

**To Cowbridge**

*(the writer of this poem lived, it is believed, at Ash Hall,  
Ystradowen, and it appears he wrote it before leaving for distant  
lands.*

W.V. Cowbridge. 29<sup>th</sup> August 1838)

*(possibly William Verity)*

Tho' other lands invite my care,  
And tho' with thee I may not stay,  
Still shall thy town and scenery fair  
Retain my love when I'm away.

Away when distance drear and great  
'Tween me and Cowbridge intervene,  
I'll muse in memory o'er each sweet,  
Each lovely spot and cherished scene.

How oft upon Llanblethian Hill  
I've gazed into the vale below,  
And listened to the chattering mill,  
Or watched the river's winding flow.

While far beyond the enraptured eye,  
In graceful sweep sees woods arise,  
And Bewper in the distance lie  
Where, round and round, the ring dove flies.

Llanblethian Church erects its head,  
Upon the summit of the hill,  
Standing as sentry o'er the dead  
That lies cold, voiceless, dark and still.

Where erst Saint Quentin held his sway,  
Turn we our footsteps to the ground  
And let us muse while all around  
Preaches a lesson on decay.

Now on to Cowbridge o'er the road,  
And down old Constitution Hill,  
Where smiles that cottage, the abode  
Of one who owns the Cowbridge Mill.

Near is a well whose waters rare  
Flow murmuring o'er its crystal brink,  
Where yearly children gay repair,  
Their watered sugar glad to drink.

The southern entrance of the town  
Stands in some grey ruin like sage,  
While ivy covers its dark frown  
And clings like youth to parent age.

And near is learning's hallowed fame,  
Where taught the lore of Rome and Greece,  
And how, in our Redeemer's name,  
To preach the word, good will and peace.

Beyond Llanellig's rural cot,  
Where the fair bulbul (nightingale) sweetly sings,  
Whose heavenly voice through cave and grot  
With thrilling pathos nightly rings.

Above, the castle on the brow  
Looks down majestic o'er the scene,  
Where Thaw begins its gentle flow  
O'er many a field of gold and green.

Oh, in the old Cowbridge I have known,  
Full many an hour of rich delight  
And many a year will perhaps be flown  
'Ere I return to each fond sight.

But tho' I seek some distant shore,  
With memory's eye I still shall see,  
My heart will long be cold before  
I cease to love and think of thee.