Welsh History 101

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by Heather Rose Jones

If ever you wander out by the Welsh border
Come stop by and see me and all of my kin
I'm Morgan ap Daffyd ap Gwion ap Hywell
Ap Ifor ap Madoc ap Rhodri ap Gwyn
We'll feast you on mutton and harp for your pleasure
And give you a place to sleep out of the cold
Or maybe we'll meet you out on the dark roadway
And rob you of horses and weapons and gold

My neighbor from England has come across raiding
Slain six of my kinsmen and burned down my hall
It cannot be borne this offense and injustice
I've only killed four of his, last I recall
I'll send for my neighbors, Llewellyn and Owain
We'll cut him down as for the border he rides
But yesterday Owain stole three of my cattle
And first I'll retake them and three more besides

We need a strong prince to direct our resistance
Heroic, impartial, of noble degree
My brother's wife's fourth cousin's foster-son, Gruffydd
Is best for the job as I'm sure you'll agree
What matter that Rhys is the old prince's nephew
He's exiled to Ireland and will not return
I know this for every time boats he is building
I send my spies money to see that they burn

Last evening my brother and I were at war
Over two feet of land on a boundary we share
But early this morning, I hear he's been murdered
I'll not rest until I avenge him, I swear
Yes, we are just plain folk who mind our own business
Honest and loyal and full of good cheer
So if you should wander our by the Welsh border
Come stop by and meet all the friendly folk here

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