EDITORIAL NOTE.

"Taliesin: or the Critic Criticised"

By Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans.

The twenty-eighth volume of *Y Cymmrodor* (1918), was devoted to an Examination and a Criticism by Sir John Morris-Jones, M.A., Professor of Welsh at the University College of North Wales, of the Edition of "*Taliesin*" published by Dr. J. Gwenogvryn Evans, M.A., in his series of Early Welsh Texts. Dr. Evans was invited by the Editor to reply to the criticism in whatever form he thought desirable, and full permission was accorded to him to use the pages of *Y Cymmrodor* for that purpose. The Council of the Society are happy to place at his disposal this, the thirty-fourth volume of their Magazine. It will be seen that he has approached the subject of the antiquity of the Poems of Taliesin and Aneirin from the historical side, and that emphasis is laid on the geography, and the internal evidence of the poems to prove that Catraeth was fought at Aber Lleinog, a mile and a half north of Beaumaris, in the year 1098. Sir John Morris-Jones, it will be remembered, examined more particularly the linguistic and grammatical evidence of the poems. The members of our Society have now the two sides of the subject laid before them by their respective protagonists.

The Council wish it to be understood that they are in no way responsible for the opinions expressed by either writer, nor for the manner of the criticism or the reply thereto. Their sole desire has been to afford facilities for the free and open discussion of the age and authorship of the earliest Welsh literature.

On behalf of the Council, E. Vincent Evans.

Hon. Secretary and Editor.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

AUTHOR'S NOTES ON THE FRONTISPIECE, MAPS AND FACSIMILE.

The gap in the cliffs at Aber Llëinawc is some 180 yards wide. At its northern end is Carreg Cynhadvan, which stands 32 yards landward of the high-water line on the very edge of the Pool: above it is the Mound where the cliff ends. The Pool is now divided into two. The rubbish shot into the southern half has obscured the original outline. Apparently there was a channel behind the shingle bank stretching towards the brook.

The small map shows Aber Lleinog Castle and Mordrei Gwyneδ where catraeth was fought. The xxxxxxx*-chain marks the line of palisading which ran from the Cliff Mound to beyond the Castle. There are traces of a footway cut into the sloping ground behind the palisading, in front of which there was a perpendicular drop (of varying height) with a ditch at the base, which seemingly served the Pool with water from the morass higher up. The ground north of the palisading rises all the way from the Pool to the Castle, which is*

a high, round Mound of earth, surmounted by a stone rampart (one of the earliest) of great thickness. A deep ditch surrounds the Castle base.

The larger Map is a rough sketch of Deeside around 1100, when Hugh Lupus was dominant. According to the "Domesday Survey" most of this region was "waste" and, therefore, we cannot look for well-defined boundaries: rivers do not even mark them. Cheshire, the two Moryals, and Edernion lie on both banks of the Dee. Gwyneð was fixed, and the Berveðwlad formed a sort of buffer state between the Conwy and the Clwyd. The "Domesday Survey" and the "Book of Aneirin", between them, give a fairly full account of the old hundred of Atiscross, the shifting scene of many actions. The term Coleshill comes down from 1089, and if it was co-extensive with the present hundred, its area coincided with the Aneirin Ceint country, dominated by the extensive Moel y Gaer, alias Caer Ceint, "the most perfect of British Camps in North Wales". The Estuary of the Dee from above Chester had various and varying channels as well as lagoons which the bore, mentioned in Ormerod's "History of Cheshire", filled, and added to their number on the river banks.†*

The Facsimile from Harl. MS. 3859 gives the first page of the "Additional Matter", or Additamenta which follow the Saxon Genealogies, but are wholly unconnected with both the Saxon and Welsh Genealogies. Note carefully that Nennius had nothing to do with any one of the three.

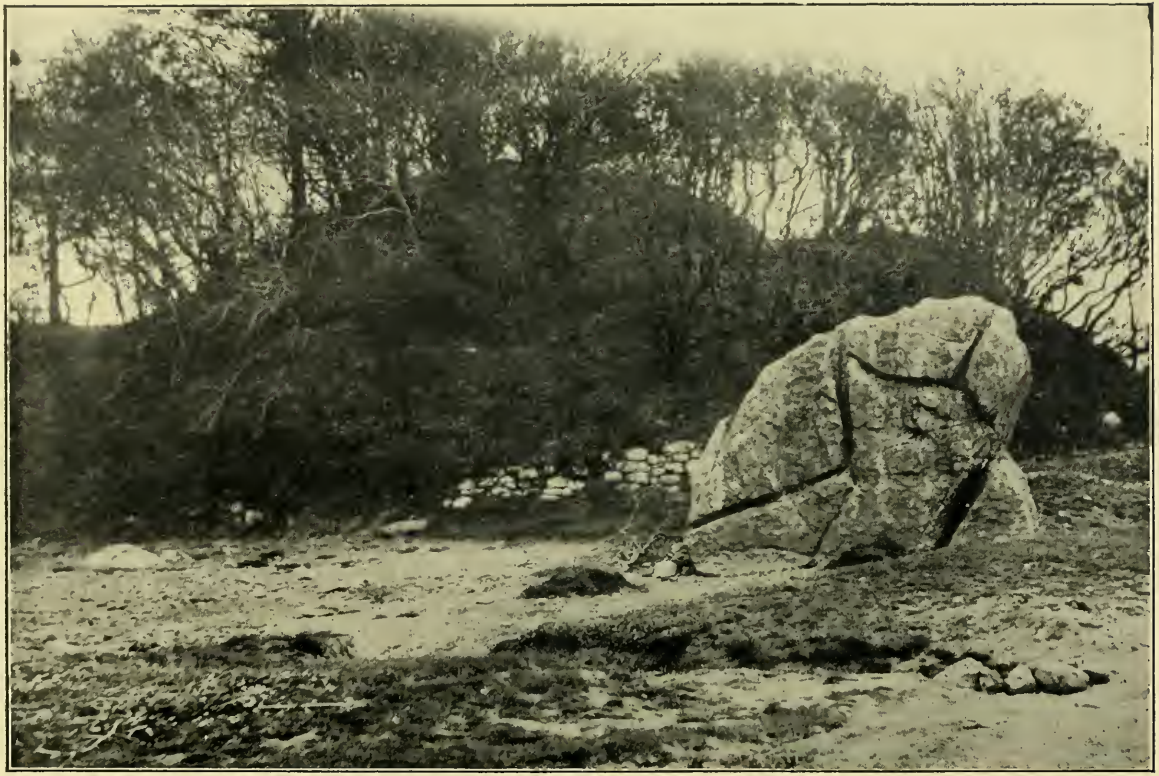
* Prof. Lloyd quotes an English and a Welsh passage for "Gwyneð is Conwy". There is also a third which mentions "Gwyneð uch Conwy", but the three are late, and it is regrettable that currency should be given to this unhistorical and undefineable division.

† No map, drawn nowadays, could represent the old channels: our sketch is very defective in this respect.

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*** Controversy has the merit of creating interest in a subject, and to be interested is the first step to gaining knowledge of it. Cordial thanks are therefore due to the Cymmrodorion Society and its devoted Editor for providing an opportunity of discussing the origin of Welsh Literature. The question of origin is generally a thorny one, and it is difficult to handle thorns without pricking hands in the attempt to clear the ground. If I have carelessly flung about uprooted scrub to the discomfort of onlookers I apologize, and plead the bad example set before me. Still, I hope the matter will make amends for the manner, and will prove not unworthy of the hospitality of *Y Cymmrodor*.

*** I have to thank Mr. David Owen of the Midland Bank at Pwllheli for motoring me to Aber Lleinog and assisting me to photograph the Frontispiece in a strong wind. Dr. Richard Owen, now of Bangor, also took me to "Rhyd y Merðyn". Murðyn='a ruin', and Murðin ='a walled fort'. The passage across the Menei is repeatedly called *Rhyd* in Aneirin. It would be interesting to find evidence that this Rhyd was once known as *Rhyd y Murðin*.



Frontispiece.

Carreg Cynhadvan.

15 feet long, 12 feet wide, 12 feet high, circumference 52 feet.

Y Cymmrodor.

Vol. XXXIV. "Cared doeth yr encilion." 1924.

Taliesin, or The Critic Criticised.[1]

BY

J. GWENOGVRYN EVANS, M.A., D.Litt.

"*The language of the poetry assigned to the sixth century is not much older than the MS. on which it is written.*"
Sir John Rhys.

"*Dr. Evans . . . . . notes that Ida founded the kingdom of Northumbria in the year* 547 *and died in* 559 *. . . . He looks the fact straight in the face . . . .* ".—Sir John Morris-Jones.

I am a small farmer. One frosty morning in the autumn of 1919 I noticed that my geese looked pinched. I fetched some corn which I took to the field. I was received with hisses, and menaced by the gander. I tried to make manifest that the contents of my basket were good white oats, which I displayed in little heaps as near as I could get to the flock. My manœuvres served but to increase the hissing, for the juniors joined the old birds, and I was unanimously pursued and literally hissed out of the field. When I closed the gate behind me there arose such a triumphant jubilation that my heart sank within me. No one likes to be hissed, not even by geese. I reflected that the quality of my grain was of the very best, that it had been harvested by the sweat of my brow, that it had not

[1] For Table of Contents, etc., see p. 119.

been so much as tasted, that my sole object had been to minister to those in need, and that a disinterested act had been howled down. Add to this the laughter of two neighbours in the lane adjoining the field, who had been watching my discomfiture. The old farmer, looking into my basket, exclaimed, "Why! he is giving Gorton's prime seed-oats to the geese! He deserved all the hissing he got". Then turning upon me he added "Man alive, you should feed geese with bad potatoes, and a handful of winnowings, or corn refuse,—that is how the gander was brought up before you bought him". The cleric chimed in—"That is what I am always telling him. He will always give of his best. He should chip his potatoes, which are too large for geese to gulp whole. He should go slowly and accustom us to doubts and small heresies to begin with. Look at his Taliesin—Sir John Morris-Jones started the hissing, and men who have never read a word of what our friend has written denounce him in the press, and in odd corners".

"Who is Taliesin? Is he an authority on the feeding of geese?" asked the Farmer.

"Ah! who is Taliesin indeed—there lies the rub", was the response. Doubling up with laughter he whirled his staff in the air and departed, to turn round a hundred yards away shouting "*Pwy yw Taliesin? Tybed i fod o yn awdurdod ar fwyda gwyδa?*".

The old farmer looked puzzled, but merely remarked that the parson seemed to be in a merry mood. "Well, my advice to you is to crush some bad potatoes—they have a *richer flavour* than good ones, and add some corn sweepings". I went and did as I was advised, and then revisited the field. The gander spotted his old fare at once, consumed it eagerly, and his flock did likewise. Will it be believed that I became a prime favourite—that

if the flock was at the far end of the field when I entered at the near, all with outspread wings would rush to meet me, making joyous sounds as they crowded round me. Though the gander ate eagerly from my hand, yet I never turned away without finding him slyly running after me to stab me in the back. I gradually improved the fare. Now (1923) the old pair will not touch bad potatoes, and think no oats too good for them. As with anserine so with human fare. People who have been brought up on Tradition find it has a richer flavour than Truth. Anyone who ventures to winnow popular inherited beliefs is hissed out of court with much cackling. We dislike people who do not believe as we do, and we cannot tolerate people who believe less than we do. So we cut off (if not the ears, at least), all hearing to such. We drown their voice with hissing.

But why should Sir John Morris-Jones, for instance, cling with both hands to Tradition, unless he believes that it contains the core of Truth about Taliesin, Aneirin and others? Having preached Tradition for a quarter of a century he cannot very well admit that he has been wrong all that time without appearing to be something of a muff to his pupils and the public. As the high priest of toothless old wives' tales he must fight to save his face. It is said that if anyone repeats a figment thrice he will ever after believe it to be true. Sir John has repeated his fanciful lectures about sixth century literature for nigh upon thirty years, so that by this time it is incredible to him that he can be mistaken. He cannot even imagine such a thing. The idea that he does not know everything, or ever was wrong, has never crossed his mind—it is unthinkable to him. He is like the American little girl that Mr. Taft tells about. Mary ran to meet her father one evening and said, "Papa, I am the best scholar in the class". The

father's heart throbbed with pleasure as he inquired, "Why, Mary, you surprise me, when did the teacher tell you? This afternoon?" "Oh no" was Mary's reply, "the teacher did not tell me—I just noticed it myself". Now, his friends think well of Sir John Morris-Jones, and his critics think well of him, in short, we all think well of him, but not all of us together think as well of him as he thinks of himself. His outstanding characteristic is egotism. Indeed he has no peer since the Kaiser went into exile. The Professor cannot remember a time when he did not know everything. In this respect he has a great advantage over poor mortals like myself. I was born ignorant, appallingly ignorant, and though I have been diligently learning for over three score years and ten, my ignorance is still my worst enemy. However much I push back its frontiers there is always an unexplored country beyond.

Another outstanding difference between us is the fact that I have spent the best part of my life in daily contact with men who knew more than I did about most subjects. That experience has taught me the salutary lessons of self-knowledge. On the contrary, Sir John has been associated all his days with youths from the rural districts, who know less than he does on every subject, and in this way he has got honestly to believe that there is no one like himself. "God", he thinks, "can have very little of the stuff that goes to make a g e n i u s. That is why a fellow feels so l o n e l y in this life". Imagine the Creator of heaven and earth storing up all the stuff that goes to make a genius for the special endowment of the Professor. It is like the Atlantic Ocean producing a sprat. Poor Sir John, the burden of genius is so heavily laid upon him that he feels *lonely* in this life! The rest of us can hardly imagine what such a loneliness

means, for the cross of ignorance does not cut us off from plenty of company. And since man is sociable by nature a seat on high, on some inaccessible peak of Olympus, must be as dire a punishment as the lot of Prometheus. How cold and shivery it must be up there, with nothing to do, for ever l o o k i n g d o w n on the rest of mankind. Thank God I am not a genius, but can and do l o o k u p to those who have scaled the ramparts of ignorance that bar my progress.

In addition to our difference of natural endowment, and the difference in our associates there is this further difference. I have spent forty years examining, copying, studying our oldest MSS. I have gone to the fountain head for my facts, and seen everything for myself, while my critic has been content to see everything at second hand. Whether my method or his is the better I leave others to judge.

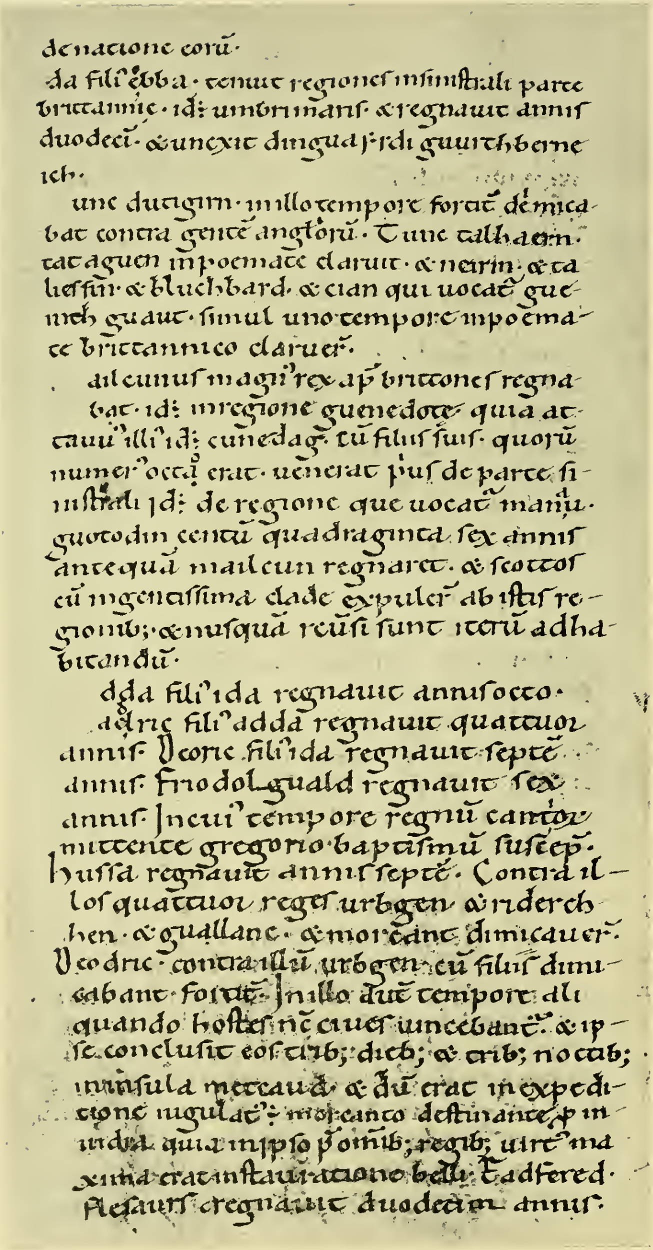
There is still another difference, the difference of training. For two years I attended Professor Freeman's informal lectures to research students of History at Oxford, and learnt the necessity, not merely of a careful study of all accessible records pertaining to a given subject, but also of visiting the scene of action, going over the entire ground with a mind stored with facts. He held it a waste of time to read history without maps, and impossible to write it without a minute examination of the geography involved. Then for a third year I attended Professor York Powell's lectures on diplomatics, and enjoyed his personal friendship. Without professing to be a historian I have had the advantage of a good training for original work, which is more than my critic can say of any subject but mathematics. *Now the question of the contents and date of the Books of Aneirin and Taliesin is mainly historical.*

"Nis gellir dadleu dim odi wrth iaith y cynveird am eu

hoed". *We cannot argue from the language of the Cynveirδ what was their date*,[1] leastwise that is the dogmatic pronouncement of Sir John Morris-Jones. As philology is concerned with language, which is admittedly late in the case of the "Cynveirδ", it follows that philology lacks the qualification to give a decisive vote on the subject. And since my mentor takes no particular interest in the History of his native land, it is manifest that his verdict is the offspring of assumption and arrogance. He seems, however, to have read my introductory matter and notes to the Taliesin—read them, with the pedant's blue pencil in hand, just as he does the exercises of his pupils, underscoring heavily whatever does not jump with his idiosyncracies.[2] Hence the jerkiness and incoherence of his commentary, which no one, but the Editor of the *Cymmrodor*, confesses to have read *through*. Though I was favoured with an "advance copy" it was not until May 3rd (1923) that the leaves were cut for me, and that I made the personal acquaintance of his diatribe. It is precisely what I anticipated—chaotic—without beginning or end, personal, inaccurate, misleading from *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, full of himself and full of insolence. A learned friend had anxiously begged me not to read the article, much less think of replying to it, because of Sir John's disregard of facts and abusive

[1] See the article on Welsh Literature by Professor J. M. Jones in the *Gwyδoniadur Cymraeg*.

[2] "The amended text bears witness on every page to ignorance of the history of the language." We are assured that "nothing could induce" our critic "to undergo the ordeal of reading through volume" II. Now if he has not read "every page" *he cannot know*, but if he has read every page he states that which is not true. To get at the meaning of his contradictory statements omit the *geireu llanw* on p. 115 and read: "characteristic mistakes . . . . have been chosen . . . I have looked for them . . . marked them in pencil . . . for the purpose of these paragraphs".



de natione eorum.

Ida filius ebba tenuit regiones in sinistrali parte brittanniae id est umbri maris et regnavit annis duodecim et iunxit dinguayrdi guurthberneich.

Tunc dutigirn in illo tempore fortiter dimicabat contra gentem anglorum. Tunc talhaern tataguen in poemate claruit et neirin et taliessin et bluchbard et cian qui vocatur gueinth guaut simul uno tempore in poemate brittannico claruerunt.

Mailcunus magnus rex apud brittones regnabat id est in regione guenedotae quia atavus illius id est cunedag cum filiis suis quorum numerus octo erat venerat prius de parte sinistrali id est de regione quae vocatur manau guotodin centum quadraginta sex annis antequam mailcun regnaret et scottos cum ingentissima clade expulerunt ab istis regionibus et nusquam reversi sunt iterum ad habitandum.

Adda filius ida regnavit annis octo. Aedlric filius adda regnavit quattuor annis. Deoric filius ida regnavit septem annis. Friodolguald regnavit sex annis. In cuius tempore regnum cantorum mittente gregorio baptismum suscepit. Hussa regnavit annis septem. Contra illos quattuor reges urbgen et riderchen et guallanc et morcant dimicaverunt. Deodric contra illum urbgen cum filiis dimicabat fortiter. In illo autem tempore aliquando hostes nunc cives vincebantur et ipse conclusit eos tribus diebus et tribus noctibus in insula metcaud et dum erat in expeditione iugulatur morcanto destinante pro invidia quia in ipso prae omnibus regibus virtus maxima erat instauratione belli. Eadfered flesaurs regnavit duodecim annis.

To face p. 7.

Facsimile of fol. 188^b, ll. 1-39 of the Brit. Mus. Harl. MS. 3859.

methods. Another friend urged the wisdom of Solomon's advice, and that I had no alternative but to pestle the criticism according to its folly, because otherwise my work would be damned by default. Hitherto I have disregarded the malice of tongue and pen; if I take a new departure now that I am in the last lap of life, it is because of the great importance of the subject—for it lies at the root of Welsh studies. Future progress will depend on a true understanding of the origin and date of our earliest poetry. So long as our conceptions are shrouded in sixth century cerements we shall never get at the meaning of the works christened the *Cynveirδ*. It is only by turning to history and fact that we can hope to lay a firm basis to our studies and find a key to the contents.

The Sixth Century Legend.

How then did the sixth century legend originate? What is the source of this tradition. In the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth, somewhere between 1125 and 1130, an unknown scribe, whose Welsh was imperfect, jotted at the end of the *Saxon Genealogies* the memoranda reproduced in Facsimile. It may be explained to readers unfamiliar with MSS. that it was usual to mark every change of subject by a large coloured letter, generally red. Blanks were left for this purpose by the scribe who placed in the margin, in inconspicuous writing, the missing letter. When revising the MS. the "rubricator" would insert the omitted characters. Our Facsimile from Harley MS. 3859 has four such blanks at the beginning of the four independent paragraphs, each of which begins with a proper name. It will be noticed that the usual key letter is missing in the margin. Hence the Tradition and the hubbub. Let us supply the missing letters:

i. (I)da the son of Eobba (ruled from 547 to 559).

ii. (M)unc dutigirn—(in his time flourished Tal., etc.)
iii. (M)ailcun King of Gwyneδ etc.
iv. (A)dda the son of Ida etc.

It is the second entry which concerns us. The Editors of this paragraph have all printed (T)unc Dutigirn, understanding "*Then* Dutigirn, at that time", and so making this singularly named hero a contemporary of Ida of Northumbria. And "there you are" with proof positive that Taliesin and his fellow bards (named in paragraph ii.) lived in the sixth century! *Prima facie* the case looks conclusive. But things are not always what they seem. Note that the other three paragraphs begin with a proper name, followed by words which fix their identity. If Dutigirn is a proper name, nothing follows to tell us who he was. If on the other hand we read "(M)unc, du tigirn" (*niger rex*) it is the epithet of a Black King we know, and the entry is on all fours with the other three. Who then was "Munc, the Black King"? He was Magnus[3] King of the Black Gentiles—the "gentiles nigri" of the Annales Cambrie, and the *cenheδloeδ duon* of Brut y Tywysogion. The *Norse wore black mail*, just as Edward, the *Black Prince* did, hence the epithet "black" in both

[3] Munc=Mwng represents the same person as Magnus, but the names are unrelated. I believe that Geoffrey of Monmouth had a hand in the compilation of the Munc entry in MS. 3859. Geoffrey's chief characteristic was to transfer the actions of one person in one age to another person in another age. In the Aneirin he found Manc=Mang, a Welshified adoption of Magnus. In Hagiology Geoffrey found *Munghu*, the pet name of Kentigern, the Scottish *Mungo*, whose original life is lost. On account of trouble, so the story goes, with the Strathclyde king Morken, Munghu fled south to Menevia, and remained some time with St. David. His fame having reached Cadwallon in Gwyneδ, that prince invited him to his dominion. Munghu is then supposed to have settled on the Elwy. After Cadwallon's day his son, Maelgwn Gwyneδ, did not relish having a colony planted in his territory, and made difficulties . . . . Kentigern returned to Glasgow shortly after 573, leaving his pupil

cases. If my mentor dissents, then I would ask him to name the Black King who flourished in Ida's time? Will he, please, name also Dutigirn's kingdom, and point out other references, or reference to him? If he cannot, only blind fatuousness for a baseless fable will reject the reading *M*unc, who looms large in our earliest poetry. The reading *T*unc involves a solecism, for then we have two consecutive sentences beginning with (T)unc . . . . Tunc, a repetition unexampled elsewhere as far as I can find out. The mistake in the first instance arose from ignorance of the Welsh form Munc on the part of the first editor of the "Additional matter", and where the bell-wether led, the flock has followed. That is how Tradition mostly originates—some one makes a mistake, and all the world follows blindly. Woe to him who discovers the error if he is rash enough to expose it. Our great professor has followed the crowd and repeated this error without suspecting its false credentials. Those who will read the Book of Aneirin—the whole can be read in a couple of hours, will realise that it records the *history of a Great Push* between the *Norse King* and the *Lloegrians*. The memorandum records also that "*Munc*, the black king, struggled with

Asaph in charge of Llan Elwy (see "Cyndeyrn" and "St. Asaph" in *Lives of the British Saints*). From this story it is seen that Munc chronologically falls exactly into place between Ida and Maelgwn Gwyneð. There is no authentic evidence that Kentigern was ever at St. Asaph, nor that the Cathedral Church was dedicated to him. The mistake of St. Asaph church being placed in the territory of Maelgwn Gwyneð is proof positive that the biographical particulars about Llan Elwy are a manufactured story—a pious fraud and nothing else. Jocelin tells us that "St. Asaph was distinguished by birth". He was possibly a *cyn deyrn* "former King", or Keintigern="King of Keint". Either epithet might very well give rise to the Kentigern legend (*cp.* Du-tigern). The topography of the district bears evidence that St. Asaph was a man of importance. The form Munc in Welsh poetry is derived from the Munghu fraud in Additamentum ii (see Facsimile) and is everywhere a mask for the Aneirin 'Mang'=Magnus.

the *Anglian* race". If Munc is not the Norse King, who is he? If the Anglians are not the Lloegrians, who are they? Note further that the *internal* evidence of the poems named in the memorandum proves that the singers were contemporaries of the Norse King Magnus, who died in 1103. Thus the very authority produced in facsimile by my critic gives the *coup de grâce* to his sixth century fable. Its sole basis was the letter T,[4] which is not in the MS., and which is a baseless guess. From such a small beginning has come all the fury and farrago about our "old" poetry. Sir John exposes the thin veneer of his scholarship whenever he touches the subject of manuscripts.

Paleography.

Paleography can be learnt only by exemplars—the actual MSS. by choice or, failing them, by autotype facsimiles of them. No amount of talk and explanation is of use without the help of sight. It is a case of *seeing is knowing*, and without seeing there is no knowing. But the eye must be trained by actual work to observe the characteristic writing of the different schools of every generation in a given period and country. Careful note must be taken of the steady modifications in the transition from one age to another. One needs good opportunities, patience, time, enthusiasm for the subject, and endless capacity for taking pains. In 1888 I spent six months in examining dated MSS. in the Bodleian Library in order to get a hold of the main characteristics of writing between

[4] Twixt Munc and Tunc, remember,
There differs but a letter,
But O how vain the matter,
And all the endless chatter
Of such as follow after
Tunc. ꝥ is the missing letter.

1100 and 1400. But it is only copying that brings one to close grips with the real character of any MS. That was Henry Bradshaw's method—that and photography—and he became a prince among Paleographers.

> "The copy of Juvencus in the Cambridge University Library" he writes, "has been an object of study to me for eighteen years, and I have worked at it at intervals with such minuteness that I may fairly say that the various writings which appear in it are as familiar to me as those of the closest friends". *See* Collected Papers, p. 454.
>
> ". . . . It is only when anyone has made a daily study of such books for many months together and has become (so to say) thoroughly soaked with their characteristics, that he can hope to gain that instinct which is of such infinite value afterwards, when fresh books come under his eye, and resemblances and relationships of handwriting and style are forced upon him in a way which could never result from a mere casual and less intimate acquaintance" (p. 461.)

Bradshaw would go anywhere in this and other countries to see a MS. with Keltic writing or Keltic glosses in it. How different Sir John Morris-Jones. When he wants to see a MS. he sends for a photograph of a single page, and thinks that after a casual glance anything he may happen to write—for instance on MS. 3859, is the quintessence of knowledge. He is often in London, but has he ever been known to cross the street to visit the MSS. department in the British Museum? If he had, he would have the wisdom to hide his ignorance by silence. Where men of the stamp of Bradshaw consult their authority Dr. Jones projects a theory, and manufactures evidence to support it. Having never seen the MS. he is unencumbered by any inconvenient knowledge at first hand of its writing, or the inter-relationship of its contents, and therefore he feels free to say whatever comes into his head. He starts dogmatically—"Insular script gave place to continental about the end of the eleventh

(century)", and on this unhistorical statement he builds his superstructure. The *Book of Llan Dâv* has been on his library shelves for a quarter of a century, but it is clear that he has not looked inside it. If he refers to pages 27-29 he will find facsimiles of a copy of a deed drawn up in 1126, where the prevalent forms[5] for g. r. s. are ȝ. ꝛ. ſ. This copy was possibly made ten to twenty years later. There is every reason for thinking that the use of ȝ. ꝛ. ſ. in a debased form persisted in Wales far into the twelfth century, and perhaps later. It is difficult otherwise to account for the confusion between ꝛ and *n* in the song of Meilir to the battle of Mynyð Carn in 1081.

Ny ðoðynt, dros vor etwaeth
Pobl anhywaeth, Nanhyver. (*Myv.* 142[a])

Here it is certain that the *ny* is a miscopy of ꝛy, for we know the full history of the event. Griffyð ap Cynan with mercenaries (=*pobl anhywaeth*) crossed the Irish Channel a second time (*etwaeth*) in 1081, and proceeded to Mynyð Carn, not far from Nanhyver, and here slew Trahaearn of Arwystli whom he had encountered in 1075 on the banks of the Artro in Merioneth (*Myv.* 141[b]).

Take another case. The *Black Book of Carmarthen* cannot be attributed to the ninth century, much less to the sixth, and yet it has instances of n for ꝛ and of ꝛ for n.

Tarw Trin aꝛ vidin blawð
Arbennic llu llid aꝛchawð
Dinam ei*n*oes a roes nawð 97·13.

"Tarw Trin[6]" is the *nom de guerre* of King Magnus of

[5] Pages 27-28 have one r, and three g, p. 29 has seven g, five r, and four ſ confused for r. There is no f.

[6] *Tarw Trin* is first used by Griffyð ap Cynan in the Book of Aneirin. This is natural, because Griffith, having grown up in Ireland, must have been familiar with the great Irish epic tale, *TÁIN BÓ CÚALNGE.*

Norway, and of no other in the earliest Welsh poetry. The "Arbennic llu" is the Hu of the next page, i.e., the earl of Shewsbury. Note also that the confusion between final ȝ and r in the R.B. Mabinogion argues that we have lost the archetype which could not have been written much before 1200 and yet it had ȝ. So that Sir John's elaborate argument built on the confusion between ꝑ and n, ȝ and r is no better than the nightmare of a disordered mind, speculating on a subject of which he shows no mastery whatever. His factitious illustrations are imitations of a twelfth century script, which he supposes to represent the "ninth"! If he will study Prof. Lindsay's Welsh Scripts, and the paragraphs from St. Chad's Gospels given in the B.Ll. Dâv, he will find how wide of the mark his handiwork is. But it will be to no purpose. He does not know enough of the subject to see the difference between scripts of different ages[7]. A casual glance leads only to confusion, and this truth seems to have dawned upon him because after writing very many pages to prove paleographically that *Armes Prydein vawr*[8] was written in the ninth century, he comes to the conclusion that, after all, it is best to fall back on Tradition with a capital T! It is the wisest thing in the whole article, this taking refuge in tradition, the grandmother of all sorts of fantastic pedigrees unknown to fact and history.

[7] In set, formal scripts there is no confusion between ꝑ and n. But in careless writing anything is possible. In the Juvencus glosses there is only one confused instance, but in casual single word marginalia the writing is seldom regular, and instances of confusion occur, as in the Book of Llan Dâv.

[8] It is curious that one of the later poems in Taliesin should be chosen to prove early date. The very title *Prydein Vawr*, and the *Myrðin* references are both suggestive of being composed after Taliesin's day. I have not been able to see the *Beirniad* number containing the great article on this poem. When I do see it I shall have something to say.

As we have seen the second paragraph definitely states that Neirin, Taliesin, and [Griffyð ap] Cinan flourished in the time of Munc, and Munc fought at Aber Lleinog in 1098, and a little later cut down trees in Mon (B.277). So Sir John's appeal to paleography and the Harley MS. 3859 have both failed him. It is no wonder, then, that he denounces my list of scribal errors as "absurd", and maintains that good sight is the beginning and end of paleography, in which he credits me with being something of an expert. He indeed goes out of his way to give me a certificate for the super-excellence of my sight, just as if he were an eye specialist at the head of the profession in Harley Street! But why should he praise the accuracy of my work on the Welsh Texts? Is it not for the specific purpose of shouting that it is all the "mechanical" exercise of a natural endowment. According to the Professor the rifleman who hits the Bull's Eye[9] oftenest simply sees better than his competitors; the horse that wins the race has the fleetest foot; the boxer who delivers the knock-out-blow has the hardest fist—none of the three have any merit, since success comes from their natural gifts. It is a comforting doctrine to the lounger who shirks the hard training preliminary to all excellence. Abstinence, practice, steadiness of nerve and hand, good condition, development of muscle, wind and skill do not count. This doctrine involves me in a dilemma. Bishop Lloyd thought my critic had the natural endowment of a "mathematical genius", and therefore educated him at Brecon, preparatory for Oxford where he took a "third"

[9] I once fired at a "Bull's Eye" 250 yards away, but failed to hit the target. I also once aimed at a rabbit over 50 yards away, shut both eyes, fired, and killed it A third time I shot a dog and rabbit at the same time, and my shooting licence was suspended. As I had the same eyes on the three occasions it is clear that Sir John's theory about good sight is very imperfect.

in his "Schools". Am I then to conclude that my critic is after all not a genius? God forbid. 'Obviously' the very idea is 'absurd'. There must be some other explanation. Can it be that the highest excellence cannot be attained without strenuous and steady cultivation of natural faculty? While it is true that "good" sight is necessary for "bad" MSS., the ease with which we read makes no difference to the perception of the sense. Take for example the following three versions of the same original lines in Aneirin.

O dindywyt yn dyvu wyt dywovu 13·7
O dindywyt en dyuuwyt yn dyouu 23·19
O dindy wyt en dy o wu 34·9.

We can read the above in all three types. So can the Professor, but has he made out the sense of these lines? Does the sense become more apparent with the increase in the size of the type, and the ease with which we read? If not, sight—the best of sights is not enough. Experience in the sense of ordered knowledge of Scripts extending over a long period of time—knowledge based on scientific observation of the gradual but continuous change which takes place in the formation of the characters in every generation, is essential before we can restore a corrupt copy to anything approximating the archetype. But first must come the exploration of the internal evidence of the text to discover the time of composition. In the case of Aneirin the decisive dates are Catraeth in 1098, and the loss of the "White Ship" in 1119, when the Hiberno-Saxon script was in use. Hence I restore as follows:

ō dirdȳwyt en dyuirwyt an dyorvu =
o'n dirdynwyd, ev dyvyr(y)wyd a·n dy·orvu
If we had been violently handled,
overthrown was he who had been crushing us.

This refers to the ill treatment of the men of Mon by

Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, and to his overthrow in the Battle of the Strand in 1098. Yes, sight is good, insight is better, for it is the light within that counts when it has been brightened by hard work and long experience. Sir John has had a readable printed text of this passage all his life, but could not make anything of it.

Sir Edward Anwyl attempted it, but followed some Wit, and went to Dundee! Professor Gwynn Jones has discreetly "passed by on the other side", and said never a word. Truly silence is golden.

I will now turn to the place-names, and endeavour to show their situation on the map. If I succeed, the entire superstructure built north of the Tweed by my critic and his genus will collapse, just as the sixth century evidence has done.

Eidyn.

We are told that "in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* medial ð is generally written t, but this name is consistently written with d, as eidin 94·14, 95·7 idin 64·15—contrast tytin, cuitin," p. 78. Note the "but this name," and its implication. Within a few lines of 'idin' we find Ry*d*erch, and elsewhere Gwen*d*it—one is "consistently written with a d" five times, and the other four times. Surely Dr. Morris-Jones must know that these names are pronounced Ryðerch and Gwenðyð. He also must have known of these occurrences, for he has used the *Black Book of Carmarthen* for a quarter of a century. Why then mislead the unwary by this suppression of facts, and the *suggestio falsi* of "but this name"? True, medial t=ð in ty*t*in, cui*t*in, but what about Cly*t*no (which Dr. Jones writes Clydno), Llwy*t*awc, a*t*en, and Penwe*t*ic, where t=d in every case? When such stress is laid on Ei*d*in, is it honourable to omit all mention of A*d*av, a*d*win, I*d*as,

gogone*d*awc, in*d*i, merchyr*d*it, vr*d*as, etc., where d=ð? But worse is to follow:

"In the Welsh Genealogies in Harl. 3859 it is written Eitin (*Y Cymmrodor*, ix., 173) which is decisive, for in the old spelling of this document medial t regularly stands for d, and medial d for ð" (p. 78).

Much thanks for this clear, unqualified statement. I look up the Genealogies and find Gui*t*gen 180, Gui*t*cun 179. Helen lui*t*|dauc 171, Guodo*t*in 182. Does the *t*=*d* in these words? Should they not be transliterated into Gwyðgen, Gwyðgun, Helen luyðawg and Godoðin? Why then is it asserted that "t stands regularly for d"?

Is it because of the well known fact that few people ever look up references, or study these things? The Professor presumes on the lack of opportunity to verify, or the indifference, or the ignorance of his readers, who naturally do not imagine that a man so pre-eminent as Professor Sir John Morris-Jones, M.A., Ll.D., Penn Beirniad Ynys Prydein, would stoop to make such a shamefaced statement. It cannot be from inadvertence because we are assured that

"*t* stands regularly for *d*".

"Regularly" implies examination of the evidence, as well as verification of his deliberate statement. Here we have an illustration of the method, and a measure of the standard of the scholarship of the man who is regarded as the top note in Welsh learning, and claps his own hands with approval at this homage. After making this emphatic false statement he covers his retreat by squirting oil of vitriol. He assures his readers in a loud voice that

> "Dr. Evans betrays a mind that has never properly understood what evidence or proof means. He founds categorical statements on purely suppositional grounds. He has not realized that the basis of an argument must be an indisputed fact; he even builds on the very suppositions that are disputed" (p. 81).

After this my mother in heaven will not know me. Alas

and alas, I am damned here and hereafter. But this is nothing new. Long experience has taught me that my critic is accurate mostly by accident. Take his further statement that in the Genealogies

"medial *d* stands regularly for δ".

How then should we deal with Iu*d*gual 168, Teu*d*os 175, Go*d*otin, 182? Should we modernize these into Iðwal, Tewðos and Goðodin? Verily Sir John has painted his own portrait with a deft hand. "He betrays a mind that has never properly understood what evidence or proof means. He founds categorical statements on purely suppositional grounds. He has not realized that the basis of an argument must be an indisputed fact, he builds on the suppositions that are disputed."

The one word Guo*d*o*t*in flatly contradicts both his "categorical statements". Besides we find Gui*d*gen and Gui*t*gen, Iu*d*gual and Iu*t*gual, Ei*d*inet and Ei*t*in. If then "the basis of an argument is indisputed fact", it follows that Dr. Jones has no basis of any kind, but characteristically builds on suppositions that are demonstrably either false or indecisive. If Guodo*t*in = Godoðin, then Ei*t*in (written by the same scribe) may = Eiðin.

Next we are told that Bre Freiðin finally disposes of Bre Eiðin. But does it? The MS. reads:

Ac yr bot am denneirch o du balch-*ure ure*idyn.

The first *ure* is a scribal stutter as the metre shows, and it should be omitted. I know of no instance of *Bre Vreitin*,[10] and it would be "waste of time" to follow Sir John into a morass and discuss his groundless "suppositions".

Again we are assured that "Eidyn is certainly in the North. This is sufficiently evidenced by the name Clidno Eydin, one of the four leaders of the men of the North,

[10] Eiðin vre occurs in *Aneirin*, 36·18. This proves *ure ure*iðin is a scribal stutter.

whose names Dr. Evans 'judiciously' omits in giving the testimony of the Chirk Codex (p. 79)". If Dr. Jones had been 'judicious' he would have paused before following Geoffrey of Monmouth and the scribe in treating a place-name as a person. Note that the metre in '*Beδ Kynon yn Rëon ryd*' teaches us to read '*Beδ Kynon mab Clyton*[11] *Eiδyn*' which I take to be the Welsh of Cluton Edwin, situated east of Farndon some four miles south of Eaton Park Iron Bridge. Immediately below this bridge is *Vadum Region-is trans Devam*, the *Rhyd Rëon* across the Dee. The pavement of this old ford (cp. Aldford) may still be seen at low water.

Here we must digress for a moment into history. In 1098 "Being mindful of the razing of his castles, and the killing of his knights, Hugh, earl of Chester, collected a fleet and a large host. Another Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, joined him with his men, so that they might come together as one to avenge the losses which Griffyδ ap Kynan had caused them. Thereupon they, with their men, sailed aboard their fleet to the dominion of Griffyδ, led by Owein ap Edwin and Uchtryd his brother, with Hugh earl of Shrewsbury as chief".[12]

Aneirin (5·17-20) refers to the expedition of these

> "Three torque-wearing princes, three allied friends,
> Three border knights—gold bedight ones of Eiδyn."

The two brothers are further described as "captains" from Aeron, 6·1. We thus see that Aneirin names Eiδyn and Aeron as "Border" districts. Now the Domesday Survey informs us that Roger earl of Shrewsbury holds Yâl as well as certain settlements in Moryal (seemingly

[11] It has just occured to me to refer to the original text of Geoffrey where the Latin for the Clydno of the Welsh version is *Cleton-us*. There can therefore be no doubt about Clyt*on* being everywhere the true form.

[12] See *Buchεδ Griffyδ ap Kynan*, p. 142; *Bruts*, p. 272.

corrupted early into Maylor[13]). We also learn that Edwin 'a freeman' had held the Hope[14] district which adjoins Yâl. Thus Hugh and Owein, sons of Roger and Edwin, earl and freeman, were neighbours; they were also 'bosom friends' (An. 1·7), and allies (5·20). In Yâl lies Treiδyn, which is a compound of Eiδyn, be its origin and meaning what it may. The references to Aeron all point to the district bordering on the brook now named after Pulford, stretching from Hope to the Dee, and perhaps across the Alun. The country on both sides of the Dee (see map) was mostly held, or had been held by the two Edwins, the earl and the freeman, it seems, therefore, a reasonable inference that their common name is preserved in Clyton Eiδyn and Treiδyn. No one will question the δ in Treiδyn being right, and no one who will refer to Kynδel's paean to Owein Kyveilog can fail to see that Eiδyn is also right. There are in this poem some 40 instances of medial t = δ, but not a single instance of t = d.[15] For example:

Granwynnion trychyon tra chywet Eit*u*n
tra chwy*t*ynt benn o draed P. 243·255

Here the consonance is conclusively in favour of "Eiδyn tra chwyδyn"—compare also "yn Eiδin yn aδevawc (Tal. 30·21); and "kanllaw nef iδau, eil naf Eiδin", P. 91·41. Professor Morris Jones and others were in the habit of writing Godo*d*in, but now the Knight and others follow

[13] Mor*yal* and M*ay*lor have the same letters transposed. Maylor is the later corrupt form for Mor-yal, or Great Yale.

[14] Hope, "O.E. *hop* . . . . (i.) a piece of enclosed land . . . . (ii.) a small enclosed valley, especially a smaller opening branching out from the main dale and running up to the mountain ranges, upland part of a mountain valley . . . . " N.E.D. The Welsh *Iâl*=Yale means *cleared land*, which is usually enclosed, so that Hope & Iâl mean much the same, and the lands adjoin. Hope, probably, adjoined Northop also. *Cp.* the Welsh plural, 'Hobeu', in the list of Commotes in the Bruts.

[15] I except words with a radical *t*.

my lead by writing Gododin. The time is at hand when he will also write Eidin, or at least Eidyn as others do and have done. I am taken to task for writing Eidin, which Sir John asserts is "a late and incorrect form". I turn to the final pages of Aneirin where the old orthography is retained, and I find the exact contrary to be the truth—Eid*yn* being found only in the semi-modernized parts. Again in the "old spelling" of the Genealogies, which he considers "decisive" we find Eit*in*, and in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* Eid*in* and Id*in*, but the later Taliesin halts between Eid*in* and Eid*yn*. In the Red Book Poetry we read:

Clwyf dyed atwed Etwin digonyant
Clyw cut mawr russyant am ior iessin
Kein llwyr garyat rat yn rin ywchelbraw.
Kanllaw nef idaw, eil naf Eid*in*. 91·38-41.

Clytno Eid*in*
glot ardwy drin 94·12
Mal Clytno Eid*in* prif gyfrin prein 147·32

Here we see that 'Eidin' rhymes with Etwin, iessin, rin, drin, and gyfrin. Dr. Jones is at pains to teach us to write Breidin since it rhymes with trin (79). Well, so does Eid*in* as we have just seen, and what is right in one case cannot be wrong in the other. I knew before my mentor that Eitin and Breitin rhymed with trin, iessin, cyfrin, din, etc. I knew also that it was written Eid*yn* and rhymed with words ending in -*yn*. But I could not write it both ways, so I followed the older form of the oldest texts. All now write "dilyn" but the earlier bards wrote "dilin", as at 18·2, 32·12 in An., and P. 193·17, and

neu cheing e ododin
Kynn gwawr dyd dilin. An. 12·13.

As a rule -*in* does not rhyme with -*yn*, but we see the rule is not without many exceptions.

Gogleð.

Wales is divided to-day into North and South, "Gogleð a'r Deheu", but in 1089 there were many divisions. Roughly speaking the northern half was divided into Gwyneð, i.e., the counties of Merioneth, Carnarvon and Anglesey, with Rhos and Rhuvoniog that still retain their names. Other parts of Denbighshire like Yâl and Moryal (= the hundred of Exestan) belonged to Shropshire. Rhuðlan was the head of Englefield; the hundred of Coleshill was Keint; the district of Hope was the heart of Aeron, and Tud Llwch was within the bend of the Dee between the "Pulford" and Wepre Brooks. The Gogleð of 1100 was quite a different area from the modern one. In short it was an *alias* of the earldom of Chester, as held by Hugh Lupus, and extended so far north as to include Northumberland, if the testimony of Aneirin be reliable. Ormerod[16] tells us that Hugh Lupus held land in t w e n t y counties. It is an axiom of history that "early Bishoprics, as a rule, coincided with the territory to which they were attached". According to Le Neve the dioceses of Carlisle and Ripon were for the most part carved out of the See of Chester, and Aneirin tells us that the Palatine earl was lord of Deira and Bernicia. That this earldom was the original Gogleð is reflected in Welsh literature. The Bleið Caeawg, *Noble Lupus*, of Aneirin (1·22) is Hugh the Fat, earl of Chester, who, as we have seen above, got up an expedition against Griffyð ap Kynan in 1098. *Though* (Hugh) *would come to Gwyneð, Gogleð was his part.*

Cyd dyffei Wyneð, Gogleð i rann, An. 2·3

[16] I consulted Ormerod in three different editions at Oxford, British Museum, and Aberystwyth. My references in consequence are mixed, but the passage I refer to will be easily found in the Index to Ormerod's *History of Cheshire*.

This line shows that Gwyneð and Gogleð represent different areas, or the earl could not pass from the one to the other. Hugh Lupus we know did invade northern Gwyneð, and built a castle at Aber Lleinog, north of Beaumaris. Observe again that Griffyð ap Kynan "the exile's son" refers to his deliverance from the Chester prison in these words: "*In Gogleð an act of bravery was rendered by a generous lord to an exile's son. Gently he bore me from prison and disgrace, from the precincts of oblivion, from an odious country*". *An. 12·14.* Griffyð would not speak of his own land of Gwyneð as an "odious country" which undisputably was the case with the Lupusian land that held him prisoner, and this land was "*in Gogleð*".

Observe further that in the war of 1114 King Henry I. sent against Griffyð ap Kynan "three armies, one under Gilbert . . . . . consisting of Britons, French and Saxons from Dyved and all the south; another army from Gogleð and Scotland with two prince-leaders "over them", to wit Alexander, the son of Malcolm, and Richard, the son of Hugh, earl of Chester. The third army the King led himself", (Bruts 292).

From this extract it is clear that Alban (i.e. Scotland) and Gogleð are two different countries, with two different princes for leaders. Put negatively Gogleð forms part neither of Gwyneð nor of Alban. Put affirmatively it is the region north of Gwyneð and the Berveð-wlad, but south of Scotland, stretching from Rhuðlan on the Clwyd to the Cheviot Hills,—in other words the very country that formed the earldom of Chester in the days of Hugh Lupus and Richard, his son. If Richard did not contribute his quota to the second army why did he share in the leadership? The king of Scotland, it is true, had to pass through the earldom of Chester on his way south, but this friendliness on the part of Richard was not likely to

give him a share of the command, unless there were two wings formed of different nationalities. Friendliness of this kind meant co-operation. That Gogleð was an alias of the Lupusian earldom does not admit of reasonable doubt, for "Gogleð was the part of Noble Lupus (An. 1·21-2·3), who was chased by King (Magnus)".

Cun Gogleð gan riheð ry·dyrvid (An. 29·20).

But we are reminded that "Catwallon made for Gogleð to attend Edwin, who, hearing of it set out to meet him at Havenfield" which Mr. Plummer in his edition of *Bede* identifies with St. Oswald's in Northumberland (p. 57.) Dr. Jones makes this quotation from Geoffrey's *Brut* (248) as a clincher of his argument. Alas the learned professor throughout confuses "Cheshire"[17] with the earldom of Chester, which included Lancashire, etc., etc. Surely our mentor must know that the Bishop of Chester is not merely Bishop of "Cheshire"!

How can one argue with this great "scholar" whose ignorance of elementary historical facts of this kind has no frontiers, and whose effrontery knows no bounds. We are given many quotations from a late text of the Welsh version of Geoffrey's Brut, but my fair-minded critic "judiciously omits" to state that the word "Gogleð" does not occur in the original Latin text, which has "Aquilonaris", "Albania", "Scotia", and "Northumbria". Stress is laid on Gogleð being the country "from Humber to the sea and Caithness in y Gogleð (p. 157)". On referring to the oldest text in the Dingestow Court MS., I find that this quotation *does not exist*—it is the addition of some later scribe. Sir John Morris-Jones has a genius for seizing on the accretions of late and corrupt texts, and building thereon. But to build on any state-

[17] See Prof. Lloyd's *History of Wales*, p. 526, for an estimate of Geoffrey, quoted on p. 80, *infra*.

ment of any MS. of Geoffrey of Monmouth[17] betrays a mind incapable of historical studies. Indeed I have met no educated Welshman so ignorant of the history and topography of Wales as the Knight who arrogates to himself the title of "scholar". He seems to think that geographical terms mean the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The Geography of Gogleð in 1100 was very different from what it was some 30 years later, let alone a century later when the first Welsh version of Geoffrey's Brut saw the light. The earldom of my critic's "Cheshire"[18] had contracted much, as he will find if he studies the subject. The See of Carlisle was founded in 1132, and this fact shows that already the earldom of Chester had retired south. By disregarding definite periods my critic flounders hopelessly. Compare the Geography of Europe, Asia and Africa to-day with what it was in 1914, and you will have an illustration of what went on in this island in Norman times. Without a careful study of history no one can say what is the exact connotation of Gogleð at a particular date. Sir John, like his prototype, Dr. Owen Pughe, settles everything by assumption. In 1100 our Flintshire was the southern limit of Gogleð—to-day it is the northern limit. In short it is the only geographical ground included in the Gogleð of the past[19] and of the present, but at no time has it formed the whole of Gogleð.

Reged.

"In the translation of Geoffrey's Brut, Rheged is identified with Mureif." But in the Latin original the word Reged nowhere occurs. Dr. Jones "judiciously

[18] I have nowhere used "Cheshire" for the earldom, though my critic with customary misrepresentation uses quotation marks.

[19] In the latter half of Owein Gwyneð and of Taliesin's time most of Flintshire formed no part of Gogleð.

omits" to mention this important fact, as well as that Murefensium is translated Mureif in the first instance *without the late gloss*. The Geoffrey leaven of invention and romance had been at work for nearly a century before his Latin text was done into Welsh. But inventive as Geoffrey was, his Welsh followers improved on him in every direction; they corrupted everything they touched, and the race is not yet extinct.

The earliest mention of Reged known to me is in the Book of Aneirin. The Asaphian Deanery of Marchia, as pointed out in the Taliesin, practically coincides with the Domesday hundred of Mersete, plus Cynlleith and Edernion. Ecclesiastical divisions are among the most trustworthy sources of historical geography left to us. Now in 1116 Owein ap Cadwgan of Powys, and Llywarch of Arwystli combined forces on the border of Redeg, (Ffun yn or deg ar dal Redeg. An. 21·11), before setting out to Deheubarth at the behest of King Henry (Bruts 300). Owein ap Cadwgan was seized at this time of a third part of Deuδwr (B. 292), and Deuδwr is on the border of the Deanery of Marchia, which has been equated with Redeg. The host of the Borderers had stormed the ford across the Menei Straits in 1098, and after the battle on the great strand of Aber Lleinog was over *the Rhyn settlement* (*was no shelter*) *to Redeg*.

(Nid noδed) i Redeg Rhyn gre. An. 30·9.

Our next illustration comes from the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, in the dialogue between Llwchvarδ[20] and Drudwas (pp. 92-93 and Appendix pp. 99-100).

Ll.—Ere the arrows were shot to the very edge
of the shingle we were made anxious—
3 (The Earl) led the host of the Round Hill—

[20] Llwchvarδ was the bard (*a*) of Hugh earl of Shrewsbury, (*b*) of Owein ap Edwin who succeeded Hugh in the command of the

D.—Since the lord of the sea hit the ruler of the rath.
He falls immediately at the ford—
In what court are you a familiar?

L.—In Wales to-night anxiety will not drive me
To seek the first lord of the captains—
Upon the Vann I follow Owein.[21]

D.—Before I stripped you of mail and shield
The first rage of battle was over—
In what court were you brought up?

L.—May God release me from this very close prison,
Blood-stained is the shaft of the chief—
Owein of Reged now cares for me.

D.—Though the captain of catraeth is lost in the
tumult of the shallows, from the rath do not flee—
After peace avoid disgrace.

Ll.—In the morning at peep of day when
They "went for" Magnus, the mighty smiter,
None could out-run the steeds of Mechyd.[22]

Armour will no more gladden me
Because of the news that unnerved me:
A shadow is falling upon the estimable Mechyd.

Riding his charger he got his hurt in the
Rhyn encounter with another adventurer,
And his missing body lies bleeding.

The stroke of Magnus killed Mechyd.
Drudwas,[23] you do not perceive that
The Lord of Heaven ordains our lot.

The men at the Ford are destroyed,
Cold the missing breast beneath the surf:
God grant him a holy chancel

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expedition of 1098 against Griffyd ap Kynan. See *Aneirin*, pp. 32, 42.

[21] This is Owein ap Edwin who succeeded to the command of Aber Lleinog Castle when Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, was felled in the shallows at Catraeth.

[22] Mechyd. Pughe gives an adjective *mwch* "hasty". If there is such a variant of "moch", Mychyd would then mean *the hasty one*, which is Hugh the Proud's characterization in the Aneirin. But whatever the meaning of Mychyd may be, there is no doubt about his personating Hugh earl of Shrewsbury.

[23] Drud-was=*Bold Knight*. I can find nothing tangible about this poet, who represents the Norse, and who disarmed Llwchvard.

Mechyd, the good leader and brave prince!
Chaste and fine his white cerement—
He was the first to bridle horse!

The above particulars attending the fall of Mychyd are identical with those of Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury. First of all there was a feast. Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, mailed and a-horse, at green dawn rushes to the shore to attack Magnus, king of Norway. Mychyd too is mounted and attacks Mwng at green dawn. Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, advances into the swirling shallows on the Great Strand before the Rhyn of Penmon, is shot by an arrow of King Magnus, falls off his horse into the sea, where he remains missing till the ebb had left the strand dry, and it was seventeen days before his body was brought to Shrewsbury (Ordericus Vitalis, Bk. x, cap. vi). Mychyd too advances into the tumult of the shallows, is wounded while riding his horse in the adventure of the Rhyn, and his body lies bleeding, missing (*ar wall*) in the sea. It was Magnus who shot Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, and it was "Mungc" who killed Mychyd. After the fall of Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, in the *Cat traeth* of Aber Lleinog, his bard became the bard of his successor in command, to wit, Owein ap Edwin from the Border country; and the *Black Book of Carmarthen* bard tells us that Owein of Redeg befriends him. Here the chain of circumstance is complete, showing that Mychyd is the same person as Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury,—that Mungc is the same person as Magnus—that Owein ap Edwin is the *Black Book of Carmarthen* Owein of Redeg, and that the imprisoned, ransomed bard is Llwchvarð.[24] Only those who are mentally *ar wall* will ever again gibber about the original Reged not being in the Dee Country.

The Oxford Dictionary defines "March *as boundary*,

[24] See *Aneirin* 28·3=II., 30.

borderland tract of (often debateable) land between two countries". March soon became Marches . . They ran between England and Wales from "tervyn Caer Lleon" to Pembroke. There were Marches between England and Scotland, and might be anywhere, where the dominion was different. We are concerned with the western horn of the original Marchia (the Midland country) as represented by the Asaphian Deanery of Marchia.

The "Great Bard" Kynðel was a native of the near neighbourhood of Redeg, and the facts were known to him. Observe his lines to Eva, the daughter of Madog ap Meredyð of Powys.

> Llys Eva i veirð (a) ðigoned . . . .
> Neud wy ae govwy (a) ovyged
> Goval eilyon (am) aelwyd Reged. P. 168·31.
>
> *To the bards a store of plenty was the court of Eva . .*
> *They who visit her are treated with honour,*
> *And the ministrels will care for the Hearth of Reged.*

The Hearth of Reged must therefore be somewhere within the dominion of Eva's father, who was the overlord of Powys. Now in 1149 Madog seized Oswestry—castle and district, so that he was actually lord of the very Deanery of Marchia in its entirety, for he was already lord of Cynlleith and Edernion. This Edernion lies in the heart of Powys Vadog and the name Ragat, older Reget, survives there to this day. Note further that this Reged lies north of Radnorshire, and south of Cheshire. Howel ap Owein Gwyneð mounts his Roan travelling from Maelenyð to the land of Reged between night and day.

> Esgyneis ar Velyn, o Vaelenyð
> Hyd yn hir Reged rhwng nos a dyð. (*Myv.* 198[b])

The distance from boundary to boundary is only some 24 miles as the crow flies. If Griffyð ap Kynan and his

army could cover some 21 miles[25] during a night to fight at dawn on Mynyð Carn, there is no reason for reading an arbitrary meaning into "rhwng nos a dyð," because one man on horseback can travel faster and much further than an army with its fighting gear.

Again Kynðel sings to Owein Gwyneð, "lord of Reged",

Cyrn cenynt . . . . ar dervyn Caer Lleon . . . .
Aur anreg Redeg rodolion. P. 213·233.
Horns blare . . . . on the border of the Chester country . . .
Gold is the boon of the wayfarers of Reged.

Owein Gwyneð's forces had carried the war to Mold and Rhyd Reon on the Dee, to Yâl, Edernion, and Nanheuðwy[26]. His lordship of Reged was more extensive than the Deanery of Marchia. Dr. Morris-Jones cannot get into his head that in the twelfth century boundaries were in a state of flux. He quotes a number of great names who seem to think that there was but one Reged, *vel* Redeg, or March. They all differ and naturally so, for there were many Regeds. But neither he nor his great men have gone to the Welsh sources, and examined the material at first hand. I have done that and I pity Sir John Morris-Jones for exposing his own arrogant ignorance on the subject. However mistaken I may be in some minor details, future research will confirm our Great Bard Kynðel, and place the Rheged of his day within the lordship of Madog ap Meredyð of Powys.

Goðeu.

On the appearance of Taliesin, Mr. Timothy Lewis convinced me that Goðeu was the true form. Sir John follows suit. To the accompaniment of many ungainly

[25] See Sir Evan D. Jones's *Presidential Address* in *Arch. Camb.*, 1923.

[26] See Prof. Lloyd's *History of Wales*, p. 389, n. 106.

gambols and much elephantine humour Dr. Jones calls the world and the devil to witness his superior knowledge. He is welcome to the triumph of *δ* over *d* in this instance, as well as the joy thereof; but the orthography does not affect the geography involved. Dr. Owen Pughe defines 'Goδeu' as *shrubs*, but Dr. Jones prefers '*forest*' i.e. a 'large track covered with trees and undergrowth' (*Ox. Dict.*). The Victoria History states on the authority of the Domesday Survey that "nearly all Salop south of Shrewsbury (Scirobesberie) and parts of the north was a *forest in Norman times* . . . The whole was known as the Forest of Shropshire." Now I quoted this in the Taliesin and insisted that Goδeu was the Welsh of Shropshire. I coupled Goδeu with Reged as the mustering ground of Henry II., preparatory to invading Wales in 1157. Aneirin confirms my identification by referring to Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, as 'The lord of Goδeu' who was overthrown at the creek of Aber Lleinog, 31·12=76.

> *The ardent one was hit . . . . (in the shallows). Darts gleamed as they went to battle. Flashing spears made light the path of Goδeu* 18·19=36· *(Magnus) felled the men of Goδeu—he would take no hostages,* 32·16=74.

In the lament on the death of Magnus, Griffyδ ap Kynan sings:

> *'Tis sad after checking the progress of the men of Goδeu to realize the pains of death,* 23·16=76.

Those who are interested in Goδeu must go to Aneirin, and read the context of these passages. If they observe who the great protagonists of the battle on the Great Strand of Aber Lleinog were, they will see for themselves that my interpretation is not open to dispute.

Catraeth.

Dr. Morris-Jones in one of his lucid intervals wrote *Cat traeth*, i.e., the Battle of the Strand. Sir John Rhys

had done so before him, but Dr. Jones "omits to say so". According to the first Oxford Professor of Keltic, philology bars the descent of Catraeth from the Latin Cataracton-e=Catterick.[27] Nevertheless Professor Ivor Williams, we are told, has written an article in the *Beirniad* to prove the contrary, and the Great Beirniad himself claps his hands with approval. They find in Bede instances of the corrupt form *Cataracta*, and their love of scribal carrion is such that they reject the true original spelling. It is the same everywhere.

But what does Aneirin say? *em blaen Gwyneδ gwanet*, *In the Foreland of Gwyneδ the thrusting was done.* 5·12.

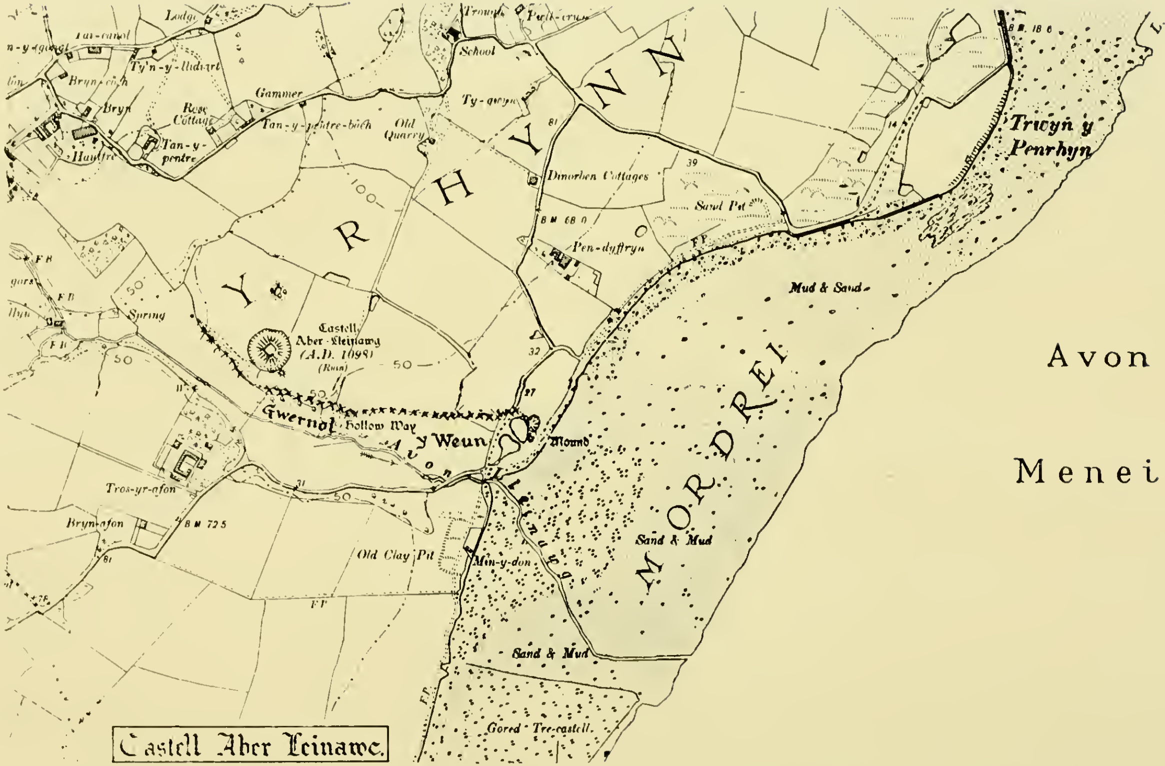
Now Gwyneδ is far from Catterick. There is no mistake here as you will see if you read the context.

Yveis win a meδ
Y· Mordrei (Gwyneδ) . . . .
Bares Rynn rwygiad
Gymined yng had.
(Mang) a llavn lliveid
Laδei leδessint . . . .
O wyr gwychr (Reged). An. 6·32.

I drank wine and mead on (Gwyneδ's) Great Strund . . .
He who embroiled the Rhyn was cut down in battle . . .
(Maynus) with his sharp axe slew the slayers . . .
There was slaughter of the noble men (of Rheged).
In the Foreland of Gwyneδ the thrusting was done.

Who was it who embroiled the Rhyn and was slain? Was he not Hugh, the earl of Shrewsbury? Who was it who slew those slaying? Was he not Magnus, King of Norway? Who were the gwyr gwychr—were they not the earls and their thanes from the Border Country? We are left in no doubt about the place of slaughter—it was at Mordrei in the Foreland of Gwyneδ in 1098, and that Griffyδ ap Cynan "fearing treachery" (B 273·8) fled to

[27] The attempt to equate Catraeth with *Cataracton-* damns Bangor philology for ever.


Castell Aber Lleinawc
Avon
Menei
MORDREI
Y RHYNN
Triwyn y Penrhyn
Mud & Sand
Sand & Mud
Sand & Mud
Gored Tre-castell
Lodge
Trough
Pell-crwn
School
Ty'n-y-lidiart
Bryn-coch
Bryn
Gammer
Rose Cottage
Tan-y-pentre-bach
Tan-y-pentre
Hafodre
Old Quarry
Ty-gwyn
Dinorben Cottages
Sand Pit
BM 68.0
Pen-dyffryn
Spring
Castell Aber-Lleinawg (A.D. 1098) (Ruin)
Gwernol
Hollow Way
Y Weun
Avon Lleinawg
Mound
Tros-yr-afon
Bryn-afon
BM 72.5
Old Clay Pit
Min-y-don
FP
FB
100
50

To face p. 33.

Ireland before the earls landed in Anglesey. Griffyð sings: *Swiftly withdrawing I quitted the Rhyn* (An. 3·1). He describes himself as the "*Scion of Cynan of the Conical Hill An.* 3·9=70 . . . . *Sprung out of Gwyneð, the scion of Cynan of high lineage, I had lived in exile*" (31·22=52).

This scion, born and bred in Ireland, was Griffyð, the only son of Cynan, was king of Gwyneð off and on from 1075 to 1137. The above statements are confirmed by Aneirin. The Gorðin or Push of 1098 took place at Mordrei (1·14), and Catraeth was fought at Mordrei (4·15.) I have shown elsewhere[28] that Catraeth is a synonym of cynhen traeth, "the contest of the Strand", and that Mordrei means the extensive strand of Aber Lleinog on the Rhyn coast of Penmon. The evidence of Aneirin is in turn established by the poem of *Elidyr Sais* to Rhodri ap Owein Gwyneð.

Gallas dreis ar direð catraeth (Myv., 242·1.)

This Rhodri and his brother David destroyed their half-brother Howel at Pentraeth in 1170. Five years later Rhodri wrested Anglesey from David. Rhodri was driven out of Anglesey by his nephew in 1190, but he recovered it in 1193. Twice if not thrice, he was "*able to take by force the lands of Catraeth*". There can be no shadow of doubt that the *lands of Catraeth* lie within the zone of the Foreland of Gwyneð, for the north end of Anglesey was the home of Howel.

As well these telling facts deny,
as say the sun mounts not the sky.

The advocates of the Catterick-Catraeth craze have never noticed that the protagonists of Catraeth *had come by water*, and that one of them, as well as his retinue, was *drowned in the sea*. Hearken to the story. A feast was given, and towards morning a violent shouting breaks

[28] *See* Aneirin, *Introduction*, xvii.

out; ships have been sighted and there is a wild rush to arms. The generalissimo, clad in mail and a-horse, rushes to the water-meets (ebyr[29]) to stem the attack upon the country for he would defend Gwyneð(—not Catterick observe) as an owner cultivating his own. His men rush after him to the shore. At the haven the leader turns livid, and his followers are struck dumb by the sight of the ships. Athwart the wide sea a king had sailed (his design above detection, *i.e.*, no word had been sent in advance to announce the King's visit). Both parties were met "on a plundering expedition". Darts were showered on the edge of the shallows. Heavy drinking had bred a reckless spirit. Advancing headlong beyond the waterline the land-leader rushed his knights against the Norse. He rode at their head, and the flashing spears made light the path of his men of Goðeu. Standing on the deck of his foremost ship the King fastened on the bearing and proud look of his foe when he appeared at the entry, and shot a gleaming dart which penetrated his temple just below the browline of the helmet. As he turned a somersault into the abyss a tragic wave leapt between him and his bard who was watching, and the riderless charger plunged among the noble torque-wearers of the March. The retinue was daunted—at sea lances could not be held, and the horses stumbled in the sand holes. Pushing his ships forward against the attack Mang smites such as advanced

[29] The *ebyr* were formed by the water-meets from the brook Lleinog, and from the Pool immediately behind *Carreg Cynhadvan* which emptied themselves independently into the sea at full tide. There was apparently a ditch in front of the palisaded bank that led water to the Pool from the swamp above. The Pool was probably used as a haven for boats, and if deeper than it is now, the high tide would fill it. There is still a trace of a ditch running from near the mouth of the brook to the Pool, behind the shingle bank that sets a limit to the high tide.

beyond the waterline. The Norse give no quarter, and the Lloegrians perish in the foaming shallows (29·15). These and many like particulars are all in the text of Aneirin, and it passes human understanding *how a battle fought like this in the swirling waters of the Great Strand* (Mordrei) *can be alleged to have been fought at an inland town like Catterick*, some thirty odd miles from the nearest coast. When "Welsh Philology" leads men astray like this to defy the plain sense of the text, and to ignore the facts of history, it is no wonder that the late Professor Sweet of Oxford was wont to say that "Wales had never bred a philologist". But no one need be a philologist to realize that a battle fought in the shallows of the sea cannot be said to have been fought far inland. "Catraeth"—therefore cannot be Catterick. The comments on "Cataracta, Cunoday," etc., in the Taliesin number of *Y Cymmrodor* brings ridicule upon Wales, and it is high time to be delivered from foolery of this sort. The Professor's "argument" to use his own words, is 'a tissue of false reasoning' which "betrays a mind that has never understood what evidence or proof means. He founds categorical statements on purely suppositional grounds. He has not realized that the basis of an argument must be indisputed fact; he even builds on false etymology," and—

Tradition.

The Oxford Dictionary defines Tradition as "*opinion or belief handed down from our ancestors*". Opinion is not necessarily a fact, nor belief truth. Sir Matthew Hale was a legal luminary of the first magnitude on the English Bench. But he inherited a "belief" in witchcraft, so that he held the "opinion" that some dotty old women were witches, and sentenced them to be burnt. He brushed all evidence of fact aside. The judge of Llanfair P.G.

does the same. He does not reason but appeals to Tradition, which is Time's Hold-all. Into this Hold-all the uncritical lumber, the perversions and the forgeries of past ages have been thrown, just as we do our worn and faded odds and ends at the end of a summer holiday.

Even the choicest treasures of Tradition are no better than a milliner's rubbish heap, perfectly useless for clothing truth, or for fertilizing the fields of history. Children may resort to the heap for garish patterns to stimulate their fancy or decorate their dolls, but the "grown ups" relegate the mass to the scavenger, who sets a match to it. In the Introductions to the Books of Aneirin and Taliesin I have dealt with the history of the Border Expedition of 1098 against Griffyð ap Cynan. I have quoted the most pertinent matter from the Welsh Texts and other records of the time, but I have not touched on the fables of the centuries, Dr. John Morris-Jones is attached to these fables—he grew up on them, and as he does not read history he "knows no better". He reminds me of the story of the two pedestrians who were faring along a road which skirted the base of a steepish mountain on their left. From the slopes above some debris had rolled down, forming a deposit in which only weeds and coarse grasses grew. It was noticed that some animal had cropped these, but that the good grass on the opposite side was untouched. They wondered at this, and speculated as to what might be the cause of preference. Round the bend of the road they overtook a mule grazing on the left side. They halted to watch him, noticed that he was blind of the right eye, and that evidently he did not see the good grass on the right side of the road. That is the story of all the one-eyed—they luxuriate in the coarse fare of rubbish heaps, and turn their blind eye to the rich fare of Truth which takes two open eyes to see in all its bearings.

The Professor is in love with the Genealogies in the 'Nennian' MS., and the later compilation called Boneð Gwyr y Gogleð—based on Geoffrey's *Brut*, and romance. He lashes me in particular for omitting the fables about Clidno Eydin, Nuð Hael, Mordaf Hael, and Rhyderch Hael in the later hand of Chirk Codex.[30] I have shown above (p. 19) that Clydno Eiðin is a place-name, and the fact that Nuð and Mordav are not in the older Genealogies is significant, and so is the change of Ryderch Hen to Ryderch Hael, as well as the omission of Urbgen,[31] Morcant,[32] and Guallauc. Let us descend to detail, and examine the genealogy most pertinent to the expedition of 1098.

Uallauc map Laenauc. map Masgiuc clop[33]. 'Gwallawg' is an adjective which I have interpreted as 'missing or lost at sea'; but Dr. Jones thinks that "wanting (in sense) is more likely". It certainly is more akin to his traditional theory, as an examination of the Genealogy will prove. In MSS. 'p' is shorthand for '*per*', and *m*, *in*, *ut*, are not infrequently confounded. Read again the genealogy and note the changes.

[30] See Appendix (p. 76) for a full text and discussion of this entry.

[31] *Urbgen* appears in Welsh as Uryen, Urien. The first mention of this name dates from the year 1129, or thereabout. It is a hybrid form from the Latin *Urb* in Urb-icus, and the Welsh suffix *gen*. In 142 Lollius Urbicus, as Legate of Antoninus Pius, constructed the northern or Antonine Wall, stretching from the Forth to the Clyde. Urbicus was thus an all powerful leader in Strathclyde, and the Welsh Urien is simply his ghost in borrowed plumes. The *Additamenta*, and the manufactured "old" Genealogies are the parents of this mythological Kelt.

[32] *Morcant* seems to have been suggested by the Strathclyde King *Morken*, and Gwallawg we know was drowned at Aber Lleinog in 1098. See pp. 39, 100 *infra*.

[33] See *Y Cymmrodor*, vol. ix, p. 173. Whether we should read Masgiuc or Masguic is debateable, if we examine the *iu* and *ui* in other words near.

Uallauc *m*ap Laenauc *m*ap Masg-iuc clop=
Wallawg *in* aper Laenawg *tu*ap-iuc Mag's clop(h).

It was after this fashion that in the Great War, the censors were defeated by our Soldiers who resorted to various methods, including *transpositions of syllables and spelling a word backward*[34] in order to convey news of their location, and send private messages from the front. Now if we read tuap-iuc backward we get cui*m*paut=cwympawð, *he felled.* The genealogy thus resolves itself into

Wallawg yn Aber Llaenawg cwympawð Magnus gloff
Magnus the Halt felled Gwallawg at Aber Lleinog (in 1098).
Thus we see that the ninth genealogy is not a genealogy at all, but simply a perversion of a historical record of a true event that happened some thirty years before the "old genealogy" was compiled. How can one treat seriously pedigrees of this type, and others which turn place-names like Clydno and Llaenauc into persons? It has been my lot to examine scores of Pedigree MSS., and to observe hundreds of changes and additions made in

[34] "Spelt backwards", Sir John writes, ... "is a suggestion so desperately crazy that one does not know what to say" (128). In *Gottfried von Strasburg's* Tristan and Iseult written *circa* 1210, we read how the Irish Queen "asked (Tristan) his name. Lady, my name is *Tantris* . . . . And as the Queen's daughter thought suddenly it was as if she saw the name before her *Tan-tris, Tris-tan,* and she knew one was the other *read backwards*". Again on the last page of the Berne Gospels "the final words at the end of the second acrostic have been written backwards" by a "scribe at the end of the ninth century". The words are *atel* for *leta, sirelaf* for *faleris, murer* for *rerum.* "He also transposes syllables—*tal-ta-ne* for *tal-en-ta*". See Prof. Lindsay's Early Welsh Scripts, pp. 10-11, and Plate v. The transposition of syllables and reading some of them backwards as in *tal-ta-ne* occurs not infrequently in Welsh Texts, particularly in the Aneirin. My critic thinks facts of this sort "so desperately crazy that he does not know what to say". He has exhausted his power of execration. Let me advise him, by way of recuperation, to learn before he sets out to teach. It will be a healthy change for him.

later copies, or fresh compilations, which are all wonderfully put together. Little wonder, therefore, that no one believes in any pedigree but his own.

In Geoffrey's Brut, as well as in *Boneδ Gwyr y Gogleδ*, Gwallawg appears as "Map Lleenawc". This is "Map Lleynnauc", in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, which admits us behind the scenes by giving us the story which establishes his identity. We are told categorically that Gwallawg is the "lord" (*arglwyδ*), the "captain" (*pen llu*), and the "prince" (*unben*) of Aber Lleinawg. We are further told that he was "*pierced in the eye by an arrow*". Note that the *Black Book of Carmarthen** text reads *ab'* = "Ab*er* Lleinawg arglwyδ" in the first instance, *ab* without a contraction mark in the second and third occurrences, and finally *mab!* Dr. Jones thinks that good eyes are all we need for dealing with MSS. Small wonder then that he accepts "Map Lleenawc" as a person, and has never perceived that it is a corruption of *Aber Lleinog*, a well-known place-name on the coast of Penmon. The *Black Book of Carmarthen* is outrageously communicative and most cruel to our High Priest of Tradition, for it insists on informing us that "*Gwallawg was slain*"—(where? at Catterick? No)—"*on the sands of Aber Lleinog, where he was leading the expeditionary Lloegrians*". Poor Sir John Morris-Jones!

Let us turn to Geoffrey's Brut once more. I find the Latin "Anaraut Salesberiensis" appears in Welsh as Anarawt *o Amwythig* = Anarawt of Shrewsbury, but "Guallauc Salesberiensis" appears as "Gwallawc ap lleenauc *o Salsbri*". If Salesberiensis = Shrewsbury in the first instance it should do so in the second also.

* In the small edition of the *Black Book of Carmarthen* this contraction mark dropped out of the forme when "making up". Read, *ab'*. See text in Appendix, p 101.

"Saresberiensis" is the word for the original "Salisbury".

We have now learnt that Gwallawg is the Lord of Aber Lleinog, and the captain of the expeditionary Lloegrians,—that he was pierced in the eye and slain on the sands of Aber Lleinog; and finally that he was from Shrewsbury.

Next let me direct attention to Professor York Powell's *History of England* (p. 73.)

> "The Earl of Chester, Hugh the Fat, and Hugh the Proud, earl of Shrewsbury were the bitterest foes the Welsh had, and would have taken the whole coast of North Wales, and even Anglesey, but for Magnus Bareleg, King of Norway, who sailed into the Menei Straits as the two border earls were subduing the island. They drew up their men to prevent the Northmen landing, when the King ran his ship close to the shore, and there was a sharp fight. Hugh the Proud was on horseback in the water in front of his men. He was covered all over in mail so that, save his eyes, there was not a bare spot on him. King Magnus and a Finn that stood by him on the quarter deck of his ship both shot at the earl at the same time. One arrow hit the nose piece of his helmet so hard that it bent on one side, but the other struck Hugh's eye, and pierced through his head so that the point stood out at the nape of his neck, and the men saw that the arrow was the King's. As a northern poet sang:

"The King shot hard and fast: the shaft rang on the mail
Our lord his elmbow draws: the blood spirts on the helmet
The bowstrings warhail (arrows) smite upon the rings: before it
The foe quailed. In sharp onslaught the Norse King slew the earl".

> Magnus shouted mockingly, as the earl fell forward into the sea, "Let him dive if he will!" and the leaderless Englishmen left the shore. So making truce with Hugh the Fat, the King won Anglesey, and gave it to Owen [ap Edwin o Redeg].

If Sir John Morris-Jones cannot perceive that the leader whom Magnus shot in the eye, and felled on the sands of Aber Lleinog was no other than "Gwallawg Aber Lleenawg of Shrewsbury" he has unmistakeably "lost" that sense which people have in common, and he must be

in need of a rest cure, if not of retirement from the dizzy heights of genius.

Translation.

Most tyros can translate literally with the help of Grammar and Dictionary.[35] The professional pedagogue naturally leans to literalism,[36] because to get at the sense often means much study of the context, as well as of the history involved. If a literal translation yields no apparent sense, the original can be dismissed with "whatever that may mean," together with a jibe at the poet, or his interpreter. That is the easy, professional way. But we may take it as an axiom that our earliest poets wrote sense and history, good sense and truthful history—that if any passage fails in these respects the metre, consonance, rhyme and contexts should be examined, and the corruptions amended on strictly paleographical lines, based on scientific observation. Alas! our high priests have had no training for this work, and the chief of the sanhedrim, who is blinkered by nursery tales and inherited beliefs, is intolerant of lay light. There are none so blind as those who will not see. To produce a translation of old Welsh poetry it goes without saying that we must understand the original, but *it requires saying* that we must have more than understanding of the language and idiom into which we translate—we must have something like mastery of the new medium. The English of the Welsh class-room is not the English of the Englishman.

[35] "By translating the words into Dictionary Language the original is emptied of most of its meanings." Professor Murray.

[36] On page 167 Sir John writes "I have aimed at *literalness* . . . . in order that the reader may the more easily understand the wording and appreciate the form." Here is a specimen—"*From the mouth of Taliesin of bardic lore, examplar of bards*" (171). Wonderful "form, wonderful English, and wonderful the Englishman who can understand and appreciate it. See pp. 81-82 *infra*.

Indeed few men can use any language but their own with native correctness. Educated Welshmen understand English well enough, but it is quite another thing to render Welsh into correct, idiomatic English that is free from the taint of its origin. Certainly this cannot be done by literal translation, and men who have spent all their days in Wales are not conscious of their defect. The translation that is clear to the Welshman often is so in virtue of its reproduction in English of the Welsh idiom, which he understands but the Englishman does not. To know the meaning of each word accurately is not enough.

"The real task of a translator is that of recreating, and unless he can bring to his original as much as he takes from it, he had better leave it alone . . . . The makers of mere cribs have their uses, they are not such as concern permanent literature, nor do they help us to a relish of its savour." (Thorley.)

The translator must have the talisman of sympathy—must identify himself with the author; he must familiarize himself with the circumstances and the times of the composition; he must have a sense of history—of the difference between one age and another. Only so can the reader understand what the work was to the author's contemporaries. My chief aim when translating is to produce in my English readers of to-day the same effect as the reading of the original has produced in me.[37] In

[37] This idea is incomprehensible to the pedant who says "such and such a word," means "so and so"—to *him* it does. He cannot take in the fact that it carries no meaning to the Englishman. *Caseg eira*="snow mare" *he* understands, but what Englishman will divine that the words mean "snow ball"? While revising this a boy has brought the news that "the Bees have got up"—mae'r gwenyn wedy codi="swarmed".

Pen isel I find translated, "of the low head," and *pen uchel* "of the high head"—the English of which is "the humble" and "the proud." The former *bows* his head, the latter holds it *high*.

short to interpret the full sense of my original, to the best of my ability, in the Englishman's English. I am fain to believe that I have not missed the mark when a master of English like my late friend Dr. Henry Bradley, of the Oxford *New English Dictionary*, writes:

"*Thank you very much for sending me your little volume of Taliesin poems . . . . the translations are quite attractive reading, and I do not think any sane modern reader has said that of Taliesin in any previous translation, or in the traditional Welsh text . . . . your conclusions do not lack internal coherence, and they fit in well enough with all I know of history.*"

A verdict like that from one whom the *Times* characterised in a "leader," as the "scholars' scholar," is distinctly encouraging. That Sir John Morris-Jones should think differently comforts me, for his approval would mean that I had produced a crib, and that my ideal was the pedantry of a petty pedgogue. He has given us an example of his handiwork in his *Cymmrodor* number, and readers interested in the matter can compare his version with mine, and take their choice. All I will say is that I should be sorry to subscribe my name to his translations. I will however examine in detail his criticisms on pages 104-106. I wrote:

Ceint, er yn vychan	I sang, though I was little, in the
yng· had Godeu-vrig	fight at the north end of Godeu
rhag Prydein wledig 23·20	against Prydein's ruler, ii., 29

"In 1121 Meredyð ap Bleðyn sent young bowmen over the borders to Powys to intercept Henry I. in a wild woody height . . . . Note that the bard is youthful, that Pulford is not far off, and that he is against the Powysland ruler (pp. *xxx-i*)." Here is the comment:

"The words are wrenched from their context, and a word *keint* is omitted without notice. The full passage is as follows:

nyt mi wyf ni gan,	I am not one who sings not,
keint *er yn* bychan	I have sung since I was little;
keint yng kat godeu bric	I have sung in the battle of tree-tops
rac prydein wledic	Before the Gwledig of Britain.

The first point to note is that the prepositions are wrongly rendered .... the use of *er yn* for *er vy mod yn* "Though I was" is modern journalistic Welsh, imitating English "though"; in idiomatic Welsh *er yn* means "since I was" .... Dr. Evans lacks the instinct for this [idiomatic use]—so undeveloped is his feeling for the genius of the language that he mistakes an old idiom for modern journalese!"

I have italicised the words I wish to notice for the reader's ease of reference. As far as I can understand this woolly-phrased criticism I am accused of changing *er yn* into modern journalese *er vy mod yn*. But I have not changed "*er yn*" into anything. Why then this false accusation? Is his case so bad that he must prop it up by constant misrepresentation? The second *keint* is tautological, and makes the third line a syllable too many. There is no tyro in the land who cannot see that for himself—it would be sheer lunacy to point it out. The elegant English of the third line reminds me of

Rock a-bye baby in the tree-top.

We can understand that the wind might rock a cradle so placed as long as it would remain there, but can my readers imagine a "battle" taking place "in the tree-tops". It is beyond my comprehension. I have seen rooks so engaged, and were the bard metamorphosed into a rook he might celebrate the battle in the "tree-tops". By the way how many "tops" has a "tree"? Dr. Jones clearly does not know the difference between the singular *bric* and the plural *brigeu* "so undeveloped" is his knowledge of grammar. He evidently thinks that the *-eu* of Godeu is a plural ending and therefore renders *bric* by "tops". He lacks the instinct for these forms, "so little

feeling has he for the genius of the (Welsh) language". He has elsewhere defined Goδeu by "*forest*". Why then does he translate it "*tree*" here? Is it "because he is not bound by any precise conception of the usages of the word"? His answer is "Simply because ("tree") is what his theory requires here". One "tree", however, does not make a "forest", any more than one swallow makes a summer.

Bric y prenn and *blaen y prenn* are synonymous. Note that *Blaen Gwyneδ* means the "Foreland of Gwyneδ", i.e. the north end of Anglesey, or Penmon. Similarly *Goδeu-vric* means *the north end of Forestland*, the *Scirobes-scire* of the Saxon, our *Shrubs-=Shropshire*. I not only adhere to my translation but I *know* that it is right.

Again the readers are assured that I do not know that *er yn vychan* means "since I was little". It so happens that my sixth translation of Taliesin has not been destroyed, and behold I read there "I sang *since* I was little", and yet the Professor is certain that I did not know this! I ask if there is a child in the first form who does not know that *er δoe* means "since yesterday"? And yet I am more ignorant than a first form child. It is foolery of this kind which makes Sir John an impossible controversialist. There is nothing too absurd for him to assert. A man who is seemingly indifferent to fairness of statement lacks manliness and the higher attributes of a scholar, for scholarship is based and built on facts stated straight-forwardly, and without reserve.

What then is the point of *Ceint er yn vychan?* Many bright children write verses—there is nothing remarkable in any poet singing "since he was little". Here are verses to the "Spring" which I received the other

day from a Canadian grand-niece, "aged eight next birthday".

When all the little rivers run—
And run into the sea,[38] [green,
And when the grass is growing
Oh that's the time for me.

And when the sky is very blue
And there is lots of rain,
The truth is very clear
That springtime 's come again.

Oh when the weather is getting
And I stay out till tea, [warm
I know that springtime 's surely come
And that is the time for me.

I know that summer is coming soon—
That holidays are near—
And that the singing birds will come—
They know that spring is here.

The noteworthy thing about Taliesin as well as this little girl is, that "*though young*" they should sing so well as to be read with pleasure, or heard with attention. "*Though*" here is the only word to bring out the sense. But seemingly Dr. Morris-Jones has no instinct for sense, and cannot rise above a "slavish rendering", though "some one has pointed out to him that 'since young' is not English" (n. 1, p. 105). I stand by my version. As regards *rac* it means *against* as well as *before*: which should be used depends on the context. Taliesin was bitter against the house of Powys. Had Sir John a glimmer of historical knowledge he would know that *against* is the right sense here. Take again—

Ed ympeilli & ympwyllat
y veird brython prydest ofer
Ymryorsseu ymryorsed. 7. 13.

There is no rhyme, and the second line has no consonance which is evidence of something missing. "The first and third lines are unintelligible" to the great professor, who translates the second line by "To the bards of the Britons

[38] In Canada "little rivers" are frozen in winter and "run dry" in summer, but when there is "lots of rain" in Spring they "run into the sea". I think that shows remarkable observation in a child not yet eight years of age.

(it is) inane poetry"—as "inane", let us say, as his translation, and his comment. Line 1 is a syllable short; "&" is a recognized Latin contraction for *et*. The consonance of line 2 is wanting, and it does not rhyme with line 1. This implies that the second half of line two is missing. I suggest that we should read:

Ev ym peilli*et* ym (pob) pwyllat
(gan) veirð Brython (y Buarthiad)
Prydest over (yng-hyv-ryssed)
Am rhy·or·seiv am rhy·or·sed.

I was sifted in (every) faculty (by) the
Brython bards (at the place of congress),
Poetising is futile (in competition),
My competitor (however) chairs me. II., 7.

I call that sound sense and perfectly "intelligible". Note the context. "I will enter the lists . . . . . I will dare (them all). When the minstrels sing a song from memory they perform no great wonder beyond what I can do (extemporaneously). It is well to go (to congress) for the sake of deliberating with artists about art, and to sing a string of verses, as the custom is, to the governor of the district, the provider of the feast. . . . . I am the bard of the Hall; I am the winner of the chair. The bards are greatly incensed; loud their anathemas". (Tal. vol. II., pp. 7-11.)

All this, is confirmed by the dialogue between Ugnach[39] and Taliesin in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*.

U.—Pa hyd ei di a phan ðoyð?
T.—Ban ðeuav o Gaer Leon,
o ymlað a (G)werydon,
Yð av Gaer Leu a Gwydion.

U.—*How far shall you go, and whence do you come?*
T.—*I came from Caer Leon from contending with the men of the Dee Estuary; I am on my way to Caer Leu a Gwydion.*

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[39] Ugnach. ? a mistake for Uenach=Urnach as in Wrnach Wyðel. Possibly a man of this name was a follower of Griffyð ap Cynan.

U.—Talyesin, penhav or gwyr!
Beiðiad yngherð gyvergyr,
Trig yma hyd ðiw Merchyr.
T.—Ugnach! mwyhav i alav,
ath vo rhad yngwlad Penhav—
Ni haeðav gabl—ni thrigav. P. 102.

U.—*Taliesin, (you are) the champion hero! the challenger in the contest of minstrelsy; stay with me till Wednesday.*
T.—*Ugnach of princely fortune, Blessing be thine in the Sovereign Kingdom, I do not deserve their execration—I will away.*

It would appear that the Congress of the bards was held at Ugnach's court, where Taliesin won "the chair" and is pressed to tarry. But the anathemas of the Bards are too much for him. He was an alien "from Caer Lleon" in the Lupusian land. The men of the Dee estuary were followers of Griffyð ap Kynan, and of his son Owein Gwyneð. Griffyð denounces Taliesin for his partisan account of Cat traeth (An. 12·12=78), and we learn from Taliesin's own lips that there had been a feud between him and Owein Gwyneð, 65·11.

Before I go to my grave I would have an understanding
I cannot live without friendship—Owein do not repel me,
It is but now I find how great is my love (for thee). II., 95.

When once it is realised that Taliesin was the contempory of Owein Gwyneð, and that "catraeth" was fought at Aber Lleinog in 1098, our earlier poetry becomes charged with meaning that is intelligible to all. We have seen above how the *Black Book of Carmarthen* confirms Taliesin about the anathemas of the Bards, because he had won the chair, and was "the champion hero"—*penhav or gwyr*.

Referring back to "Ev ym peillied," etc. (p. 107) my censor writes:

"The italics denote the Editor's insertions; in the text they are his own; in the translation they are mine, because he has not been candid enough to own them."

Now if what is not original is indicated in the text facing the translation, how can anyone be misled? Sir John reminds me of an Oxford don taking a walk with one of his men: when a cat was seen running across the road, he exclaimed excitedly, "Look at that Black Cat!" Similarly Sir John seems to think that no one can see anything unless he points it out. His whole diatribe is peppered with innuendos, and "Look at that Black Cat."[40] After providing a Facsimile of the Original, and a reproduction in type which all can read, *no italics* are necessary anywhere, for every reader has all the facts before him. If this is want of candour I wish my censor imitated it.

Again:

> "The editor understands digawn gofal y gofan gorδ except that he inserts "young" before "Smith", because he thinks that the *-an* of *gof-an* is a diminutive suffix. He is clearly ignorant", etc

Sir John knows what I "think" better than I do myself —that comes of his being a genius, I suppose. Let us look at the context. The poet describes himself as "a slender twig, inexperienced in craft". The implication in the comparison is that the *gofan* was a smith apprentice. The sledge hammer gives no trouble to the practised grown-up smith, as any one can see who will visit a forge.

[40] He even calls attention to mistakes that have been corrected. I had no type for <, which was procured and inserted reversed after the sheets had passed beyond my revision. He makes merry over the *x* at the end of courageau, and puts it down to "ignorance". When I want to go further into any matter I put an x after a word, or a line, as anyone can see in the books I use. My old compositor knew this, but his assistant did not, and he added *x*. It is a small matter but it shows *the spirit* which has animated the whole article. I had no experienced "press reader" to revise my proofs—he had, and yet I find "dodolwch", p. 182; rrin*n* 111, Kyvygyd 161; *w*ith for 6rth, 165; le*m*ein for lei*n*(ein), 211.

> "A fault is plain to every eye,
> The cad doth ever add the spy."

But to the youth whose muscles are not well developed and set—before "practice makes master" the sledge hammer is an anxious tool, especially if the master-smith gets peppery when the stroke is not in the right place, or of the right force. I have watched at a local forge with this line in my mind, and I have no hesitation about my rendering being correct, and I adhere to it.

Sir John's criticism of the passages I have reviewed is mere logomachy. He resorts to it for the purpose of flinging mud, and to show off his own exceeding cleverness by selecting passages from his Note Books. He never forgets that he is a pedagogue, and never remembers that sense is more important than verbal quibbles. I have read twice over his pages dealing with special lines and learnt next to nothing[41]. It would be sheer waste of time to follow in the footsteps of one so helplessly ignorant of Welsh history, and so indifferent to the *meaning* of a passage and *its relation to its context.* He deals with words as if they were so many shots in a bag, and had no other relation or story to tell. It is easy to cavil and throw stones. As Mr. Gladstone once said, "A fool can light a torch that will destroy in an hour a monument of human skill that has taken centuries to build". If Sir John Morris-Jones knows anything about Taliesin why did he refuse to join me in the editorial work when I invited him to do so? His reply then was "I funk it". The man who "funks" a piece of work is in no position to throw stones.

> "No coward fear of what might come restrained me.
> Better than vulgar praise, the dull gift
> Of ignorant hands, a divine failure
> Where other footsteps dare not." *Epic of Hades.*

Like Marsyas and Taliesin I "dared", and like them I

[41] See list of accepted corrections in Appendix.

have been flayed and anathematized by one who "funked" the work. In this connection it is interesting to turn to a review of my Taliesin by the late Dr. Quiggin of Cambridge, a distinguished scholar and a gentleman. He wrote in the *Athenaeum*:

> "The attitude of critics towards the contents of the *Book of Taliesin* has varied considerably. With all his zeal Sharon Turner was bound to admit that some of the poems could not possibly have originated in the sixth century. Dr. Evans has spent many years in attempting to understand the pieces, and in a companion volume to the Facsimile he gives a restored text with English rendering. The manuscript was carelessly (copied) and the editor rightly insists that it is only by a rigorous attention to metre and a comparison with the vocabulary of contemporary poets that any interpretation is possible. Here again he is a pioneer. His task is probably greater than that which confronted the first editors of Euripides, the Rig Veda, or Shakespeare. The problems presented by the study of the Edda afford, perhaps, the closest parallel. Dr. Evans himself realises how tentative his work is; but he can justly claim that he has hewn the stones for the foundation. Those who in places would carp and cavil at an amended line or a strained rendering—and in any edition of such obscure poetry their name must be legion—will have to undertake a lengthy course of study before they are in a position either to criticise or fully appreciate the great merit of the achievement.
>
> "In any investigation of the time of origin of the poetry ascribed to Taliesin recourse must be had to two lines of inquiry, a study of vocabulary and internal evidence. A comparison of Taliesin's diction

with that of other Welsh bards has led the editor to the conclusion that the author of the bulk of those compositions must have flourished about the same time as Meilir and Gwalchmei; that is to say, that the language is the ordinary bardic Welsh of the twelfth century. When this has been established it is natural to seek to identify the poet's patron, Urien Rheged, in whose praise a number of the poems were composed. For notwithstanding all the antiquarian lore which has found currency in Wales since the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth it is difficult to believe that these encomiums have no contemporary reference. As North Britain is out of the question, the prince disguised under the cloak of Urien must be sought in Welsh History. Dr. Evans identifies him with the well-known Owein Gwynedd . . . . who is addressed by Gwalchmei and Kynddel. Proceeding from this, he endeavours to divest the other figures of their trappings, and to define the places mentioned. This thesis is somewhat startling in its novelty, as presented in these two volumes. But from all that we know of the court poetry of Wales and Ireland, Urien can be no shadow. And Dr. Evans can reply to his critics: "If Urien is not Owein, who is he?" The problem has never been stated so definitely before, and Dr. Evans' views are, probably, in the main correct . . . ."

That is the deliberate opinion of a linguist of distinction, a trained philologist, a scholar who was not unfamiliar with the *Book of Taliesin*, who knew its difficulties, and "in the main" thinks my "views are probably correct as North Britain is out of the question".

In the Preface to volume II., p. *xi.*, it is pointed out that Taliesin "provides pitfalls enough to ruin the reputa-

tion of a dozen Academicians"—that all the changes in the text "*are offered tentatively as suggestions*". Is it honest, is it straightforward to suppress this statement? or that "seeking for the inward thought and spirit of the poems I tried to *interpret* them . . . to render sense for sense rather than follow the letter that killeth—tried to provide *not a crib for the class room* but a version for the lover of literature, who needs along with sense something of the bloom of the poet's inspiration so hard to keep "unhurt in another tongue" (*xii*).

That was my aim, and my critic wants a literal translation—I aim at literature, and he demands a crib. I am judged by a standard I deliberately rejected, the standard of the pusillanimous village dominie. As far as my translation is concerned the criticism is a deliberate misrepresentation, and wholly beside the mark. An artist might as well be blamed for painting an Arab horse because his critic admires a braying ass more. The ass and the crib are inseparable. But the crib and the idiom are ever at variance. In Welsh any tense may go with any other tense, but only in Welsh class-rooms will the King's English be so abused. Sir John in his translations is quite unconscious of this difference, blunders unblushingly, and criticises me for not rendering the Welsh tenses literally, as if there were no recognised sequence of tenses in the Englishman's English.

Marw Cuneδa, 69-70.

Sir John has condescended to give this elegy his very special attention. His references to his predecessors are in his urbanest manner, and in his most genial voice. "Stephen's translation is only a shade more sensible . . . . (than) the incoherent ravings of Robert Williams" (220)—"Dr. Evans translates his rehash of the poem" (204)

which "he alone can understand". The more Sir John lifts his voice the more sure you are that he is in a morass, which offers him no safe footing. Whenever he accuses others of "raving" he never fails to give us an example of it. No one ever made a greater number of mistakes, or drew a larger number of fanciful inferences than Sir John has done in his emendations of the text, and comments on this elegy. Without missing the meaning, I did pretty well, but my "rehash" fades into insignificance by comparison with Sir John's monumental howlers. Llanfair P.G. must erect another column to commemorate them.

In the text he finds the word '*hun*' which means *sleep*. The word is a living word, and every "Welsh speaking child understands its meaning". It is associated with *Aδoet* which means "appointed time, destiny, death" *Aδoet hun*, then, means *the sleep of death*, an appropriate phrase in an elegy. Sir John thinks otherwise, and asserts that "*h* and *r* were liable to be confused". I challenge him to produce an instance of this confusion in Welsh scripts. His paleography rests on his fancy, and whatever he fancies *his* paleography will prove—and with a sweep of the hand he dismisses every subject in turn with the ever recurring reiterance of "See My Grammar". From the time that Adam was put to sleep in the garden of Eden to the year 1918 *hun* has meant sleep in Welsh, but since that year it means *Rhun*—Sir John has written it—*see My Grammar*. Over this void he floats his marvellous superstructure. This *Rhun* is fathered on Maelgwn Gwyneδ. "Maelgwn is not mentioned" (p. 206) in the elegy any more than *Rhun*. All the more credit to Sir John for his originality. He is a true son of Gwydion—by his magic art he can conjure out of the abstraction sleep a real hero. Having accomplished this miracle, he is overcome by modesty, and for once his cocksureness

deserts him since we read "Perhaps Maelgwn's kingdom extended as far as Dygen on the present English border" (p. 197). What a descent from Rhun to Perhaps, and from the Clyde to the English border. Have we not been taught to look on Taliesin as a Dumbarton Scot? But here he is singing of Dygen in eastern Montgomeryshire, and championing the hero of Gwyneð! I suppose he came south by the "Flying Scotchman" before the days of strikes. Surely Sir John could conjure Scottish Dygens as he has done Llwyvens, and locate them where he pleased.

He produces no evidence of any kind that Maelgwn was ever near Dygen. The last we have heard of him was that he went to sleep at Rhos on Sea—

"Hir *hun* Vaelgwn yn eglwys Rhos"—

and this "*hun*" was deemed his last till Sir John changed it into *Rhun*.

On the other hand there is no "Perhaps" about Owein Gwyneð's kingdom extending to Dygen on the English border; there is no "perhaps" about his appointing a crosier-bearer to Bangor Cathedral; there is no "perhaps" about the chapter treasuring and reciprocating Owein's friendship; there is no "perhaps" about the clergy confessing and burying Owein in the chancel of their Cathedral. Hear Professor Lloyd on the subject, pp. 521-522.

"The closing years of Owain's life were filled with conflict. . . . In 1161 or 1162 Meurig, bishop of Bangor, died, and thus the old dispute was reopened as to the control of the English over the see. Owain . . . . desired to promote to it one of the clergy of the diocese, named Arthur, but was opposed by the king. When the Archbishop of Canterbury was forced to quit the realm in 1164 (Owain) hoped to take advantage of the situation to

checkmate the king . . . . the archbishop . . . . ordered that no election be for the present made. Owain paid no heed . . . . (he) obtained the election of Arthur and sent him to Ireland for consecration. . . . . It was in vain that the Archbishop in 1166 summoned (the chapter) to meet him, and elect (a bishop) in accordance with his wishes . . . . in vain the Pope added his injunctions . . . . Owain and the chapter remained obdurate ".

"The last two events of Owain's long and brilliant career were his despatch of an embassy in 1168 to the court of Louis VII., offering him help in the war with Henry II., and hostages as a pledge of good faith, and his steadfast refusal to put away his wife Cristin whom the Archbishop and the Pope required him to give up as being of kin to him within the prohibited degrees. . . . . He maintained his attitude of resistance until his death in November 1170. Though he had been excommunicated by the Archbishop for his disobedience in this matter and the closely related affair of the vacant bishopric, the clergy of Bangor gave him honourable burial in their church, building him an arched tomb in the wall of the presbytery, close to the top high altar ".

The lines referring to Cuneδa are

Twixt slope and slope and the West,
(Arthur), the crosier-bearer is trembling.

---

69 Cyvrwng allt ac allt ac echwyδ
11 Argyssur[a] (Arthur) greiseryδ.

N.B.—Our earlier poets were chary of repeating the same words, as well as naming the heroes more than once. Examples like *ergryn*awr, *ergryn*awt, *cwyn*af, *cwyn*itor, Cunedaf (5 times) are suspect.

[a] "Ergrynawr Cuneδaf" upsets metre and consonance. I take "ergryna-" to be a gloss on *Argyssur* which the rhythm suggests. Cuneδaf throughout this poem is a deliberate fraud. Here it stands for *Arthur* whom history names as the Crosier-bearer of Bangor.

In the choir of (St.) Mary's Cathedral the ruler of the
district is enshrined at the very time of dispute.
Since he received spiteful treatment (in his day)
(he has passed away) like the wind's moan in ash-trees.
They, who had unitedly asked for his counsel,
treasured and reciprocated his friendship.
The chapter summon skilled bards—
they come, they praise him who is mourned.

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12 Yng·hor Veir[b] Gadeir[c], glyw[d] elfyð
esgrinawr[e], gyvawr cyvergyr.
14 Can cavas whel[f] (gas) yn i ðyð[g]
(aeth hynt) mal uch gwynt wrth onwyð.
15 Cyvun yd erchyn i gussyl[h],
Cetwyn, at·h6elyn gerenhyð[i].
17 Gwysein[k] veirð cywrein, canhonyð—
wy ðoant, canant a gwynir.[l]

[b] MS. has "yg *kaer* Weir *achaer Liw*elyd". The Cuneðaf fraud furnishes the motive for substituting northern place-names.

[c] cadeir (borrowed from Latin *cathedra* from the Greek καθέδρα) *throne.* Eglwys *gadeiriawl* (cathedralis) has a bishop's throne in it.

[d] liw-el(f)yð ? for *(g)lyw. Cp.* cer elfyð Elwy "near the E. country".

[e] "ergrynawt" a misreading of "ergrinawr"=*es-, is enshrined. Cp.* "y Mangor y claðwyd y mewn *yskrin* yn y parth assw ir allawr yn yr Eglwys". Bucheð (156).

[f] "y whel" suggests "*ym*-hwel", *turn.* "Whel" is a living word on the Teivi for *fault-finding, rating.*

[g] "uch elfyð", *above ground. Uch e.* anticipates next l. ? yn i ðyð.

[h] kef*yn*-d-erchyn=kyfun (y)d erchyn (y gwn *scribal gloss.—omit*) "y gyfyl" a misreading of "y gyfyl"=*cusyl.* Latin *consilia,* counsel.

[i] "*Kyf*" is repetition—omit. *achetwyn* compound of *a* and *cadw.* Sir John's misunderstanding of "kyfyl", his equation of "kyfach" with it, and this change of the verb *cedwyn* into 'Edyrn' make him an easy first in scoring three 'howlers' out of two words. achoelyn *for* at·h6elyn =*adchwelyn*—'they kept, they *returned* friendship'. This is historically true.

[k] 'Gwiscant' must have been cut in two at the end of a line thus Guifs|*ei*nt=gwysseint, 3 pl. pres. Ind. of Gwyssu, *summoning*—the *a* is a mis-script for *ei*; canonhyð=*clergy of the chapter.*

[l] "Marw Cuneðaf a gwynaf a gwynit". Metre and consonance at fault—a scribal fraud for something like—*Wy ðoant, canant a gwynir,*

Mourned will be our stout defence, our obdurate
prince . . . .
Most valiant was our lord, ere the grave
and sod ; he saved his face.
He achieved success ere his death—in a litter
they bore him to the struggle at Mold.
The sleep of death cannot be annulled. For my lord,
For his summons and his court, I yearn.

---

18 Cwynitor tewδor, teyrn diarchar . . . .
21 Ys trynaf[m] vu naf cyn cwys
a thydwed | i wyneb a gedwys,
23 Cam(p)[n] weith cyn bu lleith—yn dorglwyd
cludent[o] (Arδunwent) i blymnwyd . . .
70 Aδoed hun (ni) δimyir. Am nav,[p]
2 am lwyrwys ae lys *hiraethav.*

i.e., the bards summoned by the Canons, *come and sing the praise of him who is lamented.* Dr. Morris-Jones says "the rhyme shows that the ending should be *a gwynyδ*". He "has failed to see that this is one of the rhymes which are usual in Irish verse . . . . *-yδ* rhymes with *-yr* (voiced spirant finals)". Had Sir John acquaintance with MSS. he would also know that *-t* was first written for -δ after 1125, a fact fatal to his ninth century thesis. "Of these things" the knight "had not dreamt". *Gwynit* 'of course' is for *gwynir*. 'See *My Grammar*', p. 333, vi., and *correct it.*

[m] 'ys k*y*nyal' *for* 'cvnyaf' *metath for* cuynaf, a misreading of tynaf, *most valiant, steadfast.*

[n] The MS. 'kanweith' *a 100 times*, does not suit context very well.

[o] 'Dy-chludent wyr Bryneich'. In 1146 Owein Gwyneδ was borne to Mold when Robert the hereditary steward of the earldom of Chester was defeated by the expedition originally led by Rhun, son of Owein Gwyneδ. "gwyr Bryneich" are the men of Robert. Whether we read '*gwyr B.*' or 'Arδunwent' the historical fact remains unaffected. Consonance rejects 'gwyr B.'

[p] 'a gwynaf am lys am grys Cuneδaf'. Cwynaf . . . . Cuneδaf are repetitions. Metre and rhythm are faulty. *a* gwy-*nav*—? ā (*nav*) gwy *nav*=hiraethav am lys am (lw)*yr*(w)ys=a general inclusive invitation to the bards. My suggested emendation suits the context.

He, who fought the lord of Keint, received
communion ere the travail of death.
Fallen is he who held the neighbouring 'Bailey Hill'
against the sons of a redoubtable King.
God will give thee sleep, good prince, the shrine will
shield thee—
It is wicked to disturb thy rest (because of Cristin).

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5 Ryveðawð[r] ryvelawð a nav[s]
Ceint, gymun cyn gorwŷn olav.
11 Lleðw yw veðei gywlad (vre)[t]
rac meib tryn[u] teyrn anaele.
15 Duwv ath hun vad gun, ath ðal (s)grin
Cam dra hun ðiva am Gristiny.

[r] Ryfeð-(aw*r*: -aw*t* =) awð 'he has command of', *obtained, received.* *yn* erulawð, *in the great contest.* ? a scribal misscript for 'ꝑyuelawð'. blawð has been derived from *plaudit* which seems right. cp. Tarw Trin ar vidin *blaw*ð Arbennic llu llid archawð. *Black Book of Carmarthen*, 97·13 (see p. 12). Sir John's interpretration of *ervlaw*ð is sadly astray, as is also that of *anaó*

[s] The scribe probably meant 'a naw cant'=900. History and context suggest 'a nav Ce*i*nt'=lord of Keint= ? Archbishop of Canterbury. '*a*' is often a misscript of *ei*, and *vice versa*. gorwŷ*d*—sense, context, and consonance suggest 'gorwŷ*n* (olav)', the travail of death.

[t] MS. has 'Lludwy vedei gywlad rac mab edern | Kyn edyrn anaelew'. Sir John prints it so. History suggests as above. The *cywlat* (*vre*) is the 'Bailey Hill' at Mold, taken from Robert by the sons of Owein Gwyneð. The great 'scholar' should don sackcloth, and cover his head with ashes for his comments on 'lludwy'. The word occurs twice in Aneirin (7·8, 31·9)—Goruc wyr *lludw* a gwraged gwydw. *lleðw*, 'fallen' is the true form. cp. ar o'leð=*aslant, falling.*

[u] 'Edern' is a miscarriage of the Cuneðav fraud. Read *tryn.*

[v] Dym-hun ach-y-fatcun a-*th*-al guin. *Transposed=Driu* ath hun [y] vad gun, a*th* ðal (s)gpin. *y=v=u* in many words and *m=iu*, ach=a*th*; [y=ȳ=y*n* matcun, or hun(u)y, vat gun]. -th-=-th ð-; *guin* for (s)gpin (see note *e*). ? *read*: Dóyv ae hun, vad gun, ae dal sgrin.

[x] 'c. da' for c. *dra*, 'crooked turn', *excessive (zeal) of the wrong kind.*

[y] 'o coelin', from *superstition, belief in omens.* But ? (am Gristin), which fits the context and history.

Here we have clear historical references that are verifiable. It appears to me that Taliesin and Professor Lloyd tell the same tale. The necessary material has been laid before the reader so that he can judge for himself. Bangor Cathedral is situated between two slopes, one of them being a *Dyvn*allt or *Cyn*allt. Bishop Arthur had cause for his nervousness because at the death of his patron the conflict with ecclesiastical authority was still going on, *cyvawr cyvergyr*. Owein Gwyneð had been excommunicated, and yet, against the orders of Canterbury, the Bangor Clergy (*canonhyð*) give him the last supper (cymun), and honour his body by burial near the altar. In consequence inevitable trouble followed, and one infers from certain lines in the elegy that there was a mean and malicious attempt to desecrate the tomb, and dislodge the body from the shrine. Disobedience, and hierarchal narrowmindedness roused rancour against his memory. The facts fit Owein in all respects.

Of "Cuneðaf" we know nothing for certain except that his name is a syllable too long for the metre as well as for its original form. It also upsets the consonance of most of the lines where it occurs. Sir John's remarks in this respect show into what extremes of foolery Tradition can drive a "scholar."

In the above revise I have adopted Sir John's eight-syllable metre, though the MS. has mostly nine. The third syllable and the fifth are as a rule tied by consonance, but occasionally the second is tied to the fifth, as in Aneirin. "Cunedaf" upsets this scheme, and consonance rejects Cuneðaγ absolutely. It is clear therefore that "Cuneðaf" was not in the original text, and that "edern" and *Caer* Weir *a chaer* liwelyd were introduced into the text by the same forger, because these also upset either the metre or cynghaneð. Still, Sir John's

"perhaps" will "of course" out-weigh the evidence of twelfth century chronicles. What is the use of being both a Sir and a Professor if you cannot rise superior to vulgar historical facts, which are ever unkind to him and his theory. He refers to the "excellent authority" of the Saxon Genealogies, and quotes from the twelfth century Additional Matter as if it were part and parcel of the Genealogies, and dubs both "Nennian evidence," though neither has any connection with the work fathered on Nennius. He says truly that "it is curious juggling" (p. 202) and "he alone understands it." Anyway it is quite beyond me. So is his comment on *hun* and *hunn* in "Old Welsh,"—Sir John's baby language.

> "*The demonstrative pronoun* . . . . is written *hunn* which the scribe writes *hun* (43·24); the fact therefore, that here he wrote *hun*, not once but twice, proves that the original was not *hunn*."

And for the same reason it also proves that it was not *run* for the scribe wrote, "not once but twice," *hun*. Also twice in *mihun* 27.1, and *my hun* 12.15. We have it yet again in *Dym-hun*. Are we to change these into *mi Rûn* and *my Rûn*, and thus arrive at the truth with *dim Rûn* —no *Rûn*? If in the pursuit of *Rûn* we have lost him, "*hunn*" is still left to comfort us. Whenever Sir John thumps his lectern, and says dogmatically that "final *-nn* is written quite regularly", one instinctively looks up the evidence. Here I referred to my transcript of the Juvencus Marginalia and glosses, and found "pres*en*, *in*, b*an*, cim*an*, r*an*, ib*en*." There is not a single case of "final *-nn*" in the poetry, but the glosses *vary* as "itlann, pipenn, rel*in*, guer*in*, col ginn, lenn, archinn dies, guinlann, irlinn, circhinn, linn, corsenn, cenn*in*, elinn, mel*in*, fruinn." The Book of Llan Dav has Anu*in*, anguinn, Berthgu*in*, brinn, catg*en*, catgu*en*, catl*an*, cec*in*, cinu*in*, clitgu*in*, Custenh*in*, Custenhinn, Ecl*in*, Elff*in*, Emlinn, Embl*in*,

Etguin, Guollguinn, Iulen, Iulenn, Lin, Linn, Neuynn, Pascenn, Pennros, Pendeulin, Pinn march, Pritguenn, Pencenn, etc., and in Aneirin Lec lin. The old glosses in other MSS., and in the Book of St. Chad give us few or no examples. The evidence proves the "*final -nn*" to be quite *ir*regular, and it is proven that Sir John manufactures his "facts" as he goes along to suit his whims. "Breuddwyd gwrach wrth i hewyllys,"—"the witch prognosticates as she wills." Sir John, being too honourable to misquote, it follows that he is mentally incapable of seeing anything as it exists, or of stating things accurately. He has not the industry necessary to examine the facts, nor the habit of facing them straight and square.* My friend was right "You cannot argue with Sir John Morris-Jones." He builds on assumptions, and garbled evidence. As regards Chronology "Run" offers him a nut to crack, but he shuffles past.

> "Possibly cxxxxvi., which has been rendered in words in our facsimile had an x or two too many; but the great grandfather of Maelgwn must belong to the early part of the fifth century, and could hardly have been the subject of an elegy by Taliesin (p. 202)."

"An x or two," and a "must" thrown overboard keep his theory afloat, and his spirits high. All the confusion and difficulties are of his own manufacture. They arise from his impossible emendation of *hun* into *Run* to prop up his baby lore concerning sixth century tradition. It has been remarked that some minds are cast, while other minds grow. Sir John's mind was "cast," and of all the

* What I mean is this. In far off days the word "meusyd" cropped up. I objected to the *u*, and pointed out that it was never so spelt in the earlier MSS. which had meysyd. "O, it is unnecessary to mention that" was his comment. On referring to his *Grammar* I find no reference to meysyd, but only the late dialectal "meusyd." A man who suppresses facts in this way is not an "honest broker." *-ae-* by affection does not become *-eu-*.

young Welshmen I met at Oxford, Sir John stands out as the man who has grown least. The acquisition of knowledge is an arduous business to an average man. A genius, conscious of superiority, feels that he has no need of effort, and rests placid, self-satisfied, and—ignorant. He has no curiosity, no love of inquiry, no thirst for knowledge, but coos content on baby pap for ever.

In my foreword to the amended text and translation of Taliesin I pointed out that "the difficulties were enough to ruin the reputation of a dozen Academicians"—that whoever attempts the task of restoring and interpreting the text must encounter falls, many and grievous. They are, as my late friend Professor Strachan said, inevitable. Even our great "scholar" Sir John, as we have seen in the twenty-four lines reviewed above has come many a cropper, worse croppers it is not possible to conceive. Why then does he fling mud at fellow sinners? The right attitude towards every earnest effort is to appraise its successes, to garner its solutions of difficulties, and so inspire others to attempt to contribute their quota, till the last difficulty vanishes. It is not a one man's job. History, geography, language, paleography, grammar, metres, should have their respective specialist representative on a committee to deal with the text and translation; and then a man of vision, insight, sympathy and style to give final form to the committee's work. Sir John sneers at my "ignorance of Welsh metres." He has made a special study of them, and I have not[42]—that was the chief

[42] In 1866 I was in business at Lampeter with an uncle on whose shelves I found Dr. John Davies's *Grammar*, and *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*. The hours of business were 7.30 a.m. to 7 or 8 in the evening. The intervals between customers were many, and afforded opportunities to ponder over these two books. A friend was studying a work by Hugh Tegai, so after business hours we discussed Welsh metres. I wrote a ballad on Gladstone's program of Reforms. "Bwtshwr

reason why I asked him to co-operate with me in the work of editing Taliesin. The display of his erudition on the "Cunedaf" elegy justifies his "funking" it. But had he been as eager to help as he has been unscrupulous to vilify, our joint efforts might have produced something more worthy of the good paper and printing which he envies. In my first attempt, *my history and geography were right.* Sir John's mistakes have helped me to make verbal corrections here and there in the second version as given above. He has "hit" on some of my emendations. In the Urien poems the agreement is remarkable, and had my efforts followed his, I should be accused of wholesale borrowings "without acknowledgment." Now had we been at work together on these poems I venture to think that most of Sir John's notes would not have been written, and those that would be written would be shorter and very different. Some of my emendations would also be different, but not the history. Friendly interchange of ideas, mutual criticism and suggestions are to my mind all good, because no two men bring the same knowledge, nor the same outlook and gifts to any work.

One of our later poets has put this point well:

Bach" got hold of it, and sang it at a political gathering while waiting for the meeting to begin. Both the ballad and the singing were exercises in primitive culture, but created good-natured enthusiasm. The principal speaker complimented the singer, congratulated the audience on the "political acumen of the young bard among you," and spoke on the subjects enumerated in "the song."

Next morning my uncle gave me "a talking"—and pointed out that poetry led to idleness and the public house, to failure in business, and "that Daniel Ddu had hanged himself." The two books were locked up out of my reach. Who knows that, but for that lecture, I might now be a chaired bard and an authority on metres! However that night I retired early, read the cursing Psalm over three times, and next morning I parted my hair down the middle and had it cut short, very short. From that day to this I have never been interested in metres, and consequently have escaped the public house

Mwyn nad oes neb dau
Yn y byd un wybodau.

Happy lot! We cannot name
Any two who know the same.

It is only by combining different qualifications that any project succeeds. Sir John is very anxious that the world should know that I have no grammar, no jingle-jangle, no phonology, no philology. What then about his lack of history, his lack of geography, his lack of sympathy with any author, his lack of constructive and re-constructive power? He could not finish his "Salm i Famon" for lack of this constructive power. He is for ever dealing with words in isolation, their forms, their distant or fanciful foreign relations, their Simian origin—*all profitless speculation*. The mechanics of verse is the be-all and end-all with him. Of the message of the poet, or the touches revealing his personality he has not a word to say. He has no insight, no sympathy with the human element in verse—clitter-clatter is everything. He can quote more couplets than probably any dozen students of Welsh poetry, but no writer ever composed fewer quotable couplets. He is "up" in the later mechanics of the craft, but has no inspiration: his thin volume of poetry I found the other day beside that of Sir Marchant Williams on a

and the "hanging", but not being lectured. When editing the Black Book of Carmarthen my critic objected to one of my notes and denounced my ignorance because my reading of the MS. was in a metre unknown to him. I stuck to the MS. and my arrangement, to be told in the end "that it was the most brilliant discovery I had ever made!" To students interested in metres I would recommend the study of "Les Origines de la Póesie Lyrique en France au Moyen Age" by M. Alfred Jeanroy (1904). Here they will find examples of metres in use by the Troubadours and the *Clerici vagantes* before our early poetry was written. We did not invent all our own metres, a fact ignored by Sir John and his kin. "They don't know everything," even in Llanfair P.G.

top shelf in what the Collector called "Knights' Corner." Few men attain top-shelf fame in their own day, but the live Knight shares in the glory of one whom he loved so well, and like twin stars they shine in a corner of their own.

But it is upon his philology and "Welsh scholarship" that the Professor prides himself. Now my intimate friends at Oxford were the Professors of language and philology; the late Professor Strachan of Manchester and the late Dr. Quiggin of Cambridge were also my friends, guests and correspondents. These men represented the highest scholarship in their respective special branches of philology, and I must say that Sir John Morris-Jones is singular in thinking that other philologists look upon him as one. I confess that I am tired of hearing the Bangor knight calling himself a "scholar" and a "philologist." Even Aristides did not call himself "the just"—he left it to others, and even then it got on people's nerves. Readers of the *Revue Celtique* and of the *Classical Review* know what competent critics think of the Phonology, or first half of his Welsh Grammar, to which he refers "in almost every other sentence" as the final authority on everything. Now this part was written specially for a Series of Comparative Grammars, and though, after his first attempt, a trained philologist gave Sir John many days to help map out the skeleton of the Phonology, the grammar when finished was—well, not included in the Series. . . . . Great indeed is the privilege of the students of the Welsh section of the University of Wales who are fed on this work of genius. Nevertheless I am thankful for my old age—it protects me from being drilled in this nightmare of Phonology and philological speculation. There is no

absurdity that Welsh philology will not support, no misreading of MSS. that Welsh philology will not prove to be correct. While writing notes on the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, every mistake that Skene had made the Welsh philologist tried to vindicate. Sir John's philology will explain and justify the biggest howlers. I have never met a man so devoid of the instinct for the true form of a Welsh word, and it is no wonder that his philologizing has won for him the silent contempt of men who have been scientifically trained in the subject, and have the gift that comes from steady work, and an endless capacity for taking pains. It is not by lounging through life, with a pipe in his mouth, that a man can leave a permanent impress on any subject.

When I think of Sir John's linguistic argument about sixth century Welsh, and examine his philology, when he confuses well known verbs with little known proper names, when his statements of verifiable facts are persistently inaccurate, when he denounces words in our older MSS. as non-existing or modern forms, when he burks the Truth by bawling false testimony at the top of his voice, when he hides every mark of merit by throwing vitriol—when I think of these things, and of the absence of all chivalrous fairness, the more I think of him the less I think of him.

Conclusion.

Since October, 1884, I have devoted my time to the examination of Welsh Literature from its origin about 1100 down to 1600. I worked continously once for six months (without change of subject) on Red Book Welsh Poetry, and narrowly escaped qualifying myself for a lunatic asylum. Why? Because I worked on wrong principles, understanding most of the words, but seeing

next to no meaning in the "clitter-clatter" of the endless consonance and rhyme. It had been impressed upon me that there was little meaning; so I walked uprightly in the paths of orthodoxy, consulted authorities, and repeated what I found. We cannot find everything out for ourselves, so perforce we begin by borrowing the ideas of those who have laboured before us. But a day comes when the best accredited dogma may get questioned—when the flat earth becomes a rolling sphere, and by its revolutions brings dizziness to fossilized minds. Woe to him who makes a discovery—his best friend will wring his neck with passionate enthusiasm.

Now, work on original documents is bound to give the student new estimates of the value of authorities. I know no more disconcerting experience than to have a fact stuck like a stiletto into one's inherited beliefs and prejudices. The old crumbles and falls, raising such dust that for a time one can see nothing. Happy is he who escapes the dust, and catches a glimpse of the pinnacle of truth to lead him on to its temple. Thus was it with me and the poems of Taliesin and Aneirin. I had been taught to regard them as "stuff and nonsense", and my work on them became a burden I could scarcely bear, till one day the stiletto let in the light changing boredom unutterable into an exciting quest, full of incident, discovery, and pleasure in life.

Where I went wrong is precisely where the faculty of Welsh goes wrong in our University Colleges. The emphasis is laid on the study of words and grammar, to the comparative neglect of the matter of the text, and with entire disregard of the history involved. This deadens interest, for it removes the human element. The student of poetry cannot understand its meaning and import unless he be versed in the history of the period in

which the poet wrote. Poems on, say, the *Lonely furrow, Ploughing the Sands, Loss of the Lusitania, Wait and See, Robbing the Henroosts, We want eight and we won't wait*— poems on these subjects will be lost on the student of the year 2500 unless he learns the history of the past thirty years. To us the mere titles summon volumes of reminiscence, and every sly turn of phrase helps the picture. But to the language man of the year 2500 they will be "stuff and nousense". Nothing is so deadly dull as a thing which carries no meaning to our mind. Hence I contend that nothing is so essential to the student of Welsh Literature as the history of the Country which produced it. I do not mean a general sketch—a sort of hop, skip and jump over the fields of the principal events, but a detailed history of the special period taken up, including the border influence of Norman-French and Saxon, as well as of Irish.

I desire to emphasize *special period*, because I believe in quality rather than quantity, that it is not how much we do, but how well; that what is worth doing at all should be done thoroughly. In the few years that a man spends at College it will be of far greater service to him to be trained in right methods, than to be personally conducted along a picturesque route. That way leads to the cult of charlatanry. But a training in right methods enables a man to get to grips with his subject for his face has been set towards the light. And after all it is what a man does himself, which really educates his mind. Information comes from without, but education from within.

Take my own case with the English Language, which I could not speak nor understand at the age of 19. Five years later I plunged into a Midland County; and while waiting for a train at Rugby Station bought the Pickwick Papers. I had by this time learnt the dictionary meaning

of most words I met in this work. Still, about all that appealed to me was the account of Mr. Pickwick on the ice, and the barrow incident. As for the rest, I found it sad reading, and gave the book away before finishing it! Well, some fifteen years later, being ill, a friend brought me his copy of the original edition of the Pickwick Papers with the assurance that it was entertaining. I thanked my friend with my lips, and looked at the illustrations, which were new to me, and appeared interesting. These led me to give the book another trial, and in five days I had read it all twice, and laughed myself well. Why this difference? I knew more about English Grammar at 24 than I did at 40, and my vocabulary had not grown much. But I had lived in the meantime in England. Grammar is not enough, a knowledge of the dictionary meaning of words is not enough,—both together are not enough. They are at best but mechanical helps. What matters most is knowledge of what is behind the words. It was my acquaintance later with English life and thought which made the difference to my understanding of the Pickwick Papers.

Even so in one's own language when we deal with a long-past age we have to get into touch with its events and breathe its atmosphere. The language of twelfth century poets has been more or less familiar to me for the last thirty years, but it is only after a very careful study of twelfth century Chronicles that I have had any insight into that century's poetry, and found any pleasure in reading it. This is what Professors of Grammar and Language fail to understand, and that is why the faculty of Welsh is largely a failure, for I count any school a failure when its graduates dispose of it choicest literature, and cease to study it, as soon as the examination is over.

I am anxious not to be misunderstood. I am not

against the study of the mechanical rules of Grammar, nor of the study of words as words. I want more—I want the History which gives body to the allusive thoughts which flit like ghosts through the poetry. I want the student to have that understanding of what he reads that gives zest and interest in work, and will lead him on to further effort after his college days are over.

I shall be told that Welsh History is being taught already. Yes, but how? I have made inquiries, and found that it is only by the sheerest accident that lectures on the history of Wales and its Literature cover the same period in the same session. There is no co-ordination whatever between the two courses—no thought taken of the student beyond the time-table to prevent the clashing of the lecturing hours. That is to me anarchy pure and simple.

At present the History professor lectures from Adam the son of God to the installation in office of our first Labour Cabinet. The result of being thus the factotum of every period is that the lectures are being repeated, 'jokes and all', year after year. You cannot specialize on ten centuries, and since the Professor has to cover them, the same old generalities are as good as new generalities, and old jokes, like old friends, are best received. In the newspapers we read about places and people we know in preference to more worthy matter about places and subjects unfamiliar to us. Hence the advisability of being '*familiar*' with the history of the period upon which we propose to concentrate our attention. Then any and every reference to persons and events in our authors will interest us, just as much as a bit of intimate gossip about our living acquaintance does.

That is the human way to approach the study of 'Aneirin', Talhaearn, Llwchvarð, (Griffyð ap) Cinan and

Taliesin as well as their immediate successors, Meilir, Gwalchmei, etc. Interest in most subjects begins with some knowledge of it, and the more we know, the more we want to know—with increased knowledge comes increased zeal in the pursuit till it accelerates into an exciting chase. Every discovery of a new fact brings a glow of satisfaction and triumph. Dictionary and grammar work is necessary, but there is no flesh and blood about it—it is 'work' without inspiration so long as it remains unilluminated by the pages of history. Here, then, I would like to make an appeal to some generous Welshman to befriend the poorer students of the Welsh language and literature by negotiating for a cheap reissue of the second volume[43] of Professor Lloyd's *History of Wales.*

If we cannot make a horse drink, we can lead him to the water. Accessibility is a necessity. Similarly without accessibility to the History of Wales the poor student is labouring under grave disadvantage—he has no chance of gaining insight into the meaning of the texts which he translates literally at any given distance from the true meaning of the context. He "works for a degree", not out of love for knowledge and his subject, and does not go far. As a rule he strikes twelve in the examination room, and is heard of no more. If then Welsh studies have a well-wisher who can spare a few hundred pounds, let him avail himself of the privilege to help those who need help, and honour the land of his fathers by a handsel to its history. If only one student in five will have the *nous* to benefit by the benefaction it will be worth it. The one will grow to five, the fives to fifties, and the fifties to five hundred till Wales will have in every parish an enlightened student of

[43] Before William the Conqueror the Welsh language has only a few lines of poetry, and a few scores of glosses. The need is, thereless urgent for the more readable speculations of Vol. i.

its history and literature. We sadly need torch-bearers of light and true history in our midst. We ask for knowledge and are fed by the husks of Tradition and profitless speculations about *Ursprache*, already discarded by leading philologists. Both Sir John Rhys and Edward Anwyl took first class honours in 'classics' at Oxford. As trained linguists they abandoned our 'sixth century tradition' because, in the remains of our language for centuries after, it had not lost its inflections. Sir Edward points out that "it is obvious from the rhyme alone that all the poems were composed after the old declensional and conjugational endings had been entirely lost" (*Prolegomena*, p. 63). Sir John Rhys had come to the same conclusion from the study of inscriptions. On the other hand Sir John Morris-Jones's highest attainment in language has been the passing of 'smalls' at Oxford. He, therefore, lacks the sure instinct of those steeped in the 'classics', and argues at large on the 'obvious'.

> "Talhaearn" he tells us "is styled *tataguen* 'the father of the muse' Chaucer is 'the father of English poetry'; obviously it must be for the same reason—the one is the earliest Welsh poet, the other the earliest English" (p. 32).

I heartily agree that Talhaearn was the earliest Welsh poet we know. I have collected his poems in Part I. of the *Book of Aneirin*, and if anyone interested in the subject will take the trouble to read those he will find that he was the bard of Bleiδ Caeawg—'noble Lupus', the first earl of Chester. The language of the pieces is that current around 1100. Even Dr. Morris-Jones has admitted[1] that we cannot argue ancient origin from the language of the "cynfeirδ". Among the Knight-Professors we have then, on the language side two "Greats' men" against the mathematician who clings to Tradition.

I have approached the subject from an entirely different

angle, and proceeded independently along lines of *internal evidence* and history. I started with this axiom—No author can give a true account of a battle to be fought long centuries after his own death—naming persons and places, and describing incidents in agreement with the Chroniclers who were contemporary with the actors in a particular action. I take nothing for granted, but examine in detail the contents of the poetry, and only when I find the contents in complete harmony with the history of a certain leader in action, do I draw the conclusion that the poet could not have lived and sung at an earlier date.

For example, Talhaearn sings of (Hugh) Lupus by name (p. 1·22), of his coming to Gwyneð (1·11), of the fight at the ford of Aber Lleinog (2.2), of the earl of Mont(gomery) being temple-pierced (1·11), of Lupus refusing to return home before the recovery of his colleague's body (7·1), left gently swaying in a furrow of the sea (7·14), of his having lost too many of his own friends in the shallows (33·13), and of Lupus and himself returning to Elvet (34·3). Is it then not "obvious" that Talhaearn accompanied Hugh Lupus and Hugh the Proud in the expedition of 1098 against Gwyneð, and that he was flourishing at that time. The evidence of Llwchvarð being the bard of Hugh earl of Shrewsbury, and afterwards of Owein ap Edwin, as well as the autobiographic particulars given in the poems of (Griffyð) 'the only son of Cinan' are too numerous to be recapitulated, and must be sought in Parts II. and III. of the *Book of Aneirin* (just published). If any student, young or old, lay or professional, pays me the compliment of reading this article, I would ask him to examine seriously our early literature for himself, and test the truth or falsehood of my statements. Let him accept nothing on trust, for opinions taken on trust are like

borrowed money, the first step to bankruptcy. Every one must garner knowledge for himself before he can have an insight into, or conviction on any subject. Keep an open mind, hear all sides, sift the evidence, and test it with the original. There is no pleasure comparable to solving riddles for yourself. There are always all sorts of difficulties surrounding every subject—plenty of nuts to crack, nuts which have broken the teeth of your predecessors, because, being work-shy, they never questioned Tradition, but accepted blindfold its most corrupt testimonies.

Now the *Book of Aneirin* is the only Welsh text which ante-dates the *Historia Regum Britanniae*; it is therefore the best work to begin with, because even in transcript it has practically escaped the Geoffrey leaven which has corrupted the Book of Taliesin.

According to the internal evidence, Griffyð, "the only son of Cinan" is the author of a moiety of the 'Aneirin'[41] poems. Here then we have a poet whose history we know from independent sources. His *Life* was written not long after his death. Read that *Life*, and the *Bruts* for 1075-1137, as well as Professor Lloyd's *History of Wales* for the same period. Then read my English Translation of Part III. of the second volume of *Aneirin*, containing "Cian's poems", and watch the thoughts which will rise in your mind as you read, and how they lead to the inevitable date of the Gorðin on the Great Strand in the Foreland of Gwyneð, and the return later of Cinan's only son to his throne of Gwyneð. A couple of evenings after dinner will suffice to read all I have recommended, and if at the end of this trifling enquiry you are satisfied that the text of

[41] I think 'aneirin' is a mistake for 'aneir im', and not a proper name at all (see the *Introduction* to the *Book of Aneirin*, 1922). But if 'Aneirin' is a proper name then it is the *nom de plume* of Griffith ap Cynan.

Aneirin treats of men and events ranging between 1075 and 1137 there will be an end to the Traditional religion of the Morrisian school and all its rancour.

Malis John Morris faluria—
Nae ffug, nae ðirmyg ni pharha,
I wall ðysc anghall 'n anghof â,
A'r gwir drwy yn tir dywynna.

APPENDIX.

The testimony of Yorwerth ap Madog in the Welsh Laws.

"I assigned the date of "circa 1200" to the older, bolder hand in the Chirk Codex; the old plural "dryss*ou*" seemed to argue for twelfth century, while the writing was thirteenth century. So I took refuge in Safety Castle, named "Circa". If I were to define "circa" I would say that 1200 was the earliest possible date, and that probably the writing was 20 years or more later. The smaller hand is still later—how much later can only be gathered from internal evidence. I do not remember another script with which to compare it. But the most considered opinion based on the character of the writing must always bow to internal evidence. A scribe may write for 40 years, and his *formal* hand remains practically the same all that time, so that one requires something beside the style of writing to fix a date. The use of *t* for ð in the Welsh part of Harley MS. 3859 is a case in point. Bradshaw assigned that MS. to the end of the eleventh century, Maunde Thompson to the beginning of the twelfth century, and Warner when discussing it with me gave it as his opinion "that 1120 would not be far out". The occasional use of *t* for ð brings the additional matter down to 1128-30. So that the following entry

by Yorwerth ap Madog ap Rahawt brings the date of the Strathclyde references to 1230-48, when the Geoffrey Mythology had reached its height.

Eman ellaſ Elidir muhenuaur gur or kocled ac guedi y lad e doeht guir e koclet ema oy dial. ſef guir adoedant entehuiſhocyon vdhunt, clidno eydin a nud hael vad fenillt amordaf hael vadb feruari · aretherc hael vab tudaual tutclit Ac edoetan aruon Ac vrt lat elidir en ab' meuheduſ en aruon ellofkaſſant aruon en rachor dial. Ac odhena elluydhauſ rud uab maelcun aguir guinet kanthau ac edoethant hid eglan guerit en e kocled ac ena ebuant en hir. en amreſſon pui aheley en eblaen druy auon guerit Ac ena edelleghuſ rudn kenat hit eghuynet yhuybod puy byeufey eblaen · rey adeueyt panyu maeldaf henaf pēdeuic penart ai barnuſ yguir aruon. C yoruert vab madauc druy audurdaud ekeuarhuidyt aykadarnaha panyhu ydno hen yguir epiſt pendhu ac ena ethaethant guir aruon en eblaen ac ebuant da eno Ac ekant delyeſſin Kikleu oduref eu llaueneu kan run en rudh*ur* bedineu guir aruon rudyon euredyeu · See *Chirk Codex Facsimile*, p. 41-2.

[1] Lines 7-20 refer to the expedition to the banks of the Gweryd (=Dee) in Gocleb of which north-east Flintshire was in those days its southern-most bound. In 1146 Rhun, the son of Owein Gwyneb led an expedition as far as the banks of the Dee, where he sickened and died. Hence the dissension about the leadership, and the reference to (Owein) Gwyneb to appoint a new leader. The men of the black-headed shafts were the *gentiles nigri*, the Norse-Irish mercenaries of those days. Idno and Maeldav were the competitors for leadership not the 'cyvarwyḃyt'. The text as it stands is imperfect. *Rei* implies *Ereill* which helps to bring out the sense of the context. Sir John has given a literal translation of the text as it stands, and the sense is not evident. The third line of the poetry has a syllable too many, which Sir John fails to notice and therefore mistranslates. The MS. says that Taliesin was "with Rhun" on the banks of Gweryd, which shows that the bard was acquainted with Deeside and was living in 1146. The men of Powys crossed the Dee, but unsuccessfully fought Robert of Mold, whom the Rhun expedition defeated later at Mold, which it took.

Yman y llas Elidyr Mwynvawr, gwr or Gocleð. Ac wedy i lað y doeth gwyr y Gocleð yma iw ðial. Sef gwyr yð oeðant yn dywysocion uðunt—Clydno Eiðin a Nuð hael vaþ Senyllt a Mordaf hael vab Servari. a Rhyðerch hael vab Tudwal Tudclit ac y doethan Arvon i wrthlað (ỳ gwyr a laðassant) Elidir yn Aber Mewydus yn Arvon, ac y llosgassant y wlad yn rhagor dial. Ac oðyna y llüyðas Run (wyr y pyst penðu) a gwyr Gwyneð ganthunt ac yð aethan hyd yng·lan Gweryd yn y Gocleð. Ac yno (wedy marw Run) y buant yn hir yn amrysson pwy a elei yn y blaen drwy avon Gweryd. Ac yna yð ellyngwyt kenad hyd yng · Wyneð i wybod pwy bieuvei y blaen. Rhei a ðyweid pan yw Idno hen, penaeth gwyr y pyst penðu, a varnat i arwein. Ereill a ðyweit pan yw Maeldav, hynav Penarð, pendevig gwyr Arvon, a gavas y blaen. *Ceterum* Yorwerth vab Madawg drwy awdurdod y cyvarwyðyd a'i cadarnha. Ac yna yð aethant gwyr Arvon yn y blaen ac y buant da yno. ac y cant Taliesin

Kigleu odwrv y llavneu
gan Rhun yn rhuthr byðineu,
Gwyr Arvon ruð eu rheiðeu.

"Here (in Arvon) was slain Elidyr Mwynvawr, a hero from Gogleð, and after his slaying, the men of Gogleð came hither to avenge him. Their leaders were Clydno Eiðin, and Nuð Hael, son of Senyllt, and Maeldav Hael, son of Servari, and Rhyðerch Hael, son of Tudwal Tutclit. And they came to Arvon to drive away the men who had slain Elidyr at Aber Mewedus in Arvon, and they burnt down the country as further vengeance. Thereupon Rhun enhosted the men with the black-headed shafts (Gentiles Nigri), together with men of Gwyneð, and proceeded as far as the bank of Gweryd in Gogleð. And (after the death of Rhun) they remained there some time disputing who should lead across the Gweryd. Thence a

messenger was despatched to Gwyneð to ascertain who was entitled to be leader. Some say that Idno Hên, the captain of the men with the black-headed shafts, was appointed to lead. Others say that Maeldav, the seigneur of Penarð, captain of the men of Arvon, was chosen to be leader. Moreover Yorwerth the son of Madog, on the authority of his information, confirms this. Therefore the men of Arvon went in the van and made good there, and Taliesin sang:

> I heard the clash of the blades
> with Rhun in the rush of companies—
> The men of Arvon dyed red their spears."

The above extract was compiled and inserted in the Laws by Iorwerth the son of Madog, the son of Rahawt, a contemporary of Griffith ap Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, who died in 1244 (*Lloyd*, 690). This entry has no more historical value than if it had been drawn up by Sir John Morris-Jones himself. It is not even founded on tradition, but is itself the foundation of Sir John's tradition. Nuð and Mordav are mere 'will o' the wisps'. Clydno Eiðyn is a Deeside place-name, and Elidyr is a mountain in Arvon, hence the story and the placing of the scene of action in Arvon. History knows many Rodericks. Sir John fastens on "an anecdote" to pick out one who suits his theory, dubs him 'Hael' and crowns him King of Alclyde, but twelfth century tradition has buried Ryðerch Hael at Aber Erch in Carnarvonshire (*Black Book of Carmarthen*, 64·8). Moreover 'Ryðerch hael' is not 'Ryðerch hên', so "called" says Sir John, in the "Saxon Genealogies", which is a mis-statement. The *Additamenta* are no more part of the Saxon Genealogies than entries on the flyleaf of the family Bible are part of the Bible—both are unrelated *additions*. The entries which follow the Saxon Genealogies are known as 'Additional matter", which was compiled three or four

years after 1125, as proved by the t=ð introduced irregularly into its orthography. Here we have the early dawn of Welsh myths, which in 1134 blazed in our sky so dazzlingly as to have blinded our perception of our country's history ever since. Hear Prof. Lloyd:—

"Those who would fain believe that Geoffrey preserves for us valuable Welsh traditions are confronted with this difficulty, that there is nothing to show he did not invent everything beyond what he got from the well-known sources, Gildas, Nennius, and Bede. The second conclusion which affects the historical value of Geoffrey's work is that much of the detail which fills out his narrative is beyond doubt of his own invention. The process of elaboration can often be watched .... For his marvellous array of personal names he rifles the old tribal genealogies .... Constantius .... had sent to Britain before him with a part of his army the able general Asclepiodotus .... (whom) Geoffrey does not hesitate to style Duke of Cornwall, and to transform him into a British patriot who kills the Roman tyrant Allectus .... (Of) the five kings (contemporary with) Gildas .... four of them are named as successive Kings of the Britons, and with a solemn particularity .... are said to have ruled three, two, and four years respectively. It is idle to look for history, in any guise from a writer who allowed himself such freedom". (See *History of Wales*, pp. 526-28).

It is on Geoffrey and his disciples that Sir John Morris-Jones founds his tradition. The years 1175-1275 formed the golden age of the Welsh myths that have been incorporated in *Bonheð Gwyr y Gocleð*. Genealogies, Pedigrees, Triads, and compilations like Iorwerth's,—on such precarious foundations as these no one will build who has first-hand knowledge of materials, or any insight into the history of Wales and its early literature.

Argoed Llwyvein.

"There was no doubt a Llwyfein in Flintshire; and Dr. Evans may be right in supposing, p. xxi, that Cynðelw is speaking here of the battle in which Owein Gwyneð defeated Henry II near Coleshill in 1157 (Lloyd 497)" (p. 170).

Can it be possible that Dr. Evans "may be right"? What a concession! So there is one point gained beyond controversy. For once Flintshire is in Gogleð. But there must be no bell-ringing, because "It is obvious that Taliesin cannot be referring to this". Why? Where does the 'obvious' come in? Whenever Sir John can find no fact in support of his thesis he covers his retreat with "of course," or "it is obvious." His sixth century theory rests on the word "obvious". He produces no evidence of any Argoed Llwyvein in any document of any kind, but takes refuge in the "Levens" of which "there are plenty". Leven "may possibly represent the same name". This *possibility* is the emanation of the Bangor philology in excelsis which discovered that *trwnc* (urine) was "obviously" the English word *trunk*, and that *Aer-on* is simply *Ayr* with a tail!

"But Cynðelw has another reference to our poem of Argoed Llwyfein, which shows when and to whom he regarded Taliesin as having sung it. A notable feature of the poem is that it does honour not only to Uryen and his son Owein but to their *gwerin*[45] or army. The use of this very word by Cynðelw shows that he has this poem in mind:

Ni bu warthlef kert Kynuerching werin
o benn Taliessin bartrin beirtring—*Myv.* 169[a]

'Not inglorious was the song of the army of the house of Cynvarch
From the mouth of Taliesin of bardic lore, exemplar of bards.' (170-1)

My critic takes this quotation from the Myvyrian,

[45] gwerin is a gloss on *factio* in the Juvencus MS., and is used for a *party* or *following* of any kind—ecclesiastical, political, and military—*a multitude*. Compare the meaning of the Irish *foirenn* which disposes of Sir John's absurd, special interpretation.

though he had had at his elbow the Red Book text since 1904.

Why does he shun that text.

> Ni bu warthlef kerd | kynuerch-in werin
> O benn Taliessin | bar dring beirdring. P. 171·39.

The lines run in segments of 5 and 4 syllables; kynuerch*in* werin is therefore metrically faulty.[46] The *-in* is a case of anticipation, and should be omitted; ky*n-u*erch looks like a mis-script for cy*u-n*erth[47] werin. In "bar *dring* beir-*dring*" we have another case of anticipation. Having regard to metre, consonance, and Taliesin's unpopularity, I suggest:

> Ni bu cerδ warthlev gyvnerth werin,
> O benn Taliesin bar beri(s) drin.
> Barδeir om cyveir ni byδ cyving
> *No minstrel reproach ever heartened a party,*
> *Taliesin's outspoken indignation caused dissention.*
> *The panegyric on my part shall not be niggard.*

Taliesin was a Troubadour who himself sang his own composition, which "o benn" suggests. For a review of his indignation see pp. 47-48, *supra*. Kynδel on his part will avoid reproach or ill-feeling, and will praise without stint. The meaning is clear to those who have read carefully the Congress of the Bards (Tal. p. 7), and the *Black Book of Carmarthen* line, "I do not deserve their execration," (p. 48 above).

There is no reference whatever to "Urien and his son Owein" whom the professor deduces from "kynuerchin". I have shown the factitiousness of Genealogies vii. and ix., and viii. is tarred by the same brush. Kynδel refers to "*Tegeingl direδ*, of which Owein Gwyneδ was lord in

[46] No doubt I shall be told that here we have an instance of the "*naw* ban" having *ten* syllables. This is one of the fetishes of the fifteenth century grammarians—a relic of unscientific study of MSS.

[47] or "*cun nerth* werin" i.e., there was no minstrel reproach—*the leader heartens his party.*

his day. There is no mention of "Clud direð" from beginning to end, as would be the case if Owein belonged to the Alclyde region. As to *gwerin* in occurs in many other passages of Kynðel's poetry. It is all castle-building in the air with Sir John.

The curious might do worse than compare the Knight's emendations and translation with mine. They should not miss the profound learning of the remark that "*gan* and *gán* have the same *initial*". Who but a genius could have discovered that, or that "emendation can only be conjectural?" I should be grateful for the reference to *goit* for *gwaed*. He cannot find "*amliaws*, but it is very probable," because he coins it. The notes on *eiryoes* and *eidoeð* are sheer moonshine; and the statement that "einewyð for eiliewyð is a mistake made *often* by the scribe" shows a fine sense of discrimination in the choice of words. "Often" means thrice, and in no case is it a mistake for "eiliewyd," a spelling unknown to the MS. (see 19·18, 27·26, 59·8) . . . *n* cannot be a mistake for *l* (long or short), and "*nyt*" cannot be a miscopy of "*iny*" . . . "*t* and *g* are liable to confusion" in no script. The assertion that *kynyð* and *kynyðu* mean "victory" and "conquering" is not borne out by the texts. *Black Book of Carmarthen* speaks of the Saxons being on the wane, and the bards on the *increase* 51·13. The Mabinogion state that Pryderi ruled the 7 cantrevs of Dyved successfully, beloved by his country and all around him. Thenceforward the 3 cantrevs of Ystrad Towy, and the 4 of Ceredigion *prospered* (kynyðwys) *White Book* 37-38. To state that Pryderi "conquered, annexed" a country he already *ruled* (gwledychwys) betrays a mentality, so abnormal as to be beyond comprehension. He refers to Geoffrey's *Brut*, which ends with "The Kymry" . . . . fighting sometimes among themselves, sometimes

with the Saxons, are for ever *increasing* the area of war (*yn kynyδu* gwastat aeruaeu). And for this very reason they *were conquered*, the very reverse of Sir John's rendering. If this is the way he lectures to his students one can understand why so many belong to the Pass School.

G w e n y s t r a d.

The misunderstanding of this battle-ground is beyond comment. I know the neighbourhood. Sir John truly confesses that his "renderings are mere guesses". I believe him. He has "aimed at literalness" (167) and no better illustration can be found of the "letter that killeth" sense. We are assured nevertheless that the poem is very poetical. It must be, for it leads up to a grand "*washing of horses' tails*" 168. I confess to a wish to have witnessed that. After all there is a loss in not being born a genius, for I never perceived, even in my mind's eye, this great washing of 'horses' tails' in the "hoary wears". It must indeed have been very poetical.

a C h l u d w y s, a n d t h e C l y d e m e n, 1 2 8.

Sir John, to use his own words, "quotes" the context only "when it suits his purpose, but (here) he is not candid enough to give (even) the reference" (65). He thus manifestly holds back the relevant evidence", (57). How well he describes his own methods, and what he does he 'obviously' believes others do. He has "a Chludwys" in two places, but he has nowhere given context and reference. Let me supply his omission:

Achymot kymry a gwyr dulyn.
Gwydyl iwerdon[48] mon aphrydyn.

---

[48] '*iwerdon*' upsets cynghaneδ. We want a verb. "Gwyδyl (aeth) Iwerδon o Von Rynn" would give the historical fact. The Irish

cornyw[49] achludwys eu kynnwys genhyn.
atporyon uyd brython pan dyorfyn. 13·8-11.

Having regard to cynghaneð, metre and history, I amend:

(Dy)gymyd Kymry a gwyr Dulyn,
Gwyðyl (a encil) o (Ben)ryn Mon,
Cludwys[50] y Cornwy[50] gynn-wys genhyn—
adborion Brython ban ðyorvyn.

The Kymry make peace with the men of Dublin,
The Gwyðyl (withdraw) from the Mon promontory,
The Cornovi have carried off the natives—
Remnants are the Brythons in the hour of triumph.

Prof. Lloyd in his *History of Wales* (pp. 409-10) describes the "Battle of Anglesey Sound" as follows:

> The earl of Shrewsbury .... was a conspicuous figure on the Anglesey shore, clad in full armour and riding hither and thither in the swirling shallows .... He fell pierced through the eye by an arrow .... aimed (at him) by Magnus himself .... the sea closed over his body .... This disaster spread consternation through the ranks of the invaders .... the attempt to convert Anglesey into a Norman settlement was .... now finally abandoned. The *captives*, young and old, whom they had gathered together in the course of the expedition *were carried off* across the Conwy.

Mon in 1098 was thinly populated, and when the "Borderers have carried off" *(Cornwy achludwys)* a number of the natives, those left are but remnants *(atporion)* of what they were. And this happened at the very time the invaders were quitting the shore of Aber Lleinog. Can

mercenaries deserted the Welsh for the Norman earls, and when the expedition failed the Gwyðyl fled from the Promontory of Mon.

[49] If we read 'ac*h*ludwys' the metre demands an answering digraph in some other syllable in the same line, such as 'kynnull', *ingathering*. Kynn-wys, *natives*, would be written in the original MS. kynnuif, which might be misread 'kynnu*l*l'. But the 'atporion' of next line favours kynn-wys, hence we must drop the aspiration and read 'Cornwy a *g*ludwys', which consonance changes as above.

[50] *Cornyw* for Corn*wy*, a contracted Welshified spelling of *Corn(o)vi* who, according to Murray's *Classical Atlas*, peopled the border counties of the Norman earls. The Cornwy are the subject of the verb *cludwys*.

any narrative be clearer? The poet and historian are in complete agreement, and both are silent about Sir John's Clydemen.

The verb *cludaw*, carrying, is familiar to all Welshmen, and its preterite *cludwys* is in use among us. In some compounds the initial *c-* is aspirated as in a-*ch*ludwys, dy-*ch*ludent 69·24; a-*ch*anu 12·17, e-*ch*enis 20·2, from a + canu; a-chetwyn 69·16, from a + cadw; dy-chyrchwynt 16·10, from dy + cyrchu, etc. The reader can see that we have the same stem in a-*chlud*-wys and in dy-*chlud*-ent, and that both vocables are verbs as context and history make clear.

Dr. Morris-Jones has a penchant for turning verbs into proper nouns, and proper nouns into verbs. We have just seen the transformation of 'achludwys', *they have carried off*, into 'a Chludwys', *and the Clydemen*, thus leaving the sentence without a verb. Similarly he has transformed 'achetwyn', *they kept*, into 'Edyrn'! (213). This is the most remarkable feat in the whole field of emendations.

In the *Black Book of Carmarthen* (101·6) Essyllt addresses her lover:

> Fechyð[51] Drystan oth ðyvod,
> Mi nith ervill im diod.[52]
>
> *Tristan, thou didst wrong by thy coming,*
> *I will not receive thee to my own undoing.*

Sir John thought 'Fechid Drystan' was a compound name! In another place, 58·5, he thought 'Sarffren' was

[51] Fechid. The context requires a verb in the second person singular. Apparently the *d* in Fechi*d* is due to the following *d* in *d*yrystan, for consistent orthography should give us here Fechi*t*=(ti) ffechyð *thou art doing wrong*. (The past tense ffech*ud* would not fit the sense). I assume the verb to be *Pechu*. In some Anglo-Irish scripts the capitals F and P are liable to be confused. But compare *Red Book Poetry*, 43·26

Ef keiff kerennyð ae ffyð *ff*echyn.

[52] Compare "diot y grib". R. B. Mabinogion, 141·5.

a verb (3 pl.), whereas Sarff-vryn is a place-name near Llandrindod Wells. It is therefore no wonder that my emendations are denounced by him as 'absurd' 'childish howlers' 'desperately crazy',—as 'chimerical' 'trash' and 'concentrated nonsense'. The above examples[53] will enable the reader to appreciate Sir John's superiority, and the reason why he is so courteous in his references to my work.

Plagiarism.

I am reproached over and over again for poaching without acknowledgment. Now I have never seen a copy of the work of Sharon Turner whose disciple I am credited with being; nor have I ever read a line written by D. W. Nash. To these two I owe absolutely nothing. Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry* I read in the 'seventies', but I cannot say what my debt to this work may, or may not be. What I owe to his Aneirin I have acknowledged. Matthew Arnold's conception of digging among ancient ruins and using the material to write a new work is very different from my idea of vamping and modernising an existent work. The two conceptions have nothing in common. Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales* are familiar to me, and *negatively* I owe something to Skene. My critic would delight in showing the Scot's falls on slippery ground. I prefer to take warning from another's flounderings, and so pick my way more warily. My concern has ever been to avoid errors of my own, rather than to call attention to those of my predecessors, much less to execute a war dance on their prostrate bodies. Where ordinary glass in a window contorts our vision, is it not better to replace it by plate glass than to smash it into dangerous fragments, and so let in the rain and cold? The better is the

[53] To the above may be added the Aneirin *Dinogat* for the verb *diuodat*, older divo*t*-at. *t* is often mis-read.

perpetual enemy of the good. Wherever I think my predecessors have gone wrong I am content to set the crooked as straight as I can without flinging mud at the dead authors.

What is Sir John's record? In his *Introduction to the Elucidarium* (p. xxxii) he writes:

> "So far as I know it (the Elucidarium) is the first attempt to reproduce a MS. in such a way that every word is almost a facsimile of the original."

Who would guess from this statement that he had lifted my method of reproducing texts in its entirety to the minutest particular? And yet he has the hardihood to assert that his work is the "*first* attempt". No more barefaced piece of plagiarism was ever perpetrated. Professor Rhys pointed out to him that his claim was not true, but if Professor Morris-Jones adopts another man's method, or work, he does not seem anxious to proclaim the facts.[54] That is why, I infer, he forgets to tell us that his 'Accidence' is an expansion (with a commentary) of Dr. John Davies' Grammar, which provided the model. His expansions and commentaries are to the point, helpful and good, and one is grateful for that part of his work. One would be still more grateful if the Commentaries were expunged and gathered in a separate volume with some such title as "*Common mistakes in writing Welsh, and how to mend them*". This would relieve the *Accidence* of its unwieldy bulk, and make an interesting work which would help all sorts of writers, young and old. Freed from

[54] In 1887, I called attention to the mistakes arising from misreading the characters p and r in 'old Kymric' script, and gave facsimiles of the two letters. Now Sir John Morris-Jones claims this discovery for himself. "Although he [J.G.E.] notes two errors of n for r, and imagines others, his theory affords no explanation of them. They are mere shots", 137. He *repeats* the theory of the Editors of the *R.B. Mabinogion* (p. xv.), therefore he is the author!

the Commentaries and certain speculative matter, the *Accidence* would be a real gift to the sons and daughters of Wales. This *Accidence* and his gift for teaching it to his classes constitute Sir John's claim to the respect of his fellow countrymen. He does get hold of his men and leads them well till they engage in research work, when he has neither guidance nor encouragement to give.

Logomachy.

1.—*Briallu.* "25·23 gives place to briall, II., p. 36, a bogus nineteenth century form."

Sir John omits to say that it is printed *briallu* on p. 50. This shows that "briall" is a printer's error. The assistant compositor was an ex-newspaper office man, and the final revised proofs which he "corrected" bear traces of his training.

2.—Bwyst-*uer*="bwyst-*ver* 'beast-spear,' a natural and likely compound to denote a hunting spear, has been changed into bwyst-*ner* 'beast-lord,' an absurdly improbable designation for a herdsman" (110) . . . . "he replaces the word for 'hunting spear' by an incredible compound 'beast-lord' which he renders 'herd'" (111). When people are very angry they repeat themselves, get confused as here when the 'herdsman' of one page becomes the 'herd' of the next, but the quotation marks, flanking the latter, bear false testimony. Inaccuracy is bred in the bones of my critic. Listen to Taliesin's contemporary, Gwalchmei:

> Bann breisc beryon a bwyst-*gun*-yon coed. P. 199·52
> *Loudly the hawks and herdsmen hunt the woods.*

Cun and *ner* are synonymous, and so are their compounds "bwyst-ner" and "bwyst-gun". It is the criticism which is "absurd", and the critic "incredibly" ignorant. Taliesin sings:

Hir-wynn vymysawr Pell na bum heusawr 77·5.

Thin and white are my fingers. It is long since I was a herdsman.

Now there is no doubt about the meaning of *heusawr* in the Welsh Laws, nor about Taliesin having been one. Sir John's comment on bwystner and Cynbyn is pitiful "rant".

3.—*Cyw cadeir* (113) "I am the bard of the hall I am the *occupant* (civis) of the chair". *So* he translates

"wyf barð neuað wyf kyw cadeir".

Should we then translate *cyw iar* "the occupant of the hen"? and *cyw caseg* "the occupant of the mare"? Does any Englishman suspect that these Bangor "*occupants*" mean "*chicken*" and "*foal*" respectively in English? The etymology I leave to the "*civis*" of the chair.

4.—Ceneu . . . . Cenaw. "The correct *ceneu* of the original is replaced in this text by the late *cenaw* (II., pp. 80, 116) fabricated out of the plural cenawon (properly canawon) in ignorance of Welsh phonetic law" . . . (119) I learnt the form from the Bible, and the rhyme wants *-aw*. Goronwy Owen sang:

"Iawn gen*aw* Owain Gwyneð".

Now Sir John has inscribed on Goronwy's memorial tablet that he was a "Master Poet and Prose Writer", and this "master" wrote 'cenaw'. See *Cymmrodorion Transactions* for 1922-23, p. 15.

5.—*Cian* "the sixth century bard is one of the common places of Welsh scholarship" (128) in the "Pass School". The man Cian stands for Cïan=Cynan, whose "only son" describes him as an "exiled knight", eissyllut alltut marchawc vn maban y gian. (*Aneirin*, 31·21.) This Cinan was the father of Griffyð, king of Gwyneð, 1075—1137. This fact is one of the 'common places' of the History School. But in the criticised

passage we are dealing with a verb, not with a proper name.

> Drwy ieith Taliesin buδ yd ennill in
> ciau(r) ban δarvu lliaws i olychu.
> *By his art Taliesin wins boons for us—*
> *It will be sad when the people have ceased admiring him.*

'Cynan' can make no sense here. My censor throws a stone and runs away from the difficulty his criticism raises without any explanation.

6.—*Kylch-et* (116). "He mistakes *Kylchet* 'bedding' (from Latin *culcita* as shown by Rhys . . . . . .) for *cylch* 'circle', and renders it *borders*". Dr. Jones had made a note of this, and he could not refrain from showing off his learning. But kylch-*et* makes the line a syllable too long. I made no mistake (II., p. 39).

7.—*deryδ* (122) is the MS. word uncorrected. In the margin of the text I find "? read *telyδ* or *trewyδ*". In my mind I evidently adopted *trewyδ* when translating and writing the note, but forgot to amend the text to correspond with the translation.

8.—*Godref*, II., 22. The MS. has *od(r)ef* which rhymes with "*nef*". The form is not of my coining, and the final -f is as old as the Taliesin MS.

9.—*gwnech*. Note 1, p. 122, begins with a reference to *A Welsh Grammar*, 1913. The modesty of this note is so phenomenal as to deserve recognition. But it carries a sting. It is implied that I have, without acknowledgment, stolen the ideas in n. 33·18 from '*My Grammar*'. In 1893 I edited the *Book of Llan Dav* where *gwnech* occurs as the Welsh of "*fecerint*" in the *Privilegium of St. Teilo*. Now 1893 was 20 years before "My Grammar" saw the light, and I leave the readers to judge who is the more probable borrower. It would have been better for Sir John to have noticed *gwragawn* 30·14, which is not in *My Grammar*.

10.—*gygloyt*, 21·26. "In our amended text the unheard of passive form ciglwyd appears". I gave the MS. form which is "familiar to every Keltic scholar". Why does Sir John abstain from explaining both form and meaning? He throws a stone at my windows and runs away in a blue funk. Apparently the scribe got mixed between *cigl*-eu and *clyw*-ed. For (g)*ygl*- read *gly-oyt*= *glyóyt* i.e., Beth glywyd yn dyð.

11.—*llafar llesteir*, 8.17. We are assured that

Digonaf y veirð llafar llesteir

means *I cause the bards hindrance of speech* (113).

Having regard to the context I suggested:

Digapav veirð lavar lysceir

I dislike bards who are clamant with abuse.

In *The B.B. Carmarthen* Taliesin sings "ni haeðav *gabl*" "I do not deserve *execration*" (see p. 48 *supra*). This is proof positive that there was abuse, and supports the "llysceir" emendation. It is extraordinary how slender is Sir John's acquaintance with our old literature, and what little sense it conveys to his crib-mindedness.

12.—"*llad* 'liquor' was not understood by the old lexicographers but has long been known to modern scholars". . . . The man who translates the *llestreu llad* of 72·12 by "drinking vessels" can know nothing of the history in the poem.

13.—*llys* "plant" "herb" is mistaken by him for *llys* "court", so he changes *plagawt lys* to Pryderi lys." He does nothing of the kind—*plagawt* is treated as a mistake for *logawt*, and the line being three syllables short *Pryderi* was inserted. Again we are told "*plagawt lys* appears to be a *fungus* from (*y ar*) which Gwydion formed his magic horses and trappings" (116). Now *y ar* means "*on, upon*", (not "*from*") and is followed by mutation

as *y ar varch* "on horseback". With plagawt compare 'llocawt' (R.B.P., 44·27) and the living 'lloc' which is used for a *fenced enclosure*, especially a sheep *pen*. Pryderi's "court" at Rhyðlan Teivi is at the top of a slope facing the Cledlyn to the east, and the Teivi to the south. Behind the "court" is level ground where fungus may be found, but the flat land below is too moist. The "court" was one of my playgrounds long before I ever heard of Pryderi. I suggest that we should read:

Ev rithwys orwyðawd
(or madalch) y ar łogawd
He enchanted a number of horses
(from the fungus growing) on the court enclosure.

"Madalch" is the Gwydion material mentioned in the *White Book Mabinogion*, col. 85. Sir John's idea that *plagawt* means "fungus" is a good illustration of the "ignorance" he attributes to me.

14.—*meinyoeth*. Sir John with his wonted inaccuracy confounds "*meinyoeth*" with "*meinoeth*", and both with midnight. For example:

31·24 Awen cwð echwyð
ar veinyoeth veiu(ð)yð
The afflatus where does it drop
on a serenely fine dawn.

75·7 *Mein*ðyð brefawt. *Mein*oeth berwhawt
at dawn it will low; at dusk it will seethe.

68·12 Gwenwyn pyr ðoeth *The plague since it came*
peðei beunoeth *stalked nightly*
mein(*y*)oeth dymhor *through a lovely season.* II., 135

You cannot translate on a "*midnight* dawn" nor

"it stalked nightly through a *midnight* season".

The *mein* has the same meaning in *mein*-ðyð and *mein*-yoeth. The *media nocte* "made out recently" is Bangor moonshine. *Meinðyð* is a living word and *media* has

nothing to do with *mein-*. Dr. Jones in his comment on 45·6 omits to state that a line is missing in the text. He truly remarks that "nothing more helplessly futile" than his own criticism can be imagined.

15.—*pet* "how many" . . . . "a word familiar to every Keltic scholar was unknown to Dr. Evans (114) . . . . instead of trying to discover the meaning of *pet*, which he would have found in Pughe, or in Richards who says 'pet, ad'. How many? in Taliesin . . . . vid. ex. in Dos' . . . . so here is our editor's difficulty solved in the seventeenth century".

Here too is an emphatic circumstantial charge of ignorance brought against me. Is it true? For answer see II., 118·40.

> A wdosti ar wyd *pet* deilen yssyd? 28·20.
> *Knowest thou, on a bush*, how many *leaves there be?* 45.

What can one say of a critic who is steadily bearing false witness? *Pet* "how many" is not followed by mutation but in *pet wynt*, *pet gygloyt* (21·26) we have mutations, which condemn Sir John's interpretation. On the other hand we have mutation after *peth*; and *pet* in the Laws etc., is frequently written for *peth*. The lines have 5, 6, 6, 4, 4, 5, 5, syllables which show the text is corrupt.

16.—*ystyrywyt* "it is recorded". If Sir John follows his own advice and refers to the dictionaries he will find Pughe defines *ystyryed* by "considering, reflecting". "Every Keltic scholar" is familiar with this meaning of the word which is "unknown" to Dr. Morris-Jones, who also does not know that *ystyrywyt* (=it was considered) is not the present tense. It is with foolery of this nature that he fills his pages.

17.—*in per ·pgenio*

> "The page had served as outer cover for the MS. for a long time before it was bound, and considering its state and the forms of the doubtful letters here it is strange that Dr.

> Evans did not *adopt* the reading of the Red Book . . . whose scribe copied the lines 500 years before him when the page was clean . . . the letters are not marked doubtful in the reproduction though they are *obviously* not certain" (141).

It would be "strange" indeed if "Dr. Evans" printed anything but what he saw in the MS. before him; or if there was any uncertainty in the MS. that he should not point it out. What is "obviously" not certain to the half-blind may present no difficulties to the clear-sighted. Photography cannot distinguish between two shades of black, but the eye can, and wherever the MS. is dirty it is far more readable than any reproduction. It is a pure assumption that the Red Book text was copied from the Taliesin MS. The difference suggests the negative. The Red Book text was printed by me years before the Taliesin was published and this particular passage copied before the Taliesin text, so the evidence was known to me. My business was not "*to adopt*" anything but what I saw in the original. Therein lies the fundamental difference between me and my critic. I accurately report the evidence, and he "adopts" what takes his fancy. "hc. nemo din. pot. progenie(s)" (142). Surely this is "tin pot" Latinity. The Latin is not a gloss on the Welsh, but the Welsh is a free rendering of a Latin original. "*Dwfyn*" is not a possible mis-script for *dofyδ*."

18.—Rhymes in *-yl*, *-yr*, -yð (139).

> "Why is it suggested that *milwyr* and *Ketwyr* are glosses for this bogus *rheinyδ*? Because the rhyme is in *-yδ*, and Dr. Evans did not know that *-yr* formed a good rhyme with *-yδ* at the period when the poem was composed (124) . . . . the rhymes which he failed to see are usual in Irish verse, and follow definite rules: the rhyming syllables end in different consonants but they must be consonants of the same class, so that the rhyme is not mere assonance: thus *-el* rhymes with *-er*, and -eδ (voiced spirant final), but not with *-ec* (explosive final). Of these things Dr. Evans had not dreamt." Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The louder Sir John chanticleers the more untrue his statements. If the reader will refer to Vol. II. he will find on page 92·13-19 illustrations of all these rhymes in echw*yδ*, gerenh*yδ*, myn*yδ*, ym*yl*, gw*yr*, lw*yδ*—on page 120 he will see elv*yδ*, erg*yr*, m*yr*, gil*yδ*, etc., on pages 160, 162, a*er*, ab*er*, calle*δ*, rhysse*δ*, vonhe*δ*, mynwe*r*; and mag*wyr* rhymes with bress*wyl* (44), *-el* with ma*er* (114), m*or* with rig*ol* (126), veiδ*awl* with gwiδanh*awr* (128), llach*ar* with yni*al* (76). Even in internal rhyme we have

Pryd*yδ* ni hepk*yr* yr breyr braw

We have rhymes also in -eb, -ed, -eg, and in -ep, -et, -ec, No one can read our earlier poetry without knowing these things. To point them out is like shouting "Look at that black cat". Sir John shouts when there is no "black cat" to cast a stone at.

19.—"No Welsh scholar need be told that *Taliesin gân* (59·2) means 'the song of Taliesin'". That is an emphatic statement. Is it true? If the reader be told that *cân* as a *noun* does *not* occur in the *Book of Taliesin*, does *not* occur in the *Book of Aneirin*, does *not* occur in the *B.B. Carmarthen*, does *not* occur in the *Chirk Codex of the Laws*,* does *not* occur in the *W.B. Mabinogion*,* does *not* occur in the *Grail** *MS.*, does *not* occur in the *Bruts*,* does *not* occur in *Meilyr*, does *not* occur in *Gwalchmei*, does *not* occur in *Myrδin*, does *not* occur in *Llywarch Hên*, he will realise that there must be something wrong with Bangor Welsh scholarship. *Canu* is the noun used in the *Book of Taliesin*, etc.—Canu Urien, canu Owein, canu y Gwynt, canu y Cwrw, canu Dewi, etc. The plural forms *canu-eu* and *canu-on* show that the singular was *canu*, rather than *cân*. It is high time for Sir John to revise his grammar, and apologize to the public for misleading it with inaccurate or false evidence, and baseless theories.

* So Mr. Timothy Lewis informs me.

20.—"In his n. 45·24 Dr. Evans takes *Myg* to be the modern *myg*. He has copied tens of thousands of final -*c* for modern -*g* but that has not availed to impress on his mind the fact that -*c* is the only possible medieval spelling. Medieval -*g* means -*ng* only."

Now I took *Myy* to be a scribal error for *myg(yr)*, and printed in the revised text "Mygr cynnelw Cynan", II., 92·35. It is characteristic of my critic to withhold that part of the evidence. Where I give alternative readings (as in II., 2·1 and n. 36·23) he damns one of them, but does not mention the other. In the case of *Myg* it is 'obvious' that the -*(yr)* was dropped out of the note. I never saw the final revises.

* * * * * * *

I will not pursue the logomachy further *now*. I have analysed a sufficient number of examples to show that Sir John's criticism is vitiated by partial statements or misstatements. His object has been "to smash" me, not to ascertain the facts. Happily, in the long run, no man can smash another by unfairness, by perversions, by baseless accusations. I am content to leave the future to bring home the fact of the baselessness of the tradition about "sixth century", or even "ninth century" Welsh poetry, as well as of the fraudulent methods of that propaganda.

Cynveirδ and Gogynveirδ.

"The term *Kynfeirδ* by which the bards of the period from the sixth to the eleventh century are now known, seems to be due to the happy inspiration of Robert Vaughan, who transcribed their reputed works in a volume which he called *y Kynveirdh Kymreig*." (See *Arch. Brit.*, 1707, p. 258.) p. 10.

"The sixth-century bards of Welsh tradition are Taliesin,

> Aneirin, Myrddin and Llywarch Hên; those of the memorandum are Talhaearn, Taliessin, Neirin, Bluchbard and Cian. The names Taliesin and Neirin are common to both; the Welsh and the Nennian overlap, but do not coincide, which proves their mutual independence and points to both being genuine." p. 3.

Here "*Welsh Tradition*" is simply "the happy inspiration of Robert Vaughan", who, however, does *not* allege that his *Kynveirδ* belong to the sixth-eleventh century. Robert Vaughan did not perceive, any more than Sir John has perceived, that the *Book of Aneirin*[55] is made up of the poems of Talhaearn, Bluchbard, (Griffyδ ap) Cinan, and Taliesin, so that the "mutual independence" of the two lists proves nothing but ignorance of the facts on the part of my critic. The names of Myrδin and Llywarch Hên are not included in the *Memorandum* for the very good reason that both these poets began to write a whole generation later than the entry in *Harl. MS. 3859*. There are no vaticinations or prophecies in Welsh till about 1170; and the moving elegy[56] of Llywarch Hên commemorates the Welsh princely hostages, whom King John so cruelly put to death. Meilyr and Gwalchmei, in point of time, rank before Myrδin and Llywarch Hên. Poetry written in the fifteenth century is included among that of the *Cynveirδ* in the Myvyrian! The sooner the terms *Cynveirδ* and *Gogynveirδ* are given up the better for the understanding of our early poetry, as well as for the sanity of thought and criticism. If we had bards who produced poetry before the advent of the Normans into the borders of Wales, with the exception of a few verses, everything has perished.

[55] For the arguments for this statement see *Introduction* to the *Book of Aneirin*, issued this year.

[56] The history of this ruthless action of King John is given in the editor's forthcoming revised text and translation of the early pages of *R.B. Poetry*.

Black Book of Carmarthen, pp. 92-93.

(*Translation pp.* 26-27 *supra.*)

Ll.—Cyn y doi eis hyd yn ar·vwr merin
gwnäed ni yn avrðwl—
(Hu) dowys lu Vryn rhydwr.

D.—Canis y medris mor ri rodwyð gun
(eb)rwyð yn rhyd dygwyð—
Pa lys pan wyd gyvarwyð?

Ll.—Nim gwna pryder dra ymHrydein heno
gyrchu bro priv uchrein—
Var Vann canlynav Owein.

D.—Cyn im ðwyn gwisc trin ac yscwyd y·arnad
diffreidiad cad cynwyd—
Py lys, py dir ith vagwyd?

Ll.—A·m rhythäo Duw o ry·gaeth garchar,
rhuð yw par y penaeth—
Owein Rheged a·m rhy·vaeth.

D.—Can aeth rhwyv catraeth y·mrythwch meryð,
o·r rhodwyð na fföwch—
Gwedy *h*eð mevl na vynwch.

Ll.—Y bore gan las y dyð
Ban gyrchwyd Mwng, mawr drewyð,
Nid oeð ragawd veirch Mechyð.

Nim gwna yn llawen ðillad,
O·r chweðleu a·m di·allad,
Golo gwyð ar Vechyð vad.

Cavas anav y·ar gavall
Yng·hyvranc ar drud arall,
ae gelein wyar ar wall.

Blawð Mwng laðawð Mechyð.
Drudwas! nis amgyffredyð—
Periv nev beir in ðyvyð.

Gwyr yn rhyd rhewinitor,
Oer wallawg vron dan vrwch mor—
Rhëen, rhoed iðo wyn gor.

Mechyð, mad lywyð, dihavarch unben.
Glwysteg llenn lliw alarch,
Cyntav a ffrwynglymwys varch.

NOTES.

In the MS. the 36 lines given here follow the *Ode to Winter* as if part thereof. By the corruption "*ottei eiry*" the scribe seemingly attempts to join two independent poems.

l. 1, *? read* Kyn yd doi eir hyd yn ar·vw*r* mer*i*n, *before the arrows reached as far as the* (*shingle*) *bank* (*on the sea*) *margin.* "bwr"="*a work thrown up for defence, a heap*".—Silvan Evans. *l* and *r* are frequently confounded.

l. 2, ni*m* gwnäe*i for* gwnäe*t* ni *in.* ARTU. ? a bungled attempt at the following *a*wir*tul*.

l. 3, towissun, 1 sing., past Ind. The confusion of persons is puzzling throughout. History suggests (Hu) dowys lu vryn *r*ydwr, *Hugh* (*the Proud*) *leads the host of the castle hill.* I can make nothing else of "tytul", unless it=cyvyl, *close by.*

l. 4, consonance is faulty. *? read* Can(is) y medri*s* mor (ri) rodwyð (gun) (eb)RUIT (yn) ryd dygywð. "ariv" may=a riv, a riw, aryv, i.e., (arv) "eiry". Omit both words. Rod-wyð, *a rath,* with a palisading defence.

l. 8, uchei *for* uch(r)ei*n*. *cp.* cynrein, *chiefs.*

l. 9, can canlin. ? anticipation for Van=the hill fort defended by Owein.

l. 10, ariweu=arveu, *arms.* No consonance. Sense requires a word for "mail" that will rhyme with *im.*

l. 13, Llwchvarð was taken prisoner and ransomed. See *Aneirin,* 28·4=31.

l. 15, This Owein Reged is the son of Edwin the freeman. See *Aneirin, xliii,* n. 37.

l. 16, no consonance or rhyme. For *ethiw* ? read *aeth. iw*erit older *iu*erit, a misreading of *m*eryð. ? *read* Can aeth rwyv (catraeth) in (brithwch) *m*eryð (o·r) rodwyð na ffowch. með, *feast,* does not seem to fit the "na ffowch", but "*h*eð", *peace,* would.

l. 21, *u*agawd *for* ꝑagawd. 3 s., pres., Ind., of ragodi "*to come before*". Mechyð. *See* p. 27, n. 22.

l. 22, lleuen-i*t* llad *for* llawen ðillad=*mail.*

l. 24, The text makes the poet address Mechyð. ar*n*ad *for* ar *u*ad, *i.e.,* ar Vechyð vad.

l. 25, kynaruu-an am=cyvarvu (ac) anam=anav, a paraphrase of "cavaꝛ anav (y·ar) gavall".

l. 26, *read*: (yn) cyvranc Ryn ar drud arall. The *Rhyn encounter* is the battle of Catraeth. R*y*n is a scribal gloss here. Omit.

l. 27, his bleeding body was missing (under water).

l. 28, Canis ffonogion—a commentary on "blawð", *a stroke,* cp. Tarw trin (y)ar vidin blawð. *B.B.C.,* 97·13.

l. 29, "Drudwas" apparently is a Norseman; or can he be a native of the Rhynn country.

l. 30, *Per*iv nev *per*eist imi ðyvyð. ? *read* Peryv nev, peris ðyvyð, *or* Por nev a beir in ðyvyð.

l. 32, *? read:* Oer *w*allauc bron t*a*nn br*u*ch mor. *Cp.* brithwch).

l. 33, Reen rothid Dwvn gynghor, *God will give a deep counsel.* Context suggests Reen ae roth*o* g(wyn) gor, or Reen ro(e)d ið(o) g(w)yn gor.

l. 34, ma*b* llyw*arch.* The *-arch* is anticipation of dihav*arch.* Cynghaneð and sense want "ma*d* lyw*yð.*

l. 36, ffruincl*uym*us for -clymu*us*=clymw*ys.*

Black Book of Carmarthen, p. 97.

	Boed emendigeid Ri gwyð(wys rwyv)	*See* p. 39.
	Ardynwys i lygad yn hy(r)wyð—	*supra.*
3	Gwallawg Aber Lleïnawg arglwyð.	
	Boed emendigeid Ri y gwyð du	
	a ry dynwys lygad oe (ve)dru—	
6	Gwallawg Aber Lleïnawg ben llu.	
	Boed emendigeid Ri gwyð(wys) Wenn	
	a rydynwys i lygad oe benn—	
9	Gwallawg Aber Lleïnawg unben.	
	Boed emendigeid Ri gwyr l(að)as	
	(Wedy) rydynu lygad yn gwas.	
12	Gwallawg Aber Lleïnawg urðas.	
	Cursed be the King who felled the ruler	
	Whose eye he quickly destroyed—	
3	Lost is Aber Lleinog's lord.	
	Cursed be the King of the black arrow	
	Which destroyed the eye by piercing it—	
6	Lost is Aber Lleinog's generalissimo.	
	Cursed be the King who felled the Hero	
	Whose eye he pulled out of his head—	
9	Lost is Aber Lleinog's prince.	
	Cursed be the King who slew the men	
	(After) destroying the eye of our Knight—	
12	Lost is Aber Lleinog's glory.	

NOTES.

l. 1, *ir* is a metathesis for *ri*=King (Magnus), who felled "rwyv bre" (*Aneirin*, 30·7) by shooting him in the eye at the outset of the

battle of the strand. Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, was "rhwyv bre", or Lord of Aber Lleinog.

l. 2, yn y wyδ, *in his presence*; yn *yn* gwyδ, *before our face*. yn (h)y(r)wyδ, *quickly*, is historically true according to *Aneirin*.

l. 4, y gwyδ du, *the black arrow*. The mail and weapons of the Norse were black, *gwrm*. *Aneirin*, 9·17, 17·14.

l. 5, oe ttv ? for oe (oe)tru=oe vetru, *by hitting him*.

l. 7, gwenn, Ir. *fian*, "hero". See Cormac's *Gloss.*, and Timothy Lewis' Introduction to his *Glossary to the Chirk Codex*.

l. 10. "gwyt glas" leaves the line a syllable short. As the retinue of Hugh the Proud was slain at Aber Lleinog "gwy*r* laδas" gives the history accurately.

Journalese.

Sir John should not gibe at 'journalese', for his reputation in Wales (such as he has outside is not to his advantage as a scholar) depends on the vernacular press. It is very ungrateful, but very characteristic of the Knight to fling mud at all who have helped him. Moreover, was he not himself a journalist not so very long ago, editing the *Beirniad ?* I have never had any contact with journalism. The most I have done is to write appreciations of old friends in Magazines. We both wrote in memory of our common friend Sir O. M. Edwards. My article was reprinted from *Cymru* in four other monthlies, but one printing of my critic's article was as much as Wales could digest. Had I to live by journalism apparently I need not be afraid of my censor's competition. I have killed no journal yet, which is more than he can say. And now I am on the subject of journalism I should like to explain my attitude towards that type of modern Welsh which is ever trying to find a Welsh word for modern inventions, with their technical terms. Telegraph, telephone, aeroplane and their kind are as good Welsh as they are English. There were no railways, nor trains, bicycles nor motor cars, frying pans, teapots, nor kettles before the

Englishman introduced them, and if we accept them, why not their baptismal names as well? The genius of a language does not depend on its vocabulary, but on its syntax. The vocabulary purists follow the syntax of the Saxon more and more, till it is too painful for me to read Welsh newspapers, and Magazines. In the early days of the Davyð ap Gwilim Society I succeeded in inducing many members to write in their respective dialects, regardless of their fear of the Jews. And we had some delightful papers, racy of the soil, and full of instruction. I also mooted the question of orthography by calling attention to the scientific spellings of the early MSS. Sir John took this question up with a zeal that has clouded his outlook and warped his judgment through life, because if anyone does not slavishly follow his rules he condemns everything they say and do. For instance, one of our chaired bards competed at an Eisteðvod. His Awdl was in 'journalese' spelling, and there were some South Walian[57] dialect words. Sir John in his adjudication selected this awdl for his most scathing criticism. Later the poet met one of the Bangor students who advised him to recopy the said *Awdl* in the Morrisian orthography, and to substitute Anglesey dialect words for the Dimetian. This was done, and the *Awdl* was sent to another competi-

[57] Sir John's hatred of the Dimetian dialect amounts to frenzy. In his Grammar he will drag in 'Anglesey' forms with approval. The amusing part is that most of his 'Anglesey words' are in other dialects, even in Dimetian, only he does not know it. In the last house on the Lleyn peninsula there lived till late years an old body with whom I had many a chat. She was born, bred and lived there eighty-nine years. *She and I spoke the same dialect.* She had never stayed in "the South", yet she understood my dialect perfectly, but her daughters did not. The Welsh in the letters of Morrisieid Mon is very much nearer Dimetian than the Broad Doric of modern Anglesey. Why this difference? Can it be that the vernacular press, which flourishes only in "the North", has effected the change?

tion, when it won the chair and high praise from Sir John! That is typical of the man. He is governed by whims and fancies and theories—not by reason, judgment, and merit. Let me however say that his orthography is a great improvement on the chaos that was prevalent forty years ago. But it is not as good as that of our earlier MSS., which never doubled consonants in unaccented syllables. There is no more reason for writing *yng nghyngor* than for a*ng nghyfieith*, but he condemns the latter, and insists on the former, simply because he knew no better when he committed himself to *yng-ngh*, and Sir John is not given to admit himself in the wrong. Down to the seventeenth century this doubling was not done after *yn* except occasionally when the noun had radical *m*. The rule is y mon,—*ym* mon is rare. Bucheð Gr. ap Cynan ends with "y Mangor" etc. Gr. Hiraethog wrote yngHaerwys, and never doubled the *ng*. But Sir John has persuaded himself that there is an etymological reason for it, and uncouth forms, like *yng ngh-yngor*, are the very apple of his eye. Approving of the rest of his rules, and wishing them to be adopted, I took refuge in the orthography of our best MSS., because I could not be guilty of this unscientific, ignorant and wholly useless doubling, but I did not wish to give a handle to those decrying the "*orgraff Rhydychen*".[58]

To my mind the important thing is good matter. Then the more phonetic the spelling the better—it saves cost of composition, and it saves paper, and it saves the sight and time of the reader. As to style, the simpler the better. I believe in circulating the current coin of everyday speech, not in the fantastic circumlocutions and fandangles of oratorical windbags. The 'Cymraeg coeth'

[58] Men who write 'yn Bangor', 'yn Carnarvon', 'gwaen', 'ffoes' (noun) &c., should be shot at sight.

of the '*Llenorion*', and the '*Cymraeg Cymreig*' of the would-be patriots are most nauseous. In my opinion Sir John Rhys wrote excellent Welsh—it was natural, easy, and winsome. Sir O. M. Edwards wrote a vivid, live style—full of ripples and charm as a mountain stream, with touches of poetry and humour that lit up his pages as sun-glints do a landscape. To read him is as pleasant as sauntering with a friend in 'the lingering dusk of a long day'. Sir John Morris-Jones writes Welsh as if it were a dead language. He is careful in the observation of the stereotyped rules of grammar, and the result is smooth enough—as smooth as ditch water, and almost as flat. Professor Gwynn Jones aims at the gaudy pageantry of the grandiloquent, and attains the flatulent style, as if sound and thunder were more valuable than light. On the other hand Professor Ivor Williams writes helter-skelter[59] as if the world could not go on if he stopped writing. An Oxford stump orator explained his method of speaking by "I opens my mouth and summat comes". Similarly our dear friend Ivor takes up his pen and "summat comes". If he were half as anxious to learn as he is to teach others, and would lay to heart that quality is more important than quantity, he might go far, and I hope he will.

A rea y vran vawr a rea y vran vach.

Sir John is certain that I cannot write Welsh, and Professors Gwynn Jones and Ivor Williams have acted as sounding boards, echoing his verdict. And yet I sleep and eat well, and I shall die unconfessed in this respect, for if I could write like the 'Joneses' I certainly would not.

[59] I refer in particular to his article in *Y Cymmrodor*, Vol. XXVI. Since writing the above criticism a friend has shown me another article which proves that Prof. Ivor Williams is capable of clothing his ideas with decency and in good order.

Every man must have his own style. If he has a message to deliver and *knowledge of his subject*, the inspiration will come to prompt the right words—and if occasionally, like Father Taylor of Boston, he "loses his Nominative case" he will "nevertheless be bound for glory". That is the type of missioner who saves the world. The fossilized speech of the Grammarian will not save a man from going to sleep, even at church, much less make him reform his ways. The best stylist is the man who expresses his ideas clearly, in language which all can understand. The barren sort hunt for words a foot long, and pile them one on top of another in breathless fashion. They are like a common which abounds in tangling briars running into ten, fifteen or twenty feet long, intermixed with tufts of knotted grass, and unfragrant weeds which no cutting will check and no donkey will eat. All animals will graze a good field 'within an inch of its life'. They keep it always green, and smooth as a lawn. This typifies the simple but nourishing style—good original matter is naturally mated to short, living words.

Sir John scorns my use of 'cysc' with which my mother and grandmother were wont to send me to sleep "cysc machgen i". His fossilized speech wants 'cwsg', a form that has been dead for generations on my native heath. The third singular present indicative of gweled is *gwyl* in our early literature everywhere, but Sir John writes *gwel*, which is just as wrong as *cysc*. The fact is there is no *right or wrong about Grammar*—it deals with the past, but usage steadily modifies its rules from age to age.[60]

[60] In Dimetia we meet with *cyscith, gwelith, delith, cedwith, llenwith, llevith, dodith, rhoδith, holltith, aδewith*, etc., etc., for cwsc, gwyl, deil, ceidw, lleinw, llev, dyd, rhyδ, hyllt, eδeu, etc., etc. I use the *-ith* forms without hesitation, not because I am "ignorant" of the other forms, but because to me they are the living forms. They are a sur-

The knight also condemns me for introducing words of later origin than the Taliesin MS. I nowhere professed to confine myself to archaic words. What I professed to endeavour to do was to recapture from the context the sense of imperfect lines,—no man can recapture the phraseology of a lost line. One might choose words current in the time of the MS., but we are no nearer the original. When my critic goes on to assert that I do not know the difference, he goes beyond his knowledge, and says what is not true. As a matter of fact I know far better than he, or anyone else, except Mr. Timothy Lewis. Till I lent my collection of slips I was the only one who had compiled an *Index Verborum* to the whole of the older poetry in the *Red Book of Hergest*. *The Black Book of Carmarthen*, *Aneirin* and *Taliesin* were done twenty years ago. Sir John Morris-Jones has no such work, and knows only what he can remember, and then only the parts he has read. I have not merely copied all the words in the Welsh Texts, and revised them many times in proof, but I can verify at will whether such and such a word is used, by whom, and at what time. Sir John can do none of these things, but is simply a braggart. If he knew 'bwyst*gun*' it would have checked his ignorant rant about 'bwyst*ner*' as well as other authentic forms. His article is one continuous whoop of self-laudation, abuse, and ignorance.

> "*Himself you see he painted white,*
> *Because 'of course' he is always right.*"

vival of the form which appears in Irish as *-id*. If Welsh is to be a living language we must cultivate *all its living forms*, whatever peevish Grammarians may say. Nothing is impure and unclean because of its form, and nothing is good simply because it is archaic. I do not admire the Welsh of *Barð Cwsg*—its influence on Welsh style is harmful, because it is artificial and laboured.

APPENDIX II.

Historical Authorities.

As human nature tends to shirk the trouble of looking up references, and as it is essential to the understanding of our subject that the writer and reader should have their historical knowledge in common, it will be well to quote here the chief authorities who describe the 1098 Strand-battle of Aber Lleïnog, where King Magnus of Norway slew Hugh the Proud, earl of Shrewsbury, and vanquished Hugh the Fat, earl of Chester.

I.

Icelandic Sagas: *Orkneyinga Saga and Magnus Saga*,—text edited by G. Vigfusson, vol. i, translated by Sir G. W. Dasent, D.C.L., vol. iii, pp. 68-71, 74 (1887). Magnus bare-leg, King of Norway, 1094-1102.

Hacon was a wise man, and he thought he could see by King Magnus' talk when they spoke together, that the King would be highminded and eager to attack the realms of other chiefs. Hacon fell to saying this before the king, that it would be a brave deed for a prince to have out the levy and harry west across the sea, and lay the isles under him, as Harold fair-hair did. Says, too, if he could get rule in the Southern isles, it would be handy to harry thence in Ireland and Scotland, and if he put the western lands under him, that thence it would be good to strive with the strength of the Northmen against the Englishmen, "and so avenge Harold, Sigurd's son, thy father's father" . . . . this jumped well with the King's temper . . . (who) laid it bare before all the people . . . .

King Magnus, the son of Olaf the quiet, came from the east out of Norway. He had a mighty host and many liege men followed him . . . [He] seized the Orkneys . . . fared to the Southern isles . . . . fell to harrying first in

the Lewes, and won them; in that voyage he won all the Southern isles .... Thence he fared south under Bretland (Wales), and had a great battle in Anglesea-sound with two British earls, Hugh the Stout, and Hugh the Proud .... This battle was both hard and long, and both spears were thrown and blows struck; it was long so that it could not be seen between them which way the fight would turn. King Magnus shot with a cross-bow, and another man from Helgeland by his side. Hugh the Proud fought most sturdily; he was so clad and byrnied that there was no bare spot on him save the eyes. King Magnus bade the man from Helgeland that they should both shoot at Hugh at once and so they did, and one arrow struck him on his noseguard but the other went in at the eye, and flew afterwards through the head. That shot was reckoned to the king.

There fell Hugh the proud, After the British [*i.e.* English] fled and had lost many men; but King Magnus had won a great victory, but had yet lost many good men, and very many were wounded. So this song was made about it:

> "Bolts on byrnies then came rattling,
> Might and main the monarch fought,
> Agdir's ruler bent his cross-bow,
> Blood on helmet there was sprinkled
> Bowstrings' hail on mail came flying
> Men fell fast, and Hordas' king,
> Seeking land with onslaught hard,
> Dealt his death-blow to the earl".

Then King Magnus made Anglesea his own as far south as ever the Kings of Norway of old had ever owned it. Anglesea is a trithing of Bretland (Wales). Kali Seabear's son, who was a very wise man, dear to the king and a good rhymer, had got many wounds in Anglesea sound though none of them at once mortal. Afterwards King Magnus turned back by the south course along Scotland .....

When King Magnus had ruled [his] land nine winters, he fared away out of the land West across the sea and harried in Ireland, and was the winter in Connaught. But the summer after he fell in Ulster on Bartholomew's day (p. 74).

II.

Corpus Poeticum Boreale, edited and translated by G. Vigfusson and F. York Powell (1883).

Magnus bareleg's court by Gisl Illugisson : Four heritages [four provinces, Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands, and Man] of the Island people the King subdued by force before he met the Welsh [French] earls. I fought beside Harold's kinsman [grandson] inside Anglesey, when ambitious King and earls tried their prowess fiercely together. Magnus' men scored many a target with their bright spear-points. Many a well made buckler of the duke's was sprung by the King's dart. The King shot with both hands, and all his men fought gallantly ; the white arrow-heads sped from the bow he drew ere Hugh fell.

When the battle was over the King's men got home-leave from their captain. The men of the land saw the sea-bleached sail hoisted to the top over the noble crews. The wave rose high, and the mad gale drove the canvas forward of the stays. The goodly dragon, bearing the dread of the Danes, broke the back of every daughter of Ocean (billow). Black Ocean struck the carven neck, and the sea leaped into the jaws of the golden figure-head ; the gold shone like the fire of heaven [the sun] from the heads of the King's dragon-ships (vol. ii, p. 242).

Gisli in prison. The irons begin to burn into my legs. I shall be cheery still, even though they mean to put the poet to death. A man can only die once, and, lady, I shall

still remember my exploits in my song. A warrior's heart is stout (vol. ii, p. 243).

Biorn the cripple handed. Magnus's voyage to the West. Fire played fiercely to the heavens over Lewes; he went over Uist with flame; the yeomen lost life and goods. He harried Skye and Tyrey. The terror of the Scots was in his glory . . . . He made the Manxmen to fall. Every way of escape was stopped for Godrod's son . . . . He quickly caused the death of Hugh the Proud in the sound of Anglesey. The slayer of the Irish [Magnus] has carried fire over all the islands for a while. The broad . . . . lies in the King's power (vol. ii, pp. 244-5).

III.

Buchedd, *or* Life of Griffyd ap Kynan (see edition of *Arthur Jones, M.A.* (1910), pp. 142-8).

Hugh earl of Chester . . . . collected a fleet and an astonishingly large host . . . . being mindful of the razing of his castles and the killing of his knights. Another Hugh, the earl of Shrewsbury, joined him with his host, so that they might come together as one to avenge the losses which Griffyd ap Cynan had caused them. Thereupon they with their men sailed aboard their fleet to the dominion of Griffyd, preceded by Owein ap Edwin, and Uchtryd his brother with their force. And when this became known, the men of Gwyned and Powys combined to oppose them unyieldingly. Consequently the lords of Powys, Cadwgan and Meredyd his brother, moved with all their belongings to Griffyd. And after they had taken counsel together, both they and Griffyd went to Anglesey, there to defend themselves as if in a fort begirt by the sea. For there had come from Ireland sixteen ships—long *ferry-boats* in support of Griffyd. They were to engage at sea the fleet of the earls. Upon hearing this the earls

sent messengers to the ships offering [the Irish] their own terms if they would desert Griffyð when hard pressed. This they agreed to do, and having been thus gulled by the French they poured back into the island, breaking faith with Griffyð, who was alarmed by this treachery, not knowing what he might do against his enemies and the traitor-ships. So Griffyð and his son-in-law, Cadwgan sailed in a ferry-boat to Ireland, abandoning their people to the mercy of God. Thereupon the people took flight concealing themselves by hiding in earth-caves, alder copses, woods and forests, bracken heaths, steep and rough places, wilderness, rocks, and all such places as offered an escape from the Franks and other races who came thither to attack them. And without delay the earls and their hosts hilariously pursued them that day till vesper time, through the length and the breadth of the island (of Mon), plundering and slaughtering the people, etc.

Next morning, behold, without warning the royal [Norse] fleet appears close to land. This so perturbed the Franks and traitorous "Danes" that word was sent secretly, by certain of the Kymry allied to them, to the men of the island summoning them to come forthwith to make peace and furnishing them with safe conduct. They did this fearing an attack on one side from the fugitive Welsh, and on the other from the [Norse] fleet.

"After the King of Norway had been told through an interpreter the name of the island [of Mon], and of its lord, and about the ravaging and plundering, and who were the plunderers, out of pity [for the men of Mon] his anger grew, and he drew near to land with three ships. The Franks, who were scared like women, when they saw this fought in their mail on horseback as was their custom, and advanced against the King and his force in the three ships. The King and his number fought

recklessly against the Franks, who with their horses fell like fruit from a fig-tree, some dead and some smitten by the strokes of the men of Norway. The King himself, calmly from the prow of his ship, shot in the eye with an arrow Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, who, from his armoured steed, fell heavily to the ground mortally wounded. In consequence of this mishap the Franks turned and fled, presenting their backs to the shots of the men of Norway. The King and his fleet sailed away because he had not brought a great force with him for inspecting the islands of Britain and Ireland" . . . .

"Whereupon Earl Hugh and the other Franks rejoice at the departure of Magnus, and carry away the men of Gwyneð and all their possessions to the Cantrev of Rhos, fearing that Griffyð might return at any moment. The cattle were counted and the booty, and one-half was carried off to Chester".

The fleet from Ireland which deserted Griffyð was betrayed in turn by the earl of Chester. Unrewarded the traitorous fleet sailed towards Ireland.

"At this time Griffyð returned from Ireland and found his country a wilderness and its people gone elsewhere. Then he sent messengers to Earl Hugh, and made peace with him. Griffyð received three trêvs in his Cantrev."

IV.

Brut y Tywyssogion (1890).

In the year [1098] the Franks for the third time raised forces against Gwyneð. These were led by two princes [Owein and Uchdryð, sons of Edwin] with Hugh, the earl of Shrewsbury, as their chief. They pitched their tents over against the island of Mon (or Anglesey). The Britons after withdrawing into their strongest places in accordance with their usual practice resolved to hold Mon.

And they invited from Ireland to aid them a fleet which should defend them at sea [and which betrayed them] by accepting bribes and rewards from the Franks. And thereupon Cadwgan the son of Bleðyn, and Griffyð, son of Kynan left the island of Mon and withdrew to Ireland fearing treachery from their own men. Then the Franks entered the island and slew some of the islanders. And as the Franks were sojourning there Magnus, King of Germania with some of his ships came to Mon, hoping to conquer the countries of the Britons. And when King Magnus had heard that the Franks were frequently contemplating the devastation of the whole country and of bringing it to nought he hastened to attack the Franks. And as they were shooting—some from the sea, and some from the shore, Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, was pierced in the face, and fell in battle by King Magnus's own hand. And then King Magnus by a sudden resolve quitted the country. The Franks carried all away, both young and old, as far as where the Saxons were. Afterwards when the Venedotians could not endure the laws, the administration, and the oppression of the Franks they rose a second time against them with Owein the son of Edwin, as their leader, the prince whom the Franks had formerly brought to Mon. In [1099] Cadwgan son of Bleðyn, and Griffyð the son of Kynan returned from Ireland. After making their peace with the Franks they secured parts of the country (pp. 272-3).

V.

Giraldus Cambrensis—*Itinerary through Wales, cap. vii.*

There is in this island (of Anglesey) the Church of St. Tyvrydog into which Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury (who, together with the earl of Chester, had forcibly entered Anglesey), on a certain night put some dogs, which on the

following morning were found mad, and he himself died within a month, for some pirates, from the Orcades, having entered the port of the island in their long vessels, the earl, apprised of their approach, boldly met them, rushing into the sea upon a spirited horse. The commander of the expedition, Magnus, standing on the prow of the foremost ship, aimed an arrow at him; and although the earl was completely equipped in a coat of mail, and guarded in every part of his body except his eyes, the unlucky weapon struck his right eye, and, entering his brain, he fell a lifeless corpse into the sea. The victor, seeing him in this state, proudly and exultingly exclaimed in the Danish, "Leit loup—let him leap"; and from this time the power of the English ceased in Anglesey.

[61] p. 78, line 4. *Servari.* This is usually read Serva*n*, which may be the word intended, but ? a bungle for Severi, gen. of Severus.

[62] p. 78, line 13. *pyst pendu.* In the Aneirin the Norse are called *gweilch gwrymde* (17·23), because they wore *black mail, gwrym seirch* (9·17), and *gwrym dudet* (17·14). The colour of their shafts is not mentioned, but here we are informed that their *heads* were 'black'. The shaft of Hugh, earl of Shrewsbury, was "striped above the grasping point" (An. 24·18=41), and the mail of his men was *calch claer* i.e. 'bright' 28·18.

Corrections.

I have to thank my critic for corrections of

diovrydav	for	dioverav
athraw	„	a thraw
(bwyst)viled	„	gwyðviled
(yn· yved)	„	yn dyheð, *war*
gor	„	or

His many other "corrections" are perversions of my emendations and notes, or mis-statements of facts, or mere school-boy quibblings, or emphatic howlers of his own, such as his interpretation of Marwnad Cunedaf, hun, kyfach, llychwr, llupaw, plagawt lys, pempwnt, lemein, achedwynt, creisseryð, gwerin, yr echwyð, etc., etc.

The text of 'Nennius' is familiar to me, having collated it with manuscripts in the British Museum, when it was published. I named Zimmer as 'editor' of the *Additamenta* from Harl. MS. 3859, because I had seen Zimmer at work on it. With this, the part to which I refer in my note, Mommsen had nothing to do. Sir John attributes this and the modernizings throughout to my "ignorance", whereas they were deliberate. Vols. II. of *Taliesin* and *Aneirin* have been prepared at the special request of many of my most faithful supporters. Why should Sir John object? The work is done and printed at my own expense. He says "there is no envy", but is it not a fact that a Professor of Welsh objected to my writing notes to the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, "because they would spoil his lectures"? It seems to me that some men protest too much. As regards the *Geography* and the *chief Actors* in the Books of Aneirin and Taliesin, as well as *the time of composition*, I nail my colours to the mast without hesitation. In matters of emendation and translation of imperfect parts there will be as many opinions as there will be workers. Even Sir John varies. In Chambers' *Encyclopedia* he wrote about "Aneurin" (sic), ending thus: "The other poets of that period are Myrðin and Taliesin; but most of the poems attributed to these are spurious." Here the Professor summarized all his knowledge of Taliesin, "put it in a nutshell," and it rattles there.

Postscript.

When the late Dr. Quiggin of Cambridge spent ten days at Tremvan in the autumn of 1918 I submitted to him the main points of my arguments that Catraeth was fought at Aber Lleinog in 1098. Together we visited the place, examined the Castle there, the ditches, and the ground intervening between the old fort and the shore. We saw the tide at the flood, and waited for the lowest ebb. In the dusk as we traversed the distance from low to high water line we realized that the *ebb* was indeed *great*. Now, this Great Ebb, this *Mor-drei*, was the very ground where Cat traeth was fought. How different would have been the history of Gwyneð, were it not for the 'mighty stroke' of Magnus Bareleg "at green dawn", in the green youth of the power of its Princes. On the way home Dr. Quiggin told me that he was satisfied that the internal evidence of the Aneirin text was incontrovertibly on my side, and that I should work out my thesis with care and in detail, adding "*you need not bother about the linguistic argument, because in the "Cynveirð" there is not a vestige of a form older than the date you assign to Catraeth*".

The foregoing article deals only with certain points raised by my critic. In the Introductions and Notes to the books of *Aneirin* and *Taliesin* I have stated the reasons for the faith that is in me. The fight is definitely stated to be at the sea-ferry between Arvon and Penmon. The opposing forces meet on a "plundering expedition". The Lloegrians wore bright armour, and the Norse black armour. The references to the seething seas, ships, casting of anchor, and the drownings of the combatants show the absurdity of the Catterick identification. One leader is a king, and his men are repeatedly named 'ri-allu,' *King's force*. Now there are three versions of one canto—two have 'ri-allu,' but the oldest has 'Llychlyn lu', *the Norse force* (Vol. II., 102). The King is therefore a *Norse* King, in short, 'Magnus Bareleg' who destroyed the Lloegrian plunderers on the Great Strand of Aber Lleinog in 1098, as stated on page 39 above.

In the Foreland of Gwyneð the fighting was done. An. 6·12. This very part Hugh, the swaggering earl of Shrewsbury, "was cultivating as his own", and it was in the Strand Battle here that he met his fate.

What Philologists Think.

My critic laid so much stress on linguistic arguments that it is meet that all non-specialists should have the opinion of one of the foremost living Celtic philologists on the subject.

> "*2 August 1924. Dear Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans, Every one, I think, must agree with you that, in dealing with a matter of this kind, purely linguistic speculation must take a secondary place. But even from the point of view of the linguist, it would be strange if in fairly extensive texts of the sixth century preserved in MSS. centuries later no traces at all remained of an older stratum of the language. The more obscure the sense of his text the more likely that the scribe would be content simply to copy what he found before him*".

Again, under date of July 29, 1924, Professor Dr. Max Förster, who presides over Celtic studies in the University at Leipzig, writes :—

> "*In the Celtic articles in Meyer's Encyclopedia the twelfth century is given both for Aneirin and Taliessin. Your reasons are fully convincing*".

For the late Dr. Quiggin's opinion see p. 117. From what these three scholars say it will be plain to all, that those best able to judge of my arguments, recognise their validity.

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