A SURVEY OF ANGLO-WELSH POETRY: THE CONTINUITY BETWEEN SEVENTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURY ANGLO-WELSH POETS

by

Taliesin Jones

M. A.

English

1949

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
	Introduction	3
Chapter		
I	A Survey of Anglo-Welsh Poetry	8
II	Some Welsh Racial Characteristics	39
III	Continuity of Theme in Anglo-Welsh Poetry	43
IV	A Comparison of the Technical Aspects of Seventeenth and Twentieth Century Anglo-Welsh Poetry	77
	Conclusion	113
	Appendix	118
	Bibliography	120

INTRODUCTION

From the defeat of Llewelyn by Mortimer in 1284 until the union with England in 1536 the Welsh had continued proudly to regard themselves as an independent nation. Conquered many times in battle, the Welsh chieftains had always withdrawn to their mountain retreats, where pursuit and decisive overthrow had been impossible. Even in defeat such a chieftain as Owen Glyndwr was able to communicate to his people a clear vision of their future as an independent nation. Indeed with the quality, attributed to Celtic peoples by Renan, of ignoring reality, these Welsh people regarded such a losing battle as a spiritual triumph, and they were never less united to England than in such defeat.

The Act of Union was designed to eradicate this Welsh isolation, to transform Wales into a part of England for all political and administrative purposes. In spite of the failures of the past, the authors of the Act had reason to be confident of its success. The great Welsh landowners had already identified themselves with the cause of Henry Tudor, and had become thoroughly Anglicised. Some of them, like William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, continued to use the Welsh language when speaking to their tenants, but for the most part they were English in thought and speech. The influence of such men was expected to bring about the easy overthrow of Welsh institutions.

For a while, certainly, this apparent overthrow of the ideals of Welsh independence, seemed to have an atrophysing effect on Welsh poetry, which entered on one of the leanest periods in its history. When the Anglo-Welsh lord withdrew his patronage from the Welsh bard, the latter 'tuned his harp to peasant ears'. Sir Owen M. Edwards describing the evil effect of the Wars of the Roses and the subsequent Tudor legislation on Welsh literature writes:

> "In the tempest of War prince and poet were lost....... (The Welsh people) had no literature; the medieval ode had become a string of stereotyped alliterations; and when the richer class took to reading English, or to reading nothing, Welsh literature died away." (1)

As the land owning class identified their fortunes with those of the kings of England, so the middle professional class realised more and more that hope of advancement lay in London rather than Cardiff, and was to be found in circles where English was the language spoken. By the middle of the seventeenth century this fact was illustrated by the presence in London of a considerable colony of Welshmen.

---

(1)Edwards, "Wales", London, 1901, p.339

The consequent awareness among Englishmen of things Welsh is reflected in the literature of the day, especially the drama. "The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge" was written by Andrew Boorde about 1541 and published in 1547. The second chapter of this book "treateth of the naturall dysposycion of Welshmen, and of the countre of Wales, teaching an Englyshe man to speake some Welshe."(1) The references to Wales and Welshmen and the occasional use of the Welsh language in contemporary plays suggest that there were a number of Welsh speaking men in the audience and that the Englishmen present were sufficiently informed about or interested in Welsh affairs to be entertained by them. It would appear probable that some of the actors of the day had a knowledge of Welsh. Certainly there was opportunity for the speaking of Welsh in many plays, as in the conversation between Glendower and Lady Mortimer (Shakespeare's Henry IV, Pt. 1, Act III, Sc. 1). In the "Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissil" (c.1600), in which Dekker collaborated, there are two important comic characters, Sir Owen ap Meredith and Gwenythan, who make love in a well worked out Welsh-English, with an occasional use of Welsh. In these two cases, as in others(*), it would be easier for the characters to speak Welsh, rather than to improvise any gibberish which would be apparent to the audience.

---

(1)Bartley and Richards, "The Welsh Language in English Plays", pub. in "Welsh Review", Vol.VI, No.1, Spring 1947, pp. 39-40.

(*)A list of plays written in the seventeenth century in which Welsh is used is given in Appendix 1.

The most sustained literary reference to the Welsh people in England was Ben Jonson's anti-masque "For the honour of Wales" which was performed at court in 1619.

> "Remember the country has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your Majesty, a very garden and seed plot of honest minds and men; what lights of learning hath Wales sent for your schools.... what able ministers of your justice........whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes......I am glad to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous and please your Majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good acts........religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy as they are zealous and knowing in religion."(1)

It is interesting to note that while most of the Welsh used in the plays seems to have been derived from a spoken source, the language of this anti-masque is based on Dr. Siôn Dafydd Rhys's Welsh Grammar (Cambrobrytannicae Linguae Institutiones et Rudimenta), published in London in 1592. These references suggest a lively interest in the Welsh language and a growing awareness of the part played by Welshmen in English life. It is true that the Welsh characters in the plays are generally introduced as a source of humour, the strange sounds of a foreign language being amusing and interesting to English people who were less rigidly monoglot than they are now; yet they are usually amiable characters void of malice.

---

(1)Ben Jonson, Complete Works, ed. Herford and Simpson, Oxford, 1925-47, Vol.7,pp.509-10

That there was no deep-rooted prejudice against Welshmen is seen by the success they achieved in government circles, in Law and in the Church. The fact that the family of Donne's father had come from Kidwelly, was no impediment to his success in his trade, as his legacy of £3,000 to his son testifies, nor to his prestige, for he was the head of his guild. Nor was it in the business and professional fields alone that the Welshman found scope for his abilities; his heritage was such as to endow him with an almost instinctive love of the arts, especially music and poetry. Within one hundred years of the Act uniting Wales and England, a group of men of Welsh blood had become a leading influence in English poetry.

CHAPTER I

A Survey of Anglo-Welsh Poetry

Among the 'lights of learning' sent by Wales to the English schools during the seventeenth century were five scholars who are now classified by the literary critics as a particular group making an individual contribution to English Literature. The first of these Welshman, in point of time, was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose autobiography gives an excellent picture of the young Welsh nobleman in England. The son of Richard Herbert, Esquire, and Magdalen Newport, he was born in Eyton, Shropshire in 1582 or 1583. His parents decided that he should learn the Welsh language "believing it necessary to enable (him) to treat with those ....friends and tenants who understood no other language."(1) For this purpose he was entrusted to the care of Mr. Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-ward in Denbighshire. Herbert made little progress in the study of Welsh because he was sick for the greater part of his stay in Denbighshire. He showed great proficiency, later on, in the study of languages, though he never mentions learning Welsh. His life was typical of the English nobleman of the day, and there are very few references in his autobiography to his Welsh background. One of the most amusing of these references, and one of the most illuminating, as showing the regard with which Welshmen were held by Englishmen, is made by Herbert as he recounts his journey to Paris to take up the office of Ambassador. He was awakened one night by a voice shouting, "Darest thou come down, Welshman?" (1) The word 'Welshman' was obviously a term of abuse to which Herbert reacted with characteristic vigour. He nowhere attempts to list qualities that distinguish him as a Welshman from his English friends, except to refer to "passion and choler, infirmities to which all our race is subject" (2) and which even his saintly brother George often exhibited. Apart from this, he obviously regards himself as an Englishman; indeed, he invariably refers to himself as such. He was one who might say with Glendower,

---

(1) Herbert, Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, ed. with intro. by Will H. Dircks, London, 1888, p.23

> "I can speak English, lord, as well as you
> For I was train'd up in the English court
> Where being but young I framed to the harp
> Many an English ditty lovely well
> And gave the tongue an helpful ornament." (3)

Lord Herbert's brother, George, was born at Montgomery Castle, long the family seat of the Herberts, in 1593. He quickly became celebrated for his learning, and courtly qualities, which together with his important family connections were responsible for his appointment as Public Orator at the University of Cambridge in 1619. The duties of this office he discharged with conspicuous success, and since his predecessors in this office had received notable advancement in the Court, no less was looked for in the case of Herbert, who shared his brother's love for the splendour of the trappings and punctilio of the courtly life. The death of his patrons removed all such hopes, and eventually, after much wrestling, he eschewed all such vanity, and devoted his life with the greatest piety to the works of the Church. His court friends tried to dissuade him from entering the Church, "as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind."(1) He resolved, however, to "make the name of priest honourable by consecrating all (his) learning and all (his) poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them."(2) This resolve he carried out as Rector of Bemerton Church in Kent with such thoroughness that many of his religious practices are still observed in that church and his name is still revered there.

---

(1)Herbert, Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, ed. with intro. by Will H. Dircks, London, 1888, p.130

(2)Ibid, p.12

(3)Shakespeare, Henry IV - Part I, Act III, Sc.i, 11, 121-5

Herbert began writing verses at an early age, showing a facile talent in their composition. Most of his work, which is collected in "The Temple", published in 1633, is of a religious character and bears witness to the struggle between his worldly desires and his spiritual calling. While still a student at Cambridge he lamented the lack of religious verse:

---

(1) Walton, Lives of Herbert, Donne, Wotton and Hooker, ed. Morley, London, 1888, p.241

(2) Ibid, p.241

> "My God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee,
> Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
> Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
> Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
> Why are not sonnets made of Thee? and lays
> Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
> Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
> As well as any she?"(1)

In a letter to his mother at this time he vowed that his "poor abilities in poetry (should) be all and ever consecrated to God's glory."(2) This vow he made good, though in many places he records the temptings of worldly pleasures, and nowhere more dramatically than in his well known poem, "The Collar".

In his development as a Christian and as a poet, Herbert everywhere acknowledges his debt to John Donne, 1573-1631. Donne was born in London 1573 "of good and virtuous parents...............his father (being) masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country."(1) The facts of Donne's life, his hopes of advancement, his happy but unfortunate marriage, and his eminent career as Dean of St. Paul's are well known. Equally celebrated is his reluctance to take Holy Orders, which reluctance his letter to the Bishop of Durham explains:

---

(1) Walton, Lives of Herbert, Donne, Wotton and Hooker, ed. Morley, London, 1888, p. 232

(2) Ibid, P. 232

> "My refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling for which kings if they think so, are not good enough; nor for that my education or learning...........may not ....render me in some measure for it, but.................some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men."(2)

His fame as a poet was great in his own time. Ben Jonson referred to him as the "first poet in the World, in some things."(3) His style being fresh and new inspired many 'sedulous apes.' He was an intimate friend of the Herbert family; he entrusted one of two copies of his Bianthanatos to Lord Herbert of Cherbury:

(1)Walton, Lives of Herbert, Donne, Wotton and Hooker, ed. Morley, London, 1888, p.18

(2)Ibid, p.28

(3)Jonson, Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, ed. Patterson, London, 1923, p.11

he was helped during the lean years of his disfavour by the patronage of Lady Herbert, and was throughout his life a great influence on George Herbert. This close friendship derived from a similarity of gifts rather than from their connection with Wales. In the considerable correspondence which Donne maintained with the Herberts no mention is made of Welsh antecedents.

Considerably influenced by the pious life and writings of George Herbert was another Welsh poet, Henry Vaughan, who was born in Newton, Llansaintfraed, in 1621. He and his twin brother, Thomas, were educated by the Rev. Matthew Herbert, a kinsman of George Herbert, before entering Jesus College, Oxford, a college since traditionally associated with Wales. Thomas Vaughan achieved great publicity as the author of many works dealing with such esoteric subjects as the "nature of man, his state after death grounded on his Creator's proto-chemistry" and "the Antiquity of Magic and the descent thereof from Adam downward, proved together with a perfect and full discovery of the true Caelum Terrae or the Magician's Heavenly Cross." He was a student of alchemy, an experimental philosopher and a follower of the Rosicrucians. His brother Henry wrote along more conventional lines, his first volume of verses published in 1646 being chiefly amatory. He was by profession a doctor, practising in Brecon and later at Scethrog. In this he differed from the other Anglo-Welsh poets: he was deeply attached to Wales, referring to himself as the Silurist after the Silures or people of South Wales. He soon came under the influence of Herbert to whom he acknowledges his debt in the preface to "Silex Scintillans" (1650) where he writes:

> "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream (i.e. his secular verse) was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts of whom I am the least."(1)

The influence of Herbert's poetry on Vaughan is readily apparent: titles, ideas, verse forms, and in the case of the poem "Praise" even the rhymes, are the same. Vaughan's genuine poetic inspiration, however, has never been doubted. Critics have noted the influence of his brother's researches in alchemy, and have underlined the unequal quality of his work, his fine beginnings and lame endings, and his yearning for the perfection of childhood.

(1)Henry Vaughan, The Poetical Works of, ed. Lyte, Boston, 1871, p.37

His high place in this group of poets is unassailable, and whereas early criticism sought to make him a mere echo of Herbert, later critics have acclaimed his unique contribution to seventeenth century poetry. A modern poet, Siegfried Sassoon, has paid notable tribute to his memory:

> "Here sleeps the Silurist: the loved physician;
> The face that left no portraiture behind;
> The skull that housed white angels and had vision
> Of daybreak through the gateways of the mind.
> Here faith and mercy, wisdom and humility
> (Whose influence shall prevail for evermore)
> Shine. And this lowly grave tells Heaven's tranquillity......
> And here stand I, a suppliant at the door."(1)

The last Welshman in this group is Thomas Traherne of whose life little is known. Neither the date nor the place of his birth is known. His biographer, Bertram Dobell, who discovered his work in manuscript and who has made as full an enquiry as possible into Traherne's life, writes of him as follows:

> "That the family from which the poet sprang was Welsh by descent seems to be highly probable.

---

(1) Siegfried Sassoon, At the Grave of Henry Vaughan, A New Anthology of Modern Verse 1920-1940 ed. Day Lewis and Strong, London, 1941, p.161

> It is true that the name is also found in a slightly different form in Cornwall; but no doubt both branches sprang from the same root at some distant period. The poet's character and temperament as displayed in his writings, almost proclaim his nationality. Herbert and Vaughan, the two poets to whom he is most near akin, were both Welsh by descent, and though neither is deficient in warmth of feeling, Traherne certainly surpasses them in the passionate fervour which he infuses into his writings. It is hardly possible to think of them as having emanated from the cooler and less enthusiastic Anglo-Saxon temperament." (1)

His poems which were first published in 1903 and his prose, "Centuries of Meditations", published in 1908, have been acclaimed for their originality of thought. He shares with Vaughan a longing for the beatific state of childhood.

"But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were by.
And that himself was so the cream

---

(1)Traherne, Poetical Works of, ed. and with intro. by Dobell, London, 1932, p.23

> And Crown of all which round about did lie.
> Yet thus it was."(1)

In this and other poems he reveals a striking similarity to Vaughan, and both seem to anticipate Blake and Wordsworth.

These five poets, who were, for the most part, intimately acquainted with and affected by each other, are generally regarded as members of that "race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets."(2) Grouped together, they, with some others, are regarded as a distinct 'school,' differing from their immediate predecessors, and exhibiting certain individual characteristics which have been many time expounded by the literary critics from Johnson and Addison to T. S. Eliot and Herbert Read.

Of the many qualities which have been ascribed to these 'metaphysical' poets a few are of importance to the present purpose. In the first place, their poetry was a record of their attempts to integrate their lives: a record of conflict, revealing a deep sense of separation from God, in the case of Donne and Herbert, from the blessed state of childhood in the case

(1) Traherne, News, Poetical Works of Traherne, ed. and with intro. by Dobell, London, 1932, p.

(2) English Literary Criticism, ed. Vaughan, London, 1900, p.87

of Vaughan and Traherne. Secondly, these writers abound in imagery, much of it grotesque, obscure or cryptic. Vaughan and Donne often find their similes and metaphors in the occult, and in the writings of contemporary alchemists. Herbert, on the other hand, generally drew his imagery from the Church. Often they achieved a bizarre effect, a 'discordia concors' which revealed at least, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, a lively mind. The strangeness of some of their vocabulary, their unusual imagery, the newness of their verse forms, their individual rhythms, these are generally considered to be an important characteristic of this group of poets. Addison criticised the gamesome spirit that indulged in such oddities: other critics have approved the "daring yet not unnatural extension of the rights of metaphor,.............(which) added to poetry an attraction singularly proper for the chief poetical end of man, the transformation of the hackneyed and familiar into the strange and high."(1)

T. S. Eliot in his treatment of these poets has sought to show that they are "in the direct current of English poetry and (that) their faults should be reprimanded by this standard rather than coddled by antiquarian affection."

(1) Traill, Social England, London, 1897, Chap. XIV, by George Saintsbury

However, though Eliot derives them naturally from their predecessors he asserts that

> "something happened to the mind of England between the time of Donne or Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the time of Tennyson and Browning; it is the difference between the intellectual poet and the reflective poet. Tennyson and Browning are poets and they think, but they do not feel their thought immediately as the odour of a rose. A thought to Donne was an experience; it modified his sensibility ....The poets of the seventeenth century, the successors of the dramatists of the sixteenth century, possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience. In the seventeenth century a dissociation of sensibility set in from which we have never recovered."(1)

Similarly Herbert Read in "Reason and Romanticism" traces the rise of the philosophical spirit in Donne to Dante and the early Italian poets.(2) But while connecting this group of poets with their predecessors, these critics, especially Eliot, separate them from those following, up to the time of their writing in the early twenties of the present century.

(1)Eliot, Homage to John Dryden, London, 1924, p.33

(2)Read, Reason and Romanticism, London, 1926, p.44

These poets thus have certain definite characteristics which seem to unite them into a separate school. It is certainly a remarkable coincidence, and one not often pointed out, that they should also have this common association with Wales. There is, of course, no narrow regionalism in their work; certainly there is no nationalistic element. Vaughan, it is true, was much enamoured of the beautiful scenery around his native Brecon, and eulogises the beautiful Usk river. But they are apparently unaware of their common racial connection, and there is no evidence to show that they regarded it as a factor influencing their sympathy of outlook.

During the classical period of the eighteenth century no Anglo-Welsh poet appeared. It is interesting to note that in Welsh literature there was a great revival, associated with the names of Lewis Morris, Goronwy Owen, and Evan Evans (Ieuan Fardd). These poets were not only Welsh scholars but were great students of English poetry and criticism. They believed that the poet should follow certain definite rules which could be discovered by an analysis of the language and style of the old classics. The influence of these writers, especially Goronwy Owen, on the later Welsh poets cannot be overestimated. Mr. Saunders Lewis, Welsh literary critic, has shown that the great Welsh cultural institution, the Eisteddfod, owes its origin to the elaborate rules and standards for poetry set up by these eighteenth century poets. It is interesting to speculate on the reasons why conditions which produced a revival of Welsh poetry should have failed to bring forth an Anglo-Welsh poet. It will be seen, however, that the characteristics of the Anglo-Welsh poets generally offer a striking contrast to those of their countrymen writing in Welsh.

The nineteenth century and the Romantic Revival also failed to produce an Anglo-Welsh poet, though there was a more lively interest taken by the Romantic poets in Welsh folklore and legend. Many of the English poets visited Wales and wrote about it.(1) Books such as Borrow's "Wild Wales" popularised Wales as a tourist attraction, dispelled certain Anglo-Saxon misconceptions of the Welsh people, and planted others. Some writers conceived a violent passion for the Welsh people. Such a one was Theodore Watts-Dunton who writes,

> "Although I have seen a good deal of the races of Europe, I put the Cymric race in many ways at the top of them all. They combine, as I think, the poetry, the music, the instinctive

(1) A List of English Poets visiting Wales in the nineteenth century has been made by Evelyn Lewes in "Wales", Vol.VII, No.28, 1948

> love of the fine arts, and the humour of the other Celtic peoples with the practicalness and bright-eyed sagacity of the very different race to which they were so closely linked by circumstance — the Anglo-Saxon."(1)

Other reactions were different. Matthew Arnold quotes a contemporary editorial of the London "Times" as follows:

> "Not only the energy and power, but the intelligence and music of Europe have come from Teutonic sources, and this glorification of everything Celtic, if it were not pedantry, would be sheer ignorance. The sooner all Welsh specialities disappear from the face of the earth the better."(2)

Thanks to such writings, and especially to Matthew Arnold's "On the Study of Celtic Literature", English writers became very much aware of Wales and Welsh institutions. Welsh folklore provided themes for Tennyson, Peacock and others. So great was the interest taken by Gerard Manley Hopkins in Welsh poetry that he learned the language and produced several Welsh poems in standard 'cynghanedd'.(*) Anglo-Welsh poetry of the more usual kind, written by Welshmen in English, did not appear until the present century.

---

(1) Watts-Dunton, Introduction to Wild Wales by Borrow, London (Everyman), 1923, p.xv.

(2) Matthew Arnold, On the Study of Celtic Literature and Other Essays, London (Everyman), 1910, p.7

In the early twentieth century the poems of Edward Thomas, Wilfred Owen and W. H. Davies were included in all anthologies of contemporary poetry. The genius of these poets was essentially lyrical, and their influence on the development of English poetry very slight. Owen and Thomas were killed in the Great War, 1914-1918, the former at the age of twenty-six, his powers scarcely having come to maturity. He was, however, one of the first to express the disillusion and sense of futility felt by young soldiers in the later years of the war. One of his most celebrated poems, "Anthem for Doomed Youth", records this feeling.

> "What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
> Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
> Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
> Can patter out their hasty orisons.
> No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
> Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,-
> The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
> And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

(*)Welsh alliterative poetic measures.

> What candles may be held to speed them all?
> Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
> Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
> The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
> Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
> And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds." (1)

His poetry, he said, was in 'the pity of it,' the pity of the waste of young lives, and his anguished cry

> "O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
> To break earth's sleep at all." (2)

was echoed by later war poets, like Isaac Rosenberg. His small output prevented his exerting any considerable influence though he will likely remain one of the authentic recorders of the impact made on sensitive young men by the sordid, glamourless twentieth century war.

Edward Thomas, 1877-1917, was a journalist, celebrated for his essays on the countryside. His poems, some of which appeared in periodicals, were collected and published posthumously. As a Welshman, he was invited in 1901 to write a book on Wales for a series then being produced by a London publishing house. He hastens to acquit himself of the charge of Celt-lover, affirming, almost, it seems, with pride, an absolute ignorance of the Welsh language, and taking what he describes as the 'fashionable' attitude to the Celt. He quotes John Davidson's, 1857-1909, description of them,

---

(1) Wilfred Owen, Poems, with intro. by Siegfried Sassoon, London, 1921, p.11

(2) Wilfred Owen, Futility, Ibid, p.25

"A twilight people living in a dream
A withered dream they never had themselves."(1)

He finds, however, much to praise in his country.

His poetry deals with the beauties of nature especially the lesser elements, as some of his titles, "The Aspens", "Nettles", "Swedes" convey. He records the moments of sudden beauty as in the well known "Adlestrop". His work is often characterised by a deep introspection, merging sometimes into mysticism.

"There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not run from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how."(2)

---

(1)Davidson, quoted by Thomas in Wales, London, 1901, p.12

(2)Edward Thomas, Lights Out, Selections from Modern Poets, ed. J.C. Squire, London, 1941, p.622

The same note is struck in "The Bridge," which poem also illustrates his experiments in rhyme.

> "No traveller has rest more blest
> Than this moment brief between
> Two lives, when the Night's first lights
> And shades hide what has never been:
> Things goodlier, lovelier, dearer than will
> or have been." (1)

The best known of these three poets is W. H. Davies, 1871-1940, who achieved great fame because of the vagabond life he led and because of Mr. G. B. Shaw's spectacular endorsement of his poetry. His "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" won approval for its colourful matter and its natural style. His poetry is simple and sincere, recording the sights and sounds of nature as they were seen and heard by one who had sympathy to understand and the leisure to enjoy. Typical is his praise of the "Sweet Stay-at-Home":

> "Sweet well-content, sweet love-one-place
> Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face
> For thou hast made more homely stuff
> Nurture thy gentle self enough.
> I love thee for a heart that's kind-
> Not for the knowledge in thy mind.-" (2)

(1) Selections from Modern Poets, ed. J. C. Squire, p.621

(2) Ibid, p.201

The beauties of nature were sufficient for him, who needed no other friends. In his wandering life he had seen something of man's inhumanity to man; something too of the sordid rivalry for material things, and so he chose to emulate "The Kingfisher"—

"Nay, lovely bird, thou art not vain;
Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me." (1)

Owen, Thomas and Davies are minor poets: the lives of the first two were cut short, and Davies was a natural singer of simple songs, unaffected by other poets, and affecting others not at all. They have not influenced the trends of poetry, as Donne did earlier, and as Dylan Thomas is now doing. They do show some of the characteristics that unite the two great groups of Anglo-Welsh writers, as will be shown later.

It is in the last fifteen years that the Anglo-Welsh poets have come to occupy an important place in English literature. Their poems have been published in such magazines and periodicals as "Horizon,"

(1) The Oxford Book of English Verse, ed. Quiller-Couch, Oxford, 1939, p.1100

"New Writing," "The New Statesman," "Wales," "The Welsh Review," in most anthologies, and in collection. The most influential of these writers is Dylan Thomas, who was born in Swansea in 1914 and was educated at the Swansea Grammar School. He was a journalist in London until the outbreak of war in 1939, when he did special work for the Ministry of Information. Since 1946 he has returned to free lance journalism and broadcasting. His first volume of poetry appeared in 1934, a second followed in 1939. During the war he wrote little, being preoccupied with his war work and with self adjustment. His latest collection of poems, "Deaths and Entrances," appeared in 1946.

Thomas' work is highly subjective: he is concerned vitally with his own self adjustment, rather than with the world's regeneration as are Auden, Spender and MacNeice, the poets by whom he, very naturally, might have been influenced. Thomas himself has described his poetry as "the record of my individual struggle from darkness towards some measure of light." (1) Characteristic of his image-charged style is the following verse of "Poem in October":

> "Shut, too, in a tower of words, I mark
> On the horizon walking like trees
> The wordy shapes of women and the rows

---

(1)Dylan Thomas, Selected Writings of, ed. J. L. Sweeney, New York, 1946, p.xiii

Of the star-gestured children in the park.
Some let me make you of the vowelled beeches,
Some of the oaken voices, from the roots
Of many a thorny shire tell you notes,
Some let me make you of the water's speeches."(1)

Friendly with Thomas was Alun Lewis, whose volumes of poems, "Raiders Dawn" and "Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets," were published in 1942 and 1945 respectively. Much of Lewis' poetry is concerned with his adjustment to a soldier's life, the bitterness of many of his poems testifying to the particular hardships to which a sensitive mind is exposed in such circumstances:

"Socrates on the frozen lake
Sat awhile and heard, disconsolate,
The blind unnerving harmonies of fate.
And always in Shakespearian tragedy
The foils are poisoned that the good may die."(2)

He gives some account in his letters of the circumstances under which he wrote his poetry.

"I found I was singing quietly - words and music ....And in the cookhouse I started writing it down but there were people all over me and I gobbled my meal and hurried into the

---

(1)Dylan Thomas, Poem in October, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.9

(2)Alun Lewis, Threnody For A Starry Night, Raiders' Dawn London, 1945, IV, p.37

> woods below the camp, and tried to finish. I have typed it out for you............But you won't like it, for you seek intensity, the words wrung out, wild with life. And my words fall softly all the time, like snow, although I feel like hell, like HELL. It's the same in all my poems. Reading them over last week...............I felt as if I'd failed. They are all so quiet. But really its the quietness I seek—the adagio, the touch, the grace. I don't seek war and the clash of people. I try to resolve always all things. That's not unusual. I suppose we're all trying to do it. But the poets today they break up, they analyse, then they leave it. Why?"(1)

Lewis, whose volumes of poetry were immediately successful, the "Raiders Dawn" being reprinted six times in three years, was equally successful as a short story writer. Before he was killed in battle in 1945 he came to realise that his talents lay in prose rather than poetry.

---

(1) Alun Lewis, A Sheaf of Letters from, pub. in "Wales", Feb.-March, 1948, p.411

"I am growing more and more into a short story writer.........I love it. I get the feeling of poetry, with something less miraculous and more credible in the act of writing. I can never believe I write POETRY. I can draw comfort and power from knowing I can write short stories."(1)

Linked with Thomas and Lewis is Vernon Watkins who had written poetry for many years before publishing his first volume in 1942. As a result of his fairly long apprenticeship, his poems showed a considerable poise and maturity. He is interested only in poetry itself, transforming experience into beauty. The first four verses of "The Sunbather" illustrate his method:

"Inert he lies on the saltgold sand
And sees through his lids the scarlet sky.
The sea will run back if he breathes a sigh.
He can hide the sun with a roselit hand.

Loitering, he crossed the shingle-shore
Where his eyes looked back at the glint of shells.
With a quoit of stone he startled the bells
That sleep in the rocks' vibrating shore.

---

(1) Alun Lewis, A Sheaf of Letters from, pub. in "Wales", Feb.-March, 1948, p.426

Thought-blind to the chosen place he passed.
The seagulls rose, and circled, and dropped;
And there, throwing down his coat, he stopped.
He, touching the mould of the world, lies fast.

The noon-sun dodges around his knee.
The sand at his head now trembles pale
The wind at his temples carries a tale
And before him flies the bewildered sea." (1)

He is often reminiscent of Walter de la Mare; sometimes he recalls the precise quietness of Christina Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelites.

Watkins was for some time under the influence of another Welshman, Herbert Treece, who was much admired in the early forties as the leader of the Apocalyptic movement in poetry. His poem "Second Coming 1942" is characteristic.

"Under the hill the old horse stands
Away from the wind,
Waiting a second coming.
The timid flock together by the wall
Cough and slip back into their dream
Of meadow-lands where knife was never known.

---

(1) Vernon Watkins, The Sunbather from Modern Welsh Poetry, ed. Keidrych Rhys, London, 1946, p.137

The old man clasps his tired hands
And seems to find
No labour worth the doing.
The rusty bucket jangles at the well,
The memories rush into the room
Of the lost son who is to be reborn."(1)

Lewis despised such poetry,

> "How morbid this deification of sexless little Treece who studies Spenser and makes a word at the end of one line rhyme with a word in the middle of the next. It's really awfully clever of him to have such control over his pulsating emotions and his unbearable anguish at the overpowering realities of today."(2)

Lewis would have approved more of Treece's war poems such as "Lincolnshire Bomber Station."

Before proceeding to an examination of the qualities of some of these major modern Welsh poets, and relating them to their great Welsh antecedents of the seventeenth century, it is necessary to refer to a considerable body of verse being written at present by other Welshmen. The magazines "Wales", edited by Keidrych Rhys, and the "Welsh Review", edited by Gwyn Jones, have printed a great many poems by Welshmen on Welsh themes. The present regionalism in literature, seen in the European and American novel and in such poetry as that of Hugh MacDiarmid, is very much alive in Anglo-Welsh poetry. This regionalism implies the necessity for a return to Mother Earth, where life is primitive and passion elemental, to revitalise a culture that has become remote, effete and decadent. In Wales it has had additional motives. The Anglo-Welsh poets writing today were brought up at a time when Wales was acquiring the unfortunate economic status of 'special area.' The coal strikes of the twenties procured for the miners of South Wales no economic redress, but brought an unpleasant notoriety to the country at large. Regiments of English soldiers, divisions of English police, stationed in the Welsh valleys to preserve law and order, were regarded with wonderment by children on their way to 'soup-kitchens,' with sullenness by men moving from the street corner. Welshmen took pride in their reistance which engendered a local patriotism in many, while fanning a chronic self-pity in some. The poets, at least, made a hero of the collier. Watkins wrote of the boy who left High School to go to his death in the mines. Caught in a roof-fall he hears his friends try to reach him:

---

(1)Henry Treece, Second Coming 1942, from Modern Welsh Poetry, ed. Keidrych Rhys, London, 1946, p.132

(2)Alun Lewis, A Sheaf of Letters from, pub. in "Wales", Feb.-March, 1948, p.429

"They changed words there in the darkness
And still through my head they run,
And white on my limbs is the linen sheet
And gold on my neck the sun."(1)

Collier poets like Huw Menai have written with authenticity of the coal mines, their lung-ravaging afterdamp, their soul-stunting gloom. Titles such as,

"Back in the Return"(*)
"And Old Collier"
"Rhondda"
"The Collier"

show this very natural preoccupation with the coal fields of South Wales. Typical of the sentiments expressed by these poets are the following lines from "Back in the Return":

"Back in the foul Return
Where bodies of men burn
Out, out before their time,
Where dead is the sublime,
And murdered is the soul

(*) Return: Underground mining term connected with the ventilating system.

(1) Vernon Watkins, The Collier, from Modern Welsh Poetry, ed. Keidrych Rhys, London, 1946, p.139

To keep the brute alive;
Where lust is in control,
Still young the sensitive
Must die, still young—
His songs unsung!"(1)

Another factor determining the attitude of young Anglo-Welsh poets to the lot of the miner is the fact that many of them have sprung from this class. The almost reverential regard of Welsh people for education has inspired a magnificent self-sacrifice in them, and in miners not the least, to provide university training for their sons. To this class of 'novi homines' many of the Anglo-Welsh poets belong.

The Anglo-Welsh poet then is acutely aware of his country and his countrymen: he sympathises with her tragedy and exults in her heroism.

In Wales, too, especially in the South, where most of the poets were born, many people have become monoglot English, due to the heavy industrialisation of the area. To the sense of rejection by the English, which many Welshman have felt, there has been added a sense of inferiority induced by Welsh speaking organisations which have ridiculed any such hybrid as Anglo-Welsh; a man who cannot speak and write Welsh is not a Welshman. This dictum, often repeated by Welsh leaders, consigns to a nationalistic no-man's-land more than half the people living in Wales. This has had the effect of instilling a group consciousness into the Anglo-Welsh poets among whom, for example, George Ewart Evans has written in the vernacular of the Industrial South and extracted the essence of life in a working community. In their magazines these writers have maintained an incessant plea for recognition as authentic representatives of one facet of Welsh culture.

---

(1)Huw Menai, Back in the Return, from Modern Welsh Poetry, ed. Keidrych Rhys, London, 1946, p.96

Lastly, a great deal of patriotism has been engendered in its people by a country which is as old and beautiful as Wales is; a country which has retained its language against all odds, which has preserved and renewed its dower of rich old folk tunes, and which has played its own glorious part in the history of Britain. One poem will suffice to illustrate this natural love of country.

"I'r Hen Iaith A'i Chaneuon"(*)

"When I am listening to the sweet, tuneful airs of my country,
Sung by fresh and young Welsh voices that love them,
in the language so strong and beautiful,
that has grown out of the ageless mountains

(*) To the old language and its songs

> and the deep, dark valleys,
> I am fulfilled as I am in no otherwise fulfilled.
>
> Then am I caught up into a realm of natural being,
> And am one with my fathers,
> and with them that shall come after me
> and with those who yet, in these so unregenerate days,
> do speak that speech of wondrous beauty
> that our fathers wrought.(1)

Most of these pieces are of ephemeral interest, making only a limited and, probably, temporary appeal. They have been produced by circumstances of which the earlier Anglo-Welsh poets knew nothing, and can, therefore, have no part in any consideration of the continuity existing between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries Anglo-Welsh poets. Some of them, however, are charged with deep feeling, and will record for posterity the vital concern felt by English speaking Welshman for their native land, its songs and its people.

(1)Walter Dowding,from Modern Welsh Poetry, ed. Keidrych Rhys, London, 1946, p.34

CHAPTER II

Some Welsh Racial Characteristics

Any attempt to establish continuity between the Anglo-Welsh poets of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries implies a similarity in the temperament or endowments of these men deriving from a common racial origin. The Welsh, of course, belong to the Celtic group of races and will manifest the general characteristics of this group, though these characteristics will be modified by such local conditions as geography, history and climate. It is easy, and therefore dangerous, to generalise about racial characteristics. However, some of the more conspicuous qualities of the Welsh can be established, and the first of these, that Welsh people are musical, has been a commonplace since the time of Giraldus Cambrensis. Various attempts have been made to explain the origin of this quality, generally in terms of atmospheric and geographical conditions. Whatever its origin, it is certainly present, and is commonly acknowledged.

Almost as characteristic is the temperamental quality which is ascribed to the Celt. This is the quality which Lord Herbert of Cherbury described as 'the passion and choler of our race,' and which Arnold in his

"On the Study of Celtic Literature" describes as 'sentiment' or 'sensitiveness'—the word T. S. Eliot uses to denote the quality lacking in English poetry written after the seventeenth century. The presence of the 'sentiment' in the poetry of Traherne helped to convince Bertram Dobell that it was the work of a Welshman. In its usual connotation this attribute is generally contrasted with the Anglo-Saxon 'phlegm'. It is usually considered to manifest itself in displays of temper, in vehemence of feeling, whether in hatred or love, in high spirits or in dejection.

Developing the significance of this quality, Renan in his study of the nature of Celtic poetry is

> "struck with the timidity, the shyness, the delicacy of the Celtic nature, its preference for a retired life, its embarrassment at having to deal with the great world. He talks of his douce petite race naturellement chrétienne, his race fière et timide, à l'extérieur gauche et embarrassée.......... infinie dèlicatesse de sentiment qui caractérise la race Celtique."(1)

With this abundance of 'sentiment', the Celt is not, according to Arnold, a successful 'man of the world', nor is he at home in politics. "'They went forth to war,' Ossian says truly, 'but they always fell.'" (1) The Celt is not practical, because he lacks balance and patience. He is "always ready to react against the despotism of fact." (2) This quality accounts for the failure of the Celt to produce any great works of art: he has not the patience to work laboriously at a painting or sculpture, to build up the intricate architecture of great music, nor can he look at life steadily enough to produce great poetry.

---

(1) Matthew Arnold, On the Study of Celtic Literature and Other Essays, London (Everyman), 1910, p.80

Into such generalisations as these is one led when attempting to classify racial characteristics, and exceptions are easy to find. In the case of many Welshmen, from Lord Herbert to Mr. Aneurin Bevan, it is 'the great world' that has experienced the embarrassment. Nevertheless, it is possible to summarise some of the characteristics of the Welsh race and to show how these characteristics will influence Welsh poets.

In the first place the musical quality, which is scarcely contestable, should reveal itself in the lyricism of a poet, in his instinct for the harmonies of words, rhythms and rhymes. Secondly, the characteristic 'sentiment' should be evident in the depth of feeling contained in the Welshman's poetry, in the passion of his love lyrics, in the vehemence with which he approves or disapproves of issues real to him. Thirdly, his revolt against the despotism of fact, will cause him either to live a completely unconventional life, as in the case of Dr. William Price of Llantrisant; or to acquiesce in the face of reality, while commenting satirically on it; or finally, his revolt having failed, to make a conscious effort to adjust himself to this reality. The poets have generally exhibited these last two tendencies, exhibiting a lively sense of satire, and revealing also a deep and painful conflict in their search for self adjustment.

---

(1)Matthew Arnold, On the Study of Celtic Literature and Other Essays, London (Everyman), 1910, p.85

(2)Henri Martin, quoted in On the Study of Celtic Literature, Matthew Arnold, London (Everyman), 1910, p.82

In addition to the clues offered by the racial characteristics shared by these poets, there is the revealing fact of the 'ingens hiatus' between the two periods of creative writing. The inference is that the two ages, which call forth this poetry, have something in common. An examination of these ages, the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, will reveal similarities which have evoked comparable responses from their poets, responses which the Anglo-Welsh poet seems specially endowed to make.

CHAPTER III

Continuity of Theme in Anglo-Welsh Poetry

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were characterised by the wholesome fermentation of thought. After centuries of thraldom to the Catholic Church, philosophy and science became free again, and speculation was rampant on the nature of the cosmos and the destiny of man. Niccolo Machiavelli, 1469-1527, had renounced and satirised church authority in his book "The Prince" and his play "Mandragola." The essays of the cultured Montaigne, 1533-1592, revealed his scepticism. Each country produced thinkers who were prepared to contest the prejudices of mediaeval scholasticism: Juan Luis Vives, 1492-1540, in Spain, Pierre de la Ramée, 1515-1572, in France, Girolamo Cardan, 1501-1576, and Bernardino Telesio, 1508-1588, in Italy, were all engaged in emancipating the human mind from the fetters of the mediaeval Church Fathers. The sciences were the subject of lively conjecture by these early philosophers, most of whom followed Roger Bacon's search for the philosopher's stone. The celebrated Paracelsus (Theophrastus of Hohenheim), 1493-1541, did much to popularise the study of alchemy, bequeathing many strange ideas and a specialised vocabulary to future students. On the other hand, invaluable contributions were made to science by Nicolas Copernicus, 1475-1543, and his chief supporter Galileo, 1564-1642, who popularised the helio-centric doctrine, and Johann Kepler, 1571-1630, who enunciated the laws governing the orbits of the planets. These almost purely scientific enquiries were compromised in the minds of contemporary students by the more spectacular findings of the inheritors of the legacy of Paracelsus. Men like Jacob Boehme, 1575-1624, seeing into the secrets of the universe, recorded their visions in their writings, which became as Bibles to many who read them. Typical of the confusion wrought by this conflict between mediaeval scholasticism on the one hand, and the scientific and magical researches on the other, is the Dominican, Tommaso Campanella, 1568-1639. A firm upholder of the authority of the Pope, he preferred investigation by experiment into nature's secrets to the blind acceptance the Church demanded. Moreover, he was a firm believer in the power of astrology and magic, and for this reason suffered at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition.

Into this conflict between old belief and new learning John Donne was born. He did not have access to all the writings of all these men, which were often circulated privately in fear of persecution,but he would certainly be acquainted with the opinions of most of them. The effect of this chaos on a thinking man is illustrated in Descartes, 1596-1650, who resolved to find his own way, beginning with the only basic fact, 'cogito ergo sum.' The seventeenth century then,offered to its students an ill-assorted, half-digested mass of diverse knowledge: it is natural that the poets should reveal its influence.

In like manner the well ordered frame work of life in Victorian England has been broken down under the pressure of many 'outside and unbalanced' forces. The scientific writings of Charles Darwin and Thomas Henry Huxley, the excursions into the subconscious by Freud, and his emphasis on the importance of sex impulses, the work on the psychology of sex of Havelock Ellis, the prophecy of doom of Oswald Spengler, all these have left their marks on the twentieth century thought. Surveying the twentieth century, the most optimistic of the present day philosophers, Benedetto Croce, gives the following picture in the concluding chapter of his "Conduct of Life" (1924):

> "The age in which we are now living has been accused of destroying the religions in which human life had found its logic, its rules of

> conduct, its safe and sound stability. But the indictment cannot stand. In doing what it has done, our age has done something it could not help doing. In the process of dismantling religion as mythology, it was inevitable that many valuable pieces of the old structures would fall to the ground--precious thoughts and priceless virtues which had become attached to mythological dogmas. But these our time has made haste to gather up again; and it has worked them back, cleaned, repolished, restored, into a stronger, firmer, vaster, more noble edifice. It will be the glory of our generation, if we shall succeed in founding a human religion, a pure faith, a pure religious spirit, born of thought, but of a thought embodying life and fertile of new life."(1)

One must admire the courageous optimism of Croce. Since his writing, the 'valuable pieces' to which he refers have been scattered again by total war, and are still, like the mangled body of Osiris, awaiting collection by the 'precious friends of truth.'

(1)Benedetto Croce, The Conduct of Life, N.Y., 1924, pp.324-5

Both the seventeenth century poets and those of the twentieth century came to maturity during a time of intellectual upheaval, the effect of which is to make the thinker 'call all in doubt.' When the elaborate structure, on which life has been based for a long time, breaks down, the philosopher is left with few realities, the most apparent of which are birth and death, or "Deaths and Entrances" as Donne called them, and as Dylan Thomas after him entitled his latest volume of verse. Both groups of writers are preoccupied with thoughts of Death, which fact is, indeed, inevitable, for the conventions and proprieties of civilisation are the comfortable teguments which cushion a man from the sharp reality of death. When he deliberately strips these off, he is seeking out the primal urge, the pristine forces that impel him: he is searching for the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge.(1) For Donne the theme of 'gluttonous death' was profoundly attractive:

"Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;

---

(1) This point is made by E. Glyn Lewis in his essay *Anglo-Welsh Literature* in *Modern British Writing*, London, 1946

And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!"(1)

This theme colours not only his Holy Sonnets, a great deal of his secular verse, his Biathanatos, and his sermons, but his whole life. Vaughan, too, comes to the theme,

"Though since thy first sad entrance by
Just Abel's blood
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good:
Yet by none art thou understood."(2)

In modern times the theme returns. In soldiers it is a natural preoccupation: the harsh realities are everywhere evident and every hour may bring death. Wilfred Owen's "Anthem for Doomed Youth" already quoted (p.23) illustrates the soldier's reaction. Lewis, too, in the last war, was concerned with it. In 1943 he writes:

> "There is only the single theme of life and death, for there doesn't seem to be any question more directly relevant than this one, of what survives of the beloved."(3)

---

(1)John Donne, Death

(2)Henry Vaughan, Death (Silex Scintillans)

(3)Alun Lewis, A Sheaf of Letters from, pub. in "Wales", Apr.-May, 1948, The theme of life and death is omnipresent in the work of Dylan Thomas, whose view of life is never wholly clear of the cloudy atmosphere of decay. "Death is all metaphors," he writes. The theme is explicit in such a poem as "And Death Shall Have No Dominion":

"And death shall have no dominion.
Dead men naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the west moon;
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;
Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall not;
And death shall have no Dominion." (1)

The same conditions that directed the attention of these poets to the subject of death, plunge them also into a deep preoccupation with themselves, and give them a deep sense of separation from the past. Alun Lewis implied this when he spoke so scathingly of Treece (p.33). This was not a time, he meant, for 'hot-house' poetry, for the poet's poetry of Spenser: this was a time for men, like Vernon Watkins, 'to cut loose' from their placid isolation;

(1)Dylan Thomas, Twenty Five Poems, London, 1936, p.39

they should realise that this was a critical period in the history of culture, that they were skulking in Rome after Caesar had gone. He has made this explicit in his poem "After Dunkirk":

"I have been silent a lifetime
As a stabbed man,
And stolid, showing nothing
As a refugee.
But inwardly I have wept.
The blood has flown inwardly into the spirit
Through the gaping wound of the world.
And only the little worm,
The small white tapeworm of the soul,
Lived on unknown within my blood.

But now I have this boon, to speak again,
I have no more desire to express
The old relationships, of love fulfilled
Or stultified, capacity for pain,
Nor to say gracefully all that the poets have said
Of one or other of the old compulsions.
For now the times are gathered for confession." (1)

Dylan Thomas has the same rejection of the past. In his poem "Light Breaks Where No Sun Shines" he describes the

(1)Raiders' Dawn, London, 1945, p.31

resurgence of life on the waste of the past, concluding:

> "Light breaks on secret lots
> And on those heaps of sulphurous and evil smelling waste
> On tips of thought where thoughts smell in the rain;
> When logics die
> The secret of the soil grows through the eye
> And blood jumps in the sun;
> Above the waste allotments the dawn halts."(1)

Donne similarly rejects what is mundane and hackneyed:

> "Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
> Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
> In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
> When wilt thou shake off this pendantry
> Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
> Thou looks't through spectacles: small things seem great
> Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
> And see all things despoil'd of fallacies."(2)

Similarly, in "The First Anniversary", he says of the world:

(1) Eighteen Poems, London, 1942

(2) The Progress of the Soul (Second Anniversary), ll.288-295

"Thou seest a Hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controlled,
And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
The world's infection, to be none of it."(1)

Having found little congenial in the world, both groups of poets exhibit this preoccupation with themselves, a sense of separation from the world expressing itself in various ways. In its simplest form it can be seen in the sense of exile from one's country, expressed simply and beautifully by W..H. Davies:

"Can I forget the banks of Malpas Brook
Or Ebbw's voice in such a wild delight,
As on he dashed with pebbles in his throat
Gurgling towards the sea with all his might?

Ah, when I see a leafy village now
I sigh and ask it for Llantarnam's green;
I ask each river where is Ebbw's voice
In memory of the sweet days that have been."(2)

For Lewis the problem was crystallised by his being transferred to the alien and inimical surroundings of a military camp. His reaction is, of course, more bitter. "Acceptance," he writes, "seems so spiritless, protest so vain. In between the two, I love. But,oh, I am so anxious

(1)An Anatomy of the World (The First Anniversary), 11.243-246

(2)Days That Have Been

to get back, and I hit out vehemently at any suggestion the poet might make to the contrary." (1) In his poem "The Soldier" he describes the conflict within him:

> "I within me holding
> Turbulence and Time
> —Volcanic fires deep beneath the glacier—
> Feel the dark cancer in my vitals
> Of impotent impatience grope its way
> Through daze and dream to throat and fingers
> To find its climax of disaster." (2)

Dylan Thomas' introspection has been the great source of all his writings. This, and his related study of Freud, has caused a considerable obscurity in his verse, arising from what E. Glyn Lewis in"Modern British Writing" calls "his exaggerated and vitiating solipsism." Discussing the sense of exile in Thomas' work, this critic quotes the poem, "Ears in the Turret Hear":

> "Ears in the turret hear
> Hands grumble at the door,
> Eyes in the gables see
> The fingers at the locks
> And then
> Shall I unbolt or stay

---

(1) Alun Lewis, A Sheaf of Letters from, pub. in "Wales", Apr.-May, 1948

(2) Raiders' Dawn, London, 1942, p.17

Alone till the day I die
Unseen by stranger eyes
In this white house?
Hands hold you poison or grapes?

And later

Ears in this island hear
The wind pass like a fire,
Eyes in this island see
Ships anchor off the bay.
Shall I run to the ships
With the wind in my hair
Or stay till the day I die
And welcome no sailor?
Ships, hold you poison or grapes?"(1)

In exactly the same vein is his poem "I Have Longed To Move Away":

"I Have longed to move away
From the hissing of the spent lie
And the old terror's continual cry
Growing more terrible as the day
Goes over the hill into the deep sea;
....
I have longed to move away but am afraid;"(2)

---

(1) *Twenty Five Poems*, p.29

(2) Ibid, p.35

The feeling of being alone, of finding no help or friendliness in an inimical world is found, too, in Vaughan and Traherne.

> "They are all gone into the world of light
> And I alone sit lingering here."(1)

sings Vaughan, who finds escape from emptiness in the beatific state of childhood.

> "Happy those early days when I
> Shin'd in my angel infancy!
> O how I long to travel back!
> And tread again that ancient track
> ....
> Some men a forward motion love
> But I by backward steps would move;
> And when this dust falls to the urn,
> In that state I came return."(2)

Traherne finds the world similarly unattractive:

> "Mankind is sick, the world distemper'd lies,
> Oppressed with sins and miseries.
> Their sins are woes, a long currupted train
> Of poison, drawn from Adam's vein,

(1)Henry Vaughan, Friends Departed

(2)Henry Vaughan, The Retreat(Silex Scintillans)

Stains all his seed, and all his kin
Are one disease of life within.
They all torment themselves!
The world's one bedlam, or a greater cave
Of madmen, that do always rave."(1)

He too looks back wistfully to the state of childhood:

"He in our childhood with us walks
And with our thoughts mysteriously he talks."(2)

In George Herbert this sense of exile is expressed in his feeling of separation from God, of his unworthiness of salvation.

"Thow away Thy rod
Throw away Thy wrath
O my God
Take the gentle path."(3)

Another characteristic, which these poets have in common, is a strong awareness of the theme of sex,

"More love was there never
By Euphrates and Tigris
Than in our proud country."(4)

(1) Traherne, Mankind is Sick

(2) Ibid, The Approach

(3) Herbert, Discipline

(4) Alun Lewis, The Defeated, from Raiders' Dawn, London, 1945, p.29

This theme they treat not, in the elaborate conventions of the former age, but directly and realistically. Typical of the modern poets is "The Encounter" by Lewis, in whom the theme is a "singing rib in (his) dreaming side."(1) This poem, "The Encounter", is a companion piece of such poems of Donne as "Love's Progress".

"She said 'I came a weary way
By Camel through the dead salt sea;
Oh Solomon, from Sheba
I came to visit thee.'

He watched the moonstone rise and fall
On the woman's milk-white breast;
And his soul was like the silken shift
Through which her nipples pressed.

Royalty fell off with its robes,
Wisdom lay dumb with lust;
The Ancient Leveller there laid
Lion and Sheba in the dust."(2)

The fact that man has within him elemental urges which must be expressed and sublimated is made explicit in this poem by Lewis:

"When the soul is mad
With foiled desire,

---

(1) Alun Lewis, Postscript-For Gweno, from Raiders' Dawn, 1945, p.45

(2) Alun Lewis, The Encounter, from Raiders' Dawn, 1945, p.68

And whirls the flesh
In an arc of fire;

When the mind's a fever
And the grey brain drips,
And the virgin seeks
Polluted lips,

O man and woman
In that hour of need
Fling wide the sluice,
Release the seed;

And Love, poor Love
Must bear the ache
Of lust grown holy
For the soul's sweet sake."(1)

The poetry of Dylan Thomas also is suffused with this theme. He is "constantly discussing his deeper impulses and quarreling rhetorically with himself about his body and sin and sex."(2)

"Deliver him, he cried
By losing him all in love, and cast his need
Alone and naked in the engulfing bride
Never to flourish in the fields of the white seed
Or flower under the time dying flesh astride."(3)

---

(1) Alun Lewis, The Desperate, from Raiders' Dawn, 1945, p.50

(2) J.L. Sweeney, Intro. to Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas, New York, 1946, p.x

(3) Dylan Thomas, A Winter's Tale, from Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.28

This theme is prominent too in the seventeenth century Anglo-Welsh poets. In his autobiography Lord Herbert of Cherbury shows very clearly that he was subject to the 'passion of his race.' Donne too writes freely and realistically of his love, which is such as fills his whole life:

> "I wonder by my troth what thou, and I
> Did, till we loved?"(1)

While love is spiritual, its expression must be physical:

> "We then, who are this new soul, know
> Of what we are composed and made,
> For the Atomies of which we grow
> Are souls, whom no change can invade.
> But O, alas, so long, so far
> Our bodies why do we forbear?
> They are ours, though they are not we, we are
> The intelligences, they the spheres.
> We owe them thanks, because they thus
> Did us, to us, at first convey,
> Yielded their forces, sense, to us
> Nor are dross to us, but allay."(2)

For Donne, whose early life was marked by many 'irregularities,' the motive of sex was always a real one, and its language is to be found in much of his writings,

(1) The Good-Morrow

(2) The Ecstasy

including his sacred verse. In fact his editor, Grosart, deplored the fact that "his poetry was stained even to uncleanliness in sorrowfully too many places."(1) Herbert, too, who had renounced the pleasures of the court, was never wholly free from the desires of the body. Sometimes they become so urgent, that he cries out vehemently:

"I struck the board, and cry'd, No more
I will abroad."(2)

In the poem "Dullness" he acknowledges these desires:

"But I am lost in flesh, whose sugared lies
Still mock me and grow bold:
Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find, where it lies."

Vaughan similarly speaks of his 'fierce wild blood' in "The Match".

The continuity of this theme and this language in the Anglo-Welsh poets may derive from the Welshman's excess of 'sentiment' for Arnold observes that the race has been described as a sensual one: it may, on the other hand, be the emergence, at a time of change, of a fundamental reality which any well ordered culture would clothe and embroider. Certainly there is no

(1)Grosart, Works of Donne, London, 1872, p. ix

(2)The Collar

question of this theme being exclusively Anglo-Welsh, for no race has a monopoly of any one characteristic.

In Traherne this burning passion is directed to things spiritual, but there is a genuine vehemence in his feeling which animates all his poetry. Dekker's 'sweet content' was to him a thing abhorred. "A quiet mind," he says, "is worse than poverty." ("Contentment is a sleepy thing.") The shady groves, the strange and beautiful flowers, the springs and trees, the flowery meads, in fact all the raw material of the Elizabethan poetaster is summarily rejected by him:

"Alas! all these are poor and empty things!
Trees, waters, days, and shining beams,
Fruits, flowers, bowers, shady groves and springs
No joy will yield, no more than silent streams;
These are but dead material toys,
And cannot make my Heavenly joys." (1)

Instead of admiring these spiritless things, he is possessed of a "soaring, sacred thirst" and "flesh like hungry, thirsty ground." (2) His desire is insatiable:

"No walls confine! Can nothing hold my mind?" (2)

He concludes:

(1) Desire

(2) Insatiableness

"Desire and love
Must in the height of all their rapture move,
Where there is true felicity."(1)

Traherne was fortunate in so sublimating his desires that his body and his spirit strove for the same consummation. Donne and Herbert fought hard to achieve the same result, and Herbert's rigorous observances attest to the urgent need of his soul for shriving. All the seventeenth century Anglo-Welsh poets have this in common,— that they turned to religion, some of them reluctantly but all of them permanently, to give their lives some purpose and meaning. Their religious poetry records their progress in their upward striving. Though the modern Anglo-Welsh poets have written little religious poetry, they have been greatly influenced by the Bible. Wales, of course, was a very fertile soil for the religious revivals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Rhys Davies records this great influence of the Nonconformist 'chapel' on the lives of Welshmen. "'What are the chief products of Wales?' (a Welshman) was asked, and replied, 'Flannel to clothe, cheese to feed, and sermons to take one to Heaven!' It can be said that the chapel formed him (the Welshman) more than the school."(2) This

(1)Traherne, Insatiableness

(2)Rhys Davies, The Story of Wales, Glasgow, 1943, p.23

influence is generally seen in the Biblical quality of the language used by modern Anglo-Welsh poets, especially Alun Lewis. Treece and Watkins are often religious in theme; both look for the second coming of the Lord. In a poem by Watkins a sunbather sees the cross of the Lord and calls to Him:

> "Come back. You were with us ages ago.
> We have thrown your bones to the carrion gull."(1)

His poem "The Collier" to which reference has been made is written as a parallel to the story of Joseph:

> "A coloured coat I was given to wear
> Where the lights of the rough land shone.
> Still jealous of my favour
> The tall black hills looked on."

Religious motives are likewise evident in such poems as "The Sycamore" by Watkins, "In the Beginning Was the Bird" by Treece, and in many others. Dylan Thomas, who shows the influence of Donne and Herbert, has a poem on the elements of the sacrament of the Eucharist, which is very reminiscent of the latter poet.

> "This bread I break was once the oat,
> This wine upon a foreign tree

---

(1)Watkins, V., The Sunbather, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.137

Plunged in its fruit;
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's joy.
Once in this wind the summer blood
Knocked in the flesh that decked the wine,
Once in this bread
The oat was merry in the wind;
Man broke the sun, pulled the wind down.

This flesh you break, this blood you let
Make desolation in the vein
Were oat and grape
Born of the sensual root and sap
My wine you drink my bread you snap."(1)

In considering religious influence on the modern poets it must be remembered that they have grown to maturity during an age when the 'chapel' in Wales has been under attack by Welsh writers for its narrow, restrictive and frequently hyprocritical outlook. It has been alleged by these writers that the emotional stimulus of the old revivals has long since spent its force; that the 'hwyl', or the mounting of religious fervour in the preacher in the course of his sermon, expressed in a special intoning of the voice, is something that is now wholly factitious, a change in delivery that the preacher feels obliged to make after twenty

(1)Dylan Thomas, This Bread I Break, Twenty-Five Poems London, 1936 , p.7

minutes of his sermon, and which he performs as mechanically as a motorist changes gears. The chief of these debunkers has been Caradoc Evans whose 'saeva indignatio' led him into vitriolic denunciations of nearly all aspects of Welsh life, especially their febrile sanctimoniousness and their sex irregularities. The younger writer, Rhys Davies, also has satirised the Welsh chapel, though he is a true lover of his country. In his short stories he has outlined many Welsh characters who conform to Arnold's descriptions; men with a surplus of 'sentiment', whose sex life is full and varied, canting ministers who pandered to their wealthy parishioners, and hypocritical deacons who could speak the Bible without ever practising it. These two writers are typical of the many who have tried to ridicule some national weaknesses out of existence. Their influence, to some extent, has been salutary, and some of the evils against which they have inveighed have disappeared, or are now in the process of disappearing. They represent the satirical outlook with which the thinkers of a new order look upon the disintegrating institutions of the old, and by which the Celt, who rebels at reality, justifies his rebellion.

The influence of these writers is visible on the younger writers, Lewis and Thomas. When Thomas in his "After the Funeral - In Memory of Ann Jones"(1) speaks of 'mule praises' and'brays' he is being contemptuous of the funeral service which required the minister to speak a panegyric on the deceased, whom he sometimes knew only slightly or not at all, so rendering suspect any such panegyric on the worthiest person. When Lewis speaks of "Grey Hebron in a rigid cramp" (Mountain over Aberdare) he is echoing the satirist's attack on the uninspired architecture of its chapels and the uninspiring strait-laced sanctimoniousness of some chapel-goers. The theme of the chapel is found in most modern Anglo-Welsh poets, its frigid dignity inspiring sycophancy:

> "We had gone down to Tabor, to the door
> My corduroy a green
> Tug at the ministerial spleen, a tweak
> At the white scarf-knot, peak in the pocket seen
> Capping the diaconate."(2)

and its harsh repressiveness:

> "The idols of old Sabbaths loved the rod
> And smiled to see our blood on window panes
> And danced upon the dead in thistled lanes."(3)

---

(1) A New Anthology of Modern Verse, (1920-40), ed. Day Lewis and Strong, London, 1942

(2)Roland Mathias, Balloon Over the Rhondda, Modern Welsh Poetry, p.92

(3)Idris Davies, Sonnet, Modern Welsh Poetry, p.32

Nor is the chapel the only institution to be ridiculed. Many Welsh poets have been rendered bitter by the failure of Wales to provide a decent livelihood for her people. Perhaps the most mordant on this topic is Idris Davies, though Lewis, Thomas and others have comments to make. The valleys of South Wales, especially the Rhondda, Merthyr and Aberdare, show this failure most conspicuously. Davies speaks of a man and woman, typical of thousands of Welsh people, who have had to abandon their home and seek a livelihood in England. Talking together as they tramp through the counties of England, they count their Welsh assets:

"We have triads and englyns from pagan Dyfed
To brace us in a fight,
And three or four hundred Methodist hymns
To sing on a starless night.

We shall grumble and laugh and trudge together
Till we reach the stark North Sea,
And talk till we die of Pantycelyn
And the eighteenth century.

We shall try to forget the Sunday squabbles
And the foreign magistrate,
And the stupid head of the preacher's wife,
And the broken iron gate.

So here we say farewell and wish you
Less trouble and less pain,
And we trust you to breed a happier people
Ere our blood flows back again."(1)

To this bitter reproach he gives an additional touch of cynicism by calling it "Hywel and Blodwen", the names of the principal characters in a rather mawkish Welsh opera whose sentimental love duet was an almost indispensible item on the programme in village concerts.

The futility of the soldier's death, the indifference of those left behind, are marked by the cynical poet:

"Though you are missing from the shelf
where your family coffins rot in the vault,
your cross is on the church wall
decorated with a button or two from your coat.

So the children coming with the hymn-
books in their hands see that you died
for liberty or some cause and hang
above where the parish magazine is displayed.
....
though the parson leaving
his church in a hurry now never sees

---

(1)Idris Davies, Hywel and Blodwen, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.28

> your cross, yet given a proper occasion the man could preach a sermon on your dying that would make futile in comparison the longest life."(1)

Even the dignified national institution, the Eisteddfod has not escaped the cynical notice of the young Anglo-Welsh poet. It has long been felt that it is still catering to eighteenth century ideas. For example, the chief prize for poetry at this festival is given for the best 'awdl', a long poem written in the strict metres approved by the eighteenth century critics. When free metres became more popular in the nineteenth century a new type of long poem, the 'pryddest', was instituted for competition. It is a fact, often pointed out by young writers, that these forms are almost exclusively Eisteddfod productions, that poets who have mastered them, and whose Eisteddfod poems are ranked as masterpieces, have not made other use of the forms but have done their really significant work in other forms. That the Eisteddfod is losing touch with reality is the conviction of the young poets, who have felt, as Nigel Heseltine did when his world was threatened by war:

"An old man speaking of poetry
gave us no crown(2) no chair(3)
no father no mother no voice
for tommorrow."(4)

---

(1) Nigel Heseltine, Hero of His Village, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.67

(2) Crown for best 'pryddest'

(3) Chair for the best 'awdl'

(4) Denbigh Eisteddfod, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.66

It will be seen that most of these poems in satirical vein are directed almost exclusively against purely Welsh institutions. Moreover, they represent the bitter outbursts of youthful indignation that would remould Wales nearer the heart's desire. They never suggest the detached urbanity of Horace, though they sometimes catch the vehemence of Juvenal: many of them, remembering the economic devastation of South Wales, would know exactly what he meant when he wrote:

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." (1)

Donne, of course, was a satirist who ridiculed the fop, the poetasters, the lawyers and the churches of his day. These satires often reflect Donne's youth in their unrestrained vituperation, and show something of the disappointments he met in the city. Typical is his denunciation of the lawyer who battens on the misfortunes of others, who lies

> "more shameless far
> Than carted whores lie to the grave judge," (2)

who amasses fortunes exceeding those of the nobles, but unlike them assumes no responsibility for the poorer people. His protest is loud but vain:

---

(1) Juvenal, Satires, Book I, Sat.III, 11.152-3

(2) Satires, II, Complete Poems and Selected Prose of John Donne, ed. Hillyer, N.Y., 1941, p.108

> "but my words none draws
> Within the vast reach of th' huge statute laws." (1)

Different as these satires of Donne and the indignant outbursts of the modern Anglo-Welsh poets are in form, they are both protests against the condition of a world with which young poets are out of sympathy. However, it should be noted that these protests are by no means exclusively Anglo-Welsh. Contemporaries of both groups of Anglo-Welsh poets, men who had no connection with Wales, such as Hall and Marston in the seventeenth century and Auden, Day Lewis and many others at the present time, have satirised contemporary insitutions, often with great bitterness. The significant fact is that the ages in which these writers lived called forth these protests, in which Anglo-Welsh poets have joined.

While this spirit of protest is quite in keeping with the Celts failure to accept things as they are, it is more in evidence in the prose works of modern Anglo-Welsh writers than in the poets, who often have found escape from the ills of the world by withdrawing from them; by being in the world, but not of it.

Those Anglo-Welsh poets who have tended

---

(1)Donne, Complete Poetry and Selected Prose, ed. Hillyer,N.Y., 1941, Satires II, p.108

to withdraw from the world, men like Davies, whose life story is an expression of his unrest, like Traherne and Vaughan who eschewed worldly for spiritual contacts, have left a considerable body of mystical poetry. Of these, Vaughan and Traherne gave most of their lives to a search for the 'Ungrund'—the root of all mysteries, and of each of them it may be said, as it was of Boehme, that in "God's Heart was his element." Both these poets were blessed with a religious faith so strong that it was vouchsafed to them to see "into the light of things." There was a time, says, Traherne, when he 'sent (his) God away,' but since then he has achieved the highest bliss:

"But now with new and open eyes
I see beneath as if above the skies:
And as I backward look again
See all his thoughts and mine most clear and plain."(1)

It is a part of man's Christian ethics

"For man to act as if his soul did see(2)
The very brightness of eternity."

Traherne, with that strong sense of individuality which has been noted in the Celt, makes his religion an entirely personal matter between himself and his God. For the angels he has little praise; they see God every day for they live

(1)The Approach

(2)Christian Ethics

with him, but he wanted to see God while he was still on earth. His poetry is a record of this successful search.

Vaughan, too, made a like search. In his poem, "I Walked the Other Day", he tells how he went into a field in winter to look for the spot on which in summer a flower had grown. Not finding the flower he set to digging for it, and eventually he found it resting in deep earth,

"Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen."

In the same way he trusts that he may be allowed to search for his God,

"That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way,
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from thee
Who art in all things, though invisibly." (1)

Thenceforth his mind was so filled with this search, 'his assailing of the invisible gate' was so relentless that he was able in each shade to see an "angel talking to a man" (Religion) and at last to say, almost casually,

(1) The World

"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light."(1)

That Donne possessed a faculty kindred to this is illustrated by the celebrated psychic incident in which, while at Amiens, he saw on two occasions the figure of his wife, who was at home in England, her hair dishevelled, carrying a dead child. It was later established that his wife had at that hour been delivered of a dead child. One cannot rationalise such an incident, except by attributing to the powers of intense concentration on a loved one the ability to summon up a vision, clear and lifelike. In this respect, it has affinities with the mystical experiences of Traherne and Vaughan, which were likewise induced by preternatural concentration on what was beloved.

The modern Welsh poets have shown similar affinities. The verses already quoted from Edward Thomas show his acute awareness of the world of the spirit. "The New House" is in the same vein:

"Now first, as I shut the door,
I was alone
In the new house; and the wind
Began to moan.

---

(1)Vaughan, The World

Old at once was the house,
  And I was old;
My ears were teased with the dread
  Of what was foretold,

Nights of storm, days of mist, without end;
  Sad days when the sun
Shone in vain: old griefs and griefs
  Not yet begun.

All was foretold me; naught
  Could I foresee;
But I learn'd how the wind would sound
  After these things should be." (1)

W. H. Davies, tramping through the fields, feels himself withdrawn from all human relations: there is no acquaintance in his eyes for mankind, when he is bathed in the light of the sky:

> "This light, I feel, is both my light and fire,
> And love may bleed to death, till it has gone." (2)

In the same tradition Lewis records an impression of the reality of the universe:

---

(1) *Oxford Book of English Verse*, Oxford, 1939, p.1119

(2) *Light, A New Anthology of Modern Verse*, ed. Day Lewis and Strong, p.55

"I felt the universe with my fingers; and it was
compounded of bone and sinew, like the naked
loins of Theseus, the slayer, the young hero,

And of softness, like petals, like pools of water
glimmering between pine roots and birches when
the moon is ripe for harvest,

And of blood, like the roar of a torrent, a landslide,
a battle, delirious weeping or the laughter of
children."(1)

This characteristic of the Anglo-Welsh poets has been noted by the critic E. Glyn Lewis who also connects it, as Arnold does, with the quality, ascribed to the Celt by Renan, of rejecting the world, and seeking escape from it. Mr. Lewis points out that this same characteristic accounts for the feeling of solitariness in the Welsh hymnology. Certainly the Anglo-Welsh poets have manifested it, some withdrawing into themselves, some escaping to the beatific state of childhood, and some, by deepest concentration and intuition, finding evidences on earth of the divinity to which they aspire: all of them, in their different ways stretching out their hands in longing to the further shore,

"Tendentesque manus ripae ulterioris amore."

(1)Alun Lewis, Fever, Raiders' Dawn, London, 1945, p.49

CHAPTER IV

A Comparison of the Technical Aspects of Seventeenth and Twentieth Century Anglo-Welsh Poetry

It is a commonplace of criticism that one of the chief characteristics serving to distinguish the seventeenth century poetry, now under discussion, is the roughness and strangeness of its literary style. Jonson noted in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden that Donne failed to keep accent, a fault for which he deserved hanging.(1) Dr. Johnson ridiculed among other things Donne's linking together of strange incompatibles, a process which Johnson regarded as quite forced and unnatural. Dryden, similarly, has adverse comment to make on Donne's style:

> "Would not Donne's satires which abound with so much wit appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so close he must fall with him; and I may safely say it of this present age, if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly we are better poets."(2)

Coleridge was not so emphatic, pointing out that,

(1) Jonson, Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, ed. Patterson, London, 1923, p.5

(2) John Dryden, Complete Works, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, Edinburgh, 1893, Vol.XIII, p.109

> "To read Pope and Dryden, you need only count syllables; but to read Donne you must measure time, and discover the time of each word, by the sense of the passion."(1)

By the twentieth century the roughness of Donne's 'words and numbers' has become less repulsive to the literary critics, who have pointed out that this roughness represents Donne's rejection of the hackneyed words and music of the love lyrists, and is a reflection of the changing times in which he lived. The modern poets have by their example endorsed this approval of the work of Donne: his roughness of words and numbers is easily found in modern poetry.

The sympathy in outlook is generally explained by the fact, already pointed out, of their very similar background. Before proceeding to examine the style of the two groups of Anglo-Welsh poets it is necessary to consider the fact of their common Welsh origin in order to determine its possible relevance to their manner of writing.

That writers of different races and

(1) Cited by Evelyn Hardy, A Spirit in Conflict, London, 1942, p.62

nationality will reveal certain national characteristics in their style is the basis of Matthew Arnold's study of the importance of the Celtic element in English poetry. This basic fact he illustrated by constrasting a typical leading article in a German newspaper with one in an English newspaper, a reader for very young Germans with one written for young English boys. Having shown an obvious difference in outlook and manner of expression, Arnold then illustrates the many racial influences at work within the English language, the Anglo-Saxon, the Greek, the Latin, the Norman and the Celtic. Summing up, he writes:

> "If I were asked where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic."(1)

Of the Celtic aptitude for style he is convinced.

---

(1)Matthew Arnold, On the Study of Celtic Literature and Other Essays, London (Everyman), 1910, p.104

> "The Celts certainly have it in a wonderful measure. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry. Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world and give an adequate interpretation of it, by throwing all its force into its style, by bending language at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style."(1)

This Celtic flourish is illustrated not merely in the great poets but in all its productions:

> "The grave of March is this, and this the grave of Gwythyr;
> Here is the grave of Gwgan Gleddyfreidd;
> But unknown is the grave of Arthur."

This epitaph from the Welsh "Memorials of the Graves of the Warriors", if compared with the typical English epitaph, says Arnold, will illustrate the Celtic sense of style. If this opinion of Arnold, is sound and his examples are telling, then this sense of style should be evident in Anglo-Welsh poetry.

The earliest Welsh poetry, "The Book of

---

(1) Matthew Arnold, On the Study of Celtic Literatrue and Other Essays, London (Everyman), 1910, pp.110-1

Aneirin" and "The Book of Taliesin", parts of which undoubtedly were written in the seventh century, provide ample evidence of the Celt's sense of style, as do ninth century writings such as

"Y ddeilen hon neus cynired gwynt,
Gwae hi o'i thynged!
Hi hen; eleni ganed."(1)

"This leaf—the wind harries it; alack for its
destiny! It is old; this year was it born."

In this earliest Welsh poetry there is a fondness for alliteration and internal rhyme from which the complicated alliterative system known as 'cynghanedd' grew. This system has given Welsh poetry that rare combination of sound and sense which is the glory of Classical poetry, the absence of which in English poetry led Campion and others to advocate the introduction of classical metres. This is not to say that the perfect marriage of sound and sense is not achieved in English verse. Such lines as

"Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,"

provide a simple example of this happy blending of sound and sense, in which the voice must perforce linger where the mind should pause, and countless other examples could be provided. But there is not that inevitable concomitance of the two as there is in Welsh poetry. The significance of this emphasis on the mechanics of verse is that the Welsh poet is obviously style-conscious. Indeed so deeply engrained is this principle of 'cynghanedd' that many Welsh people can improvise a perfectly correct alliterative verse. A recent Welsh critic has summed up this point

---

(1) This and later examples of Welsh poetry with translations are quoted by Sir Idris Bell in The Literary Tradition of Wales, "The Welsh Review", ed. Gwyn Jones, Cardiff, Vol.VI, No.4, p.233 et seq.

> "In Welsh poetry........metre and 'cynghanedd' the whole framework of verse, is as much a part of the aesthetic effect as what is said."(1)

The importance of this characteristic of Welsh poetry to the present purpose lies in the fact that it reveals a racial characteristic, for it is obvious that no people would persist for nearly a thousand years in a form of poetry to which they were not especially adapted, and that this characteristic makes a Welshman conscious of his style in a higher degree than will be the case with a non-Welshman. It implies that he has an unusual predilection for form. Among the Anglo-Welsh poets this awareness of form is very evident. The clearest and most obvious example is Herbert's shaping his verses to suit his theme, so that his poem on the "Altar" is the shape of an altar, his "Easter Wings" is the shape of wings and so on. To him, obviously, the appearance, the framework of the verse "is as much a part of the aesthetic effect as what is said." Whether this quality is bad, as Addison said, or good, is not immediately relevant: the fact is, that it seemed good to Herbert; he had an instinct for form which inspired it, and this instinct for form was given rein, nor was it repudiated by his sense of propriety. For more than three hundred years this example of Herbert's art has been available to English poets, but no one considered it worthy of emulation: Addison's judgement on it was final. This special use of typographical devices is seen again in the work of Dylan Thomas. In a poem on the resurgence of life, which Christianity associates with Easter, he has a prayer, shaped to suggest an hour-glass in which the calendar measure of beats from one to nine symbolising physical birth is inverted to centre on the individual 'I'.

---

(1)Mr. Tom Parry, History of Welsh Literature, quoted by Bell, "The Welsh Review", ed. Gwyn Jones, Cardiff, Vol.VI, No.4, p.235

"I turn the corner of prayer and burn
In a blessing of the sudden
Sun. In the name of the damned
I would turn back and run
To the hidden land
But the loud sun
Christens down
The sky.
I
Am found.
O let him
Scald me and drown
Me in his world's wound.
His lightning answers my
Cry. My voice burns in his hand
Now I am lost in the blinding
One. The Sun roars at the prayer's end."(1)

This and other poems written in different form are the first imitations of Herbert's poetry; it is something more than a coincidence that both men belong to Wales. In shaping their poems thus they are satisfying a deep atavistic predilection for form: the devices they use are akin to those established in the fifteenth century by Dafydd ab Edmwnd (died c.1480), the great formalist of Welsh poetry.

---

(1) Selected Writings, Dylan Thomas, ed. Sweeney, N.Y., 1946, p.xxi

Not so easily related to their common Welsh ancestry is the alleged roughness of the verse of many of the Anglo-Welsh poets. Donne, especially, has been criticised on this ground, as the quotations from Jonson and Dryden show. Donne himself acknowledges the validity of the criticism:

> "I sing not siren-like to tempt, for I am harsh." (1)

His verse is an obvious example of the reaction against the over-sweet artificiality in contemporary love poetry "which bred poets as summer flies," and is an attempt to infuse vitality and virility into a medium that was becoming soft and saccharine. His method can best be illustrated by comparing a lyric by Donne with one by Campion, both on religious themes.

O Come Quickly - Thomas Campion

Never weather beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tirèd pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:

---

(1) Epistle to Mr. Samuel Brooke, Complete Poems of John Donne, ed. Bennett, Chicago, 1942, p.139

Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams the Blessèd only see:

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

The Litany - Verse XXIV - John Donne

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish piety;
That snatching cramps of wickedness
And apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
That music of the promises,
Not threats in thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book, thou dost or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord hear us, when we pray.

It is interesting to note that Campion, who incidentally is using 'abhorrèd rhyme', was a musician and an authority on metres. He had experimented with many metrical forms, being dissatisfied with current usage. Here he uses predominantly trochaic rhythm to give the effect of speed which his sense demands. Donne's verse is by no means so easily resolved. His rhythms are speech rhythms rather than poetic rhythms such as Campion could analyse easily. Now the beauty of English poetic rhythm has never resided in prosodial rhythm, but, as Bridges pointed out, rather in the conflict between prosodial metre which makes us more or less expect a certain regular accent, and, on the other hand a speech rhythm which gives it all manner of variety by overriding it.(1) Donne makes great use of natural speech rhythms, which, as they are more subtly detected, are generally more durable in their music, freeing the ear from that "certainty which stuffs delight." An even greater contrast is provided by the following, both on the theme of the poet and his work; the first from "Ode" by O'Shaughnessy (1844-1881), and the second "In my Craft or Sullen Art" by Dylan Thomas (1914 -):

"We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams
Wandering by lone sea breakers
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."(2)

"Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages

---

(1) Bridges, Letter on English Prosody, Collected Essays, Oxford, 1933, Vol.2, p.56

(2) Oxford Book of English Verse, Oxford, 1939, p.1008

Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art."(1)

The same principle can be seen here. O'Shaughnessy with his mixture of iambic and anapaestic feet has achieved a conventional rhythm, the music of which quickly palls. Thomas, on the other hand, allows his speech rhythms to override any prosodial metres, which indeed, only very occasionally become explicit.

Both Donne and Thomas, therefore, are renouncing the conventional rhythms by introducing speech rhythms, which sometimes break off, and leave the reader with the sense of disjointedness which so exasperated Jonson. At first glance they would seem to break that canon (quoted p.82) that the framework is as important as what is said. In reality they are merely conforming to the rule that the sound should echo the sense. In reading both writers, Donne and Thomas, it is evident that they have thoughts of some urgency to convey, ideas which will not accommodate themselves easily within a single line, as those of Campion and

---

(1) Dylan Thomas, In my Craft or Sullen Art, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.36

O'Shaughnessy do, but must run on, so that the rhythm must adjust itself to this moving thought, as water to the shape of a jar. There will be times when such verse will overlap the province of prose, as in Donne's satires:

> "Gracchus loves all as one and thinks that so
> As women do in divers countries go
> In divers habits, yet are still one kind
> So doth, so is Religion, and this blind-
> Ness, too much light breeds: but unmoved thou
> Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow." (1)

This verse is certainly not smooth or melodious. Yet the effect is studied and is not inappropriate to the theme and spirit of the poem. As Donne acknowledges:

> "And this unpolished, rugged verse I chose
> As fittest for discourse and nearest prose." (2)

On this question of poetic rhythms, the Anglo-Welsh poet has not been content to confine himself within the framework of definite prosodial rhythms but has preferred to make his lines flow, or break off, with his thoughts. It is natural, of course, that some of the modern Anglo-Welsh poets who are Welsh-speaking should show the influence of Welsh poetry. Alun Lewis in his poem "The Defeated", which is based on a Welsh poem of the seventh or ninth century, imitates the alliterative Welsh verse:

---

(1)Hillyer, p.111

(2)Cited by Grierson, Camb. Hist. of English Literature, ed. 1932, Vol.IV, p.232

"Our courage is an old legend.
We left the fields of our fathers
Fate was our Foeman.

....

Bled white are our wounds
Wounds writhing with worms
All spilt the quick seed."(1)

But, generally, the Anglo-Welsh poets, like Donne,

"The lazy seed
Of servile imitation throw away."(2)

On the comparatively rare occasions when the thought is slight, the Anglo-Welsh poets have shown adroitness in the use of technical devices, especially this one of rhythm. A typical example is the poem "Adlestrop" by Edward Thomas:(3)

"Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

(1)Alun Lewis, The Defeated, Raiders' Dawn, p.29

(2)Carew, T., An Elegy on the Death of Dr. Donne, Works ed. Hazlitt, London, 1870, p.93

(3)Oxford Book of English Verse, p.1119

The steam hiss'd. Some one clear'd his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Then the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire."

Its conversational opening, its run-on lines muting the rhyme and jarring the rhythm are in keeping with the prosaic incident. As the reminiscence deepens, the poetic values of the experience emerge, bringing the beautifying devices with them. There are other occasional poems both by seventeenth century and twentiety century writers which reveal this poise over rhythm, though the device never becomes an end in itself.

Anglo-Welsh poets, on the other hand, have shown great interest in rhyme, and many of them, especially

Herbert and Owen, have experimented with it, so that in their poetry rhyme is something more than Daniel's "agreeing sound in the last syllable." A good example is provided by Herbert's poem "Clasping of Hands", a poem of two verses, each of ten lines. In the first verse the rhyming words are; thine, more, mine, restore, mine, more, thine, restore, mine, thine. In the second verse the rhyme is identical, the same words being used, except that the positions of 'thine' and 'mine' are reversed. This rhyming pattern not only provides the ear with a pleasing echo, but also is expected to convey the clasping of the hands. Owen was one of the first to practise the consonantal rhyme in place of the usual vowel rhyme, as in "Strange Meeting":(1)

> "It seemed that out of battle I escaped
> Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
> Through granites which titanic wars had groined.
> Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
> Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared."

The effect of this is to produce a softer music, while preserving that quality of rhyme which "served to bound and circumscribe the poet's fancy."(2) Owen's experiments have been imitated by the modern poets generally, and especially by Dylan Thomas. The reaction of the poets of today against the decadence typified in the O'Shaughnessy poem, is everywhere visible in Thomas, whose themes, language and style are his own. In his use of rhyme he has likewise asserted his independence: his treatment of it is new and interesting. A good example is provided by his fine poem "Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait"(1):

---

(1) Golden Treasury-Palgrave, Oxford, 1941, p.520

(2) Works of Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, Edinburgh, 1893, Dedication to the "Rival Ladies" , p.138 (Vol.II)

"The bows glided down, and the coast
Blackened with birds took a last look
At his thrashing hair and whale-blue eye;
The trodden town rang its cobbles for luck.

Then goodbye to the fishermanned
Boat with its anchor free and fast
As a bird hooking over the sea,
High and dry by the top of the mast,

Whispered the affectionate sand
And the bulwarks of the dazzled quay.
For my sake sail, and never look back,
Said the looking land.

Sails drank the wind, and white as milk
He sped into the drinking dark;
The sun shipwrecked west on a pearl
And the moon swam out of its hulk."

---

(1)Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.55

Here is seen the mixture of vowel and consonantal rhymes, the interlocking of rhymes in different verses, holding together his headlong verse, the occasional loud rhyme mixed with the faint echo. Thomas is obviously a craftsman, sensitive to the effects of rhyme. He is not afraid to employ it for special purposes. he suggests his feelings at rising:

> "When I woke the town spoke" (1)

in the tradition of "the Thane of Fife had a wife." He is never gamesome in his use of it, never indulges his virtuosity as Hood or Swinburne did, but he always has an acute awareness of its contributions. It is the awareness of technique shown by the Welsh poet writing Welsh. Further examples of this use of rhyme could be furnished from the Anglo-Welsh poets of the twentieth century, especially from the poetry of Vernon Watkins.

It is natural, when considering the possibilities of the influence of their nationality on Welsh poets to look for the device of alliteration, the basis of so much Welsh poetry. G. M. Hopkins provides an example of an English poet who experimented with alliteration as a result of his study of Welsh and Anglo-Saxon poetry. In the seventeenth century, Vaughan, who, of the seventeenth century poets under discussion, was the most exposed to Welsh influences,(*) makes most use of this device. He never experiments with it as Hopkins did, but here and there his poetry is shot with it:

---

(1) Dylan Thomas, When I Woke, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.40

> "Hark! how his winds have chang'd their note
> And with warm whispers call thee out.
> The frosts are past, the storms are gone:
> And backward life at last comes on
> The lofty groves in express joys
> Reply unto the turtle's voice
> And here in dust and dirt, O here
> The lilies of his love appear."(1)

The device is very commonly used by the Anglo-Welsh poets of the twentieth century. It is everywhere in Thomas:

> "Good bye, good luck struck the sun and the moon,
> To the fisherman lost on the land:
> He stands alone at the door of his home
> With his long-legged heart in his hand."(2)

in Watkins:

> "..............It is Goleufryn, the house on the hill
> And picking a child's path in a turn of the Towy I
> meet the prodigal town." (3)

---

(1) Vaughan, The Revival

(2) Dylan Thomas, The Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.63

(3) Vernon Watkins, Returning to Goleufryn, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.142

(*) A recent book, Life and Thought of Vaughan, by Hutchinson, (Oxford, 1947), shows the effect of these influences on Vaughan.

and in many others. Nowhere does it obtrude as it does in Swinburne, nor does it ever become the basis of the technique of the poem, as it does in Lewis' imitation of Welsh poetry (p.90). But it is to be found in the poetry of Anglo-Welsh writers, heightening the musical effect, stressing vital words and producing special effects, as in Thomas' explosive "O the Bulls of Biscay". Always, in Thomas, it seems to give a technical restraint to his headlong rush of words.

In discussing the influence of religion, it was pointed out in a quotation from Rhys Davies that the chapel had been more influential than the school on the character of the Welshman. Certainly in the chapel his love for rhetoric was indulged. The Welsh preacher, Caradoc Evans notwithstanding, was usually not only a very sincere man but a very eloquent man. His voice was generally well produced, he had an eye for appearance, and most of all, he had a great love for and consummate mastery of words, both Welsh and English. When the London "Times" recently accused a Welsh M. P. of being a sesquipedelian, it was uncovering the badge of his tribe. Here is a verse from Lynette Roberts' "Extract from 'A Heroic Poem'":

"Bring plimsole plover to the tensile sand
And with cuprite crest and petulant feet
Distil our notes into febrile weeds
Crisply starched at the water-rail of tides.
On gault and greensand a gramophone stands."(1)

The passionate fondness for words which most Welshmen have may derive from that love and admiration for learning which gives the teacher an enviable status in that country: it may derive from his natural eloquence which without a wealth of words to give it expression would die heart-stifled. Whatever its source, it is a quality that all Anglo-Welsh poets have shown:

"Out of us all
That make rhymes
Will you choose
Sometimes—
As the winds use
A crack in the wall
Or a drain
Their joy or pain
To whistle through
Choose me
You English words?"(2)

(1) Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.114

(2) Edward Thomas, Words, Selections from Modern Poets, ed. J. C. Squire, p.623

This does not mean that the Anglo-Welsh poets are word artists in the sense that Tennyson was, but that they have an avid interest in words, and admit them all to their collection where they have equal status one with the other, so that there is nothing improper in the 'drain pipe' appearing in a poem. It is not surprising, then, that the Anglo-Welsh poets from Donne and Herbert to Dylan Thomas have been remarkable for their diction.

Added to this natural interest in words, or perhaps because of it, the Welsh poet has had the added incentive of writing at a time when the language of poetry had tended to become trite and artificial. This love for words is evident in all Anglo-Welsh poets, and it is indulged by them in protest against the hackneyed literary usage they have inherited. In Donne's case his 'hydroptique earth', his 'love's limbeck', his 'twin compasses' are part of his renunciation of the trite diction of the love lyric. His attitude is well expressed in his "Canonization":

> "For God's sake hold your tongue and let me love."

This artificial diction was just as decisively rejected by Traherne (p.61). The modern poets in their turn are getting away from the 'lone seabreakers' and 'desolate streams' left to them by the poets of the late nineteenth century. In their search for a more vital vocabulary the Anglo-Welsh poets have followed many of the trends established by the earlier English poets, especially T. S. Eliot. They have listened to the conversation of the kitchen, as Synge did, and have exploited the effects of punctuation, as did E. E. Cummings. The iconoclast with his very self-conscious indifference to tradition can be seen in such writing as this on the Mona Lisa by the novelist Rhys Davies:

"I would give all my old razor blades
and a heap of sous to have her altered,
the little vacuous lips particularly,
as she stands alone, almanacked and advertised
everywhere and in a few stale words
prettily bunched by the not-to-be-accounted for
Walter Pater."(1)

As Edward Thomas pointed out, the words must choose the poet, but in the case of many of the younger Anglo-Welsh poets the process has been reversed.

The Anglo-Welsh poet has naturally turned to the language of his people: in his writings can be found many Welsh words, beautiful in sound and rich in association. Typical of such words are, 'bach', literally 'small', though frequently having overtones of endearment: 'cawl', a soup or stew, which, as any Welsh grandmother will testify, 'clings to ribs' and strengthens: and such proper names as Goleufryn and Towy, beautiful in sound and even more beautiful in association. But for the English reader these words are unpronounceable, their associations lost; for him it is a poetry of footnotes. Nor is there any scope for an English version of the Welsh language. The normal Welsh idiom, with the adjective following the noun, when literally translated into English, produces only a comic effect. Therefore, except when dealing with a local subject, the Anglo-Welsh poet has not drawn, to any appreciable extent, on the language of his home: he has his Welsh counterparts of the little waves of Breffny, and the little roads of Cloonagh, but they cannot be pronounced in English.

---

(1) Louvre, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.33

In so self-conscious a group as the Anglo-Welsh poets, there has inevitably been an aping of styles, and especially of that of Dylan Thomas who in this matter of language is by far the most important of the Anglo-Welsh poets of the twentieth century.

Thomas has been called a "renewer of language,"(1) or what the old Welsh poets called a 'shaper of language':

"And from the declension of the flesh
I learnt man's tongue, to twist the shapes of thoughts
Into the stony idiom of the brain
To shade and knit anew the patch of words
Left by the dead, who in their moonless acre
Need no word's warmth." (2)

His language is conscientiously woven, and shows the influence of his study of Freud, of his interest in Welsh mythology and folklore, and, of course, of some English poets. Sweeney has illustrated this three fold influence in Thomas' expression "the meat-eating sun": firstly, Welsh meat-eating festival which celebrated the slaughter of a bullock: secondly, Hamlet's theme of death:

"If the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog:"

and finally, the Freudian concept of the libido, 'the hunger-energy' which was symbolised by the sun. The obvious effect of this is that Thomas' language is

(1)Works of Dylan Thomas,ed. Sweeney, New York, 1946, p.xvii

(2)Ibid.

frequently obscure. He confesses that he is sometimes "shut in a tower of words." Like that of another Celt, James Joyce, his language is on occasions intelligible only to himself. However, as he begins to take interest in others, as in the poem to Ann Jones, and departs temporarily from his engrossing study of himself, he becomes more lucid. It is interesting, and natural, that among the English poets, Donne has exerted the greatest influence on him. His "Deaths and Entrances" is taken from the well known passage:

> "But then this exitus a morte, is but introitus in mortem, this issue, this deliverance from that death, the death of the wombe, is but an entrance, a delivering over to another death, the manifold deaths of the world." (1)

The well known continuation of this "that we have a winding sheet in our mother's womb" is the theme of Thomas' poem "Twenty Four Years Remind Us", in which the life-giving sun is shown to be life's destroyer. It is the subject, too, of his poem which begins:

> "The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
> Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
> Is my destroyer." (2)

---

(1) John Donne, *Death's Duel* (Last Sermon), *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne*, ed. Hillyer, New York, 1941, pp.476-7

(2) *The Force Which Through the Green Fuse*, *The Centuries' Poetry*, ed. D. K. Roberts, London, 1938, p.171

Thomas echoes other poets, among them Henry Vaughan, but he certainly seems to regard himself nearest akin to Donne. What the two writers have in common with respect to this question of language is this: that they both use very naturally, and in defiance of established usage, the language of their wide and concentrated reading, which is obviously a very vital part of their consciousness. From this fact emerges a further characteristic which both men reveal in a high degree. When an enquiring mind has made speculative researches, both intensively into the world of the spirit, and extensively into the realms of knowledge, there will be within that mind ready and involuntary associations, intuitive transfers of impressions,which will relate and assemble all experience. Both Donne and Thomas have revealed this quality, which manifests itself by the profusion of their images, which frequently come unsought for, and indeed clarify their thought for themselves, rather than illustrate for the reader. Their images burst as a Verey-light, lighting up the ground below, which was dark before.

Examples of the promptings of this associative mind abound in both poets. Donne in his sick bed sees in his physician's examination an analogy with the 'map-maker':

> "Whilst my Physicians by their love are grown
> Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
> Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
> That this is my South-west discovery
> Per fretum febris, by these straits to die."(1)

He remembers that on flat maps, (such as he), East and West show the same area, and this is a happy augury that his beginning and end will be the same, in Heaven. Thomas, similarly, when contemplating a love conceived for the statue of a saint, considers other unnatural matings:

> "I see the tigron in tears
> In the androgynous dark
> His striped and noon maned tribe striding to holocaust,
> The she mules bear their minotaurs,
> The duck billed platypus broody in a milk of birds."(2)

It is relevant here to point out that this kind of association has long been a characteristic of Welsh poetry. In the very earliest poetry the poet strove for a stark simplicity of effect. Taliesin describing a deserted battlefield gives a vivid picture:

(1)Donne, Hymn to God, My God, In My Sickness, Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne, ed. Hillyer, New York, 1941, p.271

(2)Dylan Thomas, Unluckily for a Death, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.17

"Cysgid Lloegr llydan nifer
A lleufer yn eu llygaid."

"The wide host of England sleep with the light in
their eyes."

As the centuries passed, and the poets became more wordy, this principle of the illuminating image was developed. In Welsh poetry by the fourteenth century, as in the Anglo-Saxon epic, this art of image-making, called in Welsh 'dyfalu',was well established, and it has remained an essential characteristic. The Welsh literary critic, Mr. Saunders Lewis, writing on the "Essence of Welsh Literature" shows that this essence lies in its continuity. For the purpose of illustration he takes an obscure poem of the late eighteenth century and submits it to an analysis such as Tudor Aled, the great Welsh poet of the fifteenth century, would give it. Having found, among other things, that this art of image-making was still practised, Tudor Aled is quoted as saying,

"My art still survives, and the great technique
and the old mastery are not all forgotten."

Mr. Lewis concludes,

> "The literary tradition of Wales means.......that you cannot pluck a flower of song off a headland in Dyfed in the late eighteenth century without stirring a great Northern star of the sixth century."(1)

The significance of this continuity for the present purpose is that the art of image making has continued to be an integral part of Welsh poetry; that the mind of the Welsh bard will respond to the stimulus of a subject, just as the dropping of a stone in a pool will send off ripples in all directions. The Welsh preacher, considering the failure to see the omnipresent God is reminded of the coloured wrapping of a tea package, on which were printed many strange designs concealing the figure of a gardener: at first it was difficult to find the gardener, but having found him, it was difficult to understand how one had ever missed him. In the same way the modern Welsh satirist, listening to three unemployed miners stumble towards a philosophy, is reminded of Plotinus, and calls his book "The Alone to the Alone". It is the same principle, that of ready, spontaneous association, which is the basis of the practice still observed by Welsh bards of improvising verses on a theme: the verses are of this associative kind, the bard finding

(1)"Wales",ed. Keidrych Rhys, Dec.1947, p.338

(2)Gwyn Thomas, The Alone to the Alone, London, 1947

> "The literary tradition of Wales means.......that you cannot pluck a flower of song off a headland in Dyfed in the late eighteenth century without stirring a great Northern star of the sixth century."(1)

The significance of this continuity for the present purpose is that the art of image making has continued to be an integral part of Welsh poetry; that the mind of the Welsh bard will respond to the stimulus of a subject, just as the dropping of a stone in a pool will send off ripples in all directions. The Welsh preacher, considering the failure to see the omnipresent God is reminded of the coloured wrapping of a tea package, on which were printed many strange designs concealing the figure of a gardener: at first it was difficult to find the gardener, but having found him, it was difficult to understand how one had ever missed him. In the same way the modern Welsh satirist, listening to three unemployed miners stumble towards a philosophy, is reminded of Plotinus, and calls his book "The Alone to the Alone". It is the same principle, that of ready, spontaneous association, which is the basis of the practice still observed by Welsh bards of improvising verses on a theme: the verses are of this associative kind, the bard finding parallels from the store of his learning and experience. This quality of quick perception Arnold grants to the Celtic poet, together with the power of skilful elaboration. Certainly the Welsh poet has revealed it through the ages, and the Anglo-Welsh poets, when they have appeared, have revealed it too. Sometimes the Anglo-Welsh poet will use the old formula:

---

(1)"Wales",ed. Keidrych Rhys, Dec.1947, p.338

(2)Gwyn Thomas, The Alone to the Alone, London, 1947

> "Dead as icebone breaking the hedge,
> Dead as soil failing of good heart.
> Dead as trees quivering with shock."(1)

But more characteristic, of the best of the modern poets as of Donne, is the image that seems good and illuminating in all its ramifications. So Ormond Thomas, speaking of the purging of the soul in a time of sorrow, sees it in the light of his knowledge of science:

> "It is but in the crucible of meeting
> In which compounded are the salts:
> And happens the crystallisation of the issues:
> That longing is caught in the prism of the eye,
> Is split up for us to see,
> Is refracted out, and continues.
> We are as before, except

---

(1) Lynette Roberts, Lamentation, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.115

That we have seen carved in light
For a sharp-edged moment in the sun
The nucleus of our existence."(1)

This is the same process as can be seen in Vaughan's poem "Religion" which appears to him as a spring emanating from a gold mine, bringing wines and cordials in every drop. As it 'drills' itself through the earth's veins, it becomes contaminated by its association with sulphur, which causes it to lose its colour. When it finally breaks forth in different parts of the earth it is a puddle of slime, dispensing disease instead of physic:

"Just such a tainted sink we have
Like that Samaritan's dead well."(2)

The characteristic that has been noted here is the one that Eliot has commented on. He attributes it to a "mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience."(3) Read in "Reason and Romanticism" notes the same characteristic and defines it as 'emotionalised apprehension.' This characteristic, though by no means exclusively Anglo-Welsh, has been revealed by the best of the Anglo-Welsh poets of both centuries.

---

(1) Let Us Break Down the Barriers, Modern Welsh Poetry, London, 1946, p.129

(2) Vaughan, Religion

(3) Eliot, Homage to John Dryden, London, 1924, p.33

In the matter of technique then, it is evident that the Anglo-Welsh poet has shown considerable skill. The racial characteristic, noted above, that gives the Welshman an instinctive feeling for music, and enables him to improvise pleasing harmonies, can be discerned, too, in his poetry. Lyrics such as "The Kingfisher" by W. H. Davies and "Love Bade Me Welcome" by Herbert illustrate this mastery. In Donne and Dylan Thomas, however, these lyrical qualities are not always unclouded, though both poets reveal ample evidence of possessing them. Donne shows his mastery of the rich Elizabethan stanza form and a skill in the use of rhythm and rhyme in many poems such as the well known "Go and catch a falling star." The cynical note in this poem is apparent too in his style. He gives the impression that "he could an if he would," but he has such a deep distrust of the literary conventions that he seems to be sceptical of his own facility in them. Moreover, the shifting values of existing culture, as he saw it, did not conduce to that frame of mind in him which might reveal that life, even in small measures, "might perfect be." Miss Kathleen Raine in an article in "Horizon"(1) on "Donne and the Baroque Doubt" writes:

> "Want of beauty is a charge that has often been made against Donne's poetry; and in a certain

(1)No. XI., 1944, p.66

> sense with justice. For the worlds of beauty and reality, too, were pulling apart at the turn of the century..........Donne spoke a language stripped of magic, bare in that sense, of magic."

Some of his lyrics such as,

"Sweetest love, I do not go,
  For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
  A fitter Love for me;"(1)

are obviously sincere, and when he is not "wreathing iron pokers into love knots," he is capable of producing a music that makes the more obviously melodious works of other poets seem insipid.

His "spirit in conflict" and his mind in turmoil, he is rarely detached enough to produce the merely beautiful,

"To Love and Grief tribute of verse belongs
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read."(2)

Thomas similarly shows the qualities of a great lyric poet. He is a master of intricate metrical forms and his skill in such technical devices as rhythm, rhyme and alliteration is everywhere evident.

---

(1)Donne, Song, Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne, ed. Hillyer, New York, 1941, p.11

(2)The Triple Fool

He is capable of producing verses worthy of the great tradition of English lyric poetry:

> "A springful of larks in a rolling
> Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
> Blackbirds and the sun of October
> Summery
> On the hill's shoulder
> Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly
> Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
> To the rain wringing
> Wind blow cold
> In the wood faraway under me."(1)

But in Thomas, as in Donne, there is a distraction. In this same poem he writes:

> "And there could I marvel my birthday
> Away but the weather turned around."

This 'turning around' of the weather, the clouding over of his mind, sometimes leads to harshness:

> "Loving on this sea banged guilt
> My holy lucky body
> Under the cloud against love is caught and held and kissed

---

(1)Dylan Thomas, Poem in October, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, pp.9-10

In the mill of the midst
Of the descending day."(1)

Both Donne and Thomas, the greatest representatives of the Anglo-Welsh poets of their respective ages have this in common, that both have 'loaded every rift with ore,' though it is ore which is new to English poetry. "Donne," says Miss Evelyn Hardy, in "A Spirit in Conflict", "fails to be lyrical."(2) This charge cannot be made against Thomas, though in the case of both poets there is a suggestion that lyrical qualities, as they are generally manifested, are scarcely adequate to convey the poets' fulness of thought. This would explain Donne's distrust of the lyric form and Thomas' many experiments with form and vocabulary. This friction between the poet and his medium is related to the quality of the Celt, already referred to, which makes him "always ready to react against the despotism of fact." In Donne's case another medium, the sermon, was opened up for him in which he achieved greatness: Thomas has shown increasing signs in his later poetry of forging forms at once beautiful and capable of conveying his ideas, forms, which in Stephen Spender's opinion are "likely to have a lasting influence on the future of English poetry."(3)

(1)Dylan Thomas, Unluckily for a Death, Deaths and Entrances, London, 1947, p.16

(2)Evelyn Hardy, A Spirit in Conflict, London, 1942, p.61

(3)Spender, Poetry Since 1939, London, 1946, p.45

CONCLUSION

A fitting postscript to this consideration of the two groups of Anglo-Welsh poets is provided by the critical writings of some of the modern group, especially those connected with the literary magazine "Wales", edited by Keidrych Rhys. No group has been more convinced of its individuality, many of its members exulting ostentatiously in the fact that they were, like Johnson and his fellow undergraduates, 'a nest of singing birds'. These poets, together with critics such as E. Glyn Lewis and Dilys Rowe, have stressed the unique qualities of all Anglo-Welsh poets of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, and have generally attributed these qualities to the Welsh or Celtic temperament, in their appraisal of which they follow Renan. A questionnaire, obviously aimed at formulating an Anglo-Welsh philosophy, was prepared by Keidrych Rhys and submitted to all Anglo-Welsh writers. These writers were asked to answer such questions as,

1. "Do you consider yourself an Anglo-Welsh writer?"
2. "Should 'Anglo-Welsh literature' express a Welsh attitude to life and affairs or should it be merely a literature about Welsh things?"

3. "Do you believe that a sense of Welsh nationhood is more consistent with one particular attitude to life and affairs than any other?"

The answers to these questions might have provided some assistance in an attempt to establish the continuity between seventeenth and twentieth century poetry. However, most of the writers differ widely, agreeing on only one point, that they "abhor Anglo-Welsh limitations." It is interesting to note that Vernon Watkins feels that an Anglo-Welsh poet is a man who writes both Welsh and English poetry; he himself is a Welshman but an English poet. In this he agrees with the critics, like Saunders Lewis, who take a Welsh nationalistic standpoint, regarding Welshmen who write in English as defaulters and renegades. "Mr. Lewis has denied that there is anything hyphenated about him (Dylan Thomas) and relegated him to the main stream of English literature." (1) Most writers agree that their Welsh temperament will colour their work. David Jones, for example, feels that Welsh writers will make a particular contribution to English literature, and that the nature of this contribution will be determined by "historical accidents" and by "what is innate in the racial make-up." He makes no attempt to examine this racial make-up:

---

(1)Dilys Rowe, Thoughts on the Tenth Anniversary of Wales "Wales", Vol.VII, No.28, p.446

> "What sort of cenedl (nation) do the Angelic Intelligences envisage among the other gentes when they consider this thing called 'Welshness'? If we knew that we should be able to answer the question.................and a lot more besides."(1)

Whatever the relative significance of these 'historical accidents' and the 'racial make-up' it is certain that both have influenced the work of Anglo-Welsh poets. T. S. Eliot is quoted by John L. Sweeney as saying,

> "If Welsh ceased to be cultivated as a literary language, the Welsh would become less Welsh and those of their poets who write in English would cease to make the contribution which they do make to English poetry."(2)

A fact emerges here that has been overlooked by the critics, who have all failed to notice that the poets of the seventeenth century and of the twentieth century are Anglo-Welshmen of the 'first generation': that nearly all of them are English-speaking sons of

(1)"Wales", Vol.VI, No.2, June, 1946, p.85

(2)Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas, ed. Sweeney, New York, 1946, p.xviii

Welsh-speaking fathers. The seventeenth century poets were Anglo-Welsh as a result of the legislation of the sixteenth century, and springing from the upper middle class, they were reared in the spirit of that legislation, which provided for the suppression of the Welsh language. What the Act of Union failed to do, increasing industrialisation has to some extent done: in many parts of the Industrial South today the Welsh language is rarely heard, and it is from this area that nearly all the Anglo-Welsh poets have come.

This does not mean that the Anglo-Welsh poet is to be regarded as an occasional 'lusus naturae', around whom one should weave a circle thrice. He, like any other true poet, has associated with the great minds of the past, and is acquainted with the best of what has been said or thought in the world. His unique position as a first generation Anglo-Welshman may mean that Welsh cadences and rhythms are still singing in his ears, for some of them have a knowledge of Welsh though they cannot or do not write in that language. It may mean also that the feeling of exile will be accentuated for him, one world having died, and the other, slow, if not powerless to be born. What it certainly does mean is this, that he is still a pure Welshman in all but language, that whatever qualities are inherent in 'Welshness' are to be found in him, unadulterated and in their pristine freshness. It is not unreasonable to assume that these qualities will have made their contribution to the works of these writers and played their part in giving them that unique character which the critics, from Thomas Carew to Eliot and Spender, have acknowledged in them.

APPENDIX

Seventeenth century plays in which the Welsh language is used

1. Boorde. Introduction of Knowledge. 1542
2. Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton. The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissil. c. 1599-1600. Printed 1603.
3. Shakespeare. The Merry Wives of Windsor. 1598 Printed (quarto), 1602
4. Dekker and Marston. Satiromastix. 1601. Printed 1602.
5. Dekker and Webster. Northward Ho. 1604. Printed 1607.
6. Armin. The Two Maids of More-Clacke. c. 1607. Printed 1609.
7. Rowley. A Shoe-Maker A Gentleman. 1608. Printed 1638.
8. R. A(rmin?). Gent. The Valiant Welshman. c. 1610. Printed 1615.
9. Middleton. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside. 1612. Printed 1630.
10. Beaumont and Fletcher. The Nightwalker. c. 1616. Printed 1640.
11. Jonson. For the Honour of Wales. 1619. Printed 1640.
12. Anonymous. The Welsh Embassador. c. 1623. Printed 1920.
13. Mountfort. Launching of the Mary. 1632 Printed 1933.
14. Randolph. Hey for Honesty. Before 1635. Printed 1651.

Page 119.

15. Wilson. The Cheats. 1664.

16. Philocomicus. Pluto Furens et Vinctus.
Printed (Amsterdam). 1669

17. Powell. The Cornish Comedy. 1696

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Addison, Joseph	*On True and False Wit, Selections from Spectator Papers*, ed. by Thomas Arnold, Oxford, 1879, imp.1925, p.316-334.
Arnold, Matthew	*On the Study of Celtic Literature*, London (Everyman), 1910.
Bennett, Roger E.	*The Complete Poems of John Donne*, Chicago, 1942.
Borrow, George	*Celtic Chiefs and Kings*, ed. from Manuscript by Herbert G. Wright, London, 1928.
Borrow, George	*Wild Wales*, London (Everyman), 1923.
Cheney, Sheldon	*Men Who Walked With God*, New York, 1945.
Coffin, Charles Monroe	*John Donne and the New Philosophy*, Columbia University Press, 1947.
Coyle, James John	*A Survey of the Conflicts in Donne's Life and Thought*, M.A. Thesis, McGill University, 1948.
Davies, Aberpennar	*Herbert As A Literary Artist*, issue of "*Wales*" for March 1948, Caermarthen.
Davies, Aberpennar	*God and the World in Henry Vaughan*, issue of "Wales" for March 1946, Caermarthen.
Davies, Idris	*The Angry Summer*, Faber & Faber, London
Davies, Idris	*Tonypandy*, Faber & Faber, London

Davies, Rhys	*The Story of Wales*, London, 1943
Davies, Rhys	*The Black Venus*, London, 1944
Davies Rhys	*Pig in A Poke*, London, 1931.
Davies, Rhys	*Tomorrow to Fresh Woods*, London, 1941.
Davies, W. H.	*The Autobiography of a Super Tramp*, London, 1908.
Dobell, B.	*The Works of Traherne*, London, 1942.
Dryden, John	*The Works of Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, *Vol.XIII*, London, 1893.
Dyke, Mary E.	*Studies of Some English Mystical Poets in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, M.A. Thesis, McGill University, 1937.
Edwards, Owen M.	*Wales*, London, 1901.
Eliot, Thomas Stearns	*Homage to John Dryden*, London, 1924.
Eliot, Thomas Stearns	*Selected Essays*, New York, 1932.
Evans, Caradoc	*My People*, London, 1917.
Evans, Caradoc	*Taffy*, London, (N.D.)
Evans, Caradoc	*Wasps*, London, 1933.
Evans, Caradoc	*Capel Sion*, London, (N.D.)

Fausset, Hugh I' Anson	*John Donne A Study in Discord*, London, 1924.
Frost, S. E. Jr.	*The Basic Teachings of the Great Philosophers*, Philadelphia, 1945.
Giraldus Cambrensis	*Itinerary Through Wales and the Description of Wales*, London (Everyman), 1912.
Gosse, Sir Edmund	*Life and Letters of John Donne* (2 Vols.), London, 1924.
Grierson, Sir Herbert	*Donne's Poetical Works*, (2 Vols.), London, 1942.
Guest, Lady Charlotte	*The Mabinogion*, intro. by Rev. R. Williams, London, (Everyman), 1906.
Hardy, Evelyn	*Donne: A Spirit in Conflict*, London, 1942.
Herbert, Lord Edward	*Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, ed. with intro. by Will H. Dircks, London, 1888.
Hillyer, Robert Silliman	*The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne and The Complete Poetry of William Blake*, New York, 1941
Hutchinson, F. E.	*Works of George Herbert* with commentary, Oxford, 1945.
Hutchinson, F. E.	*Henry Vaughan: A Life and Interpretation*, Oxford, 1947.
Johnson, Dr.	*Life of Cowley*, *Works of S. Johnson*, Vol.9, London, 1816.

Jones, Rufus M.	*Critical Studies in Mysticism*, London, 1909.
Jonson, Ben	*Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden*, ed. by H. F. Patterson, London, 1923.
Jonson, Ben	*For the Honour of Wales*, London, 1838.
Lamb S.	*Metaphysical Poetry and the Moderns, McGill Daily Literary Supplement.* March 17, 1949.
Lewis, Alun	*A Sheaf of Letters - 1941-1943*, Issues of "*Wales*" for 1948, Caermarthen.
Lewis, Alun	*Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets*, London, 1945.
Lewis, Alun	*Raiders' Dawn*, London, 1942.
Lewis, Alun	The Last Inspection, London, 1944.
Lewis, E. Glyn	*Essay on Anglo-Welsh Literature, Modern British Writing*, London, 1946.
Lloyd, Sir J.E.	*History of Wales*, London, 1911.
Lyte, Rev. H.F.	*The Poetical Works of Henry Vaughan*, with Memoir, Boston, 1871.
Parry, Tom	*History of Welsh Literature*, Wales, 1945.
Raine, Kathleen	*Donne and the Baroque Doubt*, "*Horizon*", ed. Connolly, No. XI, 1944.

Read, Herbert	*Reason and Romanticism*, London, 1926.
Renan	*La Poésie des races celtique*, Warner Library.
Saintsbury, George	*Social England*, ed. by Traill, London, 1897.
Scott, W.S.	*The Fantasticks* (Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan), London, 1945.
Spencer, Theodore	*A Garland for John Donne*, Cambridge, 1931.
Spender, Stephen	*Poetry Since 1939*, London, 1946.
Stearns, Marshall W.	*Unsex the Skeleton*: Notes on Poetry Dylan Thomas, Sewanee Review, Summer, 1944.
Thomas, Edward	*Wales*, London, 1901.
Thomas, Dylan	*Deaths and Entrances*, London, 1947.
Thomas, Dylan	*Selected Writings*, intro. by John L. Sweeney, New York, 1946.
Thomas, Dylan	*Twenty Five Poems*, London, 1936.
Thomas, Dylan	*The Map of Love*: Verse and Prose, London, 1939.
Thomas, Dylan	*Eighteen Poems*, London, 1942.
Thomas, Gwyn	*The Alone to the Alone*, London, 1946.
Underhill, Evelyn	*Mysticism*, London, 1911

Vaughan, C. M.	*English Literary Criticism*, London, 1900.
Walton, Izaak	*Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, Sanderson*, London, 1888.
Willmott, Robert A.	*Conversations (of Coleridge) At Cambridge*, London, 1836.
Wyn Griffith, Llewelyn	*The Voice of Wales*, London, 1947.
Wales	Bi-monthly magazine published since 1937, edited Keidrych Rhys, Caemarthen.
The Welsh Review	Quarterly magazine published since 1942, by Professor Gwyn Jones, Cardiff.

McGILL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
IXM ★ 1J72.1949
UNACC.