

VERSES  
ON  
WREXHAM,  
AND THE  
INHABITANTS OF ITS ENVIRONS.

PROUD of her ancient Race, Britannia shows  
Where, in her Wales, another Eden glows,  
And all her Sons, to Truth, and Honor dear,  
Prove they deserve the Paradife they share.

Thrice happy Wrexham, 'mid thy neighbouring groves  
Stray, with 'twin'd arms, the Virtues, and the Loves,  
There FLETCHER\*, from her own Gwernheyled, beams,  
Fair as its meads, and liberal as its streams ;  
The Sister APPERLYS†, in Youth's soft morn,  
With rising charms the festal scenes adorn ;  
And friendly PRICE‡, as happy, free, and gay,  
As when, in Life and Beauty's rosy May,

\* Mrs. Fletcher of *Gwernheyled*—Gwernheyled, means *Sunny Alders*.

† The two Miss Apperlys.

‡ Mrs. Parry Price, late of that neighbourhood.

She shone, the Hebe of her green retreat,  
 With half the youth of Cambria at her feet.  
 See CUNLIFFE'S\* eyes diffuse the gladdening ray,  
 And shed around her Pleasure's golden day ;  
 Meridian loveliness, majestic grace,  
 Stream o'er her form, and lighten in her face ;  
 While Sense and Virtue's blended influence dart  
 The look, the voice, resistless to the heart.

Nor only, WREXHAM, do thy circling groves  
 Boast the fair Virtues, and the radiant Loves,  
 There HAYMAN'S† song, with its enchanting powers,  
 Floats thro' thy vales, thy mansions, and thy bowers ;  
 Her hallow'd temple there Religion shows,  
 That erst with beauteous majesty arose  
 In ancient days, when Gothic Art display'd  
 Her fancies, in airy elegance array'd,  
 Whose nameless charms the Dorian claims efface,  
 Corinthian splendor, and Ionic grace ;  
 Then plied, with curious skill, now rarely shown,  
 Th' adorning chisel, o'er the yielding stone.

\* The Lady of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Baronet.

† Watkin Hayman, Esq.

But as those Graces which alone delight  
 With their fine forms the captivated *sight*,  
 Must not aspire to emulate the Art  
 That, while it charms the eye, pervades the *heart*,  
 See Gothic Elegance the palm resigns,  
 When Art in *intellectual* greatness shines.  
 Bright as in \*Albion's long distinguish'd fanes,  
 Within these holy Walls, she lives, she reigns.  
 Her SAINTED MAID†, amid the bursting tomb,  
 Hears the LAST TRUMPET thrill its murky gloom,  
 With smile triumphant over DEATH, and Time,  
 Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form sublime.

WREXHAM, for thee thus rose, by mental power,  
 Fair modern Science o'er the Arts of yore;  
 For thee exulting she entwines the wreaths,  
 As SCULPTURE speaks, and heavenly MUSIC breathes,  
 Since great ROUBILLIAC decks thy SACRED SHRINE,  
 And GENIUS wakes thy RANDAL'S HARP‡ divine.

\* Westminster.

† *Sainted Maid*. Mrs. Mary Middleton's monument by Roubilliac, in the Chancel at Wrexham.

‡ Mr. *Randal*, Organist of Wrexham; an exquisite Performer on the pedal Harp. He has been blind from his infancy.