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A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL WELSH AIRS,

ADAPTED FOR THE VOICE,

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC

ENGLISH POETRY,

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

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, IN THREE VOLUMES, BY

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Edinburgh:

TO WHOM MAY BE HAD, PROVIDED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,

A SELECT COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS, IN TWO VOLUMES,

ADAPTED FOR THE VOICE;—ALSO,

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(THE FOLIO, OR DOUBLE-OR-VERSION, IN THE PRESS.)

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The First Volume is embellished by a view of Llangollen Vale; the Second by SCOTT'S Gypsey Fortune-teller; and the Third by a view of Conway Castle; the first and last engraved from Paintings of the late Mr DAVID THOMSON, who accompanied the Editor in his tour through Wales, to draw the most striking scenes in that romantic country. Price of the volume, for the Voice and Piano-forte, One Guinea. The Violin and Violoncello parts are sold separately, at 2s. 6d. each.

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= 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.

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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 documents, 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, moreover, that *I never suppressed 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, ancient as well as modern, 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.

4. Each volume is embellished with a beautiful Characteristic Engraving, viz, *The Birks of Invermay*; 2d, *John Anderson my Jo*; 3d, *The Soldier's Return*; and the 4th 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 2s. 6d. each per volume.

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The above works put the public in possession of all that appeared to the Editor the most valuable and worthy of preservation in the national music of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, enriched by Harmony and by Poetry, such as no other National Music can boast of. The works are to be had complete, or in single volumes, at the house of G. THOMSON, Trustees Office, Exchange, Edinburgh; at Preston's Music Warehouse, 97, Strand; at Birchall's, 133, New Bond Street; J. Murray's Athenæum Stand, London; and at J. Cummin's, and Goulding and Co's., Dublin.

THE POETRY FOR THE AIRS, CHIEFLY BY

BURNS.

VOL. III.

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No. 61. Sion, the Son of Evan.

THE CHACE OF THE WOLF.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

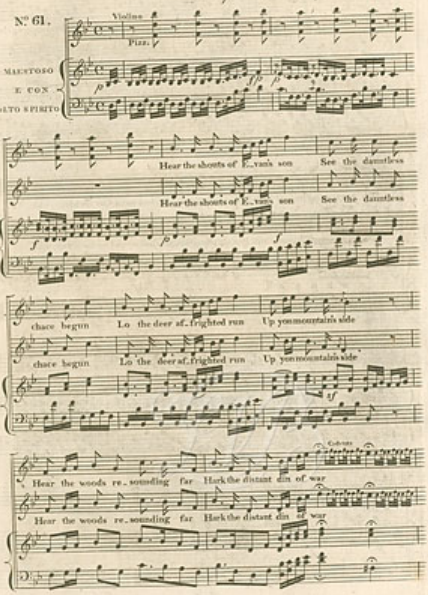
By MRS GRANT.

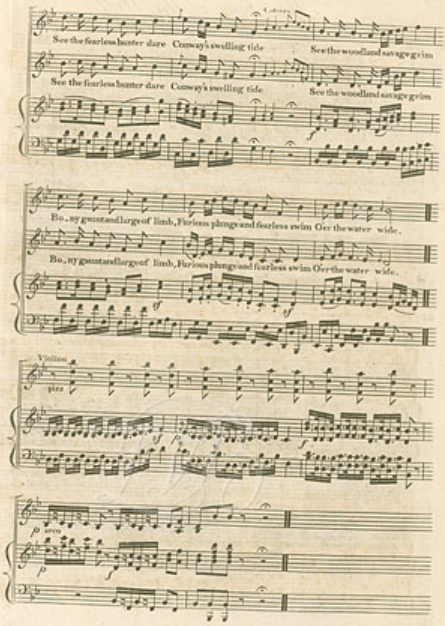
HEAR the shouts of Evan's son!
See the gallant chace begin!
Lo the deer affrighted run
Up yon mountain's side:—
Check your speed ye timorous deer,
Safely rest and cease your fear,
Or boldly on your cliffs appear,
And bear your antlers high.
Deep through yonder tangling wood
See the felon Wolf pursued,
Straining hard, and streaming blood,
Sion's hounds are nigh.

See the woodland savage grim,
Bonny, gaunt, and large of limb,
Furious plunge, and fearless swim
O'er the water wide.
Hear the woods resounding fat,
Hark the distant din of war,
See th' impatient hunter dare
Conway's swelling tide.
Evan's son pursues the foe,
See his ardent visage glow!
Now he spends the mortal blow,
See the savage die!

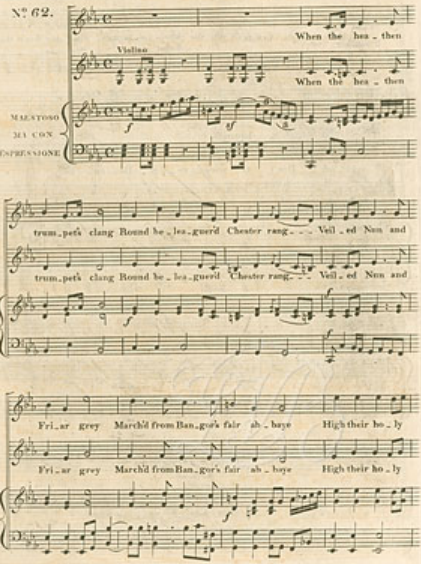
From dusky den and thorny brake,
The chiding hounds the echoes wake,
The forest's covering inmates quake,
And triumph rends the air.
Was ever youth like Evan's son,
Was ever course so nobly run?
Was ever prize so glorious won,
'Tis Winifred the fair!
To lordly deeds and conquering arms,
That save the fold from midnight harms,
The ancient chief decrees her charms
The maid beyond compare!

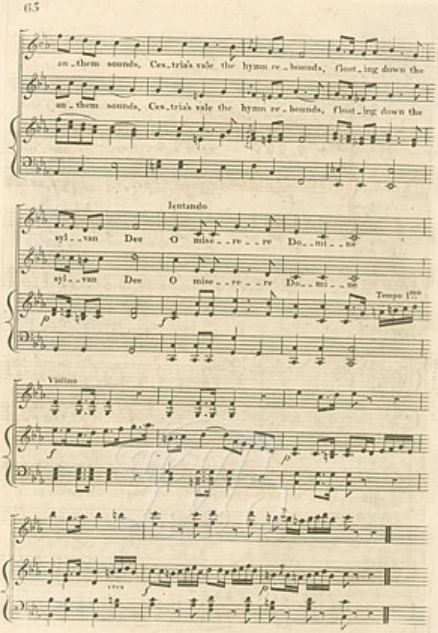
The chace of the Wolf.




See the fearless hunter dare Conway's swelling tide See the woodland savage grim
See the fearless hunter dare Conway's swelling tide See the woodland savage grim
Bo.ny gaunt and large of limb, Furious plunge and fearless swim Oer the water wide.
Bo.ny gaunt and large of limb, Furious plunge and fearless swim Oer the water wide.
Violins
pizz
arco

The Monks of Bangor's march.




an_them sounds, Ces_tria's vale the hymn re_bounds, float_ing down the
an_them sounds, Ces_tria's vale the hymn re_bounds, float_ing down the
lentando
syl_van Dee O mise_re_re Do_mi_ne
syl_van Dee O mise_re_re Do_mi_ne
Tempo 1mo
Violino
cresc

No. 62. **Ymdaith Mwnge.**

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Ethelfrid, or Olfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmail, a British prince, advancing to relieve it, the Religious of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

When the heathen trumpets clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!

On, the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry, wild and shrill;
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity
Sing, *miserere Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:*
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

* William of Malmesbury says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the monastery—"tot semiruti parietes ecclesiarum, tot sedentes porticuum, tanta turba rudarum quaestum sin alibi cernas."

No. 63. **The Cottage Maid.**

I ENVY NOT THE SPLENDOUR FINE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

I envy not the splendour fine
That glitters in Sir Watkyn's hall;
I ask not for the gems that shine
On lady fair at Wynnstay ball:
I wish but for a ribbon gay,
Which I might on a Sunday wear;
Unseen which I might kiss, and say,
'Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

O Owen I believe thee kind,
And love is surely on thy tongue—
But would that I could read thy mind,
For hope betrays the maiden young.
Last night I saw thee loth to part,
I watch'd thy looks—so bright the moon—
And know not but my simple heart
Might own too much, or own too soon.

Unhappy fate of doubtful maid!
Her tears may fall, her bosom swell,
But even to the desart shade
She never must her secret tell.
And is it Love,—his softer mien?
And is it Love,—his whisper low?
And does he touch, or nothing mean?
Ah! she that loves, how can she know!

With Owen I the dance have led,
And then I thought that sure he seem'd
To dance with lighter, livelier tread—
Oh! was it so,—or have I dream'd?
To day he goes with merry glee,
And all are going to the fair—
O may I by some ribbon see
He thought of one that was not there.

The Cottage Maid

No. 63.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO

dolce

I on_vy not the splendor fine That glit_ters in Sir Wetkyn's hall I ask not for the

gems that shine on Lady fair at Wynstay hall. I wish but for a ribbon gay which I might on a

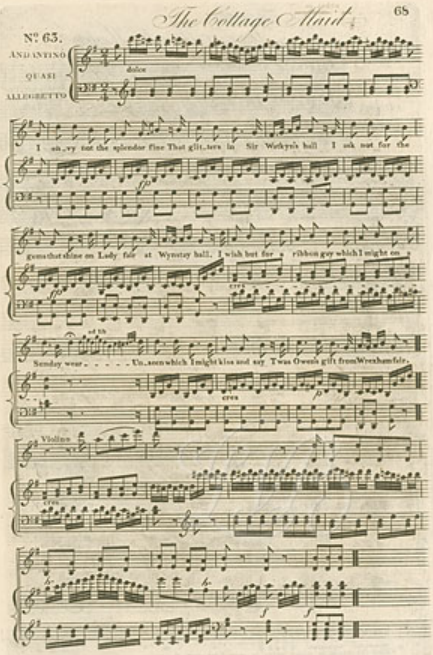
cres

Sunday wear . . . . . Un_seen which I might kiss and say Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

cres

Violino

cres



Love without Hope.

Nº64.

ANDANTE AMOROSO

Her features speak the warmest heart, But

not for me its ar_dour glows In that soft blush I have no part, That

mingles with her bosom's snows, In that dear drop I have no share, That

trem_bles in her melt ing eye Nor is my love the ten_der care That

bids her heave the anxious sigh

* Either the upper or under notes as may best suit the voice

No. 64. Y Corphorllwyth;—or, The Corporation.

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

Her features speak the warmest heart,
But not for me its ardour glows;
In that soft blush I have no part
That mingles with her bosom's snows.

In that dear drop I have no share
That trembles in her melting eye;
Nor is my love the tender care
That bids her heave that anxious sigh.

Not Fancy's happiest hours create
Visions of rapture so divine,
As the pure bliss which must await
The man whose soul is knit to thine.

But ah! farewell this treacherous theme,
Which, though 'tis misery to forego,
Yields yet of joy the soothing dream,
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.

No. 65. **Jogin Aur.**

THE GOLDEN ROBE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

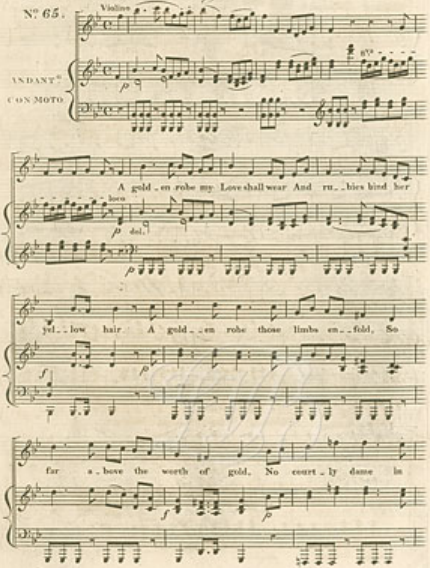
By MRS HUNTER.

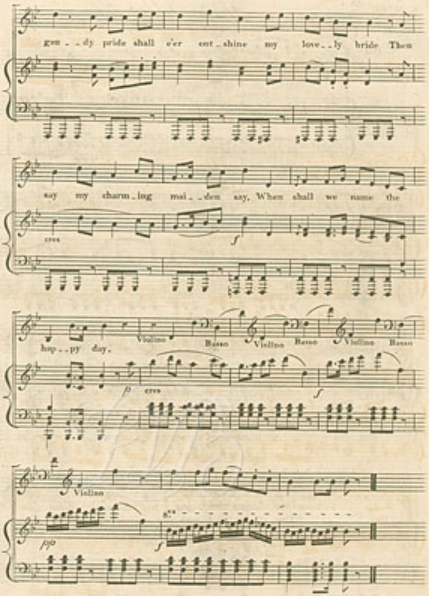
A golden robe my love shall wear,
And rubies bind her yellow hair;
A golden robe those limbs enfold,
So far above the worth of gold.
No courtly dame in gaudy pride,
Shall e'er outshine my lovely bride;
Then say, my charming maiden, say,
When shall we name the happy day?

She.—Can golden robes my fancy bind,
Or ruby chains enslave the mind?
Not all the wealth our mountains own,
Nor orient pearls, nor precious stone,
Can tempt me by their idle shine,
Or buy a heart that's form'd like mine!
My choice it is already made,
I shun the glare, and court the shade.

He.—Your scorn, proud girl, I well can bear,
There's many a maid my robes would wear,
And thank me too; so take your way,
But you'll repent another day.
She.—Go with your robes and gifts of gold
To those whose hearts are to be sold;
For me, I have no other pride
But Evan's love my choice to guide!

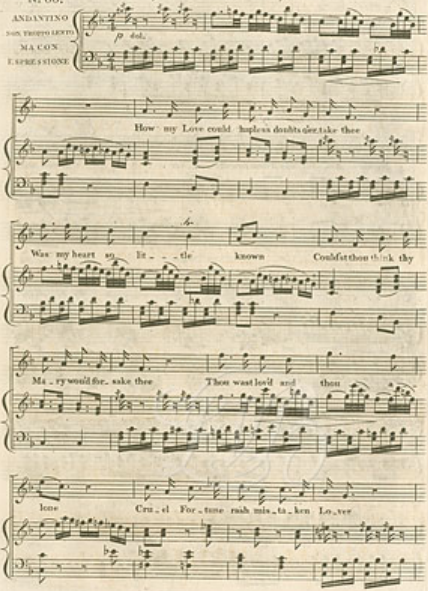
The golden robe.

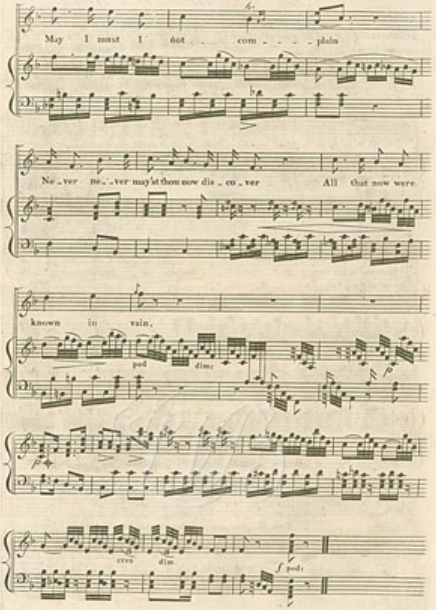



gen - - dy pride shall e'er ent - shine my love - - ly bride Then
say my charm - ing mai - - den say, When shall we name the
cres
hap - - py day.
Violino
Basso
Violino
Basso
Violino
Basso
p
cres
f
Violino
pp
f

The fair Maids of Mona.

Nº 66.




May I must I not com - - - plain
Ne - ver ne - ver may'st thou now dis - co - ver All that now were
known in vain.
ped
dim:
cres
dim
f ped:

No. 66. **The Fair Maids of Mona.**

HOW, MY LOVE, COULD HAPLESS DOUBTS O'ERTAKE THEE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

How, my love, could hapless doubts o'ertake thee,
Was my heart so little known?
Could'st thou think thy Mary would forsake thee,
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone!
Cruel Fortune! rash! mistaken Lover!
May I—must I not complain:—
Never never may'st thou now discover
All that now were known in vain.

Mine the grief, alas! that knows no measure,
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone:
Thine the life that now can feel no pleasure,
Wreck'd my bliss, and lost thine own.
Sometimes will my lonely sighs accuse thee,
Think their hasty,—call thee blind;
Hasty, sure,—and I for ever lose thee,
But thy heart was not unkind.

No. 67. **Cerdd yr hen-ŵr or Coed:**

OR, THE SONG OF THE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

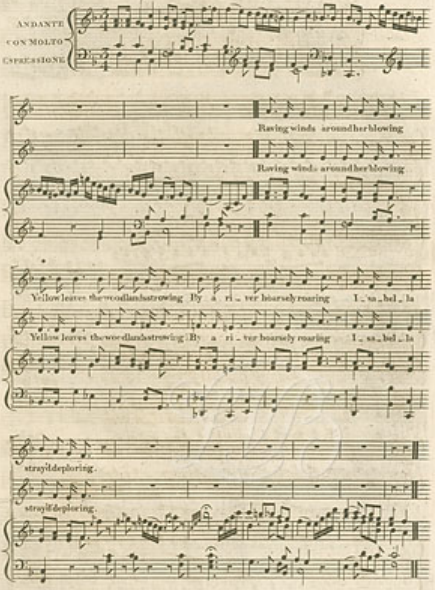
WRITTEN

By BURNS.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring:
"Farewell hours that late did measure
"Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
"Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
"Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

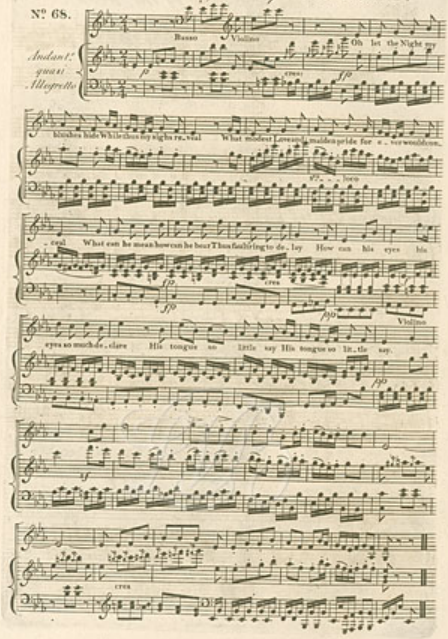
"O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
"On the hopeless future pondering,
"Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
"Fell despair my fancy seizes.
"Life! thou soul of every blessing,
"Load to misery most distressing,
"O how gladly I'd resign thee,
"And to dusk oblivion join thee!"

Nº 67.. *The old man of the wood.*



Oh let the Night my blushes hide.

Nº 68.



No. 68. **Gogreddan,**

[THE NAME OF THE SEAT OF MR LOVEDEN IN CARDIGANSHIRE.]

O LET THE NIGHT MY BLUSHES HIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

O let the night my blushes hide,
While thus my sighs reveal,
What modest love and maiden pride
For ever would conceal.
What can he mean, how can he bear,
Thus fal'ring to delay;
How can his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say?

Our parents old,—for so I guess,
His thoughtful mind alarm;
A thousand spectres of distress,—
The ruined crops and farm!
But must we wait till age and care
Shall fix our wedding day;
How can his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say?

The times are hard,—an odious word,
I'm wearied with the sound,—
A cuckoo note, for ever heard
Since first the sun went round,
Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,
A heart for ever gay;
How can his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say?

What recks it that the times are hard,
Try fortune, and be blest—
Let Hope still cheer and Honour guard,
And Love will do the rest.
Far better load the heart with care,
Than waste it with delay;
How can his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say?

No. 69. **Croesaw Gwraig y Ty.**

THE WELCOME OF THE HOSTESS.

FAREWELL THOU NOISY TOWN.

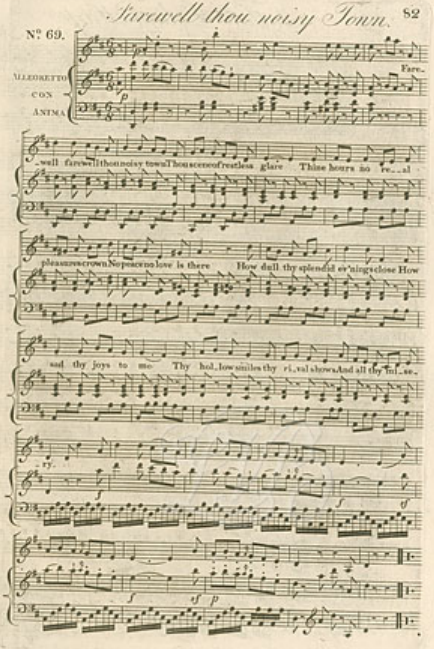
WRITTEN

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town,
Thou scene of restless glare;
Thine hours no real pleasures crown,—
No peace—no love is there;
How dull thy splendid evenings close!
How sad thy joys to me!
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,
And all thy misery.

But welcome to my longing eyes,
Dear objects ever new,
My rural cot, you varying skies,
Streams, woods, and mountains blue!
With these my humble spirit finds
Health, liberty, and rest,
The silent joys of simple minds,
And leisure to be blest.

Farewell thou noisy Town.



To the Aeolian Harp.

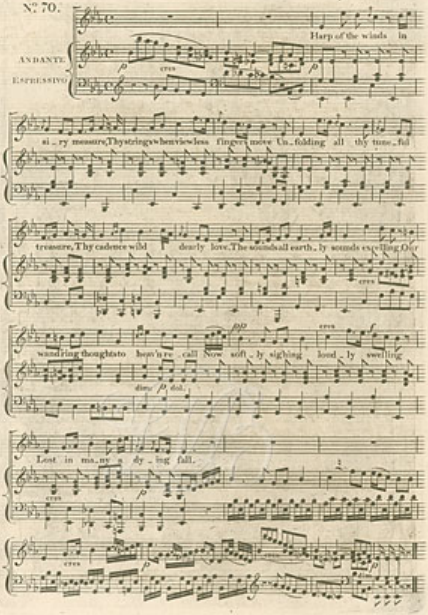
No. 70.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO

Harp of the winds in si_ry measure, Thy strings when viewless fingers move Un_folding all thy tune_ful treasure, Thy cadence wild I dearly love. The sounds all earth_ly sounds excelling Our wand'ring thought to heav'n re_call Now soft_ly sighing loud_ly swelling Lost in ma_ny a dy_ing fall.

cres

dim. p dol.



No. 70. To the Aeolian Harp.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

Harp of the winds! in airy measure
Thy strings when viewless fingers move,
Unfolding all thy tuneful treasure,
Thy cadence wild I dearly love.
The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,
Our wand'ring thoughts to heaven recall;
Now softly sighing, loudly swelling,
Lost in marry a dying fall.

Harp of the winds! while, pensive musing,
I mark thy deep impassion'd strain,
When trees their summer beauty losing,
With yellow leaves bestrew the plain.
The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling, &c.

Harp of the winds! while, faintly beaming,
Yon moon hangs o'er the ruined tower,
And flitting shadows dimly gleaming,
Seem subject to thy magic power.
The sounds all earthly sounds excelling, &c.

No. 71. **Farwel Ned Pugh.**

NED PUGH'S FAREWELL.

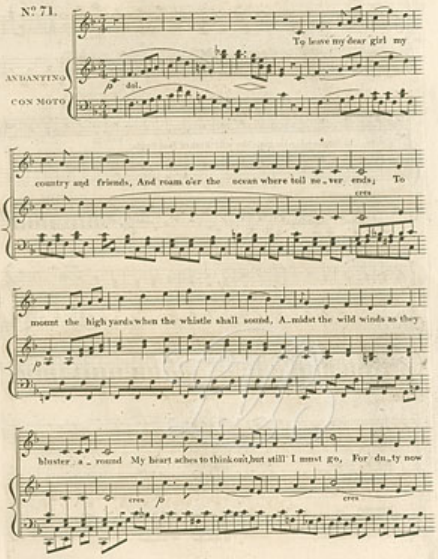
WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

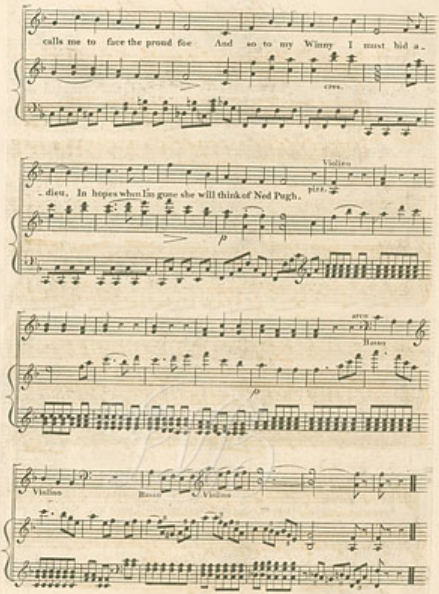
By MRS HUNTER.

To leave my dear girl, my country, and friends,
And roam o'er the ocean, where toil never ends;
To mount the high yards, when the whistle shall sound,
Amidst the wild winds as they bluster around!
My heart aches to think on't,—but still I must go,
For duty now calls me to face the proud foe!
And so to my WINNY I must bid adieu,
In hopes when I'm gone she will think of NED PUGH.

That still she will think she is near to my heart,
Tho' far from each other, alas! we must part,
That next to my duty, my thoughts she will share,
My love and my glory both centre in her!
And should I return with some hits from Monsieur,
I know I shall meet with a smile and a tear;
Or if I should fall—then dear WINNY adieu!
I know when I'm gone you'll remember NED PUGH.

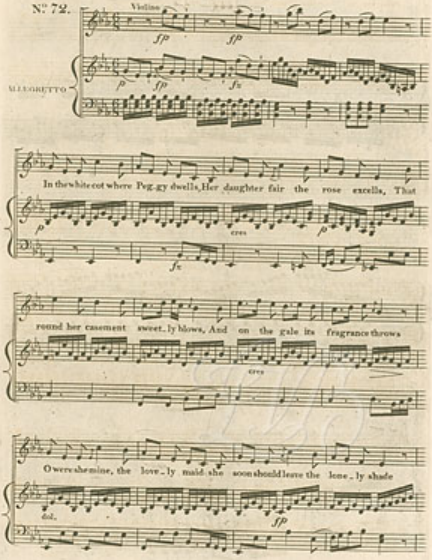
Ned Pughs Farewell.

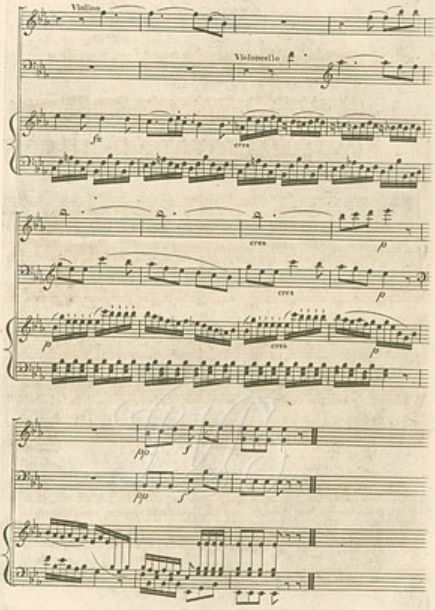



calls me to face the proud foe And so to my Winny I must bid a-
cres.
Violins
-dieu, In hopes when I'm gone she will think of Ned Pugh.
pizz.
p
arco
Horns
p
Violins
Basses
Violins

Peggy's daughter.

No. 72.




Violino
Violoncello
fz
cres
cres
cres
cres
p
p
p
p
pp
f
pp
f

No. 72. Merch Megan; or, Peggy's Daughter.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

Is the white cot where Peggy dwells,
Her daughter fair the rose excels
That round her casement sweetly blows,
And on the gale its fragrance throws.
O were she mine, the lovely maid!
She soon should leave the lonely shade.

I'd bear her where the beams of morn
Should with their brightest rays adorn
Each budding charm and op'ning grace,
That moulds her form and decks her face.
O were she mine, the lovely maid!
I'd bear her from the lonely shade.

But, should the sultry orb of day
Too fiercely dart his fervid ray,
The rose upon its stalk might die,
And zephyr o'er its ruins sigh!
No—I would keep my lovely maid
Secure beneath the friendly shade.

No. 73. Consort Siri; or, The Sheriff's Fancy.

WAKEN LORDS AND LADIES GAY:

A HUNTING SONG.

By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

WAKEN lords and ladies gay,
Upon the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear:
The eager hounds in chorus cry,
The swelling horns salute the sky;
And, merrily, merrily, mingle they,—
Then waken lords and ladies gay.

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey;
Brakes are deck'd with diamonds bright,
And streams rejoice in early light.
The foresters have Lucy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we are come to chaunt our lay.
Then waken lords and ladies gay.

Waken lords and ladies gay,
Unto the green wood haste away;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size:
And we can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You soon shall see him brought to bay,
Then waken lords and ladies gay.

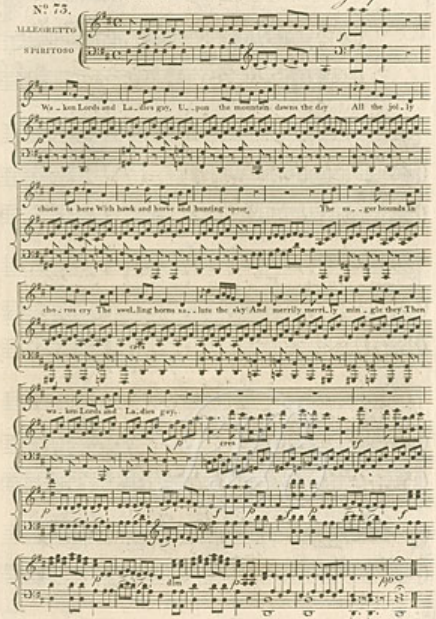
Louder, louder, chaunt the lay,
O waken lords and ladies gay;
Tell them, Youth, and Mirth, and Glee,
Run swift their course as well as we:
Old Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
As staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
O think of this, and rise with day,
Ye gentle lords and ladies gay.

Waken Lords & Ladies gay.

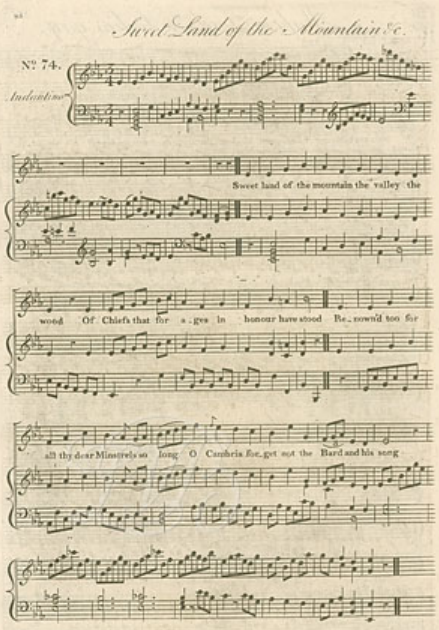
Nº 75.

ALLEGRETTO

SPIRITOSO



Sweet Land of the Mountain &c.



No. 74. **Ffarwel Ieuengetid.**

OR, ADIEU TO MY JUVENILE DAYS.

SWEET LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Sweet land of the mountain, the valley, the wood,
Of chiefs that for ages in honour have stood!
Renown'd, too, for all thy dear minstrels so long,
O Cambria! forget not the bard and his song.

Still live in thy children the virtues of old,
But think of the tale in thy history told;
The tyrant, who meant thee in chains to expire,
First slaughter'd thy minstrels, and silenc'd the lyre!

No. 75. Troiad y Droell.

OR, THE WHIRLING OF THE SPINNING WHEEL.

SIR WATKYN'S LOV'D MINSTREL, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Sir Watkyn's lov'd Minstrel, now sunk in decay,
First taught me to please these gay throngs at Wynnstay;
Fair Lady! he cried, to old Owen draw near,
I'll shew thee the art to thy fancy so dear.

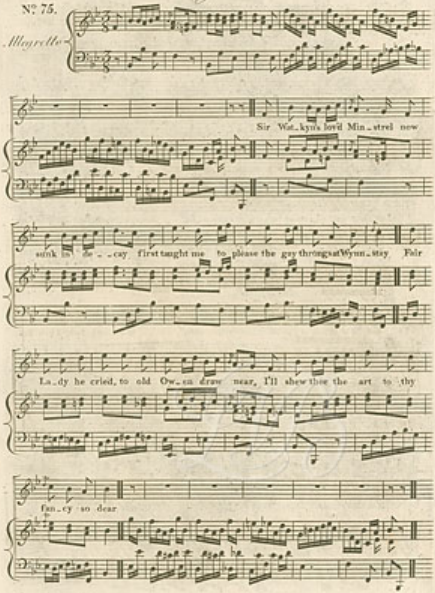
They crowd round my lyre, 'mid the drawing room's blaze,
But oh! how indifferent to me is their praise!
For there is one only I wish to be near;
One only whose praise would be sweet to mine ear.

And did he not praise me, and came he not nigh!
And did I not hear him unconsciously sigh!
Receive me ye groves! and adieu to my lay,
For I am too happy for music to-day.

Sir Watkyn's lovid Minstrel.

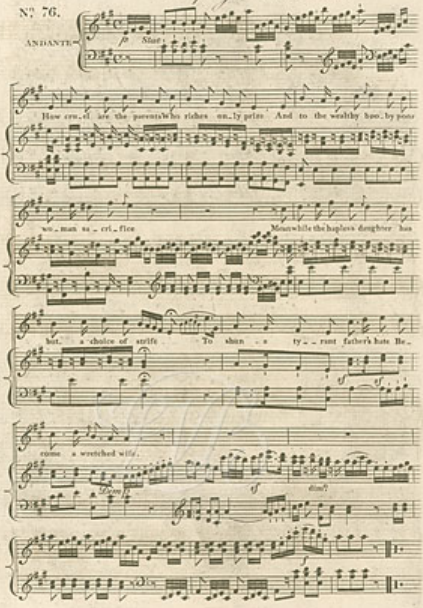
No. 75.

Allegretto



Helpless woman.

No 76.



No. 76. Helpless Woman.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife,
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies;
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

No. 77. Syr Harri Yhu; or, Black Sir Harry.

WHO IT SAID TO HAVE BEEN A WARRIOR OF THE FAMILY OF ELYSTANT IN HEREFORDSHIRE, AND TO HAVE LIVED IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

THE DREAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THIS WORK FROM THE WELSH OF

DAVID AP GWILLIM.

By a CLERGYMAN in Wales.

Last night worn with anguish that torture'd my breast,
When, my senses benumb'd, I at length sunk to rest;
The passion that, waking, had ruled o'er my mind,
Still woke in my dreams, where it rov'd unconfined.

Methought that my fair one, o'ercome by my pain,
Assented at length to reward her fond swain;
And soon at the altar she stood by my side,
To the priest I already "I will" had replied.

Her reply I awaited with transport of soul,
When, death to my hopes! did the matin bell toll;
I started, awoke, and with horror I found,
'Twas a dream that maliciously fled at the sound.

O Vision that thus hast beguiled my poor heart!
Fly to her and shew all the truth without art;
Present me the victim of love and despair,
And incline to compassion the obdurate fair.

The Dream.

No. 77.

ANDANTINO CON MOTO

Last night worn with an_guish that tor_turd my

breast When my sen_ses be_numbd I at length sunk to

rest Last night worn with an_guish that tor_turd my breast, Whenmy

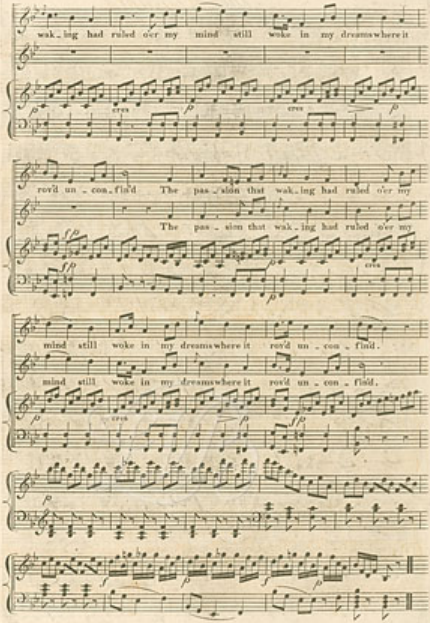
Last night worn with an_guish that tor_turd my breast, Whenmy

Solo

sen_ses be_numbd I at length sunk to rest The pas_sion that

sen_ses be_numbd I at length sunk to rest

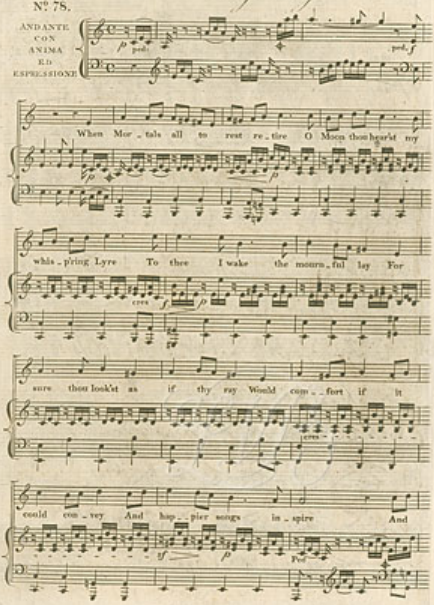
Cres.

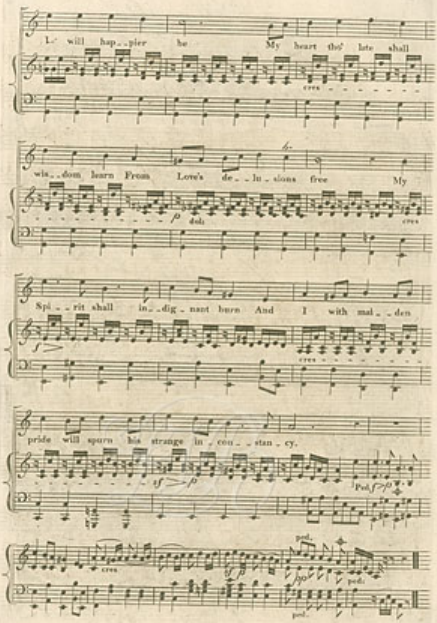

wak_ing had ruled o'er my mind still woke in my dreams where it
cres
cres
rov'd un_con_fin'd The pas_sion that wak_ing had ruled o'er my
The pas_sion that wak_ing had ruled o'er my
cres
mind still woke in my dreams where it rov'd un_con_fin'd.
mind still woke in my dreams where it rov'd un_con_fin'd.
cres

Wynachty

Nº 78.

ANDANTE CON ANIMA ED ESPRESSIONE




I will hap - pier be My heart tho' late shall
wis - dom learn From Love's de - lu - sions free My
dol.
Spi - rit shall in - dig - nant burn And I with mal - den
pride will spurn his strange in - con - stan - cy.
cres.
ped.

No. 78. **Mynachty.**

WHEN MORTALS ALL TO REST RETIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

When mortals all to rest retire,
O Moon! thou hear'st my whispering lyre:
To thee I wake the mournful lay;
For sure thou look'st as if thy ray
Would comfort, if it could, convey,
And happier songs inspire.
And I will happier be;
My heart, though late, shall wisdom learn,
From love's delusions free:
My spirit shall indignant burn,
And I with maiden pride will spurn
His strange inconstancy.

Roll on ye hours! and back restore
The peaceful thoughts I knew before,
When smil'd the arts, when charm'd the muse,
When morn for me had beauteous hues,
And evening could her calm diffuse
My ardent bosom o'er.
But Love! thou fiend of pain!
I feel the tears of anguish start—
How hard my peace to gain!
O fiend and tyrant as thou art!
That wring'st from my unwilling heart
The sighs that I disdain.

No. 79. The Damsels of Cardigan.

FETE CHAMPETRE.

By SIR W. JONES.

The Air communicated to the Editor by a Welch Lady.

FAIR TIVY! how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours.
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which prospects can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jas'mine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for *Blenpant*[1] fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from *Brownith*[2] auspiciously brings.
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which odours can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent, be just to his merit!
Ah may he in love be more happy than we!
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the muses can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately *Kilgarran*[3] o'erhangs the brown dale,
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that friendship can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark Gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatheam or Brooke;
Leave your books and your parchments to grey-bearded sages,
Be nature and love, and fair woman, our book!
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that learning can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

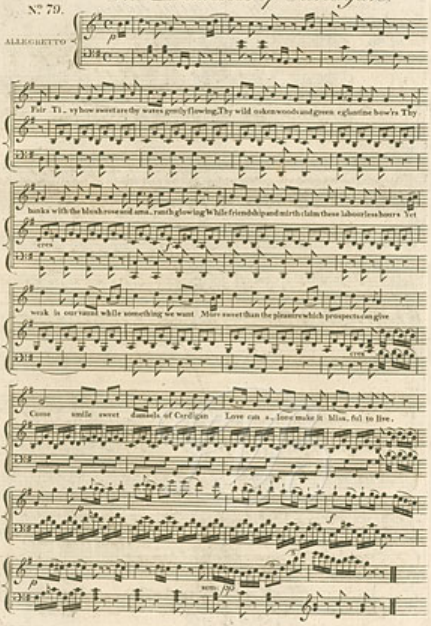
Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flowers,
That India supplied us with long-bearded treasure,
That Dinevor[4], Slebech[5], and Coidmore[6] were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that riches can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or say, that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright cruzine robes, purple and red,
And peep'd through long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that honours can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan!
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

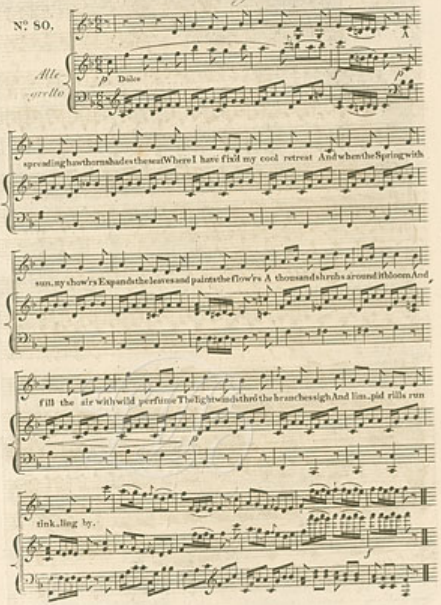
[1] Blenpant, the seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.
[2] Brownith, the seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq.
[3] Kilgarran, a ruinous castle on the Tivy.
[4] Dinevor, the seat of Lord Dinevor.
[5] Slebech, the seat of Mr Phillips.
[6] Coidmore, the seat of Mr Lloyd, near Cardigan.

The Damsels of Cardigan.

No. 79.



The Dairy house.



No. 80. **Hafod y Wraig Lawn.**

THE DAIRY HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

A STREATSO hawthorn shades the seat
Where I have fixed my cool retreat;
And when the Spring, with sunny show'rs,
Expands the leaves, and paints the flowers,
A thousands shrubs around it bloom,
And fill the air with wild perfume;
The light winds through the branches sigh,
And limpid rills run tinkling by.

There, by the twilight dimly seen,
The fairies dance upon the green;
And as they glide in airy ring,
The beetle plies his drowsy wing;
And watching 'till the day retires,
The glow-worm lights her elfin fires;
While Mab, who guards my milky store,
Her cream-bowl finds before the door.

The grateful Fay! she is so kind,
No caterpillar there you find,
No creeping thing, nor wasp, nor fly
The lattic'd windows dare come nigh;
No long-legg'd Spinner nightly weaves
Her flimsy web beneath the eaves;
But clean and neat, as by a charm,
The fairies keep my dairy farm.

No. 81.

Sweet Richard.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS OPIE.

Yes, thou art chang'd since first we met,
But think not I shall e'er regret,
Though never can my heart forget,
The charms that once were thine.
For, MARIAN, well the cause I know
That stole the lustre from thine eye,
That pow'd thy beauty's secret foe,
And paled thy cheek's carnation dye:
What made thy health, sweet MARIAN, fly,
Was anxious care of mine.

Yes,—o'er my couch I saw thee bend,
The dutcous wife, the tender friend,
And each capricious wish attend
With soft incessant care.
Then trust me, Love, that pallid face
Can boast a sweeter charm for me,
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace
Than blooming health bestow'd on thee:
For there thy well-tried love I see,
And read my blessings there.

Sweet Richard.

No. 81.

ANDANTINO

AFFETTUOSO

p dol f sf dim;

Yes thou art chang'd since first we met, But think not I shall e'er re_gret, Tho' ne ver can my

heart forget the charms that once were thine. For Marian well the cause I know that stole the lustre

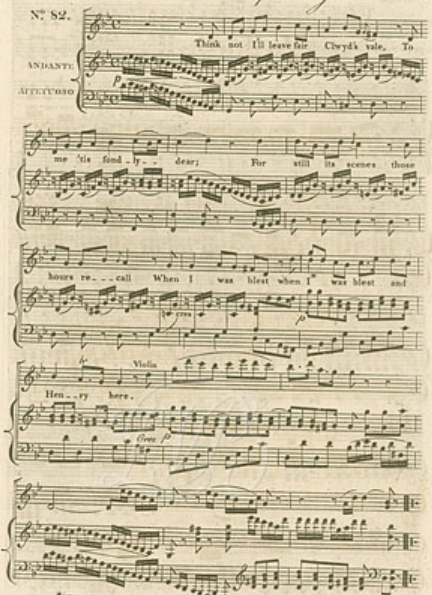
from thine eye, That prov'd thy beauty's se_cret foe, And paled thy cheek's car_nation die, What

made thy health sweet Marian fly, was anxious care of me.

The vale of Clwyd.

No. 82.

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO



* Take either the two quavers or the crotchet D.

No. 82. **The Vale of Clwyd.**

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS OPIE.

(The Air communicated without a Name by a Friend.)

THINK not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;
To me 'tis fondly dear!
For still its scenes those hours recal
When I was blest, and Henry here.

Long, long, to part our willing hands
An angry father strove;
While sorrow prey'd on Henry's health,
A sorrow nurs'd by hopeless love.

His Ellen's cheek was also pale,
But Hope my spirits cheer'd;
Methought beneath a father's frown,
A father's pard'ning smile appear'd.

Nor was the dear idea vain:
How sad thou art, he cried;
But smile again, my darling child,
For thou shalt be thy Henry's bride.

At that glad sound, on wings of love,
To Henry's cot I flew:
But, ah! the transient flush of joy
From his wan cheek too soon withdrew.

'Twas doubtful bliss, 'twas sure alarm;
I only smil'd through tears:
But soon we hail'd the bridal day,
And Love's fond hopes o'ercame its fears.

Ah! hopes too false; ah! fears too true,
Nor love nor joy could save:
I can no more,—but mark yon turf
With flow'rs o'erspread,—'tis Henry's grave!

No. 83. Pen Rhaw.

In Rees's *Cyclopædia, a Bard is mentioned of the name of* Pen Rhaw, *by whom it is not improbable that this Air may have been composed.*

TO THE BLACKBIRD.

TRANSLATED FOR THIS WORK FROM THE WELSH OF

DAVID AP GWILLIM,

By a CLERGYMAN in Wales.

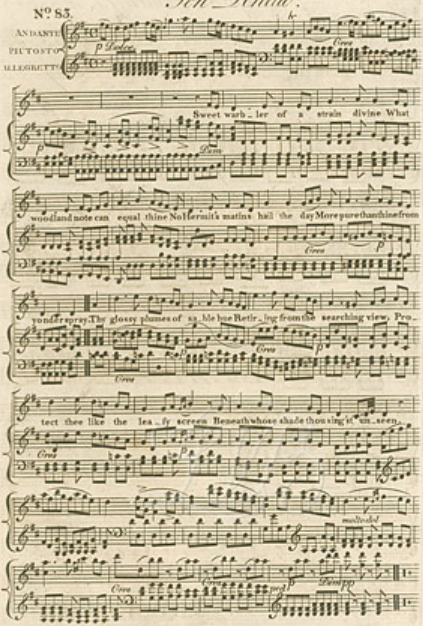
Sweet warbler of a strain divine,
What woodland note can equal thine?
No hermit's matins hail the day
More pure than thine from yonder spray.
Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,
Retiring from the searching view,
Protect thee like the leafy screen
Beneath whose shade thou sing'st unseen.

What ermin vest was e'er so warm
As plumes of down that clothe thy form!
Thy graceful crest, thy sparkling eye,
And slender bill of coral dye,
Are still less charming than thy song
Which echoes through the woods prolong:
Thy mellow strain delights the ear
Of the sweet maid my soul holds dear.

Thou to the poet art allied,
Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:
Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,
Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;
To future lovers shall proclaim
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame;
And when they hear thee in the grove,
They'll own thee for the bird of love.

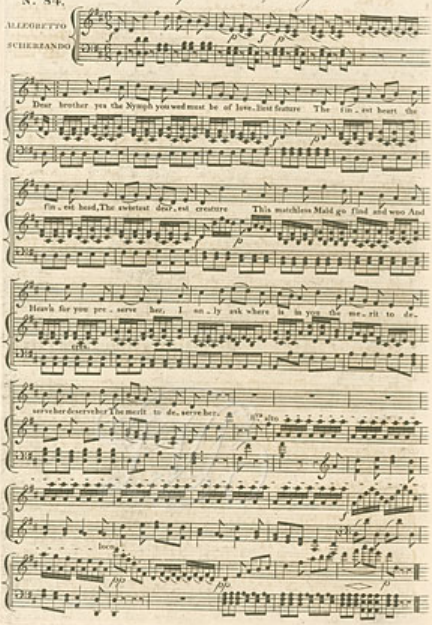
Pen Rhaw.

No. 83.



Nº 84. *Cupids kindness.*

ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO



No. 84. **Hew Wraig Llanallgo.**

CUPID'S KINDNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Dear brother! yes—the nymph you woo
Must be of loveliest feature,—
The finest heart—the finest head,
The sweetest, dearest creature.
This matchless maid go find and woo,
And hear'n for you preserve her!
I only ask, where is to you
The merit to deserve her?

We girls, I own, are just the same,
Talk folly just as blindly;
And did not Cupid take his aim
And rule the world more kindly,
Fair maids to find with ev'ry grace,
How vain were your endeavour?—
And we might in another place
Lead apes, alas! for ever.

No. 85. Y Gold Glas,

OR, THE BLUE DEVILS.

THO' CRUEL FATE SHOULD BID US PART.

WRITTEN BY

BURNS.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part
As far's the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Would tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains frown, and deserts howl,
And oceans roll between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

Added by a Friend.

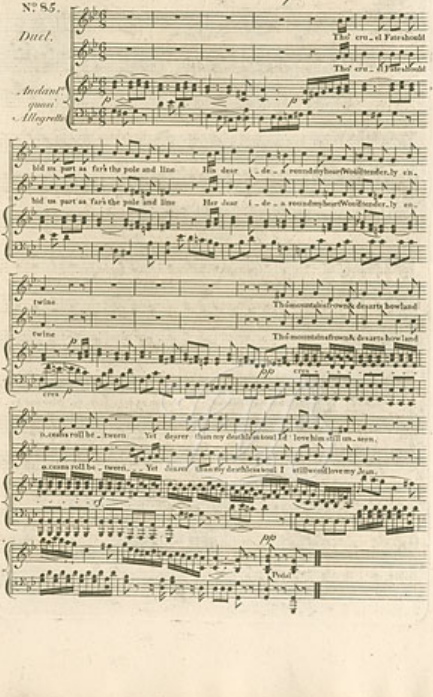
Were I 'mongst India's sable casts,
Amidst each glowing scene,
I'd eyey Mona's wintry blasts,
That blow around my Jean.
I'd sigh to guide my native plough
Near sheltering copses green,
Where first I breath'd the ardent vow
That binds me to my Jean.

Constancy.

N.º 85.

Duet.

Andante quasi Allegretto



Happiness lost.

Nº 86.

Violino

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO

No Henry I must not I

cannot be blinded 'Tis past and I bade thee for ever a dieu In feeling too

warm or in thought too high minded I cannot at pleasure be false and be

Violino

true.

No. 86. **Happiness Lost.**

NO, HENRY, I MUST NOT, I CANNOT BE BLINDED.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

The Air, an imitation of the Welsh, by the Editor.

No, Henry, I must not, I cannot be blinded;
'Tis past, and I bade thee for ever adieu!
In feeling too warm, or in thought too high-minded,
I cannot at pleasure be false and be true.

Yes—once I have lov'd thee—have lov'd thee sincerely;
My heart was nigh broken—I now am serene:—
These tears—these weak tears—they may tell thee too clearly,
If blest in thy love, that too blest I had been.

I will not disturb what contented reposes—
I cannot revive what in death has decay'd.—
Go—rudely—(thou may'st) trample down the sweet roses,
But wonder not then if to-morrow they fade.

The Henry I lov'd like a vision departed,
While fix'd were my eyes, and while rapture'd my view!
I saw him how lovely,—I thought him kind-hearted;
Oh, lost! and for ever—for ever adieu!

No. 87. Yr Hen Von; or, The Old Strain.

MY PLEASANT HOME BESIDE THE DEE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

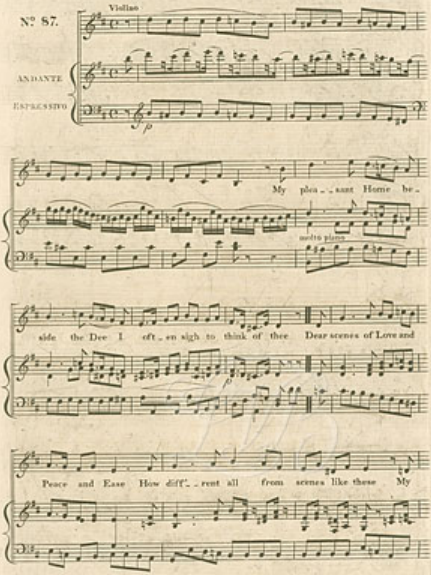
My pleasant home beside the Dee!
I often sigh to think of thee;
Dear scenes of love, and peace, and ease,—
How different all from scenes like these!
My Soldier heave I've follow'd for,
But sicken at these sights of war.

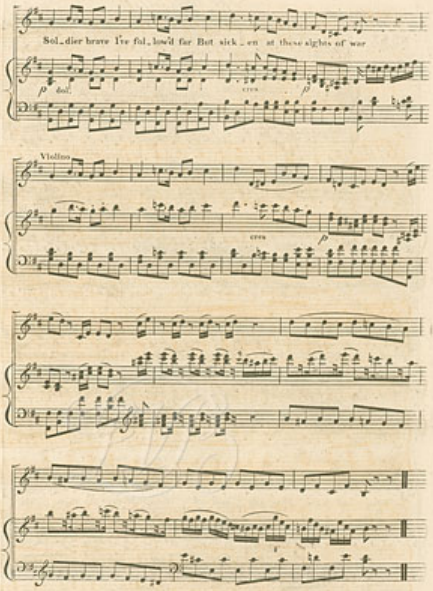
The nod at church,—the conscious smile,—
The haste to help me at the stile,—
The pleasant walk at summer eve,—
The parting kiss at taking leave:
O hours! that once with Tom were past,
Dear happy hours! too sweet to last.

Now converse short with Tom I hold;
"Come, Sir," he cries, "ne'er fear the cold—
"The fare is scant—but never mind—
"Oh, on my Sir, nor lag behind."
And come what will, and come what may,
Poor Sir must be alert and gay.

Yet Love, I know, can always cure
The ills that we from Love endure;
And Tom can with a single smile
The weariest of my thoughts beguile—
Dear pleasant home beside the Dee!
I must not—will not—think of thee.

The old Strain.




Sol_dier brave I've fol_low'd far But sick_en at these sights of war
Violins

Three hundred pounds.

N.º 88.

ALLEGRETTO PIUTOSTO VIVACE

Violins Basso Violins Basso Violins Basso

fp

Violins In yonder snug cot_tage be_neath the cliff's side And

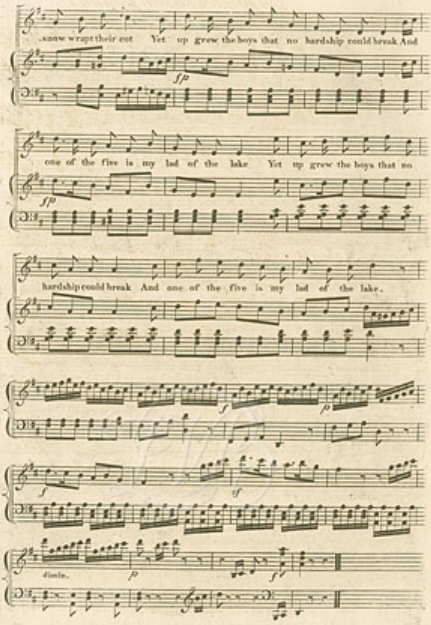
fp

close to the pebbles that lit_mit the tide Were five lit_tle fel_lows a

fp

couple's fond care Whoil hare_ly e_nough not a morsel to spare They

sometimes were hat_less when summer was hot And shoeless when winter in


.snow wrapt their cot Yet up grew the boys that no hardship could break And
one of the five is my lad of the lake Yet up grew the boys that no
hardship could break And one of the five is my lad of the lake.
dimin.

No. 88. **Triehant o Bunnau.—Three Hundred Pounds.**

THE LAD OF THE LAKE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE BRITISH FOR THIS WORK.

By RICHARD LLWYD.

In yonder snug cottage, beneath the cliff's side,
And close to the pebbles that limit the tide,
Were five little fellows, a couple's fond care,
Who'd barely enough, not a morsel to spare.
They sometimes were hatless when summer was hot,
And shoeless when winter in snow wrapt their cot;
Yet up grew the boys that no hardship could break,
And one of the five is my lad of the lake.

That rivals were mine I had *once* to deplore,
And every new day made their number the more;
No maiden beheld him but gaz'd for a while,
Bewitch'd by his figure, entranc'd by his smile;
And what gave each motion additional grace,
My Howel's good heart might be read in his face;
At church, at the playfield, the fair, or the wake,
Unmatch'd was my Howel, the lad of the lake.

My father, O bless him! few better, or *such*,
Yet loves his *dear nanny* a little too much,
Declar'd, if by fancy alone I was sway'd,
Nor his wealth, nor his blessing, my Howel should aid!
I answer'd, my Howel has vigour and health,
And these to the children of Nature are wealth;
Tho' my heart were a dozen, they'd all of them break,
If still he denied me the lad of the lake.

Now hear how my troubles and sorrows are past,
How my father himself grew a convert at last;
'Twas when his foot slip't as he enter'd the boat,
My Howel uprais'd him as quick as a thought.
He ey'd him with kindness, then gave me a kiss,
And said, Kate, I should like to have grandsons like this;
Be happy, my girl, and the treasure now take,
Tho' poor, yet a prize is thy lad of the lake.

No. 89. **The Parting Kiss.**

LAURA, THY SIGHS MUST NOW NO MORE.

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Laura, thy sighs must now no more
My faltering step detain,
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus in vain:
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah! think—tho' doom'd from thee to fly,—
My heart speaks no adieu.

Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone—
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own.
One last, long kiss—and then we part—
Another—and adieu!—
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

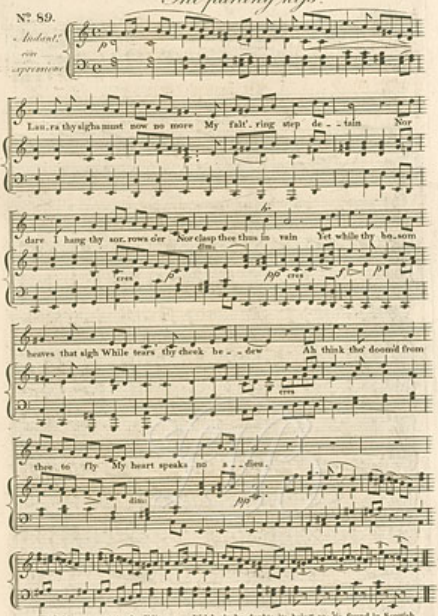
The parting kiss.

No. 89.

Andant.e con espressione

Lau.ra thy sighs must now no more My falt'.ring step de - - tain Nor dare I hang thy sor.rows o'er Nor clasp thee thus in vain Yet while thy bo.som heaves that sigh While tears thy cheek be - - dew Ah think tho' doom'd from thee to fly My heart speaks no a - - dieu.

dim. cres. f p pp cres. f p cres. dim. pp



Tho' this was sent to the Editor as a Welsh air, he doubts its being so; 'tis found in Scottish Collections, but its beauty renders it worthy of a place.

Goodnight

Nº 90.

ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO

p dol.

Ere yet we slumber seek Blest queen of song de. scend Thy

Leggiermente

shell can sweetest speak Goodnight to guest and friend 'Tis pain 'tis pain to part for

e'en one fleeting night But music's matchless art can turn it to delight

Cres

f

p

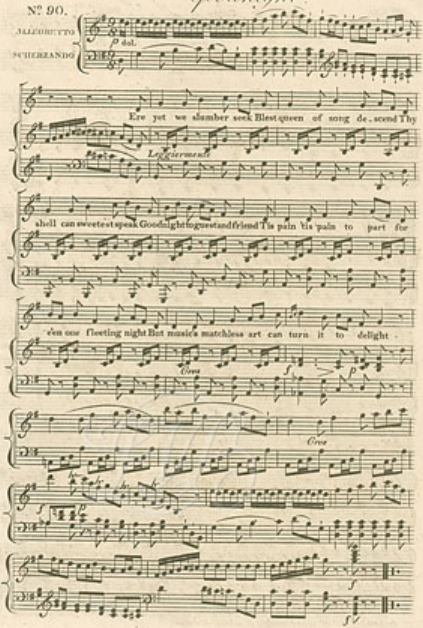
Cres

f

p

f

f



No. 90. **Gyrru'r Byd o'm Blaen.**

OR, DRIVE THE WORLD BEFORE ME.

GOOD-NIGHT.

By the HON. W. R. SPENCER.

Fast yet we slumbers seek,
Blest Queen of Song, descend!
Thy shell can sweetest speak
Good-night to guest and friend.
'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part
For e'en one fleeting night;
But Music's matchless art
Can turn it to delight.

How sweet the farewell glass,
When Music gives it zest!
How sweet their dreams who pass
From harmony to rest!
Dark thoughts that scare repose,
At Music's voice give place;
And Fancy lends her rose,
Sleep's poppy wreath to grace.

Edinburgh:

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1817.