1860, 1865, 1869 Mary H. [illegible]

SIDE TWO

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood, —
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

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

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert too),
And still wherever his eyes were cast.
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infants bed he found,
The blood stained cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied,
He searched with terror wild —
Blood, blood, he found on every side —
But nowhere found his child.

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

His suppliant, as to earth 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 parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry.

Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cheerful boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe!
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"