

Thomas Chatterton Manuscript Project (TCMP)

Control Page Works

The Hirlas [1]

Composed by Blythyn, Prince of North Wales'

First Line : Let the mead sparkle round the embossed edges of the Hirlas

[Back to Project Home Page](#)

Control Panel : Hirlas [1]

Original Chatterton Manuscript :

★ Missing presumed Lost

First Printing : Hirlas [1]

★ Town & Country Magazine, November 169, p.574 : [View Panel 1 below](#)

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* [2] : [View my doc](#)

★ *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. How
Composed by BLYTHYN, Prince of North
Wales.

LET the mead sparkle round the embossed edges of the Hirlas of honour: bear it to Griffydh, son of antient kings, to Griffydh, who slew armies on the sea shore; Leoffgar fled before him; the son of Maur trembled at his presence; the warriors of the Bridge were scattered as the goats upon the mountains: their spears were stuck in the sand; their shields were broken on their arms; they fled before Griffydh, before the son of ancient kings, the first in the song.

Fill the Hirlas to Anarawd; he is the rock of Abensaw; strong as the Hill of Cadwall, is the arm of Anarawd. The son of Eynan fell by his hand, the descendant of Howel-dha received in his heart the sword 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 mossy stone; the massy fragments of the spear, the banners of the warriors of the sea, the yellow axes of the Danes, lay scattered around the mossy stones, the monument of Howel-dha, and the ancestors of the son of Eynan: Caradoc, the son of Eynan, cast his spear at Anarawd. Son of the mountains, stay, come not near the mossy stones, for they cover the bones of Howel-dha, and the warriors of the lake: Anarawd drew forth his sword; swift as the rays of light, he flew to the son of Eynan: he fell, his body sinks in the lake, the mossy stones roll to the valley, and are buried in the sand: the helmet of Davydh glittered on the head of Anarawd. Anarawd joined the war on the bank of Severn, and chased the foe to the Bridge: the helmet of Davydh dropped blood.

Fill the Hirlas of honour to Ble-gorredh; he lay down upon the flowery lawn; he listened to the fall of the waters; his spear was far from his hand: he

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 sea shore; the black waves of Severn rolled beneath his feet: his sword whistled in the wind; Putta fell by his hand, Putta, the keeper of the bridge. He pursued the flying foe to the rock, and returned with the silver shield of Leoffgar.

Edowal led the band of the champions of the castle: fill the Hirlas to Edowal the son of Elowe.

Let the chiefs, sitting between Edowal and Trahaern, drink of the Hirlas of honour; nor forget Rhys, the mighty Rhys, the son of Meurig; he is the spear of the north. The sword of Meurig slew armies of Danes; and the sword of Rhys slew the warriors of the bridge.

Trahaern fought like the son of Horror, when the warriors of the sea 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 son 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 scattered the keepers of the Bridge.

Let the city of Bridges lament, for her mighty men are slain on the sandy 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 sons; 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 now lords of the Bridges are thrown down, their helmets were prest beneath the foot of Blythyn, and his chiefs; their spears were wet with blood. Fill the Hirlas of honour to the strong warriors of Blythyn.

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End :

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