



OF THE
 W E L S H P E N N I L L I O N ,
 P O E T I C A L B L O S S O M S ,
 Or, EPIGRAMMATIC STANZAS, and PASTORALS.

“ On themes alternate now the Swains recite ;
 “ The Muses in alternate themes delight.”

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

“ Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure’s smiling train ;
 “ Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain.” Pope.

The memorial verses, which in the time of *Cæsar*⁸ were never committed to writing, and which the Druidical Disciples employed so many years in learning, were *Pennillion*, conveyed in that most ancient metre called *Englyn Milwr*.

When the Bards had brought to a very artificial system their numerous and favourite metres, those which they rejected⁹ were left for the dress of the Rustic Muse, the *Awen* of the multitude. When Wales became an English province, Poetry had been generally diffused among the lower classes of the people. From that period they forgot their former favourite subjects of war and terror, and were confined to love, and the passions which are nearly allied to it, of pity and of sorrow ; so these sort of *Pennillion* were naturally retained, and admired, on account of the tender beauties contained in them.

At length, towards the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, the constitutional system of the Bards became almost extinct in Wales¹⁰, and the only Poetry that survived was poured forth in unpremeditated *Pennillion* around the hearths of husbandmen, and in the cots of shepherds. What contributed to keep alive, under every discouragement of foreign oppression, the poetical vein of the Welsh peasantry, was their primitive spirit of hospitality¹¹ and social mirth ; which assembled them to drink mead, and sing, and dance, around the harmony of the Harp, Crwth, and Pipes ; and what has preserved from very distant times many of

⁸ The word *Pennill* is derived from *Pen*, a Head : because these stanzas flowed extempore from, and were treasured in, the Head, without being committed to paper. *Pennill* may also signify a *brief head*, or *little’s subject*.

⁹ See *Cæsar’s Commentaries*: De Bello Gallico, lib. VI. cap. 13.

¹⁰ “ Y rhai hynny fy i roddi testun i’r Beirdd i ganu arno, naill ai mewyn Enghynion, Unodl union, Cywydd, neu ryw un o’r peilwar Mefur ar bugain, ac nid mewyn Dyri, Carol, neu ryw wael yerddi, y rhai ni wu wiw gan y priv weirdd gynt gymmaint a’i crybwyll ; o herwydd nad oes Rheolau perthynafol iddynt.” Statud Gruffudd ab Cynan, ynghylch cadw Eisteddvod. And see pp. 28. and 30.

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

¹¹ There have been meetings of the Bards held in different parts of Wales, since the reign of *Elizabeth*, although, perhaps, not by royal proclamation. One *Eisteddvod* was held at *Caermarthen* about the year 1460. Another *Eisteddvod* was held in 1575, under the auspices of *William Herbert*, Earl of *Pembroke*. Another was held at *Bea-præ Castle*, in South Wales, in 1681, under the authority of *Sir Richard Basset*. Another was held at *Machynallith*, in *Montgomeryshire*, about the year 1700 ; and an account of it was written by *Iago ab Dewi*. Another meeting was held at *Tŷstrad Fawin*, in *Glamorganshire*, about the year 1730, under the sanction of the late *Lord Chancellor Talbot*. And, about six years

ago, I revived this ancient custom of the congress of the Bards: I gave a medal to the best *Poet*; a medal to the best *Singer with the Harp*; and another for the best collection of *Pennillion*; which meeting was held at *Corwen*, in *Meirionethshire*. Since that time it has been continued annually at different towns in North Wales: viz. at *Bala*, *Dolgelly*, *St. Asaph*, *Llanrwst*, and at *Denbigh*. These meetings have since been judiciously patronized by the *Gwyneddigion Society*; and by some few of the gentry of Wales. Likewise, we held a *Gorsedd*, Tribunal-meeting, or *Supreme Congress of the Bards of the Isle of Britain*, according to the ancient form of a *Druidical Assembly*, for the sake of recovering *Druidical Mythology*, and *Bardic Learning*. This meeting was held on *Primrose-hill*, near *London*, September 22, 1792. And the chief *Druid*, *Bards*, and *Otydd*, were *Mr. Edward Williams*; *Mr. D. Samwell*, *Mr. William Owen*, and myself. The meeting is to be continued. See some account of it in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, vol. LXII. p. 956. See also pp. 38. 46. of this work.

¹¹ “ Among this people there is no beggar to be found: the houses of all are open for the welcome reception of all comers. Munificence they esteem beyond all virtues; and the genius of hospitality is so well understood, that the ceremony of offering entertainment to strangers, and of asking it, is here unknown.” *Giraldus Cambrensis*.

these

these little sonnets, is their singular merit, and the affection with which they are remembered. Some of the old English songs, which have been a thousand times repeated, still continue to please; while the lullaby of the day is echoed for a time, and is then consigned to everlasting oblivion. The metres of these stanzas are various; a stanza containing from three to nine verses; and a verse consisting of a certain number of syllables, from two to eight. One of these metres is the *Triban*, or Triplet; another the *Awl Gywydd*, or *Hén ganiad*, The memorial Ode of the ancient strain; another, what in English Poetry would be called the Anapæstic. There are several kinds of *Pennill* metres, that may be adapted and sung to most of the following tunes; and some part of a tune being occasionally converted into a symphony. One set of words is not, like an English song, confined to one tune, but commonly sung to several.

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

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 harmony of the Harp, and consumed the day in the most animated festivity: "Even at this day some vein of the ancient minstrelsy survives amongst our mountains. Numbers 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 *Improvisatori* of *Italy*, they sing extempore verses; and a person, conversant in this art, readily produces a *Pennill* opposite to the last that was sung." Many have their memories stored with several hundreds, perhaps thousands, of *Pennillion's*, some of which they have always ready for answers to every subject that can be proposed; or, if their recollection should ever fail them, they have invention to compose something pertinent and proper for the occasion. The subjects afford a great deal of mirth: some of these are jocular, others satirical, but most of them amorous, which, from the nature of the subject, are best preserved. They continue singing without intermission, never repeating the same stanza, (for, that would forfeit the honour of being held first of the song,) and, like nightingales, support the contest through the night. The audience usually call for the tune: sometimes a few only sing to it, and sometimes the whole company. But, when a party of capital 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.³ In these rural usages, which are best preserved in the mountainous counties of *Meirionnydd* and *Caernarvon*, we have a distant pleasing glimpse of ancient innocence, and the manners of a golden age, enjoying themselves with Metre, Music, and Mead.

Mannau mwyn am win a mêdd,
Tannau mirosg tôn maswedd!

" See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 " With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth."

Whoever considers the unaffected sense and unadulterated passions conveyed in these fine little pieces of antiquity—sentiments which all would hope, but few are able, to imitate—together with the sweet and soothing air of our musical compositions, which are mostly in the Lydian measure, will not wonder that,

³ *Cambria Descriptio*, cap. 12, and 13. See also pp. 29. and 35. of this work.

⁴ See *Lord Lyttelton's History of Henry II.* vol. II. p. 69.

⁵ This custom appears to have been very early; for Sacred

History informs us, that "Solomon's wisdom excelled all the wisdom of the East, &c. he spake 3000 Proverbs; and his Songs were a 1005." *First Book of Kings*, chap. 4.

⁶ See *Pennant's Journey to Snowdon*.

like our national proverbs, they have been so long preserved by tradition, that the same stanzas are remembered in all the counties of Wales, and that the natives are so enamoured with them as to be constantly chanting them whenever they meet with a *Harp*, or a *Crutb*. 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 *αφειδεια* of the Greek Epigrams.

“ From words so sweet new grace the notes receive;
“ And Music borrows help, she us'd to give.”

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

*Mwyn yw llŷn, a main yw llais,
T Delyn varnais newydd;
Haeddaï glôd, am vŷd yn vwyn,
Hi ydyw llwyn llawenydd:
Ve ddaw'r adar yn y man,
I diwnio dan ei 'denydd!*

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

*Hardd ar Verch yw llygaid dŷ,
Hardd ar Vab yw bŷd yn hŷ;
Hardd ar Varch yw pedrain lydan,
Hardd ar Vilgi yw myn'd yn vuan!*

'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.

*Ve ellir myn'd i lawer ffair,
A cherdded tair
O oriau,
A charu Merch o lawer plwy,
Heb wybod pwy
Sydd orau;
Mae'n anbwdd dewis derwen dŷg,
Heb ynddi wrŷg,
Yn rbywle!*

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

*Yn Sŷr Vŷn y mae ŷuo tannau;
Yn Nyffryn Clwyd mae coed avalau;
Yn Sŷr Fflint mae tŷn i 'mdwymno,
A lodes lŷndeg i'w chouleidio!*

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

* Every language has peculiar beauties. The thoughts and words of these *Pennillion* are so uncommonly simple and expressive, that I do not presume to offer the annexed English stanzas as an adequate translation, but merely (for the sake of the English reader) as an imperfect sketch and idea of them. At the same time, I must not omit my grateful acknowledgements to the Rev. James Lambert, and the Rev. R. Williams, of Vron, for their poetical assistance in several of the following English verses.

Few have been so happy in the concise style of writing as my countryman Mr. *John Owen*, of *Pŷas Dŷ, Llanarmon*, near *Pwllbeli, Caernarvonshire*, the noted Epigrammatist, and Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; who died A. D. 1622, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London: he wrote several books of Latin Epigrams, which are much admired for their brevity, and sterling wit.

“ How does the little *Epigram* delight,
“ And charm us with its miniature of wit!
“ While tedious authors give the reader pain,
“ Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
“ When in less volumes we more pleasure find;
“ And what diverts, still best informs the mind.”

Talden.

Tro

1.

*Tro yma d'wyneb venaid wŷyn,
A gwrande ar gŵyn dy gariad;
Gwn nad oes un mab yn vryw
Na fercba liw dy lygad!*

2.

*'R ydwyw yma val y gweli,
Heb na chyvoeth na thylodi;
Os meiddi gyda mi gŷd-vydio,
Di gei ran o'r vuchedd bonno?*

*Llân y Delyn, llân y tannau,
Llân Cyweirgorn aur yn droiau;
Yan ei vyfedd O! na v'afai,
Llân vy nghalon union innau!*

*Dy liw, dy lûn, dy law, dy lygad,
Dy wên dæg, a'th ysgawn droediad;
Dy lais mwyn ath barabl tawel,
Am peryglodd am vy hoed!*

*Blodeu 'r vlawyddyn yw v' Anwylid;
Ebrill, Mai, Mebevin, bevyd;
Llewyrch haul yn t'wynnu ar gysgod,
A gwenithen y genethod.*

*Dod dy law ond wyd yn coelio,
Dan vy mron, a gwilia 'mriwo;
Ti gei glywed, os gwrandewi,
Swm y galon vâcb yn torri!*

*Ow! vy nghalon, torr os torri,
Paham yr wyd yn dyval boeni!
Ac yn darvod bôb 'n ychydig,
Val iâ glâs ar lechwedd llitbrig!*

*Er melynâd gwallt ei phen,
Gwybydded Gwen
Liw'r ewyn;
Vod llawer gwreiddin cbawerw 'n 'r ardd,
Ac arno bardd
Vlodeüyn!*

1.

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

2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gwyn

Gwyn eu byd yr adar gwylltion
Hwy gânt wyn'd i'r van y vynnion;
Weitbiau i'r môr, ac weitbiau i'r mynydd,
A dyvod adrev yn ddigerydd.

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

Blin yw caru yma ac accw,
Blin bôd heb, y blinder bwnnw:
Ond or blinderaw, blina blinder,
Cûr anioyr, caru yn over!

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain, that pain to mis:
But, of all pains, the greatest pain,
It is to love, and love in vain.

Rbaid i gybydd gadw ei gaban,
Rbaid i ieuengŷid dorri allan;
Hyd y' mêdd mae'n rbaid i minnau,
Ganlyn mwynion dynnion dannau.

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

1.
Aelwyd serch fydd rhwng vy nwyron,
Tanwydd cariad ydyw'r galon;
A'r tân bwnnw, byth ni dderwydd,
Tra parhâo ddim o'r tanwydd!

1.
My heart's the seat of fond desire;
Affection fans the gentle fire;
And constancy augments the flame
That burns eternally the same!

2.
A ffyddlondeb yw 'r meginau
Sydd yn chwythu'r tân i gynnuau,
A maint y gwrŷs nid rhyvedd gweled,
Y dŵr yn berwi, dros vy llygaid!

2.
What wonder then, my throbbing breast
Is with such inward heat possess'd?
Whence all the melting passions rise,
And burst in torrents from my eyes.

Hawdd yw d'wedyd daccw'r Wyddva
Nid eir drosti ond yn ara';
Hawdd i'r iâch, a vo 'n ddiddolur
Ber'r clâw gymmeryd cyffur.

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

Yn Havod Elwy 'r Góg ni chân,
Ond llais y vrân
Sydd amla;
Pan vo hi decca, ym mhob tir,
Mae hi yno 'n wir
Yn eira.

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

Weitbiau yn brudd, ag weitbiau yn llawen,
Weitbiau a golud, weitbiau ag angen;
Weitbiau ag aur, ac arian ddigon;
Weitbiau yn brin o ddŵr yr avon!

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

1.

*Mi ddymunais, vil o weisbiau,
Vod vy mron o wydr golau,
Val y gallai 'r Ván gael gweled
Vod y galon mewn caetbiwed.*

2.

*Ni bu verch erioed gan laned,
Ni bu verch erioed gan wynnied,
Ni bu neb o verched dynion,
Nés na bon i dorri 'ngbalon.*

1.

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

2.

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

*Trwm yw 'r plwm, a thrw m yw 'r cerrig,
Trom yw calon pob dŷn unig;
Trymma peth dan baul a lleuad,
Canu 'n iach, lle byddo cariad!*

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

*Gwych gan gerlyn yn ei wely,
Glywed fôn y troellau 'n nyddu!
Gwych gan innau Duw a 'drycho,
Glywed fôn y tannau 'n tiwnio!*

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

*Gwŷnt ar vôr, a baul ar vynydd,
Cerrig llwydion yn lle coedydd;
A gwylanod yn lle dynion,
Och! Duw pa vodd na thorra i 'ngbalon!*

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

*Mae gan amled yn y varebnad,
Groen yr Oen, a chroen y Ddavad;
A chan amled yn y llan,
Gladdu'r Verch, a chladdu'r Vam!*

As oft in the market the skin of the lamb
As the skin of the wether is seen:
Nor more common in church-yards to bury the dame,
Than her daughter of blooming fifteen.

*Myn'd i'r ardd i dorri prwyff,
Gwrthod lavant, gwrthod lili,
Gwrthod mintys, a rhôs cochion,
Dewis prwyff o ddanadl poethion!*

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

* Alluding to the choice of a wife.

1.

*Gwyn vy mjd, na vawn mor bappus,
In y bjd, a chael vy newis,
Mi ddewiswn o flaen cyvoeth,
Lendid prjd, a chariad perffaitb!*

2.

*Ve gair cyvoeth ond cynnilo,
Ve gair tŷr ond talu 'm dano;
Ve gair glendid ond ymowyn,
Ni chair mwynder, ond gan Rywun.*

3.

*Rbywun fydd! a Rbywun etto!
Ac am Rywun 'r wy'n myvyrio!
Pan vwyv drymma'r nŷs yn cyfgu,
Ve ddaw Rbywun, ac am deffry!*

*Os collais i vy ngbariad lân,
Mae brân i vrân
Tn rbywle;
Wrth ei bŷdd y bo bi byw,
Ag 'wllys Duw
I minne'!*

*Ni chân Cŷg ddim amfer gaua',
Ni chân Telyn heb ddim tannau;
Ni chân Calon barodd i'ch' wybod
Pan vo galar ar ei gwaelod!*

*Clywais ddadwrdd, clywais ddwndrio,
Clywais ran o'r bjd yn beio;
Erioed ni cblywais neb yn datgan,
Vawr o'i hynod veiau ei bunan!*

*Gwell na 'r gwŷn yw 'r Mēdd pŷr hidlaid,
Diod Beirdd yr bēn Vrutaniaid;
Gwŷn a bair ynvydrwydd cynnen,
Ond yn y Mēdd mae dawn yr Awen!*

*Tn bēn ac yn ieuangc, yn gall ac yn ffŷl,
T merched fy'n gwŷra, a minnau ar yr ŷl;
Pam y mae 'r meibion i'm gweled mor wael,
A minnau gan laned a merched fy'n cael?*

6

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

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

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

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

On Mead.

Nectar of bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British Bards were wont to quaff of old;
The berries of the grape with furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the Muses dwell!

See also page 21.

The men will be courting, tho' me they despise,
Young women and old, both the foolish and wise;
Ah, why am I doom'd to escape their fond view,
When I am as fair as the Nymphs they pursue?

Caniad

Caniad y Gôg i Veirionydd*.

1.

Er a welais dan y sér,
O lawnder, glewder gwledydd;
O gwrw da, a gwŷr i'w drîn,
A gwin ar vîn avonydd:
Goreu bîr, a goreu bwyd,
A ranwyd i Veirionydd.

2.

Da ydyw'r gwaith, rhaid d'weyd y gwir,
Ar vryniau sîr Veirionydd,
Golwg oer o'r gwacla gawn;
Mae hi etto'n llawn llawenydd:
Pwy ddisgwylia? canai 'r Gôg,
Mewn mawnog yn y mynydd?

3.

Pwy fydd lân o bryd a gwedd,
Ond rhyvedd mewn pentrevydd?
Pwy fy mbob byfviaeth dda,
Tn gwllwm gyd â 'i gilydd?
Pwy fy'n ymyl dwyn vy ngbo'?
Morwynion bro Meirionydd.

4.

Glân yw'r gleisiad yn y llyn,
Nid ydyw hyn ddim newydd;
Glân yw'r urororaith yn ei tŷ,
Dan danu ei badenydd:
Glanaeb yw, os d'wedai 'r gwir,
Morwynion tir Meirionydd.

5.

Anwyl yw gan adar bŷd,
Eu rhyddid byd y coedydd;
Anwyl yw gan vaban laeth
Ei vammaeth, odiaeth ddedwydd,
Ob! ni ddywedwn yn vy myw,
Mor anwyl yw Meirionydd.

6.

Mwyn yw Telyn o vewn tŷ,
Lle byddo Teulu dedwydd;
Pawb â'i bennill yn ei gwrs,
Hcb sôn am bwrs y cybydd:
Mwyn y cân, o ddeutu 'r tân,
Morwynion glân Meirionydd.

7.

Er bod vy ngborph mewn huwen bŷd,
Yn rhodio bŷd y gwledydd,
Yn cael plejer môr a thîr,
Ni chaw yn wir mor llonydd;
Myned adre' i mi fy 'raid:
Mae'r Enaid ym Meirionydd.

The Cuckoo's Song to Meirionydh.

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* valleys dwell!

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

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

*Mi du oddi-yma i'r Havod Lom,
Er bôd yn drom vy siwrnai ;
Mi gdu yno ganu cainge,
Ac eiste' ar vainge y simnai ;
Ac ond odid dyna 'r van,
Y byddaw dan y berau.*

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

*Rbaid i bawb newidio bjd,
Ve wŷr pob ebud angall ;
Pa waeth marw o gariad pŷr,
Na marw o ddolur arall ?*

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

*Gwna Havdŷ chymmedig,
Ac adail o goedwig ;
A thyn y glau ewig i glywed y Gôg
A newid yn ffyddlon,
Gusanau n' gysionion,
Tan dirion coed irion cadeiriog.*

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

*O! v'arglwydd Ddew cyvion, pa beth sy'n eich brjd,
A'i dringo pob cangen, o'r bôn byd y brîg ?
Y brigyn fydd uchel a'r codwm fydd wawr,
Ve geir eich cwmpeini, pan ddeloch i lawr !*

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

*D'accw Llwyn o vedw gleifson,
D'accw'r Llwyn sy'n torri 'ngalon ;
Nid am y llwyn yr wy'n ochneidio,
Ond am y Verch a welais ynddo !*

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

*Ond ydyw hyn ryveddod,
Vod dannedd merch yn darvod ;
Ond tra bo yn ei genau chwstb,
Ni dderydd byth mo'i iharvod.*

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.

Pennill ar y Dêg Gorchymyn.

*Arver o bump, riv aur borth,
Ymogel y saith magl fwrth ;
A gwna 'r Dêg yn wŷr di-warth,
A dôs i Nêv, dewis nerth.*

R. Cain.

An Epigram on the Ten Commandments.

Use well five, fly from seven ;
Keep well ten, and go to Heaven.

*A mi 'n rbodio 'monwent eglwys,
Lle 'r oedd amryw gyrph yn gorphwys ;
Trawn vy nbreed wrth vedd vy 'nwylyd,
Clywn vy ngbalon yn dymchwelyd !*

Along the church-yard as I stray'd,
Where many a mould'ring corpse is laid :
My conscious heart its pain confest,
As on my love's green sod I prest!

Dioval

1.
Dioval ydyw 'r aderyn,
Ni hau, ni veld, un growyn ;
Heb ddim goval yn y bŷd, ond canu bŷd y vikwyddyn!

2.
Ve wwytty ei swpper beno,
Nis gwyr ym mb'le mae 'i ginio ;
Dyna 'r môdd y mae 'e'n byw, a gadaw i Dduw arlwyo!

3.
Ve eistedd ar y gangen,
Gan edrych ar ei aden ;
Heb un geiniog yn ei gôd, yn llywio bôd yn llawen!

1.
 Blythe is the bird who wings the plain,
 Nor sows, nor reaps, a single grain ;
 Whose only labour is to sing,
 Through Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.

2.
 At night his little meal he finds,
 Nor heeds what fare may next betide,
 The change of seasons nought he minds,
 But for his wants lets Heaven provide.

3.
 Oft on the Branch he perches gay,
 Oft on his painted wing looks he,
 And, pennyless, renews his lay,
 Rejoicing in unbounded glee.



Kân Kerniw.

1.
Pa le er ew why moaz môz vean wbêg,
Gen alax tbêg bagaz blêu melyn ?
Mi a moaz a ba leath ba firra wbêg,
A delkiow fevi gura muzi têg!

2.
Ka ve moaz gan a why, môz vean wbêg,
Gen alax tbêg bagaz blêu melyn ?
Gen oll an collan sirra wbêg,
A delkiow fevi gura muzi têg!

3.
Pa le'r ew an Bew, môz vean wbêg,
Gen alax tbêg bagaz blêu melyn ?
En park an motw, ba firra wbêg,
A delkiow fevi gura muzi têg!

A Cornish Song.

1.
 Where are you going, my Fair little Maid,
 With your rosy cheeks and your golden hair ?
 I am going a milking, Sir, she said :
 The Strawberry-leaves make Maidens Fair !

2.
 Shall I go with you, my Fair little Maid,
 With your rosy cheeks and your golden hair ?
 With all my heart, kind Sir, she said,
 The Strawberry-leaves make Maidens Fair.

3.
 Where is the Cow, my pretty little Maid,
 With your rosy cheeks and your golden hair ?
 In Parken-pig, kind Sir, she said,
 Where Strawberry-leaves make maidens Fair.



THE inhabitants of *Wales* and *Cornwal* are the only *Aborigines* ¹ of this island now remaining ; both of which, as well as their fraternal tribe of *Bretagne*, in France, all speak the *ancient British language* ² ; allowing their dialects to be now greatly corrupted, owing to the length of time they have been separated. The *Welsh language* was common to all *Britain*, prior to the *Saxon* invasion. The natives of *Cornwal*, and part of *Devonshire*, began to lose their *old Celtic dialect*, in the reign of Elizabeth, and is now almost extinct ; although the people of *Cornwal* still retain many of their ancient customs and diversions ; such as hunting, hawking, archery, wrestling⁴, hurling⁵, and singing three men's songs ; also, they used to perform what they call *Cbware-mirkl*, miracle-play, or *Cornish Interludes* ⁶. At *Redruth*, there were, till very lately, the evident remains of an amphitheatre, and another near the church of St. Just, vulgarly denominated a round ; and the uses of those rounds anciently were to act religious and other interludes. There is a MS. of a *Cornish play*, with an English translation, in the *Harleian Library* : and two other *Cornish MSS.* in the *Bodleian Library*, NE. B. 5. 9. which contain several interludes, or *Ordinalies*.

¹ A similar custom still prevails in Wales: when women have freckled faces, they frequently wash themselves with Tanfy and Buttermilk to make them fair.

² *Cæsar* says, that the inland parts of Britain were inhabited by *Aborigines* of the soil. *Bell. Gall.* V. 10. and *Diodorus Siculus*.

³ See also the first page of this Book, and page 37.

⁴ See *Sir Thomas Parkyn's Cornish-hug Wrestler*. 3d Edition.

⁵ At a village called St. Cleere, in *Cornwal*, there are the remains of an ancient monument distinguished by the name of the Hurlers. See *Borlase's Antiquities of Cornwall*.

⁶ *Carew's Survey of Cornwall*, p. 71, &c. *Llwyd's Archaeologia Britannica*. And *Pryce's Archaeologia Conno-Britannica*.

Peth brâv yw bâv a hawddwyd;
Peth brâv yw ysgawn iechyd;
Peth brâv yw arian yn y pwrs;
Peth brâv yw cwrs yr ie'ngelid!

V' anwylyd oedd dy ddau lygedyn,
Gwn mai arian byw fydd ynddyn;
Yn dy ben y maent yn chwareu
Val y fêr ar noswaith oleu?

Bu'n edwar vâl o weithiau,
O waith farad gormad eiriau;
Ni bu erioed mor vatb beryglon,
O waith farad llai na digon.

Tebyg ydyw'r Delyn dyner,
I Verch wen a'i chnawd melusber;
Wrth ei tbeimlo mewn cyvrinach,
E ddaw honno vwynach, vwynach.

Union natur vy Mûn odiaeth,
Yw nacdu a 'mroi ar unwaith;
Gweiddi beddwch, goddev teimlo,
D'wedya paid; a gadael iddo!

Nid oes ymorol vawr am ferch,
Na chwaiith am verch naturiol;
Y'mbôb lle mae cryu a gwan,
Am arian yn ymorol!

Pan boffio Gŵr ei ddeugain oed,
Er bôd val coed
Yn deilio;
Ve vydd fân goriadau'r Bêdd,
Yn peri i'w wêdd
Newidio!

Ow v'anwylyd, rbêd ar gais,
I wrando ar lais
Yr adar,
Er llwyn bedw tecca erioed,
Dan gysgod llingoed
Llangar.

V' Arglwydd Dduw, pa beth yw byn,
Ni vedra 'nd fyn
Veddylio?
Lle bo mab yn vrya 'i ferch,
Ni vyn un verch.
Mo bono.

Groeso 'r Gwanwyn tawel cynnar;
Groeso 'r Gôg a'i llawen lavar;
Groeso 'r Têl i rodio 'r gweinydd;
A Gair llonn ag awr llawenydd.

Os ei i'r coed i dorri gwialen,
Meddwl vôd yn gall vy machgen;
Gwedi ei chael, a myn'd i'w nyddu,
Gwel vôd llawer ún yn methu.

Tebyg ydyw Morwyn sercbog,
I Vachgen drwg yn nêf cymmydog;
A vynni vwyd? na vynnau mono:
Ac etto, er bynwy, marw am dano!

Mwyn a mwyn, a thra mwyn yw merch,
A mwyn iawon, lle rboddo ei ferch;
Lle rbo merch ei ferch yn gynta,
Dyna gariad bytb nid oera.

1.

Gwae a garia vaich o gwrw,
Yn ei vol i vôd yn veddu;
Trymma baich yw hwn o'r beichiau,
Baich ydyw o bechodau!

2.

Hwn yw mam y cam, a'r celwydd,
Murdwr, lledrad, ac anlladrwydd;
Gwna'r cryu yn wan, a'r gwan yn wannach,
Y ffel yn ffôl, a'r ffôl yn ffôlach!

Tra bu mi yn w'r cynnes am lloches yn llawen,
Vy marnu yn synbwyrrol ragorol a gawn;
Troi 'n ynvyd a wnaetbym pan aetbym yn ôl,
Di-râs a di-refwm, a phendrwam a ffôl:
Vy anwyl gymdeitbion a droeson'y drych,
Yrwan ni's gwelan' osgoewan wâs gwŷch:
Heb un gair o geltwair pe i gallent yn rbwydd,
Yngbysgod rbedynen bwy 'mguddien' o'm gwydd!

Robin-gôch ddaeth at y rbiniog
A'i ddwy aden yn anwydog;
Ac ve dd'weuda mo'r ysmala,
Mae hi 'n oer, ve ddaw yn eira.

Mae llawer Aval ar wrig Pren,
A melyn donnen iddo;
Ni thâl y mwydion dan ei groen,
Mo'r cym'ryd poen i'w ddringo!
Hwnnw vydd cyn diwedd Ha'
Debycca a siwra o fura.

Mae

Mae'r coedydd yn glâfu,
 Mae'r meillion o'm deutu,
 Mae dail y brialu,
 Yn tyou ymboob twyn;
 A'r adar diniwed,
 Yn lleisio gan wwyned,
 Iw clywed, ai gweled,
 Mewn gwizw-lwyn. E. Morris.

Mae'n y Bala vlawd ar werth,
 Mae'n Mawddwy berth i lechu;
 Mae'n Llyn-Tegid ddŵr a grô,
 Mae'n Llundain o yn pedoli:
 Ag'n Ngastell Dinas Brân,
 Mae ffynnon lân i'molchi!

Blân yw dawnfio ar bigau dŵr
 A blân yw cŵr y galon!
 Blinacn ydyw colli'r Vun
 A hitbau ei bŵn yn vodlon!

Deruydd aur, a deruydd arian,
 Deruydd melwed, deruydd sidan;
 Deruydd pŵb dilledyn belaeith,
 Etto er byn, ni dderuydd hiraeth!

Rhoes vy serch ar vlodau'r Dyffryn,
 A rhoes hitbau ei serch ar rywun;
 Ve rhoes bwnnw ei serch ar arall,
 Pa'r un o'r tri fy' wvayav anghall?

Tro yma dy wyneb, gwen tro'n inion,
 Gida yr golwg Gwen tro'r galon;
 A chyda'r galon Gwen tro'r'wyllys,
 I iachâu carcharor ctwyous.

Betty bâcb anwyl fydd lodes bŵr-lân,
 Ai gwyneb gwynn gwridog, a dannedd mân mân;
 Ai dau lygad gleision, a dwy-ael vel gwaewn,
 Vy ngbalon a'i carai pe gwyddwn y cawen.

Ni bydd tân heb wrês lle byddo,
 Ni bydd dŵr heb wlybrwydd ynddo;
 Ni bydd'wallen dda heb'valau;
 Na bywiol ffydd heb aduwiol ffrwythau.

Yr wy'n dy garu er yn Eneth,
 Er yn Vorwyn, er yn Vammaeth;
 Er yn Wraig ni vedra'i beidio,
 Ni wna'i lai, na'tb garu etto.

A Welsh farmer had been sowing barley, and, on his return from the field, was asked, what he had been doing? upon which he returned the following sprightly witticism:

"Bum yn claddu hên gydymmaith,
 A gododd yn vy mben i ganwaith;
 Ac yr wy'n ammeu, er ei briddo,
 Y cywyd yn vy mben i etto."

Och, na bawn i draw'n y vron,
 Braich ymmraich a Gwen ei bron;
 Yn cŵd seinio yn gywir galon,
 Bedair braich tan bedair bron.

Minnau glywais vŵd yn rhyw-vôdd,
 Tr Bŵd bwn wyt ran ymadrodd;
 Ac i'r Gwagedd anghlod iddynt,
 Vyn'd a faitb o'r wytbran rbyngddynt!

Os collais i vy nghariad orau,
 Colli wnelo'r coed eu blodau;
 Colli cân a wnelo'r adar,
 Duw a gadwo ffrwyth y ddaear.

Mentra Meinir tyr'd ar v'ôl,
 Di gei ragorol Gariad;
 Ni thynav arnad léd y dŵs,
 Ond wyt yn dewis Dywad!

Pedwar pŵr mesur miwsg
 Ar bugain fydd vreisgwydd vrtg;
 Doedyd y gwyddyd eu gwau,
 Ni wyddost mo'u rbinweddau.

Ni chlywai nêb ag oflew bér,
 Ond pobl Aber-yddon;
 Y rbain a'u llais a geidw eu lle,
 I ddilyn tannau tynnion.

Tros y môr y mae vy ngbalon!
 Tros y môr y mae vy'cbneidion!
 Tros y môr y mae v'anwylid,
 Sŷn vy meddwol i bob munyd!

Darvu'r caru darvu yr cerdded,
 Darvu i'r Veinir gael bodlondeb;
 Darvu i minnau vwrw'r galar,
 Am bôb fwrnai a rois yn over.

To the tune of Morva Rhuddlan.

Ladies glân vawr a mân,
Dyma gân gynnes;
Clôd i Vûn, bardd ei llân,
Liwdeg v'un lodes:—

Trwyn a gên, tég ei gwên,
Elen angyles;
Llygad main, blodau 'r drain,
Talcen brenbines:
Ni bu goes yn ein boes,
Oi bath gan Saefnes;
Ni bu 'rloed y wath droed,
Ar betw Gwyyddeles.

L. Morris.

Chweribid mwyalch mewn celli,
Nid ardd, nid erddir iddi;
Nid llawenach neb na bi!

Moes dy law, cei law am dani;
Moes dy grêd, cei grêd os mynni;
Moes dy veddwol addwyn ffyddlon;
Yn lle rhain, cei gorph a cbalon?

V'arwyhyd benna o vewr y bôd,
A ddoi di gyd a myvi;
Ti a gei vwynder yn dy vrw,
Os cawn gan Dduw gyd-oesi?

Y Verch edrycho yn uwch na'r sêr
A ollyngo ei hamfer heibio;
Ni cheiff bonno yn ei rhan,
Ond marchnad dan ei dwylo!

Main a chymwys val y vedwen,
Berth ei llân val bardd veillionen;
Tég ei gwawr val bore havddydd,
Hon yw nôd, holl glôd y gwledydd!

Serchog iawn yw blodau 'r meusydd,
Serchog bevyd Cân, a Chwyddâ:
Ond y serch fy'n dwyn rbagoriaeth,
Yw serchogwydd mewn cym'dogaeth!

I ba beth y byddai brúdd,
A tkroi llawenydd heibio;
Tra bwy 'n ivangc ac yn llon,
Rhow hwb ir galon eito:
Hwb ir galon doed a ddêl
Mae rhai na wêl mo'u digon,
Ni waeth punt na chant mewn côd,
Os medrir bôd yn vodlon.

6

1.

Dŷn a garo Grwib, a Thelym;
Sain Cyngbanedd, Cân, ag Englyn;
A gar y pethau mwya tirion,
Sy'n y Nêv ymbliith angylion.

2.

Yr un nic baro Dôn, a Chaniad,
Ni chair ynddo nawr o Gariad;
Ve welir hwn tra bysbo byw,
Yn gâs gan ddŷn, a cbâs gan Dduw.

Da gan adar mân y coedydd;
Da gan wyn veillionog ddolŷdd;
Da gan i brydyddu 'r havddydd,
Yn y llwyn a bôd yn llonydd!

Lawer gwaith y bu vy mwriad,
Gael Telyndor immi 'n gariad;
Gan velyfed fôn y tannau,
Gyd ar hwyr, a chyda 'r borau.

O! mor gynnes mynnes Meinwen,
O! mor vwyn yw llwyn Meillionen;
O! mor velus yw'r Cufanau,
Gyda Serch, a mwynion eiriau!

Gwŷcb ydyw 'r dŷffryn, a gwenith ag ŷd,
Mwynddil a maenol ag aml le cŷd;
Llinos ag Eos, ag adar a gân;
Ni cheir 'n y mynydd ond mawnen a thân.

1.

Betty vel lili bêr lân,
Dynes llawn doniau cyffurgan;
'Loyw bearles kwys búrlan,
Dirion a mwyn, danedd-mân.

2.

Geneth a bronau gwynnion,
Angyles yngotwg y meibion;
Vy-ngbywely, vy-ngbalon,
Veindw hardd, v'enaid yw bon.

Pan vo seren yn rbagori,
Ve vydd pawb ai otwg arni;
Pan ddaw unwaitb gwmmwl droffi,
Ni bydd mwy o sôn am dani.

Pan vo'r haul yn t'wynnu 'n wrefoŷ,
Y mae cweirio gwair meillionog:
Yn eich blodeu gwen lliw 'r eira,
Y mae 'n oreu i chwithe wra.

Mae

Mae'n bw'n dweyd hyd y Str,
A minnas'n dirvyr wrando,
Nis gwyr undyn yn y wlad,
Pwy ydyw'n gbariad etto;
Ac nis gwn i'n dda vy bân,
Oes gennyv ūn a'i peidio.

Siân vwyn, Siân vain,
Siân gain, Siân gu,
Siân druan bynny beno;
Siân beraidd lais, Siân búredd lwy,
Siân gymrwys imi ymgommio:
Tra bo uchel bediad brân
Ni'llyngai Siân yn ango!

R. Cain.

Siân liwus, Siân lawen,
Siân aurbleth-benvolen;
Siân dyner ei thonen,
Siân irwen yw hon:
Siân imi yn gariad,
Siân lana'n y tair-gwlad;
Siân drwyad, Siân doriad, Siân dirion.

H. Merys.

Dy ddwy wocwus Besi bér
Sydd iraidd dyner aeron,
Ac mor velvedaidd gain-wedd gú,
Vel gweunydd blá dy ddwyvron:
Ond yw ryvedd tég ei lliw,
Mor galed yw dy galon!

Pennill, to the tune of Ar hŷd y Nôs.

Nid ai i garu vŷth ond bynny,—ar hŷd y nŷs;
Am cydymmaith evo myvi,—ar hŷd y nŷs:
Rbag i brwnnw brivio'n ffalrŵr,
Dwyn vy mŷyd oddiar vy nbrenfwr,
Dyna'r gwaith a wnaeth e' neithiwr,—ar hŷd y nŷs.

Cár y Cybydd gŵdd ag Arian;
A pbwy ŷdd na cbár ei bunan?
Myvi fy'n caru Merch yn anghall,
Ag yn bychanu pŵb pesh arall.

Llawen wŷv, a llawen vydda',
Tra bwyv ar y ddaear yma;
A llawenydd ŷdd i'm cadw,
Tra bwyv byw ni byddav marw.

Yn y Bala mae hi'n bydio,
A'i dwy vron vel eira'n lluchio;
Dygwv vy ngorchymyn atti,
Merged wŷdn ach luan ydi!

Tég ei phŷd o'i chŷd yr aeth,
I vreichiau gwivw yr bwn a'i gwnaeth;
Dedwydd yw'r blodau yn ŷythbio ŷydd,
Cyn y delo georŷs y dŷdd.

Siân ŷydd vwyn, a Siân ŷydd ldn,
A Siân ŷydd gyvlawn govlaid;
Pe cawn i Siân rhwng braich a bron,
Mi waŷgwn hon yn galed.

Yvais attoch glás eich llygad,
Trwy bŷr ŷerch, a ffyddlon gariad;
Yvwb chwitbau, dwy-ael veinion,
At y mwyv' à gár eich calon.

Yn y môr y byddo'r mynydd,
Sydd yn cuddio Brŷ Meirionydd;
Na chawn unwaith olwg arni,
Cyn i'r galon dirion dorri.

Nid oes i-mi ond dau eŷyn,
Gwyn vy mŷd, pe byddwn rbyngddyn;
Pan vo Meimir yn vy mreicbiau,
Y gelynon vydd y gliniau!

Parcb. Wm. Wynne

Och i'r môr am vŷd mor erwin,
Och i'r tonnau am dawlŷ cymmin!
Och i'r gŷg na ddoe i ganu,
Ar vryn tég wrth ben Ballawndy*.

* A place in Angleŷy.

Lle bo cariad ve ganmolir,
Odid vawr yn vwy na ddylir;
Ond lle bŷ'r eiddigedd creulon,
Ve vydd beiau mwy na digon.

Telyn wen a thannau mân,
A mwnws arian bydol;
A bair i lawer mŷb drwy ŷerch,
Gael cumni merch naturiol.

Awel iachus fy'n mben Berwyn,
Lle i weled llawer dyffryn;
Ac oni bae y' Rennig ddiffaeth,
Gwelwn wldd vy ngenedigaeth.

Culwas wŷv yn celu ŷerch
Curio mín y cár i'm ais,
Curio mawr yw caru merch,
Canu'm llith, am cwyn i'm llais.

U

Mae'r

*Mae'r Gôg yn bêr leverydd,
A'i miwsig yn y meusydd,
A gwenu y mae'r gweunydd,
Dan dywydd hirdydd hâv:
Ar gerdd ynghaerau gwyrddion,
Y tîr gan wyeilch taerion,
Llawenydd pynciau llawnion,
Y dô, byrydlon vrâv.*

*Gwen ei brest, a gwen ei bronau,
Gwen pôb man, ond gwrid ei gruddiau;
Gleifon lygaid, doeth ymadrodd,
Gendid hon yn llwyr am lladdodd.*

*Hawdd-ŵyd i ddydd yr Awen,
Pan oeddwn gynt yn vachgen;
A chyda'r Gôg yn canu 'n vwyn,
Yngbyvor llwyn yn llawen.*

*Glân vraich, glân ddeworaich, glân ddwyron,
Glân enaid, glân anadl a chalon;
Urddedig glân vorddwydion,
A glân bÿth pe bai glo 'n y bôn.*

*Yr bwn y bore gwyrdd-lâs vjdd,
A gwawr o newydd arno;
Ond pan y torrer ev brydnbawn,
Tn vuan iawn mae 'n gwyrwo.*

*Cbwi, rai ysgavn ar eich troed,
Y'ngrymmus oed eich blodau;
Tmwntwch i ffoi, a cbwi 'gewch gôld;
O diengwch rhag nôd Angau.*

* * To give the English reader a more just idea of the elegance, simplicity, and brevity of these Welsh Sonnets, I have selected a few stanzas from the English poets, which possess that similarity of style and beauty, except the harmony of *Cynghanedd*, or concatenated alliteration, which is peculiar to the Welsh poetry. See also page 54.

O thou by Nature taught,
To breath her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!
Collins's Ode to Simplicity.

By foreign hands her dying eyes were clos'd;
By foreign hands her dying limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands her humble grave adorn'd;
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd! *Pope.*

On a pack of Hounds.

*Llais y cŵn a'u fôn yn seinio,
A wna i ddyffryn union ddeffro;
Aeth eu llêv trwy'r boll bentreydd,
Bryniau gwylltion bronau gellydd:
Rbêd eu miwsig'r bÿd y meusydd,
Sain eu presgerdd fy'n y prysgwydd,
I'w llwys agwedd a'u llais bygar,
Clywch eu llêv vâl clych eu llavar! *Ed. Ddd. of Marz.**

*Mae bagad yn teurn,
Vy môd i'n eich caru,
A minnau sy' velly
Heb ammau;
Ni welai nêb purach
Fch caru ffyddlonach,
Ddirgelach na mwynach
Nu minnau.*

Fair *Okwen* has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis Heav'n to be within her arms;
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in Heaven.

This in the morn is green and bright,
And of the freshest cast;
But, ah! cut down before the night,
Fades by a sudden blast.

Ye, light of foot, who run for Fame,
With manly bloom elate;
Out-strip—you'll gain a deathless name—
The winged shaft of Fate.

O come soft sweetest Sleep,
Thy balmy blessings give;
For death is life with thee,
Without thee death to live. *Anonymous.*

I'll sing of Heroes,—and of Kings,
In mighty numbers,—mighty things;
Begin, my Muse,—but lo the strings,
To my great song—rebellious prove,
The strings will found—of nought but love. *Cowley.*

The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White Lilies hang their heads, and soon decay;
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away. *Dryden.*

On wor'dly blessings.
The first of human gifts is Health,
The next on Beauty's pow'r attends;
The third, possessing well-earn'd Wealth,
The fourth is Youth, enjoy'd with Friends.

ENGLYNION.