

**THE DAWN IN
BRITAIN. VOLUME
III, PP. 1-237**

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The Dawn in Britain. Volume III, pp. 1-237 by Charles M. Doughty

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THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

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*Early Review of Volumes I. and II., in the Times
Literary Supplement*

'This strong, strange poem fulfils aspirations. . . . Heroic duels, closely modelled on Homeric fights; bits of pagan mythology, like Woden's visit to the abode of Hel; Brennus's passage of the Alps; the Song of Sigor, a beautiful version of the myth of Crispin and Agygia, which we should have liked to quote in full, as a proof of Mr. Doughty's handling of an idyllic theme. . . . We hope, however, that enough has been quoted to show that this is no ordinary poem, such as minor bards endowed with a cultivated taste and a select and recondite vocabulary could write. It is work of an altogether higher order. It may be that its subject and manner will narrow the circle of its admirers in an age which is quick to protest that it has no leisure for epics; but the fit and few will give thanks for a poet.'

The Dawn in Britain

BY CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

AUTHOR OF

'TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA'

—
VOLUME III



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3 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

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BOOK IX

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ARGUMENT

DUNEDA, king of Duffreynt. Mormael, his nephew, is slain by angry gods. The Master of the Armoric ship's tale. Bladyn's lay, in the king's hall.

Duneda's dream. Ithobal's words among the Iscan ship-folk. Tegid, waggoner. Miracle of this man's corn multiplied, at Joseph's word. The king sends for the strangers. In the king's hall, they see Aesgar sitting, the great Dumnonian druid. Aesgar, with bitter accusing words, burdeneth the shipwrecked strangers. Two men, eremites, disciples of Eryr, come in. Lords of Dumnonians, faring to war, take an oath together, in the hands of king Duneda.

Certain of the brethren, which went forth to pray, enter in a sacred wood. The madman Llys. Druids lead them on to Aesgar's hall. Shalum reproves Aesgar's malicious questioning. Departing thence, druids bring them forth, in a path, whereby are dens of some wild beasts; which are loosed out upon them! The saints behold the Lord's angel, standing, to save them. They return hastily to the king, in Isca. Aesgar publisheth the druids' ban. Duneda disposeth him, to send his stranger-guests, unto sanctuary Avalon.

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

BOOK IX

At afternoon, approach, in shining chariots,
Lords of Duffreynt ; whom called forth king Duneda,
Entreat of warfare, with his enemies.

They sit, in moot-hall, soon, round the high
walls.

Tall be, long yellow-haired, these Duffreynt lords ;
And shine, on all their necks, wreaths of red gold.
Each lord bears, in his hand, a silver cup ;
And sits, by every one, his land's high druid.

Was king of fair Duffreynt, before Duneda,
Stout Kamloc ; who, (his father's son,) in fight,
Fell slain, what day Silures, enemies,
Harried, to Isca walls ! Not bearded, yet,
Duneda, riding in the royal chariot,
Covered him, with his body, as with a targe.
Wounded, to death, fell Kamloc, from his war-cart
Duneda leapt down, on the bloody grass,