

Drawn by Gouthrokey.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Shrouds o'er old Conway's framing flood,  
 Reclined in the sable gale of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the Vort' stood;  
 Long his beard, and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;  
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

The Figures Engraved by Hall and the Landscape by Alderman

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MUSICAL AND POETICAL RELICKS  
OF THE

WELSH BARDS:

PRESERVED BY TRADITION, AND AUTHENTIC MANUSCRIPTS,

*FROM REMOTE ANTIQUITY;*

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OR,

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WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

LIKEWISE A

HISTORY OF THE BARDS

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME:

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR

Music, Poetry, and Musical Instruments,

WITH A

DELINEATION OF THE LATTER.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

By EDWARD JONES.

of Henblas, Llandderfel, Merionethshire.

•••••

*Tŷwy'r dolydd taro'r Delyn,*

*Oni bo'r iâs yn y bryn;*

*O gytwair dant, a gyr di*

*Akor orhoen i Eryri! G. Owen.*

•••••

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND TO BE HAD OF HIM, AT N<sup>o</sup>. 9, PRINCES-STREET,  
HANOVER-SQUARE.

LIKEWISE MAY BE HAD A BOOK OF ITALIAN SONGS, WITH ACCOMPANYMENTS FOR THE HARP, OR HARPSICHORD; AND  
A BOOK OF SONATAS, &c. COMPOSED BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



To His Royal Highness  
George Augustus Frederick Prince of Wales.

Sir;

These ancient Remains of the Welsh Bards, which I presume to lay before your Royal Highness, are, I would hope, not unworthy of such distinguished patronage.

In the country from which you derive your august title, Music has ever been numbered among its chosen entertainments; and, when united with Poetry, afforded a species of luxury, innocent and instructive.

There was a time, when the Princes of Wales claimed, as their prerogative, to preside in the Congress of the Bards, and thought it not unbecoming their station to assign in person those rewards, which were decreed to merit in that famed solemnity. The name of the Bard was revered by Royalty itself; and the number and skill of his Poets gave dignity to the throne of the Prince, and stability to his renown.

Many of the following compositions have often resounded, in the day of festival, through the Halls of your illustrious Predecessors: and I am persuaded that your Royal Highness will feel some interest in restoring to public notice, what has received so honourable a sanction; and will deign to satisfy with your approbation these venerable remains of Harmony and Poetry, which descend to you as your hereditary right.

The facility with which your Royal Highness has condescended to become the Patron of this work, is a noble proof of an early attachment to the interests of polite literature, and a favourable presage of its future and permanent welfare.

Whatever be the success of this attempt to save from oblivion the remaining vestiges of the Bards, it will serve as a memorial of the zealous veneration I shall ever entertain for your Royal Highness's person and noble protection of the Arts, while I have the honour to be,

Your Royal Highness's  
Most Dutiful and  
Most Devoted servant,  
Edward Jones.



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Necessary DIRECTIONS to the READER who is a Stranger to the WELSH LANGUAGE; shewing the right Pronunciation of all the Letters that differ from the English Orthography.

To read Welsh, a right knowledge of the Alphabet is all that is necessary; for, (not going to a nicety) all the Letters retain one invariable sound, which must be distinctly pronounced, as there are no Mutes. Letters that are circumflexed must be pronounced long, as *Bôn* like the English Bone; *Brôn*, boon; *Bîn*, Been; &c.

*C*, as C English in *Can*; but never soft as in *City*.

*Ch*, as the Greek  $\chi$  properly pronounced. If instead of touching the Palate with the Tip of the Tongue to pronounce *K*, you touch it with the Root, it will effect this sound.

*Dd*, as Th English in *Them*; that is, very soft; not hard as in *Thought*.

*F*, as V English.

*Ff*, as F and Ff English.

*G*, as G English in *God*, but never soft as in *Genius*.

*I*, as I English in *King*, and ee in *Been*; but never as *I* in *Fine* \*.

*Ll*, is L aspirated; and can be represented in English only by Lh or Llh.

*Th*, as Th English in *Thought*; but never soft, as in *Them*.

*U*, as I English in *Bliss*, *This*, *It*, &c.

*W*, as Oo English in *Good*.

*Y*, as U English in *Burn*, though in the last syllable of a word, and all monosyllables, except *Y*, *Ydd*, *Ym*, *Yn*, *Yr*, *Ys*, *Fy*, *Dy*, *Myn*, it is like I in *Sin*, *It*, &c. both its powers are nearly shewn in the word *Sundry*, or *Syndry*.

\* Fine, according to the Welsh Orthography, would be pronounced Veenè.



AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF  
THE WELSH BARDS;  
AND  
THEIR MUSIC AND POETRY.

**B**Y the Roman invasion, and the more barbarous incursions of the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, and the emigration of the Britons to Armorica<sup>a</sup>; by the frequent destruction of MSS<sup>b</sup>, and the massacres of the Clergy<sup>c</sup>, and the Bards<sup>d</sup>; the Poetry and Music of Wales have suffered a loss, that has thrown a dark cloud over the history of those native arts, and for a long time threatened their total extinction. Yet from the memorials still extant, and the poetical and musical compositions which time has spared, we are enabled often to produce unquestionable evidence, and always to form a probable conjecture, concerning their rise and progress among us. There is no living nation that can produce works of so remote antiquity, and at the same time of such unimpeached authority as the Welsh.

Our historians, ever desirous to trace their subject to the utmost point of remote antiquity, have derived the name and profession of the *Bards* from *Bardus*, fifth king of Britain, who began his reign in the year of the world 2082. Herodotus says, he reigned over the Celts, and was famous for the invention of Poetry and Music. Perizonius, as Vitus asserts, called the music of Bardus *not every music, but that which is poetical*<sup>e</sup>. Bardus, however, if other accounts may be credited, was not the first who cultivated the sister arts in this island. *Blegored*, king of Britain, who died in the year of the world 2069, was called, for his extraordinary skill in vocal and instrumental music, *the god of harmony*<sup>f</sup>.

The Bards were originally a constitutional appendage of the druidical hierarchy, which was divided into three classes, priests, philosophers, and poets. At *Llanidan* in Anglesey, formerly inhabited by the druidical conventual societies, we at this day find vestiges of *Tre'r Dryw*, the Arch Druid's mansion, and near it, of *Tre'r Beirdd*, the hamlet of the Bards<sup>h</sup>. Mr. Maſon, in his *Caractacus*, has adopted the ancient distinction of three orders of Druids. Having spoken of the arch Druid, he proceeds——

His brotherhood  
Possess the neighb'ring cliffs:  
On the left  
Reside the sage Euvates: yonder grots  
Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence;  
Rob'd in their flowing vests of innocent white,  
Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,  
Hymning immortal strains.

<sup>a</sup> About the year 383, a hundred thousand Britons, besides a numerous army of soldiers, followed the emperor Maximus to *A Armorica*, now *Bretagne*, in *France*, which he conquered, and placed *Conan Meriadoc*, a British lord and general, on the throne. See *Jessy* of Monmouth, book the 5th, ch. 11, 13, 14. Also *Drych y Prif Oesoedd* by Theophilus Evans. Likewise Wynne's history of Wales, p. 8. And further particulars in Owen's history of the Ancient Britons, p. 100, vol. I.

<sup>b</sup> The Welsh nobles, who were captives in the Tower of London (formerly called the White Tower, and part of it now known by that name), obtained permission that the contents of their libraries should be sent them from Wales, to amuse them in their solitude and confinement. This was a frequent practice, so that in process of time the Tower became the principal repository of Welsh literature. Unfortunately for our history and poetry, all the MSS. thus collected were burnt by the villainy of one Scolan, of whom nothing more is known. *Guto'r Glyn*, an eminent Bard of the 15th century, has in one of his poems the following passage:

*Llyfrau Cymru au llofrudd  
Yn Tŷr Gwyn aethant ar gudd  
Yfecler oedd Yfeclan  
Moraw'r tawr llyfrau i'r tan.*

The books of *Cymru*, and their villainous destroyer,  
Were concealed in the White Tower.  
Curled was the deed of Scolan,  
Who committed them in a pile to the flames.

Also during the insurrections of *Owen Glyndwr*, the MSS then extant of the ancient British learning and poetry were so scattered

and destroyed, "that there escaped not one (as William Salisbury relates) that was not incurably maimed, and irrecoverably torn and mangled." See *Evan's Specimens*, p. 160.

<sup>c</sup> "The university of *Bangor-Is-Coed*, founded by *Lucius*, king of Britain, was remarkable for its valuable library. It continued 350 years, and produced many learned men. *Congellus*, a holy man, who died A. D. 530, changed the university into a monastery, containing 2100 Monks. At the instigation of *Austin* the Monk, *Ethelfred*, king of Northumberland, massacred twelve hundred of the British clergy of this monastery: nine hundred, who escaped, were afterwards slain by pirates. This happened in the year 603. See *Humphrey Lloyd's Britannicæ Descriptionis Commentariolum*. Lewis's history of Great Britain. Folio. London. 1729, b. 5, ch. 1. And *Rowland's Mona Antiqua*, 2d edition, p. 151, &c.

<sup>d</sup> See *Guthrie's Historical Grammar*, and the sequel of this history.

<sup>e</sup> Lewis's history, b. 2, ch. 6.

<sup>f</sup> "Ac yn ol Seisill y daeth Blegywryd yn frenhim, ac ni bu erioed Gantor cystal ag ef o Gelfyddyd Music na chwarydd cystal ag ef o hudol ac am hynny y gelwid ef *Duw y Gwawren*, A bron a wladychawdd ar Tŷs Prydein 28 mlynedd, ag yna a bu farw: sef oedd hynny wedi dilio 2069 o flynyddoedd." *Tysilio's British History*, MS. Fabian also, speaking of *Blegored*, names him "a conynge musicyan, called of the Britons God of Gleemen." *Chron. f. 32*, ed. 1533. See also Lewis's history, b. 3, ch. 35.

<sup>h</sup> *Mona Antiqua*, 2d edition, p. 65, &c. *Owen's History of the Ancient Britons*, 8vo. London, 1743, vol. I. Introduction, p. 16. And the 4th book of the Geography of *Strabo*, who lived under Augustus and Tiberius.

<sup>i</sup> *Mona Antiqua*, p. 236, 239.



Of the Bards, however, and of their poetry and music, at those remote periods, little more than a faint tradition is preserved: and that little we either derive from the poetical and fabulous remains of the British annals, or glean wherever it is scattered over the wider field of Roman history. There is no account, indeed, of Britain in any writer preceding Cæsar; but as it is incredible that its ancient arts sprung up under the oppression of the Roman yoke, and as it has never been pretended that any part of them was borrowed from the conquerors; whatever mention of them is found in the Greek and Roman authors who succeeded the first invasion, may fairly be produced as in some measure descriptive of their state before it.

Those nations could not surely be rude in the construction of their poetry and music, among whom, as Cæsar declares, the supremacy and omnipotence of the gods was acknowledged, the immortality and transmigration of the soul was believed<sup>k</sup>, opinions were formed concerning the motion of the planets and the dimensions of the world, and whose youth was instructed in the nature and philosophy of things.

In all the Celtic nations we discover a remarkable uniformity of manners and institutes. It was the custom of the ancient Germans, when they marched to battle, to animate themselves with singing verses, prophetic of their success, which they called *Barditus*<sup>l</sup>. It was the honourable office of the Bards of Britain to sing to the harp; at their nuptials and funeral obsequies, their games and other solemnities, and at the head of their armies, the praises of those who had signalized themselves by virtuous and heroic actions<sup>m</sup>. This entertainment made a deep impression on the young warriors; elevated some to heroism, and prompted virtue in every breast. Among the Celts, says Diodorus Siculus<sup>n</sup>, are composers of melodies, called Bards, who sing to instruments like lyres, panegyric, or invective strains: and in such reverence are they held, that when two armies, prepared for battle, have cast their darts, and drawn their swords, on the arrival and interposition of the Bards, they immediately desist. Thus, even among the rude barbarians, wrath gives place to wisdom, and Mars to the Muses.<sup>o</sup>

A fragment of *Poſidonius*, preserved in *Athenæus*<sup>p</sup>, enables us to exhibit the only specimen of the genius of the Bards that can be ascribed with certainty to a higher date than the sixth century. Describing the wealth and magnificence of *Luernius*, *Poſidonius* relates, that, ambitious of popular favour, he frequently was borne over the plains in a chariot, scattering gold and silver among myriads of the *Celts* who followed him. On a day of banqueting and festivity, when he entertained with abundance of choice provisions and a profusion of costly liquors, his innumerable attendants; a poet of the barbarians, arriving long after the rest, greeted him with singing the praise of his unrivalled bounty and exalted virtues, but lamented his own bad fortune in so late an arrival. *Luernius*, charmed with his song, called for a purse of gold, and threw it to the Bard, who, animated with gratitude, renewed the encomium, and proclaimed, *that the track of his chariot wheels upon the earth was productive of wealth and blessings to mankind*.

ΔΙΟΤΙ ΤΑ ΙΧΝΗ ΤΗΣ ΓΗΣ (ΣΦΗΣ ΑΡΜΑΘΛΑΤΕΙ) ΧΡΥΣΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΣΙΑΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΙΣ  
ΦΕΡΕΙ.

The disciples of the Druidical Bards, during a noviciate of twenty years, learnt an immense number of verses<sup>r</sup>, in which they preserved the principles of their religious and civil polity by uninterrupted tradition for many centuries. Though the use of letters was familiar to them, they never committed their verses to writing, for the sake of strengthening their intellectual faculties, and of keeping their mysterious knowledge from the contemplation of the vulgar. The metre in which these poetical doctrines were communicated, was called *Englyn Milwr*, or the Warrior's Song, which, as the reader will see in the annexed specimen, is a stanza of three lines, each of seven syllables, the first and second containing the general subject of the poem, and the third conveying some divine or moral precept, or prudential maxim<sup>s</sup>.

<sup>l</sup> De Bello Gallico, lib. vi.

<sup>k</sup> Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies  
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise;  
Hence they no cares from this frail being feel,  
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,  
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn  
To spare that life which must so soon return.

Rowe's *Lucan*, b. i.

<sup>l</sup> Tacitus de moribus Germanorum.

<sup>m</sup> Retreated in silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp,  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless still  
By doom of battle.

Milton.

<sup>n</sup> 'Εἰς καὶ παρ' αὐτοῖς καὶ ποιητὰὶ μελῶν, ὡς ΒΑΡΔΟΥΣ ὀνομάζουσι, οἱ δὲ μὴ ὁργάνων τὰς λύρας ὁμοίαν ἄδοντες, ὡς μὲν ὕμνοισι, ὡς δὲ βλασφημίαισι. H. Steph. edit. 1559. p. 213.

Bardi fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyrae modulis cantabant. Ammian. Marcellin. l. xv. Ammianus Marcellinus about the year 380.

<sup>o</sup> Diodorus Siculus de Gest. Fabulos. Antiq. l. vi. See also the notes on the sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

<sup>p</sup> See the Rev. Mr. Evans's *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, in *Dissert. de Bardis*; p. 65, 66.

<sup>q</sup> Cæsar de Bello Gallico, l. vi.

<sup>r</sup> See *Mona Antiqua*, p. 253, and *Llwyd's Archaeologia*, p. 251, and 221.



*Druidical Triambics.*

*Marchwiall bedw briglas,  
A dyn fy nbroed o wanas ;  
Nac addef dy rîn i wâs.*

*Marchwiall derw mwynllwyn,  
A dyn fy nbroed o gadwyn :  
Nac addef dy rîn i forwyn.*

*Marchwiall derw deiliar,  
A dyn fy nbroed o garchar ;  
Nac addef dy rîn i lafar<sup>a</sup>.*

*Eiry myndydd, gwyn pŏb ty ;  
Cynnefin brân a chanu ;  
Ni ddaw dâ o dra chyfsgu<sup>b</sup>.*

*Eiry myndydd, gwynt ae tawl,  
Llydan lloergan, glâs tafawl ;  
Odid dyn diriad, diharwl<sup>c</sup>.*

*Eiry mynydd, bydd ym mron ;  
Gochwiban gwynt uwch blaen on :  
Trydydd troed i hen ei ffon<sup>d</sup>.*

In the three first, the Druids seem to invoke their groves, and set forth their sacerdotal privileges and exemptions. In the other three, they apostrophize the mountain *Eryri* or Snowdon, the Parnassus of Wales. We learn from Gildas that the ancient Britains had an extraordinary veneration for mountains, groves, and rivers.

When the Roman legions, after the invasion of Britain, and the conquest of the Gallic provinces, were recalled to oppose the power of Pompey in Italy, the exultation of the Bards, at recovering the secure possession and exercise of their ancient poetical function is described in a very animated manner by Lucan,

You too, ye Bards ! whom sacred raptures fire  
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre ;  
Who consecrate in your immortal strain  
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain ;  
Securely now the tuneful task renew  
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue !

Such was the new but imperfectly discovered scene which the great Cæsar's ambition opened in Britain. Nor are these accounts only imperfect ; they are also partially delivered, as some bold spirits, even among the Romans, have hinted<sup>a</sup>.

The Druids, expelled from Britain by the legions, took refuge in Ireland and the Isle of Man, places which the Roman sword could not then reach. The theory of the British Music moved with them, and settled in Ireland, which from that period was for many ages the seat of learning and philosophy, till wars and dissensions buried almost every trace of them in oblivion<sup>b</sup>.

The Bards, having now lost their sacred Druidical character, began to appear in an honourable, though less dignified capacity at the courts of the British kings. The Oak Mistleto<sup>c</sup> was deprived of its ancient authority, and the sword prevailed in its place. The Musick as well as the Poetry of Britain, no doubt, received a tincture from the martial spirit of the times : and the Bards, who once had dedicated their profession to the worship of the gods in their sylvan temples, the celebration of public solemnities, and the praise of all the arts of peace, and who had repress the fury of armies preparing to rush upon each other's spears : now

With other echo taught the shades  
To answer, and resound far other song<sup>d</sup>.

If, while Britain remained a Roman province, the desultory wars produced any compositions that deserved to live, they were destroyed by the calamity that occasioned them. In the sixth century, the golden age of Welsh Poetry, the Bards resumed the harp with unusual boldness, to animate their country's last successful struggle with the Saxons.

<sup>a</sup> *Cyfrinach*, Arcanum.

<sup>b</sup> *Dyn siaradus*, Homo Garulus.

<sup>c</sup> *Melior vigilanti somno*.

<sup>d</sup> *Homo nequam litis occasione non carebit*.

<sup>e</sup> *Seni baculus, tertius pes olo*.

<sup>f</sup> Rowe's *Lucan*, b. i.

<sup>a</sup> *Suetonii Vitæ. Lucan Pharsalia*.

<sup>b</sup> An account of the British or Cambrian Music, by Mr. Lewis Morris.

<sup>c</sup> *Ad Viscum Druidæ, Druidæ cantare solebant*. Ovid. See *Mona Antiqua*.

<sup>d</sup> Milton's *Paradise Lost*.



*Aneurin Gwawdrydd*, called by his successors Monarch of Bards, lived under the patronage of *Mynyddawg* of Edinborough, a prince of the North, whose *Milwyr*, or men at arms, 363 in number, all wearing gold chains, were slain, except *Aneurin* and two others, in a battle with the Saxons at *Cattraeth*. His *Gododin* written on that event is perhaps the oldest and noblest production of that age. Being composed in a northern dialect, possibly the Pictish, it is at present in many places extremely difficult and obscure. The following passage, verified by Mr. Gray, from Mr. Evans's specimens, will, though a fragment, give an ample proof of the genius of *Aneurin*.

## O D E,

Selected from the *Gododin*.

*Gwyr a eth Gattræth feddfaeth feddwn,  
Esfurf frwytblawn oedd cam nas cymbwyllwn,  
I am lāfnawr coch, gorsawr, gwrnw,;  
Dwys dengyn-ydd ymleddyn aergwn,*

*Ar deulu Bryniech be ich barnafwn,  
Diluw, dyn yn fyw nis gadawfwn,  
Cyfeillt a golleis, difflais oeddwn,  
Rbugl yn ymwrthryn, rhun rhiadwn.  
Ni mynnwus gwrawl gwaddawl chwegrwn,  
Maban y GIAN o faen GWYNGWN.*

*Pan gryssiei GARADAWG i gad,  
Mab baedd coed, trychwn, trychiad  
Tarw byddin yn nhrin gommyniad,  
Ef lithiai wyddgwn oi angad.*

*Arddyledawyc canu, cymmmain o fri,  
Twrftân, a tharan, a rbyfertbi,  
Gwryd adderchawg marchawg mysg  
RHUDD FEDEL rhyfel a eidduni.  
Gwr gwnedd, difuddiawg, dygymmyni ynghad,  
O'r meint gwlad yt glywi.*

*Gwyr a eth Gattræth buant enwawd;  
Gwin a medd o aur fu eu gwirawd,  
Blwyddyn yn erbyn wrdyn ddefawd,  
Trywyr a thriugaint a thrichant eurdorchawd,  
O'r sawl yt gryssiaffant uch gormant wirawd  
Ni ddiengis namyntri o wrhydri ffoffawd,  
Dau gatci Aeron a CHYNON Daearawd  
A minnau o'm gwaedffreu gwerth fy ngwenwawd.*

Had I but the torrent's might,  
With headlong rage, and wild affright,  
Upon *Dëira's* squadrons hurl'd,  
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure, in youthful pride  
By them my friend, my *Hoel*, died,  
Great *Kian's* son; of *Madoc* old  
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;  
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,  
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

Have ye seen the tusky boar  
Or the bull, with fullen roar,  
On surrounding foes advance?  
So *Caradoc* bore his lance.

*Vedel's* name, my lay, rehearse,  
Build to him the lofty verse,  
Sacred tribute of the Bard,  
Verse, the hero's sole reward.  
As the flames devouring force;  
As the whirlwind in its course,  
As the thunder's fiery stroke,  
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;  
Did the sword of *Vedel's* mow  
The crimson harvest of the foe.

To *Cattraeth's* vale, in glitt'ring row  
Twice two hundred warriors go;  
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck  
Chains of regal honour deck,  
Wreath'd in many a golden link:  
From the golden cup they drink  
Nectar, that the bees produce,  
Or the grape's extatic juice.  
Flush'd with mirth, and hope they burn;  
But none from *Cattraeth's* vale return,  
Save *Aeron* brave, and *Conan* strong,  
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng),  
And I, the meanest of them all,  
That live to weep, and sing their fall.



*Taliesin*, who in one of his poems gives an honourable testimony to the fame of *Aneurin*<sup>†</sup>, was like him called *Penbeirdd*, king of Bards. He lived in the reign and enjoyed the favour of *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, king of Britain. He was found, when an infant, exposed in a weir, which *Gwyddno Garanir*, the petty king of *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, had granted as a maintenance to prince *Elphin* his son. *Elphin*, with many amiable qualities, was extravagant; and having little success at the weir, grew discontented and melancholy. At this juncture *Taliesin* was found by the fishermen of the prince, by whose command he was carefully fostered and liberally educated. At a proper age the accomplished Bard was introduced by his princely patron at the court of his father *Gwyddno*, to whom he presented, on that occasion, a poem called *Hanes Taliesin*, or *Taliesin's History*; and at the same time another to the prince, called *Dybuddiant Elphin*<sup>‡</sup>, the consolation of *Elphin*, which the Bard addresses to him in the person and character of an exposed infant. *Taliesin* lived to recompense the kindness of his benefactor: by the magic of his Poetry he redeemed him from the castle of *Teganwy* (where he was for some misconduct confined by his uncle *Maelgwn*), and afterwards conferred upon him an illustrious immortality.

*Taliesin* was the master or poetical preceptor of *Myrddin ap Morfryn*: he enriched the British Prosody with five new metres; and has transmitted in his poems such vestiges, as throw new light on the history, knowledge, and manners of the ancient Britons and their Druids, much of whose mystical learning he imbibed.

The poem which I have chosen for a specimen of *Taliesin's* manner, is his description of the battle of *Argoed Llwyfain*, fought about the year 548, by *Goddeu*, a king of North Britain, and *Urien Reged*, king of Cumbria, against *Fflamddwyn*, a Saxon general, supposed to be *Ida*, king of Northumberland. I am indebted to the obliging disposition and undiminished powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated verification of this valuable antique——

*Gwaith Argoed Llwyfain.*

CANU URIEN.

*Y borau ddyw sadwrn, cêd fawr a fu,*  
*O'r pan ddwyre haul, hyd pan gynnir.*

*Dygryswys Fflamddwyn yn bedwarllu.*  
*Goddeu, a Reged, i ymddyllu.*  
*Dyfwy o Argoed, hyd Arfynydd.*  
*Ni cheffynt einioes hyd yr undydd!*

*Atorelwis Fflamddwyn, sawr drybestawd,*  
*A ddodynt gyngwystlon, a ynt parawd?*  
*Yr atebwys Ywain, ddwyrain fffawd,*  
*Ni ddodynt iddynt, nid ynt parawd;*  
*A Chenau, mab Coel, byddai gymwyswng leu,*  
*Cyn a talai o wyll nebarod!*

*The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain<sup>h</sup>.*

Morning rose: the issuing sun  
Saw the dreadful fight begun:  
And that sun's descending ray  
Clos'd the battle, clos'd the day.

*Fflamddwyn* pour'd his rapid bands,  
Legions four, o'er *Reged's* lands.  
The numerous host from side to side  
Spread destruction wild and wide,  
From *Argoed's* <sup>i</sup> summits, forest-crown'd,  
To steep *Arfynydd's* <sup>k</sup> utmost bound.  
Short their triumph, short their sway,  
Born and ended with the day!

Flush'd with conquest *Fflamddwyn* said,  
Boastful at his army's head,  
"Strive not to oppose the stream,  
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem.  
Give me pledges, *Fflamddwyn* cried,  
Never, *Urien's* son replied  
*Owen* <sup>l</sup> of the mighty stroke:  
Kindling, as the hero spoke,  
*Cenau* <sup>m</sup>, *Coel's* blooming heir  
Caught the flame, and grasp'd the spear.

<sup>†</sup> *Taliesin*, in his poem called *Anrhyg Urien*, has the two following lines——

*A wen ni enw Aneurin Gwawdrydd arwenydd,*  
*A minnau Daliesin o lan Ilyn Geirionydd.*

I know the fame of the inspired genius *Aneurin Gwawdrydd*,

And I am *Taliesin*, whose abode is by the Lake of — *Geirionydd*.

<sup>‡</sup> See this poem published and translated in Evans's specimens.

<sup>h</sup> This is the last of the ten great battles of *Urien Reged*, celebrated by *Taliesin* in poems now extant. See *Chace's History of*

*England*, p. 211, & 212. There is much valuable information relating to the Ancient Britons in the above history.

<sup>i</sup> A part of Cumbria, the country of prince *Llywarch Hen*, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.

<sup>k</sup> Some place on the borders of Northumberland.

<sup>l</sup> *Owen ap Urien* acted as his father's general.

<sup>m</sup> *Cenau* led to the assistance of *Urien Reged* the forces of his father *Coel Godubol*, king of a northern tract, called *Goddan*, probably inhabited by the Godini of Ptolemy. *Owen ap Urien* and *Cenau ap Coel* were in the number of Arthur's Knights. See *Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 201.



Shall *Coel's* issue pledges give  
To the insulting foe, and live?  
Never such be Briton's shame,  
Never, 'till this mangled frame  
Like some vanquish'd lion lie  
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die.

*Atorelwis Urien, ydd yr echwydd,  
O bydd yngbyfarfod am garennnydd.  
Dyrchafwn eidoed odduch mynydd,  
Ac ymborthwn wyneb odduch emyl,  
A dyrchafwn beleidr odduch ben grŵyr,  
A chyrchwn Fflamddwyn yn ei lwydd;  
A lladdwn ag ef, a'i gyweithydd!*

*A rhag gwaith Argoed Llwyfain,  
Bu llawer celain:  
Rhuddei frain,  
Rhag rhyfel grŵyr!  
A gwerin a frysswys gan ei newydd.  
Arinaf y blwyddyn nad wyf cynnydd,*

*Ac yn 'i fallwyf bēn,  
Ym dygn angau angen;  
Ni byddif ymdyrwēn,  
Na molwyf Urien!*

*Llywarch Hēn*, or *Llywarch* the aged, a Cumbrian prince, is the third great Bard of the British annals. He past his younger days at the court of king *Arthur*, with the honourable distinction of a free guest. When the British power was weakened by the death of *Arthur*, *Llywarch* was called to the aid of his kinsman *Urien Reged*, king of *Cumbria*, and the defence of his own principality, against the irruptions of the Saxons.

This princely Bard had four and twenty sons, all invested with the golden torques, which appears to have been the antient badge of British nobility". Many of them were slain in the Cumbrian wars, and the Saxons at length prevailed. The unfortunate *Llywarch*, with his few surviving sons, fled into *Powys*, there to revive the unequal and unsuccessful contest under the auspices of the prince of *Powys*, *Cynddylan*. Having lost, in the issue of these wars, all his sons and friends, he retired to a hut at *Aber Ciog* \* in North Wales, to soothe with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and vent with elegiac numbers the sorrows of old age

Day advanc'd: and ere the sun  
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,  
*Urien* came with fresh supplies.  
"Rise, ye sons of *Cambria*, rise,  
Spread your banners to the foe,  
Spread them on the mountain's brow,  
Lift your lances high in air,  
Friends and brothers of the war,  
Rush like torrents down the steep,  
'Thro' the vales in myriads sweep,  
*Fflamddwyn* never can sustain  
The force of our united train."

Havoc, havoc rag'd around,  
Many a carcase strew'd the ground:  
Ravens drank the purple flood,  
Raven plumes were dyed in blood;  
Frighted crouds from place to place  
Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale  
Spread the news of their disgrace,  
Trembling as they told the tale.

These are *Taliesin's* rhimes,  
These shall live to distant times,  
And the *Bard's* prophetic rage  
Animate a future age.

Child of sorrow, child of pain,  
Never may I smile again,  
If 'till all-subduing death  
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,  
Ever I forget to raise  
My grateful songs to *Urien's* praise!

\* *Hybarch iaw mab y marchog,  
(Tu aur) yn arian golero  
Torchog.*

\* Now *Dol Grog* near *Machynlleth* in Montgomeryshire. There *Llywarch* died, near the age of 150, about the year 634; and was buried at *Llanfor* near *Bala* in Merionethshire, where, in the west window of the church, is a stone with an inscription.



in distress. His poems are in some places almost unintelligible: not because they want simplicity, which is their characteristic beauty, but from the antiquity of the language, which is partly the Venedotian and partly the Cumbrian dialect, and from scantiness of information concerning the facts. The compositions of *Llywarch* are pure nature, unmixed with that learning and contrivance which appears in the writings of *Taliesin*: he did not, like that great Bard, extend the bounds of British poetry, but followed implicitly the works of the Druids, closing many of his stanzas with their venerable maxims. He writes in such a simple, undisguised, pathetic manner, that it is impossible to suspect him of misrepresentation; he has no fictions, no embellishments, no display of art; but gives an affecting narrative of events and circumstances.

The subsequent specimen, which is a close and literal prose translation of stanzas in the first and second poem of this princely Bard, will give my readers a relish for his excellence in natural, sentimental, and martial description.

*From Poem I.*

The Cuckow sends forth her longing and complaining voice,  
When she has fled from the pursuit of the Hawk,  
And condoles with me at the waters of *Ciog*.

In spring all nature is beautiful and glad:  
It is the season when heroes hasten to the field of war:  
But I cannot go; infirmity will not suffer me.

The birds sing, and loud is the cry  
Of the strong-scented hounds in the desert:  
Again the birds are heard to warble.

The birds sing, the brooks murmur,  
The moon shines out; it is the cold hour of midnight;  
And my heart droops under its lingering cares.

Hear you not how the waves roar,  
And dash from rock to rock?  
O my weak heart! may my senses be granted me to-night!

*From Poem II.*

Before I used a staff, I was comely and eloquent:  
I was a free and welcome guest in the palace  
Of *Powis*, the Paradise of Wales.

Before I used a staff, I was splendidly apparelled:  
My spear was of the largest size; its thrust was —  
terrible:  
But now my years are many; I am feeble, I am —  
miserable.

O my staff! in summer  
The furrows are red, and the tender blades spring —  
forth:  
Thou art to me instead of my lost kindred, when —  
I look upon thy beak.——

Vallies were thrown up for the trenches of the —  
fortress:  
And I will arm myself with my shield.  
My mind must be disordered ere I give way.

When danger overtakes thee, O *Urien*,  
Blow thou the horn which I gave thee,  
Whose mouth is tipped with gold.

Ghastly was the wound when *Pyll* was slain:  
Blood streamed from his hair  
On the bank of the rapid *Ifraw*.

Distinguished among all my sons  
When they singled out their adversaries  
*Pyll* rushed with the violence of flames through —  
the streams of *Llifon*.

When, mounted on his prancing steed,  
He halted at the door of his tent,  
The wife of *Pyll* gloried in her husband.

*Gwén*! how joyous did I behold thee last night!  
Thou hadst no roof to cover thee,  
But didst traverse, cold, the banks of *Morlas*.

O *Gwén*! thou that wert dreadful in thine anger!  
My thoughts are bloody because thou art slain:  
Relentless was he that slew thee.

O *Gwén*! fire of a powerful progeny!  
Thou wert the attack of an eagle  
At the mouths of mighty rivers.

Let the waves cease to roar, the rivers to flow,  
Since this fatal deed has been perpetrated!  
Alas! my *Gwén*! in my trembling age have I —  
lost thee.

My son was a hero: the sun was below *Gwén*:  
He was the nephew of *Urien*  
He was slain by the Ford of *Morlas*.

\* Those who shall be incited to a further acquaintance with the beauties of *Llywarch Hen*, will shortly have access to them in an edition of all his extant works, with a literal version and

notes, lately announced to the public by the Rev. Mr. J. Walters of Jesus College, Oxford; to whom I am much indebted for adding some notes to this preface.



I had four and twenty sons;  
All leaders of armies, all decked with the golden  
torques:  
*Gwên* was the bravest of them all.

I had four and twenty sons,  
All princely chiefs, all decked with chains of gold.  
But compared with *Gwên*, the rest were children.

These were my sons;  
The favourites of Bards;  
And fair is their renown.

The British language, in which rhyme is as old as poetry itself, had, in the sixth century, attained such copiousness and musical refinement, that the Bards commonly composed in unirythm stanzas of many lines. The rhymes of modern Italy are as famous for their number, as its language is admired for its pliability in yielding to all the inflections of the voice. Yet the Italian poets are constrained to change the rhyme more than once in a stanza, without producing any other effect than confusion from the diversity. The old performances of the Bards were therefore most happily calculated for accompanying the harp.

For this quality none of the remains of this remote period are more remarkable, than the works of *Myrddin ab Iorwryn*, often called Merlin the Wild; whose reputation as a Bard, is not inferior to the prophetic and magical fame of his great predecessor, *Myrddin Emrys*<sup>1</sup>. He was born at *Caerwertkefin*, near the forest of *Celyddon*, in Scotland; where he possessed a great estate, which he lost in the war of his Lord *Gwenddolau ap Ceidio*, and *Aeddan Ffradawg* against *Rhydderch Hael*. His misfortunes in Scotland drove him to Wales: and there is now extant a poetical dialogue between him and his preceptor *Taliesin*. He was present at the battle of *Camlan*, in the year 542, where, fighting under the banner of king *Arthur*, he accidentally slew his own nephew, the son of his sister *Gwenddydd*<sup>2</sup>. In consequence of this calamity, he was seized with madness, which affected him every other hour. He fled back into Scotland, and concealed himself in the woods of that country, where, in an interval of recollection, he composed the following poem, which has many beauties, and is strongly tinged with the enthusiasm of madness: He afterwards probably returned to Wales, where, in the disorder of his mind, he vented those poetical prophecies that pass under his name, and were translated into Latin, and published by Geoffrey of Monmouth. He was buried in the Isle of *Enlli*, or Bardsey, on the coast of North Wales, where there was a college of Black cowled Monks.

AFALLENNAU MYRDDIN y rhai a garwsai gan ei Arglwydd  
Gwenddolau ab Ceidio.

*A roddaid i neb yn un plygaint,  
A roed i FERDDIN cyn no benaint  
Saith Afallen bereint a saith ugaint;  
Yn gyfoed gyfwrach gyhyd gymmaint  
Twy fron teyrnedd y tyfeddiant;  
Un ddoled uchel ai gorthbaint;  
GLOYWEDD ei henw, gloywyn ei daint.*

*Afallen beren brwn! y fydd fad,  
Nid bychan dy lwyth fydd ffirwyth arnad;  
A minnau wyf esnaweg angelawg am danad,  
Rbag dyfod y coedwyr coed gymmynad  
I gladdu dy wraidd a llygru dy bad:  
Fai na thyfo byth afal arnad.  
A minnau wyf gwyllt gorthbrychiad  
Im cathrud, Cytbrudd nim cudd dillad  
Neu m raddes GWENDDOLAU thyfu yn rhad  
Ac yntau heddyw fal na buad.*

<sup>1</sup> *Myrddin Emrys*, or Merlin Ambrose, the prophet and reputed magician, born at *Caermerthen*, was the son of a Welsh Nun, daughter of a king of *Demetia*. His father was unknown. He was made king of West Wales by *Portigern*, who then reigned in Britain. His prophecies, which were written in prose, were translated into Latin, and published by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

## THE ORCHARD.

Was ever given to man so acceptable a gift, as that bestowed on *Myrddin* ere age had overtaken him? a fair orchard, seven score and seven sweet apple trees, all equal in age, height, and magnitude: they possessed the slope of a majestic hill, branching high and wide, crowned with lovely foliage; a lovely nymph, whose hair flowed in beauteous ringlets, guarded them; her name *Gloywedd*, with the pearly teeth.

Sweet and excellent apple-tree! thy branches are loaded with delicious fruit; I am full of care and fearful anxiety for thy safety, lest the destructive woodman should dig thee up by the roots, or otherwise so injure thy prolific nature, that apples would no more grow on thy branches: for this I am wild with grief, torn with anxiety, anguish pierces me to the heart; I suffer no garment to cover my body. These trees are the inestimable gifts of *Gwenddolau*, He who is now, as if he was not.

<sup>2</sup> *Dissertatio de Bartlis*, p. 77. Lewis's History of Britain, p. 206.

<sup>3</sup> *Awr o'i gŵr gan D. I. I. y gai  
Awr ymbell yr awbwyllau.*

S. Deifi i Myrddin. MS.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Glynn, in *Cywydd y Ddraig Gŵb*. MS.



*Afallen beren bren, addfeinus !  
Gwasgadfad glodfawr, buddfawr brydus  
Ydd wnant bennaethu gam gyfsgus,  
A myneich geuwog bwydiawg gwydius ;  
A gweisionein ffraeth bid arfaethus  
Ydd fyddant wyr rammant rit rwyfanus.*

*Afallen beren bydaf glas !  
Plu fawr ei changen a'i chain wanas :  
A mi ddyfgoganaf cad amdias  
PENGWERN cyfeddgrudd medd eu haddas.*

*Afallen beren a dyf yn llannerch  
Angerdd o'i bargel rhag rhieu RHYDDERCH.  
Amsuthr yn ei bon, maon yn ei chylch ;  
Oedd aeleu yddynt dulloedd dibefeirch.  
Mi ni'm car GWENDDYDD ac ni'm hennyrch ;  
Wyf cas gan wasawg gwaefaf RHYDDERCH ;  
Ry rewiniat i fab ef a'i ferch.  
Angeu a ddwg pawb, pa rag nam cyfeirch ?  
A gwedi GWENDDOLAU neb rbiau nim peirch  
Nim gogawen gwarwy, nim gofwy gordderch :  
Ac yngwaith ARDERYDD oedd aur fy ngorthorch,  
Cyn bwyf aelaw heddyw gan liw Eleirch.*

*Afallen beren blodau esplydd  
A dyf yn argel yn argoeddydd !  
Chwedleu a gigleu yn nechreuddydd  
Ry sorri gwaflawg gwaefaf MEUWYDD ;  
Dwywaith a theirgwaith pedergwaith yn undydd ;  
Och Jesu na ddyfu fy nibenydd !  
Cyn dyfod ar fy llaw llaitb mab GWENDDYDD ?*

*Afallen beren bren cil wyddfa,  
Cen coed cylch ei gwaindd digwascoetwa.  
A mi ddyfgoganaf dyddaw etwa  
MEDRAWD ac ARTHUR mo iur tyrfa  
Camlan darmerthan distu yna  
Namynsaith ni ddyraith or cymmanfa.  
Edryched WENHWYFAR wedi ei thraba  
Eglwysig bendefig a'i tywyfa.  
Gwaeth i mi a dderfydd heb ysgofa.  
Lleas mab GWENDDYDD, fy llaw ai gwena.*

Sweet apple-tree, of tall and stately growth ! how admired thy shade and shelter, thy profitableness and beauty often will mighty lords and princes form a thousand pretences for frequenting thy recess, nor less eager the false and luxurious monks ; and equally intent are the idle talkative youths : all hankering after thy apples ; they all pretend to prophecy the warlike exploits of their prince, this their apology for robbing thee of thy fruit.

Sweet apple tree, vigorous in growth, verdant in foliage ! large are thy branches, beautiful thy form : ere the depredations of slaughtering war caused my thoughts to boil with grief, how beautiful was the sight of thy robe of vivid green ! yet shall my prophetic song announce the day, when a mighty legion shall revenge my wrongs ; the valourous armies of *Pengwern*, fierce in battle, animated by mighty mead.

Sweet apple-tree, growing in the lonely glade ! fervent valour shall still keep thee secure from the stern lords of *Rhydderch*. Bare is the ground about thee, trodden by mighty warriors ; their heroic forms strike their foes with terror. Alas ! *Gwenddydd* loves me not, she 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 prince honours me, I am not soothed with diversion, I am no longer visited by the fair : yet in the battle of *Arderydd* I wore the golden torques, though I am now despised by her who is fair as the snowy swan.

Sweet apple-tree, covered with delicate bloom, growing unseen in the sequestered woods ! early with the dawn have I heard that the high-commissioned chief of *Meuwydd* was offended with me ; twice, three times, alas ! four times in the same day have I heard this ; it rung in my ears ere the sun had marked the hour of noon. O Jesus ! why was I not taken away by destruction, ere it was the sad fate of my hand to kill the son of *Gwenddydd* ?

Sweet apple-tree, appearing to the eye a large and fair wood of stately trees ! monarch of the surrounding woods ; shading all, thyself unshaded ! yet shall my song of prophecy announce the coming again of *Medrawd*, and of *Arthur*, monarch of the warlike host : again shall they rush to the battle of *Camlan* ; two days will the conflict last, and only seven escape from the slaughter. Then let *Gwenhwysar* remember the crimes she has been guilty of, when an ecclesiastical hero leads the warriors to battle. Alas ! far more lamentable is my destiny, and hope affords no refuge. The son of *Gwenddydd* is dead, slain by my accursed hand !



*Afallen beren beraf ei haeron,  
A dyf yn argel yn argoed CELYDDON!  
Cyd ceisier, ofer fydd herwydd 'i baddon,  
Yn i ddel Cadwaladr i gynadi rhyd RHEON  
CYNAN yn erbyn cychwyn ar SAESON.  
CYMRU a orfydd cain fyddde dragon;  
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Caintor cyn elwch, catbl heddwch a hinon.*

Sweet apple-tree, loaded with the sweetest fruit, growing in the lonely wilds of the woods of *Celyddon*! all seek thee for the sake of thy produce, but in vain; until *Cadwaladr* comes to the conference of the ford of *Rhëon*, and *Cynan* advances to oppose the Saxons in their career. Then shall the Britons be again victorious, led by their graceful and majestic chief: then shall be restored to every one his own: then shall the founder of the trump of gladness proclaim the song of peace, the serene days of happiness.

These were the poetical luminaries of the sixth century. Their works are pregnant with feeling, with fancy, and enthusiasm; and do honour to the nation that produced them. Foreigners who shall read them, will be obliged to soften some of those dark colours in which they have usually painted our ancestors. The rays of genius that shone forth in the Britons, amid the gloom of the dark ages, are more valuable in the eye of reason, and contribute more to their glory, than all the bloody trophies they erected. But how can their poetry produce this effect, if their language remains unintelligible,—if no one will translate it into the other languages of Europe?

The writings of these ancient Bards deserve to be explored and published, not merely as sources of poetical and philosophical pleasures, but as stores of historical information. Their origin is not doubtful like that of some venerable works which we have reason to fear, were drawn together from fabulous records or vague tradition; these were composed on recent exploits, and copied immediately from their subjects, and sent abroad among nations that had acted or seen them. From a diligent investigation and accurate editions of them by learned Welshmen, many important advantages may be promised to the British history, which supplied and improved from these copious fountains, would no longer disgust with incredible fables of giants and magicians, but engage by a description of real events and true heroes. For early poetry has in all countries been known to give the fullest and most exact picture of life and manners.

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To this period may be referred, not without probability, those great but obscure characters in Welsh music, *Isbel*, *Iorwertb*, and *yr Athro Fêdd*†, and the Keys, and Chromatic Notes by them invented and still distinguished by their names.

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Towards the close of the eleventh century, the great prince *Gruffudd ap Cynan* invited to Wales some of the best musicians of Ireland <sup>s</sup>; and being partial to the music of that island, where he was born, and observing with displeasure the disorders and abuses of the Welsh Bards, created a body of institutes for the amendment of their manners, and the correction of their art and practice <sup>n</sup>. Accordingly I find in an old MS. of Welsh Music, in the library of the Welsh school, a curious account of so remarkable a revolution, beginning with these words—*Here follow the four-and-twenty measures of instrumental Music, all conformable to the laws of harmony, as they were settled in a congress by many Doctors skilful in that science, Welsh and Irish, in the reign of Gruffudd ap Cynan, and written in books by order of both parties princely and principally, and thence copied, &c.*<sup>k</sup>.

This grand reformation of the *Bards* was effected by dividing them into classes, and assigning to each class a distinct profession and employment. We have hitherto viewed them in a very various and extensive sphere. It was their office to applaud the living and record the dead: they were required to possess learning and genius, a skill in pedigrees, an acquaintance with the laws and metres of poetry, a knowledge of harmony, a fine voice, and the command of an instrument. This diversity of character is well expressed by *Drayton* in the sixth song of his *Polyolbion*:

‘Musician, Herald, Bard, thrice may’st thou be renown’d

“And with three several wreaths immortally be crown’d!”

Such variety of excellence was unattainable by human capacity. The Bards were now therefore distributed into three grand orders, of *Poets*, *Heralds*, and *Musicians*; each of which again branched into subordinate distinctions.

Neither of these orders or distinctions was any longer compatible with those with which it had been connected, or with any other profession. According to a more minute arrangement, there were of regular Bards, proceeding to degrees in the *Eisteddfod*, six classes: three of Poets and three of Musicians.

The first class of the Poets consisted of historical or antiquarian Bards<sup>l</sup>, who sometimes mixed prophecy with their inspiration: they were also critics and teachers: and to them belonged the praise of virtue and the censure of vice. It was their duty to celebrate the gifts of fancy and poetry. Of them it was required to address married women without the air of gallantry, and the clergy in a serious strain suitably to their function, to satirise without indecency, and without lampooning to answer and overthrow the lampoons of the inferior Bards.

The second class was formed of domestic or parenetic Bards<sup>m</sup>, who lived in the houses of the great, to celebrate their exploits and amiable qualities: they sung the praises of generosity, contentment, domestic happiness, and all the social virtues: and thus eminently contributed to enliven the leisure of their patrons. It was also their province to request presents in a familiar easy vein, without importunity.

<sup>s</sup> Dr. Powel, in his notes on *Caradoc* informs us, that either our Music came hither with prince *Gruffudd*’s Irish Musicians, or was composed by them afterwards. Mr. Wynne, the other editor of *Caradoc*’s History, mistaking this passage in Dr. Powel, and not distinguishing instrumental music from musical instruments, hath misled his readers by asserting that the Harp and *Crwth* came from Ireland. See Wynne’s History of Wales, edit. 1774, p. 159.

<sup>n</sup> Ibid. Also Powel’s History of Wales, p. 115, and 191. Clarke’s Preface to the Welsh Laws, p. 25, and *Rhydderch*’s *Welsh Grammar*, p. 177, &c.

<sup>l</sup> “Some part of this MS, according to a memorandum which I found in it, was transcribed in the time of Charles the First, by *Robert ap Huw of Bodwigen*, in the isle of *Anglesey*, from *William Penllyn*’s Book.” Dr. Burney’s History of Music; vol. II. p. 110. *William Penllyn* is recorded among the successful candidates on the harp, at an *Eisteddfod* at *Caerwys*, in 1568, where he was elected one of the chief Bards and Teachers of instrumental song. Pennant’s Tour in North Wales, printed 1778, p. 438. This MS, Dr. Burney informs me, “contains pieces for the harp that are in full harmony or counterpoint: they are written in a peculiar notation, and supposed to be as old as the year 1100 at least, such is the known antiquity of many of the songs mentioned in the collection.” History of Music, *ibid*.

The 24 measures of Music are here annexed from the MS. in the original Welsh: for the purpose of assisting future enquiries, and shewing by the variety of its technical terms, what perfection the art had formerly acquired. As they have never been explained, I forbear attempting a translation, from apprehension of mistake, and misleading the reader.

#### 2r *Pedwar Mesur ar hugain cerdd Dant.*

<i>Alfarch.</i>	<i>Cor-wrgog.</i>	<i>Mac y mawr byr.</i>	<i>Brut Odidog.</i>
<i>Mac y mawr bir.</i>	<i>Wnsach.</i>	<i>Eflamgwr Gwrgan.</i>	<i>Cor-Efniwr.</i>
<i>Cordia tylach.</i>	<i>Toddyf.</i>	<i>Brath yn Ffgo.</i>	<i>Albanfyfadd.</i>
<i>Cor-Aedan.</i>	<i>Mac y Delgi.</i>	<i>Mac y mawrfaen.</i>	<i>Trwyfymawr.</i>
<i>Cor-Linsain.</i>	<i>Cor-Alchan.</i>	<i>Tuoyr bach.</i>	<i>Cor-y-golefu.</i>
<i>Carfi.</i>	<i>Rhiniart.</i>	<i>Hatyr.</i>	<i>Trefi bili.</i>

In the same MS. are preserved the five principal Keys of Welsh Music, established by the same authority.

*Is gywair*, the Grave, or Bass Key.

*Cräs gywair*, the Acute, or Sharp Key.

*Lledgywair*, the Flat Key.

*Go gywair*, a Secondary Key, or perhaps the Natural Key.

*Braged gywair*, the Mixt, or Minor Key.

<sup>k</sup> *Llyma'r Pedwar Mesur ar hugain Cerdd dant, yn ol rheol ffigur oll, fel y cyfnewtoddwyd mewn Eisteddfod, &c. MS.*

<sup>l</sup> *Prwydd, or Prifardd.*

<sup>m</sup> *Teluwor, or Pwyfardd.*

“We find the King had always a civil judge to attend him, and one of the chief lords to consult with upon all emergencies. He had a *Bard* to celebrate the praises of his ancestors; a *Chronicler* to register his own actions; a *Physician* to take care of his health, and a *Musician* to entertain him. These were obliged to be always present, and to attend the King whither-soever he went. Besides these, there were a certain number of heroic men called *Mikerr*, who attended him, when he went on his progress, or marched out with his army, and were resolved to stand by him, even at the expence of their lives.” *Owen’s History of the Ancient Britons*, p. 21 &c. 22.



The third class, though last, was probably not least in esteem: for it consisted of Herald Bards<sup>a</sup>, who were the national chroniclers, and were also well versed in pedigrees and blazonry of arms, and the works of the ancient *Bards*, such as *Taliesin* and the two *Merlins*. According to the account of them which *Giraldus*<sup>b</sup> has given in the succeeding century, they were admirably qualified for Poetry, if invention be one of its principal requisites: for he affirms that they could trace back the descents of their princes and nobles, not only to *Roderic*, but to *Belus*, *Sylvius*, and *Aeneas*, and even to *Adam* himself. But their Poetry was of an humbler kind: it was usually confined to subjects of jocularity and mimicry, invective, and reproach.

Of the musical *Bards*, the first class was appropriated to the performers on the *Harp*: concerning whom the reader may collect some information from the sequel of this short history, and from an account of the Welsh musical instruments in another part of this volume.

The second contained performers on the six-stringed *Crwth*; concerning whom also I refer the reader to the same places for information.

The third consisted of fingers, whose employment was to sing to the harps of others the compositions of the poetical Bards; but from whom a variety of other qualifications was expected. "A finger, said the Laws, should know how to tune a Harp or *Crwth*, and to play several essays and embellishments, two *preludes*, a *cwlwm*, a *caniad*, and the 13 principal tunes, with all their flats and sharps<sup>c</sup>. He should understand likewise the 13 principal styles of expression; and accenting them with his voice to several tunes: he should know the 24 metres of Poetry, and 24 measures of Music, and be capable of composing in two of the *Englyn* metres<sup>d</sup>, and one of the *Cywydd* metres. He should read Welsh with propriety and write it with exactness, and be skilful in correcting and restoring any old poem or song that has been corrupted by transcribers."

<sup>a</sup> *Clerwr*, or *Arwyddfardd*.

<sup>b</sup> *Cambria Descriptio*, cap. 3.

<sup>c</sup> These technical terms of Welsh music are very obscure, and are too unintelligible to admit of a positive translation. If Dr. Burney should hereafter be able to decypher the notation of the ancient and very curious musical MS. I have quoted above, much light would be thrown on this dark subject. Till that desirable object is accomplished, the candid reader will accept the following imperfect attempt to explain it.

*Cwlwm*, a congruous piece of music, with words.

*Colefn*, pillar, or fundamental part.

*Cydyrad*, music in parts.

*Cadair*, a masterly piece of music, I conjecture, by the per-

formance of which the musical Bards rose to the superior degrees, and to the chair; whence it probably took its name.

*Caniad*, a tune, or song.

*Goffeg*, a prelude, or overture.

*Diffr*, a measure, or a diverting air.

*Mwchwl*, this famous piece of music seems only was acquired by a *pencerdd* or Doctor of Music of the Harp.

N. B. The three noble *Mwchwl*s was equal to the four *Colofns*.

A *Colofn* was equivalent to 10 *cwlwms*.

A *Cadair* parallel with 5 *cwlwms*.

#### <sup>a</sup> *Y Pedwar Mesur ar bugain Cerdd Dafod.*

<i>Englyn</i>	{	<i>Unodl union</i>	{	Close Metre.
		<i>Unodl gyrcb</i>		
		<i>Unodl grwcca</i>		
		<i>Proff cyfnewidiog</i>		
		<i>Proff cackynodl</i>		
<i>Cywydd</i>	{	<i>Deuair hirion</i>	{	Parallel Metre.
		<i>Deuair fyrion</i>		
		<i>Llof yrnog</i>		
		<i>Awdl gywydd</i>		
		<i>Toddad</i>		
<i>Awdl</i>	{	<i>Hir a thoddad</i>	{	Pindaric Metre.
		<i>Byr a thoddad</i>		
		<i>Cyhyddad fer</i>		
		<i>Cyhyddad hir</i>		
		<i>Cyhyddad nawban</i>		
		<i>Huppynt hir</i>		
		<i>Huppynt byr</i>		
		<i>Gwaarwodyn hir</i>		
		<i>Gwaarwodyn byr</i>		
		<i>Cadair yn fyr</i>		
	{	<i>Tarwddgyrch cadwynog</i>	{	
		<i>Gyrcb a chawtta</i>		
		<i>Glogyrnuch</i>		
		<i>Gorchest y Reirdd</i>		

#### The 24 Metres of Poetry.

Unirhythm direct.  
Unirhythm incurfive.  
Unirhythm inverted.  
Prosaic interchanged.  
Prosaic concatenated.  
Long double distich.  
Short double distich.  
Tailed.  
Multirhythm.  
Melting.  
Long and melting.  
Short and melting.  
Short and of equal extent.  
Long and of equal extent.  
Nine syllabled and of equal extent.  
Long Brunt.  
Short Brunt.  
Long Parenetic.  
Short Parenetic.  
Short chain.  
Soft concatenated incurfive.  
Incurfive with a little tail.  
Rugged.  
Master-piece of the Bards.

Of all these metres specimens are exhibited by Dr. Rhys, *John Rhydderch*, and the Rev. Mr. *Gronow Owen* (see *Bridd Môn*, by Hugh Jones, 18vo. London, 1763): also in the constitutions of the *Society of Cymmrodorion*, reprinted 1778. There are other metres, now accounted obsolete and irregular; such as *Triban* or *Englyn Mihur*, 'The Warrior's Song. *Englyn o'r ben ganiad*, 'The Song of the Ancient Strain. *Englyn garrhi*, 'The Song of the Long Thigh. *Englyn cildurn*, 'The Song of the Clinched Filt.

The 24 *Metres* were probably antecedent to the 24 *measures* of Music, for the latter seem to have been adapted to, and founded upon them.

"The *Cambro-British* Muse hath, at the instance of her votaries, condescended to put on various other garbs wherein she hath appeared not only not ungraceful, but even with some degree of dignity and ease; yet the robes she hath ever gloried in, are the *Twenty-four* celebrated *antient British Metres*, unknown to every Muse besides, and wherein she hath always shone with unrivalled lustre."

*The Rev. Mr. Walter's Dissertation on the Welsh Language*, p. 51.



At the nuptials of the prince or any of the princely blood, the finger waited upon the illustrious Bride, and at those entertainments was expected to carve dexterously every kind of fowl that might come before him.

Such, and so various were the regular Bards, who by a noviciate and probation of an appointed term of years, and the performance of poetical and musical exercises, acquired degrees in the *Eisteddfod*. As that venerable assembly existed long before the period I am describing, a description of it ought, perhaps, to have been already exhibited: but I chose to wait till, under the auspices of a prince to whom our Poetry and Music are forever obliged, I am enabled to display it to the eyes of the curious in its most perfect form.

The *Eisteddfod* was a triennial assembly of the *Bards*, (usually held at *Aberffraw*, the royal seat of the princes of *North-Wales* formerly, situated in *Anglesey*; likewise *Dinefawr*, the royal castle of the princes of *South-Wales*, in *Carmarthenshire*; and *Mathrafal*, the royal palace of the princes of *Powis*, in *Montgomeryshire*.) For the regulation of Poetry and Music, for the purpose of conferring degrees, and of advancing to the chair of the *Eisteddfod* by the decision of a poetical and musical contest some of the rival candidates; or establishing in that honourable seat the *Chief Bard* who already occupied it.

Wishing to convey to my readers a clear idea of this important subject, I annex an extract, faithfully translated, from the *statute of prince Gruffudd ap Cynan*, concerning the manner of holding an *Eisteddfod*.

“When the congress hath assembled, according to notice and summons previously issued, at the place appointed, they shall choose as umpires twelve persons skilled in the *Welsh Language*, *Poetry*, *Music*, and *Heraldry*, who shall give to the *Bards* a subject to sing upon, in any of the 24 *metres*: but not in amæbean carols, or any such frivolous compositions. The umpires shall see that the candidates do not descend to satire or personal invective, and shall allow to each a sufficient interval for composing his *Englyn* or *Cywydd*, or other task that they shall assign. They shall moreover take down the names of the several *Bards* present intending to sing, that every one may be called by his name in order to the chair to perform his composition. The unsuccessful candidates shall acknowledge in writing that they are overcome, and shall deliver their acknowledgment to the chief Bard, that is, to him who shall win the chair: and they all shall drink health to the chief *Bard*, and all shall pay him fees; and he shall govern them till he is overcome in a future *Eisteddfod*.”

From this injunction it appears, that the duties which upon this occasion, in the reign of *Howel*, belonged to the judge of the palace, were afterwards held in commission.

What served greatly to heighten the emulation of the *Bards*, if they wanted any additional incitement, was the presence of the prince, who usually presided in these contests. Their compositions delivered upon these occasions are frequently upon historical subjects, and are valuable for their authenticity: for it was the business of the *Eisteddfod*, not only to give laws to *Poetry* and *Music*, but to extinguish falsehood and establish certainty in the relation of events. “A custom so good (says *Drayton*), that had it been judiciously observed, truth of story had not been so uncertain: for there was, we suppose, a correction of what was faulty in form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. Of which course some have wished a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion, or change of purpose in publishing, might prevent blazoned errors.”

Before any person could be enrolled in the *Eisteddfod*, the permission of the prince or lord, within whose jurisdiction he lived, was necessary. If he desired to proceed to degrees in Poetry, he was obliged at his presentation to explain the five *Englyn* Metres, and to sing them in such a manner, that one of the principal *Bards* would declare upon his conscience that he was competent to be admitted. He then became the pupil of some one of the principal Bards, whom he was obliged to attend annually in Lent, and without whose approbation he could make no composition public, and during three years, that is, till the next *Eisteddfod*, remained a non-graduate, and was called *Disgybl Yspas cerdd dafawd*, a probationary student of Poetry.

At the next *Eisteddfod*, three years having expired, *Disgybl Yspas* was examined for the degree of *Disgybl Disgyblaid*, or Bachelor of the Art of Poetry, and was required to be versed in the five *Englyn* Metres, the four *Cywydd* metres, and three *Awdl* Metres; and to produce, in a scholar-like manner, compositions of his own, free from the 15 common errors.

After the same interval, the Bard took the degree of *Disgybl Pencirddiaid*, or Master of the Art of Poetry, for which he was required to understand the rules of Grammar and Rhetoric, and analyse and explain the



alliterative concatenations of the language; to escape all the errors; and to sing with harmony and in parts, of the metres.

To the *Pencerdd*, or Doctor of Poetry, who obtained his degree at the end of the same period, belonged the whole mystery of the art. He knew to sing in parts and concord, and was well versed in transposed alliteration. Among his qualifications are enumerated, fertility in poetical subjects, a store of matter and invention, authority of decision, and a facility in composing in praise of the great, what would be heard or read with most delight, and longest retained in memory.

If a *Disgybl* or disciple of any degree was discovered in taverns or secret places playing for money at dice or any other game, any person was authorised to take from him whatever money was found in his purse. For mockery and derision, and the invention or propagation of falsehood, the *Disgyblion* were also punished with fines and imprisonment. For, says the laws, the Bards shall be easy and peaceful in their manners, friendly in their disposition, and humble in their services to the prince and his adherents.

Those *Bards* alone who had acquired the degree of *Pencerdd* were authorised to teach: nor were more than a single pupil allowed to each *Pencerdd*. The pupils were expressly enjoined to refrain from ridiculing their teachers for that absence and inattention which is natural to a contemplative mind. But the most valued privilege of the *Penceirddiaid* was their exclusive right to the chair of the *Eisteddfod*. All those among them who aspired to the honour of presiding over the *Bards*, came forward (as the statute prescribes) at the triennial assembly, and contested it with each other, and with the Chief Bard who already possessed it. The successful candidate was seated in a magnificent chair, and was hence called *Bardd Cadairiog*, the Chair-Bard. He was at the same time invested with a little silver or gold chair, which he wore on his breast as the badge of his office. As his rank was high, his emoluments were considerable: they arose from the *Disgyblion* or students, when they laid aside the hair-strung harp, and were admitted to the practice of their art; from brides on their nuptials; and the marriage-fine of the daughters of all the Bards within his jurisdiction; likewise his own daughter had a marriage portion from the prince.

Whoever desired to proceed to degrees in *Musick*, was presented to the *Eisteddfod* by a musical *Pencerdd*, who vouched for his capacity. During his noviciate of three years, he was called *Disgybl Yspâs heb râdd*, a probationary student of Music without a degree: and if he learnt to play the harp, was only suffered to use that instrument strung with horse-hair, that he might not (as I conjecture) by his rude attempt at harmony, torment the ears of the principality, and might pursue his studies with greater diligence, incited by the hope of relinquishing it for one furnished with strings of a more audible and pleasing sound.

His next step was to the degree of *Disgybl Yspâs graddol*, a graduate probationary student of Music, for which he was obliged to know ten *cwylwms*, one *colofn*, five *cwylwms* of *cydgerdd*, one *cadair*, and eight *caniads*.

He then commenced *Disgybl Disgyblaidd*, or Bachelor of Music, but was previously required to be master of twenty *cwylwms*, two *colofns*, ten *cwylwms* of *cydgerdd*, two *cadairs*, sixteen *caniads*, and the twenty-four measures of Music: and to play them with facility and correctness.

He next became *Disgybl Penceirddiaidd*, or Master of Music, a degree which implied a preparatory knowledge of thirty *cwylwms*, three *colofns*, fifteen *cwylwms* of *cydgerdd*, three *cadairs*, twenty-four *caniads*, and four *gostegs*: and skill in defining them properly and distinctly.

Lastly he was admitted *Pencerdd*, or Doctor of Music, and was obliged to know forty *cwylwms*, four *colofns*, twenty *cwylwms* of *cydgerdd*, four *cadairs*, thirty-two *caniads*, and four *gostegs*: to understand all the laws and modifications of harmony, especially the twenty-four Measures of Music, and to explain them as they were written in the book of musical division: to compose a *canial* pronounced faultless by the proficient Bards, and to show all its properties, its divisions and subdivisions, its licenses and rests, the natural notes, all the flats and sharps, and every change of movement through the several keys. If the *Pencerdd* was a Harper, he was required to know the three excellent *Mwchbwl*s, which were equal to the four *colofns*, and the three new *Mwchbwl*s which were equal to the four *cadairs*. All this he was obliged to know and perform in a masterly manner, so that professors should declare him competent to be an author and a teacher of his art.

The *Eisteddfod* was a rigid school. The poetical or musical disciple who, at the expiration of his triennial term could not obtain a higher degree, was condemned to lose that which he already possessed.

We know that before *Grudd ap Cynan* the musical Bards were subject to the chief Bard of the Poets.

<sup>1</sup> This MS, called *Llyfr Ddyspart*, is not now extant.



But I have reasons for thinking that in his reign, and afterwards, they had a chair and a president of their own. In Mr. Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, p. 434, there is an engraving of the silver Harp in possession of Sir Roger Mostyn, "which has been from time immemorial in the gift of his ancestors, to bestow on the *chief of the faculty*. This badge of honour is about five or six inches long, and furnished with strings equal to the number of the Muses." It was probably worn by the Chief Musician, as the silver chair was by the chief Poet.

The revenues of the Bards arose from presents at princely and other nuptials, and from fees in their annual circuits at *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Whitsuntide*, and in their triennial *clera*, or grand circuit. Their fees and presents were regulated with proportion to their degrees: and the number of visitants to the condition of the person that received them. Likewise in order to encourage the *clerwyr* to keep up the language, and the memory of the exploits and pedigrees of the Britons, they were allowed a certain sum out of every plough-land, and in proportion out of every half plough-land of their district. A month before each festival, the pupils enquired of their teachers what routs they should take in their approaching circuit, lest too many should resort to the same part of the country. A *Pencerdd* was not licensed to visit the commonalty, unless he chose to accept a fee beneath his station and dignity: nor could any Bard of an inferior degree appear before the gentry and nobles. The Bards were not suffered to request presents beyond a certain value, under penalty of being deprived of their musical instruments and practice for three years: when this happened, the present illegally requested became forfeit to the prince.

The *Eisteddfod* was followed by the grand triennial *Clera*, which was not limited, as the circuits of the festivals, to *commots* and *cantreds*, but extended through all Wales. Such was the benevolence of the Welsh institutions, that Bards afflicted with blindness, or any such natural defect, were indulged with the privilege of *Clera*, as well as the four poetical, and the five musical graduates. At a wake or festival a circuiting Bard was not suffered, during its continuance, to depart from the house he first visited, without the consent of the master of the house, or invitation given him by another. If he rambled from house to house, or became intoxicated, he was deprived of his *Clera* fees, which were applied to the uses of the church. If he offered any indecency to mistress or maid, he was fined and imprisoned, and forfeited his *Clera* for seven years.

Every art has its subordinate professors. Besides the four classes of regular or graduated Bards I have recounted, there were four other classes of inferior and unlicensed Bards, (if that name may be given them without profanation): these were Pipers, Players on the three-stringed *Crwth*, Taborers, and Buffoons. Of the pipe, the three-string *Crwth*, and the tabor, the reader will find some mention near the trophy of the musical instruments of the Welsh. The performers who used them, were looked upon among Bards, as Weeds among Flowers; they had no connexion with the *Eisteddfod*; and their estimation and their profits were equally inconsiderable. One of their number, the *Datceiniad Pen Pafwn*, was a minstrel who rehearsed only, and played no instrument: on occasions of festivity, he stood in the middle of the hall where the company was assembled, and beating time with his staff, sung a poem to the sound. When any of the regular Bards were present, he attended them as a servant, and did not presume to sing, unless they signified their assent.

The only connexion that existed between the higher and lower orders of the Bards, we discover in the appointment of *Cyff Clér* at the marriage of a prince, or any person of princely extraction. A year and a day before the celebration of the nuptials, notice was given to a *Pencerdd* to prepare himself to support that character. When the time came, he appeared in the hall, and a facetious subject being proposed, the inferior Bards surrounded him, and attacked him with their ridicule. In this extempore satirical effusions they were restrained from any personal allusion or real affront. The *Cyff clér* sat in a chair in the midst of them, and silently suffered them to say whatever they chose, that could tend to the diversion of the assembly. For this unpleasing service he received a considerable fee. The next day he appeared again in the hall, and answered his revilers, and provoked the laughter and gained the applause of all who were present, by exposing them in their turn, retorting all their ridicule upon themselves.

At Christmas, in the year 1176, *Rhys*, prince of South Wales, gave a magnificent entertainment with deeds of arms, and other shows in his new castle of *Cardigan* or *Aberteifi*, to a great number of illustrious natives and foreigners; notice of which had been given a year and a day before by proclamation through all Britain and Ireland. The musical Bards of North Wales and South Wales, who had been expressly invited

\* Dr. *Rhys's* Institutes of the Welsh Language, p. 296, &c. *Rhydderch's* Grammar, p. 179, &c. and *Pennant's* Tour in Wales, printed 1778, p. 427, &c.



to the festival and a poetical contest, were seated in chairs with much ceremony in the middle of the great hall of the castle. Animated with their usual emulation, the presence of their noble audience, and expectation of the rich rewards promised to the victors, they pursued to a great length their generous strife, which terminated with honour to both parties, the pre-eminence in Poetry being adjudged to the poetical *Bards* of *North Wales*; and in music to the domestic musical *Bards* of *Prince Rhys*. In thus regaling his guests with poetry and music, the Welsh prince (as Lord Lyttelton remarks in his history of *Henry II.*) kept up the ancient custom of his country, and by the number and skill of the Poets and Musicians he assembled together, did undoubtedly much excel what *Henry* could exhibit in the same way to him, and to the other chiefs of Wales, when he entertained them in his royal castle of *Oxford*.\*

At this feast the Bards were confirmed by the prince's authority in the franchises and privileges granted them by former statutes. They were also recompensed with fees, settled by prescription, and proportioned to the order of their profession, and the degree they had obtained in it\*.

Though the age of *Rhys* was thus propitious to the Bards, we should have remained unacquainted with the nature of the poetry and music for which they were so highly valued, if they had not found in *Giraldus Cambrensis*†, an historian worthy of their fame. He was a native of the country, and travelled in it in search of information with such an industrious and philosophical spirit of learned curiosity, as very rarely occurs in those early times. The manner in which the subject of Welsh Music is treated in the following quotation from his Description of Wales, will sufficiently justify its length.

“ By the sweetness of their musical instruments they soothe 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 inflexion of tones, the variety of their instruments, and the intricacy of their harmony, they attain the perfection of consonance and melody, by a sweet velocity, an equable disparity, and a discordant concord. The strings strike together fourths or fifths: they always begin with B flat, and 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 it in so delicate a manner, and play the little notes so sportively under the blunter sound of the base strings, enlivening with wanton levity, or communicating a deeper internal sensation of pleasure, that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of it. For

Art profits when conceal'd,  
Disgraces when reveal'd.”

Here I cannot refrain from interrupting this curious narrative of *Giraldus*, for the purpose of introducing from one of *Philips's* pastorals, some lines which are beautifully descriptive of those effects which the harp is peculiarly capable of producing, and for which it is universally admired.

“ Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they pass,  
“ Like wings that gently brush the plying grass,  
“ And melting airs arise at their command;  
“ And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,  
“ They sink into the chords with solemn pace,  
“ And give the swelling tones a manly grace.”

“ From this cause, those very strains which afford deep and unspeakable mental delight to those who have looked far, and skilfully penetrated into the mysteries of the art, fatigue rather than gratify the ears of others, who, though they see, do not perceive, and, though they hear, do not understand. By such the finest Music is esteemed no better than a confused and disorderly noise, and will be heard with unwillingness and disgust. The Welsh have three kinds of musical instruments, the *Harp*, the *Crwth*, and *Pipes*‡.

They do not sing in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries: but in many different parts. So that in a company of singers, which one frequently meets with in *Wales*, as many different parts and voices are

\* History of *Henry II.* 4to. vol. III. p. 302.

† *Percy's History of Wales*, p. 205. *Dr. J. D. Rhys's Institutes*, p. 196.

‡ Sylvester Giraldus, or *Giraldus Cambrensis*, of a noble Flemish family near *Tenby*, in *Pembrokeshire*, was born in 1145. He was secretary to *Henry II.* tutor to king *John*, and Bishop

of *St. David's*. In 1187 he accompanied *Baldwin*, archbishop of *Canterbury*, into *Wales*, to preach the Crusade. He wrote an *Irish and Welsh Itinerary*, and other works. He died and was buried at *St. David's* about the age of 70.

§ *Cambria Descriptio*, ch. 11.



heard, as there are performers: who all at length unite, with organic melody, in one consonance, and the soft sweetness of B flat.

In the northern parts of Britain, beyond the *Humber*, and on the borders of *Yorkshire*, 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 acute or treble. 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. And, which is still more wonderful, their children, from their infancy, sing in the same manner.”

After the account that has been given of the musical constitutions of the Welsh, the testimony of *Giraldus* was not wanted to prove that they highly esteemed and cultivated music, and that harmony must have existed among them in considerable perfection. But from the passages I have quoted concerning their art, we may collect from the fairest presumption of certainty, that they possessed an improvement of it, the first invention of which has always been attributed to *Guido*<sup>a</sup>. They either were acquainted with counterpoint, and the method of singing in parts, or *Giraldus* himself must have invented it, and given them the merit of his discovery. I cannot, without feeling a repugnance, contradict the opinion of so diligent an historian, and so ingenious a critic as Dr. Burney<sup>c</sup>: but I am persuaded, that if he had previously enquired into the musical studies of the *Bards*, and their public establishment, in the preceding centuries, he would not have suffered his unfavourable opinion of *Giraldus*'s veracity to prevail against the strong light of his evidence. If that the *Bards* understood counterpoint requires farther proof, it is to be found in the *Four and Twenty ancient games of the Welsh*<sup>d</sup>; of which *canu cywydd pedwar*, singing an ode or song of four parts is among the number: and in the MS. to which I have referred in p. 12, which contains several Welsh tunes in full harmony that may be ascribed with certainty to so early a date as the eleventh century, and some to remoter periods.

<sup>a</sup> Ibid. ch. 13.

<sup>b</sup> “It is well known that *Guido*'s new invented counterpoint was expressed in long notes to protract and lengthen out his harmonious sounds; and that his movements were slow. But *Giraldus Cambrensis*, his contemporary, gives us an amazing account of the celerity, rapidity, execution, and correctness, with which the Britons played in parts their intricate and complicated music on their harps. If *Guido*'s invention had then reached Wales, would they have been so expert so soon in the practice of it? or would they have written their music in the rude, clumsy, old-fashioned manner of the MS. you allude to, when a much better method had been found out? It may therefore be inferred that the Britons performed music harmoniously in parts, before the Italians.

<sup>c</sup> The characters in the Welsh MS. were probably

“chants or recitatives, used in bands of music, concerts, symphonies, and choruses, in great houses, or perhaps in divine worship. We read of *Kor Alun*, *Kor Aidan*, *Kor Eifaw*, *Kor Finw*, &c. which signifies a body or number of voices and instruments joined in harmony.”

<sup>d</sup> A Letter from the Rev. Mr. Evans, of Llanymynech, which I was favoured in answer to my enquiries.

N. B. Also the name of the ancient and famous monastery of *Bangor* in North Wales, seems to be derived from *Bann gor*, or famous choir.

<sup>e</sup> History of Music, vol. II. p. 108, &c.

<sup>f</sup> I annex an accurate copy and translation of these celebrated games, consisting of twenty-four kinds of exercises, used by the ancient Britons, as they are printed in Dr. Davis's Welsh-Latin, and Latin-Welsh Dictionary, folio, London, 1632.

### *T Pedair camp ar hugain.*

6 O rym Corph.	<i>Cryfder dan broysan.</i> <i>Rbrdeg.</i> <i>Neidio.</i> <i>Nosio.</i> <i>Ymafael.</i> <i>Marchogaeth.</i>	6 Feats of activity.
4 O rym arfau.	<i>Sacthu.</i> <i>Chwarau cleddyf a tharian.</i> <i>Chwarau cleddyf deudlwyr.</i> <i>Chwarau sſon ddwybig.</i>	4 Exercises of weapons.
3 Heliwriacth.	<i>Hela A Milgi.</i> <i>Hela Pyg.</i> <i>Hela Aderyn.</i>	3 Rural sports.
7 Gamp Deuluanidol.	<i>Barddoniaeth.</i> <i>Canu Telyn.</i> <i>Darllein cymraeg.</i> <i>Canu cywydd gan dant.</i> <i>Canu Cywydd pedwar, ac accennu.</i> <i>Tynnu arfau.</i> <i>Herodraeth.</i>	7 Domestic and literary games.
4 Gogampau.	<i>Chwarau gwyddbwyll.</i> <i>Chwarau tawlbwrdd.</i> <i>Chwarau ffisfiol.</i> <i>Cyruccio telyn.</i>	4 Inferior games.

### The Four and Twenty games.

Display of strength in supporting and hurling weights, such as pitching a bar of iron, throwing a sledge, quoits, or large stone.
Running.
Leaping.
Swimming.
Wrestling.
Riding, which perhaps extended to seats in chariots of war.
Archery, and throwing the javelin.
Fencing with a sword and buckler.
Fencing with the two-handed sword.
Playing with the quarter staff.
Hunting.
Fishing.
Hawking.
Poetry.
Playing the harp.
Reading Welsh.
Singing a poem with the Harp, or Crwth.
Singing an ode of four parts, and accenting it with proper expression.
Heraldry.
Embassy.
Chess.
Draughts, Back Gammon, or some similar game.
Dice.
Tuning the harp.



Even at this day; our untaught native harpers, who are totally unacquainted with modern music, retain something of that skill for which the Bards were famous. For, like their great predecessors, from whom they have received their tunes by tradition, they perform, however rudely, in concert; they accompany the voice with harpegios, they delight in variations; and without deviation from their subject, indulge the sportive excursions of musical fancy:

Quales fuere, cum tales sint reliquæ !

The Poetry, as well as the Music, of the Bards, has received much illustration from the pen of *Giraldus*: and of its adherence to truth, and its use in recording events to posterity; he has transmitted to us a memorable example. In his time the veracity of the Welsh Muse was made known by an extraordinary discovery to the world. *Henry II.* was led to the churchyard of *Glastonbury* in search of the body of *Arthur* by some lines of *Taliesin* (describing the manner of his death, and the place of his interment) that had been repeated in his presence by a Welsh Bard, (if I may borrow from *Drayton*, one of his beautiful apostrophes)

“ To *Pembroke* call'd before the English king,  
And to thy powerful harp commanded there to sing,  
Of famous *Arthur* told'st, and where he was interr'd,  
In which those wreckless times had long and blindly err'd;  
And ignorance had brought the world to such a pass  
As now, which scarce believes that *Arthur* ever was.  
But when king *Henry* sent th' reported place to view,  
He found that man of men : and what thou saidst was true,  
*Polyolbion. The Sixth Song.*”

This is not fiction. The success of the investigation was not ungrateful to the monarch's poetic faith: and *Henry* had the satisfaction to view the stupendous remains, and to count the glorious wounds, of the last of Britons.

To these incidents Mr. Warton (with his usual skill and ingenuity) has given a new and poetical form in an ode called the *Grave of Arthur*; which possesses so many beauties as to perplex my choice, and deter me from a selection.

Of the use of our poetry in preserving the memory of events, and of the aid it has lent to history, the same period produced a similar example. Of the celebrated *Madog ab Owain Gwynedd*, and of his discovery of America<sup>b</sup>, we know nothing but what we gather from the poems of *Cynfrig ab Gronw*, and *Meredydd ap Rhys*, and the more express declaration of that learned herald and bard, *Guttun Owain*: who all preceded the expedition of *Columbus*, and relate or allude to the expedition of *Madog* as an event well known and universally received, that had happened three hundred years before.

If *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, when he translated *Tyffilio*, had known the works of *Taliesin* and *Llywarch Iŷan*, he might have found in them abundance of historical passages that would have served better to enlarge and embellish that venerable and authentic history, than those legendary tales and incredible fictions he has adopted.

—— Juvat integros accedite fontes \*:

But lest the purity of these genuine sources yet unexplored should be doubted, let it be remembered that the descendants of the *Celts* could never be brought to think with the *Greeks* and *Romans* on the subject of heroic Poetry, which was held in such reverence by that primitive nation and its posterity, that fable and invention (the essence of the classical epopee) were never suffered to make any part of it. From this cause neither the Britons, the *Irish*, the *Erse*, the *Cornish*, nor the *Armoricans*, have ever to this day produced a poem similar in its structure to the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; though most other nations have shown an inglorious pride in imitating them. What in one country is called an heroic poem, and the grandest performance of human art, is despised in another as a fabulous empty song, calculated to please a vain and boastful people, who have no actions of their own virtue and courage to be recorded, but are constrained to have recourse to fictitious gods;

\* *Phædrus*.

† See also the notes of the third song of *Polyolbion*.

‡ *Gutbrie's History of England*, vol. I. p. 102.

<sup>b</sup> For a candid enquiry into this subject, see Lord Lyttelton's notes on the 5th book of his *History of Henry II.* See also Owen's

*British Remains*, 8vo. London, 1777. Likewise Carte's *History of England*, p. 638.

<sup>c</sup> *Meredydd ap Rhys* flourished 1470: *Guttun Owain*, 1480: and *Cynfrig ab Gronw* near the same period.

<sup>d</sup> *Lucianus*.



fictional heroes, fictional battles, and such anachronisms as a grave British writer would have blushed to own. Historians who are acquainted only with the compositions of this character, may well regard Poetry with the contempt they have usually testified, as a vain art, that draws its materials more from fancy than nature, and delights in fiction rather than truth. But widely different is the Poetry of the British Bards, which has ever been from the first of times the sacred repository of the actions of great men.

The period which intervened between the reign of *Gruffudd ab Cynan*, and that of the last prince, *Llewelyn*, is the brightest in our annals. It abounds with perhaps the noblest monuments of genius as well as valour of which the Welsh nation can boast. It will be sufficient for me to mention a few illustrious names, who with veneration derived from their great predecessors, the Arts, Poetry, and Music, and transmitted them with augmented honours to their posterity. I wish the limits of this essay would suffer me to give more than their names; or that my learned countrymen would show some of that enterprising spirit for which their ancestors are famed, and publish their remains to the world. The poems of *Meilir*, the Bard of *Gruffudd ab Cynan*; *Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr*; *Owen Gyfeiliog*, prince of *Powys*; *Gwalchmai ap Meilir*; *Gwrgant ap Rhys*, *Llywarch*, the Bard of *Llewelyn the Great*; *Einion ap Gwalchmai*; and *Gruffudd ap yr Ynad Coch*; are now extant, and ascribed with certainty to their authors. But the harmonies of *Albon ap Cynan*, *Rhydderch Foel*, *Cynwrig Bencerdd*, *Cybelyn*<sup>m</sup>, and *Cadwgan*, that oblivion has shared, are thinly scattered in our MSS. while the memory of their composers is only preserved by some slight mention in the pages of succeeding poets. "Since Writing and practical Music have become separate professions, the celebrity of the poor Musician has died with the vibration of his strings. The voice of acclamation, and thunder of applause, pass away like vapours; and those hands that were most active in testifying temporary approbation, suffer the same of those who charmed away their cares and sorrows in the glowing hour of innocent delight, to remain unrecorded." Some of the musical productions of this period are to be found in the present collection; and some far more ancient. I decline the task of pointing them out by any decisive opinion, because the original titles are lost, and they are now known by other names, substituted by later Bards in compliment to later patrons. This remark is minute, but necessary; for without it, the age of some of the best remains of Welsh Music might inadvertently be mistaken.

Early in the twelfth century, Harmony and Verse had approached their utmost degree of perfection in Wales. Nor, by the common fate of the Arts in other countries, did they suddenly fall from the eminence they had attained. If in the progress of the succeeding age they showed any symptoms of decay, remedy was so diligently applied by the skill of the *Eisteddfod* to the declining part, that they preserved their former vigour, and perhaps acquired new graces. And had not the fatal accident which overwhelmed, in the hour of its prosperity, the hereditary principedom of Wales, involved in the same ruin its Poetry and Music, our country might have retained to this day its ancient government, and its native arts, in the bosom of those mountains which protected them for ages. The Poets of these memorable times added energy to a nervous language, and the Musicians called forth from the harp its loudest and grandest tones, to re-animate the ancient struggle of their brave countrymen for freedom and the possession of their parent soil. What was the success of their virtuous and noble purpose, the history of the eras when they flourished, can best explain. It is no slight proof of their influence, that when the brave but unfortunate prince *Llewelyn* the last, after the surrender of his rights, and the sacrifice of his patriotism to his love<sup>n</sup>, was treacherously slain at *Buellt*, *Edward I.* did not think himself secure in his triumph, till he added cruelty to injustice, and gave the final blow to Welsh liberty in the massacre of the Bards<sup>p</sup>. In this execrable deed *Edward* imitated the policy of *Philip of Macedon*, who demanded from the *Athenians* as a condition of amity the surrender of their orators. The massacre was general, and as some of our most eminent Bards must have perished, it is probable that many of their works, and of the remains of their predecessors, were also destroyed, and are for ever lost. This lamentable event has given birth to one of the noblest Lyric compositions in the English language: a poem of such fire and beauty as to remove, as a late writer has thought<sup>q</sup>, our regret of the occasion, and to compensate for the loss. But in heightening our regret consists the great merit of this admirable ode: and without

<sup>l</sup> The name and dates of these Bards are to be found in the catalogue of British authors published by Dr. *Davies* and Mr. *Richard*, in their Dictionaries of the Welsh Language. Some extracts from their writings are inserted in Mr. *Evans*'s Specimens of Welsh Poetry, and his Dissertation de Bardia. Likewise an extensive catalogue of the works of the Bards in Mr. *Lloyd*'s *Archæologia Britannica*, p. 254, &c.

<sup>m</sup> Chwaer *Cybelyn* befrddyn bach,  
Chiwbanoogl, chwe' buanach.

*Dafydd ap Gwilym.*

<sup>n</sup> Dr. *Burney*'s History of Music, vol. II. p. 70.

<sup>p</sup> See *Wynne*'s History of Wales, edit. 1774, p. 283.

<sup>q</sup> See *Gurbie*'s historical Grammar.

<sup>r</sup> See the Hon. Mr. *Barrington*'s Miscellanies.



bestowing on it any such extravagant praise, I may boldly affirm that the *Polyolbion* of Drayton<sup>1</sup>, and the *Bard of Gray*, have contributed no less to the reputation of their authors than to the glory of Wales, and are the only modern productions worthy to alleviate the loss we sustained, in so immense a waste of literary treasures, and such irreparable ruin of genius.

After the dissolution of the princely government in Wales, such was the tyranny exercised by the English over the conquered nation, that the Bards who were born “since Cambria’s fatal day,” might be said to rise under the influence of a baleful and malignant star. They were reduced to possess their sacred art in obscurity and sorrow, and constrained to suppress the indignation that would burst forth in the most animated strains against their ungenerous and cruel oppressors. Yet they were not silent or inactive. That their poetry might breathe with impunity the spirit of their patriotism, they became dark, prophetic, and oracular. As the Monks of the Welsh church, in their controversy with Rome, had written, to countenance their doctrines, several religious poems which they feigned to be the work of *Taliesin*: the Bards now ascribed many of their political writings to the same venerable author, and produced many others as the prophecies of the elder *Mertin*. Hence much uncertainty prevails concerning the genuine remains of the sixth century, great part of which has descended to us mutilated and depraved: and hence that mysterious air which pervades all the Poetry of the later periods I am now describing. The forgery of those poems, which are entirely spurious, though they may have passed unquestioned even by such critics as Dr. Davies and Dr. J. D. Rhys, may, I think, be presently detected. They were written to serve a popular and a temporary purpose, and were not contrived with such sagacity and care as to hide from the eye of a judicious and enlightened scholar their historical mistakes, their novelty of language, and their other marks of imposture.

While the Bards were thus cramped in their poetical department, they had greater scope and leisure for the study of heraldry, and their other domestic duties. Every great man had under his roof and patronage some eminent Bard, who, at his death, composed on the subject of his descent, his dignities, and the actions of his life, a funeral poem, which was solemnly recited by a *Datceiniad* in the presence of his surviving relations<sup>2</sup>. Hence it has happened that pedigrees are so well preserved in Wales.

By the insurrection, however, in the reign of Henry IV. the martial spirit of the *Arwen* or Welsh Muse was revived, to celebrate the heroic enterprises of the brave *Glyndwr*<sup>3</sup>. Like him the Bards of his time were “irregular and wild:” and as the taper glimmering in its socket gives a sudden blaze before it is extinguished, so did they make one bright effort of their original and daring genius, which was then lost and buried for ever with their hero in the grave. Yet though Poetry flourished, Learning suffered: for such was the undistinguishing fury of that celebrated partisan, and his enemies, against the monasteries that withstood them, that not only their cells, but also their libraries and MSS. were destroyed<sup>4</sup>.

The following Ode to *Glyndwr*, by his favourite Bard *Gruffudd Llwyd*, happily transfused into English verse by Mr. Williams of *Vron*<sup>5</sup>, claims a distinguished place in this history, for the genius of the author, and the skill of the translator.

## O D E.

ARWYRAIN Owain Glyndwr<sup>6</sup>,  
*Gruffudd Llwyd ab Dafydd ab Einion a'i cant.* A.D. 1400.

## 1.

ERYR digrif asrifed,  
OWAIN, helm gain, bael am géd,  
*Eurfab (a gwr a orfod)*  
Gruffudd Fychan glan ei glod;  
*Aer y GLYN, meistr rhoddlyn rhydd,*  
*DYFRDWY sawr, dwfr diferydd.*

## 1.

CAMBRIA's princely eagle, hail!  
Of GRUFFUDD VYCHAN's noble blood!  
Thy high renown shall never fail,  
OWAIN GLYNDWR, great and good!  
Lord of DWRDWY's fertile vale,  
Warlike, high-born OWAIN, hail!

<sup>1</sup> *Mich. Drayton*, by the communications of his friend, Mr. *John Williams*, was extremely well informed respecting the Bards, and their institutions: and his accurate knowledge is conveyed in the *Polyolbion* in the most elegant and spirited poetry.

<sup>2</sup> *Dissertation de Bardis*, p. 92.

<sup>3</sup> *Owain's Memoirs of Owain Glyndwr*, 4to. Lond. 1775, and *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, p. 302, &c. The liberality and exploits of this daring chief are celebrated in the most animated strains by that famous and learned Bard, *Jolo Goch*.

<sup>4</sup> *Beaut's Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, p. 160. *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, p. 325, 330.

<sup>5</sup> *Pennant's Tour*, p. 311.

<sup>6</sup> *Owain Glyndwr*, descended from the ancient race of British princes, first appeared in arms against Henry IV. in the year 1400. He directed his attack against the lands of his enemy Lord Grey, and immediately recovered what he had unjustly been dispossessed of by him, and soon after caused himself to be proclaimed prince of Wales. His chief Bard, *Gruffudd Llwyd*, regretting his absence, chants his praise, and predicts the success of the war in a *Cywddh*. This *Cywddh*, or Ode, is elegantly verified from the Welsh by the Rev. Mr. Williams of *Vron*.



*Llafar ymannos noswaitb  
Oeddwn wrth gyfedd Medd maith,  
Fy nghair i'th aml gellweiriaw  
Pth lys, lle cawn twm o'th law.  
Medd fynny mwy oedd fanfoes,  
A gwaeth dros fy maeth fy moes.*

2.

*Ner mawla'r naw rym milwr,  
Nag, ar fynad arnad wr.  
Yr awr i'r aethost ar wyth  
I BRYDAIN darpar adwyth,  
Bu agos i biraeth gaeth gad  
A'm dwyn i farw am danad!  
Nid aeth dy gof drosof draw,  
Aur baladr, awr heb wylaw!*

3.

*Dagrau dros fy ngrudd dygrych,  
Dyfry gwlaw fal dwfr a'i gwlych;  
Pan oedd drymmaf fy nbrafael  
Am danad, mab y tad bael,  
Clywais o ben rhyw gennad,  
Cei rās Duw, cywir ystad!  
Cael yn yr aer, calon rwydd,  
O honod, sawr glod f' Arglwydd!*

4.

*Daroganawdd drymlawdd dre,  
Duw a dyn, o doid yno;  
F' enaid, uwch DYFRDWY FAENAWR,  
Fy Nêr fwrw llawer i'r llawr.  
Dewin os mi a'i dywawd  
Fan yma gyfrowdda gwarwd  
Cefaisf rammant yn d'antur,  
UTHIR BENDRAGON, ddwyfron ddur:  
Pan ddialawdd garodd, goddef  
Ei frawd, a'i rwyf, a'i frowdr ef.*

DWRDWY, whose wide-spreading streams,  
Reflecting Cynthia's midnight beams,  
Whilom led me to thy bower;  
Alas! in an unguarded hour!  
For high in blood, with British beverage hot,  
My awful distance I forgot;  
But soon my generous chief forgave  
The rude presumption of his slave.

2.

But leave me not, illustrious lord!  
Thy peaceful bow'r, and hospitable board,  
Are ill exchang'd for scenes of war,  
Tho' HENRY calls thee from afar.  
My prayers my tears were vain;  
He flew like lightning to the hostile plain.  
While with remorse, regret, and woe,  
I saw the god-like hero go;  
I saw, with aching heart,  
The golden beam depart.  
His glorious image in my mind,  
Was all that OWAIN left behind.  
Wild with despair, and woe-begone,  
Thy faithful Bard is left alone,  
To sigh, to weep, to groan!

3.

Thy sweet remembrance, ever dear,  
Thy name, still usher'd by a tear,  
My inward anguish speak;  
How could'st thou, cruel OWAIN, go,  
And leave the bitter streams to flow  
Down GRUFFUD's furrow'd cheek?  
I heard (who has not heard thy fame?)  
With extasy I heard thy name,  
Loud echo'd by the trump of war,  
Which spoke thee brave, and void of fear;  
Yet of a gentle heart possess'd,  
That bled within thy generous breast,  
Wide o'er the sanguine plain to see  
The havock of hostility.

4.

Still with good omens may'st thou fight,  
And do thy injur'd country right!  
Like great *Pendragon*\* shalt thou soar,  
Who bade the din of battle roar,  
What time his vengeful steel he drew  
His brother's grandeur to renew,  
And vindicate his wrongs;  
His gallant actions still are told  
By youthful Bards, by DRUIDS old,  
And grateful Cambria's songs.

\* The omen alluded to was a star and fiery dragon; which according to the interpretation of *Merlin*, predicted the reign of *Uther*, afterwards turnamed *Pendragon*. from having caused two golden Dragons to be made, one of which he presented to the

cathedral of *Winchester*; the other he carried along with him in his wars, or, what is more likely, wore by way of crest on his helmet. His son *Arthur* adopted the same. See *Jessy of* of *Moumouth*, p. 254, 257, 283.



## 5.

*Llywiaif siwrnenist belynt,  
OWEN AB URIEN gain gynt,  
Pan oedd ffron ymwanwr,  
I'murchug duog o'r dwr :  
Duroloedd wrth ymdaraw  
A phen draig ar ei ffon draw ;  
Gryr fuan er llwyddiant llu,  
Gwerdd ddewrnerth gwewyr ddarnu.  
Tithau OWAIN, taith cwybr,  
Taer y gwnaed drafu asnwed lwybr.  
A'th lyddwaew rudd cythrudd cant,  
A theg enw, a'th ddigoniant.*

## 6.

*Brawd unweithred i,th eair,  
Barn hôff, i fab URIEN hir.  
Gwelai bawb draw o'th law lân,  
Gwiw fawldaith, gwaew gafaelan,  
Pan oedd drymmaf dy lasur,  
Draw, yn ymwriaw ar mur,  
Torres dy onnen gennyd,  
Tirion grair, taer yn y gryd :  
Dewr ffon, dur oedd ei phen,  
Dros garr yn dair ysgyren.*

## 7.

*Hyd ddydd brawd medd dy wawdydd,  
Hanwyd o feilch, llynod fydd,  
Dy lasn glwys dau-finiog glain ;  
Hel brwydr, da bwyli BRYDAIN ;  
With dorri brieg a'th wisg wen,  
A'th ruthr i'r maes, a'th rethren.  
Peraif fy naf o'th lasur  
Byst meill rhwng y dellt a'r dur.*

## 5.

On sea, on land, thou still didst brave  
The dangerous cliff and rapid wave ;  
Like URIEN, who subdu'd the knight,  
And the fell dragon put to flight,  
Yon moss-grown fount, beside ;  
The grim, black warrior of the flood,  
The Dragon, gorg'd with human blood,  
The waters' scaly pride,  
Before his sword the mighty fled :  
But now he's number'd with the dead.  
Oh ! may his great example fire  
My noble patron to aspire  
To deeds like his ! impetuous fly,  
And bid the SAXON squadrons die :  
So shall thy laurel'd bard rehearse  
Thy praise in never dying verse ;  
Shall sing the prowess of thy sword,  
Beloved and victorious Lord.

## 6.

In future times thy honour'd name  
Shall emulate brave URIEN's fame !  
Surrounded by the numerous foe,  
Well didst thou deal th' unequal blow,  
How terrible thy ashen spear,  
Which shook the bravest heart with fear :  
Yon hostile towers beneath !  
More horrid than the lightning's glance,  
Flash'd the red meteors from thy lance,  
The harbinger of death.  
Dire, and more dire, the conflict grew ;  
Thousands before thy presence flew ;  
While borne in thy triumphal car,  
Majestic as the god of war,  
Midst charging hosts unmoved you stood,  
Or waded thro' a sea of blood.

## 7.

Immortal fame shall be thy meed  
Due to every glorious deed ;  
Which latest annals shall record,  
Beloved and victorious Lord !  
Grace, Wisdom, Valour, all are thine,  
OWAIN GLYNDWRDwy divine !  
Meet emblem of a two-edg'd sword,  
Dreaded in war, in peace ador'd !  
Steer thy swift Ships to ALBION's coast  
Pregnant with thy martial host.  
Thy robes are white as driven snow,  
And Virtue smiles upon thy brow :  
But terrible in war thou art,  
And swift and certain is the dart,  
Thou hurlest at a SAXON's heart.



## 8.

*Clywsom ddinam ddaioni  
Hort teg, gan herod i ti ;  
Gyrraist yno gwrs doniog  
Y llu, gyrriad ychen llog,  
Bob ddau, bob dri rbif rhyfawr,  
A'r dorf oll o'r dyrfa fawr :  
Drylliäist, duliaist ar dakwern  
Dy ddart hyd ym mren dy ddworn ;  
O nerth ac arial calon,  
A braich ac ysgwydd a bron.*

## 9.

*Gwyeb wyd ddiafswyd ddurfiamp  
A chlod i GYMRO 'r gamp ;  
A gwawr drifft o'r garw dro,  
Brydnhawen ar BRYDAIN yno.  
A'r gair i GYMRY by bwyl,  
Wrth archoll brwydr o'th orchwyl,  
A'r gwiw rwyfsg, a'r goresgyn,  
A'r glod i'r MARCHOG O'R GLYN !*

## 8.

Loud fame has told thy gallant deeds ;  
In every word a SAXON bleeds.  
Terror, and flight, together came,  
Obedient to thy mighty name :  
Death, in the van, with ample stride,  
Hew'd thee a passage deep and wide.  
Stubborn as steel, thy nervous chest  
With more than mortal strength possess'd :  
And every excellence belongs  
To the bright subject of our songs.

## 9.

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian Bards ;  
The song of triumph best rewards  
An hero's toils. Let HENRY weep  
His warriors wrapt in everlasting sleep :  
Success and victory are thine,  
OWAIN GLYNDWRDwy divine !  
Dominion, honour, pleasure, praise,  
Attend upon thy vigorous days !  
And, when thy evening sun is set,  
May grateful Cambria ne'er forget  
Thy noon-tide blaze ; but on thy tomb  
Never-fading laurels bloom !

Though heroic Poetry was afterwards no more attempted in Wales ; a long series of Bards succeeded, who by their elegies and odes have made their names memorable to ages. Among these *Dafydd ap Gwilym*\*, the Welsh Ovid, possesses a deserved pre-eminence. He often adds the sublime to the beautiful ; of which his *Cywydd y Daran*†, or Ode of the Thunder, is a noble proof. It is the picture of a well-chosen scene admirably varied : it opens with placid ideas, and rural images ; a lovely maiden, and a delightful prospect : then succeeds a sudden and tremendous change of the elements ; the beauties of nature overshadowed and concealed ; the terror of animals, and the shrieks of the fair one. A thousand instances of similar excellence might be produced from the writings of this elegant Bard, and his contemporaries. Let those who complain that by the present scarcity of works of genius they are reduced to bestow on *Horace*, *Pindar*, and *Gray*, a tenth perusal, explore the buried treasures of Welsh Poetry, and their search will be rewarded with new sources of pleasure, and new beauties of language and fancy.

The accession of a *Tudor* to the throne was the happy era destined to recal the exiled arts of Wales, and *Henry VII.* was reserved to be the patron and restorer of the Cambro-British Muses. If during the former inauspicious reigns the *Eisteddfods* had been discontinued, they were now re-established ; and the Bards were employed in the honourable commission of making out from their authentic records the pedigree of their king‡. *Henry VIII.* the stern and cruel son of a mild father, did not, however, refuse to the Bards his smiles and favour§. I insert, as an instance, the following summons to an *Eisteddfod* by his authority.

“ Be it known to all persons, both gentry and commonality, that an *Eisteddfod* of the professors of *Poetry* and *Musick* will be held in the town of *Caerwys*, in the county of *Flint*, the 2d day of July, 1523, and the

\* He flourished about the year 1400. See the titles of some of his poems, in the catalogue of British MSS. in Mr. *Edward Lhwyd's* *Archæologia Britannica*.

† See his poem published by Mr. *Rice Jones*, in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymry*. For the following remarks I am obliged to that excellent Welsh critic, the late Mr. *Lewis Morris*. “ Mr. *Pope* in his Preface to the *Iliad*, enumerating *Homer's* excellencies, next to his boundless invention places his imitative sounds, and makes them peculiar to him and *Virgil*, and says that no other poet ever reached this point of art.

‡ *Dafydd ab Gwilym*, if I mistake not, has also a strong claim to this excellence. You must either allow of the atomical philosophy ; or that copying nature by its own light, he intended

“ his *Cywydd y Daran* should sound what it really is—a description of thunder and lightning, though in his love poems, and other soft subjects (of which I have now by me near a hundred) he is as smooth, and glides as easy, as an Italian song, “ Let those who are not over partial to the school languages, and are proper judges of ours, compare this poem in its sounds, and the loftiness of its metaphors, with the best passages of this kind in the above authors, and I doubt not but they will deem this boldness of comparison excusable, let *Homer's* character be ever so sacred.” *Tyfael's* *Ben o'godd*.

§ *Hywel's* *History of Wales*, p. 325, edit. 1774.

¶ See Mr. *Evans's* address *At y Cymry* ; *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, p. 127.



15th year of the reign of *Henry the VIIIth*, king of England, under the commission of the said king, before *Richard ap Howel ap Iwan Vaughan, Esq.* by the consent of *Sir William Griffith*, and *Sir Roger Salsbri*, and the advice of *Griffith ap Iwan ap Llywelyn Vaughan*, and the Chair-Bard, *Tudor Aled*, and several other gentlemen and scholars, for the purpose of instituting order and government among the professors of *Poetry* and *Music*, and regulating their art and profession<sup>d</sup>."

After a long interval of anarchy among the Bards, commissioners were appointed by *Queen Elizabeth* to assemble another *Eisteddfod* at *Caerwys* in 1568. They were instructed to advance the ingenious and skilful to the accustomed degrees, and restore to the graduates their ancient exclusive privilege of exercising their profession. "The rest not worthy" were by this commission commanded to betake themselves to some honest labour and livelihood, on pain of being apprehended and punished as vagabonds<sup>e</sup>.

In a private collection of MSS. I fortunately met with the following beautiful extempore stanzas on the Nightingale, which were the fruit of the *poetical contest of the Bards of North-Wales, and South-Wales*, for the chair, in a posterior *Eisteddfod* at *Caerwys*<sup>g</sup> in the same reign. They are a curious relic; they show the poetry of our country in its utmost extent of alliterative and musical refinement; and are the only specimen of the kind that has ever been exhibited from the press.

ENGLYNION I'R EOS<sup>h</sup>.

*O waith amrafael Brydyddion o Wynedd a'r Debeudir, yn yr Eisteddfod yn Nbre Gaerwys.*

Clywais dêg eurllais wedi gorllwyn - - nôs,  
I'maros a morwyn :  
Ar lawes maes irlaes mwyn,  
*Eos* glwyflais is glasflwyn !

Jâch lawen ydwyf o chlywais - - ar fedw,  
Arfodi pereiddlais ;  
Edyn llwyd adwaen 'i llais,  
*Eos* gefnllwyd ysgafnllais !

Miwfig min coedwig mewn ceudawd - - y llwyn,  
Llawenydd hyd ddyddbrawd ;  
Mac'r *Eos* feindlos fwyndlawd  
Mewn y gwŷdd yn mân wau gwawd !

Mwynlan gloyw chwiban cloch aberth - - y llwyn,  
Mae'n llawenydd prydferth :  
Miwfig heb poen ynnysg perth  
Mwyn a glwybwngc mewn glasberth !

Mesuroi garol dan geurydd - - glasberth,  
Gogleisbwngc llawenydd,  
Miwfig mwyn ynnysg manwydd  
*Eos* hyd y nôs dan wŷdd !

*Eos* fwyn o'r llwyn darlleiniais - - y mann  
Mynych i rhyfeddais ;  
Lleied hon greulon groywlais  
Mewn torr llwyn a maint yw'r llais !

Er llais tra hoffais trafferth - - mân adar,  
A'u mwyn wawdydd dierth ;  
*Eos* drwynbert is draenberth  
Yw'r gwin bwngc organ y berth !

Nid cwafriad crychiad crochach - - no'r organ,  
Neu gowirgerdd degach,  
Nid manwl nodau mwynach  
Nid ysbort ond *Eos* bach !

Dysgedig fiwfig foefawl - - gerdd *Eos*,  
Gradd Awen ysbrydawl,  
Desgant mwyn dwys gnottic mawl  
Desgant i'r dysg naturiawl !

Clywais o barc glas a bort,  
Cyn nod dydd nid caniad hurt,  
Cyd eilio 'fbongc cydlais bart,  
Cerais bwngc yr *Eos* bert !

*Sion Tudur.*

<sup>d</sup> *Rhydderch's Welsh Grammar*, p. 186.

<sup>e</sup> "This Commission," says Mr *Pennant* (*Tour*, p. 433.) "is the last of the kind which was granted." If he understands that this was the last *Eisteddfod*, he is misinformed. For the commissioners, here mentioned, having in 1568 constituted *Simwnt Pychan* Chief Bard, appointed another *Eisteddfod* to be held in 1569, the tenth year of queen *Elizabeth's* reign. See *Ewan's* specimens of Welsh Poetry, p. viii. before the preface.

<sup>f</sup> *Rhydderch's Welsh Grammar*, p. 187. *Ewan's* Specimens of Welsh Poetry, p. before the preface. And *Pennant's Tour in Wales*, p. 436. At this *Eisteddfod* the number of the poetical Bards was 17, and of their musical brethren 38.

<sup>g</sup> As in the reigns of the princes, *Aberffraw*, *Dinefawr*, and *Mathrafal* had been the seats of *Eisteddfods*; *Caerwys*, a town in

*Flinthire*, received in later times that honourable distinction. It was chosen for this purpose, in compliance with the ancient custom of the Welsh, because it had been the princely residence of *Llywelyn* the last. See *Pennant's Tour*, p. 427.

<sup>h</sup> These elegant *Englynion* have such peculiar and simple brevity, that I have forborne to translate them, lest I should degrade them by an inadequate representation. The *Eisteddfod* which produced them was held, I conclude, between the year 1569 and 1580; as the Bards who composed them, flourished before or at this latter period.—Some of the contending Bards took degrees in the *Eisteddfod* in 1568: *William Llyn* was admitted to the degree of *Pencardd*, or Doctor; and *Sion Tudur*, *William Cynwal*, and *How Llyn*, commenced *Dygybllion Pencirdidiaid*, Masters of the art of Poetry.



Cyfaniad ganiad gloyw gynnar - - clodfaeth,  
Clywch odiaeth cloch adar,  
Cathl Eos gwiw cethlais gwâr!  
Cyd teilwng mewn coed talar!

*Wm. Cynwal.*

Call byngciau yn amlhau ym mhlith - - y pillgoed,  
Pebillgerdd ceueddlith;  
Cywir ar ganol cae'r gwenith,  
Chwibanogl aur uwch ben gwllith!

*Wm. Llyn.*

Chwerthiniad ganiad genau - - yn crychu,  
Pwngc crechwain telynau,  
Llawen yw cerdd y llwyn cau  
Am Eos wâr a'i mesurau!

Daildai ddehuddai hoywddyfg - - bro diddan  
Brydyddes y manwryfg,  
Eos yn nyddu fain addysg,  
O i filffai dan folffio dysg!

Clywais llawenais mewn lle, - - iach obaith  
Chwiban mil o byngcie,  
O'r gwrych drain ar gyrch y dre?  
Eos wyt yn fïo tanne!

*Rd. Davis, Esgob Mynyw<sup>1</sup>.*

Mwyndlos main Eos mwyn awydd - - nwyfus  
Mewn nefawl leferydd:  
Mwyn odiaeth yw mân wawdydd,  
Miniwn gwawd a mwynen gwydd!

Cnithiad gwir argiad croywgerdd, - - clau chwiban,  
Cloch aberth eglwysgerdd;  
Clîr organ claiar irgerdd,  
Cân (natur gwyh) cnott ar gerdd!

Eos fain wiwglos fwyn eglur, - - fawl gynnydd,  
Fêl ganiad pob mesur;  
O'th enau bach a'th Awen bur;  
Moes gnottio miwfig natur!

*Robt. Gruffudd ap Ieuan.*

Gan natur yn bur eb werth - - Eosgyw  
Y dysgaist yn brydferth;  
Duw mydfawr yw dy 'madferth,  
Can i Dduw pur, cynnydd perth.

Desgan gloyw organ eglurgerdd - - oslef  
Eoslais drebl angerdd:  
Prif lwyfsgan per felyfgerdd,  
Perogl fain camp pricf'wn cerdd!

*Bartholomew Jones.*

Eos braint coednaint caeadnerth, - - croywbwngc  
Da driphwngc di drafferth;  
Clau'i chwiban cloch aberth  
Gwin irgan pinc organ perth!

*Huw Llyn.*

Pulpudwraig coedwraig cauadros - - glawlyn,  
Glwyflais per ddiweddnos;  
Awen a roed i'r Eos  
Chwibanu 'i phwngc uwch ben ffôs!

*Elis ap Rhys ap Edward.*

Cerddgar dlos Eos uwch fail, - Tŵr Cedwyn,  
Tor coedallt ag adail;  
Clywch gywydd cloch y gwiaill,  
Crechwen tad Awen ty dail!

*Will. Llyn.*

Eiliad mawl ganiad mêl gwenyn, - - iawnllwydd  
Mal arianllais telyn;  
Arian gloch ar enau glyn  
Is coedallt Eos Cedwyn!

Blaengar fwn claiar clywais - - gwin awen,  
Gan Eos felyflais;  
Bryd osle' baradwyflais,  
Berw o goed llwyn bragod llais!

*Huw Llyn.*

About the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, flourished *Twm Bach* (or Thomas Pritchard) who was the Orpheus on the Harp at that time. He was born at *Coity* in Wales; died (anno 1597) in London, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's church. That Poetry sympathized with the sister Art for the loss, we may be convinced by the following bipartite *Englyn*, written upon his death, the two first lines by *Hugh Griffith*, the sequel by *Rhys Cain*.

*Yn iach i Dwm Bach; aeth i'r bedd; - bellach  
E' balodd Cynganedd:  
Ni wen i'w ôl, yn un wedd,  
A wyr frefsig ar fyfedd\*.*

Ah, see! our last, best lyric goes:  
Sweet as his strain be his repose!  
Extinct are all the tuneful fires,  
And Music with *Twm Bach* expires:  
No finger now remains to bring  
The tone of rapture from the string.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Davis, D. D. Bishop of St. David's, one of the translators of the New Testament into Welsh, 4to. London, 1567. See an Historical Account of the Welsh Translations of the Bible. By Thomas Llewelyn, LL. D. 8vo. London, 1768.

We see that the *Eisteddfod* was still very respectable, when bishops did not disdain to be enrolled among the Bards.

\* A MS. of *Englynion* in the library of Jesus College, Oxford.



In the reign of *George II. Powel*, a Welsh Harper, who used to play before that *Monarch*, drew forth tones from his instrument, that the great *Handel* was delighted with his performance, and composed for him several pieces of Music, some of which are in the first set of *Handel's* Concertos. He also introduced him as a performer in his Oratorios, in which there are some songs *Harp Obligato*, that were accompanied by *Powel*: such as, “*Tune your Harps*” and “*Praise the Lord with cheerful voice*” in *Esther*, and “*Hark! he strikes the golden lyre*” in *Alexander Balus*.

Having now conducted nearly to our own times the short history I intended; I make a little pause, before I bring it to its conclusion; and examine somewhat more minutely the causes that conferred such peculiarity and excellence on the Poetry and Music of Wales. The laws, manners, and fortunes of nations have a principal influence in giving an original character to national arts. The first care of the Welsh laws was the freedom of the people. They were free, and their manners accordingly were at once generous and impetuous; gentle, hospitable, and social among their friends, and full of resentment and revenge against their enemies. They inhabited a country where they found in the works of nature what they afterwards copied into their own, the beautiful and the sublime. They were equally addicted to love and war: when they forsook the camp, they did not return to agriculture, commerce, or the mechanic arts, but past their leisure in hunting and other manly sports and games, in converse with the fair<sup>1</sup>, and in recounting their exploits amidst libations of mead at the tables of lords and princes. Hence they learnt to write verse and sound the harp.

“Another cause, which operated with equal power on our poetry, was the strength and beauty of the language in which it was conveyed: if it may not with greater truth be said, that by the Poetry those inherent properties of the language were called forth. The character of Welsh Poetry, and its dependence on the language, have been so well displayed in a dissertation on the subject by the Reverend Mr. *Walters*<sup>m</sup>, that I am unwilling to make use of his sentiments in any other words than his own.

The Welsh language, he observes, is possessed of native ornaments, and unborrowed treasures. It rivals the celebrated Greek in its aptitude to form the most beautiful derivatives, as well as in the elegance, facility, and expressiveness of an infinite variety of compounds, and deserves the praise which has been given it by an enemy<sup>n</sup>, that *notwithstanding the multiplicity of gutturals and consonants with which it abounds, it has the softness and harmony of the Italian, with the majesty and expression of the Greek.*”

*Ni phrofaïs, dan ffurfusen,  
Gwe mor gaeth a'r Gymraeg wen<sup>o</sup>.*

Of all the tissues ever wrought  
On the Parnassian hill,  
Fair Cambria's web, in art and thought,  
Displays the greatest skill.

“The glory of a language is a copious rotundity, a vigorous tone, and a perspicuous and expressive brevity; of which a thousand happy instances might be produced from the Cambro-British MSS. Their compass reaches from the sublimity of the ode to the conciseness of the epigram. Whoever explores these ancient and genuine treasures, will find in them the most melodious numbers, the most poetical diction, the most nervous expression, and the most elevated sentiments, to be met with in any language.”

A language, however fortunate in its original construction, can never attain such perfection without a very high degree of cultivation<sup>p</sup>. It is evident therefore that at some remote period the Welsh themselves were highly cultivated, and had made great progress in learning, arts, and manners; since we discover such elegance, contrivance, and philosophy in their language. Some authors have attributed this refinement of the Cambro-British dialect to the Druids. From this opinion I dissent: because I observe that *Taliesin* and his contemporaries, by whom they were followed and imitated, do not afford such specimens of polished numbers and diction as the Bards who lived under the later princes have exhibited. The *Ffynallfed* was the school in which the Welsh language was gradually improved, and brought at last to its unrivalled perfection. “The Bards, says the ingenious critic I have before quoted, have been always considered by the Welsh as the guardians of their language, and the conservators of its purity.”

The metre of Welsh poetry is very artificial and alliterative; possessing such peculiar ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of words, as to produce a rhythmical concatenation of sounds in every verse. To an

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lyttelton from *Giraldus Cambrensis*. Hist. Henry II. vol. II. p. 69.

<sup>m</sup> A Dissertation on the Welsh Language. 8vo. Cowbridge, 1771.

<sup>n</sup> The author of the Letters from Snowdon.

<sup>o</sup> Edmund Pryor, D. D. Archdeacon of Merioneth.

<sup>p</sup> Dr. *Llewelyn* ingeniously refers the curious and delicate

structure of the Welsh language to its peculiar property of varying artificially, *euphonic grad*, its mutable initial consonants; making it superior in this respect to the Hebrew and the Greek. See Historical and Critical Remarks on the British Tongue, 8vo. London, 1769. p. 58, &c. Likewise *Antiquæ Linguae Britannicae*, by Dr. *Davies*, 8vo. London, 1611.



English reader it may seem a laborious way of trifling: but every language has peculiar laws of harmony. The ancient languages of Greece and Rome were not clogged with a superabundance of consonants, and were chiefly composed of polysyllabic words and vocal terminations. Their poets therefore made their metre consist in quantity, or the artful distribution of long and short syllables. The old British language abounded with consonants, and was formed of monosyllables, which are incompatible with quantity; and the Bards could reduce it to concord by no other means, than by placing at such intervals its harsher consonants, so intermixing them with vowels, and so adapting, repeating, and dividing the several sounds, as to produce an agreeable effect from their structure. Hence the laws of poetical composition in this language are so strict and rigorous, that they must greatly cramp the genius of the Bard, but that there is, in the language itself, a particular aptitude for that kind of alliterative melody, and is as essential as Harmony in Music, which constitutes the great beauty of its poetry. To the ears of natives the Welsh metre is extremely pleasing, and does not subject the Bard to more restraint than the different sorts of feet occasioned to the Greek and Roman Poets. There are traces of *Cynghanedd* or alliteration in the poetical remains of the Druids. It was known to the Bards of the sixth century, but they used it sparingly, and were not circumscribed by rules. From the Norman conquest to the death of *Llywelyn* the last, they were more strict. From *Llywelyn* to *Elizabeth* the laws of alliteration were prescribed and observed with the most scrupulous exactness. A line not perfectly alliterative was condemned as much by the Welsh grammarians, as a false quantity by the Greeks and Romans.

The Bards, like other poets, were ostentatious of their wealth: for they had no sooner learnt the extent of their power, than they began to wander at will through all the mazes of *Cynghanedd*.

They gave other relative proofs of an unrivalled profody. Not content with the melliflence of this couplet, written on a harp.

*Mae mil o leisiau melyn,  
Mal mêl o hyd ym mola bon.*

Within the concave of its womb is found  
The magic scale of soul-enchancing sound.

they sought after more liquid measures, and produced such specimens as the following *Englyn i'r Pryf Coppyn*, or Epigram on the Spider, composed entirely of vowels.

O'i wiw ŵy i weu ê â, - - a'i weuau  
O'i wyau y weua;  
E' weua ei we aia,  
A'i, weuau yw ieuau Jâ.

In grandeur the following distich on Thunder could not be surpassed,

Tân a dŵr yn ymŵriaw  
Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.

but it is exceeded in difficulty by the subsequent *Englyn*, composed of vowels and the consonant *r*.

Oer yw'r eira ar Eryri - - o ryw,  
Ar awyr i rewi,  
Oer yw'r iâ ar riw'r Ri,  
Ar eira oer yw 'Ryri.

Such specimens deserve not to be read with ridicule or disgust: they were not designed to display the skill of the poet, but the powers of the language.

Something now remains to be said of Welsh Music. Though the supernatural power and effects, fabulously ascribed to the Music of antiquity, are now held in just derision; it is not difficult to conceive, that (notwithstanding its known simplicity) by its association with poetry, which it rendered more articulate and expressive, it might operate with much greater success on the mind and affections, than the artificial melody and complicated harmony of modern times. The music, as well as the poetry, of Wales, was tinged with its peculiar and original character by the genius of the country: they sprung out of the same soil, deriving from its delightful vallies their soft and tender measures, and from its wild mountainous scenes their bolder and more animated tones.

\* Northern Antiquities, 8vo. London, vol. I. p. 401, &c.

† Northern Antiquities, vol. II. p. 197, &c.

• Walters's Dissertation on the Welsh Language, p. 52.

• Rhydderch's Welsh Grammar, p. 141. See this *Englyn* ingeniously answered in another, composed in like manner of vowels, by the Rev. Mr. Gronow Owen; *Diddanwch Teuluaidh, Gwaith Beirdd Môn*, 18vo. Lond. 1763, p. 35.

• Walters's Dissertation, p. 53.

• Rhydderch's Welsh Grammar, p. 141.

• Whoever desires to see this idea pursued to some length, may find it ingeniously and philosophically developed, with reference to the native music of Scotland, in Dr. Beattie's Essays on Poetry and Music.



And where could the Muses have chosen a happier residence? Now you are delighted with vallies at once wild and beautiful: in other parts, you are astonished with a continued tract of dreary cloud-capt country, "hills whose heads touch heaven"—dark, tremendous precipices—swift rivers roaring over disjointed rocks—black caverns, and issuing cataracts. Did *Salvata Rosa's* extravagant fancy ever indulge itself in such grand and savage prospects? Or has *Claude Lorraine's* inimitable pencil excelled the vale of *Clwyd*?

It is not to be wondered that the venerable Cambro songs possessed such influence on the minds of our ancestors, when we consider their beautiful and various change of style and time; transitions abrupt as the rocky prospects of the country, and sudden as the passions of the people.

The most ancient style of Welsh Music is the *grave* and *solemn*, which was consecrated to religious purposes and occasions\*. The next, distinct from the former, is vehemently *martial* and *magnificent*†. Another is *plaintive* and *expressive* of *sorrow*, being appropriated to elegies and the celebration of the dead‡. Another is of the *pastoral* kind, and of all perhaps the most agreeable; coming nearest to nature, and possessing a pleasing simplicity and soothing tranquillity, suitable to genial love§.

Of these ancient melodies I have recovered some genuine remains; and their effects are not wholly lost or forgotten. A new era of Cambro-British harmony has risen in our times, and the wonderful things related of it in former ages have been already realised.

The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud  
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;  
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?

Waller.

The harp, in the hands of the British fair †, has acquired new honours and a more irresistible influence; and never produced such transport and enthusiasm when struck by a *Cybelyn*, or a *Cadwgan*, as it now excites, assisted by the liquid voice and distinguished beauty of our modern female Bards.

EDWARD JONES.

\* The fine old *Psalms*, which are chanted in some of the churches in *Wales*, particularly in those where modern singing is not introduced.

Likewise *Côr-Ardan*, *Côr-finfain*, *Côr-awrog*, *Côr-Alchan*, *Côr-Ffiniw*, *Côr-y-golefn*, &c. Some of these *Côr's* or holy Songs, are carefully displayed from an ancient manuscript in the original musical notes supposed to be Druidical, which the reader will see engraved on a book, delineated in the print of the musical instruments, further in this volume.

† *Triban*, or, The Warriors Song, *Triban Morganwg*, *Mynediad Cadpen Morgan*, *Erdogian tro'r tant*, *Cudyn Gwyn*, *Yndaith Mwngc*, *Breuddwyd y Brenhines*. *Blodeu'r Grug*, *Toriad y Dydd*, *Sienkyn*, *Plygiad y Redol-fach*, *Wýres Ned Purw*, *Pen Rhaw*, *Farwel Ned Pun*, &c.

‡ *Morfa Rhuddlan*, *Y Galon Drom*, *Dafydd Garreg-wen*, *Gorddianam*, *Confet Gruffudd ab Cynan*, *Anbarodd ymadael*, *Mwynen Môn*, *Symlen Ben hys*, *Tr Hen Dôn*, &c.

§ *Mentra Gwen*, *Glân Feddwlad mawyn*, *Codiad yr Hedydd*, *Hên Sibel*, *Merch Megan*, *Troll yn ei boch*, *Tôn y Fammaeth*, *Dravis Meirwen*, *Dylun Serch*, *Confet Dafydd ab Gwilym*, *Maldod Arghwyddes Owen*, *Mantell Siani*, *Nôs Galan*, *Ar hŷd y nos*, *Tros y Garreg*, *Megen a golled ei gardas*, *Blodeu'r Drain*, *Cnott y Coed*, *Hob y diris*, *Digan y Pibydd Coch*, &c. &c.

† "The harp is the favourite instrument of the fair sex, and nothing should be spared to make it beautiful: for it should be a principal object of mankind to attach them by every means to music, as it is the only amusement that may be enjoyed to excess, and the heart still remain virtuous and uncorrupted." *Dr. Burney's History of Music*, vol. I.

"Their Business should be to practice merely for the amusement of themselves, their own family, and particular friends, or rather for domestic comfort, which they were by providence designed to promote; viz. To calm the boisterous passion—to relieve the anxieties and cares of life—to inspire cheerfulness—to appease the nerves, when irritated by pain, sickness, or labour of mind or body, to soothe the peevishness of infancy and old age—and to raise the mind to a feeling and love of order. She who shall improve the natural talents, with which women are born, of doing all these things, will not have mispent her time by applying a few years to music."

*Stillingfleet's Principle and Power of Harmony*, p. 151.



O F T H E  
W E L S H P E N N I L L I O N,  
O R,  
EPIGRAMMATIC STANZAS, and PASTORALS.

*Alternis dicetis. Amant alterna Camæna: VIRGIL.*

**T**HESE have been transmitted to us by oral tradition from time immemorial, and still are the domestic and colloquial Poetry of the natives of Wales, a people uncommonly awake to all the impressions of sorrow, love, and joy.

The memorial verses, which in the time of Cæsar<sup>b</sup> were never committed to writing, and which the Druidical Disciples employed so many years in learning, were *Pennillion*, conveyed in that most ancient metre called *Englyn Milwr*.

When the Bards had brought to a very artificial system their numerous and favourite metres; those which they rejected<sup>c</sup> were left for the dress of the Rustic Muse, the *Awen* of the multitude. When Wales became an English province, Poetry had been generally diffused among the lower classes of the people. From that period they forgot their former favourite subjects of war and terror, and were confined to love, and the passions which are nearly allied to it, of pity and of grief; so these sort of *Pennillion* were naturally retained, and admired, on account of the tender beauties contained in them.

At length, towards the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, the constitutional system of the Bards became entirely extinct in Wales; and the only Poetry that survived, was poured forth in unpremeditated *Pennillion*, around the hearths of husbandmen, and in the cots of shepherds. What contributed to keep alive, under every discouragement of foreign oppression, the poetical vein of the Welsh peasantry, was their primitive spirit of hospitality<sup>d</sup> and social mirth; which assembled them to drink mead, and sing, and dance, around the harmony of the Harp, Crwth, Pipe, and Drum; and what has preserved from very distant times many of these little sonnets, is their singular merit, and the affection with which they are remembered. Some of the old English songs, which have been a thousand times repeated, still continue to please; while the lullaby of the day is echoed for a time, and is then consigned to everlasting oblivion. The metres of these stanzas are various: a stanza containing from three to nine verses; and a verse consisting of a certain number of syllables, from two to eight. One of these metres is the *Triban*, or Triplet; another the *Awdl Gywydd*, or *Hên ganiad*, The memorial Ode of the ancient strain; another, what in English Poetry would be called the Anapæstic. There are several kinds of *Pennill* metres, that may be adapted and sung, to most of the following tunes; and some part of a tune being occasionally converted into a symphony. One set of words is not, like an English song, confined to one tune, but commonly sung to several.

The skill of the *pennill*-fingers in this is admirable. According to the metres of their *pennillion*, they strike into the tune in the proper place, and conduct it with wonderful exactness to the symphony or the close. While the Harp to which they sing is perhaps wandering in little variations and embellishments; their singing is not embarrassed, but true to the fundamental tune. This account explains the state of our Music and Poetry, described by *Giraldus* as they existed in his time; when the Welsh were a nation of Musicians and Poets; when Côr's, or Musical Bands, were frequent among them; and when their children learnt from their infancy to sing in concert<sup>e</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> The word *Pennill* is derived from *Pen*, a *Head*: because these stanzas flowed extempore from, and were treasured in, the Head, without being committed to paper. *Pennill* may also signify a *brief head*, or *little subject*.

<sup>b</sup> See Cæsar's Commentaries: De Bello Gallico. lib. 6. cap. 8.

<sup>c</sup> "Y rhai hynny sy i roddi testun i'r Beirdd i ganu arno, naill ai mevon Englynion, Unodl union, Gywydd, neu ryw un o'r pedwar Mesur ar hugain, ac nid mevon Dyri, Carol, neu yw awdl gerddi, y rhai ni fu awn gan y prif Beirdd gynt gymmaint a'i crybwyll, o herwydd nad oes Rheolau perthynafol iddynt." Statud Gruffudd ab Cynan ynghylch eadw Eisteddfod.

This proves that *Pennillion* were then frequently composed and admired.

<sup>d</sup> "Among this people there is no beggar to be found: the houses of all are open for the welcome reception of all comers. Munificence they esteem beyond all virtues; and the genius of hospitality is so well understood, that the ceremony of offering entertainment to strangers, and of asking it, is here unknown." *Giraldus Cambrensis*.

<sup>e</sup> *Cambrie Descriptio*, cap. 13.



In his time it was usual for companies of young men, who knew no profession but that of arms, to enter without distinction every house they came to. There they enjoyed the free conversation of the young women, joined their voices to the melody of the Harp, and consumed the day in the most animated festivity. "Even at this day some vein of the ancient minstrelsy survives amongst our mountains. Number of persons of both sexes assemble and sit around the harp, singing alternately *Pennillion* or stanzas of ancient or modern compositions."

"With charming symphony they introduce  
 "Their pleasing song, and waken raptures high;  
 "No voice exempt, no voice but well can join  
 "Melodious part."

"The young people usually begin the night with dancing, and when they are tired, assume this species of relaxation. They alternately sing, dance, and drink, not by hours, but by days and weeks; and measure time only by the continuance of their mirth and pleasure. Often, like the modern *Improvisatore* of Italy, they sing extempore verses; and a person conversant in this art, readily produces a *Pennill* opposite to the last that was sung." Many have their memories stored with several hundreds, perhaps thousands, of *Pennillion*, some of which they have always ready for answers to every subject that can be proposed; or if their recollection should ever fail them, they have invention to compose something pertinent and proper for the occasion. The subjects afford a great deal of mirth: some of these are jocular, others satirical, but most of them amorous, which, from the nature of the subject, are best preserved. They continue singing without intermission, never repeating the same stanza (for that would forfeit the honour of being held first of the song,) and, like nightingales, support the contest through the night. The audience usually call for the tune: sometimes a few only sing to it, and sometimes the whole company. But when a party of capital singers assemble, they rarely call for the tune, for it is indifferent to them what tune the Harper plays. Parishes are often opposed to parishes; even counties contend with counties; and every hill is vocal with the chorus."

In these rural usages, which are best preserved in the mountainous counties of *Merioneth* and *Caernarvon*, we have a distant pleasing glimpse of ancient innocence, and the manners of a golden age.

Mannau mwyn am win a medd,  
 Tannau miwfig tôn maswedd!

Whoever considers the unaffected sense and unadulterated passions conveyed in these fine little pieces of antiquity—sentiments which all would hope, but few are able to imitate—together with the sweet and soothing air of our musical compositions, which are mostly in the Lydian measure, will not wonder that, like our national proverbs, they have been so long preserved by tradition, that the same stanzas are remembered in all the counties of Wales, and that the natives are so enamoured with them, as to be constantly chanting them whenever they meet with a Harp, or a Crwth. Nor will he blame my presumption, when, for an effusion of tender simplicity, I place them in competition with the affecting tales of the Scots Ballads, and the delicate *αἰνῶδες* of the Greek Epigrams.

## P E N N I L L I O N \*.

*Tecca ei llun, a brafia ei llais,*  
*Tŵ'r Delyn farnais*  
*Newydd;*  
*Ti a baeddit glôd, am fod yn fwyyn,*  
*Tydi ydyw llwyn*  
*Llawenydd;*  
*Fe ddaw'r adar yn y man,*  
*I dirwnio dan*  
*D' adenydd!*

Beauteous in form the Harp appears,  
 Its music charms our ravisht ears;  
 Less varied strains awake the grove,  
 Fill'd with the notes of spring and love;  
 Hither the Muses oft shall throng,  
 Inspire the theme, and swell the song!

*Hardd ar Ferch yw llygaid du,*  
*Hardd ar Fab yw bod yn by';*  
*Hardd ar Farch yw pedrain lydan,*  
*Hardd ar Filgi yw myn'd yn fuan!*

'Tis Man's to conquer, fierce in arms,  
 Woman prevails by gentle charms;  
 Firm vigour marks the generous Steed,  
 And lightning wings the Grey-hound's speed.

\* See Lord Lyttelton's *History of Henry II.* vol. 2. p. 69.

\* See Pennant's *Journey to Snowdon.*

\* Every language has peculiar beauties. The thoughts and words of these *Pennillion* are so uncommonly simple and expressive, that I do not presume to offer the annexed English stanzas as an adequate translation, but merely (for the sake of the English reader) as an imperfect sketch and idea of them.



*Mi ellir myn'd i lawer ffair,  
A cherdded tair  
O oriau,  
A charu Merch, o lawer plwy,  
Heb wybod pwy  
Sydd orau  
Mae'n anhawdd dewis derwen dëg,  
Heb ynddi frëg  
Yn rhywle!*

From wake to wake, from plain to plain,  
The curious swain may rove;  
A perfect Nymph he seeks in vain,  
To meet his constant love :  
Frequent and fair, like saplings tall,  
Whole bevvies throng around ;  
But ah ! what sapling of them all,  
Without a flaw is found !

1.

*Tro dy wyneb Gwen bydd fwyn  
A gwrando gwyn dy gariad ;  
Gwn nad oes un mab yn fyw  
Na fercha liw dy lygad ?*

1.

Turn, lovely *Gwen*, be good and kind,  
And listen to thy lover's pray'r ;  
Full well I know, there's none so blind,  
But must adore my charming fair.

2.

*'R ydwyf yma fal y gweli  
Heb na chyfoeth na thylodi  
'S meiddi gyda mi gyd-fydio  
Di gei ran o'r fuchedd honno ?*

2.

Despise me not for being poor,  
I am not very rich, 'tis true ;  
But if thou wilt my lot endure,  
I shall be rich enough in you !

*Llûn y Delyn, llûn y tannau,  
Llûn Cyweirgorn aur yn dröau ;  
Tan ei fysedd O ! na f'asai,  
Llûn fy nghalon union innau !*

The Harp in *Howel's* arms reclin'd,  
Warbles responsive to his mind ;  
What joys would thrill this ravish'd breast  
So to his manly bosom prest !

*Dy liw, dy lûn, dy law, dy lygad,  
Dy wên dëg, a'th ysgafn droediad ;  
Dy olwg hardd, a'th barabl tawel,  
A'm peryglodd am fy boedl !*

Thy colour, shape, thine eye, thine hand,  
Thy nimble step, and witching smile ;  
Sweet looks, soft speech, my life command,  
And nearly did, my life beguile !

*Yn Sir Fôn, y mae sio tannau  
Yn Nyffryn Clwyd, mae coed Afalau ;  
Yn Sir Fflint, mae tân i'w mwymuo,  
A lodes lândeg i'w chofleidio !*

In *Mona's* isle, melodious notes resound,  
In *Clwyd's* rich vale, nectareous fruits abound ;  
*Flint's* verdant tract, conceals the useful ore,  
Much for its minerals fam'd, for lovely women more.

*Blodeu 'r flwyddyn yw f' Anwyllyd ;  
Ebrill, Mai, Mehefin, befyd ;  
Llewyrch haul yn i'w ynnu ar gysgod,  
A gwenithen y genethod.*

My love's the blossom of the year,  
The summer months in her appear ;  
The shade enlightens as she passes,  
She is the gem of charming lasses.

*Dod dy law, ond wyd yn coelio,  
Dan fy mron, a'gwilia 'mrïwo ;  
Ti gei glywed, os gwranderwi,  
Swm y gâlon fâch yn torri ?*

If doubtful of my truth you stand,  
Place on my breast your lovely hand ;  
Yet gently touch ; nor aid the smart  
That heaves my fond expiring heart ?



*Ow! fy nghalon, torr os torri,  
Pabam yr wyd yn dysal boeni?  
Ac yn darfod bob ychydig,  
Fal já glâs ar lechwedd llithrig!*

O break at once, my heart, in twain,  
Nor pine with slow unceasing pain:  
Nor thus with gradual woes decay,  
As ice on mountains melts away.

*Er melynied gwallt ei phen,  
Gwybydded Gwen  
Llŵ'r ewyn;  
Fid llawer gwreiddin chwervw 'n 'r ardd,  
Ac arno hardd  
Fledeüyn!*

What tho' the ringlets of her hair  
May with the radiant gold compare,  
The charming maid should know;  
That many lovely flow'rs that rise  
From bitter roots, and scent the skies,  
In many a garden grow!

*Gwyn eu byd yr adar gwylltion  
Hwy gânt fyn'd i'r fan y fynnon;  
Weithiau i'r môr, ac weithiau i'r mynydd,  
A dyfod adref yn ddigerydd.*

How happy is the wild-fowl's state?  
To the sea, or mountains flying;  
True and constant to its mate,  
Free and happy, living, dying.

*Blin yw caru yma ac accw,  
Blin béd heb, y blinder hwnnw,  
O'r blinderau blinaf blinder,  
Cûr anifyr, caru 'n ofer!*

A mighty pain to love it is;  
'Tis a pain, that pain to miss;  
Of all pains, the greatest pain,  
Is to love, and love in vain.

*Rhaid i gybydd gadw ei gaban,  
Rhaid i ieuengŷyd dorri allan;  
Hyd y' medd mae'n rhaid i minnau,  
Ganlyn mwynion dynnion dannau.*

In his lone cell the miser stays;  
The young man walks abroad, and plays:  
And I, till death my passport brings,  
Must sound the harp's extended strings.

1.

*Aelwyd serch fydd rhwng fy mwyfron,  
Tanwydd cariad ydyw'r galon;  
A'r tân hwnnw, byth ni dderfydd,  
Tra parhâo ddim o'r tanwydd!*

My heart's the seat of fond desire;  
Affection fans the gentle fire;  
And constancy augments the flame  
That burns eternally the same!

2.

*A ffyddlondeb yw 'r meginau  
Sydd yn chwythu 'r tân i gynnuau,  
A maint y gwrês nid rhysead gweled.  
X dwfr yn berwi, dios fy llygaid!*

What wonder then, my throbbing breast  
Is with such inward heat possess'd?  
Whence all the melting passions rise,  
And burst in torrents from my eyes.

*Harodd yw d'wedyl daccw'r Wyddfa  
Nid eir drosti ond yn ara';  
Hawdd i'r járb, a fo 'n ddiddolur  
Ber'r clâf gynneryd cyffur.*

To speak of Snowdon's head sublime,  
Is far more easy than to climb:  
So he that's free from pain and care  
May bid the sick a smile to wear.



*Yn Hafod Elwy 'r Gôg ni chân,  
Llais y frân  
Sydd amla;  
Pan fo hi decca, ym mhob tir,  
Mae hi yno 'n wir  
Yn eira.*

*From Elwy far, the Cuckoo sings,  
And suns adorn the skie;  
But there the Raven, flaps his wings,  
And snows eternal lie!*

*Weithiau yn brudd, weithiau yn llawen,  
Weithiau a golud, weithiau ag angen;  
Weithiau ag aur, ac arian ddigon,  
Weithiau yn brin o ddŵ'r yr afon!*

*Sometimes grave, and sometimes merry;  
Sometimes rich, and sometimes needy;  
Sometimes stor'd with gold and silver,  
Sometimes scant of river water.*

## I.

*Mi ddymunais, fil o weithiau,  
Fod fy mron o wydr golau,  
Fai y gallai 'r Fân gael gweled  
Fod y galon mewn caethiwed.*

## I.

*How oft, transported, have I said,  
Oh! that my breast of glass were made!  
Then might she see, angelic fair,  
The love, her charms have kindled there!*

## 2.

*Ni bu ferch erioed gan laned,  
Ni bu ferch erioed gan wynnied,  
Ni bu neb o ferched dynion,  
Nês na bon i dorri 'nghalon.*

## 2.

*There never was a maid so fair,  
Of such bewitching shape and air;  
There never was of woman kind,  
One half so suited to my mind.*

*Trom yw 'r plwm, a thrwm yw'r cerrig,  
Trom yw calon pob dyn unig;  
Trymma peth rhwng hawl a llcuad,  
Canu 'n iach, lle byddo cariad!*

*Sad and heavy sinks the stone,  
On the lake's smooth surface thrown;  
Man oppress'd by sorrow's weight  
Sadly sinks beneath his fate;  
But the saddest thing to tell,  
Is to love, and bid farwell!*

*Gwych gan gerlyn yn ei wely  
Glywed fôn y troellau 'n nyddu!  
Gwych gan junau Duw a drycho  
Glywed fôn y tannau 'n tironio!*

*Gay the miser e'er will be,  
His wealth to see augmenting round;  
But that's gay and pleases me  
When notes agree with voices crown'd!*

*Gweynt ar fôr, a hawl ar fynydd,  
Cerrig llwydion yn lle coedydd;  
A gŵylanod yn lle dynion,  
Och! Duw pa fodd na thorrai 'nhalon!*

*Wild o'er the main the tempest flies,  
The radiant sun deserts the skies;  
Grey stones the naked heath deform,  
And loud, and piteous howls the storm;  
Shrill screams, the hungry gulls between  
And desolation blasts the scene.  
What heart such terrors can endure,  
Save in thy aid, my God, secure!*

*Mae gân amled yn y farchnad,  
Groen yr Oen, a chroen y Ddafad;  
A chan amled yn y llan,  
Gladdu'r Ferch, a chladdu'r Fam!*

*As oft in the market the skin of the lamb  
As the skin of the wether is seen;  
Nor more common in churchyards to bury the dame,  
Than her daughter of blooming fifteen.*

*Myn'd*



*Myn'd i'r ardd i dorri pwyfi  
Gwrtbod lafant, gwtbod lili,  
Gwrtbod mintys, a rhos cochion  
Dewis pwyfi o ddanadl poethion!*

For my breast a nosegay chusing,  
Every fragrant flow'r refusing;  
I pass'd the lilies, and the roses,  
And of the nettle made my posies \*!

*Os collais i fy nghariad lân,  
Mae brân i frân,  
Yn rhywle;  
Wrth ei bôdd y bo hi byw,  
Ag 'wllys Duw  
I minne'!*

Should I lose my fairest love,  
For a dove there's still a dove,  
Somewhere or other to be found;  
At hearts-ease may she ever be!  
Whatever heav'n designs for me,  
May she in peace and joy abound!

*Ni chân côg ddim amfer gaua',  
Ni chân Telyn heb ddim tannau;  
Ni chân calon harwad i'ch' wybod  
Pan fo galar ar ei gwaelod!*

In wintry months the Cuckoo will not sing;  
Nor will the Harp resound without a string;  
With one bright thought the bosom cannot glow,  
Oppress'd by grief, and overcome by woe.

1.

*Gwyn fy myd, na fawn mor happus,  
Yn y bŷd, a chael fy newis,  
Mi dderwiswn o flâen cyfoeth  
Lendid prŷd, a chariad perffaith!*

From pleasure's universal stores  
Nor wealth, nor power thy heart implores;  
But beauty's fair, ingenuous face,  
And faithful love's sincere embrace.

2.

*Fe gair cyfoeth ond cynnilo,  
Fe gair tŷr ond talu 'm dano;  
Fe gair glendid ond ymosyn,  
Ni chair mwynder, ond gan Rhywun.*

Beauty, too venal, may be hir'd,  
And land be purchas'd, wealth acquir'd;  
But happiness that ne'er was bought,  
Must in One fair one's arms be sought.

3.

*Rhywun fydd! a Rhywun etto!  
Ac am Rhywun 'r wy'n myfyrio!  
Pan fwyf drymma'r nŷs yn cyfgu,  
Fe ddaw Rhywun, ac am deffry!*

Some Fair there is, some chosen Fair,  
Whose charms, my constant thought and care;  
My sleeping breast too keenly move,  
And wake me from the dreams of love.

*Clywais siarad, clywais ddiwdro,  
Clywais ran o'r byd yn beio;  
Erioed ni chlywais neb yn datgan,  
Fawr o'i bynod fciau ei hunan!*

Whispers I've heard, and harsh report,  
And half the world reprove the rest,  
But none in all this vast resort  
Who much of their own faults confess.

*Nid oes imi ond dau clyn,  
Gwyn fy myd, pe byddwn rhyngddyddyn;  
Pan fo Meinir yn fy mreichiau,  
Y gelynion fydd y gliniau!*

Two enemies alone I fear,  
And yet I wish they were more near;  
Oh! that the two I was between—  
My love must guess—the knees I mean!

\* Alluding to the choice of a wife.



*Caniad y Gôg i Feirionydd\*.**The Cuckoo's Song to Merioneth.*

1.

*Er a welais dan y fer,  
O lawnder, glewder gwledydd;  
O gwrw da, a gwŷr i'w drin,  
A gwin ar fin afonydd:  
Goreu bir, a goreu bwyd,  
A ranwyd i Feirionydd.*

2.

*Da ydyw'r gwaith, rhaid d'weyd y gwir,  
Ar fryniau ffr Feirionydd  
Golwg oer o'r gwaela gawn;  
Mae hi etto'n llawn llawenydd:  
Pwy ddisgwyliat' canai 'r Gôg,  
Mewn mawonog yn y mynydd?*

3.

*Pwy fydd lân o bryd a gwedd,  
Ond rhyfedd mewn pentrefydd?  
Pwy fy' mhob byswiaeth dda,  
Yn gwblwm gyd â 'i gilydd?  
Pwy fy'n ymyl dwyn fy ngbo'?  
Morwynion bro Meirionydd.*

4.

*Glân yw'r gleifiad yn y llyn,  
Nid ydyw hyn ddim newydd;  
Glân yw'r fronfraith yn ei thy,  
Dan danu ei hadenydd:  
Glanach yw, os d'wedai 'r gŵir,  
Morwynion tir Meirionydd.*

5.

*Anwyl yw gan adar byd,  
Eu rhyddid hyd y coedydd;  
Anwyl yw gan faban laeth  
Ei fammaeth, odiaeth ddedwydd  
Oh! ni ddywedwn yn fy myw,  
Mor anwyl yw Meirionydd.*

6.

*Mwyn yw Telyn o fewn ty,  
Lle byddo Teulu dedwydd;  
Parwb â'i bennill yn ei gwrs,  
Heb sŵn am bwrs y cybydd:  
Mwyn y cân, o ddcutur tân,  
Morwynion glân Meirionydd.*

7.

*Er bod fy nghorfb mewn busen byd,  
Yn rhodio hyd y gwledydd,  
Yn cael pleſer môr a thir,  
Ni chaf yn wir mor llonydd;  
Myned adre' i mi fy 'raid:  
Mac'r Enaid ym Meirionydd.*

1.

*Whate'er I've seen beneath the stars,  
Where fruitful climes abound;  
Of social youths, and streaming jars,  
When mirth and wine go round:  
All these are only found compleat,  
In fair *Mervinia's* sweet retreat,*

2.

**Mervinia's* rocks perhaps are seen,  
To threaten want and dearth;  
Cold and barren, void of green;  
Yet full of joy and mirth;  
Who thinks the nightingale to hear,  
On mountains chanting all the year?*

3.

*Where greater beauty can you find?  
Each villager has charms!  
Discretion's to the housewife join'd,  
The pleas'd beholder warms:  
In thee, *Mervinia*, dwell the fair,  
Who rule all hearts, or cause despair!*

4.

*How bright's the salmon in the stream?  
How beautiful the thrush?  
With wing expanded seems to gleam,  
All spangling in the bush:  
And yet how far the maids excel,  
Who in *Mervinia's* vallies dwell?*

5.

*As sweet as to the feather'd kind,  
To range thro' every grove;  
As sweet as to the infant-mind,  
To sip the milk they love;  
Could I, I would explore to thee,  
How sweet, *Mervinia*, thou 'rt to me.*

6.

*O tuneful Harp! melodious sound!  
When friends united are;  
The odes alternately go round,  
Unthinking of the miser's care.  
How sweet their voices round the fire,  
When fair *Mervinians* join the lyre!*

7.

*Although in pleasure's maze I'm lost,  
And range new joys to find;  
Command what seas, and land, can boast,  
Uneasy's still my mind:  
To thee, *Mervinia*, I'll return,  
My soul for thee doth ever burn.*

\* This sonnet is the composition of the late Lewis Morris, Esq. and was translated by the late William Vaughan, Esq. of Cors y Gedol.



*Moes Erddigan a chanu,  
Dwg i'n gerdd dëg, Awen gu,  
Trowy 'r Dolydd taro'r Delyn,  
Oni bo'r jäs yn y Bryn;  
O gywair Dant, a gyr di  
Awr orhoen i Eryri!*

Wake, sweet Muse, some golden strain,  
Voice and string, and o'er the plain  
Strike the Harp, whose echoes shrill  
Pierce and shake the distant hill;  
Far along the winding vale  
Send the sounds, till every gale  
From the bright harmonic string  
Many a tone of rapture bring,  
And to *Snowdon* waft on high  
An hour of tuneful extasy!

*Mi âf oddiymma i'r Hafod Lom,  
Er bôd yn drom  
Fy sizwnai;  
Mi gaf yno ganu caingc,  
Ac eiste' ar faingc,  
Y simnai;  
Ac ond odid dyna 'r fan,  
Y byddaf dan  
Y borau.*

What tho' the journey's long I trow,  
Yet hence to *Hafod Lom* I'll go;  
There chanting many a tuneful fit  
Safe in the chimney corner fit,  
And haply on that happy fill,  
The morn's return shall find me still.

*Rhaid i barwb newidio bÿd,  
Fe wÿr pob ebud  
Angall;  
Pa waeth marw o gariad pŵr,  
Na marw o ddolur  
Arall?*

The stage of life we all must leave,  
And death will yield us ease;  
As well may love our breath bereave  
As some more flow disease.

*Gwna Hafdÿ clymmedig,  
Ac adail o goedwig;  
A thyn y glau ewig i glywedd y Gôg  
A newid yn ffyddlon,  
Gusunau 'n gysonion,  
Tan dirion coed irion cadeiriog.*

Now the twining arbour rear,  
Now the verdant seat prepare;  
And wooe thy fair and gentle love  
To hear the Cuckoo in the grove:  
Thro' the smiling season range,  
And with faithful lips exchange  
Mutual kisses with the maid,  
Seated in the folding shade.

*O! farglwydd Dduw cyfion, pa beth fy'n cich bryd,  
A'i dringo pôb cangen, o'r bôn byd y brîg?  
Y brigyn fydd uchel a'r codwm fydd faror,  
Fe geir cich cwmpeini, pan ddeloch i lawr!*

Ye Gods! is it possible you should intend,  
With courage undaunted this tree to ascend?  
The branches are lofty, the falling is sore,  
Your former acquaintance may see you once more!

*D'accw Lwyn o sedw glwifion,  
D'accw'r Lhwyn fy'n torri 'ngalon;  
Nid am y llwyn yr wÿ'n ochneidio,  
Ond am y Ferch a welais ynddo!*

See where the verdant grove of birches grows,  
That grove so fatal to my heart's repose:  
Yet not for that I sigh in such despair,  
But for the maid I saw (enamour'd) there.

*Ond ydyw hyn ryfeddod  
I'od dammedd gwraig yn darfod;  
A thra bo'n ei genau chwyth, ni dderfydd byth mo'i thafod.*

A woman's charms will pass away,  
Her eyes grow dim, her teeth decay;  
But while she breathes the vital gale,  
'Tis strange her tongue should never fail.



1.

*Diofal ydyw 'r aderyn,  
Ni hau, ni fêd; un gronun;  
Heb ddim gofal yn y bŷd, ond canu bŷd y flwyddyn!*

2.

*Fe fwyty ei swpper beno  
Nis gwyr ym mh'le mae 'i ginio;  
Dyna 'r môdd y mae 'e 'n byw, a gadaw i Dduw arlwygo!*

3.

*Fe cyflodd ar y gangen  
Gan ddech ar ei aden,  
Heb i'w geiniog yn ei gôd, yn llyzwio bôd yn llawen!*

1.

*Blythe is the bird who wings the plain,  
Nor sows, nor reaps, a single grain;  
Whose only labour is to sing,  
Thro' Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.*

2.

*At night his little meal he finds,  
Nor heeds what fare may next betide,  
The change of seasons nought he minds,  
But for his wants lets Heaven provide.*

3.

*Oft on the Branch he perches gay,  
Oft on his painted wing looks he,  
And, pennyless, renews his lay,  
Rejoicing in unbounded glee.*

*F' anwylyd o' hî dy ddau lygedyn,  
Gwne mai arian fydd yndlyn';  
Tn dy ben y mae'n yn chwarcu  
Fol y ffr ar y ffrith olu?*

*Bên adiau ffil o weithiau,  
O wael ffarad gormod eiriau;  
Ni becrioed mor fath beryglon,  
O wael ffarad llai na digon.*

*Ow f' anwylyd, tyrdd ar gais,  
I werando ar lais  
Yr adar,  
D'accw 'r llannerch decca erioed,  
Dan gyfgod llingoed  
Llangar.*

*Union natur fy Mun odiaeth,  
Yw nacau a 'mroi ar unwaith;  
Gweddidi heddwch, goddef teimlo,  
D'wedyd paid; a gadael iddo!*

*Nid oes ymorol fawr am ferch,  
Na chwaith am ferch naturiol;  
Ymbob lle mae cryf a gwan  
Am arian yn ymorol!*

*Pan bassio Gêr ei ddcugain oed,  
Er bod fal coed  
Yn deilio;  
Fe fydd fôn goriadau'r Bêdd,  
Yn peri i'w wêdd  
Newidio!*

*Tebyg ydyw'r Delyn dyner,  
I Ferch wen a'i chnarwd melusber;  
Wrth ei theimlo mewn cyfrinach,  
E ddaw honno ffrinach, ffrinach.*

*Os ei i'r coed i dorri gwialen,  
Meddwl fôd yn gall fy mael gen;  
Gwedi ei chael, a myn'd i'w nyddu  
Gwel fôd llawer un yn methu.*

*F' Arglwydd Dduw. pa betb yw byn,  
Ni fedra 'nd syn  
Feddyllo?  
Lle bo mab yn fwya 'i ferch,  
Ni syn un ferch  
Mo hono.*

*Tebyg ydyw Morwyn ferchog  
I Fachgen drwg yn nhŷ cymmydog;  
A fynni fwyd? na fynnaf mono,  
Ag etto er hynny, marw am dano!*

*Mwyn a mwyn, a thra mwyn yw merch,  
A mwyn iawn lle rhotho ei ferch;  
Lle rho merch ei ferch yn gynta',  
Dyna gariad byth nid oera.*

*Gwae a garia faich o gwrw,  
Yn ei fol i fôd yn feddw;  
Trymma baich yw hwn o'r beichiau,  
Baich ydyw o bechodau!  
Hwn yw mam, y cam, a'r celwydd,  
Mwrdwr, lledrad, ac anlladrwydd;  
Gwna'r cryf yn wan, a'r gwan yn wannach,  
Y ffel yn ffôl, a'r ffôl yn ffôlach!*



*Tra bu mi yn wâr cynnes am lloches yn llawn,  
Fy marnu yn synbwyrol ragorol a gawn;  
Troi 'n ynfyd a wnaethym pan aethym yn ôl,  
Di-râs a di-refwm a phendrom a ffôl:  
Fy anweyl gymdeithion a droeson'y drych,  
Trwan ni's gwelan' ofgoewan wâs gwŷch:  
Hob un gair o gellwair pe i gallent yn rbwydd,  
Tngbysgod rhedynen bwy 'mguddien' o'm gwydd!*

*Robin-goch ddactb at y rhiniog  
A'i ddwy aden yn anwydog;  
Ac fe ad'weudau mo'r ysmala,  
Mae hi 'n cer fe ddaw yn eira.*

*A mi'n rhodio 'monwent eglwys,  
Lle 'r oead amryw gyrph yn gorphwys;  
Trawon y nherod wrth fidd fy 'nwylid,  
Chwyn fy nghalon yn dymchwelyd!*

*Blin yw dawnsio ar bigau dâr  
A blin yw cûr y galon!  
Blinach ydyw colli 'r Fun  
A lithau i bun yn fodlon!*

*Derfydd aur, a derfydd arian,  
Derfydd meifed, derfydd siân;  
Derfydd pob dilled, n b iactb,  
Etto er hyn, ni dderfydd bractb!*

*Rheis fy serch ar flodau 'r Dyffryn  
A rhoes lithau 'i serch ar rycun;  
Fe roes hwnnw 'i serch ar arall,  
B'run o'r tri fy' fwyaf anghall?*

*Sian fceyn  
Sian fain  
Sian gain  
Sian gu,  
Siân druan hynny beno;  
Sian beraidd lais  
Sian barabl lceys,  
Siân gymmweys ini 'mgommio:  
Tra bo uchel bediad brân  
Ni 'llyngai Siân yn ango!*

*Mae llawer asul ar frig Pen,  
A melyn donnen iddo,  
Ni thâl y mwydion dan ei groen,  
Mo'r cym'ryd poen i'w ddringo!  
Hwonnw fydd cyn diwedd Ha'  
Debycca a siwra o juro.*

*O mor gynnes  
Mynwes  
Meinwen,  
O mor fceyn  
Yw Lhwyn  
Meillionen;  
O mor felus yw'r cusanau,  
Gyda serch a mwynion eiriau!*

*Yn bôn ac yn ieuange, yn gall ac yn ffôl,  
Y merched sy'n gŵra, a minnau ar yr ôl;  
Pam y mae 'r meibion i'm gweled mor wael,  
A minnau cyn laned a merched sy'n cael?*

*Minnau glywais fod yn rhyw-fôdd,  
I'r Byd hwn wyth ran ymadrodd;  
Ac i'r Gwagedd anghlod iddynt,  
Fyn'd a faith o'r wythran rhyngddynt!*

*Chwertid mwyalch mewn celli,  
Nid ardd, nid erddir iddi;  
Nid llawenach nêb na hi!*

*Os collais i fy nghariad orau,  
Colli wnelo 'r coed eu blodau,  
Colli' cân a wnelo 'r adar  
Dutw a gadwo ffrwyth y ddacar.*

*Plwm yw 'mhenyd  
P'le mae 'mbaunes?  
Briw a gefid,  
Braw a gefuis!*

*Mentra meinir tyr'd ar f'ôl,  
Di gei ragorol  
Gariad?  
Ni thynaf arnad léd y ddîs,  
Ond wyt yn dewis  
Dytwad!*

*Tros y môr y mae fy nghalon!  
Tros y môr y mae fy 'chneidion!  
Tros y môr y mae f'antwylid,  
Sŷ'n fy meddwol i bob munyd!*

*Darfu'r caru darfu yr cerdded,  
Darfu i'r Feinir gael bodlondeb;  
Darfu i minnau fcewrw'r galar  
Am bob siwernai a rois yn ofer.*



## E N G L Y N I O N.

*Sippias fêdd, gwiwfedd gyfion, (go fawredd)*  
*Gwefusau melysion!*  
*Duw a fwriondd diferion,*  
*Mêl-gafod, hyd dafod hon!*

From lips delicious in their bloom  
 Rich mead I sipp'd that breath'd perfume,  
 And kindling rapture drew!  
 For heaven hath on my fair-one's lip  
 (Which ev'n the bee might love to sip)  
 Distill'd ambrosial dew!

( O R )

Rich mead I sipp'd, my heart delighting,  
 From lips deliciously inviting;  
 Lips, that such honied sweets distill,  
 I ne'er can kiss, and sip my fill!

ENGLYN upon the Greyhound of Prince *Llewelyn ap Gruffudd ap Llewelyn*.

*Claddwyd Cylart celfydd, (ymlyniad)*  
*Ymlaenau Efonydd;*  
*Parod ginio i'w gynydd,*  
*Parai'r dydd, yr heliai Hýdd!*

The remains of fam'd Cylart so faithful and good  
 The bounds of the cantred conceal;  
 Whenever the doe, or the stag he pursued,  
 His master was sure of a meal.

*Bydd fwyn*  
*Wrth fwyn*  
*O'tb fodd,*  
*Bydd anfwyn*  
*Wrth anfwyn*  
*O'tb anfodd;*  
*Nid da'r anfwyn*  
*Er unfodd,*  
*Na rhy fwyn*  
*Ond mewn rhyw fodd.*

*Bronraith bêr araitb berccrin, (deilgodd)*  
*A Duwiol-gerdd ddifflin;*  
*Oer foreugwaitb ar frigyn*  
*Cowirddoeth fydd cerdd o'tb fîn!*

*Gwell mewn bêdd gorwedd gwryd, (naws oer)*  
*nag aros mewn drygfyd;*  
*Gwell angau pe im gollyngyd,*  
*Gwell oes fer, na gwallus fydd?*

*Lle bo cariad brad mewn bron, (yn llechu)*  
*Lloches yr annerchion,*  
*Fo drig llusgaid llygaid llon,*  
*Llwybr goel lle bo 'r galon?*

*Ni châf yr wy'n glâf o glwyson (fy oer)*  
*Le'i farad am Gwenfron*  
*Na gyrru serch, na gair sôn*  
*Na'm gwêl un o'm gelynon!*

*Neidiais, a gyrrais heb un gorwydd (danaf,)*  
*Wel dyna feistrolrwydd!*  
*Naid fawr, lliw gwawr yn 'i grôydd,*  
*Ar naid dros Aber Nodwydd\*!*

*Tiriondeb d'wyneb, a'm denodd (du elw,)*  
*Dy olwg a'm dallodd,*  
*Y galon fach, gul iawon fodd*  
*Dy degwch di, a'i dygodd.*

*Dy gusan bychan di bechod (digrif)*  
*Fal degryn o wirod;*  
*Medrusaidd medri ofod,*  
*Er mwyn Duw, ar fy mîn dód.*

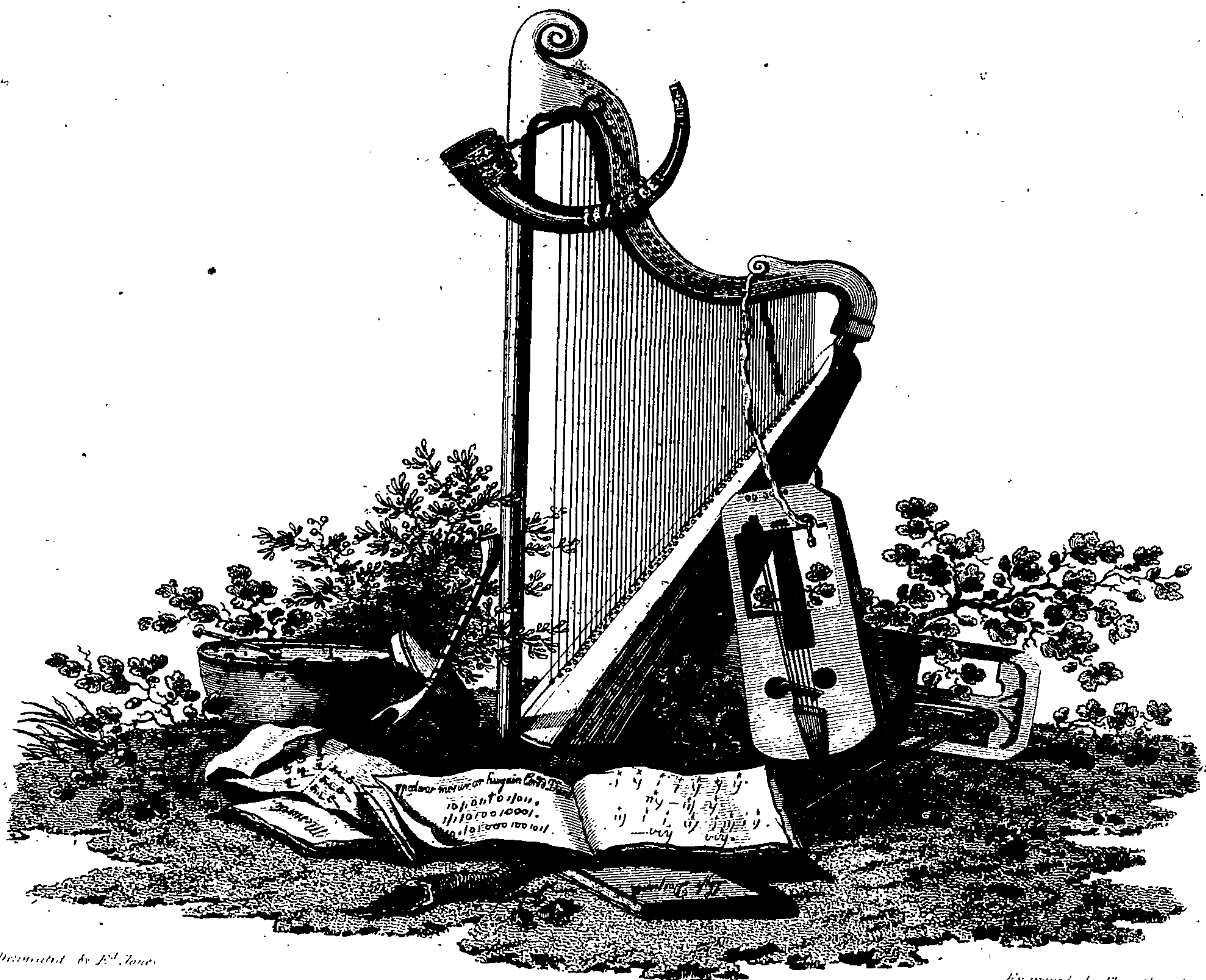
*Moes gusan im rhan er hwy, (moes fil)*  
*Moes ddwyfil, moes ddeufwy,*  
*Moes ugainmil, moes ugainmwy;*  
*Moes yma, am f'oes im fwy.*

*Moes gusan am ei geisio (imi)*  
*Dan ammod eu rhifo*  
*Moes fal hyn im fil beno,*  
*Moes, aur grair, risedi 'r grô.*

*Ar ôl pob man, llan a lle, (a chwre)*  
*A charu merchede';*  
*'R ôl rhodio, treiglo pob tre,*  
*Têg edrych tuag adre!.*

\* By Einion to Angbarad, when he leapt for her sake over *Aber-Nodwydd*.





Designed by E. J. Jones.

Engraved by Th. Bewick.

## The MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of the WELSH.

THE Musical Instruments anciently used in *Wales*, are as different from those of other nations, as their Music and Poetry<sup>a</sup>.

These instruments are five in number, the *Telyn* or Harp, the *Crwth* or Crowd, the *Pibgorn* or Pipe, the *Tabwrdd* or Tabret, and the *Corn Buccin*, Cornet, or Bugle Horn. Of these an accurate representation is attempted in the Trophy prefixed.

The Harp, the principal of those I have enumerated, and indeed the queen of all instruments, derives its origin from very ancient times. *Jubal*, among the *Hebrews*, is called the father of those that handle the Harp and Organ<sup>b</sup>. King *David* introduced it into his choir, and praised the Lord on an instrument of ten strings.

Among the *Greeks* also the Harp is very ancient, and is described in the triangular form of the letter  $\Delta$  *Delta*. The honour of its invention is given to *Mercury*, who finding on the shore of the *Nile* a dead shell-fish, formed the shell into a Lyre, mounted it with strings, and a jugum to stretch or slacken them. This Lyre, according to *Dionorus Siculus*, had but three strings, agreeably to the three seasons of the year, Spring, Summer, and Winter, which were all the *Greeks* counted. *Boëtius* quotes some authorities that

<sup>a</sup> Romanusque Lyra plaudat tibi, Barbarus Harpa,  
Grecus Achillicæ, *Cæta* Britannia canat.

*Flaccus Fortunatus*, lib. 7. Carm. 9.

<sup>b</sup> *Gæsis*, chap. iv.



assign it four strings, in imitation of the mundane music of the four elements. *Homer, Pindar, Horace, Virgil, Nicomachus, and Lucian*, agree that it had seven, a number which corresponds with that of the Planets. Such was the Lyre which *Mercury* invented and gave to *Orpheus*, after whose death it was hung up by the *Lesbians* in *Apollo's* temple. *Pythagoras* found it afterwards in a temple in *Egypt*, and improved it by the addition of an eighth string. *Timotheus*, the *Miletian*, added four new ones to the original seven. *Josephus*, in his *Jewish Antiquities*, mentions a Lyre with twelve strings. In the time of *Anacreon* the number had been much greater, for that Poet himself informs us that he sung in the whole compass of the *Twenty Strings*.\*

Notwithstanding we find that the *Telyn* or Welsh Harp, was always peculiar to our Bards; though, probably, there was no difference betwixt the Harp when in its ancient primitive form, and the Grecian Lyre: for *Diodorus Siculus* records that the Celtic Bards played on instruments like Lyres, ὀργάνων ταῖς λύραις ὁμοίων†.

In the time of the Welsh Princes, an hereditary Harp was preserved with great care and veneration in the household of every Prince and Lord, to be bestowed successively on the Bards of the family; and was as indispensable among the possessions of a gentleman, as a coat of arms.

The triple or modern Welsh Harp has three rows of strings: the two outside rows are unison, the middle row the flats and sharps. Its compass extends to five octaves. Some of its present appendages were probably the additions of the latter centuries. This celebrated instrument has been recently improved by the invention of pedals, which change it without tuning into all the different keys, and have rendered it much less complicated and inconvenient by reducing it to a single row of strings.

In expression and variety the Harp has no rival, which will be acknowledged by all who know how the heart is soothed by its delicate and softer sounds, as well as animated by its more powerful and brilliant tones. This is elegantly expressed by a Welsh Bard in the following stanza:

*Difyrwb, didrwb, didrais, (Tawelaid)*

*Yw Telyn byfrydlais;*

*Crŷ odlau, cywir adlais,*

*Nefolaidd wiw lwyfaidd lais!*

O Harp! within thy magic cells

Light, airy glee, and pleasure dwells,

And gentle rapture rings;

While clear-voic'd echo sends around

The heavenly gale of tuneful sound,

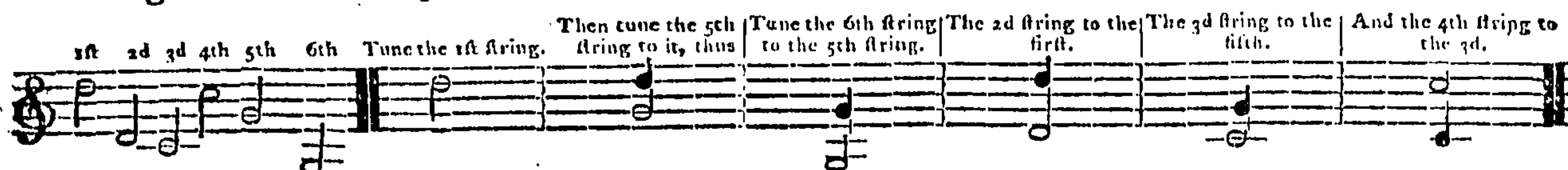
From all th' according strings.

The *Crwth* is the second in rank of the Welsh musical instruments. I believe it to be the parent of the violin. It has a most agreeable melody, and was frequently used as a tenor accompaniment to the Harp. It is now become extremely rare in *Wales*. Its length is  $20\frac{1}{2}$  inches, its breadth at bottom  $9\frac{1}{2}$ : towards the top it tapers to 8 inches. Its thickness is  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , and the finger-board measures 10 inches in length.

The *Crwth* is much more extensive in its compass, than the violin, and capable of great perfection, therefore deserves to be considered. It has six strings, viz.

- |                         |   |                                   |
|-------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Y Crâf-dant.         | } | The sharp string                  |
| 2. A'i Byrdon.          |   | And its base.                     |
| 3. Byrdon y Llorf-dant. | } | Accompaniment to the base string. |
| 4. Y Llorf-dant.        |   | The base string.                  |
| 5. Y Cyvoair-dant.      | } | The key note,                     |
| 6. A'i Byrdon.          |   | And its base.                     |

The strings of the *Crwth* explained, And the usual Method of tuning it.



Two or three of the lower strings of the *Crwth* are often struck with the thumb, and serve as a base accompaniment to the notes sounded with the bow; something in the manner of the *Bariton*. The bridge of this instrument is simple yet curious, serving also for a sound-board; which the reader will observe, if he casts his eye on the delineation of it in the *Trophy*.

\* See the *Prolegomena to Barnes's Edition of Anacreon*: and *Graffigneau's Musical Dictionary*.

† I have seen some antique Harps in *Wales*, with 18 or 20 strings, others with 25 or 30.

• See King *Howel's Laws* published by Dr. Wotton.



There was likewise a *Crwth Tritant* or three-stringed *Crwth*, which was the ancient Base-Viol. The performers on this instrument were not held in the same estimation and respect as the Bards of the Harp and *Crwth*: because the three-stringed *Crwth* did not require equal skill, and consequently its power was less sensibly felt.

The *Pibgorn* or Horn Pipe, is so called, because both extremities are made of horn. In blowing the wind passes through it, and sounds the tongue of a reed concealed within it. It has seven holes, and measures about 19 inches in length. Its tone is a medium between the Flute and the Clarinet, and is remarkable for its melody. This rural Pipe is peculiar to the *Isle of Anglesey*, where it is played by the shepherds, and tends greatly to enhance the innocent delight of pastoral life.

The *Tabwrdd*, Drum, or Tabret, was used either in war, or to accompany other instruments in concerts, at festivals, &c. We find indeed in the laws of King *Howel*, that Harps and Voices were principally used by the ancient Welsh to inspire courage before a battle. There is reason to think, however, that *Crwths*, Pipes, and Tabrets, were used for the same purpose.

The last, which perhaps should have been mentioned before, is the *Corn Buelin* or Bugle Horn. This instrument was sometimes called, *Corn Hirlas*, *Corn Cyweithas*, and *Corn Cycbwyn*; names which signify the Long Blue Horn, The Horn of the Household, and the Marching Horn. It was made, and received its general appellation, from the horn of the Buffalo, Bugle, or Wild Ox<sup>f</sup>, an animal formerly common in *Wales*. In the time of King *Howel*, it was the office of the master of the royal hounds to sound his Bugle Horn, in war, for a march, and to give the alarm and signal of battle. He likewise used it in hunting, to animate the hunters and the dogs, and to call the latter together. The master of the hounds had the same power of protection within the sound of his horn, while he was hunting; as the Chief Bard possessed while performing on his Harp. When his oath was required in a court of justice, he swore by his horn. By the old Welsh hunting laws<sup>g</sup> it was decreed, that every person carrying a horn was obliged to know the Nine Chaces; and that if he could not give a proper account concerning them, he should lose his horn. There were three Bugle horns belonging to the King: his Drinking Horn, the Horn for calling together the Household, and the Horn of the Master of the Hounds<sup>h</sup>.

This instrument had lids occasionally at the ends of it, and was the cup out of which our ancestors quaffed mead, for which they valued it as much as for its shrill and warlike sound. The jovial horn was sometimes a subject of the Cambro-Muse. There is a very fine spirited poem in the Rev. Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Bards, entitled *Hirlas Owain*, composed by *Owain Cyfeiliog*, Prince of *Powis*; which is elegantly translated in Mr. Pennant's last Tour in Wales. If I may take the liberty to borrow from it some lines, it will give my reader some idea how our famed ancestors used to regale themselves after battle in the days of yore.

“ Fill the *Hirlas Horn*, my boy,  
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry  
That warble *Owain's* praise;  
Those walls with warlike spoils are hung,  
And open wide his gates are flung  
In *Cambria's* peaceful days.

This hour we dedicate to joy;  
Then fill the *Hirlas Horn*, my boy,  
That shinerh like the sea;  
Whose azure handle, tipp'd with gold,  
Invites the grasp of *Britons* bold,  
The sons of liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,  
Mead will noblest deeds inspire.  
Now the battle's lost and won,  
Give the horn to *Gronwy's* son;  
Put it into *Gwgan's* hand,  
Bulwark of his native land,

Guardian of *Sabrina's* flood,  
Who oft has dy'd his spear in blood.  
When they hear their chieftain's voice,  
Then his gallant friends rejoice;  
But when to fight he goes, no more  
The festal shout resounds on *Severn's* winding shore.

Fill the gold-tipp'd horn with speed,  
(We must drink, it is decreed.)  
Badge of honour, badge of mirth,  
That calls the soul of music forth!  
As thou wilt thy life prolong,  
Fill it with *Metheglin* strong.

Pour out the horn, (though he desire it not)  
And heave a sigh on *Morgan's* early grave;  
Doom'd in his clay-cold tenement to rot,  
While we revere the memory of the brave.

<sup>f</sup> See the Laws of King *Howel*.

<sup>g</sup> Published at the end of Dr. Davies's Dictionary.

<sup>h</sup> *Howel's Laws*.



Fill the horn with foaming liquor,  
 Fill it up, my boy, be quicker;  
 Hence away, despair and sorrow!  
 Time enough to fight to-morrow.  
 Let the brimming goblet smile,  
 And *Ednyfed's* care beguile;  
 Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,  
 Master of the broken spear,  
 And the arrow-pierced shield,  
 Brought with honour from the field.  
 Like an hurricane is He,  
 Bursting on the troubled sea.  
 See their spears distain'd with gore!  
 Hear the din of battle roar.  
 Bucklers, swords, together clashing,  
 Sparkles from their helmets flashing!  
 Hear ye not their loud alarms?  
 Hark! they shout—to arms! to arms!

Thus were *Gartben's* plains defended,  
*Maelor* fight began and ended.  
 There two princes fought, and there  
 Was *Morach Voruran's* feast exchange'd for rout and fear.

Fill the horn: 'tis my delight,  
 When my friends return from fight,  
 Champions of their country's glory,  
 To record each gallant story.—  
 To *Tnyr's* comely offsprings fill,  
 Foremost in the battle still;  
 Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,  
 As heroes of maturer age;  
 In peace, and war, alike renown'd;  
 Be their brows with garlands crown'd,  
 Deck'd with glory let them shine,  
 The ornament and pride of *Tnyr's* ancient line!"

I was fortunate in meeting with one of these celebrated Horns at *Penrhyn* near *Bangor* in *Caernarvonshire*, formerly the seat of the *Griffiths*. By Initials and a Crest on the Horn, I find that it belonged to Sir *Rhys Gruffudd*; afterwards to his valiant son Sir *Piers Gruffudd*, who was living in 1598.—I made a correct drawing of it, which I have caused to be engraved in the Trophy, where the reader will see it hanging on the top of the Harp. The original is the most elegant antique I ever saw: it is tipped with sculptured silver, and decorated with a beautiful silver chain<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Its dimensions are the following:

The diameter of the semi-circle	—	13 $\frac{1}{4}$ Inches.
The whole line of the semi-circle	—	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.

The diameter of the drinking end	-	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Inches.
The diameter of the blowing end rather above		$\frac{1}{8}$
And contains about half a pint.		



# Rhyban Morfydd

45

Goffeg, or Prelude

Ad Libitum

Pia

For

## Merch Megan.

Amoroso

*p*

*f*

## Glân Feddwod mwyn.

Tempo di  
Minuetto

## Blodeu'r Grûg.

Brilliant



*Efarwel Ned Punw*

Maestoso

*hr**Plygiad y Bedol-fâch*

Maestoso

*Tri hanner Tôn.*

Gig.

*Confêt Gruffydd ap Cynan\**

Andante Affetuofo



\* PRINCE GRUFFYDD AP CYNAN, the great Patron and reformer of the Bards; Flourished AN: DOM: 1100.



**Maeftofo**

Heard ye not the Din from far? HURLECH led th'embattled War;  
LLOEGER's ter..ror, CYMRY's shield, HURLECH scour'd the routed Field.

2  
Wolves, that hear their young ones cry,  
Tamer on the Spoilers fly:  
Harvests, to the flames a prey,  
Perish flower still than they.

3  
Thine, swift CYNAN, thine the race  
Where the Warrior's line we trace:  
Brave TYNDAETHWY, boast to own  
HURLECH for thy braver Son.

4  
Swift the rapid Eagle's flight,  
Darting from his airy height:  
Swifter HURLECH's winged speed  
When he bade the battle bleed.

5  
Strong the Stream of OGWEN deep  
Thund'ring down his craggy Steep:  
Stronger HURLECH's matchless might,  
Raging thro' the ranks of fight.

6  
WYDDEA's snows for ages driv'n,  
Melt before the bolts of Heav'n:  
Blasted so by HURLECH's Eye  
Hearts of Heroes melt and die.

7  
Stung with terror fly the deer,  
The Pack's wild uproar bursting near:  
So, by HURLECH's voice dismay'd,  
Hosts of Heroes shrunk and fled.

8  
"Raife your Harps, your Voices raife,  
Grateful e'er in HURLECH's praise:  
HURLECH guards GWYNEDDIA's Plain,  
Bloody HENRY thirsts in vain.

9  
Louder strike, and louder yet,  
Till the echoing Caves repeat;  
"HURLECH guards GWYNEDDIA's Plain,  
Bloody HENRY thirsts in vain.

10  
Hence aloof, from CYMRY far  
Rage, thou Fiend of horrid War;  
CYMRY's Strength in HURLECH's Spear  
Mocks the Rage that threatens here!

11  
Long, too long, a Ruffian Band,  
Murd'rous SAXONS spoil'd the Land:  
HURLECH rose: the Waste is o'er.  
Murd'rous SAXONS spoil no more.

12  
LLOEGER now shall feel in turn  
CYMRY's Vengeance too can burn  
Thirst of Blood, and Thirst of Spoil,  
On the Plund'rers Heads recoil.

13  
Fly the Doves when Kites pursue?  
Dastards! so we rush on you:  
Flight shall fail, nor Force withstand,  
Death, and Horror fill your Land. — — —



*Erddigan tro'r tant***Animato****Spirito**

Probably to this animated Music the Welch Odes were sung.





*Cudyn Gwyn*



*Yr Hen Dôn*





*Morfa Rhuddlan.***Elegiac**The 2<sup>d</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> Variation may be play'd to Accompany the Voice

Fair on old HAVRENS bank, The modest violet blooms, & wide the scented air Its breath perfumes.

Bright shines the glorious Sun amidst the Heaven, When from its chearing Orb the clouds are driven;

A Form more beauteous still adorn'd the flood, GWENDOLEN'S fatal form LLEWELYN'S Blood!

2

For Her in Arms opposed  
Contending Warriors strove  
'Twas Beauty fir'd their Hearts  
GWENDOLEN'S Love.

On MORVA RHUDDLAN'S Plain the Rivals stood,  
Till MORVA RHUDDLAN'S Plain was drench'd in Blood:  
Not all proud LLOEGER'S might could CYMRU quell,  
Till foremost of his Band young GRIFFITH fell.

3

GWENDOLEN saw him fall,  
And "O the Maiden cried;  
Could Maiden Prayers avail  
Thou hadst not died!

Distracted to the Plain GWENDOLEN flew,  
To bathe her Hero's Wounds, her last Adieu!  
Fast o'er her Hero's Wounds, her Tears she shed  
But Tears alas! are vain...his Life was fled...

4

O then for GRIFFITH'S Son,  
Ye Maids of CYMRU mourn;  
For well the Virgins Tear  
Becomes his Urn.

Nor you, ye Youths, forbid your Tears to flow,  
For they shall best redress, who feel for Woe.  
Sweet sleeps the lovely Maid wept by the Brave  
For, ah! she died for him she could not save!

MORFA RHUDDLAN, or the Red March, on the Banks of the CLWYD in FLINTSHIRE, was the scene of many Battles of the Welsh with the Saxons. At the memorable conflict in 795, the Welsh were unsuccessful and their Monarch CARADOC slain. It is unknown whether this celebrated Tune took its name from this or some later occasion. The words now adapted to the Tune are verified from a fragment Published in the Letters from Snowden. This plaintive style, so predominant in Welsh Music, is well adapted to melancholy subjects. Our Music probably received a pathetic tincture from our distresses under the oppression of the Saxons.

**Variation 1<sup>st</sup>**







Var: 3<sup>d</sup>Var: 4<sup>th</sup>



Var 5<sup>th</sup>



*y Gâlôn Drom*

*Pathetic*

*p*

*tr*

*f*

Twll yn ei boch.

*Cantabile*

*tr*

Ffarwel Ffranfes.

*Affettuoso*

*tr*



Brilliant

Away; let nought to love displeasing,  
my WINTERED, move your care. Let nought delay the  
heavenly blessing, nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood!  
We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our Name, while Virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty,  
No mighty treasures we possess,  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

And when with envy time transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys;  
You'll in your Girls, again be courted,  
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

& Still shall each returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

Through Youth and Age in love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread;  
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly clung;  
To see them look their Mother's features,  
To hear them lip their Mother's tongue.

*Ragad, or, Reged*

Moderato

The above beautiful address to conjugal love is a translation from the Welch; and I believe, was first printed in a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by D. David Lewis, 1726. 8vo



*Ar hŷd y nos*

Maestrofo

Chorus

Cho?

Er bod rhai yn taer-u'n gal-ed,  
Fain would some with vows persuade me,

Ar hŷd y nos.

Ddar-fod i-mi goll-i'nghariad;  
That my faithful swain has fled me;

Ar hŷd y

Min-nau fydd heb fed - ru coel - io, I mi goll - i'nghar - iad et - to, I mi goll - i'nghar - iad et - to.  
nos. But my beat - ing heart will fal - ter, Ere it thinks his heart can alter, Ere it thinks his heart can al - ter.

Cho?

Variation 1<sup>st</sup>

Ar hŷd y nos.

Var: 2<sup>d</sup>

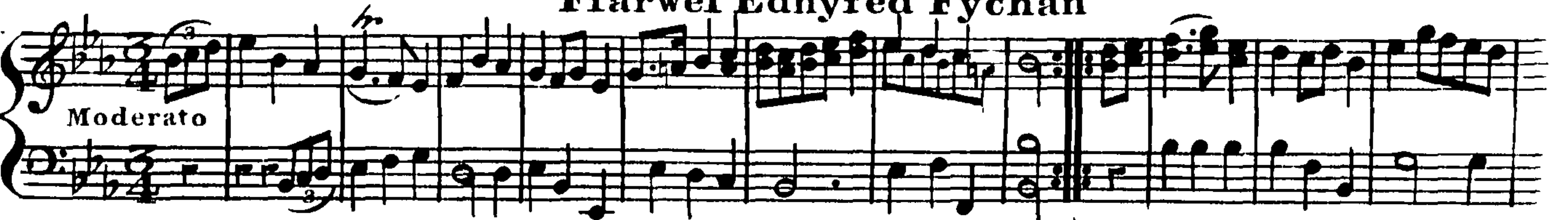
Harmonic

Var: 3<sup>d</sup>





### Ffarwel Ednyfed Fychan



EDNYFED FYCHAN, LORD OF BRYN FFENIGL, held great power & authority in Wales, in the former part of the XIII<sup>th</sup> century. He was chief Counsellor & Minister to LLEWELYN the GREAT, & leader of his Armies against the SAXONS. He usually fought with great success, & bringing back from one of his battles the heads of three Saxon Generals whom he had slain with his own hands, was rewarded by that Prince with a new coat of Arms, GULES, a CHEVRON between three SAXONS HEADS, proper couped. Of him defended OWEN TUDOR, of Penmyynydd, in the Isle of Anglesey, who married QUEEN CATHARINE, WIFE OF HENRY V.



*Triban*

Maestoso

Maestoso

Musical score for 'Triban' in Maestoso tempo. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The fourth system ends with a repeat sign.

## Wyres Ned Puw

Amoroso

Amoroso

Musical score for 'Wyres Ned Puw' in Amoroso tempo. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign.

Con  
Spirito



# *Dafydd y Garreg-wen*

59

Elegiac

6 6 5 4 4 6 6 # # # 6 7 6 6

It is a general tradition in CAERNARVONSHIRE, that a Bard of this name lying on his death bed, called for his Harp, and performed this plaintive Tune, which he desired should be repeated at his Funeral. ever since it has been called by his name and that of CARREG-WEN, the house where he lived in that county, which still remains. whether it was of higher antiquity, or was originally conceived by the dying Bard, is uncertain.

Languid  
and Slow

2/4

*Côr y Ffowalch*

Cantabile

*p* *f*



*Codiad yr Hedydd*

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It begins with a 'Moderato' tempo marking. The first system shows the piano and organ parts with fingerings 6, 4, 5, and 3 indicated. The second system continues the main melody. The third system is labeled 'Varia: 1st' and features a more active organ accompaniment. The fourth system continues the first variation. The fifth system is labeled 'Varia: 2d' and includes the instruction 'Or Octave higher' for the organ part. The sixth system continues the second variation. The seventh system is labeled 'Varia: 3d' and features triplets in both the piano and organ parts. The score concludes with a final cadence.



### Digan y Pibydd Coch.

Cantabile

### Hob y Dirif.

Dernyn, or a fragment.



Megen a Gollodd ei *h* gardas.

Majestic



## Dewis Meinwen.

Tempo di  
Minuetto

## Ab-fj-dòn

Arioso





*Triban Grvyr Morgannwg.*

63

Majestic

*Sibel.*

Moderato

For

Pia



*Nôs Galan*

Allegro

Chorus

Chos

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics: "O môr gynnes myn-wes mein-wen, fal lal &c". The bass staff provides the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Sym

Chos

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics: "O mor fel-us yw'r cufan-au, Gyda ferch a mwyn-ion eiriau, fal lal &c". The bass staff provides the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Var: 1.<sup>st</sup>

First variation (Var: 1.<sup>st</sup>) of the piano accompaniment. It features a more active and rhythmic bass line compared to the main piece.

Var: 2.

Second variation (Var: 2.) of the piano accompaniment. It introduces triplet figures in both the treble and bass staves.

Var: 3.

Third variation (Var: 3.) of the piano accompaniment. It features a more complex and rapid bass line with many sixteenth notes.

Var: 4.

Fourth variation (Var: 4.) of the piano accompaniment. It features a more complex and rapid bass line with many sixteenth notes.

Harmonic





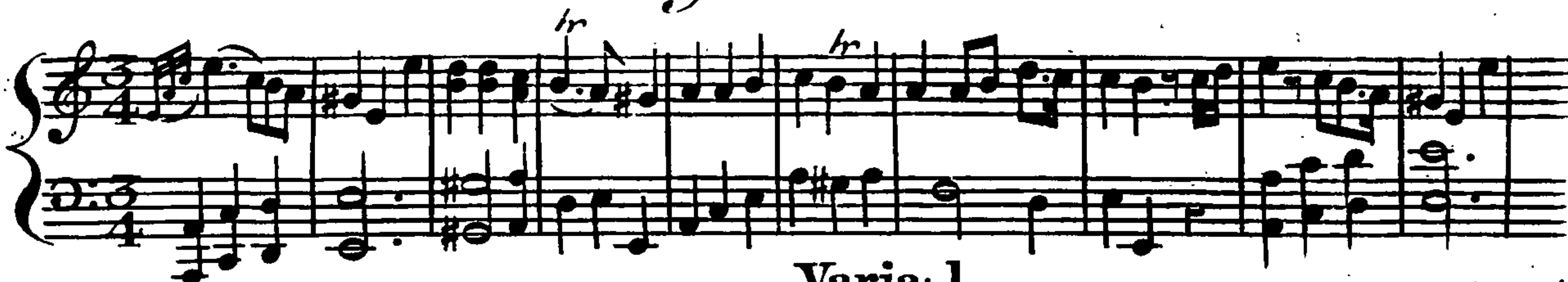
*Tros y Garreg*





*Anghwylid ymadael*

Andante



Varia: 1.



Var 2.



Varia: 3.





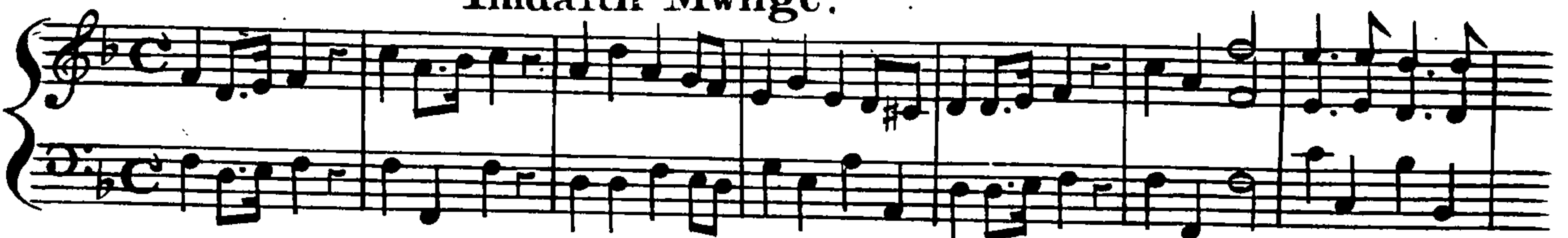


## Varia: 4.

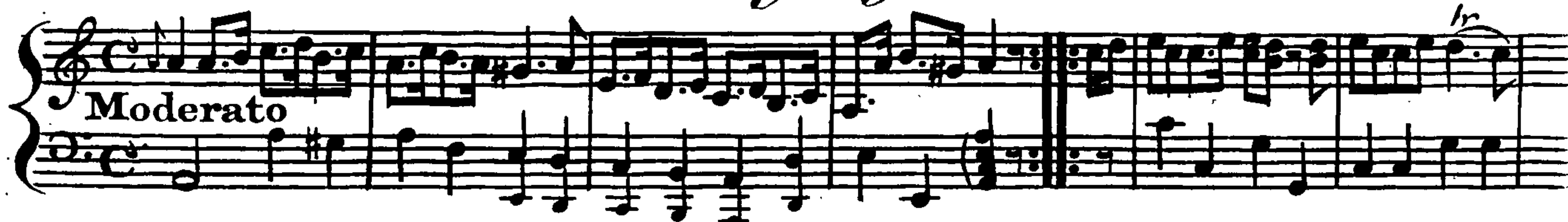


## Ymdaith Mwngc.

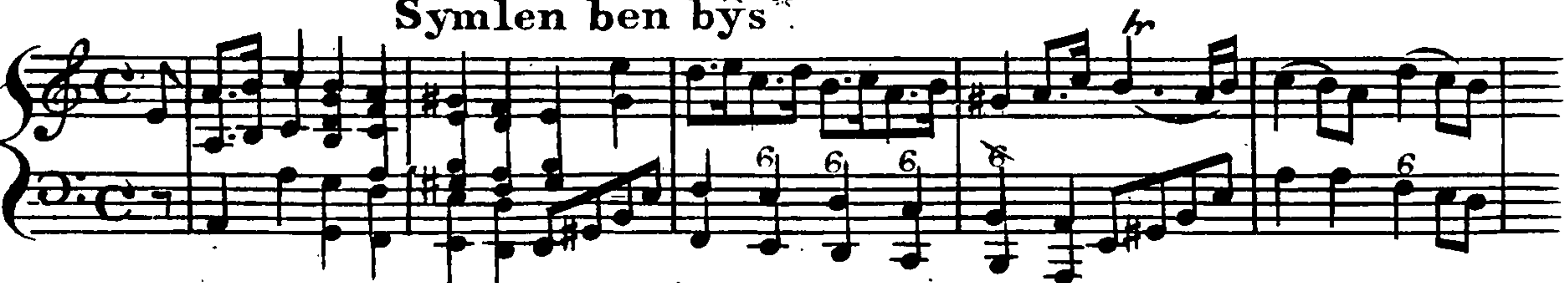
Maestoso

Poco  
Allegro



*Torriad y Dydd**Symlen ben bŷs\**

Andante  
Affettuoso



Arioso

*Breuddwyd y Frenhines.*

\* SYMLEN BEN BYS, was a favourite Tune of the great Pastoral Poet DAFYDD AB GWILYM, who flourished about the Year 1400. He wrote a Poem in its praise, wherein he informs us that he had learned to play it on his Harp. See Jones's *Gorchuddion Beirdd Cymru*, page 18 &c



# Gadael y Tir \*

69

*Affetuofo*

Er a wel-ais dan y fer, O lawn-der, glew-der gwledydd, O gwrw da, a  
 gwyr i'w drin, A gwin ar fin af-on-ydd: Goreu bir, a goreu bwyd, a ran-wyd i Feirionydd.

\*This Tune, whose Title is LEAVING THE LAND, implies the departure of the Britons from their Native Country, either in marching to War, or emigrating to Ireland, or Armorica. The Words now adapted to it are modern; see page 36.

## Y Fwyna 'n fyw.

*Adagio Affetuofo*

## Hela 'r ysgyfarnog.

*Allegro ma non troppo*

## Y Stwffwl.

*Moderato*



*Crott y Coed*

*Poco Allegro*

**Dilyn Serch**

*Cantabile*

**Syr Harri Ddu \***

*Amoroso*

**Hûd y Bibell**

*Affettuoso*

\* Black Sir HARRY, or HENRY SALISBURY, of the family of Hlewenny  
in Denbighshire, lived in the latter part of the 14<sup>th</sup> Century.



*Amoroso*

*Mentra Gwen*

*Cantabile*

*Tôn y Fammaeth.*

*Cantabile*



**Moderato**

**Var: 1<sup>st</sup>**

**Var: 2<sup>d</sup>**

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a 'Moderato' section consisting of two staves. This is followed by 'Var: 1<sup>st</sup>' which consists of three staves. The final section is 'Var: 2<sup>d</sup>' consisting of two staves. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

\* DR. RHYS'S Grammar makes mention of a Bard named GRUFFYDD BEN RHAW, and probably this Tune was Composed about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, or at least acquired this title at that time.







*Maldod Arghwyddes Owen*

**Arioso moderato**

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a basso continuo line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Arioso moderato'. The score is divided into two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the basso continuo is in the bass staff. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. The basso continuo line includes figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) indicating the harmonic structure.

# Mantell Siani

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "FANTASY DANCE" by Franz Liszt. The score is written for piano and is divided into two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo marking "Allegro" is placed above the first staff. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, with corresponding chords and single notes in the left hand. The second system continues the piece, showing more complex rhythmic patterns and a final cadence. The score is presented in a clear, black-and-white format, typical of a printed musical manuscript.

# Gorddinam.

**Gordainam.**

Andante

## Blodeu'r Drain

The musical score for "Bleak and Brail" is presented in two systems. The first system features a piano introduction marked "Cantabile" in 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, marked with a piano dynamic (*p*) and a crescendo (*Cres.*) leading to a forte (*f*) section. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.



# Mwynen Môn

75

Adagio

The first system of music for 'Mwynen Môn' is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with many accidentals, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Fingering numbers (6, 7, 8) are indicated for the left hand.

The second system continues the piece. It includes a repeat sign at the end of the system.

## Consêt Dafydd ap Gwilym

Allegro

The first system of 'Consêt Dafydd ap Gwilym' is in 6/8 time. The right hand has a more complex, flowing melody. Dynamics like *f* and *fz* are used. Fingering numbers (6, 4, 3, 6) are present.

## Shenkin

Allegro moderato

The first system of 'Shenkin' is in common time (C). The right hand has a simple, steady melody. The left hand has a more active accompaniment.

The second system of 'Shenkin' continues the piece. It includes a repeat sign at the end of the system.

*p* Variation

The third system of 'Shenkin' includes a variation section marked with a repeat sign and the word 'Variation'. The dynamics *p* and *f* are indicated.

*for* *p* *Cres. f*

The fourth system of 'Shenkin' includes a section marked 'for' and 'Cres. f'. The dynamics *p* and *f* are indicated.

The fifth system of 'Shenkin' concludes the piece. It includes a repeat sign at the end of the system.



*Cynghan-sail Cynury.*Variation 1<sup>st</sup>Varia: 2<sup>d</sup>Varia: 3<sup>d</sup>Varia: 4<sup>th</sup>Varia: 5<sup>th</sup>Varia: 6<sup>th</sup>Varia: 7<sup>th</sup>Varia: 8<sup>th</sup>

The famous PURCELL admired this Welsh Ground so much, that he imitated it in a Catch.



Varia: 9<sup>th</sup>

77

First system of music for 'Varia: 9<sup>th</sup>'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a continuous, rapid sixteenth-note melody. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

Varia: 10<sup>th</sup>

Second system of music for 'Varia: 10<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff features a melody with some chromaticism and slurs. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is at the start.

Varia: 11<sup>th</sup>

Third system of music for 'Varia: 11<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff has a more melodic line with some rests. The bass staff is active with sixteenth-note patterns. A trill (*tr*) is marked in the treble staff towards the end of the system.

Varia: 12<sup>th</sup>

Fourth system of music for 'Varia: 12<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff contains a fast, flowing sixteenth-note melody. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

Varia: 13<sup>th</sup>

Fifth system of music for 'Varia: 13<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff features a dense, rapid sixteenth-note texture. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Varia: 14<sup>th</sup>

Sixth system of music for 'Varia: 14<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff has a very fast, intricate sixteenth-note melody. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is at the beginning.

Varia: 15<sup>th</sup>

Seventh system of music for 'Varia: 15<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff contains a fast, flowing sixteenth-note melody. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is at the start.

Varia: 16<sup>th</sup>

Eighth system of music for 'Varia: 16<sup>th</sup>'. The treble staff features a fast, flowing sixteenth-note melody. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment.



78 Varia: 17<sup>th</sup>

Musical score for Variation 17, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a complex, fast-moving melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Varia: 18<sup>th</sup>

Musical score for Variation 18, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with dynamic markings *p* and *f*.

Varia: 19<sup>th</sup>

Musical score for Variation 19, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with dynamic markings *p*, *cres.*, *f*, *p*, *cres.*, *f*, *p*, and *f*. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with dynamic markings *p* and *f*.

Varia: 20<sup>th</sup>

Musical score for Variation 20, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Varia: 21<sup>st</sup>

Musical score for Variation 21, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Varia: 22<sup>d</sup>

Musical score for Variation 22, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Varia: 23<sup>d</sup>

Musical score for Variation 23, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Varia: 24.

Musical score for Variation 24, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The text "Or Harpeggio" is written below the bass staff.

*Finis.*



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