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222. Gwaith Ieuan Brydydd Hir. gan
D. Silvan Evans. (Caernarfon) 1876 (312).

1947

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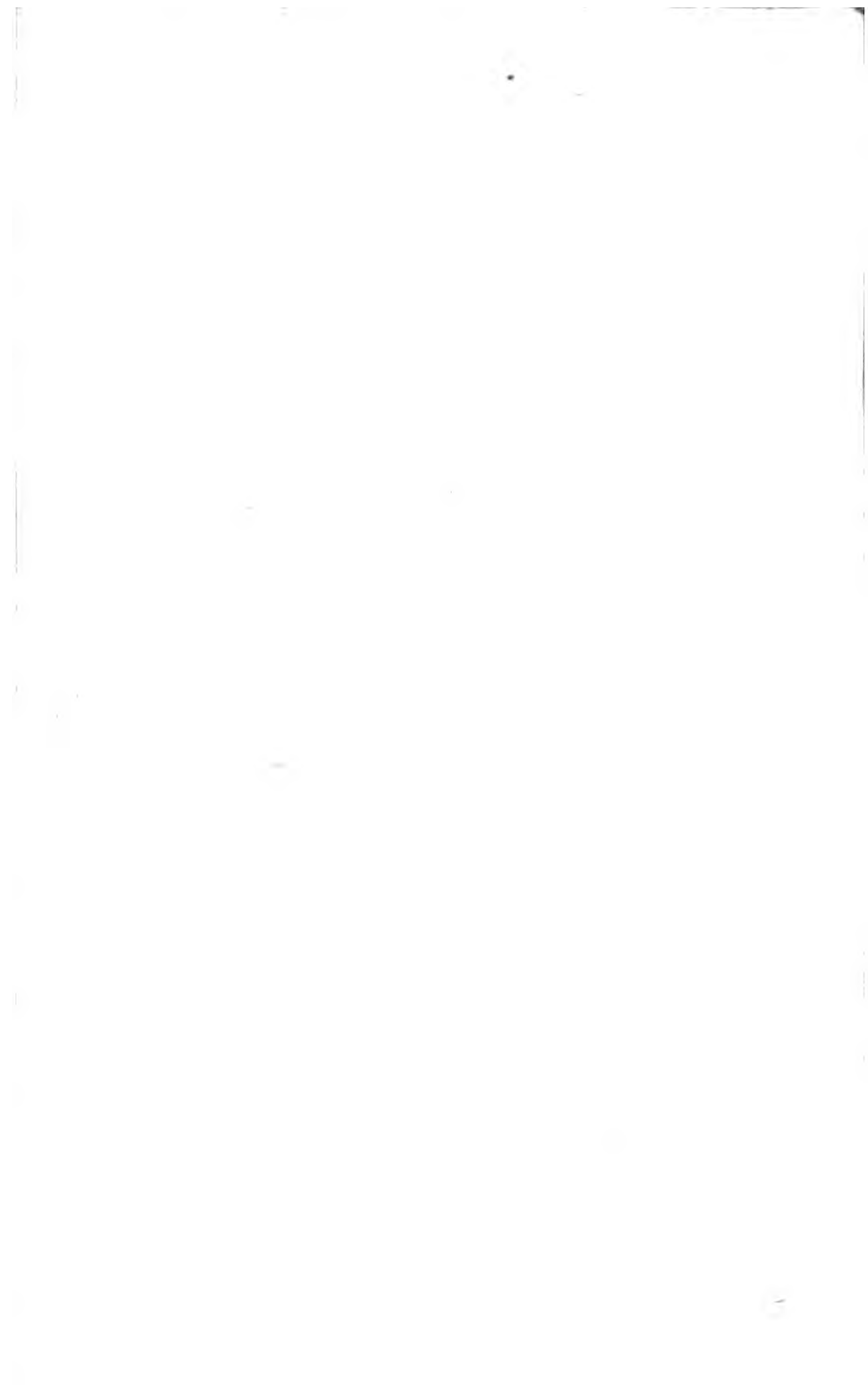
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GWAITH

1876

Y

PARCHEDIG EVAN EVANS

(*Jeuau Brydydd Hir*),

GOLYGEDIG

GAN D. SILVAN EVANS, B.D.

CAERNARFON :

ARGRAFFEDIG GAN H. HUMPHREYS.

1876.



RHAGY MADRODD.

CYNNWYSIR yn y gyfrol a gyflwynir yn awr i'r darllenydd gymmaint o gyfansoddiadau amryfath IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR ag y gallwyd cael hyd iddynt. Yr ydys wedi bod wrth y gorchwyl o gynnull ei ysgrifeniadau er ys llawer blwyddyn, a thybir fod y gwaith hwn yn cynnwys yn lled agos y cyfan a gyfansoddwyd ganddo mewn barddoniaeth; ond y mae yn amlwg ddigon nad oes yma ond cyfran yn unig o'i lythyrau a'i wahanol ysgrifeniadau mewn rhyddiaith. Y mae bylchau o amryw flynyddoedd yn y llythyrau; ac nid yw debygol bod genym y cwbl o honynt yng nghorff y blynyddoedd yn y rhai yr ymddangosant yn gyflawnaf. Diau fod rhai o'i gyfansoddiadau wedi eu colli yn anadferadwy; ond y mae lle i dybied fod amryw o honynt eto ar gael, pe gellid cael myned atynt.

Hyspys yw, i ysgriflyfrau y Bardd, yng nghylch cant o gyfrolau, fyned, ar ei farwolaeth, i feddiant y diweddard wladgar Paul Panton, o'r Plas Gwyn, ym Mon, a'u bod yng nghadwraeth rhai o'i anwladgar ddisgynyddion mewn cwr o'r ynys hono hyd y dydd heddyw, os nad ydynt wedi eu hysu gan bryfed, neu wedi braenu gan leithder. Cynnwysa y rhai hyn, mae yn ddilys, lawer o'i gyfansoddiadau ef ei hun, yn gystal a'i ddadysgrifau o waith hen awduron. Gwnaethym bob ymdrech i gael caniatâd i chwilio y gronfa hon; ond yn gwbl ofer. Methais gael cymmaint ag ateb i un o'm llythyrau. Hyd oni cheir cyfleusdra i drychwilio y cyfrolau hyny, nis gall gwaith y PRYDYDD HIR lai na

bod yn anghyflawn: ond bernais mai gwell oedd diogelu yr hyn oedd genyf, er bod y casgliad yn ddiffygiol, na dysgwyl yn hwy, ac ef allai, dysgwyl byth yn ofer, am ddefnyddiau i'w berffeithio; ac felly rhoddwyd y gwaith yn y wasg; ac y mae weithian yn orphenedig cyn belled ag y mae amgylchiadau yn caniatäu.

Crybwylla yr awdwr, yn y llythyrau argraffedig, am rai traethodau o'r eiddo nas gwyddys hyd yn hyn ddim chwaneg am danynt; ac am ohebiaeth rhyngddo a mwy nag un o wŷr dysgedig; megys yr Esgob Thomas Percy, yr Anrh. Daines Barrington, ac ereill. Cyhoeddwyd atebion y Dr. Percy yn y *Cambro-Briton*; ond llythyrau y Bardd at y gwr dysgedig hwnw nid oes, hyd y gwn, gymmaint ag un o honynt wedi gwelwed argraff, ac nis gwn pa le y maent ar gadw, os nad ydynt oll wedi myned i ddifancoll. Cynnwys y *Cambrian Register* amryw o atebion Lewis Morys; ac y mae yn amlwg wrth rai o honynt eu bod wedi eu bwriadu yn atebion i lythyrau o'r eiddo nad ydynt yn y casgliad hwn. Ceir hefyd yn yr un greal lythyr ato ef gan Wiliam Wynn; ond ni chafwyd gafael ar un o'i lythyrau ef at y bardd hwnw.* Ond odid nad oes cyfysgrifau o'i lythyrau at y gwŷr hyn, yn gystal ag o'i gyfansoddiadau ereill, ym mysg y papyrâu a aethant i lyfrgell y Plas Gwyn. O'r llyfrgell hono, y mae yn wybyddus, y cafwyd 'Cywydd y Messiah,' yr hwn a welir yn nechreu'r gyfrol hon. Adysgrifwyd ef oddi yno gan Iolo Morganwg; o'i lawysgrifen ef y cafodd ei argraffu yn y *Greal*; ac o'r cyhoeddiad hwnw yr adargraffwyd ef ym *Mlodau Dyfed*. Dengys hyn, ym mhlith pethau ereill, mai nid adysgrifau allan o hen ysgriflyfrau oedd y cwbl a adawodd y Bardd yn wyllsged i Paul Panton.

Cafwyd defnyddiau y gyfrol bresennol yn benaf o'r Gywreinfâ Brydeinig yn Llundain, ac o lyfrgelloedd

* Os nad yw'r dyddiad (Tach. 14, 1744) yn anghywir, rhaid mai at rywun arall y cyfeiriwyd llythyr Mr. Thomas Carte (*Camb. Reg.* i 330) y dywedir ei anfon ato ef; canys nid oedd y Bardd y pryd hwnw ond ychydig gyda thair ar ddeg oed.

Peniarth, Penmaen Dyfi, a Llanofar. Yr wyf hefyd yn ddyledus am fwy nag un dernyn i'r Parch. St. Geo. Armstrong Williams, A.C., Periglor Llangybi a Llanarmon yn Eifionydd; nid bychain yw fy rhwymedig-aethau i'r Cadben W. H. Mounsey, o Gaerliwelydd, Sais cynnwynol, ond gwr tra chydabyddus â llenoriaeth Cymru; ac ni ddylwn anghofio caredigrwydd y Parch. John Jones, A.C., Prif Athraw Ysgol Ystrad Meurig; a'i gymmydog, Mr. Evan Jones, o Swydd Ffynnon. Y mae amryw o'r cyfansoddiadau hyn wedi eu cymmeryd o lawysgrifau yr awdwr ei hun, ac ereill o ddadysgrifau ei ohebwyd a'i gyfeillion, yn enwedig Owain Myfyr a'r Parch. Dafydd Elis. Cymmerwyd amryw o'r darnau, yn enwedig yn y rhyddiaith a argraffesid o'r blaen, allan o'r *Cambrian Register*, y *Cambro-Briton*, a'r *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, megys y crybwyllir yn y nodau.

Nid amcanwyd un drefn neu ddosparth ar y gyfran brydyddol; ond cyflewyd y Llythyrau, hyd y gellid, yn ol yr amser yr ysgrifenydd hwynt. Lle yr ymddangosai dim o bwys yn y darlenniadau gwahanol, nodwyd y cyfryw amrywiadau.

Gyda golwg ar y llythyraeth, ni ddilynwyd dull yr awdwr ond mewn rhan yn unig. Gwahaniaethai ei gyfundrefn ef, mewn rhai pethau, oddi wrth bob un arall a arferwyd yn ystod cyfnod presennol y Gymraeg; ac, yn wir, oddi wrth bob trefn a fu ar arfer gyffredin mewn un oes. Prif neillduoldeb ei ddull ef ydoedd defnyddio *i*, *ir*, ac *idd*, yn lle y goreiriau *y*, *yr*, ac *ydd*, o flaen perwyddiaid. Bu amser ar yr iaith, megys y gwelir yn y 'Llyfr Du o Gaertyrddin,' a hen ysgrifeniadau ereill, pan yr arferid *i* yn lled gyffredin yn lle *y*; ond ni chyfyngid mo'r arferiad o honi mewn un modd i'r geirynau crybwylliedig. Gwelir eglurhâd ac amddiffyniad yr awdwr o'i ddefnyddiad o'r ffurfiau dan sylw yn y Llythyr XVII., a thrinir ychydig ar yr un pwnc yn yr 'Adscrif' ar ddiwedd y Rhagymadrodd i'r gyfrol gyntaf o'r *Casgliad o Bregethau* (1776), yr hon sy fel y canlyn:

'Ef a ddichon rhai darllenyddion efyn, pa achos oedd gennyf i newid yr ysgrifennyddiaeth arferol yn y llythyrennau *y* ag *yr* o flaen y ferf, gan ysgrifennu *i* ac *ir*? Fy ateb i'r cyfryw rai ydyw, mai dyna'r hên ffordd iawn ym marn y dyscedig yn yr iaith Gymraeg, y rhai sydd yn dywedyd nad ydyw yr *y* a'r *yr* dywyllsain, megis ag *ir* ymarferir o honynt yn ein dyddiau ni, ond seiniau llygredig. O herwydd *y* ag *yr* ynghyfieithiad yr ysgrifur lân, a lafarwyd ar y cyntaf megis *i* ag *ir* o flaen y ferf, o ran gwaahanu rhyngddynt a'r nodau o flaen enw cadarn, megis *y* gwr, *y* maen, *yr* efengyl, &c. y rhai ydynt o sain dywyll wrth naturiaeth.'

Bwriadaswn unwaith osod Cofiant o'r Awdwr o flaen y gwaith; ond wrth ystyried fod amryw flynyddoedd o'i oes nas gwyddom hyd yn hyn ond ychydig iawn am danynt, a bod y llythyrau, cyn belled ag y cyrhaeddant, yn manwl gofnodi helyntion ei fywyd, yn bersonol ac yn llenyddol, rhoddwyd yr amcan o'r neilldu; gan obeithio y cawn, yn hwyr neu yn hwyrach, ddefnyddiau i wneuthur cyfrol arall o'i waith; ac os deuir o hyd i'r gweddill o'i lythyrau, bydd genym ddefnyddiau priodol i ysgrifenu bywgraffiad cyflawn a boddhaol o hono, yr hyn nis gellir ei wneuthur ar hyn o amser. Ond gan fy mod wedi taraw wrth ddau neu dri o bethau mewn perthynas iddo nad ydynt hyd yma wedi ymddangos, trwy wybod i mi, mewn un cofnod a gyhoeddwyd am dano, gosodir yma yr ychydig grybwyllion canlynol.

EVAN EVANS a anwyd yn y Gynhawdref,* ym mhlwyf Lledrod, Ceredigion, Mai 20, 1731, yn ol yr Hen Gyfrif, yr hwn oedd arferedig y pryd hwnw.† Enw

* Adwaenir y lle yn awr wrth yr enw 'Cynhawdref Uchaf,' gan fod Cynhawdref arall wedi ymgodi ychydig is law iddo. O'r tŷ lle y ganwyd y Bardd nid oes weithian ond ychydig o adfeilion y muriau yn aros; ac y mae amaethdy newydd wedi ei godi ger llaw; ond ymddengys fod y rhan fwyaf o'r tai allan cyn hyned ag amser y Bardd. Arfer rhai dynion ysgolheiglyd y dyddiau hyn ysgrifenu yr enw 'Gwenhafdref,' o blegid y tybiant mai o *gwên* a *haf* y mae yr enw yn hanu; ond 'Y Gynhawdref' y gelwir ef ar lafar gwlad, yn gystal ag yn ysgrifau y Bardd.

† Dywed y Geiriaduron Cofiannol mai yn 1730 y ganwyd ef, yr hyn nid yw gywir; fel y gwelir mewn cofnod yn llawysgrifen

ei dad oedd Siencyn Ifan neu Jenkin Evans;* ac ymddengys fod y Bardd o gylch yr amser yr aeth i Rydychain yn arfer ysgrifenu ei enw yn 'Evan Jenkin Evan,' dull digon cyffredin yn yr oes hono. Gwelir ef felly wrth rai o'i ganiadau boreuol; ceir ef yn yr un wedd ym mhlith y tanysgrifwyr i Eirlyfr Cymraeg y Parchedig Thomas Richards, a gyhoeddwyd yn 1753;† ac y mae yn debygol mai at y tri enw hyn y cyfeirir ganddo yn y Llythyr II. Ond nid hir y bu cyn gadael enw ei dad o'r neilldu, ac ymgyfenwi yn 'Evan Evans' yn unig. Ymddengys mai enw a roddwyd arno ar y cyntaf gan ei gyfoedion, o herwydd ei fod yn wr tal, oedd IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR; canys ni welaf ei fod ef ei hun byth yn arfer nac yn arddel y cyfryw enw. Yr oedd Ieuan Brydydd Hir, y cyntaf o'r enw, yn byw o

y Bardd yn Ysgriflyfrau Peniarth, rh. 187, lle y dywedir ei eni ef megys y mynegir uchod. Ar ddiwedd 'Awdl y Nef' (t. 23) y ceir y cofnod crybwylledig, yr hwn a red, air a llythyren, fel hyn: 'Ieuan Fardd ac Offeiriad a'i Cant—ag ai hysgrifennodd yma ai law ei hun Mehefin yr 28. 1758, a aned Anno D: 1731, Mai 20d. O.S. yn y Gynhawdre ymhlwyf Lledrod ynghwmmwd Mefenydd ynghantref Ilar (a elwid gynt Uch Aeron) yn Swydd Geredigiawn.' Nid oes un cofnod o'i fedydd nac o'i gladdedigaeth yng nghofflyfrau Eglwys Lledrod, o leiaf yn y darnau o honynt sydd argael y pryd hwn.

* Traddodiad yr ardal, fel y deallaf, yw, mai Ifan Siencyn y gelwid el dad; ond gellir bod yn lled sicr fod hynny yn amryfusedd, pa fodd bynag y mae wedi dechreu. Yn y 'Cywydd yn danfon y Golomen ag Anerch oddi wrth Sion Owen o Lundain at Ieuan Fardd ac Offeiriad Llanllechyd, yn Swydd Gaernarfon, 1758,' dygwydd y llinellau canlynol:

'Gwel is law gloew was o *Lan*
Llechyd, y diwyd *Ieuan*,
Hir-fardd, athraw digardd doeth,
Cysson-gerdd facwy sein-goeth,
Ap Siencyn, y mwyn-ddyn mau,
Geirwir da, gwr o'r Deau.'

Cyfeirir at y Cywydd hwn yn Llythyr XVI. Yr oedd Sion Owain (gweler t. 101, 163) wedi bod yn byw yn hir yng Ngheredigion, a diau y gwyddai yn dda ddigon beth oedd enw tad ei gyfaill awenyddol.

† 'Mr. Evan Jenkin Evan, of Merton College, Oxford.'

ddeutu canol y bymthegfed ganrif*; gwyddai y Bardd yn dda ddigon am dano; a chan hyny gellir bod yn lled sicr mai prin y buasai ef yn dangos cymmaint o ddiffyg chwaeth a phriodoldeb a galw ei hun (yn ol arfer rhai yn yr oes hon) ar enw un o'r enwogion gynt. Ond y mae yr enw bellach wedi glynu wrtho mewn modd nas gellir ei ysgaru; a rhaid i ni, er mwyn gwahaniaeth, alw Prydydd Hir y bymthegfed ganrif yn Ieuan Brydydd Hir *Hen*, neu Ieuan Brydydd Hir *Hynaf*. Pan y defnyddiai'r Bardd enw barddol, yn ol arfer y frawdoliaeth, yn hytrach na'i enw priod, *Ieuan Fardd*, neu *Ieuan Fardd ac Offeiriad*, oedd y cyfenwau a arferid ganddo; eithr y mae y rhai hyn wedi myned dan orchudd llwch ebargofiant, ac 'IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR' wedi cymmeryd cyflawn feddiant o'u gorsaf. Ond nid oedd y cyfenw 'Ieuan Brydydd Hir' yn anhyspys ym myw y Bardd: canys gwelir fod Gwilym Hywel, yn ei Amseroni am y flwyddyn 1773, yn priodoli 'Cywydd y Methiant' o waith Ieuan Brydydd Hir Hynaf i Ieuan Brydydd Hir Ieuaft; a phrin y mae'r camsyniad wedi diflanu o feddwl ambell un hyd y dydd heddyw.‡

Derbyniodd ef ei addysg foreuol yn Ysgol Ramadegol Ystrad Meurig, o dan y cyn-athraw Edward Richard;

* Ymddengys mai gwr o Feirionydd oedd y Prydydd Hir cyntaf, a dywedir ei gladdu ym Mynachlog y Cymmer, ger llaw Dolgellau.

† Rhaglithia Gwilym Hywel i'r Cywydd hwn yn y geiriau canlynol: 'Y Cywydd hwn o waith ein Bardd clodfawr ni y parchedig Mr. Evan Evans, fu brintiedig yn yr *Eurgrawn Cymraeg* yn y flwyddyn 1770; gan nad ydyw'r Llyfr hwnnw i'w ganfod ond mewn ychydig ddwylo, gwelwn yn gymmwys roddi lle iddo yn y casgliad yma dan yr enw, Cywydd y Methiant.' Ac ar y diwedd dywedir mai 'Evan Evans a'i Cant;' ond hyd y deallaf, nid yw yr *Eurgrawn Cymraeg* yn ei dadogi ar Evan Evans. Prin y mae eisieu crybwyll mai gwaith yr hen fardd o Feirion yw y Cywydd, a bod darnau helaeth o hono yn argraffedig yn y *Flores Poetarum Britannicorum*, o gasgliad y Dr. Davies o Fallwyd, yr hwn a ymddangosodd o wasg Amwythig yn 1710, mwy nag ugain mlynedd cyn geni'r Prydydd Hir o Geredigion.

‡ Er prawf o hyn gweler y ddadl yn y *Brython* am 1861.

ac yn y flwyddyn 1751, ymaelododd yng Ngholeg Merton*, Rhydychain. O herwydd prinder moddion, tel y mae yn debygol, ymadawodd â'r Brifysgol heb gymmeryd ei radd. Nid oes genyf sicrwydd pa bryd yr urddwyd ef, nac ym mha blwyf yng Ngheredigion† y dechreuodd ei weinidogaeth; ond y mae yn amlwg mai yn rhywle yn ei ardal enedigol yr ydoedd. Am dreigl-iadau y gweddill o'i oes, cyn belled ag y maent yn hyspys i mi, gall y darllenydd eu canfod gan mwyaf oll yn y Llythyrau, y rhai y cyhoeddir y rhan fwyaf o honynt yn awr am y tro cyntaf. Ond diau y bydd yn ddyddorus gan bawb y sy ganddynt barch i goffadwriaeth y Bardd anffodus weled y dyfyniad canlynol allan o un o lythyrau Iolo Morganwg at Owain Myfyr, dyddiedig Gorphenaf 10, 1780:

'Y mae Ieuan Fardd ac Offeiriad yn awr yn weinidog Maesaleg; eithr nid oes yno un *Ifor Hael*. Y mae'r Bardd wedi troi yn ddyddyn sobr a chrefyddol iawn; ond y mae'r byd yn isel iawn arno. Yr wyf yn meddwl mai yr un tlotaf o'i alwedigaeth yn yr ynys yw. Ni fyddai fawr-beth i'r Cymmrodorion ei anrhegu ag wyth neu ddeg punt, yr hyn a fyddai er mawr les a gwasanaeth iddo ar hyn o dro.'‡

Dywed Iolo Morganwg, mewn lle arall,§ i'r PRYDYDD HIR drigiannu dwy neu dair blynedd yng Ngwent a Morganwg; ei fod ef yn dra chydabyddus ag ef yn ystod y blynyddoedd hyny; ac yr arferai Ieuan fwrw dau ddiwrnod neu dri yn achlysurol yn ei dŷ ef pan yr arosai yn y cyfryw barthau.

Ym mysg ei gynnyrchion llenyddol na sonir yn gyffredin am danynt gellir nodi y gwaith canlynol, yr hwn sydd i'w weled ym mhlith Llawysgrifau y Cymmrodorion yn y Gywreinfâ Brydeinig:

* Dywedir yn fynych, ond yn amryfus, mai aelod o Goleg Iesu ydoedd. Y mae un (rh. IV.) o'r llythyrau, yn gystal a'r gerdd Ladin, wedi ei ysgrifenu a'i ddyddio yng Ngholeg Merton.

† Gweler t. 87 a 233.

‡ *Additional MSS.* 15025, yn y Gywreinfâ Brydeinig.

§ Ysgriflyfrau Llanofar, rh. 31, t. 94.

'Cynnwysiadau Llyfrau a Phennodau yr Hen Destament a'r Newydd, gydag Ystyriaethau Bucheddol. A ysgrifenyddwyd gyntaf yn Ffrangeg gan y Parchedig Mr. Osterfald, Athraw Difnyddiaeth ag un o Weinidogion Eglwys Neufchatel yn Swisserland, ag wedi ei cyflwyno gantho ef i'r Cymdeithas a sefydlwyd tuag at chwanegu Gwybodaeth Gristianogawl; a gyfieithwyd i'r Saesneg gan Ioan Chamberlayne, Yswain, ag o'i Gyfieithiad ef i'r Gymraeg gan y Parchedig Mr. Evan Evans. Yn Dair Rhann. Y Rhann I. Y pedwerydd argraphiad, wedi ei atgyweirio a'i Ddiwygio, ag wedi chwanegi llawer atto allan o'r Argraphiad unplyg mawr a argraphwyd yn Neufchatel, 1744.'

Cynnwysir y gwaith mewn tair cyfrol bedwarplyg;* cyrhaedda hyd ddiwedd y drydedd bennod ar ddeg o Lyfr cyntaf y Breninoedd; a therfyna yn y geiriau canlynol:—'A dioddef ein hunain gael ein denu gan y sawl y sydd yn ceisio ein tynnu oddiwrth ein dyledswydd.'

Taenwyd llawer chwedl am ddull ac achos ei farwolaeth; ac ym mhlith pethau ereill, dywedwyd ei farw o newyn ar ben rhyw fynydd anghyspell; ac ar y ffurf hon o'r chwedl y mae ei alarnad Seisoneg gan y Parch. Rhisiart Williams wedi ei sylfaenu.† Ond y gwir yw, yn ol tystiolaeth unfrydol yr ardal, iddo farw o farwolaeth naturiol, ond yn bur ddisymmwth, yn y Gynhawdref, y ty y ganed ef ynddo, ym mis Awst, 1789. Ciaddwyd ef ym mynwent Lledrod,‡ ei blwyf genedigol, lle nid oes na maen na mynor yn cofnodi 'man fechan ei fedd.'

Llan ym Mawddwy:
Ionawr 4, 1876.

D. SILVAN EVANS.

* *Additional MSS.* 15050, 15051, 15052.

† Gweler y *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, i. 134. Gwnaethym ymholiadau yn yr ardal yn ystod yr haf diweddfaf yng nghylch amgylchiadau ei farwolaeth, ac y mae mwy nag un o'r brodorion wedi bod yn ymchwilio i'r un peth. Nid oes yn y cwmpasoedd hynny ddim dadl yng nghylch yr amgylchiad.

‡ Yn ol tystiolaeth hynafgwyr y gymmydogaeth, o fewn y cledrau heyrn sydd yn amgylchu beddrod yr Huwsiaid o Gwm Llechwedd y mae gorphwysfan gweddillion y Bardd.

CYWEIRIADAU A CHWANEGION.

CYWEIRIADAU.

Tudalen 44 (nod), yn lle 'where' darllener 'when.'

T. 55, llinell 19, yn lle 'caetherog' darllener 'caith crog.'" Gwedi argraffu y Cywydd hwn ac ysgrifenu y nodyn ar y gair dan sylw, cafwyd cyfleusdra i gymharu llawysgrif yr Awdwr o hono (Ysgriflyfrau Peniarth, rh. 187). Tarddodd y gwall ar y cyntaf o gamddarlleniad. Yn yr ysgrif y cyfeirir ati y mae y llythyren *c* wedi ei hysgrifenu mor debyg i *e* yn y gair hwn a thrwy yr holl Gywydd, fel nad oedd ryfedd camgymmeryd y naill yn lle'r llall. Wrth gymharu yr un llythyren mewn geiriau ereill, y rhai nis gall fod dadl am danynt, yn unig y canfyddir mai *c* ac nid *e* yw y llythyren a olygir. Y mae y llawysgrif yn hynod o dlos a darllenadwy, oni bai hyn o amwysedd. *Caith*=*caethion*.

T. 89 (nod cyntaf), llinell 2, gosoder crymfach [o flaen 'After.'

T. 272, llinell 6 o'r gwaelod, yn lle *Σχαμανδρον* darllener *Σκαμανδρον*.

Gadwyd *G.* (=Golygydd) allan yn amryfus ar ol ychydig o'r nodiadau golygyddol ar odre y dail; megys t. 25, 28, 110, 247 (tri nod). Ond yn fwriadol, megys yn afreidiol, y gadwyd hi allan ar ol y darlleniadau amrywiol.

Er pob gofal a gymmerwyd, digon tebyg fod rhai mân wallau ereill i'w canfod yn y gwahanol ieithoedd a ddygwyddant yn y llyfr. Canfyddir peth amrywiaeth ac anghyssondeb yn y dull yr argraffwyd y dyfyniadau Groeg.

Yn y nodau saif *Y.A.* neu *y.a.* am ysgrif arall, neu ddarlleniad gwahanol.

CHWANEGION.

Dygwyddwyd ar yr Englynion canlynol wedi gorphen argraffu y rhelyw o'r gwaith.

ENGLYN I GLOCH.

Clywch dôn o'r eigion rywiogaidd,—mal nabl,
Clywch barabl cloch beraidd;
Clywch wiw leisiau cloch lwysaidd,
Ei llef drwy y nef a draidd.

DAU ENGLYN I UN O ESGERAINT Y BARDD.

H—L Ll—d, egr wyd o greadur—tost,
Fal tystia'r Ysgrythur:
Os milain wyt, syml natur,
Milain cas, aml un a'i cur.

H—l Ll—d, os wyt wr pur—i'n Duw Rhên,
 Ni 'm dawr i o antur:
 Y gwalch traws balch, trwy ias bur,
 A gai drawsach, gyw drewsur.

Ymddengys mai *Hywel Llwyd* oedd enw 'un o esgeraint y Bardd,' yr hwn sy, megys uchod, yn anghyflawn yn y gynysgrifen.

Y F E D.

Os pawb hyd esgawb, da wr,—a yfant
 O afon aweddwr,
 Finnau, wr doeth, fynar dwr,
 Yfaf, fal Addaf, loew-ddwr.

Ceir y pedwar Englyn uchod, yn llawysgrifen yr Awdwr, â'i enw wrthynt, yn Ysgriflyfrau Peniarth, rh. 187.

Ymddangosodd y cyfieithiad canlynol yn y gyfrol gyntaf o'r *Myvyrian Archaeology*:

TRANSLATION OF GWAITH GWENYSTRAD.

Extol the men of Cattræth, who, with the dawn, went with their victorious leader Urien, a renowned elder, the pillar of kings, of matchless valour, a chief of great power. The men of Britain came in a body to Gwenystrad to offer battle; neither the fields nor the woods afforded protection to their enemies when they came in their fury, like the roaring wave rushing in its might to cover the beach. I have seen brave men in the army, and after the battle in the morning the mangled flesh. I saw the place where the shout was given, and where three ranks of men fell, and the crimson gore covered the ground. In Gwenystrad was seen a fort, assailed by the laborious toil of warriors. In the pass of the fort I have seen men dyed with red who have hurt their arms . . . they jointly fell to the ground when they lost the day; their hands were on the Crucifix, and horror was in the pale face of the dead warriors. I have seen men . . . and the blood entangled on their clothes, quick and furious thrusts in battle. Men bore patiently the warlike toil, and where there was no flying when they grew outrageous. I am astonished at the courage of Rheged's chief! I have seen Urien's brow covered with rage when he furiously attacked the enemy by Llech Wen Galysten; his anger was satisfied in dealing deadly blows amongst his foe, and his shield in time of need was heaved up to defend him. Euronwy, mayest thou grow desirous of conflict! And till I grow old, and must necessarily die, may I have no constant joy if I praise not Urien!

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GWAITH IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR.

I.—CYWYDD Y MESSIAH.*

Y RYWIOG wry Awen,
O ran parch i'n Rhi a'n Pen,
Cyweiria, gwea gywydd,
O'th ddoniau rhad, i'th Dduw'n rhydd.
Nid addas canu maswedd
I enw mawr y Ion a'n medd.
O Yspryd, fywyd f' awen,
Pureiddia hawl pob bardd hen,
Cymhwysa, syfla fy sain
I'w gyweiriaw yn gywrain,
Fal Esai ddifai ei ddawn,
Braff awenydd bur ffynnawn,
Yn ffawdus a brophwydawdd,
A Thi'n ei honi yn hawdd.

Morwyn a fag, mawr iawn fydd,
Ogoned Fab a gynnydd;
O'r Iesse y daw rosyn,
A thardd o'r rhagorwaith hyn;
A'i frigau, heirdd flodau haf,
Rhywiog a flagur hwyaf;

* Aralleiriad yw y Cywydd hwn o'r *Messiah* gan Pope, er na chrybwyllir hyny yn yr argraffiadau blaenorol o hono. Y mae o leiaf bum cyfieithiad arall o'r un gerdd yn argraffedig yn Gymraeg. Barnwyd cyfieithion Bardd Nantglyn a Blackwell yn gyfar-tal o ran teilyngdod yn Eisteddfod Rhuthyn, yn 1825, er mai prin y gellir gweled pa fodd y gall fod nemawr o gystadledd rhyngddynt.—G.

A'r Yspryd coeth, wiw-bryd cain,
 O'r eres hardd arwyrain,
 Disgyn ar ei frigyn fry,
 Yn ebrwydd uniawn obry,
 Mal colomen wen waneg,
 Wedi taith ehediad teg.

Dyfered, gwlyched y gwlaw
 Y ffrithoedd, er eu ffrwythaw;
 Cafodau'n ddafnau a ddêl,
 Er trochi'r yttir uchel.
 I nych e fyn hwn iechyd,
 Duw cadarn, ac a farn fyd.
 Bydd blaid i gyfraid y gwan;
 I noeth yn hug iawn weithian;
 Yn nydd blin y drycin drom,
 Ei nawdd a fydd yn eiddom;
 Rhag y gwres y'n llochesa,
 Pan fo flin Fehefin ha'.
 Holl gynddrygedd, chwerwedd, chwant,
 Oedd flinion, a ddiflanant;
 Daw Hedd i'r orsedd ar ol,
 Trwy ei gynneddf trigiannol;
 Cyfiawnder a adferir,
 I'n llawenhau oll yn hir.
 Cynnydd a llwyddiant cenyh,
 A'n Llyw certh, galluog, gwych.
 O Fair, y ddiwair Forwyn,
 Fe aned Mab myged mwyn,
 A'n gwared ni o gerydd,
 Ac o'n rhwym a'n dwg yn rhydd.
 Y tir cras ar uchder craig,
 Garw anial ac arynaig,
 I dwf hyfrydol y daw,
 I gynnyrch drwy eginaw.
 O'r âr, yn lle mwyar mall,
 A gosgedd pigawg ysgall,
 Daw rhesi blodau rhoswydd
 Draw yn ber, a drain ni bydd;

Mawrion wŷdd mirain, addwyn,
 A dyf ar Lebanon dwyn;
 Ar Garmel fry, uchel fron,
 Y cadeiria coed irion;
 A Saron, is ei irwydd,
 A'i ben yn gogwyddaw bydd.
 O'r anial drum a'r niwl draw,
 Chwi liosydd, clywch leisiaw!
 Unionwch, chwi rai anwar,
 Eich ffyrdd trwch; difeiwch fâr:
 Nerth Dofydd sydd yn nesâu,
 Ein Brenin ger ein bronau;
 Mae'r ddaiar, ei Gwanar gwyn,
 O'i ddarbod yn ei dderbyn;
 A'i bryniau a'i haeliau hi
 Yn darostwng oll drosti;
 Man uchel a iselir,
 A dôl a fydd uchel dir;
 Y mawr-wydd, coedydd Cedar,
 A ymrŷdd oll, a'r mawr ddâr;
 A'r penau draw yn awyr,
 Po un o naddun' a wŷr;
 Creigiau rhônt dyrfaeu dirfawr,
 A'r gwynt yn gorddyar gawr;
 Chwydd yr uchel-fron dônau
 Yn gerth ar y weilgi gau;
 Agwrdd a fydd twrdd pob ton,
 Crych agwedd y croch eigion.
 Daeth i waered Waredydd,
 Oen Duw; bendigaid yw'n dydd!
 Ein Gobaith a'n maith Ion mawr
 Gogoned, a'n gwiw gein-wawr.
 Clywch, fyddarion, laesion lu,
 Gwŷl deillion glod ei allu;
 Cân mudion ei ogoniant,
 A gawr mawr wrth agawr mant;
 Neidia y cloff, newid clau,
 Fel carwiwrch ar fol caerâu;

Dagrau ar ruddiau ni red,
Neu gaddug o drom gudded.

Y ddraig, wedi mawr ddrygau,
A drig yn ei ffyrnig ffau.
I'w gefyn hyll rhag ofn hwn
E grŷn holl gaerau annwn.
Un ddafad blaidd ni ddifa
O gail deg y Bugail da;
Arwain i gyd yr ŵyn gwan
Ac arlwy yn ei gorlan;
E ran i bob un ei raid,
A mag ei holl famogiaid.

Mab Rhad yr Ion mad a'n medd,
Fe aned o nef fonedd;
Teyrn uwch cedyrn cadau
A bair i hedd hir barhau;
Tywysog enwog, uniawn,
Llariaidd, doeth, llawrodd y dawn;
Holl genedloedd, bobloedd byd,
A arail Ef â'i wryd;
A'i fraich ardderchog, a'i fron,
A ran i bawb yr union.
Bydd hedd, gwirionedd, a gras,
Ion dewr-nerth, yn ei deyrnas.
Ni bydd dur nac ymguraw,
Na llid na chelain* rhag llaw;
E droir y glaif, a'r dur glas,
A'r finiog fawr arf wynias,
Yn bladuriau dur curant,
Sychau ac ogeidiau gant.
Eu hadail a fydd hoew-deg,
Try'n llysoedd uwch tiroedd teg;
A phlenir draw, ger llaw'r llys,
Winllan wrth bob caer wenllys.
Yn ddiau fyth ni ddaw fwy
Na llu gwrdd, na llaw gorddwy,

* 'Na llid na cheldin rhag llaw' (*Y Greal*, 116).
'Chwerwder' yw darlleniad *Blodau Dyfed*.—G.

A wna ddifrod i'w brodir,
 Na thân, nac anrheithiau hir.
 Llawn y ceir pob pill o wÿdd
 O gánaid flodau gwinwydd;
 A ffrwythau ar gangau'r gwin,
 Ac o rinwedd y grawnwin.
 Fal cynnydd mawr-wydd mirain
 Yn y dolydd, coedydd cain,
 Y duwiol a flodeua,
 A gaffo dwf o gyff da.
 Y tir gwyllt mewn tor gelltydd,
 Egin a ddwg yn ei ddydd;
 Ar foliau creigiau ceir yd,
 Garw annedd y ddraig ennyd;
 Mawrion wÿdd mirain, addwyn,
 A dyf ar bob uchel dwyn.
 Llogir, ni chynnwysir chwaith,
 Y dreinwyddach draw'n oddaith;
 Ym mhob perllan a blaner,
 Llawn pwys a fydd pob llwyn per.

Y blaidd, heb fedru preiddiaw,
 Yn un a drig â'r oen draw;
 Ceir eilwaith y llew creulawn
 Yna i'r ych yn wâr iawn;
 A baban, i'w ddiddanu,
 A ddeil y wiber oer ddu;
 Yn bleth yn ei ddwrn hi blyg,
 A'i gwenwyn ni fyn gynnyg;
 A'i law heb arswydaw'n syn,
 Ochelyd rhag ei cholyn.

Gwÿl, Sion, dirion dyrau,
 O'th lu'n hardd i'th lawenhau;
 Wele agwrdd hiliogaeth,
 A myrdd it' o feibion maeth,
 Liaws teg tua'th lys di,
 Olynol â'th oleuni;
 Aneirif gynniweiriad
 I'th lys bendigaid a'th wlad;

Cyrchant, tramwyant trwy'r môr,
 O gyrau pob gwiw oror.
 Breninedd a'th goleda,
 Wi o'r dydd! a'u heurau da;
 A llongau a ollyngir
 I'w taith â mordwyad hir;
 Yn llwythog drwy'r dorchog don
 Y rhwygant â'u hanrhegion.
 Bydd gorfoledd a hedd hir
 Hyfrydol i'th hoew frodir;
 A phob peth mewn toreth teg;
 Ni chwynir am ychwaneg:
 Dy gaerau, muriau mawriawn,
 Yn gryf ac yn hygar iawn;
 Haul ynod rhydd oleuni,
 Y lloer, ac ni phalla hi;
 A Duw gwyn yn dy ganawl,
 Gwna y dydd yn ganaid wawl;
 Ni dderfydd yn nydd na nos,
 Mo'th lewyrch mwy i'th lios.

Y nefoedd a'u holl nifer
 A syrth, ac adfail y ser;
 Tawdd yn glau ddefnyddiau'r nen:
 Yn annelwig, fal niwlen;
 A'r byd i gyd, a phob gwaith,
 A'i anneddau, yn od-daith.
 Ni bydd na mynydd na môr,
 Na mwyn, na meini mynor,
 Na golwg mwy na'u gilydd:
 A saif ar y pethau sydd:
 Gair y bendigedig Ion,
 Iesu, fyth a saif weithion!
 Dy deyrnas, ein addas Ner,
 Ardderchawg, fânawg Funer,
 A ddeuo fyth, Dduw fy Ior,
 O'th wrygiant mawr a'th ragor,
 Drwy erfai rym dirfawr ras
 Iesu wiw, y MESSIAS! *Amen.*

II.—AWDL Y NEF.

ARWYRE, Awen, uwch yr Yri*—fan,
 Cais o fyd ymgodi;
 Ehed, cei afrifed fri,
 I loew-nef y goleuni.

Bro lwys, Paradwys ysprydawl,—llys Ior,
 Lle seirian rhyfeddawl,
 Lle mae llewych gwych a gwawl
 Hyfrydwedd ein Naf rhadawl:

A main gwyrth i'w byrth a'i barthau—euraid,
 Araul wiw drigfanau!
 Llys diddan, gwiwlan, golau,
 Caer Grisiant, meddiant Duw mau:

Lle mae saint cywraint yn cyweiriaw—cân,
 Yn cànaid ddysgleiriaw;
 A'r delyn aur i'w dwylaw,
 Yn lleisio dros y llys draw:

Yn dadgan lwys-lan, loew oslef—peraidd
 I'r pur Oen fu'n dyoddef;
 A'r nawradd oll yn addef,
 Gun teg, ei ogoniant Ef.

O! fywyd hyfryd mewn hoew-fro—gorhoen,
 O gyrhaedd pob cyffro;
 Gwastad, heb dreigladd, heb dro,
 Yw llawenydd oll yno.

Angylion gwynion mewn gogoniant,
 Llys Ior, cain oror, cynniweiriant,
 Lle uwch y lluwch y llewychant,
 Llu glân, lle uwch tân y tywynant,
 Uwch huan eirian, uwch ariant,—a ser,
 A hug o leuer y goloewant.

* Yr Yri = Eryri.—G.

Yng ngoror gwiw-nef y cartrefant,
 Ebystyl Iesu, byst dilysiant,
 Ac wrth ei lwysaf orsedd safant,*
 A theyrnwiall a gynneilant,
 Hoew wedd, gwiw osgedd, gwisgant—goronau,
 A gwiw heirdd ynau, ac urdduniant.

Merthyron, ddewr-llu'r ffydd ddiffuant,
 Mewn gwawl cyhoeddawl y cyweddant,†
 A hoew, rhag ereill, y rhagorant,
 Da weis eglurwedd, a dysgleiriant,
 Ac yno i'w dwylo daliant—balmwydd,
 Yn llon ysplenydd, lle nis blinant.

Prophwydi diau a oleuant,
 A Phadrieirch mewn ffawd arhoant,
 A llawer, mal ser, yn moli'r Sant
 (O enwau tra-gwiw!) yno trigant;
 A dynion doethion a deithiant—ffordd gras,
 Y cu fan addas cyfannedant.

O Iesu Ddofydd! ddwys oddefiant,
 Coeth Ior goleu-ddoeth, o'th ryglyddiant,
 Y meirwon isod a gyfodant,
 At Iesu gwyn hwynt-hwy esgynant,‡
 Gorfoledd a hedd, dyhuddiant—a hoen,
 Yno gyda'r Oen a gydranant.

Pura fi, O Dduw! par faddeuant,
 Gwedi oferedd, ac edifeiriant;
 Maddau arw feiau a ryfuant,
 Gwydiau, anafau, ieu'nctyd, nwyfiant;
 Gollyngdod pechod yw'r puchiant—mau,
 A llys nef orau, lles nifeiriant.

* 'Ger bron ei lwysaf orsedd safant' (*Eos-lais*, ii. 19).

† 'Cyweddawl y cyhoeddant' (*Adysgrif D. Elis; Eos-lais*, ii. 18).

‡ 'Yn anfarwolion, nef fro welant' (*Blodau Dyfed*, 10;
Blodeugerdd, t.v.)

III.—AWDL AR DDYODDEFAINT CRIST,

WEDI EI THROI O'R GROEG I'R GYMRAEG, AR FESUR Y GYHYDEDD
HIR, YN OL YR HEN DDULL.*

DIGON o faswedd,
Newid gynghanedd,
A'r tannau eurwedd,
Eiriau miwsig ;

A dadgan, Awen,
Dy gerdd yn gymhen,
I'th Frenin a'th Rên
Croeshoeliedig.

Anfeidrol drysor
O rad ein gwir Ior,
Pa ddiddan gân o gôr,
Gerdd urddedig,

A ddichon ddadgan
Rhyfeddol amcan
Sydd goruwch anian,
Yn nodedig?

Pa fodd y darfu
It', rasol Iesu,
Farw a threngu
A thranc gorddig?

*. Ysgrifenydd yr Awdl hon ar y cyntaf yn y Groeg, gan Thomas Masters, o'r Coleg Newydd, yn Rhydychain, yn 1639 ; cyfieithwyd hi i'r Lladin gan Henri Jacob, o Goleg Merton ; ac i'r Seisoneg gan Abraham Cowley, yng ngwaith yr hwn yr argraffwyd hi yn 1658. Y mae cyfieithiad Cymraeg arall o honi, ar fesur Gwel yr Adeilad, gan Sion Pywel, o Lansannan, yr hwn, meddir, a ymgymmerodd â'i chyfieithu ar ddymuniad Awdwr y cyfieithiad presennol, pan oedd efe yn Gurad Llanfair Talhaiarn. Ceir awdl ar yr un mesur yng ngwaith Iolo Goch.

DYODDEFANT CRIST.

Adrodd dyfnderau
 Mawr drugareddau
 Y Tad rhad rhiau,
 Rhodd fawryddig,

Yn ei wir Fab rhad,
 A'i ddirfawr gariad,
 I ddyn o'i afrad
 Oedd golledig.

Y mae fy arfaeth
 Ddadgan ar fawr-draeth,
 Gael buddugoliaeth,
 Goelfain unig;

Ddwyn i gaethiwed
 Uffern a'i chiwed,
 Dangos ei dynged
 I Angeu dig ;

Mae bryn Calfaria
 A'i swn uwch Sina,
 Mi glywa'r bloeddfa
 Blin lluddedig :

Swn dynion yn marw,
 Ubain, ochain garw,
 Rhai'n lladd, rhai'n lledfarw,
 Llais dychrynedig.

Neidiwch, fy llygaid,
 I'r bryn yn danbaid,
 Pwy â'i loes i'n plaid
 Sydd arbenig ?

Annhebyg i'r ddau
 Ar chwith a deau
 Yw'r Trydydd, diau
 Detholedig ;

Y mae ar y pren
 Yn goddef dien,
 Yn gostwng ei ben
 Yn boenedig ;

A'i freichiau ar led,
 A dur a dored,
 A hoelion caled
 Callestredig.

A elli di, ddyn,
 Ganfod y tremyn,
 Heb ddirfawr ddychryn
 Chwerw adwythig?

Wyl ddagrau heilltion,
 A chur dy ddwyfron,
 Todded yr awron
 Dy galon gig :

Gwel Ef yn rhuddgoch,
 Nid â phorffôr coch,
 Ond â gwaed gwaedd-groch
 Yn drochedig!

Gwel ei gu aelïau
 A dwys blethïadau
 O ddreiniog bigau*
 Bagwyedig!

A'i ystlys gleisiog,
 A ffengyll blingog,
 Erchyll agenog,
 Gwân briwedig.

Agor, ddyn, agor
 Dy lygaid, na hebgor,
 Tywallt o'u dŵr
 Ddeigr llifedig;

Tywallt heb fesur,
 Edrych ei ddolur,
 Mor ddirfawr ei gur,
 Fflangelledig.†

* 'A dreiniog bigau' (*Ysg. D. Elis.*)

† 'Un mawreddig' (*Ysg. D. Elis.*)

TAWELWCH MEDDWL.

Mwyda y ddaiar
 A deigr yn glauar,
 Na fydd ddyn anwar
 Anfoddedig;

O'r pen i'r traed gwlych,
 A phar hidlo'n grych;
 Haeddai'r fath Wrthddrych
 Ddeigr ychydig!

IV.—TAWELWCH MEDDWL.

CYFIEITHAD O GERDD LADIN, ALLAN O VOLUSENUS DE ANIMI
 TRANQUILLITATE.

*Testun y Gerdd yw, Nad oes dim Llonyddwch yn y byd hwn, ond
 sydd yn deilliaw oddi wrth Ddoethineb a Duwioldeb.**

PA ham mwyach yr wy'n cwyno
 Am ddim trallod sydd i'm blino?
 Myfi yw achos pob rhyw aflwydd
 Yn y byd a ddichon ddygwydd.

Ofer ceisio cyrchu goleu
 O dywyllwch du anaefu;
 Neu o gysgod angeu digllon,
 Geisio gwir foddlondeb calon.

Ni cheir mêl o chwerwon lysiau,
 Ac ar ddrain ni cheir afalau;
 Felly byth ni chaiff dyn ofer
 Ond ei siomi gan ei bleser.

* *Volusenus* sy Ladineiddiad o enw yr Awdwr, Fflorens *Wilson*, yr hwn ydoedd frodor o Elgin, yn Ysgotland, lle y ganed ef yn 1500. Derbyniodd ei ddysg ym Mhrifysgol Aberdeen; aeth wedi hyn i Paris; a bu yn dysgu athroniaeth yng Ngholeg Navarr; ond dychwelodd i wlad ei enedigaeth, a bu farw yno yn 1557. Ysgrifenydd y gerdd gyssefin yng nghylch y flwyddyn 1550, a chyflwynwyd hi i'r Brenin Iago, y pedwerydd o'r enw. Ymddangosodd argraffiad harddwych a manwl o honi yn Edinbwrg yn 1751.

Y mae pryd a gwedd yn darfod,
A'r palasau gwychion mawrglod;
Y mae achau, parch, a golud,
Gwledd, a moethau, oll yn symmud.

Pob tiriondeb a'r a welych,
Pob hawddgarweh a'r a deimlych;
Nid yw'r cyfan oll ond gwagedd,
A breuddwydion, ac oferedd.

Nid oes dim o'r hyn aeth heibio,
Wedi ei adael, ond ei gofio;
Am yr hyn y sydd i ddyfod,
Pam y cym'ri drafferth ormod?

Dos, a rhwym y gwynt mewn gefyn,
Dal dy gysgod sy'n dy ganlyn:
Os hyn o gamp ni fedri wneuthur,
Gwel mor wag yw'th boen a'th lafur.

Dylit ti ymado'n rhwydd-lan
A'r hyn sydd raid ei golli'n fuan,
Ac ymofyn am beth amgen,
Os wyt gall, yn erbyn angen.

Beth a dâl i ddyn, wrth farw,
Ei holl olud a'i holl elw,
Os na bydd i'w enaid obaith
Wedi 'r el oddi yma ymaith?

Onid doethach dyn a geisio,
Drwy iawn fuchedd, beunydd dreulio
Ei holl amser a'i holl amcan,
Modd y caffo'r nefoedd wiwlan?

Os chwennychi wir lawenydd,
Boddlon fyd, ac amser dedwydd,
A rhoi'r galon mewn esmwythder,
Canlyn beunydd gymmedrolder.

Os ai unwaith dros y terfyn,
 Och! ni byddi byth ond adyn;
 Llawn fydd d'oes o boen a thristwch,
 Ac wrth farw ni chei heddwch.

Os wyt am gyrhaedd heddwch llawn,
 A byw mewn byd fel Cristion iawn,
 Crist ei Hunan croeshoeliedig
 Ydyw'r modd a'r ffordd yn unig.

Y credadyn cywir, ffyddlon,
 Ar dda'r byd ni rydd mo'i galon;
 Ond ar rinwedd a daioni,
 A chael rhan yng ngwlad goleuni.

Y peth a fyddom ni yn geisio,
 Gan hiraethu'n fawr am dano,
 Dyna'r peth a ochel yntau,
 Fel y gwenwyn glas, neu angau.

Y mae hwn yn diystyru
 Y peth a fyddom ni yn garu;
 Ac fel tom yn cyfri'r cyfan;
 Ni fyn ddim ond Crist ei Hunan.

Dyma'r dyn sy'n dyodde'n llawen
 Bob gorthrymder a phob maethgen;
 Dyma ei gred o wraidd ei galon,
Heb Dduw, heb ddim; â Duw â digon.

Trwy wir ffydd y mae yn credu
 Yn unig ar yr Arglwydd Iesu;
 Ac oddi wrth ei ddrud farwolaeth
 Y mae'n caffael iechydwrriaeth.

Y mae hwn, y pryd y myno,
 Yn cael mêl o'r graig i'w sugno;
 Ac os myn, fe wna o'r gareg
 Olew pur yn ffrwd i redeg.

Dyma'r dyn sy'n treulio ei fywyd
Mewn hyfrydwch a dedwyddyd ;
Dyma'r dyn y sydd yn cynnwys,
Yn ei galon, holl baradwys.

Beth a ddichon hwn ddymuno,
I roi mwy boddlondeb iddo ;
Os yw'n wastad yn meddiannu
Yr un perl a dâl ei brynu ?

Dan ba gymmaint o flinderau,
Dan ba ddirfawr erchyll dônau,
Y mae ereill oll yn soddi,
Oedd â'u meddwl ar ddrygioni ?

Mae'n hiraethu am ymward
Oddi wrth bechod a chaethiwed ;
Y mae'n achwyn na ddo'i angau
I'w ryddhau o'i holl flinderau.

Ac och ! na welwn innau'r dydd
A'm rhoddai oll o'm rhwymau'n rhydd !
Modd y gallwn gyrchu yno,
Lle mae'n rhaid i bawb ymdeithio.

Y mae'r bywyd hwn ar ddarfod ;
Y mae'r llall o'i ol i ddyfod ;
Yr unig ffordd i'r nefol wlad
Yw dyoddefaint Crist a'i rad.

Och ! pa wedd, heb drist alaru,
Yr edrychi arno'n gwaedu ;
A'r loes dost a gafodd drosod,
I'th iachâu o haint dy bechod ?

Tydi erioed, yr hwn ni fedri
Oddef tostrwydd a chaledi,
O pa fodd y cei y goron,
Heb beth cur a phoen yr awron ?

Os yw cymmaint o flinderau
Yn faich rhydrwm i'th ysgwyddau,
Cymmer ofal, rhag pan ddelo,
Fod yn llwyr annhebyg iddo.

Y mae llewyrch bach rhyw seren
Yn tebygu peth i'r heulwen;
A lliw gwelw â pheth agwedd
I'r ôd gwynaf ar y llechwedd.

Y mae'r pethau mwyaf blasus,
Fel y mêl ei hun yn felus;
Ac y mae'r ysgafnaf bethau,
Fel y plu ar awyr denau.

Pa debycaf fych i'r Iesu,
Harddaf oll y cei dy farnu;
Ef yw Awdur mawr pob harddwch,
Ef ei Hunan ydyw'r tegwch.

Y sawl sydd yn cywir gredu,
Pan fo blinder tost yn gwasgu,
Maent yn cofio, i'w diddanwch,
Am fod Crist mewn poen a thristwch.

Dyma ddynion tra rhagorol
Sydd o naws a thymmer nefol,
Yn dysgleirio megys perlau;
Nid yw'r lleill ond chwyn ac efrau.

Ond yr ydym ni mor ynfyd,
Na feddyliwn ddydd o'n bywyd,
Nad yw'r cwbl oll ond gwagedd,
Nes y delo dydd ein diwedd.

Dyma'r pryd yr wyt yn effro,
Ac yn canfod maint dy wallgo';
Ac yn wylo am y maswedd,
A'th ddifyrwch, a'th oferedd.

Ac yno, trwy ddychryndod trist,
Y gelwi'n brudd ar Iesu Grist;
Yr Hwn, pan oeddit yn dy wynfyd,
Ni chofiaist unwaith yn dy fywyd.

Os trwy rasol edifeirwch
Y prudd waeddi am gael heddwch,
Ni nacâ mor hwyr dy wrando;
Gwell, er hyny, ei fore-geisio.

Os dyfeisi ryw ffordd newydd
I'th ryddhau o'th boen a'th gerydd,
Bydd dy lafur oll yn ofer;
CRIST yw'r UNIG FFORDD bob amser.

V.—CYWYDD

I ANERCH JOHN GRIFFITH, YSWAIN,

O GEFN AMMWLCH, YN LLEYN, YN SWYDD GAER YN ARFON,

Yn cwynaw nad oes mo'r croesaw na haelioni i Fardd, na pharch i Offeiriad, ag a oedd yn yr oesoedd gynt; ac ychydig o gerydd a sen i'r Ymwahanyddion a'r to presennol, am beri anghydfod a rhwyg yn yr Eglwys, gan edliw i'r Bugeiliaid fod hyny yn dygwydd o herwydd eu diofalwch am y Praidd; yn diweddu gyda chynghor i gydoddef â'n gilydd, a chyflawnu y gorchymmyn mawr o gariad perffaith, os mynwn fod yn wir ddysgyblion i Grist.

A Welsh Poem addressed to JOHN GRIFFITH, Esq., of Cefn Ammwlech, in Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, complaining of the decline of Welsh Poetry, and disorders in the Church in that Country, occasioned by Schisms from the Established Church, and the neglect of the Clergy.

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.—OVID.

*To John Griffith, of Cefn Ammwlech, in Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, Esquire.**

Honoured Sir,

The following Poem was occasioned by observing the remarkable change that is wrought of late years in the manners, sentiments, and behaviour of people, who were formerly noted for patronizing the Muse, and paying due respect to the Clergy. As to the decline of Poetry, and want of due encouragement to its professors, I have a precedent in one of the finest wits that graced the Court of Ptolemæus Philadelphus. No less a man than Theocritus, the father of pastoral Poetry, complains of this ungenerous, unnatural behaviour of the great towards the Bards of his time in one of his Idylliums, and in another pays the Monarch, his patron, the greatest compliments, and does himself the greatest honour by extolling, in immortal verse, his liberality to men of merit and learning. Had William Lleyn lived in our days, and observed the declining state of Poetry in Wales, doubtless he would still have recourse to Cefn Ammwlech, where he was formerly maintained by the generous owner in capacity of a Domestic Bard

As to the other complaint, that of want of due respect to the Clergy, I have been less explicit, as I am sensible a great deal of it may be owing to themselves, at least to the disadvantages some of them labour under, and to the unexcusable sloth of those that are beneficed. But whether the miscarriage of some can justify so total a separation from the Communion of the Established Church, as at present is the melancholy case, I have not presumed to determine. I have endeavoured in this Poem, which is entirely of the ethic kind, to point out what is most deficient and less edifying on both sides; and to inculcate a spirit of mutual toleration, charity, and benevolence, the true badges of the Gospel of Peace; and at the same time to testify my regard for our own Established Church, so far as I sincerely believe it to be the most pure model of the primitive now extant upon earth. I have always been of opinion that the sins of the nation in general, as well as of the Clergy in particular, have been the main causes of our unhappy divisions in religion, ever since the Reformation. But as these enormities are contrary to the doctrine and principles of our Church, it can no more be charged with being the cause of them than the Gospel itself.

Milton, in his *Lycidas*, a Poem that he wrote about seven years before the Rebellion broke out, has severely lashed the corrupt

* John Griffith, Esq., of Cefn Ammwlech, died at Voelas, Denbighshire, on the 4th of December, 1794, aged 52, and was buried there. He served the office of High Sheriff for Carnarvonshire in 1765-6. — G.

practices of the Clergy of that age, which I wish those that are now guilty of the same in this age would desist following, lest they should be attended with the same dismal consequences. I do not pretend to instruct my superiors; but where there are glaring enormities, I dare not connive at them. What therefore was to be done without giving offence, I have endeavoured to execute by producing some of those parables that Divine Wisdom itself had used for that purpose. It is well known no less a man than king David was brought unto a sense of his guilt and confession of his sins by this method.

I shall conclude this address, by congratulating our Countrymen that we have still a Gentleman among us, who, by the natural bent of his temper, is disposed to reward merit, and who by the integrity of his life and manners, confutes the calumnies of those that separate from the Communion of our Church; and who has a due respect for such of its Clergy as behave as they ought. That you may long continue to act upon these principles is the sincere wish of,

Worthy Sir, your obliged humble Servant,

EVAN EVANS.

AETH y beirdd doeth heb urddas,
 Aeth iawn gerdd weithian yn gas;
 A heddyw ni wahoddir
 Lên, o daw i Lëyn* dir;
 Aeth wlad y Cymry'n noeth lom,
 Daeth oerni'n adwyth arnom;
 Aeth ar goll yr iaith a'r gân,
 A dyddiau'r hen wÿr diddan;
 Nid oes a ddirnad i'n dydd,
 Nac a weua iawn gywydd;
 Nac a wÿr yn synwyrwl,
 A geneu mwyn ganu mawl.
 Nid oes glod, er trafodi,
 Er neb yn ein hamser ni;
 Na dysg mewn cymmeriad iawn,
 Na doniau ym mhlith dyniawn:

* *Lleyn*, the *Langanum* of Ptolemy and the Itinerary of Antoninus, is that narrow part of Carnarvonshire that stretcheth out in a long slang and endeth in a point at Aberdaron. It was wrote anciently *Llain* or *Llein*, which signifies a long slip of anything, especially a spear.

Ac er mawrhau doniau dysg,
 Diddan gofleidio addysg;
 Er hyn y mae yn rhynu,
 Yn dlawd ym mysg hadlyd lu;
 Gwael a fydd y gelfyddyd,
 Heb lân barch, heb le'n y byd.
 Pwy a gâr ddyn feinwar fwyn,
 Weddol, yn briod addwyn,
 Onis dwg, naws diwegi,
 Waddol, pwy ä i'w hol hi?
 Felly, er rhyw gyfeillach,
 I feirdd mae cariad yn fach.
 Eu gwaith ydoedd hyfryd gynt,
 A hwylus fu eu helynt,
 Wrth ganu, emynu mawl,
 Dda nifer, i Dduw nefawl;
 A moli dewredd milwyr,
 Eu gwlad oll, a'u hyglood wÿr.

Canmol hael, hawdd oedd cael ced,
 I'w neuaddau,* a nodded;
 Moli daioni pob dyn,
 Yn ei raddau yr oeddyn';
 A son am eluseni,
 Deilynged, hardded oedd hi.
 Awenyddfawr gynneddfau,
 Gwych a godidog y gwau!
 Pwy mor ddwys ei gymhwys gân,
 I'w ddyddiau, pwy mor ddiddan
 A Wiliam,† pwy a weler?
 Llyna glod y Llëyn gler:

* 'Anneddau' (*Ysgrif arall.*)

† *William Lleyrn* was a noted Bard, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who for grave sentences, sprightly turns of wit and true poetic fire, surpassed all the Bards of his age. He was a Pupil of Gruffydd Hiraethog, and a Tutor to Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Meirionydd, who, by his instructions, made a laudable proficiency in the art, as appeareth from his contest with William Cynwal, and several other poems still

Un fraich o awen frau hwn,
 Dda asiad, a ddewiswn
 O flaen mil, pan eu chwilier,
 O'n gwlad sydd heddyw o gler.

Os nid hardd un bardd o'r byd
 A feddo'r iawn gelfyddyd;
 Llai clod, er myfyrdod maith,
 Offeiriad a'i hoff araith.
 Er bod trwy glod wŷr tra glwys,
 A'u treigladd at yr Eglwys;
 Mae er hyn mawr wahaniad,*
 Gwahanglwyf, hen glwyf ein gwlad.
 Mwyhau y mae bleiddiau † blin,
 I'n goror â llais gerwin;
 Tarfant y defaid dorfoedd,
 O'u blaen mor hyll yw eu bloedd!
 Ni wrendy, o wiriondeb,
 Un ddafad mwy ar nad neb,
 Ond ar flaidd a fyn breiddiau,
 A chig yn ei ffyrnig ffau.
 A llawer bugail ‡ lliaws,
 Dygnaf wr, diog ei naws,
 Acw yn flwng mewn cnuf o wlan,
 Yn hynod flaidd ei hunan.
 Anhawdd bod cydfod mewn cail,
 O bai egwan y bugail;

extant. As for the uncouthness of his Version of the Psalms into Welsh metre, it must be attributed to the novelty of that kind of verse in our language, he being the first, as far as I can find, that introduced it, for which he gave his reasons in a short preface prefixed to it. The same may be said of his contemporary, Rhys Prichard, of Llanymddyfri, in his attempts of writing Carols. All the compositions of that kind that I have seen are very lame both in North and South Wales, though since they are become very smooth. The same is still more observable of the English metre of those times, compared with the present.

* 1 Cor. i. 10. † Act. xx. 29, 30; Math. iii. 25.

‡ Edrych Esec. xxxiv. drosti.

Os ei lais i liosydd,
 O gwr ei fant, yn egr fydd,
 Ni ddaw un, ni wedd ei iaith,
 I'w olwg fyth yr eilwaith.
 Os gedy draw ym mysg drain,
 I'w troiau, ddefaid truain;
 A dwyn eu gwlan i'w dŷ'n glyd,
 A chilio heb ddychwelyd;
 Pa faint, er ei fraint a'i fri,
 Wr gerwin, mae'n rhagori
 Ar y blaidd a fo'n meiddiaw,
 Is y drain, eu hysu draw?
 Mae llawer gloes i'n oes ni,
 O ystryw drwg y meistri:
 Diofal ac ysmala
 Yw'r rhai'n ar dymmorau ha',
 Wrth adaw, heb lywiaw'r blaid,
 O'u golwg y bugeiliaid;
 Drwg fydd y borfa, a'r drin,
 Annifyr, anghynnefin;
 Rhai'n trigo, wrth dreiglo'n drwch,
 Yn y niwl a'r anialwch;
 A'r llew anfad rhuadwy,
 Pawen hyll, i'w pwyo nhwy!

Daw'n y man i gyfranau,
 I lawr â nefolaidd lu,
 Y Pen-Bugail a geilia,
 Hawddfyd hir, ei ddefaid da;
 Ac a rydd yn deg ei ran,
 O'i gywir-lu a'i gorlan.
 Gwel y Bendigedig ION
 Gwaelod pob cywir galon;
 Dydol y defaid dedwydd,*
 A'r geifr oll, ac ef a rydd
 I'r bleiddiau, er nadau'r nos
 (Hwyr yw'r awr, ni hir aros),

* Math. xxv. 32.

Eu tâl a'u haeddiant helaeth,
Am eu bâr, mewn carchar caeth!

Dangoswch,* gwiriwch eich gwaith
Pur-ffydd trwy gariad perffaith;
Na thwyller, na choller chwi,
O gynnwys dim drygioni:
'A hao dyn hyd einioes,
'A feda ef wedi oes.'†
O eisieu ffydd mae gwas fføl
Yn euog ac annuwiol.
Diau nad effeithiau ffydd
Yw nadau drwg annedwydd;
Na dawnsio, na rhuo rhawg,
Wedd orwyllt, yn gynddeiriawg.
Mae ffydd, iawn grefydd, a gras,
Yn sobr, nid ynfyd siabas.
Gwiliwch, mae'n ffel y gelyn,
A'i dwyll yn bradychu dyn.
E dry, pan i ffy o'i ffau,‡
Gwelwch, yn angel golau;
Drwy gynhwrf drwg a ennyn,
A gwad orchymmyn Duw gwyn.
Dygyddodd dig i Adda,
Ac i'w holl lin blin fu'r bla:
Annedwydd, dilwydd fu'r dâl
I Efa am yr afal;§
Y sarff, a'i thwyllodrus iaith,
A'i gwyrødd â'i gwag araith;
A hir a fu malais hon
I deulu y duwiolion.
O deulu blin diawl a'i blaid,
I do'i wenwyn dewiniaid:
Y ddraig, er cynddeiriogi,
A'n wâr pan fyno'n Duw ni:
Ceryddwyd gwag arwyddion
Siannes|| a Siambres o son;

* Iago iii. 18.

† Thomas Llwyd, o Benmaen.

‡ 2 Cor. xiii. 4.

§ Gen. iii. 15.

|| 2 Tim. iii. 8; Ecs. vii. 11.

Y dyrfa a wnaeth derfysg,
 Cri mawr, pan oedd Corah i'w mysg;*
 Ciliai yn ol, rhag cael nam,
 Rhag bâr a rhwyg Abiram.†
 Mae twyllwyr, brudwyr i'n bro,‡
 Rhy astrus, eto'n rhwystro,
 I'n mysg heb na dysg na dawn,
 Yn gwyrho dynion gwiriawn;§
 Yn peri, â'u gwersi gau,
 Annedwydd ymraniadau.||
 O'u swm a'u iasau annoeth;
 Cred pawb sydd fal y cryd poeth;
 A chrefydd y sydd, er sain,
 Yn y gwaelod yn gelain.
 Mae anras, mae dygasedd,
 Mae dadlau, gwyniau drwg wedd;¶
 Mae efrau, plâau i'n plith,
 Ar ganol caeau'r gwenith.**
 Pan gysgo'r pur Lafurwr,
 O'i gil e gyfyd drwg wr;
 A haua, er difa dyn,
 Efrau, hadau anhydyn.
 Ffyddløn weinidogion da,
 Difefl, mynant eu difa;
 Ond ni fyn Duw gwyn mo'u gwaith,
 Rhag colled a rhwyg call-waith.
 Rhaid gadaw bulwg lawer,
 A'r holl wyg, efrau, a ller;
 Rhaid i'r ddau, hyd gynauaf,
 Aros yn hir wres yr haf;
 Oni ddêl y medelwyr,
 I'w gwaith, a chyflogi gwâr;
 Rhaid casglu, taflu i'r tân,
 Y ller oll yn llwyr allan;††

* Num. xvi. † Ep. Iudas 11. ‡ Num. xxii. 7—21.
 § 2 Pedr ii. 14. || Rhuf. xvi. 17, 18. ¶ Iago iii. 13, 14, 15.
 ** Math. xiii. 25, 26, 27, &c.
 †† 'A'i roi allan.' (y. a.)

A chynnull yr iach wenith,
 Yn bur iawn ei rawn a'i rith;
 Felly y ddau gynauaf,
 A fydd ar ol hirddydd haf.

VI.—CYWYDD

I^r WILIAM FYCHAN, O GORS Y GEDOL, YSWAIN.

*To William Vaughan, of Cors y Gedol, Esq., Chief President of
 the Society of Cymmrodorion.**

Honoured Sir,

The following Poem begs of your acceptance, it being the only return the author can make for the many favours you so generously bestowed upon him. I have waived panegyric at this time, and chose to address you as Chief President of the Cymmrodorion, in order to exhort you to exert yourself on behalf of our religious franchises, which are in danger of being lost in this abandoned age, by the supineness and negligence of our Countrymen, and the encroachments of the English Prelates, who would fain obtrude their language upon us, and bring us into Ignorance, Irreligion, and Slavery. It is well that Providence raised up this Society at such a critical juncture, when all that is good and valuable to us is at stake; when we are going to be deprived of that great privilege, which we have till now enjoyed unviolated—that of having the Word of God in our mother tongue. That you may secure to us and our posterity this invaluable blessing, is the intent of the following Poem. And that you may succeed in procuring us a redress of those grievances that are complained of in it, must be the wish of every inhabitant of the Principality that has the true welfare and interest of it at heart, and among the rest is of,

Honoured Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

* William Vaughan, Esq., to whom this poem was addressed, represented Merionethshire in five successive Parliaments (1734—1774). He died Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the County, April 12, 1775, in his 67th year, and is buried at Llanddwywe, where there is a monument to his memory. He was an English poet of some distinction.—G.

YR Awen goeth, ar iawn gân,
 Arwyre i wawr eirian;
 Dod fawl a rhyglyddawl glod
 I'n henwog Frytwn hynod,
 A henyw fry, hoen-wiw fron,
 O'n dewrwyh hen frodorion:
 A'i lin wych a lywia'n iaith,
 O deilwng waed y dalaith.
 Bu ei hynaif â'u gleifiau
 Yn frwd, a'r irwaed yn frau,
 'Yn cadwy,* anian cedwyr,
 Y gamp, a gorchfygu gwŷr;
 Mewn llu yn gwasarnu Sais,
 Yn heyrnaidd mewn harnais;
 Yn ddi ofn naddu-efnys†
 Eu bro, a'u gwanu mewn brys:
 Gwyar oedd ym mrig yr on,‡—
 O galonau'r gelynion;
 A beirdd am gyleh eu byrddau,
 Llu iawn hardd, yn llawenhau;
 Yn dadgan, ar gân i gyd,
 Eu dewredd, hyglood wryd!

Heddyw, tydithau haeddol
 Sydd ddewraf, hydraf o'u hol;
 Ym mhlaid dy wlad yn gadarn
 A gwydn i sefi'n dy garn;
 Rhag i Sais ei llwyr dreisiaw,
 A'i druth yn nhref Lundain draw;
 A dwyn ein braint hen a'n bri,
 Lleihau'n iaith oll a'i noethi.

* 'Yn cadw' (*Cylchgrawn*).

† *Efnys*—gelynion.

‡ Ni throes ei gefn ar efnys.

I. ab H. Swardwal.

Ceir y nod eglurhaol hwn yn y *Cylchgrawn* (i. 365); ond nid yw yn y llawysgrifau; ac felly ymddengys nad eiddo yr Awdwr ydyw.—*G.* ‡ Vid. Girald. Cambrensis, p. 188.

Gwylw'n, ceisiw'n amgeledd
 I'n hen iaith, o mynwn hedd;
 Rhag i anghred ymledu,
 O waith diawl, a'i dylwyth du,
 Cryfion† ym mhlaid eu crefydd,
 A ffyrf yn amddiffyn ffydd,
 Y caid y Brytaniaid hen,
 A dilys wrthi dalien';
 Ni fynent Awstin Fonach,
 Yn dwyn athrawiaeth nid iach;
 Ni fynent (safent yn syth)
 Ond addoliad iawn ddilyth.
 Tithau yn rheolau rhai'n,
 Er brad anafwyr Brydain,
 Yn wrol cais ein arwedd
 O niwl estroniaeth un wedd;
 Nad i ladron, drwy ledrith,
 A'u plant, fugeilio i'n plith;
 Na neidio, er rheibio rhan,
 O'u carlam, i bob corlan;
 Myn gyfraith ar ddiffeithwyr,
 Dial gam, deol y gwŷr:
 Myn i'n cail iawn fugeiliaid;
 Cospa leidr; casâ eu plaid.‡
 Mae'n defaid diniwaid ni
 Yn feirwon dan fwyeri;§
 A'r lladron, annhirion haid,
 A llawenydd eu llonaid.
 Gwna di i'n hiaith gynhenid ni
 Dy ran, fal dy rieni.
 I mae achos lliosydd,
 Rhag methiant diffuant ffydd;
 Galw y maent am amgeledd
 I hon, rhag na chaffom hedd.
 Llusern yw gair Duw, llesawl
 I ddwyn dyn o dyddyn diawl:

* Vid. Bedæ *Eccles. Hist.* p. 112. Edit. Wheloe.

† 'Ei blaid' (*y.a.*) ‡ 'Fieri' (*y.a.*)

Na ad i ddiawl a'i haid ddu,
 Ehud wall, ei dywyllu;
 Nad i Anghrist yn ddistaw,
 A'i swn drwg, a'i weision draw,
 Ddallu gwlad Gymru i gyd,
 Och! eilwaith, rhag dychwelyd
 I'r un adfyd, tristyd trwch,
 I'r un niwl a'r anialwch,
 Y daeth ein hynaif yn deg
 (Dedwydd fendigaid adeg)
 I lanwych wir oleuni,
 Dawn oedd o eiddo'n Duw ni.

Llin dewr ddrud Owain Tudur,*
 Dug ni o gaeth a dygn gur;
 A'th hynafraid, rhag blaidd blin,
 Eu o ran Harri Frenin;
 A'i nawdd fu annedd y fawl,
 Gadwyd yng Nghors y Gedawl.†
 Dyma lin ein breninedd,
 Yn hwyr a fynodd in' hedd;
 A'n dug, fel had bendigaid,
 O'r Aipht, pan oedd fwyaf raid;
 I rydid a pharadwys
 (Waith teg!) o gaethiwed dwys;
 Pan soddwyd,‡ dyrwyd i'r don
 Gelanedd ein gelynion.
 Wedi 'n hir i'n gwlad wanhau;
 E dynwyd ei chadwynau;
 Er dangos i liosydd,
 Waith yr Ion a'i wyrthiau rhydd.

* Henry VII. and VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, who were Princes of British descent, rescued us first from the tyranny of the English, after we were conquered by Edward I., and restored us to our civil and religious liberty.

† 'I'w gadwyd Cors y Gedawl' (y.a.)

‡ Where King Richard lost his crown and life in Bosworth Field.

A gwilied Cymru goledd
 Lloegr goch, rhag llygru ei gwedd;
 Na chynnwys un o'i chenedl,
 Mwy na chynt, er eu mwyn chwedl.
 Dirinwedd yw had Ronwen,
 A ffals, megys y sarff hen:
 Rhwystrwch i hon, gynffon gau,
 Bry' annwn, ddwyn ein breiniau;
 Nedwch iddi hi gael hyn;
 Gochelwch rhag ei cholyn.

Coleddwch a chedwch chwi
 (O'ch gwall, na edwch golli)
 Ein iaith, lle mae gair Duw Ner
 Yn oleuad i lawer.
 Yn hir cynnaliwyd yn hon
 Urddas ein clodfawr feirddion;
 Pan oedd Sais heb ddyfeisiaw
 Dysgu, na llëu gwaith llaw.
 Balchder yn ein amser ni,
 Drwy gynnwys pob drygioni,
 A bair i Gymro o'r byd
 Golli hon mewn gwall ennyd.
 Malldod a mursendod sydd,
 A rhyfyg, ac anghrefydd,
 A phob cynneddf anneddfawl
 A ddwg y Cymro i ddiawl.
 Mae'r Seison yn bodloni
 (Llyna wall) ein dallu ni;
 Y mae gwlad Cymru druan
 Oll o'u gwaith yn ddall a gwan,
 Yn fodlon* i estroniaid
 Yn llwyr ei harwain i'r llaid.
 Madws in', heb ddim oedi,
 Mynu'n iaith, mae'n iawn i ni;
 A galw am iawn Fugeiliaid
 I'n plith i ddiffyn ein plaid.

* 'Ffyddlon' (*Cylchgrawn*).

A thi, drwy fendith Dduw Ior,
 Yn foliannus wiw flaenor,
 Yn mynu, er ffynu ffydd,
 Ac o les i'n Heglwysydd,
 I'n iaith flodeuo yn ol,
 Yn ei bro, yn wobrwyol.
 Duw Ion hael, wedi ein hoes,
 A rano it' hir einioes;
 I fyw yn hir i fwynhau
 Urdduniant a mawr ddoniau.
 Dy glod ar hyd y gwledydd
 I feirdd yn destun a fydd;
 A'u swydd am danat fydd son,
 Dewr-walch y Cymmrodorion!

VII.—AWDL O'R HEN DDULL

I'R PARCHEDIG MR. WALTERS, O LANDOCH,

Yn swydd Forganwg, Awdur y Geirlyfr Seisoneg a Chymraeg.*

HANBYCH well! WALLTER, o hil Brython,
 Awdur Geiriadur gwiw arodion;
 Gwnaethost gu orchwyl a gorchestion;
 Hanbid well ein cân o'th amcanion,
 A'n gwlad, a'n hiaith fad, o Fon,—mam Cymru,†
 I Fynwy a'i theulu, fan etholion.

Ceinmygir dy waith lle y rhed Ieithon,‡
 Ac o gwr Llywel§ i Gaerlleon,

* Ymddangosodd y rhifyn cyntaf o Eiriadur Walters yn y ff. 1770, a'r olaf yn 1794, o ddeutu tair blynedd cyn marwolaeth ei lafurus Awdur, yr hyn a ddygwyddodd ar y cyntaf o Fehefin, 1797. Ni bu y Prydydd Hir, gan hynny, fyw i weled gorphen y gwaith.—G.

† 'Fam Gymru' (y a.)

‡ *Ieithon* neu *Eithon*, afon ym Maesyfed, yn ymdywallt i'r Gwy.—G.

§ Plwyf helaeth ym Mrycheiniog.—G.

Ac o hen Fangor* a'i Maelorion,
 I gaerau Mynyw a'i gwŷr mwynion;
 Pob gwlad yn siarad a son—am Wallter,
 A'i wiw orober, hyd Riwabon.

Gwae ni weis yssig, gan y Seison,
 Yn dwyn anobeithiau, bleiddiau blinion;
 Cyrchant i'r Llanau fegys lladron,
 Ddiffydd, gas, gybydd, gau Esgobion:
 Mae'n defaid giraid gwirion—yn trengu,
 A meddu eu cnu mae cenawon.

Yn rhwymau Anghrist yr ŷm dristion;
 A chaeth, ysywaeth, ydyw Sïon;
 Wylo a chwyno, och wae weinion!
 Dan goegni barus astrus estron;
 Gwae nyhi! tewi mae tŷn—telynau
 A'u miwsig dannau, ym mysg dynion.

Mae cledd dialedd, medd duwiolion,
 I rai anwir, gan Farnwr union;
 Holltodd, ymrwygodd y môr eigion,
 Er rhoddi Israel oll yn rhyddion;
 Saethau, taranau, terwynion—saethau
 A drwy galonau drwg elynion.

Iechyd i Wallter a'i arferion,
 Un a fu beraidd† iawn fab Aron;
 Nid fal gormesiaid mall anffyddlon,
 Cwn gwancus, diog, tŷnog, tynion;
 Llafuriodd, rhoddodd yn rhwyddion—i'n gwlad,
 O'i ffraeth gyweiriad, ffrwyth ac aeron.

* Bangor ym Maelor, neu Fangor is y Coed, ar lan y Dyfrdwy, yn swydd Fflint. *Maelorion*=trigolion y ddwy Faelor, nid amgen yr un Gymraeg a'r un Seisoneg.—*G.*

† 'Buraidd' (*y.a.*)

VIII.—AWDL

I'R PARCHEDIG W. WYNN, ATHRAW CELFYDDYDAU,

Person Llan Gynhafal yn Nyffryn Clwyd, a Manafon yn
swydd Drefaldwyn.

AT WYNN i'r Dyffryn ar daith—y rhedaf,
Fal rhydain dros ddiffaith;
Dringaf, yn llawn o afiaith,
Dros glogau mynyddau maith.

Gwawdlym yw Gwilym, amgeledd—beirddion
A berw-ddoeth gynghanedd;
Cynnaliawdr iaith, cain haeledd,
Candryll y'm herfyll â medd.

Gwr cymmaws gwiw-naws, iawn ganon—cerddi
Cywir-ddoeth brydyddion;
Blaenor yr holl gerddorion,
A'u llyw o Fynyw i Fon.

Os per y dyfer ar dafawd—y mêl
O ymylau cribawd,
Mae perach a mwy parawd
Awen Gwynn wrth wnïo gwawd.

Os hael am roi mael a medd—i Ddafydd,
Oedd Ifor i'w duedd,
Da ym mro Glwyd am roi gwledd
Ydyw Wynn i'w dai annedd.

Os celfydd Dafydd yng ngwawd Ifor—Hael,
Os hylithr o gantor,
Caniedydd celfydd mewn côr
Ydyw'r Gwynn, dioer gynnor.

Gwilym gerdded-lym, gŵyr ddidlawd—rod-di,
Hoffi a noddi awenydd-wawd
Pob awdur mesur mwysawd—gan dannau,
Pibau aml leisiau, pob melusawd.

Odlau, cywyddau, cu addawd—beirddion,
 A gâr yn heirddion ar grwyn hyrddawd;
 Ac ystyr, difyr yw'r defawd,—eilwaith
 Eiriau yr heniaith wiw orhynawd.

A difai y deuai â diawd—flasber,
 Duloew friger diwael fragawd;
 Lle bydd llawenydd llëen-wawd—digrif
 Prif feirdd aneirif, Fyrddin arawd.

Ac ym mysg addysg cywydd-wawd—gofrestr,
 Llenwi diawdlestr â llyn didlawd;
 Ac yno rhuo a rhawd—fardd-lyfrau,
 A dadlau'n gorau yn ein gwirawd.

A gwrdd ymodwrdd am wiwdawd—prif-feirdd,
 Crechwen am ofeirdd gasgeirdd gysgawd:
 Hir bid fo i'w fro yn frawd—cyhafal
 Ifor i'w ardal, wiw fyfyrdawd.

Llwyddiant a ffyniant a ffawd—i'w ddilyn,
 A Iesu i estyn ei oes ystawd:
 Dymunaf ar Naf roi nawd—arno,
 I'w fro deg yno a'i digonawd.

IX.—ENGLYNION

I DDEWI FARDD, AC I'W LYFR A ELWIR 'BLODEU-
 GERDD CYMRU.*

Pob Cymro i'w fro wir fryd—a garo
 Ragorawl iaith hyfryd,
 A gâr Dewi, gwr diwyd,
 A'i Flodau gwybodau byd.†

* Ymddangosodd *Blodeugerdd Cymru*, cynnulliad Dafydd Jones o Drefriw, o wasg Amwythig (heb ddyddiad) yn y fl. 1759. Ceir yr Englynion hyn yn argraffedig yn nechreu y gwaith hwnw; a chanlynir hwynt gan 'Awdl y Nef,' o gyfansoddiad yr un gwr.—G.

† 'A'i Flodau llawn gwybodau byd' (*Blodeugerdd*, t. iii.)

Beirdd ethol, manol, mwynion—blethiadau
 Caniadau cain wiwdon,
 Mwy cynnil eu hamcanion
 Nag awen Sais, goeg iawn son.

Llosger a bwrier heb eiriach—gethin
 Brygawthen Seisonach ;
 Seithug ydyw eu sothach,
 A'u hawen groes fal hun gwrach.

Ein mwynlan, diddan brydyddiaeth—heddyw
 A haeddai ragoriaeth,
 A chyfiawn oruchafiaeth ;
 Och, wŷr! pam yr hoffwch waeth?

Rhowch fri i Ddewi, Ddehau—a Gwynedd,
 Margeniwch ei lyfrau ;
 Byddwch rydd wrth brydydd brau,
 A chofleidiwch ei Flodau.

Diddan ydyw cân, a dadgenydd—mwyn,
 A manol gerdd prydydd ;
 Awen a bair lawenydd
 I ddyn i ddifyru 'i ddydd.

Pa beth ond cân wiwlan, eilwaith,—a mawl,
 A melus gysson-iaith,
 Y sydd mewn awenydd maith
 Yn nef, lle mae llawn afiaith?

Caned a seinied pob sant—ac angel
 Yn gynghan wiw foliant ;
 Dyrchafed, moled pob mant
 Ion gwiw-nef a'i ogoniant.

X.—ENGLYNION

AR LYS IFOR HAEL, O FAESALEG, YN SWYDD
FYNWY.*

LLYS Ifor Hael! gwael yw'r gwedd,—yn garnau
Mewn gwerni mae'n gorwedd;
Drain ac ysgall mall a'i medd,
Mieri, lle bu mawredd.

Yno nid oes awenydd,—na beirddion,
Na byrddau llawenydd,
Nac aur yn ei magwrydd,
Na mael, na gwr hael a'i rhydd.

I Dafydd† gelfydd ei gân,—oer ofid
Roi Ifor mewn graian:
Y llwybrau gynt lle bu'r gân
Yw lleoedd y ddylluan.‡

* Y mae y fan (canys prin y mae yno weithian ddim *gwedd-illion* gweladwy) lle y safai Gwern y Cleppa, llys Ifor Hael, yn y lle a elwir yn awr *Cleppa Park*, o ddeutu hanner milltir o *Bare Tredegar*, annedd bresennol Arglwydd Tredegar, o fewn plwyf *Maesaleg* (neu *Bassaleg*, fel y mae yn awr wedi ei gyfnewid), ac yng nghylch 3½ milltir i'r gorllewin o dref Casnewydd ar Wysg. Tua chan mlynedd yn ol ymddengys fod yr adfeilion i'w gweled. Yn yr un plwyf y mae y Wenallt, preswylfod arall Ifor Hael.—G.

† Dafydd ab Gwilym.

‡ Efelly y saif y ddwy fraich hyn yng nghynysgrifen yr Awdwr; yng *Nghylchgrawn Cymraeg* Trefecca, 1793, t. 98; ac yn y Rhagarweiniad i Farddoniaeth D. ab Gwilym (1789) t. vii: ond ym *Mlodau Dyfed*, t. 36, yn y wedd ganlynol, a llai barddonawl, y safant:

'Mwy echrys fod ei lys lân,
Yn lleoedd i'r ddylluan.'

Ac y mae'r cyfieithiad Seisoneg yn gogwyddo at y darlleniad hwn, yn hytrach nag at yr un yn y testun. Y mae pedwar neu bump o amrywiadau ereill ym *Mlodau Dyfed*; ond nid oes sail iddynt yn llawysgrifen yr Awdwr, nac i ddim ond un o honynt yn y *Cylchgrawn Cymraeg*.—G.

Er bri arglwyddi byr glod,—eu mawredd
 A'u muriau sy'n darfod;
 Lle rhyfedd i falchedd fod
 Yw teiau yn y tywod!*

1778.

XI.—VERSES

ON SEEING THE RUINS OF IVOR HAEL'S PALACE,
 NEAR TREDEGAR, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

AMIDST its alders Ivor's palace lies
 In heaps of ruins to my wondering eyes;
 Where greatness dwelt in pomp, now thistles reign,
 And prickly thorns assert their wide domain.

No longer Bards inspired thy tables grace,
 Nor hospitable deeds adorn the place;
 No more the generous owner gives his gold
 To modest merit, as to Bards of old.

In plaintive verse his Ivor, Gwilym† moans,
 His patron lost, the pensive poet groans:
 What mighty loss, that Ivor's lofty hall
 Should now with screeching owls rehearse its fall!

Attend, ye great, and hear the solemn sound,
 How short your greatness this proclaims around;
 Strange that such pride should fill the human breast,
 Yon mouldering walls the vanity attest.

* Attodir yn y *Cylchgrawn Cymraeg*: 'Evan Brydydd Hir a'i cânt, ar ei ffordd adref o Loegr.'—*G.*

† David ab Gwilym.

XII.—CYWYDD

HIRAETH Y BARD D AM EI WLAD.

GWAMMAL a fûm heb gymhar,
 O ddechreu f'oes, ddu chwerw fâr;
 Anwadal y newidiais
 Gwlad fy maeth, fu glyd i'm ais;
 Daethym i fro nid ethol
 Y Sais, lle ffynais yn ffol,
 Ar newidiad, treiglâd trist,
 At ddynion uthron athrist;
 Lle mae aml carl llymliw cas,
 Carthglyd, lleuoglyd, llyglas;
 A morwynion mor anwar,
 Meddwon, cigyddion a'u câr.

Dyn ieuanc wyf dan awyr,
 At Sais trafaeliais trwy fôr,
 I dir Cent, i awyr cas
 Seisoniaid, diafliaid diflas.
 Llwyf wae ddyn llariaidd enaid
 A wertho wir dir ei daid,
 I fyned, dynged anghall,
 I fwrw ei oes i fro all:
 Gwell yw byw a gallu bod
 Dan wybr ein cydnabod,
 Na gwag gerdded, o'm credir,
 O nwyd taith, i newid tir:
 Newid oedd annedwyddach
 Na bro a oedd yn bur iach.
 Newidiais, ar wan adeg,
 Wlad lawn Geredigiawn deg;
 Lle mae ieched byd yn byw,
 Diboen a gorhoen gwiw-ryw;
 Gwlad *Ddafydd* (ganiedydd gwych)
Gwilym, hardd-wiw ei gwelych;
 Lle mae dynion glewion glwys
 Gwiwglod mewn gwlad ac eglwys;

A mwyn feinwar i'w harail,
 Diniwed iawn dan y dail.
 Annhebyg yn Neheubarth
 Y fun wen ni fynai warth,
 I Seisnes, ddewines ddu,
 O waed Lloegr wedi'i llygru.
 Och im', fy ngwlad, dy adaw,
 A ffoi a throï yma a thraw!
 Gwell oedd im' golli o dda
 Damwain y bywyd yma,
 Na myned at wŷr llediaith,
 Lle nid yw llawen y daith.

O, Gymru lân ei gwaneg,
 Hyfryd yw oll, hoew-fro deg!
 Hyfryd, gwyn ei fyd a'i gwel,
 Ac iachus yw ac uchel;
 A'i pherthi yn llawn gwiail,
 A gweunydd a dolydd dail;
 Lle mae aml pant, mwyniant mau,
 A glynoedd a golanau;
 Mynyddoedd a mwyneidd-weilch,
 Fal Mynnau uwch banau beilch;
 A'i dwr gloew fal dur y glaif,
 O dywarchen y dyrchaif;
 Afonydd yr haf yno,
 Yn burlan ar raian ro,
 A redant mewn ffloew rydau,
 Mal pelydr mewn gwydr yn gwau!

Teifi lân, man y ganwyd
 Dafydd y prydydd, pur wyd;
 Dy lif, y loewaf afon,
 Fal Dafydd* y sydd yn son;
 A'i wiw enwog awenydd
 Fal di rhed filod yr hydd.
 Gwyn fyd na fai genyf fi
 Awen Dafydd lan Deifi!

* Dafydd ab Gwilym, 'Eos Deifi.'—G.

Molwn, eurwn wiw oror
 Dy lyn, mwy na deu-lanw môr;
 Cyff'lybwn, dyfalwn faint
 A fwri o lifeiriant;
 Dy loewder a bryderwn,
 Dy ddyfnder, iselder swm;
 Y mau ganiadau hoewdeg,
 Fal di, afon Deifi deg,
 Yn ddi draul tra fal haul haf,
 A beraint fyth yn buraf.



Gwae fi! nid oes gyfnod iach
 Y lle'r wyf yn llwyr afiach,
 Yn nhir Sais anrasusawl,
 A geneu mwyn ganu mawl:
 Gwae fardd! ni chwardd yma chwaith,
 Ni lona ei ael unwaith,
 Wrth weled, heb ged, heb gâr,
 Taiogion anllettygar,
 Caetherog,* annhrugarog iawn,
 Chwerw olwg ynt, a chreulawn;
 Nid oes na moes yn eu mysg,
 Wag eddyl, na gwiw addysg.
 Cymro, oni bryno'n brid,
 Ni wŷyr ef unrhyw ofid;
 A gwir yw nas gŷyr y iach
 Y gofid a gai afiach:
 Felly finnau yn ieuanc,
 Heb brofi'r byd, laes-bryd lanc,
 O'm gwlad deg, fal lledfegyn,
 At Sais ymdeithiais yn dyn.
 Gofid yw im' gofio dydd
 Y newidiad annedwydd;
 Ac o achos fy nhrosi
 Cul wyf o wr, coelia fi.

* Y mae y gair hwn (caitherog'—*Blodau Dyfed*; 'caeth erog'
 —*Dewisol Ganiadau*) yn ammhëus. Ni welwyd un llawysgrifen
 o'r cywydd hwn.—G.

Os i dir Cymru gu gain
 Dof eilwaith o'r wlad filain,
 Iechyd a gaf a chadw gwyl
 Yn glyd iawn i'n gwlad anwyl;
 Lle gwelaf aml llu gwiwlan,
 Llawn godwrf a chwrf a chân,
 A thelyn o waith hoew-liw,
 A chantorion gwychion gwiw;
 A llaes wên, a llawenydd,
 A chanu, difyru dydd;
 A lle gwelir gan hir-fardd
 Dlos feinwen, hoew gangen hardd,
 Yr hon, eiliw hinon haf,
 A'i gwiw-rudd teg a garaf;
 Hithau a'm câr (feinwar fun)
 Innau eilwaith, wen wiw-lun;
 Ac yno'm mysg gwin a medd,
 Lloegr daiog a'i llwgr duedd
 A anghofiaf, dygnaf dir,
 A'i dynion o waed anwir;
 A rhoddaf, fal yr haeddent,
 Wfft i Seison caethion Cent.

XIII.—YMDDIDDAN

RHWNG YR ANGEU AC UN O'I WYR LLYS, YR HWN
 OEDD YN ERFYN EI NAWDD AM Y GWASAN-
 AETH FFYDDLAWN A WNAETHAI IDDO.*

Gwr Llys. GWAS wyf fi, gwae fi o son!
 Genyf y mae oer gwynion:

* Wrth y Gwr Llys y golygir Robert Tomas, clochydd Llŷnfair Talhaiarn, yr hwn, yn ystod ei faith fywyd clochyddol, a gladdodd ym mynwent y plwyf hwnw dros chwe chant o'r trigolion; at yr hyn y cyfeirir yn y 7fed a'r 9fed linell. Penodwyd ef i'w swydd yn 1720, yn y bedwaredd flwyddyn ar bymtheg o'i oed, ac felly yr ydoedd y pryd hwn (1764) wedi bod lawn dair blynedd a deugain wrth ei alwedigaeth.

Digon prin y mae mydryddiaeth y Cywydd hwn, mewn llawer man, yn dangos gofal a medrusrwydd arferol yr Awdwr.—*G.*

Caethwas it', Angeu cethin,
 Arswydus, drallodus drin,
 Deugeinmlwydd, teirblwydd, oed hen,
 Llywiais danat yn llawen;
 Ychwaneg i chwechannyn
 A briddais oll yn brudd syn.
 Pob dyn yn y tyddyn tau
 O'th ddyrnod aeth yn ddarnau;
 Anhuddais ddihenyddiaeth,
 Cloddiais wŷr, c'wilyddus waith;
 A'r llastr hyll olynol
 Pentyras, rhoddais mewn rhol;
 Ufudd fŷm i'th ddeddfau maith,
 Argelais dy ddirgel-waith.
 Er hyn oll fy nharo i
 Yn gethin a fygythi;
 Saeth yn braff yn seth i'm bron,
 Hyn a gaf am hen gofion.
 Troseddwr traws o Adda
 Ydwyf, ac o'i glwyf yn gla';
 Dy bicell ddiffeithell* ddu
 A bair aeth: paid â'm brathu!
 Dal dy law, dial dy lid,
 Yn amlwg, estron ymlid;
 Pair bla i'r Pab, poer i'w blith,
 Taro follt trwy ei felltith;
 Dos i ben Caer Gwstennin,†
 Gwân drwy'i ffwrch y bleidd-dwrch blin.‡
 Er adwyth dos i rodiaw,
 Neidia i dir India draw;
 Bygythia bigo gwythen
 Y Mogwl,§ a myga'i en;
 Dyro dro i daro draw,
 Yn syber a dos heibiaw;
 Hir dro maith, na thyred mwy
 I olwg oni alwy';

* Oddi wrth *diffaith* a *hyll*.

† Constantinopl. ‡ Y Twrc. § Tywysog India.

A llywia ym mysg llawer,
Angau, â'th saethau rif ser.

Di estynais oes dynion
Yr hen fyd o naw hyd hon ;
Di wyddost estyn dyddiau
Heibio i naw cant, heb nacâu :
I minnau dod, dymunaf
Deucant o nawcant.

Angeu.

Na wnaf,
Un fynyd ond a fynwyf,
Swyddog anobrwyog wyf.
Cefaist hiroes, o cofi,
Hiroed teg a roed i ti.
Cofia—taw—o'r cyfoed tau
Ni ddianc un yn ddiau :
A'th gym'dogon gwychion gynt
A fudwyd—ai cof ydynt?
Pwy o'r rhai'n sydd yn parhau
Bellach nad aeth i byllau?
Rhifi a oedd, er rhyfeddu,
I'th amser lawer o lu ;
O chei i'th swydd deirblwydd deg,
Na chwyna am ychwaneg.
Taw, taw ; ni wyddost oed dydd,
Yn ddiddadl, a gei ddeuddydd,
Neu un awr yma i aros,
Brenin wyf bore a nos ;
Na chrybwyll, ni chei rybydd
Ni roes yr Angeu, ni rydd.
Gwilia er hyn, gwel y rhaid,
Cyfrana, cofia'r enaid !
Cais y nef, cei Iesu'n nerth,
A thro o uffern a'i thrafferth ;
Cofia'r dydd a'r cyfri' dwys ;
Na wna gam ; bydd fyw'n gymhwys.

Gwr Llys. Os rhaid marw, garw gerydd,
E'n rhoir gan ein lor yn rhydd ;

Nid oes ond y loes a dâl yn'
 Gilio oddi wrth dy golyn;
 A bu rhaid i Brynwr hedd
 Farw am y fath oferedd;
 Marw a wnaeth, fel mirain Oen,
 I roi i ereill wir orhoen.
 Minnau gaf, o'i lwysaf loes,
 Im' ran i'm hammhur einioes;
 Archaf i Naf y nefoedd
 Faddau y gwydïau (drwg oedd).
 Er mwyn Iesu gu a'i gur,
 A'i ddialedd a'i ddolur,
 Na yrthia oddi wrthyd,
 Yn nydd barn yn niwedd byd;
 Er ein bâr dod drugaredd
 Wrth raid, ac i'n henaïd hedd.

A gofio Dduw yn gyfan
 Yn hyn o fyd, iawnaf fan,
 Duw o'i rad ini a rydd
 Olynol ei lawenydd.

1764.

XIV.—ATEB

I'R CWBL O'R YMDDIDDAN* RHWNG Y BARD D AN-
 YNAD A'R BUGAIL DIOFAL.

O WAITH BUGAIL A BARD D.

ANYNAD fardd anenwog,—ffol arai th,
 Ffiloreg anfoddog,
 Cel, Iddew du celwyddog,
 Iaith gras, rhag dy roi wrth grog.

Ni wyddost, er bost, wr bach,—mo'th hunan,
 Mae'th wynïau yn afiach;

* Nid ymddengys ar hyn o bryd pa ryw 'Ymddiddan' y cyf-
 eirir ato yma.—G.

Ni cheli di â chlod iach
Ddyn arall, dda iawn eiriach!

Diafol yw gelyn y defaid,—clyw, fardd,
Cras anhârdd, croes enaid;
Llin Corah, och! llyncu rhaid
I'r ddaiar rai a ddywaid.

Bydd gall, a deall, neu daw,—atolwg,
Attalia dy ddwylaw
Rhag gwneyd drwg anynad draw,
Heb rwydd esgus, bardd ysgaw!

Cam* filain a'i sain es ennyd—a dynodd,
Daenwr anghelfyddyd,
Felltith, ac nid bendith byd,
A'i dad ydoedd i'w d'wedyd.

Bydd araf, ddyn, na bydd erwyr—ffol,
Ni ffaela y ganwyr;
Wyt dra hurt, ac nid rhy hwyr
Ust! taw son, was disynwyr.†

1762.

XV.—CYWYDD

MARWNAD FFREDRIG, TYWYSOG CYMRU.‡

PA alar maith, pwl yw'r modd,
Ydyw hwn a'n dihoenodd?

* *Cam*, fab Noah.

† Yn Ysgriflyfr Robert Tomas, tanystrifir yr Englynion yma fel hyn: 'E. Evans, Bardd a Bugail, a'i cânt. 1762.'—*G.*

‡ Bu farw Ffredrig, Tywysog Cymru, mab hynaf Sior II., a thad Sior III., ar yr 20fed o Fawrth, 1751. Canfyddir, gan hyny, mai un o gynnyrchion boreuol yr Awdwr yw y cywydd hwn, yn gystal a'r 'Hyriad' a darddodd o hono.—*G.*

Pa oer farn* a ddaeth arnom,
 A chwyn trist uchenaïd drom?
 Duodd yn nos, mae dydd nych,
 Marw ein Tywysog mawrwych;
 Marw Ffredrig, dig yw y dôn,
 Eurog wr, aer y goron.
 Oerodd pob man, llan a llys,
 Mor anial mwy yw'r ynys!
 Dwr diluw! du'r dialedd,†
 Yw bod ein *Prins* yn y bedd.

Och! gwae ni oll o'i golli,
 Tros daiar Cred trist yw'r cri;
 Oerfel ddaeth ar fil o'i ddwyn,
 Ac ynial dymmestl gwanwyn:
 Tybiasom ynom ennyd
 Y caem araul haul o hyd.

Y mae'n awr, trymfawr yw'r tro,
 A llen‡ dywyll yn duo;
 I'n gado unig ydym,
 Yn y nos yn wan iawn ym.
 Cymry sydd beunydd heb baid,
 Dro anian, yn drueiniaid,
 Dan y dwr mewn cyflwr caeth,
 Yn wylaw yn eu halaeth,
 Am Ffredrig, ein gwledig§ glân,
 Yn eu gofid yn gyfan.

Sigwyd y Dywysoges;
 Mae'i choron a'i bron heb wres:
 Dug ei dad|| mewn nad a nych,
 Ddau egr olwg ddagreu-wlych;
 Gyda chalon a bron brudd,
 Rhed y y dwr 'r hyd y deurudd;

* 'Du oer farn' (*Dewisol Ganiadau.*)

† 'Dwr diluw ydyw'r dialedd' (*Dew. Gan.*)

‡ Galarwisg. § Tywysog.

|| 'Dyn ei dad' (*Bl. Dyf. a Dew. Gan.*)

Am golli, mae mawr-gri maith,
 Ei fab, a fu ei obaith.
 Mae'r freniniaeth yn gwaethu
 Ar ol y call reiol cu.
 Cwynfan yn druan a drig
 I Frydain fro friwedig.
 Y bonedd galarwedd* gant
 Ar ei ol a hir wylant;
 Y werin oll 'r awron aeth
 O'i herwydd mewn mawr hiraeth;
 Tylodion gweinion i gyd
 Yn poeni yn eu penyd:
 Pawb oll a gawsant golled,
 O'i chwant y llefant ar lled.

Gwae, angeu blin! gwae, ing blwng!
 Yn drist darfu'n darostwng!
 Dyrnod i Ben y deyrnas,
 Gwae ni o'r awr gan oer ias,
 A roddodd, gwae wŷr heddyw,
 Anaf in' fyth na fai'n fyw!

Er ei ddwyn o'i radd ennyd,
 A'i uniawn barch yn y byd,
 O'i goron, enwog eryr,
 O'i fawredd, gwychedd, a gwŷr;
 Caiff yn y nef gartrefu,
 Mysg angylion, loew-lon lu:
 Mae coron y gogoniant
 Nefol i'r gwir siriol sant;
 A chyfran yn gyfan gu,
 Gwiw D'wysog, gyda Iesu.

* 'Gu eurwedd' (*Bl. Dyf.*); 'ag oerwedd' (*Dew. Gan.*)

XVI.—HYRIAD

I'R OFFEIRIAD O DREGARON,

AM DDIWEDYD NAD OEDD YM MARWNAD FFREDRIG, TYWISOG
CYMRU, NAC IAITH NA CHYNOUANEDD.*

PWY o ddig a chenfigen
Ry egr sydd i roi gair sen?
Offeiriad, a'i frad i'w fron,
Ydyw'r gwr, o *Dregaron*;
A'i fryd trwch a'i fwriad draw,
Afrywiog, i'm difriaw.
Rhoes, fal diradd anaddwyn,
Ar fy ngherdd (mawr yw fy nghwyn)
Farn gam, a fu wirion gais,
Oer filain, o ryw falais.
Dywedai ei bod, i'w dyb wan,
Ag agwedd gerdd goeg egwan,
Yn fas ac yn ddiflas ddol,
A dienaid anianol;
Yn ffol, heb wybodaeth ffur,
Yn blymaidd, yn bol ammhur.
Er bod yn hynod yn hon
Cymmaint o feiau ceimion,
Addefai na fedrai fo
(Ni weddai hyny iddo)
Ddeall erioed ddull yr iaith,
Nac ymadrodd gwe mydriaith.

Rhaid ar frys roi gwŷs i'r gwr,
Drwy hyriad, fal dewr arwr,
I roi maes am eiriau mall,
A noeth ddur mewn iaith arall:
Dof i gad, nid wyf ag ofn,
A *Lladin*, a bair lledofn;

* Yr Offeiriad a ennillodd iddo ei hun yr anfarwoldeb iselbris hwn, fel yr ymddengys, ydoedd wr o'r enw Daniel Jones, yr hwn a fu yn Ebrwyad plwyf Caron o'r fl. 1750 hyd 1777.—G.

Yn y wŷn af yn uniawn
 I iaith *Gryw* faith, yn gryf iawn :
 Daw i'r gad i wau ar g'oeedd,
 Modd enwog, fy myddinoedd,
 I ddial, ni faddeuir
 Llid ar faes lle daw eirf hir.

Yn y gad mewn iaith Ladin,
 Blaenor drud, er blino'r drin,
 Bydd *Fyrsil*, heb yswiliaw,
 Ar farch dewr dihafarch daw;
 F' ä'r march dihafarch, nid ofn,
 I'r rhyfel yn rhy eofn,
 A'i wddf anwar fal taran,
 A'i ffroenau dig fal ffwrn dân!
 Ffriw adwyth gyffröedig
 Ar drwst eirf, a rhodres dig;
 Llamu, brasgamu, brwysg wedd,
 Yn ddiried gan gynddaredd;
 Dwyn lluchynt yn dân llachar,
 Naws poeth, yn erbyn yspâr:
 Bydd ffrom lle bo drom y drin
 A gweryrad gorerwin.

Daw *Horas* i'm diheuraw
 Yn gryf flin, ag arf i'w law;
 Er d'wedyd, anhyfryd hyn,
 Iddo flino, fal annyn,
 A gadel wrth ryfelu
 Hon ar faes, synwyr a fu.

Caisar, anghymhar yng nghad,
 A'i brawychai â brochiad;
 Pan ddêl i ryfel yr iaith
 I ymosod â mwysiaith,
 Fo wŷr, â synwyr a son,
 Nad yw'r gwr o Dregaron
 Yn debyg, ni raid obaith,
 I Gaisar ryfelgar faith.

Nesaf, teryllaf mewn trin,
Homer fydd, â mawr fyddin;
 Daw â'i faran darandrwst
 I gad iaith Roeg gyda thrwst.*
 Clywir a gwelir ar g'oedd
 Yn taranu mewn trinoedd;
 Llai anfad na'i ruad rhyn
 Ydyw oer-groch daiargryn.

Nesaf a ddaw draw i'r drin,
Pindar fydd, pen dewr fyddin;
 A'i luoedd o'i gylchoedd gant,
 Hyd trinoedd y taranant;
 A'u heirf hoew yn oloewawn,
 Yn gwau fal mellet, gyflym iawn.

Pryd y dêl i ryfelu
 I'r gad ddwys, wr â'r god ddu,
 Ceir gwybod cyn darfod dydd,
 Heb hir-faes, pwy a orfydd.

IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR

O DDEHEUBARTH A BRYDWS FARWNAD I FFREDRIG,
 TYWYSAWG CYMRU;

AC OFFEIRIAD TREGARON A DDIYAWD NAD OEDD YNDDI NAC IAITH
 NA CHYNGHANEDD: AM HYN YR HERIAWDD YR IEUAN EF; A
 CHANU O ORONWY I'R IEUAN FAL HYN (1752).

CWYNFAN a fu o'r cynfyd
 Gan y beirdd ar goegni byd;
 Tra fo llên ac awenydd,
 A chân fwyn, achwyn a fydd.
 Gwyfyn, du elyn dilyth
 Awen yw cenfigen fyth.

* Yng Ngeiriadur Puw, d.g. *Tarandrwst*, argreffir a chyfieithir y ddwy linell hyn yn anghywir, a phriodolir hwynt yn amryfus i Gronwy Owain.—G.

Cenfigen ac awenydd,
 Ym mhob llin, finfin a fydd;
 O dwf llawn, dwy efell ynt,
 O chredi, dwy chwaer ydynt;
 Dwy na wnaed i dynu'n ol,
 Dwy ydynt pwy a'u didol?
 Ni wneir o fron anaraul
 Ond cysgod, er rhod yr haul;
 A diwad ydyw, Ieuan,
 Bron sydd na chydfydd â chân.
 Wrth *Homer* wiw gerddber gynt
 Gwyddost mor eiddig oeddynt;
 Hurtaf o ddyn a'i hortiai,
 Miwail ei fydr, aml ei fai;
 Gwael oedd ei gerdd, pencerdd per,
 Os coeliwn *Soyl** ysgeler.
Maro† a orug mawr-waith,
 Bas y gwyl *Bawas*‡ y gwaith:
 Ni pharchwyd gradd o naddun';
 Mawr oedd cas *Horas* ei hun.
 Er Dofydd, pwy wr difai
 A fu 'rioed, na feiai rai?
 Bu gylus gwaith Mab Gwilym,
 A'i gerdd gref, agwrdd ei grym.
 Pawb a'i cenfydd, o bydd bai,
 A bawddyn, er na byddai;
 A diau, boed gau, boed gwir,
 Buan ar fardd y beïr.
 E geir, heb law'r Offeiriad,
 Gan bron yn dwyn gwên a brad;

* Zoilus [un o grach feirniaid Homer yn yr hen amser-oedd.—*G.*]

† Maro=Publius Virgilius Maro, neu Fyrsil.—*G.*

‡ Bavius [gofardd cenfigenllyd, drygnaws, beigrïbiog, yn oes Augustus, gyda golwg ar yr hwn y dywed Fyrsil:—

Qui *Bavium* non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi:
 Atque idem jungat vulpes, et mulgeat hircos.

VIRG. *Eel.* iii. 90.—*G.*]

Mil-weis eiddig, mal Suddas,
 Heb son am *Dregaron* gas.
 Dos trwy glod rhagod er hyn,
 Heria bob coeg ddyhiryn;
 A dilyn fyth hyd elawr
 O hyd y gelfyddyd fawr.
 Od oes wŷr â drygfoes draw,
 Afrywiog, i'n difriaw,
 Cawn yn hwyr, gan eu hwyrion,
 Na roes y ddyhir-oes hon.

XVII.—PEDWAR ENGLYN MILWR
 YN CYFARCH GORONWY OWEN.

HANBYCH well, Goronwy Ddu,
 Y Dryw o Fon, Fam Gymru;
 Gwr prif y rhif am fydr.

Ni wybïum dy elfydd
 Am offrydiaw Awenydd,
 O Gybi Mon i Gaerdydd.

Yn yr oesoedd cyssefin,
 Oeddynt feirdd prif, *Taliesin*,
Llywarch Hen, a'r Ddau *Ddewin*.*

Daroedd heddyw arwyrain;
 Etwa gwell nog un o'r rhai'n,
 Y prif-fardd Gronwy Owain.

* Y ddau *Fyrddin*.

ATEBIAD Y PARCH. GORONWY OWEN.*

A'm rhoddes Rhëen riaidd anrheg,
 Anian hynaws, asgre faws fwyndeg,
 Araf iaith aserw, dichwerw chweg—Awen,
 A goreu llëen, llefn Frythoneg.
 Neud wyt gyfeillgar, câr cywir-deg—ddyn,
 Neud wyf gas erlyn, gelyn gysteg.

Mi piau molawd, gwawd Gwyndodeg,
 Gnawd i'r a folwyf fawl anhyfreg;
 Haws y'm llawch hydr na chyhydeg—â mi
 Hanbid o'm moli mawl ychwaneg.
 Cenaist foliant fal nad attreg—ym' hwnt,
 Dy foli, pryffwnt praff Gymræg.

Wyt berchen Awen ben, baun hoendeg,
 Wyt ynad diwad Deheubartheg;
 Odid hafal, hyfwyn osteg,—i ti
 Blaenor barddoni, bri Brythoneg.
 Gwelais ofeirdd afar waneg,—o wÿn
 Yn malu ewyn awen hyllgreg.

Neu mi ni'm dorfi dyrfa ddichweg,
 Beirdd dilym, dirym, diramadeg,
 Ciwed anhyfaeth, gaeth, ddigoeth-deg—lais,
 Sef a'u tremygais megys gwartheg:
 Gwelais feirdd cywrain, mirain, mwyndeg—lu,
 Molais eu canu cynnil wofeg.

Er a rywelais, cais cysson-deg,
 Ni welais debyg dy bert anrheg;
 Ieuan, mwy diddan no deuddeg—wyt ym',
 Fardd erddrym, croew-lym, grym gramadeg.

* Yn y *Gronoviana* ceir y cofnod canlynol o barthed yr awdl hon:—'Yr Ieuan nid atebawdd mo'r cywydd uchod, namyn gyru gyda Wiliam Fychan, Esq., o Gors y Gedol, ym mhen pedair blynedd, bedwar Englyn Milwr i'm hanerch, a'r awdl hon a gafodd yn ateb iddynt. 1756.'—G.

XVIII.—CYWYDD

I GROESAWU GENEDIGAETH TYWYSOG CYMRU.*

Y RYWIOG gerddgar Awen,
 Berw-ddawn hardd y beirddion hen,
 Chwareu gainc a chywir gân
 O brydyddiaeth brau diddan;
 Taro â dwylo'r delyn
 Yn glau, dadseinied pob glyn;
 Pair i holl Gymru ruo
 Y braint a gafodd ein bro,
 Eni iddi hi a'i hiaith
 Bor teilwng biau'r talaith.
 Maban^a haeddai glân glod,
 A henyw o waed hynod;
 Mab Sior, brenin goror gain,
 Paradwys, Ynys Prydain;
 A'i gynhes frenines hoew,
Siarlot â'r fynwes eur-loew.
 Milwr fydd essillydd Sior
 I ymwan mewn hawddammor;
 Ar Ffranc y gwna ddifancoll,
 Dydd a ddaw, a diwedd oll.

Croeso, Dywysog grasawl!
 Dy feirdd a ganant dy fawl;
 Dy nerth yn destun a wnânt,
 Dy glod dros fyd a gludant.
 Mae Cymru 'n gwenu ar g'oedd,
 Yn llawen, a'i holl luoedd,
 Gael iddi amgeleddwr,
 A theg amddiffyn, a thŵr.
 Y beirdd fil, o beraidd fant,
 I'th gynnyrch fyth a ganant;

* Y Brenin Sior IV. wedi hyny. Ganed ef ar y 12fed o Awst, 1762.—G.

Pob telynior, cerddor coeth,
 A boen ei fysedd beunoeth,
 Wrth ddadgan, hoian yw'r hawl,
 Ei gerdd yt', D'wysog urddawl.
 Pob dadgeiniad gwlad mewn gwledd
 A gân yn Ne a Gwynedd,
 Mewn maswedd a chyfeddach,
 A hoen a wna hen yn iach!
 A llon a fydd pob bron brudd,
 A gosteg ddaw ar gystudd;
 A'r deyrnas oll a'r drŵn sydd
 Yn llawn o bob llawenydd.
 Gwledda maent arglwyddi mawr,
 Damwain y cyfryw dymmawr;
 Groeso i hwn mewn gras a hedd
 Arbenig a ry'r bonedd:
 Mae pob gradd yn cyfaddef
 Y da a wnaeth Duw Ion nef,
 Rhoddi mab o wreiddiau Mon
 I'r gwr a biau'r goron;
 Etifedd (da fo'r tyfiad)
 Por dewr i ddirprwyo 'i dad.
 Deued ein ner diwyd ni
 Un rinwedd â'i rieni;
 A chalon ddiocheliad
 A chwydd pan gyffwrdd â châd;
 Ail Arthur waew dur dori,
 Ddyledawg, ruddfäawg ri,
 Y gwawr wrth Faddon fawr fu
 Ym mynydd yn ymwanu;
 Pan fu dial ar alon,
 A Sais yn isel ei son.

Cynnydd, Dywysog ceinwych,
 A dedwydd beunydd y bych;
 Mewn campau a doniau da
 I anrhydedd iawn rhodia.
 Hyfforddiad dy dad odiaeth
 A'th fam (godidog yw'th faeth!)

A'th arwain, fy nghoeth eryr,
Mewn bri i ragori gwŷr.

Pan el Sior, ein hior, mewn hedd,
Wiw dëyrn, yn y diwedd,
Ar ddir hynt o'r ddaiar hon
I gyrhaedd nefol goron,
Aed y mab ffynadwy mawr
I Brydain yn Briodawr.*

XIX.—CANIAD

AR ENEDIGAETH SIOR, TYWYSOG CYMRU.

Ar y Dôn a elwir 'Y Cyntaf o Awst.'

MOESWCH, feirdd, mewn cywrain gân
(Ond diddan yw i'n dyddiau?)
Roi geiriau glwys o gywir glod
At hynod lais y tannau,
I ganmol Llywydd nef a llawr
Am roi Tywysog, enwog wawr,
Er llawenydd, ddedwydd awr,
A dirfawr lwysfawr leisiau.

Dyma ddydd i'ch llawenhau;
A'ch genau rhowch yn gynnar
Ei haeddawl glod i Frenin nef,
A bid eich llef yn llafar;
Am fendithion, moddion mad,
Dro iawn a glwys i dir ein gwlad,
A roes yr Arglwydd rhwydd yn rhad,
Yn ddiwad ar y ddaiar.

Am eni Tywysog Cymru gain,
Etifedd Frydain frodir,

* 'Evan Evans a'i cânt, Bardd y Cymmrodorion' (*Llawysgrif*.)

Gan bawb a garo'r uniawn ffydd
 Y dydd a anrhydeddir.
 Am hyny unwch bob yn gôr,
 O fawr i fach, o fôr i fôr,
 I foli'n rhwydd ein Harglwydd Ior,
 O fewn yr oror eirwir.

XX. — AN ODE

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
 GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

To the tune of 'The First of August.'

YE tuneful bards, your songs prepare,
 And to the harp high-sounding
 Extol our God, his praise declare,
 Your strings with joy rebounding:
 Extol His bounty, for He gave
 To Charlotte fair and George the brave,
 An heir to Britain: may they have
 Their joys still more abounding!

This is the day, express your joy
 Beyond all thought and measure;
 God blest us with the Royal Boy,
 A gift beyond all treasure.
 Extol His bounteous liberal hand
 That showers His blessings through the land;
 His bounty does the task demand,
 Which fills our hearts with pleasure.

Great Cambria's Prince was born this day,
 The honour of the nation;
 Britannia's future hope; the stay
 And prop of Reformation.

Come, let us then, with heart and voice,
 Proclaim from shore to shore our joys;
 Let no rebellious jarring noise
 Disturb our acclamation.

XXI.—AWDL I'R COLER DU.*

TYRED, Awen gymhen, i'm genau,
 A'th iaith dda uniawn a'th ddoeth ddoniau:
 Trom yw 'nghalon eigion mewn igiau—heb baid,
 Trom yw'r enaid mewn tramawr wyniau.

Truan beunydd mewn terwyn boenau,
 Tri mwy fydd ddolur trym-feddyliau;
 Trist Goler 'sgeler yn dwys gulhau—'r ais,
 Taer iawn yw malais y dyfais dau.

Melancholi, geri, garw eiriau!
 Yw'r dybryd glefyd meddylfryd mau,
 Sef y pruddglwyf dinwyf, du anafau—serch,
 Gelyn pob anerch a gloew-ferch glau.

Tynaist yn awyr fy naw synwyrâu,
 Trwy roi im' ormod fyfyrdodau,
 Fy mhelydr a droaist yn gymylau—duon,
 Ni fyn y galon fwynhau golau.

Ni châr y Coler a'i arferau
 Neb rhyw gyweithas gymdeithasau,
 Na chymdeithion mwynion mewn manau—o'r byd;
 Pob adfyd penyd ef a'i piau.

Gwr du yw Coler mewn pryderau,
 A draig anwadal drwg anwydau,
 A phrudd dan gystudd yw ei ruddiau,—a'i dal
 A welir yn sal â gofal gau.

* *Ode to Melancholy.*

Tremio wna i olwg mewn trymion aeliau,
A blaen y deurudd i mewn blinderau ;
 A drych sydd welw fel delw'n dileu—ei wrid,
 Yn llawn ofid yn lle nwyfau.

Nid hoff gan Goler ddim pleserau,
 Ni all yn ei oes mo'r llawenhau ;
 Ni châr arfer pleser palasau—gwyhion,
 Ac ni all dynion llon ei wellâu.

Hoff iawn gantho rodio ar brydiau
 Ar lan afon gain lle bo seiniau
 Dyfroedd hoff rydoedd a gloew ffrydiau—llafar,
 A'u twrddan a gâr, fyddar foddau.

Gwrando y ceir yn ei lesmeiriau
 Ar wynt yn ymffust yn ei glustiau,
 A'i felus chwiban mal organau—miwsig
 A'i gwna yn ddiddig yn ei ddyddiau.

XXII.—CYWYDD

AB

DDULL YMDDIDDAN RHWNG DAFYDD A MORFYDD.*

Donec eram gratus tibi, &c.

HORAT. Lib. iii. Od. 9.

DAFYDD.

BAN oeddwn gynt, bun addas,
 (Ennyd awr oedd) yn dy ras,
 Ni charit, fun wych eirian,
 Yn loew wedn glos, un dyn glân,
 Mwy no mi, mun, o'm ol
 Yn y byd yn wybodol ;
 Yna fy 'stâd o'm cadair
 Oedd well na'r Pab, myn Mab Mair!

* Un o gynnyrchion cyntaf yr Awdwr yw y Cywydd egwan hwn, a'r tri chanlynol. Yr oedd efe ar y pryd yn Rhydychain.—G.

MORFYDD.

Pan guriaist, poen o gariad,
 A chenyd serch hynod sad
 I Forfydd, Dafydd, yn d'oes,
 Ei hunan yn ei heinioes;
 Ban ydoedd, o bai nodi,
 Elin i'm oes lai no mi.
 Yna'r oeddwn o raddau
 Yn nhop y rhod yn parhau
 Yn fwy no hi, feinwen hael,
 Fam Ddewi, fu em ddiwael.

DAFYDD.

Elin goeth, oleu-wen, gu,
 Em gywir-fwyn a'm gorfu,
 A feidr beraidd arfodau
 Ar y delyn, mwyn-ddyn mau.
 Dros hon (O yna fodlon fyd!)
 Collwn, a'm wn, fy mywyd:
 Od eiriach angeu diras
 Fywyd y fun fyw di-fâs.

MORFYDD.

Fi a Thudur fyth ydym
 Yn gynhes mewn gwres a grym;
 Ein dau wedi'n cau mewn cad,
 Rhôm mae cur rhwymau cariad:
 Collwn dros hwn, gwn, ganwaith,
 (Y myd mwyn!) fy mywyd maith.
 O dyry angeu diras
 Fywyd i'w ran, fyd o ras.

DAFYDD.

Beth o daw hylaw helynt
 Cred o gwrs y cariad gynt,
 A'n cau ni'n dau acw yn deg,
 I chwennych untro'n chwaneg?
 A chau allan a cholli
 Elin, i'th oes, lai no thi,

A derbyn wedi hir-ball
Mawr ufudd gais Morfydd gall?

MORFYDD.

Er bod hwn a'r byd doniawg
Mor araul a'r haul y rhawg,
Yn ddysglaer mewn urddas-glod,
Eto, er hyn datröer rhod.
Ac er bod ynod anian
Bai uthr tost mor boeth a'r tân;
A mwy anwadal im' wyd,
Nodol na'r bluen ydwyd;
Diau fyth, fab da ei foes,
Dymunwn di i'm einioes,
Yn anwyl mewn un annedd,
Mewn bywyd, mewn byd, mewn bedd.

1751.

XXIII.—CYWYDD MERCH.*

Y FORWYN gynt, fawr iawn gais,
Deg wawr erioed a gerais,
A roist ofal i'm calon,
A brath a hiraeth i'm bron:
Ni wŷr un a'r a anwyd
A roist o gur, os teg wyd;
Enwa anhunedd yn henaint
A yr wŷn fyth yr un faint,
A'r hyn y sydd bob dydd du
I'm bron oer i'm braenaru.
Ba fywyd, Gwen, ba fyd gwaeth,
Ba annedwydd benydiaeth?
A ddaw ennyd ddiddanwch,
Unnos drist i einioes drwch?
Na chaiff anhun, y fun fad,
Na chwsg awr, achos cariad.

* Gweler sylwadau, awgrymau, a chyweiriadau Lewis Morys ar y Cywydd mebinol hwn yn y *Cambrian Register*, i. 332.—G.

Nid oes o'm heinioes i mi
 Natur, onid trueni:
 Cyrchaf, ac ni fynaf au,
 I dir anghof drwy angau,
 Oni ry Gwen eiry ei gwedd,
 Drwy gariad, ryw drugaredd
 Af i graig fwyaf o Gred,
 Y môr, i gael ymwarded;
 Ac o'r graig fawr i'r eigion
 Dygaf gyrch i dyrch y don;
 Ac o'r don egyr hyd annwfn
 Af ar y dafl i fôr dwfn;
 Lle mae'r morfil friw-fil fron
 A'r enwog forforwynion.
 Af yno, Gwen ysplenydd,
 Yn ddiau o'm rhwymau'n rhydd.
 Ni chaf gur, ni chaf garu,
 Na phoen, gwn, na hoffi'n gu.
 Ni roddaf gam i dramwy
 I Gred i'th ymweled mwy.
 Dyna'r modd, dan wir, i mi
 A dyr ymaith drueni;
 Oni chaf, heb warafun,
 Dy fodd fyth, ddifei-wedd fun.*

1751.

 XXIV.—CYWYDD

HELYNT Y BARDD A'I GARIAD.

A MI unwaith er meinwen
 Yn dyfod i ganfod Gwen,
 Yn ymofyn am afael
 Fy mun (band da oedd y mael?)
 Daethym fal rhyw ymdeithydd
 I dŷ ei thad ar daith ddydd;

* 'Ddiweir-wedd fun' (y.a.)

Yno'r oedd yn ireidd-wych
 Gwen, a'i dull yn gánaid wych;
 A'i hwyneb, gwyndeb gwendon,
 A'i phryd teg oedd fal ffrwd hon;
 Dwy-res yw yn ei deurudd,
 Fal rhos, yn afalau rhudd:
 Lili Mai loew-liw i mi
 Yw ei mwnwgl mewn meini.
 Ail yw ei gwallt, o liw gwawn,
 Gaead aur, ar goed iriawn;
 A llygad Gwen, Elen ael,
 Yn dduon dan y ddwyael:
 Trwyn addwyn taran eiddil,
 Trwyn mwyn yn tirioni mil;
 Ni bu drwyn ar un wyneb
 Eiliw nyf, ei ail i neb.
 Ei gwefus fal mefuswydd,
 Man o fêl ar y min fydd.
 A mi ennyd i'm rhoenau,
 Fal hyn gwnawn ei dyfalthau.
 Pa fodd yr oedd, anhawdd iawn,
 Mwynhau Gwen, mynag uniawn.

Ebr fi wrth y wen riain,
 Yn ddystaw heb swniaw sain,
 'Damunwn, Gwen, er's ennyd,
 Draethu gair heb druth i gyd;
 Pe y cawn, eiliw gwawn gwýdd,
 Odfa unwaith hyd fein-wydd.'

'Ni chaf ddyfod i rodio
 O'r tŷ ar draws i'r tir draw;
 Nac i un man o gwyn maith,
 Fyd iawn, i fudo unwaith;
 Na chyfle mewn lle na llan,
 F' enaid, oll i fyn'd allan,
 Na bo fy mam mewn amhwyll,
 Fal eiddig, un tebig twyll.

Od oes i'th fryd dwys i'th fron
 Air a gelaist i'r galon,
 Dos yr awron yn llonydd
 Ymaith ar dy daith y dydd;
 A bwrw dy naid bryd y nawn
 Mewn unawr yma'n uniawn:
 Yna y cawn, neb nacäu,
 Siarad ein dewis eiriau;
 Ni wel fy mam yn tramwy,
 Dawela' mab, dy ol mwy;
 Na'm tad, na neb a'r adwen,
 Doetha' modd, dy daith, Amen.'

Prydnawn gan Wen a enwir
 A ddaeth yn ol hiraeth hir,
 Annelais at Wen eilwaith
 Yn ol, band hir oedd fy nhaith?
 Dyfod a wneis o'm dyfyn
 Yn wir at annedd fy nyn;
 Yno gwelwn, gwae alaeth!
 I'w hannedd ni bu wedd waeth,
 Y porthmon, cor digllon cas,
 A naws Eiddig neu Suddas,
 Yn nadel, fal y gelyn
 Galon oer, im' gael fy nyn.

* * * *

Trwy ei galon, borthmon baw,
 Am rhwystrodd trwy fawr ystryw
 I gael bun, ac i gael byw.
 Am ei waith mor ddiffeithiawl
 Ei ddwyn orch'mynaf i ddiawl;
 Ac yn ammhorth i'r porthmon
 Distryw o Fynyw i Fon!

XXV.—CYWYDD I OFYN BIBL.*

Y CARW addysg gwiw rhydd-hael
 Llundain oll, llawn doniau hael,
 Rhisiart, awdur *art* eryr,
 Newton gynt yn donio gwŷr;
 A mwy *art* na *Des Cartes*,
 Rhwydd oll wyd yn rhoddi lles.
 Rhoes Duw nef, er estyn yd',
 Feddu llawer celfyddyd;
 Y mae eilwaith i'w moli
 Iaith awen doeth i'th en di.
 Y Bibl wnaed i'r bobl yn iawn,
 Yn lân, yn oleu uniawn:
 Hau dy glod hyd y gwledydd
 A wna'r gwaith hwn, eur-goeth hydd.
 Y mae'n fy oes yma'n faith
 I lân Fibl ynof obaith;
 Y Bibl hwn, os enwn, sydd
 Yn gain iawn mewn gŵn newydd;
 A'r gŵn yn oreu gwaneg
 Oll yn y du, a'r lliw 'n deg;
 Yn gudd dan y muchudd main
 Da y lliwiwyd y lliain;
 A'r lliain i'r darllëydd
 Yn lluniau bach llawn y bydd.
 Esgob dwg is ei gob du
 Wisg o ras a gâr Iesu.
 Teg i mi rhoddi rhuddaur
 Tros ei dal trwsïadau aur;
 A chyda'r dal o'r mal-aur,
 Ei gefn oll a gaf yn aur;

* Gwelir fod y Cywydd hwn i raddau yn amherffaith. Cyflwynwyd ef i Mr. Rhisiart Morys, golygydd yr argraffiadau o'r Beibl Cymraeg a gyhoeddwyd yn 1746 ac 1752. Gogyfoed yw y Cywydd i'r tri blaenorol.—G.

Bali coch sinoblog cudd
 Yma ucho y muchudd;
 O aur mâl ar y bali,
 Ei enw a wnair yno i ni.
 * * * *

Os daw hwn, ys da'i henwi,
 Yn rhodd wrth fy modd i mi,
 Yn fy oes y canaf fyth
 Dy fawl, difai wehelyth.*

XXVI.—AWDL I FRENIN PRWSSIA,

AM GURO'R FFRANCOD YN RHOSFACH,† TACHWEDD 5MED, 1757.

DEFFRO, Awenydd, gelfydd ganon,
 A dwyre o drumiau Pumlumon;
 Degle gan fore, gain fanon—cerddi,
 Dyred i'm llofi, berwi beirddion.
 Arwyre lewaf, ddewraf ddragon,
 Llyw Prwssia, llew prysur yng nghammon,
 Gwr drud yn esgud wasgar galon,
 Oedd wŷr gŵreiddiaf, glewaf, glwysion,
 Ddreigiau o ryfel, yn ddewr gryfion;
 Oedd gyrdd-lyw o ryw a'i ron—paladr-fraisg,
 Oedd waisg i'w hysgwyd fegys Samson.
 Neud ban yn aban ebwch dynion,
 Neud yno llifo llafnau rhuddion;
 Neud gwaedd a gawr-waedd gŵreiddion—ar dranc;
 Neud yng nghyfranc Ffranc â phrudd galon;
 Neud arf am arf, a mawr ymryson,
 Neud gwr am wr, marwol ergydion,

* 'Esgusodwch frys' (*Llawysgrifen*); a gwaith brysiog, fel y canfyddir, yw y cywydd —G.

† Rhosfach=Rosbach, yn Sacsoni Uchaf, lle y gorchfygodd Ffredrig Fawr gyfluoedd Ffrainc ac Awstria, y rhai oeddynt cyn amled ddwywaith a'r eiddo ei hun.—G.

Ac neud gledd am gledd goluddion drychu,
 Neud gorwydd ddyru, neud geirw ddewrion.
 Oedd milwyr Prwssia mal canaon
 Yn ymlid ceirw, cerhynt echryslon;
 Oedd o gad giliad y gwelwon—Ffrancod,
 Oedd yno'n rhagod rhygaeth weision.
 Gostyngwyd traha tra ehudion,
 Rhoed cis i Lewis,* lywydd caethion;
 Rhoed cis i Baris o burion ynni;
 Deryw eu dofi, diflawg ladron.
 Gweddus yw canmol ceinmyg coron;
 Gwenais pan glywais glân newyddion:
 Gweuaf, wawr dewraf, ar dirion—gerddi,
 Gweuaf i'w foli fêl-arodion.

XXVII.—ENGLYNION

I WR OEDD MEWN CARCHAR AM DDYLED.

Y CARCHAR am fâr a fydd—ryw ennyd
 I'r annoeth yn gerydd;
 Pwylla, ddyn, pa well ddeunydd?
 Deui o'r rhwym i dir rhydd.

Ynfydion, cyffion a'u coffa—o'u baich
 O bechod, mewn gwasgfa;
 Yr union a'r dynion da,
 O'u gwalloedd hwy a'u gwella.

Yr afradlon fron, a fu rwydd—a dwl
 Yn dilyn ynfydrwydd,
 At y Tad wellâd a llwydd,
 Yn ei ol a dry'n hylwydd.

Dithau a fyddi doethach—i'th fywyd,
 O'th feiau yn lanach,
 Os cynghorion union iach
 A geri yn gywirach.

* Lewis XV. o Ffrainge.—G.

XXVIII.—ENGLYNION

PECHADUR EDIFEIRIOL AR EI GLAF WELY, YN ADDEF EI BECH-
ODAU, YN EIRIOL AM FADDEUANT, AC YN GOBEITHIO
AM DRUGAREDD.

OCH! mor ddwys yw pwys y pen,—a'r dolur
Yn ardalau'r talcen!
Och! i'r daint, echryd i en,
Poen gerwinol pan grynem'.

Duw Tad, er cariad, rhoi cerydd—a wnaeth;
Dan ei nod wyf efrydd,
A than boen weithian beunydd
Gwialen Ion, gwael yw 'nydd.

Duw mawr nef a llawr, fy Llyw,—o gerydd
Gwared dy was heddyw;
O Arglwydd, dwg fi, erglyw,
O dan faich pechod yn fyw.

Ymdeithio, gwibio at gibau—y moch
Y bŷm i es dyddiau;
Man y cawn, im' mwy nacäu,
Ar feusydd dori f'eisiau.

At fy Nhad (bwriad llawn bur!)—dychwelaf
Gyda chalon dostur:
Gwel, fy Nhad, wael bechadur;
Clyw fi y gwan claf o gur.

Duw nef, 'r wy'n addef yn wir—im' bechu,
A'm buchedd oedd anwir;
Pa boen tost, pa benyd hir,
A gaf, Ion, o gofynir?

Credu yr wy' i'r Iesu o'i rad—i'm camwedd
Wneyd cymmod a thaliad;
Er ei gur a'i wir gariad,
Oen Duw, a'm uno ä'i Dad.

Ar Iesu, Craig yr oesoedd,—y gwaeddaf,
 A'm gweddi hyd nefoedd;
 Maddau fy meiau im' oedd,
 Na fwrir eu niferoedd.

Maddau bechodau, baich ydynt,—a llwyth,
 Yn fy llethu danynt:
 Na ad, er dy gariad gynt,
 I wanddyn boeni ynddynt.

Dod im', Ion, Ffynnon y ffydd,—amgeledd
 Dod im' galon newydd;
 Dod im' y Glân Ddiddanydd,
 A'th rad ras o weithred rydd.

Glanhâ, diwygia hyd eigion,—flinder
 Fy aflendid ffinion;
 O, pâr iachâu friwiau'r fron,
 Ag eli gwaed ei galon!

Rhag Satan aflan a'i waith,—ein Ceidwad
 Cadarn wyd a pherffaith;
 Dwg fi'n glau o'r maglau maith,
 O'r dom a'i rwydau ymaith.

Dod ras yn addas i'm newyddu,—Ner,
 N'ad fy nwyn i'r fagddu;
 Na ad, er cariad Ior cu,
 Yma fyth imi fethu.

Par, Ion, yn gysson im' geisio—nef wen,
 Yno fyth i drigo:
 Gwynfyd, er ei dristyd dro,
 I'r enaid a geir yno.

Duw Dad, o gariad dwg wirion—i'th nef,
 Ac i'th nawdd yn dirion;
 O'r llaid, a'i hir drallodion,
 I fyny dwg f'enaid, Ion.

Yn iach, ar awr bach, i'r byd,—a'i rewog
 Oer auaf o dristyd;
 Yn iach boen a nych benyd,
 Aeth yn haf weithian o hyd.

Man ni ddaw wylaw alaeth,—achwynion,
 Na chyni na hiraeth;
 Dedwydd, ar ol oerydd caeth,
 Fydd gael y fuddugoliaeth.

Molaf, ac euraf y gân,—yr Iesu .
 Fu rasol i'r truan;
 Am brynu ei lu mor lân
 Can miloedd a'i canmolan'.

XXIX.—ENGLYNION

FARWOLAETH DYN DRWY'R CWYMP, A'I HAWL I FYWID
 TRAGYWYDDOL DRWY FARWOLAETH CRIST.*

Y BEDD yw diwedd y dyn,—o'i fawredd
 Fo fwrir i'r priddyn;
 Brau iawn yw'n hoes, barnwn hyn,
 Ow, nid yw onid ewyn!

O blaid yr enaid pwy rydd—ymwared
 Rhag marw yn dragywydd?
 Crist ar Groes a'n rhoes yn rhydd,
 Ef o'i rad fu Waredydd.

Prid yw y gofid a gafodd—Oen Duw,
 Brynu dyn a syrthiodd;
 O'i gariad† ac o'i rad rodd,
 Byw yw'r enaid a brynodd.

* Y cyfryw yw penawd yr Englynion hyn fel eu hargraffwyd gan yr Awdwr ar ddiwedd yr ail gyfrol o'r *Pregethau* (Mwythig, 1776), t. 322; yr hwn a gyfnewidiwyd ym *Mlodau Dyfed* i 'Englynion ar Fyrdra Oes Dyn, a'i Brynedigaeth trwy Ddyoddefaint Crist.'—*G.*

† Ioan v. 24, 25, 26.

Moliant, gogoniant a ganwn—i'r Oen,
 Am ei rad a'i bardwn;
 Teilwng yw ini, talwn,
 Fal i'n Tad, foliant i Hwn.

XXX.—ENGLYNION

O DBIOLCHGARWCH I DDUW AM WAREDIGAETH BWYSPAWR.

O DDYFROEDD moroedd mawrion—y daethym,
 O deithiau mawr eigion,
 O greigiau dyfnderau'r don,
 I'r lan, er taer elynion.

Drwy Ner, o'i fwynder, myfi—ag einioes,
 O ganol trueni,
 O safn y bedd, ryfedd Ri,
 Ei Fawredd wy'n glodfori.

Y Diawl uffernawl ffyrnig—ei ruad,
 Er awydd adwythig,
 Ni all ddwyn, yn ei holl ddig,
 Yn ei eneu un oenig.

Duw Waredwr, Tŵr tirion,—Duw cadarn
 Ydyw Ceidwad gwirion;
 Ni all diawliaid, lle delon',
 Niwaid na brath dan eu bron.

Os Moesen lawen, a'i lu,—yn gynhes
 A ganodd fawl Iesu;
 Canaf fawl, rhyfeddawl fu
 Ei rad yn fy ngwaredu.

Cenwch fawl, nefawl nifer,—Angylion,
 Yng ngoleu'r uchelder;
 Gwynion delynorion Ner,
 Fil filoedd, ei fawl foler.

XXXI.—BEDDARGRAFF Y CYBYDD ANGOR.

'Ddoe'r bore, myfi a gefais newydd o'r wlad, farw yr hen wr y bûm Gurad iddo yn swydd Geredigiawn; ac o ran mai hen gybydd oedd, nid allwn lai neithiwr, yn lle rhoi cwsg i'm hamrantau, no phrydyddu iddo yn y wedd ganlynol.'—*I. B. Hir: Llythyr, Medi 25, 1767.*

MEWN bedd o'r diwedd mae'r gwr du,—er aur
Ac er arian gasglu:
Gwas ffyddlon i Fammon fu;
Oedd erwin ei ddaiaru!

Trengu, er casglu, wna'r call—arianog,
Ryw ennyd fal anghall;
A thraddodir, gwedi'r gwall,
Ei loi aur i law arall.

Os rhaid yr enaid a renir—ar gam
Ar ryw gwys anghywir,
Ni thâl frwynen i'r enwir
Y braint hwn o brynu tir.

Dod gyfran i'r gwan, pan gwyno—i'w ing
A'i angen, a'i portho:
Na fydd fyth gybydd o'th go',
Ac anhael i gynnilo.

XXXII.—CYWYDD

MARWNAD LEWIS MORYS, YSWAIN,

O Benbryn, yn swydd Geredigion; prif Hanesydd Brydain Fawr, o barthed ei Chymmrodorion, eu Henwau, eu Hachau, a'u Hansawdd; Amgeleddwr godidawg-wiw yr hen Frytaniaith, a'i Beirdô; Prif Oruchwyliwr Mwngloddiau y Brenin o fewn Talaeth Gymru; Darluniwr celfyddgar Ebyr ein Gwlad, o Fôr Udd i Fôr Iwerddon; Philosophydd Anianol cywrein-ddoeth manyl-ddysg; mwy hynod am bob Dawn a Gorchest benigamp na neb o'i Gydwladyr y to heddyw; teilwng o'i goffâu gan bawb a garont eu Gwlad a'u Hiaith. Wedi ei gyflwyno gan yr Awdur i'r Anrhyd-

eddus Benllywydd, a Llywydd Hybarch Gymdeithas y Cymrodorion yn Llundain, ac ereill ei Haelodau; er mwyn cwyno y Golled gyffredinawl a gafodd y Beirdd, a Hanesion ein Gwlad, am dano.*

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

VIRG. *Ecl.* x.

GWAE heddyw a gyhoeddir,
 Mor dost yw i Gymru dir,
 Golli Lewys, gell Awen,
 Dwyn ei pharch, ei dayn, a'i phen!†
 E dynwyd iaith dan y dwr
 Gladdu ei hamgeleddwr:
 Caled yw colli colofn,
 Penciwdaud cerdd ddidlawd ddofn,
 A fedrai yn wiw fydrawl
 Holl gampau mesurau mawl.
 Merddin neu Daliesin dysg,
 Homer oedd â mawr addysg;
 Am brydu, canu mewn côr,
 Aneurin yn ei oror:
 Bu gerddgar ddigymhar gynt,
 Apolo ym mhob helynt.

* Argraffwyd yr Alareb hon y waith gyntaf yn Amseroni neu *Almanac* Gwilym Hywel am y flwyddyn 1768, t. 23. Y mae adargraffiad *Blodau Dyfed* yn fwy anghywir; ac y mae Golygydd y gwaith hwnw wedi talfyru a chyfnewid y nodau mewn modd anesgusodol. Yn Ysgriflyfr Robert Tomas, yr hwn yn benaf a ddi-lynydd yn yr argraffiad hwn, attodir y nodyn canlynol:—'Transcribed out of the Revd. Mr. Evans's Copy by Robert Thomas, Oct. 18, 1765.'—G.

† This worthy person had so strong an affection for his native country and language, that he spent a great part of his time in searching out monuments of antiquity of all sorts in any way relating to the history of the Ancient Britons, and was of great help to the late Mr. Carte in compiling his *History of England*, in its most remote periods, which he in part acknowledged; but did not think proper to make use of the curious materials he supplied him with, any further than was consistent with the current prejudice of the English against the British History. This disingenuity and want of candour and sincerity in Mr. Carte our author thought to have properly resented.

Mae'i ddoniau a'i gampau i gyd
 Yr awran mewn oer weryd;
 A'i waith* ammherffaith,† am hwn
 I'n cenedl iawn y cwynwn:
 Prudd yw ei grudd, pridd a gro,
 Hanes‡ holl Gymru heno!
 Aeth weithian yn wan o wedd
 Ein hynod hen Freninedd.§
 Pwy a ddadgan, darian dur,
 Un o wyrthiau hen Arthur,||
 Neu Urien dien fal dêr,
 Neu Faelgwn, gawr rhyfelgar,
 Neu Gadwallon gwaed-ollwng,
 Pen cadau, mal bleiddiau blwng,
 Drwy ynni a drywenynt
 Seison yn waew-gochion gynt?

Bellach fyth na chrybwyller
 Na son am anian y ser;¶
 Llewyrch nef a'i gynnefod,
 Cylchau a rheolau'r rhod;***
 Na'r llwybr yr ä haul wybren,
 Llyw y dydd, na lleuad wen;
 A gradd pob un o naddynt,
 A'u harwydd a'u hyrwydd hynt.††

* His incomparable performance entitled the *Celtic Remains*.
 After remaining in manuscript for upwards of a century, this
 work is now (1874) passing through the press, under the auspices
 of the Cambrian Archæological Association.—G]

† Anorphen.

‡ The History of Wales.

§ *Brut y Breninoedd*, or the History of Britain wrote by Tyssilio.

|| *Arthur, Maelgwn Gwynedd, Urien Reged*, and *Cadwallon ab Cadfan*, were our most famous warriors against the Saxons, and made the last successful struggle for British Liberty.

¶ A good astronomer.

*** Skilful in optics.

†† 'O herwydd eu harwydd hynt' (*Blod. Dyf.* 23).

Pwy a wybydd, pa obaith,
 Duw Ion a'i wyrth mawrion maith,*
 O ddyn hyd at bryfyn brau,
 A'u rhyw hynod, a'u rhiniau,
 O goedydd mawrfrig adail
 Hyd lysiau mân deiau dail?

Duw a roes, a da ei rodd,
 Medrus gymhen ymadrodd;†
 Cafodd, a da fu'r cyfoeth,
 Sylwedd o ddysg Selyf Ddoeth.

Cynhes oedd ei amcanion,‡
 Mor frwd ei ddiammhur fron,
 I Gymru, rhag i ammraint
 A malais Sais, megys haint,
 Ddwyn, a mynych y cwynwn,
 Ein bri, a'n sori â'u swn.
 Torodd eu dannedd taerion,
 Difyr erioed, da fu'r fron.

I Gamden§ y rhoes sen sur,
 A'i *Frydain*, ofer awdur;
 Sef, y dangoses hefyd,
 O'i fawr bwyll, ei fai i'r byd.

* Our author was well versed in natural philosophy in all its branches.

† Polite literature.

‡ He was a judicious and candid defender of the Ancient British History against all its oppugners of note, from William of Newborough down to Camden, and has refuted the cavils of Milton, Burton, Nichols, and others who have trod in Camden's steps.

§ He has in his *Celtic Remains*, and other tracts, occasionally exposed Camden's blunders in his *Britannia*, and his ignorance of our language and antiquities, and confuted his artful but disingenuous arguments, vented by the mouths of his great men under the mask of candour and sincerity.

Darfu cynnydd dydd canu,*
 Oeh! feirdd,† eich harddwch a fu!
 Heddyw nid oes ddyn hoew-ddawn;
 Pwy a gais ddysg ym mysg mawn?
 Du yw gwlad Gymru, a dall,
 Yr awran ni cheir arall.
 Ni welir yno eilwaith
 Un gwr mor enwog ei waith.
 Oer wyler am a dderyw,
 Gwae mor oer i Gymru yw!
 Ni chanaf fi na chân fwyn,
 Nod uchel, onid achwyn:
 Ac ni chân, drwg yw'r waneg,
 Un bardd da yn beraidd deg;
 Neu eos bert hynaws big,
 Nac adar yn y goedwig:
 Bydd cân gan ddylluanod;
 Gwae i'r Cymry felly fod!

Carolau, rhigymau gant,‡
 O oer ddadwrdd a udant:

* Efelly yn Amseroni Gwilym Hywel, *Blodau Dyfed*, ac ar fir y ddalen yn Ysgrifyfr Robert Tomas; ond yn nhestun yr olaf, 'Weithian ofer yw canu', yw y darlleniad.—G.

† He was a great admirer of the ancient British Bards, and understood them well, and had a very large and curious collection of the most celebrated, especially the works of *Taliesin*, *Llywarch Hen*, *Aneurin Gwawdrydd*, *Merddyn Wyllt*, *Afan Ferddig*, &c.; who all flourished in the sixth century. He had likewise a large collection of the works of the Bards who wrote since the Conquest; and of those who wrote since the reduction of Wales under the English Government down to Queen Elizabeth, when that profession ceased.

‡ The Welsh Poets of the present age are entire strangers to the poetry, good sense, and purity of language of their predecessors in the profession; and neither understand their prosody nor measures. All modern performances are adapted to English tunes, which method began as early as Queen Elizabeth, when the true and genuine Bards quitted the stage. This is as great a change in our poetry as that of the monks compared to the

Cywydd o geinciau Awen,
 Gwywodd en hoen fal gwýdd hen;
 Ni chlywir i'n tir hynt iawn,
 Na doniau ym mysg dyniawn;
 Gan i Lewis gain lywydd
 Ddarfod, gwae ddyfod ei ddydd!
 Hir a fydd a rhyfeddod
 A glwys y cenir dy glod:
 Ni ddaw, tra byddo Awen,
 Na doniau, na llyfrau llên,
 Cymro iawn, cymhar ei waith,
 Teilwng i'n bro, it' eilwaith.*

1765.

Augustan Age. The worthy deceased has endeavoured to revive a taste of the ancient Bards, as well as the learned Dr. John David Rhys had done in Queen Elizabeth's reign; and a few persons have of late, by his encouragement and direction, become great proficient in the art, particularly the late Rev. Messrs. *William Wynne* and *Gronwy Owen*.

* Our author had prepared many pieces for the press in defence as well as illustration of the British History, extracted from old authentic MSS.; but the chief labour of his life is the forementioned *Celtic Remains*, which he spent upwards of thirty-five years in collecting. It is a noble effort to rescue some of our most valuable pieces of antiquity from oblivion; but this curious and interesting performance he did not live to finish. He has likewise wrote very valuable tracts on several subjects, being a person of universal genius; particularly on mechanics, and all other parts of natural philosophy, especially on that of Anglesey, his native country.

XXXIII.—CYWYDD MARWNAD

YR URDDASOL BENDEFIG, ROBERT DAVIES, YSWAIN
LLANERCH, YN SIR FFLINT.*

Κλαίωμεν, ὃ γὰρ γέρας ἔστι θανόντων.

HOMER, *Il.* xxiii. 9.

AM WR a aeth, mae oer wedd
A mawr gwyn ym mro Gwynedd,
A galar prudd ac wylo,
Wrth weled trymed fu'r tro:
Nid oes grudd na chystuddiwyd,
Mor arw yw'r gloes ym mro Glwyd;†
Torwyd ac anafwyd ni,
Gwae ein gwlad gan galedi.
Marw Robert (mawr yw'r ebwch)
Dafis, llyna'r trym-gis trwch.
Mae o'r herwydd mawr hiraeth,‡
Merwindod, yssigdod saeth;
Ac anferth yw y cwynfan
Am wr glwys a Chymro glân.§
Od aeth Llanerch heb berchen,||
Gwae ei bod yn wag o ben!
Collodd frig Pendefigion,
Neuadd hael yr annedd hon;

* Argraffedig y tro cyntaf yn Amseroni Gwilym Hywel am y fl. 1769, t. 23. Argraffwyd y Cywydd hefyd yn *Mlodau Dyfed*, t. 17; ceir ef yn Ysgrifiy'r Robert Tomas; ac y mae genyf o'm blaen gyfysgrif o hono a dynwyd o gynysgrifen yr Awdwr. Ymddengys nad yw y darlleniadau amrywiol a geir ym *Mlodau Dyfed*, yn y gerdd hon fel mewn cerddi ereill, ddim amgen na chyweiriadau neu welliadau dychymmygol Golygydd y gwaith hwnw, heb ystyried dim pa beth a ysgrifennodd yr Awdwr.—G.

† 'Mawr yw y gloes ym mro Glwyd' (*Blodau Dyfed*).

‡ 'Mawr o'i herwydd mae'r hiraeth' (*Blod. Dyf.*)

§ 'Am wr glwys o Gymro glân' (*Ams. G. Hywel, a Blod. Dyf.*)

|| Felly mewn dwy gyfysgrif; ond yn Amseroni G. Hywel, yn gystal ag ym *Mlodau Dyfed*, fel hyn:

'Llanerch barchus heb berchen.'

Pan aeth (fföedigaeth ffawd)
 Yn hesp hon o'i hosp hynawd.
 Y loew afon, wrth lifo,
 A wnaeth yn fras ein noeth fro;
 I'n hoes ni fu loes mor flin,
 Gau ei ffrwd fawr gyffredin.

Tlodion deu-cant o wledydd
 A gyrchai i'w dai bob dydd;
 Uchel y maent yn ochain,
 A'u cur a rwyg y mur main!

Angeu a wnaeth ing in' oll
 O'i gyrchu, a gwaew archoll;
 Dwyn hael, a gadael y gwan
 I'w orweddfa i riddfan;
 Bei dug, buasai byd iawn,
 Ddeg i'w bedd o gybyddiawn;
 A gadael un hael o'n hoes
 Yn ddi ing i fyw ddeng-oes.
 Mae rhai'n, rif y brain, i'n bro,
 Och anwyr, yn iach heno!
 Rhai ar led yn rhoi ar log,
 Er ennill, wŷr arianog;
 Cael ceiniog yn llog i'r llall,
 Pentyru can-punt arall;
 Ac ereill heb seguryd,
 Crinaf* wŷr, yn croni yd;
 Llorio er ennill arian,
 Drud werthu, gwasgu dyn gwan;
 Prynu, a gwenu i gael gwall,
 Tiroedd â deu-cant arall;
 Cael gwynfyd y byd o'i ben,
 Tewychu cant o ychen.

Pob cybydd y sydd o son
 I'w nodi yma'n eidion:

* Efelly y saif y gair yn y cyfysgrifau ac Ams. G. Hywel:
 'Crina' (*Blodau Dyfed*).

Eidion erioed yn ei ryw,
Ac eidion gorwag ydyw.

Och, fyned o'i wych faenol
Y gwr a aeth; gwae ar ei ol!
Goreu un gwr a aned,
Rhwydd i gant y rhoddai ged:
Gwedi hael ni cheir mael mwy
I dlawd a fê dyladwy.
Sylltau, coronau cryniawn
A gai wŷr angenog iawn:
Ceiniogau, dimeiau mân,
Yn eu taith, a gânt weithian.

Od aeth gwr odiaeth gariad,
A wnai wiw les yn ei wlad,
Rhad dyfo i'r etifedd,
I roi'n ei ol yr un wedd;
A Duw mawr, Blaenawr ei blaid,
A rano nef i'r enaid!
Dyna fan diau na fydd,
Ni wiw gobaith i gybydd.

1763.

XXXIV.—MARWNAD

Y PARCHEDIG WILIAM WYNN,

PERSON LLAN GYNHAFAL YN NYEFRYN CLWYD, A MANAFON YN
SWYDD DREFALDWIN;

Bardd a Chymreigydd godidog, a Chyfaill cu i mi.*

Y MAE hiraeth i'm hoeri,
A mawr nych yn fy mron i;
Marw fu Wiliam, mawr f' alaeth,
A phrudd yw'r deurudd, od aeth!

* Bu farw y Parch. W. Wynn ar y 22fed o Ionawr, 1760, yn 55 mlwydd oed. Gweler cofnod am dano yn Williams, *Enwogion Cymru*, d.g.—G.

Och, mor freued fu'r edau!
 Diweddiad tant fu'r dydd tau.
 Doe'r oeddud, wr dewr addwyn,
 Llon i'n mysg, llawen a mwyn;
 A gorwedd yr wyd heddyw
 Yn fud; ni'th wel neb yn tyw.
 Tristach yw Cymru trosti,
 Y Bardd doeth, o'th briddo di;
 Gordduwyd gerddi Awen
 Gau arch am eu parch a'u pen:
 Ac mae'r iaith, Gymro ethol,
 A'n dysg, yn myned yn d'ol.
 Minnau â'm bron y mewn braw,
 Da gyfaill, wrth dy gofiaw,
 Yn gostwng dan flin gystudd,
 A dagrau hallt hyd y gruidd.
 Ni chaf weithian ddiddanwch*
 Yn y byd, ond tristyd trwch.
 Mewn gwres y bûm gynhes gynt,
 Yn hwylio llawen helynt;
 Yr awron, fal yr Yri,†
 Mae naws oer i'm mynwes i.
 Od aeth Wynn, doeth ei anian,
 I orphwys i'r gwys, â'r gân;
 Ni chaf wên na llawenydd,
 Na chân faws; ochain a fydd.
 Af, fal Merddin Ddewinwr,
 I goed, lle ni'm cenfydd gwr;
 Ac yno mi a gwynaf
 O hyd, tra bo hirddydd haf:‡
 A'r waedd fawr a roddaf fi
 A dyr galonau'r deri;
 Ac o'r gur garw a gânt§
 Y creigiau cau a rwygant:

* Gyda'r llinell hon y dechreua y Cywydd hwn yn y *Cylchgrawn* (1834), i. 244.

† 'Fal Eryri' (*Cylchgrawn*).

‡ 'Hawddfyd haf' (*Cylchgrawn*).

§ Efelly yn y llawysgrif; ond nid yw y llinell yn foddhaol; ac

Y llef a ddyrchaif yn llwyr
 Oer ruad hyd yr awyr:
 Ni bu er No neb rhyw nad
 Mor erwin ac mor irad;
 Er pan foddodd, daliodd Duw
 Annuwiolion yn niluw.
 Mae gorchudd a'n cudd* rhag haul
 Glaerwyn a'i byst gloew araul;
 Tywyllwch tew yw allan,
 A chlog o gaddug achlân;
 A ninnau'n drist a distaw,
 Ac yn brudd mewn eigion braw;†
 Oer dynged, dan dudedd du,
 Filoedd yn ymbalfalu.

Colled afrifed fawr oedd,
 Alarus i laweroedd.
 Ei blant a gwynant ganwaith,
 Chwerw yw y modd, a chur maith.
 Duw Dad, mor amddifad ynt!
 Dyro nawdd dirion iddynt.
 Ei blwyf sy'n dwyn gofid blin
 A garw am athraw gwerin;
 Eu bugail aeth, heb gael oes,
 Wr anwyl, i'r hir einioes;
 I gael gan Ior hael ei ran
 Fythol yn y nef weithian,
 Mewn gwynfyd hyfryd a hedd
 (Gwiw yw'r fael), a gorfoledd,
 Ym mhlith saint, mewn braint a bri,
 Glanwych, yng ngwlad goleuni,‡

nid yw darlleniad y *Cylchgrawn*—'Ac o'r gawr garwa' a gânt'—
 yn gwella nemawr arni.—*G.*

* 'A'm cudd' (*Cylchgrawn*.)

† 'A ninnau'n drist, yn ddistaw,
 A'n bronau mewn eigion braw.'
 (*Cylchgrawn*).

‡ Gyda'r llinell hon y terfyna y *Farwnad* yn y *Cylchgrawn*.—*G.*

Ac angylion gloewon glwys
 Puredig fro Paradwys.
 Moli'r Ion mewn gogoniant
 Yw swydd a berthyn i sant;
 Ei wych swydd yn dragwyddawl
 Yn eu mysg yw canu mawl.
 Gwyn ei fyd! hoff fywyd fydd,
 A gai awen dragwydd.
 Gwedi darfod in' rodiaw
 O'r byd trwch i'r bywyd draw,
 Duw nef a'n dyco hefyd,
 Yno fyth, o hyn o fyd.

 XXXV.—CYWYDD

MARWNAD MR. WILIAM MORYS,

O'r Dollfa, yng Nghaergybi ym Mon; Llysieuidd godidog, a rhagorol am ei Wybodaeth yn amryw Geinciau Philosophydd-iaeth Anianiawl; Celfydd yn Iaith yr hen Frytaniaid a'r Beirdd; a hynod am amryw Gampau, Gorchestion, a Rhin-weddau da ereill nad ydynt aml yng Nghymru y to heddyw.*

MAN drist ydyw Mon drosti,
 Gan waew a haint gwan yw hi;
 Mae'n brudd am wr mwyn o'i bro,
 Marw Wiliam,† mawr yw'r wylo.
 Lle bu y gân a diddanwch
 Y mae adfyd, tristyd trwch.
 Lle bu wên a llawenydd,
 Tostur yw'n dolur i'n dydd!
 Os cyfarwydd Derwyddon
 A fu wŷr mawr o fro Mon,
 Celfydd ym mhob pwnc eilwaith
 Ym Mon fu am awen faith:

* Gweier Amseroni ('Tymmorol ac Wybrenol Newyddion, neu Almanac Newydd') Gwilym Hywel am 1775, t. 23; a'r *Cylchgrawn*, ii. 86.—*G.*

† Felly yn y llawysgrif ac yn yr Amseroni; ond 'Marw'r Wiliam' yn y *Cylchgrawn*, er mwyn cywirach cyghanedd.—*G.*

Cynnull gwaith (canwyll y gân)
 Y prydyddwyr per diddan:
Taliesin, Aneurin wawl,
 A *Merddin* emau urddawl,*
 A *Llywarch*, benaig lluoedd,
 Gelyn i Sais, glân was oedd.
 Cai glod; adnabod a wnaeth
 Yn gywraint physygwriaeth;
 A meddyg, oreu moddion,
 I dlawd oedd; e dâl Duw Ion.
 A chwiliai ef yn wych lân,†
 Berthynas barthau anian
 (Ddawngar bryd), gan ddwyn ger bron
 I'r goleu ei dirgelion;
 Camu, llawenu yn llwybr‡
Linnæus,§ yn lân ewybr.
 Llysiau a'u nodau, heb nam,
 Eilwaith adwaeniad Wiliam.||
 Ni fu ail am ddail i'w ddydd,
 I ranu eu carennydd¶
 Yn hyffordd iawn, a'u heffaith
 I ddyn; pand da oedd ei waith?
 Blodau, heirdd deganau haf,
 Fil a wyddiad, fal Addaf.

* Yn y wedd hon y saif y ddwy linell yn y llawysgrifen ac yn Amseroni G. Hywel; ond yn y *Cylchgrawn* trawsffurfiwyd hwynt fel hyn:—

'Taliesin a Merddin mawl,
 Aneurin Awen wrawl.'

† Alluding to his diligent enquiries in natural philosophy.—*Cylchgrawn*.

‡ 'Gan gamu, llamu yn llwybr' (*Cylchgrawn*).

§ A famous natural philosopher, and physician to the King of Denmark.

|| 'A dail, adwaenid, Wiliam' (*Cylchgrawn*). Adwaeniad=adwaenai.—G.

¶ The distribution of plants into classes, according to Linnæus.—*Amseroni G. Hywel*.

Trin gardd, wr tirion a gwyl,
 A'i gwarchadw ei gu orchwyl;
 A'i hoew ardd dirion, lon, lwys,
 Oedd o brydwedd Baradwys;
 Ail i Eden læw ydoedd,
 Mor lân, ac mor araul oedd!
 Llawn o ros ac effros gwiw,
 A'r lili wawr oleuliw;
 A'r tiwlip* ar eu tyle,
 Mor wych eu llewych a'u lle!
 Llawer ereill oreuraid,
 Rhai gwynion, rhai cochion caid;
 A'u lliw hefyd a'u lleufer
 Glân syw, fal goleuni ser.
 Er glaned, gwyched eu gwedd,
 Edwant, deuant i'w diwedd:
 A'r un modd o ran, meddyn',†
 I'r bedd o'r diwedd ä'r dyn.
 Nid oes na dynion, na dim,
 Na ddiweddant yn ddiddim;
 Y byd i gyd, a phob gwaith,
 A'i anneddau ä'n oddaith;
 Y mawrion dirion dyrau
 Fal breuddwydion gweigion gau!
 Pan ddêl o'r maith uchelion,
 A mawr nerth, ein mirain Ion,
 I roi barn ar wÿr y byd,
 A'u didol, a dywedyd:
 'Deuwch, wÿr da a diwael,
 Ar hynt i deyrnas Ior hael;
 Yn ninas wen addas Ner,
 Cain weision, y'ch cynnwysen:

* Tulip, supposed to be the *Asphodelus* of the Greeks; and the lilies of the field, mentioned by our Saviour, to which Solomon, in all his glory, was not to be compared. It grows commonly in the fields all over Palestine and the East, and is called by the Turks *tulip*, from whom we have borrowed the name.

† 'A'r unwedd, bob yn ronyn' (*Cylchgrawn*).

Bydd Wiliam, wr dinam da,
 Un o dorf y lân dyrfa,
 Yn canu mawl rhadawl rhydd
 Yn ddifyr i Dduw Ddofydd,
 Ac i'r Oen hygar anian,
 Ac i'r Yspryd gloew-bryd Glân.
 Ei waith oedd, ar gyhoedd gynt,
 Canu Salm, cynhes helynt;
 Dysgu gogoneddu Ner*
 Yr oedd i' luoedd lawer.
 Ef aeth weithian, wr glân glwys,
 A'i ber-odl† i Baradwys.‡

 XXXVI.—CYWYDD

MARWNAD SION OWAIN,

BARD D A THELYNIOR GODIDOG, A FU FARW AR Y MÔR, YNG
 NGWASANAETH Y BRENIN A'R DEYRNAS.§

NEWYDD oer i ni a ddaeth,
 A cherydd, a thrwch hiraeth;

* He took great pleasure to instruct the youth of Holyhead to perform Church Music according to the modern method in true time and right measure.

† 'A'i ber dôn' (*Ams. G. Hywel*); 'â'i ber wawd' (*Cylchgrawn*): ond, 'â'i ber-odl,' megys uchod, sydd yn y llawysgrifen.

‡ 'Evan Evans a'i cânt, offeiriad Llanfair Talhaiarn, Ienawr, 1764' (*Llawysgrif*).

§ Sion Owain, neu Sion ab Owain Dafydd, neu Sion Owain Dafydd ab Huw (canys arferai ymglyfenwi yn y gwahanol ddulliau hyn, ac mewn ychwaneg), ydoedd nai fab chwaer i'r Morys-iaid o Fon. Alwerydd neu dalawdr ydoedd ar fwrdd un o gad-longau y brenin; ond nid hir y bu yn dal y swydd; canys tua dechreu 1759 yr ymgymmerodd â hi, a bu farw cyn diwedd y flwyddyn hono. Y gwaedlif, yr hwn a ymaflodd ynddo ar y môr, a derfynodd ei hoedl. Y mae amryw o'i lythyrau, a rhai o'i ddarnau prydyddol, ar gadw. 'Sion Ywain' yw llythyaeth yr enw yn nghynysgrifen y Prydydd Hir.—*G.*

Marw fu *Sion* (mawr fy syniad)
Owain, ydoedd glain ein gwlad:
 Bardd ieuanc, beraidd awen,
 Coeth yn y Gymræg hen.
 Trist waith yw tori oes dyn
 Enwog iawn yn eginyn.
 Ei gof a bair im' ofal,
 A gwaedd dost am guddio 'i dal.
 Digrif-was aeth, dagrau sydd
 I'n brodir am wiw brydydd;*
 Galar mawr a gai lawr Mon,†
 A deu-gwr Ceredigion,‡
 A Chaer Ludd;‡ chwerw fu y loes,‡
 Ddyn anwyl, ddwyn ei einioes.
 Nid oes gerdd, na dysg urddawl,
 Na dawn i'n mysg yn dwyn mawl,
 Ni wyddiad, gwiw-fad gyfoeth,
 Hwn i'w ddydd yn gelfydd goeth.
 Teilwng wrth ganu telyn
 Oedd ei lais a'i ddwylaw yn'.
 Pur ydyw'n iaith Prydain hen
 Ei ber gywydd brig awen:
 Ei ddadgan a'm diddanai
 Mal cân adar mân ym Mai.
 Y mae heddyw gwyw y gwŷdd,
 Ac ir ddail a gwyrdd ddolydd;
 A'r eos, mewn oer awel,
 Yn brudd heb na chudd na chel;
 A'r adar llafar eu llais
 O'r gelli a rygollais.
 Y mae ein iaith mwy yn wan,
 Ac yn noeth; gwae ni weithian!

* 'Am iawn brydydd' (*Cylchgrawn*, i. 278).

† Treuliasai Sion Owain ran o'i oes gyda theulu ei fam ym Mhentref Eirianell ym Mon; a rhan yng Ngheredigion gyda'r naill ewythr, ac yn Llundain gyda'r llall.—G.

‡ Felly yn ysgrifen yr Awdwr, er nad cywir mo'r gynghanedd: i ddiwygio hyn o wall troes y *Cylchgrawn* y darn llinell yn—'Ow chwerw'r loes.'

Edgyllaeth* a ddaeth o ddwyn,
 Bore ei ddydd, ein bardd addwyn.
 Torwyd blodeuyn tiriawn,
 Aur ei wedd, yn iraidd iawn:†
 Duw a'i dug, a dæed oedd,
 Fry'n iefanc i fro nefoedd;
 Caiff yno flodeuo'n deg,
 A chynnyrch fyth ychwaneg;
 Hoenus a fydd heb henaint,
 A hardd, heb na gwyn na haint.
 Ni'w llwgr ystorm na gormes,
 Neu darthau oer, neu dra thes,
 Nac oerfel, nac awel gwynt,
 Neu wlaw garw, neu li gerhynt,
 Na chenllysg, derfysg dyrf-fawr,
 Na'r eira mwy, na'r ia mawr;;
 Ni ddaw gwyd, ni ddwg adwyth,
 Na phren, na blodau, na ffrwyth.
 Od aeth ein bardd doeth o'n byd,
 Diddan, i fro dedwyddyd,
 Mae'n prydu mewn Paradwys,
 Ym mysg beirddion gloewon glwys,
 A'i delyn fyth yn dolef
 Yn ber gyda nifer nef.
 Torfoedd dysgleir-bryd, dirfawr,
 Ein Tad a'n Creawdr mad mawr,
 A ganant fyth â'u genau
 Ei fawl, un ni thawl, ni thau;
 Ac unllaf â'r côr nefawl
 Sion fardd a ddadsain ei fawl.
 Swyddau y sy wiw addas
 Yno a gaiff, enwog was;
 A mawredd uwch bonedd byd
 A'i freiniau dros fyr ennyd.
 O chafas, dda urddas ddwyn,
 Gyrhaedd iddo gradd addwyn,

* 'Ergyllaeth' (*Cylchgrawn*).

† 'Oedd â'i wraidd yn iraidd iawn' (*Cylchgrawn*).

Ar foroedd, dyfnderoedd du,
 Ar fil-long* wrth ryfelu,
 A budd, er dwyn trabludd trin
 Yn freiniog dros ei frenin;
 Mae ei radd, rhaid cyfaddef,
 Fry yn uwch dan Frenin nef;
 Gan ei fod mewn gwynfyd maith,
 Ym mro nef, mawr iawn afiaith,
 Yn llon syw yn llawen sant,
 Yn gwenu mewn gogoniant,
 Mewn gorfoledd a heddwch
 O'r byd, lle mae tristyd trwch.
 O'i achos llawenychwn
 Ddyrchafael o Dduw hael hwn,
 I gu wlad y goleuder,
 Gorwych sant, goruwch y ser.†

 XXXVII.—CYWYDD

MARWNAD SION PYWEL,

O LANSANNAN, YN SWYDD DDINBYCH, BARDD A CHRISTION DA.‡

PRUDD yw wyneb Barddoniaeth,
 Mae'r gerdd a'r Gymræg waeth;
 Marw o *Sion*, mawr was hynod,
Ap Hywel glân; pwy ail glod?
 E aeth i gyd waith y gân
 Yn sothach neu us weithian;

* *Mil-long*, that is, a man-of-war; as in *mil-wr*, a soldier.

† Anfonwyd y Cywydd hwn at Risiart Morys mewn llythyr yn dwyn dyddiad Tachwedd 24, 1759.—*G.*

‡ Claddwyd Sion Pywel ym mynwent Llansannan, Mai 7, 1767. Dywedir yng *Nghylchgrawn* y Gymdeithas er Taenu Gwybodaeth Fuddiol (i. 381), lle y ceir y Cywydd yn argraffedig, fod moesoldeb Sion Pywel yn nodedig yng nghanol anfoesoldeb y prydyddion o'i amgylch. Y mae amryw o'i gyfansoddiadau prydyddol ar gael, a rhai o honynt mewn argraff. Ceir llythyr o'r eiddo at Dafydd Jones o Drefriw yn argraffedig yn y *Brython*, v. 46.—*G.*

A'r gwr a aeth i'r gweryd
 A wna'r gerdd yn aur i gyd:
 Ef a lifai fel afon
 Ei Awen frwd yn ei fron;
 A dawn-gamp, priod angerdd
 Y beirdd gynt a'r beraidd gerdd.
 Aeth Sion i Sion fel sant
 I ganu iawn ogoniant
 I Dduw Ion, ac i'w ddinas,
 I rym Messiah a'i ras.
 Wedi treiddiau yn llawen
 Drwy ffrwd o dir Pharaoh hen,
 Iawn gân Foesen a geni
 A chân yr Oen, wych iawn Ri.
 Mae llawen lef yn nefoedd
 Dy ddwyn, rhag mor ddedwydd oedd,
 Er y ddraig, a'r mawr eigion,
 I weled tir y wlad hon:
 Dirfawr yw eu gawr ar g'oedd,
 Twrf mawr goruwch twrf moroedd;
 Uwch eu cân no tharanau,
 A thorf ydyw hon na thau;
 A gwaeddant yn dragwyddawl,
 Myrdd myrdd yn dadganu mawl,
 'Clod, clod, â thafod a thant,
 A gwiw gynnydd gogoniant,
 I'r Oen, am ei ddirfawr rad,
 A'i ragorawl wir gariad,
 A'n prynodd trwy ddyoddef,
 Wyn Ior, er ein dwyn i nef.
 Drwyddo Ef, da wir Ddofydd,
 Hoff Ion, Tywysog ein ffydd,
 Ni a gawsom iawn gysur,
 Y gamp, wedi dirfawr gur;
 A dyfod o'r trallod trwch
 I lawn addas lonyddwch.
 Clodfod, moled pob min
 Ein henwog freiniog Frenin,

Prif Arglwydd yr arglwyddi,
 Pen Teyrnedd, O ryfedd Ri!
 Mae ei ras yn teyrnasu
 Ar lawr mewn daiarol lu;
 Ac yn nef yn gynnifer
 Ei saint a'r aneirif ser!

Ninnau, mewn tònau mae'n taith,
 O olwg y tir eilwaith;
 Yn ofni'r môr, goror gau,
 Garw eigion, a'r oer greigiau;
 Rhag i'r don, pan ferwo'n wyllt fôr,
 Yn ein hing, ddwyn ein hangor;
 A'r gwynt, er ein dirfawr gwyn,
 Ein gyru i forgerwyn:
 Yno, wrth fordwyo'r don,
 Ymrwygo o'r môr eigion,
 A'n gwthio i suddo'n syn
 (Ni rydd nawdd) i'r anoddyn;
 A dryllio'n drwch y cwch cau
 Yn gregyn wrth for-greigiau;
 A'n llyw, gan yr hagr wall hwn,
 Ar don o waelod annwn;
 Eisieu rheol ser awyr,
 A'r maen,* wrth dramwyo'r mŷr.
 Tithau, yn anneddau nef,
 Wedi gortrech, wyd gartref,
 Mewn diogel dawelwch,
 A phlas ein Penadur fflwch;
 A chywydd newydd a wnai
 Yn deilwng i'r a'i dylai:
 Ni cheni di, 'n wych hoenwawr,
 Ddim mwy onid i Dduw mawr.
 Gwedi darfod trallod draw
 O'r diwedd, a mordwyaw,
 Ein hael Ner a'n hwylio ni
 Olynol i'w oleuni,
 I eilio, bawb yn wiwlan,
 Ei fawl mewn tragwyddawl gân.

* *Loadstone.*

XXXVIII.—ATEB I ENGLYNION SION
TOMAS.*

DY fawl rhagorawl ar gân—a gefais,
Y gwiw-fardd mwyneidd-lan;
A'th weuad glwys a'th wawd glân,
Gwaith awenydd goeth anian.

Englynion mwynion manawl—yn gynnil
A genaist i'm canmawl;
* * * * †

Wyf Gymro i'm bro, a'm bryd—i garu
Y gywraint iaith hyfryd;
A sef y caraf hefyd
Bawb a'i câr byth bob cwr byd.

Manafon, dirion diredd,—gwiw ardal,
A'i gwyrda a'i gwragedd,
A folaf, fwynaf annedd,
Bro da ei sut, Baradwys hedd.

Seiniaf hyd eithaf y don—a feddaf
I fuddiaw Manafon,
Y bregeth bur o eigion,
Er gwiw lesâu'r Eglwys hon.

Uchelfraint y saint, a'u swydd,—mil filoedd,
Yw aml foli'r Arglwydd;
Angylion hoewlon hylwydd,
Wiw-lu nef, yn lân i'w wýdd.

Seraphiaid tanbaid, tywynbyst—araul,
Nef oror ddysgleir-byst,
Cerubiaid, côr o wiw-byst,
Coethion wyn-boethion iawn byst. ‡

* Sion Tomas oedd un o blwyfion Manafon. Gweler, ym mhlith y Llythyrau, yr un dyddiedig ar yr ail o Ragfyr, 1756.—G.

† Y ddwy linell arall ar goll.

‡ Ceir yr Englyn hwn yn argraffedig ar ei ben ei hun ym *Mledau Dyfed*, t. 60, ac yn y *Dewisol Ganiadau*, t. 50.

Canant, llu anant llawenydd,—fil myrdd,
 Fawl maith i Dduw Ddofydd;
 Molant â pher leferydd,
 Yn gêr, enw'r Ior, awen rydd.

XXXIX.—ATEB I TOMAS LLWYD.*

Twm Llwyd, bardd wyd yn breuddwydie—cân,
 Cynhwrf dyn â'r bendro;
 Gwna o'th gwsg gân o'th go',
 Neu daw son, paid â swnio.

Ofnodd, e giliodd y galen—yn noeth,
 Pan aethym i'r afon;
 Pan oero'r pen yr Aeron,
 Ni chei iad mor iach a hon.

Mwy fydd braw, o daw gwr du—afonydd
 I'th fino a'th faeddu,
 Heb ben nac iad gwastad gu,
 Ond ei ddwrn yn dy ddyrnu.

* Nid ymddengys y pryd hwn pwy oedd y crachfardd pen
 pastwn Tomas Llwyd, rhigwm yr hwn a barodd i'r Prydydd Hir
 ysgrifenu y tri englyn hyn. Ymddengys mai'r testun ydoedd
 gwaith Ieuan yn ymdrochi yn feunyddiol yn yr afon Aeron. A
 ganlyn yw rhimpyn T. Llwyd:

'A oes dim ofon ar Ifan
 Roi'r dwfwr o'r drofan
 I olchi bob boreu
 Ei iad sydd mor deneu,
 Rhag darfod o'r diwedd
 Dynern ei iad iredd,
 A'r pen crwn ymddattoed
 Fel calch dan y gafod;
 Ac yno mor chwithed
 I'n golwg fydd gweled
 Corph heb ben arno
 Mewn pangau yn gwingo!'

Gweler y *Brython*, ii. 111.—G.

XL.—CYNGHOR I'R CYFOETHOG.

AGOR dy drysor, dod ran,—trwy gallwedd,
 Tra gellych i'r truan;
 Gwell ryw awr golli'r arian,
 Na chau'r god, a nychu'r gwan.

XLI.—ATEBIAD

A roddes yr Awdur, pan oedd yn Gurad Llanystumdwy, i'r rhai
 a ofynasant iddo pa ham yr oedd yn pregethu mor daranlyd
 i'r Boneddigion.

GWYR crog, gelynog galonau—ydynt,
 Adwaen eu cynneddfau:
 Rhaid cael tân a tharanau,
 Meddwl hyn, i'w meddalhau.

XLII.—BEDDARGRAFF

JOHN ELLIS A HUMPHREY WILLIAMS,

[Ym Mynwent Llanystumdwy, Swydd Gaernarfon, y mae y
 Beddargraff canlynol ar ddau gydymaith ieuanc, yr hwn a ys-
 grifenwyd, meddir, gan yr Awdwr, pan yr oedd yn Gurad y
 plwyf hwnw.—G.]

YMA Y GORWEDD JOHN ELLIS A HUMPHREY WILLIAMS, A FUANT
 FARW YR UN AMSER, AC A GLADDWYD YN YR UN BEDD.

Yr oeddynt yn gariadus ac anwyl yn eu bywyd, ac yn eu
 marwolaeth ni wahanwyd hwynt.

Dau gymhar yn wâr; un weryd—a'u dal,
 Deu-lanc ieuanc hyfryd;
 Dau o'r un fro dirion fryd,
 Difeius eu dau fywyd.

Tach. 17 } 9 oed }
 Rhag. 9 } 7 oed } 1763.

XLIII.—LLYFR.

O BYDD llon hinon dydd ha',—neu wybren
 Yn obrudd y gaua',
 Y cyfaill goreu, cofia,
 A lleufer dyn, yw llyfr da.

XLIV.—ENGLYN

I GLOCHYDD LLANFAIR TALHAIARN,

Am adael ei God ar ei ol, neu, fal y dywedai yr hen Gymry gynt,
 y Bol Croen, lle y caed Taliesin Ben Beirdd.

DYMA god hynod o henwaith—croenydd,
 Crino mae o'i hymdaith:
 Cymmer hi rhag cam ar waith,
 Yn chwim yr eloch ymaith.

XLV.—ENGLYN I'R GANWYLL FRWYN,

Yr hon a elwir yn Swydd Geredigion *Ysport Pen Blewyn*.*

GENYF nid oes un ganwyll—heno,
 Mi hunaf rhag gorphwyll,
Ysport yw yspario twyll,
 Y berw yma a bair amhwyll.

XLVI.—ENGLYN AR OL MEDDWI A SOBRI.

CYDWYBOD meddwdod nis myn—ond amhwyll
 Ar domen y gelyn;
 Gorphwyllo, dawnsio mae dyn,
 A'r Diawl yn canu'r delyn.

* Nid yw yr enw hwn wedi myned ar anghof mewn rhai parthau o Geredigion hyd heddyw.

XLVII.—ENGLYNION Y MARW.*

DARFU, do darfu daiarfyd,—i mi
 Y mae tragwyddol-fyd
 Diball, uwch deall diwyd,
 Dyeithrol, ryfeddol fyd.

Daw barn Duw cadarn i'm codi—eto
 I ateb y cyfri':
 Diau i ddyn diddaioni
 Daw uffern dân: deffro di!

Cais ffydd, pur ufudd parhâ,—cu synwyr,
 Cusana'r Messiah;
 Câr y CARIAD cywira',
 Pur Oen Duw, ein Prynwr da.

Brysia, nac oeda gwedi—dy alw
 I deulu'r goleuni:
 Na chilia'n ol; o cheli,
 Oferwaith dy ymdaith di.

Duw a rydd, da iawn roddiad,—i'r dynion
 Adwaenant ei gariad
 Trwy gadw ei air, gwarediad,
 Yn Nuw eu rhan, a ne'n rhad.

Dyn ffol ryfeddol fyddi,—diog was
 Di agwedd daioni,
 Os ti a'i gollwng i golli
 A wnaeth y Tad i'th enaid di.

* Ceir yr Englynion hyn yn Ysgriflyfr Robert Tomas, yn llawysgrifen y Prydydd Hir; ond nid yw ei enw yn danysgrifedig wrthynt.—G.

XLVIII.—CYFIEITHIAD O EMYN SEISONEG.*

CANWN fawl i Dduw ein Ior, *Haleliwia!*
 Ei enw ef bendigwn gôr;
 Can's rhwymedig ym i Dduw
 Am ein bod fel hyn yn fyw.

Ef a roddodd ynom chwyth,
 Ef y sydd i'n cynnal fyth;
 Pob peth ydynt eiddo Ef,
 Difyrwch byd, hyfrydwch nef.

Y mae i'n tywys 'r hyd y dydd
 Ar y ffordd yn ddiogel rydd;
 A'i drugaredd sydd bob cam
 I'n cadw'r nos rhag pob rhyw nam.

A phan fuom bawb ar goll,
 Duw â'i Fab a'n prynodd oll:
 Dyrchefwch bawb am hyn eich llef
 I ganu mawl i Frenin nef.

* *Yr Emyn Seisoneg yw y canlynol:*

Sing we praises to the Lord—*Hallelujah!*
 Bless His Name with one accord;
 For 'tis owing to His care
 What we have, and what we are.

He first made us by His power,
 He preserves us every hour;
 Food and raiment all are His,
 Present comfort, future bliss.

He directs our steps by day,
 Pointing out the safest way;
 And at night His mercy still
 Guards us from all kinds of ill.

God forgave us when undone,
 And redeemed us by his Son:
 Raise your voices, then, and sing
 Thanks to heaven's Eternal King. *Hallelujah!—G.*

AIL GYFIEITHIAD O'R UN EMYN, AR FESUR Y
SALMAU CYMRAEG.

DADGENWCH fawl i'r Arglwydd nef,
I'w enw Ef rhowch foliant:
Canys i'w ofal ar bob cam
Mae in' ddiolch am ein llwyddiant.

Fe'n creodd gynt â'i allu mawr,
Y mae bob awr i'n cynnal;
Fo biau bob diddanwch byd
A hyfryd nefol ardal.

Y mae bob dydd â'i ddiwyd ddawn
Yn hwylio'n iawn ein camrau;
Ein gwyllo ni bob nos y mae,
I'n gwarchae rhag niweidiau.

Maddeuodd Duw i bawb ei fai,
A'i Fab fo'n prynai'n ddichlyn:
Am hyn, gan godi llais, rhowch fawl
I Dduw'r tragwyddawl Frenin.

TRYDYDD CYFIEITHIAD O'R UNRHYW.

DADGENWN fawl i Dduw'n gytûn,
Bendigwn Gun gogoniant:
Dyledus ydym ni bob tro
Oll iddo am ein llwyddiant.

Fo yw Creawdwr pob rhyw ddyn,
Efo yw'n Cun a'n cynnal;
Hyfrydol fyd, a nefoedd deg,
A biau, eurdeg ardal.

Ein camrau ni y mae bob dydd
Yn rhydd i'w cyfarwyddo;

A'r nos y mae rhag dryglam dwys,
Ion gwiw-lwys, yn ein gwylio.

Darfu i Dduw â'i Fab ryddhau
O'u beiau bob rhai euog:
Am hyn dyrchafed pawb eu llef
I Frenin nef mawr enwog.

XLIX.—CYWYDD MARWNAD

WILIAM FYCHAN, o GORS Y GEDOL, YSWAIN,

A fu farw Ebrill, 1775.*

Y MAE arwyl ym Meirion,
A chystudd prudd ym mhob bron;
Marw *William*, mawr yw'r wylo,
Fychan, ond truân fu'r tro?
Tristion yw dynion bob dydd
Ar fryniau bro Feirionydd;
Annedwydd ydyw'r nadu,
Fyn'd i'r llawr fwynder eu llu;
Darfu cân a diddanwch
Yn llwyr, o'i rod-di yn y llwch;
Dirnad nid oes wedi'r un dyn
A ry dwylaw ar delyn;
Na cân cog, ni chynnyg hi
O'i gwyrdd lwyn gerdd eleni;
A thewi â gwaith awen
A wna bardd gan wŷn i'w ben.

Aed y gweiniaid i gwynaw,
Ceuir drws y caerau draw;
Marw fu'r hael, hawdd oedd cael ced,
A'i gaerau yn agored;
Buasai well, bai wiw son,
Cau beddau y cybyddion.

* Gweler tudalen 41.—G.

Aeth tyrau Nannau, gwae ni!
 Yn lân i'r cwn eleni;
 Ni chodai, meistr gwych ydoedd,
 Yn ei rent, ei *onor* oedd:
 Ond cwn astrus gwancus, gant,
 I gyd o'i ol a godant.
 Dyma anrhydedd bonedd byd
 A boenir â hir benyd.
 Gwae a fydd yn y dydd du
 I drawsion; daw yr Iesu.
 Beth a dâl aur mâl miloedd,
 Cron fil, pan ddêl udgorn floedd?
 Ni chudd un gorchudd y gwŷr;
 Eigion uffern a egyr.

Gwae i wlad Gymru druan,
 Aeth i gyd yn noeth a gwan;
 At fawrion glythion ein gwlad,
 O dir Lloegr deuai'r llygriad;
 A balchedd bonedd a'u bai,
 A'u nwyfiant a'u hanafai:
 Tyrent wrth godi tiroedd,
 A gwaith annhrugarog oedd;
 Mae melltith i'w plith a'u plant
 O'u dyfais, ac mae difant.
 Llysu'n iaith, nid lles yn ol,
 A'r beirddion arab urddol;
 Llyfrau Sais, hyll efrau, sydd
 Digrifwch rhai digrefydd:
 Anghofiwyd gan anghyfiawn
 Llyfr Duw, er llafurio dawn;
 Daeth anghrist (ond trist yw'r tro?)
 O blwy' annwfn i'n blino.
 Esgobion yn Seison sydd,
 Bugeiliaid heb gywilydd;
 A'n hofferiaid, bleiddiaid blin,
 A gair yn difa gwerin;
 Aeth iawn addysg o'n mysg mwy,
 Lle rhodia'r llew rhuadwy.

Iesu, fyth e saif ei air,
 Ag anghrist ni fyn gynghrair:
 Had y Wraig, â'i hydr wiw ras,
 Darnia y Sarff a'i deyrnas;
 Y Sarff y sy ar orphen,
 Trwy ffydd rhaid tori ei phen;
 Er tônog gynddeiriogi,
 A'i gwenwyn oll, gwae nyni!
 Daw Gwardwr, dwg rydid;
 Ni'n lladd na'i gwenwyn na'i llid.
 Daeth Israel, drwy drafaelu,
 I'r lan, er Pharo a'i lu.
 Mae gair Duw fal magwyr dân,
 Goleu-lwys gleddyf gloew-lan,
 Yn ein iaith, iawn ei noethi,
 A Duw nef fo gyda ni!
 Safwn, amddiffynwn ffydd
 Yn gryfion, mewn iawn grefydd:
 Diflana'r dieifl elynion,
 Un ni saif dan iasau hon;
 Ni ddaw blaidd, ac ni feiddia
 Anwir i dir dynion da;
 O ystryw ni ddaw estron
 Diffaith â'u taith i'r wlad hon;
 Na gwŷr o Loegr i'n goror,
 Na swyn y cwn fyth i'n côr;
 Brodyr Suddas gas i gyd,
 Dialedd Duw a'u dilyd.
 Y god a'u denodd o'u gwâl,
 A'u boliau, meibion Belial.
 Lladron yw'r annhirion haid,
 A thostur Athëistiaid;
 Gair Duw a'u gyr hwy i dân,
 I greigiau, neu ymgrogan'.
 Eglwys Dduw a ry gloes ddu
 I'r diawl a'i ddyhir deulu.
 Y gwr a luniodd y gau,
 Efengyl fu ei angau;

A'i weision a ladd Iesu
A'i fin, y Gwr goreu fu.

Nid oes na golud na dim
Na ddiwedda yn ddiiddim;
Y bedd yw diwedd y dyn,
A dirfawr yw ei derfyn!
Er plasau, tyrau tirion,
Er gwŷr llys, er geiriau llon;
Er gwinoedd, er gwleddoedd glân,
Er dyddiau difyr diddan;
Mae t'wysogion union wedd
Yn marw ym mrig eu mawredd:
Pob dyn ar derfyn ei daith,
Ar ammod yr ä ymaith;
Mae tragwyddol, freiniol fro,
Uwch heulwen; awn i'w chwilio;
Ceisiwn, os chwennychwn nef,
O'n dydro fyned adref.

L.—BEDDARGRAFF

YM MYNWENT LLEDROD.

CAETH yw llywodraeth Lledrod,—mewn daiar
Mae'n dewis ein gosod:
Codwn, trwy Dduw, o'n ceudod,
Bawb yn rhydd un dydd sy'n d'od.

LI.—YR IAITH GYMRAEG.

FE dderfydd y sydd o Sais,
Yn brydydd mi a'i brudiais:
Cymro hyf, cymer afiaith,
Fe fydd tra fo dydd dy iaith.

LII.—I 'DOM FAWR' RHYDYCHAIN.

DACW *Dom*, cloch drom, clywch, draw—yn rhuo,
 Mae'n rhywyr ymadaw:
 Y digllon ynt â'u degllaw,
 Cyn y nos, yn canu naw.

LIII.—ENGLYNION

I RYBUDDIO'R CYBYDD I OFALU AM EI ENAID.

Ni fydd mewn gelltydd gwylltion—afalau,
 Neu felus ber aeron,
 Na daioni mewn dynion,
 Oni bai ras yn eu bron.

Mae'r ffrwythau gorau o gariad—puraidd
 Yn peri cynnyddiad;
 A holl gywaeth llaw gaead,
 Yr Ion ni rydd arno rad.

Pob pren o'i darren a dorir—o'i wraidd,
 Ni roddo ffrwyth cywir;
 Ac i'r tân, rhag drygu'r tir,
 A'i fai arno a fernir.

Anghyfion Fammon a fydd—yn denu
 Dynion i ddienydd;
 Yn lle ei roi â llaw rydd,
 Cau crafanc yw eu crefydd.

Mae diffydd gybydd i'r gwan—yn Nabal,
 Ni nebydd ddyn truan;
 Ac yn ei fedd (gwae'n y fan)
 E ddaw hwn iddo ei hunan.

Cofia ddydd y sydd yn nesäu—yn noeth
 I wneuthur ein briwiau;

Gwelir y fron eglur frau
A'r rhagrithiwr a'i greithiau.

Ymgroesa, gwilia, mae'r galon—yn daer
Am diroedd ynfydion;
O, cofia fod Duw cyfion
A chwerwa'r saig echrys hon.

Nid ffug o gaddug a guddia—bechod,
Na buchedd o ddirdra;
Ni welir o dir a da
Yno'n ca'lyn dyn cwla.

Os cwynion gweddwon sy'n gwaeddi,—mae Duw,
Mae dial i gospi;
Na ad ar dân dy roi di;
Tro i'r iawn rhag trueni.

Ni thâl y gofal i gyd—am arian,
Na mawredd yr hollfyd,
Un frwynen ar fyr ennyd,
Od ei i'r boen wedi'r byd.

Agor dy drysor, dod ran,—trwy gallwedd,
Tra gellych i'r truan;
Gwell ryw awr golli'r arian,
Na chau'r god, a nychu'r gwan.*

Y diriaid i'w raid ni rydd,—a gyrchir
I'r gwarchae tragywydd;
O wŷn ei boen yno bydd
Arw ei nad, yr annedwydd.

Ymochel, a gwel mai gwaeledd—yw'r byd,
Na ro bwys ar wagedd;
Yr elw byth ar ol y bedd
I'r enaid yw ei rinwedd.

Ymbiliwn, gwaeddwn â'n gweddi—am ras
Mae'r Iesu'n ei rod-di;

*Gweler yr Englyn hwn ar ei ben ei hun, t. 109.—G.

Oni chawn nerth uwch na ni,
Ni ddaw un i ddaioni.

Gwyn ei fyd o fryd i'w fron—yn ddilys
A ddalio'r ffordd union:
Yr awr a ddaw pan rydd Ion
I'w gywiriaid y goron.*

LIV.—THE PENITENT SHEPHERD.

A SACRED POEM.

A PENSIVE Shepherd, on a summer's day,
Unto a neighb'ring mountain bent his way,
And solitary mus'd, with thoughts profound,
Whilst ev'ry thing was silent all around;
The firmament was clear, the sky serene,
And not a cloud eclips'd the rural scene.
Not so the Shepherd; all was storm within,
He mourn'd his frailty, and bewail'd his sin;
His soul alone engross'd his utmost care,
Decoy'd by cursed Satan to his snare.
(Alas! with what success he tempts mankind,
And leads them to their ruin with the blind!)
Awhile he stood, as one in woeful pain;
At last, he broke in melancholy strain,
And cried,—

'O great Creator! ever good and wise,
I dare not lift to Thee mine eyes;
Thy violated laws for vengeance call,
And on offenders heavy judgments fall;
Which hurl them flaming to eternal pains,
To suffer ever on infernal plains.
The terrors of Thy justice make me fear,
For who can everlasting torments bear?

* 'Evan Evans a'i cânt i Edward Richard o Ystrad Meurig
medd y llawysgrifen.—G.

My soul with grief is rent, Oh! stop Thy hand!
 Shivering before Thy Majesty I stand;
 Long have I trod the luring paths of vice,
 Did tire Thy patience, and Thy grace despise.
 Before Thy throne I bow with suppliant knee,
 Grant, gracious God, Thy pardon unto me!
 In solitude my follies I repent,
 The life so long, so viciously I spent;
 O God! I wish undone my wicked deeds,
 My contrite heart with inward sorrows bleeds.
 Thou, O my God! art witness of my grief,
 And Thou alone canst grant me a relief.
 I promise faithfully to sin no more
 (I sue for mercy, and Thy grace implore),
 And spend my life, for ever in Thy fear,
 Thy laws to keep, Thy holy Name revere.'

Thus plain'd the pensive Shepherd, and his moan,
 Christ, his Mediator, brought before the throne!
 Him graciously answer'd God the Sire,
 His face resplendent with a globe of fire:

'My Son hath paid thy ransom, go in peace,
 Eternal Justice bids thee be at ease!'

He said, and all the choir of angels sung
 Harmonious melody, their harp they strung,
 And Heaven's empyreum to their music rung. }
 Such is the joy when a poor sinner turns,
 That with uncommon glow each Seraph burns.
 Thus I may compare small things with great,
 The prodigal his tender Father met;
 Such as the Gospel paints, in tatter'd weed,
 Willing with husks to satisfy his need:
 And none would give them, though the hungry roam,
 Till he return'd unto his Father's home,
 Who killed the fatted calf, and spread the feast,
 Where wine and minstrelsy his joy exprest.

The Shepherd, thus refresh'd with heavenly grace,
 Return'd with joy eternal in his face;

The Saviour's wondrous love to man be prais'd,
And thus his voice with gratitude he rais'd:

'All glory to the gracious Son of God,
Who hast alone the grievous wine-press trod,
To satisfy His justice, and for me
Hast wrought endless salvation on the tree;
Who hast redeem'd us, and destroy'd our foes,
That neither Death nor Grave can work our woes:
Hast overthrown the dragon, and no more
Hell, nor its gates have terrors left in store!

Thus did the Shepherd testify his joy,
A theme that might an angel's tongue employ;
He praised Christ, who for mankind did die;
His praise let all resound, to all eternity.

Y BUGAIL EDIFEIRIOL:

SEF, CERDD SANTAIDD, GAN Y PARCH. E. EVANS, 1764. A GYF-
IEITHWYD I'R GYMRAEG, AR FESUR CYWYDD DEUAIR
HIRION, GAN Y PARCH. D. ELIS,* 1787.

TRIST Fugail yn arail wŷn,
Wr dwys oedd, ar des addwyn;
Cerddai'n rhwydd heb dramgwyddaw
I drum neu ben mynydd draw;
Meddwl syn, nid meddal swydd,
Ystyriai mewn dystawrwydd;
A'r ffurfafen a'i gwên gu
Oedd eto'n glir o'i ddeutu:
Er hyn y Bugail mewn rhus
Hyll, ydoedd lwyr drallodus;
Galarodd (gwirfodd, nid gau)
Baich adwyth ei bechodau;

* Y Parch. Dafydd Elis a fu farw yn Berson Criccieth
yn y flwyddyn 1795.—G.

Ei enaid trist yno trodd,
 Oddi fewn a riddfanodd;
 O blegid cael ei blygu
 Gan ddiawl, a'i genfigen ddu.
 (Och! o'i lwydd a'i awch a'i lu,
 A'i dwyll i'n dal a'n dallu!)
 Safodd, synodd dros ennyd,
 Mewn poenus, ofidus fyd;
 Yna'n llawn awch dawn uwch dâr,
 Llefai fel hyn yn llafar:

'Creawdwr mawr cry' ydwyd,
 Duw doeth iawn, da odiaeth wyd.
 Edrych yn wych arnad, Naf,
 Yn flysig ni lyfasaf;
 Dy ddeddfau, geiriau geirwir,
 Draws nwyf, a dorais yn wir;
 Deil y rhai'n, dial ar hynt,
 Y troseddwyr, trais iddynt.
 E deflir pob haid affan
 I ffwrn y diawl, uffern dân;
 I boen blin (ba wŷn a bloedd)
 Ias yssig yn oes oesoedd!
 Ofn dy gyfiawnder, Ner nawdd,
 Och oer iawn, a'm dychrynawdd:
 Pwy all arwedd pwll eirias,
 Anfarwol dragwyddol gas?
 Trwst oer, dir, trist ar dori
 O ofn Duw yw f'enaid i:
 Duw, dy farn na ddod arnaw,
 Tawl dy lid, attal dy law!
 Ymlid y bŷm yn amlwg,
 Anhyffordd draw, hen ffyrdd drwg;
 Bliniais, diystyrais, dost wedd,
 Duw manwl, dy amynedd:
 O flaen d' orseddfainc 'r wy'n flin,
 Yn wylaw ar fy neulin.
 Maddeu, O Dad, gwellâd llon,
 Dall fy nghoel, dwyll fy nghalon.

Rhoist i'm rhan, ddyn truan trwch,
 Do, fwriad edifeirwch,
 Am oer wedd ymarweddiad,
 Boreu a hwyr o hir barhâd.
 O Dduw! na chawn faddeuant
 O'm truan sail, a'm troi'n sant:
 Fy nghalon yn aflonydd,
 Yn gwaedu tan synu sydd;
 Ti ydwyf dyst, y Duw Tad,
 Pâr fawredd, o'm pur fwriad;
 Ni wnaif i'm dydd, tra byddwy',
 Un pechod na meddwdod mwy;
 Erfyniaf, wan druan-was,
 Yn gryf drugaredd a gras;
 A threuliaf wrth reolaeth
 Fy mywyd i gyd yn gaeth;
 Dy ddeddfau mad a gadwaf,
 Dawn yn wir yn d'enw a wnaif.'

Dyma gân uthr-wan athrist
 (Heb gael trefn) y Bugail trist.
 Tro'i Iesu, cwyn trysor cainc,
 Wers addfwyn i'r orseddfainc:
 Ateb gan Naf a gafodd
 Iesu Fab, a gras o'i fodd;
 O buraidd wyneb araul,
 Lliw iach rhwydd, llewych yr haul:

'Fy Mab, o'i arab fwriad,
 Haeddai'n rhwydd yr hedd yn rhad;
 Iesu wnaeth iawn im' eisoës;
 Bydd esmwyth o'th lwyth a'th loes.'

Pan glybu'r llu engyl llon,
 Rad diball, yr atebion,
 Canasant foliant filiwn
 I ras hael yr Iesu hwn;
 Moliant, gogoniant ganwaith
 I'r Drindod, pob mawrglod maith.

Llawenydd y sydd i'w son
 Yng ngolwg yr angylion,
 Os daw pechadur, os daeth,
 Drwy deg i dröedigaeth;
 Fel y mab diarab dôn,
 Ofer edliw, afradlon:
 Mewn ing ac aflwydd, gwyddoch,
 Gwobr main, ni chai gibau'r moch;
 Crwydrodd a rhodiodd y rhawg
 Yn wan iawn, yn newynawg;
 Nes dychwelyd, hyfryd hwyl,
 I dŷ dawnus Dad anwyl;
 Lladdai hwn, nid llwydd anhael,
 Y llo tew iawn, lletty hael;
 A thrwsiodd wledd, iaith rasol,
 Gwelwn ni, o'i gael yn ol.

Y Bugail fu ail wrth ei fodd,
 Llawn achos, llawenychodd;
 Rhod iddo, mae'n rhaid addef,
 Wres yn wir o ras y nef.
 Rhoes heb wad, nid rhoddiad trwch,
 Wych gywrain ddiolchgarwch
 I'r Iesu, Prynwr oesoedd;
 Dewis iaith, a madws oedd:

'Gogoniant oll yn hollawl
 I Ti, Ner Fab, tyner fawl;
 Sethraist, croew yfaist wryf,
 Oen euraid, y win-wryf;
 Boddonaist, cefaist, mae cof,
 Do, ras, cyfiawnder, dros of;
 Cefaist, hir ddeliaist dduloes,
 I brynu Cred ar bren croes!
 Drylliaist, dielaist, Duw Ion,
 Olynol ein gelynion;
 Angeu eilun, ing elawr,
 Oer ddrwg fyth, gyda'r ddraig fawr!
 Terfaist heb gel wehelyth
 Uffern, a'i bâr, a'i ffwrn byth!'

Dyma swydd, diammheu sail,
 Heb wagedd, gerdd y Bugail:
 Gwnawn ninnau un eiriau'n ol,
 Droï gweddi'n gerdd dragwyddol.



L V.—A P A R A P H R A S E
 OF PSALM CXXXVII.

ALLUDING TO THE CAPTIVITY AND TREATMENT OF THE WELSH
 BARDS BY KING EDWARD I.

SAD near the willowy Thames we stood,
 And curs'd the inhospitable flood;
 Tears, such as patients weep,* gan flow,
 The silent eloquence of woe,†
 When Cambria rush'd into our mind,
 And Pity with just Vengeance join'd;
 Vengeance to injur'd Cambria due,
 And Pity, Oh ye Bards, to you.
 Silent, neglected, and unstrung,
 Our harps upon the willows hung,
 That, softly sweet in Cambrian measures,‡
 Us'd to soothe our souls to pleasures;
 When, lo, the insulting foe appears,
 And bids us dry our useless tears.

'Resume your harps,' the Saxons cry,
 'And change your grief to songs of joy;
 Such strains as old Taliesin sang,
 What time your native mountains rang
 With his wild notes, and all around,
 Seas, rivers, woods, return'd the sound.'

* The reader of English Poetry will discover a few imitations
 in this effusion. This line is borrowed from *Milton*:

'Tears such as angels weep,' &c.

† 'The silent manliness of grief.'—*Goldsmith*.

‡ 'Softly sweet in Lydian measures.'—*Dryden*.

What! shall the Saxons hear us sing,
 Or their dull vales with Cambrian music ring?
 No—let old Conway cease to flow,
 Back to her source Sabrina go;
 Let huge Plinlimmon hide his head,*
 Or let the tyrant strike me dead,
 If I attempt to raise a song,
 Unmindful of my country's wrong!
 What! shall a haughty king command
 Cambrians' free strain on Saxon land?
 May this right arm first wither'd be
 Ere I may touch one string for thee,
 Proud monarch; nay, may instant death
 Arrest my tongue and stop my breath,
 If I attempt to weave a song,
 Regardless of my country's wrong!

Thou God of vengeance, dost Thou sleep,
 When thy insulted Druids weep;
 The victor's jest, the Saxon's scorn,
 Unheard, unpitied, and forlorn!
 Bare Thy red arm, Thou God of ire,
 And set the vaunted towers on fire!
 Remember our inhuman foes,
 When the First Edward furious rose,
 And, like a whirlwind's rapid sway,
 Swept armies, cities, Bards away.

'High on a rock o'er Conway's flood,'†
 The last surviving poet stood,
 And curs'd the tyrant as he pass'd
 With cruel pomp and murderous haste.
 What now avail our tuneful strains,
 Midst savage taunts and galling chains?
 Say, will the lark imprison'd sing
 So sweet, as, when on towering wing,
 He wakes the songsters of the sky,
 And tunes his notes to liberty.

* Gray.

† Gray.

Ah, no! the Cambrian lyre no more
Shall sweetly sound on Arvon's shore;
No more the silver harp be won,
Ye Muses, by your favourite son;
Or I, even I, by glory fir'd
Had to the honour'd prize aspir'd;
No more shall Mona's oaks be spar'd,
Or Druid circle be rever'd.
On Conway's banks and Menai's streams
The solitary bittern screams;
And, where was erst Llywelyn's Court,
Ill-omen'd birds and wolves resort.
There oft at midnight's silent hour,
Near yon ivy-mantled tower,
By the glow-worm's twinkling fire,
Tuning his romantic lyre,
Gray's pale spectre seems to sing,
'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!'

* Gray.

THE
LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY,

A POEM,

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES,

ADDRESS'D

To Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN of Wynnstay, Bt.

Member of Parliament for the County of SALOP.

By a CURATE from Snowdon.

Numquamque reponam? JUV.

Ἐκαστος ἡμῶν οὐχ αὐτῷ μόνον γέγονεν, ἀλλὰ τῆς γενέσεως
ἡμῶν τὸ μέν τι ἢ πατρίσ, τὸ δέτι, οἱ γεννήσαντες.
Τὸ δὲ οἱ λοιποὶ φίλοι. Plato ad Archytam.

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M,DCC,LXXII.

(Price One Shilling.)

TO

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn of Wynnstay, Bt.

Member of Parliament for the County of SALOP,

The following POEM,

RECOMMENDING

The Love of our Country,

IS DEDICATED

By his Humble and obliged Servant,

The AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

THE following poem was wrote, chiefly, to inculcate the love of their country, to men of learning and fortune in Wales: As it is the author's first performance in the English tongue, it cannot be expected it should be a faultless piece, if indeed (as Mr. Pope says) any such be in *rerum natura*. However, the candid will make allowances; and as to the Critics of both Reviews, I suppose they will bestow their usual favours on it, nor shall I dispute their prerogative—

Ulro submitto fasces.

But it may be, with propriety, asked, What have I, who am a Welshman, to do with English Poetry? I answer, That the ill usage our country has of late years received from English writers, will both warrant and justify any, the very dullest retainer of the Muses, to stand up in its defence.

—facit indignatio versum.

From such despicable scribblers as the author of the Letters from Snowdon, such usage might be expected; but that Lord Lyttleton should shew so much low partiality, and should give so unfair a representation of our ancestors, as he has done in his History of Henry the Second, is altogether inexcusable. His Lordship, at least, should do us the justice to bring our * good qualities as well as bad ones to light: this the author, from whom he borrowed his materials, has in some measure done, though he was, like his lordship, descended from two nations; Giraldus, being by his father a Norman, spent most of his time in the English court in the time of Henry the Second, and was tutor to his son John.

He could not better, as he thought, pay his compliment to the courtiers, and the English nation in general, than by † traducing his countrymen by his mother's side, by representing them in such a light as would make them look ridiculous; this might in some measure console them for the many and dis-

* See Giraldus Cambrensis, *Itinerarium Camb'ie*, published by Dr. Powel.

† See Giraldus Cambrensis *de Illaudabilibus Walliæ*, published by Wharton in his *Anglia Sacra*.

agreeable foils they met with in the field, which, to be sure, was the effect of the greatest barbarity. Unluckily for Giraldus and his lordship they must be contented, like the Bat in the fable, to be despised by both nations, for their unnatural behaviour, though it is possible they thought to have acquitted themselves entirely to the satisfaction of at least one party.

However that be, give me leave to tell his lordship, that we have better historians than Giraldus Cambrensis, and that if his lordship had a mind to do us justice as an historian, he might have been supplied with materials in abundance from Hengwrt Library and elsewhere in Wales, and have saved his credit as a writer as well as a nobleman, by doing justice to a brave and injured people.

As for myself, I assure his lordship and others, that I should never have attempted any thing by way of answer, if any abler hand had stepped forth in our defence. What I have done is merely out of love to my country.

This likewise shall be my plea for the disagreeable truths I have advanced in the close of my Poem, concerning Anglo-Welsh Prelates, which otherwise might appear too bold and presuming. It is certainly their business to see how well it suits with their character as Protestant Bishops, as well as honest men, to confer Welsh benefices on persons that do not understand the Welsh language. I hope likewise our countrymen will see that the laws be put into execution to bring them to order, if regard for their own character, and faithfulness to Christ's church as pastors to his flock, do not do it.

I have now done, and will leave my countrymen to prosecute what I have recommended to them, THE LOVE OF THEIR COUNTRY. I have done it in English verse, in order that men of learning, in both nations, may understand it. As for myself, I must fairly own that I prefer the ancient British bards before the best English poets, and the ancient British verse as more manly and heroic than the wretched rhymes of the English. In short, to give no offence, I value the English nation as a brave sensible people, and am sorry that a few individuals have made it necessary for me to draw my pen in defence of my own, which has been so barbarously insulted of late, without any provocation whatsoever.

I hope it will convince such malevolent writers, for the future, that we can upon occasion retort, and that we do not want either spirit or abilities to shew a becoming resentment on receiving ill usage, let it come from what quarter it will.

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY, &c.

ARISE, my Muse, and seek the hallow'd spring
Of ancient Wisdom, and its dictates sing.
Seek, as the Druids, for the sacred* bough,
Deem'd as the greatest gift to man below.
In Mona's groves, sequester'd from mankind,
Deeply they mus'd, abstrusest truths to find,
Which in an emblem, veil'd from vulgar sight,
Gave to the wise alone instructive light:
Whether for nature's mysteries they sought,
Or some grand moral did employ their thought,
Or taught the social duties to mankind,
And how the laws with lasting sanction bind:
From man what honours to the Gods are due,
How vice to shun, how virtue to pursue,
That souls survive, and after life's short span
Eternal life must be the lot of man;
That woe and bliss eternal must succeed,
That to the bad, this to the good decreed.
Important truths! and worthy high regard,
The constant subject of each moral Bard.

Me, no mean task (could I but equal prove)
Doth now demand—to sing my country's love.
Assist, O Muse! and fill me with thy fire,
And, worthy of thyself, the thoughts inspire.
Let nature be thy guide the truth to find,
And all thy glory to instruct mankind.

Whatever clime we travel or explore,
To love our country still is nature's lore;
No less with Icelanders its force obtains,
Than with Italians on their temp'rate plains.

* Misseltoe.

The self-same language, manners, customs prove
 That the wild Indian bears his country love.
 So will'd the wise Creator; and his will
 Is nature's law, and men obey it still.
 This, in all ages, has remain'd the same,
 And proves the origin from whence it came;
 For what more just than to embrace that earth,
 That like a second mother gave us birth?
 Hence all societies their source derive;
 All are descended from one common hive:
 Old Babel's jumble, join'd with cement strong
 The infant union by one common tongue.
 Each chose its spot, as Providence ordain'd,
 And call'd it COUNTRY, which each tribe maintain'd;
 Till drove, by force superior, from its right,
 By lawless tyrants and the dint of might:
 Hence first the hero and the patriot came,
 Whose names are listed in the rolls of fame;
 Who bravely struggled in their COUNTRY's cause,
 Who form'd its manners, and who plann'd its laws.

This noble principle, at length refin'd,
 Invented arts to polish rude mankind;
 And Poetry the first of all the train,
 That sung brave actions in immortal strain.
 What theme more noble could the Muse have thought,
 Than those who bravely for their Country fought?
 Hence Bards were honour'd, and their sacred song
 Inspir'd with noble deeds the list'ning throng.
 Their Country's love they sung, and in its cause
 To die was glorious, glorious its applause.
 Tyrtæus thus of old, a Bard renown'd,
 Rous'd the Greek's courage like a clarion's sound,
 Such ardor did the poet's verse inspire,
 From rank to rank they caught the sacred fire,
 Steady they mov'd, determin'd was their eye,
 Bravely resolv'd to conquer or to die:
 And e'er the eager youth to battle drew,
 With rage their enemies in thought they slew,

Impatient for the fight, they firmly trod,
And seem'd to trample over hostile blood.

Nor did this genius shine in Greece alone,
In other nations equally it shone,
Witness the Bards that grac'd the Celtic clime,
Whose images were bold and thoughts sublime:
So great their wisdom, that they could *assuage
Encount'ring armies warring in their rage;
Compose their arms to peace, on peace intent,
As if commission'd by the Gods they went.

To gentler subjects, if they tun'd the lyre,
Longinus would himself the thought admire.
Did they extol a prince's liberal hand,
Diffusing happiness throughout the land;
Mark, how sublime the metaphor! and bold:
'His chariot tracks were sown with fulgent gold,
Which brought large crops of blessings to mankind,
And left a lasting store of wealth behind.†'

Not so when brave Caradoc with his band,
Strove for his liberty and native land,
The glowing youth in warrior verse he taught,
How his great ancestors with Cæsar fought,
When horror seiz'd the chief, and at the sight
His hardy veterans soon began the flight.

‡ 'This is the day to conquer or to die—
That dooms our thralldom or our liberty;

* See *Diodorus Siculus*.

† Englyn Milwr, some specimens of which are still extant, attributed to King Arthur and his Knights. See *Athenæus's Deipnosoph.*

‡ Enim vero Caractacus* huc illuc volitans, 'Illum diem, illam aciem testabatur, aut recuperandæ libertatis, aut servitutis æternæ initium fore. Vocabatque nomina majorum, qui dictato-

* Caractacus] Dio Καταπάκατον nominat: Zonaras Caratacum. Caradocum vocasse videntur Britanni. Certe etiam hodie locus est, & in eo parietinæ arcis, quem *Caer Caradoc* vocant: id est, oppidum sive arcem Caradoci. Vid. Lipsii ad lib. 12. *Annalium Commentarium*, p. 310.

And this the field that must for ever prove
 How each brave Briton does his country love:
 Witness, ye valiant heroes of renown,
 That brought the haughty might of Cæsar down,
 Who foremost fought undaunted, glad to see
 The Roman vanquish'd and your country free.'

When Heaven offended sent the Saxon o'er,
 And weak Gwrthëyrn Britain's sceptre bore,
 The brave Ambrosius for his country stood,
 And made his sword drink deep of hostile blood.
 Anon great Arthur, Britain's glory! rose,
 For valour form'd, the terror of his foes,
 Immortal Bards his virtue still rehearse,
 And each true patriot kindles at the verse:
 Urien and Maelgwn, ancient heroes, shine
 In thy fam'd odes, Taliesin the divine.
 Old Llywarch and Aneurin still proclaim,
 How Britons fought for glory and for fame;
 Whole troops of Saxons in the field they mow'd,
 And stain'd their lances red with hostile blood.

Let annals tell how Cambria's princes fought,
 The Saxon victories how dearly bought,
 And how for liberty they bravely strove,
 As if they had their sanction from above.
 The Bards extoll'd in lasting verse their praise,
 In lofty numbers, and in sweetest lays,
 While to the lyre's sweet harmony they sung,
 Each warrior's hall with feats heroic rung.

Let England in her Alfred's high renown
 Boast of a monarch worthy of her crown;

rem Cæsarem pepulissent: quorum virtute vacui a securibus & tributis, intemerata conjugum & liberorum corpora retinerent.' Hæc atque talia dicenti, adstrepere vulgus; gentili quisque religione obstringi, non telis, non vulneribus cessuros. OBSTUPEFECIT illa alacritas ducem Romanum, &c. Vid. *C. Cornelii Taciti Annal.* lib. 12. notis Lipsii: Aureliæ Allobrogum. 1619.

But let not Cambrian science be forgot,
How *Asser taught, how Alfred learning got.

* His temporibus ego quoque a rege advocatus de occiduis & ultimis Britanniae finibus ad Saxoniam adveni: cumque per multa terrarum spatia illum adire proposueram, usque ad regionem dexteralium Saxonum, quae Saxonice Suthseaxum appellatur, ductoribus ejusdem gentis comitantibus perveni; ibique illum in villa regia, quae dicitur Dene, primitus vidi: cumque ab eo benigne susceptus fuisset, inter caetera sententiarum nostrarum famina, me obnixè rogabat, ut devoverem me suo servitio, & familiaris ei essem; & omnia, quae in sinistrali & occidentali Sabrinæ parte habebam, pro eo relinquerem; quod etiam majori mihi remuneratione reddere pollicebatur, quod & faceret. Respondi ego, 'Me talia incaute & temerarie promittere non posse; injustum enim mihi videbatur, illa tam sancta loca, in quibus nutritus, & doctus ac coronatus fueram, atque ad ultimum ordinatus, pro aliquo terreno honore & potestate derelinquere, nisi coactus & compulsus.'

Ad quod ille ait: 'Si nec tibi hoc suppetat subire, saltem dimidiam partem servitii tui mihi accommoda; ita ut per sex menses mecum fueris, & tantundem in Britannia.' Ad quod ego taliter respondi; 'Nec hoc suaviter, & temerarie sine consilio meorum posse promittere.' At vero, cum illum meum servitium, sed nesciebam quare, desiderare cognoscerem, promisi, me iterum ad eum post sex menses, sospite vita reversurum, cum tali responso, quod mihi et meis utile, ac sibi placabile esset: cumque sibi hoc responsum videretur probabile, dato revertendi pignore statuto tempore, quarto die ab eo equitantes ad patriam remeavimus. Sed, cum ab eo discesseramus, in Wintonia civitate febris infesta me arripuit; in qua sedule per duodecim menses & una hebdomada die noctuque sine aliqua vitæ spe laboravi. Cumque statuto tempore ad eum, sicut promiseram, non pervenissem, transmisit ad me indiculos, qui me ad eum equitare festinarent, & causam remorationis perquirerent. Sed, cum equitare ad eum non possem, alium transmisi ad eum indiculum, qui remorationis meæ causam illi patefaceret; & si de illa infirmitate respicere possem, me velle implere quae promiseram, renuntiaret. Discedente igitur infirmitate, ex concilio & licentia nostrorum omnium pro utilitate illius sancti loci, & omnium in eo habitantium, regi ut promiseram, ejus servitio me devovi ea conditione, ut per sex menses omni anno cum eo commanerem; aut, si simul possem sex menses protelare, aut etiam per vices, ut tribus mensibus in Britannia, ut tribus in Saxoniam commanerem; & illa adjuvaretur per rudimenta Sancti Degui [*i.e.* Dewi sive Davidis] in omni causa, tamen pro viribus. Sperabant enim nostri, minores tribulationes & injurias ex parte Hemeid [*i.e.* Hyfeidd, a quo Maes Hyfeidd ager Radnor-ensis postea vocabatur] regis sustinere, qui sæpe deprædabatur

Monsters ingrate, how can you * barbarous call
The men that taught the brightest of you all?

illud Monasterium & Parochiam Sancti Degui [Meneviam sc.], aliquando expulsionem illorum antistitem, qui in eo præessent, sicut & Novis Archiepiscopum propinquum meum & me expulit aliquando sub ipsis; si ego ad notitiam & amicitiam illius regis qualicumque pacto pervenirem.

Illo enim tempore, & multo ante omnes regiones dexteralis Britanniae partis, ad Ælfred regem pertinebant, et adhuc pertinent: Hemeid scilicet, cum omnibus habitatoribus Demeticæ regionis sex filiorum Rotri vi compulsus, reguli se subdiderat imperio. Houil [Howel vel Hywel] quoque filius Ris [Rhys], rex Gleguisig [Glewisig], & Brochmail atque Fernail, filii Mouric [leg. Brochfael & Ffurnfael filii Meurig], reges Guent [Gwent], vi & tyrannide Eadred comitis & Merciorum compulsi, suapte eundem expetivere regem, ut dominium & defensionem ab eo pro inimicis suis haberent. Helised [Elisen] quoque filius Teudyr [Tudur], rex Brechoniae [leg. Brechania], eorundem filiorum Rotri [rectius Rhodri] vi coactus, dominium regis præfati suapte requisivit. Anaraut [leg. Anarawd], quoque filius Rotri, cum suis fratribus ad postremum amicitiam Northanhumbrorum deserens, de qua nullum bonum nisi damnum habuerat, amicitiam regis studiose requirens ad præsentiam illius advenit; cumque a rege honorifice receptus esset, & ad manum episcopi in filium confirmationis acceptus, maximisque donis ditatus, regis dominio cum omnibus suis eadem conditione subdidit, ut in omnibus regiae voluntati sic obediens esset, sicut Æthered cum Merciiis.

Nec in vanum illi omnes regis amicitiam acquisiverunt. Nam, qui desideraverunt potestatem terrenam augere, invenerunt; qui pecuniam, pecuniam; qui familiaritatem, familiaritatem; qui utramque, utramque. Omnes autem habuerunt amorem & tutelam ac defensionem ab omni parte, qua rex seipsum cum suis omnibus defendere potuit. Cum igitur ad eum advenissem in villa regia, quæ dicitur Leonaford, honorabiliter ab eo susceptus sum, & cum eo illa vice octo mensibus in curto mansi; *in quibus recitavi illi libros quoscunque ille vellet, & quos ad manum haberemus*: nam hæc est propria, & usitatissima illius consuetudo die noctuque inter omnia alia mentis & corporis impedimenta, aut per se ipsum libros recitare, aut aliis recitantibus audire: cumque ab eo frequenter licentiam revertendi quærerem, & nullo modo impetrare possem; tandem cum & licentiam omnino exposcere statuissem, diluculo vigiliæ Natalis Domini advocatus ad eum; tradidit mihi duas epistolas, in quibus erat multiplex supputatio

* A favourite epithet used by Lord Lyttleton, who has remarkably verified the British Proverb, 'Calon-y-Sais at y Cymro.'

The false Historians of a polish'd age,
 Shew that the Saxon has not lost his rage,
 Tho' tam'd by arts, his rancor still remains,
 Beware of Saxons still, ye Cambrian swains,

Awake, ye Bards, and touch the vocal string,
 And of the sage and good King Howel sing;
 The first rude outlines of our laws he drew,
 When simple nature no refinement knew:
 He banish'd Pagan customs, and retain'd
 Some wholesome rules his ancestors ordain'd.
 Those institutes, tho' plain, will still declare
 His country's weal was good King Howel's care;
 Praise will on worthy actions still attend,
 In each good king the subject finds a friend.

Ye warriors next, whose actions justly claim
 The noblest meed that follows honest fame,
 Who to defend your country foremost stood,
 And for its Liberty, profuse of blood,
 Your foes defy'd: Thee, Gruffudd, greets the song,
 Whose heart wax'd furious at thy country's wrong,
 Like heaven's dread lightning in the wrathful day,
 Thy gleaming sword tremendous made its way:

omnium rerum, quæ erant in duobus monasteriis, quæ Saxonice cognominantur Amgresbyri, & Banuwille; & mihi eodem die tradidit illa duo monasteria cum omnibus quæ in eis erant, & sericum pallium valde pretiosum, & onus viri fortis de incenso: adjiciens his verbis, 'Non ideo dedisse parva illa, quod sequenti tempore nollet dare majora:' nam sequentis temporis successu, ex improvise dedit mihi Exanceastre, cum omni parochia, quæ ad se pertinebat in Saxonia et in Cornubia: exceptis quotidianis donis innumerabilibus in omni genere terrestris copiarum, quæ hoc in loco percensere longum est, ne fastidium legentibus procreent. Sed nullus existimet pro vana aliqua gloria, aut adulatione, aut majoris honoris quærendi gratia me talia hoc in loco dona commemorasse; quod coram Deo nec ideo fecisse testor, sed ut nescientibus propalarem, quam profusus in largitate ille sit. Tunc confestim dedit mihi licentiam equitandi ad illa duo monasteria omnibus bonis referta, & inde ad propria revertendi.—*Asserius Menevensis de Rebus Gestis Ælfredi, per Franciscum Wise, Coll. Trin. Soc. Oxonii, 1722.*

In vain from vengeance fled the Saxon brood,
 Tho' wing'd with fear, the Britons still pursu'd;
 Thy walls, O Hereford, no refuge gave,
 There are no fences from the injur'd brave.

Nor less thy country's love brave Tewdwr's son,
 By force o'er-pow'r'd, by treachery undone,
 When to the Norman, in an evil hour,
 Base Iestin gave his country to devour;
 But heaven offended seal'd the traitor's fate,
 God never sleeps, tho' vengeance may be late.

Once more, ye Bards, with boldness touch the lyre,
 And thoughts becoming your own rage inspire,
 No more your country's wrongs with plaints bewail,
 Your country's prop, the valiant Owen hail!
 Owen! the brave, the generous, and the good,
 Of manners gentle, and of noble blood;
 For virtue form'd, the foremost in the field,
 Who made the haughty might of * Henry yield:
 Their standard † lost, straight fled the English crew,
 The Britons follow'd, and outrageous slew;
 'Rout fell on rout, no slackness there was found,
 But heaps on heaps lay gasping on the ground.'
 Great feats, brave ‡ Howel, worthy of thy sire,
 Were done that day; like blazing § heaths on fire,
 That flame outrageous, aided by the wind,
 And leave a long and frightful waste behind,
 Thou didst appear, conspicuous from the rest,
 Bright flash'd thy sword, and dreadful wav'd thy crest.

The valiant Rhys, Demetia's worthy lord,
 Forget not, Muse, his worthy feats record:

* Henry II.

† See Caradoc of Lancarvan's *History of Wales*, translated by Dr. Powel.

‡ Howel the son of Owain Gwynedd, a noted bard and warrior.

§ One of our Bards expresses himself thus on the subject:

—*Twrf goddaith ar ddiffaith fynydd.* CYNDDDELW.

No simile can give a truer idea of the dreadful devastations of war.

Against oppressors how he bravely stood,
 Firm as the solid rock against the flood;
 Hail, generous prince, in every virtue bright,
 And in thy praise let every Bard unite.

Thee, valiant *Iorwerth's son, the Bards rehearse,
 For valour fam'd, in never-dying verse;
 Thy victories their theme, and warlike toils,
 And from thy vanquish'd foes triumphant spoils;
 The Saxon and the Norman fought no more,
 Thou didst both peace and liberty restore.

Then did Ednyfed, chief of brightest fame,
 From whose heroic race the Tudors came,
 Adorn the Cambrian court, when honour's meed
 Was on the brave alone for worth decreed.

When liberty was lost—and Cambria's pride,
 The brave Llywelyn for his country died,
 When cruel Edward heavy burdens laid,
 And like a vulture on his subjects prey'd;
 Britons incens'd the tyrant's fetter's broke,
 And would no longer bear the slavish yoke,
 His minion † Puleston, tho' belov'd, they slew,
 Still to their liberty and country true.

* Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, or Llywelyn the Great.

† 'Sir Roger Puleston of Embrhal was a wise and a discreet knight, and in great favour with Edward the I. King of England, who, in his conquest of Wales, and reducement of that people to his rule and subjection, made good use of this Sir Roger, who, for his vicinity, gentle behaviour, and civil deportment towards the Welshmen, was well beloved and in high esteem with them. The king, observing these his good qualities, thought him the fittest man to be employed in the gathering and collecting of the subsidies and fifteenths, which, for the maintenance of his war in France, the parliament had granted him, as well out of Wales as England. But the Welshmen, who were unacquainted with such taxes and contributions, could not be wrought by any persuasive means to pay the same, then Sir Roger added some threatenings

When under heavier pressures still they lay,
 And bold usurping Henry bore the sway,
 The great * Glyndwr no longer could contain,
 But, like a furious lion, burst the chain,
 None could resist his force: like timorous deer
 The coward English fled, aghast with fear ;

on the king's behalf: whereat they were so enraged, that they took Sir Roger, and diverse others, and hanged them, and him they also beheaded; and to augment their insolence, they chose one Madoc ap Llywelyn ap Maredudd of the royal blood of the princes, and proclaimed him Prince of Wales; who, after many adventures, sundry conflicts, and battles, fought with good success against the Lords of the Marches of Wales, and the king's army, was at last, in an expedition to Shrewsbury, met with by the Lords Marchers upon the Long Mountain called Cefn Digoll, and there surprised and taken; then he was delivered to John Havering, justice of North-Wales, who presently sent him to the king, and he committed him to perpetual prison in the Tower of London; so Madoc, being otherwise a very valiant and stout soldier, paid dear for his rashness: yet it is observed, that he left an honourable memory of himself to posterity, in that with the loss of his means, liberty, and life as some say, he delivered his country from paying of fifteenths, which afterwards were never demanded in Wales.' *Vaughan's MSS. pcnes Auctorem.*

* Whereas in the pedigrees of the Lords of Glyndyfrdwy, I do differ with Dr. Powel (*Chronicle of Wales*, page 213), and with our books of pedigrees, which say that Gruffudd lord of Glyndyfrdwy, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Lord Strange, was the son of Madoc Vaughan, as under the 37th and 114th coats of the first file is manifest, it may be requisite that I produce my authority, which followeth:

'Edwardus Dei gratia Rex Angliæ, Dominus Hiberniæ, Dux Aquitaniæ, venerabili in Christo Patri David eadem gratia, Episcopo salutem, &c.' Vide *Coch Asaph*. Vide the Writ and the Return, folio 88. Also see my Notes on Caradoc's *History of Wales*.

The said Gruffudd, by the said Elizabeth, begat a son called Gruffudd Fychan, father of Owain Glyndwr, who, in the usurping

But vain their efforts, Owain still pursu'd,
 And vengeance cry'd aloud to Heaven for blood;
 Such be the fate of violence and wrong,
 God is too just to suffer tyrants long.

The day of liberty, by heaven design'd,
 At last arose—benevolent and kind—
 The Tudor race, from ancient heroes sprung,
 Of whom prophetic Bards so long had sung,
 Beyond our warmest hopes, the sceptre bore,
 And brought us blessings never known before;
 The English galling yoke they took away,
 And govern'd Britons with the mildest sway.

O! who can worthily the days rehearse,
 Though blest with all the melody of verse;
 Good Edward's days, that brought the truth to light,
 And chas'd the gloom of a long dreary night!
 Or who, Eliza, sing thy golden reign,
 When pastors fed their flocks on Cambria's plain,
 And drove them to their fold with faithful care,
 And taught th' unwary stragglers to beware.

Great was your Country's Love, ye studious few,
 Who brought to light what Bards initiate knew,

reign of Henry of Lancaster, commonly called Henry the Fourth, took upon him the name, title, and authority of Prince of Wales, as appeareth by his Charter, authorizing Gruffudd Young and John Hanmer, in his name, to treat upon and conclude a league of amity and friendship between him and Charles the Sixth, king of France, in the words following: 'Owinus Dei gratia Princeps Walliæ, universis has literas inspecturis salutem, &c. Dat. apud Dolgelly 10 Maii, Anno 1404, & Principatus nostri 4.' And the said king of France his like Charter, empowering James de Borbon Earl of March, and John Bishop of Chartres, to treat concerning the said league and amity with said Gruffudd Young and John Hanmer, 'Consanguineis magnifici & potentis Owini Principis Walliarum.'

Roberts, and learned Rhys, who taught the rules
 Of ancient verse, first plann'd in Druid Schools:
 New modell'd since, and by the Bards refin'd,
 And to the strictest Prosody confin'd;
 Such harmony to verse no tongue affords,
 True to the ear, as music to the chords.

O may those days in future annals shine,
 That made a Salesbury and a Morgan thine,
 That made a Williams and a Davies toil,
 Struck with the sacred Love of native soil,
 To save our language, and with pious zeal
 To tear away the Babylonian veil
 That hid the truth, and bring the gospel light
 To open view, and guide our footsteps right.
 Mourn, Cambria! mourn, thy wretched state deplore—
 Those golden days, alas! are now no more;
 Like Israel's hapless sons, in plaintive strain,
 Of sore captivity to Heaven complain—
 Thy sheep for want of shepherds go astray,
 And grievous wolves upon thy mountains prey—
 O heavens! that prelates should become profane,
 And for the Bread of Life should offer *bane;
 That strangers should intrude into thy fold,
 Not for the flock, but for the love of gold;
 Alas! the sheep no longer are their care,
 Lewd hirelings' spoil, and of the profit share.
 Beware, O Cambria! O betimes beware,
 Avoid the bait that lures thee to the snare,
 Keep firm thy faith, flee from the wrath to come,
 Abhor the ways of Anti-Christian Rome,
 Avoid her plagues, tremendous is her doom. }

* Pray what is depriving us of the word of God in our own language, and averring it to be our interest, better than a lying and a poisonous doctrine, which some late Prelates have advanced?

'Tis thine, Great SHEPHERD, to redress our wrong,
 O chase these wolves, nor let them ravin long;
 O! free us from their bondage, and once more
 Give faithful Pastors as we had before.

The Gospel in your language you enjoy,
 O count it, Britons, as your chiefest joy—
 Sell not your birthright, 'tis a sacred trust,
 Be to yourselves, and to your Country just—
 Thank Heaven, O Cambria! for the light divine,
 And may it ever in thy language shine,
 While sun and moon, and while the starry train,
 Adorn the sky and gild the heavenly plain;
 And may this feeble verse for ever prove
 How each brave Briton doth his COUNTRY LOVE.

THE END.

NOTE.

The original edition of *The Love of our Country*, which appeared from the Carmarthen press in 1772, and which is now of extreme rarity, was a thin quarto of twenty-eight pages. The title, dedication, and preface occupy the first eight pages; the poem commencing with the ninth, and ending about the middle of the last page. The title and dedication have in the present reprint been carefully reproduced, as far as the types of our day can represent those in use a century ago. The lower half of the concluding page contains the following literary announcement:—

'This Day is Published, Price Four Shillings in Boards,
 A New English-Welsh DICTIONARY: Containing all Words
 necessary for Reading an *English* Author; wherein not only

the Corresponding *British* is given, and the various Significations properly ranged; but every *English* Word is accented to prevent a bad Pronunciation, the Part of Speech added to which each Word respectively belongs, and proper Authorities subjoined where necessary. *By* WILLIAM EVANS.

CARMARTHEN, printed by J. Ross; and Sold by Mr. Williams, Bookseller, in Fleet-street, London; Mr. Eddowes, Bookseller in Salop; Mrs. Barbara Owen, in Tywyn; and William Jones, in Bala, Merionethshire.'

With this advertisement the book ends, without a colophon. The Latin note taken from Asser Menevensis, in which several misprints occur, has been collated with Wise's Edition of that Author as republished in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* (London, 1848), and corrected accordingly. With this, and a few similar exceptions, every word in the Author's Edition is faithfully preserved in this reprint.—D. S. E.

LVII.—EINION AB GWALCHMAI.

FROM THE WELSH.

[There is a tradition that one Einigian ab Gwalchmai ab Meilir of this house [Trefeilir] did part from his wife and family, in discontent, and lived abroad for several years; but returning home, it is said that he came to the door of his house, in Trefeilir, on that very day on which his wife was married to another man: and as he played on his harp, and sang at the door, being disguised in the habit of a minstrel, his wife coming thither, this intercourse happened between them.—*Cambrian Register*, i. 441.]

*Who art thou?**

EINION I am, of Meilir's noble race,
The son of Gwalchmai, hero of renown:
In foreign climes I stay'd so long a space
That now my friends no longer will me own.

Where hast thou been?

In Kent, and Monmouth, and Menevia's plains,
Where holy David fix'd his blest abode;†

* The original verses will be found printed in the first volume of the *Cambrian Register*, p. 441, and, with important variations, in the *Iolo MSS.* p. 178, in which latter work the interesting fable of Einion ab Gwalchmai is given at length.—*G*

† *Llwyn Dafydd*, the name used in the original, is a small village in the parish of Llandyssilio Gogof, not far from New Quay, Cardiganshire, celebrated as one of the halting places of the Earl of Richmond in his march from Milford Haven towards Bosworth Field; but the translator, it will be seen, has taken it for St. David's (Tŷ Ddewi), apparently overlooking the fact that that place, under the name of *Mynyw*, is mentioned in the preceding line. It is possible, however, that he was led to indentify it with the latter place by the statement of Giraldus Cambrensis, that our patron saint was brought up at a place the name of which signified 'Old Bush.' For 'Mynyw,' the *Iolo MSS.* read 'Mynwy,' and has 'Gorwenydd' for 'Llwyn Dafydd.' See *Cam bro-British Saints*, 104.—*G*.

And to convince you, still with me remains
A mark, which from my childhood first I bore.

His wife observing him more narrowly, he said:

Look not, Angharad, on my silver hair,
Which once shone bright of golden lovely hue:
Man doth not last, like gold; he that was fair
Will soon decay; not so the gold, that's true.

If I have lost Angharad, lovely fair,
The gift of brave Ednyfed, and my spouse.....*

I once have leapt, to show my active power,
A leap which none could equal, or exceed;
The leap in Abernodwydd,† which thou, fair flower,
Did erst so much admire thyself the deed.

Full fifty feet, as well the fact is known,
Which many witnesses can still attest;
How there the prize I won, thyself must own
This action stamps my worth within my breast.

* Either the translation of these Englynion was never finished, or the copy furnished by the correspondent of the *Cambrian Register* must have been imperfect. It will be observed that one half of this stanza is left out, the Welsh lines corresponding to the omitted portion being, according to the *Iolo MSS.*,

Ni chollais, ewch chwi allan,
Na'm gwely, na'm tŷ, na'm tân;

and according to the *Cambrian Register*,

Ni chollaf, ewch chwi allan,
Na'm gwely, na'm tŷ, na'm tân.

In the second stanza the rhyme is so much at fault, that it is difficult to believe that the composition had ever received the finishing touch of the translator.—G.

† *Abernodwydd* is a narrow dingle, a little below Plas Gwyn, the seat of Paul Panton, Esq., in the Isle of Anglesey, where, to this day, three stones, pitched on end, are seen, called Naid Abernodwydd, at such intervals, as if they were placed there to mark that species of activity, well known among school boys, called the hop, step, and jump, on a most gigantic scale. The tradition goes, that the hero who performed it received the lady referred to in this little poem, as his prize, and that his unfortunate rival, in a fit of desperation, died on the spot, whose grave is hard by.—*Note in Cambrian Register.*

LVIII.—PLAS COCH.

[Hugh Hughes, of this house, was Queen Elizabeth's attorney in North Wales, a lawyer, and reputed a great oppressor; therefore upon his building of Plas Coch, a certain poet made this Englyn:

Plasau, parlyrau, pur loewon—dyrau,
A difrad fendithion:
Os gwyrwyd ais y gwirion,
A sai' tai yn y sut hon?

The poet was sued in the Star Chamber, by the said Hugh Hughes, for a libel, but saved himself by the dubitative conjunction *os*.—*Cambrian Register*, i. 440.]

YE stately palaces and princely towers,
And all the wealth that luxury devours;
If by the poor man's sweat and wrongs you rise,
Can you last long, and Heaven not hear his cries?

LIX.—BEDDARGRAFF DYN CELWYDDOG.

CELWYDDOG fùm i yn y byd,
Lle rhois fy mryd ar wegi:
Ond gwae im' weithian yn y bedd;
O'r diwedd gorfum dewi.*

IN life from truth I went astray,
And spread some falsehood every day;
But when fell Death his arrow flung,
I was compell'd to hold my tongue.

* Gwaith yr awdwr yw y llinellau Cymreig yn gystal a'r cyfieithiad. Gwel y *Cylchgrawn Cymraeg* am 1793, t. 98. Yn y llawysgrifen dywedir mai 'i'w rhoddi ar fedd Clochydd Llanbadarn Fawr, rhwymwr llyfrau, yr hwn oedd yn wr pur gelwyddog,' y cyfansoddwyd hwynt.—*G*.

LX.—AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF LLEUCU LLWYD, THE FAIR
NYMPH OF PENNAL.

From the Welsh of Llewelyn Goch ab Meurig Hen.

Lleucu Llwyd, a great beauty, was a native of Pennal in Comit. Meirion. She was greatly beloved by Llewelyn Goch ab Meurig Hen o Nannau, and died when he was gone on a journey to South Wales. Upon his return he composed this Elegy, which is a master-piece in its kind.

‘Llyma haf llwm i hoew-fardd,
A llyma fyd llwm i fardd, &c.’*

Lo, to the jocund Bard here’s a barren summer; to the Bard the world is desolate. How is Venedotia bereft of its bright luminary! How its heaven is enveloped with darkness, ever since the full Moon of Beauty has been laid in the silent tomb! Mournful deed! a lovely fair in the oaken chest! My speech can find no utterance since thou art gone, O thou of shape divine! Lamp of Venedotia, how long hast thou been confined in the gloomy grave! Arise, thou that art dearer to me than life; open the dismal door of thine earthly cell. Leave, O fair one, thy sandy bed, shine upon the face of thy lover. Here by thy tomb, generous maid of noble descent, stands one whose mirthful days are past, whose countenance is pale with the loss of thee; even Llewelyn Goch, the celebrater of thy praise, pining for the love of thee, helpless and forlorn, unequal to the task of song.

‘I heard, O thou that art confined in the deep and dismal grave, nought out of thy lips but truth, my speechless fair! Nought, O thou of stately growth, fairest of virgins fair! But thou hadst promised, now unfeeling to the pangs of love, to stay till I came from

* The Welsh original was printed, apparently for the first time, in the *Brython*, ii. 170. There is a metrical English version by Richard Llwyd, the Bard of Snowdon. See *Llwyd’s Works*.—G.

South Wales, lovely silk-shrouded maid! The false Destinies snatched thee out of my sight; it nought concerns me to be exposed to the stormy winds, since the agreement between thee and pensive me is void! Thou, thou, lovely maid! wert true; I, even I was false, and now fruitlessly bemoan! From henceforth I will bid adieu to fair Venedotia. It concerns me not whither I go. I must forego my native soil for a virtuous maid, where it were my happiness to live, were she alive! O thou whose angelic face was become a proverb, thy beauty is laid low in the lonesome tomb! The whole world without thee is nothing, such anguish do I suffer! I, thy pensive Bard, ramble in distress, bewailing the loss of thee, illustrious maid! Where, O where shall I see thee, thou of form divine, bright as the full moon! Is it on the Mount of Olives, loveliest of women? Ovid's love was nothing in comparison of mine, lovely Lleucu; thy form was worthy of heaven, and my voice hath failed in invoking thy name; alas! woe is me, fair Maid of Pennal. It sounded as a dream to me, to hear that thy charms were laid in the dust, and those lips, which I oft have praised, excelled the utmost efforts of my Muse, O my soul, whiter than the foam of the rapid streams, my love, I have now the heavy task of composing thy Elegy!

Lovely virgin! how are thy bright shining eyes closed in everlasting sleep in the stony tomb! Arise to thy pensive Bard, who can smile no more, were he possessed of a kingdom; arise in thy silken vest, lift up thy countenance from the dismal grave.

I tell no untruth, my feet are benumbed by walking around thy dwelling place, O Lleuca Llwyd! where heretofore, bright lamp of Venedotia, I was wont to celebrate thy beauty in fine flowing verse, where I was wont to be merry in praising thy delicate hand and tapering fingers, ornamented with rings of gold, lovely Lleucu, delicate, sweet-tempered Lleucu! Thou wert far more precious than relics to me! The soul of the

darling of Meirionydd is gone up to God, its original Author, and her fair corpse is deposited in the sanctuary of holy ground; far, far from me in the silent tomb! The treasure of the world is left in the custody of a haughty black man. Longing and melancholy dirges are the portion of my lot. I lament with faltering accents, over the lovely Lleucu whiter than the flakes of driven snow! Yesterday I poured down my cheeks showers of tears over thy tomb! The fountains of my head are dry, my eyes are strangers to sleep, since thou art gone, thou fair-formed speechless maid, hast not deigned to answer thy weeping Bard.

How I lament, alas! that earth and stones should cover thy lovely face; alas! that the tomb should be made so fast, that dust should ever cover the Paragon of Beauty, that stony walls and coffin should separate thee and me, that the earth should lock thee fast in her bosom, that a shroud should enclose a beauty that rivalled the dawn of the morn; alas! that strong doors, bolts, and stately locks should divide us for ever!

LXI.—DAU ENGLYN I DEILIWR

A roddasai sen chwerw i'r Pendefigion a'r Boneddigion, gan ddywedyd yr haeddent eu lladd, i'e, eu crogi, bob un o honynt.

MAE'r teiliwr, feiwr heb fath,—yn mesur
 Ein moesau â'i hudlath;
 Y teiliwr o hyd dwylath,
 Ni wŷr yn llwyr yr un llath.

Pwytha, diwalla dy dyllau,—och wr!
 A chywira 'th rwygau;
 Na ladd yr uchel raddau,
 Ond yn dy radd lladd y llau.

LXII.—I'R IAITH GYMRAEG.

AREITHUS, geiriau dethol—safadwy,
 Sef odiaeth gynnwynol,
 Adawyd in' i'w deol,
 Frydain iaith hyfryd yn ol.*

LXIII.—BEDDARGRAFF OWEN GRUFFYDD,

Ym Mynwent Llanystumdwy.†

DYMA 'r fan syfrdan y sydd—oer gload
 Ar gleu-wych lawenydd;
 Cerdd a phwyll, cywir dda ffydd,
 Awen graff Owen Gruffydd.

Dwys fyfyr difyr, dioferedd—gamp
 A gwypwyd i'r dyfn-fedd;
 Pen clo cân, pinacl ceinwedd,
 Gloew-wych fawl, gwelwch ei fedd!

Oedran 87—y flwyddyn 1730.

LXIV.—DYDD BRAWD.

Y DUWDOD a fydd yn dydol—i dân
 Y dynion annuwiol;
 Eu treio wneir a'u troi 'n ol
 I'r tew nos a'r tân oesol.

Clod sy i fod yn safadwy—i'r Iesu,
 A'i ras anchwiliadwy;
 Moledig ganmoladwy
 Neithior mawr; ni thewir mwy!

* Rhoddir yr Englyn hwn ar awdurdod y *Brython* (iii. 277).
 Ni welodd y golygydd gyfysgrif na chyfargraff arall o hono. Y
 mae amhweuaeth a ydyw wedi ei argraffu yn gywir.—*G.*

† Dywedir mai y Prydydd Hir a'i cân.—*G.*

LXVI.—ECLOGA.

ARGUMENTUM. FREDERICI SERENISSIMI WALLIÆ
PRINCIPIS MORS.

PERSONÆ:

Thyrsis Pastor et Corydon Bubulcus.

THYRSIS.

JAM tentare libet, quoniam convenimus ambo,
Carmina num possint animi relevare dolorem.
Carminibus tristes mulcentur in pectore curæ
Et mæsti lachrymis vultus; tu semper amicam
Pastori O Corydon gestas in pectore mentem.

CORYDON.

Si mala (quod vereor) narras, citus incipe Thyrsis,
Ut possim lenire tuas in pectore curas,
An sævi teneros rapuerunt sub matribus agnos
Lupi? Vel tristes memoras Amaryllidos iras?

THYRSIS.

Hæc si respicias non est quod fata queramur
His graviora dies affert (verissima narro)
Ipse gregis fidus custos, qui nuper utrique
Otia grata dedit, Sancte, cui vota peracta
Heu moritur juvenis Fredericus, et ardua cœli
Jam tenet, et Superum subiit novus incola lucem.

CORYDON.

Pangite, pastores, nova carmina pangite mœsti
Nam doctos calamis pastores atque canendi
Artifices, semper demisit ad munera latos,
Atque pecus nostrum blandus, pecorisque magistros
Sollicitâ fovit curâ, miserosque levavit.

THYRSIS.

Hei mihi vitali fruitur non amplius aura
Scilicet offensus nostris Pater optimus illum

Surripuit culpis. Mors intrat Principis aulam,
 Descendit tristes Erebi Fredericus in umbras.

CORYDON.

Infaustæ vaccæ viridi non amplius herbâ
 Pascite, sed steriles istos circumdate colles
 Nec pastum quæratís oves in vallibus altis,
 Nec matres saturas agni pro more petulci
 Quæratís mærore graves ad mulctra capellæ
 Ubera pastoribus nec vos distenta ferendo,
 Reddite, sed mæstæ nostri date signa doloris,
 Quæ prius in sylvis saltabant undique ramis,
 Lætaque per saltus resonabant guttura cantu,
 Vos quoque tristis, aves, dolor occupet, atque silentes
 Vere novo, vestris immurmeret aura querelis.
 Forsitan et nostri feret omina tristia damni
 Ipsa parens Tellus. Tristes Fredericus in umbras
 Descendit Lethi violatus vulnere tristi,
 Vulnus non gravius pastoribus accidit unquam.

THYRSIS.

Pectoribus nostris si tam grave vulnus adegit
 Nostris iratus vitiis Pater Optimus, O quæ
 Vulnera te lacerant, O quam funesta Georgi
 Hæc infausta mihi dudum prædicta monebant
 Fulminibus fractæ rigidis in montibus orni.
 Tempus adest, Corydon, stabulis immitere vaccas,
 'Ite domum tristes, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ.'

EVAN EVANS, e Coll. Mert.

A. D. 1752. Ætatis 21.*

* This little Eclogue, being one of the juvenile productions of the author, should be regarded rather as a college exercise, which in reality it appears to be, than as a finished poem. At the time it was written public prizes were not unfrequently given at the Universities for compositions of this kind. This specimen is curious as the Latin production of the young bard, if of no great value as a piece of poetry.—G.

Llythyrau.

I.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Oxford: August 11, 1751.

SIR,—I received yours of the third instant, as I had also your brother's some days before. My project of coming to London this year was stopped by some hopes I have had since of an exhibition, which I am told is to be disposed of next Michaelmas, of which, as being then but a novice in the University, I was not aware when I desired your brother to write to you in my behalf. I am heartily sorry I gave you so much trouble; but do not despair of pardon when you will be satisfied with the reason of it: nor do I fear I shall be less welcome to your favours for the future, less that your condescending with the first request you deigned to gratify me with, which I shall always bear with a grateful mind.

I have sent you two of my *Cywyddau*, one of which, the 'Cywydd Merch,'* I have sent your brother; and he was so good as to give his opinion in its favour, far more than I expected. Two or three days before I received your letter I began to compose another, as resolving to write to you as soon as I could finish it: but as I was prevented, I took the boldness to send it you imperfect, and added four lines to conclude it to-day; and that you pass a kind censure on it is, Sir, the desire of

Your humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

* See page 76.—G.

II.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Oxford: November 9, 1751.

SYR,—Deisyfaf arnoch na boch ddig am im' ohir-iaw ysgrifenu atoch. Ni wn i p'odd i fod yn ddiolchgar am y ffafr a addawsoch, sef mynu Bibl im'.* Ni lyfasaf fi gymharu fy hunan â'r henwyr godidawg gynt a oeddynt yn ysgrifenu tri enw. Beth fyddaf fi wrth Sion Dafydd Rhys, neu Siencyn Tomas Philip, onid fal y ciconia ym mysg y peunod yn y chwedl? Ni fydd genyf fi ond enw gwag annheilwng o'r cyfryw anrhydedd. Am 'Gywydd y Bibl,' mi wnaaf fy ngoreu ar ei ddybenu pan gaffwyf odfa. Yr wyf yn myned y fory i'r wlad i fwrw heibio'r gauaf. Mi af i ymweled â'ch brawd cyn gynted ag yr elwyf yno.

I succeeded in the exhibition.

I am, in great haste,

Yours,

EVAN EVANS.

III.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Lyminge:† December 2nd, 1756.

DEAR SIR,—I received your brother's letter of the 13th of last month, together with his corrections and remarks on the ode,‡ which made me model some parts of it anew, which I desire you would send him, that I may know how he approves of them. I have set down

* Gweler y 'Cywydd i ofyn Bibl,' t. 80.—*G.*

† A parish near Hythe, in Kent.—*G.*

‡ This Ode to the King of Prussia is not printed in the present volume, the editor having been unable to find it among any of the author's MSS. The Ode printed at p. 81 could not have been written before the latter part of the following year.—*G.*

his alterations and mine, in order that he may choose what seems best to him.

Arddwyreaf ddewr, &c.—So I would have it altered.

Ar farch dyrchaif { Gwr a ddyrchaif glaif goleuawc.
Arf...ch a ddyrchaif glaif gloewawc.*

A'i gethin leuer { A'i gethin ffosawd (ergyd) yn fygyth-
iawc.
I meant by *lleuer*, the flashing glitter-
ing of the sword.

Ei filwyr hyfedr arw ... { Yn aer yn hyfedr erwin hafawc a wna,
A lladdfa lluyddwyr godidawc.

A lladdfa gorfod..... A'i elynion fal rhac hawc adar mân.

Dyrn } Baris Lewis { Dod gis i Lewis, lary d'wysawc...
Tor } { but Darostwng Lewis, &c., pleases me
Cyrch } { better.

I have two small alterations to offer, and I have done.

A dewr yn ddewr a { A dewr, &c.—*a brath rhôn*, which I
breise rôn..... { think is more expressive.

A llywydd Prwssia Rhi—A llywydd Prwssia yn rhuddfâwr.

Llywydd and Rhi are synonymous terms, and too near together.

There is, I think, a fault or two in 'Cywydd Teifi,'† which have hitherto escaped your brother's observation and mine:

Er dechreu byd, och o'r bâr !

There is no letter that answers the first *R*, which is a capital fault among our grammarians. I would have it altered thus:

O ddechreu f' oes, ddu chwerw fâr.

There is another fault, more unpardonable still, in another line, for which I ought to have been chastised:

I Seisnes, Iuddewes ddu.

* The MS. in some parts is much damaged.—*G*.

† 'Cywydd Teifi' a enwyd wedi hyny 'Cywydd Hiraeth y Bardd am ei Wlad;' a than y cyfryw enw gweler ef yn argraffedig, t. 53.—*G*.

Pa fodd, atolwg, y gwrda, y dichon hi fod yn Seisnes ac yn Iuddewes ar un pryd? To make her ladyship amends, suppose we transform her to a witch, thus:

I Seisnes, widdones ddu.

I have no better authority for this word than the author of *Bardd Cwsg* in the following lines:

Hi aeth yn anferth gawres,
Gwae ddynion faint gwyddanes.

I think it should be wrote *gwiddones*.

So much for the Ode and Cywydd. Here is another Ode for you on a subject of a different nature. I have taken all possible care and pains to avoid all faults of negligence, but still I must desire your brother, who is far more quick-sighted than I in things of this kind, to mark whatever is amiss, without any favour or affection, and send it me. The last stanza has properly no coherence or connexion with the Ode any further than it relates to myself, so that to any indifferent reader, it ends in the fifth stanza.

I was in great hopes Gronow would lend me his manuscript for a month to transcribe, it being no greater favour than for one person to have his candle lighted by another; but your brother informed me he would sooner part with his wife. Well! well! if he is so far wedded to it, I will have no more to do with it than I would with her. But, to make amends, your brother promises to transcribe a few odes of the ancients. I wish he would send me one of Aneurin's or Cynddelw's compositions. I saw but few fragments of the first, scattered about here and there in Dr. Davies' Grammar and Dictionary; so that I cannot rightly judge what sort of a poet he is. As for Cynddelw, I have had a transient view of his poems, and I really think there are as sublime passages in him as any in Homer. As I am idle, and have paper enough, I will sntance in one or two passages from each. The first has some likeness of the subject. Homer describes the

Trojans in the field of battle like a blast of wind that raises and mixes the foaming and raging billows of the sea. *Iliad*, xiii. 795:

‘Οἱ δ’ ἴσαν, ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀτάλαντοι ἰέλλη,
 Ἡ ῥά θ’ ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρὸς Διὸς εἴσι πέδοι δε,
 Θεσπεσίω δ’ ὀμάδω ἄλι μίσγεται, ἐν δέ τε πολλὰ
 Κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
 Κυρτὰ, φαληριόωντα, πρὸ μέν τ’ ἄλλ’, ἀντάρ ἐπ’ ἄλλα.

Nawdd Duw rhag gorchwyddaw, gorewynu, a gor-dderchafu y mae'r tónau cynddeiriawg! This passage is excellently translated by Mr. Pope; but I remember no more by rote than the three last lines, which are,

The' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
 The waves behind impel the waves before,
 Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.

Cynddelw, in the following line, describes no less beautifully the dashing of the surges on the beach:

Gwyddfeirch tonn torrynt yn ertrai.

Methinks I hear the noise of the waves falling with a great crash in the word *torrynt*.

Here is another excellent line of Cynddelw's, wherein, as I guess, he compares the beauty of a young lady to the reflection of the sunbeams from the sea in the morn or dawn, than which I think there cannot be a more beautiful simile within the verge of nature:

Gorne gwawr fore ar fôr diffaeth.

It is very remarkable that he gives the sea the very same epithet that Homer does, *Ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης*, literally translated signifies the *uncultivated*, *barren*, or *desert* sea.

Lest the remaining part of this page should be a blank, I thought best to set down these few *Englynion*, wrote in answer to a parishioner of mine at Manafon. His composition was nothing extraordinary. How-

ever, as it would be interpreted ill-natured to have overlooked either him or it, I answered as followeth. . . . *

Give my service to Gronow and your brother, and assure them that I am their and your sincere friend and humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

IV.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Oxford, Merton College: June 27th, 1758.

SIR,—It being one of my greatest failings to neglect friends and benefactors in epistolary gratitude, some of them from thence inferred I was such in principle, and have accordingly withdrawn some of their favours, and most their good opinion of me. However, I do not despair of reconciliation, were they once undeceived in their wrong notions of me; and instead of condemning, would give charitable allowance for natural weakness: for I am certain none is more ambitious of gaining the good will and opinion of deserving men, though, perhaps, few preserve it with as little success as myself. The reason of my making this apology is, that I am afraid Mr. Lewis Morris has, among the rest, been led into this disadvantageous opinion of me by the long suspension of our correspondence, which gives me great concern, not so much out of apprehension of losing his assistance in time to come, but that I am really sorry if he thinks that, by taking this advantage, I should prove so base as to forget his past favour. I entreat you, therefore, to intercede with him for me, and let him know the truth as far as it can be demonstrated, in a matter so liable to be construed in the worse sense of flattery and self-interest, that I shall ever have a great regard for him for what he has done me, and, on

* See 'Ateb i Englynion Sion Tomas,' p. 107.—G.

account of his incomparable learning, esteem it an honour to be his acquaintance. I return you most hearty thanks for the civilities you both shewed during my stay with you, and must confess I had no title to the least of them. However, for the future, I shall endeavour, as far as it lies in my power, to approve myself worthy your generosity.

I am so much taken up at present with college exercise, that, without prejudice to my other studies, I cannot enter upon my favourite of the ancient Celtic, which I must reserve till I am better settled in the world, especially since my circumstances are so low, that, unless I can procure some assistance, it will be a difficult matter for me to take a degree.

I arrived here safe the day after I took my leave of you, and find everything going on in the same course as before; only the term is in, we are kept to exercise.

Pray, give my services to your brother and Mr. Parry, and my compliments to all friends. This is all I have to say, but that

I remain, Sir,

Your most obliged servant,

EVAN EVANS.

V.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Trefriw: Oct. 12th, 1759.

DEAR SIR,—Your brother told me, when I was last at the Head,* that you were going to publish Gronwy's poems. If that be the case, I should be willing to contribute all in my power to render the edition complete; and for that end have wrote a Dissertation on the Bards in Latin. It consists of twenty-four leaves, wrote

* Meaning, apparently, Holyhead, where William Morris lived; unless Penbryn, Cardiganshire, the residence of the other brother, is intended.—G.

in the same sort of hand as you see this. I have occasionally translated some pieces of the *Gododin*, *Meilir's*, and *Cynddelw's* poems, in the same manner as those you have got already. If you have nothing of this kind by you, you may command this. It is dedicated to Mr. Vaughan of Nannau, and the other members of the Cymmrodorion Society. I do not know well which way to send it, as it is too bulky to be sent in any two or three letters. You must, therefore, put me in a safe method how to do it. I should be glad of your answer when convenient.

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Direct to me at Trefriw, near Llanrwst, Denbigh Bag, North Wales.

VI.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Trefriw: Tachwedd 24, 1759.

ANWYL SYR,—E dderyw im', mal y gwelwch, wneuthur Marwnad i Sion Ywain,* fy nghyfaill a'm brawd-fardd. Diau fod yn ddrwg genych glywed y newydd, ond, chwedl y bardd,

Ewyllys Duw yw lles dyn.

Mi a newidiais rai pethau yn y Traethawd Lladin am y Beirdd Brutanaidd, ac yr wyf yn meddwl y bydd raid im' newidiaw rhywfaint yn ychwaneg cyn y byddo gymhwys i'w argraffu; o herwydd na fynwn i neb o blant Alis gael lle i feio arno, na'n Cymry Seisnigaidd ni ein hunain ychwaith, y rhai sydd, mal y gwyddoch, o'r ddau yn goeach.

Y mae genyf ddau Gywydd o waith Sion Ywain, ac Ateb a ddanfonais innau i un o naddynt o'm priod-waith fy hun; eithr nid oes genyf gopi cywir o un o

* Gweler y Farwnad yn argraffedig t. 101.—G.

naddynt; o herwydd mi a berais iddaw newidio rhai pethau ynddynt, ac ni chedwais yr un o'r diwygiadau. Y mae gan eich brawd yng Nghaer Gybi gopïau cyirach. Gwell iwch ddanfon ato ef. Ond os gwelwch yn dda, rhag iwch dybied mai diogi sydd arnaf, chwi a gewch y rhai sydd genyf fi, ar flaen gair, fal y maent.

Nid ydych yn dywedyd yn wahanredol beth yr ydych ar fedr ei brintio. Byddai dda genyf glywed, mal y cymhwyswyf fy nhraethawd yn well tuag at ei brintio o'u blaen ar ddull rhagymadrodd. Diau im' gymmervd poen wrthaw eisoes; ac mi a gymmeraf fwy, os Duw a rydd im' iechyd. A ddanfonasoch at Mr. Wynn o Langynhafal? a pha ateb a gawsoch? Beth a ddywed Llewelyn am y printio yna? Gadewch im' gael ateb cyflawn yn eich llythyr nesaf, a chwi a foddhewch yn fawr

Eich rhwymedcaf gyfaill a'ch gwasanaethwr,

IEUAN FARDD.

VII.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Trefriw: April 23, 1760.

DEAR SIR,—You would have heard from me ere now, but that I have been mostly from home since Easter. I have waited on Mr. Justice Barrington at Carnarvon with the *Dissertation on the Bards*, who approved of it. He has taken it and a copy of Nennius, both bound together, to London; so that I have it not in my power to send you a copy of it before next assizes, when I shall have both returned to me. He advises me by all means to translate more of the ancient Bards after the same manner I have done those odes I sent you, and make a small book of it by itself, which he says will sell well. He says, that Mr. Gray, of Cambridge, admires Gwalchmai's Ode to Owen Gwynedd, and I think deservedly. He says that he will shew the Dissertation to Mr. Gray, to have his judgment of it,

and to correct it where necessary: so that I hope it will be fit for the press when I have it. I approve of your choice in your intended book, and shall be very proud of doing everything in my power to further it. But I think, with regard to the Dissertation, I had best follow Mr. Barrington's advice, who, together with his brothers, the captain and clergyman, have already been so much my benefactors, and have it still in their power to be so, that I cannot but do everything in my power to please them.

I have got a very curious piece by me, which, if you have not got already, I will send you. I think it deserves place in your book before anything I know. It is Thomas Williams the Physician's *Preface to his Dictionary** wrote in the British language. It was transcribed by your brother, Mr. Lewis Morris, out of the author's own MS. extant in Hengwrt. This, or anything else in my power, I shall be glad to communicate.

My business of late has been altogether to collect materials for notes to illustrate Nennius, the most ancient British historian extant but Gildas. This is a work disagreeable enough, for I must read the most barbarous jargon of the monks; in short, everything that tends to give light to our author.

I have, as you see, wrote something like an Elegy to my dear deceased friend, Mr. W. Wynn;* but as I have other irons in the fire, you cannot expect so good poems from me as when I dedicated myself entirely to the Muse.

In John Owen's Elegy—

Trist yw tori oes dyn

is too short. Read therefore instead thereof:

Trist waith yw tori oes dyn.

The rest are faultless, and can be justified by examples from our best poets.

Let me hear from you at your leisure.

I am, yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

* Printed in the first number of the *Greal* (1805), p. 61.—*G.*

† The Elegy printed at p. 95 was appended to this letter.—*G.*

VIII.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Trefriw: Rhagfyr 3dd, 1760.

ANWYL SYR,—Y mae hi weithian yn gryn flwyddyn er pan gefais y diddanwch o dderbyn llythyr oddi wrthy ch. Y mae yn flys genyf glywed beth a dderyw o'ch arfaeth i argraffu y llyfr y soniasoch am dano. Y mae'r Traethawd yng nghylch y Beirdd wedy dyfod adref drachefn; ond ni chefais hamdden byth i'w orphen, megys yr ewyllysiwn, o eisieu bod yn agos i well defnydd; ac y mae yn gywilydd genyf ei hyrddu i'r byd enllibus hwn yn ammherffaith. Efe a eill lechu yn ddiogel yn y man y mae; a phwy a wŷr, ond aros ychydig, na tharawaf wrth drysorau sydd eto yn guddiedig. Y mae Syr Roesser Mostyn wedi addo im' weled ei lyfrgrawn ef yng Ngloddaith, ac y mae i'm bryd, a Duw yn y blaen, fyned yno yn y gwyliau, os dygwydd iddo ddyfod drosodd; a chwi a gewch glywed oddi wrthyf, os bydd gwiw.

Yn y cyfamser, dyma Ddewi Fardd yn deisyf arnaf ysgrifenu atoch yng nghylch y llyfrau a ddanfonodd ef atoch i Lundain.* Y mae yn deisyf cael gwybod pa gyfrif o naddynt a werthwyd. Y mae mewn mawr eisieu cael y peth y mae'r byd hwn yn unfryd yn ymewino am danynt, sef arian. Atolwg, gadewch iddo gael gwybod a oes modd na gobaith iddo gael gwared oddi wrthynt mewn amser gweddus, sef yw hyny, oddi yma i Galan Mai o'r eithaf. Os ydych yn tybied nad oes modd yn y byd i'w gwerthu, nid oes dim i'w wneuthur ond danfon am danynt yn ol i'r wlad drachefn, lle y mae gwedy gwerthu'r cyfan er ys dyddiau; ond y mae ef yn gobeithio y byddwch mor fwyn a dywedyd gair o'i blaid wrth y Cymmrodorion, i'w ysgafnhau ef o'r baich hwn. Pa fodd bynag, y mae yn ymbil arnoch am ateb allan o law, a rhyw hanes o honynt. A minnau, yr

* Y *Blodeugerdd* yw y llyfr y cyfeirir ato. Gweler t. 49.—G.

hwn wyf dyst golwg o'i gyflwr a'i ansawdd ef yma,
wyf yn damuned yr un peth;

Yr hwn wyf eich gwasanaethwr rhwymedig a'ch
cyfaill anwiw,

EVAN EVANS.

IX.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Trefriw: Ion. 14, 1761.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Myfi a ysgrifennai lythyr atoch es dyddiau yng nghylch llyfrau Dewi Fardd, ac ni cheffais i nac yntau yr un ateb genych. Dyma fi yn dyfod unwaith drachefn i'ch blino. Ertolwg, byddwch mor fwyn, er trugaredd, a golygu gronyn tuag at werthu ei lyfrau, o herwydd dyma ef dan gwynfan yn deisyf arnaf ysgrifenu atoch. Pur helbulus yw Dewi, druan, â gwraig a rhawd o blant bychain ganddo, sef chwech neu saith. Y mae yn achwyn bod arno ddyled, ac eisieu modd i dalu ei ardreth; ac am hyny y mae yn gobeithio yr ystyriwch wrtho. Dyma fi, yn ol fy addewid, yn ysgrifenu atoch, ac nid oes genyf ddim ychwaneg i'w wneuthur.

Dyma wr arall o'r plwyf, o'r un enw â'r bardd, sef Dafydd Jones, â chanddo lanc wedi myned es tair blynedd ar long, ac ni chlywodd air fyth oddi wrtho. Enw y llanc yw John Jones, *glover* wrth ei *drade*. Y mae yng nghylch un ar hugain oed. Ef a aeth es tair blynedd i'r gwanwyn yma i'r *East Indies* ar fwrdd *Merchantman*, ac a ymrwymodd ei hunan am bum mlynedd. Ond y gwaethaf yw, ni w'yr ei dad mo enw y cadben. Felly nid oes genyf fi ddim ychwaneg i'w ddywedyd yn ei gylch, ond fod ei dad yn abl ac yn foddlon i dalu iwch am chwilio y llyfrau, os bydd gwiw neu bosibl.

Myfi a fûm yng Ngloddaith, ac a welais y llyfrgrawn yno. Y mae yno lawer iawn o waith y Beirdd diweddar, ond ychydig o waith y cynfeirdd. Y pethau

mwyaf hynod oedd dau gopi o *Frust y Breninoedd* wedi eu hysgrifenu ar femrwn es pedwar cant o flynyddoedd o leiaf. Fo fu Syr Roesser mor fwyn a rhoi im' fenthyg y ddau uchod, ac y mae genyf un arall gorhenaidd a fenthyciais o Lanerch. Y mae i'm bryd, os Duw a rydd im' iechyd (o herwydd afiachus iawn a fûm y gauaf hwn) ddadysgrifenu un o naddynt; a diau yw, pe cawswn well iechyd, y buaswn fwy bywiog yng nghylch gorphenu y Traethawd Lladin yng nghylch y Beirdd, ac ereill weithiau yr wyf wedi cynnullaw defnyddiau atynt. Ond y mae dolur anfad yn fy mhen yn fy llwyr ddihoeni, ac yn fy ngwneuthur yn gwbl anaddas i gymmeryd y fath orchwyl yn llaw. Gobeithio nad ydych ddig wrthyf am beidio o honof ddanfôn iwch y Traethawd uchod fal yr oeddwn yn arfaethu, o herwydd yr wyf yn gwybod ac yn gweled ei fod yn ammherffaith. Mi a allaf, wrth aros a chymmeryd amynedd, daro wrth ddefnyddiau i'w orphen; ac os gwnaf, fo gaiff weled goleuni; ac onid e, fo gaiff fyned i dir anghof, lle y mae pob peth tan haul yn myned.

Mi a darewais yn ddiweddar wrth ddarn o waith Sion Dafydd Rhys, y Gramadegydd, yn ei law ei hun. Ateb ydyw i ragymadrodd Kyffin, a drodd lyfr Esgob *Juell** yn erbyn y Pabyddion o Ladin i Gymraeg, yn yr hwn ragymadrodd y mae Kyffin yn goganu'r iaith Gymraeg a'i haddysg a'i beirdd: ond gwych yw gweled yr hen gorff yn cymmeryd y pastwn yn llaw, ac yn ei gystwyo mal ag y dylai. Gresyn ei fod yn ammherffaith, sef heb y dechreuad. Y copi cyntaf a ysgrifennodd ydyw, ac y mae wedi ei *interlinio*, a llawer gwedi ei groesi allan, a'i newid, a darnau o bapurau wedi eu pinio wrth gorff y dalenau yma ac acw. Y mae i'm bryd ddadysgrifenu hwn hefyd.

Nid oes genyf ddim rhyfedd arall i'w ysgrifenu atoch; ac yn wir, pe cawswn iechyd, myfi a fuaswn yn cadw *close correspondence* â chwi a'ch brodyr; ond o herwydd

* Felly yr ysgrifenir enw awdwr y 'Diffyniad' yn y gynysgrifen.—G.

fy mod, gobeithio er daioni im', yn cael fy nghospi yn y byd hwn, ni allaf gyrhaedd cymmaint o ddedwyddwch a diddanwch ag a ellych chwi a'ch llythyrau rod-di im'. Ond y mae yn rhaid imi foddioni fal ag yr wyf, ac addef gyda'r bardd mai

Ewyllys Duw yw lles dyn.

Ond rhag ofn i chwi debyg i mi anghofio mai ysgrifenu llythyr ac nid pregeth yr oeddwn, mi a derfynaf, ac a'ch gorchymmynaf i nawdd y Goruchaf.

Yr eiddoch yn garedig,

EVAN EVANS.

X.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Trefriw: Mawrth 21, 1761.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Mi a dderbyniais yr eiddoch o'r degfed o'r mis yma, a da iawn yw hynny genyf o achaws neges Dewi Fardd, yr hwn oedd yn barod i ddeisyfarnaf ysgrifenu y trydydd llythyr atoch.

Am *Lyfrgell Gloddaith* nid oes genyf ddim cyfrif gwahanredol i'w rod-di, o herwydd fod y Marchog yn myned i saethu cyffylogod y bore hwnw y bûm yno, gyda nifer o wÿr boneddigion ereill. Mi a wnaethym y goreu o'r ennyd fechan y bûm yno, ac a fenthyciais *bum llyfr* o'r rhai mwyaf cywraint; sef yw y rhei'ny, yn gyntaf, dau gopi o *Frut y Breninoedd* ar femrwn, a soniais am danynt wrthych o'r blaen; yn 3ydd, *Nennius*, o law ddiweddar; the *Annals of Wales*,* in Latin, by an unknown hand; and a modern copy of the *Brut y Breninoedd*, all in one large folio, with a great many blank leaves at the end; 4th, Leland's *Itinerary* (MS.) as far as it relates to Wales; and 5th, a folio that contains a great many *Latin Letters*, and *Charters in the time of the Princes of Wales*, by Robert Vaughan

* The *Annales Cambriæ*, published by the Record Commission in 1860.—G.

of Hengwrt, the same that are printed by Moses Williams under the title of *Æræ Cambro-Britannicæ* at the end of Humphrey Lloyd's book. This was all that I found curious upon so short an examination. There are, as I told you before, a great many books of Cywyddau, but ill wrote and worse spelt.

As for my *Treatise concerning the Bards*, it is at your service; but I should be glad to get something for my pains in compiling it,—*ten or eight pounds at least*. If you prevail upon the Cymmrodorion to give me this *small sum*, you shall have a copy of it out of hand, after I have added some few things which I have picked since I have wrote the first copy. As to the Latin, I warrant it genuine, for it has gone through the hands of persons of known skill and ability that way.

I intend, with God's permission, to set out for South Wales next week, and shew it, together with some other curiosities, to your brother at Penbryn. I should be glad of the continuance of your correspondence, when you have a leisure hour, and in particular to know what other curious books you have stumbled upon besides Llwyd of the Museum's *Archæologia Britannica* with MS. notes. I should be very glad if I could get Humphrey Lloyd's book with *Moses Williams' Notes*. Pray, be so good as to examine at Osborne's, and other noted booksellers, for it. It would be of great service to me at present towards illustrating Nennius. Mr. Griffith Davies of Harwich has got some books of me, ever since I have been there; viz., *Cyfraith Hywel Dda* with Wotton's translation and notes; Lewis' *History of Wales*; two copies of Salesbury's translation of the New Testament into Welsh; and some other books I now forget. I borrowed a guinea of Mr. Davies, which I would take it as a great favour if you would pay him, and *take the books to yourself till I can pay you and him what I owe you*. I am sure the books are of more value than two guineas.

You are to send David Jones his books back by the Chester waggon, and return the money in hand to Mr.

John Williams at Gwedir, near Llanrwst. He is the Duke of Ancaster's steward there.

I can think of no more at present worth communicating.

I am, your sincere friend and humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

XI.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Medi 10ed, 1761.

ANWYL SYR,—Y mae yn agos i hanner blwyddyn er pan ysgrifenis atoch, ac y clywais air oddi wrthy ch; a diau yw, rhaid im' gyfaddef, mai gohebydd tra diog ydwyf; ond er cynddrwg ydwyf, ni allaf lai na'ch cyfarch, a minnau yn cael cenad mor gyfaddas a'r mwynwr yma, Mr. Wiliams o Wydir. Yr ydwyf yn deisyf arnoch fod mor fwyn a rhoddi iddo y llyfrau a ddaeth oddi wrth Mr. Davies o Harwich. Mi a ddeisyfais arno dalu i chwi ddau *guinea* a fenthyciais genych; ac yr wyf yn rhoddi iwch ddiolch am danynt.

Yr wyf fyth yn ymlafurio i ddadysgrifenu *MSS.* a fenthyciais o Loddaith a Llanerch. Fe allai, os rhydd Duw im' hoedl a iechyd, y caiff rhai o naddynt eu hargraffu mewn amser. Yr wyf wedi cynnull llawer o nodau ar Nennius; a phed fuasai y llyfrau yna genyf, yn enwedig Lewis' *History of Britain*, mi fuaswn wedi cynnull mwy. Da chwithau, ymorolwch am lyfr Wmffre Llwyd o argraffiad Moses Wiliams im'. Fo fyddai dra buddiol i egluro llawer pwnc ag sydd yn bur dywyll genyf yr awron; yn enwedig yr *Æræ Cambro-Britannicæ*. Ef a ddywawd Mr. Lewis Morris fod Nennius a Ricardus Cornubiensis* wedi eu printio yn ddiweddar

* Ricardus *Corinensis* (Richard of Cirencester) is intended. The work that goes under that name is now generally admitted to be a forgery of Professor Bertram, who published it, together with Gildas and Nennius, at Copenhagen, in 1757, under this title: *Britannicarum Gentium Historiæ Antiquæ Scriptores tres: Ricardus Corinensis, Gildas Badonicus, Nennius Banchorensis*. The name is correctly given in a subsequent Letter (xiv).—G.

yn rhyw le tros y môr. Os oes yna rai o honynt ar werth, byddwch mor fwyn a hyfforddi Mr. Williams pa le i'w cael.

Y mae'r Traethawd am y Beirdd heb ei orphen eto, o herwydd fy mod yn brysur yn dadysgrifenu pethau ereill. Pan orphenwyf, mi a'i danfonaf atoch.

Yr ydwyf yn rhoddi mawr ddiolch iwch am y drafferth a gymmerasoch yng nghylch llyfrau Dafydd Jones o Drefriw. Mi a glywais fod Hugh Jones o Langwm ar fedr printio llyfr o gywyddau yn Llundain. Os yw hyn gwir, y mae debygol nad yw ddim dyeithr i chwi.

Gadewch im' glywed oddi wrthyh, a chwi a ryngwch fodd

Eich caredig gyfaillt,

EVAN EVANS.

Direct to me at Llanvair Talhaiarn, near Denbigh, Denbighshire.

XII.

AT MR. WILLIAM MORYS.

Llanfair Taihaiarn: Medi 4dd, 1762.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Cefais eich llythyr ddydd Sul diwethaf, a dyma finnau yn danfon ateb iddo cyn diwedd yr wythnos, ac eilun o gywydd* i'w ganlyn. Diau yw nad oes genyf flas nac awch yn y byd i ganu; ond, i ufuddhau i'r Llywydd, mi frasneddais ryw beth, herwydd fy mod yn rhwymedig iddo. Dywedwch wrtho fod yr Awen genyf ar drengu, ac nad oes yng ngallu physigwriaeth ei hadfywio. Ac, mal y mae'r byd yn myned yr awron, ni waeth fod gan ddyn willog arall na hithau. Yr oedd, gwir yw, yn llances landeg bropr pan y cefais i hi gyntaf; ond beth a dâl hyny? Yr oedd ei chynnysgaeth i gyd am dahi, ac ni feddai geiniog yn ei phwrs. Nid oedd neb o'r gwŷr mawr yn

* Sef, 'Cywydd i groesawu Genedigaeth Tywysog Cymru,' argraffedig t. 69.—G.

ei pherchi, a braidd nad oeddwn fy hun yn cael anair o'i phlegid; ac am hyny mi ddywedaf am dani yn lle marwnad, fal y dywed Dryden:

'Here lies *Awen*, here let her lie;
She is at rest, and so am I.'

* * * *

EVAN EVANS.*

XIII.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Mehefin 21, 1763.

ANWYL SYR,—Yr wyf bellach yn myned o ddifrif i ymddangos mewn print. Mi a ddanfonais ddarn o'r *Traethawd yng nghylch y Beirdd* at yr Ygnad† Barrington, ac a gyfieithais bum awdl o waith yr henfeirdd yn *Seisoneg*, yr un modd ag y gwnaeth Maccwy'r Person‡ i'w Ossian; ac i ddangos rhyw ragor rhyngof fi ac yntau, llyma fi yn danfon yr *originals*, y peth yr wyf yn ei ammheu pa un ai maidd ef ei wneuthur ai peidio. Pa fodd bynag, yr wyf yn deisyf arnoch chwi fod yn *olygwr ar yr argraffwasg*, os gwelir yn dda eu cyhoeddi. Llyma yr odl gyntaf, sef Cerdd *Owain Cyfeiliog*, Tywysog Powys. Chwi a gewch y lleill cyn gynted ag y gallwyf. Y mae y cyfieithiad *Seisoneg* o naddynt, a'r rhagymadrodd a'r *Epistle dedicatory*, gyda Mr. Barrington.

Yr wyf yn tramawr ddiolch iwch am y llyfr a ddanfonasoch gyda Mr. Williams o Wydir im'.

Myfi a fûm yn ddiweddar yn y Deheudir, ac a aros-

* Yn y gynysgrifen saif y Cywydd rhwng y llythyr ac enw yr awdwr.—*G.*

† *Ygnad* yn gyffredin a ysgrifena yr awdwr, yn lle *ygnad neu ynad*.—*G.*

‡ Hyny yw, Mac Pherson. Gwelir fod Ieuan Brydydd Hir yn ammheu awdurdodaeth a chynnwynoldeb Cerddi Ossian ar eu hymddangosiad cyntaf. Cyhoeddwyd y darnau cyntaf o'r caniadau ffugiol hyny mewn cyfrol wythplyg fechan yn 1760. Cy-mharer y llythyr nesaf (xiv).—*G.*

ais gyda Llewelyn ym Mhenbryn dridiau neu bedwar. Yr oedd yn achwyn rhag caethineb anadl (*the asthma*). Gobeithio ei fod yn well erbyn hyn. Gwyn ei fyd na bawn yn agos ato i ddadysgrifenu llawer o bethau godidog sydd yn ei lyfrgell, na ddeuai dyn i ben dros rai blynyddoedd i'w gorphen. *Nid oes yn ddiâu y fath drysor yng Nghymru.*

Ni feddaf ddim newydd i'w roi iwch.

Yr eiddoch yn ddiffuant tra bo,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Direct to me at Llanvair Talhaiarn, Denbighshire, North Wales, to be left at Bettws.

XIV.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Llanfair Talhaiarn: Medi 16, 1763.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Mi a dderbyniais eich llythyr o'r pummed ar hugain o Awst; ac yr wyf yn dra rhwymedig iwch am addaw diwygiaw'r argraffwasg yn y rhan Gymraeg o'r llyfr bychan o'm heiddo y sydd ar fedr ei argraffu. Mi a draddodais y cwbl i'r Ygnad Barrington pan oedd yng Nghonwy. Ef a addawodd fynu rhywun gwybodus i ddiwallu'r Lladin a'r Seisoneg. Am deilyngdod y gwaith nid oes genyf fi ddim i'w ddywedyd yn amgen na bod ein Beirdd ni yn odidog yn y Gymraeg, ac i mi wneuthur fy ngoreu er gwneuthur cyfiawnder iddynt yn y cyfieithiad; ond gorchest drom iawn hōno, mal y gallwch weled a gwybod oddi wrth yr odlau eu hunain.

Yn ddiâu ni fedraf fi ddim llai na llettybio fod yr Ysgodog, er cymmaint ei barch a'i fri ym mhlith y Seison, yn medru chware hud a lledrith, ac nad yw gwaith Osian *mor hyned* ag y taera ef ei fod; ac y mae amryw achosion, rhy hir i'w crybwyll yma, i feddwl felly. Pa fodd

bynag, y mae yn amlwg nad yw ein Beirdd ni, yn null ac ansawdd eu gwaith, ddim tebyg i'r Bardd gogleddig. Y mae yn ddiammheu genyf fod y brydyddiaeth yn fwy celfydd a phenigamp o ran y mesuron, y rhai sydd, da dywedyd y gwir, yn rhy gaeth genym ni, yn enwedig o achos fod y brifodl yn fynych yn cael ei chanlyn trwy gorff yr holl awdl. Yr oedd hon yn gaethiwed afresymol, a da y gwnaethent ein Beirdd ymwrthod â hi. Ond nid oedd genyf fi ond eu cymmeryd hwy fel ag yr oeddynt, ac ymroi, hyd y gallwn, i wneuthur cyfiawnder iddynt yn fy nghyfieithiad; a gobeithio im' dycio yn hyny mewn rhyw fesur. Pa fodd bynag, ni ddichon neb, ag sydd yn eu deall, wadu nad oes ynddynt brydferthwch yn y Gymraeg, yr hon a roddais i i lawr gyda'r cyfieithiad Seisoneg, o wir waith goddef er dangos i'r byd nad wyf yn ei siomi â rhyw ddychymyg ddiweddar, ond â gwir ac awduraidd waith y Beirdd eu hunain pan oeddynt yn ysgrifenu oreu.

Gadewch im' glywed pan draddodo yr Ygnad yr odlau Cymreig iwch, pa beth yw eich barn chwi am danynt. Y mae amryw eiriau dyeithr ynddynt, na fedrais i mo'u deongli, ac na fedr neb arall, hyd y gwn i, y to heddyw. Yr wyf yn meddwl i mi eu cyfieithu yn o gywir, heb law hyny, ond nid air yn air, o herwydd na thalasai hyny ddim.

Mi a gefais Ricardus Corinensis drwy law Mr. Williams o Wydir, yr hwn y mae Carolus Bertram a Dr. Stukely wedi eglurhau yn wych. Ond am waith Nennius, nid oes camp yn y byd wedi ei wneuthur rhagor nog a wnaethpwyd yn yr argraffiad cyntaf. Ac yn ddiau y mae yn amhosibl i neb arallwlad wneuthur dim o hono, na neb o'r Cymry, heb gaffael copi cywir. Yr wyf wedi cynnull nodau yma a thraw allan o amryw awduron tuag at ei osod allan; ond ni ryfygaf fi wneuthur hyny nes cyhwrdd â hen gopi awdureiddiach nag a welais eto. Y mae y gwr o Benbryn o'r un meddwl hefyd yn hyn.

Y mae yn dda genyf glywed fod Iarll Macclesfield

wedi danfon llyfrau ysgrifenedig Cymreig Wiliam Jones* i'r *British Museum*. Gwych fyddai cael hamdden i'w hedrych a'u defnyddio; ond nid oes genyf fi obaith o hynny. Da fyddai genyf pei caffech chwi odfa oddi wrth eich trafferth yn y swydd lyngesawl yna, i roddi im' gyfrif o'r pethau mwyaf cywraint a phenigamp, yr hyn ni byddych chwaith hir yn ei wneuthur.

Ni welais i mo Hugh Jones o Langwm. Ni feddaf fi ddim mewn prydyddiaeth ond a welsoch, ac ni thâl rhai o honynt, i'm barn i, mo'u hargraffu; ond os ydych chi yn tebyg eu bod, mi a'u traddodaf iddo pan ddêl i'r fro hon.

Llyma iwch ddau ffranc i ysgrifenu ataf pan gaffoch hamdden.

Eich rhwymedig a'ch ffyddlon gyfaillt,

EVAN EVANS.

XV.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Tach. 26, 1763.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Llyma fi o'r diwedd gwedi derbyn clamp o lythyr oddi yr Ygnad Barrington. Y mae wedi cytuno dros of ag un Mr. Dodsley, o Pall Mall, yng nghylch argraffu fy llyfr, ac fo addawodd fynu iddo wŷr i ddiwallu'r wasg yn y Lladin, y Seisoneg, a'r Cymraeg; o herwydd hynny yr wyf yn hyderu yn fawr arnoch chi yn y gwaith o ran y Gymraeg. Os daw allan yn ddiwall oddi wrth y cyssodyddion, e fydd (a Duw yn y blaen) yn beth clod i'n gwlad a'n hiaith. E ddeisyfodd yr Ygnad ysgrifenu o honof atoch yn y perwyl yma allan o law. Mi a dderbyniais ei lythyr o'r 23 o'r mis hwn heddyw. Y mae yn meddwl yr ä'r llyfr i'r wasg allan o law. Gadewch im', da chwithau, gael clywed mor fynych ag y bo modd yng nghylch ei hel-

* Wiliam Jones, A.C.F., tad Sir Wiliam Jones, yr ieithydd dwyreiniol clodfawr.—G.

ynt. Y mae genych chwi *Hirlas Owain*, yr hwn yr wyf yn deisyf arnoch ei draddodi i Mr. Dodsley mor gynted ag y galloch.

Myfi a gefais golled afrifed yn ddiweddar am Mr. Davies o Lanerch. Dyna i chwi ei farwnad.* Os yw Llangwm am brintio ei ail lyfr, dodwch hi iddo. Mi a roddais y cwbl a feddwn mewn Barddas o'm gwaith fy hun iddo, yn ol eich arch, pan oedd yn myned â'i *Ddiddanwch*† o gylch.

Yr eiddoch yn ddiffuant,

EVAN EVANS.

XVI.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Jan. 31st, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—I have not heard from you a long while, though I sent you some franks to write to me. Mr. Justice Barrington wrote me word that you were so good as to promise to inspect the press in the Welsh part of my book that is to be printed by Mr. Dodsley. He says that some of his learned friends are particularly pleased wth *Hirlas Owain Cyfeiliog*, and an *Elegy on a Young Lady of Merionethshire*‡, in that collection. By this I conceive no small hopes of the book proving acceptable to men of taste and learning; and it will, if you take care of the Welsh part, as I make no doubt but you will, be some credit to our country.

I have seen Hugh Jones of Llangwm here in his way from Anglesey. He brought me the very melan-

* Gweler t. 93 o'r gyfrol hon.—*G.*

† *Diddanwch Teuluaid*, yn cynnwys gwaith Beirdd Mon, o gasgliad Hugh Jones o Langwm (Llundain, 1763) —*G.*

‡ Apparently the Elegy to Nest, the daughter of Howel, by Einion ab Gwalchmai, printed in the *Specimens of Ancient Welsh Poetry*, p. 129 (translation p. 27), is intended.—*G.*

choly news of your brother William's death.* I had heard it before, but could not believe it, but find since it is but too true. He was a valuable man in every respect, and, what to himself was most valuable, a good Christian.

Duw ne'n dwyn y dynion da,
Y drwg aml a drig yma.

I have composed his elegy,† and send it to you as a testimony of the regard I had for the worthy deceased. I promised to let Llangwm have it to print in his next book; but you must look after him; for I find his conceit and ignorance has contrived to commit some faults even under your inspection; for instance, p. 212, l. 76:

Brodir *gnawd* ynddi brydydd;

which I suppose, and am almost sure, should be *gnawd*. This is intolerable; and I dare say he committed the blunder after you had corrected it. I gave him all my poems to publish, excepting 'Ateb y Golomen,' which I thought you had. I have but a very bad copy of it, hardly legible to my-elf, wrote with a pencil. I must look over it and mould it off anew before it can be fit to be printed. Let me hear from you, as likewise how you approve of my book, and in what forwardness it is.

I am, yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. If you see Mr. Vaughan of Cors y Gedol, please to give my humble respects to him, and tell him I desire the favour of a few franks from him, for this is the last I have in the world.

* In Williams' *Enwogion Cymru*, and other biographical works, William Morris is stated to have died in January, 1764; but according to the Parish Register of Holyhead, he was buried at that place in the month of December, 1763. The day is not specified. For this information the Editor is indebted to the Rev. Dr. Briscoe, vicar of Holyhead.—*G.*

† See p. 98 of this volume.—*G.*

XVII.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Feb. 25th, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 18th instant came to hand, for which I am obliged to you; as likewise for the franks you were so kind as to send me. I am glad that the Cywyddau I sent you have met the approbation of the Society. When you hear from Penbryn, let me know what judgment my friend there passes on them. I find that in the hurry of transcribing I have committed a blunder in one line. It should be:

A'i ber wawd i Baradwys.

This line was wrote in the first copy thus:

I brydu i Baradwys.

Choose which you will of them.

As for the Welsh orthography wherein I write *i* mae, *ir* oedd, &c., I can by no means consent it should be altered, because I am satisfied it is the true way, and I always use it, not only in writing, but in reading the Church Service and in common discourse. The common method of pronouncing *y** mae, *yr* oedd, &c., is very corrupt, as I shall prove here from Dr. Davies of Mallwyd's Grammar, p. 143: 'Error est, quod plerique tum veterum, tum recentiorum,' &c., i.e. 'It is a mistake that many of the ancients as well as moderns have been guilty of, to take the adverbs of affirming, *y*, *yr*, *ys*, *a*, *e*, *er*, for articles since there is a plain difference betwixt them. First, in the use of each, articles are always prefixed to nouns, or verbs of the infini-

* The sound here represented by *y* is the obscure sound (*sain dywyll*) of that letter, as heard in *byrder*, *tynu*, *dynion*. In the original the character used is an *y* with a crooked shank, as employed in the Welsh Grammars of Drs. J. D. Rhys and John Davies.—*G.*

tive mood,* or to other words that serve instead of nouns: but they are never set before mere verbs. Adverbs are always set before verbs, but never before nouns. Whence it is that Edeyrn Dafod Aur, an old Grammarian, says, that the particles *a*, *y*, *yr*, *Ys*, are the ministers of verbs, *rhagweision berfau*, because they serve them. Again, the South Wales men, for the adverb *yr*, say *ydd*; but at the same time always retain the article *Yr*. Besides all this, they differ in pronunciation, for we pronounce the articles thus, *Y*, *Yr*; but the adverbs after this manner, *y*, *yr*, *ydd*; whence it is, that instead of the adverbs *y*, *yr*, and *ydd*, most men pronounce and write *i*, *ir*, *idd*.'

Thus far the Doctor, whose rule herein I follow as an infallible guide, as likewise did my friend Mr. William Wynn, who first shewed it me. It is certainly the manner of writing in the most ancient MSS., and was not omitted in any writings of note till the first impression of the Bible, or at furthest Salesbury's translation of the New Testament; and it was not even then intended to be pronounced as it is now-a-days. I suppose this was done by those learned men to distinguish betwixt the adverb before the verb and the sign of the dative case and the infinitive mood; as, *y mae*, *yr wyf*, &c., before a verb; before a dative case thus, *rhoddwch i Ddafydd*; before the infinitive mood, *cerddwch i garu*, &c. There was no great harm at all in this, had the evil stopped here; though those great men had no precedents for their alterations warranted by any old authentic MSS.; but the modern barbarous corrupt pronunciation, *Y mae*, *Yr oedd*, &c., is intolerable. I don't blame your method in following the first translators of the Bible; because pretenders and smatterers in Welsh might have complained,

* Verbs of the infinitive mood, in the author's meaning here, are mere substantives, as he shews elsewhere in his Grammar; as, for instance, 'caru a bair curiaw;' which is the same as 'cariad a bair curiaw.' The Hebrews have the same use of that mood in that respect.—(Author's note.)

if you had done otherwise, of an innovation, though very unjustly; for the other is certainly the old and the true way. So much for the orthography.

I have wrote this post to Mr. Justice Barrington, and hope what I have said to him will prevent all mistakes in the book at Dodsley's; at least I am sure of your doing your part. I have ordered that the English sheets be sent to you to correct in the proper names, as they come out of the press. I shall be glad to hear from you when convenient; as likewise in what forwardness the work is.

I am, yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

XVIII.

TO MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: May 12th, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—I have not heard from you for almost a twelvemonth, nor, indeed, from any of my countrymen. However, as I have so good an opportunity, I resolved to let you know there is such a one alive as wishes you and yours well. My sister, who is the bearer, came to pay me a visit afoot. I hear all my friends are well. But she could give me no account at all of you. I therefore desired her to call by you, as it is not out of her road; and I dare say she will be welcome upon her brother's account.

I have lost my best friend in this country, Mr. Davies of Llanerch; and continue still a curate in the same place, and am at present, I thank God, in good health. I have collected a great many materials by way of an apparatus of notes upon Nennius. I have at present a small book in the press at London, which I suppose is no news to you, as your brother is the corrector of the press in the Welsh part. Mr. Justice Barrington told me at Conway it would be out in a

fortnight's time or thereabouts. Had I received the copies I am to have, I would have sent you one. However, I will take care to save one for you when they come to hand.

I am sorry my ill fate contrives matter in such a manner that I cannot be near you. I am sure it would give me heart to carry matters to greater perfection than I can in the disadvantageous situation I am in, in this country, where I lost all friends that had the same taste with myself. I am afraid, if I continue here much longer, I shall commence a downright savage, so few persons are there in this country that relish anything of learning, or are any way encouragers of it: and, to complete my misfortune, our Bishops look upon me, I believe in my conscience, with an evil eye, because I dare have any affection for my country, language, and antiquities, which, in their opinion, had better been lost and forgotten, and which some of them have had the front to maintain in their sermons: so that, all things considered, I am encompassed with a multiplicity of discouraging circumstances. However, I have so much philosophy as will carry me through the whole.

When I hear what reception my present publication has from the public, I shall then set about Nennius in earnest, though you know better than anybody else that the task is very difficult. You could help me to a great many more materials which lie scattered in your *Celtic Remains*. I do not know how you have enjoyed your health since I saw you, and whether you still continue to enlarge that valuable work. Mr. Justice Barrington told me there is a French writer, one Mons. Bullet, that has wrote a Celtic Dictionary, which comes to six guineas. He has promised to send one to me with many books from the printer. He says that he has made great use of the *Archæologia Britannica* without acknowledging his obligations to the author. I conceive but a poor opinion of it at present, but will let you know when I receive it. It

is upon the same plan with your *Celtic Remains*. What a pity it is that work is not published even as it is now. Lambert's book, you know, is much in the same way, not reduced to any alphabetical order.

I have had lately some of Llwyd of the Museum's letters to the very learned Mr. Davies of Llanerch, and inclosed I send a letter of Mr. Price of Llanuvyllum to Mr. Josiah Babington, schoolmaster of St. Asaph's. I thought it might be a curiosity to you. I shall take some other opportunity to send you transcripts of those of Llwyd. In one of Mr. Davies' common-place books now in my custody, I find the following curious anecdote, which I shall here transcribe for your sake.

'April 13—80. Mr. M Lloyd told me that Bishop Usher said that when he was a young man he had seen an old book called *Ecclesiæ Britannicæ Historia, auctore Tyssilio filio Brochmaeli* [Brochwel Ysgithrog] *regis Powisiæ*. This book was then in the hands of Dr. Price, prebendary of Westminster; and Mr. Lloyd, upon enquiry, found Dr. Lewis of St Cross had it afterwards; but being asked concerning it, said he lost it, by burying it in the war time; but Mr. Lloyd thinks that he sent it to Rome, having since heard he was turned Papist.'

Thus far this curious anecdote. I shall be glad, if you are in a condition to write, to have a long-winded epistle from you. Enclosed I send you a frank of the new regulation. I thought the Cywydd that follows Mr. Price's letter might be not unacceptable, as it is very uncommon.

I still maintain correspondence with Mr. Percy, and find that the Northern Scalds had a kind of *Cynghanedd*, not unlike ours, in their poetry. I sent him Srdwal's poem upon Our Lady, but my copy was very corrupt; and in return he sent me an abstract from Olaus Wormius' *Literatura Runica*.

I have no room to say more, but that

I am yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

XIX.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Llan Fair Talhaiarn: Gorph. 7, 1764.

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,—Derbyniais yr einoch o'r 28 o Fehefin, a chan diolch iwch am y trafferth a gymmerasoch yn diwygio'r wasg yn y rhan Gymraeg o'm llyfr. E ddiangodd rhai beiau yn enwau'r lleoedd yn y cyfiei hiad Seisoneg, ac nid oedd fodd amgen, o ran nad oedd y diwygwyr yn deall dim oddi wrthynt. O daw ail argraffiad i'r llyfr, y beiau yma a gânt hefyd eu diwygio: a gresyn yw nad ellid deongli yr hyn sydd yr awron ry dywyll i mi. Os rhydd Duw iechyd i'ch brawd, ef a all fy nghynnorthwyo yn y perwyl yma, yn gystal ag mewn pethau ereill sydd ddiffygiol ynddo yr awron. Nid oes genyf ddim i ddywedyd yn ei gylch, ond i mi wneuthur fy ngoreu er ei wneuthur mor berffaith ag y medrwn, er clod a pharch ein henafiaid, ac er mwyn y printiwr hefyd. Ni cheisiais i ond ychydig iawn o gopiau i mi fy hun, sef deuddeg i gyd, i ranu rhwng fy nghyfeillion yn y wlad. Am y lleill, bid rhwng y gwerthwr a hwynt. Mi a ysgrifenis heddyw at yr Ygnad Barrington, i ddeisyf arno brynu un, a'i ddanfôn atoch chwi i'r *Navy Office*; ac yr wyf yn adolwg arnoch ei dderbyn megys ychydig arwydd o'm diolchgarwch am y boen a gymmerasoch yn ei blegid. Ni feddaf fi ddim gwell tâl, ond deisyf ar Dduw eich bendithio am eich ewyllys da yn y perwyl yma i mi, ac i'r iaith hefyd. Mi a werthais i y copi i'r gwerthwr llyfrau, ac nid oes genyf ddim a wnelwyf ag ef mwyach; ac y mae yn rhaid i mi gymmeryd y nifer fechan sydd genyf am bedwar swllt y llyfr, mewn papur glas; yr hyn sydd ddarn gotawr allan o'r gwerth a gefais am danynt.

Da iawn genyf fyddai ped fai ryw waith da tuag at adeiladaeth dynolryw yn eu ffordd i ddedwyddydd tragwyddol, yn cael ei argraffu tan eich golygiad chwi. Ni wna neb mo'r gymmwynas hòno i Gymru, oni chymmerwch chwi y gwaith elusengar yn llaw.

Ped fai *Y Llwybr Hyffordd i'r Nefoedd*, o waith Mr. Arthur Dent, ac o gyfieithiad Mr. Robert Llwyd, gynt Ficar y Waun yn Sir Ddinbych (8^o, Llundain, 1629, a Llundain, 1682), ef a wnai les gyffredinol yng Nghymru. Ef a argraffwyd, gyda llyfrau da ereill, y tro diweddaf, gan draul rhai o Esgobion a Difnyddion duwiol-ddysg Lloegr, ym mhlith y rhai yr oedd Archesgob Tillotson ac Esgob Stillingfleet; a diwygiwr y wasg ydoedd Charles Edwards, awdwr *Hanes y Ffydd*. A oes modd i gael y cyfryw ged a chymmwynas a hon yma yr awron oddi wrth y Gymdeithas tuag at Ymhelaethu Gwybodaeth o'r Grefydd Gristianogawl? Ni welaf fi neb o'n preladaid ni yn pwysu gronyn parth ag at hyny; a gresyn, ie, can gresyn yw! Os yw'r drafferth yn rhy fawr i chwi olygu y wasg yn y cyfryw orchwyl, dyma Ddewi Fardd o Drefriw a wnai y tro, tan eich golygiad chwi, gystal a neb a adwaen i. Yr wyf yn ei enwi ef yn benodol, o herwydd mai dyn geirwir onest ydyw, â mwy o wybodaeth yn yr iaith na nemawr o'i radd a'i alwad, er iddo gael llwyr gam gan Stafford Prys yn Amwythig, yr hwn ni argraffai mo'i lyfr modd ag yr oedd ef yn ewyllysio, namyn fal y gwelai ef yn dda ei hunan, herwydd y dywawd Dewi i mi tan daeru, y medrai ef argraffu Cynraeg mor gywir, neu yn gywirach nag yntau. Nid chwarae teg hyn.

Pa beth a ddaeth o Hugh Jones o Langwm, a'i lyfr? A ydyw yn ei argraffu neu beidio? Ac a ydyw y Llyfr Gweddi Gyffredin yn dyfod allan?* Gwaith elusen-gar iawn ydyw hwn, o herwydd y mae ei eisieu yn amryw lanau yng Nghymru; ac y mae copïau o'r Bibl Cyssegrian yn yr Eglwysydd wedi myned hefyd yn ychydig iawn eu niter, ac yn ddrud dros ben. A oes dim gobaith, meddwch chwi, gael eu hargraffu drachefn? Ef ä'n gwlad ni, o'r achos hwn, yn ddiwybodaeth am Dduw ac iawn grefydd. Llwyr gam yr ÿm y

* Ymddengys mai argraffiad darluniadol y flwydlyn 1770 a olygir. Yr oedd rhanau o hono wedi eu hargraffu er 1755. Cymb. *Llyfr-yddiaeth y Cymry*, d.f. 1770, 19.—G.

Cymry cynhenid yn ei gael ym mhob modd. Duw Goruchaf, er lles eneidiau dynion, a ddêl â gwell dyddiau! Nid af ddim i chwanegu ym mhellach ar destun mor bruddaidd, ac ni fuaswn yn yngan yn ei blegid ond wrth wr mor dda ei gyngyd a'i ewyllys at y wlad a'r iaith a chwi. Nid gorfawl na gweniaith a roddais iwch yn fy llythyr cyflwyn, eithr eich haeddedigawl barch. Gresyn yw na bai y nifer yn lluosogi! eithr, hyd ag yr wyf fi yn gweled pethau yr awron, y mae yn myned waeth bob dydd ar eu gilydd. Byddai dda genyf iwch ymholi â rhai o aelodau y Gymdeithas tuag at Ymhelaethu Gwybodaeth o'r Grefydd Gristianogol, a fyddant mor dda a gwneuthur cymmaint o gymmwynas i'r wlad a pheri argraffu'r *Llwybr Hyffordd i'r Nejoedd*, er lles y gwerinos; o herwydd y maent mewn mawr ddiffyg o'r cyfryw lyfrau godidog yr awron.

Byddai dda genyf gael hir llythyr oddi wrthy ch pen gaffoch seibiant. Y mae yn dda iawn genyf glywed fod eich brawd o Benbryn yn well. Duw a'ch gwarchadwo eich dau!

Eich diffuant wasanaethwr tra bo,

EVAN EVANS.

XX.

TO MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: July 23d, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—I am very slow in returning an answer to your last, which was owing to my want of franks. At last I procured some, having waited lately on Mr. Vaughan at Cors y Gedol with a copy of my book printed at Dodsley. I wish I had an opportunity to send you and Mr. Richards of Ystrad Meurig one apiece. There are some gross errata in the Latin and English part, chiefly in the names of men and places. The Welsh part is very correct, which is owing to your brother of the Navy Office's care, for which I am much obliged to him. Mr. Barrington wrote me word lately

that Mr. Dodsley has not printed above five hundred copies in all. He thinks there may probably be another edition. In that case I should be glad of your help to add more notes, and to clear up some dark passages that were unintelligible to me. A small glossary of as many of the obsolete words in the poems, printed at the end (whose meanings can be guessed at), would make it as complete as the nature of the thing at this distance of time will bear. I have printed Queen Elizabeth's Commission for a Congress of the Bards at Caerwys. It is pity you cannot meet with one of Henry the Seventh or Eighth, which you said you had seen. This would be a great curiosity; and a better and more seasonable opportunity may not happen to have it preserved.

Enclosed I send you three of Llwyd of the Museum's letters to Mr. Davies of Llanerch. I have but one letter more, and his abridgment of the contents of Pezron's book, and a paper about fossils, all which, if agreeable, I shall send you in my next letter. I should be glad, if your health will permit, to have something new from you in exchange, for I have nobody in this part of the world that can give me any diversion this way.

I have got some letters of William Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, to Mr. Davies, now in my custody; but they are chiefly about apocryphical and chronological matters,—nothing about British affairs. For my part, I think them not worth transcribing. However, I met, in one of Mr. Davies' common-place books, this curious anecdote about him, which shews the man had an inveterate, as well as unaccountable antipathy to the history of his country. I shall transcribe the whole here, as I find it in the MS. now before me.

'July 7—81. The Bishop of St. Asaph said that the Bishop of Oxon wrote notes on St. Clement; that he believed every word in Gildas was true; that he thought the old Welsh not given to writing histories, so that he did not believe that they had gotten our

histories at Rome, for Gildas and Nennius speak as if there never were any; and he could not believe what Bp. Lloyd said of Bishop Usher. He said he had looked over four folio MSS. of Leland, and did not think them of any great value; nor did he much esteem Sir John Price's book.—He said Elihu wrote Job.'

Dyma i chwi gachgi digon haerllug a digywilydd!
Ffei o honaw! Ymaith â'r ysgerbwd drewllyd! Ni
thâl mo'r son am dano.

Mr. Price of Llanvyllin wrote in defence of the British history in answer to Lloyd as well as Sir George Mackenzie, as is plain from Nicholson's *Scottish Historical Library*, p. 139, which I shall here transcribe: 'There was also a learned and modest letter of remarks on the Bishop's book directed to himself, and bearing date Decr. 8, 1681, which was written by Mr. Thomas Price of Llanvyllin. MS. 4to, p.D. R.S.' Who this R.S. is, I cannot guess. I never saw Mr. Price's printed book.

Let me hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

XXI.

TO MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Sepr. 11th, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—As I promised to write to you as soon as I arrived safe here, so I now do it, though I do not know how safe I am, for I have been very ill since I took my leave of you of a pleurisy and a high fever. I was taken ill in an instant within four or five miles of Dolgelley in my way to Rees Jones, but could not possibly reach his house, though it was but half a mile distant from the farmhouse where I was obliged to take my lodging for four days, and where I was in exquisite pain; but by bleeding and some physic I

had from Dolgelly, and the care my good friends of Merionethshire took of me, I was enabled to proceed in my journey, and arrived here last Friday night. I am but very weak still, though I hope in a fair way of recovery.

I saw Mr. Vaughan at Nannau, who was very hearty, and enquired much about you, and the object of your labours at present. I acquainted him with your surprising recovery, of which he was very glad. We both joined in wishing you would send your *Celtic Remains* to the press in your lifetime; and likewise your defence of our history, and other valuable pieces. We had but too mortifying an instance in the neighbourhood of what fate attended the collection of a great antiquary! I have waited on Mr. Barrington, who is for spurring me on to translate more, and mentioned my scheme of writing a short account of our prosody, which he approved of. He brought me Mr. Percy's new translation of Solomon's Song, which is really a curious and learned piece. The notes are very judicious. You will not repent buying it. I received a letter from Chester, and I understand the six copies of my own work are arrived at Chester. When I have a safe hand, I will send you and Mr. Richards one apiece. I hope you will as soon as convenient send me what account you can pick out of those places I could give no account of. I think a small glossary at the end of it, together with a tractate of the British prosody at the beginning, would make it as finished a thing as its nature will bear at this distance of time. I shall be glad to have your opinion of this. Enclosed I send you a few of Mr. Llwyd of the Museum's letters to Mr. Davies of Llanerch. I have one very long one more, which is but an abstract of Pezron's book. This I don't think worth transcribing. I have borrowed the clerk's edition of the Book of Job by Dr. Richard Grey of Cambridge, printed at London, 1742, of which I find the following account of its prosody in the preface. 'Rogo iterum, num inficiaris, &c., i.e. I ask

again whether you deny that the book of Job was written in verse? This is allowed both by Jews and Christians. What then? Do you think seriously that the periods ought to be otherwise divided, or can be divided, than at present? You can't be of the opinion sure. But if, granting that the beginning and ending of each verse can be ascertained, you still persist, that regard must be had to the number and quantity of syllables; the experiment may be easily made. Try to assign to each syllable its quantity, and set down rules by which each verse may be scanned, and shew what number of feet and of what kind of feet each verse consists. When you find by experience that this is impracticable, as certainly it is, then you must allow that the Hebrew Poetry is without any metre, which is absurd; or that its metre depends not upon quantity, but on a set number of syllables, as in many modern languages.' The verses are divided by Mr. Grey sometimes into couplets, sometimes into triplets, and sometimes into stanzas of four lines: as, for instance, in Chap. 28th.

- V. 3. kez sam la-chosec;
u-le-col taclit hu choker
eben opel-ve-zalmavet.
4. paraz nachal me ngim gar;
ha nishachim minni regel,
dallu me-enos nangu.
5. erez mimm-ennah jeze lachem
ve tate-ha, nehpac cemo-es.

I.e.

- 3a. finem posuit horridæ caligini;
et ad exactissimam usque rationem ipse pervestigans
lapidem horridæ caligines et umbræ mortis.
- 4b. Rumpit alveum de cum pede montis;
illi vero oblivioni traditi a pede,
extenuantur præ homine vagantur.
- 5 e terra exit panis
et quod sub ea versum tanquam igne.

NOTÆ.

3a. Finem posuit] locus obscurissimus et fere con-
clamatus, &c. i.e. a most obscure place and almost

despaired of, to which the learned commentator [Albert Schultens] has only proposed his conjectures ; in which whatever is frivolous and forced must be charged on the difficulty of the original. MAN is introduced searching the bowels of the earth, and breaking through the thickest darkness, yea, the very fundamental stone of dreary darkness and the shadow of death: that is, searching out accurately the very centre and lowest foundation of the earth (*ugad taclit*). The word Eben, a stone, is put by way of emphasis. See *Es.* 34. 19 [it should be the 11th]. *Ibidem finem posuit* minuit tenebras., i.e. he lesseneth the darkness and lets in light unto it: by opening the bowels of the earth, he makes places before inaccessible to him subject to light.

4b. Rumpit] continuatur, &c. i.e. that most bold and gigantic labour of digging minerals out of the bowels of the earth is continued. A man breaketh a vein [alveum] of precious metal in which, according to the first verse, there was moza, and that he doeth by searching out from the very bottom of the hill backwards and forwards; lo, the diggers forgotten by the foot (whom the foot seems to have left [quitted] and to have delivered to oblivion, since it denies it to do its duty, or is not able to do it in that subterranean world) being hung about by ropes and let down into the mines, *Pliny*, 33. 4. *Aliæ rupes inviæ*, &c. other inaccessible rocks are worked, &c. and he that worketh is held up by ropes.—They go to places where men cannot rest on their feet. You see I am stinted and cannot write all the notes, but I hope it may throw some light upon this very obscure passage.

I am, yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Pray be so good as to send your paraphrase on this chapter of Job enclosed in your next. Mr. Lewis will transcribe it well enough. Let me hear from you soon, otherwise I shall think this letter, as well as that before, has miscarried.

XXII.

TO MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Oct. 19th, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote a long-winded epistle upon my arrival here, and transcribed two of Mr. Edward Llwyd of the Museum's, which I enclosed in it. As I have not heard from you, I conclude it has either miscarried, or that you have been much out of order, for I desired an answer to it as soon as possible. I have myself for this month past been much out of order, having had a severe fit of the gravel, which for a long while both the doctors and myself mistook for a pleurisy. I am reduced to a skeleton by it, but now for this nine days, I am recovering strength and appetite every day. I shall make no other apology for deferring to write to you a second letter. I hope this will arrive safe, for I shall not trust it in a frank, though I have two or three by me directed to you; but as I am positive one, if not two of my letters have miscarried for want of their being directed according to my desire on those franks, I shall leave them aside till I see whether there is a possibility of a letter's arriving safe at all, franked or not franked. If you happen to be so far out of order as not to be able to write, which I hope is not the case, I desire you to order Master Lewis to do it, at least so far as to let me know how you do.

I have not met with anything very curious since I saw you, except a small common-place book of Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, which is not so valuable as that which I shewed you. There are some things in it that are worth transcribing, particularly a short defence of Brutus against Johannes Frumentarius, a writer I never saw or heard of. It is but short and imperfect. Above half of this book is blank paper; and it is but a small duodecimo, wrote in a

very close hand, such as he used to write. I shall set down the heads of the particulars it contains.

Account of Latin writers that treat about British affairs, which seems to be taken out of Leland's *New Year's Gift*, or his *Scriptores Britannici*; in one leaf, wrote very close. Defence of Brutus against the forementioned Frumentarius; three leaves, not finished. The pedigree of the Lightons of Cardington. An account of the curiosities he met with on the road from Cardigan to Gogerddan; one page. Account of the donations to Clynoc Vawr Church: This is in print in his edition of Caradoc of Llan Carvan; one leaf. After which follows the ensuing note, viz., 'All these lands were not enjoyed, for by the law it is thus: Pob perchennauc tyr llan a dylent devot at pob brenyn newydd a del e datcanu y lau ef eu breynt, ac eu dylyet, ac e sef achau e datcanant ydau ef rac tuellav e brenhyn, a gwedy e datcanhoent ydau ef e breynt o guyl e brenhyn bot en yaun eu breynt estennet e brenhyn eu breynt ac ev noddva.—R. Ll. Rhydonnen.'

This contains three pages. The names of the principal men that kept Harlech Castle against Edward 4th, one page. A list of the Sheriffs of Carnarvon from A.D. 1541 to 1667. An account of St. David's, or Menevia, and all the old monuments there standing in his time. Some few inscriptions on tombs there, in Norman French. This contains two leaves and one page. An account of some old MSS. that he saw in his travels to South Wales, and of those gentlemen in whose possession they were. As it is but short I shall transcribe it here:

'Ex libris Johannis D'd Resi. Hen lyfrau gan—
 1. D'd ap Rosser o Landygwy. 2. D'd ap Harry de eadem. 3. Harry ap Owen de Llan Goedmor, Cardigan. 4. Y Cwttta Cyfarwydd gyda Mr. Lewis o'r Vann. 5. K. Howel Latine et Britannice nuper Ric i Price. 6. Howel Havart o Aberhodni, llyfr o Ystoria'r Cymru ar vemrwn, a llaw deg, fol. 165. et in quarto.

7. Y llyfr o weithredoedd Carl. Magn. a ymchwelwys Madoc ap Selyf o Ladin ynghymraeg o adolwyn a deisyf Gruff. ap Meredudd ap Owen ap Gr. ap R'l. 8. Gruffudd ap Llywelyn ab Gruffudd ap Trahaiarn or Cantref mawr a beris ysgrifennu y llyfr goleulyfr &c. o law Cydymmaith iddaw, nid amgen no gwr ry oedd Ancr yr amser hwnnw yn Llan Ddewi Vrevi Ano. Dom. 1346.'

Then follows his Itinerary from Llan Badarn Fawr to St. David's, with an account of the castles, tomens or tumuli, and all other artificial curiosities, in the same manner as Leland's Itinerary, or Mr Llwyd of the Museum's. This is but one leaf. Extract from some old annals of Wales, one leaf. Some short quotations from Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, Aneurin, and the Triades; one leaf. Then follows an account of the word Brytwn, which I shall transcribe:

'Brytwn, i. Brito vel Britannus.

Brython, i. Britones vel Britanni.

Pei mi Brytwn, &c.—*Gorchan Cynfelyn.*

A ddyvu o Vrython wr well no Chynon.—*Aneirin.*

A llu Brython ag Iwerddon.—*Palvawd Branwen.*

Neus dug Gwynedd gervoled i Frython.—*Govara Breint(?)*

Brython dros Saeson.—*Merddin Wyllt.*

From Brith comes Brithni and Brithion.

Gallus, gelyn. Galli, galon, in the same sense as Deifr and Bryneich.'

These are the contents of the little book. What a pity it is that we cannot come at more of the kind! Mr. Owens gives some hopes of recovering more, but I am afraid not. I am told some of the printed books were sold lately for a penny a pound. As the owner is dead, and the small remains of this unlucky library was [*sic*] subdivided amongst the deceased's relations, probably some very valuable pieces may be lapt about tobacco and snuff. I made Mr. Owens a present of one

of my books, and he promised to retrieve what he could of the manuscripts from his friends about Dolgelleu.

I have not heard a syllable from anybody in Cardiganshire since I left it, though I wrote to Mr. Richards of Ystrad Meurig, and enclosed a frank for that purpose. If you happen to write to him, please to give my service to him, and that I shall be glad to hear how all friends do there.

I shall leave the manuscript about the Welsh Devils alone till the days begin to lengthen in the spring, and I shall then put a finishing hand to it; and if alive and well, you shall see it.

My Diocesan has made me a present of two guineas for a copy of my performance, which he desired to have.

I am at a loss to account how my letters to you should both miscarry, as I presume they have, and on that account shall be afraid to trust any of the franks I have now by me; nor dare I insert what is wanting in them, lest they should be either useless, or bring me to trouble. However, I send you a frank to write to me, which I desire you will do the first opportunity; and if you are incapable of so doing yourself, let your son do it for you.

I am, wish my best respects to Mrs. Morris, dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

XXIII.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: June 28th, 1765.

WORTHY SIR,—It was but a fortnight ago that I heard the melancholy news of your brother's death, which you may be assured was very grievous to me on many accounts, as I have lost a very *valuable friend* as well as a curious correspondent, and an encourager of my researches into the history of Britain, and every

thing else that related to the honour of our country and the support of its language. I have, indeed, myself been so far out of order this last winter, by the gravel, and a grievous nervous headache and fever, that I was in doubt whether I should see another summer; but blessed be God, I am now pretty well recovered. I hope you enjoy perfect health, the greatest blessing, next God's grace, under heaven.

Inclosed I send an Elegy upon your brother,* as a token of the great regard I had for him. This, as you will see by the motto, is *the last piece of poetry I shall in all probability ever compose*. My attention is at present fixed upon things of more serious nature, though at the same time, the *history of our ancestors*, and due regard to its Bards, shall never be out of date with me while I breathe; but I have *no encouragers of those studies after your brother*, and, indeed, but very few competent judges of them. But when I seriously consider matters, I find there are things of far greater consequence, considering the small, short, and transitory enjoyments we poor mortals enjoy here below. In such a situation nothing can give a person any solid satisfaction but a *conscientious discharge of his duty*. When I consider how things stand now in Wales, how poorly we are provided with religious books, and those we have at present almost all worn out with age, and no new ones succeeding, but some paltry translations, which a mere Welshman can make nothing of, I would fain if possible, notwithstanding the present discouragement from persons who ought to know and do better, undertake something for the instruction of our poor countrymen; *some plain practical expositor of the New Testament—translated*, would, in my opinion, be of great service. I think I may, without vanity, claim so much ability as would carry me through such a task, so as to give general satisfaction, provided God gives me life and health. You, who have access to some of

* See, antè, p. 87.—G.

the chief promoters of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, might, perhaps, upon application, get me *proper encouragement*; and they likewise, if so disposed, may best inform me what would be of most use, if what I proposed be not approved. I have had the correction of two translations lately: one was that of Kettlewell's *Practical Believer**; the other, entitled *The Christian Instructed*†. Though I have taken great pains, and altered abundance in their translations, I cannot say they are master pieces. A man must new-model the whole, like pulling down an old building, or an ill contrived new one, before anything of purpose can be done in such cases; but this was too much for me to do and for them to expect. I have spoke to you before about *Llwybr Hyffordd i'r Nefoedd*. I wish that, or Dr. Davies' translation of Father Parsons' *Resolution*, were reprinted. They are excellent books, and very pure Welsh. Pray, are there any of *Griffith Jones of Llan Ddyfwr's* books still with the printer in London? Let me know who translated the pamphlet entitled *A Serious Address to the Methodists*‡. Let me have a long-winded epistle from you as soon as possible.

I am, yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

XXIV.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Llanvair Talhaiarn: Sept. 16th, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I have wrote a letter to you about three months ago, with an Elegy on your brother Lewis

* *Y Credudyn Bucheddol*, which was printed in London in 1768. The translator was Rhisiart ab Robert of Llanrhaiadr Dyffryn Clwyd. See *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, under 1768, 4.—*G.*

† It does not appear that this work was ever printed, unless it is No. 27 in *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, under 1766.—*G.*

‡ See *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, under 1765, 3.—*G.*

inclosed in it. I have since taken a turn to see my friends in Cardiganshire, and among the rest your sister Morris of Penbryn. She told me that she expected you there before the end of summer.

It was my misfortune in my way home to be taken ill with a violent fit of the stone and gravel, and to be detained for a whole month at Bala. During my stay there, when I had some intervals of ease, I made what enquiries I could after Welsh MSS., and amongst other things, met with a complete copy of the Poems between *Edmund Prys* and *Wiliam Cynwal*, which I perused with a great deal of pleasure. I find Edmund Prys was a man of uncommon learning for that age, and a great mathematician and linguist. He speaks slightly of the English, and their proficiency in the mathematics. Says he, in one of his *Cywydds*:

Darllen *Munster** a gerais,
Euclides im', nid clod Sais.

What a pity it is such things are not put in the press instead of such trash as *Llyfr y Carolau*, *Blodeugerdd*, &c.

I hope you will publish as many of your brother's papers as are fit for the press. As for the *Celtic Remains*, nothing can be done till it is copied over fairly. I advised your brother last year to get it transcribed, and print it as Lambert has done his Dictionary, without reducing it to a strictly alphabetical order. Was I to be near you, I would give you my labour to that purpose gratis; for it is a pity such a treasury should be lost. I hope the Society will shew a proper spirit on the occasion, while you preside over them. *I cannot but regret, when I consider into what hands the valuable collection of Robert Vaughan of Hen-gwrt is fallen, the history of which I had lately given me. It was after the death of Mr. Vaughan divided*

* A great geographer. [Sebastian Munster, a German divine and mathematician, born at Ingeilheim in 1489; settled at Basil as professor of Hebrew; and died in 1552.—G.]

between two brothers. One share fell to Mr. Vaughan of *Dôl y Melynlyn*, and has been lately sold, as Mr. Owens, curate of Llan Llechid, a descendant from the said Vaughan, has informed me. I have seen besides this a great many curious MSS. in Mr. Vaughan's hand with several persons in North Wales, so that no estimate can be made of what was lost every way. *But yet the present owner of the library is so besotted, that he will not suffer any person to make use of what is left behind.* I never was admitted to see it, though he promised it more than once. I have accidentally met at Bala with a very curious MS. in Mr. Vaughan's hand, and, as far as I can judge, of his own composition. It is a *Concordance of the Bible in Welsh*, entitled *Cydfod yr Ysgrythyrau Santaidd*. It is wrote in a very fair hand, and takes up but a little compass. I prevailed with the owner to lend it me, and promised to use my interest with the Cymmrodorion to get it printed. It is, in my opinion, worth it. I remember to have seen, when I was in the University, a Welsh Concordance of the Bible, *printed at Philadelphia in America**; but, as far as I can now recollect, it was a very mean performance in comparison of this. There is another mentioned by Moses Williams in his Catalogue of Welsh printed Books, entitled *Cordiad yr Ysgrythyrau*†, 8vo, London, 1653.

I have been desired by Mrs. Morris, when at Penbryn, to write a letter of advice to her son Lewis, who, she told me, was in school somewhere near London. I would willingly be excused this disagreeable task;

* Abel Morgan's Concordance (*Cydgordiad Egwyddorawl o'r Ysgrythyrau*) was printed at Philadelphia in 1730.—G.

† A work, entitled *Cordiad yr Ysgrythyrau*, is said to have been published by Vavasor Powell in 1653; it does not, however, appear that it was a Welsh book, but the fact seems to be, that Moses Williams translated the title of an English work by Powell called *Scriptures Concord, or a Catechism compiled out of the words of Scriptures*, which was no concordance at all. Cf. *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, 1653, 2, 4; 1647, 3.—G.

but, as she was earnest, I could not decline it, both upon Mr. Morris' and her account. The only qualification I have to give advice is, that *I feel by experience what it is not to follow it.* If you approve of what I wrote, you may seal and direct it to him.

I was likely to forget one material article that I intended to apprise you of, which is, that Mrs. Morris hinted something about disposing of the printed books. Pray, if she persists in that intention, dissuade her from it, for some of the books are as valuable as MSS., and are made still more valuable by his notes. I did all I could to persuade her not to part with one book.

You see that I have wrote you a long-winded epistle; and I must tell you that I expect to be repaid with interest; for you are in my debt above three letters at least.

What I proposed about *translating and reprinting Welsh books* was not mentioned at random. I wish such a good design was, by your means, promoted by the Cymmrodorion Society and that for Promoting Christian Knowledge, jointly. There is nobody else that will do that kindness for poor Wales, unless you do it.

I have no interesting news to give you. I continue still at my leisure hours to transcribe old MSS., and have collected a great many notes to illustrate *Nennius*, which, please God I live and be well, shall be one day or other published. Pray, what is become of Hugh Jones of Llangwm and his intended publications? Let me hear from you both old and new.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Direct to me at Llanvair Talhaiarn, near Denbigh, Denbighshire. To be left at Bettws.

XXV.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Llanfair Talhaiarn: Mehefin 23, 1766.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Myfi a dderbyniais yr eiddoch o ddiwedd mis Mai o'r drydedd eisteddiad, ac y mae yn dda iawn genyf glywed eich bod yn fyw, ac yn ddrwg genyf nad ydych yn mwynhau eich cyflawn iechyd: o herwydd nad adwaen i yr un Cymro a wnaeth fwy o les i'w wlad a'i iaith nog a wnaethoch chwi, er amser euraid y Frenines Elsbeth; pryd yr oedd genym Esgyb o'n cenedl ein hunain a fawrygent yr iaith a'i beirdd, ac a ysgrifenenent lyfrau ynddi er mawrles eneidiau gwŷr eu gwlad. Pan (Duw a edrycho arnom!) nad oes genym y to yma ddim ond rhyw waucewn diffaith, tan eilun bugeiliaid ysprydol, y rhai sydd yn ceisio ein difuddio o ganwyllbren gair Duw yn ein hiaith ein hunain; er bod hyny yn wrthwyneb i gyfreithiau ac ystatut y deyrnas. Da y prophwydodd Merddin Wyllt am danynt:

Oian a borchellan bydan a fydd
 Mor druan ei ddyfod ag ef ddyfydd, &c.
 Eseyb anghyfieith diffeith diffydd.

Os byw fydd rhai, ef a gaiff y gwarthus ymddygiad yma ei lym argyhoeddi, a'i ymliw er mefl iddynt yng ngŵydd y byd. Digon gair i gall. Myfi a glywaf fod gwŷr Mon am ddeol y Sais brych a dderchatwyd i fod yn Berson Trefdraeth i'w wlad ei hun, a'u bod wedi ei droi allan o'r Ysgol y Beaumares eisoes, o herwydd ei fod yn wr priawd, yr hyn sydd wrthwyneb i ewyllys y sawl a'i cynny gaeddodd gyntaf; ac myfi a gywais hefyd fod John Thomas, *usher* Bangor, fy nghytailt, yn ymwneuthur am yr ysgol; a phoed gwir a fo'r chwedl, a llwyddiant iddo, er mefl i'r Esgob a Suddas. Am danom ni yn yr Esgobawd yma, y mae'r Escob yn cael gwneuthur a fyno yn ddiwarafun; set y mae megys Pab arall, wedi derchafu tri neu bedwar o neiaint i'r lleoedd goreu, lle yr oedd Cymry cynhenid gynt yn

gweinyddu, ac ni chaiff y curadiaid danynt ddarllen mo'r Gymraeg: ac myfi a glywais hefyd ddywedyd yn ddiweddar fod dau Sais arall yn Sir Drefaldwyn, mewn dwy eglwys a elwir Castell ac Aber Hafesb, yn darllen Seisoneg yn gyfan gyfrdo drwy gydol y flwyddyn, er nad oes mo hanner y plwyfolion yn deall nac yn dirnad dim ag a draethir ganddynt. Duw a ddelo ag amseroedd gwell, ac a attalio ar eu rhwysg, rhag iddynt andwyo eneidiau dynion dros fyth!

Y mae'r Ymwahanyddion o'r achos yma yn taenu yn frith ac yn aml dros holl wyneb Cymru. Ac y mae'r Methodistiaid wedi cynnyddu yn ddirfawr yn ddiweddar yn Neheudir Cymru, ac yn y wlad hon hefyd, yn gyfagos i'r Personiaid Eingl uchod.

Gwedi darfod y gwres angerddol ag y mae'r Poethyddion hyn yn feddiannol o hono yr awron, y mae arnaf ofn yr ä. corff crefydd yn gelain oer o'r diwedd, er yr holl grio, a'r gwaeddi, a'r crochlefain, i.e., a'r bonllefain sydd i'w mysg yr awron. Gresyn yw fod yr annhrefn yma wedi tyfu oddi wrth y gwŷr eglwysig eu hunain, y rhai, lawer o naddynt, ni fedrant na darllen na phregethu, chweithach iawn ysgrifenu yr iaith y maent yn cael eu bywoliaeth oddi wrthi. Y mae arnaf ofn fod Rhagluniaeth y Goruchaf wedi arfaethu yr Ymwahanyddion i fod unwaith eto yn fflangell i'n Heglwys, o herwydd yr anfad lygredigaethau yma o eiddo'r gwŷr llên yn ein mysg (os iawn eu galw felly), megys ag y buont o'r blaen.

Myfi a drof weithian oddi wrth y testun pruddaidd hwn yma at ryw beth mwy diddan. Da iawn genyf eich bod o ddifrif yn myned yng nghylch gorchwyl mor llesawl i'n gwlad ag argraffu y Llyfr Gweddi Gyffredin mawr i'r eglwysydd. Y mae dirfawr eisieu o hono mewn llawer eglwys yng Nghymru. Duw a rôddo iwch iechyd i weled ei orphen, i.e., a'r Biblau mawr hefyd, o herwydd y mae'r rhei'ny yn ammherffaith ac yn ddrylliog mewn amryw lanau. Da iawn hefyd a fyddai pei gelych ail gyhoeddi Llyfr y *Resolution*, a'r *Llwybr Hyffordd i'r Nefoedd*.

Ni feddyliais i erioed fod y carn Meidr o Langwm cynddrwg, er i mi fynegi i'ch deu-frawd fwy nog unwaith, nad ymddiriedent ormod iddo, o herwydd nad oes iddo mo'r gair da gan y sawl a'i hadwaen yn dda. Myfi a roddais iddo fy holl waith fy hun mewn prydyddiaeth Gymraeg, er mwyn eu hargraffu, es mwy no dwy flynedd, ac ni chlywais oddi wrtho o'r dydd hwnw hyd heddyw, ac ni waeth genyf a glywyf oddi wrtho ef na'i fath fyth.

Y mae Nennius yn aros yn yr un gywair a dylif ag yr oedd genyf. Nid oes genyf ddim i wneuthur ond cyflëu y nodau pan elwyf yng nghylch y gwaith o ddifrif. Myfi a fûm y gauaf diweddaf yn dra afiachus gan y tostedd, a'r gwaew yn y pen, ac onid e, e fuasai wedi ei ddadysgrifenu cyn no hyn.

Am drefnu fy llyfr arall i'w ail brintio, hyny ni wnaf fi fyth, o herwydd i'r Seison anafu'r llall yn yr enwau Cymreig mor gywilyddus yn yr argraffiad cyntaf. Am waith awduraidd Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, Aneurin Wawdrydd, a'u cydoesiaid, nid oes neb a fedr eu deongl yn ein dyddiau ni. Y mae iaith y prydyddion a gyfieithais i yn ddigon dyrys, mal y gwyddoch.

Y mae yn dda genyf glywed fod *Mona Antiqua Restaurata* yn cael ei dadeni drwy law mor gelfydd ag eiddo'r Dr. Owain. A oes modd i gael un o naddynt heb arian ac heb werth? Nid oes yma ddim mw'nai i'w gael gan guredyn llymrig. Gresyn na byddai modd i drefnu Geiriadur y Dr. Davies, a'r *Celtic Remains* o eiddo'ch brawd, a'u rhoi i'r wasg. Myfi a welais rai mân draethodau ganddo wedi eu gorphen yn berffeithgwbl, sef Amddiffyniad Hanes Tyssilio yn erbyn Milton, Camden, Nicolson, ac ereill. A ddaeth y rhei'ny i'ch llaw? Myfi a welais waith Mr. Pennant: gorchestol iawn ydyw.

Newidiwch y llineh ganlynol ym Marwnad eich brawd Lewis yn y wedd hon:

Yn lle } Mor frwd oedd ei ammur fron.
Darllenwch } Mor frwd ei ddiammur fron.

Y mae yn ddrwg iawn genyf dros gyfieithwr Kettlewell, o herwydd myfi ac yntau a gymmerasom boen fawr i'w daclu i'r wasg. Efe a'i ysgrifennodd deirgwaith drosodd. Ac y mae iddo ugain punt am ei gyfieithu, a adawyd gan wr boneddig yn ei lythyr cymmyn. Gwnewch eich goreu, da chwithau, o'i blaid. Gadewch im' gael clywed oddi wrthych, nid ym mhen dwy flynedd neu ddau fis, ond ym mhen y pymthengnos o leiaf, o bydd modd. Duw a'ch gwarchadwo chwi a'r eiddoch.

Eich ffyddlonaf a'ch caredicaf gyfaillt,

EVAN EVANS.

XXVI.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Gynhawdref: Tachwedd 29, 1766.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Y mae yn fadws im' weithian gydnabod o honof dderbyn y llythyrau cywraint a addawsoch es mis a chwaneg; a diolch yn fawr iwch am y gymmwynas.

Myfi a fûm, wedi ymadael â chwi, yn crwydro yma a thraw, ac nid oes genyf ddim well i'ch diddanu yr awron na hanes o'm hymdaith. Wele, ynte, ni gychwynwn. Yn gyntaf, myfi a osodais allan o'r Gynhawdref yng nghylch hanner dydd, ac a gyrhaeddais waelod Ceredigiawn, ac a lettyais gyda châr im' yng Nghrug Eryr, y man y mae Lewis Glyn Cothi yn ei feddwl, pan ddywed am ei berchenog:

Ef yw'r gwr goreu o Grug Eryr.

Oddi yno mi aethym dranoeth i ymweled â chyd-golegydd im'; ond, fal yr oedd mwyaf yr anffawd, nid oedd mo hono gartref; ac onid e, ysgatfydd, nad aethwn ddim pellach. Oddi yno, ym mhen dau ddiwrnod, mi a gychwynais tua thref Aber Teifi, man na buaswn erioed o'r blaen. Oddi yno mi a gymmerais hynt i

eithaf Dyfed, i dref Hwylfordd, lle y gwelais lawer o anrhyfeddodau; sef, hen leoedd y darllenaswn am danynt ym *Mrut y Tywysogion*, a'r Beirdd; ac ym mysg ereill, Castell Llan Huadain, hen waith gorchestol. Mi aethym oddi yno i Lacharn at Mrs. Bevan, yr hon a'm anrhegodd â holl waith printiedig Mr. Gruffudd Jones. Oddi yno myfi a gyfeiriais tua Chaer Fawr Fyrddin, ar oddeu argraffu *Cydfod yr Ysgrythyrau Sant-aidd**; ond methu arnaf gytuno â Mr. Ross, o herwydd nad allwn glywed ar fy nghalon ymddiried i neb am ddiwallu'r wasg, oddigerth fy mod i fy hunan yn gyfagos i fwrw golwg arno. Diau mai argraffydd da ydyw, ac y mae llawer o lyfrau wedi dyfod allan o'i wasg, ac yn gywirach nag yr oeddwn i yn meddwl, ac iaith rhai o honynt yn buraidd ddigymmysg. Y mae yn myned yng nghylch printio'r Bibl Cyssegrlan â Nodau arno, yr hwn sydd i ddyfod allan bob wythnos, yr un wedd â chyda chwi yn Llundain. Myfi a welais y *proposals*. Un o'r Methodyddion yw'r gwr sydd wedi cymmeryd y gorchwyl gorchestol hwn yn llaw; ei enw, Peter Williams. Ond yw hyn yn gywilydd wyneb i'n gwŷr llên ni o Eglwys Loegr! Y mae Rhagluniaeth Duw ym mhob oes yn cyfodi rhai dynion da. Ni waeth pa enw yn y byd a fo arnynt. Oddi wrth ei ffrwyth yr adnabyddir y pren. Y mae yn dra hynod fod yr ychydig lyfrau Cymreig ag sydd argraffedig, wedi cael eu trefnu a'u lluniaethu, gan mwyaf, gan Ymwahanyddion, ac nad oes ond ychydig nifer wedi eu cyfansoddi gan ein hyffeiriaid ni† es mwy na chan mlynedd; a'r rhei'ny, ysywaeth, yn waethaf o'r cwbl o ran iaith a defnydd. Y mae St. Paul yn dywedyd mai 'yr hyn a hauo dyn, hyny hefyd a fed efe.' Ni ddichon fod ond cnwd sal oddi wrth y cynauaf ysprydol

* Yr un gwaith, mae yn debygol, â'r *Cydfod* y sonir am dano yn Llythyr xxiv.—*G.*

† Pa fodd y dichon pethau fod yn wahanol tra y mae yr esgobion estronawl, y rhai sydd yn llywodraethu yr Eglwys Gymreig, yn gorthrymu, ac yn erlid, ac yn llethu pob gwr eglwysig a ryfygo wasanaethu ei genedl trwy gyfrwng y wasg?—*G.*

pan fo'r gweithwyr mor segur ac ysmala, heb ddwyn dim o bwys y dydd a'r gwres, a'r Esgyb Eingl wedi myned yn fleiddiau rheibus. Duw yn ei iawn bryd yn ddiâu a ofala am ei eglwys.

I ddyfod unwaith eto o'r tro yma i'r ffordd fawr â'r daith a adawsam ar ol heb ei gorphen; myfi a duthiais o Gaer Fyrddin i Lan Egwad, i weled Cymro cywraint y clywswn lawer o son am dano es cryn ddeng mlynedd o'r blaen, ond na chawswn mo'r odfa hyd yn hyn i ddyfod i'w gyfyl. Dafydd Rhisiart yw ei enw: curad Llan Egwad ydyw; a gwr priod o berchen gwraig a phlant. Y mae, debygwn, dan ddeugain oed. Y mae ganddo gasgliad gwych o'r hen feirdd, ac amryw bethau gorchestol ereill, na welais i erioed o'r blaen mewn un man arall. Y mae, heb law hyn oll, yn ysgolhaig godidog, er na throediodd erioed un o'r ddwy Brifysgol. Os byddwn byw, mi ac yntau, nyni a gynnullwn yr hyn a fo gwiw y parthau yma o Gymru. Myfi a nodais, pan oeddwn yno, y pethau mwyaf cywraint, ac y mae yn addaw eu dadysgrifenu. Chwi a gewch glywed ychwaneg am danom, os byw ac iach fyddwch chwi a ninnau.

Unwaith eto at y daith. Mi a ddychwelais o Lan Egwad i Gaer Fyrddin, ac oddi yno y bore dranoeth i Gynwyl Elfed, ac i Ben y Beili yng ngwaelod Ceredigion: methu fyth â gweled fy hen gyfaillt. Oddi yno mi a gychwynais yn drymluog ddigon, ac a ddaethym i Fabwys,* ac y syrthiais yn glaf o gryd engiriawl; a chweddi ymiachâu unwaith, dygaswn, mi a ail glefychais o fewn y pymthengnos yma. Ond, i Dduw y bo'r diolch, yr wyf unwaith eto ar wellâd: ond y mae fyth ryw bigyn blin yn fy ystlys. Yr wyf yn cyrchu beunydd i lyfrgell Ystrad Meurig, ac yn astudio *Plato*

* Plas boneddig ym mhlwyf Llanrhystud, Ceredigion. Cyfeirir ato fwy nag unwaith ym Mugeilgerddi Edward Richard:

Nanteos heb orphwys, o'i mebyd, a *Mabwys*,

A'r Trawsgoed, le gwiw-lwys, sy'n cynnwys gwŷr call.

Bugeilgerdd i. 27.

Gweler hefyd y Fugeilgerdd ii. 61, 62; a Chân y Bont, i. 7.—*G.*

faer, a hen gyrff ereill o dir Groeg a'r Eidal. Cymdeithion mwynion iawn ydynt.

Ni chefais i mo'm llyfrau o'r gogledd eto; ond y mae'r clochydd, fy hen gyfaill ffyddlon yno, yn mynegi eu bod yn ddigon diogel. Mae yn fy mryd gychwyn tuag at yno o hyn i Galanmai, neu ddanfôn rhywun i'w cyrchu, heb ado migwrn odd yno. Y mae hiraeth arnaf eisoes am eu cymdeithas, ond nid oes modd i ddanfôn hyd hyny.

Atolwg, beth yr ydych yn arfaethu ei wneuthur o drysorau mawrwyrthiog eich brawd? Ymwrolwch ac ymorolwch, da chwithau, er eu tragwyddoli mewn print.

Y mae genyf yr awron dair Eglwys i'w gwasanaethu, a Chapel Ieuan yn Ystrad Meurig yw un o honynt. Felly ni lyfasaf fyned ym mhell oddi cartref.

Ni welais mo Mr. Paynter* wedi'r diwrnod hwnw y cymmerais fy nghanad oddi wrthy chwi yn y Dafarn Newydd; ond y mae yn fy mryd ymweled ag ef rywbryd tu yma i'r Nadolig. Drwg iawn y newydd oddi wrth Oronwy, druan! Gresyn oedd!

Gadewch im' gael hir llythyr oddi wrthy chwi, a pheidiwch â thalu drwg am ddrwg; sef gohirio ysgrifenu, fal y gwnaethym i. Cofiwch am roi hir enghraff o gyfieithiad Milton mewn mydr penrydd o eiddo Mr. Williams. Y mae Mr. Richard o Ystrad Meurig yn cofio ei wasanaeth yn garedig atoch.

Eich ffyddlon rwymedig gyfaill,

EVAN EVANS.

XXVII.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Cynhawdref: February 4th, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—E ddygwyddawdd im' fyned i Aber Ystwyth ar neges, ddiwedd yr wythnos ddi-

* Un o feistriaid y gweithiau mwyn plwm ym mharthau uchaf Ceredigion.—G.

weddaf, ac yn ebrwydd mi a ddanfonais i'r *Post Office* i edrych a oedd yno yr un llythyr im'; a mawr oedd fy llawenydd pan welais yr eiddoch o'r degfed o Ionawr: ond dirfawr oedd fy syndod pan ddarllenais ddarfod i chwi ddanfon llythyr arall, ni wŷs pa bryd o'r blaen, ac un arall o eiddo y mwynwr hwnw a'r anwyl gyfaill, Mr. Llwyd o Gowden, yn ei fol. Diau yw na dderbyniais i mo honynt, ac yr wyf yn bruddaidd iawn o'r achos. Diammheu mai ei gam lwybreiddio a wnaethoch, ac anghofio ysgrifenu *per Montgomery* arno. Yr wyf yn cymmeryd gofal dichlyn bob wythnos i ddanfon i Aber Ystwyth am lythyrau bob dydd Llun, sef y diwrnod marchnad yno. Felly y mae yn rhaid iddynt fyned i Aber Teifi, neu ryw le anghysbell arall, lle nid oes modd i ddanfon am danyut.

Da chwithau, danfonwch yn ddiattreg at Mr. Llwyd, a dywedwch wrtho y dryg-ddamwain; ac fy mod yn dirfawr ddiolch iddo am ei ewyllys da; ac y buaswn i yn cymmeryd y guradiaeth, ac y cymmeraf fi hi eto os nad ydyw ry ddiweddar. Nid wyf yn cael oddi wrth y tair Eglwys yr wyf yn eu gwasanaethu yma ond cyflog sal iawn, sef dwy bunt ar hugain yn y flwyddyn; ac oni bai fy mod yn byw gyda'm ceraint, ac yn cael fy mwyd a'm golchiad am ddim, ni buaswn byth byw. Ac am hyny, yr wyf yn llwyr fwriadu ymadaw oddi yma yng nghylch Calan Mai o bellaf. Da chwithau, ymorolwch, chwi ac yntau, am le arall i mi erbyn hyny, os yw hwn yna wedi ei golli.

Ni wn i pa beth ar y ddaiar i'w ddywedyd am y rhodd yna drwy lythyr cymmyn yr ydych yn ei grybwyll am dano. Y mae yn debyg fod amlygrwydd yng nghylch y peth yn y llythyrau a aethant ar ddi-fancoll. Y mae yr awron yn edrych fal ped fai freuddwyd, a da iawn fyddai ped gwir fai. Da chwithau, gwnewch y goreu a alloch o'm plaid. Ni wn i ddim pa beth arall a ddywedaf, o herwydd fy mod yn llwyr yn y tywyll o blegid y peth. 'Nes elin nag arddwrn,' eb yr hen ddiareb. Chwi a welwch fy mod yn llawn o honof fy hunan a'm pethau, o flaen

meddwl na chydgam am neb arall na'u heiddo, ie, fy nghymmwynaswyr penaf. Dyma ffordd y byd helbulus, trafferthus, gofidus hwn yma. Gwyn ei fyd a fai ddiangol o hono mewn llawenydd byd gwell, lle mae ein hanwyliaid o bryd i bryd yn prysuro o'n blaen; a lle, gobeithio, yr awn ninnau ar fyrder ar eu hol.

Y mae yn y wlad hwn ddwndwr mawr yng nghylch crefydd, megys ped fai'r trigolion amgenach dynion nag mewn manau ereill; ond o ran eu ffrwythau y maent, y rhan fwyaf, yn diflanu yn fwg, ac y maent, braidd, waeth eu cynneddfau nag ereill; ac yr wyf fi yn ofni, mewn amser, na bydd yma grefydd yn y byd. Ac o daw Biblau Seisnig i'r Eglwysydd, mal y mae'r Esgyb Eingl yn bwriadu, ef a ä yr ychydig oleuni sydd genym yn dywyllwch. Y mae llawer yn Esgobawd Elwy, heb law y gwr a henwasoch, wedi taflu'r Biblau Cymreig allan eisoes, ac y mae yno lawer o Seison cynhenid bob Sul, yn enwedig mewn lle a elwir Aber Hafesb, yn sir Drefaldwyn, lle y mae'r gynnulleidfa i gyd yn Gymry, mal y mynegodd cyfaillt cywraint o'r wlad hono yr haf diweddaf i mi; ac yr oedd y plwyf-olion, druain, yn edrych ar hynny megys yn fraint. Dyna falldod Seisnigaidd heb ei elfydd! Beth yw hyn ond dwyn drachefn gaddug pabyddaidd ar y wlad? Duw a edrycho arnom, ac a ddelo â gwell amser!

Mawr ddiolch iwch am y Miltwn Cymreig. Nid da y cydwedda y mydr yna â'n hiaith ni. Y mae mesur y Gododin yn llawer gwell, megys y tystia y llinell hon a llawer ereill ynddo:

Twrf tân a tharan a rhyferthi.

Myfi a fûm sal y rhan fwyaf o'm hamser, er pan y'm gwelsoch, o'r cryd, yr hwn a ddychwelodd arnaf chwe-gwaith weithian: ac am hynny, ni bu dim hoen nac awenydd genyf mewn llyfrau na dim arall. Gobeithio fy mod wedi ei gorthrechu bellach, ac y bydd tymmor y flwyddyn o'm plaid.

Ni chefais mo'm llyfrau eto o Wynedd, er fy mod yn mawr hiraethu am danynt; o herwydd yr oedd

dynion y wlad yma yn gofyn pris afresymol am eu nol fyrddydd gauaf, nid llai na thri *guinea*; ond y maent yn ddigon diogel yno mewn cadwedigaeth cyfaill ffyddlon. Os ymadawaf oddi yma ddechreu'r haf, ni wiw danfon am danynt oll, ond danfon am danynt lle y sefydlwyf. Fy afiechyd a lesteiriodd im' ddanfon at Mr. Richards o Lan Egwad. Y mae gormod o Eglwysydd ar fy llaw, onid e mi a awn ac a aroswn yno dros fis i ddadysgrifenu y pethau mwyaf cywraint.

Da genyf glywed eich bod ar fedr cymhwyso gwaith eich brodyr i'r wasg. Da iawn y gwnewch er lles eich gwlad a'ch iaith. Am y Bibl Cymraeg â Nodau, y mae arnaf ofn na ddaw byth allan, ac nad ydyw'r dyn ychwaith ag sydd yn cymmeryd y gorchwyl yn llaw gymhwys i'r gwaith. Ei enw yw Peter Williams; un o'r Methodyddion ydyw. Ni fedr ddim iaith iawn, na'i hysgrifenu chwaith, megys y mae rhai llyfrau a ysgrifennodd yn tystio. Y mae Bugeilgerdd Mr. Richards o Ystrad Meurig wedi ei hanafu gan yr argraffydd, a gresyn oedd, o herwydd gwaith godidog ydyw ar y mydr hwnw. Ni chefais hamdden eto i orphen *Ymddiddan Lucian*.

Ertolwg, gadewch im' gael hir llythyr oddi wrthyhych gyntaf ag y bo modd. Ysgrifennwch hefyd yn ebrwydd at Mr. Llwyd o Gowden, a dywedwch wrtho mal y mae pethau yn sefyll; sef fy anffawd i eisieu ei lythyr a'r eiddo chwithau. Mynegwch iddo na bydd dim llonyddwch i'm meddwl nes clywed oddi wrtho. Yr wyf yn mawr ddiolch iddo ef a chwithau am eich caredigrwydd tuag ataf. Duw a dalo iwch am eich cymmwynasgarwch!

Y mae fy chwarter cyntaf yn terfynu y pymthegfed dydd o'r mis hwn. Yr wyf yn bwriadu aros yma un chwarter ychwaneg, i gael ychydig arian i ymdeithio yn fy mhoced; ac onid ef, mi a drown fy nghefn y bore fory. Y mae fy hen gyfeillion ffyddlon gynt gwedi marw yma, bawb o naddynt; ac am hyny, ni welaf fi ddim gobaith o wellau fy hunan, ped aroswn yma ddwy flynedd neu dair ychwaneg, ond yn unig

colli fy amser gwerthfawr heb wneuthur fawr les im' fy hun nac ereill.

Y mae yn bryd weithian tynu at derfyn; ac am hyny, mi a gymmeraf fy nghanad oddi wrthy ch y tro yma rhag eich goflino.

Yr eiddoch yn garedicaf tra bo,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Direct to me thus:

'To.....at Gynhawdref in Lledrod Parish, near Ffos y Bleiddiaid,* Cardiganshire, S. Wales. To be left at the Post-office, Aberystwyth.'

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XXVIII.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Gynhawdref: Chwef. 28, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILT,—Yr oeddw'n yn dysgwyl ateb i'm llythyr diweddaf, ac ond e myfi a fuaswn wedi ysgrifenu atoch cyn hyn. Ef a ddaeth y ddau lythyr gyntaf o'r diwedd i'm llaw; sef, ar ol tri mis a hanner o leiaf. Yr oeddynt wedi bod yng Nghaer Dydd, yng Ngwent, megys y mae'r nod sydd arnynt yn tystio. Mi a ysgrifenis i Aber Teifi, at y gwr sydd yn cadw y *Post-Office* yno; ac oddi yno, y mae'n debyg, y caethant, wedi dargysgu yno ni wŷs er pa bryd. Nid oedd mo *per Montgomery* arnynt, a dyna, y mae'n debyg, yr achos iddynt fyned ar ddisperod. Gresyn oedd, o herwydd y mae'n debygol fod y guradiaeth yna wedi llithro i ryw law arall. Pa fodd bynag, y mae genyf fawr ddiolch i'r brawd Llwyd o Gowden am ei ewyllys da. Gobeithio, ond i mi gael *certificate*, y gallaf gael yr arian y mae ef yn son am danynt eto. Mi a ddanfonaf y *certificate* atoch, os bydd gwiw, o hyn i bymthengnos o bellaf. Yr wyf yn llwyr fwriadu

* Then a gentleman's seat, now a farmhouse, about half a mile distant from Gynhawdref.—G.



ymadaw oddi yma Galan Mai; ni wn i ddim eto i ba le y tueddaf. Da chwithau, ymorolwch chwi a Mr. Llwyd o Gowden am guradiaeth imi yn y gymydogoeth yna. Yr wyf yn dirfawr hiraethu am fy llyfrau a'm MSS.; ond ni wiw myned i'r draul i ddanfôn am danynt yma, o herwydd nad wyf yn arfaethu aros hwy yn y wlad. E ddywawd Mr. Richards o Ystrad Meurig ei fod yn arfaethu ysgrifenu atoch, o herwydd mai ato ef y llwybreiddiasoch eich llythyr. Gadewch im' glywed oddi wrthyeh, o herwydd na wn i pa fodd i drefnu materion o barthred yr arian yna, na pha un ai bod y guradiaeth wedi llithro, na dim arall, nes clywed oddi wrthyeh yn gyntaf.

Rhowch fy ngwasanaeth i yn garedig at Mr. Llwyd o Gowden. Ni chlywaf ar fy nghalon ysgrifenu ato nes clywed oddi wrthyeh. Yr wyf yn danfon bob dydd Llun i Aber Ystwyth i ymoralw am lythyr. Nid oes yma ddim newydd.

Yr eiddoch yn ffyddlonaf,

EVAN EVANS.

XXIX.

TO MR. RICHARD MORRIS.

Mabwys: March 12th, 1767

DEAR SIR,—Inclosed I send the certificate signed by my patron in the presence of Mr. Richards of Ystrad Meurig. The poor old man is upwards of a hundred years old, and has been blind upwards of sixteen years; so that he could not do better than set a sort of a mark to it. The two other worthy persons that subscribe are the clerk of the peace and the minister of the parish, such two honest men in their department I could not find in Cardiganshire. But I am afraid, after all is said and done, it is too late both with regard to the curacy and legacy. However, I have ventured to send it at random, for I never wanted money so much

in my life; because the old man my patron, who is a downright miser, does not care to part with his money. This unnatural passion, surviving all others, even when it is least of all useful, I shall not be paid the little pittance he owes me till my half year is up, and then I have no thanks to him; for Mr. Richards is witness to my agreement with him. And, indeed, I am so much tired of this place, though it is here I first drew breath, that I would be glad to leave it to-morrow morning; for the inhabitants are a lot of such wild enthusiasts, and have such antipathy to a clergyman, as the most bigoted Presbyterian or Quaker; and, after all their whine and cant, are, I believe in my conscience, the most arrant rogues under the sun; an instance of which was their endeavour to deprive the poor old clergyman who served their church for upwards of three score years, of his benefice, which persons of common humanity would hardly do to an old horse that had in his time been of service to them. The hand of sacrilege pressed sore on this country at the Reformation, so that the little pittance that was left them in money, sunk in value almost near to that of a hired servant in our days. This has produced that Hydra of sectaries with which it now abounds, which are the spawn of the fanatics in the time of Oliver's usurpation, when Master Powel, and other hot-headed enthusiasts at that time commenced Itinerant Preachers to replant the gospel, but found no success in North Wales, there being a decent reputable set of clergy with good salaries; but here the clergy were such ignorant wretches, and, because they were poor, made such a despicable appearance in the eyes of the vulgar, that they very soon quitted the Established Church, and are never like to return to it, as long as affairs stand in the condition they are now in. And perhaps they are designed by Providence as scourges, just as the fanatics were in the grand Rebellion.

But where am I straying? I thought I was writing upon business; but these Methodists have run across

me,—who could help it? What shall I say next? I have translated Mr. Richard's Pastoral into English, and I have the vanity to think it is not ill executed; at least it has his approbation, and that of the best judges in this part of the world. I have likewise translated the Prayer of our first parents in Paradise before the fall, into a new kind of Welsh metre never attempted before. Mr. Richard says it is much preferable to that you sent me a specimen of. I will send you copies of both when I have leisure.

Pray, give my best respects to my worthy friend, Mr. Lloyd, and tell him I shall send him a long-winded epistle ere long. I shall with impatience wait to hear the issue with regard to Mr. Troughton. Pray, if his curacy is elapsed, enquire of some of the clergy about London of a person that wants a curate, for I am fully resolved to quit this place as soon as I can. I had near forgot to tell you that I received your letter of St. David's day by Mr. Parry of Aber Ystwyth, and I take the first opportunity to answer it. Let me hear from you as soon as you hear from Mr. Lloyd.

I am, with all due respect and gratitude, worthy friend,

Yours sincerely,
EVAN EVANS.*

XXX.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Gynhawdref: Ebrill 17, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Derbyniais yr einoch heb ddydd o'r mis wedi ei arddodi wrthaw. Pa fodd bynag, llyma fi yn cymmeryd yr hamdden gyntaf i'w ateb. Diolch yn fawr i chwi a Mr. Llwyd o Gowden am gymmeryd cymmaint o benbleth; a moliant i Dduw fod pob peth wedi dyfod o'r diwedd mor llwyddiannus,

*This letter is endorsed thus: 'With Cert. signed to get Ashton's Bounty.'—G.

gwedi cymmaint o drwstaneiddrwydd yn y cludwyr llythyr. Yr wyf yn barod i'm hymdaith ar ol gwyliau'r Pasc, ond nid yw fy chwarter i ddim i fyny dan y pymthegfed o Fai; ac ni wŷs ped fawn yn aros yma a dalai y crinwas gan fy *mhatron*, yr ychydig sydd yn dyfod im' fis neu ddau ar ol. Ac am hyny yr wyf yn deisyf arnoch, yn gyttrym ag y derbynioch yr arian, ddanfôn llythyr at Mrs. Morris o Benbryn, gydag *orders* i mi dderbyn y pumpunt naw ceiniog o'i llaw hi; ac yno myfi a osodaf allan yn union deg, ac a adawaf fy mrawd i dderbyn yr hyn sydd ddyladwy imi yma.

Y mae Mr. Edward Richard o'r Ystrad yn cofio yn garedig atoch, ac yn dywedyd yr ysgrifena atoch heb ohirio. Myfi a'i cymmerais ef yn dyst i'r *receipt*. Gadewch i mi, o bydd posibl, glywed oddi wrthyich mor ebrwydd ag y bo modd. Ysgrifenwch at Mrs. Morris, a llinell neu ddwy i mi yn ei llythyr hi; a deisyfwech arni ddanfôn rhyw un gonest o'r gymmydog-aeth â'r ddwy linell hyny yma, ac myfi a'i boddlonaf ef am ei boen. Nid oes genyf ddim amser yr awron i ysgrifenu dim newyddion atoch. Nyni a gawn, os gwel Duw yn dda, adrodd digon o hen a newydd wyneb yn wyneb cyn bo hir.

Eich ffyddlonaf a'ch rhwymedical gyfaillt,

EVAN EVANS.

XXXI.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Gynhawdref: Mai 7, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Ddoe y bore y cymmerais daith hyd ym Mhenbryn, i edrych a dderbyniasai Mrs. Morris lythyr oddi wrthyich yn yr achos mau; a heddyw, chwedi dyfod adref o'r Trawsgoed, gwedi ymweled â'r Arglwydd Lisburne, llyma fi yn derbyn yr einoch yr ail o'r mis yma, a'r arian*; a llyma fi yn ysgrifenu

* Tebygol mai yr wyllysged y sonir am dani yn rhai o'r

receipt i chwi am danynt, ac yn ei ddanfôn gyda'r genad; a bendith Dduw iwch am y drafod a gymmerasoch chwi a'r mwynwr o Gowden drosof.

Mi a osodaf allan, a Duw yn y blaen, oddi yma i Aber Hodni ddydd Sadwrn wythnos i nesaf. Y mae fy llyfrau a'm *MSS.* oll wedi dyfod o'r gogledd; ac fo fu fy mrawd yno, a gwr llog, yn eu hunswydd yn eu nol. E fydd yn gostus iawn i mi dalu am eu cludiad yna drachefn yr awron; ac am hyny yr wyf yn bwriadu eu gadael yma gyda 'mrawd tan glo yn dyn diogel, nes y galwyf am danynt. O ddifrif, nid wyf mewn gwedd ar y ddaiar yn hoffi bod hebddynt, ond e fydd y dillad, a'r ychydig lyfrau defnyddiol i'm taith bresennol, yn ddigon o bwn ceffyl. Y mae y llyfrau a'r *MSS.* yn ormod o ddau bwn ceffyl, o herwydd fo safodd un ar y ffordd wrth eu trosglwyddo yma. Fe fydd fy chwarter allan cyn y cychwynaf oddi yma. Y mae yn rhaid im' ddyfod yn y *machine**; ac o'r achos hwnw, ped fawn yn dyfod â llyfrau genyf, hi fyddai yn syrthio yn ardrymedig arnaf. Ac y mae arnaf o'n hefyd eu hymddiried yn y fen, neu mewn llong o Aberystwyth yna; ac am hyny yr wyf yn meddwl, wrth ystyried ol a blaen, mai dewisach eu gadael yma, a danfôn am danynt ym mhen mis neu ddau, a'u llwybreiddio atoch chwi, pan gaffer gwell cyfleusdra a modd i dalu am y trosglwyddiad.

Y mae Mr. Richard o'r Ystrad yn llawen, ac yn gobeithio clywed oddi wrthyh cyn nag hir. Newydd ddyfod oddi yno yr wyf yr awron.

Nid oes genyf newydd ar y ddaiar a dâl ei adrodd. Esgusodwch frys, o herwydd y mae y genad yn aros wrthyf. Felly nid oes genyf ddim i chwanegu, ond deisyf ar Dduw roddi ini gyfarfod llawen.

Yr eiddoch yn garedicaf,

EVAN EVANS.

llythyrau blaenorol, a'r 'Ashton Bounty' a grybwyllir yn *nghefnysgrif Llythyr xxix.* yw yr arian y cyfeirir atynt yma.—*G.*

* Sef yw hyny, cerbyd. Y mae yr enw *bathing-machine*, yr hwn sy fath ar gerbyd, eto mewn arferiad.—*G.*

XXXII.

TO MR RICHARD MORRIS.

Rye: June 8th, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—I came to this place to enquire whether my boxes are come, but find that Mr. William Stock, the bearer, a hoyman* of this place, has them not. There is another hoyman just arrived here, by name William Hays: whether he has them or not I cannot learn, nor have I time to stay to enquire. The paper I delivered you of Alexander Read; for Dover, I am told, is much out of the way, for the boxes must come here by land carriage. I hope therefore this will come time enough to prevent it; and I desire that, if the boxes are not sent by Mr. William Hays, you would be so good as to send them by the bearer, Mr. William Stock, and likewise the keys. Take his receipt for them, and let me have a line from you by return of the post, that I may know how matters stand.

Please to give my best respects to Mrs. Morris, and service to Lewis Morris ieuanc.

I am, in a great haste,

Yours sincerely,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Direct to me at Appledore, to be left at the Post-Office, Tenterden, Kent. I have ordered the postmaster to forward them to me with all speed.

XXXIII.

AT MR. RISIART MORYS.

Newick: Gorphenaf 9, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—E fydd, agatfydd, yn rhyfeddod genych glywed oddi wrthym o'r man yma.

* *Hoyman.* 'Hoy—a small vessel, usually rigged as a sloop, and employed in conveying passengers and goods from place to place on the sea coast, or in transporting goods to and from a ship in a road or bay.'—*Webster: Engl. Dict.* s.v. 'Hoy'.—G.

Bydded hyspys iwch, gan hyny, im' ymadaw o'r Pwll Dwr (*Appledore*), o herwydd nad oes y dydd heddyw, a'r a wn i, y fath giwed uffernol yn trigo ar glawr y ddaiar ag ydynt y bobl sydd yn y Persondy yno. Ac o ran y wlad oddi amgyleh, nid llawer gwell ei hawsawdd; o herwydd y lle mwyaf afiachus ydyw ag sydd yn Lloegr, o herwydd mai darn o Gors Romney ydyw. Am hyn myfi a ymroais i ymadaw â'r fangre felltig-edig, ac a aethym at fy *mhatron* i roddi'r lle i fyny: a hwnw, yn ddiâu, a ymddygodd tuag ataf yn ddigon dreng. Ac fo ddywawd y brithyll yno i mi, iddo beri ysgrifenu atoch, i mi fenthycio ceffyl, ac felly ymadaw â'r wlad. Ac yn ddiâu fo daenodd ei ddeiliad y gair ar hyd y wlad, er fod y ceffyl gartref ym mhen ychydig oriau ar ol fy addewid i'r taiog; ond yr oedd ef wedi myned i'w wely, ac ni fynai mo'm clywed i, er im' alw yn y Persondy cyn deg o'r gloch. Mewn gair, ni welais i ddim mo'r fath fileindra na chieidd-dra mewn un man erioed. Ond bendigaid fo ei enw, y mae Duw yn cadw'r gwirion ym mhob man.

Gwedi ymadaw, yr oedd yr arian gwedi darfod genyf. Yn y cyfyngdra hyn, e ddygwyddodd im' glywed fod Cymro yn gurad yn y gymmydogaeth; ac at hwnw yr aethym yn ddigon prudd fy nghalon, gan adrodd fy nghwyn, fal ag yr oedd pob peth; ac yno yr arosais bedwar diwrnod, â chroesaw mawr iawn. Enw y lle *Headcorn*; enw y Cymro cymmwynasgar, David Evans, o swydd Gaer Fyrddin. Y gwrda hwn a'm cynghorodd i fyned yn ddiattreg â llythyr oddi wrtho ef at un Mr. Williams, o *Hayton*, yn agos i *Lewes*, yr hwn a allai fy nghyfarwyddo i gael curadiaeth. Ac felly myfi a gy-chwynais i'r daith, ac a ddaethym i nol crys neu ddau ac hosanau, i *Appledore*. Am y god groen, e orfu arnaf ei gadaw yno, â llawer o ryw ddillatach ynddi. Myfi a gyfeiriais tua *Rye*, i edrych a oedd y *boxes* wedi dyfod yno, fel yr oeddwn wedi ysgrifenu atoch gyda Mr. Wiliam Stock oddi yno. Myfi a ddeisyfais ar Mr. Troughton ysgrifenu atoch am eu cadw yna nes y caech glywed oddi wrthym drachefn. Myfi a ddeisyfais arno

hefyd wrthwynebu y chwedl dybryd celwyddog yng nghylch y ceffyl. Gobeithio i'r llythyr hwnw ddyfod i'ch llaw mewn iawn bryd ac amser; ac fod y *boxes* yna eto. Y mae arnaf fi eisieu fy nillad yn angerddol; o herwydd, i Dduw mawr y bo'r diolch, llyma fi unwaith eto gwedi cael curadiaeth esmwyth mewn gwlad iachus, gyda gwr mwyn rhadlon, yn Sussecs, o fewn wyth milltir i Lewes, ac o fewn tair a deugain i Lundain; ac, meddynt wrthym i yma, o fewn deuddeg at fy nghyfaillt caredig Mr Wiliam Llwyd o Gowden. Y mae llawer iawn o Gymry yn guradiaid yn y wlad yma, a rhai henafwyr yn perchenogi personoliaethau da. Y mae yn ddrwg gan fy nghalon i Mr. Wiliam Llwyd a chwi-thau a Mr. Troughton gymmeryd cymmaint o boen im' dwyn i'r fath anfad le, ac at y fath Pharisead annhru-garog â'r Bicar yno. Ni arosodd yno un curad sefydledig er ys mwy nog ugain mlwydd. Yr oedd ef yn newid ei gurad agos bob blwyddyn; a'r cyfryw ag a arosynt yno a oeddynt yn cael eu traflyncu gan ei ddeiliad yno, gan beri iddynt dalu yn afresymol am eu golchiad, ac am drin bwyd iddynt. Mewn gair, y mae y cyfryw ogan i bob un o'r ddau, ag i'm cyfaill David Evans ddywedyd wrthyf, na ellid fy nanfon i waeth lle ond at y diefyl i annwn.

Wele, llyna i chwi hanes y Twrstan o'r twrstan-eiddiaf. Yr oeddwn yn bwriadu yr wythnos yma ymweled â Mr. Llwyd; ond y mae'r hin mor dymmestlog, na fedraf ddangos fy mhig allan. Ond gobeithio yr hinona hi yr wythnos nesaf, ac yno, a Duw yn y blaen, myfi a af i ymweled ag ef; o herwydd fod arnaf eisieu fy nillad a'r hen bregethau Seisneg yna. Byddwch mor fwyn a'u danfon hwynt wedi eu llwybreiddio yn y modd hyn ataf:

'For the Revd. Mr. Baynes, at Newick in Sussex —to be sent to the Catherine Wheel in the Borough, to go by Mr. Hall and Nutty the Carrier. N.B. The waggon sets out on Tuesday morning only, about eleven o'clock.'

Er mwyn Duw, gadewch im' glywed oddi wrthych

yn ddiattreg. Y mae'r *post* yn dyfod yma bob dydd o'r wythnos ond dydd Llun o Lundain. Llwybr-eiddiwch eich llythyr yn y modd yma:

'To the Revd. Mr. Evans, at Newick in Sussex, by the East Grinstead bag.'

Na ddeliwch ddim sylw ar yr hyn a ddamweiniodd yng Nghaint, ac na choffëwch enw neb, ond yn gyffredinol, fod yn ddrwg genych i mi gael fy nanfon i'r cyfryw le afiachus nad wyddech chwi na Mr. Llwyd ddim oddi wrtho, ond a oeddid yn ysgrifenu atoch. Ysgrifenwch ataf yn Seisoneg, yn y cyfryw wedd ag y gallwyf ei ddangos i Mr. Baynes. Myfi a anghofiais ddwyn genyf bapurau y *testimonial* o'r wlad; ac am hyny fo fydd yn rhywfaint o fodlondeb ganddo glywed y gair goreu. Pa beth bynag yr wyf yn ei haeddu, i Dduw mawr y bo'r diolch, yr wyf yn gywir ac yn onest; a'r bai mwyaf sydd arnaf, a bai ac anaf erchyll ydyw, yfed gormodedd. Ond y mae yn fy mryd, trwy ras Duw, dori y ddrwg arfer hon yn llwyr; ac yno, mefi i Suddas a'i weision!

Myfi a anghofiais, braidd, ddywedyd wrthyech orfod arnaf adaw Lewis Glyn Cothi a Dafydd ap Gwilym yn *Rye*. Gan na wn i pa bryd y gallaf ymdeithio mor belled, o herwydd y mae dros ddeugain milltir o ffordd oddi yma; ac o herwydd na wyddwn pa beth i'w wneuthur yn y cyfryw gyfyngdra, myfi a huriais lanc er swllt yn *Appledore* i'w dwyn hyd yn *Rye*, lle y maent yn ddiogel yng nghadwedigaeth Cymro yno. Myfi a roddais orchymmyn iddo eu danfon naill ai i mi neu chwi, fel y byddai mwyaf cyfaddas. Myfi a roddais iddo gyfarwyddyd pa fodd i'w danfon atoch, ond i chwi ddanfon llinell neu ddwy ato ar y perwyl hwnw. Y modd y danfonwch ato sydd fal y canlyn:

'To Mr. William Prosser, Saddler, in the Market street, Rye, Sussex.'

Myfi a berais iddo gymmeryd gofal am y *boxes* mau, o delynt yno. Gobeithio nad aethant, o herwydd nid oes modd ar y ddaiar i'w cludo yma. Ac felly os aeth-

ant, y mae yn rhaid eu cael yn ol mor ebrwydd ag y bo modd, a'u danfon yma.

Chwi a welwch gymmaint o flinderau a barasant yr Esgyb Eingl im' trwy beri im' ymadaw â'm gwlad. Mi a chwennychn, pan gaffoch odfa, gaffael hir llythyr oddi wrthych, a pha beth yw eich tyb chwi yng nghylch y traethawd a ysgrifenis i yn ei gylch.* Nid wyf yr awron yn dysgwyl ond byr lythyr Seisoneg oddi wrthych; o herwydd yr wyf ar bigau drain o eisieu fy nillad a'r hen bregethau Seisnig. Am fy llyfrau, nid oes arnaf frys yn y byd am danynt. Gadëwch im' glywed oddi wrthych gynted ag y bo modd.

Yr eiddoch yn ffyddlon hyd y ffun ddiweddaf,

EVAN EVANS.

XXXIV.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Cowden, Caint: Gorph. 15, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Llyma fi wedi dyfod yma i weled fy hen gyfaill anwyl Mr. Llwyd, yn ol fal y dywedais wrthych yn fy llythyr diweddaf; ac o ran ei fod ef yn ysgrifenu atoch, ni fedraf ac ni ddylwn lai nog anfon gair i'ch anerch.

Y modd goreu i chwi i ddanfon am eich deu-lyfr yn *Rye*, yw ysgrifenu llinell gyda'r *hoymyn* at Mr. Prosser y cyfrwywr, gwr onest, geirwir, â'i ddechreuad o Landy Fathew yn swydd Frecheiniog. Ni bu yn ymweled â'i wlad es pymtheg mlynedd ar hugain.

Nid oes genyf ddim yr awron ym mhellach i'w chwanegu, ond diolch iwch am y drafod a gymmerasoch yng nghylch fy nillatach yna. Fy ngwasanaeth at Lewis Morris ieuanc. Byddai da genyf gael hir llythyr Cymraeg oddi wrthych pan gaffoch adeg.

Yr eiddoch tra bo,

EVAN EVANS.

* Sef, fel yr ymddengys, y traethawd yng nghylch yr 'Esgyb Eingl'.—G.

XXXV.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Newick: Gorphenaf 22, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Myfi a dderbyniais y gist â'r dillad, ac yr wyf yn mawr ddioc'h i chwi a'ch gwreig-dda am y boen a gymmerasoch o'm plaid i a hwythau; a diau yw fod y gŵn yn ddrwg ei waneg pan ddaeth yna, a'r gasog hefyd. Bendith Dduw i'r dwylo a'u dygodd unwaith etwa i'w llun a'u lliw cynnefin; a gobeithio y bydd y gwisgwr yntau yn addasach i'w gwisgo. Diolch hefyd am y gwregys a'r *bandiau*, eiddo'r Dr. Scot. Anghof a brys fy mrawd wrth ddyfod o'r Gogledd a barodd adael fy *sash* fy hunan ar ol. Mi a ysgrifenis i Lanfair Talhaiarn am dani, ac a berais ei danfon gyda rhywun onest i Lundain, a'i thraddodi yn eich dwylo chwi; o herwydd y mae o leiaf yn werth chweugain o arian; ac o iawn foddion a gwneuthuriad. Yr wyf yn gobeithio derbyn llythyr oddi yno cyn pen tair wythnos. Mi a erchais ei ysgrifenu mewn caead atoch chwi, o herwydd na fynwn iddynt wybod fy nhrigfan, rhag ofn cael fy syfrdanu â llythyrau yng nghylch rhyw fân ddyledion sydd arnaf yno, ac felly gyru traul arnaf heb ddim budd na ched iddynt hwythau. Hen wr godidog ydyw'r clochydd yno. Anaml iawn y ceir yng Nghymru bersoniaid o'i fath. Y mae yn deall Lladin a Hebraeg, Seisonaeg a Chymraeg, yn odiaeth. Y mae yn deall yr hen feirdd yn lew iawn. Fe ddywawd wrthym i iddo ddanfon i chwi gopi o Gyfraith Hywel Dda ar hen femrwn gydag un Robert Llwyd oedd yna y pryd hwnw yn brentis apothecari. Y mae ganddo lawer iawn o lyfrau Cymraeg, ond nid llawer o *FSS*. Ganddo ef y mae'r Almanacau Cymraeg a soniais wrthyhch o'u plegid. Os mynwch, mi a ddanfonaf ato am danynt. Yn ddiau y mae ynddynt bethau hynod a gwerthfawr; ac myfi a wn na nacâ ef mo honynt; o herwydd yr oedd yn fy hoffi, er fy holl feiau, yn ddirfawr, ac mi wn y gwnai un peth a'r a

geisiwn a fai resymawl, yn ddiattreg, o cheisiwn. Cristion da ydyw, a gwybodol mewn llawer o gelfyddydau cywrain. Nid wyf yn cofio i mi son am dano wrthych erioed o'r blaen. Myfi a berais iddo ysgrifenu llinell neu ddwy atoch chwi yn y caead.

Myfi a fûm yr wythnos ddiweddar gyda Mr. Lloyd o Gowden, yr hwn, gwedi rhoi imi bregeth, a'm croesawodd dros wythnos. Yn ddiau, nid allaf byth dalu y rhwymedigaeth sydd arnaf i'r mwynwr hwnw, mwy nog i chwithau. Gresyn na bai yn deall mydrau Cymreig cystal ag y mae y rhai Groeg a Lladin; diau na byddai na Gronwy na neb well nog ef. Nid oes yma air o druth na gweniaith, ond yr union wir. A pheth sydd fwy eto, nid oes un gwyd na drwg arfer wedi greddfau ynddo. Anaml iawn y mae'r fath ddynion y to heddyw. Myfi a grybwyllais wrtho yng nghylch y traethawd yna o blaid* yr Esgyb Eingl. Os ewch yno i ymweled ag ef, mae, fal y dygwch ef yno, i'w geryddu ganddo; o herwydd nad adwaen i neb a feidr yn well, na neb chwaith y meiddiwn ddadguddio y cyfryw gyfrinach iddo, ond y gwr o'r Swydd Lyngesawl, a'm hathro haeddbarch o Ystrad Meurig. Myfi a ysgrifenis hir llythyr at y gwr hwnw yn ddiweddar, ac a ddeisyfais arno ddanfôn *Testimonium* o dan llaw y gwŷr llên o wlad Ceredigiawn, i'w ddanfôn at Esgob Dewi i ddodi ei law wrtho. Nid oes yr awron ddim llawer o achos am y fath beth, ond goreu ei gael, o herwydd y mae yn ffurf ganddynt.

Myfi a ysgrifenis hefyd lythyr yn ddiweddar at y Parchedig Mr. Thomas Percy, Caplan Duc Northumberland, i'm hesgusodi fy hun na ddaethym i'w weled yn ol fy addewid. Y mae yna lawer o'i lythyrau ataf i†. Y mae yn gohebu â mi es chwe mlynedd; a diau

* H.y., o blegid, o herwydd, yng nghylch. Arfer yr awdwr y gair droion yn yr ystyr hwn, ystyr cyffredin mewn hen awduron.—G.

† Y mae y llythyrau hyn eiddo yr Esgob Percy, neu o leiaf amryw o honynt, yn argraffedig yu y gyfrol gyntaf o'r *Cambro-Briton*.—G.

dyn godidog ydyw. Myfi a grybwyllais am eich brawd Lewis yn fynych wrtho, ac myfi a fynegais yng nghylch y *Celtic Remains* wrtho. Os daw yna, gobeithio y byddwch mor fwyn a'u dangos iddo. Nid oes nemor o'i elfydd y dydd heddyw. Y mae yn gyfaill anwyl i Mr. Johnson, awdwr y *Rambler*, large folio *English Dictionary*, &c.

Am fy llyfrau sydd yn eich cadwraeth chwi, myfi a adawaf y cwbl yna hyd Wyl Fihangel. Ac od oes yna ddim a dâl ei ddarllen neu ei ddadysgrifenu, y mae iwch gyflawn groesaw hyd yr amser hwnw. Ymgel-eddwch, da chwithau, ychydig o'r papurau rhyddion yna, yn enwedig llythyrau eich brawd Lewis at Athro Ystrad Meurig. Da iawn fyddai pei cawn yr atebion sydd ym Mhenbryn o eiddo Mr. Richard: ac yno fo fyddai yn llyfr diddan, amgenach, yn fy marn i, no llythyrau Pope a Swift, ac ereill wŷr penigamp a ysgrifenasant yn ddiweddar. Ymorolwch, da chwithau, am danynt.

Nid oes genyf ddim yr awron i'w wneuthur ond ysgrifenu a phregethu Seisoneg, a darllen llyfrau dewinaeth (*divinity*): ac felly yn lle Ieuan Fardd, mi af yn Ieuan Ddewin. Ef allai y deuaif i ymweled â chwi dros ddiwrnod ym mhen mis. Ac y mae yna lawer o hen gyfeillion, ysgolheigion Ystrad Meurig, sydd arnaf flys eu gweled. A glywch chwi? Mi a anghofiais o braidd ofyn iwch pa beth yr ych yn arfaethu wneuthur o'r Fugeilgerdd yna? Yr oedd y Tew* o Ystrad yn meddwl y rhoddech hi yn y wasg; ac os felly fydd, na anghofiwch gydnabod mai ef yw'r cyntaf a ysgrifennodd fugeilgerdd yn Gymraeg; ac onid ef, fo ddigia, ac ni chymmydd byth â chwi no minnau. Mi feddyliais am hyn es dyddiau, ond mi a anghofiais ysgrifenu atoch. Y mae ef wedi newid y ddeu-fraich ddiweddaf o'r trydydd pennill yn y wedd yma. Yn lle—

O'r wŷn aeth i Frwyno, 'd oes un nad oes yno,
Pob un a grwydro a geir adre',

* Gwr tew, corffol, ydoedd Edward Richard. Gweler *Yr Eos* (Llundain, 1811), t. 49.—G.

darllenwch—

Mamogion bron Brwyno, er iddynt hir grwydro,
Dôn' eto i'w llwyr odro i'r llawr adre'.

Am Dafydd ap Gwilym a Lewis Glyn Cothi, da iawn fu'r helynt eu dwyn o'r Pwll Dwr*. Y maent yn ddigon diogel iwch. Danfonwch am danynt pan fynoch. Llyna iwch bapuryn yn dangos gyda phwy i ddanfôn am danynt, os maynwch eu cludo dros fôr. Yr wyf yn meddwl nad oes na cherbyd na men yn nymned yno o Lundain. Gadewch im' glywed pan ddelont yna, o herwydd fo fydd yn esmwythder genyf eu dyfod yn ol yn ddifai ddianaf. Yr oeddynt yn ormod baich i mi eu cludo ar fy nghefn, er fod yn ddrwg gan fy nghalon orfod arnaf adael y ddau hen gorff mwyn ar fy ol. Ond pan ddygwyddo llongddrylliad, chwi wyddoch mai hunan-geidwadaeth yw'r egwyddor penaf. E orfu arnaf, fal pob moriwr arall, gardota ar hyd y ffordd yna, o herwydd a dderyw im' pan oedd drymaf y dymmestl, daflu yr aur a'r arian dros y bwrdd; ac yna, wedi ychydig ddyddiau, y bu tawelwch mawr. Wele, wele! Gobeithio Duw nad af fi, tra bwyf ar y ddaiaren, i'r cyfryw daith drachefn.

Yr wyf yr awron, clod i'r Goruchaf, yn mwynhau fy iechyd yn odiaeth, ac yr wyf mewn gwlad iachus, gyda gwr mwyn, rhadlon, boneddigaidd. Yr wyf yn ciniawa gydag ef bob dydd, ond yn llettya allan. Yr wyf yn talu chwe swllt yr wythnos am fy nghinio, a hanner coron am fy lletty, ac yng nghylech chwecheiniog am fy ngolchiad. Y gyflog ydyw deugain punt yn y flwyddyn. Nid yw ond curadiaeth esmwyth a phlwyf bychan. Nid oes dim i'w wneuthur ddyddiau'r wythnos. Nid allaswn fyth ddygwydd wrth guradiaeth well.

Am y Pedr Williams yna sydd yn argraffu y Bibl yng Nghaerfyrddin, nid yw, meddynt i mi yng Ngheredigion, ond ysgolhaig sal, a phur anghyfarwydd yn y Gymraeg. Un o gynghorwyr neu ddysgawdwyr y Methodistion ydyw. E ddywedwyd wrthym i nad

* Y Pwll Dwr = *Appledore*, yng Nghaint.—*G.*

oedd y gwaith ddim yn myned yn y blaen; o herwydd eu bod yn barnu nad oedd ef ddim gymhwys i'r gorchwyl. Dyna'r cwbl a wn i am dano.

Dyma'r papur ym mron darfod. Duw a'ch cadwo ac a'ch bendithio chwi a'ch tylwyth!

Yr eiddoch yn ffyddlonaf,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Gwiliwch na sonioch wrth neb yng Nghymru am hanes y Ffyll Dwr, ac onid ef ni bydd diwedd byth ar bregethu, yr hyn a ddylai fod fal physigwriaeth arall.....*

XXXVI.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Newick: Gorphenaf 29; 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—E ddywawd Mr. Llwyd o Gowden i Barri y Telynior† grefu ychydig o Bennillion Cymraeg ganddo ef, a chyfieithiad Seisnig o naddynt, o ba bennillion y rhoddwys i mi gopi pan fûm yn ymweled ag ef, megys y gallwn innau elfyddu rhyw beth, o deuai chwimp o'r fath hono i'm pen; ac ddoe brydnawn, gwedi blino rhodio'r meusydd, mi a gyfansoddais y pennillion canlynol.‡ Ni wn i gyweddant â'r mesur ai peidio, o herwydd nad wyf yn deall miwsig. Pa fodd bynag, chwi sydd, agatfydd, well barnydd mewn miwsigyddiaeth, a ellwch, os rhynga bodd iwch [eu dan-

* Llinell yma yn annealladwy drwy waith y rhwymwr.—*G.*

† John Parri (neu Parri Ddall) o Riwabon, telynor teulu i Syr W. W. Wynn, a detholwr y gwaith a elwir *Ancient British Music* (1742-81.) He 'was an exquisite performer on the triple harp. It is said that to his performance on that instrument we are indebted for the first idea of the *Bard* of Gray; at least, it was he that was avowedly the means of re-awakening the dormant inspiration of that splendid composition, and bringing it to a completion, as appears from one of Gray's own letters.'—*Carnhuanawc: Literary Remains*, ii. 400.—*G.*

‡ Gweler t. 71, 72.—*G.*

fon] at Barri, i edrych a ellir eu cymhwyso i'r delyn. Y mae'r testun, hyd ag yr wyf fi yn deall, wedi ei gyfaddasu i flas Penllywydd y deyrnas; ac o ran fod y telynior yn ddyn dawnus o Gymru, gresyn na chai ef ganu ambell bennill Cymraeg i Dywysog Cymru, o'r hyn leiaf dan ystlys y rhai Seisnig. Nid wyf fi ond anghyfarwydd yn y fath yma o brydyddiaeth, ac felly, os methais, rhaid cymmeryd yr ewyllys yn lle'r gallu.

Yr eiddoch yn ffyddlon,

EVAN EVANS.

Byddai yn dda genyf glywed, pan ddychwelo'r ddau wr boneddig gan Dafydd ap Gwilym a'r Cadben Lewis o Lyn Cothi o Rye. Fy ngwasanaeth atynt.

XXXVII.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Newick: Awst 29, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILL,—Llyma ateb i lythyr yr *hen Glochydd mwyn*. Yr wyf yn erfyn arnoch fod mor fwyn a'i ddanfôn iddo, â chaead yn ei gylch. Da iawn yw genyf glywed oddi wrthyh. Yr oeddwn yn dirfawr ofni, gan eich bod cyhyd yn dawedog, i ryw drymder ddygwydd i chwi. Llawenydd iwch o'ch maban! Bid ail i Wilym Cybi ei ewythr.

Mi a fûm yn ymweled â'r Llwyd o'r *Coed Yn* yng Nghaint (a elwch chwi Ffau'r Fuwch) ddechreu'r mis hwn. Yr oedd y pryd hwnw yn iach lawen, ac fo addawodd ddyfod i ymweled â mi ryw bryd cyn Gwyl Fihangel.

O ran fy mod, a Duw yn y blaen, yn bwriadu sefydlu yn y wlad hon weithian, byddai dda genyf ddanfôn o honoch y *ddau flwch llyfrau* yma ataf. Diau yw mai rhy flaenllym yw'r traethawd yn erbyn yr *Esgyb Eingl*; a bychan fyddai ganddynt fy nhori yn ddeuddarn, ne fy malu yn chwilfriw. Ond mewn achos

mor iawn, yr wyf yn meddwl y meiddiwn ofyn y gwaethaf a ddichon gallu dynawl ei wneuthur. A phed fawn i ddyoddef ar yr achos, llyma fy nhestun: 'Nac ofnwch y rhai a ddichon ladd y corff, a chanddynt ddim ychwaneg i'w wneuthur, ond ofnwch yr Hwn a ddichon ladd yr enaid a'r corff yn uffern: ie, meddaf, Hwnw a ofnwch.' Mi a fynwn yn ddiâu fod rhywbeth o'r fath yna wedi ei argraffu, ond nid mor flaenllym ag yw hwn yna. Y mae un Richardson* wedi cyhoeddi llyfr o blaid y Gwyddelod, ag sydd yn cael yr un cam â ninnau, ag sydd wiw ei ddarllen a'i ystyried; ond ni welais i mo hono nes gorphen y traethawd yna. Ertolwg, ymorolwch am dano ym mysg y llyfrwyr yna. Y mae o'r hyn lleiaf yn fy nhraethawd ddefnyddiau da tuag at y dyben, ond bod gormod o fustl ynddo. Y mae genyf fi ryw bapuryn bychan wedi ei ysgrifenu yn ddiweddar, ag sydd yn coegi yr Esgyb Eingl yn fwy eto no'r traethawd. Y mae wedi ei ysgrifenu yn Lladin, a llyma ei deitl:

'Llythyr y Parchedig Dad Ioan Elphin, Cenad Apostolaidd Cymdeithas Iesu at y Cymry Pabaidd, at y Sancteiddiaf Arglwydd Clement y Pedwerydd ar ddeg, Pab Rhufain; ym mha un y mae yn mynegi yn helaeth yng nghylch Helynt Crefydd yn y wlad hono, ac yn dangos y modd i gynnal a chynnorthwyo cyflwr alaethus y Gymdeithas hono, ag sydd yr awron ar fethu yn ardaloedd Eglwys Rhufain.'

Y mae Ioan Elphin yn dywedyd y gwna'r Iesuitiaid burion offeiriaid yng Nghymru, o ran eu bod o'r un gynneddf a champau da â'r Esgyb Eingl. Y mae hwn yn finiog gethin; ond nid â e ddim o law'r awdwr oddigerth atoch chwi, pan gaffwyf gyfle, mewn gwisg

* John Richardson published in 1711, 'A Proposal for the Conversion of the Popish Natives of Ireland to the Established Religion, by printing the Bible, Liturgy, &c. in Irish,' and in 1712, 'A History of the Attempts that have been made to Convert the Popish Natives of Ireland, with a Proposal for their Conversion.' Both these small works were printed together in 1712 (Dublin, 8vo.)—G.

Gymraeg; oddi wrth yr hon ni wŷr yr Esgyb uchod ddim.

Y mae yn rhyfedd genyf, a chwithau mor agos i *Rye*, nad aethoch â'r llyfrau genych. Nid yw, am a wn i, ddim pellach no chwe milltir o Romney. Mynwch ryw law sicr i'w cludo oddi yno. Myfi a logaf geffyl, os gwelwch chwi yn dda, i'w nol; ond hi fydd yn dreulfawr; o ran y mae oddi yma yno fwy no thri ugain milltir; ond dewisach genyf fi golli dau *guinea* na chlywed colli D. ap Gwilym a Lewis Glyn Cothi. Ond os cewch chwi rywun a ellir ymddiried iddo, nid rhaid im' fyned i'r draul. Gadewch im' wybod eich meddwl; o herwydd, os dywedwch y gair, myfi a af.

Buasai hoff iawn genyf eich gweled yn Newick. Mi a fŷm es pymthengnos yn ymdrochi yn y môr yn lle a elwir *Seaford*, lle yr oeddwn yn cael digon o ginychod am rôl y pwys, a gwely da'r nos a pharlwr gwych y dydd, am chwecheiniog; lle yr oedd ereill yn talu yn *Brightelmstone* ddau swllt y nos o leiaf, ac nid oes wybod pa faint am fwyd. Os dygwydd i chwi a minnau fod yn y byd yr haf nesaf, o bydd genych chwant i ymolchi yn y môr, nid oes fodd cael lle mor rhad, na gwlad mor iachus, na chyfle gwell i ymolchi.

Chwi a welwch im' ysgrifenu at Robert Thomas yng nghylch yr Almanacau: o gwyddoch chwi pa fodd i'w cludo atoch, ysgrifenwch air at yr hen wr mwyn; bydd dda ganddo glywed oddi wrthych. A dywedwch im' hyn eto: A ydyw iawn i mi ysgrifenu llythyrau fal hyn tan *gaead*? Os nad ydyw, myfi a beidiaf ar yr amnaid cyntaf.

O bydd gwiw genych, chwi a ellwch gadw y Traethawd yng nghylch yr Esgyb Eingl yn eich meddiant: ond am y llyfrau ereill a'r *MSS.*, y mae arnaf led flys i'w caffael yma. Am y cyfrwy, cedwch ef yna, nes caffoch eich talu am yr arian a roisoch allan o'm plaid i. Llyma'r cyfarwyddyd i ddanfôn y blychau:

'To the Revd. Mr. Evan Evans, at Newick, Sussex, to be left at Mr. Burtenshaw, at the King's Head, upon Chailly Common. To be sent to Mr. Thompson, at the White Hart in the Borough, to go by Mr. Rickman the carrier from Lewes. The waggon sets out early on Thursdays.'

Ac felly rhaid eu danfon yno y diwrnod o'r blaen. Mynwch *receipt* am danynt, a danfonwch i mi, mal y gwnaethoch am fy nillad.

Mi a gefais gynnyg ar guradiaeth gan Mr. Thomas Percy, Caplan Duc Northumberland; ond o ran fy mod yn fodlon i'm lle yma, ni ymadawaf ddim. Myfi a ddeisytais arno fynu cenad i mi weled *MSS.* yr hen Iarll Macclesfield sydd, meddynt i mi, yng nghadwr-aeth yr Iarllles weddw ei wraig. Y mae yn dywedyd y gwna ei oreu. Moeswch gael clywed rhywfaint o helynt yr iarllles, pa le y mae hi yn byw, a pha le y mae ei llyfrgell ganhi. Y mae yn addo fy nwyn yn gydnabyddus â Syr Watkin Wms. Wynn, 'who is' (meddai ef) 'disposed to give you a very favourable reception.'

Mi fyddaf fi yn dysgwyl fod y blychau yma cyn pen wythnos. Gadewch im' gael llythyr oddi wrthy chwithau hefyd, mal y gallwyf wybod a ydynt yn dyfod ai peidio, ai pa un y chwennychoch eu cadw yn hwy, ai nad ydych.

Yr eiddoch yn ddiffuant,
EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Direct to Robert Thomas, Clerk, at Llanvair Talhaiarn, Denbighshire, North Wales. To be left at Pont y Gwyddyl, by Chester.

XXXVIII.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Newick: Medi 9ed, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Llyna i chwi Fawrnad Sion Powel Fardd*, wedi cael y newydd alaethus o'i farw-olaeth. Mi a ysgrifenis lythyr, a chopi o honi, at y y Llwyd o'r Coed Yn† yng Nghaint. Ertolwg, perwch i Lewis Morris ieuanc ysgrifenu copi o honi i'r cloch-ydd o Lanfair Talhaiarn; a byddwch mor fwyn ag ysgrifenu llinell ato. Y mae yn fawr genyf yru'r hen wr truan mewn traul.

Mi a fûm yr wythnos ddiweddaf ugain milltir yn ymweled â'm cyfenw o Geredigiawn, ond yr oedd wedi myned ddeugain milltir ym mhellach i gyfnewid â'i feistr dros ychydig amser. Yr oeddwn yn gobeithio, wedi dyfod adref, fod y blychau a'r llyfrau wedi dyfod, ond dim mo'r fath beth. Dyna wythnos digon croes. I anfonwch air im' pa bryd yr ych yn meddwl eu cychwyn oddi yna.

Yr eiddoch mewn brys tra fo,

EVAN EVANS.

XXXIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM LLOYD, COWDEN‡.

Newick: Sept 25th, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—Since you are intrenched so strong, and have so many terrible fellows about you, there is no forcing you to any terms but what you please to fix yourself; therefore, I shall be so modest, humble, and condescending as to accept a Latin translation of my

* Argraffedig t. 104.—G.

† Coed Yn=Cowden.—G.

‡ The address is gone; but it is pretty evident that the letter was sent to the Rector of Cowden.—G.

Elegy upon John Powel, when those scurvy fellows above [about?] you are asleep. You think that I, who am a single fellow, and cannot afford to keep guards about me, have nothing else to do but laugh, sing, and be merry. Indeed, my friend, you are very much mistaken. I have more plague from a parcel of ruffians whom I am to maintain at my own cost, whether I will or no, than you possibly can have from all your servants and family put together. 'Tis true, I endeavour to keep them under with low diet, but they are rebels by nature. There is no trusting them one moment without a strict watch and ward over them. So far am I from being the happy man you think me.

Quisque suos patimur Manes.

I own there is a great deal of awe and respect due to all parts of Scripture; but am far from thinking with the Roman Catholics that it is profaned by our efforts to translate and explain such parts of it as can be reached by study and industry. Such parts of the Revelation as are prophetic, and not yet fulfilled, must evade our most curious researches; but there are others that are already fulfilled, and are admirably explained by Dr. Newton in his books upon Prophecy. And so far is it from presumption to meddle with such parts, that we have an invitation to do it: 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things that are written therein, for the time is at hand.' So that, instead of a check, we find it is our interest and duty to read and hear it. There are passages in it, no doubt, which will be only cleared by the event. There are others that we may understand; and though we cannot arrive at the majesty of the original, yet Goronwy has told us:

Dygymmydd Duw ag emyn
O awen dda a wna ddyn.

So that there is room enough for the efforts of human wit and understanding, provided they are kept within

modest and proper bounds: and the only way to do so will be ever to have Scripture as a guide.

Your comparing me to Pindar is making a mountain of a molehill. If I can write something like Lewis Glyn Cothi or Tudur Aled, I have reached the height of my ambition. I am well acquainted with their measures, and a tolerable judge of their merit; and my utmost pretensions to the Greek and Latin poets is to be a humble admirer of their noble flights, which I dare not attempt, lest I should pay for my rashness.

Vitreo daturus nomina ponto.

So much for poetry and criticism. I am very glad to hear Dr. Owen* has given leave to your son to transcribe Nennius. I have collected materials for notes upon him, and, if I have health, may, some time or other, publish him. I should be glad to see you here when my books are arrived, which I expect, at farthest, in a fortnight's time. I will enquire for such a person as you describe for a man for you; but I am afraid there are few of that kind hereabouts. However, you shall hear the result of my enquiries.

I am, yours affectionately,

EVAN EVANS.

P.S. Ddoe'r bore, myfi a gefais newydd o'r wlad, farw yr hen wr y bûm gurad iddo yn swydd Geredig-iawn; ac o ran mai hen gybydd oedd, nid allwn lai neithiwyr, yn llø rhoi cwsg i'm hamrantaau, no phrydyddu iddo yn y wedd ganlynol†. *The Miser's Epitaph* (Beddargraff y Cybydd Angor).

* Dr. Humphrey Owen, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. See Letter xli.—G.

† Argraffedig t. 87 (rhif xxxi).—G.

XL.

AT MR. RHISIART MORYS.

Newick: Medi 28, 1767.

ANWYL GYFAILLT,—Llyma fi yn danfon yn yr amser penodol am fy llyfrau, ac yn deisyf arnoch eu danfon yn ol y cyfarwyddyd a roddais iwch, modd y gallwyf eu cael yn ddiogel. Ysgrifenwch linell neu ddwy ataf y dydd y cychwynont, a *receipt* oddi wrth y *warehouse keeper*. Myfi a gefais lythyr yn ddiweddar oddi wrth Mr. Lloyd o'r Goeden. E ddywawd fod ei fab wedi cael cenad gan Dr. Humphrey Owen, Penial Coleg yr Iesu yn Rhydychen, i ddadysgrifenu *copi* o waith *Gildas Nennius*, yr hwn gymmwynas a addawsai y Doctor i mi es dwy flynedd aeth heibio; ond ni chefais neb a gymmerai'r boen arno, nac y llyfaswn ymddiried iddo am y fath orchwyl, nes caffael *Bill Llwyd*, yr hwn sydd yn ddiau yn llencyn gobeithlon iawn. *Y mae genyf finnau yma lawer o nodau wedi eu casglu yma a thraw o lyfrau argraffedig a gwaith llaw. Ond y mae'r cwbl yn rhy fychan oni cheir benthg y Celtic Remains a'r llyfryn Indexes yna, a chopi printiedig y Dr. Gale, ie, a'r Nodau ar Dyssilio hefyd, os oes modd i'w cael. Chwi a welwch gymmaint yr oedd eich brawd yn fy nirio i gymmeryd y gorchwyl hwn yn llaw oddi wrth ei lythrau ataf a'm hen feistr o Ystrad Meurig. Yn ddiau nid anturiaf fi mo hono heb y cynnorthwyon uchod. A chan eich bod chwi mor brysur yn eich Swydd Lyngesawl yna, ni waeth eu bod yma nac yna. Ni adwaen i neb a fedr wneuthur defnydd o honynt oddigert h Sion Thomas, Athraw Ysgol y Beauvais; ond y mae gan hwnw ei wala wyn (chwedl gwyr Dyfed) i'w wneuthur, os gwna gyfiawnder i'w ysgolheigion. Gwell yw gan hyny, meddaf fi, eu danfon yma, cyn eu danfon i'r *British Museum*, neu, o ddamwain, i le gwaeth, lle na bydd modd byth i mi ddyfod o hyd iddynt. Y mae'r einioes yn frau, ni wŷs pa'r*

awr, pa'r ennyd y gelwir am danom o'r byd hwn; ac am hyny goreu yw cyweirio'r gwair tra fo'r haul ysplennydd yn tywynu. Yr ydych chwithau, y mae arnaf ofn, yn meddwl fyth am y Pwll Dwr, ac yn ofni eu colli; ond yr wyf fi yn meddwl y gellwch fod yn ddigon esmwyth yng nghylch hyny, os gellwch chwi rwydd ymadaw â hwynt. Hwyl a gânt, o'r hyn lleiaf, yr un ffawd a helynt â'm llyfrau fy hun. Gobeithio ddyfod o'r ddau lyfr o Rye i'ch dwylo. Hen wr sad gonest yw'r Prosser, ac myfi a fuaswn yn ymddiried iddo o herwydd ei eirda gan ei gymmydogion am oll a feddwn, ac onid e myfi a fuaswn, er cymmaint y lludded, yn eu cludo genyf i ryw le diwall. Ni ymddygodd un dyn erioed mor giaidd annhrugarog wrthym a'r llyffant du dafadenog o Granbrook. Wfft i'r anghenfil!

Yr ydych yn dywedyd yn un o'ch llythyrau y gallaf fod yn fardd ac yn ddewin hefyd. Gallaf, rywfath o honynt. Ond y mae'r fath ddewin ag wyf fi yn ei feddwl yn amgen peth, sef a ddylai wybod yr Hebraeg, y Syriaeg, a'r Chaldaege, yr Arabiaith, ac iaith y Persiaid; mewn gair, ef a ddylai ddeall y *Biblia Polyglotta* eiddo Brian Walton. Heb law hyn, e ddylai ddarllen gwaith hen Dadau yr Eglwys, sef Origen, Basil, Ioan Aureneu, Eusebius, Clemens Alexandrinus, &c., yn y iaith Roeg, a Cyprian, Hieronymus neu Sieron, Emrys, Awstin, Tertullian, a chryn gant ychwaneg, yn Lladin. Mi a fyddaf weithiau am gychwyn yng nghylch y gorchwyl maith hwn, ond y mae yr olwg arno yn fy nigeloni, er fod amryw wedi ei amgylchu, y rhai sydd yn llewychu megys cynnifer o ser yn eu cenedlaethau. Y cyfryw oeddynt Ioseph Scaliger, Grotius, Selden, Usher, ac ereill. Weithiau ereill mi fyddaf am daclu ein hen waith ein hunain, pei cawn ganllawiau. Ond ni wiw dysgwyl mo'r fath beth, ond bai i Syr Watcyn, neu ryw un o'i fath, fy nghynnorthwyo; ond y mae gwŷr Cymru, mal y gwyddoch, wedi ymroi i fod yn Seison; am hyny y mae arnaf ofn wedi'r cwbl yr ä'r din rhwng y ddwy ystôl i'r llawr. Pa fodd bynag, ni fedraf fi ddim bod yn segur tra bwyf fi, ped fai ond

darllen Don Quixot, ac ereill bethau gwagsaw*, i ddi-fyru'r amser; ond dewisach fyddai genyf ei dreulio er lles i ereill a chysur im' fy hun pan elwyf oddi yma. Ewyllys Duw a wneler.

Byddai dda genyf gael y Traethawd ar yr Esgyb Eingl adref, a barn Mr. Humphrey arno. O'm rhan fy hun, yr wyf yn meddwl y dylai fod yn haerllug ac yn groch i'w herbyn, o herwydd byddair iawn yw'r Esgyb, a rhaid croch lefain i'w herbyn, os mynir iddynt glywed. Ni wnânt ond tremygu a distadlu o chyferchir mal y gweddai i iawn esgyb, y peth nad ydynt hwy, na thebyg iddo. Er hyn i gyd byddai dda genyf glywed barn arafaidd y dysgedig arno, megys, od ä fyth i'r wasg, y gallo beidio â gwneuthur niwaid o leiaf, oni wna ryw ddaioni. Ond am danaf fy hun, megys ag y dywedais uchod, ni newidwn i mo'r mymryn lleiaf, ped fawn i farw fory nesaf, ac nid oes na chuchiau na chymmwynasau a ddichon newid fy meddwl i yn eu cylech. Felly yn iach iddynt nes bônt wÿr da!

A glywsoch chwi oddi wrth yr hen glochydd mwyn o Lanfair Talhaiarn eto? ac a oes gobaith gweled yr Almanacau? A ddanfonasoch y Cywydd ato, sef Marwnad Sion Powel Fardd? Mi a brynais yn ddiweddar lyfr Tullius Cicero yng nghylch Dyledswyddau Dynion, sef yn Lladin M. Tullii Ciceronis *Officia*, ym mha un y mae yr ymddiddanion sydd yn niwedd Gramadeg y Dr. Gruffudd Roberts. Os danfonwch eich Gramadeg chwi yma, mi a orphenaf yr hyn sydd ar goll. Yr wyf yn deall yr iaith Groeg a Lladin a'r Gymraeg o leiaf gystal a'r Doctor: gair mawr (chwedl Abad Dinas Basi wrth Dudur Aled) o eneu arall. Ond gwir yw hynny i gyd, o choeliwch fi. Ond, ysywaeth, y mae dolor yn fy mhen o'r achos es hir flynyddau, a dyma'r achos fy mod yn colli cym-maint arnaf fy hun mewn diod. I Dduw mawr y bo'r diolch fod fy synwyrâu genyf yn sobr. Myfi a fyfyriais yn ddifedur yn ieuanec yn yr Ystrad draw, ac

* Gwasaw—MS.

ni byddaf byth fal dyn arall o'r achos. Ni wŷr llawer ffwl pengaled mo hyny ddim, ac ni chaf na nawdd na ched o dygwydd im' dramgwyddo, mwy nog ereill. Ac am hyny rhaid diowryd y ddiod yn gwbl, megys ag y gwnaethym er pan ddaethym yma.

Yr wyf yn hoffi fy lle a'm meistr yma yn ddirfawr. Cristion da cydwybodol ydyw, hyd ag yr wyf fi yn canfod eto.

Llyna i chwi gofrestr o lyfrau a bigais allan yn ddiweddar. Gwych a fyddai eu cael, ond nid oes genyf mo'r arian. Y maent ar werth gan John Whiston, at No. 64 in Fleet street, on Monday, 9th of August, 1767; ac felly, y mae'n debyg, fod y rhai goreu wedi eu prynu.

		£	s.	d.
p. 1.	13. Vetusta Monumenta quæ ad Rerum Britannicarum memoriam conservandam Societas Antiquariorum Londini edenda curavit, 2 vol. ...	5	11	0
p. 4.	93. Strabonis Geographia Gr. Apud Aldum	0	5	0
p. 5.	120. Johannis Balæi Catalogus Majoris Brit.	0	15	0
	121. Tho. Tanner Bibliotheca Britanico-Hibernica	0	18	0
	123. Anglica, Hibernica, Normannica & Cambrica ex Bibliotheca Camdeni	0	12	0
	127. Henrici Whartoni Anglia Sacra, 2 vol.	0	15	0
p. 7.	Henrici Spelmanni Glossarium Archæolog.	0	8	0
	179. A Catalogue of the Harleian Collection of MSS. preserved in the British Museum	2	2	0
p. 8.	182. Smith Catalogus MSS. Bibliotheca Cotton.	0	4	0
p. 13.	Horsley's Antiquities of Britain ...	3	13	6
	343. Borlase's Antiquities & Natural History of Cornwall	5	5	0

p. 27	Scheuchzer Itinera Alpina	..	1	1	0
p. 53.	Battelley Antiquitates Rutupinæ	0	1	6	
p. 7. 2442.	Jones Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos. Gwaith yr hen Jones F.R.S.				
2457.	Miscellanea Curiosa		

Ac amryw ereill rhwy hir eu crybwyll yma. Fy
ngwasanaeth at y wreigdda a Lewis Morys ieuanc.

Yr eiddoch tra bo na migwrn nac asgwrn o

EVAN EVANS.

XLI.

TO THE REV. DR. HUMPHREY OWEN,* PRINCIPAL OF
JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Sept. 30, 1767.

WORTHY SIR,—My good friend, Mr. Lloyd of Cowden, has wrote me word lately, that his son has obtained leave of you to transcribe a manuscript copy of Nennius, and that you were so kind as to inspect his transcript. I am very much obliged to you for this favour, and hope I shall some time hence be enabled to give a better edition of it than either Dr. Gale or Mr. Bertram. I very much regret that I live at a great distance from any public libraries, such as the Bodleian and British Museum. I am very sensible there are treasures in each that the English know not the value of. I, upon this account, sometimes regret that I did not enter into Jesus College, when I went to the University; for I might have picked out something there, whereby I might be enabled to follow my

* Dr. Humphrey Owen was a native of the parish of Meifod, Montgomeryshire, and received his education at Jesus College, Oxford, of which society he became principal on the death of Dr. Pardo, in 1763. He died in 1768, and was succeeded by Dr. Joseph Hoare. See *Gwaith Gwallter Mechain*, iii. 132.—*G.*

favourite studies. I have, however, not been idle, though I lay under so many disadvantages. I have transcribed all the works of the Ancient Bards that I could come at, especially those of Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, Aneurin Gwawdrydd, who were all contemporaries, and flourished towards the middle of the sixth century. I have likewise transcribed all the works of the Bards that are extant from the Conquest to the death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, last Prince of Wales of the British line, slain at Buellt about the year 1282. From thence forward the Bards are so numerous, and their works are in so many private hands in North Wales, and there was not that necessity of transcribing them. As for the old Bards above mentioned, copies of them were grown so scarce, that I do not believe that there are above *three* in the kingdom; and it was my good luck to meet with those that were transcribed by Dr. Davies. I have not confined myself to transcribe the works of the Bards, but have likewise transcribed all that I found curious in our ancient histories. I have two manuscript copies of the Triads and of Nennius, and many extracts out of others that are anonymous. In short, I have transcribed what I found most curious in all the libraries of North Wales I could have access to; particularly from that of Llanerch, Gloddaith, Bodysgallen, and Mr. Vaughan's of Cors y Gedol. Nobody, in short, denied me the loan of their manuscripts, but Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt; and I have, after I transcribed them, returned them all to their owners honestly, and have their receipts now by me. Indeed, I had no manner of encouragement from the Bishops, nor from anybody else; otherwise I might have done a great deal more. But I did what I undertook out of pure love to my country, and am sorry to find my countrymen so backward in making use of those advantages that we have in this respect above the English; which advantages Selden, Archbishop Usher, Camden, and all who have made any figure in writing anything of British History or Anti-

quities have made use of, and are the greatest ornaments of their most valuable performances now extant.

Now, as I found I had no encouragement in Wales, and that the Bishops preferred a great many block-heads, that could not spell either Welsh or English, to my certain knowledge; I determined to stay there no longer, and accordingly came here to England, where I have a curacy of forty pounds a year, the common run of curacies in this country, which is enough to maintain one man, and that is all. Now, as I have a mind to be of service in my generation, and am here entirely out of the way of it, where nobody will encourage my studies, I do not know where more properly to apply for a patron to my studies and pursuits than to the Principal of Jesus College. You may, by stating my case to the fellows of your College, perhaps, get me some being amongst you, either as sub-librarian, keeper of the Museum, or chaplain; something, in short, whereby I might get victuals and clothing; my utmost ambition would aim at no more. I might, by helps from the College, be enabled to give editions of all the British manuscripts that are valuable, with notes, and transcribe copies of others, to be deposited in the archives of your library. I should, in short, be enabled to do some honour to my native country, and be no disgrace to the University.

Mr. Lewis Morris has left very valuable pieces behind him, particularly a very elaborate performance, intituled *Celtic Remains*, which is a Dictionary of the names of Men and Places in Great Britain, Gaul, &c. This is done on the same plan with what Mr. Llwyd of the Museum proposed to do, but did not live to finish. He has likewise added a great many words to Dr. Davies's Dictionary, and explained a great many that the Doctor did not understand. I would, was I situate among you, fit these valuable works for the press, or at least write copies to be deposited in your archives: such acquisitions would be very valuable, and would redound to the honour of

your College. I might make excursions into the country, and transcribe what I left valuable there untranscribed. I happened to see a very valuable manuscript, intituled *Llyfr Coch Asaph*. It was a collection of letters and agreements between the Kings of England and the Princes of Wales, and a great many other curious particulars, which would be of great use to illustrate and corroborate our History of Wales, published by Dr. Powel, and a very bad edition since, by Mr. William Wynne, a younger brother of the Wynnes of Garthwyn, and brother to Chancellor Wynne. I am very sensible a great many worthless, ignorant persons may treat these schemes as visionary and chimerical; for my part, I think they are very feasible, and would redound to the credit of the College, and of those worthy persons who would encourage them.

I have done with all I have to say on this subject; and would be glad to have your opinion of my scheme, and whether you could procure me some such being in the University. I shall be at liberty any time to remove hence, by giving timely notice to my patron to procure another curate; but shall in no wise quit him till I am sure of some such berth as I mentioned in the University; where, upon the account of my studious turn of mind, I wish to spend the remainder of my days more to my own satisfaction, and the good of my native country, than hitherto, for want of proper encouragement, I have been enabled to do.

I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in speaking my mind so freely. If I did not know that you were willing to promote useful studies, and to encourage all well-meaning attempts at least to deserve well, I would not have given you this trouble.

I am, your most obliged, humble servant,

EVAN EVANS, Newick, Sussex.

P.S.—If you be so good as to favour me with a line, be so good as to send it inclosed in a cover to Mr.

Richard Morris, of the Navy-Office, London, with these words at top: 'On his Majesty's Service;' and it will come to me free.*

XLII.†

Gynhauddref: June 20th, 1768.

WORTHY SIR,—Inclosed I send you my translation of Mr. Richard's Pastoral, which will give those that are unacquainted with the language of the original some faint idea of its worth and beauty; but to you, who are well acquainted with both languages, it will discover how much I fall short, and stand in need of that indulgence which is generally allowed to translators of works of genius. Those who have seen Creech's and Fawkes' translation of Theocritus, though no bad poets, and compare them with the original, will find how much translations fail in this respect.

We have few pastoral writers of note in English; Spenser and Philips are the best; but even they come far short of Theocritus. That writer has something inimitably sweet in his *Idyllia*, and his beauty is much heightened by the rusticity of the broad Doric dialect, which, like some Scotch songs, has something very pleasing to the ear, and agreeable to the fancy of those who have a true taste for nature in its simplicity.

I return you the books you lent me, and thanks for the perusal; and am glad of this opportunity, &c. [*Cetera desunt.*]

Your obedient servant,

EVAN EVANS.

* This letter appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791, p. 1175.—*G.*

N.B.—The original of this letter is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Price, Bodleian Librarian.—*Gentl. Mag.*

† It does not appear to whom this letter was addressed.—*G.*

XLIII.

TO MR. ELIEZER WILLIAMS*, JESUS COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

Aberystwyth: Sepr. 6th. 1778.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a letter from Machynlleth in my way to Shrewsbury. I am returned now from that journey, and have the satisfaction to let you know that my Sermons are out of the press at last. You tell me in your last that you have subscribed for one copy of them. To whom have you given your name? for I did not receive it. I hope not to Evan James†; for I have turned him from doing any business of that sort for me, as I acquainted you in one of my letters. And it is now too late to insert it in the Catalogue of Subscribers, as the books are out of the press. However, you may still have a copy; for there are some few copies not subscribed for. I gave orders to Mr. Eddowes to sell those for six shillings a set. I propose staying in this town about a month, or thereabouts, in order the better to give orders how to distribute the books, as there is no post at Towyn. Be so kind as to acquaint Mr. Rice Jones of Wadham College‡, that the books are out of the press, and that I

* The Rev. Eliezer Williams, afterwards of Lampeter, who died in 1820. He was son of the Rev. Peter Williams, author of the *Welsh Annotations on the Bible* (1770), and at the time this letter was addressed to him, was, like Rice Jones and Richard Thomas, an undergraduate at Oxford. See an interesting Memoir of him, prefixed to a collected edition of his *English Works*, by his son, the Rev. St. George Armstrong Williams, M.A. (London, 1840, 8vo.)—G.

† See *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, p. 538 (1773, 4).—G.

‡ Rice Jones was the only son of Rhys Jones, editor of *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru* (1773). In *Corff y Gainc* (2nd editon, p. 105), there is an Elegy to him by Dafydd Ddu Eryri, which is entitled: 'Cywydd Marwnad i'r Parchedig Rhys Jones, A.C., diweddar Weinidog Llanystumdwy, Eifionydd;' and in a note it is added:

should be glad to have the moiety of the money in his hands as soon as convenient, that I may pay off my printer as soon as possible. Caution him against paying any money to Evan James; for if he does, it is ten to one I shall ever receive any of it. That man has to me proved an uncommon rogue; and if I had not discovered it in time, he would have cheated me and my subscribers of a very considerable sum of money.

I hope you and Mr. Richard Thomas* will transcribe the Dammegion from *Llyfr Coch* for me. Sir Watkin proves a constant and a generous patron to me, and I have lately shared of his bounty on account of dedicating the Sermons to him. I am going next winter to print the *Adagia Britannica* and the Triads with Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt's Notes, in two volumes. The subscription will be half a guinea. I hope you, Mr. Rice Jones, and Mr. Richard Thomas, will do all in your power to procure me subscriptions in the University. Sir Watkin has promised to forward the subscription in the country, and Dr. Percy and other literati in London.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient.

I am, your friend and humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

Direct to me at David Parry, Innkeeper in this town.

'Efe ydoedd unig fab ac etifedd i Rhys Jones, Yswain, o'r Blaenau, yn swydd Feirionydd. Gorphenodd ei yrfa ddaiarol yn Abercain ger Llanystumdwy, ar y 14eg o Fawrth, 1790, yn 34 mlwydd oed.' He was curate, not the rector, of Llanystumdwy.—*G.*

* The Rev. Richard Thomas, who was for many years Master of Beaumaris School, and afterwards Rector of Llanfair Fechan, Carnarvonshire. He published, at different times, three volumes of Welsh Sermons, the first of which appeared about 1790, and died in 1834.—*G.*

XLIV.

TO MR. OWEN JONES*, SECRETARY TO THE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY.

Aberystwyth: Feb. 11th, 1779.

SIR,—I would have answered yours of January 15th, 1778, sooner, but that a heap of crosses and disappointments prevented it. There was another circumstance which likewise prevented my writing, which was your omitting to give directions where to write to you. Having now a person from the neighbourhood going to London, who, by enquiry, may find you out, I venture to put pen to paper.

I am very much obliged to the Cymmrodorion for their proposed encouragement towards printing the *Trioedd Ynys Prydain* and *Diarebion*, which I am ready to let them have towards printing, provided they will encourage my coming to London. I will upon no other considerations part with them or any manuscripts, though I am not afraid of any examination they may undergo from a committee of that learned society. This I wrote lately to Mr. Richard Morris, to which he wrote a very peevish answer, considering his old age, and his readiness to do his country service.

Pray, do you know whether the late Earl of Macclesfield's collection of Welsh Manuscripts are [*sic*] delivered into the British Museum; and what manuscripts were there in that library before? I suppose you have not lived so long in London, without searching into that treasury of ancient learning. I am told, no manner of care is taken in preserving Mr. Edward Llwyd of the Museum's manuscripts in the Seabright family in Staffordshire. What a pity that such a treasure should fall into the hands of the English, who know no more how to value it than the dunghill cock

* Owen Jones=Owain Myfyr.—G.

in Æsop that of the jewel. Thus all our valuable manuscripts are lost, for want of being put into public archives, where they would be preserved. Pray, whose transcript of David ap Gwilym is that which Dr. Roberts has at Dolgelleu? By the hand I should think it must be yours. It is pity a transcript is not likewise taken of Lewis Glyn Cothi's works, which are excellent in their kind. At to Mr. Richard Morris, I do not know what manuscripts he may have besides those of his two brothers. Mr. Richard Thomas* told me that he delivered a translation of Llywarch Hen's works to Mr. Richard Morris. I should be glad you would send me a leaf inclosed in an answer to my letter by way of specimen, that I may guess how it is executed. Pray, has my cousin, Thomas Jones of the Exchequer, any MSS.? I exchanged a few letters with him last year, but forgot to ask him that question. I suppose you know him well. If there are any other private collections in the possession of any private persons in town, I should be glad to know; for, as you are Secretary of the Cymmrodorion, you are the best person I can apply to, to get intelligence about such matters.

I should be glad of a letter from you, directed to me in Bridge Street, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, South Wales.

I am, your most humble servant,
EVAN EVANS.

XLV.

AT MR. OWEN JONES.†

Aberystwyth yng Ngheredigiawn: Mai 8, 1779.

SYR,—Myfi a dderbyniais eich llythyr o'r 8ed o Ebrill yng Nghaer Fyrddin, ond nid oedd dim modd i'w

* See Letter xliii.—G.

† Endorsed: 'To Mr. Owen Jones, 8, Duck's Foot Lane, Cannon Street, London.'—G.

ateb nes gorphen yr hyn yr oeddwn yn arfaethu ei wneuthur gyda'r Dr. Siencyn*. Yr wyf wedi dyfod i'r dreflan hon; a chwedi gwastatau pethau o'm hamgylch, y mae yn iawn im' ateb i chwithau.

Y mae Dewi Fardd y Blawd o Drefriw â'r *proposals* ganddo tuag at brintio y Diarebion a darn o'r Trioedd â Nodau Mr. Fychan o Hengwrt es mwy na dwy flynedd. Ni wn i pa beth a dderyw i'r burgyn hwnw, ai byw ai marw ydyw. Ni chlywais ddim oddi wrtho es talm. Gresyn na chæch hamdden i edrych pa anrhyfeddodau sydd yn y *British Museum*.

Myfi a welais y dysgedig Mr. W. Jones† yng Nghaerfyrddin. Gwr mwyn a rhadlon ydyw, ac fe rodd i mi *ddirection* i ysgrifenu ato.

Myfi a glywais fod llyfrau Mr. Edward Llwyd o'r *Museum* gan Mr. Pennant, gan y Parchedig Mr. Richard Thomas, Curad Rhuthin‡. Gobeithio y cawn lawer o hen goffeion yn ei lyfrau nesaf o'i Deithiau drwy Gymru. Tra chywraint oedd y gwaith diweddaf; a gresyn, mal dywedwch chwithau, na bai yn deall iaith ei wlad yn well.

Ni welaf yr awrøn ddim modd i argraffu dim mewn Brutaniaith, o ran fod ein bonedd mor annaturiol i'w gwlad a'u hiaith. *Dyna Syr Watcyn wedi tynu oddi wrthyf ei SALARY neu ei BOUNTY*. Y mae *chwarëyddion*, *miwsigyddion*, a *chwaræwyr hud a lledrith* yn fwy dywenydd ganthaw na gwÿr o ddysg. Y mae yn rhaid i mi, gan hynny, edrych am ryw ffordd arall i gael bywiolaeth. Nid oes dim a fynwyf fi ag ef na'i fath tra byddwyf byw mwy. Y mae yn rhyfedd genyf na byddai eich Cymmarodorion chwi, sydd wÿr o ddysg a moddion bydol, dipyn well eu cynneddfau, a'u

* Tebygel mai y Dr. Jenkin Jenkins, athraw yr Athrofa Henadurol, a Gweinidog Capel Heol Awst, yng Nghaerfyrddin, a olygir.

† Syr Wiliam Jones, y mae yn debygel, yw y gwr y sonir am dano.

‡ Hynny yw, fel yr ymddengys, Mi a glywais gan Mr. Richard Thomas fod llyfrau E. Llwyd gan Mr. Pennant. Y mae'r frawddeg wedi ei hysgrifenu yn aiferw iawn.

cariad at eu gwlad, na goddef *Geirlyfr* Dr. Davies, a *Celtic Remains* Lewis Morris, heb eu hargraffu. Pedwar cant o bunnau a lenwai'r wlad o lyfrau godidog; a pha faint mwy no hyny y mae dynion yn eu treulio ar eu melus chwantau, heb wneuthur gronyn o les i gorff nac i enaid, nac i'w gwlad, nac i'w hiaith?

Mi a ddeisyfais arnoch ysgrifenu *specimen* o gyfieithiad Seisnig Mr. Richard Thomas o waith Llywarch Hen. Os yw wedi ei iawn gyfieithu, e ddylid ei argraffu. Y mae genyf fi ddadysgrifiadau o hen gopiau awduraidd o waith yr hen Fardd, ond y mae ynddo *lawer o eiriau nad wyf fi yn eu deall*; ac myfi a welais gymmaint o henwaith ond odid ag a welodd R. Thomas, ac yr wyf yn meddwl *fy mod yn deall yr iaith cystadl ag un Cymro* pa bynag yn yr oes hon.

Nid oes genyf ddim i ddywedyd wrthy ch ychwaneg y tro hwn. Pei gallech *fenthycio gwaith Dafydd ab Gwilym* im' dros ychydig o amser, mi a fyddwn rwy medig iwch, a phe *dadysgrifenech waith Lewis Glyn Cothi*. Byddwch wych.

Yr eiddoch,

EVAN EVANS.

Direct to me in Bridge Street, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, South Wales.

XLVI.

TO THE REV. BENJAMIN DAVIES, RHYD Y GORS,
NEAR CARMARTHEN*.

Llan Rhystud: Nov. 24th, 1780.

DEAR SIR,—I came here yesterday evening, in hopes of receiving an answer to a letter I wrote to the Bishop of St. David from Lampeter last Monday sevensnight;

* The Rev. Benjamin Davies was a brother of the Rev. David Davis, of Castell Hywel, Cardiganshire, author of *Telyn Dewi*. He was, at the time this letter was addressed to him, assistant to

but have received none as yet. But the professions he made to me at Aber Gwylif make me hope that he will do something for me, particularly that he would apply for Brucer's Benefaction in my behalf. When I took my leave of him, he told me that he would write word immediately to the Rev. Mr. Richard Lewis, who lives in the Palace at Aber Gwylif, what dependence I might have for relief from that quarter. Possibly he might have wrote to him ere now on that head. I desire, therefore, that on the receipt of this you would write a line to Mr. Lewis, to know whether he has received any information on this matter. I do not know whether I have given you any direction how to write to me in case you received any letters addressed to me at the Post-Office, or whether I desired my landlord at Carmarthen to forward them to you. However, I am now recovered from the flutter of spirits that untoward business of the dearly purchased manuscript put me in. I thought it advisable to write to you as soon as possible how to direct to me, so as the letters may be safely conveyed to my hands. For in my present situation, I ramble here and there among my old friends and acquaintance, till I can get some curacy to fix in. If, therefore, you have received, or shall receive any letters for me, be so kind as to inclose them in a cover with this direction: 'To the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans, at the Rev. Mr. Isaac Williams*, at Ystrad Teilo, in Llan Rhystud, Cardiganshire.'

Perhaps you may be desirous to know in what the Rev. Robert Gentleman at the Presbyterian Academy, Carmarthen, and resided at Rhyd y Gors, on the banks of the Towy, about a mile below the town of Carmarthen. From Carmarthen Mr. Davies removed to Liverpool, and ultimately settled at Evesham, Worcestershire, where he died in 1811. He was reputed a good scholar, and our bard is stated to have derived assistance from him in the study of Hebrew.—G.

*Mr. Williams was the grandfather of the late Rev. Isaac Williams, B.D., author of *The Cathedral, Baptistery, Harmonies of the Gospels*, and a great number of other works, who died in 1865.—G.

plight I arrived in Cardiganshire, and what adventures I met with on the road. I shall give you a brief narrative of what was most remarkable. I betook myself directly from the jurisdiction of the Worshipful Mayor of Carmarthen, and got to Aber Gwylif the first day; from thence I reached Rhyd Argaeau, where I met with the Rev. Mr. Morgan*, a sensible clergyman, to whom I related my troubles, and who notwithstanding insisted on my writing something in poetry, to testify my having past there. To oblige him I wrote the following Breichiau Cywydd, suitable to my temper and circumstances:

Fo fethodd, pylodd y pen,
 Dan rew mae'r dyner Awen.
 Os rhydd Duw gwyn terfyn teg,
 Ni chwynaf ddim ychwaneg.
 Po gyfyngaf, trymaf tro,
 Yr ä'r gwan i oer gwyno,
 Ehangaf, rhwyddaf er hyn,
 Duw nef, od awn i'w ofyn.

All this poetry is nothing but a very pious Welsh proverb reduced to Cywydd metre. *Po gyfyngaf yw gan ddyn, ehangaf yw gan Dduw.* This I had found remarkably verified before I set out on my journey, of which you are well acquainted. The next day I set out in bad weather, and had very dirty roads to travel, and I was incommoded with the carriage of two handkerchiefs replenished with books and wearing apparel. To have seen me wading up to my ankles thus encumbered was a very phantastic sight, and to me very irksome; but, however, I put on resolution, and waded through thick and thin, till I reached the New Inn. Here, as Providence would have it, I met a man from the parish of Lledrod, who disencumbered me the inconvenient load of the handkerchiefs, and also of my great coat. I was next morning somewhat lighter both in body and mind, and reached Lampeter; where I

* He was the incumbent of Llanpumsant, and lived at Pentref Mawr by Rhyd Argaeau.

preached on a text suitable to my condition: 'It is good to me to be afflicted.' Here I was informed of a remarkable robbery that had been committed on Friday night in a tailor's house of the sum of two hundred and eleven pounds, while the poor man and his family were hearing a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Perkins*. This poor fellow's fate I thought remarkably hard, having lost his all in the compass of such short time. Man, say I, in the words of Holy Writ, is born to troubles, as the sparks fly upward. Here you have all that is interesting in my peregrination, and perhaps more than I ought to have wrote, had I not time on my hands.

You will be so kind as to give my best respects to Mr. Gentleman, and to Mr. Peter Williams, and all my good friends and benefactors at Rhyd y Gors† and Carmarthen. They have a share in my prayers, which is all the retribution I am capable of making. I hope you have received the books from Mr. John Meredith. As for the box of clothes, I thought it best it should remain in his custody till I could be fixed in some place, and be able to send for it. I should be glad to receive a long-winded epistle from you, directed as above.

I am, with truth and sincerity, your affectionate friend and most obliged humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

* Minister of Pencader and Rhyd y Bont, Carmarthenshire.—*G.*

† Mr. Gentleman, like Mr. Davies, resided at Rhyd y Gors.—*G.*

XLVII*.

WORTHY SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you as a lover of your country, and an encourager of learning, and as a person descended from the great Mæcenas of the Welsh Bards, Ifor Hael, of Gwern y Cleppa, and, of course, disposed to promote any laudable undertaking carried on by your countrymen. I have, for several years, taken great pains to rescue the few ancient British Remains in Poetry and History from ruin and oblivion, that lie scattered in several private libraries in North Wales, and which, I think, are worth preserving. I drew up last year the following catalogue of particulars, as far as my memory could then recollect them. I did this in order to give those that are disposed to encourage the undertaking some idea of the nature of the different tracts. What I think would be most acceptable to my countrymen in general is a new edition of the History of Wales by Caradoc of Llan-carfán. There have been two editions of this history already published; the first by David Powel, D.D.,

* This letter having neither date, place, nor address, it is difficult to ascertain when and to whom it was written; we have therefore only internal evidence to guide us. In Letter xliii. (dated Sept. 6th, 1778) it is stated that Sir W. W. Wynn proved 'a constant and a generous patron' to the writer; but in Letter xlv., which bears date May 8th, 1779, we find that that gentleman had withdrawn his allowance, a fact alluded to in the present letter as having occurred some two years previously. This letter therefore could not have been written earlier than 1780; and as the person to whom it was addressed is stated to have been a descendant of Ifor Hael, and evidently a man of note in his day, it is not improbable that the new patron whom the bard sought to secure was one of the ancestors of the present Lord Tredegar. And this conjecture is in some degree corroborated by the fact, which we learn from another source, that he was curate of Maesaleg, the parish in which Tredegar Park is situated, in the month of August, 1780; and his connection with that place about the time in question may have been either the cause or the result of writing the letter under consideration.—G.

A.D 1584, the other by Mr. William Wynn, 1700, and lately republished by Mr. Thomas Evans, printer in London. I have a great many particulars from several monkish writers, and others of our own, which were not taken notice of by either of those editors, which I intend to publish by way of appendix, in order to confirm and illustrate the facts related in the British copy. As I am at present destitute of a patron to carry on this work to perfection, I take this liberty of laying the following rough sketch before you, though I have not had the happiness of any previous acquaintance with you. If you do not encourage the undertaking, I must ever despair of reaping any fruit of my labours, some having already disappointed me, who promised fairly at first, and by their feigned patronage have brought me to real distress.

This hath put a stop to my studies, and my ill state of health hath obliged me not to do any duties of my function for several years.

I have a large collection of books at Aber Ystwyth in Cardiganshire, and a room for which I pay three pounds a year. My collection of Manuscripts likewise is there, and I am afraid must be in a great measure spoiled by dampness and want of fire in the room.

I came over last year to serve for a few weeks for a clergyman that wanted to see his friends in Cardiganshire. I have not been so lucky as to meet with a vacancy yet that will suit my state of health; three churches being more than I can read in for any length of time. I want clothes to put on and money in my pocket, and am destitute of every means to relieve myself for these two years past, for want of proper notice being given by my last patron, when he thought proper to withdraw his bounty from me.

I have, the beginning of last summer, advertised for a school at Aber Ystwyth, and, after paying two guineas for the advertisements, had the mortification of having not a number of scholars sufficient to support me. This I thought very hard, as I have made a very

good progress in the Greek and Latin languages, and have made exercises in verse and prose in both.

I have spent last winter with a very humane gentleman in Carmarthenshire, and in the spring of the year thought it best to enquire once more for a curacy, and if possible to procure a patron that will enable me to finish what I have for so many years prosecuted, as far as my other avocations would permit me.

If you would, for two years, let me have your encouragement, till my health is re-established, and till I am fixed either in a curacy or a school to get my livelihood, you will do both a generous and humane act. I could produce in that interval some fruits of my industry; particularly I could finish the History of Wales above mentioned, which, by permission, I shall dedicate to yourself.

If you have any perpetual curacies in your donation that should happen to be vacant, I would desire your favour of succeeding in one of them.

I have taken the liberty of drawing this rough draught of my present distressful situation, and leave you to determine what you think proper to do towards my relief.

I am, with great respect, your most obedient humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF
BRITAIN,

*From the time of Maximus the Tyrant, so called, to the Retreat of the Loegrian Britains to their Countrymen in Wales and Basse Bretagne; and the final Conquest of Loegria (now England) by the Saxons, which takes up the space of 300 years, the most obscure and dark period of our British History.**

TO SIR ROGER MOSTYN, OF MOSTYN AND GLODDAITH,
KNIGHT AND BARONET, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,
CUSTOS ROTULORUM, AND COLONEL OF MILITIA
FOR THE COUNTY OF FLINT.

WORTHY SIR,—As you have condescended to be a patron of a few specimens of ancient British poetry, published by me several years ago, I do not know to whom I can with more propriety dedicate the labours of my whole life, which are a collection of what I found most valuable and rare in the several libraries of our country, where they are still carefully preserved. I have compiled the History of Britain and Wales from our own ancient records, and that from the oldest copies now extant of *Brut y Breninoedd*, and *Brut y Tywysogion*, and *Trioedd Ynys Prydain*; *Yr Amseroedd hynod o Oes Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, hyd amser Llypvelyn ap Iorwerth*; *Achau Saint Ynys Prydain*. Besides these, which are written in the ancient British language, I have, in Latin, *Gildas de Excidio Britannice*; Archbishop Usher's copy of Nennius, collated with several other copies, and by me compared with the neat copy of Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, Esq., by the favour of Hugh Vaughan, Esq., lately deceased. Of late writers

* First printed in the first volume of the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, pp. 135, 373, 393, 398.—G.

who treat of our affairs, I have in my possession Sir John Wynne's History of the Gwydir Family; A short View of the long Life of that ever wise and valiant Commander, Rhys ap Thomas, Knight, Constable, and Lieutenant of Brecknock, Chamberlain of Carmarthen and Cardigan, Seneschal and Chancellor of Haverfordwest, Rhos, and Buallt, Justiciary of South Wales, and Governor of all Wales, Knight Banneret and Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter, Privy Counsellor to Henry VII. and a favourite to Henry VIII. This I consider as a very curious and valuable manuscript*, because it contains the history of Henry VII., and how he came to the throne; an æra that ought ever to be regarded with thanks and gratitude by the inhabitants of our Principality, as it was a means of rescuing us from the tyranny of the English, and, in the subsequent reigns, from our spiritual slavery under the Pope of Rome. The famous Lord Bacon, who wrote the Life of Henry VII. has either wilfully or ignorantly omitted this interesting history, in such a shameful manner, that he calls this great general Richard Thomas, and not Sir Rhys ap Thomas; and I remember to have seen, about twenty years ago, a letter of Sir John Wynne's, of Gwydir, expostulating with the author for the injustice he did to our hero, and his countrymen, by slurring and garbling their brave actions at that period. The author of the Life of Sir Rhys ap Thomas is supposed to be Captain Powel, of Pen y Banc, near Abergwili, in Carmarthen-shire, who lived in the time of Charles I. and was, I suppose, in the guards. The original copy of the History is still extant, but wants a leaf or two at the end.

“British Antiquities Revived,” by Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt: this curious work was printed by the author, and dedicated to Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydir, Baronet, 1662: *Brut y Tywysogion*; or, the History

* This document will be found printed in the *Cambrian Register*, i. 49-144.—G.

of the Princes of Wales, from Cadwalader, the last British king, till Edward IV.'s time. This I copied from a very fair manuscript, which was collated with ten other old copies on vellum, by Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, and was lent me, some years ago, with many other manuscripts, by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynnstay, Bart. Dr. Powel, of Rhiwabon, published this History, with valuable notes, in the year 1584; and Mr. Robert Vaughan, above mentioned, proposed to print another edition about the year 1663, but was prevented by Percy Enderby's publishing his *Cambria Triumphans*, to the great loss of the curious, as no other person ever had, or can have, such good materials as his choice collection of manuscripts afforded. I have taken great pains to collect every thing that Mr. Vaughan left in manuscript; for which favour the public, as well as myself, are indebted to the late William Vaughan, of Cors y Gedol, Esq., who had access to the Hengwrt library; and his (Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt) labours are the best things in my collection, and throw more light upon the British history than all historians and antiquaries put together. I have myself, with great labour and pains, transcribed from the old Latin monkish historians, which I borrowed from Llanvorda library, abundance of materials for the publication of another edition of this chronicle. Dr. Powel's copy should, I think, be published as it is, and the variations of the copies marked in their proper places; and Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt's notes, as far as they reach, by themselves. The Rev. Mr. Richard Evans, of Kingsland, in Herefordshire, has promised me the perusal of Bishop Humphreys' curious Collection of Manuscripts, who, as appears from two letters of his in my custody, seems to have taken uncommon pains to settle the chronology of our history, and to note down ecclesiastical matters. If I should be so happy as to see and make use of the bishop's manuscripts, it is my opinion that I shall have

every assistance that can at this time be proctured, for the publication of as perfect a history of Wales as the few materials we have left will admit. I am obliged for this great favour to Paul Panton, Esq., of Plas Gwyn, Pentraeth, Anglesey, who has constantly been my friend and benefactor.

Beside these historical pieces, I have likewise a collection of the works of the ancient bards, transcribed from *Llyfr Du o Gaerfyrddin*, *Llyfr Coch o Hergest*, and other old manuscripts. These contain the works of Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Aneurin Gwawdrydd, who all lived in the sixth century, and relate a great many curious particulars respecting the wars of our British ancestors with the Saxons. These venerable remains are become very scarce, as there are but few copies of them remaining, but they are certainly well worth preserving, not only on account of the language, but also on account of their throwing great light on the history of our wars with the Saxons, and containing many transactions not mentioned by any historian now extant; and they also relate many ancient customs, which show the simplicity of the age they lived in, and contain curious specimens of ancient Welsh poetry, and there are in them some admirable flights of genius, and many thoughts and ideas truly sublime.

I have also in my possession a select collection of the works of the bards who flourished from the Conquest to the death of Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales of the British line, and who was slain at Buallt. These will be found very useful for the purpose of illustrating the history of that period. Their works are the most animated pieces that I have seen in any language, and are the most valuable poetical compositions of which we can boast. There are but three copies of them now left in the kingdom. As I have taken great pains to rescue these remains of British literature from oblivion, together with many ancient tracts too numerous to insert here, I hope the gentlemen of the Principality, and the members of Jesus Col-

lege, in the University of Oxford, and the members of the Cymmrodorion Society, in London, will unanimously contribute towards their publication. As I am now advancing in years, and have been troubled with a dangerous disorder for upwards of sixteen years, and by the course of nature cannot live long in this world, I wish to be released from these pursuits, and to reap the fruits of my labours.

About four years ago I began a work which was more suitable to my function, viz. a translation of the Rev. Mr. Ostervald's Notes on the Old and New Testament into Welsh, for the benefit of such of my countrymen as do not understand the English. A bad state of health prevented my finishing this work, though it was very much my inclination, and is still, so to do. I must, however, leave that work, as well as myself, to the disposal of that good Providence that has hitherto supported me, and conducted me safe through many distresses and dangers. I hope you will excuse this plain address from a person who has no talent to write a dedication in the modern method, and believe me to be, with all respect and gratitude for all favours, your most obliged humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

*From my Study at Gynhawdref, near Aberystwyth:
August 8th, 1785.*

TO THE READER.

A regard for my native country, and zeal for its welfare and prosperity, induced me to study its language and antiquities; and though there is, in general, no great encouragement for such pursuits in our days, yet there are some few generous persons left among us,

who still continue to follow the steps of their ancestors, and are ready to assist any efforts made to preserve the few gleanings we have left of ancient British literature. We of the Principality of Wales have not, as yet, the history of it printed in our language, though there are several copies of it in manuscript in the libraries of the curious. But, considering what havoc is made by time, and changes and revolutions in families, it is highly to be wished that what is really valuable be either printed, or deposited in public libraries, where it might be safely preserved, for the benefit and instruction of posterity. With this view I have, for several years past, been collecting all that I thought curious and interesting in poetry and prose, history, chronology, genealogy, music, law, customs and manners, &c., and which I propose to publish, with the assistance and under the patronage of such worthy persons as may be disposed to encourage such an undertaking. It may, perhaps, be necessary to make an apology for printing *Brut y Breninoedd*, or the History of the Kings of Britain, as it has lost a great deal of its credit since Camden's time, who has made use of every art, applied all his learning, and exerted all his efforts to overthrow it, in order to establish his own *Britannia* upon his ruins. That very learned and able antiquary, Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, seems to have intended his notes upon *Trioedd Ynys Prydain* (The Triads of the Isle of Britain) as an answer to all that Camden has to say against the British History, and a confutation of his new system. I shall here produce Mr. Vaughan's arguments against Camden, extracted from a commonplace book written by him, and communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Lewis Owen, then curate of Llanddeiniolen, in the county of Carnarvon.

'Camden, as a principal argument against Brutus, informs us that many are of opinion that one Galfridus Monemuthensis, about forty years ago, did first

find out or invent that Brutus for the Britons*; as no historian, as he would fain make us believe, ever mentioned Brutus before him. But surely it could not be unknown to Camden that Samuel Beulanius, Nennius, Gildas, Taliesin, and both the Myrddins (Merlinus Sylvestris and Merlinus Ambrosius), yea, that Gildas, a man who lived in the days of Claudius Cæsar, have all testified at large of our Brutus, many hundred years before the birth of Galfridus Monemuthensis, which plainly controverts the opinion of those men; and farther betrays the jealousy and envy of Camden, and his hatred towards our nation and the History of Wales, inasmuch as he prefers, and intentionally follows, a palpable error, in opposition to the clear testimonies of these ancient men. Therefore Galfridus was not the first inventor of Brutus. But it may be objected, why do the Britens adhere to their Brutus, as a name given to this island, seeing the Scots and Danes, the Brabanders, the Goths, and the Saxons, have renounced their Scota, Danus, Gothus, and Saxus, to be authors of their nations? To this it may be answered, that truly the weakness of these objections against Brutus may serve as a strong inducement to us to adhere resolutely to him, rather than to give him up. And, besides, it is confessed by Mr. Selden, one of your own school, that Galfrid is not the first inventor of Brutus; for he saith that Nennius, 300 years before his time, doth mention Brutus. And, because the Scots, Danes, &c., have relinquished their Scota, Danus, &c., as fables and inventions, must we, on that account, abandon our Brutus as spurious or supposititious? a very weak and silly argument truly. Another objection you will say is this, that Vives, Junius, Buchanan, Polydore Virgil, Bodin, and others, all men of grave judgment, with one voice have denied that

* Such is the orthography of the word in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, and such possibly it was in the author's transcript; but Robert Vaughan, in all probability, wrote *Britains* throughout, as was the custom of his day.—G.

such a person as Brutus ever existed, as if nothing were true but what these men admit; but surely men of as great judgment as they have been deceived in matters of less antiquity than this. But the greatest objection that can be alleged against Brutus is this, that there is no mention of any such person being the son of Sylvius, in the Roman histories; as if those writers could not have omitted any event or memorable act transacted in Italy from the arrival of Æneas in that country to their time. Whereas in these early times there were but few learned men and fewer historians, insomuch that Livius himself complaineth very much of the ignorance of those times; neither can any one gather out of the Roman histories but that Brutus might be the son of Sylvius: and several men of our own affirm the same, among whom you cite Wethamstead, who saith that the whole story of Brutus is rather poetical than historical. His first reason is, that the Roman histories make no mention of the slaughter of his father, or his birth, nor of his banishment; secondly, that Ascanius had no son called Sylvius; thirdly, Sylvius Posthumus, mentioned by Alfrid, was the son of Æneas, by Lavinia. The first of these objections is sufficiently answered by others; only this much I will say, that it might be, notwithstanding any thing contained in the Roman histories to the contrary. To the second: Titus Livius affirms that Ascanius had a second son called Sylvius, Brutus Consul Romanus, saith Gildas. By this is meant nothing more than a prince or nobleman of Italy, speaking in the phrase of after ages. If Gildas, out of ancient monuments, found that same affirmed Brito to be the son of one Hesichion, you cannot say that his opinion was so, denoting thereby that there was no question of Brito. And might not Brutus have come here, notwithstanding the posterity of Gomer might have inhabited here before. That the Britons and Gauls (proceeds Mr. Robert Vaughan, in answer to Camden) used the same religion, you prove out of Tacitus; both nations had their

druids, as you prove out of Cæsar; but from whence, I pray you, had the Gauls their religion, their druids, and their discipline? Doth not Cæsar himself say that they had them from Britain, where they were first found? and doth not Cæsar say farther, that in his time those of the Gauls, who would be thoroughly instructed in that religion and discipline, went to Britain to learn the same. It is most likely, also, that from Britain the Gauls had their bards; and, from the Gauls, the Germans; so that their being of the same religion, and the bards and druids common to both nations, by no means proves that the Britons were the progeny or descendants of the Gauls, and consequently the same nation. This, therefore, appears to me to be a very weak and unfounded argument. Camden might, with more probability, have said, that the Gauls were the progeny or descendants of the Britons, because they received their druids, their discipline, bards, and religion, from them.

‘Some writers assert, that our druids held that there was but one God, whom they accounted to be father, maker, and supporter of all things, and who was by them called *Duw Tad*, i.e. God the Father; and that the Gauls called him *Teutates*, whom they took to be *Mercurius*, and were persuaded by the druids that he was their father and maker. Cæsar called him *Dis Pater*, and Polydore saith, “Gildas innuit Britannos primos, insulæ inhabitatores, cognitionem habuisse Dei.” And this is Camden’s *Duw Taith*. I cannot believe that from this Pluto, or Dis Pater, as Cæsar saith, the Gauls were accustomed to reckon the time by the nights, and not by the day, but that they borrowed this method of calculating time from the Britons, who, having knowledge of the Supreme God, and of his wondrous works, held that custom by tradition from the beginning of mankind; for, according to Holy Writ, God made evening and morning; so that this observation of time, which was common both to the

Gauls and Britons, by no means proveth them to be the same nation; for do not the English reckon the time by the night, and not by the day? and it is well known they are a very different nation from the ancient Britons.

‘In the next place, I cannot avoid noticing how unskilfully, and I might add, ignorantly, Mr. Camden interprets our British tongue, translating *pythefnos*, the Welsh word for fortnight, *sedecim noctes*, and thus giving persons ignorant of the language room to suppose that the Britons reckon sixteen nights in that space of time; whereas the word signifies *pumtheg*, fifteen, *nos*, night; and, consequently, that the Welsh or British years are longer than the calculation of all the world besides, &c.’

These arguments of Mr. Vaughan against Mr. Camden are further prosecuted by him in his *Notes on the Trioedd Ynys Brydain*, or the Triads of the Isle of Britain. I shall not, therefore, transcribe any more from his commonplace book, but merely make use of the conclusions and inferences he draws from them, which bespeak the candid, the ingenuous, and able antiquarian:

‘Can those adversaries of the British History produce that of any other nation, Holy Writ excepted, which is not intermixed with fables? Thucydides saith that a great part of the Trojan History is fabulous. Herodotus, who by Cicero is called *Historiæ Parens*, is by Diodorus called *Fabularum Pater*. Trebellius, by Vopiscus, and Tacitus, by Tertullian, are accused of falsehood and misrepresentation. Cæsar, by Asinius Pollio, is said to have written his Commentaries with uncertain credit, as Suetonius, in Cæsar’s life, affirmeth. Let these objectors examine the origin of nations in primitive times, viz. that of the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; and, if they find

them free from fables, then let the hardiest reject and condemn ours; but if, notwithstanding some few fabulous inventions, they discover historical truths in the works of those ancient authors, who committed to writing these remarkable events, why should they not judge equally favourably of our writers, and deal with the same indulgence towards our history? Either let them embrace the ancient series of the British History, and continual succession of princes, or let some of them write a certain and true history of the times, which may not be contradicted; whereby, of necessity, our history being of all men taunted and despised, may thus vanish and disappear. And, until this be done, let it be lawful for us to receive these ancient reliques of the history of our nation, collected by studious men in their times, and preserved for so long a period from oblivion. For the reconciling our British History with the Roman and Greek authors, who wrote of British affairs, two sorts of men, who, by their importunity, would greatly hinder this reconciliation, must be excluded from this business: and, of the first kind, are those who do not scruple to affirm that the whole course of the British History is altogether feigned, and wholly fabulous; and whatever any man shall produce, out of ancient British monuments, to the contrary, they immediately proclaim such to be forged and counterfeited; slighting and contemning them so far, that they judge them undeserving of notice, as being unworthy of credit. Neither do they judge anything else as being worthy to be admitted, except what is grounded on the authority of Roman writers, as if nothing else were true except what either the Romans have with their testimony confirmed, or they themselves have seen with their own eyes. The second sort, on the contrary, are those who would most unreasonably and most pertinaciously retain every vain fable, absurd miracles, and false prophecies, contained in our history, and would have them believed and assented to as solid and undoubted truths. The task

and labour of purging and reforming this history must, therefore, be committed to wise and moderate men, who may be able to account for all the facts and statements in a rational manner: persons who are capable of defending their own opinions, and of answering and refuting the curious and subtile arguments of our adversaries; and thus make the truth plain and apparent. Besides all this, three things must be duly considered and weighed:

‘1st. To observe a proper distinction between the rulers of the different states or commonwealths, distinguishing their names, &c.

‘2dly. The historical relation of acts and monuments.

‘3dly, and lastly, A perfect knowledge of the proper names of their reguli, and of the various epithets applied to them; and the cause of their invention, and of their being thus assigned to them.

‘And, first, respecting the rulers of the different states, and the principal persons in each commonwealth. It must be recollected and well understood that this island, from the time of Dyvnwal Moelmud (Dunwallus Molmutius) was divided into divers petty kingdoms, which were always governed by several petty kings, who enjoyed a certain supreme authority in their different provinces, as appears evident from the authority of Cæsar, Tacitus, Dion, Suetonius, and other writers; and it further appears, from our history, that Loegria, Albania, Cornwall, Demetia, Venetia, Deira, and Bernicia, always had their several kings, or reguli, who, although they sometimes made war one against another, yet, upon any foreign invasion, they always chose a person from one of these to be their supreme commander and leader, and whose will and orders, for the time, the rest obeyed, in order

to repel the incursions, or withstand the violent assault, of any foreign enemy. When we consider this circumstance, we may easily understand how various writers might mention the names of different kings as bearing sway in several parts of this island at the same time, and yet this seeming contradiction be easily reconciled with the truth of history; and thus one writer might mention such a person as being king of Britain at a certain period, and another author record a different monarch as possessing the throne at the same time, as there were many contemporary rulers or reguli in different parts at the same period; and, in addition to this, great attention must be paid to their names, as the same person was frequently distinguished by different epithets or cognomens; for it was a very common practice among the Britons to give the same man different names; and, for want of knowing this, and paying proper regard to this peculiarity, great mistakes have been committed, and many persons have thus been tempted to doubt the truth of our history.

‘Secondly, in the relation of acts and monuments (i.e. in relating different transactions). A man may observe, in all authors, a certain inclination of the mind towards their own countrymen, or towards those whose acts they endeavour to advance and dignify in their writings, whereby they do, with great vehemence and energy, both extol the praise and merits of the acts by them performed, and also endeavour wholly to suppress and extenuate the villainy of their infamous deeds. All writers, for the most part, are troubled with this disease, of which Cæsar himself, in the relation of the acts of this island, is not free, as by Lucan, Tacitus, Dion, and Plutarch, is very manifest; and St. Augustine doth observe the like of Titus Livius. In doubtful matters, we ought to endeavour to divest ourselves of partiality, and examine minutely every circumstance, and weigh and compare the various events

together; and, if we must lean to either side, we ought to give the preference to that author whose credit is best known to us, and thus endeavour to judge impartially of the subject which is discussed and treated by the writer; and whether the circumstance that is related is supported by such facts as may tend to render it credible or otherwise. And, in order to sift out and discover the truth, we ought to divest our minds of all envy and jealousy and prejudice, and not be biassed by any undue partiality toward one nation, or one side of the question, more than another.

‘Thirdly, with regard to the proper names of eminent men, or different individuals, and also those of various regions, cities, rivers, mountains, and other circumstances. Care must be taken that we perfectly understand for what reason those names were at first imposed, and from what language they are derived; and whether they are British or Roman names; and whether the individuals or places still retain the old names, or others similar unto them. And, for this purpose, both a perfect acquaintance with Roman and British customs and manners is necessary, as well as a thorough and familiar knowledge of the British tongue; for the Roman writers, having converted the British names to the form of the Latin speech, have thus greatly disfigured and disguised them; and it may be supposed, on the other side, that the Britons greatly corrupted and mispronounced the Roman names; so that, without a proper knowledge of these things, many transactions can scarcely be understood, or the names be restored to their original purity, and their genuine and correct orthography. However, provided these rules be observed, and a person be thus properly qualified for these studies, by being possessed of these preliminary and necessary qualifications, I consider it no very difficult matter to determine these various particulars, provided they be diligent and accurate

investigators of antiquities, and endued with a sharp and accurate judgment.

'The British History, though it may to some appear fabulous and fictitious, yet hath been for many years generally admitted and received as, for the most part, genuine and authentic; and it is confirmed, in many particulars, by Roman writers, such as Cæsar and others, with regard to what is related of Cassibelaunus, *Caswallawn*; and also by the testimonies of Dion and Suetonius, in what is related respecting Cunobeline, *Cynwelyn*; and Juvenal mentions Arviragus. The British History is also further confirmed by many other writers of great credit and antiquity, such as the History of King Lucius, and his receiving the Christian faith; viz. by Beda, &c.; in the office of the king and the rights of the crown of Britain; by St. Edward, in his laws; and by Giraldus, in many places; of Severus, Bassianus, and Geta, by Herodian and all the Roman writers; Carausius, Alectus, and Asclepiodotus, mentioned by Eutropius, lib. ix. Of the persecution of the Christians, mention is made by Bede and Gildas; of the emigration of the Britons to Armorica, with Maximus the tyrant, notice is taken by Nennius, Beda, Gildas, and William of Malmsbury; Aurelius Ambrosius, is commemorated by P. Diaconus, Gildas, and Beda. The siege of Bannesdown is noticed by Gildas and Beda; Vortigern is mentioned by Beda; and Vortimer by Nennius; Uther Pendragon's coin of gold is extant; Arthur, noticed by Nennius; and Constantine, Vorapor, and Maelgwn (*Maglocunus*) by Gildas; Brochwel Ysgithrog, King of Powys, by Beda.'

Thus far Mr. Robert Vaughan. I shall beg leave here to add a few arguments more, which make the ancient British History probable, though I own they do not amount to demonstration. And, first, I do not know how to account for the many Greek words that

we have still in our language, except that the colony of Celtæ, who came to Britain with Brutus, had borrowed them of the Greeks, by being in their neighbourhood. The learned and sagacious Joseph Mede has fixed the habitations of the sons of Gomer, our common ancestor, in this country; and I shall here beg leave to quote his own words: 'The other, whose sons are named by Moses, is Gomer, and to him, therefore, we must allot the next regions most accessible, and fit to have commerce and traffic with Palestine, and these will be those parts of Asia which lie upon the Ægean sea and Hellespont, northward; and this agrees well with Ezekiel, who calls Gomer and Togarmah inhabitants of the sides of the north; and it is manifest that the Jews called Lesser Asia the north, and the kings thereof, in Daniel, the kings of the north. We may, therefore, assign to these Gomerians all the north-east part of this Asia, containing Phrygia, Pontus, Bithynia, and a great part of Galatia; and this will be a portion answerable to that of Javan. And this Josephus will not deny us, who affirms the Galatians to have been Gomeræi; and Herodotus will tell us, that a people called Cimmerii dwelt in this tract, who sent a colony to Palus Meotis, and gave name to Cimmerius Bosphorus; and Pliny (lib. v. c. 30,) speaks of a town in Troas, a part of Phrygia, called Cimmeris, which all have their name from Gomer.'

This is the testimony of the learned Joseph Mede. Mr. Camden makes use of the similarity of language to prove that the Britons were of the same origin with the Gauls; and this will likewise prove that the ancient Britons, a branch of the Celtæ, were, in some very distant period, neighbours of the Greeks, and borrowed many words from their language: not that they were a Greek colony, for it remains yet to be proved that the Trojans were Grecians, though Homer, as a poet, introduceth them as speaking in that language; yet it doth not argue them to be Grecians, no more than

that the Carthaginians and Romans were the same nation, or used the same language, as represented by Virgil.

For my own part, I consider this as no mean argument in favour of what Nennius and the British History affirm respecting the arrival of the colony of Trojans, with Brutus their leader, in this island; and I can no otherwise account for our having so many Greek words mixed with our language. The Irish, Erse, and Manks, which are, I believe, the only dialects now remaining of the Celtic language, are free from such an intermixture; for the Armorican and the Cornish are dialects of the ancient British, and and have continued the same as far back as we have any records, insomuch that, though I believe we were originally of the same stock with the Gauls, yet had we a different dialect from all the other *Celtæ*, from the time of the arrival of Brutus here. It is greatly to be wished that learned men would consider this subject coolly and impartially, and account in any other rational manner why we of this island should have any words in our language (as we have very many) which our ancestors borrowed from the Grecians. This could not have happened without some considerable stay in their neighbourhood. I shall here take the liberty of transcribing a few passages from *Pezron's Antiquities of Nations*, which may conduce to throw some light upon what I have here advanced.

For besides that Saturn reigned in Phrygia, part of which was afterwards called Galatia, from the *Gauls* or Galatians who settled there, it may be observed that no finer scarlet was made any where than in this province; and it is evident that the word *κόκκος*, *coch*, scarlet, is derived from the Gaulish language; and it is very remarkable that both the Greek and Latin words for this colour may be clearly traced from the Celtic origin, as well as many hundred others not

generally supposed to be thence derived. This name, in all probability, was borrowed from the Phrygians, to whom the Greeks, according to the confession of *Plato*, were indebted for many other words: thus *χρονος* seems to come from *kroone*, in British *coronog*, which signifies crowned; because *Saturn* was the first of the Titan princes who wore a crown, and it was in Phrygia that he kept his court, where, perhaps, he first took that dignity upon him; and so there is no wonder that the Phrygians should give him this name, and from them it was most probably transmitted to the Grecians. It is known that *Rhea* was both wife and sister* to *Saturn*, which in these days is considered very strange, and very justly so; but we shall show in another place the reason of this custom, which was also used by the Persians, Egyptians, Carians, and other nations. *Rhea*, in Celtic, signifies Lady (*Rhiain*); as *Rhi* doth a Lord. The Greeks and Romans are to be pitied that they can give no better etymologies of these names of their pretended deities, which are all false, and have, if I may make use of the expression, nor rhyme nor reason in them. All these names come from the language of the Titans, which was no other than that of the *Celtæ*; and whosoever is not acquainted with this language, which is still spoken in some parts of France and Britain, will make nothing of it but guess-work, and wander and shoot beside the mark; and this may be clearly proved from the names of the succeeding princes. And there is a singular circumstance mentioned by *Homer* with regard to these Titans, which may be noticed here: Speaking in his *Iliad* of a small river near *Troas*, which ran from Mount *Ida* into the sea, he says, the Gods gave it the name of *Xanthus*—*Ον Ξανθον καλεσει Θεοι, ανδρες δε Σχαμανδρον*, *Quem Xanthum vocant Dii homines vero Scamandrum*; which the Gods call *Xanthus*, but men *Scamander*. Most persons who read this poet know not who those Gods were that gave the name of *Xanthus* to this river; and, therefore, here we are to understand that those Gods of whom *Homer*

speaks, then, were no other than the Titans, that were with Jupiter and Saturn, and, therefore, they are by the scholiast frequently called $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\iota\ \tau\iota\tau\eta\nu\epsilon\varsigma$, seu Titanes, Dii Titanes, the Titan Gods; and these divine appellations were given them on account of their being esteemed the descendants of the Gods, that is, of *Uranus*, Saturn, and Jupiter, who, among the Grecians, passed for great Gods in ancient times. Gomer, who was the eldest, must certainly, as well as the rest, be the founder of a people; and who could they be but the Gomerians, from whom, according to Josephus (lib. i., lib. 7), the Celtæ or Gauls were descended. And if Gomer be the true stock of the Gauls, as I have already made out by so many proofs and authorities, they must needs have a language quite different from other people, and that was the Celtic tongue. But, to carry this matter no farther, which indeed appertained to no other than the European provinces towards the west, it was at first the language of the Gomerians in Asia, then of the Sacæ, afterwards of the Titans, and also of the *Cimbri* or *Cimmerians*; after all which, that is, in a series of many ages, it became at last the language of the *Celtæ*, who were better known by the name of Gauls. But let us not rest here, for we ought to neglect nothing for the confirming a truth which may be contested, because it has continued hitherto concealed and unknown. It is certain, from what has been offered, that the Celtæ, who extended themselves to the utmost boundaries of the west, that is, into Gaul, were the descendants of those who anciently bore the name of *Titans*. *Callimachus*, who flourished in Egypt 250 years before our Saviour's time, was so satisfied with it, that he took delight to recount it, because it seemed to tend to the honour of Ptolemy Philadelphus, his hero, who played them a very ill trick. I will insert the whole paragraph here (observes Mr. E. Evans) because it is curious, and as it relates likewise to the British History; for *Beli* and *Brân* were Britons, and

are the persons here meant by the poet to have come from the farthest borders of the west, which are Great Britain and Ireland. *Και νυποτε ζυνος τις ελευσεται αμμιν αιθλος υστατον, &c.* Here Celtæ, *Κελται*, were, according to that author, *Οψιγονοι Τιτηνες*, Titanum Posterī, or rather Titanum sera Posteritas, the descendants of the Titans, and if I may say, their last and remote posterity; if these Celtæ came from the blood of the Titans, it is not to be doubted but they preserved their language, as being that of their fathers and ancestors, and what I have said before is a clear proof of it; but I have shewn, in treating of these princes who ruled over the Titans, that they were contemporaries of Abraham, and even of his father Terah.

The Celtæ were, therefore, anciently seated on both the extremities of Europe, towards the east and west; besides, we have historians and geographers who fixed the dwellings of the Celtæ from the Danube to the Alps, and in all the west and north, wherein it may be said they were not mistaken. It was upon these topics and authorities that the most ancient Greeks comprehended two-thirds of Europe under the names of *Celtæ* or Celto-Scythæ. *Veteres Græcorum Scriptores* (says Strabo) *universas Gentes Septentrionales, Σκυθας και Κελτο-Σκυθας εκαλονν*, (Strabo, lib. x.) This learned man has already said, in his first book, that those ancient Greeks gave also the name of Celtæ and Iberi, and Celto-Scythians, to those people who lived towards the western parts of Europe. His words are, ‘Celtæ et Iberi, aut mixto nomine Celtiberi ac Celto-Scythæ appellati sunt.’ We ought to be satisfied, from those ancient Greek authorities, that the provinces of Europe, as well towards the west as the north, were full of Celtæ, which gave Ephorus, who lived a little before the reign of Alexander the Great, occasion to say, that Celtica was of a prodigious extent: *Ephorus ingenti magnitudine dicit esse Την Κελτικην, Celticam.*

The ancient Grecians, we see, understood very well that the Celtæ in ancient times had possessed a great portion of Europe, and they plainly enough own it. But it is strange that they did not know that the same Celtæ, under the name of Titans, continued about three hundred years masters of the Lesser Asia, Thrace, and Greece, without exception, which I have so well proved when I treated of Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, that it cannot be overthrown. On the other hand, the Latins could not be ignorant that one-third of Italy had for several ages been in the possession of the Cimbrians, who were a Gaulish or Celtic people; the same thing may be said with respect to the Sabines, Osci or Opici, the Volscians, and Brutians, all of whom (and they were very ancient) were descended from the Celtæ; and, indeed, I cannot but wonder that the Romans either did not know, or else perhaps dissembled it; and the Greeks did the same with respect to the Titans; for the ancient fragments, which we have still in our hands, both of the one and the other nation, would induce us to think they were not altogether ignorant of this truth.

But here comes another remark of much greater importance; it relates to the Æolic tongue, and plainly makes out that it has borrowed an infinity of words from the Celtic or Gaulish language; and to the end that it may not be thought that I would either impose upon the world, or speak at random, I will produce several expressions of the ancient Æolic language, which could come from no other than the Celtæ, even when they went by the name of Titans, and were masters of all Greece. I might in this place set down all the numerals, from one to ten, or rather twenty, from twenty to a hundred, and so on to a thousand: the two languages agree so well in this that there is no room to contest it. These numbers we may, perhaps, produce in another place, that the reader may the better judge of them; however, by the way, let me ask from

whence the Æolians made the word *πετορες*, *quatuor*, for *τετταρες*, but from the Celtic *petar*, *pedwar*, four? from whence their *πεμτε*, *quinque* (for the vulgar *πεντε*), but from the *pemp* or *pump* of the Celtæ, which signifies five? Again, does not *δεκα*, *decem*, ten, come from the *dec* or *deg* of the Celtæ or Gauls; and these also say *δευδεκα*, to signify twelve, from which comes the *δυοδεκα* of the Grecians. So much of numbers.

We shall now take notice of several other words in the ancient Æolic, in order to shew the similarity there is between them and those of the Celtic tongue. We read in ancient authors that the Æolians said *Μεις*, *mensis*, a month, for *Μην*; and *that* also they had from the *mis* of the Celtæ. They also said *Γουινος*, *vinum*, wine, *gwin*, for *ουινος*; because the Celtæ used the word *Goin*, *gwin*; and from thence, by the way, *Baragoin*, in that language, properly signifies a man that speaks ill, because he does but begin to speak, and asking for bread and wine, which are the chief necessaries of life, for the word *gwin* signifies wine among the Gauls, and so did *bara*, bread; and hence came the Greek word *βορα*, in Latin *cibus*, *esca*, for food in general.

The Æolians used *Δουνος*, *collis*, for *βουνος*, and that from the *Dun* or *Din* of the Celtæ, which signifies a hill or eminence. *Δυνος* was used by the Æolians for *ευνος*, *ζυγος*, *jugum*, a yoke, because a yoke is a thing that is carried; and the same comes from the Celtic *dwyn*, to carry.

The Æolians said *πορκος*, instead of *υς*, for a hog, from the Celtic *porch*; and *πυτιος*, instead of *φρεαρ*, a well, from the Celtic word *pydew*, which signifies a pit.

Let us proceed a little further for the better illustration of what I have advanced. The Æolians said *βρυν* for *mamma*, a woman's breast, which the Celtæ an-

ciently and still call *bron*; and, when infants want to suck, they say, '*mam bron*,' being as much as in the ancient Latin, '*mamma da mammam*,' i.e. mother give me the breast; for the *mamma* of the ancient Latins came from *mam*, mother, among the Celtæ, and from *mam* came also the *mamma* of the Latins. Again the *tata* of the ancient Latins, as also of the Greeks, signified father, because the Celtic or Gaulish word *tad*, from which children made *tata*, implied the same thing, viz. a father. The like may be said of *papa*, which also signifies father, in Celtic; but this only by the way.

Let us now return to the ancient Greek. The Æolians made use of the word *Καρρον*, *carrus* or *currus*, because *carr* among the Celtæ was a carriage, cart, or wheeled vehicle. The Æolians also said *Δρυς*, *quercus*, an oak; and *derw*, in Celtic, means the same thing; and from thence came the word *Druid*, *derwydd*, the term made use of by the Gauls to denote that order of men supposed to have been so called from their being accustomed to divining by oaks. The Æolians said *κανναβις*, and the Celtæ, *canub*, hemp. They also used *αλλος*, for *alius*, from the word *all* (*ar-all*) of the Celtæ, which signified another; *κορος*, chorus, a choir or company, from the Celtic *cor*; *καυλος*, *caulis*, coleworts, from the Celtic *cawl*; *κρανιον*, *cranium*, a head or skull, from the *caran* of the Celtæ. They also used *νησος*, *insula*, an island, and the Celtæ said *inis* or *ynys*. The ancient Grecians said *φορνος*, *furnus*, and the Celtæ *ffurn*, an oven; *φορος* was their word for *Forum*, and the Celtæ said *ffair*, or market. The Æolian word *Γυψ* came from the Celtic *gyp*, a vulture. They also said *Σκυβαλα*, *quisquilia*, from the Celtic *ysgubell* or *ysgubion*, sweepings or ordures. The ancient word *θραυς*, rumour, clamour, they had from the Celtic *trwst*, which signifies noise; and *αμμα*, *vinculun*, they had from the Celtic, *amar* [*am-aerwy*], a band. They had also *βακη*, from the Celtic *bac*, a boat to pass the water. I could easily

produce a great many other words to show, and that plainly enough, that the Grceek tongue, especially the Æolic dialect, borrowed a great deal from the Celtic or ancient Gaulish language, which still servives in Bretagne in France. And if those already produced be not sufficient, I shall elsewhere swell the number to seven or eight hundred, which will place the matter beyond all manner of reasonable doubt.

The reader sees, by this time, that the British language, and its dialect, the Armorican, have several words the same with the Greek. There are no books or any other monuments of the old Celtic or Gaulish language left: I suppose it to be more free from any mixture with the Greek, than our language or the Armorican are, on account of our ancestors' commerce with the Grecians. Our author thinks the Grecians borrowed their words from the Celtæ; but I think it more probable that the Trojan colony brought them here, as the Irish and its dialects are, as far as I can find, without them. The learned Mr. Edward Llwyd, the author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, seems to think that a colony of Celtæ were possessed of the island of Great Britain, before the coming of that other colony of the same stock, viz. Brutus and his Trojans; the names of hills, lakes, rivers, promontories, &c. proving it.

Having said every thing that I think requisite upon this head, I shall now proceed to the next, which is, That our books of pedigrees bring the origin of all our nobility and gentry from Brutus and his ancestors, the Titan princes, which Pezron says were Celtæ, and to have lived in Phrygia; and we have all this from our own records from ancient times, before Brut y Brennoedd was written; and so saith Giraldus Cambrensis, a writer who flourished in Henry the Second's time, not many years after the publication, in Latin, of the British History, by Jeffrey of Monmouth, or, as

he is called by our historians, Gruffudd ap Arthur o Aber Mynwy: Hoc etiam mihi notandum videtur, quod Bardī Cambrenses et Cantores seu recitatores, genealogias habent, prædictorum Principum, in Libris eorum, *antiquis*, et autenticis sed tamen Cambrice Scriptum, eandemque memoriter tenent, a *Roderico Magno*, usque ad *Belinum* Magnum, et inde usque ad *Silvium*, *Ascanium* et *Æneam*, et ab *Ænea* usque ad *Adam*, generationem, linealiter producunt. So that the whole series of the British kings mentioned in the British History, was preserved in the genealogical books of the bards, long before it made its appearance in the world; so that they are not modern forgeries, as is ignorantly asserted, and generally supposed, by most writers after Camden, but kings who had *real* existence, and whose memory was preserved by the bards, in ancient and authentic records. I shall here set down the genealogy of Brutus as I find it written in an old British manuscript, entitled *Llyfr Gwyn o Hergest*, or the White Book of Hergest, which is as followeth: Llyma ach Brutus hyt ar Noe hên; Ac o Noe hyt ar Seth vab Adda vab Duw: Brutus vab Silvius, vab Yscanius, vab Æneas Ysgwyd-wyn o Droea vawr; vab Enchises, vab Capis, vab Assaracus, vab Tros, vab Ericonius, vab Dardan, vab Iupiter, vab Saturnius, vab Cretus, vab Celus, vab Ciprius, vab Citym, vab Iavan, vab Iapheth, vab Noe hên, vab Lamech, vab Methusale, vab Enoch, vab Iareth, vab Malaleel, vab Cainan, vab Enos, vab Seth, vab Addaf, vab Duw. Ryvedd a'i darlleo medd rhai.

The fourth and last arguement in favour of the genuineness of the British History is to be fetched from what the Greeks and Romans have written about *Beli* and *Brân*, which was several hundred years before the coming of the Romans to this island. I would have the reader here recollect what I have before transcribed from Callimachus's Hymn on Delos, where he mentions that they came from the extremity of the

west, which agreeth well with Great Britain as to situation, and the Britons were of Celtic extraction, as well as the Gauls. But ancient writers seem to have very little knowledge of Britain before the invasion of the Romans, upon which account, this History of *Beli* and *Brân*, *Belinus* and *Brennus*, is not properly ascertained (as it should be), and distinguished from the History of the Gauls, properly so called, though Callimachus is very right in saying they were descended of the Titans, and Pezron has sufficiently cleared the point.

There is a remarkable passage in Plutarch which serves to confirm the British History. It is about the dissention of *Beli* and *Brân*, and their reconcilment by the mediation of their mother, some time before their Italian expedition. I will transcribe it here, for the reader's satisfaction: *Κελται Κελτοις πριν υπερβαλειν Αλπεις, και κατοικησας της Ιταλιας, &c.* I shall now insert a chapter of the British History, from the English translation of Aaron Thompson, which will serve to throw light upon the above paragraph from Plutarch, chapter vii. book 3; *Belinus* and *Brennus*, being made friends by the mediation of their mother, propose the subduing of Gaul: 'When *Brennus* had thus become popular, and had gained the affections of the people, he began to consult with himself how he might take revenge upon his brother *Belinus*; and, when he had signified his intentions concerning it to his subjects, they unanimously concurred with him, and expressed their readiness to attend him to whatever kingdom he pleased to conduct them. Then, in a short time, raising a vast army, he entered into a treaty with the Gauls, for a free passage through their country into Britain; and, having fitted out a fleet upon the coast of *Neustria*, he set sail with a fair wind, and arrived at the island. Upon hearing the rumour of his coming, his brother *Belinus*, accompanied with the whole strength of the kingdom, marched out to engage him;

but, when the two armies were drawn out in order of battle, and just ready to begin the attack, Conwenna, their mother, who was still living, passed in great haste through the ranks, being impatient to behold her son, whom she had not seen for a long time. As soon, therefore, as she had, with trembling steps, reached the place where he stood, she threw her arms about his neck, and, in transports of joy, kissed him; then, uncovering her bosom, she addressed him in words, interrupted with sighs, to this effect: "Remember, son! remember these breasts you have sucked, and the womb wherein the Creator of all things formed you, and from whence he brought you forth into the world, while I endured the greatest anguish; by the pains I then endured for you, I entreat you to hear my request; pardon your brother, and moderate your anger: you ought not to revenge yourself upon him who has done you no injury: for what you complain of, that you were banished your country by him, if you duly consider the event, it was no injustice; he did not banish you to make your condition worse, but forced you to quit a meaner, that you might attain a higher dignity; at first, you enjoyed only a part of the kingdom of the *Allobroges*; what has he then done but promoted you from a viceroy to be a great king? Consider further, that the difference betwixt you began not through him, but yourself, who, with the assistance of the king of Norway, made insurrection against him." Moved with these representations of his mother, he obeyed her, with a composed mind; and, putting off his helmet of his own accord, went straight with her to his brother. Belinus, seeing him approach with a peaceable countenance, threw down his arms, and ran to embrace him; so that now, without any difficulty, they became friends again, and, disarming their forces, marched with them peaceably to Trinovantum; and here, after consulting together what enterprize to undertake next, they prepared to conduct their confederate army into the provinces of Gaul, and to reduce

that whole country under their subjection.' Brennus, the brother of Belinus king of Britain, discomfited the Romans at the river Allia, sacked the city, and besieged the capitol, *anno mundi 3577, urb. con. 365*. From Rome he marched to Greece, where he spoiled the temple of Delphos, for which sacrilege he was, as it was supposed, visited by the pestilence; and the remainder of his army went into Asia, and abode in Galatia. Polybius maketh mention of this expedition in the second book of his history.

I hope by this time that I have given sufficient reason for the credibility of the British History, even in very ancient times; and what I have quoted from Plutarch, amounts to an irrefragable proof of this statement. I think that Gildas, in his epistle *De Excidio et Conquesta Britannicæ*, has an eye to these matters, when he says, 'Et tacens vetustos immanium tyrannorum annos, qui in aliis longe positis regionibus vulgati sunt, ita ut Porphyrius, rabidus canis orientalis adversus ecclesiam, dementiæ suæ ac vanitatis stylo hoc etiam adnecteret: Britannia est, inquiens, fertilis Provincia Tyrannorum; illa tantum proferre conabor in medium, quæ temporibus Imperatorum Romanorum et passa est, et aliis intulit civibus longe positis mala: quantum tamen potuero, non tam ex scripturis Patriæ, scriptorumve monumentis (quippe quæ, vel si qua fuerint, aut ignibus hostium exusta, aut civium exilii classe longius deportata non compareant), quam transmarina relatione, quæ crebris irrupta intercedentibus non satis claret.' It was taken for granted, it seems, in Gildas's time, that the kings of Britain, whom he calls, 'immanes Tyranni,' had brought many calamities on foreign nations, and for which, he says, they were renowned. I should be glad to know who they were, and what particular feats they could have done to be thus celebrated; or how he came to a knowledge of them, if, as he says, the records and monuments of his country were destroyed; but such acts as are ascri-

bed to Beli and Brân, who, by foreign writers, are called Gauls, for the reasons above given, but, by the British History and genealogists, are said to be kings of Great Britain.

Who was the author of 'Brut y Breninoedd' is not known; some have ascribed it to St. Tyssilio, the son of Brochwel Ysgithrog, the patron saint of Meivod, in Montgomeryshire, but without any foundation; for, in an account of manuscripts written by Thomas Williams, M.D., about the year 1600, I find this account of the genuine work of Tyssilio: 'Dr. Dee conveyed a book composed by Tyssilio Sant into England, at the time he obtained a commission to survey Wales for history.'

The writer of the British History was an Armorican, and lived in the time of King Athelstan, about A.D. 930, a dark, illiterate, and superstitious age. This I learn from the author's conclusion of his history, which, from the oldest copy of it now extant (which is from five to six hundred years old), I shall here set down: 'Ac evelly guedy buru Arglwyddyaeth e Brytanyeyt y arnaddynt, ar Saeson en aur en medu holl Loegyrr, ac Edylstan en Tywyssawc arnaddynt, e kyntaf or Saeson a arwedwys Coron Enys Prydeyn; ac o heny allan dykenedlu a gwnaethant e Kymry, y urth Brytanaul Vonhedd a teilyngdaut, ny ellesynt byth gwedy henny ynnill teilyngdaut e Teyrnas—namyn, gweythyeu ryngddynt e hunein, gweythyeu e rhyngddynt ar Saysson, en ryvelu ac en kynnyddu gwastat arvaeu:' i.e. And after casting off the government of the Britains from them, and the Saxons at this time possessing all Lloegr, having Ethelstan for their prince, and the first of the Saxons who wore the crown of Great Britain; and from that time the Welsh degenerated from British generosity and worth, and could never recover the supreme rule of the kingdom; but, being engaged in wars either amongst themselves or the Saxons, engendered continual broils.

The translator, Jeffrey of Monmouth, says that Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, translated this history, first, from the Armorican into Welsh, and that he afterwards translated it into Latin. Mr. John Jones, of Gelli Lyfdy, in the Parish of Ysgeifiog, in Flintshire, says, that he had a part of the original translation of Walter in his custody in the year 1640.

It is not my intention to enter any further into any discussion of the authenticity of this history; but I must, as a lover of truth, own, that he has intermingled fables amongst the truth of history, particularly in his account of King Arthur, where he speaks of the Roman empire as subsisting, when all, who are versed in history, know that it was overthrown several years before. Such fables as these have brought his history into discredit, and God forbid that any lovers of truth should be so far blinded as to follow him, or any other, in whatsoever is repugnant to known facts and well-authenticated records. Yet, at the same time, I am so far from rejecting the whole for fable and romance, that I believe it in the main to be a true history (and I have, as far as I was able, endeavoured to prove it), and worthy to be published with the other British remains now left us, in order to preserve them from the ravage of time and accidents, that may for ever destroy them. If our English antiquaries were not blinded with prejudice, bloated with pride, and cankered with envy, they would have shewn more candour and ingenuity in passing judgment on the British History; and we should have had many passages, that are now obscure, illustrated and explained. I will give an instance of one mentioned in the Triads of Nennius, which no person that I know of has endeavoured to give any account of. The passage in Nennius is very corrupt, according to the present reading, and no sense can be made of it, and it is as follows: 'Tunc Julius Cæsar, cum accepisset singulare imperium et obtinuisset regnum, iratus est valde; et venit ad

Britanniam in Ostium Tamensis, in quo naufragium perpressæ sunt naves illius, dum ipse pugnabat contra *Dolobellum*, qui erat Proconsul Regi Britannico, qui et ipse Rex Belinus vocabatur, et filius erat Minocani, qui occupavit omnes Insulas Tyrrheni Maris.'

The text should be altered thus, to make it sense, and to agree with the Triads: 'Dum ipse pugnabat contra Cadwallum (*Cassibelanum*), qui erat Proconsul Regi Britannico (qui et ipse Rex Belinus vocabatur et filius erat Minocani,) qui occupavit omnes Insulas Tyrrheni Maris:' i.e. While he fought against Cadwallawn, who was generalissimo under the British king (which king himself was called Belinus, and was son of Minocan), who subdued all the isles of the Tyrrhene Sea.' It seems by this that the Britains, under the command of Cassibelanus (in British *Cadwallawn*, alias *Caswallawn*), had extended their dominions beyond the most southern parts of Italy, and had subdued Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, for these, I presume, are all the islands in the Tyrrhene Sea. This is attested also by the Triads which I shall set down with the Rev. Moses Williams's translation into Latin, from his edition of Humphrey Llwyd's *Britannicæ Descriptionis Commentariolum*. A trydydd Llu a aeth gan Caswallawn ap Beli; a Gwenwynwyn a Gwanar meibion Lliaws ap Nwyfre, ar gwyr hynny o Erch a Heledd pan hanoeddynt (alias, *ac o Arllechwedd, y Gwyr hynny*), ac a aethant gyd a Chaswallawn eu hewyrth ar fysg (alias, *drwy for yn ol*) y Cessariaid or ynys hon; sef y lle y mae y gwyr hynny yn trigo yn Gwasgwyn.' Tertium exercitum asportavit Caswallaenus, filius Belini, cum Gwenwyno et Guanaro, filiis Lliausi, filii Nwyvræi et Arianrodæ,—filiae Belini,—matris eorum. Hi autem homines Erchia et Heleddia (*Arllechwedda*) erant oriundi, et cum suo avunculo ad Cæsarianos, i.e. Romanos, per mare transierunt. (So it should be translated, according to the original; and not, et Caswallaunum avunculum suum; Cæsarianos, insequen-

tem; transmare comitabantur.) Hi autem sedes sibi acquisiverunt in Vasconia.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF
BRITAIN, &c.

MAXIMUS, called the Tyrant, ruled in Britain from the year 383 to 388; our British writers call him Maccen Wledig; and they assert, that he was a Briton, and that he was married to Elen Luyddawg, daughter of Eudaf, or Idave, king of Britain; but others, without any just cause, reason, or foundation, deny that he was born in this island; and, at the same time, cannot tell of what country he was a native. Gildas, the querulous historian, charges him (amongst the other British kings whom he calumniates) with having destroyed two emperors (his masters), and these were Gratian and Valentinian, A.D. 383. He carried a vast army over to Gaul, which never returned, but settled in Armorica; where they obtained lands from the emperor. Armorica was the name of all the sea-coast from the Rhine to the extremity of the country, now called Basse Bretagne; Armorica, in the Gaulish and British tongues, signifying on the upper sea, *Ar y môr ucha*, so that the word ought to have been originally written Aremorica. Let antiquarians enquire whether it is so, or whether there are not good grounds for this etymology.

The prince or general of these Britons was Cynan (Conan) Meriadoc. This army, which may be called a colony, being only conducted from one Roman province to another (both Britain and Gaul being under the same Roman power, which was then on the decline), these people had a right to establish themselves wherever their emperor thought proper; and, wishing to remain amongst their friends, the Gauls, they took possession

of that part of the country now known by the name of Little Britain, in France, but called by them Cornouailles. Our ancient British book, called the *Triads*, mentions this British army under the title of *Un o dri Arianllu Ynys Prydain*; and asserts further, that they went to Llydaw under Maccen and Elen Luyddawg, being in number 21,000 men, and that they never returned; Llydaw, or Lledaw, is the British word for Basse Bretagne; but the particular extent of the ancient Letavia is not very well ascertained. The settlement of these insular Britons in Armorica was the means of establishing a commercial intercourse and a friendly communication between them and the Loegrian Britains; and especially between them and their near neighbours, the inhabitants of Cornwall, which was a small principality under the Loegrian crown; and they even called their country in Armorica, Cornouailles, as was before mentioned; and there is a striking affinity between the two languages even to this day, but they differ considerably from the Welsh or British, and much more from the Irish and Erse.

These Bretons (as we shall hereafter call them) being an independent colony, preserved themselves, by their valour, a distinct kingdom for a considerable time; for we find Anthemius, the Roman, desiring their assistance against the Saxons and Visigoths, on the Loire, whither they brought 12,000 men to his assistance by sea, the Visigoths having stopped their way by land; but the enemy, having contrived to compel them to engage before they had joined the Romans, they were defeated, and, with their general or prince, *Riothine*, were obliged (for that time) to retreat to the Burgundians, who were allies of the Romans. As the Roman empire declined, the fate of these Bretons followed it; for, soon after this battle, the Franks, a German nation, who inhabited the banks of the Rhine, made themselves masters of all Gaul. The Bretons, like the other provincials, revolted from the Romans, and set up for

themselves. Gaul was then possessed by the Romans and their provincial subjects, the Bretons and Burgundians, and also by the Goths and Franks, who had taken advantage of the weakness of the Roman empire, and had erected a kingdom of their own. Arcadius, the Roman emperor, reigned in the East, and Honorius in the West; when the northern nations poured in upon all the provinces, under the different names of Alains, Vandals, Gepides, Huns, Goths, Burgundians, Saxons, Angles, Franks, Herules, Lombards, Jutes, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, &c.

The Franks, under Pharamond, their first king, possessed the country between the Elbe and the Rhine, A.D. 437; and, under the command of Clodion, or Claudian, their second king, entered Gaul, A.D. 455, and obtained possession of Cambray and Tournay. Meroveer, or Merovius, his successor, beat the Germans and the Belgæ; and his son, Childeric the First, made himself master of Paris, Orleans, and Angers, and routed the Saxons, who then, A.D. 479, fought under the Roman ensigns, on the Loire. After Childeric had defeated the Saxons, they joined their forces and subdued the Alains, to whom the Patrician Ætius had given up Armorica, in order to punish the revolted inhabitants. This was the Ætius mentioned by Gildas and Bede, who refused the insular provincial Britons the succours they wanted against the Scots and Picts, the old enemies of the Romish empire; for being himself greatly harrassed by the Goths, Franks, &c., he could hardly maintain his ground in Gaul, independent of assisting the provincial Britons. Clovis, the son of Childeric, fought the Romans near Soissons, defeated them, and took their general or king, Siegrus, prisoner, and privately murdered him, A.D. 486; and afterwards claimed a right of conquest to all the provinces of Gaul, which were under the authority of the Roman empire. The Bretons of Armorica entered into an alliance with Clovis, and helped to

establish his conquests. Clovis compelled the king of the Burgundians to become his vassal; the king of the Thuringians entered into an alliance with him; and he killed the king of the Allemands in a battle near Zulpick. Clovis's reign was a continual scene of war, and lasted thirty years. After the battle with the Allemands, he passed the Rhine, and brought the Germans, as far as the Rhetian Alps, into subjection, a nation whom the Romans could never conquer; but these people had at this time weakened themselves by seeking foreign conquests. The Visigoths, in Gaul, still remained to be subdued; Alaric was their king: the Ostrogoths, who had obtained possession of all Italy, had Theodoric, his father-in-law, for their king. These joined their forces against Clovis, who rapidly passed the Loire, gave them battle, and thus became possessed of the two Aquitains. This was an age of havoc and desolation over all Europe. The inhabitants of Britain were particularly in great distress, the Romans had taken away all their able-bodied young men as soldiers, and deserted them, and left them, without the means of defence, exposed to the incursions of their relentless enemies; and thus the island, deprived of its warriors, became an easy conquest to the first invaders. Thus, about the years 447, when the Franks and some of the Northern tribes took possession of Gaul, the Saxons obtained a footing in the Isle of Britain: and a long continuance of war at last brought on a famine, which was soon after followed by a pestilence, and such a one as seemed to threaten to depopulate the whole island: the cold northern climates escaped it best, as may reasonably be supposed; and the consequence was, that the warlike tribes of these regions spread their conquests southerly, where the pestilence had left but few inhabitants to oppose them.

The Scots of Ireland, and the Picts of Albania, or North Britain, whose situation protected them from

the Roman vassalage, became too powerful for the Loegrian Provincial Britons, who, on account of the island having been made the seat of empire, were enervated by the luxuries of the Romans, and the country drained of its youth to supply the continual wars carried on by their conquerors, and these foreigners had left them a mixed and degenerate race, corrupted by all their follies, vices, and dissipations, without any emulation of national honour, to rouse and stimulate them to great actions. They could call themselves, properly, neither Britons nor Romans; and the greatest oppressor was considered the greatest man; and he who could copy best after their old masters, the Romans, was principally carressed, admired, and imitated. In this situation of affairs, Gwrtheyrn Gwrtheneu, or Vortigern, a general, under the influence of the Roman party, arose; he was Earl of Ewas and Erging, *Iarll Ewas ac Erging*, countries bordering on the Wye, in South Wales; and took possession of the Loegrian crown by treachery, to which Cambria, Albania, and Cornwall, had formerly been tributaries. The Picts and Scots, who inhabited some parts of Albania, now Scotland, despising his authority, made inroads upon his dominions. It happened that some German sea-rovers, in three ships, were driven upon the coast of Kent, who offered Vortigern their services to chastise the Picts and Scots, of which he accepted, and these people returned home and brought over with them a great number of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and other Northern tribes, who inhabited the countries bordering on the Baltic. These strangers, attacking the Scots and Picts upon the sea-coasts, while Vortigern, *Gwrtheyrn*, surprised them by land; and, with the assistance of the Caledonian and Strathclwyd Britons, they were entirely defeated, and driven to the extreme parts of the north; for which service the king gave the Saxons the Isle of Thanet, in Kent. The Saxons seem to have been the most powerful party of them; and their chiefs or admirals were two brothers,

namely, Hengist and Horsa: their language was the Teutonic, or German, then spoken by all these different nations, though it was afterwards called the Saxon; their religion was Paganism; and they had not the use of letters. They were, from their infancy, inured to war and hardships; and, by being allowed a multiplicity of wives, they increased so fast, that they were obliged, by the law of the country, to send out colonies, which swarmed all over Europe. These warlike piratical nations, having tasted of the sweets of the Island of Britain, and having observed the dissensions among the natives, and finding there was another competitor for the crown, namely, Emrys Wledig, *Aurelius Ambrosius*, who had been under the necessity of seeking an asylum among his friends in Armerica, and who pretended to be of Roman extraction, was expected over soon to try his right to the crown, in opposition to the reigning prince. Upon learning these particulars, the Saxons took an opportunity of quarreling with their employers, and demanded more land and better wages; but, as the Britons supposed they would have no further need of their services, they resisted these demands. These foreigners, however, sent over for more succour to the continent, in order to take by force what was denied them by fair means; and the Britons, being apprehensive that Vortigern was favourably inclined towards them, he having espoused Rhonwen, the daughter, or, according to others, the niece of Hengist, they set up Gwrthevir, *Vortimerus*, in his room. Gwrthevir fought several battles with these new-comers, but was at last poisoned, as it is generally supposed, by the artifices of his father's Saxon wife. Upon Gwrthevir's (*Vortimer's*) death, Gwrtheyrn, *Vortigern*, had interest enough to be again reinstated king of the Roman party. But whether he feared the power of the friends of his competitor, Emrys Wledig, *Ambrosius*, in and about London, or whether he was apprehensive of an invasion on the Loegrian coast, he chose to secure himself within the castle of Gwrtheyrnion,

Gwrthyrnion, in Cambria; in which country there was, at that time, a person, of great skill and knowledge in arts and sciences, called Myrddin Emrys, *Merlinus Ambrosius*; his skill in natural philosophy, mathematics, mechanics, and poetry, obtained for him, among the vulgar, the name of a prophet. His mother was a nun, daughter to the king of Dyved, *Dimetia*, who became pregnant in a nunnery, and, in order to save her reputation and her life, she gave it out, that some angel or spirit had lain with her in her sleep. Her character for sanctity, and the circumstance of her being of royal blood, assisted in propagating this story, so that it was generally believed. But the writers of *that* and the following ages knew better things, for, by them, he (Merlin) was frequently called '*Anap y Lleian*,' *i.e.* the nun's mischance.

Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, mistook this for a proper name: see his Catalogue of Writers, at the end of that publication, where he calls him '*An ap y Lleian*,' *i.e.* AN the son of the nun. One of the poets tells us plainly, that his father was concealed:

Tad y Mab nid adnabu
(An ap ei Vam) neb pwy vu.

It was the policy of princes in those days, as it was amongst the first nations, to make use of such persons as had acquired among the people the characters of prophets and extraordinary wise men, and this Gwrthyrn had recourse to the famous Myrddin's advice before, in order to amuse the world, who were ready enough to swallow such fooleries of prophecies in that ignorant age, when learning was at a very low ebb. I have given this account of Myrddin, *Merlin*, to take off the slur which some silly begotted writers have thrown upon this great man, by calling him a wizard, and the son of an incubus or of the devil; such notions as could never enter into the head of one *compos mentis*. To this reputed prophet, Gwrtheyrn sends; and,

to the castle of Gwrtheyrnion, he was brought before the king, who wanted the advice of a real prophet; but Myrddin being either gained over by the Aurelian faction, or foreseeing the fall of this prince (which he might easily do, and be no great prophet), gave the king very short and surly answers, and did not care to be concerned with him at all. 'Beware,' says he, 'of the fire of the sons of Cwstenin, *Constantine*, who are just now setting sail from Armorica, and will be here very shortly.' But Gwrtheyrn, *Vortigern*, being advanced in years, and preferring private life (the sweets of which he had tasted during his son's reign), could not be persuaded to leave that life of ease and pleasure, and to take up the sword, to oppose those formidable brothers Emrys, *Ambrosius*, and Uther, who were preparing to strip him of his crown. These two brothers were sons of that Constantine who went over to Gaul in A.D. 407, and were of the Roman blood that sat on the British throne. Uthur, it seems, was but half-brother to Emrys, for Gildas says, that Aurelius Ambrosius was the last prince of Roman blood: his mother, then, must be a Roman. However, Uthur was a great warrior, and a general under his brother; and, for his bravery, acquired the surname of *Pendragon*, which probably means, General of the Dragoons, which may shew the origin of that word, *Dragon*, in the Celtic. The Saxons returned with numerous forces, before Emrys and his brother Uthur could be ready to relieve their friends in Britain, which made the Britains condescend to a treaty, having no general to head them, nor any other means to avoid the Saxons' power. The principal men of each nation, about 300 of a side, were to meet at a place now called *Stone-Henge*, on Salisbury Plain, to settle the matter in dispute between them. The Saxon noblemen and officers, to secure themselves (as is pretended), came all armed with knives under their cloaks; but the British nobles had not that foresight, as they suspected no evil designs. At this negotiation they were, by consent,

seated promiscuously, or rather alternately, for every Saxon a Briton; and it being contrived to have a quarrel, a warm dispute arose, and a watchword was given by the Saxons, 'Ne met eour Saxes, i.e. draw your knives;' so each Saxon stabbed his Briton, and most of the Britons in the place were killed: but it is said that one, Eidda, or *Eudav*, Iarll Caerloew, Earl of Gloucester, by the help of an iron bar that he accidentally found in the place, killed several Saxons, and escaped with life.

Thus, the Britains having lost their principal leaders, the Saxons took possession of several of their chief towns. In the mean time, Emrys Wledig, landing in the west of Britain, thought it his first business to despatch his British competitor for the crown, who lay secure in his castle of Gwrtheyrnion, in Cambria, where the body of his forces also were. Emrys besieged the castle, set it on fire, and Gwrtheyrn chose to perish in the flames, rather than throw himself on the mercy of an enemy whose quiet depended upon his death. The Britains were so exasperated with Gwrtheyrn's proceedings in relation to the Saxon settlement, that they have thrown the blackest odiums on his character, and, particularly, that he had turned away his Christian wife, and married a Pagan, and committed incest with his own daughter, who lost her life with him in the siege. But this seems to have been only a malicious insinuation, for the Britons, who were Christians, would hardly have voluntarily rechosen him for their king, if he had been guilty of such a crime against their religion. Emrys being now without a British competitor for the crown, the Britains flocked to him from all quarters, as the great preserver of their country and liberties. All Cambria was at his beck; the city of Cærlleon ar Wysg (Caerleon on the River Usk, in Monmouthshire), was not inferior for beauty and magnificence to any in the Roman empire. Here he fixed his seat of government, being

the safest place from the Saxon inroads; here also we find the Archbishop of Cambria's palace, which, afterwards, in the time of Arthur, the king's nephew, was removed farther into Wales. Emrys, *Ambrosius*, having secured his shipping and garrisoned this city, proceeded on his march towards the Saxons, who, by this time, had got possession of London and the principalities of South Britain, and, having got together a vast army in his march, he gave the Saxons battle and routed them, and followed his conquest so close, that the Saxons came to him to sue for peace with yokes about their necks, and with a promise to be slaves to him for ever. Emrys, in this interval of peace, repaired his castles and churches, and, among other public works, he erected a monument on Salisbury Plain, in memory of those Britains who were massacred by the perfidious Saxon, at the convention for a treaty held there. This curious monument was built under the direction of that great artist and architect, Myrddin, and was called by the Britains, 'Gwaith Myrddin Emrys,' i.e. the work of Merlinus Ambrosius, and probably by the Saxons in after ages, 'Stan Hengist,' i.e. Hengist's Stones, now Stone Henge, in memory of the bloody transaction there perpetrated by his means. There is a proverb common at this day among the Welsh, when they speak of any magnificent structure, 'Mal gwaith Emrys,' i.e. like the structure of Ambrosius.' This treaty was strictly kept during the king's reign, which was not of long duration, for the Saxons, in order to be freed from their engagement, so contrived matters by wiles and stratagems, that a Saxon physician was employed by the king, and soon got into favour, and then took means to send him out of the world. Uthur, his brother, surnamed Pendragon, succeeded him, and kept his principal palace in London. Emrys having taken some disgust against the people of Ireland, either because they refused him succours against Gwrtheyrn, or because they ravaged the coasts of Cambria, took an opportunity of coming to an open

rupture with them, which is no very difficult matter to accomplish when a powerful prince is disposed to make a conquest. Myrddin, therefore, who had acquired the character of a prophet, a poet, and a philosopher, and was considered the oracle of the age, was employed in order to invent and discover some ostensible cause for this rupture. He therefore most insidiously asserted that it was impossible to erect a proper monument to the memory of those eminent Britons who had been thus treacherously assassinated, unless he could obtain some large celebrated stones or pillars which he had seen in his travels in Ireland, and which were on the mountains of Kilara, and were supposed to be possessed of some extraordinary virtue to heal divers diseases, merely by the touch; and would, consequently, be an immortal honour to the persons buried near them. These stones were the remains of druidism, which, till that time, had some credit in Ireland. Emrys having a fleet in the Bristol channel, which had conveyed over his forces from Armorica, and which lay idle there, undertook this expedition to keep his people in action. He therefore sent his brother Uthur with a powerful force to the coast of Ireland, to demand the said druidical stones; but the Irish, suspecting their design was to obtain liberty to get into the interior of the country, and so to subdue the island, refused their request; and the Irish collecting their forces together, a battle ensued, wherein the Irish were discomfited and the country laid under contribution. Having carried their chief point, their next was to get the famous medicinal stones on board their ships; the removing of them was attempted by the most celebrated engineers, whom Prince Uthur had brought over with him from Armorica, and who were the prince's favourites, but to no manner of effect, the strength of the whole army not being able to remove them. This was the case with King Hiero's ship, which was driven on shore by a storm in Sicily. The power of the whole island was not able to launch

her; but Archimedes contrived such a machine that the king launched her with one finger, which induced him to issue a proclamation that nobody was to doubt, on pain of death, whatever Archimedes asserted, let it be ever so improbable. Myrddin, who had been sent over by Emrys to conduct the prince to those stones, suffered them to try their utmost skill in removing them by main strength, as, the greater the difficulty would be, the more it would redound to his credit to be able to effect what others deemed impossible. When they had entirely failed, Myrddin, *Merlin*, was applied to, who, to shew them the superiority of art above mere human force, immediately ordered some machines (constructed according to the laws of mechanism) to be brought to the place, by which means the stones were removed as easy as if some invisible power had given him a helping hand. Myrddin, taking advantage of the ignorance of the people, kept concealed the principles he acted upon; and, by highly magnifying the virtue of the stones, gained such a character, that it was believed all he did was by the assistance of some invisible spirits; whence arose those names of 'the prophet Myrddin,' 'the wizard Merlin,' 'the conjuror Merlin,' 'son of an incubus,' 'son of the devil,' 'a wicket necromancer,' &c. These were very cheap titles among the monks, and the writers of after ages, who generally hated all philosophy and learning; but it is a wonder that authors, in our enlightened age, should so far imitate the vulgar, in abusing and vilifying of whom they know nothing, except what they have gleaned from monkish authors, and others who were nearly equally bigoted and prejudiced against the Welsh or ancient Britons. For even the real name of this great man is not known by any of our modern writers. Merlinus is evidently a name which Latin authors have given him by softening the letter *d*, and ought rather to have been written Merdinus, for his real name was Myrddin Emrys; and it seems to me that his surname or cognomen, Emrys, was given him

owing to his being in such great favour with the prince (Emrys Wledig, i.e. *Ambrosius the Sovereign*); or perhaps it was bestowed upon him in after ages, to distinguish him from Merddin or Myrddin ap Morvryn, the mad Pictish poet, and pretended prophet, who lived in the next age, and was called by the Welsh Myrddin Wyllt, *Merlinus Silvestris*. This Myrddin Emrys was so called, viz. *Myrddin*, from a town or place where Gwrtheyrn's wise men or messengers found him; and he was then a school-boy playing among his fellows: and it has been the custom, to this day, in Wales, to call foundlings after the names of the places where they were found, which probably may be the original also of several English surnames, such as Barn, Field, Garden, Ditch, Roadway, Path, Bush, Hay, Bank, Hedge, Church, House, Tree, Shore, Marsh, &c., and that those who originally bore these names were born in such places respectively. Myrddin, therefore, being next door to a foundling (the monk or abbot who begot him not daring to own him), was called so from Myrddin, a fortified city; and by Roman writers is called Muridunum, that is to say, the city of Myr, or Myr's Fort, now Camarthen, *Cuervyrddin*.

Here I shall digress a little from the main story, and observe that, in the life of Paul de Leon, Witur (which I take to be the aforesaid Uthur), is said to be the lord of Leon (see an Armorican MS.) on whose lands this Paul de Leon landed. This Paul was an insular Briton, and contemporary or companion to Gildas, Tugwal, Tudwal, Samson, Magum, *Magloire*, Mechell, *Malo*, &c., most of them disciples of the blessed Illtud, *Illutus*; and most of them also are said to be British monks, who could not bear the English yoke (says Vertot), for the Saxons, as it is asserted, were become masters of their country, and for that reason they forsook their native land and went into France, about the year 520, in the time of Childebert the First. But this must be a grand mistake, for the English were not

masters of that part of Britain called England for a whole age after this, much less of Wales, where Gildas and his brother monks might have retired, had they been so disposed. The true cause of their going over to Armorica was their factions at home between the Cambrian and Loegrian houses. It is said that Gildas was son of Caw o Vrydain, or the present Scotland; and that his nephews, being too nearly allied to the crown, were killed by Arthur, son of Uthur, as soon as he came to the throne, which was the reason why he wrote those angry epistles after he went to Armorica. These British monks could not bear the government of the prevailing party, viz. the Cwstenyn or *Constantine* family; and therefore they went over to try their fortune in Gaul: and it was, in those days, a very common thing for all the religious monks of Gaul to come from Armorica, to settle in the isle of Britain; as well as for the insular Britons to go to Armorica. St. Curig, *Curicius*, St. Padarn, *Paternus*, and Cadvan, of Bardsey, with his followers, and several other Armorican monks, founded churches in Wales, which bear their names to this day. So also several came from Ireland and Scotland, according as they had influence with the reigning princes, and erected churches which still bear their names.

Here it is to be observed, that the princes named by Gildas as having succeeded Ambrosius, were not the chief kings of the realm, but were only petty princes: Maelgwn, the Island Dragon, Prince of Gwynedd, called also Maelgwn Gwynedd; Cwstenyn, *Constantine*, Prince of Cernyw, *Cornwall*; Cynog Las, whose name he translates *Yellow Butcher*, to show his excellence in punning; but he was quite out: and it is plain, that he, or whoever wrote the passage, knew nothing of the British tongue. But, to return to the story: Uthur Bendragon succeeding his brother in the throne, the Saxons having, by this time, gathered their strength, and got over more forces, insisted that they were not

further bound than the life of Emrys, and that they were no longer vassals to the Britons. They therefore renewed their old efforts to extend their territories. But, in order to have a better excuse for violating the treaty, and for coming to an open rupture, they took the part of the Gwrtheyrn faction, and joined the Picts and Scots, under pretence of setting the right heir upon the throne of Britain. Several battles were fought between them; and, at last, Uthur prevailed, and the Saxons were glad to accept of peace, having lost many of their principal leaders. Flushed with this victory, Uthur proclaimed a great feast in the city of London, to which all the great men of the kingdom, and their wives were invited. The king being heated with wine, observed among the ladies one that, in his opinion, exceeded all the rest in beauty and attraction. Her name was Eigyr, *Igerna*, wife of Gwrlais, a Cornish prince. The king using her with more freedom than her husband thought becoming, he departed with her out of court, without taking leave, and retired to his own castle, called Dintagell, or *Dintagol*, in Cornwall. This caused new troubles to the king, who, not being accustomed to meet with opposition among his subjects, took the behaviour of Gwrlais to be a breach of his prerogative: he therefore summoned the prince to London, to answer for his misdemeanour. Gwrlais suspecting the king's passion might induce him to adopt the same method of accomplishing his objects, as David had done with respect to Urijah, thought it more prudent to stay at home, in hopes that reason might, in time, overcome passion in the heart of the king. But this conduct, unfortunately, only exasperated him the more, and he went himself at the head of a part of his army, to bring this obstinate Cornish prince to obedience. Gwrlais, when he heard of his coming, collected all his forces, and encamped at some little distance from his palace, leaving a small garrison in the castle, which was deemed impregnable. The king, however, laid siege to it; and the Princess Eigyr having the

principal charge of it, and not having any great dislike to the king's company, admitted him into the castle, where he enjoyed what he so much desired. His counsellor Myrddin, and one Iwrddan, and a few more of his confidential subjects, were also suffered to come, in the darkness of the night; and, at the break of day, the gates were opened for the remainder of his forces. Gwrlais and his company finding, in the morning, that the castle had been taken, were greatly disconcerted and disheartened; but they, nevertheless, like desperate men, who had their all at stake, resolved to give the king battle: and, in the event, Gwrlais was killed, his army routed, killed, or taken prisoners, and the king took Igera to wife, who bore him twins, the celebrated Arthur, afterwards king of Britain, and a daughter, named Anna, who married Llew ap Cynvarch. . . . * [*Cetera desunt.*]

* The Essay thus ends in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, with a promise on the part of the Editors—"to be continued in our next;" but the promised continuation never appeared in the next, or any subsequent number. It was contributed to that journal by the late Rev P. B. Williams, Rector of Llanrug; and why it was left unfinished does not appear. Some time ago the Editor of the present volume wrote to the representatives of that gentleman with the view of ascertaining whether the concluding portion could be obtained; but he did not succeed to elicit any information on the subject.—G.

PREFACE TO THE WELSH PROVERBS.

[We are indebted to the Rev. P. B. Williams for the publication of the following paper, which appeared in the *Cambro-Briton* (vol. ii. pp. 55, 154), with the following prefatory note addressed to the editor of that excellent magazine:

‘A translation of the late Rev. Evan Evans’ Latin Preface or Introduction to his intended publication of the Welsh or British Proverbs, will, I hope, be deemed worthy of a place in one of your future numbers.—P. B. W.’

As in the case of the preceeding ‘Short View,’ the concluding portion of this document never made its appearance.—G.]

HAVING discovered Dr. Davies of Mallwyd’s Latin Translation of our Welsh Proverbs among many other ancient MSS. in the library at Llanvorda, and soon after having found, also, the original, from which his was transcribed, among the same valuable collection, I thought I could not undertake a more useful work to my country than to publish the same, and dedicate it, as the first fruits of my labours, to my munificent patron, Sir W. W. Wynn. The exact time when that ancient bard and philosopher, called by the Welsh, *Hen Gyrys o Iâl*, flourished, cannot be accurately ascertained.* Two collections of Proverbs, made by him, and written on parchment, are now extant in the above library, and, at the end of the said book, a fair copy of Hywel Dda’s Laws; and from the best judgment which can be formed from the appearance of the said MSS., and the mode of writing, or form of the hand, it may with safety be pronounced to be about five hundred years

* He is supposed to have lived during the eleventh century.—*Ed. Cambro-Briton*. According to Williams, *Enwogion Cymru*, s.v., ‘it is not certain whether he flourished in the eleventh or twelfth century’.—G.

old. To the former of these two collections is annexed the following note respecting the author: Mabieth Hen Gyrys o Iâl, yr hwn a elwit Bach Buddugre a Gado Gyfarwydd, a Gwynfarch Gyfarwydd; a'r hen wyrda a ddyvawt y Diarhebion o Ddoethineb, hyd pan veint gadwedig, gwedy hwynt, i roddi dysg i'r neb a synio arnynt; canys crynodeb parablau llawer a synwyreu y cynghoreu doethbrudd a ddangosir ar vyrder, i'r neb a'u dyallo yn y diarhebion.' Iâl, where this celebrated old Cyrys resided, is a mountainous district, containing five parishes, situated towards the north-east corner of the county of Denbigh; and Buddigre, where he lived, is near, if not within, the limits of the parish of Bryn Eglwys. It is evident that this collection of Proverbs was made from various works of a great number of old bards, living in different ages; for many of them are taken from the compositions of Llywarch Hen, and from the poems of Aneurin and Taliesin, and several from those of other bards much more ancient, whose effusions have unfortunately perished.

It is more than probable, that many of these pithy sentences and proverbial sayings, these aphorisms of wisdom and axioms of prudence, were the productions of the venerable Druids; and they exhibit, in the present imperfect form, in which they have been delivered to us, no despicable specimens of those verses mentioned by Cæsar, in the seemingly enigmatical mysteries of which their pupils were initiated, and spent many years in acquiring and committing them to memory. And he farther informs us, that, notwithstanding these learned sages made use of Greek characters in transacting both their public and private affairs, yet their disciples were not permitted to *write* these verses, principally (as it appeared to him) for two reasons: in the first place, because, if they were allowed to do so, the mysteries of their profession would soon be divulged; and, secondly, if these aphorisms were committed to writing, the noviciates, confiding in such

artificial aids, would no longer be at the pains of sufficiently exercising their memories. Many of these poetical proverbs are composed in that peculiar kind of metre, which is distinguished by the name of *Englyn Milwr*, and these verses are possessed of such strong internal marks of antiquity, that I may with safety pronounce them to be the genuine productions of the Druids.* And, as they are by no means unworthy of being considered as the real effusions of those learned sages and philosophers, it will not, I hope, be deemed a digression, or by any means irrelevant to the object of this introduction, to gratify the reader with a specimen of one of these oracular compositions, together with a close literal Latin version. The first two lines of these poetical triplets seem to contain some of the privileges of the Druids, and the third generally exhibits some maxim of wisdom or axiom of prudence. The following were transcribed from the *Red Book of Hergest*, in the library of Jesus College, Oxford:—

1.	1.
Marchwial bedw briglas, A dyn fy nhroed o wanas; Nac addef dy rin i was.	Virgulta betula viridis Meum pedem e compede solvent: Secretum tuum juveni ne reveles.
2.	2.
Marchwial derw mewn llwyn, A dyn fy nhroed o gadwyn; Nac addef dy rin i forwyn.	Virgulta quercûs de luco Solvent pedem meum e catena: Ne reveles secretum tuum virgini.
3.	3.
Marchwial derw deiliar, A dyn fy nhroed o garchar: Nac addef dy rin i lafar.	Virgulta quercûs frondosæ Pedem meum e carcere liberabunt: Ne reveles secretum tuum homini [loquaci.

The foregoing stanzas, as well as many others of the same description, are still extant in the above men-

* Let the reader, who is curious to receive farther information on this subject, consult the remarks of Edward Llwyd in his *Archæologia Britannica*, pp. 250 and 251, on Englyn Milwr; and H. Rowlands' *Mona Antiqua Restaurata*, pp. 253 and 254.—P.B.W.

tioned book, called *Llyfr Coch o Hergest*, and likewise in several MSS. in the libraries of Llanvorda near Oswestry, and Hengwrt near Dolgellau; and, on account of their having accidentally been discovered among the compositions of that ancient bard Llywarch Hen, Dr. Davies and Edward Llwyd have hastily and inconsiderately pronounced them to be some of his productions; but the frequent recurrence of the oak, their favourite tree, and the dark allusions to the druidical rites and privileges, most evidently and convincingly (in my opinion) denote their origin to be from that source. But here it may be objected that the Druids could not (as Cæsar declares it was their usual practice) have committed these verses to writing. Granted it was so in his time; yet it is manifest from the poems of our celebrated bard Taliesin, that, in subsequent times, they did not strictly adhere to this resolution; for many of their pretended mysteries are divulged in his compositions. It is also evident, that, in these early ages, the Druids were not the only persons who were thus cautious of revealing their secrets to the vulgar; but the Bards also endeavoured to conceal their poetical rules and metres from the public; for their book of prosody, containing the intricacies of the art, is distinguished by the name of *Cyfrinach y Beirdd* (i.e. The Secret of the Bards), and they were strictly prohibited from explaining these, except to their novice disciples, which continued to be their practice nearly to our own times. But, notwithstanding these strict prohibitions, it is well known that the poetical compositions of the bards were publicly recited; and it is evident that, after the commencement of the Christian era, the Druids were not so scrupulously cautious with respect to these rules of secrecy, which may be proved from some stanzas, which I have seen in an ancient MS. denominated *Englynion Duad*, probably from a bard or druid of that name. Some few of the lines I shall here subjoin, for the inspection of the reader:—

Bid gogor gan iâr,
 Bid gan lew drydar,
 Bid ofal ar a'i câr;
 Bid ton calon gan alar.

These lines have been introduced into our Welsh proverbs; and the following remark is made on them at the end of Dr. Davies' MS. copy:

'Gwyl y rhagor y sydd rhwng y rhai hyn a'r rhai sydd yn y *Llyfr Coch*, a hen gopïau eraill; a gwybydd fod y gerdd hon yn hen iawn; gan fod cymmaint o ymrafael rhwng yr hen gopïau:' i.e. Advertat lector quàm variant inter se exemplar Hergestianum et alia exemplaria in hoc cantico, et sciat, hoc carmen ob differentias prædictas esse vetustissimum.

Those learned men are, therefore, mistaken, who suppose that the Druids never committed any of their compositions to writing; when it is evident that these and others of their productions have been conveyed down to us. Taliesin, as I have before hinted, informs us, that he was instructed by them in many of their mysteries, particularly in that of the *μετεμψυχωσις*, and in many other rudiments of their philosophy. And hence it is, that his works are more obscure than those of any other of the ancient bards.

There is also a certain degree of obscurity in the very words and language of Taliesin; and the same may be observed of the compositions of Aneurin Gwawdrydd and other bards of the same age, a catalogue of whose works may be found in the learned Edward Llwyd's *Archæology*, collected from the notes of William Maurice, Esq., of Cefn y Braich. But Mr. E. Llwyd never saw any of the poetical compositions of Taliesin, Aneurin, and other early bards, except those of Llywarch Hen, which he found in *Llyfr Coch o Hergest*; and the works of these ancient authors will

afford us very material assistance, not only in the investigation of our ancient British language, but also in examining historical facts, and in tracing the origin of the various tribes, who inhabited this island during that early period. Taliesin, in a poem, of which the following is the title, '*Cerdd am Feibion Llyr ap Brychwel Powys*,' mentions three separate nations, who had taken possession of different parts of Britain, previous to his time, viz. *Gwyddyl* (Celts or Gauls*), *Brython*, and *Romani* (Romans).

Gwyddyl, a Brython, a Romani,
A wna hon dyhedd, a dyfysci ;
Ac am derfyn Prydein, cain ei threfi.

And they are represented as exciting war and tumult on the borders of this fair isle, and its beautiful towns and cities ; and it appears evidently from this poem, that the first inhabitants were *Gwyddyl* or Celts, which circumstance Mr. Llwyd and others have proved most satisfactorily, from the names of mountains, rivers, &c. But by the word *Gwyddyl* Taliesin must, by no means, be understood to mean the modern Irish ; for their language at present contains a very considerable mixture of Cantabrian and Spanish, and differs very materially from the ancient genuine Celtic and British, which clearly appears from the writings of the old bards, and the ancient British Proverbs. For, if any person were vain enough to suppose, that he could discover the meaning of some of our obsolete British words, by consulting an Irish Dictionary, he would soon find himself woefully disappointed, and I am clearly of opinion, that the ancient genuine Celtic dialect had a very near affinity to the old Welsh or British. I believe that the persons, denominated

* The terms Celts and Gauls were not synonymous, but appear, on the contrary, to have been directly opposed to each other. See the last number [November, 1820] of the *Cambro-Briton*, p. 127.
—Ed. C. B.

Gwyddyl by Taliesin, were genuine Celtæ, and inhabited this island previous to the arrival of the Britons, and probably soon after the general deluge, and that these Celtæ were the progeny of the Titans; for the Curetes and Corybantes, who were their princes and nobles, are clearly identified with the *Cowri* of the British history, written by Tyssilio (the bishop), which Geoffrey of Monmouth has very improperly translated *Giants*. And this blunder of his has been the source of endless mistakes; for the word *Cowri* evidently means princes, generals, nobles, or persons of great eminence.* The Curetes are therefore our *Cowri*; and the Corybantes (i. e. *Cowri-Bann*) were princes or persons of great eminence, as the expression denotes; and, what is more to our purpose, the word *Gwyddyl* also implies any thing conspicuous, and is nearly synonymous with *Cowri*, which is the usual term, even to the present day, to designate persons of uncommon stature or great bodily strength.† The Curetes, therefore, were evidently our *Cowri*, and the Corybantes (i. e. *Cowri-Bann*) imply princes or leaders, or persons of the most eminent rank and consequence; and in order to corroborate this assertion, it may be observed here, that there is a very high mountain near Towyn, in the county of Merioneth, which, to this day, bears the name of *Gwyddyl Fynydd*; and the highest peak or summit of Snowdon, is denominated *Yr Wyddfafa* (i. e. the highest eminence or the most conspicuous), and

* On the nature of Geoffrey's mistake in this instance, as well as on the general meaning of *Cawr*, there are some very judicious observations by Mr. Lewis Morris in a letter of his, published in the first volume of the *Cambrian Register*, p. 350.—*Ed. C.B.*

† When we consider that the success of a battle or any enterprise, in those days, depended, in a great measure, on courage, united with uncommon physical strength, it will not appear surprising, that persons of eminent stature were selected as princes or leaders.—*P. B. W.*

by the common people, even at this time, is known by no other name. And *Gwydd Grug* means a high hill, or eminence, *Gwydd Fryniau*, high banks, and *Trum Gwydd*, the ridge of a mountain, and many others, which it would be tedious and useless to enumerate. And it may also be observed here, that the *Κελται* and *Γαλαται* of the Greeks, and the *Celtæ* and *Galli* of the Latins, appear to me to bear no other import. For *Gallt* and *Allt* are clearly synonymous with *Gwyddel*,* and denote anything high or eminent, though the word *Gallt* is, at present, restricted to designate the steep ascent of a hill, or a declivity; but, that the word *Gallt* was anciently used to denominate high mountains may be justly inferred from the word *Alps*, which is evidently composed of two Celtic words, *Gallt-ban*, or *pen*, i. e. *Allt-ban*, *Al-pen*, or *Alpine*, which commutation or change of initial letters will appear easy to any person acquainted with the British language, and perfectly justified by the rules of grammar, as the mutations of radical letters in Welsh are well known to be nearly endless.† It would not be difficult to prove, that the ancient Britons are descendants of the *Celtæ*, and a close connection and affinity may be traced between their language, not with the ancient Celtic only, but also with the Greek; and, it is at the same time very evident, that their dialect differed materially from that of the aboriginal

* Is not *Gwyddel* derived from *Gwydd*, signifying trees or shrubs? If so, it has no reference to the meaning here given it, but implies, as observed in the place referred to in a preceding note, an inhabitant of the woods or coverts, and is consequently synonymous with *Celt*.—*Ed. C. B.*

† This observations is by no means correct, as the mutations in Welsh are fixed and defined: and, with reference to a preceding observation, it should also be noticed, that the radical B is never changed into P, as there assumed.—*Ed. C. B.*

inhabitants of this island, and whom on that account they denominated *Gaillt* and *Gwyddyl*. The British language retains to this day many words purely Greek, such as *Haul*, ἥλιος, the sun, *Dwfr*, ὕδωρ, water, and many others, which have been pointed out some time by the learned *Pezron*. But, that the Britons had other words of the same import purely Celtic may be proved from the works of the ancient bards; for *huan* is made use of by *Iorwerth Vychan*, and many other bards, to signify the *sun*:—

Llewyrch ebyr myr, morfeydd dylan;
Pan lewyh *huan* ar fann fynydd.

Iorwerth Vychan.

Coruscatio portuum aquarum, et paludum marinarum;
Cum sol splendet ab excelso monte.

And the old bard, *Avan Verddig*, in his elegy on the death of *Cadwallon*, the son of *Cadyan*, makes use of *bêr* for water, instead of *dwr* or *dwfr*.

Golychav glew, hael, hilig Nâv Nêr,
Aded gynt, ettiynt, hyd yn *irfer* hallt.

Avan Verddig.

Exorabo potentem et liberalem Dominum Creatorem,
Iverunt ad madidam aquam salsam.

And from hence it is manifest, that *huan* and *bêr** are two ancient Celtic words; but, if any one were to consult an Irish lexicon in hopes of finding the expressions, he would be disappointed; yet he may discover *bir* among the obsolete words in that language. The names of moors, meadows, and rivers, in different parts of Wales, may also be produced as an additional evidence, that *ber* and *mer* originally signified water,

* Qu., whether *Cymmerau* (the junction of streams), near *Dolgellau*, be not derived from *bêr*, *mêr*, *cyd-mêr*, *cym-mêr*?—*P. B. W.*

—for instance, *Berou Derwenydd*, near Snowdon, *Castell y Berou*, in Llanvihangel y Pennant, in Merionethshire, where many mountain torrents meet. *Aber*, a confluence, seems also to justify this opinion, and *in-ver*, in the Erse dialect. . . . [*Cetera desunt.*]

DEDICATION OF 'DISSERTATIO DE BARDIS.'

[The author appears to have at one time intended to dedicate the *Dissertatio de Bardis*, if not the whole volume, of which that Essay forms a portion, to his friend and neighbour, Edward Richard, the Pastoral Poet of Ystrad Meurig; but some considerations induced him afterwards to change his mind, and inscribe it—'*Insigni Viro Gvlielmo Vaughan de Cors y Gedol Armigero*'. The intended Dedication is taken from an autograph copy, and is in the following words.—*G.*]

Hæc Veterum Bardorum Britannicorum Specimina in Anglicum Sermonem versa, nec non de eisdem Dissertationem, EDVARDO RICHARD, viro doctissimo, Scholæ publicæ Stratorum Matricii Primo Magistro, summa qua par est, observantia D. D. D.

EVANUS EVANS.



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