

POETRY.

[The following Song was written many years ago by Iolo Morganwo, and was discovered a few days since amongst his unpublished manuscripts]

SONG FOR THE COWBRIDGE VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—*Bachelor's Hall.*

Whilst war pours around all its terrible storms,
And danger appears in its numberless forms
We 'mid the wild uproar that spreads its alarms,
Volunteer'd for our country fly boldly to arms ;
At Liberty's call ev'ry soul is awake,
We tyranny to crush, the field cheerfully take,
And oppose the sharp steel and the death-pinion'd ball,
To barbarous foes that would Britons enthrall.

One and all !

One and all !

At Liberty's call,

To vanquish the foes that would Britons enthrall.

We sons of Glamorgan, of Briton's old race,
Eye with filial affection our dear native place,
No nation before us this region possess'd,
To this day 'tis our own in its plenty we're bless'd ;
The *Saxon*, the *Dane*, and the *Norman*, in vain
Strove to bind our fore-fathers in Tyranny's chain,
Or if we one moment experienced a fall,
Soon we sprung from his grasp that would Britons en-
thral.

One and all !

One and all !

Never long in our fall,

We sprung from his grasp that would Britons enthrall.

The *Norman* invader, awhile with success,
Once tramp'd our plains, dar'd their natives oppress,
But *Ivor* and *Morgan*, those chiefs of renown,
Assail'd the fierce despot, soon tramp'd him down,
Their sons, undegenerate, form a strong band,
To die or repell ev'ry foe from our Land ;
Whether faithless *Batavian* or insolent *Gaul*,
Death awaits ev'ry soul that would Britons enthrall.

One and all !

One and all !

Whether *Dutchman* or *Gaul*,

Death awaits ev'ry soul that would Britons enthrall.

Our Country to free from all needless alarms,
On the plains of old *Bovium* we meet under arms,
Sprung from ancient *Silurians* who gloriously bled
In Liberty's cause by *Caractacus* led ;
To his standard how throng'd an invisible host,
When *Rome's* mighty legions insulted their coast,
In us they revive to repulse the fierce *Gaul*,
And all his allies that would Britons enthrall.

One and all !

One and all !

We'll repulse the proud *Gaul*.

And all his allies that would Britons enthrall.

From Rapine's mad soul what oppressions are hurl'd,
What huge devastations that deluge the world !
See spen'd o'er wide regions the rancours of Hell !
Haste ! grasp the keen blade and its furies repell !
With all his high threats and his gasconade boast ;
Let him dare set a foot on one inch of our coast,
Before our bold onset th' invader shall fall,
We'll crush ev'ry foe that would Britons enthrall,

One and all !

One and all !

Each invader must fall.

Destruction his doom that would Britons enthrall.

For the fair ones we love, for our children and wives,
For friends that have heighten'd the joys of our lives,
We take up the sword, and with ardour advance,
To humble the pride of unprincip'l'd *France*,
And rather than yield to her tyrant control,
All the blood from our veins in a torrent shall roll,
Like true British souls on the contest we'll fall,
Or vanquish the foes that would Britons enthrall.

One and all !

One and all !

In the contest we'll fall,

Or vanquish all foes that would Britons enthrall.

Sweet Girls of Glamorgan whose frowns we more fear,
Than the fiercest of foes tho' their millions appear,
We fly to the wars, bid all pleasure adieu,
British rights to secure, and protection to you ;
O smile on your Cymry that toil under arms,
By nothing subdu'd but the force of your charms,
At your feet we cry quarter, tho' victors o'er all,
Those insolent foes that would Britons enthrall.

One and all !

One and all !

At your feet we now fall,

Tho' triumphant o'er foes that would Britons enthrall.

Iolo Morganwo.