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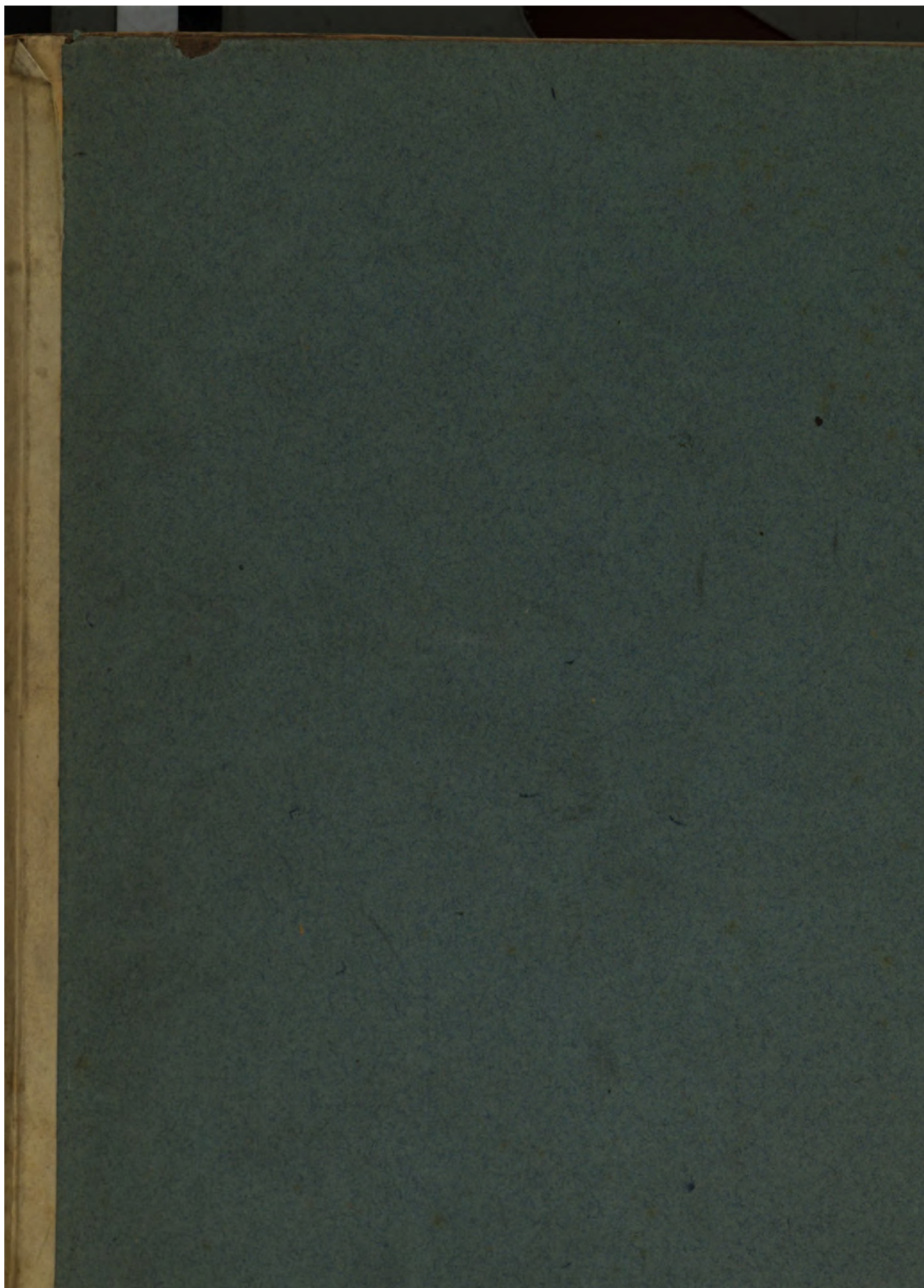
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T H E
L O V E O F O U R C O U N T R Y,
A P O E M,

W I T H H I S T O R I C A L N O T E S,

A D D R E S S ' D

T o S i r W A T K I N W I L L I A M S W Y N N o f W y n n f t a y , B t .

M e m b e r o f P a r l i a m e n t f o r t h e C o u n t y o f S A L O P .

By a C U R A T E f r o m S n o w d o n .

Numquamque reponam? J u v .

*Ἐκαστος ἡμῶν ἔχ' αὐτῶ μόνου γέγονεν, ἀλλὰ τῆς γενέσεως ἡμῶν τὸ μὲν τι ἡ πατρίς, τὸ δέ τι, οἱ γηθήσαυτες.
Τὸ δὲ οἱ λοιποὶ φίλοι. Palto ad Archytam.*

T h e S E C O N D E D D I T I O N .

C A R M A R T H E N ,

P r i n t e d a n d S o l d b y J . R o s s , i n P r i o r y - S t r e e t , n e a r t h e C h u r c h :

S o l d a l s o b y M r . W I L L I A M S , B o o k f e l l e r , F l e e t - s t r e e t , L o n d o n ; J . W I L L I A M S , S t a t i o n e r , a n d
R . R H Y D E R O , B o o k f e l l e r , i n C a r m a r t h e n ; E . E V A N S , P r i n t e r , a n d M r . J O N E S , B o o k f e l l e r , i n
B r e c o n ; D . E V A N S , B o o k f e l l e r , S w a n s e a ; B . G R I F F I T H S , B o o k b i n d e r , N e a t h ; a n d
M e s s r s . E D D O W E S a n d P R Y S E , B o o k f e l l e r s ; S a l o p .

M , D C C , L X X I I I .

(P r i c e O n e S h i l l i n g .)

2799 L.13



T O

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn of Wynnſtay, Bt.

Member of Parliament for the County of SALOP,

The following P O E M,

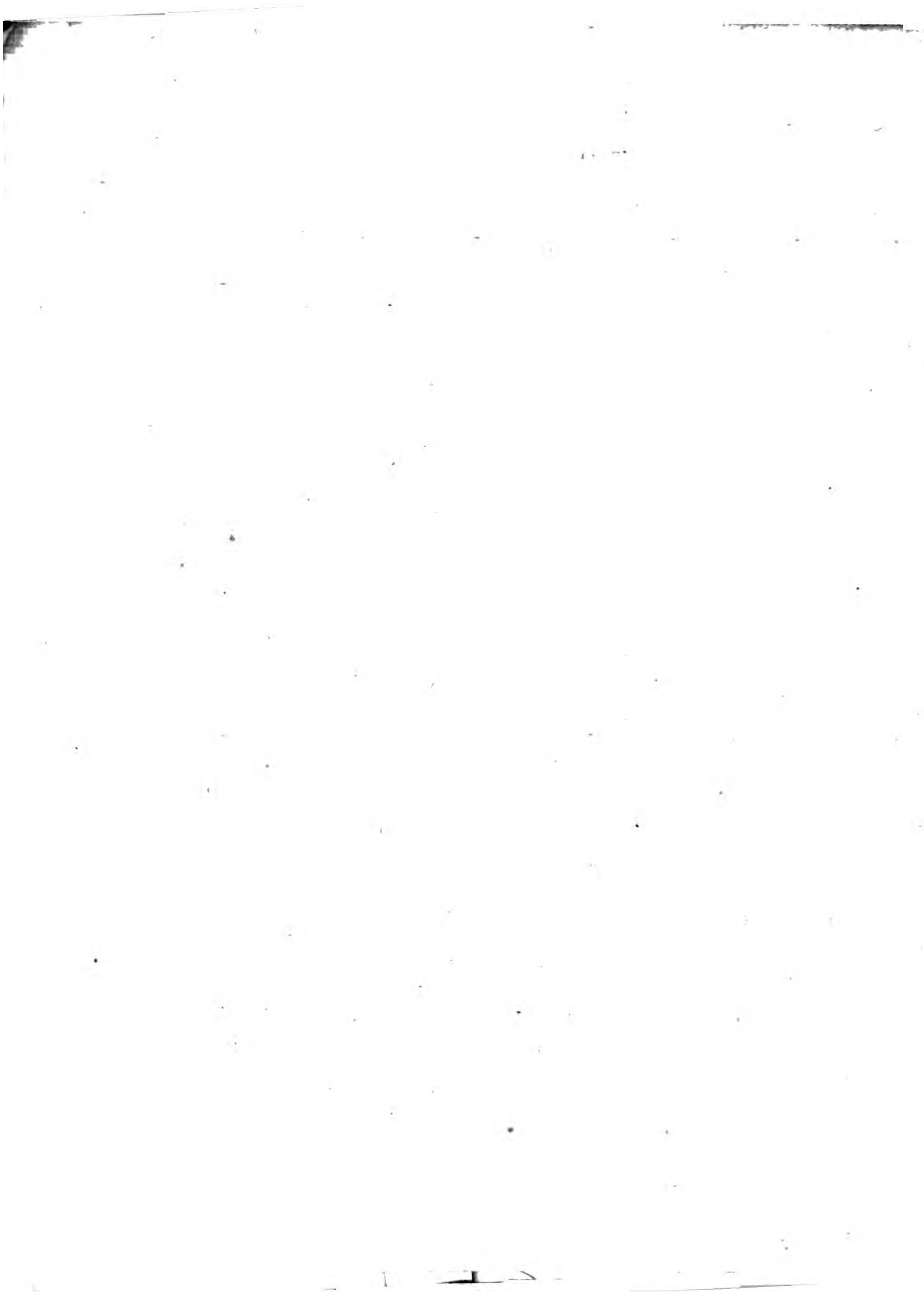
RECOMMENDING

The Love of our Country,

IS DEDICATED

By his Humble and obliged Servant,

The A U T H O R



To the R E A D E R.

THE following Poem was wrote, chiefly, to inculcate the love of our country, to men of learning and fortune in Wales. As it is the author's first performance in the English tongue, it cannot be expected it should be a faultless piece, if indeed (as Mr. Pope says) any such be in *rerum naturâ*. However, the candid will make allowances; and as to the Critics of both Reviews, I suppose they will bestow their usual favours on it, nor shall I dispute their Prerogative -----

Ultero submitto fasces.

BUT it may be, with propriety asked, What have I, who am a Welshman, to do with English Poetry? I answer, That the ill usage our country has of late years received from English writers, will both warrant and justify any, the very dullest retainer of the muses, to stand up in its defence -----

---- *facit indignatio versum.*

FROM such despicable scribblers, as the author of the letters from Snowdon, such usage might be expected; but that
that.

that lord Lyttleton should shew fo much low partiality, and should give fo unfair a representation of our ancestors, as he has done in his history of Henry the second is altogether inexcusable. His lordship, at least, should do us the justice to bring our * good qualities as well as bad ones to light: this the author, from whom he borrowed his materials, has in some measure done, tho' he was, like his lordship, descended from two nations; Giraldus being by his father a Norman, spent most of his time in the English court in the time of Henry the second, and was tutor to his son John.

HE could not better, as he thought, pay his compliment to the courtiers, and the English nation in general, than by ‡ traducing his countrymen by his mother's side, by representing them in such a light as would make them look ridiculous; this might in some measure console them for the many and disagreeable foils they met with in the field, which to be sure was the effect of the greatest barbarity. Unluckily for Giraldus and his lordship, they must be contented, like the Bat in the fable, to be despised by both nations, for their unnatural behaviour, tho' it is possible they thought to have acquitted themselves entirely to the satisfaction of at least one party.

* See Giraldus Cambrensis *Itinarium Cambrae*, publish'd by Dr. Powel.

‡ See Giraldus Cambrensis *de illaudabilibus Wallia*, publish'd by Wharton in his *Anglia Sacra*.

HOWEVER that be, give me leave to tell his lordship, that we have better historians than Giraldus Cambrensis, and that if his lordship had a mind to do us justice as an historian, he might have been supplied with materials in abundance from Hengwrt library and elsewhere in Wales, and have saved his credit as a writer as well as a nobleman, by doing justice to a brave and injur'd people.

As for my self, I assure his lordship and others, that I should never have attempted any thing by way of answer, if any abler Hand had stepped forth in our defence. What I have done is merely out of love to my country.

THIS likewise shall be my plea for the disagreeable Truths I have advanced in the close of my poem, concerning Anglo-Welch prelates, which otherwise might appear too bold and presuming. It is certainly their Business to see how well it suits with their character as Protestant Bishops, as well as honest men, to confer Welsh benefices on persons that do not understand the Welsh language. I hope likewise our countrymen will see that the laws be put into execution, to bring them to order, if regard for their own character, and faithfulness to Christ's church as pastors to his flock, do not do it.

I HAVE now done, and will leave my countrymen to prosecute what I have recommended to them, THE LOVE

OF THEIR COUNTRY. I have done it in English verse, in order that men of learning, in both nations, may understand it. As for my self, I must fairly own that I prefer the ancient British bards before the best English poets, and the ancient British verse as more manly and heroic than the wretched rhimes of the English. In short, to give no offence, I value the English nation as a brave sensible people, and am sorry that a few individuals have made it necessary for me to draw my pen in defence of my own, which has been so barbarously insulted of late, without any provocation whatsoever.

I HOPE it will convince such malevolent writers, for the future, that we can upon occasion retort, and that we do not want either spirit or abilities to shew a becoming resentment on receiving ill usage, let it come from what quarter it will.

The LOVE of our COUNTRY, &c.

ARISE, my Muse, and seek the hallow'd spring
Of ancient Wisdom, and its dictates sing.
Seek, as the Druids, for the sacred * bough,
Deem'd as the greatest gift to man below.
In Mona's groves, sequester'd from mankind,
Deeply they mus'd, abstrusest truths to find,
Which in an emblem, veil'd from vulgar sight,
Gave to the wise alone instructive light:
Whether for nature's mysteries they sought,
Or some grand moral did employ their thought,
Or taught the social duties to mankind,
And how the laws with lasting sanction bind:
From man what honours to the Gods are due,
How vice to shun, how virtue to pursue,
That souls survive, and after life's short span,
Eternal life must be the lot of man ;

* Mistletoe.

B

That

That woe and blifs eternal muft fucceed,
 That to the bad, this to the good decreed.
 Important truths! and worthy high regard,
 The constant fubject of each moral Bard.

ME, no mean tafk (could I but equal prove)
 Doth now demand--to fing my Country's Love.
 Affift, O Mufe! and fill me with thy fire,
 And, worthy of thy felf, the thoughts inspire.
 Let nature be thy guide the truth to find,
 And all thy glory to instruct mankind.

WHATEVER clime we travel or explore,
 To love our Country ftill is nature's lore;
 No lefs with Icelanders its force obtains,
 Than with Italians on their temp'rate plains.
 The felf fame language, manners, cuftoms prove
 That the wild Indian bears his Country Love.
 So will'd the wife Creator; and his will
 Is nature's law, and men obey it ftill.
 This, in all ages, has remain'd the fame,
 And proves the origin from whence it came;

For what more just than to embrace that earth,
 That like a second mother gave us birth?
 Hence all societies their source derive;
 All are descended from one common hive:
 Old Babel's jumble, join'd with cement strong
 The infant union by one common tongue.
 Each chose its spot, as Providence ordain'd,
 And call'd it COUNTRY, which each tribe maintain'd:
 'Till drove, by force superior, from its right,
 By lawless tyrants, and the dint of might:
 Hence first the hero and the patriot came,
 Whose names are lifted in the rolls of fame;
 Who bravely struggled in their COUNTRY'S cause,
 Who form'd its manners, and who plann'd its laws.

THIS noble principle, at length refin'd,
 Invented arts to polish rude mankind;
 And Poetry the first of all the train,
 That sung brave actions in immortal strain.
 What theme more noble could the Muse have thought,
 Than those who bravely for their COUNTRY fought?

Hence

Hence Bards were honour'd, and their sacred song
 Inspir'd with noble deeds the lift'ning throng.
 Their Country's love they sung, and in its cause
 To die was glorious, glorious its applause.
 Tyrtaeus thus of old, a Bard renown'd,
 Rous'd the Greek's courage like a Clarion's sound;
 Such ardor did the Poet's verse inspire,
 From rank to rank they caught the sacred fire,
 Steady they mov'd, determin'd was their eye,
 Bravely resolv'd to conquer or to die:
 And e'er the eager youth to battle drew,
 With rage their enemies in thought they flew,
 Impatient for the fight, they firmly trod,
 And seem'd to trample over hostile blood.

NOR did this genius shine in Greece alone,
 In other nations equally it shone,
 Witness the Bards that grac'd the Celtic clime,
 Whose images were bold and thoughts sublime:
 So great their wisdom, that they could * assuage
 Encount'ring armies warring in their rage;

* See *Diodorus Siculus*.

Compose their arms to peace, on peace intent,
As if commission'd by the Gods they went.

To gentler subjects, if they tun'd the lyre,
Longinus would himself the thought admire.
Did they extol a prince's liberal hand,
Diffusing happiness throughout the land ;
Mark, how sublime the metaphor ! and bold :
“ His chariot tracks were sown with fulgent gold,
“ Which brought large crops of blessings to mankind,
“ And left a lasting store of wealth behind.*”

Not so when brave Caradoc, with his band,
Strove for his liberty and native land,
The glowing youth in warrior verse he taught,
How his great ancestors with Cæsar fought,
When horror seiz'd the chief, and at the fight
His hardy veterans soon began the flight.

* Englyn milwr, some specimens of which are still extant, attributed to king Arthur and his knights. See *Athenæus's Deipnosoph.*

“ * This is the day to conquer or to die----
 “ That dooms our thralldom or our liberty,
 “ And this the field that must for ever prove
 “ How each brave Briton does his country love :
 “ Witness ye valiant heroes of renown,
 “ That brought the haughty might of Cæsar down,
 “ Who foremost fought undaunted, glad to see
 “ The Roman vanquish'd and your country free.”

WHEN heaven offended sent the Saxon o'er,
 And weak Gwrthëyrn Britain's scepter bore,
 The brave Ambrosius for his country stood,
 And made his sword drink deep of hostile blood.

* Enim vero Caractacus || huc illuc volitans, “ Illum diem, illam
 “ aciem testabatur, aut recuperandæ libertatis, aut servitutis æter-
 “ næ initium fore. Vocabatque nomina majorum, qui dictatorem
 “ Cæsarem pepulissent : quorum virtute vacui a securibus & tri-
 “ butis, intemerata conjugum & liberorum corpora retinerent.”
 Hæc atque talia dicenti, adstreperè vulgus; gentili quisque religione
 obstringi, non telis, non vulneribus cessuros. OBSTUPEFECIT illa
 alacritas ducem Romanum, &c. Vid. *C. Cornelii Taciti Annal. lib.*
12. notis Lipsii: Aureliæ Allobrogum. 1619.

|| Caractacus] Dio Καταράκτου nominat : Zonoras Caratacum. Caradocum vocasse
 videntur Britanni. Certe etiam hodie locus est, & in eo parietinæ arcis, quem *Caer Ca-*
radoc vocant: id est, oppidum sive arcem Caradoci. Vid. Lipsii ad lib. 12. *annalium*
Commentarium, p. 310.

Anon great Arthur, Britain's glory! rose,
 For valour form'd, the terror of his foes,
 Immortal Bards his virtue still rehearse,
 And each true patriot kindles at the verse:
 Urien and Maelgwn, ancient heroes, shine
 In thy fam'd odes, Taliesin the divine.
 Old Llywarch and Aneurin still proclaim,
 How Britons fought for glory and for fame,
 Whole troops of Saxons in the field they mow'd,
 And stain'd their lances red with hostile blood.

LET annals tell how Cambria's princes fought,
 The Saxon victories how dearly bought,
 And how for liberty they bravely strove,
 As if they had their sanction from above.
 The Bards extoll'd in lasting verse their praise,
 In lofty numbers, and in sweetest lays,
 While to the lyre's sweet harmony they sung,
 Each warrior's hall with feats heroic rung.

LET England in her Alfred's high renown
 Boast of a monarch worthy of her crown ;

But

But let not Cambrian science be forgot,
 How † Affer taught, how Alfred learning got.

Monsters

† His temporibus ego quoque a rege advocatus de occiduis & ultimis Britanniae finibus ad Saxoniam adveni: cumque per multa terrarum spatia illum adire proposueram, usque ad regionem dexteralem Saxonum, quae Saxonice Suthseaxum appellatur, ductoribus ejusdem gentis comitantibus perveni; ibique illum in villa regia, que dicitur Dene, primitus vidi: cumque ab eo benigne susceptus fuisset, inter caetera sententiarum nostrarum famina, me obnixe rogabat, ut devoverem me suo servitio, & familiaris ei essem; & omnia quae in sinistrali & occidentali Sabrinae parte habebam, pro eo relinquerem; quod etiam majori mihi remuneratione reddere pollicebatur, quod & faceret. Respondi ego “ Me talia incaute & temerarie promittere non posse; injustum enim mihi videbatur, illa tam sancta loca, in quibus nutritus, & doctus ac coronatus fueram, atque ad ultimum ordinatus, pro aliquo terreno honore & potestate derelinquere, nisi coactus & compulsus.”

Ad quod ille ait: “ Si nec tibi suppetat subire, saltem dimidiam partem servitii tui mihi accommoda; ita ut per sex menses mecum fueris, & tantundem in Britannia.” Ad quod ego taliter respondi; “ Nec hoc suaviter, & temerare sine consilio meorum posse promittere.” At vero cum illum meum servitium (sed nesciebam quare) desiderare cognoscerem, promisi me iterum ad eum post sex menses, sospite vita reversurum, cum tali responso, quod mihi & meis utile, ac sibi placabile esset: cumque hoc responsum videretur probabile, dato revertendi pignore statuto tempore, quarto die ab eo equitantes ad patriam remeavimus. Sed cum ab eo discesseramus, in Wintonia civitate febris infesta me arripuit; in qua sedule per duodecim menses & una hebdoma diu noctuquae sine aliqua vitae spe laboravi. Cumque statuto tempore ad eum, sicut promiseram, non pervenisset, transmisit ad me indiculos, qui me ad eum equitare festinarent, & causam remoratoris perquirerent. Sed cum equitare ad eum non possem, alium transmisit ad eum indiculum, qui remoratoris meae causam illi patefaceret; & si de illa infirmitate respicere possem, me velle implere

Monsters ingrate, how can you † barbarous call
The men that taught the brightest of you all?

The

plere quæ promiseram, renuntiaret. Discedente ergo infirmitate ex consilio & licentia nostrorum omnium pro utilitate illius sancti loci; & omnium in eo habitantium, regi ut promiseram, ejus servitio me devovi ea conditione ut per sex menses omni anno cum eo commanerem; aut, si simul possem sex menses protelare, aut etiam per vices ut tribus mensibus in Britannia, ut tribus in Saxonia commanerem; & illa adjuvaretur per rudimenta sancti Degui [*i. e.* Dewi five Davidis] in omni causa, tamen pro viribus. Sperabant enim, nostri minores tribulationes & injurias ex parte Hemeid [*i. e.* Hyfeidd, a quo Maes Hyfeidd ager Radnorienfis postea vocabatur] regis sustinere (qui sæpe deprædabatur illud Monasterium & Parochiam sancti Degui, Meneviam sc.) aliquando expulsione illorum antistitum, qui in eo præessent, sicut & Novis Archiepiscopum propinquum meum & me expulit aliquando sub ipsis) si ego ad notitiam & amicitiam illius regis qualicunque pacto pervenirem.

Illo enim tempore & multo ante omnes regiones dexteralis Britannicæ partis ad Ælfred regem pertinebant: Hemeid scilicet, cum omnibus habitatoribus Dameticæ regionis sex filiorum Retri vi compulsus, reguli se subdiderat imperiis. Houil [Howel vel Hywel] quoque filius Res (Rhys, Rex Gleguifing, *Glewifig*) & Brochmail atque Fernail, filii Mouric (leg. Brochfael & Ffurnfael filii Meurig) reges Guent (Gwent), vi & tyrannide Eadred comitis & Merciorum compulsi, suapte eundem expetivere regem, ut dominium & defensionem ab eo pro inimicis suis haberent. Helifed (Elifen) quoque filius Teudyr (Tudur) rex Brechoniæ (leg. Brechanix) eorundem filiorum Rotri (rectius Rhodri) vi coactus, dominium regis præfati suapte requisivit. Anaraut (leg. Anarawd), quoque filius Rotri, cum suis fratribus ad postremum amicitiam Northanhumbrorum deferens, de qua nullum bonum nisi damnum habuerat, amicitiam

† A favourite Epithet used by Lord Lyttleton, who has remarkably verified the British Proverb, "Calon y Sais at y Cymro."

The false Historians of a polish'd age,
Shew that the Saxon has not lost his rage,

Tho'

amicitiam regis studiose requirens ad illius advenit; cumque a rege honorifice receptus esset, & ad manum episcopi in filium confirmationis acceptus, maximisque donis ditatus, regis dominio cum omnibus suis eadem conditione subdidit, ut in omnibus regiae voluntati sic obediens esset, sicut Æthred cum Merciiis.

Nec in vanum illi omnes regis amicitiam acquisiverunt. Nam, qui desideraverunt potestatem terrenam augere, invenerunt; qui pecuniam, pecuniam; qui familiaritatem, familiaritatem; qui utramque, utramque. Omnes autem habuerunt amorem & tutelam ac defensionem ab omni parte, qua rex seipsum cum suis omnibus defendere potuit. Cum igitur ad eum advenissem in villa regia, quae dicitur Leonaford, honorabiliter ab eo susceptus sum, & cum eo illa vice octo mensibus in Curto Marfi; *In quibus recitare illi libros quosque ille vellet, & quos ad manum haberemus*: (nam haec est propria, & usitatissima illius consuetudo die noctuque inter omnia alia mentis & corporis impedimenta, aut per se ipsum libros recitare, aut aliis recitantibus audire) cumque ab eo frequenter licentiam revertendi quaererem, & nullo modo impetrare possem; tandem cum & licentiam omnino exposcere statuissem diluculo vigiliae natalis Domini advocatus ad eum; tradidit mihi duas epistolas, in quibus erat multiplex supputatio omnium rerum, quae erant in duobus Monasteriis, quae Saxonice cognominantur Amgresbyri & Banuville; & mihi eodem die tradidit illa duo monasteria cum omnibus quae in eis erant, & fericum pallium valde pretiosum, & onus viri fortis de incenso; adjiciens his verbis, "Non ideo dedisse parva illa, quod sequenti tempore nollet dare majora:" Nam sequentis temporis successu, ex improvise dedit mihi Exanceastræ, cum omni parochia, quae ad se pertinebat, in Saxonia & in Cornubia; exceptis quotidianis donis innumerabilibus in omni genere terrestri copia, quae in hoc loco percensere longum est, ne fastidium legentibus procreent. Sed nullus existimet pro vana aliqua gloria, aut adulatione, aut majoris honoris

Tho' tam'd by arts, his rancor still remains,
Beware of Saxons still, ye Cambrian swains.

AWAKE ye Bards, and touch the vocal string,
And of the sage and good king Howel sing,
The first rude outlines of our laws he drew,
When simple nature no refinement knew :
He banish'd Pagan customs, and retain'd
Some wholesome rules his ancestors ordain'd,
Those institutes, tho' plain, will still declare
His country's weal was good king Howel's care ;
Praise will on worthy actions still attend,
In each good king the subject finds a friend.

YE warriors next, whose actions justly claim
The noblest meed that follows honest fame,
Who to defend your country foremost stood,
And for its Liberty, profuse of blood,

Your

noris quaerendi gratia me talia hoc in loco dona commemorasse ; quod coram Deo nec ideo fecisse testor, sed ut nescientibus propagarem, quam profusus in largitate ille fit. Tunc confestim dedit mihi licentiam equitandi ad illa duo Monasteria omnibus bonis referta, & inde ad propria revertendi.—Afferius Menevensis de rebus gestis Ælfredi, per Franciscum Wise, Coll. Trin. Soc. Oxonii, 1722.

Your foes defy'd : Thee, Gruffudd, greets the song,
 Whose heart wax'd furious at thy country's wrong,
 Like heaven's dread light'ning in the wrathful day,
 Thy gleaming sword tremendous made its way :
 In vain from vengeance fled the Saxon brood,
 Tho' wing'd with fear, the Britons still pursu'd,
 Thy walls, O Hereford, no refuge gave,
 There are no fences from the injur'd brave.

NOR less thy country's love, brave Tewdwr's son,
 By force o'er-pow'r'd, by treachery undone,
 When to the Norman, in an evil hour,
 Base Jestin gave his country to devour,
 But heaven offended seal'd the traitor's fate,
 God never sleeps, tho' vengeance may be late.

ONCE more, ye Bards, with boldness touch the lyre,
 And thoughts becoming your own rage inspire,
 No more your country's wrongs with plaints bewail,
 Your country's prop, the valiant Owen hail !
 Owen! the brave, the generous, and the good,
 Of manners gentle, and of noble blood ;

For virtue form'd, the foremost in the field,
 Who made the haughty might of *Henry yield :
 Their standard ‡ loft, straight fled the English crew
 The Britons follow'd, and outrageous flew,
 " Rout fell on rout, no slackness there was found,
 " But heaps on heaps lay gasping on the ground."
 Great feats, brave || Howel, worthy of thy fire,
 Were done that day ; like blazing † heaths on fire,
 That flame outrageous, aided by the wind,
 And leave a long and frightful waste behind,
 Thou didst appear, conspicuous from the rest,
 Bright flash'd thy sword, and dreadful wav'd thy crest.
 The valiant Rhys, Demetia's worthy lord,
 Forget not Muse, his worthy feats record :
 Against Oppressors how he bravely stood,
 Firm as the solid rock against the flood,

* Henry II. ‡ See Caradoc of Lancarvan's History of
 Wales, translated by Dr. Powel. || Howel the son of
 Owain Gwynedd, a noted Bard and warrior. † One of our
 Bards expresses himself thus on the subject :

— *Twrff goddaitb ar ddiffaitb fynydd cynddelw.*

No simile can give a truer idea of the dreadful devastations of war.

Hail generous prince, in every virtue bright,
And in thy praise let every Bard unite.

THEE, valiant * Iorwerth's son, the Bards rehearse,
For valour fam'd, in never-dying verse,
Thy victories their theme, and warlike toils,
And from thy vanquish'd foes triumphant spoils,
The Saxon and the Norman fought no more,
Thou didst both peace and liberty restore.

THEN did Ednyfed, chief of brightest fame,
From whose heroic race the Tudors came ;
Adorn the Cambrian court, when honour's meed
Was on the brave alone for worth decreed.

WHEN liberty was lost---and Cambria's pride,
The brave Llywelyn for his country dy'd,
When cruel Edward heavy burdens laid,
And like a vulture on his subjects prey'd,
Britons incens'd the tyrant's fetters broke,
And would no longer bear the slavish yoke,

* Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, or Llywelyn the Great.

His minion * Puleston, tho' belov'd, they flew,
Still to their liberty and country true.

* “ Sir Roger Puleston of Embrhal was a wise and a discreet knight, and in great favour with Edward the I. king of England, who, in his conquest of Wales, and reducement of that people to his rule and subjection, made good use of this fir Roger, who for his vicinity, gentle behaviour, and civil deportment towards the Welshmen, was well beloved and in high esteem with them. The king observing these his good qualities, thought him the fittest man to be employed in the gathering and collecting of the subsidies and fifteenths, which, for the maintenance of his war in France, the parliament had granted him, as well out of Wales as England. But the Welshmen, who were unacquainted with such taxes and contributions, could not be wrought by any persuasive means to pay the same, then fir Roger added some threatenings on the king's behalf: whereat they were so enraged, that they took fir Roger, and diverse others, and hanged them, and him they also beheaded; and to augment their insolence, they chose one Madoc ap Llywelyn ap Maredudd of the royal blood of the princes, and proclaimed him prince of Wales, who after many adventures, sundry conflicts and battles fought with good success against the lords of the marches of Wales, and the king's army, was at last, in an expedition to Shrewsbury, met with by the lords marchers upon the long mountain called Cefn Digoll, and there surpris'd and taken; then he was delivered to John Havering, justice of North-Wales, who presently sent him to the king, and he committed him to perpetual prison in the tower of London; so Madoc, being otherwise a very valiant and stout soldier, paid dear for his rashness: yet it is observed, that he left an honourable memory of himself to posterity, in that with the loss of his means, liberty, and life as some say, he delivered his country from paying of fifteenths, which afterwards were never demanded in Wales.” *Vaughan's MSS. penes Auctorem.*

When under heavier preffures ftill they lay,
 And bold ufurping Henry bore the fway,
 The great * Glyndwr no longer could contain,
 But, like a furious lion, burft the chain,
 None could refift his force : like timorous deer
 The coward Englifh fled, aghaft with fear,

* Whereas in the pedigrees of the lords of Glynddyfrdwy, I do differ with Dr. Powel, (Chronicle of Wales, page 213.) and with our books of pedigrees, which fay that Gruffudd lord of Glynddyfrdwy, who married Elizabeth the daughter of the lord Strange, was the fon of Madoc Vaughan, as under the 37th and 114th coats of the firft file is manifelt, it may be requifite that I produce my authority, which followeth :

“ Edwardus Dei gratia Rex Angliæ, Dominus Hiberniæ, Dux Aquitaniæ, venerabili in Chrifto Patri David eadem gratia, Epifcopo falutem, &c.” *Vide Coch Afaph. Vide the Writ and the Return, folio 88. Also fee my notes on Caradoc’s hiftory of Wales.*

The faid Gruffudd, by the faid Elizabeth, begat a fon called Gruffudd Fychan, father of Owain Glyndwr, who in the ufurping reign of Henry of Lancafter, commonly called Henry the fourth, took upon him the name, title and authority of prince of Wales, as appeareth by his Charter, authorizing Gruffudd Young and John Hanmer, in his name, to treat upon and conclude a league of amity and friendship between him and Charles the fixth, king of France, in the words following: “ Owinus Dei gratia Princeps Walliæ, univervis has literas inspecturis falutem, &c. Dat. apud Dolgelly 10 Maii, Anno 1404, & Principatus noftri 4.” And the faid king of France his like Charter, empowering James de Borbon earl of March, and John bifhop of Chartres, to treat concerning the faid league and amity with faid Gruffudd Young and John Hanmer, “ Confanguineis magnifici & potentis Owini principis Walliarum.”

But

But vain their efforts, Owain still purfu'd,
 And vengeance cry'd aloud to Heaven for blood ;
 Such be the fate of violence and wrong,
 God is too just to suffer tyrants long.

THE day of liberty, by heaven design'd,
 At last arose---benevolent and kind---
 The Tudor race, from ancient heroes sprung,
 Of whom prophetic Bards so long had sung,
 Beyond our warmest hopes, the sceptre bore,
 And brought us blessings never known before,
 The English galling yoke they took away,
 And govern'd Britons with the mildest sway.

O! who can worthily the days rehearse,
 Though blest with all the melody of verse,
 Good Edward's days, that brought the truth to light,
 And chas'd the gloom of a long dreary night !
 Or who, Eliza, sing thy golden reign,
 When pastors fed their flocks on Cambria's plain,
 And drove them to their fold with faithful care,
 And taught th' unwary stragglers to beware.

GREAT

GREAT was your Country's Love, ye studious few,
 Who brought to light what Bards initiate knew,
 Roberts, and learned Rhys, who taught the rules
 Of ancient verse, first plann'd in Druid schools:
 New modell'd since, and by the Bards refin'd,
 And to the strictest Profody confin'd,
 Such harmony to verse no tongue affords,
 True to the ear, as music to the chords,

O MAY those days in future annals shine,
 That made a Salesbury and a Morgan thine,
 That made a Williams and a Davies toil,
 Struck with the sacred Love of native soil,
 To save our language, and with pious zeal
 To tear away the Babylonian veil
 That hid the truth, and bring the Gospel-light
 To open view, and guide our footsteps right.
 Mourn Cambria! mourn, thy wretched state deplore----
 Those golden days, alas! are now no more;
 Like Israel's hapless sons, in plaintive strain,
 Of fore captivity to Heaven complain---

Thy

Thy sheep for want of shepherds go astray,
 And grievous wolves upon thy mountains prey---
 O heavens! that prelates should become profane,
 And for the Bread of Life should offer † bane ;
 That strangers should intrude into thy fold,
 Not for the flock, but for the love of gold ;
 Alas! the sheep no longer are their care,
 Lewd hireling's spoil, and of the profit share.
 Beware, O Cambria ! O betimes beware,
 Avoid the bait that lures thee to the snare,
 Keep firm thy faith, flee from the wrath to come,
 Abhor the ways of Anti-Christian Rome, }
 Avoid her plagues, tremendous is her doom,
 'Tis thine, Great SHEPHERD, to redress our wrong,
 O chase these wolves, nor let them ravin long,
 O! free us from their bondage, and once more
 Give faithful Pastors as we had before.

† Pray what is depriving us of the word of God in our own language, and averring it to be our interest, better than a lying and a poisonous doctrine, which some late Prelates have advanced ?

THE Gospel in your language you enjoy,
 O count it, Britons, as your chiefest joy---
 Sell not your birthright, 'tis a sacred trust,
 Be to yourselves, and to your Country just---
 Thank Heaven, O Cambria! for the light divine,
 And may it ever in thy language shine,
 While sun and moon, and while the starry train,
 Adorn the sky and gild the heavenly plain ;
 And may this feeble verse for ever prove
 How each brave Briton doth his COUNTRY LOVE.

The E N D.

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