

### *A poem about Gelert*

*The spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn;  
And many a brach and many a hound,  
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.*

*And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer:  
"Come, Gelert, come, wert never last  
Llewelyn's horn to hear-*

*"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,  
The flower of all his race ;  
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase?"*

*'Twas only at Llewelyn's board  
The faithful Gelert fed;  
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,  
And sentinelled his bed.*

*In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John ;  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.*

*And now, as o'er the rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,  
The many mingled cries.*

*That day Llewelyn little loved  
The chase of hart and hare;  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there.*

*Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,  
When, near the portal seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied,  
Bounding his lord to greet.*

*But when he gained his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,  
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.*

*Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;  
Unused such looks to meet,  
His favourite checked his joyful guise,  
And crouched and licked his feet.*

*Onward in haste, Llewelyn passed,  
And on went Gelert too,  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.*

*O'erturned his infants bed he found,  
With blood-stained covert rent;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.*

*He called his child-no voice replied-  
He reached with terror wild;  
Blood, blood, he found on every side,  
But nowhere found his child.*

*"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!  
"The frantic father cried;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side.*

*His suppliant looks as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Passed heavy o'er his heart.*

*Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh-  
What words the parents joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry!*

*Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kissed.*

*Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread  
But the same couch beneath  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.*

*Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain,  
For now the truth was clear:  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain.  
To save Llewelyn's heir.*

*Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe:  
"Best of thy kind, adieu.  
The frantic blow which laid thee low  
This heart shall ever rue."*

*And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture decked;  
And marbles storied with his praise  
Poor Gelert's bones protect.*

*There never could the spearman pass  
Or forester, unmoved;  
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.*

*And there he hung his horn and spear;  
And there, as evening fell,  
In fancy's ear he oft would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell.*

*And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storms to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of Gelert's grave.*

**W.R.Spencer (1769-1834)**