Mus. fr. 2°
3954
1

MUSICAL RELICS

OF THE

WELSH BARDS,

PRESERVED BY TRADITION AND AUTHENTIC MANUSCRIPTS, FROM VERY REMOTE ANTIQUITY,

To the Bardic Tunes are added,

Variations

FOR

THE HARP, PIANO FORTE, FLUTE, OR VIOLIN,

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS TO MANY OF THE SONGS.

Dedicated by Permission to

His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

BY

EDW. JONES,

BARD TO THE PRINCE,

Native of Henblas, Llandderfel, Merionethshire.

A NEW EDITION, DOUBLY AUGMENTED, AND IMPROVED,

" *Trwy'r Dolydd taro'r Delyn,*
" *Oni bo'r jás yn y Bryn;*
" *O gywair Dant, a gyr di*
" *Awr orhoen i* Eryri!"——

Strike the Harp, whose echos shrill
Pierce and shake the distant hill;
Far along the winding vale
Send the sounds, till every gale
From the bright harmonic string
Many a tone of rapture bring,
And to *Snowdon* waft on high
An hour of tuneful extacy!——

——— " Si quid mea carmina possunt,
" Aönio statuam sublimes vertice *Bardos;*
" *Bardos* Piëridum cultores, atque canentis
" Phœbi delicias, quibus est data cura perennis
" Dicere nobilium clarissima facta virarum,
"Aureaque excelsam famam super astra locare."
LELANDUS IN ASSERTIONE ARTURI.

DUBLIN:

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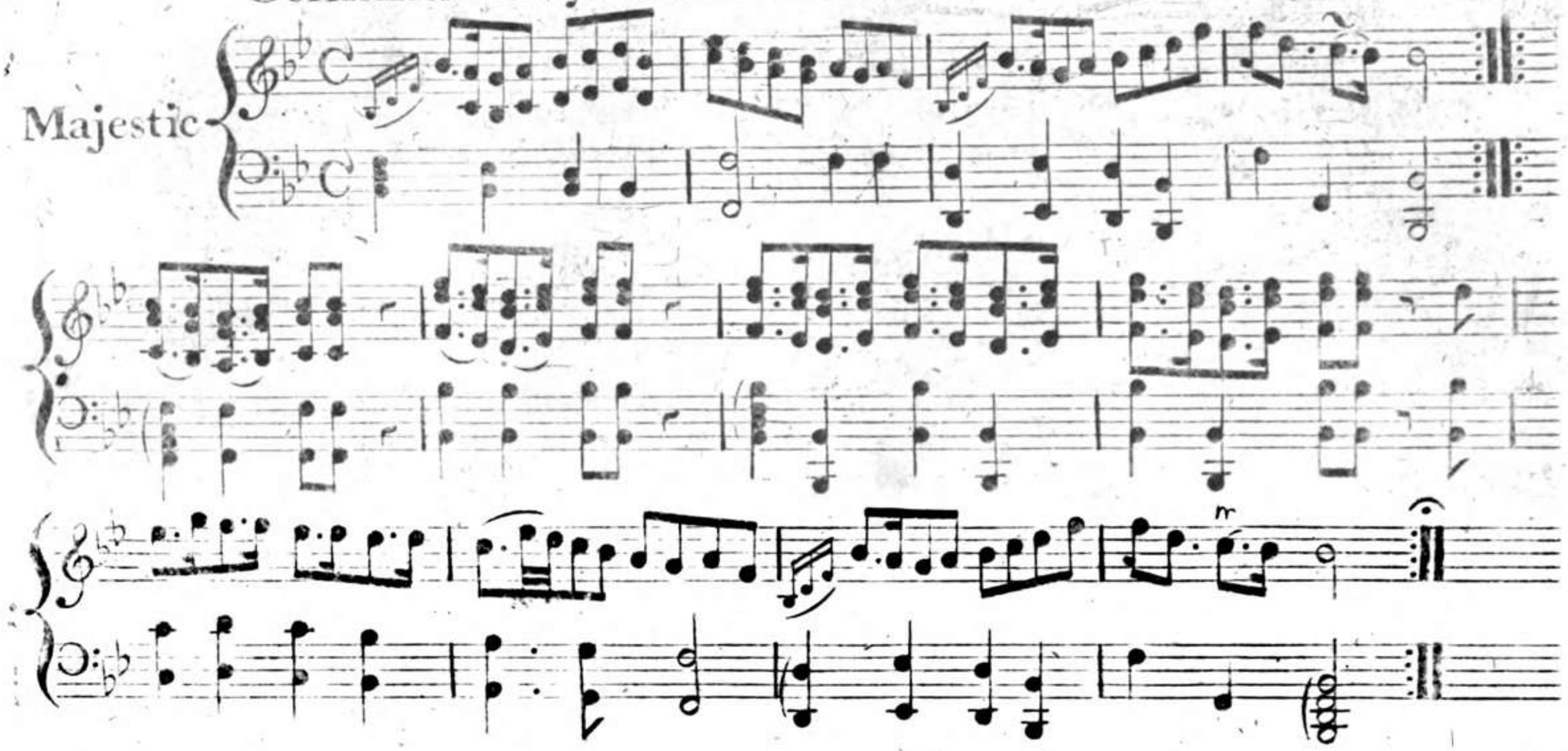
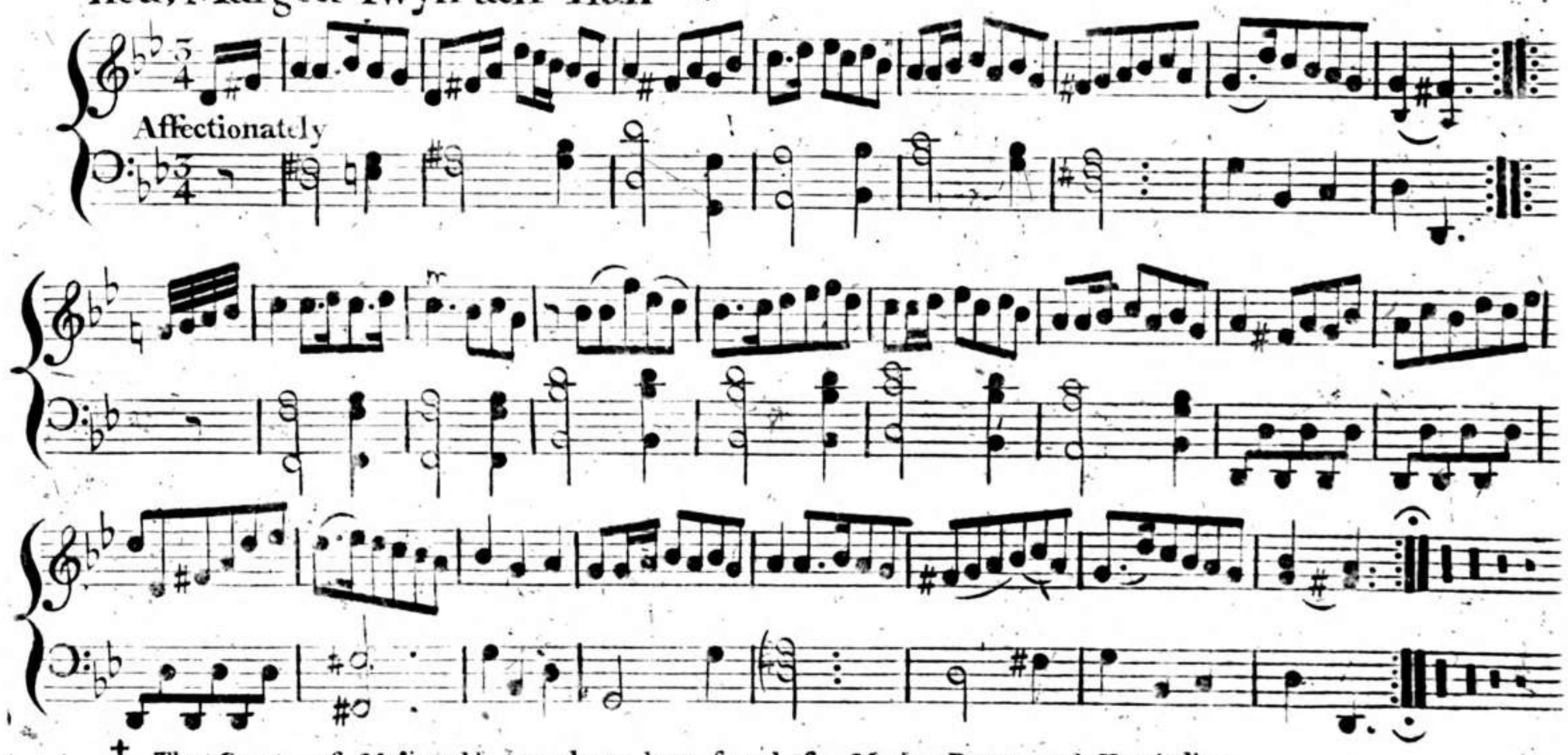
Gorhoffedd Gwŷr Harlech—The March of the Men of Harlech*



* Harlech Castle in Merionethshire, was formerly a celebrated Fortress, and is said to have been built by that warlike Prince, Madgwn Gwynedd about A.D. 550. In the beginning of the Sixth Century it was called Tur Bronwen Brenhinoedd, from Bronwen, the Daughter of Prince LLŷr of Harlech, who probably lived in the Castle; and the highest Turret of it, to this day, goes by the name of Bronwen's Tower. This Fortress was rebuilt, or repaired, about the Year 877, by Collwyn ab Tagno, one of the fifteen Tribes of North Wales, and Lord of Evionydd, Ardudwy and part of LLŷn: and from him it was called Caer Collwyn, or Collwyn's Castle. This venerable Castle is perhaps the oldest remains of all the British Forts; and a most stately Structure of invulnerable strength both by Art and Nature, being situated on a lofty Rock which commands a fine Bay of the Sea, and the Passage of entrance upon that Coast. Nennius's Brit: Hist: and from Ancient M.S.

Mwynder Meirionydd † neu, Marged fwyn ach-Ifan

The Courtesy of Meirioneth.



† The County of Meſionydd has always been famed for Music, Poetry, and Hospitality.

Triban n_The Triplet, or Warrior's Song.

Maestoso

Wyres Ned Puw_Ned Pughs grand daughter

Amoroso

Con Spirito

Erddigan Caer Waun* — The Minstrelsy of Chirk Castle.

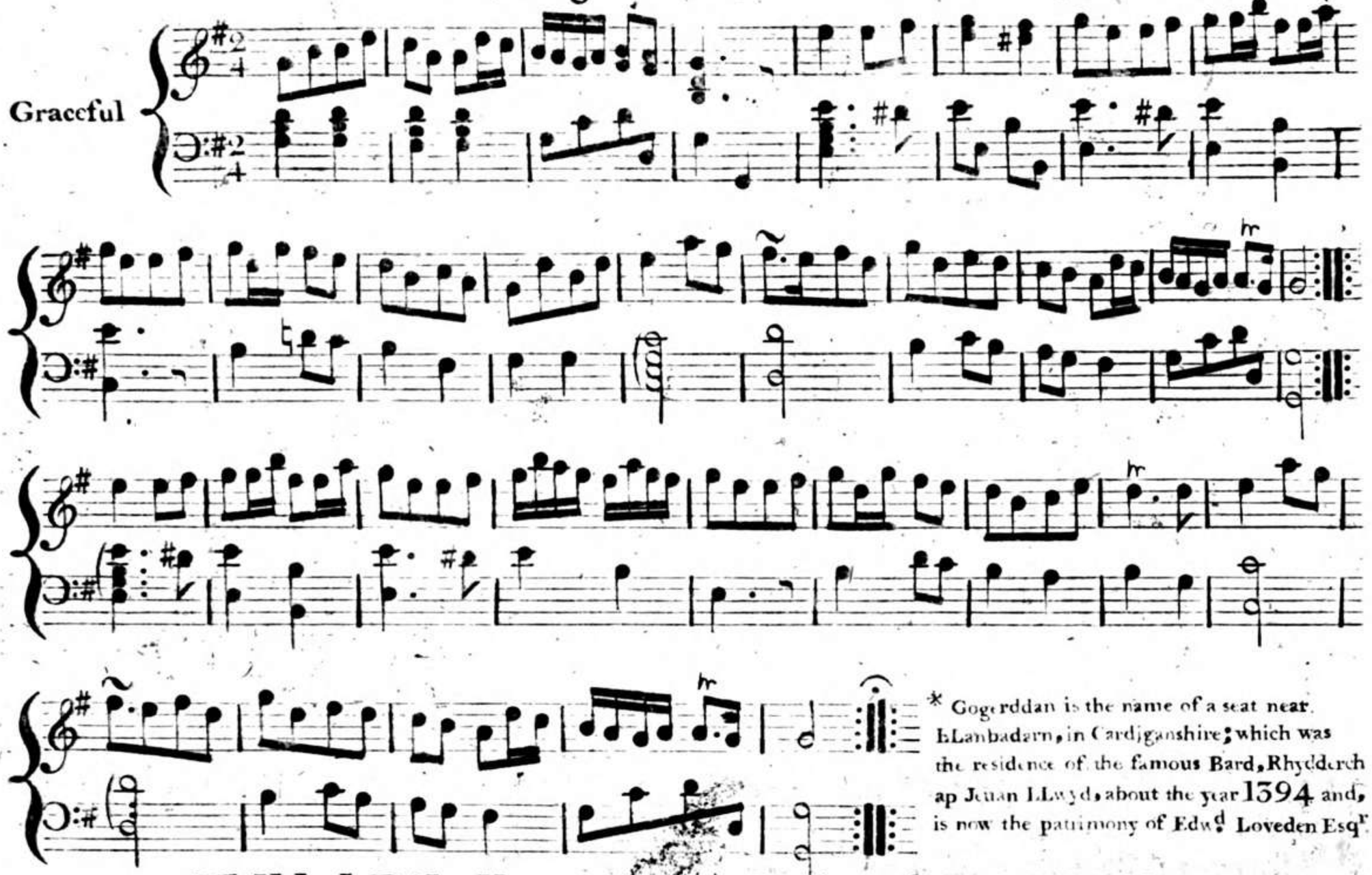
With Energy

Variation

*Castell y Waun, or Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, is the grand Mansion of the Middletons, & the most perfect habitable Castle in Wales; It stands upon an eminence, & commands a most beautiful picturesque Country. When it was occupied by its ancient Barons it appears to have been the receptacle of Bards.

Gogerddan*

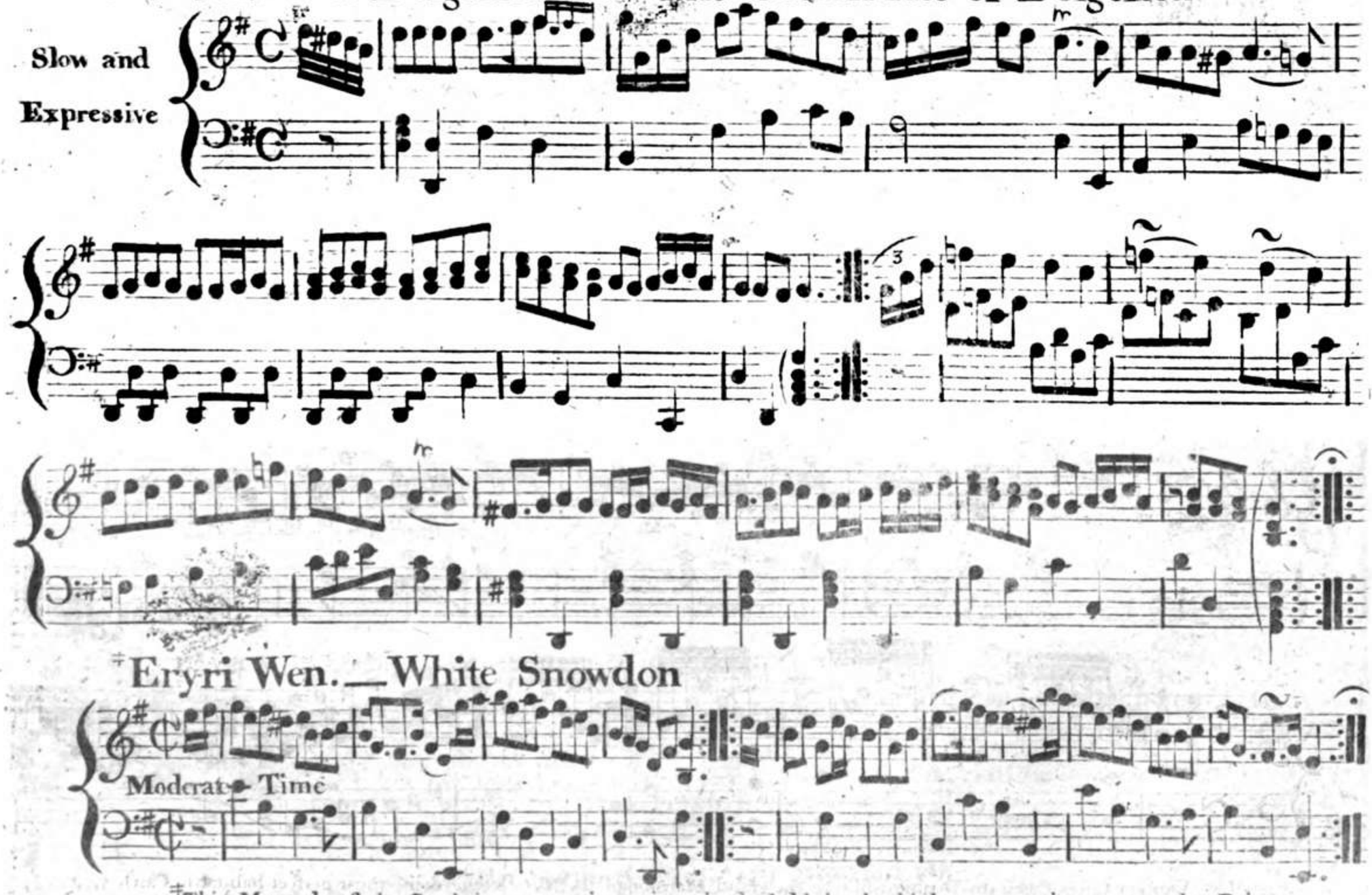
Graceful



* Gogerddan is the name of a seat near Llanbadarn, in Cardiganshire; which was the residence of the famous Bard, Rhydderch ap Iuan LLwyd, about the year 1394 and, is now the patrimony of Edwd Loveden Esqr.

Malldod Dôlgelleu.—The Gallantries of Dôlgelleu

Slow and Expressive



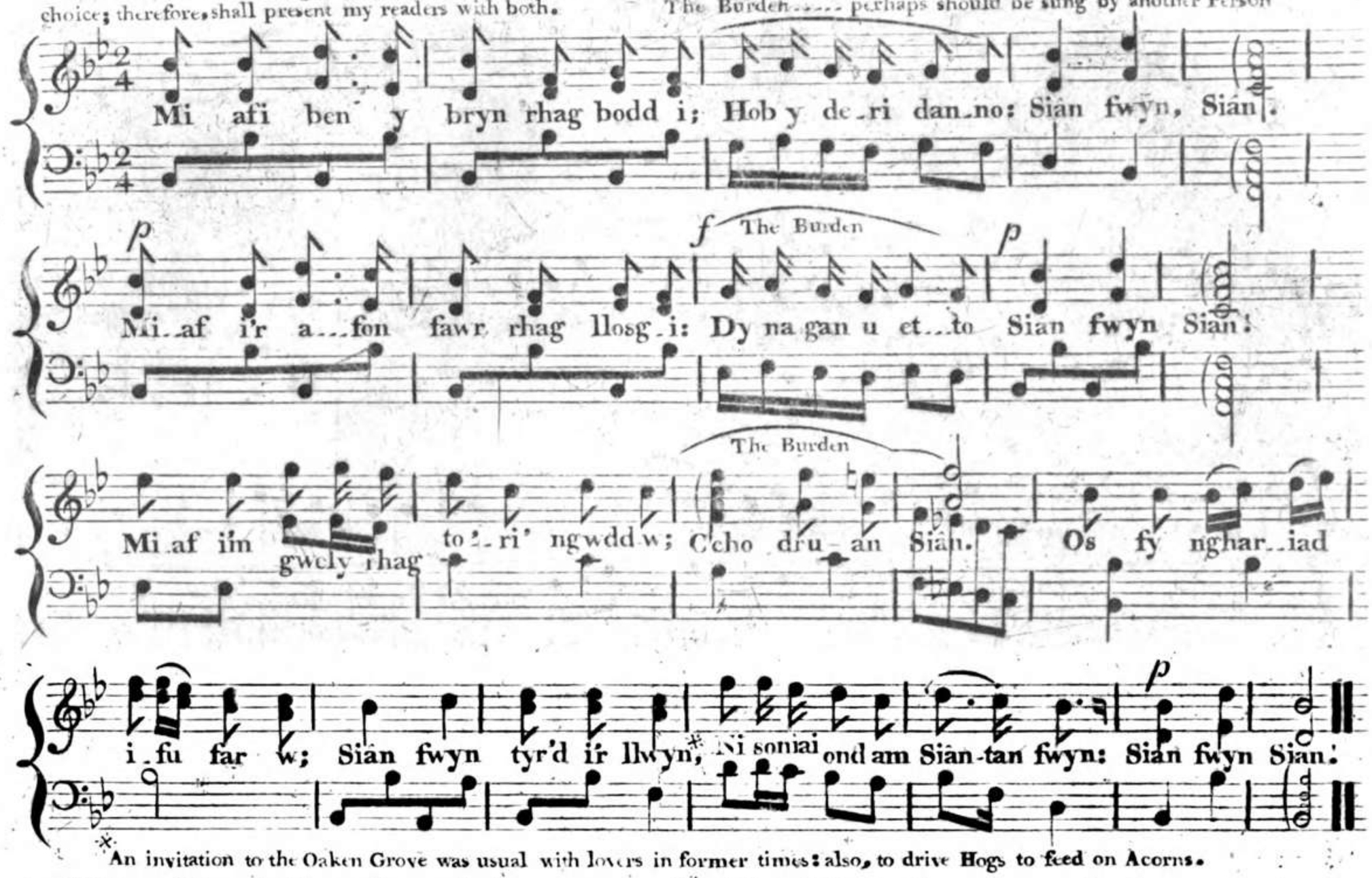
†Eryri Wen.—White Snowdon

Moderate Time

†This Monarch of the Cambrian mountains was anciently held in the highest veneration among the Britons.

Hob y Deri Danno. — Away my herd to the Oaken Grove

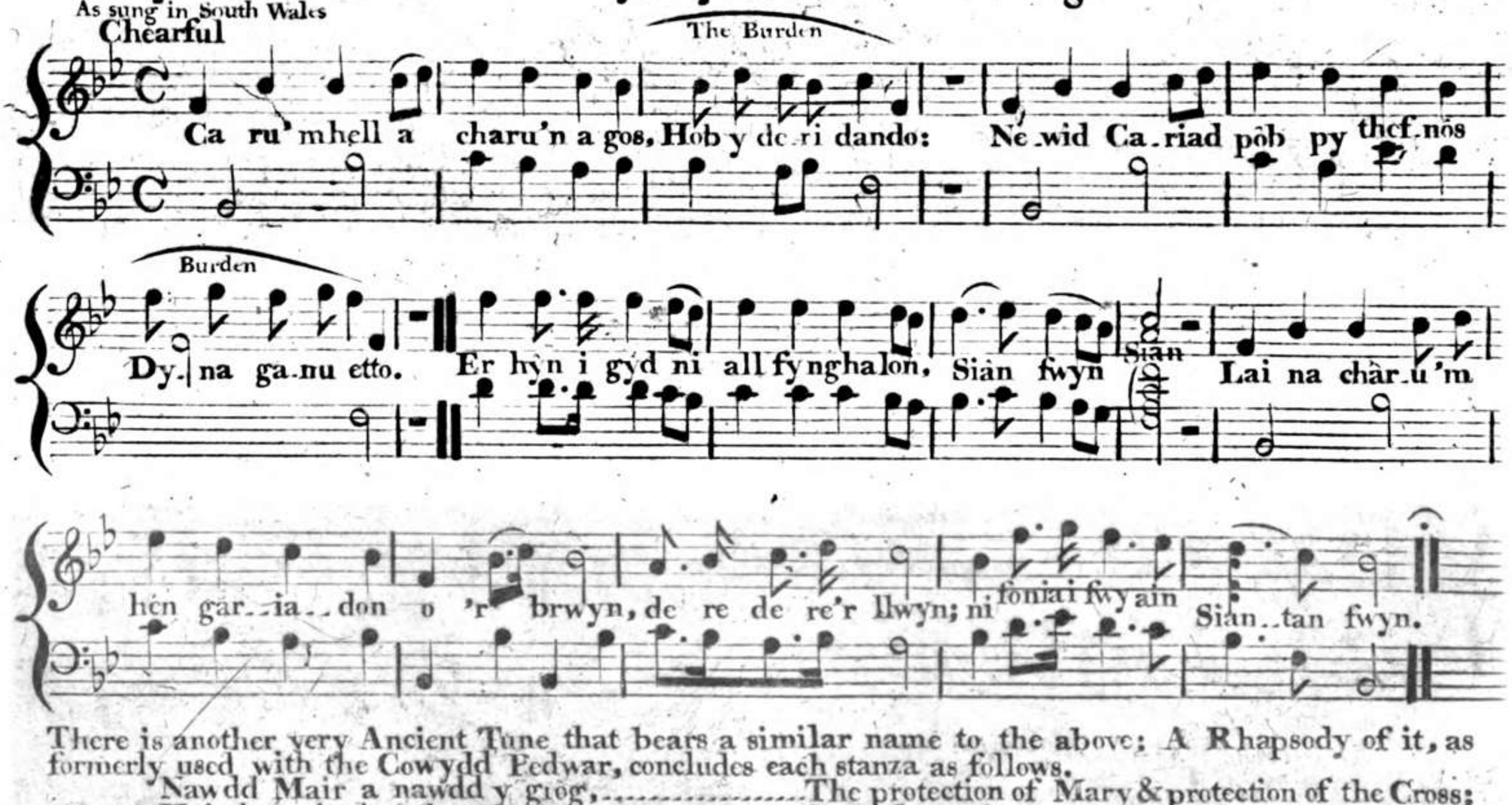
This favorite Air is sung very differently in South Wales to what it is in North Wales, & both so pretty that I am perplex'd in the choice; therefore, shall present my readers with both. The Burden..... perhaps should be sung by another Person



* An invitation to the Oaken Grove was usual with lovers in former times: also, to drive Hogs to feed on Acorns.

Hob y Deri Dando. — Away my herd under the green Oak.

As sung in South Wales



There is another very Ancient Tune that bears a similar name to the above: A Rhapsody of it, as formerly used with the Cowydd Pedwar, concludes each stanza as follows.

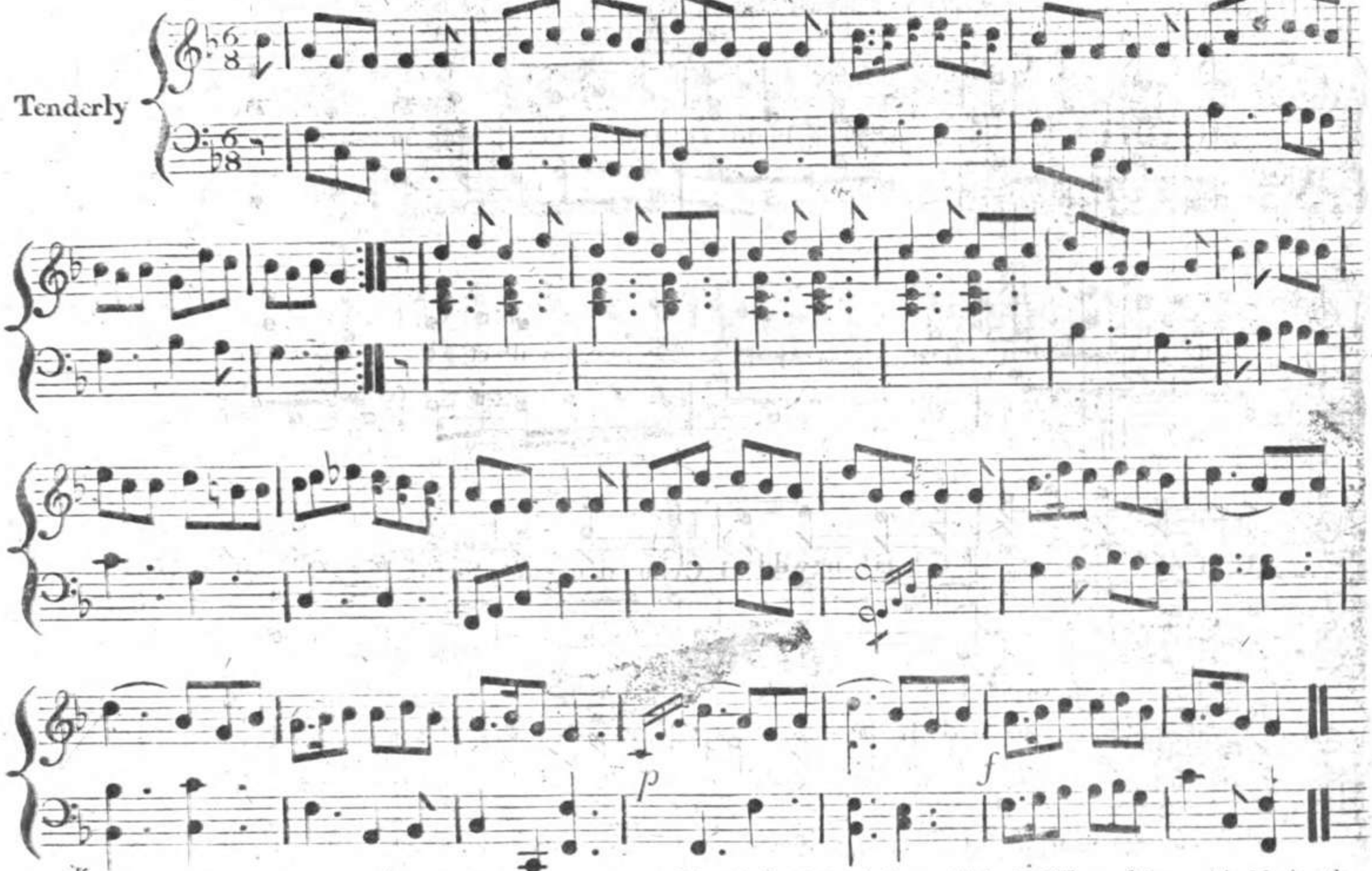
Nawdd Mair a nawdd y grog,.....The protection of Mary & protection of the Cross;
Hai down ir deri danno.....Come let us hasten to the Oaken Grove.

Which is the burden of an old Song of the Druids, sung by the Bards and Vades, to call the people to their religious assemblies in the Groves. Also, it is evident that the old English Song,

"Hie down, down derry down:"——

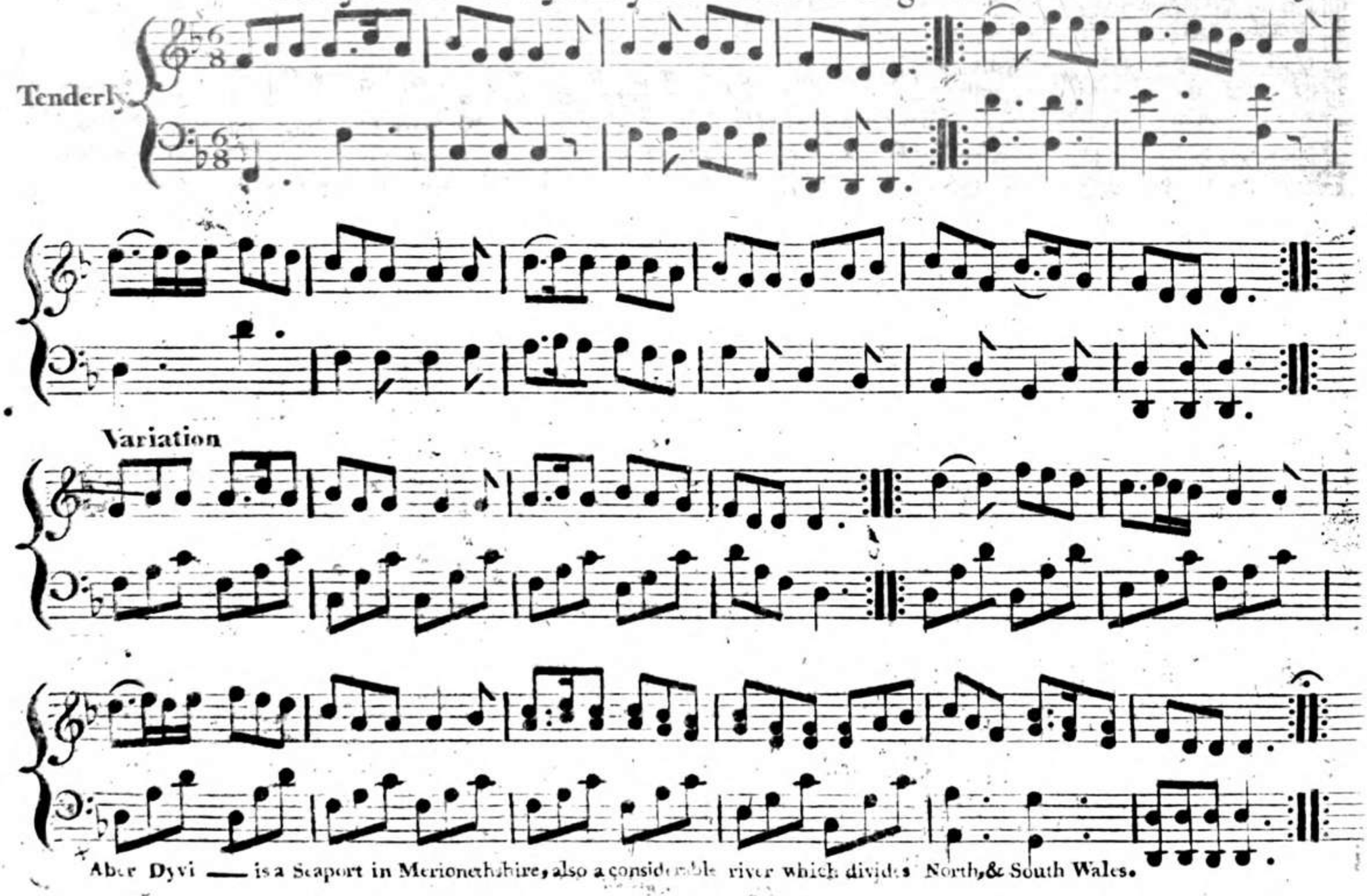
Also, "In Summer time when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, a down:"
are borrowed from that Druidical Song.——

Mwynen Cynwyd*. — The Melody of Cynwyd.



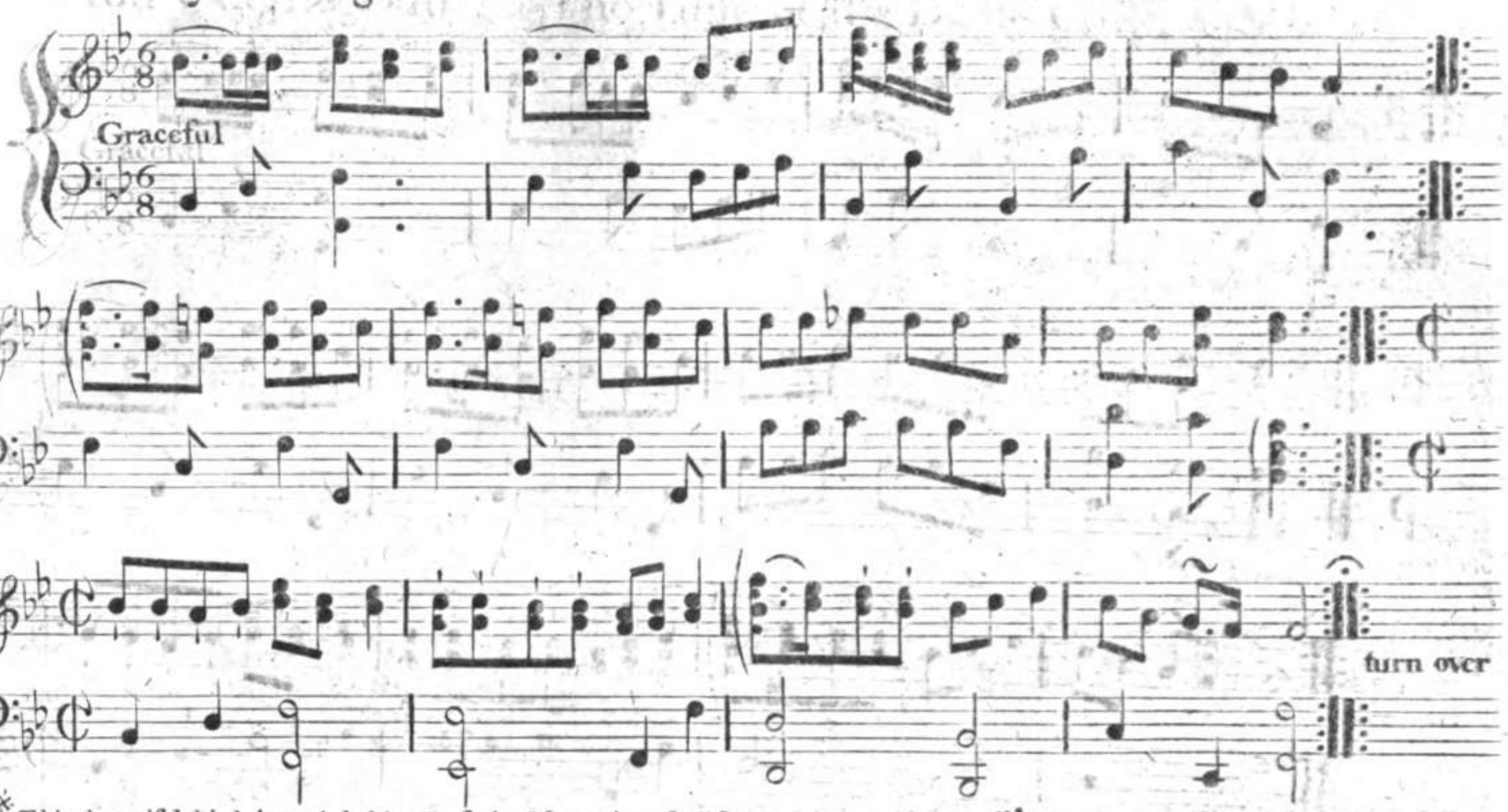
* Cynwyd was a man's name, and Cynwydion was the name of the Clan and Land; from which the Village of Cynwyd in Merioneth-shire derives its name.

Difyrrwch Gwŷr Dyfi.+ — The Delight of the Men of Dovey.



+ Aber Dyvi — is a Seaport in Merionethshire, also a considerable river which divides North, & South Wales.

Tôn y Ceiliog Dû.— The Tune of the Black Cock.*



*This beautiful bird is an inhabitant of the Mountains of Wales; and is sometimes call'd the Heath-cock or Black-game; which species of moor-game is now become very rare.

A Song of the wooing of Queen Catherine by Sir Owen Tudor, a young Gentleman of Wales.

Whilst King Henry V: was pursuing his conquest in France, Charles VI: unable to resist his victorious arms, came to a treaty with him, and in the year 1420, King Henry was married to Catherine, the daughter of Charles; by virtue of which the latter acknowledged Henry, Regent of France, during his Lifetime, and after his death absolute sovereign of that kingdom. The christmas following King Henry brought his Queen over to England, where she was crowned on the 24th. Feby 1421. The season of taking the field being come, and the Dauphin having levied fresh forces, King Henry hastened over to France, whither his Queen could not accompany him, being at that time with child, and on the 6th. of December following she was delivered at Windsor of Prince Henry, who succeeded his Father. The April following she passed over to France with large reinforcements for her husband; he being at that time very ill of the Dysentery, of which he shortly after died. soon after, Queen Catherine returned to England. It was impossible that a young handsome widow, of her dignity could live without a number of admirers; and in the foremost rank appeared Sir Owen Tudor,† of Pen-Mynydd Môn, in Anglessey; who was a graceful and most beautiful person, and descended from the ancient welsh Princes. (This Owen was son of Meredith ab Tudor ab Gronw ab Tudor, ab Gronw, ab Ednyfed Fychan, baron of Brinffenigl, in Denbigh-land, Lord of Criceth; and so lineally descended from King Beli the great. His genealogy was drawn out of the chronicles of Wales, by order of King Henry the Seventh. and is to be found in the appendix of Caradoc's history of Wales, the last edition.) Sir Owen Tudor was an officer of the Queen's household, and being comely and active, he was desired to dance before the Queen; and in a turn not being able to recover himself, fell into her lap, as she sat upon a little stool with many of her ladies about her. Soon after, he won her heart and married her; and by him she had three sons; of whom Edmund the eldest, was created Earl of Richmond, and was Father to King Henry the 7th. The second son was Earl of Pembroke.— Queen Catherine survived this husband also, and then retired into the Nunnery of Bermondsey in Surry, where she died in the 14th. year of the reign of her son Henry the VI.

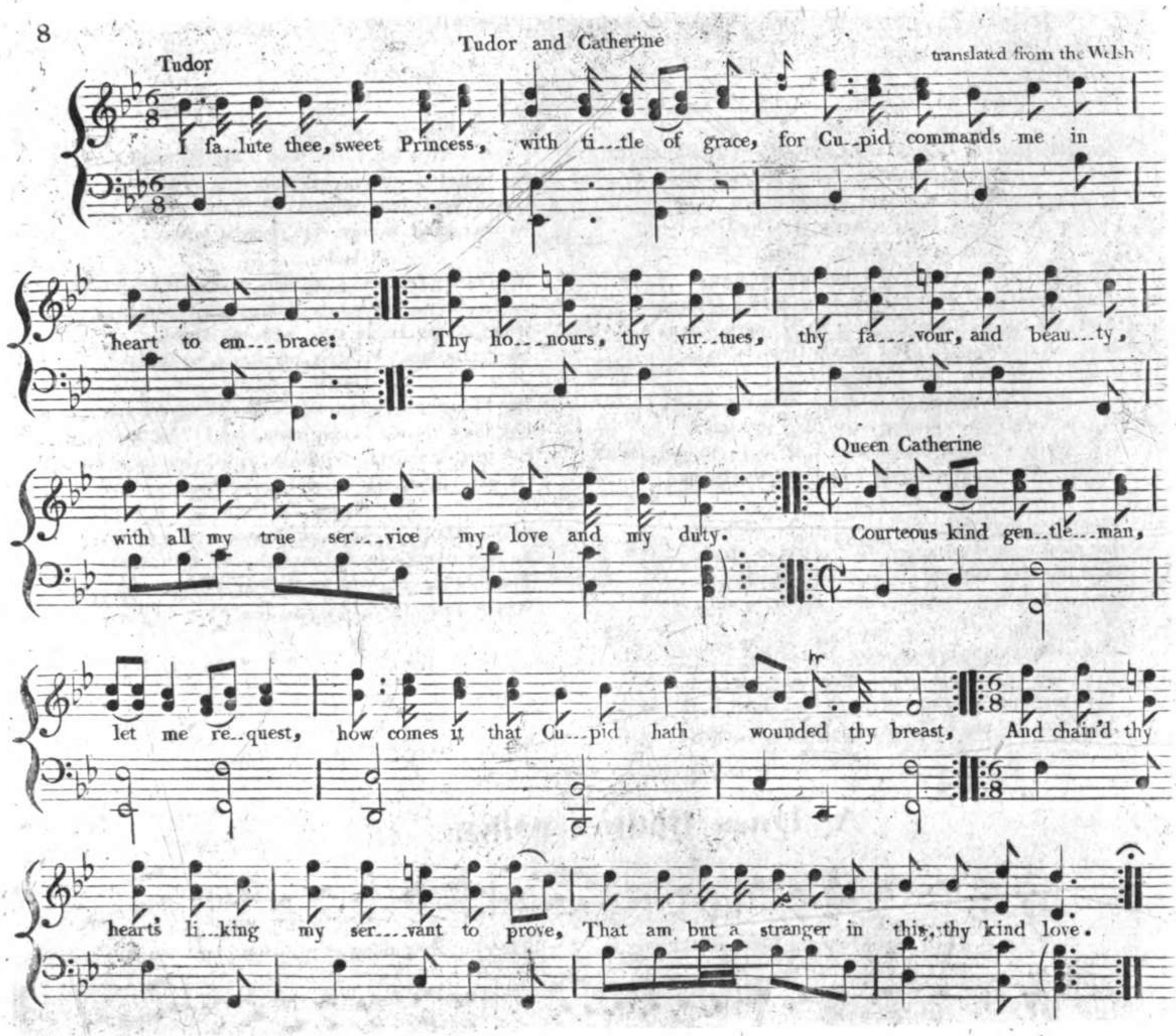
†Hall's Chronicle describes Owen Tudor as follows.

"A goodly Gentleman and a beautiful person, garnished with many Godly gifts both of nature and of grace, called Owen Teuther; a man brought forth and come of the noble lineage and ancient line of Cadwalader, the last King of the Britons." ——— Tudor married Queen Catherine in the year 1428: by whom he had three Sons, and one Daughter: Edmund, Jasper, Owen &c. ——

See more in Pennants Wales Vol 2d. p. 256.

Tudor and Catherine

translated from the Welsh



Tudor

If but a stranger, yet love hath such power,
To lead me here kindly into the Queen's bower;
Then do not, sweet Princess, my good will forsake,
When nature commands thee a true love to take.

Queen

So royal of calling and birth am I known,
That matching unequal, my states overthrown:
My titles of dignity thereby I lose,
To wed me and bed me, my equal I'll chuse.

Tudor

No honors are lost (Queen) in chusing of me,
For I am a Gentleman born by degree,
And favors of Princes my state may advance,
In making me noble and fortunate chance.

Queen

My robes of rich honors most brave to behold,
Are all o'er emboss'd with silver and gold,
Not therewith adorn'd, I lose my renown,
With all the brave titles that wait on a crown.

Tudor

My country, sweet princess, more pleasure affords,
Than can be expressed by me here in words:
Such kindly contentments by nature there springs,
That hath been well liked of Queens and of Kings.

Queen

My courtly attendants are trains of delight;
Like stars of fair heaven all shining so bright:
And those that live daily such pleasures to see,
Suppose no such comfort in country can be.

Tudor

In Wales we have fountains, no crystal more clear,
Where murmuring music we daily may hear,
With gardens of pleasure, and flowers so sweet,
Where true love with true love may merrily meet.

Queen

But there is no tilting nor tournaments bold,
Which gallant young ladies desire to behold,
No masks, nor no revels, where favours are worn,
By Knights, or by Barons, without any scorn.

Tudor

Our maypole at Whitsuntide maketh good sport,
And moves as sweet pleasures as yours do in court,
Where on the green dancing for garland and ring
Maidens make pastime and sport for a King.

Queen

But when your brave young men and maidens do play,
Whilst silver like melody murmuring keeps,
Your musick is clownish and soundeth not sweet,
And locks up your senses in heavenly sleeps.

Tudor

Our Harps, our Tabors and Crwths sweet humming drones,
For thee, my sweet Princess, make musical moans:
Our morris maid-marrians desire to see
A true love knot tied, between thee and me.

Queen

No pleasure in country by me can be seen,
That have been mantaind so long here a Queen,
And fed on the blessings that daily were given,
Into my brave palace, by angels from heaven.

Tudor

Our green leav'd trees will dance with the wind,
Where birds sit rejoicing according to kind;
Our sheep with our lambs will skip and rebound,
To see thee come tripping along on the ground.

Queen

What if a kind Princess should so be content,
By meekness thus moved to give her consent,
And humble her honors, and base her degree,
To tye her best fortunes, brave Tudor, to thee?

Tudor

If to a Kingdom I born were by birth,
And had at commandment all nations on earth,
Their crowns and their sceptres should lye at thy feet,
And thou be my Empress, my darling so sweet.

Queen

I fear not to fancy thy love-tempting tongue,
For Cupid is coming, his bow very strong;
Queen Venus once mistress of heart-wishing pleasure
We over-kind women repent us at leisure.

Tudor

May never fair morning shew forth his bright beams
But cover my falshoods with greatest extremes,
If not as the Turtle I lye with my Dove,
My gentle kind Princess, my Lady, my love.

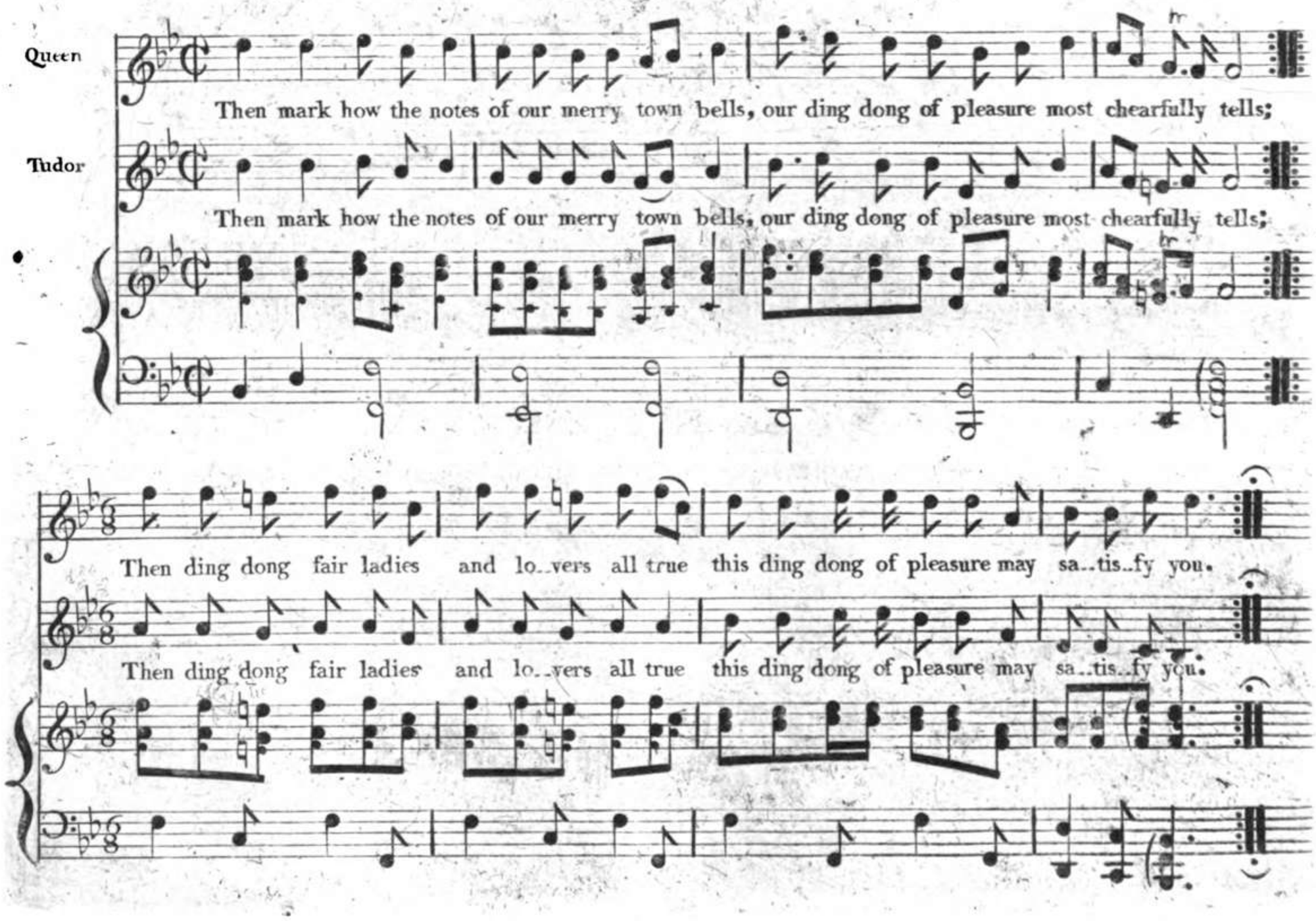
Queen

Hie then into Wales, and our wedding provide,
For thou art my bridegroom, and I'll be thy bride,
Get gloves and fine ribbons, with bride-laces fair,
Of silk and of silver for ladies to wear.

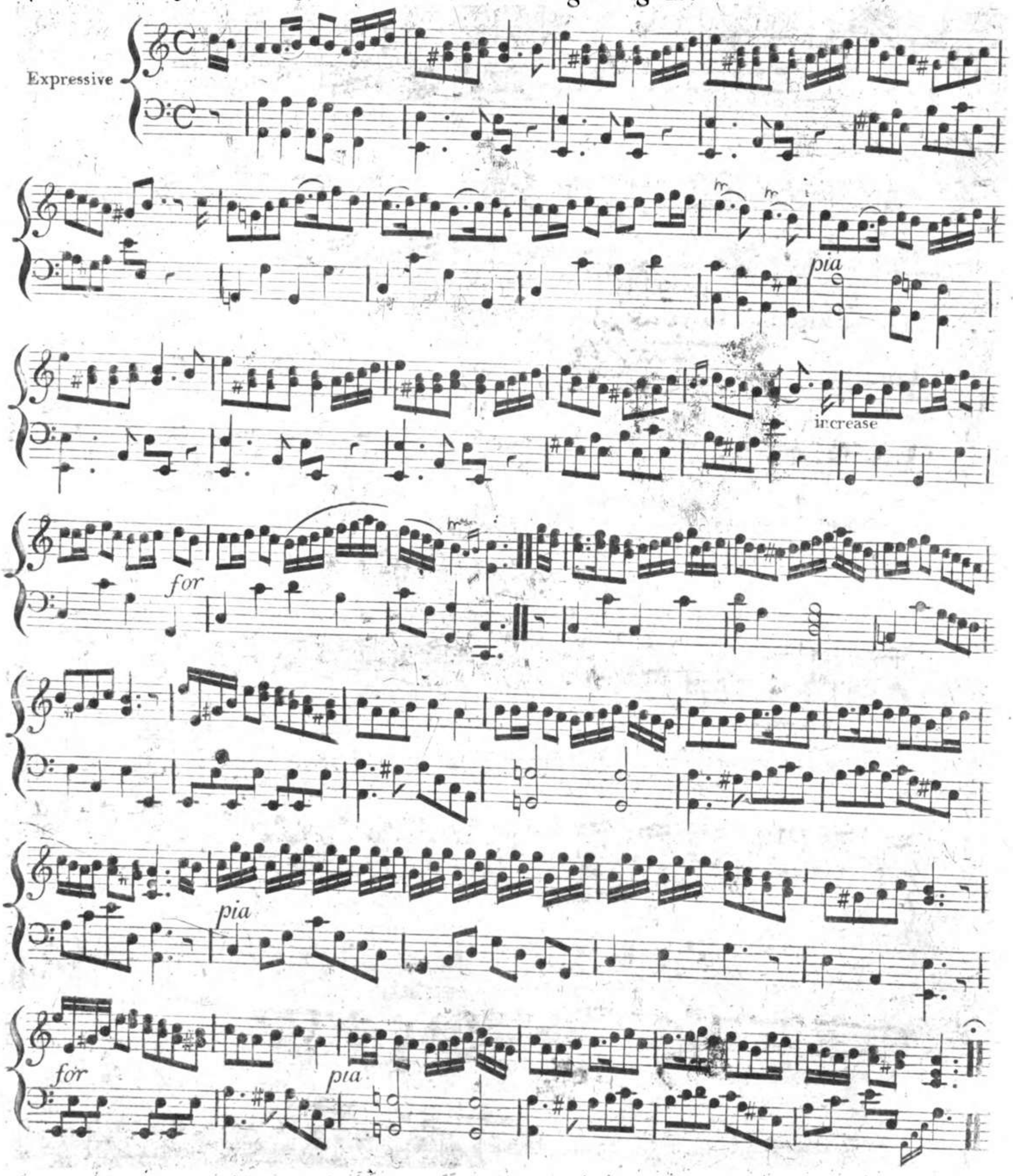
Tudor

With garlands of roses, our house-wifely wives,
To have them adorned most lovingly strives;
Their bride-cakes be ready, our Pibgorns do play,
Whilst I stand attending to lead thee the way.

A Duet Both together.



Dynwared yr Eos. or Mock Nightingale.



Penddu'r brwyn, or the Black cap, is a Bird that sings very finely; and on that account is called the Mock nightingale: but whether this Tune alludes to that Bird, or is an imitation of the Nightingale, I will not determine.

Croeso'r Wenynen. Welcome the Bee.

Minuet

Blodeu'r Gwynwydd. The Blossom of the Honeysuckle.

Minor

D.C. 1st. Minuet

Dislyll y Donn. The Ebb of the Tide.

Gayly

This is a Key peculiar to the Ancient Welsh Music, which is called Gogywair: The E, or third above the Key note being fla

Mi we - les flwch gan Gwen . . . o, ai lond o Sni sin yn . . ddo; ni fa seu waeth ir

Fûn ddi feth, roi im - i beth o ho . . no, mi cau . . odd ô'n glep.

Serch Hudol.—The Allurement of Love.

Pathetic

Cerdd yr hên wr or Coed.— The Song of the old man of the Wood.

Slow

Dymmá ha--nes gwych iw gofio. I'r sawl sydd ac 'wll-ys ganddo

I fol-ian-u Duw yn ffyddlon, Mae'n ddi-ddan-wch mawr i ddynion. &c

Ffarwel F'ieuengctid.— Adieu to my Juvenile Days.

Rather gay

Var. 1.

or the Bass may be played an Octave higher

Var. 2.

Var. 3.

Var. 4.

Pia

Ursula.

Query, whether this was S^t. Ursula, Daughter of Dunotus King of C[illegible] (that was demanded in marriage by Conan Meriadog, the conqueror of Bretagne in France;) who embarked with a Colony of Virgins, to match with the British Legions settled in that Province? Brit: Sancta.

Graceful

Hoffedd Abram ab Ifan. — The Delight of Abram son of Evan

Slow

Tyb y Tywysog. — The Prince's Air.

Graceful

Codiad yr Haul.* — The Rising Sun.

Majestic

*The Subject of this Air Mr Handel has borrowed, & introduced it in the Duet of happy we, in his Oratorio of Acis & Gala

Ffrec Bâch. — The little Babler.

Chearful

Gyrry'r Byd o'm blaen. — Drive the World before me.

Animation

A Jig

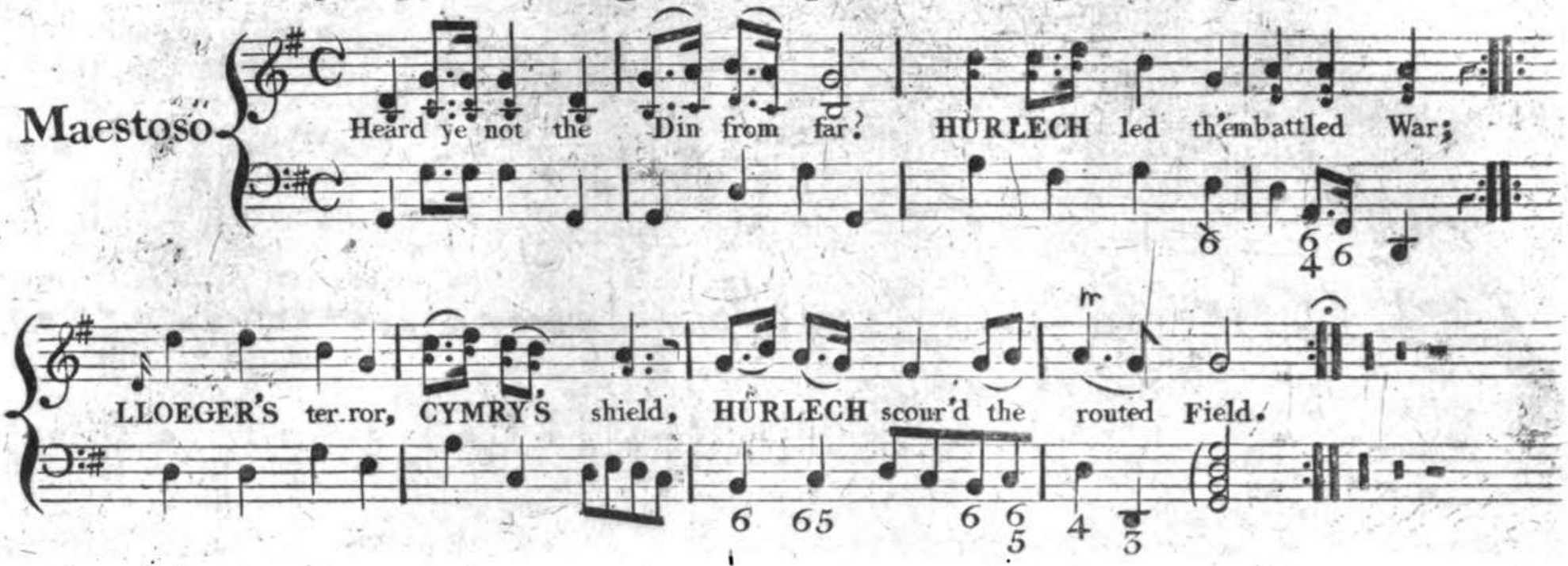
Var.

Ysgin Aur.— The Golden Robe.

Moderately fast

Ysgin Aur; —— as played in some other parts of Wales; which may serve as Variation to the above.

Rhyfelgyrch Cȃdpen Morgan.* — Capt Morgan's March.



2

Wolves, that hear their young ones cry,
Tamer on the spoilers fly:
Harvests, to the flames a prey,
Perish slower still than they.

3

Thine, swift CYNAN, thine the race
Where the Warrior's line we trace:
Brave TYNDAETHWY, boast to own
HURLECH for thy braver Son.

4

Swift the rapid Eagle's flight,
Darting from his airy height:
Swifter HURLECH'S winged speed
When he bade the battle bleed.

5

Strong the Stream of OGWEN deep
Thund'ring down his craggy Steep:
Stronger HURLECH'S matchless might,
Raging thro' the ranks of fight.

6

WYDDFA'S snows for ages driven,
Melt before the bolts of Heaven:
Blasted so by HURLECH'S eye
Hearts of Heroes melt and die.

7

Stung with terror fly the deer,
The Pack's wild uproar bursting near:
So, by HURLECH'S voice dismay'd,
Hosts of Heroes shrunk and fled.

8

"Raise your Harps, your Voices raise,
Grateful e'er in HURLECH'S praise:
HURLECH guards GWYNNEDDIA'S Plain,
Bloody HENRY thirsts in vain!

9

Louder strike and louder yet,
Till the echoing Caves repeat;
HURLECH guards GWYNNEDDIA'S Plain,
Bloody HENRY thirst in vain.

10

Hence aloof, from CYMRY far
Rage, thou Fiend of horrid War;
CYMRY'S Strength in HURLECH'S Spear
Mocks the Rage that threatens here!

11

Long, too long, a Ruffian Band,
Murd'rous SAXON'S spoil'd the Land:
HURLECH rose: the Waste is o'er.
Murd'rous SAXON'S spoil no more.

12

LLoger now shall feel in turn
CYMRY'S Vengance too can burn
Thirst of Blood, and Thirst of Spoil,
On the Plund'rers Heads recoil.

13

Fly the Doves when Kites pursue?
Dastards! so we rush on you:
Flight shall fail, nor Force withstand,
Death, and Horror fill your Land.

I am much indebted to the Rev.d Mr Lambert, for this animated and faithful version of the Poem by Meirion Goch of Eryri.

* Probably, this Morgan was Captain of the Glamorganshire Men, about the year 1294; who gallantly defended his Country from the incursions of the Saxons, and who dispossessed the Earl of Glocester of those lands which had formerly been taken from Morgans Forefather. But afterwards, this brave Warrior was betrayed & made a prisoner, at the instigation of K: Edward the First.

See, Powel's Hist: of Wales P. 306. 2.d Ed.

Erddigan tro'r tant. — Awake Harmonious Strings.

Animato

Spirito

Probably to this animated Music the Welsh warlike Songs were sung.

Cudyn Gwyn.—White locks.

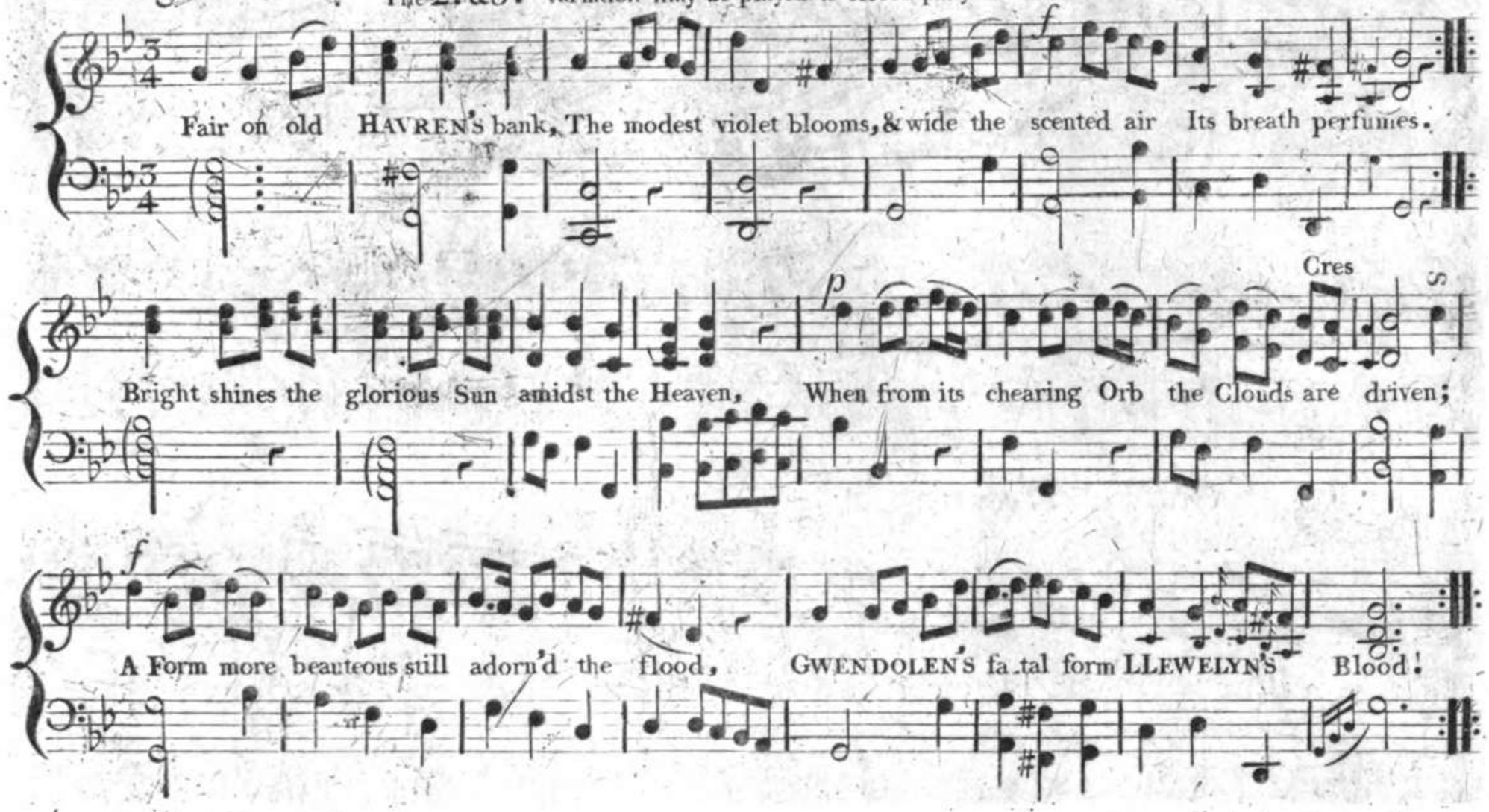
Maestoso

Yr Hên Dôn.—The Old Ditty.

Largo

Elegiac Morva Rhuddlan.—. The Marsh of Rhuddlan.

The 2d & 5th Variation may be played to Accompany the Voice.



2

For Her in Arms opposed,
Contending Warriors strove,
'Twas Beauty fir'd their Hearts
GWENDOLEN'S Love.
On MORVA RHUDDLAN'S Plain the Rivals stood,
Till MORVA RHUDDLAN'S Plain was drench'd in Blood:
Not all proud LLOEGER'S might could CYMRY quell,
Till foremost of his Band young GRIFFITH fell.

3

GWENDOLEN saw him fall,
And O the Maiden cried;
Could Maiden Prayers avail
Thou hadst not died?
Distracted to the Plain GWENDOLEN flew,
To bathe her Hero's Wounds, her last Adieu!
Fast o'er her Hero's Wounds, her Tears she shed
But Tears alas! are vain...his Life was fled.....

4

O then for GRIFFITH'S Son,
Ye Maids of CYMRY mourn;
For well the Virgins Tear
Becomes his Urn.
Nor you, ye Youths, forbid your Tears to flow,
For they shall best redress, who feel for Woe,
Sweet sleeps the lovely Maid wept by the Brave
For, ah! she died for him she could not save!

MORVA RHUDDLAN, or the Red Marsh, on the banks of the CLWYD in FLINTSHIRE, was the scene of many Battles of the Welsh with the Saxons. At the memorable conflict in 795, the Welsh were unsuccessful and their Monarch CARADOC slain. It is unknown whether this celebrated Tune took its name from this or some later occasion. The words now adapted to the Tune are versified from a fragment Published in the Letters from Snowdon. This plaintive style so predominant in Welsh Music, is well adapted to melancholy subjects. Our Music probably recieved a Pathetic tincture from our distresses under the oppression of the Saxons.

See Powel's Hist: of Wales.

Variation 1st

Var:2d

Volti

Var. 3d

bis

bis

Var. 4th

Var. 5th.

f

f p f p

y Gàlon Drom. — The Heavy Heart.

Pathetic

Twll yn ei boch. — The Dimpled Cheek.

Cantabile

Ffarwel Ffranses.

Affettuoso

Ffarwel Ned Puw.

Maestoso

Plygiad y Bedol-fâch. — The bend of the little Horse Shoe.

Maestoso

Tri hanner Tôn. — Three half Tunes.

Gig

Diddanwch Gruffydd ap Cynan.* The Delight of Gruffydd ap Conan

Andante Affetuoso

Adagio

* Prince GRUFFYDD AP CYNAN, the great Patron and reformer of the Bards; Flourished AN. DCM. 1100.

Rhyban Morfydd. — Morvydh's Riband.

Ad Libitum

Gosteg or Prelude

Pia

for

Merch Megan.—Megen's Daughter.

Amoroso

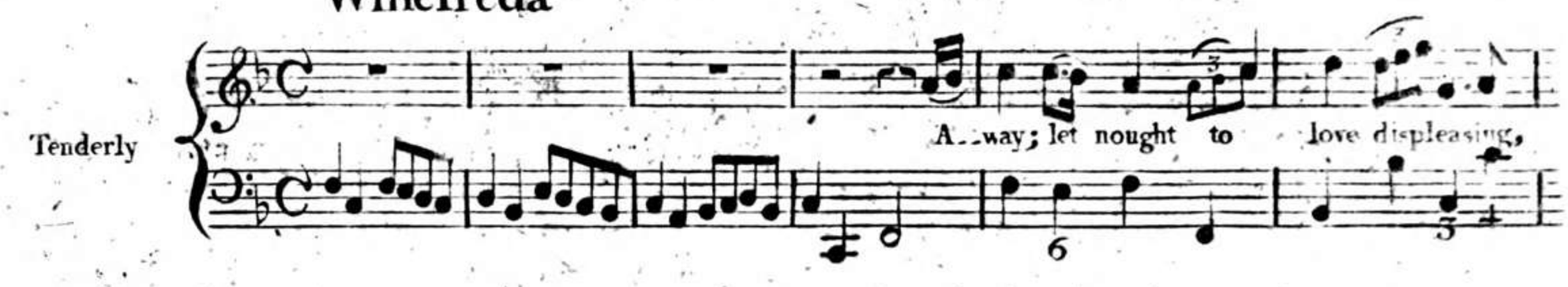
Glân meddwdod mwŷn —Good humour'd & Fairly Tipsey.

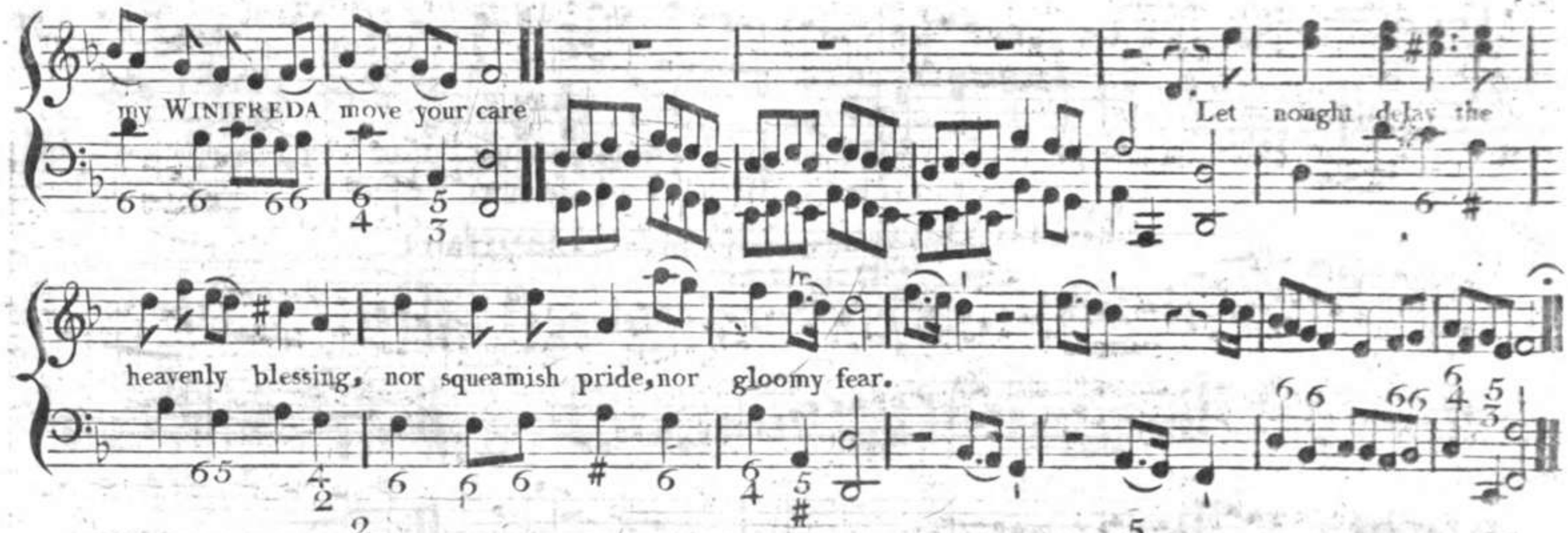
Tempo di Minuetto

Blodau'r Grûg. — The Flowers of the Heath.

Brilliant

Winefreda *





2

What, tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

3

Our Name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

4

What tho' from fortunes lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

5

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

6

Through Youth and Age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

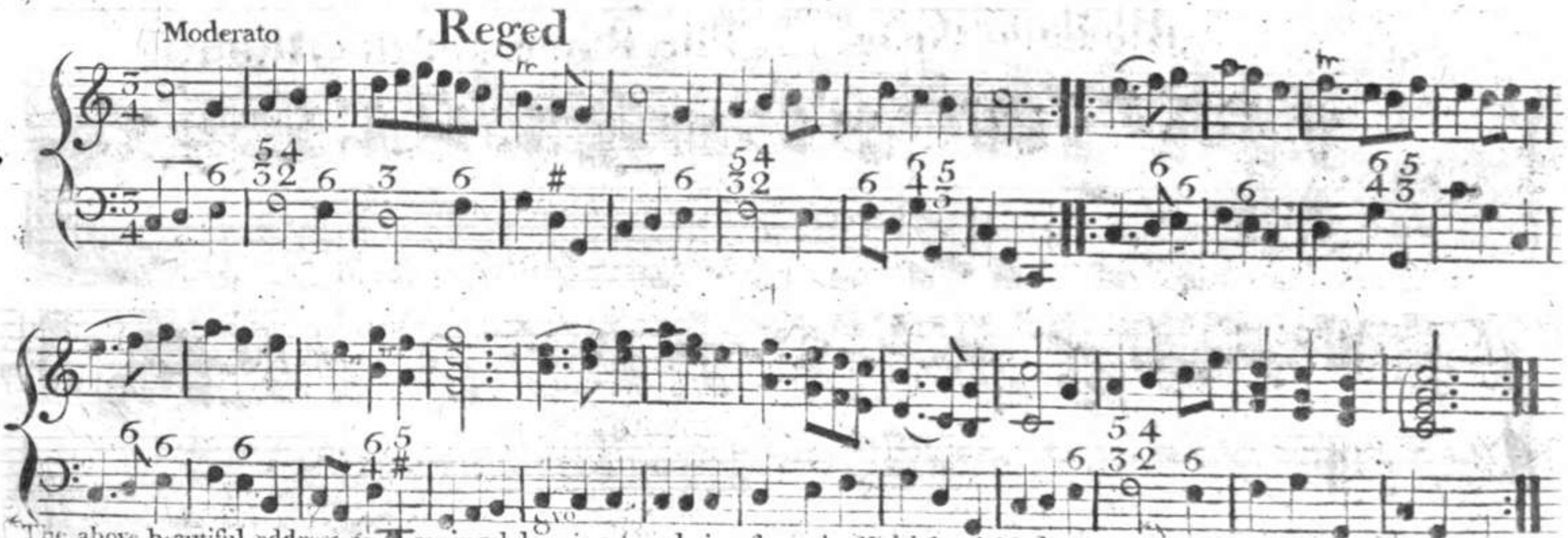
7

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their Mother's features,
To hear them lisp their Mother's tongue.

8

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your Girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

Reged



The above beautiful address to conjugal love is a translation from the Welsh; and I believe was first printed in a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by D. David Lewis. 1726. and now set to the old Tune called, Hen Sibyl.

Ar hŷd y nôs. — The live long night.

Maestoso

Chorus

Er bod rhai yn taer u'n gal-ed, Ar hyd y nos Ddar-fod i-mi goll-i'nghariad; Ar hyd y
Fain would some with vows persuade me, That my faithful swain has fled me;

nos Min-nau sydd heb fed-ru--coel-io, I mi goll-i--'nghar-iad etto, I--mi goll-i'nghar--iad et-to.
But my bea--ting heart will fal-ter, Ere it thinks his heart can alter, Ere it thinks his heart can alter.

Chos Ar hyd y nos

Variation 1st.

Var 2d.

Harmonic

Var 3d.

Var. 4th

Harmonic

Var. 5th

Ffarwel Ednyfed Fychan.

Moderato

EDNYFED FYCHAN, LORD of BRYN FFENIGL, held great power & authority in Wales, in the former part of the XIII th. century. He was chief Counsellor & Minister to LLEWELYN the Great, & leader of his Armies against the Saxons. He usually fought with great success, & bringing back from one of his battles the heads of three Saxon Generals whom he had slain with his own hands, was rewarded by that Prince with a new coat of Arm GULES, a CHEVRON between three SAXONS' HEADS, proper, couped. Of him descended OWEN TUDOR, of Penmynydd, in the Isle of A who married QUEEN CATHARINE, wife of HENRY V.

Malltraeth.*

Moderately

Malltraeth is the name of a district of Land on the Sea Shore in Anglesey.

Dowch i'r Frwydr. — Come to Battle.

Majestic

Hob-y Dylif. — The Porpoise.

Frisky

Fiddle Faddle.

A Dance

Dafydd y Garreg wen

Elegiac

It is a general tradition in CAERNARVONSHIRE, that a Bard of this name lying on his death bed, called for his Harp, & performed this plaintive Tune, which he desired should be repeated at his Funeral. ever since it has been called by his name & that of CARREGWEN, the house where he lived in that county, which still remains. whether it was of higher antiquity, or was originally conceived by the dying Bard, is uncertain.

Languid and Slow

Cîl y Fwyalch The Blackbirds Retreat

from a Manuscript

Cantabile

Codiad yr Hedydd. The Rising of the Lark. Pr. 1/1

Moderato

Var. 1st

Var. 2d

Or Octave higher.

Var. 3d

conclude with the subject

Digan y Pibydd Goch. The Red Pipers Melody.

Tenderly.

Hwb y Dyrif. The Debating Song.

Cantabile

a fragment

Melgen a Gollodd ei - gardas Margt. that lost her garter

Majestic

pia

for

Dewis Meinwen. — The Fair one's Choice.

Tempo di Minuetto

Absen dôn. — The Absence Song.

Arioso

In the reign of K. Edward the third, the Queen or the Countess of Salisbury, is said to have dropt her Garter, in dancing a Minuet at Court (Query, whether it was Margaret, wife of Sir Wm Porto; see Asmole, p 225 & 184) which the King pick'd up, & seeing some of his nobles smile, he said, Honi soi qui maly pense. Evil be to him that evil thinks; which has ever since been the Motto of the Garter, declaring such veneration should be done that 'that silken tie, that the best of them should be proud of enjoying their honors that way.

Triban Gwŷr Morgannwg.* — The War Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

Majestic

*Morgannwg, signifies Morgan's Teritory; so called from Morgan Mwynvawr, who was a great warrior & a popular Prince of Glamorgan shire: In the latter part of his reign, he was called Morgan Hen, because he lived to be a hundred years old; & died at his Palace now called Margam, in the year 972 But whether this Tune Originated at that period, or from some later occasion, is uncertain.

Sibyl

Moderato

Nôs Galan* — New Years Night.

Oh! how soft my Fair one's bo - som! fal lal &c

O mor gyn nes myn wes mein wen, fal lal &c

Oh! how sweet the grove in blossom! fal lal &c - - da dala

O mor fwyn yw llwyn Meillionen; fal lal &c

Oh! how blissful are the blisses, dadlea dadlea lal lal la; words of love & mutual. Kisses. fal lal &c

O mor fel us ywr cusan au,

Gyda serch a mwyn ion eiriau fal lal &c

Var. 1st.

Var. 2.

Var. 3.

Var. 4.

Harmonic

* The Druids always commenced their celebrations from the preceding Night. Cæsars Commentaries Book 6 Chap 16 ... so, feasting and mirth are universal in Wales, to this day, on the Eve of the New Year.

f *p*

Harmonic

Var. 5.

Var. 6.

Tros y Garreg. — A Leap over the Stone.

Jig

Allegro

Anhawdd ymadael. —Loath to Depart.

Andante

Var. 1.

Var. 2.

Var. 3.

Var. 4.

Ymdaith Mwngc. — The Monks March.

Maestoso

Poco Allegro

Probably, this is the Tune of the Monks of Bangor Is coed, in Flintshire, when they marched to Chester to assist Brochmael Ysgythrog, Prince of Powis, with their prayers; against the invasion of Ethelfred, King of Northumberland; about the year 603

Torriad y Dŷdd. — The Dawning of Day.

Moderato

Symlen ben-bŷs.* — The beckoning Fair One.

Andante Affettuoso

pia

Breuddwyd y Frenhines. — The Queen's Dream.

Arioso

*SYMLEN BEN BŶS, was a favorite Tune of the great Pastoral Poet DAFYDD AB GWILYM, who flourish'd about the Year 1400. He wrote a Poem in its praise, wherein he informs us that he had learned to play it on his Harp. See Jones's Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru. p. 18.

Alaw Salmon. — Solomon's Lily.

Amoroso

Mentra Gwen. — Venture Gwen Alluding to matrimony

Cantabile

See this Air in page 6

Cantabile

Pen Rhaw.*

Moderato

Var. 1st.

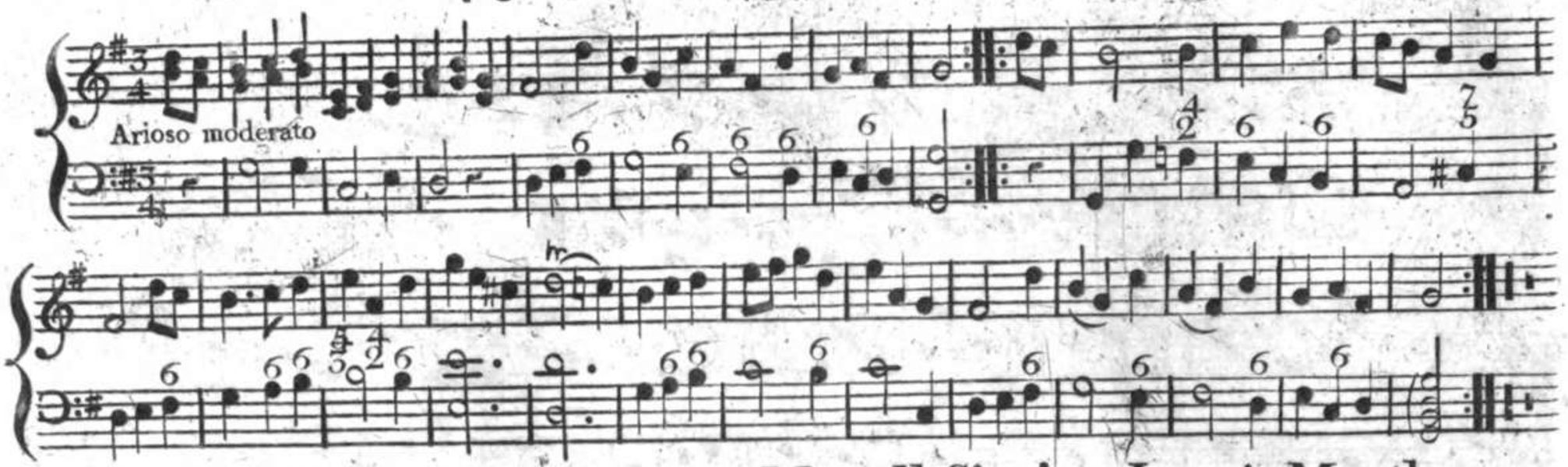
Var. 2d

* Dr. RHYS'S Grammar makes mention of a Bard named GRUFFYDD BEN RHAW, and probably this Tune was Composed about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, or at least acquired this title at that time

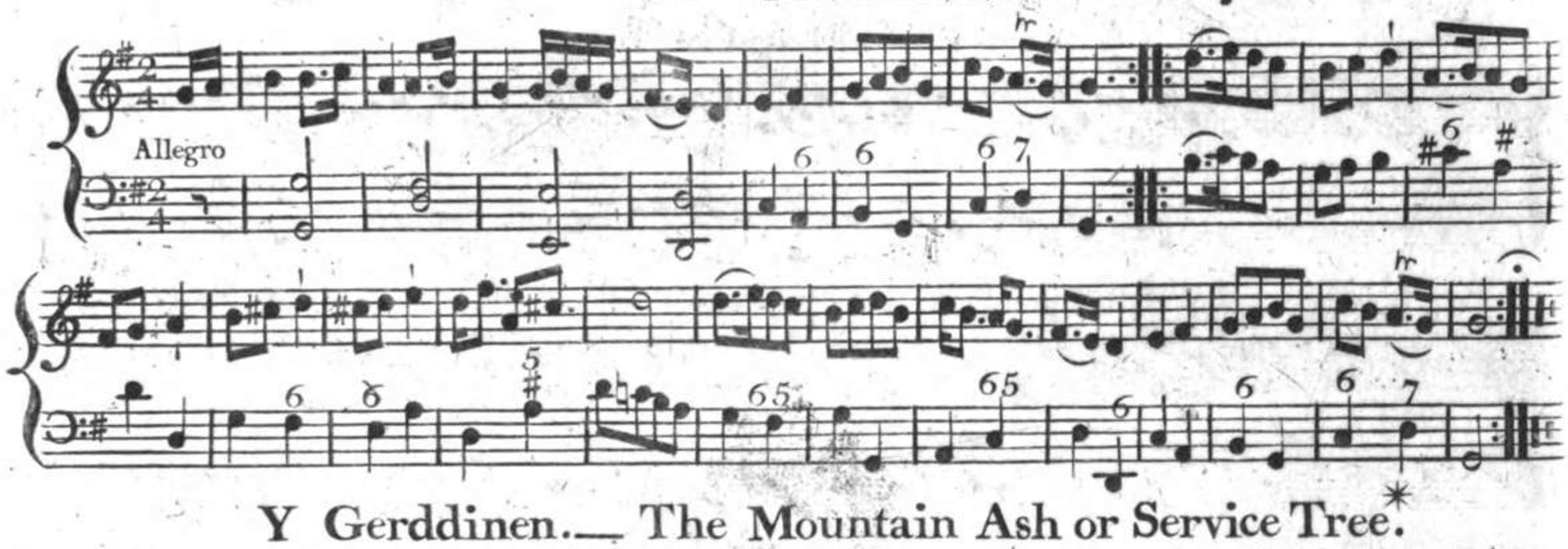
Var. 3d.

Var. 4th.

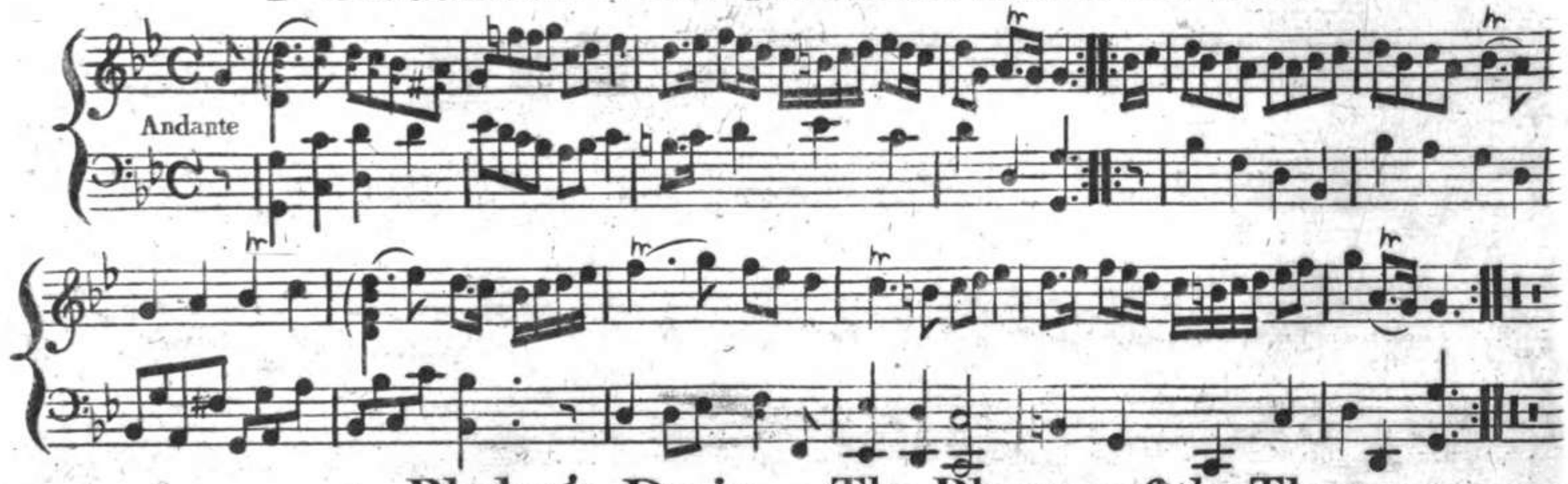
Maldod Arglwyddes Owen.—Lady Owen's Favorite.



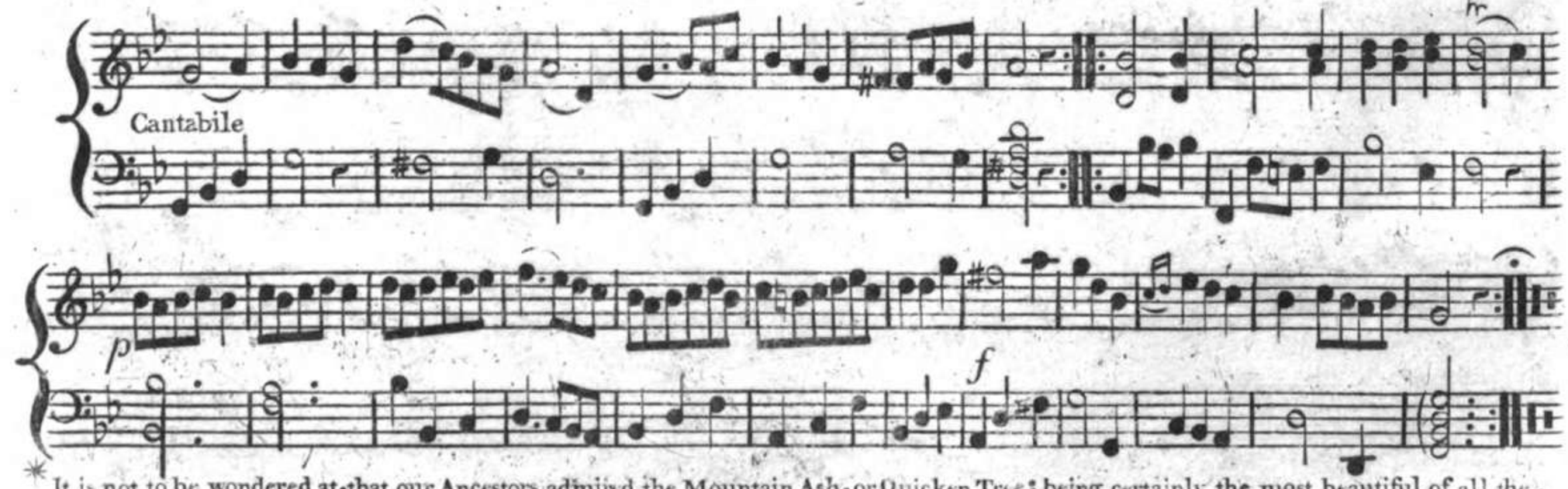
Mantell Siani.—Jenny's Mantle.



Y Gerddinen.— The Mountain Ash or Service Tree.

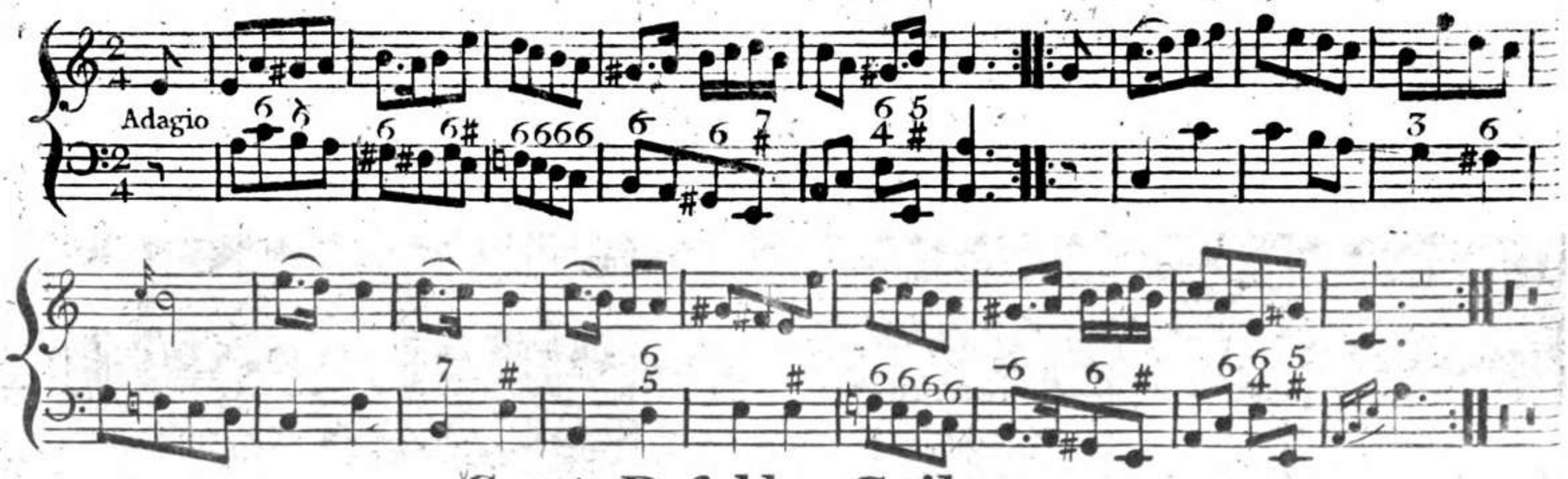


Blodau'r Drain.—The Blossom of the Thorns.



* It is not to be wondered at, that our Ancestors admired the Mountain Ash, or Quicken Tree; being certainly the most beautiful of all the trees, when it is deck'd with berries; which the peasentry of Wales gather to make Diod Griavol of, or Criavol drink, which is somewhat like Cider, and esteemed very healthy and good when it is old.

Mwynen Môn. — The Melody of Mona.

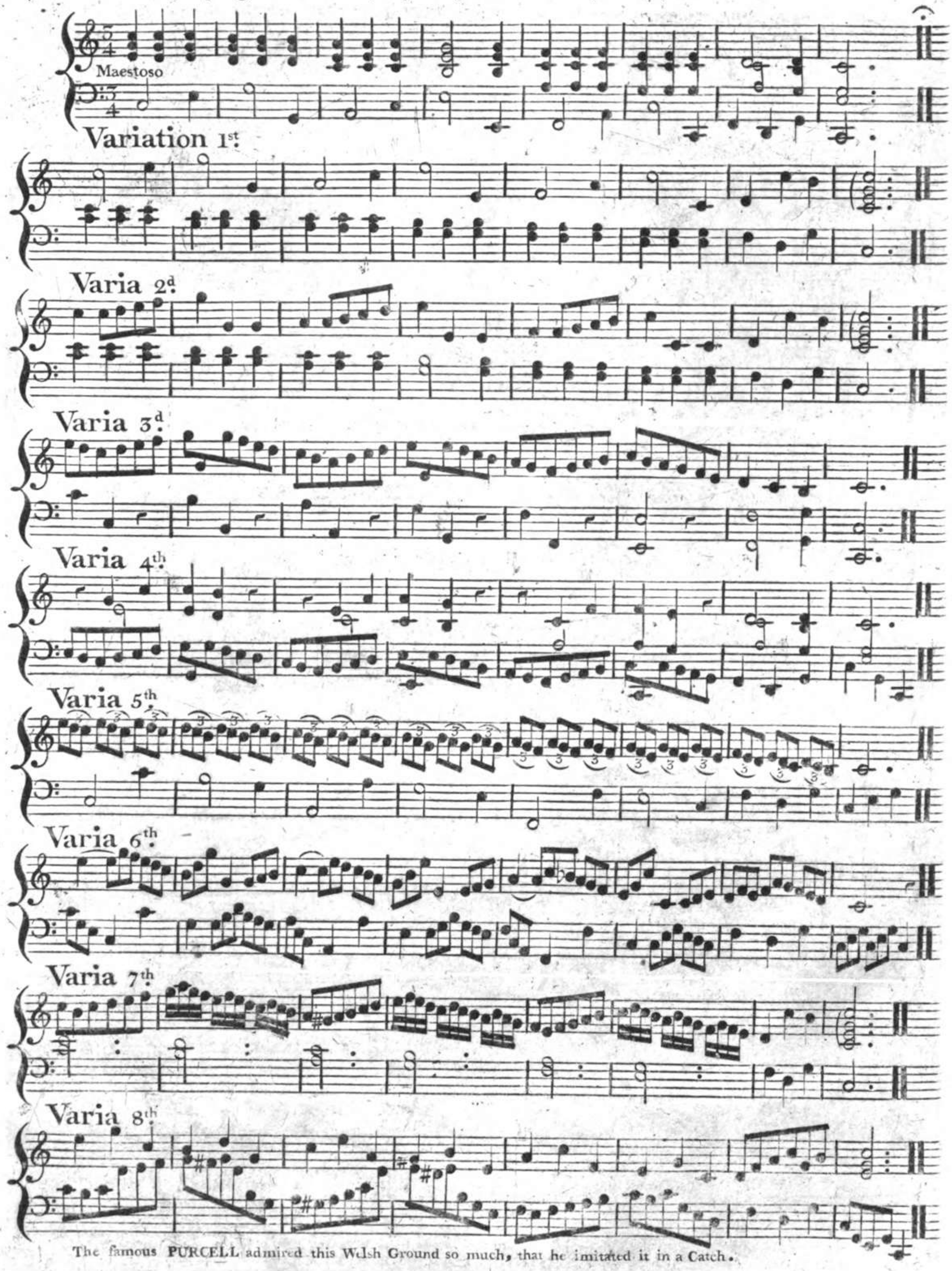


Consêt Dafydd ap Gwilym

Y Gâdly's. — The Camp of the Palace. — or, Of Noble Race was Shenkin.

This old Heroic Song was such a general favorite at one time, that it was written in English, Welsh, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew

Cynghan sail Cymry.—The Welsh Ground.



The famous **PURCELL** admired this Welsh Ground so much, that he imitated it in a Catch.

Varia 9th.

Varia 10th.

Varia 11th.

Varia 12th.

Varia 13th.

Varia 14th.

Varia 15th.

Varia 16th.

Varia 17th.

Varia 18th.

Varia 19th.

Varia 20th.

Varia 21st.

Varia 22d.

Varia 23rd.

Varia 24th.

Or Harpeggio

Croesaw Gwraig y Ty.—The Welcome of the Hostess.

Cheerful

Blodau ILundain.—The Flowers of London.

Expressive and Slow

Hoffedd Modryb Marged.—Aunt Margarets Favorite.

A Jigg

Variation

End with the Subject

Cnott y Coed.— The Wood-bunch.

Query the Missletoe Bush

Poco Allegro

Dilyn Serch.— The Pursuit of Love.

Cantabile

Syr Harri Ddu *— Black Sir Harry.

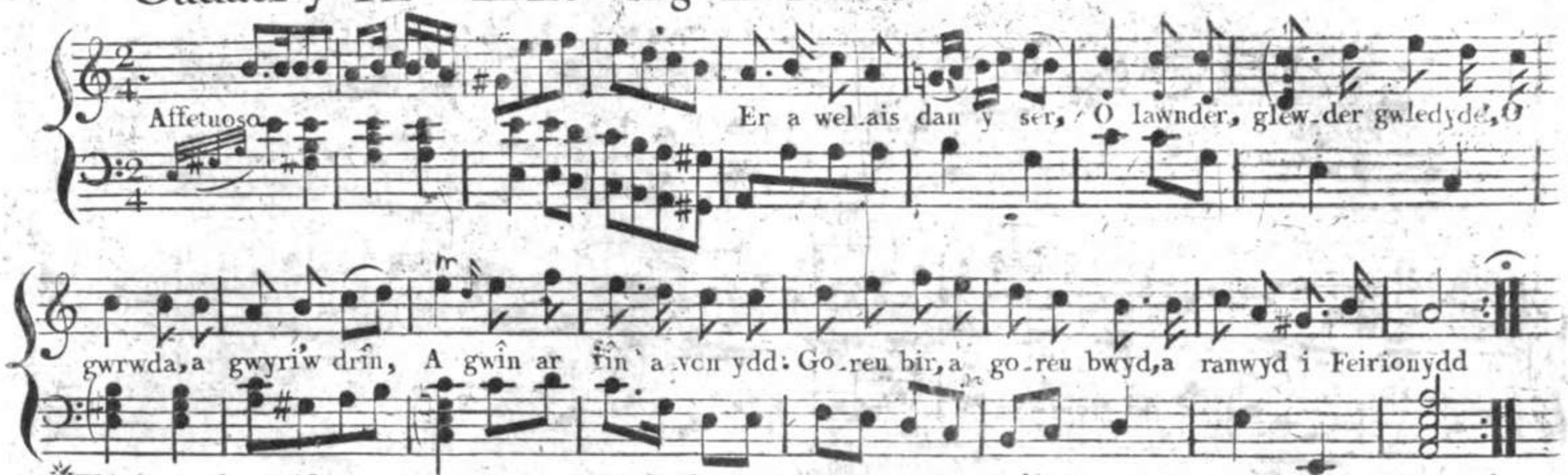
Amoroso

Hûd y Bibell.—The Allurement of the Pipe.

Affettuoso

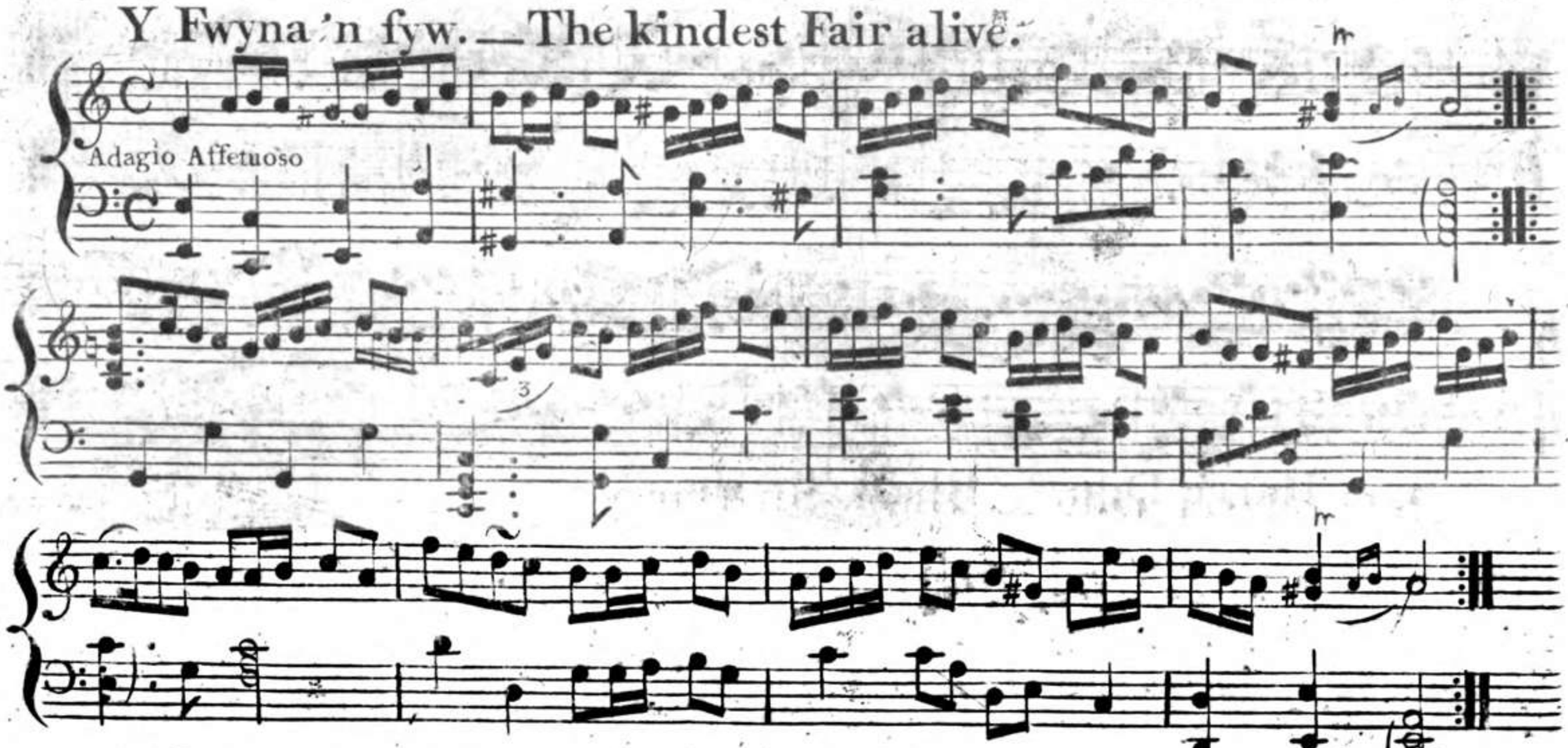
* Black Sir HARRY, or HENRY SALISBURY, of the family of ILewenny In Denbighshire, lived in the latter part of the 14th Century. A Picture of that Warrior dressed in black Armour, is still preserved in the gothic Hall at ILewenny.

Gadael y Tir * —Leaving the Land.

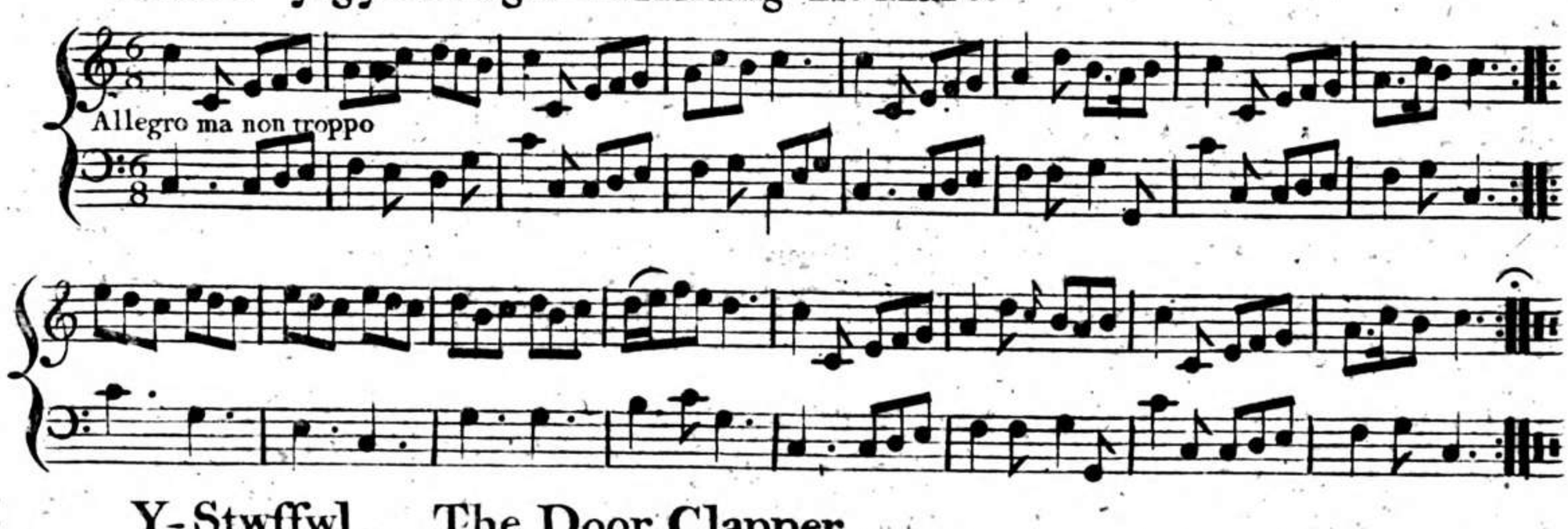


*This Tune, whose Title is LEAVING THE LAND, implies the departure of the Britons from their native Country, either in marching to War, or emigrating to Ireland, or Armorica. The words now adapted to it are modern.

Y Fwyna'n fyw.—The kindest Fair alive.



Hela'r ysgyfarnog.—Hunting the Hare.



Y-Stwffwl.—The Door Clapper.

Bwrw Gofal ymaith.—Cast away Care.

Moderately

Blodau'r Dyffryn.—The Flowers of the Vale.

Expressive

Cwynfan Brydain.—The Lamentation of Britain.

A Canticle

Very Slow and Pathetic

Erddigan Dannau.—The Harmony of the Strings.

With Expression

Dadl Dau*.— Flaunting two.

This Tune is commonly sung by two persons, who answer and contend with each other in extemporary themes; somewhat in the manner of a Catch.

Cheerful

Mae nhw'n d'weu dyd na chai fa - wr, gi - da gwawr o gow aeth

Bôd - lon yd - w - i os cai'r Fûn, fôd heb yr ûn gein - iog - - werth

To be answered by the other

Hwi d'ac - cw hî! Hwi d'ac cw hi! a hwi d'accw hi'r lân E - - - neth.

Answered

hwi d'ac - cw hi! hwi d'ac cw hi! a hwi d'ac - cw hi'r lân bryd - ferth.

*I am respectably informed, that this Air was a favorite of King Henry the Fifth, when he was Prince of Wales; & that he used to sing it with his convivial Companions at the Boar's Head Tavern in East Cheap. — This Tune, & that of Shenkin, are better known in England, than most other Welsh Tunes, on account of their having been introduced in the Beggars Opera.

5. He that replyed before, sings the following Stanza; except where 'tis repeated by the former.

Eis - iau ar - i - au me - ddai rhai, mae hyn - ny'n fai gwn wei - - thiau;

Eisiau 'mod yn lan - ach dyn, a ddaeth im her - byn in - - nau.

Answer'd

Hwi d'ac - cw hi! hwi d'ac - cw hi! a hwi d'ac - cw hi'r lân E - - - neth!

Answer'd

hwi d'ac - cw hi! hwi d'accw hi! a hwi d'ac - cw hi'r lân ben - - bleth.

Var 2d.

Quick

Var 3

Hai Down.—Come let us go. A Druidical Tune

Slow

p *f*

Creigiau'r Eryri.—The Eagle Rocks or, The Rocks of Snowdon.

Cheerful

g.

Sym

S.

Castell Towyn*.—Towyn Castle.

Majestic

*There are no remains of a Castle visible at present, only a hill near Towyn Meirionnydd that still retains the name of Brynn y Gastell, or Castle Hill.

Sawdl y Fuwch.— The Cows Heel.

Slow

Ceffylyn Rhygyngog.—Galloping Nag.

A Jig

Variation 1st

Var 2d.

Var 3d.

Var 4th.

p

Var 5th.

f

Var 6th.

p *f*

Yr Eos lais.*—The Nightingale's Song.

From a Manuscript

With Expression

The same Air, as it is usually played now in Wales.

*Among a list of ancient Welsh Tunes, in an old Manuscript, I found the following names; Profiad yr Eos Brido; Eos Weirfyl, o waith Cyhelyn & Caniad yr Eos. Probably one of these alludes to the above Air.

f

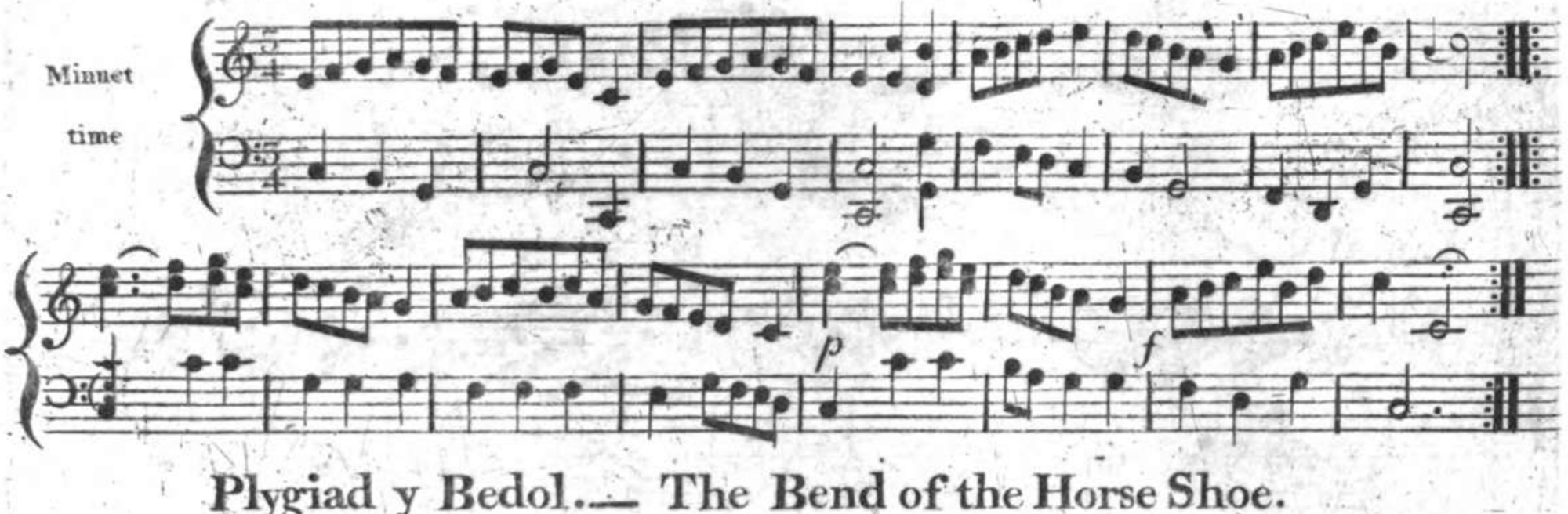
Variation

p

f

Diferiad y Gerwyn.—The Droppings of the Mash Tub.

Minuet time

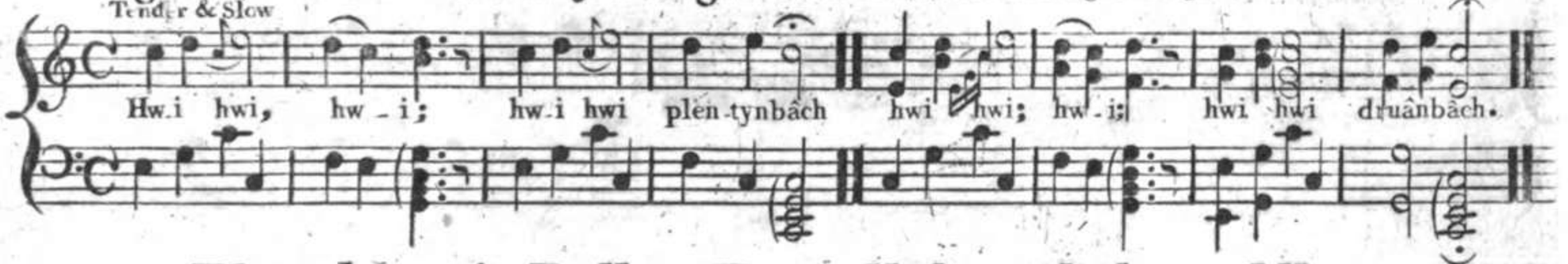


Plygiad y Bedol.— The Bend of the Horse Shoe.

Gracefully - easy

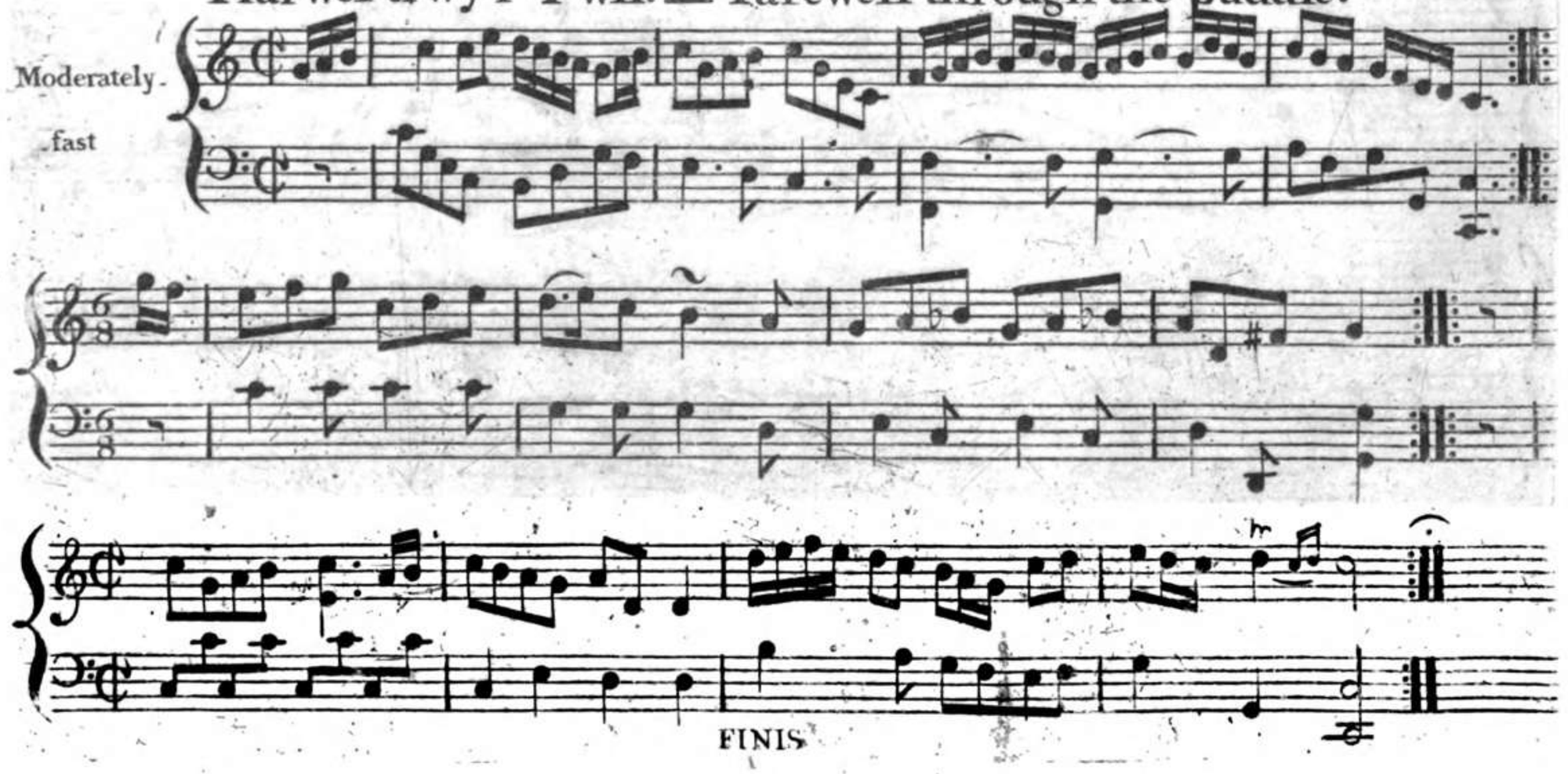
Suo-gân.— The Lullaby Song — which the Welsh Nurses sing to compose the Children to sleep

Tender & Slow



Ffarwel trwy'r Pwll.— Farewell through the puddle.

Moderately - fast



FINIS