

Cadair Idris

5 1. When I set out a fort-night past for Ca-dair I - dris fair, — my
 5 fa-ther he did beg me, "Lass, a - void the gi - ant's chair; — for those who rest by
 10 Llyn Cau's shore, and make the hill their bed, — are bound to wake a po - et or be
 15 dri - ven mad in - stead. — 2. "For...

2. "For Gwyn ap Nudd, with blackened face,
 He loves the giant's chair;
 With faerie host he haunts that place,
 My daughter, go not there!"
 But fool I was, I would not stay,
 And though my father cried,
 I left my home and made my way
 South to the mountainside.
3. Was three days on my pony when
 I saw the mountain high;
 Farther from home I'd never been,
 My destination nigh;
 I led my pony up the hill,
 Along the river bed;
 Llyn Cau before us, dark and still,
 And bottomless, 'tis said.
4. I made my camp and ate my fill,
 My pony grazed and drank;
 I gazed up at the stars until
 I into slumber sank;
 I dreamt a dream of giants then,
 Of warriors and kings,
 Of what may be and what has been,
 Of dark, uncanny things:
5. I dreamt I ran through wood and glade,
 As through the wood did sound,
 A baying unlike which is made
 By any mortal hound;
 From thorn and briar my torn feet bled,
 As clouds obscured the moon;
 In darkness and in fear I fled,
 The coursing Cwn Annwn!
6. I felt their teeth snap at my heel,
 As crying out, I fell;
 My fate, it seemed, to make a meal,
 For hungry Hounds of Hell;
 I braced myself to feel their bite,
 My mind with fear gone numb,
 Too late to flee, too weak to fight,
 But never did it come.
7. Long moments passed as I lay there,
 Too frightened e'en to breathe,
 Then raised my eyes and met the stare
 Of dark-faced Gwynn ap Nudd!
 I thought back on my father then,
 Who'd begged his child to stay,
 And, longing to be home again,
 I shut my eyes to pray.
8. I woke as dawn broke o'er the hill,
 And sunlight washed my camp;
 My body stiff from wind and chill,
 My feet grown cold and damp,
 I laughed, and sat up, looking 'round,
 My muscles stiff and sore;
 My soul was safe, my body sound,
 'Twas dream, and nothing more!
9. I scooped my boots up eagerly,
 Their leather soft and worn,
 Then threw the blanket off to see
 My feet bloody and torn;
 I spent the night by Llyn Cau's shore,
 So tell me, my dear dad,
 Have I become a poet or
 Have I become quite mad?