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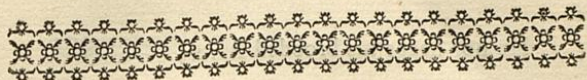
Poems

Gray, Thomas

London, 1770

The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1552



THE
TRIUMPHS of OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praise demands my song,

OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,

" Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

" North-Wales.

H 3

He



He nor heaps his brooded stores,

Nor on all profusely pours ;

Lord of every regal art,

Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hofts of mighty name,

Squadrons three againft him came ;

This the force of Eirin hiding,

Side by fide as proudly riding,

On her shadow long and gay

^w Lochlin plows the wat'ry way ;

^w Denmark.

There

There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands

* The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;

* The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.



In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,

High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thund'ring strokes begin,

There the prefs, and there the din;

Talymalfra's rocky shore

Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,

Thoufand Banners round him burn.

Where he points his purple spear,

Hasty, hasty Rout is there,

Marking with indignant eye

Fear to stop, and shame to fly.

There

There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

ELEGY



A FRAGMENT.

There Conscience, Terror's child,

Conflist fierce, and Rains wild,

Agony, that pants for breath,

Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

ELEGY

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