

William Morgan.
"Y Bardd."
1819-1878

There lived at Aberdare in those days a remarkable man, by the name William Morgan, known locally as "Y Bardd;" of some literary attainments of spotless character and (best of all), of kindly heart Morgan proved himself a veritable Paul to the little Timothy, taking him by the hand, guiding his studies, and encouraging him in very way.

The gifted lad responded eagerly to these kindly ministrations and became a diligent member of the chapel literary society. Soon we find him attempting original work and, almost at once, success on success rewarded his efforts. At the age of fifteen the collier boy had already won a score of prizes at local eisteddfodau throughout the county. His mentor was overjoyed.

At one such gathering where Islwyn had adjudicated the prize to "Dyfed-fab" (the lad's ffugenuw), Morgan proudly presented him to Islwyn (in after years his bosom friend) as one surely destined to become "y bardd cadeiriol," (the cathedral poet) by "working" underground.

Never was prophecy more amply fulfilled. Dyfed lived to win no fewer, than a baker's dozen of chairs, many of them at "Nationals." What is more, he never competed as a "National" without winning.

On Saturday September 7th, 1878, at seven o'clock in the morning, our companion William Morgan (The Poet), Aberdare, quietly fell asleep in Jesus. He was a native of Cefncoed-y-Cymmer, where he was born on July 13th, 1816; but spent most of his life in Aberdare, working as a financial officer in the Williams workshop, Ynyscynon. The workers looked upon him as a true man and a friend, working for their benefit and their success. Although he was away from here for a time in other places, he still considered Bethania to be his spiritual home. There were at least 600 people at his funeral, and his body was brought to Bethania before being taken to the cemetery, where a service was conducted, and from there to a grave that he had prepared for himself some years before his death. The service was conducted by the Revs. D. Saunders, D. Phillips, Swansea, J. Lewis, Carmarthen, and W. James.

The fog of anguish and the toll of death that saddened.
The sobriety of our days,
All through them they continue.
Under showers of sorrows.

The blow is so crooked, - full of pain,
As we lose our faultless Poet,
Another day of another loss- a land again
That weeps upon the grave of its 'William.'

A just man, and true – the living God
Flourishing in his life,
A lively father! Until the end,
The light of grace shining upon his face.

And he, strong in his religion – that lasted.
To the final challenge of the storm
He was brave to the end of the day – never pulling back,

Pure and godly in every kind of weather.

A man of hope, as he was known – with abundance.
To uphold him,
And his soul could sing.
Within the deep black river.

The weapon of his joyous success
Was the name of the days of his comfort.
The grace of the Lord to a wretched world, unto the grave,
Was the foundation of the majesty of his laborious life.

His task remained to wait for Heaven,
And enjoy its continuation.
This nature lighted the journey
of the pure gift of the dear Poet.

From your song comes lamentation,
Flooded with the cry of longing.
And through remembering him too,
To the edge of the grave, carries away his tears.

From the sound of pain that wakens the valley
Where the Emperor of poetry walked
The final bitterest enemy - the pure
Poet and his, sweet harp, is placed beneath a mantle.

His virtues are brilliant white,
And follow him like the angels.
From the high ground of struggles, - a dome of pearls
Carried him to his divine crown. DYFEDFAB (Dyfed)

Death of William Morgan

Last Saturday morning (September Ned), at seven o'clock, my dear friend, Mr. William Morgan, Bethania, Aberdar. He was known through Wales, as a very capable poet, and he was called in a friendly manner by his closest friends "Y Bardd," and there is no doubt that he possesses the special characteristics and special features of a true poet, and he is said to be one of the most slippery and natural poets the nation has. When he was younger, he composed a layer of poetic pieces for competitive meetings and eisteddfodau, and was victorious at several of them, and we hope to see his poetic productions get that publicity through the press that they really understand. For the rest of his life, his unassuming manner, and his solemn temper, to love for a quiet and contemplative life, kept him from that publicity which his talent called for.

Despite that, his honest and pure character, his cheerfulness as a man and friend, his penetrating mind, his brilliant genius, and the incomparable readiness of his gift of speech, had won him great respect and influence in all the circles in which he moved.

Mr. Morgan was a native, from Cefn-coed-y-Cymer. He was born there on July 3^d, 1819: and moved when quite young to Aberdare and was for many years a principal in the employ of the late David Williams, Esq., (Alaw Goch). He was looked upon, and respected greatly by all the workers, as

a fair, honest and honest man, and as a man who loved and wished for their advancement and happiness. His attachment to the religious cause in Aberdar was very strong.

Although he resided in other places for a short time, he still considered Bethania, Aberdar, as his religious home, and he was very dear and fond of that church. He was recently shown great respect, in a valuable gift, by his class in the Sabbath School, a large class of men and women, and he considered this as a special mass of his labour. He left a gap in his memory that will not be filled soon.

On the Day of funeral, on Tuesday, the 10^h of September, a large crowd gathered to pay their last respects to him. His body was moved to the Bethania chapel, and from there to the Cemetery, where he was laid to rest for several years. Revs. D. Saunders and D. E. Thomas officiated; Taibach, J. Lewis, Carmarthen and W. James, Bethania.