493

A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL WELSH AIRS,

ADAPTED FOR THE VOICE, AND UNITED TO

ENGLISH POETRY

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, BY

JOANNA BAILLIE, BURNS, SCOTT, SMYTH, &c.

WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

TO EACH AIR, FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE, OR HARP, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO:

COMPOSED CHIEFLY BY

HAYDN & BEETHOVEN.

THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED BY

G. THOMSON, F. A. S.

Edinburgh:

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,

A SELECT COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN FIVE VOLS.

ALSO

A SELECT COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN TWO VOLS.

With SYMPHONIES and ACOMPANIMENTS to the AIRS in each Work, composed chiefly by

Haydn & Beethoven.

THE POETRY BY BURNS, J. P. CURRAN, ESQ. M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. S. ROGERS, ESQ. W. C. SPENCER, ESQ. W. SMYTH, ESQ. JOANNA BAILLIE, &c.

R. SMIRKE R.A. PINXIT. P. THOMSON SCULPSIT.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

See P. 43.

PUBLISHED JULY MDCCCXI BY GEO: THOMSON EDINBURGH.

A Select Collection of Original WELSH AIRS

Adapted for the Voice

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC

English Poetry

never before Published

With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies

and **Accompaniments** *for the*

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Composed Chiefly by

Haydn and Beethoven

Price of each Volume, the Voice and Piano Forte, 15 Shillings. The Violin & Violoncello parts 3 Sh. Each.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WELSH, SCOTTISH, AND IRISH AIRS,

HARMONISED BY

HAYDN, &c.

This day is Published the SECOND Volume of

SELECT WELSH AIRS,

Collected by George Thomson, F. A. S. Edinburgh, 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 harmonized 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 united to 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, lately published, 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. This Second Volume is also adorned with a beautiful Engraving by Paton Thomson, from a painting by R. Smirke, Esq. R. A. 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, at 2s. 6d. each.

Lately Published, in Four Volumes, a new Edition, being the Fourth, of

SELECT SCOTTISH AIRS,

With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Air, for the Piano Forte, &c. chiefly by the same inimitable Composer, who writes thus emphatically to Mr Thomson the Editor: "*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, 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. It is the only Work 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, or to be published, by Mr GEORGE THOMSON of "Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, more-"over, 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, at 3s. each per volume.

The Fifth, or concluding Volume, of this Work, embellished with a very fine Engraving, will be Published in November 1811, *and will contain a Collection of*

SELECT IRISH AIRS,

With masterly Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte or Harp, Violin and Violoncello; and interesting Songs by BURNS, &c. And the Editor trusts that the lovers of Irish Music will find that no possible pains have been spared to render the Irish Volume in all respects equal to any of the four preceding volumes, which contain a number of Irish Airs, intermixed with Scottish ones; the Five Volumes including all the finest Melodies of both Nations, with such Harmony, and such Poetry, as no other national Music can boast of.

The above works may be had at the house of G. Thomson, Trustees' Office, Exchange, Edinburgh; at Preston's Music Warehouse, 97 Strand; at Birchall's, 133. New Bond Street, and J. Murray's, Fleet Street, London.

THE POETRY FOR THE SCOTTISH AND IRISH AIRS, CHIEFLY BY

BURNS.

The Cornish May song.

Piano Forte or Harp

Allegretto piuteste Vivace

Ye maids of Helston ga_ther dew, while yet the morning

breezes blow, The fai_ry rings are fresh and new, then cautious mark them as you go

Chorus

A_rise arise a_wake to joy, the sky-lark hails the dawn of day, Care get thee hence from

A_rise arise a_wake to joy, the sky-lark hails the dawn of day, Care get thee hence from

Hel_ston fly, for mirth rules here the morn of May.

Hel_ston fly, for mirth rules here the morn of May.

The Cornish May Song;

Or, FLORA-DAY AT HELSTON.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

The following verses refer to a custom of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Helston in Cornwall, who, on the 8th of May annually, hail the glad appearance of Summer, and devote the day, from dawn till midnight, to mirth and dancing, during which this traditional May Tune is frequently played. The Editor hopes that the Song *here presented, with the tune, will add to the pleasure of the day.*

Ye maids of Helston, gather dew,
While yet the morning breezes blow;
The fairy rings are fresh and new,
Then cautious mark them as ye go.

Chorus.

Arise, arise, awake to joy!
The sky-lark hails the dawn of day,
Care, get thee hence, from Helston fly!
For mirth rules here the morn of May!

Ye youths, who own love's ardent power,
To yonder shelter'd bank repair,
There seek the early op'ning flower,
To deck the bosoms of the fair.
Chorus.—Arise, &c.

Or from the thicket in the glade,
Go pluck with speed the hawthorn bough,
And twine a wreath to deck the maid
Who has thy troth and plighted vow.
Chorus.—Arise, &c.

If on your way some drudge you meet,
Who lifts the spade, or drives the team,
Aloft in air the culprit seat,
And bear him quickly to the stream.
Chorus.—Arise, &c.

There let him o'er the current vault,
From bank to bank with active bound,
Or plunging wash away the fault,
And trip with you the merry round.
Chorus.—Arise, &c.

With song and dance, in festive band,
Each happy lad may lead his lass,
With mirthful smiles, and hand in hand
O'er ev'ry threshold freely pass.
Chorus.—Arise, &c.

Tho' ages close, and manners fade,
And ancient revels pass away;
In Helston, let it not be said,
Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.
Chorus.—Arise, &c.

Maldod Arglwyddes Owen.

LADY OWEN'S DELIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

O WHITE foaming Rhaider, by thy roaring fall,
How oft the last words of my love I recall, [tree,
When the fresh blowing blossom he pluck'd from yon
And gave it all blushing and fragrant to me.
" Accept it my Lucy, and long may it prove
" A pleasing memorial of innocent love."

O dear is that blossom, tho' faded, to me,
But it ne'er can return to unfold on the tree;
Nor ever will destiny Owen restore
To flourish again on his lov'd native shore:
Tho' its odour exhale, and its beauty decay,
'Twill remind me of him and that sorrowful day.

This token of passion, so tender and true,
My bosom shall cherish, my tears shall bedew,
When I muse upon Owen, and wander alone,
And think of those hours that for ever are flown,
I feel its soft magic, and find it a charm
To keep my heart spotless, and constant, and warm.

Then why should my youth feel the blight of despair,
Sweet visions of fancy may lighten my care!
Rise, pleasing remembrance, and banish my fears,
That hope may spring up in the dew of those tears,
For smiling propitious, kind heaven may once more
My peace and my pleasure, with Owen restore.

Then Rhaider, hoarse-dashing, with clamorous joy,
Shall witness the truth that no time can destroy,
To welcome my love to his dear native isle,
Then gay in new beauty the valley shall smile:
And wreaths of fresh flowrets shall deck out the tree
That so often has shelter'd my Owen and me.

Lady Owen's delight

PIANO FORTE
OR
HARP

Andantino

Oh white foaming Rhaider by thy roaring fall How oft the last words of my

Love I recall, When the fresh blowing blossom he pluck'd from yon tree, And gave it all blushing and

fragrant to me; When the fresh blowing blossom he pluck'd from yon tree, And gave it all blushing and

fragrant to me.

The lambs fold vale.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

DUET *Vivace*

The bu_sy hours of day are o'er, And rud_dy la_bour toils no more, The lambs are fold_ed

The bu_sy hours of day are o'er, And rud_dy la_bour toils no more, The lambs are fold_ed

in the vale, And cheerful murmurs swell the gale. The Harper sounds a merry strain, And

in the vale, And cheerful murmurs swell the gale. The Harper sounds a merry strain, And

calls the jocund village train, To dance or song or laugh or jest, Till moonbeams speak the hour of rest.

calls the jocund village train, To dance or song or laugh or jest, Till moonbeams speak the hour of rest.

Pant corlant yr wyn: neu, Dafydd or Garreg-las.

THE LAMBS' FOLD VALE; Or, DAVID OF THE BLUE STONE.

EVENING.

A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MR T. TOMS.

The busy hours of day are o'er,
And ruddy labour toils no more,
The lambs are folded in the vale,
And cheerful murmurs swell the gale:
The harper sounds a merry strain,
And calls the jocund village train,
To dance, or song, or laugh, or jest,
'Till moonbeams speak the hour of rest.

See smiling Age, and frolic Youth,
And wedded Love, and plighted Truth;
And calm Content, and Temp'rance meek,
And vig'rous Health with glowing cheek:
Go search for bliss in pomp or shew,
But never, never shalt thou know
So blythe a heart, so free from pain,
As glads the simple village swain.

GWEN OF WHITFORD DALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By THO. GRIFFITH, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

On Gareg's height the Minstrel stood,
And view'd beneath him Deva's flood,
Then chose his softest, sweetest air
To sing the fairest of the fair:
And loaded every passing gale
With praise of Gwen of Whitford dale.
Dee felt the numbers glide along,
And bade his oaks repeat the song.

More pure than Carn Llewellyn's snows,
And sweet as Clwyd's full-blown rose,
Like pearly dew-drops melts her eye,
When touch'd with soft humanity.
As tender lambs, when pinch'd by cold,
Delight to seek the shepherd's fold,
So round her ever open door,
When cold and hungry, press the poor.

Possess'd of each bewitching art
To please the eye and win the heart,
Through Cymry's groves she moves along,
The burden of each shepherd's song.
Then fill with sparkling mead the bowl,
Let no set bounds our joys controul,
Fill too the Hirlas horn with ale,
Health to fair Gwen of Whitford dale.

Blodau Llundain.

THE FLOWERS OF LONDON.

LADY MORTIMER'S MADRIGAL,

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF

MR T. TOMS.

It appears from Shakespeare's Henry IV. part 1st, (however historians may differ on the subject,) that Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, was taken prisoner by Owen Glendower, whose daughter he married, and that he joined Glendower and Hotspur in the conspiracy against Henry. Lady Mortimer is introduced singing a Welsh song to her husband; and, as the warriors were at that time preparing to set out on their hazardous enterprize, we may be allowed to suppose *that she sung as follows:*

LET not Glory's trumpet sounding
Lure thee hence to rude alarms;
Ev'ry pleasure here abounding,
Rest in nature's tranquil arms.
Care or sorrow ne'er shall grieve thee,
Ev'ry joy you here may prove,
Laurel'd honour will deceive thee,
Wear the flow'ry bands of love.

See where every choicest treasure
Laughing Nature flings around;
Rosy morn shall wake to pleasure,
Dewy eve with bliss be crown'd.
Care or sorrow ne'er shall grieve thee,
Ev'ry joy you here may prove,
Laurel'd honour will deceive thee,
Wear the flow'ry bands of love.

ADDITIONAL VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By A LADY.

THE SAME AIR.

FORC'D to leave my only treasure,
Gently she my grief beguil'd;
Still my beating heart felt pleasure,
Sweetly through her tears she smil'd.
Bade me live, and live to bless her,
Still each soothing word remains;
In my heart I still possess her,
Far remov'd from Deva's plains.

I in fancy see the mountain
Where together we have stray'd:
Oft in day-dreams hear the fountain,
Where our vows of love were made.
When dark clouds of fate are near me,
Still I see her lovely form;
That last smile still lives to cheer me,
Sunshine in the darkest storm.

The flowers of London

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Duet Allegretto

Let not Glory's trumpetsounding

Let not Glory's trumpetsounding

lure thee hence to rude a - larms; Ev' - ry plea - sure here a - bound - ing,

lure thee hence to rude a - larms; Ev' - ry plea - sure here a - bound - ing,

Rest in Na - ture's tranquil arms.

Rest in Na - ture's tranquil arms.

Of a noble race was Shenkin

PIANO FORTE

Duet. Allegretto.

NELL — Aye sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan

TAFFY — And thou art my sweet Nell

NELL — Gwynn Since both are agreed its a bargain

TAFFY — And they Nell may laugh that win

NELL — Then

TAFFY — send for Harper Jenkin Each string shall ring some note we love

NELL — The rising sun or the oaken grove Or the

TAFFY — The ris_ing sun or the oaken grove Or the no_ble race of Shenkin.

NELL — noble race of Shenkin The ris_ing sun or the oaken grove Or the no_ble race of Shenkin.

Y Gadly's.

THE CAMP - PALACE:—Or, LEADER'S TENT:

OFTENER CALLED,

OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

She. "AYE sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan,"
He. 'And thou art my sweet Nell Gwynn;
She. "Since both are agreed, it's a bargain,"
He. 'And they, Nell, may laugh that win.'
She. "Then send for Harper Jenkin,"
He. 'Each string shall ring some note we love,'
She. "The *Rising Sun*, or the *Oaken Grove*,"
He. 'Or the *Noble Race of Shenkin.*'
Both. The Rising Sun, or the Oaken Grove,
Or the Noble Race of Shenkin.

She. "I'll smile no more upon Harry,"
He. 'Nor I upon Sall or Sue,'
She. "And will you be kind when we marry?
He. 'Aye, surely, kind and true.'
She. "Then what on earth is lacking?"
He. 'A goat or two, some malt to brew,'
She. "I nought can want when happy with you."
He. 'Then canker'd care go packing.'
Both. I nought can want when happy with you,
Then canker'd care go packing!

She. "Our days shall be all a bright summer,"
He. 'When summer days come about;'
She. "With ale I'll fill you a rummer,"
He. 'And I, Nell, will drink it out.'
She. "You think I'm idly boasting;"
He. 'Mayhap these summer days may tire,'
She. "Then blithe we'll sit by the winter fire,"
He. 'And sing while our cheese is toasting.'
Both. Then blithe we'll sit by the winter fire,
And sing while our cheese is toasting.'

At the Editor's request, Dr Haydn arranged this much admired Air to be sung in the way of Dialogue, as here printed. The Editor thinking it desirable also, that the Air should be provided with other Verses, such as may be sung by a single Voice, taking the alternate vocal parts just as if printed in one continued line, the following Song has accordingly been written for that purpose by his brother David Thomson. *The reader will at once perceive that the peculiarity of the measure in both Songs, is rendered unavoidable by the music. There is not the least difficulty in singing the following Verses to the Air, provided the* two separate quavers, *wherever they occur, are tied together by the singer, and thus applied to one syllable, instead of two.*

VERSES FOR ONE VOICE,

TO THE SAME AIR.

THE sinking sun is beaming
On Conway's turrets grey,
No spear of Saxon gleaming,
Reflects the golden ray:
The wildest tempest braving,
Thy baseless tow'r each heart appals; *
For hostile banners o'er thy walls,
The peaceful ivy waving.
For hostile banners, &c.

No more fierce warriors rally,
Around thy mould'ring tow'rs;
No more within our valley
The storm of battle low'rs;
Where knights their gauntlets flinging,
Oft urg'd in fight the deadly lance,
We hold at eve the merry dance,
And lays of love are singing.
We hold, &c.

The sun's last rays are glancing
On Conway's glassy tide,
In light-oar'd skiffs advancing,
Beneath thy walls we glide;
While oft the loop-hole viewing
Where once the winged arrow flew,
We see the swallow darting thro',
The insect-tribe pursuing.
We see, &c.

Now Autumn's fruitful treasure,
No plund'ring foes destroy;
The harper's wildest measure,
Is tun'd to peace and joy;
How tranquil now our dwelling,
At morn o'er hills we freely stray,
At night around the hearth so gay,
The fairy-legend telling.
At night, &c.

* This tower cannot be surveyed without wonder and dread. While the Editor and his brother were gazing at it, one of the inhabitants of the town told them, that it has stood, or rather hung, upwards of half a century in its present terrific state. Mr Pennant, in his description of this magnificent castle, gives the following account of the baseless tower: "Several years ago, "the folly of some of the inhabitants, by getting stones from the rock beneath one of the great towers, brought down a vast seg-"ment: The ruins are the most awful I ever beheld, lying in stupendous fragments on the shore, some so unbroken as to pre-"serve both the grand external rotundity and inward concavity; a hardened cement of stone and mortar eleven feet thick. "The upper part of the tower remains entire, suspended at a vast height above our heads, exhibiting in the breach such a "strength of walling as might have given to the architect the most reasonable hope that his work would have endured to the "end of time."

Y Bardd yn ei Awen,

THE INSPIRED BARD:

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

1.

Now bar the door, shut out the gale
And fill the horn with foaming ale,
A cheerful cup, and rousing fire,
And thrilling harp, my soul inspire !

2.

Dark rusted arms of ancient proof,
Hang clanging from the breezy roof,
And tell of many a Welchman bold,
And long remember'd deeds of old.

3.

Come, mountain-maid, in Sunday gown,
With healthy cheek of rosy brown,
Here sit thou gaily by the while,
And nod thy head, and sweetly smile.

4.

Draw closer, friends, the table round,
And cheerly greet the rising sound,
Love, arms, and ale, and rousing fire,
And thrilling harp my soul inspire !

ADDITIONAL VERSES BY A FRIEND OF MISS BAILLIE.

Return, ye joyful days of old,
The Christmas feasts of barons bold,
The sparkling mead, the crowded hall,
And beauty's smile, delighting all.

The hoary Minstrel's chaunted tale,
Of valiant chiefs, or spectres pale,
The brave Sir Morgan's generous board,
With goblets crown'd, with dainties stor'd.

The well-fed ox, when roasted whole,
And plenty's form, and pleasure's soul,
The shining arms, the Saxon spoils,
Rewarding valour's glorious toils.

While high-born dames, with lofty grace,
Assign the youthful warrior's place;
Or bid the broider'd scarf display
The victor of the festive day !

The inspired Bard.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Vivace

Now bar the door shut out the gale and fill the horn with foam_ing ale A cheer_ful cup and rous_ing fire And thril_ling harp my soul in_spire.

The allurement of love.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP.

Andante espressivo

To thee lov'd Dee thy gladsome vales, where late with careless steps I rang'd; Tho' prest with care and sunk in woe, To thee I bring a heart unchang'd I love thee Dee, thy banks and glades, tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear! For there he rov'd that broke my heart, Yet to that heart ah still how dear.

Serch Hudol.

THE ALLUREMENT OF LOVE.

THE FIRST STANZA

By BURNS.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome vales,
Where late with careless steps I rang'd,
Tho' prest with care, and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.
I love thee, Dee, thy banks and glades,
Tho' memory there my bosom tear,
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
And saw me once supremely blest;
Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,
And give a love-lorn maiden rest.
And should the false-one hither stray,
No vengeful Spirit bid him fear;
But tell him, tho' he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear!

THE VISIONARY.

WRITTEN AND COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR,

By The HON. W. R. SPENCER.

THE SAME AIR.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread;
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!
No shiv'ring ghost my way pursues,
No bloodless shape my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died,
Ambition all dissolv'd to air,
With phantom Honour at her side.
What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love.—
Oh! die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

Castell Towyn.

TOWYN CASTLE:

A Fortress anciently in the district of Towyn, on the sea-shore of the County of Merioneth, but of which there are now no remains.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS OPIE.

SWEET Mary, where now on this turf we recline,
A proud lofty castle once frown'd o'er the plain,
Here barons and knights quaff'd their bowls of rich wine,
And throng'd to fair Towyn's wide spreading domain.

But now it is vanish'd, by time swept away,
Nor is there a trace of the once stately dome:
Forgot e'en their names, who, in splendid array,
With hearts full of pride, call'd the mansion their home.

Yet never, I trust, did the castle resound
With accents of pride or delight such as mine,
When late as we rov'd o'er this now desert ground,
My Mary with blushes, said, "Cadwal, I'm thine!"

Tonyn castle.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Andante

Sweet Ma_ry where now on this turf we re_ _cline, a proud lof_ty

cas_tle once frown'd o'er the plain Here Ba_rons and Knights quaff'd their

bowls of rich wine, and throng'd to fair Tow_ _yn's wide spreading plain

The Minstrelsy of Chirk castle.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Vivace

In days of ancient story when Minstrels sung be _ fore ye the strains of love and glo _ ry in Chirk cas _ tle hall. With glowing ardour tel _ _ ling in numbers bold and strong the deeds of brave Lle _ welyn in he _ _ ro _ ic song song

hr *rf* 1st 2d

Erddigan Caer y Waun.

THE MINSTRELSY OF CHIRK CASTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs HUNTER.

Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, the splendid Seat of the Middleton Family, is said to have been in ancient times the Favourite Resort of Bards.

In days of ancient story,
When minstrels sung before you,
The strains of love and glory
In Chirk-castle hall.
With glowing ardour telling,
In numbers bold and strong,
The deeds of brave Llewellyn,
In heroic song.

Or when the sprightly measure
Reviv'd departed pleasure,
And fancy from her treasure
Did faded joys recall;
Your vaulted roofs resounding,
The youthful train advance,
Each heart with transport bounding
In the mazy dance!

Still may heroic story,
By minstrels sung before you,
Breathe mirth, and joy, and glory
In Chirk-castle hall.
Your wand'ring bards inviting
The social board to grace,
Sweet harmony uniting
Cambria's tuneful race.

Hoffedd Hywel ab Owen Gwynedd.

THE DELIGHT OF PRINCE HOEL, SON OF OWEN GWYNED.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By Mrs GRANT.

THE convent's loud matins came full on the gale,
When close by the altar, dejected and pale,
Sad Ellen stood weeping, in silent despair,
All faded the beauty that once bloom'd so fair!
The heart that affection and sorrow engross,
Now sighing, seeks peace at the foot of the cross,

That cross, in whose shadow Prince Hoel long fought,
His Ellen's fair fingers had curiously wrought,
And the eagles beneath, on his standard display'd,
Were broider'd with gold by the hands of the maid:
Tho' solemn the oath on his sword that he swore,
Still vainly does Ellen his absence deplore!

Now open, St Bridget, thy dark, silent cells,
Where patience, with sorrow, and solitude, dwells:
And farewel, O sun! from thy bright-searching eye,
From the world, and its hopes, and its glories, I fly!
Ah! what can her peace to sad Ellen restore,
For Hoel returns with his banner no more!

Her sisters and kindred in anguish drew near,
The bright eye of beauty shines dim thro' a tear,
The victim in vestments of white they attire,
While the anthem rose solemn and sweet from the choir;
With dirges, and incense they hallow'd the veil,
And the young and the lovely for Ellen bewail.

But hark! how yon trumpet the convent alarms,
While the side of Plinlimmon is glitt'ring with arms,
The crowd to behold the gay pageant are gone
While Ellen stands musing and trembling alone:—
From Jewry's blest confines those warriors repair,
For the cross and the eagles float wide on the air.

Now rushing, all breathless, Prince Hoel appeared,
And thus, the fair mourner he tenderly cheer'd:
'O fairest and dearest, thou charm of my life,
'Thro' tumults, thro' tempests, thro' danger, and strife,
'Or on ocean's rude billows when destined to roll,
'Thy image was with me, and gladden'd my soul.

'Then leave these dark cloisters to penance and night,
'Come forth like a vision of joy on my sight;
'If to far distant lands I have carried my arms,
'Twas in hopes by my prowess to merit thy charms,
'That world which thou would'st have forsaken for me,
'How gladly, my love, will I share it with thee.

'Thy soul is yet free from the last fatal vows,
'O come then my Ellen, my charmer, my spouse!
'The tale of thy truth by the bards shall be told,
'Thy image shall kneel at this altar in gold,
'And the banner of Hoel, here hallow'd shall be,
'For a lasting memorial of conquest and thee.'

* *Hoel was one of the eighteen Sons of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and Contemporary with Henry the Second, King of England: he was a Poet as well as a Warrior, eight pieces of his composition, mostly amatory, having reached us. After the death of his father, he fell, fighting for dominion, with his brother David, in Anglesey, in* 1169. "*The princely bard, the tuneful Hoel, fell.*" Llwyd's Poems, *p.* 11. *During that contention, their brother Madoc quitted Wales, and is said to have discovered North America.*

The delight of Prince Hoel

Piano Forte

Andante espressivo

The Convent's loud matins came full on the gale, when close by the al - tar de -

- jected and pale, sad El - len stood weeping in si - lent des- - -pair all

fad - ed the beau - ty that once bloom'd so fair; The heart that af- - fec - tion and

sor - row en- - gross, now sighing seeks peace at the foot of the cross

Dol.

New years night

Piano Forte or Harp

Allegretto

Loud how loud the north wind blowing Fa la la la la la la la la

Thick how thick the dark clouds snowing Fa la la la la la la la la Stars all hid in

sa - - ble cov'ring Fa la la la la la la la la la Ghosts amid the darkness hov'ring

1st 2d

keep our trembling hearts in awe hearts in awe

Nos Galan.

Or, NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

Loud, how loud the north wind blowing, Fal la, &c.
Thick, how thick the dark clouds snowing, Fal la, &c.
Stars all hid in sable cov'ring, Fal la, &c.
Ghosts amid the darkness hov'ring
Keep our trembling hearts in awe.

Tho' the moon refuse to light us, Fal, la, &c.
Come where mirth and joy invite us, Fal la, &c.
Thro' the gloom we view delighted, Fal la, &c.
Good Sir Arthur's castle lighted.
Fal la la la la la la.

See yon blazon'd window gleaming, Fal la, &c.
Like the rays of vesper streaming, Fal la, &c.
Now the spacious gates unfolding, Fal la, &c.
Shew the annual banquet holding.
Fal la la la la la la.

Midst the hall with torches blazing, Fal la, &c.
Hark the joyous carol raising, Fal la, &c.
Kinsmen, friends, and vassals joining, Fal la, &c.
To the winds their cares resigning.
Fal la la la la la la.

Hope exulting, bounty cheering, Fal la, &c.
Hail the infant year appearing, Fal la, &c.
While the plenteous horn is flowing, Fa la, &c.
See how ev'ry cheek is glowing.
Fal la la la la la la.

Music's notes now sweetly swelling, Fal la, &c.
Tales of love are softly telling, Fal, la, &c.
Drowning sorrow, blinding reason, Fal la, &c.
Welcome in the new-born season.
Fal la la la la la la.

Ymdawiad y Brenhin.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE KING.

YSTOL GWIDDON; Or, THE CHAIR OF THE WITCH.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs HUNTER.

In the northern part of Glamorganshire, at the side of the Dinas river, in a deep valley, rises an immense perpendicular rock of lime-stone, spotted with vegetation, the river roaring at its foot. The most curious circumstance of the scene, is a lofty crag detached from the precipice, and rearing itself in solitary majesty. This singular sport of nature could hardly escape the observation of superstition, which has accordingly connected it with supernatural agency; it is called Ystol Gwiddon, *or the Chair of the Witch; and tradition relates, that it was separated from the rock by one of those gifted beings, who, when the neighbouring Chieftains were about to wage war with each other, used to plant herself in this aerial seat, and weave the web of human destiny. This circumstance immediately suggests the fanciful tissue of Scandinavian superstition, and the dreadful employments of those northern parcæ.——*

Vide the Rev. Rich. Warner's Second Walk through Wales.

Brave Llewellyn turn'd and sigh'd,
As he pass'd the castle wall:
Where he left his blooming bride
Weeping in his banner'd hall:
Ruthless foes his lands invade,—
Faithful vassals with their aid
Now await him in the glade.

The hero winds his silent way,
Long before the purple morn
Ushers in the god of day,
Or the hunter winds his horn;
He the chosen band must lead
Thro' the wild with secret speed,
Sworn to conquer, or to bleed!

High Llewellyn's spirit rose
As he mov'd in martial pride,
While his vassals round him close
Proud to combat by his side:
On they rush to meet the foe,
Bound to lay the spoilers low.

Shrieks of sorrow strike the ear,
Now they halt and raise their eyes;
Ystol Gwiddon's height is near,
Wrapp'd in flames it seems to rise;
Streaming lights dart thro' the air,
See the hag ascends her chair,
Mystic fillets bind her hair.

In her hand a meteor gleams,
Wild she throws it on the wind,
Hark! the distant vulture screams,
Horror seems with hell combin'd.
Darkness falls o'er hill and heath,
Sullen thunders roll beneath,
'Tis the chariot wheels of death.

Now the rage of battle raves,
Man to man, and blade to blade;
Of the river's foaming waves
Winding sheets his foes have made.
While their fellows fly as fast,
As the leaves before the blast:—
But, the Hero's doom was past!

Lady, on thy castle wall,
Wait no more thy Lord's return;
Bards, within his banner'd hall,
Tune your harps his fall to mourn.
Ystol Gwiddon's witching lore
Breaks the loom, the labour's o'er;
Brave Llewellyn comes no more!

The departure of the King.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP.

Andante affettuoso.

Brave Llewellyn turn'd and sigh'd as he pass'd the castle wall, Where he left his blooming bride, weep-ing in her banner'd hall Hostile bands his lands in-vade, Faithful vassals with their aid, now a-wait him in the glade.

The flowers of the heath.

PIANO FORTE

Allegretto, piutosto Vivace

The jocund days, the play - ful days the hap - py days of
youth when fic - tions please with so much ease more wel - come far than
truth. Two vil - lage maids in yon - der grove to pass the noon day
hour told wondrous tales of wondrous love and love's un - bounded power.

Blodau'r Grug.

THE FLOWERS OF THE HEATH.

THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE jocund days, the playful days,
The happy days of youth,
When fictions please with so much ease,
More welcome far than truth.
Two village-maids in yonder grove,
To pass the noon-day hour,
Told wondrous tales of wondrous Love,
And Love's unbounded power.

A gipsy sibyl pass'd that way,
And saw the nymphs reclin'd,
Her face was tann'd like sunburnt hay,
Her baby hung behind.
" Why lie you here, my pretty maids,
" In rustic plain attire,
" Or hide, amidst these lonely shades,
" The charms that all admire ?"

Then Lucy lifts her hazel eyes,
And waves her ringlets brown;
' Is this the fortune-teller wise
' Who lately came to town ?'
Cries Dolly, while her bright blue eyes
With smiles grew brighter still,
' I'll shew my hand, if you advise
' To try her conj'ring skill.'

" What lucky lines traverse this palm !"
The gipsy sibyl said,
" The wind is still, the sea is calm,
" The ship at anchor laid:
" The jolly tar aboard that ship
" A captain yet shall prove!
" And court you, ere he makes a trip,
" To be his wedded love."

' How well the gipsy knows my fate,
' The lot the powers decree,
' No landman e'er can be my mate,
' While William sails the sea.
' Be sure a captain would be fine,
' But while my sailor's true,
' He's still more dear, and still more mine,
' In comely jacket blue.'

Says Lucy, ' give me love and gold
' No jackets blue for me;
' Come, sun-burnt sage, my fate unfold,
' What lucky stars foresee.'
" Oh happy stars, and happy hour,
" For hear the rattling drum!
" And see, all dress'd and powder'd o'er,
" The gallant Major come!"

' A Major, O! how I should shine,
' Were I his lady gay,
' Could I get back this heart of mine,
' To Harry given away.
' But if poor Harry dies of grief,
' I may repent too late;—
' Yet how can Lucy give relief,
' There's no resisting fate.'

Now from a shelt'ring oak behind,
With sly, complacent smile,
Young William heard them tell their mind,
Himself unseen the while.
On Doll he cast a tender look,
Then softly stealing down,
He met the sibyl in a nook,
And paid the promis'd crown.

Mwynen Cynwyd.

THE MELODY OF CYNWYD.

WEEPING WINIFRED

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs HUNTER.

'WHAT! weeping, Winifred!—for shame!
'The village youth your folly blame:
'Take up your rake, and haste away
'To yonder field of new-mown hay,
'There turn the grass and toss it o'er,
'As merrily you did before
'Young Morgan left our mountain side,
'And took the drummer for his guide.'

"Good dame, I cannot work to-day,
"And have no heart for making hay;
"I feel quite sad, and out of sorts,
"And neither fit for toil, nor sports:
"The hardest task you've set me yet
"Is love, and Morgan, to forget!
"And yet I try, and try, and still
"I think of him, against my will!"

The melody of Cynwyd.

Piano Forte or Harp

Allegretto

What weeping Wi - ni - fred for shame, the village youth your fol - ly blame, take up your rake and haste a - way to yonder field of new mown hay

rf

There turn the grass and toss it o'er, as mer - ri - ly you did be - fore young Morgan left our mountain side, and took the drummer for his guide.

The pursuit of love.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Andante espressivo

Though rich-er swains thy love pursue, in sun-day gear and bonnets new, And ev'-ry fair be-fore thee lay, their sil--ken gifts with co-lours gay: They love thee not a---las so well, as one who sighs and dares not tell; who haunts thy dwelling night and noon, in tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

Dilyn Serch.

THE PURSUIT OF LOVE.

THE VERSES.

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

[AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HER PERMISSION.]

THO' richer swains thy love pursue,
In Sunday gear and bonnets new;
And ev'ry fair before thee lay
Their silken gifts with colours gay;
They love thee not, alas! so well
As one who sighs and dares not tell;
Who haunts thy dwelling night and noon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,
My empty folds, my roofless cot;
Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,
Nor alter'd looks, nor friendship flown;
Nor yet my dog with lanken sides,
Who by his master still abides;
Bnt how will Nan prefer my boon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

VALLE CRUCIS,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

VALE of the cross, the shepherds tell,
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For there are sainted shadows seen
That frequent haunt thy dewy green:
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell,
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell;
For peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmur of the distant rills,
The sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven.

The beautiful little vale, above-mentioned, is situated near the town of Llangollen;—the ruins of a church that was built in the form of a cross, and the remains of an abbey, shaded by hanging woods, contribute greatly to its romantic appearance.

The Willow.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By Mrs HUNTER.

As I slept on the bank of a murmuring stream,
The moss-cover'd turf for my pillow,
A soft soothing melody rose in my dream,
And chaunted the praise of the willow.
" Oh willow ! sweet willow ! so lovely and green,
" Let all sing the praise of the willow !"
I woke, but no mortal was nigh to be seen,
That chaunted the praise of the willow.

The nymph of the fountain, as gliding along
She led her smooth stream to the billow,
Or zephyr perhaps the wild branches among,
Might murmur the praise of the willow.
" Oh willow ! sweet willow ! so lovely and green,
" Let all sing the praise of the willow !"
And echo might join where she slumbers unseen
On banks that are border'd with willow !

The Willow.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

cres

Andante espressivo

As I slept on the bank of a murmuring stream, The

f

moss cover'd turf for my pillow, A soft soothing me - lo - dy rose in my dream, And

chaunted the praise of the willow. "Oh Willow sweet Willow so lovely and green, Let

p/c

all sing the praise of the Willow." I woke but no mortal was nigh to be seen, that

chaunted the praise of the willow.

f

The new year's gift

PIANO FORTE
OR
HARP

Andantino quasi Allegretto

All white hang the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream, And pale from its banks the long i - cicles gleam. The first peep of morning just peers through the sky And here at thy door gentle Mary am I.

Calenig.

Or, THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

All white hang the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream,
And pale from its banks the long icicles gleam;
The first peep of morning just peers thro' the sky,
And here at thy door, gentle Mary, am I.

With the dawn of the year, and the dawn of the light,
The one that best loves thee stands first in thy sight,
Then welcom'd, dear maid, with my gift let me be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee!

Last year, of earth's treasures I gave thee my part,
The new-year before it I gave thee my heart;
And now, gentle Mary, I greet thee again,
When only this band and a blessing remain!

Tho' time should run on with his sack full of care,
And wrinkle thy cheek, maid, and whiten thy hair,
Yet still on this morn shall my offering be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee!

Y Cymry Dedwydd.

THE HAPPY CAMBRIANS.

A Song usually Sung by the Society of Ancient Britons *in London, at the Admission of Members.*

TRANSLATED

By EDWARD WILLIAMS,

FROM THE WELSH OF MR RICE JONES.

[HERE PUBLISHED BY MR WILLIAMS' PERMISSION.]

Fam'd for our warmth, * we now rejoice,
Feel friendship's ardours reign,
And to the harp's harmonious voice,
Attune our choral strain.
Around the bowl, a joyful throng
Of Britons bold and free,
We swell the trills of native song,
All join' d in jocund glee.

Renown'd of old the Cimbric † race,
Dar'd glory's path pursue!
Let us, their sons, with manly grace,
Keep ancient worth in view!
Whilst grandly sweet, the warbling string
Does joys benign impart;
We feel the sympathetic ring
Of transport fill the heart.

Behold a friend, a brother dear
Comes from our parent land!
Fill high the glass of joy sincere
He joins our social band.
Around him whilst fraternal throngs
With native warmth are press'd:
Receive him with exulting songs,
Hail each a friendly guest!

We Britain's nervous tongue retain,
In songs of high renown;
It form'd the druid's mystic strain,
A language still our own:
Tho' savage robbers, ruthless foes,
For ages throng'd our coast;
We're still the same in spite of those,
Be this our endless boast.

Concordant as our tuneful harp,
Our glowing hearts we find;
O let no jarring passions warp
The true-born *Briton's* mind:
Sweet music from the *Cimbric* lyre
Charms every social breast;
With joys that glad the seraph choir,
We feel our souls impress'd.

Proud Rome would fain, for ages long,
Impose the victor's yoke,
But *Cimbric* souls, in valour strong,
The chain of slav'ry broke.
The Saxon fierce could ne'er subdue
The dauntless British mind;
Our spirit high, to freedom true,
The world shall ever find.

Past is the winter, storms are flown,
Now summer scenes we trace;
A remnant still, in high renown,
Of Britain's *ancient* race:
Whilst ancient virtue's just controul
Rules each old Briton's breast,
Be now the joys of ev'ry soul
In gleeful songs exprest!

* The Ancient Britons were noted for their warmth of temper; whence the proverbial phrase of Welsh Blood!

† *Cimbric*, from *Cimbri*, the primaeval and general name of all the Celtic nations; and which, to this day, the Welsh give themselves, as their Forefathers did from remotest times.

NOTES BY MR WILLIAMS.

The happy Cambrians.

Piano Forte or Harp

Spiritoso

Fam'd for our warmth we now rejoice, feel friendship's ardours reign and to the harp's harmonious voice at tune our choral strain. A-round the bowl a mirthful throng of Britons bold and free, we swell the thrills of native song, all join'd in jocund glee.

p *f*

Loth to depart.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP.

Andant.e espressivo

So mild was the ev'ning, so calm was the sky, So soft was the lustre that beam'd from her eye; So sweet was her voice while it spoke to my heart I linger'd and loi_tred still loth to de_part.

Anhawdd Ymadael.

LOTH TO DEPART.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

So mild was the evening, so calm was the sky,
So soft was the lustre that beam'd from her eye,
So sweet was her voice, while it spoke to my heart,
That I linger'd and loiter'd, still loth to depart.

She blush'd and look'd down, when she saw my delay,
O could I but hope that she wish'd me to stay!
In vain I endeavour my pain to beguile,
Her voice I still hear, still I see her dear smile!

Sweet vale of Llangollen! my childhood's lov'd home,
Thro' thy green recesses now cheerless I roam;
Thy streams so refreshing, thy flow'rets so fair,
Would delight me again, were my Winifred there.

O Winifred, sweet as yon lonely wild rose,
In the deep shelter'd cleft of the mountain that grows,
While I cherish thy image that lives in my heart,
From solitude's peace I am loth to depart.

O would she but visit my cot in the grove,
Where the ring-doves are cooing, and telling their love,
When softly she hears me my passion impart,
Perhaps she, like them, might be loth to depart.

Hela'r Ysgyfarnog.

HUNTING THE HARE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs HUNTER.

HENCE! away with idle sorrow!
Bane of life's uncertain hour!
Few the joys from time we borrow,
Hold them, while within your power.
Hunt the hare o'er hills and vallies;
Cheerful wake the rising morn
When she from her chamber sallies
Greet her with the early horn!

Health, and peace, and spirits gaily
Temper'd by the buxome air;
While such blessings court you daily,
Why prefer dull pining care?
Hunt the hare o'er hills and vallies,
Cheerful wake the rising morn;
When she from her chamber sallies,
Greet her with the early horn!

Then when fast the sun descending
Seeks his chambers in the west,
Hasten where good cheer attending
Waits to welcome ev'ry guest:
While the goblet gaily quaffing,
Round and round you hunt the hare,
Toasting, singing, jesting, laughing,
Drive away the demon care!

Hunting the hare!

PIANO FORTE

Allegretto scherzoso

Hence a_way with i_dle sorrow, bane of life's un_cer_tain hour;

few the joys from time we borrow, hold them while wi_thin your pow'r Hunt the hare o'er

hills and val_lies, cheerful wake the ris_ing morn when she from her

chamber sallies, greet her with the ear_ly horn.

The delight of Gruffydd ap Cynan

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Andante espressivo

Thro' dunnest clouds of low'ring night a me_teor glare by fits was seen, that shed a fearful glimm'ring light, their dark fan_tastic forms between. The king on Dinas Emris stood, And paced his tow'r in thoughtful mood, When Merlin's wand was wav'd on high And rais'd a vi_sion to his eye.

Diddanwch Gruffydd ap Cynan.

Or, THE DELIGHT OF GRUFFYDD AP CYNAN.

VORTIGERN'S VISION,

A LEGEND OF DINAS EMRIS:

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DAVID THOMSON.

Mr Pennant, in his account of Snowdonia, after describing the vale of Nant-Gwynan, says, "At the bottom rises a vast "rock, insulated, and clothed with wood, the famous Dinas Emris, *from early times celebrated in* British *story; for here,*

"*Prophetic* Merlin *sate, when to the* British *king*
"*The changes long to come auspiciously he told.*"

"*Three sides of this famous rock are precipitous. On the top is a large area, on the accessible parts of which are two "great ramparts of stone, and within is the ruin of a stone building, ten yards long: the walls are dry, but strong. Since "it is certain that* Vortigern, *after his misfortunes, retired to the Snowdon hills, and died not very remote from them, it is "possible he might have selected this for his strong-hold, as it is admirably adapted for that purpose, and nearly fills the "streight of the valley, and Merlin Ambrosius might have given to it the name of* Emris. *Merlin was an able mathematician "and astronomer, and deeply read in all the learning of his age. Numbers of prophecies were attributed to him, the repe-"tition of which is said to have been forbidden by the council of Trent.*"

Through dunnest clouds of low'ring night,
A meteor-glare by fits was seen,
That shed a fearful glimm'ring light
Their dark fantastic forms between;
The king on Dinas Emris stood,
And paced his tow'r in thoughtful mood,
When Merlin's wand was wav'd on high,
And rais'd a vision to his eye.

The shades now op'ning dimly show,
Where redly gleams the transient ray,
O'er cliff and valley far below,
Embattled hosts in dreadful fray;
A lengthen'd scene of war is seen,
Then rolling vapours close between,
And mingled sounds of shout and moan
Die far along the mountains lone.

While sad the monarch gaz'd around,
Again the mystic veil dispels;
And first, a sweetly breathing sound,
Steals faintly o'er the distant dells;
Then heav'nly music swells the gale,
The rising scene of joy to hail,
And smiling plains in splendour bright,
Now burst on his enraptur'd sight.

The shepherd pipes his merry lay,
The ploughman whistles o'er the lea;
And see where Saxon pilgrims stray,
Along the banks of *Wizard Dee*;
"Thus," Merlin cried, "shall battles cease,
"And Britain's sons unite in peace,
"And all *thy* deeds o'er hill and dale,
"Shall grace a wand'ring harper's tale.

ADDITIONAL VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By THO. GRIFFITH, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

Gird on the sword, and string the bow,
Let Cambria's crimson banners fly,
Prepare to meet the insulting foe,
Prepare to conquer, or to die!
Near false Caer-Leon's hostile towers,*
See what thick clouds of dust arise,
Soon expect fierce arrowy showers,
For shouts of Saxons rend the skies!

Great Lupus, thunderbolt of war,
Lead thy unconquer'd Britons on,
With Garmon high in scythed car,
So shall fair Wirgrig's field be won.†
Llewellyn swift, with Madoc strong,
And high in glittering arms confest,
Blazing amidst the warrior throng,
Young Griffith rears his lion crest.

Swifter than the eagle's pinion
From Cader-Idris craggy height,
Flies the sword of mighty Ennyon,
Thro' the far yielding ranks of fight:
Struck with wild terror and dismay
Both Picts and Saxons routed fly,
The valiant sink, the firm give way:
To face a Briton, is to die!

On far extended Lloegar's plain, ‡
Fair blue-eyed nymphs the laurel spread;
How vain their joys! their hopes how vain!
To grace the conquering lover's head!
In vain they deck the roseate bower,
The long lov'd youth shall ne'er be seen,
Save when at midnight's solemn hour,
His wailing ghost flits o'er the green!

* Caer-Leon, Chester. † Wirgrig, more properly Wydhgrig, Mold. ‡ Lloegar, England.
The battle alluded to in the above Song, was fought in the year 420, close to Rhual in Flintshire, where an obelisk stands to commemorate it.

Ursula.

MORGAN & MEGGAN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By THO. GRIFFITH, Esq.

He. WHILE I alone your heart possest,
No swain like Morgan e'er was blest:
She. And 'till you ogled blowzy Kate,
High dames have envied Meggan's state.
He. I'm won, I own, by Kate the fair,
With rosy cheek, and auburn hair:
She. With Shenkin I delight to rove
By moonlight through the beechen grove.

He. What if I banish Kate the fair,
With pouting lip and curling hair?
She. Then Shenkin slighted thou shalt see,
And Meggan thy true love will be.

He. Tho' Kate's bewitching charms I own,
Yet thee I love, and thee alone.
She. Tho' soft his speech, and bright his eye,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

He. Then haste the merry bells to ring,
We'll lightly dance, and gaily sing;
She. I'll call each maiden of the grove
To witness I've regain'd my love:
He. And, from the lofty mountain side,
Each swain shall hail my lovely bride!
She. No jealous fears shall haunt the mind
Of Meggan true and Morgan kind.

OWEN & MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By Mrs GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

He. AND will you love me, Mary dear,
And me alone, tho' youth decay?
She. No other form, my eyes can cheer,
No other form my heart can sway.
He. How dear to me yon mountain side,
Where first my Mary blest my sight;
She. How pleas'd with Owen for my guide
I lightly climb'd its loftiest height.

He. I sought you by yon fountain clear,
Where frolic kids around you play'd;
She. I trembling own'd I lov'd you dear
Beneath yon aspen's quivering shade.

He. I'll plant around my true-love's cot,
The damask rose, and violet blue:
She. More lasting sweets shall deck the spot
Where Mary lives for love and you.

He. When Owen, wearied, quits the plough,
How sweet will beam thy angel smile;
She. When winter storms with angry brow,
Thy cheering pipe shall soothe my toil.
Both. Our winter songs, and summer flowers
May please a while and then decay,
But true-love, vow'd to heavenly powers,
Shall flourish in perpetual May.

Ursula Or Morgan & Meggan

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Allegretto

HE

While I a - lone your heart possest, No

SHE

swain like Morgan e'er was blest And 'till you o - gled blow - zy Kate, High

HE

dames have envied Meggan's state. I'm won I own by Kate the fair with ro - sy cheek and

SHE

auburn hair; With Shenkin I de - light to rove, by moonlight through the beechen grove.

The Flower of North Wales

PIANO FORTE
OR
HARP.

Andantino

O Che_rub Con_tent at thy
moss_cover'd shrine I'd all the gay hopes of my bo_som re_sign I'd part with am_
bi_tion thy vo_t'ry to be And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee I'd
part with am_bition thy vo_t'ry to be And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

Blodeu Cwynedd.

THE FLOWER OF NORTH-WALES.

THE VERSES

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

[AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR.]

O CHERUB Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,
I'd part with ambition, thy vot'ry to be,
And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.
I'd part, &c.

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.
No lustre, &c.

In the pulse of my heart, I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share,
The noon of my youth slow-departing I see,
But its years as they pass, bring no tidings of thee.
The noon, &c.

O Cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh, but to friendship and thee.
Could I, &c.

Y Stwffwl.

THE DOOR-CLAPPER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

O SAY not that Arthur will see me no more,
His kindness I merit, his anger deplore;
Tho' doubt made me silent, yet why should he fly,
Since the dawn of affection is timid and shy?

I've nourish'd the wood lark he brought from the nest,
The flowers he presented, I plac'd in my breast;
When their beauty no longer delighted my eyes,
With their last dying odours I mingled my sighs.

Beneath yon steep cliff, where the strawberries grow,
Tho' the surf in rude tumults beats ever below;
By the dim dawn of morning, unseen, I repair,
To gather the fruit, that my Arthur may share.

Alone in the dusk of the evening I rove,
With my harp I resort to the depth of the grove;
With secret delight, there I sing all his lays,
And practise the music made sweet by his praise.

O will he return, his lov'd haunts to retrace?
Will no rash resentment appear in his face?
No more like a blast will he rush thro' the door,
And wring my sad heart with reproaches no more!

The door dapper.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

dol.

Andantino amoroso.

Oh say not that Arthur will see me no more His kindness I me - rit his anger de - - plore Thô doubt made me si - lent yet why should he fly, Since the dawn of af - fection is timid and shy.

The bend of the horse shoe.

PIANO FORTE OR HARP

Andantino

How gloomy the

face of all Nature ap_pears Yon soft show'ry cloud seems dis_solving in tears: I

labour in_dignant to smother my sighs, yet spite of my reason and pride they still rise.

Plygiad y Bedol.

THE BEND OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

FAITHLESS ELLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT

How gloomy the face of all nature appears,
Yon soft showery cloud seems dissolving in tears!
I labour indignant to smother my sighs,
Yet spite of my reason and pride they still rise.

Let mists lofty Snowdon, still cover thy head,
And down thy green sides let their darkness be spread,
There the flocks of my rival once mingled with mine,
While I view'd his abundance, too blest to repine.

While Ellen was lovely, and faithful, and kind,
Nor wealth nor ambition found place in my mind:
But now with what anguish the riches I see
That stole the false heart of my Ellen from me.

These flocks and those herds may I never behold,
For which her affection and truth she has sold;
My folly and fondness too late I deplore,
No time can my peace or my Ellen restore.

The image of honour and kindness and truth,
Thus broken and sullied, has wither'd my youth,
The pleasing delusion forever is fled,
And life is grown tasteless, since passion is dead.

The red pipers melody.

Piano Forte

Andante expressivo assai

Where is my Ow - en where is my true Love, O saw ye the shepherd that's dearest to me Where art thou wand'ring come haste to my view Love, O art thou not ea-ger thy Ma - ry to see

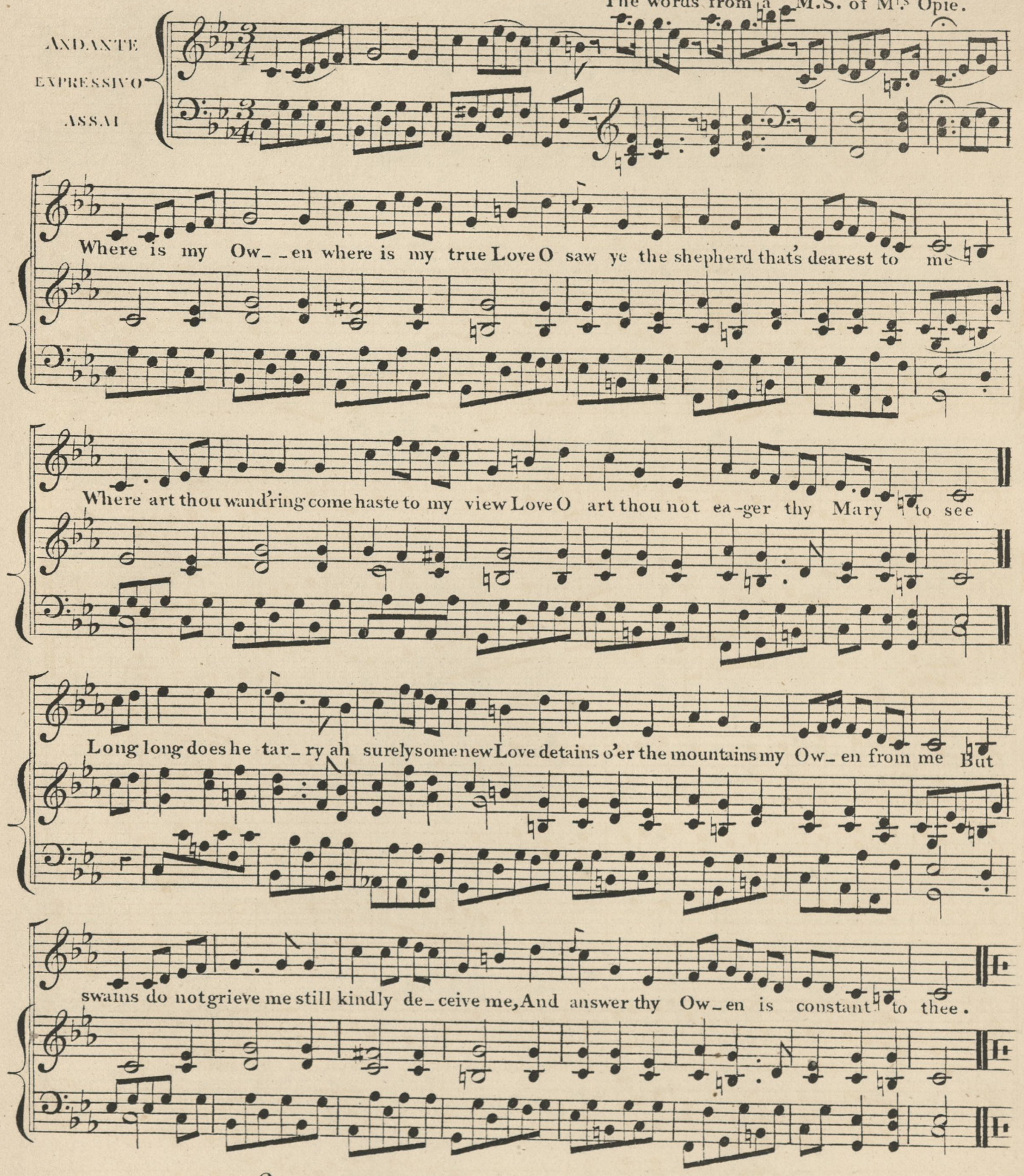
Long long does he tarry ah surely some new Love detains o'er the mountains my Ow - en from me But swains do not grieve me, still kindly deceive me, and answer thy Owen is constant to thee

sf

sf

The same Air with a Harp Accompaniment.

The words from a M.S. of Mrs Opie.



2

Fain would I think so, sad when we parted
Appear'd the dear shepherd with tears in his eyes;
Pale was his cheek too, but many have smarted
From treachery hidden in true love's disguise.
For men 'tis most certain were ever false hearted,
And those who adore them alas they despise!
But O! do not grieve me still kindly deceive me,
And tell me that Owen for Mary still sighs.

3

Heav'ns, who comes yonder? Ah 'tis my Owen,
And smiling he hastens his Mary to greet!
His tender impatience each eager step shewing,
To which my fond heart gives an answering beat,
Now foolish tears wherefore, why thus are ye flowing,
My Owen will fancy I grieve when we meet_
No, he'll never leave me, nor ever deceive me
O! heaven, those kind glances! my joy is compleat.

57. 1st.

The blossom of the thorn

PIANO FORTE

Andantino affettuoso assai

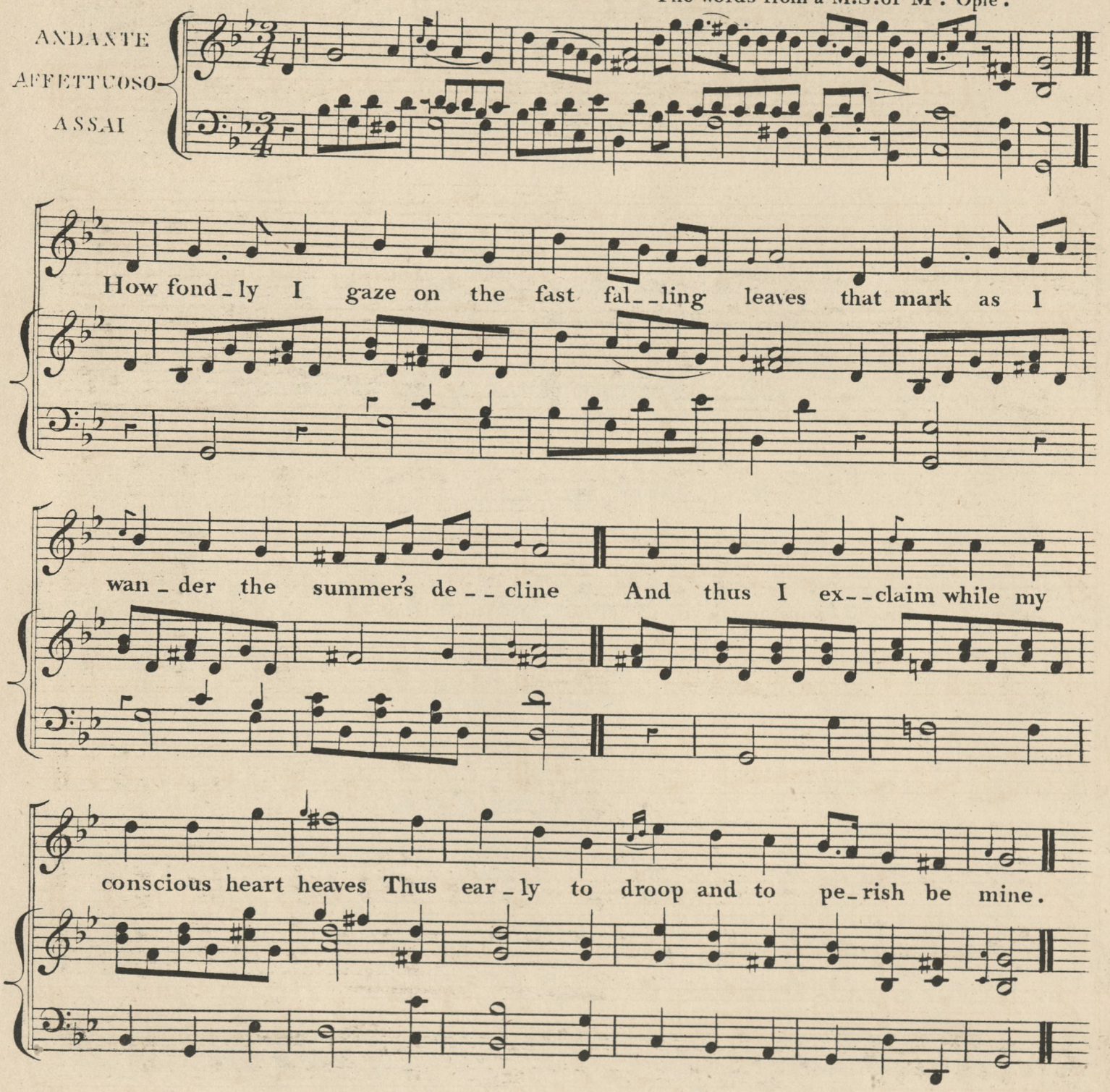
How fond_ly I gaze on the fast fal_ling leaves That mark as I

wan_der the sum_mers de_ _cline And thus I ex_claim while my

conscious heart heaves Thus ear_ly to droop and to perish be mine.

The same Air with a Harp Accompaniment

The words from a M.S. of Mrs Opie.



2

Yet once I remember in moments long past,
Most dear to my sight was the Spring's opening bloom;
But then my youth's spring sorrow had not o'ercast,
Nor taught me with fondness to look on the tomb.

3

Fair Spring, now no longer these grief-faded eyes,
Thy rich glowing beauties with pleasure can see;
Thy pale sickly hues, chilly Autumn I prize,
They suit blighted hopes, and are emblems of me

58. 1st.

Maltraeth.

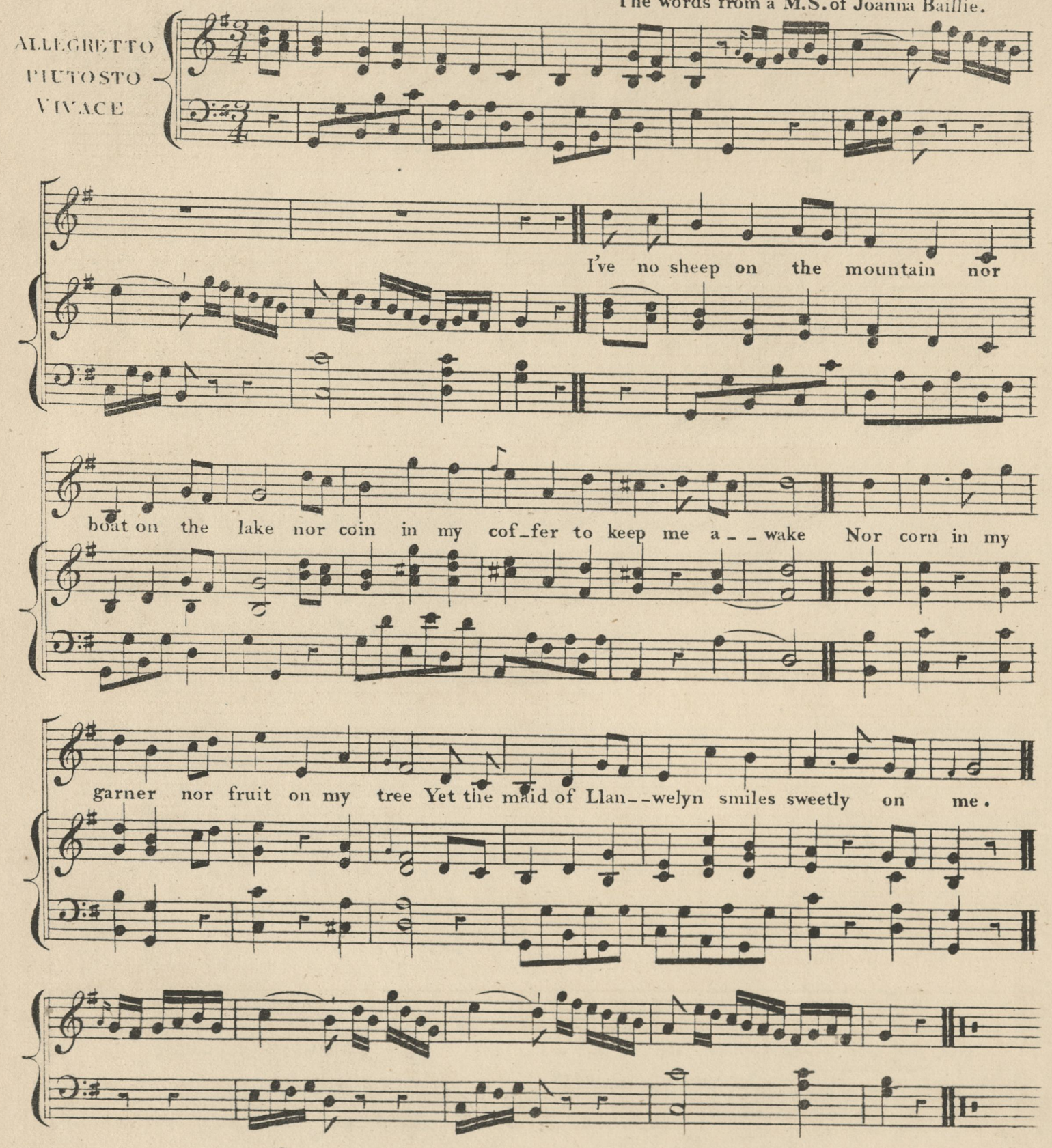
PIANO FORTE

Allegretto piuttosto Vivace

I've no sheep on the mountain nor boat on the lake nor coin in my coffer to keep me a_ _wake; Nor corn in my garner; nor fruit on my tree, yet the maid of Llan_welyn smiles sweetly on me.

The same Air with a Harp Accompaniment

The words from a M.S. of Joanna Baillie.



2

Softly tapping at eve to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch dog, loud scolded the dame,
For shame silly light-foot, what is it to thee,
Tho' the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

3

Rich Owen will tell you with eyes full of scorn,
Thread bare is my coat and my hosen are torn,
Scoff on my rich Owen for faint is thy glee,
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

4

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the ale-house still claims the great chair,
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

5

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as a matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of noble degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles on me.

59. 1st

The ancient harmony.

PIANO FORTE

Andante

Time speeds on his journey a - - las ne'er re - - turn - ing, He leads to de - - - cay whether gai - ly or mourning, Then let us be wise and in crossing life's ocean, Still learn to des - pise honours wealth or pro - motion: Am - bi - tion and care bring sor - row and ruin Con - tent is a - - lone the good worth pur - suing

The same Air with a Harp Accompaniment.

The words from a M.S. of Mrs Hunter.

ANDANTE

Time speeds on his journey a_ _las ne'er re_ _turning, He leads to de_cay whe_ther gai_ _ly or mourning Then let us be wise and in cross_ing life's o_cean, still learn to des_pise honours wealth or pro_motion Ambition and care bring sor_row and ru_in Con_tent is a_lone the good worth pur_su_ing

2

Far distant from pomp be my humble dwelling,
May friendship and love, all vain grandeur excelling,
Still bless the retreat where'er Fate has decreed it,
With something to spare for those who may need it;
Ambition and care bring sorrow and ruin;
Content is alone the good worth pursuing.

REGED. THE FAIRY BANQUET.

Those who find the following Accompaniment at all difficult, may play the voice part in its stead, along with the under line. When executed correctly it will be found highly beautiful, either with the voice, or as a divertimento for the Piano Forte alone.

PIANO FORTE

Andantino

On Cambria's green val_lies or oak co_ver'd hills by clear running fountains or murmur_ing rills; that Mab and her fai_ries have found a re_treat ap_pears on the grass by the prints of their feet: when winds to the e_cho a roun_de_lay sing at eve round the glow worm they dance in a ring.

Reged. †

THE FAIRY BANQUET:

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs HUNTER.

QUEEN MAB and her elphin train, however banished from England, have at all times had both house and land in Wales. Mr Pratt, in his "Gleanings", says that there is not a more generally received opinion among the common people throughout the Principality, than that of the existence of Fairies.

On Cambria's green vallies, or oak-cover'd hills,
By clear running fountains or murmuring rills,
That Mab, and her fairies, have found a retreat,
Appears on the grass by the prints of their feet:
When winds to the Echo a roundelay sing,
At eve round the glow-worm they dance in a ring.

By chance, if bewilder'd, some wanderer strays,
Thro' dells, or thro' dingles' dark devious ways;
And near to their haunts should he venture to come,
They'll make him remember them ere he gets home;
For poor wayward mortals they study to vex,
And with their own errors, torment and perplex.

One Morgan Ap-Price had the luck to be led
In search of a kid, where their tables were spread;
In malice and sport, they would have him partake
Of their fairy-land wine, and fairy-land cake;
But told him, unless he were loyal and true,
His tasting their drink he'd have reason to rue.

Poor Morgan was modest, nor ventur'd to sip,
Tho' tempting the cup, as it rose to his lip;
For conscience accus'd him of breaking the oath
He swore, when to Winny he plighted his troth!
They laugh'd in his face, and condemn'd him to wear
A thorn in his breast, till his conscience were clear.

† *Reged*, or *Rheget*, a part of South Wales, anciently so called. It was in the fifth century possessed by Urien Prince of Cymbria, and thence called Urien Reged. On this Chieftain, illustrious as the defender of his country against the Saxons, there are several poems by his own bard Taliesin, in the Archæology of Wales, published in 1801, under the munificent patronage of Owen Jones, Esq. of London. In the elegy on Urien by the same bard, there is the following line: "*Ae ar ei vron wen vran ddu*," meaning, "*And on his silver breast-plate, a raven*," which corresponds with the paternal coat of the present Lord Dinevor, his descendant.

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