

The foes are fall'n, whose lofty pride
The strong and valorous man defy'd.

Page, bring the horn of Rhees renown'd ;
The shining horn with silver bound ;
Whose radiant handle's antique mould
Refulgent shines with ruddy gold :
Fill it high with richest mead,
'Tis for Griffith, bold, decreed :
Bulwark of his native land !
Dragon of my noble band !
Horror battled by his side,
Carnage mark'd his footsteps wide :
Through the hostile ranks he flew,
And the bravest Saxons flew :
Honour'd he our feasts shall share,
Strong and terrible in war.

Bring the horn of antique mould,
Which the valiant Rhees of old
Fill'd around his festive board,
When success had crown'd his sword ;
Bear it, Page, to Roderick's hand,
Lion of my valorous band !
Dreadful with his crimson'd spear,
Cambria's joy, the Saxons fear.
Let Syffin too, brave welcome guest,
Share his leader's genial feast.
Hero ! in the deathful fray
What slaughter mark'd his bloody way !
The Saxon warriors shunn'd his sight,
As ghosts the morning's ruddy light.
Patriot Chief ! thy noble name
Shall fill the loudest trump of Fame ;
Bards to the harp thy deeds shall sing,
And make the Princely palace ring.

Fill the horn adorn'd with gold,
Bear it to Ednyfed bold,
Dreadful with his shiver'd spear,
And shield defac'd with dints of war :
As the hurricane that raves
Wild o'er ocean's azure waves,
So rush'd the valiant chief along,
Before him flew the trembling throng ;
The foes in heaps around him fall,
Defender of fair Garthor's fall.

Heard ye not in Maclor's vale
Sounds of death on ev'ry gale ?
Sword clash'd with sword in conflict dire,
Strike from their points the stream of
fire ;
Death and mingled horrors reign,
As erst on Bangor's fatal plain.

Heard ye not in Maclor far
The dying groans and din of war ?
Heard ye not the joyful sound
Of your friends with conquest crown'd ?

Bear the horn to Seyliff's hand,
Protector of his native land ;

His hardy front is seam'd with scars
Gain'd in honourable wars :
Fill it too to Madoc's son,
He a deathless name hath won ;
As the wolf, with hunger bold,
Rushes on the bleating fold,
So his course the hero bore,
And stain'd his sword with Saxon gore ;
To his friends his bounty flows,
Dreadful only to his foes.

Bear the horn with silver bound,
And with golden handles crown'd,
To the sons of Inyr bear,
Strongest eagles of the war.
Youthful warriors, wise and brave !
Bards from death your names shall save ;
You shall live in noble lays,
Your country freed shall speak your praise.

Bear the purest mead along
To the Prince of sacred song !
Brave Moraddig, every bard
Shall thy valorous deeds record ;
Bravest of the warrior train,
Sweetest of the tuneful strain.

Now pour the horn of sparkling mead
To the mem'ry of the Dead ;
To our friends who nobly died
Fighting by their Prince's side ;
Heroes fam'd for valorous deeds,
For them my heart with sorrow bleeds.
Bards, let the song of sadness flow,
Tune each harp to notes of woe :
And O record each warrior's praise,
Bid them live to future days :
'Tis yours to crown the hero's name,
And give his deeds immortal fame :
Cambria's sons shall learn the song,
The theme, the boast of ev'ry tongue.

EVENING. AN ODE.

By Alexander Wilson.

NOW day departing in the west,
With gaudy splendor lures the eye ;
The sun, declining, sinks to rest,
And Ev'ning overshades the sky.

And are the green extended lawn,
The waving grove—the flow'ry mead,
The charms of hill and dale withdrawn,
And all their blooming beauties hid ?

They are—but lift aloft thine eye,
Where all these sparkling glories roll ;
Those mighty wonders of the sky,
That glad and elevate the soul.