

The Legend of Beddgelert as retold by George Borrow¹

There was once a famous Welsh warrior called Llywelyn a Iorwerth. During his contests with the English he had encamped in the valley, and one day departed on an expedition, leaving his infant son in a cradle in his tent, under the care of his hound Gelert, after giving the child its fill of goat's milk.

Whilst he was absent a wolf from the mountains found its way into the tent and was about to devour the child when the watchful dog interfered, and after a desperate conflict, in which the tent was torn down, succeeded in destroying the monster. Llywelyn, returning that evening found the tent on the ground and the dog, covered with blood, sitting beside it.

Imagining that the blood on the dog was that of his own son, devoured by Gelert, Llywelyn in a rage transfixed the faithful creature with his spear. Scarcely, however, had he done so when his ears were startled by the cry of a child from beneath the fallen tent. Hastily removing the canvas he found the child in its cradle, quite uninjured, and the body of an enormous wolf lying near.

Llywelyn mourned over the dog as over a brother, buried him with funeral honours in the valley, and erected a tomb over him as over a hero. From that time the valley was called Beth Gelert (or Beddgelert).



¹ Adapted from Owen, Evan, *What Happened Today?* Book 2 available on the *Mothers' Companion* flashdrive <https://motherscompanion.weebly.com/>