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G. Thomson

PREFACE.

THE Editor's researches for his Collection of Scottish and Irish Melodies, naturally led him to think of the *Welsh* Airs also. Delighted with the beauty, and peculiar character of these, and finding that they never had been given to the Public in a Vocal shape, he formed the resolution to collect and to adapt them for the Voice; to procure masterly Accompaniments, and characteristic English Verses for them; and to render them, in all respects, as interesting as possible.

The first object was to obtain the AIRS in their most approved form: For that purpose the Editor applied to friends in different parts of Wales, to whose good offices, and continued exertions among the Harpers and the lovers of music, he is greatly indebted; but the anxiety he felt to have a Collection equally complete and authentic, induced him to traverse Wales himself, in order to hear the Airs played by the best Harpers, to collate and correct the manuscripts he had received, and to glean such Airs as his correspondents had omitted to gather. And from the favourable opportunities he had, the pains he took, and the obliging communications made to him, he flatters himself that his Collection will be found to contain all the most select Airs in their best form. Among the manuscripts transmitted to him, he found a good many Airs very nearly duplicates of each other, differing only in some slight turns of the melody: These he attentively compared with each other, and with the Airs bearing the same names in the printed publications; and then selected from the different copies what seemed to him the most simple and perfect form of each Air. In what *precise form* such melodies came originally from the Composers, cannot possibly be known: In the lapse of time, accidental deviations, or supposed improvements, are gradually in-

troduced; and in different counties, even in different parts of one county, the same Air is found more or less varied; every performer asserting, however, that his own is the correct and genuine copy! Where there is thus no standard to ascertain its precise original form, and as the object of all musical productions is to *please*, that form of the air is surely to be preferred which is the most pleasing.

A very few of the Airs in which monotonous and dry repetitions occurred, have been shortened of these*,—while some others have been lengthened by a single repetition of the first strain, when that strain happened to be but half the length of the second. By these simple means (alterations they cannot be deemed), the Airs alluded to are far better adapted for singing; and, at the same time, the Poet was enabled more easily to construct verses for them, than if it had been necessary to introduce *irregular* lines to suit awkward repetitions of the music.

In many cases, too, owing to the Airs having hitherto been adapted almost entirely for playing, and not for singing, the Editor was obliged to *simplify* particular passages, which, though easy to be played, could not have been easily *sung*, nor sung with effect.

Without proceeding in the manner above-mentioned, it would have been impossible to adapt those Airs advantageously for the *Voice*, or to render them susceptible of good poetry; but the intelligent lover of music, who examines with attention the particular Airs alluded to, and the Airs in general, will find, that they are here given in the purest and most simple form, with no deviation from the mode in which they are played by the most skilful Welsh Harpers, except what was absolutely necessary, *in order to make Songs of them*.

* The Editor alludes to *The Blossom of the Thorn*, *the Melody of Cynwyd*, *Over the Stone*, &c. Of the air *Farewel Frances*, he has adopted little more than half the number of bars to be found in the ordinary copies, because the rest appeared to him not only deficient in melody, but more like patch-work than a part of one connected air. In the ordinary notation of the air, called *Venture Gwen*, there are but seven bars in the first strain, while in the second there are nine. It probably received that awkward shape from the blunder of some early copyist; but as it would have puzzled the Poet to write for the Air in such a shape, the Editor equalized the length of each strain, and perhaps he has thus restored the air to its original state.

The POETRY was the next object, and the Editor imagined at his outset that this would be a much easier acquisition than he has found it. Presuming that English Songs, suited to a number of the Airs, were to be found in Wales, either in print or manuscript, he wrote to his friends there, while collecting the Airs for him, earnestly requesting a communication of such Songs, amatory, humorous, or heroic, as might be in circulation; but all the letters he received, some of them from gentlemen intimately acquainted with whatever relates to the Poetry or Literature of Wales, concurred in stating, that no English Songs for those airs, at least none of any consequence, existed. One of his correspondents, who, though not a native, had resided nearly twenty years in Wales*, wrote as follows, viz. "Gratitude to the inhabitants of the principality among whom I have passed the happiest period of my life, calls upon me to explain the cause of the non-existence of English Songs to their melodies. It is by no means imputable to any want of poetical genius; the Welsh are distinguished for a most happy and energetic vein of Poetry; but the voice of the muse is heard only in their own original tongue. You know the animosities which so long subsisted between the Highland and Lowland Scots, though both subject to the same monarch, and the same laws: What, then, must have been the feelings of the Welsh towards their inveterate enemies the English, who were continually harassing them, and at last destroyed their Princes, subdued their country, and overturned their laws? Why, till a late period they hated the English, their language, and all that belonged to them; and hence that language was not only not cultivated, but despised in Wales: How, then, shall we there look for English words to Welsh airs?"

From Mr Llwyd, the Bard of Snowdon, the Editor received an animated and excellent letter to the

same effect, by which it seems doubtful whether many Songs, properly so called, even in the Welsh language, have been preserved with the other ancient poetry of the Principality. Mr Llwyd says

"There are in the Cambro-British many *Pennylls*, or short epigrammatic stanzas, which have in some degree intruded into the lyric province. Of these compositions, which in festive circles are frequently extemporaneous, Jones has given a variety, but with respect to these, and every thing else in the Welsh, there is such a beauty of modulation, and neatness of expression, as renders a transfusion of them extremely difficult: And though I want neither words nor will, I must own that I have often thrown aside my pen, discouraged by the deficiency and unequal powers of another language to convey them. The Muse of Cambria, as you rightly suppose, has not been silent on the charming scenery of the country, or the attractions of beauty: And where is the region to which the lays of *lods* are not familiar? The *solum natale* is every where the same: This is the syren, this the fascinating principle, this the trick of nature, whose irresistible attractions are equally felt on the summits of Norway, the sands of Arabia, and the meadows of Middlesex. David ap Gwylim, who lived in 1400, has left us about 200 short pieces addressed to one object, his adorable Morvydd, and has invoked every part of nature to the agency of passion; but, properly speaking, those are Poems, not Songs†."

It thus became necessary (with one or two exceptions) to get Songs written purposely for every one of the Airs. This presented a formidable barrier to the undertaking, which the Editor almost despaired of surmounting. To ascertain, from an attentive examination of the Welsh Airs, the kind of Song which each particular Air seemed to require; then to find or to construct a verse suited to each Air, such as

* Mr JOHN CLARK, late of Pembroke, originally from the Highlands of Scotland, who many years ago published a small volume entitled, "The Works of the Caledonian Bards, a Translation from the Gaelic, in Prose and Verse."

† The very intelligent and ingenious PENNANT, speaking of the Minstrelsy of North Wales, says, "Some vein of the ancient minstrelsy is still to be met with in these mountainous countries. Numbers of persons, of both sexes, assemble and sit round the Harp, singing alternately *Pennylls*, or Stanzas, of ancient or modern poetry. The young people usually begin the night with dancing, and when they are tired, sit down, and assume this species of relaxation. Oftentimes, like the modern *Improvvisatori* of Italy, they will sing extempore verses. A person conversant in this art will produce a *pennyll* apposite to the last which was sung: The subjects produce a great deal of mirth; for they are sometimes jocular, at others satirical, and many amorous."

The Editor of this Work was not so fortunate as to meet with any of the Welsh *Improvvisatori*, nor with any Harpers who sung along with the instrument. Of all the Harp players whom he heard in Wales, none gave him so much pleasure as Mr RANGLES and Mr EDWARDS. By the obliging attention of Sir FOSTER and LADY CUNLIFFE of Acton, and Mr and Mrs WILLIAMS of Llanidan, he had an opportunity at their hospitable mansions of hearing those performers to the greatest possible advantage. Like many of their tuneful brethren they are both blind: Their styles of playing are very different, but each possesses peculiar excellence. The performance of RANGLES is graceful, animated, and expressive, while EDWARDS is remarkable for the neatness, rapidity, and brilliancy of his execution, which he displays most happily in playing Variations to the Welsh Airs.

to the Poet the precise measure and the character of every Song wanted; and, above all, to find Poets willing and able to produce so great a number of Songs, was truly a task which the Editor was little aware of till he entered upon it. He succeeded, however, beyond his most sanguine hopes; and although the publication of the Work has necessarily been long retarded, he is now enabled to present to the Public a Collection of Songs, which, he flatters himself, will prove interesting not only to the Principality, and to those who have visited its romantic and beautiful scenery, but to every person capable of feeling the beauties of English Poetry; more particularly those whose musical and poetical taste enables them to appreciate the happy adaptation of the Songs to the Airs.

To procure the most perfect ACCOMPANIMENTS, and Introductory and Concluding SYMPHONIES, to each Air, the Editor applied to the celebrated HAYDN, from whom, after a correspondence of several years, he most fortunately obtained a very large proportion of the whole, many of the Airs being also arranged for two voices by that inimitable Master. On this singularly valuable acquisition, the Editor may with great propriety congratulate not only the admirers of ancient British Melodies, but every lover of music. The originality, the rich variety of fancy, the beauty and the character which he has infused into those Symphonies and Accompaniments, will afford a lasting proof of his truly exquisite taste, and unequalled genius.

The Editor having collected a considerable number of Welsh Melodies, beside those allotted to Dr Haydn, sent part of them to M. Kozeluch, who has composed Symphonies and Accompaniments to them, with all the felicity which might naturally be expected from his well known talents; and for the express purpose of being played, as well on the Pedal Harp, as on the Piano-Forte, and either with or without the Violin and Violoncello. In Chamber-singing, indeed, the Piano-Forte or the Harp will alone be found a complete accompaniment to every one of the Airs; while those who admire a still richer and more varied harmony, will find the Violin and Violoncello parts, when played in concert with the Piano-Forte or Harp, make a delightful addition.

Thus, the Welsh Melodies, united to the charms of Poetry, and to the most perfect harmony, have acquired new and powerful attractions, being now formed not only to gratify the ear, but to delight

the imagination, and vibrate on all the finer chords of the heart.

The learned and ingenious Dr Burney says, "It should be a principal object of mankind to attach the fair sex by every means to music, as it is the only amusement that may be enjoyed to excess, and the heart still remain virtuous and uncorrupted." The Editor will venture to add, that there is no species of music more conducive to innocent happiness than National Airs, associated with interesting Songs and Accompaniments. He has therefore, with unwearied assiduity, neither discouraged by difficulty nor by expence, laboured to render both his Scottish and Welsh Collections standard works, which, he humbly hopes, will be the more admired, the more closely they are examined: And he trusts he shall be enabled to render his intended Irish work, on the same plan, not less worthy of admiration.

To his kind and much respected poetical friends, Mrs Grant, Mrs Opie, Mrs Hunter, and Miss Joanna Baillie;—Messrs Boswell, Grahame, Griffith, Lewis, Llwyd, Richardson, Rogers, Roscoe, Spencer, Smyth, Scott, Warrington, &c. he feels himself deeply indebted: The admirable Songs with which they have enriched this work will contribute equally to perpetuate the celebrity of the Airs, and the lyric honours of the Authors.

The Editor has great pleasure, too, in respectfully acknowledging his obligations to Sir Foster Cunliffe of Acton, Baronet; Sir Robert Williams of Fryers, Baronet, M. P.; Owen Williams, Esq. of Llanidan, M. P.; Paul Panton, Esq. of Plasgwyn; Owen Jones, Esq. merchant in London; Mr Richard Llwyd, and Mr John Clark, before-mentioned, and others, who in the most polite and liberal manner assisted him in or facilitated his researches for the materials of this work.

It is the wish of the Editor that this work should include every fine Welsh Air *fit for singing*. If these lines meet the eye of any Welshman who possesses any beautiful ones, not generally known, and is desirous of seeing them incorporated with this work, a communication of such, (without either bass or variations) is earnestly requested to be made to

GEORGE THOMSON.

Trustees Office, Edinburgh,
May 1809.

OF THE WELSH BARDS AND MINSTRELS.

THERE seems to be nearly the same uncertainty respecting the era when the Welsh Melodies were composed, as about the origin of the Scottish Airs. I have pored over every dissertation I could hear of, as likely to throw light on the subject, but have found nothing that leads to any certain conclusion. It is most probable that the Music of both countries originated from the *Bards* or *Minstrels* of former times; but of what century,—how near, or how remote, is matter of mere conjecture.

Those who wish to be familiar with the history of the Bards and Minstrels will be gratified by perusing that part of Mr Pennant's Welsh Tour, titled *EISTEDDFOD*; by the very curious details in Mr Jones's Musical and Poetical Relics, and the information contained in Sir Richard Colt Hoare's elegant edition of Giraldus Cambrensis, Vol. II. p. 300. But a brief account of that singular order of men, may not be unacceptable to general readers, and seems no improper prelude to this Work.

The Bards were at once the Historians, the Instructors, the Poets, and Musicians of early times, and were held in the highest estimation. Before their disciples could be fully initiated into the order, they were required to commit to memory every precept and branch of knowledge embraced by their teachers. As the Bards were the messengers of conciliation and amity, their persons were held sacred in the hottest conflicts. Accordingly we are told by Aneurin, a celebrated Bard in the sixth century, that of 363 chieftains who were with him in the battle of Catteraeth, two only survived it, and that he himself was indebted for his safety to the hallowed mantle thrown over him by the Muse.—The Court Bard was ranked as the eighth officer of the King's household; and at the great festivals sat next to the Comptroller of the Palace, who publicly delivered to him the Harp on which he performed. He attended the Prince's army to battle, animated the soldiers by reciting the valiant deeds of their forefathers, treasured in his mind the achievements he beheld, to form the subjects of future songs, and, in the event of conquest, was rewarded with a valuable part of the spoils.

The Annotator on the Welsh Chronicle gives the following particulars respecting them. Powel, p. 191.

“There are three sorts of Minstrels in Wales:—The first sort named *Beirdd*, which are makers of song, and odes of sundrie measures, wherein not onelie great skill and cunning is required, but also a certeine naturall inclination and gift, which in Latine is termed *furor poeticus*. These do also keepe records of gentlemens' armes and ptegrees, and are best esteemed and accounted of among them.

“The second sort of them are plaiers upon instruments, chiefelie the Harpe and the Crowth, whose musike for the most part came to Wales with Prince GRUFFYTH AP CO-NAN, who being on the one side an Irishman by his mother and grandmother, and also borne in Ireland, brought over with him, out of that countrie, divers cunning musicians into Wales, who derived in a manner all the instrumentall musike that is now there used, as appeereth as well by the bookes written of the same, as also by the names of the tunes and measures used amongst them to this daie.

“The third sort, called *Arcaneuid*, are those which do sing to the instrument plaied by another, and these be in use in the countrie of Wales to this daie.”

Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the 12th century, and not only visited Ireland, but Paris, Rome, &c. speaks in the warmest terms of the musical talents of the *Irish*. He says, “The cultivation of instrumental music by this people, I find worthy of commendation; in this their skill is, beyond all comparison, superior to that of any nation I have ever seen.”

It is to be observed, however, continues Giraldus, “that both Scotland and Wales, the former from intercourse and affinity of blood, the latter from instruction derived from the *Irish*, exert themselves with the greatest emulation to rival Ireland in musical excellence.” And he goes on to say, that, in the opinion of many, Scotland had attained to the excellence of Ireland, and even surpassed it.

Thus, there seems to be no doubt that Prince Gruffyth conferred an important benefit on the Minstrelsy of Wales, by bringing over the *Irish* musicians above-mentioned, who are said to have reformed the instruments, tunes, and measures of the Welsh. The Prince also passed a statute for encouraging their Minstrelsie, and for regulating the conduct of its professors. It prescribed the fee or reward to be paid to each of them, required a strict observance of decency in their conduct and manners, and prohibited them from entering anie man's house, or to make anie song of anie man without speciall licence of the partie himselfe.

Before the reign of Prince Gruffyth, the same person frequently professed to be a Poet, a Singer, an Instrumental Performer, and a Herald or Antiquary; but as the gifts of Poetry and of a fine Voice are seldom united, and still more rarely combined with the above acquirements, the Prince divided Bardism into three distinct classes, Poets, Musicians, and Heralds, evidently with a view that each person, by devoting his attention to one branch only, might attain excellence in it.

In a rude age, when war and the chase were almost the sole occupations of the people, it may easily be imagined how wel-

The Poets and Musicians must have been in the halls of the great, to sing their warlike deeds, and to enliven the festive occasions. Their knowledge of genealogy, and of the history of distinguished families, could not fail also to render them peculiarly acceptable to a people who were remarkable for their love of ancestry.

At great festivals and weddings, their presence was indispensable. In 1176, Rhys, Prince of South Wales, gave a splendid feast at his castle of *Aberteivi*, of which he proclaimed notice through all Britain long before. Among deeds of arms, and other *shews*, Rhys assembled all the Bards of Wales, and provided chairs for them in his hall, where they disputed and sung, to shew their skill in their respective faculties: After which he bestowed great rewards and rich gifts on the victors. The Bards of *North Wales* won the prizes, but among the Musicians, those of Rhys's household were deemed the best.

The Poet of early times had indeed an important part to act; his verses were written not merely to amuse the fancy, but to celebrate recent exploits; so that he became the primary source of much historical and authentic information, which was immediately dispersed among those who had been the actors or eye-witnesses of what he recorded.

We are not to wonder, therefore, that a discerning Prince, like Gruffyth ap Cynan, should have bestowed so much attention on the means of improving the Bards and Minstrels. He appointed, or rather revived, a triennial meeting of these, called the *Eisteddfod*. Before any person could be inrolled as a candidate for Bardic honours at those British Olympics, he was required, at his presentation, to define what are termed the five *Englyn* metres, and to compose in such a manner, that one of the principal Bards should declare him to be endowed with a poetical genius. If at the next *Eisteddfod* he gave proofs of being acquainted with a variety of the Welsh measures and metres, and produced specimens of his own composition, free from vulgar errors, he obtained a sort of degree. After other three years, if he evinced a knowledge of the delicacies of poetical language and expression, and exemplified it in his composition, he became entitled to a higher degree. And if he displayed great fertility of invention, and was found by the *Eisteddfod* to be accomplished in every part of his art, he received the title of *Pencerdd*, which was the highest dignity.

The candidate for *Musical* honours went through a course of study and examination somewhat similar, and, it may be thought, with greater reason; *Poeta nascitur*, but *fit Citharædus*; as every one knows, that without diligent application, and prodigious practice, it is impossible to become an expert performer. When the musical candidate obtained the degree of *Pencerdd*, he was licensed to sing, to play, and to take disciples, though of these he could have but one at a time. On the other hand, those candidates who on trial appeared unfit for the profession, were discharged from exercising it, and from torturing the ears of the Public by their wretched performances.

When the Bards themselves contended for poetical or musical pre-eminence at the *Eisteddfod*, the Prince generally presided; and the emulation which this must have produced had no doubt the happiest effect; the victor was chaired with great ceremony; he became entitled to certain fees from the students or musical practitioners within his district, to a fine on the marriage of the daughters of all the Bards, and he remained their acknowledged chief till he was overcome in a future *Eisteddfod*.

The Harp was in such general favour in Wales as to be regarded among the possessions necessary to constitute a gentle-

man. Happily it still continues the favourite instrument in North Wales, and almost in every town a Harpist is to be met with. Players on *Crwth*s with three strings*, *Taborers*, and *Pipers*, were deemed fit only to please the rabble.

The earliest Poetic productions of the Welsh which have reached us, are those of Aneurin, Lowarch hen, and Taliesin, who flourished in the sixth century. If we may judge of their merit, by the translation of the death of Hoel by Gray, it were to be wished that those reliques could find translators of equal talents. Among other Bards of that age, one of the most eminent was Myrddin ap Morvryn, or Merlin the Wild, who was born and inherited an estate near the forest of Dunkeld, in Scotland, from whence being driven by the chance of war, he found an asylum in Wales. But the 12th and 13th centuries, or the period between the reign of Gruffyth ap Cynan, and that of Llewellyn, the last native Prince of Wales, is said to have been the brightest which the Bardic annals of the Welsh can boast of; it was then that Meilir, and a succession of famous Bards, contributed, by their energetic productions, to keep alive the sacred flame of liberty. But we are told that Edward I. after he had conquered the country, not thinking his triumph secure, while the Bards remained among the people, issued an edict for their extermination. The murder of the Bards is a stain that has long been fixed on the character of Edward both by Poets and Historians; perhaps without any just reason. That diligent and ingenious antiquary, Mr W. OWEN, has thrown a new light on this matter, by a note which I shall take the liberty to transcribe from Sir Richard Colt Hoare's publication above-mentioned, Vol. II. p. 305. Mr Owen says,

"The assertions respecting the cruelty of King Edward towards the Welsh Bards have not any good foundation, which I shall prove by the following fact:—That from the time of Edward, to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, the productions of the Bards were so numerous, that Mr OWEN JONES, in forming a collection for that period, has already transcribed between fifty and sixty volumes in quarto, and the work is not yet completed. The edict of Edward seems to have been issued only to overawe the Bards; for it does not appear to have been ever put into execution, otherwise those who lived at the time, and in the following age, would have noticed such an instance in some way or other. The fact, however, of the Bards assuming fictitious names, under which they issued their literary productions, shews that they were under some apprehension; and which might probably have been produced by the said edict or proclamation."

There can be no doubt that the politic Edward kept a watchful eye at least both on the Bards and their Protectors, and that the Muse had then too much reason for venting her sorrows in secret: This appears from the pathetic ode of Gwylim Ddu o Arvon to his patron Sir Gruffyth Llwyd, the unsuccessful assertor of the liberties of his country, then confined in the fortress of Rhydlan.

"At length oppression's plan succeeds,
"At every pore my country bleeds;
"No ray of hope pervades our woes,
"No trait of mercy marks our foes;
"And Cambria's sons in vain are brave,

"Immured within a living grave!" LLWYD'S POEMS.

In the insurrection under Owen Glendwr, soon after Henry IV. ascended the throne of England, the martial spirit of the mountain Muse again openly burst forth, to celebrate the enterprizes of the Welsh hero; but the blaze was extinguished at his death.

* The *Crwth*, or *Crowd*, is supposed to have been the poor prototype of the Violin, which fortunately has everywhere superseded it. In some parts of England, a common Fiddler is still called a *Crowder*.

The accession of a Tudor to the throne, in the person of Henry VII. restored the freedom of the Cambro-British Muse; and the Eisteddfods, which had long been discontinued, were then re-established.

In the reign of Elizabeth, however, it appears that the number of Minstrels and Rhymers had multiplied to such a degree as to prove altogether intolerable, and occasioned an assembly to be called for checking the evil. As the commission for that purpose is curious, and forms an authentic record of the systematic manner in which the Welsh encouraged the cultivation of their music; the reader, it is hoped, will be pleased with the following extract from it:

"Elizabeth, by the grace of God, &c. to our trustie and ryght wel beloved Sir Richard Bulkeley, Knight, Sir Rees Gruffith, Knight," and eighteen Esquires, whose names are mentioned, "and to every of them greeting. Wheras, it is come to the knowledge of the lorde president, and other our said counsail in our marches of Wales, that vagraunt and idle persons, naming themselves Mynstrells, Rithmors, and Barthes, are lately growen into such an intolerable multitude wthin the principalltee of North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others, by their shameles disorders, are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations: but also th'expert Mynstrells and Musicians in toune and contry therby much discouraged to travail in th'exercise and practize of their knowledge; and also not a little hyndred in their lyvings and pferm^t. The reformation wherof, and the putting of these people in order, the said Lorde President and Counsail have thought verey necessarye; and knowing you to be men both of wysdome and upright dealing, and also of experience and good knowledge in the scyence, have apointed and authorized you to be Commissioners for that purpose. And forasmuch as our said Counsail of late, travayling in some pte of the said principalltee, had pfect understanding, or credible report, that th'accustomed place for th'execution of the like commissyon hath bene hertofore at Caroyes, in our countie of Fflynt; and that William Mostyn, Esquior, and his ancestors, have had the gyfte and bestowing of the Sylver Harpe apptayning to the cheff of that facultie*, and that a yeaeres warning at the least hath bene accustomed to be given of th'assembly and execution of the like commissyon: Our said Counsail have therfore apoynted th'execution of this commissyon to be at the said towne of Caroyes, the Monday next after the feast of the blessed Trynitee, which shall be in the yeaere of our Lorde God 1568."

The Commissioners are then directed to summon all persons in North Wales, intending to get their lyvings as *Mynstrells*, *Rithmors*, and *Bartes*, to appear before them, to shewe their *learnings*; and to call to assist their judgment *such expert men in the facultie of the Welshe musick*, as they might chuse; admit to the accustomed degrees such as they found worthy, and authorise them to follow their professions, according to each of their degrees; but that they should, in the Queen's name, command those found not worthy, to betake themselves to some honest labour, to which they were equal, on pain of being apprehended and punished as vagabonds. On that occasion 55 persons received their degrees as chief Bards, or as teachers, or were admitted as probationary students, some of Vocal music, some of the Harp, and others of the Crwth; but the number dismissed as unworthy of exercising the profession is not mentioned.

Those meetings soon after fell wholly into desuetude; within these few years, however, a Society has been instituted in Lon-

don called the *Gwyneddigion*, or *North Wales Men*, who occasionally encourage meetings in the Principality, assign subjects to the Poetical candidates, and give medals and rewards to the best Poets and Musicians. At the meeting held in 1798 at Caerwys, there were present 20 Bards, 18 Vocal performers and 12 Harpers.

Since the knowledge and practice of Music have gained ground in society, those itinerant musicians have lost their consequence. Dr Burney observes, that "the first Greek musicians were Gods; the second, Heroes; the third, Bards; the fourth, Beggars! During the early times of music, in every country, the wonder and affections of the people have been gained by *surprise*; but when musicians became numerous, and the art was regarded of easier acquirement, they lost their favour, and from being seated at the tables of Kings, and helped to the first cut, they were reduced to the most abject state, and ranked amongst rogues and vagabonds."

Whether the laws of counterpoint were known among the ancient Bards or Minstrels, is a very questionable point. Giraldus, in his 13th chapter of the description of Wales, tells us, that "the Welsh do not sing in unison, like other people, but in many different parts; so that when a crowd of singers meet, as is usual in Wales, one hears as many different parts and tones of voice as there are performers; who all at length unite in consonance, with organic melody, upon the sweet and soothing key of B." Dr Burney, in commenting on this extraordinary passage, notices the supposed inaccuracy of Giraldus as an author, and observes, that the glaring improbabilities in the above account, with his manifest ignorance of the subject in question, do not augment his credibility.

That profound critic goes on to say, "If, however, incredulity could be vanquished with respect to the account which Giraldus gives of the state of Music in Wales during the twelfth century, it would be by a Welsh MS. in the possession of Richard Morris, Esq. of the Tower, which contains pieces for the Harp that are in full harmony or counterpoint: They are written in a peculiar notation, and supposed to be as old as the year 1100; at least such is the known antiquity of many of the *Songs* mentioned in the collection. But whether the tunes and their notation are coeval with the words, cannot easily be proved." He has decyphered and given two of the tunes, in proper musical characters, and upon these he makes the following remarks, with which I shall conclude the present imperfect sketch.

"This counterpoint, however artless it may seem, is too modern for such remote antiquity as is given to it. The false fifth from B to F, in the first example, has not been long allowed in harmony; and the unprepared third from B to A, in the second example, is a crudity that has been but very lately tolerated.

"That the ancient inhabitants of Wales were great encouragers of Poetry and Music cannot be disputed, as many specimens of Cambro-British versification of undoubted antiquity still subsist; and that these Poems, as well as those of ancient Greece and Rome, were originally sung, and accompanied with instruments, is very natural and reasonable to believe; but that a rude and uncivilised people, driven into a mountainous and barren country, without commerce or communication with the rest of Europe, should invent counterpoint, and cultivate harmony, at a period when it was unknown to the most polished and refined inhabitants of the earth, still remains a problem of difficult solution."

* There is an engraving of this Harp in Mr PENNANT'S Tour; it is about six inches long, and is furnished with strings equal to the number of the Muses. This curiosity is still in possession of the Mostyn family.

VOL. I.

INDEX TO THE AIRS.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to all the following *Airs* are composed by HAYDN, except those marked K, which are by KOZELUCH.

ENGLISH NAMES OF THE AIRS:

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

Away, my Herd, under the green Oak	16
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— Rising of the Lark	1
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— Sorrows of Cambria.....Duet....K.....	7
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— White Mountains of Snowdon	28
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ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

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<i>Mwynen Gwynedd</i>	29
<i>Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan</i>	11
<i>Ton y Ceiliog Du</i>	24
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<i>Tros y Garreg</i>	27
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<i>Y Maerwr</i>	15

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Come, sweetest composer, &c.	The Rev. Geo. Warrington,	6
Come, ye nice maidens, &c.	Alexander Boswell, Esq.	15
Dark clouds over the ocean, &c.	The Rev. Geo. Warrington	3
Dauntless sons of Celtic, &c.	Alexander Boswell, Esq.	2
Dinas Emlinn lament, &c.	Walter Scott, Esq.	6
Dost not hear the martial, &c.	M. G. Lewis, Esq.	11
Go, youth, by all regretted, &c.	Mrs Opie	4
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O farewell, my Frances, &c.	Mrs Grant	18
O look where Glendower, &c.	M. G. Lewis, Esq.	10
O mild is the sun, &c.	Mrs Grant	3

FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.

NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

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O welcome, bat and owlet, &c.	Joanna Baillie	8
Queen of the night, &c.	W. S. Roscoe, Esq.	26
Red glows the forge, &c.	Walter Scott, Esq.	25
See, O see, the breaking, &c.	Mrs Grant	1
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ADVERTISEMENT.

WELSH SONGS,—HAYDN, &c.

This Day is published by GEORGE THOMSON, Edinburgh, and T. PRESTON, NO. 97. Strand, London; and to be had of J. Murray, Fleet Street; and Constable Hunter Park & Hunter, Ludgate Street, the First Volume of

SELECT WELSH AIRS, collected by George Thomson, and adapted for THE VOICE, with Characteristic ENGLISH VERSES, purposely written by Mrs Opie, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Grant, Miss Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Esq., M. G. Lewis, Esq., R. Llwyd, the Bard of Snowdon, and other distinguished Poets. And SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Air, composed chiefly by HAYDN, who has also set many of the Airs for Two Voices.

This Work has been in preparation for several years, and would have been produced sooner, but for the anxiety of the Editor to render it as complete as possible, both in the Music and Poetry. And he trusts that the Welsh Airs, now for the first time transformed into interesting Songs, and enriched by the most masterly Accompaniments, will prove equally acceptable to Singers, to Instrumental Performers, and to every person of taste.

The First Volume is embellished with a view of *Llangollen Vale*, engraved by Scott, from a Painting by David Thomson, who accompanied the Editor in his tour through Wales, to draw for this work the most striking Scenes in that romantic country. Proofs will be reserved for those who may yet become Subscribers. Price of the Volume, for the Voice, Piano Forte, or Pedal Harp, ONE GUINEA. The Violin and Violoncello parts, when wanted, will be sold separately.

SCOTTISH SONGS,—HAYDN, &c.

Speedily will be Published by G. THOMSON and T. PRESTON, in Four Volumes, a new edition, being the Third, of

SELECT SCOTTISH SONGS, with SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Song, for the Piano Forte, &c, chiefly by the same inimitable Composer, who writes thus emphatically to Mr Thomson, "*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death.*" HAYDN."

The universal approbation bestowed on this Work having occasioned many other publications of Scottish Songs, in imitation of it, which are sometimes mistaken for this Work, the Publisher must do himself the justice to mention how it is to be distinguished from every other of the kind.

1. Each volume bears to be published by *G. Thomson*, Edinburgh, whose *written* signature will be found at the foot of the title page of every genuine volume, both of the Scottish and Welsh Works.

2. The Scottish Work of G. Thomson is the only one that contains ALL the inimitable Songs of BURNS, set to music: Of these Songs, which exceed ONE HUNDRED in number, the greater part were written with all the enthusiasm and felicity of his genius, expressly for the work of Mr Thomson; as to which he possesses the following document, in the Poet's hand-writing:

"I do hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published, by Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend any of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c.

"ROBERT BURNS."

3. All the admired Scottish Songs of other authors, both serious and humorous, are retained in this work. And, for the sake of the English singer, English verses of singular merit, suited to the Scottish Airs, are given in addition to the Scottish Songs.

Lastly, Each volume is embellished with a beautiful characteristic Engraving, and the fourth contains a fine Portrait of Burns; also a correct Glossary of all the Scottish Words in the Songs. Either of the Volumes may be had separately, price One Guinea. The Violin and Violoncello parts, when wanted, are likewise sold separately.

To be had as above,

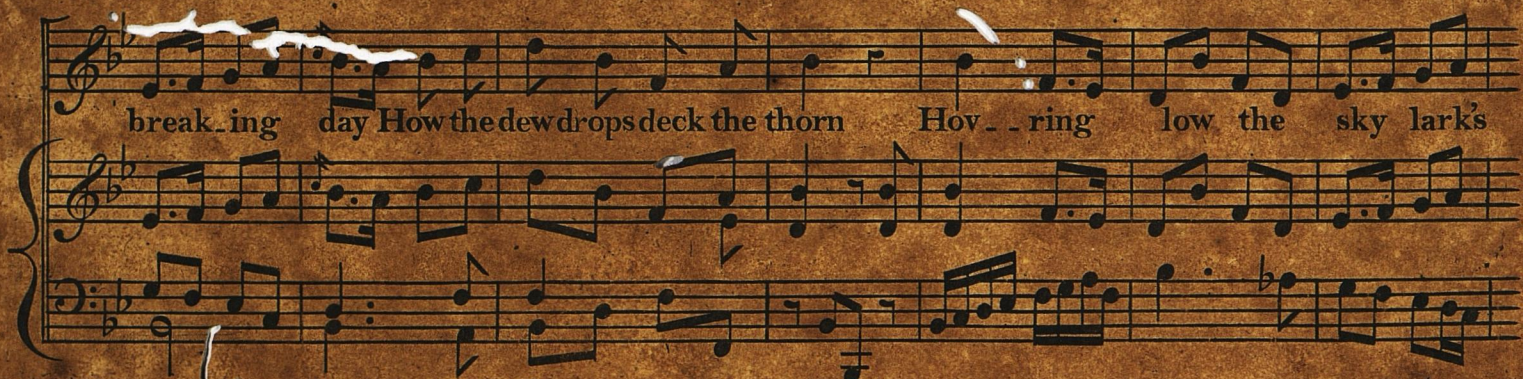
TWELVE GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, &c. with Rondos, &c. on Scottish Subjects; Six by PLEYEL, and Six by KOZELUCH.

The rising of the Lark

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

Allegretto grazioso

Codiad yr Hedydd :

THE RISING OF THE LARK.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

SEE, O see, the breaking day !
How the dew-drop decks the thorn !
Hov'ring low, the sky-lark's lay
Long preluding meets the morn.
Hark ! the liquid notes awake anew,
Rising sweeter with the rising dew.—
Rising with the rising dew.

Come, my love, and drink the sound
Ere the dazzling sun appears :
While each drooping flow'ret round
Bends with nature's early tears.
Poising, as she mounts with humid wings,
Still above her lowly nest she sings.—
O'er her lowly nest she sings.

Now the dappled clouds among,
Sweet and clear ascends the lay ;
Come, before the plummy throng
Wake to hail the king of day !
Warbling louder still she mounts alone,
Near and nearer to his amber throne !—
Nearer to his amber throne !

See the blazing gates unfold !
See his radiant head appear !
Through yon op'ning clouds of gold
Still the less'ning note we hear.
Sinking softly with the sinking strain,
See her seek her lowly nest again.—
See her seek her nest again.

Gorhoffedd gwyr Harlech :

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEX. BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck.

In Singing the Second Stanza, a Quaver must be supplied for the first word of the fifth and sixth lines.

DAUNTLESS sons of Celtic sires,
Whose souls the love of freedom fires ;
Hark, every harp to war inspires
On Cader Idris' side.
See the brave advancing !
See the brave advancing !
Each well-tried spear, which Saxons fear,
In warlike splendour glancing !
Proud *Harlech* from her frowning towers *
Pours forth her never failing powers :
Rouse, heroes, glory shall be ours ;
March on, your country's pride !

Shall heart-rending sounds of woe
Be heard where Conway's waters flow ?
Or shall a rude and ruthless foe
Find here one willing slave ?
From mountain and from valley,
From mountain and from valley ;
From Snowdon, from Plinlimmon's brow,
Around your Prince ye rally.
Let cowards kiss th' oppressor's scourge,
Home to his heart your weapons urge,
Or overwhelm him in th' avenging surge ;
To victory, ye brave !

* HARLECH CASTLE stands on a lofty rock, upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire : The original tower, called *Twr Bronwen*, is said to have been built in the Sixth Century ; it afterwards received the name of *Caer Colwyn*, and eventually its more descriptive name, *Harlech*, or *Ardd lech*, the high cliff. The present castle, still nearly entire, was the work of EDWARD I. and a place of great strength. In 1468 being possessed by DAFYDD, AP JEVAN, AP EINION, a steady friend of the House of Lancaster, it was invested by WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE, after a most difficult march through the heart of the Welsh Alps : and surrendered on honourable terms to his gallant brother, Sir RICHARD HERBERT, who engaged to save the life of the brave Welsh commander, by interceding with his cruel master EDWARD IV. The King at first refused his request, when HERBERT told him plainly, that his Highness might take his life instead of that of the Welsh Captain, for that he would assuredly replace DAFYDD in the castle, and the King might send whom he pleased to take him out again. This prevailed, but Sir RICHARD received no other reward for his service.

The men of Harlech's march.

PIANO FORTÉ

Maestoso con molto spirito

Dauntless sons of Celtic sires whose souls the love of freedom fires hark ev'ry harp to war inspires on

Cader Idris side

See the brave ad - vancing

See the brave ad - vancing each

well tried spear which Saxons fear, in warlike splendour glancing Proud Harlech from her frowning towers pours

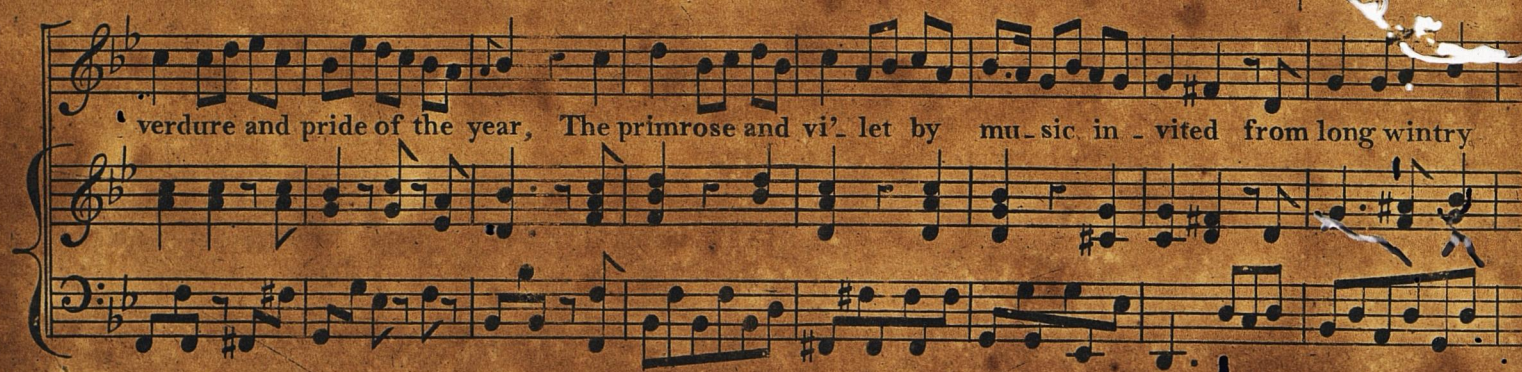
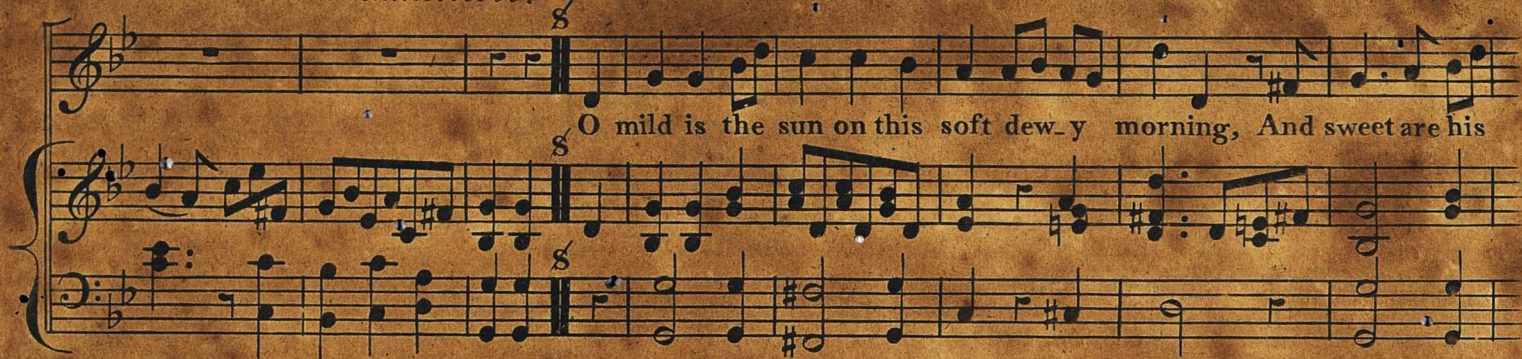
forth her never fail - ing powers Rouse heroes, glory shall be ours, March on your Country's pride.

Morvia Rhyddlan?

PIAN OFORTE

OR

HARP.

And^e lamentoso.

Morva Rhydlan: THE MARSH OF RHYDLAN.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By the REV. GEORGE WARRINGTON.

This beautiful Welsh air, the antiquity of which is undoubted, was composed, as tradition says, on the defeat of the Welsh by the Saxons, on the sea-coast near Rhydlan, in Flintshire. The fugitives from the battle, in crossing the Morva (or Marsh) were overtaken by the tide, and a great number perished in the sea.

DARK clouds o'er the ocean now heavily rise,
And the south wind in murmurs all mournfully sighs;
Congenial the day to effusions of woe,
When the winds blow responsive, waves slumbering flow.
Ye maidens of Elwy, O mourn the sad day,
Which tore from your arms your kind brothers away;
And still for your country in sorrow deplore,
That your Prince, and his nobles, his men, are no more!

Unconquer'd in spirit, by numbers o'erthrown,
On the heads of the Saxons our valour was shown:
Yet their fell ruthless chief, who in blood drench'd our
plain,

Not conquest could soften, nor pity restrain.
Our women and infants, tho' sacred by age,
Alike felt the force of his barbarous rage;
Then, Cambria, what wreaths can thy temples adorn,
For thy laurels all wither'd on that fatal morn.

Ye daughters of Elwy, oft mentioned in song,
Forlorn now ye wander the bleak heaths along;
In the wild notes of sorrow lament o'er the slain,
Once the pride of their country, the guard of your plain!
O dire your presages of that bloody fray,
Which wrung from your bosoms each comfort away;
When the loud shouts of battle bore death and despair,
They told to your hearts that your lovers were there!

And thou, faithless ocean! to aid our stern foe,
To share in his triumph, and add to our woe!
O'er the Morva deep flowing to whelm that brave
band,

The remnant of battle, the wreck of our land!
O hadst thou thy tide but one short hour delay'd,
(As the moon, it is told, once at Ajelon stay'd,)
Then our country once more with pride we had view'd,
Her glory reviv'd, and in splendour renew'd!

THE FAIR MOURNER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

OMILD is the sun on this soft dewy morning,
And sweet are his beams on yon fresh budding tree;
All nature with beauty and splendour adorning,
Ah! why is his lustre thus lost upon me?
The birds through the branches now warble, delighted,
To hail the first verdure and prime of the year;
The primrose and violet, by music invited,
From long wintry slumbers unfolding appear.

Ah! where is the rapture awhile so inspiring,
When nature put on the green vesture of spring;
No more in delight to the woodlands retiring,
I muse in the shade, while the choristers sing.
Though fragrance and beauty around me are smiling,
To cheer my sad bosom they smile all in vain;
Nor music, nor sweetness, my anguish beguiling,
The scenes once so pleasing but add to my pain.

On *Rhydlan's* wild marsh, where the rank grass aspiring,
O'er the grave of my hero waves slow in the wind;
The spectres of night, with its shadows retiring,
Still leave their sad image to dwell in my mind:
Where Clwyd's sad waters re-echo my mourning,
My lover's wan shadow by moonlight I see;
As when the proud Saxons indignantly scorning,
He rush'd to the combat, to die or be free.

While I wander alone thro' these meadows, deploring,
Or gather fresh flowrets to deck his cold grave,
On the bright clouds of morning I fancy him soaring,
Or mounting the winds with the shades of the brave.
And tho' the dear spot where LLEWELLYN reposes,
Is grac'd by no trophy, is mark'd by no stone;
There spring's early violets, and summer's first roses,
Bedew'd with my tears, shall be faithfully strown.

4

PIANO FORTE

Andantino con moto

I gaze upon those mountains, that mingle with the sky And

if my wishes were but wings be - yond them I would fly For far be - yond the

mountains that look so distant here, to fight his country's battles, last May day went my

dear; Ah well do I re- member with bitter sighs the day, Why Owen didst thou

leave me at home why did I stay

Winifreda—or Conjugal happiness.

DUET

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP.

Andantino grazioso.

A-way let nought to love displeasing, my Wi-ni-fre-da move your fear; Let nought de-lay the

A-way let nought to love displeasing, my Wi-ni-fre-da move your fear; Let nought de-lay the

heav'nly blessing, nor squeamish pride nor gloomy care What tho' no grants of roy-al donors, with

heav'nly blessing, nor squeamish pride nor gloomy care What tho' no grants of roy-al donors, with

pompous titles grace our blood We'll shine in more sub-stantial honours, And to be no-ble we'll be good.

pompous titles grace our blood We'll shine in more sub-stantial honours, And to be no-ble we'll be good.

Dr Hen Sibyl:

THE OLD SIBYL.

WINIFREDA:—OR, CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

SAID TO BE A TRANSLATION FROM THE WELSH,

By GILBERT COOPER.

In a late Number of the Edinburgh Review, however, (Vol. XI. p. 37,) the honour of this Production is given to Mr STEEVENS, the Commentator on SHAKESPEARE.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda move your fear;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.
What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.
Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

VOL. I.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.
Through youth, and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly cling;
To see them look their mother's features;
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.
And when with envy, time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

B

Dafydd y Garreg-Wen:
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK
TO HIS HARP.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By the Rev. GEORGE WARRINGTON.

There is a Tradition, that DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN, a famous Welsh Bard, being on his death-bed, called for his Harp, and composed the sweet and melancholy Air to which these Verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his Funeral.

At the beginning of some of the lines in the following two Songs, the Singer will find it necessary to divide the Crotchet into Two Quavers.

COME, sweetest composer of grief and of pain,
 Thy master implores one mellifluous strain;
 Depress'd with old age, and by sickness worn low,
 O sooth his dull ear with the soft notes of woe!

In my youth thou wert frolic, fantastic, and wild,
 Thy melodies changing to tender and mild;
 When the sad tales of love were the theme of our lay,
 In tears would the hearers go weeping away.

At manhood, sonorous, majestic, and strong,
 When war's lofty actions were told in the song,
 The chieftain's high blood was arous'd with the sound,
 And applauses re-echoed the vaulted roofs round.

Ah, cease we such strains, 'tis my life's latest day,
 And my spirit is ready to wing on her way;
 My hands are benumb'd, and my blood it runs cold,
 For the Bard of the White Rock is languid and old.

Now time has bereft me of each comely grace,
 Has brought the hoar head, and the deep furrow'd face,
 Has stolen every blessing that nature e'er gave,
 Save one comfort only, the choice of my grave!

Where the old chapel stands on the east side the hill,
 Where the morning shines sweet, and the evening is still,
 There bear me, my friends, and with care mark my bed,
 And the light-footed fairies shall trip o'er my head.

Do thou, dear companion, the sad office share,
 And with Modred rehearse this my last plaintive air:
 To him I bequeath thee, an offering most due,
 Who to poetry, music, and friendship, is true.

Like the swan of the lake expiring I sing;
 O weave me a plume from her shadowy wing!
 Yes, fame shall be just, and a trophy shall give,
 And the Bard of the White Rock to latest times live!

THE LAST WORDS OF CADWALLON.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

DINAS EMLINN lament, for the moment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
 No more by sweet Teivi CADWALLON shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade,
 Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
 That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
 But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
 And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And Oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair,
 What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
 When half of their charms with CADWALLON shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy lov'd scene,
 To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
 With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
 And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
 Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
 And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
 Farewell, my lov'd harp! my last treasure, farewell!

The lamentation of Cambria.

DUET

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP.



Andant.º lamentoso e appassionato.

Ye banks of dark Conway, de -

Ye banks of dark Conway, de -

pp

served and drear, from your hollow caverns, what sighs do I hear! The spi - rit of

served and drear, from your hollow caverns, what sighs do I hear! The spi - rit of

Cadwall la - ments from the shore, whose hoarse sounding wa - ters are tinc - tured with gore.

Cadwall la - ments from the shore, whose hoarse sounding wa - ters are tinc - tured with gore.

pp

Cwynnau Brydain :

THE SORROWS OF CAMBRIA,

On the WELSH BARDS being put to Death by order of EDWARD THE FIRST, when he conquered the Country.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT.

YE banks of dark Conway, deserted and drear,
From your hollow caverns what sighs do I hear!
The spirit of CADWALL laments from the shore,
Whose hoarse-sounding waters are tinctur'd with gore.

O still must that spirit unpitied complain,
And call on his country for vengeance in vain;
The blow which we ne'er can avenge, we deplore,
Tho' valour and music we cannot restore.

Our standards are taken, our heroes are fled,
The spirit of honour and virtue is dead! (more,
Tho' thy harp's powerful strain should awaken once
Its notes would be drown'd in the lion's fierce roar.

The lion of England triumphant is borne,
And tramples the genius of CAMBRIA in scorn;
Our bards and our sages lie pale on the shore,
While their ghosts on loud tempests indignantly soar!

In vain, injur'd shades, of your fate ye complain,
Your country lies weeping and bleeding in vain!
The soft blooming virgin, and ancient so hoar,
Are belov'd, or rever'd, or lamented no more!

Remorse and despair still add weight to our chain;
Even sweet-smiling Hope the stern victor has slain.
Our glories he tarnish'd, our records he tore,
And freedom and CAMBRIA, alas! are no more!

Mantell Siani :

JENNY'S MANTLE.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BALLIE.

O WELCOME bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by.
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair;
Her breath is in the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound,
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
O noon of day in sun-shine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night!

Tenny's mantle.

FORTE

Allegretto

O wel-come bat and ow - let grey, thus winging low your ai - ry way And

welcome moth and drow - sy fly, that to mine ear come humming by. And

welcome shadows long and deep, and stars that from the pale sky peep! O

wel - come all to me ye say, my woodland Love is on his way.

Venture Given.

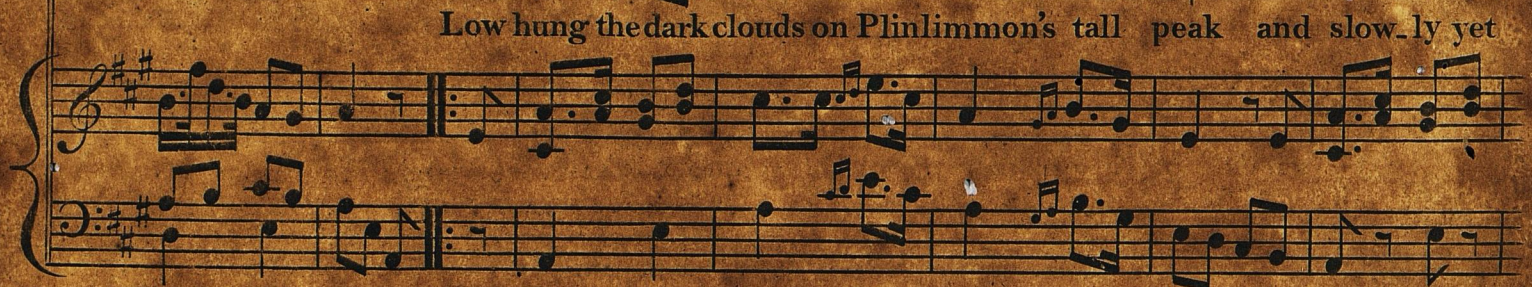
PIANO FORTE

OR

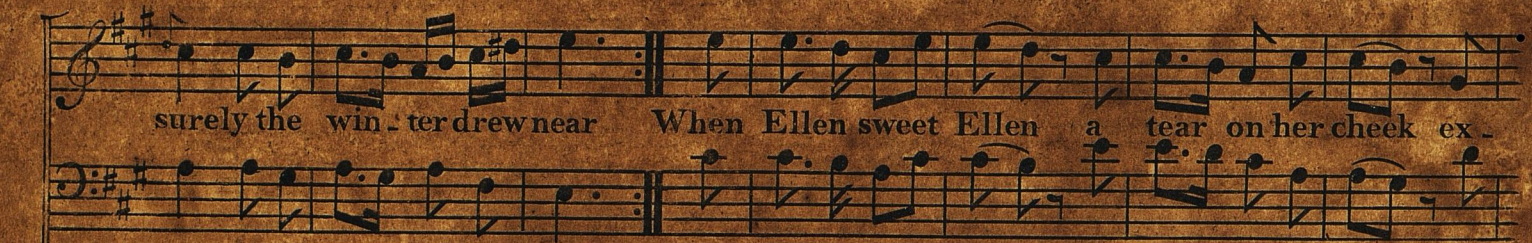
HARP.

*Duet. Allegretto*

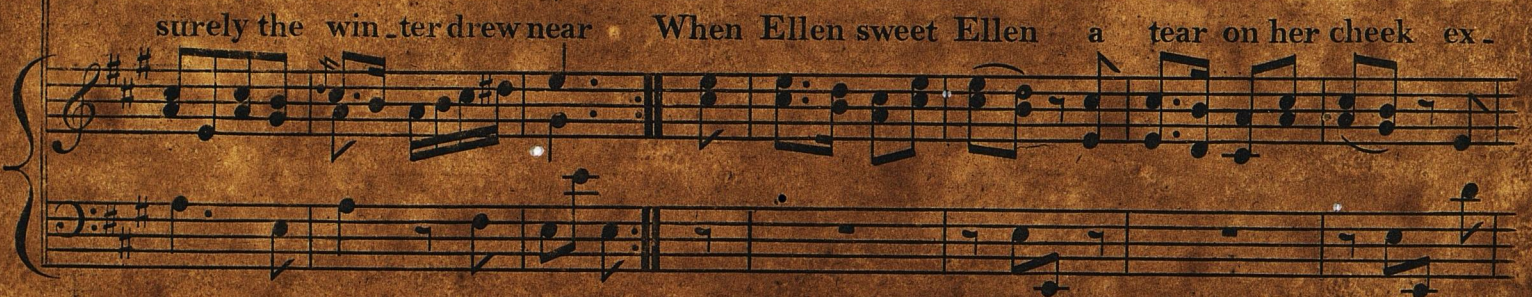
Low hung the dark clouds on Plinlimmon's tall peak and slowly yet



Low hung the dark clouds on Plinlimmon's tall peak and slowly yet



surely the win-ter drew near When Ellen sweet Ellen a tear on her cheek ex-



surely the win-ter drew near When Ellen sweet Ellen a tear on her cheek ex-



claim'd as we parted in May I'll be here.



claim'd as we parted in May I'll be here.

Mentra Gwen :

VENTURE GWEN.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS OPIE.

Low hung the dark clouds on Plinlimmon's tall peak,
And slowly, yet surely, the winter drew near,
When Ellen, sweet Ellen, a tear on her cheek,
Exclaim'd, as we parted, " In May I'll be here !"

How swiftly I ran up the mountain's steep height,
To catch the last glimpse of an object so dear ;
And when I no longer could keep her in sight,
I thought on her promise, " In May I'll be here."

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Now gladly I mark from Plinlimmon's tall peak,
The low-hanging vapours and clouds disappear ;
And climb the rough mountain, thence Ellen to seek,
Repeating her promise, " In May I'll be here !"

But vainly I gaze the wide prospect around ;
'Tis May, yet no Ellen returning is near !
O ! when shall I see her ? when feel my heart bound,
As sweetly she cries, " It is May and I'm here !"

C

Ilwyn Onn :
THE ASH GROVE.

SIR WATKYN'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By **MRS HUNTER.**

SIR WATKYN intending,
The morning befriending,
Through woodlands descending,
 To hunt the wild deer;
Now slumb'ring, of course, Sir,
Dreams of his bay horse, Sir,
And proud of his force, Sir,
 Begins his career.
And forth as he sallies,
Up hills, and down vallies,
Around him he rallies
 A train like a peer.
2. His hunter goes featly,
His stag-hounds run fleetly,
The bugle sounds sweetly,
 They raise a fat doe.
Now turning and winding,
Then losing, then finding,
No obstacle minding,
 Still forward they go.
All danger subduing,
Impatient pursuing,
With ardour renewing,
 Yet ever too slow.
3. Deep woods lay before them,
Now soon closing o'er them,
The knight to explore them,
 Dismounting moves on:
There found the doe lying,
Bemoaning and crying,

As if she were dying,
 Behind a grey stone.
When stooping to raise her,
Before the dogs seize her,
As brisk as a bee, Sir,
 Away she was gone!
4. With whoop and with hollo,
His merry men follow,
She skims like a swallow,
 And flies like the wind.
Sir Watkyn, however,
Who quits the chace never,
Swam over a river,
 And left them behind.
The day was fast closing,
His way he was losing,
The road was so posing,
 No path could he find.
5. A castle high frowning,
The lofty rock crowning,
Dim twilight embrowning,
 Hung over his head.
And thitherward bending,
With steps slow ascending,
The courser attending,
 He cautiously led.
Now dark'ness o'ertaking,
And craggs the way breaking,
He fell,—and awaking,
 The vision was fled!

SIR WATKYN'S DEPARTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By **M. G. LEWIS, Esq.**

THE SAME AIR.

The four concluding lines of each of the following Stanzas, being more than the Air requires, must, of course, be omitted by the Singer, unless the four last bars of the Air are twice sung.

OH! look where GLENDOWER
Moves on with his power!
Sure now to my tower
 My love must be near.
See! see! he's advancing,
His steed gaily prancing,
His plume in air dancing,
 Oh! Watkyn, my dear!—
While, charm'd, he's surveying
His banner displaying,
Alas! what I'm saying
 Is lost on his ear.
Oh! painful the heart in
My bosom is smarting,
To see thee departing,
 Sir Watkyn, my dear.

Since nought can be spoken,
This scarf as a token,
Of faith never broken,
 Of passion sincere,
I'll throw to my lover,
His bosom to cover:—
His steed it flies over!
 'Tis seiz'd by my dear!
His eyes overflowing,
Fond blessings bestowing,
Now, now, see he's going
 For ever, I fear!
May angels defend thee,
Their best succour lend thee,
And home safely send thee,
 Sir Watkyn my dear!

Sir Watkyn's dream.

10

PIANO FORTE

Allegretto

Sir Watkyn in_tending, the morning befriending, through

woodlands descending, to hunt the wild deer Now slumbring of course Sir, dreams of his bay

horse, sir, and proud of his force sir, be_gins his ca_reer And forth as he sallies, up

.hills and down vallies, around him he rallies a train like a peer.

Captain Morgan's March

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

Maestoso

Dost not hear the mar-tial hum Dost not hear the

distant drum Yes they come our warriors come glorying in their vic-to-ry

CHORUS.

Honour'd be the soldier's grave Glo-ry to the fallen brave Wave triumphant banners wave

Honour'd be the soldier's grave Glory to the fallen brave Wave triumphant banners wave

England has the vic-to-ry.

England has the vic-to-ry.

Crescendo

Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan :

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S MARCH.

THE SOLDIERS' RETURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

Dost not hear the martial hum?
 Dost not hear the distant drum?
 Yes, they come! our warriors come,
 Glorying in their victory!
 Honour'd be the soldier's grave!
 Glory to the fallen brave!
 Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

Soon shall many a wife with glee,
 Haste her soldier love to see;
 Soon his babes shall clasp his knee,
 Prattling of the victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

Soon must many a bosom swell,
 High with grief, while hearing tell
 How a sire or husband fell,
 On the field of victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

Yet their fame their fall endears—
 Widows, orphans, hush your fears;
 England's hand shall dry those tears
 Which obscure her victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

Rest, poor mourners, safely rest
 On your grateful country's breast;
 England feels for the distress'd,
 Midst the swell of victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

England's pleasure, England's pride,
 Is through life to aid and guide
 Those who lov'd the men who died
 Glorying in her victory.
 Honour'd be the soldier's grave!
 Glory to the fallen brave!
 Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

Ar hyd y Nos:

THE LIVE LONG NIGHT.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

WHAT avails thy plaintive crying,
Hush, baby, hush!
Though a corse thy father's lying,
Hush, baby, hush!
Tears and sobs in vain endeavour
Back to call the mourn'd for ever!
Never wilt thou see him, never!
Hush, baby, hush!

See! my grief no tears are telling:
Hush, baby, hush!
Hark! my breast no sighs are swelling;
Hush, baby, hush!
No complaint or murmur making;
Nought betrays my heart is aching;
Yet it's breaking, sweet one, breaking.
Hush, baby, hush!

Did the light'ning's flash alarm you?
Hush, baby, hush!
While I hold you, nought shall harm you;
Hush, baby, hush!
Close, and closer, still I'll press thee;
Soothe thee still, and still caress thee!
See! he smiles! Oh! bless thee, bless thee!
Nay, hush, baby, hush!

The live long night.

12

PIANO FORTE

Dirct And^{te} affettuoso

What avails thy plaintive cry-ing Hush baby hush Though a corse thy

What avails thy plaintive cry-ing Hush baby hush Though a corse thy

father's lying Hush baby hush

Tears and sobs in vain en-deavour

father's lying Hush baby hush

Tears and sobs in vain en-deavour

back to call the mournd for ever Never wilt thou see him never Hush baby hush.

back to call the mournd for ever Never wilt thou see him never Hush baby hush.

The attractions of the pipe

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP.

DUET

Andante espress.^o

O wheredostthou bide blessed soul of my Love, Is

O wheredostthou bide blessed soul of my Love, Is

E - ther thy dwelling, oh whisper me where, Here wrapt in re - membrance while

E - ther thy dwelling, oh whisper me where, Here wrapt in re - membrance while

lonely I rove, I gaze on bright clouds and I fan - cy thee there.

lonely I rove, I gaze on bright clouds and I fan - cy thee there.

Hud y Bibell :

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE PIPE.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS OPIE.

WHERE dost thou bide, blessed soul of my love?
Is Ether thy dwelling? O whisper me where?
Wrapt in remembrance, while lonely I rove,
I gaze on bright clouds, and I fancy thee there.

Or to thy bower, while musing I go,
I think 'tis thy voice that I hear in the breeze;
Softly it seems to speak peace to my woe,
And life once again for a moment can please.

Can this be frenzy? if so, 'tis so dear,
That long may the pleasing delusion be nigh;
Still ELLEN'S voice in the breeze may I hear;
Still see in bright clouds the kind beams of her eye!

Twll yn ei Boch :

THE DIMPLED CHEEK.

WRITTEN FOR THE EDITOR

By DR WOLCOT.

WHAT have I done that my MARY should fly me,
What is my guilt that with scorn she should eye me?
Tell me, ah! tell the fond swain who implores thee,
And banish the sorrow of him who adores thee.

Is it a fault for thy beauty to languish?
To sigh and to look on a rival with anguish?
Is it a crime at thy presence to tremble?
Think, think, of thy charms, then how hard to dissemble.

Thine are the lillies, and thine are the roses,
Which Flora, when dress'd, in full beauty discloses;
Sweet is the smile on thy dimpled cheek glowing;
Bright are the locks o'er thy fair forehead flowing.

Yet if a crime for thy hand to be sighing;
Yet if a crime for thy smile to be dying,—
Great is my guilt,—not a mortal will doubt it,
Yet let me plead that no swain is without it.

The dimpled cheeks.

PIANO FORTE

Andantino

What have I done that my Ma - ry should fly me

What is my guilt that with scorn she should eye me Tell me, ah tell the fond

swain who implores thee, And ba - nish the sor - row of him who a - dores thee

The Pedlar

PIANO FORTE.

OR

HARP

Vivace.

Come ye nice maids come hither to hur, Buy if it please you

laces and rippons; If to your back you your palate prefer, here's leeks bred in Wales and Hereford pippins

Ne'er sold I better in all my born days, handsome young men and beautiful Misses

Buy then some garters or laces for stays Buy them for twopence and sell them for kisses.

D Maelerwr :

THE PEDLAR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEX. BOSWELL, Esq.*

COME ye nice maidens, come hither to hur,
Buy if it please ye some laces and rippons;
If to your back you your palate prefer,
Here's leeks bred in Wales, now, and Hereford pippins.
Ne'er sold I better in all my porn days;
Handsome young men, and beautiful misses;
Buy, then, some garters, or laces for stays,
Buy them for twopence, and sell them for kisses.

What, nopoty puy, now! O splutter and nails,
The ugly curs'd crew would let Watkyn be starving!
And is it for this that hur pin'd up her tails,
And trudg'd from Dolgelly, and round by Caernarvon?
Watkyn ap Williams, it makes thy blood boil,
Hur blood, the pure blood, too, of noble Llewellyn!
Here has hur travell'd, with trouble and toil,
To a fair, pless her poty! where nothing is selling.

Hob y. deri dando :

AWAY, MY HERD, UNDER THE GREEN OAK.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEX. BOSWELL, Esq.*

COME every shepherd with his love,
And court the western gale ;
Come let us seek the oaken grove
In sweet Llangollen vale.
There with a sigh the ardent youth
May urge his tender tale,
The evening hours in joy beguile,
And happy he,
Beneath the tree,
Whose fair rewards him with a smile.

The pipe shall cheer with merry strain,
The harp in concert sound,
And lightly ev'ry maid and swain,
Trip on the grassy ground :
Or, seated in a ring, we'll pass
The cheerful song around.
Come, let us court the western gale,
And joyful haste,
Awhile to taste,
The sweets of lov'd Llangollen vale.

Sway my herd under the green oak

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PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

Vivace

Come ev'ry shepherd with his Love & court the western gale Come let us seek the

oaken grove in sweet Llangollen vale There with a sigh the ardent youth may urge his tender

CHORUS

tale, the ev'ning hours in joy beguile and happy he beneath the tree whose fair rewards him

the ev'ning hours in joy beguile and happy he beneath the tree whose fair rewards him

with a smile.

with a smile.

3

The rising sun.

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

*Duet Allegro molto Vivace**p* Soft-ly softly sing Hand in hand glide swiftly round*p* Soft-ly softly sing Hand in hand glide swiftly round

Gay-ly gayly gayly mark the measur'd sound Let us skim the meadows fair now on wav-ing

Gay-ly gayly gayly mark the measur'd sound Let us skim the meadows fair now on wav-ing



pinions rise Lightly beat the wan-ton air and breathing sweets ascend the sky.

pinions rise Lightly beat the wan-ton air and breathing sweets ascend the sky.



Codiad yr Haul:

THE RISING SUN.

THE SYLPHS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

We find the opening part of this Air introduced by HANDEL in the Duet of "Happy we," in ACIS & GALATEA.

SOFTLY, softly sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
Let us skim the meadows fair,
Now on waving pinions rise;
Lightly beat the wanton air,
And breathing sweets ascend the skies,

Softly, softly, sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
On the breast of yonder rose,
Let us rest our wearied wings;
Not a flower in spring that blows,
Around so mild an odour flings.

Softly, softly, sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound.
Blooming rose, thy beauty's pride,
Fades before the noontide hour:
Zephyrs rise on ev'ry side,
And fan your lovely drooping flower.

Farewell Frances :

FAREWELL, FRANCES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

O FAREWELL, my Frances, sweet Frances, adieu !
My heart's dearest hopes are all cent'ed in you ;
On Penmaen's proud cliff will you watch for the gales
That speed from the shores of high Arvon our sails ?

On our dear native land when I breathe my last sighs,
Once more to that cliff I will lift my sad eyes ;
And though my fond sorrows are lost in the air,
I'll teach my sick fancy to meet with thee there !

When tost on the ocean's rude billows I mourn,
How often my heart to that glen will return,
Where Frances, in beauty and innocence drest,
First wak'd the soft anguish that swells in my breast.

When tempests in fury around me shall rave,
How oft will I think of that dark echoing cave !
Where trembling she shelter'd her delicate form,
While the rocks all around us rebellow'd the storm.

When, fondly protected; my Frances stood near,
The blasts, like wild music, delighted my ear ;
And the thunder that peal'd thro' the mountains around,
Exalted my soul with its deep solemn sound.

How hopeless, how listless, I gaze on the sea,
That rolls its proud waves to divide me from thee ;
Erewhile with what pleasure its surface we eyed,
When ev'ning's last lustre illumed the smooth tide.

O when the pale moon-beam sleeps sweet on the wave,
Wilt thou wander alone by the sea-beaten cave ;
And cherish a tender remembrance of me,
Tho' doom'd in long exile to languish for thee.

For thee shall my orisons rise in the dawn,
On the clouds of the twilight thy form shall be drawn ;
And when the last sun-beam is quench'd in the sea,
Still fancy shall dwell on an image of thee.

Farewel Frances

18

PIANOFORTE

Andantino espressivo

O farewel my Frances sweet

Fran-ces a - - dieu, my heart's dearest hopes are all centred in you; On

Penmaen's proud cliff will you watch for the gales, that speed from the

shores of high Arvon our sails.

Come to Battle?

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

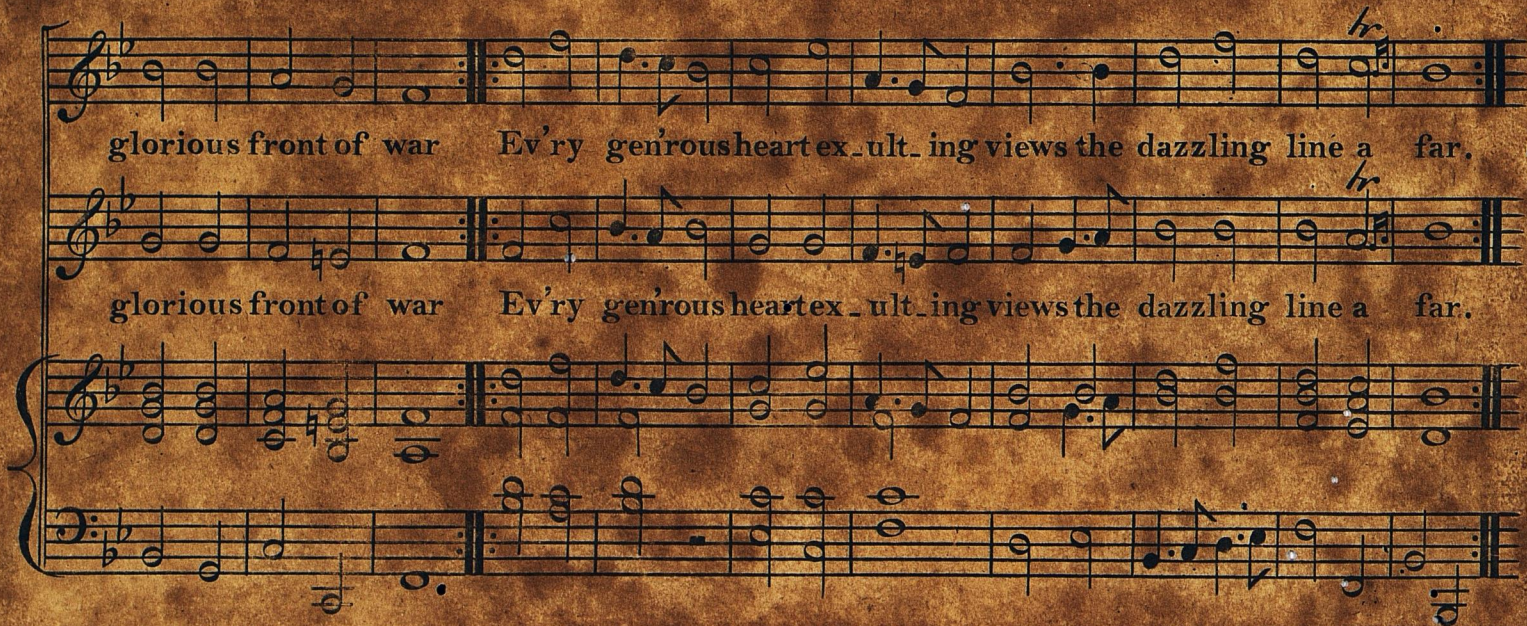
*Duet. Maestoso & Spiritoso*

Hark the martial trumpet sounding See the

Hark the martial trumpet sounding See the

glorious front of war Ev'ry gen'rous heart exulting views the dazzling line a far.

glorious front of war Ev'ry gen'rous heart exulting views the dazzling line a far.



Dolch i'r Frydyr :
COME TO BATTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

HARK, the martial trumpet sounding !
 See the glorious front of war !
 Every generous heart exulting,
 Views the dazz'ling line afar !

Fellow soldiers, now to battle,
 Lift your country's standard high ;
 Round it pour the storm of vengeance,
 Honour'd live, or nobly die !

Valiant chiefs, renown'd in story,
 Bright'ning the historic page,
 See your sons in conflict glorious,
 Through the field of danger rage.

'Tis not hope of spoil or conquest
 Prompts us to the noble strife ;
 While we guard the shrine of freedom,
 Freedom, dearer far than life !

Shall our blest, our matchless island,
 Bow beneath usurping power ?
 Never shall a free-born Briton
 Mourning view that fatal hour.

Rather let our guardian ocean
 Hide us with his whelming tide,
 Ere we bow in base subjection
 To a lawless tyrant's pride.

Freedom, country, friends, and kindred,
 'Tis for you we arm to day ;
 To the heart of proud presumption
 Let us pierce our bloody way !

See the trembling nations round you,
 Fix'd in dread suspense await !
 Strike the blow that sinks the tyrant,
 Europe trusts to you her fate !

D Brython :
THE BRITONS.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

WHEN on the mountain's lofty brow
Above the clouds in air I tread,
Or hear the torrent rush below,
Within the forest shade :
Thoughts of the past, and forms sublime,
Glide through the waste on viewless wings ;
I hear a Bard of ancient time,
Sweep o'er his silver strings.

Soft flows his melancholy strain,
He sings of heroes, long since gone,
Who fell on the embattled plain ;
With time their fame is flown.
But dear to Britons be the ground,
Where valour fought for glory's meed ;
And sweet the plaintive notes shall sound
That mourn the mighty dead.

LAMENT FOR LLEWELLYN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

MOURN, my harp, along the vale,
Where great LLEWELLYN fought and bled ;
And sigh upon the wandering gale
That soothes his gory bed.
In chains of death, with swordless hands,
His fallen heroes round him sleep ;
Weep, Britain, o'er the dragon bands *,
Despairing Britain weep !

The ruby banners bathed in blood,
The raging of the battle tell ;
How dark, how deep, the crimson flood
Where all thy warriors fell !
Their valiant hands, their burning hearts,
Are mouldering in the silent clay ;
Thy freedom falls, thy fame departs,
Thy glory fades away !

False Edward's vengeance gluts the plain,
His voice is death, his words are fire ;
Lo ! Britain's thousand Bards are slain !
The souls of song expire !
Yet, tyrant ! shalt thou ne'er destroy
The spirit of their mourning strings ;
Their magic notes shall ever fly
On Time's remotest wings.

Lords of the lyre, they fall ! they bleed !
But hark, the hills with music swell,
The dark woods shout to glory's meed,
And echo wakes her shell.
The winds that sweep the mountains round,
Catch the soft numbers ere they die,
The green vales drink the passing sound
In sorrowing extacy—

But hush, my harp, thy plaintive sound,
Thy aged master yields his breath :
And silence soon shall reign around
This dreary vale of death !
Farewell, my harp of bounding wire,
My joy, my sorrow, and my pride,
Pour thy soft notes as I expire,
And slumber at my side.

But if the Saxon's blood-stain'd hand
Shall violate thy golden string,
Indignant spurn his stern command,
And themes of glory sing !
Blanch his fierce cheek with freedom's song,
Thy country's first and latest trust,
And Britain's wildest strain prolong,
Tho' sighing in the dust.

* The Red Dragon is the device which all the descendants of CADWALLADER bore on their Banners.

The Britons.

20

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP.

Andant^o espressivo.

When on the mountain's

lof - ty brow, a bove the clouds in air I tread, Or hear the tor - rent

rush be - low wi - thin the fo rest shade Thoughts of the past and

forms sublime glide through the waste on viewless wings, I hear a Bard of

an - cient times, sweep o'er his sil - ver strings.

The crystal ground

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

Duet Andante con moto

In the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen, well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green There the

In the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen, well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green There the

daisy first opens its eye to the day, and the hawthorn first blooms on the bo-som of May; There the

daisy first opens its eye to the day, and the hawthorn first blooms on the bo-som of May; There the

dai-sy first opens its eye to the day and the hawthorn first blooms on the bo-som of May.

dai-sy first opens its eye to the day and the hawthorn first blooms on the bo-som of May.

Crissel Ground :
CRYSTAL GROUND.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

AND INSCRIBED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND MISS PONSONBY.

IN the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen,
Well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green ;
There the daisy first opens its eye to the day,
And the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May.
There the daisy, &c.

There, far from the haunts of ambition and pride,
Contentment, and virtue, and friendship, abide ;
And Nature, complacent, smiles sweet on the pair,
Who have splendour forsaken to worship her there.
And nature, &c.

Bright patterns of wisdom, affection, and truth,
Retired to the shade in the gay bloom of youth ;
Your sweet rural cottage, and pastoral views,
Are the charm of the vale, and the theme of the muse.
Your sweet, &c.

To the shade for concealment in vain you retire,
We follow to wonder, to gaze, and admire ;
Those graces which fancy and feeling refine,
Like the glow-worm through deepest obscurity shine.
Those graces, &c.

While ambition exults in her storm-beaten dome,
Like the tower on yon mountain that frowns o'er your home,
With tranquil seclusion, and friendship your lot,
How blest, how secure, and how envied your cot !
With tranquil, &c.

Hob y deri dannno:

AWAY TO THE OAKEN GROVE.

(AS SUNG IN NORTH WALES.)

MAY-DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By **MRS HUNTER.**

In Singing the Second, Third, and Fourth Verses, it will be necessary to supply a line of Fal la, after each line of the Poetry, as in the Engraved Verse.

SWEET, how sweet, the hawthorn blooming, *Falla, &c*
Round the balmy air perfuming,
Lovely May, these are thy treasures,
In thy train attend the pleasures,—
These thy treasures, lovely May.

On thy green lap flowrets springing,
Hark the merry birds are singing;
While the maidens featly dancing,
Hail thy footsteps slow advancing,—
These thy pleasures, lovely May.

V'ilets with the primrose twining,
Dipp'd in dew, their hues combining,
Form the wreath thy brows adorning,
Fair and fresh, as early morning,—
These thy treasures, lovely May.

Come, sweet May, come softly smiling,
No chill blasts our hopes beguiling;
Guard the summer's blossom'd treasures,
In thy train attend the pleasures,—
These thy pleasures, lovely May.

Away to the oaken grove

22

PIANO FORTE

Vivace

Sweet how sweet the hawthorn blooming Fa la la la la la

la la la

Round the balmy air perfuming Fa la la la la la la la

la

Lovely May these are thy treasures Fa la la la la

In thy train at-

tend the pleasures Fa la la la la la la These thy treasures lovely May.

The sleeping Beauty.

PIANO FORTE

The musical score is written on aged, yellowed paper. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Andantino'. The piano part features a melody with a 'dol.' (dolce) marking and a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'Sleep on and dream of heav'n a while, tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes; thy ro--sy lips still wear a smile, and move and breathe delicious sighs Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks, and mantle to her neck of snow! Ah now she murmurs now she speaks what most I wish yet fear to know.' The score includes various musical notations such as 'dol.', 'p', 'sf' (sforzando), and 'f' (forte). The piano part has a complex, flowing accompaniment. The vocal part is written in a single line with lyrics underneath. The score ends with a final piano flourish marked 'dol.' and 'sf'.

dol. *p* *dol.*

Andantino *p*

Sleep on and dream of heav'n a while, tho' shut so close thy

laughing eyes; thy ro--sy lips still wear a smile, and move and breathe de

licious sighs Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks, and man-tle to her

neck of snow! Ah now she murmurs now she speaks what most I wish yet fear to know.

dol. *sf* *sf* *p*

Tros y Garreg :
OVER THE STONE.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

SLEEP on, and dream of heaven a while,
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes ;
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs.
Ah ! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle to her neck of snow !
Ah ! now she murmurs, now she speaks,
What most I wish, yet fear to know.

She starts ! she trembles ! and she weeps !
Her fair hands folded on her breast,—
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
A seraph in the realms of rest !
Sleep on secure, above controul,
Thy thoughts belong to heav'n and thee ;
And may the secrets of thy soul
Be held in reverence by me.

Ton y Ceiliog Du : THE NOTE OF THE BLACK COCK.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

GOOD morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !
I see thee, slyly cowering, through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like casement of my Lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shews, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair, and morning smile.
The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still :
The rarest things to light of day,
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight,
I sunn'd me in her cheering sight ;
And short, I ween, the term will be,
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day ;
The climbing herd-boy chaunts his lay ;
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring ;
Thou art already on the wing.

THE TALE OF LLANVAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By a CLERGYMAN in Wales.

THE SAME AIR.

This Tale is founded on an anecdote by Mr PENNANT, who says, he would not have ventured to mention it, had he not the strongest traditional authority for it from the mouth of every one in the parish of Llanvair Vechan. Above a century ago, SION HUMPHRIES of that parish paid his addresses to ANNE THOMAS of Creyddyn, on the other side of Conway river. They had made an appointment to meet at a fair in the town of Conway. He in his way fell over the noted promontory of Penmaenmaur : She was overset in the Ferry-boat, and was the only person saved out of more than four score. They were married, lived to an uncommon old age, and were buried in Llanvair Church-yard, where their graves are familiarly shewn to this day.—The POET supposes the Lovers to have met, and, of course, that the accidents took place after they had parted.

YE who complain that love and truth
Are flowers that fade in early youth ;
Or that the lover's heart must bleed,
Is by a cruel fate decreed.
Now list to LLANVAIR's simple tale,
Oft told in her sequest' red vale ;
How sav'd by Heaven, a faithful pair
To hoary eld liv'd honour'd there.

No splendid names their lineage boasts
From Chieftains of embattled hosts ;
To neither wealth nor power allied,
Their wealth was virtue,—truth their pride.
Young JOHN, a comely village swain,
Sweet ANNE, the fairest on the plain.
Even so,—yet names that dear to fame,
Her own Taliesin should proclaim.

The sun of half his splendour shorn,
With broken ray illum'd the morn,
When Anne to Conway cross'd the tide ;
From Llanvair John to meet her hied.
What nymph or swain but would repair
To all the joys of Conway fair ;
And heedless of the length of way,
Even toil to greet the festive day ?

The fair ! 'tis all the country's pride,
Where Mirth with all her sons preside ;
The show, the race, the pedlar's hoard,
The lively dance, the loaded board ;
The well driven bargain's solid joy,
Th' adventurous youth, and maiden coy ;
Who, if he hint at wedlock's bliss,
Looks prim, yet takes it not amiss.

Oft to the harp's delighting sound
Had the alternate verse gone round ;
Oft had the host increas'd his score,
And summ'd the chalks behind the door ;
When now the day full fast declined,
Too fast for every youthful mind,
And John and Anne must say adieu,
Sad word to every lover true.

" My dearest John, haste, haste," she cried,
" Dark lours the sky,—I wait the tide,
" But oh ! that Penmaenmaur ! take care,
" 'Tis time, even now, that you were there."
Oft, oft, she urg'd,—he, loth to part,
Still linger'd with foreboding heart ;
At length he sigh'd a faint adieu,
Started, and soon was out of view.

Ere long the boatswain call'd aloud,
To summon forth th' expectant crowd ;
At once breaks off the eager tale,
Of cross-road dire, or fairy vale.
They gain the boat, but ere his hand
Would push it from the pebbly strand,
With homely, but respectful grace,
To Anne he gives the choicest place.

Quick, then, he push'd it from the shore,
And, inward, wish'd it safely o'er,
Taught by experience to descry
The presages of danger nigh.
Anon the wind began to rise,
Wild haggard clouds obscur'd the skies,
And hills, and towers, and hollows vast,
Swell'd every murmur of the blast.

The distant breaker round the shore
Was heard at intervals to roar ;
The thunders roll, and sunk in fears,
All was on board—prayers, sighs, and tears !
Not worse had Edward's furious spite
Rais'd all the horrors of the night,
Avengeful of the jocund hours
That laugh'd beneath his mould'ring towers*.

Wide round the coast the tempest flies,
Where Penmaen's summit seeks the skies,
And hurling down a massive load,
Breaks off abrupt the faithless road.
With cautious step, and anxious mind,
John strives the oft trod path to find,
That winding round the mountain's side
Shelves grimly o'er the boisterous tide.

Half the descent now safely o'er,
He scarcely thinks of danger more ;
But whilst the danger least he dreads,
Deep in the new-made chasm he treads ;
Down, down, he falls, nor hopes to rise—
O heaven, poor Anne, he faintly cries ;
Yet, gracious powers ! 'twas his to reach
Uninjur'd to the rugged beach !

Poor Anne at distance, tempest tost,
The raging flood had nearly crost ;
Sudden the steersman turns his hand,
Urging amain the boat to land.
Ah ! fatal haste, for o'er the side,
A breaker pours its deluge wide ;
She fills, she sinks, and of fourscore
One only liv'd to reach the shore.

'Twas Anne!—her, Heaven's protecting care
Bid the o'erwhelming wave to spare ;
That care, which even then did save
Her John from an untimely grave.

So match'd in fate, their willing hands
Were quickly join'd in sacred bands.
And Llanvair in her faithful page,
Says each attain'd a Patriarch's age.

* There may be some who do not know that EDWARD I. built the magnificent Castle of Conway, to keep the Welsh in awe, after he had conquered the country. It is now in ruins, but a pile so grand and picturesque, as to exceed every thing of the kind in the Island.

Triban Gwyr Morgannwg :

THE WAR SONG OF THE MEN OF GLAMORGAN.

THE NORMAN HORSE SHOE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were generally unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman Cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following Verses celebrate a supposed defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the Counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient Castle.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers' din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn:
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore,—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd,—the trampled green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood,
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war horse forg'd the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

THE WIZARD DEE.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT, WRITTEN

By *A GENTLEMAN in Wales,*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

THE SAME AIR.

SWEET rose the moon on Deva's stream,
And Oh! how bright the quivering beam
That play'd upon her sable floods,
And trembled through her waving woods;
Reflected on her glassy breast,
The holy fanes of Bangor rest;
The listening watch-dog silence kept,
And saints, and sounds, and nature slept.

Sudden the beauteous scene is o'er,
The thunders roll, the waters roar;
Dark driving clouds the sky deform,
The wizard spirit rides the storm.
Now yelling loud, now muttering low,
Vowing revenge, denouncing woe;
The silent echoes, mute through fear,
Ne'er gave the sounds to mortal ear!

Wypres Ned Pulo :
NED PUGH'S GRAND DAUGHTER.

THE DESPAIRING BARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELSH ORIGINAL

By the REV. MR WILLIAMS of Vron.

The Ruins of CASTLE DINAS BRAN, one of the primitive Welsh Castles, stand on the summit of a vast hill which overlooks the vale of Llangollen. In 1390 this Castle was inhabited by MYFANWY VECHAN, a celebrated Beauty, descended from the house of Tudor Trevor. The Bard HOWEL AP EINTON LYGLIW having fallen violently in love with the lady, addressed an Ode to her; from the translation of which, the Editor of this Work has culled such parts as appeared fittest for singing, and united them to the very plaintive air above mentioned.

WHILE sad I strike the plaintive string,
Deign, cruel maid, to hear me sing;
And let my song thy pride controul,
Divine enchantress of my soul!

Must thy desponding lover die,
Slain by the glances of thine eye?
O fairer thou, and colder too,
Than new-fall'n snow on Awen's brow!*

Let not a cruel heart disgrace
The beauties of thy heav'nly face!
Thou art my daily thought;—each night
Presents MYFANWY to my sight.

And death alone can draw the dart
Which love has fixed in my heart!
Ah! canst thou with ungentle eye
Behold thy faithful HOWEL die?

Thy name the echoing vallies round,
Thy name a thousand hills resound;
MYFANWY VECHAN, maid divine!
No name's so musical as thine;

And ev'ry bard with rapture hung
On the soft music of my song:
Alas! no words can speak my pain,
While thus I love, but love in vain.

When first I saw thee, princely maid,
In scarlet robes of state array'd,
Thy beauties set my soul on fire,
And every motion fann'd desire:

The more on thy sweet form I gaz'd,
The more my frantic passion blaz'd:
And canst thou without pity see
The victim of thy cruelty?

Pale with despair, and robb'd of sleep,
Whose only business is to weep!
For heaven's sake some pity show,
Ere to the shades of night I go!

While life remains I still will sing
Thy praise, and make the mountains ring;
Nor even to die shall I repine,
So HOWEL's name may live with thine.

* Two lofty mountains in Merioneth-shire.

THE SONG OF HOWEL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

QUEEN of the night, with virgin ray,
O speed thee on thy azure way;
In splendour dress thy sapphire bower,
And shed thy smiles on DINAS tower.

Deep clouded in thy misty veil,
The dark woods sigh upon the gale;
Thy dewy beams the vales adorn,
Thy starry streams are sweet as morn.

Fair is thy path in heaven above;
Fair is thy path, thou light of love!
Soft are the clouds that o'er thee glide,
While ocean heaves his murmuring tide.

Thy beams are blest, thou queen of heaven!
And joys untold to thee are given;
In dreams of hope I waste the day,
And live but in thy silent ray.

Queen of the night! thy glories rise,
And dawn upon the eastern skies;
I bless thee in thy rising hour,
And hail my love on DINAS tower.

The blossom of the honey suckle.

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP.



How closely the wood-bine has twindround my bow'r, How sweet its per-

fume and how love-ly its flow'r The beau-ty and fragrance thus wast-ed on air, might

minge their sweets with the charms of my fair, the blossoms ex-pand in the beam of her eye, then

sink on her bosom en-raptured and die.

Blodeu'r Gwynlwydd :

THE BLOSSOMS OF THE HONEYSUCKLE.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

How closely the woodbine has twined round my
bow'r !
How sweet it's perfume, and how lovely its flower ;
The beauty and fragrance thus wasted on air,
Might mingle their sweets with the charms of my fair :
The blossoms expand in the beam of her eye,
Then sink on her bosom, enraptur'd, and die.

How often I think when entwining its boughs,
Would my soul's darling idol here witness my vows ;
Not the pilgrims that visit St Wenefrede's shrine,
Could shew a devotion so ardent as mine ;
To their virgin saint while they offer a part,
My all I'd resign to the queen of my heart.

To the banks of the Wye would she wander to view
My woodbine, when weeping with evening's soft dew ;
It's balm-breathing beauties so fresh would appear,
My arbour so gay, and my fountain so clear :
That Lucy herself with a smile might approve
The work of wild fancy thus guided by love.

Cryri Wen:

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS;—OR HOAR CLIFFS OF SNOWDON.

THE VERSES WRITTEN

By the HON. W. R. SPENCER.

At the time when Wolves were formidable by their numbers in Wales, Prince LLEWELLYN the Great came with his family to reside during the hunting season at Beddgelert, a village completely embosomed in the mountains of Caernarvonshire. Among his hounds, there was one, a present from King JOHN, his father-in-law, so noted for excellence in hunting, that his fame is recorded in a Welsh Epitaph, which has been thus translated:

“ The remains of famed Gêlert, so faithful and good,
 “ The bounds of the cantred conceal ;
 “ Whenever the doe or the stag he pursued,
 “ His master was sure of a meal.”

The fame of GELERT, however, does not rest on his swiftness,—but on the event related in the following beautiful Ballad, which, by the Author's permission, is here united to the air above-mentioned.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smil'd the morn,
 And beagle slow, and fleetest hound,
 Obey'd LLEWELLYN'S horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a lustier cheer ;
 Come, Gêlert, come ; wer't never last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear.

Oh ! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
 The flower of all his race ;
 So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chace !

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
 The faithful Gêlert fed ;
 He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
 And sentinell'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal JOHN :
 But now no Gêlert could be found,
 And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise ;
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 The many mingled cries !

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
 The chace of hart or hare ;
 And scant and small the booty prov'd,
 For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gêlert he espied
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood :
 The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gaz'd with fierce surprise,
 Unus'd such looks to meet ;
 His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
 And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
 And on went Gêlert too ;
 And still where'er his eyes he cast
 Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
 With blood-stain'd covert rent ;
 And all around the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child ;—no voice replied ;
 He search'd with terror wild :
 Blood, blood, he found on every side,
 But no where found his child !

Hell-hound ! my child by thee 's devour'd !
 The frantic father cried :
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plung'd in Gêlert's side !

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
 No pity could impart ;
 But still his Gêlert's dying yell
 Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell,
 Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh :—
 What words the parent's joy could tell,
 To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
 His hurried search had miss'd ;
 All glowing from his rosy sleep
 The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
 But the same couch beneath
 Lay a gaunt Wolf all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear,—
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe ;—
 Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic blow which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue !

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck't ;
 And marbles storied with his praise,
 Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass !
 Or forester, unmov'd ;
 There oft the tear besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
 And there as evening fell,
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of Gêlert's grave.

The white mountains of Snowdon.

PIANO FORTE

Allegretto

The spearmen heard the

bugle sound, and cheerly smild the morn And beagle slow and fleetest hound o -

bey'd Lle_welyn's horn And still he blew a louder blast and gave a lustier

cheer Come Gelert come wert never last Lle_welyn's horn to hear.

The melody of North Wales

PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP

Andante espressivo

Hark on the gale sounds sweetly flowing, from the list'ning

ear re - tiring; On sul - len storms a charm bes - towing; pleas - ing ten - der

thoughts in - spiring Sweet sweet Melody with zephyr fondly play - ing, come with us thy

plea - sure taking Far from thy na - tive moun - tains straying our e - choes with thy

ma - gic waking.

Alwynen Gwynedd :

THE MELODY OF NORTH WALES.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

HARK ! on the gale sounds sweetly flowing
From the list'ning ear retiring,
On sullen storms a charm bestowing,
Pleasing, tender, thoughts inspiring.
Sweet melody, with zephyr fondly playing,
Come with us thy pleasure taking :
Far from thy native mountains straying,
Our echoes with thy magic waking.

The harp shall join in tuneful measure,
With thy dulcet strain combining ;
And harmony's exhaustless treasure
Round thy simple beauties twining.
Sweet melody, with zephyr fondly playing,
Come with us thy pleasure taking :
Far from thy native mountains straying,
Our echoes with thy magic waking.

Conset Dafydd ap Gwilym:

DAFYDD AP GWILYM'S FANCY.

THE CHARMS OF MERIONETH-SHIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE BRITISH FOR THIS WORK

By RICHARD LLWYD.

W^{HATE}'ER beneath the arch of heaven
Of joy and festive glee is found;
Whate'er of good, of blessings given,
In other distant climes abound;
United here I fondly tell,
That mirth with Meirion loves to dwell,
United here, &c.

And though thy rough aspiring rocks
Stern winter loves to wrap in snow,
And drive awhile thy fleecy flocks,
To seek the shelter'd vale below;
Yet here the cuckoo's earliest voice
Delights to bid thy swains rejoice.
Yet here, &c.

Not sweeter blooms the fragrant bean,
That leads the busy bee to sip:
Nor yet more dear the milky stream
That meets the longing infant's lip,—
Than thou, thy fertile vales and fields,
The matchless charms that Meirion yields.
Than thou, &c.

And when with all that wealth can boast,
In alien realms remote I roam,
Tho' Nature's kind on every coast,
My ardent heart is still at home.
To thee I come from every clime,
Dear Meirion, all my soul is thine.
To thee, &c.

Unsullied foam thy silver streams,
As down thy rugged rocks they rush;
And loudly ring the grateful themes
That cheer thy every grove and bush.
Yet sweeter sing the spotless fair,
Green Meirion's pride, her boast and care.
Yet sweeter, &c.

Ye youths, in pleasure's paths that range,
By fancy's bounds alone confined:
That seek amid the charms of change,
The perfect maid that meets your mind.
'Tis vain! ye roving swains return,
Or still with passion's ardour burn.
'Tis vain! &c.

The harp, so rich in treasur'd sounds,
My country's choice, peculiar care,
Here, while the voice of song resounds,
Gives every sordid thought to air.
Its varied strains 'tis heaven to hear,
Blest strains to Cambria's offspring dear,
Its varied, &c.

Edinburgh:

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1809.

The charms of Meirionydd.

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PIANO FORTE

OR

HARP.

Allegretto piuttosto Vivace.

