Section 6

Wales 1660–1800

POETRY IN WELSH

Translated and edited by Cathryn A. Charnell White

Angharad James (1677–1749)

Angharad James is one of a handful of Welsh women poets remembered by posterity as a poet. Angharad of Gelli Ffrydau farm, Caernarfonshire, married Wiliam Prichard of Y Parlwr, Dolwyddelan. Wiliam was forty years her senior and in poor health, and so it was Angharad who ran the farm and cared for her husband and their four children: Gwen, Margaret, Catherine, and Dafydd. Angharad's training in strict- and free-metre poetry cannot be traced directly, yet, since she was a member of the yeoman class, the rich literary and cultural life of the area in which she lived likely served as her inspiration (Powell 2000, 142; Lloyd-Morgan 2004b, 143). Angharad also played the harp and most of her free-metre poems are composed on popular tunes of the day (Kinney 2011). As well as composing poetry in both the strict- and free-metre forms, Angharad also transcribed and collected manuscripts. Her personal manuscript, 'Llyfr Coch Angharad James' ('Angharad James' Red Book'), named after its red leather binding, was lost towards the end of the nineteenth century, although a list of its contents survives in the hand of Griffith Williams (Gutun Peris; 1769–1838) (NLW MS 10257B; see also Jenkins (2001)).

Her canon comprises ten poems that largely relate to family members and are infused with Christian values, several of which are framed as poetic discourses, which are a feature of bardic coterie activity. Among the most striking is Angharad James' lighthearted poem on marriage. Framed as a dialogue with her sister, it presents the arguments for marrying an older man and the counterarguments for marrying a young man (see unedited text with translation in Stevenson & Davidson 2001, 520–4). The poems that represent a more serious register anthologised here include a poem of support for her husband, Wiliam Prichard, when he was faced with legal difficulties, and two elegies; for her husband (d. 1718) and for their only son, Dafydd Wiliam (d. 1729). Wiliam's elegy is a strict-metre discourse between the dead and the living, a common elegiac form in the Welsh free-metre tradition (see also pages 576, 618). The dialogue structure allows for the living to express grief while the dead provides comfort through

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the Christian hope, yet Angharad James achieves this alongside conveying the domestic happiness of their marriage. While the elegy for her husband is domestic, Angharad James' elegy for their son, Dafydd Wiliam, is more overtly bardic in nature. Composed in strict metre, the elegiac *cywydd* demonstrates more poetic (and emotional) restraint. Structurally, her tightly woven *cywydd* follows the rubric and conventions of the bardic elegy of the Welsh tradition: she expresses her grief, praises the deceased, and closes with a blessing upon the deceased and the hope that he is speedily transported to Heaven. However, Angharad adapts bardic convention in what Freud called 'the work of mourning', resolving grief in consolation through a matrix of themes: the metaphor of the garden, time, and the Christian hope: Dafydd, the best flower or plant in her garden, has been cut down; she makes stark use of the past tense, repeatedly rhyming 'ydoedd' and 'oedd' (unaccented and accented variations of 'he was') in the opening section, and finally she looks forward to being reunited with her husband and son when death takes her (see Charnell-White 2008; Powell 2000, 141–4; Prescott 2016, 179–201).

1 *Pan oeddid yn bygwth Wiliam Prichard o Benamnen o Ddolwyddelan â chyfraith, 1714/1717*

Mae llawer o draffeth i'n hindrio ni ysyweth,
A gofid am gyweth, anhyweth yw hwn.
Os cawn ein diddanu yn nheyrnas yr Iesu,
Er adfyd a chyni, ni chwynwn.

Er maint sy o fygythion ni thorra-i mo'm calon,
Rho' 'mhwys ar Dduw cyfion, erfynion hyd fedd.
Os credwn yn ddilys a gwneuthur ei 'wllys,
Cawn barchus, wir felys orfoledd.

1 *When Wiliam Prichard of Penamnen, Dolwyddelan was threatened with the law, 1714/1717*

Much trouble hinders us, alas,
and this difficult [situation] is a worry about money.
If we are consoled in Jesus' kingdom,
despite adversity and hardship, we will not complain.

Despite the volume of threats, I will not break my heart,
I will put my trust in just God, [and in] prayers until death.
If we genuinely believe [in God] and do His will,
we will have honoured, truly sweet [everlasting] glory [in heaven].

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2 *Ymddiddan rhwng y byw a'r marw, gŵr a gwraig, 1718*

Byw
Och! alar, o choeliwch, och! golli diddanwch,
Fy llawen hyfrydwch yn dristwch a drôdd.
Oes obaith im weithian, eich clwad chwi Wiliam
I rodio i Benamnen mewn unmodd?

Marw
Nac oes, fy nghywely, y bûm i'w mawrygu,
Cais di ymwroli ac ymroddi am wiw rad.
Ni ddaw mo'r corff truan a'r enaid i'r unman,
Hyd Ddydd Farn Duw cadarn ein ceidwad.

Byw
Duw f'Arglwydd, da fowrglod, cynghora 'nghydwybod
I mado yn ddidrallod â'r gafod a ges.
Nid oes ar y ddaear un wraig mewn mwy prudd-der
Am gymar digellwer a golles.

Marw
Gweddïa ar Dduw'n wastad sydd Dad i'r amddifad,
Cynhorthwy wrth angenrhaid, da yw rhoddiad yr hedd.
Bydd lawen a hyfryd, fel Dafydd y proffwyd,
Rhag digwydd, fe ddylid, ryw ddialedd.

Byw
Mi welais rai dyddie y llawenhawn inne
Pan glywn i ganiade o'r brafia yn ein bro.
Yrŵan, er undyn, ni fedra-i'n ddiderfyn,
Pan welwyf y delyn, ond wylo.

Marw
Cân fawl Duw â'th dafod, cân delyn bob diwrnod,
Ymhola â'th gydwybod am bennod y bedd!
Cân yn berffeithlon a gwêl yn dy galon
Mai dyna dy union dŷ annedd!

Byw
Hynny yw f'wllys os bydd Duw i'm dewis,
Cael bod wrth eich ystlys, diboenus mewn bedd.
Pan roed tan ddaearen eich wyneb perffeithlan
Mae 'nghorff yn oer egwan ei agwedd.

Marw
Gwilia drwm bechu wrth sôn a deisyfu,
Gwell i ti gynghori a bodloni dy blant
I fyw mewn sancteiddrwydd drwy ffydd yn yr Arglwydd,
A hynny a bair gynnydd gogoniant.

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Byw
Rwy'n credu eich cynghorion am amryw fendithion,
Mae ar etifeddion Duw rhoddion Duw'n rhwydd,
Ond bod fy naturiaeth yn drech na'm gwybodaeth
Gan drymder nych hiraeth o'ch herwydd.

Marw
Bydd dduwiol fodlongar tra fych ar y ddaear,
Na chymar na thrymder, na phrudd-der i'th frest.
Cadw'r gorchmynion, da cofus, Duw cyfion,
Pob peth gwna'n deg union a gonest.

Ni wiw iti ochneidio, dwyn galar ac wylo,
Yr Arglwydd a'th fforddio a'th bodlona di a'th blant.
Ffarwél, tan yr undydd y delom o newydd
I ganu i Dduw ar gynnydd ogoniant.

Byw
Ffarwél, fy mhur gymar, tra fu ar y ddaear,
Ffarwél, i bob mwynder ond trymder bob tro;
Ffarwél, bêr anerchion i'm holl garedigion,
O dwg fi i'r Nef dirion i dario.

2 *A discourse between the living and the dead, husband and wife, 1718*

Living
Alas, grief! oh believe [it], alas the loss of joy
[for] my true delight has turned to sadness.
Is there hope now for me to hear you, Wiliam,[1]
coming to Penamnen[2] somehow?

Dead
No, there is not, my bedfellow whom I honoured;
try to be brave and seek a worthy blessing.
The wretched body and soul will not come together
until mighty God, our Saviour's, Day of Judgement.

Living
My Lord God (good [and] praiseworthy), counsel my conscience
to let go willingly of the misfortune that I have had.
There is not a woman on earth in more sorrow
for the sincere partner whom I lost.

[1] Wiliam Prichard (d. 1718).
[2] The family farm, Y Parlwr (The Parlour), on land rented from the Gwydir family, was located in Cwm Penamnen near Dolwyddelan.

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Dead
Always pray to God who is Father to the bereft [and]
assistance in need, [for] the gift of peace is good.
Be happy and agreeable like the Prophet David,
lest, as it might, some [divine] vengeance should occur.

Living
I remember days when I would rejoice
when I heard some of the most splendid songs in our locality.
Now, for no man, I cannot
but cry incessantly when I see the harp.

Dead
Sing praise to God with your tongue, play the harp every day,
[and] examine your conscience in relation to the grave!
Sing perfectly and see in your heart
that [the grave] is your true home!

Living
To be, painless, in the grave by your side
is my desire, should God choose me.
My body is cold and weak
since your perfect face was put in the earth.

Dead
Beware excessive sinning as you speak and implore,
[for] it is better for you to advise your children and make them satisfied
to live in holiness through faith in the Lord;
and that is what will bring about an increase in heavenly glory.

Living
I believe your advice and manifold blessings,
[for] God's inheritors receive God's gifts with ease;
but my nature gets the better of my knowledge
because of the heaviness of my grief [and] longing for you.

Dead
Be godly and contented while you live on earth,
do not take grief or sorrow to heart.
Keep the [ten] commandments (which are good to keep in mind) of
righteous God,
[and] do everything properly and honestly.

There is no purpose for you to sigh, grieve, and weep,
the Lord will guide you, and meet your needs and those of your children.
Farewell, until the day that we come together again
to sing to God in heavenly glory.

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Living
Farewell, my true companion while he was on earth;
farewell, to every tenderness except grief at every turn;
farewell, sweet greetings to all those whom I love,
Oh bring me to dear heaven to tarry. 48

3 *Cwyn colled Angharad James ar ôl ei mab D. W., 1729*

Yr oedd gardd o iraidd goed,
Fwyngu, yn llawn o fangoed,
Ddifyr iawn, lawn eleni,
Ddydd a wn, o'm eiddo i. 4
Torrwyd o'm gardd yr hardda'
Impyn sad o dyfiad da;
Impyn pêr, un tyner teg,
Ar ei godiad, rym gwiwdeg, 8
Yn gyff'lybol, weddol wych,
Ar fyr, i dyfu'n fawrwych.
Lili 'ngardd, a hardd oedd hwn,
Penna' cysur, pe cawswn; 12
Pen congol, pen ysgol oedd,
Pen y glod, pinegl ydoedd;
Pen fy ngwinllan, wiwlan wedd,
Union, a phen fy annedd. 16
Pen adail piniwn ydoedd,
Alpsen Penamnen a oedd.
Torrodd mewn amnaid teirawr
Hydref fis fy hyder fawr: 20
Crino 'ngardd, crynu 'y 'ngwŷdd,
Gwae fi'r awr gwyfo'r irwydd.
Trawai angau, tro yngwrth,
Y pren pêr i'r seler swrth, 24
Lle gorwedd mewn bedd byddar:
Ni ddaw, er cwyn un a'i câr.
Wylo rwyf innau'n waeledd
Pan rodded wrth bared bedd; 28
Ei gariad a'i hawddgarwch
Sy yn y llan dan y llwch.
Er wylo, er cwyno'r cam,
Ni welaf Ddafydd Wiliam; 32
F'un mab, gwiw arab gore,
Galwyd a nolwyd i ne'
At Brynwr a Barnwr byd,
Lwys amod, le ni symud. 36
Yn gynnar cadd ogoniant,
Liwus ŵr, a'i alw yn sant;
Ganu mawl tragwyddawl gwych,
'Haleliwia! Hosanna!' seinwych. 40

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Ei oed oedd, ddiwyd wiwddyn,
Pymtheg, gwiw adeg, ac un;
Ac oed Iesu, gu dwysen,
Pymtheg cant, bwriant ar ben,
A deugant sydd yn digwydd,
Pedwar saith, blaenwaith a blwydd,
Pan ddaearwyd ei ddwyrudd,
A bair calon a bron brudd.
I mi yn awr am a wnaeth,
Caf, o'i herwydd, cof hiraeth.
Er na chaf o'r nych efrydd
Weld ei ddawn oleuad ddydd,
Nid oes noswaith yn eisie
Pan huner, na weler e'
Beunydd ar gynnydd, gu waith,
Yn dilyn ar delynoriaeth.
Ar ôl deffro, dro go drist,
Uthrol, y byddaf athrist:
Colli'r blodeuyn callwych
Dan y niwl, rwy'n dwyn y nych.
Cofio Dafydd, cuf dyfiad,
Caf ar dir cofio ei dad,
A byw y raid heb yr un,
Wan foddion, nefoedd iddyn'
Tan yr awr im tynnir i,
Rai hynaws, at y rheini.
Yn iach, bellach fo balla
Pob perffeth gerddwrieth dda;
Yn iach, teimlo drwy'r fro fry
Telyn mewn un o'r teulu;
Yn iach, ganiad, pynciad pêr,
O enau'r un a aner,
Mor naturiol, radol rwydd,
Gu fwriad, mor gyfarwydd.
Dwyn yr oes, dyna resyn,
O'r blodau cyn dechrau'r dyn;
Och! yngwrth i'r chwerw Ange,
Oedd un iawn, ond ei ddwyn e'.
Duw a'i rhoes, y diwair hawl,
Duw a'i dug yn gar'digawl
O fyd oedd nychlyd ei nerth
At Fab, priodfab prydferth.
Fy ngobaith sy faith fythol,
Y ca' fynd acw o'i ôl
I nef annwyl fyfinnau,
F'all Duw, atyn' nhw ill dau:
Yno cawn ein dawn bob dydd,
Ail einioes o lawenydd.

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3 *Angharad James' lament for her son, D. W.,*[1] *1729*

There was a gentle [and] dear garden of green trees,
full of small trees
(very pleasant, full this year),
that, in a time I have known, belonged to me.
The most beautiful solid shoot of good growth
was cut from my garden;
a sweet shoot (tender and fair),
growing (strong and handsome,
comely and fine), likely
in a while to grow big and splendid.
He was the lily of my garden, and he was handsome,
[he was] my principal comfort, had I kept him;
a cornerstone, he was the best scholar,
high in esteem, he was the very pinnacle;
he was the head of my fair vineyard,[2]
[he was] honest and the head of my household;
he was the main scion of my house,
he was the pinnacle of Penamnen.
In the space of three hours,
the month of October cut [down] my great hope:
[it] withered my garden, shook my trees;
woe to me the hour that the sapling withered.
Death struck (an unexpected turn)
the sweet tree [down] to the sleepy cellar,
where he lies in the silent grave:
he will not come, despite the lament of one who loves him.
I weep miserably
since he was placed against the dividing-wall of the grave;
his love and his loveliness
are under the earth in the graveyard.
Despite weeping, despite complaining about the wrongdoing,
I will not see Dafydd Wiliam [again];
my only son, the best, worthy [and] fine,
was called and fetched [back] to heaven
to the Redeemer and Judge of the world
(fair covenant), [from] whence he will not move.
He, handsome man,
has had heavenly glory and sainthood early;
[he has had] singing excellent eternal praise,
'Halleluja! Hosanna!', excellent sound.

[1] Dafydd Wiliam (d. 1729) was Angharad and Wiliam's only son. He died aged sixteen of unstated causes. His elegy is composed in *cywydd* form, one of the most commonly used strict-metre forms, and a traditional form for formal elegy by Wales' professional medieval bards. The *cywydd* is a significant artistic choice for this accomplished and poignant elegy. In 1749, Angharad James was buried in the same grave as her son, Dafydd, in the church at Dolwyddelan.

[2] Although the texts reads 'gwinllan' (vineyard), orchard is a more probable meaning for this line.

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His age (industrious worthy man) was
fifteen worthy years and one;
and the year of our Lord (beloved flower)
[was] fifteen hundred, in addition to that
two hundred
[and] four sevens and a year
when his two cheeks were put beneath soil;
which causes a heavy heart and breast.
For me now, for what He did,
I will have, as a result, longing memories.
Although I will not, from the wretched anguish,
see his genius in the light of day,
there is not a single night
when I sleep, and do not see him
growing day by day (dear work),
pursuing the art of harp-playing.
After waking (a truly sad turn),
[it is] dreadful, [and] I am very sad:
[because of] losing the discerning [and] excellent flower
beneath the fog, I bear the grief.
Remembering Dafydd (beloved shrub),
I can [also] remember his father about the place,
and I must live without either one of them
(weak state), I desire [a place] for them both in heaven
until the hour that I am brought
to them, genial ones.
Farewell, henceforth,
every good perfect music will cease;
farewell, to handling in the region above
a harp by one of the family;
farewell, to a song, a sweet poem,
from the lips of the one born,
so natural, full of grace,
dear intent, so familiar.
What a shame to take the life
from the flower, before the man grows;
alas! without warning from bitter Death,
to take one that was good, to take him.
God gave him (pure claim)
[and] God took him away, lovingly,
from a world whose power was waning,
to the Son, the handsome bridegroom.
My hope is great and everlasting,
that I shall be allowed there after him
into dear heaven myself,
may God [allow it], to join them both:
there we will be blessed every day,
[in] a second life of happiness.

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Ann Fychan (fl. 1688)

Ann Fychan has not yet been identified. Her only surviving poem, a reactionary Anglican *englyn*, engages with the events of 1688. It survives in one manuscript source, NLW MS 436B, and was transmitted orally before being transcribed between 1711 and 1723 by Morris Roberts (Morris ap Robert; d. 1723) of Bala, Meirionethshire, a carpenter, amateur poet, and Independent nonconformist, in his manuscript collection of strict- and free-metre poetry. Ann Fychan's *englyn* relates to Wiliam Lloyd (1627–1717), bishop of St Asaph and grandson of the poet Catherin Owen (see Section 3 Wales 1400–1660, Poem 14, page 180). William Lloyd was a devout Protestant who preached an acrimonious and anti-Catholic funeral sermon following the Popish Plot and the death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, *A Sermon at the Funeral of Dr Edmund-bury Godfrey … Who was barbarously murthered …* (London, 1678). The events of 1688 form the context for Ann Fychan's poem, when Lloyd was one of seven bishops incarcerated in the Tower of London for refusing to read James II's 'Declaration of Indulgence' (4 April 1687) publicly in their churches.

4 *I'r saith esgob, 1688*

Saith ddoeth, saith wiwddoeth, saith wŷr – saith weithian
A weithiodd yn bybyr;
Saith a gawson ni yn gysur,
Saith golofn barch, saith galon bur. 4

4 *To the seven bishops, 1688*

Seven wise men, seven worthy wise men, seven men, seven
who worked ardently these days;
we were given seven as solace,
seven pillars of respect, seven pure hearts. 4

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Margaret Rowland (fl. 1738)

Textual evidence of the poetic discourses exchanged between Margaret Rowland and Marged Dafydd (Margaret Davies; 1700–85) suggests that Margaret Rowland was Marged Dafydd's aunt. Margaret Rowland opened another discourse with the complaint, 'Och! waeled, hen Farged wyf i, – o fodryb / I'r fedrus fun heini' (Alas! that I am such a poor aunt (I am an old Margaret) / to the accomplished lively girl) (Charnell-White 2005, no. 74, ll. 1–2). Margaret Rowland's poems can be found in 'Llyfr Ofergerddi Margaret Davies 1738' ('Margaret Davies' Book of Frivolous Poems 1738'; NLW (CM) MS 128A) copied by Marged Dafydd in that year. The short series of *englynion* that the aunt and niece exchanged lament the decline in interest in poetry within their own family, and also indicate the enabling role of local activity and bardic coteries in nurturing poetic skill and confidence (Powell 2000, 145–6).

5 *I deulu'r Goetre: ymddiddan â Marged Dafydd*

Margaret Rowland
Goetre glân fan, glan afonydd, – a'i perchen,
Ŵr parchus a dedwydd;
Ceisiwn gân ddiddan i'w ddydd,
Ystofwn ar Lewis Dafydd.

Mae Dafydd, ŵyr Dafydd, hardd dyfiad – gantwr,
I'w gowntio dad i dad;
Gan ganu, rhodd Duw gennad,
Gwna Dafydd lawenydd i'w wlad.

Diolchaf i i'r tri bob tro, – da'u moddion,
Am iddyn' fy nghofio;
I'w haer, fel gwlith, fendith fo
A rhwyddol ffordd i rhodio.

Ateb Marged Dafydd 'rhag dweud celwydd ar bobl'
Y Goetre dyna le doniol, – iawn ged,
A'r goedwig yn ffrwythlawn;
O dario mewn coed uniawn,
Cysgod y gafod a gawn.

Y Goetre yw'r lle fu'n llon – a diddan
Y dyddiau basiason:
Roedd dwned yn y dynion,
Lles a hap oedd i'r llys hon.

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Ond hynny a ddarfu yn ddirfawr, – weithian
Waethwaeth bob tymawr;
Llwyr y troes yn llai'r trysawr
A'r dwned a lusged i lawr.

Nid haws i'r lliaws fyw'n llawen, – golau
Ei gwelir eu hangen;
Y gorau o'r rhyw yw'r gŵr hen
O rüwr heb fawr awen.

A bachgen diawen yw Deio, – ffolwag
Yn ffaelio myfyrio;
Canu'n bêr ni feder fo,
Drewiant wedi dirywio.

I'ch rhan rywan o rywiau, – odiaethol,
Y daeth y caniadau;
Gwir lebriwch y gwâr lwybrau,
Gorau lles, er eu gwellhau.

Margred Rowlant llwyddiant llon,
Enau doeth, yn anad un.
Oesawg wawn i asio'r gân,
Byddo ei mawl byth, Amen.

Taliad o waith y teulu – gyfannedd
Gian fwyned eich canu;
Dêl bendithion, cyfion cu,
I'r gwacores sy 'm caru.

5 *To the family at Goetre: a discourse with Marged Dafydd*

Goetre[1] (good place on riverbanks) and its owner,
respected blessed man;
I would seek a merry song according to his needs
that I would bestow on Lewis Dafydd.[2]

Dafydd (of splendid origin) grandson of Dafydd is a singer
counted through the male line;
by singing[3] (the gift of God the messenger)
Dafydd gives joy to his country.

[1] Y Goetre: a farm located at Y Ganllwyd in the parish of Llanelltud. It was Marged Dafydd's home from 1766 onwards and possibly Marged Rowland's home at the time of composition.

[2] Lewis Dafydd of Goetre and Bronwïon, and his son Dafydd Lewis (fl. 1733–d. 1766), were related to Marged Dafydd, and she acknowledges the relationship in her elegy to her father, Evan Dafydd (see Charnell-White 2005, 388–91). Father and son were interested in poetry and manuscripts, and John Dafydd, Lewis Dafydd's brother, was elegised by Marged Dafydd and his friend and amateur gentleman poet Rice Jones, *Gwaith Prydyddawl* (1818), 76–80, 81–6.

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I will always give thanks to the three whose means are good
because they remember me;
to their heir, may He [=God] give his blessings like dew
and a clear road on which to journey.

Marged Dafydd's answer 'lest lies should be said about people'
Goetre, what a gifted place (true boon)
and a fruitful wood;
by tarrying in a just wood,[4]
I would have shelter from a shower of rain.

Goetre is the place that was cheerful and merry
in days gone by;
there was poetry in the men,
there was favour and [good] fortune in this court.

But that now has come cruelly to an end, now,
it is worse with each season;
the treasure is greatly diminished
and poetry has been dragged down.

It is not easier for the many to live happily,
They are in need of light;
the old man is the best of his kind,
a bellower without much gift of poetry.

And Deio[5] is a muse-less boy (foolish [and] vain)
who cannot study;
he cannot sing sweetly,
[he is] a rascal that has deteriorated.

To you, now, splendid [poetic] kinds,
came the songs;
labour truly [along] the civilized paths
(the best advantage) in order to make them better.

Margaret Rowland, happy success,
wise words above all others;
long-lived beauty to weave poetry,
may she be praised for ever, Amen.

[3] 'Canu' (singing) can also refer to composing or performing poetry. Similarly, 'cân' (song) can refer to both a song and poem.
[4] A play on the name Goetre, *coed* (woods/trees), and *tref* (homestead), Lewis Dafydd and Marged Rowlands' home.
[5] A diminutive of Dafydd, Dafydd Lewis son of Lewis Dafydd.

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Recompense [made] by the family who live together
because your verse is so sweet;
may precious blessings come
to the godly woman who loves me. 44

❧ ❧ ❧

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Marged Dafydd (c. 1700–85?)

Marged Dafydd, who also styled herself Margaret Davies, was the daughter of Ann Dafydd (d. 1726) (see Poem 6) and Dafydd Evan (d. 1729), of Coedgae-du farm, Trawsfynydd in Meirionethshire. Marged Dafydd never married, and was executor of her father's will in 1729. By 1766 she lived at Y Goetre, Llanelltud, with relatives (Huws 2022; Lloyd-Morgan 2004a; Powell 2000, 144–6). Unmarried and childless, her privileged, independent socio-economic situation enabled her poetic and antiquarian pursuits that included extended visits to literary friends and relatives in Brithdir, Llanelltud, and Dolgellau. With twenty-five or more surviving poems to her name, her canon is the largest of a Welsh-language woman poet before 1800. It comprises verse mainly in the strict metres of Wales' medieval professional bardic guild. She also transcribed and collected manuscripts, and alongside Angharad James (1677–1749), she was recognised by poet and antiquary Lewis Morris (1701–65) as one of two female collectors of manuscripts in eighteenth-century Wales (NLW MS 604D). While Marged Dafydd cannot be directly linked to Angharad James, Angharad James' sister, Jane, bequeathed her books to Marged Dafydd and so the two likely belonged to the same extended local networks (Lloyd-Morgan 2004a). Marged Dafydd's interest in strict-metre poetry can be understood as a vestige of the earlier native polite culture and, like her female poetic predecessors, she owed her poetic training to existing familial expertise and to the vibrant local poetic culture. Her relative, John Davies of Bronwïon near Brithdir (whom she also elegised), transcribed and collected manuscripts (Charnell-White 2005, no. 76). During frequent visits to Davies' home, she copied material from his manuscripts, and in 1727 she inherited his collection. The elegy she composed in 1726 for her mother, Ann Dafydd, anthologised here, hints that Marged may have received some poetic training from her mother, and poetic exchanges between Marged Dafydd and her aunt, Margaret Rowlands, discuss metrics and writer's block (see Poem 5 and Charnell-White 2005, no. 74).

The contents of Marged Dafydd's manuscripts reveal two poetic imperatives: recording the verse of contemporary regional poetic communities and confirming the process of canon-formation of the broader national, historical bardic tradition (see, for example, NLW (CM) MS 128, NLW (CM) MS 129, and Card MS 2.202). Furthermore, she was also alert to women poets, past and present, and her manuscripts preserve a handful of Welsh-language poems by women that are not attested elsewhere. As a collector and copier of manuscripts, Marged Dafydd demonstrates an allegiance to manuscript culture in a world in which other Welsh women poets (notably balladeers and, later, hymnists) were manipulating the creative and commercial opportunities of a thriving domestic print culture.

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While none of Marged Dafydd's poems were published during her lifetime, she did subscribe to several printed books, specifically poetic anthologies and religious works: *Y Nefawl Ganllaw* ('The Heavenly Guide', 1740), *Dewisol Ganiadau yr Oes Hon* ('Choice Songs of This Age', 1759), and *Diddanwch Teuluaidd* ('Domestic Amusement', 1763) (Lloyd-Morgan 2004a). Her surviving correspondence with a range of literary figures of the day includes the poet, printer, and anthologist, Dafydd Jones of Trefriw. She also tutored the promising poet Michael Prichard (d. 1733), and their poetic exchange on the traditional twenty-four strict metres is included in this anthology (see Section 3 Wales 1400–1660, Poem 7, page 583; Edwards 1903). Other poems anthologised here include a poem on female friendship that, like poems by Marged Harri (Poem 11) and Siân Briwtwn (Poem 12), employ the poetic conventions of the love messenger, or *llatai* poem, to express platonic friendship. The selection also includes occasional verse: an *englyn* to God, and *englynion* addressing local gentry.

6 Cwyn colled ar ôl ei mam, 1726

Byw
Och! gan hiraeth, maith methiant,
Mwya' peth yw ym mhob pant.
Ac i'r bryn y dygir braw
A galar gydag wylaw.
I bob lle, ymode maith,
Ei dilyn y daw alaeth;
Garwa' llys ac oera lle
Drwy'r cytgwm ydyw'r Coetgæ!
Du oedd hwn, debygwn bydd,
A du'n awr ydyw o newydd:
Gwag, anial, ni gogana,
A diles am ddynes dda.
I b'le'r aeth ben talaith tŷ?
Ai mewn lloches mae'n llechu?
Myfi a braw' fod yn bryd
Im ei chael i ddychwelyd
Yn ei hôl, wiwrol o wedd,
Iaith unol, i'w thŷ annedd.
Gelwais, achwynais drwy chwant,
Hoff urddas, am ei 'fforddiant.
Ow! na ddeuai hi'n ddiwad
Drwy gyffro i styrio'r stad.
Felly fyth ollawl wyf i,
Gla' oernych, galw arni.
Disgwyl 'y mam i'm dysgu,
Mwya' budd, y modd y bu!

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Am hyn o'r gofyn a ga',
Erdolwg, pwy sy'ch dala?
O! doudwch mewn modd didwyll,
Beth sy'n peri, taerni twyll,
Eich atal mor ddyfal ddig
I deulu Ddydd Nadolig?

Marw
O! taw sôn, wyt wan synnwyr,
Angau glas a'm llas i'n llwyr;
A'm corff a roed i orffwys
Dan glo sad y gaead gwys.
Rhwymwyd, daliwyd y dwylo
A'r grudd a guddiwyd â gro!
A'r ddaudroed ni ddaw adre'
Yn y llan y gwnaed eu lle.
Tro yma, od wyt 'n tramwy,
Na fydd ffôl i 'morol mwy!
Gwêl fy medd lle gorweddais,
Cysur ni chlyw llu y llais!
Dysg ohonwy', dasg hynod,
Dan y banc yn dynn wy'n bod;
Yn ddifalch ac yn ddofedd
Llechaf i yn llychwin fedd.
Bydd dithau, ferch, odiaethol:
Cais ras Duw i fyw yn f'ôl.
Dilyn fy llwybrau dilyth
I gael byd a bywyd byth!

Byw
Och! ychwaneg achwyna'!
Byth ni wn pa beth a wna'
Am gynghorion ffrwythlonwych:
Myfi yn awr wyf mewn nych!
Ow! Ow! deuwch un dwyawr,
I droedio'r byd, lychlyd lawr,
I roi ffarwél hoff waredd
I'ch gŵr hael sy wael ei wedd,
A bendithion odiaethol,
I'ch hil sy yma eich ôl!

Marw
Synnwyr it ferch, na sonia
Codi o'r tir'n wir ni wna!
Ni ddichon doethion eu dysg,
Er eu hurddau na'i hardd-ddysg,
Mo'm codi mwy i'm cydwedd,
Budur fan, o bwdwr fedd
Rhoddais fendithion rhwyddwych.
Er mwy budd yn nydd fy nych.

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Cynghorion er daioni
I'r gofus daith gefaist di.
I'm priod ŵr, parod pêr,
Mawr fendith am ei fwynder,
Rhois ffarwél ddiddol iddo
Cyn yr ymdaith, cau amdo!
Rhwymais air diwair a da,
Dan amod y down yma
I'r nefol lys, wenllys wâr,
Pan im cyrchyd o'm carchar.
A gwelaist di lunio gwely
I'r corff dewr mewn coffor du
A'i gario ef i'r gweryd:
Ni ddaw fyth o ddaear fyd,
Nac un awr, mwy ag annerch
Doi di, ataf i y ferch!

Byw
Ffarwél fam ddinam, ddoeth,
Gwawr annwyl, a gwae'r annoeth
Sy golledus fregus fron,
Garwa' 'nghur, heb gynghorion.
Aeth y gannwyll ddiddwyll dda
A rôi lewyrch oleua';
Pan ddiffoddes lampes lon,
Darfu'r golau difr gwiwlon!
Ysgol im oedd, rho' floedd flin,
A'm athro wrth fy meithrin.
Fy ffyddlonferch dra serchog
Âi dan briddlyd glailyd glog,
A minne yn annymunol,
Mawr haint, yma ar ei hôl.
Gwegian, o ran oer annwyd,
Fel derwen ar lechen lwyd.
A gwaeth na hyn, syn a sâl,
A digynnydd ymgynnal,
Darfu 'mhwyll, dorri fy mhen,
Darfu 'mharch, darfu 'mherchen!
Darfu 'nghaniad safadwy,
Ail i'w modd ni wela' mwy.
Rwyf i waeth, ysywaeth sôn,
Am doriad 'y mam dirion.
Gwae fy mron o gofio 'mriw,
Dihoywddawn ydwy' heddiw!
Di-gefn wy' dan gyfrin iau
Ac eiddil wan yn goddau;
Dan y pwys, tra dwys trwch,
Yn fawr fy annifyrrwch.
Oed yr oesawg wir Iesu
Oedd fil chwechant, gwarant gu,

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Pan y gorchgudd dan briddlech,
A chant ag ugiain a chwech.
Ugiainfed dydd, prudd parhad,
O Dachwedd bu'r bradychiad!
Y saboth teg, purdeg pêr,
Niwliai hwn yn ôl hanner!
Ac oed 'y mam yn ddiame
Pan gymred i nodded ne':
Chwe deg oedd, heb ddim gwegi,
A dwy hwy o'i dyddiau hi.
Llwyr ei rhoed yn llawr y rhych,
Mwyhau arna' mae hirnych;
Heb obaith, ysywaeth sôn,
Gweled mo'i hwyneb gwiwlon.
Yn iach fyth! Och! Och y fi!
O! gwymp hon am gwmpeini;
Yn iach, serch ynghyd â sen,
Yn iach, gyngor rhag angen;
Yn iach, lais gywirlais gân,
Methodd 'y myw weithian;
Yn iach, dirwyn mor dirion
Englyn na thelyn na thôn!
Mae'[i] cheraint anwylfraint nod,
O'r fro guf dan oer gafod
Pob calon a bron sy brud
Am ei dyfyn, Ann Dafydd.
Duw deg fwyn, dyga finne
At hon, yn union i'r ne'

6 A lament for the loss of her mother, 1726

Living
Alas! a sigh of longing (long-lasting calamity),
it is the biggest thing in every valley,
and alarm as well as tearful grief
is brought to the hill.
Everywhere (far-reaching course),
sorrow follows [them];
Coetgae[1] is the harshest court and the coldest place
in the entire valley!
[The place] was sad (we suppose it will be),
and it is now sad anew:
empty, desolate (I do not speak lightly),
and comfortless without a good woman.

[1] Coetgae-du, Marged Dafydd's family home. The orthography (Coetgæ) and rhyme replicates the way in which she would have pronounced the name.

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Where has the head of the household gone?
Is she lying hidden in a place of shelter?
I know from experience that it is time
for me to get her to return
here (fine countenance,
suitable words) to her home.
I called [out], I complained in longing
(dear honour) for her instruction.
Oh that she would not come without refusal,
in passion, to consider the state [? of affairs].
Thus am I, afflicted with sadness, continually, wholeheartedly
calling on her;
waiting for my mother to teach me
(the greatest gain) the way she did!
For this question I have:
pray, who keeps you [back from me]?
Oh! tell sincerely
what is it that so sorrowfully [and] diligently
keeps you (the boldness of malice)
from your family on Christmas Day?

Dead
Oh! be silent (you are unwise),
Pale death has thoroughly killed me;
and my body was laid to rest
under the tight lock of the sealed grave.
The hands were held and bound,
and the face was covered with earth;
and the two feet will not come home:
their place is in the churchyard.
Turn away here, if you are passing,
do not be foolish [enough] to seek me out anymore!
See my grave where I was laid,
The host who have been called [to death] do not hear comfort!
Learn from me (special task),
that I am locked under a bank [of earth];
humbly and gently
I lie hidden in the dusty grave.
Daughter, be splendid:
seek God's grace to live like me;
follow my true paths
to achieve the world without end and life everlasting!

Living
Woe! I will complain some more!
I will never know what to do
for fruitful [and] excellent advice:
I am now in anguish!
Oh! Oh! come just for two hours
to walk on earth (mortal ground)

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to bid a dear, gentle farewell
to your generous husband who is wretched [with grief],
and [to give] excellent blessings
to your offspring who are left behind after you!

Dead
May you, daughter, have wisdom; do not speak [of it]
[for] I will not, indeed, rise from the grave!
No wise men of learning,
despite their honours and beautiful learning,
could raise me again to my husband
from the corrupt grave (unclean place).
I gave free [and] excellent blessings
to provide support during my suffering:
you were given good advice
for the memorable journey.
To my husband (ready and sweet,
[may] he be blessed for his tenderness),
I bade a happy farewell
before the journey, before the shroud was closed!
I made a chaste and good word
(under oath) that I would come here
to the heavenly court (gentle [and] holy court)
when I was taken from my prison;
and you saw a bed being prepared
for the brave body in a black coffer,
[and you saw it] carried to the grave:
it will never come from the ground;
nor will you come to me,
daughter, even once more with a greeting!

Living
Farewell blameless, wise mother
(dear dawn), and woe the unwise person
who is fragile [and] heartbroken,
(for) my pain is hardest without [your] advice.
Gone is the sincere, good candle
that gave the brightest light;
when the happy lamp was extinguished
the light (the excellent and joyous light) ceased!
She was my school (I give an angry cry),
she was my teacher as she nurtured me.
My most faithful and extremely loving woman
went under the earthy, clay cloak,
and I am unhappy
(great plague) without her here.
Reeling because of cold sadness,
like an oak on a grey slate.
And worse that this (astonishing and contemptible,
and to continue without progress)

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I have lost my reason, I have lost my mind,
I have lost my respect, I have lost what I possessed!
My sure song is lost,
[and] I will never see another like her.
I am worse off (it is sad to say)
for losing my gentle mother.
Woe my heart as I remember my pain,
I am, today, without cheer!
I lack support under an unseen yoke
and I suffer, weak [and] feeble;
under the burden (extremely grievous wound),
my unease is great.
When [she was] laid in earth
the age of the true eternal Jesus
was one thousand six hundred (precious warrant)
and a hundred and twenty six [years].
The treachery occurred on the twentieth day
of November (sad duration)!
The fair Sabbath (pure and sweet)
[?was] misty after midday
and my mother's age, without doubt,
when she was taken to heaven's protection
[was] sixty (without frivolity)
and two more [years] of her life.[2]
She was put entirely in the grave
and, without hope (alas!)
of ever seeing her excellent [and] happy face again,
my long pining increases.
Farewell forever! Woe! Woe is me!
Oh! she was a splendid one for company;
farewell, love as well as scolding;
farewell, advice as required;
farewell, true voice of song,
my energy has now failed;
farewell, winding so tenderly
an *englyn* or a harp or a tune!
Her loved ones (esteemed renown),
from the dear region experience sad misfortune;
every heart and breast is sad
because she, Ann Dafydd, was summoned [to heaven].
Fair and gentle God, convey me
to her, straight to heaven.

[2] Marged Dafydd followed the Julian Calendar and in her poem uses 'dyddiau' (days) loosely for 'life'.

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7 I ofyn pymtheg bai cerdd gan ferch ieuanc o sir Feirionnydd

Michael Prichard

Marged, y ganned fwyn gynnes, – Dafydd
A defod gyweithes;
Bun ddiddan, mi gyfen ges
Dy henw mewn da hanes.

Seren wyt, meingen pob mwyngerdd, – gynnes
Am ganned melysgerdd;
Mwys organ mewn mesurgerdd,
Doethedd y cawn 'n dethol cerdd.

Mamaeth barddoniaeth, bêr ddinam, – hynaws,
I'th henwi mwyneiddfam:
Nod lliwus fodd, nid llysfam,
Gore o fil, ond gwir fam.

Elwig, ddieiddig, dda addysg – Phebe,
Wna ei phobl yn hyddysg;
Geirie mamddoeth gwir mwynddysg,
A'th feddwl o ddi-ddwl ddysg.

Mae'n glau dy odlau, da adlais – distaw,
A'th destun hyfrydlais;
Pur a ffyddlon perffeiddlais,
Mewn cynghanedd luniedd lais.

I ddatgan allan fy 'w'llys, – heb ballu
Bellach, bun weddus,
Ti sy'n hau blodau blys,
Gardd nwyfau, gerdd anafus.

Meinir, annifyr yw 'nefod, – coelia,
Yn calyn myfyrdod;
Ac asw, heb fedru gosod
Geiria'n ddifeia i fod.

Gan arafedd, fwynedd fun, y clywais
Marged leuad lân,
Fod gennych bymtheg, liwdeg lun,
O feia i'w henwi, coegni cân;

Gyrr, ar fyrder, dyner dasg, – i mi
Gwenfron lon ddilesg,
'Neud cynghanedd weddedd wisg,
O sir Feirion ddyfnion ddysg.

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Mae'r meddwl mewn cwmwl caeth
Yma yn olwyn mewn alaeth,
Eiliw fun wen, ffriw winffraeth – a'm calon,
Coelia, mewn hiraeth.

Marged Dafydd:
Michael, ŵr ffel o'i goffáu, – a ddoethedd
Odiaethol dy odlau;
Gwneist fowrglod freisglod frau,
Yn hawdd i un na haeddai.

Os chwenychi ddysgu'r iaith, – yr ydwyt
Wir raddau barddoniaeth,
Darllen yr awen a'r iaith,
Cei addysg o burddysg beirddwaith.

Rhy ynfyd oedd fryd dy fron – ymofyn
Â myfi harferion;
Bydd taer am gael yr art hon,
Brwd addysg, gan brydyddion.

Anafau neu feiau a fydd – fynych
Ar fwynedd gerdd newydd;
Cei dda glust yn dyst bob dydd,
A bid gywir dy gywydd.

Pymtheg neu chwaneg achwynion – gwelir
Mewn gwaeledd ganiadon;
Mawrffael yw geirie ffolion
A byrbwyll drwy dwyll eu dôn.

Cais eiriau yn frau oddi fry – a seinia
Drwy synnwyr i'w canu;
A gochel dwyllwawd di-allu,
Gwnïa, fardd, bob geirie fu.

Un wyf i o awen feth
Mawr ei brys mewn dyrys daith
A thebyga-i bara byth,
Di a bardyni, o mynni maeth.

Byw'r wy' Meirion, morwyn wael,
Heb ddim dysg yn ddigon dwl
Yn llawn ffug, enethan ffôl,
Cais di ffordd a fyddo ffel.

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7 Asking a young girl from Meirionethshire about the fifteen [admissible] faults of poetry

Michael Prichard
Marged Dafydd, the warm, gentle, and bright one,
[and] companion in practice;
agreeable girl, I was given
your name in good faith. 4

You are a star, the spine of every gentle, warm poem,
for a bright [and] sweet poem
[you are] an eloquent organ of poetic metre,
I would find you wise at refined poetry. 8

You are the (sweet [and] faultless) foster mother of poetry; it is genial
to name you the gentle mother:
[?beautiful] renown, not a stepmother
but (the best of a thousand) a true mother. 12

Beneficial, genial, Phoebe's[1] good learning,
who makes her people learned;
the words of a wise mother of true gentle learning,
and your mind of wise learning. 16

Your rhymes are swift, a good soft echo,
and your subject is melodious;
pure and faithful, perfect voice
in *cynghanedd*,[2] comely voice. 20

To state my mind, without failing
henceforth (worthy girl);
(it is you who sows flowers' delicacies,
garden of passions) [here is] a deficient poem. 24

Girl, my practice is unpleasant, believe me,
as I follow my train of thought;
and awkward, without being able to put
faultless words in place. 28

Because, gentle maiden,
Marged pure moon, I heard so sweetly
that you have fifteen (fair and handsome forms)
poetic faults (the vanity of song) to name; 32

[1] A biblical deaconess in Paul's New Testament letters, Romans 16:1–2, i.e. an exceptional woman.
[2] *Cynghanedd* ('harmony') in its modern form is described by Hopwood (2004) as, the repetition of consonance, alliteration, and internal rhyme in syllabic strict-metre verse.

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Send, anon, a tender task
to me, happy, strong woman,[3]
it is *cynghanedd* (handsome garb)
from Meirionethshire of deep learning.

The mind goes around in fixed circles
turning here in sorrow,
[for] the girl with a fair face, ready and generous with her wine,
and my heart,
believe it, feels longing.

Marged Dafydd
Michael, celebrated as a sagacious man, and wise,
your rhymes [are] splendid;
you made great praise (ready, elegant praise),
with ease to one who did not deserve it.

If you desire (you are learning the journey)
the true degrees of poetry,
read the poetry and the language:
you will be educated by poets of pure learning.

Your heart's desire was too foolish asking
me for practice pieces;
be earnest to have this art,
zealous education, from poets.

Defects or faults will regularly be found
in a gentle new poem;
your ears will be good witnesses every day,
and may your *cywydd* be correct.

Fifteen or more faults are seen
in a tender new song;
foolish words are a great failing,
and their tone is rash through deceit.

Seek ready words from above that resound
with sense when they are sung;
and avoid stupid, feeble, false praise,
Stitch, poet, every word that was.

I am one whose gift of poetry is lacking,
whose haste is great on a difficult journey,
and, I believe, will last forever,
you will pardon [me] if you desire [poetic] sustenance.

[3] The Welsh text uses the epithet *gwenfron* (white breast).

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I, wretched maid, live dully enough
without learning in Meirionethshire;
full of falsity, [a] foolish young girl,
may you try a path that would be wise. 72

8 *Cywydd i anfon y wennol yn gennad i annerch merch ifanc oddi wrth ei ffrindiau ffain*

Y wennol fain, annwyl fach,
Luniaidd, pa un lanach?
Yn d'wyneb, y mae donie,
Aderyn wyd Duw o'r ne'. 4
Canu mawl i'r Duwiawl Dad,
A di-gur yw dy siarad,
Yn ei Deml diame
Manwl iawn y mynni le. 8
Nythu'n wir yn eitha'r nen,
Da gonest a digynnen.
Dwyn dy blant oedd dan dy blu
Yn fanwl yno i fyny. 12
Diwael bwnc a duwiol bur,
Diniweitia', da natur.
A gweli bawb golau ben,
Ac ni fagi genfigen, 16
Na thebygi enllib wan,
Ni ddigwydd, neu ddiogan.
Y ddewis un, dduwies wâr,
At dduwiola' ar dalar 20
Y cla' gwan, o clyw ganu,
Ai'n wych y delych i'w dŷ?
A hedi draw hyd y drum?
I ryw gyli 'rwyd gyflym 24
Yn ael dydd yn ôl y daith,
A'th gysur o'th negeswaith,
Dan ganu sy gynnes waith
Y wennol, wyd ddiweniaith. 28
Wir gennad, orau ganu,
Y wennol fwyn welaf i,
Nac un aderyn ar dir
I gario neges geirwir. 32
Ei di trosof mewn traserch
I'r Creuddyn i mofyn merch?
Cofus wyf nas cefais i
Wybodaeth ai byw ydy. 36
O byw ag iach, bywiog un,
Diau odid, nad edwyn,
Dydi'r wennol ganolfæn,
Pan glywo hi si dy gæn. 40

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O gweli, syth golau serch,
Dos yno, a dwys annerch
I harddbryd, glendid gwlad,
A'i llewyrch fal y lleuad.
Derwen ireiddwen a roed,
Yw meingan ymysg mangoed.
O gweli hon, moddion maith,
Di gei groeso digraswaith
Yn llan y brenin a llys
Gwstennin, oedd gwas dawnus.
Cei'n dryfrith y gwenith gwâr
Ar lan Conwy, lwyn cynnar,
Gan aeres er lles o'r llin
A rhywiogeth, hardd egin,
Gwstennin fawr, gawr gwrol,
Prins Pryden a phen di-ffôl;
Ac un o'i hil, Gwen, yw hi
Y mae dwned amdani.
Pedair sydd brudd mewn braw,
A'u golwg braidd ag wylaw,
– Y widw bach, eden bur –
Sy'n delwi, mae'n soên dolur,
Prudd nychlyd ar hyd yr ha'
Am gynnes, aeres ara';
Eisio ei gweled, Luned lon,
Siŵr fawredd yn sir Feirion.
Ni glywson ryw sôn a si
Fod ei bryd ar briodi.
Os coelio'r wlad, siarad siŵr,
Mae hi'n glòs am Eglwyswr;
Da gan aeres gynheswawr
Gael pregeth a mabieth mawr.
Blodau'r wlad, yn anad neb,
O lendid a ffyddlondeb;
Duw ro gras, urddas iach,
Trwy bwyll, tro adre bellach.
Dod annerch i'r ferch fwyn
A dolur Ann o Dewlwyn,
A Doni bach sy dan bwys
Am weled y man wiwlys.
At wawr ddoniol ŵyl ddinam,
Dwg annerch y ferch a'r fam.
Tyred, er llymed y lle,
Dros y Bwlch ar draws bylche
Â newyddion yn addas
Is coed dyffryn o'r glyn glas.

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8 *A* cywydd *sending the swallow as a messenger to a young girl from her fine friends*

What is purer than [a] slender swallow,
dear, sweet [and] graceful?
In your face there are virtues:
you are God in heaven's bird.
You sing praise to the Divine Father,
and your voice is without care;
you demand a place most fine
in his temple, it is true;
indeed, you nest in the far reaches of the sky,
good, honest, and without strife.
There, under your wing, you diligently
raise your children;
excellent song, godly [and] pure,
the most innocent [and] good nature;
you (bright head) see everyone,
and you do not breed envy,
nor do you plot anything like weak calumny
(it does not happen), or reproach.
Chosen one (courteous goddess),
would you go in health to the house
of the most godly one on land
(weak one) if she can hear song?
Would you fly over the mountain
to some gully ([for] you are brisk)
on the journey at the break of day,
bringing comfort through your task as messenger?
Singing (which is happy work),
swallow, you are without flattery
a true messenger, the best singer
(gentle swallow whom I see)
of any bird on land
to carry a sincere message.
Would you go, for my sake in great love,
to Creuddyn to ask about a girl?
I am mindful that I haven't had
word as to whether she is alive [or not].
If she is alive and well, the lively one,
for sure she will recognise you,
oh slender-waisted swallow,
when she hears the sound of your song.
If you see her (steady light of love),
go there with an earnest greeting

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for the beautiful one (a country's splendour)
whose radiance is like the moon.
The slender [girl with] a pale complexion is a flourishing young oak
among smaller trees.
If you see her (great means),
you will have a warm, cordial welcome
in the king's church and court of
Constantine[1] (who was a virtuous servant [? of the Lord]).
You will have civilised wheat in abundance
on the banks of the Conwy (swift-growing herbage)
from an heiress of the line
and lineage (beautiful progeny) of
Constantine the Great (brave giant),
Prince of Britain and wise ruler;
and she (girl about whom there is poetry),
is one of his descendants.
Four [friends] are sad and worried,
and look as though they are about to weep;
the little widow, pure bird,
is growing pale: it speaks of sad longing
and pining all summer
for the want of the quiet, gentle heiress;
they wish to see her, merry Luned,
in Meirionethshire for sure.
We heard a murmur and a rumour
that she has set her heart on marriage.
If one believes the assured talk of the countryfolk,
she is close to acquiring a priest:
it is good for a warm-hued heiress
to have a sermon and much flattery!
[She], above anyone, [is] the bloom of the country
in purity and faithfulness.
May God give grace (good [and] true dignity),
through steadiness, turn for home now.
Give the gentle girl
Ann of Tewlwyn's greeting and longing,
and little Doni is heavy-hearted
to see the worthy [and] beautiful place.
To the gifted, modest, and honest dawn
convey the greeting of the mother and daughter.
Come, despite how harsh the place is,
over the pass, across gorges,
below the trees of the valley, with fitting news
from the green valley.

[1] Llangystennin, Llangwstennin: a church near Llandudno.

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9 *Englyn i Dduw*

Ti Arglwydd hylwydd sy'n holi'r – galon,
Da gweli ddireidi;
Duw ollawl dydi elli
Drysor mawr dy ras i mi.

9 *An* englyn *to God*

You, munificent Lord, who examines the heart,
how well you see wickedness;
omnipotent God you can [grant]
the great treasure of your grace to me.

10 *Dau englyn i aer Tan-y-bwlch a'i frawd*

Rice Jones
Pwy a rydd beunydd tra bo – gynhorthwy?
Ni wrthyd neb mo'no.
Pwy, yn frau, yw pen y fro?
Pwy, ond Evan pan dyfo!

Margaret Davies
Robert eglurbert ei glod – eginyn
Ar gynnydd i ddyfod;
Gras a dawn gwir iso dod
I'r ddau hyn, wirDduw[1] hynod.

[1] The manuscript notes 'wirddwy', interpreted here as 'wirDduw'.

10 *Two* englynion *to the heir of Tan-y-bwlch and his brother*

Rice Jones
Who will give succour every day as long as he lives?
No one refuses him.
Who, generously, is the lord of the region?
Who, but Evan when he grows!

Margaret Davies
Famously illustrious [and] handsome Robert – a scion
progressing to become [great];
grace and true blessings give,
worthy [and] true God, to these two.

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Elsbeth Ifan Griffith (fl. 1712)

Elsbeth Ifan Griffith was likely the daughter of Ifan Griffith of Tŵr Gwyn, Cardigan, one of the most prolific and best-known composers of the *halsing* (from the English 'hailsing', a greeting or salutation), a religious free-metre carol or song that flourished in the Teifi Valley between 1640 and 1740 (Bowen 1945, 82–108; Jenkins 1990, 101–52). The hailsing had a strong didactic turn, conveying and explaining biblical stories and parables for the uneducated and illiterate. As a result, one of the hailsing's striking generic features is the extent to which poets rely heavily on the fear-provoking themes of death and judgement, albeit packaged in the cosy idiom of the local Welsh dialect. Two poems survive by Elsbeth Ifan Griffith in NLW MS 5A, and neither conforms to the hailsing's generic eschatological conventions: 'Ti ddyn styfnig melltigedig' ('Thou, damned [and] obstinate man') exhorts a generic sinner to mend his ways (Charnell-White 2005, no. 102), while the hailsing anthologised here retells the fall of Satan and subsequent fall of Adam and Eve, in order, ultimately, to underline the incarnation and atonement. The hailsing was supplanted in the mid eighteenth century by the Methodist hymn that, despite having its roots in the free-metre tradition that spawned the hailsing, proclaimed a gentler message of Christ's love and salvation through Him.

11 *Hil Adda flin o lin o lin*

Hil Adda flin o lin o lin,
Clywch ar ganiad hyn o draeth[i]ad;
Chwi gewch hanes fal y clywes,
Mi mynega fal y medra'.
Roedd angylion gyda'r cyfion
Mewn ddiddanwch a dedwyddwch;
Un o'r rheini, clywsoch enwi,
Ymfalchïodd yn y nefoedd,
Waith ei feddwl fe gas drwbwl
A mawr boene am ei feie;
A'i gyfeillion yr un moddion
Aeth yr unlle mewn cadwyne.
Hwn yw Satan y drowd allan
I Uffarn nyth dan ei felltith;
Hwn a dwyllodd ac a hudodd
ein Mam a'n Tad o'r dechreuad
I warafun y gorchymyn
Y rows Alffa i'n tad, Adda.
Cael am hynny fynd o'r llety
Paradwysedd, yn ddiymgeledd,

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I gael cyfran gyda Satan
    Yn y farn ddu i artrefu.
Ninne gowson o'r achosion
    Ddamnedigaeth wrth difoddieth.
Yr oedden ni oll ar gyfyrgoll,
    Gwedi'n gwerthu cyn ein prynu;
Y Tad Nefodd y ddanfonodd
    Inni feddyg Ddydd Natalig,
I'n dwyn adre i'r dir gole,
    O dywyllwch tost hir dristwch.
Hwn a aned o'r fendiged
    Forwyn ddownus Mair gariadus,
Gwedi eni ni bu'r Iesu
    Fyw un nosweth heb elynieth;
Fe gas adfyd yn ei fywyd,
    Fe fu fodlon i faethgenon,
Fe gyflawnodd brenin nefoedd
    Yr holl bethe oedd yn eise
Pan oedd erill gwedi sefyll
    Dan eu llwython, feiche trymion.
Daeth o fynwes y Tad cynnes
    I'r byd yma i ddwyn gwasgfa,
I ofidio a'i boenydio
    Hyd nes godde ing ac Ange.
Fe rows drosom waed Ei galon
    Cyn ein tynnu o'r carchardy;
Fe gyflawnodd yr holl oesodd
    Oedd dan ysig felltigedig,
Ac a roddwys wlad baradwys
    Yn dragwyddol i'r 'difeiriol;
Rhows ar unweth daliad perffeth,
    Ni raid prynu dyn ond hynny.
Dyma anrheg fridiol freudeg,
    Dyn ni chafas fath gymwynas,
Y fe yw'n pen a'n iawn berchen,
    A'n gwir iechyd a'n holl fywyd,
A'n cyfryngwr, a'n dadleuwr.
    Ni chyll o'i fodd neb a brynodd,
Rhoddwn beunydd foliant ufudd
    Ar ein glinie hwyr a bore
I'r gogoned am Ei weithred
    Yn gwaredu o'n trueni,
A rhown o'n plith lid a rhagrith
    Ym ni'n ddilyn yn gyffredin.
Na ddychwelwn fal moch neu gŵn
    I'n budreddi gwedi'n golchi,
Cans dyma'r lle inni adde
    A meddylied am yr ened

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A gweddïo yn ufudd drosto
Am ei gynnwys i baradwys,
Cyn hala'r Tad allan gennad
I'n galw i'r Farn gyfyng gadarn.
Y mae'n ddilys ni cheir esgus,
Rhaid mynd gyda'r alw gynta';
Corff ac ened, dyn ar aned,
A hynny â'n siŵr oddi yma;
Y naill i'r bedd eiff i orwedd,
A'r llall gerbron Barnwr Cyfion;
Dwy dderbyno y bridwerth ato
I'r awr gaetha' byddo'r wasgfa.
Oed ein Harglwydd mil a phum mlwydd,
Saith cant, cofiwch, Duw ro heddwch.

11 *Sad Adam's descendants*

Sad Adam's descendants,[1] from generation to generation,
hear this address in verse.
You will have the history, as I heard it;
I will express it to the best of my ability.
Angels were with the justified
in joy and felicity.
One of them, whom you have heard named,[2]
grew proud in heaven
[and] because of his thoughts he got into trouble
and [suffered] great pains because of his faults;
and his companions, similarly,
also went to the same place in chains.
He is Satan who was turned out [of heaven]
under a curse to hell's nest;
it is he who deceived and beguiled
our mother and father in the beginning
to reject the commandment
that Alpha gave our father, Adam.
For that he was turned out, unprotected,
From the paradisal abode
to have his portion with Satan,
[and] to make his home under dark condemnation.
As a result, we gained
damnation through helplessness;
we were all damned,
having been sold before we were bought;
the heavenly Father sent
us a healer on Christmas Day

[1] Elsbeth Ifan Griffith stresses the fall and its consequences for mankind.
[2] Satan is the Angel in Heaven who grew proud.

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to bring us home,
from harsh darkness [and] long sadness, to the land of light.
He was born from the holy
blessed virgin, loving Mary.
After he was born Jesus did not
live one night without enmity;
He experienced adversity in his life,
He graciously suffered injuries;
the King of Heaven achieved
all necessary things
when others had stood
under their heavy burdens.
He came to this world from the heart of the loving Father
to bear the suffering,
to be pained and tormented
until He suffered affliction and Death.
He gave the blood of his heart for us
before releasing us from the prison;
He fulfilled all the ages
that were under a wretched curse.
and gave the paradisal world
to the repentant for eternity;
He, in an instant, gave a perfect payment,
there was no need to buy man other than that:
This is a costly, freely-given gift.
Man never [before] had such a gift,
He is our lord and rightful owner,
and our true salvation, and our entire life,
and our mediator and intercessor.
He will not willingly lose anyone that He has bought,
[and] everyday we will give obedient praise,
on our knees day and night,
to the Lord of Glory for His act of
redeeming us from our plight.
And we will cast out the anger and hypocrisy
that we normally follow;
may we not, like pigs or dogs,
return to our filth after we have been cleansed,
because this is the place where we should confess,
and think about our souls,
and pray obediently for Him
to admit them to paradise
before the Father sends forth a messenger
to call us to the cruel and harsh Judgement.
It is certain that there will be no excuse,
we will have to go at the first calling,
body and soul, every born man,
and, surely, from here

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one will go to rest in the grave
and the other will go before the just Judge:
may God grant redemption,
at the hour when the hardship is at its worst. 80
The year of our Lord [is] a thousand
(remember God [and] give peace), seven hundred and five.

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Elisabeth ferch Willliam Williams, Parrog (fl. 1714)

According to the manuscript in which her poem is preserved, Elizabeth daughter of William Williams was married to E. Evan, of Parrog in the parish of Llanfair Talhaearn, Denbighshire (NLW MS 6146B). In line with convention, she versifies her name and date of composition, 1714/1715, in the final stanza of her poem. NLW MS 6146B and NLW MS 9B both note that she was an old woman. The latter, NLW MS 9B, one of Dafydd Jones (?1708–85) of Trefriw's sources for his anthology *Blodeu-gerdd Cymry* ('The Welshmen's Anthology', 1759), also notes that this poem was published. The poem was not published in Jones' 1759 anthology and it has not yet come to light in another publication. In line with eighteenth-century amateur free-metre poetry, Elizabeth's advice poem takes on a social function, warning the young to live godly and just lives.

12 *Cyngor hen wraig i'r ifanc*

Gwrando 'machgen yn ddiymdro,
Cymer gyngor gan dy garo;
Gwylia ei ollwng chwaith yn ofer,
Meddwl beth am hwn yn d'amser.

Dod dy galon yn wastadol
I roi moliant i Dduw nefol,
Ac na ollwng funud heibio
Heb it ddyfal gofio amdano.

Os Duw a ddenfyn i ti bower,
Gwylia fod yn arwain balchder;
Gras a chariad gydag efô,
Difyr iawn y gelli fydio.

Os tlodi a ddigwydd i ti,
Blinder byd, a llawer hyngri,
Duw ei hun sydd yn dy dreio
A bydd di gwbwl fodlon iddo.

Os gwneiff undyn gam â thydi,
Gochel dithe ddygyn regi;
Madde iddo â'th holl galon,
Duw a ddenfyn iti ddigon.

Ni a awn i ymdrechu am y trecha',
Pawb a ddwrdiff ar y gwanna';
Os bydd dyn heb bower gantho
Nid gwiw iddo mo'r ympledio.

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Meddyliwn beunydd am ein diwedd,
Duw sy i fadde i bawb ei gamwedd.
Ceisiwn heddiw cyn diweddu
Gymod Duw a gras yr Iesu.

Heddiw yn iach yn trin ein golud,
Yfory yn glaf heb allel symud;
Heddiw yn llawn o olud bydol,
Yfory heb geiniog bach yn farwol.

Ar dda byd na rown mo'n hyder,
Rhown ein gobeth yn yr uchelder,
Gan nas gwyddom wrth ei gasglu
Pwy fydd fory i'w feddiannu.

Ac os gofyn neb yn ddibaid
Pwy a lunie hyn ar ganiad:
Un sy a'i gweddi nos a bore
Ar Dduw fadde iddi ei beie.

Elsbeth yw ei henw hi unwaith
A dwbl 'W' a'i dyblu eilwaith,
Sydd a'i gobeth ar Dduw nefol
O gael trugaredd yn dragwyddol.

12 *An old woman's advice to the young*

Listen, my lad, without delay,
take advice from one who loves you;
take heed not to let it be in vain,
think about this a little in your [own] time.

Always apply your heart
to give praise to heavenly God,
and don't let one minute go by
without thinking seriously about Him.

If God sends you power,
take care that it does not lead to pride:
[with] grace and love with Him,
you can live very agreeably.

If poverty happens to you,
the troubles of the world and much hunger,
[then] God himself is testing you
and [so] be entirely content with Him.

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If any man does you wrong,
avoid excessive swearing;
forgive him with all your heart,
[for] God will send you enough.

We will strive to be strongest,
everyone rebukes the weakest;
if a man has no power
there is no purpose for him to offer an excuse.

We think daily about our end,
God will forgive everyone his wrongdoing.
Today, we seek, before the end,
reconciliation with God and Jesus' grace.

Healthy today, handling our wealth,
tomorrow sickly, unable to move;
today replete with worldly wealth,
tomorrow penniless and dead.

May we not put our hope in worldly goods,
we will put our hope in heaven,
because, as we collect worldly goods, we know not
who will own them tomorrow.

And if anyone should keep asking
who composed this in a song:
[it was] one who prays to God night and day
to forgive her sins.

Her name is Elsbeth, one
'W' and once again,
whose hope is in heavenly God
for everlasting mercy.

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Mrs Wynne of Rhagad (fl. 1720–47)

Mrs Wynne, as her title suggests, was a gentlewoman who lived at Rhagad house, near Corwen, Meirionethshire. Mrs Wynne is likely to have been Margaret, daughter of Roger Lloyd and his wife, Catherine, of Rhagad. Margaret's second husband was William Wynn of Maesneuadd, and their son was the poet priest William Wynn of Llangynhafal (1709–60) (Davies 1974, 193–6). Rhagad's literary credentials predate Mrs Wynne. The first patron of bards at Rhagad was Gruffudd Llwyd ab Elisau ap Gruffudd of Maerdy. Gruffudd Llwyd's grandson, Siôn, was a poet, and professional poets such as Tudur Aled (c. 1465–c. 1525) were patronised by the family. The poet Robert Humphreys (Robin Ragad; fl. 1720), to whom Mrs Wynne gives short shrift in a short poetic discourse (Poem 14), was likely distantly related to the family at Rhagad or in service. The full title noted in the manuscript source, Marged Dafydd's commonplace book, 'Llyfr Ofergerddi Margaret Davies 1728' ('Margaret Davies' Book of Frivolous Poems 1738'; NLW (CM) MS 128A), provides more context for the poem and the relationship between Mrs Wynne and Robin Ragad: 'Ymddiddan rhwng Robin Ragad a'i hen feistres, a hi mewn cyfreth wedi peidio â chanu. Er cael peth o'r gân allan dechreuodd Robin …' ('A discourse between Robin Ragad and his former mistress, who was at law and had ceased to compose poetry. In order to tease out some poetry, Robin began [thus] …'; NLW (CM) MS 128A, 411). Mrs Wynne also composed a free-metre song in praise of William Vaughan of Corsygedol (Poem 13), as well as a dialogue between the Cuckoo (woman) and Cockerel (man) in which the Cuckoo defends her right to sing. The subtext for this poem is that a woman poet is just as entitled as a male poet to compose and perform poetry (Charnell-White 2005, no. 107).

13 *Mawl i Mr Wiliam Fychan o Gorsygedol a Nannau i'w ganu ar fesur a elwir 'Spanish Miniwet'*

Mesur: 'Spanish Miniwet'

Y Meistr William Fychan,
Yn bennaeth pur ym Meirion sir,
Mewn moddiau, dyddiau diddan,
Lon gadarn, dyna'r gwir.
Duw safiodd, er deisyfu,
Y Ladi yn iach a'i aeres fach,
Dan nodded mae'n cynyddu
Bob awr yn fawr ar fach.

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Ymbiliwn bawb, tra bo' ni byw,
Am deg oes hir i aeres Huw
I fagu dau o feibion,
O'r haelion had, yn iaith y wlad,
Ar gynnydd, gwinwydd gwynion,
Mwy tirion fel eu tad.
Os Nêr a'i rhydd yr hyna' fydd
Yn impyn ffeind ym mhlaid y ffydd
O gariad hael ragorol;
Yn gefn wrth raid, un wedd â'i daid,
I gadw Corsygedol,
lle buddiol, yn ddi-baid.

Yr ail, os Duw a'i mynnai,
Yn brafia' ei bryd o blant y byd,
A henwir yn Huw Nannau,
Medd cartiau gorau i gyd.
Os byddir mor hapusol
A chael y ddau, yn ddiamau,
O'r doniau a'r graddau gwreiddiol,
Dedwyddol, fuddiol fai,
Yn gry' mewn gras i gadw ei blas
A llwydd dan glyn y llew dŵr glas.
A'r gynnes aeres urddol,
O'r ffrins yn daer, er brawd, er chwaer,
Yn caru aer y Cyrnol,
Y gweddol, foddol Faer.
Yn nesa' i'w frawd bydd hwn yn ben
Glân, gallwych ar Ddolgellau wen.
O frodyr daw hyfrydwch,
A'i henw ei hun i Nannau hen:
Amen, Amen, dymunwch,
gweddïwch, sefiwch sen.

13 *In praise of Mr William Vaughan of Corsygedol and Nannau to be sung on a metre called 'Spanish Minuet'*

Tune: 'Spanish Minuet'

Master William Vaughan[1]
is a pure leader in Meirionethshire,
in means, merry days,
happy [and] steadfast, that is the truth.

[1] William Vaughan (1707–75) of Corsygedol, Meirionethshire, was MP for the county. His friendship was also courted by Lewis Morris, and Vaughan served as the president of the new-founded London Welsh society, The Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion (est. 1751) (see Thomas 1990, 69–76; 1992, 255–71).

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As a result of prayer, God saved
the Lady and his little heiress,
under [God's] protection she thrives
every hour, great and small.
We all plead [to God], while we live,
for a long fair life for Huw's heiress[2]
to raise two sons,
from the generous seed, in the language of the country,
thriving, splendid vine,
more tender like their father.
If the Lord allows it the older [of the two] will
be a fine scion in support of the faith,
[he will be] of excellent generous love;
support against need, just like his grandfather,
to maintain Corsygedol[3]
(fitting place) without ceasing.

The second [son], should God wish it,
the finest in nature of children on earth,
will be named Huw Nannau,
say the best pedigree charts of all.
Should we be so happy
as to find that the two (without doubt)
have the same innate wit and virtues,
and should be prosperous and seemly,
strong in grace to maintain his house
and success under the [?valley] of brisk blue water.
And the warm noble heiress,
with ardent friends, despite having brothers and sisters,
who love the Colonel's heir,
the fair, proper Mayor.
Next to his brother he will be a leader:
good, discerning [and] excellent in splendid Dolgellau.
Joy comes from brothers,
and her own name to old Nannau:[4]
wish, pray Amen, Amen,
avoid rebuke.

[2] Ann Vaughan (d. 16 March 1758), only child of William and Catherine Vaughan, was their heiress and the last heir of the direct line (*DWB* sub. 'Corsygedol'). The 'two sons' mentioned in Mrs Wynne's poem are projected offspring, an heir and a spare, to continue the family name.
[3] Corsygedol, Meirionethshire, seat of the Vaughan family who married into the Nannau family.
[4] Nannau Hall, Llanfachreth, Meirionethshire (*ODNB* sub. 'Nanney (Nannau)').

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14 *Ymddiddan rhwng Robin Ragad a'i hen Feistres*

Mesur: 'Pleasant Thought'

Robin Humphrys[1]
Ow fy meistres, duwies gynnes, baunes bonedd,
Mewn amynedd gweddedd gwiw,
A rowch imi'r awron atebion mwynion ar benillion
O amcanion doethion, union lw?
Ai rhewi'n wir a wnaeth
Eich awen ffrwythlon ffraeth
Dan eich bron i'r fangre hon?
O'r 'Deirnion, gwn y daeth,
Pob llwydd ar hynt aeth efo'r gwynt,
A gaem ni gynt heb gêl.
On'd melus oedd dwy iaith ar goedd
I filoedd fel y mêl
O ffynnon calon cân,
Fo ddwedan' fawr a mân,
Mai gwreiddio gwres a wnâi imi les.
O'ch mynwes loches lân,
Y Meistres Wyn, mae'n rhyfedd hyn
Gan Robin, gwydyn gais,
Na chlyw'r un wedd, er hwylio'r hedd,
O'ch mawredd, lwysedd lais.

Mrs Wynne
Am i ti ofyn i mi, Robin, bill neu englyn,
Ateb sydyn i ti sydd.
Er ecred llyfon dynion blinion, trawsion foddion,
Ni wnân' hwy byth mo'm bron i'n brudd,
Na chwaith, ni chymra' i fraw
Am eger drawster draw.
Mae gŵr a'u tyr i faes ar fyr
A'u llwybyr dan eu llaw.
Os gwir y gair y tyf post aur
I'w drysau crair dros dro,
Cyfiawnder glân fel gwresog dân
A'u tawdd yn fuan fo.
Does achos chwaith yn wir,
Nad alla fod yn glir
Mor llawn iawn i'r fangre hon
Ac yn Edeirnion dir.
Er garwed gwaith a dyrys daith
Y gyfraith faith ar goedd,
I'th ateb di, yn ddigon ffri,
Mae'r awen fel yr oedd!

[1] Robin Humphrys (Robin Ragad; fl. 1720) of Corwen. He held a poetic discourse with Evan Jones as well as Mrs Wynne, and composed poetry for Thomas Holant of Teirdan, Llaneilian, Denbighshire.

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14 *A discourse between Robin of Ragad and his former Mistress*

Tune: 'Pleasant Thought'

Robin Ragad
Oh! my Mistress, warm goddess, heroine among gentry,
in seemly patience
will you give me now this hour gentle answers in verse
of wise intent, [a] true oath?
Has your fruitful [and] witty [poetic] inspiration,
indeed, been frozen
under your heart to this place?
From Edeirnion, every success at once
that we used to have without concealment, I know,
went with the wind.
was not your voice sweet in public,
[it was] to thousands [as sweet] as honey
from the source of a pure heart,
rich and poor say,
that it would do me good to root for support
in your breast, pure refuge.
Mistress Wyn, Robin of the ardent request
finds this strange,
that he does not hear at all, despite making peace,
your great splendour, [your] beautiful voice.

Mrs Wynne
Because you, Robin, asked me for a verse or an *englyn*
here is a sudden reply to you.
Despite how keen the oaths of angry men (cruel means)
they will never sadden my heart,
nor will I take fright either
because of harsh oppression yonder.
There is a man who will shortly cut them down in the field
and [cut down] their paths from under them.
If it is true that a golden post grows
on their doors temporarily,
[then] pure justice will like hot fire
melt them soon.
Indeed, there is no reason either
that could not be clear
just as fully in this place
as in the land of Edeirnion.
No matter how cruel the work or how twisty the journey
of the extensive law in public,
to answer you, freely enough,
[my poetic] inspiration is as it was!

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Catrin Gruffydd (fl. 1730)

Little is known about Catrin Gruffydd. Her elegy for her daughter, Neli, is preserved in one of the manuscripts of the poet and publisher Dafydd Jones of Trefriw, who noted the year 1730 alongside the text (NLW MS 9B, 537). The grieving mother's poem derives its structure and momentum from the Christian hope, as Catrin Gruffydd, like Angharad James (Poem 3) and Susan Jones (Poem 20), envisages her child in Heaven and anticipates a reunion with her child after the Last Judgement (for maternal elegiac verse, see Charnell-White 2008, 21–46; for elegy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales in women's poetry, see Prescott (2016)).

15 *Marwnad gwraig am ei merch*

Mesur: 'Drom Galon'

Rwyf yn dymuned ar Dduw cyfion
Roi i mi bur fodlondeb calon
Am fy annwyl eneth gynnes
Sydd yrŵan yn dy fynwes.
Mae ei henaid hi'n cael canu peraidd fiwsig,
Dda, nodedig, yn ddi-wadu.
Crist ei hun a fo i'm cysuro, dda gynhorthwy,
Fel y gallwy' fyned yno.

Ar gyfer hynny o amser hynod
Bu Grist ddioddef am ein cymod,
Y daeth Duw o'i fawr drugaredd
I dynnu 'ngeneth i o'i chyfyngedd.
A'i henaid aeth i'r nefoedd uchod, at yr Iesu,
I gael yno ganu mawrglod,
A'i chorffyn bach a roed i bydru, nes y delo
Duw i'w cheisio oddi yno i fyny.

Fe dderfydd hyn o drymder calon,
Mae fy ngobaith i ar Dduw cyfion:
Y ca-i fynd i'r Nef i dario,
Lle na ddaw dim drwg i'm blino.
Er bod hiraeth arna-i beunydd, trwm a thra mawr,
Hynny yn ddirfawr mi wn a dderfydd.
Duw â'm dyco i at fy Neli, f'annwyl eneth,
Yn gu lanweth i'r goleuni.

Un Duw cyfion a'i drugaredd
A faddeuo i mi 'y nghamwedd,
Fel y gallwy' fod yn sicir
O fwynhau geiriau yr ysgrythur.

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Ni ddown i'r mynydd dedwydd, didwyll, pan ddêl barnwr,
Yn ddigynnwr' euraidd gannwyll,
I'm cyfarfod, hynod hynny, penna' pennod,
Yn y diwrnod y bo yn barnu.

15 *A woman's elegy for her daughter*

Tune: 'Drom Galon' (Heavy Heart)

I desire that just God
gives my heart pure satisfaction
for my dear warm daughter
who is now in Your breast.
Her soul sings sweet music,
good, worthy, without end.
May Christ himself comfort me (good support)
so that I can go there.

For that remarkable time
when Christ suffered for our atonement,
God came through his great mercy
to take my daughter from her affliction.
And her soul went to heaven above, to Jesus,
there to sing great praise,
and her poor little body was put to rot until
God comes to fetch her from there, above.

This sadness of heart will come to an end,
my hope is in the righteous God:
that I will be allowed to tarry in heaven
where no wrong will grieve me.
Although I feel longing (severe and great) everyday,
that indeed, I know, will pass.
May God bring me to my Nelly, my dear daughter
(beloved [and] pure) to the light.

One righteous God and his mercy
will forgive me my wrongs,
so that I can be sure
of enjoying the words of the Scripture.
We will come to the blessed, guileless mountain[1] when the judge comes,
[like a] golden candle[2] without strife
to meet me (it is remarkable), greatest chapter,
on the Day of Judgement.

[1] The Mount of Olives, the anticipated location of the Day of Judgement.
[2] The poet's deceased daughter, Neli/Nelly.

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Elinor Humphrey (fl. 1738)

Elinor Humphrey's elegy to the harpist and poet John Elis is preserved in three manuscript witnesses. Only one manuscript source ascribes the elegy to her (NLW MS 559B), while the other two witnesses, copied in 'Llyfr Ofergerddi Margaret Davies 1738' ('Margaret Davies' Book of Frivolous Poems 1738'; NLW (CM) MS 128A, 204, 452), note that the poet was an 'old lady', and an old lady of Trawsfynydd. Siôn (or John) Elis also had links with Trawsfynydd, Meirionethshire, and some of his poems precede Elinor Humphrey's elegy for him in Marged Dafydd's manuscript. In this, Marged Dafydd demonstrates an impulse to preserve poems by 'local' near contemporaries and to capture for posterity the rich poetic tradition of Meirionethshire which had fostered her own poetic gifts.

16 *Marwnad John Elis y telynor*

Siôn Elis mi'th welais yn ddi-fai dy ddyfais,
A'th osle' felyslais o'th fynwes, ddoeth ddyn.
Mi'th glywais di'n pyncio cân hynod cyn huno,
Ow! deffro i roi dwylo ar y delyn.

Ni welsom mae'i bleser rhoi'r delyn ar gywer,
Rhôi bynciau melysber i lawer o lu;
A rhyddid i'r eiddo, da amser i ddawnsio,
Fo fynne le yno i lawenu.

Fe roed yn y gweryd beroriaeth gelfyddyd
Ac awen ddoeth hefyd, dda lawnfryd o les.
Mae ei delyn, lle delo, mewn dwned amdano,
Caiff honno fod yno'n fudanes.

O! bwriwch i'r dyfnfedd bryd a sain baradwysedd,
Na adewch hi'n ddiymgeledd i'm golwg;
Gan fynd mor ddieithryn y dwylo oedd i'w dilyn,
O! cleddwch ei delyn, atolwg!

Er bod ei gyfnesa mewn alar yn ola',
A'r hwya' ei oes yma'n ddisymwth i'w fedd.
Tra fo'm ni'n gorfforol, rhown weddi ddymunol
Am ei rasol, dragwyddol drugaredd.

Cadd buredd rodd barod gan Dduw, a'i deilyngdod,
Gollyngdod trwy gymod o bechod y byd;
A graslawn drugaredd mewn rhadol anrhydedd
Cyn mynd ei gorff gwaredd i'r gweryd.

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16 *Elegy to John Elis the harpist*

Siôn Elis, I considered you blameless in invention,
and your sweet-voiced tone that came from the heart, wise man.
I heard you sing a remarkable song before you fell asleep,
oh! wake up so that you can lay your hands upon the harp.

We saw that his pleasure was to tune the harp,
he gave very sweet songs to many a crowd;
and possessing liberty, a good time to dance,
he would insist on rejoicing there.

The art of harmony was put in the ground
As well as the wise [poetic] inspiration, good and full-natured in benefit.
His harp, where it stands, [?grieves] for him:
it will stay there, mute.

Oh! cast to the deep grave the paradisal appearance and sound,
do not let the harp be without protection in my sight;
because the hands that followed it are so unfamiliar,
Oh! I beseech you, bury his harp!

Although his next of kin are clearly in mourning,
and the oldest one here is soon for the grave.
While we live, we will give a pleasant prayer
for his gracious, eternal mercy.

He had a pure ready gift from God, and his worthiness,
release, through atonement from the sins of the world;
and gracious mercy in blessed honour
before his gentle body was laid in earth.

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Lowri Parry (fl. 1738–60)

Lowri Parry was the most prolific woman balladeer in eighteenth-century Wales, yet, despite having a canon of around ten ballads to her name, very little is known about her other than the fact that she composed, sang, and sold ballads. Judging by the dates of publication on her ballads, Lowri was active between about 1738 and 1760. She published her ballads at Shrewsbury and Bodedern, Anglesey, and can therefore be located broadly in North Wales, the heartland of eighteenth-century Wales' printed ballad tradition (for women and the ballad tradition, see Rosser (2005; 2007)). Rees Ellis composed a series of *englynion* praising Lowri Parry, but the stanzas pay lip service to her poetic accomplishment and focus on her beauty and pleasant poetic voice: she is 'llais cymwys, eos Cymru' ('an appropriate voice, Wales' lark'; Ellis [1739], 8). Lowri Parry's ballads represent a broad range of popular themes, including gender-specific themes of relevance to women (including empowered women), and English material translated and adapted into Welsh. For example, she retells the story of a noble girl who murdered her low-born lover and their newborn twins, told from the woman's perspective (Charnell-White 2005, no. 125; Rosser 2005, 110), together with a light-hearted ballad that draws on the motif of the termagant wife (Charnell-White 2005, no. 126; Rosser 2005, 174–7). Balladeers such as Lowri Parry, Florence Jones, and Rebecca Williams were the closest eighteenth-century Wales had to professional women writers, and they needed good business acumen to succeed. Indeed, Lowri Parry seems to specialise in dialogues between lovers, either because of her personal liking for such poems, or because they were in high demand and sold well. The poem anthologised here is a dialogue warning young women against the falsehood of passionate young men, published in Shrewsbury and also transcribed in NLW MS 171D (see also Charnell-White 2005, nos. 127, 129, 130).

17 *Ymddiddan rhwng gŵr ifanc a'i gariad*

Mesur: 'Mentra Gwen'

Llanc
Dydd da fo i'r seren aurfrig, gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y m[yd],
Fain wydden lân fonheddig, gwyn 'y myd.
Gwell gennyf, fun wedded flwswawr, luniedd fwynedd fenws,
Â chwi ymgomio yn gymwys na'r perlau arian cymwys,
Gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y myd.

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Llances
Er daed impyn cryno, tewch yn rhodd, tewch yn rhodd,
Chwi fedrwch chwi wenieithio, tewch yn rhodd.
Er glaued ydy'ch wyneb tan gudyn melyn eured,
Ni chodai lon ei llygaid mo'ch gweniaith er eich gw[y]nned,
Tewch yn rhodd, tewch yn rhodd.

Llanc
Pe cawn 'y newis gangen, gwyn 'y myd, [g]wyn 'y myd,
Sy ar wyneb y ddaearen, gwyn 'y myd.
Ni cheisiwn i gydoesi'r lân dwysen [?bosen] bwysi,
Ond chwi lliw'r hinon heini'n wraig briod amod i mi,
Gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y myd.

Llances
Ni thrwbla-i byth mo'm calon, tewch yn rhodd, tewch yn rhodd.
Ar weniaith mabieth meibion, tewch yn rhodd,
[Y]maith gynta a galloch i ymdeithio'r ffordd y daethoch.
I goffa'r fun a gaffoch rwy'n deud na fynna' monoch,
[Tew]ch yn rhodd, tewch yn rhodd.

Llanc
Os hynny sy raid i mi, gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y myd,
Ymadel â'ch cwmpeini, gwyn 'y myd,
Mi â'n f'union dros y dyfnder, yn was i frenin Lloeger,
I rodio i Giberalter, rhag i ti gael dy bleser,
Gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y myd.

Llances
Ymgroeswch tariwch gartre', trowch yn ôl, trowch yn ôl,
Er cael gan un a'ch nacâ, trowch yn ôl.
Mae eto ferched gleison oddeutu Môn ac Arfon,
A'ch leiciff, blode'r meibion, cysurwch, cymrwch galon,
Trowch yn ôl, trowch yn ôl.

Llanc
Gwn hynny gwengnawd purwyn, gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y myd,
Ni fynna-i'r un ohonyn', gwyn 'y myd.
Oni châ' innau chwi, lliw'r eira, trwy 'wyllys Duw mi fentra'
I nofio'r dyfnion donnau, ffarwél i dir Britannia,
Gwyn 'y myd, gwyn 'y myd.

Llances
Os y'ch chwi'n dynn im caru, trowch yn ôl, trowch yn ôl,
Fel yr ydych wrtha-i yn traethu, trowch yn ôl,
Nid rhaid i chwi, rwy'n coelio, walch dethol byth ymdeithio,
Na'ch bwriad fyth ar forio, mi â'ch mentria doed a ddelo,
Trowch yn, ôl trowch yn ôl.

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Llanc
Ar hyn cytuno â wnaethom, can ffarwél, can ffarwél,
Fyned o flaen y person, can ffarwél.
Ac yno mewn llawenydd, y lân briodas hylwydd,
[E]r mwyn cael mynd yn ebrwydd i'r gwely gyda'n gilydd,
Can ffarwél, can ffarwél.

17 *A dialogue between a young lad and his sweetheart*

Tune: 'Mentra Gwen'

Lad
Good day to you, golden star, blessed am I, blessed am I,
slender vine, pure and noble, blessed am I,
fitting lovely-hued girl, shapely and gentle Venus, I prefer
to discourse with you, fittingly, than pearls as valuable as silver,
blessed am I, blessed am I.

Young girl
Despite how good a young shoot is, hush if you please, hush if you please,
you can flatter, hush if you please,
despite how sincere you face is under yellow golden tresses,
she with the bright eyes would not take your flattery, despite how pure you are,
hush if you please, hush if you please.

Lad
Were I to have my choice of young girls, blessed am I, blessed am I,
Who are on the entire earth, blessed am I,
I would not attempt to live with the pure ear of corn [or] nosegay,
but [with] you, the colour of bright sunshine, as my legally married wife,
blessed am I, blessed am I.

Young girl
I will never trouble my heart, hush if you please, hush if you please,
with the flattery of men, hush if you please,
be gone, as soon as you can, to travel the way you came,
to remember the girl you had, I'm telling you that I don't want you,
hush if you please, hush if you please.

Lad
If that's what I need to do, blessed am I, blessed am I,
to leave your company, blessed am I,
I will go directly over the deep [ocean], a servant to England's King,
to walk in Gibraltar, lest you have your pleasure,
blessed am I, blessed am I.

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Young girl
Cross yourself, stay at home, turn around, turn around,
despite having, from one who has refused you, turn around,
there are still fresh young girls around Anglesey and Arfon
who will like you, oh flower of boys, be consoled, take heart,
turn around, turn around.

Lad
I know that, pure one with white flesh, blessed am I, blessed am I,
I won't have a single one of them, blessed am I,
unless I have you, [girl] the colour of snow, through God's will,
I will swim the deep waves [and bid] farewell to Britannia,
blessed am I, blessed am I.

Young girl
If you are so keen to love me, turn back, turn back,
as you tell me, turn back,
you (truly excellent hero) don't have to, I believe, travel,
nor ever set your mind on seafaring, [for] I will take a chance on you,
come what may,
turn back, turn back.

Lad
On this we agreed, a hundred farewells, a hundred farewells,
to go before a priest, a hundred farewells,
and there in joy, pure swift marriage,
in order to go quickly to bed together,
a hundred farewells, a hundred farewells.

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Dorothy (Doli) Jones (fl. 1741)

Doli, Doroti, or Dorothy Jones of Llanddarog was a member of Cilcarw Methodist society, Llangyndeyrn in Carmarthenshire. Hywel Harris (1714–73), one of the leading preachers of Wales' eighteenth-century evangelical revival, noted the unusual zeal of Doli Jones of Llanddarog in his diary in 1741. Doli Jones had been chosen to travel around local associations teaching tunes to members so that they could sing the congregational hymns of Williams of Pantycelyn, and she made a favourable impression on Harris (see White 2020, 213–14; 1999; James 2017a, 9). The preacher Richard Tibbot (1719–98) also mentioned Doli in diary entries during July and October 1741, noting that he had enjoyed hearing her singing hymns in Cilcarw society alongside other women in July, and singing late into the night in October. Tibbot also transcribed the text edited and translated here, which he dated 10 June 1741 (NLW MS 18435B, 56b–57a). Methodism was a spiritual and creative power in Wales from the mid eighteenth century onwards, and the hymn tradition, pioneered and established by William Williams of Pantycelyn (1717–91), gave voice to others, both male and female (Jones 2000; Roberts 2000; see Aaron 1997, 103–35; James 1996, 26–9). Doli Jones' text, composed in the early years of Methodism, is described as a hymn, yet, despite its allusive quality and the joy and confidence it has in Christ's love, it has more in common with the free-metre religious carols exemplified in this anthology by Elsbeth Ifan Griffith's hailsing (Poem 11) than it does with the hymns of William Williams which provided a model for later women hymnists such as Ann Griffiths (Poem 23) and Jane Ellis (Poem 25). The Welsh Methodist hymn, with its congregational function, enabled religious activism among women and active engagement with their audiences; hymns represent engagement with a public sphere rather than the expression of private devotion and became a significant medium of expression for women during the nineteenth century, both in Wales and in Welsh-speaking communities in America (see contributions to *Y Cenhadwr Americanaidd* ('The American Missionary'; 1840–1863).

18 *Hymn o waith Dorili Jones*

O! dewch chwi oll blant Duw ynghyd,
Mynegaf ich ar hyn o bryd
Pa beth a addawodd fy Arglwydd hael
I'm henaid sydd mewn cystudd gwael. 4

"Nac ofna, canys Myfi yw dy Dduw,
Mi'th goda' di o farw yn fyw;
Er cysgu ymhlith y meirw cy'd
Mi a'th ddeffrô' ar hyn o bryd. 8

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O! disgwyl ferch, O! disgwyl fi,
O! disgwyl fy Anwylyd i;
Myfi a 'ddawa' i'th dynnu mâs
O dan lywodreth pechod cas.

Myfi yw'r Mab a'th rhyddha di,
O! disgwyl, disgwyl wrtho fi;
Mi a'th gara' di â chariad rhad,
Gwna' it anghofio tŷ dy Dad.

O! tyrd ar fy ôl, fy anwylyd i,
Rwy yn dy garu, coelia fi;
Er gwaetha' yth holl elynion gwael
Tydi gei gariad Iesu hael.

Mi'th hoffes di cyn bod y byd,
Rwy yn dy garu eto o hyd;
Nertha di o ras i ras
I fynd ymlaen i'r Nefol b[las]."

Ffyddlon yw y Mab a addawodd im,
Mae ei gariad Ef yn well na dim;
A'r cyfaill gore i'm henaid trist
Nos a dydd yw Iesu Grist.

Fy Anwylyd yw a'm cyfaill gwâr,
Mi cara' Ef tra fwy' ar y dda'r;
A phan ymadawa-i o'r babell hon,
Yno caf fyned gar ei fron.

18 *A hymn by Dorili Jones*

Oh, come together all you children of God,
I will now tell you
what my generous Lord has promised
my sorely afflicted soul.

"Fear not, for I am your God,
I will raise you from death to life;
though you have slept for so long among the dead
I will now awaken you.

Oh, girl, wait, oh wait for me,
Oh, wait my Beloved;
I promise to pull you out from
the dominion of hateful sin.

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I am the Son who will release you,
Oh wait, wait for me;
I will love you with free love
That will make you forget your father's house.

Oh, follow me, my beloved,
I love you, believe me;
Despite all your contemptible enemies
you will receive the love of generous Jesus.

I liked you before the world began;
I still love you;
I will strengthen you from grace to grace
to go ahead to the heavenly place."[1]

The Son who promised me is true,
His love is better than anything;
and the best friend for my sad soul,
day and night, is Jesus Christ.

He is my Beloved and gentle companion;
I will love him while I am on earth;
and when I leave this dwelling,
I will be able to go to His breast.

[1] Doli Jones puts words in God's mouth, but the words echo the comfort given to Mary and Martha by Christ in John 11:25, as well as John 14:2 and Mark 1:3 about preparing for the coming of Christ.

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Elizabeth Rowlands, Dolgellau (b. 1758)

Elizabeth Rowlands' poem was published in *Gorawen Meirion …* ('The Joy of Meirionethshire'; 1825, 40–1), a publication marking the coming of age of Robert Williames Vaughan (1803–59) of Nannau, Esquire, celebrated by local poets. A note alongside her text states that she was sixty-six years old and from Dolgellau. The publication also includes a poem by a young woman named Elin Evans (1825, 42). Elizabeth Rowlands' song addresses the poor of Meirionethshire and exhorts God to bless the young heir. Many of the poems are loyalist in nature and display the intersection between regional, national, and state identity in popular poetry of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century (see Charnell-White, 2012; Jones 2012).

19 *Pennill i'r tlodion i'w ganu ar giniaw dyfodiad R. W. Vaughan, Yswain yn 21 oed*

'Gwledd, bair i hedd hir barhau'
D. Ionawr

Mesur '*Belisle March*'

Dowch dlodion, drwy Sir Feirion,
Yn dirion dyma'r dydd,
Caed impyn gwiwlon pendefigion,
Ŵr graslon ffyddlon ffydd:
Wel dyma'r unig ddydd nodedig,
Yn ddiddig iawn fe ddaeth,
Yn un ar hugain ein llywydd llawen,
Ŵr mwynlon er ein maeth.
Aer Nannau llawna' lle,
Yn foddus ydyw fe;
Boed hwn, yn ddi-wad, yw'n dymuniad
Dan nodded Brenin ne',
Nid oes trwy Gymru, mo'r fath deulu
Am 'mgleddu a maethu'r gwan,
A byw'n wedduslon foneddigion,
Rai mwynion ym mhob man:
Gŵr yw a gâr ei wlad,
Yn rhyfedd mewn mawrhad;
Boed hwn tros Feirion'n enau ffyddlon,
Yn dirion fel ei dad.
Bendithion iddo, a'i dilyno,
A'i llwyddo ym mhob lle,
Nes cyrraedd ceyrydd trigfa lonydd,
Yn ufudd yn y ne'.

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19 *A verse to be sung by the poor at the dinner*[1] *for the coming of age of R. W. Vaughan Esquire, 21 years old*

'A feast causes peace to continue'
D. IONAWR[2]

Metre: 'Belisle March'

Come tenderly, you poor folk throughout Meirionethshire,
this is the day
that we have a scion of worthy and cheerful noblemen,
a man full of grace, true in faith:
well, this is the appointed day,
it has arrived with much pleasure,
our happy lord is twenty-one,
[a] mild [and] merry man to nurture us.
Heir of Nannau (most abundant place),
he is worthy;
may he be, it is our unfailing desire,
under the King of heaven's patronage,
there is no such family throughout Wales
for giving succour and sustenance to the weak,
and living, as worthy [and] merry nobles,
gentle ones, everywhere:
he is a man who loves his country,
[and is] extraordinary in honour;
may he be a faithful mouthpiece for Meirionethshire,
[and] gracious like his father.
Blessings to him, and may they follow him,
and cause him to succeed wherever he goes,
until he reaches the strongholds of the peaceful dwellings,
faithfully in heaven.

[1] Details of the meal can be found on the Nannau.Wales website, https://nannau.wales/people/vaughans/sir-robert-williames-vaughan-3rd-bart/ (accessed 6 October 2025).
[2] David Richards (Dafydd Ionawr, 1751–1827), poet and schoolmaster (see *DWB* sub. David Richards).

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Susan Jones of Tai Hen (fl. 1764)

Susan Jones' elegy for her daughter Nansi was published in an undated ballad pamphlet that notes that the poet was from 'Tai Hen', possibly Tai Hen in the parish of Llanbadrig, Anglesey (*Dwy o gerddi newyddion …* (Caerlleon, d.d.), 5–7; *BWB* no. 726ii). Llanbadrig's parish records for 1764 are illegible. However, the record for 1760 notes the baptism of Ann Hughes, daughter of local farmer Evan Hughes and his wife Susan Hughes of Tai Hen. Since Nansi is a diminutive form of Ann, this record may well refer to the mother and daughter of this poem. It was not unusual for women to remain known by their unmarried names (the poets Catherin Owen and Angharad James, anthologised here, are cases in point) and so Susan Hughes may well be our Susan Jones. The number of children born to Evan and Susan Hughes corresponds to the number of children noted in the elegy. The ballad pamphlet is undated, but Susan Jones wove the year of Nansi's death, 1764, into the final stanza. The elegy is structured as a discourse or dialogue between the living and the dead, mother and child, and Nansi provides comfort to her grieving relatives in their turn (for maternal elegiac verse, see Charnell-White 2008). Susan Jones is one of a handful of women whose songs were published in ballad pamphlets during the eighteenth century, and indicates the way in which print and popular print networks empowered male and female amateur poets (Rosser 2007; Ifans 2000).

20 *Cerdd a wnaeth gwraig alarnad am ei merch*

Mesur: 'Leave Land'

Byw
Tro yma dy wyneb, gwrando, Nansi,
Pa ryw ddrwg a wnaethost inni;
Pan roist inni alar wylo,
Yn y galon byth heb gilio. 4

Marw
Fy annwyl fam garedig, ffyddlon,
Rwyf i yn cartrefu mewn lle hyfrydlon:
Yng nghwmni angylion gwlad goleuni,
Yn clodfori yr Arglwydd Iesu. 8

Byw
Gwyn dy fyd fy ngeneth dirion,
Na fai'n ufuddol yn 'r un foddion;
Mor ddi-fai o'n holl bechoda,
Ac y cawn ymdeithio i'r lle rwyt titha. 12

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Marw
F'annwyl fam, gwellhewch eich buchedd,
Byddwch sobor iawn a santedd;
Ymbartowch, chwi ddowch i'm cwmni,
Y fi ni ddôf yn f'ôl ond hynny.

Byw
Dy dad annwyl sydd yn wylo
Nos a dydd, yn brudd ochneidio;
Wrth fynych gofio dy 'madroddion,
Ni chilia'r galar ddim o'i galon.

Marw
Fy annwyl dad, gadewch eich wylo,
A byddwch ddyfal i weddïo:
Ymbartowch, chwi ddowch i'm cwmni,
Ni ddo-i atoch byth ond hynny.

Byw
Dy dri brawd sy i'th annwyl gofio,
Mae Loli o alar yn drwm wylo
Ac yn mynych ddywed yn ddifri,
"O p'le mae yn aros fy chwaer Nansi?"

Marw
Rwyf i yn dymuno ar f'annwyl frodyr
I ofni Duw a'i garu O beunydd;
Ac os gwân', nhw gân' 'y nghwmni,
Ni ddo-i atyn' byth ond hynny.

Byw
Dy chwaer bach sy yn dy gofio
A'th gyfnither hithe yn cwyno;
Ond dy annwyl fam, dros ben y cwbwl,
Ffaelio'n glir fodloni ei meddwl.

Marw
Ar fy annwyl fam y mae 'nymuniad,
Cymerwch gysur a bodlondeb;
Mae dyddia'ch hoes ar derfyn darfod,
Cawn gydgartrefu yng ngwlad y Drindod.

Byw
Fy annwyl eneth, bur, garedig,
Yn gwit yr eist a'm gado i yn unig.
Faint o ofal mawr a chariad,
Oedd gan y naill i'r llall yn wastad?

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Marw
'Y mam nid ydy cariad cnawdol
Ond megis gwlith neu niwl boreuol:
Ymbartowch trwy ras yr Iesu,
Cawn gydgaru yn ddiddiweddu.

Byw
Dy dad sydd yn cwyno yn wastad,
Yn wylo o alar am dy weled;
Ac yn brudd ochneidio yn ddifri,
O ran na chawsa' yn hwy dy gwmni.

Marw
'Y nhad, mae f'enaid mewn llawenydd
Na ddichon tafod draethu beunydd,
Nac un cnawd a'i ddeall mono
Y gwych orfoledd yr wyf i ynddo.

Byw
Fy annwyl eneth, yr wyf inne
Yn bwrw 'ngwallt, yn hallt 'y nagre;
I le na llan ni fedra-i fyned,
Heb ddyfal wylo am dy weled.

Marw
'Y mam, mae 'nghorff i wedi ['i] gladdu,
Ym monwant Badrig, gwelsoch hynny.
Na ddichon eilwaith mwy mo'i weled,
Nes delo dydd yr atgyfodiad.

Byw
Fy annwyl eneth, byw mewn alar
Sy raid i mi tra bwy' ar y ddaear;
Pe cawn i'r hollfyd i'w feddiannu,
Nid wy' fodlonach am dy gwmni.

Marw
Fy annwyl fam, rhowch heibio eich alar,
Diolchwch drostwy' i Dduw'r uchelder;
Pan ddelo derfyn ar eich dyddie,
Mi ddo-i'ch cyfrwyddo yn ganwyll ole.

Byw
Ffarwél, fy annwyl eneth ffyddlon,
Ni wnaeth im fodloni 'nghalon;
Yn fy ngobaith rwy' yn ymgysuro
Y ca-i drwy Dduw dy gwmni di eto.

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Marw
'Y nhad a mam, ffarwél i chwithe,
Duw â'ch partotho i'r nefol gartre':
Yn un galon gyda ein gilydd
Cawn gydglodfori Duw yn dragywydd.

Byw
Duw bodlona fi am fy mhlentyn,
Dod i'm gysur Dafydd Frenin,
Amynedd Job, edifeirwch Pedr:
Derbyn fy enaid i esmwythder.

Mil saith gant pedair blwydd a thrigain
Oedd oed ein Harglwydd, llywydd llawen,
Pan alwodd ef 'y ngeneth dirion
I'r nef wen ole i blith angylion.

Os gofyn neb pwy wnaeth y canu,
Gwan ei hawan, dwl difedru:
Un a fydd yn byw mewn alar
Am ei hannwyl eneth aeth i'r ddaear.

20 *An elegy composed by a woman for her daughter*

Tune: 'Leave Land'

Living
Turn your face this way, listen, Nancy,
how you wronged us,
when you caused us unending tears of grief
in our hearts.

Dead
My dear, kind, faithful mother
I have made my home in a delightful place,
in the company of angels of the land of light,
praising the Lord Jesus.

Living
Blessed are you, my gentle daughter,
[oh] that I was not obedient in the same way;
so blameless of sin,
and that we could journey to the place where you are.

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Dead
My dear mother, mend your ways,
be very sober and saintly;
prepare, you will join me,
[but] I will not return [to you] except in that way.

Living
Your dear father cries
night and day, sighing sadly;
as he often remembers how you used to talk,
the grief doesn't retreat at all from his heart.

Dead
My dear father, cease your crying,
and be earnest in prayer:
prepare, you will come and join me,
I won't come [to you] again except in that way.

Living
Your three brothers remember you fondly,
Loli weeps heavily with grief
and often says in seriousness,
'Oh! where is my sister Nancy?'

Dead
I wish my dear brothers
would fear God and love Him daily;
and if they do, they will have my company,
I won't come to them again, except in that way.

Living
Your little sister remembers you
and your cousin also mourns;
but your [own] dear mother, above them all,
fails utterly to pacify her mind.

Dead
[This is] my wish for my dear mother:
take comfort and satisfaction;
the days of your life are about to end,
we will make a home together in the land of the Trinity.

Living
My dear daughter, pure and kind,
you departed suddenly and left me alone.
How much care and love
did we always have for one another?

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Dead
Mother, worldly love is
like dew or morning mist:
prepare, through Jesus' grace,
[for] we will live together through love forever. 48

Living
Your father constantly complains,
weeps with grief [because] he wants to see you;
and he earnestly sights in sorrow,
because he no longer has your company. 52

Dead
Father, my soul is joyful every day
[in a way] that no tongue could express,
and no flesh could understand
my splendid joy. 56

Living
My dear daughter, I
tear my hair, my tears are salty;
I cannot go anywhere or to church
without crying for wanting to see you. 60

Dead
Mother, my body has been buried
in Patrick's graveyard – you saw that.
Do not try to see me again
until the Day of Judgement comes. 64

Living
My dear daughter, I must live in grief
while I am on this earth;
if I could possess the whole world,
I wouldn't be more satisfied than if I had your company. 68

Dead
My dear mother, set aside your grief,
thank the God of heaven on my behalf;
when your days come to an end
I will come as a bright candle to guide you. 72

Living
Farewell, my dear faithful daughter,
my heart has not been satisfied;
I take comfort from the hope
that I will, through God, have your company again. 76

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Dead
My father and mother, farewell to you too,
may God prepare you for your heavenly home:
as one heart, we will all
praise God together for ever.

Living
May God make me content for my child,
give me the comfort of King David,[1]
Job's patience,[2] and Peter's contrition:[3]
accept my soul in rest.

Our Lord, joyful ruler, was
one thousand seven hundred and sixty years old
when he called my gentle daughter
to the beautiful light heaven to the midst of angels.

If anyone should ask who sang this,
[it was a woman whose] muse is weak, dull and incompetent:
one who will live in mourning
for her dear daughter who has been put into the ground.

❧ ❧ ❧

[1] King David is renowned for his repentance and was forgiven by God for impregnating Bathsheba, and for putting her husband in the front line of battle. Their son, Solomon, is renowned in the Old Testament for his wisdom. King David was also a poet and the psalms, many of which repent for sin, are believed to be his work.
[2] The Old Testament Book of Job tells of Job's unfailing faith in God despite poverty, tribulation (including the deaths of family members), and ill health.
[3] Peter, or Simon Peter, was one of the apostles and leaders of the early Church. Susan Jones refers to his repentance after denying Jesus Christ three times (Matthew 26:69–75; Mark 14:66–72; Luke 22:56–62; John 18:15–18, 25–7).

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Grace Roberts of Betws-y-coed, Llanfair Parish (fl. 1766–80)

Grace Roberts of Betws-y-coed was a balladeer and also sold ballads. Just one ballad, published in Trefriw in 1776, survives in her name (*Tair o gerddi newyddion…* (Three new poems; Trefriw, 1779); *BWB* no. 319ii). Little is known about Grace, but she was active in the 1760s and 1780s, and paid for publishing the work of other balladeers in Chester in 1766 and again at Trefriw in 1780. These include religious and cautionary poems by Huw Jones (d. 1781) of Llangwm and David Jones' 1780 Welsh version of *The Wandering Jew*. Sellers such as Grace Roberts, Ann Jones, and the better-known Evan Ellis of Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr played a crucial role in the marketing of ballads, often commissioning new material to meet market forces (Lake 1998; 1989). Grace Roberts' activity in composing, funding publications, and selling ballads shows that women in Wales contributed to every aspect of Wales' popular culture in the eighteenth century (Rosser 2007).

Grace Roberts' only surviving ballad is apparently an eyewitness account of the fasting woman Gaenor Hughes of Bodelith near Bala in Meirionethshire. Gaenor was the daughter of Catherine and Hugh David, and was baptised 23 May 1745 and buried in Llandderfel cemetery on 14 March 1780 (Daniel 1910). She gained fame throughout North Wales for living on nothing but spring water for four years, and for her visions of Heaven and Hell while in a trance-like state. She was also reputed to be able to foresee events. People flocked to visit her and pray in her company, and Grace Roberts' song infers that she too was among those who came to witness the miraculous Gaenor Hughes. The song has an elegiac tone despite being composed while Gaenor was still alive and, as such, presents Gaenor in a liminal space, between life and death, Heaven and earth. Evan James, Ellis Roberts, Jonathan Hughes, and Dafydd Jones of Trefriw also composed songs about Gaenor Hughes which focus on her suffering and miraculous state (Rosser 2005, 149–53).

21 *Coffadwriaeth am Gaenor Hughes o Fodelith*

Dy gofio di Gaenor, os cennad a ga',
Tra bwy' ar y ddaear yn iach ac yn gla',
Ym mhell ac yn agos, mynegaf yn hy
Mai gwrthie'r gogoned sy'n nodded i ni. 4

Mi fûm wrth dy wely, diwegi dy waith,
Nid hir gen ti orffen, bydd diben dy daith.
Yn nerth y Gorucha' ni phalla dy ffydd
Sy'n gollwng Ei gleifion â rhoddion yn rhydd. 8

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Duw Tad ydyw'r meddyg caredig o ryw;
Crist Iesu ydyw'r Prynwr, Gwaredwr gwir yw;
A'r Ysbryd Glân hefyd, 'run ffunud trwy ffydd,
A'th gymer o'th wendid, mae addewid rhyw ddydd.

Mae hon mewn tŷ carchar yn cyrchu mawr boen,
Nes dŵad o'r unig waredig wir Oen,
I ddatod ei rhwyme, mae'n rymus Ei waith,
Mae hon yn ferch barod yn dyfod i'r daith.

Mae'n well nag un aeres, mae'n gynnes ei gwedd,
Mae'n perchen mawr drysor heb drwsiad na […]
Am diroedd a glynnoedd mae miloedd er mael,
Nid ydyw nerth golud, pe'i gwelid, ond gwael.

Mae'n siŵr y bydd Gaenor mwy llesol ei lle
Yng nghartre'r angylion yn nwyfron y ne';
A Christ yn ei derbyn yn ddygn i Dduw
I ganu'r gogoniant am feddiant i fyw.

Mi glywais rhyw ymeirie di'mwared gan rai,
Mae'n fawr gen i feddwl y byddan nhw ar fai.
Trwy nerth y Gorucha' mi brofa' bob pryd,
Mai yn y Maniwel mwyna' mae ei gafel i gyd.

Nid bara daearol sy'n llesol i'w llen,
Mae ffynnon y bywyd bob munud, Amen,
Yn lluniaeth ysbrydol, mewn llesol wellhad,
Mae'n caffel y mawredd, nid rhyfedd, yn rhad.

Na ddoed i Fodelith ddyn di-lyth ei daith
Heb ganddo ffy' berffaith a gobaith o'i gwaith:
Mae ei hysbryd yn rymus, modd gweddus, mi wn,
Er bod ei chorff gwaeledd yn saledd ei swm.

Fel Job yn ei gweddi, heb oedi mae'n byw,
Yn fodlon i'w chystudd, mae'n ddedwydd i Dduw;
Mae'n forwyn ufuddedd a gweddedd ei gwaith,
Fel Dafydd fab Jesse mewn donie oedd ei daith.

Mae hon yn ymdeithio yn odiaeth ei bryd,
Ni illwng mo'i gafel, mae ei hyder o hyd
Am Ganaan, wlad nefol, lle buddiol ei ben,
I gaffel trugaredd trwy amynedd, Amen.

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21 *To commemorate Gaenor Hughes of Bodelith*

I will remember you, Gaenor, if I am permitted,
while I live, [whether] in sickness or health;
far and near, boldly I will declare
that the Lord of glory's miracles are a comfort for us.

I have been at your bed[side], your work is earnest,
you haven't got long to go until your journey's end.
Your faith in the strength of the Almighty is unfailing;
He who frees his sickly ones with gifts.

God the Father is the kind-natured physician,
Christ Jesus is the Redeemer, the true saviour;
and the Holy Spirit too, [who is] exactly the same in faith,
will take you from your weakness: this is promised some day.

She is in a prison, suffering much pain,
until the coming of the only true ransomed Lamb
to untie her bonds (His work is powerful);
this is a girl willing to face the journey.

She is better than any heiress, her countenance is warm,
she owns a great treasure without [fine] clothes or […]
thousands want the benefit of lands and valleys,
the power of wealth, were it seen, is but miserable.

Gaenor will surely be better placed
in the home of angels in the bosom of heaven;
[where] Christ receives her earnestly to God
to sing the glory about possessing life [everlasting].

I heard some inescapable cross words by some,
I greatly think that they will be in the wrong.
Through the strength of the Almighty I will know every day
that her strength is in the gentlest Immanuel.

It is not earthly bread that is beneficial to her veil [of life].
Rather, it is always the fount of life, Amen,
that provides spiritual nourishment (for beneficial recovery),
for you (it is not unusual) to have the greatness freely.

May no one on an unfailing journey come to Bodelith
without perfect faith and hope in her work:
her spirit is strong (worthy manner), I know,
although her weak body is thoroughly sick.

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She is like Job[1] in prayer, she lives without delaying,
she is content with her affliction, she is blessed by God;
she is a faithful maiden, her work is just,
her journey was blessed like that of David son of Jesse.[2]

She of splendid appearance journeys,
she does not loosen her grip, her confidence is still
in Canaan[3] (the land of heaven), place of blessings,
to have mercy through long suffering, Amen.

[1] Job, who never lost his faith in God despite suffering poverty, illness, and loss, is considered a model of patience and faith.
[2] King David, son of Jesse. See Poem 20, n. 1.
[3] Canaan, the promised land, is used as a metaphor for Heaven.

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Florence Jones (fl. 1775–1800)

Florence Jones was a balladeer, disparaged by Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg; 1747–1826) as 'Fflwri' (Florie), 'Prydyddes pen Ffair a Marchnad, a Chadair Farddes Sir Fynwy' ('A Fair and Market Poetess, and Chaired Bardess of Monmouthshire'; NLW MS 13154A, 335). Her dates are unknown, but Williams and the colloquialisms in her elegy for Emi Jones of Llanfrechfa published in 1800 suggest that Florence Jones was a native of Monmouthshire (Jones 1800). Both the elegy and the song about an earthquake in London in 1775 use a providential framework, as well as biblical motifs and conceptual vocabulary. Despite her purported reputation as a market balladeer, could Florence Jones, as well as Emi Jones, have belonged to a Methodist or another nonconformist community in Monmouthshire?

The poem anthologised here relates an earthquake in London in 1775: 'ar y nos Wener cyntaf ym mis Medi diwethaf, 1775' ('on the first Friday night of last September, 1775'; *Dwy o gerddi newyddion yn gyntaf, Can Newydd…* (Two new songs, firstly a New Song; d.d. [1775]); BWB no. 641i). Florence frames the event as God's punishment for the sins of mankind and exhorts her audience to reform their lives. In keeping with biblical descriptions of the last days, the earthquake is also interpreted as a sign that the Day of Judgement is imminent. The song closes with a modesty topos (ll. 55–60), in which Florence Jones admits that she is illiterate, composing her song through the grace of God rather than her own innate talents. As well as legitimising her poem, Florence Jones' admission casts light on the way in which oral composition and transmission continued in eighteenth-century Wales, despite high literacy rates and a growing domestic print culture (White 2020, 125–36; Lloyd-Morgan, 1991).

22 *Cân newydd am y ddaeargryn … Medi 1775*

Mesur: 'Mentra Gwen'

Ni glywsom bethau mawrion, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
Mae Duw yn rhoi arwyddion, *rhyfedd yw*,
Nos Wener cynta' o Fedi,
Y tai a'r tir yn crynu
Wrth arch ein brenin Iesu:
Mawr yw Ei nerth a'i allu, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

Cawn weled mwy na hynny, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
Pan byddo'r Oen a'i gwmpni, *rhyfedd yw*,
Yn hedeg trwy'r cymylau;
A'r utgorn yn rhoi bloeddiau,
[I] alw pawb i'r unlle,
[R]oi cyfrif o'u talentau, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

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Pan ddelo Mab y Dyn, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
Bydd dychryn creulon, blin, *rhyfedd yw*,
Fe fydd yr annuwiolion
Yn crynu'n dost gan ofon,
Rhag mynd i'r Farn yn union,
Roi cyfrif o'u gweithredon, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw.*

Am hynny 'mrown i gyd, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
I ganlyn Crist mewn pryd, *rhyfedd yw*,
Rhag iddo ddod â'i ddyrnod,
A ninne yn amharod,
A'n troi ni i uffern isod,
Mae hyn o fyd ar ddarfod, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

Pan elo hyn o fyd, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
Yn danllwyth oll i gyd, *rhyfedd yw*,
Y[r] Iesu fydd yn casglu
Yr efrau i gyd a'u taflu
I lawr i'r tân i losgi,
A'r Saint i'r nef tan ganu, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

Maent gwedi dechrau yma, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
I seinio'n fwyn Hosanna, *rhyfedd yw*,
Er maint sydd yn eu cablu,
Eu gwawdio, a'u gwatworu,
Heb nabod cariad Iesu,
Bydd gwae i'r rhain pryd hynny, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

Deffro dithe, Gymru, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
O'th gwsg, a phaid â c[h]ysgu, *rhyfedd yw*,
A gwna dy hun yn barod
I ddod i gwrdd â'th Briod,
Mae'r dydd a'r awr yn dyfod
Y cawn ni gydgyfarfod, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

Pryd hyn ceir gweld yn eglur, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
Gwân rhwng yr ŵyn a'r geifr, *rhyfedd yw*,
Pan bônt hwy'n cael eu hethol:
Yr ŵyn i'r lan i'r nefol,
A'r lleill i'r tân uffernol
[I] boeni yn dragwyddol, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

Chwi glywsoch hyn fy mrodyr, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
[I]'r ddaeren grynu'n eglur, *rhyfedd yw*,
Doedd hyn on'd gwir rybuddion,
Gwedi i Grist eu danfon,
[I] beri i'r annuwiolion
Droi'n ôl tua mynydd Seion, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

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Os hola neb trwy'r gwledydd, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*,
[P]wy wnelai'r ganiad newydd, *rhyfedd yw*,
Gwraig sy'n anllythrennog,
Heb ddarllen gair na'i nabod,
Trwy nerth a gwir myfyrdod,
A hi wnaeth hyn yn barod, *rhyfedd yw, rhyfedd yw*.

22 *A new song about the earthquake … September 1775*

Tune: 'Mentra Gwen'

We heard of significant things, *it is extraordinary, it is extraordinary*,
God gives signs, *it is extraordinary*,
the first Friday night of September
the houses and land quaked
at our king Jesus' behest:
His power and authority are great, *it is extraordinary, it is extraordinary*.

We will see more than that, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
when the Lamb and his company, *it is extraordinary*,
fly through the clouds;
the trumpet will blast,
calling everyone to the same place,
to account for their talents, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

When the Son of Man comes, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
there will be dreadful fright, *it is extraordinary*,
the godless will
quake severely with fear,
before they go straight to Judgement
to account for their deeds, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

For that reason we will all undertake, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
to follow Christ in good time, *it is extraordinary*,
lest he brings His punishment,
while we are unprepared,
turning us all to hell, below:
this world is about to end, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

When this world goes, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
all in a blaze, *it is extraordinary*,
Jesus will collect
all the chaff and throw them
down to the fire to burn,
and the Saints will go, singing, to heaven, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

They have begun here, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
to sing 'Hosannah' meekly, *it is extraordinary*,

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despite the number who revile them,
mock them, and scorn them,
without knowing the love of Jesus,
these will then experience woe, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

Wales, awaken, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
from your sleep, *it is extraordinary*,
and make yourself ready,
to meet your Bridegroom,
the day is now approaching
when we will assemble, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

This is when the difference between sheep and goats, *it is extraordinary*,
it is extraordinary,
will be clearly seen, *it is extraordinary*,
when they are chosen:
the sheep will be taken ashore to heaven,
the rest to the fire of hell
to suffer pain for ever, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

You, my brothers, heard, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*,
that the earth clearly shook, *it is extraordinary*,
this was but a clear warning
sent by Christ,
to cause the ungodly
to turn towards Mount Zion, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.

If anyone in the land asks, *it is extraordinary*, *it is extraordinary*.
who composed this new song, *it is extraordinary*,
[it was] an illiterate woman,
who cannot read or recognise a word,
who prepared this [song]
through strength and true reflection, *it is extraordinary*.

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Ann Griffiths (1776–1805)

Ann Griffiths (née Thomas) of Dolwar Fach in the parish of Llanfihangel-yng-Ngwynfa near Llanfyllin in Mongtomeryshire is an iconic hymnist who gained renown following her early death. The daughter of tenant farmers, John Evan Thomas and Jane Theodore, she became mistress of the farm upon the death of her mother in January 1794. Ann was raised in the Anglican church, but the family joined the Methodist cause following her brother John's conversion, and Dolwar Fach became a focal point for Welsh Methodist preachers. Ann experienced her own conversion in 1796. She married fellow-Methodist Thomas Griffiths in 1804 and died shortly after giving birth to their daughter, Elizabeth, in July 1805. Eight of Ann Griffiths' letters survive, in which she speaks candidly about her faith.

Ann Griffiths' hymns are intensely mediated texts. Her canon includes thirty hymns that were composed orally and committed to memory by her maidservant, Ruth Evans. Ruth Evans married John Hughes of Pontrobert, who transcribed the hymns his wife remembered. A selection of Griffiths' hymns, with some edits, were published in *Casgliad o Hymnau* (A Collection of Hymns; 1806) by leading Methodists Thomas Charles and Robert Jones. While Griffiths enjoyed the vibrant carol tradition of her locality during her youth (James 2000), the influence of Williams of Pantycelyn is also visible in her hymns, and indicates that Methodism's artistic voice had come to fruition. However, Griffiths' hymns were not conceived as congregational hymns. Rather, they are short musings on biblical and theological doctrine, considered mystical by some critics (Jones 2000; Allchin 1991), and have no narrative sweep as such. They function as mnemonic devices for private devotion and focus on God's love in Christ, the incarnation, the atonement, reason, and the heart. Ann Griffiths herself had no intention of sharing them with others: '[d]ydw i ddim yn 'u gweld nhw'n deilwng. Does arna' i ddim eisio i neb'u cael nhw ar fy ôl. Rwy' i yn 'u cyfansoddi er cysur i mi fy hun' ('I don't consider them worthy. I don't want anyone to have them after me. I compose them only for myself'; Ann Griffiths' Letters, www.anngriffiths.cardiff.ac.uk).[1]

[1] Texts and translations of Griffiths' letters and hymns are available on Cardiff University's Ann Griffiths website: www.anngriffiths.cardiff.ac.uk/introduction.html (accessed 6 October 2025).

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23 *Am fy mod i mor llygredig*

Am fy mod i mor llygredig,
Ac ymadael ynddwy' i'n llawn,
Mae bod yn dy fynydd sanctaidd
Imi'n fraint oruchel iawn;
Lle mae'r llenni yn cael eu rhwygo,
Mae difa'r gorchudd yno o hyd,
A rhagoroldeb dy ogoniant
Ar ddarfodedig bethau'r byd.

O! am bara i uchel yfed
O ffrydiau'r iechydwriaeth fawr
Nes fy nghwbwl ddisychedu
Am ddarfodedig bethau'r llawr;
Byw dan ddisgwyl am fy Arglwydd,
Bod, pan ddêl, yn effro iawn
I agoryd iddo'n ebrwydd
A mwynhau ei ddelw'n llawn.

23 *Because I am so corrupt*

Because I am so corrupt in nature,
and leaving [the world] is my [chief] desire,
being in Your holy mountain
is the highest privilege for me;
where the curtains are rent,
[and] the veil is utterly destroyed,
and [where] your glory surpasses
the transient things of the world.

Oh! to continue drinking deeply
from the streams of great salvation
until I am entirely sated
for the transient things of the world;
living in expectation of my Lord,
being, when he comes, wide awake
to be open to Him immediately
and fully enjoy His image.

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Mrs Parry of Plas, Faerdre (fl. c. 1777)

Mrs Parry remains elusive beyond her text. A short paratext notes that the poem was composed by 'Mrs Pary o blas yn y vardre' ('Mrs Parry of Plas in Faerdre'; NLW MS 346B, 289), and both the title 'Mrs' and reference to 'plas' ('manor/big house') suggest that she was a woman of substance. A provisional *floruit* has been provided based on the date that Mrs Parry herself versifies into the closing stanza of her poem, and is corroborated by a reference in the body of the poem to the America War of Independence, 1775–83 (l. 7). This *plygain* (Christmas) carol sung on the tune 'Susannah' is the only extant poem in Mrs Parry's name, and it has at its heart a sense of urgency to accept the saviour, Christ, before imminent judgement. In terms of style, her carol is heavily allusive and draws on a thorough knowledge of biblical characters, events, and meaning that would also have been understood by her implied audience.

24 *Carol Plygen*

Mesur 'Susannah'

O Arglwydd Nefol rho inni ganiad, i ganu'n sifil, orchwyl enaid,
A chwilia di gornele y galon, gyda'r geni, i ganu'n ffyddlon,
O fawl, heb ame, i'r Hwn fu'n diodde' hyd ange, modde maith.
Fe golle drosdon waed ei galon, Ef oedd yn dirion yn Ei daith.
O Arglwydd grasol! gwna di dy bobol i fyw'n dduwiol, weddol wych,
I foli'r Seilo y ddarfu'n safio a'n rhwystro i fentro nofio yn uch.

Mae yn America ddinistrio, o achos pechod, Duw sy'n blino,
Nyni sy'n tynnu llid i'n pobol, am ein bod ni'n byw'n annuwiol.
Josua rymus, rhyfelwr hwylus, weddïe'n ddownus Dduw,
A'r hwn a ladde, wrth weddïe fwy heb ame na'r cledde clyw.
'R un Duw sydd eto, ni gawn ein gwrando, os gwnawn weddïo'n dduwus
Mae'n dost i fame fagu llancie i'w rhoddi i'r cledde i ddiodde' yn ddwys.

Wel dyma'r dydd dedwyddol, i ni y ganed brenin y goleuni,
Ein Duw, ein dyn, ein Ysbryd Santedd, yr Iesu Grist yn llawn trugaredd.
Yr Oen da grasol mae i'th groeso i'n galw heno o hyd,
I droi ein calone at weddïe cyn mynd i'r siwrne, heb ame o'r byd.
Os cawn ni ein Prynwr inni'n swcwr, dadleuwr Duw a dyn,
Dedwydd inni erioed, ein geni nid rhaid mo'r ofni llaesu'n llyn.

Dowch, fe aned yr Ail Adda, yr Hwn yw'r Iesu, mab Maraia,
Yn ddyn ifanc yn y preseb, yr Oen tirion, mwyn diniwed.

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Roedd y bugeilied yn cydgerdded i weled nodded ne',
Yn offrymu i Fair, tan ganu a llawenychu, yn llonni'r lle.
Herod frenin oedd yn sgethrin, fe ladde'r bechgyn bach,
Wrth geisio ymofyn am Fab Mair Forwyn, Hwn oedd wreiddyn,
eginyn iach.

Abram, gaeth addewid hyfryd, yr ail [f]frwythe pren y bywyd,
O had y wraig y deue allan i fugeilio'r praidd i'r gorlan.
A Mosus ynte a'i lân gyfreithie câi addewidion gole gwiw
Y deue'r bugel o had Israel, achubwr tyner dynol-ryw.
Esau a Joel, Noa a Daniel, proffwyde i'r Maniwel mwyn,
Y deue yr Alffa a'r Omega i roddi gwasgfa i'r sarff a'i swyn.

Gorchymyn Duw sy'n peri inni edifaru cyn yfory,
Gwyliwn aros tan ail ddiwrnod, rhag i'r Ange roi inni ddyrnod.
Oni edifarhawn, ni chawn Ei bardwn, bydd hynny yn gwlwm caeth,
Fynd i ddiodde' tan law'r ange, eisio donie i fynd ar daith.
O Arglwydd santedd, dod drugaredd yn rhwyddedd i bob rhai,
Yn lle ynfydrwydd, dod galon newydd a madde beunydd i ni ein bai.

Dyma'r Eglwys gwedi ei chodi, ceisiwn galon newydd ynthi,
Ymrown i fwrw yr hen ddyn ymeth, yn wir, ddifreg[e]dd ryfogeth.
Awn fel Moesen tua Chaersalem, cawn hyfryd lawen le.
Efo Andras, Ioan a Jonas, a'r hen Eleias yn ninas ne'.
Ceisiwn ddiwyd ddŵr y bywyd, cawn w[y]nfyd howddfyd hir,
Gyda'r Seintie yn gwneud ein cartre', i ganu hymne gole gwir.

Nid ŷm ni nes, er temel hyfryd, heb y Tad a'r Mab a'r Ysbryd,
Gwyliwn addoli'r to na'r gwalie, heb ddim santeiddrwydd i'n calone.
Temel hyfryd Solomon hefyd wrthode'r bywyd pur,
Ni fynne i ddysgu gan yr Iesu ond ei fflangellu a gwadu'r gwir.
A'n Harglwydd tirion gâi ei hoelio yn union, rhwng lladron, creulon croes,
Ar ben Calfaria, bur Jehofa, yn diodde gwasgfa, laddfa loes.

Na feddylied neb o'r bobol fy mod i yn dewis cael fy nghamol,
Nid allwn i mo'r clymu'r geirie nes i'r Arglwydd agor llwybre.
Rhown glod i'r Iesu am ein dysgu, ymrown i gredu i Grist,
Ac wylwn weithie fel Dafydd ynte a fydde, heb ame, a'r druen drist
Seimon dirion a gane'n ffyddlon, pan gâi fo'r cyfion cu,
Ar ddydd enwaedu yr Arglwydd Iesu y fu'n offrymu'i hynny'n hy.

Er pen aned llyn[c]wr Ange, mae saith gant a deg o seithie,
A dau dri ac un ychwaneg, a chant o ddege i'w conwntio ar redeg.
Duw cadw ein brenin George, i amddiffyn enwog anfon iawn
A Siarlota ei wraig anwyla, hir oes yma a'u llwydda yn llawn;
Bo[e]d i'n calone, gadw gwylie, daw ein dyddie, heb ame, i ben,
A'n hamser ninne i fynd i'n bedde, O Arglwydd madde fy meie, Amen!

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24 *Plygain Carol*

Oh heavenly Lord, give us a song, to sing with civility the soul's work,
and search the corners of the heart with the nativity, to sing faithfully
praise, without doubt, to He who suffered unto death, great means.
He lost the blood of his heart on our behalf, He was gentle on His journey.
Oh gracious Lord! Make your people live in a more godly fashion, seemly
[and] fine,
To praise Siloh[1] who saved us and prevented us from attempting to swim higher.

In America there is destruction, as a result of sin; God is tired,
we attract wrath for our people, because of our ungodly lives.
Powerful Joshua,[2] fine soldier, prayed to a gracious God,
and he who would kill, listen more to prayers, without doubt, than the sword.
The same God is again, we will be heard if we pray in a godly fashion,
it is cruel for mothers to raise young men to put them to the sword to suffer
intensely.

This is the happy day that the king of light was born to us,
our God, our man, our Holy Spirit: Jesus Christ full of mercy.
good, gracious Lamb, welcomes you and calls us still tonight,
to turn our hearts to prayer before we depart, without doubt, from
the world.
If we have our Saviour as our succour, intercessor of God and man,
we will forever be content that we were born, [and] will not need to
fear dissolving away into liquid.

Come, the Second Adam[3] has been born who is Jesus, Mary's son,
a young man in the manger, the gentle Lamb, tender [and] innocent.
The shepherds walked together to see the refuge of heaven,
made offerings to Mary, singing and rejoicing, filling the place [with joy].
King Herod was terrible and killed the little boys
as he tried to find the Virgin Mary's son, He who was the root, the healthy
shoot.

Abraham was given a lovely pleasant promise, the second fruits of the tree of life,
from the woman's seed it would come out to bring the flock to the fold.

[1] Shiloh is mentioned in Genesis 49:20: 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.' The verse was interpreted as reference to a saviour with millennial connections. Apocalyptic trends tend to rise in times of social change, political crisis, and austerity – three things addressed by Mrs Parry in her carol – and were seen in contemporary responses to both the American War of Independence (1775–83) and the French Revolution (1789).

[2] In the Book of Exodus Joshua and Caleb showed faith that the Israelites could conquer Canaan through God's help, and Joshua led the Israelites there after Moses' day.

[3] By referring to Christ as the second Adam, the redeemer sent to free mankind from the fallen state brought about by Adam, Mrs Parry gets to the heart of the significance of Christ's birth to Christians.

[4] For Moses, see Section 3 Wales 1400–1660, Poem 1, page 136, n. 4.

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And Moses[4] too, and his virtuous laws, was given bright excellent promises
that the shepherd would come from Israel's seed, gentle saviour of mankind.
Esau[5] and Joel,[6] Noah[7] and Daniel,[8] prophesied the coming of the gentle Immanuel,
the coming of the Alpha and Omega to crush the serpent and its spell.

God's commandment causes us to regret before tomorrow,
may we not wait until the second day, lest Death strike us.
unless we repent, we won't have His pardon, [and] that will be a tight fetter,
[we will] suffer under Death's hand because we lack the ability to go on the journey.
Oh holy Lord, give mercy generously to all;
instead of foolishness, give a new heart and forgive us daily our sins.

Here is the Church that is built; we will seek a new heart for it,
we will strive to shake off the old man, indeed, earnest lineage.
We will go, like Moses, towards Jerusalem, [where we will] have a lovely happy place.
With Andrew,[9] John,[10] and Jonas,[11] and old Elias[12] in the heavenly city.
May we diligently seek the water of life, [may we] have long prosperity [and] paradise,
making our home with the saints, singing true [and] holy hymns.

We are no closer, despite the fine temple, without the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
may we beware lest we worship the roof or walls, without holiness in our hearts.
Solomon's fair temple also refused the pure life,
it would not learn from Jesus but [would] scourge him and deny the truth.
And our gentle Lord was nailed exactly between thieves [to a] cruel cross,
on Calvary:[13] pure Jehovah suffered anguish, [the] pain of death.

May no one think that I choose to be praised,
[for] I could not weave the words until the Lord opened the paths.
Let us praise Jesus for teaching us, let us strive to believe Christ,

[5] Esau, son of Isaac and Rebecca, sold his birthright to his younger twin, Jacob, such was his contempt for God; Genesis 21; 25:27–34.
[6] The Book of Joel, an Old Testament prophet, foretells the Day of the Lord, the salvation of Judah and the destruction of the nations.
[7] For Noah see Section 3 Wales 1400–1660, Poem 1, page 136, n. 3.
[8] The Book of Daniel tells of Daniel's vision about Israel's destiny.
[9] Andrew was one of the Apostles.
[10] John was also one of the Apostles.
[11] Jonas, or Jonah, was an Old Testament prophet remembered for being swallowed by a whale.
[12] Elias was a Hebrew prophet who evaded death through his faithfulness to God. Like Enoch, he was immediately taken up to Heaven.
[13] Mount Calvary near Jerusalem is the location of Christ's crucifixion.
[14] King David, see Poem 20, n. 1.

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and let us sometimes weep like David[14] who, himself without doubt,
and like the poor sad
gentle Simeon[15] who sang faithfully, when he had the dear righteous ones,
on the day of Lord Jesus' circumcision he offered up his song boldly.

Since the Swallower of Death[16] was born, seven hundred and seventy,
and two more sixes, and a thousand counted [years] have run.
May God save our king, George,[17] to protect him very famous [?]
and Charlotte[18] his dearest wife, [may] they be blessed with long life;
may our hearts, keep the holy days, our time will, without doubt, come
to an end,
and our own time to go to the grave, Oh Lord, forgive my sins, Amen!

[15] Simeon was the godly old man who sang the Nunc Dimitis, Song of Simeon, to the baby Jesus Christ in the Temple in Jerusalem; Luke 2:29–32.
[16] Christ is the swallower of death, since according to Christians his act of atonement conquered death.
[17] King George III was on the throne when this carol was composed.
[18] Queen Charlotte, wife and consort of George III.

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Jane Ellis (1779–c. 1841)

Jane Ellis spent her youth in Bala, Meirionethshire and her mature years in Mold, Flintshire, where she was closely connected to the local Methodist association. Her *Casgliad o hymnau, carolau, a marwnadau, a gyfansoddwyd ar amrywiol achosion* ('A collection of hymns, carols, and elegies, composed on a range of occasions'; 1841), the first single-authored collection of poetry published by a Welsh woman, was first published in 1827 and went through three editions. Only the third edition of 1840 survives, and it contains fifty-one poems, predominantly hymns (Ifans 2010, xxii). Ellis' hymns are highly personal in nature and discuss grace, the conversion of the soul through grace, self-doubt, and a personal knowledge of Christ. Her carols engage with the incarnation and providence. Few women composed *plygain* (or Christmas) carols, examples of which are included in this anthology (Poems 24 and 26) and elsewhere (Charnell-White 2005), and Ellis' editor, Rhiannon Ifans, has shown that Jane Ellis composed the iconic 'anonymous' Christmas carol 'O Deued pob Cristion' ('O come, every Christian'; Ifans 2007; James 2004). That Ellis' collection should include hymns, carols, and elegies is not unusual, since the Methodist hymn tradition built upon the foundation of the free-metre carol tradition and used many of its tunes. The elegy was also a genre embraced by Methodism, not only to commemorate the dead, but also to comfort the living by repairing the rift in the fabric of Methodist society and identity caused by such losses and to uphold models of faith and holy living (Charnell-White 2003). Ellis' elegies draw on the tropes and figures of the Methodist elegy established by William Williams of Pantycelyn, and include elegies to members of her own family, members of the Methodist community, and the victims of a mining disaster in Mold in 1837 (Ifans 2010).

25 *Rhoddaist i mi blant i'w magu*

Rhoddaist i mi blant i'w magu,
  Galwaist rai o'r rheiny'n ôl;
Rhoddias imi le i hyderu
  Eu bod yr awron yn dy gôl;
Dyro im eto nerth i rodio
  Heb ddiffygio tra fwyf byw;
Cadw fi yma a'm bryd yn bennaf
  Am gael rhyngu bodd fy Nuw.

Cymraist blentyn o fy mynwes,
  Rho imi fendith yn ei le;
Yn wyneb pob rhyw brofedigath
  Rho'th adnabod, Frenin ne';

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Mae gen ti allu i wneuthur hynny,
Im weld fy ngholled fawr yn fraint,
Yn lle bod yma 'ngwlad y pechu
I fod yn un o deulu'r saint.

N'ad fi alaru mwy amdano
Ond rho im gofio'r rhai sy'n fyw;
Rho im hynny wrth eu magu,
Eu dwyn i fyny'n ofon Duw
Trwy roi siamplau da o'u blaenau
A rhodio'n addas yn fy lle
A'u rhybuddio'n fynych, fynych
rhag sathru deddfau Brenin ne'.

25 *You gave me children to raise*

You gave me children to raise,
you called back some of them;
you gave me reason to believe
that they are now in your lap;
give me again strength to walk
without growing weary while I live;
keep me here with my heart set
on pleasing my God.

You took a child from my breast,
give me a blessing in his place;
in the face of all kinds of bereavement
let me know you, King of heaven;
you have the power to do so,
[to make] me see my great loss as a privilege,
[to make] me one of the family of saints
rather than being here in the land of sin.

Do not let me grieve [any] more for him
but let me remember the children that still live;
give me that as I raise them,
raising them in the fear of God
by giving good examples to them
and walking appropriately in my place,
and warning them, often, often,
against trampling on the commandments of the King of heaven.

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Rebecca Williams (fl. 1810–20)

Details about Rebecca Williams are gleaned from her texts. Her poems were published in ballad pamphlets at Trefriw, Caernarfon, and Dolgellau between 1810 and 1823. While the subjects of her poems are broad, they are underpinned by a strong Christian faith and heavy biblical allusion. Subjects include praise to Sir Robert Williams (1812), the murder of a young girl at Penrhyndeudraeth (1813), a song about Britain's fiscal struggles (1816), a shipwreck on the Menai Straits in August 1820, and praise to Lord Newborough (1823) (see Charnell-White 2005, 320–36). As well as these poems published in ballad pamphlets, a *plygain* (or Christmas) carol and a hymn are also attributed to Rebecca Williams. The *plygain* carol, below, is edited and translated for the first time in this anthology (Williams, 1813).

26 *Carol Plygain Newydd*

Mesur: 'Mwynen Merch'

Pechaduriaid o bob cyrrau i'r byd,
Dowch yn llawen heb ddim llid, dyma'r lle,
I foli ac addoli Mab Duw,
Ddaeth i gadw dynol ryw, da i'w rodd;
Ar gyfan i heddiw daeth hedd,
O! diolch am Ei wedd byth a'i wawr,
Dyma ddiwrnod newydd eto i ni;
O! diolch byth i Un Duw Tri am y tro.

Roedd rhai ers blynyddau tra maith,
Yn proffwydo am y gwaith a wnâi'r Gŵr;
Y doethion o'r dwyrain a ddaeth,
A seren fel saeth yno'n siŵr,
Ac a safodd goruwch y lle,
Roedd Iesu a Mair gydag ef,
A'r doethion addolasant eu Duw,
Gwnawn ninnau tra bôm byw yr un peth.

Roedd yno hardd ymweliad cyn dydd,
Yr angylion yno'n ffri a ganai'n ffraeth,
Gwedi derbyn yr addewid trwy ffydd,
Cwlwm Satan aeth yn rhydd inni'n rhad:
O diolch! O diolch! byth i'r Tad
Am anfon ei wir anedig Fab,
I brynu pechaduriaid drwg eu rhyw,
Hosanna i'r Mesia, am gadw dynol ryw!

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Ac yntau'r hen Simon yn siŵr,
A dderbynioddd y gŵr yma'n gu
A fendithiodd yr Arglwydd ei Dduw,
A'i yspryd oedd fyw ynddo'n fwyn
"Yr awr hon y gollyngi dy was,
Mewn tangnefedd a'th râs yma'n rhwydd
Canys fy llygaid a welsant yn awr,
Dy iachawdwriaeth fawr inni'n fwyn."

Ffarwél i bob aberthau yn y byd,
A'r holl gysgodau i gyd oedd yma i'w cael
Ni chyflawnodd un ohonynt mo rym
Y gyfraith oedd llym am ein lladd
Cyflawnder yr amser a ddaeth
A'r llef a glybuwyd yn ffraeth
"Hwn yw fy annwyl Fab,
Yn yr hwn i'm boddlonwyd"; medd y tirion Dduw Tad.

"Wele fi'n dyfod yn ôl Dy air",
Medd Iesu fab Mair, yn ddyn mwyn
"I wneuthur dy 'wyllys di o Dduw!"
Ymgrymed pob rhyw iddo'n rhwydd
O gariad anfeidrol ei faint
Rhyfeddodd a synodd saint
Rhown ninnau bechaduriaid daear lawr
Ein calonau yn 'wyllysgar i'w foli fe'n fawr.

Dyna'r iawn aberth a gaed,
Gwedi'r holl ollwng gwaed a fu i gyd,
Troseddiad pechaduriaid sydd fawr
Wnaethai dim o eiddo'r llawr heddychu'r llid
Ond Arglwydd yr Arglwyddi a'i law gref
A Brenin y Brenhinoedd yw ef;
Gofalodd, fe dalodd ar Ei daith,
Haleluia i'r Mesia, gorffennodd Ei waith.

Fe gerddodd yn dawel yma o hyd,
Heb bechod yn y byd drwy fawr boen
Er diodde pob erlid a gwawd,
Yr oedd i rai'n frawd er erioed,
Fe safodd yn feichiau glân pur
Ar groes pen Calfaria yno'n wir
Fe lefodd "gorffenwyd y gwaith",
Rhown ninnau bechaduriaid, O! foliant iddo'n faith.

Dyma'r gwir fugail da,
A fugeilia yma'r gla' lesg a'r gref
Y friwedig a'r belledig ddaw ynghyd
At Brynwr y byd o bob bro,

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Fe eilw ar ei holau nhw Ei hun,
Nhwy gyrchant at y llais yn hardd eu llun,
Mae'u nôd a'u rhifedi ganddo Ef,
Holl rai etholedig yn llyfr brenin Nef.

Fe adawodd i ni ar ei ôl,
Yr Efengyl mewn rheol dda ei rhyw
Pwy bynnag a gredo ynddo fe,
Mae ynddi hi fywyd i fyw,
Mae eto yn eiriol yn y Nef
Cyfryngwr a lluniwr y lle
Creawdwr a Barnwr y byd,
Ddaw eto ar y cwmwl i'n barnu ni i gyd.

Fy nghydbechaduriaid yn awr,
Mae'r perygl yn fawr i ni fod,
Yn diodde tan ddialedd ein Duw,
Pob cyfryw sy'n byw ac yn bod,
Yn dal yn wargaled i'r gair,
A gwrthod yr Iesu fab Mair,
Ceiff ogoniant gan etifeddion gras,
Fe a chwarddiff yn eu dialedd yr annuwiolion cas.

Mae llawer o wyliau dyddiau da,
Gwedi pasio aea' a ha' yma o hyd,
Heb roddi iawn addoliad i Dduw,
Mae pergyl i ni fyw yn hyn o fyd
Gan fod yn afradlon ddrwg blant
Y cwrw a'r cardiau a'r melys chwant,
A barnu ar ein gilydd ar gam,
Addoli teulu uffern, yn fuan daw'r Farn,

Y fellten o'r dwyren a ddaw
Ac yno bydd braw i bob rhyw,
Bydd pawb yn gweddïo yno ar ffrwst,
Ond mawr fydd trwst barn ein Duw,
Fydd yno ddim tyngwyr 'nudon gau,
Na thwrnai na chownsler am aur,
Yr Iesu fydd barnwr y byd,
Llawenhewch, teulu Sïon, byddwch siriol eich pryd.

Duw a roddo edifeirwch a gwellhâd,
Yn glir ym mhob gwlad moddion glew
Cyn y delo dydd mawr Ei ddicter Ef,
A chlywed uchel lef, Archangel yw,
Cyfodwch o'r ddaear oer ddu,
Ceiff pawb chwarae teg o bob tu,
A'n gweithredoedd fydd i'n calyn bob cam,
A meddyliau ein calonnau fydd olau yn y fan,

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Ac yno daw Iesu Mab Duw,
A'i angylion yn driw ar fyr o dro,
"Deuwch chwi fendigedig blant fy Nhad,
(Er cymaint oedd eich brad ym mhob bro)
Meddiannwch y deyrnas yn hy,
Er seiliad y byd sydd i chwi."
Mae yno bren y bywyd, annwyl yw,
Yn rhoddi yno ei ffrwythau pereiddia', pur yw.

Ac wrth yr annuwiolion dywaid ef,
(O! trwm fydd y llef, a duo lliw)
"Nid adwaen i ddim ohonoch chwi,
Ni 'mwelsoch chwi erioed â mi'n fyw"
O! Arglwydd Dduw grasol, drwy Grist,
A fo'n maddau i bob pechadur trist;
Heddiw gwnaen' ddeunydd o'r dydd,
Rhag mai fory byddwn farw â'n henaid yn brudd.

Addolwn a molwn Dduw mawr,
Yn lluoedd nef a llawr rhowch eich llef,
I'r Tad ac i'r Mab a'r Ysbryd Glân,
A'n cododd ni i'r lan ym mhob rhyw le,
Haleluia yn benna' bob awr,
I'r Jehofa a'r mwyna' Dduw mawr,
Teyrnasoedd y byd a ddelo i ben,
I addoli Brenin Sïon mawr ei 'mynedd, Amen.

26 *A New Plygain Carol*

Tune: 'Mwynen Merch'

Sinners from all corners of the world,
come happily without wrath (here is the place),
to praise and worship the Son of God
who came to save mankind, His gift is good;
and today, all in all, came peace,
oh! eternal thanks for His manner and His effulgence,
this is a new day again for us;
oh! eternal thanks to the Three-in-One God for this.

Some, since many years gone by,
prophesied the work that the Man would do;
the Wise Men from the East came,
and, to be sure, a star as a guide
that stood above the place,
Jesus, with Mary,
and the wise men praised their God;
may we do the same while we live.

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Before day[break] there was a beautiful visit:
angels freely sang, readily,
having received the promise through faith,
Satan's bond was loosened for us freely:
oh thanks! Oh eternal thanks to the Father
for sending His only begotten Son
to save wicked sinners;
Hosannah to the Messiah for redeeming mankind!

And he, old Simon, indeed
accepted this man tenderly
and blessed the Lord his God,
and the spirit was, in him, gentle:
"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
according to Thy word:
for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,
which thou hast prepared before the face of all people."[1]

"Farewell to all sacrifices in the world,
and to all its shadows that were here to be had"
none of them realized the power
of the strict laws that wanted to kill us.
The time is ripe
and the cry was readily heard:
"This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased";
says gracious God the Father.[2]

"Behold, I come, according to your word"
says Jesus son of Mary, gentle man,
"to do, oh! God, your will!"
May every race readily bow down to Him
because of His infinite love,
wonder and surprise of the saints,
may we, sinners of the world, give
our hearts willingly to praise Him now.

This was the true sacrifice that was had,
after all the blood loss that has been,
the transgressions of sinners are great,
[and] no one on earth did anything to appease the wrath
but the Lord of Lords with his strong hand,
He is the King of Kings;
[He] took care, he paid on his journey,
Halleluiah to the Messiah, He finished His work.

He walked quietly here,
without any sin, through great effort,

[1] Rebecca Williams quotes from the *Nunc Dimitis* (Song of Simeon), Luke 2:29.
[2] Matthew 17:5; Mark 9:7.

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despite suffering every persecution and scorn,
He was always a brother to some;
He stood as pure, fine surety
on the cross, there indeed, on Calvary.
He cried "the work is finished",
may we, sinners, give extensive praise to Him.

Here is the true good shepherd
who shepherds the weak and the strong,
the wounded and the pilgrims will come together
from everywhere to the saviour of the world;
He himself will call after them,
they, beautiful in appearance, will approach His voice,
He has their brands and numbers, all the elect,
in the King of Heaven's book.

He left us
the Gospel (good rule)
[and] whoever believes in Him
will find in it life for living,
He is still interceding [for us] in heaven,
Mediator and Creator of the place,
Creator and Judge of the world
He will come again in the clouds to judge us all.

My fellow-sinners,
the danger that we should
suffer our God's vengeance is now great,
everyone living,
who is still resistant to the word,
and rejects Jesus, Mary's Son,
will have glory from the heirs of grace,
He will laugh at the vengeance of the hateful ungodly ones.

Many holy days, good days,
have still passed here, winter and summer,
without giving God proper worship,
there is a danger for us living in this world
that we may be wicked prodigal children
of the beer and the cards, and sweet lust,
and judge each other unjustly,
worshipping the family of Hell; Judgement will soon come.

The lightening will strike from the east
causing fear to everyone there,
everyone there will be praying in haste,
but the noise of our God's Judgement will be great,
there will be none who swear falsely,
nor attorneys or counsellors seeking gold,

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Jesus will be the judge of the world,
Zion's family, rejoice, be happy.

May God give mercy and redemption,
throughout every country (bold means)
before the great day of His wrath comes,
and a high cry is heard, it is [an] archangel,
"Arise from the cold dark earth
everyone will be given fair play,
and our deeds will follow us at every step,
and the thoughts of our hearts will, in that place, be open and visible."

And then Jesus Son of God will come,
and his angels, true, at short notice,
"Come, blessed children of my Father,
(despite the extent of your betrayal in every land)
boldly to possess the kingdom,
that was meant for you since the creation of the world."[3]
The Tree of Life is there, it is dear,
Giving its sweetest fruits, it is pure.

And He will say to the ungodly,
(oh! the cry will be heavy, and their colour will darken)
"I know not any of you,
you never visited me when I was alive"
oh! gracious Lord God, through Christ,
who forgives each sad sinner;
today, may we make good use of the day,
because tomorrow we will be dead and our souls will be sad.

We will praise and worship the great God,
hosts of heaven and earth, give your cry
to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,
who brought us up to the shore in every place,
"Halleluiah" loudly every hour,
to Jehovah and the gentlest great God,
the kingdoms of the world will come to an end,
to praise the King of Zion whose patience is great, Amen.

[3] A reference to Rowland Vaughan's translation of Lewis Bayley's *The Practice of Piety* (1613), *Yr Ymarfer o Dduwioldeb* (1630), 406, and *Llyfr Gweddi Gyffredin* (The Book of Common Prayer; 1567, 1710).

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Cetturah Thomas (fl. 1797)

Little is known of Cetturah Thomas beyond the elegy that she composed for Daniel Dafydd of Meidrim, Carmarthenshire, formerly of Llangeitho, Ceredigion. The elegy is ascribed to Cetturah Thomas 'yn agos i Bangc-y-felin' ('near Bancyfelin'), Carmarthenshire, who clearly shares her subject's Methodist faith and echoes the tropes and direct style of William Williams' elegies to prominent Methodists, including topoi such as *contemptus mundi* and the dead's lack of concern for the living (Gruffydd 1993). The joint expression of personal and communal grief is sometimes syntactically voiced with fluctuations between the first person singular 'my' and first personal plural 'we' (see Section 6, Poem 27, ll. 37–40). The elegy is published in the same ballad pamphlet as a poetic celebration of God's defeat of the French force that landed at Fishguard in February 1797 (Jones 2012, no. 14). Scholars have assumed that Cetturah Thomas also composed the Fishguard poem, but Ffion M. Jones accurately points out that the author of the first poem strives for anonymity, whereas Cetturah's poem reveals details about her links with Daniel Dafydd, her family status, and her domestic setting (Jones, 2012, 384). Like Doli Jones (Poem 18), Ann Griffiths (Poem 23), and Jane Ellis (Poem 25), Cetturah Thomas' elegy demonstrates the creative and devotional agency conferred by Methodism to women which came to fruition in nineteenth-century Wales (Aaron 2019).

27 Marwnad Daniel Dafydd, Ysgolfeistr Gymraeg yn Meidrim, yr hwn a ymadawodd â'r byd, yr 11eg o Fis Mawrth, 1797, yn 51 blwydd o oedran

Yr wyf fi'n awr yn drist a llawen,
Wrth gofio'r un aeth trwy'r Iorddonen,
Daniel Dafydd, un o'r teulu,
Aeth adre'n lân i'r nef i ganu;
O wynfydedig hardd bererin,
Ti est i maes o'r tywyll ddyffryn;
At y rhai sydd heb fai,
Yn llawenhau yn wastad,
Yn edrych ar wedd hardd dy Briod,
Gwyn dy fyd, yr oet ti'n barod.

O gyfeillion byddwn foddlon
Mae Daniel nawr wrth fodd ei galon,
Fe ddaeth o'r diwedd fore tawel,
Cadd fado'n lân ag arfau rhyfel;

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Cannwyll olau oedd e'n gynnu,
Ein colled ni oedd colli ei gwmpni,
Y mae e'n awr bob yr awr,
Fel y wawr eglur,
Yn disgleirio mhlith y brodyr,
Gwedi gorffen ar ei lafur.

Y mae griddfan mawr a[c] wylo,
Ym mhentref Meidrim a Llangeitho,
Os clywch chwi ofyn ble mae Daniel,
Mae ef yn y noddfa dawel;
Roedd ef yma'n dechrau canu,
Mae e'n awr yn gorfoleddu,
Yn beraidd fry ymhlith y llu
Sy â'u disglair 'ynau gwynion,
A'i delyn aur mewn hwyl yn gyson;
Yn moli'r Oen ar Fynydd Sïon.

Ar nos Sadwrn cyn Gŵyl Ddewi,
Dyddiau Daniel rifwyd fyny,
Un fil, wyth cant, ond tair o flwyddi,
Fe'i dodwyd yn ei feddrod wely;
Plant a thadau sy'n galaru,
Mamau tyner gyda hynny,
O! na chawn eto ei ddawn,
Ym Meidrim byddwn foddlon,
I ddysgu mhlant a hyn mor ffyddlon,
Waith wela-i mwy mo Daniel dirion.

Sosiet' Meidrim, mawr yw'th drymder,
Ti gollaist berl sy'n awr yn ddisglair,
Roedd ei eiriau araf prysur,
Yn tystio ei fod yn filwr cywir;
Na alarwch, byddwch foddlon,
Mae gyda Duw rai eto'n ffyddlon,
I godi'r lan, faban gwan,
A dweud yn gywir hefyd;
Fel hyn roedd Daniel, dawel hyfryd,
Yn 'fforddi'r plant i dir y bywyd.

O! wraig ei fynwes paid galaru,
Does golled iddo golli'th gwmpni;
Fe aeth trwy'r Iorddonen donnog,
A phwys ei ben ar fraich gwell Priod;
Cymer gysur, a bydd brysur,
Ddilyn ôl y praidd yn gywir,
Fe ddaw y dydd, O! fore rhydd,
Y derfydd dyfroedd chwerw,

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Cei godi'th ben i'r lan yn hoyw,
Yn strêm yr afon fawr wrth farw.

Tithau ei ferch fe'th rows i'r Arglwydd,
Fil o weithiau mewn symylrwydd,
Dymunai'th weled hwyr a bore,
Am gael it ran yr ochor orau;
Mae addewid i'r amddifad,
I gael Tad a Ffrind a Cheidwad,
Trysor yw a'th geidw'n fyw,
Er gwaetha'r ddraig ddigysur,
Pan ballo'r lloer, a'r sêr, a'r haul bur,
Os cedwi'r llwybr cul yn gywir.

Yr hyn wy'n gredu wy'n fynegi
Am Ddaniel dduwiol dawel heddi,
Cyfeillion onest o Langeitho,
Mynegwch well y rhai sy'n cofio;
Annwyl frodyr yn y frwydr,
Sydd ar faes y gwaed yn brysur,
Yn awr yn hy ymhlith y llu,
Yn cario'r faner eto,
Yn uwch i'r lan dros Frenin Silo,
Ei foli e mae Daniel yno!

Ei oed oedd un flwydd ar ddeg a deugain
Pan aeth i mewn i dre Caersalem,
Yr amser dreuliodd yn y frwydr,
Does gennyf gownt amdano'n eglur;
Does fater faint, dyw'r Tad yn cofio
Mo feiau'r plant pan ddeuant ato,
Fe'i cliria'n rhad, trwy rin y gwa'd
A lifodd ar Galfaria,
O ddyfnion glwyfau y Mesia,
Pan lefodd maes, 'mae syched arna'!'

Dyma gyfaill haeddai garu,
O na feddwn ddoniau ei foli,
Myn weld ei braidd yn hollol berffaith,
Er gwaetha'r blaidd a'i anferth sglyfaeth,
Dyma gariad dâl ei gofio,
Rhown y clod yn gryno iddo:
Awn yn llu gyfeillion cu,
Yn hy gerbron ei orsedd,
Fe wrendy'n cri er maint ein trosedd,
O! am fraint fod mewn gwirionedd.

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27 *An elegy for Daniel Dafydd, Welsh Schoolmaster in Meidrim, who left this world 11 March 1797, aged 51 years*

I am now [both] sad and joyful,
as I remember the one who went through the river Jordan;[1]
Daniel Dafydd, one of the family,
went home freely to sing in heaven;
Oh beautiful [and] blessed pilgrim,
you left the dark valley;
to [go to] the blameless ones,
rejoicing forever,
as you behold the beautiful face of your Beloved,
blessed are you, you were ready.

Oh, friends, let us be satisfied,
[for] Daniel is now happy at last ([he] has his heart's desire),
the quiet morning came at last
when he was able to dispense entirely with weapons of war;
he would light a bright candle,
it was our loss to lose his companionship,
he is now always,
like the clear dawn,
shining amid the brothers,
having finished his labour.

There is great moaning and weeping,
in the villages of Meidrim[2] and Llangeitho,[3]
if you hear [people] asking where Daniel is,
he is in the quiet refuge;
he was here beginning to sing,
he is now rejoicing,
sweetly, above, amid the host
whose bright white raiment,
and his golden harp faithfully;
praising the Lamb on Mount Zion.[4]

On Saturday night before St David's Day,[5]
Daniel's days were counted up,
a thousand, eight hundred, minus three years,[6]
he was placed in his grave;
children and fathers grieve,
[and], with that, tender mothers,

[1] River Jordan, used as a metaphor for crossing from life to death.
[2] Meidrim in Carmarthenshire. [3] Llangeitho in Ceredigion.
[4] Mount Zion is associated with the dwelling place of God in the Old Testament.
[5] St David is the patron saint of Wales, celebrated on 1 March.
[6] As is common in free-metre poems, Cetturah Thomas versifies the year of the subject's death, 1797, into her poem.

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Oh that we should have his talents again,
we would be content in Meidrim,
to teach my children so faithfully,
since I will no more see gentle Daniel.

Meidrim society, your sorrow is great,
you lost a pearl that now shines brightly,
his quick measured words,
attest that he was a true soldier [in the faith];
do not grieve, be content,
God has others who are faithful,
to lead a weak babe up to the shore,
and also tell the truth;
Daniel was like this, quiet [and] delightful,
guiding the children to the life everlasting.

Oh, his beloved wife, do not grieve,
it is no loss for him to lose your company;
he went through the rough Jordan,
resting his head on the arm of a better beloved;
take comfort, and be diligent,
to follow properly in the wake of the flock,
the day will come, Oh! liberating morning,
when the bitter waters will cease,
you will be able to lift your head to the shore in happiness,
in the river's current as you die,

you, his daughter, he gave you to the Lord,
a thousand times in simplicity,
he desired to see you morning and night,
to get you a share of the best side;
there is a promise to the bereft,
that they will have a Father, Friend, and Redeemer;
He is a treasure that will keep you alive,
despite the comfortless dragon,
when the moon is eclipsed, as well as the stars and pure sun,
if you keep to the true, narrow path.

I express that which I believe
about godly, quiet Daniel today,
honest friends from Llangeitho,
express more clearly those who remember;
dear brothers in the battle,
who are diligent on the bloody battlefield,
brave now among the host,
carrying the banner again,
closer to the shore in favour of the God of Shiloh,[7]
Daniel praises him there!

[7] Shiloh: see Poem 24, n. 1.

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His age was fifty-one
when he went home to Jerusalem,
I do not have full account of
the time he spent in the battle;
it matters not how much, [for] the Father remembers not
the children's faults when they come to him,
He will clear them freely, through the virtue of the blood
that flowed on Calvary,[8]
Oh! deep wounds of the Messiah,
when he cried out, 'I am thirsty!'[9]

Here is a friend who deserved to be loved,
Oh! that we possessed his gift to praise,
he insists on seeing his flock utterly perfect,
despite the wolf and his great prey,
here is love that deserves to be remembered,
we give him all the credit:
let us go, dear friends,
confidently before the throne,
He will listen to our cry, despite the measure of our sin,
Oh! for honour to be in truth.

[8] Calvary: see Poem 24, n. 13.
[9] John 19:28.

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ANGLOPHONE POETRY

Edited by Sarah Prescott

Jane Brereton (1685–1740)

Jane Brereton was born Jane Hughes at Bryn-Griffith, near Mold, Flintshire, in 1685. Brereton's poetry combines a strong Hanoverian loyalty and Anglicanism alongside firm expressions of her Welsh identity (Prescott 2003; 2005; 2008). She began her literary career in the 1710s while living in London, where she published *THE FIFTH ODE of the Fourth Book of Horace, IMITATED, And Apply'd to the KING* (1716) and *An Epistle to Sir* RICHARD STEELE; *On the Death of Mr* Addison (1720). In 1735 she published (as 'Melissa') *Merlin: A Poem* inscribed to Queen Caroline, which included 'Merlin's *Prophecy*', inscribed to Frederick, the Prince of Wales, 'To the Queen', and 'On the Bustoes in the Royal Hermitage' (Colton, 1976). In 1711 she had married Thomas Brereton, a member of a prominent and wealthy Chester family, but separated from her husband around 1721 on the advice of friends and family. She and her two daughters, Lucy and Charlotte (also an occasional poet), moved back to Wales and settled in Wrexham, from where Brereton continued to write poetry and contributed some lively verse to the *Gentleman's Magazine* under her pseudonym Melissa. While in Wrexham, she was part of a literary and antiquarian circle focused on Mary Myddelton of Croesnewydd. This network included the lexicographer Rev Thomas Lloyd, an acquaintance of Rev Humphrey Foulkes whose dissertation, responding to *Cyreithjeu Hywel Dda* ('the *Leges Wallicae*' / the 'Welsh laws') edited and compiled by the antiquarian scholars William Wotton and Moses Williams (1730), is the impetus for Poem 1 below (Prescott 2008, 48–50). Brereton's poetry and her life were commemorated in 1744 when Edward Cave published a posthumous subscription edition of her *Poems on Several Occasions: By Mrs Jane Brereton. With Letters to her Friends, and An Account of her Life* (1744). Brereton died in relative poverty but her brother Thomas Hughes, who had inherited Bryn-Griffith, sold the estate and moved to Ireland, where he became a wealthy brewer and 'one of the most considerable Men in the city of *Cork*' (Brereton 1744, xiii). Because of her circumstances, Thomas asked his sister to move to Ireland, which she declined to do, but her elder daughter Lucy took up the invitation to live with her uncle. Evidence of Cork links can be found in the subscription list to *Poems* (1744). The posthumous account of her life records that her second daughter Charlotte was living in Stratford in Essex by the time of her mother's death.

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1 *ON Reading some Dissertations, in the Reverend Dr FOULKES's modern Antiquities*[1]

SOME will, perhaps, think they've a Right to blame,
When to these Lines they see a Woman's Name.
Why shou'd I then obnoxious Praise bestow,
And unavailing Honour strive to shew?
Well then, — lest I shou'd prejudice the Cause,
And draw a Censure, by my weak Applause;
I'll not attempt the panegyrick Strain,
Nor fond expatiate on this Work, in vain:
Be that the Province of judicious Friends:
To say — I'm pleas'd — is all my Muse pretends.

A *Cambro-Briton* must with Pleasure trace
The Means which Heav'n ordained to save our Race.
Tho', in the Fight, our warlike Fathers prov'd
Fierce as their Wolves, and as our Rocks unmov'd;
Yet Heav'n be prais'd that here, the Eagles flew,
And *Roman* Arts that Fierceness cou'd subdue;
That Laws prevail'd, which their just Rights maintain'd;
And but from savage Liberty restrain'd!

Still honour'd by our Sex, still dear to Fame,
Be the first *Edward*'s great, and glorious Name![2]
Who abrogated that unrighteous Power,
By which our Sex enjoy'd nor Land nor Dower.[3]
No Wonder for this Prince the much lov'd Wife
Should risque her own to save his dearer Life!
(The Surgeon's Art, when ineffectual found,)
Shou'd brave e'en Death, and suck the poison'd Wound![4]

Let Fame to latest Times his Virtues tell;
And own his Laws, our *Howel Dda's* excel![5]

Superior Blessings, still, to us allow'd,
See! Pure Religion breaking thro' a Cloud,
The Mist of SUPERSTITION clear'd away,
Diffusive shine in her own Heav'nly Ray!

[1] Foulkes, NLW, LIGC 10B.
[2] Edward I, King of England (1239–1307), under whose reign the prince of Wales, Llewelyn ap Gruffudd (in 1282) and his brother David (in 1283) were both killed in the course of the conquest and submission of Wales.
[3] In his dissertation Foulkes writes, 'The women had but hard usage before our Union in Edw[d] 1[st]. For the wife had no share of the lands of her husband in thirds or joynture, except the Princes daughter. The widow carried onely half of the personal Estate' (211–12).
[4] Eleanor of Castile (1241–1290), first wife of Edward I, was said to have sucked the poison from her husband's arm after he was stabbed with a poisoned dagger.
[5] Hywel Dda (Hywel the Good), the tenth-century Welsh king famous for 'Cyfraith Hywel' (Hywel's law), the medieval system of law in Wales practised before the conquest by England.

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May Rage, and Ignorance, attempt in vain
To rule our Temples, or our Courts again;
And may their horrid Offspring, here no more,
Glut *her* fierce Thirst, with Draughts of human Gore:
May *Britons* ne'er the hellish Fury feel,
Her Chains, her Whips, her Gibbets, Fire, or Wheel!

But bless'd with equal Laws, and Gospel Light,
May Peace, and Charity, their Hearts unite!

O Heav'n-descended Charity! 'tis thine
To rue our Spirits, and our Hearts refine.
Th' angelick Mission Thou! Can'st best instill;
"To God give Glory, and to Men Goodwill."
Thy divine Spirit if we can't attain;
Our Hope's ill-grounded, and our Faith is vain.
The grand *Criterion*, Thou! Celestial Grace!
Of the Disciples of the Prince of Peace.
For Thee! A new Commandment we receive!
(He, both the Precept, and th' Example gave;)
"Love one another," The blest Saviour said:
O *Britons*! let the Mandate be obey'd.

2 *MERLIN's Prophecy. Humbly inscrib'd to his Royal Highness, the PRINCE of WALES*

Royal *FREDERICK*! *Britain*'s Pride![1]
Prince, for future Safety giv'n;
For Thee's decree'd a Virtuous *Bride*,[2]
Choicest *Gift* of Bounteous Heav'n.
To reward thy filial Duty,
To perpetuate *Brunswick*'s[3] Race,
Wit, and Learning, Youth, and Beauty,
Heav'n prepares for thy Embrace.

No blust'ring Storms affright the Fair,
No raging Billows dare to rise;
Safe by *Heav'n*'s, and *George*'s[4] Care,
May she bless our longing Eyes!
Neptune, soothe old Father *Ocean*;
Mild *Favonius*,[5] waft they Gales;

[1] Frederick, Prince of Wales (1707–51).
[2] Frederick married Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha (1719–72) on 27 April 1736.
[3] The Hanoverian monarchs: the House of Hanover descended from the Duchy and Electorate of Brunswick-Lüneburg, founded in 1635.
[4] George II (1683–1760), King of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and elector of Hanover, 1727–60.
[5] Favonius, Roman name for the Greek god Zephyrus, god of the west wind.

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May *One* repell each threat'ning Motion,
For *Albion* t'*Other* swell the Sails!

Behold! she comes, enrich'd with Charms,
Indulgent to thy plighted Love!
Receive the Blessing to thy Arms,
And *Hymen*'s hallow'd Rites approve.
Illustrious Pair! Wou'd You in Story,
Thro' suceeding Ages, shine?
Wou'd you tread the Paths to Glory?
Follow *George*, and *Caroline*![6]

And lo! I see a *glorious Race*,
Successive rising to Renown!
Decree'd *Britannia*'s Throne to grace;
And give new Lustre to a Crown.
Ordain'd to wield the Sceptre Royal,
With righteous Pow'r, and gentle Sway;
And rule o'er *Britons*, Brave, and Loyal,
'Till Heav'n, and Earth, shall melt away.

[6] King George II and Queen Caroline of Ansbach (1683–1737).

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Anna Williams (1706–83)

Anna Williams was born at Rosemarket in Pembrokeshire in 1706. She moved with her father Zachariah Williams, a doctor and scientist, to London in the 1720s. Her father's unsuccessful attempts to gain recognition and financial reward for his research to prove longitude at sea through magnetism led to a life of financial insecurity and dependency. She became the recipient of support from Samuel Johnson, who arranged for her to have an operation on her cataracts and in the 1750s started to organise the subscription volume of her poems as *Essays in Verse and Prose*, eventually published as *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* in 1766. This volume includes a selection of her work with contributions by Johnson. On Johnson's request, Hester Lynch Thrale Piozzi (see page 670) also contributed 'The Three Warnings', which was to become her most well-known poem, and a translation of Boileau's 'Epistle to the Gardener' (Franklin 2020, 36–7). Johnson's piece, 'The Fountains: A Fairy Tale', opens with a Welsh setting 'at the foot of Plinlimmon' (111), possibly nodding to Piozzi's Welsh background as well as that of Williams. Williams' sight had been fading since the 1740s and, as the cataract operation in 1752 had been unsuccessful, from the early 1750s she was blind. In 1765 she moved into Johnson's household as manager and remained with Johnson until her death on 6 September 1783. Her relationship with Johnson is regularly mentioned by James Boswell in his *Life of Johnson* (1791). Johnson tried various means to raise funds for Williams, such as a benefit performance of Aaron Hill's *Merope* in 1756. She also received various annuities to support her, including from Lady Philipps of Picton Castle (*ODNB*). Her elegy on Erasmus Philipps demonstrates her ongoing connection to her roots in Pembroke and provides a link to the poet Katherine Philips (see Section 3 Wales 1400–1660, page 190), whose mother was the second wife of Erasmus' forebear, the second baronet of Picton Castle, Sir Richard Philipps (d. 1648).

Williams' poetry is predominantly occasional but also gives some insight into her Welsh identity and her interest in science, stemming from the time she spent with her father and his experiments. 'The Valley of the Moon' demonstrates a popular knowledge of astronomy, which she employs as a motif for moral reflection on human values. The moon becomes a receptacle for lost desires and Williams acknowledges her own dashed hopes, with a rueful glance at her present economic constraints in contrast to former glories: 'And there's my fortune every groat, / Whate'er my great forefather won, / When Cambria's ancient heroes fought, / From castles storm'd and town o'erthrown' (ll. 45–8).

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3 *The Valley of the Moon. To Fidelia.*

FIDELIA, view yon starry sphere
  Where we unnumber'd worlds survey:
Why should we longer loiter here,
  Nor try to wing the pathless way?

By wise astronomers we're told,
  There is a world in yonder Moon;
Where folks like us are young and old,
  And share like us their night and noon.

In that new world Gonzales shews[1]
  The inhabitants are wond'rous wise,
For they possess the goods we lose,
  And catch the pleasures we despise.

There, in a valley deep and wide,
  Fitted as well for use as show,
In vials cork'd on every side,
  They keep whate'er is lost below.

Prodigious this! — but there you'll find,
  The hopes and fears that here were lost,
And wafted thither by the wind,
  The sighs and vows of lovers crost.

There all the time that e'er was spent
  At masquerades, at cards and dice,
And laws by hoary wisdom meant
  To keep the sinking world from vice.

There charities of great and small,
  And sums by subtle misers given
To build a church, or hospital,
  Lest wealth should miss its way to Heaven.

There courtiers proffers meet our eyes,
  With the rewards which Kings have paid
To Sages for discoveries,
  Before their coffins have been made.

Sincerity without disguise,
  And benefaction free from pride;
With mighty heaps of good advice,
  By fools despis'd and thrown aside.

[1] Domingo Gonsales (pseudonym of Francis Godwin, 1562–1633), author of *The Man in the Moon, or A Discourse of a Voyage thither* (London, 1638).

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A list of Patriots there you'll see,
  By golden letters finely rang'd,
Who sav'd a state without a fee,
  By place or pension never chang'd.

Could we but rumage all their store,
  What goods of ours we there should find;
Fair hopes of mine, I'm sure a score,
  And all my FLAVIA's peace of mind.[2]

And there's my fortune every groat,
  Whate'er my great forefather won,
When Cambria's ancient heroes fought,
  From castles storm'd and town o'erthrown.

But fraud or folly is not there,
  Nor envy nor ill natur'd mirth,
Nor rich men's scorn, nor pining care;
  For these were never lost on earth.

[2] This may be a misprint for 'Fidelia', as in the title.

4 *On the Death of Sir Erasmus Philipps, Unfortunately drowned in the River Avon, near Bath, October 15, 1743.*[1]

WHY dash the floods? What cries my soul affright?
  How steep the precipice? How dark the night?
Then Virtue sunk in Avon's fatal wave,
No friend to succour, no kind hand to save;
The circling waters hide his sinking head,
The treach'rous bottom forms his oozy bed.
Behold the bloated corps, the visage pale;
See here what virtue, wealth, and birth avail.
What now remains? Beneath this load of pain
To weep is nature, but to weep is vain.
What now remains? It yet remains to try
What hope, what peace, religion can supply:
It yet remains to catch the parting ray,
To note his worth ere mem'ry fade away.
To mark how various excellence combin'd,
Recount his virtues, and transcribe his mind.
It yet remains with holy rites to lay,
The breathless reliques in their kindred clay.
Ye wise, ye good, the holy rites attend,
Here lies the wise man's guide, the good man's friend.

[1] Sir Erasmus Philipps (1699–1743), 5th baronet, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire. The *ODNB* records that he was thrown from his horse into the River Avon.

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Awhile let faith exalt th'adoring eye,
And meditation deep suspend the sigh;
Then close the grave, and sound the fun'ral knell,
Each drop a tear, and take a last farewell;
In peace retire, and wish to live as well.

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Charlotte Brereton (b. c. 1720)

Charlotte Brereton was the daughter of the poet Jane Brereton (see page 655), and although she briefly followed in her mother's footsteps, she only wrote a handful of poems, and her later life is obscure. Jane Brereton moved from London to Wrexham after she left her husband Thomas in the early 1720s when Charlotte was a baby. By the 1730s both mother and teenage daughter were publishing poems in the *Gentleman's Magazine* under the names of Melissa and Carolina respectively. In September 1736, Charlotte published two poems in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: 'Miss — of 16, To a sprightly beautiful Boy, in his Third Year' (545) and 'On the Death of a young Gentleman. By a Young Lady of 16' (546), both signed 'Carolina'. As Roger Lonsdale notes, 'Her identity is established by the reappearance of two of Carolina's poems on the death of her mother in the prefatory material to Jane Brereton's *Poems on Several Occasions* (1744)' (Lonsdale 1990, 188). Charlotte's poems include the first poem below, 'To the Memory of a Mother. *From the Magazine, Vol. X. p.* 311' and 'Written *August* 7, being the Anniversary of a Mother's Death. *From the Magazine, Vol. XI. p.* 438', both signed 'Carolina'. The prefatory material to *Poems* (1744) includes two poems addressed to Charlotte, also originally printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as indicated in the titles: 'Verses to the Memory of the AUTHOR. *From the Magazine, Vol. X. p.* 518' and 'To Miss Charlotte Brereton. *From the Magazine, Vol. X. p.* 618', signed by R. Yate. The version of 'Verses to the Memory of the AUTHOR' in volume x of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is titled 'To the Memory of Mrs BRERETON' and is 'Inscribed to Mrs Charlotte Brereton' in the title (it is printed alongside 'To the Memory of a Mother' (518)). The magazine version includes an extra twelve lines not printed in the 1744 volume, directly addressing Charlotte and aligning mother and daughter as poets: 'Not less by genius, than by blood ally'd' (518). A further poem 'To Carolina, occasioned by her ingenious Poem on the Anniversary of her Mother's Death. *From the Magazine, Vol. XI. p.* 438', signed 'Amasius', appears in *Poems* (1744); the title reference to the *Gentleman's Magazine* is to Charlotte's original poem in the magazine.

'To Miss A[nn]a M[ari]a Tra[ver]s. An Epistle from Scotland' also appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, volume XII for 1742 (103), and can be identified by the signature 'Carolina' as well as the reference to 'Ch[ar[ly' in the poem. The poem documents Charlotte's employment as a governess in Scotland, and the identity of the aristocratic family can be ascertained from the subscribers list to *Poems* (1744), where a Miss Travers also appears. As Lonsdale notes:

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Alexander Stewart of Galloway House, near Garlieston, Wigtownshire, was styled Lord Garlies (l. 13) before becoming Earl of Galloway in 1746. His wife (l. 32) was Catherine Cochrane, daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, and the Countess of Strathmore (l. 30) was her widowed elder sister, Susan Cochrane. The several Misses Stewart who are also listed as subscribers may well be the 'infantry' described in the poem. (Lonsdale 1990, 188)

5 *To the Memory of a Mother*

From the Magazine, Vol. X. p. 311[1]

WHY Sinks my Heart beneath a Weight of Woe?
Why throbs my Breast? my Tears incessant flow?
Why flies my Slumber from my aching Eyes?
What prompts the Sigh when Morning gilds the Skies?
Day's chearful Orb, why hateful to my Sight?
Why seeks my Soul the mournful Gloom of Night?
Ask Death the Cause — too well the Tyrant knows,
From his relentless Hand proceed my Woes.

To thee, blest Shade! I chearless tune the Lay,
All, for thy Love, my bleeding Heart can pay;
As now that Love a sad Remembrance brings,
The Muse must weep — yet while she weeps, she sings!

How did her Care, her Tenderness engage
The artless Fondness of my infant Age?
And when advancing in the Years of Youth
Teach me the ways of Wisdom and of Truth?
The happy Hours flew unperceiv'd along,
While native Wit flow'd, tuneful from her Tongue:
Her gentle Numbers charm'd the list'ning Ear,
MELISSA'S Name[2] was to the Muses dear.
Nature, in her, with Care unwonted join'd
The beauteous Frame and still more beauteous Mind;
Neither diminish'd by affected Art,
Nor Guile deform'd, nor Pride debas'd her Heart;
Above her Sex's Foibles was her Aim,
Too just, too good, to flatter or defame;
To Friendship ever true, in Converse free,
And dear to All— but oh! most dear to Me.
With every Virtue was her Bosom warm,
And pure Religion brighten'd ev'ry Charm.
But say, lamented Shade, should I repine

[1] 'To the Memory of a Mother' appears on page 518 in volume X of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and not on page 311 as stated in the title.
[2] Melissa was Jane Brereton's pseudonym.

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That thou hast chang'd the Mortal for Divine?
More than I've lost in thee, to thee is giv'n:
I've lost a Parent—thou hast gain'd a Heav'n.—
With spotless *Rowe*[3] you tread th'etherial Plains,
And wake the golden Lyre to heav'nly Strains,
Harmonious join the blest angelick Choirs,
God all the Theme—while God the Song inspires.

Long as I wander thro' the Maze of Life,
Amidst delusive Joys, and Cares, and Strife,
Fix'd in my Breast thy Mem'ry shall reside,
Thy Virtue fire me, and thy Precepts guide.
Thus shall I fearless feel the Hand of Death,
Like thee, in Peace, resign my trembling Breath,
My Soul exulting meet her pitying God,
And join thy Raptures in the blest Abode.

CAROLINA.

[3] Elizabeth Singer Rowe (1674–1737), one of the most popular and respected women writers of the eighteenth century. Jane Brereton discusses Rowe in Letter IV, *Poems* (1740, xxviii–xxxii).

6 To Miss A[nn]a M[ari]a Tra[ver]s. An Epistle from Scotland

I RISE about eight, if the morning is warm,
So you'll think early rising will do me no harm;
My morning array is thrown on in a trice,
In which did you see me, you'd say I'm not nice:
An hour in good reading delightfully flies,
For as I grow older, I ought to grow wise.
The infantry[1] next are call'd out of bed,
Are drest, get their breakfast, their prayers duly said,
And then, now you'll smile, with a matron like look,
I bid each young pupil sit down to her book,
While I change my ribband or cap to be ready,
When summon'd below by my lord and my lady;
Now in order I march with my dear charming train,
Of whom there's great danger I soon shall grow vain,
Since I ne'er heard of beauty or goddess had more
Then three Graces[2] attending, but I have got four!
The coffee, tea, chocolate spread o'er the table,
We eat, sip and talk as long as we're able;
For those who plain bread and butter can't eat,
There's orange, and jelly, and honey so sweet.
When this scene is over, to battle we go,
And give the poor shuttlecock many a blow;

[1] Infants, obviously meaning the children.
[2] The Three Graces, Greek goddesses, daughters of Zeus.

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Till, tir'd of the sport, to the garden repair,
There ramble about and breathe the fresh air;
Around us no gay rural landskips arise,
All the prospect is sea, rocks, mountains and skies;
Then back we return, at which time, I confess,
One eighth of an hour I employ on my dress.
What's next to be done? why, to dinner we sit,
Where Lady G—l—s[3] with humour and frankness is seen,
And my lady appears like Beauty's fair queen.
When the glass is gone round, with success to the fleet,
The young ladies and *Caroline* make their retreat,
To study their reading and handle their pen,
Till the tea-table summons invites us again.
The rest of the evening is passed in chit-chat,
In admiring the *Mag*.,[4] a song, and all that;
Or if gaily disposed, we dance a *Scotch* reel*
In which how you'd stare at each nimble heel.
To end this account, there's no more to be said,
But "the goose to the fire, and the children to bed".[5]
And then, if alone, perhaps I find leisure,
By writing to you to give myself pleasure.
When the night is far spent I creep to my nest,
Which puts me in mind that you should have rest
From this dull rhiming stuff, which I'll beg you'll excuse,
As likewise my having but one piece of news,
That wild *Ch'—'ly*[6] is grown so prudent and tame,
You hardly would know me except by my name,
And that still I continue, with affection so fervent,
Your friend most sincere, and true humble servant.

CAROLINA.

*A Scotch Dance, extremely quick, only by three Persons.

[3] Lady Garlies: see headnote. [4] *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
[5] Proverbial. In *A Collection of English Proverbs* (Cambridge, 1670), John Ray states: 'I cannot conceive what might be the occasion, nor what is the meaning of this saying' (168).
[6] Charly, i.e. Charlotte.

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Anne Penny (c. 1729–84)

Anne Penny was born Anne Hughes in about 1729 at Bangor, Caernarvonshire, where her father, Rev Bulkeley Hughes, was a vicar. In 1746 she married Captain Thomas Christian, but she was widowed at the age of twenty-two. She subsequently married Peter Penny, a French custom house worker, and moved to London. She was the author of *Cambridge: a Poem* (1756), *Anningait and Ajutt* (1761), and *Select Poems from Mr. Gesner's Pastorals* (1762). A collection of *Poems, with a Dramatic Entertainment* was published by subscription in 1771 and reprinted in 1780. She was widowed again by May 1779, and the Marine Society supported a further edition of her poems in 1780 to help her financial situation. Although Penny is most well known for her patriotic celebrations of the navy and British imperialism, most famously *An Invocation to the Genius of Britain* (1778), she also engages extensively with her Welsh roots, 'my native land' (Prescott 2010; 2017; Aaron & Prescott 2020). For example, the first two poems in the 1771 collection, 'An Elegy on Neest' and 'Taliesin's Poem to Prince Elphin', are both versifications of Evan Evans' influential English translations of ancient Welsh bardic poetry in *Some Specimens of the Antient Welsh Bards* (London, 1764).

In her poem to the poet Thomas Gray (1716–71), Penny contributes to the eighteenth-century Celticism vogue spearheaded by his poem *The Bard: A Pindaric Ode* (1737). Gray was profoundly interested in and inspired by Welsh literature, and he also used Evans' *Specimens* as the source for poems such as 'The Triumphs of Owen' (based on 'Arwyain Owain Gwynedd') and the 'Death of Hoël' (from the Welsh early epic the *Gododdin*) (Prescott 2008, 71). Penny's poem is an unusual example of a Welsh woman's response to Gray's poem in particular, as well as antiquarian concerns more broadly in this period (Prescott 2017). She addresses Gray as the 'Eagle Bard' and in doing so anoints him as (an English) successor to the (now lost) Welsh bardic tradition (Prescott 2006). However, Penny also assumes the role of bard in her imitation of Gray and evokes the sixth-century Welsh poet Taliesin, the Welsh 'long-lost Homer', as her poetic guide. In doing so, she claims authority as a woman poet in what was a predominantly masculine field. The 1771 collection also includes two 'Fragments of Fingal'. Poem 8 continues the theme of the lost glories of Welsh poetic tradition inaugurated by Katherine Philips in 'On the Welch Language' (see Section 3 Wales 1400–1600, Poem 1, page 191). However, in this poem to the blind harpist John Parry, Penny celebrates her countryman and imagines his musical genius reanimating the dying embers of the bardic tradition into the future (Prescott 2020, 95).

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7 Addressed to Thomas Gray, Esq; Professor of History in the University of Cambridge

I.

VENT'ROUS shall I strike the Lyre,
And soaring woo sweet Fancy to my Aid,
Coyly bright etherial Maid:
Celestial Poësy with native Fire,
Fancy's fair Attendant hye,
Inspire me with thy Minstrelsey:
O! come, nor o'er my Soul refuse
Thy choicest Raptures to diffuse;
For I the Eagle Bard would celebrate,
That sung of ruthless Edward's Fate:[1]
He sung — Old Cambria heard with awe,
And, in the wond'rous Youth, her Bards immortal saw.

II.

O! Taliesin[2] guide my Hand,
Attune the trembling Strings, inchant the Lay,
That dares attempt to carol Gray,
Thou long lost Homer[3] of my native Land:
Haste Cadwallo, Modred[4] come,
Leave awhile your craggy Tomb;
Let your own Magick swell th' exalted Strain,
Let it echo o'er the Plain,
To celebrate the soaring Bard, who told
How you glorious liv'd of Old;
How your wiery Harps were string,
How Truth divine inspir'd each sweet prophetick Tongue.

III.

'Till grim Edward, haughty Lord,[5]
Cambria's peaceful Bosom gor'd;
Seat of Freedom, Song divine,
Tho' now no more explor'd:
There, whilom, thro' each oaky Grove,
Prince and Druid wont to rove;
Mute the Harp and sweet strung Lyre,
Silent Penmaen's[6] craggy Shore,

[1] Alludes to the myth of the massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward I, popularised by Thomas Gray's influential poem *The Bard: A Pindaric Ode* (1757).
[2] Taliesin, famous sixth-century Welsh poet-prophet.
[3] Taliesin was often styled the Welsh Homer.
[4] Cadwallo and Modred both feature in *The Bard* (I. 3). Cadwallo was king of Gwynedd (c. 625–34); Modred is a figure from Arthurian legend, Arthur's nephew or illegitimate son.
[5] Edward I.
[6] Penmaenmawr is on the coast of Conwy in North Wales. In *The Bard*, the titular figure is shown standing on a rock 'whose haughty brow / Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood' (I. 2).

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Lost the pure poetick Fire,
Prince and Druid are no more:
Yet see! Still more immortal now they reign,
For Briton's Genius smiles on favour'd Gray,
Sublimest Bard amid the tuneful Train,
Then bids him boldly tread their Starry-Way;
And to record their Deeds, on purpose wrought,
An adamantine Pen bestow'd, with Genius fraught.

8 *Written on PARRY's playing upon the Welch Harp*[1]

YE Bards who erst, in Mona's Shadowy Isle,[2]
With Harmony celestial wrap'd the Soul;
Whose Sounds symphonious taught e'en Care to smile,
And ev'ry ruder Passion could control:

Bless'd be your friendly Aid, for that alone
Could Parry's artless Hand with Skill inspire;
His Fancy swell to raise the rapt'rous Tone,
His flying Fingers guide the skim the Lyre.

To you, ye bards, seraphick Sounds were giv'n,
That soothing rais'd and charm'd the Soul to Peace;
Delightful Fore-Taste of a future Heav'n,
Where Harmony divine shall never cease:

Still o'er your much lov'd Cambria, still preside;
Seat once of flowing Verse, of magick Song;
Your mighty Shades the feeblest Hand can guide,
And bid their silent Harps again be strung.

Your potent Aid can fan their dying Fire,
Can call back Genius to each desart Grove;
Your sons will rouse when you their Bards inspire,
Elate, their mighty Origin to prove.

[1] John Parry / Parri Ddall (Blind Parry) (1710?–1782) was harper to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn of Wynnstay and played in London in the 1740s.
[2] Mona is the island of Anglesey (Ynys Môn), thought to be the ancient haunt of the Druids, themselves often conflated with the ancient bards as here.

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Hester Lynch Thrale Piozzi (1741–1821)

Hester Lynch Thrale Piozzi was born on 16 January 1741 at Bodfel Hall, near Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire. She was the only child of John and Hester Maria Salusbury and was thus part of a prominent Welsh family, the Salusburys of Bachegraig, Flintshire, and Lleweni in the Vale of Clwyd. At the age of twenty-two, in 1763 she married Henry Thrale, a wealthy London brewer, and came to host literary salons in London, becoming a close friend and companion to Samuel Johnson, who travelled with her on a journey to North Wales in 1774 to inspect her inheritance, the mansion of Bachegraig, Tremeirchion (Piozzi, ed. Bristow 1995; Prescott 2014b). She was the author of several publications, including a translation of Boileau and a poem 'The Three Warnings' for the poet Anna Williams' *Miscellanies in Verse and Prose* (1766), *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson* (1786), *Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany* (1789), and *Retrospection* (1801). She maintained a wide correspondence and is well known for the *Thraliana*, the blank volumes which were a present from Thrale in which she made a journal throughout her life, full of information about her family, contemporary society, and literary culture. Henry Thrale died in 1781, and from 1784 she subsequently enjoyed a much happier marriage to Gabriel Piozzi, an Italian music teacher. In 1795 the Piozzis moved to Wales and built a villa near Bachegraig to which they gave the macaronic Welsh-Italian name Brynbella (beautiful hill). After her second husband's death in 1809, she moved to Bath, where she died in 1821. The Piozzis are both laid to rest in the vault at Tremeirchion church.

Hester Lynch Thrale Piozzi's writing often shows appreciation for the grandeur of the Welsh landscape. *Thraliana* contains various entries expressing her affection for Wales and the various localities she either knew from her childhood or had subsequently visited. However, she could also express her dismay at the relative poverty of rural North Wales when compared with London society, and specifically lamented the decline of Bachegraig and its environs when she visited in the 1770s. The two poems reprinted here are both unpublished verses from *Thraliana*. The poem 'On Denbigh Castle' is printed after the following entry in the journal: 'In the warmth of my Passion for Old Denbigh Castle, and in the warmth of my regard for Hester Maria Thrale I wrote the following Verses—they contain original Thinking at least, and true, not fanciful Description' (vol. II, 898). In her journal from the 1771 tour, she had noted of the castle, 'it looks like a ruin built on purpose, in the midst of a delightful garden belonging to a man of exquisite taste' (104). The second poem celebrates the 'wild sublime' of the North Wales seashore at Prestatyn. Although the poem notes the 'Squallid Poverty' of the area and its inhabitants, it also

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constructs 'Society' as a 'sev'n-fold Chain' from which 'wild Prestatyn's Sea-beat Shore' is a welcome release.

9 On Denbigh Castle[1]

Locality! enchanting Pow'r!
To Cambria's Castles true;
This Tribute of a vacant hour
Is thy undoubted Due.

Objects which most oppose Delight
Take pleasing Tints from thee;
And strangely satisfy our Sight
From mere Locality.

High Turrets struggling thro' Ruin,
Their haughty Heads to heave;
Where Nature smiles at Art's undoing,
Their Charms from thee receive.

For whilst adown th'encumbered Plains
Tumbling, they curse the Soil;
Sublime the native Rock remains,
And mocks Man's mimic Toil.

Now, where soft Minstrels wont to sing
Notes—tun'd to Love and Joy,
The Night Bird flaps her heavy Wing,
And scares the climbing Boy.

If Sweets we find in Scenes like these
To thee those Sweets belong,
What else can give Decay to please,
Or charm our Sense of Wrong?

When thoughtless Beauty throws her Smile
As Mirth and May inspire,
Wound what was once the vaulted Aisle,
Or Consecrated Choir.

Where pendant Ivy ill supplies
With perishable Gloom,
Those Rays that rich in varying Dyes
Gleam'd o'er some Martyrs Tomb.

[1] Denbigh Castle, in the Vale of Clwyd, was once the royal residence of Dafydd ap Gruffudd before its conquest and subsequent fortification by the English under Edward I.

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Yet hence thro' ruptur'd Clefts, the Clown
His rustic Fair one shows,
How far beyond that distant Town
Old Ocean faintly glows!

While view'd thro Horizontal Air
The parting Sun beams play:
For Light that loves to linger there
Retards the Death of Day.

If then Locality can best
Such pensive Joys impart,
And wake the Thought that oft has prest
Unconscious on the Heart:

She, while this Verse perhaps is read,
Maria's[2] Mind inclines;
And prompts a Wish these paths to tread,
With her who trac'd the Lines.

Then—not in vain my Harp I strung
Enchanting Pow'r! to thee;
When round the roofless Hall was sung
Thy Praise Locality.

[2] Hester Maria Thrale (1764–1857), known as 'Queeney', the Thrales' eldest child.

10 *Verses written 22d Septr 1804. Prestateigne-Flintshire*

To rude Prestatyn's Sea-beat Shore
And salutary Gale,
The Muse—if Health her Powrs restore
Or Gratitude prevail:

Should lend at least one artless Rhyme
To celebrate the Place
Where savage Nature's wild sublime
Presents an awful Face.

Where Rocks in dreary Grandeur rise
Whose hanging Summits throw
A Mass of Shadow from the Skies
Upon the Main below.

Where—scarce discern'd the distant Mast
High bounds above the Waves;
And shrieking to each hollow Blast
Gray Sea Gulls quit their Caves.

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But Spirits here—untaught & slow
Lye torpid in their Clay,
Nor Sights sublime nor Sounds of Woe,
Awake the heav'nly Ray.

By Squallid Poverty deprest
Alike both old & young,
Cling to their Miserable nest
That Earth from whence they sprung.

For such the *Moral sense* we find
Nor more the Progress made;
Where Want with Ignorance combin'd
The human Race degrade.

Yet when Society again
With fascinating Smiles
Shall twist me in her sev'n-fold Chain
Till weary of her Wiles;

When Relaxation's loosening hand
Shall menace every Limb;
And Apprehension ready stand
To realize each Whim:

Then hither let me haste once more
If Gratitude prevail;
To wild Prestatyn's Sea-beat Shore
And salutary Gale.—

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Jane Cave (c. 1754–1813)

Jane Cave was born in about 1754 and was brought up in her birthplace at Talgarth in Brecon, South Wales, where her father was an excise officer. Her mother Jane Vaughan was the daughter of an innkeeper in the same area (Schürer 2013, 418). Cave's father had been converted to Calvinist Methodism and was a supporter of the evangelist Howel Harris (1714–73), who was born in nearby Trefeca. From the evidence of various editions of her poetry, by 1783 she lived in Winchester and by 1786 in Bristol, where on 18 May 1783 she married Thomas Winscom, an excise officer like her father. She died at Newport in Monmouthshire in 1813 at the age of fifty-eight. Cave's *Poems on Various Subjects* (1783) went through various editions and attracted approximately 2,000 subscribers. After she had moved to Bristol and begun married life, the 1786 Bristol edition of her poetry included extra poems which deal specifically with her experience of marriage, childbirth, and motherhood. Cave is an interesting example of the lower-class yet educated and mobile, provincial woman writer who became prominent in the later eighteenth century (Prescott 2010; Aaron & Prescott 2020; Schürer 2013).

'An Elegiac Poem On the Death of Howell Harris, Esq; Who died the 21 of *July*, 1773' first appeared anonymously as a preface for *A Brief Account of the Life of Howel Harris* (1791), which is a biographical account drawn from Harris' papers. In this poem, Cave acknowledges her subject's widespread fame and popularity, but she also situates her tribute in terms of a domestic relationship, as the passing of 'A brother, friend, a father'. Harris' death is lamented on a personal and geographically specific level in Wales, albeit in the broader context of biblical allusion (here Isaiah 60:8). This poem only appears in the 1783 edition of her poems and relates to her early life in Wales. Cave published five different editions of her poems between 1783 and 1795.

The location of the second poem, Dol-y-Coed house, still exists in Llanwrtyd Wells between the River Irfon and the mountain road to Abergwesyn. The spring is said to have been discovered in 1732 by Rev Theophilus Evans and 'was regarded as the most important sulphur well in Wales, and there was also a chalybeate well'. As the house functioned as a hotel after the discovery of the spa until about 1960, Jane Cave may have been a guest at the hotel when she wrote her poem (see 'Coflein – The online catalogue').

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11 *On the Death of the Rev. Mr. HOWELL HARRIS, who died JULY 21, 1781*

WHAT pensive, solemn, dolefull tidings sound?
All ZION's sons[1] will deeply feel the wound!
A brother, friend, a father dear is gone!
HARRIS is dead; his crown of glory's won!
What tongue can tell, what hand can paint the loss
Of one so steady under JESU's cross?
Hail, happy soul! thy mourning days are o'er,
Inhabitant of mortal flesh no more!
No more shall pain and anguish thee confine,
Nor on a dying-bed thy head recline,
No more shall sin oppress thy righteous soul,
Nor grief come near, while endless ages roll.
No more (when glows thy heart with pure desire)
Thou'lt feel the force of persecution's fire.
No more, with what is worse, shalt thou be try'd,
By vain Professors setting thee aside:
Advanc'd beyond their frowns, beyond their praise,
HARRIS with Angels tunes his grateful lays.
He sits with all those radiant hosts above,
And swims in seas of pure celestial love.
He meets his blessed partner, gone before,
They meet to praise their God, and part no more.
She like a brilliant diamond appears,
And helps to decorate the crown he wears.
Not her alone, but thousands more there be,
Whom GOD awaken'd by his ministry.
How gloriously he shines; — what mean these sights?
Why slow these torrents from our languid eyes?
But ah! We weep, that he from us should part,
Who so minutely trac'd the sinner's heart.
Who all the reasonings therein disclos'd,
And all the Devil's strategem's expos'd;
The man whom GOD first raise (in his youth)
In WALES, to propagate the Gospel truth,
He set his brow as brass, no flesh he fear'd,
Essential truth he faithfully declar'd.
His grace, and knowledge, numbers to him drew
They to his house, like doves to windows, flew,
Thousands he caus'd, by the great pow'r of GOD,
To part with sin, and fly to JESU's blood,
He spake, nor did his works his words deny,
He liv'd each day, as tho' that day to die.
O Moon, and Stars, who make the darkness light,
Tell us how oft he groan'd to GOD by night.

[1] Jerusalem/the Israelites.

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Say, rising Sun, yea tell us dawning day,
How soon he left his bed, to praise and pray.
Say walls and closets, ev'ry secret place,
How oft he supplicated GOD for grace,
How oft he with his blessed Lord did meet,
And fill'd with love, bow'd at his sacred feet.
Say, thou infernal Prince, how thou didst rage,
When HARRIS did against thy cause engage;
And let thine emissaries here proclaim,
That mov'd by thee, they vilify'd his name.
Say ye blest Angels, how dispatch'd from GOD,
To guard him round on ev'ry side ye stood,
Say, Sinners, say, how oft with warm desire,
He warn'd you to escape eternal fire.
Let towns and streets, houses and fields proclaim,
His constant ardour for his JESU's name.
Then let each Christian with a secret sigh,
Reverberate TREVECKA'S pensive cry.[2]
Let ev'ry heart lift up a fervent pray'r,
That old ELIJAH'S mantle may be there.[3]
That God from age, to age, may carry on,
Th' amazing work which HARRIS hath begun.
That all who shall that Saint of God succeed,
Like him, may prove true Israelites indeed.[4]
Not all the pow'rs of hell could him dismay,
He to the end pursu'd the narrow way.
The paths of peace incessantly he trod,
Then dy'd exulting in his Saviour God.
His spirit catholic was friend to all,
Who Jesu's image bore, and name did call,
A mighty conq'ror as in life in death,
Cry'd vict'ry, vict'ry, to his latest breath,
And tho' his body felt most poignant smart,
He said "the dear Redeemer keeps my heart,"
And when the great I AM shall burn the skies,
And bid unnumber'd Worlds to Judgement rise,
Then HARRIS by his Lord shall be confest,
And soul, and body, enter into rest,
Return triumphant to his destin'd Throne,
And dwell with God, in extacies unknown.

[2] Trefeca in Brecon near Talgarth, the home of Harris, where he founded in 1752 a Christian community known as 'Teulu Trefeca', the Trefeca family.
[3] Elijah, the Biblical prophet. Elijah's passing on of his mantle/cloak to Elisha (2 Kings 19:19–21) symbolises the transfer of authority from one leader to the next and the continuation of Christian belief and practice.
[4] The reference to the Israelites is used here by Cave to signify those she views as the loyal and true followers of God. See Mulligan (2016).

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12 *THOUGHTS, Which occurred to the Author, at Llanwrtid, in Breconshire, in walking from Dol-y-coed House to the Well*

SWEET, silent, solitary place,
Where I majestic footsteps trace,
Where Reason may ascend her throne,
And Meditation reign alone,
Contemplate the works of Nature,
And in the works, the Great CREATOR:
See the sweet songsters of the day,
And hear them tune their artless lay;
Behold at once the fragrant fields,
Which vivid green and pasture yields;
The flowing river gently glide,
Before, behind, on either side.
Four pond'rous hills stupendous rise,
As if to teach my heart and eyes
To send their wishes to the skies:
Thither my thoughts and eyes ascend,
Wonders still more wond'rous blend:
A vast expanse of azure sky,
Boundless it's width, it's height how high!
Yet higher still, immensely higher,
Behold yon' orient blaze of fire,
The radiant region of the day,
With matchless majesty display,
More of the great, unfathom'd All,
Than doth the whole terrestrial ball.
My eyes recoil, the rays so bright,
Tho' short the gaze, dissolve my sight:
If such thy power, great work divine,
How mighty HIS who bade thee shine!

Ah! What am I? Why, less than nought,
Below the merit of a thought.
Yet thought which doth all thought transcend;
That mighty ALL may be my friend!

Now to the salutary Well
I bend my steps — and hear it tell
Important truths! My heart applies
The admonition as it flies:
'Tis true — How fast the stream is flowing:
Ah me! so fast my life is going.
As is the stream still downwards bending,
So to the grave my steps are tending.
This head that thinks — these eyes that see,
In some short time must cease to be.
This well shall flow, — those hills shall rise,

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That azure deck yon' splendid skies,
Those verdant meads be cloath'd in green,
That river gently glide between,
And yon' bright orb perform his round,
When not a dust of me is found.

But here I pause —and heave a sigh,
While the full tear drops from mine eye.
How big with awe! This solemn theme,
No fancy'd tale, or idle dream.
Not, that I *am* — is truth more just,
Than — that I shall return to dust.
Another year, perhaps a day
May join me to my mother clay.
Suppose the fatal mandate come,
Is my important business done?
More awful thought — Is it begun?

But thoughts more awful still arise,
As to the well I cast mine eyes;
For in the flowing stream, I see
An emblem of Eternity.
This stream has flow'd, and still it flows,
(And yet no diminution knows,)
From year to year, from race to race,
And still behold we no decrease:
Such that tremendous, vast expanse,
To which, each moment I advance;
When twice ten thousand years are past,
And more than numbers e'er can cast,
Eternity! that wond'rous thing,
Will at that period begin!
And Oh! my soul! where shalt thou be,
Thro' this immense eternity?

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Mary Robinson (1758–1800)

Poet, author, and actor, Mary Robinson was born in Bristol in 1758 to Nicholas and Hetty Darby. Robinson's father was a sea captain and merchant, of Irish extraction but probably born in Newfoundland (*ODNB*). Her later familial connections with Wales occurred when she married in 1773 Thomas Robinson, the illegitimate son of Thomas Harris, a Welsh tailor and nephew of Howel Harris, the Methodist leader. Their daughter Maria Elizabeth was born on 18 October 1774 at Treveca House and baptised at Talgarth on 25 October 1774. Much of the biographical material about Robinson has been gleaned from her posthumously published *Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Mary Robinson. Written by Herself* (1801). Robinson was primarily a poet and novelist in terms of her literary production although she did write sporadically in other genres such as drama. Editions of her *Poems* were published in 1775, 1791, and 1793. *Lyrical Tales* was published in 1800, the year of her death, and *The Poetical Works of the Late Mrs. Mary Robinson* was published through the efforts of her daughter in three volumes in 1806. Her novels are all substantial and include *Vancenza, or, The Dangers of Credulity* (1792), *The Widow, or, a Picture of Modern Times* (1794), *Hubert de Sevrac: a Romance of the Eighteenth Century* (1796), *Angelina* (1796), *Walsingham, or, The Pupil of Nature* (1797), and *The False Friend: a Domestic Story* (1799). Robinson found fame and latterly notoriety in her work for the theatre, where she was a protégé of David Garrick and Richard Sheridan. Her first appearance on the stage was as Juliet at Drury Lane on 10 December 1776 and her last performance was on 31 May 1780. It was her appearance as Perdita at a production of *The Winter's Tale* on 3 December 1779 that brought her to the attention of George, Prince of Wales, which resulted in a short-lived and scandalous affair, and earned her the nickname 'Perdita'.

Examples of Robinson's Welsh-inflected poems can be found embedded in her fiction. In her novel *Walsingham, or the Pupil of Nature* (1797), for example, the Welsh titular hero is filled with *hiraeth* (longing) for Glenowen, his childhood home and writes the poem 'Farewell to Glenowen' in tribute. The poem also appeared in *The Poetical Works of the Late Mrs. Mary Robinson* (vol. II, 368). She also published a poem, 'Lewin and Gynneth. A Tale', in the *London Chronicle* that seemed to explore Welsh bardic culture and was republished in the 1791 and 1806 editions of her *Poems*. However, her versification of what she thought was an ancient Welsh specimen was based on a hoax in the *Town and Country Magazine*; it was in fact a poem written by Henry Hadley (1765–88) (Prescott 2017, 428–32).

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13 *Farewell to Glenowen*

Farewell, dear Glenowen! adieu to thy mountains,
  Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day;
Farewell to thy forests, thy crystalline fountains
  Which stray thro' the valley, and moan as they stray.
O'er wide foamy waters I'm destin'd to travel,
  A poor, simple exile, forlorn and unknown;
Yet while the dark fates shall my fortune unravel,
  My thoughts, my affection shall still be thy own.

Thy Cities, proud Gallia,[1] thy wide-spreading treasures,
  Thy vallies, where nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild measures,
  Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:
But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
  Estrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
  A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown?

Sweet vistas of myrtle, and paths of gay roses,
  And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with shade,
Fresh banks of young vi'lets, where fancy reposes,
  And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid;
The dark silent grotto, the soft flowing fountains,
  Where nature's own music slow murmurs along;
The sun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains,
  May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! canst bring sweeter pleasure,
  All barren and bleak as thy summits appear;
And tho' canst boast of no rich gaudy treasure,
  Still memory traces thy charms, with a tear!
The keen blast may howl, o'er thy vallies and mountains,
  And strip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
  And still thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

[1] France.

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Anne Hughes (c. 1760–1816)

Little is known about Anne Hughes' biography, although her married name suggests Welsh connections that are backed up by internal textual evidence in her poetry and fiction (Prescott 2017). She published a volume of poems in 1784, *Poems. By Mrs. Hughes* (printed for J. Dodsley, London), dedicated to the Lady Viscountess Hereford and signed Anne Hughes. Her 'Epistle: to my beloved sister' suggests a Hereford–Wales border location for her place of origin, which fits with the dedicatory addressee. The epistle refers to the River Vyrnwy – 'Whether on Virniew's fragrant barks they stray, / Perfum'd with all the sweets of new-mown hay' (38) – which is near Llanymynech on the border of Powys and Shropshire on the way to Wrexham; the latter home of Jane Brereton, and the location of the Denbighshire estate of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, 4th Baronet. Another poem in the 1784 collection shows knowledge of the Wynnstay estate: 'Written Extempore, upon seeing an elegant dairy-house erected on that spot where a dog-kennel had formerly stood, in the park at Wynstay, the seat of Sir W. W. W. Bart.' In addition to *Poems. By Mrs Hughes* (1784), she also published four novels: *Zoriada: or, Village Annals* (1786), *Caroline; or, the Diversities of Fortune* (1787), *Henry and Isabella; or, a Traite through Life* (1788), and *Jemima* (1795).

'Dafydd y Garreg Wen' ('David of the White Rock') is a traditional Welsh air, which was supposedly composed by the harper David Owen (1711/12–41) from Porthmadog in Caernarvonshire, apparently also the owner of a farm called Y Garegwen (Prescott 2017, 424–8). According to Edward Jones in *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh bards* (1784), Dafydd was a bard who performed the song on his deathbed for it to be repeated at his funeral. Although the tune appears in a later publication by Jones, *Hên Ganiadau Cymru: Cambro-British Melodies, or the National Songs and Airs of Wales* (1825), words were not previously thought to have been composed until John Ceiriog Hughes' Welsh version in 1873.

14 *A SONG. For the Favourite Welch Air of Dafydd Garegwen*

'TWAS on the Severn's[1] sedgy margin
Pensive DAFYDD chanc'd to stray;
There, on the moss-grown bank reclining,
Tun'd to the winds his careless lay. 4

Steepy mountains heard his murm'ring,
Echo caught the plaintive song;

[1] The River Severn.

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'Mong pendent rocks the wild notes warbling,
Adown the dale soft sounds prolong.

Sad his fate, whose heart, still changing,
Roves at large, and fix'd by none;
Happy he, who, free from ranging,
Fondly loves, and loves but one.

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