

RHYS AND MEINIR AT NANT GWYTHEYRN

Once, there were two young lovers, Rhys and Meinir. They courted each other near Nant Gwrtheyrn, enjoying the spectacular sea views and the shade of an old hollow oak tree. After several months of courtship, they planned to wed at midsummer in the nearby ancient pilgrim church of Clynnog Fawr.

The day dawned bright and sunny, and as was a tradition at the time, Meinir went to hide from the groomsmen who would come to find her and bear her to church.

The appointed time of the ceremony came. Rhys waited at the altar for his bride, but she didn't come. Seconds turned to minutes and the day wore on, but still, the groomsmen could not find Meinir, and Rhys was left waiting for his bride. Eventually, anxiety turned to panic and Rhys and the congregation joined in the search. The long solstice day dwindled to dusk, and still, they did not find Meinir.

In the coming days, the whole parish searched high and low for Rhys' missing bride, but never found her. Grief stricken, Rhys continued his search day and night, accompanied only by his faithful dog, Cidwm.

One cold night, nearing midwinter, Rhys' search took him down the steep hill towards Nant Gwrtheyrn. The wind picked up and blew a storm inland from the sea. Rhys took shelter beneath the old hollow oak, remembering all the pleasant times he'd shared with Meinir beneath its boughs. Suddenly, a flash of lightening struck the old tree and cleft it in two. Half the bough came crashing down by Rhys' side, revealing what had been hidden within. A skeleton clothed in a pale wedding dress, some bright hair still clinging to a tattered veil. Rhys' heart broke, he fell to the ground and died. His faithful dog, Cidwm, lay down by his master's side and never woke up again.