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**English Poetry.**


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**LINES****ON THE EISTEDDVOD OF THE CYMMRODORION,**

May 22, 1822,

BY MRS. HEMANS\*.

WHERE met our Bards of old—the glorious throng,  
 They of the mountain and the battle song?  
 They met—Oh, not in kingly hall or tower,  
 But where wild Nature girt herself with power;  
 They met—where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves,  
 They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves,  
 And where the torrent's rainbow-spray was cast,  
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast;  
 And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied  
 The crested Roman in his hour of pride;  
 And where the *Carnedd* on its lonely hill  
 Bore silent record of the mighty still;  
 And where the Druid's ancient *Cromlech* frown'd,  
 And the oaks breath'd mysterious murmurs round.  
 There throng'd the inspir'd of yore—on plain or height,  
 "In the Sun's face, beneath the eye of light †,"  
 And, bearing unto heaven each noble head,  
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.  
 Well might their lays be lofty! soaring thought  
 From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught:  
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,  
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains.  
 Whence come the echoes to those numbers high?  
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by;—  
 And from the tombs of heroes laid to rest,  
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;  
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,  
 Sever'd by cloud and storm from all below;

on that occasion. We should feel indebted to any of our correspondents, that could favour us with a poetical version of it.—ED.

\* These are the English verses which were recited on the occasion mentioned in the subsequent account of the Cymmrodorion Eisteddvod.—ED.

† This is a literal translation of the Bardic expression, "*Yn wyneb haul a llygad goleuni*."—ED.

And the turf-mounds, once girt by ruddy spears,  
 And the rock-altars of departed years.  
 Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,  
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore;  
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen  
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,  
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,  
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.

For us,—not ours the festival to hold  
 'Midst the stone-circles hallowed thus of old;  
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might  
 First broke all glorious on our wond'ring sight;  
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave,  
 Not near the mountain *llyn*, the ocean wave,  
 In these last days we meet,—dark Mona's shore,  
 Eryri's cliffs, resound with harps no more;  
 But as the stream (tho' time or art may turn  
 The torrent bursting from its cavern'd urn,  
 To the soft vales of pastures and of flowers,  
 From Alpine glens and awful forest bowers,)  
 Alike in rushing strength, or sunny sleep,  
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep;  
 Thus, though our paths be chang'd, still warm and free,  
 Land of the Bard, our spirit flies to thee,  
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,  
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song:  
 Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling less  
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,  
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every height  
 " In the Sun's face, beneath the eye of light."

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### Monthly Register.

#### CYMMRODORION.

THE Second Anniversary of the Cymmrodorion was celebrated, on the 22nd of last month, at the Freemason's Tavern, and that too with an *éclât*, which affords the best possible