

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
G. THOMSON, F. A. S.

Edinburgh:

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,
A SELECT COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS, IN TWO VOLUMES,
ADAPTED FOR THE VOICE:—ALSO,
A SELECT COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH AIRS, IN FOUR VOLUMES,
(THE FIFTH, OR CONCLUDING VOLUME, IN THE PRESS.)

With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to the AIRS in each Work, chiefly by the
same two great Composers.

The Poetry comprises all the Songs of BURNS, above One Hundred in number:—and a
great variety of New ones by J. P. CURRAN, Esq. M. G. LEWIS, Esq. S. ROGERS, Esq.
W. C. SPENCER, Esq. WALTER SCOTT, Esq. WM. SMYTH, Esq. JOANNA BAILLIE, &c.



D. Thomson Pinx:

R. Scott Sculp Edin:

CONWAY CASTLE.

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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
PIANO FORTE VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO
Composed Partly by
Haydn but chiefly by Beethoven

Price of each Volume, the Voice and Piano Forte, One Guinea. The Violin & Violoncello parts 2^o. 6*Each.*

Vol 3 Ent^a at Stationers Hall.

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G Thomson

VOL. III.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WELSH, SCOTTISH, AND IRISH AIRS,

HARMONISED BY

HAYDN & BEETHOVEN.

*This day is published the THIRD and CONCLUDING Volume of
SELECT WELSH AIRS,*

The whole Airs collected and adapted for the VOICE by George Thomson, F. A. S. Edinburgh; with characteristic ENGLISH VERSES, written by Mrs Opie, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Grant, Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, A. Boswell, Esq. M. G. Lewis, Esq. S. Rogers, Esq. Walter Scott, Esq. William Smyth, Esq. and other distinguished Poets. And SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Air, for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed chiefly by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, who have also harmonized many of the Airs for Two Voices.

And the Editor trusts that the Welsh Airs, now for the first time united to interesting Songs, and masterly and beautiful Accompaniments, will prove equally acceptable to Singers, to Instrumental Performers, and to every person of taste.

The First Volume is embellished by a view of Llangollen Vale; the Second by SMIRKE'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.

*Lately Published, in Four Volumes, a new and improved Edition,
being the Fifth, of*

SELECT SCOTTISH AIRS,

With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Air, for the Piano Forte, Violin and Violoncello, composed chiefly by HAYDN, who wrote thus emphatically to 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.

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, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend any of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c." ROBERT BURNS."

3. All the admired Scottish Songs of other Authors, both serious and humorous, 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, 1st, *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.

*The Fifth, or concluding Volume of the Scottish Work, with
Symphonies and Accompaniments, composed by Haydn and
Beethoven, is in great forwardness, and will be found fully as
interesting as any of the preceding volumes.*

Lately Published in Two Volumes,

SELECT IRISH AIRS,

With Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, Violin and Violoncello, composed by BEETHOVEN; and interesting Songs by Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, A. Boswell, Esq. J. P. Curran, Esq. Walter Scott, Esq. William Smyth, Esq. &c. The Symphonies and Accompaniments of Beethoven for these Irish Melodies, will be found characteristic and expressive, in the highest degree, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most beautiful manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

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 Albemarle Street, London; and at J. Cummin's, and Goulding and Co's, Dublin.

THE POETRY FOR THE AIRS, CHIEFLY BY

BURNS.

№ 13

ОЧИЩЕНИЕ СОЛНЦА

САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГ

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 begun!
 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,
 Boney, gaunt, and large of limb,
 Furious plunge, and fearless swim
 O'er the water wide.
 Hear the woods resounding far,
 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 speeds the mortal blow,
 See the savage die !

From dusky den and thorny brake,
 The chiding hounds the echoes wake,
 The forest's cowring 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 hardy 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.

Nº 61.

Violino
Pizz.

MAESTOSO E CON
MOLTO SPIRITO

Hear the shouts of E_van's son See the dauntless
 Hear the shouts of E_van's son See the dauntless
 chace begun Lo the deer af-frighted run Up yonmountain's side
 chace begun Lo the deer af-frighted run Up yonmountain's side
 Hear the woods re-sounding far Hark the distant din of war
 Hear the woods re-sounding far Hark the distant din of war

Cadenza

Cadenza

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

Bony gaunt and large of limb, Furious plunge and fearless swim O'er the water wide.

Bony gaunt and large of limb, Furious plunge and fearless swim O'er the water wide.

Violino

pizz

p arco

The Monks of Bangor's march.

Nº 62.

Musical score for 'The Monks of Bangor's march.' The score consists of three systems of music, each with two staves. The first system starts with a treble staff and a bass staff, both in C minor (two flats). The second system begins with a Violino part in C minor (two flats), followed by a bass part in C minor (two flats). The third system starts with a bass staff in C minor (two flats), followed by a bass staff in C minor (two flats). The vocal parts are written below the instrumental parts. The lyrics are as follows:

When the hea - then
 When the hea - then
 MAESTOSO
 f sf (3)
 MA CON
 ESPRESSIONE
 trum-pet's clang Round be - lea-guer'd Chester rang - - Veil - ed Nun and
 trum-pet's clang Round be - lea-guer'd Chester rang - - Veil - ed Nun and
 Fri - ar grey March'd from Ban - gor's fair ab - baye High their ho - ly
 Fri - ar grey March'd from Ban - gor's fair ab - baye High their ho - ly

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 1^{mo}
 Violino
 f
 cres f p

No. 62.

Ymdaith Mwng.

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 BROCKMAEL, 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 sh^{ine} 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 massacre ;—“ tot semiruti parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba ru-
“ derum quantum vix 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 desert shade
 She never must her secret tell.
 And is it Love,—his softer mien ?
 And is it Love,—his whisper low ?
 And does he much, 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.

68

Nº 63.

ANDANTINO QUASI dolce
ALLEGRETTO

I envy not the splendor fine That glitters in Sir Watkyn's hall I ask not for the
gems that shine on Lady fair at Wynstay ball. I wish but for a ribbon gay which I might on a
Sunday wear - - - Un-seen which I might kiss and say Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

Violino

Love without Hope.

N^o. 64.

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. **P 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 as 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.

Isgrin 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.

Nº 65.

Violino

ANDANTO

CON MOTO

A gold-en robe my Love shall wear And ru-bies bind her
yellow hair. A gold-en robe those limbs en-fold, So
far a-bove the worth of gold. No court-ly dame in

loco
p dol.

8va

f

p

f

p

gau - - dy pride shall e'er out - shine my love - ly bride Then
 say my charm - ing mai - den say, When shall we name the
 hap - py day.

Violino Basso Violino Basso Violino Basso

f cresc f

Violino

8va - - - - -

f

The fair Maids of Mona.

N° 66.

ANDANTINO
NON TROPPO LENTO *p dol.*
MA CON
ESPRESSSione

How my Love could, hapless doubts o'er take thee

Was my heart so lit - - - tle known Could'st thou think thy

Ma - ry woud for - sake thee Thou wast lov'd and thou a -

lone Cru - el For - tune rash mis - ta - ken Lo - ver

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 thee hasty,—call thee blind ;
Hasty, sure,—and I for ever lose thee,
But thy heart was not unkind.

No. 67.

*Cerdd yr hen-wr 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 deplored :
 " 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 dark oblivion join thee !"

Nº 67.

The old man of the wood?

ANDANTE

CON MOLTO
ESPRESSIONE

Raving winds around her blowing

Raving winds around her blowing

Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing By a ri - ver hoarsely roaring I - sa - bel - la

Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing By a ri - ver hoarsely roaring I - sa - bel - la

stray'd deplo ring.

stray'd deplo ring.

Oh let the Night my blushes hide.

Nº 68.

Indant.
quasi
Allegretto

Basso Violino

Oh let the Night my
blushes hide While thus my sighs re-veal What modest Love and maiden pride for e-ver would con-ceal. What can he mean how can he bear Thus faultring to de-lay How can his eyes his eyes so much de-clare His tongue so little say His tongue so lit-tle say.

8va loco

Violino

cres.

sf

cres.

No. 68.

Gogerddan,

(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.

On 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 falt'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, yon 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. 82

N° 69.

ALLEGRETTO CON ANIMA

Fare-

well 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 ev'nings close How
sad thy joys to me Thy hollow smiles thy rival shows And all thy misery.

To the Eolian Harp.

Nº 70.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO

Harp of the winds in
ai - 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 thoughts to heav'n re - call Now soft - ly sighing loud - ly swelling
Lost in ma_ny a dy - ing fall.

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 many 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.

Ffarwel Ned Pugh.

NED PUGH'S FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

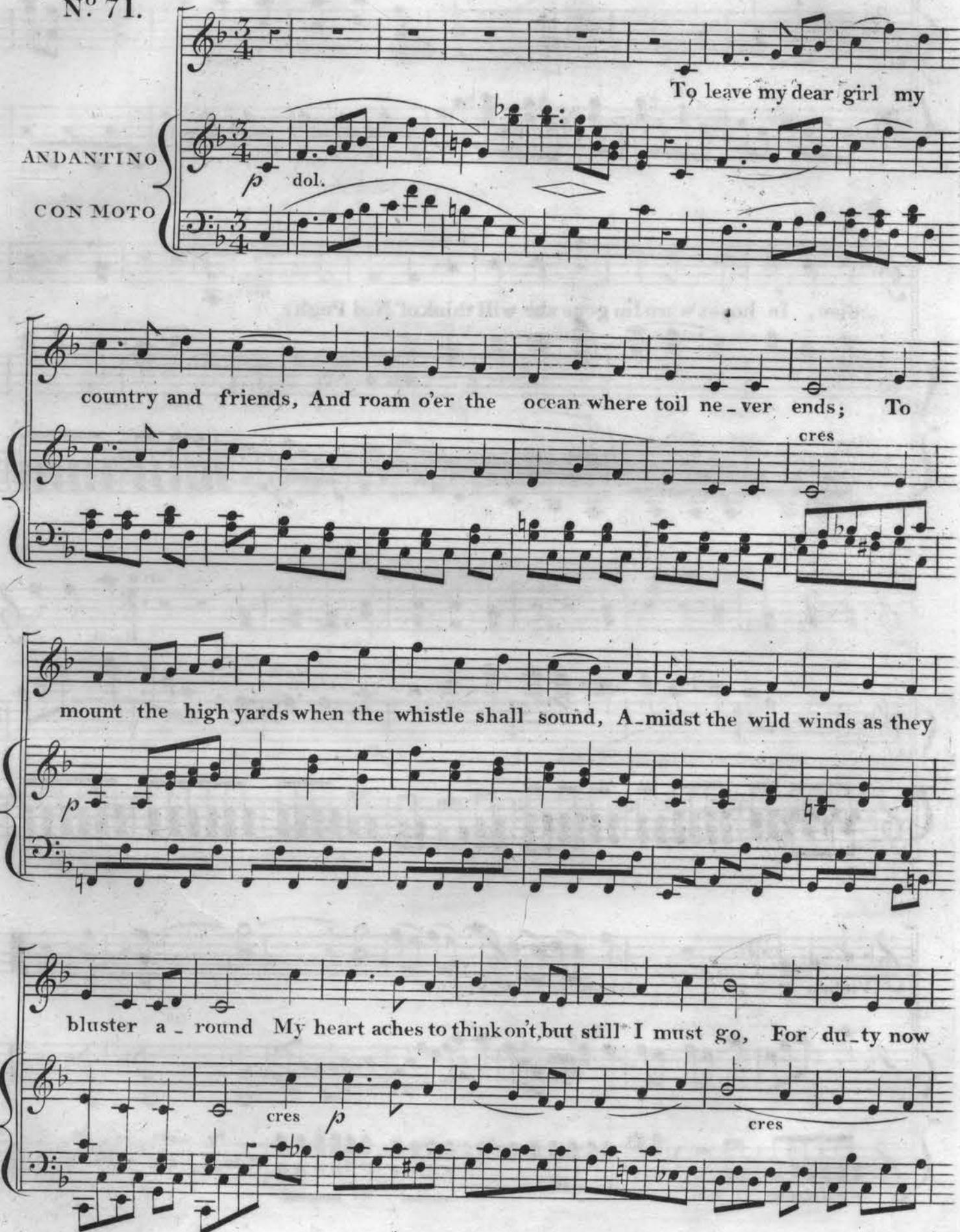
By MRS HUNTER.

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 Mounseer,
 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 Ludd's Farewell.

N^o 71.

ANDANTINO { 

To leave my dear girl my

country and friends, And roam o'er the ocean where toil ne_ver ends; To

cres

mount the high yards when the whistle shall sound, A_midst the wild winds as they

bluster a_ round My heart aches to think on't, but still I must go, For du_ty now

cres β cres

calls me to face the proud foe And so to my Winny I must bid a-
cres.
 dieu, In hopes when I'm gone she will think of Ned Pugh.
pizz.
Violino
Basso
arco
Violino Basso Violino
3 3 3
3 3 3

Musical score for Violino and Violoncello, page 89. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system shows the Violino playing eighth-note patterns and the Violoncello resting. The second system shows the Violoncello playing eighth-note patterns and the Violino resting. The third system begins with a dynamic *fz*, followed by a crescendo. The fourth system begins with a dynamic *cres*. The fifth system begins with a dynamic *p*, followed by a crescendo. The sixth system begins with a dynamic *cres*, followed by a dynamic *p*.

Violino

Violoncello

fz

cres

cres

p

cres

p

pp *f*

pp *f*

f

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

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

IN 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.

Conset 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 busy 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.

N° 73.

ALLEGRETTO

SPIRITOSO

Wa - ken Lords and La - dies gay, U - pon the mountain dawns the day All the jol - ly

chace is here With hawk and horse and hunting spear The ea - ger hounds in

cho - rus cry The swel - ling horns sa - lute the sky And merrily merri - ly min - gle they Then

wak - en Lords and La - dies gay.

8

dim

Sweet Land of the Mountain &c.

Nº 74.

Indantino

Sweet land of the mountain the valley the

wood Of Chiefs that for ages in honour have stood Re-nown'd too for

all thy dear Minstrels so long O Cambria for-get not the Bard and his song

No. 74.

Ffarwel Teuengetid.*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.

Trotad 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 lov'd Minstrel.

N^o. 75. *Allegretto*

Sir Wat_kyn's lov'd Min_strel now
sunk in de - cay first taught me to please the gay thróng sat Wynn - stay Fair
La_dy he cried, to old Ow_en draw near, I'll shew thee the art to thy
fan_cy so dear

Helpless woman.

N° 76.

ANDANTE

How cruel are the parents Who riches on - ly prize And to the wealthy bao - by poor
 wo - man sa - cri - fice Meanwhile the hapless daughter has
 but a choice of strife To shun a ty - rant father's hate Be -
 come a wretched wife.

Dim p *sf* *dim*

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 rav'ning 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 Dhu; or, Black Sir Harry.

WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN A WARRIOR OF THE FAMILY OF LLEWENNY IN DENBIGHSHIRE,
AND TO HAVE LIVED IN THE 14TH 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 tortur'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-tur'd my

breast When my sen-ses be-numb'd I at length sunk to

rest Last night worn with an-guish that tor-tur'd my breast, When my

Last night worn with an-guish that tor-tur'd my breast, When my

SOLO

sen-ses be-numb'd I at length sunk to rest The pas-sion that

sen-ses be-numb'd I at length sunk to rest

cres.

wak-ing had ruled o'er my mind still woke in my dreams where it

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

mind still woke in my dreams where it rovd un - con - fin'd.

mind still woke in my dreams where it rovd un - con - fin'd.

Mynachty.

N° 78.

ANDANTE
CON
ANIMA
ED
ESPRESSIONE

When Mor-tals all to rest re-tire O Moon thou hear'st my
 whis-p'ring Lyre To thee I wake the mourn-ful lay For
 sure thou look'st as if thy ray Would com-fort if it
 could con-vey And hap-pier songs in-spire And

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

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 *Bleanpant*¹ fresh perfume he composes,
 Or tidings from *Bronwith*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.

Or say, that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
 We gain'd the bright ermine 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.

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 Neatheat 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-hoarded treasure,
 That Dinevor⁴, Slebeck⁵, and Coidsmore⁶ 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.

¹ Bleanpant, the seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.² Bronwith, the seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq.³ Kilgarran, a ruinous castle on the Tivy.⁴ Dinevor, the seat of Lord Dinevor.⁵ Slebeck, the seat of Mr Phillips.⁶ Coidsmore, the seat of Mr Lloyd, near Cardigan.

The Damsels of Cardigan.

N° 79.

ALLEGRETTO

Sheet music for 'The Damsels of Cardigan' in G major, 2/4 time. The music consists of eight staves of piano-vocal score. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The piano part features various dynamics and performance instructions like 'cres' (crescendo) and 'f' (fortissimo). The vocal part has several melodic phrases with accompanying piano chords.

Fair Ti - vy how sweet are thy waves gently flowing, Thy wild oaken woods and green eglantine bow'r's Thy
 banks with the blush rose and ama - ranth 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 sweet damsels of Cardigan Love can a lone make it bliss ful to live.

The Dairy house.

Nº 80.

Alle-gretto *p* Dolce *f* *p*

spreading hawthorn shades these seat Where I have fix'd my cool retreat And when the Spring with
sun-ny show'rs Expandsthe leaves and paintsthe flow'r's A thousand shrubs around it bloom And
fill the air with wild perfume The light windsthro' the branchessigh And lim-pid rills run
tink-ling by.

No. 80.

Hafod y Wraig Lawn.

THE DAIRY HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER.

A SPREADING 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 prov'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 dutious 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 { *p dol* *f ss* | *dim:*

AFFETTUOSO { |

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.

N° 82.

ANDANTE

AFFETUOSO

Violin

H.
Hen - ry here.

* 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.

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 !

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.

No. 83.

Pen Rhaw.

In RHYS's Grammar, a Bard is mentioned of the name of BEN 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 Rhau.

114

Nº 83.

ANDANTE

PIUTOSTO *p Dolce.*

ALLEGRETTO

Sweet warb - ler 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 sa - ble hue Retir - ing from the searching view, Pro -
tect thee like the lea - fy screen Beneath whose shade thou sing'st un - seen.

molto dol

Cres *Cres* *Cres* *ped* *p* *Dim pp*

Cupid's kindness.

N^o 84.

ALLEGRETTO

SCHERZANDO

Dear brother yes the Nymph you wed must be of love-liest feature The fin - est heart the

fin - est head, The sweetest dear - est creature This matchless Maid go find and woo And

Heav'n for you pre - serve her, I on - ly ask where is in you the me - rit to de -

cres.

serve her deserve her The merit to de - serve her. 8^{va} alto

loco.

No. 84. *Hew Warraig Llanallgo.*

CUPID'S KINDNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

DEAR brother! yes—the nymph you wed
Must be of loveliest feature,—
The finest heart—the finest head,
The sweetest, dearest creature.
This matchless maid go find and woo,
And heav'n for you preserve her!
I only ask, where is in 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.

*D Gofid 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 envy 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° 85.

Duet.

Andant.
quasi
Allegretto

Tho' cru - el Fates should
Tho' cru - el Fates should

bid us part as far's the pole and line His dear i - de - a round my heart Wou'd tenderly en -
bid us part as far's the pole and line Her dear i - de - a round my heart Wou'd tenderly en -

twine. Thô mountains frown & desarts howland.
twine Thô mountains frown & desarts howland

cres / pp cres -

oceans roll be - tween. Yet dearer than my deathless soul I'd love him still un - seen.
oceans roll be - tween. Yet dearer than my deathless soul I still woud love my Jean.

rif / pp Pedal

Happiness lost.

Nº 86.

Violino

ANDANTO dol.

ESPRESSIVO f

No Henry I must not I
 cannot be blinded 'Tis past and I bade thee for e_ver a_dieu In feeling too
 warm or in thought too high minded I cannot at pleasure be false and be
 true.

Violino

dol.

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 raptur'd my view !
 I saw him how lovely,—I thought him kind-hearted ;
 Oh, lost ! and for ever—for ever adieu !

No. 87.

Dr Hen Don; 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 brave I've follow'd far,
 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, SUE,” he cries, “ ne'er fear the cold—
 “ The fare is scant—but never mind—
 “ On, on my SUE, nor lag behind.”
 And come what will, and come what may,
 Poor SUE 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.

Nº 87.

Violino

ANDANTE

ESPRESSIVO

My ple - - sant Home be -
 molto piano

side the Dee I oft - en sigh to think of thee Dear scenes of Love and

Peace and Ease : How diff' - rent all from scenes like these My

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

Violino

Detailed description: The image shows a handwritten musical score for four staves. The top staff is a soprano vocal line, the second staff is a piano or harpsichord basso continuo line, the third staff is a piano treble line, and the fourth staff is another piano treble line. The vocal line begins with eighth-note pairs and sixteenth-note patterns. The piano parts feature various harmonic textures, including sustained notes and chords. Measure 1 starts with a piano dynamic (p) and a vocal dynamic (dol.). Measure 2 begins with a piano dynamic (cres). Measure 3 begins with a piano dynamic (p). Measure 4 begins with a piano dynamic (cres). The vocal line includes lyrics: "Sol_dier brave I've fol_low'd far But sick_en at these sights of war". The Violino part is explicitly labeled in measure 2.

Three hundred pounds.

N° 88.

ALLEGRETTO PIUTOSTO VIVACE

In yonder sun - - cottage be - neath the cliff's side And

close to the pebbles that li - mit the tide Were five lit - tle fel - lows a

couple's fond care Who'd bare - ly e - nough not a morsel to spare They

sometimes were hat - less when summer was hot And shoeless when winter in

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The music consists of five systems of four measures each. The lyrics are as follows:

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.

The score includes dynamic markings such as *f/p*, *f*, *p*, *sf*, and *dimin.*

No. 88.

Trichant 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 money 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.
*con
expressione*

Sheet music for 'The parting kiss.' featuring a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The vocal line consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

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.

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

Ere yet we slumber seek Blest queen of song de-scent Thy
Leggiermente
 shell can sweetest speak Goodnight to guest and friend Tis pain 'tis pain to part for
 een one fleeting night But music's matchless art can turn it to delight .

No. 90.

*Gyrru'r Byd o'm Blaen.**OR, DRIVE THE WORLD BEFORE ME.*

GOOD - NIGHT.

By the HON. W. R. SPENCER.

ERE yet we slumb'rs 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 :

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR,
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1817.

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GJ

VIOLONCELLO

Nº 61.

Maestoso
con molto
spirito

The chace of the wolf.

Nº 62.

Maestoso
ma con espres.

The Monks of Bangor's march

Nº 63.

Andantino
quasi

Allegretto

The Cottage Maid

Nº 64.

Love without Hope.

Andante
amoroso

Song

VIOLONCELLO

17

Nº 65.

The golden robe.

Andantino $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ C}$ con moto

Nº 66.

The fair maids of Mona.

Andantino $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ 4}$ espressivo p dol:

Nº 67.

The old man of the wood.

Andante $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ 4}$ con molto espressione

O let the night my blushes hide.

Nº 68.

Andantino $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ 2}$ quasi Allegretto $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ 4}$

Nº 69.

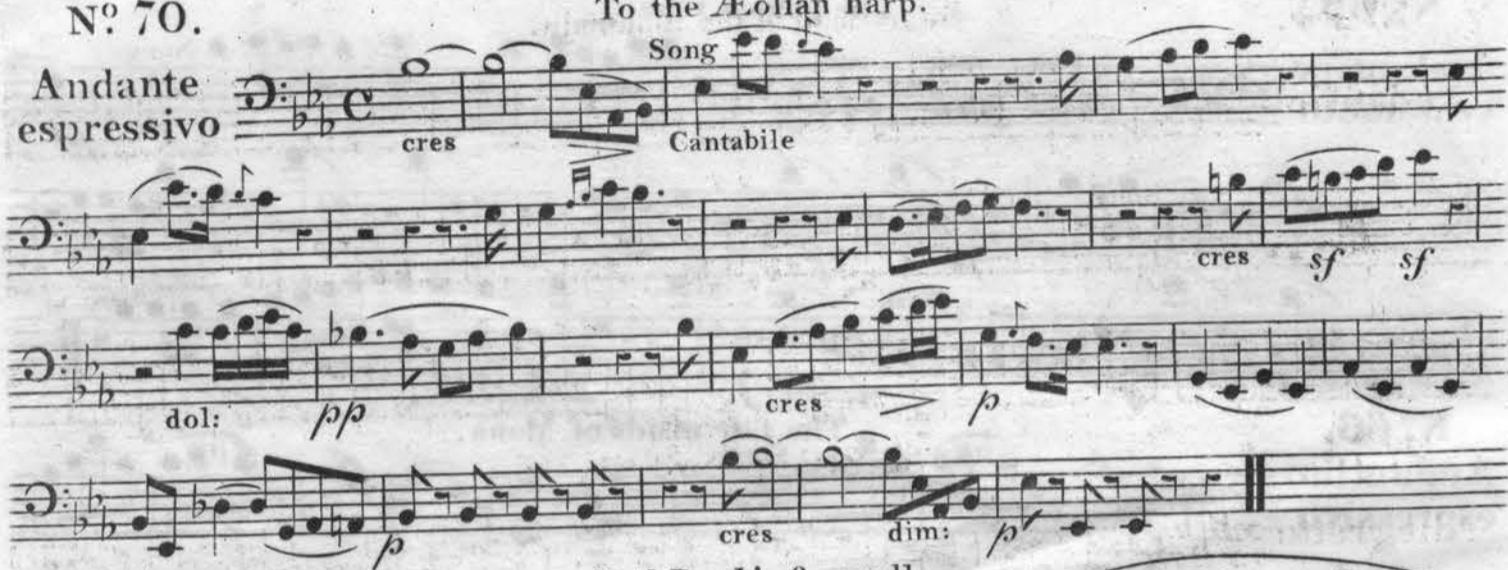
Farewell thou noisy town.
Song

Allegretto $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ 6}$ con anima $\text{C: } \text{b} \text{ 8}$

18

VIOLONCELLO

N° 70.

Andante espressivo 

To the Aeolian harp.

Song

N° 71. Andantino con moto 

Ned Pugh's farewell.

Song

N° 72. Allegretto 

Peggy's daughter.

Song 1

Sym. 2

N° 73. Allegretto Spiritoso 

Waken Lords & Ladies gay.

VIOLONCELLO

19

N° 74.

Sweet land of the mountain.



N° 75.

Sir Watkyn's lov'd Minstrel.



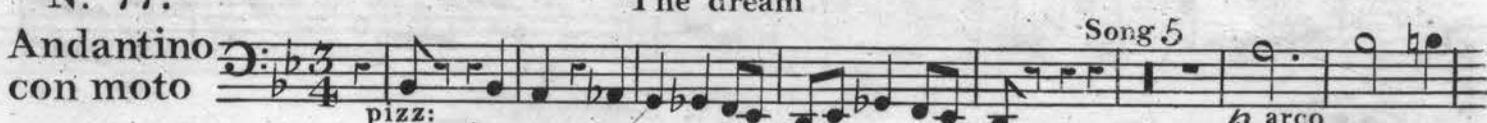
N° 76.

Helpless woman.



N° 77.

The dream



VIOLONCELLO

Nº 78

Andante
con anima ed
espressione

Mynachty

Song

Sheet music for Violoncello, No. 78, Andante con anima ed espressione. The music is in common time (C) and C major (C). It features six staves of cello music with various dynamics like crescendo (cres), decrescendo (decres), and piano (p). The piece ends with a fermata over the last note.

Nº 79.

The damsels of Cardigan

Song

Allegretto

Sheet music for Violoncello, No. 79, Allegretto. The music is in common time (C) and C major (C). It consists of five staves of cello music with dynamics including crescendo (cres), decrescendo (decres), forte (f), and piano (p). A diamond-shaped dynamic symbol is present in the middle section.

Nº 80.

The dairy house.

Song

Allegretto

Sheet music for Violoncello, No. 80, Allegretto. The music is in common time (C) and C major (C). It features five staves of cello music with dynamics including crescendo (cres), decrescendo (decres), forte (f), and piano (p). The piece ends with a fermata over the last note.

Nº 81.

Sweet Richard.

Song

Andante
Affettuoso

Sheet music for Violoncello, No. 81, Andante Affettuoso. The music is in common time (C) and C major (C). It consists of five staves of cello music with dynamics including crescendo (cres), decrescendo (decres), forte (f), and piano (p). The piece ends with a fermata over the last note.

VIOLONCELLO

21

Nº 82.

The vale of Clwyd.

Andante $\text{D: } \text{b} \text{ C}$

Affettuoso $\text{D: } \text{b} \text{ C}$

Song

Nº 83.

Pen Rhaw

Andantino $\text{D: } \sharp \text{ C}$

piuttosto $\text{D: } \sharp \text{ C}$

Allegretto $\text{D: } \sharp \text{ C}$

piz. Song arco cres

Nº 84.

Cupid's kindness

Allegretto $\text{D: } \sharp \text{ G}$

scherzando $\text{D: } \sharp \text{ G}$

Song

Nº 85.

Andantino

quasi

Allegretto

Constancy.

Song

VIOLONCELLO

Nº 86.

Andante espressivo

Nº 87.

Andante espressivo

Nº 88.

Allegretto piuttosto Vivace

Nº 89.

Andantissimo espressivo

Nº 90.

Allegretto scherzando

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VIOLINO

Nº LXI. The chace of the wolf.

Maestoso
con molto
spirito

Nº LXII. The Monks of Bangor's march.

Maestoso
^{ma}
con espres.

Nº LXIII. The cottage Maid

Andantino
quasi
Allegretto

Nº LXIV. Love without Hope.

Andante
amoroso

VIOLINO

23

N° LXV.

The golden robe

Andantino con moto

N° LXVI.

The fair maids of Mona.

Andantino espressivo

N° LXVII.

The old man of the wood.

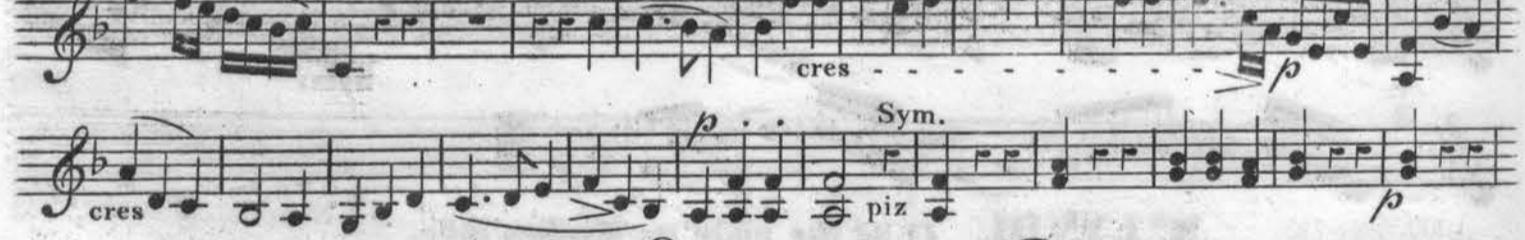
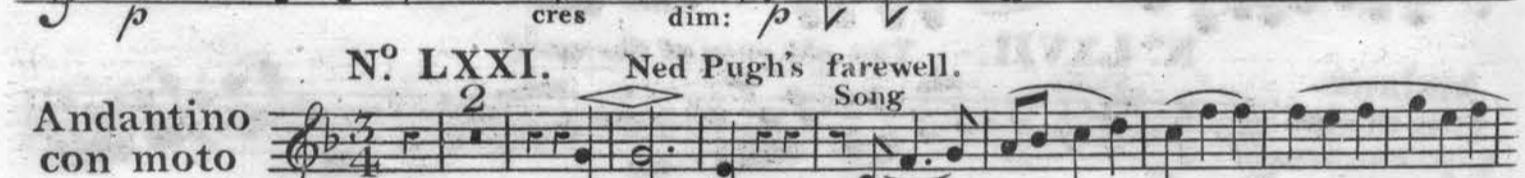
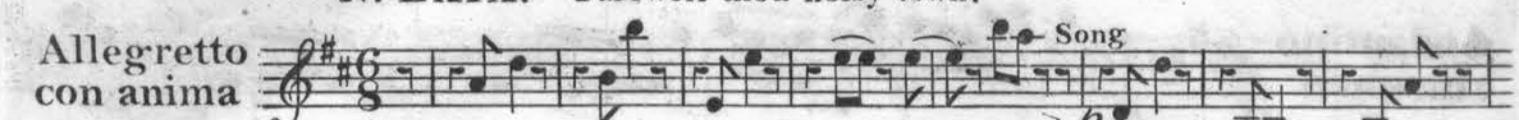
Andante con molto espressione

N° LXVIII. O let the night my blushes hide.

Andantino quasi Allegretto

VIOLINO.

N° LXIX. Farewell thou noisy town.



Nº LXXIII. Waken Lords & Ladies gay

Allegretto spiritoso

Nº LXXIV. Sweet land of the mountain.

Andantino

Nº LXXV. Sir Watkyn's lov'd Minstrel.

Allegretto

VIOLINO

N° LXXVI. Helpless woman.

Andante 

N° LXXVII. The dream

Andantino 

N° LXXVIII. Mynachty.

Andante 

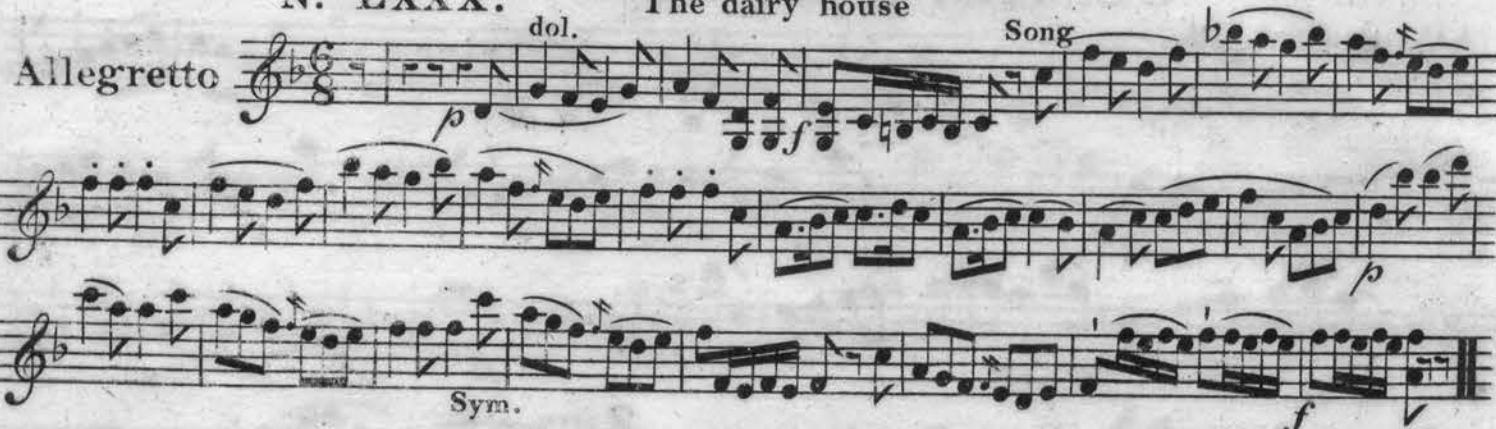
VIOLINO

27

N° LXXIX. The damsels of Cardigan

Allegretto 

N° LXXX. The dairy house

Allegretto 

N° LXXXI. Sweet Richard

Andantino 

N° LXXXII. The vale of Clwyd.

Andante 

VIOLINO

Nº LXXXIII. Pen Rhaw.

Andantino

piutosto

Allegretto

Nº LXXXIV. Cupid's kindness

Allegretto

scherzando

Nº LXXXV. Constancy.

Andantino

quasi

Allegretto

Nº LXXXVI. Happiness lost

Andante

espressivo

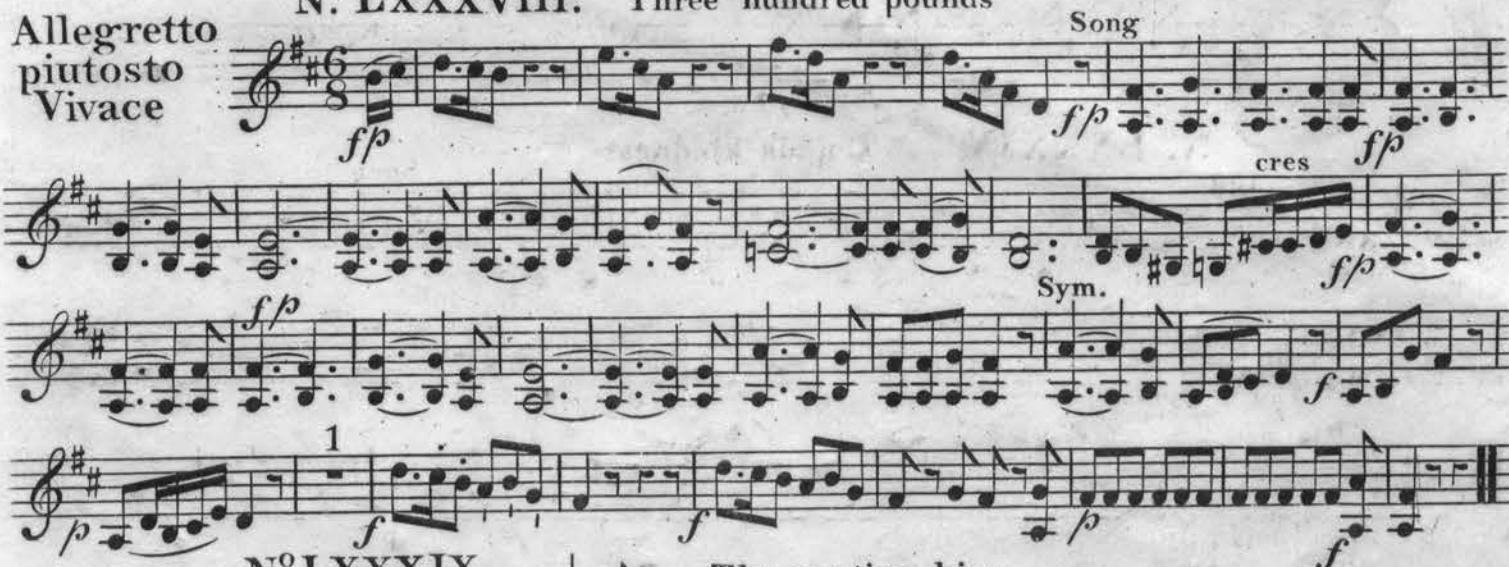
VIOLINO

29

N^o. LXXXVII. The old strain.

Andante espressivo 

N^o. LXXXVIII. Three hundred pounds

Allegretto piutosto Vivace 

N^o. LXXXIX. The parting kiss.

Andant^o espressivo 

N^o. XC.

Goodnight

Allegretto scherzando 