

A LEGEND OF LLYNSAFADDAN

By old Brycheiniog's famous Lake -
That Lake in many a tale renowned;
Three noble chiefs their journey take
Along Cathedin's awful ground.

Full oft these wondrous waters gleam,
A moving field of verdant hue;
And oft with intersections stream,
Of blood like crimson passing through.

And sometimes on the watery plain,
Courts, palaces, and gardens rise;
Groves decorate a gay champaign,
And charm the fisher's wondering eyes.

Then when the ice of winter broke,
'Twas with a wild, unearthly groan;
As if the horrid jar awoke
A hecatomb's discordant moan.

For shelter to the tangled reeds
Ten thousand fugitives repair;
The grebes are diving in the weeds,
Herns shriek, and wild swans whistle there

Returning from King Henry's court,
Prince Gruffydd sought the wide domain,
Which homage, by subjection taught,
Preserved of his extensive reign.

Earl Milo, old Brecheiniog's lord,
And Ewya's chief of Norman blood,
Friends of the royal hearth and board,
Beside the pensive Briton rode.

And tauntingly Earl Milo smiled,
And spoke, as near the brink they drew;
And all the surface vast and wild,
Serenely noble, lay in view.

"It is a legend of the Lake,
That when the Lord of Wales shall say,
Ye birds! your herald songs awake!
These birds his bidding will obey."

"Then be it yours," the Welshman said,
"Who hold dominion o'er the land,
Lords of the castle and the blade,
To issue forth the high command."

They paused. Earl Milo's thundering voice
Which oft had moved the ranks of war,
Now pealed a solitary noise,
Whose echoes rang from shore to shore.

Then Payn-Fitz-John with angry speech
Adjures the magic Lake in vain,
Whose smiling retinue impeach
In whispered words the Norman's reign.

Prince Gruffydd knew misfortune's place,
Yet scorned the petty sneer of pride;
Nor chose that his illustrious race
His prosperous foeman should deride.

Dismounting, towards the east he kneels,
As champions ere they meet the foe;
His gesture silently reveals
A heart in supplication low.

At length he rose, with solemn air,
Then crossed his forehead and his breast,
And looking upward thus in prayer,
Aloud his father's God addressed:-

"O let thy providence and power
The line of British' sovereigns own,
And local birds proclaim this hour
The heir of Southern Cambria's throne."

He spoke, the smitten Lake grew bright,
With flash of many a humid wing;
In solemn notes that breathe delight,
Obedient birds their anthem sing.

YSGAFELL

After Giraldus Cambrensis born about 1147

Ysgafell was the Bardic name for Jane Williams. 1806-1885.

A writer and Welsh Historian born in Chelsea, London.