**The Welsh poet, Jeuan Gethin, who died in Spring 1349:**

"We see death coming into our midst like black smoke, a plague which cuts off the young, a rootless phantom which has no mercy…Woe is me of the shilling in the arm-pit; it is seething, terrible, wherever it may come, a head that gives pain and causes a loud cry, a burden carried under the arms. It is of the form of an apple, like the head of an onion, a small boil that spares no-one. Great is its seething, like a burning cinder, a grievous thing of an ashy colour. It is an ugly eruption that comes with unseemly haste. It is a grievous ornament that breaks out in a rash. The early ornaments of black death.'