MUSICAL AND POETICAL RELICKS
OF THE
WELSH BARDS:
PRESERVED BY TRADITION, AND AUTHENTIC MANUSCRIPTS,
FROM REMOTE ANTIQUITY;
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.
TO THE TUNES ARE ADDED
Variations for the Harp, Harpsichord, Violin, or Flute.
WITH A CHOICE COLLECTION OF THE
PENNILLION, EPIGRAMMATIC STANZAS,
OR,
NATIVE PASTORAL SONNETS OF WALES,
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.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND TO BE HAD OF HIM, AT NO. 9, PRINCES-STREET,
HANOVER-SQUARE.

LIKEWISE MAY BE HAD A BOOK OF ITALIAN SONGS, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE HARPSICHORD; AND
A BOOK OF SONATAS, &C. COMPOSED BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

1784.
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 un worthy 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 deemed 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 ratify 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 promise 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 jealous 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.
On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conways foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
Loose his beard and hoary hair
Scream'd like a meteor to the troubled air
And with a Masters hand and Prophets fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre

Gray's Bard
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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; Beôn, Boon; Bin, Been; &c.

C, as C English in Can; but never soft as in City.
Cō, as the Greek χ 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, as L aspirated; and can be represented in English only by Lh or Lih.
Th, as Th English in Thought; but never soft, as in Them.
U, as I English in Biff, 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, Tdh,

* Fine, according to the Welsh Orthography, would be pronounced Vren."
[1]

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

THE WELSH BARDS,

AND

THEIR MUSIC AND POETRY.

By the Roman invasion, and the more barbarous incursions of the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, and the emigration of the Britons to Armorica; by the frequent destruction of MSS. and the massacre of the Clergy; and the Bards; 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. Boethus says, he reigned over the Celts, and was famous for the invention of Poetry and Music. Perizonius, as Vitus afferre, called the music of Bardus not every music, but that which is poetical. Bardus, however, if other accounts may be credited, was not the first who cultivated the fitter arts in this island. Blefogred, 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.

The Bards were originally a constitutional appendage of the Druidical hierarchy, which was divided into three classes, priests, philosophers, and poets. At Llandan, 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. Mr. Macon in his Caracaus, has adopted the ancient distinction of three orders of Druids. Having spoken of the arch Druid, he proceeds—

His brotherhood
Poffed the neighb'ring cliffs:
   On the left
Refide the sage Euvates: yonder grots
Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly whence;
Roll'd in their flowing veils of innocent white;
Defend, with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning immortal strains.

About the year 383, a thousand thousand Britons, besides a numerous army of soldiers, followed the emperor Maximus to Armorica, now Brittany, in France, which was conquered, and placed Corne Meriadoc, a British lord and general, on the throne. See Ifor of Mounmouth, book 7th, ch. 15, 16. Also Drury Preu Quin by Theophilus Evans. Likewise Wyne's history of Wales, p. 8. And further particulars in Owen's history of the Ancient Britons, p. 100, vol. 1.

The Welch 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 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. Gutho Glynt, an eminent Bard of the 17th century, has in one of his poems the following passage:

Llyfrwn Cymru au lle'radd
F'r Ymrei gen am yno, heudd
Yfeler sedd Tjolum
Pwurw'r ymrei lle'radd

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 Britith learning and poetry were so scattered and destroyed, "that there escaped not one (as William Salibury relates) that was not incurably maimed, and irrecoverably torn and mangled." See Evans's Specimen, p. 160.

The university of Bangor-i-Cad, founded by Lucius king of Britain, was remarkable for its valuable library. It continued 350 years, and produced many learned men. Congillus, a holy man, who died A. D. 350, changed the university into a monastery, containing 200 monks. At the inundation of Sulinion the Monk, Ethelred, 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 673. See Humphrey Lloyd's Britannaice, in Descriptiones Commentariorum. Lewis's history of Great Britain. Folio, London, 1719, b. 5, ch. 1. And Round's Mona Antiqua, 2d edition, p. 151, &c.

See Guthrie's Historical Grammar, and the sequel of this history.

Lewis's history, b. 2, ch. 6.

"De un a Sc垆' y daelh Blegwyndr yr afainn, ac ef ei oedrast Gutor Cwyllai cyfal ef o Efroediged Moc, ac o Gwyllt Idriged Moc, ac o bwlch a cwmbynt y greith a Dafydd Gwyward. A brem a subjedh heb o'r Pyx Pryddin 'r meurad, a'u fae brenin, a'r brenin gwyllt, dyddol 2069 a phwyddodd. Tywhir's British History, MS. Fabyan also, speaking of Blegwyndr, names him "a conwy nifewing, called of the Britons God of Gleemyn." Chron. t. 3d, ed. 1533. See also Lewis's history, b. 2, ch. 35.


Mona Antiqua, p. 276, 239.
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

Of the Bards, however, and of their poetry and music, at those remote periods, little more than a faint tradition is preferred: 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 Caesar; 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 Caesar declares, the supremacy and omnipotence of the gods was acknowledged, the immortality and transmigration of the soul was believed, 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 institutions. 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. 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 praisés of those who had signalized themselves by virtuous and heroic actions. 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, are composers of melodies, called Bards, who sing to instruments like lyres, panegyrical, or inveotive 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.

A fragment of Ptolemy, preferred in Athens, 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. Depicting the wealth and magnificence of Lucernus, Ptolemy relates, that ambitious of popular favour, he frequently was borne over the plains in a chariot, scattering gold and silver among his attendants, and among 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. Lucernus, charmed with his song, called for a purse of gold, and threw it to the Bard, who, animated with gratitude, renewed the epocumium, 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 (ΣΩΣΗ ΑΡΜΑΘΑΛΕΙΤ) ΧΡΥΣΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΙΑΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΙΣ ΦΕΡΕΙ.

The disciples of the Druidical Bards, during a noviciate of twenty years, learnt an immense number of verses, in which they preferred 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 mylerious knowledge from the contemplation of the vulgar. The metre in which these poetical doctrines were communicated, was called Enthesis Micrur, or the Warrior's Song, which, as the reader will see in the annex 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.

1 De Bello Gallico, lib. vi.
3 Tacitus de moribus Germanorum.
4 Retracted to the valley, sing With notes anguish to many a harp, Their own heroic deeds, and laudes fall By doom of battle.
5 Milton.
7 Diodorus Siculus de Gens. Fabulos. Ant. i. vii. See also the notes on the same song of Drayton's Polyblion.
8 See the Rev. Mr. Evans's Specimens of Welsh Poetry, in Differt, de Bardi; i. 65. 66.
9 Caesar de Bello Gallico, i. vii.
10 See Moa Antiqua, p. 255, and Llyw's Archaeologia, p. 254, and 221. writing
THE WELSH BARDS.

Druidical Triambics.

Marchwiai bell brigaes,
A dyn fy nhreod o wanvas;
Nac addef dy rin i weidd).

Marchwiai derw mawynnwyn,
A dyn fy nhreod o gwauyn;
Nac addef dy rin i forwyn.

Marchwiai derw delitar,
A dyn fy nhreod o garcebar;
Nac addef dy rin i lofar.

Eirn mynydd, gwyn pwb ty;
Cywmyn brân o chau;
Ni idaw dî o dra chyfgau.

Eirn mynydd, gwynnt ac tzwol;
Llydan lleorgan, glas tafauol;
Odi dyn ddirid, dibawel.

Eirn mynydd, hydd yr mron;
Gochwiban gwnynt uoch blan en;
Tyrddyd troed i hen ei ffon.

In the three first, the Druids seem to invoke their groves, and set forth their sacred privileges and exemptions. In the other three, they apostrophize the mountain Eryri or Snowdon, the Parthenus 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 exercised of their ancient poetical function is described in a very animated manner by Lucan,

You too, ye Bards! whom sacred captures are To chant your heroes to your country's lyre; Who consecrate in your immortal strain Brave patriot souls in righteous battle plain; Securely now the tuneful task renew And noblest themes in deathless fongs pursue!

Such was the new but imperfectly discovered scene which the great Caesar'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.

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 Mufic moved with them, and settled in Ireland, which from that period was for many ages the seat of learning and philosophy, till wars and diffusions buried almost every trace of them in oblivion.

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 Miffelo was deprived of its ancient authority, and the sword prevailed in its place. The Mufick 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 reprefest the fury of armies preparing to ruff upon each other's spears: now

With other echo taught the shades
To answer, and refound far other song.

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

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*Cefnach, Arcanum.
+ Ysa Sarach, Homo Garulus.
+ Neilor vigilantium fono.
+ Homo necnam litis occassione non carebit.
+ Scib bels, tertius per ello.
+ now's Lucan, b. 1.

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* Suetonii Vita. Lucan Pharsalia.
* An account of the Britth or Cambrian Music, by Mr. Lewis Morris.
* Ad Vfsum Druides, Druida cantare flectant. Ovid. See Mona Antiqua.
* Milton's Paradice Lost.
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

Anserin Gawawdridd, called by his successors Monarch of Bards, lived under the patronage of Mynyddauw of Edinborough, a prince of the North, whose Miluy, or men at arms, 363 in number, all wearing gold chains, were slain, except Anserin 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 Anserin.

ODE,

Selected from the Gododin.

Gwyra acb Gattaeth feddaeth faddauw,
Durse frug flatloann oedd can nas cynwysllaw,
I am lafrgwar cob, gafwar, gwrmaw,
Dwyi dengyn ymledyn aergaw,

Ar duw lleynhie be icb barnafaun,
Dilun, dyn yn fyn nis gadausfyn,
Dysillt a gollies, diffais oeddau, Rhyg yn ymwrinby, rium rhiadun.
Ni mynnau gwrwael gwaddawel cwrgaww,
Maban y Gwan o faen Gwynnau.

Pan gymfei Garadawg i gad,
Mab bennel ceid, trychun, trychad Tarw bydthin yn nhrin gomyniad.
Ef lithiau wyddog ei angad.

Ardyllawc cawn, gynmai o Sri,
Twrn tan, a thraran, a rbyfertb,
Gwyr adderchauw marwawg myfii
Rhudd Fedel rhyfel o eiddun.
Gwr gwnedd, difaddawg, dygyymiyn yngbad.
O'r meint gwyrad yr gyw.

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage, and wild affright,
Upon Dirra'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 tawny boar
Or the bull, with fallen 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 thiev'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,
Wreathe'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's exalt'd juice.

Flush'd with mirth, and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
(Burftling thro' the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

* Evans's Difort. de Bards; p. 68, 69.

Taliesin,
THE WELSH BARDS.

Taliesin, who in one of his poems gives an honourable testmony to the fame of Aneurin, was like him called Penbeirdd, king of Bards. He lived in the reign and enjoyed the favour of Mathogw Gwynedd, king of Britain. He was found, when an infant, exposed in a weir, which Gwyddno Garair, the petty king of Caerdr Gwaedlog, had granted as a maintenace to prince Elphin his son. Elphin, with many amiable qualities, was extravagant; and having little successe 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 Dybdadiog Elphin, the consolation of Elphin, which the Bard addressed 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 Teguany (where he was for some mishoond confined by his uncle Mathog), and afterwards conferred upon him an illustrious immortality.

Taliesin was the master or poetical preceptor of Myrddin ap Morfron: he enriched the British Prophesy 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 imibed.

The poem which I have chosen for a specimen of Taliesin’s manner, is his description of the battle of Argoed Lynywain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Urien Reged, king of Cumbria, against Eflamddwyn, a Saxon general, suppos’d to be Ida, king of Northumberland. I am indebted to the obliging disposition and undiminishe powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animed verification of this valuable antique—

Gwaith Argoed Lynywain.
CAN URIEN.
T barau dywch saethorn, odd fauor a siu,
O'r pan ddwyre haul, byd pan gynnau.

Dywiai o Efarnwy, yn bedswrlut,
Goddod, a Reged, i yneddyllu.
Dywiai o Argoed, byd Arfynydd;
Ni ccephnt Emiste byd yr unydd!

Argoed Eflamddwn, fawr dryfoch wonder,
A dddynTyngwylion, a ynt parayed?
Tr atrywy fawain, ddeyrain fflwydd,
Ni dddynTyngwylion, nid ynt parayed.
A Chenu, niw Coel, byddai gynswyaug leu,
Cyn a talio i swyl nebau!

The Battle of Argoed Lynywain.

Morning rofe: the illuing sun
Saw the dreadful fight begun:
And that sun’s defending ray
Clos’d the battle, clos’d the day.

Eflamddwyn pour’d his rapid bands,
Legions four, o’er Reged’s lands.
The numerous hoft from side to side
Spread destrucion wild and wide.
From Argoed’s summits, forest-crown’d,
To steep Arfynydd’s utmost bound.
Short their triumph, short their sway,
Born and ended with the day!

Flush’d with conquest Eflamddwyn said,
Boastful at his army’s head,
"Strive not to oppo the stream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem.
Give me pledges, Eflamddwyn cried,
Never, Urien’s son replied
Owen 1 of the mighty stroke:
Kindling, as the hero spoke,
Cenau", Coel’s blooming heir
Caught the flame, and gras’d the spear.

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

1 A part of Cumbria, the country of prince Lywarch Hen, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.
2 Some place on the borders of Northumberland.
1 Owen ap Urien acted as his father’s general.
2 Cenau led to the asistance of Urien Reged the forces of his father Coel Godollog, king of a northern craft, called Godub, probably inhabited by the Godins of Ponyl. Owen ap Urien and Cenau ap Coel were in the number of Arthur’s Knights. See Lewis’s History of Britain, p. 201.
Historical Account Of

Atrelawit Urien, ydd yr ecbwydd,
O bydd yng Ngharfed am garennwydd.
Dyrbafion eidoed odduc mynydd,
Ae ymborthyn wyneb odduc eymil,
A dyrbafion beliadr odduc ben goby,
A chyrbion Fflamddwyn yn ei lwyd;
A lladdun ag ef, a'i gyweithyd!

A rhag gwatach Argoed Llwyfain,
Bu llawer celain:
Rhuddi frain,
Rhai rhyfel goby!
A gwariant a ffrwyn gan ei newydd.
A rinaf y bloeddyn nad wyf cynydd,

Ac ym i falwyf ben,
Te mynn aengan anen;
Nn byddaf ymderorthen,
Na motwyf Urien!

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 vanquished lion lie
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die.

Day advance'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 myriad's sweep,
Fflamddwyn never can suftain
The force of our united train."

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

These are Taliesin's rhymes,
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-futuding death
Clore these eyes, and stop this breath,
Ever I forget to raise
My grateful songs to Urien's praise!

Llywarch Hên, or Llywarch the aged, a Cumbrian prince, is the third great Bard of the Britifh annals.
He past his younger days at the court of king Arthur, with the honourable distinction of a free guest. When the Britifh power was weakened by the death of Arthur, Llywarch was called to the aid of his kinsman Urien Raged, king of Cambria, and the defence of his own principalty, 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 Britifh 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 Cig * in North Wales, to foothe with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and vent with elegiac numbers the sorrows of old age

* Llywarch died, near the age of 150, about the year 636; and was buried at Llansor near Bala in Merionethshire, where, in the well window of the church, is a stone with an inscription. in
THE WELSH BARDS.

in diff'rens. 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 Venetian and partly the Cumbrian dialect, and from (cants and) fragments 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 nót, like that great Bard, extend the bounds of British poetry, but followed implicitly the works of the Druids, clozing 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 consoles with me at the waters of Cig.

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-armed hounds in the defile:
Again the birds are heard to warble.

From Poem II.

Distinguished among all my sons
When they singled out their adversaries
Pwyll 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 Pwyll gloried in her husband.

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

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

O Gwên! 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 Gwên! in my trembling age have I —
lost thee.

My son was a hero: the sun was below Gwên.
He was the nephew of Urisen
He was slain by the Ford of Morlas.

* Those who shall be invited 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
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 unirhythm 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 Morfryn, 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. He was born at Caerwys, near the forest of Gwyddel, in Scotland; where he possessed a great estate, which he lost in the war of his Lord Gwennol ap Ceidio, and Adellan Fadawg against Rhysderch 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 flew his own nephew, the son of his sister Gwannya. 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 tinctured with the enthusiasm of madness: He afterwards probably returned to Wales, where, in the disorder of his mind, he vented those poetical prophecies that pafs under his name, and were translated into Latin, and published by Geoffrey of Monmouth. He was buried in the Isle of Anglesey, or Bardsey, on the coast of North Wales, where there was a college of Black cowled Monks.

Afallennau Myrddin y rhai a geni gan ei Arglwydd  
Gwennol ab Ceidio.

A raddaid i neb yn un phygaint,  
A rod i Ferddin cyn no benaint  
Saith Afallen bereint a fathiu againt;  
Tn gyffed gyfrolwch gybiad gymmacad  
Trwy frai ymrealu y tyfelddiant;  
Un dddol wedd ei gorhobain;  
Gloyweddi ei benu, glofywyn ei dain.

Afallen bren bren! y fodd fad,  
Nid bychan dy tuag fuwch yno arnad;  
A minnuw suth auaw angelaug am damad,  
Rbag dyfod y coedwyr coed gymmacad  
I gladdu dy coradd a llwyru dy bad:  
Pai na thyb byth afal arnad.  
A minnuw suth gwyllyt gorbychyd  
Im caethed, Cythrudd rhim cudd dillad  
Neun roddw Gwennolau isyfu yn rbad  
De yntau beddwy faw na baad.

Myrddin Emrys, or Merlin Ambros, the prophet and reputed magician, born at Gwennol, was the son of a Welsh Nun, daughter of a king of Dumnonia. His father was unknown. He was made king of West Wales by Parigia, 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 Gloyweddi, 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, left the destructive woodman should dig thee up by the roots, or other wise to injure thy prolific nature, that apples would no more grow on thy branches: for this I am wild with grief, torn with anxiety, ungulfs pierces me to the heart; I suffer no garment to cover my body. These trees are the ineffable gifts of Gwennolau, He who is now, as if he was not.

1 Differtatio de Bardis, p. 77. Lewis’s History of Britain, p. 206.

2 Aew dr i giff gan Ddruw ry gai  
Aew ymheb yr ambyglaid.  
S. Defri i Myrddin. MS.

3 Sir William Glynn, in Gwennolau Ddruw Gicb. MS.
THE WELSH BARDs.

Sweet apple-tree, of tall and flately growth! how admired thy shade and shelter, thy profitableness and beauty often will mighty lords and princes form a thousand pretences for frequenting thy reeves, nor less eager the false and luxurious monks; and equally intent are the idle talkative youths: all hanker after thy apples; they all pretend to prophesy 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 slaughter were 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! Gwennddolau loves me not, the graces 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 Gwennddolau no prince honours me, I am not foothered with diversions, I am no longer visited by the fair: yet in the battle of Arberydd I wore the golden torques, though I am now defiled by her who is fair as the flowery 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 Mevwydd 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 Jefus! why was I not taken away by destruction, ere it was the sad fate of my hand to kill the fon of Gwennddyl?

Sweet apple-tree, appearing to the eye a large and fair wood of flately trees! monarch of the surrounding woods; shading all, thyself unfathed! yet shall my song of prophecy announce the coming again of Mevraed, 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 Gwenbrwsfar remember the crimes she has been guilty of, when an ecclesiastical hero leads the warriors to battle. Alas! far more lamentable is my destitution, and hope affords no refuge. The fon of Gwennddyl is dead, slain by my accursed hand!
Historical Account of

Afsallen heren beraf ei haeren,
Ay dy fyn ar gel ym argoed Calydron!
Cyd ceifer, ofer fydd berwyddi 'i haddon,
Yn i ddel Cadwaladr i gyndai rhyd Rhiron
Cysan ym eirch o ybrywn-or Saron.
Cymry a orfodd oin fidde dragon;
Caffant beawch ei deitii llawon ft Bythion:
Caintor eyn elwed, catbli heddwch a binon.

Sweet apple-tree, loaded with the sweetest fruit,
growing in the lonely wilds of the woods of Calydron
all seek thee for the sake of thy produce, but
in vain; until Cadwaladr comes to the conference
of the ford of Rhiron, and Cysan 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 refreshed to every one his own:
then shall the founder of the trump of gladness
proclaim the song of peace, the serene days of
blessings.

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 listen some of those dark colours in which they have usually painted our ancestors.
The rays of genius that shine 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 felt 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 differ 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.

The Druids, in their emigration to Ireland, had not left Britain entirely destitute of its muse, which though
no longer communicated by the precepts of that learned order, was perpetuated by practice. It languished
indeed for a time, but afterwards grew and flourished in Wales with the other surviving arts of Britain.

"It seems to have been a prerogative peculiar to the ancient kings of Britain, to preside in the Eisteddfod
or Congress of the Bards. Accordingly we find that late in the seventh century Cadwaladr sat in an Eisteddfod
assembled for the purpose of regulating the Bards, taking into consideration their productions and performance,
and giving new laws to harmony. It is recorded that a Bard, who played on the harp in the presence of this illustrious assembly in a key called Is gwyr ar yr Bragod Dannon, was censured for the inharmonious effect he produced, interdicted under a heavy penalty from using it ever after; and commanded whenever he performed before persons skilful in the art to adopt that of Maynen Gwynded, the pleasing key of North Wales, which the royal associates first gave out, and preferred for its conformity with finging, and its
superiority over the L Gwyrr, which strikingly resembled the tone of the Pipes of Morfydd, a great performer on that instrument. They even decreed that none could sing with true harmony, but in Maynen
Gwynded, because that key is formed of strings that make a perfect concord, and the other is of a mixed
nature: of which superiority we have examples in the following tunes; Caniad Ceffir, Caniad o Fwar-
wyrbiau, Caniad Javan ab yr Gof, Caniad Anrog Dewi, Caniad Cydlogi, Caniad Einion Denywr, Caniad
Gych yr Cof, and many others."

To this period may be referred, not without probability, those great but obscure characters in Welsh
music, Iebel, Isurwrth, and yr Athro Pêl, and the Keys, and Chromatic Notes by them invented and still distin-
guished by their names.

From the era of Cadwaladr history is obstinately silent concerning the Welsh music and poetry to the

* The reader may for these reflections better expressed by M. Mallet, in his Introduction à l'Histoire de Vanessa.
** Cambro-Brittannica Gymnastics Language Inquisitions By Dr.

John David Rhydd., p. 105. Aith Gymnastics Gymnastics. By John
Rhydd., 1200 printed at Stroudley, 1758, p. 144.
Mr. Lewis Morris, in one of his MSS. which I have seen,
supposes that they were Druids.
middle of the tenth century, a period illuminated by the laws of Howel. In these laws we do not find the musical or poetical establishment of the national Bards; but they contain such injunctions respecting the Bard of the palace, and the chief Bard of Wales, as in some measure compensate for that defect of information.

When the chief Bard appeared at the court of the Welsh princes, he sat next to the judge of the palace. None but himself and the Bard of the palace was allowed to perform in the presence of the prince. When the prince desired to hear music, the chief Bard sang to his harp two poems, one in praise of the Almighty, the other concerning kings and their heroic exploits, after which a third poem was sung by the Bard of the palace. He obtained his pre-eminence by a poetical contest, which was decided by the judge of the palace, who received on this occasion from the successful candidate, as an honorary fee, a bugle-horn, a gold ring, and a cushion for his chair of dignity. His poetical rights and authority were not subject to the control of the prince, and his privilege of protection tasted from the beginning of the first song in the hall of the palace, to the conclusion of the last*. But what remains to be said of the manner of his election, and the nature of his office, I must defer, till the statutes of Gruffydd ap Cynan enable me to speak more largely, and with greater certainty, of this dignified person.

The Bard of the palace, who was in rank the eighth officer of the prince's household, received at his appointment a harp and an ivory chefs-board from the prince, and a gold-ring from the princes. On the same occasion he presented a gold-ring to the judge of the palace. At the prince's table on the three great festivities of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, he sat next to the matter of the palace, and publicly received from the hands of that officer the harp on which he performed. When he went with other Bards upon his Clera or musical peregrination, he was entitled to a double fee. He was obliged, at the queen's desire, to sing to his harp three pieces of poetry, but in a low voice, that the court might not be diverted from their avocations. He accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country; and while it was preparing for battle, or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called Undesnasth Prydawn, the Monarchy of Britain:

"The Bard who first adored our native tongue,

'\textit{Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song.}''

and for this service, when the prince had received his share of the spoils, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained*.

In these constitutions we discover the first account of the clerar, or triennial circuit of the Bards, as we before traced the origin of the 

\textit{Eisteddfod}, their triennial assembly, in the annals of Caerwlad. We likewise find that a vassal by the practice of Poetry and Music, which he could not adopt without the permission of his lord or prince, acquired the privileges of a freeman, and an honourable rank in society *. Nothing can display more forcibly the estimation and influence which the Bards enjoyed at this early period, than their remarkable prerogative of petitioning for presents by occasional poems. This custom they afterwards carried to such excess, and such respect was constantly paid to their requests, that in the time of Gruffydd ap Cynan, it became necessary to control them by a law which restrained them from asking for the prince's Horse, Hawk, or Greystone, or any other prestation beyond a certain price, or that was particularly valued by the owner, or could not be replaced. Many poems of the succeeding centuries are now extant, written to obtain a horse, a bull, a sword, a rich garment, &c.

About the year 1070, prince Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, the author of another code of Welsh Laws, established some regulations respecting the musical Bards*, and revised and enforced those which were already made.

* See Christianus Hywel Dda er Estali, or Legis Walicae, translated in Latin by Dr. Wotton and Mr. Motes Williams; and published with a learned preface by Mr. Clarke. Follo. London 1732.

\footnote{Hywel's Laws, p. 68, 69.}

\footnote{King Howel's Laws, p. 88.}

\footnote{Howel's Laws, p. 35, 36, 37.}

\footnote{Dr. Wotton, the learned editor of Howel's Laws, in a note on this passage, conjectures that the title and subject only were prefaced, and that the choice and composition of the Poetry was left to the Bard. The Welsh, says he, always preferred a tradition that the whole island had once been peopled by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxons invaders. When they ravaged the English borders, they digested their incursions with the pretext of recovering their hereditary rights. Their poets therefore entertained them with descriptions and praises of the splendor and courage with which the monarchy of Britain was maintained by its ancient heroes, and inspired with an ardour of emulating their glorious example.}

\footnote{If anything can be added to the conjectures of so discerning a critic as Dr. Wotton, it is, that probably an excellent old poem, called Undesnasth Prydawn, was constantly recited in the field, and accompanied by a tune of the same antiquity, till by a long interval of peace, or some other accident, they were both forgotten, and that afterwards the Bards supplied what had been lost from their own inceptions.}\n
\footnote{Translated Specimens of Welsh Poetry in English verse. 1782. p. 32.}

\footnote{But beast, a Bard, that for the sign of seal
To find the ancient of all thy rhymes,
With birth traditions mock not, nor who fraud'd
Its legacy Brain.}

\footnote{Mawn's Caradulas.}

\footnote{Howel's Laws, p. 37. § 11, 12.}

\footnote{Howel's Laws, p. 96. 11th Triad.}

\footnote{Howel's Laws, p. 137. § 12.}

\footnote{Dr. Ryle's Grammatical Institutes of the Welsh Language, p. 195.}

Towards
Towards the close of the eleventh century, the great prince Gruffudd ap Cynan invited to Wales some of the best musicians of Ireland  
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 instructors for the amendment of their manners, and the correction of their art and practice. 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 Jettled in a congresy 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 princeely and principally, and thence copied, etc.  

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 profess 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 Dryton in the sixth song of his Polyolbion:

"Mufician, Herald, Bard, thrice may't thou be known'd
And with three venerable breasts be crown'd!"

Such variety of excellence was unattainable by human capacity. The Bards were now therefore distributed into three grand orders, of Poets, Herolds, 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 Eifeddfod, fix classes: three of Poets and three of Musicians.

The first class of the Poets consisted of historical or antiquarian Bards, who sometimes mixed prophecy with their inspiration: they were also critics and teachers: and to them belonged the praise of virtue and the cenotaph 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 fair wit without indecency, and without lampooning to answer and overthrow the lampoons of the inferior Bards.

The second class was formed of domestic or parochial Bards, 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 way, without importunity.

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1 Dr. Powell, in his notes on Caradoc informs us, that either our Music came hither with prince Gruffudd's 11th Musicians, or was composed by them afterwards. Mr. Wayte, the other editor of Caradoc's History, mistaking this passage in Dr. Powell, and not disliking instrumental music from musical instruments, hath milled his readers by altering that the Harp and Cuckoo came from Ireland. See Wayte's History of Wales, ed. 1774, p. 159.


3 Some part of this MS. according to a memorandum "which I found in it, was transcribed in the time of Charles the First, by William Pryse, in the island of Anglesey, from William Parry's Book." Dr. Burney's History of Music; vol. II. p. 382. William Parry is recorded among the successful candidates for the bard, at an Eifeddloid at Carmarthen, in 1568, where he was elected one of the chief Bards andTeachers of instrumental song. Pennant's Tour in North Wales, printed 1778, p. 43. 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 1600 at least, such as the known antiquity of many of the songs mentioned in the collection." History of Music, ibid.

4 The 24 measures of Music are here annexed from the MS. in the original Welsh; for the purpose of affording future enquiries, and flowing by the variety of its technical terms, what perfection the art had formerly acquired. As they have never been explained, I fear, but attempting a translation, from apprehension of mistakes, and misunderstanding the reader.
T H E W E L S H B A R D S.

The third class, though last, was probably not least in esteem: for it consisted of Herald Bards, 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 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 deities of their princes and nobles, not only to Redoric, but to Beli, Sylvius, and Amnat, 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 fix-stringed Cawth, concerning whom also I refer the reader to the same places for information.

The third consisted of fingers, whose employment was to ring 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 Cawth, and to play several effects and embellishments, two preludes, a cantus, a canund, and the 13 principal tunes, with all their flats and sharps. 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, and one of the Gymnyl metres. He should read Welsh with propriety and write it with exactness, and be skilful in correcting and retorting any old poem or song that has been corrupted by transcribers."

The 24 Metres of Poetry.

Unirhythmic. Unirhythmic incursive.
Unirhythmic inverted. Prolic interchanged.
Prolic concatenated. Long double ditich.
Short double ditich.
Tailed. Multirhythmic.
Melted. Long and melting.
Short and melting.
Short and of equal extent.
Long and of equal extent.
Nine syllabled and of equal extent.
Long Brunet.
Short Brunet.
Long Parenetic.
Short Parenetic.
Short chain.
Soft concatenated incursive.
Incursive with a little tail.
Rugged. Master-piece of the Bards.

The 24 Metres were probably antecedent to the 24 mesovert of Mufe, 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 the hath appeared not only not ungraceful, but even with some degree of dignity and ease; yet the robes the hath ever gloried in, are the Twenty-four celebrated ancient Britsh Metres, unknown to every Muse besides, and wherein the hath always shone with unrivalled luster."

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

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 Dinquea, the royal castle of the princes of South-Wales, in Carmarthenbier; and Mathrafael, the royal palace of the princes of Powis, in Montgomery-fbire.) 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 "History of prince Griffith of Cymru," concerning the manner of holding an Eisteddfod.

"When the congress hath assembled, according to notice and summons previously diffused, 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 anambic carols, or any such frivolous compositions. The umpires shall see that the candidates do not defect to satire or personal invective, and shall allow to each a sufficient interval for composing his Enghyn or Cwydd, 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 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 Heini, belonged to the judge of the palace, were afterwards held in commissioin.

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 custom 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 cenure of the hearers upon what was recited. Of which course some have wished a reincurrence, 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 Enghyn 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 Difigbyl Tysai cerdd defrzed, a probationary student of Poetry.

At the next Eisteddfod, three years having expired, Difigbyl Tysai was examined for the degree of Difigbyl Difkydlaidd, or Bachelor of the Art of Poetry, and was required to be versed in the five Enghyn Metres, the four Cwydd metres, and three Aesdi 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 Difigbyl Penciriiddaidd, or Maister of the Art of Poetry, for which he was required to understand the rules of Grammar and Rhetoric, and analyze and explain the

* John Rhys's Welsh Grammar, p. 188, 189.
* Notes on the Fourth Song of P. H. Biv. alliterative
THE WELSH BARDS.

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 *Difgylb* or disciple of any degree was discovered in taverns or secret places playing for money at dice or any other game, any person was authorized to take from him whatever money was found in his purse. For mockery and derision, and the invention or propagation of falsehood, the *Difgylb* were also punished with fines and imprisonment. For, says the law, 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 *caw* alone who had acquired the degree of *Pencerdd* were authorized 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 *Pencerdd* 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 future prefers) at the triennial assembly, and contended 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 Cadairion*, 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 *Difgylb* or students, when they laid aside the hair string harp, and were admitted to the practice of their art; from brides on their nuptials; and the marriage gifts 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 *Musif*, was presented to the *Eisteddfod* by a musical *Pencerdd*, who vouched for his capacity. During his novicato of three years, he was called *Difgylb Twpas heb radd*, a probationary student of Music without a degree; and if he learnt to play the harp, was only suffered to use that instrument string with horse-hair, and he might not (as I conjecture) by his rude attempt at harmony, torment the ears of the princely, 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 *Difgylb Twpas graddol*, a graduate probationary student of Music, for which he was obliged to know ten *cawten*, one *cylfis*, five *cawten* of *cylgerrdd*, one *cadair*, and eight *caniad*.

He then commenced *Difgylb Difgylbaid*, or Bachelor of Music, but was previously required to be master of twenty *caw*, two *cylfis*, ten *caw* of *cylgerrdd*, two *cadairs*, sixteen *caniad*, and the twenty-four measures of Music: and to play them with facility and correctness.

He next became *Difgylb Pencerddaid*, or Master of Music, a degree which implied a preparatory knowledge of thirty *cawten*, three *cylfis*, fifteen *caw* of *cylgerrdd*, three *cadairs*, twenty-four *caniad*, and four *gafis*; and skill in defining them properly and distinctly.

Lastly he was admitted *Pencerdd*, or Doctor of Music, and was obliged to know forty *cawten*, four *cylfis*, twenty *caw* of *cylgerrdd*, four *cadairs*, thirty-two *caniad*, and four *gafis*: 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 *caniad* pronounced faultless by the proficient Bards, and to show all its properties, its divisions and subdivisions, its licences and reits, the natural notes, all the flats and sharps, and every change of movement through the several keys. If the *Pencerdd* was a Harpeter, he was required to know the three excellent *Mawwawls*, which were equal to the four *cylfis*, and the three new *Mawwawls* 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 *Griffudd ap Cynan* the musical Bards were subject to the chief Bard of the Poets.

*This MS. called *Llyfr Ddyrby*, is not now extant.
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

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 Molylyn, "which has been from time immemorial in the gift of his ancestors, to be bestowed 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 Mufes." It was probably worn by the Chief Mufician, 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 Whitsumide, and in their triennial clergy, 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 cleruwr 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 ploughland, and in proportion out of every half plough-land of their district. A month before each festival, the pupils enquired of their teachers what routes they should take in their approaching circuit, lest too many should refer to the same part of the country. A Pencerdd was not licensed to visit the commonality, 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 prent illegally requested became forfeit to the prince.

The Eisteddfod was followed by the grand triennial Clergy, which was not limited, as the circuits of the festivals, to commans and countres, 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 Clergy, as well as the four poetical, and the five musical graduates. At a wake or festival a circulating 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 wandered from house to house, or became intoxicated, he was deprived of his Clergy fees, which were applied to the uses of the church. If he offered any indecency to mistres or maid, he was fined and imprisoned, and forfeited his Clergy for seven years.

Every art has its subordinate professors. Besides the four classes of regular or graduated Bards I have recounted, there were four others of inferior and unlicensed Bards, (if that name may be given them without profanation): these were Pipers, Players on the three-stringed Crwyl, Taborsers, and Buffoons. Of the pipe, the three-stringed Crwyl, 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 extinction and their profits were equally inconsiderable. One of their number, the Dutesianid Pen Pa8tun, 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 found. 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 Ceff Cifer 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, 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 Ceff Cifer 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 1776, Rhyd, prince of South Wales, gave a magnificent entertainment with deeds of arms, and other shows in his new castle of Cardigan or Aberystwyth, 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.
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 fire, 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 this 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 remunerated 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 parts 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 conceals'd,
Dissipates when reveal'd."

Here I cannot refrain from interrupting this curious narrative of Giraldus, for the purpose of introducing from one of Philip'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 lightly brush the plying grafs,
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 unfeigned mental delight to those who have looked far, and skillfully 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 fingers, which one frequently meets with in Wales, as many different parts and voices are heard,

* Poems History of Wales, p. 205. Dr. J. D. Rhy's Institutes, p. 156.
* Siuvell Giraldus, or Giraldus Cambrensis, of a noble Flemish family near Bruges, in Flanders, 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
  * Lew and Welsh annals, and other works. He died and was buried at St. David's about the age of 70.
* Cambria Discriptus, ch. 11.
heard, as there are performers: who all at length unite, with organic melody, in one confluence, 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 not so firmly rooted in them, that it is usual 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. 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 a historian, and so ingenious a critic as Dr. Burney: 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 underground counterpoint requires farther proof, it is to be found in the Four and Twenty ancient games of the Welsh; of which canu cywud 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.

* Ibid. ch. 11.
* * It is well known that Guido's new invented counterpoint was expeditious in long notes to protract and lengthen out his harmonious sounds; and that his movements were flowery.
* * But Giraldus Cambrensis, his contemporary, gives us an amazing account of the celerity, rapidity, execution, and correctness of melody, 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 to join 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.
* * 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 different shrines. We read of Ker Alun, Kor Asdan, Ker Elfyn, Ker Ewen, &c. which signifies a body or number of voices and instruments joined in harmony.

A Letter from the Rev. Mr. Evans, of Llanymarch, with which I was favourd to enquire into your enquiries. N.B. Also the name of the ancient and famous monastery of Bangor in North Wales, seems to be derived from Duna fact, or famous choir.


I annex an accurate copy and translation of the celebrated games, consisting of twenty-four kinds of exercises, used by the ancient Britons, as they are printed in Dr. Davies's Welsh-Latin, and Latin-Welsh Dictionary, folio, London, 1634.

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 feats 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 Cwth.
- Singing an ode of four parts, and accenting it with proper expression.
- Heraldry.
- Embassies.
- Chefs.
- Draughts, Back Gammon, or some similar game.
- Dice.
- Tuning the harp.
THE WELSH BARDs.

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 harp-gloss, they delight in variations, and without deviation from their subject, indulge the sportive excursions of musical fancy:

Quaes tuere, cum tales sint reliquiæ!'

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't, and where he was inter'd,
In whose 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 faist was true.

Polyhymnia. 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. Warter (with his usual skill and ingenuity) has given a new and poetical form in an ode called the Grave of Arthur, which poetically 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 Ganpeddi, and of his discovery of America, we know nothing but what we gather from the poems of Cyfrig ab Gronw and Meredydd ap Rhys, and the more express declamation of that learned herald and bard, Guttun Owain: all who 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 Tysilo, had known the works of Taliesin and Llywarch Hen, he might have found in them a fund 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.

--- Juvar integros accedere fontes."

But left the purity of these genuine sources yet unexplored should be doubted, let it be remembered that the defenders 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 Erifs, the Erfs, the Cornifs, nor the Armoricans, have ever to this day produced a poem similar in its structure to the Iliad or Aeneid; 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 deified 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,
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 Griffudd ab Cymun, 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 of which the Welsh nation can boast. It will be sufficient for m. 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 with the limits of this essay would suffer me to give more than their names; or that my learned countrymen would shew some of that enterprising spirit for which their ancestors are famed, and publish their remains to the world. The poems of Meili'r, the Bard of Griffudd ap Cymun; Cynfeldd Brydlyd Mawr; Owen Gyfylig, prince of Powys; Gwalcmai ap Meili'r; Gwrgan ap Rhyw, Llywarch, the Bard of Llewelyn the Great; Einion ap Gwalcmai; and Griffudd ap yr Thad Clec, are now extant, and ascribed with certainty to their authors. But the harmonies of Albin ap Cymun, Rhuddderch Ffrol, Cynarig Bencerdad, Cwyelyn, and Cadwgan, that oblivion has shared, are thinly feasted 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, has away like vapours; and those hands that were most active in testifying temporary approbation, suffer the fate of those who charmed away their cares and forswore 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 diligently applied by the skill of the Eisteddfod to the declining part, that they preferred their former vigour, and perhaps acquired new graces. And had not the fatal accident which overwhelmed, in the hour of its prosperity, the hereditary princes 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 lowest 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 flight proof of their influence, that the brave but unfortunate prince Llewelyn the last, after the surrender of his rights, and the sacrifice of his patriotism to his love, 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.

In this execrable deed Edward imitated the policy of Philip of Macedon, who demanded from the Athenians a condition of anity 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, 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

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1 The name and dates of these Bards are to be found in the catalogue of British authors published by Dr. Davies and Mr. Ricob, in their Dictionaries of the Welsh Language. Some extracts from their writings are inserted in Mr. Owen's specimens of Welsh poetry, and his Dictionarum de Bardin. Likewise an extensive catalogue of the works of the Bards in Mr. Lloyd's Archæologia Britannica, p. 254, &c.

2 Chwarae Gweilo breuddyn bach, Chwibanogl, chwe' luamach.

Dafydd ap Cymun.

* Fr. Barrow's History of Music, vol. II. p. 76.

See Hoy's History of Wales, ed. 1774, p. 285.

* See Gwilym's historical Grammar.

* See the History of Mr. Barrington's Miscellanies.

bellowing.
THE WELSH BARDS.

belonging on it any such extravagant praise, I may boldly affirm that the Polyhbinon of Drayton, 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 be under the influence of a baleful and malignant star. They were reduced to peddle 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 ascribed to be the work of Taliesin: the Bards now ascribed many of their political writings to the same venerable author, and produced many others in the prophecies of the elder Merlin. 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 latter periods I am now describing. The forgery of those poems, which are entirely spurious, though they may have past 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 Dacteinad in the presence of his surviving relations. 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 Awen or Welsh Muse was revived, to celebrate the heroic enterprises of the brave Glyndwr. 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 loft and buried for ever with their hero in the grave. Yet though Poetry flourished, Learning suffered: for such was the undistinguished 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.

The following Ode to Glyndwr, by his favourite Bard Gruffydd Llewyl, happily transfused into English verse by Mr. Williams of Trefin, claims a distinguished place in this history, for the genius of the author, and the skill of the translator.

O D E.

The Praise of Owain Glyndwr.

Gruffydd Llewyl ab Dafydd ab Einion a'i cont. A.D. 1400.

1.

Eiry digrif a'risfied,
Owain, bein gain, bael am gdd,
Eurfob (a gofr a ofed)
Gruffydd Fychan glan et golad;
Aer y gllyn, meijr rhaddlyn rhydd,
Dywedwy fawr, dwsr diberdd.

2

CAMBRIA’s princely eagle, hail!
Of Gruffydd Vychan’s noble blood!
Thy high renown shall never fail,
OWAIN GLYNWR, great and good!
Lord of Dweryw’s fertile vale,
Warlike, high-born Owain, hail!

* 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 Polyhbinon in the most elegant and spirited poetry.
* Inventario de Bardiis, p. 97.
* O'Leary’s Memoirs of Owain Glyndwr, 4to. Lond. 1775, and Pennant’s Tour in Wales, p. 102, &c. The liberty and explots of this daring chief are celebrated in the most animated strains by that famous and learned Bard, Job Gich.
* See’s Specimens of Welsh Poetry, p. 160. Pennant’s Tour in Wales, p. 253, 320.
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

Dyfedwy, 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.

But leave me not, illustrious lord!
Thy peaceful bow'r, and hospitable board,
Are ill exchanging 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 remorose, regret, and woe,
I faw the god-like hero go;
I faw, 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 fight, to weep, to groan!

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THE WELSH BARDS.

5.
Llywiaif ffrwnt, belynt,
Owens ab Urian gan gyn,
Pan oedd fuan ymawr,
Y marchog duog o'r diwrn:
Duroled o'r yardraw
A phen draig ac ei ffon draw.
Gwyru fuant er llwyddiant lu,
Gwoll ddewrnon, gwsto y ddarn.
Tithau Owain, taith era'r.
'Taer y gwynt draig isafwneud hawbr.
'Ath byrddware rudd cythruedd can,
A theg enu, a theb adegian.

6.
Brawd unwirthed i, th eir,
Baru hoff, i fab Urian bir.
Cwmlai brawd draig o'r ludo lân,
Gwyru fawr, gwyru gafaelad,
Pan oedd drymmat dy lafwr,
Draig, yr yrmyro on ar maer,
Torres dy omen gennydd,
Tirion grair, taer yn y gryd:
Dewr ffon, dur oedd ei phen,
Dros garr ynd daf ydryd.

7.
Haf daydd brawd medd dy wawchdydd,
Onnwyd o feith, lynod fydd,
Dy lafwr grwn dau-finog glain;
Hel brawd, da brawd Brydain;
Wrib dorri brig o'r wng wen,
Aeth rath i'r maes, aeth rathaf.
Pan i'r thaf o'r lafwr
Bydd mells rhymg y deul o'r dur.

On sea, on land, thou still didst brave
The dangerous cliff and rapid wave;
Like Urian, 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 band rehearse
Thy praise in never-dying verse;
Shall ring the prowess of thy sword,
Beloved and victorious Lord.

In future times thy honour'd name
Shall emulate brave Urian's fame!
Surrounded by the numerous foe,
Well didst thou deal th' unequal blow;
How terrible thy almen spear,
Which shook the bravest heart with fear:
Yon hoffle 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 hovels unmoved you flood,
Or waded thro' a sea of blood.

Immortal fame shall be thy need
Due to every glorious deed;
Which latest annals shall record,
Beloved and victorious Lord!
Grace, Wisdom, Valour, all are thine,
Owain Glyndŵr! divine!
Meet emblem of a two-edged sword,
Dreaded in war, in peace ador'd!
Steer thy swift Ships to Albion's coast
Pregnant with thy martial holt.
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.
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

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,
Woe'd thee a passage deep and wide.
Stubborn as steel, thy nervous chest
With more than mortal strength poises'd:
And every excellence belongs
To the bright subject of our songs.

9.

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian Birds;
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 Glyndwr and Owain divine!
Dominion, honour, pleasure, praise,
Attend upon thy vigorous days:
And, when thy evening sun is set,
May grateful Cambria never forget
Thy noon-tide blaze; but on thy tomb
Never-failing 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. Amongst these Dafydd ap Gwilym, the Welsh Ovid, poses's a deferred pre eminence. He often adds the sublime to the beautiful; of which his Cynwylul 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 over-shadowed and concealed; the terror of animals, and the thicks 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 betlow 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 recall the exiled arts of Wales, and Henry VII. was referred to be the patron and refiner of the Cambro-British Muses. If during the former inauspicious reigns the Eisteddfod 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 infer, 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 Muse will be held in the town of Caerwys, in the county of Flint, on the 1st 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 Lloyd's Archaeological Britannica.
* See his poem published by Mr. Ross Jones, in Cymriog Brif dd Cymri. For the following remarks I am obliged to that excellent Welsh critic, the late Mr. Lewis Morris. Mr. "P. P. in his Preface to the Rhiad, enumerating Haver's excellencies, next to his boundless invention places his initiative "founders, and makes them peculiar to him and Vincel, and "facts that no other poet ever reached this point of art.
* Dafydd ap Gwilym, if I mistake not, has also a strong claim
* to this excellency. You must either allow of the arithological philo-
* sphy; or that copying nature by its own light, he intended

"his Cynwylul y Daran should find what it really is—a description of thunder and lightning, though in his love poems, and
* other felt subjects (of which I have now by me six a hundred-
* dred) he is as smooth, and glides as easy, as an Italian song.
* Let those who are not over partial to the Welsh languages, and are proper judges of ours, compare this poem in its
* sounds, and the softness of its metaphors, with the best pat-
* ages of this kind in the above authors, and I doubt not but
* they will deem this hoard one of comparison excelsable, for He-
* nry's character he ever so farced." Tyfreth o'r hen yr Yr
* Hiring's History of Wales, p. 171, edit. 1774.
* See Mr. Jones's address of Dafydd ap Gwilym, Specimens of Welsh Poetry, p. 107.

157th
15th year of the reign of Henry the VIIth, 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 Saltrey, 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 Mufe, and regulating their art and profession."

After a long interval of anarchy among the Bards, commissioners were appointed by Queen Elizabeth to assemble another Estyledod at Caerwyd 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.

In a private collection of MSS. I fortunately met with the following beautiful extemporary odes 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 Estyledod at Caerwyd 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.**

O waith annafael Dryddion o Wyneid a'r Debedir, yn yr Estyledod yn Nhre Gaerwyd.

Clywais ddeg curllais wedi gorllwyn - - nos,
I maros a morwyn.
Ar lawes maes irles mwyn,
Eos gwyliafas i glawwyn!

Jach lawen ydw y o chlywais - - ar fedw,
Ardodi perceddai,
Edyn llwyd adwac 'r llais,
Eos gefalwyd ysgafnai!

Miwfiug min coedwig mewn ceudawd - - y llwyn,
Llawennodd hyd ddyddbrwearad,
Mac'r eos sefdlos fwyliauwad
Mewn y gwyliau'n mân wau gwawad!

Mwydiant glaww chwiban cloc arberth - - y llwyn,
Mac'n llawennod pryffarwch,
Miwfiug heb poen ymwynig perth
Mwyn ei glawdlwage mewn glawherth!

Mefurul garol dan grefydd - - glawserth,
Gogleddlawl, llawennod,
Miwfiau mwyn ymwynig manwydd
Eos hyd y nos dan wydd!

Eos fwyn o'r llwyn darleiniail - - y mann
Mynych i rheddai,
Llied hon greulon groywliai
Mewn torr llwyn a maint wy'r llais!

Er llais tra hoffias traethr - - mân adar,
A'u mawn wawddydd diethr;
Eos drwynbant is draenberth
Yw'r gwyn bweu organ y berth!

Nid cwsafraid crychiod crochach - - no'r organ,
Neu gowgerridd degach,
Nid manwl nodau mwynach
Nid yfront ond Es borch!

Dyfgedig fisfug foefawl - - gerdd eos,
Gradd Awen ybrydawl,
Deliant mwyn dwys gnotric mawl
Deliant i'r dyfeg naturiawl!

Clywais o bare glas a bort,
Cyn nod dydd nid caniad hurt,
Cyf cilio 'bonge cyllais bart,
Ceraias bweu yr Eos bert!

Sion Tudur.
About the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, flourished Thomas Pritchard, who was the Orpheus on the Harp at that time. He was born at Caity in Wales; died (anno 1597) in London, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's church. That Poetry sympathized with the later Art for the lofs, 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 Dwym Bach; aeth yr bedd; - bellach
E' balidd Cynganedd;
Ni enu i'r bedd, enu na weodd
A wef frawsg ar ffeidd.*


Ah, fee! our laft, beft lyrift goes:
Sweet as his drain be his repoil!
Extinct are all the tuneful fires,
And Music with Dwym Bach expires:
No finger now remains to bring
The tone of rapture from the string.
THE WELSH BARD.

In the reign of George II. Powel, a Welsh Harper, who used to play before that Monarch, drew such tones from his instrument, that the great Handel was delighted with his performance, and composed for him several pieces of Musick, 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 Obligate, that were accompanied by Powel: such as, "Tune your Harp" 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 Musick 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 impecunious; gentle, hospitable, and social among their friends, and full of retentment 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, and in recounting their exploits amidst the tables of lords and princes. Hence they learnt to write verse and found 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 *, that I am unwilling to make use of his sentiments in any other words than his own.

The Welsh language, he observes, is peopled 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 to it by an enemy *, that notwithstanding the multiplicity of its syllables and consonants with which it abounds, it has the softness and harmony of the Italian, with the majesty and expression of the Greek."

Ni phrofaist dan ffurfosten,
Gwe mor gath dr Gymraeg oen *.

Of all the tissyles 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 roundness, 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 fulness 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 *. 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 Escholched 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; polishing such peculiar ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of words, as to produce a rhythmical concatenation of sounds in every verse. To an

1 Lord Lytton from Giraldus Cambrensis. Hist. Henry II. vol. II. p. 89.
2 A Dissertation on the Welsh Language. 8vo. Cambridge, 1731.
3 The author of the Letters from Snowdon.
5 Dr. Llevy ingeniously refers the curious and delicate

fracture of the Welsh language to its peculiar property of varying artificially, emphatically, its invariable 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, 1760. p. 58, &c. Likewise Antiquus Legum Britanniae, by Dr. Davies, 8vo. London, 1621.

English
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF

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 poly-syllabic words and vocal terminations. Their poets therefore made their metre conflict in quantity, or the artful distribution of long and short syllables. The old British language abounded with consonants, and was formed of mono-syllables, which are incompatible with quantity; and the Bards could reduce it to concord by no other means, than by placing at such intervals its harther consonants, so intermingling 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 native 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 Cyngbagedd 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 circumcised by rules. From the Norman conquest to the death of Llewellyn the last, they were more strict. From Llewellyn to Elizabeth the laws of alliteration were preferred 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 Cyngbagedd.

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

**Maes mil o lefau melyson,**

**Mal mel o byd ym nola hon.**

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 Coppins, or Epigram on the Spider, composed entirely of vowels.

O'i wiw 'wy i weu ê ëá, - - a'i weuau
O'i wyau y weua;
E' weu a ëi weaia,
A'i, weua u yw ieuau Jâ.

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

Tân a dŵr ym ymyraw
Ywr taranau dreitgau draw.

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

Oer yr u'r cîra ar Engri - - o ryw,
Ar anyr i reid,
Oer yr 'r ëia ar tiw'r Ri,
Ar cîra oer yr '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 tinctured 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 scences their bolder and more animated tones.

* Northern Antiquities, vol. II. p. 197, &c.
* Rhoderich's Welsh Grammar, p. 141. See this Essay ingeniously answered in another, composed in like manner of vowels, by the Rev. Mr. Gronw Owen; Didd kickoff; Gwlad Credyd Al Més, 1810. Lond. 1763, p. 35.
* 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. Bruton's Essays on Poetry and Music.
THE WELSH BARDs.

And where could the Muses have chosen a happier residence? Now you are delighted with valleys 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 pulsing catacata. Did Salvator Rosa's extravagant fancy ever indulge itself in such grand and savage prospects? Or has Claude Lorraine's inimitable pencil excelled the vale of Clywed?

It is not to be wondered that the venerable Cambro songs possessed such influence on the minds of our ancestors, when we consider their beauty 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 fable 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 tranquility, 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 realized.

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 Cythara, or a Caden, as it now excites, assisted by the liquid voice and distinguished beauty of our modern female Bards.

EDWARD JONES.

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

Likewise Carulologia, Corogoleg, Corogoleg, Cymry, Cro-Maes, Cymry Glywy, etc. Some of these Cymry or holy songs, are carefully preserved from an ancient manuscript in the original musical notes supposed to be Druidical, which the reader will find engraved on a book, delivered in the print of the musical instruments, further in this volume.

† 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 enj oyed to excess, and the heart still remain virtuous and uncorrupted." Dr. Burnet's History of Music, vol. 1.

‡ Their Bishops 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 houlers' passions—to relieve the anxieties and cares of life—to inspire cheerfulness—to appease the nerves, when irritated by pain, sickness, or labor of mind or body, to soothe the pangs 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 Principles and Power of Harmony, p. 15.)

"I OF
OF THE WELSH PENNIILLION, OR, EPIGRAMMATICK STANZAS: and PASTORALS.

Alternative dictis. Amant alterna Camanæ: VIRGIL.

These 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 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 Milor.

When the Bards had brought to a very artificial system their numerous and favourite metres; those which they rejected were left for the dregs of the Rustic Muse, the Anwen 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 fort 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 Penillion, around the hearths of husbandmen, and in the cott 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 and social mirth; which assembled them to drink mead, and sing, and dance, around the harmony of the Harp, Cresw, Pipe, and Drum; and what has preferred 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 configned 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 Auud Gwyddl, or Hen ganidd, The memorial Ode of the ancient strain; another, what in English Poetry would be called the Anaphatic. 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 penillion, 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 fing is perhaps wandering in little variations and embellishments; their fingering is not embarrased, 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 Cor's, or Musical Bands, were frequent among them; and when their children learnt from their infancy to sing in concert.*

* The word Penill is derived from Pen, a Head, because these Stanzas flowed extempore from, and were treasured in, the Head, without being committed to paper. Penill may also signify a brief Head, or little syllable.

** Y chaff bres y i rodli offun i'r boded i ganu arno, ac id mewn Englysan, Caedu unig, Crwyl, ac id mewn Bryn, Carol, ac id mewn gerddi, y chaff y tu mawr gan y pres Ped-id cyntyma a chywngi, o herwydd hyn ond ac Rheolau perthynol sydd wedi'r Statud Gwladol aeth Cyman yng Nghymru.

This proves that Pennillion were then frequently composed and admired.

*** Among this people there is no beggar to be found: the houses of all are open for the welcome reception of all comers. Mustang they relieve beyond all nations; 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 Correctus.

* Cambria Ddiwrnodu, cap. 11.
PENNILLION.

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 confused the day in the most animated festivity. "Even at this day some vein of the ancient minstrelly 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 extemporaneous verses; and a person conversant in this art, readily produces a Pennillion 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 jocose, others satirical, but most of them amorous, which, from the nature of the subject, are best preferred. 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 fingers 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 preferred in the mountainous counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, we have a delightful pleasing glimpse of ancient innocence, and the manners of a golden age.

Mannau mwyn am win a medd,
Tannau miswir tón mawfedd!

Whoever considers the unaffected fervour 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 preferred 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 Cwrth. 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 expression of the Greek Epigrams.

PENNILLION.

Tecc a ffinn, a brafa ci llais,
Twr Delyn farmais
Newydd;
Ti a haeddit glad, am fed yn fawyn,
Tydi ydwy llawen
Lleowynedd;
Fe ddaw'r cymr yr y man,
I dawuo dan
D' odenydd!

Beauteous in form the Harp appears,
Its mufic charms our ravished ears;
Leds varied strains awake the grove,
Fills'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 llgaid da,
Hardd ar Fab yw bod yn by’r;
Harald ar Ferch yw penhain lydan,
Harald ar Filgi yw mynd 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 Lytton's History of Henry II. vol. 1. p. 63.
** See Pennant's Journey to Sweden.

* Every language has peculiar beauties. The thoughts and words of these Pennillion are so uncommonly simple and expressive, that I do not pretend 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.
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 faplings tall,  
Whole bevies throng around;  
But ah! what fapling of them all,  
Without a flaw is found!

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

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 pref't!

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!

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

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

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.
PENNILLION.

Owe! fy nghalon, torr os torri,
Pabam yr wyd yn dyfalon breni?
Ae yn dorrod bob ychydig,
Faf jâ glâs ar lwbrwyd llithrig!

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!

Er melnyd gwasllt ei phen,
Gwybuddied Gwen
Lliw'r eyn;
Fed llawer gweiddin chwarae'n'r ard,
Ae arno bardd
Fledlynd!

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

Gwyr eu bhyd yr adar gwylltian
Hwz gâni fyd'd i' r fan y fynnon;
Weithiau i'r mor, ac weithiau i'r mynydd,
A dyfod adref yna ddiwyd.

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

Blin yw caru yma ac asce,
Blin bôd bob, y blinder hwnnw,
O'r blinderen biaf blinder,
Câr anfyry, caru'n efer!

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

Rhaid i gwydd gadow ei gaban,
Rhaid i ieuenglyd dorri allan;
Hyd y medd mae'n rhaid i minnau,
Ganlyn mwyfan dynnon dannon.

1.

Aelwey ferr hydd rhywng fy wwynfon,
Tanwydd cariad dywro'g galen;
A'r tân lwvawe, byth ni ddorwydd,
Tra parcîd ddîm o'r tanwyydd!

1.

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

A fflollddeb yw'r meginau
Sydd yn ebrthyth o'r tân i gymnau,
A mairt y gwârels nid rhyfedd gwelded.
Y dwfr yn hewrui, dros fy llwyd!

2.

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

Hawedd yw d'weryd daceu'r Wyddfa
Nid eir drefl ond yn arâ';
Hawedd i'r fâch, a fo'n diddolbar
Bert'r clif gymeryd cyllfr.

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.
PENNILLION.

YN HAFOD ELVY 'R GEG NI CBAN,
LLAIS Y FRAN
SYDD AMA,
PAN FO BI DECCA, YN MBOB TIR,
MAE EI YNO 'N WIY
TYN EIRA.

WEITHIAU YN BRUDD, WEITHIAU YN LLEWEN,
WEITHIAU A GOLU, WEITHIAU AG ANGEN,
WEITHIAU AG ARU, AC ARUAN ADDIGON,
WEITHIAU YN BRIN O DDAW'R YR AFI.

1.
MÎ 'DYMANNIS, FILO WEITHIAU,
FED FY MRON O WÅD' GOLAU,
FAL Y GALAI 'R FYN GAEU GWELED
FED Y GOLAU MRON CAETHIOWD.

2.
NI BU FERCH ERIOD GAN LANED,
NI BU FERCH ERIOD GAN GWYNNED,
NI BU NÎG OFERCH DYNIW
NI'S NA HON I DORR'I 'NHALON.

Trum yw 'r plau, a thawrn yw'r cerrig,
Trum yw takon pob dyn unig
Trymna pebb rhwng haul a llenad,
Canu'n tach, lle byddo cariad !

Gwyth gan gerllin yw ni eu gywyd,
Glywed fôn y treuliu'n hyddau
Gwyth gan jasau Duro o dreufo
Glywed fôn y branau'n tiwsio !

Gwynt ar fôr, a bauw ar fwyddl,
Cerrig llwyddau yw lle ceodydd
A gærland yw lle dynion,
Geb ! Duro pa fodd na twrroi 'nhalon !

Mae gan amled yn y farchned,
Green yr Cen, a chroen y Dlafad ;
A chau amled yn y llan,
Gidda'r Fferch, a chludda'r Fam !

From Elwy far, the Cuckoo sings,
And funs adorn the skie,
But there the Raven, flaps his wings,
And knows eternal lie !

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

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

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.

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

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

Wild o'er the main the tempest flies,
The radiant sun defers the Skies;
Grey fumes the naked heath deform,
And loud, and pitious howls the storm;
Shriek screams, the hungry gulls between
And defolation blights the scene.
What heart such terrors can endure,
Save in thy aid, my God, secure !

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
PENNILLION.

Mynd’r ardd i amri pryfi
Gwrthod lant, gwrthod lli,
Gwrthod mi’nys, a rhor cobion
Dewis pryfi o ddiwedd peddhood!

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

Os cellais i fy nglariaid lân,
Mae brân i frân,
Thu royaol;
Wrrh ei bêdd ’y bo bi hyw,
Ag ’wlysh Dauo
I minned !

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 eânn egl ddim amser gawr’,
Ni eânn Teyn heb ddim tannau;
Ni eânn calon beudl 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 blossom cannot glow,
Oppress’d by grief, and overcome by woe.

1.

Gwyn fy myd, na sawn mor hapant,
Ty’r bîl, a chael fy newid,
Mi ddawion o flaen cyfeth
Leniad pryf, a chariad perffaith !

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

2.

Fe gair cyfeth oedd cynnau,
Fe gair tir end tula ‘m dano;
Fe gair gledid oedd ymynydd,
Ni eich maiynner, end gan Rywun.

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

3.

Rhywun fydd ! a Rhywun ette !
Ac am Rywun yr oyn mynyddia!
Pan feyf drymmer nosotros cyfeth,
Fe ddaw Rhywun, ac am ddfrydd !

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

Clywais ianad, cywais i lliendôr,
Clywais van o’r byd yr hiaia;
Ernaed a chlywedd heb yr datgamin,
Rwcor o’r bynded fisiti ei hunan !

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

Nid oes imi end dau elw,
Gwyn fy myd, pe byddaw rheingddwm ;
Pan fo Mewnir yn fy nmergeithau,
T’geladaw fydd y glintau !

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

* Alluding to the choice of a wife.

Casïd
PENNILLION.

Caniaid y Gog i Feirionydd.

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 complete,
   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'r't to me.

6. O tuneful Harp! melodious found!
   When friends united are;
   The odes alternately go round,
   Unthinking of the mifer's care.
   How sweet their voices round the fire,
   When fair Mervinius 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 Cor's y Gedol.
PENNILLION.

Wake, sweet Muse, some golden strain,
Voice and string, and o'er the plain
Strike the Harp, whose echoes thrill
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 exultation!

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

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

Now the twining arbour rear,
Now the verdant fear prepare;
And woe thy fair and gentle love
To hear the Cuckoo in the grove:
Thro' the snitting seafon range,
And with faithful lips exchange
Mutual kissee with the maid,
Seated in the folding shade.

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

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.

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.
PENNILLION.

1.
Diosyal ydyw 'r aberyn,
Ni bon, ni fêd, un gromun;
Hef ddim gosyal yn y byd, ond canu byd y fwydden!

2.
Fe frostys ei ssupper beno
Nis gwyr yn nôble mae 'i cinio;
Dyna'r modd y mae 'e'n byw, a gadaw o Ddiwro arfawr!

3.
Fe eifodd ar y gangen
Gyrech ar ei aden,
Hef un geining yn ei gerd, yn illywio bûd yn llawen!

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

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

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

F' anzylyd oedd dy ddam lygodyn,
Gwne ar ar anwedd ydodyn';
Tu dy ben yr maent yn chwarae
Pâl y fêr ar nofawith oleu?

Bu'n edisfar fil o weithiau,
O waith fuair gomad ciriau;
Ni bu eriod mor fath bychylon,
O waith fuair lli na dîwen.

Oer f'anzylyd, tynd ar gais,
I ffrang ar lais
Yr adar,
D'acco'r llannerch deccia eriod,
Dan gyfegod llinged
Llangar.

Union natur fy Min ochriach,
Tao naecau a 'mna o'r unwaith;
Gweiddi bedd, golof teimla,
D'edwydid gâid, a gadacel iddo!

Nid oes ymoral awr am serch,
Na chwarae awr am serch naturiol;
TŶmbo ble mae cryf a gwân
Am ariant ymoral!

Pan baffe Gêr ei dewgâin oed,
Er bod fal coed
Ty'n daillo;
Fe fyd fan goriatu'r Bledd,
Ty pero'w wedd
Newidio!

Tebog ydyw'r Deun dyner,
I Ferch wen a'i chwarau mabher;
Wrth ei theino mewn cyfriach,
E ddaw boemo fawrach, fawrach.

Os ei'r oed i dorf gwaelaen,
Matdol fdd y gîl fawc maecgen;
Gwâl ei chael, a men a'r tu nudda
Gwâl fdd llawer un y meithu.

E Argyllwydd Dduw. Ta beth yw lwyn,
Ni fedra 'nd ym
Fidylios?
Lle bo mab yw fwygi 'i ferch,
Ni ym un ferch
Mo bono.

Tebog ydyw Maracyn ferchog
I Fachgen droeg ym nhîs cyfymydog;
A fynni sawl? na fynaf mone,
Ag etto er hynny, marw am dano!

Mayn a meyna, a tha mayn yw merch,
A meyna hawun lle rathau ei ferch;
Lle rho merch ei ferch y gynta,
Dyna gartiad byth nid oera.

Guwau a garia faich o guwrw,
Yn ei fod i fdd y feddau;
Trymna baich yw hau o'r brethiau,
Baich ydyw o bevbodau!

Hwn yw nam, y cam, o'r celwydd,
Mafrwy, lleddrad, ac anflawwydd;
Gwâr eiff yw owa, o' r guwau yw wannach,
Ty fiel yn fieli, a'r fiel yn fâdach!
PENNILLION.

Tra lu mi yn dar cynnes am lloches yn llawen,
Fy marin ym fynbydrol ragerol a gawyn;
Tre’r ysgyd a sinnaeth anwstym ym ër,
Di-râd â di-rfwm a phendrum a ffol;
Fy awyry gynddibion a drobwyly dryth,
Truwn ni ’r gweldon o’ch wylyw eu gyfech:
Ith un gair o gellwear pe i galleu’n rhwydol,
I ngwyfod rhedyn hwy ’n eiludien o’m gwyrdd!

Robin-goch daeth at y rhaios
A’i dduwy aden yn anwydog;
Ac fe ddi-wnau mor yximala,
Mae bi’n eir fe ddatu yn eira.

A ni’n rhedais movenent eglwyss,
Lle ’r edd awyry gyrbh ym gorhlygys,
Trech ym nhesed yr hedd fy mwylwyd,
Gwclen fy nghalon yn ’n ymchwylyd!

Uwch yu dwanteu ar bigau dår
A blin yu câr y galun,
Ethin olym colli ’r Fan
A bistu i bun yn feon!

Derfyll aur, a derfyll awian,
Derfyll melwed, derfyll falon;
Derfyll pob dilled’n belaeth,
Eto er hun, ni dderfyll birael!

Rhaos fy ferch ar flodaun ’r Dyfrin
A rhed bistu i ferch ar rysen;
Yr rws hunwrr’r ferch ar arall,
B’rinos er tri fy’r lwyaf anghall?

Sian fyyn
Sian fain
Sian gain
Sian ge,
SIan druoan hynny ben;
Sian beradd lais,
Sian barad law,
Sian gymlu ama ’mgweninio:
Tre bo uchel beddau brân
Ni llyngai Sian yn ango!

Mae llawer afal ar frig Pren,
A myln donnu iddo,
Ni thâl y merydion dan ei groen,
Môr cyn’rwyd pein i’w ddirnag
Hwvno fynd cyn diwedda Ha’
Delbyca a fiwra o foro.

O mor gynnes
Mynues,
O mor fuan
Yn Lleyn,
Meillionen;
O mor felus yw’r eufana,
Cydferch a meision eiriol!

Yn bân ac yn iwcang, yn gall ac yn ffol,
Yn merched fy’r gebrâ, a minnau ar yr ôl,
Pan y maes ’r meibion i’n gweled mor wael,
A minnau cyn laned a merched fy’n cad!

Minnau glywais sod yn rhwy-fedd,
Yr Byd bren uchaf ran ymadrodd;
As yr Gwyrogdd anghled iddant,
Eyn’l a faeth o’r westan rhwyddant!

Chwerrthi hyfelyd mwena celi,
Nid ardd, nid erdir iddi;
Nid llawenan mw na bi!

Och cellais i fy nghariad ara,
Celli amlelo ’i coed eu blosau,
Celli’l an a amlelo ’r adar
Da a gadau ffugoth y ddaear.

Pum yw’r mhefnôd
P’l maes ’m huaunôs?
Briaw a gocif,
Briaw a gefais!

Mentra meinir tyr’d ar f’ol,
Di weif ragerol
Gariad?
Ni thyaf arnaid lìm y ddîl,
Ond wyt yn dewis
Dywad!

Tros y môr y mae fy nghalon!
Tros y môr y mae fy’r chneidion!
Tros y môr y mae fy’r mwylwyd,
Sy’n fy meddol i bob munyd!

Darfu’r caru darfu yr cerdded,
Darfu’r Feinin gael bodlonolb;
Darfu i minnau fouro’r galar
Am bob friwrai a râs yn ofer.

EGLYNION.
ENGLYN upon the Greyhound of Prince Llewelyn ap Gruffydd ap Llewelyn.

Claddwyd Cylart celfyd, (ymhyad)
Yn hyfryd Efionyyd;
Parad gwio i’r gwynod,
Parai’r dydd, yr belai Hydd!

Bydd sawn
With sawn
O’th fodd,
Bydd ansawn
With ansawn
O’th ansodd;
Nid da’r ansawn
Er ansodd,
Na rhy sawn
Onn mawr ohyw fodd.

Brenfaith bër arailt bererin, (delighted)
A Daucoil-gordd adfyn;
Oer forenguatiur ur frigyn.
Gwirddiach bôd o’r bydd fiad!

Gwell meon bôd gorweidd gorfeyd, (newa oer)
Nag ar os meon dynod;
Gwell anas pe im galw, gorfeyd,
Gwell oer fer, na gwaellus fyd?

Lle by curiad brad meon bron, (ya llebu)
Llebyd yr annenchion,
Pa dig biafnig dtyfnid llen,
Llebyd god i lle bo’r galon?

Ni chaf yr wyn’g glôf o glawfon (fyy oer)
Le’r fardd am Gwernfryn
Na gwrn farell, na gair fon
Na’n gâl un o’r galwfon!

From lips delicious in their bloom
Rich mead I fipp’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!

(Or)
Rich mead I fipp’d, my heart delighting,
From lips deliciously inviting;
Lips, that such honied sweets distill,
I ne’er can kiss, and sip my fill!

The remains of fam’d Cylart so faithful and good
The bounds of the canted conceal;
Whenever the dog, or the flag he pursued,
His master was full of a meal.

Neidiai, a govnai heb un gorweidd (danaf);
Wel dyna fehirloeddyd!
Naid faisir, llawg gwauwr u ni golydd,
Ar naid dros Aber Nodwydd * !

Tiriondeb keynheb, a”m denodd (du elaw),
Dy olwy d’a’m dallodd,
T galon fach, gu llawson fodd
Dy degwch dî, a”i dyddad.

Dy gusfan bytekau di dechto dechfr (degrif)
Fal degwyn o sidwad;
Medrwyfaidd medr o fodd,
Er mòbyn Dewa, ar fy mûn dôd.

Moes gusfan im rhwun er buyw, (moes fil)
Moes dwysaf, moes dwysaf,
Moes uwainn, moes uwainn,
Moes yna, am f’oes im fwy.

Moes gusfan am ei geisiau iini,
Dan ammod eu rhfio
Moes fal bu im i fyl kwno,
Moes, aur gwaith, rifen ei’r grôd.

Ar ôl pob man, llan a lle, (a chwara)
A chwara mercbedd;
’Ro r hroddio, treiglo pob tre,
Teg edrych tua adre !

* By Einion to Aegbarad, when he leapt for her take over Aber-N.d.w. ad.

The
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.

These instruments are five in number, the Telyn or Harp, the Crotb or Crowd, the Flögen or Pipe, the Tabaret or Tabret, and the Corn Boclin, 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. 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 Δ 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 Didacus 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

* Gesius, chap. iv.
assign it four strings, in imitation of the mundane music of the four elements. Homer, Pindar, Horace, Virgil, Nemeschus, 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 Leighians in Apollo's temple. Pythagoras found it afterwards in a temple in Egypt, and improved it by the addition of an eighth string. Timaeus, 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 f ung 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 between the Harp when in its ancient primitive form, and the Grecian Lyre: for Dictores Statius records that the Celtic Bards played on instruments like Lyres, ὕπερθεν τοὺς βασιλεὺς δούλους.

In the time of the Welsh Princes, an hereditary Harp was preferred 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 an 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 softened 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:

Difyrrwch, diddrowch, didraeth, (Tawelaidd)  
Twa Tylyn hyfryddlas;  
Gwyddoll, sywir adlas,  
Nefolaidd wyth tawelaidd lais!

O Harp! within thy magic cells  
Light, airy glee, and pleasure dwells,  
And gentle rapture rings;  
While clear-voiced echo tends around  
The heavenly gate of tuneful sound,  
From all the according strings.

The Cridh 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 20½ inches, its breadth at bottom 9½; towards the top it tapers to 8 inches. Its thickness is 1½, and the finger-board measures 10 inches in length.

The Cridh 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. T. Cridw-ant.  
3. Byrden y Llorf-ant.  
4. Llorf-ant.  
5. T. Graich-ant.  

The strings of the Cridh explained, And the usual method of tuning it.

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<th>Tune the 1st String to the 2nd, then to the 3rd String.</th>
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Two or three of the lower strings of the Cridh 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 Basion. 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 Barrow's Edition of Anacreon and Graeffin's Musical Dictionary.
* I have seen some antique Harps in Wales, with 18 or 20 strings, others with 25 or 30.
* See King's Laws published by Dr. Wotton.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE WELSH.

There was likewise a Crëbth Trîlket or three-stringed Crëbth, 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 Crëbth; because the three-stringed Crëbth did not require equal skill, and consequently its power was less sensibly felt.

The Filgern or Horn Pipe, is so called, because both extremities are made of horn. In blowing the wind peflies through it, and sound the tongue of a reed concealed within it. It has seven holes, and measures about 15 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 Taberll, 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 Howell, that Harps and Voices were principally used by the ancient Welsh to inspire courage before a battle. There is reason to think, however, that Crëbths, Pipes, and Tabrets, were used for the same purpose.

The last, which perhaps should have been mentioned before, is the Corn Bucln or Bugle Horn. This instrument was sometimes called, Corn Hirlas, Corn Cywethbas, and Corn Cywhwas; names which signify the Long Blue Horn. The Horn of the Houfhold, and the Marching Horn. It was made, and received its general appellation, from the horn of the Buffalo, Bugle, or Wild Ox⁴, an animal formerly common in Wales. In the time of King Howell, 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 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 Beanhold, and the Horn of the Master of the Hounds⁵.

This instrument had lods 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 Cosain, composed by Owain Cysefog, 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 shineth like the sea;
Whole azure handle, tipp’d with gold,
Invites the grasp of Britains bold,
The sons of liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,
Mead will noblest deeds inspire.
Now the battle’s loft and won,
Give the horn to Gronwy’s son;
Put it into Gwrgan’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 fateful shout refounds 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 Methelin 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.

⁴ See the Laws of King Howell.
⁵ Published at the end of Dr. Davier’s Dictionary.
⁶ Howell’s Laws.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE WELSH.

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 Llywely's care beguile;
Gallant youth, unus'd to bear,
Mallet 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 disdain'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 Gwrtellan's plains defended,
Maelor fight began and ended.
There two princes fought, and there
Was Morch Fororvan's feast exchanged 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 Towy's comely offsprings fill,
Foremost in the battle still;
Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,
As heroes of mature 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 Towy'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 creft on the Horn, I find that it belonged to Sir Rhys Griffith; afterwards to his valiant son Sir Piers Griffith, 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.

1 Its dimensions are the following:
The diameter of the semi-circle —— 13 1/2 Inches.
The whole line of the semi-circle —— 21 1/2 ditto.

The diameter of the drinking end —— 2 1/8 Inches.
The diameter of the blowing end rather above 1/2
And contains about half a pint.
Ffarwel Ned Pwn

Plygiad y Bedol-fach

Trî hanner Tôn.

Confêt Gruffydd ap Cynan*

Prince GRUFFYDD AP CYNAN, the great Patron and reformer of the Bards; Flourished AN. DOM: 1100.
Mynediad Cadwen Morgan.

Maeftoso

Heard ye not the Din from far? Hurlech led th'embattled War;

Lloeger's terror, Cymry's shield, Hurlech scope'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 Cyman, thine the race
Where the Warrior's line we trace:
Brave Tyndalehwy, 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 Owen's deep
Thund'ring down his craggy steep:
Stronger Hurlech's matchless might,
Raging thr'o the ranks of fight.

6

Wyddfa's snows for ages driv'n,
Melt before the bolts of Heav'n:
Klafted 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 difmy'd,
Hofs of Heroes shrunk and fled.

8

"Raise your Harps, your Voices raise,
Grateful eye in Hurlech's praise:
Hurlech guards Gwyneddia's Plain,
Bloody Henr'y thirsts in vain!

9

Louder strike, and louder yet,
Till the echoing Caves repeat;
Hurlech guards Gwyneddia's Plain,
Bloody Henr'y 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,
Murderous Saxons spoil'd the Land:
Hurlech rose; the Waste is o'er.
Murderous 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 Plunderers Heads recoil.

13

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

I am much indebted to the Rev'd Mr. Lambert, for this animated and faithful translation of the Poem by Meirion Goch of Eryri.
Erddigan tro'r tant

Animato

Spirito

Probably to this animated Music the Welsh Odes were sung.
MORFA RHUDDLAN, or the Red March, on the banks of the CLYWD 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 One are verified from a Fragment Published in the Letters from Snowdon. 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 1st.
Hen Sibel

Brilliant

Away; let nought to love displeasing,

Let nought delay the

heavenly blessing, nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

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

Still shall each returning seafon
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 lift their Mother's tongue.

The above beautiful cantata to conjugal love is a translation from the Welsh; and I believe, was first printed in a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by D. David Lewis, 1793.
Ednyfed Fychan, Lord of Lyn Efenecll, held great power and authority in Wales in the former part of the XIIIth century. He was chief counsellor to Wiliam, the Great, and leader of his armies against the Saxons. He usually fought with great force, and bringing back from one of his battles, the heads of three Saxon treasurers whom he had slain with his own hands, was twitted by the Prince with a new song of triumph between the Saxons. His biographer, Owen Tudur, in his biography of the Life of Anglesey, quotes the following verse from Lyn Katherina, wife of Deryn V.:

**Var: 4th**

**Var: 6th**

**Ffarwel Ednyfed Fychan**

**Moderato**
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 GARREG-WEN, the home 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.
Codiad yr Hedydd

Moderato

Varia: 1st

Varia: 2nd

Varia: 3rd

Or Octave higher
Symlen ben bŷs

Andante
Affettuoso

Arioſo
Breuddwyd y Frenhines.

SYMLEN BEN BŶS was a favourite Tune of the great pastoral poet DAFYDD AR GWILYM, who flourished about the Year 1400. He wrote a Poem in its praise, wherein he declares us that he had learned to play it on his Harp. See Jones's Geographical Description of Wales, page 18 &c.
Gadael y Tir

Affetuoso

Er a wel-ais dan y fer, O lawnder, glowder gwledi-ydd, Ogwr-der, a

gwr i’w dren, A gwin ar fin af-on-ydd, Goreu bir, a goreu bwyd, a ran-wyd i Felrionydd.

*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 56.*

Y Fwyna ’n fyw.

Adagio Affetuoso

Hela ’r ysgyfarnog.

Allegro ma non troppo

Y Stwffwl.

Moderato
Cnott y Coed

\[ \text{Poco Allegro} \]

\[ \text{Cantabile} \]

\[ \text{Amoroso} \]

\[ \text{Affetuoso} \]

*Black Sir Harry, or Henry Salisbury, of the family of Ilmenny
in Denbighshire, lived in the latter part of the 14th Century.*
Pen Rham.*

Var. 1st

Var. 2d

*Mr. Rhys's Grammat makes mention of a Bard named GRYFFYDD BEN RHAW, and probably this Tune was Composed about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, or at least acquired this title at that time.
The famous PURCELL admired this Welsh Ground so much that he imitated it in a Catch.
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