The Hirlas [1] Composed by Blythyn, Prince of North Wales

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Original Chatterton Manuscript:

★ Missing presumed Lost

First Printing:

★ Town & Country Magazine, November 169, p.574: <u>View Panel 1 below</u>

The cutting is from Lort's 'Collectania' in a binding with the title 'Chattertoniana.'

Additional Links & Notes:

- ★ There are two works with the title *'The Hirlas*.' Taylor designates them 1, and 2.
- ★ *The Hirlas* [1] : This Page
- ★ The Hirlas [2] : <u>View Page</u>
- ★ The Hirlas: In: Evan Evans' ... Ancient Welsh Bards, 1765: View online

 Influenced Chatterton's The Hirlas [1] & [2], Nov. 1769 & Jan. 1770

Panel 1: First Printing: Town & Country Magazine, November 1769, p.574

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The HIRLAS. Home Composed by BLYTHYN, Prince of North

F ET the mead fparkle round the emboffed edges of the Hirlas of honeur: bear it to Griffydh, fon of antient kings, to Griffydh, who flew armies on the fea thore; Leoffgar fled before him ; the fon of Maur trembled at his presence; the warriors of the Bridge were feattered as the goats upon the mountains; their spears were stuck in the fand; their fhields were broken on their arms; they fled before Griffydh, before the fon of ancient kings,

the first in the long.

Fill the Hirlas to Anarawd; he is the rock of Abeniaw; ilrong as the Hill of Cadwall, is the arm of Anarawd. The ion of Eynan fell by his hand, the descendant of Howel-dha received in his heart the fword of Anarawd: he cast his bleeding body into the lake on the hill, and rolled the monument of his fathers to the valley: the golden helmet of Davydh was placed on the mosty stone; the maily fragments of the spear, the banners of the warriors of the fea, the yellow axes of the Danes, lay scattered around the mosfy stones, the monument of Howel-dha, and the ancestors of the fon of Eynan: Caradoc, the fon of Eynan, cast his spear at Anarawd. Son of the mountains, stay, come not near the mosfy stones, for shey cover the bones of Howel-dha, and the warriors of the lake: Anarawd drew forth his fword; fwift as the rays of light, he flew to the fon of Eynan: he fell, his body finks in the lake, the mosly stones roll to the valley, and are buried in the fand: the helmet of Davydh glittered on the head of Anarawd. Anarawd joined the war on the bank of Severn, and chaced the foe to the Bridge: the helmet of Davydh dropped blood.

Fill the Hirlas of honour to Blegorredh; he lay down upon the flowery lawn; he listened to the fall of the waters; his spear was far from his

drive through the armed breast. He leapt from the flowery lawn; the rattling of his shield is heard in the valley : he met the foe on the fea shore; the black waves of Severn rolled beneath his feet: his fword whiftled in the wind; Putta fell by his hand, Putta, the keeper of the bridge. He purfued the flying foe to the rock, and returned with the filver shield of Leofgar.

Edowal led the band of the champions of the castle: fill the Hirlas to

Edowal the fon of Elowe.

Let the chiefs, fitting between Edowal and Tranaern, drink of the Hirlas of honour; nor forget Rhys, the mighty Rhys, the fon of Meurig; he is the spear of the north. The sword of Meurig flew armies of Danes; and the fword of Rhys flew the warriors of

the bridge.

Trahaern fought like the fon of Horror, when the warriors of the fea fled over the high hill of Cynewalla. His girdle was red with blood: the spears of the mighty trembled on his shield. Fill the Hirlas to Trahaern the fon of Howel. Howel was the wolf of the Hill; Trahaern is the wolf of the valley; the hand of Howel routed the warriors of the dark cave; Trahaern fcattered the keepers of the

Bridge. Let the city of Bridges lament, for her mighty men are flain on the fandy shore of Severn. Let the island of castles lament, for the dead bodies of her keepers are carried away in the blackwaters of Severn. The Avon is red with the blood of her fons; their shattered barks are wrecked under her towers; her shields of Honour are thrown down; the courts of her gates are pools of standing water; the reeds shake on her walls. Let the chiefs of Bythyn lift high the Hirlas of honour; the new lords of the Bridges are thrown down, their helmets were prest beneath the foot of Blythyn, and his chiefs; their fpears were wet with blood. Fill the Hirlas of honour to the strong warriors

of Blythyn.

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