth pob llad ac ai llwydda ;
Meddwer Maelgwn Mon, ac an meddwa,
Ai feddgorn, ewyn gwirlyw gwymha.
Ai gynnull gwenyn ac nis mwynha
Medd hidlaidd, molaid molud i bob tra,

³ Maelgwn Gwynedd, the son of Caswallon Law Hir, a celebrated king of the Britons, who reigned over North of Wales from A.D. 517 till about 546 ; and as sovereign over the Britons from the last mentioned date to the year 560, when he died of the Mad Velen, or Yellow Plague.—Owen's Cambrian Biography, page 235.

The wants of every creature God supplies,
 And earth's vast progeny his goodness praise ;
 Both the grave and the gay, the wild and tame,
 To choral strains attune his mighty name ;
 And man, for life and raiment, meat and drink,
 Will of his gracious Maker ever think.
 O Power Supreme ! Prince of the realms of peace,
 Let Elphin's bondage I beseech thee cease ;
 Who to the beauteous steeds given heretofore,
 And wine and ale, would also give me more ;
 He in the paths of fame, if Heaven so will,
 Myriads of feasts shall give with honour still.
 Elphinian knight of mead ! Thou'lt yet be free,
 And Heaven will grant thee life, and liberty.

The original of this poem is here and there adulterated with Latin words ; but generally the language is pure, and so smooth, lucid, and copious, as to make it a matter of surprise that an acute critic could believe it to be an ancient poem. Of the sentiments, I need scarcely say, that they reflect the highest credit upon their age, their author, and his country.

In a poem called "Angar Kyvyndawd," the bard enumerates twenty one of his transmutations. Mr. Davies looks upon this as the circle of transmigration, or the stages of initiation. To me they seem to indicate an imaginative mind revelling in the marvellous. Men invent fictions in the present day ; why may they not have done so in the past ? At the time when romances were in demand, we can conceive that such tales would have been produced ; but if they were such recondite matters as he supposes

Lleaws creadur a fag terra ;
 A wnaeth Duw i ddyn er ei ddonha ;
 Rhai drud, rhai mud, ef ai mwynha,
 Rhai gwyllt, rhai dof, Dofydd ai gwna,
 Yn dillig iddynt yn ddilled ydd a,
 Yn fwyd yn ddiod hyd frawd barha.
 Golychaf i wledig pendefig gwlad hedd,
 I ddillwng Elphin o alltudedd
 Ygwr am rhoddes y gwin, a'r cwrwf, a'r medd,
 A'r meirch mawr modur mirain eu gwedd ;
 Am rhothwy etwa mal diwedd,
 Trwy fodd Duw, rhydd trwy enrhydded,
 Pum penhant calan ynghaman hedd,
 Elphinawg farchawg medd, hwyr dy ogledd !

them to be, for what purpose were they written? The Druids were not allowed to reveal their mysteries to the world; among themselves there was no need of revelation. They would not have been intended to teach Druidism indirectly; for the lessons could not have been understood. There were chieftains to reward the Bards for their heroic odes; but if we reject the notion that these are Mabinogion embodying superstition, and gratifying credulity, there remains no conceivable motive for the composition of these poems.

One of the least intelligible of the mythological poems, is the one called "Preiddeu Annwn," or the victims of Annwn.¹

- 1 Praise to the Lord, Supreme Ruler of the high region,
Who hath extended his dominion to the shore of the world,
Complete was the prison of Gwair in Caer Sidi.
Through the permission of Pwyll and Pryderi
No one before him went to it;
A heavy blue chain firmly held the youth,
And for the spoils of Annwn gloomily he sings,
And till doom shall he continue his lay.
*Thrice the fulness of Pridwen we went into it,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Sidi.*
- 2 Am I not a candidate for fame, to be heard in the song,
In Caer Pedryvan four times revolving!
It will be my first word from the cauldron when it expresses;
By the breath of nine damsels it is gently warmed.
Is it not the cauldron of the chief of Annwn in its fashion?
With a ridge round its edge of pearls!

¹1 Golychaf wledig, pendefig, gwlad ri
Pe ledas y pennaeth, tros draeth Mundi
Bu cywair earchar Gwair ynghaer Sidi
Trwy ebostol Pwyll a Phryderi
Neb cyn nog ef nid aeth iddi
Y gadwyn drom las cywirwas ai cedwi
A rhag Preiddeu Annwn tost yd geni
Ao yd frawd, parhau yn barddweddi,
Tri lloneid Prydwen ydd aetham ni iddi
Namyn saith, ni dyrraith o Gaer Sidi.

2 Neud wyf glod geymyn cerdd, o chlywid,
Ynghaer Pendryfan pedyr y chwellid,
Ynghynueir or pair pan leferid
O anadl naw morwyn gochynesid,
Neu pair pen annwfn pwy y vynud?
Gwrym am ei oror a mererid,

- 3 It will not boil the food of a coward not sworn,
A sword bright flashing to him will be brought,
And left in the hand of Llemynawg,¹
And before the portals of hell, the horns of light shall be
burning.
And when we went with Arthur in his splendid labours,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vediwid, (or the in-
closure of the perfect ones.)
- 4 Am I not a candidate for fame, to be heard in the song,
In the quadrangular inclosure, in the island of the strong door,
Where the twilight and the jet of night moved together.
Bright wine was the beverage of the host,
Three times the fulness of Prydwen, we went on sea,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Rigor, (or the in-
closure of the Royal party.)
- 5 I will not have merit, with the multitude in relating the
hero's deeds,
Beyond Caer Wydr they beheld not the prowess of Arthur ?
Three times twenty-hundred men stood on the wall,
It was difficult to converse with their centinel.
Three times the fulness of Prydwen, we went with Arthur,
Except seven, none returned, from Caer Colur, (or the
gloomy inclosure.)
- 6 I will not have merit from the multitude with trailing
shields,
They know not on what day, or who caused it,

3 Ni beirw bwyd llwfr, ni rydyngid,
Cleddyf lluch, lleawc, iddaw ryddychid
Ac yn llaw Llemynawg ydd edewid
A rhag drws porth Uffern llugyrn lloeid
A phan aethom ni gan Arthur traferth llethrid
Namyn saith, ni ddyrraith o Gaer Vendiuid

4 Neud wyf glod geimyn oerdd glywanawr
Ynghaer Pedryfan, ynys Pybyrddor
Echwydd a muchedd cymysgettor,
Gwin gloyw eu gwirawd rhag eu goegor
Tri lloneid Prydwen ydd aetham ni ar fôr
Namyn saith, ni ddyrraith o Gaer Rigor.

5 Ni obrynaf lawyr llen llywiadur
Tra chaer wydr, ni welsynt wrhyd Arthur
Tri'ugeint canhwr a sef ar mur ;
Oedd anawdd ymadrawd ai gwilliatur
Tri lloneid Prydwen ydd aeth gan Arthur,
Namyn saith, ni ddyrraith o Gaer Golur.

6 Ni obrynaf i lawyr laes eu cylchwy
Ni wyddant hwy py ddydd peridydd pwy,

¹ This was one of Arthur's Knights.

Nor what hour in the splendid day Cwy was born,
Nor who prevented him from going to the meanders of
Devwy.

They know not the brindled ox, with his thick head band,
And seven score knobs in his collar.
And when we went with Arthur of mournful memory,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Vandwy, (or the
inclosure resting on the height.)

- 7 I will not have merit from men of drooping courage,
They knew not what day the chief was caused,
Nor what hour in the splendid day the owner was born ;
What animal they keep of silver head.
When we went with Arthur of mournful contention,
Except seven, none returned from Caer Ochren, (or the in-
closure of the shelving side.)

- 8 Monks pack together like dogs in the choir
From their meetings with their witches ;
Is there but one course to the wind, one to the water of the sea,
Is there but one spark to the fire of unbounded tumult ?
Monks pack together like wolves,
From their meetings with their witches,
They know not when the twilight and the dawn divide,
Nor what the course of the wind, nor who agitates it,
In what place it dies, on what region it roars.
The grave of the saint is vanishing from the foot of the altar
I will pray to the Lord, the great Supreme,
That I be not wretched—may Christ be my portion.

Py awr, yn meinddydd, y ganed Cwy,
Pwy gwnaeth ar nid aeth dolau Devwy
Ni wddant hwy yr ych brych, bras ei benrhwy
Seith ugein cygwn yn ei aerwy
A phan aetham ni gan Arthur afrddwl gofwy
Namyn saith, ni ddyrraith o Gaer Vandwy.

- 7 Ni obrynaf i llawer llaes eu gehen,
Ni wddant py ddydd peridydd pen
Py awr ym meinddydd y ganed perchen
Py fil a gadwant arian y pen
Pan aetham ni gan Arthur, afrddwl gynhen
Namyn saith, ni ddyrraith o Gaer Ochren

- 8 Mynaich dychnud, fal cunin cor
O gyfranc uddud ai gwyddanhor
Ai un hynt gwynt, ai un dwfr mor,
Ai un ufel tan, twrwl diachor !
Myneich dychnud fab bleiddawr
Na bwyf trist Crist am gwaddawl.
O gyfranc uddud ai gwyddyanhawr
Ni wddant pan ygar deweint a gwawr
Neu wynt pwy hynt, pwy ei rynnawr
Py va ddifa, py dir y plawr
Bed Sant yn ddifant o bet allawr
Golychaf i wledig pendeig mawr.

Mr. Davies does not believe the last line to be genuine ; but though it differs in final rhyme from the others, it is connected by the sense with the two lines which precede it.

This poem has hitherto remained, without any satisfactory explanation of its contents, or its object. Mr. Turner abandons it in despair with the question,

“ Could Lycophron, or the Sibyls, or any ancient oracle be more elaborately incomprehensible ?”¹ and the author of the *Mythology*, with more courage has attempted an explanation, which exhibits much of the ingenuity with which his laborious work abounds, yet leaves the object of the poem in as much obscurity as before. He states, that,

“ The subject of the poem is the mythology of the deluge, and the mysteries which were celebrated in commemoration of it.”²

In the course of his criticisms he endeavours to show, that the Arthur mentioned is another name for Noah, and that the adventure of Arthur and his men, is the entrance of Noah and his children into the Ark. But we need go no further than the first verse to explode the whole theory. The entrance to the place to which Arthur and his men were going was in the keeping of Pwyll and Pryderi. Now Pwyll was prince of Dyved, and Pryderi was his son ; and as neither the garden of Eden, nor Mount Ararat is in Pembrokeshire, this Prince and his son must have been guardians of something nearer here than the Ark.

It seems more reasonable to conclude, that the Arthur here mentioned is the hero of romance ; and that the expedition which he and his men had undertaken in this large ship, had for its object the exploration of the infernal regions. Among the Greeks and Romans, it seems to have been a necessary portion of a hero's character, that he should have braved the dangers of a journey to the lower world ; and as we know the bards were acquainted, by name at least, with the *Odyssey* and the *Eneid*, and with the

¹ *Vindication*, p. 248.

² *Mythology of Druids*, p. 514.

expeditions of Ulysses and Eneas, there is an *a priori* probability in favour of the above assumption. And there are other features in the literature of this period, which go far to confirm it; Davydd Benvras dwells delightfully on the supposed sufferings of Christ in those regions, and Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch gives a minute description of the scene presented to the Saviour's sight on his descent into hell. The theological opinions of that day, had in them nothing that would discountenance the belief of the possibility of Arthur's successfully attempting this feat, as must be abundantly evident to the reader of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, and of the religious poetry of the bards. There are therefore no reasons of any moment against this supposition, while the arguments in its favour are numerous, and cogent; as we find from the romance of St. Brandan, and other poems of the same age, that heroes were required to visit the Stygian shores. Pwyll Prince of Dyved, was King of Annwn, the world unknown or hell; and we learn from the Mabinogion¹ that he was at his death succeeded in this office by his son Pryderi. We discern this in the romance of Pwyll, in which there is an account of that Prince's visit to the lower regions. The larger portion of the romance has long been before the public in the translation of Dr. Owen Pughe²; on this occasion therefore we shall quote the description of the place, in the later and more elegant translation of Lady Charlotte Guest. Pwyll being out hunting in the vale of Cuch, between Pembroke and Carmarthenshires, met Arawn King of Annwn, or Hell. A conversation ensues, and Arawn proposes that they should change places for twelve months, Pwyll taking his place in Annwn, Arawn ruling in Dyved instead of Pwyll, and each of the kings exchanging his own for the other's form. Pwyll, having accepted the proposal, is led from the vale of Cuch without any delay into Annwn;—

¹ Mabinogion, Vol. II. p. 71.

² Cambrian Register, Vol. 1. p. 177.

“So he [Arawn] conducted him [Pwyll] until he came in sight of the palace and its dwellings. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘the Court and the Kingdom is in thy power. Enter the Court, there is no one there who will know thee, and when thou seest what service is done there, thou wilt know the customs of the Court.’

“So he went forward to the Court, and when he came there, he beheld sleeping rooms, and halls, and chambers, and the most beautiful buildings ever seen. And he went into the hall to disarray, and there came youths and pages and disarrayed him, and all as they entered saluted him. And two knights came and drew his hunting dress from about him, and clothed him in a vesture of silk and gold. And the hall was prepared, and behold he saw the household and the host enter in, and the host was the most comely and best equipped that he had ever seen. And with them came likewise the Queen, who was the finest woman that he ever yet beheld, and she had on a yellow robe of shining satin; and they washed and went to the table, and they sat the Queen upon one side of him, and one who seemed to be an Earl on the other side.

“And he began to speak to the Queen, and he thought from her speech, that she was the seemliest, and most noble lady of converse and of cheer that ever was. And they partook of meat, and drink, with songs, and with feasting; and of all the courts upon the earth, behold this was the best supplied with food and drink, and vessels of gold, and royal jewels.

“And the year he spent in hunting, and minstrelsy, and feasting, and diversions, and discourse with his companions.”¹

We thus perceive that the journey to the lower regions was not considered impossible. The story goes on to state that on returning home “Pwyll was ever after called Chief of Annwn.” Being chief of Annwn, it was the entrance

¹ Mabinogion, Vol. II. p. 41.

thither that was in the keeping of Pwyll and Pryderi; and therefore the permission which they had previously¹ given to no one but the prisoner Gwair, was a permission to enter into Annwn. Arthur and his men sought admission to the same place. Gwair ab Geirion had attempted the journey, and failed to make his escape; and of the number who accompanied Arthur, only seven succeeded in returning home. The body of the poem is taken up in describing the objects which the adventurers saw on their way; and it must be confessed that the two pictures of the inferior world given in the Mabinogi of Pwyll, and in the poem differ materially, though this difference need not affect the explanation. There appears to have been a story in circulation that Arthur did attempt such feat, as we may learn from the following Triad,—

“The three supreme prisoners of the Island of Britain, Llyr Llediaith, in the prison of Euroswydd Wledig, (probably Ostorius), and Madoc, or Mabon, son of Medron, and Geyr the son of Geyrybed, or Geiryoed; [and one more exalted than the three, and that was Arthur, who was for three nights in the Castle of Oeth and Anoeth, and three nights in the prison of Wen Pendragon, and three nights in the dark prison under the stone of Echemeint, and one youth released him from these three prisons; that youth was Goreu, the son of Constantine, his cousin.]”²

That portion which is inclosed in brackets, if not the whole of the Triad, may be pronounced to be not genuine; it has evidently been composed from the following,—

“Three Royal Families were taken prisoners from great-grandfathers to great-grandsons, and not one of them escaped. First, the family of Llyr Llediaith who were taken

¹Tri goruchel garcharawr Y. P. Llyr Llediaith yng Carchar Oeuroswydd Wledig, ar eil Madog mab Medron, ar trydydd Geyr mab Geyrybet, ac un oedd oruchelach nar tri sef oedd hwnnw Arthur a fu deirnos yng Caer Oeth ac Annoeth. A theirnos y gen Wen Bendragon, a theirnos ygcarchar kudd dan y llech achymmreint ag un gwas ae dillyngwys or tri charchar hynny, sef oedd y gwas Goreu vav Cystenin, y gefnderw. Triodd 50.

prisoners to Rome by the Caesars. Second, the family of Madawg ab Medron, who were in the custody of the Picts in Scotland. Third, the family of Gair the son of Geirion, Lord of Geirionydd, by the verdict of the country and the nation, confined in the prison of Oeth and Annoeth ; and of these neither the one nor the other escaped ; and the closest imprisonment that ever was known, was the imprisonment of these families." Triad 61. ¹

The composer of the first triad either condensed this triad himself, or wrote at a period when such a condensation had taken place in the popular tradition, and added to it the portion relating to Arthur, which, as is apparent, makes the prisoners four instead of three ; but though the triad is clumsily framed, it indicates that in the tradition of the country, the fortunes of Arthur and Gwair were as in the poem connected together. It now only remains for us to enquire what the prison of Oeth and Annoeth was, to conclude the proofs in favour of the above interpretation of the poem. This is comparatively easy, as we find it described in the Iolo MSS., as having been made of the bones of the numerous Romans slain by Caractacus and his men, which were collected by Manawyddan ab Llyr. "It was of a circular form and wonderful magnitude, and the larger bones were on the outer face of the walls, and within the circle many prisons of lesser bones, and other cells under the ground, as places for traitors to their country ; this was called the prison of Oeth and Annoeth (open or concealed,) in memorial of what the Kymry and Caradoc their king had done for their country and race, in defeating the Romans as easily when the trees from the shores of the Severn to the banks of Towy were so com-

¹ Tri Theulu Teyrnedd a ddyged yng ngharchar o'r gorhendaidd i'r gorwyron, heb adu yn nianc un o honynt ; Cyntaf, Teulu Llyr Llediaith a ddyged yng ngharchar hyd yn Rhufain y gan y Caisariaid : Ail, Teulu Madawg ab Medron, a fuant yngharchar y gan y Gwyddyl Ffichti yn yr Alban ; Trydydd Teulu Gair ap Geirion arglwydd Geirionydd y gan Raith Gwlad a Chenedl yng ngharchar Oeth ac Annoeth ; ac o'r rhai hynny nag un nag arrall o honynt yn nianc ; a llwyraf carcharu a wybuwyd erioed a fu ar y Teuluocedd hynny. Trioced 61."

pletely burnt down, that there was not a sprig left standing large enough for a gnat to stand upon—as when the Britons were protected by their woods. And in that prison were confined those, who were taken in war as enemies to the race of the Cymry, until the judgment of a court should be obtained upon them, and if it should be found that any one of those foreigners was practising treachery, he would be burned; if he was taken in open battle, and it should be found true by the judgment of the court, he would be returned to his country in exchange for a Briton; and after that, they imprisoned there every one who should be found a traitor to his country, and were not burned by judgment of the Court. They were kept there during their lives; and that prison was demolished several times by the Cæsarians, and the Cymry would afterwards reconstruct it stronger than before. And in the course of a long time, the bones became decayed, so that there was no strength in them, and they were reduced to dust, then they carried the remains and put it on the surface of the ploughed land; and from that time they had astonishing crops of wheat and barley, and of every other grain for many years. Thus it ends.”¹

This was evidently the “Oeth ac Anoeth” in which Gwair was imprisoned; but the romantic spirit soon overstepped the literal accuracy of the Triadic story, and instead of being a prison easy of access, and used for the retention of criminals, made it nearly if not wholly synonymous with Annwn. It would be glaringly improper to make the hero Arthur a traitor to his country, nor could there be any glory in forcing a passage into that prison, since ordinary mortals such as the Romans, two of whom in the words of the above story were not equal to one Welsh-

¹ Here is an interesting fact for Agricultural Chemists; the ancient Welshman who wrote the tale, I feel assured, had never heard of Liebig; yet the experience of the Kymry justifies the hypotheses of the German philosopher. This story in the Iolo MSS. p. 597—600 is admirably told, and is a fine specimen of national bravado.

man, several times destroyed it. Therefore the Oeth ac Annoeth of the Romances was something very different; and to have been there was the highest heroism, for we find Glewlwyd Gavaelawr boasting of it at Arthur's table. (Kilhwch and Olwen, p. 256.) From these facts, coupled with the names and offices of Pwyll and Pryderi, and the description of Hell in the poem itself, we cannot well draw any other conclusion, than that the poem is a Romance descriptive of Arthur's descent into Annwn, or the unknown world. The title of the poem, had not mistaken learning covered it with obscurity, would have been sufficient to indicate its object; for Preiddeu Annwn means not "Spoils of the Deep," but "the prey or victims of Annwn."

The vessel in which he and his party went, does not appear to have been Prydwen, Arthur's favourite ship, for the poem expressly states that this vessel contained three times as many persons as Prydwen would hold; we must therefore conclude that the vessel was one of glass, constructed for the occasion, for the poet says, he "will not have merit with the multitude in relating the hero's deeds, because they could not see his prowess after he had entered *Caer Wydr*, or the vessel of glass." Glass vessels, with Romance writers, were things very easily constructed. Merddin went to sea with nine bards in a vessel of glass; and *Juan Lorenza Segura de Astorga*, in the Spanish Romance of Alexander, which as we learn from Sismondi was written in the thirteenth century,¹ has a long passage, the import of which is, that—

"Alexander being desirous of seeing how the fish lived, and in what manner the great fish behaved to the little ones, ordered a *vessel of glass* to be made, and fastened with long chains, to his ships, that it might not sink too deep. He entered it with two chosen servants, leaving orders that the ships should continue their course, and draw him up at the end of fifteen days."²

¹ *History of the Literature of the South of Europe*, Vol. II. p. 126.

² *Southey's Madoc*, Vol. 1, p. 276.

This Romance seems to have been known to the Bards, for among the poems attributed to Taliesin, is one referring to this very event,—¹

THE NOT-WONDERS OF ALEXANDER.

I wonder that there is no acknowledgment,
From Heaven to Earth,
Of the coming of the ruler of conflict,
Alexander the Great !
Alexander the Nourisher,
Passionate, and iron-talented,
Celebrated for sword strokes,
Went beneath the sea.
Under the sea he went,
In searching for science ;
In the pursuit of knowledge,
His mind was greatly disturbed,
He went, with the wind above him,
On an adventure among the spawns of frogs,
To look for sights !
(That which was) present did not satisfy him,
Yet no sights did he see.
He saw, wonderful to say,
Classes among fish !
What his mind desired,

¹ ANRHYFEDDODAU ALEXANDER.

Rhyfeddaf na chiauwr
Addef nef i lawr
Addyfod rhwyf gawr
Alexander Mawr.
Alexander Magidawr,
Hewys haiarnddawn
Cleddyfal enwogawn
Aeth dan eigiawn
Dan eigiawn eithyd
I geisiaw celfyddyd
O geisio celfyddyd
Bid o iewin ei fryd
Eithyd odduch gwynt
Rwng deu griff ar hynt
I weled dremynt
Dremynt ni woel
Present ni chymhes
Gweles rhyfeddawd
Gorllin gan byagawd
I eiddunwys yn ei fryd

He obtained from the world,
And at his death,
Mercy from God.

It seems to have been intended for a satire.

There does not appear to be any other part of the poem requiring explanation, except perhaps the proper names at the close of each verse. Lady Charlotte Guest¹ considers that Arthur made separate expeditions to several distinct places; but the greatness of the undertaking, the uniformity of the result, and the fact that the words are but various descriptions of the same place² render more than one journey improbable. *Caer Sidi*, sometimes meaning the Zodiac, seems to have occasionally borne other significations; the pseudo Taliesin says he has a bardic *chair in Caer Sidi*, which is perfect, with the currents of the sea flowing round its borders;³ and the composer of *Preiddeu Annwn* evidently considers *Caer Sidi*, in which the prison of *Gwair* was also perfect, to have been in *Annwn*, if it was not the same place as *Annwn*. In giving it this signification, the poet wrested it from its general meaning; but this is not the only liberty he has taken with the facts, for *Gwair* who in the triad is punished for treason, and "by the verdict of the country and the nation," is in the poem represented to have been a just man. In thus violating the tradition, the poet has fallen into grievous error, for he commits the absurdity of representing a just man to be *unjustly* imprisoned by *just* powers; yet the error may have arisen from a misconstruction. In Davies's translation, the word "*Cywir*," just, perfect, or correct, is predicated of "*gwas*"—the youth; but if we translate the line thus,

"Y gadwyn dromlas cywir was ai cedwi."

The heavy blue chain (firmly or perfectly) held fast the youth,

A gafas or byd
A hefyd oi ddiwedd
Gan Dduw drugaredd.

¹ *Mabinogion*, Vol. II., p. 321.

² Davies' *Myth*. p. 516.

³ "Yecyweir fy nghadeir ynghaer Sidi.
Ac am ei bannau ffrydian gweilgi."

making the word "cywir" to be predicated of the imprisonment, we reconcile the poem with the triad, and save the consistency of the poet.

Having thus shown some reasons, for believing this chosen specimen of Mythology to be a romance, it will not be necessary to dwell at much length upon others of a similar character. The so called "Mythological poems," are, exclusive of the twenty-five which form the Mabinogi of Taliesin, twenty-eight in number. Many of them contain allusions which are now unintelligible, though a large portion of them, and the intentions of the whole, may be understood. They were written when the language was in an advanced stage of development, as most of the words are in use at the present day; and as will be seen, they cannot be supposed to have been prior to the twelfth and succeeding centuries. "A song concerning the sons of Llyr" has the following lines,—

"Gwyddyl, a Brython, a Romani
A wahan dyhedd a dyvysgi."

The Gwyddelians, the Britons, and Romans
Disturb our tranquillity with their tumults;

and the same lines occur in the Hoianau, falsely attributed to Merddin, in a connexion which shows, that they refer to the ecclesiastic dispute between Giraldus and king John, respecting the see of St. David's. If that fact were not enough to show its comparatively modern date, there is another proof afforded in the lines,

Bum i gan Vran yn Iwerddon,
Gweleis pan laddwyd Morddwyd Tyllon.

I was with Bran in Ireland,
I saw when Morddwyd Tyllon was slain.

This refers to the Mabinogi of Bronwen, the daughter of Llyr; and the allusion to the tale as a thing well known, fixes the date of the poem within the Romance era. The poem called *Myg Dinbych*, (the prospect of Tenby,) must also be modern; as the form of the verse, the sentiments, and the smoothness of the language, indicate a more recent author than Taliesin.

In *Cadeir Teyrn On*, the repeated mention of "the Blessed Arthur," and the allusion to the loosening of Elphin, show it to have been written after those tales had come into circulation. The mention in *Canu y March*, of "the horse of Gwythur," "the horse of Gwarddur," and "the horse of Arthur," renders minuter examination unnecessary. The writer of *Marwnad Uthr Pendragon* speaks of being a piper, and of Casnar, Gorlais, and other romantic characters, and must therefore have been written after the reign of Gruffydd ab Kynan; and the sneer at "the loquacious bards" in *Buarth Beirdd*, points unerringly to the quarrels which prevailed in the thirteenth century. In *Cad Goddeu* we meet again with the name of the national hero, and Druids are exhorted to "predict to Arthur." In *Marwnad Aeddon o Von*, there prevails the same mixture of Welsh and monkish Latin, which has been already seen in the verses of the pseudo-Taliesin. The *Gwaad Lludd Mawr* repeats the prophecy of the coming again of Cadwaladr and Kynan, with which the predictions attributed to Merddin, the Mabinogi of Taliesin, and the poems of Gwalchmai are studded; and *Angar Kyryndawd* is only a repetition of the transmigrations already noticed, prefaced by a string of questions, such as we find asked by the pseudo-Taliesin to the Bards of Maelgwn.

These questions form one of the singular features of these metrical Mabinogion, and indicate much more clearly than any other portion of the ancient literature of Wales, the nature of the speculations of the Bards upon philosophical subjects.

In these the bard may adroitly manage, where he has that desire, to bring others to the discredit of being ignorant, without exposing the smallness of his own knowledge. He puts the questions very pompously, insinuating at the same time his own competency to solve the questions proposed; and if his audience fail to answer, he acquires a reputation for learning. The philosophy of the Bards, being of this interrogative character is not very satisfactory,

and at this day we can only learn that they were not idle ; since the important problems which inductive science solved centuries after, occupied their thoughts. And the reader who recollects the anxiety with which Virgil sought to discern the laws of natural phenomena, (Georg II.,) or has smiled goodnaturedly at the eagerness of the enquiring spirits of the middle ages, will find no difficulty in believing that the zeal of the bards for a knowledge of natural philosophy was very great. The questions they proposed to themselves, were these,—¹

“O skilful son of harmony,
Why wilt thou not answer me ?
*Knowest thou where the night awaits
The passing of the day ?*
Knowest thou the token (mark or character)
Of every leaf which grows²
What is it which heaves up the mountain,
Before the concussion of elements ?
Or what supports the fabric
Of the habitable earth ?
Who is the illuminator of the soul,
Who has seen—who knows him ?”

“What is the extent of the earth ?
What is the diameter of the earth ?
Who is the regulator between heaven and earth ?
Where do the cuckoos which visit us in the summer,
Retire during the winter ?

¹ Eilywydd celvydd
Py'r nam dywedd ?
Awyddosti cwdddrydd
Nos yn aros dydd ?
Awyddosti arwydd
Pet deilen y sydd ?
Py drychevis mynydd
Cyn rhewiniaw elvydd ?
Py gynneil magwyr
Daeaf yn breswyl.
Enaid pwy gwynawr
Pwy gwelas ev—Pwy gwyr ?

² Daeaf pwy ei lled,
Nen pwy ei thewed ?
Gagawr attrevnawr
Rhwnng nev a llawr ?
Goguv gogan Haf,
A fyddant y gauaf ?

*Who carried the measuring line of the Lord of Causes ?
 What ladder was used when the heavens were reared aloft ?
 And who supported the curtain, from the earth to the skies ?"*

These old poems merit a more minute discussion, than the number of other topics demanding attention permitted me to give; but the key to their signification has been supplied. They stand to Mythology and philosophy in the same relation, as romance stands to history; and if regarded in that light, more meaning may be extracted out of them than they have hitherto furnished. They are conversant with the same subjects as the romances, and it is to the romantic ideas of these ages that we are to look for explanations. In both the mystic and the military romance the *animus* is the same, the difference being merely external, and arising from the operation of the same mental tendency upon varying materials.

SECTION IV.

POEMS FICTITIOUSLY ATTRIBUTED TO MERDDIN, TALIESIN, ANEURIN,
 LLYWARCH, MEUGANT, AND GOLYDDAN.

Reader ! Be attentive to what I am about to write, and keep a watchful eye upon the sentences as they rise before you; for the daring spirit of modern criticism, is about to lay violent hands upon the old household furniture of venerable tradition.

Pwy dyddwg rwyntnon
 Baran achwysson ?
 Pa ysgawl oddev
 Pan ddychawwyd nev ?
 Pwy fu fforch Hwyl
 O ddacear hyd Awyr ?

Among Welshmen, there is a very prevalent misconception respecting Merddin; and I perceive that a French writer¹ on Welsh traditions has been misled by it. It is commonly asserted that the Merddin, the son of Morvryn, or Merddin the Wild of the Welsh bards, is a different person from the Merddin Emrys, or Merlin Ambrosius of Nennius, Geoffrey, and the Romances; but there are many reasons for rejecting this assumption. Both Merddin ab Morvryn, and Merddin Emrys lived about the same time; both lived in the same locality, the North of England; both are conversant with the same facts—the doings of the Strathclyde Britons, and their subsequent fortunes; both were diviners; both had more than ordinary attributes; both predict the same events, in nearly the same order; and most probably both names represent but one person. In the predictions of Merddin Emrys there is no allusion to Merddin ab Morvryn, nor on the other hand, does the latter seem to have been aware of the existence of any such person as the former. The arguments in favour of this conclusion are numerous. I. Merddin Emrys appears as a *boy* before Vortigern about the year 480;² and Merddin ab Morvryn at the court of Rhydderch Hael in 570³ is an *old man*, whose “hair is white as winter hoar,”⁴ and who is on the point of death.⁵ It is therefore much more probable, that both names belong to the same person, than that there should be two persons endowed with supernatural powers, living in the same locality, at the same time. And there is nothing improbable in the supposition that he might have lived to be ninety years old, when the average age in the vale of Glamorgan was a hundred and twenty years.⁶ II. Merddin ab Morvryn,

¹ The Comte de Villemarqué's *Barzaz Breiz*, Introduction, p. XII. Vol. 1.

² *Llwyd*, p. 263. ³ *Ibid.* p. 263. ⁴ *Kyvoesi*, v. 13. ⁵ *Ibid.* v. 138.

⁶ Morgan the Great was 129 at death, Howel ab Rhys 124, another son of Rhys 120, Howel ab Morgan 130, Jestin ab Gwrgant 129, Ivan Yorath, 180, John Sherry 104, Thomas Watkin 100, Elizabeth Yorath 177, Cicill Llewelyn 107, Peter Meare 103, Anna Richman 120, Kate Butler 106, Thomas French

is apparently the person, whose character formed the nucleus from which the other was developed. In the appellation "ab Morvryn," we evidently have a fact ; but he soon loses his reality. At the court of Rhydderch Hael, he was called *laloiken* or *the twin* ; and that appellation, though at the present day the Welsh predicate nothing of twin births but good fortune, evidently had considerable significance ; for in the dialogue between Merddin and his sister, Gwenddydd perpetually calls him, my *world-famed twin-brother*. Castor and Pollux, Romulus and Remus, Esau and Jacob, all famous, are cases in point. In that poem, Merddin ab Morvryn, is invested with all the attributes which were afterwards centred in the person of Merlin the enchanter ; but as the ancient Welsh would scarcely invest two men of the same name, with supernatural power, we are compelled to conclude that the Merddin who has a parent is the only real personage. This is clearly the germ of the latter creation ; and as the bards of the twelfth and succeeding centuries, put the predictions which Merddin Emrys utters in Geoffrey's book, into the mouth of Merddin ab Morvryn, and this more than a century after that History had been given to the world ; they would appear to have considered them to be identical. Further, the "white lady" who is mentioned as the companion of Merddin Emrys, in both the verses of the graves (Myv. Arch. v. 1. p. 78), and in the later romance, is the same person as Gwenddydd, *the lady of the day*, the sister of the son of Morvryn. III. Merddin Emrys, is evidently a mythic personage, the substratum of fact, being the name Merddin, and the surname Emrys derived from his patron Ambrosius Aurelianus. Nennius's account of him contains several very gross blunders. A boy *without a father* is brought before Vortigern, and on being asked, "What is your origin?" replies,

100, John Roberts 118, Matthew Voss 129, William Edwards 168, Vaughan Edwards, Gent. 83, Thomas ab Jevan Prys the prophet 141, Elizabeth Davies 111, Rev. Edward Davies 108, and Henry Jenkins 169. Malkin's South Wales, Vol. 1. p. 55, and Vol. 11. pp. 545—551.

"My father was a Roman Consul;" and again, the boy being asked his name, said it was Embresguletic (Emrys Wledig.) In both these cases, the chronicler has fallen into the error of confounding Merddin Ambrosius, with Ambrosius the King; for Emrys Wledig means Emrys or Ambrose the Ruler, and Ambrosius was of Roman descent. His narrative is also slightly at variance with that of Geoffrey. It was a popular belief among the Jews, propagated, say writers more candid than polite, to cover the indulgences of the priesthood, that children born of virgins, or rather without acknowledged fathers, were destined to be illustrious. Subsequently this opinion prevailed in these islands; Sir Walter Scott gives two instances of such occurrences in Scotland, attended with superstitious associations; and it is with an evident reference to these examples that Merddin was brought to the world without a father. The fiction is certainly ecclesiastical, as for many centuries after Nennius had slept with his fathers, Welsh tradition clung to a less marvellous version of Merddin's birth; but it appears in Nennius, in a ruder form than it afterwards assumed in Geoffrey. In the earlier writer, the lady does not know how she became pregnant; this accords nearly with the account given by the mother of Bryan the Hermit, in the *Lady of the Lake*; but Geoffrey adorns the story, introduces a vision of "a beautiful young man," and confirms the whole narrative, by causing the bard Meugant to state, that "in the books of our philosophers, and in a great many histories, I have found that several men have had a like original." The account given of St. Samson, bishop of Llandaff, in the *Liber Landavensis*, is a similar instance of scriptural plagiarism among Welsh monks; his mother had long been barren; but an angel visits her, and promises a son; and that son then turns out to be a prodigy of talent and piety! Merddin's end corresponds to his birth, as he went to sea in a glass vessel, and was never afterwards heard of. Merddin Emrys therefore is only a mythological character engrafted

on, or rather prefixed to Merddin ab Morvryn, who in his youth might perhaps have been in attendance on Ambrosius. IV. The only obstacle that remains to be removed, is the mention in the triads of two Merddins, and of the voyage of Merddin Emrys and his nine bards in the vessel of glass ; but as these triads were not composed until a late period, and are simply echoes of the romances, they are of no weight. None of the middle age Bards give any countenance to the assertion ; and therefore we may safely conclude, that Merddin ab Morvryn, Merddin Wyllt, Merddin Sylvester, or the Wild, Merddin Emrys, and Merlin the Enchanter, are but various names for one person.

It is somewhat strange that Nennius should make no mention of Merddin among the Bards of the sixth century. His words are, "At that time, Talhaiarn Cataguen was famed for poetry, and Neirin, and Taliesin, and Bluchbard, and Kian, who is called Guenith Guant, were all famous at the same time in British poetry." Talhaiarn (Tad Tangwn,) was the Bard of Coel Godebog, and also of Urien Rheged, and the three next are Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch ; but Kian, in other MSS. called Gweinchgwant, was not otherwise known than by this notice, an allusion in Aneurin, and some lines in the Angar Kyvyndawd of the pseudo-Taliesin. No mention at all is made of Merddin as a bard, and perhaps that was a character subsequently added. It is not improbable that Merddin and Kian may have gone to Brittany, since we have no authentic remains of either ; Merddin re-appears in Breton poetry, and thanks to the intelligence and industry of De. Villemarque, what our own literature had failed to furnish, is now supplied from thence ; for the Gwenchlan of the Bretons, is evidently the same person, as the Gweinchgwant of Nennius.

It is generally believed by Welsh critics, that we have several poems really composed by Merlin, the great Magician, so well known to the readers of Romances ; and there are in the Myvyrian Archaiology, six poems attributed to this important personage, viz :—A dialogue between Mer-

ddin and Yscolan;¹ Predictions delivered when in his grave; A dialogue between Merddin and Gwenddydd his sister; The Apple Trees; The songs of The Pigs; and The Burrowings. In addition to these, Llwyd, in his account of the MS. called "Y Kwta Kyvarwydd o Vorganwg," says it contained a prediction uttered by Merddin before Arthur; but this does not seem to have been published. We shall have occasion to quote the first of these, in the third chapter, and therefore will here only state, that its spuriousness is admitted. Several of the others, and particularly the fourth and fifth, are supposed to be genuine; but as their antiquity admits of doubt, we shall enter minutely into the question, and discuss it at some length. First in the order of time, is the dialogue between Merddin and his sister. It evidently contains all that tradition had preserved respecting Merddin, though the details are much less full than they subsequently became. It commences with a diatribe against Rhydderch Hael, the reasons for which will be presently unfolded; and the poem then proceeds thus :—²

GWENDDYDD.

I will ask my fame-proclaimed twin-brother,
The fierce in battle;
After Rhydderch who will be ?

MERDDIN.

As Gwenddoleu was slain in the battle of Arderydd,
And I have come from among furze,—
Morgan the Great, son of Sadurnin.

¹ The titles in Welsh are, I Yscolan, Gwasgargerdd Vyrddin yn y Ved, Hoi-anau neu Borchellianau Myrddin ab Morvryn, Kyvgesi Myrddin a Gwendyd y Chuaer, Avalleanau Myrddin, Gorddodau a yrridin.

GWENDDYDD.

² Cyvarchaf yn Kletleu llallaue
Amynnaue yn lluyd
Nen wedi Rhyderch puy vyd

MYRDDIN.

O leas Gwenddoleu y guetffreu Arderyd
Handuf o eithia
Morgant vaur vab Sadurnin

GWENDDYDD.

I will ask my famous twin-brother,
Bardic president about the waters of the Clyde,
Who will rule after Morgant ?

MERDDIN.

As Gwenddoleu was slain in the bloodfray of Arderydd,
The voice of the country
Will dispose of the power to Urien.

GWENDDYDD.

Thy head is of the colour of winter hoar,
May God relieve thy necessities,—
Who will rule after Urien ?

MERDDIN.

Heaven has pressed heavily upon me,
And I am ill at last,—
Maelgwn Hir will rule over Gwynedd.

This is a pleasant enough plan of teaching history, and in this manner the poem proceeds, until Merddin has named in their historical order, Rhun, Beli, Iago, Cadvan, Cadwallon, and Cadwaladr, kings of Britain; and also, Idwal, Howel ab Cadwal, Rodri, Kynan, Mervryn Vrych, Rodri the Great,

GWENDDYDD.

Kyvarchaf ym Klotleu llalluo
Kerdglyt Klyt lliant
Puy wledych uedy Morgant

MYRDDIN.

O leas Gwendoleu y guactffreu Arderyd
A synnu paham ym ken gualadyr
Gwaet gwlat y Uryen.

GWENDDYDD.

Kyvlín dy ben ac arien gaeaf
Gwareu Dyv dy anghen
Puy wledych wedi Uryen

MYRDDIN.

Digones Dofyd diened arnaf
Klaf wyf o'r diued
Maelgwn Hir ar dir Gwyned

Anarawd, and Howel the Good, princes of Wales. So far the list is in unison with history; but from Howel the Good downwards, the account becomes obscure, if not confused; and the rulers are no longer mentioned by their proper names. After Howel comes Bargodyein, (literally, a man from the borders,) Brehyryeit, (of Baronial descent,) Kynan of the Dogs, Brenin o Vreyr, (a king from among barons,) Serven Wynn, White shouldered Beli, Gruffydd, Gwyn Gwarther, (the blessed chevalier,) Two Iddas, Gylmin, Two halved Macwy, A Lord of eight chief fortresses, Owain from Manaw, (Isle of Man,) A ruler of good qualities, Beli Hir, and Cadwaladr. The last mentioned, was to appear in Carmarthenshire.¹

GWENDDYDD.

Do not separate from me abruptly,
Without speaking about the conference,
In what part will Kadwaladr alight?

MERDDIN.

When Kadwaladr shall alight
In the vale of the Towy,
Fords will be heavily burdened,
And he will scatter with his tumult the striped Britons.

It also appears that he was to make a pretty long stay,—²

GWENDDYDD.

Do not separate abruptly from me,
Without speaking about the Conference;
How long will Cadwaladr rule.

GWENDDYDD.

¹ Nac ygar yn antruyadyl
A mi o anguarth yn gynnadyl
Pa du i diagyn Cadwaladylr

MYRDDIN.

Pan ddescynno Cadwaladylr
Yn nyffryn Tywi
Biawt tra thrwm ebyr
Gwascarawdd ai brythawd Brython brithwyr.

GWENDDYDD.

² Nac ygar yn antruyadl a mi
O anguarth i'r gynnadyl
Pa hyt y guledych Kadawladylr.

MERDDIN.

Three months, and three years,
And three hundred years complete,—
And light will be his rule.

After Cadwaladr, were to come Kyndav, and Oatrav; and then the heavens would fall to the earth, there would be no more kings, and the end of the world would be at hand.

The learned Llwyd, believing the latter names to be purely imaginary, concludes that the poem was written by an unknown author, living about 948,¹ or during the reign of Howel the Good; but as those names clearly refer to historical persons, his opinion is not quite satisfactory. The Bargodyein, were Ievan and Iago, the sons of Edwal Voel, king of north Wales; the rightful heir was their brother Meyrick, and their claim to the throne which they usurped, only *bordered* on a rightful title. The Brehyrieit were Howel and Cadwallon, the sons of the above named Ievav; and as their father's right was disallowed, they were only barons. Macwy the two halved was a king of the Danes of Anglesey; he is called Maccus by Mathew of Westminster, and Macht ab Harallt in the Welsh Chronicles. Serven Wyn must be the Sivnerth king of Dyved, who lived about the same time; and Gilmyn was probably "Glumayn son of Abioic," a small potentate mentioned in Hanes Cymru, (p. 423.) Kynan of the dogs was probably Kynan ab Iago, who made two attempts on north Wales in 1042 and 1050; and the celebrated Gruffydd, was that famous prince Gruffydd ab Llywelyn ab Seisyllt. Gwynn Gwarther means probably Bleddyn ab Kynvyn, and Beli Hir was perhaps his nephew Trahaearn, for they claimed a descent from Beli the Great; Owain of Manaw, was Owain the son of Edwin, a descendant from Howel the Good.

MYRDDIN.

Tri mis teir blyned teithyon
A thrichant mlynedd kyflawn
Kadeu gweithau guledychant.

¹ Arch. Brit. p. 257.

Thus most of the names are traced to real persons; and I doubt not, if time permitted, the remainder could be as completely and satisfactorily ascertained. We must therefore place the author of these verses, a hundred and thirty years later, or about A.D. 1077. The celebrated antiquarian, Vaughan of Hengwrt,¹ has fixed a still later date for this poem; but in asserting that the author lived in the reign of Henry II., his reasoning was based upon, and he was probably misled by, the fourteen verses preceding verse 85, which seem to be interpolations. The Owain of those verses, is certainly Owain Gwynedd ab Gruffydd ab Kynan; but the Owain of the subsequent verses, 85 and 86, was evidently Owain ab Edwin, a prince who had lived seventy years before. We must therefore reject his conclusion, and place the poem earlier by more than half a century. There is a little confusion in the order in which the names are placed, which bespeaks that the writer was not living in Wales at the time of writing. This is very evident in one of the later notices; Owain it is said will bring an army from the Isle of Man; but though Owain fled to the Isle of Man, he seems to have died there, for it was Rhys his son who brought an army from thence in 1172; and therefore from this fact, and from the erroneous statement that Kynan, who made the unsuccessful attempts on north Wales, became king, it seems as if he knew more of what was doing externally than internally. He must however have been situated at a considerable distance from Wales, where he was dependent upon rumour for intelligence; he could

¹ "The prophecies attributed to Merddin Sylvestre, alluded to in this argument as foretelling the accession of Anarawd, are evidently the production of some person in the reign of Henry II. The succession of the Princes of North Wales are detailed by name in the form of a dialogue, in the precise manner in which they reigned, down to Owen Gwynedd; from which time the narrative is too mysterious to admit of exemplification, for the plain reason that the compiler's powers of penetrating futurity were not more acute than those of other people." *British Antiquities Revived*, p. 79. The assertion in the first part of the second sentence is incorrect; for as will be seen in the list given in the text, the proper names are only clearly distinguishable as far as Howell the Good; but most of the mysterious names have now been identified.

scarcely have been in Ireland without knowing more about Kynan; in the Isle of Man he would have been more accurately informed respecting the movements of Owain ab Edwin and his sons; and therefore must we conclude that he was in the distant province of Brittany.

In Brittany, just at this time, there was a man who watched most intently the motions of factions in Wales, and soon afterwards made his appearance among his countrymen. He was lineally descended from Howel the Good; he had fled to Brittany in 993, at the death of his father; and in 1077, after an absence of eighty-four years, he returned to the land of his ancestors, to claim the throne of South Wales. He brought with him an immense reputation for wisdom and learning; he brought more than that, for he brought with him, *the marvellous history of Arthur and the Round Table*. I do not mean to assert, that that prince was the author of this dialogue; but I will assert, that it was written to further his interests, and that the people of Wales first heard predictions of the speedy re-appearance of Cadwaladr in the vale of Towy, when a rightful and popular claimant to the throne of Deheubarth was announced in the person of RHYS AB TEWDWR. It will be observed that the dialogue has a special reference to him; for Cadwaladr was to come, at the very time that he came, to the very place where he landed, and for the very purpose which he had in view.

The germs of most of the predictions contained in "The Apple Trees," and "The Songs of the Pigs," are to be found here; the prediction at the close of the twenty-third verse of the latter, occurs in the sixty-fourth verse of this dialogue; the mention of the Sibyl occurs in the sixty-third; and the allusions to the falling of the sky, the son of Henry, and the bridges on the Taff and Towy, in the Hoianau, are borrowed from the seventy-fourth, and the hundred and nineteenth verses of this poem. It will also be observed, that the prediction respecting Cadwaladr, appears here in a much simpler form than it afterwards as-

sumed; here, the last king of Britain is to come alone; but soon afterwards, Kynan was given to him as a companion. This is the form, in which it is seen in Geoffrey's History, 1157, and subsequently in the *Avallenau* and *Hoianau*. We also learn from this dialogue, how the idea of the conference originated;—¹

GWENDDYDD.

On seeing thy cheek so care-worn,
If I were not concerned, I would not ask,
Who will rule after Cadwallon?

MERDDIN.

A tall man holding a conference,
And Britain under one ruler,—
The best of a Cambrian's son Cadwaladr.

There is a tradition that he held a Bardic Congress; but if this verse represents history correctly, the meeting was a political conference; and Cadwaladr the first having held a conference in the seventh century, the second Cadwaladr would, it was thought advisable to state, do likewise. In this poem, the place of meeting is not named, neither is it in Geoffrey; and the fixing of it at Rhyd Rheon, was an after-thought of the North Welsh bards.

For the student, this dialogue is the most valuable poem of the series; as it undoubtedly is *the earliest existing record* of the Welsh tradition respecting Merddin. Merddin is here termed, *Supreme Judge of the North, Syw, or diviner of every region, Bardic President about the waters of the Clyde, and Interpreter of the Army of the God of Victory*. Throughout the poem, there is a constant reference to some speedy

GWENDDYDD.

¹ O ueled dy rud mor greulaun
Y dau ym bryt neut annogaun
Puy wledych uedy Katwallaun

MERDDIN.

Gwr hir yn cadu Kynnadyl
A Phrydain yn un Paladyr
Goreu mab Kymro Katwalatyr.

separation which was to take place; and towards the close we learn what this was,—¹

GWENDDYDD.

Alas! dearest, the cold separation,
When comes the day of tumult;
Thy imprisonment *beneath the earth*,
By a monarch valiant and fearless. v. 126.

Here it would appear, that he was shortly to be confined; but the legend subsequently assumed another form. According to the latter, as it appears in Spenser, at a place,—

—“That is by change of name
Cayr Merdin called.”

“There the wise Merlin whylome wont, they say,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
By a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counsell'd with his sprights encompast round.”

He had a mistress, the Lady of the Lake, whom he was accustomed to call the White Serpent, and who treacherously converted this cave into his tomb, after he had imparted to her some of his secrets. Sir Thomas Maelor, and Ariosto, have also repeated this story; which in this dialogue is much simpler. It is not however always consistent with itself; for after having regretted the imprisonment by a powerful monarch, she bids him,—²

Arise from thy prison, and unfold the books
Of the Awen without fear;
And the speech of Bûn, and the visions of sleep. v. 129.

And yet after this, she says,—³

While I live I will not be unmindful of thee,
And to the day of judgment will bear in mind
Thy intrenchment,—heavy misfortune. v. 136.

GWENDDYDD.

¹ Och anwyl or oer oscar
Guedi dyvot yn trydar
Gan unben dewr diarchar
Dy olo di y dan dayar

² O olochuyt kyvet a thravot llyvreu
Awen heb arsynt
A chuedyl Bun a hun breuduyt

³ Ym byu nyth diovrydaf
A hyt vraut yth goffaaf
Dy ffosaut trallaut trymmaf.

The germ of the latter legend appears here; but the imprisonment is not brought about by the Lady's agency. Gwenddydd, in another place called—

"Gwenddydd Wen adlam Cerddeu," v. 133.

White Lady of day, the refuge of songs,

is evidently to be here understood as his sister, for she, in the dialogue, calls him her *lallogan* (Laloiken,) or twin-brother. I do not know, whether the assertion in the life of St. Kentigern, written about 1180, by Jocelyn, of Furness Abbey, that at the court of Rhydderch Hael, there was a maniac named Laloiken, is, or is not founded on this dialogue; if not, we have another proof that the dialogue contains a few facts of authentic biography; for since the *Scotochronicon's* identification of this *Laloiken* with Merddin the Wild, and Mr. Price's ingenious proof,¹ that *Laloiken* is another form of the Welsh word *lallogan*, there can be no doubt that we are here on safe ground. At the close of this poem, there seems to be an interpolation of several verses, or an attempt to reconcile two different traditions; and in the Avallenau and Hoiannau we find several facts, not mentioned here, and different attributes are given to the sister. In the Avallenau, we are told that "Gwenddydd does not love him," since "her son was slain by his accursed hand;" but in the dialogue, there is not the slightest hint of this want of love on the part of the sister, nor any mention of her having a son. There is either death, or imprisonment, alluded to in the dialogue; but in the others, his motions are free; and yet the story of the *White Serpent* is shadowed forth in the Hoianau, for the word *pierce*, in the line,—

"(A) grey (wolf?) is my protection, Gwenddydd will not pierce me."

implies other than feminine attributes. Throughout the whole, although there is much of fact, there is also much of fiction.

¹ Hanes Cymru, p. 209.

Next in chronological order, should come "The Predictions uttered by Merddin out of his grave." This poem either originated in the hundred and twenty-ninth verse of the preceding, which has just been quoted, or that verse is an interpolation, as they both appear to be closely connected; and perhaps we ought, by the grave, to understand the above named prison. It is clearly posterior in date, for it refers to *Coch o Normandi*, meaning William the II., the *Red* king from Normandy; there is also an allusion to Henry the I., but the poem contains no striking features. A few of the predictions may not however be uninteresting:¹—

The world shall come towards the end,
When from adversity men shall die young,
And cuckoos *die of cold* in the month of May.

The world shall be, when men shall delight in hounds,
And build cottages in the wilderness;
And shirts without great cost cannot be obtained.

Truth shall disappear, and error spread,
Men shall be weak of faith, and disputing on alternate days,—
And they shall delight in fine garments.

Lords shall be litigious, and agents vagabonds,
Bards empty-handed, and priests gay;
Truth shall vanish, and denials be frequent.

The world will be, without too many storms,
Much ploughing will not be required, nor railings on the
sea shore;
And an acre shall be land enough for nine.

¹ Byd a vyd a gorphen byd
Pallant ieuainc rac advyt
Mei marw cogeu rhac annuyt
Byt a vyd wyt wrth erchuyt
Y adeilaur yn dyrys
Heb werth maur ni chaffaur crys
Eu diwannaut gwir lledaut geu
Guann ffyd bob eildyd datleu
Byt a vyd bryt wrth dilled
Kyghaus argluyd Maer chuiviat
Guacław Bard hard offeiriāt
Difannawr e wir lledawr gwad
Byt a vyd heb wynt heblau
Heb ormod eredic heb drathreulau
Tir digaun vid un erw y nau

When men grow, they shall grow up without virility,
 And corn-fields take the place of trees;
 Feasts will be prevalent in peaceful districts.

When the cubit shall be held in estimation,
 The man who has it, will not regret,
 That corn springs up on the sides of mountains.

As printed in the *Archæology*, this poem consists of forty four verses; but the twelve last refer to the injuries done by the Danes to the monastery of Llandudoch in 987, and were not in the MSS. of Mr. Lewis Morris or Mr. Edward Llwyd. They therefore seem to be subsequent additions; as the fourteen verses, from the seventy first to the eighty-fifth of the *Kyvoesi*, undoubtedly are; for they refer to the reign of Owain Gwynedd, and to the son of Henry, and are not in the MS. of Mr. D. Jones, of Llanvair.

THE AVALLENAU.

On reading these verses some years ago, I was much pleased with their quaint simplicity, with the fine vein of sentiment which runs through them, and with the diction, which is much superior to that of poets who have written at a later period, and obtained great repute. But repeated perusals led me to doubt their antiquity; the allusions to historical characters in the shape of prophecies could not have been Merddin's; and the composition, so clear, intelligible, and elegant, as compared with the genuine poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch, wore an air by no means ancient. With the view of enabling the reader to estimate the value of my criticism, I will first quote the verses,—

Pan dyvo yr gwyr heb wryt
 Ac yn lle coet cael yr yt
 Ymhob hedd guled a gyvryt
 Pan fo cyfelin gymyrredd
 Y gwr ai gweryd ni ommedd
 Gwrthfyd yd ym mynyddedd

Myv. Arch. Vol. I. p. 133.

THE APPLE TREES.¹

- 1 Was there such a gift given to any one, as at the dawn of day
Was given to Merddin ere age had overtaken him ?
Seven score and seven sweet apple trees,
Of equal height, age, and magnitude,
They are a mark of a sovereign's benevolence,
And are overshadowed by lovely foliage.
A maid with beauteous ringlets watches over them,
Gloywedd by name, with teeth of pearly whiteness.
- 2 Sweet and excellent apple tree !
Thou wilt be heavy when laden with fruit,
And I am full of care and trouble for thy safety,
Lest the woodmen
Should destroy thy root, and injure thy seed,
And prevent any more apples from growing on thee ;
And I tear myself wildly with anxiety ;
Anguish pains me, and no clothes protect my body ;
These were the gift of Gwenddolau the free giver,
Who is now, as he was not.
- 3 Sweet apple tree of delicate growth,
Thy shade is celebrated, profitable, and comely,
Princes will combine upon false pretences,
With false, luxurious, and gluttonous monks,
And idle talkative youths, to get thy fruit ;
They all prophesy warlike exploits to the Prince.

¹ 1 A rodded i neb yn un plygeint
A roid i Ferddin cyn no henaint
Saith afallen beren a saith ugaint
Yn gyfoed gyfuch gyhyd gymmairt
Trwy fron teyrnedd y tyfeddaint
Un ddoled uchod ai gorthoaint
Un forwyn bengrech ai gorcheddaint
Gloywedd ei henw gloyw wyn ei daint

2 Afallen beren, bren y sydd fad
Nid bychan dylwyth sydd firwyth arnad
A minnau wyf ofnawg am gelawg am danad
Rhag dyfod y coedwyr goed gymmynnad
I gladdu dy wraidd a llygru dy hâd,
Fal na thyfo byth afal arnad
A minnau wyf gwyllt gwrthrychiad
I'm cathrudd cythrudd nim eudd dillad.
Neum rhoddes Gwenddolau gorthlysau yn rhad
Ac yntau heddyw fal na buad.

3 Afallen beren bren addfeinus
Gwasgadfod glodfawr buddfawr brydus
Cyd wnant bensaethau gan gyfsgus
A myneich geuawg bwydiawg gwydus
A gweisionain firaeth bid arfaethus
Yd fyddant wyr rhamant rhidd rhwyfanas.

- 4 Sweet apple tree of vigorous growth, and verdant foliage,
 Large are thy branches, and beautiful thy form,
 It was beautiful to see thee in a robe of vivid green,
 Ere war had caused my heart to grieve;
 But my wrongs shall yet be avenged,
 And the legions of Pengwern shall revel on mead.
- 5 Sweet apple tree growing in the lonely glade !
 Valour shall still secure thee from the lords of Rhydderch,
 Bare is the ground around thee, trodden by mighty warriors,
 Their heroic forms strike their foes with terror.
 Alas ! Gwendydd loves me not, greets me not,
 I am hated by the chiefs of Rhydderch,
 I have ruined his son, and his daughter,
Death relieves all, why does he not visit me ?
 For after Gwenddolau no princes honour me.
 I am not soothed with diversion,
 I am no longer visited by the fair,
 Yet in the battle of Arderydd I wore golden torques,
 Though I am now despised by her who is fair as snowy swan.
- 6 Sweet apple tree ! covered with delicate bloom,
 Growing unseen in the sequestered wood ;
 At break of day the tale was told me,
 That the high commissioned chief of Menwydd is offended
 with me ;
 Twice, thrice, yea four times in one day,

- 4 Afallen beren bren hydwl glas
 Purfawr ei changen iw chain wanas
 Canpid cain arwel yn mhrld gorlas
 Cyn berw bryd cymmrwyn ffwyr alanas
 A mi ddysgoganaf cad am dias
 Pengwern cyfeddgrudd medd ei haddas.
- 5 Afallen beren bren a dyf yn Llannerch
 Angerdd ei hargel rhag rhieu Rhydderch
 Amsather yn ei bon maon yn ei chylch
 Aedd aelu iddudd dulloed dihefeirch
 Mi nim car Gwendydd ac nim hennyrch
 Wyf gas gan wasawg gwaesaf Rhydderch
 Ry rewiniais ei fab ef ai ferch
 Angeu a ddwg pawb pa rag nam cyfeirch
 A gwedy Gwenddolau neb rhiau nim peirch
 Nim gogawn gwarwy nim gofwy gorddyrch
 Ac yngwaith Arderydd oed aur fy ngorddyrch
 Cyd bwyf aelu heddyw gan eiliw elleirch.
- 6 Afallen beren blodau esplydd
 A dyf yn argel yn argoedydd
 Chwedlau a gigleu yn nechreuddydd
 Rysori gwasawg gwaesaf Menwydd
 Dwywaith a theingwaith pedeirgwaith yn undydd

It rung in my ears ere the sun had marked the hour of noon;
Oh Jesus! why had I not been destroyed,
Before I had the misfortune to slay the son of Gwenddydd?

- 7 Sweet apple tree, which formest a stately grove,
 The wild dogs of the wood seek shelter about thy roots,
 Yet shall my prophetic song announce the re-coming
 Of Medrawd, and Arthur¹ leader of hosts;
 Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan,
 And only seven escape from the two days' conflict.
 Let Gwenhwyvar remember her crimes,
 When Cadwaladr resumes possession of his throne,
 And the religious hero leads his armies.
Alas my lamentable destiny! hope affords no refuge,
Gwenddydd's son is slain, and by my accursed hand.
- 8 Sweet apple tree, of richest fruit,
 Growing in the lonely woods of Celyddon;
 All seek thee for the sake of thy fruit,
 But in vain until Cadwaladr comes to the conference of
 Rhyd Rheon,
 And Kynan advances to oppose the Saxons;
 Then shall Britons be again victorious,
 Led by their graceful and majestic chief;

Amglyw o'm dargau cyn haul nawnnydd
 Och, Iesu! na ddyfu fy nihenydd
 Cyn dyfod ar fy llaw llaith mab Gwenddydd.

7 Afallen beren bren ailwyddfa
 Cwn coed cylch ei gwraidd dywasgodfa
 A mi ddyagoganaf dyddaw etwa
 Medrawd ao Arthur modur tyrfa
 Camlan darwerthin difiau yna
 Namyn saith ni ddyrraith o'r gymmanfa
 Edryched Gwenhwyfar wedi ei thraha
 Ban at fedd Cadwaladr
 Eglwysig bendefig ai tywysa
 Gwaith imi a dderfydd heb esgorfa
 Lleas mab Gwenddydd, fy llaw ai gwna.

8 Afallen beren beraf ei haeron
 A dyf yn argel yn Argoed Celyddon
 Cyt ceisier ofer fydd herwydd ei hafon
 Yn y ddel Kadwaladr i gynadi Rhyd Rheon
 Kynan yn erbyn cychwyn ar Saeson
 Kymry a orvydd kain vydd e dragon

¹ The Arthur here mentioned is the hero of romance. Modred was his nephew, he conspired against his uncle, and at the battle of Camlan gave the wound, of which Arthur afterwards died, not however before he himself had been slain. The crime of Gwenhwyvar was unfaithfulness to Arthur's bed; she having deserted her husband, and fled with Modred. Cadwaladr and Kynan will be noticed hereafter.

Then shall be restored to every one his own,
And the sounder of the horn of gladness, proclaim
The song of peace, and days of happiness.¹

- 9 Delicious apple tree with blossoms purely white,
To those who eat them, sweet are the apples
That have always grown on trees
Which grow apart, with wide-spreading branches.
The nymph who appears and disappears, prophesies explicitly
In signs, of troublesome times which will surely come ;
A fleet with anchors shall come on the sea,
Seven ships, with seven hundred sailing over the waves ;
They will descend on the shore under flights of arrows,
And of those who come, there shall not return,
More than seven to their former home.²
- 10 Delicious apple tree of splendid growth !
Its root has fed both it and me,
When with shield on my shoulder, and sword on my thigh,
I slept all alone in the woods of Celyddon.
Hear little pig ! rouse from thy sleep
And list to the diverting birds expressing their mutual wishes,
A sovereign across the sea will come on Monday,
Blessed will Wales be, from that design."³

Kaffant pawb ei deithi llawen fi brython
Kaintor Cyn elwch kathl heddwoh a binon

- 9 Afallen beren burwen o flodeu
I'r ai hys melyn ei hafalau
A dyfant eirioed a choed
A dyf ar wahan yn llydan ei changau
Dyagogan Chwibleian cyfan chwedlan
Dyddian arwyddion brithfyd dian
A llynges dros for ag angorau
Seithlong a ddeuant a seithgant dros donau
Deacynnant ar draeth y dan saethau
Ar sawl a ddeuant ni atter yn neu
Namyn saith eilwaith og eu hen adron.
- 10 Afallen beren a dyf dra run
Cymeythuleis yn ei bon yr bodd y wun
Ac yswyd ar fy yswydd am oled ar fy nghlun
Ac ynghoed Celyddon i cysgals i fy hun
Hoian Borchellan pwyllus dy hun
Andaw di adar difyr yn ei hymeutan
Teyrnedd dros for a ddaw dduwllun
Gwyn eu byd Cymru or arofun

¹ The first eight verses were translated by the late Mr. Edward Williams, (*Iolo Morgannwg.*)

² The allusion here is to the battle of Tal y Moelvre in 1157, which has been already noticed.

³ The address to the little pig seems to be out of place here. The blessed King is Cadwaladr ; and the event alluded to is a prediction in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of Britain.

- 11 Apple tree of pure white sprigs growing cleverly to a moderate height,
I am more accustomed to the saddle and ashen spear of royalty,
Than to see rustics of raven hue on the branches,
And a prayer from the lady of commanding aspect,
For I am not destitute of either talent or emulation.
- 12 Apple tree growing by a brook side,
With greatly desired leaves and yellow apples ;
I have been beloved by Gwnem¹ and Kutum,
But my complexion is faded from long weeping;
Am I not neglected by my former friends,
Wandering among spectres, who know me not ?
- 13 Delicious apple tree, that avoidest attack,
Growing at the junction of streams, without being protected
by vegetation ;
I will prophesy a battle, between the Britons
Defending their boundaries, and the men of Dublin.
Seven ships will come across the wide lake,
And seven hundred over the sea to subdue ;
Of those who come, they shall take with them,
But seven empty vessels after the contest.²
- 14 Delicious apple trees, teeming with buds ;
Yellow its fruit, not to be chewed by the multitude,

11 Afallen burwen ei brig a dyf ygymes yn foesig
Gnodach im onnwy gyfrwy gwledig
No gwyr bro bran lliw ar riw ei trig
A gweddi gan riain ran parhedig
Nid wyf diddawn a dieiddig.

12 Afallen a dyf ynglan nant
Ei hafalau melyn ai deil yn chwant
Am gwnem am kutum am carasant
Ni ethyw fy boen o hir lifant
Neut wyf ddigariat gan fy ngharant
A minneu gan wyllon nim adwaenant.

13 Afallen beren bren diletcyn
A dyf yn Haber heb ardyfu cylchyn
A mi disgoganaf cad ym Mhrydyn
Yn amwyn ei terfyn a gwyr Dalyn
Seithlong i deuant dros lydan lyn
A seithgant dros for i orescyn
Or sawl a ddeuant nid ant y genhyn
Namyn seith letwag wedi lletcynn.

14 Afallen beren biborig
Melyn ei haeron nid maon ei meesig.

¹ I know not what Gwnem and Kutum mean.

² See note to verse 9.

I was nourished at its base with choice men,
And when Devon shall be called "the stony city,"
The minstrel will be paid his new year's gifts.

- 15 Delicious apple tree that will not wither :
Four hundred years it will be in peace,
Growing apart, and widely outspreading,¹
Its root is oftener surrounded by the wolf which violates
Than by the youth who can enjoy its fruit.
And I will prophesy that a youth shall come
From the flowers of Cadvan, who when he grows up,
Will be known as Gruffydd of the line of Iago,—²
There will be no tyranny when he comes.
- 16 Delicious apple tree, that will be known,
Until water impregnates the ducks' fluttering feather:—
I will prophesy that the time is near,
And that I am in fear of it,
When God the Supreme will take me from trouble,
To become the confidant of his Son.
- 17 Delicious apple tree of luxuriant green growth,
Large are thy branches, and beautiful thy form ;
And I will prophesy that in a clamorous battle,
Pengwern³ celebrated for mead and carousals, will be despoiled,

Cymathyleis yn ei bon a dynion dewissig
Aphan alwer Dyfnaint dinas cerrig
I talawr gerddawr ei galennig.

- 15 Afallen beren bren ni grino
Pedwarcant mlynedd yn hedd i bo
A dyf ar wahan ys llydan ei gortho
Gnodoch yn ei gwraidd y blaidd ai treissio
Na maban mynych a mwynhao
A mi a ddysgoganaf maban a fo
O flodau Cadvan pan gynyddo
Gruffydd ei enw o hil Iago
Ni wna annoes pan pseudo.

- 15 Afallen beren bren a honneit
Neus gorwlych dwfyr rynn pluyn hweyt
A mi a ddysgoganaf ei bod yn nessaf
Ac i mae arnaf ei harynneig,
Pan fo Duw Dewin ym diffryt i rhag trin
Hyd na bywf gytrin ag eissifeit.

- 17 Afallen beren hydwl glas
Plu fawr ei changeu ai chain wanas
A mi ddysgoganaf cad am dias
Pengwern cyfoddgrud medd eu hadlas

¹ Wide-spreading trees are part of the stock in trade of romance writers.

² Gruffydd ab Kynan, the grandson of Owain Gwynedd, I should presume, is the person here described.

³ Pengwern was a royal palace in Powys.

And in the conflict many will be slain,
By the Chief of Eryri, hated challenger.

- 18 Delicious apple tree growing on a river's bank,
The provost of an army would not thrive on the splendid
fruit,
Which I enjoyed from its trunk while my reason was entire,
In company with an elegantly pleasing, delicate, and beautiful
maid;
Ten years and forty with my treasures,
Have I been sojourning among ghosts and sprites
After having enjoyed abundant riches, and the pleasant society
of the tuneful tribe.
I have been here so long that sprites do not shock me,
And I tremble not at the dragon sprites,
Of the princes Gwenddoleu and his brethren,¹
Who have bred a pestilence in the woods of Celyddon;
May I become a blessed servant of the sovereign of splendid
retinues.
- 19 Delicious apple tree of delicate blossoms,
Which grows on the sward amid the trees;
The Sibyl prophesies—words which will come to pass,—
“Mental design shall cover the green assemblies,
From the princes in the beginning of the tempestuous hour;
The Darter of Rays shall vanquish the profane man,

Ac amgylch cymminawd cymyn leas
Gan pendefig Eryri eri atgas

- 18 Afallen beren a dyf ar lan afon
Yn llwry ny lluydd maer ar ei chlaer aeron
Tra fo om pwyll wastat am bwyat yn ei bon
A bun wenwarwys feinwys fanon
Deg mlynedd a deugein my gein anetwon
Ydd wyf yn ymdeith gan wylleith a gwillon
Gwedi da ddigawn a diddan cerddorion
Mi feum nam gwiw gwall gan wyllion
A gwyllieit rwyfeu na chrynaf y dragon
Fy arglwydd Gwenddoleu am browy frodorion
Gwedi porthi heint a hoet amgylch Celyddon
Bwyf was gwynfydig gan wledig orchorddion.
- 19 Afallen beren blodau ysplydd
A dyf y gweryd a hyt y gwit
Dysogogen Chwimleian chwedlen o ddyfyd
Yd cychennawr gan fryd gwyrd efit
Rhag rhiein ar ddechreu origieu tewydd
Gorwyt grat wehyn dyn digrefydd

¹ This story also occurs in Geoffrey's History of Arthur. A party of Saxons flying before him, halted at the wood of Calidon, and made a brave defence under the protection of the trees; Arthur seeing this, ordered the trees to be cut down, and surrounding them with a rampart of timber, caused them when nearly dying of hunger, to sue for release on condition of leaving the Island.

Before the Child of the sun, bold in his courses,
Saxons shall be eradicated, and Bards shall flourish."

- 20 Delicious apple tree of crimson hue ;
Growing concealed in the woods of Celyddon,
The attempts to discover it, by its seed, will be all in vain,
Till Cadwaladr, the supreme ruler of battle,
Comes to the conference of Cadvaon,
With the Eagle of Towy and Teivi rivers,
Till ranks be formed of the long-shanked ones,
And the wearers of long hair be divided into *gentle* and *fierce*.
- 21 Delicious apple tree of pure white flowers,
Thy sweet fruits are the prisoners of words.
The ass will arise to remove men out of office;¹
And this I know from the best authority,
That an eagle from the sky will play with his men,
And bitter will be the sound of Owain's arms;
Numerous are his men, but he cannot converse,
With those who are coming across the seas.
- 22 A veil covers the tree with green branches,
There will be treason in sovereignty, and mead in cities,
When Burgundy² comes with the men of Arras ;

Rhag maban huan heolydd arfeidd
Saeson ar ddiwroidd beirdd ar gynnydd.

- 20 Afallen beren a prenn fflon
A dyf dan gel ynghoed Celyddon
Cyt ceissier ofer fydd herwydd y haton
Yny ddel Cadwaladyr y gynnadyf cadvaon
Eryr Tywi a Theift afon
A dyfod grande o aranwynion
A gwneuthur gwar a gwyllt a gwallhirion.

- 21 Afallen beren burwen o flodeu
Melus ei haeron carcharorion geircu
Yr assen a gyfyd i symmud swyddeu
Y fineu au gwyr ny synnwyr goreu
Eryr or wybyr au wyr whareu
Wherw bydd sein Ywein arveu
Amyl i wyr ni wyr ddadlen
Cynnedloedd dros foroedd a fordwyeyu

- 22 Afallen beren llen ar bren briglas
Bradawg teyrnedd medd yn ninas
Pyn ddaw Byrgwyn a gwyr Arras

¹ This is a reference to the Prediction of Merddin, as reported in Geoffrey.

² It may appear strange that I should translate *Byrgwyn* into Burgundy, and yet it seems quite correct. Arras is an important town in France, situated within the province of Artois; and the Dukes of Burgundy being also counts of Artois, would be the natural leaders of the men of Arras.

And I will foretel the harvest when the green corn shall be
cropped;

When the he eagle and she eagle shall arrive from France,
They will scarcely return without having done good.

- 23 Delicious apple tree of delightful branches,
Budding luxuriantly, and shooting forth renowned scions,
I will predict that the owner of Machreu,
Will in Machawy on Wednesday create,
Joy to Lloegria with blood-red blades.
Hear little pig! There shall come on Thursday
Joy to Kymru of great suffering;
There will be swords swiftly plying in the conflict,
And in the battle, Saxons will be slain in such numbers,
That their heads will be used as balls to play with.
I prophesy truth without guile,
The elevation of the son of the eminently beneficial South.

It will be observed that verses 4 and 17, with verses 8
and 20 bear a considerable resemblance to each other.

These verses give us an insight into the political move-
ment of the time, and exhibit a surprising amount of skill,
capacity, and daring on the part of the Welsh princes; for
not only was Owain Gwynedd not content with withstand-
ing the attacks of England, but he must needs entertain a
grand scheme of policy, place himself in diplomatic relations
with France, and with the assistance of the French king
strike a mortal blow at the English crown. The project
failed; but the attempt was worthy of success, and must
exalt that prince in public estimation. Mr. Davies sup-

A mi ddygoganaf cythasaf oncofir yr yd glas
Pan ddol yr Bryr ar Eryres
O Ffreine odyt a dieine yn ddiles.

- 23 Afallen beren per ei changu
Pwawr mawr weiriawg enwawg iareu
A mi ddygoganaf rhag perchen Machreu
Yn nyffryn Machawy Mercherddydd oreu
Gorfoledd i Loegyr gorgoch lafneu
Oian a pharchellau dyddaw dywieu
Gorfoledd i Gymru gorfawr godeu
Yn amwyn Cymminawd eloddgawd oleu
Aer o Saeson ar onn fereu
A gwaryawr pelre ar eu peneu
A mi ddiagoganaf gwir heb geu
Dyrchafawd Mabau maddan y Deheu.

poses that "Merddin in these verses is foreboding the restoration of his lord Gwenddolau's cannibal eagles;"¹ but a different, and perhaps more instructive explanation, may be found in the following extract,—

"After the rupture of the peace of Montmirail, (A.D. 1165—1170.) Louis VII. received from a country with which, until then, he had had no sort of relations, and of which he was hardly aware of the existence, a (Latin) despatch conceived in these terms;—'To the most excellent the king of the French; Owen prince of Wales, his liege-man and faithful friend, sends greeting, obedience, and devotion.

"The war which the king of England had long meditated against me, broke out this last summer without any provocation on my part; but thanks to God and to you, who then occupied his forces abroad, there perished on the fields of battle more of his people than of mine. In his spite, he has wickedly mutilated the hostages he held from me; and retiring without concluding either peace or truce, has ordered his soldiers to be ready to march against me next Easter. I therefore beg of you, through your royal clemency, to announce to me by the bearer of these presents if it be your intention to make war upon him at that time; in order that I, on my side, may serve you by doing all the mischief that you shall wish. Let me know what you advise me to do, and also what succours you will furnish me; for without aid and counsel from you, I doubt that I shall be sufficiently strong against our common enemy."

"This letter was brought by a Welsh priest, who presented it to the king of France in solemn audience. But the king, having scarcely ever heard of Wales, suspected that the messenger was some impostor, and would recognize neither him nor the despatches of Owen. The Welsh prince was therefore obliged to write a second missive, to confirm the contents of the first. 'You thought' said he 'that my letter was not really mine. However, I assure it was truly so, and I call God to witness thereof!' The Cambrian chief persisted in calling himself the faithful servant and vassal of the king of France. This trait is worthy of citation, principally because it may serve to teach us not to interpret literally, without serious examination, the formulas and mode of speech of the middle ages. The words vassal and lord often really denoted a relative condition of subordination and dependence; but often, too, they are merely a polite form of expression, especially when the feeble claimed the alliance of the more powerful." Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest*, Book VII.

¹ *Mythology of the Druids*, p. 489.

The passages in verses 21, 22, and 23 have an evident reference to this embassy; but if M. Thierry had not supplied the above account, we should not have so easily understood their real signification.

What are the subject and object of these sonnets? I coincide with Mr. Davies in believing them to be to some extent mythological, or more properly speaking allegorical; but I cannot believe that the "Avallenau" are the work of Merddin; and totally dissent from his assertion that Mr. Turner had *proved* their authenticity.

It appears to me that the "Avallenau" are as late as even the latter part of the reign of Owain Gwynedd. The verses state the trees to be one hundred and forty-seven in number; and their antiquity is rationally questioned when we find this to be one of the mystic numbers. We have The Seven Sleepers, The Seven Wise Men, The Seven Champions, and, not to wander into Revelations, The Seven Stars. Again we find mention of "the seven score knobs in the collar of the brindled ox, the seven score and seven poems to Morvydd by D. ap Gwilym, the seven score stones at Stonehenge, the seven score languages alluded to by Gwalchmai, and the seven score mystical personages" of the pseudo-Taliesin in "Angar Kyvyndawd." We must therefore be pardoned for our scepticism, as to the historical value of the statements; and if, contrary to Carnhuanawc's¹ plan of proving facts by the evidence of the poem, we use facts to test the poem itself, every vestige of antiquity will disappear. There is much reason to believe that the bard, whoever he was, has made use of an old tradition, which he has modified and extended; and if this conjecture be correct, as I think it is, Merddin will have but little claim to the poem. This tradition is found in one of the dialogues—the one between Merddin and Taliesin, wherein Merddin says,—

¹ This word has been used once before. It would perhaps be well to inform the English reader, that it is the bardic name of the late Rev. T. Price of Crickhowel.

Seven score chiefs,
 Were changed to sprites ;
 In the wood of Celyddon,
 Were they transformed.¹

We have here one of the elements from which the poem was composed ; and as Prydydd y Moch alludes to the tradition in this form at his day,—

“The next contest where noble feats were achieved,
 Was on the hill of Bryn yr Erw, where they saw thee,
 Like a lion foremost in piercing thy enemies,
 Like a strong eagle a safeguard to thy people,
 Upon this account they will not dispute with thee,
 They *vanish before thee like the ghosts of Celyddon* ;”

these lines of authentic poetry go far to settle the question ; and when, in addition to the words of the dialogue, we find such expressions as,—

“Can wyllon Celyddon cerddant,”

in a bard of the twelfth century, we become convinced of two things,—

1. That the tradition, whatever it originally was, had at that time assumed no other form, and

2. That therefore the Avallenau must be as recent as the time of Llywarch ab Llywelyn. It should also be noticed as a fact illustrative of traditional growth, that in the Avallenau, the seven-score and seven (whatever they might be) are *consequents* of the battle of Arderydd, while in the earlier dialogue (see Hud a Lledrith, 1st Chapter,) they are shown to *have existed previously*.²

Having gone thus far it becomes necessary to fix its date as nearly as possible. This can only be ascertained from internal evidence, which teaches that the orchard consisted of

“Saith avallen beren, a saith ugaint,
 Yn gyvoed, gyvuwch, gyhyd, gymmaint.”

¹ Seith ugein haelon,
 A aethau ygyllion ;
 Ynghoed Celyddon,
 Y darfuon.

² See also, note p. 229.

"Seven-score and seven apple trees,
Of equal age, height, and magnitude."

These lines, and many more might be quoted from the same poem, are fine specimens of mastery over words, and of fertility in language; and lead to the conclusion, from the connected train of thought here and in other places, that they could not have been written until prose literature became known. In the poems of even Gwalchmai there is an abruptness, not of ideas but of words, arising from the imperfect formation of the language; in the historical pieces of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch, the want of conjunctions is painfully evident; but we have nothing in the language more smooth, flowing, and complete than the Avallenau. I would however direct attention to the line,—

Yn gyvoed, gyvuwch, gyhyd, gymmaint,

with a view to show, that if a taste for such rhythm, at any time coincided with such command of language as is here indicated, and was characteristic of any period of our literary history, we should refer the composition of the Avallenau to that period. To be still more precise, let us endeavour to find a date beyond which we cannot go in the direction of modern days; and fortunately this is not difficult.

Our literary history, from the death of Llywelyn to the time of Davydd ab Gwilym, shows, in the department of poetry, a most striking feature. A complete revolution had taken place; and a period usually considered to be barren, was one of earnest cogitation, zealous reforms, and diligent cultivation. In this interval was born the incubus of Welsh poetry; those days of silent gloom, and impenetrable darkness, were pregnant with *Cynghanedd* (alliteration.) This portion of the literary history of Wales does not come within the scope of the Essay; and we must therefore content ourselves with stating that the introduction of *Cynghanedd* forms the boundary line, beyond which we need not go. The "Avallenau" has no *Cynghanedd*; we must therefore

fix their production somewhere between the years 1240 and 1350.

Between these periods, there is a bard whose poems are full of such lines. Llywarch ab Llywelyn, whom we have already quoted, flourished during the reigns of Owain Gwynedd and the first Llywelyn, and has in his poems many such lines as the following,—

*"Gogyvarch teyrn, gogwyr teyrnvardd,
Gogyvwrdd torment, gogyvrawr torvoedd,
Gogawn teyrnveirdd, gogawn teyrnvro."*

Again, we have the word "teyrn" frequently repeated,

*"Teyrnllu, teyrnedd, teyrnllaw, teyrnllin,
Teyrnllwyw teyrnas, teroyeg torment."*

In Davydd Benfras's ode to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, there is a long passage of a similar structure, beginning with,

Oedd breisg vreisg ei vyddin."

And just prior to this time we find in Hywel ab Owain this line,—

"Claer wanllun, wenllytyv, wynlliw Kywyd."

We may therefore conclude, that these lines in the Avallenau must have been written when the public taste required such rhythms ; and in addition to the above extracts, we have the authority of Giraldus, for the statement, that the bards of the age, "*took pride in repeating the first syllable of words, and thought nothing perfect without.*"

The resources of criticism are not yet exhausted ; and not only does the language betray the poem, but the ideas expressed, are also such as were prevalent during the romance era. In the notion of the beautiful entertained among the Welsh of those days, trees of equal growth were essential elements. This appears from *Iarllles y Ffynnaewn* (p. 40) where Kynon, relating his adventures, says,—

"And it chanced at length, that I came to the fairest valley in the world, wherein were trees of equal growth."

Again, in another tale by Gruffydd ab Adda, a bard who was killed at Dolgellau about 1370, we are told,—

“In the furthestmost end of this forest, he saw a level green valley, and trees of equal growth.”

Chaucer has similar sentiments. He describes a bower, as,—

“Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly,
That every branch and leafe grew by measure,
Plain as a bord, of an *height by and by*.”

And speaking of an avenue of ‘okes’ he says,

“And an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew.”

We have thus located the diction ; and now fix the ideas in their appropriate age. It only remains for us to treat of the historical incidents mentioned.

In the seventh verse, we are told that Medrawd and Arthur would re-appear, and fight over again the battle of Camlan. Cadwaladr too, was to revisit Britain, and Gwenhwyvar to repent of her sins. In no contemporary writer do we read of Gwenhwyvar, and Medrawd ; and even the mention of Amherawdwyr, in one of Llywarch Hen’s englynion, is suspicious. Here we see very clearly that Arthur had been the hero of romance long before this was written. The names of Geraint, Urien, and Owen authenticate the poems of the early bards ; their absence from the “Avallenau” throws discredit on that poem. Every one of Mr. Turner’s arguments in favour of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch are against the claim of these verses to antiquity.

The mention of Cadwaladr and Kynan invites a closer examination. We have three distinct accounts of Cadwaladr’s death, each differing from, and opposed to the other. Nennius states that,

“During his reign (i. e. Oswy) there was a dreadful mortality among his subjects, when Cadwaladr was king among the Britons, succeeding his father, and he himself died among the rest.”

I give this in Dr. Giles's translation, and though the passage is so obscure as to make it a matter of doubt whether the person who died was Cadwaladr or Oswy; the balance of evidence seems to show that it was the former. In speaking of Phylip Brydydd, I quoted two triads in which Cadwaladr's death was distinctly attributed to the blow given to him by Golyddan the bard, with the palm of his hand. Generally it may be assumed, that the Triads are fair exponents of pure Cambrian tradition; and in this case we find from the language of Phylip (p. 169,) that among his countrymen this was the received account of Cadwaladr's death. There is no inconsistency between the version in the Triads and that of Nennius; indeed they may be said to confirm each other. The Triads speak positively of the cause of the King's death; and Nennius, though he says Cadwaladr died "among the rest," does not necessarily imply that the plague was the cause of his death. But in the twelfth century we meet with another tradition, varying most widely from both the preceding. This occurs in Geoffrey of Monmouth's history of the British Kings, where it is said

"Cadwaladr fled to Brittany out of the way of the plague, which having subsided, he applied to Alan, King of the Bretons, for aid to recover his kingdom from the Saxons, who had taken possession of it during his absence. While he was preparing a fleet for this purpose, an angel deterred him from his enterprise, ordered him to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, and said that when he should have died and been enrolled among the saints, his bones with those of other saints would be brought from Rome to Britain, and the Welsh would recover their lost supremacy in that country. Cadwaladr accordingly went to Rome, and having been confirmed by Sergius, died on the twelfth before the Kalends of May, in the year 688."

The latter part of this story is ably shown by Professor Rees¹ to be a blunder, arising from the mistaking or misstating by Geoffrey, of the History of Ceadwalla King of Wessex, for that of Cadwaladr. The Saxon King did go

¹ Welsh Saints, p. 300.

to Rome, and actually did die on the twelfth of the Kalends of May 688; but the flight to Armorica and promised return of Cadwaladr's bones has yet to be accounted for. This probably arose from the same confusion of narratives, and may have prevailed as a popular sentiment among the Kymry who emigrated to Brittany; but whence the extended prophecy of Merlin sprang, except it be attributed to the exaggeration of similar general traditions by Geoffrey, I know not. It is however evident that the prophecy of the return of Cadwaladr, and recovery of their supremacy by the Kymry must have come from Brittany; for we perceive from the Triads, that the Cambrians had accepted Cadwaladr's death as an actual fact, from which no such expectations could have been formed; and this argument becomes particularly forcible, when it is considered, that he had proved himself to have been but a very sorry ruler. The conclusion therefore, that the hope was generated, and encouraged among the descendants of persons, who had left this country when the Britons were an united people, and who, neglecting subsequent events, had only retained a lively recollection of the glory of that period, becomes highly probable. In Brittany, refugees might have dreamt of British supremacy; but in Wales the stern reality of their condition was too apparent.

Geoffrey's book joining Conant II. of Brittany to Cadwaladr, and flattering these ambitious expectations of the exiled Kymry, produced a very powerful influence upon the public mind; and having given a classic form to the popular expectations of the country, impregnated even the genuine bardic literature with visions of recovered greatness. In the prophecy of Merlin, as it is there given, it is said, (in Dr. Giles's translation,)

"Cadwaladr shall call upon Conan, and take Albania into alliance; then there shall be a slaughter of foreigners; then shall the rivers run with blood. There shall break forth the foundations of Armorica, and they shall be crowned with the diadem of Brutus. Cambria shall be filled with joy, and the oaks of Cornwall shall

flourish. The island shall be called by the name of Brutus ; and the name given it by foreigners shall be abolished. From Conan shall proceed a warlike boar that shall exercise the sharpness of his tusks upon the Gallic woods. For he shall cut down all the larger oaks, and shall be a defence to the smaller. The Arabians and Africans shall dread him ; for he shall pursue his furious course to the farther part of Spain. There shall succeed the goat of the Venereal castle, having golden horns and a silver beard, who shall breathe such a cloud out of his nostrils, as shall darken the whole surface of the island. There shall be peace in his time, and corn shall abound by reason of the fruitfulness of the soil."

Now this prediction of the coming of Cadwaladr and Kynan finds place in the Avallenau ; and in the Hoianau we meet it afterwards, as well as in the poems of the pseudo-Taliesin. Whence arises this coincidence? Did Geoffrey borrow the prediction from Merlin? Or did the writer or writers of the Avallenau take it from the Kyvoesi and Geoffrey? Mr. Turner has entertained the first question, and answered in the affirmative. Let us therefore lay aside the suspicions of their modernity excited by the smoothness of the verses, and the various other reasons for scepticism, and see what it is that he assumes in that reply. The prediction states that "Cadwaladr and Kynan shall come to the conference of Rhyd Rheon." Now it is implied that Cadwaladr had gone to Brittany, about A.D. 668; from thence he would come again; therefore the prophecy implies a knowledge of that event. But if we enquire a little minutely, we shall find a small inconsistency in the matter of dates. The Avallenau, assuming their genuineness, must have been written long after the battle of Arderydd, which occurred in 577, as Merddin is made to say that he had been in the woods of Celyddon fifty years in consequence; that would make the date of the poem to be 627; but such was not the fact. Every where throughout both the Avallenau and Hoianau, the poet speaks of Rhydderch Hael as being still living, and it is therefore a warrantable supposition that the bard died before him; that prince died in 601, and therefore the prophecy must have been uttered previously. It will therefore now appear, that a prediction uttered in

A.D. 600 to persons then living, assumed their possession at that time, of a knowledge which could not have been acquired for at least sixty-eight years afterwards! Here I make the supporters of the genuineness of these verses, a gift of the assumption that Merddin could predict events at all, though, in common with most of my contemporaries, I am a little sceptical. There are in Wales men who believe in the "wise man" of Cwrtycadno; and there are people in England who have faith in "Raphael"; but in neither country, are these the intelligent classes. It is possible that some persons may still attribute these predictions to Merddin, and continue to assert the antiquity of the Avallenau and Hoianau; I must with all respect hold a different opinion.

But if they are not to be attributed to the age of Merddin, may they not have been written soon after the death of Cadwaladr? No, it would not have been said then, that he would come from Brittany; for the men of that age knew he had not gone there. And it would not have been said that he would assist the Britons to recover their supremacy, for they knew that he was a coward, and that Golyddan had killed him. To what age then are they to be attributed?

The publication of Geoffrey's book produced an extraordinary sensation throughout the civilized world. We behold traces of its influence in the literature of every country in Europe; but unless the sanction given to these prophecies by their adoption in his book, was the chief cause which inspired the production of the Avallenau and Hoianau, we shall have to recognize as a fact, what would be ten times more strange than any difficulty involved in this hypothesis, that a book which put every other country into a ferment, produced no effect at home! Prior to the appearance of Geoffrey's history, the more intelligent portion of his countrymen had no notion of calling Cadwaladr from the dead, that expectation existing only among the vulgar; but soon after we find Prydydd y Moch saying that the Druids were prophesying the coming of a great king to the Kymry, and pointing to Llywelyn ab Iorwerth. We also find Gwalch-

mai (1160) saying of Madoc ab Meredydd, that there shall be no one like him,

"Hyd pan ddel Cyman cain addfwyndawd
A Chadwaladr mawr mwr pob ciwdawd."

Until Kynan the kindly courteous shall come,
And Cadwaladr the great, the pillar of all armies.

This expectation was general in Wales, soon after the appearance of the *Historia Britonum*; and unless we believe the Kymry had two Cadwaladr fevers, there seems no other alternative than to refer these verses to this period.

Another argument in support of the same conclusion, may be drawn from a source, which had I time to investigate it carefully, would most probably throw much light upon this part of our literary history. I refer to the traditions of Brittany. It will have been observed that most of the facts mentioned in the *Avallenau* are to be found in *Cambrian History*. The battle of *Arderydd*, the seven-score chiefs who perished in the Caledonian woods, *Gwenddoleu*, *Rhydderch Hael*, *Cadwaladr*, *Kynan*, and *Arthur*, are mentioned elsewhere; but neither in the other pieces attributed to *Merddin*, such as "the *Kyvoesi*," and the "*Gwasgargerdd*," nor in the historical documents, is there any allusion to the apple trees given to him. But in the *Brut of Geoffrey*, we find *Merlin* prophesying that,—

"The renowned city shall be rebuilt by *Eric*, laden with apples, to the smell whereof the birds of several woods shall flock together. *Eric* shall hide his apples within it, and shall make subterraneous passages."

And among the Breton popular songs lately given to the world by the *Comte de la Villemarque*, I find two poems connected with the name of *Merddin*, in one of which occurs this passage,—¹

"MERLIN LOQ.

Silence, my Son, lest your steps frighten him;
He is fast asleep in the dormitory.

¹ The original in the Cornish dialect,—

"Tevet ma mab, na sponted ket
Gand ann mourgousk e' ma dale'het;

He has swallowed three of my apples,
Which with him who bakes them turn to ashes.
And those who eat my apples,
Behold ! follow me everywhere."

In both these cases the name of Merddin is connected with apples ; and it is therefore probable that the author of the *Avallenau*, added this portion of the Armorican tradition, to such other traits of Merddin's history as he found among his own countrymen. The date of the Breton lay, furnished to De Villemarque by a lady living in the environs of Morlaix,¹ is uncertain ; but the date of Geoffrey's work would show, that this amalgamation was not likely to have occurred prior to the 12th century.

Another, and the last, argument is derived from the structure of the verses, each of which it will have been observed commences with "*Avallen beren*." This of itself does not prove their recent origin ; for Aneurin in the sixth century begins many of his verses with, "Men went to *Cattraeth*," and "Men went to *Gododin* ;" *Llywarch Hen* does this so frequently as to have provoked our critical censure ; and such anonymous verses, as the series commencing "*Eiry Mynydd*," with the "*A glyweisti a gant, &c.*," of the *Verses of the Hearing*, have the same peculiarity. The simple fact of the repetition of the initial line, is not therefore a sufficient proof of their late composition ; for on the contrary, all other things overlooked, the presumption would rather be in favour of the antiquity of those verses. But the same practice prevailed in the twelfth century, with an additional peculiarity. *Gwalchmai* begins several verses with "*Llachar vy nghleddyv, &c.*," *Kynddelw* has the line, "*Gorvynawd drythyll, &c.*" at the commence-

Lonket en deuz tri *aval* ru.
Meuz pouaet dean touez al ludu ;
Lonket eu deuz ma *avalou*
Chetu hen d'hon heul e'peb-brou."

Cte. de la Villemarque's *Barzas Breiz* tom i. page 80.

¹ " Nous avons été mis sur la trace de ce chant, et du morceau précédent par une dame des environs de Morlaix." *Barzas Breiz*, tom. 1, p. 92,

ment of each verse in the address to Eva, the daughter of Madawc ab Meredydd; Owain Kyveiliog begins each verse of *The Hirlas Horn* with "Diwallaw di venestr," or "Diwallaw di'r corn"; and Hywel ab Owain frequently repeats the line "Tonn wenn orewyn." In the anonymous poems we find the same rule prevailing; each verse of the Hoianau begins with "Oian a parchellan;" in the poem called "Myg Dinbych," the verses begin with "Addwyn gaer;" and in "Preidden Annwn" several begin with "Neud wyv glod geymyyn cerdd." Now the distinction between the poems of the two periods is this,—in the bards of the 6th century the line is connected with, and forms necessarily a part of what follows; but by the twelfth century the practice had become so hackneyed, that the initial line had no connexion with what came after. This is seen very clearly in Howel ab Owain's *Delight*, where the "Fair foamed crowned wave" has no relation whatever to the succeeding lines; and if the initial lines in the *Avallenau* were struck out, the sense would suffer but little thereby. These verses also resemble the mythological poems. In verse 7, we meet the line "Namyn saith ni ddysraith o'r gymmarva;" and this identical line ends each verse of "Preidden Annwn," the last words being varied. Another resemblance between the *Avallenau*, and the poems called mythological, is found in the prediction of universal peace. In the last line of the eighth stanza, it is said, that after Kynan should come to the conference of Rhyd Rheon,

"The sounder of the horn of gladness should sing of happiness and peace;"

and the poems called "Cadair Taliesin," and "Cadair Keridwen," have similar closing sentiments. They also resemble each other in another respect; in both the "Preidden Annwn," and the "Avallenau," the monks are the objects of bitter, and especial hostility. A reason why apple trees were chosen as the subjects for celebration, may also be inferred from the fact, that Fairyland went among the bards, since the appearance of Geoffrey's *History*, by the name of "Ynys yr Avallon,"—the island of the apple trees,

which English romancists, not knowing the meaning of Avallon, call "the woody isle of Avalon;" and this furnishes another link in the chain of evidence which proves to my complete satisfaction that the Avallenau belong to the age of Romances, or in other words to the latter part of the reign of Owain Gwynedd. Orchards exist in great abundance and luxuriance between Lanark and Glasgow; and it was probably the recollection of these among the Kymry, who had been compelled to abandon that country, "distance lending enchantment to the view," that led to the invention of "the woody isle of Avalon." If this reasoning should be thought to be conclusive, the speculations of Davies as to the object of the verses, will not require a lengthened discussion. He supposes the apple trees to have been used by Merddin to signify the principles of Druidism, which are, according to his view, celebrated under the name of apples; but as the chief force of his arguments, depends upon the assumption, that the verses were written soon after the subversion of Druidism by the introduction of Christianity, his reasonings become nearly pointless when this supposition is shown to be erroneous. But independent of the arguments furnished by the lateness of the composition, against his hypothesis, there is another argument which ought to be conclusive. It will be admitted that a bard of considerable repute in the 13th century must be a much better expositor of the meaning of these verses, than persons living in the nineteenth can be supposed to be; and therefore the evidence of Madawg Dwygraig must carry with it much weight. He has a satire upon some "Mallt the daughter of David" who had robbed his orchard of apples, and thereby excited the ire of the poet; and this poem is exceedingly curious as being a *parody*, upon the very verses now under consideration! In this, he says,—¹

Three delicious apple trees were eaten of against the will,—
They would not be given freely, nor would they be given at all;

¹ Teir afallen per pored o safodd
Ni roddid o fodd ai ni roddid

One was born among the trees in Paradise,
 To the injury of old and young ;
 The second bearing green leaves was *given* to Merddin,
 To be protected from the common populace ;
 The third handsome one was in my own garden.

We learn from these lines that the Avallenau were understood and interpreted literally in the 13th century ; therefore, the mystical and far-fetched explanation of a later date must be abandoned. It may also be inferred from the fact that the verses were parodied, that the bard did not consider them to be the sacred writings of Merddin ; for on the contrary he seems to have looked upon them as forming a Mabinogi. He begins each verse with "Avallen beren ;" and having described Mellt to be a lady of easy virtue, he furnishes us with a counterpart to the seven score apple trees, by charging her with having bestowed her favours upon seven score lovers. Such liberties would not have been taken with the Avallenau, had they been considered to have been the works of Merddin, by the intelligent men of that age. They knew better ; and the name of Merddin was only used to influence the multitude.

What then is the object of the verses ? It is probably an address to the tree of liberty,¹ to which as many biographical details have been added, as would make it appear to be a Romance of Merddin, and obtain the sanction of his name for the predictions of universal peace and happiness, with the speedy triumph of the Welsh arms, and restoration of British supremacy.

THE HOIANAU.

THESE resemble the AVALLENAU, in style, structure, and object ; and differ from them only in variation of the initial line. We have already stated that the line "Avallen

Un yw Mharadwys a aned yngwydd
 Rhwng hen a newydd yn eniwd
 Ail yn dwyn rhyddail rhodded i Fyrddin
 Buchedd gyffredin werin wared
 Trydedd hardd i'm gardd, &c."

¹ This view is fully supported by verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 19, and others.

beren," forms no essential part of the verse,—the sense being complete without it; and this is proved to be the case, by the occurrence of other verses, with different initial lines, though similar in age, language, and ideas. They are a little later than the preceding; those refer to events in the reign of Owain Gwynedd, and these were composed in that of his grandson, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth.

In the Archæology, they are called "Hoianau, neu Borchellanau Merddin;" i.e. The Listenings, or the Piglings of Merddin; but popularly they were called "The Songs of the Pigs." All the arguments in the preceding dissertation as to the date of the Avallenau, apply with equal force to these; it will not therefore be necessary to go again over the same ground, and I will only offer such special remarks as seem to be required.

THE SONGS OF THE PIGS. ¹

- 1 Listen O little pig! O happy little pig!
Burrow not in sight on the mountain tops,
Burrow in secret in the woods,
Lest Rhydderch Hael, the Christian Prince, should see thee.
And I will predict, and it shall be true,
In Britain, a daring prince shall ride as far as Abertaradr,
And Cambrians shall be prosperous;
His name is Llewelyn of the line of Gwynedd,
One who shall not be overcome.

Rhydderch Hael, as we have already seen, was one of the three generous princes of the Isle of Britain. He was king of the Strathclyde Kymry, and having been converted by St. Columba, from Druidism to Christianity, became the ardent advocate of the latter; and in its defence fought the battle of

¹ Oian a Phorchellan a pharchell dedwydd
Na chladd dy red kyr ym mhen mynydd
Cladd yn lle argel yn argoedydd
Nac erwys Rydderch Hael rwyfadwr fydd
Ami ddysgoganaf fi a gwyr fydd
Hyd yn Abertaradr rhag traws eu Prydein
Cymru oll yn eu cyflwydd
Llywelyn ei enw o eisillydd
Gwynedd gwr dygorbydd.

Arderydd, against Gwenddoleu ab Keidiaw, an upholder of the ancient faith, who was assisted by Aeddan ab Gavran, king of the Scots. This battle was fought in A.D. 577, and Gwenddoleu, with seven score chiefs, perished it is said in the woods of Caledonia. In consequence of Rhydderch's success, Merddin, according to the tradition, was compelled to hide himself in the forests,—where he was accompanied by a little pig. Mr. Davies is of opinion that the pig in these verses, is a symbol of Druidism; but it appears to me, that the pig in these verses, allegorically represents the Kymry who inhabited the principality. The popular opinion of all countries, has assigned to magicians and sages, familiar spirits, and Merddin has been no less fortunate than others; but he has different companions in different places. In Wales, he has his mother (the nun¹) for an associate, a grey wolf, his sister Gwenddydd, and a little pig; and in Brittany his companions are his "poor grandmother,"² his "poor little boy,"³ his daughter,⁴ his harp,⁵ and his *black dog*. The poem in which this last occurs is very interesting; and as we shall again have reason to refer to it, it is here translated. De Villemarque supposes it to be intended for a dialogue between St. Columba and the Sage; there is such a dialogue in the Welsh, which shall be given hereafter,—

¹ Bed an ap llian ymnewais
Ynydd llugor llew Emreis
Prif ddewin Merddin Emreis
Myv. Arch. Vol. I. p. 78.

The grave of the son of the nun,
The Companion of the lion of Emrys,
The chief diviner Merddin Emrys is
in Newys mountain.

² My poor grandmother,—do you
love me,
Or my poor heart will break.

Breton original (Cornish dialect.)
Na mann gouz paour m'ar em c'heret,

³ My poor little boy, do not weep,
Because your harp is unstrung.

Rag ma c'halonik zo rannet.
Ma mabik' paour na wélet ket,
Ann de'len a vo distaget.

⁴ If thou wilt give the ring to me.
I to thee will give my daughter.

Mar gasez be' vijou d'ime'
Te po ma mero'h diganime.

⁵ If thou wilt bring Merlin's harp
Which is held by four chains of fine
gold.

Mar gasez d'in, te'len Merlin
Dalc'het gant pider sugaour fin.
Barzas Breiz, tom I. p. 70.

MERLIN THE DIVINER.

Merlin! Merlin where art thou going
So early in the day, with thy black dog?
Oi! oi! oi! oi! oi! oi! oi! oi! oi!
Ioi! oi! oi! ioi! oi!

I have come here to search for the way,
To find the red egg;¹
The red egg of the marine serpent,
By the sea side in the hollow of the stone.
I am going to seek in the valley,
The green water cress, and the golden grass,
And the top branch of the oak,
In the wood by the side of the fountain.

Merlin! Merlin! retrace your steps;
Leave the branch on the oak,
And the green water cress in the valley,
As well as the golden grass;
And leave the red egg of the marine serpent,
In the foam by the hollow of the stone.
Merlin! Merlin! retrace thy steps,
There is no diviner but God.²

¹ The red egg is probably the *Anguineus* said by Pliny, lib. xxix. to have been in so much favour with the Druids.

² The Breton original, in the Cornish dialect,—

MERLIN-DIWINOUR.

(Jas Kerne.)

Merlin, Merlin, pélec'h et-hu,
Ken beure'-zé, gand hô ki du?
Ou! ou! ou! ou! ou! ou! ou! ou! ou!
Iou! ou! ou! iou! ou!

Bed onn bet kas kahout ann tu,
Da gahont treiman ann wi ru,
Ann wi ru ann aer vorek,
War lez ann od toull ann garrek.
Mont a ran da glaak d'ar flourén,
Ar béler glaz ha 'nn'aour géoten,
Hag ar war-huel ann derwen,
E'kreiz ar c'hoad lez ar feunten.

Merlin! Merlin! distroet eun drou;
Loaket ar war gand ann de'rou,
Hag ar be'ler gand ar flourén,
Kerkoulz hag ann aour-geoten,
Hag ann wi ru ann aer-vorek,
Touez ann oen toull ar garrek.
Merlin! Merlin! distroet enn-drou,
Né deuz diwinour nemed Dou.

Villemarque's Barzas Breiz, tom 1. p. 60.

This last line is found in *Llywarch Hen*¹; and as that coincidence, coupled with the character of the sentiment, indicates considerable antiquity, we may presume that this alliance of the magician with a black dog represents correctly an old tradition, perhaps an actual occurrence. We shall presently see, that in the Druidic mythology, the pig occupies a prominent position; but whatever constituted the link of connexion between Druidism, and the swinish tribe, it must be evident that the pig in the text typifies the Welsh people. In the first part of the verse, the author connects with Merddin, that which was attributed to him in the popular tradition, and was well understood among the Welsh; but as the mythology of Merddin was only used as a medium for the introduction of something more important, he develops his purpose in the prediction of the greatness of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, who became King of North Wales, A.D. 1194.

- 2 Hear O little pig! it is necessary to flee
 From the hunters of Mordai, lest we should,
 If our place be suspected, be pursued and discovered;
 And if we escape I shall not complain of fatigue.
 And I will predict in the presence of the ninth wave,
 In the presence of the single white beard of exhausted
 Dyved;
 There shall be exalted an apartment, not in the lodging-
 house of faith,
 In a house which shall be long in the uplands amid wild
 animals.
 But until Kynan comes to it, to see it,
 The plough shall not go over its townships (i. e. those of
 Dyved).

¹ *Namyn Duw nid oes dewin.*—*Myv. Arch.* Vol. 1, p. 124.

2 Oian a phorchellan oedd raid myned
 Rhag cynyddion Mordai pei llafased
 Rhag dyfod erlid arnam ni an gweled
 Ac or diagwn i ni chwynwn i ein lludded
 A mi ddysgoganafi rhag ton nawfed
 Rhag unig bariffwyn gwehyn hyfed
 Dyrchafwyd llogawd nid ir lletiered
 Yn ty yn hir gwrthdir a gwystfled
 Yn y del Cynan iti oe chyn gweled
 Ni bydd atcor byth ar ei threfred.

In the introductory lines, the bard, assuming the truth of the story about Merddin's flight from the persecution of Rhydderch, elicits from the magician some very natural expressions. Does Mordai signify sea houses, or does it refer to Mordav Hael? At this distance of time it is difficult to ascertain what ideas the men of the twelfth century connected with the ninth wave; but at the present day it is a frequent custom to watch the waves, and it is said that the ninth wave is larger, and stronger than the others, and comes further ashore. The bards frequently mention it with respect; Rhys Goch ab Rhikert, calls the gull,

"Queen of the Ocean,
Whose throne is on the ninth wave of the sea;"

and in one of the anonymous poems, belonging to the era now under consideration, it is said,

"Addfwyn gaer y sydd ar don nawfed."
A holy city there is above the ninth wave.

The number nine, the square of three, was held in considerable estimation by the Kymry; the ninth descendant of a foreigner became a free man; the legal fines were extended through nine degrees of relationship; Bedo Brwynllys promises to fast for nine days; and Lewis Glyn Cothi, as a mark of great honour, describes a patron as "ninth Lord of Dinevor."

What "the single white beard of Dyved" means, I know not, unless its meaning can be found in Geoffrey, who says,—

"A hoary old man, sitting upon a snow white horse, shall turn the course of the river Perion, and shall measure out a mill upon it with a white rod;" and again,

"(After Cynon) there shall succeed the goat of the venereal castle, having golden horns, and a *silver beard*."

The latter part may be understood by a reference to the last lines of the 18th verse, where it is said that "Kynan shall create dolorous music in Dyved;" and the words "exhausted Dyved" may be considered to be anticipatory. The other allusions may possibly refer, to what is prominently noticed in Merlin's predictions—the removal of the see from Caerleon to St. David's.

3 Hear O little pig ! I cannot easily sleep,
 On account of the tumult of grief which is on me ;
 Ten years and forty have I endured pain ;
 Therefore the joy I now have is an evil.
 Life will be given to me by Jesus, the most trustworthy,
 Of the kings of Heaven, of highest lineage.
 It will not be well with the female descendants of Adam,
 If they believe not in God in the latter day.
 I have seen Gwenddoleu, with the precious gifts of princes,
 Gathering prey from every extremity of the land ;
 Beneath the red turf is he now resting,
 The most gentle of Northern Sovereigns.

Here it will only be necessary, to point out the anachronism which the poet has committed by making the druid a devout christian. Gwenddoleu was Merddin's patron ; and it was in consequence of this chieftain's defeat in the battle of Arderydd, that the story makes the sage a wanderer.

4 Hear O little pig ! it was necessary to pray,
 For fear of five chiefs from Normandy ;
 And the fifth going across the salt sea,
 To conquer Ireland of gentle towns,
 There to create war and confusion,
 And a fighting of son against father—the country knows it,
 (They will) also be going to the Lloegrians of falling cities,
 And they will never go back to Normandy.

3 Oian a pharchellan ni hawdd cysgaf
 Rhag godwrdd y galar ysyydd arnaf
 Deng mlynedd a deugain yd borthais i boen
 Ys drwg o arhoen ysyydd arnaf
 Oes imi gan Iesu gaffu gwacsaf
 Brenhinoedd nefoedd achoedd uohaf
 Ni mad rhianedd o blant Addaf
 Ar ni chredo i ddofydd y dydd diwedddaf
 Yd weleis Wenddoleu ym merthic rhiau
 Yn cynnull preiddiau o bob eithaf
 Y dan fy ngweryd rhudd nu neud araf
 Pen teyrnedd Gogledd llaredd muyhaf.

4 Oian a pharchellan oedd raid gweddi
 Rhag ofn pump pennaeth o Normandi
 Ar pumed ym myned dros for heli
 I oresgyn Iwerddon dirion drefi
 Ef gnawhawdd rhyfel a dyvysgi
 O ymladd mab a thad gwlad ai gwyli
 A myned i Loegrwys diffwys drefi
 Ac na bo gwared byth i Norlmdandi.

This verse alludes to the conquest of Ireland by the Normans; and the singular accuracy of the historical detail must afford the reader much pleasure, as it shows the verse to have been written at that very time. Our poet, it will be seen, only makes the *fifth* Norman chieftain go to *conquer* Ireland; and this accords with the actual facts. When Dermot Mac-Morrough quarrelled with Roderic, king of Leinster, he came over to Pembroke, and invoked the assistance of the Normans, who had recently settled in that district. They agreed with him for the rate of pay, and time of service; and embarked to the number of four hundred, knights, esquires, and archers, under the command of Robert Fitzstephens, Maurice Fitzgerald, Hervè de Montmarais, and David Barry.¹ These *four* went over A.D. 1169, to assist Dermot in subjugating Leinster. In gratitude for their services, he gave them allotments of land larger than they had elsewhere; but having been thus induced to stay, they sent for Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, to become their leader. Richard, the *fifth* Norman chief, went to Ireland, A.D. 1170, and commenced the work of conquest.²

5 Hear O little pig! sleep not too long,
 There comes to us a lamentable report,
 Of little chieftains full of perjury,
 And husbandmen that are close-fisted of the penny.
 When there shall come across the seas, men encased in armour,
 With horses under them having two faces,
 And two points to their spears of unsparing havoc,
Fields will be lying unreaped in the country of war,

¹ Thierry's Norman Conquest, Book X. Hume's History of England, chap. IX. gives different names to the two last adventurers, and also a version of the whole affair, slightly differing from the above.

² Thierry, Book X.

5 Oian a pharchellan na vyt hunawc ryd
 Dybyt attam ny chwedyl dyvrydauc
 Pennaethau bychein anudonauc
 Meiri manged am pen keiniauc
 Pan dyffon dros for gwyr enseirchawc
 Cad veirch y danunt deu wynebawc
 Deu vlaen ar eu gwaew anothleithyawc
 Erddi heb vedi ynyd diheddawc

*And the grave will be better than the life of him who sighs,
When the horns call men to the squares of conflict;
And when the sons of Eidog shall be travellers on the seas,
There will be a severe morning in Caer Sallawc.*

In this very interesting verse there are several striking features; the allusion to the close-fistedness of the husbandmen, reveals the feeling of disappointed bards; the succeeding lines show the actual impression produced upon the popular mind, by the coats of mail, great Flemish horses, and lances eight cubits long, of the Norman knights; and the latter portion, describes in language powerful and poetical, the miseries of war. What the two last lines refer to, I have not been able to ascertain.

- 6 Hear O little pig! thou tranquil pig,
A Sibyl has told me a story, of what is not wonderful,
And I will predict an angry summer,
Between brothers treachery in Gwynedd.
When the Gwyndodians shall long have withheld tribute,
There shall come seven hundred ships with a northern wind,
And at Milford shall they assemble.

The first part is a just rebuke of the petty quarrels so prevalent among Welsh chieftains, and at this time so frequent in North Wales between the sons of Owain Gwynedd; and the latter refers to the invasion of Menai A.D. 1157.

- 7 Hear O little pig! thou blessed little pig,
A Sibyl has told a tale which frightens me;

Gwell bedd no buchet pob ochenauc
Kyrn ar y gwr a get pedrifannau,
A phan von gorforyon meibion Eidawc
Y byt bore taer rac Caer Sallawc.

- 6 Oian a pharchellan a parchell dyhed
Rym dyweid chwimbleian chwedyl anrhyfed
A mi ddysgoganaf haf gwythloned
Kyfrwng brodoryon brad o Wyned
Ban diholer tagwystyl yn hir o tir Gwynedd
Dybyt seith ganllong o hynt gan wynt gogledd
Ac yn Aber dengleddeu eu Kynadlet.

- 7 Oian a pharchellan a pharchell gwynn
Rym dywot chwimbleian chwedyl am dechryn

When Lloegria shall encamp in the land of Ethlyn,
 And the city of Dyganwy shall be made to wake,
 By the conflict of Lloegr and Llywelyn,
 There shall be a moving of sons, sisters, and wives ;
 When Deiniol the son of Dunawd Deinwyn becomes
 enraged,
 Franks shall fly the way they do not seek ;
 In Aberdulais there shall be spearing to exhaustion,
 And a reddening of the appearance of their white garments.

These verses were composed at different times ; the fourth and fifth verses were most probably written in or about the year 1170 ; but the above could not have been written prior to the year 1211, as it refers to the following event. Numerous complaints having been made to king John of the depredations of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, who attacked the English subjects in the marches, and carried fire and destruction wherever he went, that monarch determined to punish him for his audacity. For this purpose he collected all the forces of England, and with them brought Gwenwynwyn the exiled Prince of Powys, Howel ab Gruffydd, a grandson to Owain Gwynedd, Madawc ab Gruffydd Maelawr, Meredydd ab Rhotpert of Kedewain, and Maelgwn and Rhys Gryg, the sons of the Lord Rhys of South Wales. With this army he marched to Chester, with the full intention of exterminating all the people of Wales. Unable to resist a force composed both of a foreign enemy, and of his own vassals who had basely deserted their late engagements, Llywelyn prudently retreated, after having ordered the inhabitants of what are now called Denbigh and Flintshires, to remove with their goods and cattle to the vicinities of Snowdon. The English army marched without any obstruction, as far as Rhuddlan

Pan bebyllo Lloegr yn tir Ethlyn
 A gwneuthur Dyganwy Dinas dehyn
 O gyfranc Lloegr a Llywelyn
 Ad vyd mab ar war a char a ehychwyn
 Pan sorro Deinoel mab Dunawd Deinwyn
 Ad vyd franc ar fo fort ny oryn
 Yn Aberdulais gwanas gwenyn
 Cochwet yn eu cychwet yn eu cychwyn.

Castle, and from thence to the castle of Dyganwy, opposite to the country of Snowdon, where they remained for some time. But while the English forces lay there, the policy of Llywelyn began to be felt. The Welsh Prince cut off their communication with England; and infesting the road with his light parties, reduced John and his forces to the greatest difficulties. If the soldiers stirred from the camp they were liable to be cut to pieces; the Welsh being posted on the eminences saw their every movement; and from the suddenness of their attacks, and their better knowledge of the country, Llewelyn's men had the advantage in nearly every skirmish. John's situation thus became day by day more and more intolerable; eggs in the camp, sold for three half pence each, in a year when four hens could be had for *two* pence, and a sheep for *six*; and so scarce had provisions become, that the flesh of horses was deemed a luxury. Cooped up in this way, and reduced to a miserable plight, the king had no alternative but to retreat; and accordingly he returned to England, stung to the heart by the disgrace, and vowing most bitterly that he would be revenged.¹ The verse refers to this expedition, the defeat of which was of course hailed as a national triumph. According to the concurrent testimony of all the authorities, the celebrated military tactician was Dunawd the father; and not Deiniol the son, who was Bishop of Bangor. Llywarch Hen mentions his prowess and courage,

"Fiercely was it said, in the passage of Lech,
Dunawd the son of Pabo never flies;"

Elegy on Urien.

and therefore the poet has either made a mistake, or used a poetic license, in comparing Llywelyn to Deiniol ap Dunawd; but if he intended the father, the comparison is exceedingly happy, as that personage was renowned for his bravery, and famed for his knowledge of military tactics.

¹ Warrington's History of Wales, Vol. II., p. 22, and Price's Hanes Cymru, p. 626.

8 Attend little pig, listen to the Oi ! oi !

For the crime of the necessitous God would make remissions.

(The two other lines are imperfect.)

As this verse calls for no other remark, this will be the best place to consider a question which demands an answer. Mr. Davies asserts that "Oian" is an Irish word ; but in a discussion which took place many years ago, between him and the late Mr. Price, Dr. Pughe denies that ; and there certainly seems no great reason to go out of the Welsh language to look for it. The cries Hey, Hoi, Hai, Ha, seem to pertain to many languages ; and as the Welsh termination "an" corresponds to the English participle "ing," it may be very easily understood how the words "Hoian," and "Oian," would be naturally formed. There seems, however, to be some propriety in the application of this call of oi ! oi ! here ; but whether it was a general cry to bring swine together is not clear. We have seen in the Breton lay, given in a preceding page, that the cry of

"Ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou !
Iou ! ou ! ou ! iou ! ou ! ou !"

is applied to Merddin himself ; but De Villemarque says he can give no explanation of it ;¹ and as I am no wiser than himself, it must be left an open question, whether it was the cry used by the Druids to call their congregations together, or simply a common cry having no definite signification. In Wales at this time, it does not appear to have borne any peculiar meaning ; but though Davydd ab Gwilym uses it thus,—

"Gyr y gwartheg or egin,
Oi ! oi ! tro y lloi o'r llin,"

Drive the cattle out of the corn,
Oi ! oi ! drive the calves out of the flax,

8 Oian a parchellan hoian hoiau
Bei ychenawg Duw gwnai ymchwelau
Y . . . llysy wyf byddawd mau
Yn hwn ysy . . . ceissed yntau.

¹ "Nous ne saurions expliquer le refrain Ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou ! ou !
C'est aujourd'hui un cri de joie. Les latins criaient io ! io ! ou ! evohe !" *Barzaz Breiz*, tom 1, p. 63.

there must have been some signification attached to it originally. In the verse under consideration, it seems only to refer to the pig; and there is reason to believe that some such cry was used to call swine together; for Welsh pig drovers even now say *ow! ow!* Many persons have been captivated by the pretty chant called "*Hob y deri dando*," which was an especial favourite with Mr. Braham; but until Parry threw out the suggestion, no one thought of enquiring the meaning of these words. "*Hob*" now only survives in *hanner-ob*, a flitch of bacon; is a word which is quite obsolete; and we learn from the *Mabinogi of Kilhwch*, that it was out of use even in the 12th century, for it is there said,—

"*Hobau y gelwid hwynt, ac weithian moch eu gelwir*;"

Formerly pigs were called *Hobau*; but now they are called *moch*.

There are therefore reasons for believing, that the words "*Hob ir deri dando*" are as old as the Druidic era. The words translated mean, "*Pig (go or come) to the oaks under cover*," and may possibly be a portion of a species of song used in calling the herds together at night, to which the cry of *Oi, Oi*, was probably attached. Some idea of the air which is attached to those words, may be formed from the following,—

DUETT.¹

She—"Men are false, and oft ungrateful,
Derry derry dando.

He—Maids are coy, and oft deceitful,
Derry derry dando.

She—Few there are who love sincerely,
Down a derry derry down.

He—Say not so—I love thee dearly,
Derry derry down, &c."

The popular English ditty of "*Derry Down*," is supposed by Mr. Parry to have been derived from this quaint and early chant.

¹ Parry's Welsh Melodies, p. 40.

9 List little pig ! (it is broad daylight),
 To the song of the birds, of diverting voices ;
 They say that for many years,
 Hoar frost will surely destroy the fruit ;
 Bishops will encourage dastard thieves in churches,
 And Monks will compensate for loads of sins.

There is a peculiar propriety in this exhortation, which the student of natural history will not be slow to appreciate. Swine have a singular propensity to listen. They will stand still for a considerable length of time, listening most intently to every passing sound ; and the observation of this habit by the Kymry, has given rise to a proverb, “ Y mae yn gwrandaw fel mochyn mewn soff,” i.e. he listens like a pig in stubble. In Carmarthenshire the proverb is differently worded, and they say, “ Y mae mor sifil a hwch mewn soff,” i.e. she is as civil as a sow in stubble. Our bard was therefore evidently a close observer of the habits of these animals. Another feature in this verse calls for a word of comment ; the sage not only listens to the “birds of diverting voices,” but he also understands their language. In former times this was a frequent accomplishment, and we repeatedly find persons mentioned in the Mabinogion, who were invested with this knowledge ; Gwrhŷr Gwalstawd Ieithoedd and Menw ap y Teirgwaedd, could both understand the language of birds, and speak it ; and when Gwrhŷr took the form of a bird to converse with the boar Trwyth, the genius of romance, to which all things were possible, enables the young boars to understand the language, and carry on the conversation. This knowledge, according to a most interesting note which I met with in the French annotations, on the Breton lay already quoted, was thus acquired.

9 Oian a pharchellan neu dyt goleu
 Andaw di lleis adar deivyr leiseu
 An byt ny blwynydet a hir dieu
 Arien enwir edwir ffrwytheu
 Ac ecŷp llawch lladron diffaeth llanneu
 A myneich a obrum beich o pechodau.

"This (the *Herbe d'or*, golden grass,) is a medicinal plant, which the peasant Bretons hold in great estimation. They pretend that at a distance it shines like gold; and it is for this they give it the name. If one should happen to tread upon it, he will fall asleep, and come to understand the languages of birds, dogs, and wolves. It is but rarely to be met with, and then only early in the morning; to gather it, it is necessary to go barefooted and in a shirt; and it should not be cut, but plucked out from the root. It is said that holy men only will be able to find it. It is no other than the *Selage*.¹ Also, in going to gather it barefooted, and in a white robe, and fasting, no iron should be employed, the right hand should be passed under the left arm, and the linen could only be used once."²

Strictly speaking, this superstition is only shown to apply to Brittany; but it may, I think, be taken as a fair exposition of the belief of the Cambrians as well.—

10 Hear O little pig! go sharply to Gwynedd,
Have a bed-fellow when thou goest to rest.
It is but little that Rhydderch Hael, now at his nocturnal
feast,
Knows that last night I lay sleepless,
Among thistles, and knee deep in snow;
With icicles dropping from my garments, sad is my fate!
Shortly will come Tuesday—the day of angry contention,
Between the ruler of Powys and the region of Gwynedd,
When the meteor will rise from his long lying,

¹ The word "*Selage*" is not in the Dictionary of the Academy; and if it be not the name of a plant, I am not French scholar enough to know what it is.

² "*L'Herbe d'Or est une plante medicinale; les paysans Bretons en font grand cas, ils pretendent qu'elle brille de loin comme de l'or; de là, le nom qu'ils lui donnent. Si quelqu'un, par hasard, la foule aux pieds, il s'endort aussitôt, et entend la langue des chiens, des loups et des oiseaux. On ne rencontre ce simple que rarement, et au petit point du jour: pour le cueillir, il faut être nu-pieds et en chemise; il s'arrache et ne se coupe pas. Il n'y a, dit-on, que les saintes gens qui le trouvent. Il n'est autre que le Selage. On le cueillait aussi, nu-pieds, en robe blanche, a jeun, sans employer le fer, en glissant la main droite sous le bras gauche, et dans un linge qui ne servait qu'une fois.*" *Barzas Breiz*, tom I. p. 62.

10 Oian a parchellan llym i Wynedd
Cywely a fynnut pan elutti i orwedd
Bychan a wyr Rydderch hael heno y ar ei wledd
A borthaisi neithwyr-o anhunedd
Eiry hyd ym hen clun gan ran caledd
Pibonwy yn nblau blin fy rhyssedd
Rhy ddybedd dydd mawrth dydd gwythlonedd
Cyfrwng glyw Powys a chlas Gwynedd
A chyfod hiriell oi hir orwedd

And defend from its enemy the boundaries of Gwynedd.
If the lord does not in mercy protect me,
Woe to me, towards the latter day.

The reference here is to one of those feuds between the princes of Powys and Gwynedd, which, about this time, forced Gwenwynwyn, the son of Owen Kyveiliog, to seek a refuge at the English court, from the power of Llywelyn ab ab Iorwerth. (See also the fourth and seventeenth verses of the Avallenau.)

- 11 Hear O little pig ! be not open-mouthed
When thou hearest my voice from Carmarthen,
(Where I shall be) skilfully training two youths,
Of the line of Rhys, the fierce stay of the army.
When Saxons are slain in the conflict of Kymmer,
Blessed will be the lot of the people of Cambria.

These youths were probably Meredydd and Rhys Gryg, the sons of the lord Rhys, of South Wales.

- 12 Hear O little pig ! blessed little pig of the country,
Sleep not late in the mornings,
Nor burrow in the roads,
Lest Rhydderch Hael and his sagacious dogs
Should cause thee to sweat,
And get between thee and the wood.

This sage exhortation, exhibiting a prettiness of fancy on the part of the poet, should teach us not to interpret the poem too literally.—

- 13 Hear O little pig ! blessed pig,
Hadst thou seen as much treachery as I have,

I amwyn ei Elyn derfyn Gwynedd
Ac oni'm cudd gan fy rhi rhan trugaredd
Gwae fi ban ym bwy tra fy niwedd.

- 11 Oian a parchellan ai byt cyvin
Ban glyw yn llavar o Gaerfyrddin
Y ardyaw deu geneu yn cywrhenin
A hil Rys aerllut aerllit byddin
Pan later y Saeson yn ynghymer trin
Gwyn eu hyd hwy gymryw werin.
- 12 Oian a pharchellan a pharchell gwyngwys
Na chysgu hun fore
Na chladd ym mrysg rhag dyfod
Rhydderch Hael ai gwn cyfrwys
Gan gaffael o honatti y coed
Rhedaidd dy chwys.
- 13 Oian a parchellan a pharchell gwyn
Bei gwelud a welais o dreis deugyn

Thou would'st not burrow on the mountain, nor sleep long
in the morning,
Thou would'st not forsake the precipitous lake for the
moor;
When Saxons cease from their serpent cunning,
And the castle of Collwyn¹ comes from a distance,
Clothes will be nimble, and the black pool clear.

- 14 Hear O little pig! listen to me now;
When the men of Gwynedd lay down their work,
There will be a sharp conflict—horns will be sounded,
Armour will be broken by sharp missiles;
When Normans come over the broad lake,
There will be an opposing of armies,
Britain will be subjected to gentle squires,
And there will be an atonement for the faults of London.
I will prophesy that two rightful princes
Will produce tranquillity from Heaven to earth,
Kynan and the especial Cadwaladr of Cambria;
Whole worlds will watch their counsels,
Reforming the land, checking the flow of blood,
And abolishing armies and theft;
And from that time forth, we shall be freed from all
our ills,
And from the prevalence of generosity, none shall want.

Here again we meet the prediction of the coming of
Cadwaladr to the conference of Rhyd Rheon, to expel

Ni chyegutti hun fore ni chladdut ar fryn
Ni chyrehud ddiffaith o ddiffwys lynn
Ban eisteddo Saeson yn eu sarffren
A chyrchu o bell gastell gollwyn
Atfydd dillad hoyw a gloyw dullin.

¹ Collwyn Castle is in Radnorshire; but I am not acquainted with the story,
the existence of which is here implied.

- 14 Oian a pharchellan andaw de yn awr
Pan dodynt wyr gwynet eu gweith yn awr
Llafneu y verd drin kym a ganawr
Briwawd Llurugeu rac llym waewawr
Ban dyffo Nortmyn y ar lydan lyn vad
Ad vydd ym wrthryn yna gan vid dinawr
A goregyn Prydein i wyron yswein
Ar wall o Lundain a diatawr
Ann disgoganaf deu priodawr
A luniont tangnefedd o nef hyd lawr
Kynan Kadwaladr Kymry benbaladr
Bydawd eu cynnadyf a edmycawr
A chyweiriaw gwlad a chustudyaw gwad
A llu a lledrad a ddewalawr
An bi ny ynaeth gwared gwedi gwaeth
Neb o haelonaeth ni di dolawr.

the Saxons from the Island, and to bring peace among men; and perhaps it would be well here to offer a few remarks on the origin of these predictions. The bards as we have shown were an important class of men, high in favour with the Cambrian princes, possessed of their confidence, and frequently their willing instruments. In the hands of the princes, the knowledge they possessed, and the influence they exerted over the multitude, was turned to account; and the bards became their political agents. The hint having been once given, of the re-appearance of Cadwaladr and the coming again of Arthur, the idea was immediately put in practice, of coining predictions of national restoration. Bolder than Geoffrey, they made Merddin predict special events, such as we have seen; and though the idea of universal peace is found among the predictions in his book, the expansion and filling up of his outline, in the above verse, belongs to the poet. These predictions were about this time frequent, and their fulfilment had been promised in the persons of both Owain Gwynedd and Llywelyn ab Iorwerth; in this verse the allusion is to the latter, and in the Avallenau to the former; but those princes having died without realizing the expectations thus created, the predictions were applied to their successor, in whom we are positively informed by Llygad Gwr, they would surely be accomplished. This assertion occurs in the following lines of a long ode, which we shall hereafter quote:—

“Parawd fydd meddiant medd Beirdd im rhi
Pob Cymman darogan derfi.”

The bards prophesy that the sovereignty is prepared for
my king,
And every prediction will be completely fulfilled.

This was a master-stroke of policy on the part of the Welsh princes, as must be apparent to any one who knows us intimately. The Cambrian is brave, jealous of his liberty, and not averse to war; but he is a creature of impulses, and acts spasmodically.—What was said of the

Britons by Tacitus,¹ that "they rushed with impetuosity into danger, but were timid in its presence," holds true of us at the present day; and therefore we may conceive the difficulty which their rulers had, in managing the Kymry during prolonged contests. At the beginning of a war all were ready, and full of fire, but they wanted perseverance; and therefore was there much wisdom shown, in directing the bards to circulate predictions among the people, of speedy national triumphs, the expulsion of the Saxon race, and the establishment of perpetual peace. These predictions, we may conclude without much doubt, *were the verses now under consideration*. They were made brief so as to adapt them for circulation, and repetition from mouth to mouth; and that the English Chroniclers asserted the truth, when they said that these prophetic sayings of Merddin made a profound impression on the public mind, and set on fire the souls of the Kymry, may easily be believed, when we know that some of the lower order still wait impatiently for their accomplishment. Mr. Evan Evans tells us that this practice continued until the accession of Henry the VII., to the English throne.² That monarch possessed the confidence and received the assistance of the Welsh; and therefore there was no motive for further predictions.—

15 Hear O little pig? is not the mountain green?
 My cloak is thin, and I am uneasy,
 Grey is my wolf, Gwenddydd will not pierce me;
 And when the men of Bryneich come to bring disgrace
 upon us,
 Cambrians will conquer—bright be their day.

It will have been noticed, that in the Aballenau he charges himself with having slain the son of his sister Gwenddydd,

¹ "In deprecandis periculis eadem audacia, et ubi advenere in detrectandis eadem formido." De Vit. Agric.

² Dissertatio de Bardis, p. 40.

15 Oian a pharchellan neud glas mynydd
 Teneu fy llen i mi nid llonydd
 Llwyd iw fy mlaidd nim traidd Gwenddydd
 Ban ddyffont gwyr Bryneich in gwarth luydd
 Cymry a orfydd cain bydd eu dydd.

and it is on this account that he dreads her enmity. The "men of Bryneich" were the inhabitants of Bernicia, a British kingdom in the sixth century—now Northumberland. When the tribe of Kymry, prior to their immigration into Wales, resided in the North of England, they were frequently at war with the Bernicians; and having carried a traditional hatred with them, they applied the term Bryneich to the Princes of Powys, and such of their own kindred as allied themselves to the enemies of their country; the inhabitants of Deira and Bernicia, who joined themselves to the Saxons, being Britons. The word is thus used by Llygad Gwr, when he says of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd,—

"Thou madest the crows rejoice, in vomiting the blood
Of the Bernicians, on whose bodies they feasted."

Coelfein brain Bryneich gyfogi,
Celennig branes, berthles borthi.

- 16 Attend little pig! rude little pig,
Bury not thy snout, but if thou wilt refuse,
Love no pledge, love no play,
Covet not what I give to Gwenabwy,
Be not playful, cheerful, haughty, or delighting;
And I will prophesy the battle of Machadwy,
When there shall be seen red biers in broad day;
From the contention of spear points, and swelling breasts on
saddles,
There will befall a crimson morn; and Oh! woeful visitation,
A bear from the South (of Wales) shall be exalted,
His men shall encamp in the lands of Monmouth;
Happy will be the lot of the sprightly Gwenddydd,
When the Prince of Dyved comes to rule.

There is a chieftain named Gwenabwy the son of Gwen,

- *16 Oian a pharchellan a pharchell garwy
Na chladd dy ret kyr nag iste fynwy,
Nac a char waes na char warwy
Na chussyl a roddaf i Wenabwy
Na fid ieuango serchawg syberw wawrwy
A mi ddyagoganaf gwaith Machadwy
Adfydd gelorawr rhudd yn rhiw dydmwy
O gyfranc y Kynfrain bronrheino cyfrwy
Adfydd bore coch ac oeh ofwy
Arth o ddeheubarth a dderchafwy
Ry llettawdd ei wir ef tra thir Mynwy
Gwyn ei byd hi Gwenddydd a arhowy
Pan fo pendefig Dyfed ar gwledy chwy.

who is said by Aneurin, deeply to deplore the battle of Catteraeth;¹ and there is a Gwenavvy mentioned as one of the daughters of Caw,² a saint who lived in the middle of the sixth century; but the allusion here, is to Gwenddydd, the White Lady of Day, noticed in the Avallenau, and in the Kyvoesi. What the latter part of the verse refers to is not clear, nor who is the Prince of Dyved here mentioned; but in the prophecy of the Eagle at the building of Winchester,³ times of prosperity are promised, during the advent of a bear.⁴

- 17 Attend little pig! are not the buds of thorns
Excessively green, and the mountains exquisitely bright?
I will predict the battle of Llwyvain wood,
With ruddy biers from the rush of Owain,
When there shall be short disputing among stewards,
False swearing and treachery among the children of the
land;
And when Cadwaladr comes to the subjugation of Mona,
The Saxons shall be destroyed from gentle Britain.

The battle of Llwyvain wood was fought by Urien Rheged and his son Owain against Ida king of the Northumbrians. It is celebrated by Taliesin, in one of the few poems which I consider to be properly attributed to him; and as it is probable that the reader, having seen his name mentioned so often, would be glad to see some of this bard's real works, I have quoted this poem,—

ON THE BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYVAIN.⁵

On the morning of Saturday ensued a great battle,
Which lasted from the rising to the setting of the sun,

¹ Myvyrian Arch. i, p. 14.

² Owen's Cambrian Biography, p. 156.

³ Geoffrey in his History rejected this prediction.

⁴ Price's Hanes Cymru, p. 318.

- 17 Oian a pharchellan neud blodau drain
Gorlas can fynydd elfydd neud cain
A mi ddisgoganaf Cad Coed Llwyvain
A gelorawr rhuddion rhac rhuthr Owain
Pan gwnelont meiriau dadleu bychain
Anudon a brad gwlad feibionain
A phan ddel Cadwaladr i oresgyn Mon
Dileawr Saeson o dirion Brydain.

⁵ Y bore Dduw Sadwrn cad fawr a fu
Or pan ddwyre Haul hyd pan gynnu

Flamddwyn hastened in four divisions,
 To fight the forces of Goddeu¹ and Rheged;²
 They reached from Argoed³ to Arvynydd,
 But they lived only one day.
 Flamddwyn boastfully called aloud,
 "Will you give pledges, are you ready?"
 Owen,⁴ brandishing his spear, replied,
 "*We have not been, we are not, we will not be ready!*"
 And Kynan⁵ the son of Coel, would be a raging lion,
 Before he would give hostages to any one.
 Then shouted Urien,⁷ lord of the plain,
 "We relations will unite our forces,
 And will erect our banner on the hills,
 And will assist, and turn our faces to the opposing ranks,
 And will raise our shafts above men's heads,
 And will oppose Flamddwyn and his army,
 And kill (fight) with him and his auxiliaries."
 And because of the battle of Argoed⁸ Llwyvain,

Dygrysowys flamddwyn yn bedwarllu
 Goddeu a Rheged i ymddullu
 Dyfwo Argoed hyd Arvynydd
 Ni cheffynt eiryoed hyd yr undydd
 Attorelwys flamddwyn fawr drybestawd
 A ddodynt yngwystlon a ynt parawd
 Yr attebwys Owain ddwyrain flossawd
 Nid dodynt nid ydynt nid ynt parawd
 A Chenau mab Coel fyddai cymwyawg lew
 Cyn attalai owystl nebawd
 Attorelwys Urien Udd yr echwydd
 O bydd ynghyfarfod aur garennnydd
 Dyrchafwn eidoed odduch mynydd
 Ac ymporthwn wyneb odduch emyl
 A dyrchafwn beleidr odduch ben gwyr
 A chyrchwn flamddwyn yn ei luydd
 A lladdwn ag ef ai gyweithydd
 A rhag gwaith Argoed Llwyfain

¹ Goddeu was the name of a country in North Britain; and the scene of the battle of Goddeu mentioned in the Triads.—Mr. Lewis Morris's note.

² Rheged is supposed to be Cumbria, now Cumberland.—L. M.

³ Argoed and Arvynydd are places somewhere in that neighbourhood.—L. M.

⁴ Fflamddwyn is supposed to be Ida king of Northumberland. The word means flame-bearer.—L. M.

⁵ Owain was the son Urien king of Rheged. This is the Ywaine of Romance.—L. M.

⁶ Kynan ap Coel was, probably, the general of the Goddeu men.—L. M.

⁷ Urien was king of Rheged or Cumbria, a district which reached as far as the Clyde, to the northward of which were the men of Goddeu whom I take to be the Godini of Ptolemy.—L. M. Rheged is also a district in Gower.

⁸ Argoed Llwyvain was the country of Llywarch Hen before he was driven out of it by the Saxons; and from another passage in Taliesin, we learn it was a district of considerable magnitude.—L. M. There is an Argoed in Powys.

There happened many a dead corpse,
 And the ravens were reddened with the war of men,
And the common people ran about hastily with the news.
 I will remember this year to the end of my days;¹
 And till I grow old, and meet inevitable death,
 May I never smile if I praise not Urien.

The allusion to the conquest of Môn, is the consequence of the settlement there of several Danish and Irish families.²

- 18 Attend little pig! great wonders
 Shall be in Britain, and I shall be unconcerned;
 When the inhabitants of the lands about Môn
 Come to question the Britons, there will be troublesome times;
 A radiant dragon shall appear causing prosperity,
 Stout Kynan from the banks of Teivi,
 Will cause confusion in Dyved,
 And create within it most dolorous music.

Here the poet evidently means that portion of Dyved which was inhabited by the Flemings and Normans. The verses were apparently composed by the bards of North Wales, who called the South "exhausted Dyved," in consequence of the settlement of those foreigners on its borders.

- 19 Attend little pig! *how wonderful it is,*
That the world is never long in the same condition!

Bu llawer Celain
 Rhuddei frain rhag rhyfel Gwyr
 Agwerin a gryswys gan einewydd
 Arinaf y blwyddyn nad wyf kynnydd
 Ac yn y fallwyf hen
 Ym dygn anguen angen
 Ni byddif ym dyrwen
 No molwyf Urien.

¹ I have adopted Mr. Price's reading in this line, (*Hanes Cymru*, p. 280) instead of that of Mr. Morris, (*Myv. Arch.* i. p. 54.) which has been followed in the translation of the other lines.

² *Hanes Cymru*, page 415.

- 18 Oian a pharchellan mawr erysi
 A fydd ym mhrydain ac nim dorbi
 Ban ddyffon Brodorion o amdiredd Mon
 I holi Brython brithfyd dybi
 Dyrchafawd draig ffawd ffawu peri
 Gwrdd Cynan faran o lan Teif
 Gwnahawd am Ddyfed dygyvysgi
 Bid iddaw yn selau eilon ynddi.
 19 Oian a pharchellan mor enrhuffedd
 Na bydd un ennyd y Byd yn unwedd

How far the Saxons, proclaim the cause of strife
 With the generous Britons, the sons of trouble !
 And I will prophesy before my end,
 That the Britons will conquer the Saxons, a Pict says it ;
 And that then we shall hear the sound of joyfulness,
 After having been for a long time depressed.

The singular question put to the pig, sounds strange to those who may not be acquainted with the almost eastern boldness of personification frequent among the Welsh bards; but among them it is quite usual to hold converse with various animals. With the Kymry the pig had a reputation for wisdom, as may be inferred from the sayings attributed to that animal.—

Hast thou heard the saying of the pig,—
 Recoiling from dirty actions ?
 There is none so abominable as the drunkard.

Also in reference to this saying,—

“Happ is the man who is as wise as the pig”¹

20 Listen O little pig! hearest thou the melody,
 Which the feathered tribes² are making by *Caer Rheon*?

Palled son *Saeson* sail *cywrysedd*
Ar brithwn haelon hil cymwyedd
A mi a ddisgoganaf cyn fy niwedd
Brython dros Saeson brithwyr ai medd
Ac yna in dawni ddawn gorfoledd
Gwedi bod yn hir yn hwyr frydedd.

¹ *Iolo Manuscripts*, page 667.

² During the romance era, we find very frequent notices of spreading trees, covered with birds. Geoffrey mentions a wide spreading tree; and St. Brendan, in his voyage in search of Paradise, saw a wide spreading tree, with leaves speckled red, and covered with beautiful birds,—

“— So purely white
 No man ere saw a fairer sight.”

In the middle ages, the superstition of endeavouring to pry into futurity, was very prevalent, and much dependence was placed on lots, and omens. Bernard de Ventadour, the celebrated Provençal poet, says,—

“I shall never trust again
 To an omen or lot.”

and among Welsh Bards, the author of the line,—

“The Ravens bespeak a coming plague,”

in the *Gorddodau*, shows that among his countrymen birds were used for the purpose of divination.

20 Oian a parchellan andaw di yr eilon
 A gread adar gyr *Caer Rheon*

One I have that I would place on the hill of the multitude,
 To view the sprightly forms of the loving ones.
 I will predict a battle on the sea,
 The battle of Machawy, and a battle on a river,
 The battle of Cors Vochno, and a battle in Anglesea,
 A battle of mutual thrusting, and the battle of Caerlleon,
 The battle of Abergwaith, and the battle of Iaethon,
 And when at the land's end there shall be an end of roebucks,
 An endearing child shall be exalted among the Britons.

We have already seen in the Avallenau, that the conference between Cadwaladr and Kynan was to be held at the ford of Rheon. It is here referred to again, but I can offer no explanation of the selection of this spot, unless it was made on account of its being the burying place of Kynan, and therefore the place where he was most likely to re-appear. This notice is found among the "Englynion Beddau," Verses of the Graves,—

"Bet Kinon in Reon Rid,"

The grave of Kynon is in the ford of Rheon.

And we learn from Gwilym Ddu,—

"Neud gweigion Arfon is Reon Ryd."

Are not the people of Arvon become insignificant below the ford of Rheon?

that this place was in Carnarvonshire; but Mr. Evan Evans, who ought to have known that country well, said he knew of no river so called in his day.¹ Of the battles here predicted, I cannot give much account; the reference to Caerlleon is intelligible, Llywelyn ap Iorwerth having taken that town in one of his expeditions; the battle of

Un yasym a rown mynydd Maon
 I edrych drychynnawg drych serchogion
 A mi ddiagoganaf fi cad ar y don
 A chad Machawy a chad afon
 A chad Cors Fochno a chad ym mon
 A chad cymiriand a chad Caerlleon
 A chad Abergwaith a chad Iaethon
 A phan fo diwedd tir terfyn i eilon
 Maban dyrchafawd mad i frython

¹ Dissertatio de Bardis, p. 50.

Machawy, is most probably the same as that of Machadwy, mentioned in a previous verse, and it is referred to in one of Llywarch ab Llywelyn's Odes to that prince,—

“Priffwn y digreit praff y ddirwy
Ger elvyt Mechydd a Machawy;”

Cors Vochno is in Cardiganshire,¹ but I can find no other notice of this battle, than another prediction. This occurs in one of the poems wrongly attributed to Taliesin, called *Anrheg Urien*, Urien's Gift,—

From the battle of Cors Vochno
Whoever escapes,
Will be fortunate ;
Twelve wives,
And it will not be wonderful,
Shall cling to one husband.
The age of youth,—
Ungentle in coming time
Shall be its nursing ;
Spear-thrusts shall cause bereavement,
And in a hundred persons,
There will scarce be one bearded warrior !²

Of the others I have no information, though it is probable that all occurred during the reign of the great Llywelyn. The last line, like that in the last of the Avallenau, contains a prediction of the advent of a crowned babe, which was frequently repeated in succeeding years.—

21 Listen O little pig ! a period will come,
O that it should come ! yet come it will ;

¹ Iolo Manuscripts, page 602.

² Gwaith Cors Vochno
O diango

Bydaud dednyd
Deudeng gwraged
Ac nyt ryved

Am un gwr vyd

Oes Ieunetid

Anghyvyrdelit

Y Vaeth dybyd

Beru ymdivant

Barvawc or cant

Nys ryuelyd. Myv. Arch. i. 51.

21 Oian a pharchellan bydan a fydd
Mor druan ei ddyfod ac ef a ddyfydd

Wives shall be wantons, and fair maids bald ;
 Relations will not love their kindred,
 Freemen will not be friendly to each other,
 And *bishops will be worthless, faithless, and of a different language.*

The first part embodies a prediction which appears in Geoffrey; and the latter, in common with the verse which follows, refers to the dispute, which about this time made a profound impression upon the Welsh mind, respecting the appointment of Giraldus, a man born in Wales, to the see of St. David. King John strongly opposed this, well knowing that that personage would not be as pliant a tool in his hands, as English bishops had been and would be, in making the solemnities of religion subservient to political intrigues. After a long and determined struggle, the king succeeded in his object, and left our bard no other consolation than the expression of his hatred of English bishops. We will again recur to this topic, when we come to speak of the religious poetry of the bards.

- 22 List O little pig ; little speckled one,
 Listen to the voice of the birds of great intellectual energy ;
 Minstrels shall be out, and meet no encouragement,
 And though they stand in the door shall have no rewards;
 I was told by a sea-mew that had come from afar,
 That strange sovereignties will make their appearance:
 Gwyddelians, Britons, and Romans,
 Will dispel peace, and create confusion,
 And in the names of Gods will come,
 And perseveringly contend on both banks of the Towy.

Morwynion moelion gwragedd rhewydd
 Carant ni pharchant eu carennydd
 Rhwydd ni bydd digyfrwydd wrth i gilydd
 Eegyb anghyfaith diffaith diffydd.

- 22 Oian a pharchellan bychan brychni
 Andaw di lais adar myr mawr eu hynni
 Cerddorion allan heb ran teithi
 Cyn safont yn y drws tlws nis deupi
 Rym dywod wylan o bell ynni
 Teyrnedd enrhyfedd eu cynyfeddi
 Gwyddyl a Brython a Rhomani
 A wnahont dyhedd a dyvygi
 Ac ynghyfenw duwiau dyfod iddi
 Ac ymladd yn daer am ddwylen tywi.

The river Towy is in Carmarthenshire, and the allusion is to the ecclesiastical dispute mentioned in the note on the preceding verse.

23 Listen little pig ! stout-armed little pig,
Listen to the voice of birds clamorous as a great sea ;
Minstrels will be going about unrewarded,
Deformity will prevail, and boys will be presumptuous,
Without raising the face, and without being elected;
Then two brothers, two Iddas in the land,
Shall by their sincerity nourish a lasting feud.

The spleen of the older bards, against the younger aspirants for poetic honours, peeps out at the commencement ; and the allusion at the close is to Iddawc Cordd Prydain. Many persons may not know what is meant thereby, and therefore will we take the story from Iddawc's own mouth,

"I was one of the messengers between Arthur and Medrawd his Nephew, at the battle of Camlan ; and I was then a reckless youth, and through my desire for battle, I kindled strife between them, and stirred up wrath, when I was sent by Arthur the Emperor to reason with Medrawd, and to show him, that he was his foster-father and his uncle, and to seek for peace, lest the sons of the kings of the Island of Britain, and of the nobles should be slain. And whereas Arthur charged me with the fairest sayings he could think of, I uttered to Medrawd the harshest I could devise. And therefore am I called Iddawc Cordd Prydain, for from this did the battle of Camlan ensue. And three nights before the end of the battle of Camlan I left them, and went to the Llech Las in North Britain to do penance. And there I remained doing penance seven years, and after that I gained pardon."¹

The reference is probably to the quarrels of the sons of Owain Gwynedd.

23 Oian a pharchellan bychan breichfras
Andaw di lais adar mor mawr eu dias
Kerddorion allan heb ran urddas
Gwrthunawd eespyd a bryd gan was
Heb godwyd wyneb heb ran urddas
Pan vo dau froder dan Iddas am dir
Megittor oi gwir hwy hir alanaa.

¹ The Dream of Rhonabwy, Mabinogion, Vol. II. p. 398.

- 24 Listen little pig! I shall not be afflicted,
 By hearing the voice of birds, so void of trembling,
 Thin is the hair of my head, my covering is not warm,
 My barn in the dales does not abound with corn,
 My summer collection has not been plentiful,
 Before parting from God of the unbounded knowledge;
 And I will prophesy before the end of the world,
 Women without modesty, and men without manliness.

These last lines, like the first lines of the twenty-first verse, are repetitions of the following prediction in Geoffrey,—

“ Women shall become serpents in their gait, and all their motions shall be full of pride. The camp of Venus shall be restored; nor shall the arrows of Cupid cease to wound. Luxury shall overspread the whole ground; and fornication not cease to debauch mankind.” Giles’s translation, p. 199.

In the original, the antithesis of the last line is very forcibly expressed.

- 25 Listen little pig! O trembling little pig,
 Thin is my covering, for me there is no quietness;
 For the battle of Arderydd I shall not be concerned,
 Nor when the sky falls down, and channels are flooded;
 And I will prophesy that after Henry,
 A supreme king shall rule in troublesome times;
 When there shall be a bridge on Taff and another on Towy,
 There will be an end of all war.

Of the battle of Arderydd we have already spoken; the proverb about the falling of the sky, may, it would seem,

- 24 Oian a parchellan nim daw y cyngyd
 O glybad llais adar mor ddieryd
 Teneu gwallt fy mhen fy llen nid clyd
 Dolydd fy esgubawr nid mawr ei hyd
 Fyngrawn haf a mi nyd ymweryd
 Cyn ygar a Duw didawl cywyd
 A mi ddisgoganaf cyn diwedd byd
 Gwragedd heb wyledd a gwyr heb wrhyd

- 25 Oian a pharchellan a phorchell ryni
 Teneu yw fy llen nyd llonydd imi
 Er gwaith Arderydd mi nym dorbi
 Cyn syrthiai awyr i lawr a llyr yn lli
 A mi ddisgoganaf wedi Henri
 Breenhin na frenhin brith fyd dybi
 Pan fo pont ar Daf ac arall ar Dywi
 Y daw diwedd rhyfel iddi.

boast a very respectable antiquity ; but war has not ceased, though there are many bridges on the Taff in Glamorgan, and the Towy in Caermarthenshire. The Henry mentioned I should presume to be Henry the third of England ; and as he ascended the throne in 1216, we may assume that to be the date of this verse.

Having thus passed these verses minutely in review, it will not be necessary to make any special remarks here, further than to point out their value, as being what may be termed the literature of the common people of Wales. The odes were addressed to the chieftains, and recited on the occasion of regular feasts, and other special gatherings ; but these were evidently intended to circulate among the peasantry, in order to be repeated and discussed at their firesides. As remnants of popular prejudices and superstition, they cannot fail to prove interesting ; and though many of them possess but little literary merit, there are a few very excellent verses.

We now come to treat of a question, which has very probably long since forced itself upon the reader's attention ; as Merddin is not the author, who is ? There can now be but little doubt, that the Avallenau and Hoianau have been here located in their appropriate age ; and therefore we must seek their author among the bards of the reigns of Owain Gwynedd and Llywelyn ab Iorwerth. The Hoianau were, as we learn from a contemporary poem, called *Ceiniadon Moch*,¹—songs of Swine ; and as one of the first bards of this era was called in his own day *Prydydd y Moch*—the poet of the pigs, the authorship of those verses, unless there should be strong counter testimony, must be attributed to Llywarch ab Llywelyn. A wit alluding to this fact, said that “the swine of Wales in the 12th century had better poets than the English Princes of the eighteenth.”²

¹ “Cywrysedd Gwynedd a Deheubarth,” one of the poems of the pseudo-Taliesin.

² Rev. Walter Davies's Essay on the Welsh Metres, p. 23.

There must have been some reason, for the application of this epithet to that bard; but hitherto there has been no satisfactory explanation of the reason of his being so called. Several Welsh critics have attempted this, and unwilling to admit the literal application, have endeavoured to show, that the words ought to be differently translated. The word "*Moch*" has three different meanings. It may, in addition to the popular acceptation, be translated *quick*, or brilliant; or it may be understood to mean *the men of Mochnant*, in Montgomeryshire; and the epithet "*prydydd y moch*" is most frequently rendered in one of these two last senses. But this bard cannot without impropriety be called, "the poet of the Mochnantians," because, with one single exception, the address to Rhys Gryg of South Wales, all his poems are addressed to the Royal Family of Gwynedd. He was the family Bard of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth; and there is not one poem addressed to the Princes of Powys, or their subjects—the men of Mochnant. Nor can we suppose that he was known among his contemporaries as the "brilliant poet;" for it was quite unusual with the Welsh to convert judgments upon the literary merit of the bards into descriptive epithets; besides, if this view were correct, he would have been called *y Prydydd Moch* and not *Prydydd y Moch*. The words must therefore be taken in their more popular, but less agreeable acceptation. The Hoianau were written during the reign of Llywelyn the Great; they were called at that time, by the bards, who knew that they were not the productions of Merddin, "The songs of the Swine," and therefore we may safely conclude, that "The Poet of the Pigs," Llywarch ab Llywelyn, one of the leading bards of the day, was their author. They were intended to pass among the vulgar, as the real predictions of Merddin; and strange to say, have up to the present time been so considered; but henceforth they should be attributed to the real author.

I was at one time inclined to attribute the Avallenau to

the same bard on account of the occurrence of the line "Oian a pharchellan," in the tenth and twenty-third verses; but on reconsideration, it seemed more consistent with other facts, to conclude that those verses are out of their appropriate place. The latter were undoubtedly ranked among the Hoianau, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; for the poem in which the Hoianau are called the "Songs of the Pigs," contains a repetition of the interpolated part of the twenty-third verse of the Avallenau; and these were probably the productions of Llywarch. The Avallenau were composed at an earlier date; the words "the Sibyl" in the Hoianau, presuppose an acquaintance with the description of that personage, in the first verse of the Avallenau; and some of the latest of these, alluding to events which took place during the lifetime of Owain Gwynedd, must have been composed prior to A. D. 1169—the date of his death. Llywarch wrote after the death of that prince, and therefore the author of the Avallenau was most probably either Gwalchmai or Kynddelw.

Having thus fixed upon the authors, it remains for us to decide, how far the verses are original. Mr. Davies and Mr. Price suppose some portions, such as the commencements, to be the real productions of Merddin; but as these are not distinguishable in language, or metre, from the other portions, there seems to be no good reason for the belief. My own opinion is that not a syllable of either the *Avallenau* or *Hoianau* can be attributed to any other persons than Gwalchmai or Kynddelw, and Llywarch ab Llywelyn; nor of the *Gorddodau*, to any other than Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch. But for the predictions, the verses would never have been written; for without these, the initial lines could have been called forth by no conceivable situation in the sixth century, and would have had no meaning.

THE GORDDODAU.

We now come to the Gorddodau. Like the preceding, these are attributed to Merddin ab Morvyn, but with as little

propriety. They consist of nine verses. It will not be necessary to offer any comment upon them, as they are so clearly modern, that nothing but the name of Merddin at the close, would for one moment lead one to suppose they were the productions of the sixth century. The first verse runs thus,—¹

The Burrowing is nearly triumphant, I cannot easily sleep;

When comes the babe of British race, he will make a troubled world.

A Hero who in that hour,
Will be no regarder of Lloegrians,
Whom he will completely destroy.
A Briton will arise,
Large, and powerful,
Active, and without haughtiness.
The Bryneich, the greatness of the Island,
Will promise to aid the Saxons;
Multitudes will cover every hill,
Seeking no good,
They shall have their wish,
The land cries out,
The borders will have the worst.

Britain will arise, even the oldest priests,
And nimbly brandish reddened blades;
From our fortresses I sing no songs,
For the flight of ravens bespeaks a coming plague.
Hasten to destroy them,

¹ Gorddod bron gorvod nid hawdd gysgaf
Pan ddel maban o hil Bryton brithvyd a wna
Gwr o fewn awr
O Loegrwys nim dawr
A llwyr ddiwa
Kyvyd Bryton
Braisc gowyddon
Brys di draha
Kyfyd Bryneich mawredd ynys
Y fo addaw y Saeson
Lliaws pob bron
Lees ni wedda
Kaman i boodd
Y tir a waeddodd
Y terfyn gwaethaf
Kyfyd Prydyn y menyh henaf
A rhuddion lafnau yn rhywyllt
O'n Caerau gan nis traethaf
Ac ar erwin brain pla a welir
Brysia iw diva

Thou concealed Babe,
 Who wilt be a counsellor
 To the lower ranks,
 A free donor to those who are active,
 A fair divider of crops,
 One who will not warp
 The profound and perfect law,
 And will not learn pomposity;
 A son of man,
 Whom, though blamed, men admire.
 I love him greatly;
 The pride of the Nobility,
 Of the whole land of Gwynedd,
 Will he draw from their exile;
 Strangers will hate him, and refuse to join in his praise,
 They will not co-operate, nor assist;
 Concord with Saxons,
 That unlovely work,
 Will cease.
 I will give thanks, I will sincerely pray
 To the most generous protector,
 Of the chiefest lineage;—
 Blessed are the Britons,
 Large is the Crown,
 O heavenly God,
 Beneficent Preserver !

Y maban o gudd
 Kyffreddiwr y budd
 I'r blaid iaa
 Yn rhwydd y rhydd ef y rhai esgud
 Mewn cnaif cymwys
 Gwr ni wna ymwys
 Yn y gyfraith ddwys
 Ni ddysg draha
 Maban o dad
 Er a veiont wy ai mad
 Mawr yr hoffaf
 Glendid Bonedd
 Gwlad holl Wynedd
 A dynn ef oll ou halltudedd
 Aillt ai casa ef ni chyd ganan
 Ni chyd archan gorchwil nis gwnan
 Cydfod Saeson
 Gwaith anhyron
 A derfyna
 Diolchaf arohaf arch ddi drahaf
 Cadwr haelaf
 O'r hil penna
 Gwyn en byd Bryton
 Braisc yw'r goron
 O Dduw nefol
 Cadwr cedol

It is pleasing to praise him,
Lion of the red handed work ;
His occupation is war,
I will loudly laud him.

In poetic merit, these excel every other composition attributed to Merddin. They are, in fact, verses of a very superior order, and such as would do no discredit to some of the distinguished poets of the day ; and I am only deterred by their extreme length, from giving them entire. We have seen these predictions successively applied to Rhys ab Tewdwr, to Owain Gwynedd, and to Llywelyn the Great ; and now we find them referred to Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, the last prince of Wales. Throughout this Essay, I have rather courted than shunned, such passages as revealed the intense hatred entertained by the ancient Welsh against the Saxons ; but in so doing, I had no wish to revive those traditionary enmities. I am the historian of the past ; these feelings were prevalent and sincere ; and as more than any other, they reveal the breadth and depth of the national character, I should have been wanting in both duty, and sound judgment, were not the past with all its faults and its virtues, faithfully reproduced. This sentiment stands forth very boldly, in the course of this verse ; and in describing concord with Saxons, as “unlovely work,” the bard refers to a part of our last prince’s career, which gave rise to much dissatisfaction at home. Eleanor de Montford, daughter of Simon de Montford, earl of Leicester, having been betrothed to Llywelyn, was intercepted by order of Edward on her passage from France to Wales, and taken to the English Court ; from thence she would not be permitted to depart except on conditions somewhat dishonourable to the Welsh prince ; and he thus compelled to decide between love and patriotism, after much reluctance, and a fierce war, chose the former alternative. He was

Mwyn ei ganmol
Llew llaw ruddwaith
Milwr ei waith
Maith y molaf.—Myv. Arch. Vol. I. p. 527.

blamed for this ; but as our Bard shows, the fidelity of the lover formed an apology for the weakness of the man. The marriage took place on the 13th of October, 1278 ; the bride being given away, and the expenses of the feast defrayed, by the English monarch. We have in these facts, a clue to the date of the verses, which must have been written about the end of 1278 ; and, as metre, taste, and poetic fire testify, by the only bard of that age who could have written them,—Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch.

In speaking of the Hoianau, I ventured to suggest that the pig typified the Kymric race; and the fact that in each of the Gorddodau, the epithet “burrowing” is applied to the condition of that people, coupled with the prediction that the burrowing would soon be triumphant, strikingly confirms the correctness of that opinion.

This completes our survey of the poems attributed to Merddin, from which it results, that none of them can be with propriety, after this examination, considered to be his. The succeeding portions of this section must be more meagre ; but not it is hoped less satisfactory.

It has long been suspected that many of the poems attributed to Taliesin could not have been produced in the sixth century. These conjectures, as we have already shown in the preceding section, were undoubtedly correct ; but as many of the poems, may upon most substantial grounds be shown to be genuine, it becomes of importance to distinguish between those which are, and those which may not be of his production. I have carefully read them ; but as a minute examination of seventy-seven poems would require a volume for itself, I shall here only present the result. The classification, in the absence of the data on which it is based, can have no strong claims to attention, apart from the weight attached to the opinion of the critic ; my conclusions with respect to the poems of Taliesin, are as satisfactory to myself as are those embodied in the analysis of the verses attributed to Merddin ; but the actual value of that opinion, in either case, must be determined by the

reader. I have, as the result of my examination, classed those poems, thus,—

HISTORICAL, AND AS OLD AS THE SIXTH CENTURY.

Gwaith Gwenystrad	The Battle of Gwenystrad
Gwaith Argoed Llwyvain	The Battle of Argoed Llwyvain
Gwaith Dyffryn Gwarant	The Battle of Dyffryn Gwarant
I Urien	To Urien
I Urien	To Urien
Canu i Urien	A song to Urien
Yspail Taliesin	The Spoils of Taliesin
Canu i Urien Rheged	A Song to Urien Rheged
Dadolwch Urien Rheged	Reconciliation to Urien
I Wallawg	To Gwallawg (The Galgacus of Tacitus)
Dadolwch i Urien	Reconciliation to Urien
Marwnad Owain ap Urien	The Elegy of Owain ab Urien

DOUBTFUL.

Cerdd i Wallawg ab Lleenawg	A song to Gwallawg ab Lleenawg
Marwnad Cunedda	The Elegy of Cunedda
Gwarchan Tutwlich	The Incantation of Tutwlich
Gwarchan Adebón	The Incantation of Adebón
Gwarchan Kynvelyn	The Incantation of Kynvelyn ¹
Gwarchan Maelderw	The Incantation of Maelderw
Kerdd Daronwy	The Song to Daronwy
Trawsganu Cynan Garwyn	The Satire on Kynan Garwyn.

ROMANCES BELONGING TO THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

Canu Kyntaf Taliesin	Taliesin's First Song
Dihuddiant Elphin	The Consolation of Elphin ²
Hanes Taliesin	The History of Taliesin
Canu y Medd	The Mead Song
Canu y Gwynt	The Song to the Wind
Canu y Byd Mawr	The Song of the Great World
Canu y Byd Bach	The Song of the Little World
Bustl y Beirdd	The Gall of the Bards
Buarth Beirdd	The Circle of the Bards
Cad Goddeu	The Battle of the Trees
Cadeir Taliesin	The Chair of Taliesin
Cadeir Teyrn On	The Chair of the Sovereign On

¹ The three Incantations, Gorchan Kynvelyn, Gorchan Tutwlich, and Gorchan Adebón, are attributed, on stronger evidence, to Aneurin. See Rev. T. Price's Address, delivered at the Brecon Eisteddfod, in 1822.

² The Poem printed in the Myv. Arch. i. page 21, under this name, contains also the Gorchan Tutwlich attributed to Aneurin. It is the former part only that is referred to Taliesin.

Canu y Cwrwv	The Song of the Ale ¹
Canu y Meirch	The Song of the War Horses.
Adwvwyneu Taliesin	The beautiful Things (liked by) Taliesin
Angar Kyvyndawd	The inimical Confederacy
Priv Gyvarch	The Primary Gratulation
Dihuddiant Elphin	Elphin's Consolation
Arymes Dydd Brawd	The Day of Judgment
Awdl Vraith	The Ode of Varieties
Glaswawd Taliesin	The Encomiums of Taliesin
Divregawd Taliesin	Past and Future Ages
Mabgyvreu Taliesin	Taliesin's Juvenile Accomplish- ments
Awdl Etto Taliesin	Another Ode by Taliesin
Kyffes Taliesin	The Confession of Taliesin

These seem to form portions of the Mabinogi of Taliesin, which was composed by Thomas ab Einion Offeiriad.²

Cadair Keridwen	The Chair of Keridwen ³
Marwnad Uthr Bendragon	The Elegy of Uther Pendragon
Preiddeu Annwn	The Victims of Annwn (Hell)
Marwnad Ercwlf	The Elegy of Hercules
Marwnad Mad. Ddrud, ac Erov greulawn	The Elegy of Madoc the Bold, and Erov the Fierce
Marwnad Aeddon o Von	The Elegy of Aeddon of Mon
Anrhyveddodau Alecsander	The Not-wonders of Alexander

¹ The first part only of the poem thus called in the Myvyrian Archæology, i. page 39, forms the Canu y Cwrwv; the rest, beginning with "Teithi edmygant," and ending with the finely descriptive lines,—

I saw mighty men
Who thronged together at the about;
I saw blood on the ground,
From the assault of swords;
When they poured forth their radiating lances,
They tinged with blue the wings of the morning;
In three hundred festivals, will be sung the high fame
Of Ynyr, whose feats are seen on the crimson tinted earth.

Gweleis wyr gorfawr
A ddygyrchynt awr
Gweleis waed ar llawr
Rhag rhuthr cleddyfawr
Glesynt esgyll gwawr
Esgorynt yn waewawr
Trichant calan cyman clodfawr
Ynyr ar dir yn wir cochwawr.

constitute "The Battle of Dyffryn Gwarant."

² See The Iolo Manuscripts, page 459.

³ This is the Mabinogi of "Math the son of Mathonwy," Versified and Epitomised.

Y gofeisws Byd
Lluryg Alecsander.

A Sketch of the World
The Lorica of Alexander.¹

PREDICTIVE POEMS, TWELFTH AND SUCCEEDING CENTURIES.

Ymarwar Lludd Mawr
Ymarwar Lludd Bychan
Gwawd Lludd Mawr
Kerdd am Veib Llyr

The Appeasing of the Great Lludd
The Appeasing of Lludd the Little
The Praise of Lludd the Great
Song to the Sons of Llyr² ab Brochwel

Marwnad Corroi ab Dairy
Mic or Myg Dinbych
Arymes Brydain
Arymes
Arymes
Kywrysedd Gwynedd a Deheubarth

Elegy on Corroi the Son of Dairy
The Prospect of Tenby
The Destiny of Britain³
The Oracle⁴
The Oracle⁵
The Contention of North and South Wales⁶

Awdl
Marwnad y Milveib
Y maen Gwyrthl
Can y Gwynt

A Moral Ode
Elegy on the Thousand Saints
The Miraculous Stone
The Song of the Wind; subject, Owen Gwynedd
The Gift of Urien.⁷

Anrhec Urien

THEOLOGICAL. SAME DATE.

Plaen yr Aipht
Llath Moesen
Llath Voesen
Gwawd Gwyr Israel

The Plagues of Egypt
The Rod of Moses
The Rod of Moses
Eulogy of the Men of Israel.

Some of the reasons for this classification, will have been seen in the preceding section; and others are here given in the remarks appended to the several poems. The Rev. Thomas Price, was the only writer who had previously attempted to distinguish, between the poems which are really genuine and those which are not; it is to be regretted that he had not done more in this direction, than he has; but as far as they extend, the few hints afforded in the earlier portions of "Hanes Cymru," are in perfect accordance with my own conclusions. The predictions attributed to Taliesin, were, among the bards, held in higher estimation than those

¹ Alludes to the Romance of Alexander.

² Llyr is the king Lear of Shakspeare; the subjects of these seem to be taken from Geoffrey's History.

³ Mentions the coming of Kynan and Cadwaladr.

⁴ Similar Sentiments.

⁵ Speaks of Normans.

⁶ See Avallenau 23.

⁷ See Hoianau 20.

of Merddin. Of the latter, that on which they placed the most value, was the rude though earlier Kyvoesi; it was to this that the bards of these centuries referred. Howel ab Owain speaks of the early or "primitive song of Merddin," Rhisserdyn of his "memorials," Sevnyn of "his cave," Iorwerth Llwyd of his "questions," and Iorwerth Vychan alludes to verse 133, where Merddin speaks of the "great knowledge of Gwenddydd,"—all referring to the dialogue; Elidir Sais speaks of "the bardic strains of Merddin," and of his "polished style,"—Davydd Benfras of his "glowing music," and Gwilym Ddu, strengthening our argument respecting Merddin, simply terms him one "of the line of Meirchion;" but Kynddelw and Llywarch, the supposed authors of the *Avallenau* and *Hoianau*, and Gwynvardd *Brycheiniog* only, allude to the contents of those poems, or attach any value to the predictions of Merddin. These soon fell into disrepute, and the predictions of the pseudo-Taliesin alone enjoyed the bardic favour. This appears from the lines of Meredydd ab Rhys, who, addressing an old book of predictions, says,—¹

I would not give a rotten straw
For thousands of the words of Merddin,—
In thee there is a springing sermon,
Some of the mystery of little Gwion (Taliesin).

But if the bards treated him contemptuously, he has been amply avenged; for the popular mind of Wales now knows no diviner but Merddin.

Of the predictive poems, that which next to the *Gorddodau* excels in poetic fire, descriptive power, and elegance of diction, is *Arymes Prydain Vawr*, "The Destiny of Great Britain." It is a poem of considerable length, treating (with considerable knowledge of the subject) of the wars between the Saxons and the Kymry, and predicting the final expul-

¹ Cred vi na rown welltyn crin,
Er myrdd o eiriau Myrddin,—
Mae ynod, bragawd bregeth,
O gyvrinach Gwiawn Bach beth.

sion of the former from these islands. At this day, the subject has no novelty, and therefore I will only give as a specimen, a few of the concluding lines.—¹

Cadwaladr and Kynan, mighty men in battle,
Whom prosperity attend, will be famed until the judgment day ;
Two tenacious sovereigns, profound men in council,
Two who under Providence will conquer Saxons,
Two generous men, two treasurers of the merchants' country,
Two fearless and ready men, of one faith, and one object,
Two overwhelming protectors of Britain's comely armies,
Two bears whose perpetual barking will not displease.
Druids predict the greatness of what will come to pass ;
In their hands will be all the land from Brittany to the Isle
of Man ;
From South Wales to the Isle of Thanet will they possess ;
And their word shall extend from the celestial radiance to the
surface of the earth.
Their chief will partly pay for the land,
Kynon will denude them, Saxons will cease to be ;
The Gwyddelians (Irish) will return to their original stock,
And the Kymry will raise up a powerful supporter.
Armies will be disciplined, and warriors clamorous,
To the kingdom of God, which kept its faith,
The fleets of all countries shall be invited, tribulation shall cease,
And Kynon will induce people to live in friendship.
Kynon will not call in as combatants,
Any but the Kechmyn of Cadwaladr and his merchants ;

¹ Cynan a Chadwaladr cadr yn lluydd
Edmyocawr hyd frawd flawd ai deubydd
Deu unben dengyn dwys eu cussyl
Dan orsogyn Saeson o blaid Dofydd
Deu hael dau gedawl gwlad wartheygydd
Deu diarchar barawd un flawd un fydd
Deu orchwy nawd Prydain mirain luydd
Deu arth nis gwna gwarth cyfarth beunydd
Dysgogan Derwyddon maint a dderfydd
O Fynaw hyd Lydaw yn ei llaw a fydd
O Ddyfed hyd Ddanet hwy bieufydd
O wawl hyd weryd hyd eu hebyr
Lettalawt eu pennaeth tros yr echwydd
Attor ar Gynon Saeson ni bydd
Atchwelwynt Wyddyl at eu heunydd
Ryddyrchwynt Cymry cadr Gyweithydd
Byddinoedd am gwrf orthrwyl milwyr
A theyrnedd Dews ry gedwys eu fydd
A wis i bob llynges tres a dderfydd
A chymmod Cynhon gan ei gilydd
Ni alwawr Gynhon yn gynnifwyr
Nam Kechmyn Cadwaladr ai gyfnewidwyr.

And every Kymro will be cheerful in his discourse;
 In the troubled Island swarms will cease to be,
 When their bodies shall perish in their native place;
 It will be rumoured as far as Aber Santwic,
 That the Germans are moving out of the land,
 Back again to the place of their birth;
 And Saxons with anchors will be perpetually seen.
 The venerable Kymry will prevail until the day of doom;
 They will not want books, nor the songs of bards,—
 For their destiny will be none other than this,
 We will praise him who created Heaven and the elements;
 May St. David be the Prince of the warriors.
 In the day of trouble, God will be with Gelligaer
 He will not die, nor run away, nor be exhausted,
 He will not fade, nor fail, nor bend, nor tremble.

This poem is now commonly attributed to GOLYDDAN, a bard who is said to have lived towards the close of the seventh century; formerly it was ascribed to Taliesin. E. Llwyd attributes it to the latter, as does Dr. Pughe in the earlier part of his Dictionary; but as that bard had gone “to the tomb of all the Capulets” long before Cadwaladr reigned, the poem, on the authority of the Rev. E. Davies, is now ascribed to Golyddan, that monarch’s bard. That author’s opinion, appears to be erroneous. The poem was thought to be historical; but as all its main features relate to the future, and not either to the past, or the present, it is not so; Cadwaladr here, is not the last monarch of Britain, but the mythological hero, and future deliverer of the Kymry; and if our reasoning at the commencement of this section be valid, it must be classed

Eil Cymro llawen llafar a fydd
 Am ynys gymwyeid heid a dderfydd
 Pan syrthwynt galanedd wrth eu heunydd
 Hyt yn Aber Santwic swynedig fydd
 Allmyn ar gychwyn i alltudydd
 Ol wrthol attor ar eu heunydd
 Saesson wrth angor ar fordd beunydd
 Cymry Gwenerawl hyd frawd goryydd
 Na cheiswynt lyfrawr nag angawr brydydd
 Arymes yr Ynys honn namyn hyn ni bydd
 Iolwn ni a grewys nef ac elfydd
 Poed Tywysawg Dewi i'r cynnifwyr
 Yn yr ing Gelli Kaer am Duw y sydd
 Ni threinc ni ddieine nid Arddispydd
 Ni wiw ny wellyg ny phlyg ni chryd.

among the predictive poems of the middle ages. Style, and internal evidence support this assumption ; and so conclusive do I deem the proof of its late origin, that Mr. Turner's ingenious defence of its antiquity, alone induces me to dwell at greater length upon the subject. I regret being compelled to differ in opinion, respecting this and the poems of Merddin, from the eminent historian and critic, to whose learning, intelligence, and candour, the literature of my native land is so greatly indebted ; but it is a source of sincere gratification to reflect, that in nearly every other essential point, my own researches have tended to ratify his conclusions, as to the genuineness of most of the poems attributed to the early bards, Aneurin, and Llywarch, and many of those of Taliesin. This poem, which is evidently the production of an able and learned man, calls the Saxons, or more correctly speaking the German tribes who invaded Britain, by the name of *Allmyn*. At the present day, the Kymry call Germany, *Yr Almaen* ; Germans, singular *Allmyn*, plural *Ellmyn* ; and the German language, *Yr Ellmynaeg*. This word appears to be derived from the name of the Alamanni, which among the present inhabitants of Germany survives in *Algemeine*, and though it originally only indicated a single tribe, the word was ultimately used to designate the whole German people ; but as this was not the case much prior to the twelfth century, the antiquity of the poem in which the Saxons are designated by this general term, may rationally be doubted, and a later date be assigned to it than the seventh century. To avoid this conclusion, which if established destroys the claim of Golyddan to be considered its author, Mr. Turner, who clearly saw its force, endeavoured to give the word another meaning. He supposed it to mean *All-man*, another place ; but as there was manifestly no propriety, in designating a Saxon by a term denoting "another place," a noun and a preposition, neither contained in the word nor implied by it, were added, so that the translation became "*men from another place*," or strangers. This procedure is not warranted by

either the genius of the language, or by the usage of the word; Dr. Pughe, indeed, under the word "Allman," says, it means "a stranger, one of another place, a German;" but as he cites no document in support of these readings, and I have met with no authority for such interpretations, they are inadmissible. Yet if the word All-man could be shown to mean *a stranger*, there would be nothing gained; for there would still remain a much greater difficulty in the question, what peculiar propriety is there, in applying the term *strangers* to the Saxons, and withholding it from the Picts, Scots, Danes, and Normans? We have here conceded for the moment, the assumption to be correct, that *Allman* could by any process be converted into *Allmyn* without losing its signification; but I know of no rule of Kymric Grammar which would permit this to be done: according to strict etymological construction, "Allman," means another *place*, and "Allmyn," another *desire*; "Allmyn," therefore, is a proper name derived from the Normans, and not a compound word regularly formed from Cambrian roots. This is the sense in which it is now used; it is thus used in the poems of the thirteenth century; and as there is no authority for the supposition, that it was ever used in any other sense than as descriptive of Germans, the resemblance between Allmyn and Alleman, and particularly Algemeine, amounts to identity. This designation of the German people prevailed in the twelfth century. Geoffrey of Monmouth repeatedly calls the Saxons by this name,—

"Six of his (Arthur's) posterity shall sway the sceptre, but after them shall arise a German worm." "The white dragon shall rise again, and invite over a daughter of Germany." "After that shall the German prince be crowned." "The German dragon shall hardly get to his holes, because the revenge of his treason, (Harold's treachery to the Duke of Normandy) shall overtake him. At last he shall flourish for a little time, but the decimation of Neustria (Normandy) shall hurt him. For a people in wood and iron coats (the Normans) shall come, and revenge upon him his wickedness."

In the Welsh copies however, the word is written Ger-

mania, and not Allmyn; but this is no insuperable difficulty. The Kymry have to each of the letters of the Alphabet, one single and definite sound; the letter *g* they pronounce hard, as *g* in get; and if pronounced by a Cambrian, as above written, it would sound more like Kermania than Germania. Germania in a Kymric work is therefore an intruder; and as the bards very studiously avoided the introduction of foreign sounds, we need not wonder that they preferred the more popular term Allmyn. This is the form in which the word occurs, in the address of Llywarch ab Llywellyn to Rhys Gryg, which must have been composed about A.D. 1194.

"Gnawd oe law y llavur cochwet
Y gychwyn allmyn alltudedd."

His hand was accustomed to bloody toils,
And move Germans to exile.

It is singular that this same idea of driving "the Germans (i.e. Saxons) to exile," should be the thought which predominates in the poem under consideration; and unless we admit, that this expectation was prevalent among the South Welsh, when the bard visited Rhys Gryg, and that Llywarch had seen this poem, it will be still more surprising that the above line should be identical, in words and sentiments, with several lines of "The Destiny of Great Britain." On comparing the line,—

"Allmyn ar gychwyn i alltudedd"

with the above, it must be apparent that Llywarch has copied it from this poem; for in order to accommodate this line, which, like the poem, is composed of nine syllables, to the octosyllabic metre of his address, he transposes the words, and suppresses a syllable which is absolutely necessary to make the line intelligible. As he has it, the literal translation would be "to move Germans exile;" the preposition "i" of the original, which makes it "to exile," having to be supplied by the reader; and if, as is extremely probable, he borrowed the idea from this poem, it must have

been popular in South Wales, and therefore, most probably of recent origin. From this variety of arguments, the conclusion seems to be fairly deducible, that the poem belongs to the latter part of the twelfth century.

Another singular feature in this poem, is the frequent occurrence of the word *Kechmyn*. Mr. Price¹ conjectures the people thus designated to be the Chauci, or as the word should be written to be correctly pronounced by English readers, Chauki, or Kauchi; and after much consideration I am led to adopt the same view. The difficulties in the way are the required transposition of the "ch" and "c," and the appearance of the second syllable "myn." The explanation of the first appears to be this;—there are several words in the Kymraeg beginning with "chw," but none with "ch" alone; therefore if the Kymry were asked to pronounce Chauki, they would immediately transpose the consonants and say Kauchi, which would correspond to the first syllable of Kechmyn. Of the second difficulty, the explanation seems to be that the word is composed of *kauchi* and *men*. Germanic races have a tendency very frequently to append this termination to proper names; thus Englishmen call others Frenchmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen; Allemann is thus formed from *alle*, all, and *mann*,² man, plural men; and our neighbours call us Welshmen, although we, in the Latin manner, denote the relative meanings of Wales, Welshman, Welshmen, by simply altering the terminations of the words, and saying Kymru, Kymro, Kymry. Having thus arrived at *Kauchmen*, we easily trace the conversion of *men* into *myn*; in Glamorganshire, the people have a strong tendency to end words with *yn*, and frequently say *hunyn* for *hunain*, Scotchmyn, Coachmyn, Porthmyn, Hwsmyn,

¹ Hanes Cymru, p. 225.

² The writer of the article ALLEMANNI, in the Penny Cyclopaedia, though apparently right in the above derivation, was wrong when he asserted that *Ellmyn* is the Welsh plural of *Allud*. Mr. Turner said it was the plural of *Allman*; but this writer has misunderstood him. There are other errors in the same paragraph.

and the like; and therefore the dialect of Morganwg, which in Allmyn and Kechmyn, converts *men* into *myn*, also seems to indicate the district in which the poem was produced. On looking at the map of ancient Germany, we find the Kauchi, Kymry, Teutons, Angles, Jutes, Saxons, and Frisians, occupying the same sea coast; the Kymry left the Kymric Kersonesus to come hither; Sir Francis Palgrave has demonstrated that the Saxon invaders of Britain, consisted of Angles, Jutes, and Frisians, as well as Saxons; and unless we are mistaken in identifying them, with "the Kechmyn of Thanet," mentioned in this poem, the Chauci, will, upon this authority, have to be added to the number. They might easily have come, and while the neighbouring tribes were emigrating, it is more probable than otherwise that some of these came with them; according to the poem they did so; but whence the information was derived I know not.

We have not yet discovered the author of the poem. If the assumptions in the preceding paragraphs be true, the poem was composed in the Glamorgan dialect, and seen by Llywarch ab Llywelyn, during his visit to South Wales, in 1214. Several passages in the poem countenance this view; the names of places all refer to the South; the poet bids both "Dyved and Glewysig (Monmouthshire,) not to fear;" and ends by imploring the blessing of God on Gelligaer, a district between Caerfilly and Rhymney, in Glamorganshire. Madoc ap Iddon, king of the district indicated by Gwent, Glewysig, and Gelligaer, was "a man who knew many arts and sciences, and there was not found his equal in his time," and died in 1184;¹ "he was the best poet and wit of any in Wales;" and as this poem indicates much more than ordinary ability, and was evidently composed in his district, towards the close of the twelfth century, may he not be its author?

¹ At page 104, Madoc ab Iddon's death is erroneously said to have occurred in 1084, instead of 1184.

It has been remarked that the bards of North Wales, during the centuries embraced by this Essay, had produced more poems than those of South Wales; and Mr. Price reproaches the South Welsh with having been less careful of their manuscripts, than their brethren of the North; but this reproach is not altogether deserved. There was unquestionably less poetry produced in the South, and that too of an inferior character; and this arose perhaps, partly, because the more turbulent character of the petty chieftains of that district was less favourable to the development of literary talent, than the dignified sway of the brilliant series of North Welsh kings, Gruffydd ab Kynan, Owain Gwynedd, Howel ab Owain, Llywelyn the Great, and Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, who ruled during that period. But though the North bore away the palm in poetry, the South was most distinguished for Bardic Congresses, and Historians; it produced the Brut Tysilio, the Chronicles of Caradoc, and the British History of Geoffrey; the book of the Cwitta Kyvarwydd of Glamorgan, the Book of Llandaff, and the Black Book of Carmarthen, may also be cited to the same purport. Many of the poems attributed to Taliesin are written in the dialect of Gwent,¹ and several appear to have been written in Pembroke, and the western portions of Glamorganshires; the poem called *Mio* or *Myg Dinbych*, The Prospect of Tenby, belongs to the former; and the lines,—

“Chwaryeis yn Llychwr,
Cysgais ym mhorphor,”

I have played at Loughor
And slept in purple,

in “Kad Godden,” indicate a place within six miles of Swansea. The Armes, or Oracle given at page 71 of the Archaiology, belongs to that district; and the first four lines are exactly the same as those at the commencement of “Arymes Prydein Vawr.” The Oracle of Britain, must

¹ Iolo Manuscripts, page 466.

be referred to the same parentage, as will be seen in these lines,—

“Spears shall he launched forth,
And an armed band
Around Cogawn Penarth,—
An army collected from afar,
Led by the Cross of Christ,
And a flame from Bethlehem,
And Jerusalem.”¹

The allusion here, is to the persons collected together at the instigation of archbishop Baldwyn, (A.D. 1188,) who was eminently successful at Llandaff,² in enlisting soldiers for the Crusades; and probably these embarked for Palestine, from the Penarth Roads, near Cardiff. Penarth is a locality well known; and there is a place called Cogan Penarth in that vicinity. Glamorgan seems to have been the hotbed of predictions, and Geoffrey probably adorned his narrative with many of the traditional stories of the men of Morganwg.

There are two poems attributed to MEUGANT, a bard who lived about the commencement of the seventh century. One of them, mourning the death of prince Kynddylan, has the marks of genuineness: but the other forms a connecting link between the “Kyvoesi” of Merddin, and the “Avallenau,” with the later predictive poems; and this was probably composed in the early part of the reign of Owain Gwynedd, for the language is modern, and that monarch is mentioned by name. The poem is valuable, as supplying the link of connection between Cadwaladr and Kynan; Cadwaladr was the hero of the South, and Kynan that of the North, as is shown by the promises here given of tri-

¹ A phelydr yn rhydd
Agoegordd
Am cogawn pennardd
A llu digyfor o bell
A ohroes Crist yn Cymhell
A ffiam o Feddlem
A chaersalem.

² Hanes Cymru, page 601.

umphs for Kynan in Arvon, and by the express words "Cynan yngwynedd," Kynan in North Wales, of the Oracle of Britain above cited. There is a Kynan honourably mentioned in the Gododin; and it is clear that the Kynan of the later bards, is the person buried at Rhyd Rheon; but the original "Conan" of these predictions was a different person. The author of the Hoiannau, in the line (verse 114,)

"Kynan and the especial Cadwaladr of Cambria,"

implies that the first was not a native of Wales; and Gwalchmai distinguishes "Kynan the kindly courteous," from "Cadwaladr the pillar of armies." An immense impulse was given to these ambitious hopes of the Kymry, and the predictions of their realization, by the preparations made in Normandy for the conquest of England; this event took place in the reign of Conant the second of Brittany; and "Normans, Bretons, French, Flemings, Poitevins, Burgundians, and other Cisalpine people flocked to the transmarine war."¹ The king of the Bretons was the original Kynan. The author of the *Vita Merlini*,² distinctly says so,³—

" The Britons, their noble kingdom,
Shall for a long time lose through weakness;
Until from Armorica Conan shall come in his car,
And Cadwaladr the honoured leader of the Kymry."

And the prediction in Geoffrey's history,—

"Cadwaladr (coming from Rome,) shall call upon Conan (in Brittany,) and take Albania into alliance,"

¹ W. Gemetensis, 286; and Orderic Vitalis, 494; quoted in Schulz's Essay' p. 36.

² The author of the *Vita Merlini*, is said to have been Geoffrey of Monmouth; but Dr. Giles says that internal evidence (not specified) contradicts that view.

³ " Britones at nobile regnum
Temporibus multis amittant debilitate
Donec ab Armorico, veniet temone Conarus
Et Cadwadrus Cambrorum dux venerandus."

Vita Merlini, p. 129, MS. in the Cotton Library, Vespasian E. 4. Turner's Vindication, p. 120.

both receives light from this fact, and proves the correctness of the positions here laid down. Conant reigned about A.D. 1066; the poem attributed to Meugant is therefore not older than the Norman conquest. The "Kyvoesi" mentions Cadwaladr without Kynan; and this names Kynan without Cadwaladr; but in later poems the two names are always mentioned together. In the Archæology, there are two copies of this poem, the concluding part being exactly the same as the fragment from the Book of Gogerthan.

When numerous poems were wrongly attributed to Merddin and Taliesin, it would have been strange if none had been allotted to ANEURIN, "the king of bards, and poet of the flowing muse." In the Iolo MSS., lately published, there is a predictive poem, attributed by its monkish author to the author of the Gododin. The late Mr. Edward Williams, pleads warmly for its antiquity; but with all becoming deference for so renowned an authority, I must be permitted to assert, that the metre, diction, and sentiments, belong less to the sixth century than to the sixteenth. The verses of the months, *Englynion y Misoedd*, have clung with remarkable tenacity to the name of Aneurin; his fame must nevertheless rest wholly and solely upon the earliest of modern heroic poems—the Gododin; for these verses are not his. I do not know, when they were first attributed to him,—for they are not included in the earliest collections of his poems. Llwyd, *sub voce* Aneurin Gwawddrydd, does not mention them; in enumerating the contents of the MS., known as The Book of Aneurin,¹ to be, The Gododin, The Incantation of Adebón, The Incantation of Kynvelyn, and the Incantation of Maelderw,²

¹ The description of the MS. is, *verbatim et literatim*, as follows :—"Llyvyr Aneŷryn; ne Llyvyr y Gododhynne a'r Guarxane. Vaugh. *Membr. 8vo. mode. o drâx*. Hun a gynŷys, 1. Y Gododyn. (*As legendum gydodhyn?*) o ŷaith Aneŷryn Waudrydh Myxdeyrn Beirdd. 2. kaniad a eluir Guarxan Adhebon. 3. Guarxan Kynvelyn. 4. Guarxan Maelderu guedi i geady yn Llynden gan R. V. Llâu hên dros ben. W. M." Lluyd's Arch. Brittan. p. 261.

² In the ancient MS. of the poems of Aneurin, belonging to the late Rev. T. Price, and which was once in the possession of Gwilym Tew and Davydd Nan-

he states that it is written in a hand remarkably old; but in neither case is there any allusion to these verses. Yet if the following statement be founded in fact, they were attributed to him as early as the fifteenth century. The Editors of the *Myvyrian Archaiology* say, but on what authority does not appear, that "Aneurin Gwawdrydd was the first who sang verses of the Months; and being good they became so common, that no one thought of writing them, until they could scarcely be distinguished, so that the twelve verses could not be had complete in Gwynedd and Powys,—four of them being lost. Guttyn Owain composed the four last instead of those wanting; but after that, the missing verses were found in South Wales, so that they are here all from the Green book."¹ The verses seem calculated to have obtained popularity, from their adaptation to fireside circles, and the moralizing tone, which conversation assumed, when at the close of the evening, men assembled in small parties around fire-places, and crowded the spacious hobs, for which the chimney places in Welsh country houses are distinguished. In cities, men have numerous objects attracting attention, and from the variety of the causes which excite them, the talk becomes free and easy, sometimes frivolous and insipid; but among a people so shrewd and intelligent as the Kymry of country districts are and have been, when domiciles were scattered, and men collected together from distant places, their conversation must have been of a moral cast, and of a graver character than sage reflections upon the frost of yesterday and the snow of to-day. Science was unknown, but human life, to the observant

mor, who flourished from 1480 to 1470,—Gwarchan Tydwlich, Gwarchan Adebón, and Gwarchan Kynvelyn, are given immediately following the Gododin. Mr. Price was of opinion that Gwarchan Maelderw was written by Taliesin.

¹ "Aneurin Gwawdrydd a gant Englynion y Misoedd gyntaf ac rhag daed oedynt hwy aethant mor gyffredin, ag na cheisiod neb eu hyagrifennu, oni bu agos idynt a cholli haiachen fel na fedrid cael y deudeg Englyn yn gwbl ym Mhywys a Gwynedd heb fod pedwar ar goll: a Guttyn Owain a wnaeth y pedwar olaf yn lle y llall; ac wedi hynny y caed yn Neheubarth y pedwar oed ar goll fel y maent i gyd yma rhag llaw allan o'r Llyfr Gwrydd." *Myv. Arch.* Vol. I. p. 14.

mind, furnished ample food for reflection; and therefore when this was the prevailing topic, moral apothegms, adorned with the poetry of the Seasons, in compact verses, were likely to have given satisfaction.

Though not Aneurin's, these verses have considerable merit,—

¹ January ! The vale is smoky,
The butler weary, and the bard (cler) abroad;
The crow is thin, and seldom is heard the hum of the bee ;
The cow is lean, and the kiln is cold ;
The horse is slender, and the bird silent ;
The morning is long, and short the afternoon ;
Truly was it said by Kynvelyn,—
"The best candle for man is Prudence."

The Kymric Princes and chieftains held their feasts on the first day of January, when the bards of the district were sure to be in attendance; and as there were open houses for all comers, butlers, under the circumstances, might well be weary. Among my countrymen, the candle is the favourite figure for mental guidance; and the most popular of all Cambrian authors, the Vicar of Llandovery, entitled his book "The Candle of the Kymry."

² February ! Dainties are scarce,
And busy are the spade and the wheel ;
Reproach is the usual result of too frequent intercourse ;
The hired ox is unable to complain ;
Three things produce injurious venom,
A woman's counsel, murder, and treason;

¹ Mis Ionawr myglyd Dyffryn,
Blin Trulliad, treigladd Clerddyn;
Cul Bran, anaml llais gwenyn;
Gwag Buches, diwres Odyn;
Cynnwy march, distaw aderyn;
Hir i blygain, byr brydnhawn;
Gwir a ddywaid Cynfelyn,
Gorau canwyll Pwyll i ddyn.

² Mis Chwefror anaml Ancwyn ;
Llafurus Pal ac Olwyn ;
Gnawd gwarth, o fynych gyawyn,
Yr ych llog ni fedr achwyn,
Tri pheth a dry drwg wenwyn
Cyngor Gwraig, Murn, a Chynllwyn,

Best is the dog in the morning, when the lambs are weak,
And miserable is he who has slain his servant-maid !

The seventh line has been variously translated, but without the least success in eliciting any sense out of the words. Mr. Probert renders it,

“Best is the dog’s head on a spring morning ;”

and if *Gwanwyn* had no other signification than spring, though these words are meaningless, the line would have been correctly translated ; but as it may also mean *gwan*, weak, and *wyn*, lambs, some poetry, and much truthfulness may be evoked out of the sentence. It is a fact well known to shepherds, and to persons acquainted with farming life, that the lambs thrown in February, are, as the poet says, really much weaker than those thrown in the succeeding month. In the morning when snow covers the ground, the shepherd, whose first duty it is to collect the sheep together, frequently hears the bleating of lambs, which, they being unable to walk, he cannot find. On such occasions, I have heard it said, that a sagacious sheep-dog is worth a dozen men. Another argument in favour of the same reading, may be deduced from the fact, that among the bards the first day of spring was the 10th of March ;¹ the poet could not therefore have alluded to spring, as pertaining to the month of February. The poet was true to nature,—and alluded to one of the most pleasing features in rural life. The somewhat flippant mention of murder is due to the facts, that according to the Cambrian Laws murder might be compensated for by heavy fees, and also that when Villeinage prevailed in Britain, the servants were taken from among the slaves.

² March ! Birds are full of audacity,
Bitter blows the cold blast o’er the furrows,

Pen ci ar fore gwanwyn
Gwas a laddodd ei Forwyn.

¹ Iolo MSS. p. 434.

² Mis Mawrth, mawr ryfyg adar
Chwerw oerwynt, ar dalar ;

The fair weather will outlive the foul,
 Anger lasts longer than grief,
 But every terror will disappear,
 Every bird knows its mate,
 And all things will come through the earth,
 Save the dead—long is his imprisonment.

¹ April ! Mist covers the high grounds,
 The oxen are fatigued, and the land naked,
 Feasts are common, but not invitations;
 Lean is the playful and long-eared stag;
 Numerous faults are found where there is no love;
 Happy is he who is righteous;
 Destruction is the lot of the children of untruth;
 After extravagance follows lasting destitution.

May ! The caller of the oxen is relieved from care,
 And the hedge affords comfort to the friendless ;
 The old are cheerful though their garments be torn,
 The cuckoo sings, and loud bays the hound;
 Girls are proud from having numerous lovers,
 Lovers are happy, and the trees covered with leaves ;
 And the skin of the lamb comes to market,
 As often as that of the sheep.

Cattle are turned out to grass in May ; the allusion in
 he first line of the above, will thence be intelligible.

Hwy fydd Hionn na Heiniair
 Hwy peru Llid na Galar
 Pob rhyw Arynnaig a ysgar
 Pob edn a edwyn ei gymmar
 Pob beth a ddaw trwy'r ddaear,
 Ond y marw, mawr ei Garchar.

¹ Mis Ebrill, wybraidd gorthir,
 Lluddedig ychen, llwm tir,
 Gnawd osb, er nas gwahoddir;
 Gwael hydd chwareus clusthir
 Aml bai lle nis cerir
 Gwyn ei fyd a fo cywir
 Gnawd difrod ar blant enwir
 Gnawd gwedi traha, tranc hir.

Mis Mai difrodus geillwad,
 Clyd clawdd i bob di gariad
 Llawn hen di Archenad
 Llafar cog, a Bytheiad
 Balch merch o aml gariad
 Hyddail coed, hyfryd anllad
 Nid hwyrach daw ir Farchnad
 Groen yn Oen, na chroen y ddafad.

! June! The fields are beautiful,
The sea smooth, and the fish sportive ;
The genial day is long, and women full of activity ;
The lawns are dewy, and the bogs passable ;
God ever loves tranquillity,
But the devil is the cause of all the mischief ;
All men desire to be honoured,
But every potentate will be powerless at last.

July ! Perspiration is becoming,
The hay is scattered, and all are bustling ;
Ants rush about, and strawberries are red ;
Greyhounds lie inactive in every court ;
Thin is the cheek of the spiteful,
But blessed is he who is courteous,
Though none shall be free from care.

August ! Foam whitens the seashore,
Bees are merry, and the hives are full ;
More useful is the reaping-hook than the (warrior's) bow,
And ricks are more numerous than play-grounds ;
Whoever this month is idle,
Will suffer poverty in the depth of winter ;
For it was truth that St. Breda (Brenda, in the Llyfr Hir) declared,
" Evil comes not less frequently than good."

September! The planets are wayward,
And enjoyment pervades both sea and township ;

¹ Mis Mehefin hardd tireddd ;
Llyfn mor, llawen maranedd,
Hirgain ddydd, heini gwagedd ;
Gwlithog llwybrau hyffordd mignedd ;
Duw a gar bob Tangnefedd ;
Diawl a bar bob Cyuddrygedd ;
Pawb a chwenych anrhydedd ;
Pob cadarn gwan ei ddiwedd.

Mis Gorphenaf teilwng chwys ;
Gweiriau ar dan, pawb mewn brys ;
Chwimwth morgrug, rhuddion mafus ;
Segur milgwn ymhob llys ;
Llwm yw grudd dyn eiddigus ;
Gwyn ei fyd o fo cariadus ;
Ni bydd byth ddihelbulus.

Mis Awst molwynog morfa ;
Llon Gwenyn llawn modryda ;
Gwell gwaith crymman na bwa ;
Amlach das na chwareufa ;
A fo diog y mis yma,
A ddwg eisian drymder ganaf ;
Gwir a ddywaid Saint Breda,
Nid llai cyrchir drwg na da.

Mis Medi mynawo planed
Mwynieithus mor a threfred

Men and horses know fatigue ;
 Every species of fruit becomes ripe ;
 A royal daughter was born,
 Who will deliver us from our grievous captivity ;
 Truly did Saint Bernard say,
 "God sleeps not when he relieves."

As this verse affords cogent reasons for rejecting the assertion of the antiquity of the poem, it may be well here to attempt assigning to it its true date. Mr. Humphreys Parry was the first to question its parentage. He said, "This poem obviously wants those innate evidences of genuineness, which belong to the Gododin. The popular voice, however, has for centuries ascribed both productions to the same author, and it is now too late to dispute the decree."¹ The language, which is modern, and the allusions to historical facts scattered throughout, abundantly prove the correctness of his conclusion; and therefore we have here to do, what he declined to undertake. In the first verse, the poet terms the class of bards, described in the first section of this chapter, *Olerwyr*, or wanderers; but as this distinction was not known to the laws of Howel, and first appears in the time of Gruffydd ab Kynan (1080 to 1137,) we may doubt its being known in the sixth century. The customs incidentally alluded to, were principally prevalent during the middle and subsequent ages; and the mention of Saints Breda and Bernard must set the question at rest. There is no saint of the name of Breda; this must therefore be either Brenda, or Beda; the first was three generations removed from Gwgan ab Caradoc Vreichvras, a man who was at the battle of Bangor Iscoed in 607, being Brenda ab Helig Voel ab Glanog ab Gwgan Gleddyv Rhudd;² and the second died, according to the best authorities, A.D. 735; but

Gnawd gwyr a meirch yn lludded
 Gnawd pob ffrwyth yn addved
 Merch frenhinawi a aned
 An duc o'n dygn gaethiwed
 Gwir a ddywed Saint Berned
 Ni chwsg Duw pan ro wared.

¹ Cambrian Plutarch, page 39.

² Rees's Welsh Saints, page 298.

whichever it was, neither of them was sainted in the time of Aneurin. Saint Bernard was born in 1091, died in 1153, and was canonised by Pope Alexander III. in 1174. This brings us down to the twelfth century, and the internal evidence of the verses, takes us still lower. It will be observed that the poem, unlike those which we have recently perused, not only does not breathe the spirit of war, but condemns it. We shall presently see, that this was a characteristic of nearly all the Welsh poetry, from the fall of Llywelyn to the revolt of Owain Glyndwr; and therefore must we refer this poem to the beginning of the fourteenth century. The above verse speaks of grievous captivity; but as the Welsh experienced no captivity, except the submission to Edward the First and his successors, the poem could not have been written much prior to 1300. The "royal daughter" was probably Gwenllïan,¹ the offspring of Llywelyn and Eleanor de Montford. The last lines of the next verse would scarcely be written by one of the Bardic Order; and the author of all these verses was probably a monk.

October ! Men seek sheltering places,
The birch leaves turn yellow, and the summer seat is
widowed,
Birds and fish are plump and fat,
The milk of cow and goat becomes less and less,
Woe be to him who lays in sin the root of discreditable
eruptions,
For death is better than frequent disgrace;
Three things will melt every sin,
Fast, prayer, and alms.
November ! Swine become greatly fat,
Shepherds go and minstrels come,

¹ Hanes Cymru, p. 707.

²Mis Hydref hydaidd hydod
Melyn blaen bedw, gwedw Havod
Llawvras adar a physgod
Lleilal laeth buwch a gafrod
Gwae a haed meff er pechod
Gwell marw na mynych difrod
Tri pheth a dawdd pob pechod
Ympryd, a gwedi, a chardod.
Mis Tachwedd moch mehinfawr,
Aed bugail, delid cerdawr

Butcher's blades are bloody, and the barns full;
 The sea is joyous, and marrowy the contents of every cauldron;
 Long are the nights to prisoners of lively dispositions;
 All who have treasures are respected;
 Three men who are not often satisfied,
 Are the sorrowful, the angry, and the miserly.

December ! -garments get soiled,
 The land is heavy, and the sun droway ;
 The vicious is poor, and the muscle quiet,
 The cock is happy, and the feathered owl;
 For twelve days we may rejoice,
 Because of the birth of the destroyer of Satan;
 It was truth that Scolan said,
 "God is better than wicked predictions."

The last line is probably a sneer, at the partiality shown by the people for the predictions of Merddin and Taliesin.

We have already seen it stated, that Guttyn Owain, a bard who lived about 1450, composed four verses instead of the last four of the preceding. The structure of Guttyn's sentences is superior to that of these ; but in all other respects, the merit of both is about equal. However, as some persons may wish to institute a comparison, and judge for themselves, we will quote the last,—

¹ December ! days are short, and nights are long ;
 Crows seek the germinating corn, and rushes are on the moors,

Gwaedlyd llafn llawn escubawr
 Llon mor merlyd pob callawr
 Hirnos heinus carcharawr,
 Parchus pawb a fed drysawr
 Tri dun nid aml au didawr
 Trist, Blwng, a chybyd angawr.

Mis Rhagfyr tomlyd archan,
 Trwm tir trymluoc huan
 Llwm gwyd llonyd llywethan
 Llon ceiliog a thwyllhuan,
 Au deudeng-nyd yn hoesan,
 Am eni yspelliwr Satan,
 Gwir a ddywed Yacolan
 Gwell Duw na drwg darogan.

¹ Mis Rhagfyr byrddydd, hirnocs,
 Brain yn egin, brwyn ar roa.

Silent are the bees and the nightingale,
There is bustling at feasts at the close of night,
The house of the prudent is comfortable,
The reckless is unfortunate through his own fault,
And life, though it be long,
Will end in day and night.

There is another set of a dozen verses; attributed to Aneurin in the MS. of Mr. Davies of Bangor, and also in another old MS., though Mr. Rhys Jones, the collector of the specimens of British bards, called *Gorchestion y Beirdd*, ascribes them to Llywarch the aged, without however giving his authority; but, it is probable, judging from the smoothness of the language, and the nature of the sentiments, that they were composed by neither, and that they were the products of the same age, as that which gave birth to the Verses of the Months. In poetic merit the last set is decidedly superior, the sentences are more compact, the language more fluent, and the aphorisms seem to spring more naturally from the subject. Some lines in the last verse, are finely descriptive of many a youthful career,

“The youth who heeds not counsel,
Is like a ship on a swelling sea,
Without rope, sail, or anchor.”¹

I have already expressed a doubt as to the antiquity of the Gorchanau attributed to Aneurin. Some verses in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, p. 541, taken from the MS. of Mr. William Maurice, are also ascribed to him, as appears from a note to the lyric poems of Mr. Edward Williams; but a moment's consideration would have suggested, that Aneurin could not have written in the language of the fifteenth century, or known much about divisions of the

Tawel gwenyn, ac eos
Trin ynghyfedd diwedd nos
Adail dedwydd yn ddiddoes,
Adwyth diriad heb achos
Yr hoedl er hyd ei haros
A dderfydd yn nydd a nos.

¹ Unfodd a llong ar gefnfor
Heb raff heb hwyl heb angor
Ydyw'r ieuango digyngor.

country made several centuries after his death. A dialogue between Saints David and Kybi, is also erroneously attributed to "the king of Bards."

Another set of triplets, ascribed by the collector of the Gorchestion to LLYWARCH HEN, belong probably to the same era; as also do two sets of moral verses attributed by the Editors of the Myvyrian Archaiology to the Mab Clav, or the Maer Glas, the son of that aged Bard.¹

This unique manner of inculcating precepts, is very agreeable; and had Dr. Johnson lived among the Kymry of those centuries, his desire for an *aphoristic* literature could have been easily gratified. Under these circumstances, conversational talents must have had a fine field for development; and perhaps we ought to attribute partly to these fire-side gatherings, the fluency of speech noticed as remarkable among the common people, and the wit which struck Giraldus so forcibly, of the Cambrian princes, Rhys ab Gruffydd and Owain Kyveiliog. The Kymry generally, though they have no knowledge of Rhetoric, are exceedingly metaphorical in their conversation, and use figures of speech with quite as much propriety, and much more naturally, than many very distinguished orators; their irony is perfect, and their sarcasm terrible; but they are more impulsive than persevering; and their mental qualities are more brilliant than profound. The didactic verses of the bards are smooth, graceful, and mellifluous; and in their hands, as in those of the Hebrews, moral science was perfectly reconciled to popular poetry.

I must now bring this section to a close; the results arrived at will probably startle many of my countrymen; but the reasons in each case have been fully stated; and a candid perusal will most probably show that my conclusions are uniformly correct. Our attention in the next place will be occupied by the Chroniclers and Historians of the centuries here considered.

¹ Myv. Arch. vol. i. p. 545.

SECTION V.

PROSE LITERATURE,—THE CHRONICLES.

WE must not suppose that poetry was the only form in which the national mind made itself manifest; for there were the prose romances, which shall be noticed hereafter, and the Triads. In addition to these there were Chronicles and Genealogical records, of which Giraldus makes mention. Of the former, Gildas, Nennius, Geoffrey, and Caradoc may be cited as examples; but as Gildas and Nennius had lived previous to the time included in this Essay, our notice will be devoted to Geoffrey and Caradoc. Asser may justly be claimed for the literature of Wales, though he wrote in Latin; and there are several other historical records, now slumbering in MSS.

Of a work so well known as GEOFFREY'S Chronicle, it is unnecessary to give examples; and our principal efforts will be devoted to solve the *questio vexata*, is it a translation, or an original work? The critics of Wales, England, and France, have come to the decided conviction that it is full of fables; but it is still a matter of doubt, who was the inventor of these fables. His own account is as follows:—That while studying the History of the Kings of Britain, and wondering why Gildas and Bede had not made mention of the kings who lived in Britain prior to the Christian era, nor of Arthur, and many others, he was agreeably surprised by a request from Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a man of great eloquence, and learned in foreign histories, to translate a book in the British tongue, which Walter had brought from Brittany,—and which related the actions of all the kings of Britain, from Brutus the first king, down to Cadwaladr

the son of Cadwallo. Now is the story about the book being brought from Brittany true, or not ! On the negative side we have Dr. Giles, who thus states his objections ;—

“There are lamentable defects of a grave character, attending upon this British Volume :—

I. It was first made known six hundred years after the events which it relates.

II. No MS. copy is now in existence, nor any record of its ever having been multiplied by transcription.

III. It relates stories utterly at variance with acknowledged history.

IV. It abounds in miraculous stories, which, like leaven, ferment and corrupt the whole mass.

V. It labours under great suspicion from the mendacious character of the people, whose credit it was written to support.” Bohn’s Edition, 1848, p. 292.

On the affirmative side we have the names of Ellis, Turner, and the older names of Archbishop Usher, Leland, and several Kymric writers of note. Professor Rees, a most careful and acute critic, speaks positively upon the subject, and states that “a Welsh version of the original is preserved, which shows that (Geoffrey) merely made a free translation, inserting occasionally interpolations of his own.” A foreigner of note, the Abbé de la Rue, in a work containing the results of forty years of study, called an “Historical Essay on the Bards, Jongleurs, and Trouveres, Norman and Anglo-Norman,” takes the same view of this matter. Living in Brittany, the Abbé had the means of forming an opinion upon the subject, and much importance should be attached to the conclusion at which he has arrived,—that the British history of Geoffrey is in reality a translation of a collection of the ancient traditions of Bretagne. To prove the truth of this opinion, the author shows that Geoffrey’s most bitter contemporary opponents charge him with *collecting fables*, not with *inventing* them. William of Newburgh expressly allows this ; and Malmsbury merely says, that Arthur was a monarch whose fame deserved rather to be set forth by the historian than by the fabulist. It must be borne in mind too as the Abbé says,—

"That Geffry was a learned man, and his Latin poems prove him to have been well acquainted with the classical authors then in use. Now, if this writer having learning and talent, had actually fabricated the works attributed to him; is it believable that he would not have endeavoured to give them an air of probability which they do not possess? Would he, as Mr. Ellis has well remarked, represent Italy as menaced with her Breton knights, at a period when the splendid and authentic exploits of Belisarius had filled the whole empire with his glory? Would he above all, Welsh as he was, have made Hoel, an Armorican prince, act the chief part in the continental wars of Arthur, and represent him as but auxiliary to the first? Besides, how can it be said that Geffry *invented* these tales, when many of them may be read in the works of Nennius and the pseudo-Gildas, who wrote three hundred years earlier? It appears to me further, that if Geffry of Monmouth had wished to have imposed upon his readers, and to have given his marvels the appearance of truth, he might have supported himself upon an authority, which at this period would have given the greatest weight to his statements,—I mean the lives of the saints. In truth, we find in the middle age legends, many tales relating to Arthur and his knights. Thus the exploits of Arthur are incorporated with the life of St. Dubritius, and were sung in the cathedral of Llandaff centuries before Geffry translated his British History. In the life of St. Gildas, the seduction of Arthur's wife, by Melvas, Earl of Somerset, and the peace subsequently made through the mediation of the saint is to be found. The life of St. Pair, Bishop of Vannes, bears testimony to Arthur's deeds on the continent, and the ravages committed in Armorica by Karadoc. In the life of St. Paul of Leon, the conversion of King Mark, husband of Yseult la Blonde, is met with; and in the life of St. Kentigern, we find how the Jongleurs altered the names of the heroes of the Round Table. None of these are once altered by Geffry; and to the victorious argument of Mr. Ellis, I will add a last which is unanswerable. We have seen how Gaiman stood in need of books and how his patroness sent to Walter l'Espece to obtain from the Earl of Gloucester, the history which he had caused to be translated from the Welsh. This proves that a history of the British kings existed in Wales in the twelfth century; and the same Trouvere attests that he had also to aid him in his work, the Brût brought from Bretagne, by Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, and that this second book had suggested several advantageous corrections of the first. This testimony suffices to repel the charge of imposture, which is attempted to be cast upon Geffry of Monmouth."¹

We do not often find English writers favourable to the

¹ Quoted from a translation in the *Athensæum*, No. 425.

pretensions of Kymric literature; it is therefore pleasing to see so profound a critical authority as the *Athenæum* leaning to the same side,—

“We have always thought that the circumstance of a Welshman being called upon to translate a Breton History, is another corroboration of Geoffrey’s statement. Archdeacon Walter Calenius might have sought in vain among the English and Norman learned men, for one who would condescend to learn a mere dialect of a French province; but to the scholar who was a Welshman, the Breton was almost as familiar as his native tongue. And it is reported, that even during the late war, those prisoners confined at Brest who understood Welsh, had no difficulty in making themselves intelligible to the people around them.”¹

Again, we have the authority of the Rev. T. Price, in an excellent digest of the authentic history of Arthur, in support of the same conclusion. This accumulated testimony, makes out a very strong case; and an opinion so firmly founded upon a variety of cogent arguments, cannot be devoid of truth.

According to the *ignoratio elenchi*, contained in Dr. Giles’s more candid than courteous fifth proposition, I ought to take the affirmative side; but my views on this long agitated question, differ from all that I have yet seen. Geoffrey’s statement appears to be partially, but not wholly true. In the earlier portions, he has probably extended, and perhaps invented some of the narratives; but still there appears sufficient reason to believe, that the greater part cannot be purely imaginary. It would be well to enquire in the first place, whether there are any statements in the book which may not have been obtained at home. From the words of Nennius it is abundantly evident that there were historical records among the Kymry as early as A.D. 796, that being the earliest date assigned to his history. His words, as translated by Dr. Giles, are,—“I have presumed to deliver these things in the Latin tongue, not trusting to my own learning, which is little or none at all, but *partly from writings and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Britain.*”

¹ *Athenæum*, No. 425, page 939.

Afterwards he says, that he "had derived information from our ancient traditions;" and in a subsequent place writes, "I have learned another account of this Brutus, from the ancient books of our ancestors." There are many internal evidences that Nennius was indebted to Kymric documents; and it is clearly apparent, that there were histories extant of the actions of the British kings. The "Kyvoesi of Merddin," noticed in the preceding section, gives a list of British kings and princes, from Rhydderch Hael A.D. 570, (the Rhydderthan of Nennius) to Rhys ab Tewdwr, A.D. 1077; this must have been compiled from some existing history; and as the list accords exactly with the authentic history given in the genealogical records of the British kings, written by the bards, whose duty it was to keep such records, there is no necessity for any further proof that the poem was drawn up from trustworthy documents. Coming down later, we find, on the authority of Geoffrey himself, that prior to being shown the Breton Chronicle, his mind had been fixed upon "the histories of the kings of the Isle of Britain," whose "atchievements were deserving of praise, and *were preserved in writing by a great many people*, who found it a pleasure to speak of them, and to bear them in remembrance."¹ Another fact of considerable significance, is the date at which Caradoc begins his Chronicle; for if there were not in existence, a satisfactory history of the kings preceding Cadwaladr, it is strange that he should have contented himself with beginning his Chronicle at the time of that monarch's death. We may therefore set at rest the charge brought against Geoffrey of having invented the stories which he relates; for the quantity of material in existence, rendered much exercise of the inventive faculties unnecessary. The story of the Trojan descent was ready; it is so full in Nennius that but little else is added in Geoffrey; and it must have been fuller in the former's day than he has represented it; for as it is absolutely incredible that

¹ Translated from the copy given in the first volume of the Cambrian Register.

public curiosity would have been content with such a skeleton of a recital, his version is more likely to be an epitome, than a story at full length. Much of the history of Britain under the Romans, is written by Nennius, and might have been easily expanded to the length we find it, without Geoffrey's assistance, for the germs of all the facts stated may be found elsewhere; but the florid colouring and scholastic illustrations are undoubtedly his.

Geoffrey might have written a history of the British kings, from native sources of information, and it therefore becomes of importance to determine whether he did or did not avail himself of these. The hypothesis of his being a historian and not simply a translator, is opposed to the affirmative supposition, but Geoffrey's own work supports it. At the beginning of the seventh book he says,—“I had not got thus far in my history, when the subject of public discourse, happening to be concerning Merlin, I was obliged to publish his prophecies at the request of my acquaintance, but especially of Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, a prelate of the greatest piety and wisdom.” Here our author is not a translator, but an original historian. The letter to Alexander brings out this fact still more clearly. In that he writes,—“The regard which I owe to your great worth, most noble prelate, has obliged me to undertake the translation of Merlin's prophecies out of British into Latin, *before I had made an end of the history which I had begun concerning the acts of the British kings.* For my design was to have finished that first, and afterwards to have taken this work in hand; lest by being engaged on both at once, I should be less capable of attending with any exactness to either.” Again he says, in the eleventh book, “Of the matter now to be treated of, most noble consul, Geoffrey of Monmouth shall be silent; but will nevertheless, though in a mean style, briefly relate what he found in the British book above mentioned, and heard from that most learned historian, Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, concerning the wars which this renowned king, upon his return to Britain

after this victory, waged against his nephew." From these extracts we deduce several inferences, each utterly irreconcilable with the notion of his being simply a translator;— 1, He has evidently admitted having written an original history. 2, He has done so with authorities independent of the Breton Chronicle. 3, In embodying supplementary information from others, he implies, that the said book was not as complete, as in the preface it is asserted to have been. 4, And, he gives us clearly to understand that the Breton history, was only followed in the latter part, the rest being Geoffrey's own work. There are other facts tending to the same conclusion. In speaking of king Hudibras, he says,— "At this place an eagle spoke, while the wall of the town was being built; and indeed I should have transmitted the speech to posterity had I thought it true, as the rest of the history." This prediction still exists; it is published in the second volume of the Myvyrian Archæology, and a portion may be seen in Price's *Hanes Cymru*, (page 318;) it contains allusions to the Normans, and could not therefore have been found in any book, that was very old in Geoffrey's day; it is not contained in the Kymric MSS. of his history; and therefore it is much more probable that he met with it in collecting materials for this work, than that it had been woven into any digested narrative. Again, in writing of Cadwaladr, he alludes to a prediction uttered by Merddin in the presence of Arthur; in his account of Arthur, there is no mention made of such an occurrence; but as, according to Llwyd's account, "a prediction of Myrdhyn before Arthyr," occurs in a MS. called "*Y Kwta Kyvarwydd o Vorganwg*," which belonged to the cathedral of Llandaff, he probably met with this also under similar circumstances. The account of the Flamens and Archiflamens, looks like an ecclesiastical fiction; and the description of Caerlleon, so graphic and circumstantial, must have been written much nearer home than Brittany. Numerous other facts countenance the same conclusion; and not the least important, is the history of the book given by Mr. Aaron Thompson, of

Queen's College, Oxford, a gentleman who, in 1718, published an English translation of Geoffrey's work. After stating that Geoffrey was over-joyed when he received the Breton MS., he states, that, "At first he divided it into four books, written in a plain simple style, and dedicated it to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, a copy whereof is said to be at Bennet College, in Cambridge, which was never yet published; but afterwards he made some alterations, and divided it into eight books, to which he added the book of Merlin's Prophecies, which he had also translated from British verse into Latin prose, prefixing to it a preface, and a letter to Alexander, bishop of Lincoln." The assertion of the translation of the prophecies from British verse, can scarcely be correct, for no other prophetic verses exist among the Kymry than those given in the preceding section; and the prediction, as it appears in Geoffrey, exists only in one Cambrian MS. of his history. But passing that by, we still find that our Author is an historian; for the making of new divisions, alterations, and additions in the text of a work, is utterly inconsistent with the duties of a translator. These statements as to first and second editions, are strikingly confirmed by the state of the Cambrian MSS. of this history, three of which have neither the dedicatory epistle nor the description of Britain, now prefixed to the later copies of Geoffrey; one, *The Red Book of Hergest*, in Jesus College, Oxford, has only the descriptive chapter; and one alone, a copy known to have been written in 1613, has both. We also find the historian continually interrupting the narrative with his own reflections. In the account of Arthur's continental wars, he says that it was a prevailing fault of the Britons to be eager to assault, but not persevering in following up the attack; and at the death of king Careticus he introduces a bitter invective against them. In the English translation, this chapter is marked, "the author upbraids the Britons," but in the older Kymric MSS. the remarks are very short; in another they are expanded; and in the latest they assume their present form; but in

none of these, is there any mark to denote an intended interruption of the narrative.

These facts, revealing more of the original author than of the translator, tend to throw discredit upon the relation respecting the Breton book ; and there are other facts, which strongly confirm our suspicions as to its truth. It is highly improbable that a book so complete in all respects could have been written by an author without a name. The force of this objection has hitherto been evaded by the assertion that the author was Tysilio ; but Tysilio is not known to have written any such work, and if he had written a British history, we should not have had to go to Brittany for it. And this argument becomes still more forcible, when the prediction of the eagle, omitted in translating the Breton work, but which was said to be delivered long before the advent of Christ, anticipated,¹ and was therefore really consequent to, the Norman Conquest. Another argument against accepting the story as being literally true, is rather analogical than direct. In Geoffrey's day, and for many centuries afterwards, indeed as late as the time of the Wizard of the North with Jedediah Cleisbotham, it was a very usual practice for writers to give extraordinary accounts of their originals, thus not only blunting the edge of criticism, but also creating a fictitious interest. Romance writers did this very frequently ; one Trouvere speaking of his book says,—

“ Much was altered, much was lost, a long, long time ago,
But blessings on a learned clerk, who sought it out with
care,
And wrote it out, ay verse by verse, until this story rare
Was saved complete, and then in book, 'twas straightway
written fair,
And ken ye where I found it ? 'Twas in an Abbey stored,
So well I wot, no lie is here, nor foolish deed or word.”¹

Hugh de Rotelande thus begins his “ Ypemedon,”—

¹I am indebted for this and the succeeding extract to the No. of the *Athenæum* already quoted.

“ Marvel, strange it is I trow
 That learned clerks, who mickle know
 Of divers tongues, should ne’er have sought
 This goodly history out, and brought
 It forth to light, for soothly we
 Have almost lost its memory,
 And, therefore ye that are unlearned,
 Know that from Latin I have turned
 This goodly story, that ye well
 May understand it.”

And when this was so common a practice, that a book was scarcely considered to be properly ushered to the reading world without it, it is not going beyond the limits of fair deduction, to say that Geoffrey would probably be influenced thereby. In support of this opinion, there are several facts of considerable significance. We have seen that three out of five Cambrian MSS. have neither preface, nor descriptive chapter at the commencement; one has only the account of Britain; and as that is distinctly termed “Y Ragarawd,” the prefatory discourse, we may clearly infer that at the date of what appears to be one of the earlier of these MSS. no other preface was known to exist. The Breton story was not therefore as yet in existence. At the end of the earliest of our Manuscript copies of Geoffrey’s work, is this entry, “I Walter Archdeacon of Oxford turned this book from Kymraeg to Latin, and in my old age retranslated it from Latin to Kymraeg;”¹ at the end of one that appears to be later, the first translation from Kymraeg to Latin is omitted, and it is only said, that, “Walter Archdeacon of Oxford translated it from Latin to Kymraeg, and I (Geoffrey) turned it back again into Latin;”² and in its latest form the story is, that Walter Archdeacon of

¹ Myfi Gwallter Archiagon Rydyohen, a droes y llyfr hwnn o Gymraeg yr Lladin. Ac yn vy hensaint y troes i ef yr ailwaith o ladin ynghymraec. Myv. Arch. vol. ii. p. 390.

² Y llyvyr Kymraec hwnw yr hwn a emchweles Gwallter Archdiaon Ryt Ychein o Ladin eg Kymraec, ac ef ae traethws yn wir ac yn gwbl o istoria e rac dywedigion Gymry, a henny oll a datemchweleis inheu o Gymraec en Lladin, ac evelly y tervyna istoria Brut. Myv. Arch. p. 389—90.

Oxford brought a book from Brittany written in the British language, which could only be translated by one who knew Kymraeg and Latin.¹ Hitherto antiquarians have only had to deal with the last and more perfect form of the story; but now that we have its infancy, youth, and manhood, we may hope for greater results. The first story is clumsy indeed, and it will be observed clashes in two important points with the last; in the first Walter Mapes is endowed with such a knowledge of Kymraeg, that for want of something else to do, he translates a book into Kymraeg, when such a work according to the story already existed, while in the second he knows no Kymraeg at all; and in the second point, the first story gives the book a Cambrian original, having no reference made to Brittany, while the latter brings the book from Armorica, and implies that it could not have been produced at home. We might also make a remark on the word "old age." Walter out-lived Geoffrey. The second story clashes with the last in the latter respect, as well as in the former; but differs in giving less prominence to the Kymric acquirements of the Oxford Archdeacon. These facts, coupled with the fact above noted respecting the preface, show that various origins had been assigned to the book previously; and these gradated assertions, ending in the assignment of an Armorican source, must show very clearly, that Geoffrey was not unskilled in the art of advertising, and that no dependence can be placed upon the last version he had been pleased to give the world, as to the antecedents of his history.

Yet does there appear to be something more than the artifice of the Trouvere, in the allusion to this Breton Volume; for several weighty considerations yet require to be satisfied. These are the following. The narrative of Geoffrey, particularly when it treats of

¹ Cambrian Register, vol. i. p. 27, and Giles's translation of Geoffrey in Bohn's Edition of six old English Chronicles, p. 292.

Arthur, his immediate predecessors, and successors, differs most materially in its facts, and names, from Nennius and the more authentic Kymric Chronicles, by being both more diffuse in some parts, palpably defective in others, and less minute in all. A portion of these discrepancies has been ably exhibited by Professor Rees. In the preface to his most careful, and valuable work, he says, "It is remarkable that in all the records of the Britons, both in Welsh and Latin, before the twelfth century, historical allusions abound, which are at variance with the narrative of the Armoric Chronicle; even the most extravagant tales of Nennius are more limited than those of the late fabulist; and the various ways in which the same tales are related by the former, prove that in his time they had not reached the consistency of history, whereas in the latter there is no hesitation, but every story is told as positively as if the writer were an eye witness."¹ So far the discrepancies may be explained by Dr. Dunham's ingenious principle for the interpretation of fables:²—Fables being in their character progressive from a short and simple, to an expanded and complex form, acquire additional particulars when ever related. This fact will explain many historical phenomena, and demonstrate clearly that many of the legends in Geoffrey are extensions of those of Nennius, and those of Nennius only amplifications of the older Gildas; but in Geoffrey's work, there are difficulties which cannot be thus explained. Some of these are also well stated by Professor Rees, in a passage full of pointed reasoning and admirable criticism. His words are, "Localities are very powerful auxiliaries in forming a constructive history. In this respect the Armoric Chronicle is exceedingly deficient; for the few localities mentioned in it are certain towns and places which were well known and flourished at a late period, proving not

¹ Rees's Welsh Saints, preface, viii.

² Dunham's Europe in the Middle ages, vol. iv. p. 67.

only that the record was recent, but also that it was compiled in a distant country. The scene of the fable is laid down in Britain, but the places introduced are such as were of sufficient celebrity to be known abroad. The events of history do not always occur at distinguished towns, and it might be expected that places which were celebrated in past ages, had afterwards become obscure.”¹ These remarks apply with peculiar force to the prominence given to Caerlleon in the Arthurian Romance in Geoffrey; such an assertion could not have originated at home; and the fact, that long after Arthur became the hero of Cambrian Romance, his palace was fixed in Cornwall, shows most clearly that it did not. Many of the Kymric Romances or Mabinogion make no mention of Arthur, and it is evident that some of those in which his name appears are much earlier than the age of this Chronicler; the earlier and shorter romances, *The dream of Rhonabwy*, *St. Greal*, and *Kilhwch and Olwen*, fix the seat of Arthur at Gelliwic in Cornwall; in the dialogue between Arthur and the Eagle, Arthur describes the Eagle as one who traverses the vales of Cornwall, and the Eagle terms Arthur, leader of the Battles of Cornwall; in the dialogue between Arthur and *Gwenhwyvar*, the lady says she had seen him at the long table of Gelliwic; and in the longest and latest only, such as *Owain*, *Peredur*, and *Geraint*, do we find Arthur seated at Caerlleon. These are not referred to by any bard, prior to the appearance of Geoffrey’s work, and were I believe written subsequently. We may therefore infer, from a comparison of the earlier romances with Geoffrey’s Chronicle, that the Arthurian portion of the latter was composed in Brittany. Arthur’s history is much fuller in some respects in Geoffrey than elsewhere, and singularly deficient in others. The Roman wars of that hero, so full in his work, are altogether unknown to the native legends; and describing Paris, Burgundy, the Alps, Italy, and other

¹ Rees’s *Welsh Saints*, preface, xi.

places unknown to the Kymry, must have been composed by some person or persons abroad. The same conclusion is supported by the ignorance shown by the author, of Arthur's Kymric history. In the days of Nennius, or more probably of Mark the Hermit his Editor in the tenth century, Arthur was reported to have fought *twelve* important battles against the Saxons; but only *five* of these are mentioned by Geoffrey, and only *seven* if we include two skirmishes in which Arthur was not present. This will appear more forcible from a comparison of the two lists of the battles,—

NENNIVS.	GEOFFREY.
1 River Glendi or Glem	1 Camlan (Camelford)
2 Duglas region of Linuis	2 Duglas
3 do.	3 Skirmish (Cador Duke of Cornwall in command)
4 do.	4 Province of Lindisior (Lincoln)
5 do.	
6 River Bassa	5 The Wood of Caledon
7 Celydon	
8 Gurnion Castle	
9 Caerlleon	6 Skirmish (Cador in command)
10 Traeth Trevroit	
11 Breguin (Berwyn)	7 Battle of Bath.
12 Badan	

Respecting the battle of Badon, Nennius, or we should, I think, say his Editor, states that Arthur bore on his shield the image of the virgin, and that he slew with his own hand nine hundred and forty men. Geoffrey states the same respecting the shield; but reduces the number of Arthur's victims to exactly one half, or four hundred and seventy. We have seen that, in relating the story of Arthur and Medrod in Britain, he has recourse to other authorities, than that which had sufficed for the account of the hero's continental wars. In most Kymric copies there is no remark to this effect; in the last the authority is said to be Walter, the Archdeacon; but in the earliest Cambrian MS. the truth

seems to peep out in the words, "Here ends the story of Arthur and Medrod," thus by the admission of an extra story implying that some other authority had been used previously. This ignorance of true Kymric history, again appears, still more distinctly as we proceed. In the following table, where the list of kings given by Geoffrey, is compared with the much more perfect one given in the poem called the *Kyvoesi* of Merddin, the discrepancy is most surprising. Of the three first in Geoffrey's list, Kymric writers know nothing, while our traditions, triads, and historical documents are shown to be more authentic, by the fact that Nennius names the same persons as the native authorities,—

GEOFFREY.

Constantine
Aurelius Conan
Wortiphorius
Malgo
Careticus

Cadvan
Cadwallo
Cadwaladr

THE "KYVOESI" OF MERDDIN.

Rhydderch Hael
Morgan ab Sadurnin
Urien Rheged
Maelgwn
Rhun, son of Maelgwn
Beli, son of Rhun
Iago, son of Beli
Cadvan, son of Iago
Cadwallon, son of Cadvan
Cadwaladr, son of Cadwallon

There is no Cereticus known to Kymric history, except Caredig the son of Cunedda Wledig, who gave his name to Ceredigion, (Cardiganshire,) and who lived a hundred and fifty years before Maelgwn's death; there is therefore a hiatus of three reigns of which Geoffrey's authority gives only a most confused account; and as Nennius had given a better history of that era, we have no alternative but to admit that our author was here led astray by some Breton document. Another trait of foreign origin is the legend of Cadwaladr's death and canonization; Nennius had given an account of his death, and the triads relate, with considerable distinctness, and minute fidelity, his death and its cause; and therefore, as the story could not have originated at home, it must have sprung up among the Kymric fugitives in Armorica.

The explanation of all these facts seems to be a Breton book. In all the varied stories, as to the origin of the history, one fact continually appears—the name of Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford; he was a student of antiquities; it is probable he may have been in Brittany, and there collected the story of Arthur's continental exploits, for he was among the first to introduce the Kymric romances in a Norman French dress; it is strange that his name should have been selected, if there were not some truth in the story; and it would have been still more strange if he had permitted his name to be so freely used without making any remonstrance, unless the assertion was to some extent correct. We may therefore, I think, safely conclude, that Geoffrey was less a translator than original author, that the ecclesiastical and scholastic flourishes are his own, that a great part of the work was derived from Kymric sources, and that in the wars of Arthur and the concluding portions, he has borrowed from Armorican traditions, or probably translated some Breton Manuscript.

At this distance of time, when the facts on which opinions should be based are so very few, we cannot hope to establish anything further than a considerable degree of probability; but if the views advanced above be correct, there could have been no complete Kymric original of Geoffrey. The earliest of our MSS., one of which was translated into English in 1811 by the Rev. Peter Roberts, are, I should imagine, translations of the first Latin copy of the history of the British kings.

The proper name of Geoffrey, was Gruffydd ab Arthur. He is supposed to have received his education at the Benedictine monastery, near Monmouth, where tradition still points out a small apartment as his study. He received the designation Geoffrey of Monmouth, from being Archdeacon of that place. After the above lengthened discussion of his history, it were needless to say that he was distinguished for literary attainments. The first of his compositions in point of time, is said to have been a Latin

translation of the Prophecies of Merlin, which he undertook at the request of Alexander bishop of Lincoln; yet this must be an error, for he expressly states that he was previously engaged upon his history; but though it was not the first written, it may have been the first published. It is possible that it was this which obtained for him the regard of Walter Mapes. The *Historia Britonum* came next, a work, says Dr. Giles, "from which nearly all our great vernacular poets have drawn the materials for some of their noblest works of fiction, and characters of romance." It was dedicated to Robert, Earl of Gloucester; and as he died in 1147, must have been written before that year. A third composition has also been ascribed to him, the *Vita Merlini* in Latin hexameter verse; but the same author asserts that "internal evidence plainly proves it to be the work of a different author." Geoffrey's fame therefore rests upon the British history. It is commonly asserted by English authors, that he was consecrated bishop of St. Asaph, Feb. 24th, 1152; but that is an error, the detection of which is due to the author of the Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen. The correct account is given by the old chronicler Caradoc, who speaks of him in these terms,—"In the year 1152, Galfrai ab Arthur, the domestic chaplain of William ab Robert, (Earl of Gloucester,) was made bishop (of Llandaff,) but before he entered on his office he died at his house at Llandaff, and was buried in the church there. He was a man whose equal was not to be found for learning and science, and every godly quality. He was the foster son of Uchtryd, Archbishop of Llandaff, and his nephew, being his brother's son; and on account of his learning and science, an Archdeaconry was bestowed upon him in the church of Teilo, at Llandaff, where he was the instructor of many learned men and nobles.¹"

The frequent occurrence of the name of WALTER MAPES, in the preceding pages, may possibly have created a desire

¹ Myv. Arch. Vol. II. p. 566.

to know more of him. He was the son of Blondil de Mapes, who came with Robert Fitzhamon to Glamorgan; and obtained the lands of Gweirydd ab Seisyllt, lord of Llancarvan; but he had the generosity to marry Flur the only living child of Gweirydd. By her Blondil had two sons, Herbert, and Walter. Herbert dying without heirs, Walter inherited after his brother, and built the village of Tre-walter, with a mansion for himself. He restored most of the lands of which he became possessed, to the original proprietors; and he built the church of Llancarvan at it now stands. He is said to have translated a British Chronicle into Latin; but the truth of the story is doubtful. Dr. Pughe also asserts, that he wrote a treatise on agriculture in Welsh, which is extant in several manuscripts¹. He is known to have written, about 1170, his "*Roman des diverses quêtes du St. Graal*," in which the chief heroes of romance, Lancelot, Ywain, Gawain, Caradoc, Galaad, Bort, and Percival, that most worthy of knights who alone was honoured with success in the search, appear. This romance was also written in prose; a singular circumstance, for Walter Mapes wrote verse, and it was put into metre by Chretien de Troyes. Plantagenet, to whom this work was dedicated, was so pleased with it that he requested a continuation; and then Walter Mapes wrote *La mort d'Arthur*, as a conclusion of the history of the Round Table. Another favourite romance is also attributed to the prolific pen of this writer, the "*Lancelot du Lac*."² Mr. Leigh Hunt has prettily versified some lines composed by him.

CARADOC of Llancarvan is the Chronicler most in repute. He belonged to this age, as we learn from the conclusion of Geoffrey's History, where he is styled "my contemporary." His Chronicle commences where the other leaves off, at the abdication of Cadwaladr; and both writers seem to have been on intimate terms; "Of this work," as Mr. Malkin re-

¹ Cambrian Biography, p. 341.

² I am indebted for these particulars to the Athenæum, No. 426.

marks, "there were several copies preserved in the abbeys of Conway and Ystradffur, which generally agreed in matter, but differed in their phraseology and the period of their terminations. This apparent variance may be reconciled by supposing, that such copies were so many different editions written by him, and distributed in the course of his life, which terminated according to some accounts in the year 1156; but probably the time of his death is taken for granted, because he ended his collections with that year. One of his works, printed in the Welsh Archaeology, comes down to the year 1196; but David Powel, who corrected, augmented, and continued Humphrey Lloyd's translation, accounts for this circumstance by informing us, that these successions and acts of the British princes were afterwards augmented yearly, and compared together every third year by the bards in their progress from one abbey to the other, at the time of their triennial visitation. This species of register was continued in those abbeys till the year 1280, two years before the death of the last Llewelyn. There is another copy extant which contains the whole down to this latest period, but still without distinction of Caradoc from his continuator. In David Powel's time, which was that of queen Elizabeth, there were at least one hundred copies dispersed over Wales; and when we consider that all these agreed in every thing, but in form and literal phrase, and that Humphrey Lloyd inserted what was defective and corrected what was discordant from the authorities of Matthew Paris, and Nicholas Trivet, we may reasonably believe that the present translation, improved as it is from records and authors consulted by David Powel, forms a sufficiently authentic compendium of Welsh antiquities.¹"

After Caradoc's Chronicles, the most important document pertaining to this era, is the *LIBER LANDAVENSIS*, or Book of Teilo. The able historical sketch prefixed to it,

¹ South Wales, volume i. p. 194, and Owen's Cambrian Biography, p. 40.

by the learned Editor, renders it unnecessary for me to do more, than offer a few general remarks on its contents. It gives a minute account of the lives and fortunes of the bishops of Llandaff, for nearly five hundred years, ending about 1132. As might have been anticipated, it is full of monastic legends, many of them puerile, but all instructive when rightly considered. The document is evidently authentic, as the writer narrates some singular facts, strikingly illustrative of the age, but reflecting no great credit on the honesty and disinterestedness of the order, without the least consciousness that they would be censured by less reverent readers. It portrays in graphic sentences, the manners of the times, the abject superstition of the people, the complete subjugation of princes and chieftains to clerical despotism, and the extraordinary ascendancy which the papal clergy had obtained over the minds of men. It is a book which the student of history should read; his opinion of the dignity of the human nature may perhaps be lowered by observing how abject it had become; but his aspirations for human perfectibility will be encouraged, by seeing that men emerged out of even that chaos; and in any case, he cannot rise from its perusal, without being a wiser, and mayhap a better man. This volume has lately been published by the Welsh MSS. Society, and is graced by the beautiful typography, which has earned a deserved celebrity for the Llandoverly Press.

Pertaining to the same period is the Chronicle called *Brut y Saeson*, which, say the Editors of the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, was so termed, "not because that it was peculiarly a history of the Saxons, but from its connecting with the affairs of Wales, a general review of the transactions of all Britain."¹ Llwyd mentions a MS. giving an account of "the wonderful times from the reign of Vortigern, to that of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd;" and another "Chronicle from the beginning of the world, to the year 1200."

¹ Myv. Arch. Vol. ii. p. 7.

EDEYRN DAFOD AUR, or Edeyrn the golden tongued, lived during the thirteenth century, and wrote a work on British prosody. This ancient Cambrian Grammar, was written at the injunction and desire of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd (prince of Wales from 1254 to 1282,) Rhys Vychan, lord of Dynevor and Ystrad Towy, and Morgan Vychan, lord paramount of Glamorgan. Among the contents of the MS. called *Y Kwta Kyvarwydd*, is or was an old treatise on Geometry. *Ivan ap y Dewlith* is said¹ to have written a treatise on the Kymric metres. Besides these, the Welsh MSS. Society has been recommended to publish the following:—

LLYFR COCH LLANELWY, or the red book of St. Asaph.

CHRONICLES OF WALES, in the Lambeth Library.

CHRONICLES OF WALES in the thirteenth century, compiled in the Abbey of Strata Florida; in the Record Office.

The inedited matter of the **LLYFR COCH o HERGEST**, in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford.

REGISTRUM PRIORATUS DE BRECKNOCK.

ANCIENT RECORDS from the time of Edward III., belonging to the Manor Court of Ruthin.

MEDDYGON MYDDFAI, or a compendium of the Medical practice of the celebrated Rhiwallon and his sons, Cadwgan, Gruffydd, and Einion, of Myddfai, Carmarthenshire, Physicians to Rhys Gryg, lord of Dynevor and Ystrad Towy, son of Rhys ap Gruffydd, A.D. 1230.

The last Volume promises to be a treat; for if the whole be as full of good sense as the last sentence, quoted by Llwyd, the work of these Cambrian Esculapii embodies much shrewd observation. Besides these, there is now in the press, edited by the **REV. W. J. REES**, compiled from ancient Manuscripts, **THE LIVES OF THE WELSH SAINTS**.

The preceding pages will have exhibited great mental activity among the Kymry. In the poetical department, the remains are numerous; but the scarcity of prose literature, leaves room for doubt, that in a period of so much intellectual labour there must have been other prose compositions.

¹ *Iolo Manuscripts*, p. 88.

than have come down to us. The proofs of this are by no means scanty; and it is clear from Llwyd's catalogue of Cambrian MSS. that many valuable relics have either been lost, or have not yet seen the light. Through the instrumentality of the Welsh MSS. Society, we trust that many of the documents known to exist, may be made public.

Having now shown the existence, nature, and extent of the prose literature of Wales, our attention will next be profitably given to the influence it exerted over that of other countries. It is not here intended to treat at length of the influence of Kymric tradition—the full consideration of that being left until we come to speak of the Mabinogion; but only of the immediate influence of Geoffrey's work, upon his contemporaries. It is pretty generally known that the *Brut d'Angleterre* of Maister Wace, is a translation of Geoffrey's history; but it has not until recently been surmised that many English Authors drew largely from Cambrian sources. Now, it is conceded, that Layamon in his *Brut*, a work of great power, has drawn liberally from Geoffrey, and also from other sources. The admission has recently been made by an English Author; whom it would be but fair to quote in his own words.—After stating that Layamon had borrowed from Geoffrey he goes on to say,—

“That Layamon was indebted for some of these legends to Welsh sources not recorded in Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Wace, is scarcely to be questioned; and they supply an additional argument in support of the opinion that the former was not a mere inventor. Many circumstances incidentally mentioned by Layamon are to be traced to British origin,—as for instance, the notice of Queen Judon's death, the mention of Taliesin, and his conference with Kimbelin; the traditionary legends relative to Arthur, the allusions to several prophecies of Merlin; and the names of various personages who do not appear in the Latin or French. References are occasionally made to Works extant in the time of Layamon, but which are not now to be recognized.”¹

From this fact we are of course justified in concluding that the Kymric literature of this period, was much more

¹ Sir Frederick Madden's Edition of Layamon, Preface, Vol. I. p. xii.

copious and valuable, than our scanty remarks would have led us to anticipate. But Sir Frederick Madden is not the only English critic who has recently shown a disposition to do justice to the early literature of the Kymry; for I lately had the pleasure of reading the following paragraph, in the pages of the profound and erudite *Quarterly*. I make no apology for quoting the opinions of these eminent critics; for circulating only among the higher ranks, and literary circles, they can only be rendered accessible to the general reader by quotation. In the Article on "Antiquarian Club Books," the writer states,—

"We cannot conclude our remarks, without a few words on the obligations of our literature and that of all Western Europe to a writer whom it has been greatly the fashion to abuse—Geoffrey of Monmouth. We leave entirely out of question the truth, or falsehood of his narrative. Scarcely a Welshman of the old school could now be found to vouch for Brutus' colonization of Britain; though we dare say it is to the full as true as the settlement of Italy by Æneas, and many other things gravely recorded by Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The merit of Geoffrey consists in having collected a body of legends highly susceptible of poetic embellishment, which, without his intervention, might have utterly perished, and interwoven them in a narrative calculated to exercise a wonderful influence on national feelings, and national literature. The popularity of the work is proved by the successive adaptation of Wace, Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, Mannyng and others; and its influence on the literature of Europe is too notorious to be dwelt upon. It became as Mr. Ellis well observes, one of the corner stones of romance; and there is scarcely a tale of chivalry down to the sixteenth century, which has not directly, or indirectly, received from it much of its colouring. Some matter of fact people, who would have mercilessly committed the whole of Don Quixote's Library to the flames, Palmerin of England included, may perhaps think, this particular effect of its influence rather mischievous than beneficial. We are far from sympathizing with such a feeling. Whatever might be the blemishes of this species of literature, it was suited to the taste and acquirements of the age, and tended to keep up a high and honourable tone of feeling that often manifested itself in corresponding actions. Above all, we must not forget, that it is to the previous existence of this class of compositions that we are indebted for some of the noblest productions of human intellect. If it were to be conceded that Wace, Layamon, and the whole cycle of romances of the Round Table, might have been consigned to oblivion with-

out any serious injury to the cause of literature, we may be reminded that Don Quixote certainly, and Ariosto's Orlando most probably, arose out of them. Perhaps Gorboduc, and Ferrex and Porrex, might not be much missed from the dramatic literature of Europe; but what should we think of the loss of Lear and Cymbeline? Let us then thankfully remember Geoffrey of Monmouth, to whom Shakespeare was indebted for the groundwork of those marvellous productions, and without whose "*Historia Britonum*," we should probably never have had them. A spark is but a small matter in itself; but it may serve to kindle a "light for all nations."¹

Leaving Geoffrey, now that justice has been done to him, to rest in peace, I shall conclude this section with a short sketch of the intellectual characteristics and habits of the Kymry, as drawn by the graphic and not unfriendly hand of Giraldus. Pictures of national manners are always interesting; and become much more so, when the manners are those of a remote age, portrayed by the hand of a contemporary, intimately acquainted with the people, and with opportunities in abundance to form just estimates. The description is lengthy, graphic, and complete; but on account of having already quoted so freely, I shall confine the extracts to what has reference to the intellectual condition of the Kymry at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century. The description is to the following purport:—

"They were a people of acute and subtle genius. In civil causes and actions they exerted all the powers of Rhetoric; and in the conduct of these, their talents for insinuation, invention, and refutation were conspicuous. In rhythmical songs, and in extemporary effusions, they are said to be excellent, both in respect to invention, and elegance of style; and for these purposes bards were appointed; but beyond all other rhetorical ornaments, they preferred the use of alliteration; and that kind, more especially, which repeats the first letters, or syllables of words. They made so much use of this ornament in every finished discourse, that they thought nothing elegantly spoken without it.

"In private company, or in seasons of public festivity, they were very facetious in their conversation, with a view of enter-

¹ Quarterly Review, for March, 1848, p. 280.

taining the company, and displaying their own wit. And persons of lively parts, sometimes in wild, and sometimes in sarcastic terms, under the cover of a double meaning, by a peculiar turn of voice, or by the transposition of words, were continually uttering humorous or satirical expressions.

"The lowest of the people, as well as the chieftains, were indebted to nature for a certain boldness of speech, and an honest confidence in giving answers to great men on matters of business, or in the presence of princes."¹

These facts, coupled with the literature which we have already passed in review, give us an elevated conception of the Kymric character of the time of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth; and fully justify the conclusion arrived at by M. Augustin Thierry,² that *the Welsh were the most civilized and intellectual people of that age.*

¹ Warrington's Translation, *History of Wales*, p. 166—7, Vol. I.

² *History of the Norman Conquest*, Whittaker's Edition, p. 159.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE FROM A. D. 1080 TO 1322.

UPON casting a cursory glance over what we have written, the reader is invited to consider two facts;—First, The number of compositions produced within the time included between the arrival of Gruffydd ab Kynan, and the death of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, as compared with preceding periods; and secondly, Their marked superiority. The sixth century formed one striking era in our literary history; but from the abdication of Cadwaladr towards the middle of the seventh century, to the recovery of his patrimony by Gruffydd ab Kynan in the year 1080, we have only a few poems to show, and those of no great merit; nor have we much reason to believe that there were many poems produced during that period. But towards the commencement of the twelfth century a host of bards make their appearance, the compositions are of a superior character, literature becomes an honourable calling, and princes enter the arena of poetic contests. Such are the facts; what are their causes?

Not the least perplexing problem which offers itself, and demands solution at the hands of the historian, is the very striking change sometimes observable in the characters of nations; and the reader of Kymric history in the eleventh century, without having examined the tendencies of the agents then at work, will be but ill prepared for the phenomena exhibited in the succeeding century. The discord of

centuries had been healed,—the lassitude of ages had been replaced by activity and energy, petty animosities had been quelled, rulers of ability overawed the turbulence of their subjects, and all seemed eager to forget personal enmities to further the national good. Great occasions develope great actors; and never was the influence of commanding talent and individual magnanimity more wonderfully exemplified, or more generally beneficial, than in the destinies of Wales during the two hundred and fifty years which we here pass in review. Never had Wales been placed in more imminent peril, never had the power of England been so united, and so overwhelming, never had it been directed by so much ability; but with the danger, rose the capacities of the Kymry, and the successive, and successful repulses of the vast armaments of England afford undeniable proofs of skill and valour. An insignificant nation, an obscure people, and a scorned race in a few years carved out for itself an honourable position among the nations of Europe. It rose above itself, and rivalled the cherished glories of ancient Greece;—alas that it should have been the transient glare of the setting sun! Laws were cheerfully obeyed, the call to arms was readily responded to, industry was promoted, and order reigned over the whole principality. Progress in one department generally betokens improvement in others; and the same age which witnessed the military prowess of the Kymry formed what has been termed, without regard to strict propriety, the second Augustan Era of their Literature.

The causes of these changes may be divided into two classes,—General causes affecting the civilized world generally, and special causes in the personal characters of the Kymric princes.

When Gruffydd ab Kynan returned from Ireland, the old world was beginning to awake, from what Heeren pithily terms the sleep which threatened to be its last; and Europe was about to assume another aspect. Such periods are not unfrequent in human history; for we find there periods of rest,

and periods of activity. For some time the world will be full of vitality, then comes the night at the close of day,—the hour of rest; which again in its turn gives place to the renewed toil of the morrow. Our Essay opens with one of these morrows. Europe had long been asleep; there were no evidences of energy, and greatness, but on all sides there lay laziness and littleness. Parvanimity had set its mark on every thing. Men were idle, books were unknown, and the wars of no account; but the morrow morn appears, and Gregory the Seventh announces the coming of a new era. Hildebrand infused his own energy into the great minds of Europe; and contemporary with him we find the names of Scotus, Roscelin, and Abelard, standing up for the liberty of thought, and speech. At the same time there was a movement on foot to establish boroughs, and diffuse public political power.

In all things we find movement. The arts flourished, sciences were studied, knowledge became more diffused, and a spirit was evoked whose beneficial labours have come down to the present day, and pervade the whole of our social constitution.

When once the potent spirit of revolution is set at work, it is impossible to define the limits of its operations; it seizes hold of everything that comes within its reach; and employs all things to accomplish new ends. Our knowledge is multiplied, new facts come to light, and the vast capacities of human nature are developed to their fullest extent. The enlightened reader is aware that at this period Europe was studded with numerous nations of different origin, whose presence became more and more known as the decline of the Roman Empire became more and more apparent. At this period the Latin language was the medium of communication between the learned men of various countries; but we now perceive the languages of the common people forcing themselves into the literature of the day. "Another epoch," says Ranke, "soon proclaimed itself in the national tongues, almost everywhere rising into importance at the

same period. The idiom of the church gradually gave place to them, as they slowly, but steadily forced their way into the manifold departments of intellectual activity. The common ties that bound nations together began to be dissolved, and there followed a separation in a higher sense than before. Up to this time the ecclesiastical element had overpowered the nationalities; it had altered their character and position; but now, that they again assumed each its own distinct place, they entered upon a new career.¹ And the necessary consequence of the protrusion of new languages, was the formation of a new literature more consonant with the spirit of the age, than that of the church. The literary history of England, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal date from this period; the Romance Provençal, and the Romance Wallon, as M. de Sismondi terms the languages of the South and North of France, originated in these centuries; and if we except Spain, no other European nation had previous to the twelfth century anything deserving the name of literature.

The Kymry were better prepared than most other European nations, for the impulse which was now being given to every species of intellectual effort. They had among them an order of bards already numerous and well disciplined, and a language which was in use in all its fulness and richness, among all classes of the people; and as a necessary consequence their literature became superior, more copious, and richer than that of any contemporaneous nation. In England, and on the continent, the chief literature is composed of Chronicles and Romances; while in Wales the fabulous literature so prized by others was in no great repute, but gave way to the public preference for the more laboured and artistic productions of the bards. But besides Chronicles, Romances, Poems of various characters, and Mabinogion, they had a large collection of moral and historical triads, and were in the habit of holding periodical Eisteddvods,

¹ Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Vol. 1. p. 34.

where the bards and musicians displayed their skill to admiring critics. The Kymric princes busied themselves to reform the laws, improve the popular manners, patronize literary meetings, build castles, and discipline their armies, and were in no respect, with regard to knowledge, or necessary art, inferior to their neighbours. Not only were they equal to other princes in these acquirements; but they have also claims to superiority, which are forcibly stated by the Rev. Thomas Price :—

“But while the Kymry were as far advanced in these respects as their neighbours, they excelled them in other things—particularly in the composition of their poetry, and in the cultivation of their language. For while other nations were nearly destitute of regular languages, and struggling to form new tongues under excessive difficulties, the Kymry were possessed of a copious and expressive language, which had been polished by the intelligence of many centuries, and was now the treasury of a rich bardic literature, which had taken root among them from time immemorial. Consequently when this stimulus came, instead of having to frame a new language, they had one ready formed; and that now found embodiment in the polished diction of a classic literature.”¹

The age was one of general activity; and not the least interesting feature manifested among the Kymry, was the frequent occurrence of feasts, fetes, and congresses. We have already noticed the Eisteddvodau said to have been held by Cadwaladr, Asserius Menevensis, and Bleddyn ab Kynvyn. These occurred prior to the time treated of here; but subsequently a considerable impetus had been given to such meetings by Rhys ab Tewdwr, who assumed the sovereignty of South Wales in 1077. On his return to Wales from Brittany, “he brought with him the system of the Round Table, which, at home, had become quite forgotten, and he restored it as it is with regard to minstrels and bards, as it had been at Caerlleon upon Usk, under the Emperor Arthur, in the time of the sovereignty of the race of the Kymry over the Island of Britain, and its adjacent Islands; and it was placed under the protection of the church of Cattwg in the Vale of Neath, in Glamorgan,

¹ Hanes Cymru, p. 536.

which was from the time of St. Teilo possessed of the privilege, ecclesiastically confirmed, that neither war nor weapons of slaughter could be brought into the parish of Cattwg, neither by the people of the adjacent country, or any other whatever, under bond and pledged hand throughout all the districts of the Isle of Britain. And then, after placing the system under the protection of the church, an honourable Eisteddvod was held by proclamation of a year and a day, to which an invitation was given under the protection of the state, to all bards to assemble in the hall of the church; where, according to the royal institution of the Round Table, degrees were conferred on the chiefs of song, and gifts and presents made them, as in the time of the Emperor Arthur. And after being there forty days, all returned to their houses."¹

The splendid Eisteddvod held in 1100, at Caerwys, (North Wales,) under the auspices of king Gruffydd ab Kynan, has been already described, (p. 65.)

Soon after, in 1107, we find it stated that "Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, prince of South Wales, had a great feast in Cardigan Castle during the Christmas holidays, to which he invited the princes and chieftains of all parts of Wales, and by way of showing every respect to his guests, he invited the best bards, singers, and musicians in all Wales, and set chairs for them, and instituted contests between them, as was the practice at the feasts of king Arthur. And having given them laws and privileges, and honourable gifts, they all departed for their respective homes. And each one who had been there returned laden with honours."² Not long after that, we find another Eisteddvod in South Wales, and indeed it would seem that there was more respect paid to the bards in the South than in the North, since most of these congresses were held under the auspices of the South Wallian princes. The next statement runs thus :—

¹ Iolo Manuscripts, page 630.

² Caradoc, Myv. Arch. Vol. II. p. 537.

"After recovering his lands (in 1135,) Gruffydd ab Rhys had a large feast prepared in Ystrad Tywi, whither he invited all to come in peace from North Wales, Powys, South Wales, Glamorgan, and the Marches. And he prepared everything that was good in meat and drink, Wise conversations, Songs, and Music; and welcomed all poets and musicians; and instituted various plays, illusions and appearances, and manly exercises. And to that feast there came Gruffydd ab Kynan and his sons, and many chieftains of various parts of Wales; and the feast was kept up for forty days, when all were allowed to depart, and the bards, musicians, learned men, and performers of every sort were honourably rewarded."¹

This however is not the only admirable trait that we find mentioned of these times: for the old chronicler goes on to mention another fact, strongly illustrative of the prevalent intelligence, and creditable to both the Welsh princes, Gruffydd ab Kynan, and Gruffydd ab Rhys.—

"After the feast, Gruffydd ab Rhys invited the wise men, and scholars, and consulting them instituted Rule and Law on every person within his dominions; and fixed a Court in every Cantrev, and an inferior Court in every Commot. Gruffydd ab Kynan did the same thing in North Wales; and the Normans and Saxons, sorry to see this, made complaint against these princes to King Stephen, who, stating that he knew not where the blame lay, declined to interfere."

In connexion with the Roll of Rhys ab Tewdwr, there is a somewhat singular story told in the Iolo MSS. ; and as it is countenanced by Iorwerth Vynglwyd's Elegy on the celebrated bard Llawdden, it probably contains some truth:—
 "And Iestyn, the son of Gwrgan, prince of Glamorgan, took the Roll of the Round Table with him to his new castle in Cardiff, under a claim that he was prince of the territory, namely that of the church and parish of Cattwg, in his dominion; and that the custody of the Roll belonged to him. And because the court of Caerlleon upon Usk, which was the court of Arthur, was within his dominions, he asserted that his court was that of Arthur continued down to his time; and so he took the Roll by fraud, and by force to Cardiff castle; and he suffered for that; for Rhys

¹ *Caradoc's Chronicle*, Myv. Arch. Vol. II. p. 558.

made a hostile expedition against Iestyn, the son of Gwrgan, and defeated him in the battle of Cadlas. Upon which Iestyn, the son of Gwrgan, sent to Robert Fitzhamon, and the Normans, for assistance against Rhys, and slew him in the battle of Cynllwyn Du (the black treachery.) But the foreigners having heard what Iestyn had done of violence and devastation, took from him his castle and his territory, and expelled him. After that, Robert Earl of Gloucester, the son of Henry, the son of the Red King, (William Rufus,) married Mabli, the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon, and received the Lordship of Glamorgan in right of his wife. He gave presents to the bards in Tir Iarll; and in a hall of his there he placed the Roll of the Round Table, in the custody of the bards of the Island of Britain; and from that the two systems were united, namely that of the White Stones, and that of the Round Table, as they exist there at present; so that with the bards of the chair of Tir Iarll, more especially than any of the poets of Wales, are the principal systems preserved in their completeness to this day."¹

Forty years afterwards we find mention of another great feast which took place in South Wales; and it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader of the preceding pages that the interval is by no means destitute of intellectual wealth. This was held in 1177 under the auspices of the Lord Rhys, the son of the Gruffydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr already mentioned, and who died 1136. It is described as follows,¹—

"And the Lord Rhys made a great feast at the Castle of Cardigan, when he instituted two species of Contests; one between the Bards and Poets, and another between the harpers, pipers, and those who played upon the *Crwth*. There were also vocal contests. And he placed two chairs for the successful competitors, whom he enriched with honourable gifts. And it appeared that in this contest the Bards of North Wales got the prize for poetry, while a young man belonging to Rhys's own household was adjudged to have excelled in the powers of harmony. The others were liberally rewarded, so that no one went away with any cause of com-

¹ Iolo MSS., p. 631.² Caradoc's Chronicle, Myv. Arch. ii. p. 574:

plaint. And this feast was announced a full year before it took place, in Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and many other countries."

Much of the excellence of the native literature, is undoubtedly due to this enlightened patronage on the part of the Cambrian princes; and this will be still more apparent when we reflect on the intimacy which subsisted between the princes and some of the abler bards. We find this frequently in the poems of Kynddelw, in his address to Howel ab Owain, and in the poem addressed to the Lord Rhys; and particularly in the poem where Meilir describes his interviews with Gruffydd ab Kynan,—

"Yfais gan deyrn o gyrn eurauc."

I drank in golden horns from the hands of the king.

Another portion of this poem leads to the belief that the bards were numerous at that period, and that the king was popular among them,—

*"Gan gerddau cyhoedd oedd ardderchawc
O ysgewin barth hyd borth Efracw."*

In public songs he was honoured
From Portskewitt to the gate of York.

They were it would seem numerous, and somewhat disorderly, for we find that Gruffydd took in hand the work of prescribing rules for their observance. He formed a code of rewards and punishments, and he divided the bards into three classes,—Poets, Family Bards, and Migratory Bards. He also fixed the scale of remuneration for their labours, which was as follows,—three shillings and fourpence to every disciple for a poem, and six shillings and nine pence to every master of song for a poem. He also was the first to order the formation of chairs, for the victors in bardic contests, who were ever afterwards honourably distinguished as Chair Bards. These regulations were made at the Eisteddvod held at Caerwys, A.D. 1100, for the purpose of making rules and regulations for the government of Welsh minstrelsy. Carnhuanawc disputes the propriety of this

date, yet gives no more probable one himself; but however the date may be fixed, it is pretty certain that such an Eisteddvod did take place, and that the bards and musicians were thenceforth placed under more efficient controul.

At the period we treat of, Wales possessed a series of great men in Gruffydd ab Kynan, Owain Gwynedd, Owain Kyveiliog, Gruffydd ab Rhys, Rhys ab Gruffydd, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, and Llywelyn ab Gruffydd. Indeed the world at this time seems to have been unusually favoured with distinguished characters; for the Henries and Edward the I., kings of England, were also men of much more than average ability. Of the Cambrian princes, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth deserves especial mention, as the stability of the country during his reign (from 1194 to 1240,) was essentially conducive to its literary eminence. The reins of government were no longer in the hands of incapable rulers, turbulent vassals learned their true position with respect to a sovereign of commanding talent, and the power of Llywelyn was acknowledged even by the refractory princes of Powys. When rebellion reigned throughout the land, and when the throne was the prize of daring, the social ties which bind communities together were loosened; men had not the consciousness of security essential to literary exertions; and the moral influence of superior minds was unfelt, because it did not exist. But now that a succession of great men had restored stability and order, strengthened the regal authority, and established a prestige of power, the elements of convulsion subsided, anarchy ceased, and men conscious of personal security could listen with pleasure to the songs of the bards, who flourished, increased, and improved under the genial influence of regal dominion, and public intelligence.

Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, his successor, and the last prince of Wales, though apparently less energetic, was a man of great intelligence, and ability. He ascended the throne in 1246, and is said to have composed some Englynion himself; his correspondence with the Archbishop of Can-

terbury, and Edward the I., must give all who read it an exalted conception of his mental capacity. The bards who flourished during his reign are not numerous; though we do not in him find any lack of administrative talent. The standing army of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, described by Kynddelw, was an indication of power and stability; and the following statement of the character of the Cambrian army, by Matthew of Westminster, in no less illustrative of ability in Llywelyn ab Gruffydd,—

“The Welsh Army consisted of twelve thousand armed cavalry, and a far greater number of infantry, all confederated, and having sworn upon the Gospel to fight courageously, and faithfully even unto death, for the liberty of their country, and the preservation of their own laws, and that an honourable death was preferable to an unhappy and dishonourable existence.”

This chivalrous feeling prevailed among the people, and has found an embodiment in both their lighter and more elaborate literature.

In addition to the special influence of the Kymric rulers, there came in at this period, the religious sentiment, which precipitated so many thousands of men into the Crusades. This sentiment is not very apparent in the more classic poetry of Wales; though we find from Elidir Sais, that it had taken deep root in the public mind,—

“Respecting the grave of Christ, there is sorrow,
The infidels have taken possession of it,
And ravage the land;
The Saracen oppressors under Saladin;”

and it is inconsistent with the knowledge of the influence of these wars upon the literature of other countries, to suppose that the poetry of the Kymry was not affected thereby.

The death of Llewelyn damped the ardour of the Cambrian poets, who had no longer the exalted theme of national independence to give them inspiration. Two poets only have left elegies on his death; and the bards are equally silent upon other topics, so that the period which will be embraced by this chapter, is somewhat barren of literary fruit.

This fact has been explained in two ways.—First, by supposing that many of the bards were hanged by order of Edward the First; and second, by the supposition that many Welsh MSS. were sent to the Tower of London for the use of the Cambrian princes there imprisoned, and there destroyed by one Scolan. We shall briefly examine both these statements.

I. The belief that Edward massacred the bards, on account of the great influence they possessed among their countrymen, is founded on a statement by Sir John Wynne, of Gwedir, which runs as follows :—

“This is the most ancient song (i. e. one of Rhys Goch of Eryri's, a bard who flourished A.D. 1400,) I can find extant of my ancestors since Edward the I., who caused all our bards to be hanged by Martial law, as stirrers of the people to sedition, whose example being followed by the Governors of Wales, until Henry the IV.'s time, was the utter destruction of that sort of men ; and sithence that kind of people were at some further liberty to sing, and to keep pedigrees as in ancient times they were wont ; since which time we have light of antiquity by their songs, and writings.”¹

This paragraph is full of mistakes. The poem of Rhys Goch is stated to be the most ancient after the time of Llewelyn ; and yet I shall presently introduce the reader to several of the following,—Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch, Bledwyn Vardd, Madawg Dwygraig, Casnodyn, Hywel ap Einion Lygliw, Davydd ab Gwilym, Iolo Goch, Gruffydd Llwyd, Gruffydd Gryg, and particularly Gwilym Ddu ; this order of men could not therefore have been destroyed. The statement that Edward caused all the bards to be hanged, does not appear to be supported by a single contemporary historian ; and it is probable that the worthy Baronet was led to form this conclusion, from knowing that Edward had issued an edict against the bards. Aware of this fact, and not having met with many poems belonging to that period,

¹ Barrington's Edition of Sir John Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family, p. 386.

he ranged the two facts as cause and effect, or rather as the major and minor premises of a syllogism, and *inferred* that all the bards had been hanged. The facts that all the poets were not hanged, that the poems are not so scarce as he fancied, and that the law issued by Edward ordains no such punishment, go very far to invalidate this conclusion. In the introduction to the second chapter, I have enumerated the various laws passed by Edward the I., Henry the IV., Henry the VIII., and Elizabeth, all of which were passed not to injure the orderly bards, but to protect them from the excesses of the wandering vagabonds who plundered the people by their demands for "*Cymmortha*." All these edicts are discriminative; the *bardd teulu*, and the *prydydd*, the men from whom we have received all our specimens of orthodox bardism, are not censured at all; and the whole weight falls upon the idle and wandering portion. The laws were indulgent even to these, as witness Tegid's edition of Lewis Glyn Cothi. Mr. Price has an acute discussion of this matter¹ in his history, and concludes that if *any* were hanged, they must have been the "*Clerwyr*." I am not convinced that any were executed; on the contrary, as the sole authority bases his conclusion upon a premiss known to be false, we may safely conclude that there were none.

There are other mis-statements in this paragraph: The government of Edward was not as oppressive as is assumed; and instead of being "followed in cruelty by the governors of Wales," those very governors were objects of regard. Oppressions there probably were, but Edward II., and Edward III., were not disliked by the Kymric chieftains; and in the interval of eighty years between Sir Gruffydd Llwyd and Owain Glyndwr, we find no popular revolts among them. We all know that Davydd ab Gwilym wandered through the country whenever it pleased him, from North to South; neither his poems, nor those of any bard after Gwilym Ddu, contain any complaints; and the

¹ *Hanes Cymru*, pp. 753—4.

bards whom he names as having met, and contended against, could have had no dread of this law. Besides, the proclamation itself soon got to be a dead letter; the surviving bards make no allusion to it; and the fact that on Owain Glyndwr's revolting, Henry the IV. issued a new edict against the bards, proves that Edward's proclamation had long been forgotten. I cannot therefore trust either the logic, or the history of the patriotic Baronet, as regards this statement, which Carte has repeated, upon which Warrington has moralized, and which has inspired one of Gray's finest Odes. The language of Gwilym Ddu ought to set this question at rest for ever; for in a poem written during the time of the alleged massacre, he has this line,—

"Are not the bards *prohibited* their usual entertainments?"

The fact of prohibition we are prepared to anticipate; but Gwilym Ddu has not a word about executions.

II. The statement respecting Scoln and the MSS. is thus condensed in Warrington,—

"The most eminent of the Welsh nobility were confined in different Castles of England, where they remained some years, during the wars of Edward in Scotland; that prince no doubt regarding their confinement as the only sure pledge of their fidelity.^b The greater number of these chieftains were imprisoned in the Tower of London.^c To soothe their minds during their solitary confinement, banished from their country, and their friends, the Welsh chieftains solicited the favour that their manuscripts might be sent to them out of Wales.^d They were indulged in this reasonable request, and as it is natural to conclude, that they made a free use of this indulgence, in process of time the Tower of London became the principal repository of Welsh literature.^e This valuable collection is said to have been committed to the flames by one Scoln, a person who is only known to the world by having perpetrated so infamous an action, and who might have been instigated to do it by the same motive, which impelled Herostatus to set on fire the temple of Diana."^f

I have marked the sentences contained in this extract by the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e*; and the reader will perhaps be surprised to learn, that there is not the slightest historical authority for any one of them, except the first.

¹ Warrington's History of Wales, Vol. II. p. 341.

Mr. Price states that the story has been impugned as incredible, on account of its having no historical foundation ; but adds his belief, that it contains some truth with much exaggeration.¹

The story as given by Warrington, is quoted from Jones's Relics, who borrowed it from a statement made by William Salisbury, that the belief was current in his day,² (A.D. 1560 ;) and the whole are based upon the following lines, written by Gutto'r Glyn, A.D. 1450,—

“Llyfrau Cymru au llofrudd
I'r Twr Gwyn aethant ar gudd ;
Ysgeler oedd i Yscolan
Fwrw'r twr llyfrau i'r tân.”

Now what do we learn from this ? And first of all, who was Yscolan ? In the reign of Edward I., there is no account of any such person ; but there is such a person mentioned in the early literature of Wales, and that in such a connexion, as will explain these lines.

Instead of being, as is asserted, unknown, there was to the Kymry of the middle ages, no person better known than Yscolan. He is frequently mentioned by the bards ; in the last of the Verses of the Months, the author quotes one of the aphorisms of Ys., or St. Colan ; and among the poems attributed to Merddin, is a dialogue said to have taken place between him and this personage. To have conversed with that diviner, Ys Colan must have lived in the sixth century ; and upon looking over the distinguished characters of that age, we find no difficulty in recognizing the object of our search in the celebrated Irish priest, St. Columba. He was one of the most zealous of the Christian missionaries, and greatly exerted himself to dispel paganism and druidism from the Islands, and substitute in their place the Gospel of Jesus. It is possible that Merddin and himself might have met ; but the following dialogue, which is of the utmost importance to the elucidation of this tale of

¹ Hanes Cymru, p. 756.

² Dissertatio de Bardis, p. 60.

incendiarism, cannot be anything like so old :—Merddin speaks,—¹

Black is thy horse, and black thy cap,
Black thy head, and black thyself ;
Black headed man, art thou Yscolan ?

And Yscolan answers,—²

I am Yscolan the scholar,
Light is my Scottish knowledge,
My grief is incurable, for making the ruler take offence
at thee.

For having burnt a church, hindered school instruction,
And caused a book to be drowned,

I feel my penance to be heavy.

Creator of all creatures,
And greatest of all supporters,
Forgive me my fault.

A full year I have been
At Bangor on the pole of a weir,
Consider thou my sufferings from sea worms.

If I had known as well as I now do,
How clearly the wind blows upon the sprigs of the
waving wood,

I should not have done what I did.

Here the Christian priest expresses his regret, that he had burnt a church, and drowned a book ; and as in the last verse he says, that had he known of certain proofs of druidic

¹ Du dy farch, du dy gappan,
Du dy benn, du dy hunan,
Iad du, ai ti Yscolan ?

² Mi Yscolan Ysgolheic
Ygafn ei bwyll ysgodic
Gwae ai bawt a gawt gwledic.
O losci Eglwys a lludd buch yscol
A llyfr rod i foddii
Fy mhenyd ys trwm genni.

Creadir y Creadureu
Porthidon mwyaf
Maddeu di imi fy ngheu.

Blwyddyn llawn ym rhyddoded
Ym Mangor ar bawl cored
Edrych di poen imi gan mor bryfed.

Bei ygwypwn ar y wnn
Mor amluc gwynt y flaen brig gwydd ffalwn
Ar y wnaethum nis gwnawn.

excellence, he would not have done so, we can easily account for the fact, that the bards had a tradition, that this missionary had destroyed a heap of British, or Druidic books.¹ There was also a belief, that Merddin was persecuted by Rhydderch Hael, at the instance of Yscolan; it is to this that the second verse alludes; and I think it will be found that this dialogue will throw light upon the reported burning of the books in the Tower.

We have here all that is essential to understand the origin of the story. This dialogue, which is evidently older than the time of Edward, shows the existence at an early date of the tradition, that St. Columba had, in his zeal for the propagation of Christianity, destroyed some *druidic books*. It had grown considerably ere it reached Gutto'r Glyn's time, and been changed in its character; or, what is not improbable, Gutto himself sought to gloss over the enmity which it indicated between the bardic and ecclesiastic character, by connecting with it the name and story of the *Tŵr Gwyn* (The White Tower.) In its original form, the tradition of the bards evidently sought to enlist in its behalf a feeling inimical to monachism; and it is therefore reasonable to assume, that to keep out of sight the appearance of persecution on the part of the church, some ecclesiastic thought proper to fix a different time, motive, and place for the deed. Gutto, who was a Monk's domestic bard, was not an unlikely person to do this; but whoever did it, the fact is certain that the statement, as insinuated by this poet, differs essentially from the original tradition. The old tradition was superseded, and is no more heard of. By the time it reached William Salisbury, the tradition had grown again; and it is amusing to see the process of still further development under the hands of Warrington. In sentences *a* and *b*, he confines himself to what had been previously said; but in *c*, he assumes the *probability* of the collection of many MSS. in the Tower, and in *d*, the hypothetical

¹ Davies's *Mythology of the Druids*, p. 472.

library—that which “it was natural to conclude” had been formed,—loses all uncertainty, and becomes an ascertained fact,—it becomes “This valuable collection, &c.”

It is also worthy of remark, that there is a striking difference between the tradition, or rather assertion, in Gutto’s poem, and the form afterwards assumed by the story. In A.D. 1450, the tale, as commonly understood, was,—

The books of Cambria and their destroyer,
To the White Tower went concealed,
It was cruel in Ysgolan
To throw the heap of books into the fire.

But in 1567, we find William Salisbury, stating that the books were taken to the Tower at the request of the Cambrian princes, and with the consent of Edward. Gutto’s story is artfully constructed. It states a fact, and then weaves with it a tradition. He does *not*, as has been generally supposed, charge Ysgolan with destroying the books taken to the Tower, for here *two* facts are distinctly stated; but he *insinuates* it. He well knew it would never do to assert that Ysgolan, who lived in the sixth century, had destroyed books in the thirteenth; but he skilfully placed the name of Ysgolan and the fact of books taken to the Tower together, and implied rather than stated that they were connected. Another proof of skill is shown in the idea of *concealment* here introduced; and in this his story differs essentially from that of his copyists. They never understood the whole of this passage; their versions are sad blunders, and impute no motive for the deed; but if they had studied Gutto’s lines more closely, they would have seen that by stating that the books were stealthily introduced into the Tower by the princes, he makes *the discovery* of this concealed transaction *the motive* for the destruction of the books.

There is another, and still more probable explanation; and if it were satisfactorily ascertained how the books went to the tower, this would admit of no doubt. Sir John Wynne states, that the Kymric documents were taken, probably by Edward the First, from the Exchequer at Caer-

narvon to the tower ; but he does not say a word about the beliei story of the Cambrian princes, or seem to be aware of a belief that any of the MSS. had been destroyed. Assuming therefore, that Edward took with him some documents that he found at Caernarvon, the two first lines are intelligible,—

The books of Cambria, and their destroyer,
To the White Tower went concealed.

These show however very clearly, that in the opinion of the bard, the destroyer of the books, was the person who took them,—Edward himself; and therefore we must not interpret the two last lines too literally. The bard has told his story in the two first; the books had been taken away; and either the bard feared that Edward had destroyed them; or he chose with more of patriotism, than of integrity, to blacken the character of the monarch in the eyes of his countrymen by saying so. When afterwards in moralizing on the supposed act, he mentions the name of Yscolan, he does not mean that the books were actually burnt by a man named Scolan, but that the deed was Yscolan-like. This metaphorical personation is very frequent in the writing of the bards; when they wished to compare one man to some other, they called him by the other's name, the comparison being understood, though not expressed; and therefore we should read the lines,—

It was cruel, Ys Colan-like,
To throw the heap of books into the fire.

It must now be evident, that there is no ground for connecting the name of Yscolan with any books taken from Wales to the White Tower; the burden, unless it should appear that Edward has been unjustly execrated, must therefore fall upon the shoulders of the English monarch; but before we proceed further, it would be well to ascertain, whether these books be not still in existence.

Upon this subject, we have the following information in the History of the Gwedir Family;—

"From the reign of Edward the First to Henry the Fourth, there is therefore no certainty, or very little of things done, other than what is to be found in the Princes records, which now by tossing the same from the Exchequer at Carnarvon to the Tower, and to the offices in the Exchequer at London, as also by ill keeping and ordering of late dayes, are become a chaos and confusion from a total neglect of method and order, as would be needful, for him who would be ascertained of the truth of things done from time to time. I have to my chardge, done what I could, but for my travell have reaped little or nothing as you see."¹

From this interesting extract, we learn that there were some Cambrian manuscripts taken to the Tower, and to the Exchequer office; and we learn further, that in the time of Sir John Wynne, A.D. 1626, one hundred and seventy years after Gutto'r Glyn, insinuated that they were destroyed, these records were in existence in the Tower, and some of them were as he states *copied for him* by J. Broughton, Esq. then Justice of North Wales. About the same time, or probably a little later, Vaughan of Hengwrt, who died in 1666, also copied some of these Tower MSS.; and Mr. Yorke, who relates this fact, expresses his disbelief of their reported destruction.² Edward the First has also been charged with having destroyed the ancient records and writings of Scotland, after his conquest of that kingdom. Sir David Dalrymple has ably refuted the latter accusation; and I think that this examination ought for ever to set aside the other: let St. Colan henceforth rest in peace.

It must now be apparent, that the "unknown Scolan," is the well known St. Columba; that the books destroyed, or reported to have been destroyed by him, were originally understood to have been druidic; that the tradition respecting him is older than the time of Edward the First; that Gutto'r Glyn has taken a poetic licence with the story; that the legend, though not apprehended in the light Gutto intended it to have been, has been subsequently modified, al-

¹ Sir John Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family, in the Hon. Daines Barrington's Miscellanies, page 387.

² Yorke's Royal Tribes of Wales, page 127.

tered, and enlarged; and that though Kymric MSS. might under the circumstances stated, have been taken to the Tower, we have no evidence to sustain the belief that any were there destroyed;—the evidence being the other way.

In William Salisbury's letter, there is an assertion of other ravages made among Cambrian MSS. It is to the following purport:—¹

“And that in the common answer of the Welsh Bardes, (for so they call their country poets,) when a man shall object or cast in their teeth the foolysh uncertainty and the phantastick vanities of their prophecies (which they call Bruts) or the doubtful race and kinde of their uncanonized Saynctes; whom that notwithstanding they both invoke and worship wyth the most highe honoure and lowliest reverence. Adding and allegying in excuse thereof, that the reliques and residue of the books and monuments, as well as the Saynctes lyves, as of their Britysh prophecies and other sciences, (which perished not in the tower, for there, they say, certain were burned) at the commotion of OWAIN GLYNDWR, were in like manner destroyed, and utterly devastat, or at the least wyse that there escaped not one, that was not uncurablye maymed, and irrecoverablye torn and mangled.”

Mr. Edward Llwyd had collected together one hundred and eighty volumes of MSS., and at his death bequeathed them to Sir John Seabright. They were afterwards transferred to the Havod library, but I have no means of knowing how far they were affected by the great fire, by which that fine library was partially destroyed. The Rev. Moses Williams's collection came into the hands of the Earl of Macclesfield, and still remains in that family. The MSS. collected by Mr. Lewis Morris, consisting of eighty volumes, are now deposited in the library of the Welsh School, London. Mr. Evan Evans's MSS. subsequently became the property of Paul Panton, Esq. of Anglesey; and the Rev. Richard Davies of Bangor was said to own many valuable documents. These facts are taken from the preface to the first volume of the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, written by the late Iolo Morganwg, who furnishes the reader with the following list of places, where valuable MSS. are deosited,—

¹ Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, page 60.

NORTH WALES.—The collection of

Sir W. W. Wynne, at Wynnstay; Sir Thomas Mostyn, at Glodd-aith; G. H. Vaughan, Esq. Hengwrt; Paul Pantton, Esq. Plas Gwyn; — Leo, Esq. at Llanerch; Griffith Roberts, M.D. at Dolgellau; Mr. Rice Jones, at Blaenau, near Dolgellau; Rev. Richard Davies, Bangor; Davydd Thomas, Y Bardd; Thomas Edwards, Y Bardd.

SOUTH WALES.—The collection of

Thomas Johnes, Esq. at Havod; Herbert Hurst, Esq. Gabalva, near Llandaff; David Thomas, Esq. at Trev Groes, Cowbridge; — Tuberville, Esq. Llanharan; Mrs. Bevan, Tre'r Bryn, Cowbridge; Rev. Josiah Rees, Gelli Gron; Henry Williams, Esq. Crickhowell; Mr. Edward Williams, Flimston, afterwards in the possession of the late Ab Iolo, and now with his widow.

OXFORD.—The collection of

Jesus College; the Rev. Mr. Price, Bodleian Library; the Earl of Macclesfield, in Oxfordshire.

LONDON.—The collection of

The British Museum; the Welsh School; (the late) Mr. Owen Jones; (the late) Mr. Edward Jones.

The above list was published in 1801, since which period many of the MSS. have been lost by fire or otherwise, particularly a large portion of the Wynnstay collection, which had been sent to London to be bound. The state of the North Wales MSS. has since been more accurately ascertained from Catalogues prepared by Miss Angharad Llwyd, and Aneurin Owen, Esq., which were published in 1828 and 1843, in the *Cymmrodorion Transactions*, Parts 3 and 4. Some of the collections consist of only a few Volumes, whilst others comprise several hundreds. They were, when the Catalogues were made, preserved at the following places:—

Actyn Bach, Bangor Iscoed, Bodrhyddan, Bodysgallen, Caerwys, Ceri, Chester, Chirk Castle, Coed Coch, Coed Llai, Denbigh, Downing, Galltfaenan, Glan y Wern, Gloddait, Gwasanau, Gwerclas, Halston, Hengwrt, Llanasa, Llannerch, Llanrhaiadr ym Mochnant, Llansilin, Mostyn, Nantclwyd, Pale, Pant Avon, Penbedw, Pengwern, Ruthyn, Wrexham, and Wynnstay.

It is much to be regretted that similar Catalogues have not been made of the MSS. in South Wales, as there are

many valuable documents scattered throughout the country, and suffered to remain in oblivion and obscurity, not being preserved in any large collection. Those once belonging to the author of the "Celtic Researches," are, however, preserved at Cascob, Radnorshire; others are known to exist at Aberdare, Crickhowel, Cowbridge, Coedriglan, Llandovery, Llanharan, Stackpole Court, Merthyr Tydvil, and some other places in Glamorganshire; the possessors of which would do well to send catalogues of their contents to the Secretary of the Welsh MSS. Society, at Abergavenny. The late Iolo Morganwg's large collection, was bequeathed by the will of his son, the late Ab Iolo, to be sold to the British Museum, but the managers having declined the purchase, it remains with his widow, at Merthyr Tydvil; and unless some measures are adopted towards its rescue and preservation, it is not improbable that the public may have ere long to lament its dispersion, if not its destruction. Such a collection ought most certainly to be preserved in some public repository, as was wisely done to the Myvyrian collection of the late Mr. Owen Jones, which has been transferred by the Cymmrodorion Society, to the British Museum. Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, deserves honourable mention as a collector and preserver of ancient Kymric MSS. and has in his possession many of those once belonging to the late Mr. Edward Jones, of London.

From this examination, we learn that neither of the suggestions already offered, will account for the scarcity of poetry during the reign of the last Llywelyn; we have therefore no other alternative than to conclude, that the less energetic character of our last prince, was not so favourable to its development; and that his age did not, in reality, produce a much greater amount of written literature than we now possess. After his death, matters became worse, the fountain of inspiration was stopped on the cessation of their National existence; and the bards could frequently find no loftier topics than the praise of petty chieftains.

But I cannot help thinking, that the poems which have

come down to us, form but an imperfect reflection of the intellectual activity of this period. Every where we find mention of "Cerddorion," "Cerddau cyhoedd," and "Cerdd Dafawd;" but of these songs—a species of literature, which must have been, from its nature, more intensely national than the bardic remains—we have no remnants. The Kymry carried the art of singing to perfection, as appears from Giraldus,—

"They do not sing in unison like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts; so that in a company of singers which one frequently meets with in Wales, as many different parts are heard as there are of performers, who at length unite with organic melody in one consonance, and the soft sweetness of B. In the northern parts of Britain beyond the Humber, and on the borders of York, the inhabitants use in singing the same kind of symphonious harmony, but with less variety, singing only in two parts, one murmuring in the base, the other warbling in the treble, or acute. Neither of the two nations has acquired this peculiar property by art, but by long habit, which has rendered it familiar and natural; and the practice is now so firmly rooted in them that it is unusual to hear a simple and single melody well sung. Their children from their infancy sing in the same manner."

Now it is evident, that these troops of singers "whom one frequently meets with in Wales;"—The "Clerwyr" of tradition, and "Rymours, minstrels, and vagabondes," of the proclamations, must have had words set to music; and it is equally evident, that these songs which must then have existed in numbers, are not the poems which have come down to us. They were a distinct, and must have been a more popular literature than the more finished productions of the bards. How then comes it that they are not preserved? Methinks, the answer will be found in the cost of parchment, the scarcity of men able to write, and the cost of copying—circumstances which we know to have existed, which restricted the historians to one line for the events of every year, and which may therefore be reasonably supposed to have prevented the perpetuation of a literature, which was most probably looked upon as evanescent, and of little permanent value. The fact I allude to, is mentioned by M. de Sismondi.—

"The price of parchment compelled our ancestors to observe a singular economy of words; and in the archives of the Tower of London, we see, in the *Rolls of Fines*, that each contract for sale of lands is always comprised in a single line; and from the eighth to the tenth century, all annals of the Franks, written in the convents, followed the same rule; whatever the number or importance of events, the same annalist was bound not to exceed the line for each year. It is easy to be conceived that men so chary of their parchment could find little room for poetry."¹

This was, I apprehend, equally true in the twelfth century, when parchment, if not so scarce, was yet so much so, as to be used only for such purposes as were deemed greatly important. Popular songs were seldom looked upon in that light; and wanting a knowledge of the art of printing and of paper making, most of the light productions of Wales have been lost for ever; but the candid reader will see in the fact of their non-existence, no very cogent proof, that none such were ever known. I am quite convinced that there were many, among a people so fond of songs as the Kymry are and have ever been.

The only compositions of this character, which have come under my notice, are two songs said to have been written by Rhys Goch, of Tir Iarll, Glamorganshire. And are published in the Iolo MSS. They are peculiar compositions, and are here translated, as nearly as possible in the metre, and structure of the originals,—²

SONG TO THE SUMMER.

1.

Summer I sing and its sway o'er the poet,
Sing to its beauty where best we may view it;
View the sweet blossoms where love's feet would wander,
Down in the woodlands of green growth so tender;
Tender's the sight, where its verdure extendeth,

¹ History of the Literature of the South of Europe, Vol. 1. p. 37.

1.

² Canaf yd haf wyd hoywfeirdd Bennaeth
Canhewydd llwyn drain gain ganiadaeth,
Caniadau adar gwâr gwydd irion
Cynnadl cerddoriaeth cain dderw Coedfron,
Coedfron blagurlawn dawn dadeni

To every wide branch that over it bendeth ;
 Bendeth for loved ones to form in their bowers,
 And hide with wild elves from sun gleams and showers.
 Strike the brook-note-strings of nine hill brows sheeny,
 Til de rum, tal de rum, now sings Tom Teeny.

2.

Bowers that the elves, the more love the more laden,
 And love with their gambols at moonlight to gladden ;
 Glad is the bard when 'tis hardest to reckon,
 Beauties that aye for his frenzied glance beckon ;
 Beckon from hillock and green mead so seemly,
 All hailing the season that reigneth supremely ;
 Supreme in its richness, its love, and its ardour,
 And of each disciple of song the rewarder.
 Strike the brook-note-strings of nine hill brows sheeny,
 Til de rum, tal de rum, now sings Tom Teeny.

3.

Come all the charms for which poesy sigheth,
 Out in the green walk these nature supplieth ;
 Supplieth from branches the kindly heat quickens,
 The hazels on which the full-nut-cluster thickens ;
 Thick is the foliage which song-birds make vocal,
 And warm is the wish which there would be local ;
 Local as man's, and free from commotion,

Caeadfrig addien gwyrd llen llwyni
 Llwyni llawn gwiall gwelir beunydd
 Llennyrch lle i dygyrch Degau elfydd.
 Taro tant alaw nant ael y naw twyni,
 Til dy rwm tal dy rwm canu twm teini.

2.

Elfyddem geimiad ceidwad coedydd,
 Elfyw dail meillion llon llawenydd.
 Llawn Bardd awen ewybr enau,
 Llywy maes arlwy ar lawr bryniau,
 Bryn a phant tyfant tewfawr waneg
 Brenin hin hoenus hynaws adeg,
 Adeg serchogion dynion dawngar,
 Ydwyd haf irlas ar lwyn adar.
 Taro tant alaw nant ael y naw twyni,
 Til dy rwm tal dy rwm canu Twm Teini.

3.

Adar bydafau heidiau hedant,
 A daw cain gogau dolau deilbant,
 Dail bawrlwyth garddlwyth amgylch gwyrddlwybr.
 Deiliad gwlad gaead gywen loyw-wybr,
 Gloywybr mandes cynnes ceiniad anterth,
 Glas barlas berwlith blith blawd glynberth,
 Glyn, bryn, brwyn llwyn llawn llewych gwenhaul,

The green church where feathered tribes practice devotion.
Strike the brook-note-strings of nine hill brows sheeny,
Til de rum, tal de rum, now sings Tom Teeny.¹

There are eight verses in the original song; but these will be sufficient to indicate its character; as the remainder afford no peculiarities not exhibited here. Many of the verses are however exceedingly beautiful: the description of "the birch tree with its green blue hair," is very fine; and where the bard says,—

"Beautiful are thy notes, thou fair proud nightingale,
Come, *the woods are pining, at thy long delay,*"

he needs no praise of mine. The chorus is both original, and unique; and it will be observed, that in the translation, which in that respect is a close copy of the Kymric original, each couplet begins with the last word of the preceding. This artistic structure of the verses renders translation difficult; and in the next song it becomes more so; for the verses are triplets, the first word of each being the last of the chorus, and the last word of each choral strain, corresponding to the triple rhyme of the antecedent verse. It is entitled,—

A SONG TO HER FOR WHOM I AM DYING.²

Flora's hues at Spring's renewal,
Maid in dalliance never cruel,
Brightness hers that blurs the jewel;
Alas the jewels,
Alas the jewels.

Glan bryd yn diffryd dyffryn araul.
Taro tant alaw nant ael y naw twyni
Til dy rwm tal dy rwm canu Twm Teini.

¹ I am indebted for the translation of this, and the next song to my friend Mr. John Thomas, (Ieuan Ddu,) the author of a work well known, and highly appreciated,—The Cambrian Minstrel; which is a collection of national airs, with spirited and appropriate songs in English and Welsh. The above versions are not strictly literal; but they well reflect the spirit of the originals.

² Deuliw blodau meinion aelau
Mwyn ei champau wrth gydechwarau
Serw yng ngolau dan aur dlysau,
Gwae fi tlysau
Gwae fi tlysau.

Jewels she'd have despite expences,
Where saw the flocks no village fences,
Her charms well nigh have stolen my senses ;

Alas my senses,

Alas my senses.

Of sense bereft in greenwood meeting,
And O ! my life she makes more fleeting
My heart quite full is of her greeting ;

Alas the greeting,

Alas the greeting,

Greeting Gwenddydd where I left her
In lays still milder, sweeter, softer,
And repulsed the first day after ;

Alas day after,

Alas day after.

After seek, but as I knew it,
See her not, and dying rue it,
Shall I yet be summer's poet ?

Alas the poet,

Alas the poet.

Poet now I'll be of satire,
I who lov'd would be a hater,
But of love I'm still narrator ;

Alas narrator,

Alas narrator.

Tlysau oedd rhaid im dyn gannaid

Pentre nis caid wrth droi'r defaid,

A gwenn ni phaid a dwyn fenaidd,

Gwae fi fenaidd

Gwae fi fenaidd.

Fenaidd yw'r ferch ar gwr llannerch

Ac am wenferch marw o draserch

A mi'n llawn serch yn ei hannerch

Gwae fi annerch

Gwae fi annerch.

Annerch Wenddydd gan ei phrydydd

Annerch beunydd ar don newydd

A mwy ni bydd lleddaf trennydd

Gwae fi trennydd

Gwae fi trennydd.

Trennydd ydd af gwenddydd ni chaf

Gwae fi ddwy'n glaf a marw fyddaf

Ai chlod liw'r haf mwy ni chanaf,

Gwae fi canaf

Gwae fi canaf.

Canaf ogan im Bum eirian

O draws amcau lle bum druan

Mwyn ty nghwynfan wrth ymddiddan,

Gwae fi 'mddiddan

Gwae fi 'mddiddan.

Iolo MSS. p. 250.

And thus the poet proceeds through as many more verses, all of which, a musical friend informs me, may be sung to the Kymric air of "Yr hen wr o'r coed."

The vale of Glamorgan has long been celebrated for song writers, and the songs of William Hopkin, David Llywelyn, and James Turberville, are frequently sung about the country, being orally transmitted from one to another; but as yet, they have never been collected. In our own days the popular songs are treated with the same neglect; a few have been saved from oblivion by the late Mr. J. Howell, of Llandovery; by Miss Williams, of Aberpergwm; Mr. J. Davies, Brychan; and Mrs. Llewelyn, of Llangynwyd; but if these last now give over their most laudable exertions, many songs at present sung by the young men and maidens of Morganwg, will be lost for ever. We derive from these facts, cogent arguments in favour of the opinion above advanced; for if such gems as Yr Aderyn Pur; The Maid of Cevn-ydva; The Maid of Sker, and other songs of recent origin, have only found a place in our written literature through the industry and good taste of the ladies and gentlemen here named, we may safely conclude that many have been lost; as it is much more probable that numbers of popular songs were allowed to be forgotten, when the public taste was less refined and more pedantic, and when facilities for publication existed to a much smaller extent, than that the Kymry should have ceased to be true to their national character.

SECTION II.

WELSH POETRY FROM A. D. 1240 TO A. D. 1284.

WE here take up the history of our bardic literature, from the date at which we left off in the preceding chapter. At the death of Llywelyn ab Iorweth, the sovereignty was given to David his second son, by his second wife Joan the daughter of king John. David ingratiated himself in the favour of the nobles, and caused his elder brother Gruffydd to be imprisoned. We have seen a similar fact occurring in the previous reign. The rightful heir of Owain Gwynedd was his eldest son Iorwerth, but having a personal defect, and wanting the warlike qualities indispensable to a prince of that age, he was superseded by a younger brother. In the present case, we see the father deliberately setting aside his eldest son on account probably of his unruly temper, and preferring the second, who promised to show more prudence; but though the Kymry were reluctant to accept princes who wanted the capacity to rule, and the personal qualities which kings should have, the preference was uniformly given to such of the lineal heirs as had the vigour to vindicate their title; thus Llywelyn the Great ascended the throne which had been withheld from Edward the broken-nosed, his father; and after David the son of Llywelyn had reigned for several years, Llywelyn, the son of the deposed Gruffydd, vindicated the claim of his father, and for nearly thirty years reigned sole king of North Wales.

The number of the poets who lived during his reign was not great, nor are the poems which we shall here have to

pass in review generally distinguished for merit. In the early part of this period, they with difficulty attain to mediocrity; but towards the close of this monarch's reign, when the curtain fell upon the independent existence of the Kymry, we meet with several very fine compositions. This scarcity of good poems in the earlier part, arose partly from the false taste which was creeping in among the bards, and which led them to give words for thoughts, and sonorous sentences for brilliant ideas, passion, and poetic fire; and partly from our being compelled to pass over the works of several bards, who lived during this reign as well as the last, on account of their having been already noticed. Among these were Davydd Benvras, Elidir Sais, Einion Wann, and Llewelyn Vardd.

The poems peculiarly belonging to this era, are fifty in number; of which the Prydydd Bychan wrote twenty one; Hywel the Bald, son of Griffri, two; Llygad Gwr left five poems; Gruffydd ab Yr Ynad Coch is the author of eight extant productions, seven of which are on religious subjects; Bleddyn Vardd is the author of thirteen short poems; and the moral verses of Gwernec ab Clydno, misplaced in the last chapter, should have been placed here. Of these, among the earliest in point of time, is Llygad Gwr, whose Ode to Llywelyn ab Gruffydd is dated, by the Rev. Evan Evans, at A.D. 1270. It is a long poem, but as we shall not have many poems to discuss in this section, we shall quote it entire in Ieuan Brydydd Hir's translation.

AN ODE,

In five parts, to Llywelyn the son of Gruffydd, last prince of Wales of the British line, composed by Llygad Gwr about the year 1270:—¹

I.

I address myself to God the source of joy,
The fountain of all good gifts of transcendent majesty,

¹ AWDLAU LLYGAD GWR I LYWELYN AB GRUFFYDD.

Cyfarchaf i Dduw ddawn orfoledd,
Cynnechreu doniau, dinam fawredd,

Let the song proceed to pay its tribute of praise,
 To extol my hero the prince of Arllechwedd,¹
 Who is stained with blood, a prince descended from re-
 nowned kings.
 Like the great Caesar renowned for warlike deeds,
 Is the rapid progress of the arms of Gruffydd's heir,
 His valour and bravery are matchless,
 His crimson lance is stained with gore.
 It is natural and customary with him to invade the lands of
 his enemies.
 He is generous, the pillar of princes ;
 I never return empty handed from the North.
 My successful and glorious prince, I would not exchange on
 any conditions,
 I have a renowned prince, who ravages England,
 He is descended from noble ancestors, Llywelyn the destroy-
 er of his foes,
 The mild and prosperous governor of Gwynedd,
 Britain's honour in the field,
 With his sceptered hand extended on the throne,
 And a golden sword by his side,
 The lion of Cemaïs², fierce in the onset,
 When the army rusheth to be bathed in red,
 Our defence, who slightest alliance with strangers.

Cynyddu canu, can nid rhyfedd dreth,
 O draethawd gyfannedd,
 I foli fy rhi Rhwyf Arllechwedd,
 Rhuddfâawg freiniawg o frenhinedd,
 Rhyfytg udd Caissar, treisfar trosedd,
 Rhythrlwm, grym Gruffydd etifedd,
 Rhwysg, frwysg, freisg, o freint a dewredd,
 Rhudd baran o beri cochwedd,
 Rhyw iddaw diriaw eraill diredd,
 Rhwydd galon, golofn teyrnedd.
 Nid wyf wr gwaglaw wrth y Gogledd,
 O Arglwydd gwladlwydd, glod edryssedd,
 Nid newidiaf naf un awrvedd a neb,
 Anebrwydd dangnefedd.
 Llyw y sy ym ys aml anrhydedd,
 Lloegr ddifa o ddifeff fonedd,
 Llywelyn gelyn, galon dachwedd
 Llyar wledig gwynfydig Gwynedd,
 Llofrudd brwydr, Brydein gywryssedd,
 Llawhir falch, gwreiddfalch gorsedd,
 Llyar hylwydd, hael Arglwydd eurgledd,
 Llew Cemmais, llym dreis drachywedd,
 Lle bo cad fragad, friwgoch ryssedd,
 Llwyrr orborth hyborth heb gymwedd,

¹ Arllechwedd, a part of Caernarvonshire.

² Cemaïs, the name of several places in Wales. The bard here means a can-
 tred of that name in Anglesea.

He impetuously ranges through his enemies' country,
 His just cause will be prosperous at last.
 About Tyganwy¹ he has extended his dominions,
 And his enemies fly from him with maimed limbs.
 And the blood flows over the soles of men's feet.
 Thou dragon of Arvon² of resistless fury,
 With thy beautiful, skilfully trained, and well made steeds,
 No Englishman will get one foot of thy country.
 There is no Kymro thy equal.

II.

There is none equal to my prince,
 With his numerous troops in the conflict of war.
 He is a generous Kymro descended from Beli Hîr,³
 If you enquire about his lineage.
 He generously distributed gold and riches,
 The heroic war-wolf from Eryri.⁴
 An eagle among his nobles of matchless prowess ;
 It is our duty to extol him,

Gnaws mawrdraws am ardal dyhedd,
 Gnawd iddaw dreiddiau drwyddi berfe dd
 Am i wir bydd dir o'r diwedd,
 Amgylchwy Dyganwy mwyfwy i medd,
 A chiliau rhagddaw a chalanedd creu,
 Ag odduch gwadneu gwaed ar ddarwedd.
 Dreig Arfon orfod wythlonedd
 Dragon diheufeirch heirddfeirch harddedd,
 Ni chaiff sais i drais y droedfedd o'i fro
 Nid oes o Gymro i Gymrodedd.

II.

Cymrodedd fy llyw lluoedd beri,
 Nid oes rwyf eirioes, aer dyfygi,
 Cymro yw haelryw o hil Beli Hîr,
 Yn herwydd i brofi.
 Eurffudd ni oludd, olud roddi.
 Aerffleidd arwreidd o Eryri,
 Eryr ar geinwyr gamwri dinam,
 Neud einym i foli.

¹ Tyganwy, the name of an old castle near the mouth of the river Conway, to the east; it was formerly one of the royal palaces of Maelgwn Gwynedd, king of Britain, and was, as our old annals relate, burnt by lightning Anno 811, but was afterwards rebuilt, and won by the earl of Chester, who held it for a long time, but was at last retaken by the princes of North Wales.

² Arvon, the county now called Caernarvonshire.

³ Beli, this was probably Beli Mawr, to whom our bards generally traced the pedigrees of their great men.

⁴ Eryri, Snowdon, which some suppose derived from Mynydd Eryrod, the hill of the Eagles; but more probably from Mynydd yr Eiry; the hill of Snow, —Snow-down.

Clad in golden vesture.
 With his army he setteth castles on fire,
 He is the bulwark of the battle with Greidiawl's¹ courage.
 He is a hero that with fury breaketh whole ranks,
 And fighteth manfully.
 His war march is rapid,
 His generosity overflowing.
 He is the strength of armies arrayed in gold.
 He is a brave prince whose territories extend to the Teifi.²
 Whom no one dares to punish,
 Llywelyn the vanquisher of England,
 Is a noble lion descended from a race of kings.
 Thou art the king of the mighty,
 The entertainer and encourager of bards.
 Omen to the crows that they shall feast on the bodies of the
 Bryneich.³
 He never avoids danger in the storm of battle,
 He is undaunted in the midst of hardships.
 The bards⁴ prophesy that he shall have the government and
 sovereign power ;

Eurgorf torf tyroedd olosci,
 Argae gryd, Greidiawl wrhydri,
 Arwr bar, taerfar, yn torri cadau,
 Cadarnfrwydr ystofi.
 Aer dalmithyr, hylithr haelioni,
 Arf lluoedd eurwigoedd wisgi
 Arwymp Ner, hyder, hyd Teifi feddiant,
 Ni faidd neb i gospi.
 Llywelyn Lloegrwyn feistrioli,
 Llyw breiniawl, brenhinedd teithi,
 Llary deyrn cedyrn, yn cadw gwesti cyrdd,
 Cerddorion gyflochi.
 Coelfein brein Bryneich gyfogi,
 Celennig branes, berthless borthi.
 Ciliaw ni orug er caledi gawr,
 Gwr eofn ynghyni.
 Parawd fydd meddiant medd Beirdd im Rhi,

¹ Greidiawl is the name of a hero mentioned in Aneurin's Gododin.

² Teifi, a river in Cardiganshire.

³ Bryneich, the men of Bernicia, a province of the old Saxons in the North of England. The inhabitants of Deira and Bernicia, are called by our ancient historians Gwyr Deifyr a Bryneich. The men of Powys.

⁴ "It was the policy of the British princes to make the bards foretell their success in war, in order to spirit up their people to brave action. Upon which account the vulgar supposed them to be real prophets. Hence their great veneration for the prophetic bard Taliesin; and the two Merddins. This accounts for what the English writers say of the Welsh relying so much upon the prophecies of Merddin. There are many of these pretended prophecies still extant. The custom of prophesying did not cease till Henry the VII.'s time, and the reason is obvious."—Rev. E. Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, p. 40. Some remarks have been already made (p. 263.) upon this subject, and the following

Every prediction is at last to be fulfilled.
 The shields of his men were stained with red in brave actions,
 From Pulford¹ to the furthest bounds of Kidwelly.²
 May he find endless joys, and be reconciled to the son of God,
 And enjoy heaven by his side.

III.

We have a prince possessed of great intelligence,
 His lance is crimson, his shield is shivered to pieces;
 A prince furious in action, his palace is open to his friends,
 But woe is the lot of his enemies.

Llywelyn, the vanquisher of his adversaries,
 Is furious in battle like an outrageous dragon.
 To be guarded against him availeth not,
 When he cometh hand to hand to dispute the hardy contest.
 May he that made him the happy governor of Gwynedd,
 And its towns of excessive whiteness,
 Strengthen him for length of years,

Pob cymman darogan derfi,
 O Bwlfordd osgordd ysgwyd gochi hydr,
 Hyd eithaf Cydwelli.
 Can gaffael yn dda dra heb drengi,
 Gan fab Duw didwyll gymmodi,
 Ys bo i ddiwedd ddawn berchi ar nef,
 Ar neillaw Crist Geli.

III.

Llyw y sy'n synhwyrfawr riydd,
 Lliwgoch i lafnawr, aesawr uswydd,
 Lliw deifniawg, lldiawg, lledled fydd ei blas,
 Llwy'r waeth yw ei gas noi gorennydd.
 Llewelyn gelyn, galofydd.
 Llwyrgyrch ddarogan cymman celfydd,
 Ni thyecia rhybudd hael rebydd rhagddaw,
 Llaw drallaw drin wychydd,
 Y gwr a'i rhoddes yn rhwyf dedwydd,
 Ar Wynedd arwynawl drefydd,
 A'i cadarnhao, ced hylwydd yn hir,

may be with propriety added thereto. Important successes having been gained over the English "the hopes of the Kymry," says Warrington, "began to revive, and their views to extend, which were heightened still more by a prophecy of Merlin, long cherished among the Welsh, that Llywelyn (ab Gruffydd) should one day wield the sceptre of Brutus, the supposed founder of their empire. It is possible, too, that the Welsh prince himself might indulge the same hopes, from a like delusive source, the prediction of a soothsayer. When he first began the revolt, he consulted an aged woman, who was a reputed prophetess, respecting the issue of the war, who advised him to pursue the enterprize with spirit, and assured him also, that in the event he would ride through Cheapside in London with a crown upon his head."—Warrington's History of Wales, Vol. II. p. 258.

¹ Pwlfordd, is the name of a place in Shropshire. There is a bridge of the name still in that county.

² Cydwell, the name of a town, and a commot, in Carmarthenshire.

To defend his country from hostile invasion.
 It is our joy and happiness,
 That we have a brave warrior with prancing steeds,
 That we have a noble Kymro descended from Cambrian an-
 cestors,
 To rule our country, and its borders.
 He is the best prince that the Almighty made of the four
 elements.
 He is the best of governors, and the most generous.
 The eagle of Snowdon, and the bulwark of battle.
 He pitched a battle where there was a furious contest,
 To obtain his patrimony on Cevn Gelorwydd;¹
 Such a battle never happened since the celebrated action of
 Arderydd.²
 He is the brave lion of Mona, the kind hearted Venedotian,
 The valiant supporter of his troops in Bryn Derwyn.
 He did not repent of the day in which he assaulted his ad-
 versaries,
 Like a hero descended from undaunted warriors.
 I saw a hero disputing with hosts of men,
 Like a man of honour in avoiding disgrace.
 He that saw Llywelyn like an ardent dragon,
 In the conflict of Arvon, and Eiddionydd.³

I amddeffyn tir rhag torf oswydd.
 Nid anwiw, nid anhoff gynnydd,
 Neud enwawg farchawg, feirch gorewydd,
 I fod yn hynod hynefydd Gymro,
 A'r Gymry a'u helfydd.
 Ef difeiai Naf rhy wnaeth Dofydd,
 Yn y byd o bedwar defnydd,
 Ef goreu riau reg ofydd a wnn,
 Eryr Snawtwn aer gyfludwydd.
 Cad a wnaeth, cadarn ymgerydd,
 Am gyfoeth, am Gefn Gelorwydd,
 Ni bu gad, hwyliad hefelydd gyfred,
 Er pan fu weithred waith Arderydd.
 Breisclew Mon, mwynfawr Wyndodydd,
 Bryn Derwyn clo byddin clodrydd,
 Ni bu edifar y dydd i cyrchawdd,
 Cyrch ehofn essillydd.
 Gwelais wawr ar wyr lluosydd,
 Fal gwr yn gwrthladd cywilydd,
 A welei Lywelyn, lawenydd dragon
 Ynghymysc Arfon ac Eiddionydd,

¹ Cevn Gelorwydd, the name of a mountain; but where it is situated I know not.

² Arderydd, Airdree near Glasgow, or Atterith, about six miles from Solway Frith, Scotland. This battle is mentioned in the Triads, and was fought by Gwenddolau ap Ceidiaw, and Aeddan Fradawg, petty princes of the North, against Rhydderch Hael, king of Cumbria, who got the battle. Myrddin Wyllt, or Merddin the Caledonian, was severely handled by Rhydderch Hael, for siding with Gwenddolau his patron, of which he complains in his "Avallenau."

³ Eiddionydd, the name of a Comot, or district in Caernarvonshire.

Would have observed that it was a difficult task,
 To withstand his furious attack by Drws Dauvynydd.¹
 No man has ever compelled him to submit :
 May the Son of God never put him to confusion.

IV.

Like the roaring of a lion in search of prey, is thy thirst of
 praise,
 Like the sound of a mighty hurricane over the desert main,
 Thou profoundly learned and accomplished prince of Aber-
 ffraw.²
 Thy ravage is furious, thy impetuosity irresistible.
 Thy troops are enterprizing in brave actions,
 They are fierce and furious like a conflagration.
 Thou art the warlike and slaughtering prince of Dinevwr,³
 The defence of the people, the divider of spoils.
 Thy forces are comely, neat, and of one language.
 Thy proud Toledo sword is gilt with gold,
 Thou prince of Mathraval,⁴ extensive are thy boundaries,
 Lord Llywelyn, ruler of people of four languages.
 He fought undauntedly against a foreign nation of strange
 language.

Nid hawdd oedd llew aerflawdd llüydd,
 I dreissiaw gar Drws Daufynydd,
 Nis plygodd Mab dyn bu doniawg ffydd,
 Nis plycco Mab Duw yn dragywydd.

IV.

Terfysc taerllew glew, glod gynhymdaith,
 Twrf torredwynt mawr uch mor diffaith,
 Taleithawg deifniawg dyfniaith Aberffraw,
 Terwyn anrheithiaw, rhuthar anolaith.
 Tylwyth, ffrwyth, ffræthlym eu mawrwaith,
 Teilwng blwng, blaengar fal goddaith,
 Taleithawg arfawg aerbeith Dinefwr,
 Teulu hyegwr, ysgwll anrhaith.
 Telediw gad gywiw gyfaith,
 Toledo balch a bylchlafn eurwaith,
 Taleithawg Mathrafal, maith yw dy derfyn,
 Arglwydd Lywelyn, lwy pedeiriaith,
 Sefn yn rhyfel, dymgel daith,
 Rhag ostrawn genedl, gwyn anghyfaith,

¹ Drws Dauvynydd signifies a pass between two mountains, as Drws Ardudwy, Drws y Coed, Bwlch Oerddrws, &c. ; but where it lies is unknown.

² Aberffraw, the name of the prince's chief palace in Anglesey.

³ Dinevwr, the name of the prince of South Wales' palace, pleasantly situated upon a hill above the river Towy, in Carmarthenshire, now in the possession of George Rice, of Newton, Esquire, member of parliament for that county. (At present it is in the hands of Lord Dynevor.)

⁴ Mathraval, the seat of the prince of Powys, not far from Pool, in Montgomeryshire, now in the possession of the earl of Powys.

May the great King of Heaven, defend the just cause
Of the warlike prince of the three provinces.

V.

I make my address to God in commencing an eulogy,
In the best manner I am able,
That I may extol with truth in suitable words,
My Lord the chief of men,
Who rageth like fire from the flashes of lightning,
Who exchangeth thrusts with burnished steel.
I am armed like my prince with the red spear of conflict.
He is a brave fighter, and the foremost in action.
Llywelyn, thy qualities are noble and energetic,
Making broad thy path with the edge of the sword.
The hoof prints of my prince's steeds extend to Cornwall.
Numbers congratulate him upon his success, who is a sure
friend,
The lion of Gwynedd and its extensive white territories,
The governor of the men of Powys, and the South,
Who has a general assembly of his armed troops at Chester,
Who ravages Lloegria to amass spoils.
In battle his success is certain,
In killing, burning, and in overthrowing castles.
In Rhos¹ and Penfro, and in contests with the Normans,
His impetuosity uniformly prevails.
The offspring of Gruffydd, of worthy qualities,

Sefid Brenin nef, breiniawl gyfraith,
Gan eurwawr aerbeir y teir taleith.

V.

Cyfarchaf i Dduw o ddechrau moliant,
Mal i gallwyf orau,
Clodfodi o'r gwyr a geiriau
I'm pen, y pennaf a giglau,
Cynnwrf tan, lluch faran llechau,
Cyfnewid newydd las ferau,
Cyfarf wyf a rhwyf, rhudd lafnau yngnif,
Cyfoethawg gynnif cynflaen cadau.
Llywelyn nid lleog ddefodau,
Llwybr ehang, ehofn fydd mau,
Llyw yw hyd Gernyw aed garnedd i feirch,
Lliaws ai cyfeirch, cyfaill nid gau,
Llew Gwynedd gwynfeith ardalo,
Llywiawdr pobl, Powys ar Dehau,
Llwyrrwys caer, yn aer, yn arfau,
Lloegr breiddiau am brudd anrheithiau,
Yn rhyfel, ffrwythlawn, dawn diammau,
Yn lladd yn llosgi yn torri tyrau,
Yn Rhos a Phenfro, yn rhyafau Ffrainc,
Llwyddedig i ainc yn llüyddau,
Hil Gruffydd, grymmus gynneddau,

¹ Rhos and Penfro, the names of two cantrevs in Pembrokeshire.

Is generous in distributing rewards for songs,
 His shield shines, and the strong lances
 Quickly meet the streams of rushing gore.
 He extorteth taxes from his enemies,
 And claimeth another country, as a sovereign prince.
 Adorned by noble birth he besieged fortified towns,
 And his furious attacks like those of Flamddwyn¹ reach far.
 He is a prosperous chief with princely qualities,
 His Bards are comely about his tables.
 I have seen him generously distributing his wealth,
 And his meadhorns filled with generous liquors.
 Long may he live with his sharp sword,
 To defend his borders like Arthur with the lance of steel.
 May he who is lawful king of Cambria endued with princely
 qualities,
 Have his share of happiness at the right hand of God."

This poem, full of gossip and flattery, is of no great poetic value. It is useful as an historical document; and the names of places, persons, and battles will greatly facilitate the business of the historian. But it has no imagery, no strong link of connexion, nor much descriptive power; and wanting these it is only a long string of unconnected sentences, which though they occasionally give us glimpses of contemporaneous manners, evince no great capacity in the artist. The allusion to the "four elements," show us something of the bardic philosophy, and of their speculations upon the composition of the universe; and the statement that Llywelyn ruled over a people of four lan-

Hael gyngor, gyngyd wrth gerddau,
 Hylathr i ysgwyd, escud barau gwrdd,
 Hylym yn cyhwrdd cyhoedd waedffrau.
 Hylwrw fwrw far, gymbell trehan,
 Hawlwr gwlad arall gwledig riau,
 Harddedd o fonedd, faen gaerau dreisddwyn,
 Hirbell fal Fflamddwyn i fflamgyrchau.
 Hwylfawr ddreig, ddragon cyfeddau,
 Heirdd i feirdd ynghylch ei fyrdau,
 Hylithr i gwelais ddydd golau i fudd,
 Ai feddgyrn wirodu.
 Iddaw i gynnal cleddyfal clau,
 Mal Arthur wayw dur i derfynau,
 Gwir frenin Cymru cymmreisc ddoniau,
 Gwrawl hawl boed hwyl o ddehau.

¹ Fflamddwyn, the name of a Saxon prince, against whom Urien king of Cumbria, and his son Owain, fought the battle of Argoed Llwyfain.

guages, refers most probably to the Kymry, the English, the Normans or French, and the Flemish settlers on the borders of Wales.

Einion ab Madawc ab Rhahawd, a poet who lived between 1230 and 1270, and the author of some verses addressed to prince Gruffydd, the eldest son of Llywelyn the Great, ought in strict propriety to have taken precedence of Llygad Gwr, as the latter addresses the son, while the former sang when the father was a youth. His poem has merit, and will bear perusal.—¹

I will extol a generous prince, increasing in fame,
The honoured of multitudes, the favourite of the army;
The season is suitable to circulate the goblet,
The arms are piled, and the three colours of three armies
wave aloft.

The eagle of the men of Gwynedd, I know he is not near,
Though he may be appeased, he will not take an affront,
Though a youth, my ruler made an impression
On the strangers by his bold horsemanship.
Lord of wide Crugkaeth, dignified and steady,
Monarch of Britain worthy of the muse,
Gruffydd is the chief prince between the two seas,
Chief golden breastplate of privilege, and sociability;
Foes will shrink from a hero so sternly fierce,
When there shall arrive a day of battle and depredation.
Leader of all mirth; the crows will flock
Around the warrior who is so easily served,
And who is accustomed to drive his foes before him,
As flames of fire rush through dry reeds.

¹ Arddwyreafy hael hwyglod ellwng
Arddunyant torvoedd tyrva eitwng
Arvod ysgymmod gorvod gorfiwng
Arveu briw trilliw trillu gyhwng
Eryr gwyr Gwynet gwn nad echwng
Ked ef ddigoner ni chymmer vhwng
Yr yn vab ym rwyfy ry gwnaeth ystwng
Ar y estronyon ys drud echwng
Pendevic Crukyeith meith mygyr ddiwng
Pennysadur prydein prydest deilwng
Pennaf yw Gruffyt pennaeth rwng—deu vor
Pen eurddor brondor breint a hebrwng
Pannu a vyt dir rac dewr gorvhwng
Pan vo dyt gorwlad a chad yn wng
Pennyal pob aryal crev allwng—branes
Amgylch lliw didres dwydreul gyfrwng
Gnawd yd gyrch cynnygyn oe gynnif pwng
Mal pan gyrch fflamdan fflamdo yspwng

He is accustomed to redden his bold sword and his horse's
 mane,
 To strew his war-path with blood, and enforce silence by
 his voice,
 He is accustomed to triumph over all treachery ;
 But his district is not accustomed to taxes and oaths of sub-
 mission.
 Through his bravery he made dreadful havoc among the
 Franks,
 Whom he filled with fear, terror, and dismay.
 He caused torrents of blood to flow at Trallwng Elvael,¹
 Where there was a fierce and confused conflict ;
 May God enable him to live without reproach,
 And when he dies, end his days in honour ;
 And when—invincible dragon—he is forty or sixty years old,
 Receive the protection of bounteous heaven.

This short poem very strikingly portrays the prevalent
 sentiments among the Kymry, at a time when the armies
 of England, scouring over the plains, frequently compelled
 them to fall back upon those *palladia* of Cambrian liberty—
 their mountain fastnesses. Our early literature breathes
 not a word of despair, not a hint at compromise, not a
 thought of submission; on the contrary, the national spirit
 gaining strength from adversity, kept pace with the occa-
 sion, and mounted highest when the danger was greatest ;
 and true to the Spartan character, which made them think

Gnawd yd goch a glew gleif gan vwng—gorwydd
 Gnawd goches rodwyd ruat oetwng
 Gnawd taw treissiau tros bob ethwng
 Nyd gnawd oe ardal na thal na thwng
 Gwnaeth drwy einc ar freinc frawt anheilwng
 Ac ergryd a chryd a chreu dillwng
 Gwnaeth drallif gwyar uwch trallwng—Elvael
 Pan fu ymdraael drud ac erdrwng
 Gwnaed ddau y ddiwet ef ddifefyl hebrwng
 Yny vo y offen ar ffort deilwng
 Yn dygant trigyant dreic diystwng
 Yn tec adaf nef nawt orddillwng.

Myv. Arch. Vol. i. p. 391.

¹ Elvael is on the borders of Radnorshire ; an old bard says,—

" Gnawd yn Elvael haelioni
 A march a merch a mynych rodidi."
 Elvael is distinguished for generosity,
 For horses, and maids, and frequent gifts.

but it has not retained this character.

it "a disgrace to die in their beds, but an honour to fall in the field," preferred dying as freemen to living as slaves. In none of the poems which have been perused for the purposes of the Essay, have there appeared the least traces of despondency; but the same fierce defiance of Saxons, and Normans, or "French" as they are called, and the same exultation in successes whether great or small, are as evident in those which remain, as in those selected. In the Kymric camps, there were too frequently treachery and intrigue; but fear and cowardice were alike unknown.

Y Prydydd Bychan, or The Little Poet, has contributed twenty one short poems to the literature of his country. He lived between the years 1210 and 1260. His verses are nearly all addressed to the princes of South Wales; and it thence seems that he lived in Deheubarth; but the subject of the following, and longest of his poems, is the brother of prince Llywelyn,—

Englynion sung by the Prydydd Bychan, of South Wales, to Owen the Red, son of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn,¹—

Gwynedd famed for kind princes and abundant songs,
Thou wilt suffer no injury from the beautiful son of Gruffydd;
The hawk, stern in armour in the battle,
Is the glory of the Perveddwlad.²

A resolute ruler, and a bold inhabitant,—is Owen,
Whose sword attracts the ravens,—the eulogized of numbers;
He is a valiant governor bold in the conflict,
And descended from a line of kings.

¹ Gwynet kein reuet kann rad—nyth arllut
Mab Gruffyd mawrvut mad
Gorvhwng walch yg calch yg cad
Goruolet y beruetwlad.

Gwledic gwydyr hydric gwychnaws—yw Ywein
Clet lith brein clod liaws
O lyw glyw glewddrud gynghaws
O lin breynnin trin traws.

² The Perveddwlad, means the central land; and the district so named, comprised the present counties of Flint and Denbigh.

In the tumult daring, in the trial—unperplexed.

The son of Gruffydd is the strength of his valley ;
Kymric hawk, ardent, strong and persevering,
They will bring thee all that is thine.

The hawk of the valley shall have the privilege of the so-
vereignty,
Through the grace of the ruler, who dislikes not war,
Fearless, and bold lord of a spacious palace,
Which his golden sword has won.

You have seen the surpassing and destructive heroism
Of the impetuous sons of Beli ;¹
Courteous hawks, proud frequenters of the feasts
Of Mon ; Eagles of Snowdon.

Eagle of golden tribute, spreader of carnage is Owen,
The omen of hawks, the hawk of conflict ;
Fond of arms from his youth,
The dragon of the Court of Fraw,² does no good to the Frank.

The Frank dares not approach the camp of the crafty warrior,
Whose tents are bound up in five pieces ;

Trawsvar yn trydar yn tro—dygythrut
Mab Gruffut breiscut bro
Caer daer trwynwalch Gymro
Dygant yth vetyant ath vo.

Bo gwalch bro breint teyrnas
Drwy rad y rwyf cad nyd cas
Yn ddiodyn ehofyn ehangblas arglwyd
O eurglet ry cafas.

Kawssawch goruwawch gwrhydri angut
Angert veibyon Beli
Mwynvawr welch beilch balch westi
Mon eryron eryri.

Eryr eurdreth myr aerdrano—yw Ywein
Gweilch goelwein gwalch gyfranc
Drud yn arveu yn yeuano
Dreic llys fraw drwc ar lles franc.

Franc nyth veit kyfranc kyfrwysgar—gwersyll
Rwym pebyll bumddryll bar

¹ Beli the Great son of Manogan, the 64th king of Britain. In the books of pedigrees, Beli is the stock from which the descents of the subsequent sovereigns of the Britons are traced out. He is distinguished for having exterminated one of the three molestations of the Island, which was a civil war that broke out in his time; and also for being the father of the celebrated Caswallon. Dr. W. Owen Pughe's Cambrian Biography, p. 21.

² The royal palace of Aberffraw in Anglesea.

Nimble slaughterer, furious in battle as a raging sea,
Strong and active against the enemy.

Well known to the enemy is the quick witted Owen,
Hero of London,¹ having a lion's war shout ;
The hawk, bold from childhood, is greatly popular,
The supporter of weakness, the hope of Gwyneddians.

The life of this Owain, affords striking illustrations of the character of the times, and tempts me to relate a few of its particulars. David the son of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, having the will of his father, the friendship of his uncle, Henry the III., king of England, and the sanction of his nobles, ascended the throne of North Wales, and imprisoned his elder brother. The bishop of Bangor, through whose agency Gruffydd and his son Owain were imprisoned, after the lapse of some time desired that he should be released ; but David refusing to comply he excommunicated him, and then went to England, where he desired the king to *obtain the release of that prince, lest the fact being mentioned at Rome might bring the king into discredit.* Henry sent to David to demand his brother's liberty ; and the Cambrian prince replied, that if he were to set Gruffydd at liberty, the country would soon be embroiled in civil war. The prisoner being apprised of this, sent to inform the king that if he would release him, he would consent to hold his land under him, pay him two hundred marks annually, and assist that monarch to subjugate the refractory portions of the country. In the meantime the bishop of Bangor had gone to Rome, and prevailed on the pope also to excommunicate the Cambrian prince ; and Gruffydd Maelawr, the subject of the Ode of Einion Wann, and a man renowned for bravery and wisdom, had also sent to desire the king to

Cad aervlawt morgymlawt var
Cadarn ddilesc wrth esgar.
Hyddysc y esgar escudvryd—Ywein
Gwawr llundein llew yg gryd
Hydoryf walch hydyr or mebyd
Hyder gwendud ner gwendyd.

¹ Owen had long been a resident at the English court.

release Gruffydd. Seduced by these representations, the king came to Shrewsbury, and was there joined by the lords of the Marches, and many Cambrian chieftains; and David standing alone, and doubtful of the fidelity of his vassals, made peace with the king, and consented to set free his brother. The king had previously entered into a contract with Gruffydd, in which the latter stipulated through his wife Senena, that on the release of himself and his son Owain, he would pay the king six hundred marks for his land, and an annual rent of three hundred more; but David having made his uncle acquainted with his brother's restless disposition, Henry took Gruffydd with him to London, and kept his wife, and his son honourable captives in the Tower. Despairing of release, Gruffydd projected an escape. He tore up his bedclothes, and made them with what other materials he could obtain into a rope, with which one dark night he let himself down through a window, but being a stout and heavy man, his weight broke the rope, and he was killed by the fall. His son was in consequence watched more closely; but on the death of David in 1246, Owain thinking there was a chance to push his fortune, succeeded in making his way to his own country. He had received respectful treatment from the English monarch, and had acquired some knowledge of the art of war. Accordingly on his arrival he found partisans, and the kingdom of North Wales was divided between him and his brother Llywelyn, the latter retaining the cantrevs of Rhos, Rhuvonioc, the vale of Clwyd, and Tegengl, being all the land between Chester and Conway, and Owain having what forms the present counties of Anglesey and Caernarvon, as appears from the allusion to Aberffraw in the preceding poem. The reason must also be now apparent, why Owain is termed the "hero of London." For about eight years the two princes ruled their respective districts in peace; and it was probably during this period, (1246—1254) that the above Englynion were composed. The restless spirit of his father survived it would seem in the son; for about this latter

date he plotted with their younger brother David, to rob Llywelyn of his possessions. For this purpose they collected their forces together; and Llywelyn prepared to oppose them. A bloody conflict ensued at a place called *Bryn Derwyn*; within an hour Owain was taken prisoner; on hearing which the allied forces fled, and were slain in great numbers. Owain was thrown into prison, where he was kept for twenty-three years, while Llywelyn reigned sole king of Gwynedd. It was during this confinement in the castle of Dolbadarn, near Llanberis, that the bard Hywel Voel ab Griffri wrote the two poems to Owain Goch, which bear his name. Owain was released in 1277, in consequence of a covenant between Llywelyn and Edward the First, and received back a portion of his land, the cantrev of Lleyrn. His subsequent fortunes are unknown, also the date of his death. Bleddyn Vardd has an elegy to his memory, from which it would appear that he lived, and died, a warrior. He is twice mentioned by Bleddyn as lord of *Mereyniawn*.

The Prydydd Bychan is known to bardic critics, for having made frequent use of the metre called *Proest Kynewidiog*, and on account of his being the only bard of these centuries, who has used the *Proest Cadwynawdl*. Meilir, and Elidir Sais, had used the first of these, and the *Proest Kynewidiog*, (combined vowel alternity) was a favourite; but no one made such frequent use of it as The Little Poet. I am not acquainted with any English verse in this metre, and must therefore use a Kymric example,—

Hart llys rys ros geithiwed
Rwyf llu tra vu y vywyd
Balchgryc barabyl bolchglet drud
Bar dwys aghynnwys yg gad.

The peculiarity, it will be observed, is that the vowel in the last syllable of the lines is different in each. It is said that the following verse, is the only specimen of the combined alternate rhyme, belonging to this era,—

Raeadyr gwaed am draed am drwyn
 Ryw rac vy llyw llew aryein
 Rwym bryneich branhes terrwyn
 Rwyf gawr awytvawr Ywein.¹

The next instance occurs two centuries later, in one of the poems of Guttyn Owain. At first this appears to be the alternate rhyme, so frequently used by English poets; but on examination it will be found to differ in this, that the alternation is not in the rhymes of the final feet, or syllables, for all end with the same letter, but in the vowels composing them.

Hywel Voel, the author of the poem which we shall next notice, was a man of Irish extraction. The Kymry were perfectly aristocratic in their laws and usages, particularly with regard to persons of foreign origin, the slightest flaw in whose title to nobility, or citizenship, was instantly detected; and thus, in speaking of Hywel Voel, they took care to indicate his position in the scale of naturalization, by describing him as "the son of Griffri the son of Pwyll the Gwyddelian." This scale is an interesting feature in the manners of the people and the time. It was as follows,—

"The ninth degree in ascent will stand in the same privileged position, as the ninth degree in genealogical descent; but upon a principle different from that of lineal pedigree; its regulating law being as follows:

The first degree of the nine ascents, is the son of an alien, that is the son of a foreigner, but a person of sworn allegiance to the British nation and its Lords. A person of this degree is called an alien by descent.

The second degree in ascent is attained by the marriage of an alien's son with a Welsh lady of genuine descent.

The third degree in ascent, is a son born from that marriage.

The fourth degree in ascent is a marriage of that son with a Welsh lady of genuine descent.

The fifth degree in ascent, is a son born from that marriage.

The sixth, is the marriage of that son with a Welsh lady.

The seventh, is a son born of that marriage.

The eighth, is the marriage of that son to a Welsh lady.

The ninth, is a son born of that marriage. He has established his claim to the rights of a Welshman."²

¹ Rev. Walter Davies's *Essay on the twenty-four metres*, page 38.

² *Iolo MSS.* page 462.

But if there was a flaw in Hywel's title to be called a Cambrian bard, he had more talent than many of the fraternity. The following has throughout many indications of ability; the first part displays the affectation which prevailed at this time among the bards; but the conclusion is both fine, and forcible. It is also remarkable as being a bold remonstrance, against the imprisonment of Owain ab Gruffydd by his brother, the king Llywelyn ab Gruffydd,—

¹ The man in the tower, has long been imprisoned,
 Manly sovereign, princely hawk of royalty,
 One whose loss from among them, the active regret,
 One who was a bold leader, and ruler worthy to be praised,
 One who was a protector of families,
 One whom families think deserving of eulogy,
 One who shone in war like Roderick the Great.
 One who wore golden armour is wanting,
 One there is bound by the ruler of Snowdon,
 Who if free, like Rhun the son of Beli,²
 Would not let Lloegria burn his borders.
 A man of the race of Mervyn³ and the magnanimous
 Benlli,⁴

¹ Gwr yasyt yn twr yn hir westi
 Gwreit teyrneit teyrnwalc'h ri
 Gwr am dotyw gwall oe golli o v'vw
 Gwreitlyw a glyw y glodvori
 Gwr teleid teiluoedd lochi
 Gwr teilu teilwng y voli
 Gwr y gryd yn ryd gwr val rodri mawr
 Gwr eurglawr aessawr yaswyt holi
 Gwr yn rwyd gan rwyf Eryri
 Gwr pei ryt val Run vab Beli
 Gwr ny adei loegy'r y losgi ei dervyn
 Gwr o hil Mervryn mawrvryd benlli

² The bard seems to have been mistaken. Beli was the son of Rhun, and Rhun the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd.

³ Mervyn was one of the sons of Rhodri the Great.

⁴ Benlli Gawr, or the giant, was the lord of an extensive district, forming portions of the present counties of Flint and Denbigh. He lived about the middle of the fifth century. In connection with him the following circumstance is deserving of record. An ancient lorica or British corslet of gold, was lately discovered near Mold in Flintshire, under a mound of stones, called Bryn yr Ellyllon; when the workmen were removing the mound they came upon a skeleton, the skull of which was of gigantic proportion, and the thigh bones those of a man of a great stature. Lying on the chest, was found the corslet, studded over with two or three hundred beautiful amber beads, and crossed with a kind of filagree work of fine gold giving somewhat the appearance of the angels found on the old Saxon arch, the whole based on pure gold. Its extreme

One who led multitudes, one active in arms,
 One who supported the people and was fond of war,
 One who knew well how to regulate battles,
 One who distributed his gold without stint,
 One who was distinguished for generosity,
 One impartial according to the primary precepts of Pryderi,¹
 Owain the generous would not question bails,
 Owain was not less active than Elivri,²
 One who bid the moon give us light,
 One who bid the sun not to halt in his course ;
 I will make my appeal to the true God,
 Heaven knows the sincerity of my prayer,
 That he may die shortly if he is to be cut off young.
 Since, Llywelyn, thou art Lord of Kidwelly,³

Gwr torvoet gwr gwisgoedd gwisgi
 Gwr gwasgawd kiwdawd kad weini
 Gwr cadarn cadoedd reoli
 Gwr cadwent kedwis haelyoni
 Gwr eurfut dilut heb doli
 Gwr diletyf prifddeddf Pryderi
 Gwr oet ewein hael ni wnei holi mach
 Gwr nyd oet lyfrach noc elifri
 Gwr a beris lloer llwry goleuni
 Gwr a beris heul nyd treul tregi
 Y gwir Dduw yt wyf yn erchi
 Yr gwyr nef om newawl weti
 Ar oed byrr os tyrrr torri glas ewyn
 Gan vot Llywelyn llyw Kedwli

length is three feet seven inches, being made apparently to pass under the arms and to meet in the centre of the back; and its width in front, where it is hollowed out to receive the neck, eight inches. The weight of this most interesting relic is seventeen ounces, and its intrinsic value about £60. It is now preserved in the British Museum. Dr. Owen Pughe has made the following ingenious remarks on the subject, and every circumstance seems to corroborate the idea of Benlli Gawr having been interred in that identical spot. "It is probable that this being must have existed since the Romans left our country, otherwise, it is likely that the body would have been burnt; and if he had lived about the year 600, or after, he would have been deposited in one of our churches. Under these circumstances we cannot be far away in attributing the period of the existence of this extraordinary being to the year 500: but then, who would he be? Who was the high personage, that at his funeral his retainers should throw such a mass of earth and stones upon his grave, and for whose memory there should be such a remarkable tribute of respect? No other, we believe, than Benlli Gawr himself, who had his friends about him at his *dŷa*, on the summit called after him Moel Benlli, and in sight of his residence called Wydd-grug, now called Mold, as well as in view of Dyffryn Clwyd on the other side. The grave of this powerful man's son Beli, is about eight miles off, for the Englynion Milwyr, (Warriors' Triplets) say that Beli lies in Llanarmon yn Iâl."—Williams's Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen, Part I. pp. 38—9.

¹ The allusion is not intelligible.

² We frequently find Elivri mentioned, but his history is lost.

³ If I have translated Kedwli rightly, this is Kidwelly in Carmarthenshire.

Since there has long been a covenant without fault in him,
 Since there is a disposition to treat without deception,
 Since God suffered his Son to be placed on the cross,
 Since the mysterious one went to the grave ;
 And as thou believest that the Lord of Hosts rose again,
 And fully redeemed the world by his five wounds,
 Why wilt thou not forgive thy brother, and show to others
 Who can understand, the injustice of imprisonment ?
 Prudent Llywelyn, a lion raging like the sea,
 Valiant dragon, the supporter of chiefs,
 Armed dragon of the satin tents, (do this.)
 None but God can dispossess man.

Bleddyn Vardd, or Bleddyn the Poet, also flourished about this time. He is the author of thirteen short poems, among which are an elegy on Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, two eulogies of his younger brother, and an elegy on the three brothers, Owain, Llywelyn, and David. All possess considerable merit, though it is not wholly of a poetical character. We shall here quote the first of these, as a fair specimen of the whole. It is inferior in imagery and passion, to the fine composition of *Ab yr Ynad Coch*, though it may be said to be much more truthful ; and as it seems to portray Llywelyn, not as an ideal hero, but as he actually was, it is well worthy of attention. This forms its distinctive merit, which is certainly great. The description is very elaborate, careful, and apparently correct ; much pains have therefore been taken, to render the literal meaning of each epithet.—¹

Great Cambria has lost her manliest hero,
 His bold and nimble sword was the bravest of the bright
 raging blades.

Gan vod hir gymmod heb gam ynni
 Gan ddiddwyll gymwyll gymodi
 Gan vadeu o Dduw y dodi yg crocwet
 Gan vynet yr bet bu bot keli
 Gan gredu penn llu llwry kyvodi
 Gan holl ddifryd byd oe bym weli
 Pan na vadeu brawd y brovi arall
 A vyt wrth ddeall guall gospi
 Ny vet namyn duw digyvoethi dyn
 Digart Llywelyn lew tra gweilgi
 Dewr dragon berywon borthi
 Dreic arveu pebylleu pali.—Myv. Arch. Vol. I. 393.

¹ Colles Gymru fawr, gwawr gwreiddiaf,
 Gwreiddillafrn oegud gloywddrud glewaf,

The manly complexioned is not living ; what shall I do for his loss ?

The bold and bounteous lion, most ready with rewards.

A hero who slew for us, one who was most daring,
One who devoted himself to his country, confidently I name him,

The manly Llywelyn, manliest of Kymry,
Who loved not to fly by the nearest road.

Ardent hero, leader of a numerous host,
Of green coloured tents, and fixed encampments,
Gruffydd's manly son; the most reckless of givers,
After the transcendent maxims of Nudd and Mordav.¹

Hero of the red-spear, he was a serious man like Priam,
A good man, king of a joyous army,
Fortunate in obtaining praise ; the freest in giving,
That the sun sees in his longest course.

Man whose anger was destructive, most courteous prince,
A man sincere in grief, true in loving,
Perfect in knowledge, wise, and the choicest of men,
From Mon to that fairest of places, Caerlleon.

Llywelyn, was on the banks of the impetuous Taff²
Celebrated as a hero, freest distributor of garments ;
He was confessedly the first of warriors,
Ardent Eagle, as far as Port Weyr.

Gwreiddlyw nid byw, ba wnaf o'i golled ?

Gwreiddllew hyged, roddged rwyddaf ;

Gwr a las drosom, gwr oedd drosaf

Gwr oedd dros Gymru, hyf yr henwaf,

Gwrawl Lewelyn, gwraf o Gymro ;

Gwr ni charai ffo i'r ffordd nosaf ;

Gwr gwrdd yn cyrchu llu lledeithaf ;

Gwr gwyrdliw bebyll, gwersyll gorsaf

Gwreiddfab Gruffydd, digraffaf, am reg,

Yn neddfau mawr deg Nudd a Mordaf.

Gwr gwayw rudd, gwr prudd megys Priaf,

Gwr gwiw yn frenin fyddin falchaf

Gwr hylwydd y glod, gwr haelaf, am draul,

Hyd y cerdda haul ei hwyf bellaf.

Gwr dig ei ddistryw, llyw llyseiddiaf,

Gwr dygn ei alar, câr cywiraf ;

Gwr cywirgoeth, doeth, detholedig, o Fon

Hyd yn Nghaerlleon, y lle teccaf.

Gwr vu Llywelyn ger terfyn taf

Gwawr kyhoet wiagoet wasgaroccaf

Gwr oed arbennic bennaf o vilwyr

Hyd ym porth Weyr eryr araf.

¹ See note to p. 153.

² The river Taff is in Glamorganshire.

May he who took upon himself the sins of the world,
 And suffered the severest of punishment,
 Take my ruler, the most virtuous of princes,
 And make him partaker of the great joys of Heaven.

This portraiture makes the last prince of Wales appear to have been an estimable man, in addition to having the necessary qualifications, in being warlike, valiant, and daring; and the poem very clearly proves one of two things; for we must either believe that Llywelyn actually possessed these fine attributes, or that the bard had refinement enough to perceive that they were qualities which greatly became a prince. In either case it indicates the prevalence of good taste, and right feeling; and as such the poem is a valuable remnant. Two other portraits of this prince have been drawn by different authors; and as they reflect some of the spirit of the age, we shall here quote them as in the edition of the *Polychronicon* printed by Caxton in 1460, with the English translation annexed,—

“Of this Lewelin two men of relygyon wrote verses in metre;
 of the Walshmen in this maner.

Hic jacet Anglorum tortor, tutor Venedorum;
 Princeps Wallorum Lewelinus regula morum;
 Gemma coævorum, flos regum præteritorum;
 Forma futurorum; dux, laus, lex, lux populorum.

Here lyeth the tormentour of Englyshemen wardeyn and tutor of
 Walshemen; Prince of Welshemen. Lewelyn, ruler of good
 thewes. Cheyf precyous stone of them that were in his tyme.
 Floure of kynges that were before. Ensample of them that shall
 be after this time. Leder praysynge; law and lyght of people.

But the Englishman said in this manere,

Hic jacet error princeps, prædo virorum;
 Proditor Anglorum, fax livida, secta reorum;
 Numen Wallorum, trux dux, homicida piorum;
 Fæx Trojanorum, stirps mendax, causa malorum.

Y gwr a gymyrth enghyrth ynghaf
 Angben dros bymboes drymloes drymaf
 A gymero vy rwyf rywoccaf vonhet
 Yn rann trugaret vawret vwyhaf.

Myv. Arch. Vol. I. p. 368.

That is; here lyeth the Prynce of errors, Theyf and robber of men. Traytour of Englyshemen. A dymme bronde; and set of euyll doers, God of Walshemen; a cruell duke; a sleer of good men. Drastes of Troyanes; a false rote cause of euyll dedes."

The allusions to Priam, to Ul Kaissar, and other Latin names, show that the taste for classic literature, which so eminently distinguished this and the succeeding centuries, was beginning to make itself apparent in the works of the bards; it becomes more apparent as we advance, and in the fifteenth century, we find that the revival of Roman literature by Petrarch and Bocaccio, exercised a very powerful influence upon the more learned of the bardic writers.

This bard has three short verses on the death of Davydd Benvras, which form an interesting sketch of that bard,—¹

The good men of Gwynedd, the more is the pity
For us indigent men, are perishing;
Two at a time worthy people die;
Every hour, painful tale, there die three.

Death has been officious with our friends—a new recollection
Causes me profound and lasting regret;
There was mourning for the taking of the reproachless David;
He was a witty man, and in his day wise.

While lived David, his course was blameless,
He was powerful in the conflict of battle,
He was liberal and stout-hearted in distress,
He was witty without pedantry, wise, and humorous.

The bard named Sevnyn, also appears to have been living at this time. Two of his poems have no *cynghanedd*; the

¹ Mae gwyrd a gwynet gwae ni yr eiasywed
Ysawwaeth yn trenghi
Pob deu pobyl dygyn eu colli
Pob awr poen dramawr pob dri.

Oet tringar an car cof newyt am peir
Perygyl hiraeth peunyt
Oet cwyn dwyn difefyl davyt
Oet coeth gwr a doeth y dyd.

Tra vu ddyt davyt difefyl ddylyf cad
Oet cadarn y gynnif
Oet kedawl oet cadyr yg grif
Oet koeth digrawn doeth digrif.

third has. We might thence infer that he flourished between 1280 and 1370. One of these poems describes the exploits of prince Llywelyn.

We have now passed in review several poems of various degrees of merit, but the best and greatest which challenges our critical attention during this stage, is the *Elegy of Gruffydd ab Yr Ynad Coch* upon prince Llywelyn, which is really a very fine composition. The occasion is one to which no Kymro can be indifferent; and I trust it has sufficient interest to justify a brief recapitulation of the circumstances attending Llywelyn's death. He had marched to South Wales, to meet some Cambrian partisans, and English lords, who had entered into a confederacy against Edward the First. The place of meeting was near Builth in Breconshire. He posted his army on a mountain in the neighbourhood, and went alone and unarmed to the appointed spot; but the design having been betrayed, apparently by the persons implicated in the plot, instead of meeting with his confederates, the outposts were attacked by hostile forces. These made no impression, until a ford was shown where the river might be crossed, when a party of English horse surrounded the place where the prince stood. He in endeavouring to get back to his own army was followed by an English knight named Adam de Francton; who knowing only that he was a Welshman, ran his spear through his body, which he left where it lay, and then joined the English troops under Sir Edmund Mortimer, in the attack on the Cambrian army. The battle which occurred on the tenth of December, 1282, lasted three hours, and after a severe conflict, the Kymry were compelled to give way. All this time Llywelyn had lain upon the ground, faint and expiring. He had just life enough remaining to ask for a priest; and a white friar, who chanced to be present, administered to the dying prince the last sacred duties of his office.¹ After the battle, De Francton returned into the

¹ Warrington, vol. ii, p. 269.

valley to strip the person he had wounded. On viewing the body, which was still breathing, it was found, to the great joy of the English army, that the dying person was no other than the prince of Wales. Soon as Llywelyn was dead, De Francon cut off the head, which as a gift of high value he presented to the king at Conway. The body lay unburied for some time, though the prince's friends were solicitous that he might be interred in consecrated ground. The lady Matilda Longespec also, among others, interested herself for a decent interment; but this indulgence, small as it was, was not allowed. As soon as the head was brought to him, the English king sent it to London; and in order to feast the eyes of his subjects with a novel and savage spectacle, it was ornamented with a silver circle, and placed in the pillory in Cheapside, in ridicule of the prophecy of Merlin, that Llywelyn would one day wear the crown of Brutus. In contempt also of the late prediction of the soothsayer, that this prince would ride through Cheapside crowned with a silver diadem, his head was encircled with a wreath of ivy, and being fixed on the point of a spear, was carried through the streets by a horseman; it was then placed upon the highest turret in the Tower of London, where it remained for a long time.¹

These facts will render the allusions in the poem intelligible, and fully justify the observations of Warrington,² that "To insult the remains of a fallen enemy, and a sovereign prince, by devices which were mean and vindictive, was more suited to the leader of a tribe of Arabs, than a great monarch."

¹ Cold is my heart beneath a breast stricken with sorrow,
For the Royal diviner of the court of Aberffraw;
Gold that was not smooth was paid from his hand,
He was worthy of a golden diadem.

¹ Warrington, vol. ii. page 277.

² Ibid. vol. ii. page 278.

³ Oer galon dan fron o fraw—allwynin
Am frenin dewin dor Aberffraw
Aur dilyfn a delid oi law
Aur dalaeth oedd deilwng iddaw.

Golden horns of a golden monarch, I shall have no joy,
 Llywelyn is not living, gracefully to enrobe me ;
 Woe is me for a lordly hawk, free from reproach,
 Woe is me of the misfortune which has befallen him.
 Woe is me of losing him, woe is me of his destiny,
 Woe is me of hearing that he was wounded ;
 Woe ye tents of Cadwaladr, that the obstructor of the flood is
 pierced,
 Golden handed prince, hero of the red-stained spear,
 Every winter he distributed rich apparel,
 And clothed me with garments from his own person.
 Lord of plenteous flocks, our right hand has not prospered,
 But he shall enjoy life eternal.
 It is my lot to complain of Saxon treachery,
 It is mine to complain of the necessity of dying,
 It is mine to despise myself because God
 Has left me without him,
 It is mine to praise him without interruption or silence,
 It is mine henceforth to meditate on him,
 It is mine while life lasts for him to mourn,
 It is mine to grieve, mine to weep.
 A lord I have lost, well may I mourn,
 A lord of a royal palace, slain by a human hand,
 A lord, righteous, and truthful, listen to me !
 I soar to complain, Oh ! that I should have cause.
 A lord, victorious until the eighteen¹ were slain,

Eurgyrn aur deyrn nim daw—llawenydd
 Llywelyn nid rhydd i'm rhwydd wisgaw
 Gwae fi am Arglwydd gwalch diwradydd
 Gwae fi o'r aflwydd ei dramgwyddaw.
 Gwae fi or golled gwae fi or dynged
 Gwae fi or clywed fod elwyf arnaw
 Gwersyll Cadwaladr gwae saf llif daradr
 Gwas rhudd ei baladr balawg eurllaw
 Gwasgaroedd alaf gwisgoedd bob gauaf
 Gwisgoedd am danaf oddi am danaw
 Bucheslawn arglwydd min llwydd yn llaw
 Buchedd dragwydd a drig iddaw
 Ys mau bid wrth Sais am fy nhreisiaw
 Ys mau rhag angau angen gwynaw
 Ys mau gan ddefnydd ymddifanw a Duw
 Am edewis hebddaw
 Ys mau eu ganmawl heb dawl heb daw
 Ys mau fyth bellach ei faith bwyllaw
 Ys mau im dyn hoedl am danaw afar
 Canys mau alar ys mau wylaw
 Arglwydd a gollais gallaf hirfraw
 Arglwydd teyrnblas a las o law
 Arglwydd cywir gwir gwarandaw arnaf
 Uched y cwynaf och or cwynaw
 Arglwydd llwydd cyn lladd y deunaw

¹ Here apparently we have an historical fact not hitherto noticed ; the number of the persons he took with him, appears to have been eighteen.

A lord who was gentle, whose possession is now the silent earth,
 A lord, who was like a lion, ruling the elements,
 A lord, whose disfigurement makes us most uneasy,
 A lord, who was praised in songs as Emrys predicted,
 No Saxon would dare to touch him;
 A lord, the admired of the Kymry; is he not held in a sepulchre,
 Who ought rightly to hold (the sceptre of) Aberffraw?
 Lord Christ, how seriously I grieve for him,
 Lord of truth, grant him salvation.
 O the heavy sword stroke which slew him,
 O the long-swords which caused his ruin,
 O the wound inflicted by the loss of our ruling prince,
 O that we should have heard that his army was obstructed.
 The heroic chief was slain by the hand of a stranger,
 And the privilege of his age was not respected.
 Candle of sovereignty, powerful lion of Gwynedd,
 Whom the chair of honour so greatly became!
 Alas his death! Wide Britain mourns the fall of her supporter,
 O that the lion was slain, who was our talisman and armour.
 Many a slippery tear sails down the cheek,
 Many a wounded side is red with gore,
 Many a foot is bathed in blood,
 Many a widow mourns her partner lost,
 Many a mind is heavily troubled,
 Many a son grieves over a father slain,

Arglwydd llary neud llawr ei ystaw eiddaw
 Arglwydd glew fal llew yn llywiau elfydd
 Arglwydd aflonydd eu afluniaw
 Arglwydd cannadlwydd cyn adaw Emraia
 Ni lyfasai Sais ei ogleisiau
 Arglwydd neud maendo ymandaw Cymry
 Or llin a ddyly ddal Aberffraw
 Arglwydd Crist mor wyf drist drostaw
 Arglwydd gwir gwared y ganthaw
 O gleddyfawd trwm tramgwydd arnaw
 O gleddyfau hir yn ei ddiriau
 O glwyf am fy rhwyf y sy'm rhwyfaw
 O glywed lludded llu bod faeaw
 Cwbl o was alas o law ysgeraint
 Cwbl braint ei henaint oedd o honaw
 Canwyll teyrnedd cadarn llew Gwynedd
 Cadair anrhydedd rhaid oedd wrthaw
 O laith Prydain faith cwynllaith canllaw
 O ladd llew o an coel lluryg na'ncaw
 Llauer deigr hylithr yn hwyllaw ar rudd
 Llauer ystlys rudd a rhwyg arnaw
 Llauer gwaed am draed wedi ymdreiddiau
 Llauer gweddaw a gwaedd y amdanaw
 Llauer meddwl trwm yn omrwyaw
 Llauer mab heb dad gwedi ei adaw

Many an old grey town is deserted,
Many will be ruined by yonder deed.

A portion of this Elegy which succeeds these lines, has been already rendered into English verse. The translation occurs in Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards*; and as they very faithfully represent in a pleasing form the sublimity of the original, the lines are here inserted,—¹

Frequent is heard the voice of woe,
Frequent the tears of sorrow flow;
Such sounds as erst in Camlan heard,
Rous'd to wrath old Arthur's bard,
Cambria's warrior we deplore;
Our Llywelyn is no more.
Who like Llywelyn now remains,
To shield from wrong his native plains?
My soul with piercing grief is fill'd;
My vital blood with horror chill'd:
Nature herself is changed, and lo!
Now all things sympathize below!
Hark! how the howling wind and rain,
In loudest symphony complain!
Hark! how the consecrated oaks,
Unconscious of the woodman's strokes,
With thundering crash proclaim he's gone;
Fall in each other's arms and groan!
Hark! how the sullen tempests roar!
See! how the white waves lash the shore!
See! how eclipsed the sun appears,
See! how the stars fall from their spheres!
Each awful Heaven sent prodigy,
Ye sons of infidelity,

Llawer hendref fraith gwedi llwybr godalth
Llawer diffaith drwy anrhaith draw

¹ Llawer llef druan fal ban fu'r Gamlan
Llawer deigr dros ran wedi'r greiniaw
O leas gwanas gwanar eurllaw
O laith Llywelyn cof dyn ni'm daw
Oerfelawg calon dan fron o fraw
Rewydd fal crinwydd y sy'n crinaw
Poni welchwi hynt y gwynt ar glaw
Poni welchwi'r deri yn ymdaraw
Poni welchwi'r mor yn merwinaw'r tir
Poni welchwi'r gwynt yn ymgyweiriaw
Poni welchwi'r haul yn hwyllaw'r awyr
Poni welchwi'r syr wedi syrthiaw
Poni chredwchwi Dduw dyniadon yafyd

Believe and tremble. Guilty land,
 Lo! thy destruction is at hand!
 Thou great Creator of the world,
 Why are not thy red lightnings hurl'd?
 Will not the sea at thy command,
 Swallow up this guilty land?
 Why are we left to mourn in vain,
 The Guardian of our country slain?
 No place, no refuge for us left,
 Of homes, of liberty, bereft;
 Where shall we flee? to whom complain,
 Since our dear Llywelyn's slain?

The verse translation ending here, it becomes necessary to resume our literal version.—¹

Every member of his worthy family,
 Every tenant who lived under him,
 Every chieftain, every land that was his,
 Every cantrev, and every town—all are pierced with
 grief.
 Every family, every tribe, are sorrowing,
 Every weak, and every powerful maintained by his
 hand,
 Every son in the land groans in anguish.
 It was small gain to deceive me,
 By leaving my head and taking his;

A head which when severed was not avenged by Kymry,
 A head, which, when slain, had better have been preserved,

Poni welchwî'r byd wedi bydiaw
 Och hyd attad Dduw na ddaw—mor dros dir
 Pa beth i'n gedir i ohiriaw
 Nid oes le y cyrcher rhag caarchar braw
 Nid oes le y triger och o'r trigaw
 Nid oes na chynghor na chlo nac egor
 Unffordd i egor brwyngyngor braw.

¹ Pob teulu teilwng oedd iddaw
 Pob cedwyr cedwynt y danaw
 Pob dengyn a dyngynt o'i law
 Pob gwledig pob gwlad oedd iddaw
 Pob cantref pob tref ynt yn treiddiaw
 Pob tylwyth pob llwyth y sy'n llithraw
 Pob gwan pob cadarn oedwedd o'i law
 Pob mab yn ei gryd y sy'n udaw
 Bychan lles oedd ym am fy nhwyllaw
 Gadael pen arnaf heb ben arnaf
 Pen pan las ni bu gas gymraw
 Pen pan las oedd lesach peidiaw

The head of a warrior, a ruler of highest celebrity,
The head was that of a dragon, and on his crest a dragon's
head.

Head of Llywelyn the fair, profoundly feared,
O that there should be an iron spear through it!

Head of a lord after whom we severely grieve,
Head that was owner of nine hundred lands,

Having nine hundred feasts;

Head of sovereigns, from whose hand the spear swiftly flew,

Head of proud princes, of the blunted sword,

Head of wolf-like rulers loving the battle's front,

Head of Christian sovereigns—may heaven be his lot.

Blessed sovereign, leader of a splendid army,

A blessed host conquering as far as Brittany,

True and rightful king of Aberffraw,

May he inherit the blessed land of Heaven !

This bard was the ablest of his day, and this elegy is a fine specimen of his ability. He was strongly inspired with the true spirit of poetry, and seems to have been greatly affected by the fate of his beloved prince. The figures are beautiful, and unusually bold ; and were they not justified by the bard's Hebrew models, and by the subsequent examples of the greatest names in modern poetry, an ample defence would be furnished in their own intrinsic force and sublimity. I wish such flights of fancy were more frequent among other bards; their poems would then have taken a firmer hold than they have upon the public mind. This poem is worthy of the occasion which called it forth, and forms a fitting wail on a hero's fall.

Pen milwr pen moliant rhagllaw
Pen dragon pen draig oedd arnaw
Pen Llewelyn deg dygn o fraw—i'r byd
Bod pawl haiarn drwyddaw
Pen Arglwydd poen dyngngwydd amdaw
Pen fenaidd heb fanag arnaw
Pen a fu berchen ar barch naw Canwlad
A naw canwledd iddo
Pen teyrn heyrn heid o'i law
Penteyrnwalch balch bwlech ei ddeifniaw
Penteyrnaidd flaidd flaengar ganthaw
Penteyrnef nef ei nawdd arnaw
Gwyndeyrn ortheyrn wrthaw
Gwendorf gorf gorfynt hynt hyd Lydaw
Gwir freiniol frenhin Aberffraw
Gwenwlad nef boed addef iddaw.

Myv. Arch. Vol. p. 397.

SECTION III.

THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF THE BARDS.

It is a fact now satisfactorily established by the concurrent researches of Blount, Hughes, Rees, and Stebbing, that there was a British church in these Islands prior to the arrival of Augustine. This church then had, and continued among the Kymry for many centuries to have, a separate and independent existence. Wide differences of opinion on matters pertaining to doctrine and church government, existed between the two churches, and until members of the church of Rome, in the course of time, insinuated themselves into the British churches, these differences continued. And even then the fusion was not complete; for the Kymry ever looked with a jealous eye upon foreign ecclesiastics.

This fact will go far to account for the appearance during the middle ages, of a mass of religious poetry in the Cambrian language. I was not a little surprised in perusing these, to find the bards, almost to a man, exercising their talents in the composition of a species of literature which seemed so inconsistent with their practices and professions; but on examination, it soon appeared that they had been judged both harshly and unfairly. The Kymry have ever been a religious people; and the profession of Christianity seems now to be a necessary part of their constitution. It will have been observed that scarcely one of their poems begins without an invocation to the Deity, and none end without aspirations for eternal joy hereafter; and it is both interesting and instructive, to mark the effect of the principles of Christianity, upon men who were by no means favourably

disposed towards its teachers. The bards had the discrimination to distinguish between the truth of religion, and the mixture of truth and error then usually presented under that name. In the bardic poems, we frequently meet with wholesale denunciations of the clergy, but in the whole range of Kymric poetry, there is not, I confidently venture to assert, a line of impiety. The professors of a religion, whose precepts they did not practise, were satirized, and justly too; but that censure was never indiscriminate, and co-existed with sincere and unaffected belief. In the lapse of centuries, the independence of the Kymry became greatly compromised; but the people kept to themselves the right of private judgment, and a disposition to put that right in practice. We have already quoted Meilyr's Ode upon his death bed. Kynddelw has a long poem in ten parts, addressed to the Deity, a part of which has been already given; and he has another, supposed to have been his last literary effort, of much greater merit, in which he endeavours, with much success, to show that the bardic profession was not inconsistent with piety. Prydydd y Moch has an address to the Deity, as has Davydd Benvras; Meilyr ab Gwalchmai has eight small poems on devotional subjects, without much merit; and Einion his brother is not more fortunate in the three long addresses to God, which bear his name. Elidir Sais has several religious poems of much more than ordinary merit. One of them has excellence enough to justify quotation.¹—

A DIVINE ODE.

Consider thy errors, for it is written,
 "With God there will be no contention,
 But truth, and mild tranquillity,
 And true mercy," as he has said.
 Examine thy conduct ere thou goest to the grave!

¹ Ystyr di enuir heruyd a treithir
 Gan dduu ny cheffir dim cynirha
 Eithr gwiryoned a gwar tangneved
 A gwir drugared val y gueda
 Edryoh dy vuched kyn myn'd i'th ved

If thou hast done wrong, be not surprised,
 Should there be extreme payment before Jesus ;
 Where the three hosts see the evils he has done,
 Woe to the believer who has sinned ;
 The deception will not be mercifully passed away,
 And though he thinks not of it, there will be prepared
 To meet the sinner—the record of his sins.
 Who have done well will be esteemed,
 And honoured at the feast of the blessed.
 I have seen Llywelyn with armies numerous as Mervyn's,
 And the Kymry of the land thronging around him ;
 I have seen the chiefs of North and South Cambria,
 Pillars of battle, sitting on their thrones ;
 I have seen men in battle upon prancing warsteeds,
 I have seen wine flowing, hosts of men, and play-places ;
 I have seen numbers perpetually drinking,
 And the world increasing in good men ;
 All these passed away like contracting shadows,
 And yet men dream of never ending days!
 The rich shall not have longer life
 Than the disturbed, or the contentious.
 Let man consider ere he is overtaken by death and the grave,
 What he will ask, what he will hate ;
 Let him ask every virtue, and the feast will never end,—
 And the joyfulness and peace of faith will be perpetual ;
 But let him not ask to cheat, and falsely charge

O gunaethost gamued na ryveda
 Bot yn dir talu ger bron Iesu
 Lle y guelo trillu y trallaut a wna
 Yr tnyll nyt truan a diwlannu
 Ac ny meddylio a rwy dirpero
 Y ruyf a gaffo nyt ymgoffha
 Cyt boed gyvanned bydaul gymmyrred
 Guledd guneir enrhydedd uned a wna
 Gweleis Lywelyn luocd eil Mervyn
 A chymry tervyn yn y tyrva
 Guelais bennaethen guyned a deheu
 Colofynnau cadeu cyd orsedfa
 Guelais uyr yn trin a meirch mysterin
 A guin a guerin a gwaruyva
 Guelais liosyd a chyved beunyd
 A byd ar gynnyd gynnyf gwyrda
 Hynny aeth heibiaw mal ymchoel dylau
 Mae pawb yn adaw oed dibarha
 Ni cheiff cyvoethauc vot yn hir hoedlauc
 Vuy no chynwinauc na chynhenna
 Ystyryeit pan vo rac poeneu a gro
 Ba beth a geisao beth a gassa
 Keisset pob detuyd y wled ny dervyd
 Lleuenyd llonyd ffyd a ffynna
 Na cheisset hocket truy gam gyhudet

With injustice, Heaven in its beauty.
 When attentively considered, penance becomes a serious duty,
 On account of the triumph over Eva ;
 It was not for sins of his own that the Lord of Heaven,
 Symmetrical sacrifice ! suffered on the tree ;
 Woe be to him whose original sin is unforgiven,
 Sad will it be to see him, when with downcast look,
 Showing the gashes, and all his wounds,
 The nailmarks, the blood, and the cross,
 Christ the mysterious, king of kings, shall say,
 "This did I, what hast thou done ?"
 For the good, holiness is prepared in the presence of the
 Deity,
 For the sinful, there will be total destruction.
 Woe to the miserly, and the cheat,
 And those who from false notions do not worship ;
 They will be seen atoning for their sins,
 And repenting, in the pains of hell ;
 And there will be seen in the glory of heaven,
 Those who walked in the paths of righteousness ;
 The excess of joy will not end,
 And the free and open feast will last for ever.

Llywelyn Vardd has also several poems of considerable merit, addressed to the Cambrian princes, and particularly one to Owain Gwynedd ; but considering that the repetition of the same topics, and ideas, was likely to weary the reader, I thought it imprudent to give another of the same

Nef yn y thecket kan ny thycka .
 Pan luyr veddylier penyt pryt pryder
 Pan gam edyllder over Eva
 Nat oe gammoed ef yd aeth Arglwyd nef
 Y pren diodef edyl traha
 Gwae nyt mat anet bechodaul ueithret
 Tosted vyd guelet goluc lyvrdr
 Dangos ffrowyllen ae holl archollen
 Ae gethreu ac greu ae groc a una
 Hynn a wnaethum i beth a wnaethost di
 Med Crist Celi rhi rheid oed yna
 Bod gleindyt puraud yn erbyn Duydant
 Rac trallaut pechaut devaut diva
 Gwae wynt y kebydyon ar hocket dynion
 Ac camvedylyon ynt adola
 Gweled en madeu dros eu camwedeu
 Yn uffern boeneu benyt gudva
 A guelet mynet i nef ogonet
 Y saul a gaffet ar gyffurfa
 Y gan leuenyd y uled ni dervyt
 Yn dragywyd ryd rat gymanva.

class as those already quoted, and therefore selected a poem, in which the bard has attempted to realize the preparatory stages of the last awful judgment. The merit of the poem is not very great; but as the sublimity of the subject would be enough to keep it free from commonplaces, it may be readable,—¹

THE SIGNS BEFORE THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Friend! listen thou to the sense,
Which the books so fully express;
Miracles will be evident to the observer,
And the sea will be raised to the sky!
The British channel is not measureless,
For God has unfolded
The magnitude of the signs which will be,
On the fifteenth day before judgment;
The fourteenth day,
The course of the great sea will be stopped,
And in the depth of the earth such a spectacle,
That the wind cannot reach the billows;
Thirteenth day, men of science
Will be greatly astonished to see the ocean,
Which when it comes to be noticed,
Will be seen to be, not where it was.
Twelfth day, God is enough,
The animals of the sea, of great qualities,
And every kind of fish, from its incontinence,
Will be thrown on the surface of the deep.

¹ Gwyn gwarandaw di ar synhwyr
A draetha y llyfrau mor llwyr
Gwyrthau golau gwelthator
Dyrchavael mor hyd awyr
Morudd meidrawl ei ddefawd
Oblegid Duw a'i dywawd
Maint yr arwyddion a fydd
Pumthegfed dydd cyn dydd brawd
Y pedwerydd dydd ar ddeg
Ydgyrch mor mawr attreg
Yn nyfnder daiar dremynt
Fai nas cyrraedd gwynt gwaneg
Trydydd ar ddeg trwy deithi
Mawr uthredd gweled gweilgi
Pryd pan eler i'w sylli
Nad ym men yd fu yd fi
Deuddegfed dydd Duw digawn
Anifeiliaid mor mawr ddawn
Y daw pob pysg oi odeb
Hyd ar wyneb yr eigiawn

Eleventh day, the circle of danger is closing up,
 Created beings tremble,
 From fear of an unrestrained flood,—
 The birds of the earth abstain (from singing?)
 Tenth day, in consequence of the elements
 Men cannot converse;
 And the sea will cease its motions,
 From the action of the streams of fire.
 After the tenth will come the ninth,
 God himself planning the events;
 Showers of fire will fall from the stars.
 Eighth day, there will be heard
 Edicts certain and uncontrollable,
 Sternly showing what would shortly come,
 So that man and earth shall tremble.
 Seventh day, the day of prophecy,
 The greatest rocks will be split asunder,
 For they break from the terror of judgment.
 Sixth day, bitter will be the signs,
 Blood will come from straw and wood,
 And the Lord our protector.
 Will give us belief and baptism.
 Fifth day, the elements will wage unsuccessful war,
 The Lord will not be hidden,
 When there shall be breaking of rushes,

Undegfed dydd oerdd oengant
 Creaduriau yd grynant
 Rhac ofn diliw diarchar
 Adar daiar dirwestant
 Degfed dydd herwydd anian
 Ni aill dyniadon diddan
 Mor diffaith nis ryddifawdd
 Rhag maint ffawdd ffrydiau tân
 Nawfed wedi degfed daw
 Duw ei hun yn ei lunlaw
 Ufeliar tân drwy ystyr ergyr
 Or syr yn syrthiaw
 Wythfed dydd dybydd dyar
 Deddfau diau diarchar
 Dygn ddangos aros erfyn
 Fal yd gryn dyn a daear
 Seithfed dydd dydd darogan
 Main mwyaf oll a holldan
 Gwyrthiau Duw a ddangosan
 Rhag arynaig brawd briwan
 Arwyddon chwerw chweched dydd
 Y daw gwaed or gwellt ar gwydd
 An Arglwydd ein Arglwyddrydd
 An rhoddes ni cred a bedydd
 Pumhed dydd elfydd aſlwydd
 Rhyfel nid argel Arglwydd
 Pan fo briwa brwynan

And when churches shall be falling down.
 Fourth day, it will be serious,
 For the animals of the world,
 They wildly rush about in view,
 Knowing that they will not all go.
 Third and pitiful day ;
 Of the terror of judgment there is fear,
 And men part from all they love on earth.
 Second day, before the day of the deluge,
 The serious people of Christ know him,
Palpable ghosts they walk about,
 Knowing that they shall not live.
 One day ; God will bring all
 The children of Adam from a distance ;
 And the dumb, the insane, and the passionate
 Will be in full possession of their faculties.

The pseudo-Taliesin has a poem on the same subject.

It was at the beginning of the thirteenth century, that that quarrel, so important to the interests of the Kymry, took place between the English monarch, and Giraldus Cambrensis. The kings of England had, for a long period, aided, and countenanced the attempts of the archbishop of Canterbury, to break down the independence of the Cambrian church ; and for this purpose, they assisted him in forcing English bishops into Kymric sees. The position of the Cambrian church at this time was somewhat anomalous ; the bishops appointed by the kings of England, with the sanction of the archbishops, were received, and allowed

Eglwysau diau digwydd
 Pedwerydd dydd trwy dristyd
 Arnaid anifeiliaid byd
 Yngwylloedd cyhoedd i cerddant
 Can gwyyddant nad ant y gyd
 Trydydd dydd drueni
 Rhag arynaig brawd braw fi
 A rygollo pawb o gar
 Ar wyneb daear Dyfi
 Eildydd cyn no dydd dilyw
 Pobloedd drist Crist a'i oennyw
 Yngwylloedd cyhoedd cerddant
 Can gwddant na byddant byw
 Undydd Dofydd dybydd oll
 Pobloedd plant Addaf o bell
 A mud a drud a drythyll
 Yn llwyr yn eu llawn ddeall.

Myv. Arch. vol. I. p. 363.

to continue unless they made themselves obnoxious by tyrannical conduct ; in which case they were unceremoniously expelled, and others elected in their place ; and these elected bishops in many cases, were allowed to remain undisturbed. Giraldus was less fortunate ; he had been elected to the see of St. David ; but king Henry, and afterwards king John, were determined that the see of St. David should not have a bishop from among the Kymry. The contest was continued with doubtful success for many years, the archbishop of Canterbury named another person to that see, and the pope after much equivocation, when he had extracted from both the kings of England and the Cambrian princes, all the money that he was likely to have, annulled both appointments, and left them to settle their own quarrel. Giraldus was ultimately superseded. We make these remarks in order to introduce a few extracts as specimens of prose composition, from the very powerfully written petition of the Kymric princes in favour of Giraldus. Addressing the pope they say,—

“The Archbishops of Canterbury, as if it were a matter of course, send among us, English Bishops, ignorant alike of both our customs and language, and who can neither preach the word of God to the people, nor receive their confessions except through the mediation of interpreters.

These Bishops arriving from England in this manner, love neither ourselves nor our country ; but on the contrary vex and persecute us with a hatred rooted, and national ; they seek not the good of our souls ; but only aspire to rule over, and not to benefit us. For which reason, they do not often labour among us in discharge of their ministerial functions, but whatever they can lay hold of, or obtain from us, whether justly or unjustly, they take away to England, and there live luxuriantly, and wastefully upon wealth derived from the monasteries, and lands given to them by the kings of England. From thence, like the Parthians who discharge their arrows while flying, and at a distance, they excommunicate us as often as they are desired so to do.

Whenever an expedition is preparing against us in England, the primate of Canterbury suddenly lays under an interdict that part of the country which it is proposed to invade. Our Bishops, who are his creatures, hurl their anathemas against the people collectively, and by name against the chiefs who take up arms to lead them to combat. So that whenever we take up arms to de-

send our native land against a foreign enemy, such of us as fall in battle die under the ban of excommunication."

I cite these only as specimens of vigorous composition ; and they will be generally admitted to be so, though much of their force is of course due to the cases of glaring injustice they expose.

There are pertaining to this period several series of documents which possess considerable literary merit, and are creditable to their authors. These are the letters from and to the Kymric princes, and the archbishops of Canterbury as the agents of the English monarchs. I would call attention to the Letters which passed between archbishop Peckham, and the princes Llywelyn and David ab Gruffydd, and the men of Snowdon. Had they not been already published in English by Warrington, and in Welsh by the Rev. T. Price, they would have been inserted here, as I think highly of their merit ; but if the reader will take the trouble to peruse them in either "The History of Wales," or "Hanes Cymru," he cannot fail to coincide with me in the belief, that in manly reasoning, eloquent indignation, and combined wit and logic, the letters of prince Llywelyn, the men of Snowdon, and prince David, far excel those of the archbishop. It ought however to be conceded, that the latter had the worst side ; but neither the wit nor the reasoning of the Kymry was of any avail ; war was predetermined, and negotiations were but a pretence to veil the preparations which were being made, and lull the Cambrian princes into a false sense of security.

We do not find many religious poems in the early part of the reign of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd. Llygad Gwr's poems are all heroic, and among those of the Prydydd Bychan, and Bleddyn Vardd, there is not one on a devotional topic. Towards the close of the thirteenth century, poems of this class become more numerous, and religious poems assume importance. But while upon this subject, I do not think, I can do it greater justice than in quoting the Rev. T. Price, at some length,—

"But although their proud, and luxurious enemies accuse the Kymry of disrespect to Church matters, I am quite convinced that at this period, they possessed religious feelings full as warm, and knowledge quite as extensive, as the same class of men in any portion of the world. As an example of their religious character, I will take a few extracts from the works of contemporary Bards, which methinks show the religious tendencies of Wales better than if we had numerous theological treatises to lay before the reader.

The following is from Gruffydd ap yr Ynad Coch, of whom we have already spoken. The Bard expresses his regret that sinners will not believe of the sufferings of Christ; and shows an intimate acquaintance with Christian doctrine, and Scripture history. He begins one Ode thus,—¹

² Alas! Thou King who rulest above,
The generous Father who lightens eye and hand!
That the sinner will not believe he has been saved,
From going to a pit, to remain afar;
Nor that Christ was pained and broken-hearted;
Nor that he went to the cross for him;
Alas! that he knows not well the slaying of the Lord,
And that he was left in mockery.
If man would but set his mind to consider,
The pain HE suffered,
When his flesh was pierced by nails—
He would not commit sin, nor desire it,
Even if there were not a day when God shall come
And pass judgment upon us.
And the blood is as fresh
As the day he was crucified.

¹ Hanes Cymru, p. 758, &c.

² Och hyd ar frenin freint ucheldaw
Hældad goleud llygad a llaw
Na chred pechadur ei ddifuriaw
Yny ei i bwl i bell drigaw
Na phoeni gau galon dreuliaw
Na myned o Grist ir grog erddaw
Ac na wyr yn llwyr llabyddiaw—'n harglwydd
A thrwy waradwydd ei wir adaw
Bei meddyfiai ddyn ai feddyliaw
A fu o ddolur ar ei ddwylaw
Gan gethri parawd yn cythruddaw—cnawd
Ef ni wnai bechawd nai rybuchaw
Be na bai undydd dofydd an daw
Dyddbrawd yn barawd i'n diburaw
Ar gwaed gyn ired
Ar dydd y croged

And his hands were spread out
 When the deed was done.
 And the blood was in streams
 About his breast,
 And his wounds
 Are unhealed.
 And the crown of thorns,
 And his lifeless body,
 And his head encircled,
 With the thorny ring.
 And the mark on his side,
 Of the scourges
 Which took away his life,
 And gave him pain.
 And all to purchase the son of man
 From the everlasting fire,
 By the enemy
 In whose hands he was.

We have here an acknowledgment of the doctrine of the salvation of man through the blood of Christ, as clearly as it would be laid down by any divine of a more enlightened age. In the following lines from another ode by the same bard, the same doctrine is contained; but we have in addition the doctrine of the intercession of the saints,

The protection of Father and Son, freely give to my heart,
 The protection of the Holy Ghost, in memory of the passion, ¹

Ai ddwylaw ar lled
 Wedi'r llidiaw
 Ar gwaed yn ffrydiau
 Ynghylch ei fronneu
 Ai holl weliau
 Heb eliaw
 Ai goron yn ddrain
 Ac yntau'n gelain
 Ai ben yn anghrain
 Wedi'r greiniaw
 Ac ol ffreyllau
 Ar ei ystlysau
 Er gwneuthur angau
 A phoen iddaw
 Er prynu mab dyn
 Or tan ufelyn
 Y gan ei elyn
 Oedd yn aelaw.

¹ Nawdd y tad ar mab rhad rhof am galon
 Nawdd y glan yspryd cywyd cofion

The protection of Jesus, loving the crown of mercy,
 Lover of discipline and disciples.
 The protection of the Cross, of beneficial attributes,
 Which thou God tookest for the sake of thy men,
 Lest they should fall into the infernal pit,
 And among its infidel inhabitants.
 The protection of Mercy, between me and my enemies,
 The protection of Maria and Mary, and her maids,
 And the protection of the great Archangels,
 Lord of Heaven and earth, that we may prosper.

And then he proceeds to claim, after the usual fashion, the protection of numerous other saints.

The next extract, from the same writer, displays an intimate acquaintance with the theology of that period,—

Seven deadly sins, are the sins of the people,
 They are enumerated in the Bible.
 For the seven deadly sins—not fictitious sins,
 The seven prayers of the Pater are the best remedy.
 Seven kind endowments, I know their beginning,
 Seven splendours, let their names be repeated,
 Seven blessed verses, before the pain of the cross,
 Christ sang with his lips.
 Let the five ages of the world consider, that these verses
 pardon.
 When the only Son of God, on the best of days,
 Went to the portals of hell, and its captive fiends,¹

Nawdd y Iesu caru coron tangnefedd
 Caredd disgybledd a'i ddygyblion.
 Nawdd y grog ddehau ddoniau ddanfon
 A gymmeraist Dduw er dy ddynion
 Rhag uffern gethern geithaw anffyddlaw
 A'i chreulawn ddigawn ddigasogion.
 Nawdd y cariad rhad rhof am galon
 Nawdd myr ar Mair ai morwynion
 A nawdd a archaf archengylion—mawr
 Arglwydd nef a llawr fal y llwyddon, &c.

¹ Saith brifwyd pechawd yw pechodau'r bobl
 Mae yn y Bibl eu henwau
 Am saith briwyd nid gwyd gau
 Saith weddi y pader arfer oreu
 Seithrad mađ medrwyf eu dechreu
 Saith lleufer enwer eu henwau
 Saith wers cymman glan cyn gloes angygrog
 A gant Crist ai enau
 Ystyriant pumoes byd eu bod ym maddeu
 Pan aeth unmađ Duw y dydd goreu
 I ddrws porth uffern gethern gaethau

To pierce, with his cross, and his blood,
 The unhappy serpent in his mouth,
 There were boiling, horrid the screaming !
 Seven hundred thousand cauldrons of souls.

And cold rain and snow,
 And serpents and lions,
 And all without cessation,
 Enduring punishment.
 And the branching fiends,
 And the horned devil,
 With sharp hoofs
 On his heels.
 And the hard headed mice
 With horned beaks,
 And the blue iron tablets,
 And the arrows strewed around ;
 And the long wicked places,
 And the murky furnaces,
 And all crawling
 With their eyes on their paws ;
 And wicked long spits,
 And every contrivance,
 And all sorts of creeping things
 Upon ancient doors.

I wan heb annog ai grog oi grau
 Y sarph aflawen yn eu enau
 Ydd oedd yn berwi wb o'r barau
 Saith canmil peiriad o eneidiau

A glaweir ac ot
 A seirph a llewod
 A phawb heb ammod
 Yn ei boenau
 Ar cethri osglawg
 Ar cythraul corniawg
 Ar cynn llym sodlawg
 Ar ei sodlau
 Ar llygod pengarn
 Ar gylfinau carn
 Ar llech las haiarn
 Ar sarn saethau
 Ar ffair yn hirddrwg
 Ar ffwrn dywyllwg
 A phawb ai olwg
 Ar ei balfau
 A phob rhyw hirddrwg
 A phob cyfriwg
 A phob eiddiorwg
 Ar hen doreu

And every contrivance to wound the flesh,
 And every flesh wounder with his flesh-hooks ;
 And all howling,
 And all wailing.
 And all crying,
 For death to kill them, &c.

This poem concludes with a prayer, in which the poet asks for,—

Communion and confession,
 And the pleasure of books,
 And what is good and necessary,
 And fitting, Amen.
 Communion with the Lord
 As is best.
 That I be not a lazy glutton,
 That I be not languid and timid,
 That I be not a worker
 Of evil deeds ;
 That I be not vituperative,
 That I be not pugnacious,
 That I be not unkind,
 Harboursing deceit;
 That my life be not unfortunate,
 Through other's doing;
 And that when death arrives
 I be not unwise, Amen.¹

A phob rhyw ddefawd
 Er doluriaw cnawd
 A phob cigweinawd
 Ar cigweinaw
 A phawb yn ubain
 A phawb yn germain
 A phawb yn llefain
 Nas lladd angeu, &c.

¹ Cymmun a chyffes
 A lles llyfrau
 O lew ac angen
 A chymuyl Amen
 A chymmod am rhen
 Yr hyn goreu
 Ni bwyf lwth diawg
 Ni bwyf lesg ofnawg
 Ni bwyf weithredawg
 Camweithredau
 Ni bwyf gyhuddgar
 Ni bwyf ymladdgar
 Ni bwyf anhygar
 Yn hogi gau
 Ni bwyf hoedyl gywall
 O weithred arall
 Ni bwyf wr angall
 Erbyn angeu, amen.

Madawc ab Gwallter, was another religious bard who wrote about 1250. He was the author of the following lines, to Christ, which, though they contain some obscure words, are pretty intelligible, when we consider that six hundred years have elapsed since they were written. No other nation can produce such another specimen of old literature so intelligible in the present day,—¹

A son has been given us,
A kind son is born
With great privileges ;
A son of glory,
A son to save us ;
The best of sons ;
Son of a virgin mother,—
With a merciful religion,
Full of good precepts ;
Without an incarnate father,
This is the free Son,
The gift of gifts ;
We will wisely consider,
And wonder
Wonders ;
Nothing more wonderful
Will again demand
Praise from our lips ;
God growing,
Man creating,
Creatures ;

¹ Mab an rhodded
Mab mad aned
Dan ei freiniau
Mab gogonedd
Mab i'n gwared
Y mab goreu
Mab mam forwyn
Grefydd aeddfwyn
Aeddfed eiriau
Heb gnawdol Dad
Hwn yw'r mab rhad
Rhoddiaid rhadau
Doeth ystyriwn
A rhyfeddwn
Rhyfeddodau
Dim rhyfeddach
Ni bydd bellach
Ni bwyll enau
Duw in dyfu
Dyn yn creu
Creaduriau

A God, a man,
 And the God a man,
 With the same faculties;
 A great little giant,
 A strong puny potentate,
 Of pale cheeks.
 Richly poor,
 Our father and brother,
 Author of being ;
 Jesus, he whom
 We expect,
 King of kings ;
 Exalted, lowly,
 Emmanuel,
 Honey of minds ;
 With the ox and the ass,
 The Lord of Life,
 Lies in a manger ;
 And a heap of straw,
 As a chair,
 Clothed in tatters ;
 Velvet he wants not,
 Nor white ermine,
 To cover him ;
 Around his couch,
 Rags were seen,
 Instead of fine linen, &c.

Yn Dduw yn ddyn
 Ar Duw yn ddyn
 Yn un ddoniau
 Cawr mawr bychan
 Cryf cadarn gwan
 Gwynion ruddiau
 Cyfoethawg tlawd
 An tad an brawd,
 Awdur brodiau
 Iesu yw hwn
 A erlyniwn
 Yn ben rhiau
 Uchel isel
 Emmanuel
 Mel meddyliau
 Uch ac Assen
 Arglwydd presen
 Preseb piau
 A soppen wair
 Yn lle cadair
 Yn llwycadau
 Pali ni myn
 Nid urael gwyn
 Ei gynhiniau
 Yn lle syndal
 Yngbyleh ei wal
 Gwelid carpiâu, &c."

He then proceeds to mention other incidents connected with the infancy of our Lord, and concludes by stating that he was born—

Of a lady,
Who will do us good
Beneath our burdens.
And will find us room
In the fairest place
Among the happy.¹

We will take one extract more from the brother, Madawc ab Gwallter. The Ode to God is written in a flowing style, and shows much splendour of imagery and language,²

Save me, O Lord, and protect me,
I am weak, want strength ; be thou my Supporter ;
Thou deliverer of many, deliver me ;
Deliverer of the weak, woe to him whom thou lovest not.

And thou Soul ! abstain from making me sin,
Turn from the ways of error, while thou mayest,
Guard the mind's feet, while thou possessest prudence,
From among the webs of deceit, and their dark trench.

The Perfect ; fairer than the gold of the gold-worker,
Designed and created thee, as thou mayest easily believe ;
His own form he impressed-upon thee,
And thou ownest his fair image.

¹ O arglwyddes
Awna ynn lles
An lludd penau
Ac an gwna lle
Yn nhecca bre
Yngobrwyau. Amen.

² I Dduw.

Gwared arnaf Naf, nawdd a'm rhoddych,
Gwan wyf, i'm nerthwyf ; fy neirthiad fych,
Gwareder llawer, lle gwaredych raid,
Gwaredwr gweiniaid, gwae ni gerych.

Tithau yr enaid, paid ! na'm pedych :
Tro o ffyrdd didro, yd tra geffych ;
Tyn droed dy feddwl, tra feddych dy bwyll,
O blith maglau twyll, tywyll eu rhych.

Gloyw, deccach no'r aur yn ngwaith eurych,
A th luniawdd, creawdd, hawdd y crettych,
Ei eilun ei hun honnych ei arddelw
Ac oi deg widdelw yr arddelwych.

To a hundred covenants he adds one more,
From his great love lest thou becomest embarrassed,
Watch the hour that thou partest from the flesh,
That thou be not unready.

The blood of Jesus, the dear blood of the sufferer,
His story is truly good, when considered ;
He groaned, and wept, like an ox bellowing,
When in pain,—woe is his fellow ox.

Jesus, fair Jesus, show me thy face,
Conceal it not from me ;
Veil not thy features, look down
Upon thy servant, and hate him not,

While I live, mysterious Ruler ! encourage me,
To thee I turn, turn not from me,
Do not let me slip into evil courses,
Nor end my days in the pursuit of vanity.

Emperor, Creator, strengthen me,
My faith, my religion strengthen ;
Take my hand in thine, and guide me rightly,
Lead me along the paths of rectitude.

I will praise thee, kind Ruler of the Heavens,
Who will not praise, who know thee ?
Bells and books shall sound thy praise,
And harp melodies from sharp and twanging strings

Gwedi cant cymmod cymmydych unwaith,
Herwydd cariad maith hyd na methlych ;
Disgwyliaw yr awr elych o'r cnawd,
Na fydd ammharawd pan ammherych.

Gwaed Iesu a fu, gwaed eu cwynych
Gwirdda ystoria pan ystyrych ;
Griddfana, ocha, fal ych yn beichiaw
Pan fo yn cwynaw gwaie eich gydych.

Iesu! deg Iesu! im dangosych—
Dy wyneb, ni heb o ohebych ;
Na chudd dy ddeurudd, diddorych o'th was,
Gwaie neb a gas a gasych.

Tro fi Rhwyf Celi ! a'm calonych ;
Attad y troaf, attaf troych !
Nad fi i wrthyd i wrthyh maswedd,
Gwagedd breuoleda ddiweddych.

Amerhawdwr ! Creawdwr ! cryfi'm gwnelych,
Y'm ffydd, y'm crefydd, i'm cryfheych,
Daly fy llaw i'th law a lywyh yn iawn,
Ar hyd ffyrdd uniawn i'm harweddych,
A'th folaf Duw, Naf nefoedd lewyh :
Pwy nith fawl or sawl a ry seilych,
I'th foliant soniant son clych a llyfrau,
Cerdau telynau, cras dannau crych.

When thou judgest Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
Give me a mark by which I may be known,
Thou wouldst not wish to place me among the damned,
Therefore let me be by the side of the Lamb.

When the three hosts come, and the time of tribulation
To whole hosts of sinners, who will be sorely punished,
Among the happy, faultless choir, clothed in finest white,
Place me on thy right hand.

“On contemplating this and similar remains, I think we can fairly conclude that our ancestors at this period were not behind their contemporaries in religious knowledge; and even at the present day, we cannot look back upon them without their producing a feeling of respect. Much as there might have been of chaff, there was some wheat.”¹

To these extracts, I will only add that these poems give us an exalted opinion of “brother Madawc ab Gwallter,” and strengthen the favourable estimate already expressed of Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch. He was the best poet of his day; and deserves to be ranked with Gwalchmai, and Hywel ap Owain, as the best poets of this era. These were not perhaps as deeply versed in bardic lore as others; but they possessed infinitely more of the true spirit of poetry—they felt a passion, and clothed it in words—they were something much nobler than skilful versifiers.

Casnodyn, Gruffydd Grug, and Davydd Ddu also wrote poems on religious topics.

Nef, Daeaf, Uffern, pany bernych,
Dod nod i'm hwyneb a'm hadneppych,
Parth clet i minnau ni mynnych fy mod,
Parth yr Oen gorfod i'm gosodych.

Pan ddel y trillu trallawd berych
I leaws yn draws a drais boenych,
I'th lu di difri, difrych, gwynoleu
Ar y llaw ddeheu i'm lleheych.

¹ Hanes Cymru, page 761.

SECTION III.

THE MABINOGION.

WE should however form but an imperfect estimate of the literature of Wales, if we confined our notice to the bards alone. The Kymry had in the middle ages two literatures, essentially distinct from each other ; which though springing from the soil had different features. The bardic literature, taken singly, forms but a faint reflection of the national character, as it is described by contemporaneous writers, and observers of Cambrian manners. The bards, properly so called, were a despotic and exclusive order, and had created an artificial taste, from which standard no one was allowed to depart. This had therefore the defect of narrowness ; the poetry was the literature of the few, and found no great favour among the body of the people. Giraldus tells us the Kymry were a free, merry, and witty people, and passionately fond of music ; but the latter characteristic only is found in their poetry. It was therefore in the nature of events, that the bulk of the people should have found some intellectual recreation more consonant with their character. There had been for hundreds of years traditions floating among them ; and therefore when the general awakening, of which we have already spoken, took place, it was a natural desire that these should be connected, arranged, and written. This was the origin of the Mabinogion—tales written to wile away the time of young chieftains, to be repeated at the fire side, and ultimately to react very powerfully upon the national literature, and character.

It is utterly inconsistent with our knowledge of human history, to suppose that the national mind of Wales could have been for any lengthened period inactive; we may therefore conclude that the long and barren period, which intervenes between the death of Cadwaladr, and the arrival of Gruffydd ab Kynan, could not have been wholly unproductive. The bards were engaged in recording the actions of their countrymen, which becoming more and more known, became more and more glorious. Plain facts were embellished into glorious fictions, brave warriors became great heroes; and Arthur, an insignificant chieftain in the sixth century, grew into a valorous warrior in the eighth, and by the twelfth had become emperor of the whole civilized world. This growth of traditions is plainly evident in the works of Nennius, Geoffrey, and Alanus de Insulis; and as has been well remarked, there is as much difference between Gildas and Nennius, as there is between Nennius and Geoffrey,—fable had grown in the intervals. There is an evident growth of fable among the Kymry themselves, between the ages of Gildas and Nennius; and this becomes more apparent if we admit Mr. Price's happy conjecture, that Nennius translated his work, or at least a part of it, from Cambrian originals. We have in his work many of the elements of the greater romance. His work mentions Arthur as a "Magnanimous hero;" and unless the passage be interpolated, he alludes to a visit paid by that "Emperor," to Jerusalem. In the Mabinogi of Kilhwch and Olwen, the combing of another's hair implies relationship; Arthur combed the hair of Kilhwch with "a golden comb, and a scissors the loops whereof were of silver;" and the boar Trwyth is hunted for nothing else than the comb, scissors, and razor which were between its ears. Now we find this same statement in the history of Nennius, where St. Germanus being charged with the paternity of a boy, takes the child and says, "I will be a father to you my son; nor will I dismiss you till a razor, scissors, and comb are given to me, and it is allowed you to give them to your

carnal father." A very large portion of the romantic incidents in Geoffrey were most probably found in the home traditions; and the Dream of Rhonabwy, the Mabinogi of Kilhwch and Olwen, and the tale of Gwgan the poet, show that the Kymry were in the habit of writing tales, and that they knew well how to do so; for the second of these is very ingeniously constructed. We may therefore safely conclude, that the Mabinogion could have been produced here; and there is sufficient evidence to show that the Kymry did so produce them. Lady Charlotte Guest, in her preface, speaking of the Red book of Hergest, says,—

"It comprises, among other things, a collection of Mabinogion; some, like the present Story, (The Lady of the Fountain) having the character of Chivalric Romances, and others bearing the impress of far higher antiquity, both as regards the manners they depict, and the language in which they are composed. So greatly do these Mabinogion differ in character, that they may be considered as forming two distinct classes, one of which generally celebrates heroes of the Arthurian Cycle, while the other refers to personages and events of an earlier period."

Those of the second class appear to be the earliest in point of time; they make no mention of Arthur at all, and treat of personages who lived much earlier; these are the Mabinogion of Pwyll Prince of Dyved, Branwen the daughter of Llyr, Manawyddan the Son of Llyr, Math the Son of Mathonwy, The Dream of Maxen Wledig, The Tale of Lludd and Llevelis, and the Mabinogi of Taliesin. The second class, Kilhwch and Olwen, The Dream of Rhonabwy, Owain and the Lion, Geraint ab Erbin, Peredur ab Efrawc, and The Story of St. Greal, are Arthurian Romances of a later date.

In the Arthurian group, there are however marked distinctions. The Hengwrt romance of St. Greal fixes the palace of that hero at Camelot, Cornwall. The Dream of Rhonabwy, with Kilhwch and Olwen, agree in placing it at Gelliwig in Cornwall; and the stories of Owain, Geraint, and Peredur mention Caerlleon. The second two also differ from the latter three, in several other respects. Arthur in the for-

mer is surrounded by an immense number of knights, while in the latter the number of his attendants is not so great, the prominence being given to individual and not collective achievements; and the confusion of the first gives place to order and regularity in the latter. In *Kilhwch*, and *Rhonabwy*, Arthur hunts the *Twrch Trwyth* with his knights, and is preparing to fight personally against *Ossa Gyllle-vawr*; but in *Owain* and the others he is the emperor reposing on his laurels. In the former the knights act collectively; but in the latter, the knight errantry of the riper romance is fully developed. These facts warrant us in concluding that *Kilhwch* and *Rhonabwy* are the earliest of the Arthurian group. They seem to have emanated from sources purely Kymric, and bear out Geoffrey's assertion, that prior to the appearance of his history, the exploits of Arthur *were very commonly related in a pleasing manner*; the others appear to be later. This conclusion is also supported by the bardic writings; the earlier bards attach no importance to *Caerlleon*, but the latter do; and *Bleddyn Vardd* towards the close of the thirteenth century calls it "that best of places *Caerlleon*."

It is not easy to fix a date for these tales; perhaps they are not in their present form older than the twelfth century; but they were evidently in circulation years, if not centuries before. In the *Ystori of Peredur*, it is said, "And *Peredur* was entertained by the empress fourteen years, *as the story relates*;" and again, "The story relates nothing further of *Gwalchmai* respecting this adventure." At the end of the *Dream of Rhonabwy*, it is said, "And this is the reason that no one knows the dream without a book, neither bard, nor gifted seer; because of the various colours that were upon the horses, and the many wondrous colours of the arms, and of the panoply, and of the precious scarfs, and of the virtue-bearing stones." In that remark we have a sufficient proof that these stories were being frequently related without reference to written memorials; and *Lewis Glyn Cothi's* designation of a class of bards as story-tellers

(*storiawr*.) makes the probability certain. While so related, they, in accordance with the known laws of the development of fable, ascended from a brief to an expanded, from a simple to a complex and artistic form. A case of this nature occurs in connexion with Owain ab Urien. At the end of the thirteenth century it existed as it appears in *Rhonabwy*, for *Bleddyn Vardd* alludes to nothing more romantic than "Owen and his ravens;" but at the commencement of the fifteenth century, in *Gruffydd Llwyd's* Ode to Owain Glyndwr, we find Owain described as the knight errant of "The lady of the Fountain." But though these stories grew with time, there were limits to their development imposed by the character of the national mind; and though the operation may be delicate, it is still possible to define what is of foreign, and what of native addition. In the earlier tales of Kymric origin, the machinery is invariably supernatural. The *Mabinogion* of *Pwyll*, *Branwen*, *Math*, and *Manawyddan*, are evidences of this; the marvellous and moving power, is seldom, indeed we may say never, personal courage, but invariably magic; and the same fact appears in the verse as well as prose legends. Nothing could be more remote from the Kymric conception than knight errantry; the spirit of adventure has no place even in our national character; and wherever that appears in our literature, we shall not greatly err in assigning to it a foreign origin. It only occurs in the stories of Owain, Geraint, and *Peredur*, and is, I think, clearly post-Norman. The existence of an earlier class of tales of a purely Cambrian origin, demonstrates satisfactorily that tale-telling was a natural attribute of the Kymry, and is a sufficient proof, were there not an abundance of others, to show that our *Mabinogion* are of Kymric origin; yet the source of some of the elements of the Arthurian group is more doubtful: the knight errantry is clearly Norman; but whence came Arthur?

Arthur is confessedly a Kymric hero; but a question having been raised as to whether he receives his romantic

character from the Kymry of Wales, or those of Brittany, it is our duty to throw upon the point all the light we possess. His name is mentioned by Nennius, but as the passage occurs at various places in the different manuscript copies of that historian, there is reason, if not to doubt its genuineness, to consider it as an addition by his editor Mark the Hermit. I have thought that the discrepancy between the dates assigned to this history, might be explained in a similar way; but of that let riper scholars judge. Yet, though the name assumes a heroic garb in this historian, it did not take hold of the popular mind: there is no trace of the hero in the early poetry of Wales. It has been so frequently shown that the earlier bards make no distinction between Arthur, and the other warriors of his day, that it is not necessary for me to travel over ground already trod by Turner, and Schulz; but the same fact is observable in the writings of later bards. Arthur is very reluctantly admitted, and even as late as the twelfth century, the bards showed much greater partiality to Cadwaladr. Indeed, strange as the assertion may appear, there is reason to believe that they discountenanced the Arthurian stories. Kynddelw mentions the battle of Badon twice, but we seldom find the name of Arthur introduced in his poems with any great degree of prominence; and until the force of public opinion forced them to give way, the bards continued to set their faces against him. They persisted in confining him to Cornwall, long after the rest of the world had turned their eyes to Caerlleon; and Kynddelw, twenty-nine years at least after Geoffrey's history had become well known, hints at the former glories of Gelliwig. Llywarch ab Llywelyn *when from home* compares Rhys Gryg to Arthur; but when at home he does not compare a much greater man, his patron Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, to that hero: and although the bards were well acquainted with the story, the name of Arthur is not freely used for at least half a century after that time, and even then, he is simply the most renowned of warriors. There is therefore a strong presump-

tion, that the heroic character did not originate, where being planted it found so much difficulty to grow. This anomalous position of the Kymry of the Principality, leads infallibly to one of two conclusions. Either they did really consider the Arthurian stories to be fabulous, or deeming them true, they were too apathetic to embrace them. The latter inference is utterly inadmissible; we have therefore no alternative but to fall back upon the other, and to conclude that at that time Wales was so raised above the civilization of the rest of Britain and the Continent, that it presented the Mabinogion and Romances as Tales for children, and Fabulous Stories. Professor Schulz asserts that this was not the case; but when we consider that he terms the age of Meilir, Gwalchmai, Kynddelw, Hywel ab Owain, Llywarch ab Llywelyn, and Davydd Benfras, as "a period of decay in Welsh poetry," we need not wonder that his speculations on the Mabinogion are not quite correct. These tales were certainly so considered by the bards; but there is a slight modification required in the Cambrian account. The term Mabinogion is applied indifferently to all the tales; but that is not strictly proper. Originally they appear to have been thus classified,—

MABINOGION, OR JUVENILE TALES.

Mabinogi Pwyll Pendevig Dyved.	Pwyll Prince of Dyved
Mabinogi Branwen Verch Llyr	Branwen the daughter of Llyr
Mabinogi Math ab Mathonwy	Math the son of Mathonwy
Mabinogi Manawyddan ab Llyr	Manawyddan the son of Llyr
Mabinogi Taliesin	The Mabinogi of Taliesin

BREUDDWYDION, OR DREAMS.

Breuddwyd Macsen Wledig	The Dream of the Emperor Maximus
Breuddwyd Rhonabwy	The Dream of Rhonabwy
Kyvranc Lludd a Llevelis	The quarrel of Lludd and Llevelis

YSTORIAU, OR STORIES.

Ystori Boun o Hamtun	The Story of Bowen of Hampton
Ystori Dared	The Story of Dared

Ystori Saint Greal	The Story of St. Greal
Ystori Gwlad Ievan Vendigaed	The Story of the Land of John the Blessed
Ystori Idrian Amherawdyr	The Story of the Emperor Hadrian
Ystori Kilhwch ag Olwen	The Story of Kilhwch and Olwen
Ystori Owen ab Urien, neu Chwedyl Iarlles y Ffynnon	The Story of Owen the son of Urien, or the Tale of the Lady of the Fountain
Ystori Peredur vab Evrog	The Story of Peredur the son of Evrawc
Ystori y draethy mal yd aeth Mair i'r nev	A Story relating how Mary went to Heaven
Ystori Geraint vab Erbyn.	The Story of Geraint the son of Erbyn.

This classification is taken from Llwyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, (pp. 255—265.) He there professes to give the titles of the various MSS.; and as we know that the relaters of the larger tales were called Story-tellers, the names are probably strictly accurate. It hence results that Schulz is partially correct in his conjecture as to the actual facts; but the conclusion deduced therefrom is as unwarranted as before; for *Ystoriau*, and *Storiawr*, indicate with quite as much clearness as *Mabinogion*, the limited extent of the bardic credulity. Nothing can be more apparent to the student of Cambrian literature, than that the bards were among the last persons in Europe to admit the credibility of the Arthurian tales. We must therefore seek the first traces of the Arthur of Romance, among the Kymry of Armorica.

The people of Armorica, and of ancient Gaul generally, are supposed to have been the same people as the colonists of Britain; and this would seem to be the reason why during times of distress the Britons fled there for refuge. Besides this connexion there were others of which history takes note. In the triads we are told of "three combined expeditions that went from the Isle of Britain."—

"The first went with Ur the son of Erin, and became Greeks."

"The second combined expedition was conducted by Caswallon,

son of Beli, the son of Manogan, and Gwenwynwyn and Gwanar, the sons of Lliaws, sons of Nwyvre, with Arianrod the daughter of Beli, their mother. Their origin was from the border declivity of Galedin and Essyllwg (Siluria,) and of the combined tribes of the Bylwenny; and their number was three score and one thousand. They went after the Kaisarians over the sea to the land of the Geli Lydaw (Gauls of Letavia,) that were descended from the original stock of the Kymry. And none of them, or of their progeny, returned to this Island, but remained among the Romans in the country of the Gwasgwynion (Gascony) where they are at this time. And it was in revenge for this expedition that the Romans first came to this Island.

"The third combined expedition, was conducted out of the Island by Elen the armipotent, and Kynan her brother, lord of Meiriadoc, into Armorica, where they obtained land and dominion, and royalty from Macsen Wledig (the emperor Maximus,) for supporting him against the Romans. These people were originally from the land of Meiriadog, and from the lands of Seisyllwg (in Carmarthenshire) and from the land of Gwyr (Gower,) and Gorrwennydd (in Glamorganshire,) and none of them returned, but they settled in Armorica and Ystre Gyvaelawg (Neustria and Valais,) ¹ by forming a commonwealth there. By reason of this combined expedition the nation of the Kymry was so weakened and deficient in armed men, that they fell under the oppression of the Irish Picts; and therefore Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau (Vortigern) was compelled to procure the Saxons to expel that oppression. And the Saxons, observing the weakness of the Kymry, formed an oppression of treachery, by combining with the Irish Picts, and with traitors, and then took from the Kymry their land, and also their privileges and their crown."²

The truth of the third part of the Triad, is proved by the occurrence of the same story in Gildas, Nennius, and Geoffrey; and these facts afford a strong presumptive proof of the correctness of the others. The oppressions of the Picts, led many more to leave this Island; and after the Anglo-Saxons had entered Anno 513, fresh bodies fled to Armorica, and settled in the country of Vannes and Quimper,³ then called Lectavia, Littau, or Llydaw. If Geoffrey may be trusted, there was a close connexion between the Britons

¹ According to the happy conjecture of the Rev. T. Price.

² Myv. Arch. Vol. II, p. 60. and Mr. J. H. Parry in the *Cambro-Briton*, Vol. I. p. 87.

³ Continental authorities quoted in Schulz's valuable *Essay on Welsh Traditions*, p. 23.

and Armoricans in the time of Arthur; and from the *Liber Landavensis*, we learn that the bishops Samson and Teilo went to and fro between the two countries. Again, there must be some authority for Geoffrey's assertion, that at the close of the reign of Caradoc, a great fleet of Britons went over to Brittany; and there is most probably some truth in the statement, that there was a considerable emigration at the death of Cadwaladr.

The Kymry who left their native land on these occasions carried with them the histories of their ancestors; and as many, perhaps, intended to return at more favourable junctures, for the Kymro never forgets his native land, they would naturally magnify their own actions and those of their forefathers, and foster grand hopes of national restoration. Many of these were the Kymry of Cornwall, which, next to Wales, formed their last resting point; and these would very naturally exalt the actions of their countryman Arthur. It is also to be observed, that the dialect of the Bretons bears a closer resemblance to that of Cornwall, than to the language of the Principality. These seem to be the only conditions under which Arthur could have been singled out for distinction, from men whom the Cambrian bards praise quite as highly. How the conception was generated will best be explained by a partisan of the Breton hypothesis, the writer of a very able critique on the *Essays* of the learned Abbé de la Rue:—

“If it be allowed that a mass of floating tradition was carried by the South British exiles, when in the sixth century they passed over to Armorica, that these traditions were fondly cherished among them, because they told of the former glory of that land to which they could never return, that the imagination of their descendants invested them with a halo of poetic beauty, because these fond recollections were their only heritage, we shall discover not merely the reason why every British tradition up to the sixth century was preserved among them, but a reason, too, why Arthur, merely one of the many brave warriors, in the enumeration of the Welsh Bards, is the all powerful monarch and

¹ *Athenæum* for 1835, p. 842.

hero of the Breton lay. Arthur, although known in Wales as the monarch of the Silures, and the valiant opponent of Cerdic, was but one of the many kings, and warriors, who fought, though in vain, against the Saxon; but to the Breton exiles he was their *own* king, who had led them to battle, and whose death was the cause of their flight. Thus the tales of Caerlleon and Camelot gathered splendour from each Breton bard, for they were visionary recollections of another land; but the Welsh bard saw Caerlleon in ruins, and Camelot in the power of the Saxons, and he left them unsung. The "Woody Isle of Avalon," too, that brightest spot in the realms of romance, was to the Welsh bard but "one of the perpetual choirs of Britain," and he well knew that tonsured priests alone wonned there; but the Breton, separated for centuries from his fatherland, showered upon this Island to which his forefathers saw their monarch borne, every imagined beauty, and peopled it with Morgan le Fay, and her attendant damsels, watching in hushed silence the tranced slumber of Arthur."

These remarks appear to be, in the main, just; but there is no sufficient warrant for making Arthur the king of the Silures; and the location of that hero at Caerlleon appears to be due to Geoffrey of Monmouth. The chief argument is not however greatly affected thereby; and there are other reasons in favour of that conclusion. Alanus de Insulis relates, towards the end of the twelfth century, that the Breton people would have stoned any one, who dared to deny the fact that Arthur lived:¹ his words are most significant,—

"What place is there within the bounds of the empire of Christianity, to which has not extended the winged praise of the Arthur of the Britons? Who is there I ask who does not speak of the Britanic Arthur, who is but little less known to the people of Asia than to the Britons, as we are informed by our pilgrims who return from the countries of the east. The Easterns speak of him, as also do the Westerns, though the breadth of the whole earth lies between them. Egypt speaks of his name, and the Bosphorus is not silent; Rome the Queen of the cities sings his deeds, and his wars are not unknown to her former competitor Carthage. His exploits are praised in Antioch, Armenia, and Palestine. He will be celebrated in the mouths of the people, and his acts shall be food to those who relate them?"²

¹ Schulz's Essay, page 32.

² Quo enim Arturi Britonis nomen fama volans non pertulit et vulgavit: quousque Christianum pertingit imperium? Quis, inquam, Arturum Britonem non loquatur, cum penè notior habeatur Asiaticis gentibus, quàm Britannis; sicut nobis referunt Palmigeroi nostri de orientis partibus redeuntes? Loquuntur

These remarks cannot be applied to the state of opinion in Wales; and therefore may we derive from this extract a cogent argument in favour of the Breton theory. Honourable mention of the chivalry of Llydaw, is made in the poem attributed to Golyddan, Geoffrey refers the origin of portions of his history to that country, and the romancists unanimously point out Brittany as the source of their legends; and therefore was there much point in the question of M. de la Rue, how could there be this uniformity of testimony, if there were no truth in the allegations? The most striking argument in favour of the same conclusion, has however yet to be adduced. We have said that Rhys ab Tewdwr, (A.D. 1077,) is reported to have brought from Brittany the bardic system of the Round Table to Wales, "where," it is naively admitted, "it had become forgotten."¹ A bard named Iorwerth Vynglwyd, living about 1450, alludes to the bardic Roll of Rhys ab Tewdwr, in the words,—²

The regulations are faultless
Of Rhys the son of Tewdwr, a good man who lived formerly,
And the much respected Roll of Arthur,
Which is also good and spirited.

Caradoc in speaking of Rhys says, "great was the fame he had obtained for wisdom, and knowledge of the principles of government,"³ though he makes no allusion to the Roll of Arthur; but as we find him, in giving an account of a bardic festival held by Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, Rhys' successor, stating that it was conducted according to the rules observed at the feasts of king Arthur,⁴ we may conclude that

illum orientales, loquuntur occidui, toto terrarum orbe divisi. Loquitur illum Egyptus; Bosforus exclusa non tacet. Cantat gesta ejus domina civitatum Roma, nec emulam quondam ejus Carthaginem, Arturi praelia latent. Celebrat actus ejus Antiochia, Armenia, Palæstina. [In ore populorum celebrabitur, et actus ejus cibus erit narrantibus.] Quoted in Hanes Cymru, p. 258.

¹ Iolo MSS. page 630.

² Defodau difai ydynt
Rhys vab Tewdwr, da'r gwr gynt
A Rhol Arthur o bur barch
Da hefyd a dihafarch.—Iolo MSS. p. 391.

³ Myv. Arch. ii. p. 538. ⁴ Myv. Arch. ii. p. 521.

the above statement is historically true. From these numerous and various facts, the conclusion is both legitimate and irresistible, that the romantic Arthur is a creation of the Armorican Kymry.

There were several ways in which such a creation may have been, and probably was brought to this country, in which it only at first found favour among the clergy. Alain the Second of Brittany, reigned about 690; his sons Ivor and Ynyr, became princes of Wales in 683;¹ Ivor reigned twenty-eight years with much glory;² in commemoration of successes over the Saxons, he in 712³ built the abbey of Glastonbury (Ynys Afallen;) and soon after went to Rome. These princes brought with them two powerful fleets, and recovered Cornwall, Devon, and Somersetshire. Mathuidoc, Count of Poher, with many nobles and Breton families, are said to have in their turn sought refuge in Britain, at the beginning of the tenth century, from the devastation of Rollo and the Normans.⁴ There was probably an intercourse kept up between the two countries, such as we see in the case of Rhys ab Tewdwr, who resided in Brittany for eighty-four years; and therefore we need experience no difficulty in accounting for the transmission of their traditions to this country. Yet it is strange, that the Bretons should have no romantic remains; the Tales published in French by the Comte de Villemarque, are translations from Lady Charlotte Guest's English version of the Romances of the Kymry of the Principality.

Several of the Kymric romances seem to have been lost; that of Creirwy and Garwy is frequently mentioned by the bards, yet we have it not; Cambrian ladies are frequently compared to Eliwri, but we know no more of her, than that she was the daughter of Urien Rheged;⁵ and Kymric warriors are repeatedly compared to a now unknown Elivri. The bards were also acquainted with the

¹ Caradoc, *Myv. Arch.* ii. p. 470.

² *Ibid.* p. 471.

³ Brut Ieuan Brechva.—*Myv. Arch.* ii. p. 471.

⁴ Schulz's *Essay*, p. 25.

⁵ *Iolo MSS.* p. 458.

most celebrated romances of other nations ; and frequently allude to Tristan, Roland, Charlemagne, Sir Fulke, and Alexander.

Of the Authors of the Kymric Mabinogion and other Stories, but little is known. Indeed it may reasonably be doubted whether the earlier portion ever had recognised authors ; most probably the tales were orally transmitted for centuries before they were reduced to writing ; and as they increased by being repeated it would be difficult to discover their paternity. No date can be well assigned to the tale of Kilhwch and Olwen ; it was well known in 1169, as appears from Kynddelw's Elegy to Owain Gwynedd ; an allusion is made to the hunting of the boar Trwyth in The Incantation of Kynvelyn, attributed to Aneurin ; Lady Charlotte Guest, in her most interesting note,¹ shows that this event is mentioned in a MS. which Mr. Stevenson, the Editor of Nennius, pronounces to be as old as the tenth century ; and whatever may be the age of the tale of Kilhwch and Olwen, one of its chief incidents is impressed upon the coins of Cunobelinus. The Dream of Rhonabwy, is of necessity posterior to the time of Madawc ab Meredydd, prince of Powys, whose name is mentioned at the commencement, and who died in 1159. That tale was probably written in Powys, as Owain, Geraint, and Peredur were the products of Glamorgan, and the remainder of Dyved. Gruffydd ab Adda ab Davydd, a poet who flourished about A.D. 1340 to A.D. 1370, was the author of a chivalric tale of much interest ; several of his pieces are preserved ; he was killed at Dolgellau, and buried at the same place. Ievan Vawr ap y Diwlith, was another writer of tales in his day. The following notice of him occurs in the Iolo MSS.,

“The bards of Tir Iarll having gone to the Dewless Hillock, on one of St. John's Midsummer festivals, to hold there a chair of vocal song, found a new born child, half alive, on it. Rhys the son of Rhiccert ab Einion ab Collwyn, took it home with him, and

¹ Mabinogion Vol. II. p. 359.

placed it under the care of a foster-mother. The child lived, was put to school, and brought up to a learned profession. He imbibed knowledge with all the avidity that a child would suck its mother's milk; and early in life he took the lead of all preceptors in Wales. He wrote several books:—one of which was called the 'Preservation of the Welsh language, the Art of Vocal Song, and all that appertained to them, according to the rights and usages of the Welsh Nation, and judicial decisions of wise men;' others were called 'The Greals,' 'The Mabinogion,' 'The nine tropes, and twenty four embellishments of diction,' 'The book of Fables,' and many more. He also composed a work for the preservation of the moral maxims and laws of the Welsh nation. He received the name of John, the son of the Dewless, because he was found, as already mentioned, on the Dewless Hillock, on St. John's midsummer festival; and because he was a large man, he was called Big John, the son of the Dewless. He lived and died at Llangynwyd, where he was buried with the family of Llwydarth. It was currently reported, that, in all probability, he was the son of Rhys ab Rhiccert, by a lady of high rank; and when it was so asserted in his presence, he merely held his tongue, allowing that belief to continue."¹

Mr. Edward Williams states that Ievan lived between 1160 and 1180;² this date was a necessary consequence of his being the son of Rhys ab Rhiccert, whom the same antiquarian had previously placed about 1140; but as we shall presently show that Rhys lived two hundred years later, we must, assuming the paternity to be correct, conclude that Ievan lived nearer 1380. The authorship of the Mabinogi of Taliesin is attributed to two persons. In the Iolo MSS., at the close of an epitome of the history of Taliesin and Elphin, from the book of Anthony Powel, occur these words:—

"It was from this account that Thomas, the son of Einion Offelriad, descended from Gruffydd Gwyr, formed his romance of Taliesin, the son of Cerridwen; Elphin, the son of Gwyddno; Rhun, the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd; and the operations of the Cauldron of Cerridwen."³

This Thomas ab Einion must have lived about 1260, as a work on Grammar, written by his father, was copied be-

¹ Iolo MSS. p. 479, on the authority of the memoranda of Mr. John Bradford, extracted from Anthony Powel's MS., then (circ ann. 1760) at Goettrehên, near Bridgend.

² Iolo MSS. p. 88.

³ Iolo MSS. p. 459.

tween 1254 and 1280, by Edeyrn Davod Aur; and as, in addition to that fact, Gwilym Ddu, about 1320, terms Taliesin "Gwion Bach," as if that romantic name was well known, we may safely conclude that this Mabinogi probably belongs to the beginning of the reign of Llywelyn ab Gruffydd. The second person who is the supposed composer, is Hopkin Thomas Phylip, also of Glamorgan; Dr. Pughe supposes that he wrote the connecting prose passages, but that the poetical passages, were what he professes his book to be, collected from other works. In one place¹, Dr. Pughe says this person lived about 1370; but if we take another and more probable date given by the same author, and place him from 1590 to 1630², the two accounts may be reconciled, Thomas ab Einion being the author, and Hopkin Thomas Phylip the copyist. These are all the facts that I have been able to glean, concerning the authors or rather compilers of the Mabinogion; and now it only remains to speak of the noble lady who has translated, and edited the English version of these antique tales.

The Mabinogion combine dignity of expression with a fine easy flow of language, and are remarkable for their quaintness and simplicity. They contain many passages of exquisite beauty, and a poetical colouring, enriching the whole, prevails throughout: such being their character, they demanded in a translator, qualities which are not of frequent occurrence. A knowledge of two languages is far from being the only quality required; for the spirit of the original should be as fully as possible transferred, in addition to the literal meaning. I have in many parts compared the translation of the Mabinogion with the original; and have uniformly found reason to think, that our ancient tales have been exceedingly fortunate in being translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. Her version correctly mirrors forth the spirit of these antique stories, and is as much distinguished for elegance as fidelity. Her ladyship's good taste,

¹ Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly, Vol. V. p. 381.

² Cambrian Biography, p. 178.

led her fully to appreciate the charm contained in the simplicity of the original; and she has been eminently successful in producing a version at once simple, animated, and accurate. It is not necessary to enter into an analysis of compositions, which, thanks to the munificence of that noble lady, must now be well known; and therefore it will suffice to cite one or two extracts, in illustration of both the ability of the translator, and the character of the Mabinogion. The following describes the heroine, Olwen:—

“So a message was sent, and she came.

“The maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-coloured silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three-mewed falcon was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan, her cheek was redder than the reddest roses. Whoso beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod.”¹

We will add to this beautiful portrait, the description of her lover, prince Kilhwch, setting forth on his journey towards the court of Arthur,—

“And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled gray, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth’s hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind, and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven; his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below.

¹ Mabinogion, Vol. II. p. 276.

About him was a four cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner, and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes, and upon his stirrups, from the knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed towards the gate of Arthur's Palace."¹

The notes contain a mass of very interesting information, and I have derived from them much valuable assistance, They bring the past vividly to mind; very clearly elucidate the text; and are only defective in being too brief.

It is now generally admitted that Romance originated from these traditions of the Armorican Kymry, which had a most important influence upon the literature of other European nations, by the publication of the "*Historia Britonum*." All the names of the heroes in the Arthurian Cycle of Romances are of Kymric origin, so that no doubt can be entertained of their paternity. But in Wales the Romance was never developed to the extent it assumed among other nations. Among them romances presented features which were not in the Mabinogion; and this arose from the following circumstances:—The Normans infused into them an adventurous spirit, and the monks, or Catholic clergy chastened and refined their tone. We will offer a few remarks in elucidation of both these positions.

M. Sismondi is of opinion that the Normans were the inventors of the Romance literature, though he admits that the names of the Arthurian cycle belonging to a different race, present a difficulty not easily overcome; and he bases his opinion upon the fact that "of all the people of ancient Europe, the Normans showed themselves during the period which preceded the rise of the romance literature, to be the most adventurous and intrepid."² But the learned historian has overlooked an important fact. It is with nations as with men; there are some who can invent, but cannot improve; and there are some who can improve what

¹ Mabinogion, Vol. II. p. 253.

² Sismondi's *Hist. of Literature*, Vol. I. p. 198.

they could not invent. To the first class belong the Kymry; to the second the Normans. The path had been already discovered, the frame work had been already formed, and it only remained to carry out what had been previously designed. The Kymry failed to do this; but it was done; the *Mabinogi* was pushed up into a romance; and a brief review of their character, will show that the Norman Trouveres were the persons who carried this into effect. They were on the spot, and happened to possess the very qualities necessary to bring about the changes we witness. Their faculties were illustrative; not creative. Behold their character, drawn by an able hand:—

“Above all men, the Norman was an imitator, and therefore an improver; and it was precisely because he was the least rigid, most supple, plastic, and accommodating of mortals—that he became the civilizer, and ruler wherever he was thrown. In France he became French, in England English, in Italy Italian, in Novgorod Russian; in Norway only, where he remained Norwegian, he failed to accomplish his elevated mission. Wherever his neighbours invented or possessed anything worthy of admiration, the sharp, inquisitive Norman poked his aquiline nose. Did Sicily invent a better kind of helmet, instantly the Norman clapped it on his head. Did the Moor, or the Breton breathe sentiment into a ballad, the Norman lay forthwith adopted the humanizing music. From a Frank castle or a Lombard church, to a law by Canute, or a witan under Athelstan, the Norman was always a practical plagiarist. Wherever what we now call the march of intellect advanced, there was the sharp eager face of the Norman in the van. All that he retained, in his more genial settlement, of his ancestral attributes, were the characters of a seaman. He was essentially commercial; he liked adventure, and he liked gain; he was also a creature social and gregarious. He always intermarried with the people among whom he settled, borrowed its language, adopted its customs, reconciled himself to its laws; and confirmed the aristocracy of conquest, by representing, while elevating, the character of the people with whom he closely identified himself. This remarkable race exercised an astonishing influence for good, especially in their noblest settlement, England. No one who has not paid some attention to our Saxon poetry, with its most artificial structure, its meretricious alliterations, its tedious unanimated tone, relieved it is true by some descriptions, and an ethical allegorical spirit (as in the songs of the Phoenix,) can be aware how thoroughly it differs from the genius of our existing muse—and how much immediately from the Anglo Norman, and his kinsman,

the Anglo-Dane, (and the Welsh and Bretons,) though perhaps remotely from the Saracen, we derive of sentiment, vivacity, character passion, simple construction, easy humour, and true pathos ;—all in short, that now especially distinguish the poetic and popular literature of England. But for the Norman and the Dane, we think it probable that we might have writers like Thomson, Young, and Wordsworth, but we feel a strong conviction that we should have wanted a Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. No one who has not made himself familiar with the wretched decrepitude of the Saxon church, its prostrate superstition and gross ignorance, at the age preceding the conquest, can appreciate the impetus given to learning by the Norman Ecclesiastics ; and no one who has not studied the half disorganized empire of disconnected provinces and rebellious earldoms under the confessor, with laws of succession both to throne and to lordship, most irregular, can comprehend all the advantages derived from the introduction of an hereditary aristocracy, singularly independent and high-spirited, quickly infusing its blood, and its character into the native population—leaguings its own interests with those of the whole subject community—and headed by a line of monarchs who, whatever their vices and crimes, had at least the power to defend the land from all other invaders, and the wisdom to encourage the trade and the commerce which have ultimately secured to England at once its fame and its freedom.”¹

Cambrian history furnishes numerous proofs of this strongly assimilative character of the Normans. Between them and the Kymry there were frequent intermarriages. On the one hand we find Nest the daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr married to Gerald de Windsor, Nest the daughter of Trahaearn ab Caradoc to Bernard de Newmarch, Nest the daughter of Iestyn ab Gwrgant to Robert Fitzhamon, Marred, or Margaret daughter of Llywelyn ap Iorwerth to John de Breos, and another of that prince’s daughters to Reynold de Bruce. While on the other hand, David ab Owain Gwynedd married a sister to Henry II., Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, Joan the sister of king John, and Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, Eleanor de Montford. Gruffydd the eldest son of the lord Rhys, took to wife, Mallt, or Matilda, a daughter of William de Breos, and his brother Rhys Gryg married a daughter of the Earl of Clare. We therefore, from a knowledge of these facts, soon perceive that the Normans must

¹ The Examiner, April 1, 1848.

have exercised an extensive and very important influence upon our literature, as well as been influenced by it in return.

The above finely drawn sketch of the Norman character shows us both what they were, and what they were not; and we thence learn that M. de Sismondi's conjecture contains a truth, though it is not *the* truth. The Normans did not invent the romance literature; but they greatly improved, and extended what they found already invented in Brittany and Wales. At first the Norman Trouveres confined themselves to embellishing the Keltic traditions; but they soon dragged in the kings of France with Charlemagne at their head; and ultimately enlisted in their service the classic names of ancient Greece.

The influence of the religious element, is next to be developed. At, and preceding the period of which this section treats, the church had become powerful in Wales, as well as over the rest of the civilized world. It exercised a very considerable influence over the moral and intellectual order in modern Europe, and upon public ideas, sentiments, and manners, as is shown by the essentially theological character of the works developed at this time. Papal theology possessed and directed the human understanding, and gave its impress to all opinions; philosophical, political, and historical questions, were all considered under a theological point of view.¹ In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the order had increased; monks and friars were abundant; and there was no department of intellectual activity, in which they did not bear part. We have in the case of Geoffrey, a monk embellishing old traditions; and adding fabulous genealogies, and imaginary agents,—the products of his own brain. And coupling this with the fact, that Layamon, the author of the Brut known by his name, was a priest, we easily arrive at the conclusion, that the monks had not left romances to be exclusively produced by laymen. We have one striking proof of this in the "Awdl Vraith," which is

¹ Guizot's Lectures on Civilization.—The Church.

evidently an ecclesiastical production, of the romance era :— This might have been inferred, from the tone of the composition, its allusion to the consecrated wafer, its Latinized diction, and the fable of Trojan descent. This last fable, is evidently of monkish origin. There is also a very striking difference between the same facts when treated of by the bards and the priests; the poets speak of Arthur as a warrior only, while the monks, from Nennius downwards, continually endeavour to clothe him in an air of sanctity. Nennius, who states him to have borne the image of the Virgin on his shield, appears to have drawn upon an ecclesiast's imagination, rather than upon authentic history; and knowing this with many similar facts, can we doubt that Arthur, the religious hero, the greater part of whose memorials were found in convents, is partly at least, a being of monastic creation? If, after the consideration of all these facts, there should remain any doubt upon the subject, it would be dispelled by the fact, that Edward I prohibited the monks from being rhymers and raconteurs,—a sufficient proof that they frequently appeared as such. This fact would go far to explain the enmity which subsisted between the priests and the bards. Lewis Glyn Cothi openly assails them; but when the writer of the *Avallenau* spoke of them as “*Myneich geuawg, gwydawg, gwydus*,” he thought it prudent to place the words in the mouth of *Merddin*. This enmity appears to have sprung from their being rival candidates for popular suffrages; it was in fact jealousy, and is therefore of itself a proof of the position here laid down. It being now manifest that the monks cultivated romantic literature,—we shall proceed to estimate the influence they exercised upon it.

There is an erroneous opinion prevalent, that religious ascendancy is inimical to, and incompatible with, mental development,—

“Opinions formed less from a knowledge of actual facts, and ascertained influences of religion upon civilized society, than from an infidel antipathy to religion itself, would deserve but little at-

tention, were they not widely spread, and their upholders numerous. Religion, of all principles the most fruitful, multiform, and unconfined, does not express itself in a few unchanging modes of writing; it not only becomes the vehicle for knowledge, but it clothes it in the most attractive, noble, and dignified forms; it has the variety and bold contrasts of nature, which at the feet of rugged mountains scoops out the freshest, sweetest valleys, and embosoms in the wild troubled ocean, Islands, whose vernal airs, loveliness, and teeming fruitfulness, almost breathe the joys of Paradise."¹

We have now to develope the influence of this principle upon our romantic literature. The Catholic Church was now in its glory, and at the height of its power; and now, as at all times, was most studious to conform itself to the improvements of society;² it mingled with all things without excluding any;³ and in Wales, as in other European countries at the period we now treat of, theological modes of thought, feeling, and expression are every where displayed. The Mabinogi of Taliesin is replete with theological expressions; and its conception proves that the tendency of theology was to mental expansion. Indeed the very word shows that romance must have found more favour with the priests, than among the poets. The Bardic maxim, *Y Gwir yn erbyn y byd*, Truth against the world, was essentially unfavourable to fictitious literature—the Bards were authors already, and possessed of much repute; they might therefore be naturally expected to look with contempt, and distrust upon any literature less authentic, studied, and laboured than their own.—The very name Mabinogion (Juvenile Tales,) and Ystoriau (Stories,) are indicative of this contemptuous feeling,—bardism they insinuated was the occupation of superior minds. The bards were the salt of the earth, the talented men of the country. They were men themselves, and provided mental food, for the adult intellect; but the romances were Mabinogion and Ystoriau, *tales for young men, and*

¹ Channing's Works, Vol. I. p. 109.

² Robertson's Scotland. Book II.

³ Guizot:—"Dans le monde moderne, l'esprit religieux s'est mêlé à tout, mais sans rien exclure."

stories. Even the writers of them were spoken of in the same derisive language, as the reader might have seen in Lewis Glyn Cothi's classification of the bards, as *Bardd*, *Teuluwr*, and *Storiawr*, "story-teller." But I am not disposed to form so low an estimate of these stories; for if I were compelled to decide between the Bards and the *Storiwyr*, the choice would most unhesitatingly be in favour of the Mabinogion. The bardic poems are more valuable as contemporary records, they are more strictly accurate, and in one word, are more "useful;" but the tales show most of the thought, and feeling of the times, and are at this day more readable, and interesting. Artificial systems, which impose upon the mind, the decrees of individuals, and associations, which prescribe rules for taste, and criticism, and which claim for themselves every imaginable perfection, cannot reflect the spirit of the times, must be at variance with the dictates of nature, and tend to sink man below, rather than to elevate him above mediocrity. Such was bardism; which, dissociated from, and in opposition to natural promptings, degenerated for the most part into a tame representation of the more tangible, and transient thoughts of the day; and measured intellectual capacities by rule and compass:—it wanted life, elasticity, and truthfulness. From all our bardic remains we learn but three facts—that the Kymry loved war, mead, and music; but we learn from the Mabinogi, that they had great regard for chastity, that women were held in high estimation among them, that their chieftains were fond of literary associates, and devoted their time and talents to improve, instruct, and civilize their subjects. The laws of Howel show how the court was conducted; Giraldus describes the more obvious popular habits; and the Mabinogion supply many traits of natural manners, not noticed in either. The latter are more really poetic, the life is more life-like, and the warriors more heroic, than the portraiture of the bards; the bardic heroes are at the best but exaggerations of warriors, while those of romance are really sublime creations. Of the fine and high-toned senti-

ments which breathe through the Mabinogion, we have no traces in the works of the bards, and no counter-parts in the civilization of the period; they must therefore have emanated from the clergy. Abstracting a warrior from the province of history,—making him feel the impulses, and speak the language of a more civilized age,—revealed in studies of the classics, and enriching him with all that cultivated minds deemed to be good, great, and gorgeous, was an idea which could only have found favour among ecclesiastics. It never appears to have entered the minds of the bards; the tumult of conflict, the excitement of warlike life, and the contemplation of actual every day scenes, were all that could interest those matter of fact personages; and they never attempted to analyze their own minds and feelings, to endow a sublime creation with the ardent promptings of their own nature, and to represent as actual existences—beings which the ambitious minds of able men had alone considered possible to exist, and hoped themselves to be. Pictures of immutable truth, and of the deep-workings of the soul, were things too pure and sublime, ever to have subsisted in a literary atmosphere contaminated by the arbitrary rules and conventional regulations of the bards, and could only have been developed where the vivacity of the people had been heightened by the contemplation of Divine attributes, and their feelings chastened by God's goodness and loving mercy. Here all the pent up and cherished feelings of the nation found vent; and the fact that Arthur was reported to have worn the image of the Virgin Mary upon his shield, affords us proof that religion possessed great influence over men's minds, that the monks gave a religious colouring to popular traditions, and, that, setting aside the question of the accuracy of the statement, it is obvious that the assertion was consonant with the spirit of the time.

The influence of the church was two fold;—immediate and mediate. Its immediate influence is shown in its positive teachings; its mediate in the movements it originated. The church was the great civilizing element of the twelfth

and thirteenth centuries; it ameliorated the social condition of the people, and was greatly instrumental in bringing about the abolition of slavery in Europe; it laboured for the suppression of many barbarous practices; and framed a penal code upon principles elevated, and enlightened, and strikingly coincident with those enunciated by Jeremy Bentham, and his followers, Mill, Molesworth, Bowring, Grote, and others who are accounted,—the profoundest thinkers of the present day. It looked upon continual wars as being inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and in all these various ways, it rendered productive the intellectual movement which at this time prevailed among most European nations. The system of doctrine and precepts, under which it imparted the movement, was very superior to anything that the ancient world had known; and contained within itself tendencies to both exertion and advancement.¹ As regard the romance, the clerical influence is very apparent in the tales of the Greal, which, according to Schulz, date their origin from Provence.² The romance of St. Greal, which was written in verse, by Chrestien de Troyes, in the twelfth century, is a mixture of Breton chivalry and sacred history. The cup out of which the Messiah is said to have drunk during his crucifixion, or which contained his blood, was known to the romance writers under the name of St. Greal,³ and this fact indicating a Christian tendency in the romancists, shows the statement made by Tegid,⁴ of the Greal being connected with druidic and anti-Christian tenets, to be altogether erroneous. The "Greal" of Chrestien de Troyes, may be found, according to the translator of Sismondi, in the Royal Library, Paris, No. 7523. His account of it is as follows,—

"It is a very large MSS. Volume, in 4to, written in double columns, and containing nearly the whole history of the Knights of the Round Table."

¹ Guizot's *Lectures on Civilization*—The Church.

² Schulz on *Welsh Traditions*, p. 48.

³ Sismondi's *History of South European Literature*, Vol. I. p. 197. Bohn's Edition.

⁴ Lewis Glyn Cothi, p. 259, note.

Now it is very evident from the description given by Llwyd of "Ystori Saint Greal," and by Gutto'r Glyn in these lines,—

"Am un llyvr y mae'n llevain,
A gar mwy nag aur a main ;
Y Greal teg i'r wlad hon—
Llyvr o enwog varchogion ;
Llyvr o greft yr holl Vord Gron,"

that the Greal, so much desired, was substantially the same as this very MS. which, as its contents show, was a Christian document,—being in fact nothing more than the adventures of the knights of the round table, in search of the Greal or blessed cup, which, it was stated, was carried to England, and ultimately possessed by Launcelot, Peredur, and the other knights. There is a further account of this cup given in the notes to Colyn Dolphyn, by the late lamented Ab Iolo. In 1450, this Cambrian MS. was in the possession of a Glamorgan chieftain.¹ About 1500, we find the loan of a Greal asked of Lewis ab Davydd, the abbot of Neath;² and in 1707, Llwyd states that there were copies in both the Mostyn and the Hengwrt libraries. His description of one MS. is as follows:—

"Ystoriæ Saint Greal: Historiæ Gregorianæ. M & Vaugh. *Membr. nitid. Charact. Varias fabulas exhibet de Arthuro rege, & militibus suis, &c. Init. Megys ydoedd Arthur yn y Llys a eluid kamalot, nos Sadurn, Sulgwyn oed yr Arglwydh Iesu Grist, pedair blynedh ar dheg a deugaint, a pheduar kant. Fin. Ag velli y ter-vyna Historiæ St. Greal. Const. p. 560 in 4to. Consule Lexicon Davisianum sub voce Greal.*"³

The Stories of Saint Greal: Gregorian Histories. M(ostyn & Vaugh(an of Hengwrt.) Vellum neat character. Various fabulous tales of king Arthur and his knights, &c. Beginning,—“As Arthur was in his court called Camelot, on the night of Whitsaturday, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, four hundred and fifty four.” Ending,—“So ends the History of Saint Greal.” It contains 560 pages 4to. Consult Davies’s Lexicon under the word Greal.

The Editor of Lewis Glyn Cothi’s Works, states that the MSS. copies of the Greal are lost ; but it is gratifying

¹ Iolo MSS. page 704.

² Ibid. page 706.

³ Llwyd’s Arch. Brit. p. 265.

to find that such is not the case. In the catalogue of the MSS. in the Gloddaith collection, published by Mr. Aneurin Owen, occurs the following notice,—

“5. Sang Royal ae cawas, ac ae duc y nev : nyt amgen Galaath vab Lawnselot de Lac, Peredur vab Evrauc, Iarll Bwrt vab Brenin Bwrt. Y copi cyntav a ysgrivenodd Mastir Philyp Davydd o unic lyvyr y urddedig ewythyf, Trahaearn ab Ieuan ap Meuric, ae ysgrivenodd Siancyn vab John, vab Siencyn, vab Ieuan Vychan, vab Ieuan, vab Einion, vab Rhys, vab Madoc, vab Llywelyn, vab Cadwgan, vab Elystan Glodrydd. Vellum Folio.”¹

Sang Royal, who had it, and who took it to heaven; being none other than Galaad the son of Launcelot du Lac, Peredur the son of Evrawc, Earl Bort, the son of King Bort. The first copy written by Master Philyp David from the sole book of his knighted uncle, Trahaearn ab Ieuan ap Meuric, which was written by Siancyn the son of John, the son of Siencyn, the son of Ieuan Vychan, the son of Ieuan, the son of Einion, the son of Rhys, the son of Madoc, the son of Llewelyn, the son of Cadwgan, the son of Athelstan Glodrydd. Vellum, folio.

The Gloddaith MS. is probably the Mostyn MS. mentioned by E. Lhwyr.

The next notice is in the catalogue of the Hengwrt library, given in the same work,—

“49. Y Greal; the Exploits of Arthur and his warriors; written in the sixth year of Henry I. in a beautiful hand. Vellum, Quarto, five inches thick.”²

The latter is evidently the MS. noticed by Lhwyr; and possibly may be the identical MS. of Trahaearn ab Ieuan ap Meuric. It is a most interesting document; and if the date A.D. 1106 be correct, it must be the first of the Arthurian cyclus; and it is hoped, that Lady Charlotte Guest will not allow her work to remain incomplete, while this important MS. remains unpublished. We shall then know more of the work; have additional light thrown upon the question of the origin of the romances; and probably be able to place Siancyn ab John, the descendant of Athelstan Glodrydd, at the head of our list of the authors of Cambrian Stories.

¹ Transactions of the Cymrodorion, iv. p. 402.

² Ibid. iv. p. 407.

The mediate influence of the church was manifested through such movements as the Crusades. These form an historical problem of much interest ; and Gibbon alone of all our historians, doubts their having had a most important influence upon European civilization. Since he wrote, the historians of the continent have studied the subject; and we now learn from the elaborate treatises of Heeren, and Villiers, Michaud, and Guizot, that they created quite a revolution in the thoughts and feelings of the time. It is impossible to believe that Europe should have been convulsed to its centre, that millions of its best, bravest, and most intelligent inhabitants should have poured themselves out upon the deserts of Arabia, and that the minds of whole nations could have been put upon the stretch, without the acquisition of much additional knowledge, the generation of novel sentiments, and the elaboration of grander and juster ideas of manners, history, politics, literature, and geography. Their effect is very concisely stated by M. Guizot, in the following words :

“ Here was the first and main result of the Crusades, a great step towards the enfranchisement of the mind, and a considerable advance towards more extended and unprejudiced ideas. Commenced in the name, and under the influence of religious principles, the Crusades took from religious ideas, I will not say their legitimate share of influence, but the exclusive and despotic possession of the human mind. The same fact happened to those travelling populations who have been called Crusaders, as usually happens to travellers ; their minds were opened and elevated by the mere circumstance of witnessing a multitude of different things, and by becoming acquainted with manners distinct from their own. Besides, they came into relations with two civilizations, not only different, but more advanced, namely the Greek society on the one hand, and Mussulman on the other. There can be no doubt but that the Greek society, although its civilization was emasculated, corrupted, and expiring, had on the Crusaders the operation of a society in a more advanced state, more polished and enlightened than theirs. The Mussulman society, offered to them a spectacle of the same nature.”

Now we cannot believe that these new feelings should have left no traces in literature—in fact, we see the effect of

the Crusades in both the chronicles and romances. In their journeys towards the holy land, the Cambrian knights mixed on terms of intimacy and equality with those of other countries, and effected of course an interchange of literatures, as plainly appears from the frequent mention in Kymric literature of Orlando, Charlemagne, sir Fulke, and Guy of Warwick. Petrarch and Boccaccio had meanwhile revived a taste for classic literature; and we see the influence of the church in disseminating a knowledge of the "great of old" in the mention by the bards of Hector, Achilles, Priam, Alexander, and Caesar.

Having thus analyzed the agents at work in the production of the romance literature, the reader will be the better able to appreciate the following remarks, on the scope and tendency of the Mabinogion. Here we see depth of passion breathing in rapid transitions, and fiery tones; imagery, brilliant, glaring, and redundant to a fault; a sublime spirit of pure and uncreeded devotion—enlivening not darkening, elevating not depressing, and serving to show life, not as shaded by secluded ascetics, but irradiated by celestial light, with happy and perhaps unconscious allusions to contemporary transactions, national customs, and every day habits. These show that a daring and frank, a refined and generous, and a religious though lively people had freely, almost recklessly, poured out their souls into their romantic literature, and have had their peculiar habits of thought, passion, and sentiment faithfully portrayed by their *Stori-wyr*. Pictures of external life, of the hidden workings of the passions, and of scenery, are drawn with a glow, animation, and truth, equal to the best efforts of Crabbe, "nature's sternest painter, but her best." The same force of expression, and unaffected, yet refined morality; the same generosity towards friends, and haughty defiance of Saxon foes, is visible in both its poetry, and history; but this sublimity of conception, is shown to the greatest advantage in the Mabinogion. From its early Chivalry, which furnished the first example for similar institutions, and awoke in

other nations a similar feeling ; from the restless aspiration after ideal greatness which became afterwards infused into the chivalry of Europe ; from these, and the Kymry its founders, romance derives its origin. No modern people seem previously to have been able to surmount the cold reality of fact, nowhere does mind appear to have so readily renounced controul, and ascended on daring pinions to such lofty heights. In no other country, among no other people, does mind appear to have been so early employed in contemplating as actual realities, things which found no parallels in actual instances, no companions in ordinary life, and which possess no tangibility, save as the embodiment of man's most cherished hopes, and highest wishes. Here man is raised far above himself, clothed with every attribute of power which men wish to possess, performing feats requiring superhuman strength, and slaying Saxon enemies in such numbers as harassed Kymry alone could desire. Life is decked out in the grandest colours ; the most extraordinary acts are performed ; the most simple, yet dignified sentiments are uttered ; the most exquisite sensibilities are shown by the genius of romance, and its sublime creations. Its Arthurs, Tristrams, and Peredurs, revel in the most gorgeous scenes ; they live in an atmosphere of their own ; and though these beautiful pictures of imaginary perfection, are sometimes obscured by mystic allusions ; the desire for happiness, the craving after ideal perfection, the irrepressible instinct to paint the future in the most illusory colours, soar transcendently over all.

This undoubtedly had its origin in the sanguine temperament of the Kymry ; and other nations have derived their plots, actors, and acts from Kymric models. The round table is a fiction, though as we have seen as old as A.D. 1170, the age of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Kynvyn ; but Wales had always possessed a chivalric order, who have been praised by contemporary bards, and have been themselves rhymers. The cavalry of Bretagne, introduced the romances of the Kymry into France and Germany,—thence

they spread among the civilized nations of Europe. Great principles, wherever they flash, have in an eminent degree this universality, and diffusiveness. They find a response in every bosom, they touch the finest chords of the soul, and at whatever door they knock are readily admitted. Mahometanism spread over the Eastern world with a rapidity not astonishing only when compared with the wonderful dissemination of Christianity over the Western; second only to these was the progress of the Kymric romance. Like an electric current, it made its presence known by a series of brilliant flashes; with every clime it claimed affinity, and from every nation the brotherhood was acknowledged. Hence our English neighbours have derived the most brilliant gems in their early literature. Had the Kymric romance not made itself known to them, would Spenser have given birth to the Faery Queen? That fine piece of imagery was produced at a time when chivalry, as an institution, had become extinct,—when the feelings in which it originated, had in a measure subsided,—when they glowed with less intensity, and had been chastened by improved taste,—when, in fact, it could not have been produced without the previous preparation of public opinion, by the vivid and energetic description of heroic feats, which Kymric tradition had linked with the names of Arthur, and his companions. English history furnished no such brilliant achievements, no such ardent feelings; and one of England's sweetest poets was necessitated to borrow from a people whom his countrymen now affect to despise, the conception of his characters, and the description of the scenes amid which they existed, with the influence which such a being as Arthur was thought to have exercised upon surrounding people, in raising up a race of warriors only less noble than himself. The Kymry have therefore much reason to be proud of their Mabinogion.

Romances were during these and succeeding centuries objects of lively curiosity; and in an age when large libraries abound, the astonishing exertions made to obtain copies

through loan or purchase will scarcely be credible. Of the stories of the Greal, it appears as if there was at that time but one copy known to exist throughout Wales; for the bard Gutto'r Glyn was sent all the way from Denbighshire, in North Wales, to the extreme bounds of Glamorgan to borrow it. It was then in the possession of Tryhaearn ap Ievan ap Meyric ap Howel Gam, of Waunllwg, Glamorgan-shire; and the bard addresses a poem to the chieftain, in which he describes the book he wished to borrow, for David, Abbot of Valle Crucis Abbey. At that time it was customary to send the bards on important messages; and whenever an important favour was asked, the request was uniformly couched in verse. In the fifteenth century, this fashion became very common, and we owe to the custom some scores of very admirable compositions. The poem composed on this occasion, is very interesting; as, in addition to indicating the prevalent practice, it describes the book; throws light on the nature of the Greal, and shows the intense interest which the stories had at last excited, in even very intelligent minds; since a dignitary of the church was so exceedingly curious as he is here described, to peruse the adventures of the Arthurian knights. It is a picture of the time, and runs thus:—

“The ages of three men be to thee Tryhaearn,
 Patron of the bards in giving judgment,
 Son of Ievan, the chief of Penrhôs,
 The son of Meyric, the object of my address.
 The second from Howel Gam,
 And the third of the race of Adam.¹
 A royal race of the kingly stock
 Of Kynvyn and Bleddyn and Blaidd,
 Is thy lineage, from the Usk to the vale of Neath;
 The kindred is of South and North Wales.
 Noble is thy blood, Tryhaearn,
 May thy end in this world be the day of judgment.
 Strong as the yoked ox, thy fame has
 Traversed the Gwents and Southern lands.
 The eye of Gwaunllwg art thou entirely,
 The hand and the book of others also;

¹ Howel's father.

The offerings of science hast thou
 Truly distributed, as Arthur did.
 The hand of Nudd to Caerlleon wast thou,
 And its people assemble where thou art.
 The mouth of the learning of the bards of Glamorgan;
 The mouth of the literature of the land of Gwaunllwg.
 The mouth of all the excellencies of Gwynedd,
 From Edeyrnion to the land of Neath.
 And the skilful tongue of our language;
 The father who cherishes it, art thou that knowest it.
 Let us go to the court, there shall we find thee,
 At Haverford, like in a high fair.
 Eight hundred thousand extol thee,
 From Aberffraw to the vale of Pembroke.
 Well art thou styled the wise countenance
 Of all the sciences of Dyved,
 From the fair harbour where boils the wave
 Of Daugleddau¹ to Caledonia;
 One of the heroes of Earl Herbert of Narberth,
 Art thou, and his lance and his might,
 Possessing a name above that
 In the dwelling of thy own eight territories;²
 The name of teacher and director of every learning,
 In a measure like unto the name of Moses.

The Abbot of Valle Crucis will make our land
 Altogether one entire feast;
 At his own charge shall wine and meat be free,
 For the entertainment of you and Davydd,³
 In the same manner as thou in the Dwyallt,
 Excepting his vestments and his tonsure.
 Like as all Cambrians assemble in thy house,
 From all the Gwents, so shall it be with him.
 He by his order is distinguished,
 You by the sciences of the world.
 All Gwynedd shall assemble here,
 Like as the eight districts of Gwent at thy fair mansion.

The sciences and endowments of knowledge
 Assuredly does Davydd love,
 For one book he does call out,
 That he loves more than gold and gems,
 And implores you to send
 The goodly Gréal to this land.
 The book of the blood—the book of the heroes,
 Where they fell in the court of Arthur;
 The book of the renowned knights,
 The book of the fair order of the Round Table.
 A book still in the Briton's hand,

¹ Milford Haven.² Gwent.³ The Abbot of Valle Crucis.

Which the race of Horsa cannot read.
 The loan of this does Davydd, Principal of the Choir,
 Request from the bountiful Ivor,
 The kingly book, which should the venerable chief obtain,
 He would be content to live without other food.
 The holy monks also do desire to have
 The sacred Greal in yonder land of Yale.
 Nevertheless it will not tarry there ;
 From the land of Yale it will return again,
 Your old blind Gytto, he and his chattels,
 Will be your surety for its return,
 And gracious Providence, as from the dwelling of St David,
 Will doubtless grant thee thy reward."¹

In the Kymric lines quoted p. 437, the book is differently described ; for instead of "a book of the fair order of the Round Table," it is more pointedly termed,—

Llyfr o grefft yr holl fort gronn,

A book of the doings of the whole Round Table.

The curiosity of the abbot is well described by the blind old bard ; and it would appear to have been real ; for Black Ievan of the Billhook, another bard, describes the anticipated gratitude of a different aspirant for the perusal of "the truthful grey book," in terms quite as forcible. Addressing Lewis ab Davydd Ddu, the abbot of Glyn Neath, he says,—

"Let this book therefore be courteously sent
 To us from the court of Neath by the worthy Lewis,
 Who is exemplary in rebuking the ungodly,
 And of true propriety in prayer to God.
 And if I shall obtain from Davydd's son
 The book of the Greal without delay,
 And readily against Lent,
 Its proud leaves will be worth its weight (in gold.)
 We will observe the supreme law of St. Gregory,
 We shall have Matins in the Choir,
 And after Vesper manifold will be
 The uttering of praise to Mary."²

Proceed we now to notice another curious species of literature, pertaining to and truly characteristic of the ancient Kymry.

¹ Iolo Manuscripts, p. 706.

² Ibid. p. 708.

SECTION IV.

THE TRIADS.

THESE form an exceedingly interesting collection of documents ; and have been found eminently useful in illustrating national history, manners, and language. They bespeak a singular state of society, and such as could have no existence in modern times. I have been much interested in considering the allusions to the social state found in the works of the early bards ; the poems of Llywarch Hen, and Aneurin, seem to show a higher state of civilization than prevailed many centuries later ; and clearly show the condition of Britain at the close of the Roman domination, when the civilized practices of their conquerors had won their admiration, and elicited their sympathy. In such circumstances, when the alarms, and excitements of war had ceased, and when the British youth, whose mental capacities have been favourably noticed by several Latin Historians, strove to excel in a knowledge of Roman literature, there must of necessity have been much intellectual activity. Then must have arisen the necessity for some medium of communication, and for the transmission of thought ; and if we bear in mind the assertion of Cæsar, that the Druids cultivated the art of memory, we arrive easily at the origin of the Triads. By these remarks I do not mean to assert that the Triad is as old as the time of the Druids ; but intend more particularly to show that at this period it was in existence, or had it not been previously in use, must now have been developed. The Kymry were a communicative,

and intellectual people, and wanting writing materials, must of necessity have had recourse to a system of artificial memory. Some of the Triads may be as old as the time of the Druids; there must have been a collection of them in the time of Hywel Dda, before he could have consulted those attributed to Dyvnwal Moelmud; but the collections we have, are as late as the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

They may be divided into Triads of history, bardism, theology, ethics, and jurisprudence. We have advanced one reason why they seem, some of them, to have been collected as far back as the tenth century. The Triadic form is frequently seen in the poems of Aneurin, and Llywarch Hen; and Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt was of opinion that some of them had been collected as far back as the seventh century. In the time of Hywel, they were very common, as "the collective wisdom" of his day, have either framed or copied a great number of legislative Triads; and we have unquestionable proof in the following Englyn by Kynddelw, that one at least of the Historical Class is as old as the twelfth century,—

Godwryf a glywaf am glawr fagu glyw
 Glew Fadawc bieufu
 Trinfra cryf a cynyddu
 Trydydd *Tir Diweir Deulu.*

This alludes to a well known triad of the three blessed families of Bran Vendigaid, Cunedda Wledig, and Brychan Brycheiniog.

I had, in sketching out the plan of this Essay, intended to introduce a dissertation upon the value of the triads as historical documents; but the shortness of the time at my disposal, and the quantity of matter yet to be introduced, compel me to leave it out, and content myself with briefly stating the probable conclusions. Many of the Triads refer to events, of which there remains no other record; and many are evidently fabulous, and mythological. Again many of them relate in different words, and from evidently distinct sources, to events commemorated by Roman and Saxon his-

torians, and the monkish chroniclers. The accounts are very similar, and so nearly coincident, that in other cases, where there is no corroborative evidence, and where there is no admixture of fabulous matter apparent, the triads may, with a little caution, be without risk of impropriety used as authentic historical documents. They are only traditions it is true, for the habit of writing once introduced would render these brief memorials unnecessary and less satisfactory than full and circumstantial reports; but they are traditions of a peculiar and trustworthy character. The bards are said to have recited these triads at their Congresses; and if such was really the case, the difficulty of introducing fictitious matter under such circumstances would be very great; we are therefore justified in forming a favourable estimate of their historical trustworthiness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

It is my business to write the history of the language as well as of the literature of the Kymry ; and however imperfect the following pages may be, they will throw a little light upon the subject, and materially assist such of my readers, as wish to study the original poems. The Kymraeg is a language which lays claim to very remote antiquity ; but at a time when almost every scientific discovery tends to unsettle our notions of the primary state of society, it would scarcely savour of wisdom, to speak of a primitive language. Suffice it that the language is old ; perhaps the Keltic is the oldest class of European languages.

It is of more importance to know upon the present occasion, that the Kymraeg is an original language, corresponding to the wants of the people, indicative of their deficiencies, and elaborated with much care from original roots, upon principles really philosophical. The language of a people must always correspond to the requirements of the nation ; and from its copiousness in some respects and scantiness in others, will always furnish a tolerably correct notion of the place of that people in the scale of civilization. Languages at all times answer the demand made upon them, either from their own resources, or by the admixture of words from other tongues ; and therefore it is an index of both the purity, and richness of the Kymraeg, that from its

own elements, it has been found capable of meeting all the requirements hitherto made of it, without being in the slightest degree indebted for foreign aid; and the fact that in the march of intellect many branches of knowledge have been formed, for which the Kymry have as yet no adequate expressions, is no proof whatever, that its capacities have been exhausted. Science has not hitherto domesticated itself at the Cambrian hearth; but when it does visit our mountaineers, and the time for that is I trust approaching,¹ there is not much room for doubt, that this time-honoured language will, like the Greek, be as well adapted for the most abstruse sciences, as for common conversation.

The originality of the language, is a fact which has not been fully recognised by most of our grammarians; but it is less my intention to give an outline of the principles of the language, than to trace the progress of its growth, or development during the two hundred and forty years embraced by by this Essay. My observations will principally be directed to the mutation of consonants; but I would make a passing remark upon the conjugation of verbs. The past, present, and future terminations of verbs are a little confused in our earlier poets. This topic cannot be satisfactorily treated unless we had the actual words of the sixth century poets before us in their original orthography; but we cannot I fear, with any degree of certainty, refer their present orthography to as early an age as the sixth century, though our present version is evidently early. Taliesin says, in giving Owain ab Urien's reply to Fflamddwyn's demand for hostages,—

Ni ddodynt, nid ydynt, nid ynt parawd,

They have not been, they are not, they will not be ready.

¹ It is a source of sincere gratification to reflect that an attempt is being made to render Chambers's *Information for the People*, known to the Kymry in their own language. The translator, Mr. Ebenezer Thomas, is fully competent to his task, the work is of all others the best adapted, from its excellence and cheapness, for the purpose of bringing scientific knowledge within the reach of my countrymen, and I trust, that Mr. Edwards, the publisher, will not have to regret that his spirited undertaking meets with a cold reception.

Here we have all the three tenses with the same termination. Again in that very beautiful description of a flight of arrows

Gwelais wyr gorvawr,
A dygyrchynt awr ;
Gwelais waed ar lawr
Rac ruthyr cletyvawr
Glesynt esgyll gwawr
Esgorynt yn waewawr ;

we notice the same want of a discriminative mark between the tenses ; but it is singular that this defect, only pervades the writings of Taliesin, and Llywarch. Instances in abundance may be produced from the Elegies of the latter bard. The termination “ynt,” is used in the *past tense* in the following lines,—

Yn Llongborth llâs i Arthur
Gwyr dewr, cymmyngnt a dur
Ammherawdwyr, llywrawdwyrr llafur ;

while it is here used in the *present* (the proper) tense,—

Eglwysau Bassa ynt dirion heno,
Ys gwaedlyd eu meillion ;
Rhudd ynt hwy, rhwy fy nghalon.

Aneurin, who exhibits traces of Latin influence in other respects also, uses this termination as do modern writers ; and in the following passage the *past*, the *present*, and *future* terminations, are such as are now commonly used,—

O vreithell Gattræth pan adrotir,
Maon dychurant eu hoed bu hîr,
Edyrn diedyrn, a mygyn dir,
A meibion Godebawc, gwerin enwir
Dyphorthynt gowysawr gelorawr hîr !
Bu truan dyngedven, angen gywir
A dyngud i Dudvwlch a Chyvvwlch hîr
Aed yvent vet gloew wrth liw babir
Cyd vel da ei vlâs, ei gâs bu hir.

At Cattræth's deed of blood, when told by fame,
Humanity will long deplore the loss ;
A throne with nought to sway, a murky soil ;

Godeboc's progeny, a faithful band,
 On biers are borne to glut the yawning grave !
 Their fate was wretched, yet true the destiny
 Sworn to Tudvolch, and to Cyvolch proud—
 That though by blaze of torch they quaff'd clear mead ;
 Tho' good its taste, its curse would long be felt.

Here we have "ent," for the past tense, "ynt" in the present, and "ant" in the future ; whether this arose from the greater skill of Aneurin, or from the alterations of the copyist, I know not ; but that alterations have been made is evident, from the fact that in other places Taliesin is made to use the future termination *ant* in both the past and present tenses. Perhaps the only safe conclusion would be, that the usage at that period was confused, and unsettled ; and that the use of the terminations "ant" and "ent," has been introduced since that of "ynt." "Ynt," is sometimes improperly used in the past tense by the bards of the twelfth and subsequent centuries ; and even at the present day "ant" is as frequently used in the past as in the future tense, by writers careless of elegant diction.

Mr. Humphreys Parry, preceded by Dr. Pughe, has in a series of able articles upon the Welsh language, given expression to some sentiments respecting the mutation of consonants, which require examination. He seems to consider that the consonants are not changed for the sake of euphony ; but only in accordance with grammatical rules. Such an assertion is utterly at variance with the state of the language as we find it in the twelfth century ; as is also the assumption that the mutation of the initial consonants dates back from a very remote antiquity. It is easy to trace the steps of its growth ; and the poems of the twelfth century show that many mutations now used were not then known. The mutation of initial consonants is as old as our oldest poems ; but all the mutations now known were not then used. They were gradually introduced. Meilir in one of his poems says,—

"Amdlawd vyn tawad ar vyn tewi

Had the whole of the mutations been then known, he would have written thus,—

“Amdlawd vy *nhavawd*, &c.

At that time, if the language was pronounced as it is written, it must have sounded harsh indeed, as will be seen from the following instances,—

Digonais *grevyt*
Ysgwyt Duw Davyt
Vy iawn *grevyt*
Heb i weini.—Meilyr.

Un o Iwerton.—Gwalchmai.
Pencor, *pencert* wyti *itaw*.—Cynddelw.
Un ar dir, ar dorvoet rydres.—Prydydd Moch.
Ban dywaid o *vrait* *wetait* wovec.—Hywel ab Owain.
Diwallaw di venestr na vyn angau,
Korn can anrydet anghyvetau.—Owain Cyveiliog.
Maredu, llofrut lloegrwys.—Prydydd Moch.

Now in each of these, and hundreds of similar cases, the *t* would be now written *dd* or *dh*; but this mutation was not at that time in existence.

The *Dh* was introduced to express this sound, about the year 1400, and in the time of Henry the VIII., the *h* was omitted, and the *d* written with a point at the top or underneath, and Irish Antiquarians still retain the *D*. This was the form used by H. Llwyd and W. Salisbury at home; and by Dr. Gruffydd Roberts and Roger Smyth, in the Welsh books they printed beyond the sea. Dr. J. D. Rhys, Dr. D. Powel, Thomas Jones, Tregaron, and others who wrote during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, revived the old form *dh*; but Dr. Davies afterwards rejected both the preceding, and introduced the *dd*, which prevails at this day.¹ This alteration is far from being judicious; it wants the sanction of analogy, and has no valid support. In the case of *tt*, *rr*, *mm*, *nn*, &c. the single letters are doubled in order to harden the sound; but the doubled *d* is intended to be softer than the single; it is therefore against analogy. Dr. Owen Pughe wished to revive the *d* with the dot at

¹ Llwyd's Arch. Brit. p. 226.

the top, and Lynch in his *Irish Grammar* (pub. 1821,) recommended the Kymry to adopt the Irish notation ; but the *dh*, as used by Edward Llwyd, J. D. Rhys, Powel, and Thomas Jones, appears to be the best exponent of the aspirated sound of *D*.

The letter *F* very anciently had two pronunciations. Llwyd gives an interesting illustration of the most unusual of them,—

“On a mountain called Gelli Gaer, in Glamorganshire, we find the British name Divrod inscribed on a stone *TEFRAVTL*. In the notes on Glamorganshire in Cambden, I have read this inscription, supposing it might have been Welsh, *DEFFRO IT TI*, i. e. mayest thou awake ; but having found afterwards that the names anciently inscribed on monuments in our country are very often in the genitive case, as *CONBELINI*, *SEVERINI*, *AMILINI*, &c., and most if not all in Latin, I now conclude it a proper name, and the very same that is otherwise called *Dubritius*.¹”

Here it is sounded as *v* ; but the same writer remarks that generally, and in the oldest MSS. it has the sound given to it in the English Alphabet. Perhaps it would have been more strictly accurate to have stated that in early ages, the usage was not fixed ; as no rule appears to be observed by the poets, who sometimes use the one, and sometimes the other character, to express the same sound. A line from *Kynddelw* will show the fact clearly,—

“*Sevis efseint duw genhyn.*”

Here we have the same sound represented by both *V* and *F*. In the twelfth century, or perhaps sooner, another rule was adopted by which the *V* was superseded by *F*, and the doubled *F* used to represent the English sound of that letter, thus,—

“*Uffern carn ffurf y henneint ;*”

but still considerable laxity prevailed ; for in reading in the *Meddygon Myddvai*, “*Ef a geif*,” the first *F* would be pronounced soft and the second hard.

In old MSS. we find the letter *C* where we now use *G* ; and in reading most of the specimens given in this work,

¹ Llwyd's *Arch. Brit.* p. 226.

the *C* at the end of a word should be sounded as *G*. Thus Aneurin has *caeawc cynhorawc*, for *caeawg cynhorawg*;—

Guledic gwlad orvod.—Meilyr.
Teithiawc Prydein.—Gwalchmai.
Twrwf ton torchawc.—Kynddelw.
Hartliw guanec.—Hywel ab Owain.

It should also be observed that the modern compound *ng* is generally represented by a single letter; which in printing has been displaced by the simple *G*; thus,—

“Gwaethyluann yg kyman yg kymelri,”—Llywarch ab Llywelyn.

would now be written,—Gwaethylvann *ynghyman yng-hymelri*.

Formerly the words *eog*, *baedd*, &c. were written *ehauc*, *bahedd*, the *H* being used to prolong the sounds of the vowels.

In the oldest MSS. the letter *I* supplied not only its English pronunciation in the words *him*, *thin*, &c., and the double *ee*, but also both *y* and *ÿ*; and Llwyd remarks that in an ancient Welsh Manuscript, written five hundred years before his time, this letter was constantly omitted, and its place supplied by *ÿ*.

Llwyd remarks that the letter *K*, never occurs in our oldest British Manuscripts, but was afterwards introduced by the Normans, who made frequent use of it in their old French. About the year 1200, it is constantly used in the initial syllables, and the *C* in the terminations. Thus.

A deckant kyman æ kilyei.—Hywel ab Owain.
Y korn yn llaw Rys, &c.—Owain Kyveiliog.
Am fedd Krist, &c.—Elidir Sais.
Y neb a holo penkynydd keisyed, &c.—Cyfreithieu Hywel,
(a MS. of the twelfth century.)

It continued to be used until about 1500, since which time most Welsh writers have omitted it, and used the *C* instead. As at present used among the Kymry, the *C* is always hard.

The letter *L* has two pronunciations; but in the oldest British MSS. Llwyd says that there is no distinction to

denote when it has its simple sound, and when it is to be sounded as *R*, or *rh*. The double *L* "was introduced in the twelfth century; which Dr. Gruffydd Roberts author of the first printed Welsh Grammar, in the reign of king Henry the VIII. not approving of, altered for an *L* with a point underneath, and William Salisbury for one marked at the top. Afterwards Dr. Davies, the Physician, observing that *H* had been the auxiliary in the ancient Roman orthography as *Ch*, *Ph*, and *Th* introduced *Lh*; and this practice obtained, till Dr. Davies rejected it and used *Ll* in his Grammar printed an. 1621, and in his Dictionary.¹"

In addition to its usual sound, the *m* sometimes in the most ancient manuscripts had that of *V*; thus in the *Liber Landavensis*, the word *Cyvraith*, is written *Cymreith*.

There are two pronunciations to the *R* in the oldest manuscripts. When used in its primary form, as in the beginning of words in Dictionaries, it is always pronounced as in the Greek, aspirated. Thus, in the words "*Kyn rudaw, &c.*," it would be pronounced as if written *Rh*; but in the poems of this era, there is no mark to denote when the aspirate should be used or omitted. About 1500, in North Wales the initial *R* was doubled as in "*rriallon*," for *Rhiwallon*; the *Rh* was introduced afterwards. Old bards of this era began to double the *S*, just as Glamorgan writers doubled the *N*; but the wisdom of, or the necessity for either, is alike problematical. *U*, was variously used for *U*, *V*, and *W*. The *W* does not appear in very old manuscripts; it was used as *V*, and *Y*; but its usage is now fixed.

The letter *X* is not known among the Kymry, though Cæsar states that one of the chief of the Edui was called *Dumnorix*. Lhwyd argues with much ingenuity that the name was ended with the Greek *X*, the *Ch* of the Keltic dialects.

Many of the bards, who lived during the twelfth and succeeding centuries, took much pride in the art of literary

¹ Lhwyd's Arch. Britt. p. 228.

composition, and many therein display considerable skill. The language of the Kymry is rich in native roots, and several of these men have done much to develop its capabilities; they wisely determined to cultivate their own tongue, rather than borrow words from others; and as they had clear preceptions of the philosophy of language, the service rendered to their parent speech by the writers of these centuries, will ever give them a strong claim upon the respect, and admiration of their countrymen. They formed their compound words upon principles really philosophical; and when the number of Kymric roots was so great, it will scarcely excite surprise, that men proud of their language, and with intelligence enough to develop its capacities, should have produced lasting monuments of their own skill, and of the inherent wealth of the Cambrian tongue. In their position, and surrounded by the social atmosphere of the age, we naturally conclude that they must have excelled in those things, by which they were most strongly affected. War was the ruling passion of the era, and battles, warriors, and princes, were the objects, which most frequently tasked their descriptive powers. It is here, therefore, that we shall find the best specimens of composition. For battle they had no less than nine words,—

Battle	{	Brwydyr,
		Ymladdfa,
		Aer,
		Cad,
		Trin,
		Breithell,
		Camawn,
		Gwaith,
		Rhyfel;

and from one of these words we meet with the following compounds,—

Aer, *plural* Aerau, Battle.

Aeraesawr, Battle-shielded, (D. ap Gwilym.)

Aerawd, *pl.* Aerodydd, A slaughtering, (Prydydd y Moch.)

Aerawg, Slaughtering, (D. ap Emwnt.)

- Aerawl, Warring.
 Aer-bair, Causing slaughter, (Llygad Gwr.)
 Aer-baith, Wasted by slaughter, (Llygad Gwr.)
 Aer-baladr, The spear of battle, (G. ab Meredydd.)
 Aer-bar, *pl.* Aerbarau, The spear of war, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-bar, Preparing for slaughter, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-bost, *pl.* Aerbyst, Pillar of battle, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-darf, Battle-frightening, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-dawelwch, Battle-silence, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-dew, The Thick of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-dorf, *pl.* Aerdorfaoedd, Battle-troop, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-dranc, *pl.* Aer-drancau, Battle-extirmination, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aer-drawd, *pl.* Aer-drodion, Battle-tread.
 Aer-drin, Managing of battle, (Davydd Benfras.)
 Aer-ddar, The din of battle, (Gwilym Ddu.)
 Aer-drodi, To march to battle.
 Aer-dwr, The tower of battle, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-dwrch, The boar of battle, (G. ab Meredydd.)
 Aer-dwrf, *pl.* Aer-dyrfoedd, The sound of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-ddraig, The dragon of battle, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aer-ddor, The guardian of battle, (Einion Wann.)
 Aer-ddryd, Skilful in war, (Davydd Benfras.)
 Aer-dduriawg, Battle-steeled, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aerfa, *pl.* Aerfaod, Place of battle, (G. ab Arthur.)
 Aer-fab, *pl.* Aerfeib, Son of slaughter, (Bleddyn Vardd.)
 Aer-faidd, *pl.* Aer-feiddiau, Battle-daring, (Aneurin.)
 Aer-fan, Aer-fannau, Field of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-falch, Proud of battle, (Llygad Gwr.)
 Aer-far, *pl.* Aer-faroedd, Battle rage, (Einion ab Gwgan.)
 Aer-fathyr, To trample in battle, (Rhisiardyn.)
 Aer-fawr, Greatly-slaughtering, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-feddawc, Entombed in slaughter, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-fen, Place of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-flaidd, *pl.* Aerfleiddiau, War-wolf, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aer-flawdd, Nimble-slaughterer, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aer-fle, A field of slaughter.
 Aer-frad, Battle-treachery, (G. ab Meredydd ab Davydd.)
 Aer-frau, Breaking in battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-fraw, The terror of battle, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aer-fryd, Battle-loving.
 Aer-fur, The fortress of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-frwyd, The sting of battle, (G. ab Meredydd.)
 Aer-frys, The haste of battle.
 Aer-fwrw, Dealing slaughter, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-ffysg, *pl.* Aer-ffysgau, Battle-hastening.
 Aer-gad, *pl.* Aer-gadoedd, A skirmish, (Kynddelw.)
 Aergawdd, *pl.* Aer-goddau, The rage of slaughter, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-gi, *pl.* Aer-gwn, Dog or Dogs of war, (Aneurin.)

Aer-greu, The gore of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-grwydr, *pl.* Aergrwydrau, Battle-scattering, (Seisyll Bryffwrch.)
 Aer-gryd, *pl.* Aergrydau, Battle-tremor, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-gup, The chief of the battle, (Prydydd Bychan.)
 Aer-gur, Battle-paining, (G. ab M. ab Davydd.)
 Aer-gwl, *pl.* Aergylion, Battle-mischief, (Davydd Benfras.)
 Aer-gwyn, *pl.* Aergwynion, Battle-complaint, (Einion Offeiriad.)
 Aer-gwys, *pl.* Aergwysi, Battle-furrows, (Llygad Gwr.)
 Aer-gyfrain, *pl.* Aergyfreinion, Meeting of battle spears, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-laith, *pl.* Aerleithian, The havoc of battle, (Elidir Sais.)
 Aer-llary, Generous in fight, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-lew, *pl.* Aerlewod, The lion of battle, (Llygad Gwr.)
 Aer-lew, Brave in battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-lid, The anger of battle, (author of the Hoianau.)
 Aer-ludd, *pl.* Aerluddiau, The hindrance of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-lyw, *pl.* Aerlywion, The ruler of battle, (Seisyll Bryffwrch.)
 Aer-llafn, The blade of battle, (G. ab Meredydd.)
 Aer-llin, A warlike race, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-llu, The army of battle, (Casnodyn.)
 Aer-ner, The lord of battle, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-nerth, Strength of battle, (Prydydd y Moch.)
 Aer-walch, *pl.* Aerweilch, The hawk of battle, (Bleddyn Vardd.)
 Aer-wan, Opening the battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-was, *pl.* Aerweision, A young warrior, (Elidir Sais.)
 Aer-wib, *pl.* Aerwibiau, The course of slaughter.
 Aerwawr, The hero of battle, (G. ab Meredydd.)
 Aer-wosgryn, *pl.* Aerwosgrynion, The shaker of battle, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-wr, *pl.* Aerwyr, A warrior, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-wy, *pl.* Aerwyon, Battle-torques, (G. ab Ieuan Hên.)
 Aer-wyad, Battle-torque-wearing.
 Aer-wyaw, To put on a battle-torque.
 Aer-wyawg, Having torques.
 Aer-wyawl, Like battle torques.
 Aer-wyll, The fiend of war, (Kynddelw.)
 Aer-wymp, Smart in battle, (G. ab Meredydd.)
 Aer-wywr, A maker of battle-torques.

The same fecundity may be observed in other roots, though not perhaps to so great an extent.

In the arrangement of words, the Bards also showed a degree of skill, but little, if any, inferior to that exhibited in the formation of new ones; but generally, in this respect, they proposed for themselves too low a standard of excellence. Kynddelw frequently contents himself with such displays as,—

“ Ae balchlann rwng y balchneint
 Ae balchvur ae balchwyr testeint
 Ae balchlwys eglwys eglurveint
 Ae balch rad ae balchrot trameint
 Ae balchwawr yn awr yn deweint
 Ae balchgor heb achor echvreint
 Ae balch offeiryat ae hofferient;”

but he has many passages indicative of greater ability; among these may be cited,—

“ Dysgogan derwyton dewrwlad—y esgar
 Y wysgwyd weinivyad
 Dysgweinid kyrt kydneid kydnad
 Kyd volyant gwr gormant gormeissyad
 Dysgweyd keinyeid kyva enadeu rwyf
 Eu rwytvod yn amhad
 Dy brydeich brwydyr daer aer aerurad
 Dybriw dreic dragon beleidryad ;

and in the same poem, addressed to Owain Kyveiliog,—

Mwyn ouyt y veirt y ueith goelvein—rann
 Meirch mygyruann kynkan kein
 Yn rith rynn ysgwyd
 Rac ysgwenn blymnhywd
 Ar ysgwyt yn arwein
 Yn rith llew rac llyw goradein
 Yn rith llauyn anwar llachar llein
 Yn rith cletyf claer clod ysgein—yn aer
 Yn aroloet kyngrein
 Yn rith dreic rac dragon prydein
 Yn rith bleit blaengar vu Ywein.

Llywarch ab Llywelyn prided himself upon the polish of his verses; and would probably not have objected to the citation of his address to Davydd ab Owain, as a fair specimen of his best style,—

Hanbych well dauyt handid o deuawd
 Gogyuarch teyrn gogwyr teyrnuart
 Gogyufurt torment gogyfyaw toruoet
 Gogawn teyrnueirt gogawn teyrnuro
 Termud torment terrwyn deyrn
 Eryres ormes eryron dyrrva
 Eyr teyrnon yr yn deyrngein
 Eyr dreic ormant ardunant prif veeirt
 Eurdwrn prydytyon arwynawl pryduar
 Ar wyneb prydein
 Hud wyth yth edryt hud wyf yth eduryd
 Hydrueirt oth edrych hud ynt yth adrawt
 Eiryoed dy ang car aerawd dyt ankeu
 Eurawc dy aghad eirynt ym anghen
 Teyrnllu teyrnet teyrnllaw teyrnllin
 Teyrnllwy teyrnas teruysc torment
 Teruyn tir gadw terrwyn
 Teyrn ar gedyrn eur gedawl daeyt
 O devawd angertawl
 Rwyn kynnygyn kynnogyn ditawl
 Rwyf prydein prydyt ath vawl.

It would be impossible to convey a clear notion of the skill here displayed, by translation; and therefore I have not made the attempt. But neither of these bards possessed such mastery over the language as Gwalchmai. In his celebrated ode, he displays a remarkable degree of skill in developing its capacities, as will appear from the various combinations of the word “*dygyfod*” in the following lines,—

A *dygyfor* Lloegr, a *dygyfrang* â hi ;
 Ac ei *dygyfwrw* yn astrussi,
 A *dygyfod* clod cleddyf difri ;
 Yn saith ugein iaith wy faith foli !

The richness of the Cambrian tongue, is also shown in the second line of the *Avallenau*, where a number of words, are ably developed from the root “*gy*.”—

“Saith afallen beren a saith ugaint
 Yn *gyfoed*, *gyfuwch*, *gyhyd*, *gymmaint*.”

I have already quoted, in treating of this poem, some lines from *Davydd Benfras*, which exhibit the same mastery over words, and the exhaustless wealth of a language, whose roots were numerous enough to enter into every re-

quisite combination. Instances of this fecundity might be cited from all the bards, from Aneurin down to Davydd ab Gwilym; but those already quoted show the truth of the assertion in the most clear, and satisfactory manner. The improvement which took place during this period, is also shown by the discarding of such Latin phrases as "Rex Regum," "Rex Rexedd," and "Rex awyr," which prevailed in the time of Meilir.

The Welsh language has evidently grown in the hands of its literati; new wants have revealed new capabilities to supply them. Evans, in the *Dissertatio de Bardis*, complains that the language of the early bards is unintelligible; but it is much more intelligible than he seems to have considered it to be; and in the bards of the twelfth century, making allowance for words, which designate manners not now prevalent, is not difficult to be understood.

SECTION II.

POETRY FROM A.D. 1280 TO A.D. 1322.

It is now time that we should cast a cursory glance over the literature of Wales, from the death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd to that of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd. The fall of Llywelyn, and the capture of David his brother, seem, as it is natural to expect, to have paralyzed the mind of the nation, and rendered it incapable of great exertion. Besides, the period between 1280 and 1322, when Sir Gruffydd Llwyd was taken prisoner, was one of petty insurrections, and local wars; these irritate, but do not stimulate the in-

tellect, and probably gave rise to many paltry poems, which have left no traces in the literature of the country. Such a state of political servitude, and grumbling obedience, is essentially unfavourable to intellectual labour; the Kymry could not make up their minds cheerfully to submit to the English usurper, and yet they appear to have wanted both ability in their leaders, and zeal on their behalf; for the insurrections were very petty, had no lofty aims, and springing from local grievances, found no response in national sympathy. The state of feeling and opinion at this time, may be inferred from the poems of the bards; and one of the best bards in the whole course of Cambrian literature, gives the feeling very clear expression,—

“Mynych iawn y dymunais,
Cael Arglwydd llawn arwydd llain
O hono'm innau'n hunain.”—Iolo Goch.

Oftentimes have I wished
To have a Lord of ability—glorious portent
From among us ourselves.

Carefully considered, these facts will leave no room for wonder that the literature of these forty years, is not more plentiful, and valuable. The age however was not altogether barren; it was a period of gestation, as appeared in the general revival of the age of Owain Glyndwr, and the wars of the Roses; and there are strong reasons for referring some of the Mabinogion to this date.

About this time there flourished, Gwilym Ddu, Llywelyn Brydydd Hodnant, Hillyn, or Heilyn, Iorwerth Vychan, Llywelyn Ddu, Rhys Goch, Casnodyn, Rhisserdyn, Gruffydd ab D. ab Tudor, and Madawg Dwygraig. Llywarch Llaety is also referred to this date by the Editors of the Myvyrian Archaiology, but for reasons already stated without propriety. Several of these bards have been incidentally noticed already, and some passing remarks may again be made upon others; but we shall only notice at any length a few of the more distinguished.

Gwilym Ddu has two Odes addressed to Sir Gruffydd Llwyd

the causes of which were the following circumstances.—“Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, knight, the son of Rhys ap Gruffydd ap Ednyved Fychan, was a valiant gentleman, but unfortunate, ‘Magnæ quidem, sed calamitosæ virtutis,’ as Lucius Florus saith of Sertorius. He was knighted by king Edward, when he brought him the first news of his queen’s safe delivery of a son at Caernarvon castle; the king was then at Rhuddlan, at his parliament held there. This Sir Gruffydd afterwards taking notice of the extreme oppression, and tyranny exercised by the English officers, especially Sir Roger Mortimer, lord of Chirk and justice of North Wales, towards his countrymen the Welsh, became so far discontented, that he broke into open rebellion, verifying that saying of Solomon, ‘Oppression maketh a wise man mad.’ He treated with Sir Edward Bruce, brother to Robert, then king of Scotland, who had conquered Ireland, to bring or send over men to assist him in his design against the English; but Bruce’s terms being conceived too unreasonable, the treaty came to nought; however being desperate he gathered all the forces he could, and in an instant, like a candle that gives a sudden blaze before it is out, overran all North Wales, and the marches, taking all the castles and holds; but to little purpose, for soon after he was met with, his party discomfited, and himself taken prisoner.”¹ What became of him ultimately, is not known; but our bard has paid two tributes to his gallantry, one of which, composed while he was imprisoned, we here extract. He has given it the singular title of “Odes of the Months;” “why,” says the Rev. E. Evans, “I cannot guess, but by what he intimates in the poem, which is, that when all nature revives, and the whole animal and vegetable creation are in their full bloom and vigour, (in the months of May and June,) he mourned and pined for the decayed state of his country.”—

¹ Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt’s notes on Dr. Powell’s History of Wales, printed at Oxford 1668 and quoted in the “Dissertation de Bardie” page 48

THE ODES OF THE MONTHS.¹

Is it not true, that at the beginning of May I was honoured ?
 Is it not true that I had protection, meat, and mead ?
 Is it not true that a time so disastrous has not occurred,
 Since Christ was taken and betrayed—disconsolate condition ?
 Is it not care that makes me weep ?
 Is it not the Lord's punishment, that the red sword is sheathed ?
 Is it not in my memory how large it was,
 And how frequently it made dreadful havoc ?
 Are there not many captives uttering indignant groans ?
 Are not the one-langued bards straitened on account of their
 feasts ?
 Is not generosity imprisoned with one munificent as Nudd ?
 Gruffydd the valorous hawk, renowned for destroying his enemies,
 Is he not mourned by the bards who have proved his hospitality ?
 Is it not a vexation to me, that the host of a hundred feasts,
 Is cruelly imprisoned by the false men of England,
 The war-dragon of Llan Rhystud—the picture of nobility ?
 Am I not unappeased by benefits—I have been eloquent ?
 Shall I not be afflicted with wrath, for a number of years ?
 Am I not concerned, Great God, Ruler of the hosts of heaven,
 That my chief is not free, the Lion of Trefgarnedd ?
 Are not two unfeasted, pensive that he is wanting ?
 Do not the bards of a hundred countries want his protection ?
 Is this not a certain, but sad truth, though the vulgar reflected
 not,
 When they saw my eagle shine in his majesty ?

¹ ODLAU'R MISODD.

Neud cynnechrau Mai mau anrhydded,
 Neud aeth ysgwaeth a maeth a medd,
 Neud cynhebig, ddig, ddygn adroddedd drist,
 Er pan ddolidd Crist, weddw athrist wedd !
 Neud eur a lafur im wylofedd,
 Neud cerydd Dofydd, nad rhydd rhuddgledd.
 Neud cof sy ynof, ys anwedd ei faint,
 Neud cywala haint, hynt diryfedd.
 Neud caeth im dilyd llid llaweredd,
 Neud caith Beirdd cyfaeth am eu cyfedd.
 Neud caethiwedd ced, nad rhydd cydwedd Nudd
 Cadrwalch Ruffudd, brudd, breiddin tachwedd,
 Neud cwyn Beirdd trylwyn, meddir anwyn medd,
 Neud cawdd im anawdd, menestr canwledd,
 Neud carchar anwar enwiredd Eingl dud,
 Aerddraig Llan Rhystud funud fonedd.
 Neud nim dyhudd budd, bum arygledde,
 Neud nam dilyd llid, lliaws blynedd.
 Neud nam dawr, Duw Mawr, maranedd, Nef glyw,
 Neud nad rhydd fy llyw, llew Trefgarnedd,
 Neud trwm oi eisiau dan digyfedd.
 Neu'r wyr Beirdd canwlad, nad rhad rheufedd,
 Neud ef arwydd gwir, neud oferedd gwyr,
 Wrth weled f'eryr yn ei fawredd ;

Am I not pierced by the lance of despair ?
 Is the fate of my protector not hard ?
 Is Gwynedd not in a heavy melancholy mood ?
 Are its people not punished for their transgressions ?
 Is it not long since the bright torchlike sword was laid aside,
 And the brave courage of Achilles obstructed ?
 Is it not spent in sorrow, the whole pleasant season of May ?
 Is not June comfortless and cheerless ?
 Am I not sorrowful the whole month of June,
 That he is not free, Gruffydd with the red lance ?
 Am I not covered with chilly damps ?
 Does not my whole fabric shake for the loss of my chief ?
 May I not sink, O Christ, into a quiet grave, for
 Is not the office of the bard a vain and empty name ?
 I am surprised that my despair has not burst my heart,
 And that it is not rent through the midst in twain ;
 The heavy stroke of care assails my memory, when I think
 Of one valorous as Urien¹ being confined ;
 My meditation on past misfortunes
 Is like that of Cywryd,² the skilful bard of Dunawd.³
 My praise to the worthy hero is without vicious flattery,
 My panegyric is like the fruitful genius of Avan Verddig.⁴

Neud truan im gwân gwayw lledfrydedd,
 Neud trwydded galed im amgeledd.
 Neud trymfryd Gwynedd, gwander dyodd braw :
 Neud hwy eu treisiaw am eu trosedd.
 Neud trahir gohir gloyw babir gledd,
 Oedd trablwg echwng Achel ddewredd.
 Neud trai Cwbl or Mai, mawredd allwynyn,
 Neud mis Mehefin weddw orllin wedd
 Neud mis Mehefin, mau hefyd gystudd.
 Neud nam rhydd Gruffydd wayw rhudd yn rhyd.
 Neum rhywan im gwân gwayw cryd engeiriawl,
 Neud am Ddraig urddwal didawl im dyd.
 Neum erwyr om gwyr im gweryd Crist Ner.
 Neud arfer ofer, Beirdd nifer byd.
 Neud arwydd nam llwydd lledfryd im calon,
 Neud eres nad tonn honn ar ei hyd.
 Mau ynnof mawrgof am ergyd gofal.
 Am attal arial Urien yngryd.
 Mal cofain cywrain Cywryd, fardd Dunawd.
 Meu im Dreig priawd gwawd ni bo gwyd.
 Mau gwawdgan Afan, ufuddfryd firwythlawn,

¹ Urien Rheged, a Cumbrian Chief frequently mentioned by Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch, as an undaunted warrior.

² Cywryd is not mentioned by either Dr. Davies, or Mr. Edward Llwyd, in their lists of British writers ; but from his being named as the bard of Dunawd, it would seem that he lived in the sixth century.

³ Dunawd was the son of Pabo Post Prydain, one of the heroes of the sixth century, who fought valiantly against the Saxons. See p. 256.

⁴ Avan Verddig was the bard of Cadwallon ab Cadvan king of Britain. The Rev. Evan Evans states, that he had in his possession a poem of Avan Verddig's on the death of Cadwallon, which, as far as he understood it, possessed much merit.

In celebrating Cadwallon¹ of royal enterprizes,
 I can no more sing of the lance in well laboured verse,
 For since thou comest not, what avails it to exist ?
 Every region proclaims thy generosity,
 And the world droops since thou art lost.
 There are no entertainments, or mirth, nor honoured bards,
 The palaces are no longer open, strangers are neglected,
 There are no caparizoned steeds, no endearing friendships,
 Our country mourns, and wears the aspect of Lent;
 There is no virtue, goodness, or anything commendable,
 But vice, cowardice, and dissoluteness bear the sway.
 The great strength of Mon¹ is become an empty shadow,
 And the inhabitants of Arvon are become insignificant beneath
 the ford of Rheon.²

Is not the lofty Gwynedd become weak ?
 Is she not struck down by the heavy blow of care ?
 Is it not a sad year for the vigorous patriot ?
 Is it not presumptuous to imprison him, who loved the shout of
 war, and the piercing spear ?

In the original of the above there are sixty-three lines,
 forty-three of which have the peculiarity of commencing
 with the word "Neud," in English "is it not". This fea-
 ture has been rendered in the translation as often as the
 idioms of the English language permitted, so that the

O gof Cadwallawn, brenhinddawn bryd.
 Ni wn waith gwayw dwn, gwawd ddiheuyd clod,
 A thi heb ddyfod pa dda bod byd ?
 Neud wyr pawb yn llwyr, lleyrfryd gynnal,
 Na hylithr aur mál mal oddiwrthyd.
 Nid oes nerth madferth ym myd, oth eisiau,
 Gwleddau na byrddau na Beirid ynghlyd.
 Nid oes lys yspys, esbyd neud dibereh
 Nid oes meirch na seirch na serch hyfryd.
 Nid oes wledd na moes, massw ynyd yw'n gwlad,
 Nid oes mad eithr gwad agwyd.
 Neud gwagedd trossedd, traws gadernyd Mon,
 Neud gweigion Arfon is Reon ryd.
 Neud gwann Wynedd fann, fenn ydd ergyd cur,
 Neud gwael am fodur eglur oglyd.
 Neud blwyddyn i ddyn ddiolfryd a gar,
 Neud blaengar carchar, grym aerbar gryd.
 Gwilym Ddu o Arfon ai cant yn y flwyddyn 1322.

¹ The Cadwallon, above mentioned, fought many battles against the Saxons, in one of which, by the assistance of the men of Powys, he slew Edward king of Mercia. For this he conferred on these certain privileges, which have ever since gone by the name of Breiniau Gwyr Powys.

² An allusion to the fall of Llywelyn the last Prince of Wales, and the royal palace of Aberffraw, in Anglesea.

³ Rheon, a brook in Caernarvonshire; precise locality not known.

reader might have as nearly perfect an idea of the poem as could be conveyed in a translation. Mr. Evan Evans, in whose translation there are several whole lines omitted, thinks the poem "has such touches as none but a person in the bard's condition could have expressed so naturally," and in another place styles it "a monument of the bard's genius." It is very valuable as a picture of the state of the country at that time, and also as a proof of the view already advanced respecting the reported massacre of the bards. There is not the slightest countenance given to any such opinions here; but on the contrary, the language of the poem comes in as a corroboration of the historical account of prohibition. The bards were prohibited by Edward from wandering about the country, and this poem states substantially the same thing,—

"The one-language bards, are they not straitened on account of their entertainments or feasts ?

but there is here nothing more than prohibition. The poetical merits of the poem are not great; though its closing portion forms a vivid and powerfully drawn picture of the distresses of the country—both real and sentimental. This poem has one peculiarity in the affected beginnings with "Neud;" and it has also another in the adoption of the semilineal rhyme, which is found so frequently to grace our lyric poetry. I can never sufficiently admire this feature in Kymric poems; the dropping of the voice before the close of the line, has a fine and very musical effect; and therefore I was pleased to find, that the whole of the second verse in this poem beginning,—

"Neud mis Mehefin, man hefyd gystudd

Neud nam rhydd Gruffydd wayw rhudd yn rhyd,

is in this metre, and not in the regular and monotonous rhyme of many of the bardic compositions. This rhyme is also used eight times in the first of the two verses; and though not invented by Gwilym Ddu, seems to have been more liberally used by him than by any preceding bard.

Gwilym Ddu addressed another poem to Sir Gruffydd

Llwyd; but as its tone resembles that of the preceding, we shall quote his only other production, an elegy on a brother-bard. The Marwnad to the poet Trahaiarn is very interesting; as it is well written, is skilfully constructed, and embodies a contemporaneous criticism, on several of the bards whose works we have already reviewed.

AN ELEGY ON TRAHAIARN THE POET, THE SON OF GRONWY.¹

Fruitful, righteous, and the treasure of song,
Is the stout-hearted, and witty-worded Trahaiarn :—²
He was the fortune of men, and protector of the needy,
He was free-spoken, but in eulogy wise—and discriminative.
Wise he was, we mourn his taking away, while his talents
were increasing.

Freely discriminating poet, and sincere brother in faith,
Was the sapient son of Gronwy, of the just and courteous word,
Who is famed as far as Merioneth, for wise and genial conversation.

The sun of song introduced no worthless arrangements;
But as death is inevitable—tears should not accumulate.
The Muse's favour was good to Gwion³ the magician;
Good was Merddin,⁴ and his line of the tribe of Meirchion;
Good was Llevoed,⁵ ever of courteous avouchment;
Good was the pattern avoucher, brightly endowed Kynddelw;
Good Elidir (Sais) of true statement and right canon,

¹ Ffrwythlawn a chyfiawn a chyfoeth y gerdd
Gwrdd Trahaiarn eirgoeth
Ffawd gwyr oed nawd gwared noeth
Ffraeth dafawd detholwawd doeth
Doeth ynn gwynn o'i ddwyn o'i ddawn gynnydd
Detholydd brydydd brawd ffydd ffyddlawn
Doethfab rwy Goronwy gair uniawn syberw
Doeth dichwerw ei ferw hyd wlad Feiriawn
Dyhir na welir waladr nawn cerddau
Dihau i'w anghau dagrau digrawn
Da fu ffawd y wawd i Wiawn ddewin
Da Fyrddin a'i lin o lwyth Meirchiawn
Da Lefoed erioed da radlawn arddelw
Da arddelw cynnelw Kynddelw ceinddawn
Da Elidir gwir gwarant iawn ganon

¹ Trahaiarn was an eminent poet who flourished from about A.D. 1290 to 1350. He presided in the Gorsedd Morganwg in 1300. He is supposed to have been the same person, as the one who distinguished himself under the assumed name of Casnodyn. Owen's *Cambrian Biography*, p. 330.

² Gwion is a name given to Taliesin in one of the *Mabinogion*.

⁴ Here Merddin has not only a father but a tribe.

⁵ Llevoed Wyneb-glaur, or Flat-faced-Llevoed, was a bard who lived between A.D. 900 and 940. *Cambrian Biography*, p. 214.

One of the wise men of sea-bosom'd Mona ;
 Good the greeting of Llywarch (ab Llywelyn,) a cognomen of
 the right order ;
 Good Davydd Benvras famed for kindness of disposition ;
 Good in Dyved the name of Cadwgan Gruffydd;¹
 Good in unambiguous language the speech of Gwgan ;
 Good among the castles of Cardigan,
 The strength of Phylip, and William² of pungent anger ;
 Well entwined was Einion ab Gwalchmai's single song,
 Which sparkled as a bubbling spring ;
 Good the shame opposing Kneppyn,³ from the district of
 Gwerthryniawn,
 Who sings fluently and accurately in compact Latin ;
 Llygad Gwr was the tower of Edeyrnion land,—⁴
 We shall scarce find his equal, in energy and correctness,
 On the face of the wide land, from the full sea of the Wye,
 To where the Gawrnwy flows over the grave of Rhuvawn ;⁵
 And Trahaiarn in my judgment was indispensable to song,
 He was the friend of chief bards when they travelled on the
 road ;

Gwr o ddoethion Mon mynweseigiawn
 Da Lywarch cyfarch cyfenw iawn urddas
 Da Dafydd Benfras digas digawn
 Da o Ddyfed ced Cadwgan Ruffydd
 Da o'r iaith ddigudd araith Wgawn.
 Da oedd rhwng caeroedd Ceredigiawnyrm
 Phylip a Gwilym aethlym wythlawn
 Da gyfnun un Einion ab Gwalchmai
 A ganau slynai fal berw ffynawn
 Da Gneppyn warthrym o Werthryniawn-dud
 Oedd gerdd esgud lud Ladin gyflawn
 Llygad Gwr oedd dwr Edeyrniawn artal
 Odid ei gystal yniad uniawn
 O dudwedd fawr lled hyd for llawn yngwy
 Hyd Gawrnwy fudd rhwy ar fedd Rhuvawn
 Trahaiarn o'm barn em berniawn cerddraidd
 Oedd blaidd pencerddiaid ceiniaid cammawn

¹ There were three Cadwgans living about this time. Cadwgan ab Cynvrig, a bard who lived about 1280 ; Cadwgan ab Ednyved, another bard, who lived about 1280 ; and Cadwgan Henvoel, also a bard, who lived about 1380 ; but the latter, most probably, is the one here indicated.

² I know not who this person is, unless Mr. Owen, who places him between 1460 and 1490, has post-dated William Egwad, who was a celebrated poet in the locality here mentioned.

³ Kneppyn Gwerthryniawn was one of the fictitious names assumed by Davydd Bach ab Madog Wladaidd, who also called himself Y Crach, and Syppyn Kyveiliog. Mr. Owen states that he flourished between 1400 and 1450 ; but as we find him described (Iolo MSS. p. 681,) as being famous for poetry in 1390, we must place him further back.

⁴ Edeyrnion land is in Merionethshire.

⁵ The grave of Rhuvawn is unknown ; but if Gawrnwy be that which survives in Llanfairynghornwy, it is at the extreme end of Anglesea.

May the Trinity approve of the song we devote to thy praise!
 Through the intercession of the saints, who love carols,
 May his soul be put into the straight path,
 And he become a free-spoken and fruitful occupant of Paradise.

Llywelyn Brydydd Hodnant has contributed two sets of Englynion, as also has a bard named Hillyn; Llywelyn Ddu has one set of verses; and there are in pages 418, 419, and 420 of the Myvyrian Archaiology, several small poems pertaining to this period, by unknown authors. Iorwerth Vychan has also two poems treating of love, the first of a class which afterwards became numerous. They are superior compositions, and would have been inserted here, did we not meditate copious quotations from the abler works of another bard.

The poetry we have hitherto perused, has been of a character uniform almost to monotony; but we are about to enter upon a period when the subjects become more numerous and varied, when poetry assumes more of the aspect of spontaneity, and when strenuous exertions were made to reconcile sound to sense, and combine in versification poetical ideas with intricate musical cadence. A wide interval divides the stiff amble of Meilir's first effort, from the stately strides, and full resounding march of Ap yr Ynad Coch; it was an interval of desperate struggles, when many men of brilliant capacities produced much intellectual wealth; but still one which leaves us much to desire. War was the ruling passion of the men, and the prevailing feature in the literature of that era; the best poems of the ablest bards are addressed to the potentates of the hour, and were hastily composed for set occasions; and as warlike princes, and daring chieftains are the only figures which appear upon the scene, the want of more humble and homely ac-

Trindawd tros folawd fal y gwnawn ith fraint
 Trwy eiriold saint ceraint carawn
 Tro raid i'w enaid i uniawn gymwys
 Trefred Baradwys fraethlwys ffwrwythlawn.

cessaries, gives the pageantry an unreal character, and makes us pant for less exceptional society and more genial companionship. We cannot refuse to those brave and patriotic men our respect and esteem; and did our strong national prejudices, and profound sympathy with the glorious cause in which they were engaged, permit us to be indifferent spectators of their arduous struggles for liberty and independence, it were impossible to withhold our tribute of admiration, for the heroic constancy with which they fought and bled for their rights and privileges, their mountain homes and native land; but when the excitement has subsided during the calm of centuries of peace, the mere records of war and bloodshed, leave in the mind "an aching void" unsatisfied, and we gladly hail the appearance of more quiet scenes, and a stiller atmosphere. In the period embraced by the first chapters, we find one devotional poem by Meilir;¹ Gwalchmai has one poem dedicated to the love of nature, and one to his wife; Hywel ab Owain divided his favour between love, war, and external nature; but all the rest are occupied with the sword and spear. During the period contained in the second, we find a few devotional poems; but Cupid has not a single votary; though all the bards have offered sacrifices at the blood-stained fane of the God of war. Towards the close of the third era, we meet several religious poems of considerable merit; but with these exceptions, Mars reigns supreme; and the little God of love has fled the field.

The fall of Llywelyn, paralyzed for a time the intellect of the Kymry; but the people soon regained their buoyancy; and when war had given way to peace, and turbulence been

¹ In treating of Meilir, I neglected to state that there is reason to believe that he had composed more poems than have come down to us. In an ode to Owain Gwynedd, Gwalchmai, Meilir's son, says,—

"Arddwyrews fy nhad
Ei fraieg frenhindawd."
My father extolled
His stout kingly father.

An "Arddwyread," appears to imply an heroic address to a living person; and as none of Meilir's poems are of that character, we may conclude, as is from other reasons extremely probable, that some of his poems are lost.

kept in abeyance by the firm hands of the English monarchs, the bards again resumed their calling; and sang in strains, which, if less bold and animated, were superior in sweetness and polish, to any that their predecessors had produced. The latter had, what the others had not,—leisure; and accordingly we find it bearing rich fruit. We now find that the Kymry resembled other portions of the human family; they had pruning hooks as well as swords; and we occasionally find that they had plough-shares as well as spears. The clang of arms in the royal halls gave place to the dulcet tone of woman's lips; skipping lambs made populous the solitudes which war had created; and when the pawing war-steed neighed no more, the groves were vocal with the cuckoo's cry, and with the evening notes of the white-faced nightingale. We were out of our element while dwelling among the eagles of war, and the hawks of battle, for we are no admirers of the hunters of men; and therefore are glad to find, that the land had more pleasing objects of contemplation, than mail clad-warriors, dexterous spearmen, and keen-sighted benders of the twanging bow; for it is pleasing to find ourselves still among the comforts of ordinary life, and to enjoy the sweet companionship of human hearts.

The distinctive character of the poetry, of the last seventy years of the fourteenth century, is love. Other subjects also occupied the attention of the Bards; and the era is remarkable for the variety of the topics embraced, as well as for the sweetness of the poems, and the elegance of the versification; for the country being at peace, they were no longer compelled to dedicate their talents to the service of war, and were consequently allowed greater latitude in the selection of their subjects. But the fair sex quite monopolized the favour of the poets, and there is scarcely one of them who has not written amatory verses. We have already stated that Iorwerth Vychan has two love poems; Casnodyn has one; Gruffydd ab Meredydd, six; Gronwy ab Davydd, three; Gronwy Gyrriog, one; Iorwerth Gyrriog, one; Sevnyn, one; Gronwy Ddu, one; Mab y Clochyddyn, one; and the cele-

brated Ode to Myvanwy Vechan, of Hywel ab Einion Lygliw. Davydd ab Gwilym, the Cambrian Petrarch, who addressed seven score and seven poems to his lady love, also lived during this period; but we shall on this occasion confine our attention to the less known labours of Rhys Goch.

Rhys Goch ab Rhiccert lived at Tir Iarll in Glamorganshire. Rhiccert his father is said by Mr. Taliesin Williams, upon the authority apparently of John Bradford, to have been the son of Einion ab Collwyn, a man who figures in the history of the Norman conquest of Glamorgan, about A.D. 1090;¹ and it was probably this consideration, that led to the dating of Rhys Goch's poems at "about 1140."² Whether this reasoning be that of John Bradford, Mr. Edward Williams, or of Mr. Taliesin Williams, I am unable to determine; but as it will devolve upon me to show that the period assigned for the life of our poet, is at least two hundred years too early, the presumed genealogy must be called in question. Rhys Goch may have been descended from Einion ab Collwyn; but he certainly was not the second in descent. The data, from which we arrive at that conclusion are the following:—

Rhys Brydydd, the son of Rhys Goch, was famed as a poet in A. D. 1390.

In a poem written during the reign of king Richard³ the Second, who ascended the throne in 1377, and was deposed in 1399, we find Rhys Brydydd recommended as a fit and proper person to sit upon a jury;

"Let *Rhys Brydydd* be counted; well known his claims,
To the composition of legitimate verse."

We are informed that Ievan ab Rhys was his son.⁴ Rhys Brydydd is also called Rhys Llwyd; and if Ievan Llwyd Brydydd⁵ be his son, he lived about 1480. Ievan ab Rhys had two sons, named Thomas and Gruffydd. Of the last but little is known; Dr. Owen Pughe, says that he

¹ Hanes Cymru. p. 483.

² Iolo MSS. p. 229.

³ Iolo MSS. p. 680.

⁴ Iolo MSS. p. 615.

⁵ Llwyd's Arch. Brit. p. 257.

flourished between 1560 and 1590;¹ and the Rev. Roger Williams,² writing between 1600 and 1620, states that he was living at that time. The other son was the personage so well known as Twm Ivan Prys, a bard and reputed conjuror; the learned Edward Llwyd, writing in 1707, terms him *poeta recens*;³ and Dr. Pughe says he died in 1510, two hundred years old.⁴ It is impossible to reconcile the last statement with any of the other facts, or with other assertions of the same author's; but fortunately it is not difficult to show, that his account is either an error of the press, or a mistake; for if Thomas ab Ievan was two hundred years old in 1510, his brother who was living about 1620, must have been three hundred and ten. In Thomas ab Ievan's works, we meet with some lines, which set forth his age with considerable accuracy,—

"In one thousand six hundred exactly,
And four years complete,
The beginning of January, (fair computation,)
I am one hundred and thirty."⁵

Therefore, if in 1604 he was 130 years old, he must have been born in 1474; and as Malkin asserts, that "it can be satisfactorily proved that he was living in 1615,"⁶ he must have been at least 141 years old at his death. In consonance with these facts, we find that Ievan ab Rhys was driven from Kynffig by Sir Matthew Cradock of Swansea, and that Thomas ab Ievan was imprisoned in Kynffig castle for his attachment to Lollard opinions. Sir Matthew was born somewhere about 1460, was made Steward of Gower in 1491, and died between June the 6th, and Aug. 16th, 1531.⁷ These dates harmonize with the preceding facts; Ievan ab Rhys, flourishing as a poet about 1480, might have been driven from his home on account of the

¹ Cambrian Biography, p. 146.

² Iolo MSS. p. 613.

³ Arch. Brit. p. 264.

⁴ Cambrian Biography, p. 327.

⁵ Iolo MSS. p. 615.

⁶ Malkin's South Wales, Vol. II. p. 549.

⁷ Rev. J. M. Treharne's life of Sir Matthew Cradock, p. 6.

Lollard taint by Sir Matthew in or after 1491 ; Thomas his son, who, in 1531, would have been in his 57th year, might also have suffered from his enmity ; and therefore we have here a mass of consistent facts large enough to convince us that we are on safe ground. Let us now retrace our steps. Thomas ab Ievan ab Rhys was born in 1474 ; his father was the son of Rhys Brydydd, who lived in or about 1390 ; and therefore as Llwyd has shown that Rhys Brydydd was the same person as Rhys Llwyd,⁴ and that Rhys Llwyd was the son of Rhys (Goch) ab Rhiccert, the latter should not be placed further back than the year 1350. The internal evidence of the poems also countenances this conclusion ; the absence of Cynghanedd, which soon became the *sine qua non* of Cambrian poetry, proves that they could not have been much later than 1350 ; and the structure, language, and allusions, show that they were not much earlier.

The Poems, twenty in number, have lately been given to the world from the MSS. of his father, by the late Mr. Taliesin Williams ; they treat principally of love ; and breathe the same spirit of profound peace, as most of the bardic effusions of the fourteenth century. After the submission of the principality to the first Edward, an entire change came over the poetry of the bards ; in consequence of the prohibitions they no longer breathe defiance against the English Monarchs ; seldom speak of national feelings, and never hazard political allusions. But the national spirit was not broken ; for the poets, whose attention had hitherto been divided between love and war, now gave themselves wholly up to the former passion ; and in the service of "the rosy god," Rhys Goch and Davydd ab Gwilym display such exuberance of fancy, elegance of taste, and fertility of invention, as a perusal of the works of their predecessors would not have led us to anticipate. These qualities, characteristic alike of both these bards, connect Rhys Goch with the age of the Cambrian Petrarch, "the nightingale of Dyved ;" but the absence of Cynghanedd from the poems of the former, while

¹ Arch. Brit. p. 231, col. 2.

² Arch. Brit. p. 231, col. 3.

it pervades those of the latter, compels us to place Rhys ab Rhiccert in the first half of the fourteenth century. We will select his—

SONG TO A MAIDEN'S HAIR.¹

On the head of Gwen there's a growth of loveliest hue,
Loose, flowing, and worthy of a countess ;
It hangs down to her heels,
As a flaxen bush,—wine coloured and willow-like ;
(How) beautiful are the long golden ringlets,
Drooping from the temples of a lovely woman !
Her forehead is smooth, clear, and as purely white
As the spray of waters dashing over rugged rocks ;
And it is encircled by a broad band of precious gold.
Beneath the tall and glistening white veil,
(Peep out) two tender eyes, joyous and cheerful,
Two stars of love gladdening to the sight,
In the head of the elegantly formed, second Lunette;²
Her cheeks were redder than the red wine of raspberries ;
As the colour of wild roses in leafy woods,
Is the coral hue of her buoyant health.

Between two cheeks
Of splendid tint,
(Rises) a neat sharp nose
Of small proportions ;

¹ CAN I WALLT MERCH.

Mae twf ar benn Gwenn gain eiliw,
Modd llaes hirllaes Iarlles odliw,
Llwyn llin lliw gwin gwiall dyfiad
Hyd ei sawdl dyw ei osodiad,
Gwiall aur arian glan glwys waneg,
Uwch dwyael feinion gloywion glandeg,
Talcen gwastodloyw hoyw hardd hyfryd
Lliw ffrwd geirw garw garregryd,
Tan y tal grisial gryswyn lewyh
Tirion olygon llon llawenwych,
Dwy seren serch seirian ei gweled
Ymhen Gwenn feingan lan ail Luned.
Gorlliw ei grudd gwin rudd rhaspi
Lledawd aur addawd wedi'i roddi
Cyflw rhos gwylltion gelltydd deilog
Cwrel iachusder sywber serchog,
A rhwng deurudd
Gwawr yblennydd
Trwyn main moddus
Bychan gweddus.

² Lunette, or Luned, is a character well known to readers of romances. She is thus described in the *Lady of the Fountain*:—"He beheld a maiden with yellow curling hair, and a frontlet of gold on her head; and she was clad in a dress of yellow satin, and on her feet were shoes of variegated leather."—*Mabinogion*, Vol. I. p. 55.

A mouth distilling honey
 Belonged to the silent fair,
 And an elegant lip of the lovely hue of coral ;
 Small teeth, and an expression of shrewd vivacity,
 Were evident in the mouth of the witty Gwen ;
 And her small round chin appeared as wonderful,
 As mountain peaks seen by day, when wrapt in gowns of
 snow.

Her neck as whitely shone
 As the spray of the ocean wave ;
 And two budding heights
 Revealed through whitest linen,
 Form the beautiful bust,
 Of my gentle fair ;
 Whose charms, second only to Enid,¹
 Will, if compared,
 Appear in propriety, purity, and comeliness.
 The maid is fair, reserved, and so light and nimble,
 That the smallest trefoils bend not beneath her.

A min fel mel
 I'm dyn dawel
 Gwefus mirain liw cain cwrel.
 A mân ddannedd a gwedd hoywgoeth
 Amlwg ymmhenn gwenn gymhenddoeth,
 Gŕen bychan crwn a hwn mor hynod,
 Ag yu nydd mynydd mewn gwn manod.
 Mwnwgl claeuwyn
 Deuliw'r ewyn,
 Hardd ei dwyfron
 Fy mun dirion,
 O fewn meingrys
 Dau berl ysbye.
 Hardd ail Enid
 Pei mesurid
 Gan gynnwysder glwysder glendid,
 Bun deg dawel ddawn ysgawn wiagi,
 Ni phlyg manfeillion ar donn dani,

¹ Enid was one of the three fair and illustrious ladies of the court of Arthur ; she became the wife of Geraint ab Erbin ; and was mentioned with respect by Davydd ab Gwilym and other bards. She has drawn from the noble translator of her story, an elegant tribute of admiration :—"Throughout the broad and varied region of Romance, it would be difficult to find a character of greater simplicity and truth than that of Enid the daughter of Earl Ynywl. Conspicuous for her beauty and noble bearing, we are at a loss whether most to admire, the untiring patience with which she bore all the hardships she was destined to undergo, or the unshaken constancy and devoted affection which finally achieved the triumph she so richly deserved. The character of Enid (in the Romance of Geraint ab Erbin) is admirably sustained throughout the whole Tale : and as it is more natural, because less overstrained, so, perhaps, it is even more touching than that of Griselda, over which, however, Chaucer has thrown a charm that leads us to forget the improbability of her story."—Mabinog. Vol. II. p. 165.

Swan ! sea mew ! lovely is her pure aspect,
Slight, straight, sprightly, and handsome.

Her hands are white,
And her slender fingers
Swiftly move
While weaving silk;
And her nails
Are ruddy tinted.

Skilful and alert she waits at the wine feast.

My becoming charmer is slender and tall,
Having a pretty small waist, and an erect form,
Short round shanks,

And a round white leg,
With, (chaste maid !) a foot of faultless outline.
If there were given to me the power to dispose—
Of the world's wealth, the white maid should have it all,
For one hour, fair one of passing beauty,
On a green sward, in the arms of Gwenhonwy.¹

Our bard has drawn another portrait of a beautiful woman, in which he repeats several of the images which occur in this; but by introducing new attributes, he brings the other to a better close. After expatiating on her beauty,

Alarch Wylan. glan ei giwysbryd,
Meindwf, iawndwf hoywdwf hyfryd.

Dwylaw gwynion
Bysedd meinion
Ymmod buan
Ar we sidan,
Ag ewinedd
Gwridog ei gwedd.

Medrus hwylus heiliaw gwinwledd
Hir ei hystlys weddus wiwddyn
A chanol main gain gymhwysddyn.

Bergron esgair
Wengron iawngrair
A throed da i lun i'm bun ddiwair
Pe cawn i'm byd ennyd annerch
Dda'r byd o'i benn fe'i cae'r wenferch,
Er cael un awr lliw gwawr lywy,
Ym mreichian honn tonn Gwenhonwy.

Iolo MSS. p. 230.

¹ Of Gwenhonwy but little appears to be known. Dr. Pughe says, "Gwenhonwy, was a beautiful woman whose history is lost, but is often mentioned by the poets." (Cambrian Biography, p. 159.) Davydd ab Gwilym uses the term in describing the daughter of Ivor Hael, (Works, p. 14.) but whether this was a proper or applied name is not clear; though the same authority (Works of Davydd ab Gwilym, p. 538,) asserts that it was the proper name of Ivor's daughter.

and minutely detailing her many perfections, he continues,—

The kindness of Gwen, and her shrewd remark,
Her wise conversation (wit inspired Moon !),
The mildness of her notes when she sings,
And her melodious tones of nine score nightingales,
Have completely deprived me of all my senses,
Robbed me as if deceitfully of all my prudence,
And put strong madness into me.
I shall be laid in the grave—that will be my end,
If I obtain not the idol of my heart,
To become a sister to me,
Before the end of the summer.
Let her hasten, my heart to cure,
Or if she does not, I very well know,
That love of her will be my death.¹

Some of the images in these sketches are very fine. The lines,—

“Cerddai dyn war wyneb daiar
Yn hardd baunes drwy'r melyndes,
Ag ni phlygai man y cerddai,
Dan wyn draed hon un o'r meillion,”

remind one of Scott's description of Ellen Douglas,—

“A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread ;”

and the Cambrian bard loses nothing by the comparison. Indeed, Rhys Goch's image is the finest ; Sir Walter's he-

¹ Ei mwynder Gwenn a'i gair cymmen,
Ai llafar doeth Lloer awengoeth
Ai goalef gwar lle can meinwar,
Ai goalef maws naw can caws,
Am dettry'n llwyr o'm holl synwyr,
Am dwg mal twyll o'm holl ymbwyll
A ddod wallcof cadarn ynof
Am rhy mewn bedd llyna'r diwedd,
Onis caf hon claf fy nghalon,
Onis caf hi yn chwaer immi,
Cyn diwedd haf marw a fyddaf,
Meddylied honn iachau nghalon
Ag onis gwna ys gwn yn dda,
Ei serch a fydd fy nihenydd.—Iolo MS. p. 245.

roine does bend the harebell; but the footstep of the Cambrian beauty is more airy still;—

As peahens stride in sun-ray heat,
See her the earth elastic tread,
And where she walks, 'neath snow-white feet,
Not e'en a trefoil bends its head.

Our next extract shall be a picture of the bard and his lady-love, just at the moment when a jealous lover interrupted their joys,—

About us streamed the rays of the summer sun,
And long green grass covered the fields,
Treffoils in great numbers and leafy trees adorned the scene.
There lay I and Gwenn in perfect bliss,
Reclining both among the flowers,
Surrounded by troops of treffoils;
Lip to lip we spent the time;
From the lips of the maid I obtained a feast,
Like that of saintly David in the choir of Hodnant,
Or Taliesin at the court of Elphin,
Or the Round Table feasts at Caerlleon,
Or Angel joys in paradise;
And we both feasted thus,
Without a care for what had been,
Without a thought of what would be.
This height of bliss was never ending,
For we were both of one intent,
And all that day we only sang,
That we would live and love together,
Living sweetly upon kisses,
And both dying on the same.¹

¹ O'n amgylch haf haul gorphenaf
Ae ar glawr maes glas dwf hirllaes.
Meillion yn frith manddail cymmhlith,
Minnau a gwen yno'n llawen.
Gorwedd ein dau ym mysg blodau,
Gorwedd ar donn ymhlith meillion,
Finfin a gwen om holl awen,
Gwledd a gefais ar fin meinais,
Gwledd Dewi Sant Ynghor Hodnant,
Gwledd Taliesin yn Liys Elphin,
Gwledd y fort gronn yng Nghaerllion,
Gwledd angel glwys ym Mharadwys.
Ninnan'n deuddyn ar wledd fal hynn
Heb ofalu am ddim a fu
Heb fyfyrïaw am ddim a ddaw,
Gwynfyd y sydd byth ni dderfydd.
Yn cyfymnaywdd yn un ansawdd.
Hyn ar ein can oedd y cyfan
Felly nynni cydfoddloni
I fyw yn lan ar wledd eusan
I farw ein dau o gusanau.—Iolo MSS. p. 247—8.

A few of the Cambrian poets, were enthusiastic lovers of nature, of fields, and flowers, and of the songs of birds. Burns, Chaucer, and Wordsworth, soared to eulogize the daisy; but the favourite of the bards, was the trefoil. This finds a place in all their descriptions of flowers; princes eulogize it; light-footed women are careful of its fragile form; and when the bard wishes to recline on summer noon, he surely selects a bed of tender trefoils. This feeling appears in the following, among many other verses,—¹

1. I am weary, heavy, and sad ;
I'll court no more of the girls, for 'tis winter,
Till May with verdure covers the hedges,
And crowns the woods with foliage green ;
For there is a propriety in growing trees,
Which gives the heart a joyful feeling.
2. In a bush among the paths of the green wood,
I have a beautiful circular retreat ;
Men and their hateful habitations come not near,
And it is only accessible to the adventurous fair ;
It is pleasant to see, when covered with foliage,
My sky-capped palace in the woodland green.
3. The charming residence among the small wood,
Is floor'd with trefoils of the loveliest verdure ;
A cheerful, attractive, and eloquent cuckoo,
Is singing delightfully in a loving voice ;
And the chickthrush, (beautiful bard of summer !)
Sings most sweetly in clear and pure language.

- ¹ 1. Gorthrwm a thrwm a thrist fyddaf,
Ni charaf un tro tra fo gauaf,
Oni ddel mai glassai glosydd.
A gwyrddlen penn pob glwys irwydd
Mai immi glaurddas gwyrddail,
Calon hoywfron hyfryd adail.
2. Mewn llwyn ffyrdd duwyrdd diflad,
Harddgrwn yw hwn bynaws gaead,
Ni ddaw ai annedd y cas ddynion,
Na neb ond medrus moddus mwynfron,
Hyfryd ei bryd clyd pan ddeillio.
Ty glas parlas purlen arno.
3. Cyntedd tirion mwynion manwydd,
Ar lawr meillion gleision glosydd
A chog serchog ddoniog ddenus
Yn canu'n lwys lais cariadus,
A chiw bronfraith buriath beraidd
Yn canu'n hardd loyw hoywfardd hafsaidd.

4. The nightingale from its bush, kindly joins
 The harmonious concert 'mid the greenwood leaves ;
 And the clear voiced lark, delightfully sings
 Most charming verses at the break of day ;
 And we only want thy presence Gwen,
 To complete the joys of my woodland house.

The song to the Leaf House, "Can y Deildy," is a poem of the same class, and contains many very felicitous passages.

The bards were also powerfully attached to all the song-birds ; and the cuckoo, nightingale, lark, and thrush, were held in especial regard. No happiness could be complete without them ; if the poet walked forth with his lady-love, the birds must supply the musical accompaniment to his tale of enduring love ; and when, on the Lord's Day, he wandered to the woods alone,—

"The thrush in brilliant language
 Prophesied without ceasing,
 And read to the parish
 The gospel without stammering ;"

and the nightingale,—

"Priest of the dingle !
 Sang stanzas to our Lord and Creator,
 With sylvan extacy and love."

Of all poetry, that of Rhys Goch, and Davydd ab Gwilym, is the most purely pastoral I know ; it contains the real sentiments of intelligent countrymen ; and is free from the impertinent common-places of town-made eclogues. The partiality for birds, which we have here noted, is seen in the "Song to send the Birds with messages to a maid." He commences by stating,—¹

I placed my affection
 Upon a slender waisted maid,

4. Eos o'r llwyn yn fwyn gyfanedd.
 Arail mewn gwyrddail gerddi maswedd.
 A chyda'r dydd ehedydd hoywdon
 A gan yn drylwyn fwyn bennillion.
 A phob llawenydd hirddydd hyfryd
 O'th gaf wenno yno ennyd.—Iolo MSS. p. 228.

¹ Serch y rhoddais,
 Ar ddyn feinais,

One who is a second *Essyllt*,¹
 Of the hue of the stags (i. e. waves) of the raging sea;
 The beauty which adorned her,
 Became to me an arrow,
 For she shot me
 With her glances.

Failing to obtain an interview, he desires the birds to acquaint her with his love,—²

Go thou Blackbird
 To the proud and slender maid,
 And unto her show
 How much for her I grieve;
 And thou thrush,
 Singing on beautiful branches,
 Take all my plaint
 To the brilliant fair;
 And thou lark,
 Bard of morning dawn!
 Show to this maid
 My broken heart;
 And place thou cuckoo,
 With thy affectionate tones,
 The burden of my love
 In the maiden's ears.

Hoen geirw mor gwyllt
 Bun ail *Essyllt*
 Ei thegwch hi
 Bu'n saeth i mi,
 Em saethes honn
 O'i golygon."

¹ There were three ladies of this name. Of the one here alluded to, "*Ysult le Blonde*," it is said, that "her complexion was fairer than the purest snow, the plumage of the swan, or the bone of the sea horse."—Williams's *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, page 146.

² Dos dir fwyalch,
 At ddyn feinfalch,
 Dangos iddi,
 Mhoen am dani.
 Bronfraith a gan
 Ar wydd eirian,
 Dwg oll om cwyn
 At loyw forwyn,
 Tithau'r hedydd,
 Bardd Boreuddydd
 Dangos i honn
 Fy nhorr calon.
 Dod tithau'r gog
 A'th don serchog
 Yng nghlust y ferch
 Fy nghwyn trasereh.

A nightly companion
 Am I to the nightingale,
 Let her quickly go
 With my vocal song,
 To the lime-white blessed one
 At the side of Dyffryn,—
 And there say
 To my dearest maid,
 That if she comes not
 To comfort me
 To the greenwood bushes,
 Of the love, ere Summer's o'er,
 Of the charming fair,
 I'll surely die.

The pretty Spanish Song, beginning with "Rio verde, rio verde," has been much admired, and an English song commencing, "Gentle river, gentle river," deserves to be so; but such apostrophes to natural objects are singularly frequent in the poems of this bard, and Davydd ab Gwilym. Dr. Pughe claims the merit of the introduction of this very beautiful species of poetry for the Cambrian Petrarch; but there is reason to suspend that opinion; for Rhys Goch appears to have used it before him. However that may be, the idea is very beautiful; and though Davydd has shown much greater mastery in its application, it elicited several admirable poems from the subject of our present remarks. The plan of these poems is very simple; the bard fixes upon the object to which he intends entrusting the message; describes its attributes, and therefrom deduces the qualities

Cyfaill cyfnos
 Wyf i'r Eos.
 Aed hon yn ffeist
 Am oerdd arwest.
 At liw calch gwynn
 Yn ael y Dyffryn.
 Yna d'wedyd
 Wrth f'anwylyd
 Os hi ni ddaw
 I'm cysuraw
 I goedlwyn i'r
 F'anwyl feinir,
 O'i serch lliw'r haf
 Marw a fyddaf.—Iolo MSS. page 233.

which fit it to become a messenger; and then entrusts it with the important charge. To this class belongs the following,—¹

SONG TO THE SEA GULL.

Fair gull, on the surface of the billows
Amid the foam of the rippling wave;
White Queen of the stags (i. e. waves) of the Severn sea,
With thy kingdom on the ninth wave of the ocean,
And living upon the bodies of fish !
Thou art a delicately fair one, swift of wing,
And it is for this I want thee ;
Take from me a song of cold complaint,
To a maid of slender growth in fair greeting ;
I am sick for one of the whiteness of driven snow,
Who has placed an arrow in my bosom,
Which as I bear it about me gives me great pain,—
Say Gull to the hue of snow-flakes,
That, amiable Gwen, I love her ;
Go to the castle of the bright-eyed maid,
And sing from my mouth the fair one's praise ;
If I made a song of the five metrical excellencies,
I should not fittingly sing her praise,
Or the hundredth part of the beauty's merit.
If I have not this one, my heart will break ;
Into some brake I'll go to grieve ;

¹ CAN I YRBŮ'R WYLAN YN LLATTAL.

Yr wylan deg ar fol gwaneg,
Ymhlith dystrych yr heli cryoh,
Brenhines wenn geirw mor Hafren
A'th deyrnas di nawton gweilgi.
Ymborth ydd wyd ar bysgodfwyd,
Gwisgi meinwen wyd ar aden,
Ag er mwyn hynn wyf yn d'ofyn.
Dwg erof gan o'm oer gwynfan
At feindwf ferch yn deg annerch.
Claf wyf am wenn hoen ôd gaenen
Fe ddodes hon saeth i'm dwyfron,
A'u dwyn ydd wyf gloesion i'rwylf,
Dywed wylan wrth liw'r od man,
Fy mod wen gu yn ei charu,
Cyrcb hyd ei chaer Bun oleuglaer,
A chan om pen ei mawl, meinwen,
Pei gwnawn arwest o'r pum gorchest
Ni thraethwn fawl a fai moddawl,
Na chanfed rhan clod bun eirian,
Oni chaf honn tyrr fy nghalon,
Af i boeni dan wyddeli,

And hid in the woods, far from sight,
I'll die because of this gentle maid.

The next, a better specimen of the same class, will form
the last of our quotations from this poet. It is called,

¹ THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

I was on the margin of a plain,
Under a green branch'd tree,
Hearing the tunes
Of the wild birds ;
Listening to the language
Of the thrush cock,
Who from the wood of the valley
Poured forth an Englyn,²
And from the wood of the steep
Exquisitely sang.
Speckled was his breast
Among the green leaves,
(Appearing) on the branches
As a thousand flowers.
On the edge of a brook,
All hear him,
Singing with the dawn

Yno'n draphell yng nghudd coedgell
Meinwar a fydd fy nihenydd.
Iolo MSS. p. 239.

¹ CAN Y FWYALCH.

Bum yn ael maes
Dan bren briglaes
Yn clywed ton
Adar gwylltion.
Yn gwrandaw iaith,
Ceiliog bronfraith,
O goed y glynn
Prydai englyn,
O goed y rhiw
Canai'n gywiw,
Brith oedd ei fron
Mewn dail gleision
Mal ar gangau
Mil o fiodau,
Yn ymyl nant
Pawb ai clywant;

² An englyn is a species of Welsh verse, requiring considerable skill in its construction.—See next Section.

As a silver bell ;¹
 Performing a sacrifice,
 Until the hour of forenoon ;
 Upon a green altar
 Ministering Bardism.
 From the branches of the hazel
 Of broad green leaves,
 He sings an ode
 To God the Creator ;
 With a carol of love
 From the green glade,
 To all in the hollow
 Of the glen, who love him ;
 Balm of the heart
 To those who love.
 I had from his beak
 The voice of inspiration,
 A song of metres
 That gratified me,

Gan wawr y cân
 Mal cloch arian,
 Cynnal aberth
 Hyd awr anterth
 Ar allawr las
 Heiliaw Barddas
 O gangau cyll
 Gwyrddion defyll
 Y cân gywydd
 I Dduw Dofydd
 A charol serch
 O las lannerch,
 I bawb ar hant
 Glyn ai carant,
 Eli calon
 I'r serchogion,
 Cefais o'i ben
 Cyflais awen,
 Cerdd o fitres
 Am boddlonas.

¹ When falconry was held in estimation, as we learn from the poems of *Davydd ab Gwilym*, it was at this time, in Glamorganshire, a portion of silver was introduced into the hawk-bells to improve their tone. (*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*, p. 33.) The reader of poetical taste, will be reminded of a line in *Dryden's* paraphrase of *Chaucer's* *Palamon and Arcite*, and of the passage in *Shakespeare*, where *Juliet* says,—

“How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears.”

The words in the text, highly descriptive, and conveying a very pretty compliment, also allude to the sweet tones of those Milan bells.

Glad was I made
 By his minstrelsy.
 Then respectfully
 Uttered I an address
 From the stream of the valley,
 To the bird.
 I requested urgently
 His undertaking a message,
 To the fair one
 Where dwells my affection.
 Gone is the bard of the leaves,
 From the small twigs
 To the second Lunet,
 The sun of the maidens !
 To the side of the vale
 St. Mary prosper him,
 To bring to me,
 Under the green woods,
 The hue of one night's snow,
 Without delay.¹

Thus closes our survey of the second important era of Cambrian Literature.

We have already stated that the latter part of the fourteenth century, was a period of considerable activity among the bards, and productive of a very large number of valu-

Llawen am gwnaeth
 Ei ganiadaeth.

Yna drwy barch
 Dodais gyfarch
 O glais y glynn
 I'r aderyn,
 Erchais yn ffraeth
 Ei Llettaeth
 At y wenferch
 Lle mae'm traserch
 Aeth bardd y dail
 O'r man wiail
 At ail Luned
 Haul y merched.
 I glais y fro
 Mair ai llwyddo
 Er dwyn immi
 Dan ir lwyni
 Hoen ôd unnos
 Yn ddiaros.—Iolo MSS. p. 238.

¹ This translation, for the most part, is that of the last Editors of the Iolo MSS.

able poems; but in the present volume, we can only advert to the existence, without entering into an examination of these. The rhythmical consonancy, termed *Cynghanedd*, was introduced at that time, and has ever since formed an essential feature in Kymric poetry. Opinions are divided as to its merit; and therefore it would not be fair to pass any judgment, without a complete discussion of the subject. Of the poems however, it may truly be said that several hundreds of them are of a superior character, and that few would sink below the level of mediocrity; there are, it is true, but few, except those addressed to Owen Glyndwr, by Iolo Goch and Gruffydd Llwyd, that can be compared with the greatest efforts of Meilir, Kynddelw, and Llywarch ab Llywelyn; but there is a greater number of small poems, having respectable merit, and making up an era of considerable literary interest. The bards who flourished during this period were numerous, and active. Casnodyn, whose poems, five in number, are, with respect to versification, what would now be deemed regular, is the first of this era; Gruffydd ab Meredydd has twenty eight long poems; Gruffydd ab Davydd ab Tudur, five short ones; Prydydd Breuan, one; Y Proth, one; Davydd y Coed, six; Trahaiarn Brydydd Mawr, two; Goronwy Gyrriog, one; Iorwerth Gyrriog, one; Sevnyn, three; Llywarch y Nam, one; Iorwerth Llwyd, one; Meurig ab Iorwerth, one; Goronwy Ddu, two; Mab y Clochyddyn, one; Llywelyn Goch, six; Iorwerth Beli, one; Madawg Dwygraig ten; Hywel Ysoryn, one; Madawc ab Iorwerth, one; three satires by the Mab Cryg; two by the Iustus Llwyd; and some predictions attributed to Y Bergam o Vaelor, and Ieuan Twrch y Daran. Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug, an honoured poet, also lived about this time, as well as Gruffydd Gryg. All these lived between 1350 and 1400; and have been already enumerated; and at, or subsequent to the year 1400, during the revolt of Owen Glyndwr, and the Wars of the Roses, in which events several of the bards took an active part, there lived several hundreds of these gentlemen. The order flou-

rished with such extraordinary luxuriance, that stringent laws were enacted to curb their extravagance.

The period between 1350 and 1600 is considered to form the third important era of Kymric literature; and the fourth, beginning with Huw Morus, the author of three hundred poems, and a strong royal partisan during the civil war, extends to the present time. During the third era, lived several bards of note and ability. Davydd ab Gwilym alone has contributed to our literature two hundred and sixty two poems, and Lewis Glyn Cothi, one hundred and fifty seven poems; and these with the poems of Iolo Goch, Gruffydd Llwyd, Guttyn Owain, Davydd ab Emwnt, Tudur Aled, William Lley, and others, make up nearly six hundred compositions. These for the most part are published; many more are known to exist in MSS., and probably some may be lost. It would therefore have been exceedingly imprudent in me to have introduced notices of these at the close of this work; they demand a volume for themselves; and should this attempt be favourably received, I may possibly bring down the history to the present time, as well as give a full account of the poems of the sixth century,—the literature of the Kymry of Strath Clyde. At present I can only give place to a single specimen. It shall be Davydd ab Gwilym's address to the summer, requesting it to visit Glamorganshire with its choicest blessings,—

Thou summer! father of delight,
 With thy dense spray and thickets deep;
 Gemmed monarch, with thy rapt'rous light,
 Rousing thy subject glens from sleep!
 Proud has thy march of triumph been,
 Thou prophet, prince of forest green!
 Artificer of wood and tree,
 Thou painter of unrivalled skill,
 Who ever scattered gems like thee,
 And gorgeous webs on park and hill?
 Till vale and hall with radiant dyes,
 Became another Paradise!
 And thou hast sprinkled leaves and flow'rs,
 And goodly chains of leafy bow'rs?

And bid thy youthful warblers sing
On oak and knoll the song of spring,
And blackbird's note of ecstasy
Burst loudly from the woodbine tree,
Till all the world is thronged with gladness
Her multitudes have done with sadness !
O summer, do I ask in vain ?
Thus in thy glory wilt thou deign
My messenger to be ?
Hence from the bowels of the land
Of wild, wild Gwyneth to the strand
Of fair Glamorgan—ocean's band—
Sweet margin of the sea !
To dear Glamorgan, when we part,
Oh, bear a thousand times my heart !
My blessing give a thousand times,
And crown with joy her glowing climes !
Take on her lovely vales thy stand,
And tread and trample round the land,
The beauteous shore whose harvest lies
All sheltered from inclement skies !
Radiant with corn and vineyards sweet,
And lakes of fish and mansions neat,
With halls of stone where kindness dwells
And where each hospitable lord
Heaps for the stranger guest his board !
And where the gen'rous winecup swells ;
With trees that bear the luscious pear,
So thickly clustering every where,
That the fair country of my love
Looks dense as one continuous grove !—
Her lofty woods with warblers teem,
Her fields with flow'rs that love the stream,
Her vallies varied crops display,
Eight kinds of corn, and three of hay ;
Bright parlour, with her trefoiled floor !
Sweet garden spread on ocean's shore !
Glamorgan's bounteous knights award
Bright mead and burnished gold to me ;
Glamorgan boasts of many a bard,
Well skilled in harp and vocal glee ;
The districts round her border spread,
From her have drawn their daily bread ;
Her milk, her wheat, her varied stores,
Have been the life of distant shores !
And court and hamlet food have found
From the rich soil of Britain's Southern bound.
And wilt thou then obey my power,
Thou Summer, in thy brightest hour ?

To her thy glorious hues unfold
 In one rich embassy of gold !
 Her morns with bliss and splendour light
 And fondly kiss her mansions white ;
 Fling wealth and verdure o'er her bow'rs !
 And for her gather all thy flow'rs !
 Glance o'er her castles, white with lime,
 With genial glimmering sublime ;
 Plant on the verdant coast thy feet,
 Her lofty hills, her woodlands sweet ;
 Oh ! lavish blossoms with thy hand
 O'er all the forests of the land.
 And let thy gifts like floods descending
 O'er every hill and glen be blending ;
 Let orchard, garden, vine express
 Thy fulness and thy fruitfulness,
 O'er all the land of beauty fling
 The costly traces of thy wing !
 And thus mid all thy radiant flowers,
 Thy thick'ning leaves and glossy bowers,
 The poet's task shall be to glean
 Roses and flowers that softly bloom,
 (The jewels of the forest's gloom !)
 And trefoils wove in pavement green,
 With sad humility to grace
 His golden Ivor's resting place.¹

This will afford the reader some conception of what these poems are ; though the notion derived therefrom can neither be accurate nor complete ; for being only of one class, it can give no very definite idea of others belonging to different classes. It is a poem of very considerable merit ; there are perhaps none that excel it ; but many may be found among the bardic compositions that will bear comparison without discredit. We have now gone through the special examination of the mediæval literature of the Kymry ; and the next section will terminate the volume.

¹ The translation is taken from a most interesting volume, of very admirable translations from the Kymric of Davydd ab Gwilym, by A. J. Jones, Esq.

SECTION III.

GENERAL CRITICISM.

OUR special survey of the poetic literature of Wales, from the time of Meilir in the eleventh century, to that of Gwilym Ddu in the fourteenth, is now brought to a close. Every poem could not of course be noticed; but in the selection, I have been guided by a wish to give such as were possessed of intrinsic merit, and poetic beauty, and such as revealed either plainly or incidentally, any pointed illustration of national character. I might have quoted a much greater number of poems; but as it did not appear that I should thereby do anything else than tire my reader, it seemed best, to adopt the course which has been here followed. I have given special criticisms on each poem; and now offer a few remarks as a general criticism on the whole.

There was much truth in the statement of Mr. Sharon Turner, that the bardic poems did not possess the merit which was sometimes claimed for them. He who approaches the bards in the hope of finding companion spirits to the great poets of other countries, will surely be disappointed; for as we have already remarked, the merits of their poems are rather historical than poetical. The poems of the bards here passed in review are of a peculiar character; their lyrics, except Gwalchmai's ode, want fire and animation; and their elegies too frequently substitute petty conceits for genuine tenderness. The bulk of the poems of this era treat of war; and there are a few dedicated to the service of love. The exhorta-

tions to warlike exploits are very frequent, and give us a more favourable opinion of their writers, than any other portion of their labours; though many of them are as far below the war-songs of most other nations in poetic fire, as they are above in versification. With this deficiency of really poetical thought, fire, and sentiment, the conventionality of bardism had much to do; and by fixing an artificial standard of versified perfection, they concentrated attention upon the words, and neglected the spirit of their poems. This is an inherent vice of system making. Systems are only admeasurements of the mental capacities of their founders; and ought not to be made binding upon men of greater abilities. Criticism may point out the perfections of genius; but it cannot create them. There were good reasoners before Aristotle wrote his *Logic*; and had Homer not lived, Longinus would have wanted a subject. Colleges and Universities are subject to the same defect; Alfred and Cromwell might have made and patronized universities, but all the colleges in the universe could not have made either of them. Had no collegiate institutions been in existence, we should still have had Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, and all our great men; such conventional institutions are however not only depositories of great knowledge, but are themselves evidences of intelligence. There was intelligence shown in their establishment, and there must be knowledge used to keep them up and discharge the duties attached to the various offices; but after all, the standard of talent must of necessity be the standard of mediocrity, for nature's noble minds require no cabalistic letters at their hands,—the truly great man has already received his degrees from the hand of Omnipotence! This thought is finely expressed in the following stanza, addressed to Tasso,—

"Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows; but to miss.
Oh! victor unsurpassed in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long

The tide of generations shall roll on,
 And not the whole combined, and countless throng
 Compose a mind like thine ? *though all in one*
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not form a sun."¹

In like manner bardism might have been itself an evidence of intelligence, and numbered in its ranks many able men; yet upon the whole it was unfavourable to extraordinary merit, and true poetic excellence.

The historical value of their poems is however very great, for the bards seem generally to have adhered very closely to their professed maxim, "Y gwir yn erbyn y Byd;" and if their poems contain but few beautiful thoughts, they are full of correct statements of facts, descriptions of manners, and natural allusions to the habits of the people and their traditions. Even the minutiae of military decorations are mentioned, as appears from many passages in the works of the bards, and as is shown in a very interesting note to Hanes Cymru,—

"The king of France aided Owain Glyndwr with an army of men, and presented him with handsome arms. Among other things there was a beautiful helmet, "un beau basinet," as it is described, says Sir Samuel Meyrick, in an old French author; and I have no doubt that it is this, Gruffydd Llwyd alludes to, when speaking of Owain he says,—

Eryr digrif afrifed
 Owain *helm gain*, hael am ged."

This confirms me in a belief which I have long held, that the Bards did not crowd their lines with unmeaning phrases, and that those passages which are now obscure, and are read without producing any benefit, are really apposite and instructive allusions to things of which we have no cognizance; for the merit of the Bards consisted in skilfully weaving such minutiae into their poetry."²

And therefore viewed in this light, the bardic remains deserve to be diligently studied.

As might naturally have been expected, the regulations of the bards have acted as dead weights upon imagination,

¹ Byron, Childe Harold, Canto iv.

² Hanes Cymru, page 771.

and the metaphors and images of many of the Kymric poets display either a want of taste or of originality. There is a sameness about the whole of them; and they not unfrequently borrow each other's images. Several instances of this occur in the poems already noticed. Gwalchmai had described the loss of blood at the Battle of Tal y Moelvre, that streaming seaward, it checked the progress of the incoming tide; and we find Kynddelw soon after making use of the very same idea, in the following forcible passage,—¹

The green flood of Teivi was thickened,
The water and the blood of men filled it.
The bloodstained *grebe*² called aloud for a glut of gore,
And swam with toil on waves of blood.

And a similar idea is used by Llywarch ab Llywelyn.

The standing images for warriors are lions, hawks, and eagles, which we meet with everywhere in these poems; occasionally we find these conceits varied with comparisons to historical names. In the love songs of the earlier bards, where one would have thought originality both easy and abundant, we find nothing but repetitions of each other; and a happy idea when once penned, is appropriated by every successive writer, and worn to tatters. Kynddelw in a poem addressed to Eva, the daughter of Madawc ap Mere-dydd, prince of Powys, describes her thus,—³

Thou art as white as the spray of water scattered by the wind,
Thou fair Cambrian, of the court of Dyffrynt.
Thou shinest as brightly as the rising sun,
And art as purely white as the mountain snow.

And these very images have been reproduced by Hywel ap Einion. The "Cherry bloom" and "hawthorn flowers"

¹ Gwyrdd heli Teifi tewychai
Gwaedlan gwyr a llyr ai llanwai
Gwyach rud gorfud goralwai
Ar doniar gwyar gonoflai.

² The grebe is a waterfowl (gwyach.)

³ Cymrawd ewyn dwfr, ai difriw gwynt,
Cymraeg laesdeg o lys dyffrynt,
Cyfleuer gwawr dydd, pan dwyre hynt
Cyflw eira gorwyn gorwydd epynt.

may be accounted his own,—as also “the waves of Caswenan;” but “the whiteness of the curling wave,” “the flakes of driven snow,” and “the meridian sun,” seem to be reproductions of the images of Kynddelw. This image of the water spray is also used by Hywel ab Owain, who is usually very original,—

“Gorewynawg tôn tynhegyl ebrwydd,”

and by many others.

One of two things is very apparent from these facts; either these images had been authorized as appropriate to such and such subjects, just as Bossu and his school gave recipes for Epic poems, or the minds of the Bards were incapable of framing original comparisons. The last conclusion becomes quite inadmissible when we reflect upon the appropriateness of the images used; and therefore, as will appear from the following list of the figures which were considered to be legitimate by the bardic critics, we must adopt the former alternative :—

1. The three embellishing names of poetic genius ; light of the understanding, amusement of reason, and preceptor of knowledge.
2. The three embellishing names of reason ; candle of the soul, might of wisdom, and transparency of knowledge.
3. The three embellishing names of wisdom ; beauty of the heavens, strength of amusement, and the word of God.
4. The three embellishing names of the understanding ; eye of genius, ear of reason, and right hand of meditation.
5. The three embellishing names of knowledge ; might of the world, joy of the wise, and grace of God.
6. The three embellishing names of God ; King of the Heavens, (soul of worlds), Father of animation, and immensity of love.
7. The three embellishing names of Heaven ; life, blessedness, and heavenly tranquillity.
8. The three embellishing names of the sun ; torch of the worlds, eye of day, and sprightliness of the heavens.
9. The three embellishing names of the moon ; sun of night, the beautiful, and sun of the fairies.
10. The three embellishing names of the stars ; eyes of serenity, candles of heaven, (God), and gems of the sky.
11. The three embellishing names of the sea ; field of Gwenhidwy, court of Neivion, and fountain of Venus (and glutton of the world).

12. The three embellishing names of the waves ; sheep of Gwen-hidwy, dragons of the salt deep, and blossoms of ocean.

13. The three embellishing names of summer ; chevalier of love, father of vigour, and keeper of ardour.

14. The three embellishing names of the wind ; hero of the world, architect of bad weather, and assaulter of the hills.

15. The three embellishing names of flowers ; gems of shrubs, beauties of summer, and eyes of zephyrs.

16. The three embellishing names of herbs ; mantle of summer, aspect of beauty, and hallfloor of love.

17. The three embellishing names of zephyrs ; countenance (smile) of joy, salvo of heaven, and smile (face) of love.

18. The three embellishing names of genius ; life of knowledge, soul of reason, and gift of God.

19. The three embellishing names of conscience ; light of heaven, eye of truth, and voice of God.

20. The three embellishing names of knowledge ; paths of truth, hand of reason, and strength of genius.—Iolo MSS. p. 480.

Rhys Goch, Davydd ab Gwilym, and subsequent writers, it should be admitted, are favourable exceptions.

We have stated the facts as they exist ; but there are several considerations, which ought in fairness to be urged in defence of the Cambrian bards. Their works should not be judged by the critical principles which now prevail ; for though it be admissible to apply that rule in order to estimate their value as specimens of the art of composition ; to criticise the productions of dark ages by the light of the present, is to apply a test as much too severe, as it is imperfect and unfair. This I am aware is the rule most frequently employed ; for men generally believe nothing good, except that with which they happen to be acquainted ; and the first impulses of all men, verify the correctness of that faithful representation of the narrowness of human judgments—the allegorical bed of Procrustes. In reviewing the bardic poems, the time at which they were sung, and the circumstances under which they were produced, should be taken into account. The subjects were not the suggestions of happy moments, nor were the poems the fruits of untrammelled meditation ; but on the contrary, the themes were prescribed, and the treatment of the subjects, not what welled up spontaneously in the poet's mind, but what cus-

tom had ordained to be appropriate. Of the bardic canon of criticism we must say, that it has much to recommend it; the images sanctioned are frequently very beautiful; and being drawn less from books than from external objects, have a freshness which none others can supply. We do not quarrel with it on this account; perhaps it was well to fix a standard of excellence, to which the inferior class of bards should aspire; but it erred in cramping the talents of those who were really able men. The mind has laws and moods of its own; it may drink inspiration from the pealing thunder, suck honeyed thoughts from opening flowers, or see profoundest meanings in pearly drops of dew; but it is reluctant to obey another's command, and bows submissively to no secondary laws: "Poets," it has been well said, "seldom succeed on given themes." The times were not favourable to originality; the minds of the able men were not allowed sufficient room to be developed still further; so that when bardism had prescribed the metaphors, and images appropriate to each occasion, we should rather wonder at finding so many good passages in the poems of the greater bards, than at seeing the minor poets ringing the changes on a few ideas and set phrases.

We are also liable to do the bards less than justice, from viewing their poems in a collective form. A sense of weariness and monotony is thus produced, which could not have been felt when the poems were first composed. No severer test can be applied to a writer addicted to mannerism, than a comparison of his collected works; and as a peculiarity of mental constitution, though not inconsistent with greatness of certain kinds, is an indication of narrowness, none but the choicest spirits can pass unscathed through such an ordeal. Some of the ablest of living writers have been weighed in this balance, and found wanting; when we have seen their writings on one class of subjects, we may predict with considerable certainty what their treatment of others is likely to be; and therefore we should not pronounce too hasty a judgment upon the Cambrian bards. Their poems

are not members of a series. Each composition was intended to be complete in itself, and should be viewed accordingly. If the poems be taken singly, and at intervals of time, as they were produced, they will be found readable enough; the thoughts are appropriate to the subject; the imagery, which is sometimes rich, can seldom be said to want beauty; and the metaphors, frequently forcible, are never far-fetched or out of place: they only become wearisome when read in quick succession. Much of the monotony is also to be attributed to the paucity of subjects. The age had but one idea—war; and most of the bardic poems being addressed to the warlike princes of the Kymry, were composed for set occasions. Princes, wars, and raids were the great features of the time; and as one Prince, or one war was as like as possible to another, the writers of successive addresses to different, or the same persons, must have repeated themselves very frequently. The inferior bards could not break through this narrow circle. The poems of Einion Wan, Prydydd Bychan, and Bleddyn, are neither good nor bad; tried by the Horatian rule they must be condemned; but viewed in connexion with the bardic school, they will appear less liable to censure. Gwalchmai, Kynddelw, Llywarch, Davydd Benfras, and Ap yr Ynad, were however men of a different stamp; they had capacity enough to soar above that which was immediately present,—to leave the beaten path of custom, and to adorn their works with graces peculiarly their own.

The bardic poetry is frequently sententious, and interwoven with moral reflections. Sometimes this has a pleasing effect; but it is most commonly otherwise. In the poems of Gwalchmai we have several specimens of very pure lyric forms, free from any admixture of irrelevant matter. All the poetry of the Kymry of these centuries, would come under the designation lyric; for though they sometimes assume an epic character, the whole treatment is that of the lyricist. The pure forms of Gwalchmai were however thought not to display a sufficient degree of mastery; and instead of con-

fining themselves to the proper limits of lyric poetry, the bards frequently interrupt the full flow of passion, to introduce commonplace and unnecessary reflections. Parenthetical sentences impertinently intrude themselves into some of the finest poems of Kynddelw; some of the others are in this respect less faulty; but in most of the bardic poems, the anxiety of the authors to remind the hearer or reader of their personal presence, is frequently a source of annoyance. There are however numerous instances where these reflections are both strictly appropriate, and productive of very pleasing effects; the invocations at the commencement of some of the greatest poems of Meilir, Kynddelw, Llywarch, and Davydd Benvras are really sublime; and the religious tone of the closing lines of many, give their chief compositions a highly poetic character.

Another feature in their poems, is strongly indicative of the circumstances under which they were produced. We frequently find the subjects of their odes spoken of in different degrees of relationship; the persons to whom the poems are composed, are generally addressed in the second person singular, but frequently in the third; and the explanation appears to be, that the poems were composed for, and recited in public assemblies. The early poetry of all nations appears to be connected with feasts, and populous gatherings; the lyrics of the Hebrews, as appears from the admirable lectures of Lowth, have the peculiarity here noticed; and the same observation holds good of the epic and lyric poetry of Greece. Most of the poems of the mediæval bards, were undoubtedly composed for such occasions; this appears from Lewis Glyn Cothi's account of the wedding in Flint, and from the words of Kynddelw,—

“Canaf wawd yr priawd ae pryn.”

I will sing an eulogy to the prince who will buy it;

and the poet recited his composition after dinner in the presence of the assembled guests. When the bard speaks of the host in the second person, he probably addressed that

personage directly; and when the hero of the piece is spoken of in the third person, the remarks are parenthetical, and were probably addressed to the bystanders. On such occasions, the introduction of matter not strictly relevant was excusable; and it should be observed, that the poems of the bards were intended to be listened to, rather than read.

We have already shown the skill of the bards in forming compound words; their works exhibit a similar feature in the compound epithets with which they abound. This has been well described by the Rev. Thomas Price:—

“I have passed some time in studying the writings of the bards, and can say of them that they are in the highest degree original in their character. One mark of their excellence was, that they could not be accurately translated into any other tongue; the diction was highly wrought, and the imagery striking; and altogether the poetry of the bards is so superior to the general run of colloquial writing, that it is impossible to give it adequate expression in any other language. If I was asked what is the style in which the bards wrote, I would say that it was lyric; if I were to name any classic poet of antiquity that resembled them, I would name Pindar; there was the same originality, the same richness of expression, and the same transient kind of imagery, so suddenly produced, and so rapidly withdrawn. I know of no other poet of antiquity to compare to them. If I were called upon to explain by any English work, the nature of this combined expression, I should certainly fix upon the poems of Gray, in which we find such lines as,—

‘The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.’

Gwalchmai invokes,—

‘The early-rising summer-sun,’

And such passages are frequent in the poems of the bards.”

On becoming more intimate with the bards, the principles of the order become more and more manifest; and we find that in order to give more *eclat* to themselves, and make poetry a difficult art, they raised an artificial standard of a somewhat vicious character, and required all reputable poems to be of a given affected form. This consisted of like commence-

ments to their lines, such as we saw in the Avallenau and in Davydd Benvras. It was the prevalent taste during the last period treated of here; and had been introduced as early as the time of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth. This appears from Giraldus; but as the reader might not have particularly noticed the allusion, we here quote it a second time,—

“Beyond all rhetorical ornaments, they preferred the use of alliteration; *and that kind more especially, which repeats the first letters or syllables of words.* They made so much use of this ornament in every finished discourse, that they thought nothing elegantly spoken without it.”

We have given some specimens of this already, such as,—

Gogyfurdd torment gogoflaw torfoedd,”

and—

“Teyrnllu, teyrnedd, teyrnllaw, teyrnlliw ;”

and these lines in the Avallenau, furnish a specimen both of the beauties, and the faults of the practice. They have been already twice quoted, and will bear quotation again.—

Saith Afallen beren a saith ugaint,
Yn gyfoed, gyfuwch, gyhyd, gymmaint.

This when sparingly introduced has a pleasing effect; but we here observe a drawback, “gyfuwch” and “gyhyd” mean precisely the same thing, for there can be no difference between “as high” and “as long,” when applied to trees. Davydd Benvras was proud of this affected ornament, and has a long passage full of repeated phrases,

*Oedd breisg freisg ei fyddin,
Oedd brwysg rwysg rhag y godorin,
Oedd balch gwalch golchiad ei lain,
Oedd gweilch beilch gweled ei werin,
Oedd clywed cleddyfau finfin ;
Oedd clybod chwyf ym mhob elin ;
Oedd briw rhw yn nhrabludd odrin;
Oedd braw saw Saeson Clawdd y Cnwccin ;
Oedd bulch llafn yn llaw gynnefin,
Oedd gwaedlyd pennau gwedy gwaedllin.*

Now this has no great merit as poetry; yet if that has but

the single merit of being alliterative, the following has the double merit of being alliterative and good poetry as well,—

Llawer deigr hylithr yn hwylaw ar rudd ;
Llawer ystlys rhudd a rhwyg arnaw ;
Llawer gwaed am draed wedi ymdreiddiaw ;
Llawer gweddwl a gwaedd am danaw ;
Llawer meddwl trwm yn tramwyaw ;
Llawer mab heb dad wedi ei adaw ;
Llawer hendref fraith, gwedi llwybr godaith ;
Llawer diffaith trwy anrhaith draw ;
Llawer llef druan
 Fal ban fu'n Gamlan ;
 Llawer deigr dros ran,
 Wedir greiniaw,
 O las gwanas gwanar eurllaw
 O laith Llywelyn, cof ni'm daw.¹

Here the repetition is appropriate, and rises naturally from the subject; but we can only say this of a very few. Gwilym Ddu has forty three lines, out of the sixty three forming his *Odlau'r Misoedd*, beginning in “*Neud*,” much of which is pure affectation, and bad taste. Casnodyn, who lived a little later, inclined to the same practice, as may be here seen,—

Pan wnel Duw ddangos ei faran,
Dyddwyre dy daerad arnan ;
Dychryn twryf torfoedd yn eban,
Dygyrch hynt, dychre gwynt gwaeddfan ;
Dychymmriw tôn amlw amlan,
Dychymmen ufeliar bâr ban,
Dychrys gwrys gwres tandde allan.

The same taste or rather want of taste is shown in the poems of Gruffydd Gryg, Iolo Goch, and Madog Benfras; and Davydd ab Gwilym very frequently has whole poems commencing with the same letter. It should however be admitted that the poets of other countries, have put forth similar conceits. Arnaud de Marveil, a well known Provençal poet, or Troubadour, in a poem addressed to his mistress, has the following lines,—

Vos saluda; e vostra lauzor,
 Vostra beautat, vostra valor,

¹ For translation of these extracts, see pp. 151 and 388.

Vostre solatz, vostre parlar,
 Vostr' aculhir e vostr' onvar,
 Vostre pretz, vostr' essenhawen,
 Vostre saber, e vostre sen,
 Vostre gen cors, vostre dos riz,
 Vostra terra, vostre pays,

and what is still more surprising, this affectation prevailed over the mind of Dante. We find it in the inscription over the gate of hell.

Per me si va nella citta dolente,
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
 Per me si va tra la perdita gente.

Through me you pass unto the city of woe,
 Through me you pass into eternal pain ;
 Through me among the people lost for aye.

This was the root from which Cynghanedd subsequently sprang.

Again, I have another quarrel with the bards; for not only do they display affectation in the "beginnings" of their lines, but they also display it in their "endings"; the effect of both practices being the depreciation of the poetry, and filling up of the lines with unmeaning words. It dates from an early period :—

Aneurin has	...	11 lines ending in	<i>awr</i> , and
	...	18	<i>en</i> .
Taliesin has	...	31	<i>ant</i> .
Meilyr has	...	38	<i>awd</i> ,
	...	52	<i>awc</i> ,
	...	64	<i>yt</i> , and
	...	16	<i>ed</i> .
Gwalchmai has	...	21	<i>i</i> .
Einion his son	...	56	<i>i</i> .
Cynddelw has	...	60	<i>cith</i> .
Prydydd Moch	...	66	<i>ar</i> ,
	...	36	<i>an</i> ,
	...	42	<i>o</i> , and
	...	64	<i>int</i> .
Davydd Benvras has	...	41	<i>n</i> .
Einiawn ab Gwgawn has	...	28	<i>awl</i> ,
	...	44	<i>cin</i> ,
	..	36	<i>ad</i> , and
	..	30	<i>er</i> .

Llygad Gwr has ...	36 lines ending in	<i>ed,</i>
...	32	<i>i,</i>
...	36	<i>dd,</i>
...	16	<i>diŷh,</i> and
...	45	<i>an.</i>
Owain Cyveiliog has	24 lines rhyming in	<i>en,</i>
[in the Hirlas] ...	24	<i>ed,</i>
...	20	<i>cid,</i>
...	18	<i>an,</i>
...	16	<i>ir,</i>
...	16	<i>yr,</i>
...	16	<i>ant,</i> and
...	14	<i>yn.</i>
Gwilym Ddu has ...	32	<i>edd,</i> and
...	30	<i>yd.</i>

and Ap yr Ynad, in Marwnad Llywelyn, ends 104 lines in *aw*. This species of affectation seems to have belonged peculiarly to this period; for to their credit be it said, it was not adopted by the bards of the succeeding centuries.

Much however of this monotony arose from the simplicity of their metres. From time to time these were greatly improved; and even during the period under consideration, many new metres were invented. Those in use prior to the time of Meilir were the following:—

1. "Gorchan y Gyhydedd Fer." This requires the line to consist of no more than four syllables, and the lines to be no more than eight in each verse. Each of the lines must have the same rhyme; and the poet has the privilege of choosing the number of lines from four to eight.

2. "Y Gyhydedd Gaeth." This is the same as the short metricality, in all respects, except in the length of the lines, which should consist of five syllables.

3. "Y Gyhydedd Drosogl," (Rugged.) The same as the two preceding, except in the length of the lines being six syllables.

4. "Y Gyhydedd Lefn," (Smooth,) has seven syllables in each line, and is privileged to range from four to twelve lines in each verse.

5. "Y Gyhydedd Wastad," (Regular,) has Octosyllabic lines, and verses ranging from four to sixteen lines each.

6. "Y Gyhydedd Draws," (Cross,) is the same as the last, only that there are nine syllables in each line.

7. "Y Gyhydedd Wen," (Flowing.) Ten syllables; in other respects the same.

8. "Y Gyhydedd Laes," (Heavy.) Eleven syllables, &c.

9. "Y Gyhydedd Hîr," (Long,) is privileged to have as many

as twenty lines ; the length of each line being twelve syllables.

These are what are termed the nine canons of metricity ; the other metres are combinations of these,—

10. "Clogyrnach," (Rugosity,) resembles the Pindaric odes.
11. "Ban Cyrch," (Recurrent verse.) Very pleasing rhymes.
12. "Forchawdl," (Furcated Transition.) Gwalchmai's ode is in this metre ; and the Rev. Walter Davies (to whose Essay I am indebted for much information) gives the following as a specimen of one of its many varieties :—

"Fountains of wine shall pour along,
And melting from the hollow tree,
The golden treasures of the bee,
And streams of milk shall fill my song."—Francis' Horace.

13. "Warrior's Triplet." A very old metre—old perhaps as the time of the Druids, consisting of three lines, and having the privilege of ranging from seven to ten syllables in the line.

14. "Huppynt," (Vaulting strain.)—An example ;—

"Cysgid Lloegr
Llydan nifer
A lleufer
Yn eu llygaid."

Wordsworth's verses to the Daisy, are written in this metre. They are not so simple as the preceding example ; but belong to the variety known as *y ffordd hwyaf*, The Huppynt, the Longest way :—

When smitten by the morning's ray,
I see thee rise alert and gay,
Then cheerful Flower ! my spirits play
With kindred motion ;

At dusk I've seldom mark'd thee press
The ground as if in thankfulness,
Without some feeling more or less,
Of true devotion.

15. "Cynghawg," (Complexity.) There are many varieties.
16. "Toddaid." (Confluency.) Example :—

"Gorvoledd gwinwledd gwenwlad—tragywydd
Lle bydd hael Llywydd haul a lleuad."—Casnodyn.

To these were added, during this era,—

"Proest Cyfnewidiawg," (Combined vowel alternity.)—

"Gwyr riv y syr yssut yn y gad
Gwrthrudd Veredydd vur gryd,

Twyn y bar dreig anwar drud,
Di dwn y eir vel creir cred."—Prydydd Bychan.

18. "Ynglyn." The verses of Kynddelw to Owain Kyveiliog and the Lord Rhys, are specimens of this.

The Englyn is much simpler in its form in the poems of these centuries, than it afterwards became on the introduction of Cynghanedd, or consonancy. The old form of this metre was,—

Nid oes ym Davyt dawn orvod—ar bawb
Arbennigawl hebod
Cadwr rwyf cadarn glwyf glybod
Can llonyt byw yn dyt bod—Gwilym Ryfel.

Here the only peculiarities are that the four lines have the same final rhyme, and that the consonants, r, b, in "ar bawb," are repeated in "arbennigawl." But in the more modern Englyn, this correspondence of consonants is required in every line. For example, we will take the prize Englyn to the Goat, at the Liverpool Eisteddvod of 1840,—

Bervain yw'r avr a barvog,—arwaelais,
Un hirlew a chorniog;
Naid hyd llethrau creigiau crog
A'i nawdd yw'r graig ddaneddog.—Rob. Thomas.

The peculiarity here, is indicated by the italics; and there are numerous other nice distinctions which we cannot stay to notice.

19. "Triban Cyrch," (Recurring triplet,) better known as Triban Morganwg. Example:

"Anhyfryd beth i'w methu,
A ffwyl ar ddyn i'w ffaelu,
Ni wel fwynder glwysber glan
Nag un awr can a gwenu."

20. "Cywydd," (Recitative.) The merit of inventing this is claimed for Iolo Goch, Trahaiarn, and Davydd ab Gwilym. It is considered the finest and sweetest of all the metres. Most of D. ap Gwilym's poems are written in it.

21. "Proest Cadwynodl," (Combined alternate Rhyme.) We have an early example in Guttyn Owain,—

Y vendith drwy gyviawnder
A gavas Nudd ac Ivor
Ar Ddavydd riv sydd o ser
Ac a roi'r mwy nâ gro'r môr.

22. "Cadwyn Gyrch," (Recurrent catenation,) says one critic, "crowds the ear too much with its Cuckoo-like repetitions."

23. "Traethawdl," (Narrative.) "Its mark of inherence is that the rhythm be changed every couplet like a Cywydd, and its privilege is choice of metricity, from seven to twelve syllables."

24. "Dyri," (Vocal Song,) a free flowing metre, and of endless varieties, adapted to Lyric Songs.

These four last were invented subsequent to the time embraced by this Essay,—and some changes were made at the Carmarthen Eisteddvod in 1451; but these alterations were afterwards done away with at another Carmarthen Eisteddvod in 1819. The miserable affectation of writing verses on all the metres has now been abandoned, and the poet is very properly allowed to use such of the metres as suit his taste.

The influence of such an order of men as the bards in stirring up the patriotism of the Kymry, and in stimulating the latent intellect, courage, and daring which slumber in all bosoms until called forth by strong excitement, is very clearly shown by the proclamations, and hostile edicts of the English monarchs, and can scarcely be over-rated. Much that was good and great would not but for their exhortations have seen the light; and many a brilliant conception that the world now glories in the possession of, would have been evaporated in apathy, or perished in indifference, but for the stimulus given to the patriotic cause by these wandering minstrels.

We have already adverted to the historical value of the bardic remains; but there is one aspect under which their historical worth deserves a more special notice. They throw light not only on Kymric literature, but also on English history; and it cannot but be interesting for candid Saxons to learn how their countrymen were regarded at this period by their more civilized opponents. The wars of the English kings against the Kymry, form a most important portion of English history, though it is admitted to be imperfect; and it must ever remain imperfect as it now

is, until English scholars cultivate a knowledge of our literature, or some Cambrian supplies the deficiency from the rich stores of Kymric poetry; for the bardic writings throw a flood of light upon contemporary history of a most faithful and trustworthy character. Mr. Turner was not slow to appreciate the value of the early poems of Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch, in illustrating and completing the history of the Anglo Saxons. These bards introduce the reader into a new country, new thoughts, new habits, and to a new people. They mention battles of which there are no other records, and describe with graphic fidelity, engagements of which the Saxon reader has never heard; and how could it be otherwise than interesting, and instructive to peruse the records of the only literary people then existing? The same facts are apparent as we descend from the sixth century; descriptions of battles, pictures of manners and dresses, and eulogies of brave warriors, are of frequent occurrence; and even where we have authentic history on the English side, it must be interesting to peruse the counter accounts current among their opponents. How faint the traces which Owain Glyndwr has left on the English page; and how unimportant compared with the vast importance he is known to have possessed! And yet how full the details in Iolo Goch, and Gruffydd Llwyd. During the Wars of the Roses, Wales was the scene of incessant conflicts, plots, and intrigues, and yet of this period so obscurely described by English historians, the Kymry have a fund of lively and authentic contemporary history in the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, Tudur Aled, Gutyn Owain, and the galaxy of bards who flourished during that period. To come down still lower, who, after reading Huw Morus's spirited pictures of the movements, passions, and persons of the day, would think the present history of the civil war anything like complete?

These characteristics of Cambrian literature, give us no small claim upon the attention of the English public; who, if they wish thoroughly to learn the history of their own

country, must see their character reflected in Kymric mirrors, and diligently study the literature of the Principality. It will repay the labour.

I believe, I have now gone over as much ground as the reader can reasonably be expected to travel; and at parting, take leave to ask, if at the period under consideration, the Kymry were not among the most intelligent and intellectual of the inhabitants of Europe? We wait the answer in perfect confidence.



