

Gwrgan Farfdrwch fable

P. H. Emerson

Welsh

Intermediate

1 min read

Hear me, O ye Britons! On the top of a high rock in Arvon there stood a goat, which a lion perceiving from the valley below, addressed her in this manner:—

“My dearest neighbour, why preferrest thou that dry barren rock to feed on? Come down to this charming valley, where thou mayest feed luxuriously upon all sorts of dainties, amongst flowers in shady groves, made fruitful by meandering brooks.”

“I am much obliged to you, master,” replied the goat; “perhaps you mean well, and tell me the truth, but you have very bad neighbours, whom I do not like to trust, and those are your teeth, so, with your leave, I prefer staying where I am.”

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