

A 19th Century Comic Verse
(illustrating the English bureaucracy's struggle with the tongue-knotting names of Wales)

Then strove the judge with main and might
The sounding consonants to write;
But when the day was almost gone
He found his work not nearly done,
His ears assailed most woefully
With names like Rhys ap Gruffydd Ddu,
Aneurin, Iorwerth, Ieuan Goch,
And Llywarch Hen o Abersoch,
Aliesin ap Llewellyn Fawr
And Llun ap Arthur bach y Cawr.
Until at length, in sheer despair
He doffed his wig and tore his hair,
And said he would no longer stand
The surnames of our native land.
"Take ten", he said "and call them Rice;
Another ten and call them Price;
Take fifty others and call them Pughs;
A hundred more, I'll call them Hughes;
Now Roberts name some hundred score;
And Williams, name a legion more,
And call" he moaned in languid tones,
"Call all the other thousands – Jones !"