

This Week at Kings Place

- Mon 14 Sep** Out Hear
Hall Two **Directed and Undirected -**
8pm **The London Improvisers Orchestra**
- Thur 17 Sep** Bite-Size Baroque
Hall One **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
6.30pm **Corelli, Vivaldi and Bach**
- St Pancras Rm Bite-Size Baroque
7.45pm **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
Pre-concert talk
- Hall One Bite-Size Baroque
8.30pm **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
Handel, Vivaldi and Geminiani
- Concert Bar Bite-Size Baroque
9.30pm **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
The After Show
- Fri 18 Sep** Bite-Size Baroque
Hall One **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
6.30pm **Corelli, Handel and Vivaldi**
- St Pancras Rm Bite-Size Baroque
7.45pm **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
Pre-concert talk
- Concert Bar Bite-Size Baroque
9.30pm **Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment -**
The After Show

Exhibitions

Kings Place Gallery **Ian McKeever - Temple Paintings**

Next Sunday 20 September 2009
Emperor Quartet
Hall One, 6.30pm
Mozart – String Quartet in C major K 155
Walton – String Quartet in A minor
Mendelssohn – String Quartet in E minor, Op 44 No. 2

Sunday evening concerts promoted by the
London Chamber Music Society
President: Levon Chilingirian OBE
Artistic Director: Peter Fribbins

London
Chamber Music
Society

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Our Cafe, Restaurant and Bar opening hours are:

Green & Fortune Café - 7.30am to 7.30pm
Rotunda Restaurant - 12pm to 11pm
Rotunda Bar - 11am to 11pm
Concert Bar - 6pm to end of interval

Please remember to order your Interval drinks prior to the concert, at the
Concert Bar located in the Music Foyer

Sunday 13th September

London Chamber Music Series

Haydn Trio Eisenstadt -
Haydn Bicentenary Concert

Lorna Anderson and Jamie MacDougall

Presented in partnership with the
London Chamber Music Society

London Chamber Music Series Haydn Bicentenary Concert

**Pre-Concert Talk: ‘The lyrics and poems of Haydn’s Welsh songs’
Dr Kirsteen McCue and Prof. Marjorie Rycroft** (University of Glasgow)
St Pancras Room, 5.20pm

Haydn Bicentenary Concert Hall One, 6.30pm

In association with Haydn Festival Eisenstadt/Haydn 2009
and with the kind support of the Austrian Cultural Forum

Haydn Trio Eisenstadt

Harald Kosik	piano
Verena Stourzh	violin
Hannes Gradwohl	cello

Lorna Anderson	soprano
Jamie MacDougall	tenor

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
Piano Trio in E flat major Hob XV/10 (1785)

Jacqueline Fontyn (born 1930)
Lieber Joseph! A ‘DedicatedToHaydn’ commission (UK premiere)

INTERVAL (20 minutes)

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
Selection of Welsh Songs (1803-04)

The singers will be using the English texts to these songs,
as commissioned by the Scottish publisher, GeorgeThompson

The Haydn Trio Eisenstadt is renowned for its interpretation of Joseph Haydn’s works and has also made a name with performances of contemporary music. In recent seasons the trio has performed at music festivals worldwide such as the Haydn Festival in Japan and the Haydn Biennale Vlaanderen in Belgium among others. The trio has toured throughout Europe and the United States. The Haydn Trio Eisenstadt has worked together with the highly esteemed Scottish singers Lorna Anderson and Jamie MacDougall to present all 429 folksong arrangements composed by Haydn, both in the concert hall and on CD. This project, which is supported by a large number of sponsors, is supervised by the Scottish musicologist, Professor Marjorie Rycroft from the University of Glasgow. Since its founding in 1992, the ensemble has become one of Austria’s leading music groups. Since 1995 the trio has presented the exclusive concert cycle named The Piano Trio at the Haydn Festival Eisenstadt held at the Haydn Hall at the Esterhazy Castle.

Lorna Anderson is a highly regarded British soprano whose career has centred on the concert and recital stage. She has won many prizes including the most highly regarded English vocal award, the Purcell-Britten Prize for concert singers. She has a particular interest in early opera and has performed in Purcell’s Fairy Queen and Handel’s Alcina among others. She also sings a wide range of the concert repertoire and has appeared with orchestras such as the BBC Philharmonic, the BBC Symphony and the

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. She has also sung with orchestras in Europe, the United States and South America. She has recorded frequently.

Jamie MacDougall has established himself as one of the country’s most versatile performers. Since 2001, he has been Scotland’s voice of classical music, presenting Grace Notes for BBC Radio Scotland. He sings regularly with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. Jamie’s singing career has taken him around the world, performing at festivals such as the Edinburgh International, Salzburg, Perth Australia and Aldeburgh. He has also worked with some of the world’s top Baroque, Chamber and Symphony orchestras. With over 20 CD recordings, Jamie has participated in the recording of the complete song output of Joseph Haydn, with Lorna Anderson and the Haydn Trio Eisenstadt.

Joseph Haydn – Piano Trio in E flat major, Hob. XV: 10

I. Allegro moderato
II. Presto

As with the symphony and the string quartet, the keyboard trio was a new genre that was developed during the Classical period. But today’s conception of the so-called piano trio is very different to its generic identity in earlier times. The distinction is that the trio owes its existence not to the trio sonata (that is, the popular Baroque form with two melodic instruments and a semi-improvised bass) but the accompanied keyboard sonata of the early eighteenth century. The latter would employ one or more ad *libitum* melodic instruments in accompaniment; only as their musical autonomy and importance grew was the keyboard trio born. Haydn and Mozart were its pioneers, yet, oddly, their early attempts to nurture this instrumental format have a history of being undervalued. This is because the keyboard commonly dominates their works – a result of their genesis and a characteristic that, until fairly recently, was generally considered to be unattractive. The onset of the early music movement and more authentic ‘period’ performances in the mid twentieth century has meant, rightly, that attitudes to the piano trio have changed.

To hear Haydn’s 27 late piano trios (Hob. XV: 5-31), his largest corpus of chamber music after the quartets, is to understand this chequered history. The ‘Gypsy Rondo’ is by far the most famous of the group, although the trio heard this evening is arguably as extroverted and compelling. Its two-movement form is a symptom of the newness of its genre, but the opening *Allegro moderato* is typically piano-led. Its first arpeggiated motif inspires a strongly rhythmic exposition in which melody is second to harmony: the piano drives forward many engaging, brief modulations (changes of key). The minor-mode development is more fragmentary, though the rapturous harmonies remain. A brief cadenza for piano heralds a recapitulation of the opening material, varied slightly with further chromaticism. The *Presto* movement is an equal partner in length, if not character. Its less adventurous harmonies, while perfunctory, do lead the listener towards its playful ‘brilliant’ style rhythms instead.

Jacqueline Fontyn – Lieber Joseph! A ‘Dedicated to Haydn’ Commission (UK premiere)

I. Allegro moderato
II. Andante innocentemente
III. Presto assai

The Belgian composer Jacqueline Fontyn was taught by Max Deutsch, a fervent disciple of Schoenberg. As a result, she composed in the distinctive ‘twelve-tone’ (dodecaphonic) style until 1979, although always with

considerable freedom and flexibility. From 1963-90 she taught at the Koninklijk Conservatorium, Antwerp, and then at the Royal Brussels Conservatoire. Her catalogue of over a hundred works covers orchestral, vocal, chamber and instrumental pieces which are played throughout the world. She was commissioned to write the set piece, a Violin Concerto, for the finals of the 1976 Reine Elisabeth International Music Competition, and has twice undertaken commissions from the Koussevitzky Music Foundation in the Library of Congress, Washington. Her style of composition has been described as a kind of ‘modern impressionism’ – Fontyn herself lists the hallmarks of her musical language as broad harmonic effects, rhythmic flexibility and unceasing exploration of instrumental resources. *Lieber Joseph!* was commissioned by Haydn Festival Eisenstadt 2009 to commemorate Haydn’s bicentenary.

Fontyn writes of her work: “When we – 18 composers bound together in a project in honour of the bicentenary of Joseph Haydn’s death – were asked to write a work in which there should be some allusion to the life and work of the great master, I referred in my contribution to a work that is especially close to my heart: the Piano Sonata No. 52 in E flat major, the last sonata composed by Haydn in the year 1794. My title alone testifies to the unreserved affection that I have for him. His name also contains the letters s(=E flat)-e-h[=B natural]-h-a-d, which I have used in connection with notes from my ‘model’. The form is directly inspired by that of the trios or the piano sonatas – which is why the three movements are here called *Allegro moderato*, *Andante innocentemente* and *Presto assai*. But above all the layout of the piano part constantly refers to the aforementioned sonata. Without doubt, the general atmosphere – overall rather animated and cheerful – is testament in a special way to the spirit of the music of the much admired Joseph. This, of course, in all modesty...”

Joseph Haydn – Welsh Songs

‘Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan’ (‘Captain Morgan’s march’), Hob. XXXIb: 8
‘Codiad yr hedydd’ (‘The rising of the lark’), Hob. XXXIb: 1
‘Maldod arglwyddes Owen’ (‘Lady Owen’s favourite’), Hob. XXXIb: 45
‘Hob y deri dando’ (‘Away, my herd, under the green oak’), Hob. XXXIb: 11
‘Gorhoffedd gwyr Harlech’ (‘The march of the men of Harlech’), Hob. XXXIb: 2
‘Dafydd y Garreg-wen’ (‘David of the white rock’), Hob. XXXIb: 4
‘Y Cymry dedwydd’ (‘The happy Cambrians’), Hob. XXXIb: 32
‘Anhawdd ymadael’ (‘Loth to depart’), Hob. XXXIb: 57
‘Ar hyd y nos’ (‘The live long night’), Hob. XXXIb: 9
‘Grisiel ground’ (‘Crystal ground’), Hob. XXXIb: 15
‘Y bardd yn ei awen’ (‘The inspired bard’), Hob. XXXIb: 25
‘Twill yn ei boch’ (‘The dimpled cheek’), Hob. XXXIb: 10
‘Serch hudol’ (‘The allurements of love’), Hob. XXXIba: 48
‘Hela’r ysgyfarnog’ (‘Hunting the hare’), Hob. XXXIb: 33
‘Dowch i’r frwydr’ (‘Come to battle’), Hob. XXXIb: 14

Joseph Haydn made a total of 429 folksong arrangements for the three Scottish publishers: William Whyte, George Thomson and William Napier. Among this collection there are some 60 Welsh songs, commissioned by Thomson (who, incidentally, also commissioned Beethoven, Weber and Pleyel during later years). As with the Scottish airs, Haydn was given only the Welsh melodies, without titles and texts, which were added later. Guided by Thomson, Haydn responded to the beauty of the melodies and succeeded in arranging the Welsh airs sensitively; his use of violin, cello and piano is particularly well suited to the poetry. Or rather, the poetry, commissioned from English poets by Thomson after he had received Haydn’s arrangements, is well suited to the music.

Here are the Texts for the Welsh Songs you may wish to remember:



**London Chamber Music Series at Kings Place
Haydn Trio Eisenstadt – Bicentenary Concert
Sunday 13 September, 6.30pm**

TEXTS FOR WELSH SONGS

Joseph Haydn arranged 429 folksong arrangements for the three Scottish publishers: William Whyte, George Thomson and William Napier. In this group there are also 60 Welsh songs commissioned by George Thomson. George Thomson „made a selection [...] of the best cantabile airs, or those which appeared the best adapted for singing“ (letter from Thomson dated 20 August 1804 to one of his Welsh correspondents, Owen Jones) and, as with the Scottish airs, sent Haydn only the melodies – no titles and no texts. The titles were later added to the composer’s manuscript by Thomson, while the poetry was still to be commissioned. Under Thomson’s guidance Haydn responded to the beauty of the melodies and succeeded in arranging the Welsh airs in a most musical and sensitive manner. Despite the fact that he did not have the words, his arrangements for violin, cello and piano are well suited to the poetry – or rather the poetry, commissioned from English poets by Thomson after he had received Haydn’s arrangements, is well suited to the music.

**Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan [Captain Morgan’s March] (‘Monk’ Lewis)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 305; Hob. XXXIb:8**

Dost not hear the martial hum?
Dost not hear the distant drum?
Yes, they come! our warriors come,
 Glorying in their victory!
Honour’d be the soldier’s grave!
Glory to the fallen brave!
Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

Soon must many a bosom swell,
High with grief, while hearing tell
How a sire or husband fell,
 On the field of victory.
Honour’d be, &c.

England’s pleasure, England’s pride,
Is through life to aid and guide
Those who lov’d the men who died
 Glorying in her victory.
Honour’d be the soldier’s grave!
Glory to the fallen brave!
Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

(vv 1, 3 & 6)

Codiad yr hedydd [The rising of the lark] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 300; Hob. XXXIb:1

See, O see, the breaking day;
How the dew-drops deck the thorn!
Hov'ring low, the sky-lark's lay
Long preluding meets the morn.
Hark! the liquid notes awake anew,
Rising sweeter with the rising dew.
Rising with the rising dew.

See the blazing gates unfold!
See his radiant head appear!
Through yon op'ning clouds of gold
Still the less'ning note we hear.
Sinking softly with the sinking strain,
See her seek her lowly nest again.
See her seek her nest again.

(vv 1 & 4)

Maldod arglwyddes Owen [Lady Owen's favourite] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 324; Hob. XXXIb:45

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

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

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

(vv 1, 4 & 5)

Hob y deri dando [Away, my herd, under the green oak] (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 301; Hob. XXXIb:11

Come every shepherd with his love,
And court the western gale;
Come let us seek the oaken grove
In sweet Llangollen vale.
There with a sigh the ardent youth
May urge his tender tale,
The evening hours in joy beguile,
 And happy he,
 Beneath the tree,
Whose fair rewards him with a smile.

The pipe shall cheer with merry strain,
The harp in concert sound,
And lightly ev'ry maid and swain,
Trip on the grassy ground:
Or, seated in a ring, we'll pass
The cheerful song around.
Come, let us court the western gale,
 And joyful haste,
 Awhile to taste,
The sweets of lov'd Llangollen vale.

Gorhoffedd gwyr Harlech [The march of the men of Harlech] (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 296; Hob. XXXIb:2

Dauntless sons of Celtic sires,
Whose souls the love of freedom fires;
Hark, ev'ry harp to war inspires
On Cader Idris side.
See the brave advancing,
See the brave advancing!
Each well-tried spear, which Saxons fear,
In warlike splendour glancing!
Proud *Harlech*¹ from her frowning towers
Pours forth her never failing powers:
Rouse, heroes, glory shall be ours;
March on, your country's pride!

Shall heart-rending sounds of woe
Be heard where Conway's waters flow?
Or shall a rude and ruthless foe
Find here one willing slave?
From mountain and from valley,
From mountain and from valley;
From Snowdon, from Plinlimmon's brow,
Around your Prince ye rally.
Let cowards kiss th' oppressor's scourge,
Home to his heart your weapons urge,
Or whelm him in th' avenging surge;
To victory, ye brave!

¹ Thomson noted: 'HARLECH CASTLE stands on a lofty rock, upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire: the original tower, called *Twr Bronwen*, is said to have been built in the Sixth Century; it

afterwards received the name of *Caer Colwyn*, and eventually its more descriptive name, Harlech, or Ardd lech, the high cliff. The present castle, still nearly entire, was the work of EDWARD I. and a place of great strength. In 1468, being possessed by DAFYDD, AP JEVAN, AP EINION, a steady friend of the House of Lancaster, it was invested by WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE, after a most difficult march through the heart of the Wesh Alps; and surrendered on honourable terms to his gallant brother, Sir RICHARD HERBERT, who engaged to save the life of the brave Welsh commander, by interceding with his cruel master EDWARD IV.' (cited from Thomas Pennant's *A tour in Wales*, Vol 2, London 1778-81)

**Dafydd y Garreg-wen [David of the White Rock]¹ (Rev. George Warrington)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 330; Hob. XXXIb:4**

The dying Bard to his Harp

Come, sweetest composer of grief and of pain,
Thy master implores one mellifluous strain;
Depress'd with old age, and by sickness worn low,
O sooth his dull ear with the soft notes of woe!

Now time has bereft me of each comely grace,
Has brought the hoar head, and the deep furrow'd face,
Has stolen every blessing that nature e'er gave,
Save one comfort only, the choice of my grave!

Like the swan of the lake expiring I sing;
O weave me a plume from her shadowy wing!
Yes, fame shall be just, and a trophy shall give,
And the Bard of the White Rock to latest times live!

(vv 1, 5 & 8)

¹ Thomson noted: 'There is a Tradition, that DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN, a famous Welsh Bard, being on his death-bed, called for his Harp, and composed the sweet and melancholy Air to which these Verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his Funeral.'

**Y Cymry dedwydd [The happy Cambrians] (translated by Edward Williams, from the
Welsh of Mr Rice Jones)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 354; Hob. XXXIb:32**

*A Song usually Sung by the SOCIETY OF ANCIENT BRITONS in London, at the Admission of
Members*

Fam'd for our warmth¹, we now rejoice,
 Feel friendship's ardours reign,
And to the harp's harmonious voice,
 Attune our choral strain.
Around the bowl, a mirthful throng
 Of Britons bold and free,
We swell the trills of native song,
 All join'd in jocund glee.

Past is the winter, storms are flown,
 Now summer scenes we trace;
A remnant still, in high renown,
 Of Britain's *ancient* race:

Whilst ancient virtue's just controul
Rules each old Briton's breast,
Be now the joys of ev'ry soul
In gleeful songs exprest!

(vv 1 & 7)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The Ancient Britons were noted for their warmth of temper; whence the proverbial phrase of WELSH BLOOD!'

Edward Williams

**Anhawdd ymadael [Loth to depart] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 350; Hob. XXXIb:57 (Neukomm?)**

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

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

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

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

(vv 1, 2, 4 & 5)

**Ar hyd y nos [The live long night] ('Monk' Lewis)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 294; Hob. XXXIb:9**

What avails thy plaintive crying,
Hush, baby, hush!
Though a corse thy father's lying,
Hush, baby, hush!
Tears and sobs in vain endeavour
Back to call the mourn'd for ever!
Never wilt thou see him, never!
Hush, baby, hush!

See! my grief no tears are telling:
Hush, baby, hush!
Hark! my breast no sighs are swelling;
Hush, baby, hush!
No complaint or murmur making;
Nought betrays my heart is aching;
Yet it's breaking, sweet one, breaking.
Hush, baby, hush!

(vv 1 & 2)

INTERVAL

Grisiel ground [Crystal ground] (Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/4, No. 316; Hob. XXXIb:15

In the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen,
Well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green;
There the daisy first opens its eye to the day,
And the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May.
There the daisy, &c.

There, far from the haunts of ambition and pride,
Contentment, and virtue, and friendship, abide;
And Nature, complacent, smiles sweet on the pair,
Who have splendour forsaken to worship her there.
And Nature, &c.

While ambition exults in her storm-beaten dome,
Like the tower on yon mountain that frowns o'er your home,
With tranquil seclusion, and friendship your lot,
How blest, how secure, and how envied your cot!
With tranquil, &c.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

Y bardd yn ei awen [The inspired bard] (Joanna Baillie) JHW XXXII/4, No. 342; Hob. XXXIb:25 (Neukomm?)

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

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

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

Draw closer, friends, the table round,
And cheerly greet the rising sound,
Love, arms, and ale, and rousing fire,

And thrilling harp my soul inspire!

Twll yn ei boch [The dimpled cheek] (Dr John Wolcot)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 308; Hob. XXXIb:10

What have I done that my MARY should fly me,
What is my guilt that with scorn she should eye me?
Tell me, ah! tell the fond swain who implores thee,
And banish the sorrow of him who adores thee.

Is it a fault for thy beauty to languish?
To sigh and to look on a rival with anguish?
Is it a crime at thy presence to tremble?
Think, think, of thy charms, then how hard to dissemble.

Thine are the lillies, and thine are the roses,
Which Flora, when dress'd, in full beauty discloses;
Sweet is the smile on thy dimpled cheek glowing;
Bright are the locks o'er thy fair forehead flowing.

Yet if a crime for thy hand to be sighing;
Yet if a crime for thy smile to be dying, –
Great is my guilt, – not a mortal will doubt it,
Yet let me plead that no swain is without it.

Serch hudol [The allurement of love] (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 334; Hob. XXXIb:48

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

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

Hela'r ysgyfarnog [Hunting the hare] (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 364; Hob. XXXIb:33

Hence! away with idle sorrow!
Bane of life's uncertain hour!
Few the joys from time we borrow,

Hold them, while within your power.
Hunt the hare o'er hills and vallies,
Cheerful wake the rising morn;
When she from her chamber sallies,
Greet her with the early horn!

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

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

Dowch i'r frwydr [Come to battle] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 310; Hob. XXXIb:14

Hark, the martial trumpet sounding!
See the glorious front of war!
Every generous heart exulting,
Views the dazz'ling line afar!

'Tis not hope of spoil or conquest
Prompts us to the noble strife;
While we guard the shrine of freedom,
Freedom, dearer far than life!

(vv 1 & 4)