Owen's praise demands my song;
Till his tenfold chain subdues his right,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN:

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

Owen Twigt and Owen Trowing,
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwynedd's shield, and Britain's gem.

Wales, A.D. 1150. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

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

Big with hoofs of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came,
This the force of Erin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding.

On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the watery way;
There the Norman falls 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 lands;
In glittering arms and glory dress
High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thundering strokes begin,
There the pruss, and there the din;
Talysman’s rocky shore
Echoing to the battle roar.

Where he glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn,

Denmark.

The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his steeds
seizing here on their banners.
Where he points his purple spear, 
Hasty, haughty Rout is there, 
Marking with indignant eye 
Fear to fly, 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. GRAYES.

AGAIN the balmy Zephyr blows, 
Fresh verdure decks the grove, 
Each bird with vernal rapture glowes, 
And tun's his notes to love.

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