Chaucer's British Rival*

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A fourteenth-century author from Britain, famous as both a daring initiator and a master almost daunting in his impact upon followers; a poet of commanding stylistic authority and bold temerity in generic mixing; a transmitter of tradition through innovatory media; an experimenter with the persona of the poet narrator; a wit, ironist, and manipulator of the shocking and the devout together. Overall a creator in art of new national cultural consciousness. Who is this? Not, of course, Geoffrey Chaucer, though he fits each category, but his rival, his equal, and in some instances his superior, the acknowledged greatest of the Welsh poets, Dafydd ap Gwilym. The separation of the two language cultures, the ignorant disdain among Anglo-Saxon intellectuals for the older and more ramified poetic, the imperialist tendency of English education, these have all made it apparently impossible to compare these two great contemporary British poets.

But at a time when there is increasing interest in the historical and social context of poetry, when theoretical advances have been made on the realization of the social in the cultural, then it would seem both proper and a proper challenge to consider at least the possibilities of some coherent consideration of these contemporaries. Since climate, economy, social structure, religion, cultural traditions are in some senses shared between them, if they were found to have no relation at all, then that would be a testing case against contextuality. If, on the other hand, distinct elements of homology were found between two so apparently dissimilar writers, then the conditioning powers of the context would seem to be sharply enforced. A correlative study of Chaucer and Dafydd is not only an appropriate piece of affirmative pro-Celtic action, it is also a challenging experiment in sociocultural analysis.

Immediately evident differences undoubtedly exist between the two writers. Yet those separations can be considered more carefully and found to have a series of structural relationships embedded within them.

The languages and the poetic traditions of Wales and England are radically different. And yet, like Chaucer, Dafydd is in many ways an innovator from his inherited tradition, turning from the formal structures of *awdl* (long-line unirhyme stanza) and the *englyn* (short syllable-count stanza) to use for the most part the formerly colloquial mode of the *cywydd*, the seven-syllable couplet form which he made a major instrument, with a set of technical complexities to be examined later.[1]

A distinct resemblance exists to Chaucer's development of a five-stress line out of the pausing English metres and the French tetrameter: as with Dafydd, a new form produces the new voice. And the contents of those new forms have contact in that both draw on tradition beyond the language culture. Dafydd refers to himself as *dyn Ofydd*, 'Ovid's man', and it is well known that Chaucer has a special knowledge of that source. If the *Roman de la Rose* was a major stage of formation of Chaucer's positioning, as seems clear, that poem provided a basis for Dafydd's 'Love's Husbandry' and a recurring series of attitudes and motifs. The language of courtesy and of the wandering scholar is basic to most of Dafydd's work and is recurrent in Chaucer, and Dafydd, like his contemporary, writes dream poems and fabliaux. He does not show Chaucer's maturely developed interest in Italian materials, nor the apparently related value found in extended narrative. But then Dafydd died by the 1370s or even earlier, and neither time nor place allowed contact with the crucial Italian aspects of Chaucer's experience, whether commercial or diplomatic. In their shared period and context, there is a clear contact of content.

Location, in both social and topographic terms, is another area of apparent contrast but structural contiguity. Dafydd was nobler bred than Chaucer, sprung from the *uchelwyr*, the 'high men' of Wales, a term for those of what had in times of independence been princely blood. Dafydd's family were both lords and bards; his own French-originated patronymic Gwilym (from Guillaume) denotes no Gallic strain but rather the place his family had in the Franco-Saxon *apparat* of Wales after and indeed before the loss of independence in 1282.

Well born but socially declining, Dafydd was just about level with the vintner's grandson on his way up. Both early on wrote court poetry: Dafydd produced traditional *awdlau* for Ifor Hael, Lord of Morgannwg; Chaucer in some still unclear capacity wrote an elegy for Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster. Both writers travelled much: Dafydd drifted through the disseminated Welsh cultural sphere, with no really fixed abode, though the hilly country east and north east of Aberystwyth is particularly close to his consciousness — Bro Dafydd, Dafydd's land, site of his birth and burial. Chaucer also travelled greatly for his period, not in his case in quest of his social leaders, but at their whim, as royal operative and

customs official: he was certainly settled in and around London for most of his life, socioeconomically millenia away from the beautiful but austere hill country of Uwch Aeron.

Here, though, there lies a contrastive contact, because the English mercantile world in which Chaucer operated and about which he grew increasingly critical was also in many respects the world Dafydd stigmatized. The towns in Wales were then, as now, by and large English implants (just as the towns of Ireland were mostly Norse settlements as their names still show). The mix of mercantilism and royal centralization for which Chaucer worked in his day job, and in aesthetic terms in his poetry too, is the well-identified enemy of Dafydd's poetry. He writes of woods, of weather, of Welsh things in nature outside the Saxon culture (the Welsh word for English, to the point as usual, is *Saeson*). In *Mis Mai* ('The Month of May') Dafydd speaks of true wealth:[2]

Harddwas teg a'm anrhegai,	A fine fair youth who has enriched me,
Hylaw ŵr mawr hael yw'r Mai.	a nobleman of great largesse is May.
Anfones ym iawn fwnai,	He had sent to me true money,
Glas defyll glân mwyngyll Mai.	green pure leaves of May's sweet hazel,
Ffloringod brig ni'm digiai,	florins of the grove, they brought no grief,
Fflŵr-dy-lis gyfoeth mis Mai.	fleurs de lys of the wealth of the month of May.

His is a natural and so an honest currency, dealt in by the apotheosis of Welsh Spring, favoured by the poet-speaker. He relishes leaves not florins, and the *fleur de lys* on the coin is classified back to its natural unalienated form as flower. The words *mwnai, fflorin* are borrowed and then metaphorically re-naturalized; Dafydd's language constructs a semiosis of power, appropriating for its natural Celticity the tokens of an intrusive exchange economy.

Chaucer, of course, who much more closely experienced that world of money and business, especially at the Customs, realized both its confusing character (in *The Book of Fame*) and its malign possibilities (in the *Pardoner's Tale*, for example).[3] The rapidly monetarizing economy of the post-plague period is perceived by both writers as a threat, though in Dafydd's case there is national politics involved, as well as a specific and positive answer based in a natural Celticity. Such a regime of value is not accessible to Chaucer, except through a formalized figure like the Parson. Dafydd's naturalistic answer to English mercantilism was not always so simple as in *Mis Mai*, nor always so simply positive. Central as it is to his work and his national role, this crucial aspect of

Dafydd's poetic and its enabling themes demands the affirmative action of exposition, while Chaucer's better known positions will receive reference when relevant.

Central and recurrent themes in Dafydd's poetry are the features of nature, the tensions of love, and the persona of the poet/narrator. Chaucer stresses equally the last two, but seems concerned with social culture and its complexities where Dafydd bears in on nature and its polyvalencies. Chaucer might propose as a positive locus an aristocratic hunt, a convivial gathering at Southwark inn or a Trojan house and from there develop various aspects of strain and even transcendence; Dafydd's prime context is more likely to be *al fresco*. As in *Y Deildy* ('The Leaf-house'), a characteristic enough poem:

O daw meinwar fy nghariad
I dŷ dail a wnaeth Duw Dad,
Dyhuddiant fydd y gwŷdd gwiw,
Dihuddygl o dŷ heddiw.
Nid gwaith gormodd dan gronglwyd,
Nid gwaeth deiliadaeth Duw lwyd.
Unair wyf i â'm cyfoed,
Yno y cawn yn y coed
Clywed siarad gan adar,
Clerwyr coed, claerwawr a'u câr;

Cywyddau, gweau gwiail,
Cywion priodolion dail;
Cenedl â dychwedl dichwerw,
Cywion cerddorion caer dderw.
Dewi yn hy a'i dawnha,
Dwylo Mai a'i hadeila,
A'i linyn yw'r gog lonydd,
A'i ysgwîr yw eos gwŷdd,
A'i dywydd yw hirddydd haf,
A'i ais yw goglais gwiwglaf;

Ac allor serch yw'r gelli
Yn gall, a'i fwyall wyf fi.

If she comes, slim and shy, my darling
to the house of leaves made by the Lord,
rewards for her are lovely trees,
without soot is now her house,
no fancy work under this vault,
no worse is the craft of Holy God.
Of one voice I am with my partner
in the forest there, we can
hear the speaking of the birds;
bards of the wood, the bright dawn loves them,

their poems in the weaving branches,
special children of the leaves,
kindred with the sweetest folk-lore,
young minstrels of the oak tree fort.
Boldly Dewi gives a blessing,
May's own hands now build the house,
his plumb line is the calm cuckoo,
set square is the nightingale,
and timber of a summer's day,
laths the wretchedness of love;

love's altar is this glade —
all made with skill — and I the adze.

In this house the speaker's beloved will be free of the excesses of social culture, whether soot, dirt, or overelaborate craft. In this natural and also divine setting, birds act as poets and minstrels, all the craft tools of human habitation are transmuted into natural and animal possibilities.

There is, of course, a wealth of Celtic tradition behind this absorption of the human into the natural and ultimately the divine — here a Christian divinity but one concordant with pre-Christian forces. But in the poem there is more statement than that: the language of human craft is so firmly realized that its rejection for the natural is itself a site of strain. In this case the vocabulary of the rejected things is entirely Welsh, so this poem, unlike *Mis Mai*, does not present a rejection linked to language and nation, but offers rather a construction of escapist fantasy that by its surplus of linguistic rejection proclaims its overweening character: a persona of excess is created, as the poem will finally indicate.

But that reversal is not simple, not when in line 30 the poet is said to be the *mywall* ('adze') of this glade. The poet is himself involved through language in shaping the elements of his natural constructions. That drawing of attention to his own productive role enables a transition to a moment of reversal, a point which itself delineates the urgent need for such fantasy production — in the last sequence of the poem:

Ni chaf yn nechrau blwyddyn	I have not now, as the year begins,
Yn hwy y tŷ̂ no hyd hyn.	any more than this that house.
Pell i'm bryd roddi gobrau	Far from my mind to offer presents
I wrach o hen gilfach gau,	to a hag within a tumbled hovel;
Ni cheisiaf, adroddaf drais,	I will not seek — I mention malice —
Wrth adail a wrthodais.	any to guard the house I lost.

The Maytime of Dafydd's poems of love and nature is not eternal; winter is normal (this *is* mid-Wales after all), and the fresh springtime girl can become an old hag, concierge not paramour. Reality undercuts fantasy and so explains the need for fantasy; but more, it states their interrelation. Dafydd's last point in a poem of characteristic complexity is that the beauty of the woods is only the hag transformed — that staple of international folklore and male anxiety.

Before relating this to its Chaucerian homologue (though the pattern obviously recalls the Venus/formel relations of the *The Parlement of Foules* and the Wife of Bath against the wise old woman of her tale), it is necessary to develop Dafydd's central pattern further in terms of its political implications. Throughout his work, as

throughout medieval Wales, it becomes clear that town, inn, artefact, commerce are signs of the Saxon. The semiotic play of a naturalizing nationalism seen through *mwnai* ('money') is reiterated through a range of signifiers, and it becomes clear through repeated suggestion that the wood is not only a place of natural beauty but also a place of Welshness, perhaps of fugitive Welshness. Nature/love/persona form a politicized complex.

Dafydd was born at the most two generations after the collapse of real Welsh independence in 1282 with the death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, the last free prince of Gwynedd. That only confirmed the long-growing Anglo-Norman control of the organizational systems of Wales. Poetically, power operates through place. Dafydd is always humiliated in the towns and their contiguities, inn, or church, or even goose shed.

In two great fabliaux the persona, identified as Dafydd (just like Chaucer the persona), speaks through a mask from the European cultural stage: a lover, a wooer, a travelling knight, an ogler of girls in church 'across my plume' as he puts it in *Merched Llanbadarn* ('The Girls of Llanbadarn'). In *Trafferth Mewn Tafarn* ('Trouble in a Tavern') one register of language has him a splendid young buck at a noble inn claiming the heart of a fair-fine much-adjectived beauty. Another register, that of reality, has him chat up a barmaid in a sordid pub, then, as he creeps to her grubby bed he tumbles over the furniture, rouses the house, and escapes the posse of purse-conscious travellers, to arrive, quivering, 'loveless at my lair at last'. In other poems it is not so much the context of Saxon culture as its appurtenances that torment our Welsh hero: a clock of all things, known bluntly and unnaturalized in Welsh as *cloc*, keeps him awake with its mechanical culture; or the sophisticated eaves of his beloved's house, apparent shelter, drip all over the neglected lover. A nicely comic code for what it felt like under the *Pax Anglicana.*

But the fullest treatment of feeling, and of loss, and of Welshness, is through the objects of the love poems, those beloveds whom Dafydd the speaker addresses, and perhaps Dafydd the poet did too — he was in tradition known as *hebog merched deheubarth,* 'the hawk of the girls of the South'. Apart from sundry barmaids and chapel belles, Dafydd has three identified targets of love, Dyddgu, Morfudd, and Elen Nordd. The first two star in many poems, the last more rarely: and there is a poem which discusses all three and adds a mysterious fourth, of whom more in a while. This is *Dewis Un o Bedair* ('Choosing One from Four'). The three are quite different, suggestively and symbolically different. Dyddgu is dark, aristocratic, distant, and irretrievably lost. Morfudd is fair, available in her difficult way, but definitely unfaithful to Dafydd and married to *Yr Eiddig* ('The

Jealous One'), also known as *Y Bwa Bychan* ('The Little Hunchback'). Elen Nordd, it seems, is distinctly obtainable, and indeed obtained, and in return Dafydd has received woollen stockings. It is simple enough to speak of these three, especially the first two, in terms of courtly love or Provençal song — the imagery invites that connexion, as does Dafydd's self description as a *cler*, a wandering scholar. Yet that is only a surface. A thoughtful reading of the texts in the context of Dafydd's own family history, and the history all too conscious of Wales in that time, makes it seem that the three women are no more and no less than coded treatments of Wales and its position.

To be brief (and to rely for support on the texture of the poems in their double textuality of tradition and reality), Dyddgu, daughter of a free prince, is a figure of true native sovereignty, proud, dark, elusive, and lost now for ever. Not compromised, not recoverable: a lost ideal, a tragic reality. Morfudd is with us still, though; she is fair, just like the elite and alien aristocracy who, well dressed and auburn-curly-haired, throng medieval Welsh story and are no doubt based on Normans. Morfudd is power in Wales today, married to another; still, it is true, entranced by the authentic Welshness of Dafydd, still accessible, even seducible, still in some ways attracted to the virile native traditions — but belonging to another, part of an alien power-base. And if that projection might seem a little tenuous, reference may be made to some startling archival research (the old historicism lives in Wales) which has turned up a real man in mercantile Aberystwyth called Y Bwa Bychan, married no doubt, and that to a Welshwoman. The resonances of Dafydd's poetry are multiple, and they include historical specificity.

Elen Nordd, the third heroine, is real too, and so is her husband Robin Nordd, or, as the records call him, Robert le Northern. She, as her name indicates, is not Welsh; she has *llediaith llud,* 'clumsiness of tongue', and is equally gauche in her hosiery response to physical pleasure. Intrusive, culture-poor, and a bit distasteful, she belongs in the same poetic compartment as three memorable English peddlers from that disastrously troubled tavern who lay, *tri sais mewn gwely drewsawr*, 'three Saxons in a stink-sour bed'.

Dyddgu is from the potent dark past; Morfudd still shines like the sun, for Dafydd she could be the sun itself (as in *Morfudd fel haul*, 'Morfudd like the sun'), but she is a sun obscured by her marriage and by the symbolized changes of authority in Wales. Elen Nordd is all there is really, a few socks and some bad Welsh. The painful constrictions of Welsh history in Dafydd's time are etched through and in those acculturating and emasculating love relations, or lack of them.

In a Saxon epistemological context where things Celtic are less intimately, automatically, known and studied than things Roman, Germanic, or Hebraic, it may be necessary to underpin the previous argument with the reminder that in Celtic tradition women were the bearers of sovereignty, especially that of a tribe or nation, but that the power passed through them to their husbands. Matrilinear Wales has married into Saxon power, and mateless Dyddgu is now impotent. Through her as image the poet can only dream of that fourth, that entity beyond the triune presence, she who is herself Sovereignty, who in dreams brings in the concluding fantasy to the text where all three other beloveds are poetically traversed:

Gwawr brenhiniaeth, maeth a'i medd,
Y byd ŵyr, yw'r bedwaredd.
Ni chaiff o'm pen cymen call,
Hoen geirw, na hi nac arall
Na'i henw, na'r wlad yr hanoedd,
Hoff iawn yw, na pha un oedd.

Dawn of royalty, who rears and tends,
as all men know, is she the fourth.
Not from my lips, wise and secret,
she, life of the wave, nor any other
will have her name, nor her land —
she loves all rightness — nor who she is.

Through lyric and fabliau, Dafydd handles, displaces, discusses, and transcends the conflicts of history for his own period. Chaucer faced no similar threats to national identity and culture, but his own art confronts in similarly mediated forms the central conflict of his own experience, one concealed from Dafydd by their difference of place and time. It is from the 1370s on that the social and economic impact of the plague and other structural problems become seriously disruptive in England. The political dramas of the late fourteenth century, unseen by Dafydd, occupy Chaucer's art and are consistently represented in varying form through his figures of love, comedy, and prayer, as I have recently argued.[4]

Chaucer's positive, it would seem, is a world of social duty, of Parsons and Ploughmen who do their work, a Theseus of Athens or a Hector of Troy who tries his best, in difficult and perhaps impossible circumstances, to maintain the notional common weal. That recurring theme of expedient moral ordering is always Christianized to some degree, but its strains and fragility, especially in the context of late fourteenth-century conflicts of many kinds, mean that the positive is never without concordant contradiction and is finally abandoned, in both the *Canterbury Tales* and *Troilus and Criseyde*, in a decisive rupture with the mundane and a lurch towards the heavenly.

Dafydd wrote some specifically Christian poems, one in particular of a brilliantly traditional sort, closer to Dunbar than Chaucer:

O bone Iesu, exaudi me	*O bone Jesu, exaudi me*
Gwâr Iesu trugar, treigl dydi-ataf	Gentle Jesus merciful, come thou towards me,
Ateb y goleuni;	Thou response of the light;
Gwawr pob allawr fawr foli,	Grandeur of altars, great of praise,
Gwrando heb feio fyfi.	grant me hearing, grind me not down.

But perhaps because of his different sociocultural context, perhaps because his art is more lyric than narrative and so undergoes less strain from the patterns of consequence, Dafydd is able to construct his dreams of order more often with more confidence than Chaucer, and even to sustain some of them without evidence of strain and certainly without final abrogation — especially those that most fully absorb conventional Christianity into a naturalized and Celticized context. In doing that, Dafydd also exploits the possibilities of the extraordinary harmonic powers of his poetic art, one more technically complex and aesthetically self-sustaining than Chaucer's, an art that in itself bespeaks a longer and more conscious poetic tradition than Chaucer could claim in any of his languages, and one that is central to the surviving force of cultural construction that Dafydd achieved for his own people.

A classic text of this positive Dafydd is *Offeren Y Llwyn* ('The Mass of the Grove'). This opens not far from the position of *Y Deildy*, with the lover in his natural setting receiving a fond message from Morfudd. Provençal, agreed, if you are obsessed with tags, but Welsh in every way, down to the fact that only Welsh has a technical name for the non-human love-messenger, the *llatai* (which can even be inanimate, like the wind). As in *Y Deildy*, setting and singer have qualities of natural religion:

Lle digrif y bûm heddiw	A pleasant place I was at today,
Dan fentyll y gwyrddgyll gwiw,	under the mantles of the fine green hazel,
Yn gwarando ddechrau dydd	learning at the start of day
Y ceiliog bronfraith celfydd	the skilful speckle-breasted thrush
Yn canu englyn alathr,	singing a splendid stanza
Arwyddion a llithion llathr.	of fluent signs and symbols;
. . . . .	. . . . .

Morfudd a'i hanfonasai,	Morfudd it was who sent it,
Mydr ganiadaeth mab maeth Mai.	this metrical singing by the foster son of May.
Amdano yr oedd gasmai	About him there were garlands
O flodau mwyn gangau Mai,	of flowers of the sweet boughs of May,
A'i gasul, debygesynt,	and his chasuble, they seemed to be,
O esgyll, gwyrdd fentyll, gwynt.	of the wings, green mantles, of the wind.
Nid oedd yna, myn Duw mawr,	There was here, by the great God,
Ond aur oll yn do'r allawr.	nothing but gold in the altar's canopy.

But this poem goes further. In repeated reference and specific denotation, what happens here is said to be a mass, with all its resonant reverence:

Mi a glywwn mewn gloywiaith	I heard, in shimmering language,
Ddatganu, nid methu, maith,	a long, faultless chanting,
Darllain i'r plwyf, nid rhwyf rhus,	reading to the people, no rest or pause,
Efengyl yn ddifyngus.	a gospel without hesitation;
Codi ar fryn ynn yna	raising, on a hill there for us
Afrlladen o ddeilen dda.	a holy wafer of a good leaf.
Ac eos gain fain fangaw	And a slim eloquent nightingale,
O gwr y llwyn gar ei llaw,	from the corner of the grove nearby,
Clerwraig nant, i gant a gân	poetess of the valley, sings rings for the many
Cloch aberth, clau ei chwiban,	the Sanctus bell with bright notes,
A dyrchafel yr aberth	and raises the sacrifice
Hyd y nen uwchben y berth;	up to the sky above the bush;
A chrefydd i'n Dofydd Dad,	with devotion to our Father God
A charegl nwyf a chariad.	and a chalice of ecstasy and love.
Bodlon wyf i'r ganiadeath,	Content I am at the singing,
Bedwlwyn o'r coed mwyn a'i maeth.	Contained in the gentle wood and its growth.

It is necessary to draw attention to the poetic. Dafydd's seven-syllable line always rhymes on-stress/off-stress: a multisyllabic word in Welsh is stressed on the penult (except a compound, but there are none here), so the rhyme has less impact than in plodding English. To compensate, as it were, Welsh intercalates euphony through the system of *cynghanedd*, 'singing together', which Dafydd developed and perfected.[5]

Two major forms of *cynghanedd* exist: one is a mixture of internal rhyme and alliteration where the first two parts of the line rhyme and the third alliterates with

the second, as in lines 7–8 above. Secondly, there are many cases where the consonants in each half-line repeat, either partially (ll. 11, 17), or completely (ll. 20–21). Dafydd intermits these systems with lines of no *cynghanedd* at all (ll. 1, 3, 5). As in many poems, these operate here as basic techniques of a counterpointed harmony; it rises to a crisis of mellifluousness as the poem moves to its para-Christian climax. Through such a technique, as through the poetry's power of lucid complexity, Dafydd constructs a terrain of Welsh authority, a mastery of poetic language that is a new type of sovereignty, a discovered terrain of power beyond Saxon meddling, and one which has in fact survived until the present as a crucial part of Welsh sociocultural construction.

That structure is in itself not different from Chaucer's own establishment of linguistic native authority, a quality recognized with as much clarity by contemporaries in his context as it was in Dafydd's. Both being generic and linguistic innovators, mediators of historic strain into the displacements of poetry, perpetrators of a puzzled persona, producers of not so much a new poetic as a newly poetic politics, the two British master authors of the fourteenth century have much light to cast on each other. As Dafydd, according to himself, said to a querulous Franciscan:

Cyd caro rhai santeiddrwydd,	Though some may love sanctity
Eraill a gâr gyfanheddrwydd.	others favour jollity;
Anaml a ŵyr gywydd pêr	few know a lovely poem,
A phawb a ŵyr ei bader,	everybody knows his prayers;
Ac am hynny'r deddfol Frawd,	and therefore, grumbling Friar,
Nid cerdd sydd fwyaf pechawd.	poetry is not the greatest sin.

NOTES

* The English Department at the University of Sydney, with Norse and Celtic taught alongside medieval English literature, has been the locus of possibility for this paper. Perhaps nowhere but under the benign and extensive imperium of Leslie Rogers could such studies combine.

1 The best general introduction in English is by Rachel Bromwich, *Dafydd ap Gwilym* (Cardiff, 1974).

2 Texts are taken from *Gwaith Dafydd ap Gwilym*, edited by Thomas Parry (Cardiff, 1952); translations are my own. An excellent introduction to the poems for English readers is *Selected Poems of Dafydd ap Gwilym*, edited and translated by Rachel Bromwich (London, 1985). She presents about a third of the surviving poems, including all the acknowledged major texts; her scholarly notes are most helpful and her translation very accurate, though sometimes eschewing harmony for the sake of semantic precision.

3 I use the Chaucerian form *Book of Fame*, as does, for example, J. A. W. Bennett, *Chaucer's 'Book of Fame': an Exposition of the 'House of Fame'* (Oxford, 1968).

4 *Geoffrey Chaucer* (Oxford, 1986).

5 The details of *cynghanedd* are discussed briefly by Bromwich, *Selected Poems*, pp. xv–xvii, and more fully in Appendix A of Gwyn Williams's first-rate *An Introduction to Welsh Poetry* (London, 1953).