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Author(s): Gwyneth Vaughan

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show is the curious concurrence of testimony that exists between the observations made from without by the Roman historians, and from within by the native recorders, upon some minor points relating to the social life of the Celt.

The result of this inquiry ought, we cannot but think, not only to increase our respect for the impartial testimony given by the Roman writers, commenting on the ways of nations but imperfectly known to them, but also our confidence in the general accuracy of the native literature in respect of manners and ideas, in many ways strange and remote from our own. It ought to increase our anxiety to turn this vast store of native and very ancient tradition to account in studies that have for their object the elucidation of those obscure portions of human thought and activity belonging to a primitive condition of life that we now can only realise by a special effort of the will and the historic imagination.

## AN OLD CYMRIC LEGEND

GWYNETH VAUGHAN

It has been told that in the olden days there dwelt in Ynys Prydein—which men also called the Isle of the Mighty—an Iberian chief who had taken for himself to wife a daughter of the cave-dwellers, the little folk whom the Iberians had fought and conquered, retaining some of them as slaves, and driving the others that were not easily subdued in servility into the wildest parts of the mountains of the west, that portion of the Island of the Mighty known to us now as the Cymric Land. When the cave-dwellers had been conquered, and there was no more fighting of men for the Iberians to do, they began to hunt the wolves and other terrible beasts of prey, as well as those animals it pleased them to consider fit for their daily food, and it was his delight in the chase—for he was as good a hunter as he had been a warrior—that brought the young Iberian chief towards the white-topped mountains, where the

eagles builded their nests on the shelves of the rocks, and the little folk abode in the homes they had made for themselves in the shelter of the caves. The chronicle tells us that one morning, in the early spring of the year, when the days were short and the nights were long, the young chieftain blew his horn and called for his huntsmen, bidding them follow him, for the morn promised fair, and the game was plentiful. They pursued their sport the whole of the day, becoming so enamoured of its delights that they must need forget how far from home they were amidst mountains they wist not of, and where the wildness seemed a fitting refuge for the ravaging beasts. Then when the day was far spent they bethought themselves that they were weary, and with nought to satisfy their hunger or thirst, and they began to gaze this way, and that way, and all around them, yet not a path did they see the which would lead them out of the mountainous wilderness. But the chieftain was a brave man, therefore did he command his huntsmen to press forward, and tarry not until they found perchance a crevice of the rocks out of which water flowed forth to quench their thirst. And thus they journeyed through what seemed to them a dreary desert, footsore and travel-worn, when lo! they beheld a spring of clear mountain water; and the men drank of the water and were refreshed thereby, as the morning dew refresheth the grass and the face of the flowers, washing them from the hue of the night. When they had shaken off their weariness they sat themselves down by the stream, and took counsel one with the other how they might find their way back to their own kindred. Then the chieftain spake unto them, saying, 'Let us abide here until the morrow, for the night is at hand; see yonder the great God departs, and the shadows warn us that the hour is nigh when the wild beast prowleth, for the darkness hideth not from him the prey he seeketh. Let us strike a fire, prepare some meat, and watch in turn till the morning dawneth, and the golden house of the great God is lighted, and He worketh again, then will we find our way back to our fair valley.'

And the huntsmen deemed it best to listen to the words of their chief, for afar off they beheld the sun departing out of sight into that unknown region where the sea and the sky meet, and the Iberians worked not after the sun had set. The sun was to the Iberian the heavenly mansion where dwelt his one great God, whose presence was revealed in the golden glory that gave light and life to the sons of men. It was from this dwelling of his great God that the rays of light descended between the leaves of the sacred oak-trees, thus blessing him, and favouring his worship of Him as his God. Therefore when the great God took His presence away, and closed the shutters of his dwelling-place, the Iberian understood that the hour of rest had come, when he also should cease from labour, until the light of the presence should again appear in the east, blessing the works of men.

Then the chieftain and his huntsmen lit a great fire and prepared their game, forthwith setting to eat with a right good will, and when they had thus broken their fast, and drank again of the cool waters of the spring, they laid themselves down on the heather, and so weary were they, that they soon fell asleep thereon, and their sleep was like unto that of a child; even he that was bidden to the first watch also slept, overcome by his fatigue and the warmth of their great fire. As the faint blush of dawn appeared in the sky, the chieftain awoke, and lo! he beheld standing very near to him the most beauteous maiden he had ever yet seen. She was clothed with the leaves of the ivy-tree, which had for embroidery the golden flowers of the welcome to the spring, intermixed with the dainty blossoms of the eye of day. Her hair was dark like unto the coat of the raven, and fell as a covering over a bosom white as the snow; her face was so fair that wheresoever she looked in the grey of the morning the shadows departed thence, and her eyes lighted up the desolate rocks. So small was she that the chieftain wondered if she might be one of the fair tribe (*tylwyth teg*), and he leaped to his feet, and bathed his face in the stream, for he would not that he should stand before the maiden while yet the night colour was upon him,

for she was fresh and rosy, her every movement graceful, the joy of her laugh making music to gladden the hearts of men. When he had thus prepared himself, the chieftain stood before the beauteous maiden, and spake to her. 'Tell me,' said he, 'who art thou, and from whence thou camest, thou fairest among maidens?'

But the maiden laughed so coyly, and said she, 'Methinks it would be meetter that I should ask thee from whence thou camest to my home in these mountains, for that thou art a stranger thy tongue hath already told me.' Thus they made merry together, while the sky was being bathed in the light of the spring morning, and the sun had leapt to his throne in the heavens. But they knew of naught else but themselves, for Love had laid hold of the chieftain's heart and carried it to the safe keeping of the one sweet woman, and taken the soul of the maiden, pure and unsullied, giving it for evermore to the one brave man. Nor did their love abate when they both knew each the other, as daughter of the cave-dwellers, and a chieftain of the Iberian conquerors.

When the huntsmen awoke and began to look about them, they were astonished and sorely distressed to see their chieftain casting his arms about the fairest maiden they had ever seen, and they bethought within themselves that they were in an enchanted land. Then their chief, when he beheld his men were so dismayed, spake unto them, for said he, 'The faces of my brave huntsmen should not wear to-day a look of woe, because this day is to be my marriage day, a day of gladness without gloom, and a day of joy without sorrow.' Then did the maiden lead her beloved to the cave where dwelt her kindred, and the little folk were troubled in heart when they beheld a band of the Iberians following in the steps of their daughter. This the chieftain was not slow to see, so he spake unto them words of goodwill, and said he, 'I come in peace to the dwelling of this fair maiden of my heart, for I seek her to wife, wherefore I pray that she may be given to me.' Then the parents of the maiden spake unto their daughter, and said thev. 'Desirest thou this son of the conqueror to husband?

Wilt thou yield thyself to him and be his captive like unto thy people? Art thou willing to depart with him and leave thy kindred?’

The bloom on the petals of the blush-rose was not more fair than that on the cheek of the maiden, as she put forth her hand to her one love, and said she, ‘This son of the conqueror is the desire of mine heart, give me to him, for the bonds of his love are round and about me.’

Then did the chieftain embrace the maiden, and said he, ‘’Tis thou that hast for thy captive the son of the conqueror, thou art my bride, thou that camest to me in the morning; come, I will lead thee hence to mine inheritance, and thou shalt stand with me in the shadow of the oak-tree, and wilt be to me a wife.’

But the father of the maiden spake, and said he, ‘Thou wilt not take our daughter with thee, son of the conqueror, except thou swear before thy God unto us what we desire of thee. If thy wife beareth thee a son, thou must return hither with him and he shall be a light in the home thou hast made dark this day. But if thy wife beareth unto thee a daughter thou shalt keep her with thee, but thou must not give her a name, for all the days of her youth she must live beside thee a nameless maiden, until the man cometh she loveth, as her mother loveth thee, and who loveth her as thou lovest her mother, then shall he call her by the name his heart deemeth fit for her to bear.’

And the chieftain was ill-content with such words, and his face fell, but so great was his love for the maiden that he deemed her precious enough to pay for her a great price, and therefore did he say, ‘I swear, that it shall be as thou hast said.’

Then spake the father: ‘Go then, and look to thyself, for it will go hard with thee, if thy word faileth me.’

And the twain departed hand in hand, followed by the huntsmen, and they became one, because Love had pleased to unite them. In due time a child was born, nor was the chieftain and his fair wife ill-pleased because their child was

only a daughter, for they bethought themselves she was theirs to keep, whereas the vow bound them to deliver a man-child to the custody of the cave-dwellers, inasmuch as they feared the magical powers of the little folk were the pledge not fulfilled. And in truth an oath sworn before God was sacred to the Iberians. So the daughter grew up, and was so exceeding fair that she who had no name became known throughout the land of her kindred as 'the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother.' Yet was she nameless, for though there were not wanting those who wished the maiden for their own, she saw not the one man, because Love had not smiled upon her nor held her fast in his snare, therefore was she never the same for long enough that they should give her a name, for a most capricious damsel was this beautiful daughter of the chief. She was as the balmy cooing winds of the south that melteth the hearts of men for but a moment, then was she like unto the restless waves of the sea that tosseth to and fro, and anon she became as a hurricane which maketh sport of the land. Then the chieftain and his wife were very sorrowful, and together they led their daughter into the shadow of the oak-tree, where they besought their white-haired, white-robed druid that he should pray to the one great God on behalf of their wayward child. And as he prayed the rays of light descended from the habitation of the great God, and the glory thereof covered the maiden as with a mantle, and she became as the sun that lighteth the world on a May morning. Then there appeared in the shadow of the oak-tree a tall and comely youth with hair like unto fine gold, and eyes as blue as the summer sky, and Love walked beside him though he knew not that he was there, so secret are the ways of Love. When the youth beheld the beautiful maiden Love whispered to him sweet words, and the youth held out both arms to her, but of all the sweet words of love he remembered but one, and said he to the maiden, 'Yngharad'—which, interpreted, is 'My beloved'—and the maiden was no more nameless, for the son of a conqueror had come to her also, as unto her mother, and he was to her, the one man, as it is

written, 'he will rest in his love.' For the fair Iberian maid was taken to wife by the Goidel conqueror, and she rested in his love and became the mother of a noble race.

And thus it happened that evermore amongst the daughters of the royal tribes of the Isle of the Mighty we must need find the name of Yngharad, which in these modern days of change is oftentimes spelt Angharad. Yet it is the same name, and remaineth a well-chosen one for the brides of kings—Yngharad—My Beloved.

## UR-SGEUL

(*Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge.*)

DOMHNALL MAC EACHARN

'Fàg mi, fàg mi aig an am so,  
Gus an rannsaich mi a' chùis,  
Ciod ma 's e an tìm a th' ann leinn  
A' cheart tìm a bh' ann o thùs ?'

THADHAIL mi air duine còir, caraid dhomh, air an oidhche roimhe, 's fhuair mi e le grunnan de chloinn bhig m' a ghlùn. Dh' fharraid mi dheth ciod a bha e teagasg do 'n chloinn. 'Mata,' ars' esan, 'tha an fhaoineis.' 'Ud, ud!' arsa mise, 'cha chreid mi sin uait ged is tu fein a tha 'ga innseadh.' 'Creididh tu mi,' ars' esan, 'nuair a their mi riut gur e seann sgeulachd a tha mi toirt daibh.' 'Theagamh,' arsa mise, 'nach 'eil an sgeulachd cho faoin 's a tha thu smaointeachadh; gabh air t' adhairt 's buaidh uirsgeoil dhuit, 's air son sgeulachd dheth, tha mise cho faoin ris a' chòrr de d' luchd-eisdeachd.' Ghabh e air adhairt leis an sgeul, dìreach mar gu 'm bu nàr leis sin a dheanamh. Bha mhuinntir òg ag éisdeachd ris an sgeul le geur-aire; sùil, beul, is cluas, a reir coltais, ag òl a suas gach aon fhacal a bha tuiteam o bheul an t-sean-duine. Cha b' urrainn domh gun bhreithneachadh air an ni, agus a' cheist a mhèorachadh, ciod a' ghnè bhuidh a th' anns