THE

SONGS OF WALES

(CANEUON CYMRU)

WITH ENGLISH WORDS BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, MRS. HEMANS, JOHN OXENFORD,

WALTER MAYNARD, MISS HAYES, &c.

AND WELSH WORDS BY

CEIRIOG HUGHES,

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

BOOSEY & CO.,
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.;
9 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK;

Lowe & Brydone Printers Ltd.,
Typographical Music and General Printers,
Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, N.W.10.

PREFACE.

SOME writers delight in tracing affinity between national characteristics and the music of different nations, others insist that style in music is more or less typical of the configuration of the country to which any particular music may belong. The former find, or rather pretend to find, all the passionate ardour of the Southern race expressed in the traditional melodies of Spain and Italy; the latter recognise, or pretend to recognise, the prevailing features of hill and dale in the national music of the North. With all respect for these poetical views, I am inclined to attribute far greater influence to primitive musical instruments than to any other cause, except language, affecting the art among different communities. Thus I identify the harp, the guitar, the bagpipes, and even the uncivilized tom-tom, inseparably with the music played upon or sung to them respectively, and believe that these instruments, to a great extent, can alone account for the different styles of national melody. This opinion is strongly confirmed by considering the music of Wales and how completely it is associated with the history of our national instrument, the harp. Welsh music is essentially harp-music, and exhibits in almost every phrase evidence of the influence of the instrument upon its development. The harp has been sadly neglected, but owing to the patriotic spirit of one who is known wherever the Welsh language is spoken as Gwenynen Gwent much has been recently accomplished to ensure its preservation. Within the last few years a dozen Welsh harps have been made at Llanover. These are all upon the model of the three-string harp, such as was introduced about the 14th century, and which, as distinguished from the pedal-harp, is essentially our national instrument. In spite of the neglect with which it has until lately been treated, the national harp of Wales is still with us. At the Eisteddfod held last spring (1872) at Llandovery, I had the pleasure of listening to several Welsh harpers; among them was a Welsh soldier, who appeared in the uniform of his regiment, and played on the triple-harp with remarkable skill. The chief prize at Llandovery was a harp presented by Mr. Rees, of Tonn, whose name has long been associated with the literature of Wales, and to whose courtesy I am indebted for much valuable information. The harp was won by a young Welsh girl, the daughter of the famous Gruffydd, domestic harper to Lady Llanover. She was dressed in the Welsh costume, and her picturesque appearance and very clever playing created enthusiasm. During 1871, in London, we heard, after a long absence, the Welsh harp on St. David's Day. Last year (1872) we heard no less than three harpers, and among them Gruffydd, harper to the Prince of Wales. On the same day the Welsh Fusiliers—the 23rd Regiment—gave a banquet, in honour of St. David's Day, at Woolwich, and the music there chiefly consisted of the performances of the Welsh harper belonging to the regiment. He appeared in the dress of a Welsh minstrel, which seemed to surprise some of the guests who were present.

In his valuable work, "Music of the Olden Time," Mr. Chappell has made some very singular statements concerning the harp and its origin; and he even goes so far as to dispute our claims, not only to the instrument itself, but even to many of our own national melodies. The fallacy of these statements I am prepared to demonstrate although the proofs to be brought forward would far exceed the limits of the present volume.

Mr. Chappell says he is able to prove that the harp is a Saxon instrument from its very name, which, he adds, "is not derived from the British or any other Celtic language." He also remarks, "the Welsh or Cambro-British call their harp 'Teylin,' a word for which no etymon is to be found in their language!" A great authority on such subjects, Dr. Owen Pughe, says that the root of the word *Teylin* is *tel*, meaning that which is "straight" or drawn tight, hence it is very evident that the name is coeval with the knowledge of a stringed instrument among the Cymru. Moreover *teylin* is in every respect a Welsh word. In Wales we have had several kinds of harp. One was made of leather and strung with wire, and is described by the bard Davydd ab Gwilym as a very discordant instrument. Another was called *Isgywer* from the name of the key in which it was tuned, and was so small that it could be played on horseback. Then there was a third kind strung with hair, which continued in use until superseded by the harp with three strings. To disprove our right to this would be as vain a task as to dispute the nationality of the Eisteddfod, an institution which has done and is doing so much

to educate and refine the working classes of the Welsh community. The present vitality of Welsh music is attributable to the encouragement afforded to the art at these meetings. During a long historical period, the Eisteddfod has proved a source of peaceful and innocent recreation to our countrymen, and is especially worthy of notice when contrasted with the demoralizing effects of some other popular gatherings. Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., in his letters on Wales, says "The true reason why the *Eisteddfodau* are held, is to be found partly in the reverence which the common people of Wales cherish for old customs, and partly in the genuine delight they take in such intellectual excitements as are afforded them there, in exercises of oratory and competitions in poetry and music, just as the common people of England take delight in horse-racing, fox-hunting and pugilism." "It is a most remarkable feature says the present Bishop of St. David's, (Dr. Connop Thirlwall,) in the history of any people, and such as could be said of no other people than the Welsh, that they have centred their national recreation in literature, and musical competitions."

The erudite Fetis, the late director of the Brussels Royal Academy of Music, in his History of Music, thus refers to the antiquity of the Welsh, and their music. "In Gaul, as well as in the country of the Welsh nation, there were priests who were called Druids, who celebrated their mysterious rites in the forests, and bards or musical priests who sang the glory of Heroes. But there is the difference between Gaul and the country of the Welsh, inasmuch as the latter still preserve their bards, and that the Cambrian or Celtic language is still cultivated by them, and moreover that their music still maintains its primitive type. There is something remarkable in this now interminable succession of Welsh bards for two thousand years, and that the preservation intact of their language and their Celtic music, in a country so long ruled over by the Saxons."

These Welsh National Festivals are no recent institutions; they have been held for centuries and of some of them there are very interesting records. One of the most remarkable was that held by Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, in the year 1177, when he gave a magnificent entertainment with "deeds of arms" in his then new Castle of Cardigan or Aberteivi. Among the proceedings was a contest between the bards of North and South Wales, all of whom had been expressly invited by the Prince, and we learn that they were seated with great ceremony in the large hall of the castle. The chief prizes in poetry were awarded to North Wales, and in music to South Wales, and the meeting terminated "with honour to all parties." Giraldus Cambrensis, who was a native of South Wales, born near Tenby 1145, has also given an account of the music and the skill of the Welsh. He says, "By the sweetness of their musical instruments they soothed and delighted the ear," and that "they do not sing in unison like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts." This, therefore, goes to prove that the Welsh even in that remote period must have had some knowledge of harmony or "counterpoint." Further proof of this is found in the "four-and-twenty games" of the Welsh, of which "Canu cywydd pedwar, ac accenu," that is, "singing a song in four parts with accentuations." is among the number. In the library of the Welsh school, now removed to Ashford, there is a curious manuscript containing these "four-and-twenty games," and Dr. Burney says that this ancient manuscript contains pieces for the harp tha are in full harmony, and supposed to be as old as the 11th century.* We have still more ancient proofs of the knowledge of harmony in Wales in a poem by Aneurin in the 6th century. Wales has always been celebrated for its Choral Singing and Choirs. Even in the earlier part of our history we read of the Kor-Alun, Kor-Aidan, and many others; and especially of the famous choir of Bangor, where there was a great monastery, the name of which seems to be derived from Bân-gôr, or famous choir.

In all truth it may be said that the influence of the Eisteddfod is felt throughout the civilized world. The Great Exhibitions now so universal are but a development of the intention embodied in the original institution, while the National Music-Meetings at the Crystal Palace, (projected and carried out with so much intelligence by Mr. Willert Beale,) are avowedly in imitation of the ancient Welsh Festival. These Music-Meetings will always be historically associated with Wales; the Challenge Prize having been awarded to the South Wales Choral Union at the first series of meetings, 1872. This success of the Choral Union at Sydenham has evidently excited increased attention to Welsh music, and has induced me to offer the present work as the best proof of the musical genius of my country.

The collection contains several airs that have never before been published with English and Welsh words.

The new English words have been principally contributed by Mr. John Oxenford, Mr. Henry Davies, (of Cheltenham,) and Walter Maynard, a *nom de plume* well known in music and literature, assumed by Mr. Willert Beale, (Pencerdd Caerludd.)

I have carefully preserved all the best poems of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, and other celebrated writers, using (whenever possible) the words associated in the popular mind with certain melodies.

* *Since the first publication of this work, the Editor has felt himself obliged to modify his statements concerning the so-called 11th century M.S.S.; and he now believes that they are of more recent date, as the accounts of the Congress of Prince Gruffydd at Cynx, at which they are said to have been written, are unsupported by any authentic evidence.*

January, 1884.

In every instance I have been at great pains to give the tunes according to the best authorities. I have made no attempt to alter their original forms except in one case "Gwenllian's Repose." (A Gentle Maid) In this I have omitted a third part, not only to render it useful for words, but also because I have strong reasons for thinking that the third part as given in Parry's "Welsh Harper," is an addition made by some unskilful harper, for the bars in question are quite out of character with the preceding graceful melody. I have made for the *same* reason similar omissions in a few other airs.

Many tunes are by permission, taken from Miss Jane Williams' (Aberpergwm) valuable collection of national airs. This work gained the prize "for the best collection of unpublished Welsh music," offered at the Abergavenny Eisteddfod of 1837. Miss Jane Williams has since added considerably to the original collection by noting down from the songs of the peasantry in the Vale of Neath many national airs which have thus been saved. The task undertaken and so conscientiously carried out by Miss Williams was one of no ordinary difficulty, requiring the discriminating ear of a well-informed musician to detect the irregularities, errors, and variations that must arise, and which have to be most carefully corrected and compared in order to ensure ultimate accuracy in preserving the traditional tunes This Miss Williams achieved after much labour and constant intercourse with the peasantry in their cottages.

I have made the accompaniments to the songs as simple as possible, and have invariably allowed the air to be heard in preference to elaborate pianoforte passages. In this respect Welsh tunes have suffered considerably hitherto. "The Ash Grove," for instance has often been completely sacrificed and so mutilated as to have been mistaken at last for the English air "Cease your funning," creating an impression that the Welsh air has been borrowed from the English instead of the reverse.

Many of the Welsh airs are very ancient and were composed before the time of Queen Elizabeth: others are of more recent origin Among the latter are some by Bardd Alaw (the late John Parry). These are so thoroughly Welsh in character as to give rise to the belief that they are old national tunes. Nevertheless, Cadair Idris (Jenny Jones) among others is assuredly the composition of Mr. Parry.

In addition to the National melodies in this volume, there are two of my own compositions, "The Cambrian Plume," and the "Cambrian War Song," inserted by special arrangement with the publisher.

That a Welsh adaptation of the songs will be welcomed throughout the Principality may not be generally understood for the oddest misconceptions prevail in England as to the Welsh language. Many people imagin that the Welsh language is only a sort of provincial dialect of English—like that which prevails in Scotland Very few Englishmen seem to know that the Welsh have a large living literature, and that there are upwards of 12,000 printed books in the *Welsh language*

The Welsh words are by Mr. Ceiriog Hughes, one of the most accomplished poets of our day, the merits of his various writings, poetry and prose, having long since been acknowledged in every part of the globe where the Welsh language is spoken A few poems by other Welsh writers are also included, viz: those by the late *John Thomas, (Ieaun Ddu,)* of Merthyr and one ("The Cambrian Plume,") by "Mynyddog."

In conclusion I have to acknowledge my obligations to the Right Honourable the Lady Llanover, (who kindly gave me permission to examine the valuable manuscripts in the library at Llanover,) and to express my thanks to Lady Buckley, Lady (Digby) Wyatt, Miss Jane Williams, (Ysgafell,) for their kind and valuable aid.

St. David's Day, 1873. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION.

SEVERAL additions have been made to this volume, with the view of rendering it in every respect worthy of the reputation it has obtained as the National Song Book of Wales.

Among other songs now first published will be found some old Welsh melodies which have never before been printed with English and Welsh words. These include a very characteristic specimen of the ancient music of Wales, "Black Sir Harry," and the graceful air "The Bard's Love." previously known as "Castell Towyn." Extracts are also given (by permission) from the collection of songs of the late Miss Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm—a valuable work, which is now completely out of print.

The Welsh words to the old melodies are by Mr. T. Tudno Jones, while the English versions are by Miss M. X. Hayes, who has also written new and more singable words to a few of the songs published in the first edition.

Kensington, March 31st, 1879. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

INDEX.

	ENGLISH WORDS BY	OLD TITLES.	PAGE
Adieu to dear Cambria ..	Miss M. S. Lawrence	Llandovery	10
All the day	Walter Maynard	Hob y derry danno (North Wales) ..	66
All the day	Walter Maynard	Hob y derry dando (South Wales) ..	106
All through the night (Poor Mary Ann)	Walter Maynard	.. ..	4
Ash Grove (the)	Sir F. H. Doyle	.. .. ..	6
Ash Grove (the)	John Oxenford	.. .. ..	42
Bells of Aberdovey (the)	Walter Maynard	.. ..	50
Bending the shoe	Henry Davies	.. ..	45
Blackbird (the)	John Oxenford	.. ..	129
Black Monk (the)	Walter Maynard	.. ..	164
Cambrian Plume (the)	Henry Davies	.. ..	172
Cambrian War-song (the) ..	Edward Gilbertson	.. ..	177
David of the White Rock	John Oxenford	.. ..	58
Dove (the)	M. X. Hayes	.. ..	144
Exile of Cambria (the)	.. ..	Ned Pugh's Niece	22
Fair Cambria	Walter Maynard	Dafydd ap Gwilym's Delight ..	147
Forth to the Battle	George Linley	Captain Morgan's March	103
From dull slumber arise	Walter Maynard	The Rising of the Sun	168
Gentle maid in secret sigh'd (a) ..	Walter Maynard	Gwenllian's Repose	13
Hall of my chieftain (the)	Mrs. Hemans	The Door-clapper	64
Hark! afar the bugle sounding ..	Walter Maynard	Come to Battle	111
Hirlas Horn (the)	Mrs. Hemans	Three hundred pounds	108
Hunting the hare	George Linley	.. ..	60
Idle days in summer-time	Walter Maynard	Watching the Wheat	116
In the Vale of Llangollen	Mrs. Grant	Crystal Ground	126
Lament (the)	John Thomas	The Heavy Heart .. .	62
Let now the harp	Walter Maynard	The Lambs' Fold Vale	70
Loudly proclaim	Walter Maynard	Departure of the King	92
Maid of Sker (the)	M. X. Hayes	.. ..	137
Marsh of Rhuddlan (the)	M. X. Hayes	.. ..	73
Megan's fair daughter..	John Oxenford	Megan's Daughter	25
Men of Harlech	John Oxenford	March of the Men of Harlech ..	82
Mighty warrior (a) (Blondel's Song) ..	Walter Maynard	Sweet Richard	31
Miller's Daughter (the)	Walter Maynard	.. ..	48
Missing Boat (the)	Walter Maynard	Vale of Clwyd	132
Monk's March (the)	Sir Walter Scott	.. ..	94
My heart	John Thomas	.. ..	68
New-Year's Eve	John Oxenford	.. ..	154
Nightingale (the)	John Thomas	The Nightingale's voice	30
Now strike the harp gladly	Walter Maynard	Be merry but wise	122
Once a farmer and his wife	Walter Maynard	The quarrelsome couple	76
One bright summer morning	Walter Maynard	Cadair Idris	96
On this day	John Oxenford	The King's Delight	114
Over the stone	John Oxenford	.. ..	156

	ENGLISH WORDS BY	OLD TITLES	PAGE
Rising of the Lark (the)	M. X. Hayes	.. ..	72
Saint David's Day	Henry Davies	.. ..	58
She must be mine	Walter Maynard	.. ..	84
Spring-time is returning	Walter Maynard	The Queen's Dream	146
Stars in Heaven (the)	Walter Maynard	Venture Gwen	161
Taliesin's Prophecy	Mrs. Hemans	Dawn of Day	1
This garden now	Walter Maynard	Gogerddan	86
Too well I know	Charles Kenny	The merry Woman's Dairy House .	119
Trumpet sounding loudly (the)	John Oxenford	The Camp	81
Under yonder oaken tree	George Linley	Welcome of the Hostess	96
War-song of the Men of Glamorgan (the)	Sir Walter Scott	.. ..	28
Weep not, I pray	John Oxenford	Love's Fascination	150
Welsh Carol (a)	Walter Maynard	.. ..	12
When I was young	Walter Maynard	Winifreda	100
When morning is breaking	Walter Maynard	The Pass of Llanberris	26
White Snowdon	Mrs. Hemans	.. ..	8
Why lingers my gaze	Mrs. Hemans	Lady Owen's Delight	134
Woe to the day	George Linley	The Men of Dovey's Delight ..	98

APPENDIX.

All through the night	Walter Maynard	.. ..	202
Ap Shenkin	M. X. Hayes	.. ..	198
At early dawn	"	.. ..	184
Bard's Love (the)	"	.. ..	195
Black Sir Harry	"	.. ..	192
Fanny	"	.. ..	186
When I was roaming	"	.. ..	189
God bless the Prince of Wales		.. ..	204
Land of my Fathers	A. P. Graves	.. ..	209

INDEX

TO THE WELSH WORDS.

Anhawdd Ymadae. 68
Ar hyd y Nos 4
Breuddwyd y Frenhines 140
Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn . . . 116
Bwlch Llanberris (Pan gyfyd yr Heulwen) . 20
Cadair Idris (Bum inau'n rhodiana) . . 36
Caine Davydd ap Gwilym (Medd Merch Hyndwr) 147
Clychau Aberdyfi 50
Codiad yr Haul 168
Codiad yr hedydd 79
Croesawiad Gwraig y Ty . . . 96
Dadl Dau (Y Saith Gysgadur) . . 76
Dafydd y Gareg Wen . . . 58
Dewch i'r Frwydyr . . . 111
Difyrch Gwyr Dyfi . . . 98
Difyrwch y Brenin 114
Dydd gwyl Dewi 53
Dyffryn Clwyd (Yn Nyffryn Clwyd) . 132
Eos Lais 39
Erddigan Hun Gwenlliam . . . 13
Eryri Wen 8
Glan Meddwdod Mwyn (I wisgo aur-goron) . 122
Gogerddan 86
Grisial Ground (Yn Nyffryn Llangollen) . 126
Hafod y wraig Lawen (Dwfn yw'r Mor) . 119
Hela'r 'Sgyfarnog 60
Hob y deri dando (De) . . . 106
Hob y deri danno (Gogledd) . . 66
Llandovery (Yn Iach i ti Gymru) . . 10
Lleyn On 6, 42
Mentra Gwen 161
Merch Megan 25
Merch y Melinydd 48
Morva Rhuddlan 73
Mwynen Arglwydaes Owain (Wrth edrych yn ol) 134
Nos Galan 154
Pant Corlan yr Wyn 70
Pe Cawn i Hon 34
Per Alaw neu Sweet Richard . . . 31
Plygiad y bedol vach 45
Rhyvelgyrch Gwyr Harlech . . 82
Rhyvelgyrch Cadpen Morgan . . . 103
Serch Hudol 150
Tair Pluen y Cymry . . . 172
Ton Garol (Mae'r Flwyddyn yn marw) . 16, 18
Toriad y Dydd 1
Triban Gwyr Morganwg (Cadlef Gwyr Morganwg) 28
Trichant o Bumnau (Y Corn Hirlas) . 108
Tros y Gareg 158
Wyres Ned Puw (Yr Alltud o Gymru) . 22
Yr Hen Sibyl neu Winiffreda . . . 100
Y Deryn Pur 144
Y Ferch o'r Scer 137
Y Fwyalchen 129
Y Gadlef Gymreig . . . 177
Y Gadlys 89
Y Galon Drom 62
Y Mynach Du 164
Y Stoffwl (Ystafell Cynddylan) . 64
Ymadawiad y Brenin . . 92
Ymdaith y Mwnc . . 94

APPENDIX.

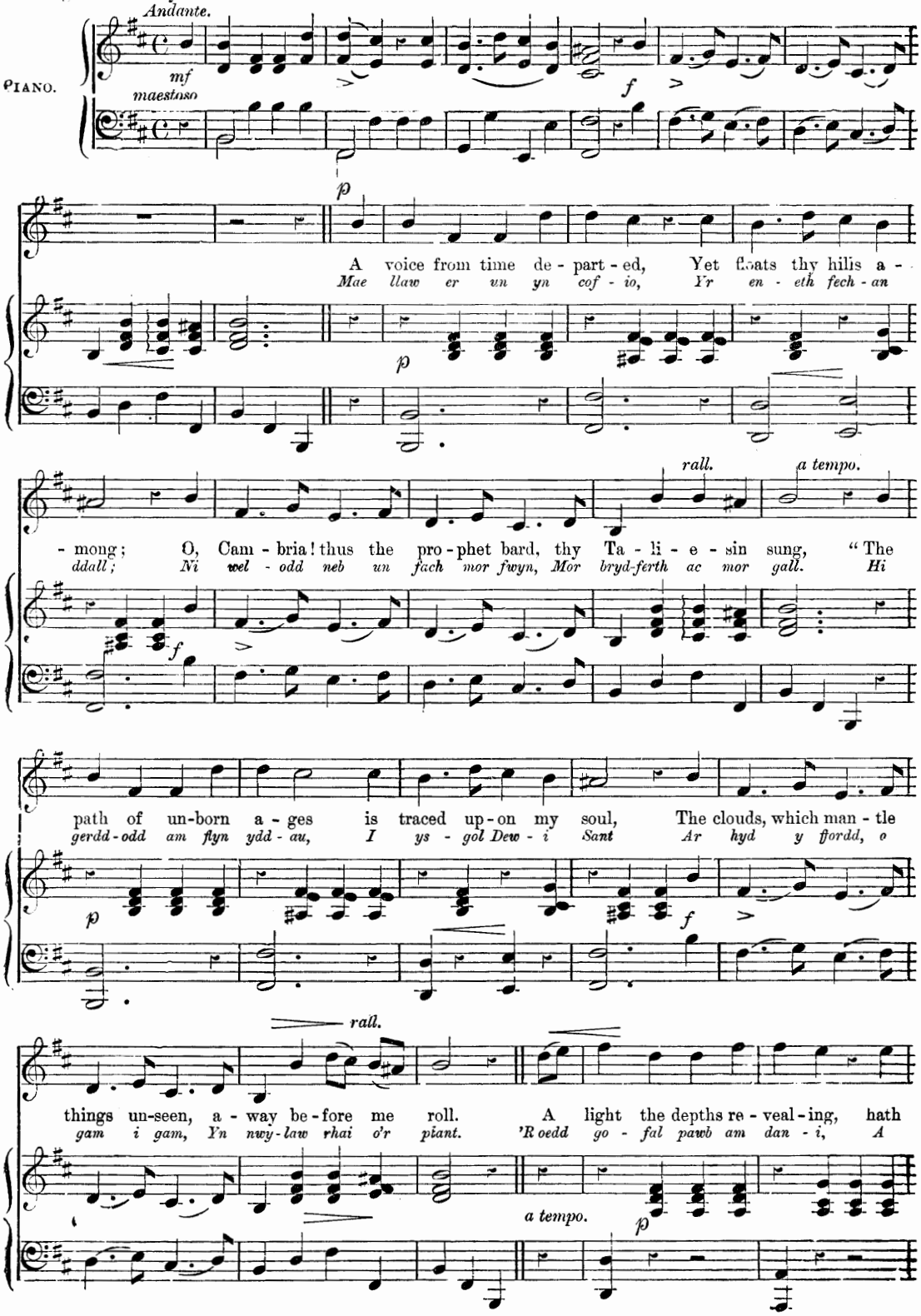
Y Bore Glas 184
Ffanny Blodau'r Ffair . . . 186
Pan o'wn i'n Rhodio . . . 189
Syr Harri Ddu 192
Cariad y Bardd 195
Ap Siencyn 198
Ar hyd y Nos 202

Fi bendith ar ei ben . . 204
Hen wlad fy nhadau . . . 209.

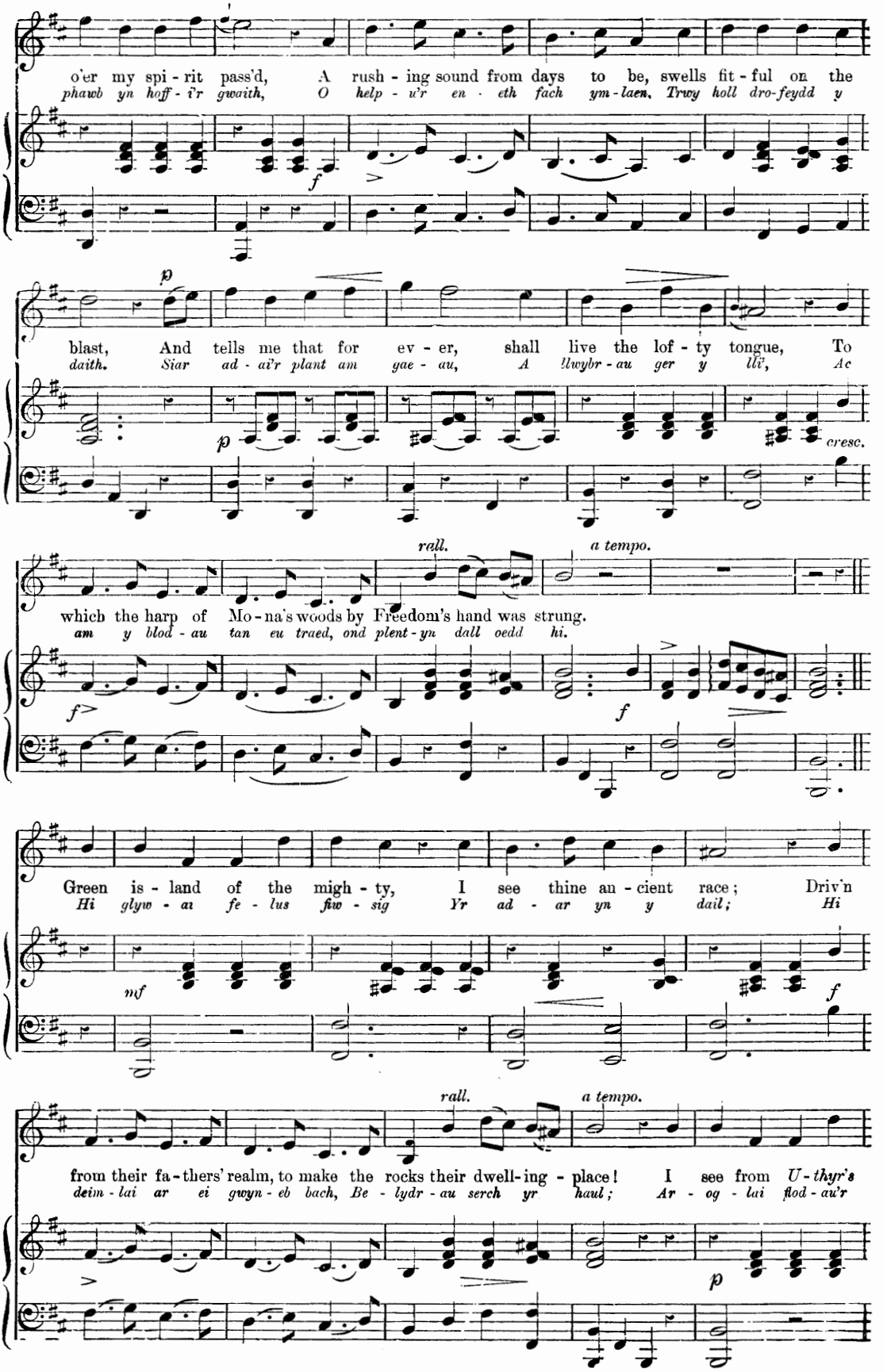
"Taliesin's Prophesy."*

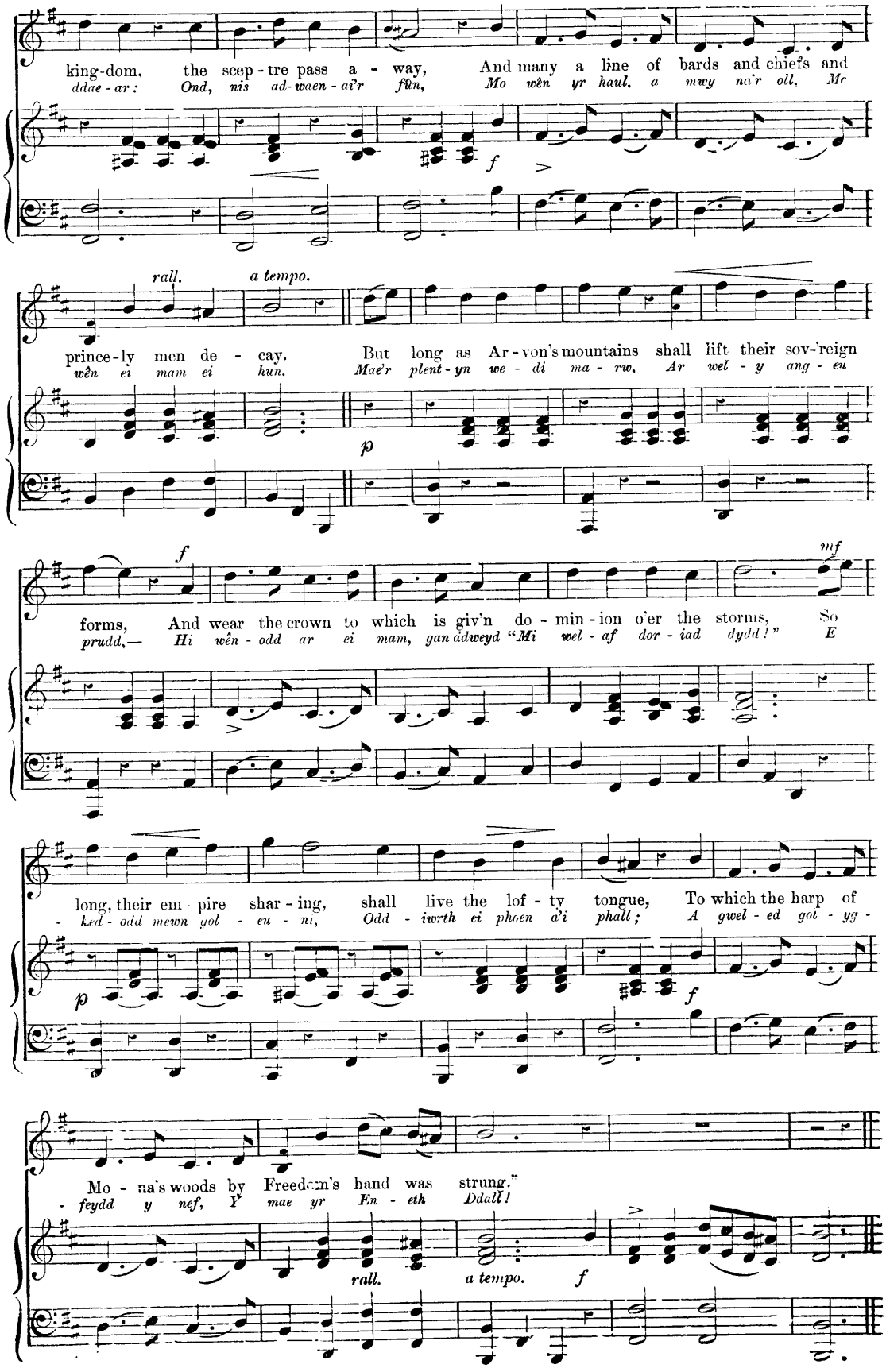
(TORIAD Y DYDD.)

English words by MRS. HEMANS.



* A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified.
"Eu Ner a folant; eu hialth a gadwant; eu tir a gollant, ond gwyllt Walia."
"Their God they shall worship, their *language* they shall retain; their land they shall lose except wild Wales."


o'er my spi - rit pass'd, A rush - ing sound from days to be, swells fit - ful on the
phawb yn hoff - i'r gwaith, O help - u'r en - eth fach ym - laen, Trwy holl dro-feydd y
f
p
blast, And tells me that for ev - er, shall live the lof - ty tongue, To
daith. Siar ad - ai'r plant am gae - au, A llwybr - au ger y llŷ, Ac
p
cresc.
rall.
a tempo.
which the harp of Mo - na's woods by Freedom's hand was strung.
am y blod - au tan eu traed, ond plent - yn dall oedd hi.
f>
f
Green is - land of the migh - ty, I see thine an - cient race; Driv'n
Hi glyw - ai fe - lus fiw - sig Yr ad - ar yn y dail; Hi
mf
f
rall.
a tempo.
from their fa - thers' realm, to make the rocks their dwell-ing - place! I see from U - thyr's
deim - lai ar ei gwyn - eb bach, Be - lydr - au serch yr haul; Ar - og - lai flod - au'r
>
p


king-dom, the scep-tre pass a-way, And many a line of bards and chiefs and
ddae-ar: Ond, nis ad-waen-ai'r fŵn, Mo wên yr haul, a mwy na'r oll, Mc
rall.
a tempo.
prince-ly men de-cay. But long as Ar-von's mountains shall lift their sov'reign
wên ei mam ei hun. Mae'r plent-yn we-di ma-rw, Ar wel-y ang-eu
forms, And wear the crown to which is giv'n do-min-ion o'er the storms, So
prudd,— Hi wên-odd ar ei mam, gan adweyd "Mi wel-af dor-iad dydd!" E
long, their em-pire shar-ing, shall live the lof-ty tongue, To which the harp of
-ked-odd mewn gol-eu-ni, Odd-iwrth ei phaen a'i phall; A gwel-ed got-yg-
Mo-na's woods by Freedom's hand was strung."
-feydd y nef, Y mae yr En-eth Ddall!
rall.
a tempo.

All through the night.*

(AR HYD Y NOS.)

Another version in G will be found at the end of this book

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

Andante.

PIANO.

p dolce.

Love, fear not if
Holl am - rant - au'r

sad thy dreaming All through the night, Though o'er-cast, bright stars are gleam-ing
sêr ddy - wed - ant, Ar hyd y nos,— "Dym - a'r ffordd i fro go - yon - iant,"

p

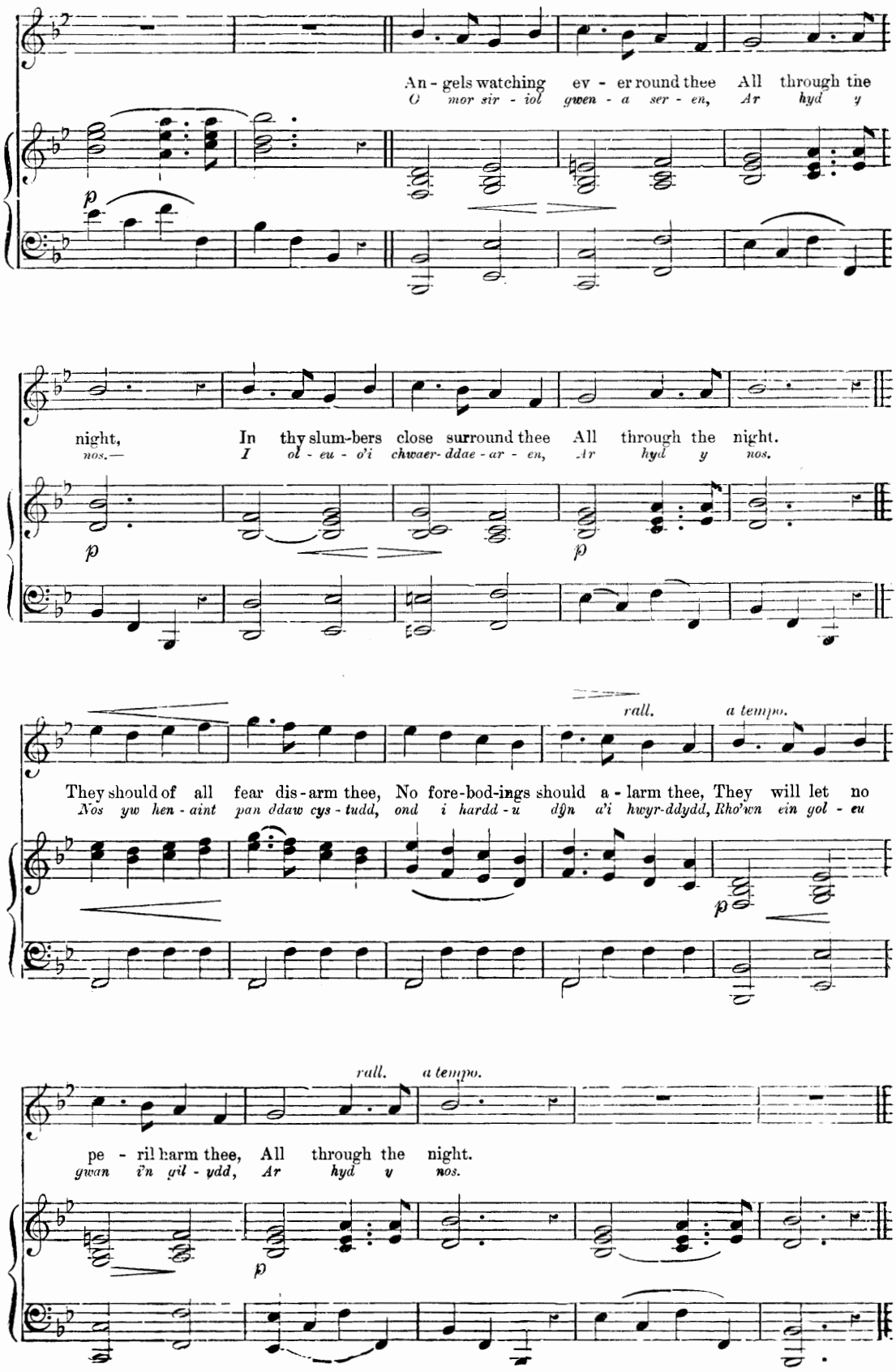
All through the night. Joy will come to thee at morn - ing, Life with sun - ny
Ar hyd y nos. Gol - eu ar all yw ty - wyll - wch, I ar-ddang - os

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.* *a tempo.*

hope a - dorn - ing, Though sad dreams may give dark warn - ing All through the night.
gwir bryd-ferth - wch,— Teu - lu'r net - oedd mewn taw - el - wch,— Ar hyd y nos.

dim.

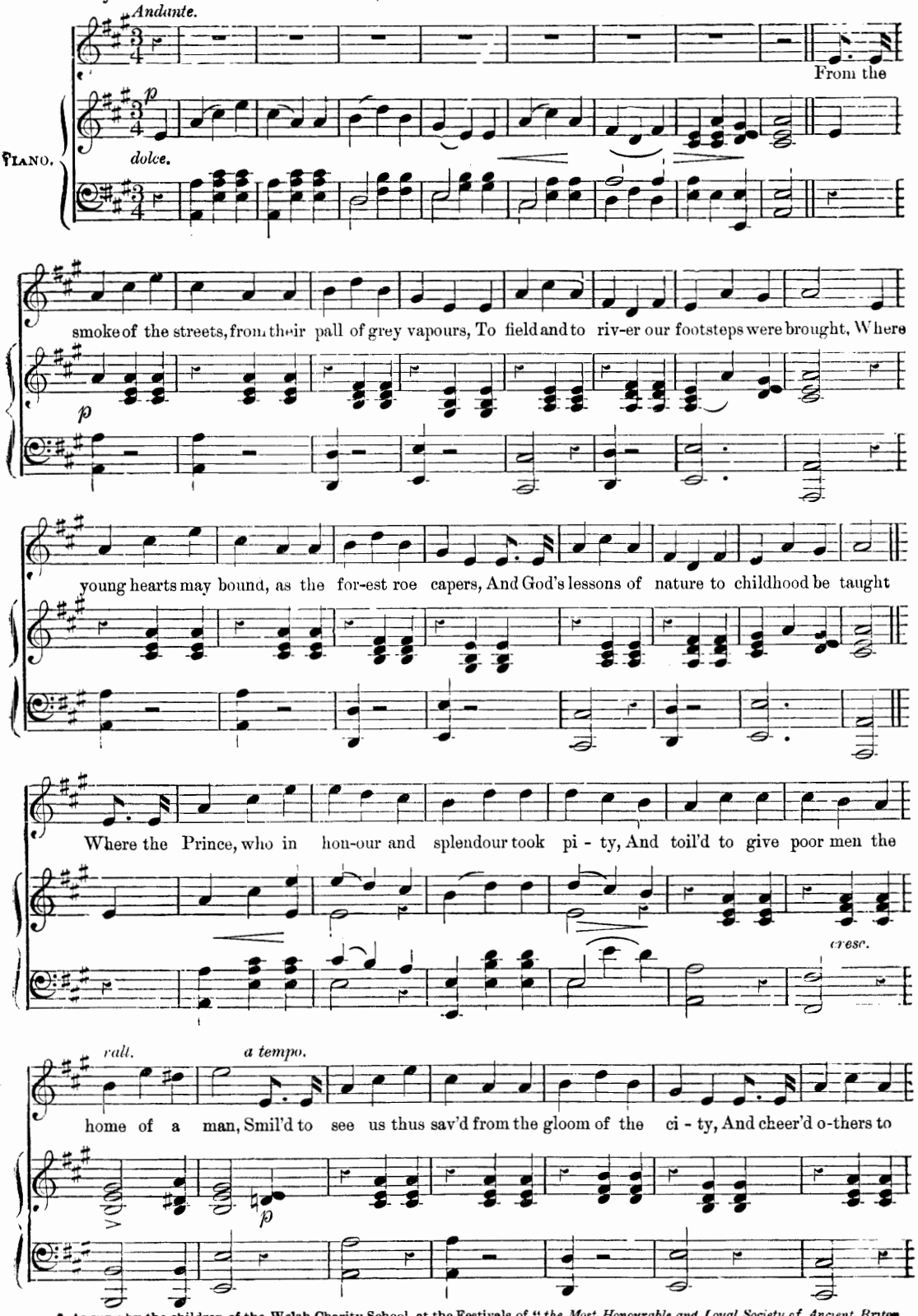
* Known as Poor Mary Ann.


An - gels watching ev - er round thee All through the
O mor sir - iol gwen - a ser - en, Ar hyd y
night,
nos.—
In thy slum-bers close surround thee All through the night.
I ol - eu - o'i chwaer - ddae - ar - en, Ar hyd y nos.
rall.
a tempo.
They should of all fear dis - arm thee, No fore-bod-ings should a - larm thee, They will let no
Nos yw hen - aint pan ddaw cys - tudd, ond i hardd - u dŷn a'i hwyr - ddydd, Rho'wn ein gol - eu
rall.
a tempo.
pe - ril harm thee, All through the night.
gwan i'n gil - ydd, Ar hyd y nos.

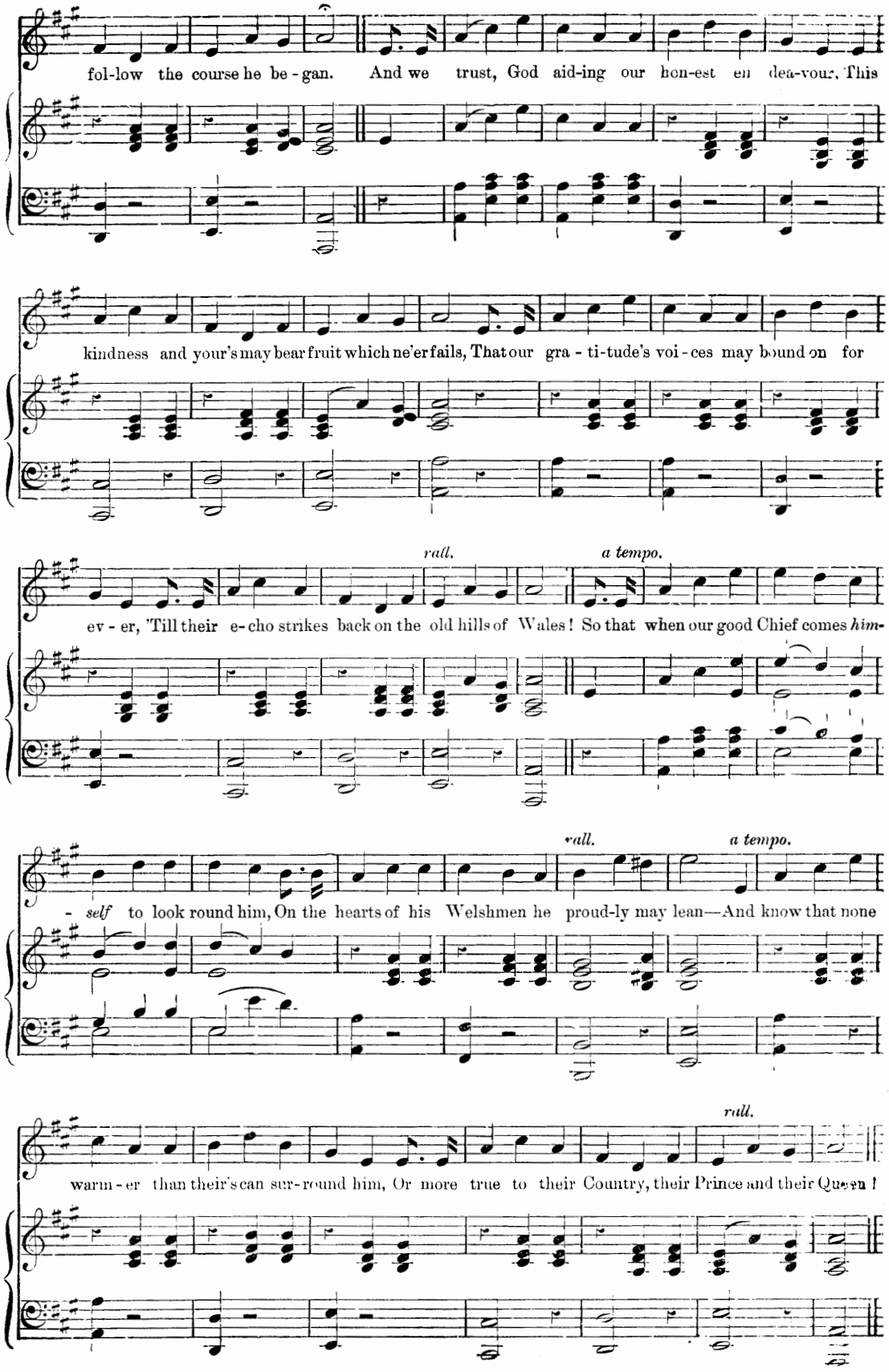
The Ash grove.

(LLWYN ON.)

Words by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart.



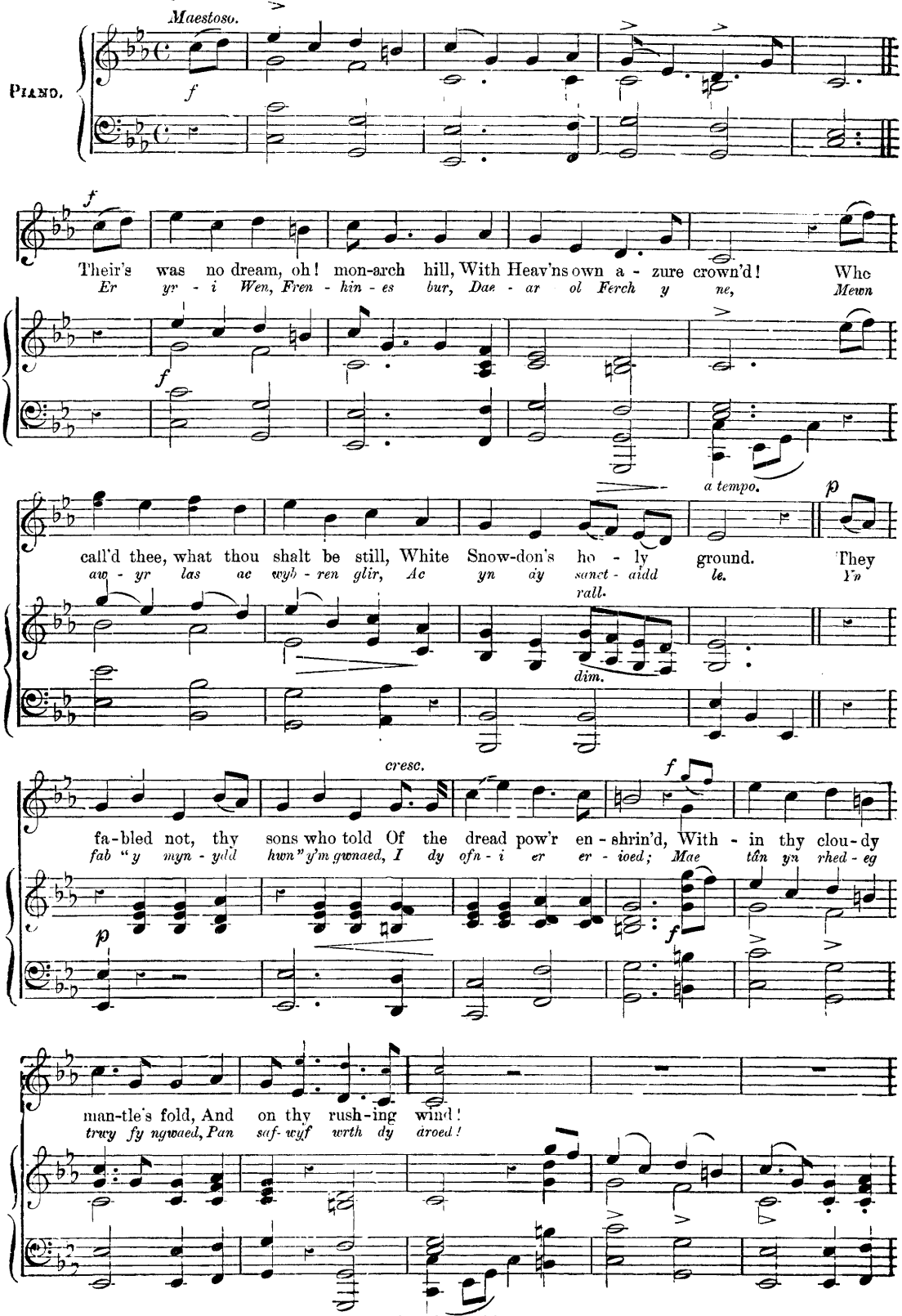
* As sung by the children of the Welsh Charity School, at the Festivals of "*the Most Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons* on St. David's Day.


fol-low the course he be - gan. And we trust, God aid-ing our hon-est en dea-vour, This
kindness and your's may bear fruit which ne'er fails, That our gra - ti-tude's voi - ces may bound on for
rall.
a tempo.
ev - er, 'Till their e-cho strikes back on the old hills of Wales! So that when our good Chief comes *him-*
rall.
a tempo.
- *self* to look round him, On the hearts of his Welshmen he proud-ly may lean—And know that none
rall.
warm - er than their's can sur-round him, Or more true to their Country, their Prince and their Queen!

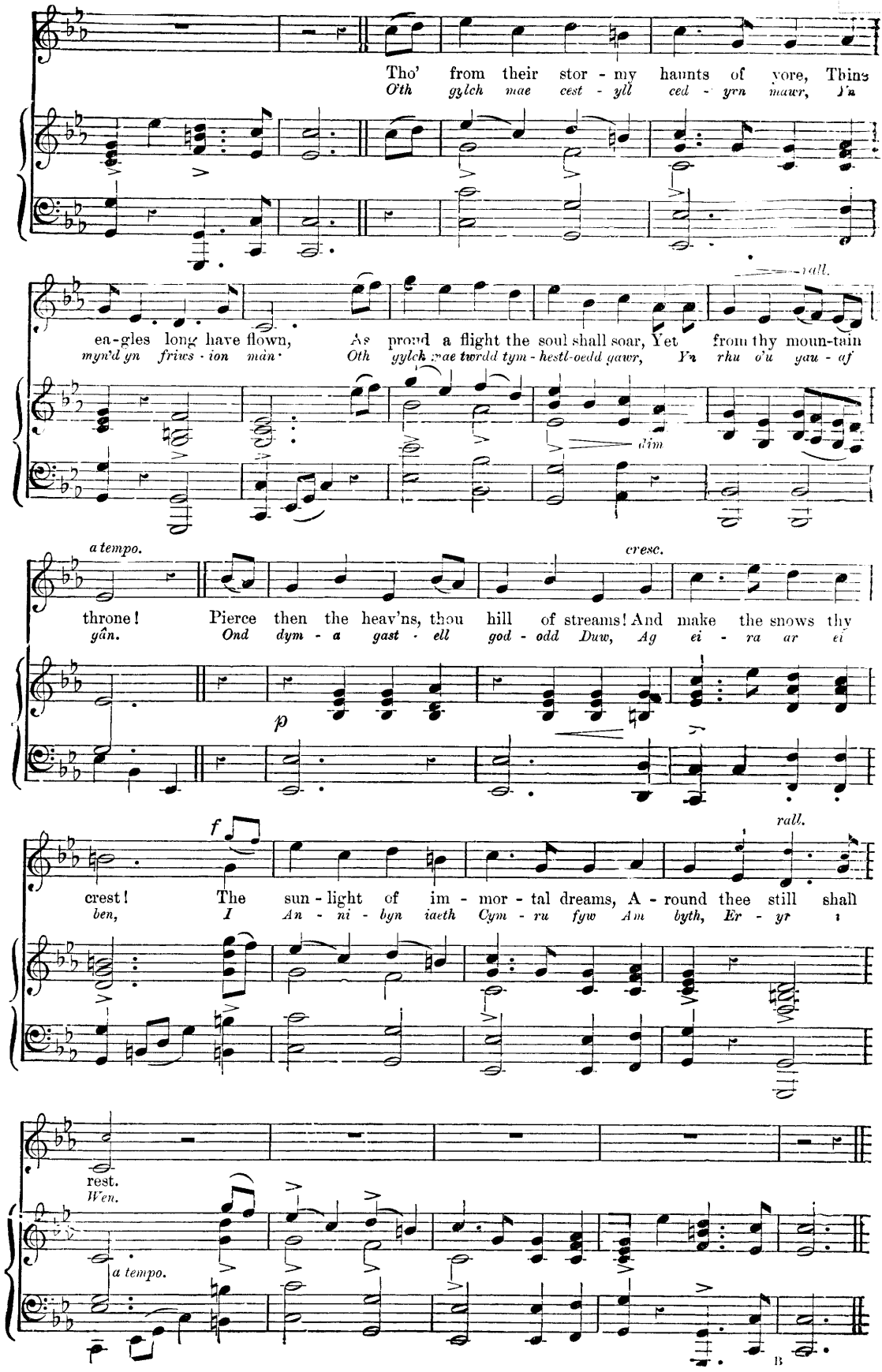
"White Snowdon."*

(ERYRI WEN.)

English words by MRS. HEMANS.



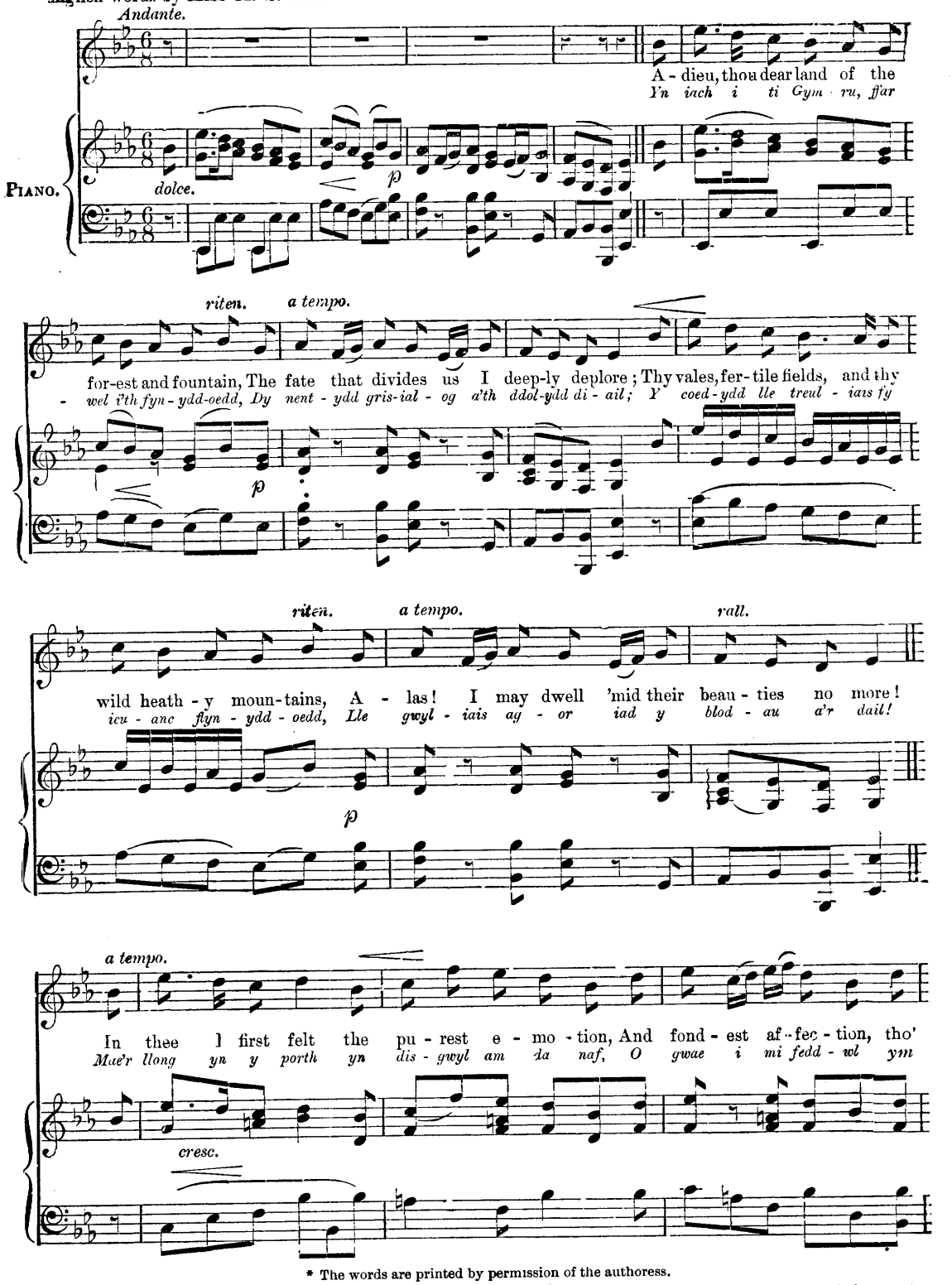
* "The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to Snowdon, which they considered sacred—our princes had, in addition to their title, that of "Lord of Snowdon."—Pennant.


Tho' from their stor - my haunts of yore, Thine
O'th gylch mae cest - yll ced - yrn mawr, Yn
rall.
ea-gles long have flown, As proud a flight the soul shall soar, Yet from thy moun-tain
myn'd yn friws - ion màn· Oth gylch mae twrdd tym - hestl-oedd gawr, Yn rhu o'u gau - af
dim
a tempo.
cresc.
throne! Pierce then the heav'ns, thou hill of streams! And make the snows thy
gân. Ond dym - a gast - ell god - odd Duw, Ag ei - ra ar ei
p
f
rall.
crest! The sun - light of im - mor - tal dreams, A - round thee still shall
ben, I An - ni - byn iaeth Cym - ru fyw Am byth, Er - yr
rest.
Wen.
a tempo.

"Adieu to dear Cambria!" *

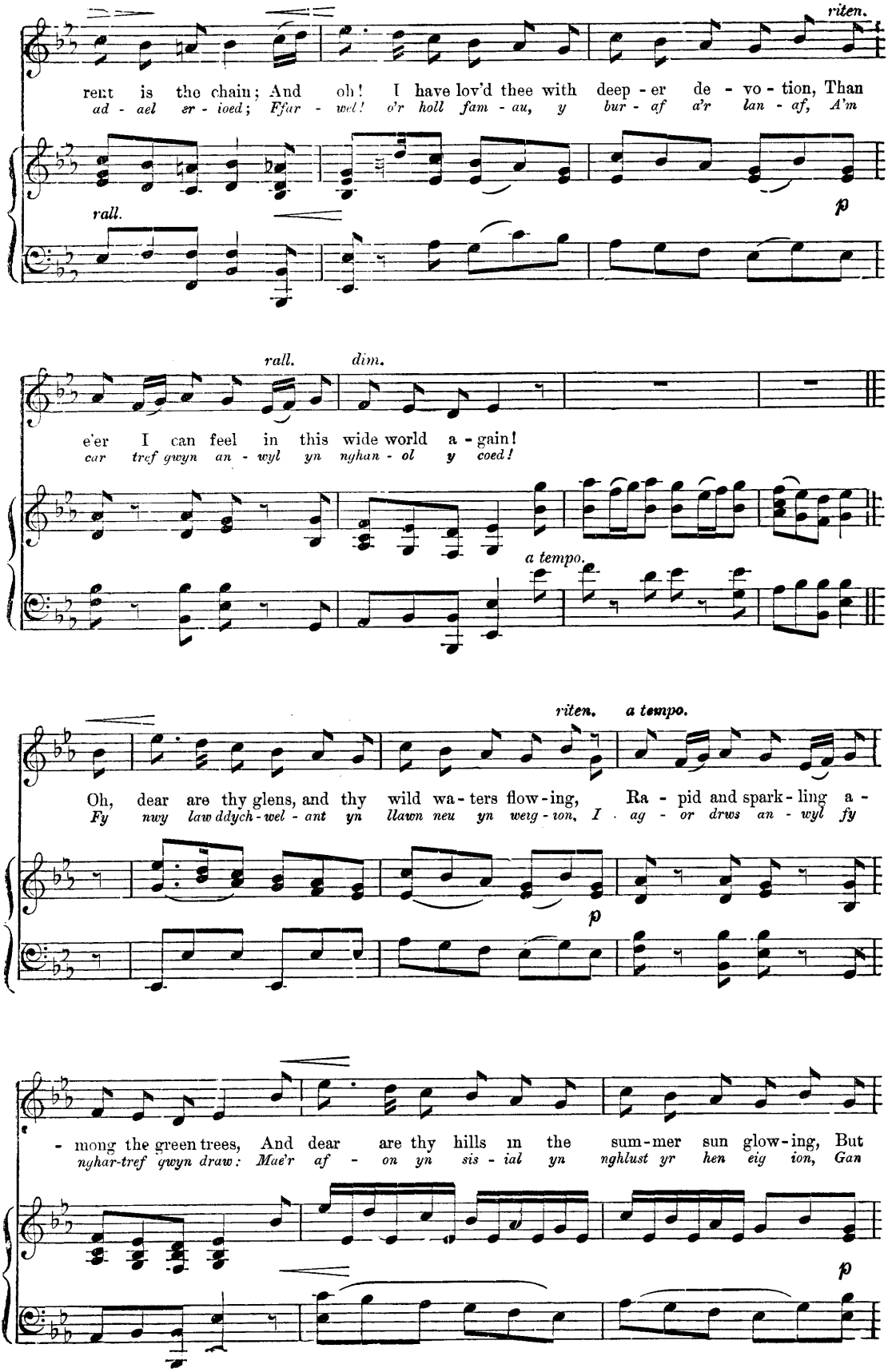
(YN IACH I TI GYMRU.,
(LLANDOVERY.) *

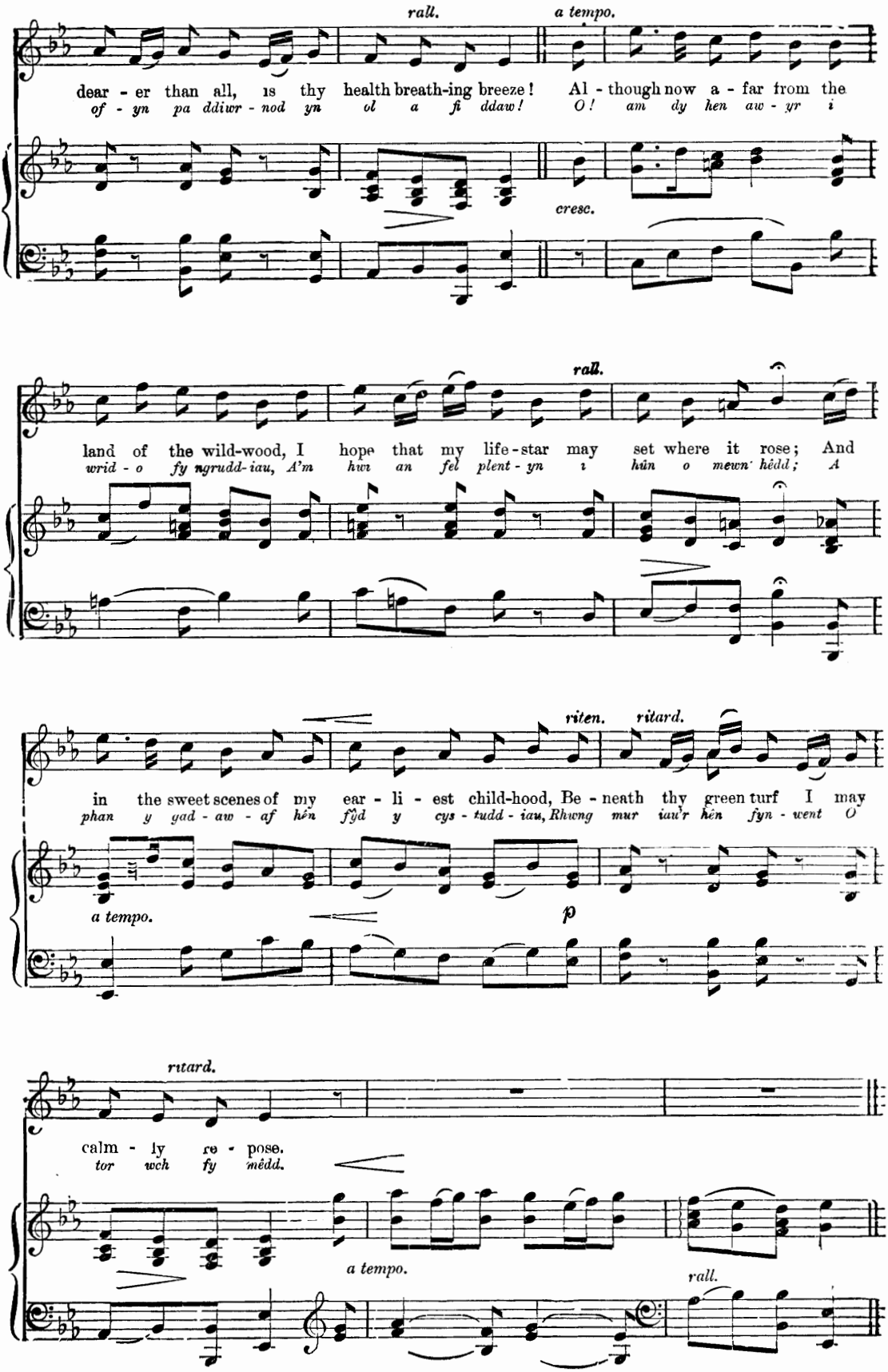
English words by Miss M. S. Lawrence.



* The words are printed by permission of the authoress.

* *Llandovery*—(Vale of Towy, South Wales)—celebrated as the residence of "The good Vicar Pritchard," who wrote a religious work known all through Wales as "*The Welshman's Candle.*"—Died 1644.


riten.
rent is the chain; And oh! I have lov'd thee with deep - er de - vo - tion, Than
ad - ael er - ioed; Ffar - wel! o'r holl fam - au, y bur - af a'r lan - af, A'm
rall.
p
rall. dim.
e'er I can feel in this wide world a - gain!
car tref gwyn an - wyl yn nghan - ol y coed!
a tempo.
riten. a tempo.
Oh, dear are thy glens, and thy wild wa - ters flow - ing, Ra - pid and spark - ling a -
Fy nwy law ddych - wel - ant yn llawn neu yn weig - ion, I ag - or drws an - wyl fy
p
- mong the green trees, And dear are thy hills in the sum - mer sun glow - ing, But
nghar-tref gwyn draw: Mae'r af - on yn sis - ial yn nghlust yr hen eig ion, Gan
p

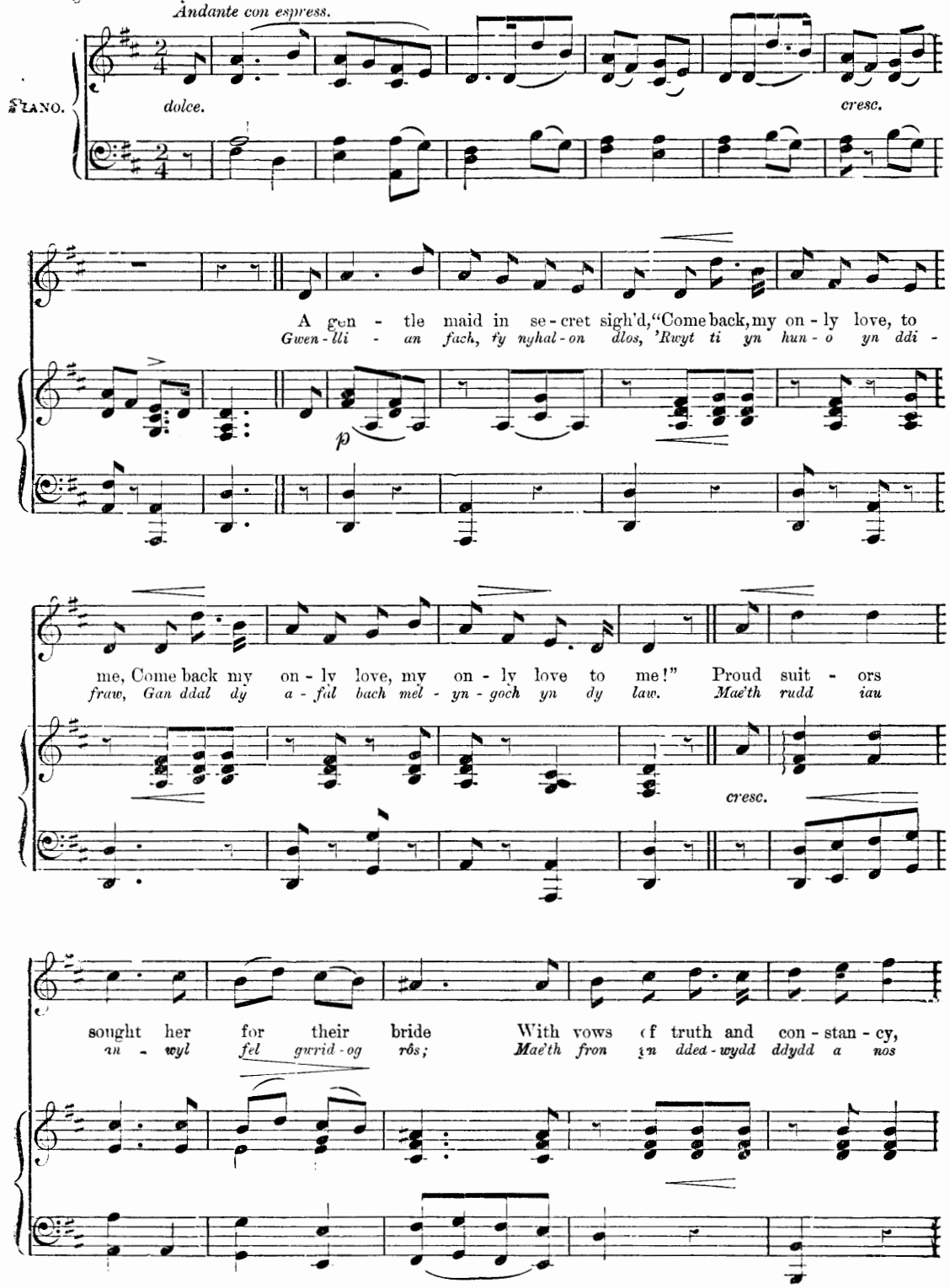

rall.
a tempo.
dear - er than all, is thy health breath-ing breeze! Al - though now a - far from the
of - yn pa ddiwr - nod yn ol a fi ddaw! O! am dy hen aw - yr i
cresc.
rall.
land of the wild-wood, I hope that my life-star may set where it rose; And
wrid - o fy ngrudd-iau, A'm hwi an fel plent - yn i hûn o mewn hêdd; A
riten.
ritard.
in the sweet scenes of my ear - li - est child-hood, Be - neath thy green turf I may
phan y gad - aw - af hén fŷd y cys - tudd - iau, Rhwng mur iau'r hén fyn - went O
a tempo.
p
ritard.
calm - ly re - pose.
tor wch fy mêdd.
a tempo.
rall.

A gentle maid in secret sigh'd.*

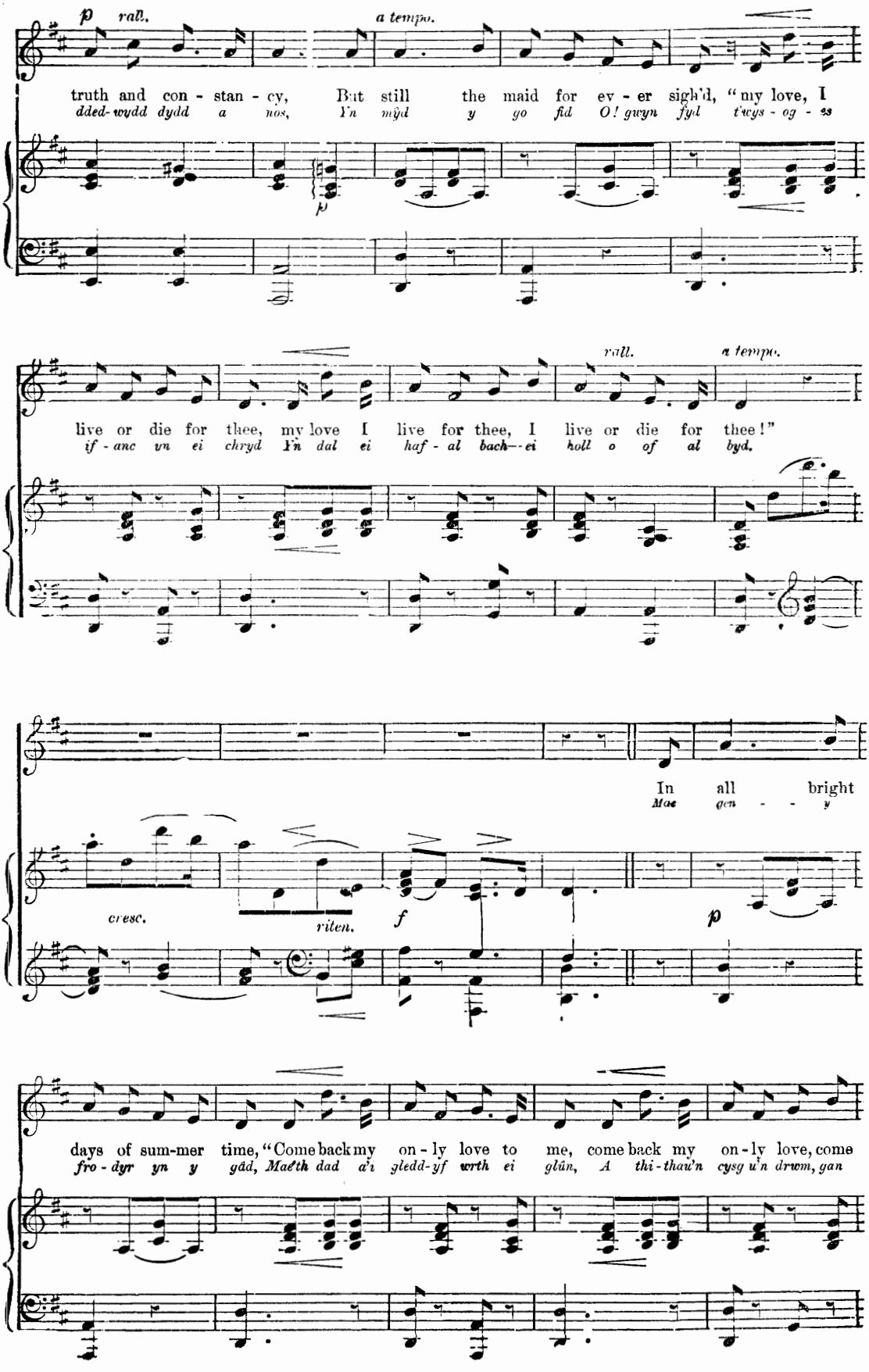
(ERDDIGAN HUN GWENLLIAM.)

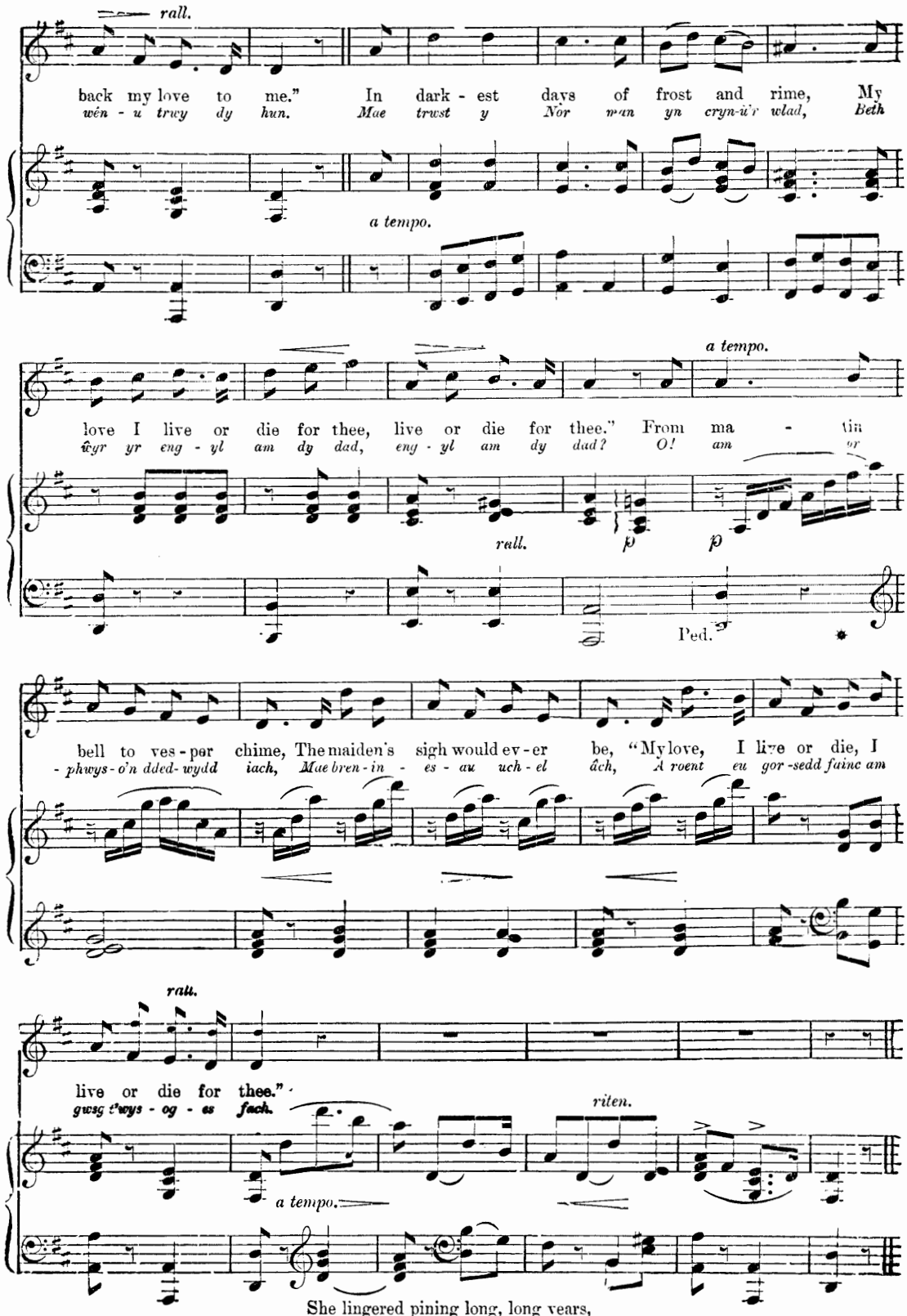
(GWENLLIAN'S REPOSE.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* The lady alluded to in the title of this melody is "Gwenllian," daughter of Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, and the first wife of Ednyfed Vychan, chief counsellor of Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales. She was eminent among the members of her handsome and clever family, for personal beauty, and mental ability. She died A.D. 1236.


p rall.
a tempo.
truth and con - stan - cy, But still the maid for ev - er sigh'd, "my love, I
dded-wydd dydd a nos, Yn mŷd y go fid O! gwyn fyd t'wys - og - ss
p
rall.
a tempo.
live or die for thee, my love I live for thee, I live or die for thee!"
if - anc yn ei chryd Yn dal ei haf - al bach--ei holl o of al byd.
In all bright
Mae gen - - y
cresc.
riten.
f
p
days of sum-mer time, "Come back my on - ly love to me, come back my on - ly love, come
fro - dyr yn y gŵd, Maeth dad a'i gledd-yf wrth ei glûn, A thi - thau'n cysg u'n drwm, gan

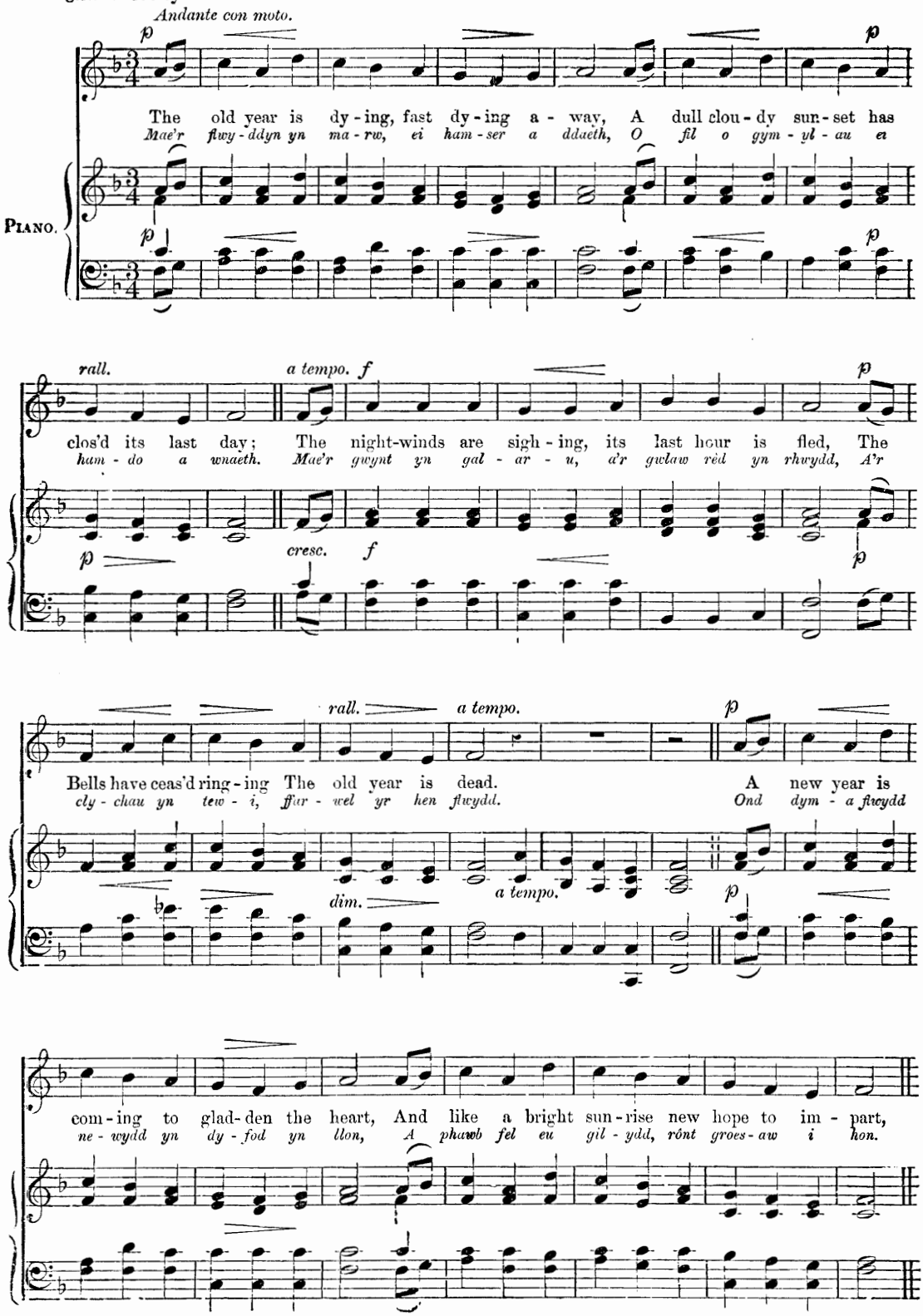


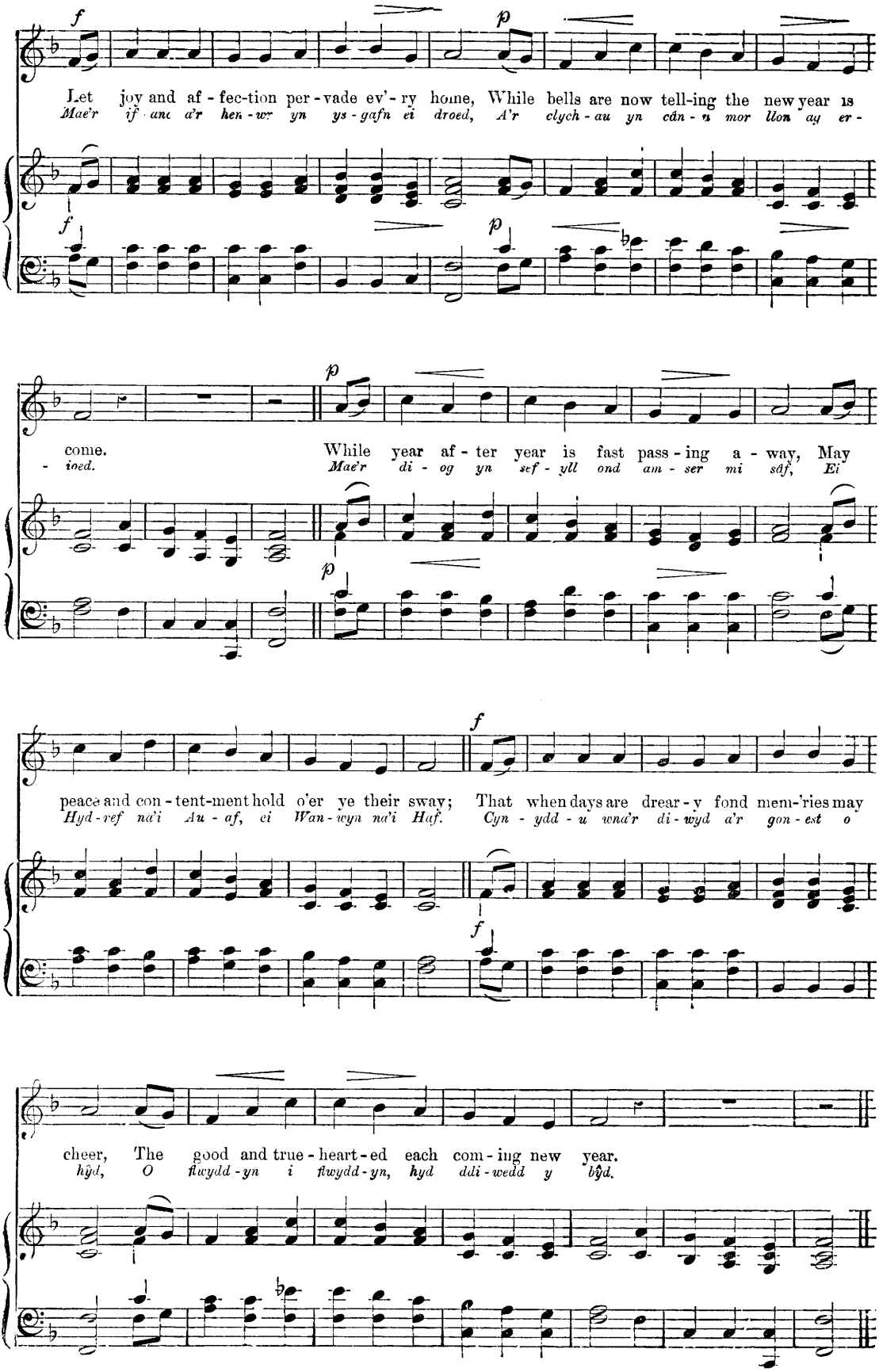
She lingered pining long, long years,
"Come back, my only love, to me."
None knew her many bitter tears
She shed for one loved faithfully.
At rest, now from her hopes and fears
She sleeps beneath the willow tree.

A Welsh Carol.

(MAE'R FLWYDDYN YN MARW.)
(TON GAROL.)

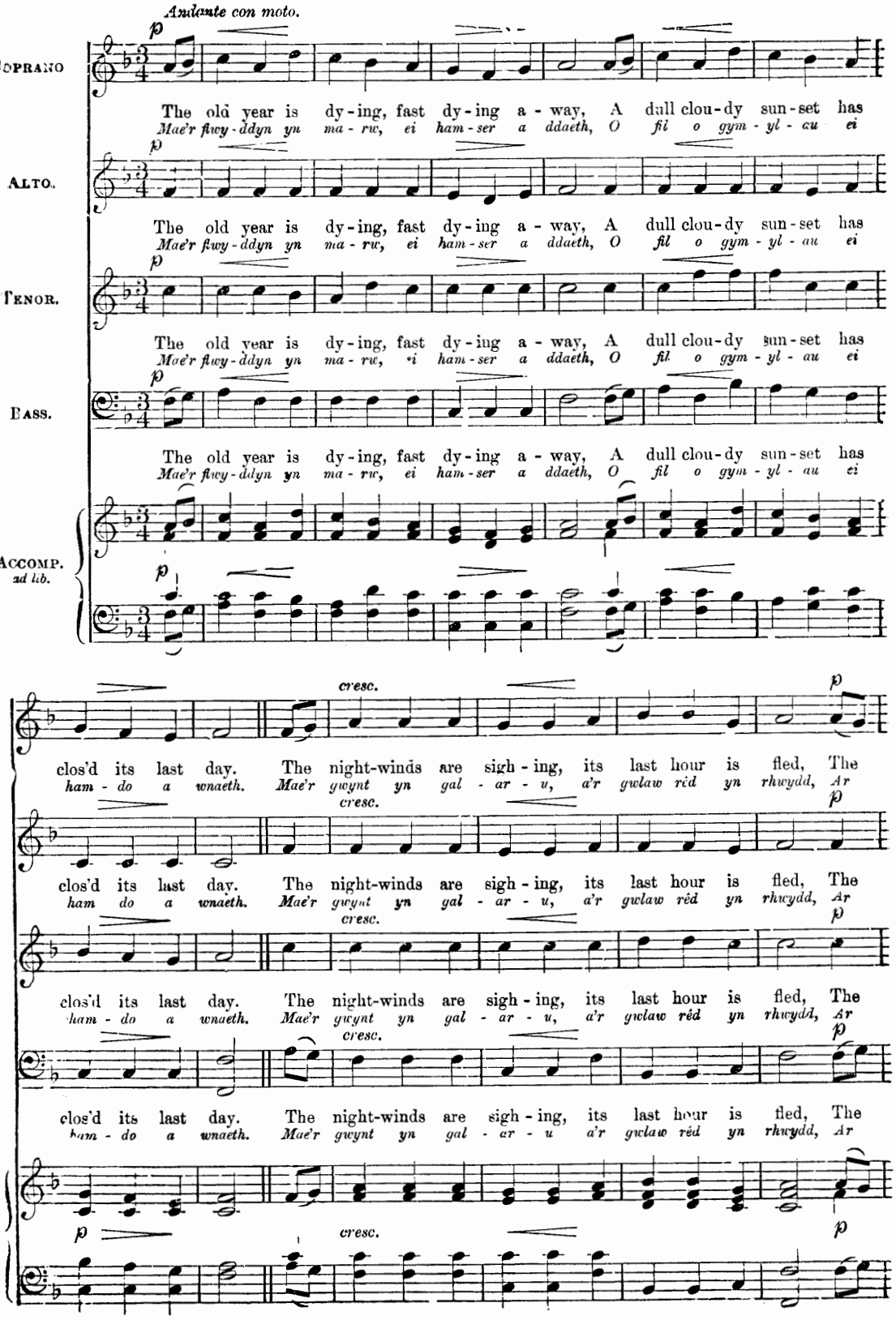
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

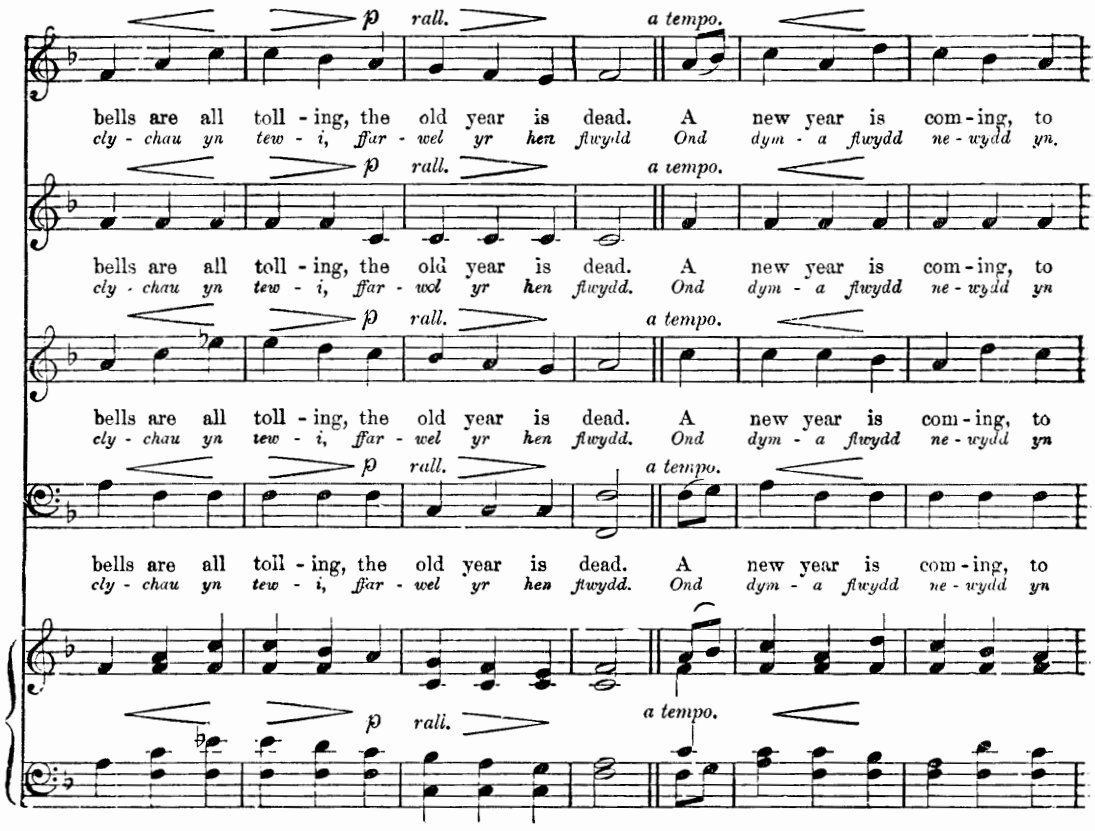


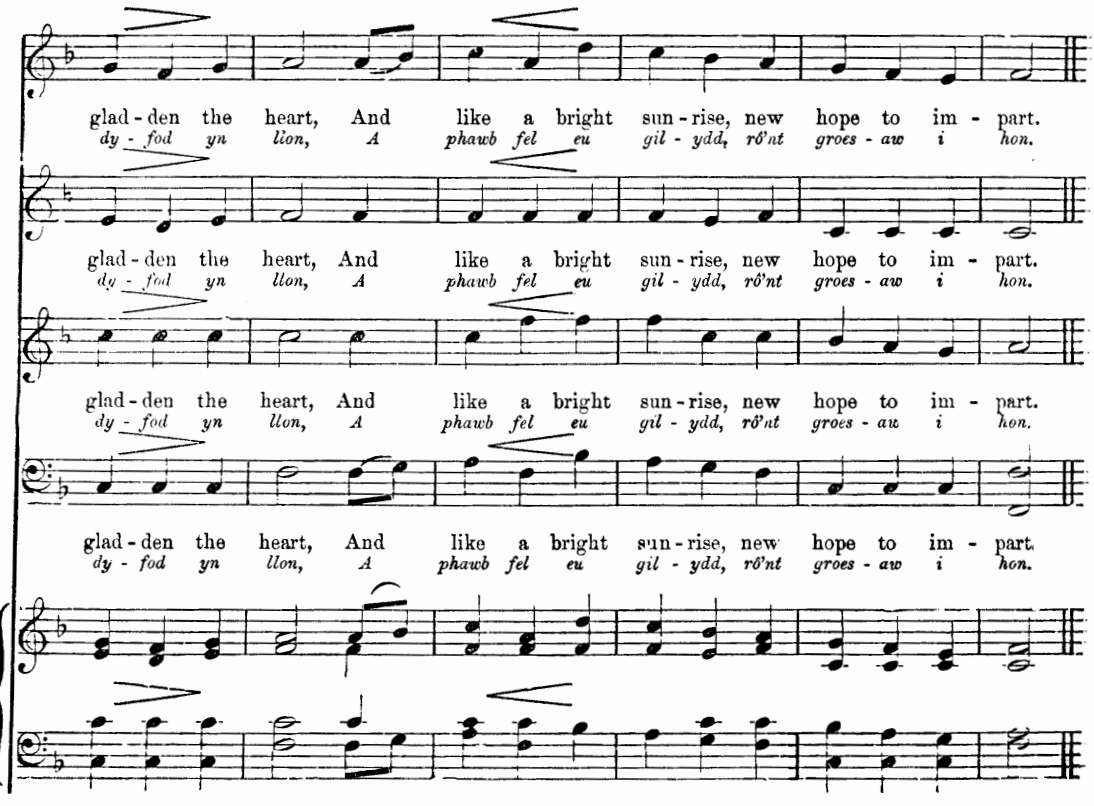

Let joy and af - fec-tion per - vade ev' - ry home, While bells are now tell-ing the new year is
Mae'r yf anc a'r hen - wr yn ys - gafn ei droed, A'r clych - au yn cân - u mor llon ay er -
come.
- ioed.
While year af - ter year is fast pass - ing a - way, May
Mae'r di - og yn sef - yll ond am - ser mi sâf, Ei
peace and con - tent-ment hold o'er ye their sway; That when days are drear - y fond mem-'ries may
Hyd - ref na'i Au - af, ei Wan - wyn na'i Haf. Cyn - ydd - u wna'r di - wyd a'r gon - est o
cheer, The good and true - heart - ed each com - ing new year.
hŷd, O flwydd - yn i flwydd - yn, hyd ddi - wedd y bŷd.

A Welsh Carol.

(HARMONISED.)




p rall. a tempo.
bells are all toll - ing, the old year is dead. A new year is com - ing, to
cly - chau yn tew - i, ffar - wel yr hen flwyd Ond dym - a flwydd ne - wydd yn.
p rall. a tempo.
bells are all toll - ing, the old year is dead. A new year is com - ing, to
cly - chau yn tew - i, ffar - wel yr hen flwydd. Ond dym - a flwydd ne - wydd yn
p rall. a tempo.
bells are all toll - ing, the old year is dead. A new year is com - ing, to
cly - chau yn tew - i, ffar - wel yr hen flwydd. Ond dym - a flwydd ne - wydd yn
p rall. a tempo.
bells are all toll - ing, the old year is dead. A new year is com - ing, to
cly - chau yn tew - i, ffar - wel yr hen flwydd. Ond dym - a flwydd ne - wydd yn
p rall. a tempo.

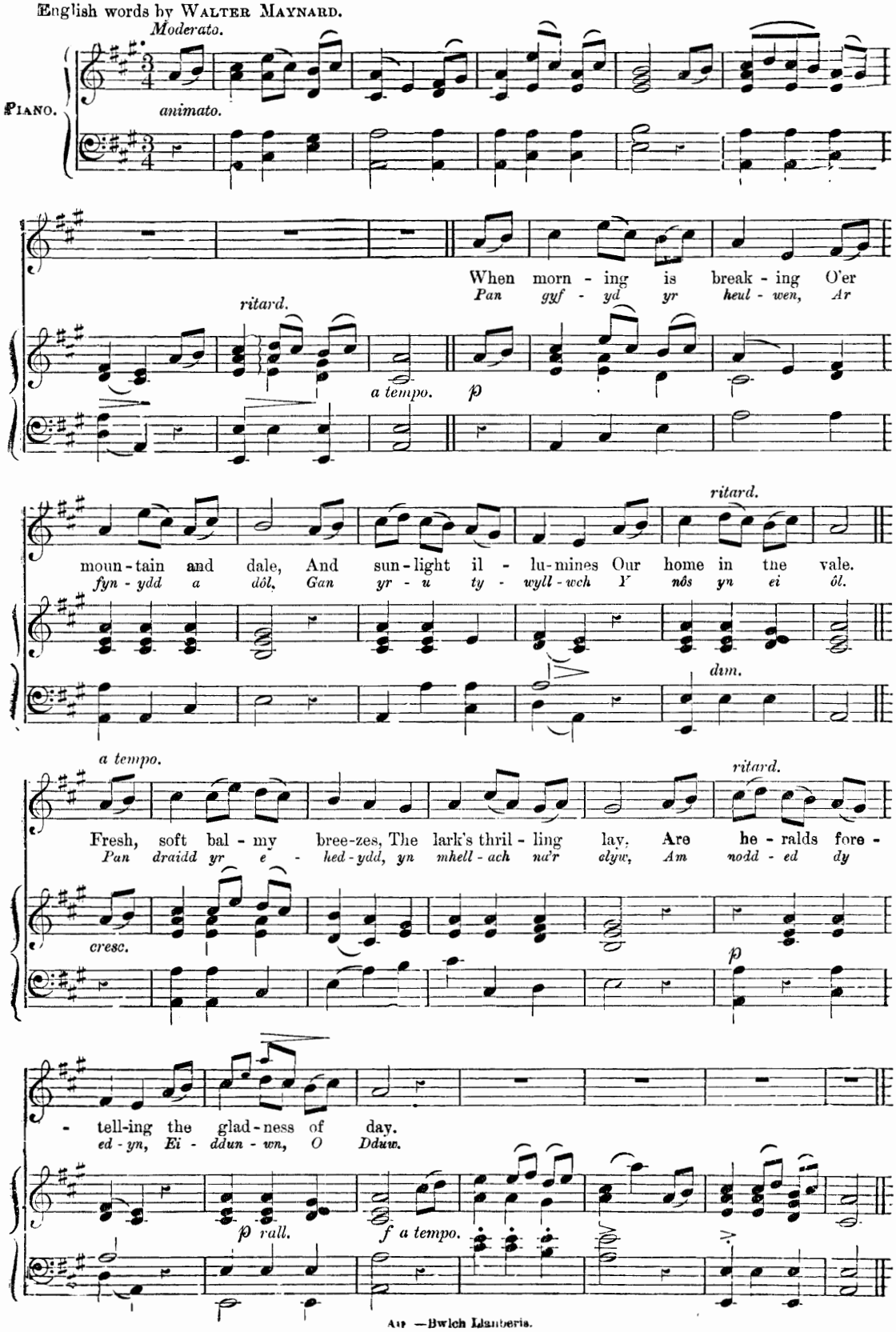

glad - den the heart, And like a bright sun - rise, new hope to im - part.
dy - fod yn llon, A phawb fel eu gil - ydd, rŵ'nt groes - aw i hon.
glad - den the heart, And like a bright sun - rise, new hope to im - part.
dy - fod yn llon, A phawb fel eu gil - ydd, rŵ'nt groes - aw i hon.
glad - den the heart, And like a bright sun - rise, new hope to im - part.
dy - fod yn llon, A phawb fel eu gil - ydd, rŵ'nt groes - aw i hon.
glad - den the heart, And like a bright sun - rise, new hope to im - part.
dy - fod yn llon, A phawb fel eu gil - ydd, rŵ'nt groes - aw i hon.

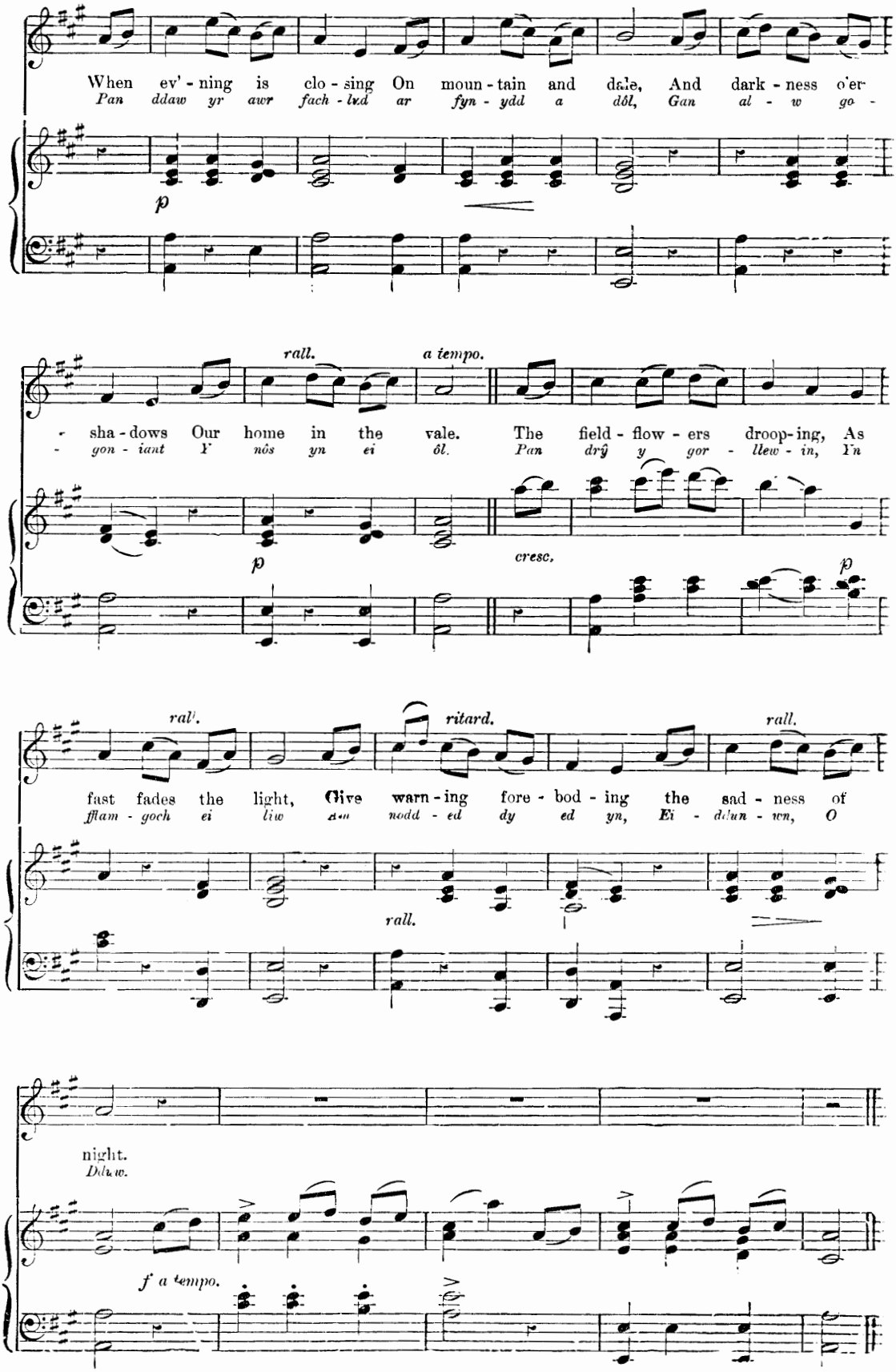
When morning is breaking.

(PAN GYFYD YR HEULWEN.)

(THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.




When ev' - ning is clo - sing On moun - tain and dale, And dark - ness o'er
Pan ddaw yr awr fach - lwd ar fyn - ydd a dôl, Gan al - w go -
p
rall.
a tempo.
- sha - dows Our home in the vale. The field - flow - ers droop - ing, As
- gon - iant Y nôs yn ei ôl. Pan dryŷ y gor - llew - in, Yn
p
cresc.
p
rall.
ritard.
rall.
fast fades the light, Give warn - ing fore - bod - ing the sad - ness of
ffam - goch ei liw a - nodd - ed dy ed yn, Ei - ddun - wn, O
rall.
night.
Ddaw.
f a tempo.

The Exile of Cambria.*

(YR ALLTUD O GYMRU.)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Andante.

PIANO.

dolce.

See the night is ap-proach-ing, the light fades a-way, And faint and more faint beams the
Mae yr All-tud o Gym-ru yn gwyl-ied y lloer, O-leu a'r gwas-tad-edd yn

p

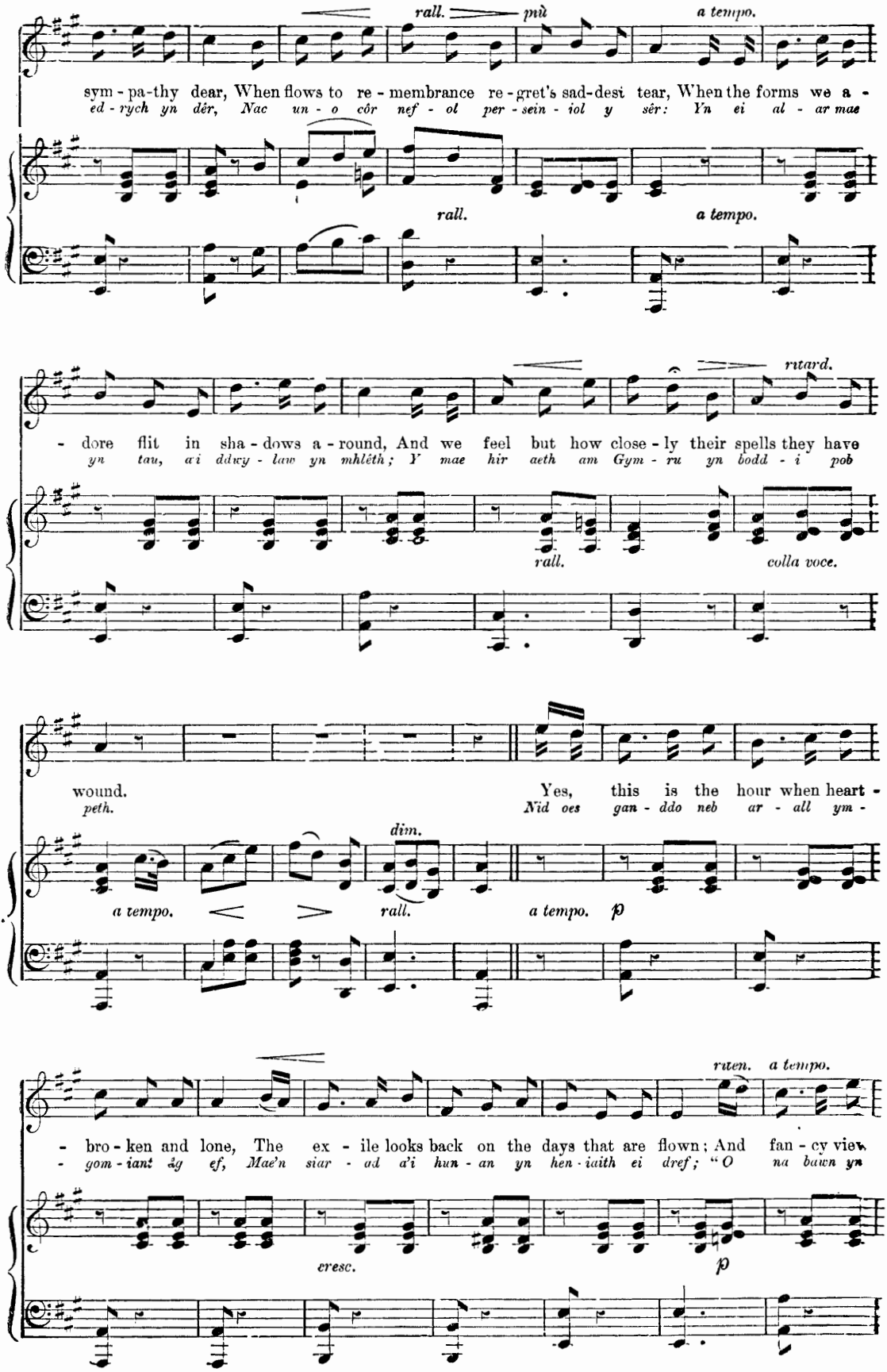
a tempo.

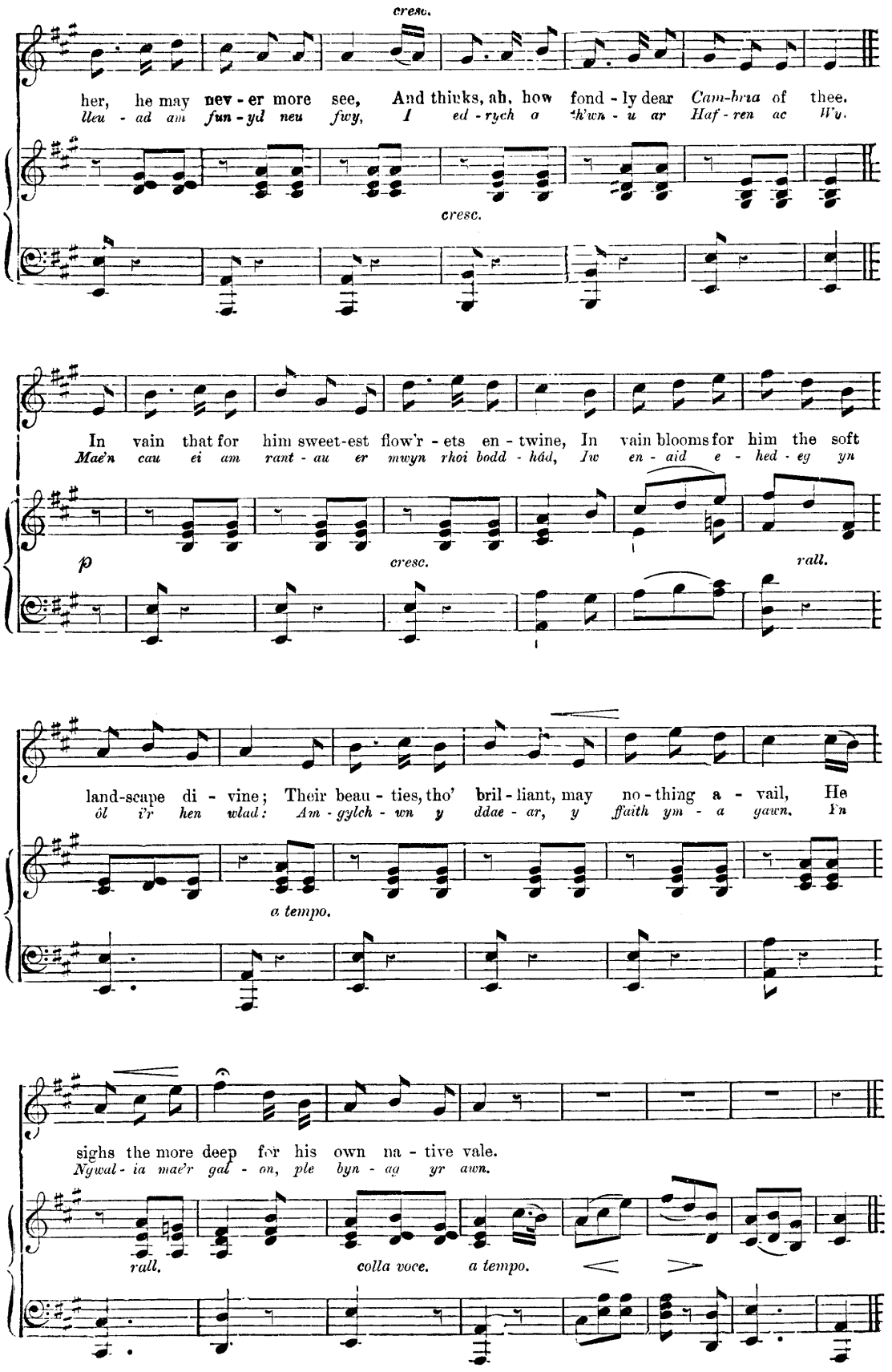
bright orb of day; The winds are all hush'd and the o-cean se-rene, And
wan-aidd ac oer; Mae'n gwel-ed ei gwyn-eb yn deb-yg i un, A

p
riten.

calm as the lakes of thy val-leys is seen, Oh, this is the hour to fond
yr-wyd qan ang el o'i char-tref ei hun. Nid all hi ddim gwén-u er

* "Wyres Nel Puw"

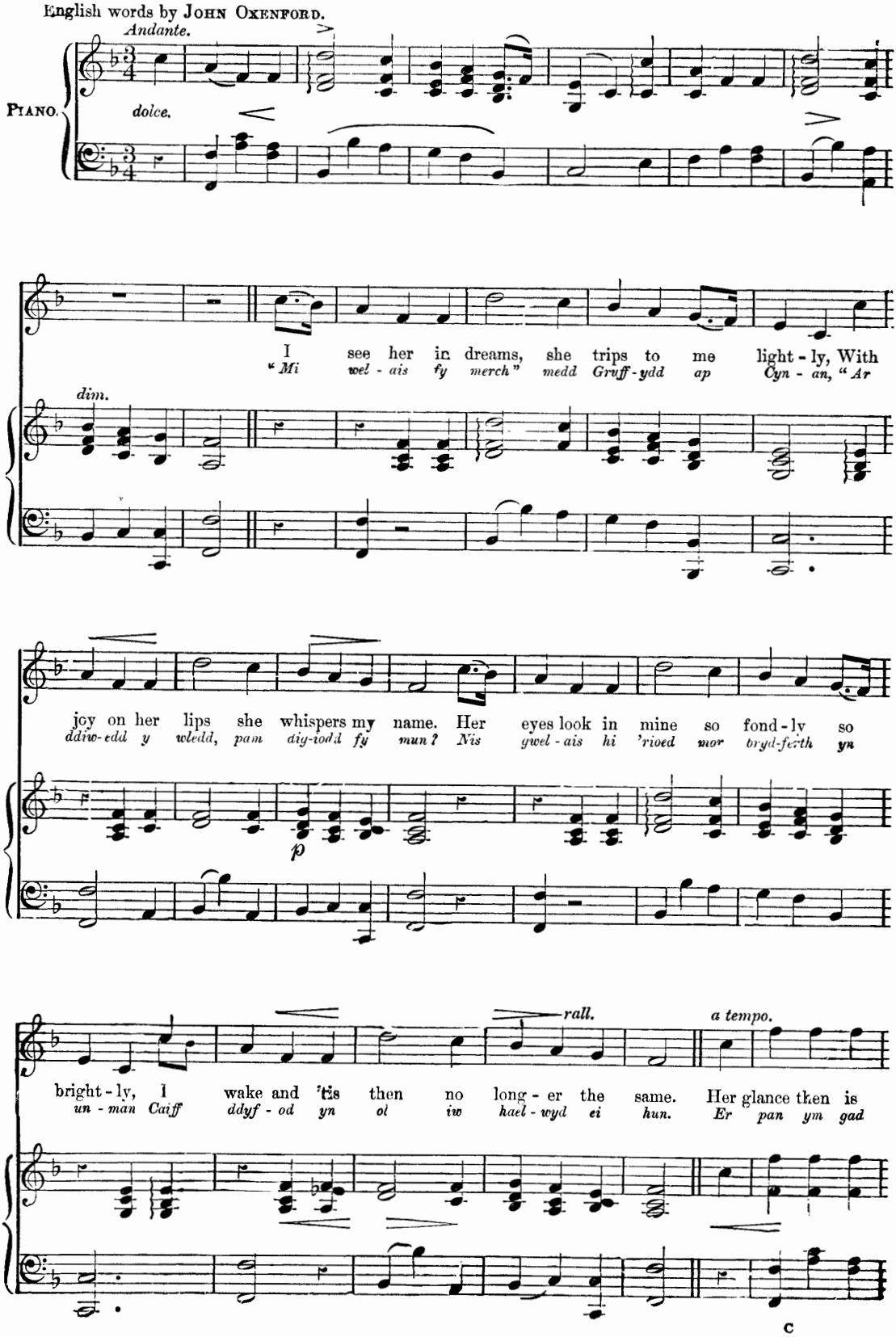

rall.
più
a tempo.
sym - pa-thy dear, When flows to re - membrance re - gret's sad-desi tear, When the forms we a -
ed - rych yn dêr, Nac un - o côr nef - ol per - sein - iol y sêr: Yn ei al - ar mae
rall.
a tempo.
rit ard.
- dore flit in sha - dows a - round, And we feel but how close - ly their spells they have
yn tau, a'i ddwy - law yn mhlêth; Y mae hir aeth am Gym - ru yn bodd - i pob
rall.
colla voce.
wound.
peth.
Yes, this is the hour when heart -
Nid oes gan - ddo neb ar - all ym -
a tempo.
rall.
dim.
a tempo.
p
riten.
a tempo.
- bro - ken and lone, The ex - ile looks back on the days that are flown; And fan - cy view
- gom - iant âg ef, Mae'n siar - ad a'i hun - an yn hen - iaith ei dref; "O na bawn yn
cresc.
p

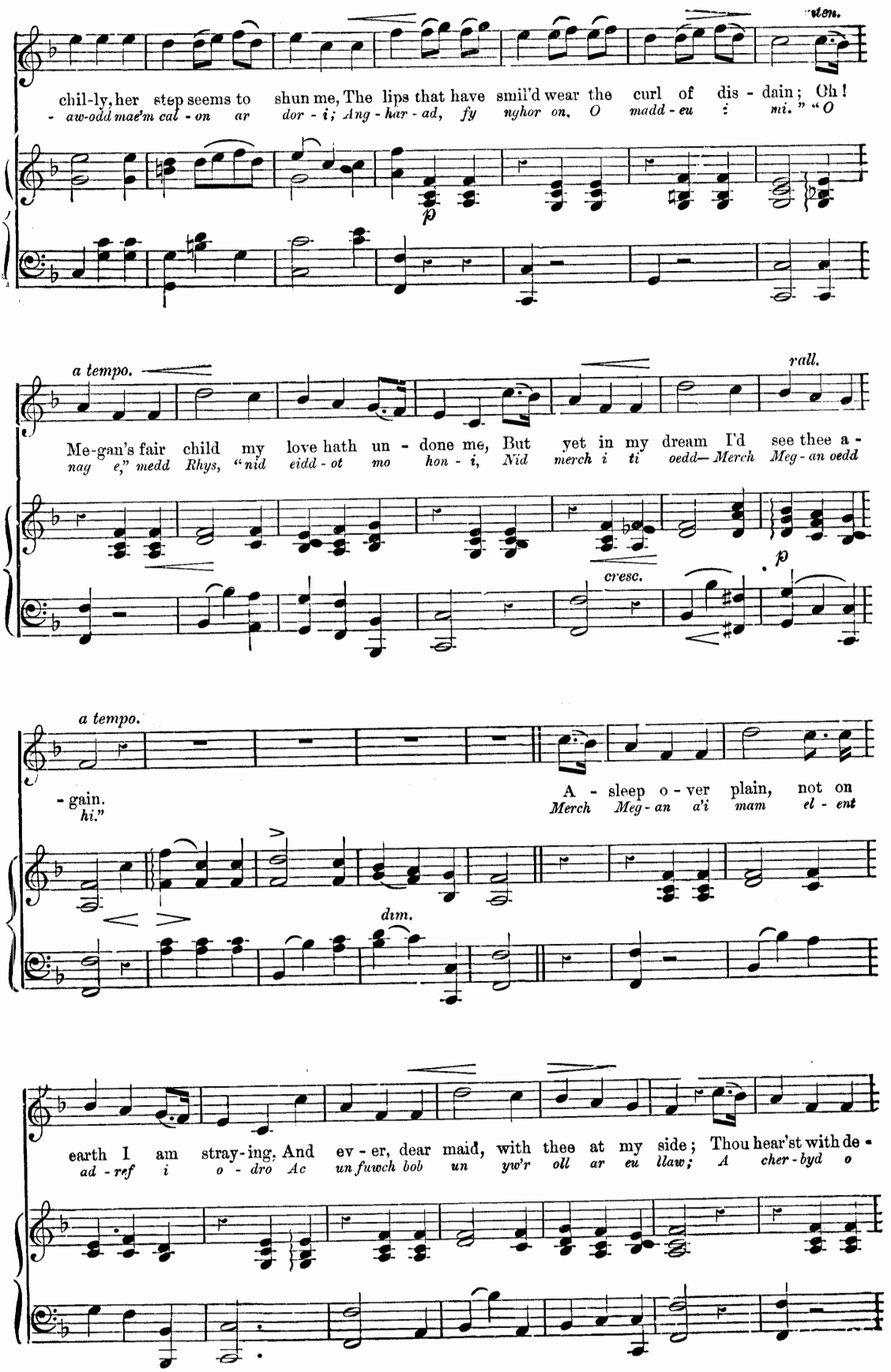

cresc.
her, he may nev - er more see, And thinks, ah, how fond - ly dear Cam-bria of thee.
Lleu - ad am fun - yd neu fwy, I ed - rych a th'wn - u ar Haf - ren ac Wy.
cresc.
In vain that for him sweet-est flow'r - ets en - twine, In vain blooms for him the soft
Mae'n cau ei am rant - au er mwyn rhoi bodd - hâd, Iw en - aid e - hed - eg yn
p
cresc.
rall.
land-scape di - vine; Their beau - ties, tho' bril - liant, may no - thing a - vail, He
ól i'r hen wlad: Am - gylch - wn y ddae - ar, y ffaith ym - a gawn. Fn
a tempo.
sighs the more deep for his own na - tive vale.
Ngwal - ia mae'r gal - on, ple byn - ag yr awn.
rall.
colla voce.
a tempo.

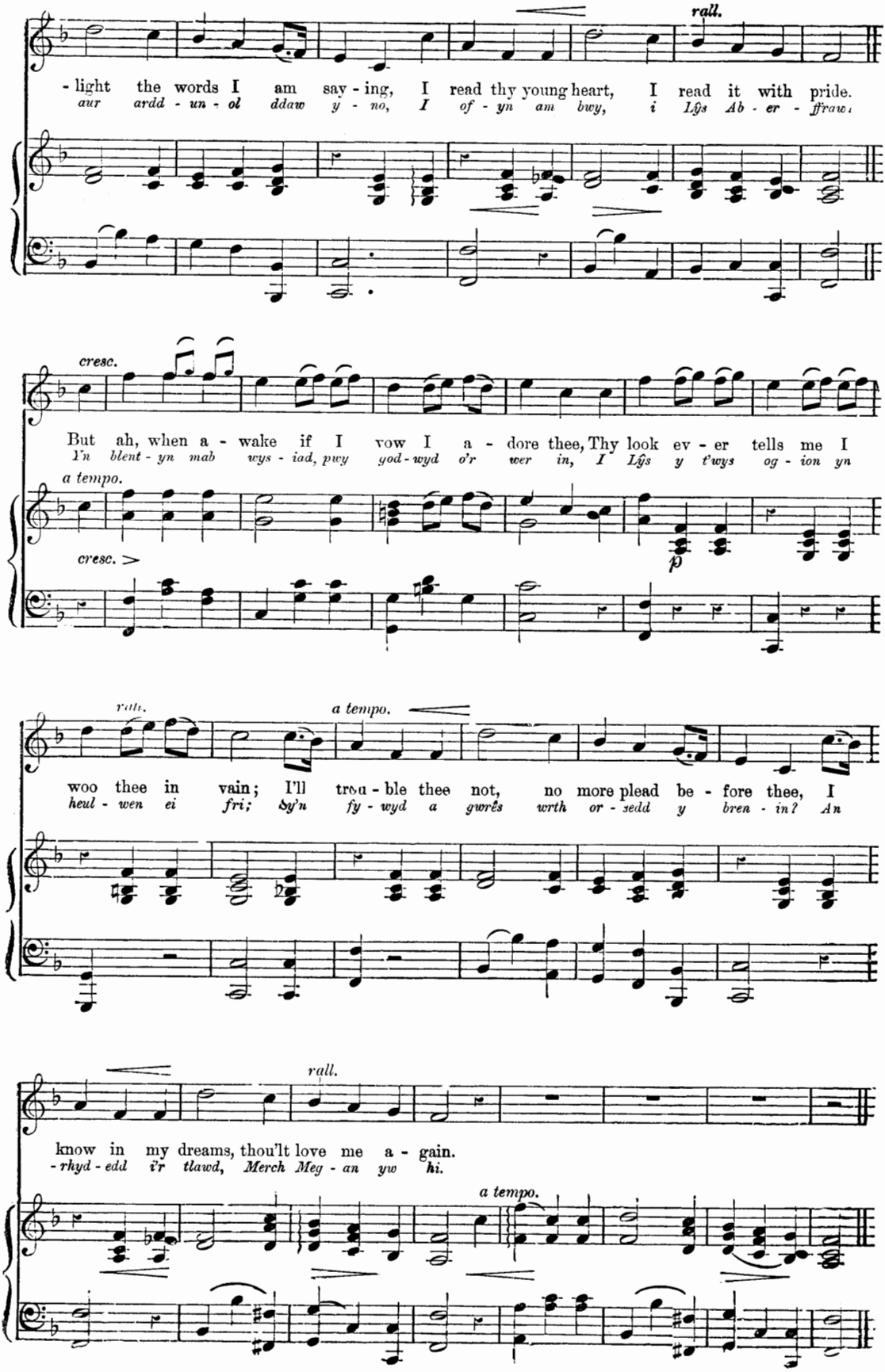
Megan's fair daughter.

(MERCH MEGAN.)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.




ten.
chil-ly, her step seems to shun me, The lips that have smil'd wear the curl of dis - dain; Oh!
- aw-odd mae'm cal - on ar dor - i; Ang - har - ad, fy nghor on, O madd - eu : mi." "O
p
a tempo.
rall.
Me-gan's fair child my love hath un - done me, But yet in my dream I'd see thee a -
nag e," medd Rhys, "nid eidd - ot mo hon - i, Nid merch i ti oedd— Merch Meg - an oedd
cresc.
p
a tempo.
- gain.
hi."
A - sleep o - ver plain, not on
Merch Meg - an a'i mam el - ent
dim.
earth I am stray - ing, And ev - er, dear maid, with thee at my side; Thou hear'st with de -
ad - ref i o - dro Ac un fuwch bob un yw'r oll ar eu llaw; A cher - byd o

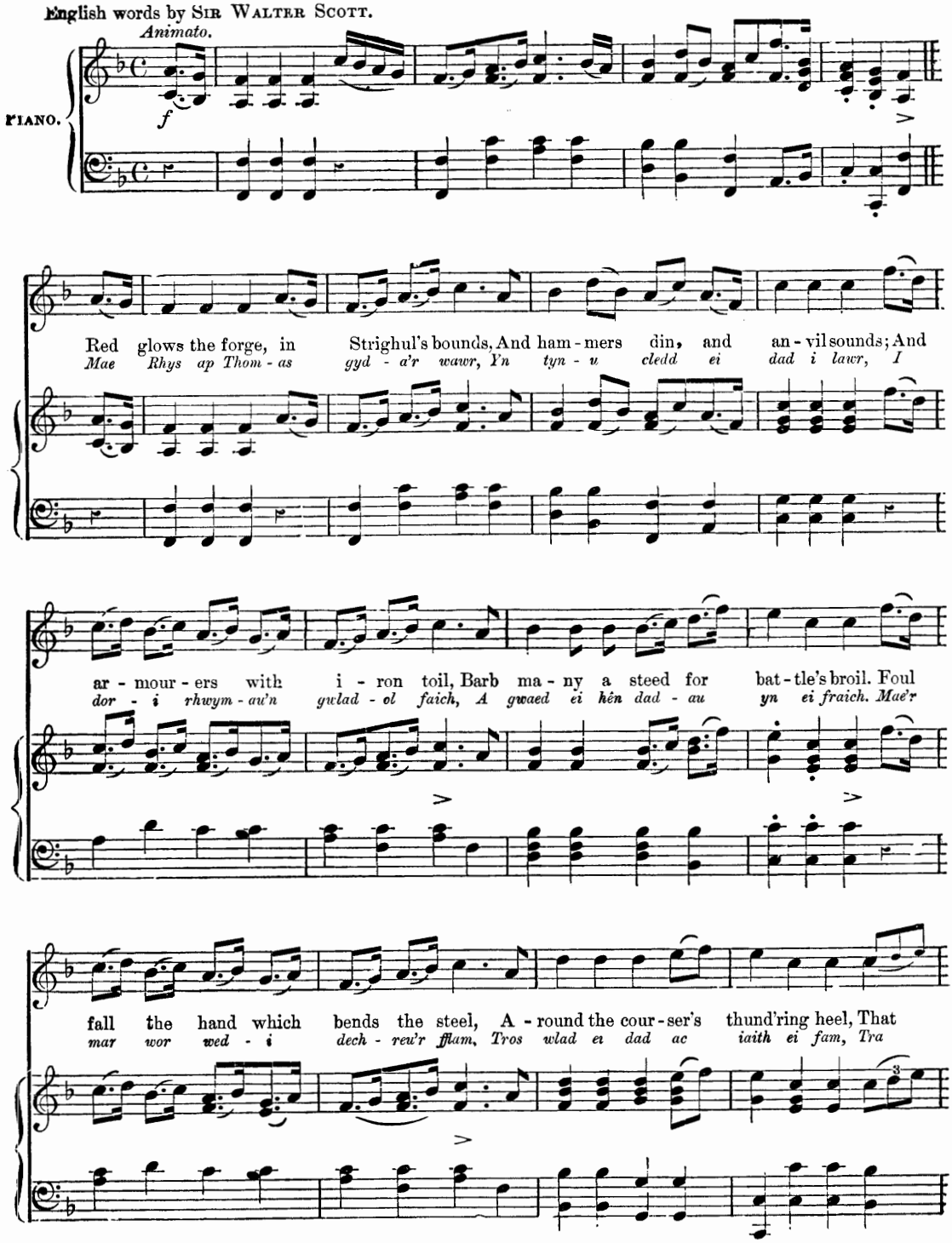

rall.
- light the words I am say - ing, I read thy young heart, I read it with pride.
aur ardd - un - ol ddaw y - no, I of - yn am bwy, i Lŷs Ab - er - ffraw.
cresc.
But ah, when a - wake if I vow I a - dore thee, Thy look ev - er tells me I
Yn blent - yn mab wys - iad, pwy god - wyd o'r wer in, I Lŷs y t'wys og - ion yn
a tempo.
cresc.
p
rall.
a tempo.
woo thee in vain; I'll trou - ble thee not, no more plead be - fore thee, I
heul - wen ei fri; Sy'n fy - wyd a gwrês wrth or - sedd y bren - in? An
rall.
know in my dreams, thou'lt love me a - gain.
- rhyd - edd ŵr tlawd, Merch Meg - an yw hi.
a tempo.

The war-song of the men of Glamorgan.

CADLEF GWYR MORGANWG.

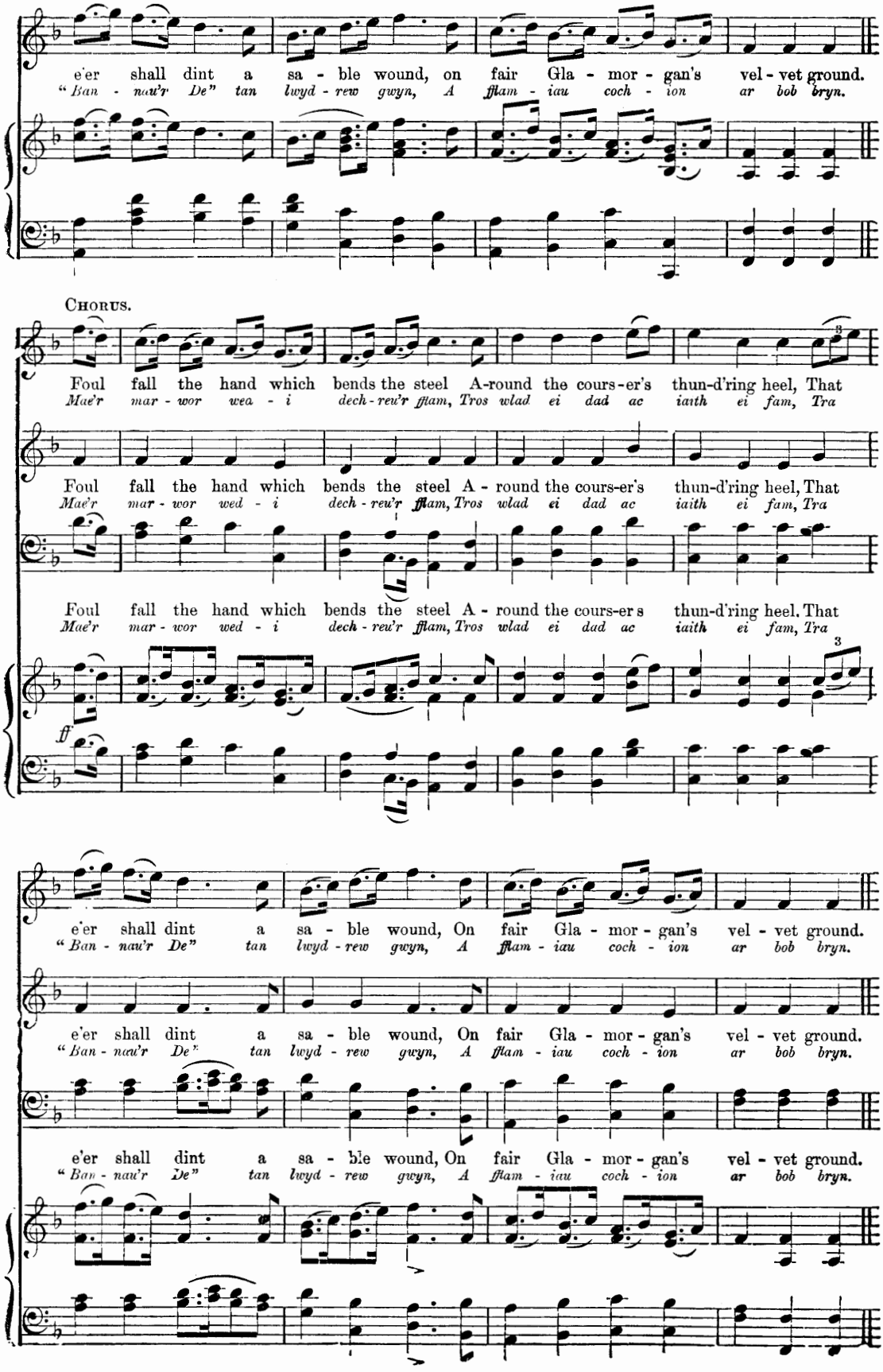
(TRIBAN GWŶR MORGANWG.)*

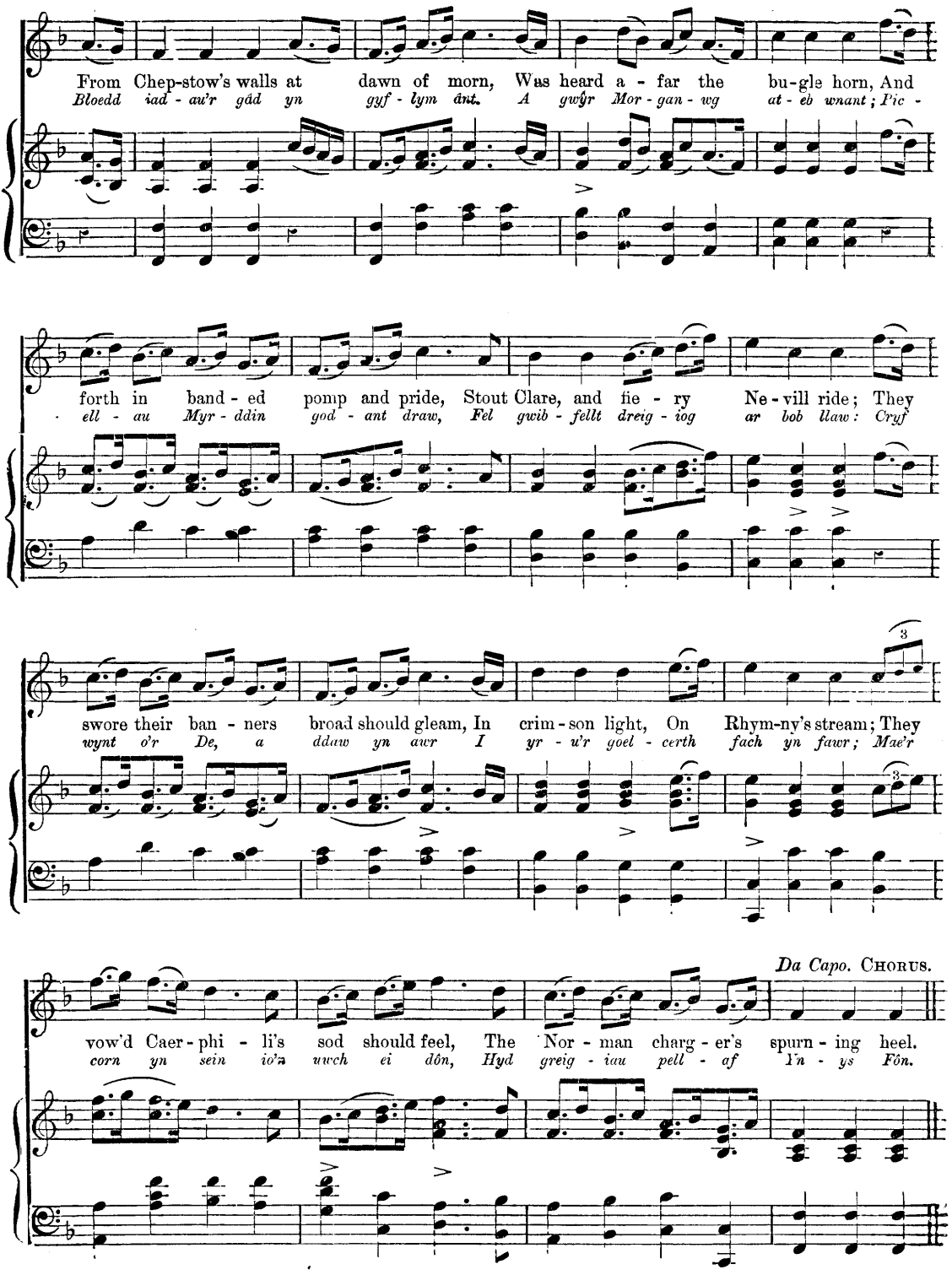
English words by Sir Walter Scott.



* *Morganwg*—The English name "Glamorgan" is a corruption of the original "*Gwlad-Morgan*," the country or territory of "*Morgan*," a ruler of this region in the ninth century.—Dr. Nicholas' "Antiquities of Wales."

"*The Norman Horse-shoe*" Sir Walter Scott informs us "celebrates a supposed victory obtained by the Welsh over Clare, Earl of Strighul and Pembroke, and Nevill Baron of Chepstow, Lord Marchers of Monmouthshire. *Rymney* is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan. *Caerphilly*, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle."


e'er shall dint a sa - ble wound, on fair Gla - mor - gan's vel - vet ground.
"Ban - nau'r De" tan lwyd - rew gwyn, A fflam - iau coch - ion ar bob bryn.
Chorus.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel A-round the cours-er's thun-d'ring heel, That
Mae'r mar - wor wea - i dech - rew'r fflam, Tros wlad ei dad ac iaith ei fam, Tra
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel A - round the cours-er's thun-d'ring heel, That
Mae'r mar - wor wed - i dech - rew'r fflam, Tros wlad ei dad ac iaith ei fam, Tra
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel A - round the cours-er s thun-d'ring heel. That
Mae'r mar - wor wed - i dech - rew'r fflam, Tros wlad ei dad ac iaith ei fam, Tra
ff
e'er shall dint a sa - ble wound, On fair Gla - mor - gan's vel - vet ground.
"Ban - nau'r De" tan lwyd - rew gwyn, A fflam - iau coch - ion ar bob bryn.
e'er shall dint a sa - ble wound, On fair Gla - mor - gan's vel - vet ground.
"Ban - nau'r De" tan lwyd - rew gwyn, A fflam - iau coch - ion ar bob bryn.
e'er shall dint a sa - ble wound, On fair Gla - mor - gan's vel - vet ground.
"Ban - nau'r De" tan lwyd - rew gwyn, A fflam - iau coch - ion ar bob bryn.



Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Nevill's war-horse forged the shoe!
No more the stamp of armed steed,
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

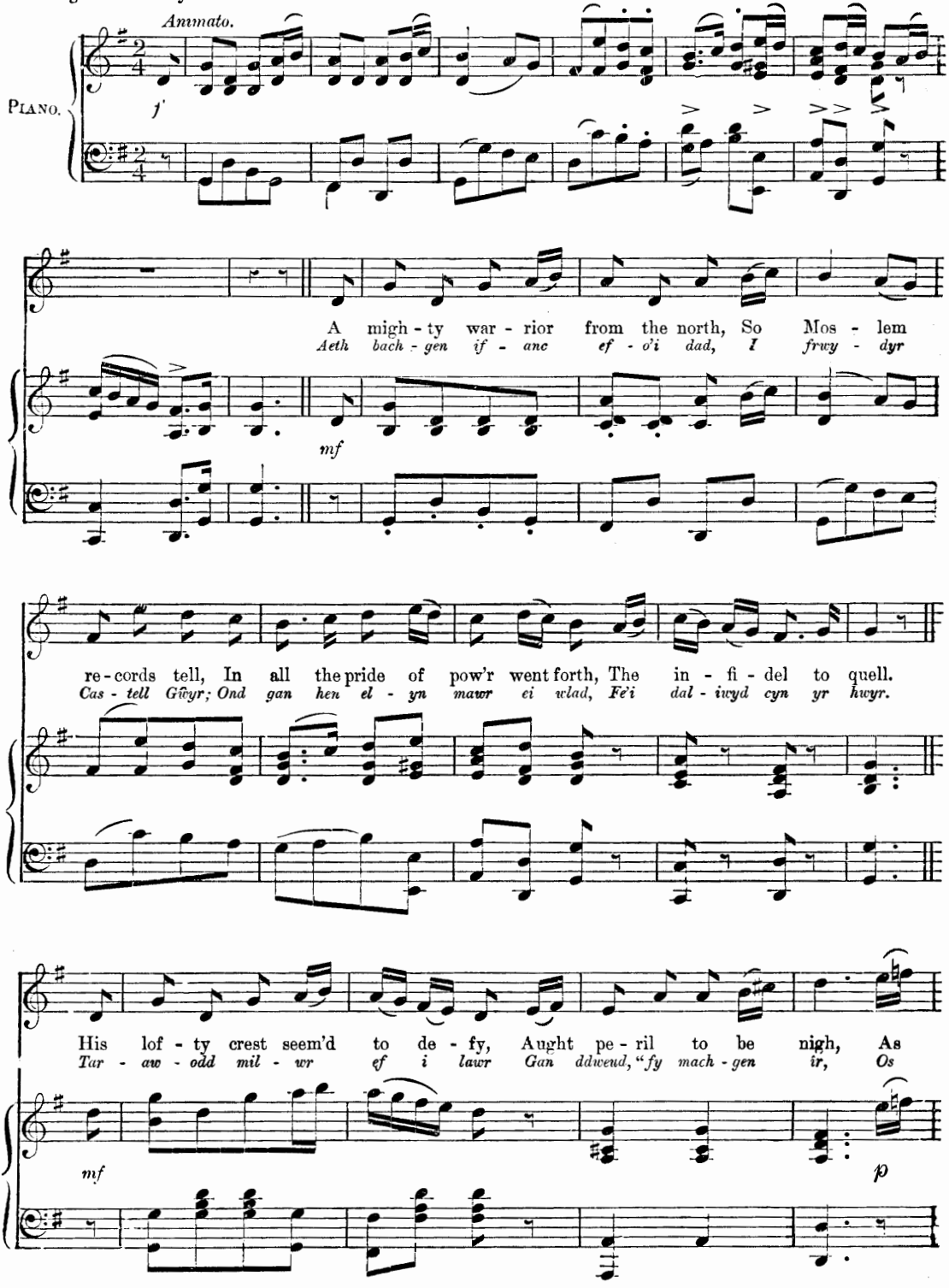
Mae "Llanciaw'r 'Ryri" uchel fri
A'u "cyll" yn ateb "Wele ni:"
Machludodd haul ar gadfaes rhudd,
Coronwyd Harri yr un dydd—
Hen gleddyf Arthur byth ni ffaei
Mae gwŷr Morganwg eto'i cael
Pob Cymro fyth a ymladd am
Hen wlad ei dad ac iaith ei fam.

"A mighty warrior."*

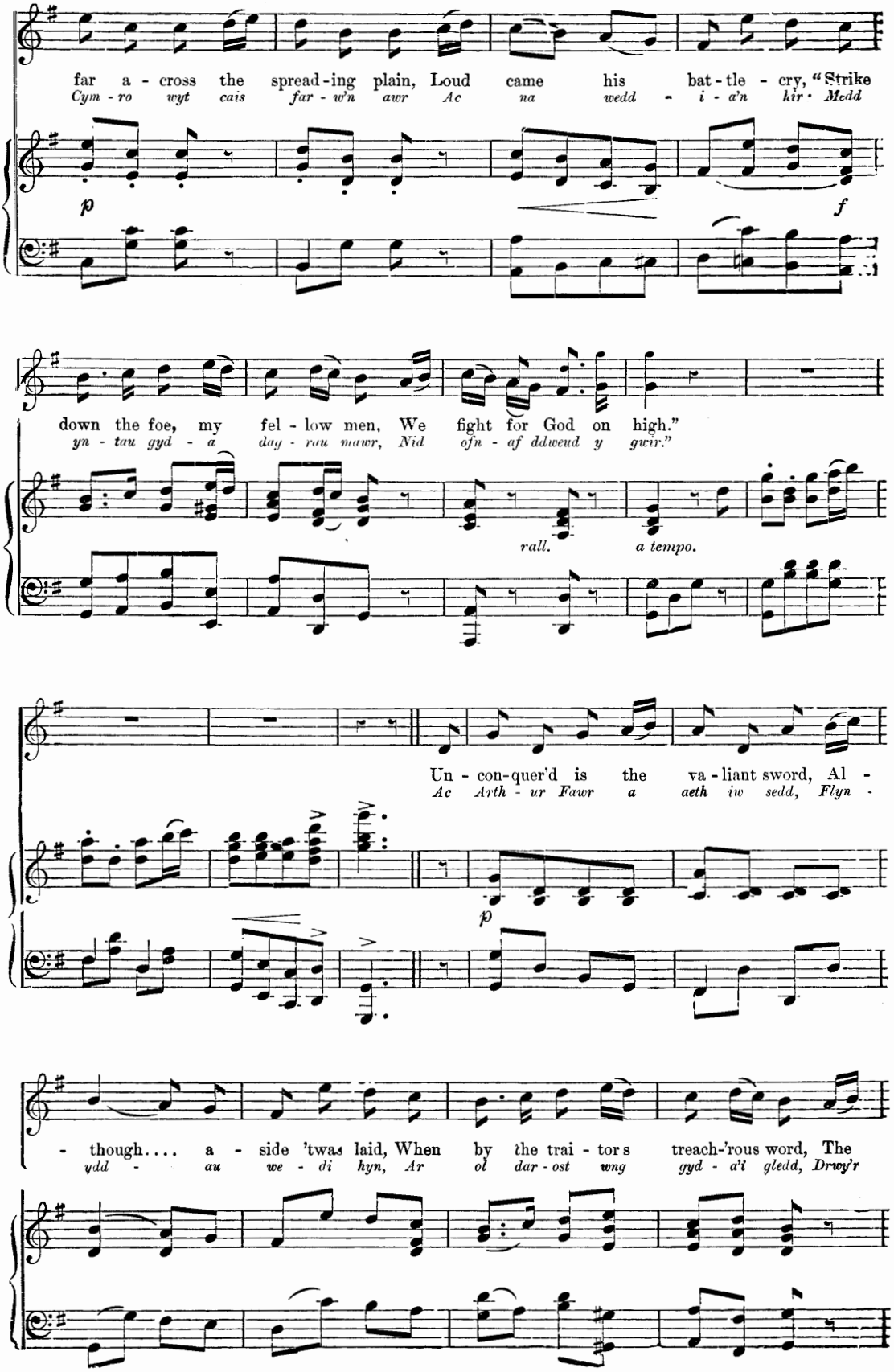
(PER ALAW NEU SWEET RICHARD.)

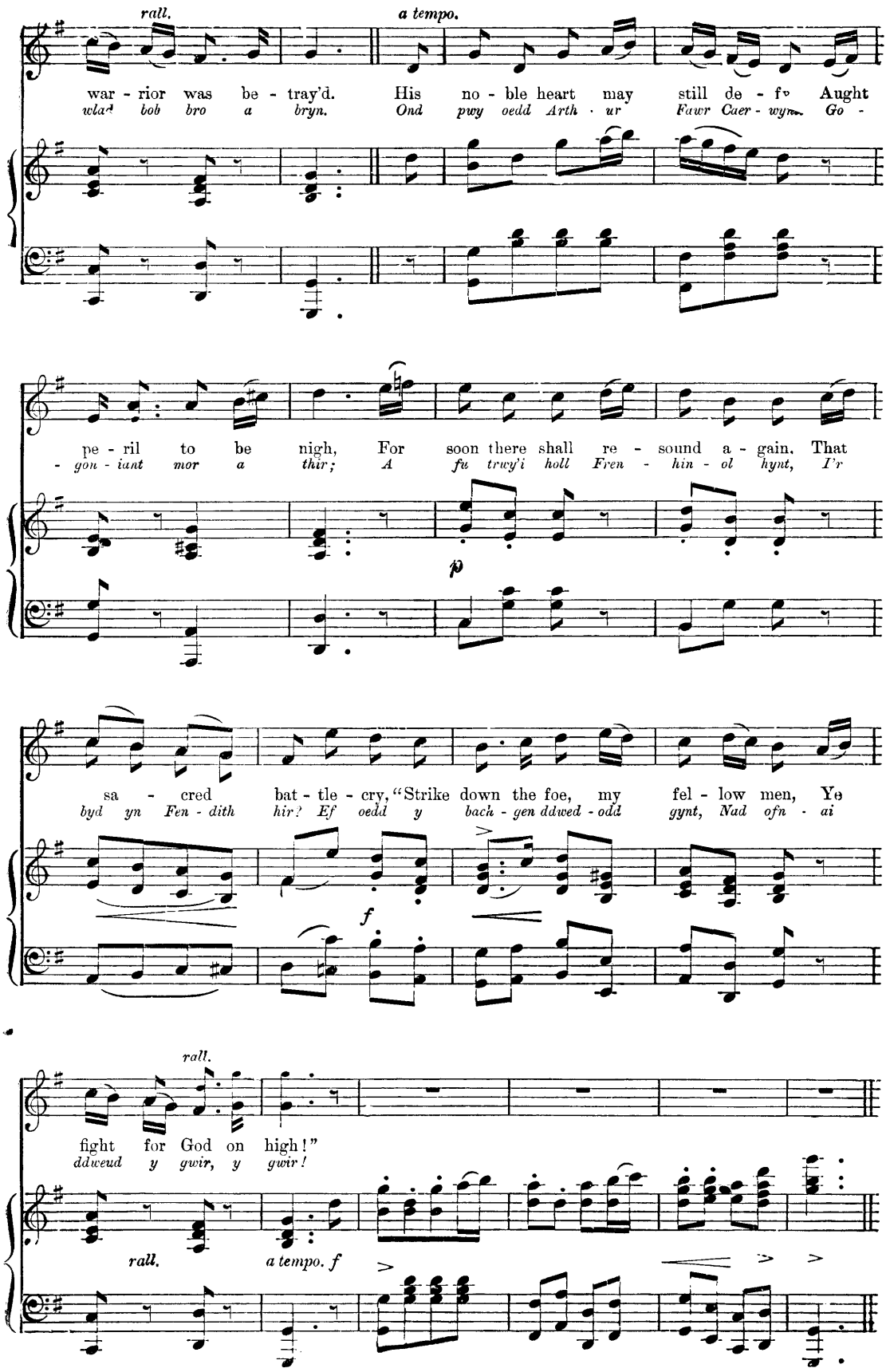
("BLONDEL'S SONG.")

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* *Blondel* the Bard to Richard I., is believed to have discovered that Monarch, when he was imprisoned in a fortress in Upper Austria.

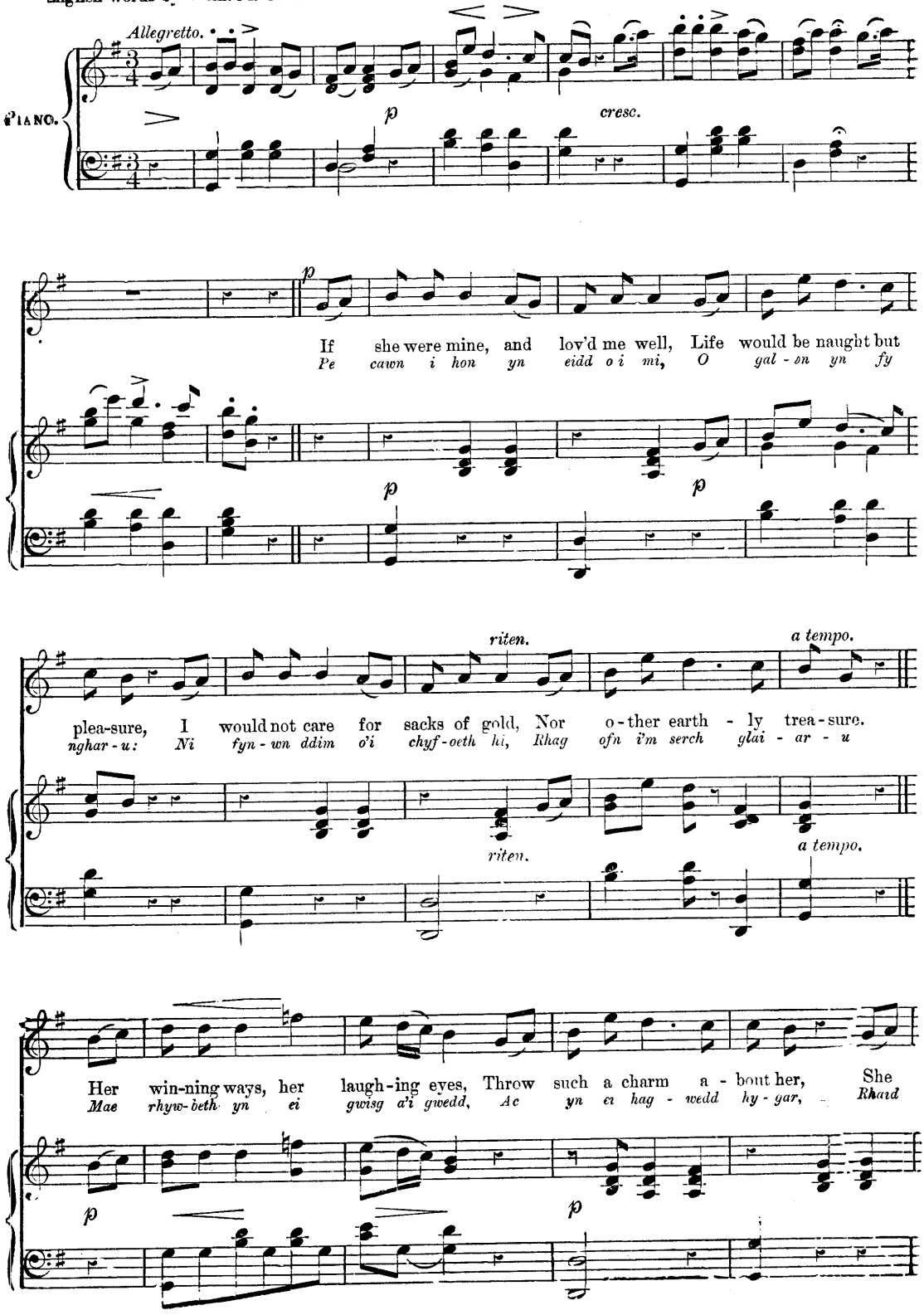

far a - cross the spread-ing plain, Loud came his bat-tle - cry, "Strike
Cym - ro wyt cais far - w'n awr Ac na wedd - i - a'n hir · Medd
p
f
down the foe, my fel - low men, We fight for God on high."
yn - tau gyd - a dag - rau mawr, Nid ofn - af ddweud y gwir."
rall.
a tempo.
Un - con-quer'd is the va - liant sword, Al -
Ac Arth - ur Fawr a aeth iw sedd, Flyn -
p
- though.... a - side 'twas laid, When by the trai - tor s treach-'rous word, The
ydd - au we - di hyn, Ar ol dar - ost wng gyd - a'i gledd, Drwy'r

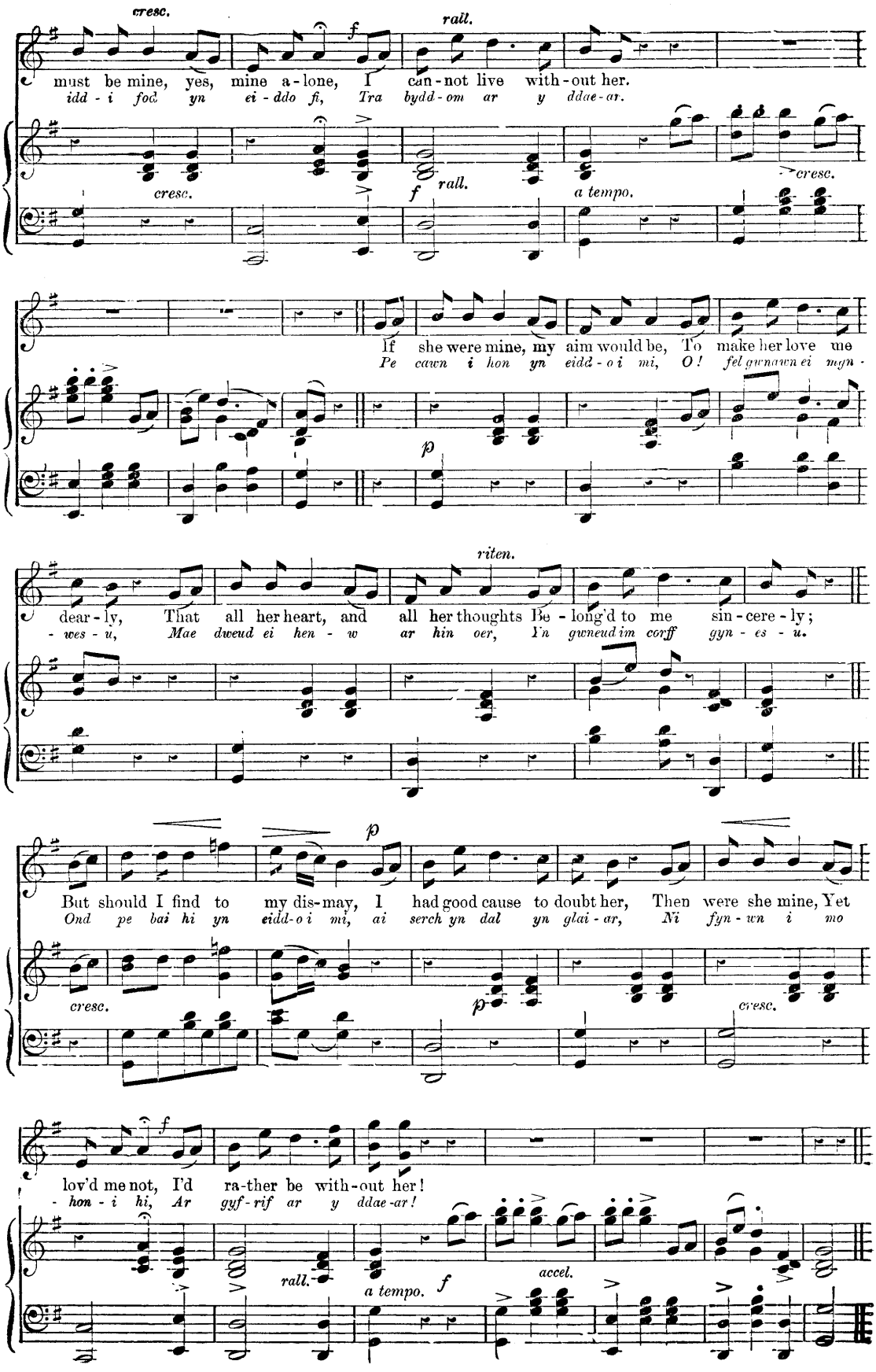

rall.
a tempo.
war - rior was be - tray'd. His no - ble heart may still de - fy Aught
wlad bob bro a bryn. Ond pwy oedd Arth - ur Fawr Caer - wyn Go -
pe - ril to be nigh, For soon there shall re - sound a - gain, That
- gon - iant mor a thir; A fu trwy'i holl Fren - hin - ol hynt, I'r
p
sa - cred bat - tle - cry, "Strike down the foe, my fel - low men, Ye
byd yn Fen - dith hir? Ef oedd y bach - gen ddwed - odd gynt, Nad ofn - ai
f
rall.
fight for God on high!"
ddweud y gwir, y gwir!
rall.
a tempo. f

She must be mine.

(PE CAWN I HON.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

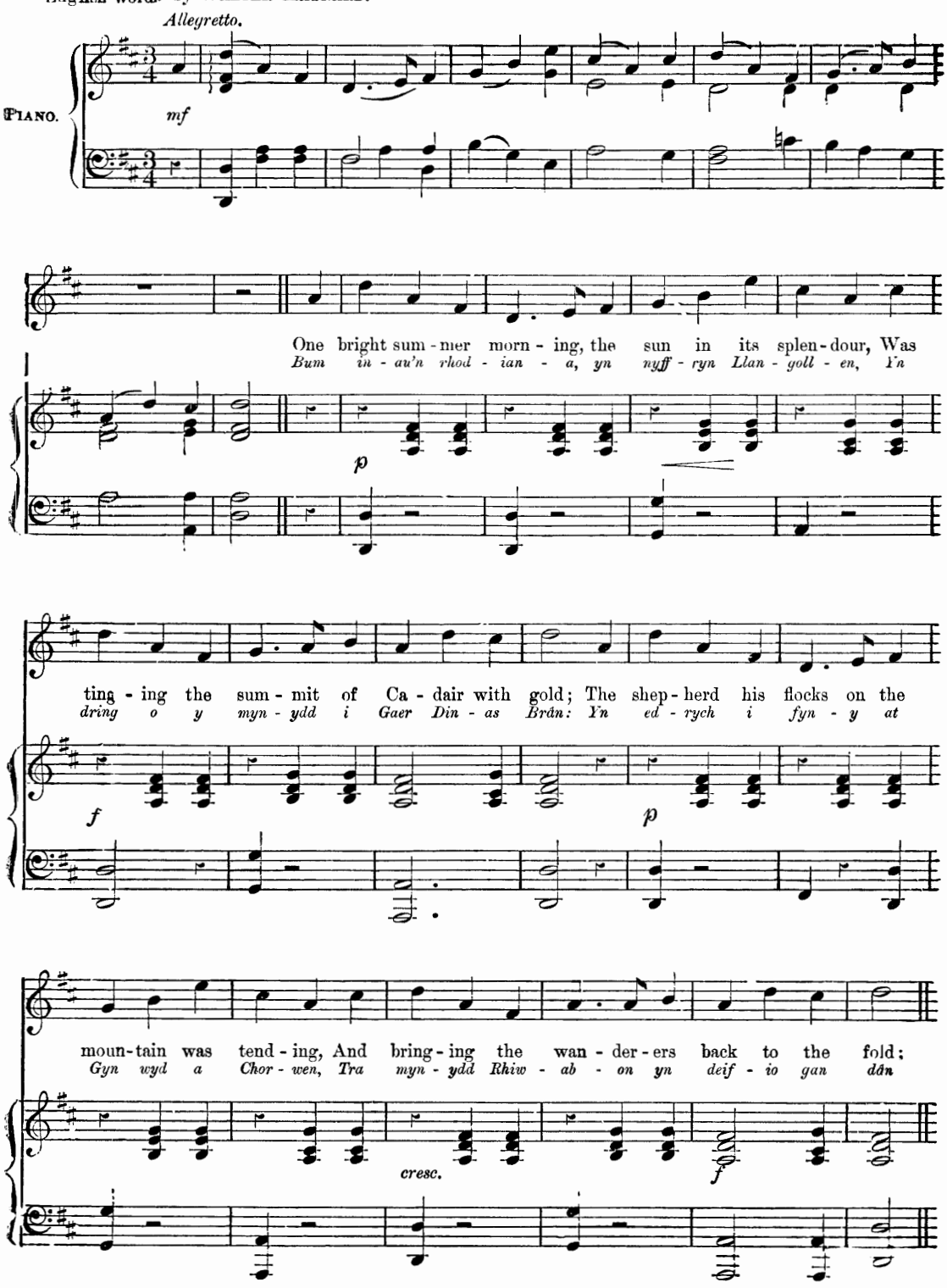



cresc.
rall.
must be mine, yes, mine a-lone, I can-not live with-out her.
idd-i fod yn ei-ddo fi, Tra bydd-om ar y ddae-ar.
cresc.
f
rall.
a tempo.
cresc.
If she were mine, my aim would be, To make her love me
Pe cawn i hon yn eidd-o i mi, O! fel gwnawn ei mwyn-
p
riten.
dear-ly, That all her heart, and all her thoughts Be-long'd to me sin-cere-ly;
-wes-u, Mae dweud ei hen-w ar hin oer, Yn gwneud im corff gyn-es-u.
p
But should I find to my dis-may, I had good cause to doubt her, Then were she mine, Yet
Ond pe bai hi yn eidd-o i mi, ai serch yn dal yn glai-ar, Ni fyn-wn i mo
cresc.
p
cresc.
f
lov'd me not, I'd ra-ther be with-out her!
-hon-i hi, Ar gyf-rif ar y ddae-ar!
rall.
a tempo.
f
accel.

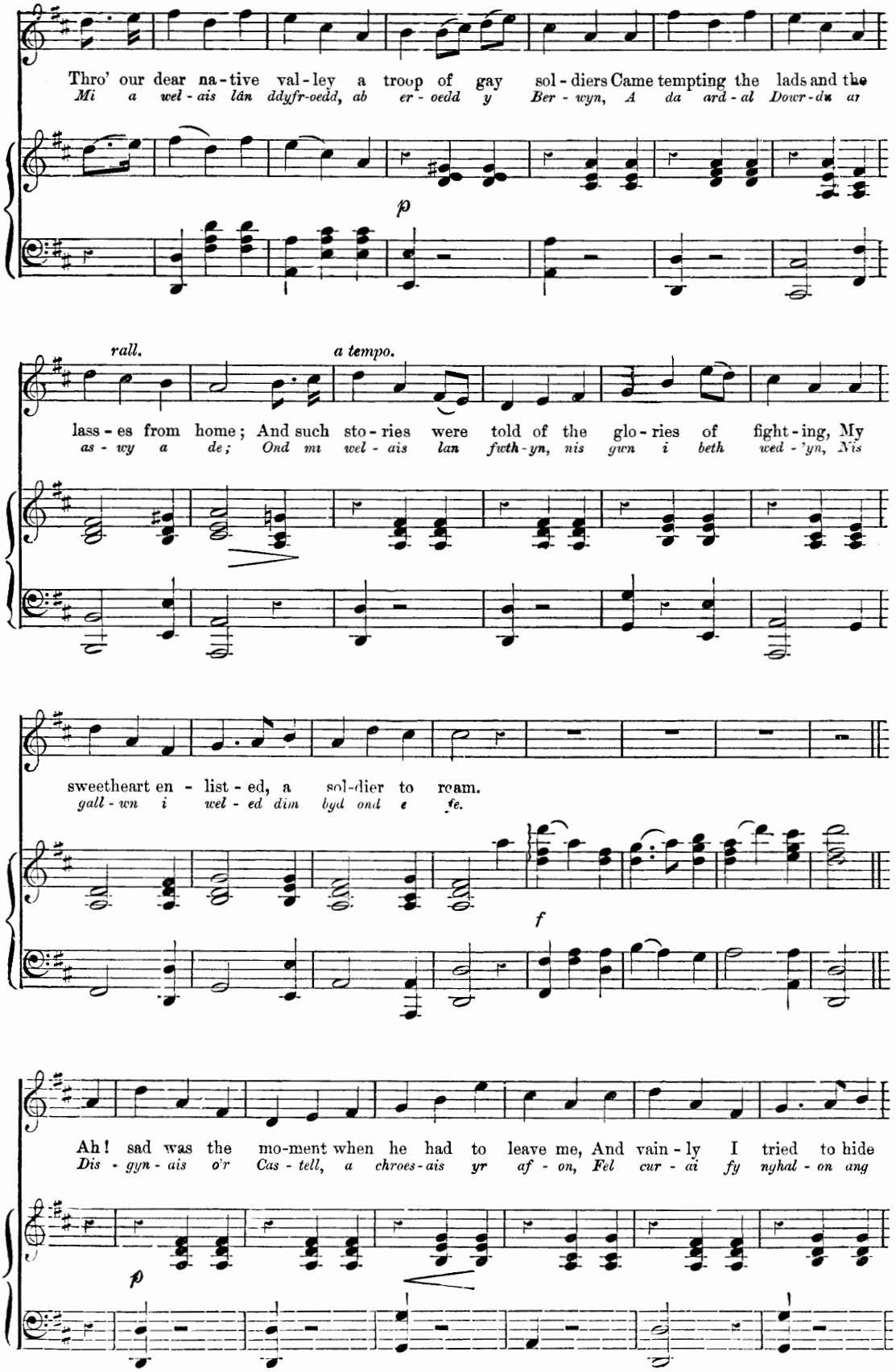
One bright summer morning.*

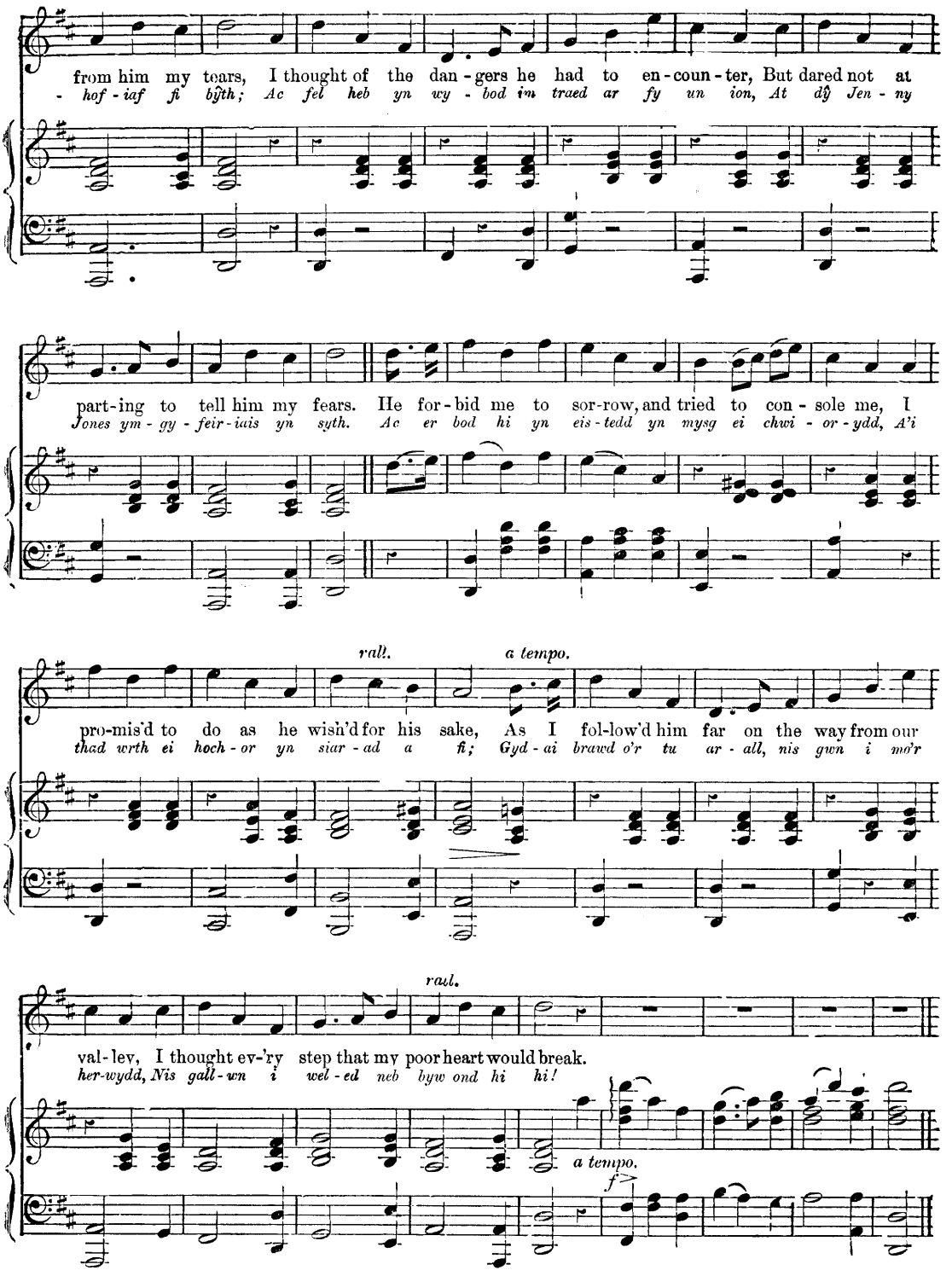
(CADAIR IDRIS.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* This Air (known as "*Jenny Jones*," and generally supposed to be one of the old Welsh melodies) was composed by John Parry (Bardd Alaw) 1804.


Thro' our dear na-tive val-ley a troop of gay sol-diers Came tempting the lads and the
Mi a wel-ais lân ddyfr-oedd, ab er-oedd y Ber-wyn, A da ard-al Dowr-dw ar
p
rall.
a tempo.
lass-es from home; And such sto-ries were told of the glo-ries of fight-ing, My
as-wy a de; Ond mi wel-ais lan fwth-yn, nis gwn i beth wed-'yn, Nis
sweetheart en-list-ed, a sol-dier to roam.
gall-wn i wel-ed dim byd ond e fe.
f
Ah! sad was the mo-ment when he had to leave me, And vain-ly I tried to hide
Dis-gyn-ais o'r Cas-tell, a chroes-ais yr af-on, Fel cur-ai fy nyhal-on ang
p



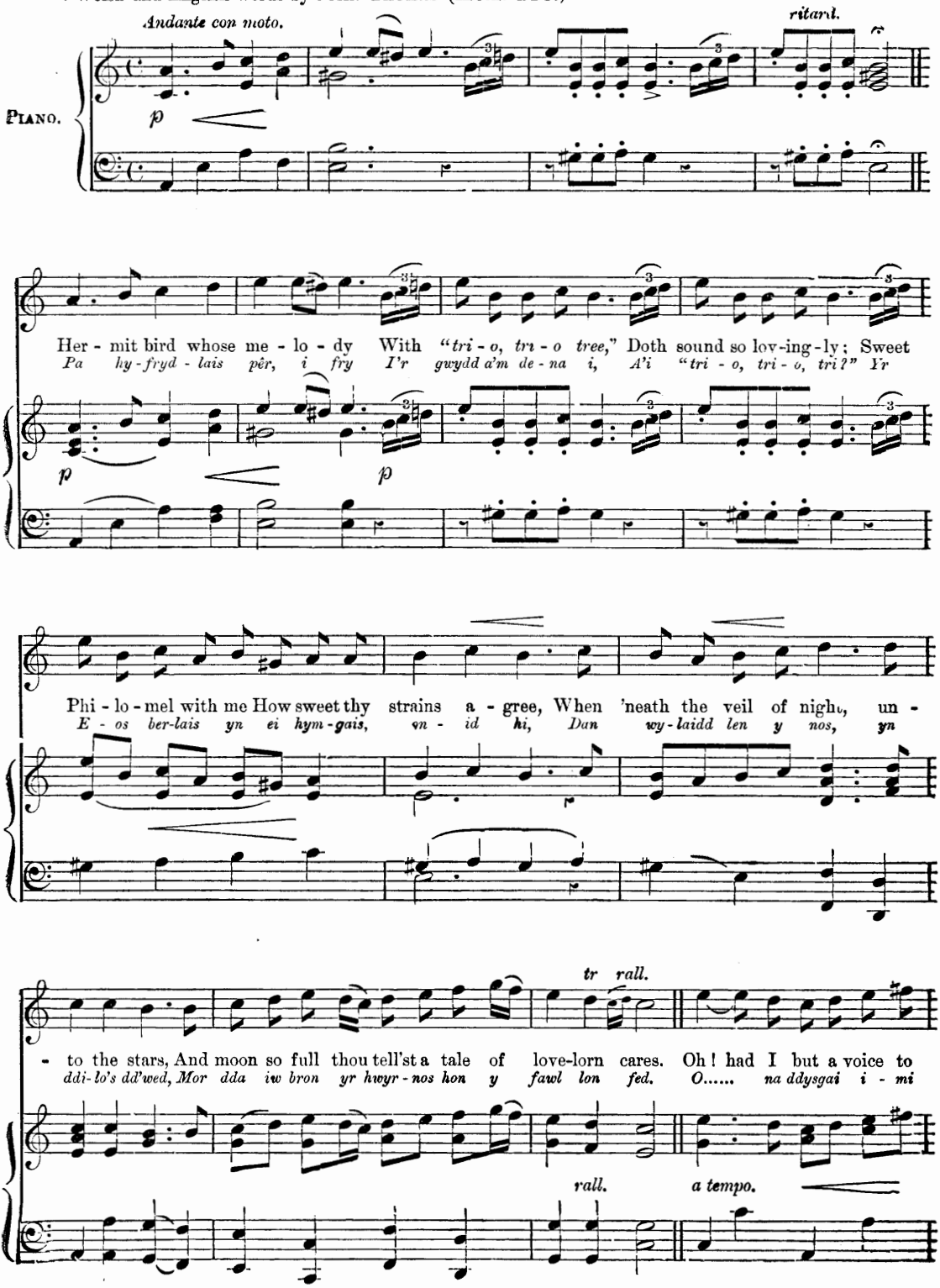
Long years then passed by without even a word from him,
Often I feared he thought no more of me;
My friends and relations they all jeered and laughed at me,
Saying they well knew he would faithless be.
I heeded them not, but still patiently waited on,
Trusting my sweetheart all others above;
One bright summer morning with smiles and caresses,
He came back and proved he was true to his love.

Yn eglwys Llangollen trar clychau yn canu,
Os aethum yn wirion mi wn pwy a'm gwnaeth;
Unasom a'n gilydd byth byth i wahanu,
Yn dlawd neu 'n gyfoethog yn well neu yn waeth
Yna da genyf bobpeth 'nenwedig fy hunan,
Mae Jenny yn gwybod yn well na myfi;
Mae yn dda genyf gânu mae'n dda genyf arian,
Ond nis gallaf garu *dim byd heblaw hi.*

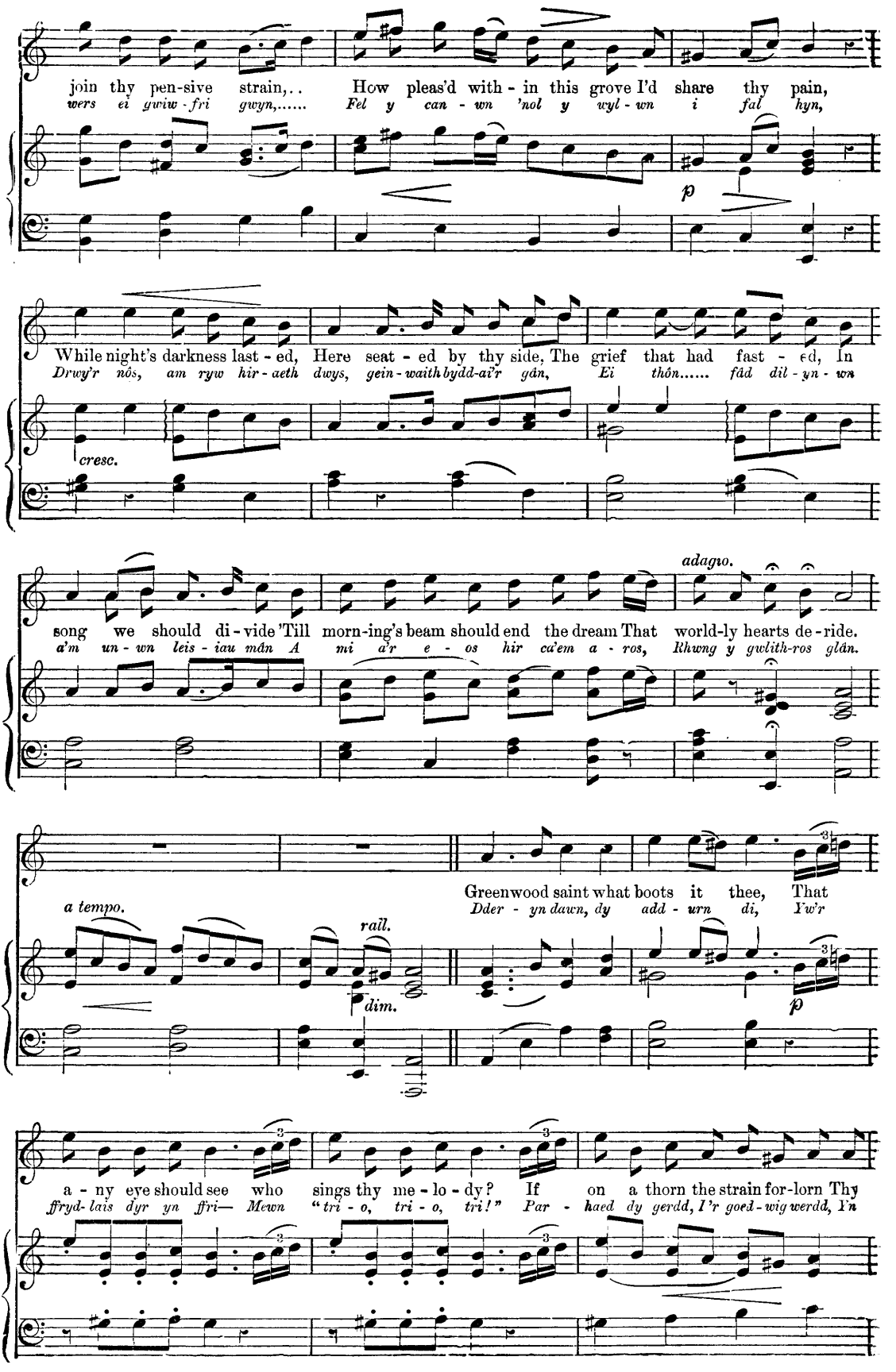
The Nightingale.*

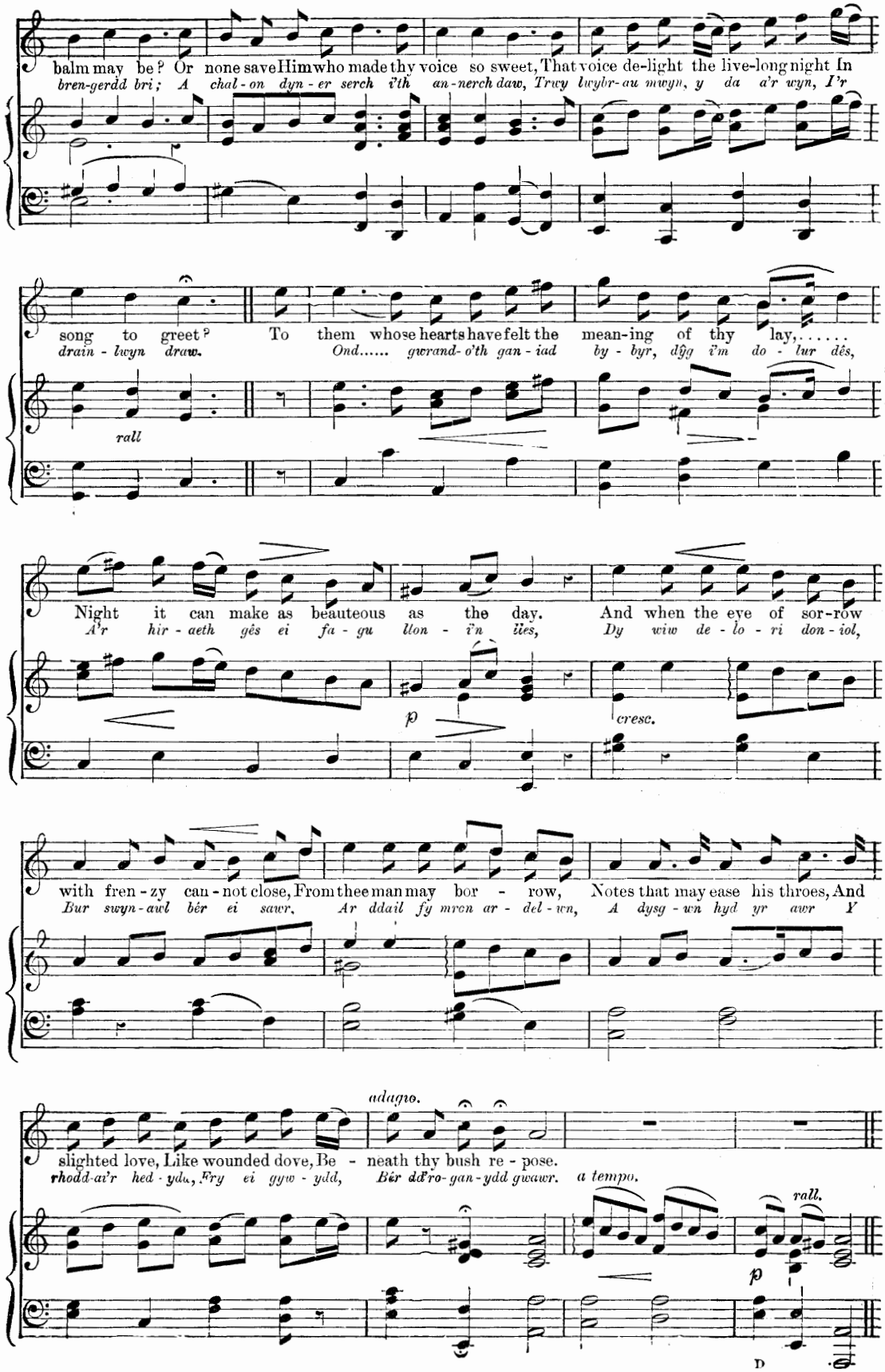
EOS LAIS.

The Welsh and English words by JOHN THOMAS (IEUAN DDU.)



* These words are printed by permission.

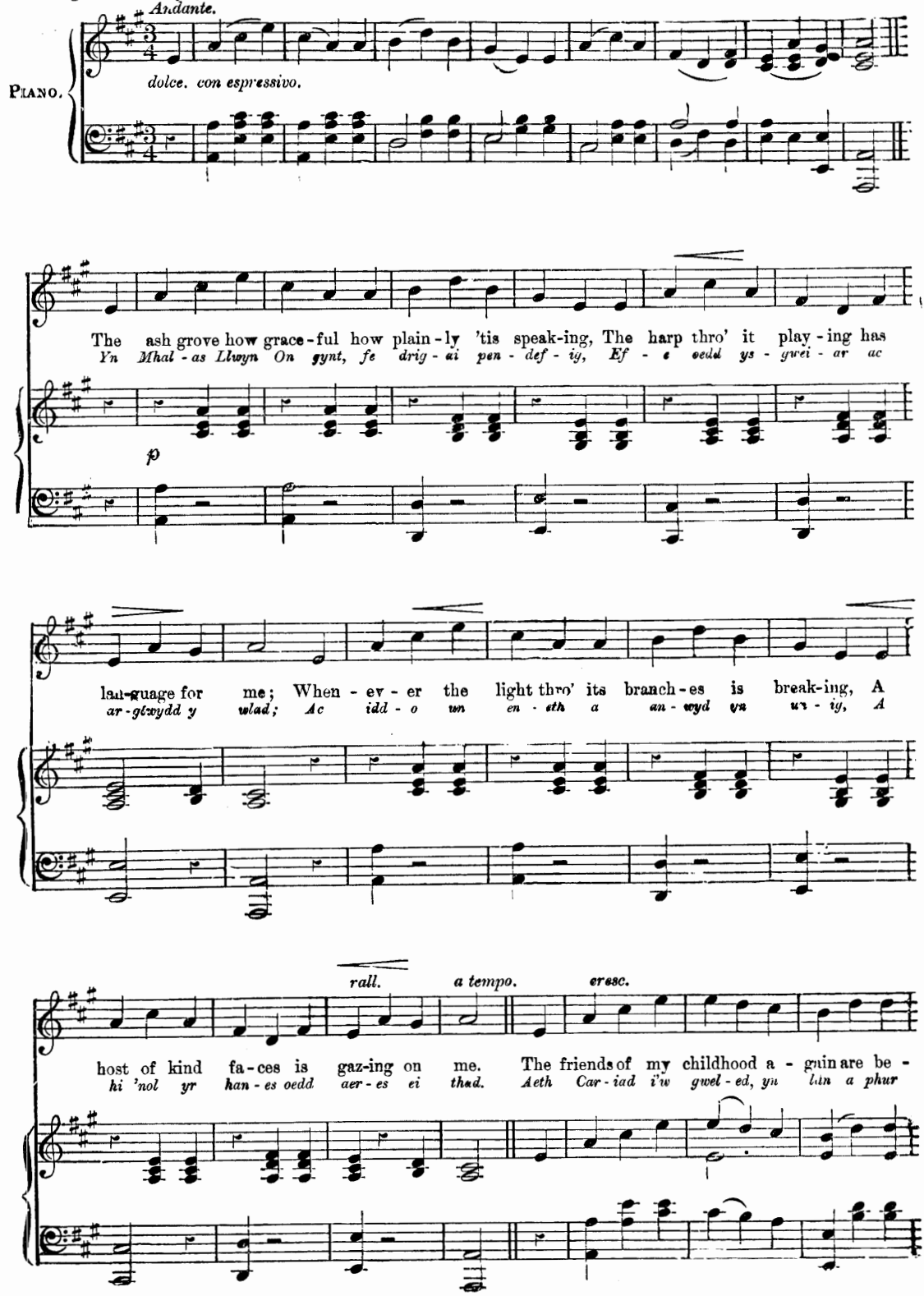

join thy pen-sive strain,.. How pleas'd with - in this grove I'd share thy pain,
wers ei gwiw - fri gwyn,..... Fel y can - wn 'nol y wyl - wn i fal hyn,
p
While night's darkness last - ed, Here seat - ed by thy side, The grief that had fast - ed, In
Drwy'r nôs, am ryw hir - aeth dwys, gein - waith bydd-ai'r gân, Ei thôn..... fâd dil - yn - wn
cresc.
adagio.
song we should di - vide 'Till morn-ing's beam should end the dream That world-ly hearts de - ride.
a'm un - wn leis - iau mân A mi a'r e - os hir ca'em a - ros, Rhwng y gwlith-ros glân.
Greenwood saint what boots it thee, That
Dder - yn dawn, dy add - urn di, Yw'r
a tempo.
rall.
dim.
p
a - ny eye should see who sings thy me - lo - dy? If on a thorn the strain for-lorn Thy
ffryd- lais dyr yn ffri— Mewn "tri - o, tri - o, tri!" Par - haed dy gerdd, I'r goed - wig werdd, I'n

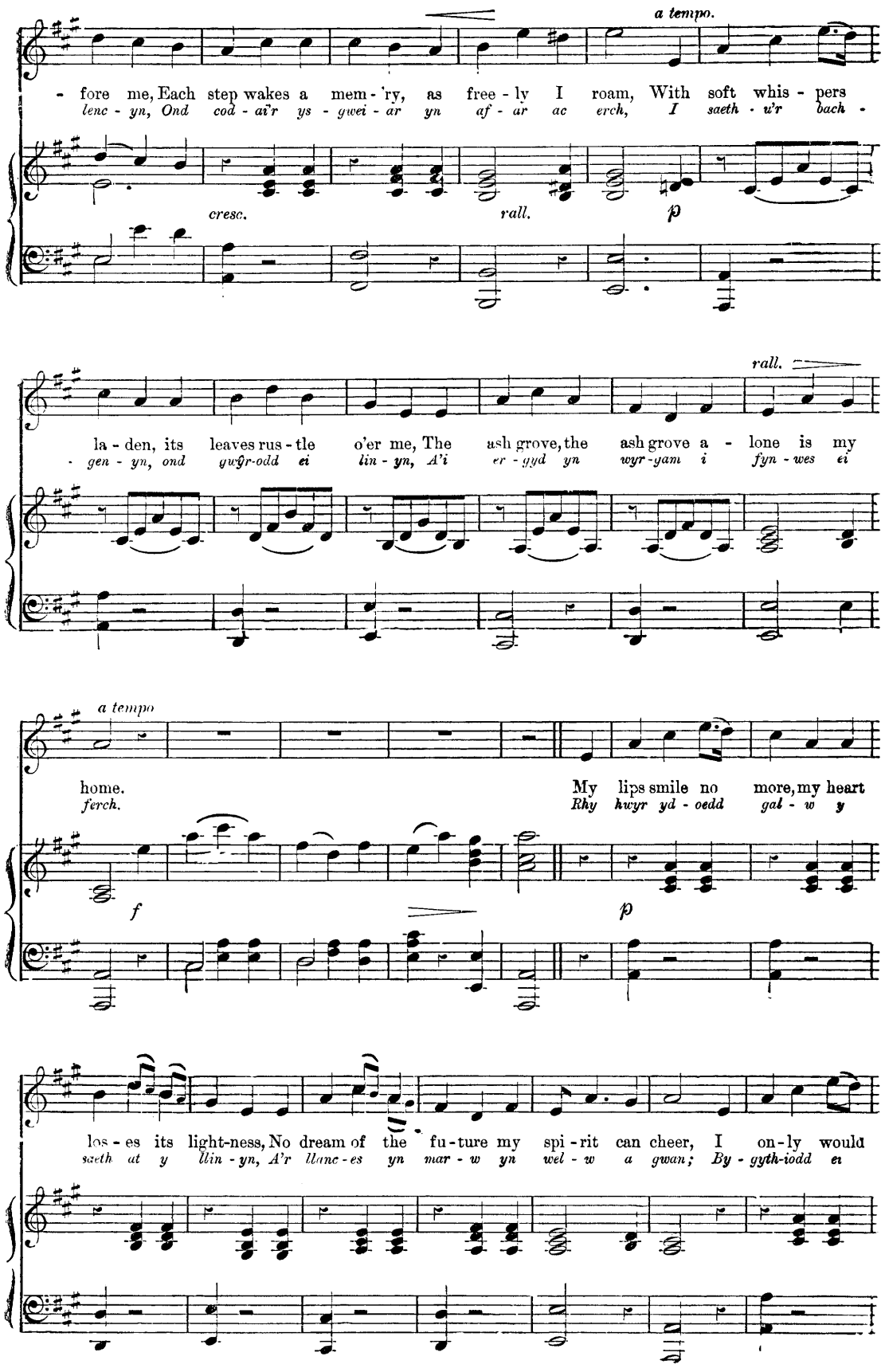

balm may be? Or none save Him who made thy voice so sweet, That voice de-light the live-long night In
bren-gerdd bri; A chal-on dyn-er serch i'th an-nerch daw, Trwy lwybr-au mwyn, y da a'r wyn, I'r
song to greet? To them whose hearts have felt the mean-ing of thy lay,.....
drain-lwyn draw. Ond..... gwrand-o'th gan-iad by-byr, dŷg i'm do-lur dês,
rall
Night it can make as beauteous as the day. And when the eye of sor-row
A'r hir-aeth gês ei fa-gu llon-i'n llês, Dy wiw de-lo-ri don-iol,
p
cresc.
with fren-zy can-not close, From thee man may bor-row, Notes that may ease his throes, And
Bur swyn-awl bêr ei sawr, Ar ddail fy mron ar-del-wn, A dysg-wn hyd yr awr Y
adagio.
slighted love, Like wounded dove, Be-neath thy bush re-pose.
rhodd-ai'r hed-ydu, Fry ei gyw-ydd, Bêr dd'ro-gan-ydd gwawr.
a tempo.
rall.
p
D

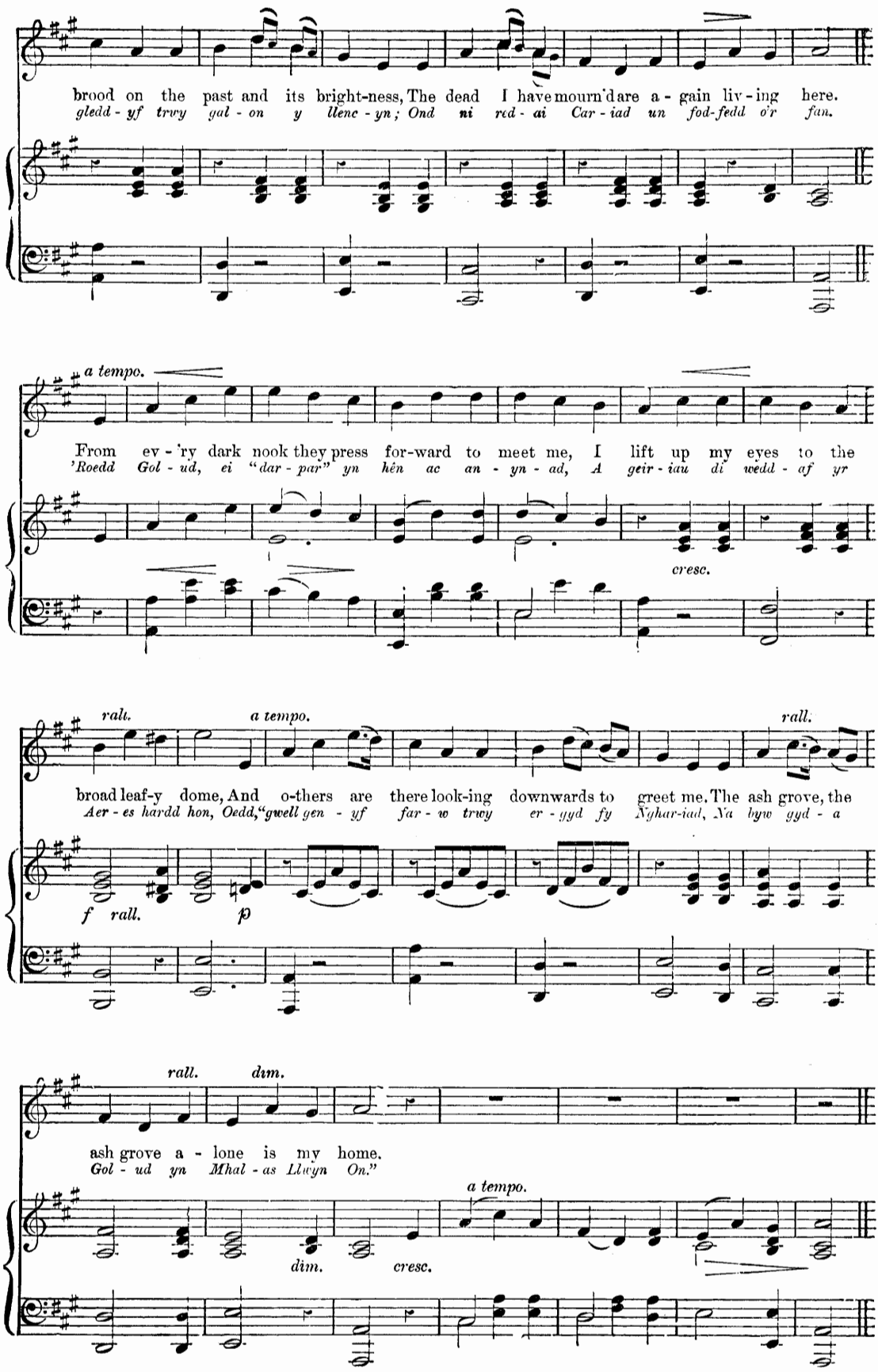
The Ash grove.

(LLWYN ON.)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.



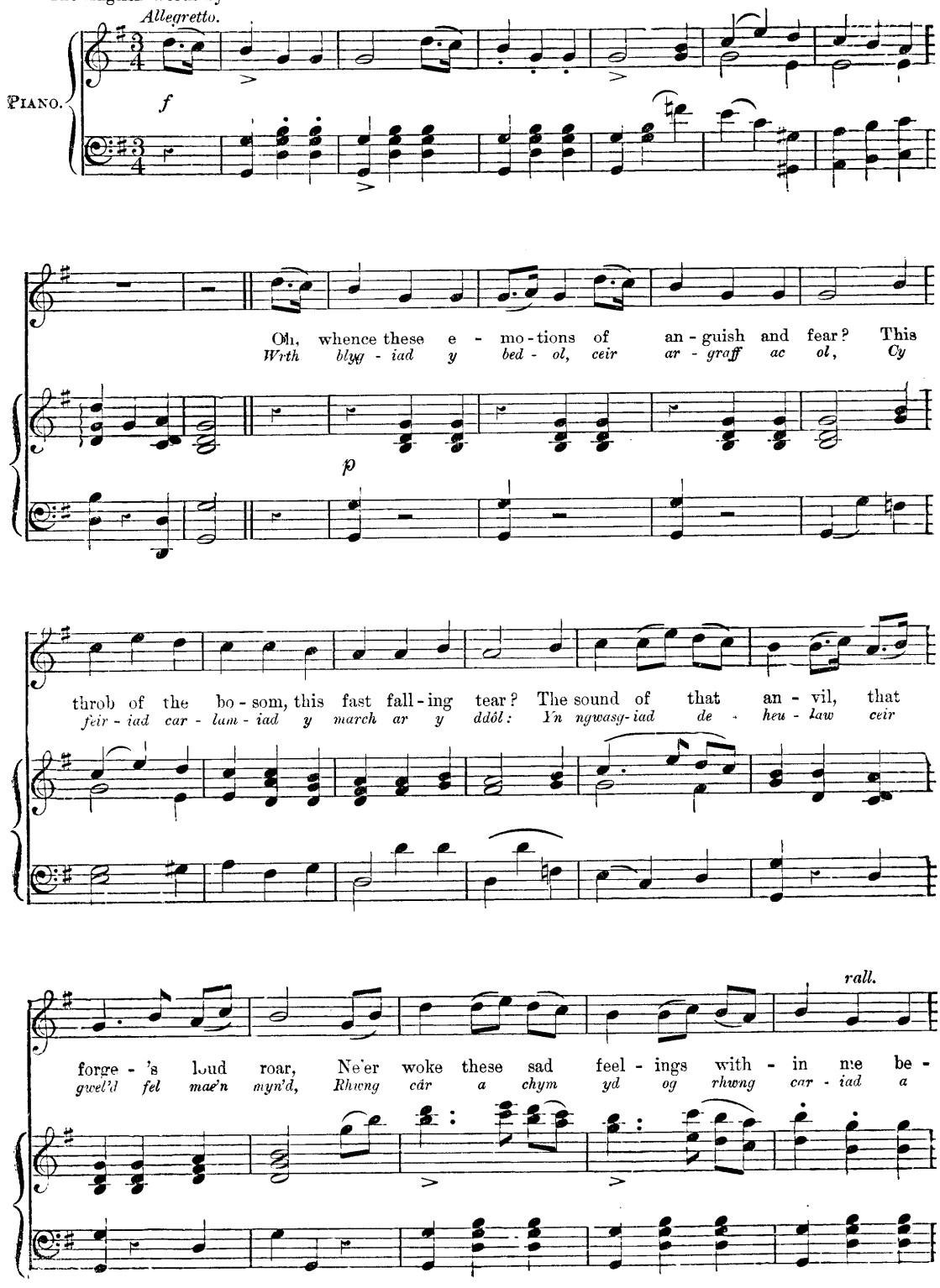

a tempo.
- fore me, Each step wakes a mem - 'ry, as free - ly I roam, With soft whis - pers
lenc - yn, Ond cod - ai'r ys - gwei - ar yn af - ar ac erch, I saeth - w'r bach -
cresc.
rall.
p
rall.
la - den, its leaves rus - tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my
gen - yn, ond gwŷr-odd ei lin - yn, A'i er - gyd yn wyr-yam i fyn - wes ei
a tempo
home.
ferch.
My lips smile no more, my heart
Rhy hwyr yd - oedd gal - w y
f
p
los - es its light-ness, No dream of the fu - ture my spi - rit can cheer, I on - ly would
saeth at y llin - yn, A'r llanc - es yn mar - w yn wel - w a gwan; By - gyth-iodd ei


brood on the past and its bright-ness, The dead I have mourn'd are a - gain liv - ing here.
gledd - yf trwy gal - on y llenc - yn; Ond ni red - ai Car - iad un fod-fedd o'r fan.
a tempo.
From ev - 'ry dark nook they press for-ward to meet me, I lift up my eyes to the
'Roedd Gol - ud, ei "dar - par" yn hén ac an - yn - ad, A geir - iau di wedd - af yr
cresc.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
broad leaf-y dome, And o-thers are there look-ing downwards to greet me. The ash grove, the
Aer - es hardd hon, Oedd, "gwell gen - yf far - w trwy er - yyd fy Nghar-iad, Na byw yd - a
f rall.
p
rall.
dim.
ash grove a - lone is my home.
Gol - ud yn Mhal - as Llwyn On."
a tempo.
dim.
cresc.

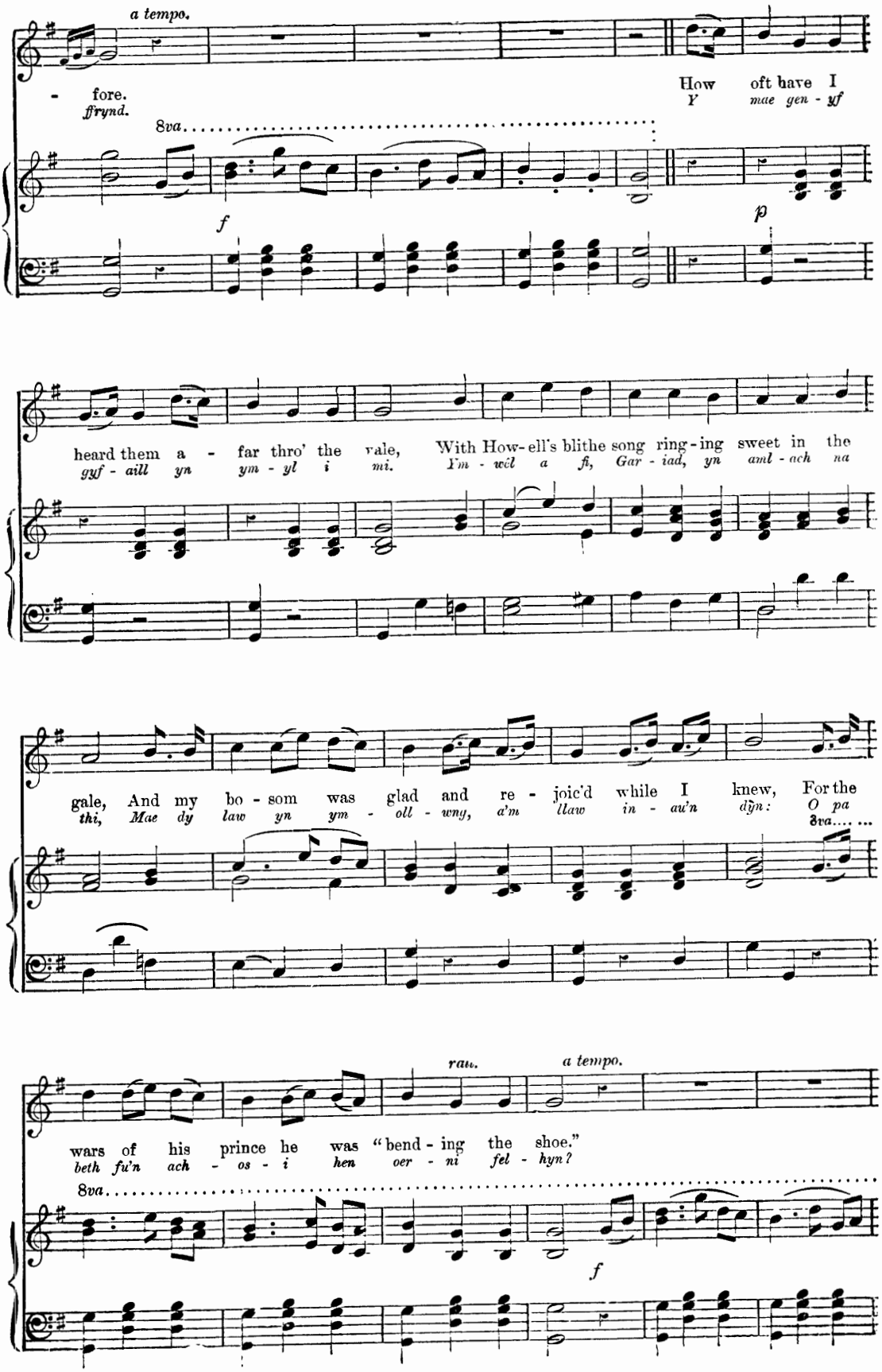
Bending the Shoe.*

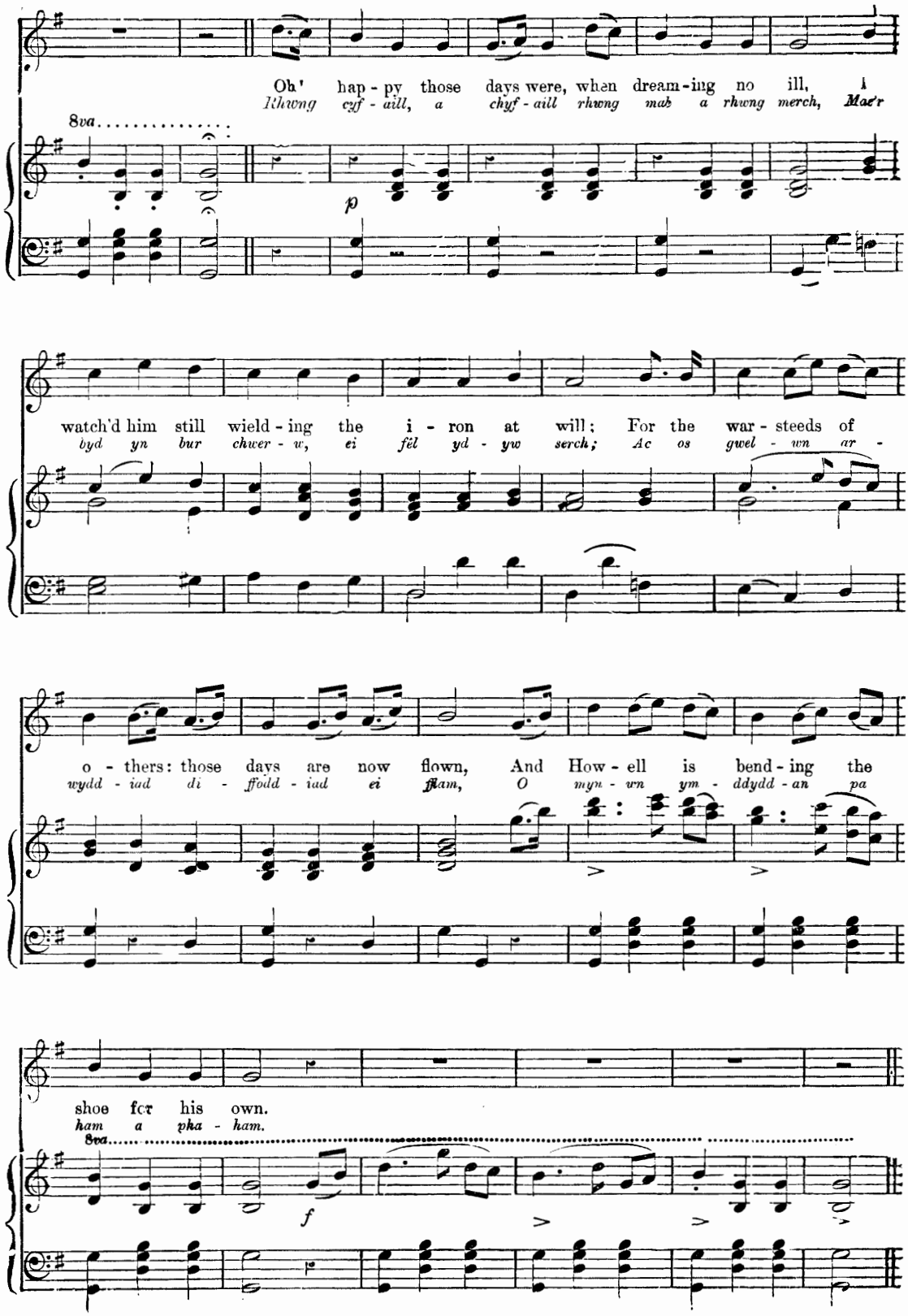
(PLYGAD Y BEDOL VACH.)

The English words by HENRY DAVIES.



* These words are printed by permission of the author


a tempo.
- fore.
ffrynd.
How oft have I
Y mae gen - yf
8va
f
p
heard them a - far thro' the vale,
gyf - aill yn ym - yl i mi.
With How-ell's blithe song ring-ing sweet in the
Ym - wel a fi, Gar - iad, yn aml - ach na
gale, And my bo - som was glad and re - joic'd while I knew, For the
thi, Mae dy law yn ym - oll - wng, a'm llaw in - au'n dyn: O pa
8va
rall.
a tempo.
wars of his prince he was "bend - ing the shoe."
beth fu'n ach - os - i hen oer - ni fel - hyn?
8va
f



Llewellyn hath summon'd with bugle and bow,
The brave of his country, to combat the foe:
And Howell, with all who are valiant and true,
Must quit for the battle-field "bending the shoe."

The Miller's Daughter.

(MERCH Y MELINYDD.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

Andante.

PIANO.

p *con espress.*

I am the mil - ler's daugh - ter, And when the mill goes round, I list - en to its
Os yw fy an - wyl gar - iad, Yn car - u dwy neu dair; Ac yn eu cad - w'n

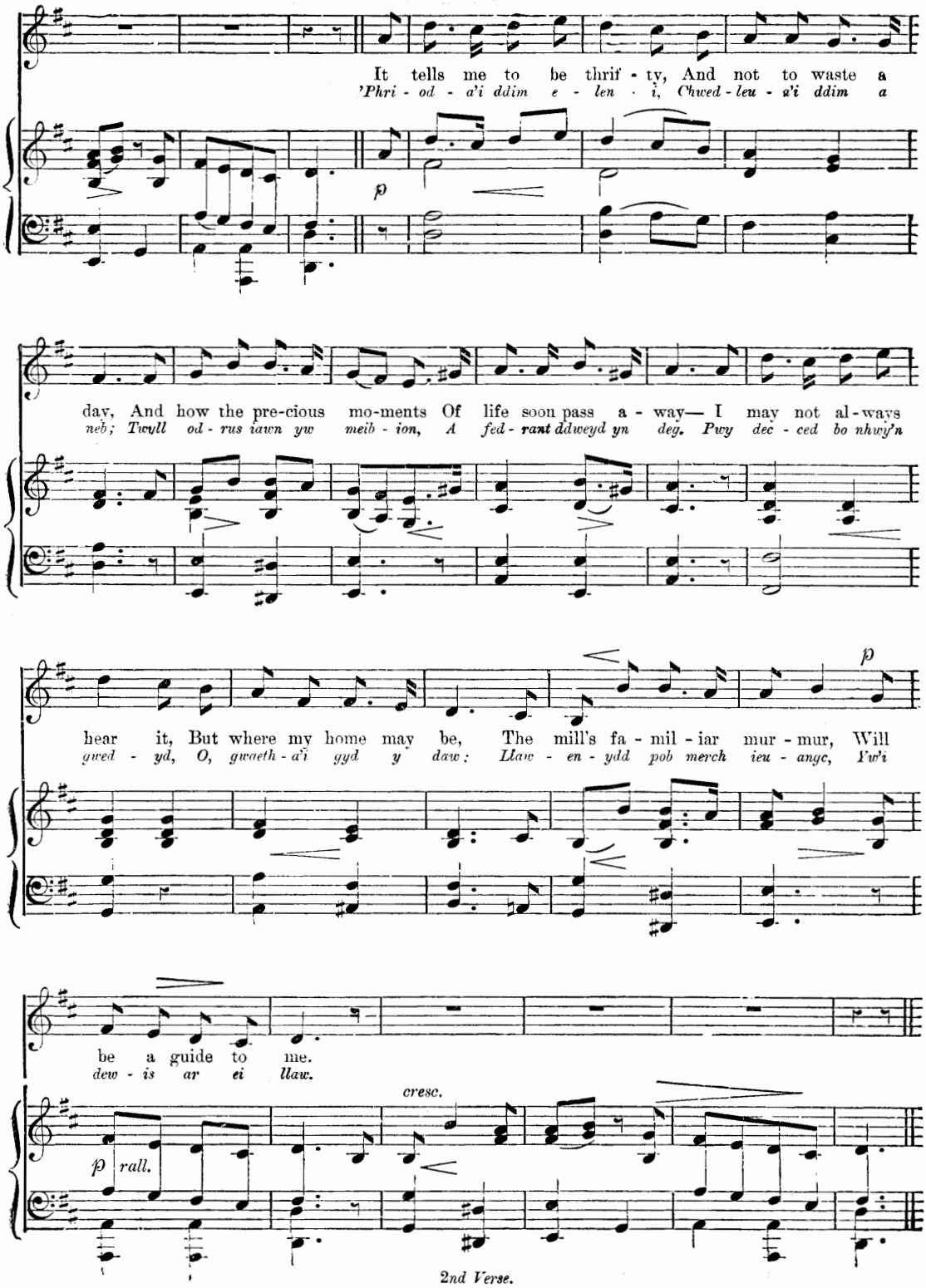
p

mur - mur As to a warn-ing sound; Ad - vice it seems to give me, As would a dear old
fodd - lon, Bob march-nad a phob ffair; O peid - ied yn - tau fedd - wl, Fod hyn - y'n boen i

friend, And tells me of the dan-gers 'Gainst which I must con - tend.
fi, 'Rwy' fi mor rhydd ag yn - tau, I gar - u dau neu dri.

rall. *a tempo.*

p



2nd Verse.

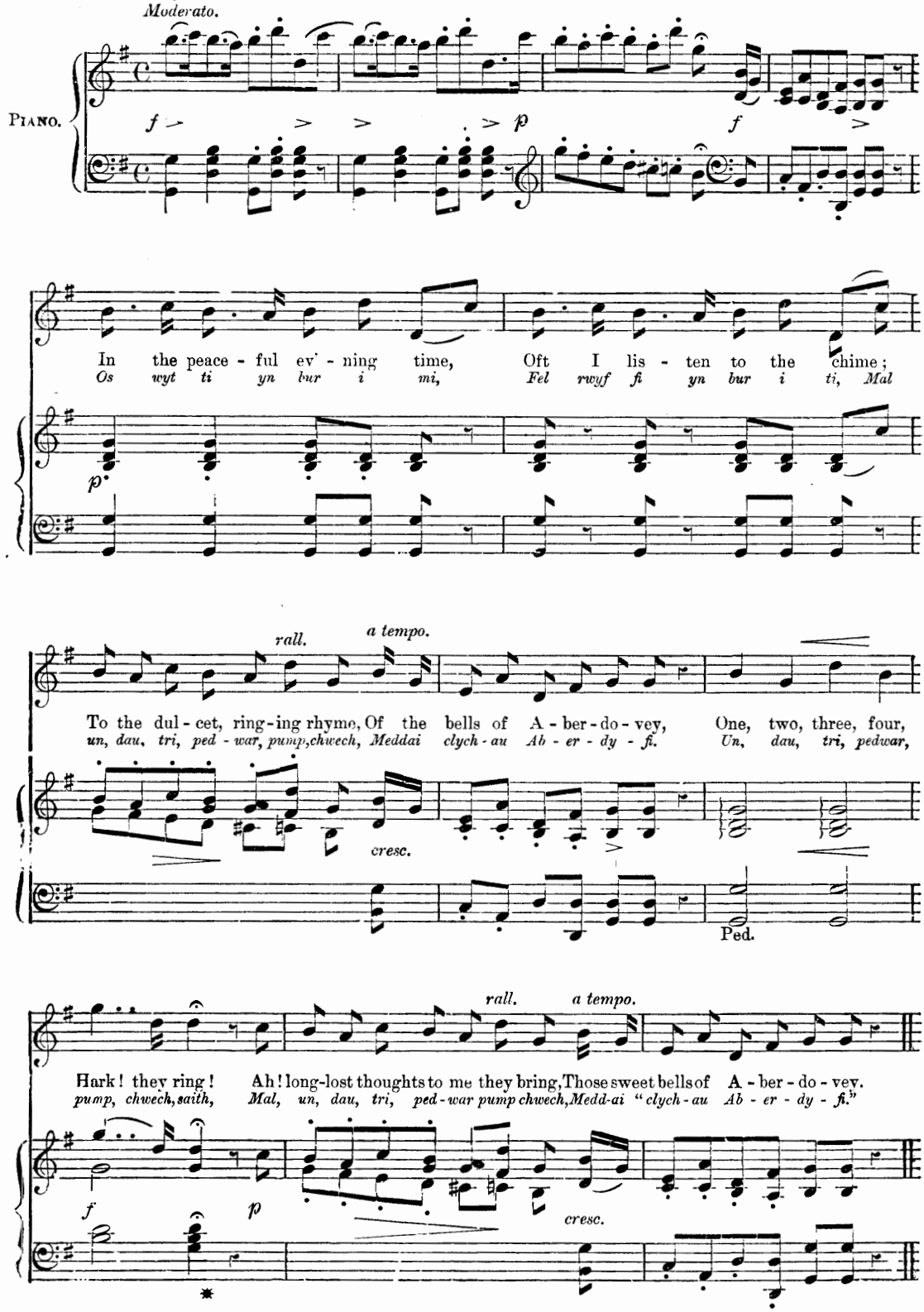
Os oes rhyw dair neu bedair
Yn hoff o hono ef;
Mae genyf inau bedwar
Ar bymtheg yn y dref:
Ond nhw sy'n gweyd fel yma,
A nhw sy'n gweyd fel hyn;
Dwyf fi ond gwénu arnynt,
A dal fy serch yn dyn.

Fe wêd fy mod yn euog,
Oherwydd gwrid fy moch:
Os gwrida ef yn welw,
Mi wrida inau'n goch.
A gweded yn ei wyneb,
A gwyneb dewr bob dyn;
Llawenydd "Merch Meirgydd"
Yw caru dim ond un.

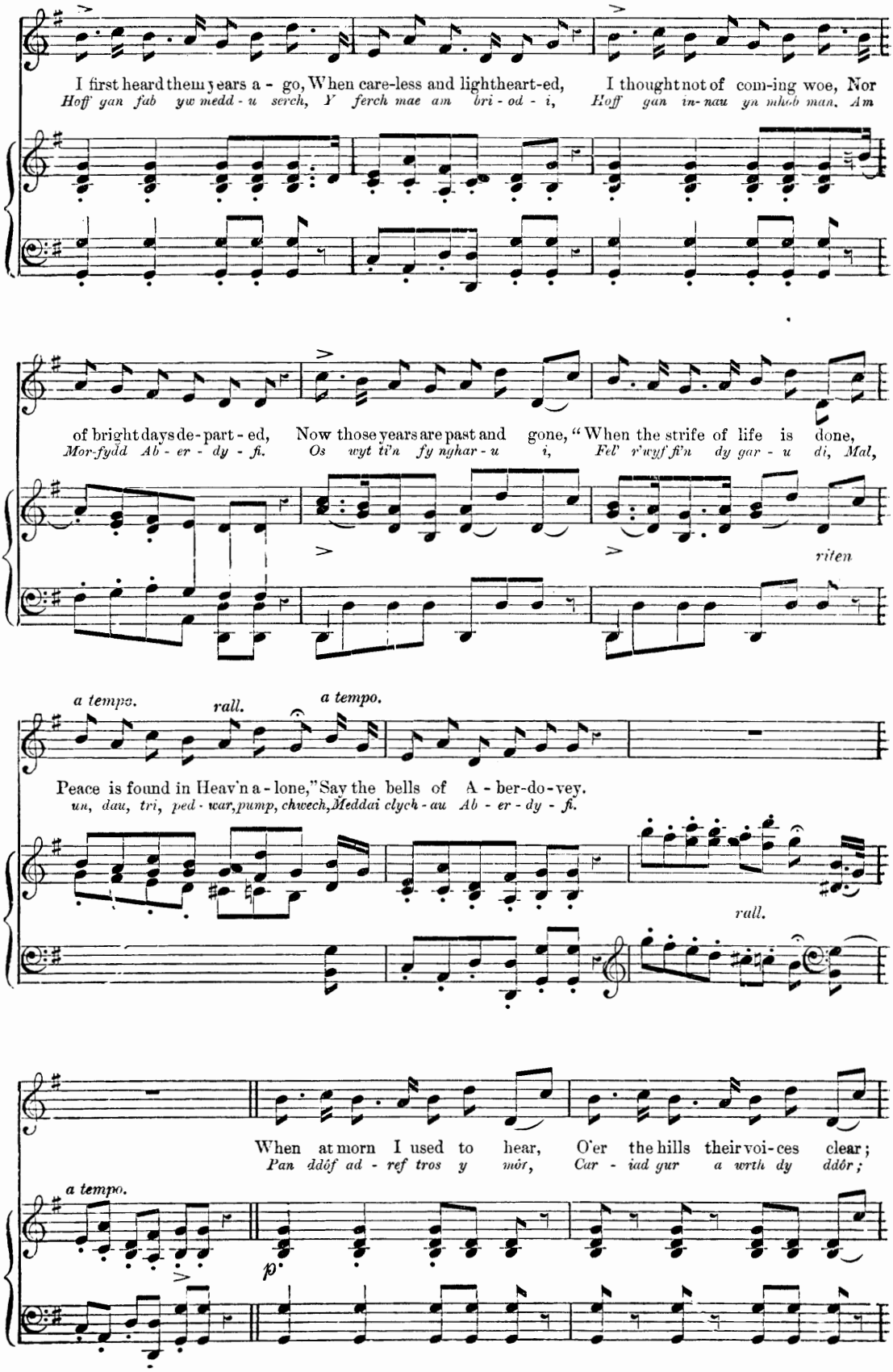
The Bells of Aberdovey.*

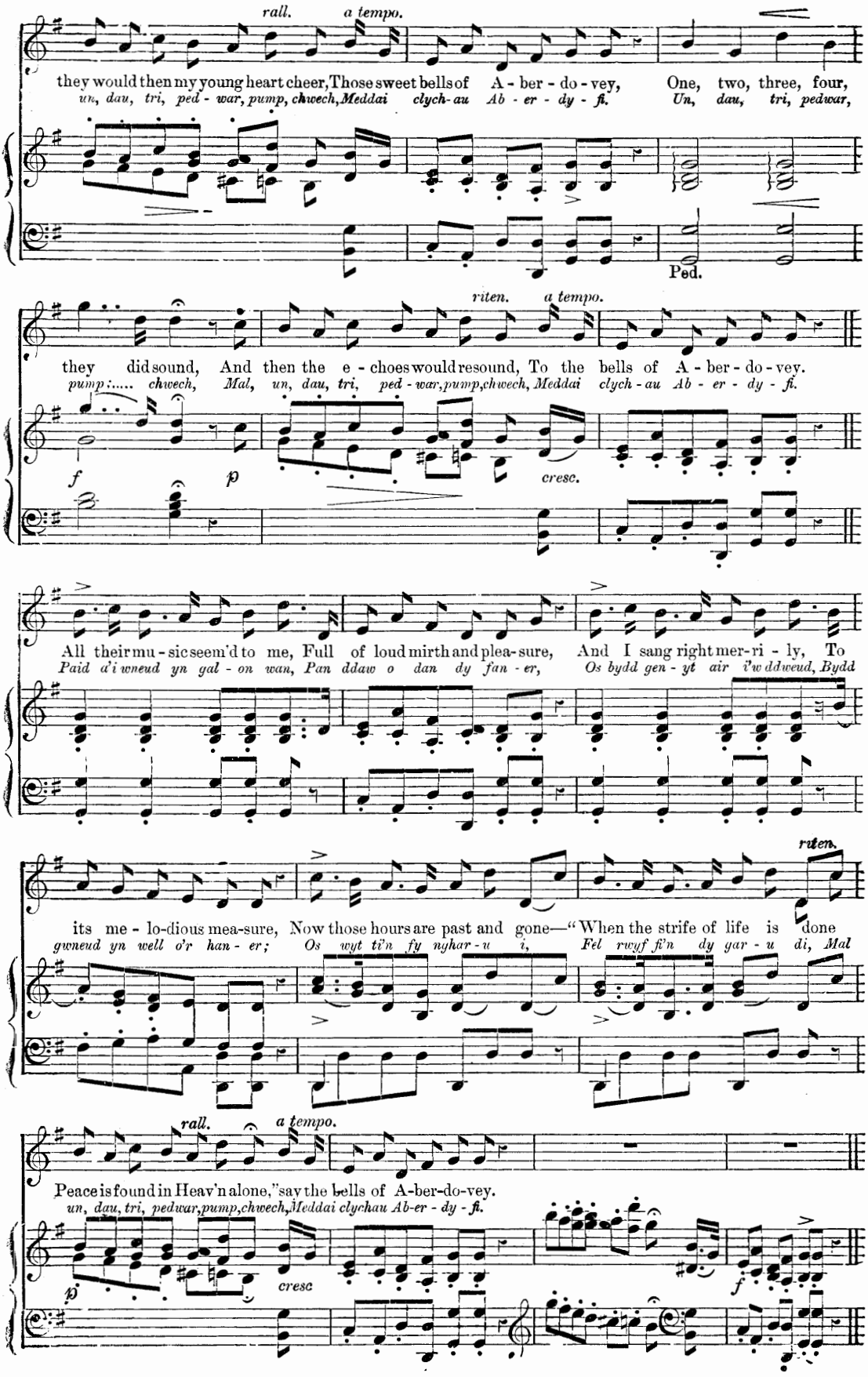
(CLYCHAU ABERDYFI.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* The more appropriate title would probably be "The Bells of Abertawe," (Swansea, South Wales.)

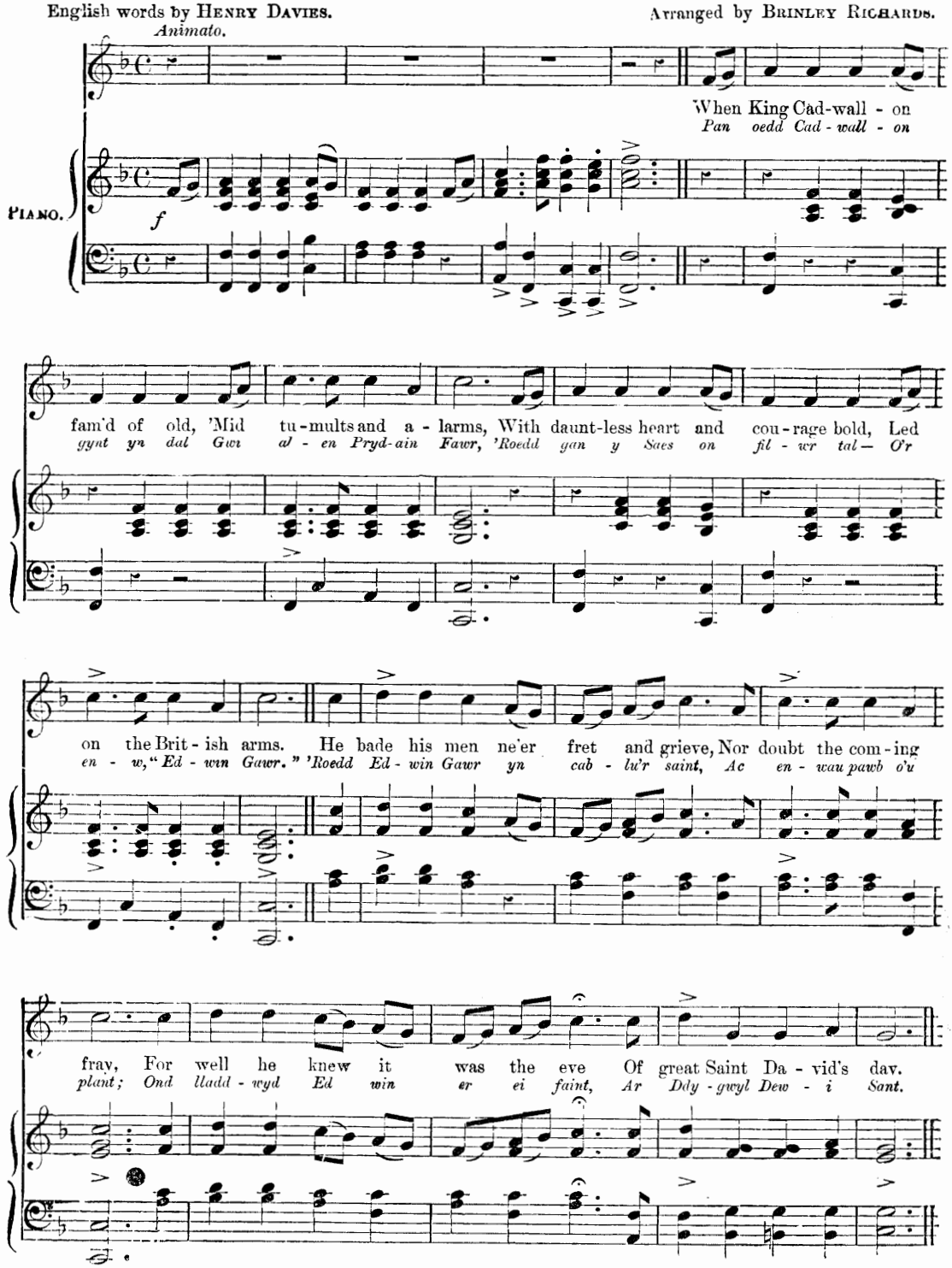

I first heard them years a - go, When care-less and light heart-ed, I thought not of com-ing woe, Nor
Hoff gan fab yw medd - u serch, Y ferch mae am bri - od - i, Hoff gan in-nau yn mhob man, Am
of bright days de-part - ed, Now those years are past and gone, "When the strife of life is done,
Mor-fydd Ab - er - dy - fi. Os wyt ti'n fy nghar - u i, Fel' r'wyf fi'n dy gar - u di, Mal,
riten
a tempo. rall. a tempo.
Peace is found in Heav'n a - lone," Say the bells of A - ber-do-vey.
un, dau, tri, ped - war, pump, chwech, Meddai clych - au Ab - er - dy - fi.
rall.
When at morn I used to hear, O'er the hills their voi-ces clear;
Pan ddôf ad - ref tros y môr, Car - iad gyr a wrth dy ddôr;
a tempo.
p


rall.
a tempo.
they would then my young heart cheer, Those sweet bells of A - ber - do - vey, One, two, three, four,
un, dau, tri, ped - war, pump, chwech, Meddai clych - au Ab - er - dy - fi. Un, dau, tri, pedwar,
Ped.
riten.
a tempo.
they did sound, And then the e - choes would resound, To the bells of A - ber - do - vey.
pump;..... chwech, Mal, un, dau, tri, ped - war, pump, chwech, Meddai clych - au Ab - er - dy - fi.
f
p
cresc.
All their mu - sic seem'd to me, Full of loud mirth and plea - sure, And I sang right mer - ri - ly, To
Paid d'i wneud yn gal - on wan, Pan ddaw o dan dy fan - er, Os bydd gen - yt air i'w ddweud, Bydd
riten.
its me - lo - dious mea - sure, Now those hours are past and gone—"When the strife of life is done
gwneud yn well o'r han - er; Os wyt ti'n fy nghar - u i, Fel rwyf fi'n dy gar - u di, Mal
rall.
a tempo.
Peace is found in Heav'n alone," say the bells of A-ber-do-vey.
un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai clychau Ab-er - dy - fi.
p
cresc
f

Saint David's Day.

(DYDD GWYL DEWI.)*

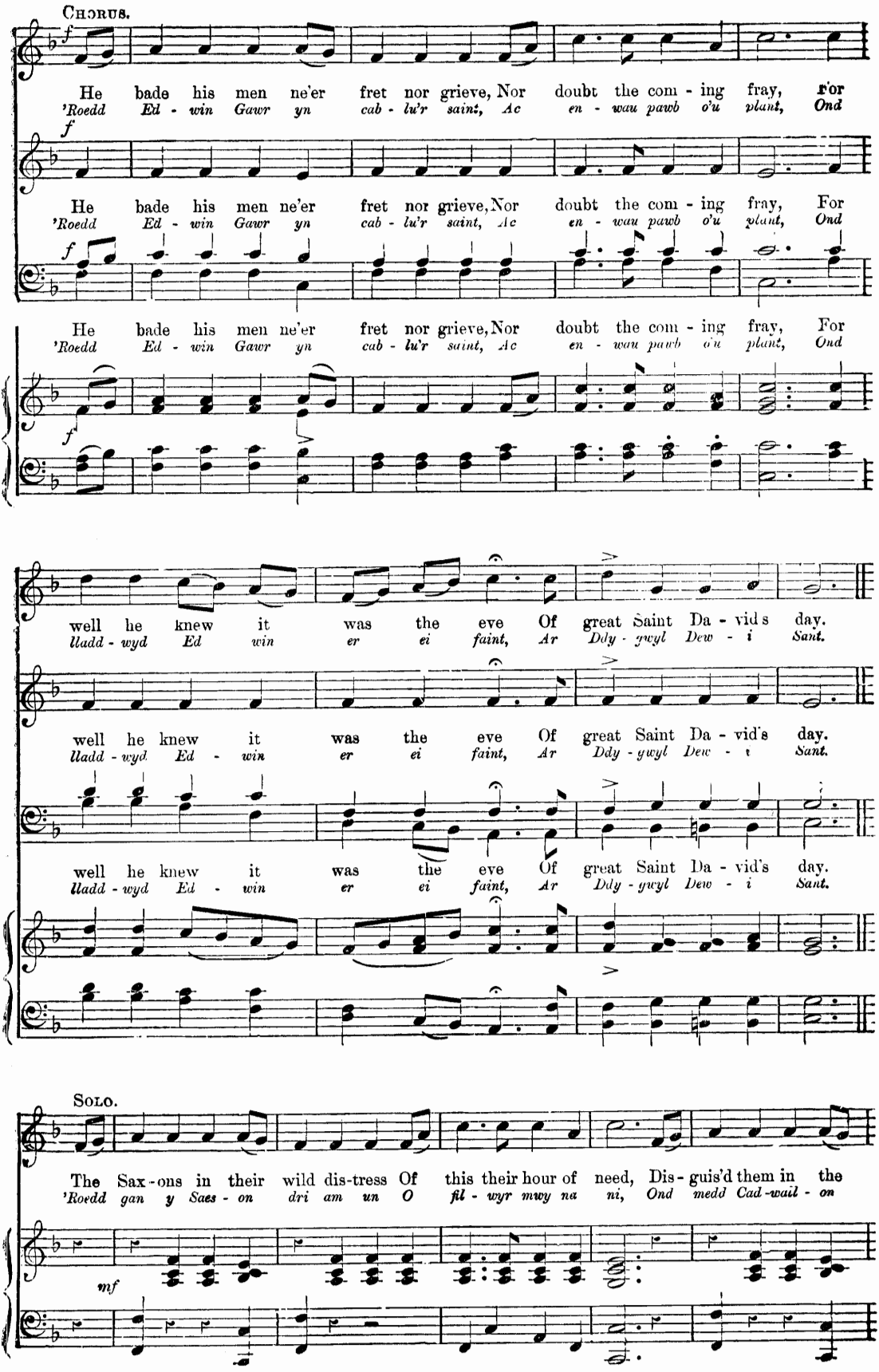
English words by HENRY DAVIES. Arranged by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

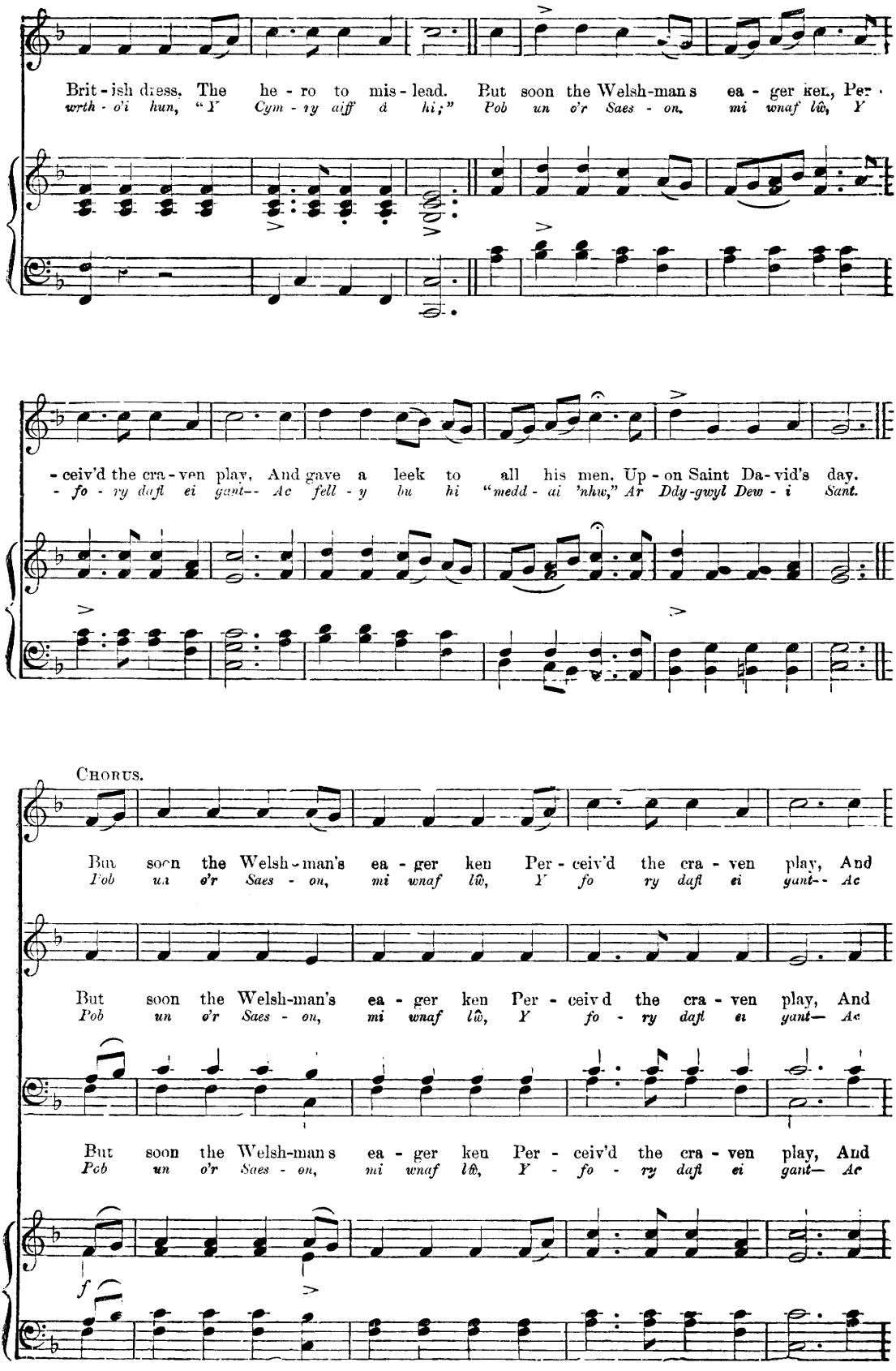


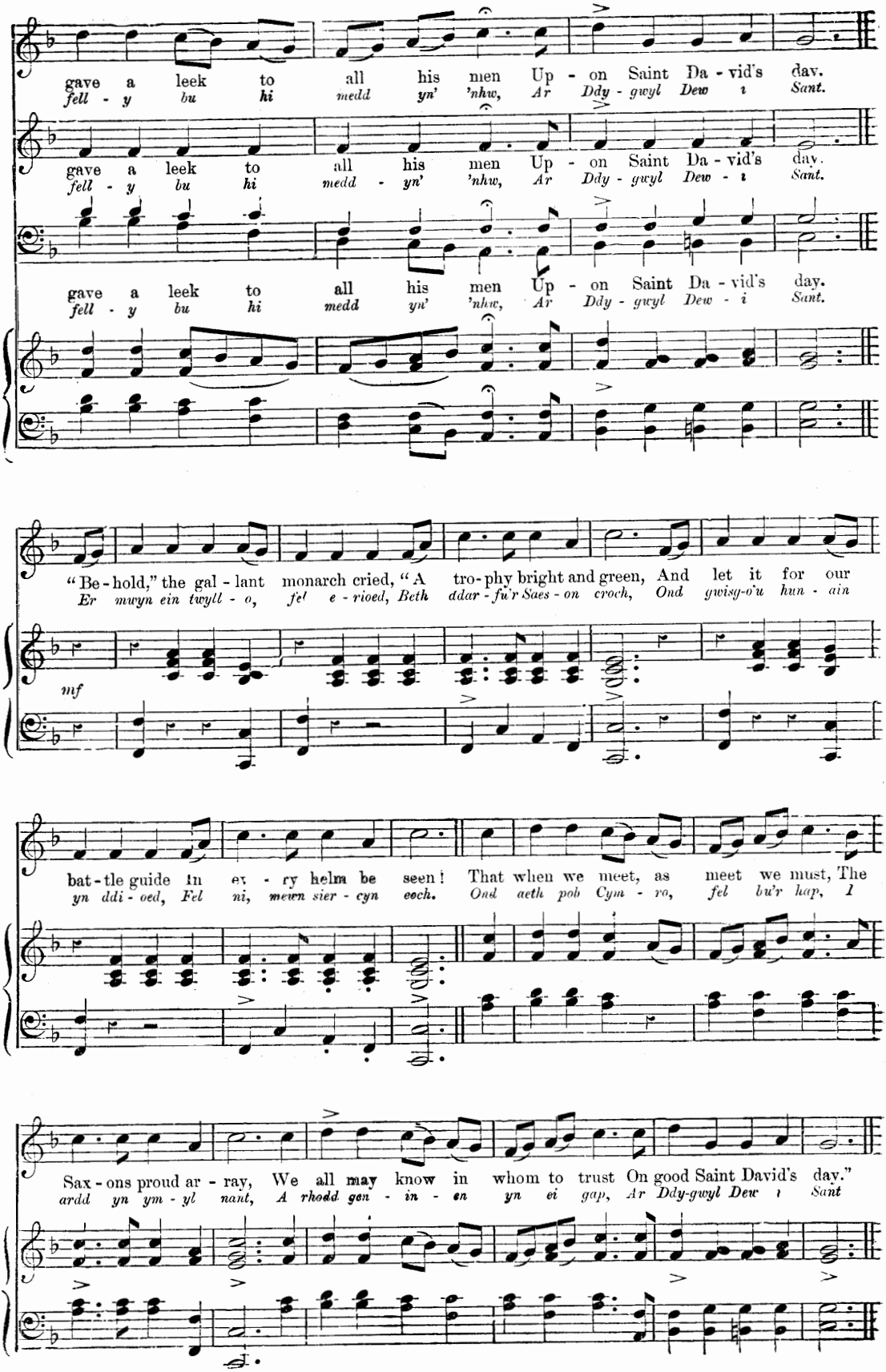
* From "Songs of Wales."

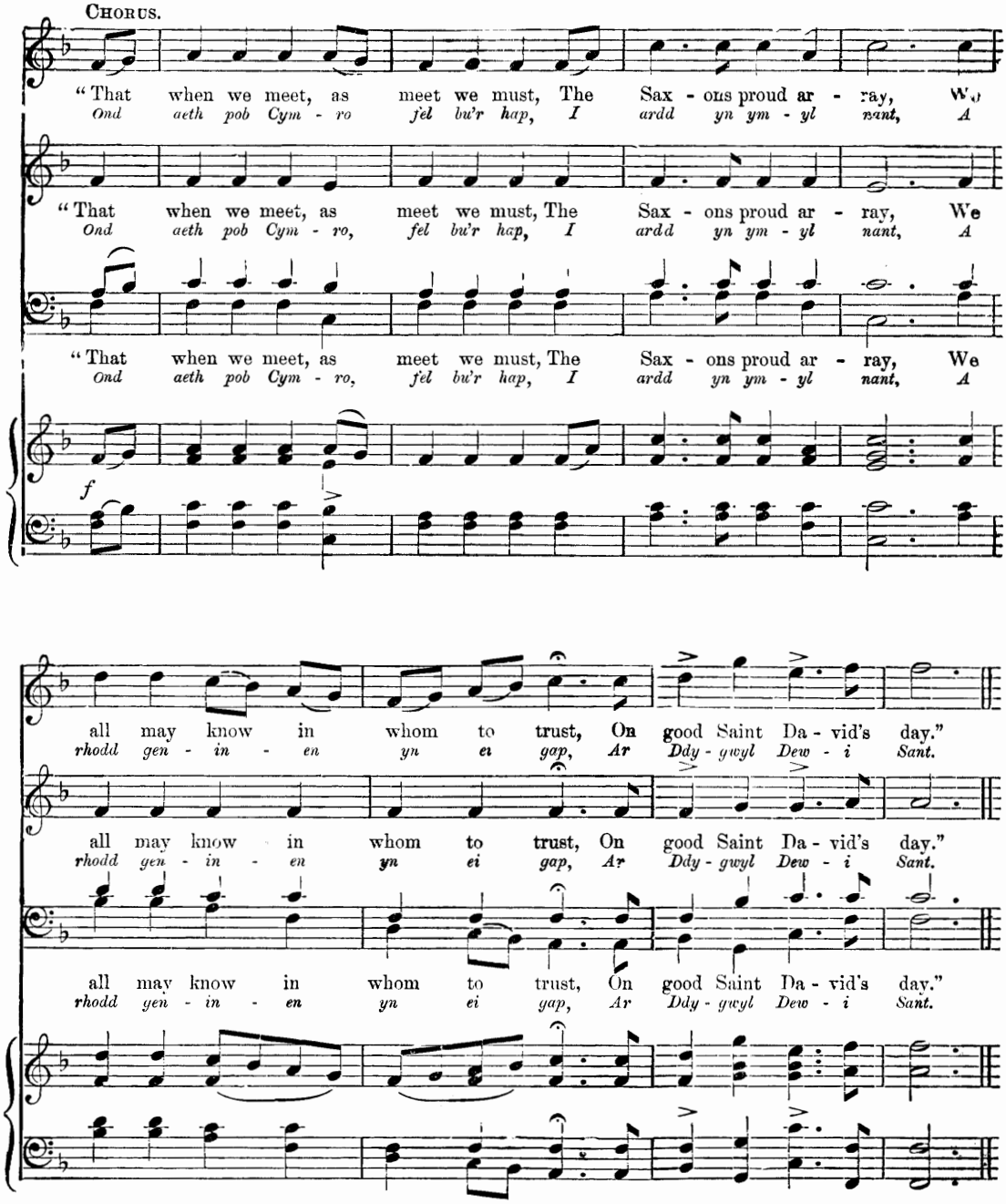
As sung at the Festivals of "The Society of Ancient Britons," London.

NOTE.—The real origin of "wearing the Leek" upon the 1st of March, is involved in considerable obscurity. The above song, however, embodies the most commonly received tradition on the subject. The hero referred to is supposed to have been the celebrated Cadwallon, who in the year 693 assumed the title of the King of the Britons, and for a period of thirty years successfully waged war against the Saxons in the "North countries."—*See Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, Vol. I., p. 348.*


Chorus.
f
He bade his men ne'er fret nor grieve, Nor doubt the com - ing fray, For
'Roedd Ed - win Gawr yn cab - lu'r saint, Ac en - wau pawb o'u plant, Ond
He bade his men ne'er fret nor grieve, Nor doubt the com - ing fray, For
'Roedd Ed - win Gawr yn cab - lu'r saint, Ac en - wau pawb o'u plant, Ond
He bade his men ne'er fret nor grieve, Nor doubt the com - ing fray, For
'Roedd Ed - win Gawr yn cab - lu'r saint, Ac en - wau pawb o'u plant, Ond
well he knew it was the eve Of great Saint Da - vid's day.
lladd - wyd Ed win er ei faint, Ar Ddy - gwyl Dew - i Sant.
well he knew it was the eve Of great Saint Da - vid's day.
lladd - wyd Ed - win er ei faint, Ar Ddy - gwyl Dew - i Sant.
well he knew it was the eve Of great Saint Da - vid's day.
lladd - wyd Ed - win er ei faint, Ar Ddy - gwyl Dew - i Sant.
Solo.
The Sax - ons in their wild dis-tress Of this their hour of need, Dis - guis'd them in the
'Roedd gan y Saes - on dri am un O fil - wyr mwy na ni, Ond medd Cad - wail - on
mf


Brit-ish dress. The he-ro to mis-lead. But soon the Welsh-man's ea-ger ken, Per-
wrth-o'i hun, "Y Cym-ry aiff â hi;" Pob un o'r Saes-on, mi wnaf lŵ, Y
-ceiv'd the cra-ven play, And gave a leek to all his men, Up-on Saint Da-vid's day.
-fo-ry dafl ei gant-- Ac fell-y hu hi "medd-ai 'nhw," Ar Ddy-gwyl Dew-i Sant.
Chorus.
But soon the Welsh-man's ea-ger ken Per-ceiv'd the cra-ven play, And
Pob un o'r Saes-on, mi wnaf lŵ, Y fo ry dafl ei gant-- Ac
But soon the Welsh-man's ea-ger ken Per-ceiv'd the cra-ven play, And
Pob un o'r Saes-on, mi wnaf lŵ, Y fo-ry dafl ei gant— Ac
But soon the Welsh-man's ea-ger ken Per-ceiv'd the cra-ven play, And
Pob un o'r Saes-on, mi wnaf lŵ, Y-fo-ry dafl ei gant— Ac
f


gave a leek to all his men Up - on Saint Da - vid's day.
fell - y bu hi medd yn' 'nhw, Ar Ddy - gwyl Dew ı Sant.
gave a leek to all his men Up - on Saint Da - vid's day.
fell - y bu hi medd - yn' 'nhw, Ar Ddy - gwyl Dew - ı Sant.
gave a leek to all his men Up - on Saint Da - vid's day.
fell - y bu hi medd yn' 'nhw, Ar Ddy - gwyl Dew - i Sant.
"Be - hold," the gal - lant monarch cried, "A tro - phy bright and green, And let it for our
Er mwyn ein twyll - o, fel e - rioed, Beth ddar - fu'r Saes - on croch, Ond gwisg-o'u hun - ain
mf
bat - tle guide in ev - ry helm be seen! That when we meet, as meet we must, The
yn ddi - oed, Fel ni, mewn sier - cyn eoch. Ond aeth pob Cym - ro, fel bu'r hap, I
Sax - ons proud ar - ray, We all may know in whom to trust On good Saint David's day."
ardd yn ym - yl nant, A rhodd gen - in - en yn ei gap, Ar Ddy-gwyl Dew ı Sant



Anon arose the battle shout
The crash of spear and bow,
But aye, the green leek pointed out
The Welshman from his foe.
The Saxons made a stout defence,
But fled at length, away;
And conquest crowned the British Prince,
On great Saint David's day.

We'll cherish still that field of fame
Whate'er may be our lot,
Which, long as Wallia hath a name,
Shall never be forgot.
And braver badge we ne'er will seek,
Whatever others may;
But still be proud to wear the leek,
On good Saint David's day.

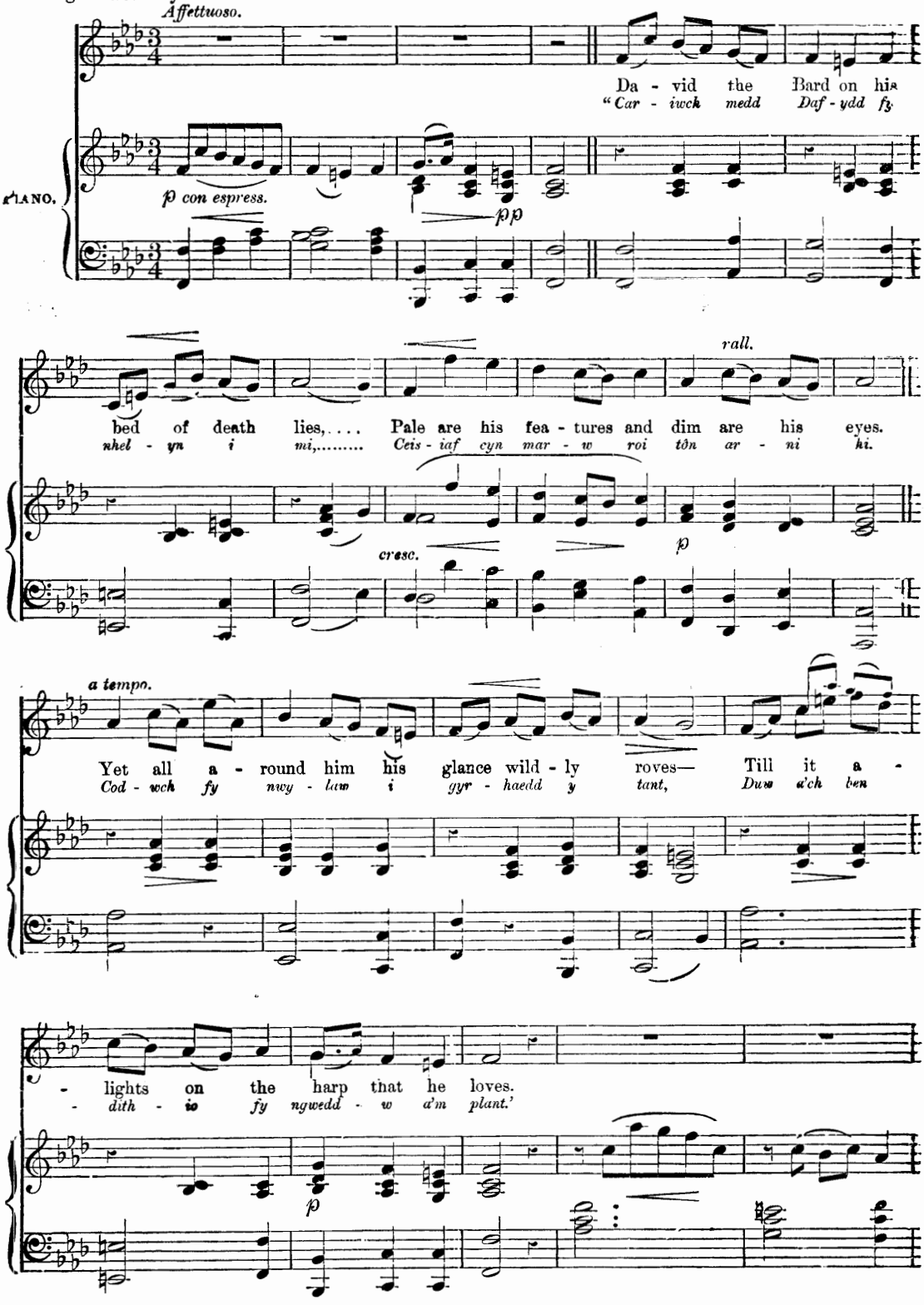
Hen arwydd oedd ar ddydd y gâd
Rhwng gwŷr y "Ddraig" a'r "Llew;"
Mae'n arwydd etto yn mhob gwlad,
Lle megir Cymro glew.
Mae'n bechgyn heddyw oll ar daen,
Hyd lawer bryn a phant:
Ddaw Dic Shon Dafydd byth yn ôl,
Ar Ddydgwyl Dewi Sant.

Bob parch i ereill, ni waeth pwy,
Ond ceisiwn ar ein hynt
Wneyd Cymru fory'n llawer mwy
Nag ydoedd Cymru gynt;
Nawr gyda'n gilydd canwn gerdd,
A phennill gyda'r tant:
A gwisgwn fyth Geninen werdd
Ar Ddydgwyl Dewi Sant.

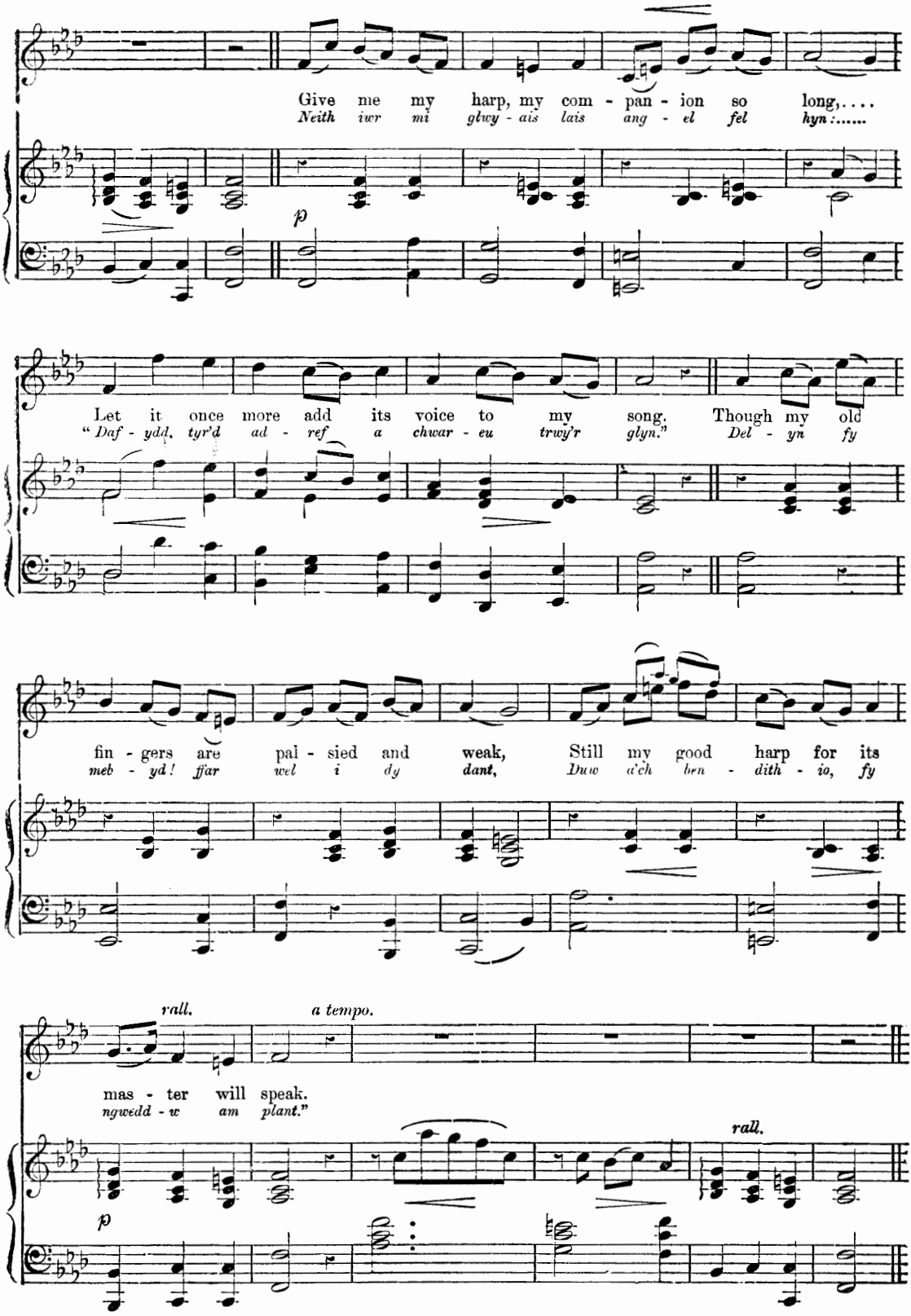
David of the White Rock.

(DAFYDD Y GAREG WEN.)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.



* "The Welsh tradition is, that a Bard who lay on his death bed, called for his harp and played the above air, requesting at the same time, that it might be performed at his funeral"—and it was accordingly played on the harp, at the Parish church of Ynys Cynhaiarn; in which parish the house called "Gureg-Wen" (Carnarvonshire) is situated.—J. Parry's "Welsh Harper," p. 110.



3rd Verse.

Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred,
When its loud summons to battle was heard:
Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave.
Let thy last notes hover over my grave.

Hunting the Hare.

(HELA'R 'SGYVARNOG.)

English words by G. Linley.

Vivace.

O - ver hill and plain they're bounding,
Awn i hel - a'r ys - gyf - arn - og,

Piano.

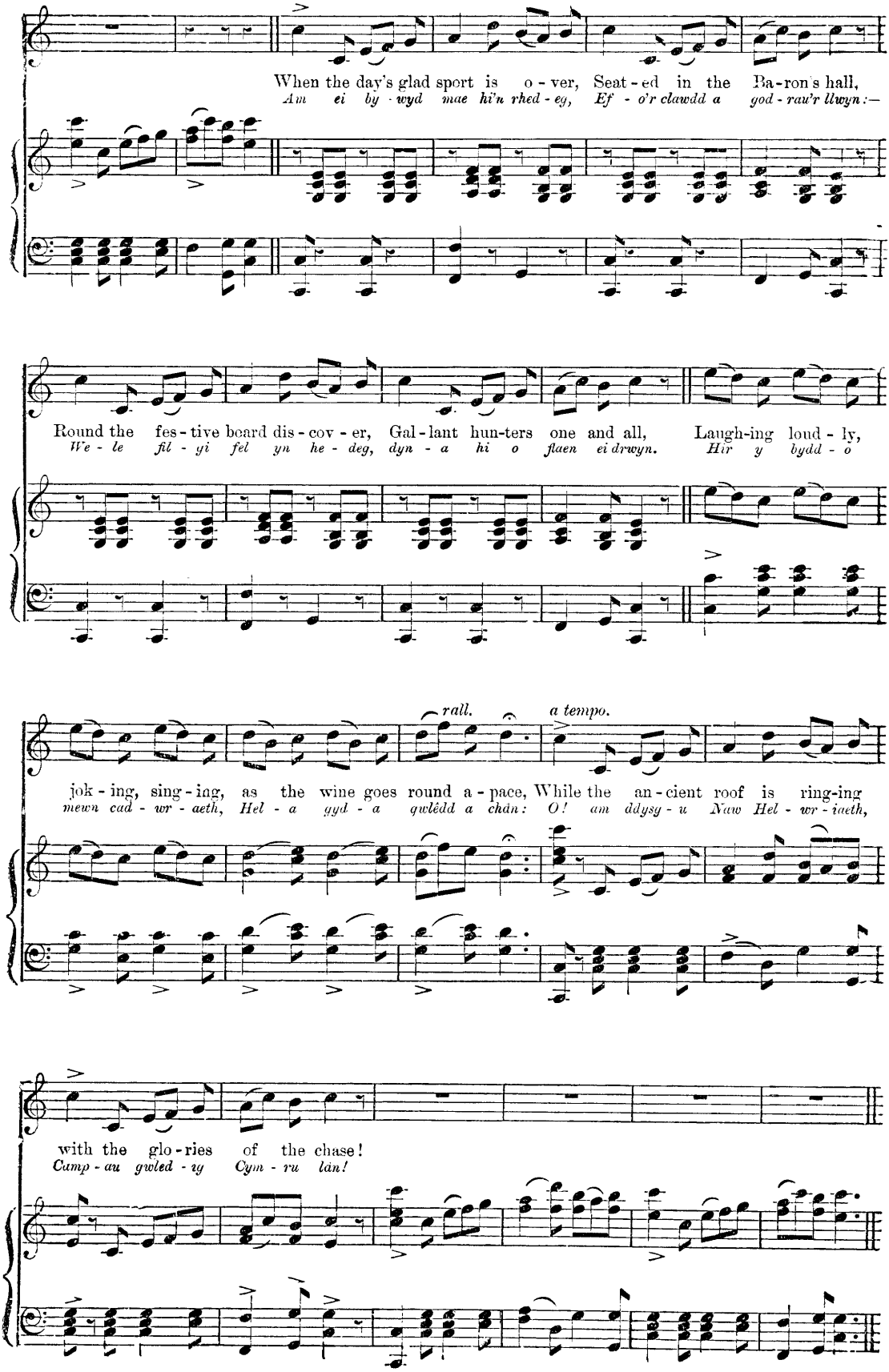
Thro' the air they seem to fly; Hark! the mer - ry horn is sounding, List! the hun-ter's
Dym - a for - eu hyf - ryd iach; Cod - wyd hi ar graig eith - in - og:—Hei! y cwn a'r

jo - vial cry! Now thro' din - gle, dell, and hol - low, Dart they on at fear - less pace;
gw - ta fach! Fel y gwynt, neu'n gynt na hy - ny, Gyd - ar cwn a hi - thau'r awn;

rall.

a tempo.

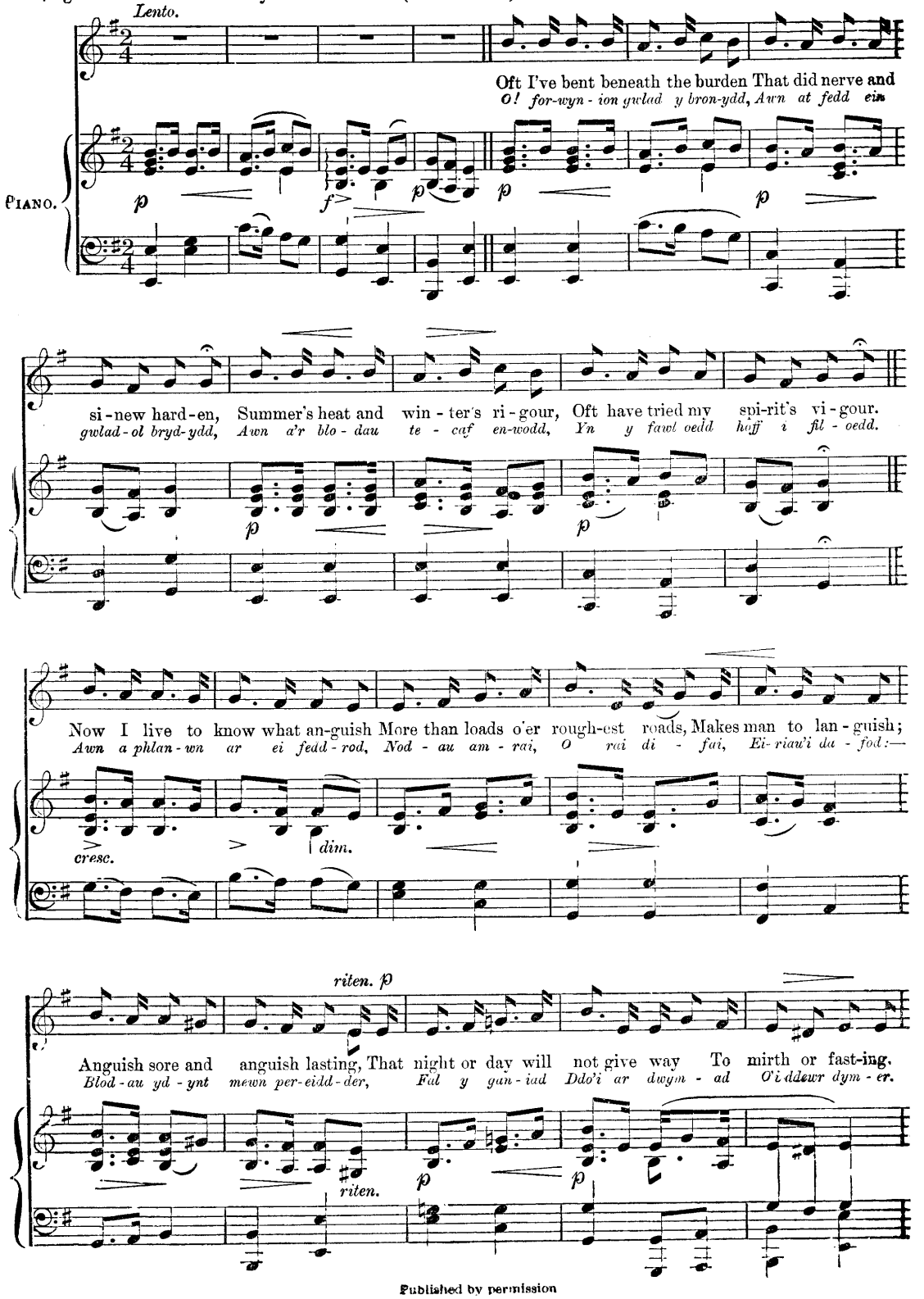
Oh! what joy the hounds to fol-low, There's no plea-sure like the chase.
Ar y ffridd wrth fyn'd i fyn - y, Dy - na i - ddi dro - fa iawn.


When the day's glad sport is o - ver, Seat - ed in the Ba-ron's hall,
Am ei by - wyd mae hi'n rhed - eg, Ef - o'r clawdd a god - rau'r llwyn:—
Round the fes - tive board dis - cov - er, Gal - lant hun-ters one and all, Laugh-ing loud - ly,
We - le fil - yi fel yn he - deg, dyn - a hi o flaen ei drwyn. Hir y bydd - o
rall.
a tempo.
jok - ing, sing - ing, as the wine goes round a - pace, While the an - cient roof is ring-ing
mewn cad - wr - aeth, Hel - a gyd - a gwlédd a chân: O! am ddysg - u Naw Hel - wr - iaeth,
with the glo - ries of the chase!
Camp - au gwled - ig Cym - ru lân!

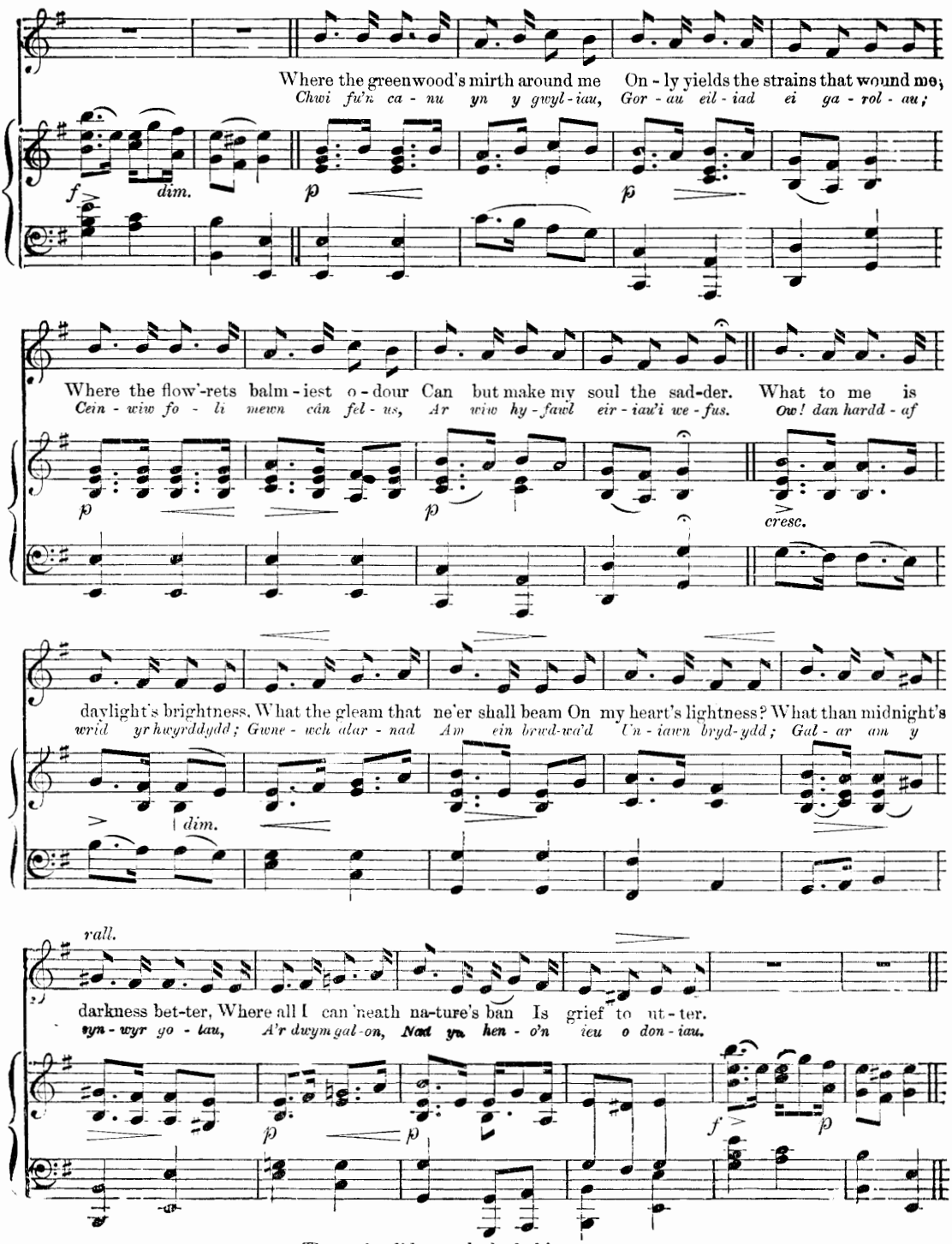
The Lament.

(Y GALON DROM.)

English and Welsh words by JOHN THOMAS (IEUAN DDU.)



Published by permission



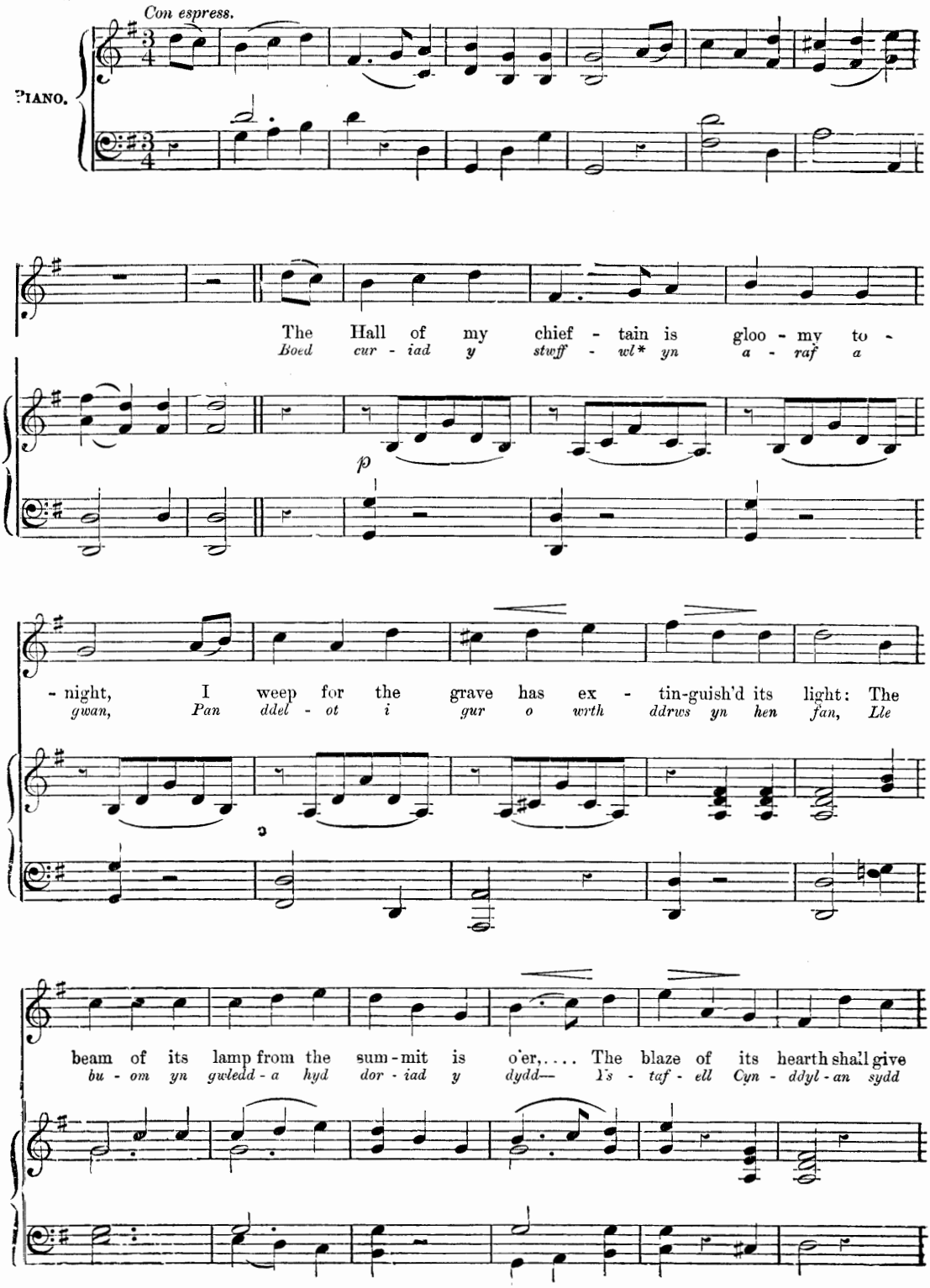
Thou who didst my body fashion,
And didst fire my heart with passion
Thou who know'st my strength and weakness—
All my pride and all my meekness;
Him who in his wounds doth welter,
'Neath Thy wing
In mercy bring,
And give him shelter:
Father, Friend, and *Lord Almighty*,
As I bleed
Oh! show in need
Thy love and pity.

The Hall of my Chieftain.

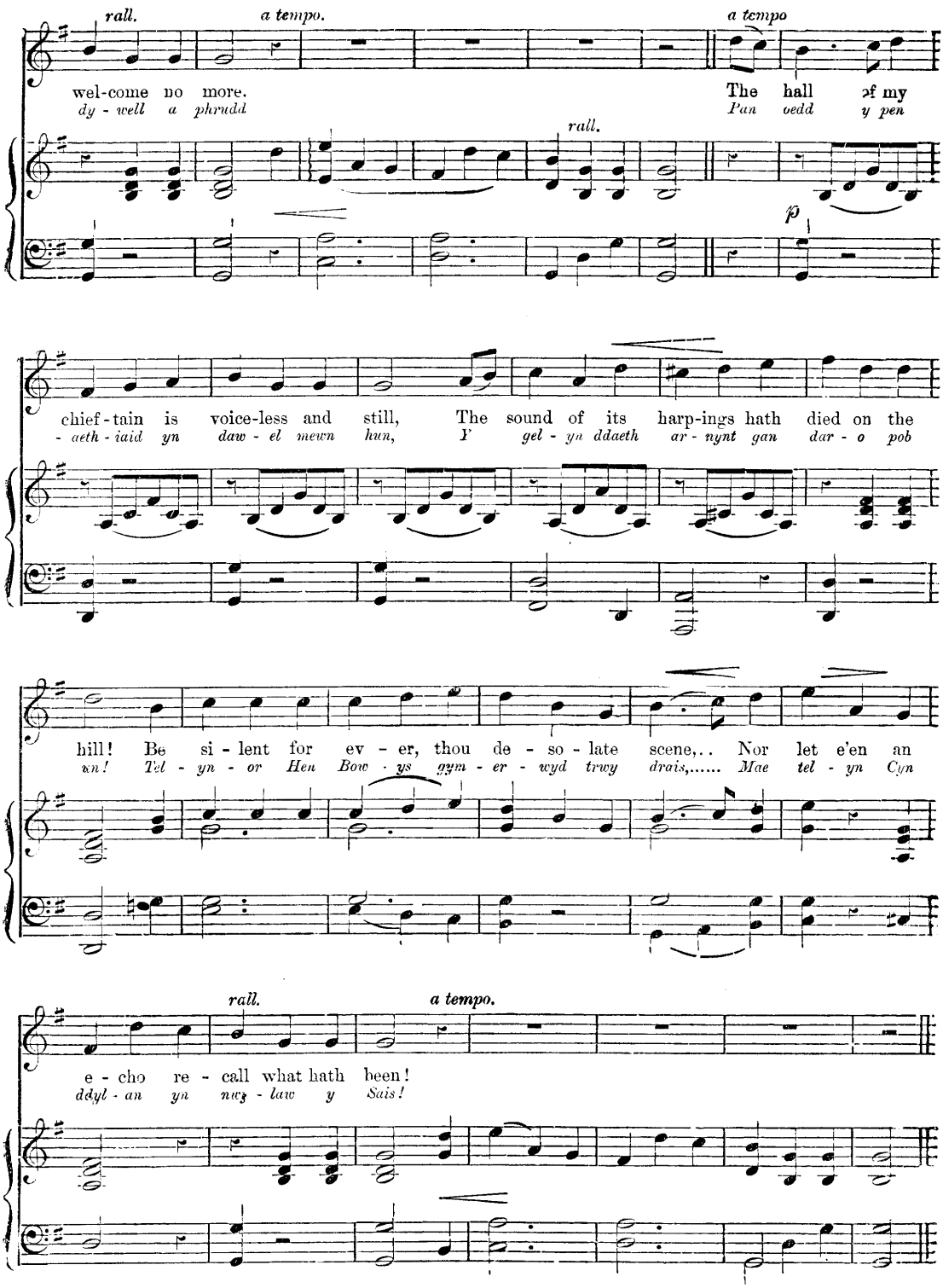
(YSTAFELL CYNDDYLAN.)

(Y STWFFWL.)

English words by Mrs. Hemans.



* The Door-clapper.



The hall of the chieftain is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!
Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?
The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was pour'd.

The hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since he is departed whose smile made it bright:
I mourn, but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

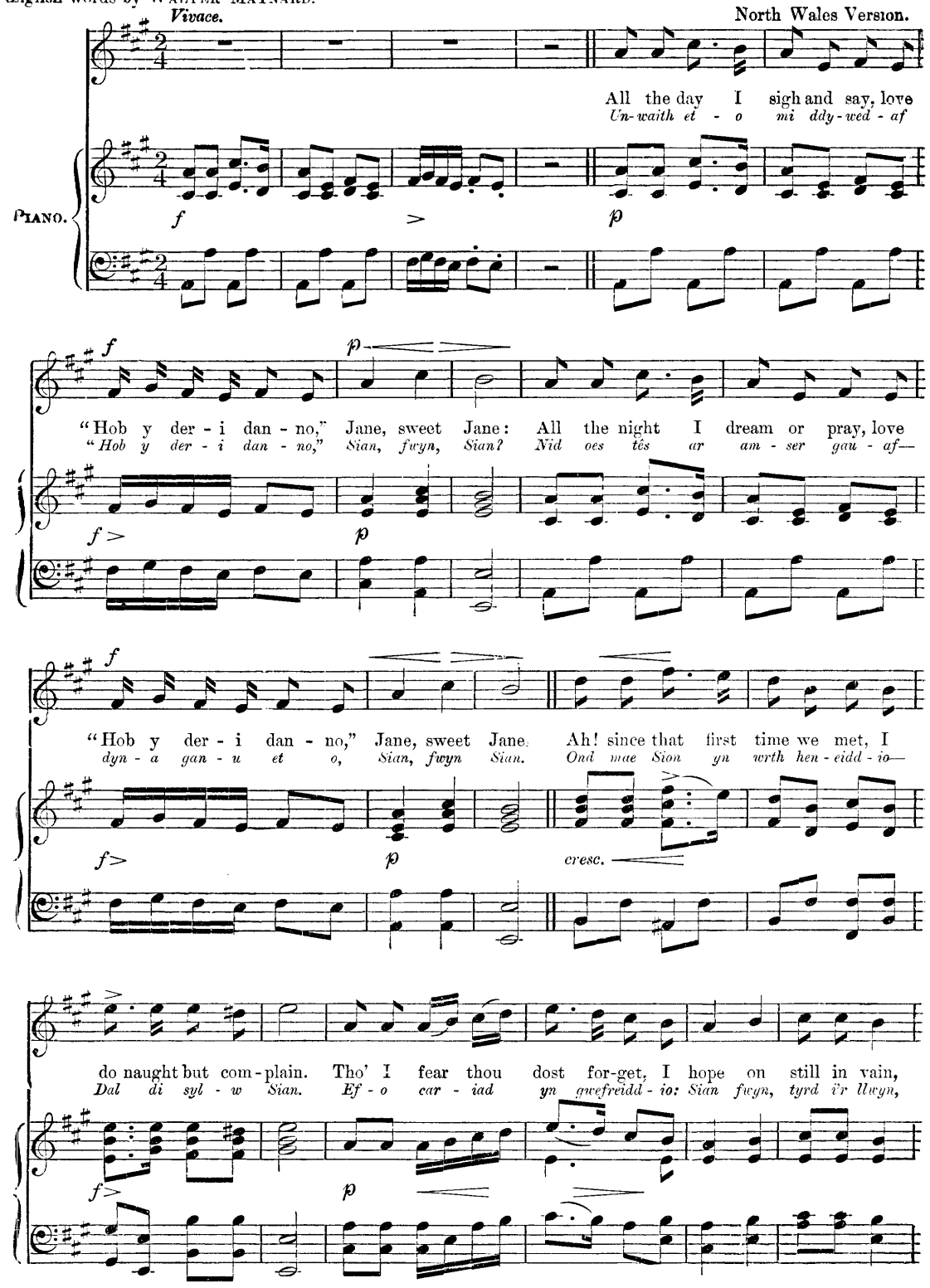
Roedd telyn Cynddylan yn arfer rhoi gwŷs
A galwad i'r cleddyf oedd yn yr un llys;
Os mwyach ni chana prif delyn y byd,
Mae cleddyf Cynddylan yn hongian o hyd.

Ystafell Cynddylan sydd dywell a phrudd,
I ddwyn y telynor a'i delyn yn rhydd:
Bro Powys sy'n bloeddio yn uchel ei llais,
"Rhoed cleddyf Cynddylan yn nghalon y Sais!

"All the day."

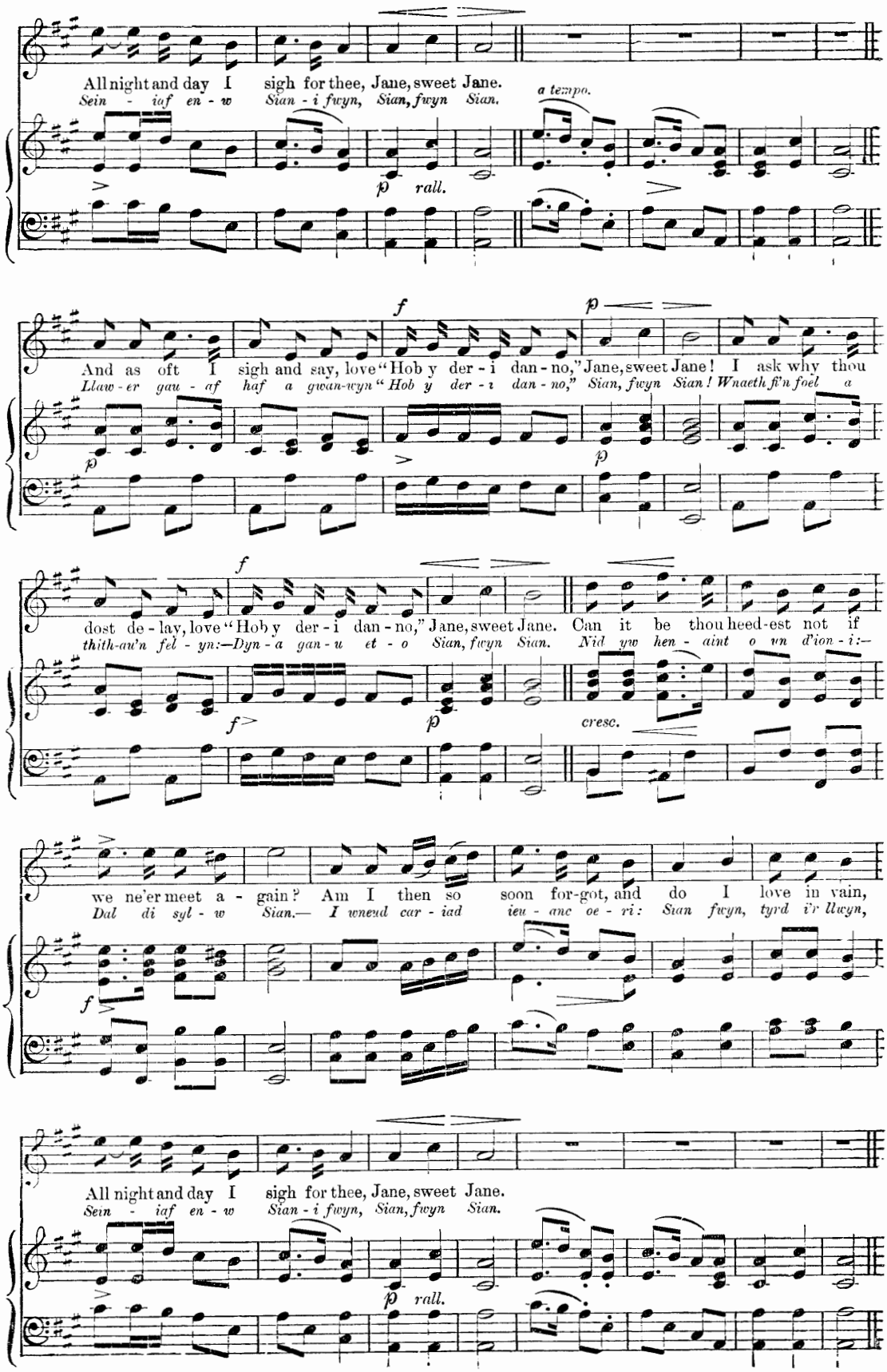
(UNWAITH ETO.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD. ("HOB Y DERI DAN-NO.")



* "*Hai down ir deri danno,*"—*(Come, let us hasten to the oaken grove,)* is the burden of an old song of the Druids. The old English song "*Hie down down derry down,*" &c., is probably borrowed from the Druidical song.

"*Hob y deri danno*" literally means "The swine (or pig) under the oaks."

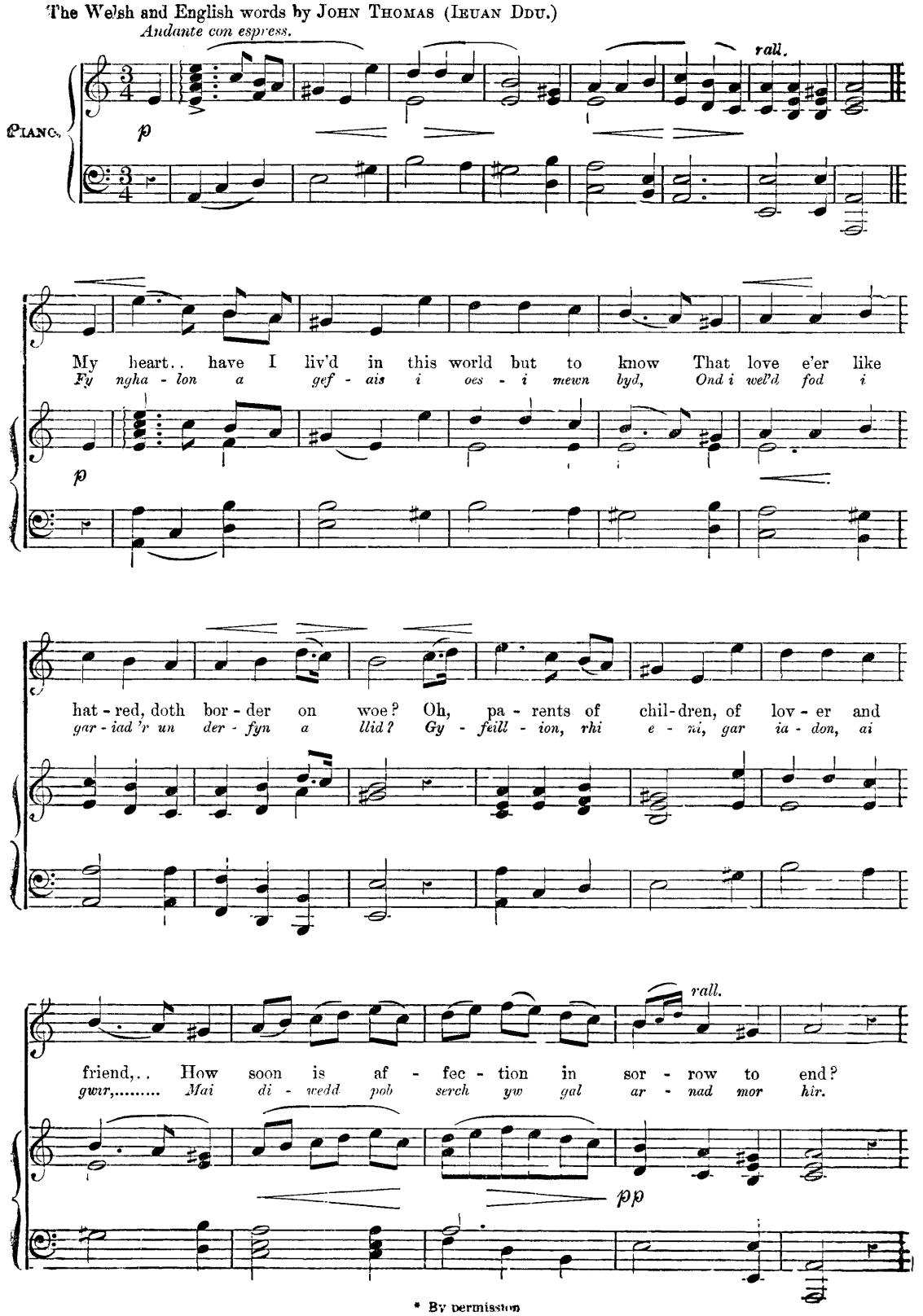

All night and day I sigh for thee, Jane, sweet Jane.
Sein - iaf en - w Sian - i fwyn, Sian, fwyn Sian.
a tempo.
p rall.
And as oft I sigh and say, love "Hob y der - i dan - no," Jane, sweet Jane! I ask why thou
Llaw - er gau - af haf a gwan-wyn "Hob y der - i dan - no," Sian, fwyn Sian! Wnaeth fi'n foel a
dost de - lay, love "Hob y der - i dan - no," Jane, sweet Jane. Can it be thou heed-est not if
thith-au'n fel - yn:—Dyn - a gan - u et - o Sian, fwyn Sian. Nid yw hen - aint o un d'ion - i:—
cresc.
we ne'er meet a - gain? Am I then so soon for-got, and do I love in vain,
Dal di syl - w Sian.— I wneud car - iad ieu - anc oe - ri: Sian fwyn, tyrd i'r llwyn,
All night and day I sigh for thee, Jane, sweet Jane.
Sein - iaf en - w Sian - i fwyn, Sian, fwyn Sian.
p rall.

My Heart.*

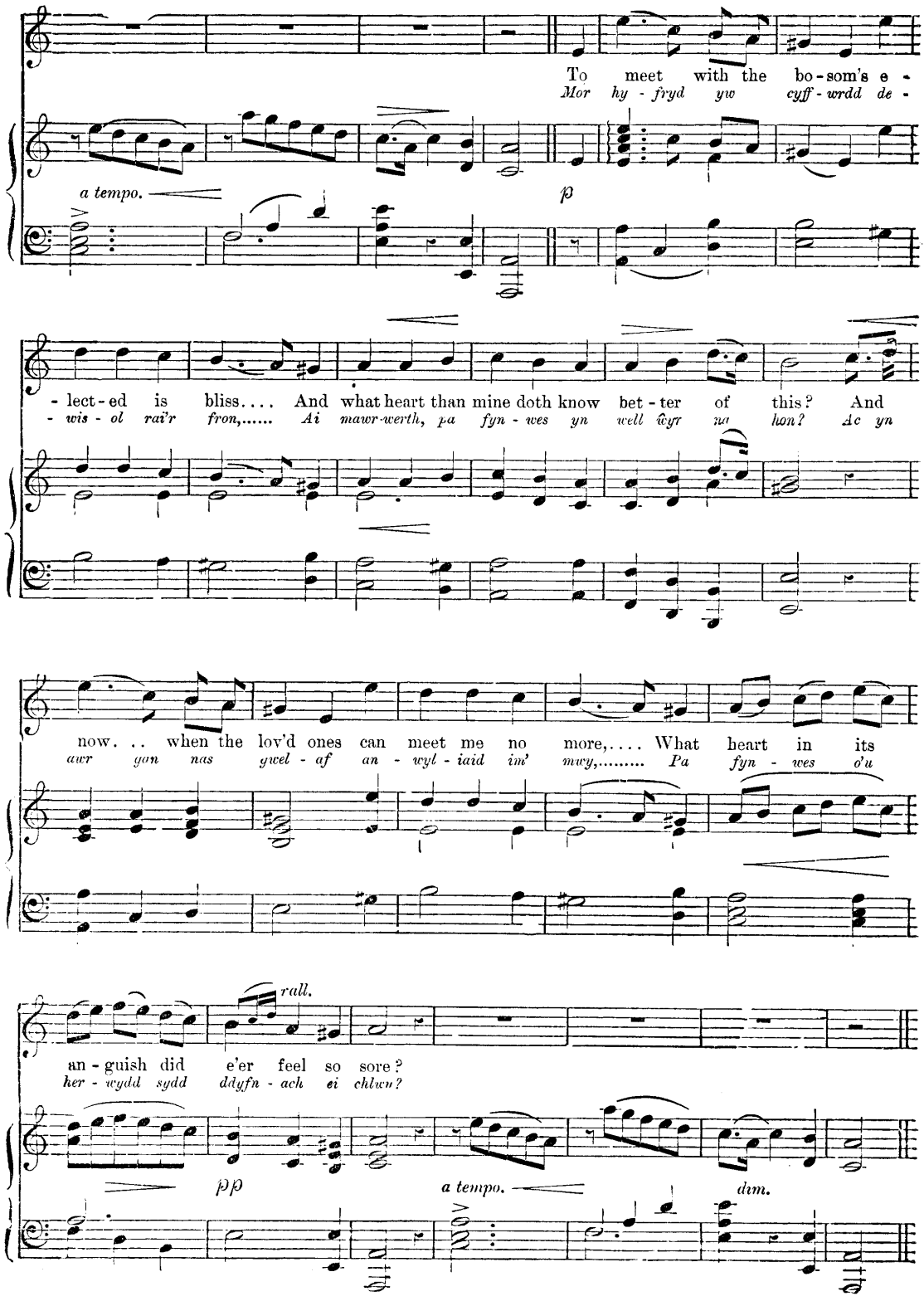
FY NGHALON.

(ANHAWDD YMADAEL.)

The Welsh and English words by JOHN THOMAS (IEUAN DDU.)



* By permission



3rd Verse.

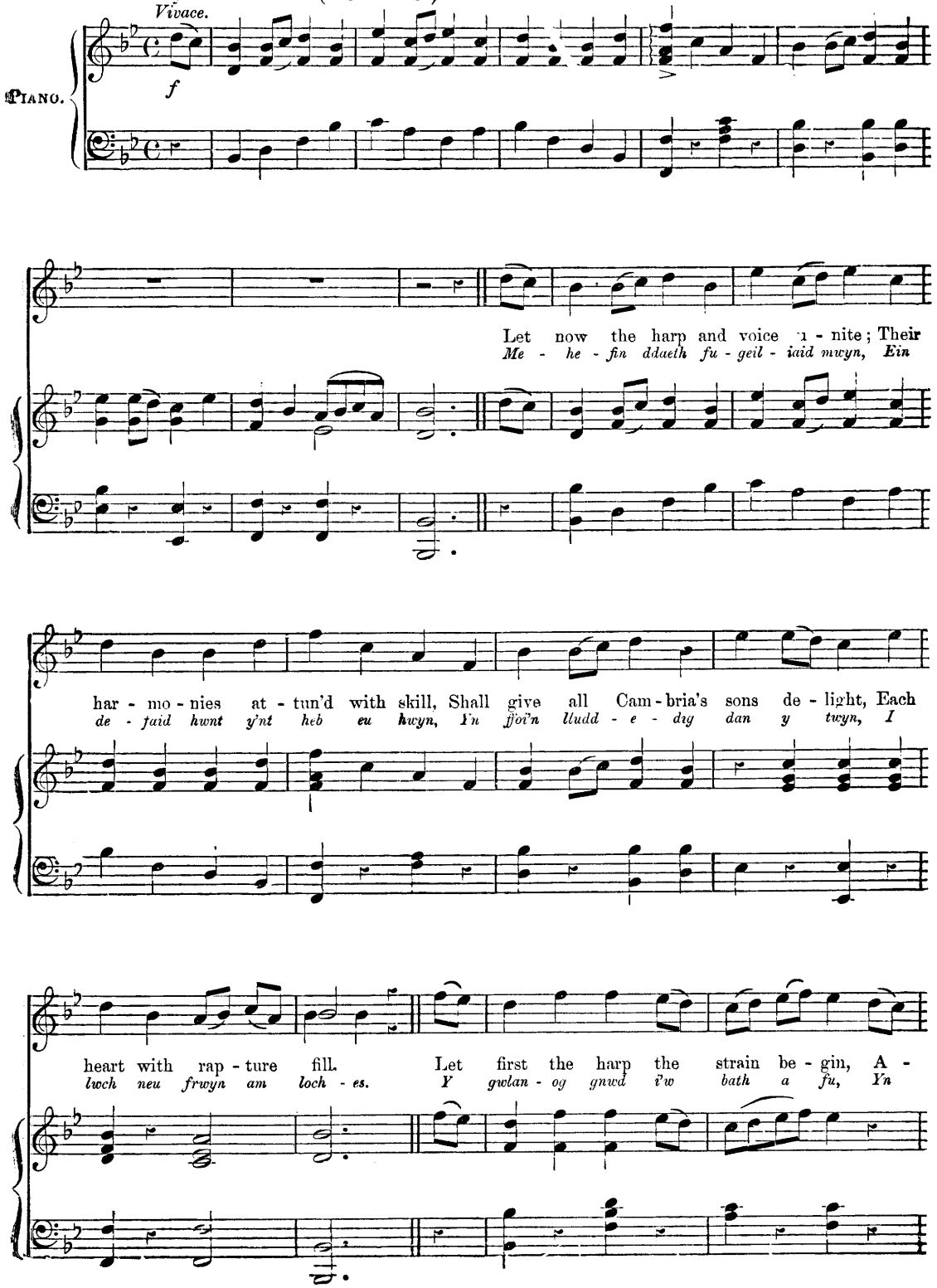
On mountains, in valleys, by fountain and grove,
How sweet for the greetings of friendship to rove!
Now lonely I wander where all to my heart
But tell me in pity we meet but to part.

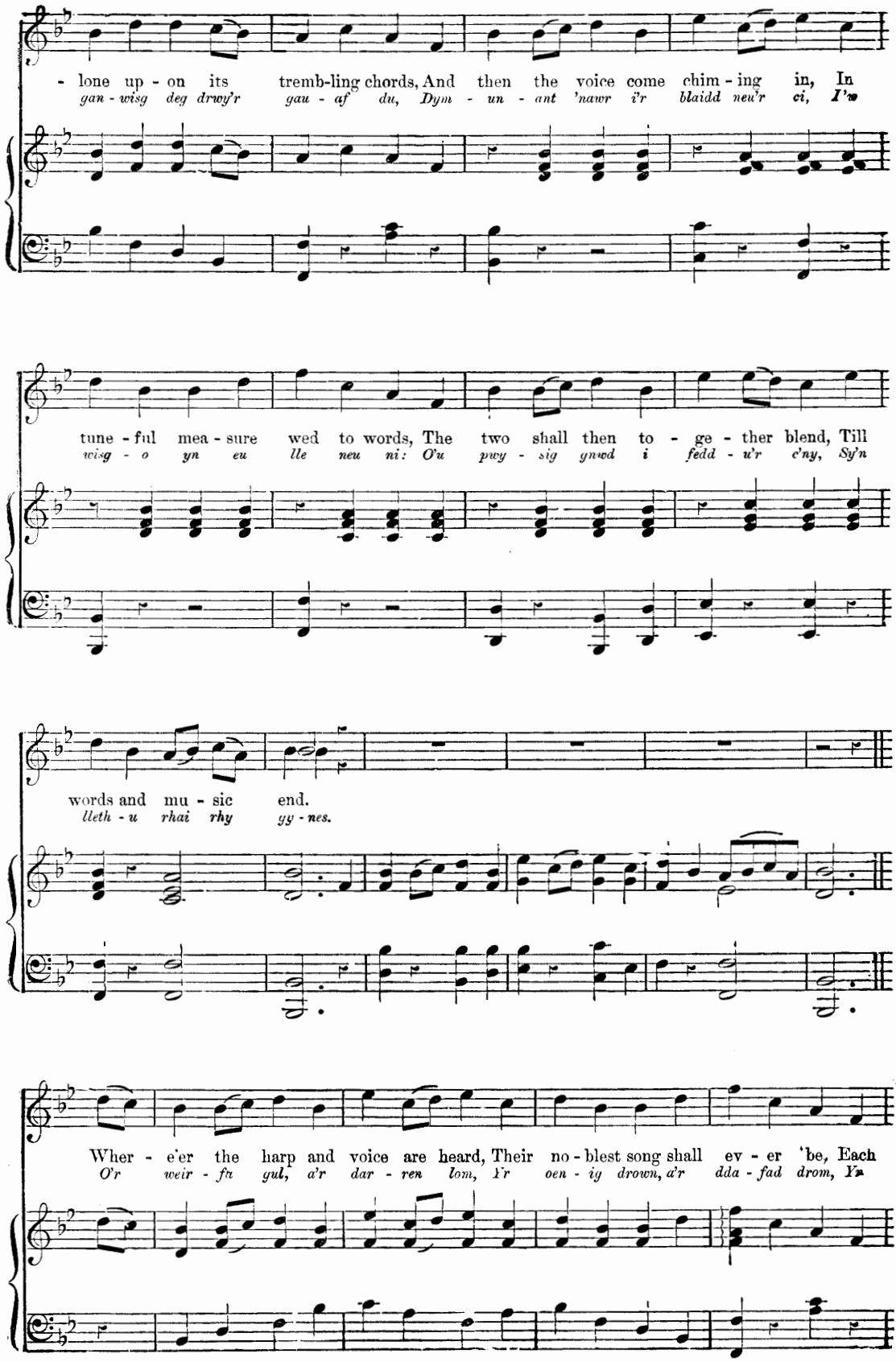
Eneidiau wir hoffais tu arall i'r bedd,
Os nad oes ymweliad â'r hoffaf o wedd:
Y rhai wnaeth ffyddlondeb deilyngaf o glod,
Fynychaf raid wylo am iddynt gael bod.

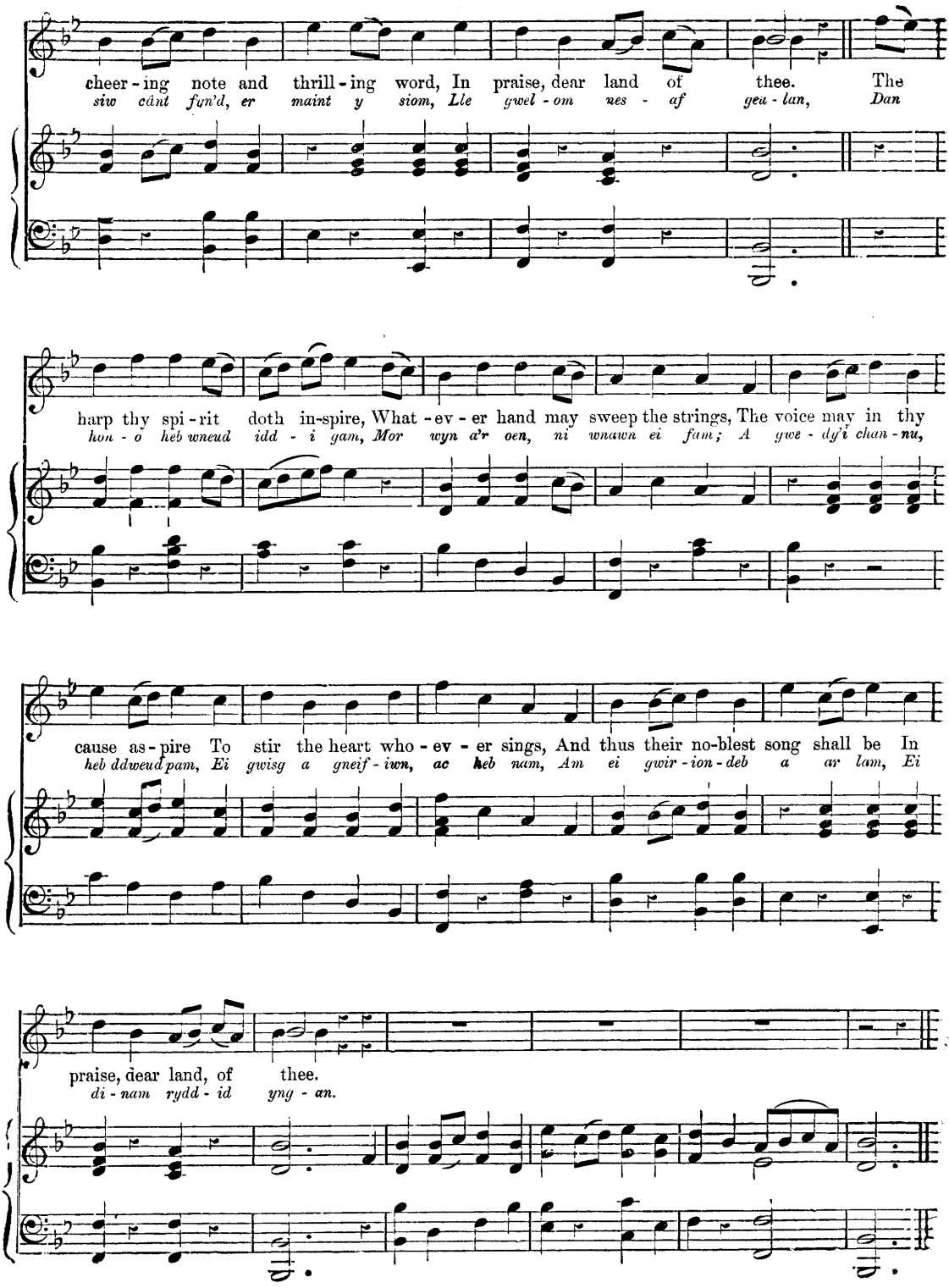
Let now the Harp.

(PANT CORLAN YR WYN.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.
Welsh words by JOHN THOMAS (IEUAN DDU.)




- lone up - on its tremb-ling chords, And then the voice come chim - ing in, In
gan - wisg deg drwy'r gau - af du, Dym - un - ant 'nawr i'r blaidd neu'r ci, I'w
tune - ful mea - sure wed to words, The two shall then to - ge - ther blend, Till
wisg - o yn eu lle neu ni: O'u pwy - sig ynwd i fedd - u'r c'ny, Sy'n
words and mu - sic end.
lleth - u rhai rhy gy - nes.
Wher - e'er the harp and voice are heard, Their no - blest song shall ev - er 'be, Each
O'r weir - fa gul, a'r dar - ren lom, Yr oen - ig drown, a'r dda - fad drom, Yn

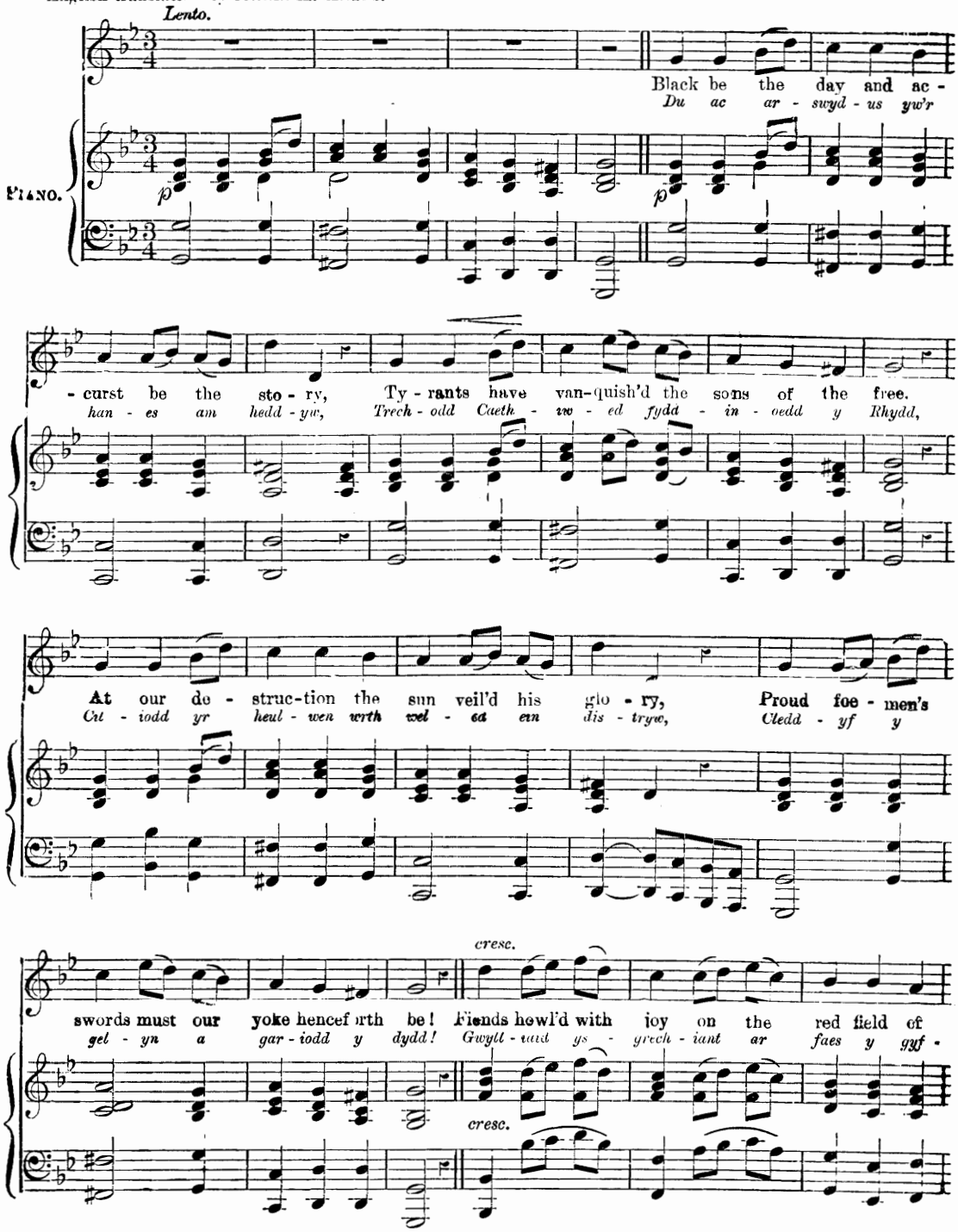


I wirion digon hyn o wae;—
Ond eto cyn y troedia gae,
I fyrdd o'i rhyw yn aros mae,
Oer rwymau er ei hannel;
Ond caethion fyddant ond dros ddydd,
I brofi gwerth eu rhodiad rhydd:
A phan giniaw-wn dan y gwŷdd,
E:n gobaith fo mai felly bydd,
I'r braw wnai fugail hoff yn brudd
Cyn d'wedydd i ymadel.

The Marsh of Rhuddlan.

(MORVA RHUDDLAN.)

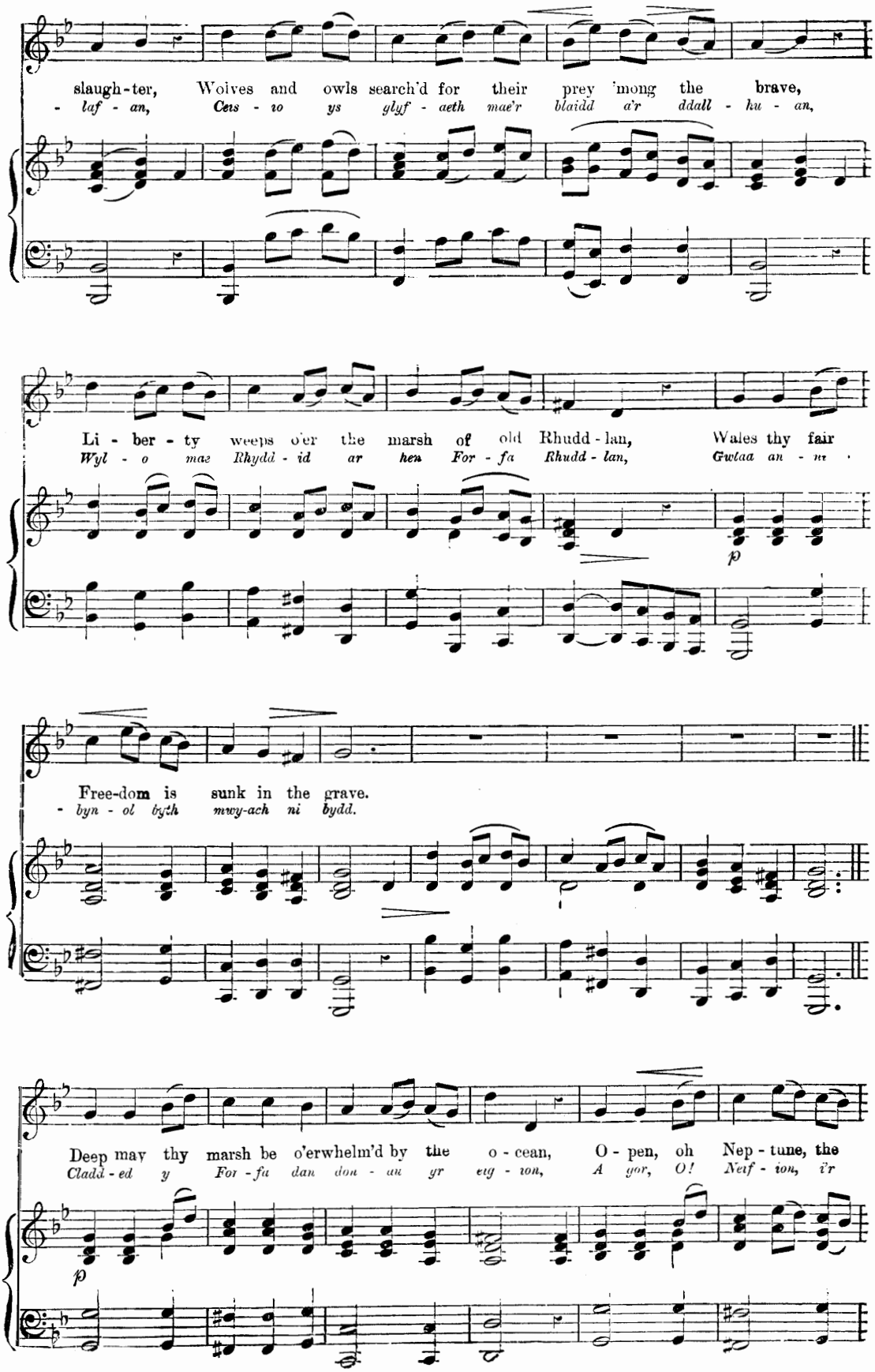
English translation by MARIA X. HAYES.

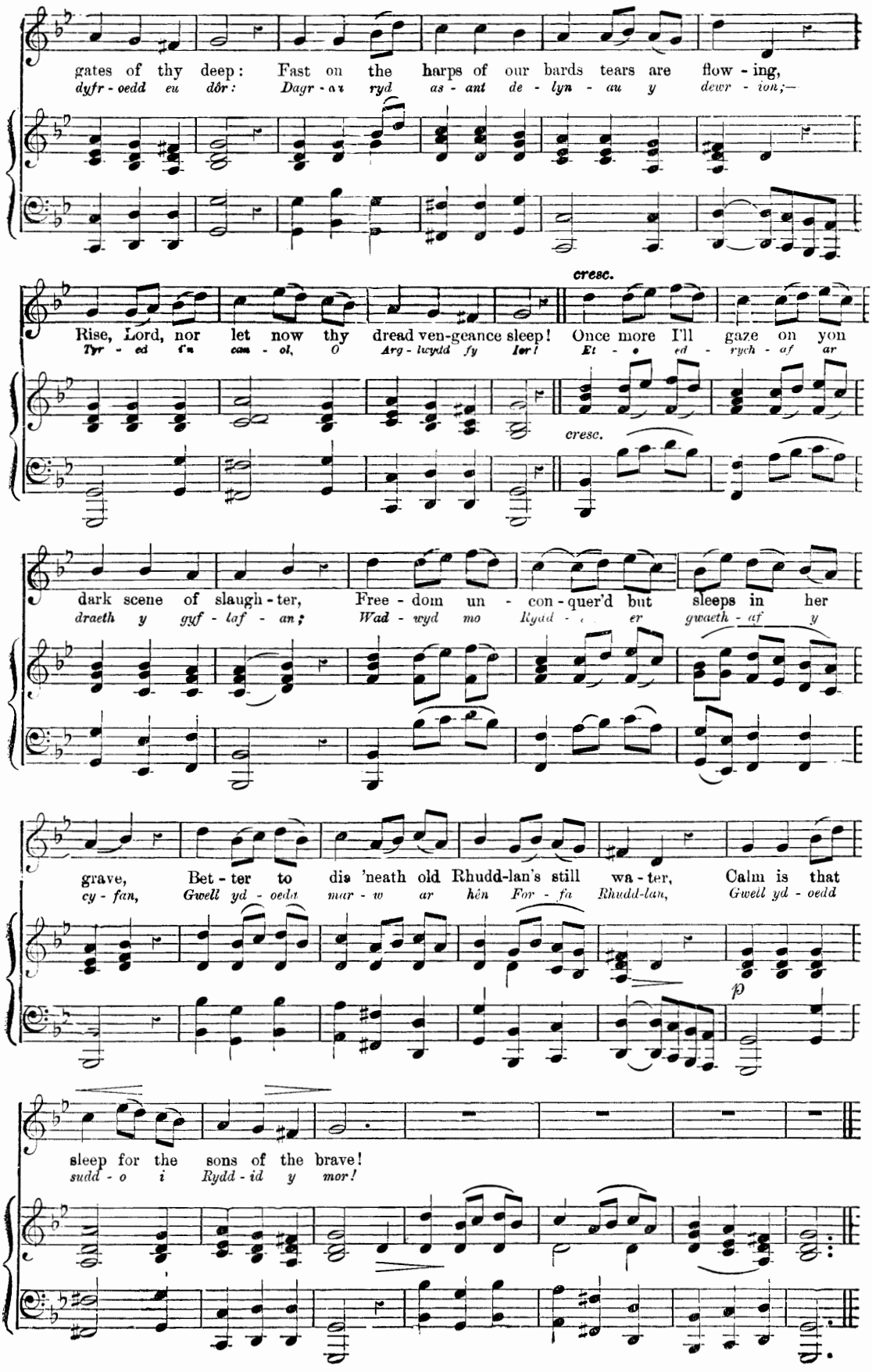


Welsh tradition has always held that the great battle under Offa of Mercia and Caradoc is the one commemorated by the plaintive melody called Morfa Rhuddlan ("Rhuddlan Marsh,") which has come down to us from a remote antiquity, but whose real origin is unknown. Nothing more pathetic exists in any language. It is the wail of a nation, faint and broken hearted under a great disaster :—

The cry is heard—the long loud wail—
O'er flood and plain, o'er hill and dale;
It is the heart of Cymru bleeds,
For fallen sons and treacherous deeds.
Dismay dwells in Caradoc's halls.
The royal minstrel, doleful, calls
Forth from his harp a strain his own sad heart appals.

"Antiquities of Wales," by Dr. Nicholas)


slaugh-ter, Wolves and owls search'd for their prey 'mong the brave,
-laf-an, Ceis-io ys glyf-aeth mae'r blaidd a'r ddall-hu-an,
Li-ber-ty weeps o'er the marsh of old Rhudd-lan, Wales thy fair
Wyl-o mae Rhydd-id ar hen For-fa Rhudd-lan, Gwlad an-wr
p
Free-dom is sunk in the grave.
-byn-ol byth mwy-ach ni bydd.
Deep may thy marsh be o'erwhelm'd by the o-cean, O-pen, oh Nep-tune, the
Cladd-ed y For-fa dan don-au yr eig-ion, A gor, O! Neif-ion, i'r
p

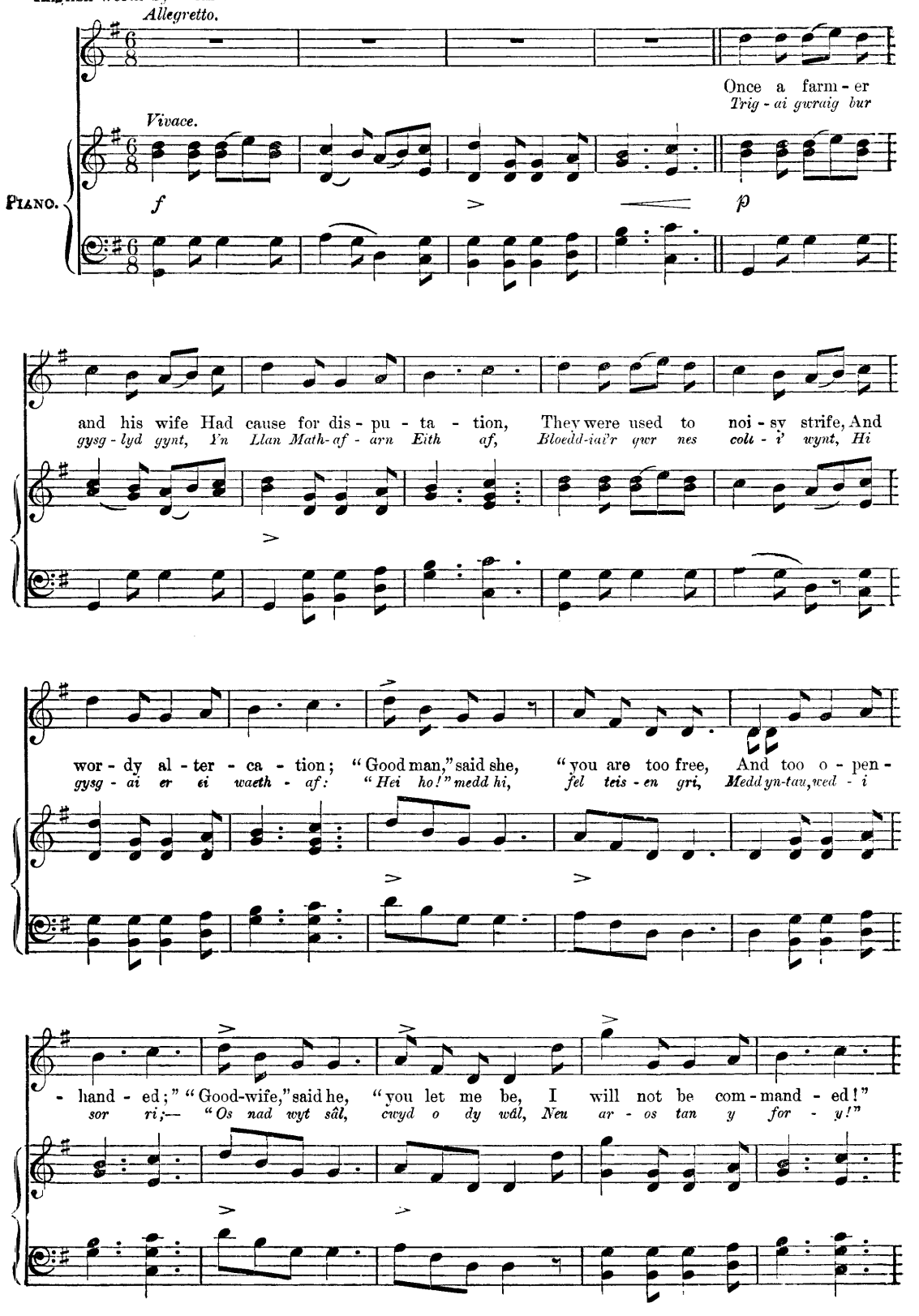

gates of thy deep: Fast on the harps of our bards tears are flow - ing,
dyfr - oedd eu dôr: Dagr - au ryd as - ant de - lyn - au y dewr - ion;—
cresc.
Rise, Lord, nor let now thy dread ven-geance sleep! Once more I'll gaze on yon
Tyr - ed fa cam - ol, O Arg - lwydd fy Ior! Et - o ed - rych - af ar
cresc.
dark scene of slaugh - ter, Free - dom un - con - quer'd but sleeps in her
draeth y gyf - laf - an; Wad - wyd mo Rydd - er gwaeth - af y
grave, Bet - ter to dis 'neath old Rhudd-lan's still wa - ter, Calm is that
cy - fan, Gwell yd - oedd mar - w ar hên For - fa Rhudd-lan, Gwell yd - oedd
p
sleep for the sons of the brave!
sudd - o i Rydd - id y mor!

"Once a Farmer and his wife."*

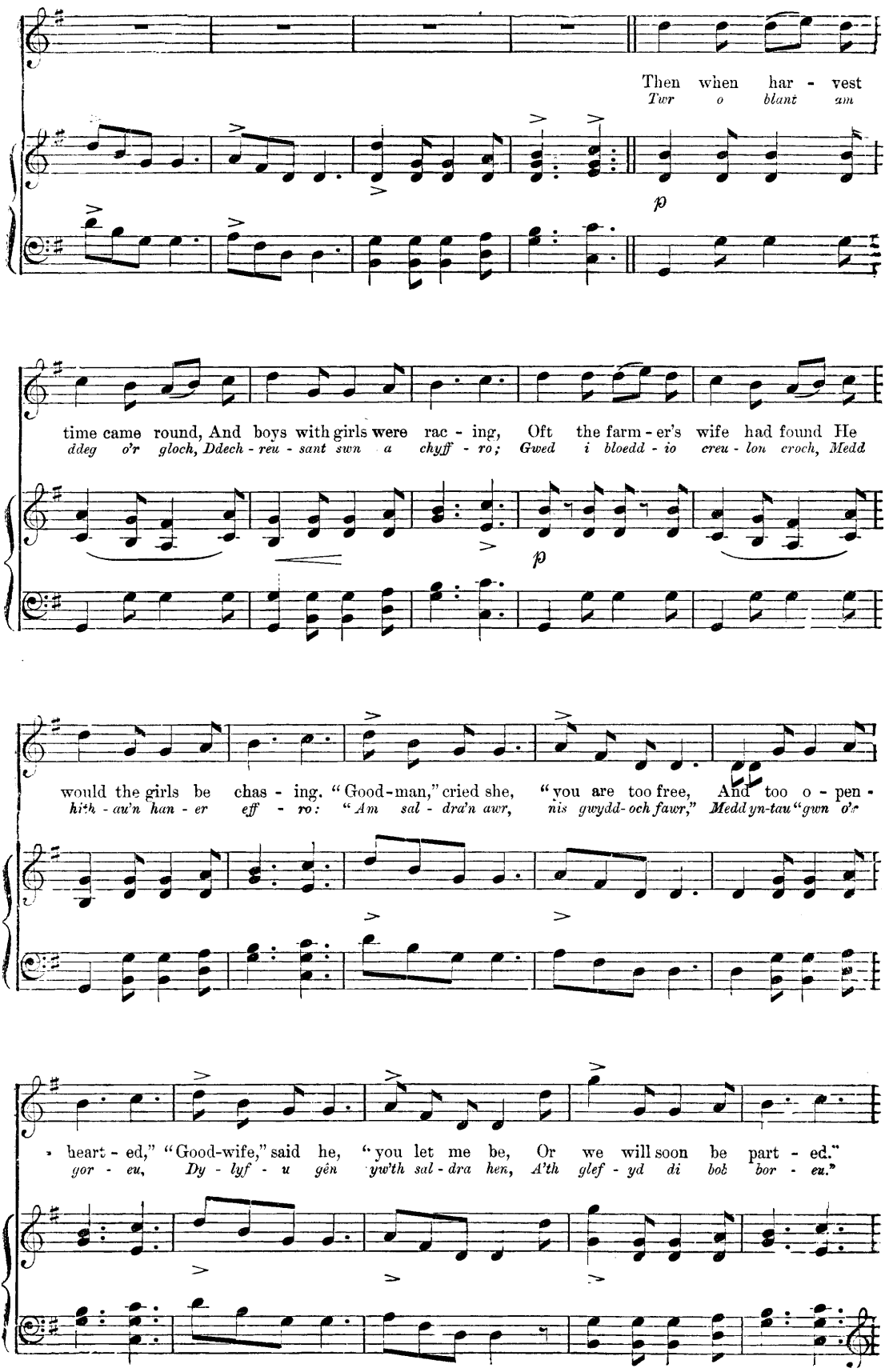
Y SAITH GYSGADUR.

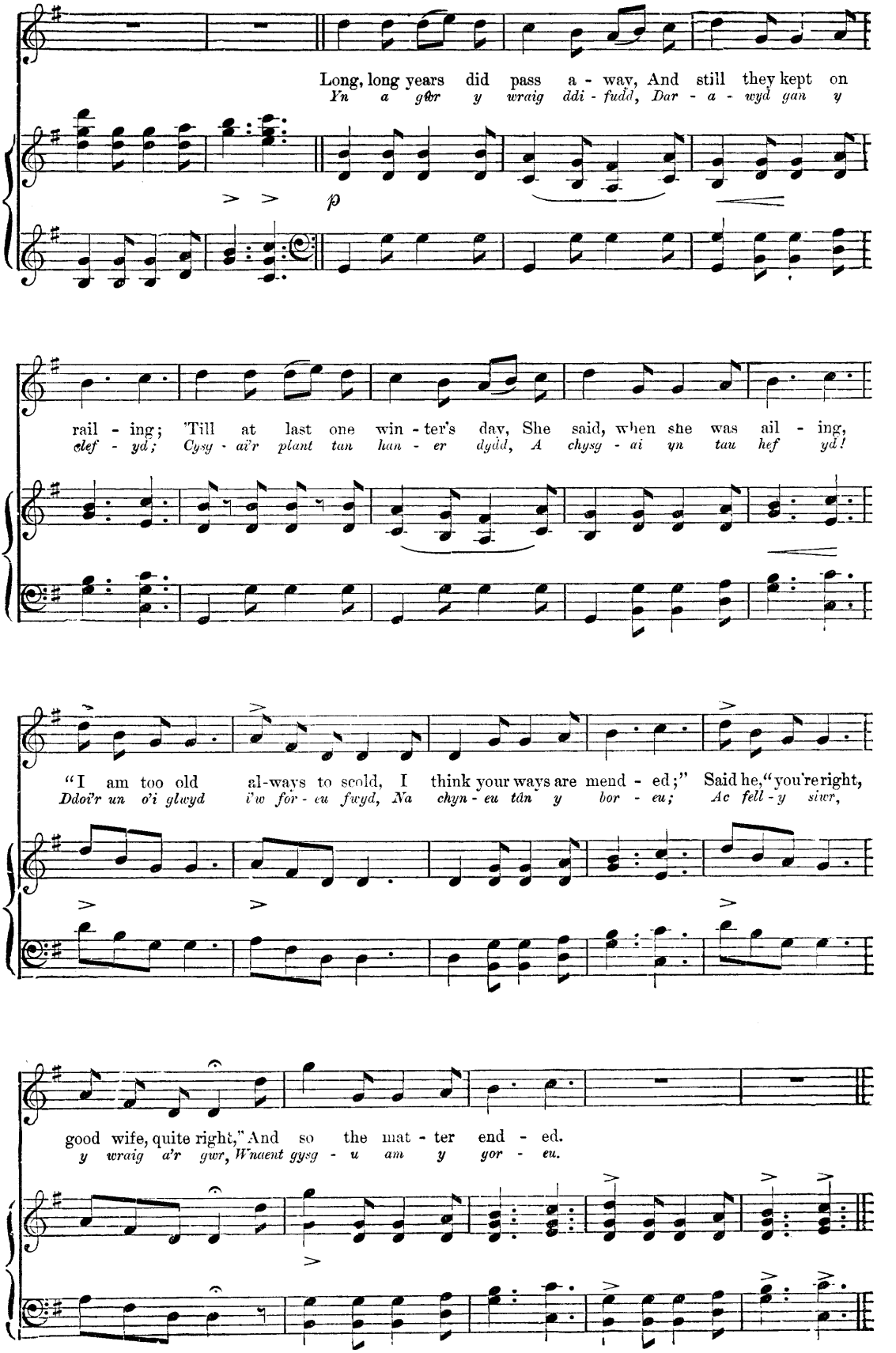
(DADL DAU.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* This was a favourite song of Henry V., when he was Prince of Wales, and used to be sung by the Prince and his companions at the Boar's Head Tavern, Cheapside.

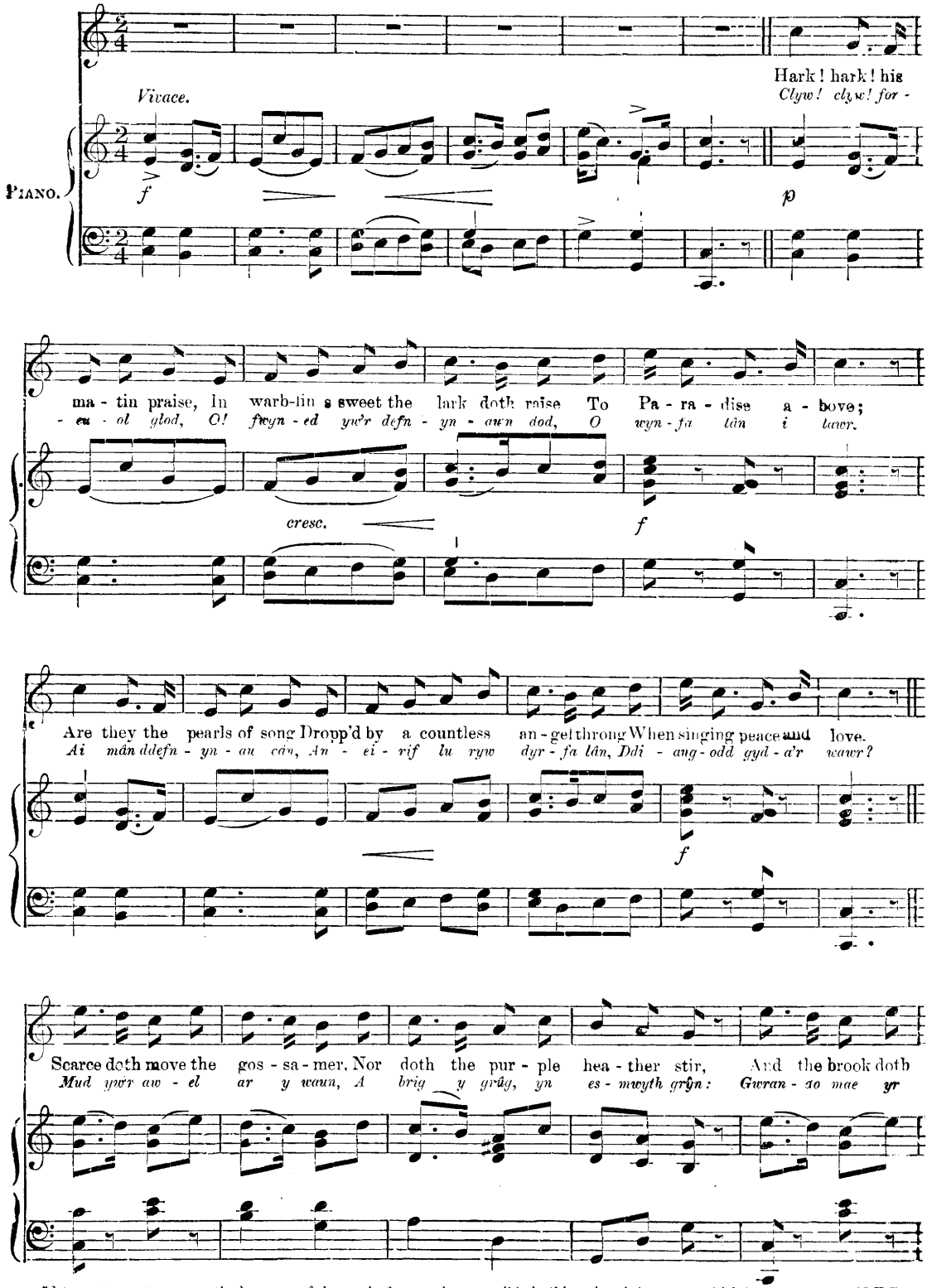

Then when har - vest
Tŵr o blant am
p
time came round, And boys with girls were rac - ing, Oft the farm - er's wife had found He
ddeg o'r gloch, Ddech - reu - sant swn a chyff - ro; Gwed i bloedd - io creu - lon croch, Medd
p
would the girls be chas - ing. "Good-man," cried she, "you are too free, And too o - pen -
hŷh - au'n han - er eff - ro: "Am sal - dra'n awr, nis gwydd- och fawr," Medd yn-tau "gwn o'r
heart - ed," "Good-wife," said he, "you let me be, Or we will soon be part - ed."
gor - eu, Dy - lyf - u gên yw'th sal - dra hen, A'th glef - yd di bob bor - eu."


Long, long years did pass a - way, And still they kept on
Yn a ghŵr y wraig ddi - fudd, Dar - a - wyd yan y
p
rail - ing; 'Till at last one win - ter's day, She said, when she was ail - ing,
clef - yd; Cysg - ai'r plant tan han - er dydd, A chysg - ai yn tau hef yd!
"I am too old al-ways to scold, I think your ways are mend - ed;" Said he, "you're right,
Ddoi'r un o'i glwyd i'w for - eu fwyd, Na chyn - eu tân y bor - eu; Ac fell - y siwr,
good wife, quite right," And so the mat - ter end - ed.
y wraig a'r gwr, Wnaent gysg - u am y gor - eu.

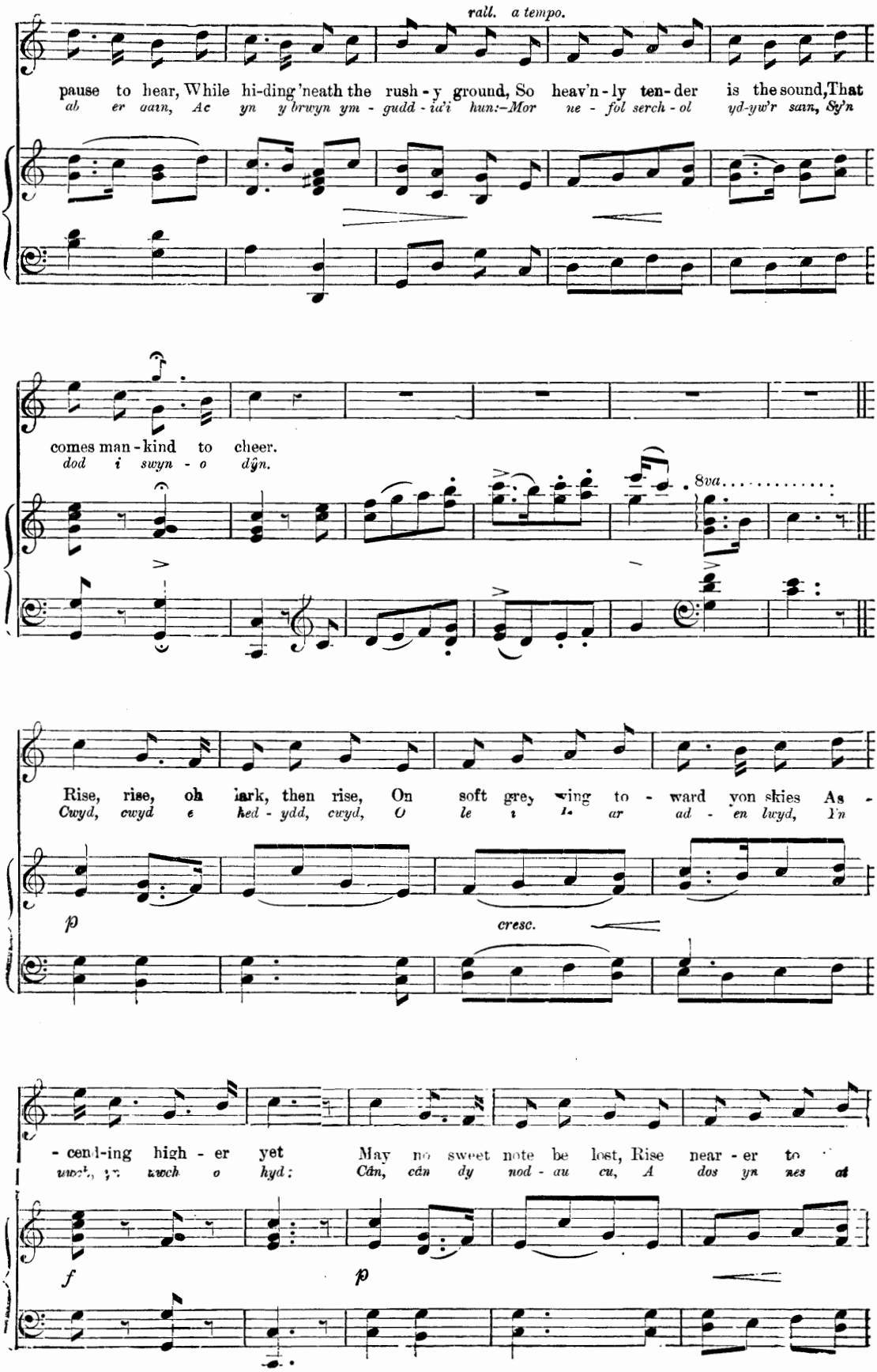
"The Rising of the Lark."

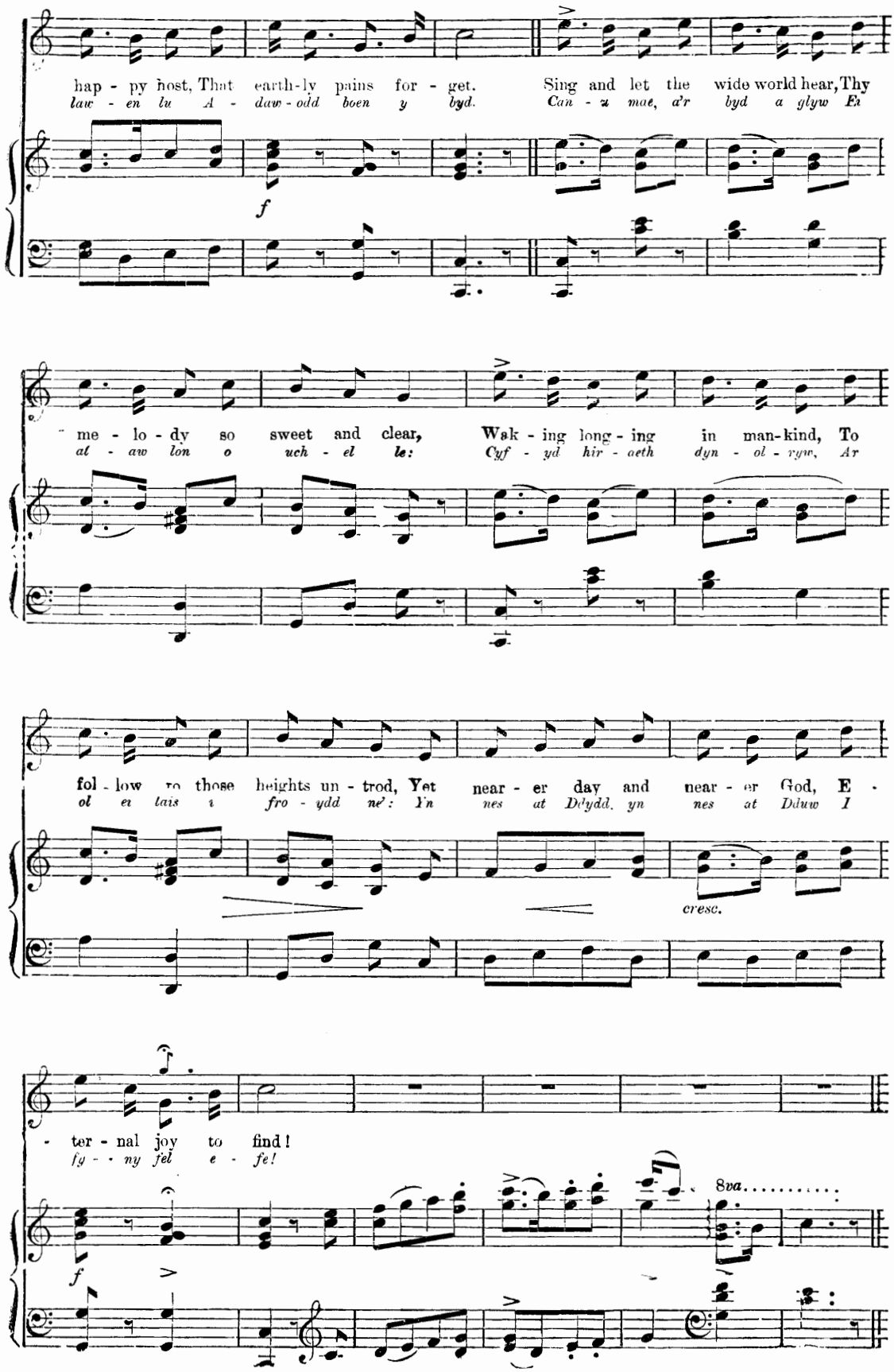
(CODIAD YR HEDYDD.)

Imitated from the original Welsh by MARIA X. HAYES.*



* I have striven to express the language of the original as nearly as possible in this as in all the others which bear my name – M. X. H


rall. a tempo.
pause to hear, While hi-ding'neath the rush-y ground, So heav'n-ly ten-der is the sound, That
ab er aain, Ac yn y brwyn ym-gudd-ia'i hun:—Mor ne-fol serch-ol yd-yw'r sain, Sy'n
comes man-kind to cheer.
dod i swyn-o dŷn.
8va
Rise, rise, oh lark, then rise, On soft grey wing to-ward yon skies As-
Cwyd, cwyd e hed-ydd, cwyd, O le i 'r ar ad-en lwyd, Yn
p
cresc.
-cend-ing high-er yet May no sweet note be lost, Rise near-er to
uwch, yn uwch o hyd: Cân, cân dy nod-au cu, A dos yn nes at
f
p


hap - py host, That earth-ly pains for - get. Sing and let the wide world hear, Thy
law - en lu A - daw - odd boen y byd. Can - u mae, a'r byd a glyw Ei
f
me - lo - dy so sweet and clear, Wak - ing long - ing in man-kind, To
at - aw lon o uch - el le: Cyf - yd hir - aeth dyn - ol - ryw, Ar
fol - low to those heights un - trod, Yet near - er day and near - er God, E -
ol ei lais i fro - ydd ne': Yn nes at Ddydd, yn nes at Dduw I
cresc.
- ter - nal joy to find!
fy - - ny fel e - fe!
f
8va

Men of Harlech.*

(RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH.)

English words by JOHN CXENFORD. A. D. 1468.

PIANO. *ff Molto animato.*

Men of Har - lech, march to glo - ry,
We le goel - certh wen yn ffiam io,

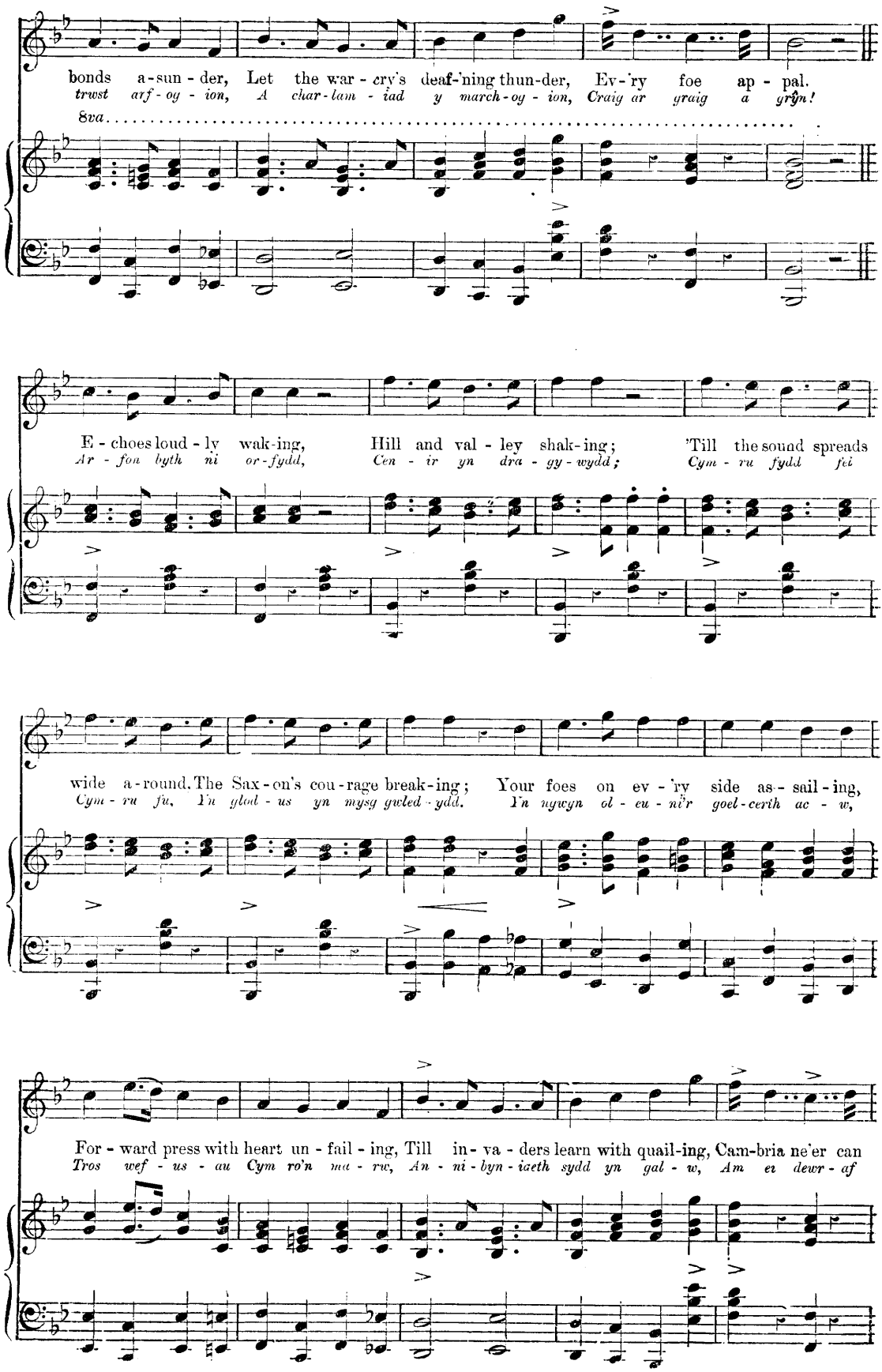
Vic - to - ry is hov - 'ring o'er ye, Bright - eyed free - dom stands be - fore ye,
A thaf - od - au tân yn bloedd - io, Ar i'r dew - rion ddod i da - ro,

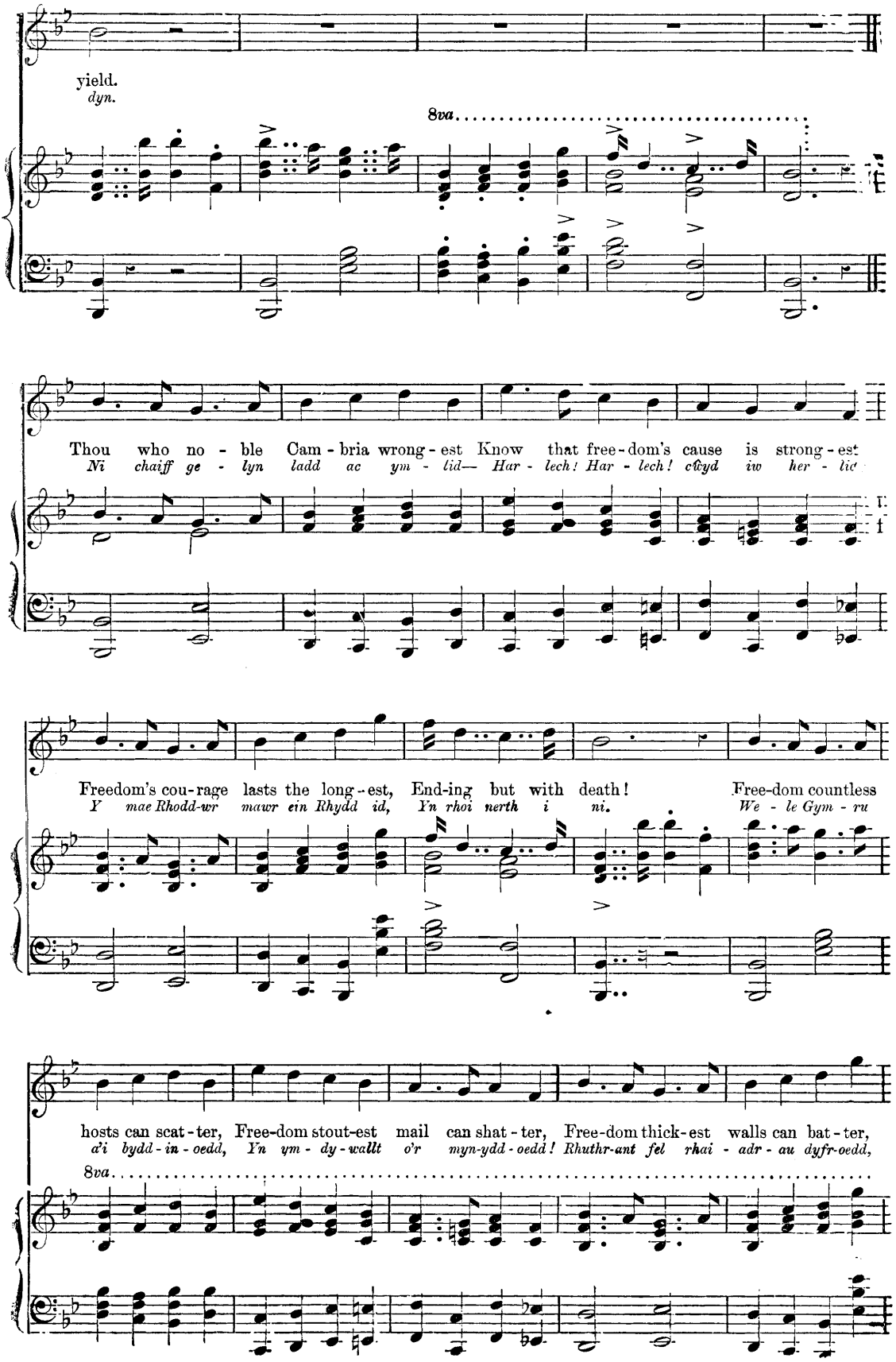
Hear ye not her call? At your sloth she seems to won-der, Rend the slug-gish
Un-waith et o'n un: Gan fan - llef - au ty - wys - og - ion, Llais gel - yn - ion,

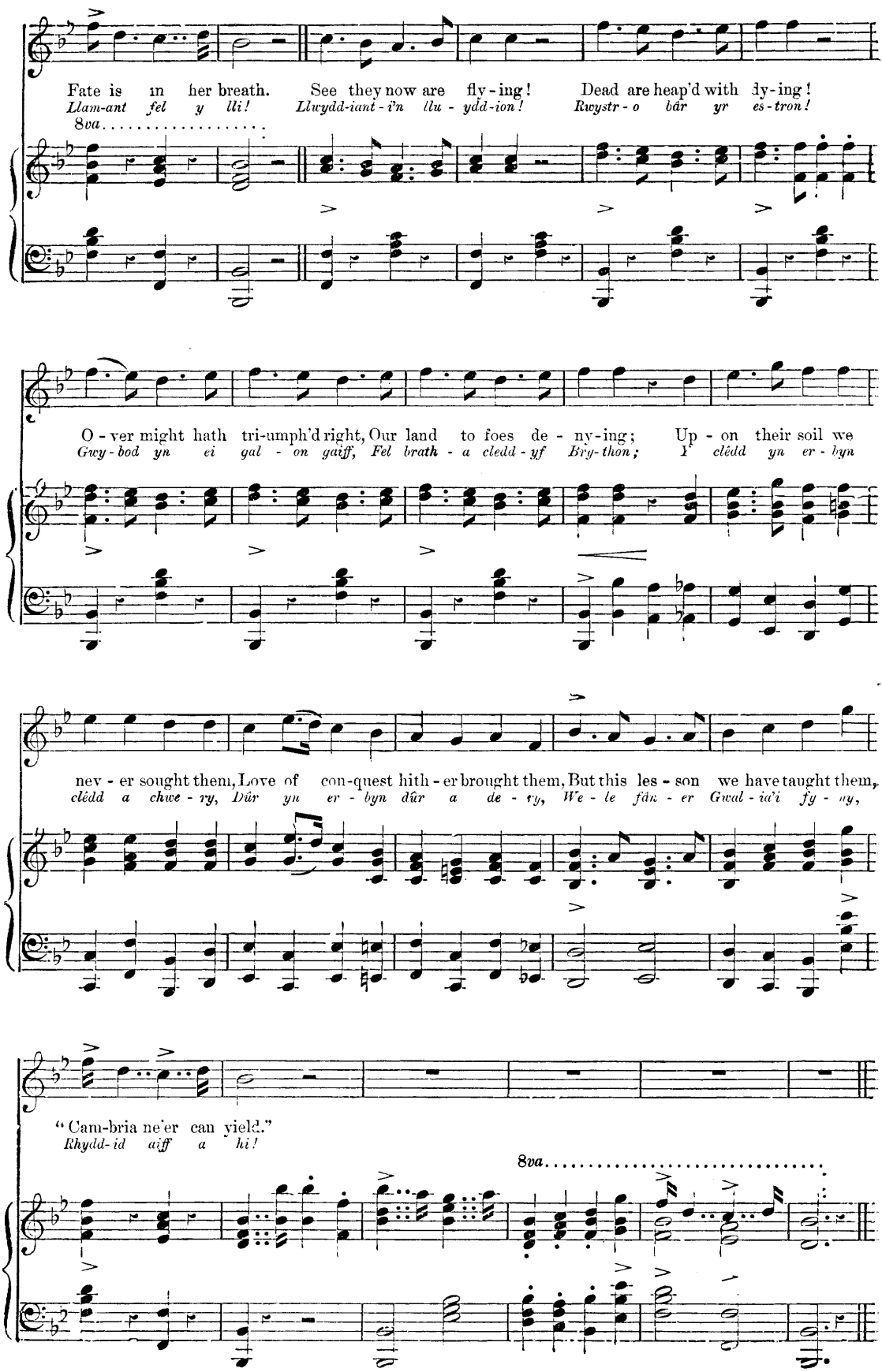
8va

* *Harlech Castle* stands on a lofty rock upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire. The original tower called "*Tur 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 on above the boulders. *Llech*, meaning huge stone as in *cromlech*. In the vicinity of the castle there are places called the *Llech*, *Tan-y-Llech* and *Pen Llech*, hence *Ar-Lech* is undoubtedly the proper derivation.

"By order of the King (Edward IV.) William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, led a powerful army to Harlech, and demanded the surrender of the place; but Sir Richard Herbert, the Earl's brother, received from the stout defender this answer—'I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle.' Eventually, however, at length succeeded, and the intrepid Welshman (*Dafydd ap Jevan*) made an honourable capitulation."—Dr Nicholas' *Antiquities of Wales*


bonds a-sun-der, Let the war-cry's deaf-'ning thun-der, Ev-'ry foe ap-pal.
trwst arf-og-ion, A char-lam-iad y march-og-ion, Craig ar graig a gryn!
8va
E-choes loud-ly wak-ing, Hill and val-ley shak-ing; 'Till the sound spreads
Ar-fon byth ni or-fydd, Cen-ir yn dra-gy-wydd; Cym-ru fydd fel
wide a-round. The Sax-on's cou-rage break-ing; Your foes on ev-'ry side as-sail-ing,
Cym-ru fu, Yn glod-us yn mysg gwled-ydd. Yn nywyn ol-eu-nïr goel-certh ac-w,
For-ward press with heart un-fail-ing, Till in-va-ders learn with quail-ing, Cam-bria ne'er can
Tros wef-us-au Cym ro'n ma-rw, An-ni-byn-iaeth sydd yn gal-w, Am er dewr-af


yield.
dyn.
8va
Thou who no - ble Cam - bria wrong - est Know that free - dom's cause is strong - est
Ni chaiff ge - lyn ladd ac ym - lid— Har - lech! Har - lech! cŵyd iw her - lic
Freedom's cou-rage lasts the long-est, End-ing but with death! Free-dom countless
Y mae Rhodd-wr mawr ein Rhydd id, Yn rhoi nerth i ni. We - le Gym - ru
hosts can scat-ter, Free-dom stout-est mail can shat-ter, Free-dom thick-est walls can bat-ter,
a'i bydd - in - oedd, Yn ym - dy - wallt o'r myn-ydd - oedd! Rhuthr-ant fel rhai - adr - au dyfr-oedd,
8va

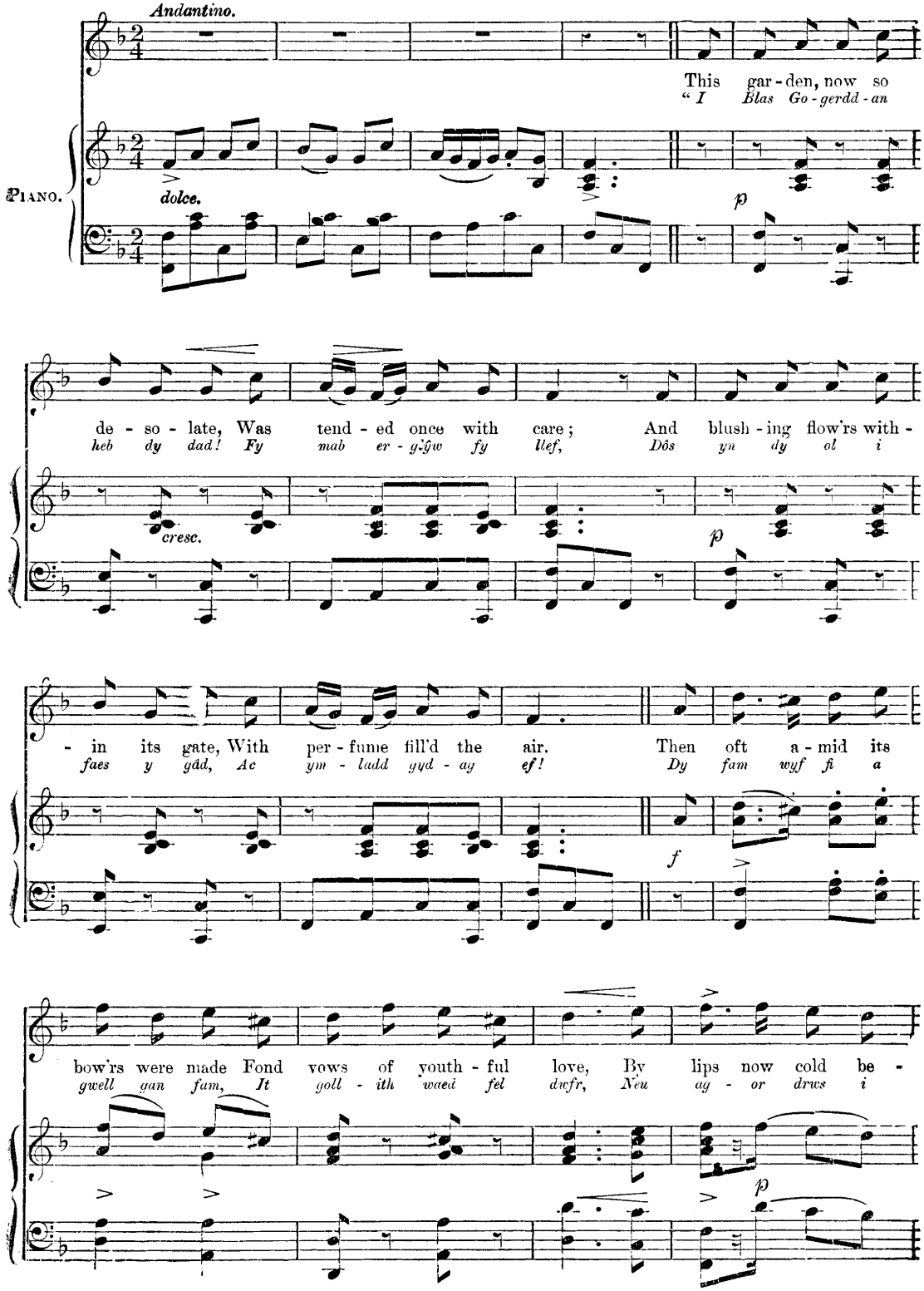

Fate is in her breath. See they now are fly-ing! Dead are heap'd with dy-ing!
Llam-ant fel y lli! Llwydd-iant-i'n llu-ydd-ion! Rwystr-o bâr yr es-tron!
8va
O-ver might hath tri-umph'd right, Our land to foes de-ny-ing; Up-on their soil we
Gwy-bod yn ei gal-on gaiff, Fel brath-a cledd-yf Bry-thon; Y clédd yn er-byn
nev-er sought them, Love of con-quest hith-er brought them, But this les-son we have taught them,
clédd a chwe-ry, Dûr yn er-byn dûr a de-ry, We-le fân-er Gwal-ia'i fy-ny,
"Cam-bria ne'er can yield."
Rhydd-id aiff a hi!
8va

"This garden now."

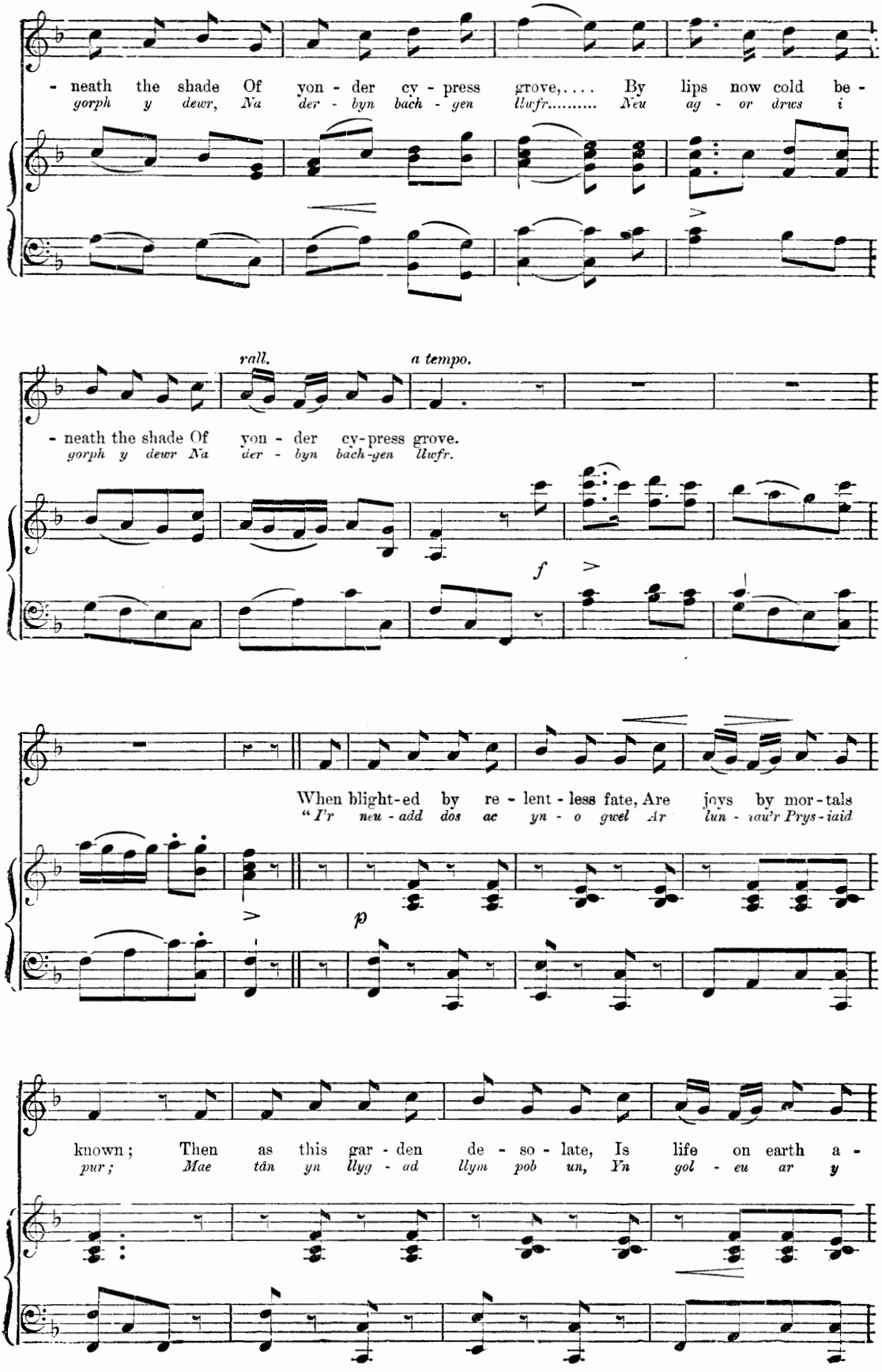
("GOGERDDAN.")

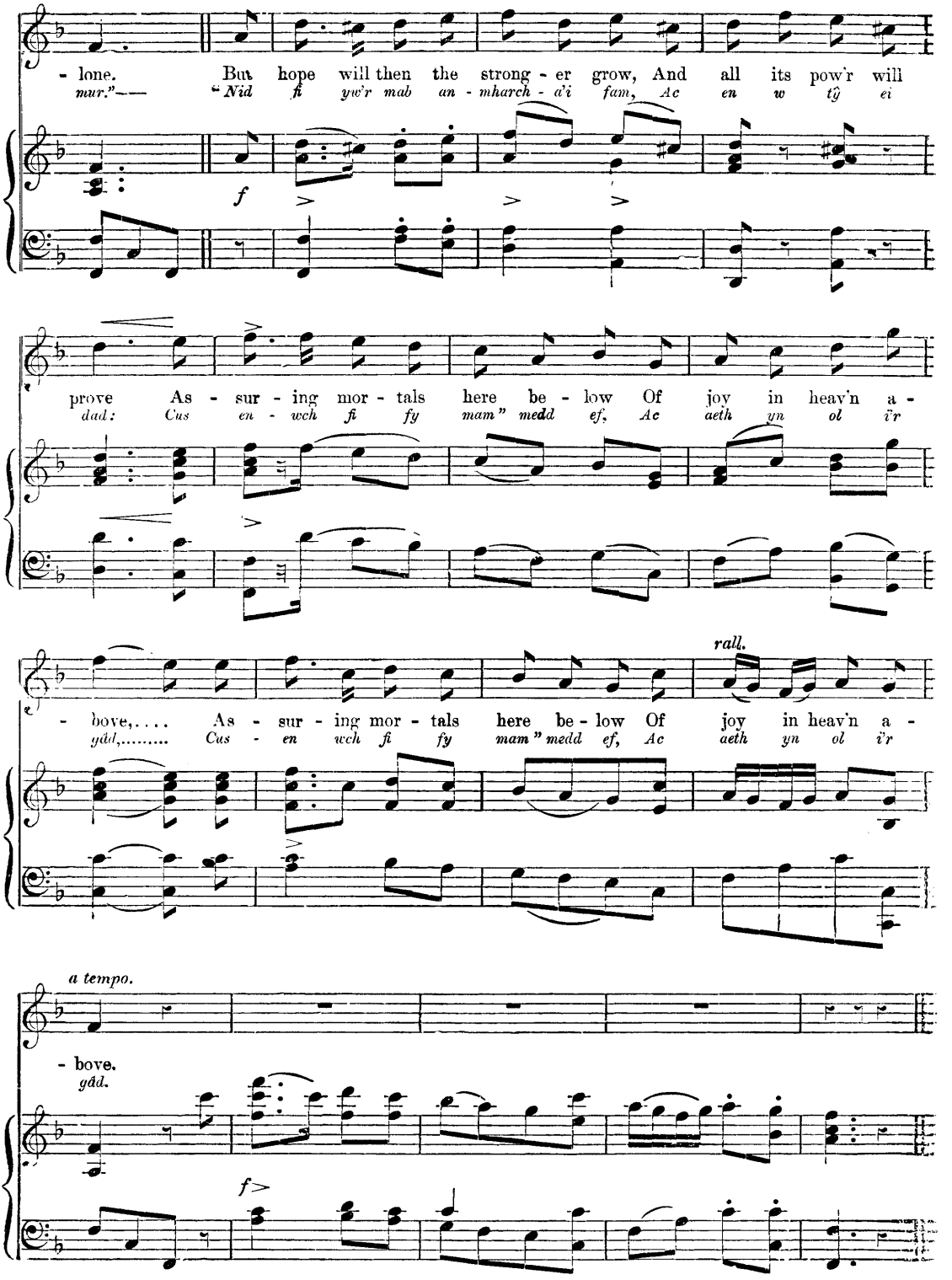
I BLAS GOGERDDAN.*

English words by WALTER MAYNARD



* "Gogerddan" is an ancient mansion near Aberystwith, and the residence of Sir Pryse Pryse, Baronet.


- neath the shade Of yon - der cy - press grove,.... By lips now cold be -
gorph y dewr, Na der - byn bach - gen llwfr..... Neu ag - or drws i
rall.
a tempo.
- neath the shade Of yon - der cy-press grove.
gorph y dewr Na der - byn bach-gen llwfr.
f
When blight-ed by re - lent - less fate, Are joys by mor-tals
"I'r neu - add dos ac yn - o gwel Ar lun - iau'r Prys-iaid
p
known; Then as this gar - den de - so - late, Is life on earth a -
pur; Mae tân yn llyg - ad llym pob un, Yn gol - eu ar y



3rd Verse.

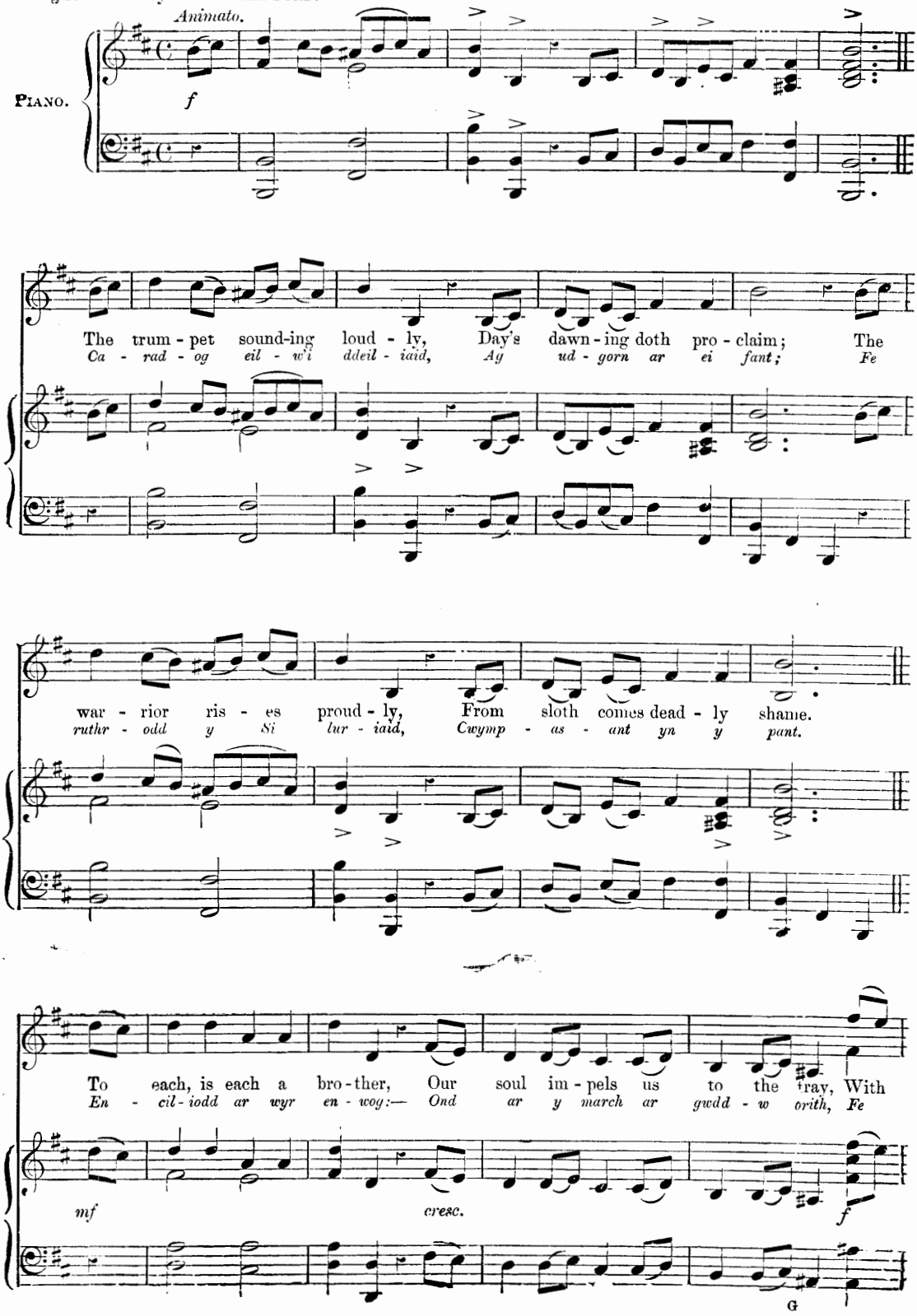
Daeth ef yn ol i dy ei fam,
Ond nid, ond nid yn fyw:
Medd hithau, "O fy mab! fy mab!
O maddeu im O Dduw!"
Ar hyn atebai llais o'r mur:—
"Trwy Gymru tra rhêd dwfr,
Mil gwell yw marw'n fachgen a—
Na byw yn fachaen llwfr!"

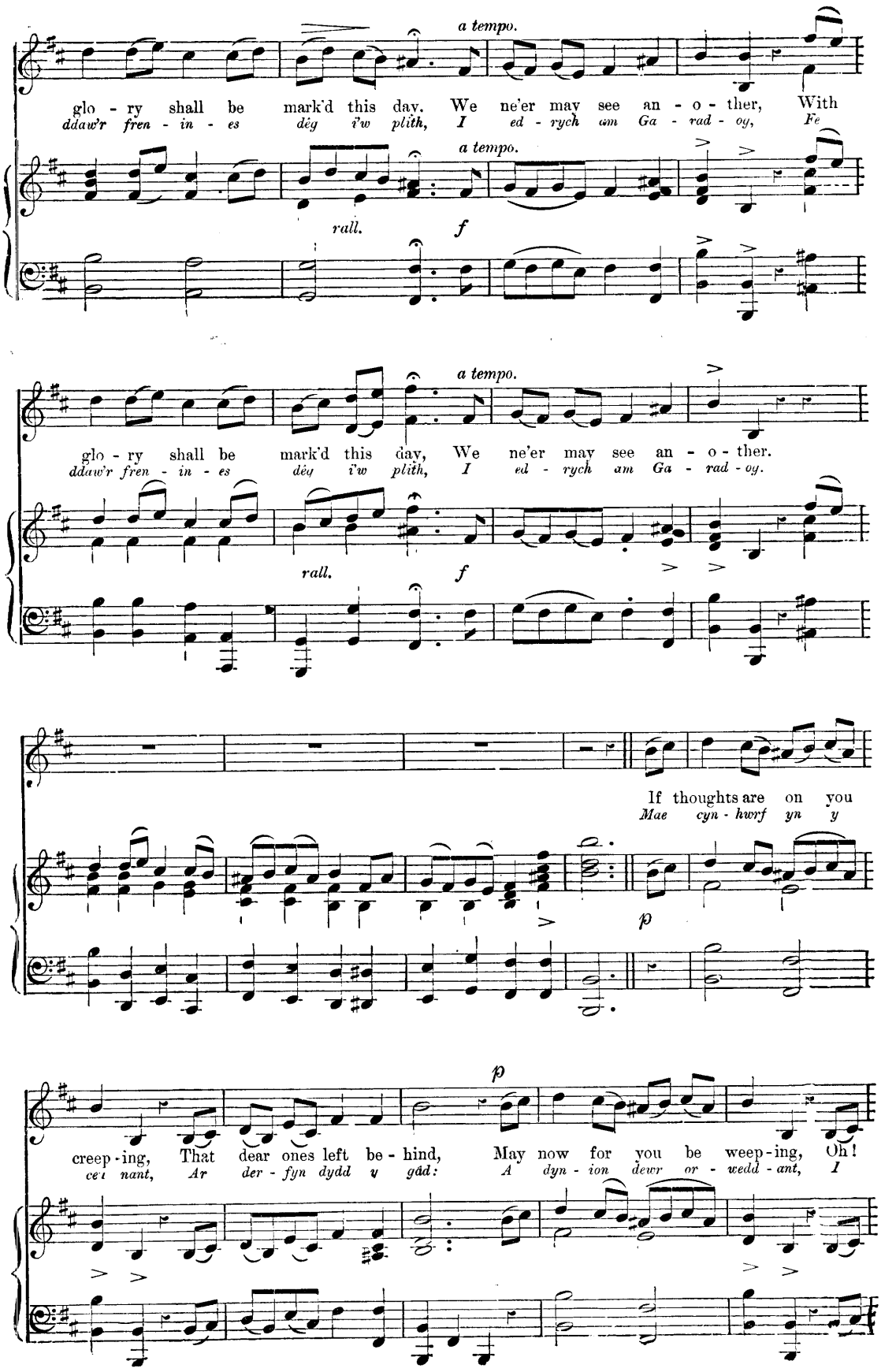
"The trumpet sounding loudly."

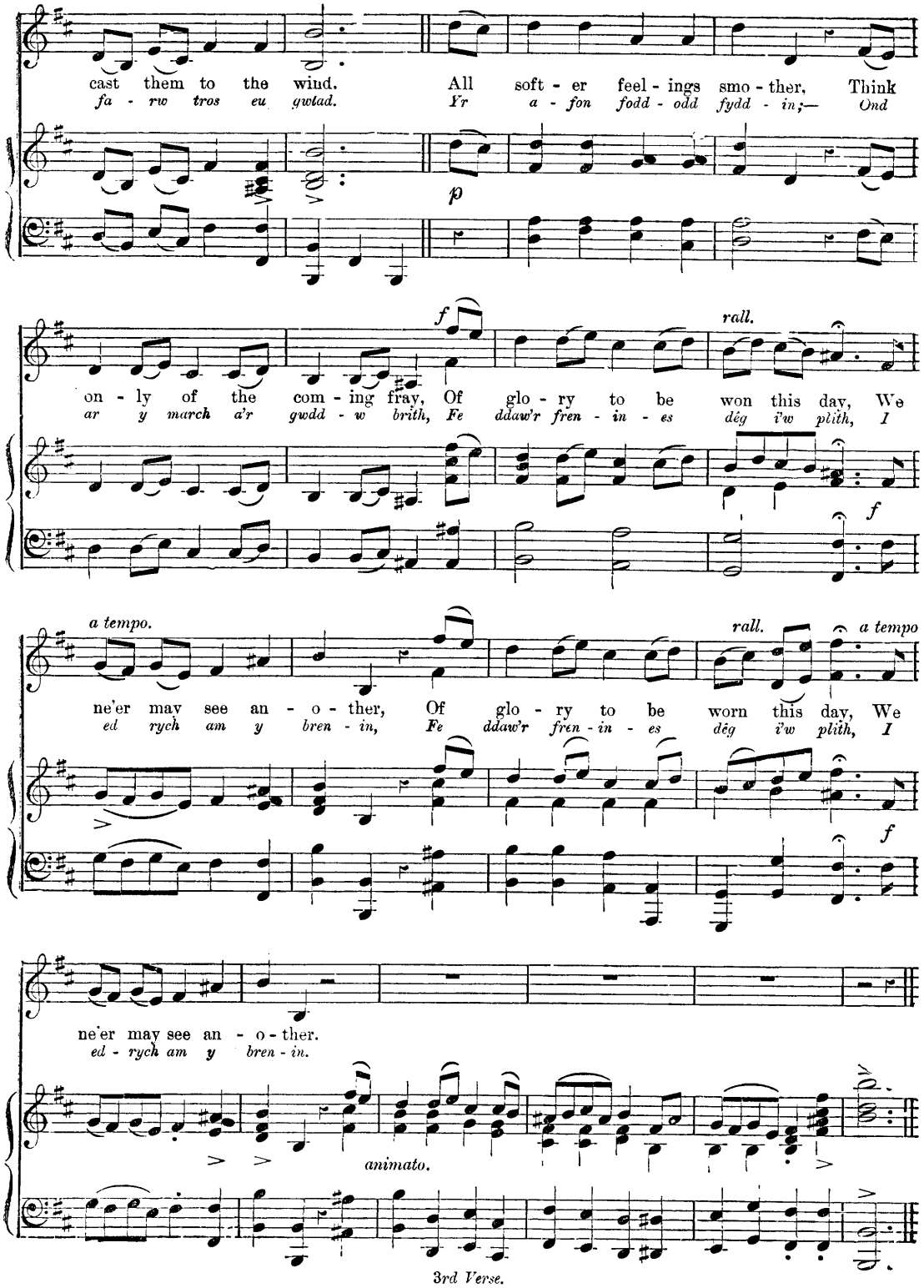
Y MARCH A'R GWDDW BRITH.

"Y GADLYS."

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.




a tempo.
glo - ry shall be mark'd this day. We ne'er may see an - o - ther, With
ddaw'r fren - in - es dêg i'w plith, I ed - rych am Ga - rad - og, Fe
a tempo.
rall.
f
a tempo.
glo - ry shall be mark'd this day, We ne'er may see an - o - ther.
ddaw'r fren - in - es dêg i'w plith, I ed - rych am Ga - rad - og.
rall.
f
If thoughts are on you
Mae cyn - hwrf yn y
p
p
creep - ing, That dear ones left be - hind, May now for you be weep - ing, Oh!
ce - i nant, Ar der - fyn dydd y gâd: A dyn - ion dewr or - wedd - ant, I



3rd Verse.

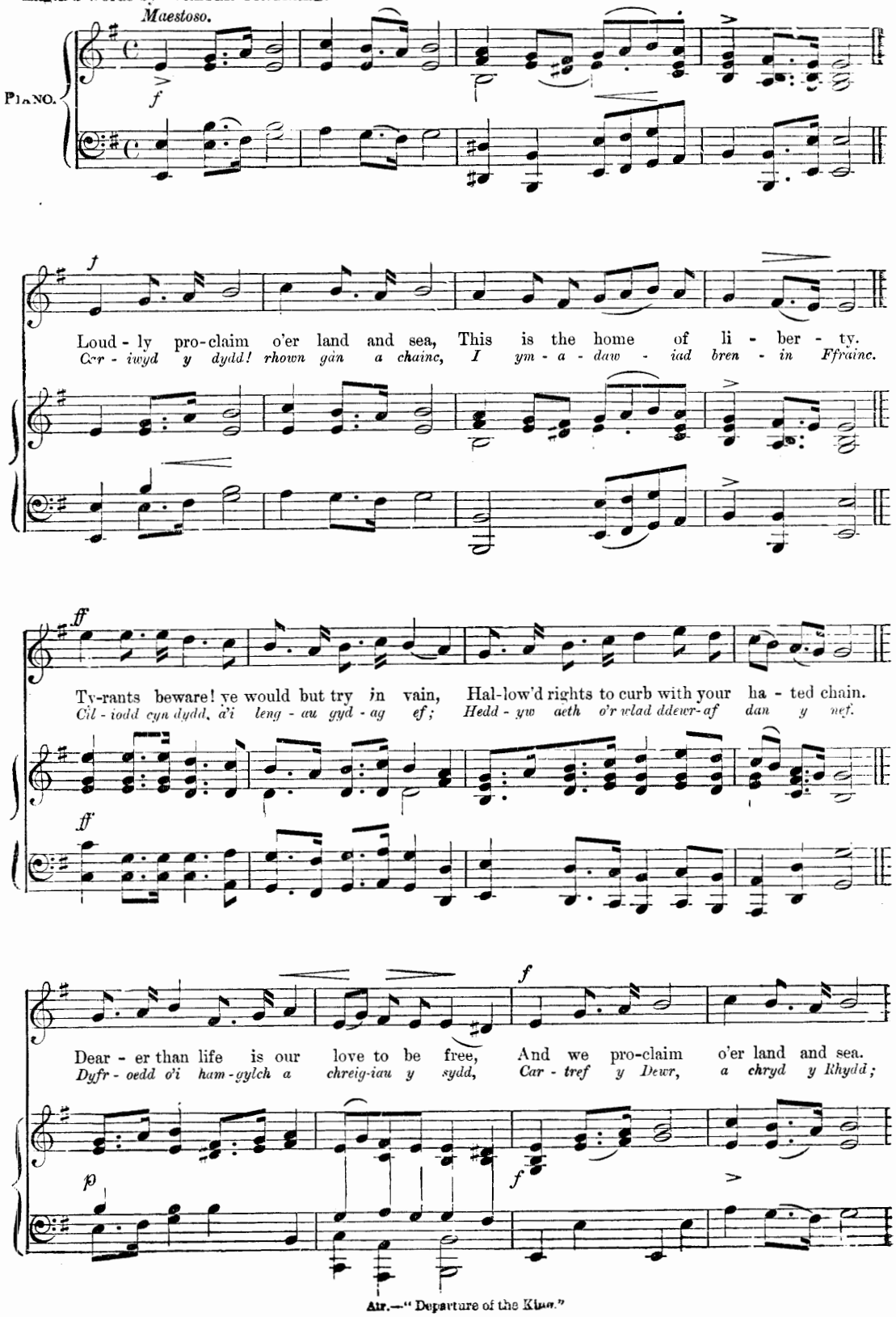
Fe welodd y Rhufeiniaid,
Y march a'r gwddw brith:
Ond gwelodd y Brythoniaid,
Frenines yn eu plith.
Mae'r corn yn ail-udganu,
Brythoniaid yn eu holau ârnt
Rhufeiniaid yn eu holau ffônt,
O flaen cleddyfau Cymry

"Loudly Proclaim."

"YMADAWIAD Y BRENIN."

CARIWYD Y DYDD.

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



Maestoso.

PIANO.

f

Loud - ly pro-claim o'er land and sea, This is the home of li - ber - ty.
Car - iwyd y dydd! rhown gan a chainc, I ym - a - daw - iad bren - in Ffrainc.

ff

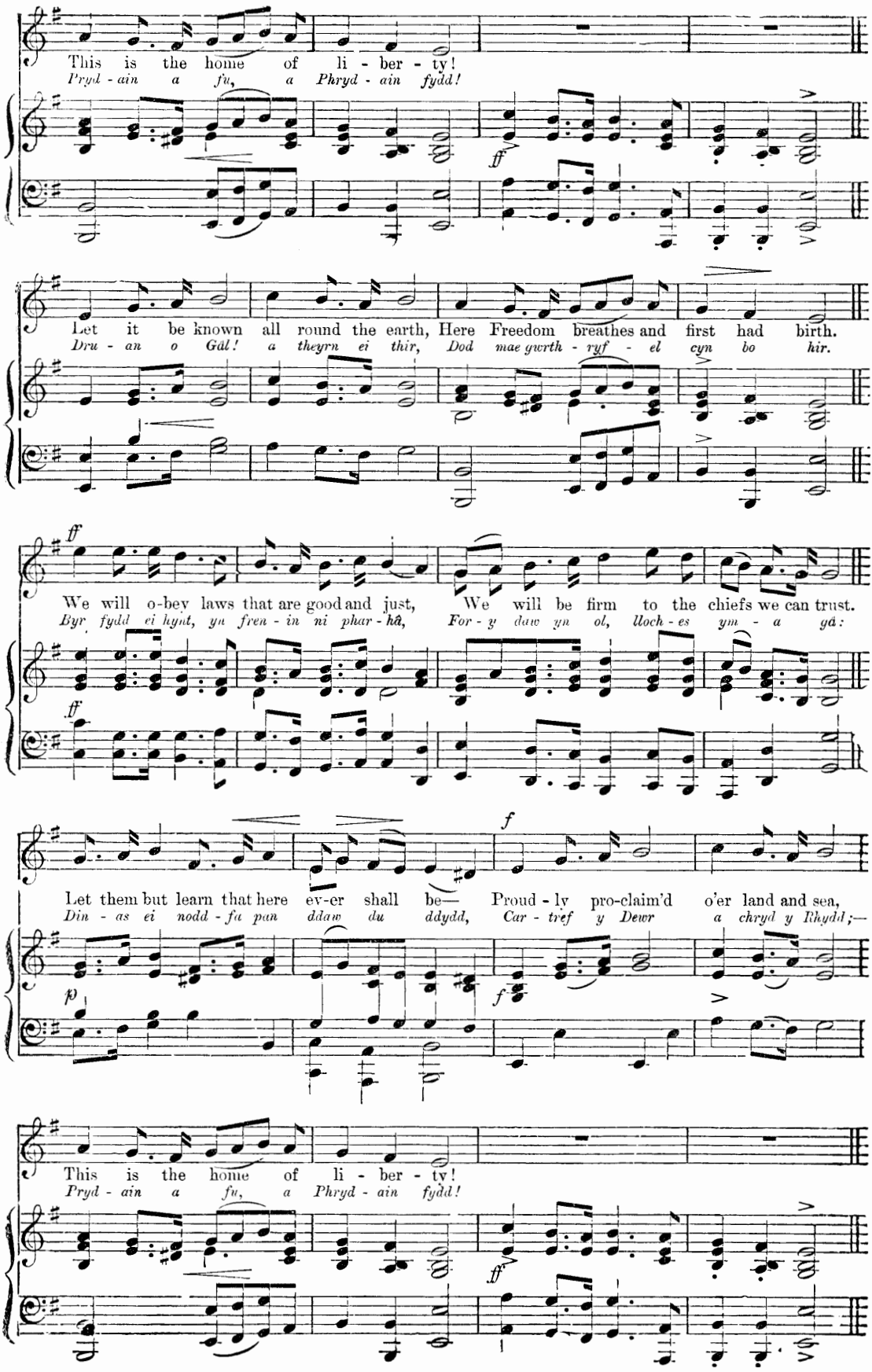
Ty-rants beware! ye would but try in vain, Hal-low'd rights to curb with your ha - ted chain.
Cil - iodd cyn dydd, a'i leng - au gyd - ag ef; Hedd - yw aeth o'r wlad ddewr-af dan y nef.

ff

Dear - er than life is our love to be free, And we pro-claim o'er land and sea.
Dyfr - oedd o'i ham-gylch a chreig-iau y sydd, Car - tref y Dewr, a chryd y Rhydd;

p *f*

Air.—"Departure of the King."


This is the home of li - ber - ty!
Pryd - ain a fu, a Phryd - ain fydd!
Let it be known all round the earth, Here Freedom breathes and first had birth.
Dru - an o Gâl! a theyrn ei thir, Dod mae gwrth - ryf - el cyn bo hir.
We will o-bey laws that are good and just, We will be firm to the chiefs we can trust.
Byr fydd ei hynt, yn fren - in ni phar - hâ, For - y daw yn ol, Uoch - es ym - a gâ:
Let them but learn that here ev-er shall be— Proud - ly pro-claim'd o'er land and sea,
Din - as ei nodd - fa pan ddaw du ddydd, Car - tref y Dewr a chryd y Rhydd;—
This is the home of li - ber - ty!
Pryd - ain a fu, a Phryd - ain fydd!

The Monk's march.

(YMDAITH Y MWNC.)

English words by Sir Walter Scott.

Maestoso.

f

When the hea - then
Fry hyd Gaer ar

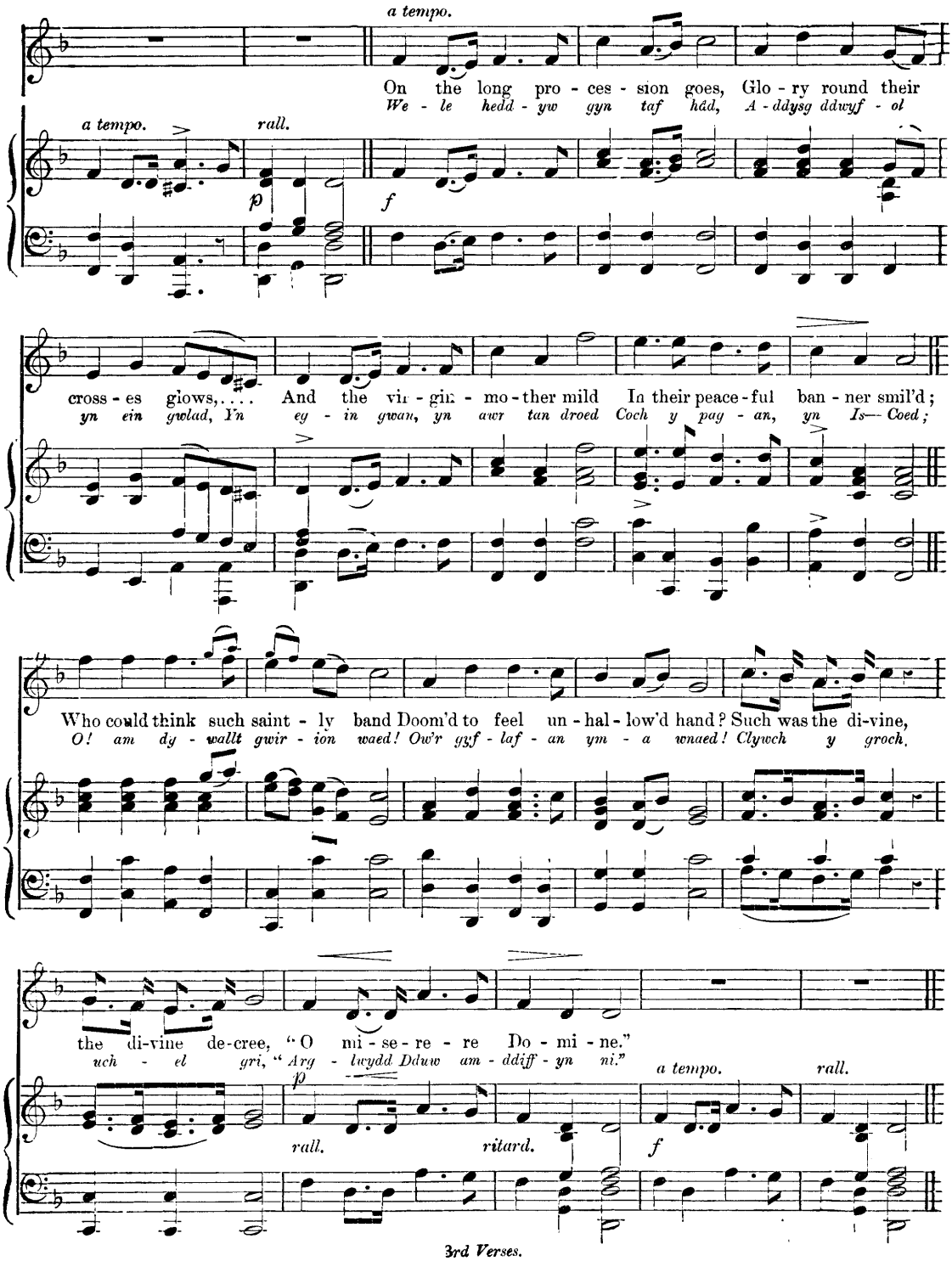
Piano.

trum - pets' clang, Round be - lea - guer'd Ches - ter rang, ... Veil - ed nun and fri - ar grey,
hyd y traeth, Y pag - an - aidd Sais a ddaeth; A - ddol - wyr Thor ar Od - in gau,

March'd from Ban - gor's fair ab - bey. High their ho - ly an - them sounds, Ces-tria's vale the
Gyd - a'u lleng - au sy'n nes - hau. Daw o Fan - gor fydd - in fawr, Yn gwedd - i - o

hymn re - bounds, Float - ing down the syl - van Dee, "O mi - se - re - re Do - mi - ne."
gyd - a'r wawr, "Tros ein gwlad O! gwran - do'n Cri, Arg - lwydd Dduw am - ddiff - yn ni."

rall.



3rd Verses.

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

Gan y gau chwalwyd gwir
Hen athrofa gynta'r tir:
Cs hir bu'r egin yn cryfhau,
Grawn y gwir fu drech na'r gau
Mathrwch ef ond byw wna had
Gweddi'r mynach mewn parhad;
"Tros ein gwlad gwrando'n cri,
Arglwydd Dduw amddiffyn ni!"

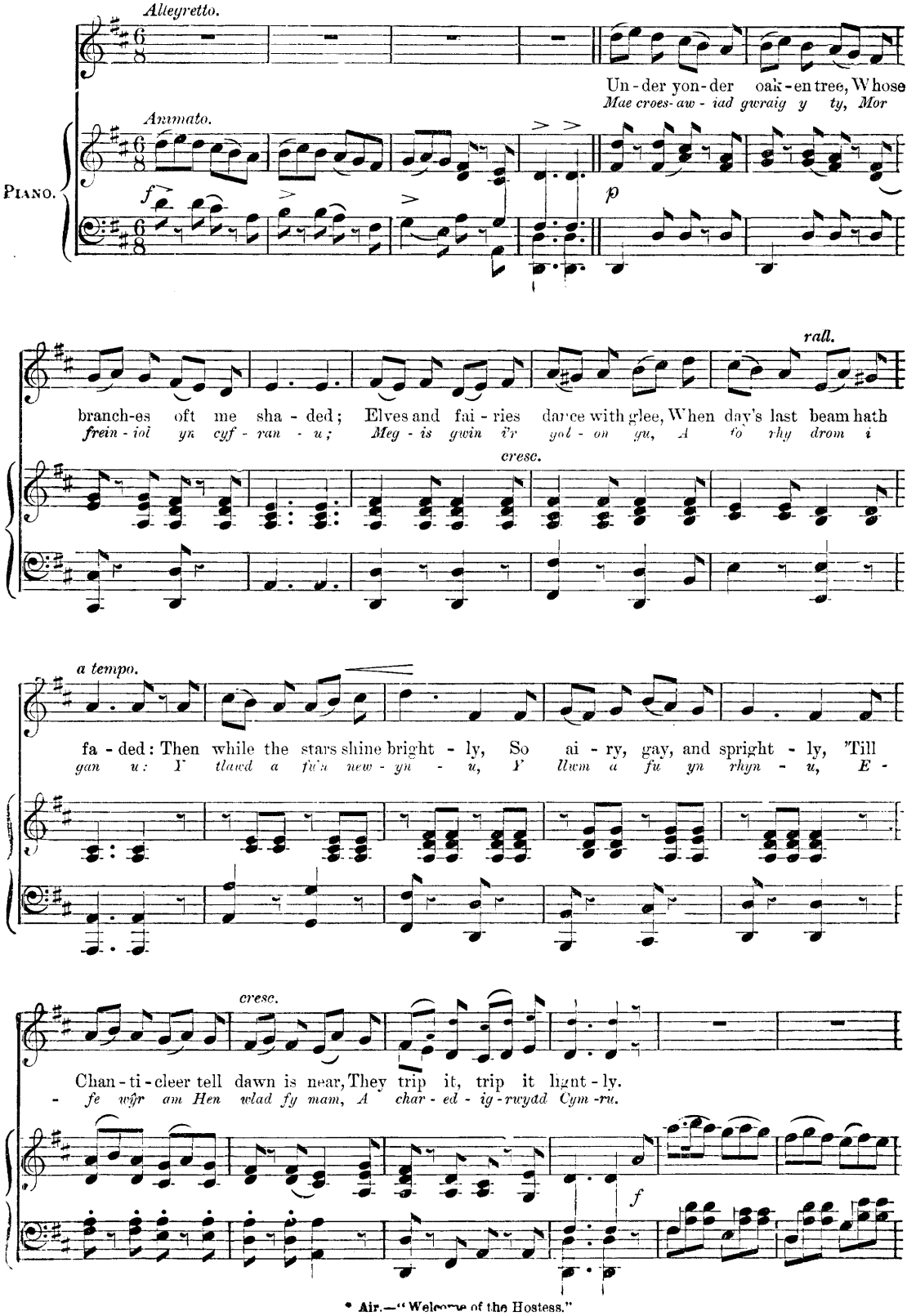
* Bangor-Is-Coed, in Flintshire, was one of the most ancient monasteries of the kingdom, and celebrated as a seat of learning. The slaughter commemorated by Sir Walter Scott took place in A.D. 601, when 1100 out of 1200 Monks who had assembled, unarmed, to pray for the success of the Britons, at the battle of Chester, were unmercifully massacred by the Saxon invaders under Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria.

William of Malmesbury says that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre.

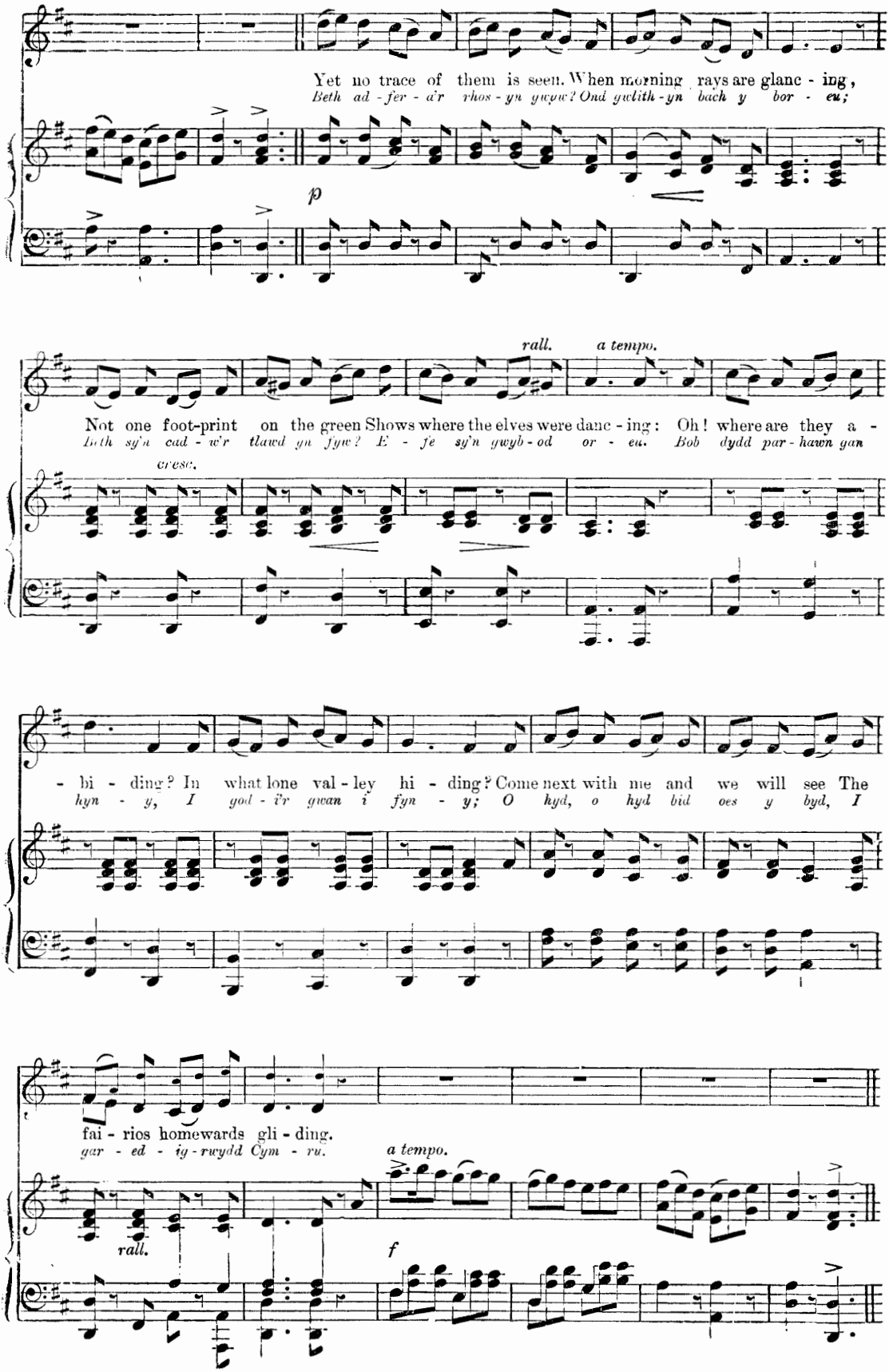
Under yonder Oaken Tree.*

"MAE CROESAWIAD GWRAIG Y TY.

English words by GEORGE LINLEY.



* Air.—"Welcome of the Hostess."


Yet no trace of them is seen. When morning rays are glanc - ing,
Beth ad - fer - a'r rhos - yn gwyw? Ond gwlith - yn bach y bor - eu;
p
rall.
a tempo.
Not one foot-print on the green Shows where the elves were danc - ing: Oh! where are they a -
Both sy'n cad - w'r tlawd yn fyw? E - fe sy'n gwyb - od or - eu. Bob dydd par - hawn gan
cresc.
- bi - ding? In what lone val - ley hi - ding? Come next with me and we will see The
hyn - y, I god - i'r gwan i fyn - y; O hyd, o hyd bid oes y byd, I
fai - rios homewards gli - ding.
gar - ed - ig - rwydd Cym - ru.
a tempo.
rall.
f

Woe to the Day.

(DIFYRWCH GWYR DYFI.)

English words by GEORGE LINLEY.

Andantino.

PIANO. *p con espress.* *p*

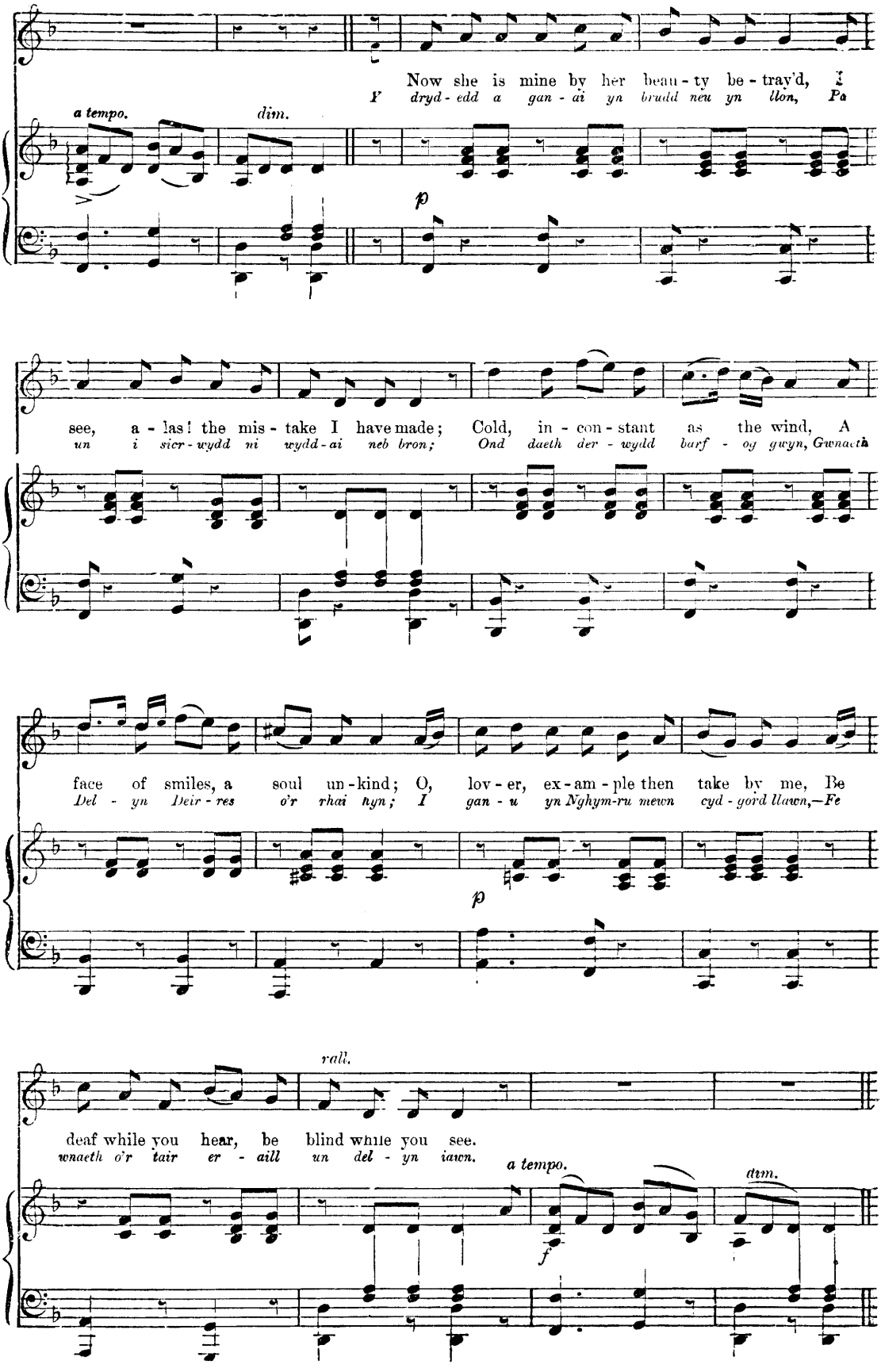
Woe to the day when her smile I first met, Ah! ne'er my heart will that mo-ment for-get;
Dif-yr-wch gwyr Dyf-i yr hen am-ser gynt, Oedd tair aur-de-lyn chwar-eid gan y gwynt;

p

Cap-tive soon like some poor bird, With ev-'ry soft and win-ning word: I
Cwyn-ai un mewn gof-id mawr, Pan chwyth-ai'r gwynt y der-wi lawr; Ond

rall.

thought her an an-gel with-out dis-guise, Nor dream'd that de-ceit could dwell in those eyes.
chwar-e yn llaw-en trwy'r dydd heb ball, Tra'r coed yn dad-wreidd-io'n llu wnel-ai'r llali.

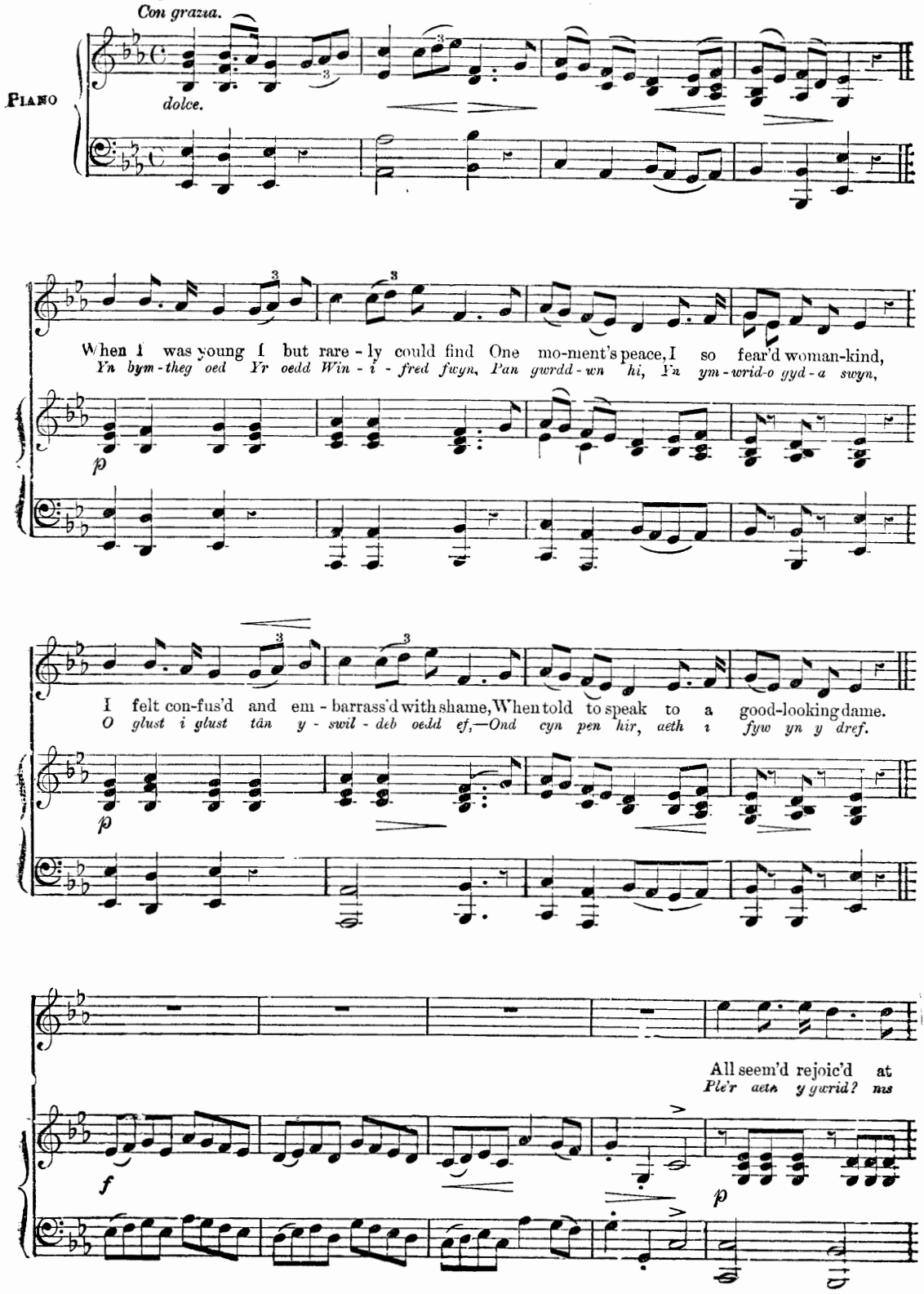

Now she is mine by her beau-ty be-tray'd, I
Y dryd-edd a gan-ai yn brudd neu yn llon, Pa
a tempo.
dim.
p
see, a-las! the mis-take I have made; Cold, in-con-stant as the wind, A
un i sicr-wydd ni wydd-ai neb bron; Ond daeth der-wydd barf-og gwyn, Gwnaeth
face of smiles, a soul un-kind; O, lov-er, ex-am-ple then take by me, Be
Del-yn Deir-res o'r rhai hyn; I gan-u yn Nghym-ru mewn cyd-gord llawn,—Fe
p
rall.
deaf while you hear, be blind while you see.
wnaeth o'r tair er-aill un del-yn iawn.
a tempo.
f
dim.

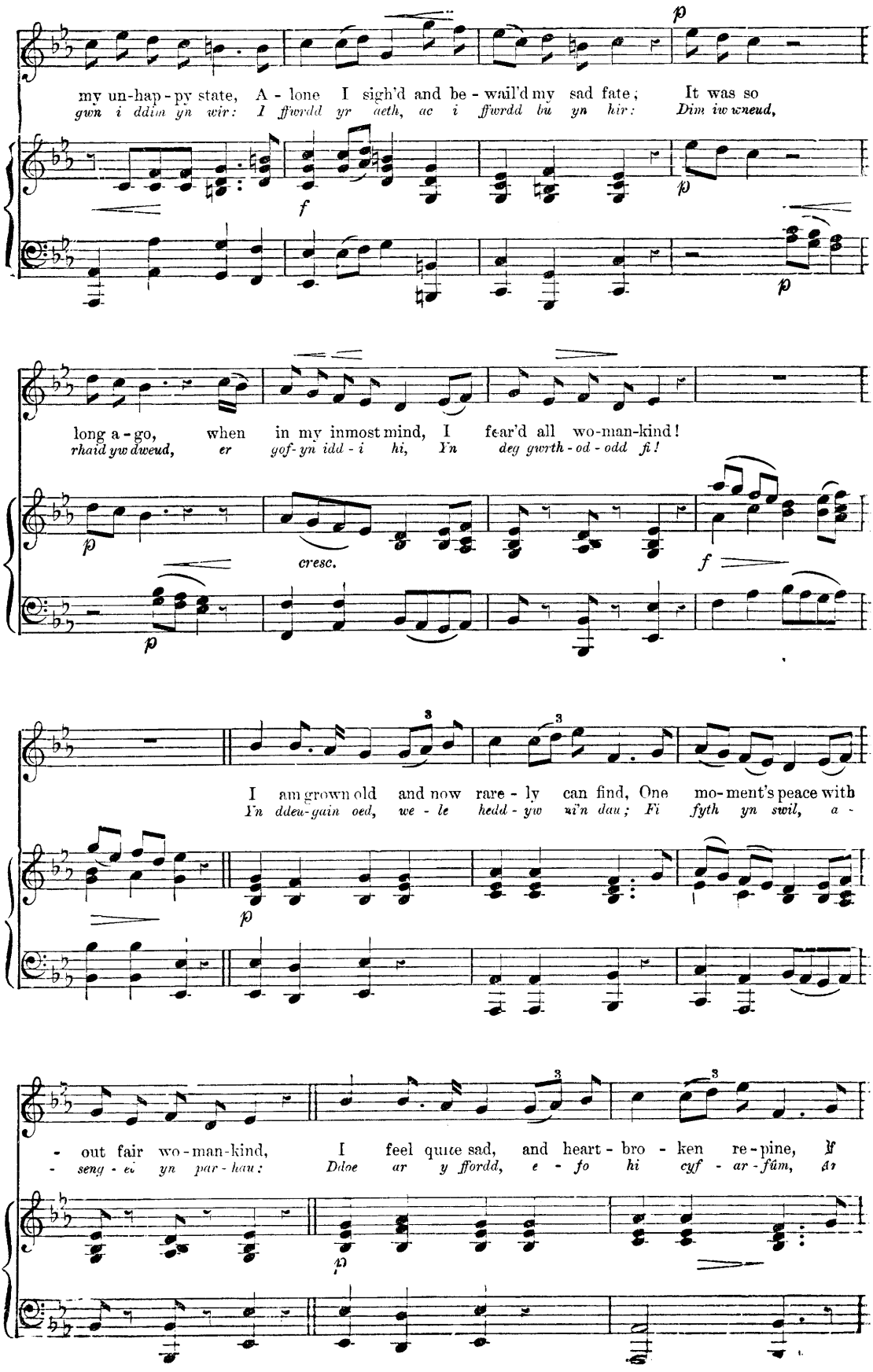
When I was young.

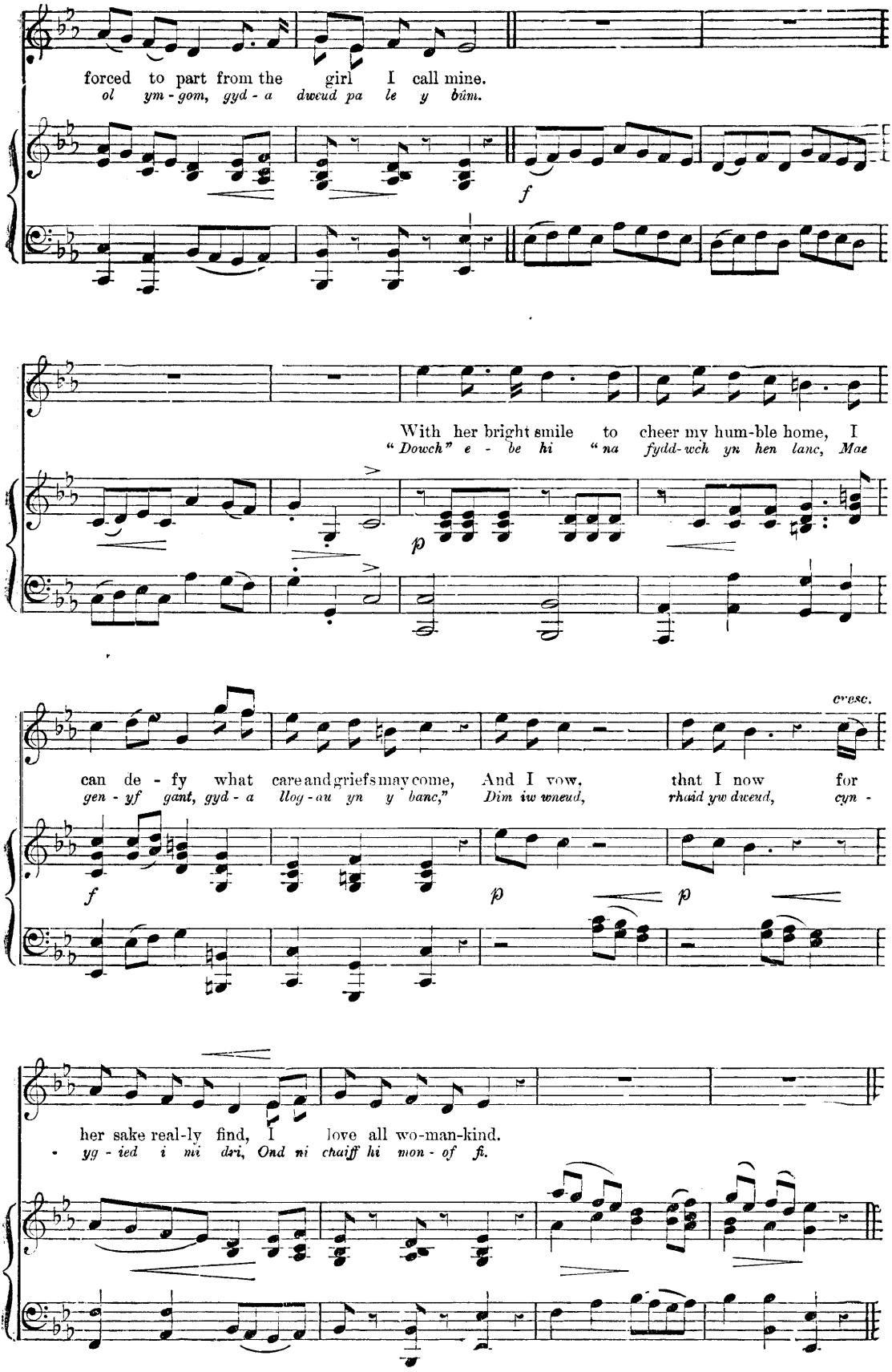
YN BYMTHEG OED.

(YR HEN SIBYL NEU WINIFFREDA)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.




my un-hap-py state, A-lone I sigh'd and be-wail'd my sad fate; It was so
gwn i ddim yn wir: I ffwrdd yr aeth, ac i ffwrdd bu yn hir: Dim iw wneud,
long a-go, when in my inmost mind, I fear'd all wo-man-kind!
rhaid yw dweud, er gof-yn idd-i hi, Yn deg gwrth-od-odd fi!
cresc.
I am grown old and now rare-ly can find, One mo-ment's peace with
Yn ddeu-gain oed, we-le hedd-yw wi'n dau; Fi fyth yn swil, a-
-out fair wo-man-kind, I feel quite sad, and heart-bro-ken re-pine, If
-seng-ei yn par-hau: Diloe ar y ffordd, e-fo hi cyf-ar-fûm, A'r

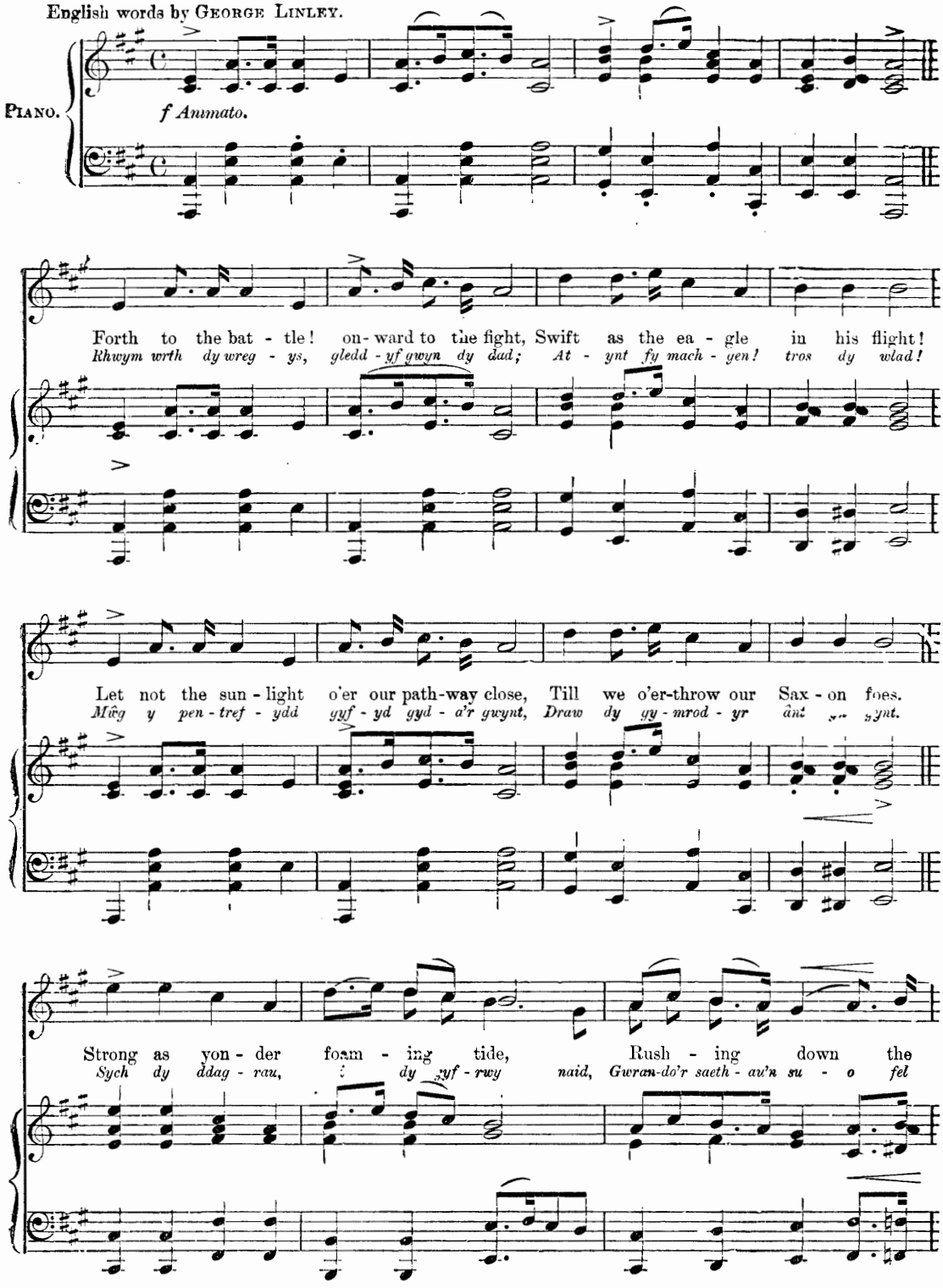

forced to part from the girl I call mine.
ol ym-gom, gyd-a dweud pa le y bûm.
f
With her bright smile to cheer my hum-ble home, I
"Dowch" e-be hi "na fydd-wch yn hen lanc, Mae
p
cresc.
can de-fy what care and griefs may come, And I vow, that I now for
gen-yf gant, gyd-a llog-au yn y banc," Dim iw wneud, rhaid yw dweud, cyn-
f
p
p
her sake real-ly find, I love all wo-man-kind.
yg-ied i mi dri, Ond ni chaiff hi mon-of fi.

Forth to the Battle.*

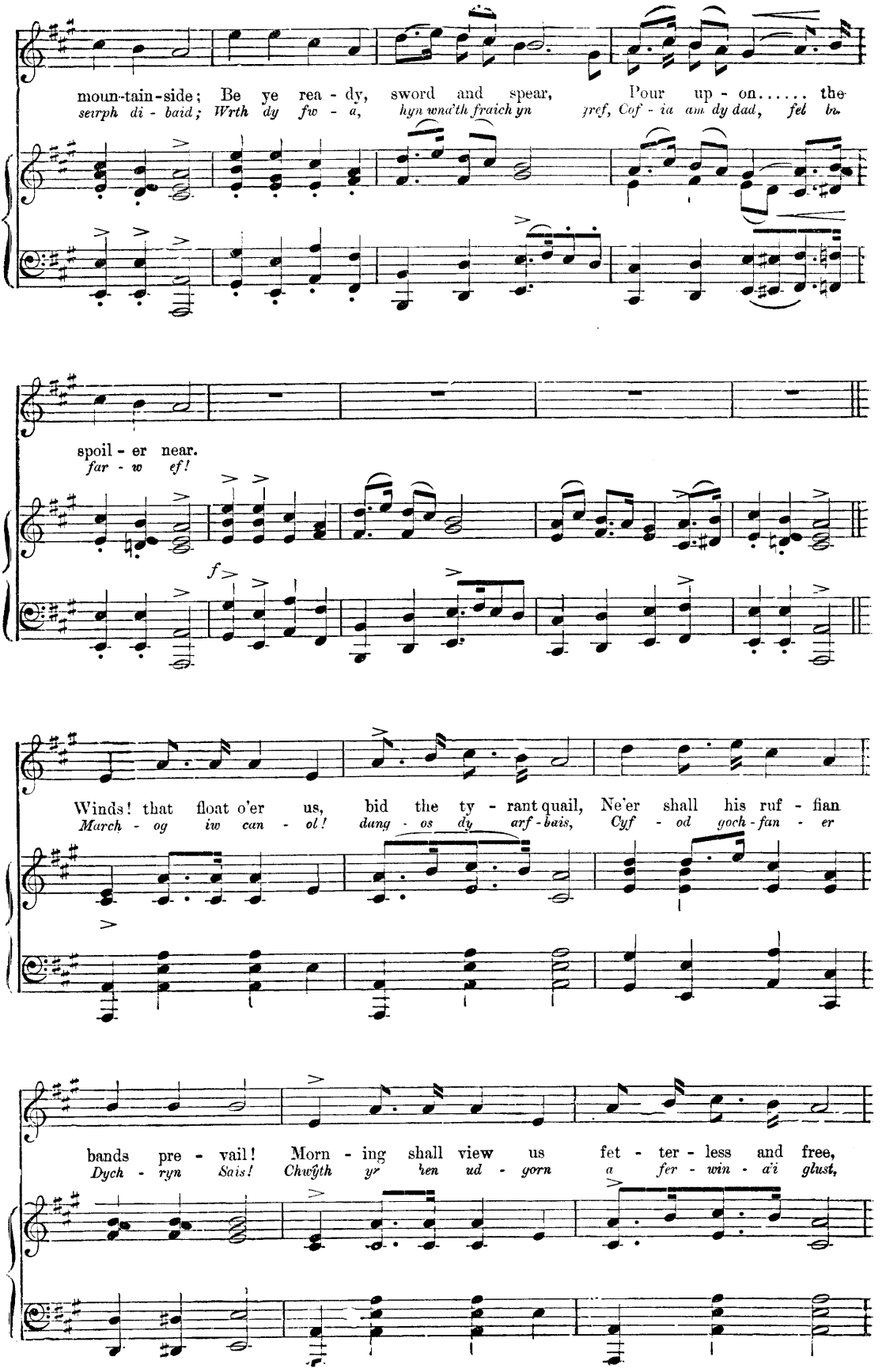
RHWYM WRTH DY WREGYS.

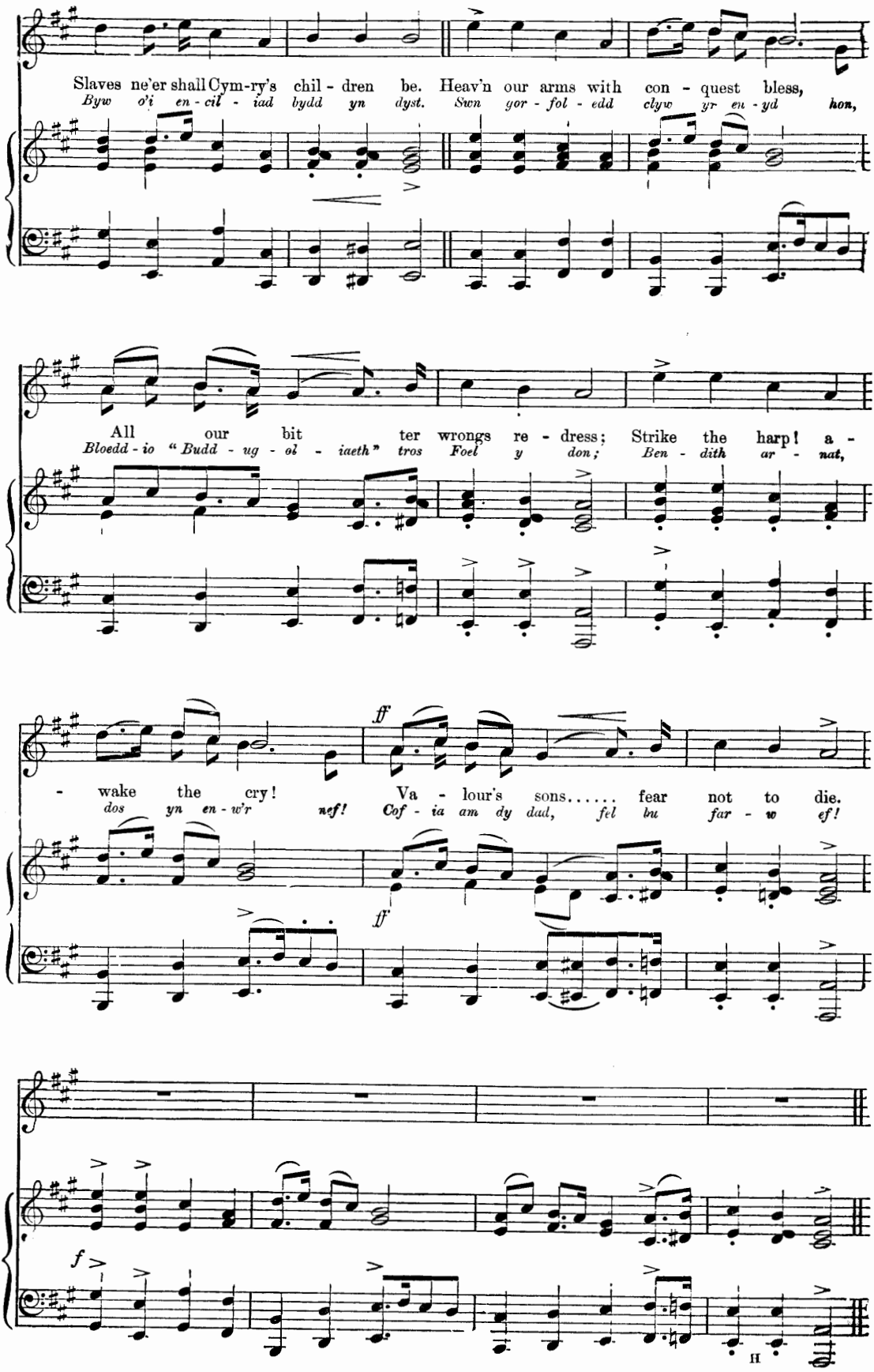
RHYVELGYRCH CADPEN MORGAN

English words by GEORGE LINLEY.



* "In consequence of taxes levied by command of King Edward I. toward defraying the charges of his wars in Gascony, formidable insurrections took place throughout Wales, under several provincial leaders in the year 1294. Morgan, a chieftain of *Morganwg* put himself at the head of the oppressed Cymry in that district, drove out the Earl of Gloucester, and regained possession of the territory of which that nobleman's predecessors had formerly deprived his ancestors. One of the finest of the Welsh martial airs, '*Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan*,' was probably composed, or selected by this prince to animate the march of his followers."—Williams's *History of Wales*


moun-tain-side; Be ye rea - dy, sword and spear, Pour up - on..... the
serph di - baid; Wrth dy fw - a, hyn wnaʼth fraich yn yref, Cof - ia am dy dad, fel bu
spoil - er near.
far - w ef!
f
Winds! that float o'er us, bid the ty - rant quail, Ne'er shall his ruf - fian
March - og iw can - ol! dang - os dy arf - bais, Cyf - od goch - fan - er
bands pre - vail! Morn - ing shall view us fet - ter - less and free,
Dych - ryn Sais! Chwŷth yr hen ud - gorn a fer - win - aʼi glust,


Slaves ne'er shall Cym-ry's chil - dren be. Heav'n our arms with con - quest bless,
Byw o'i en - cil - iad bydd yn dyst. Swn yor - fol - edd clyw yr en - yd hon,
All our bit ter wrongs re - dress; Strike the harp! a -
Bloedd - io "Budd - ug - ol - iaeth" tros Foel y don; Ben - dith ar - nat,
ff
- wake the cry! Va - lour's sons..... fear not to die.
dos yn en - w'r nef! Cof - ia am dy dad, fel bu far - w ef!
ff
f

"All the day."

WYT 'TI'N HOFFI DYRI' DERWYDD.

("HOB Y DERI DANDO.")

English words by WALTER MAYNARD. (South Wales.)

Allegretto.

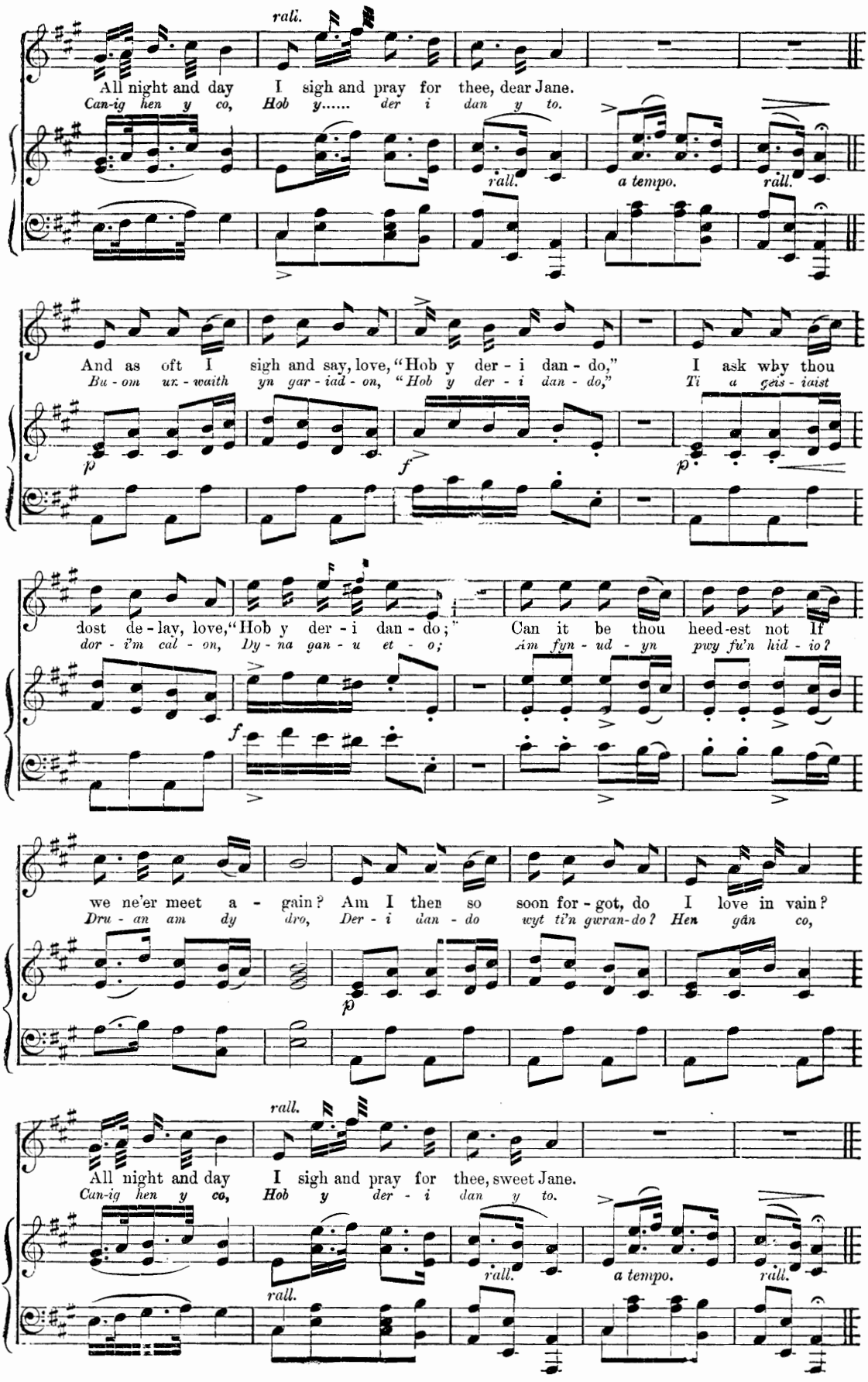
PIANO.

All the day I sigh and say, love, "Hob y der - i dan - do,"
Wyt ti'n hoff - i dy - ri', Der-wydd? "Hob y der - i dan - do,"

All the night I dream or pray, love, "Hob y der - i dan - do;"
Un waith oer - ais i o'th her - wydd—Dy - na gan - u ei - o:

Ah, since that first time we met, I do naught but com - plain,
Yn mhob ar - dal y mae byr - dôn, Can - ig hên y co';

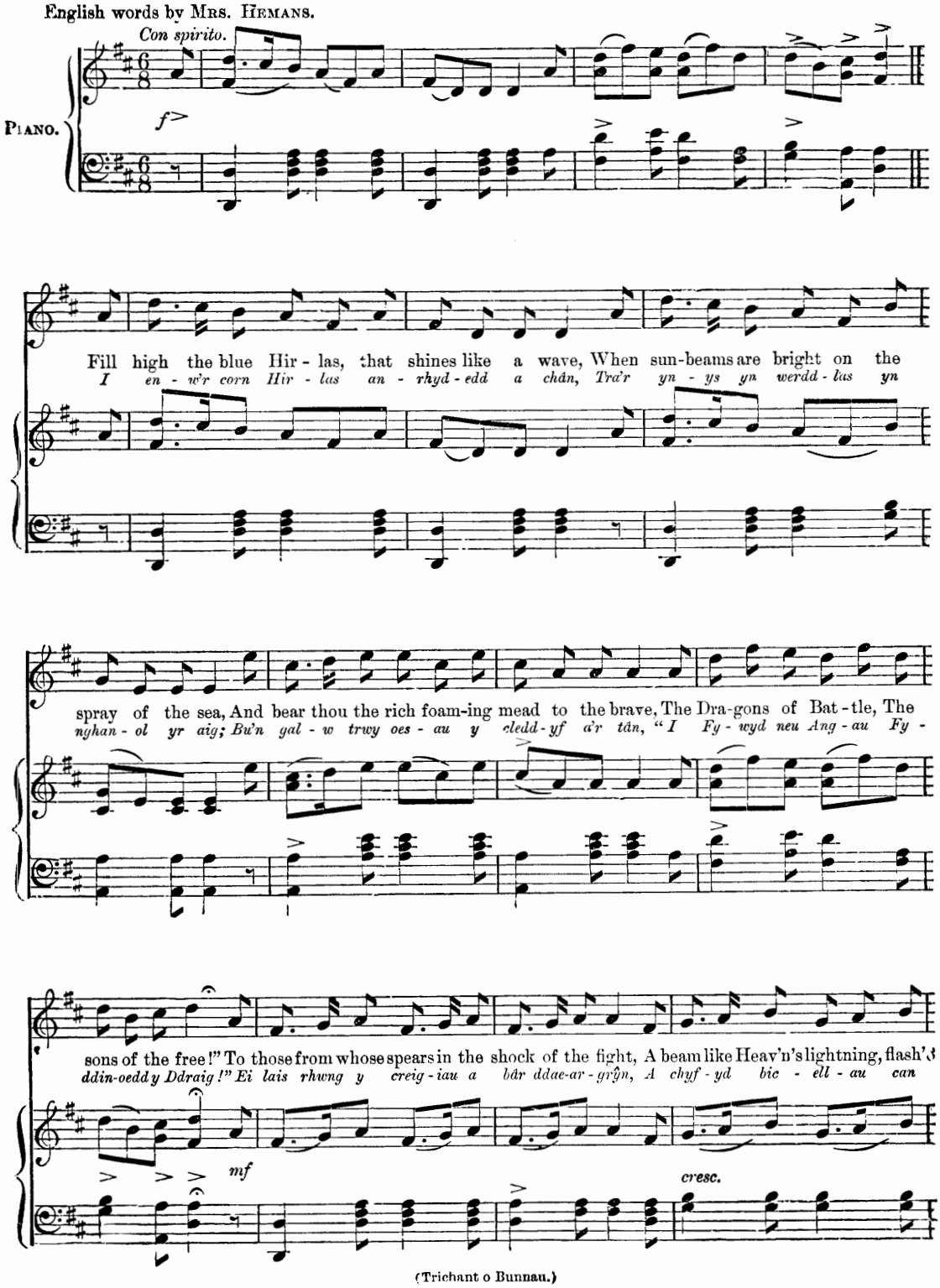
Tho' I fear thou dost for - get, I hope on in vain,
Pwy na all - ant ddweud pen - ill - ion, Hen gân co,


rall.
All night and day I sigh and pray for thee, dear Jane.
Can-ig hen y co, Hob y..... der i dan y to.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
And as oft I sigh and say, love, "Hob y der - i dan - do," I ask why thou
Bu - om ur - waith yn gar - iad - on, "Hob y der - i dan - do," Ti a geis - iaist
dost de - lay, love, "Hob y der - i dan - do;" Can it be thou heed-est not It
dor - i'm cal - on, Dy - na gan - u et - o; Am fyn - ud - yn pwy fu'n hid - io?
we ne'er meet a - gain? Am I then so soon for - got, do I love in vain?
Dru - an am dy dro, Der - i dan - do wyt ti'n gwran-do? Hen gân co,
rall.
All night and day I sigh and pray for thee, sweet Jane.
Can-ig hen y co, Hob y der - i dan y to.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
rall.

The Hirlas Horn.*

Y CORN HIRLAS.

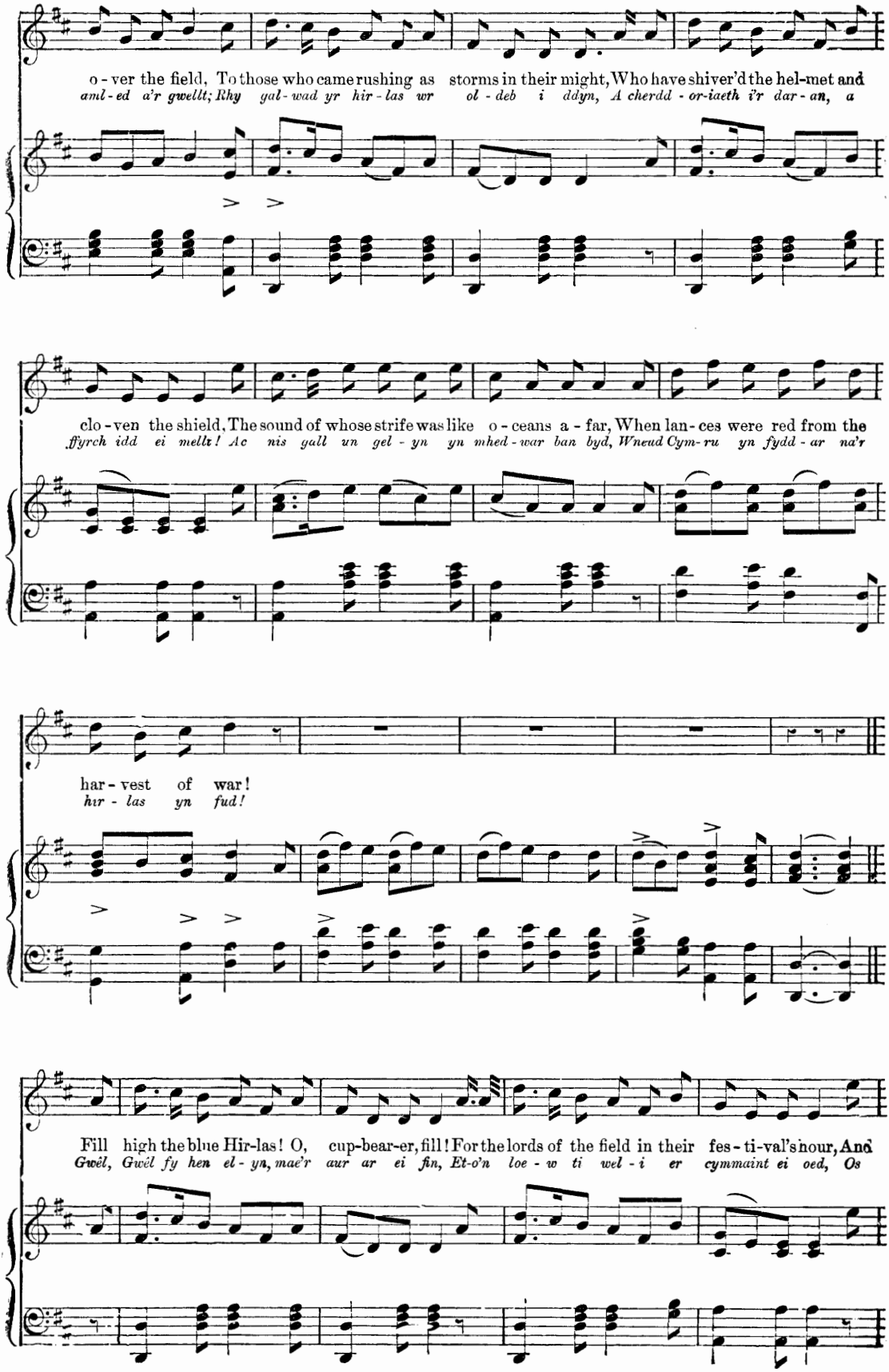
English words by Mrs. Hemans.

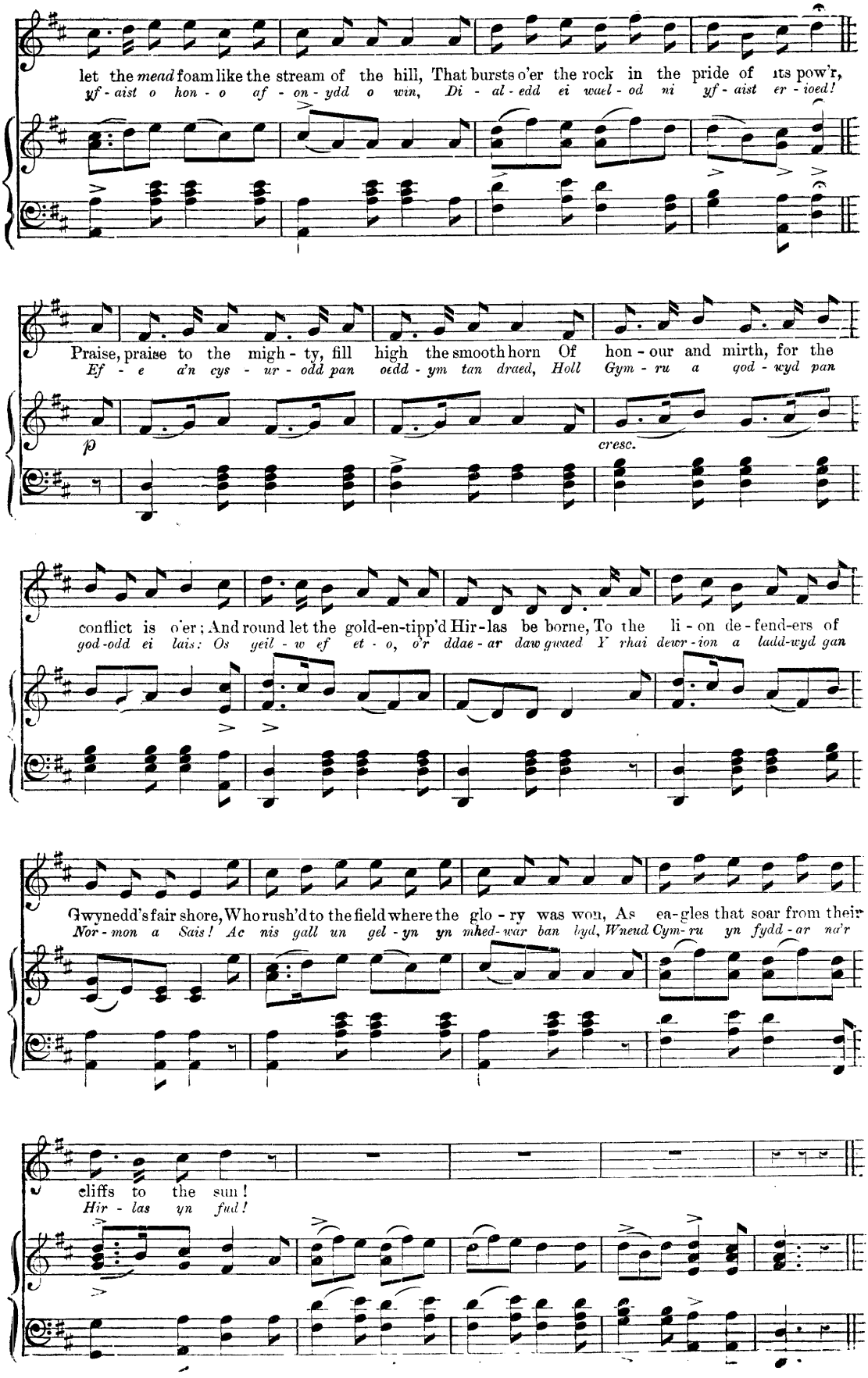


(Trichant o Bunnau.)

* "*Hir*," (long) "*Las*," (blue). The *Hirlas* was a drinking-horn, long, blue, and rimmed with silver. It was also used to "sound an alarm" on the field of battle. See "Pennants Tours," page 299.

"The Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.) on his way through Wales, to Bosworth Field, was entertained by *Dafydd ab Ieuan* (at *Llwyn-Dafydd*, Cardiganshire), and on his accession to the throne sent him a *Hirlas*, chased and mounted in silver, with heraldic devices of much beauty. Having become the property of the Earl of Carbery during the civil wars, it thus came to *Golden Grove* (Carmarthenshire), the seat of the Earl of Cawdor, where it still remains."—*Antiquities of Wales*,—Dr. Thos. Nicholas.

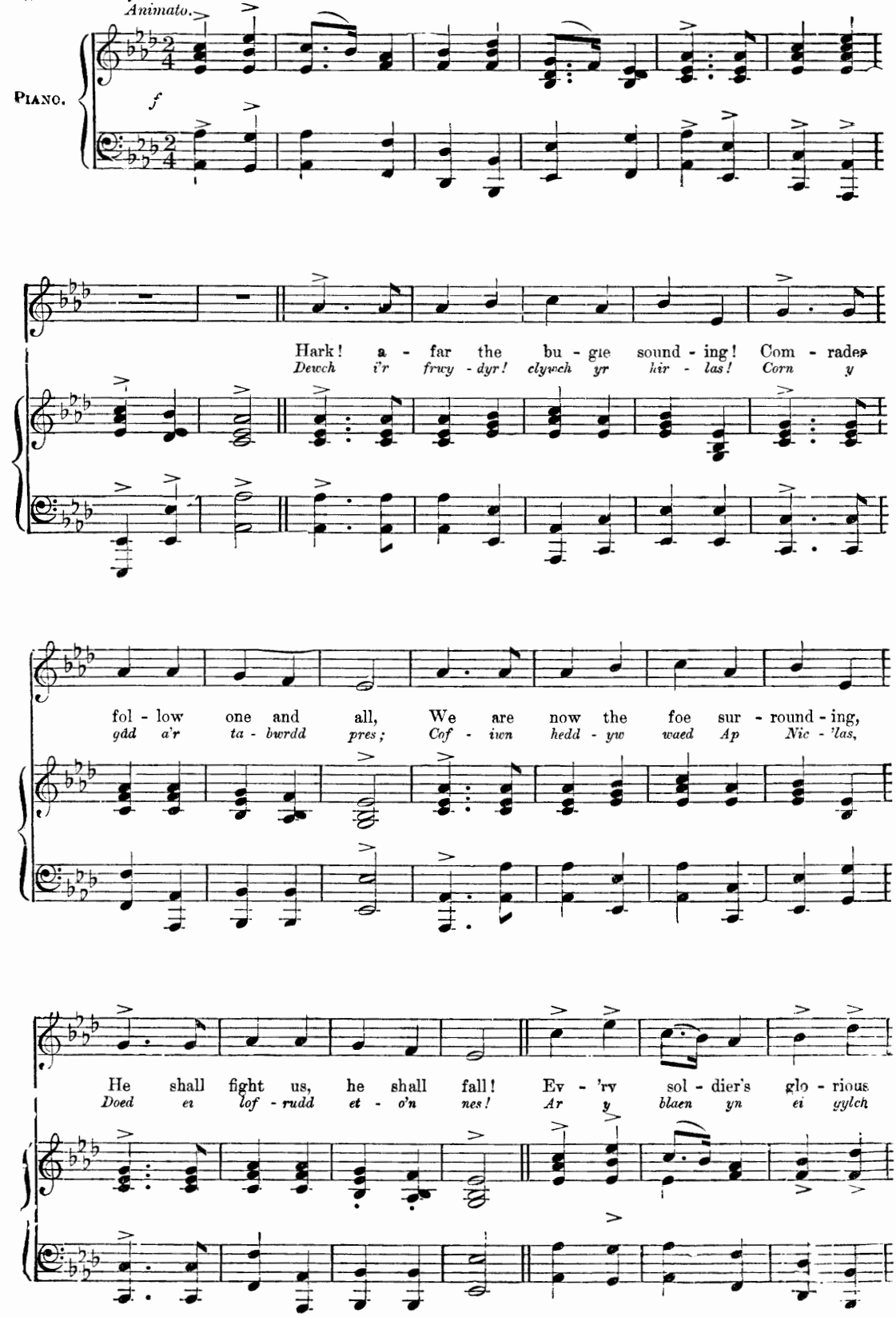

o - ver the field, To those who came rushing as storms in their might, Who have shiver'd the hel-met and
aml - ed a'r gwellt; Rhy gal - wad yr hir - las wr ol - deb i ddyn, A cherdd - or-iaeth i'r dar - an, a
clo - ven the shield, The sound of whose strife was like o - ceans a - far, When lan - ces were red from the
ffyrch idd ei mellt! Ac nis gall un gel - yn yn mhed - war ban byd, Wneud Cym - ru yn fydd - ar na'r
har - vest of war!
hir - las yn fud!
Fill high the blue Hir-las! O, cup-bear-er, fill! For the lords of the field in their fes - ti-val's hour, And
Gwêl, Gwêl fy hen el - yn, mae'r aur ar ei fin, Et-o'n loe - w ti wel - i er cymmaint ei oed, Os

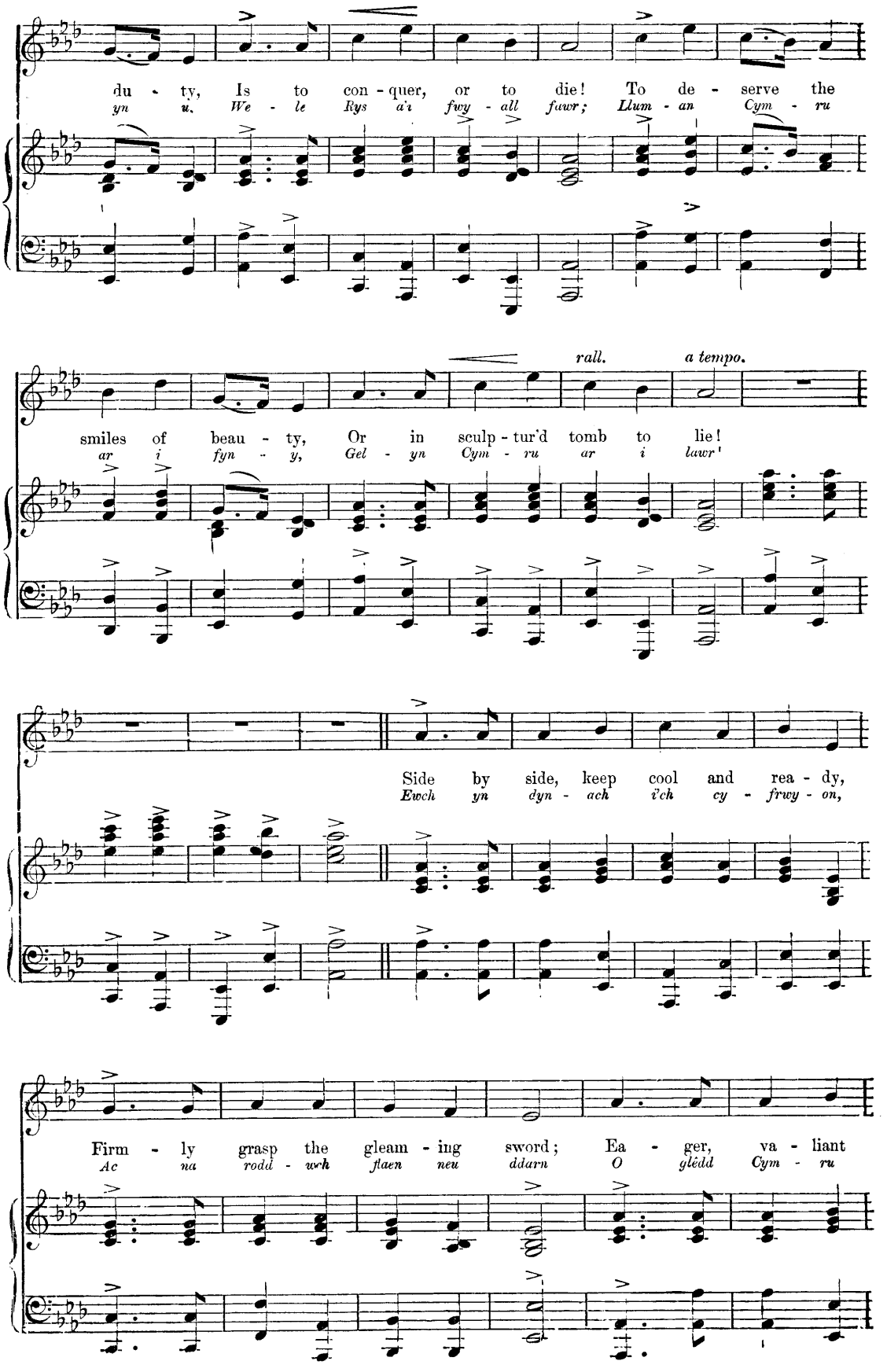

let the *mead* foam like the stream of the hill, That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its pow'r,
yf - aist o hon - o af - on - ydd o win, Di - al - edd ei wael - od ni yf - aist er - ioed!
Praise, praise to the migh - ty, fill high the smooth horn Of hon - our and mirth, for the
Ef - e a'n cys - ur - odd pan oedd - ym tan draed, Holl Gym - ru a god - wyd pan
p
cresc.
conflict is o'er; And round let the gold-en-tipp'd Hir-las be borne, To the li - on de - fend-ers of
god-odd ei lais: Os yeil - w ef et - o, o'r ddae - ar daw gwaed Y rhai dewr - ion a ladd-wyd gan
Gwynedd's fair shore, Who rush'd to the field where the glo - ry was won, As ea-gles that soar from their
Nor - mon a Sais! Ac nis gall un gel - yn yn mhed-war ban lyd, Wneud Cym- ru yn fydd - ar na'r
cliffs to the sun!
Hir - las yn fud!

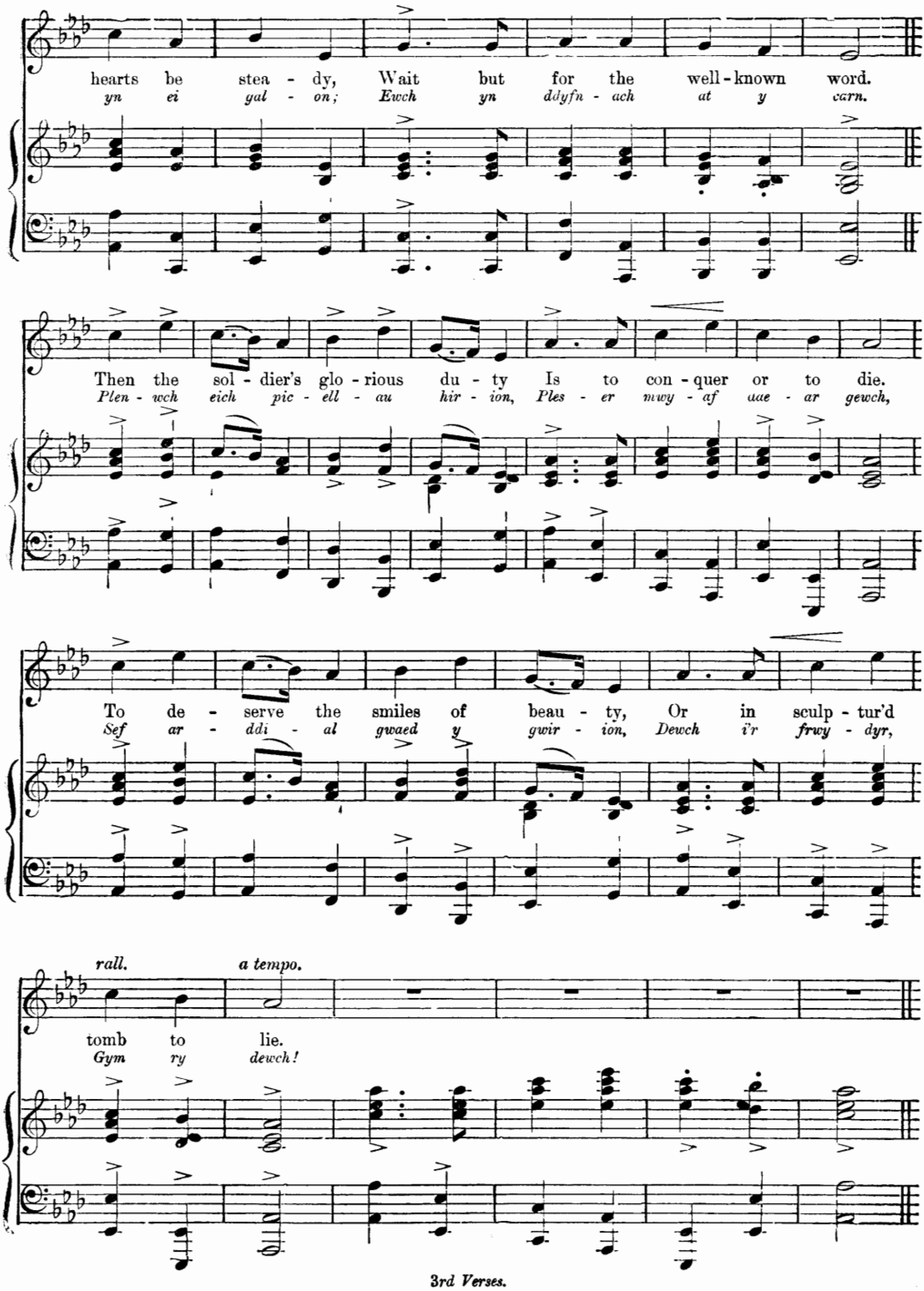
Hark! afar the Bugle sounding.

(DEWCH I'R FRWYDYR.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.




du - ty, Is to con - quer, or to die! To de - serve the
yn u. We - le Rys a'i fwy - all fawr; Llum - an Cym - ru
rall. a tempo.
smiles of beau - ty, Or in sculp - tur'd tomb to lie!
ar i fyn - y, Gel - yn Cym - ru ar i lawr!
Side by side, keep cool and rea - dy,
Ewch yn dyn - ach i'ch cy - frwy - on,
Firm - ly grasp the gleam - ing sword; Ea - ger, va - liant
Ac na rodd - wch flaen neu ddarn O glédd Cym - ru



3rd *Verses.*

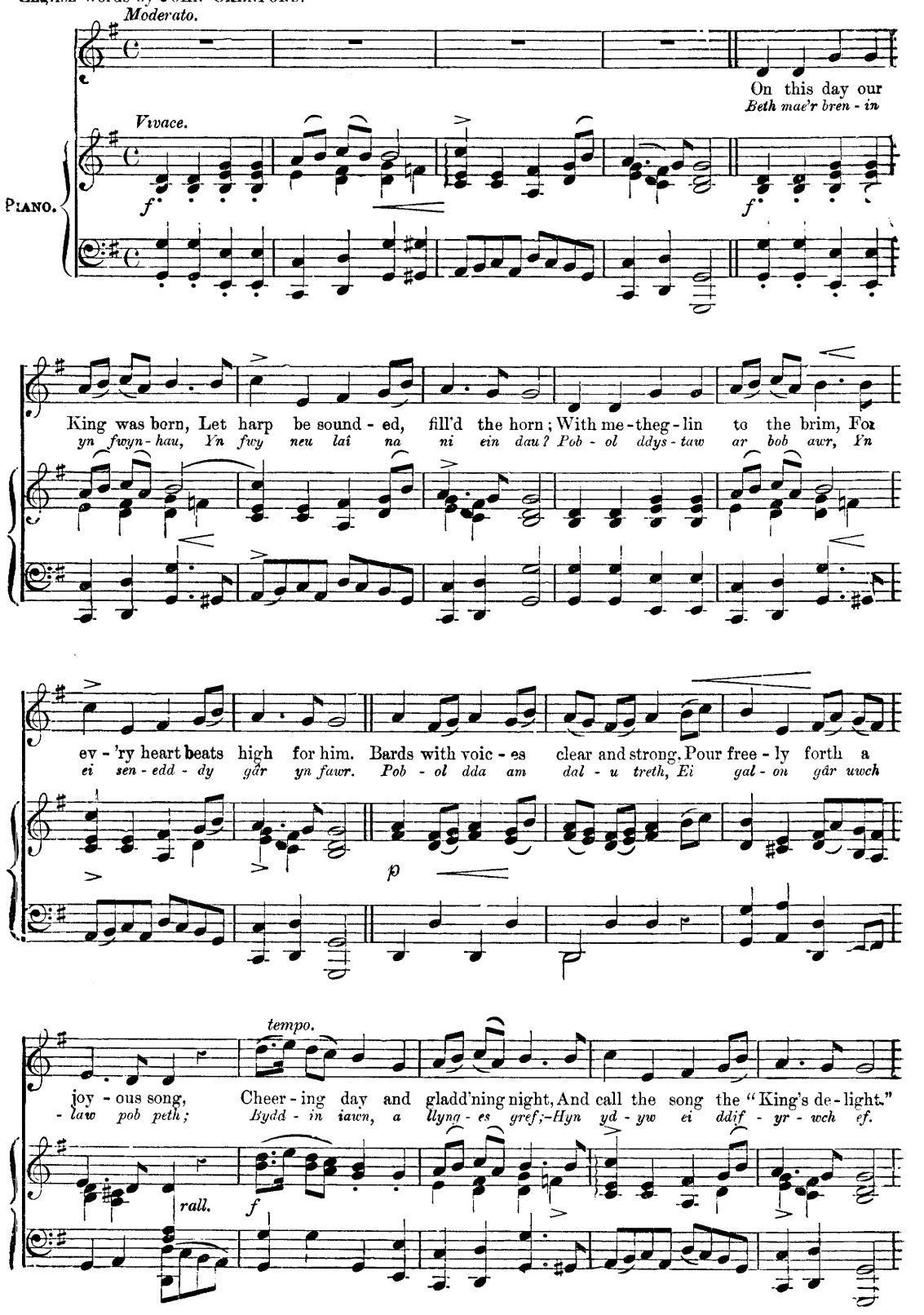
Let each man this day recalling,
Tell how here we fought and bled;
Names of those around us falling,
Shall on honour's scroll be read.
For the soldier's glorious duty
Is to conquer or to die;
To deserve the smiles of beauty,
Or in sculptured tomb to lie.

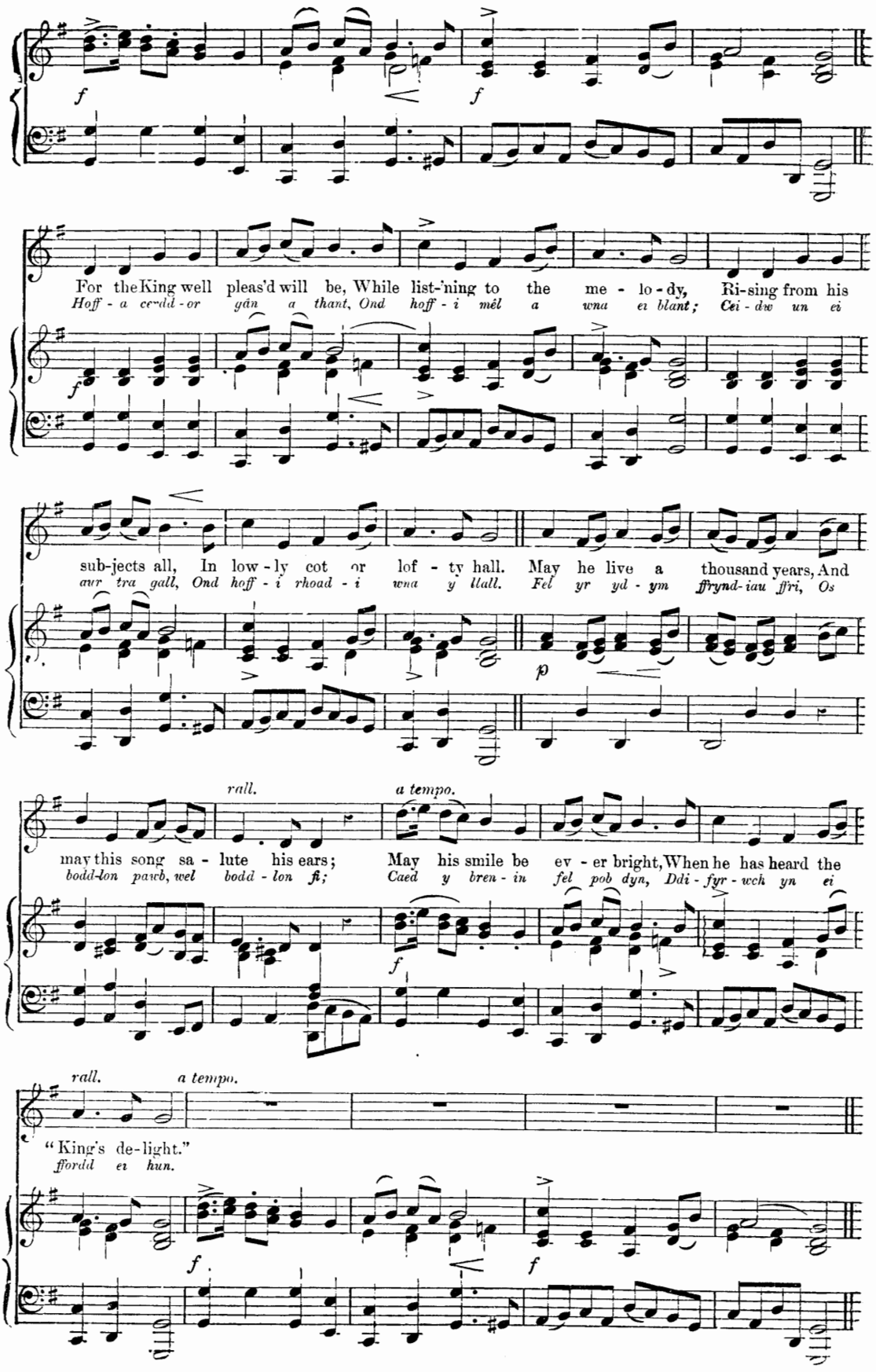
Gyda bloedd trwy ddannedd Dystryw,
Awn i'n gogoneddus hynt;
Fel pe bae Ap Nic'las heddyw
Yn ein harwain megis cynt!
Heddyw oer ei galon dirion,
Gwên ei wyneb byth ni chewch:
Heddyw'n enw gwaed y gwirion,
Dewch i'r frwy-dyr, Gymry dewch!

"On this day."

(DIFYRWCH Y BRENIN.)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.



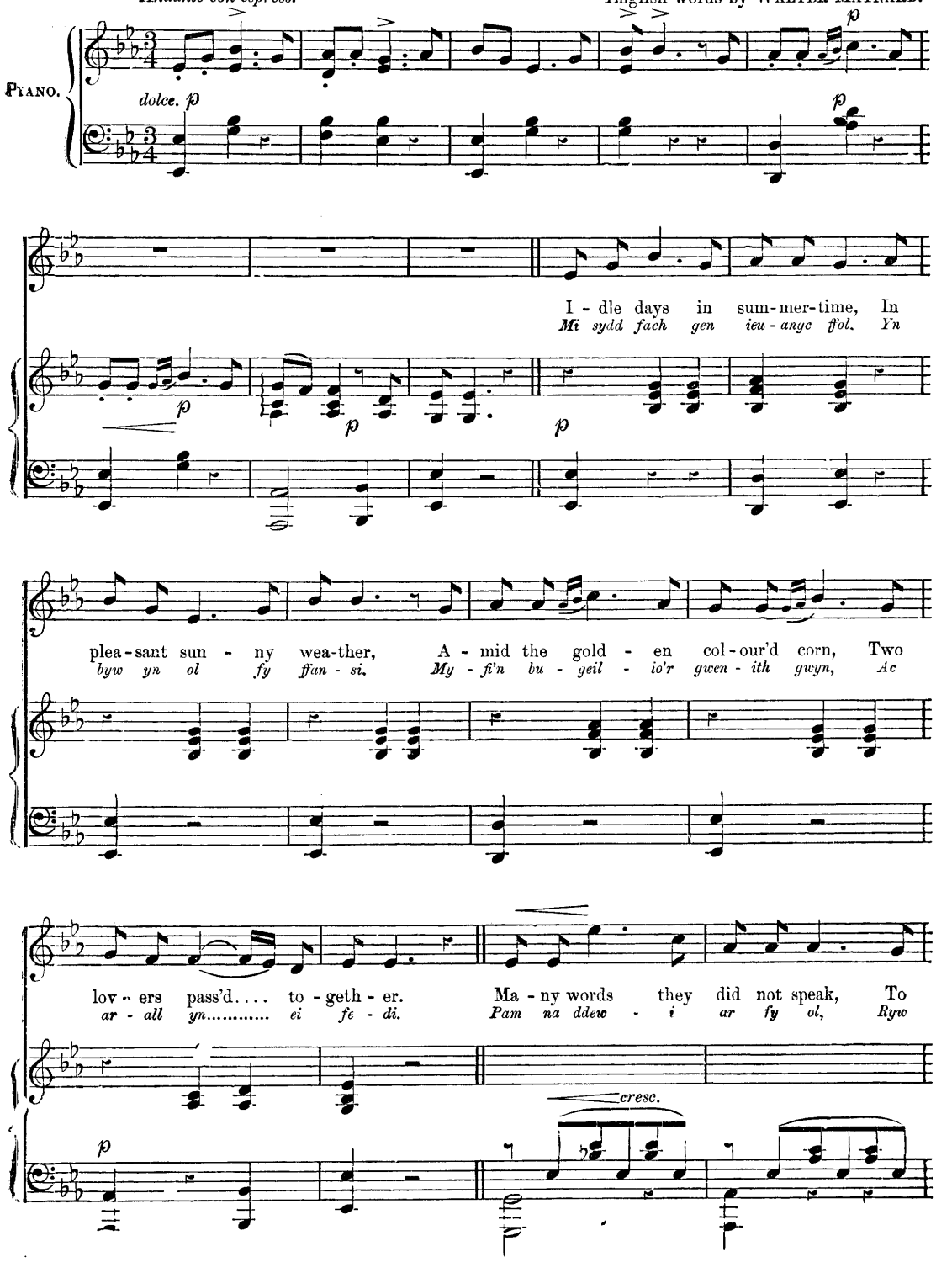

f
f
For the King well pleas'd will be, While list-'ning to the me - lo - dy, Ri-sing from his
Hoff - a cerdd - or gân a thant, Ond hoff - i mêl a wna ei blant; Cei - dw un ei
f
sub-jects all, In low - ly cot or lof - ty hall. May he live a thousand years, And
awr tra gall, Ond hoff - i rhoad - i wna y llall. Fel yr yd - ym ffrynd - iau ffri, Os
p
rall.
a tempo.
may this song sa - lute his ears; May his smile be ev - er bright, When he has heard the
bodd-lon pawb, wel bodd - lon fi; Caed y bren - in fel pob dyn, Ddi - fyr - wch yn ei
f
rall.
a tempo.
"King's de-light."
ffordd ei hun.
f
f

Idle days in summer-time.

(BUGEILIO R GWENITH GWYN.)

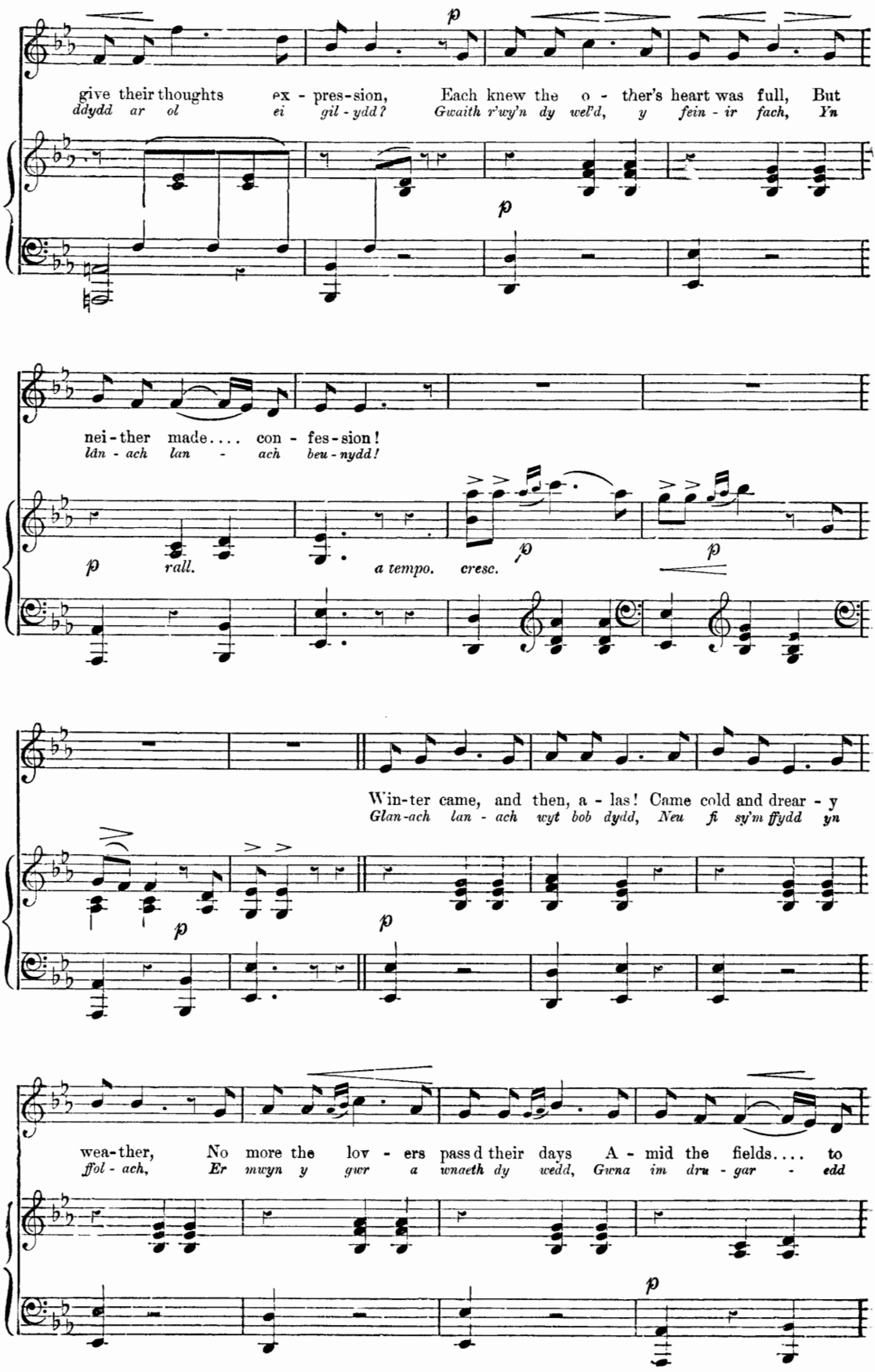
Welsh words by WILL HOPKIN.

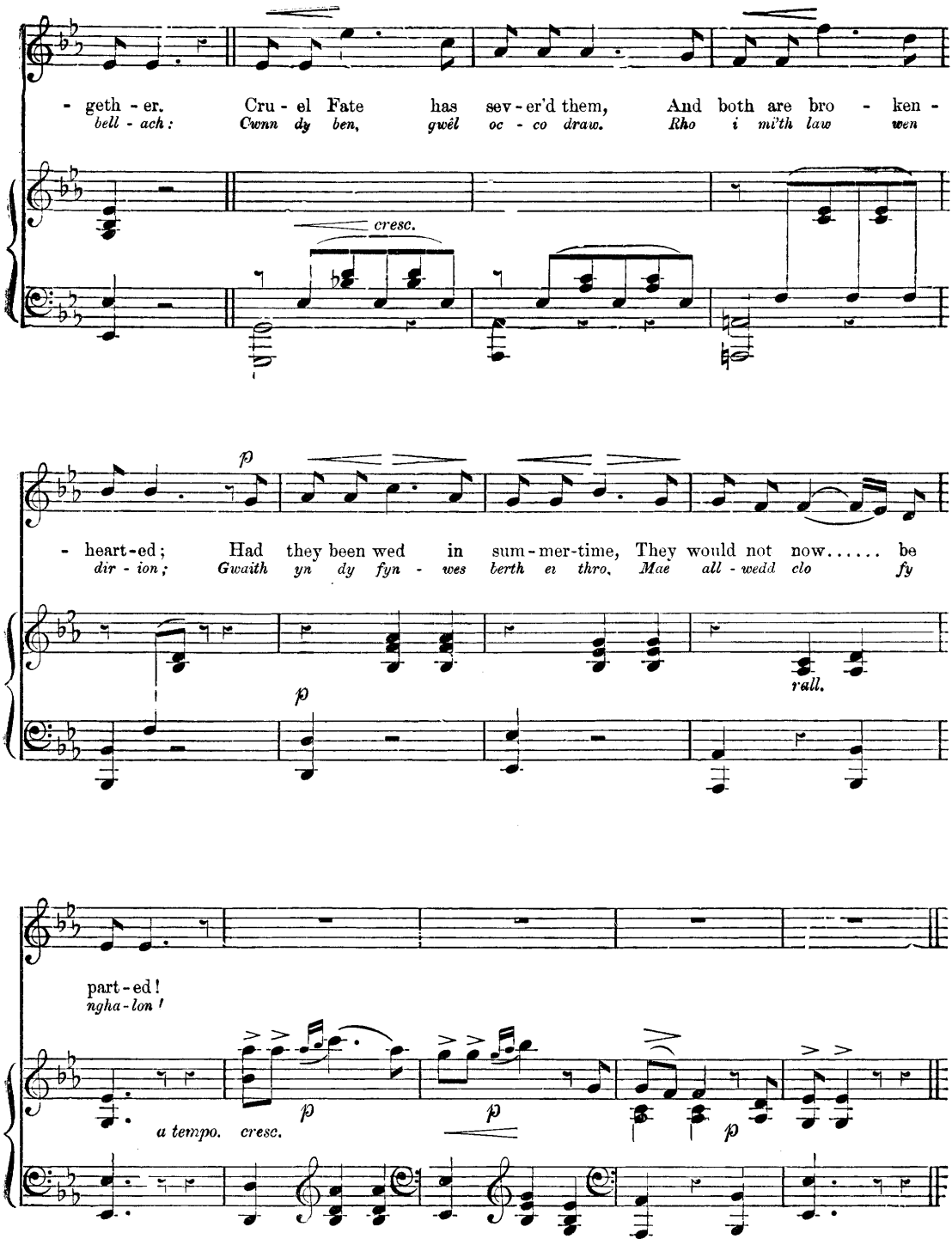
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* *William Hopkin* (known as "*Will Hopkin*" the Bard), was born at *Llangynwyd* in 1700. The tradition respecting the hapless love entertained for him by Ann Thomas (*"The Maid of Cefn Ydfa,"*) is widely known in Wales, and especially in Glamorganshire. The Bard wrote many songs in her honour; but the most popular is "*Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn*" (Watching the blooming wheat), sung to the above melody; previously known as "Yr hên Gelynen."

By permission.—From the collection of Miss Jane Williams, (Aberpergwm).


give their thoughts ex - pres-sion, Each knew the o - ther's heart was full, But
ddydd ar ol ei gil - ydd? Gwaith r'wy'n dy wel'd, y fein - ir fach, Yn
nei - ther made.... con - fes - sion!
ldn - ach lan - ach beu - nydd!
rall. a tempo. cresc.
Win-ter came, and then, a - las! Came cold and drear - y
Glan-ach lan - ach wyt bob dydd, Neu fi sy'm ffydd yn
wea-ther, No more the lov - ers pass'd their days A - mid the fields.... to
ffol - ach, Er mwyn y gwr a wnaeth dy wedd, Gwna im dru - gar - edd



3rd Verse.

Mi godais heddyw gyda'r wawr,
Gan frysio 'n fawr fy lludded;
Fel cawn gusanu ol dy droed
Ar hyd y coed wrth gerdded.
O cwnna mhen o'r galar maith,
A serchus iaith gwarineb;
Gwaith mwy na'r byd i'r mab a'th gâr,
Yw golwg ar dy wyneb.

4th Verse.

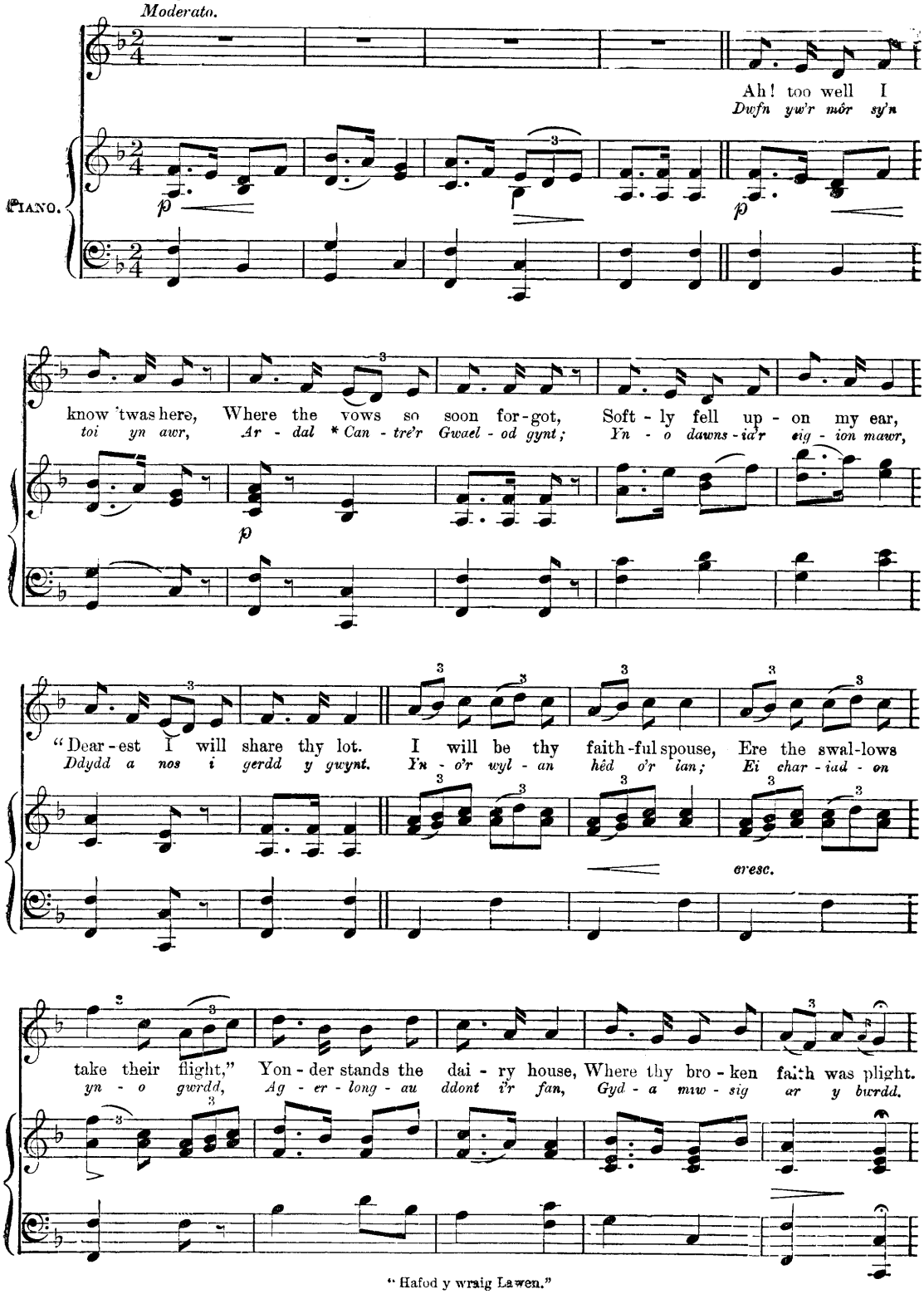
Tra fo dwr y mor yn hallt,
A thra fo ngwallt yn tyfu
A thra fo calon yn fy mron
Mi fydd-a'n ffydd-lon iti:
Lywed i mi'r gwir dan gêl
A rho dan sel attebion,
F'un ai myfi neu arall Ann
Sydd oreu gan dy galon.

Too well I know.

(DWFN YW'R MOR.)

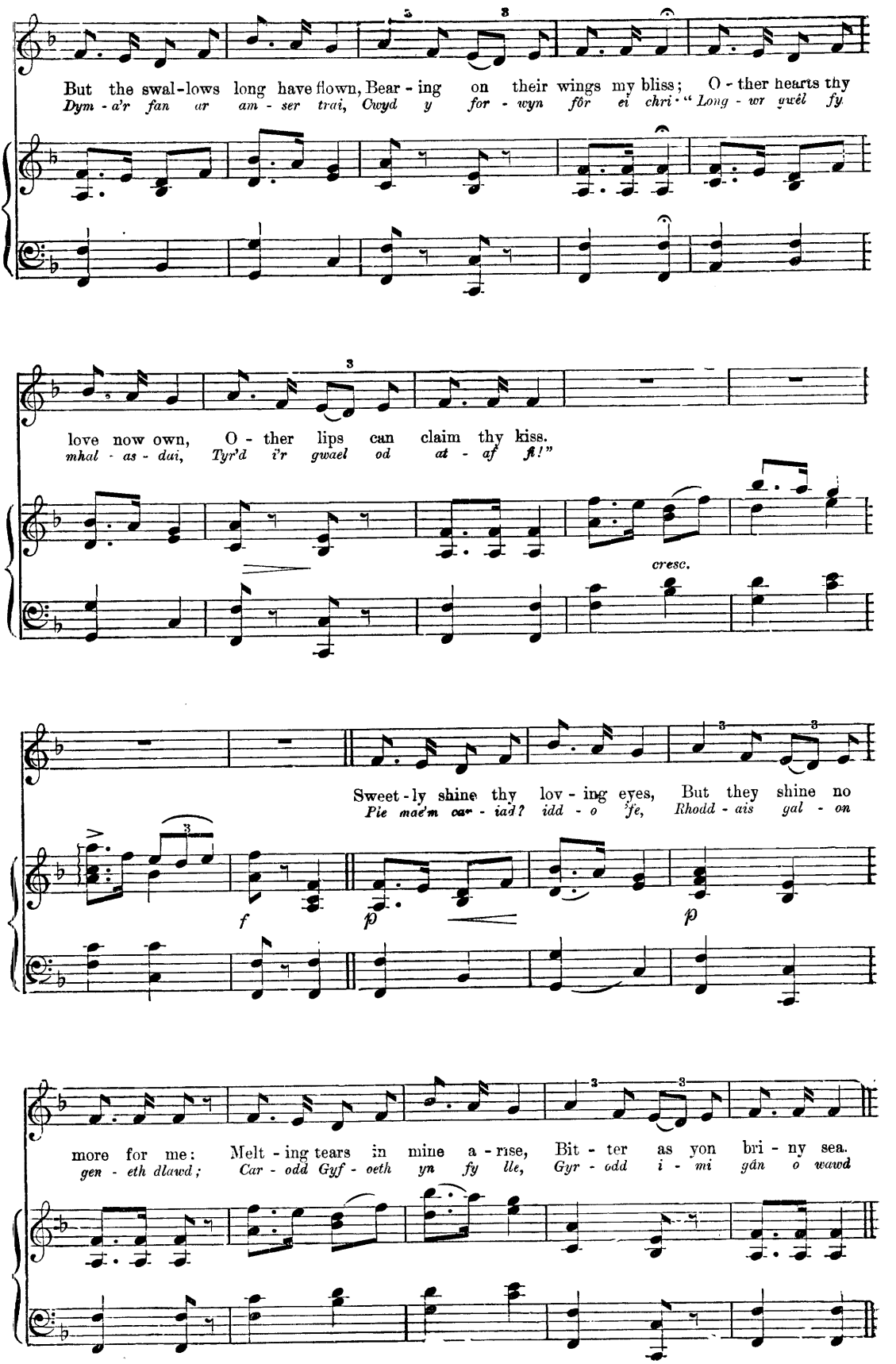
English words by CHARLES KENNEY

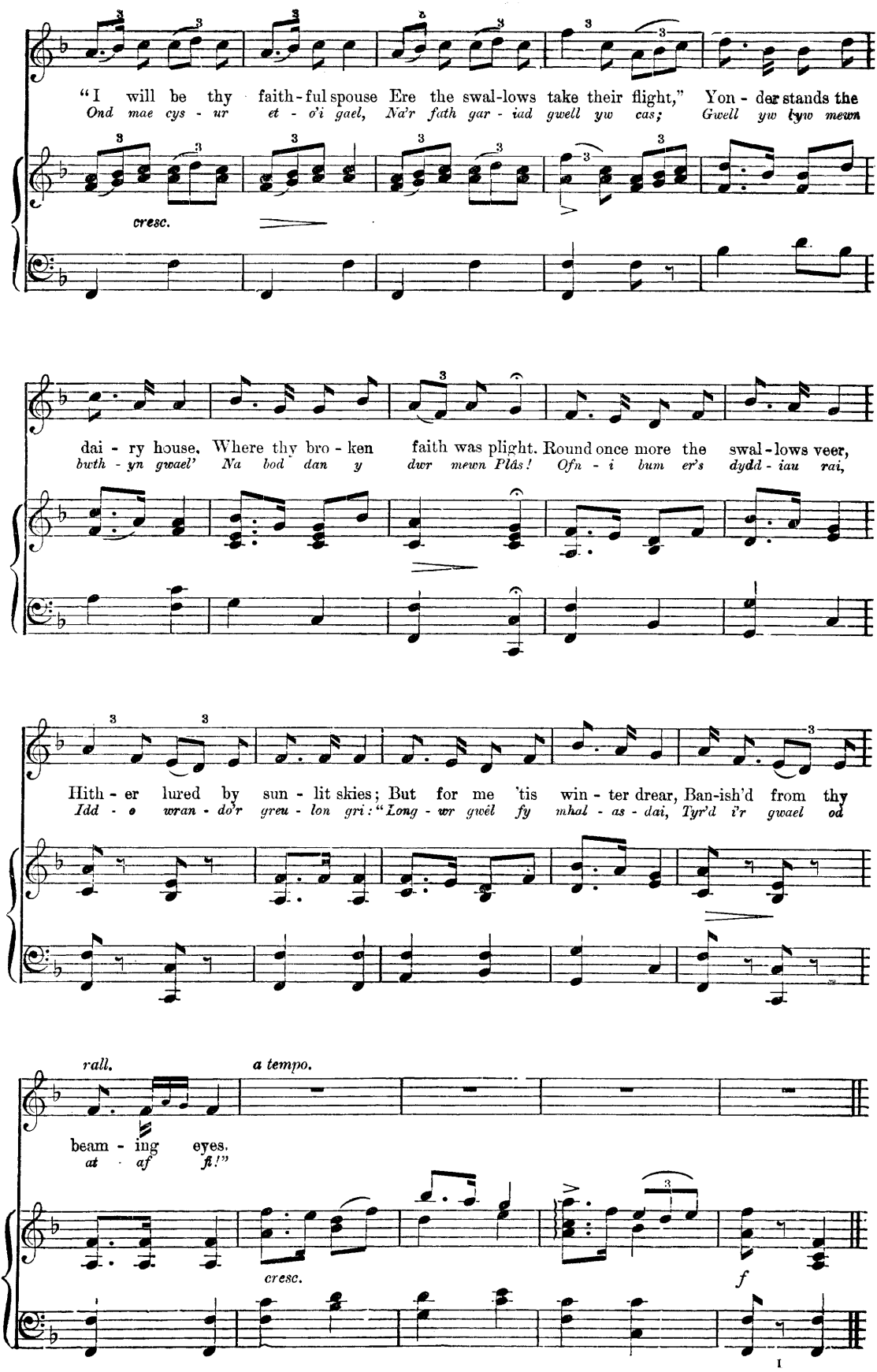
Moderato.



"Hafod y wraig Lawen."

*Cantre'r Gwaelod, the country extending between Abergstwith Towyn, Harlech, and Pwllheli, in the Cardigan Bay, inundated by the sea in the fifth century.

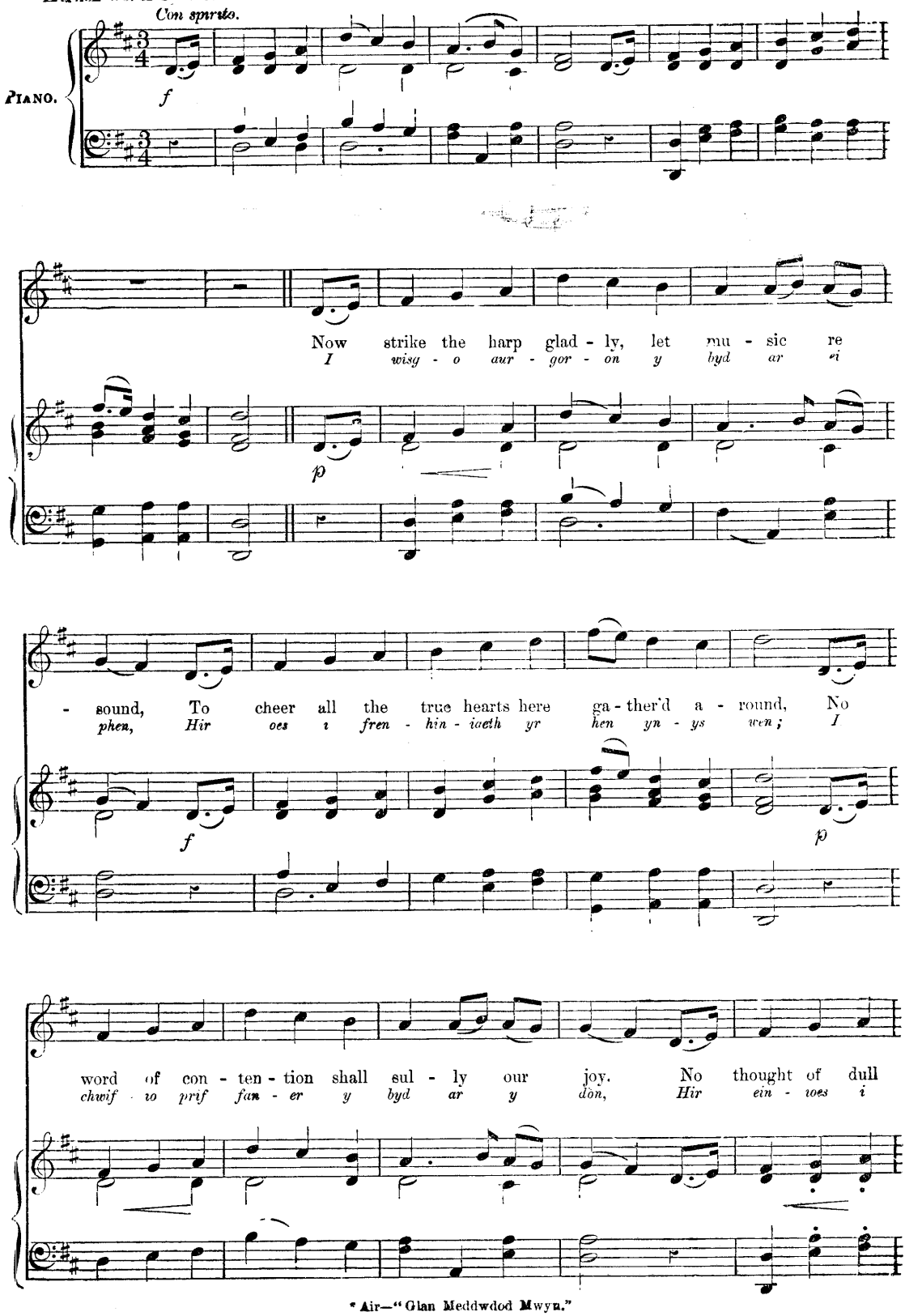

But the swal-lows long have flown, Bear-ing on their wings my bliss; O-ther hearts thy
Dym-a'r fan ar am-ser trai, Cwyd y for-wyn fôr ei chri-" Long-wr ywél fy
love now own, O-ther lips can claim thy kiss.
mhal-as-dai, Tyr'd i'r gwael od at-af ft!"
cresc.
Sweet-ly shine thy lov-ing eyes, But they shine no
Pie mae'm car-iad? idd-o 'fe, Rhodd-ais gal-on
f
p
p
more for me: Melt-ing tears in mine a-rise, Bit-ter as yon bri-ny sea.
gen-eth dlawd; Car-odd Gyf-oeth yn fy lle, Gyr-odd i-mi gân o wawd


"I will be thy faith-ful spouse Ere the swal-lows take their flight," Yon-der stands the
Ond mae cys-ur et-o'i gael, Na'r fath gar-iad gwell yw cas; Gwell yw tyw mewn
cresc.
dai-ry house, Where thy bro-ken faith was plight. Round once more the swal-lows veer,
buth-yn gwael' Na bod dan y dwr mewn Plâs! Ofn-i bum er's dydd-iau rai,
Hith-er lured by sun-lit skies; But for me 'tis win-ter drear, Ban-ish'd from thy
Idd-o wran-do'r greu-lon gri: "Long-wr gwêl fy mhal-as-dai, Tyr'd i'r gwael od
rall.
a tempo.
beam-ing eyes.
at af fi!"
cresc.
f

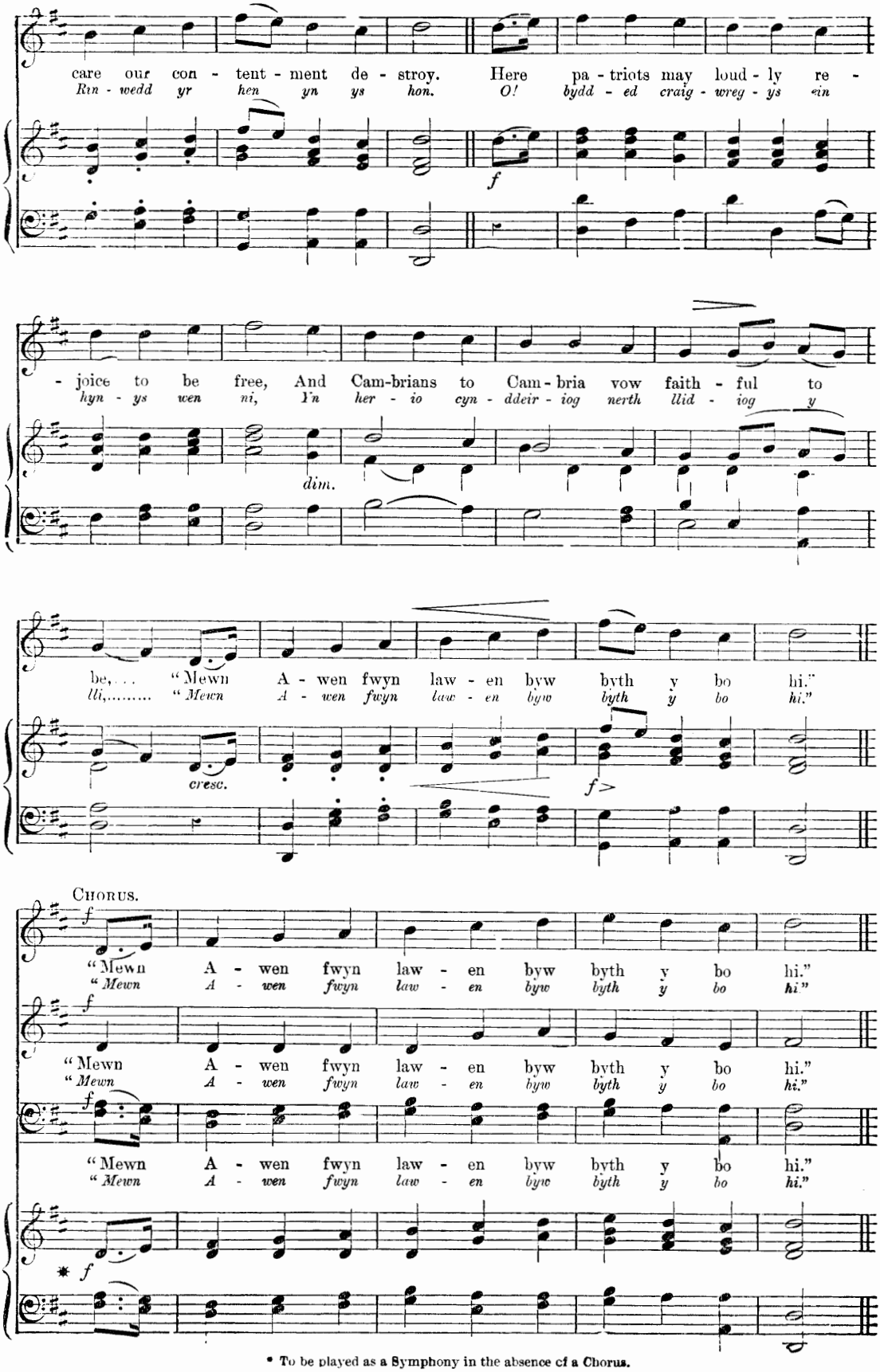
Now strike the Harp gladly.

(I WISGO AUR-GORON.)*

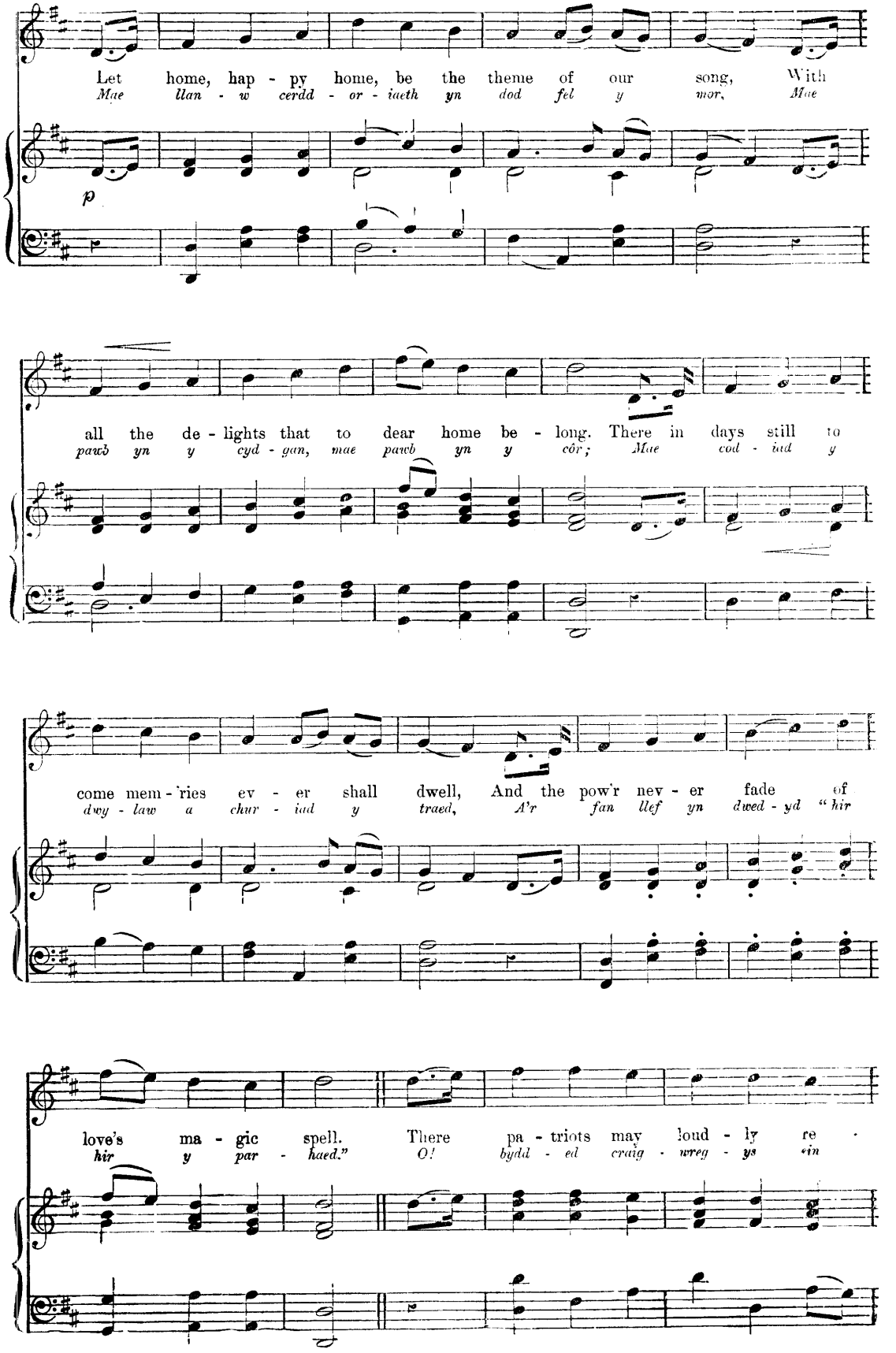
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

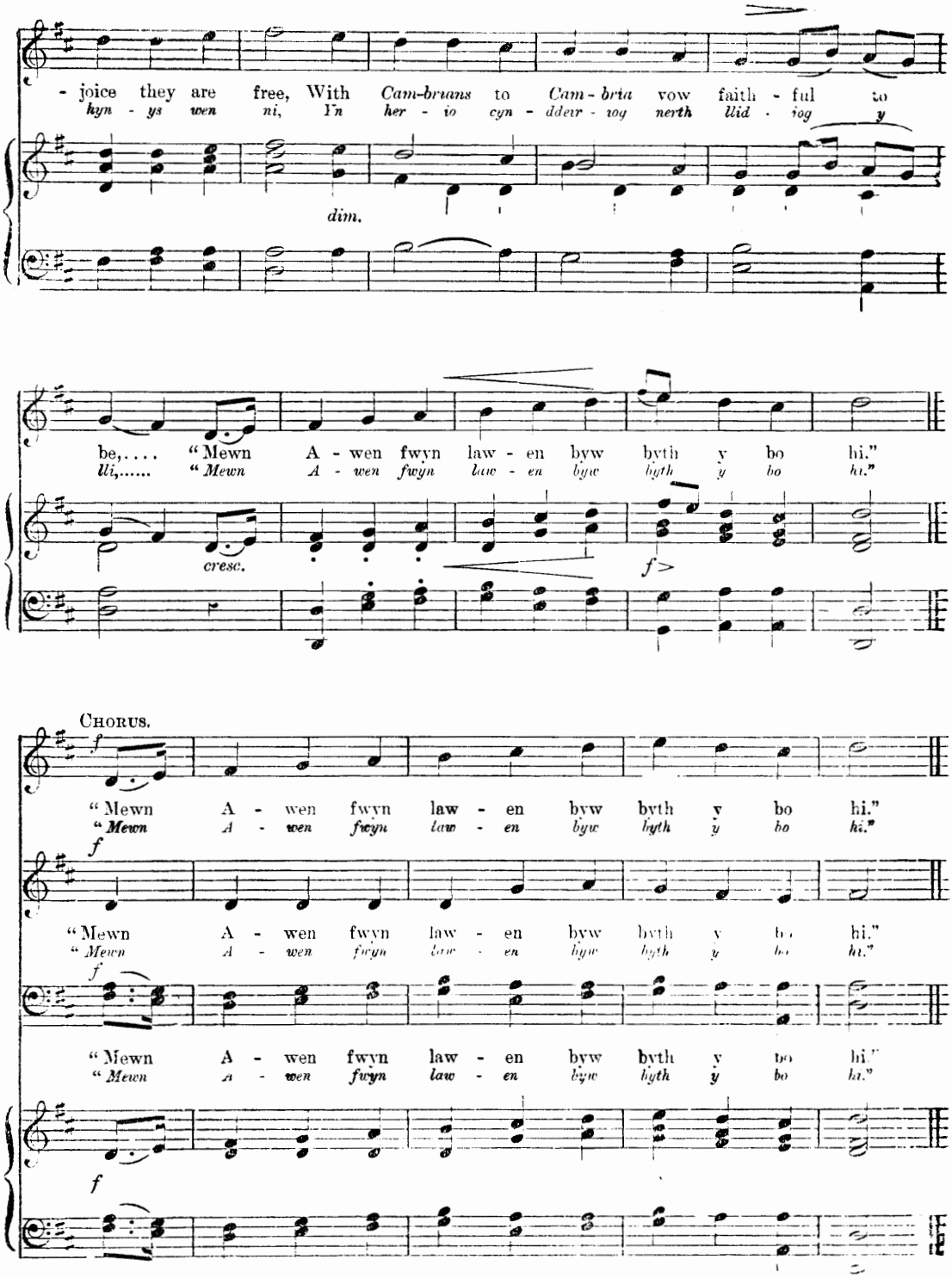


* Air—"Glan Meddwdod Mwyn."



* To be played as a Symphony in the absence of a Chorus.


Let home, hap - py home, be the theme of our song, With
Mae llan - w cerdd - or - iaeth yn dod fel y mor, Mae
p
all the de - lights that to dear home be - long. There in days still to
pawb yn y cyd - gan, mae pawb yn y côr; Mae cod - iad y
come mem - 'ries ev - er shall dwell, And the pow'r nev - er fade of
dwy - law a chur - iad y traed, A'r fan llef yn dwed - yd "hir
love's ma - gic spell. There pa - triots may loud - ly re -
hir y par - haed." O! bydd - ed craig - wreg - ys ein



3rd Verses.

With pride we can boast that ne'er yet from the door
Of one Cambrian home have we banish'd the poor;
The stranger may come if he come as a friend,
And would give heart and hand our homes to defend.
And join all who loudly rejoice to be free,
For Cambrians to Cambria vow faithful to be.
"Mewn Awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo hi!"

Mae calon Pumumon yn adsain o bell,
A chreigiau'r Eryri yn dweud "Henffych Well,"
Parhäed Brenhiniaeth yr hen Frytys Wen
Yn fendith i'r ddaear, tan fendith y nen:
A bydded craig-wreggys ein Hynys Wen ni,
Yn herio cynddeiriog nerth llidiog y lli,
"Mewn Awen fwyn lawen byw byth yn i

In the Vale of Llangollen.*

YN NYFFRYN LLANGOLLEN.

English words by MRS. GRANT.

Con grazia.

PIANO.

mf *cresc.*

f *p*

In the Vale of Llan-goll-en a cot-tage is seen, Well
Yn Nyff-ryn Llan-goll-en ac och-or y Glyn, Roedd

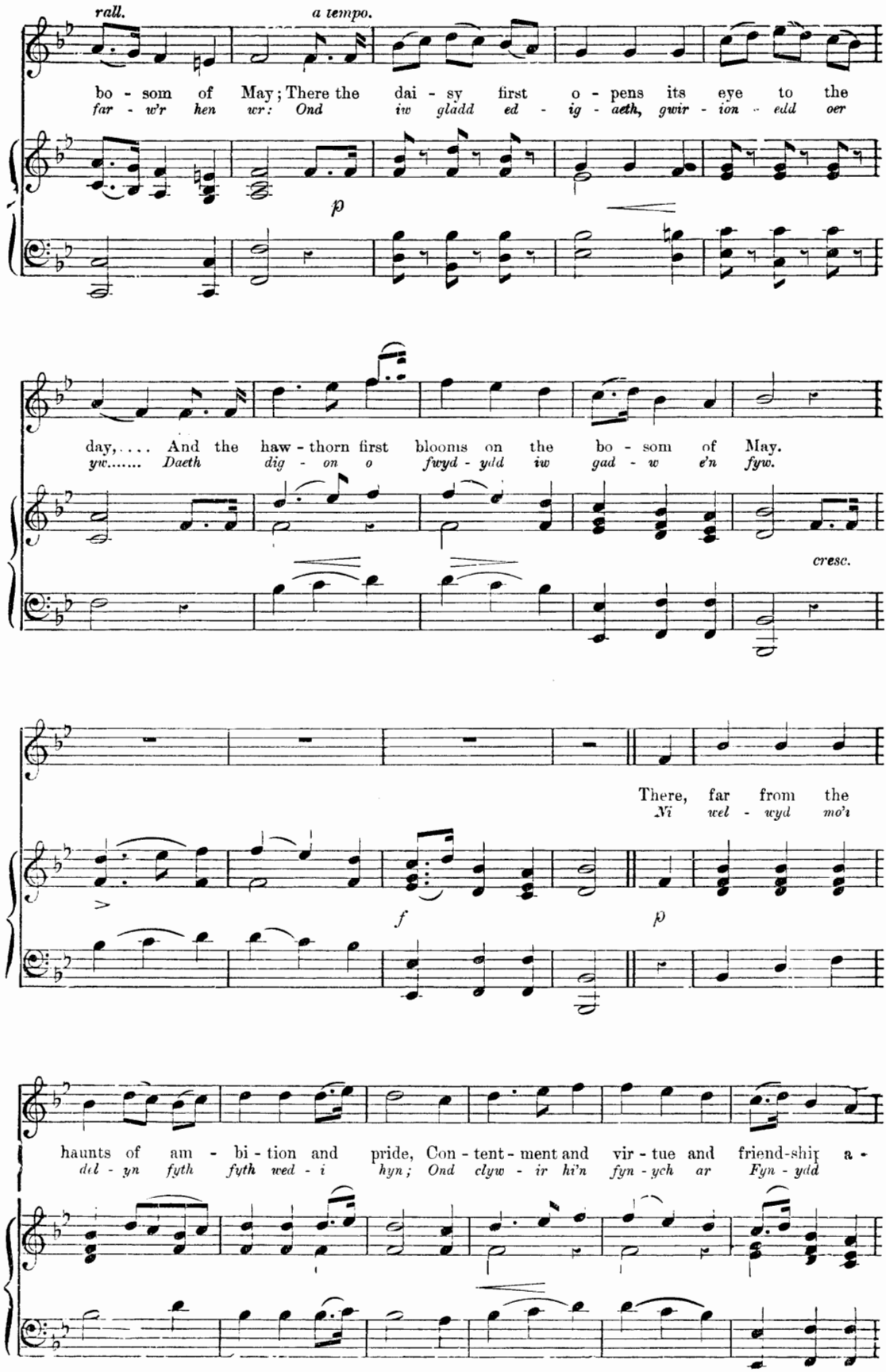
shel-ter'd from tem-pests by shades ev-er green. There the dai-sy first
gynt hen del-yn-wr a'r han-es yw hyn: Heb dam-aid i'w

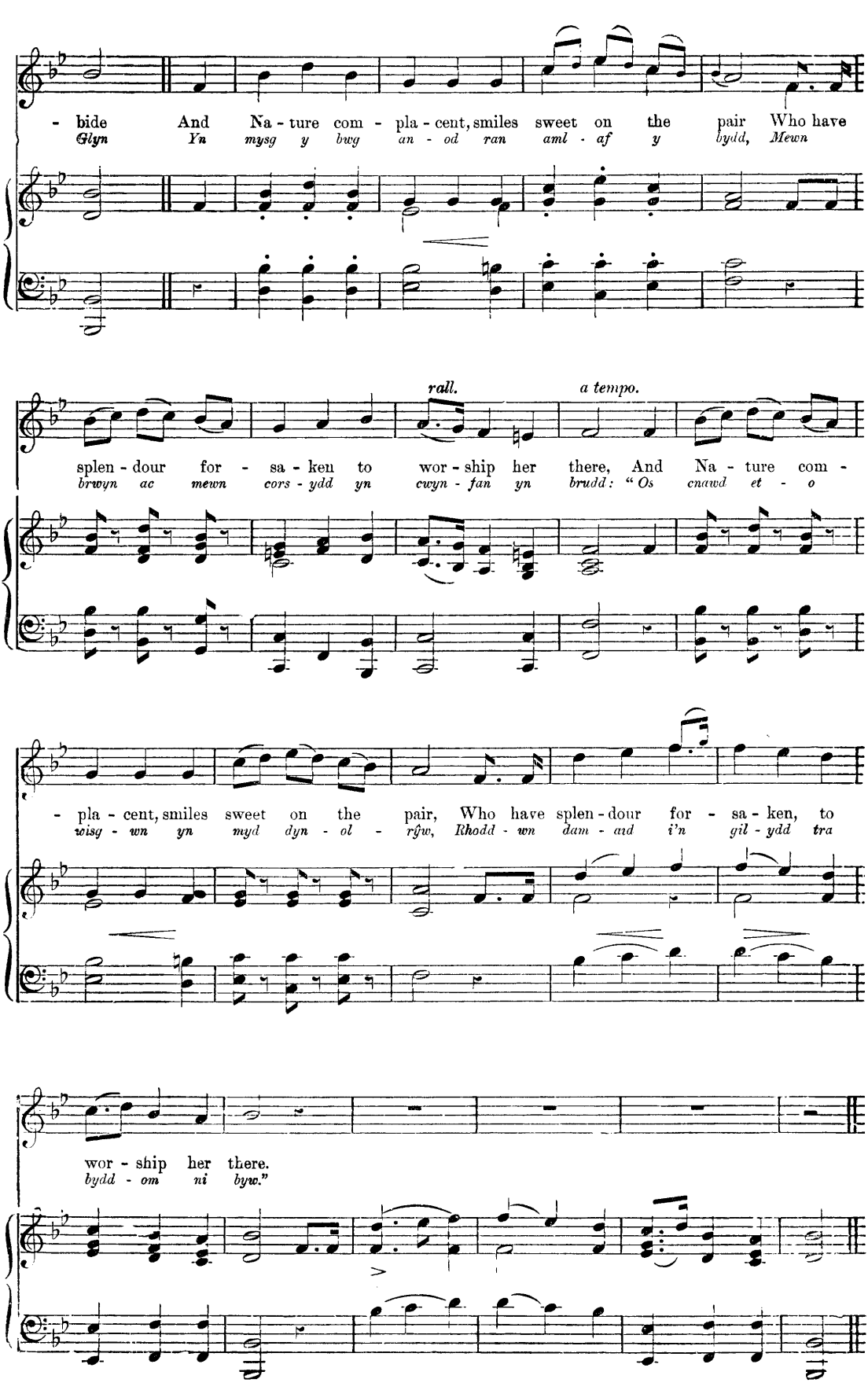
p

o-pens its eye to the day, And the haw-thorn first blooms on the
fwyt-a, na llym-aid o ddw'r, Mewn new-yn ac eis-teu, bu

Air:—"The Crystal Ground."

* "The Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who in early life, under a vow of celibacy and friendship, selected that spot (Llangollen) for their future home built Plas Newydd, and lived there in elegant retirement and the practice of homely virtues until a good old age brought them to a peaceful end."—*Antiquities of Wales.*—Dr. Nicholas.

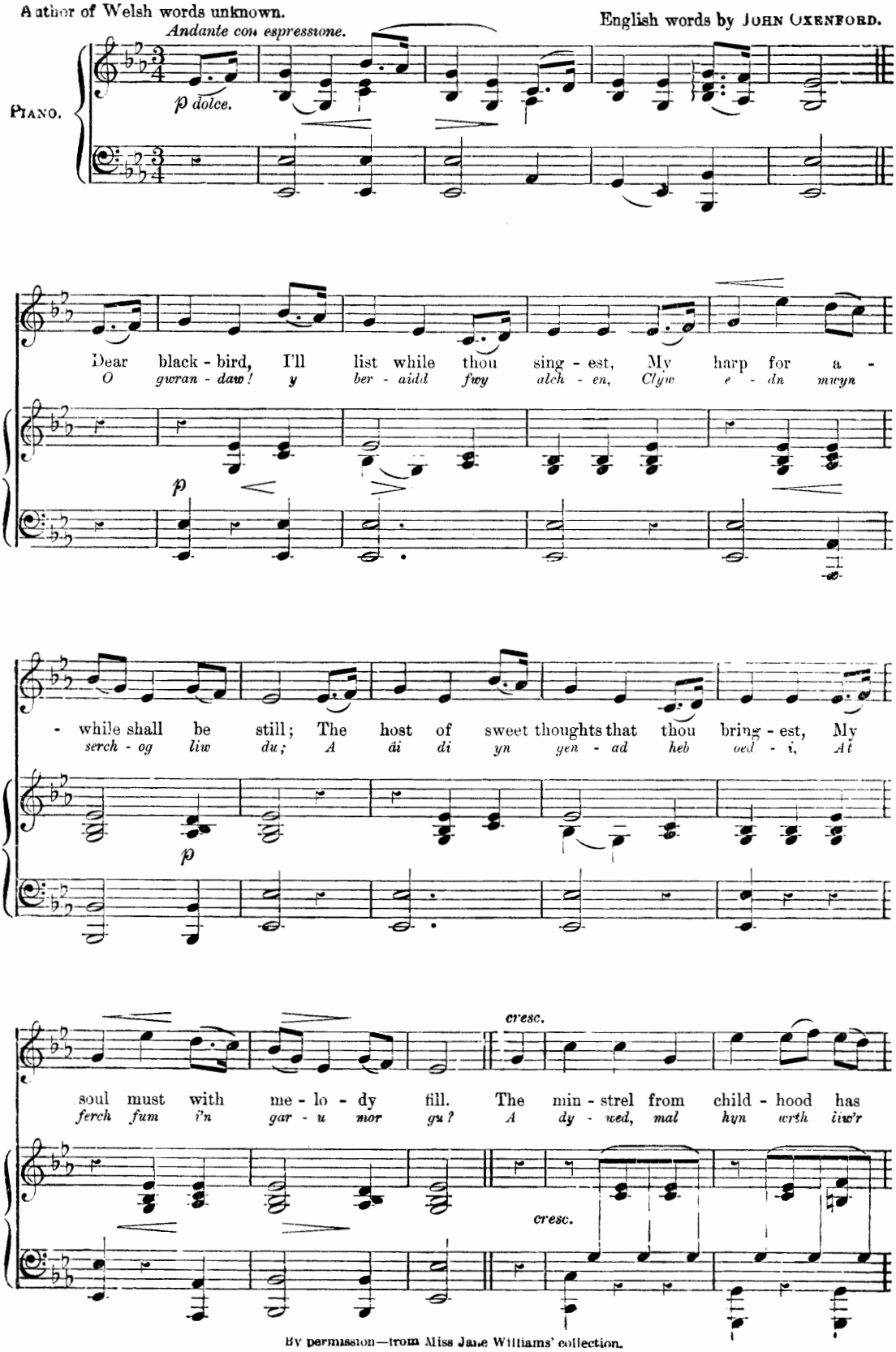

rall.
a tempo.
bo - som of May; There the dai - sy first o - pens its eye to the
far - w'r hen wr: Ond iw gladd ed - ig - aeth, gwir - ion - edd oer
p
day,.... And the haw - thorn first blooms on the bo - som of May.
yw..... Daeth dig - on o fwyd - ydd iw gad - w e'n fyw.
cresc.
There, far from the
Ni wel - wyd mo'r
f
p
haunts of am - bi - tion and pride, Con - tent - ment and vir - tue and friend-ship a -
dol - yn fyth fyth wed - i hyn; Ond clyw - ir hi'n fyn - ych ar Fyn - ydd


- bide And Na - ture com - pla - cent, smiles sweet on the pair Who have
Glyn Yn mysg y bwg an - od ran aml - af y bydd, Mewn
rall. a tempo.
splen - dour for - sa - ken to wor - ship her there, And Na - ture com -
brwyn ac mewn cors - ydd yn cwyn - fan yn brudd: "Os cnawd et - o
- pla - cent, smiles sweet on the pair, Who have splen - dour for - sa - ken, to
wisg - wn yn myd dyn - ol - rŷw, Rhodd - wn dam - aid i'n gil - ydd tra
wor - ship her there.
bydd - om ni byw."

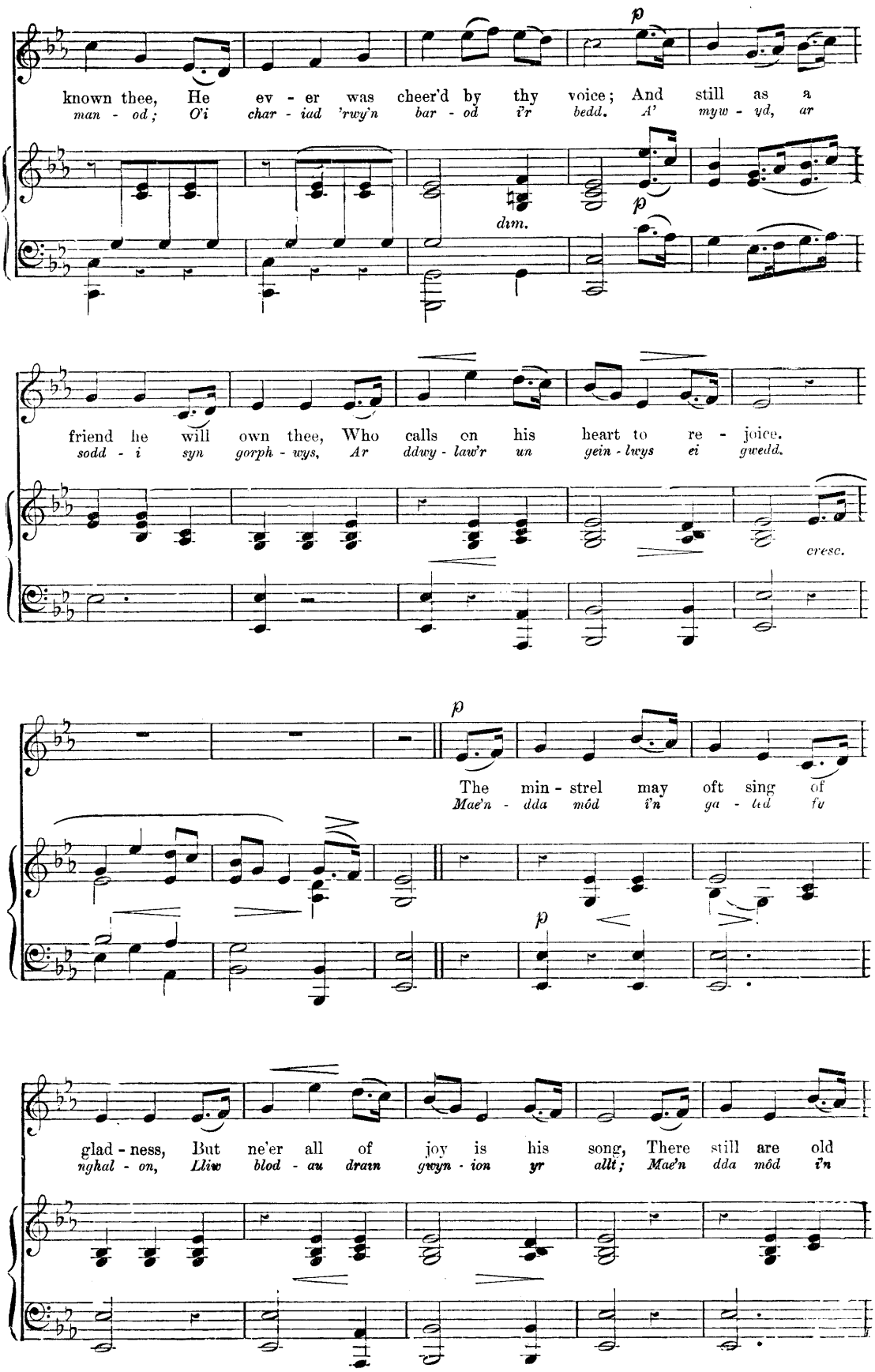
The Blackbird.

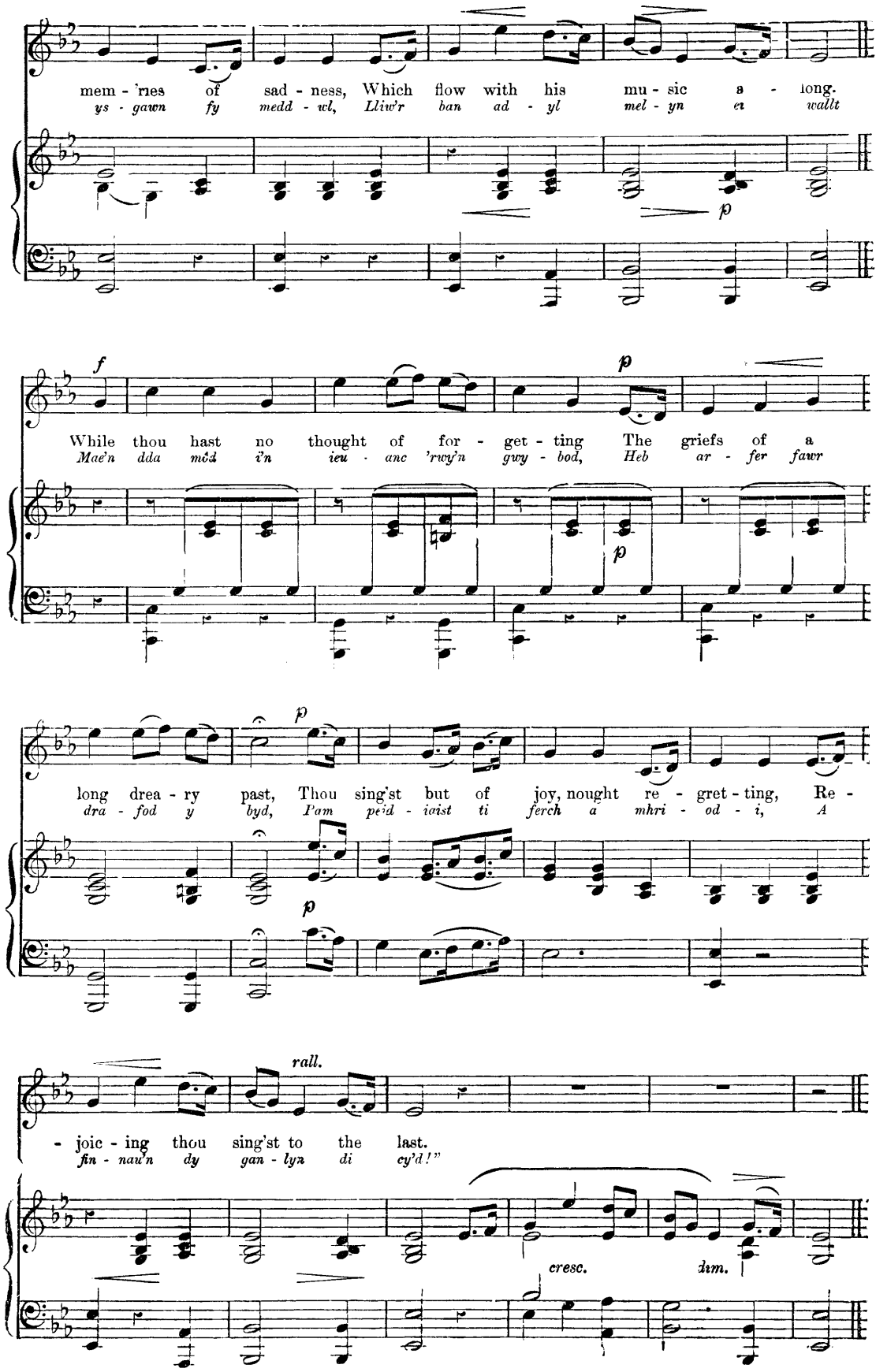
(Y FWYALCHEN.)

Author of Welsh words unknown. English words by JOHN OXENFORD.



By permission—from Miss Jane Williams' collection.

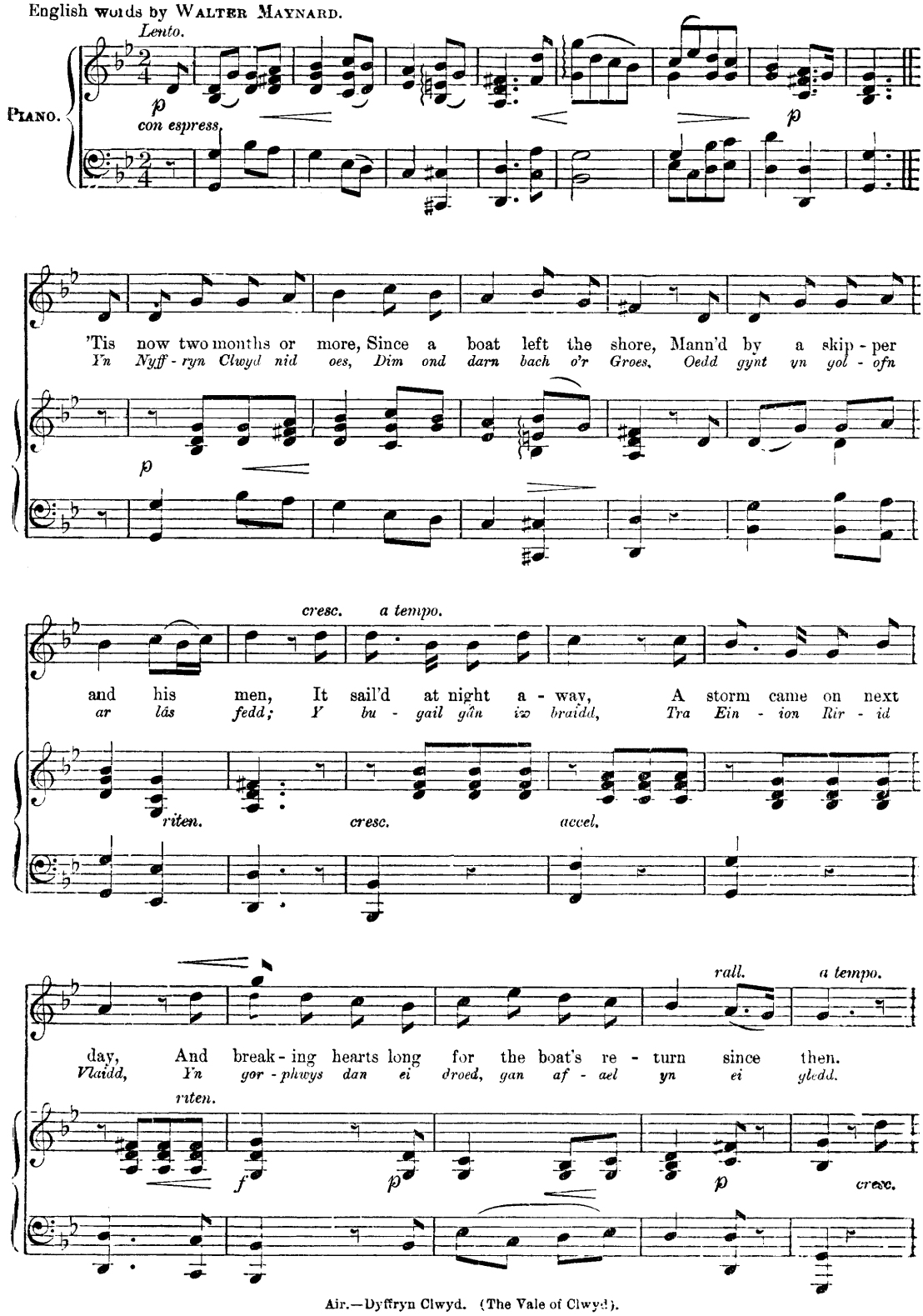

known thee, He ev - er was cheer'd by thy voice; And still as a
man - od; O'i char - iad 'rwy'n bar - od i'r bedd. A' myw - yd, ar
p
dim.
p
friend he will own thee, Who calls on his heart to re - joice.
sodd - i syn gorph - wys, Ar ddwy - law'r un gein - lwys ei gwedd.
cresc.
p
The min - strel may oft sing of
Mae'n - dda môd i'n ga - ted fu
p
glad - ness, But ne'er all of joy is his song, There still are old
nghal - on, Lliw blod - au drain gwyn - ion yr allt; Mae'n dda môd i'n


mem - 'ries of sad - ness, Which flow with his mu - sic a - long.
ys - gawn fy medd - wl, Lliw'r ban ad - yl mel - yn ei wallt
p
f
p
While thou hast no thought of for - get - ting The griefs of a
Mae'n dda mód i'n ieu - anc 'rwy'n gwy - bod, Heb ar - fer fawr
p
p
long drea - ry past, Thou sing'st but of joy, nought re - gret - ting, Re -
dra - fod y byd, Pam pe'd - iaist ti ferch a mhri - od - i, A
p
rall.
- joic - ing thou sing'st to the last.
fin - nau'n dy gan - lyn di cy'd!"
cresc.
dim.

The Missing Boat.

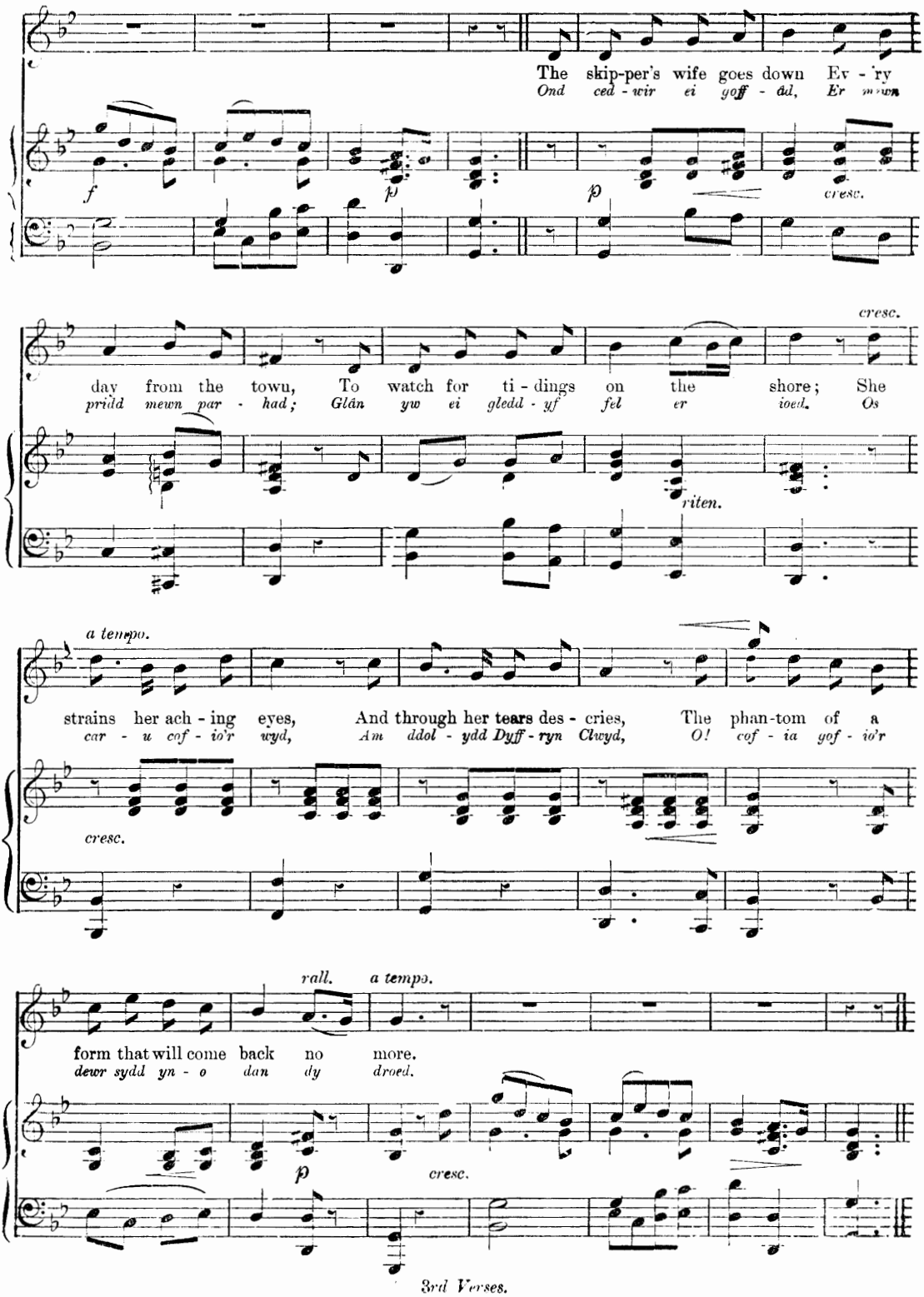
(YN NYFFRYN CLWYD.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



Air.—Dyffryn Clwyd. (The Vale of Clwyd).

* This Einion was slain in the reign of Henry III. at the siege of Diserth Castle. A cross was erected on the spot where he fell, which was called *Croes Einion*; the shaft of which is now supposed to form part of the stile leading into the churchyard of Diserth



3rd Verses.

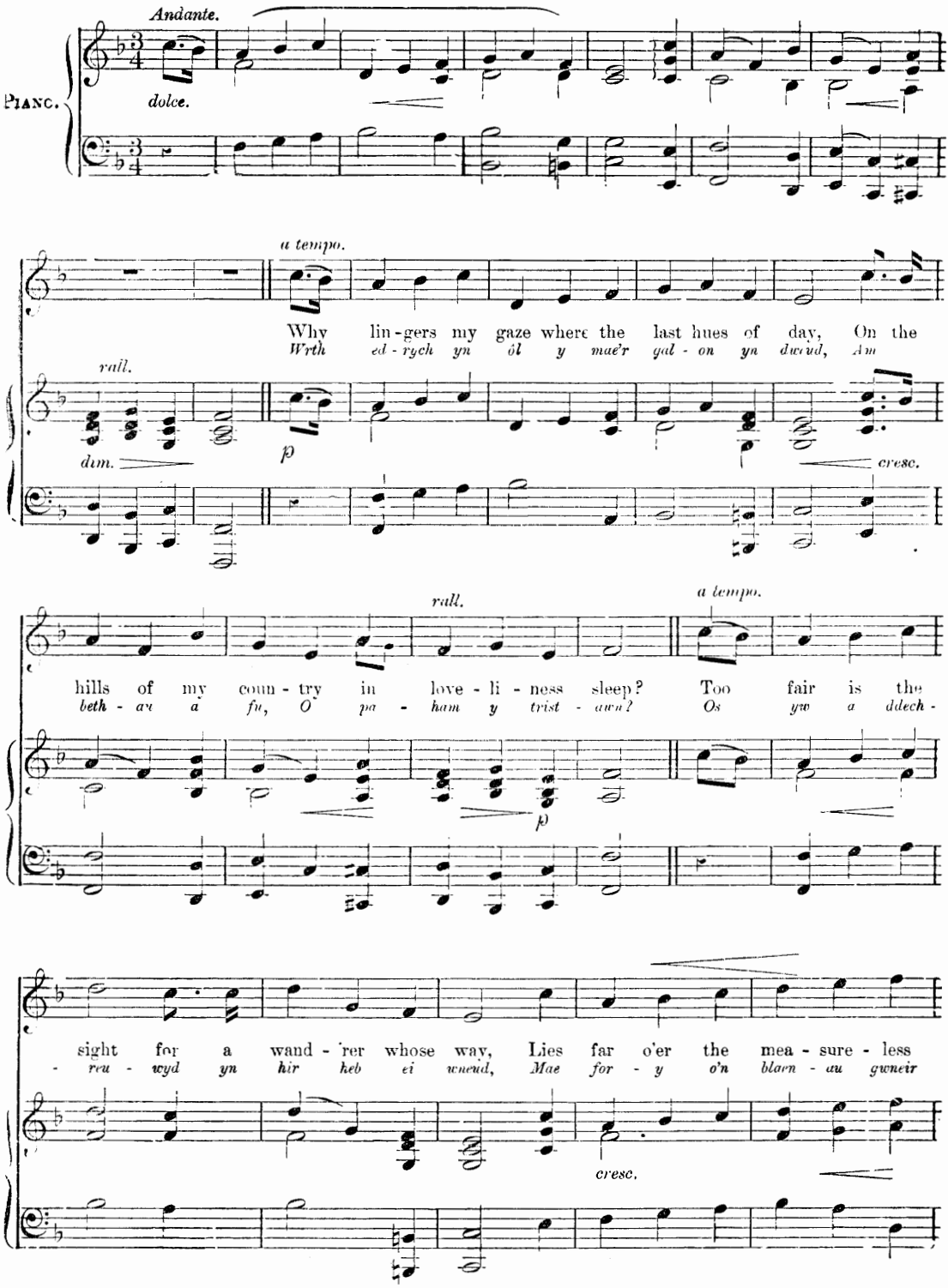
The child she lulls to rest—
Lulls to rest on her breast,
Asks, "when will father come again?"
She dares not give reply,
But with a heavy sigh,
And sighing, still hopes on, although all hope is vain.

Mewn Anghof ni chânt fod.
Wŷr y clédd, hir eu clod,
Tra'r awel tros eu beddau chwŷth:
Y mae yn Nghymru fyrdd,
O feddau ar y ffyrdd,
Fa balmant hyd ba un y rhodia Rhyddid byth!

"Why lingers my gaze?"*

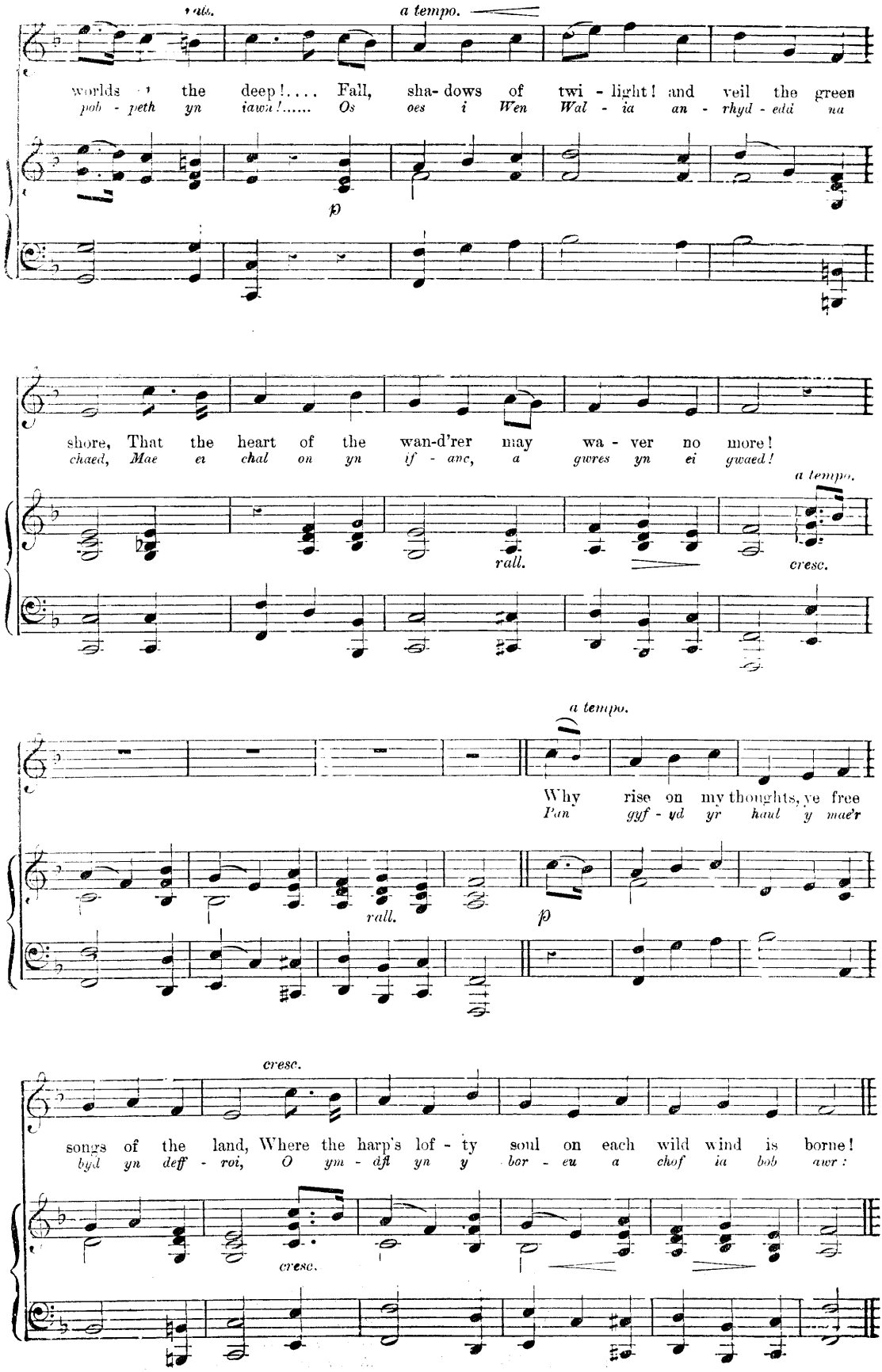
"WRTH EDRYCH YN OL."

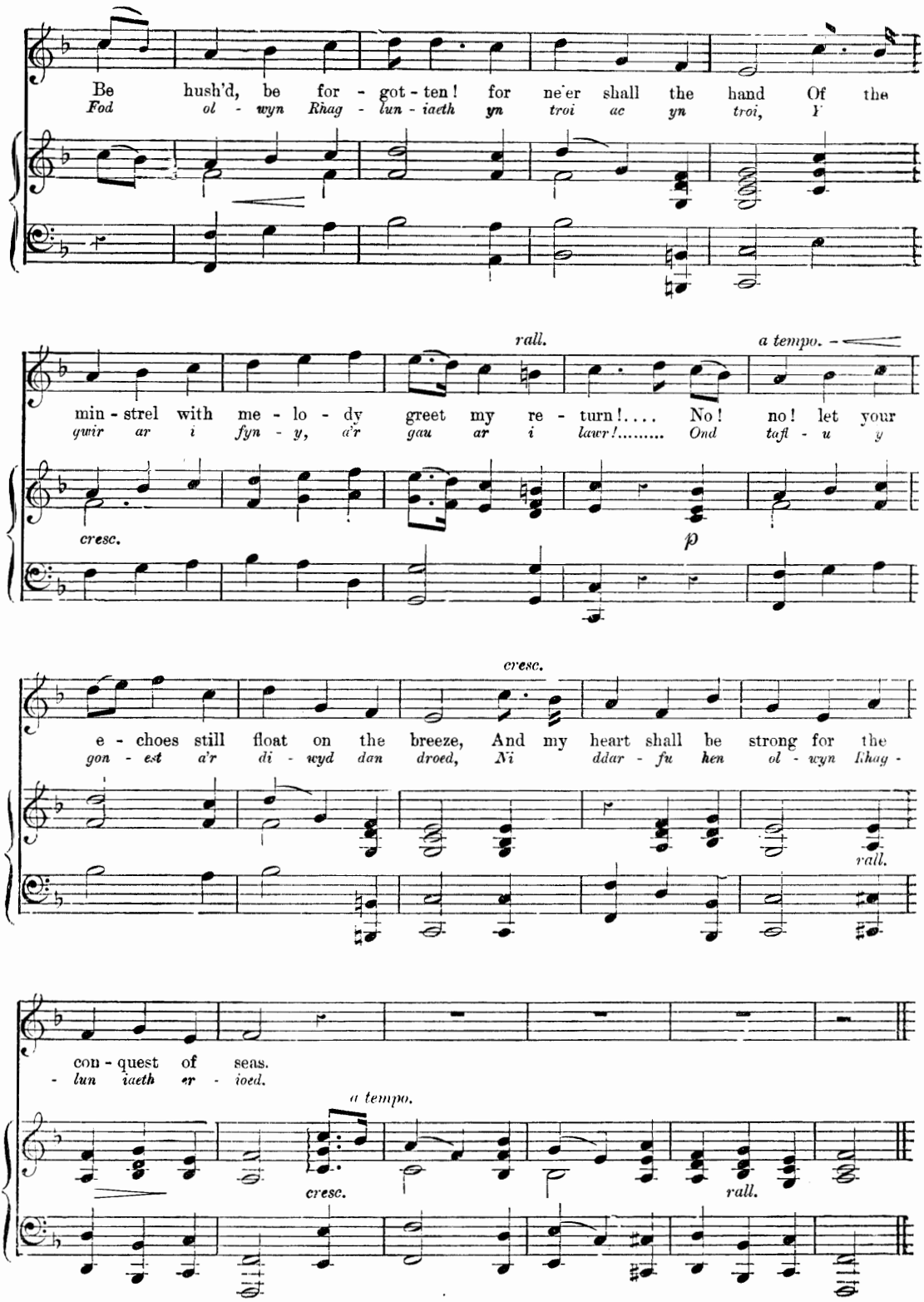
English words by MRS. HEMANS.



*Air.—"Lady Owen's Delight."

"A *Triad* mentions, as one of three missing ones of the Island of Britain; *Madog ab owen Gwynedd*, 'who went to sea with three hundred men in ten ships, and it is unknown whither they went'—these words contain all that is really known of this Prince's naval explorations; and, on the bare fact of his departure, conjecture has founded the interesting hypothesis which represents him as the precursor of Columbus by the discovery of the Western Hemisphere."—From *J. Williams's* "History of Wales."


rall.
a tempo.
worlds the deep!.... Fall, sha- dows of twi - light! and veil the green
pob - peth yn iawn!..... Os oes i Wen Wal - ia an - rhyd - edd na
p
shore, That the heart of the wan-d'rer may wa - ver no more!
chaed, Mae er chal on yn if - anc, a gwres yn ei gwaed!
rall.
a tempo.
cresc.
a tempo.
Why rise on my thoughts, ye free
Pan gyf - yd yr haul y mae'r
rall.
p
cresc.
songs of the land, Where the harp's lof - ty soul on each wild wind is borne!
byd yn deff - roi, O ym - dŷll yn y bor - eu a chof ia bob awr:
cresc.



3rd Verses.

Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
Unto hearts that may shrink, when their trial is nigh;
Away! we will bear over ocean and earth,
A name and a spirit that never shall die!
My course to the winds, to the stars I resign,
But my soul's quenchless fire, oh, my country! is thine.

Mae Cymru er s oesau yn gwybod am hyn,
Bu Rhufain yn trechu ond ni sy'n parhau;
Os ydwyt gan henaint a'th goryn yn wyn,
Mae'th wlad eto'n ifanc a braich yn gryfhau
Os croni'n y bryniau ba ayfroedd ei dawn,
Mae fory yn d'wedyd "Gwneir pob-peth yn iawn."

"The Maid of Sker."

(Y FERCH O'R SCER.)

Author of Welsh words unknown. Imitated from the original Welsh by MARIA X. HAYES.

Andante con espress.

PIANO.

dolce. *f*

I am a youth who lives in sor - row, 'Tis for a maid - en
Mab wyf fi sy'n byw dan ben - yd, Am f'an - wy - lyd

p

fam'd for charms, Too well I love her, and my bo - som
fawr ei bri; Gwaith ei cha ru fwy na di - gon,

p

rall. *a tempo.*

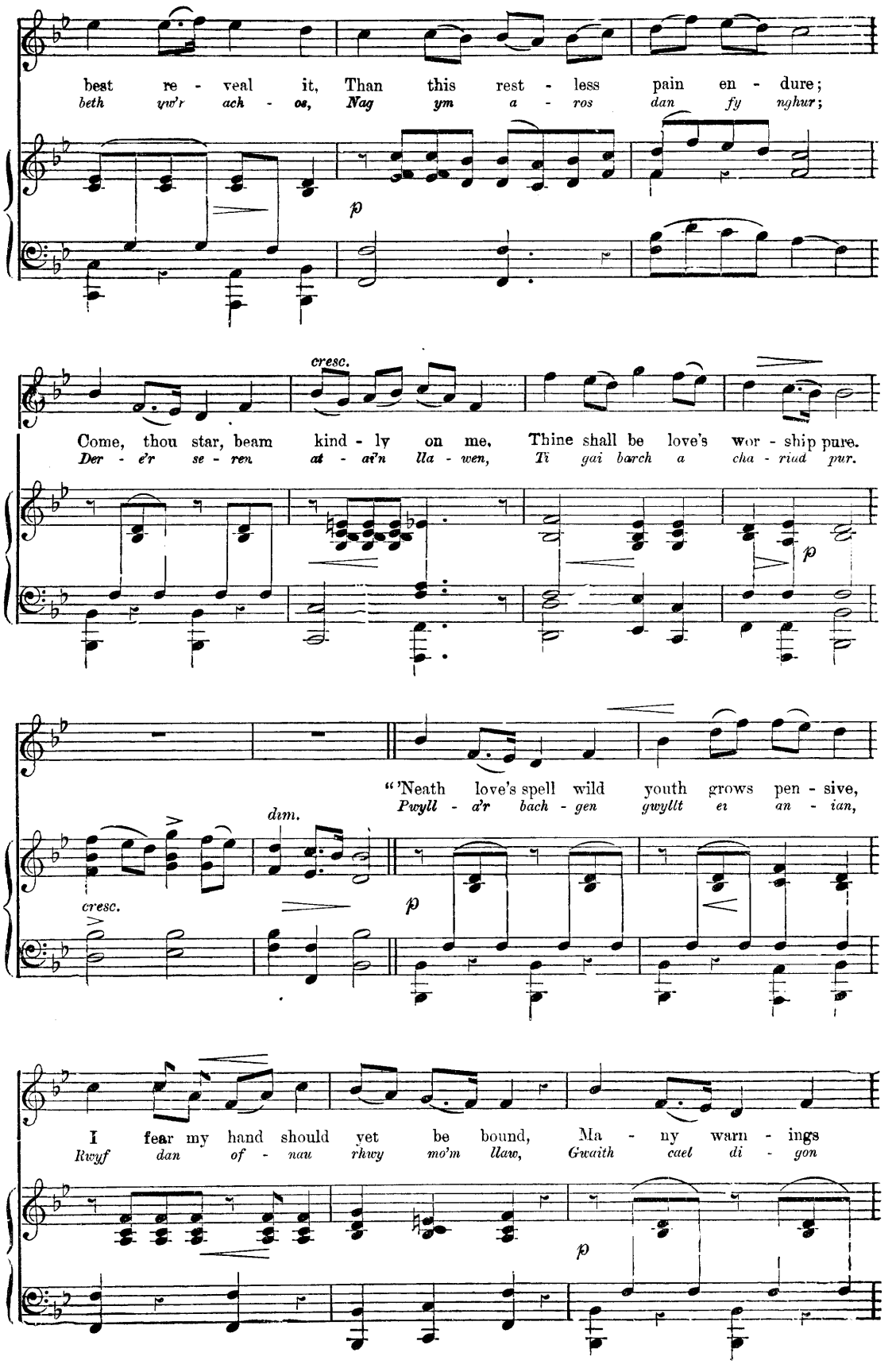
E - ver suf - fers love's a - larms. In my song I were
Cu - rio wnaeth fy nghal - on i. Gwell yw dan - gos

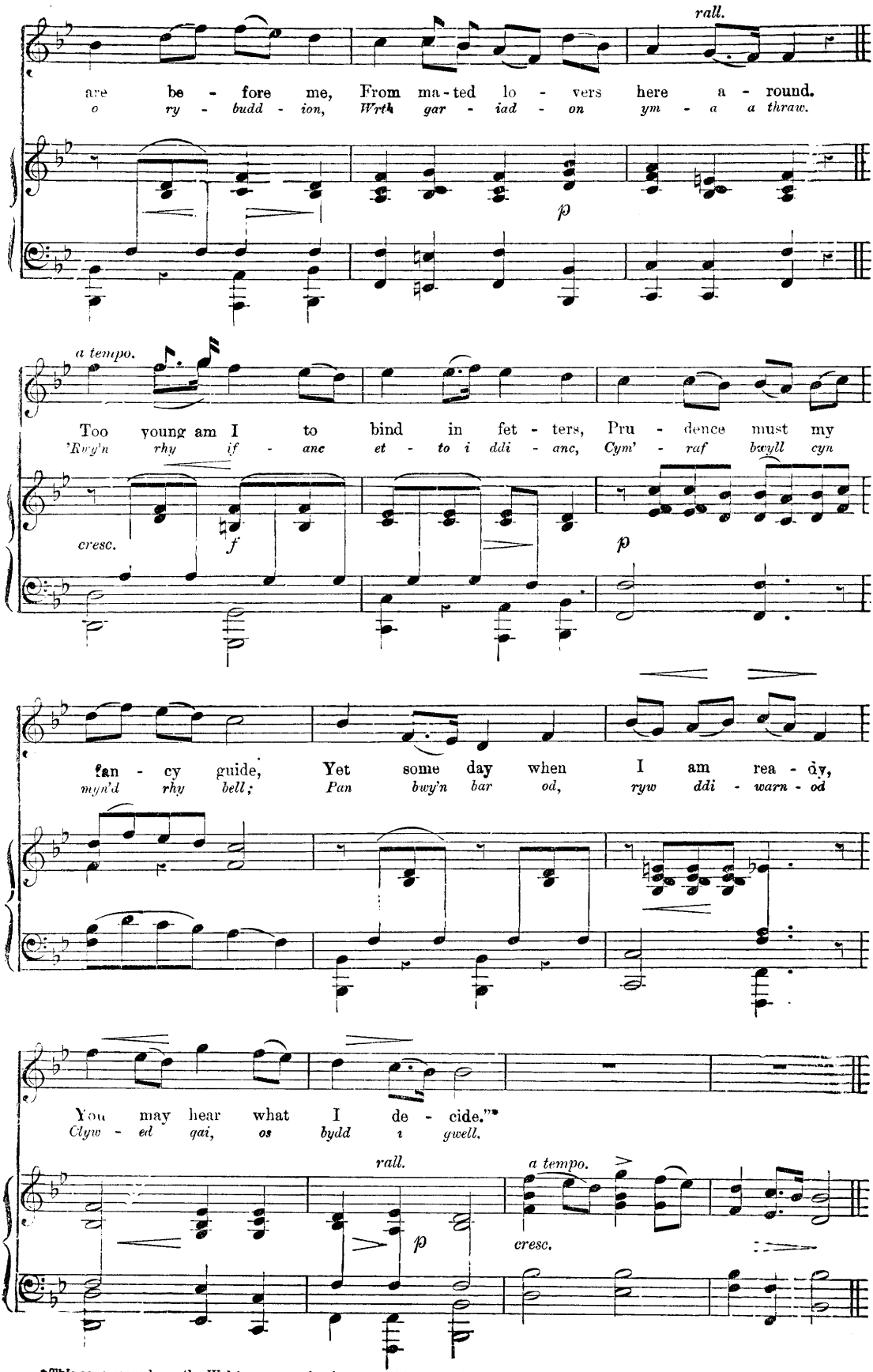
p *cresc.* *f*

By permission.

This plaintive melody (from the valuable collection of Miss Jane Williams, *Aberpergwm*) is comparatively modern, as the composer, Thomas Evans (a Welsh harper, born at Carmarthen) died in 1819.

Sker (from "Ysgair," an elevated place) is the name of an ancient farm-house near the Sker Rocks, Glamorganshire, at one time inhabited by the "*Maid of Sker*" with whom the harper fell hopelessly in love.


best re - veal it, Than this rest - less pain en - dure;
beth yw'r ach - os, Nag ym a - ros dan fy nghur;
p
cresc.
Come, thou star, beam kind - ly on me, Thine shall be love's wor - ship pure.
Der - e'r se - ren at - ai'n lla - wen, Ti gai barch a cha - riad pur.
p
"'Neath love's spell wild youth grows pen - sive,
Pwyll - a'r bach - gen gwyllt ei an - ian,
dim.
cresc.
p
I fear my hand should yet be bound, Ma - ny warn - ings
Rwyf dan of - nau rhwy mo'm llaw, Gwaith cael di - gon
p



*This song reproduces the Welsh poem as closely as possible, and this *second* verse is evidently the reply made by the "Maid of Sker" to her lover's appeal in the *first* verse.

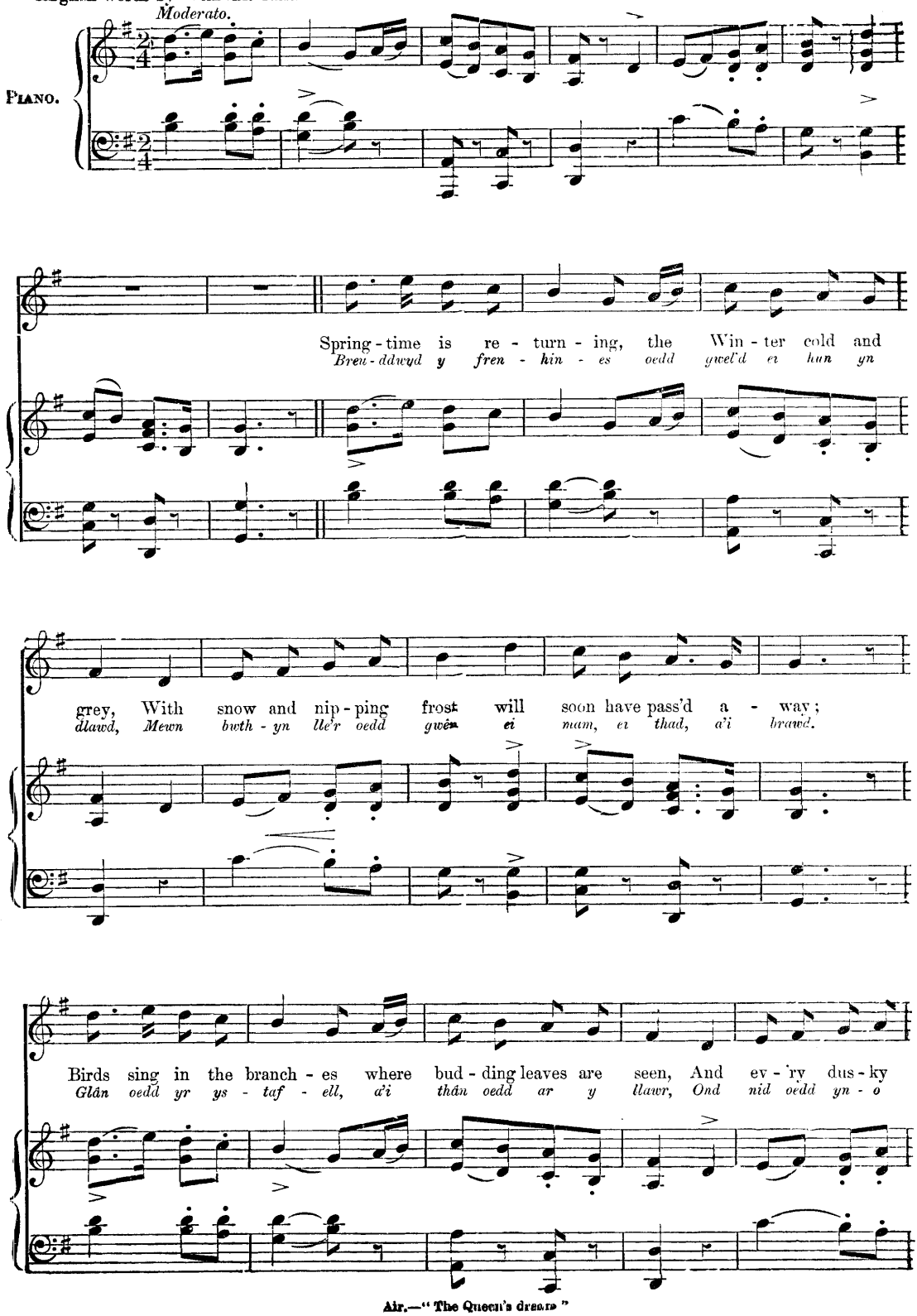
Spring-time is returning.

BREUDDWYD Y FRENHINES.)

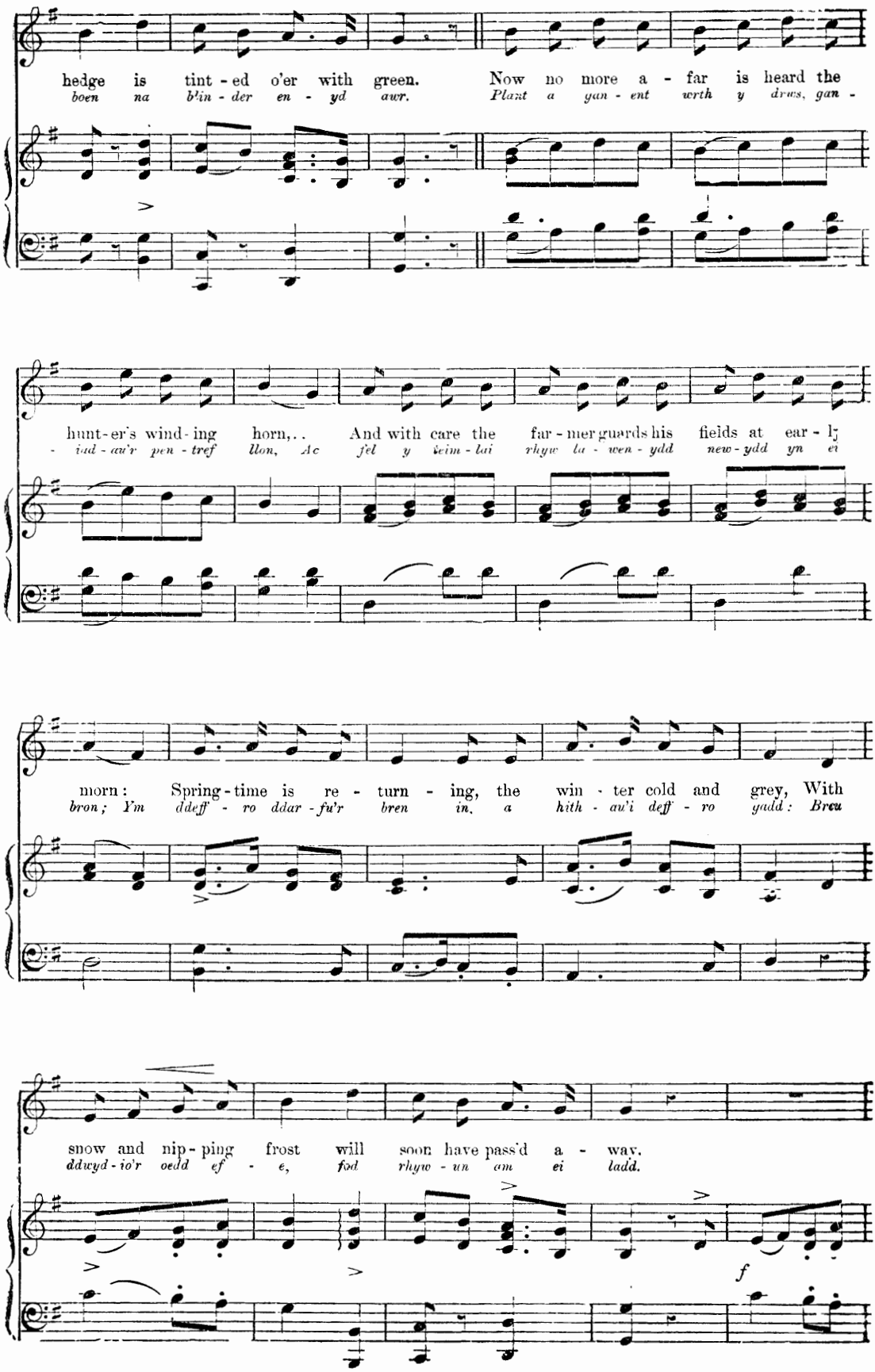
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

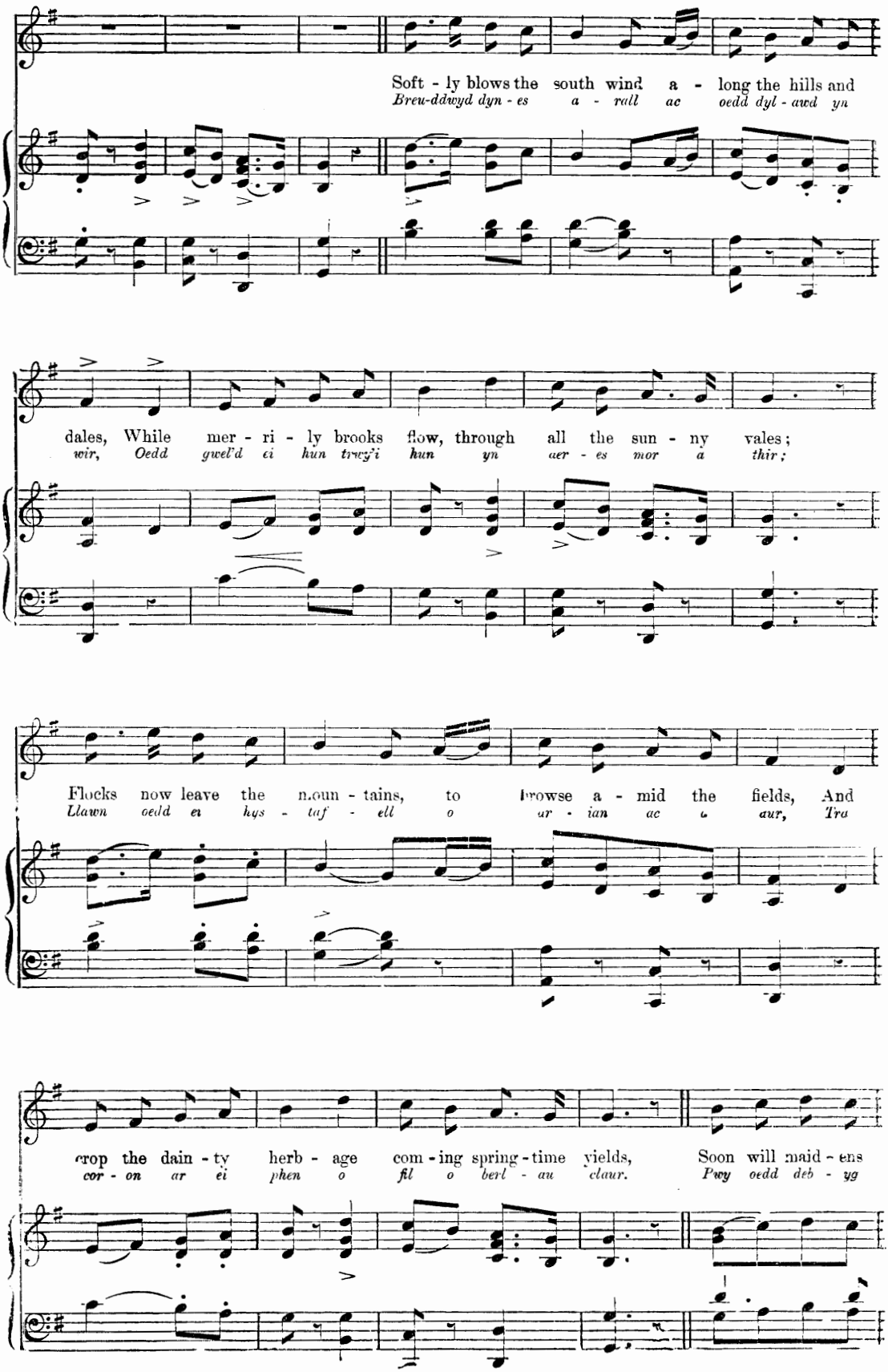
Moderato.

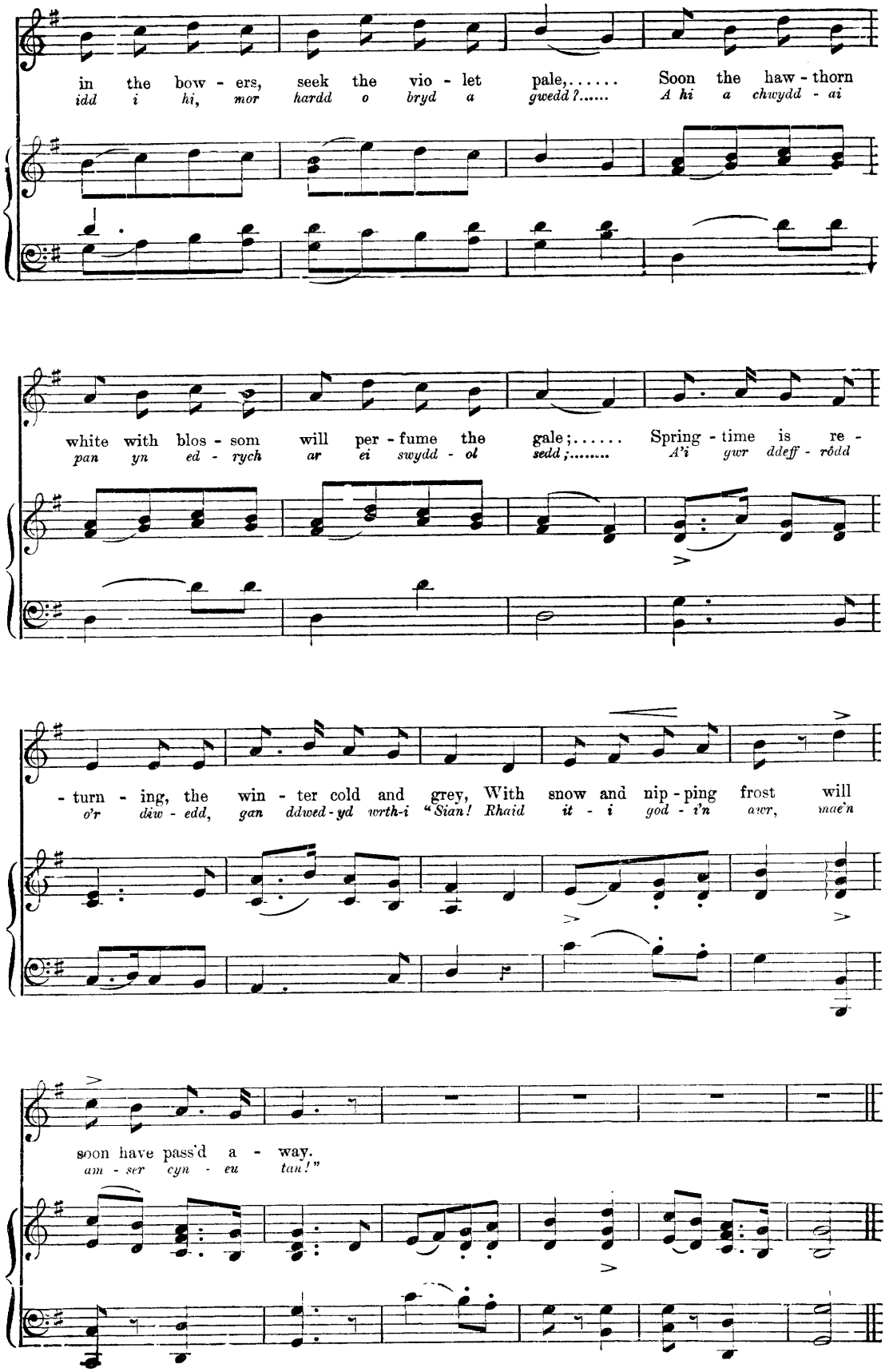
PIANO.



Air.—"The Queen's dream."


hedge is tint - ed o'er with green. Now no more a - far is heard the
boen na b'lin - der en - yd awr. Plant a yan - ent wrth y drws, gan -
hunt-er's wind - ing horn,.. And with care the far - mer guards his fields at ear - ly
- iad - av'r pen - tref llon, Ac fel y ceim - lai rhyw la - wen - ydd new - ydd yn ei
morn: Spring - time is re - turn - ing, the win - ter cold and grey, With
bron; Y'm ddeff - ro ddar - fu'r bren in, a hith - av'i deff - ro gadd: Brcu
snow and nip - ping frost will soon have pass'd a - way.
ddwyd - io'r oedd ef - e, fod rhyw - un am ei ladd.
f


Soft - ly blows the south wind a - long the hills and
Breu-ddwyd dyn - es a - rall ac oedd dyl - awd yn
dales, While mer - ri - ly brooks flow, through all the sun - ny vales;
wir, Oedd gwel'd ei hun trwy'i hun yn aer - es mor a thir;
Flocks now leave the moun - tains, to browse a - mid the fields, And
Llawn oedd ei hys - taf - ell o ar - ian ac a aur, Tra
crop the dain - ty herb - age com - ing spring - time yields, Soon will maid - ens
cor - on ar ei phen o fil o berl - au claur. Pwy oedd deb - yg


in the bow - ers, seek the vio - let pale,..... Soon the haw - thorn
idd i hi, mor hardd o bryd a gwedd?..... A hi a chwydd - ai
white with blos - som will per - fume the gale;..... Spring - time is re -
pan yn ed - rych ar ei swydd - ol sedd;..... A'i gwr ddeff - rôdd
- turn - ing, the win - ter cold and grey, With snow and nip - ping frost will
o'r dŵ - edd, gan ddwed - yd wrth - i "Sian! Rhaid it - i god - i'n awr, mae'n
soon have pass'd a - way.
am - ser cyn - eu tan!"

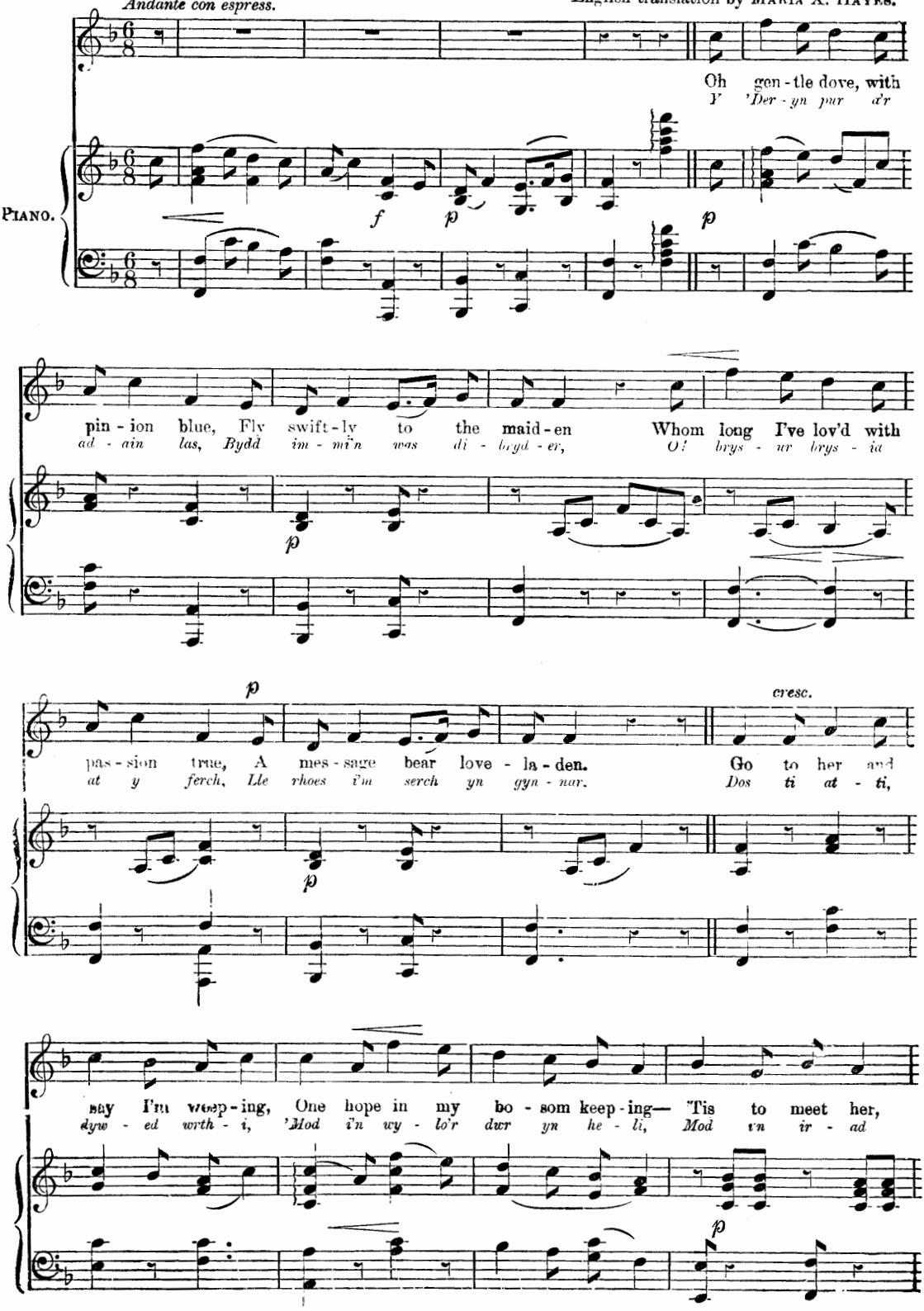
The Dove.*

(Y DERYN PUR.)

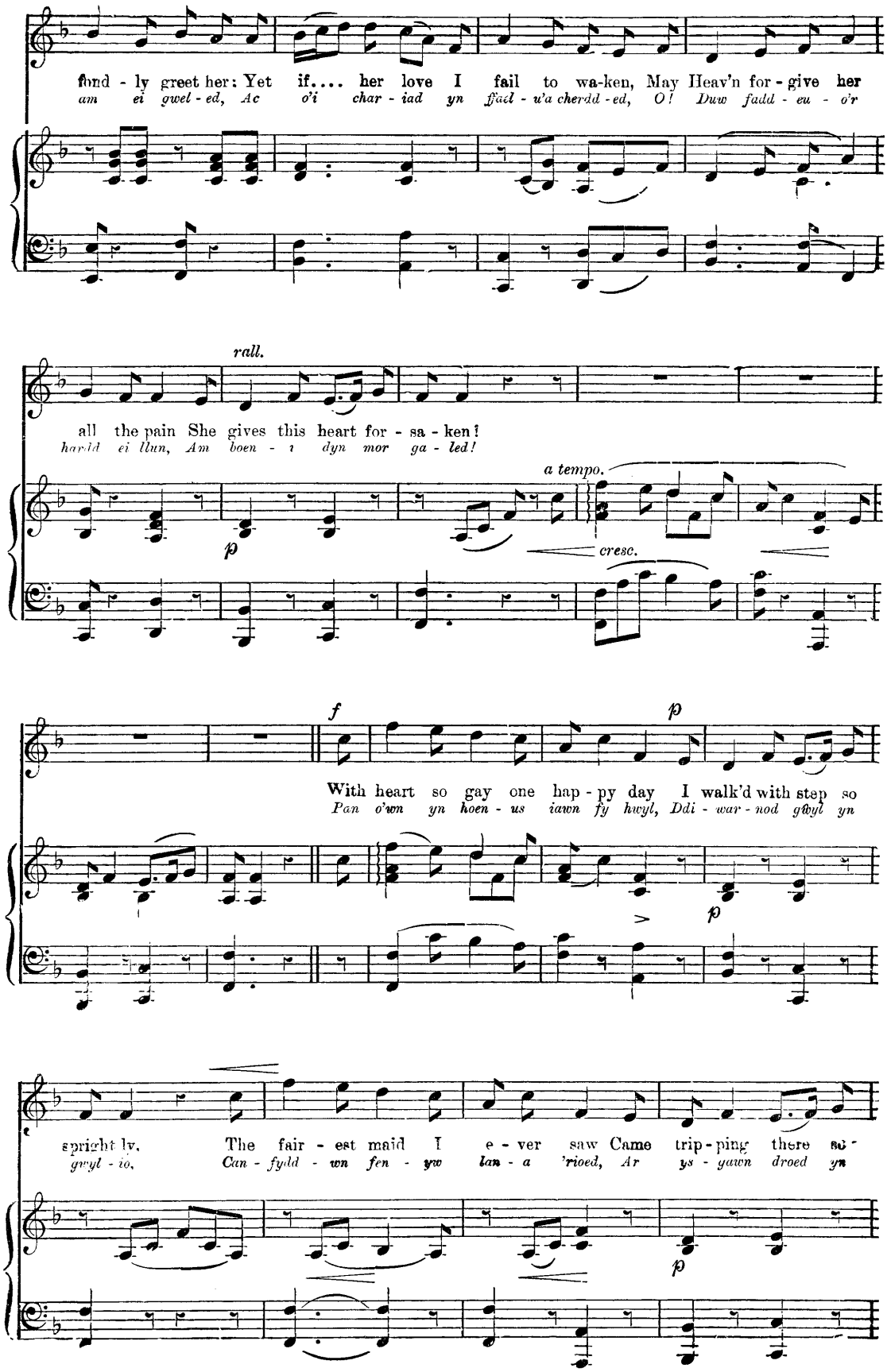
Welsh words by an unknown author.

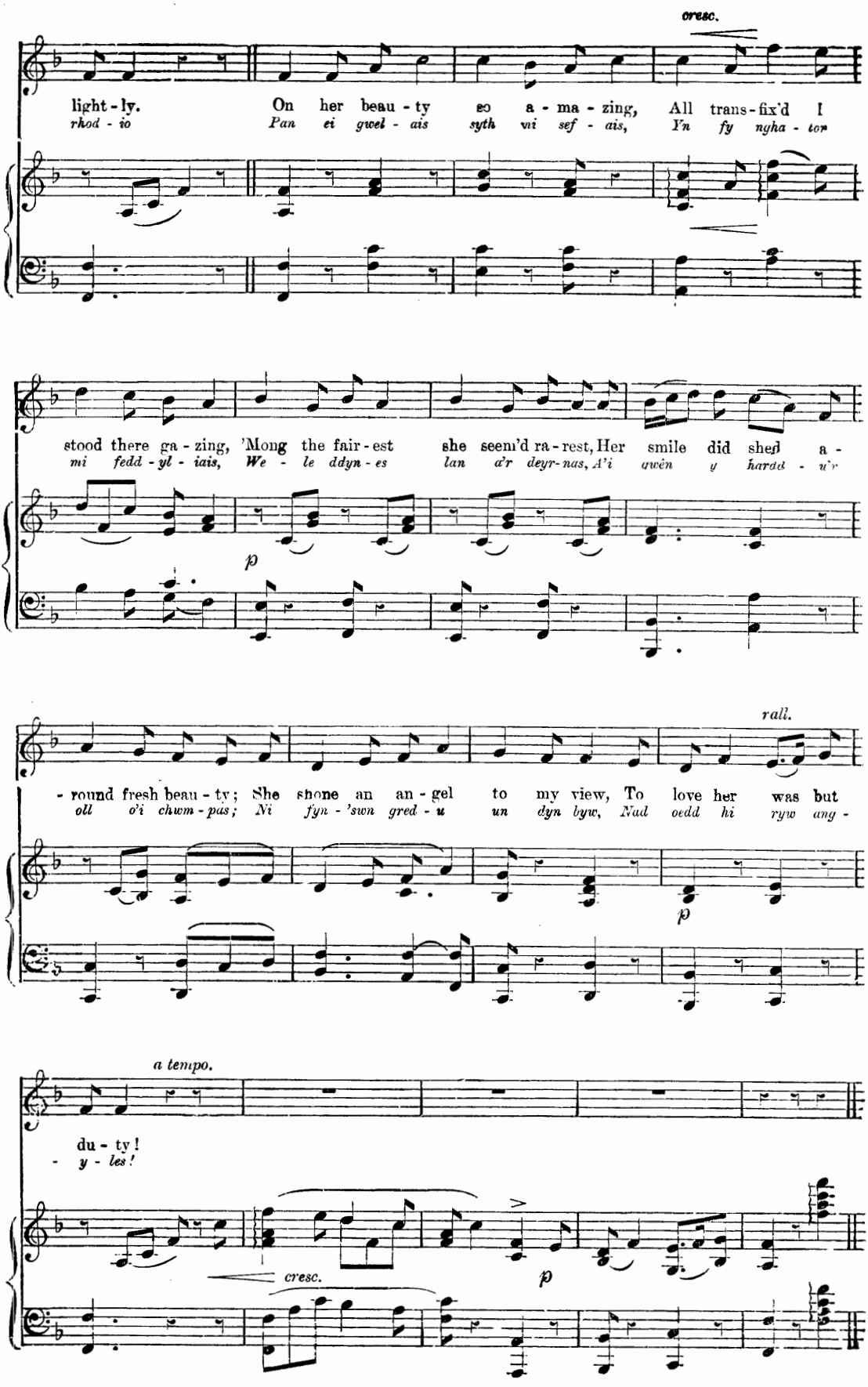
English translation by MARIA X. HAYES.

Andante con espress.



* By permission—from the collection of Miss Jane Williams, (Aberpergwm.)

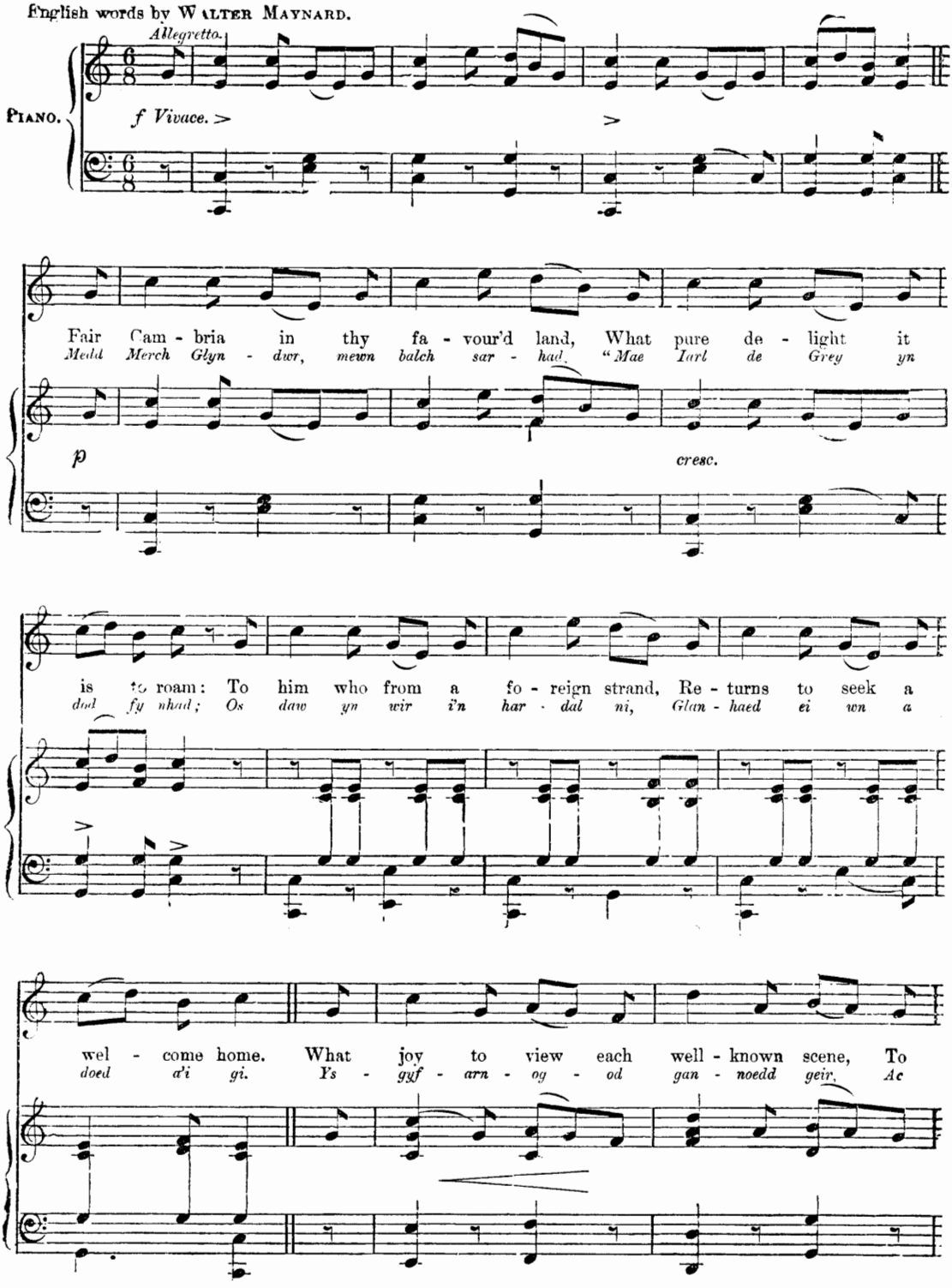

fond - ly greet her: Yet if.... her love I fail to wa-ken, May Heav'n for - give her
am ei gwel - ed, Ac o'i char - iad yn ffaêl - u'a cherdd - ed, O! Duw fadd - eu - o'r
rall.
all the pain She gives this heart for - sa - ken!
harâd ei llun, Am boen - i dyn mor ga - led!
a tempo.
p
cresc.
f
p
With heart so gay one hap - py day I walk'd with step so
Pan o'wn yn hoen - us iawn fy hwyl, Ddi - war - nod gŵyl yn
p
spright ly.
gwyl - io.
The fair - est maid I e - ver saw Came trip - ping there a -
Can - fydd - wn fen - yw lan - a 'rioed, Ar ys - gawn droed yn
p


cresc.
light - ly. On her beau - ty so a - ma - zing, All trans - fix'd I
rhod - io Pan ei gwel - ais syth mi sef - ais, Yn fy ngha - tor
stood there ga - zing, 'Mong the fair - est she seem'd ra - rest, Her smile did shed a -
mi fedd - yl - iais, We - le ddyn - es lan a'r deyr - nas, A'i gwên y hardd - u'r
p
rall.
- round fresh beau - ty; She shone an an - gel to my view, To love her was but
oll o'i chwm - pas; Ni fyn - 'swn gred - u un dyn byw, Nad oedd hi ryw ang -
p
a tempo.
du - ty!
- y - les!
cresc.
p

Fair Cambria.

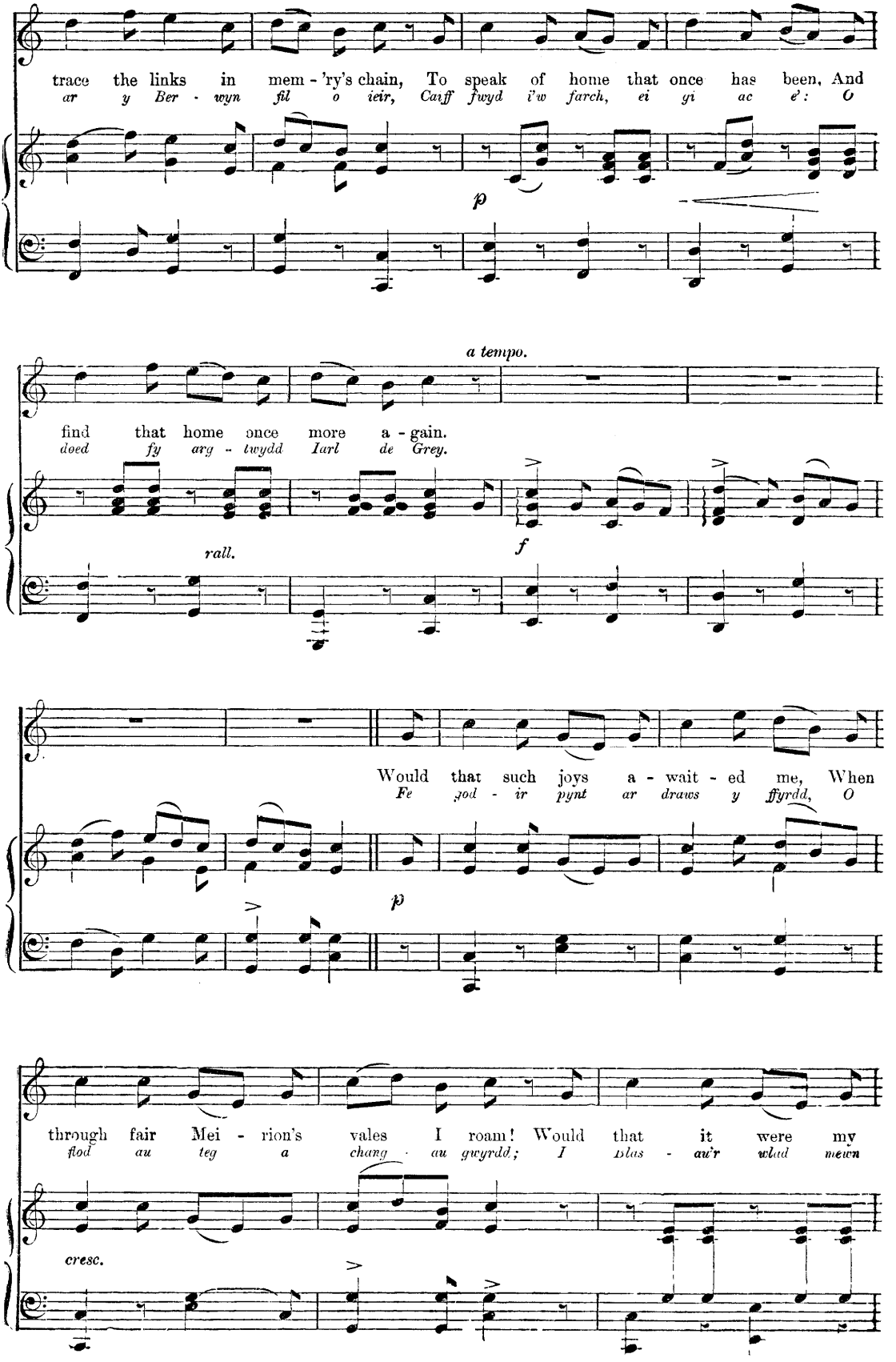
(MEDD MERCH GLYNDWR.)*

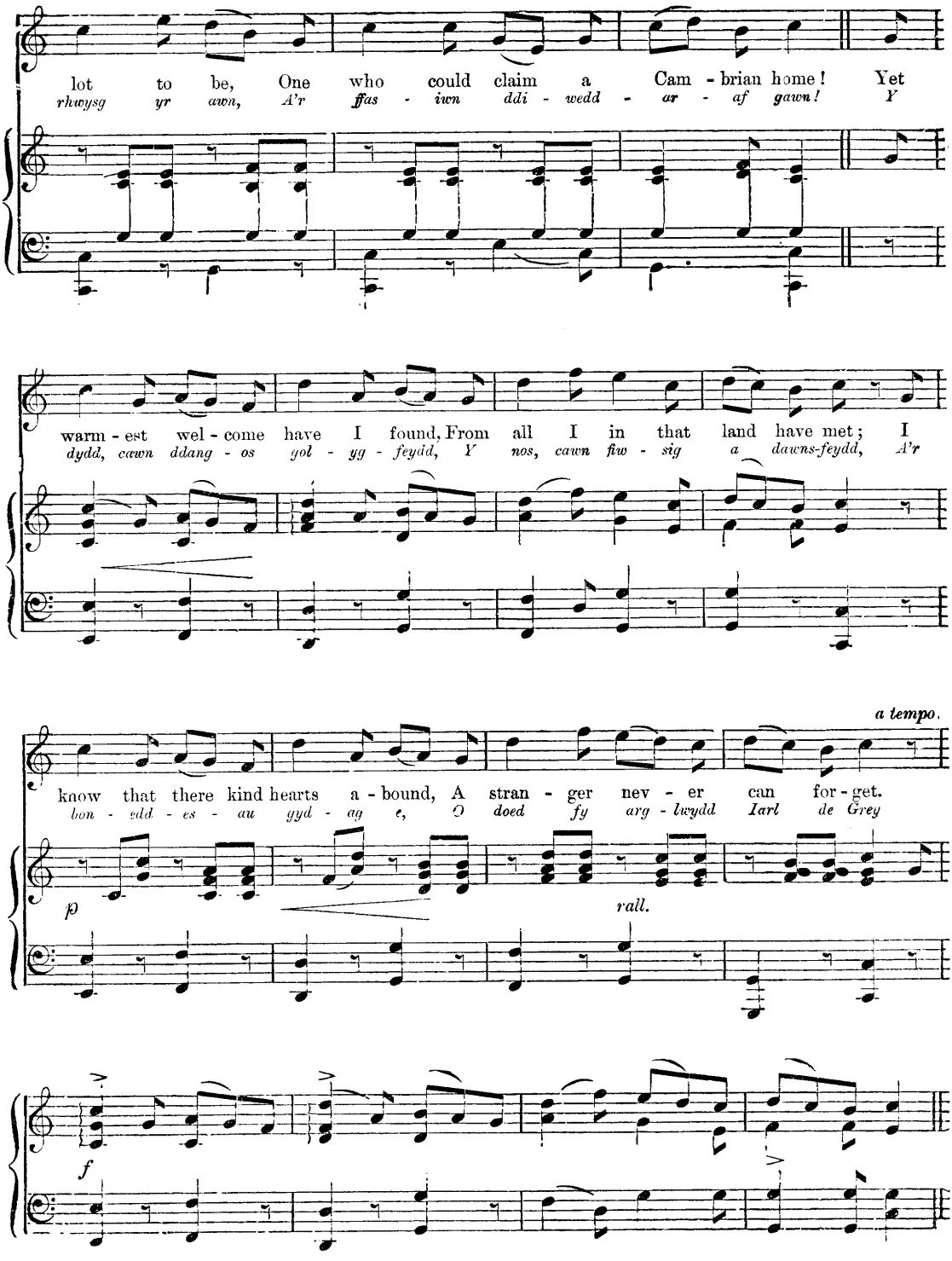
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



Air.—"Caine Dafydd ap Gwilym."

* Earl Grey de Ruthin, whose lordship adjoined that of Owen Glendower, took possession of certain lands belonging to Owen who laid the case before parliament; his suit however was dismissed. This injury was aggravated by another; Lord Grey detained the writ intended for Owen that had been issued to summon the barons to join Henry IV. in his expedition against the Scots. The absence of Owen was misconstrued and his lands were consequently forfeited and seized upon by the Earl. Ultimately the Earl was taken prisoner by Glendower and upon his release married Jane the daughter of his captor.


trace the links in mem - 'ry's chain, To speak of home that once has been, And
ar y Ber - wyn fil o ieir, Caff fwyd i'w farch, ei yi ac e': O
p
a tempo.
find that home once more a - gain.
doed fy arg - twydd Iarl de Grey.
rall.
f
Would that such joys a - wait - ed me, When
Fe god - ir pynt ar draws y ffyrdd, O
p
through fair Mei - rion's vales I roam! Would that it were my
flod au teg a chang - au gwyrdd; I blas - au'r wlad mewn
cresc.



3rd *Verse.*

Os blys am dafell fach o'r wlad,
Sydd arno ef aed at fy nhad,
Os cynyg am fy llaw, paham
Na fa'i yn gofyn i fy mam?
Os ceisia un o'r pethau hyn
Y fory nesaf doed os myn—
I gael fy NGHLEDDYF *yn eu lle*
O dowch fu arglwydd Iarl de Grey.

Weep not, I pray.

(SERCH HUDOL.)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.

Animato.

PIANO.

Weep not, I pray, Though on this day, From my home I'm call'd a - way, Oh
Serch Hud - ol swyn, Syn llan - w'r llwyn, Pan fo myrdd o ad - ar mwyn, Yn

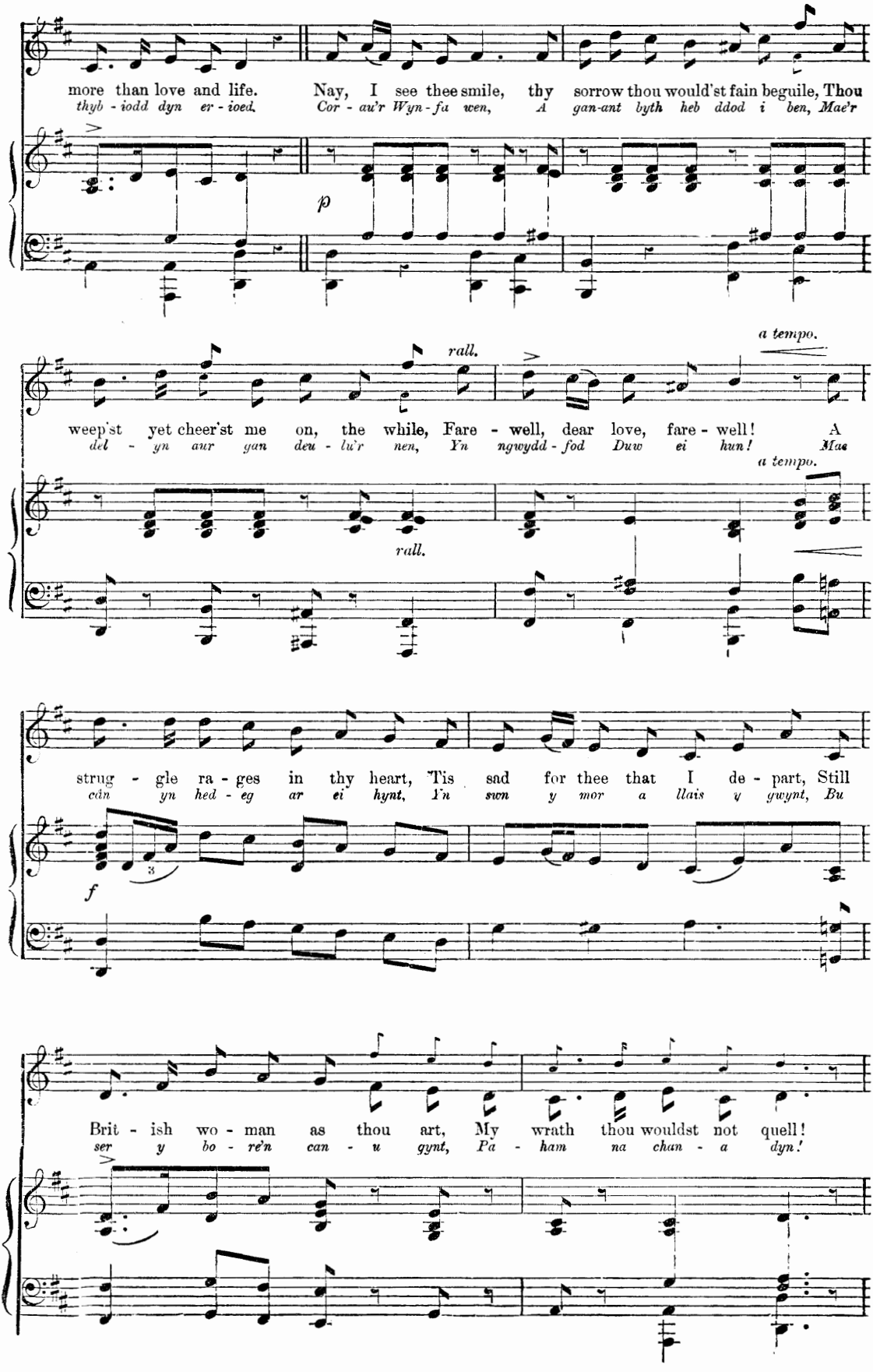
cresc.

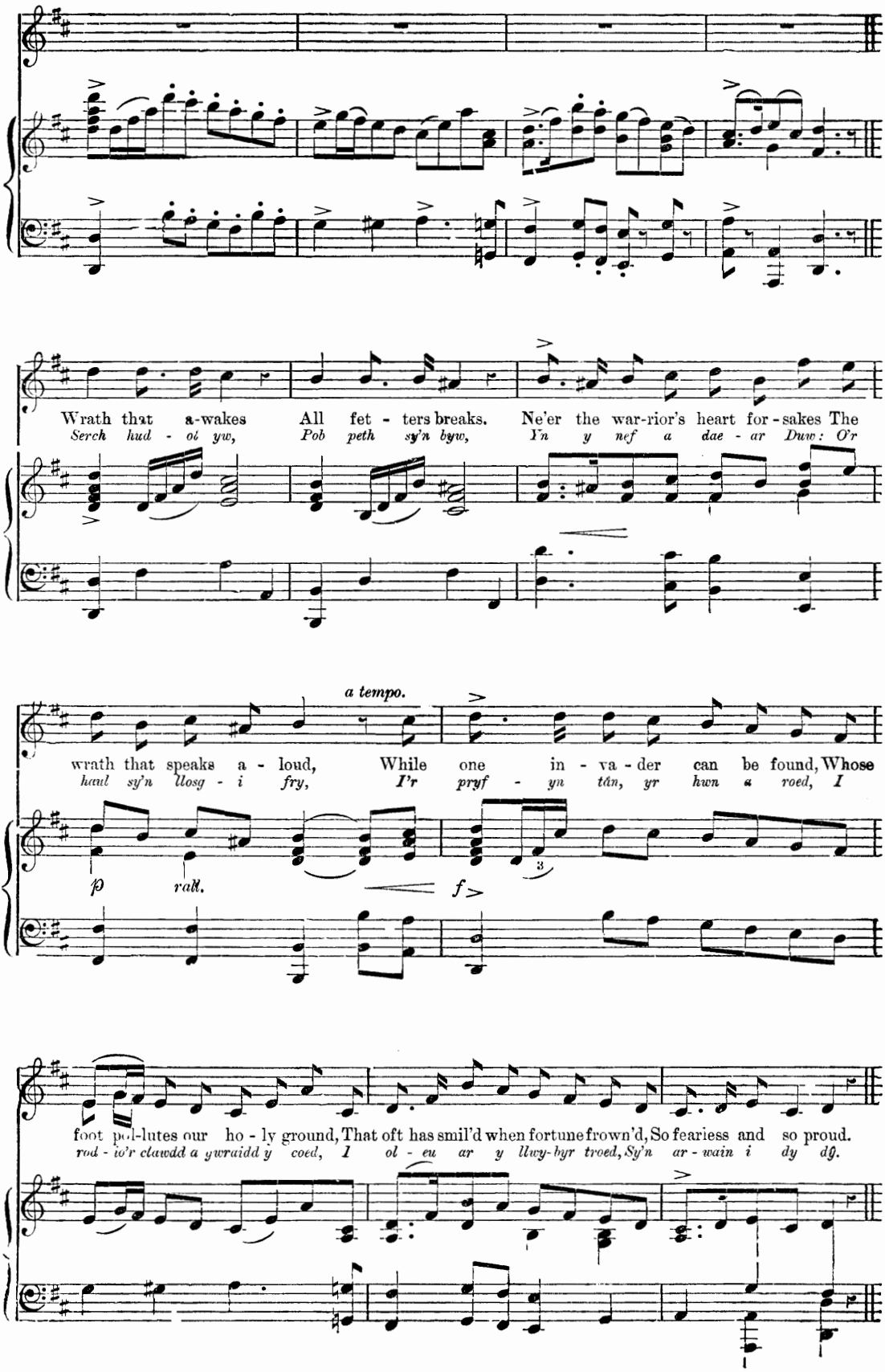
a tempo.

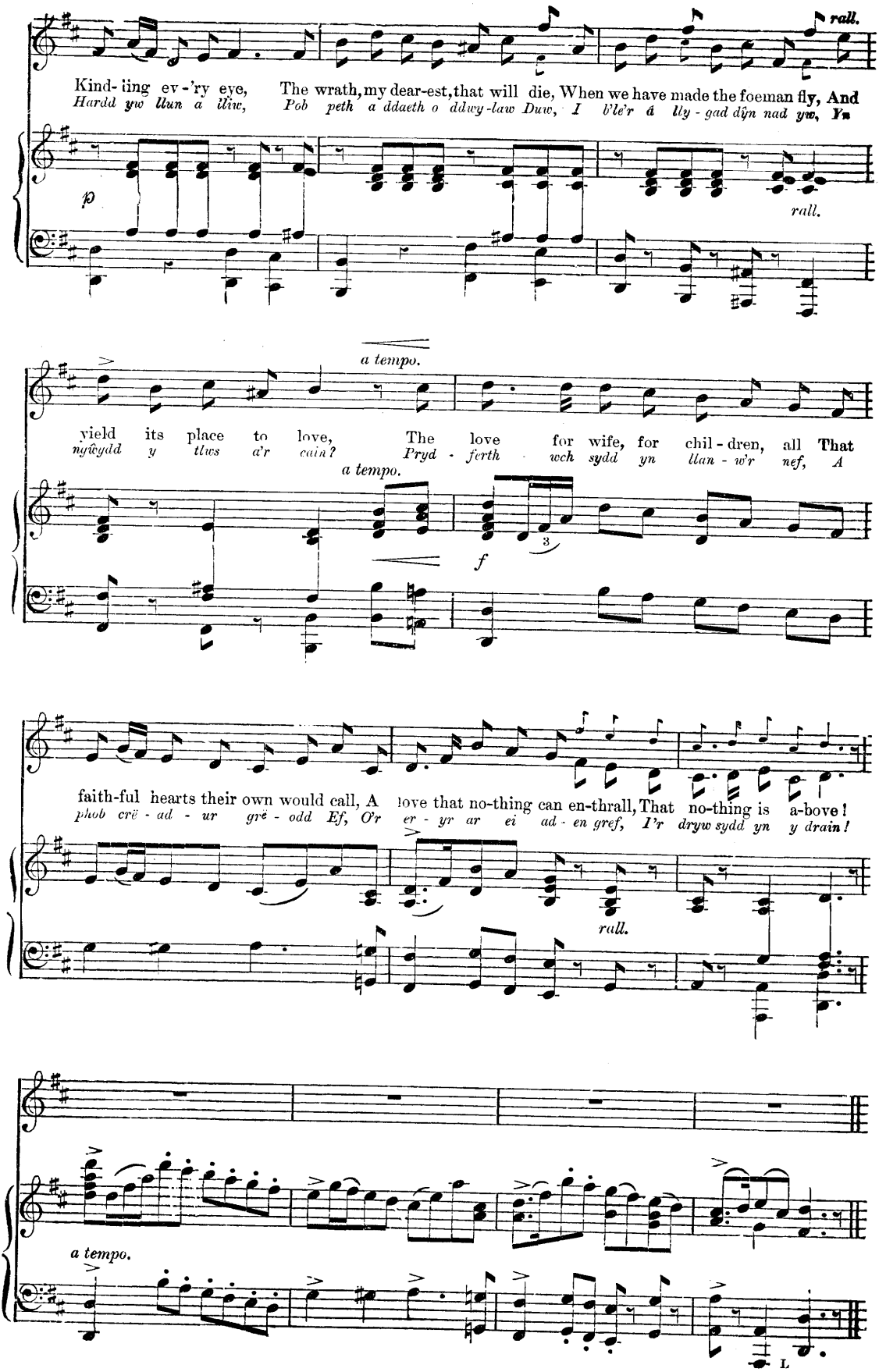
weep no more, dear wife, Al - though thou lift - est weep - ing eyes, A
can - u yn y coed. Mae an - ian oll yn can - u 'nghyd, 'Does

rall.

re - creant thou wouldst des - pise, Who Cam - bria's hon - our did not prize, Far
dim yn fydd - ar nac yn fud, Mae mwy o fri - sig yn y byd, Na


more than love and life. Nay, I see thee smile, thy sorrow thou would'st fain beguile, Thou
thyb - iodd dyn er - ioed. Cor - au'r Wyn - fa wen, A gan-ant byth heb ddod i ben, Mae'r
p
rall.
a tempo.
weep'st yet cheer'st me on, the while, Fare - well, dear love, fare - well! A
del - yn aur gan deu - lu'r nen, Yn ngwydd - fod Duw ei hun! Mae
rall.
a tempo.
strug - gle ra - ges in thy heart, 'Tis sad for thee that I de - part, Still
cân yn hed - eg ar ei hynt, Yn swn y mor a llais y gwynt, Bu
f
Brit - ish wo - man as thou art, My wrath thou wouldst not quell!
ser y bo - re'n can - u gynt, Pa - ham na chan - a dyn!

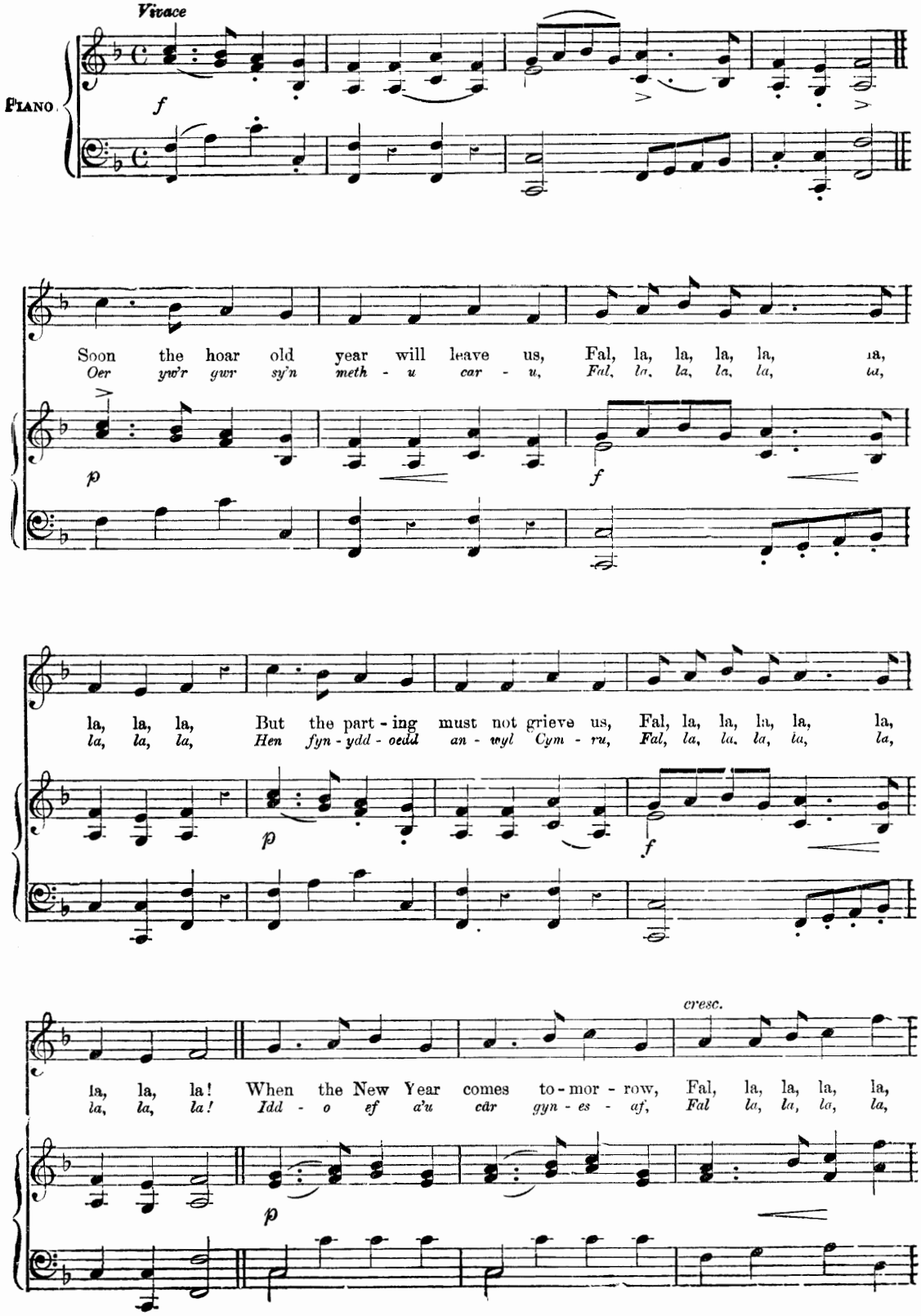

Wrath that a-wakes All fet - ters breaks. Ne'er the war-rior's heart for-sakes The
Serch hud - ol yw, Pob peth sy'n byw, Yn y nef a dae - ar Duw: O'r
a tempo.
wrath that speaks a - loud, While one in - va - der can be found, Whose
haul sy'n llosg - i fry, I'r pryf - yn tân, yr hwn a roed, I
p rall. f
foot pol-lutes our ho - ly ground, That oft has smil'd when fortune frown'd, So fearless and so proud.
rod - io'r clawdd a ywraidd y coed, I ol - eu ar y llwy-hyr troed, Sy'n ar - wain i dy dg.

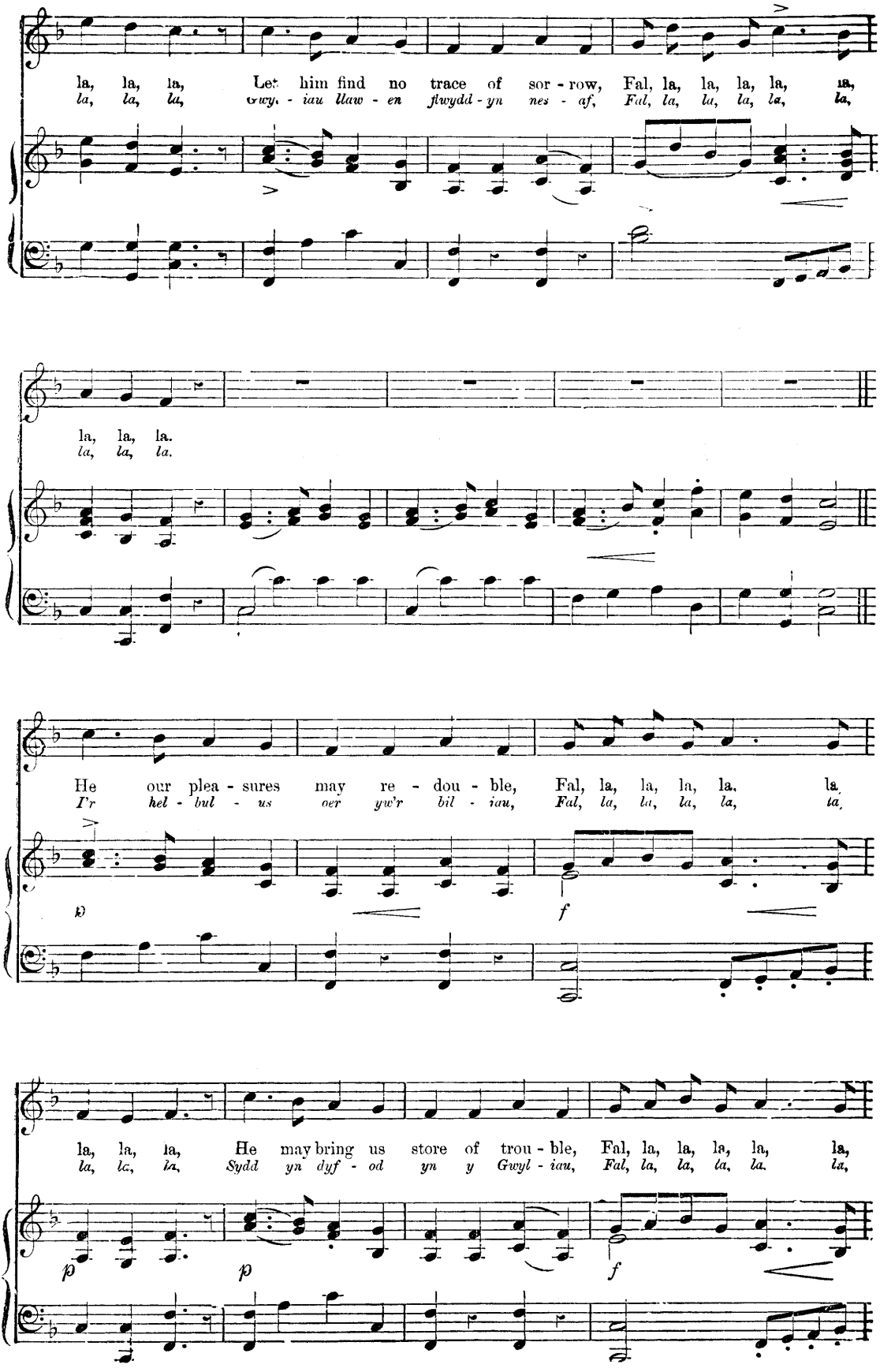

rall.
Kind- ling ev -'ry eye, The wrath, my dear-est, that will die, When we have made the foeman fly, And
Hardd yw llun a lliw, Pob peth a ddaeth o ddwy-law Duw, I b'le'r á lly - gad dŷn nad yw, Yn
p
rall.
a tempo.
yield its place to love, The love for wife, for chil - dren, all That
nyŵydd y tlws a'r cain? Pryd - ferth wch sydd yn llan - w'r nef, A
a tempo.
3
f
faith-ful hearts their own would call, A love that no-thing can en-thrall, That no-thing is a-bove!
phob crë - ad - ur gré - odd Ef, O'r er - yr ar ei ad - en gref, I'r dryw sydd yn y drain!
rall.
a tempo.

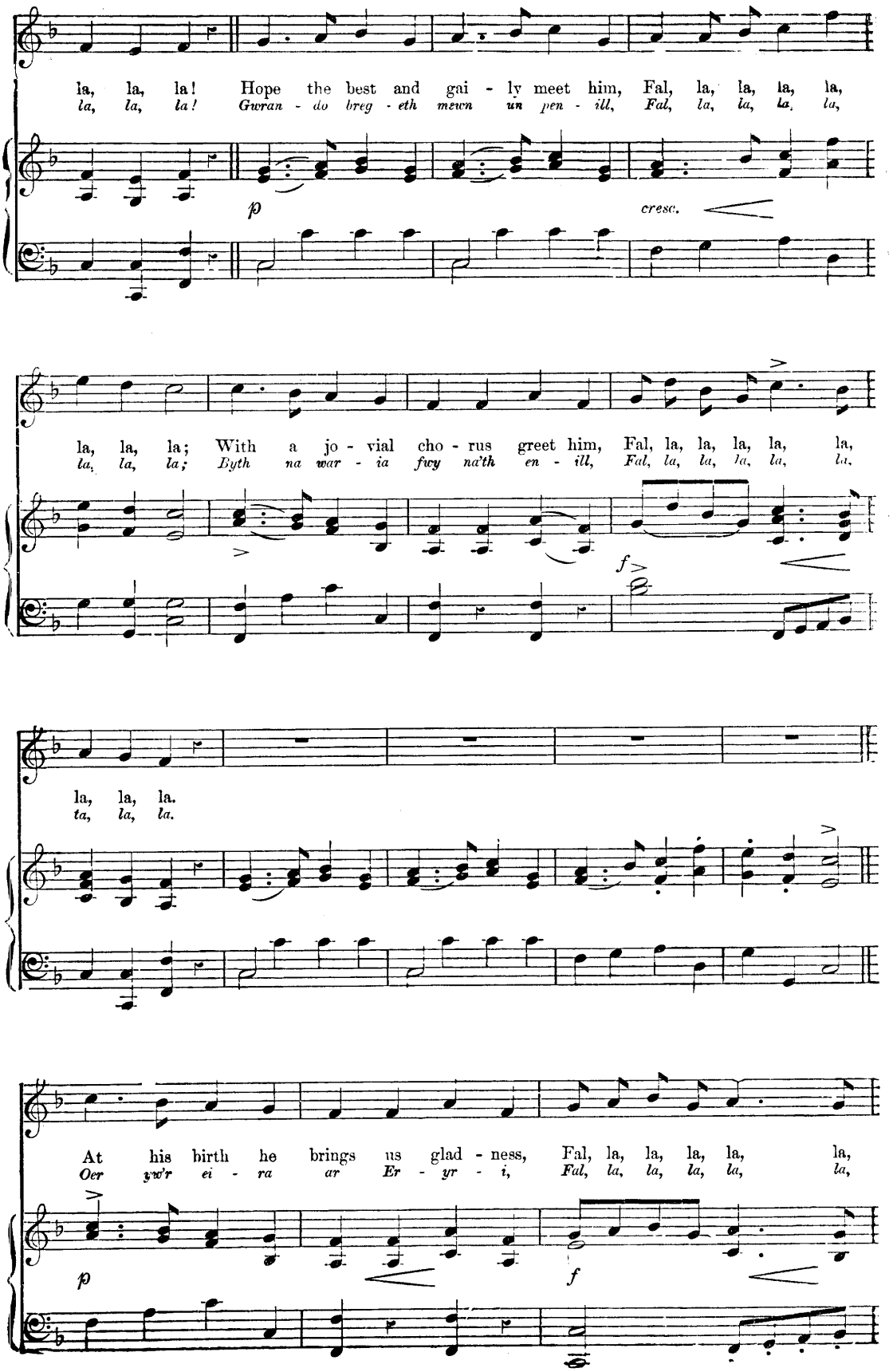
New-Year's Eve.

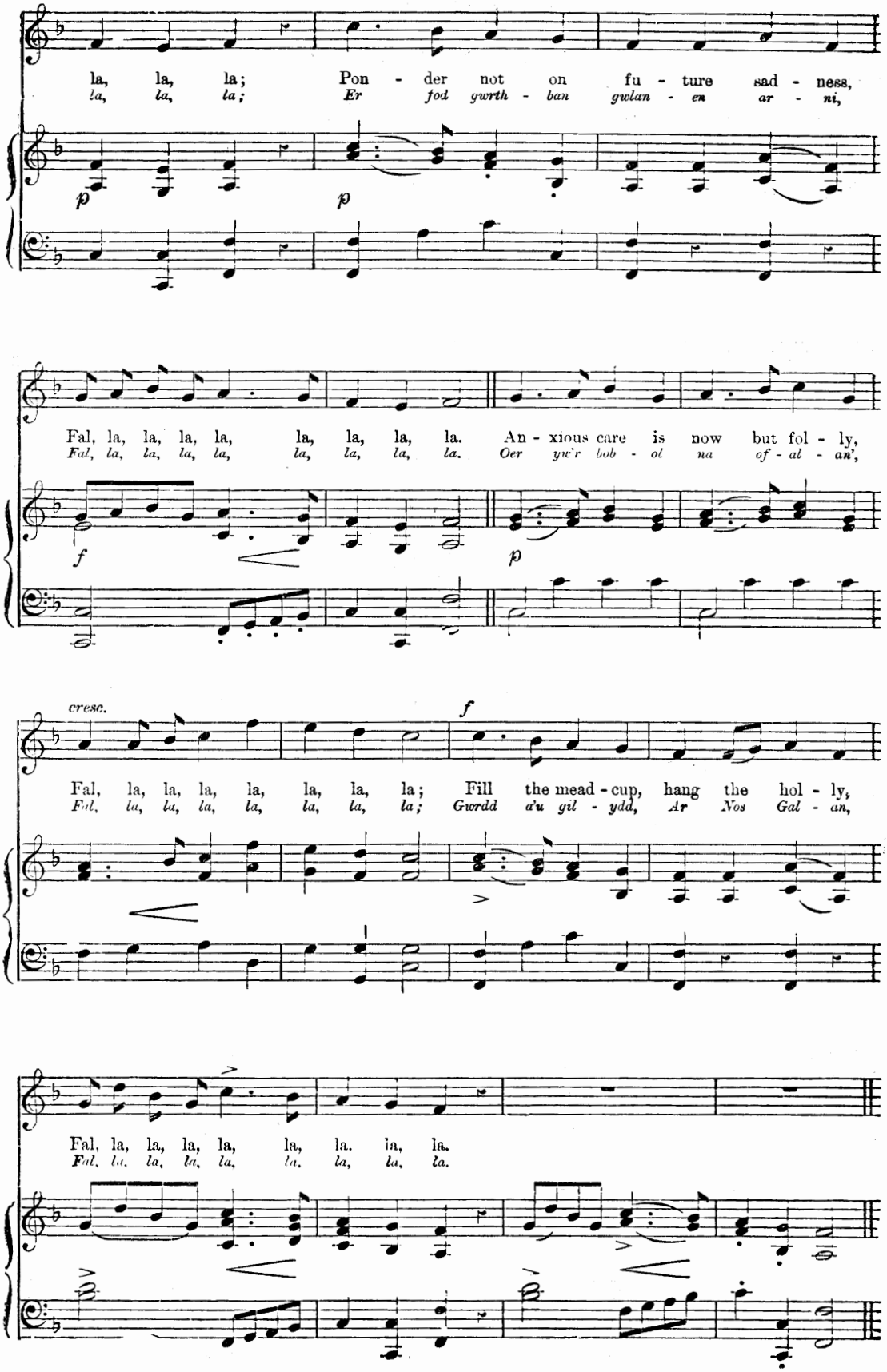
(NOS GALAN.)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.




la, la, la, Let him find no trace of sor - row, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, Gwyl - iau llaw - en ftwydd - yn nes - af, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la.
la, la, la.
He our plea - sures may re - dou - ble, Fal, la, la, la, la. la.
I'r hel - bul - us oer yw'r bil - iau, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, He may bring us store of trou - ble, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, Sydd yn dyf - od yn y Gwyl - iau, Fal, la, la, la, la. la,

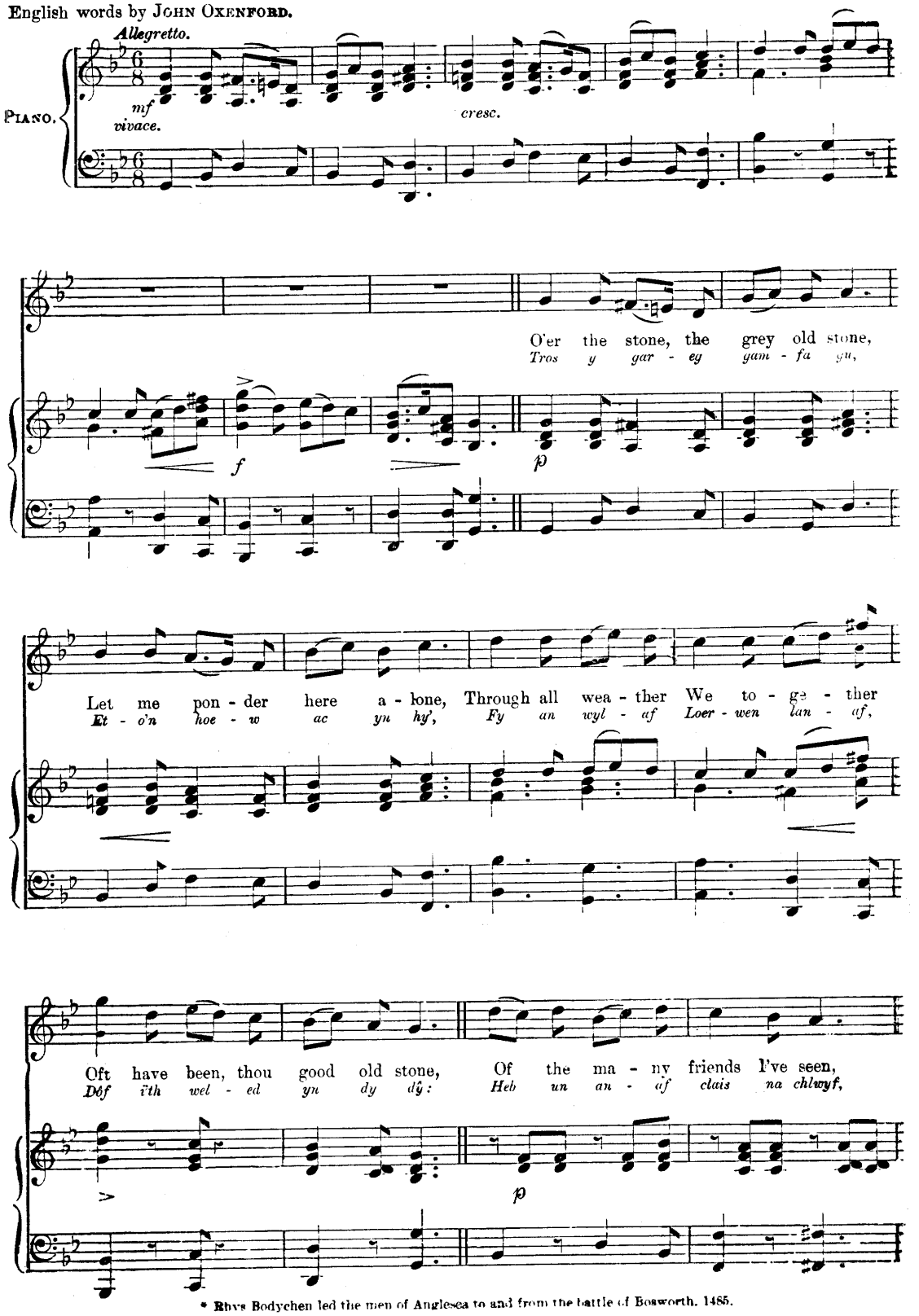

la, la, la! Hope the best and gai - ly meet him, Fal, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la! Gwran - do breg - eth mewn un pen - ill, Fal, la, la, la, la,
p
cresc.
la, la, la; With a jo - vial cho - rus greet him, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la; Byth na war - ia fwy na'th en - ill, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
f
la, la, la.
la, la, la.
At his birth he brings us glad - ness, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
Oer yw'r ei - ra ar Er - yr - i, Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
p
f


la, la, la; Pon - der not on fu - ture sad - ness,
la, la, la; Er fod ywrth - ban gwlan - en ar - ni,
p
p
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. An - xious care is now but fol - ly,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Oer yw'r bob - ol na of - al - an',
f
p
cresc.
f
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Fill the mead - cup, hang the hol - ly,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Gwrdd a'u gil - ydd, Ar Nos Gal - an,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

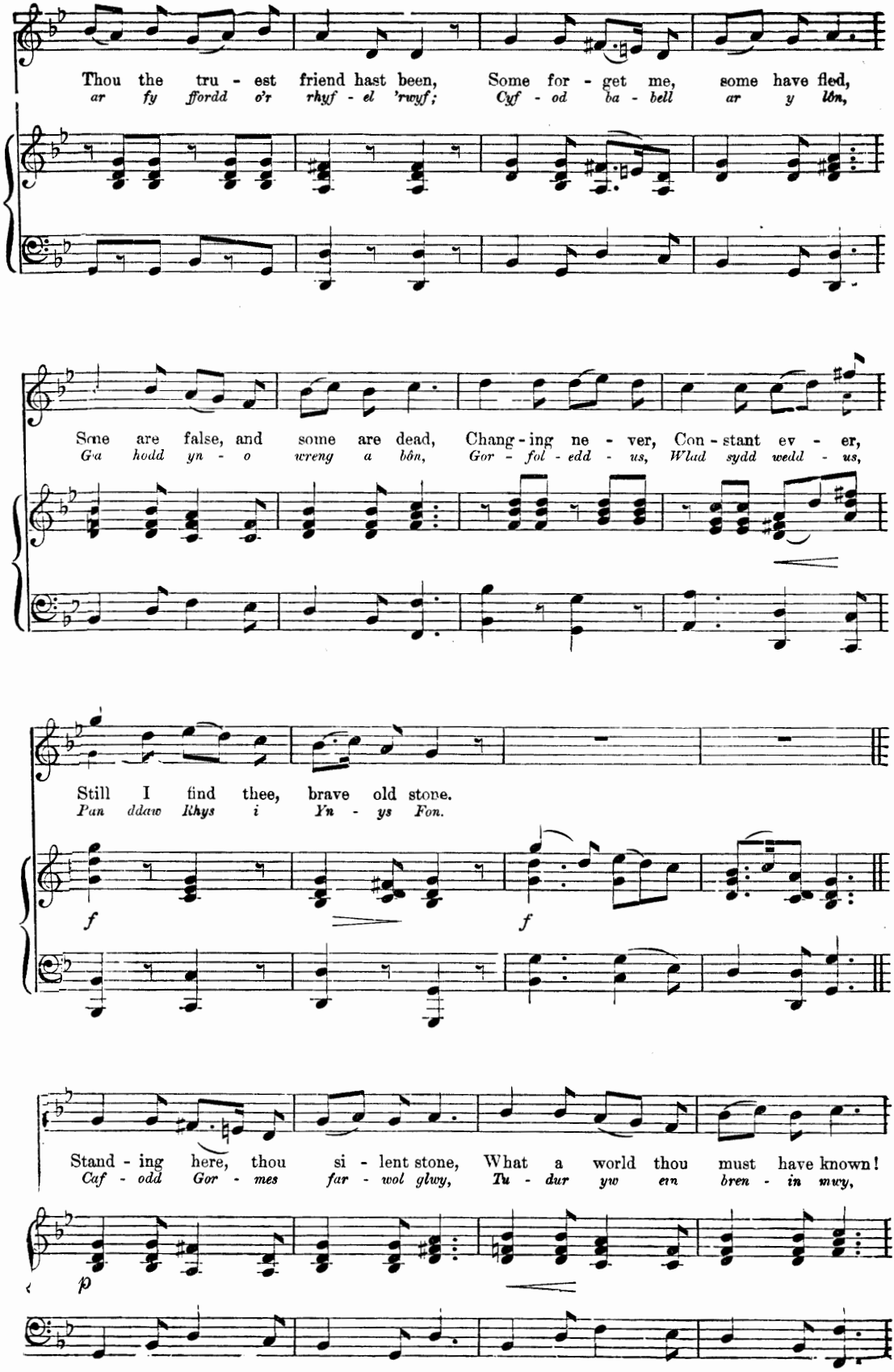
Over the Stone.

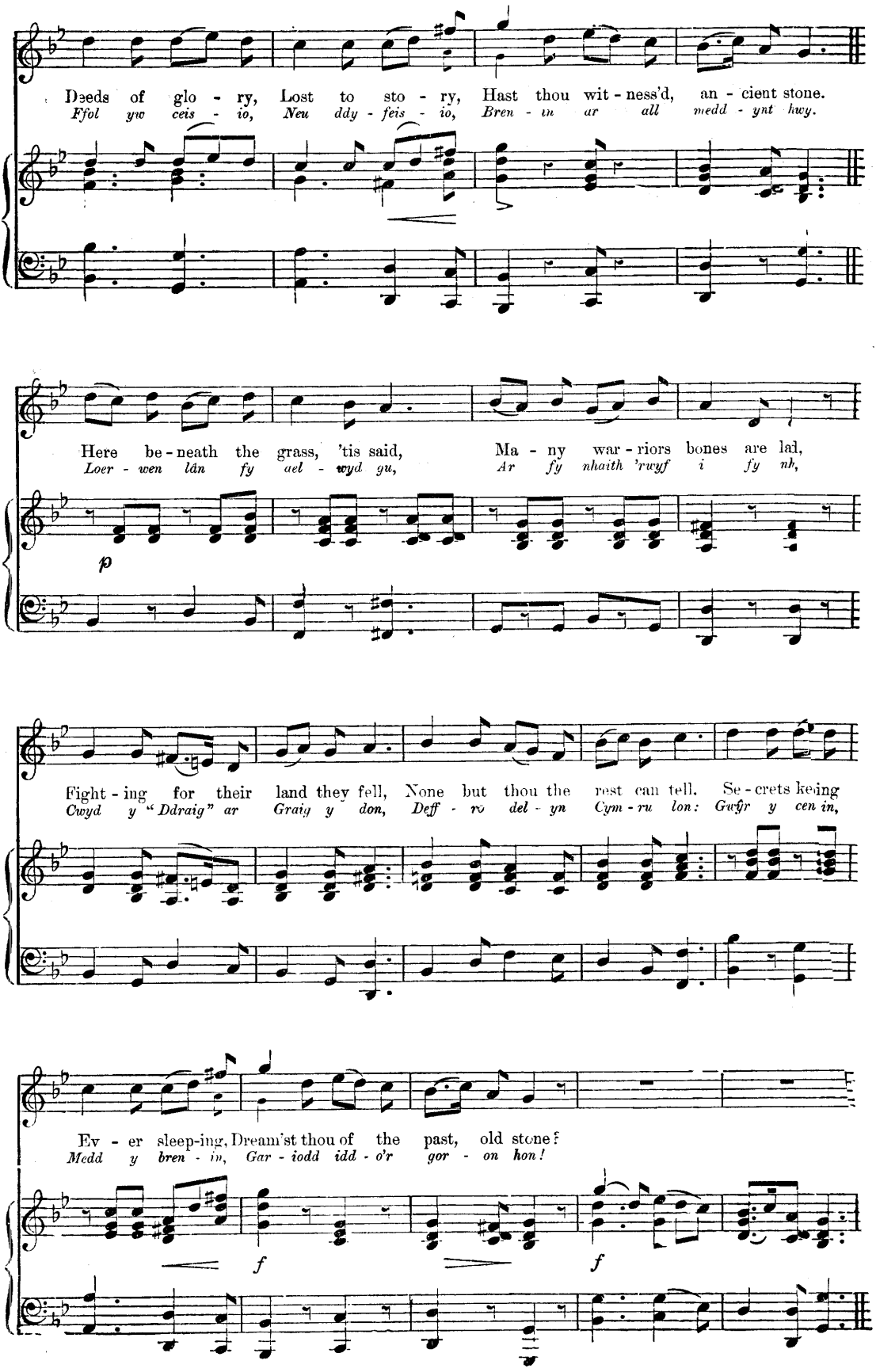
TROS Y GAREG.*

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.



* Rhys Bodychen led the men of Anglesea to and from the battle of Bosworth, 1485.


Thou the tru - est friend hast been, Some for - get me, some have fled,
ar fy ffordd o'r rhyf - el 'rwyf; Cyf - od ba - bell ar y lôn,
Some are false, and some are dead, Chang - ing ne - ver, Con - stant ev - er,
Gwa hodd yn - o wreng a bôn, Gor - fol - edd - us, Wlad sydd wedd - us,
Still I find thee, brave old stone.
Pan ddaw Rhys i Yn - ys Fon.
f
f
Stand - ing here, thou si - lent stone, What a world thou must have known!
Caf - odd Gor - mes far - wol glwy, Tu - dur yw ein bren - in mwy,
p

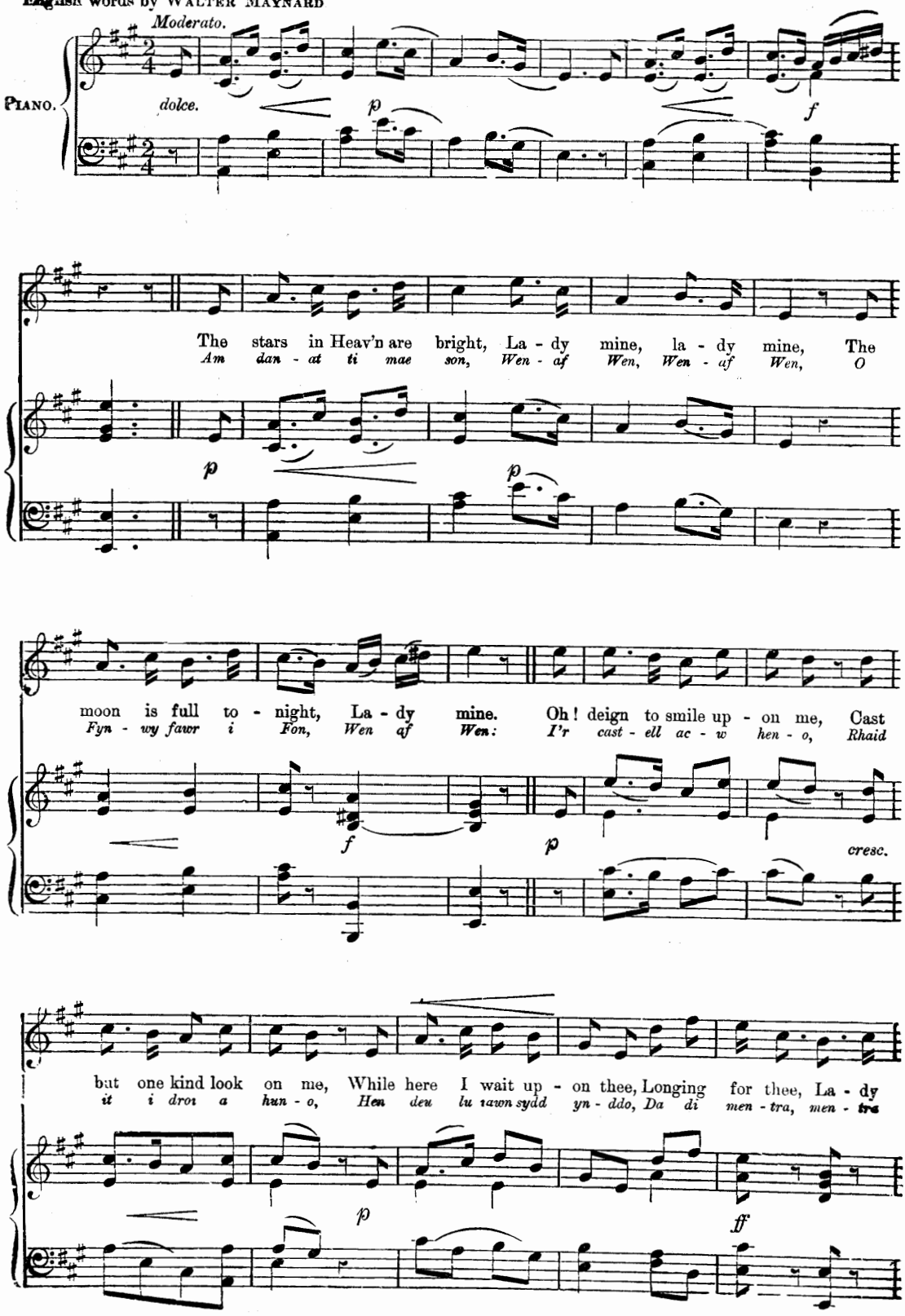

Deeds of glo - ry, Lost to sto - ry, Hast thou wit - ness'd, an - cient stone.
Ffol yw ceis - io, Neu ddy - feis - io, Bren - in ar all medd - ynt hwy.
Here be - neath the grass, 'tis said, Ma - ny war - riors bones are lad,
Loer - wen lân fy ael - wyd gu, Ar fy nhaith 'rwyf i fy nh,
p
Fight - ing for their land they fell, None but thou the rest can tell. Se - crets keing
Cwyd y "Ddraig" ar Graig y don, Deff - ro del - yn Cym - ru lon: Gwŷr y cen in,
Ev - er sleep-ing, Dream'st thou of the past, old stone?
Medd y bren - in, Gar - iodd idd - o'r gor - on hon!
f
f

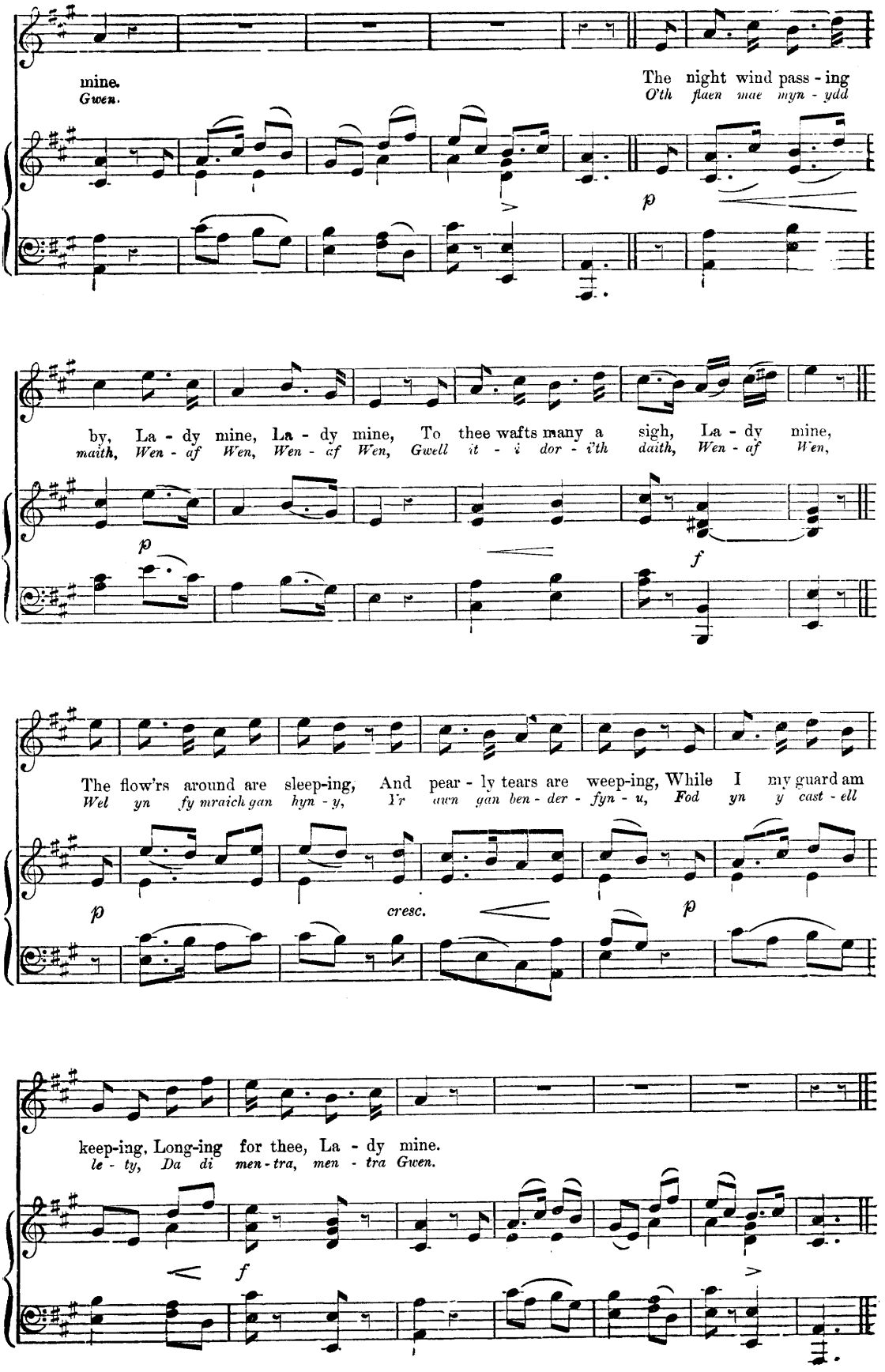
"The Stars in Heav'n are bright."

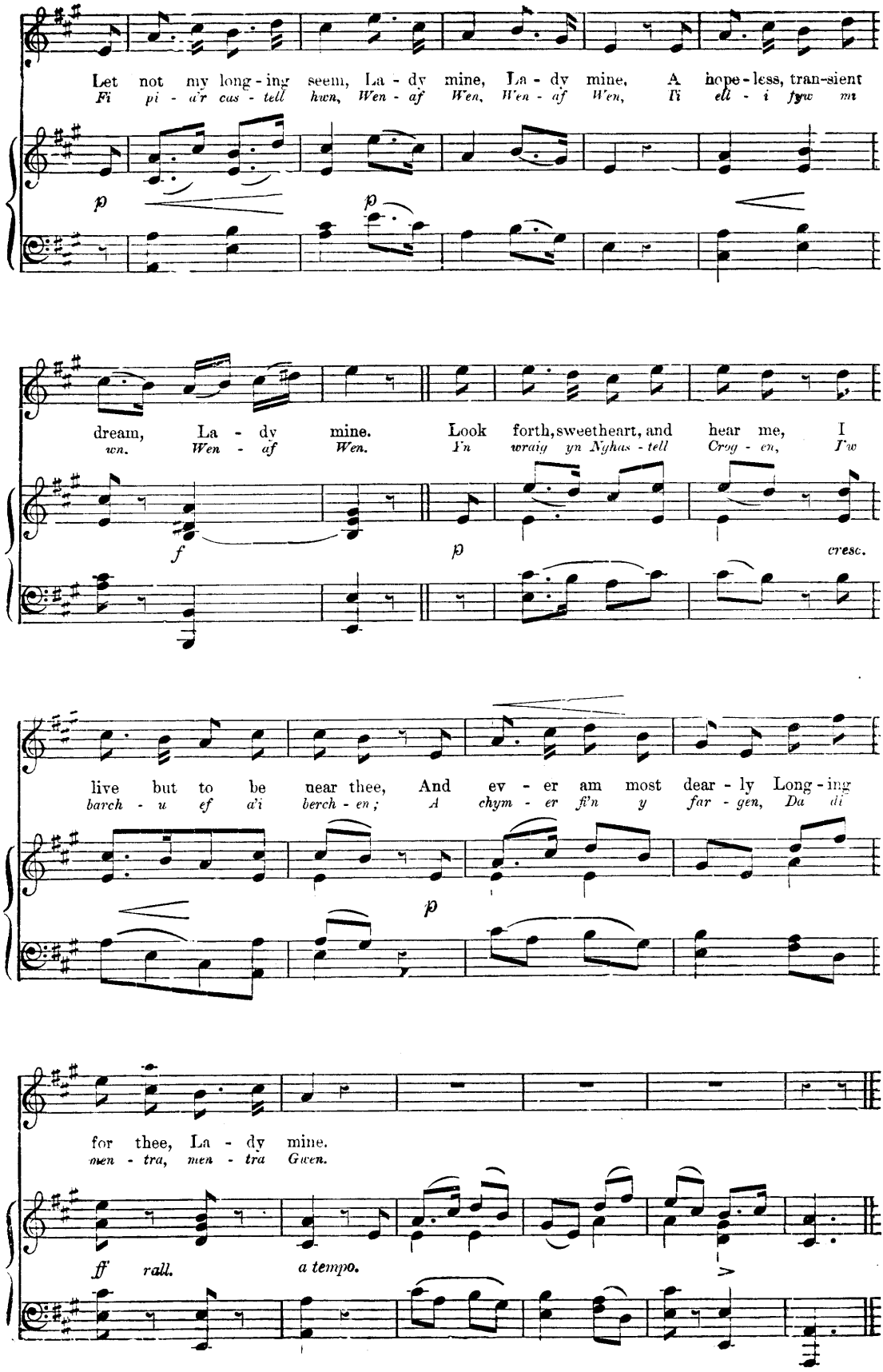
(SERENADE.)

(MENTRA GWEN.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD



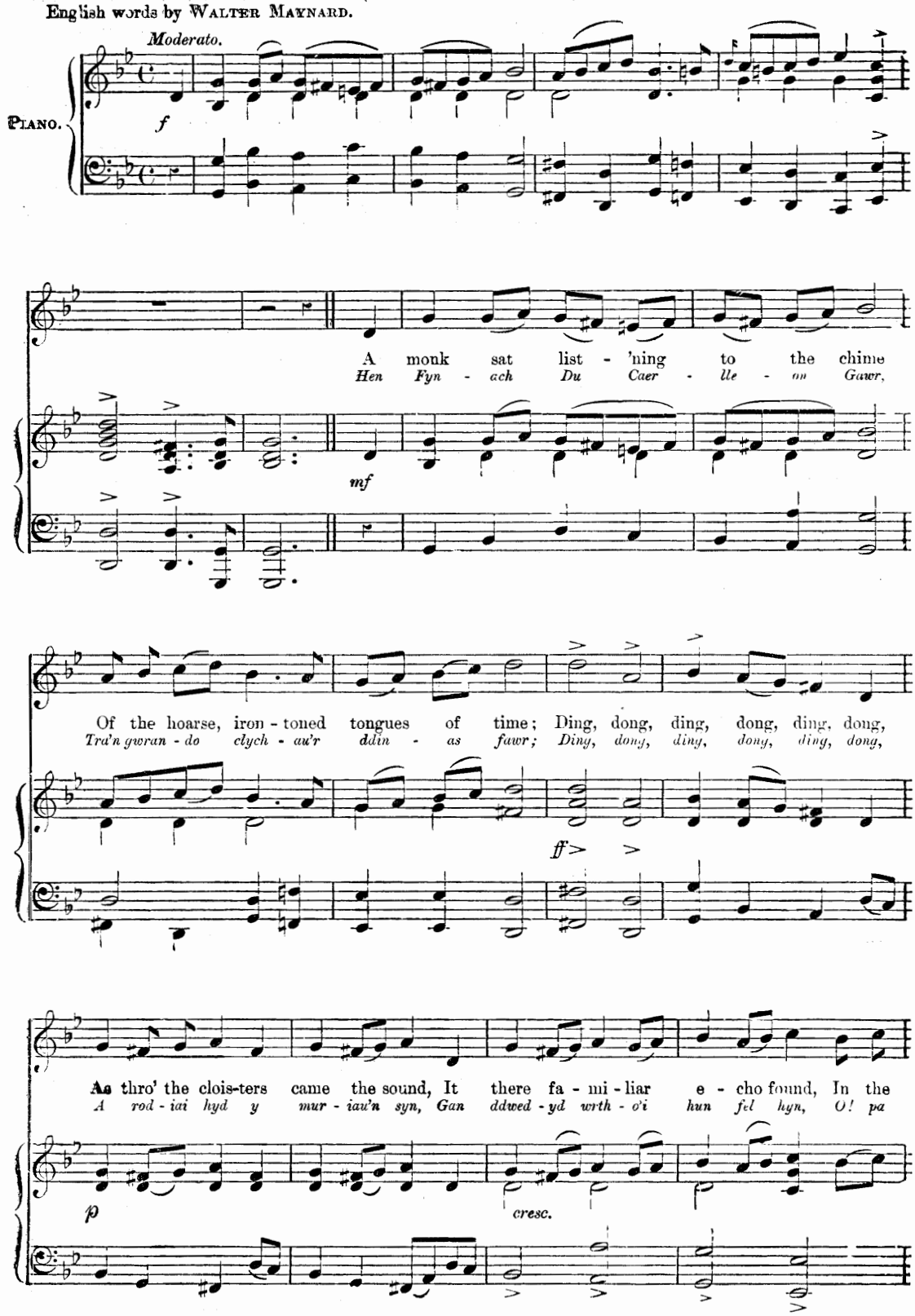

mine.
Gwen.
The night wind pass - ing
O'th flaen mae myn - ydd
p
by, La - dy mine, La - dy mine, To thee wafts many a sigh, La - dy mine,
maith, Wen - af Wen, Wen - af Wen, Gwell it - i dor - i'th daith, Wen - af Wen,
p
f
The flow'rs around are sleep-ing, And pear - ly tears are weep-ing, While I my guard am
Wel yn fy mraich gan hyn - y, Yr awn gan ben - der - fyn - u, Fod yn y cast - ell
p
cresc.
p
keep-ing, Long-ing for thee, La - dy mine.
le - ty, Da di men - tra, men - tra Gwen.
f


Let not my long-ing seem, La-dy mine, La-dy mine, A hope-less, tran-sient
Fi pi-a'r cas-tell hwn, Wen-af Wen, Wen-af Wen, Fi ell-i fyw mi
p
p
dream, La-dy mine. Look forth, sweetheart, and hear me, I
wn. Wen-af Wen. Fi wraig yn Nghas-tell Crog-en, I'w
f
p
cresc.
live but to be near thee, And ev-er am most dear-ly Long-ing
barch-u ef a'i berch-en; A chym-er fi'n y far-gen, Da di
p
for thee, La-dy mine.
men-tra, men-tra Gwen.
ff rall.
a tempo.

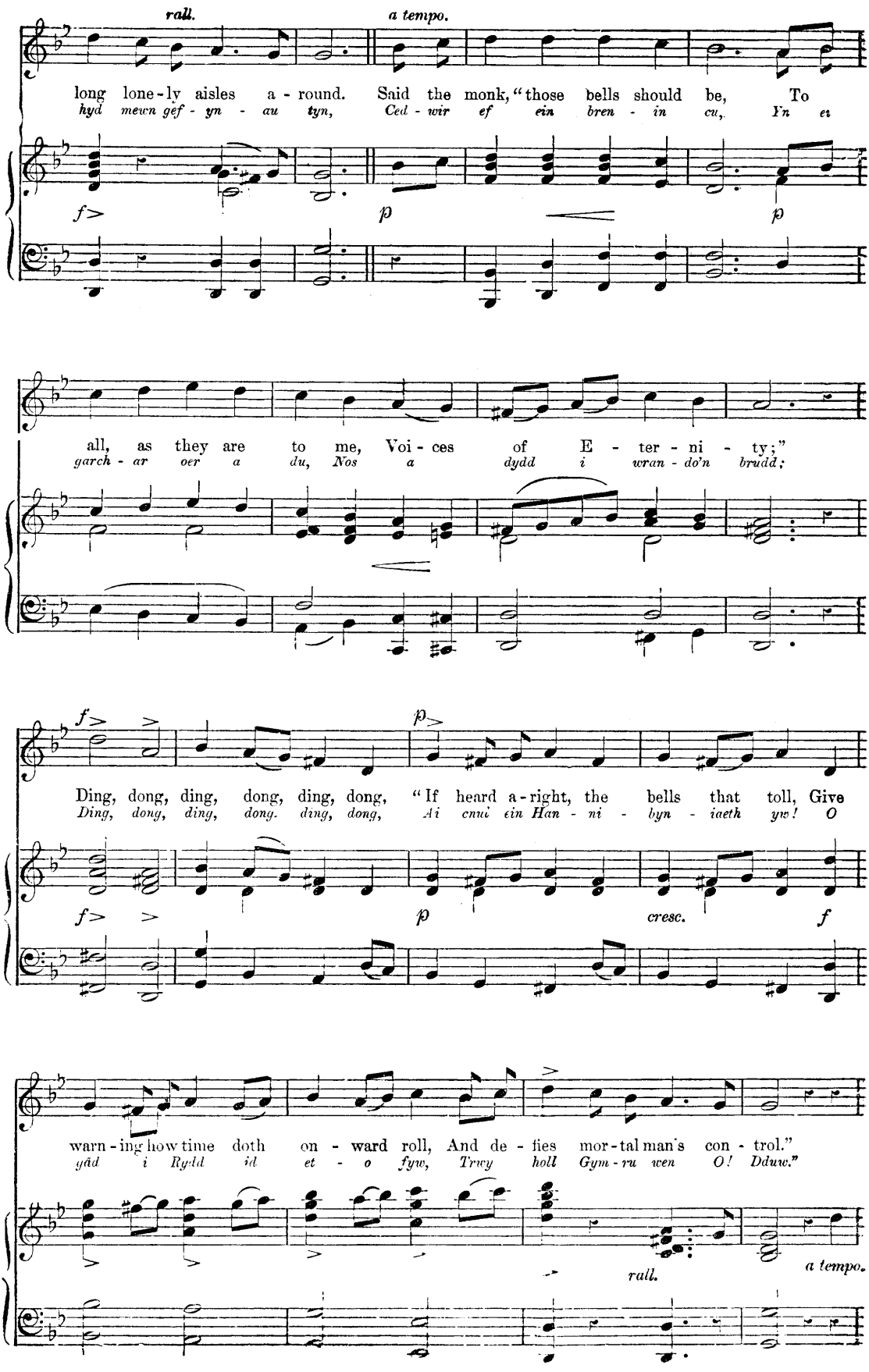
The Black Monk.

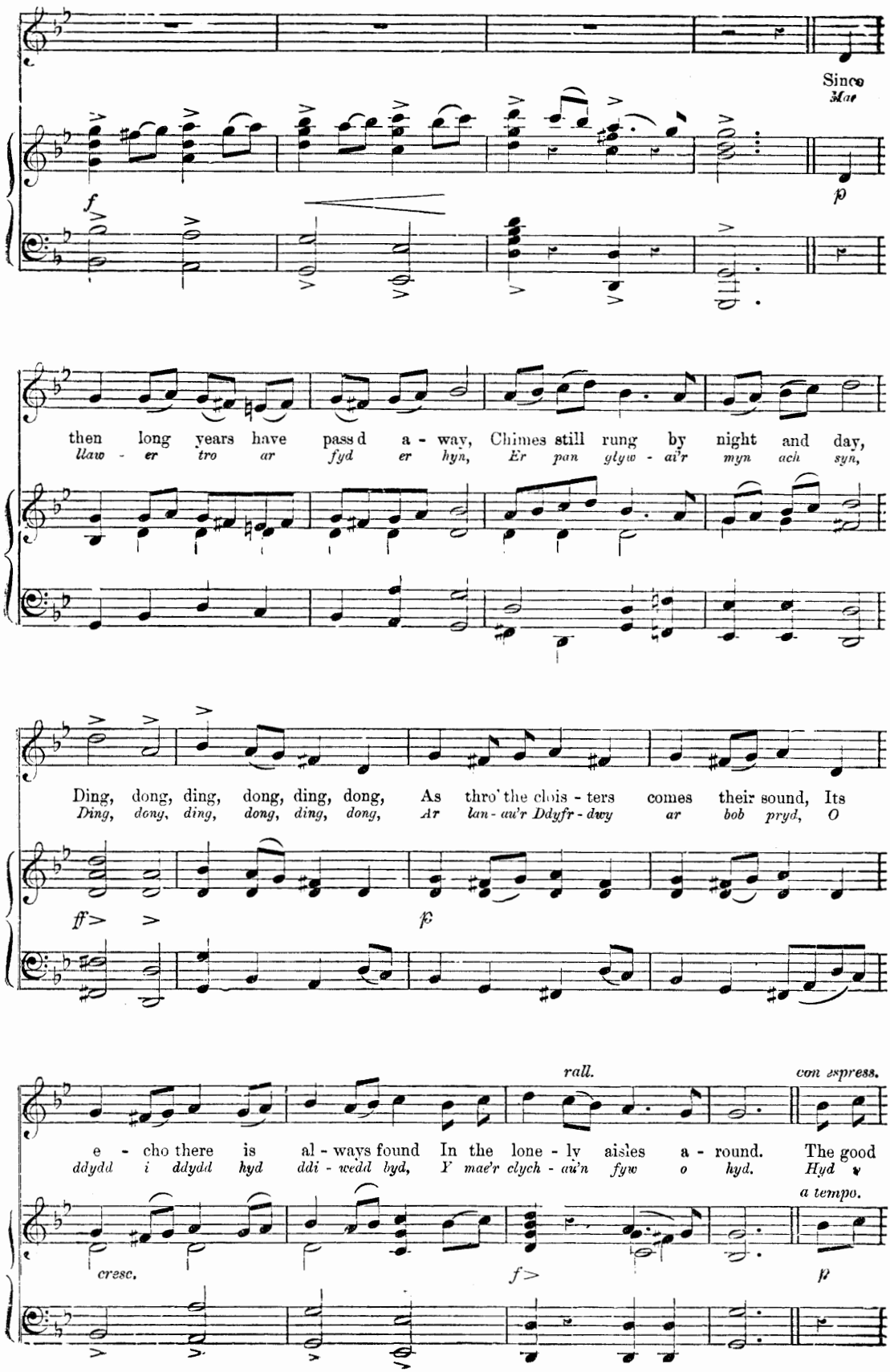
(Y MYNACH DU.)

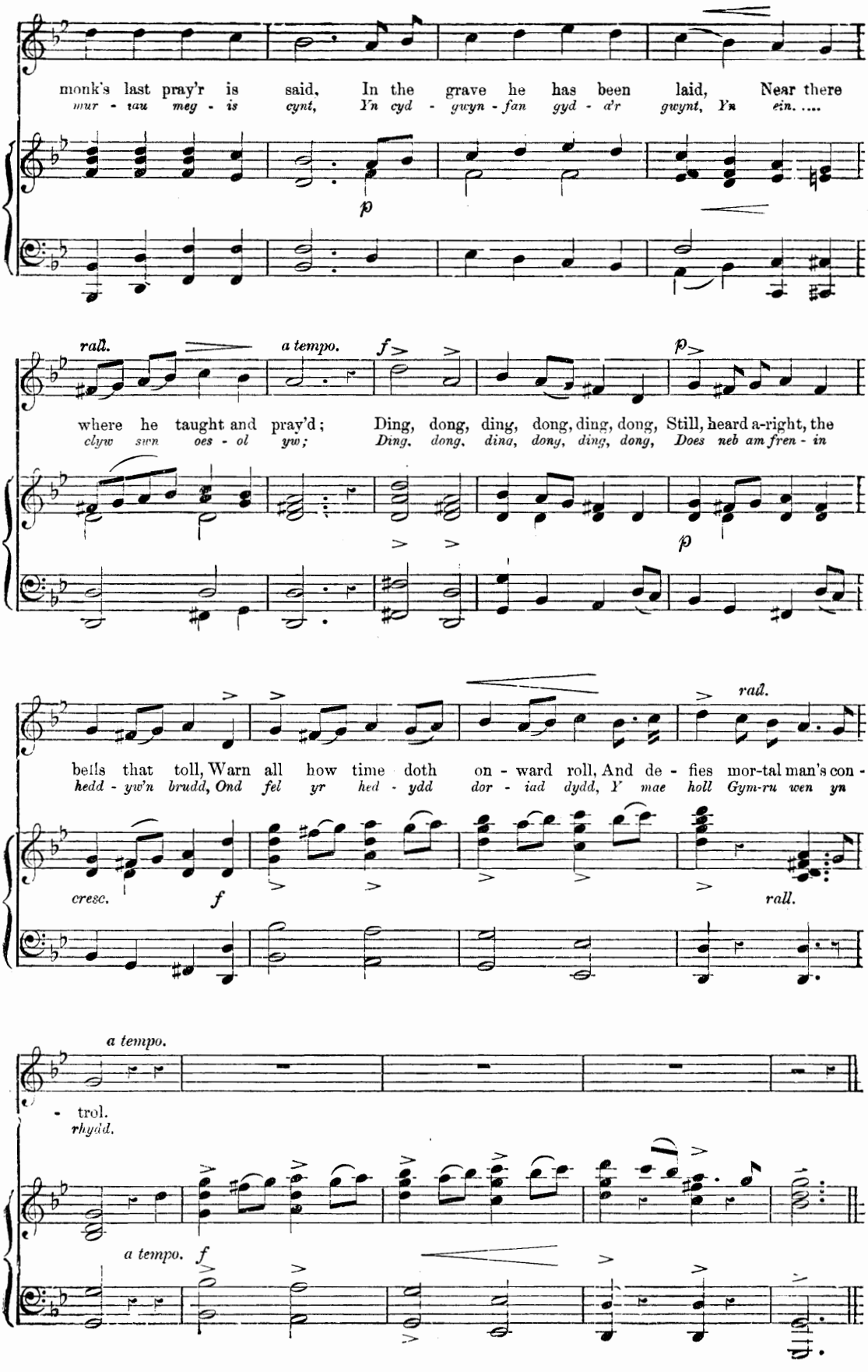
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.



* Griffrith ap Cynan for a period of twelve years was kept in captivity in the City of Chester. In 1092 he was rescued by Kenvrig Heer, who deceived his keepers, and carried his King, though loaded with chains, over the Dee into Wales.


rall.
a tempo.
long lone-ly aisles a-round. Said the monk, "those bells should be, To
hyd mewn gef-yn-au tyn, Ced-wir ef ein bren-in cu, Yn et
f>
p
p
all, as they are to me, Voi-ces of E-ter-ni-ty;"
garch-ar oer a du, Nos a dydd i wran-do'n brudd;
f>
p>
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, "If heard a-right, the bells that toll, Give
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Ai cnui ein Han-ni-byn-iaeth yw! O
f>
p
cresc.
f
warn-ing how time doth on-ward roll, And de-fies mor-tal man's con-trol."
yâd i Rydd id et-o fyw, Trwy holl Gym-ru wen O! Dduw."
rall.
a tempo.


Since
Mae
f
p
then long years have pass'd a - way, Chimes still rung by night and day,
llaw - er tro ar fyd er hyn, Er pan glyw - ai'r myn ach syn,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, As thro' the cloi - sters comes their sound, Its
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Ar lan - au'r Ddyfr - dwy ar bob pryd, O
ff
p
rall.
con espress.
e - cho there is al - ways found In the lone - ly aisles a - round. The good
ddydd i ddydd hyd ddi - wedd hyd, Y mae'r clych - au'n fyw o hyd. Hyd
a tempo.
cresc.
f
p

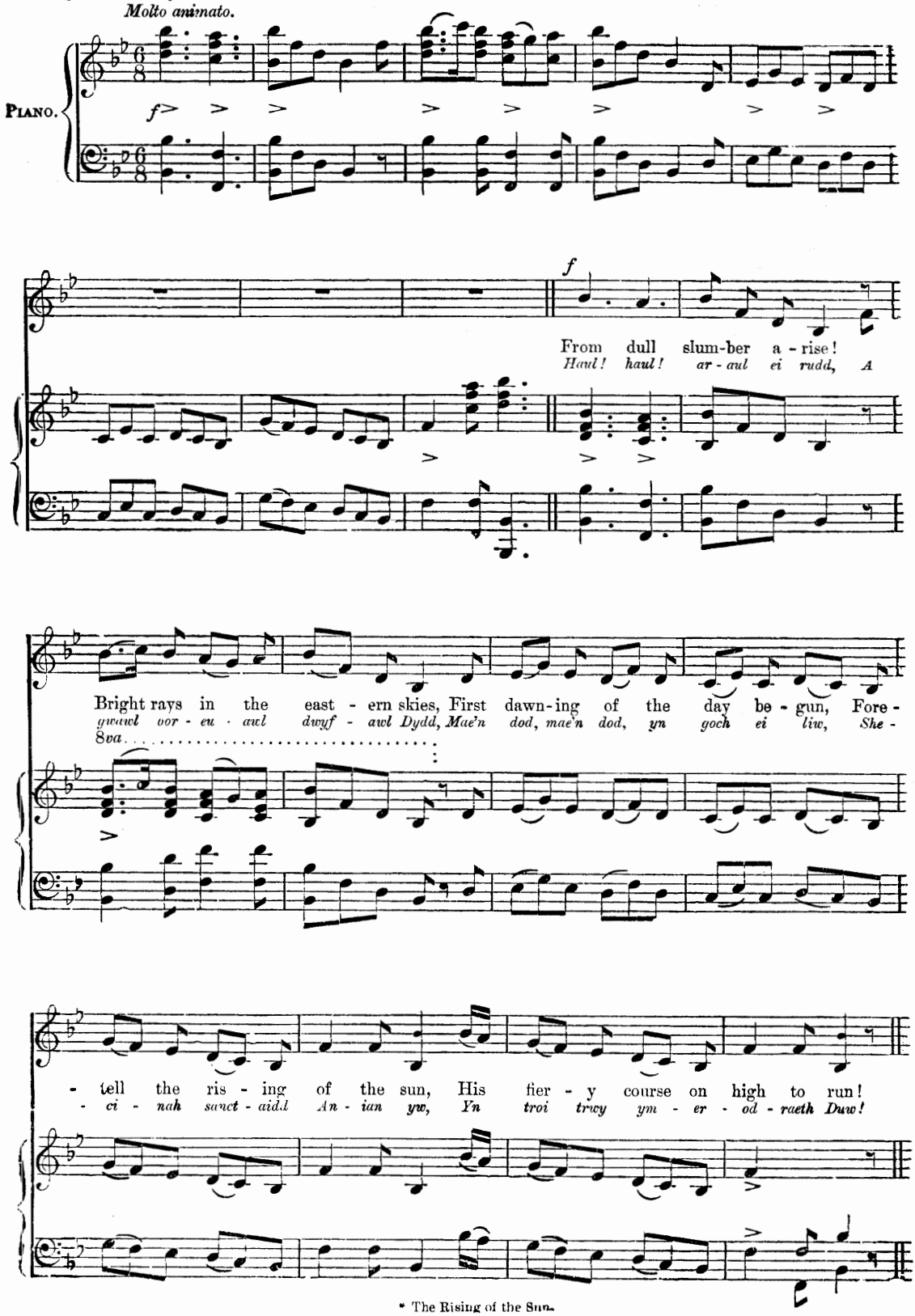

monk's last pray'r is said, In the grave he has been laid, Near there
mur - tau meg - is cynt, Yn cyd - gwyn - fan gyd - d'r gwynt, Yn ein. ....
p
rall.
a tempo.
f
p
where he taught and pray'd; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Still, heard a-right, the
clyw sun oes - ol yw; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Does neb am fren - in
p
rall.
bells that toll, Warn all how time doth on - ward roll, And de - fies mor-tal man's con -
hedd - yw'n brudd, Ond fel yr hed - ydd dor - iad dydd, Y mae holl Gym-ru wen yn
cresc.
f
rall.
a tempo.
- trol.
rhydd.
a tempo.
f

From dull slumber arise!*

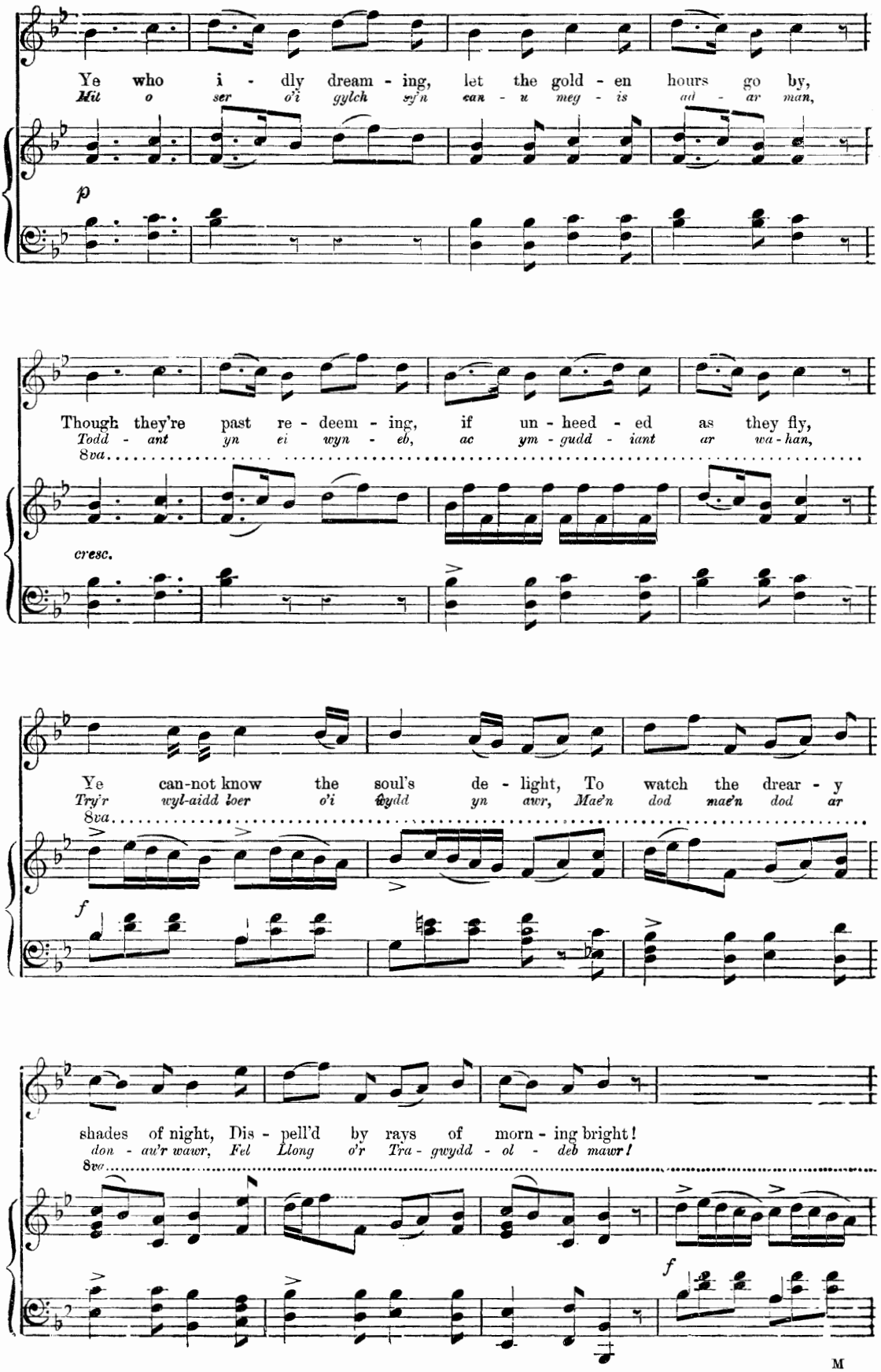
(CODIAD YR HAUL.)

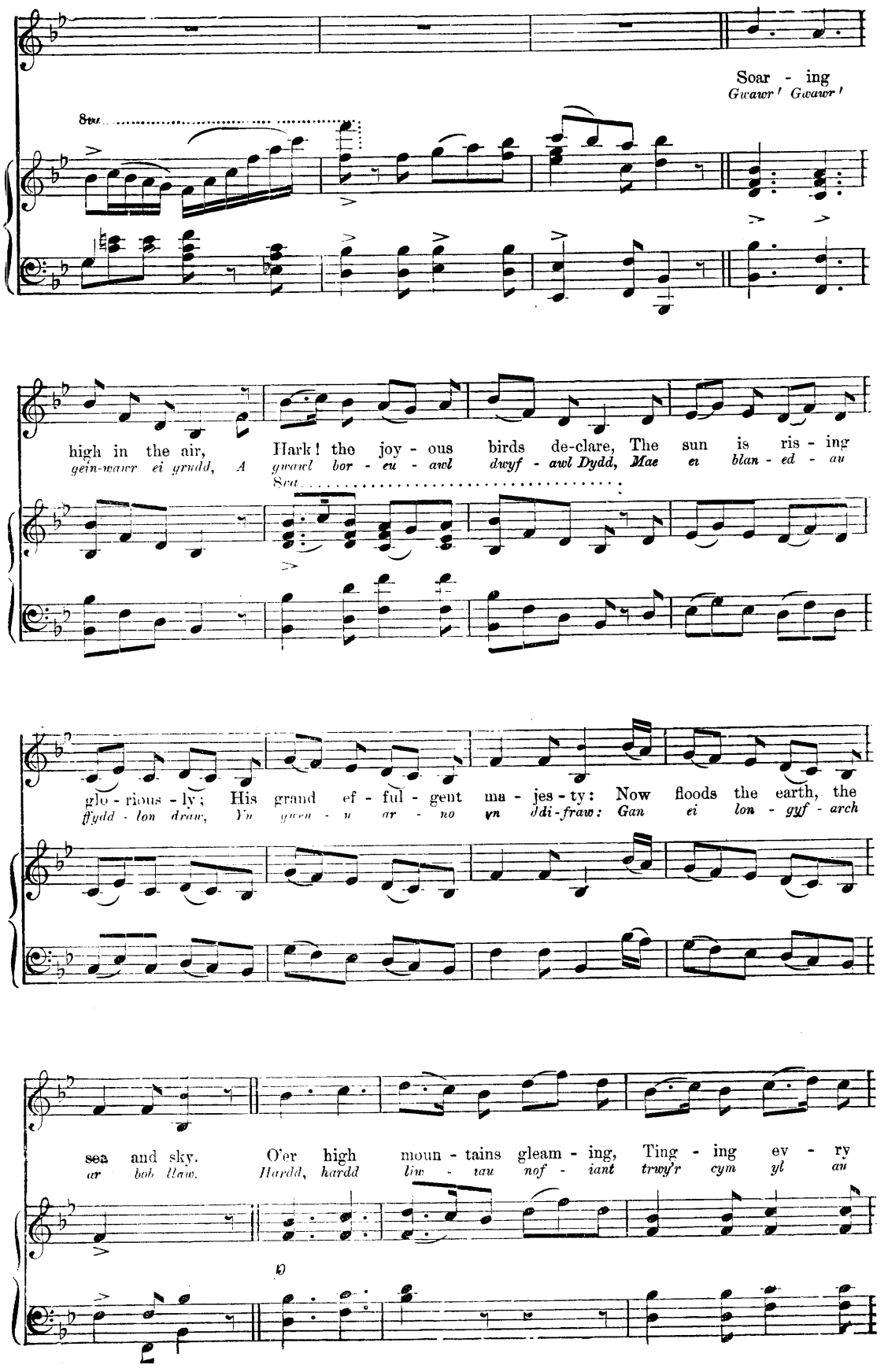
English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

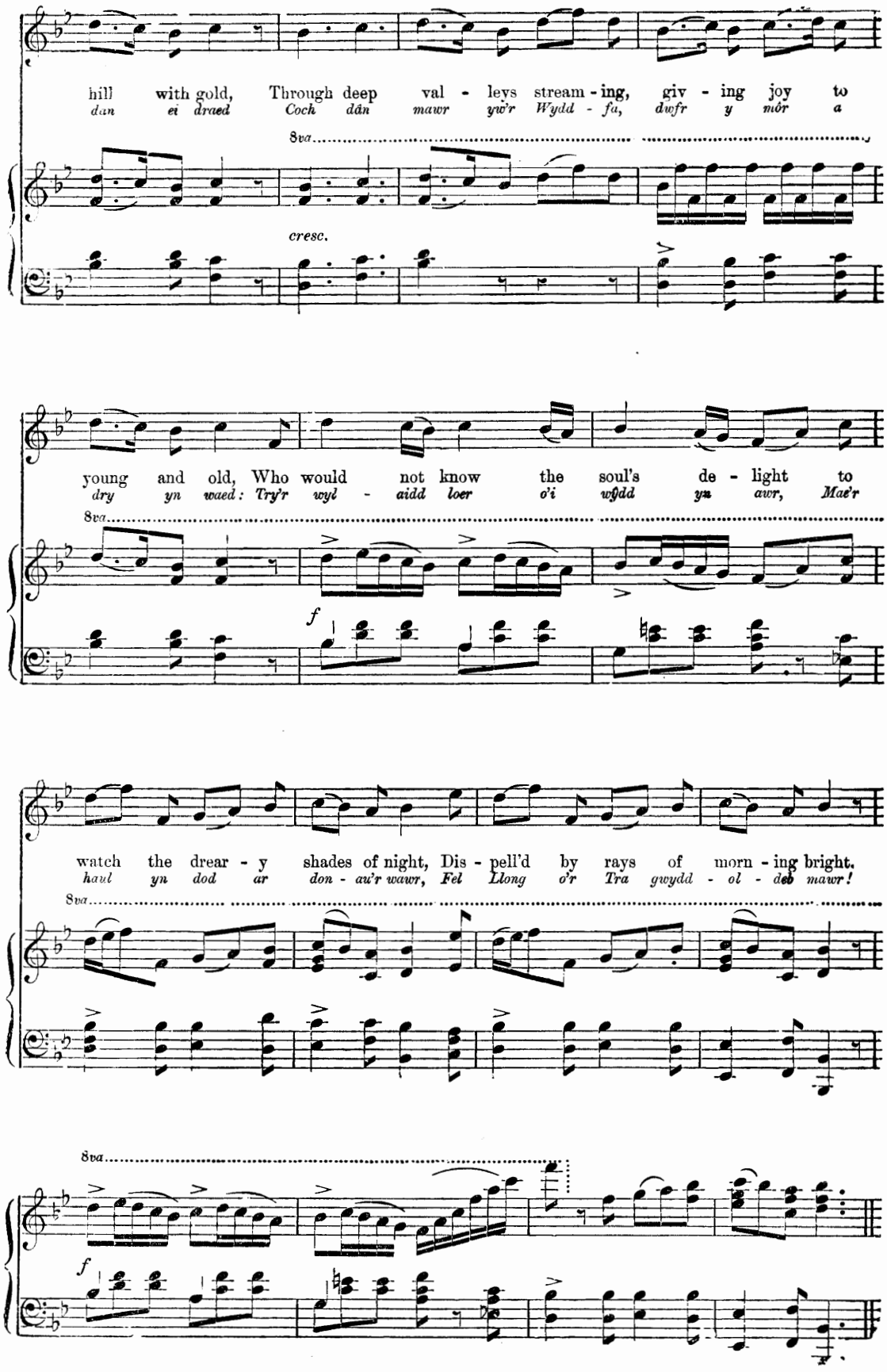
Molto animato.



* The Rising of the Sun.


Ye who i - dly dream - ing, let the gold - en hours go by,
Mil o ser o'i gylch syn can - u meg - is ad - ar man,
p
Though they're past re - deem - ing, if un - heed - ed as they fly,
Todd - ant yn ei wyn - eb, ac ym - gudd - iant ar wa - han,
8va
cresc.
Ye can-not know the soul's de - light, To watch the drear - y
Try'r wyl-aidd loer o'i fydd yn awr, Mae'n dod mae'n dod ar
8va
f
shades of night, Dis - pell'd by rays of morn - ing bright!
don - au'r wawr, Fel Llong o'r Tra - gwydd - ol - deb mawr!
8va
f


Soar - ing
Gwawr! Gwawr!
8va
high in the air, Hark! the joy - ous birds de-clare, The sun is ris - ing
gein-wawr ei gradd, A gwawl bor - eu - awl dwyf - awl Dydd, Mae ei blan - ed - au
8va
glo - rious - ly; His grand ef - ful - gent ma - jes - ty: Now floods the earth, the
ffydd - lon draw, Yn gwen - u ar - no yn ddi-fraw: Gan ei lon - gyf - arch
sea and sky. O'er high moun - tains gleam - ing, Ting - ing ev - ry
ar hob llaw. Hardd, hardd liw - iau nof - iant trwy'r cym yl au

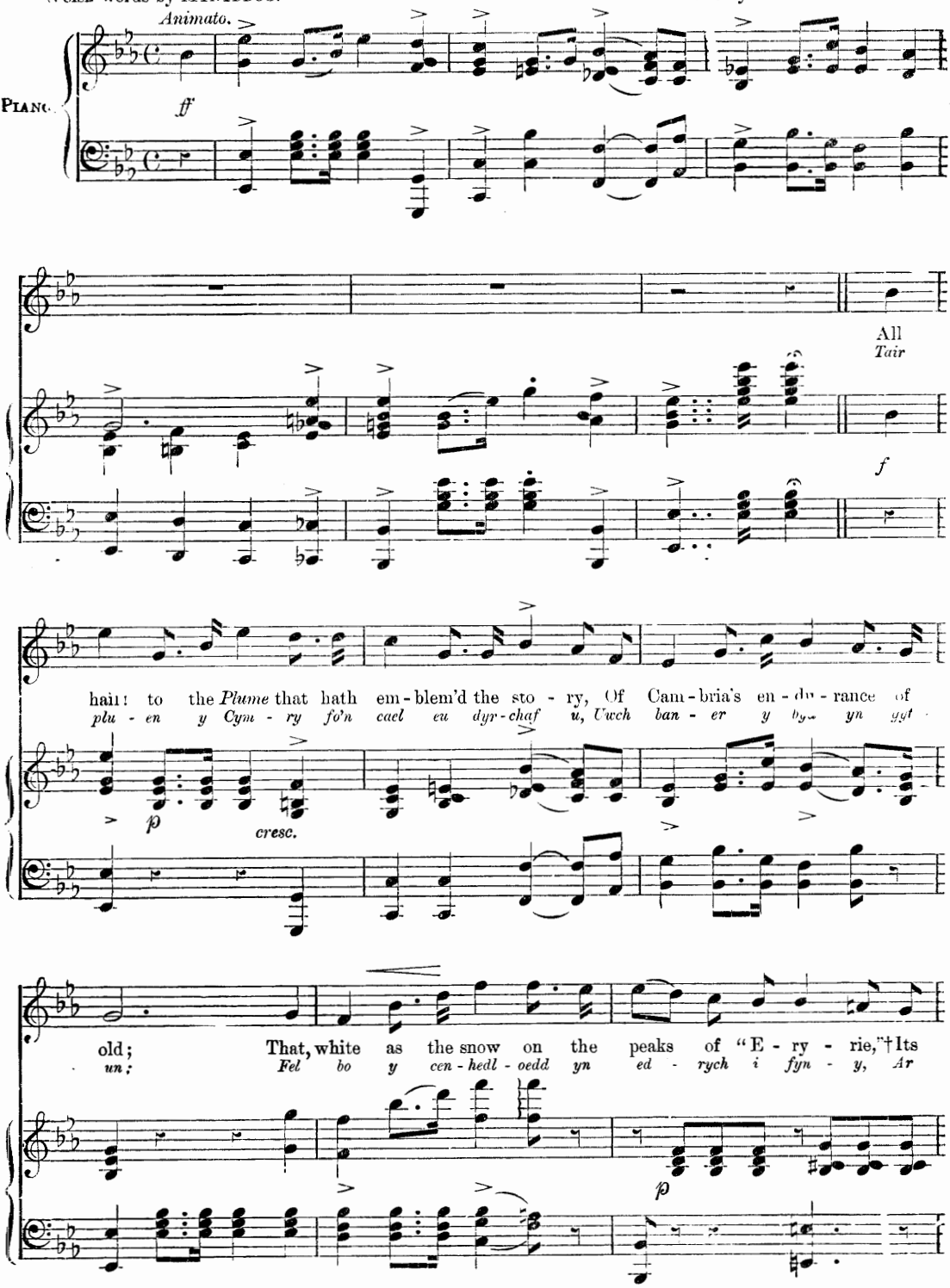

hill with gold, Through deep val - leys stream - ing, giv - ing joy to
dan ei draed Coch dân mawr yw'r Wydd - fa, dwfr y môr a
8va
cresc.
young and old, Who would not know the soul's de - light to
dry yn waed: Try'r wyl - aidd loer o'i wŷdd yn awr, Mae'r
8va
f
watch the drear - y shades of night, Dis - pell'd by rays of morn - ing bright.
haul yn dod ar don - au'r wawr, Fel Llong o'r Tra gwydd - ol - deb mawr!
8va
8va
f

The Cambrian Plume.*

(TAIR PLUEN Y CYMRY.)

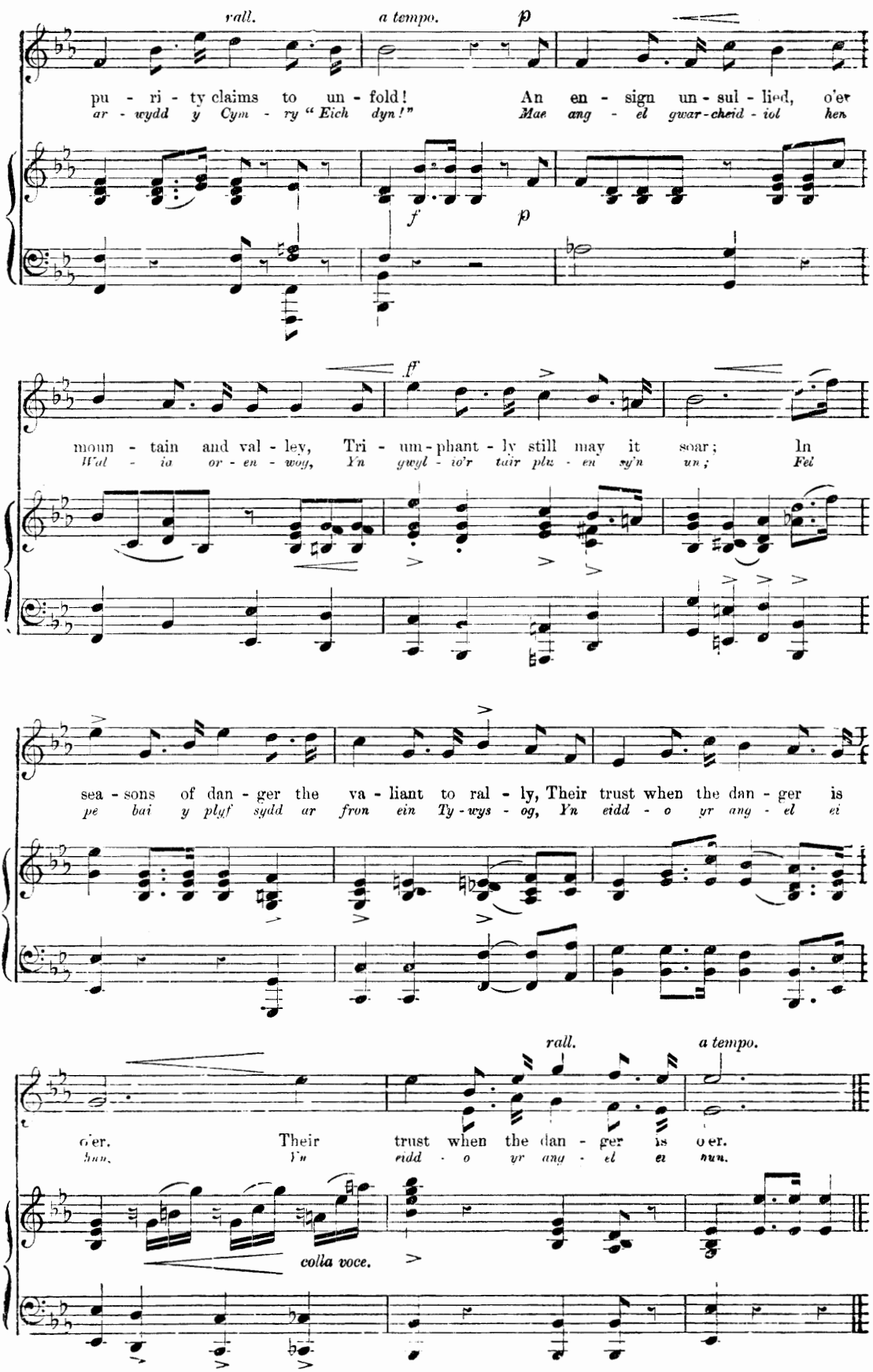
English words by HENRY DAVIES.
Welsh words by MYNYDDOG.

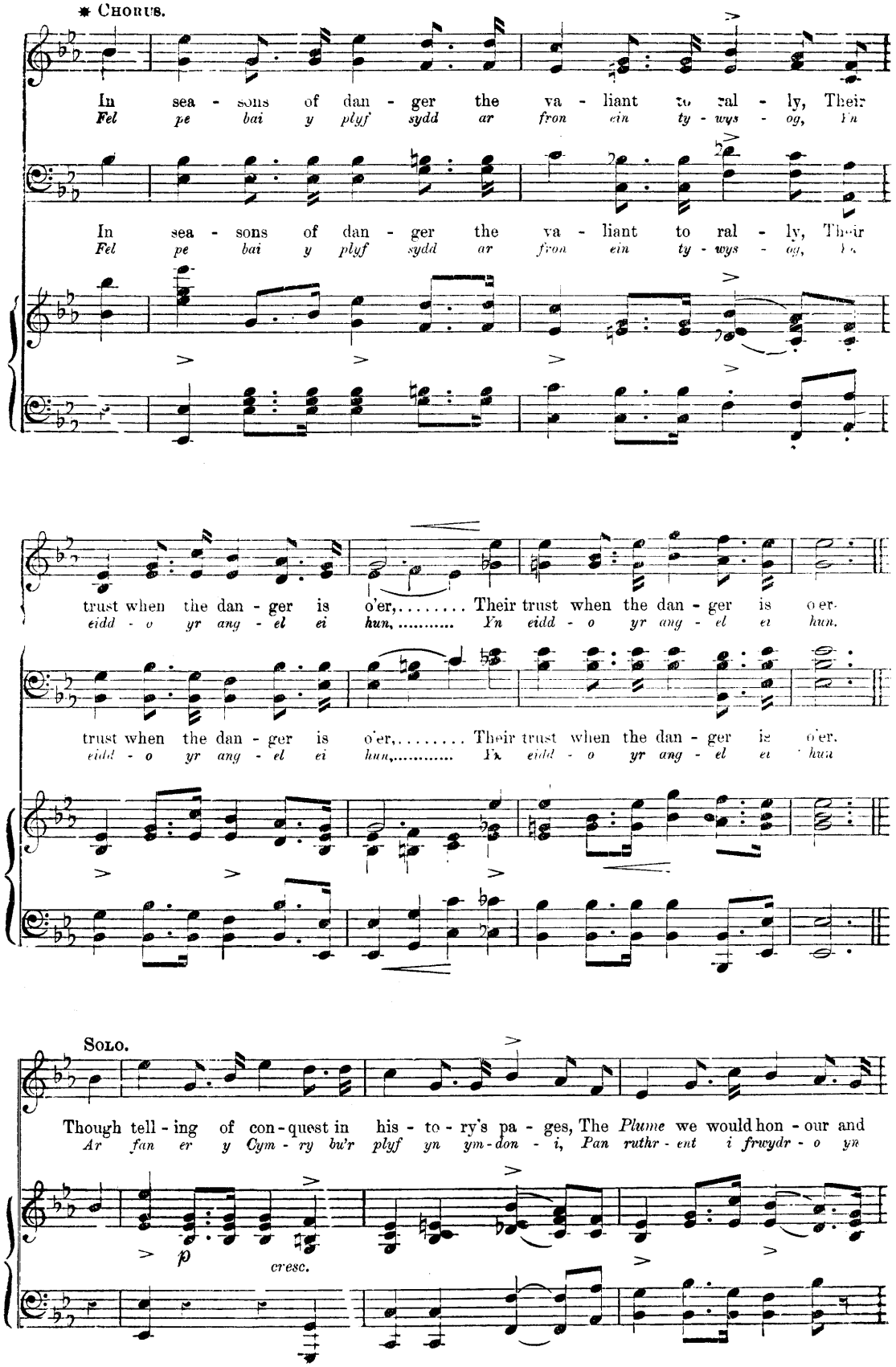
The music by BRINLEY RICHARDS.



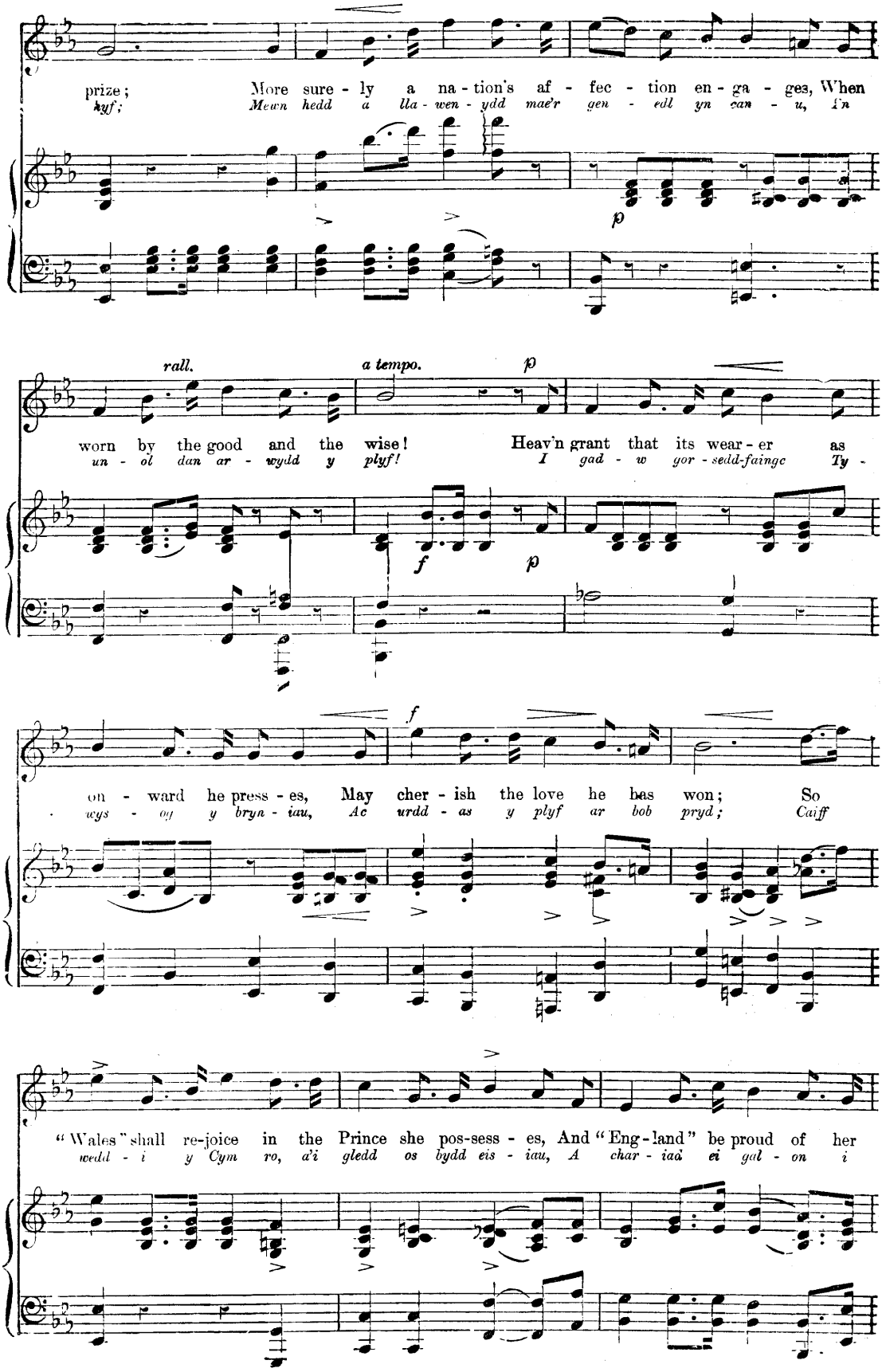
* *The Plume*, with its motto of "*Ich Dien*," is said to have been found in the helmet of *John of Bohemia*, who was slain in the Battle of Cressy, and having been then adopted by *Edward the Black Prince*, has been ever since worn as the crest or cognisance of the Princes of Wales, as heir apparent to the English crown.

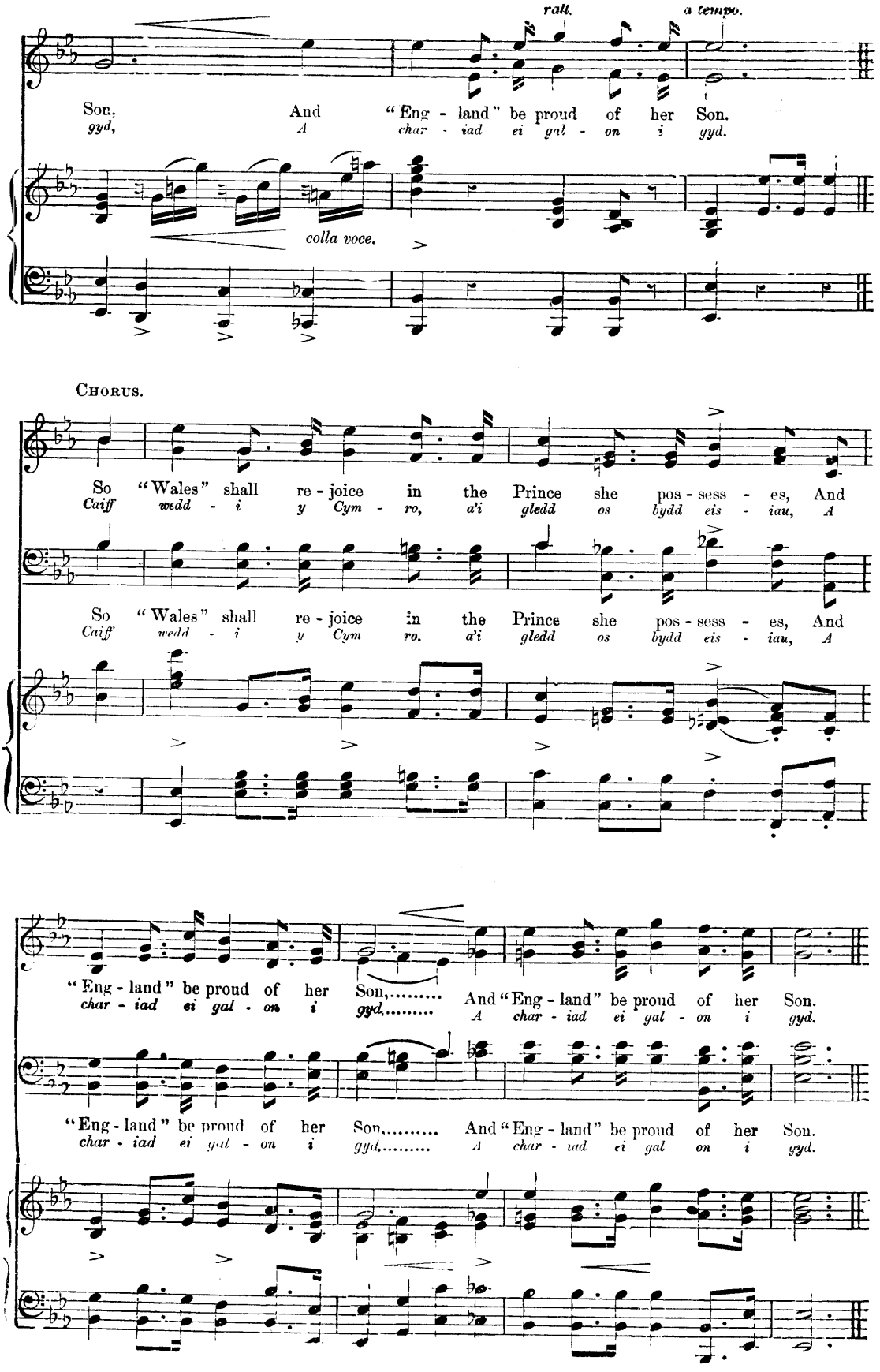
† "*Eryri*"—Snowdon.


rall.
a tempo.
p
pu - ri - ty claims to un - fold! An en - sign un - sul - lied, o'er
ar - wydd y Cym - ry "Eich dyn!" Mae ang - el gwar - cheid - iol hen
f
p
ff
moun - tain and val - ley, Tri - um - phant - ly still may it soar; In
Wal - ia or - en - wog, Yn gwyl - io'r tair plu - en sy'n un; Fel
sea - sons of dan - ger the va - liant to ral - ly, Their trust when the dan - ger is
pe bai y plyf sydd ar fron ein Ty - wys - og, Yn eidd - o yr ang - el ei
rall.
a tempo.
o'er. Their trust when the dan - ger is o'er.
hun. Yn eidd - o yr ang - el ei nun.
colla voce.



* To be played as a Symphony in the absence of a Chorus.

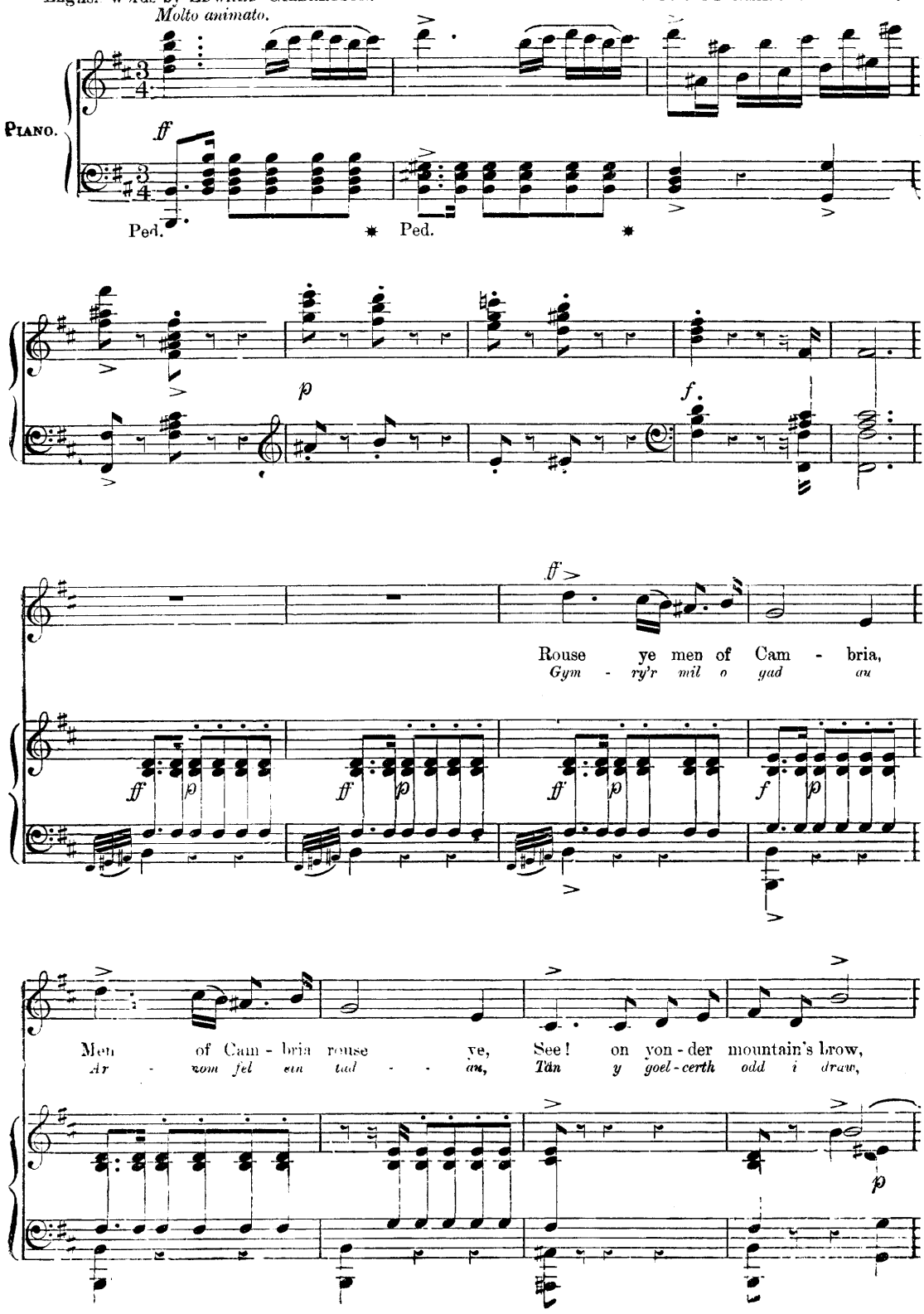

prize;
kyf;
More sure - ly a na - tion's af - fec - tion en - ga - ges, When
Mewn hedd a lla - wen - ydd mae'r gen - edl yn can - u, I'n
p
rall.
a tempo.
p
worn by the good and the wise!
un - ol dan ar - wyld y plyf!
Heav'n grant that its wear - er as
I gad - w gor - sedd-faingc Ty -
f
p
f
on - ward he press - es, May cher - ish the love he has won; So
wys - og y bryn - iau, Ac urdd - as y plyf ar bob pryd; Caiff
"Wales" shall re-joice in the Prince she pos-sess - es, And "Eng-land" be proud of her
wedd - i y Cym ro, a'i gledd os bydd eis - iau, A char - iad ei gal - on i

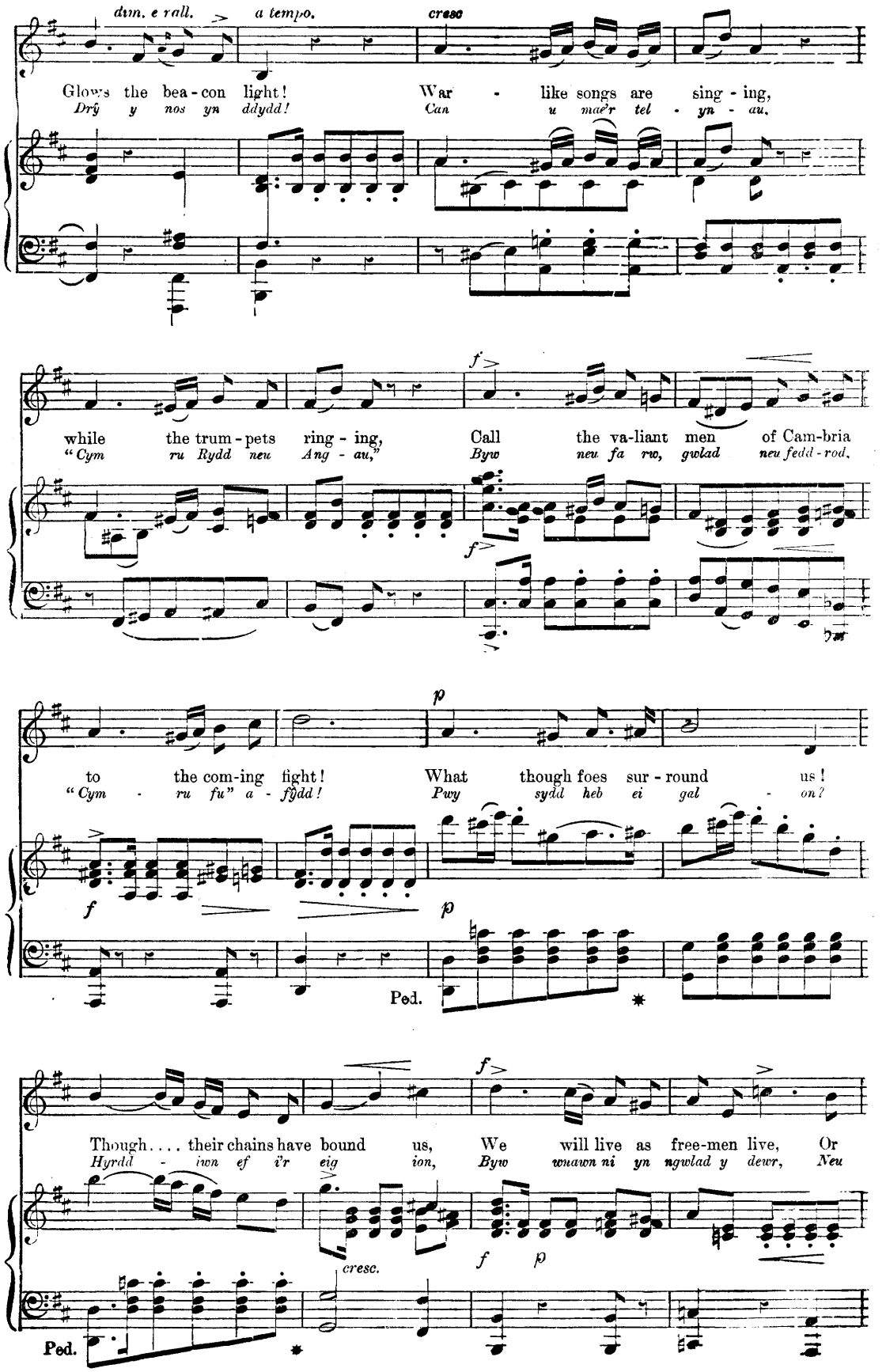

rall.
a tempo.
Son, And "Eng - land" be proud of her Son.
gyd, A char - iad ei gal - on i gyd.
colla voce.
Chorus.
So "Wales" shall re - joice in the Prince she pos - sess - es, And
Caiff wedd - i y Cym - ro, a'i gledd os bydd eis - iau, A
So "Wales" shall re - joice in the Prince she pos - sess - es, And
Caiff wedd - i y Cym ro. a'i gledd os bydd eis - iau, A
"Eng - land" be proud of her Son,..... And "Eng - land" be proud of her Son.
char - iad ei gal - on i gyd,..... A char - iad ei gal - on i gyd.
"Eng - land" be proud of her Son,..... And "Eng - land" be proud of her Son.
char - iad ei gal - on i gyd,..... A char - iad ei gal on i gyd.

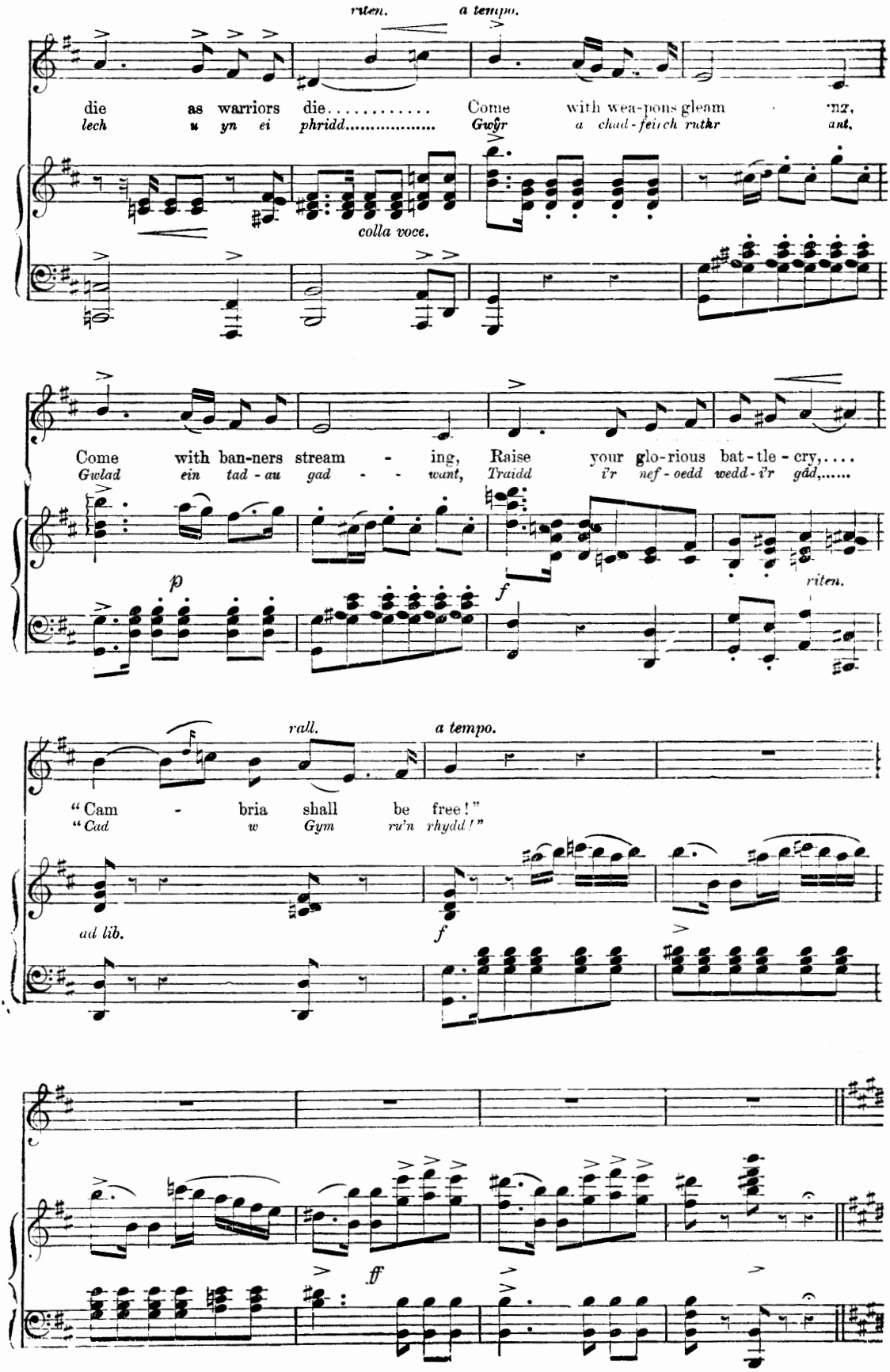
The Cambrian War-song

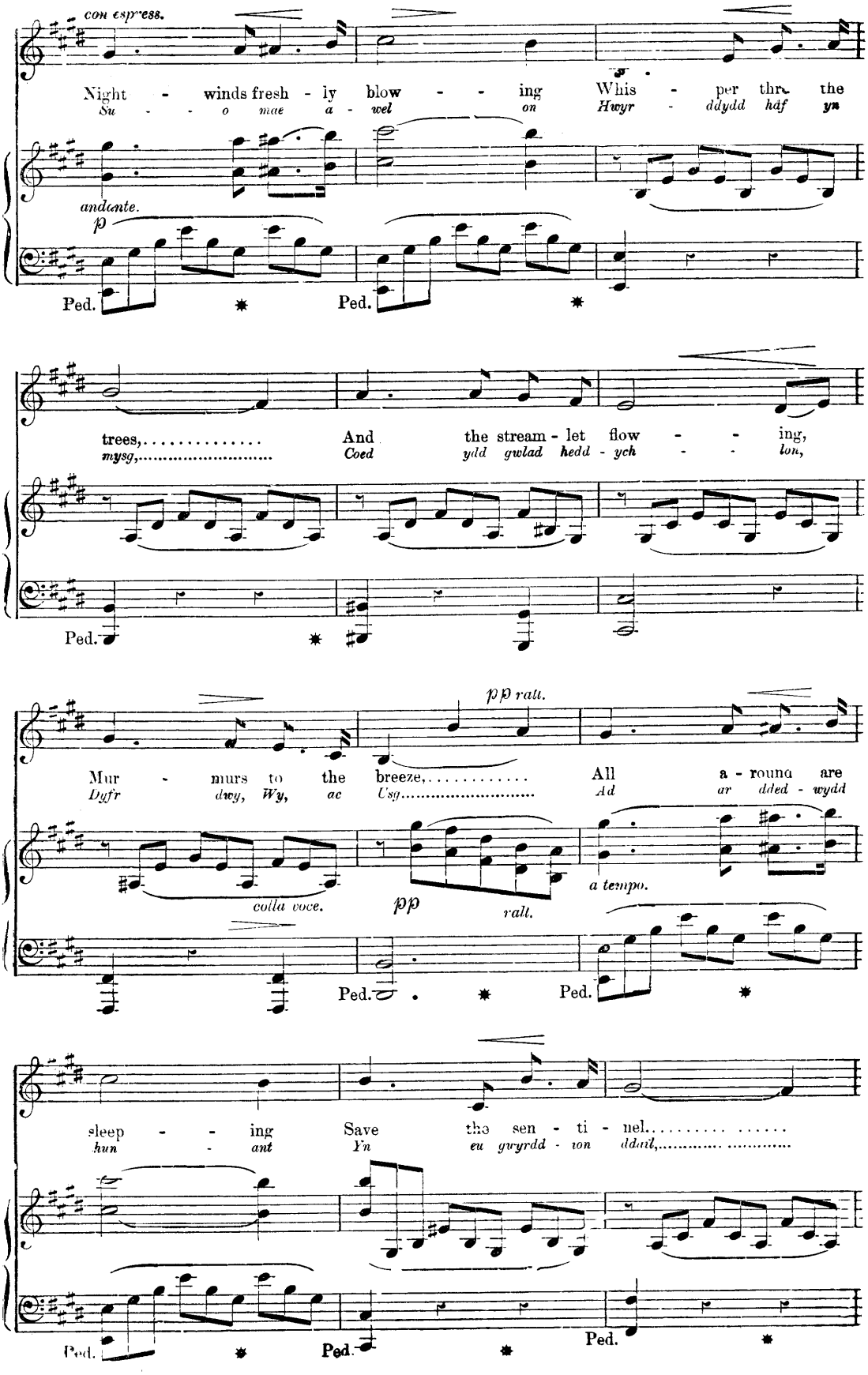
(Y GADLEF GYMREIG.)

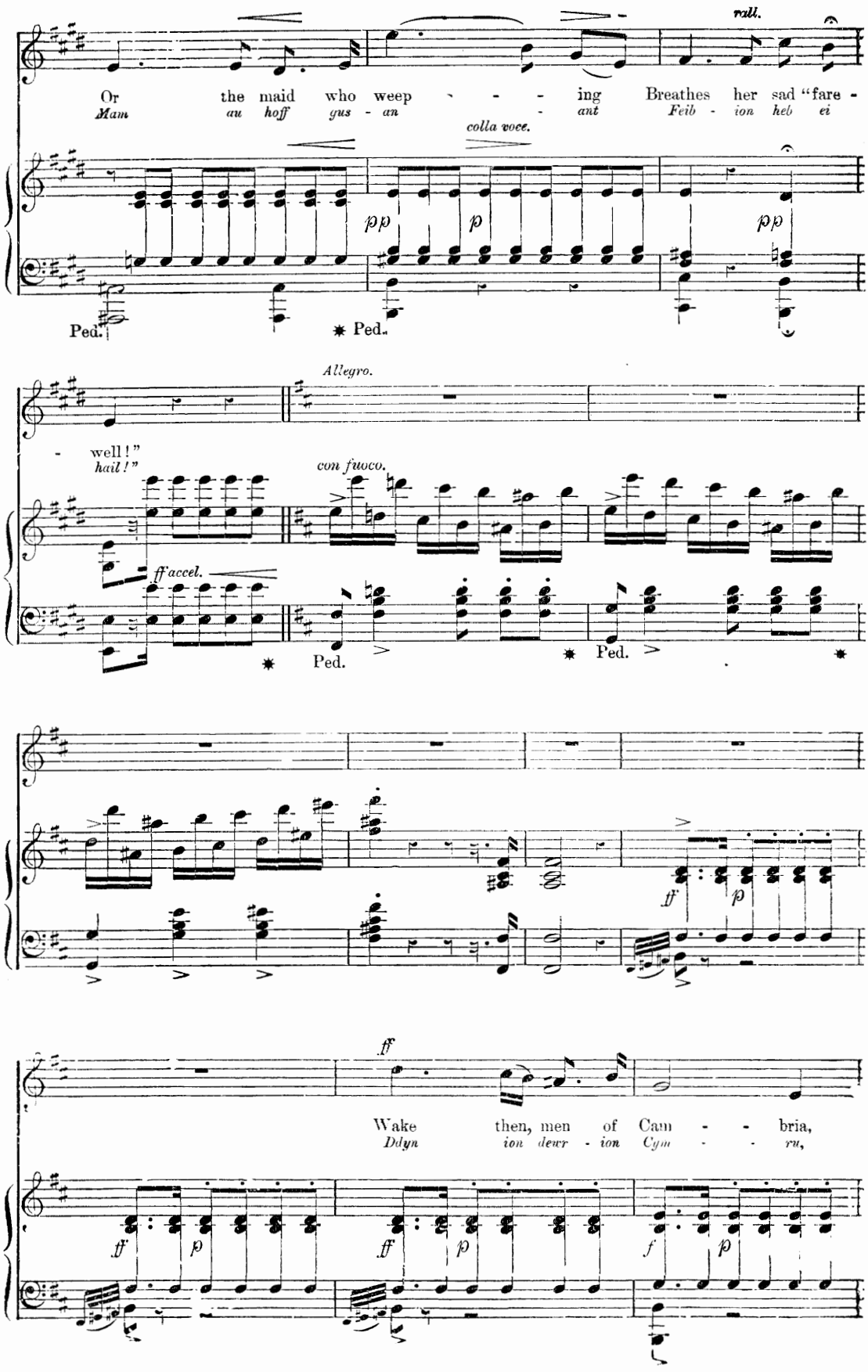
English words by EDWARD GILBERTSON. MUSIC BY BRINLEY RICHARDS.

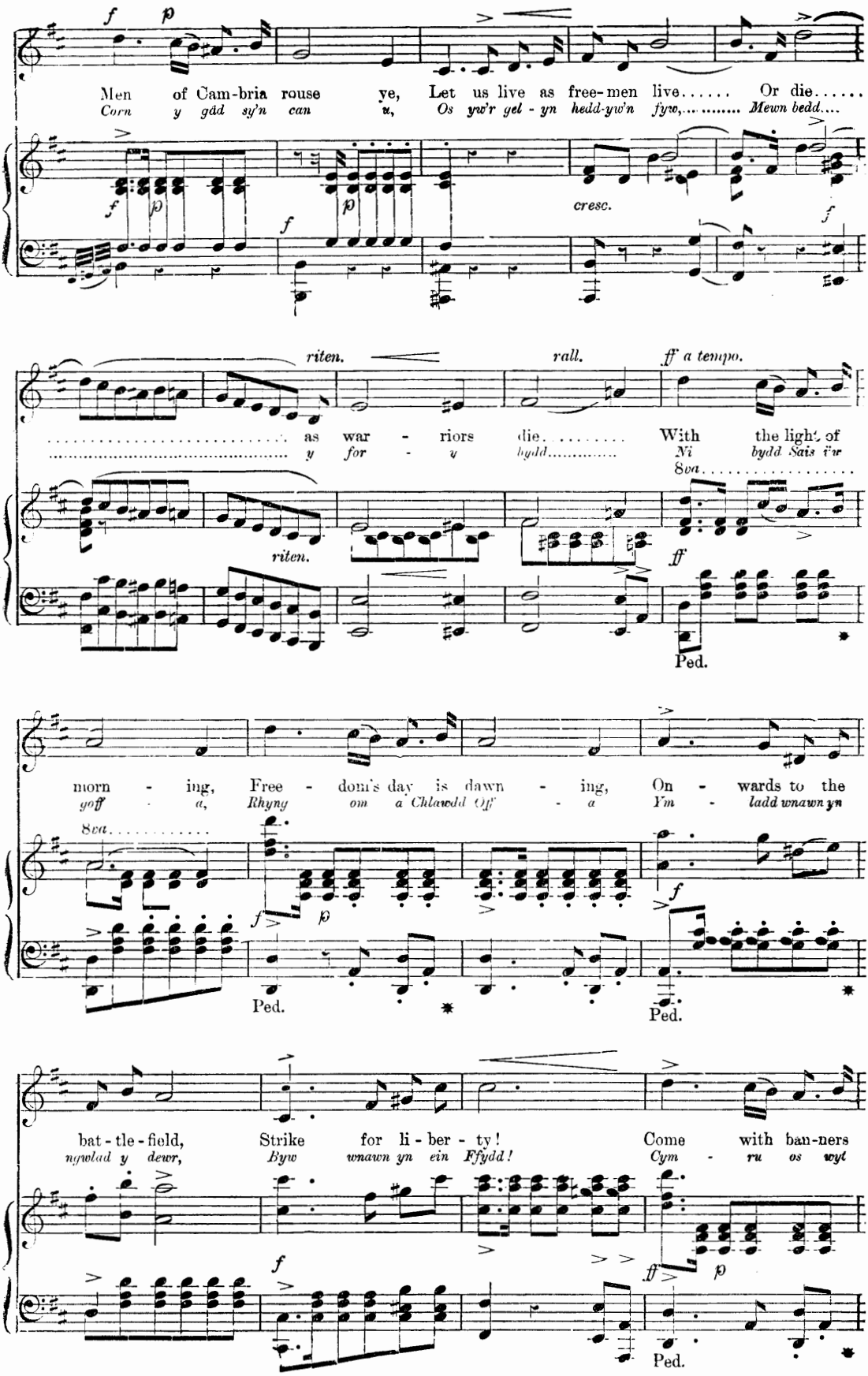


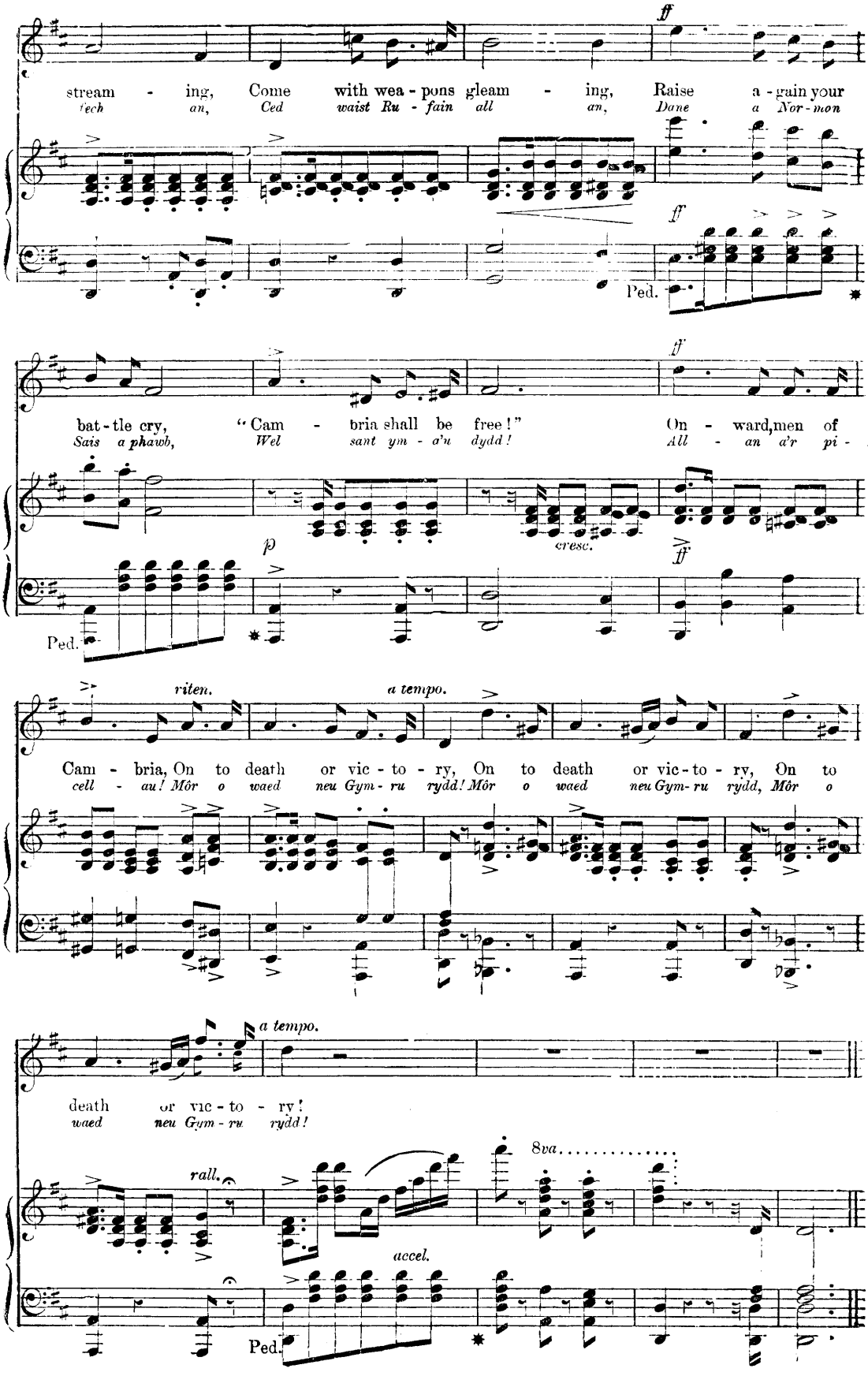

dim. e rall.
a tempo.
cresc
Glows the bea - con light!
War - like songs are sing - ing,
Dry y nos yn ddydd!
Can u mae'r tel - yn - au,
while the trum - pets ring - ing,
Call the va-liant men of Cam-bria
"Cym ru Rydd neu Ang - au,"
Byw neu fa rw, gwlad neu fedd - rod,
to the com-ing fight!
What though foes sur - round us!
"Cym - ru fu" a - fydd!
Pwy sydd heb ei gal - on?
Ped.
Though.... their chains have bound us,
We will live as free-men live, Or
Hyrdd - iwn ef i'r eig - ion,
Byw wnawn ni yn ngwlad y dewr, Neu
cresc.
Ped.


rit.
a tempo.
die as warriors die.....
lech u yn ei phridd.....
Come with wea-pons gleam ing,
Gwŷr a chad-feirch rhŵr ant,
colla voce.
Come with ban-ners stream - ing,
Gwlad ein tad - au gad - - want,
Raise your glo-rious bat-tle-cry,....
Traidd i'r nef-oedd wedd-i'r gâd,.....
p
f
riten.
rall.
a tempo.
"Cam - bria shall be free!"
"Cad w Gym ru'n rhydd!"
ad lib.
f
ff


con espress.
Night - winds fresh - ly blow - - ing Whis - per thro the
Su - - o mae a - wel on Hwyr - ddydd haf yn
andante.
p
Ped. Ped.
trees,..... And the stream - let flow - - ing,
mysg,..... Coed yld gwlad hedd - ych - - lon,
Ped.
pp rall.
Mur - murs to the breeze,..... All a - round are
Dyfr dwy, Wy, ae Usg..... Ad ar dded - wydd
colla voce.
pp
rall.
a tempo.
Ped. Ped.
sleep - - ing Save the sen - ti - nel.....
hun - ant Yn eu gwyrdd - ion ddail,.....
Ped. Ped. Ped.


rall.
Or the maid who weep - - - ing Breathes her sad "fare -
Mam au hoff gus - an - ant Feib - ion heb ei
colla voce.
pp p pp
Ped. ✱ Ped.
Allegro.
- well!"
hail!"
con fuoco.
ff accel.
✱ Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱
ff p
ff
Wake then, men of Cam - - bria,
Ddyn ion dewr - ion Cym - - ru,
ff p ff p f p

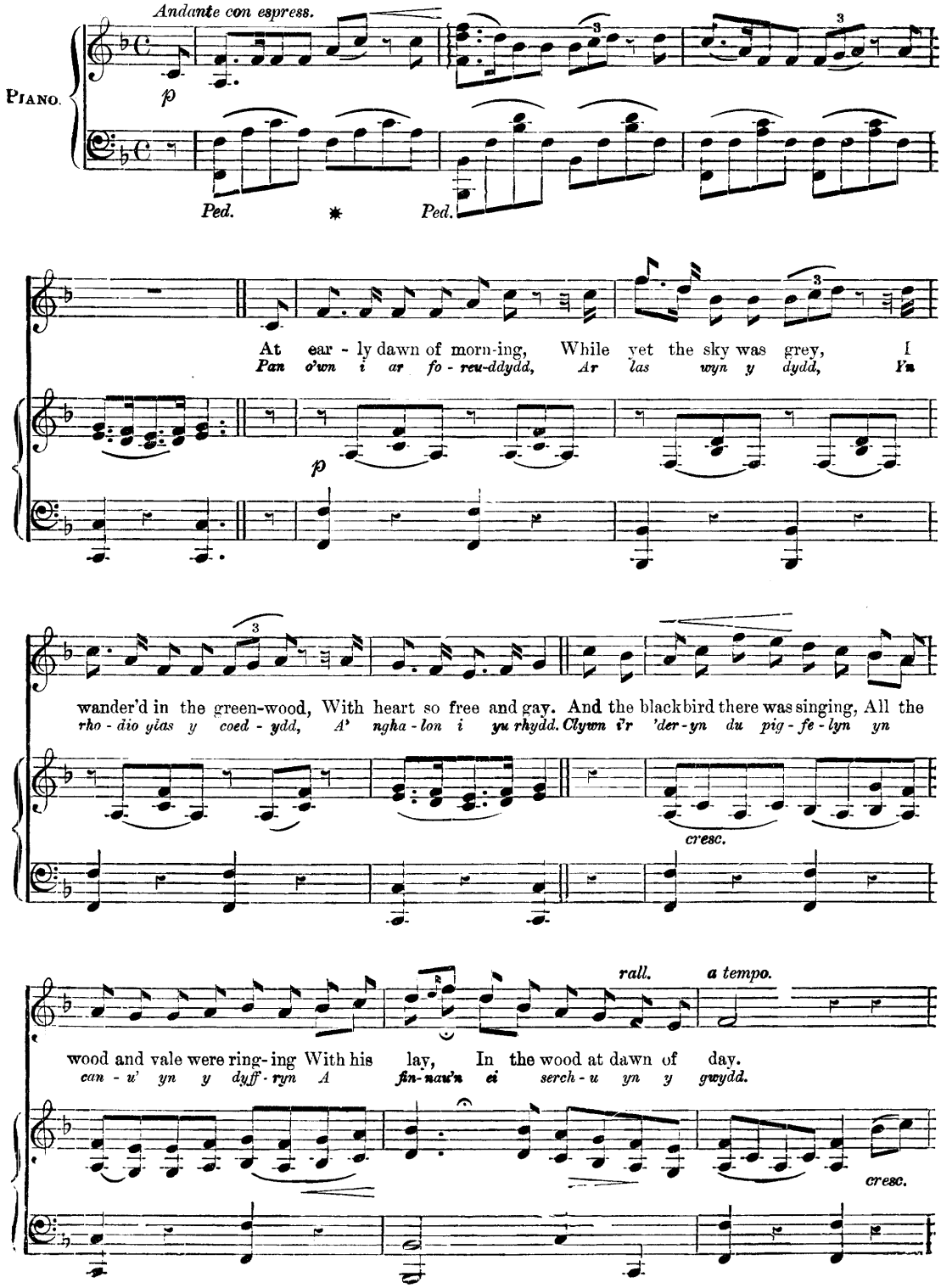

Men of Cam-bria rouse ye, Let us live as free-men live..... Or die.....
Corn y gâd sy'n can u, Os yw'r gel - yn hedd-yw'n fyw,..... Mewn bedd....
cresc.
riten. rall. ff a tempo.
..... as war - riors die..... With the light of
..... y for - y hydd..... Ni bydd Sais fwy
8va.....
riten.
ff
Ped.
morn - ing, Free - dom's day is dawn - ing, On - wards to the
goff - a, Rhyng om a Chlawdd Off - a Ym - ladd wnawn yn
8va.....
f
p
Ped.
Ped.
bat - tle - field, Strike for li - ber - ty! Come with ban-ners
nywlad y dewr, Byw wnawn yn ein Ffydd! Cym - ru os wyt
f
ff
p
Ped.


ff
stream - ing, Come with wea - pons gleam - ing, Raise a - gain your
'fech an, Ced waist Ru - fain all an, Dane a Nor - mon
Ped.
ff
bat - tle cry, "Cam - bria shall be free!" On - ward, men of
Sais a phawb, Wel sant ym - a'u dydd! All - an a'r pi -
p
cresc.
ff
Ped.
riten.
a tempo.
Cam - bria, On to death or vic - to - ry, On to death or vic - to - ry, On to
cell - au! Môr o waed neu Gym - ru rydd! Môr o waed neu Gym - ru rydd, Môr o
a tempo.
death or vic - to - ry!
waed neu Gym - ru rydd!
8va
rall.
accel.
Ped.

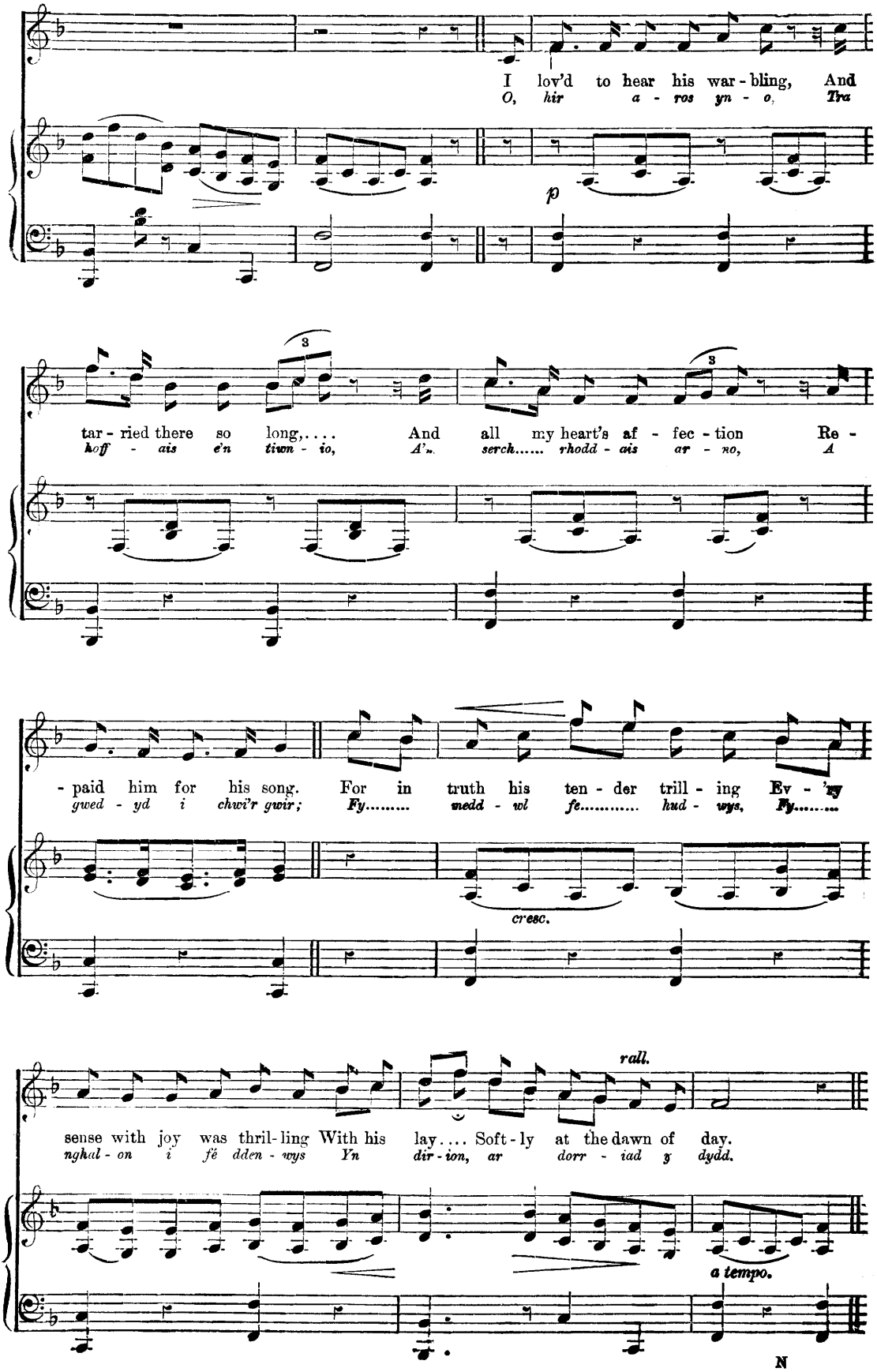
At early Dawn.*

(Y BORE GLAS.)

English translation by MARIA X. HAYES.
Welsh words traditional.



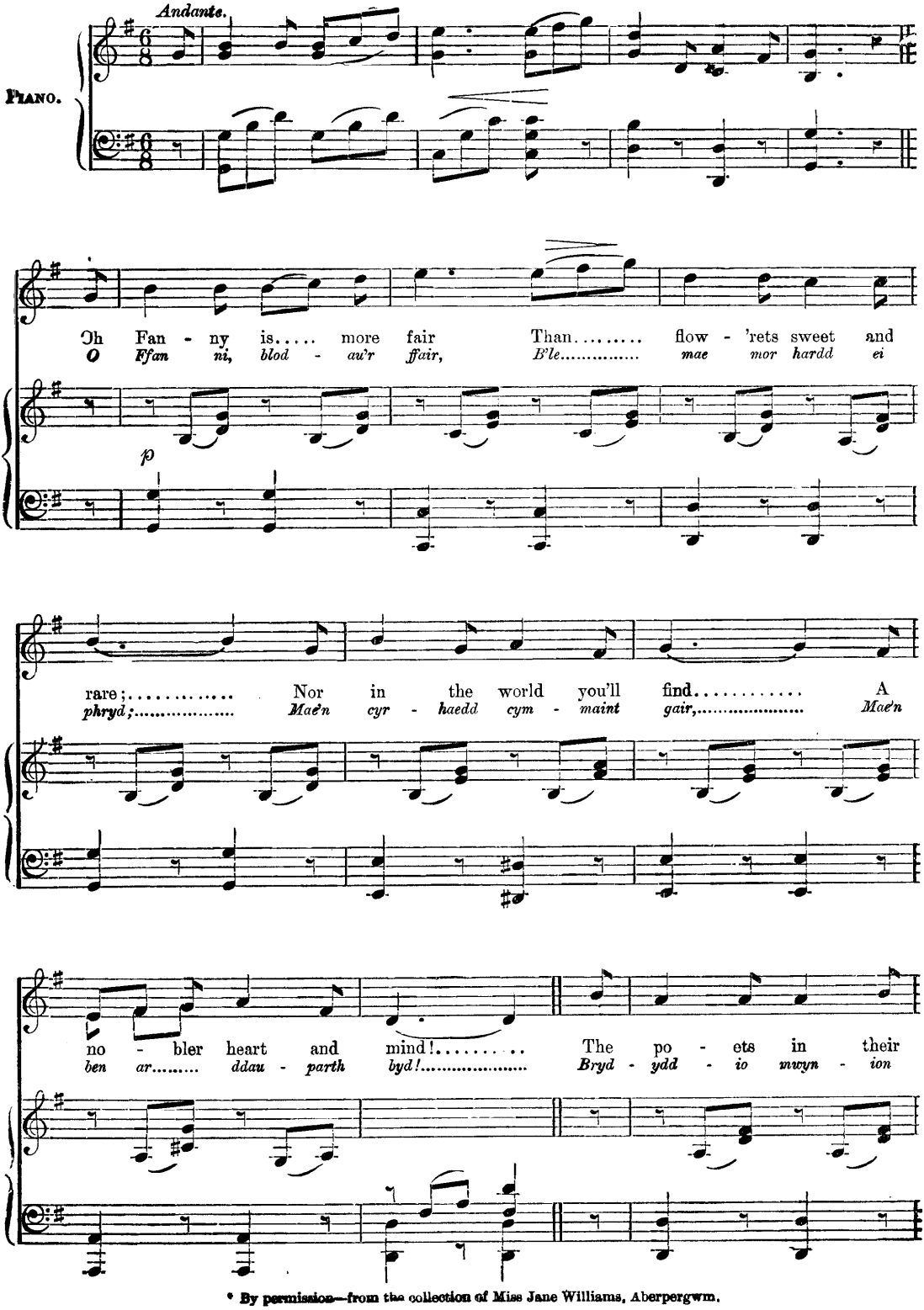
* By permission—from the collection of Miss Jane Williams, Aberpergwm.


I lov'd to hear his war - bling, And
O, hir a - ros yn - o, Tra
p
tar - ried there so long,.... And all my heart's af - fec - tion Re -
koff - ais e'n tiwn - io, A'n. serch..... rhodd - ais ar - no, A
- paid him for his song. For in truth his ten - der trill - ing Ev - 'ry
gwed - yd i chwi'r gwir; Fy..... medd - wl fe..... hud - wys, Fy.....
cresc.
rall.
sense with joy was thril - ling With his lay.... Soft - ly at the dawn of day.
nghal - on i fë dden - wys Yn dir - ion, ar dorr - iad y dydd.
a tempo.

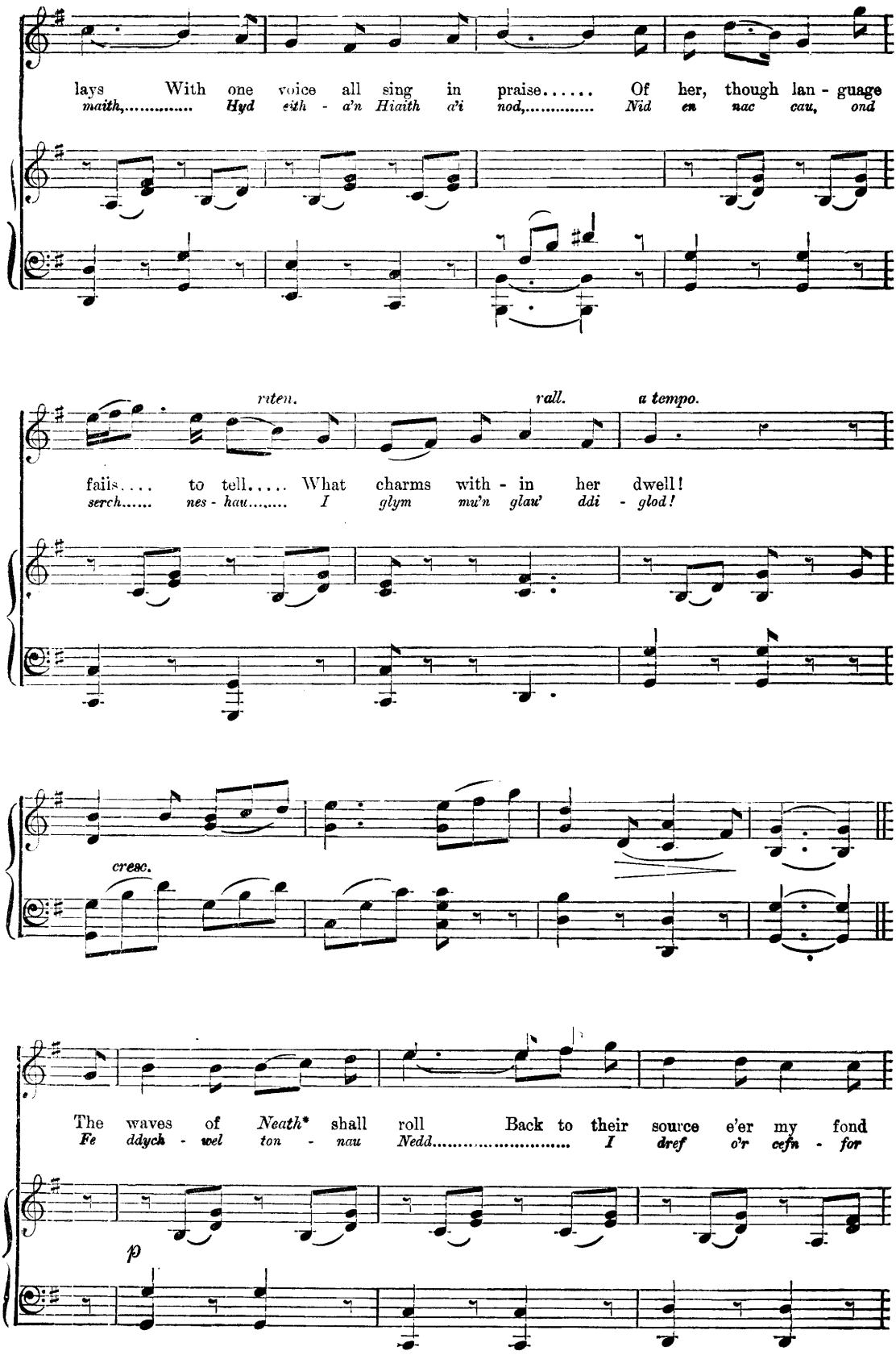
Fanny.*

(FFANNI BLODAU'R FFAIR.)

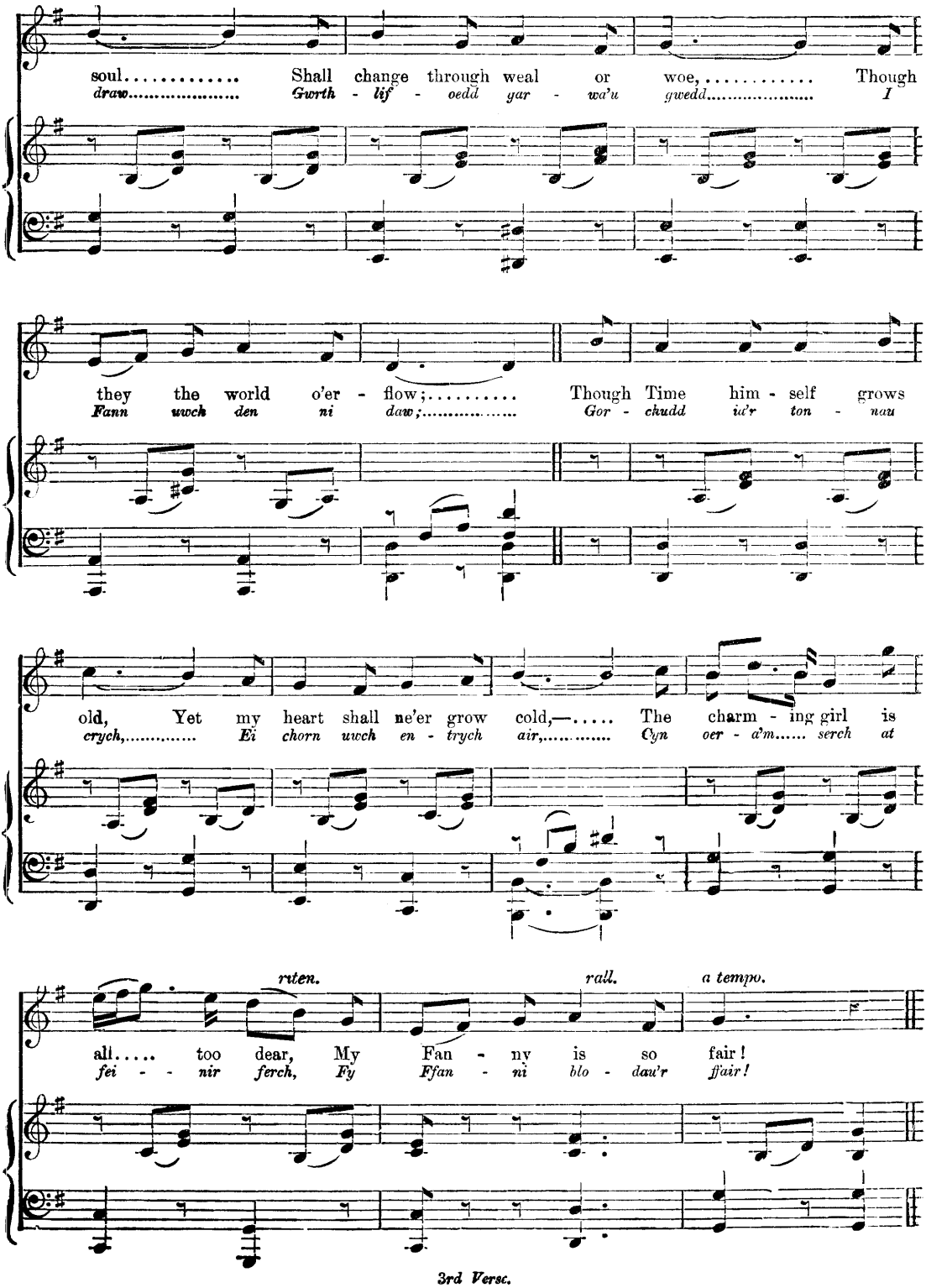
English translation by MARIA X. HAYES.
Welsh words traditional.



* By permission—from the collection of Miss Jane Williams, Aberpergwm.



* The river *Neath* in South Wales.



3rd Verse.

Tes gwengar Ebrill gwiw,
Sy'n cynnydd meusydd mwyn:
A'r blodau hardda'u lliw,
Sy'n gwisgo brig y llwyn.
Dwg di'm ochenaid brudd,
Dan gerydd ysgog air
Gwiw dyner dyst yn glaer i glust
Fy Ffanni blodau'r ffair!

When I was Roaming.*

(PAN O'WN I'N RHODIO.)

English words by MARIA X. HAYES.
Welsh words traditional.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p

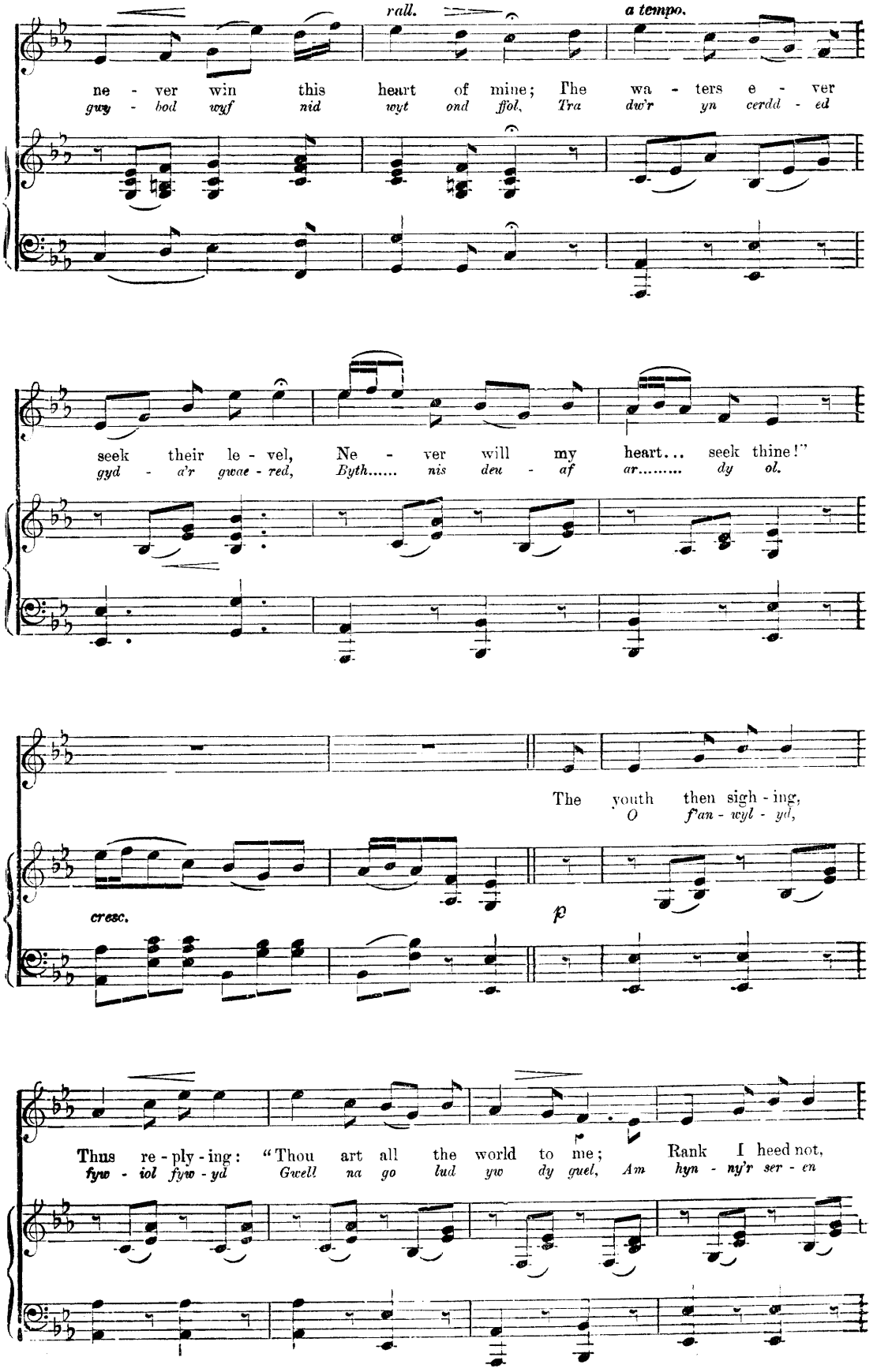
When I was roam - ing In the gloam - ing Of a balm - y
Pan o'wn i'n rho - dio ae yn gwran - do Ar fab a'i gar - iad

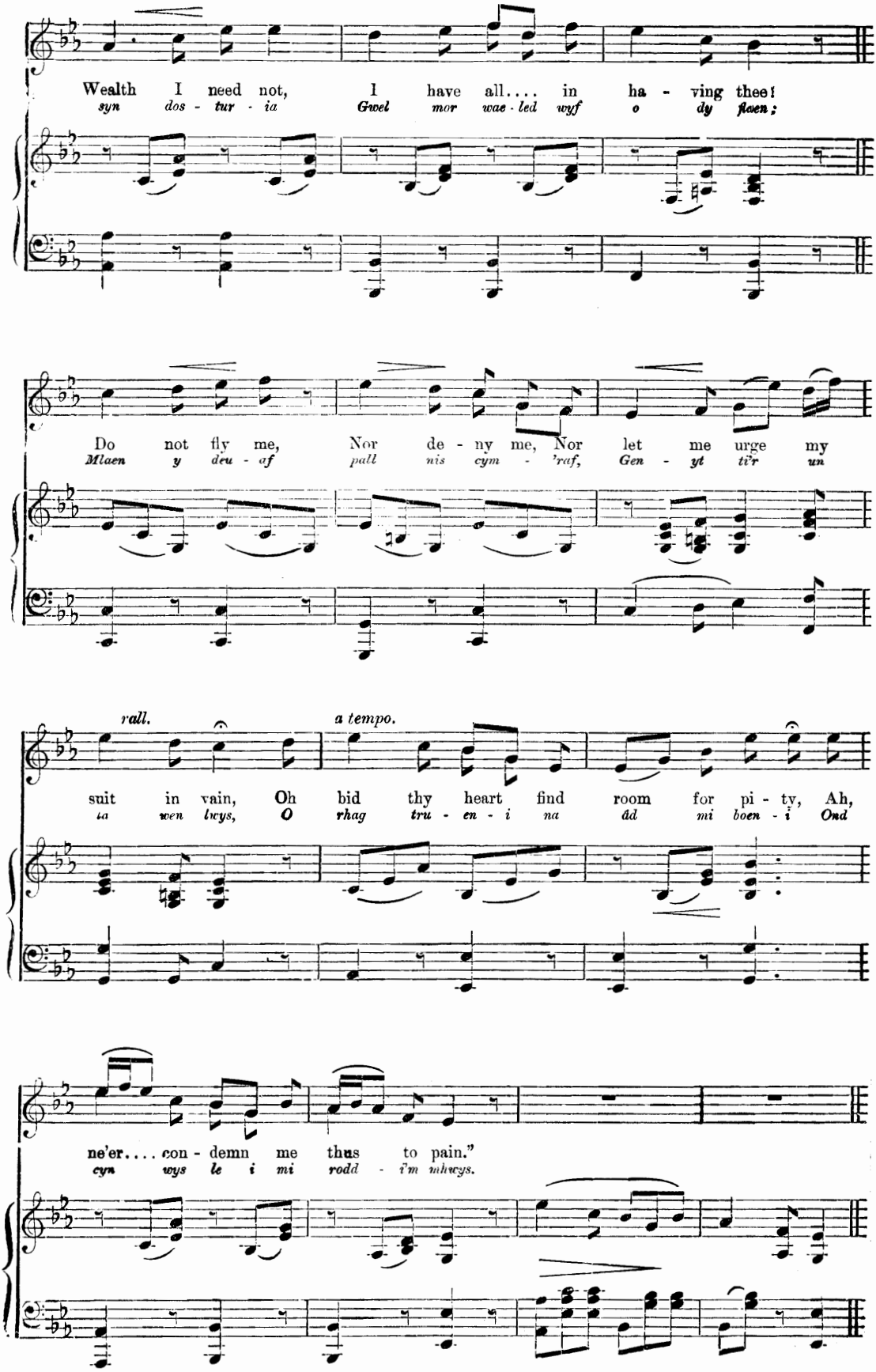
p

sum - mer day, Two were walk-ing, Two were talk - ing, And a maid - en
mewn un man, Clywn y ferch yn d'wed - yd wrth - o. Byth nis deu af

thus did say: "In vain thy su - ing, All thy woo - ing, Will
i dy ran. Ni that it' sia - rad dim am gar - iad

* By permission—from the collection of Miss Jane Williams, Aberpergwm.

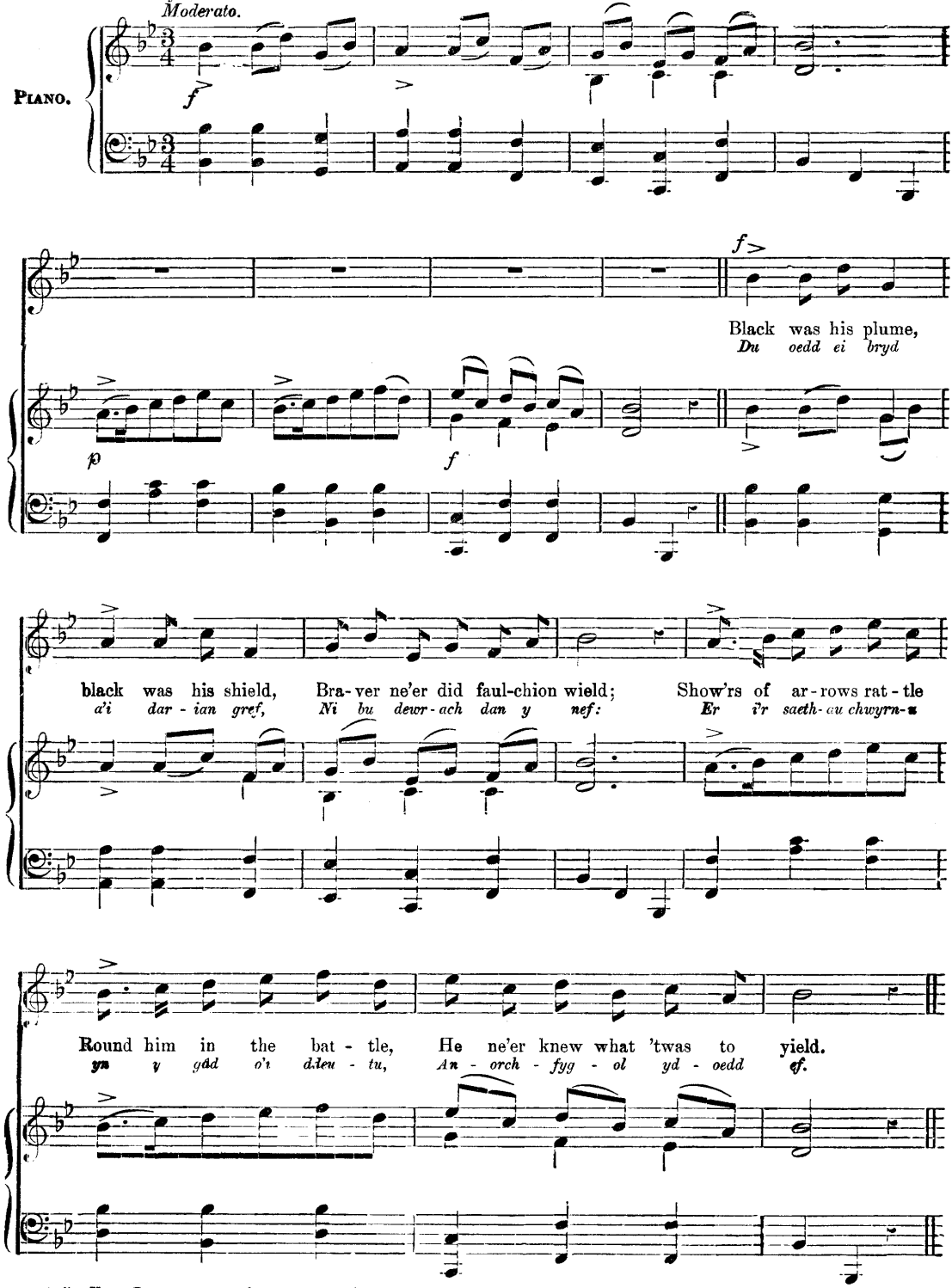

rall.
a tempo.
ne - ver win this heart of mine; The wa - ters e - ver
gwy - bod wyf nid wyt ond ffol, Tra dw'r yn cerdd - ed
seek their le - vel, Ne - ver will my heart... seek thine!"
gyd - a'r gwae - red, Byth..... nis dau - af ar..... dy ol.
The youth then sigh - ing,
O f'an - wyl - yd,
cresc.
p
Thus re - ply - ing: "Thou art all the world to me; Rank I heed not,
fyw - iol fyw - yd Gwell na go lud yw dy guel, Am hyn - ny'r ser - en


Wealth I need not, I have all.... in ha - ving thee!
syn dos - tur - ia Gwel mor wae - led wyf o dy flaen;
Do not fly me, Nor de - ny me, Nor let me urge my
Mlaen y deu - af pall nis cym - 'raf, Gen - yt ti'r un
rall.
a tempo.
suit in vain, Oh bid thy heart find room for pi - ty, Ah,
ia wen lwys, O rhag tru - en - i na ăd mi boen - i Ond
ne'er.... con - demn me thus to pain."
cyn wys le i mi rodd - i'm mhwys.

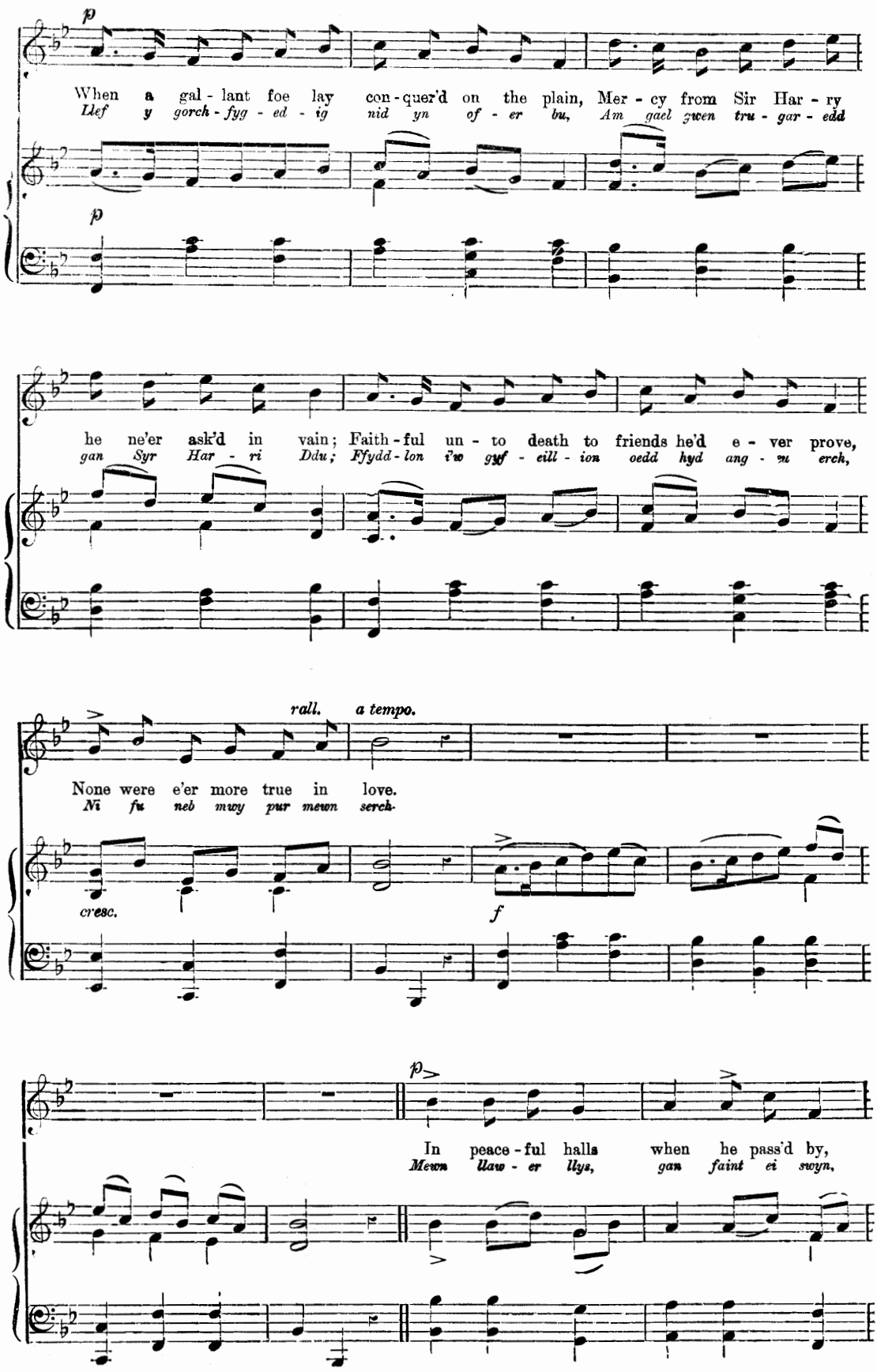
Black Sir Harry.*

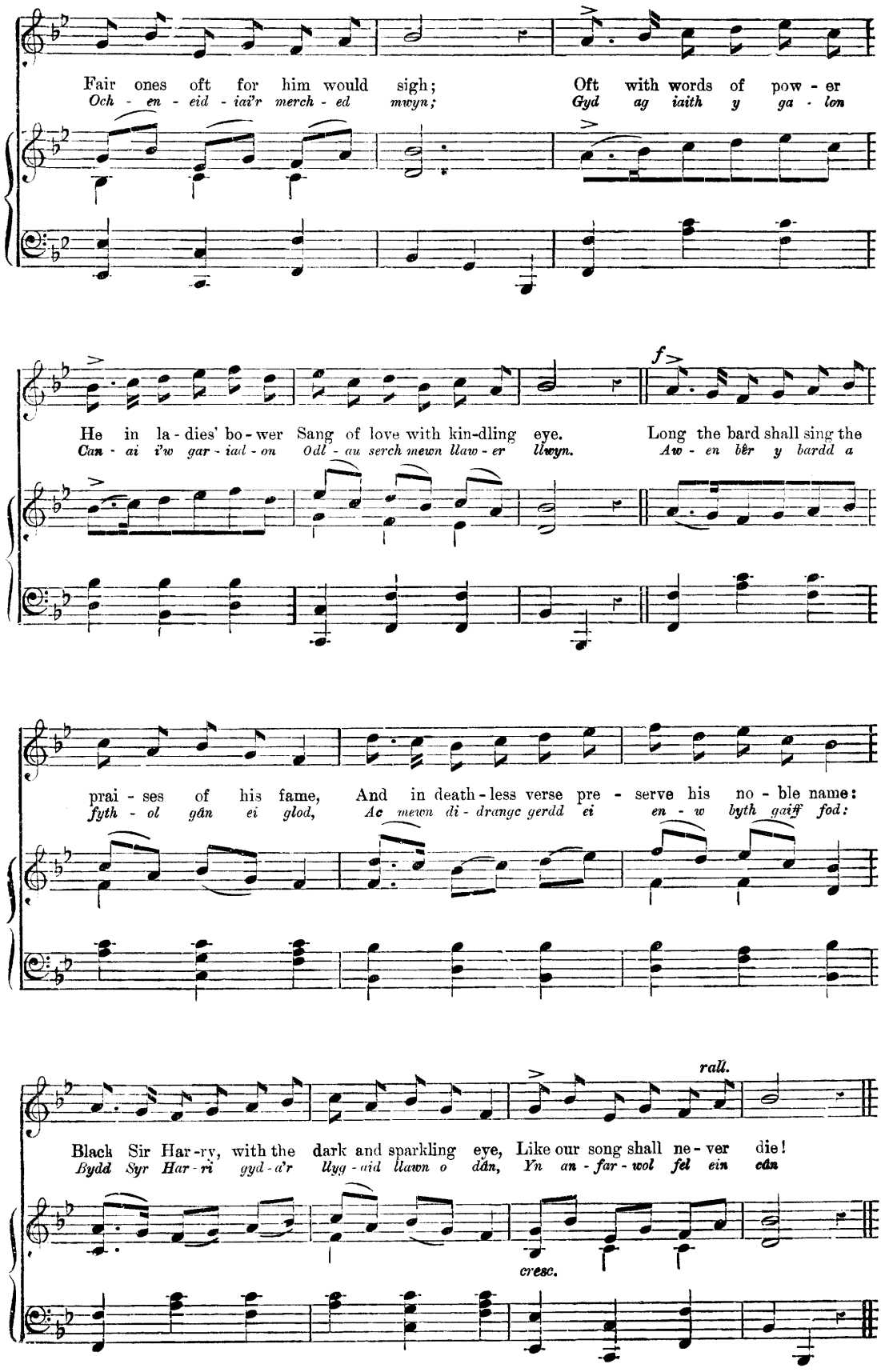
(SYR HARRI DDU.)

Original English words by MARIA X. HAYES.
Welsh words by T. TUDNO JONES.



* *Syr Harri Dau* was a man of swarthy complexion, as represented in his picture which formerly hung in the old Gothic Hall at Lleweny, where he was dressed in a suit of black armour This *Henry Salisbury* was brother to *Sir Thomas Salisbury* of Llewenv Denbighshire. There is an Ode addressed to him by the bard *Lewys Môn*, who lived about 1500.


p
When a gal - lant foe lay con - quer'd on the plain, Mer - cy from Sir Har - ry
Llef y gorch - fyg - ed - ig nid yn of - er bu, Am gael gwen tru - gar - edd
p
he ne'er ask'd in vain; Faith - ful un - to death to friends he'd e - ver prove,
gan Syr Har - ri Ddu; Ffydd - lon i'w gyf - eill - ion oedd hyd ang - au erch,
rall. a tempo.
None were e'er more true in love.
Ni fu neb mwy pur mewn serch.
cresc.
f
p
In peace - ful halls when he pass'd by,
Mewn llaw - er llys, gan faint ei swyn,


Fair ones oft for him would sigh; Oft with words of pow - er
Och - en - eid - iai'r merch - ed mwyn; Gyd ag iaith y ga - lon
He in la - dies' bo - wer Sang of love with kin-dling eye. Long the bard shall sing the
Can - ai i'w gar - iad - on Odl - au serch mewn llaw - er llwyn. Aw - en bêr y bardd a
prai - ses of his fame, And in death - less verse pre - serve his no - ble name:
fyth - ol gân ei glod, Ac mewn di - drangc gerdd ei en - w byth gaiff fod:
Black Sir Har - ry, with the dark and sparkling eye, Like our song shall ne - ver die!
Bydd Syr Har - ri gyd - a'r llyg - aid llawn o dân, Yn an - far - wol fel ein cân
f
rall.
cresc.

The Bard's Love.*

(CARIAD Y BARDD.)

Original English words by MARIA X. HAYES.
Welsh words by T. TUDNO JONES.

Andante con express.

PIANO.

p *cresc.* *p*

Deep glow'd in the soul of the bard, Love's re - lent - less fire, Life's bloom con -
Yn mar - w 'roedd Hyw et, yn mar - w o gar - iad, O gar iad at

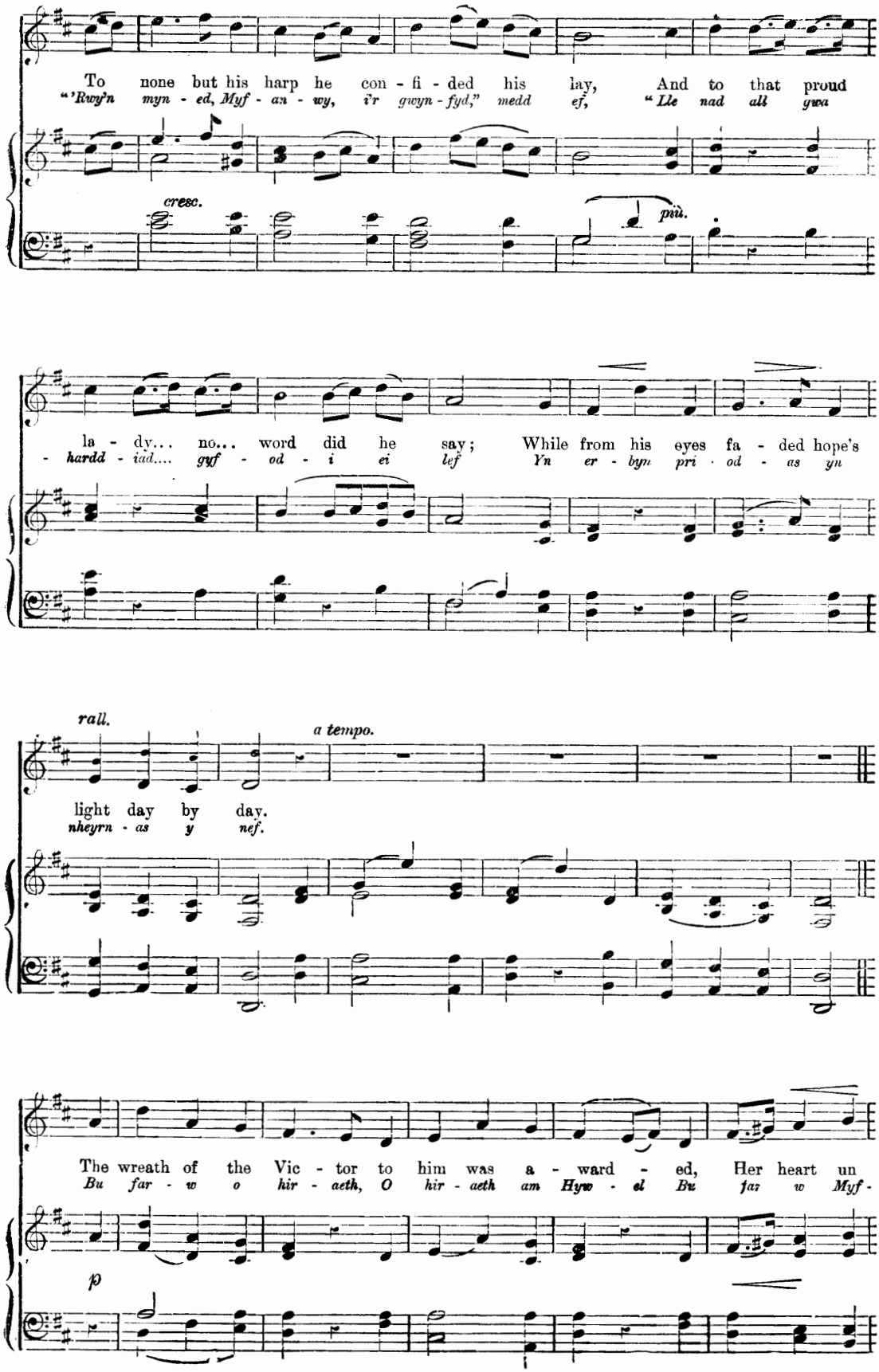
p

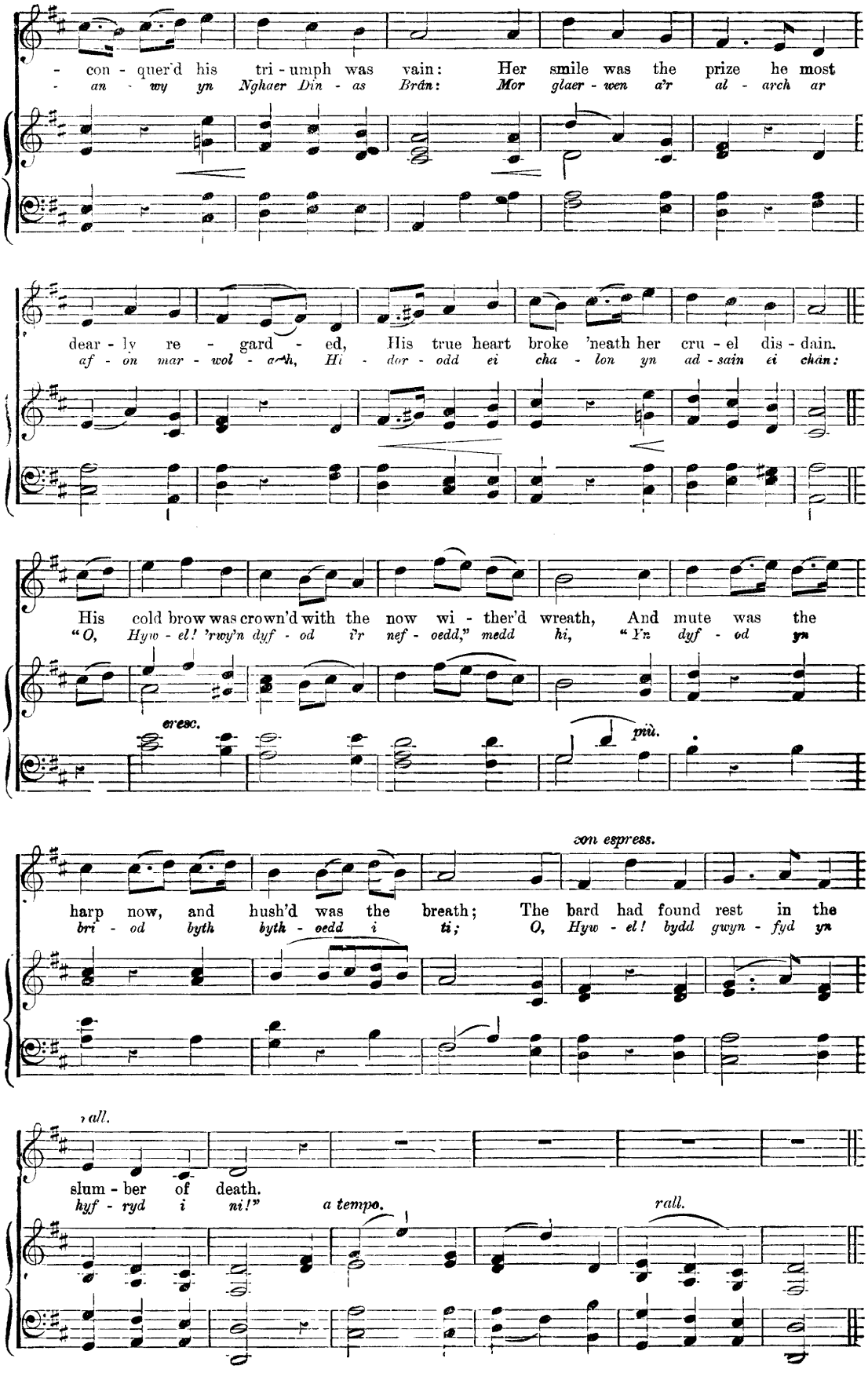
- su - ming with flame fierce and strong; It thrill'd in the mu - sic which
fun oedd yn Nghaer Din - as Bran; Tra en - w Myf - an - wy ar

love can a - lone in - spire, And like pure in - cense ex - hal'd in sweet song.
dan - au ei del - yn, Yn ang - eu an - adl - odd ei ys - pryd mewn cân:

N.B.—This melody is known as "*Castell Towyn*" and "*Farwel Ednyved Vychan.*"

* The bard *Hoel ap Emion* fell in love with the celebrated *Myvanwy Vechan* (residing about the year 1390 at *Castel Dinas Bran*, in the Vale of Llangollen), and died broken-hearted because of her disdain.—*Devaston's British Melodies.*

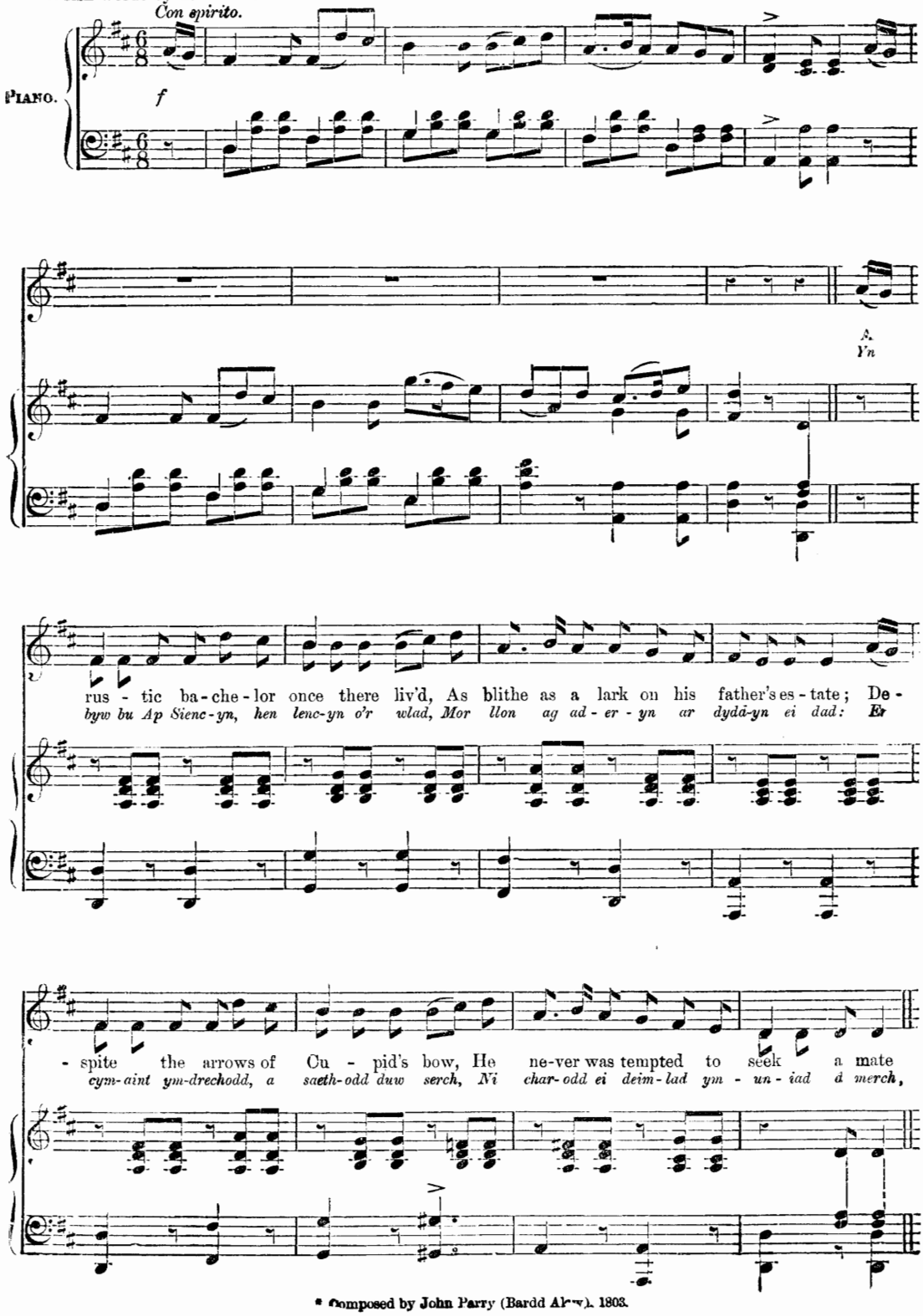

To none but his harp he con - fi - ded his lay, And to that proud
"'Rwy'n myn - ed, Myf - an - wy, i'r gwyn - fyd," medd ef, "Lle nad all gwa
cresc.
più.
la - dy... no... word did he say; While from his eyes fa - ded hope's
- hardd - iad.... gyff - od - i ei lef Yn er - byn pri - od - as yn
rall.
a tempo.
light day by day.
nheyrn - as y nef.
The wreath of the Vic - tor to him was a - ward - ed, Her heart un
Bu far - w o hir - aeth, O hir - aeth am Hyw - el Bu far w Myf -
p


- con - quer'd his tri - umph was vain: Her smile was the prize he most
- an - wy yn Nghaer Din - as Brân: Mor glaer - wen a'r al - arch ar
dear - ly re - gard - ed, His true heart broke 'neath her cru - el dis - dain.
af - on mar - wol - aeth, Hi - dor - odd ei cha - lon yn ad - sain ei chân:
His cold brow was crown'd with the now wi - ther'd wreath, And mute was the
"O, Hyw - el! 'rwy'n dyf - od i'r nef - oedd," medd hi, "Yn dyf - od yn
cresc.
più.
con espress.
harp now, and hush'd was the breath; The bard had found rest in the
bri - od byth byth - oedd i ti; O, Hyw - el! bydd gwyn - fyd yn
rall.
slum - ber of death.
hyf - ryd i ni!"
a tempo.
rall.

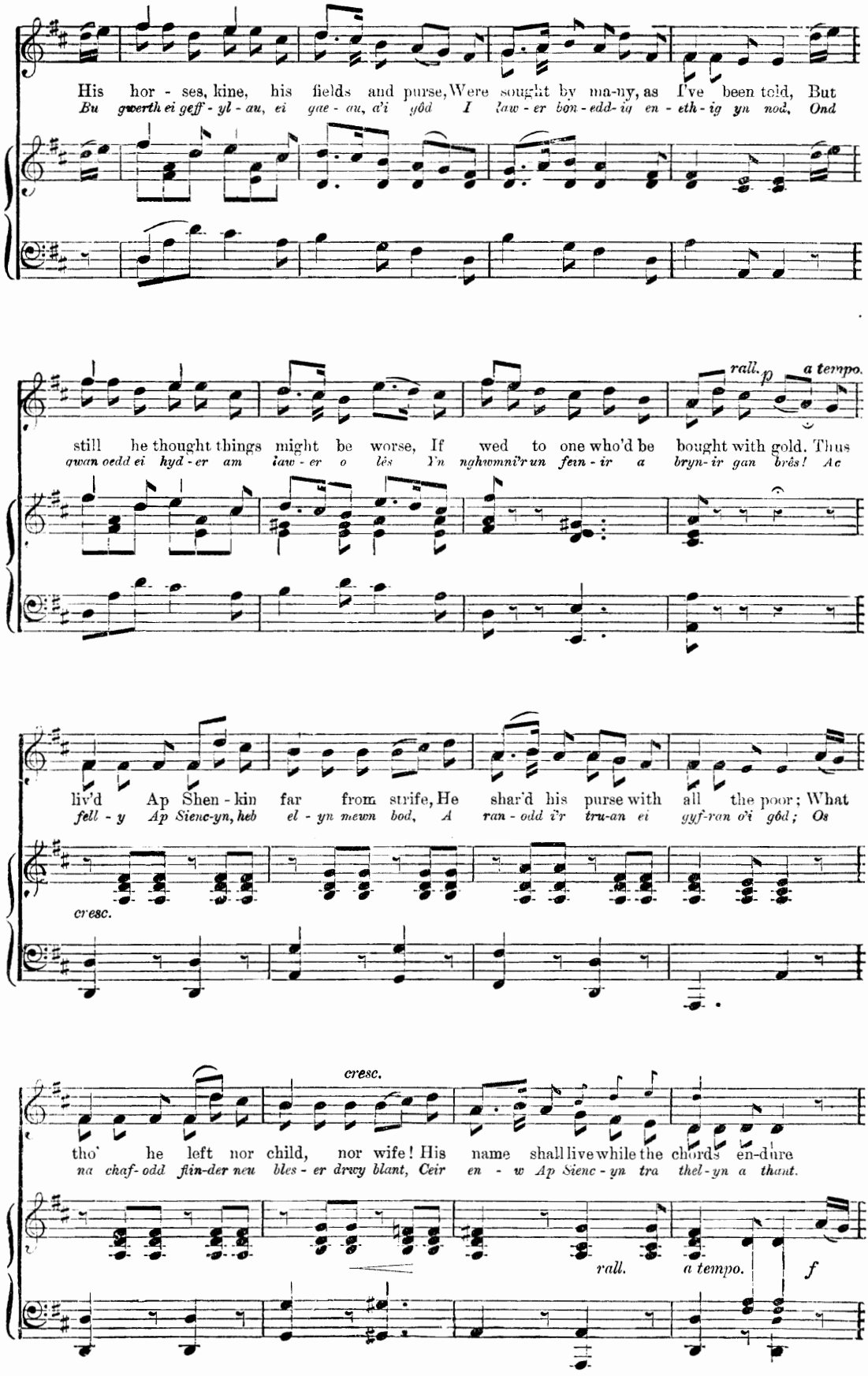
Ap Shenkin.*

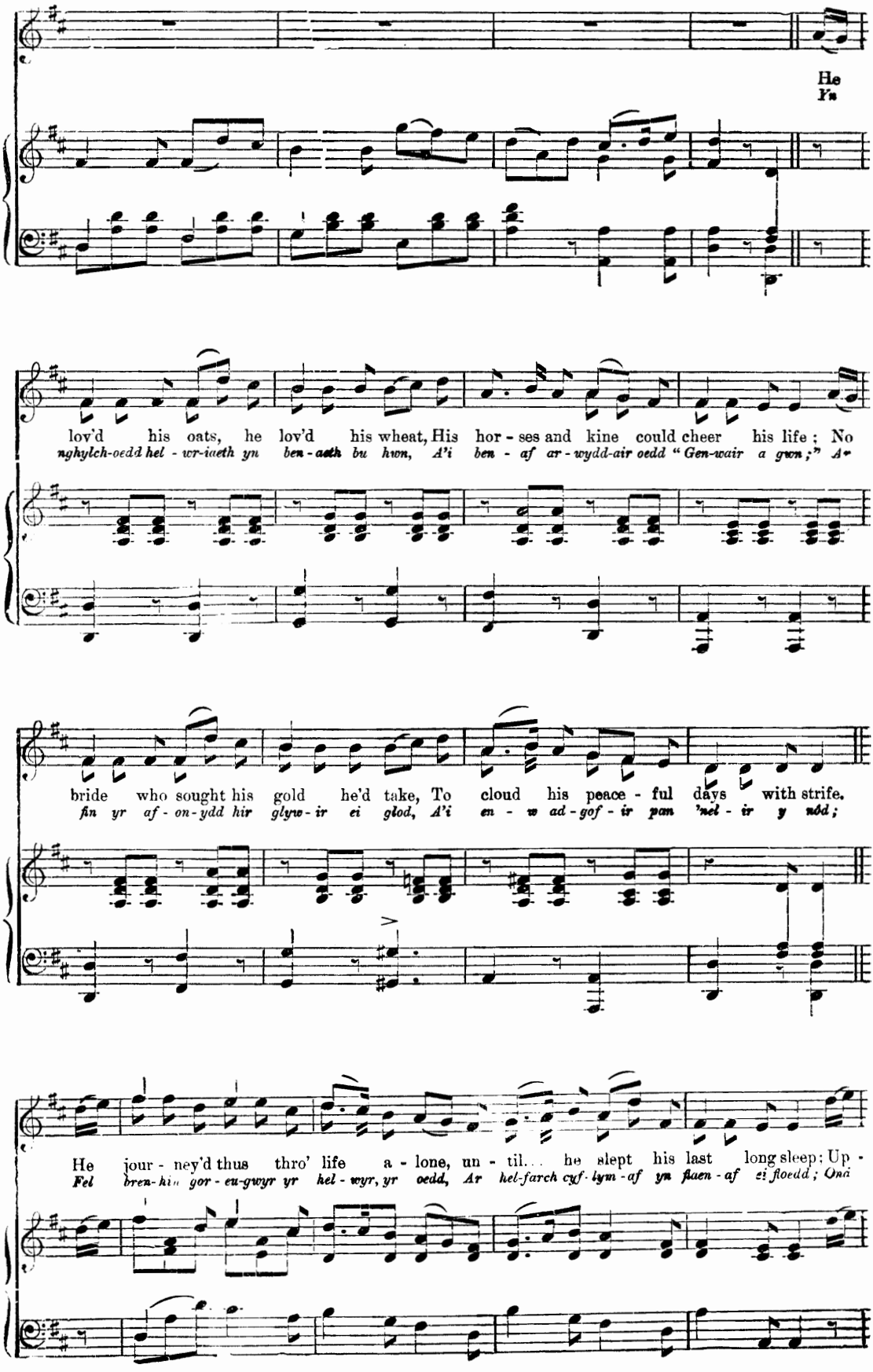
(AP SIENCYN.)

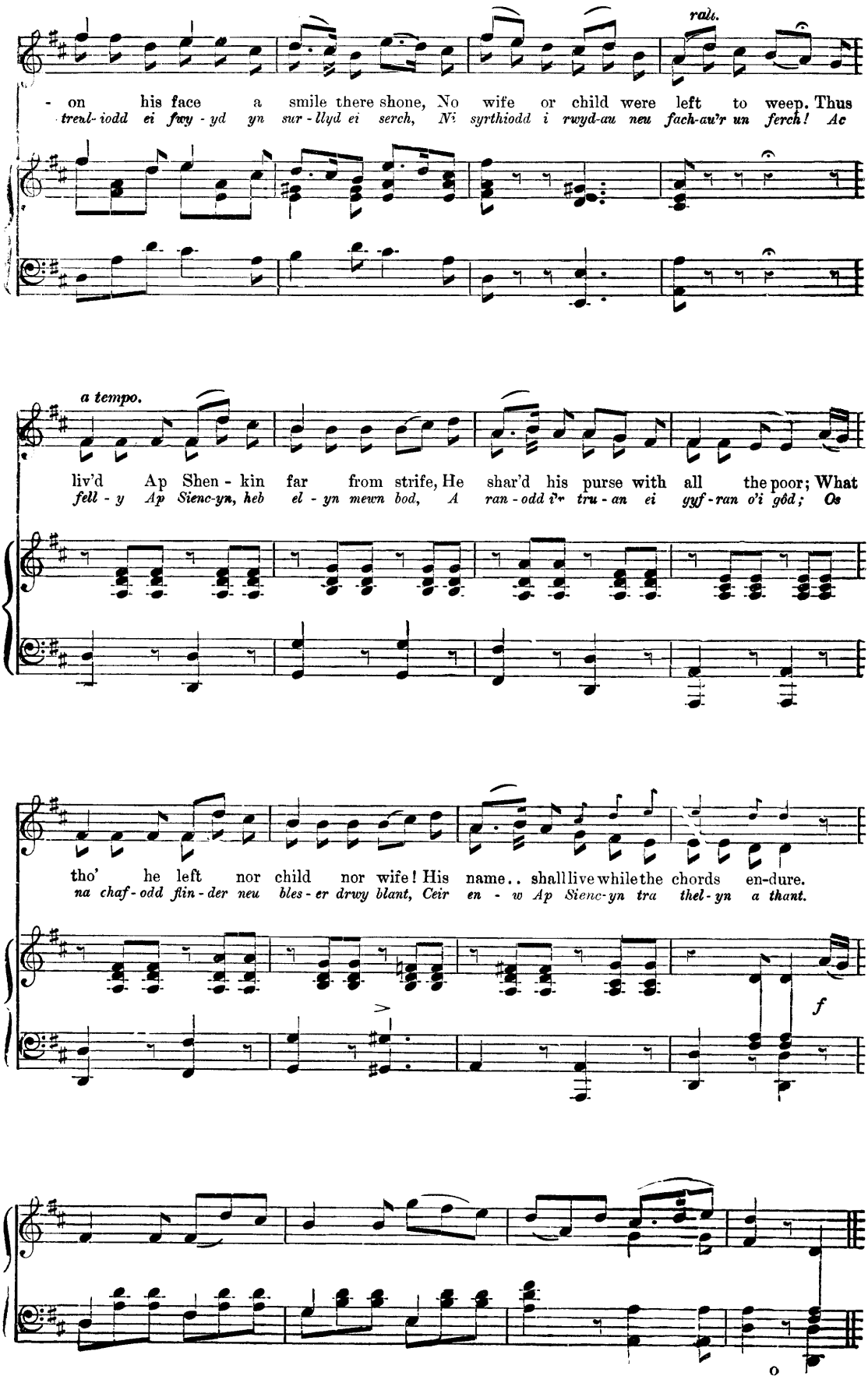
English translation by MARIA X. HAYES.
Welsh words by T. TUDNO JONES.



* Composed by John Parry (Bardd Alaw), 1803.


His hor - ses, kine, his fields and purse, Were sought by ma-ny, as I've been told, But
Bu gwerth ei geff - yl - au, ei gae - au, a'i ŷôd I law - er bon - edd - ig en - eth - ig yn nod, Ond
still he thought things might be worse, If wed to one who'd be bought with gold. Thus
gwan oedd ei hyd - er am law - er o lês Yn nghwmni'r un fein - ir a bryn-ir gan brês! Ac
rall.
p
a tempo.
liv'd Ap Shen - kin far from strife, He shar'd his purse with all the poor; What
fell - y Ap Sienc-yn, heb el - yn mewn bod, A ran - odd i'r tru-an ei gyf-ran o'i gôd; Os
cresc.
cresc.
tho' he left nor child, nor wife! His name shall live while the chords en-dure
na chaf - odd flin-der neu bles - er drwy blant, Ceir en - w Ap Sienc - yn tra thel - yn a thant.
rall.
a tempo.
f


He
Yn
lov'd his oats, he lov'd his wheat, His hor - ses and kine could cheer his life; No
nghylch-oedd hel - wr-iaeth yn ben - aeth bu hwn, A'i ben - af ar - wydd-air oedd "Gen-wair a gwn;" A'
bride who sought his gold he'd take, To cloud his peace - ful days with strife.
fin yr af - on-ydd hir glyw - ir ei glod, A'i en - w ad - gof - ir pan 'nel - ir y nôd;
He jour - ney'd thus thro' life a - lone, un - til... he slept his last long sleep: Up -
Fel bren-hin gor - eu-gwyr yr hel - wyr, yr oedd, Ar hel-farch cyf - lym - af yn flaen - af ei floedd; Ond


rall.
- on his face a smile there shone, No wife or child were left to weep. Thus
treul-iodd ei fwy-yd yn sur-llyd ei serch, Ni syrthiodd i rwyd-au neu fach-au'r un ferch! Ac
a tempo.
liv'd Ap Shen-kin far from strife, He shar'd his purse with all the poor; What
fell-y Ap Sienc-yn, heb el-yn mewn bod, A ran-odd i'r tru-an ei yyf-ran o'i gôd; Os
tho' he left nor child nor wife! His name.. shall live while the chords en-dure.
na chaf-odd flin-der neu bles-er drwy blant, Ceir en-w Ap Sienc-yn tra thel-yn a thant.
f

All through the night.

(AR HYD Y NOS.)

English words by WALTER MAYNARD.

With expression.

PIANO.

p *dolce.*

Love, fear not if
Holl am - rant - aw'r

p

sad thy dream-ing All through the night,
sêr ddy - wed - ant, Ar hyd y nos,—

Though o'er-cast, bright stars are gleam-ing
"Dym - a'r ffordd i fro go - gon - iant,"

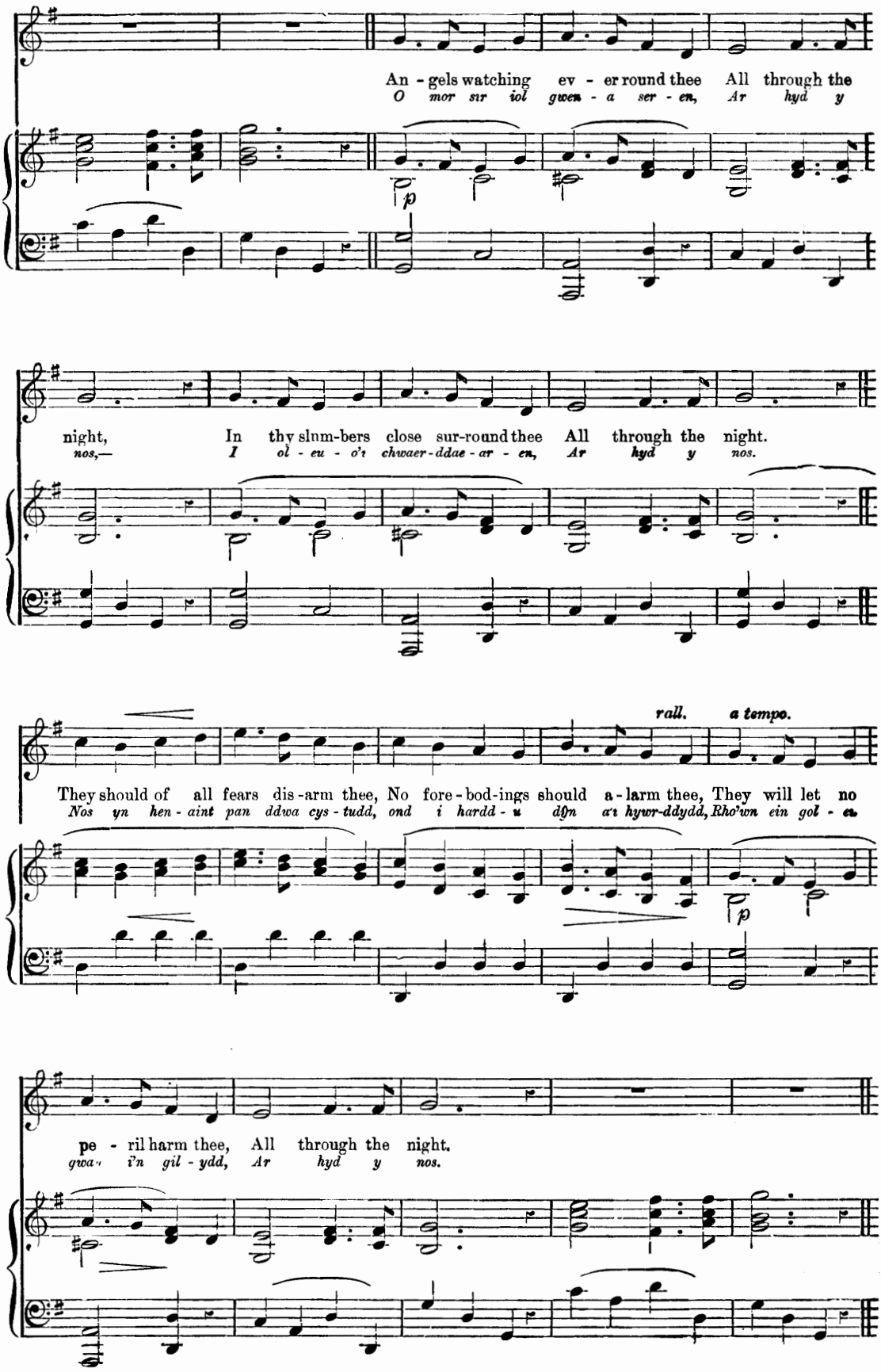
All through the night.
Ar hyd y nos.

Joy will come to thee at morn-ing, Life with sun - ny
Gol - eu ar - all yw ty - wyll - wch, I ar - ddaug - os

rall. *a tempo.*

hope a - dorn - ing, Though sad dreams may give dark warn-ing All through the night.
gwir bryd - ferth - wch,— Teu - lu'r nef oedd mewn taw - el - wch,— Ar hyd y nos

p


An - gels watching ev - er round thee All through the
O mor sir iol gwen - a ser - en, Ar hyd y
p
night, In thy slum-bers close sur-round thee All through the night.
nos,— I ol - eu - o'i chwaer - ddae - ar - en, Ar hyd y nos.
rall. a tempo.
They should of all fears dis - arm thee, No fore - bod - ings should a - larm thee, They will let no
Nos yn hen - aint pan ddwa cys - tudd, ond i hardd - u dŷn a'i hywr - ddydd, Rho'wn ein gol - eu
p
pe - ril harm thee, All through the night.
gwa - i'n gil - ydd, Ar hyd y nos.

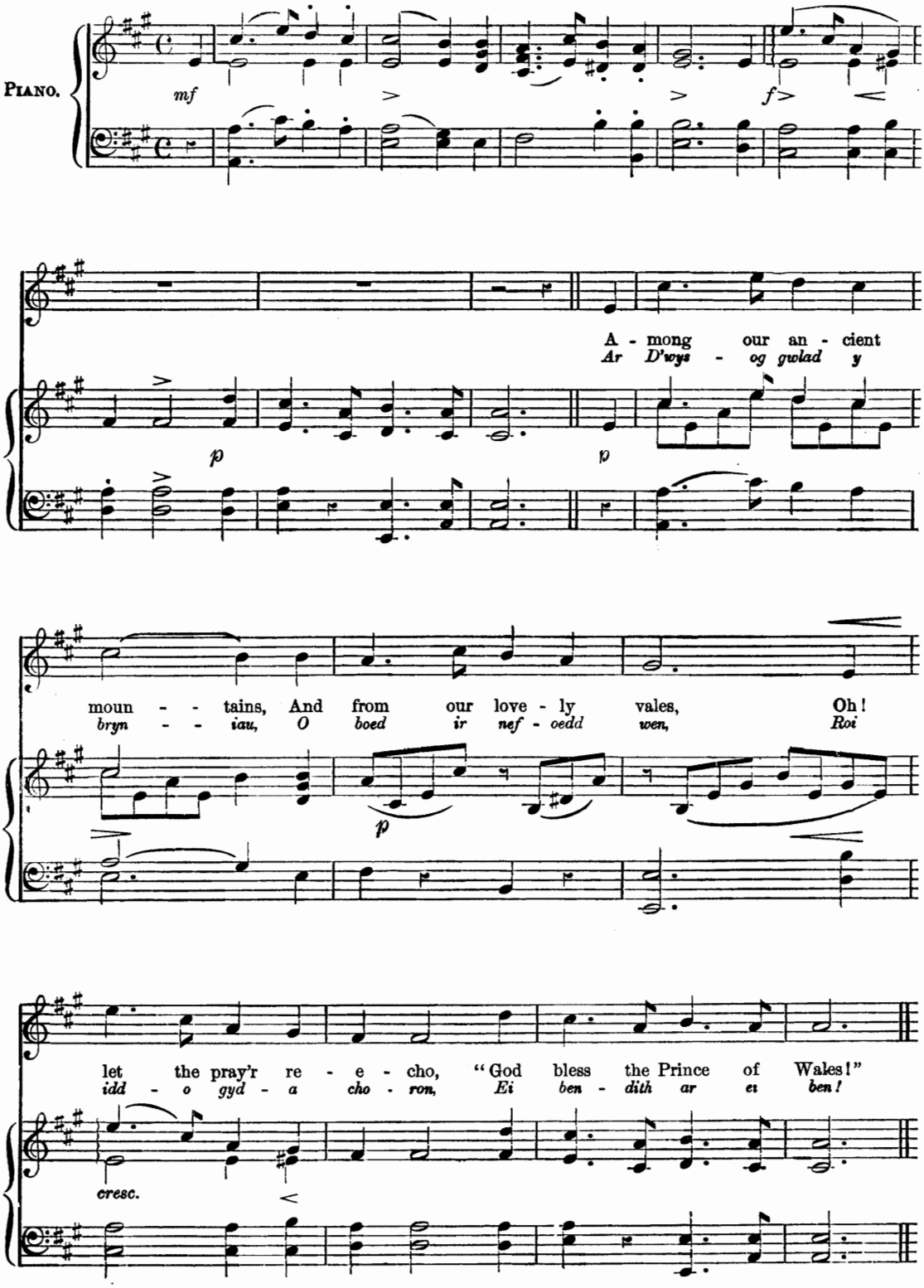
God bless the Prince of Wales.

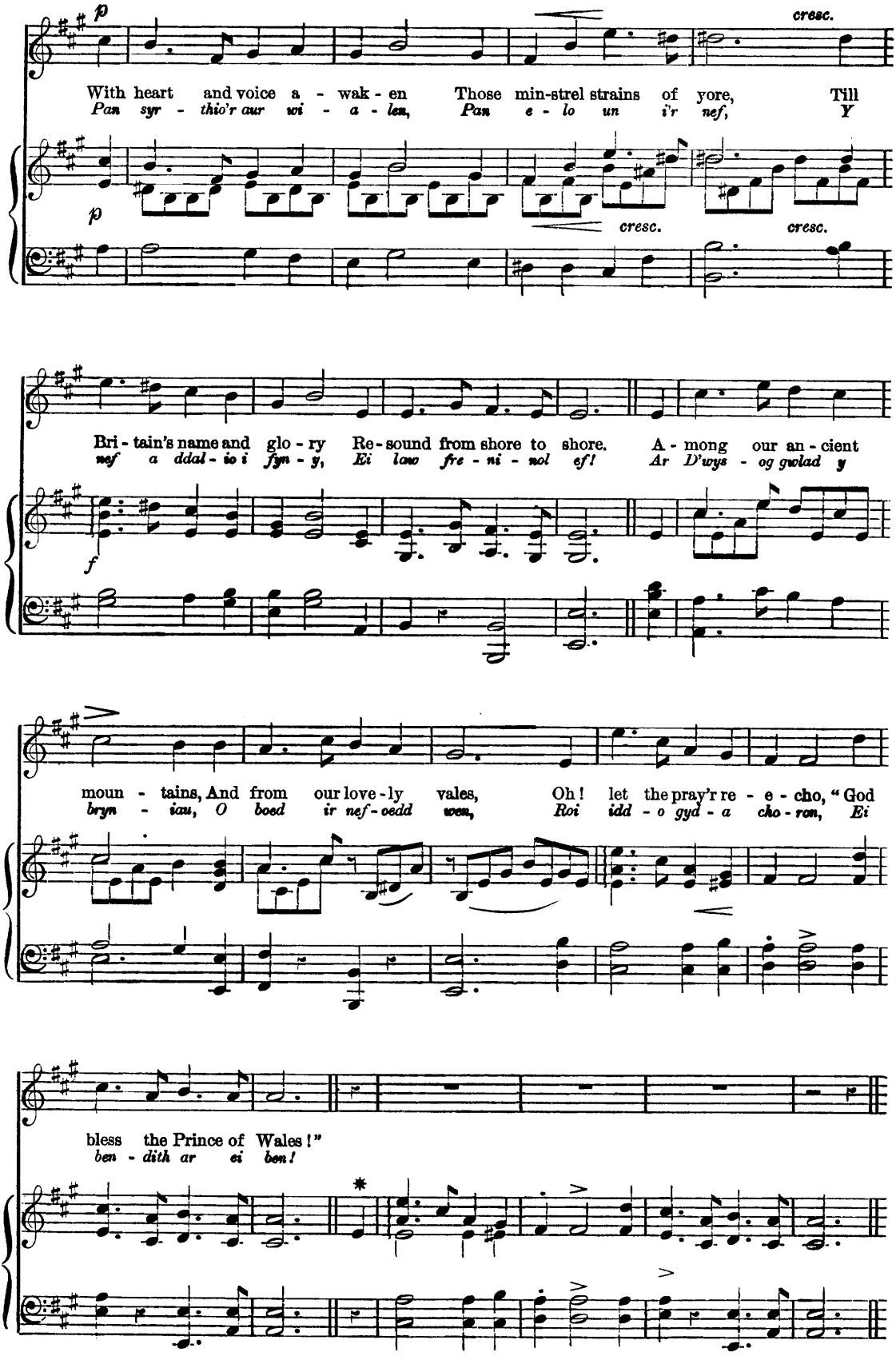
(EI BENDITH AR EI BEN.)

English words by GEORGE LINLEY.
Welsh words by J. CEIRIOG HUGHES.

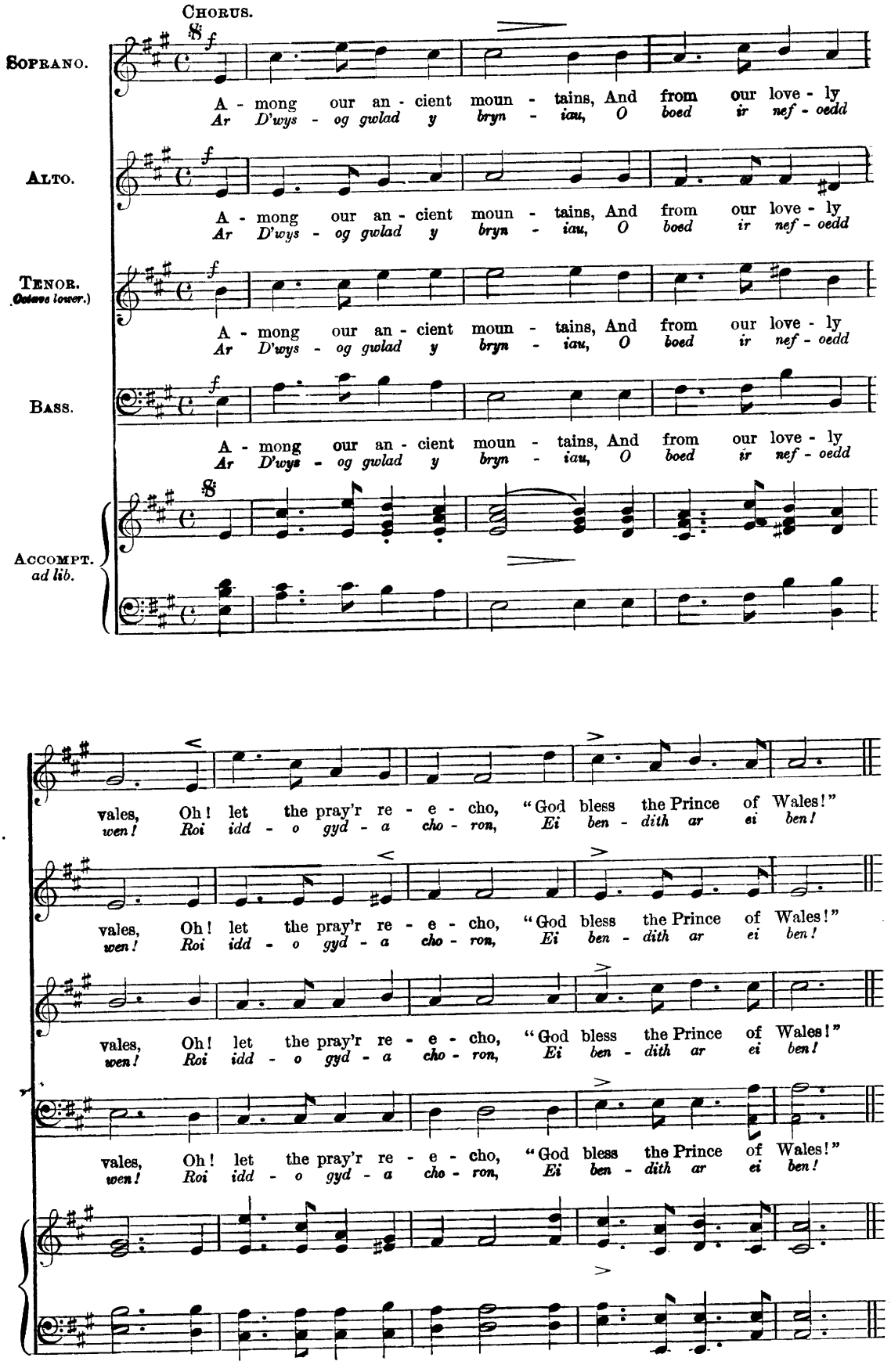
Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS.
(Cerddor Towy.)

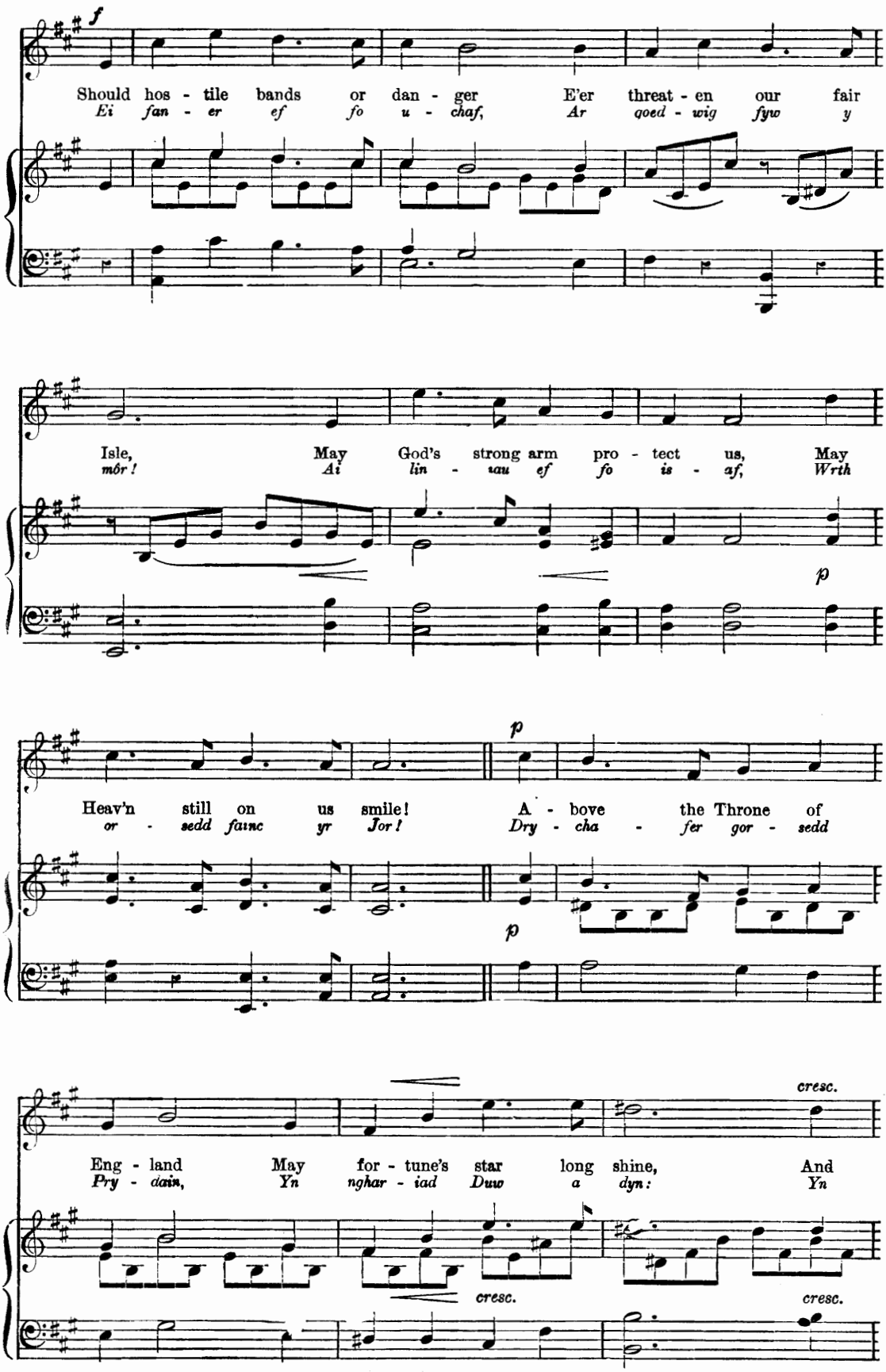
Moderato con anima.

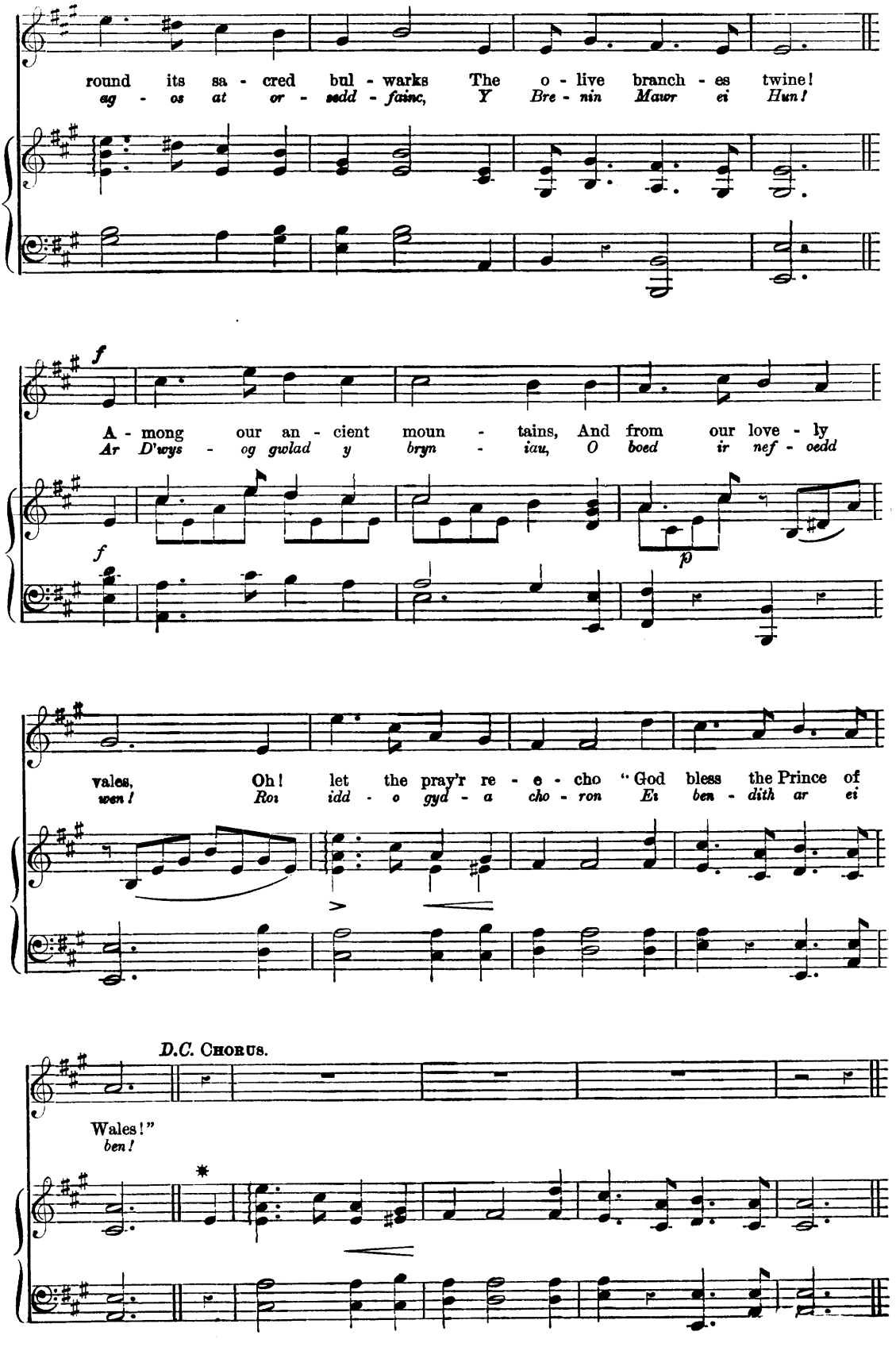




* This part is not to be played when there is a Chorus.


Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor. (Octave lower.)
Bass.
Accompt. ad lib.
A - mong our an - cient moun - tains, And from our love - ly
Ar D'wys - og gwlad y bryn - iau, O boed ir nef - oedd
vales, Oh! let the pray'r re - e - cho, "God bless the Prince of Wales!"
wen! Roi idd - o gyd - a cho - ron, Ei ben - dith ar ei ben!


f
Should hos - tile bands or dan - ger E'er threat - en our fair
Ei fan - er ef fo u - chaf, Ar goed - wig fyw y
Isle, May God's strong arm pro - tect us, May
môr! Ai lin - iau ef fo is - af, Wrth
p
p
Heav'n still on us smile! A - bove the Throne of
or - sedd fainc yr Jor! Dry - cha - fer gor - sedd
p
cresc.
Eng - land May for - tune's star long shine, And
Pry - dain, Yn nghar - iad Duw a dyn: Yn
cresc.
cresc.



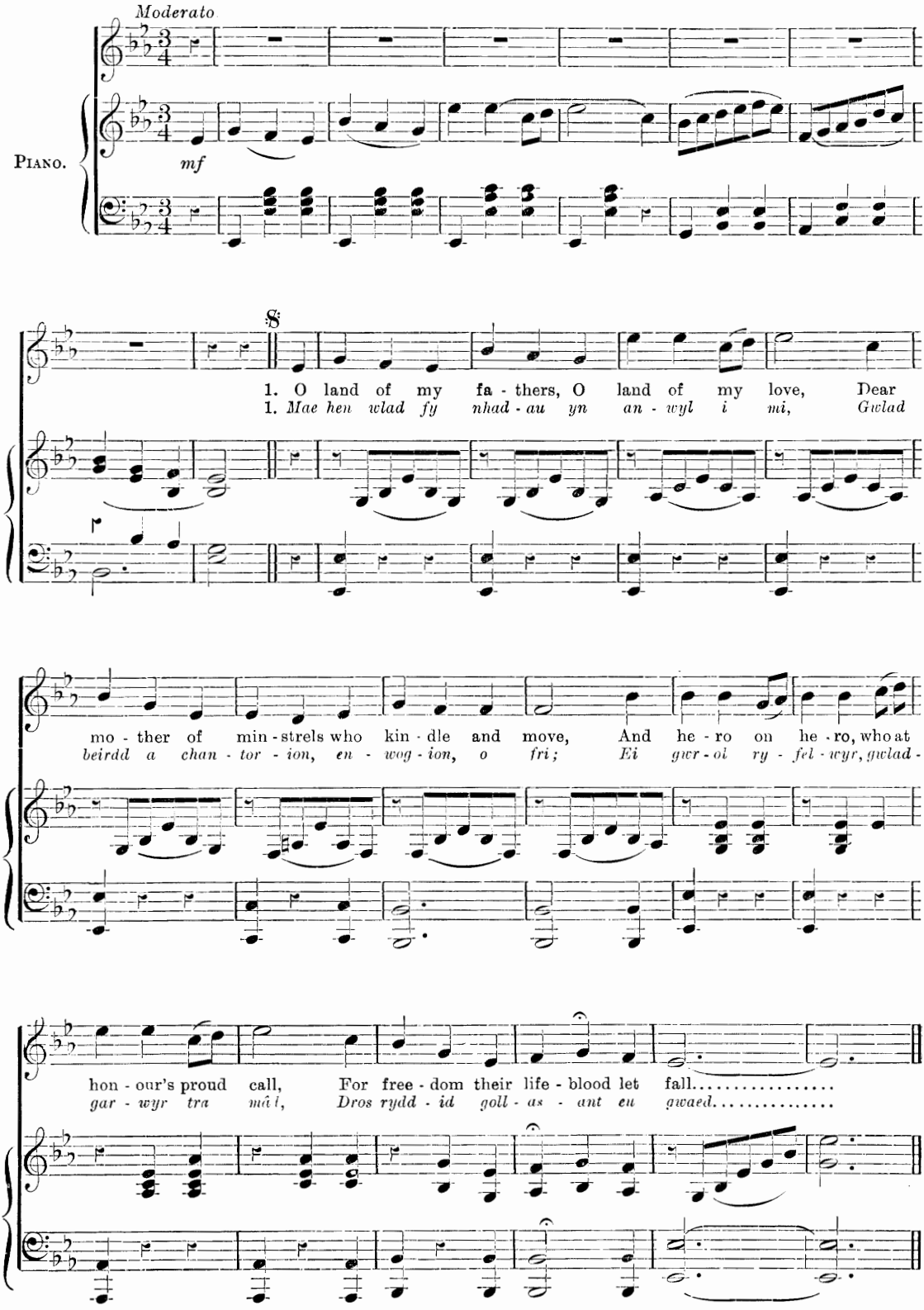
* This part is not to be played when there is a Chorus.

Land of my Fathers.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.

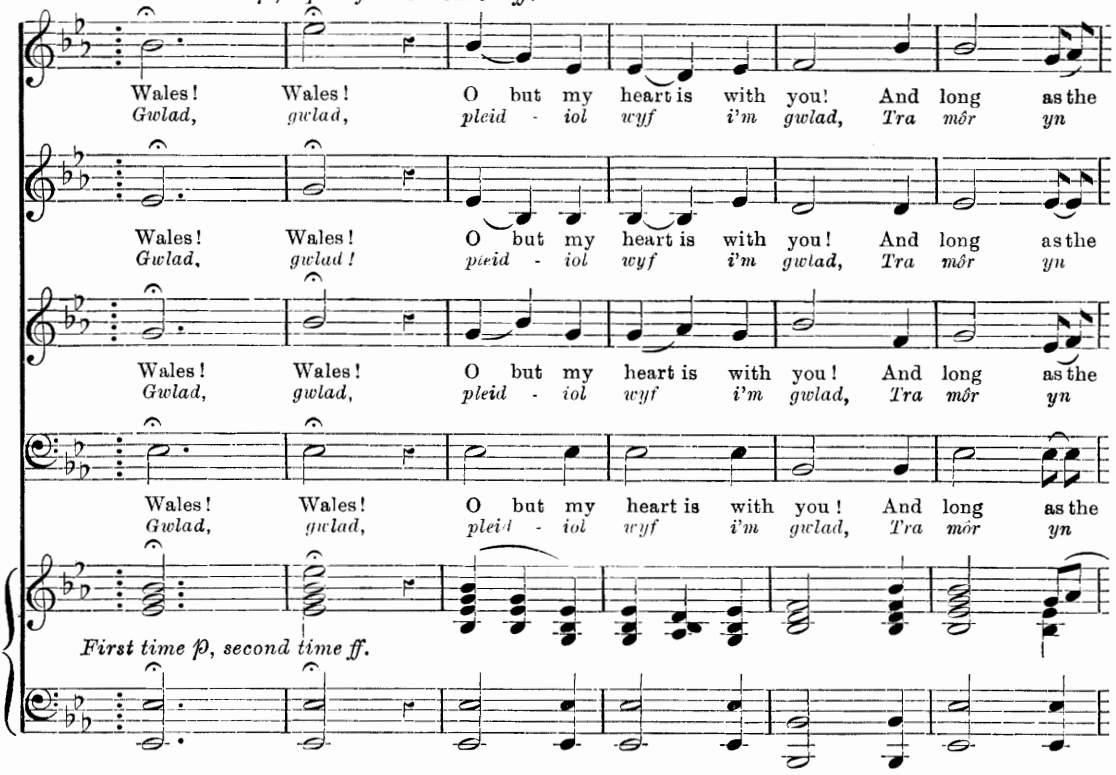
English Words by A. P. Graves.
Welsh Words by Evan James.

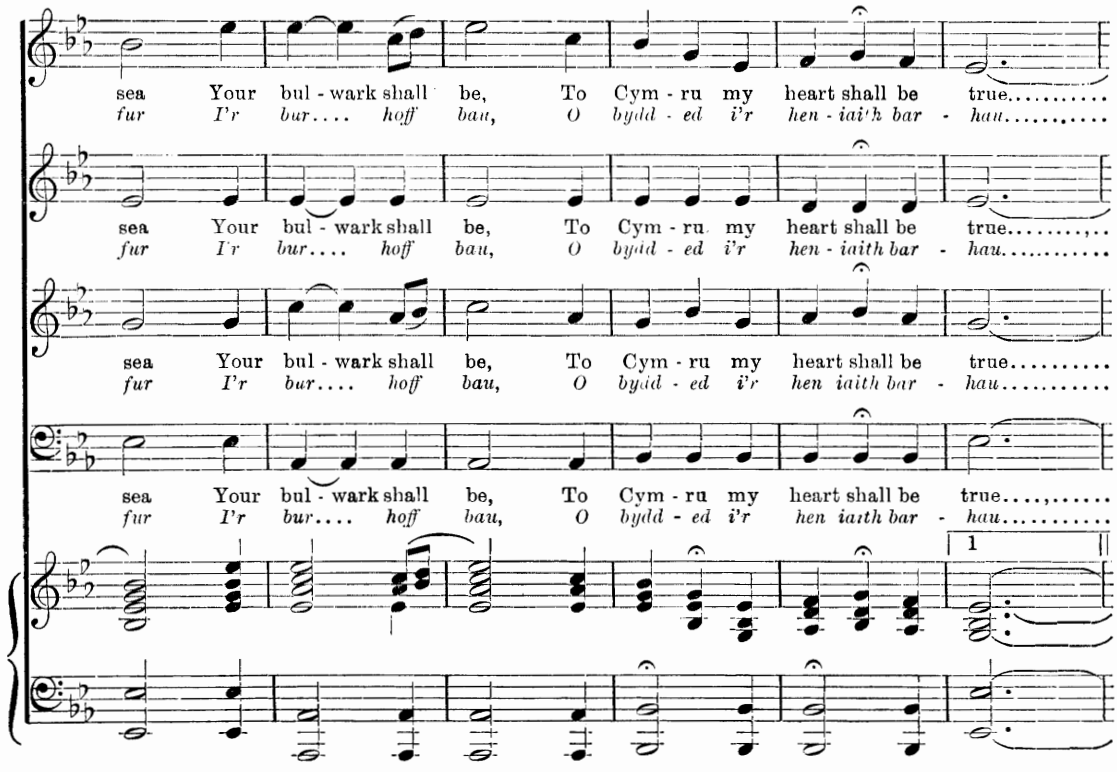
Melody by James James.

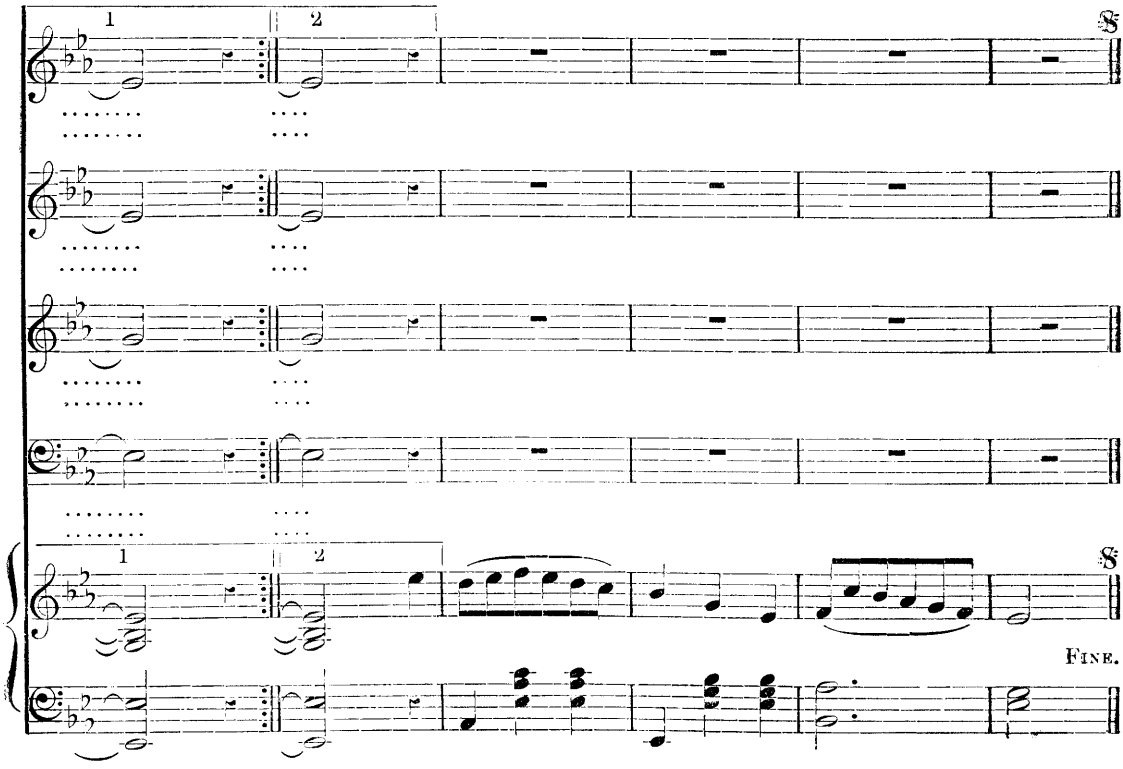


LAND OF MY FATHERS.

First time SOLO p, repeat full CHORUS ff.







O land of the mountains, the bard's paradise,
Whose precipice proud, valleys lone as the skies,
Green murmuring forest, far echoing flood
Fire the fancy and quicken the blood.
Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be,
To Cymru my tongue shall be true!

For tho' the fierce foeman has ravaged your realm,
The old speech of Cymru he cannot o'erwhelm,
Our passionate poets to silence command
Or banish the harp from your strand.
Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be,
To Cymru my heart shall be true!

Hên Gymru fynyddig, ***paradwys y bardd,***
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, ***i'm golwg sydd hardd;***
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol ***mor swynol yw si***
Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.
Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol ***wyf i'm gwlad,***
Tra môr yn fur
I'r bur hoff lau,
O bydded i'r heniaith ***bar hau.***

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad ***dan ei droed,***
Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan ***erchyll law brad,***
Na thelyn bersoniol fy ngwlad.
Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol ***wyf i'm gwlad,***
Tra môr yn fur
I'r bur hoff lau,
O bydded i'r heniaith bar hau.