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Land of heroes, hail the hour,
That tears thy records from oblivion's power.

7.

Genius of Cambria, dry the tear,
Thy thoughtless sons have made thee weep;
Again thy head in triumph rear,—
Awake thee from thine iron sleep:
Thy long-neglected harp again resume,—
The voice of ages calls thee from the tomb.

6.

O! day of joy, when those, whose blood
In Saxon veins hath run, can glow
To see thy long-restrained flood
Of song and science freely flow,
Bearing the ark upon its tide,
Whose glorious freight hath storm and time defied:

7.

Well may ye speed, who at the helm
Presiding stand, ye who redeem
The treasures of your ancient realm
From Lethe's dull and silent stream:
To you belong eternal praise,
Who from its darkest depths your country's honours
raise. S. R. J.

LINES ON THE LARK*.

THE lark in the morning, she rises from her nest;
And mounts in the air with the dew on her breast,
And with the jolly ploughman she whistles o'er the plain,
And at night she returns to her nest back again.

Hence learn to be at ease, and happiness you'll find;
Content is a kingdom, when placed in the mind:
Limit your wishes, nor let your passions stray,
You'll be happier to-morrow than you have been to-day.

* These lines are merely inserted here to afford an opportunity of comparing them with the Welsh translation, which occurs in a preceding page.—
Ed.