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VI.

Both shoulders covered with his painted shield,
The hero there, swift as the war-horse rushed.
Noise in the mount of slaughter, noise and fire ;
The darting lances were as gleams of sun.
There the glad raven fed. The foe must fly
While he so swept them, as when in his course
An eagle strikes the morning dews aside,
And, like a whelming billow, struck their front.

—Y Gododin.

Y Gododin belongs to early Cymric literature and is a representative poem. Morley's account of it requires modification. It seems that the bard Aneurin composed only the first half, consisting of forty-four stanzas. The remainder, added by a subsequent writer or writers, is, in some degree, borrowed from another famous Welsh bard Taliesin. The first part of the poem refers to the battle of Catraeth, A.D. 596, which was fought "in that part of Scotland where Lothian meets Stirlingshire, in the two districts of Gododin and Catraeth, both washed by the sea of the Firth of Forth." The second part refers to a battle fought in the same locality about fifteen years later. (See William F. Skene, *The Four Ancient Poems of Wales*.) The poet Thomas Gray, one of the best Classical, Norse, and Old English scholars of his time, who had a share in detecting the forgeries of Thomas Chatterton, translated a portion of Y Gododin into English verse (*Ode from the Welsh, part II.*—The death of Hoel), but not from the original.

VII.

More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossom of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains.

And in the evening he (Peredur) entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit's cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady that best he loved, which was blacker than the jet, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to the two spots upon her cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be. [*The Mabinogion* (tr. Lady Charlotte Guest). *The tale of Peredur, the son of Eirawc.*—Peredur is the Welsh name of the knight Percival, who figures so largely in Arthurian romance.]

And early in the day they left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand, and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a lofty steep, and there they met a slender stripling, with a satchel about his neck,