

"When Soulful Huw meets Angharad The Much Loved One"

Huw came from the lands of Snowdonia, the youngest son of a slate mine owner, who was hoping to expand the market for his goods.

Huw's Da had already trained up his two elder sons to take over the business, and he wanted Huw to make his own way in life, so he brought him along on a trading expedition to the lands of the Mercians, which resulted in things turning out better than he could ever have imagined. While Huw was bright, his real skills lay as a musician, a harpist, and a poet, but not up the standards of the best of the Bards, so he was only too happy to go along with his Da, leaving the mountains behind, for what would turn out to be the last time.

The father and son made use of the Salt Way leading from mid-Wales back to Droitwich, running over the Malvern Hills through a cutting known then as now, as the Wych. Reaching the cutting one misty morning, they stopped to catch their breath and compare the lands beside the River Severn laying out in front of them, to the distant mountains of their homeland back to the west. With the mist still rising, they couldn't see the tops of the hills, but heard the sound of small bells coming out down from the clouds. After some moments a figure appeared wearing a grey hooded cloak, sitting upon a white horse. The animal and rider came to a halt some feet away, and all fell silent.

"Good morrow" spoke Huw's Da, "Do you always enjoy a ride in the fog? Without your bells we wouldn't have known you were there."

The figure threw back the hood of the cloak to reveal a beautiful young girl, who laughed "But I could hear you, with your cursing and cussing as you came up the Way."

Huw stepped forward and asked "May I introduce my father and myself? Da is a slate miner looking to trade hereabouts, and I am a musician looking for adventure" . When the girl extended her hand to him, he took it, and a shock passed through them as if hit by lightning. "I am Angharad of the Salt Way" she announced "I think you need to look no further."

From that day on, Angharad, The Much Loved One and Huw the Soulful, were inseparable. And she had music wherever she went.