

ART. VI.—*Wales and the North*. By Sir IFOR WILLIAMS,  
D.Litt., F.B.A., F.S.A.

*Read at Carlisle, August 30th, 1950.*

WHEN Welshmen in the old days spoke of the North without qualification or definition of any sort, they always meant the northern borders of England together with South Scotland, in particular the district between the two Roman Walls. The Men of the North (*Gwŷr y Gogledd*) were the British tribes inhabiting the region between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and down to Mid-Lancashire on the west and South Yorkshire on the east.

You will not expect me to tell you in this short talk everything about Wales, and it would be arrant folly on my part if I should try to teach this assembly of Northern experts anything about the North. That would be really and truly carrying coals to Newcastle. My safety lies in confining myself to the middle term of my subject, namely the word *and*, which, I am told, is a conjunction. My task is to touch lightly on the connexion or connexions between the people of Wales and the Men of the North in the early centuries.

The Saxon invaders, from the second quarter of the fifth century to the second quarter of the seventh, by hard fighting took possession of the eastern coasts of Britain and the Midlands from the Firth of Forth down to the English Channel. Their advance divided the British territory (like Gaul) into three parts. The North-Western district, Strathclyde, got its name from the strath (our *ystrad*) or plain of the Clyde, but the term came to be used for the whole district extending from the mouth of the Clyde down to Lancashire. Further south came our Wales, with its eastern border

running from the Dee near Chester to the mouth of the Severn. Further still to the south lay the third district, which embraced Devon and Cornwall: this was the weakest of the British territories for it was early enfeebled by the mass migration overseas of a good part of its population, to form a Little Britain, a Brittany, in North-West France. Naturally enough the links between Cornwall and Brittany were much closer than those with Wales and the North. Cornishman and Breton were not only members of the same nation but of the same tribes. They were in frequent contact with one another. Their dialects differed but slightly, and intercourse was easy.

The Men of Wales on the other hand turned elsewhere for alliance and help. Their deliverers were expected to come from the North, the breeding ground of British heroes in legend and saga.

The dwellers in the three British districts called themselves Britons (*Brython*); so did the men of Little Britain in France, who are still known as Bretons. The Britons of Wales and Strathclyde, however, for some reason or other, began to call themselves also *Cymry*, the plural of *Cymro*, a compound of *com-* a prefix meaning "together", and *bro* "border, coast, district". The earlier form of *bro* was *mrog-*, a cognate of the Latin *margo*, English *march* "border"; so *Cymro* means one who dwells within the same border as you do, a fellow countryman. Cornishmen were never known as *Cymry*, but the people of *Cumberland* were; as you all know, *Cumberland* means "the land of the *Cymry*". We Welshmen also call ourselves *Cymry*, though the Saxon invaders preferred to describe us as *Welsh* "foreigners", and our country as *Wales* "the foreign land", just as the Germans use *Wälsch* and *Wälschland* for *Italian*, and *Italy*. In the name of all the gods of philology, I maintain that we have the right in retaliation to label the whole of England as *Wales*! It seems absurd to use it of our own little corner.

Anyhow, the name *Cymry* is the common heritage of the Britons of Cumberland and of the Britons of the country now known as Wales. We are fellow countrymen in a very special sense. At one time we spoke the same language, *Cymraeg*; many of your place-names are identical in origin and meaning with ours. They have survived in spite of successive invasions by Angles, Saxons, Scots, and Norsemen, and their centuries-long settlement in your midst. Purity of race we cannot claim, either in Wales or in Cumberland, but *Cymry* is still a title we rightfully share. We belong to the country, and we belong to one another.

The next point of contact is historical. A Welshman called Nennius, whose name is usually given as *Nennius*, compiled a short Latin History of the Britons, about the year 796. His *Historia Brittonum* in spite of its form, or lack of form, in spite of its crude Latin and numerous blunders, linguistic and historical, is of considerable value, if one uses it fairly. Nennius did not pretend to be an author—he realised acutely his own limitations—but only a mere compiler: *Aliqua excerpta scribere curavi*, “I have taken the trouble of writing certain excerpts.” He made selections, extracts. His little *Historia*, in spite of its title, is not an original work, but a collection of excerpts from earlier works. He wished to rebut the charge of slothful ignorance brought against his people, and that they had no knowledge of their past; and so, he says in his preface, “I have collected together everything I found in the annals of the Romans, the chronicles of the Holy Fathers, the annals of the Irish and Saxons, and also in the tradition of our own elders.” The sources he used were thus partly literary, partly oral. To the best of his ability he made selections from documents and also from saga material or tradition. He admits frankly that he is a poor critic, and describes himself as just a *garrula avis*, a chattering bird, singing songs not his own. That may be true. (I am afraid that it

is true). Nevertheless, it seems rather ungrateful on our part to stress the poverty of his library, and the contradictions and incoherences of the little volume he produced with such toil and labour. He has preserved for us the earliest traditions of the Britons, in so far as they were available to him in a North Wales monastery at the end of the eighth century. Let us bless him for that. His extracts, luckily, are from documents dating from a much earlier period than 796, and they have provided the historian with much valuable information. We could have done with a few more garrulous birds of his type.

In Chapter 14 he tells us that the sons of Liethan (an Irish tribe) had taken possession of Dyfed (Pembrokeshire, South Wales) and other districts as well, in Gower and Cidweli, until they were expelled by Cunedda and his sons from all British territory. Who this Cunedda was we are told in Chapter 62, after a reference to Maelgwn, the great king of Gwynedd in North Wales, during the first half of the sixth century:—

“His ancestor (*atavus*) Cunedda (*Cunedag*) with his eight sons had come here from the North, from the region known as Manaw Gododdin (*Guotodin*) 146 years previous to Maelgwn’s reign, and driven out the Irish from those regions with great slaughter.”

In a Chronicle usually known as *Annales Cambriae*, which is preserved in Harley MS. 3859, immediately following the best copy of Nennius’s *Historia*, Maelgwn’s death is noted under the year 547. We don’t know when he began to rule over Gwynedd, and so must subtract 146 from this 547, which gives us 401, and then suggest *circa* 380 as a possible date for the coming of Cunedda.

Such a guess, alas, is not strongly supported by the early pedigrees. In the tenth-century collection in Harley MS. 3859, the royal line of Hywel Dda is traced back to *Maelgwn* son of Cadwallon Lawhir, son of Einion Yrth, son of *Cunedda* and on and on to Anna, the cousin

of the Virgin Mary. We will not go quite so far. Our present problem is ample for to-night. Are the three generations of Maelgwn, Cadwallon and Einion sufficient to fill the gap between A.D. 380 and 547, between the coming of Cunedda (with eight warrior sons) to Wales and the death of Maelgwn his great-grandson? The pedigree, being official, may be accepted as correct, and even in the Wales of long ago warrior princes sometimes managed to keep alive for quite a time. But I must confess to having doubts about the Nennian figure of 146 years. Nennius used Roman numerals, and they were easily mis-copied, as is well known. I think that cxlvi (or cxlvi with a square *u* not *v*) might well be a scribal error for cxvii (117) or even cxiii (114). If either of these figures were substituted for 146, there would be no need to over-stretch the generations between Cunedda and Maelgwn, and the coming of Cunedda could be roughly dated between A.D. 400 and A.D. 410.

Without wasting more time on the exact figure, we can say that the latest stage of the Roman occupation seems likely to fit the Irish settlements in Wales. Raiding operations are a different matter, but the settlement of Dyfed in South Wales and of the peninsula of Llyn in Caernarvonshire (so named from the *Lagin* of Leinster), these Irish migrations in force, suggest a serious weakening of the Roman power in Britain.

On the other hand, the transfer of a part of the Gododdin tribe from Manaw Gododdin near Edinburgh (where the Gaelic or Irish form corresponding to British *Manaw* survives as *Manann*, Mannan, in *Clackmannan* and *Slamannan*), a border district, where they formed the advanced defence on the East against the Picts and Scots, and moving them in a body down to Wales, such a transfer obviously calls for a central power to direct and order it. Chadwick's theory that this central power may have been Vortigern or Coel Hen, does not appeal to me at all. Nothing is known of Coel, and too much

is known of Vortigern's genius for doing the wrong thing. Cunedda has a Welsh name, meaning "good chief", but his father, grandfather and great-grandfather bore Latin names (*Eternus, Paternus, Tacitus*), as did three of his sons. His father was a Romanised Briton, but he gave his son a British name, a sign that the Roman element was weakening, and the British element growing more and more conscious of itself. Cunedda marched south to Wales leading troops armed and trained to fight in the Roman manner. Their language however was not Latin but British. They drove out the Irish, settled down, and in due course their language, Late British or Early Welsh, spread over the whole of the country. Cunedda gave us a Welsh royal family, a Cymric dynasty; and for 900 years his descendants ruled in various parts of Wales.

Leaving history for literature, here too I find that we are much indebted to the Men of the North. One of Nennius's sources was a tract giving the genealogies of the early Saxon kings. Amongst them is that of *Ūda* who ruled for twelve years in Northumbria (547-559). Then follows the most important Nennian comment of all, at any rate for the student of early Welsh literature:—

“At that time Talhaearn Tad Awen was famous in poetry. Also Neirin, Taliesin, Bluchbardd, and Cian called Gweinth Gwawd, were famous together at the same time in British poetry.”

*Neirin* is the poet whose name later on developed an A- before the initial N-, and became *Aneirin*. Much later still a pedantic mis-spelling *Aneurin* became current. In a MS. dated 1250 known as the Book of Aneirin, a long Welsh epic poem has been preserved, called the *Gododdin*, and is said to be by Aneirin. In my arrangement of it, there are 1275 lines, divided into 103 stanzas. Of these there are variants, usually in a much earlier orthography,

of 22 stanzas. For various reasons I have been compelled to reject outright four of these: probably several others ought to be excluded. Close on 1,000 lines remain, after rejects and repetitions have been omitted. Their theme is a valiant but vain attempt by the body-guard of Mynyddawg, lord of Dineiddyn (Edinburgh) to recapture Catraeth (Catterick, or Richmond) in Yorkshire from the men of Northumbria (Deira and Bernicia), just before A.D. 600, or soon after. This royal war-band or retinue numbered 300 men. All perished except one. The poet sings to the individual warriors in turn, though occasionally a full stanza is devoted to the host, the noble three hundred, the pattern for every retinue, serving their lord faithfully, loyally, to the bitter end. He gave them mead: they paid him for it with their lives. Aneirin, however, preferred to praise one warrior at a time. They were his kinsmen, his comrades, and he knew each one intimately. Evidently this sixth-century poet, Aneirin, was himself one of the Gododdin tribe, a native of the Edinburgh district, the *Manaw Gododdin*, from which Cunedda had set forth two centuries earlier to deliver the Cymry of Wales from their enemies.

The Gododdin poem (or series of poems) was preserved at first by oral tradition in the halls of British chieftains; our 1250 text, however, shows clear traces of a written version, which can be dated in the eighth or ninth centuries by a comparison with the forms and orthography of Old Welsh glosses found in Latin MSS. of those centuries. In early Welsh MSS. too references occur to bardic contests where the prize went to the one who could recite more than his fellows of what was even then called the Old Poetry (*Hengerdd*). Marks (!) were given for every stanza of the Gododdin, as one would expect. A significant rubric in the Book of Aneirin must be quoted here: "No bard should go to a contest without this song any more than a warrior should go to battle without weapons." But where did the competitor learn

to say his piece? Did he learn it from his own bardic teacher? Or by poring over an ancient vellum manuscript, dim with age, and much handling by generations of pupils? Or by frequent listening to bards competing in earlier contests? Or by all three methods? One can well believe that in the course of more than six centuries of such oral transmission, the text may have changed considerably. Old Welsh forms would be gradually modernised, and obsolete words replaced by later terms, sometimes to the detriment of metre and consonance. A study of the variant versions of Gododdin stanzas provides plenty of instances of such changes. The written text too would suffer at the hands of blundering copyists. Scribes sometimes mis-read the original: sometimes they incorporated in the text comments from the margin, or poems by other authors added on blank pages in the old manuscripts they were copying. The prolific family of scribal errors in all its branches has many representatives in the pages of the Book of Aneirin.

This brings me to stanza lxxix, on page 20 of the MS. with a variant on page 23 in another hand. The first version (A) runs as follows:—

Gweleis y dull o benn tir adoyn.  
 Aberth am goelkerth a disgynnyn.  
 gweleis oed kenevin ar dref redegein.  
 a gwyr nwythyon ry gollessyn.  
 gweleis gwyr dullyawr gan awr adevyn  
 aphenh dyvynwal a breych brein ae cnoyn.

And this is the B version:—

Gueleys y dull o bentir a doyn  
 a berthach coel kerth a emdygyn.  
 Gueleys y deu oc eu tre re ry gwydyn.  
 o eir nwython ry godessyn.  
 Gueleys y wyr tylluavr gan wavr a doyn  
 a phēn dyuynwal vrych brein ae knoyn.

I wish we had many more to help us to discover what the original text was like, for though this six-line stanza is an obvious intruder in the Gododdin, it has a special interest of its own for us to-night: in my opinion it is a fragment of a poem by a Strathclyde or Cumberland poet in A.D. 642. In metre and diction it resembles the Gododdin songs; that is why a scribe incorporated it in the Gododdin, rejoicing much, we may be sure, that he had discovered a stray sheep from that fold. He failed to see that the subject matter had no connexion at all with the theme of the Gododdin, the battle for Catraeth, but with another battle, a generation later. In the year 642 (641, in the Annals of Ulster) Domnall Brecc, king of Dalriada in the Argyll region of Scotland, was killed in the battle of Srath Caruin (probably the valley of the Carron in Stirlingshire) by Hoan, king of the Britons of Strathclyde. *Domnall* equates with *Dyfnwal* in Welsh: and *brecc* is the cognate of our *brych* "freckled". The stanza can be read as three couplets, each beginning with *Gweleis* "I saw". The first line is easy, "I saw a host coming from *penn tir*" or "from Pentir". *Penn* "head" is *cenn* in Old Irish; *tir* "land", is common to both Welsh and Irish. As a compound, *pentir* means "headland, promontory"; here it may well be the promontory known as *Kintyre*, *Cantyre*, in Domnall Brecc's territory. Omitting the second couplet for a moment, and combining the readings of A and B, I read:—

"I saw mighty warriors (B; arrayed for battle, A) coming with the dawn (B; with a battle cry, A) and the head of Dyfnwal Vrych, the ravens devoured (B; the head and arm of Dyfnwal, A)."

The A scribe had never heard of Dyfnwal the Freckled, *brych*; so he changed the adjective to the noun *breich* "arm": B preserves the original reading without a doubt. The reference to the victory over Domnall Brecc in 642

is clear, and the *Gweleis* "I saw" thrice repeated, suggests a Strathclyde warrior-bard as the author, one who saw with his own eyes the victory of the Britons of the North. This is just a scrap of his song of triumph, a poor copy, alas, even of that. But what we have, shows that the poets of Strathclyde in the West and those of the Gododdin in the East made use of the same poetic forms and conventions.

I have already had cause to mention the tenth-century collection of early pedigrees tacked on to the *Annales Cambriae* in Harley MS. 3859. Professor Loth has shown that Pedigree V is a Strathclyde royal pedigree, and that the *Eugein* (Old Welsh for later *Ewein*, *Owain*, now *Owen*) son of *Beli* son of *Neithon* in it must be the *Hoan* of the Irish Annals. This Owen was the grandson of *Neithon*: version A, line 4, has *a gwyr nwythyon* "and the men of Nwythion"; B, *o eir nwython* "by the word of Nwython". If we amend to *ac w̄yr Neithon* "and the grandson of N." *ry godessyn* will give a good sense as the past tense third plural of *coddi* "to offend, to anger", and the whole line will run "with the grandson of N. they were wroth". I suggest this rendering, as a possibility only. When one has to deal with a text where an adjective is twisted into an arm there is always a temptation to emend and amend very freely indeed! Pedigree XVI begins with the name *Run map neithon*: Geoffrey of Monmouth mentions a *Rhun* son of *Nwython* (*Oxford Brut*, p. 200). There is however a son of *Nwython* in another stanza of the *Gododdin*, so it is somewhat risky to assume the identity of *Nwython* and *Neithon* everywhere. Let us flee from temptation.

Why was this Cumbrian pedigree included in the Harley MS. collection? Probably to amplify and explain certain entries in the preceding *Annales*, where we find under the year 722, *Beli filius elfin moritur*: and under 760, *Dunnagual filii teudubr moritur*. No further details are given under these years to show who these notables

were when they were alive. Pedigree V gives both in their proper setting, and sequence: it starts with Run map Arthgal (killed in 872, *Rev. Celt.* xlvii, 177), and then follow these names, Dumnagual m. Riderch m. Eugein m. *Dumnagual* m. *Teudebur* m. *Beli* m. *Elfin* m. *Eugein* m. *Beli* m. *Neithon* and so on to Ceritic guletic and beyond (*Y Cymmrodor*, IX 172).

To return to Nennius. Besides Aneirin, he also mentioned Taliesin, as one of the sixth-century Welsh bards. In Chapter 63, he states that four kings fought against Husa son of Ida, namely Urbgen, Riderch Hen, Guallauc and Morcant. Urbgen and his sons also fought valiantly against Deodric or Theoderic, son of Ida. Lloyd gives these dates for Theoderic, 572-579, and 585-592 for Husa. In the Welsh MS. called the *Book of Taliesin* (written c. 1275), amongst later material, a dozen early poems have been preserved, mainly songs in praise of Urien (the later form of *Urbgen* in Welsh) and his son, Owain; also of Gwallawg. The latter is placed by Taliesin in Elfed, the district near Leeds where the name lives on in its early form *Elmet*. Urien was lord of Catraeth (Richmond-Catterick) and other regions as well, the most important being Rheged. That is why he is called Urien Rheged in our old sagas.

The location of this Rheged has long been the subject of discussion and debate. Possibly the name survives in *Dún Raggit* in Galloway (cf. the *Dún Reichet* of the Calendar of Oengus). Chadwick sees it too in the *Roch* of Rochdale, the *Recedham* of Domesday Book. Ekwall, however, hesitates between Old English *reced* "hall, house", and a British compound of *rac* "in front of" and *coet* "wood": he gives *Rached* as the original form of the river-name; with *Rached-dale* developing into Rochdale. My criticism of this is that Rochdale is too far from the sea: in the *Book of Taliesin*, p. 78, occurs the phrase *tra merin reget* "beyond the sea of Rheged" which should be compared with *tra merin Iodeo*

in the Gododdin (line 1209). Iodeo is the British name of Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth, and hence I am emboldened to offer you that *Merin* can mean "arm of the sea, firth", and that *Merin Rheged* is the British name of the Solway Firth. The district *Rheged* must therefore, if I am correct, be sought for near the Solway Firth.

In the twelfth century, a Welsh prince, Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd, who was also an accomplished poet, was exiled, and rode northwards: who or what drove him from his native land we are not told, but in the best known of all his songs he complains of the long journey to Carlisle, which he calls *Caer Lliwelydd*. "Lord of Heaven and Earth", he sang, "how far from Ceri is Caer Lliwelydd? I rode my yellow charger day and night all the way from Maelienydd to the *land of Rheged*." This shows that to Welshmen of the twelfth century *Rheged* was a district near Carlisle.

To me, the name recalls tribal names ending in *-et* (later *-ed*) like *Dyfed* in South Wales from *Demetae*: the stem is *rheg*, a word of frequent occurrence in our old poetry as you would expect, for it means "a gift". *Rheged* as a tribal name could be explained as the "Givers of gifts", the generous ones. In literary Welsh we use the compound *anrheg* for a gift or present, never the simple noun *rheg*. The reason, I take it, is that *rheg* in Modern Welsh means "curse", and *rhegi* is the usual term for swearing. How has this come about? My guess is that the intermediate stage was the use of *rhegi* in the sense of consigning the offender to the devil, in St. Paul's words in First Corinthians, *delivering* him unto Satan! Making a present of him to the Evil One!

One of Urien's allies was Rhydderch Hen, or "the Old", the Rhydderch ap Tudwal who ruled at Alclud, Dumbarton, a friend of the Irish saint Columba. Of him I must beg your leave to quote Sir John Lloyd's exact words: "He had many enemies of whom he stood in daily fear, and in his anxiety sent a private message to

the prophet of Iona to know whether he was destined to fall by their hands. Columba's answer was that he would escape all their wiles, and die in his own house, *reposing on his couch of feathers*, a prophecy which, according to Adamman, was literally fulfilled" (Lloyd, *History of Wales*, 166). This Rhydderch is called Rhydderch *Hael* in Welsh legend, or "the Generous". Perhaps he cheered up after hearing the good news from the Saint—and kept away from that feather-bed as long as he could.

I put the Battle of Catraeth about A.D. 600. Sometime round 615 Ethelfrith of Northumbria attacked and defeated the Britons at Chester. This fight was preceded by the massacre of the 2,000 British monks of Bangor-on-Dee. To some historians the defeat at Chester marks the separation of the Cymry of Wales from the Cymry of Cumberland. Others maintain that Ethelfrith's losses were so heavy, that he had to retire northwards forthwith.

Then comes Edwin, who conquered the now isolated little British kingdom of *Elmet* round Leeds, advanced South, invaded North Wales, and over-ran Anglesey, where he had once found refuge as an exile. According to the Welsh Triads he was one of the three oppressors of Anglesey, who were nurtured within the island itself.

It was now the turn of the Welsh to produce a great warrior in Cadwallon, king of Gwynedd (mainly Anglesey and Caernarvonshire). He was a descendant of Cunedda, the deliverer of Wales from the Irish invaders, and in his thirst for vengeance on Edwin he planned and attempted what may be called the march of Cunedda in reverse, nothing less than that the men of North Wales should advance northwards, and repay the kinsmen of Cunedda by driving out their enemies, the Northumbrians, from all the lands between the Humber and Edinburgh. It was a scheme on the grand scale! So in 632 he set out North, secured the help of a Mercian noble,

Penda, engaged the army of Edwin and conquered it, killing Edwin and his son in the battle. He then in Stenton's words "set himself to a deliberate devastation of all Northumbria". A king of Deira and his army were destroyed. The ruler of Bernicia, a son of Ethelfrith, was put to death when he came to beg for peace, and Cadwallon had for a year or more his full revenge on Northumbria. In the last weeks of 633, according to Stenton, or in 634 according to Lloyd, Oswald, another son of Ethelfrith, after a night march, attacked Cadwallon's camp near Hexham with a small army. Cadwallon was slain, and his host scattered. I now quote Stenton once more, "Cadwallon was the only British king of historic times who overthrew an English dynasty, and the British peoples never found an equal leader."

In a fragment of an early Welsh poem, preserved only in a late copy, Cadwallon's prowess is praised in more extravagant terms. From what I can understand of this difficult text, the poet is celebrating the expulsion of the Northumbrians from North Wales, which must have preceded the counter-attack on the North. "The foreigners have fled over the salt sea", he sings, referring probably to the Northumbrians driven out of Anglesey, "and a multitude of them slain. The honour of the Cymry has been redeemed. Cadwallon's deeds will be remembered so long as heaven remains above the earth. Is there anything higher than thee", he asked his lord, "except the sky and the stars?" I wonder how he improved on that one when news came later of the resounding victories in the North. For the text I must refer you to the *Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies* VII, 24-6.

Throughout this poem, the Welsh are called *Cymry*—this is the earliest example known to me. Aneirin and the Taliesin of the historical poems used *Brython*.

Now for a change we will leave the warriors and turn to the saints. A few minutes earlier I mentioned Rhyd-

derch Hen of Dumbarton, Urien's ally against the sons of Ida in the second half of the sixth century. He was the victor in a famous battle at *Arfderydd* (Arthuret, eight miles north of Carlisle) in the year 573. His opponent was Gwenddoleu son of Ceidio, whose name lives on in *Carwinley* (earlier *Karwindelhow*, *Carwanolow*) though Ekwall makes a hybrid of it. In early Welsh it would have been *Cair Gwendolow*.

Rhydderch invited St. Kentigern to settle in his Strathclyde kingdom. This saint is our *Cyndeyrn*, and is said to have been the son of Owain ab Urien. He may have been. I want him to-night, however, as a contact with Wales. He certainly travelled south and founded a monastery on the bank of the River Elwy where his fame attracted 965 disciples — so it is said. Rhydderch recalled him to the North and Cyndeyrn established another monastery at Glasgow close to Dumbarton, Rhydderch's fortress. He left his favourite disciple, Asaph, in charge of the Llan on the Elwy, hence our *Llanelwy*, in English St. Asaph.

His "pet name" according to Jocelyn was *Munghu* (later *Mungo*) "carissimus amicus". One could compare the Welsh *mwyngu* (*mwyn* "gentle, kind", *cu* "beloved, dear"). His mother, Tenyw, daughter of a king of Lleuddin, the Lothian district, became Saint *Tenoc* (cf. Aed(d)an's pet name, *Maedoc*) and is still remembered in Glasgow at St. *Enoch's*, the initial *t*- in her name having merged with the final *-t* in *Saint*!

Cyndeyrn was not the only saint with Northern connexions who spent some time in Wales, or settled in Wales. Doged, Lleuddad, Eleri, Baglan, Dunawd, Pabo, and others could be mentioned. Our patron saint himself, St. David, was a descendant of Cunedda, a grandson or great-grandson—his pedigree varies in length in different manuscripts.

The road to Wales, however, was not a one-way street—the saints have always found it difficult to walk in the

same direction—and Welsh saints occasionally travelled northwards. The most famous was Cadog from South Wales: Cambuslang near Glasgow is dedicated to him.

I have no doubt about the worthiness and holiness of these early saints. They spoke the truth and preached the truth. But I find it hard to believe this of their biographers! They give us fairy tales far too often instead of sober fact. They crib from one another shamelessly and wholesale in their eagerness to enhance their own patron's glory above all and sundry. How one would appreciate a simple unadorned unrhetorical account of these men, and their heroic labours and suffering! That would surely be glory enough. The truth and nothing more. As it is we are left in almost complete ignorance about them.

In the past, contacts between Wales and the North were made and maintained by warriors and saints. In our day both classes have been merged into one, the Antiquarians of Cumbria and Cambria, men and women eager to discover the truth about the lives of our common ancestors, searching for it in the débris of the wars of long ago, ruins of old forts and castles, walls and ditches, churches and monasteries, inscriptions and tattered vellum manuscripts. It is no wonder then that such a discipline has made it possible for you to listen with saintly patience and heroic endurance to these rough notes of mine.