To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till Substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN:
A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's Flem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

1 Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

2 Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.

North-Wales.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay.

Lochlin plows the watery way;
There the Norman fails afar.
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon Son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfr's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.

Denmark.

The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to hop, and flame to fly,
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE,
MDCCCLXIII.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

A GAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,
Freshest verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon tide heat,
My thrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.