

**SKETCHES AND LEGENDS
AMID THE MOUNTAINS OF
NORTH WALES. IN VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649705887

Sketches and Legends amid the Mountains of North Wales. In Verse by Janet W. Wilkinson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JANET W. WILKINSON

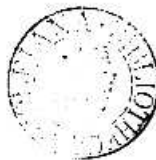
**SKETCHES AND LEGENDS
AMID THE MOUNTAINS OF
NORTH WALES. IN VERSE**

SKETCHES AND LEGENDS

AMID THE

MOUNTAINS OF NORTH WALES.

IN VERSE.



By JANET W. WILKINSON.

LONDON:

T. & W. BOONE, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCKL.

1102.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY MOVES AND BARCLAY, CASLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.

TO THE
CRITICS OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

I FEEL that a girl of fifteen cannot do better than dedicate her first literary effusions to you, in the hope that, profiting by your judgment in kindly pointing out her faults, she may in riper years produce something more worthy of your notice.

I am,

Your very obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Brymbo Hall,
22d August, 1840.

SKETCHES AND LEGENDS

AMID THE

MOUNTAINS OF NORTH WALES.

CANTO I.

I.

Most glorious Wales! thou Eagle of the Rock!
That nestlest 'mid high mountains and wild streams,
Where mighty tempest's dread resounding shock
Alternate rules with sunlight's richest beams—
Hail! throned within thy realms of awe and might,
O'erlooking ocean—canopied by clouds;
Admit us to thy haunts of dusky night,
Where floating mist thy frowning grandeur shrouds!

B

II.

Dominion of the free! when from the chain
Of foreign victors Britain's chiefs withdrew,
Guarding with arm and life thy stern domain,
Which round the heroes like a fortress grew,
Secure 'mid towering cliff, or savage cave,
Or tangled mazes of recesses deep,
High o'er the foes they bade Defiance wave,
And still the baffled chase o'er deserts sweep.

III.

Now vale and hill are bright with joy and peace,
No echoes startle to the combat's din;
The vengeance and the strife of ages cease,
And Plenty reigns around, beneath, within!
There lurks no danger in the forests old—
There gleam no weapons in the distant glen;
Deserted stands each patriot's rugged hold,
And flocks lie scathless by the wolf's lorn den.

IV.

The morn is come—the morn of light and song,
To lure us gently from our own loved home,
And whisper to us as we glide along,
“How sweet amid the mountain paths to roam!”
The dew is glistening on the bending grass,
The sun is beaming gladly from on high,
The green boughs rustle as beneath we pass,
And cloudless azure decks the distant sky!

V.

The air is redolent of summer flowers,
Opening their petals to the laughing day;
Earth ne'er seem'd fairer than amid these bowers,
Yet from their magic bounds we haste away;
But once again we backward turn our gaze
To take short farewell of these smiling shades,
E'en now illumined by the morning rays,
Then onward through the far-inviting glades!

VI.

Brymbo! dear Brymbo! with thy time-stain'd walls,
Thy sculptured portals, and thy shrine of yore,
O'er which the ivy like a mantle falls,
Scattering its tendrils o'er the carvings hoar,—
Adieu! a fleeting and short-lived adieu!
Utter'd with glances that gay Pleasure breathe;
Farewell thy yew-clad walks, and boundless view,
And roses that around the terrace wreath!

VII.

Long through the fresh, sequester'd lanes we wind,
Glowing with hope, wild fancy, and glad mirth,
Where trailing buds have clustering circlets twined,
And blush along the dark, deep-furrow'd earth.
The fields are golden with the waving grain,
The streamlets babble gaily to the breeze,
Happiness seems to shine along the plain,
And ripening fruits hang thickly on the trees.