

Taff's Well  
by  
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Bardic name  
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First published in Welsh Hillside Saints 1896

Written in praise of the villages ancient

Thermal Spring ( Spa)

Mysterious pool, sleep within thy cell,  
Yet dost thou move as in a gentle dream;  
Soothed by the murmurs of the passing stream ,  
That fills with music this deep shaded dell ;  
Fain would I of thy healing virtues tell,  
And of the time when I a little lad ,  
Came here,with one,whose days and nights were sad,  
And listened long and anxious for the knell,  
of all his hopes. But when the roses blew ,  
And swallows many round the the old eaves flew  
We sought thee, beaded, crimson crested pool,  
Soft , limpid bath, though badst the fever cool ,  
And weary aching limbs forget it's pain;  
We sought thy balmy spring , nor did we seek in vain .