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*Drawn by Leatherbeury.* *The Figures Engraved by Hall, and the Landscape by Middiman.*

*On a rock, whose haughty brow*
*Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,*
*Robed in the sable garb of woe,*
*With haggard eyes the Bard stood;*
*Loose his beard and hoary hair*
*Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air;*
*And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,*
*Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.* — *Gray's Bard.*

19257381.

# MUSICAL RELICKS

OF THE

# WELSH BARDS:

*PRESERVED, BY TRADITION AND AUTHENTIC MANUSCRIPTS,*

*FROM VERY REMOTE ANTIQUITY;*

AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

TO THE BARDIC TUNES ARE ADDED

Variations for the Harp, Harpſichord, Violin, or Flute.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

By EDWARD JONES,

(TEACHER OF THE HARP,) AND

BARD TO THE PRINCE.

Native of Henblas, Llanddervel, Merionethſhire.

PART THE SECOND, CONTAINING THE MUSIC OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

*THE SECOND EDITION.*

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

Strike the Harp, whoſe echoes 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* waſt on high
An hour of tuneful ecſtaſy!——

——" *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 virorum,*
" *Aureaque excelſam famam ſuper aſtra locare.*"

Lelandus in Aſſertione Arturi.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold at N° 3, in GREEN STREET, Groſvenor Square.—1800.

Price 15 *s.*

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STADTBIBLIOTHEK
DANZIG

# To His Royal Highness
# George Augustus Frederick Prince of Wales.

Sir,

These ancient Remains of the Welsh Bards, which I presume to lay before your Royal Highness, are, I would hope, not unworthy of such distinguished patronage.

In the country from which you derive your august title, Music has ever been numbered among its chosen entertainments; and, when united with Poetry, afforded a species of luxury, innocent and instructive.

There was a time, when the Princes of Wales claimed, as their prerogative, to preside in the Congress of the Bards, and thought it not unbecoming their station to assign in person those rewards, which were decreed to merit in that famed solemnity. The name of the Bard was reverenced by Royalty itself: and the number and skill of his Poets gave dignity to the throne of the Prince, and stability to his renown.

Many of the following compositions have often resounded, in the day of festival, through the Halls of your illustrious Predecessors: and I am persuaded that your Royal Highness will feel some interest in restoring to public notice, what has received so honourable a sanction; and will deign to ratify with your approbation these venerable remains of Harmony and Poetry, which descend to you as your hereditary right.

The facility with which your Royal Highness has condescended to become the Patron of this work, is a noble proof of an early attachment to the interests of polite literature, and a favourable presage of its future and permanent welfare.

Whatever be the success of this attempt to save from oblivion the remaining vestiges of the Bards, it will serve as a memorial of the zealous veneration I shall ever entertain for your Royal Highness's person and noble protection of the Arts, while I have the honour to be,

Your Royal Highness's
Most Dutiful and
Most Devoted Servant,
Edward Jones.

## *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 war-like Prince, Maelgwn Gwynedd about A.D. 580. In the beginning of the Sixth Century it was called Twr Bronwen y 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 repaird, about the Year 877, by Collwyn ab Tangno, 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-Iſan.* — *The Courteſy of Meirioneth.*




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

## Tribaun_The Triplet, or Warrior's Song.

Maeſtoſo

Wyres Ned Puw *Ned Pugh's 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, and the moſt perfect habitable Caſtle in Wales; It ſtands upon an eminence, and 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 Ieuan 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 favourite Air is ſung very differently in South Wales to what it is in North Wales, & both ſo pretty that I am perplexd in the choice; therefore, ſhall preſent my readers with both.

Mi af'i ben y bryn rhag bodd-i; Hob y de-ri dan-no: Sian fwyn, Sian!

The Burden — perhaps ſhould be ſung by another Perſon

Mi-af ir a-fon fawr rhag llofg-i; Dynaganu et--to Sian fwyn Sian!

The Burden

Mi-af im gwely rhag to'-ri' ngwdd-w; Ocho dru--an Sian. Os fy nghar-iad

i-fu far-w; Sian fwyn, tyrd ir llwyn *Ni fon-iai ond am Sian-tan fwyn: Sian fwyn Sian!

*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.

Chearful

Ca-ru'mhell a charu'n a-gos, Hob y de-ri dan-do: Ne-wid Ca-riad pôb py-thef-nos

Burden

Dy-ha ga-nu etto. Er hyn i gyd ni all fyngha-lon, Sian fwyn Sian. Lai na châr-u 'm

hên gar-ia-don, o 'r brwyn, de-re de-re'r llwyn; ni fonia i fwy am Sian-tan fwyn.

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 grôg, - - - - - - - - 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" ———

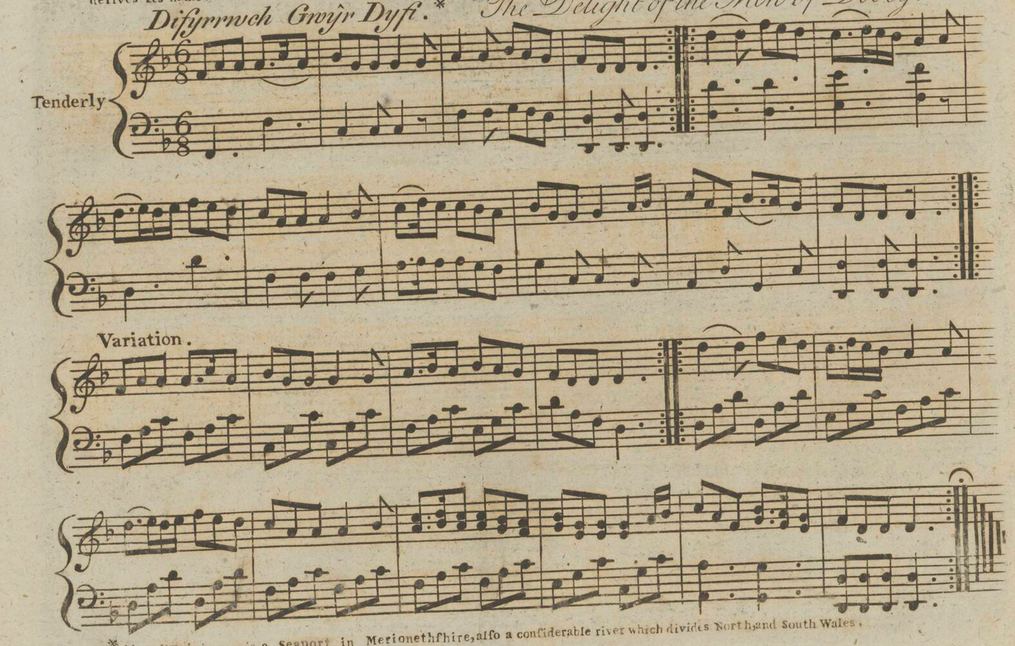
Alſo, "In Summer time when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, a down"
are borrowed from that Druidical Song: ———

## 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 Merionethshire derives its name.

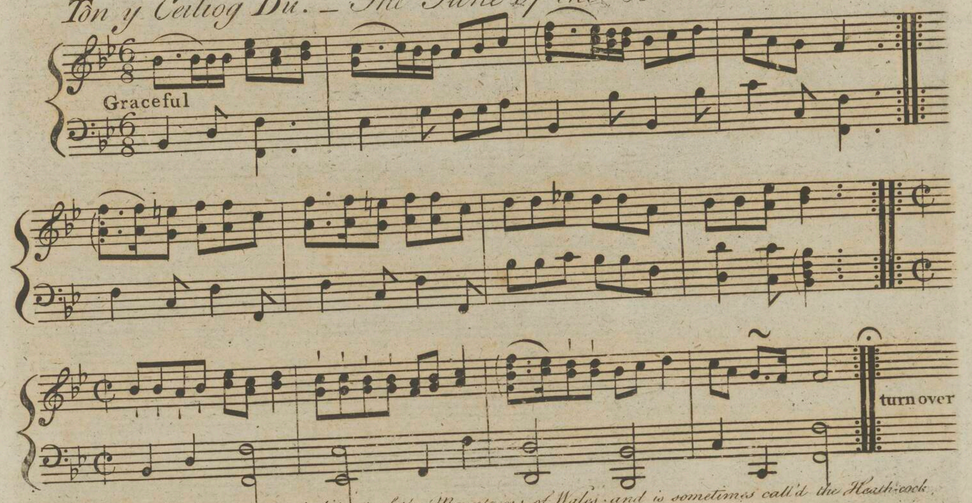
## Difyrrwch Gwŷr Dyfi.* — The Delight of the Men of Dovey.




* Aber Dyvi ——is a Seaport in Merionethshire, also a considerable river which divides North and 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 Life time, 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 24 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 deliver'd 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 return'd 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 appear'd Sir Owen Tudor,† of Pen-Mynydd Môn, in Anglesey; 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; & 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 Nunery 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 & a beautiful person, garnished with many Godly gifts both of nature & of grace, called Owen Tuther, a man brought forth & come of the noble lineage & ancient line of Cadwalador, the last King of the Britans.* —— *Tudor married Queen Catherine in the year 1428. by whom he had three Sons & one Daughter: Edmund, Jasper, Owen &c.* —— See more in Pennant's Wales, Vol. 2. p. 256.

*Tudor & 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 ſtate's 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 imboſsed 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 & of Kings.

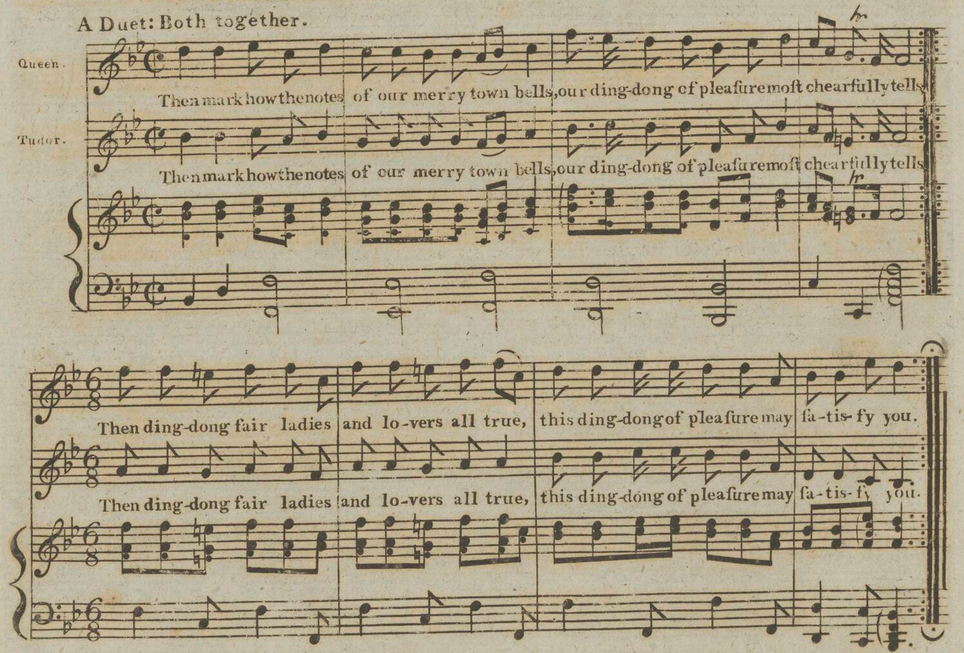
Queen
My courtly attendants are trains of delight,
Like ſtars of fair heaven all ſhining ſo bright:
And thoſe that live daily ſuch pleaſures to ſee,
Suppoſe no ſuch comfort in country can be.
Tudor
In Wales we have fountains, no cryſtal more clear,
Where murmuring muſic we daily may hear,
With gardens of pleaſure, and flowers ſo ſweet,
Where true love with true love may merrily meet
Queen
But there is no tilting nor turnaments 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 meet,
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 maintain'd 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, feet,
Their crowns and their ſceptres ſhould lye at thy-
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; To
Queen Venus once miſtreſs of heart-wiſhing pleaſu
We over-kind women repent us at leiſure.
Tudor
May never fair morning ſhew forth his bright beams.
But cover my fal'hoods with greateſt extremes,
If not as the Turtle I lye with my Dove,
My gentle kind Princeſs, my Lady, my love.
Queen
Bie 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.

Expreſſive

pia. fr. fr. pia. increaſe fr. fr.

pia. for. pia. for.

* Penddûr 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 Night-ingale, I will not determine.



## Croeso'r Wenynen. Welcome the Bee

Minuet

## Blodeu'r Gwynnydd. — The Bloſſom of the Honey-ſuckle

Minor

p f D.C. 1st Minuet

## Diſlyll y Donn. — The Ebb of the Tide.

Gayly

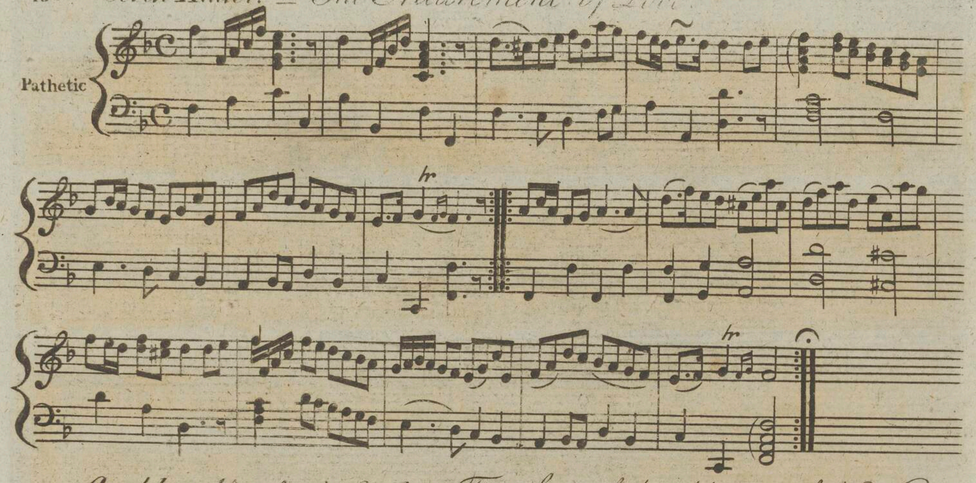
This is a Key peculiar to the Ancient Welſh Muſic, which is call'd Gogywair: The E or third above the Key-note being flat.

Mi we-les flwch gan Gwen--o, ai lond o Sniſin yn--ddo; ni--fa-feu waeth ir

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

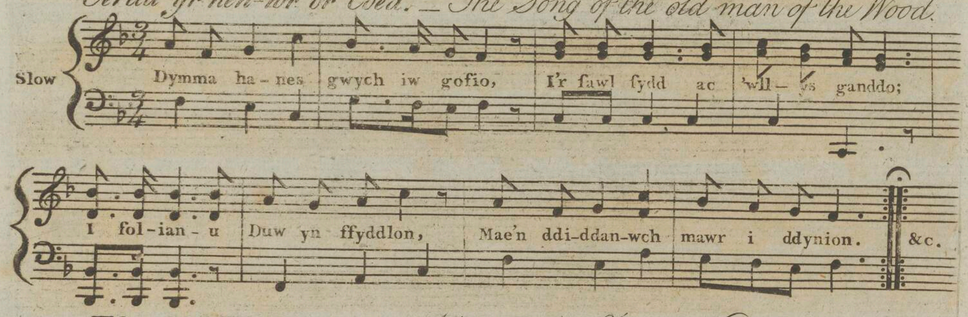
## Serch Hudol. _ The Allurement of Love

Pathetic



## Cerdd yr hên-ŵr o'r Coed. _ The Song of the old man of the Wood.

Slow




## Ffarwel Fieuengctid. _ Adieu to my Juvenile Days.

Rather gay



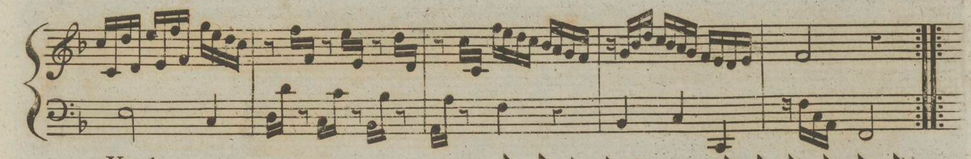



Var. 2.



Var. 3.





Var. 4.

Pia



## *Urſula.*

(query, whether this was St. Urſula, Daughter of Dunotus King of Cornwall, that was demanded in marriage by Conan Meriadoc, the conqueror of Bretagne in France;) and who embarked with a Colony of Virgins, to match with the British Legions ſettled in that Province! Brit: Sancta.

Graceful

## *Hoffedd Abram ab Iſan. — The Delight of Abram son of Evan.*

Slow

## *Tŷb y Tywyſog. — The Prince's Air.*

Graceful



## *Codiad yr Haul.* — The Rising Sun.*

Majeſtic

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

## *Tyrec Bâch. — The little Babler.*

Chearful

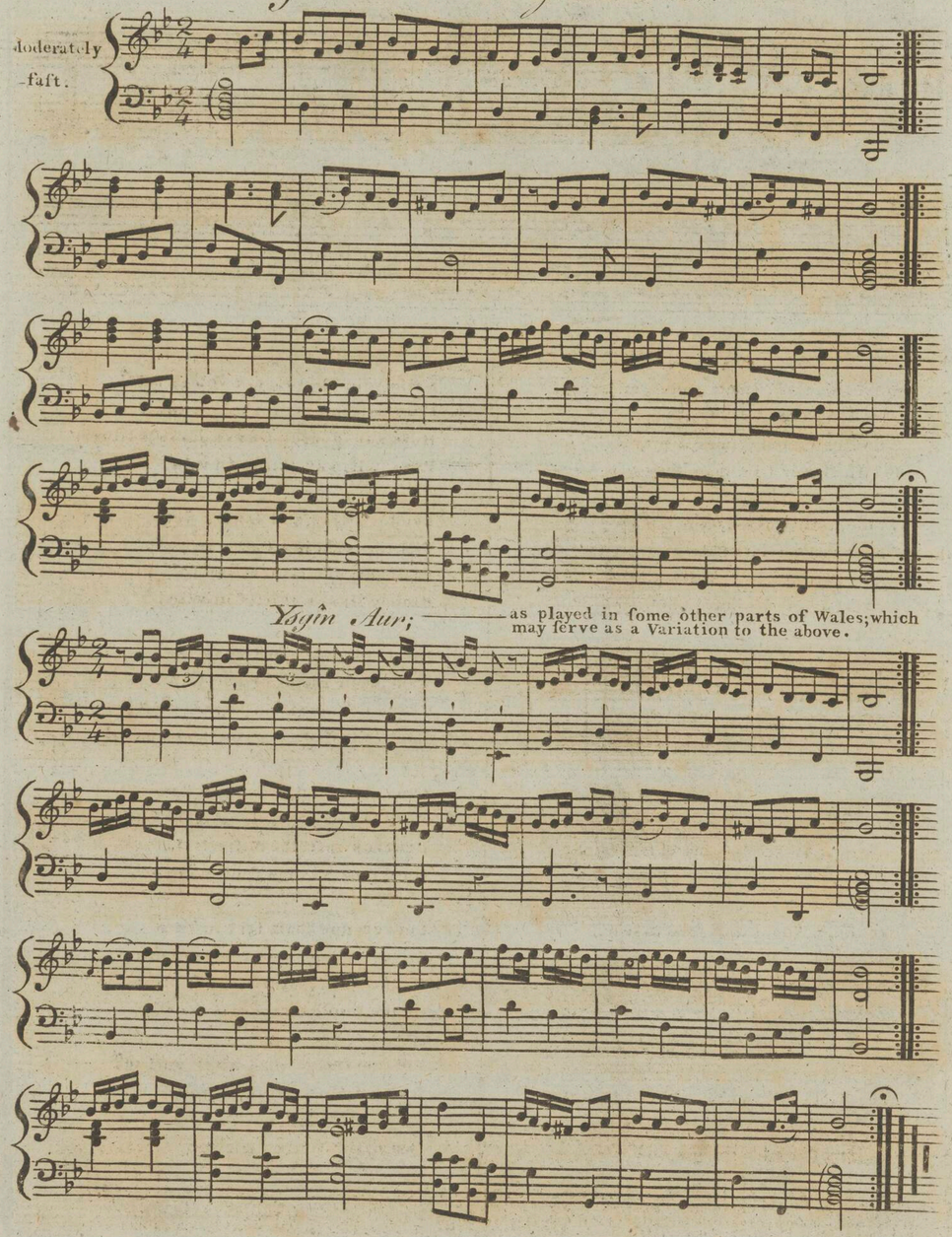
## *Gyrrwr Bŷd o'm blaen. — Drive the World before me.*

Animation

A Jig

Var.

## Ygŷn Aur. — The Golden Robe.




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





## Rhyfelgyrch Capten Morgan*
### Captain Morgan's March.




2

Wolves, that hear their young ones cry,
Tamer on the Spoilers fly:
Harveſts, to the flames a prey,
Periſh flower 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 driv'n,
Melt before the bolts of Heav'n:
Blaſted ſo by HURLECH's Eye
Hearts of Heroes melt and die.

7

Stung with terror fly the deer,
The Packs 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 GWYNEDDIA's Plain,
Bloody HENRY thirſts in vain!

9

Louder ſtrike, and louder yet,
Till the echoing Caves repeat;
"HURLECH guards GWYNEDDIA's Plain,
Bloody HENRY thirſts 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 SAXONS ſpoil'd the Land:
HURLECH roſe: the Waſte is o'er.
Murd'rous SAXONS ſpoil no more.

12

LLOEGER now ſhall feel in turn
CYMRY's Vengeance 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 Revd 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 diſpoſeſſed the Earl of Glocester of thoſe lands which had formerly been taken from Morgan's Forfathers. But afterwards, this brave Warrior was betrayed and made a priſoner, at the inſtigation of K: Edward the Firſt. See, Powel's Hiſt: of Wales.

*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

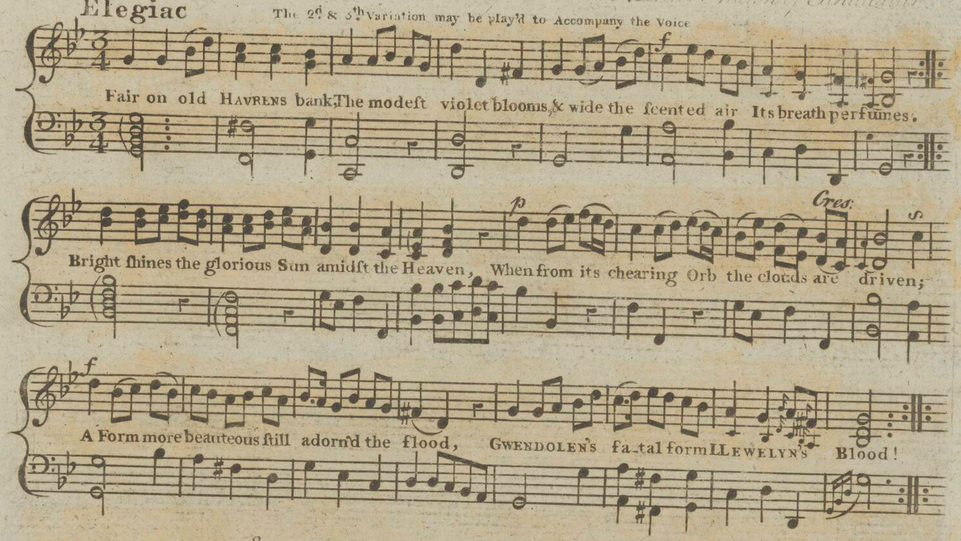
*Yr Hên Dôn — The Old Ditty.*

Largo

# Morva Rhuddlan — The March of Rhuddlan

**Elegiac**

The 2d & 3d Variation may be play'd 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

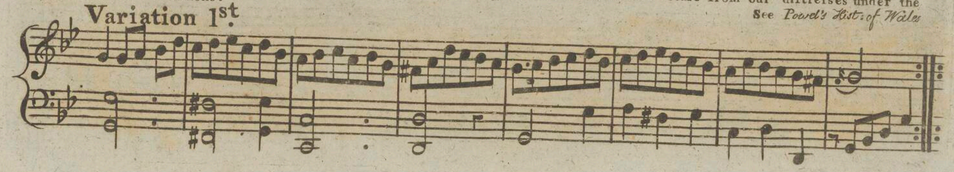
O then for Griffith's Son,
Ye Maids of Cymry mourn;
For well the Virgins Tear
Becomes his Urn.
Nor you, ye Youths, forbid your Tears to flow,
For they ſhall beſt redreſs, who feel for Woe.
Sweet ſleeps the lovely Maid wept by the Brave
For, ah! ſhe died for him ſhe could not ſave!

---

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 received a Pathetic tincture from our diſtreſses under the oppreſsion of the Saxons.

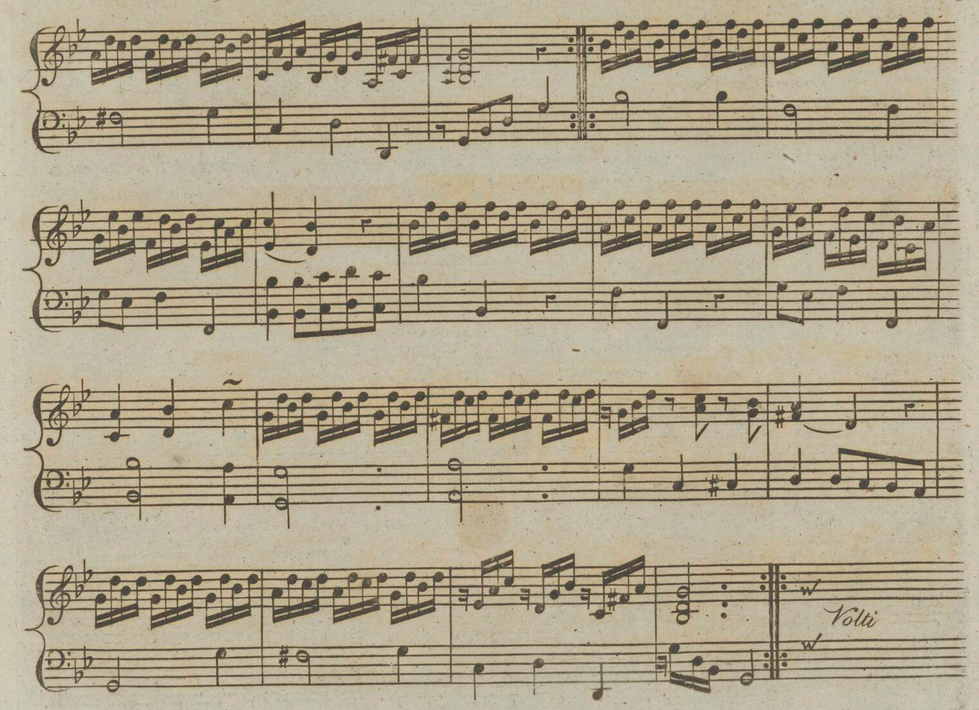
See Powel's Hiſt. of Wales

**Variation 1st.**







Var: 3d.

Var: 4th.



Var 5th.

## y Gàton Drom _ The Heavy Heart.

Pathetic

## Twll yn ei boch. _ The Dimpled Cheek.

Cantabile

## Ffarwel Ffranſes.

Affetuoſo.



## 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: DOM: 1100.

## Rhyban Morfydd *Morgydh's Riband.*

Goftegyr Prelude

Ad Libitum

Pia

For

## Merch Megan. *Megen's Daughter.*

Amorofo

p

f

## Glân meddwdod mwyn. *Good humour'd & Fairly Tipsey.*

Tempo di Minuetto

## Blodau'r Grûg. *The Flowers of the Heath.*

Brilliant



## Winifreda.*

Tenderly

Away; let nought to love displeasing,

my WINIFREDA, move your care.

Let nought delay the

heavenly blessing, nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

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 fortune's 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.

Moderato

## Reged.

8va

*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

Choˢ

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

Ar hŷd y nôs. Ar hŷd y

nôs. 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 beat-ing heart will fal-ter, Ere it thinks his heart can alter, Ere it thinks his heart can al-ter.

Choˢ Variation 1ˢᵗ

Ar hŷd y nos.

Var: 2ᵈ

Harmonic

Var: 3ᵈ



Var: 4ᵗʰ

Harmonic

Var: 5ᵗʰ

## Ffarwel Ednyfed Fychan

Moderato

hr

EDNYFED FYCHAN, LORD of BRYN FFENIGL, held great power & authority in Wales, in the former part of the XIIIᵗʰ century. He was chief Comſellor & 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 Arms, GULES, a CHEVRON between three SAXONS HEADS, proper, couped. Of him deſcended OWEN TUDOR, of Penmynydd, in the iſle of Angleſey, 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 ir Frwydr.—Come to Battle.*

Majeſtic

## *Hob-y Dyliſ.—The Porpoiſe.*

Friſky

## *Fiddle Fuddle.*

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, and performed this plaintive Tune, which he deſired ſhould be repeated at his Funeral, ever ſince it has been called by his name and that of CARREG-WEN, 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

## *Cil y Fwyalch—The Black bird's Retreat.*

from a Manuſcript

Cantabile

## Codiad yr Hedydd *The Rising of the Lark.*

Moderato

Varia: 1st

Varia: 2d

Or Octave higher

Varia: 3d



conclude with the Subject.

## Digan y Pibydd Coch.—*The Red pifer's Melody.*

Tenderly

Pia

## Hwb y Dyrif.—*The Debating Song.*

Cantabile

a fragment.

The verfes, formerly fung to this fragment of Hwb y Dyrif, were of the Lampoon caft, and often performed with great humour, alternate; fomewhat in the manner of the Swains, in Virgil's Eclogues. It is now but little known in Wales, but I hope to be able to give it more fully in my fecond Volume

## Megen a Gollodd ei gardas*. *Margaret that lost her garter.*

Majeſtic

Pia

For.

## Dewis Meinwen.—*The Fair one's Choice.*

Tempo di Minuetto

## Abſen-dòn—*The Absence Song.*

Arioſo

*In the reign of King 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 Peito; (see Ashmole, p. 228 & 229) which the King quickly understanding, to the confusion of his nobles smile, he said "Honi soit qui mal y pense." By the present ordering their honors that way



## Triban Gwŷr Morganwg*. *The War Song of the Men of Glamorgan.*

Majeſtic

*Morganwg, ſignifies Morgan's Territory; ſo called from Morgan Mwynfawr, who was a great warrior and a popular Prince of Glamorganſhire: (In the latter part of his reign he was called Morgan Hen, becauſe he lived to be a hundred years old; and 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

For

Pia

## Nôs Galan * — New year's Night.

Oh! how ſoft my Fair one's bo-ſom! fal lal &c - - - - Oh! how ſweet the grove in bloſsom! fal la &c - - - da dal la.

O mòr gyn-nes myn-wes mein-wen, fal lal &c - - O mor fwyn yw llwyn Mei llio-nen, fal lal &c - -

Oh! how bleſsed are the bliſses, dadlea dadlea lal lal la; Words of love, & mu-tual Kiſs-es. fal lal &c -

O mor fel-us yw'r cuſan-au, Gyda ferch 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. Cæſar's Commentaries Book 6 Chap: 16.
So, feaſting and mirth are univerſal in Wales, to this day, on the Eve of the New year.



Harmonic

Var: 5

Var: 6

### Tros y Garreg. A Leap over the Stone.

Jig. Allegro

## *Anhawdd ymadael — Loath to Depart.*

Andante

Varia: 1.

Var 2.

Varia: 3.



Varia: 4.

1.

### Ymdaith Mwngc. — *The Monks March.*

Maeſtoſo

Poco Allegro

1.

Probably, this is the Tune of the Monks of Bangor Iſcoed, 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 Dydd_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 bys, was a favourite 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 Gorcheftion Beirdd Cymru, page 18 &c



## Alaw Salmon_Solomon's Liby.

Amorofo

### Mentra Gwen_Venture Gwen.

Alluding to matrimony.

Cantabile

See this Air in page 129.

Cantabile

# *Pen Rhaw.**

Moderato

Var: 1st

Var: 2d

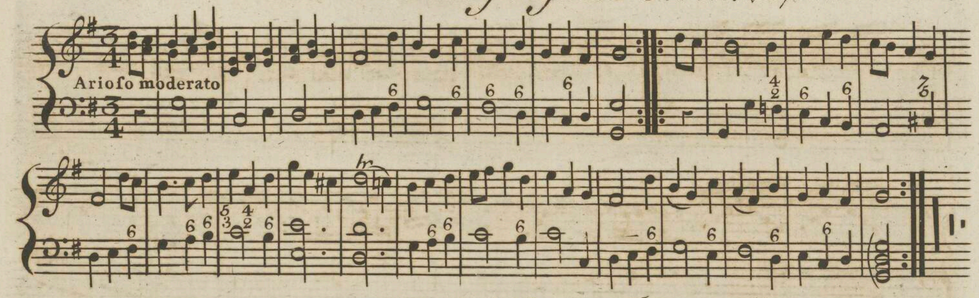
* Dr. RHYS's Grammar makes mention of a Bard named GRUFFYDD BEN PHAW. and probably this Tune was Compofed about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, or at leaft acquired this title at that time.



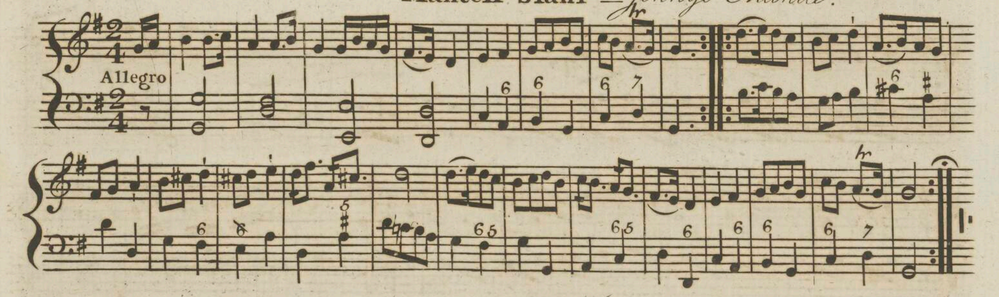
Var: 3d

Var: 4th

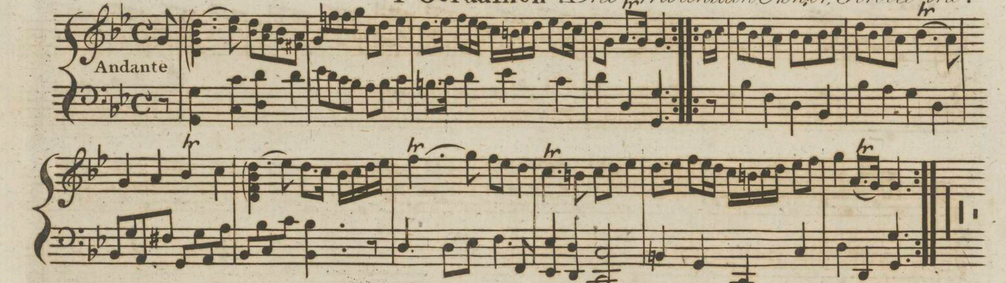
## Maldod Arglwyddes Owen. *Lady Owen's Favourite.*



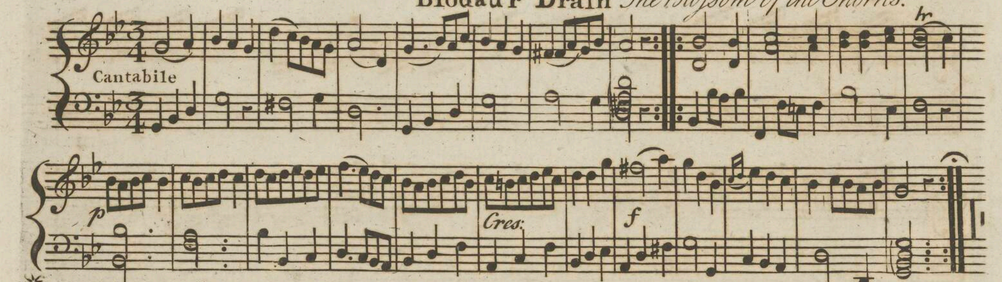

## Mantell Siani — *Jenny's Mantle.*




## 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 peasantry of Wales gather to make Diod Griavol of, or Criavol drink, which is somewhat like Cider, and esteem'd very healthy and good when it is old.

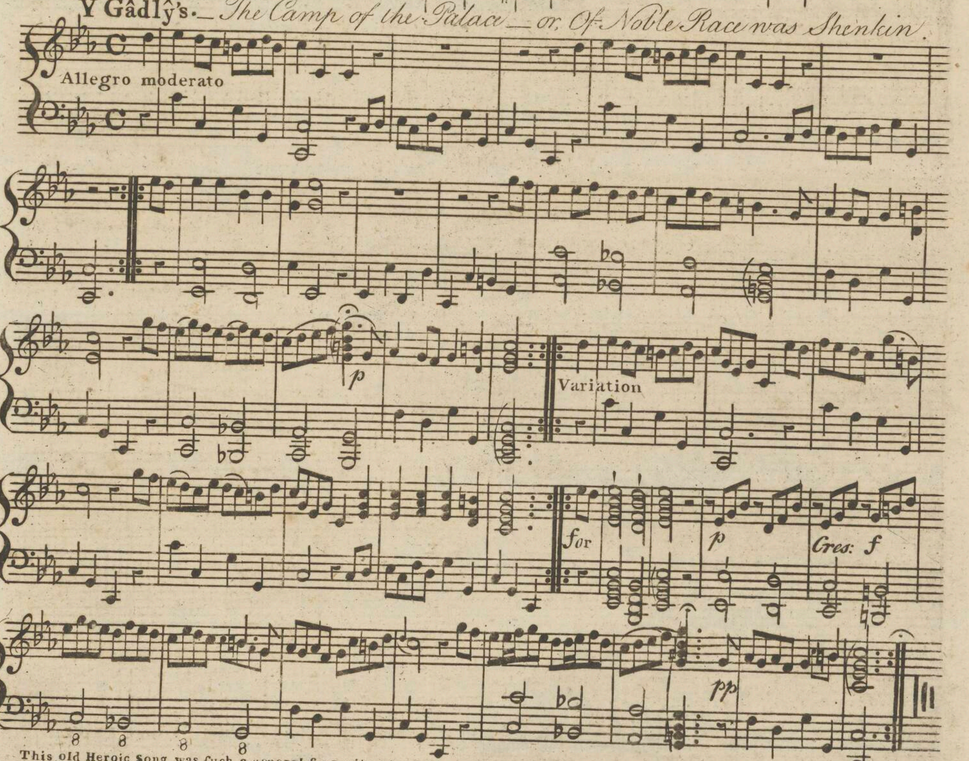





## Consèt Dafydd ap Gwilym




## Y Gâdlŷs. — *The Camp of the Palace — or, Of Noble Race was Shenkin.*




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

## *Cynghan sail Cymry.—The Welsh Ground.*

Maestoso

Variation 1st.

Varia: 2d.

Varia: 3d.

Varia: 4th.

Varia: 5th.

Varia: 6th.

Varia: 7th.

Varia: 8th.

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



Varia: 9th.

*p*

Varia: 10th.

*f*

Varia: 11th.

*tr*

Varia: 12th.

Varia: 13th.

Varia: 14th.

*p*

Varia: 15th.

*f*

Varia: 16th.

*Volti*

Varia: 17th

Varia: 18th

Varia: 19th

cres. cres

Varia: 20th

Varia: 21st

Varia: 22d

Varia: 23d

Varia: 24.

Or Harpeggio



## Croesaw Gwraig y Tŷ.—The Welcome of the Hostess.

Cheerful

## Blodau Llundain.—The Flowers of London.

Expressive and Slow.

## Hoffedd Modryb Marged. Aunt Margaret's Favourite

A Jigg

Variation

## 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.*

Affetuoſo

1st 2d

* Black Sir HARRY, or HENRY SALISBURY, of the family of Llewenny 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 Llewenny.



## Gadael y Tîr* — *Leaving the Land.*

Affetuoſo

Er a wel-ais dan y fer, O lawnder, glew-der gwledydd, O gwrwda-a gwyriw drîn, A gwîn ar tîn a-von-ydd Go-reu bir, a go-reu bwyd, a ranwyd i Feirionydd

*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; ſee page 67

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

Adagio Affetuoſo

## Hela'r yſgyfarnog. — *Hunting the Hare.*

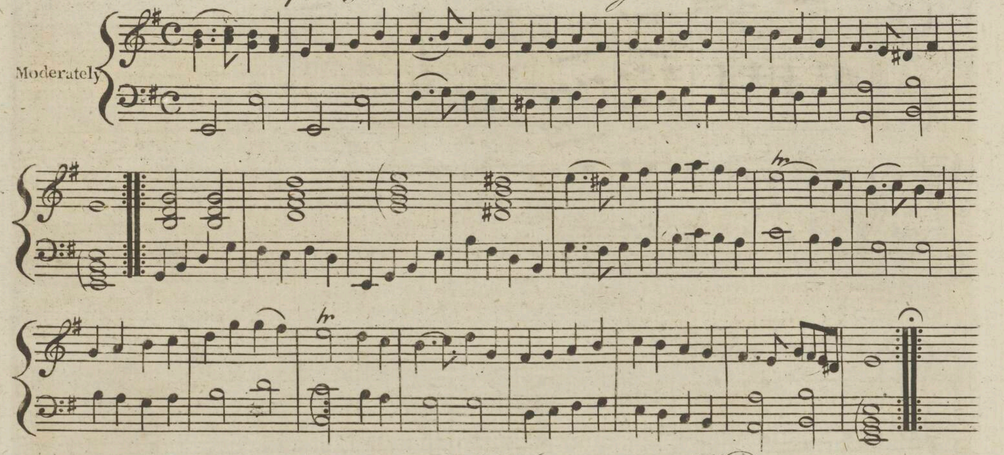
Allegro ma non troppo.

## Y-Stwffwl. — *The Door-Clapper.*

Moderato

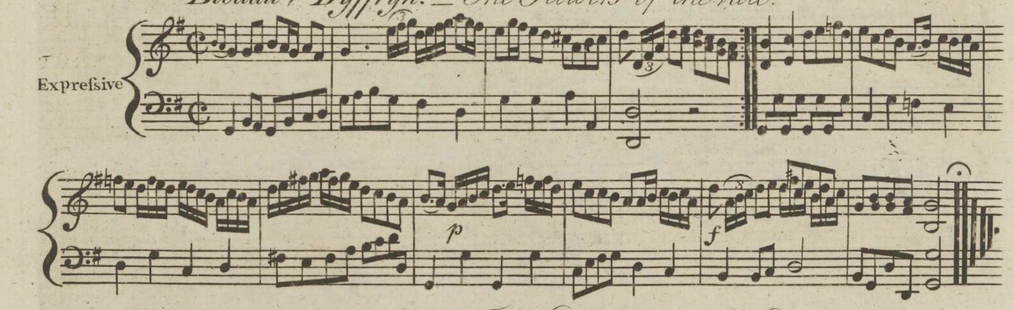
## Bwrw Gofal ymaith.—Caſt away Care.

Moderately



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

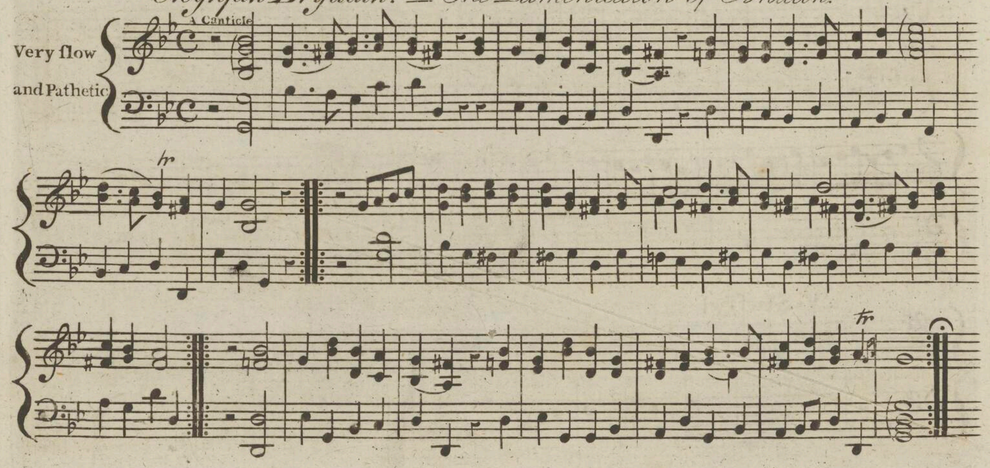
Expreſsive



## Cwynfan Brydain.—The Lamentation of Britain.

A Canticle

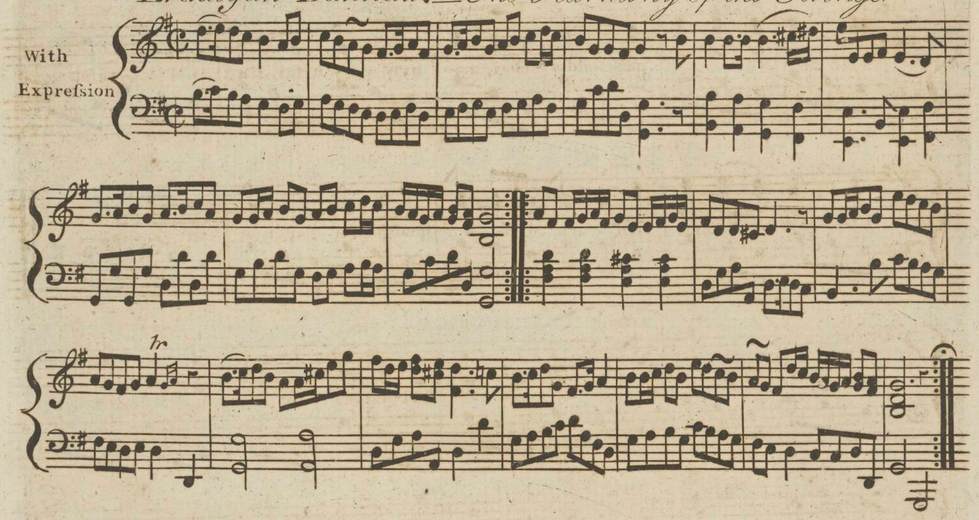
Very ſlow and Pathetic





## Erddigan Dannau.—The Harmony of the Strings.

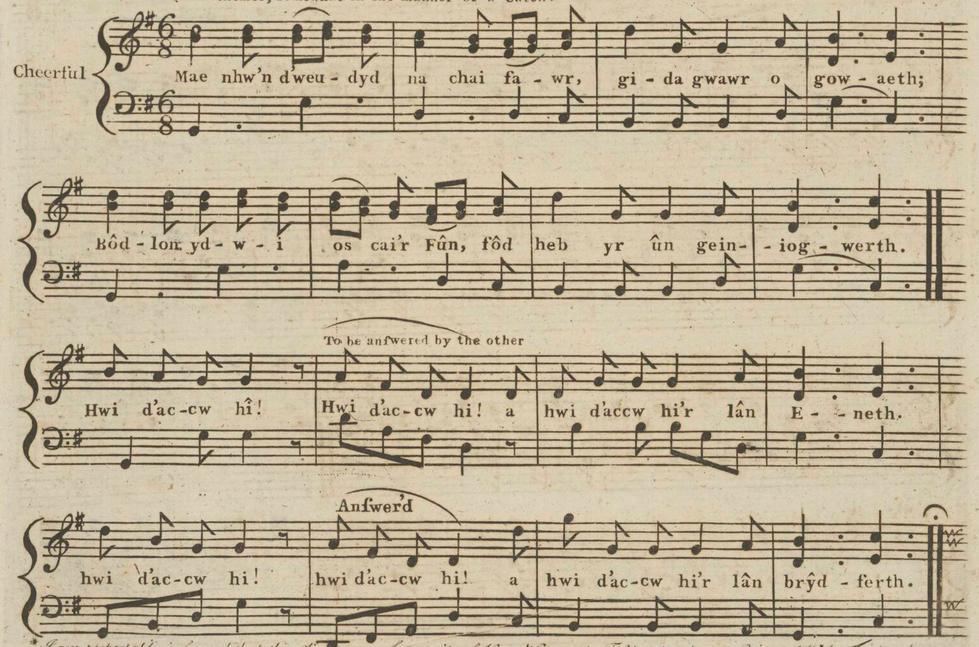
With Expreſsion



## 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




* I am reſpectably informed, that this Air was a favourite 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 and ſome others, are better known in England, than moſt other Welſh Tunes, on account of their having been introduced in the Beggars Opera.

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

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

Eif - - iau 'mod yn lân - ach dŷn, a ddaeth im her-byn in - - nau.

Anſwer'd

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

Anſwer'd

hwi dac-cw hi! hwi daccw hi! a hwi dac-cw hi'r lân ben - - bleth.

Var. 2d

Quick



Var 3

*Hai Down.* *Come let us go.* A Druidical Tune: See Pages 128, & 173

Slow

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

Cheerful

Sym.

## Caſtell Tonyn.*_ Tonyn 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 Cow's Heel.

Slow

## Ceffylyn Rhygyngog. _ Galloping Nag.

A Jig

Variation 1ſt



Var: 2.

Var: 3.

Var: 4.

P

Var: 5.

F

Var: 6.

p

f

p

f

# *Yr Eos-lais.* — *The Nightingale's Song.*

From a Manuſcript.

With Expreſsion

P

F

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

P

* Among a liſt of ancient Welſh Tunes, in an old manuſcript, I found the following names: Preſtad yr Eos. Pedr Eos Weirgil. o waith Cyſelyn & Glanaur yr Eos. Probably one of theſe alludes to the above Air. — See alſo pages x, & xxx.



F

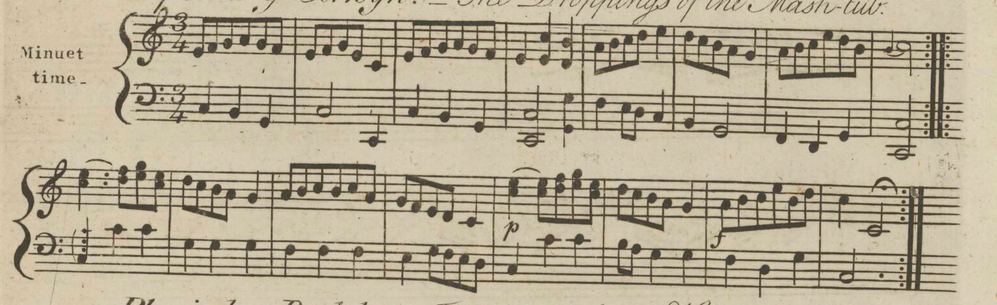
Variation

P

f

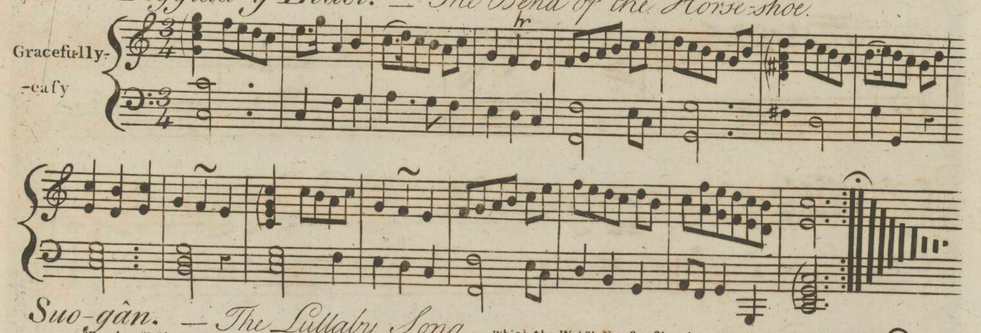
## *Diferiad y Gerwyn. — The Droppings of the Mash-tub.*

Minuet time.



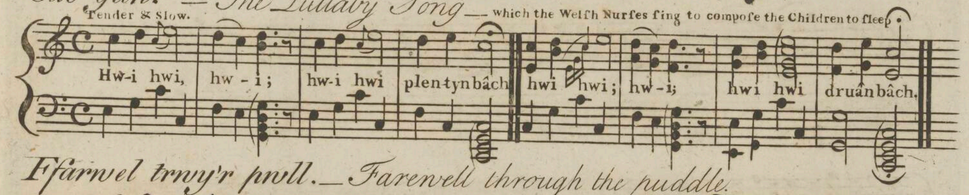

## *Plygiad y Bedol. — The Bend of the Horse-shoe.*

Gracefully-



## *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



FINIS.

1741779

1925.381.



*Drawn by Leutherbourg.* *The Figures Engraved by Hall, and the Landscape by Middiman.*

*On a rock, whose haughty brow*
*Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,*
*Robed in the sable garb of woe,*
*With haggard eyes the Poet stood;*
*Loose his beard, and hoary hair*
*Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;*
*And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,*
*Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.* *Gray's Bard.*

# MUSICAL RELICKS

OF THE

# WELSH BARDS:

*PRESERVED, BY TRADITION AND AUTHENTIC MANUSCRIPTS,*

*FROM VERY REMOTE ANTIQUITY;*

AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

TO THE BARDIC TUNES ARE ADDED

Variations for the Harp, Harpſichord, Violin, or Flute.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

By EDWARD JONES,

(TEACHER OF THE HARP,) AND

BARD TO THE PRINCE.

Native of Henblas, Llanddervel, Merionethſhire.

PART THE SECOND, CONTAINING THE MUSIC OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

*THE SECOND EDITION.*

"*Trawy 'r Dolydd tavo'r Delyn,*
"*Oni bo'r jâs yn y Bryn;*
"*O gywair Dant, a gyr di*
"*Awr orboen i* Eryri!"——

Strike the Harp, whoſe echoes 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 ecſtaſy!——

——"*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 virorum,*
"*Aureaque excelſam famam ſuper aſtra locare.*"

Lelandus in Aſſertione Arturi.

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