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ST. DAVID'S EDITION.—PART I.

SIXTEEN
WELSH MELODIES,

WITH
TRADITIONAL AND ORIGINAL WELSH WORDS;
AND
ENGLISH LYRICS
BY
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES
(*Canwr Cilarné*).

THE MUSIC EDITED AND ARRANGED
BY
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(*Director of Music, University College, Bangor*)
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(*Alarch ystrad Clúd*).

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MELODIES OF WALES.

In their musical performances they render the music uniformly as elsewhere, but in a varied manner with many modes and measures, so that in a company of singers, such as you will find among this people, the number of various strains and separate voices which you will hear will equal the number of people you see, all agreeing at last with organic melody in one harmony under the sweet influence of B flat.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, 1191.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are many and weighty considerations which make the publication of a new collection of Welsh Airs an urgent necessity. There is first a wide-spread feeling that many of those already published have never had justice done to them by the lyrics with which they have been mated. In some cases these are good in themselves, but not in harmony with the spirit of the airs; in others the metre is an unsuitable one, either necessitating a mutilation of the musical cadence to suit the verse, or encouraging excessive slurring, which, in lively vigorous music, acts as a drag upon the movement of the melody. This explains why the familiar verses to "Hela'r 'Sgyfarnog" ("Hunting the Hare") and "Croesaw Gwraig y Ty" ("Lady Gwenny") have been discarded. Even in cases where words are good and metre correct, it often happens that the literary contradicts the musical accent, or the words are ungrateful and unvocal to the singer. In other cases the cause of complaint lies deeper than this. Too many airs are wedded to words which are pointless and uninteresting, or in other ways quite unworthy of them. An attempt will be made in this collection to remedy these defects, and several of the foremost of Welsh poets, including Professor Morris Jones and the Rev. Elvet Lewis, have promised their lyrical assistance and literary criticism.

In this number the new Welsh lyrics have been written by Llew Tegid and Mr. Robert Bryan. For the English lyrics we have been so fortunate as to secure the invaluable collaboration of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, whose work in reviving the popular airs of Ireland, in conjunction with Sir Charles Stanford and Dr. Charles Wood is so well known, and who of late has done so much to advance the Welsh Folk-song movement.

But, besides the melodies referred to above, there is a very large number of published airs which are at present unassociated with any or with suitable words. Some of these, set to new words, will be included in each number, and in the cases where there are many variants of the same air, every possible effort will be made to secure the best and least corrupt form.

A close study of Welsh national music reveals the fact that the greater portion of the store of folk-song proper belonging to the nation has hitherto been neglected. It is true that much of it is of little value to the musician, though it may be deeply interesting to the ethnologist; there are, however, beautiful airs still waiting to be collected and

published. Two examples of such are included in this number, "Y Gwew Fach" ("Cuckoo, dear"), and "Tra bo Dau" ("Wherever hearts are true"). At the recent Caernarvon Eisteddfod the reading of papers on this subject by Mr. A. Perceval Graves and Principal Reichel resulted in the formation of a Welsh Folk-song Society, somewhat on the lines of the useful and flourishing Folk-song Society. It is expected that this movement will bring to light many interesting examples of true folk-song, and at the same time draw attention to this most important element of national musical culture. The Editors have already in their possession much unpublished material of this type for future use.

With regard to the musical settings, modern harmonies will be avoided, but in view of the Welsh partiality for part music, and of the fact that the Penillion Singers have, from an early period, been familiar with an independent, and even florid harp accompaniment, the Editors see no necessity for confining the accompaniments to mere supporting chords.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WELSH NATIONAL MUSIC.

The Welsh melodies fall naturally into two distinct classes. The first and best known are those which were originally played upon the harp, or were directly inspired and influenced by that instrument.

These are characterized by a chordal structure, whole phrases being formed of the notes of the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant chords; by scale passages, by certain melodic figures easily played upon the harp, and by a well-marked rhythm. In consequence of the distinctly major or minor character of their scales, and the occurrence of occasional chromatic notes, many of these airs have a very modern ring about them. The early invention of the triple harp is a sufficient explanation of this circumstance. The two outer rows of strings supplied a complete and extended diatonic scale for each hand, while the middle row furnished the sharps and flats and greatly extended the resources of the instrument; the new harp in its turn left its impress upon the melodies produced under its influence. As good and well-known examples of this class of tune may be mentioned "Hela'r 'Sgyfarnog" ("Hunting the Hare"), "Codiad yr Hedydd" ("The Rising of the Lark"), and "Llwyn On" ("The Ash Grove").

All the earliest collections of Welsh airs were made by harpists, and naturally their selections were confined to such melodies as suited the genius of the harp. As the highest form of their art consisted in composing and playing endless variations on the airs, we find that the melodies have been so overlaid and interwoven with graces and ornaments that it is often difficult to disentangle the air itself from these elaborations. Many of these tunes were not intended for the voice and they are evidently unsuited for vocal treatment. Other harp tunes were habitually used for the rendering of penillion, according to the peculiarly Welsh mode of singing in which the air was not sung by the voice but played on the harp while the singer sang a simple counterpoint to it, only rarely doubling the air, and then chiefly in cadential passages. Any metre could be sung to the melody, the singer was not permitted to start with the beginning of the air, but it was essential that he should complete the verse with the last note of

the tune. No penillion singer was regarded as really competent unless he could sing in triple time against duple time in the melody. The wide prevalence of this mode of singing, especially during the 17th and 18th centuries enables us to understand why the Welsh take so kindly to part singing and to an independent accompaniment in their songs. A certain number of the penillion tunes may either be sung in the ordinary way or played for penillion accompaniment, but there are others of them that are utterly unsuited for the voice, and the attempts that have been made to utilize them for this purpose have naturally not been conspicuous successes.

A less widely known class of melodies comprises those that have sprung directly from the hearts and voices of the people, inspired by their own moods and sentiments, or by the lyrics they tried to sing, entirely uninfluenced by the technicalities of a musical instrument. These may be termed "Folk-songs" in a truer sense than airs of the former class, which often first took form beneath the fingers of cultured musicians, the best harpists of the country.

There is a widespread impression that Welsh melodies are always major or minor in mode, and that unlike Irish and Scotch national songs there are very few examples of ancient scales among them. This is a serious error due entirely to the fact already mentioned that all the earliest collections were made by harpists, and that both they and later musicians ignored the modal tunes, either because of the difficulty of harmonizing them, or because their musical training rendered them unable to appreciate the strange beauty of many of their cadences, and the quaint expressiveness that often characterizes them. These airs are frequently irregular in structure, they generally depend for their effect, not so much upon melodic forms and figures as upon the colouring imparted to them by the predominance of certain notes, particularly the dominant, the mediant, and the final of the mode. Though frequently rhythmic, they are often impatient of the restraints of strict time. By far the most frequent of these modes is the Dorian and its plagal form, and it is interesting to note that the so-called "Hwyl," the Welsh Plain-Song or Gregorian Chant (never systematized, or reduced to writing, however) is in precisely the same mode and has its cadences and tones identical with those of many of the folk-songs of this class. The first collector to record any of these tunes was Miss Jane Williams (1844). Several are also found in the Cambrian Minstrel (J. Thomas, 1845) and others in the Nicholas Bennett collection (1896). In Miss Williams' collection nearly a fifth of the airs are clearly in the ancient modes, and yet the wrong signatures prefixed to them show that the collector was under the impression that they were some peculiar modification of the minor mode. It is interesting to observe the attitude of the writers of musical "settings" towards these particular airs. While such melodies as "Y Deryn Pur," "Y Gwenith Gwyn," "Clychau Aberdyfi" and others are included in most subsequent collections, the modal tunes are entirely ignored. It is true that a large number have in the past been utilized as Hymn tunes, but the hand of the cultured musician has been heavy upon them; their rhythms have been changed to make them resemble the German chorale, and their most characteristic and eloquent passages have been "improved" away to suit the exigencies of harmony. As showing how deeply rooted the Dorian mode is in the heart of the people it is interesting to note that examples are still arising spontaneously. Several such instances have been sung during the recent Revival, but in all cases they have been harmonized as if they were in the ordinary minor mode.

It would be unwise to attempt a detailed description of all the peculiarities of Welsh melodies within the limits of an introduction, but a few of the other more salient characteristics may be pointed out.

Among the ancient modes, the next to the Dorian in frequency is the Mixolydian and its plagal form, the final of which is represented by the fifth of the major key. Of the ancient form of the minor scale there are several interesting examples. The number was once much greater, but gradually the old minor 7th was displaced by the modern interval; in many cases this has entailed a distinct loss of expressiveness. The occurrence of a flat 7th in the major scale is not infrequent, but a more striking feature is the mixture of major and minor modes in the same melody, and particularly the numerous cases where major tunes terminate abruptly in the minor key. Of "recurring" tunes there are many, the most frequent being major, ending in the supertonic, of which "St. David's Day" in the present number is an example.

Some of the statements made by 18th century writers about certain of the old scales are no longer applicable. For instance, Lewis Morris writing in 1738 refers to the prevalence of tunes in the Lydian mode. Of these hardly any remain. "Dadl Dau" ("Bardic Relicks," Edward Jones) is hardly true Lydian though it ends on the fourth of the key. This is given by both D'Urfey and Chappell as an English air ("Stingo," or "Oil of Barley"); here, however, it is undoubtedly Mixolydian. "Distyll y Don" with its one flat on E instead of on B is given as an example of a prevalent type of Welsh scale, if so the airs have almost completely disappeared or become modernized. Pentatonic scales are completely absent from the published collections, yet it is not unlikely that they prevailed to some extent among the peasantry. Many years ago I heard at Rhuddlan the air given in the Bennett Collection, under the title "Glandyfi," sung by a very old man in a distinctly pentatonic form.

The reiteration of the final note of a cadence which is such an interesting feature of the so-called "narrative" form of air in Irish music is also of frequent occurrence in Welsh airs, but not to the same extent as in Irish melodies. There is a possibility, which should be considered, that this is an indication of Irish influence. Another characteristic of Irish song, the frequent insistence on the submediant, is much less prevalent in Welsh melodies.

From a rhythmical point of view the most striking peculiarity is the frequency of dissyllabic endings to lines and phrases, in which the final syllable is unaccented, a feature obviously due to the Welsh rule of accentuating the last syllable but one in the great majority of words. In the more modern of the folk-songs proper there is an increasing tendency to shorten the accented note and to prolong the succeeding unaccented syllable, thus tending to produce the effect of a syncopation, and in extreme cases something like the Scotch "snap." The air "Suo-gan" ("Lullaby") in the present number is an example of this peculiarity.

In addition to the two distinct types of melody above described, there is a large and increasing class of airs which partake of the harmonic structure and definite form of the first, and of the pathos and sentiment of the second. It is interesting to

observe that in spite of the echoes and reminiscences of modern music, the native traits of melody still insist on appearing in those airs that are of spontaneous growth in the country.

The closer intercourse between Wales and England makes the vexed question of the origin of many of the airs more difficult to decide than even in the case of the Scotch and Irish airs. There is no doubt as to the English parentage of many supposed Welsh airs; it is equally certain that some airs generally regarded as English travelled from over the border. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that in the 17th and 18th centuries many of the Welsh gentry took their harpists with them to London. In this connection the following quotation from a letter of the poet Gray will be of interest. The Parry here spoken of is Blind Parry of Ruabon, domestic harpist to the first and second Baronets of Wynnstay, and author of the first published collection of Welsh airs (1742). "Mr. Parry has been here and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as to have set all this learned body a-dancing, and inspired them with due respect for 'My old bard,' his countryman, whenever he shall appear."

Because a number of supposed Welsh airs have been discovered in English collections, some writers have made the sweeping statement that there are very few airs of truly Welsh origin, but that most of them have been borrowed from the English. This mode of reasoning is on the face of it illogical and unscientific. In the absence of historical evidence to decide a question of this kind, nothing less will serve than a critical study of the structure of the melodies in the light of a comparative examination of those of neighbouring nationalities. Even when this is done it will be discovered that there are a number of tunes whose home cannot be discovered, for in some form or other they may be found in each of the constituent divisions of the British Islands, and even in different counties of the same country, but that in each locality they take on forms and cadences more or less characteristic of the district. This is exemplified by the tune "Betty the Mischief."—See *Note, page vi.*

In the matter of names again there is a difficulty. It is well known that the ballad singers of the first half of the 19th century imported a large number of English ballad tunes. The mere occurrence of an English title above an air in a Welsh collection is, however, not *in itself* a proof of its foreign origin. All the earlier collections were printed for English patrons, and we find that in some of them there is a distinct preference given to translations of the Welsh names. An interesting and well-authenticated case is that of "Y Gadlys." D'Urfey set this to words commencing "Of noble race was Shenkin," with the result that Welsh writers of the 18th century refer to it under that title, or merely call it "Shenkin." In this case there is no question of its Welsh origin, for D'Urfey himself calls it "A fine Welsh harp tune." In cases of uncertainty, the absence of authentic information as to its actual source, proofs of a long period of residence, or of a wide-spread diffusion in the principality, and particularly the possession of Welsh characteristics, should be sufficient justification for the inclusion of a melody in a Welsh collection, though there may be a suspicion about its primal origin.

Any additional information respecting such cases would be welcomed by the Welsh editor.

NOTES ON THE NEW AIRS IN THIS NUMBER.

"SUO-GAN" ("Lullaby").

Obtained by Mr. Robert Bryan out of an old MS. book in the possession of Mr. Orwig Williams. A slightly different form had already appeared in "Cambrian Minstrelsie" (Vol. VI. p. 180).

"Y GWCW FACH" ("Cuckoo, Dear").

Heard by the Rev. R. Silyn Roberts in Chicago, and communicated by him to Mr. Robert Bryan. The lady who sang it was born in the States, but had learnt the melody and the first verse from her mother, a native of Merionethshire.

"FFARWEL, MARI" ("Farewell, Mari").

Sung by my father after Ifan y Gorlan, an old harpist of the Conway Valley. A variant may be seen in the Bennett Collection, p. 121, in which the last cadence is in the modern minor.

"TRA BO DAU" ("Wherever hearts are true").

Welsh words and melody from the singing of my wife and her sister, Miss A. Jones of Crickieth, who had learnt them from their father. Lines 5—8 of the first verse have been added by Llew Tegid.

"BETI LLANSAN'FFRAID" ("Betty the Mischief").

Popular in the early part of the 18th century,—there are several Welsh ballads of that period which were sung to it, all of which have a refrain O, ra-ti-ti, etc. The version here followed was sung by my father; another in the Bennett Collection closely resembles it, but differs in the tune of the second part. The idea of the Welsh words was suggested by a celebrated character described by Pennant, Marged Uch Ifan, who lived near Llanberis about the end of the 18th century. What is evidently the same tune but in a widely different form may be found in the English County Songs, p. 132, under the name of John Appleby. This was collected in Kent and is described as a hop-pickers' song.

J. LL. W.

The design on the Cover, (the Welsh Dragon,) by Miss Hartley, is printed by kind permission of Messrs. J. Heywood, Limited, of Manchester.

Dydd Gwyl Dewi.

1

(ST. DAVID'S DAY)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
English words by HENRY DAVIES.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Animato.

Voice. *f*

Piano. *f*

Pan
When

oedd Cad-wall-on.... gynt yn dal Gwi-al-en Pryd-ain Fawr, 'Roedd
King Cad-wall-on... famed of old 'Mid tu-mulds and a-larms, With

gan y Saes-on fil-wr tal-Or en-w "Ed-win Gawr?" 'Roedd
dauntless heart and cou-rage bold Led on the Brit-ish arms, He

Ed-win Gawr yn cab-lur saint, Ac en-wau pawb ou plant; Ond
bade his men ne'er fret nor grieve, Nor doubt the com-ing fray; For

lladdwyd Edwin... ei... ei... faint, Ar Ddygwyl Dew-i Sant. 'Roedd
 well he knew it... was the eye Of great St. David's day. The

gan y Saes-on... dri am un O... fil-wyr mwy na ni, Ond
 Sax-ons in the... wild dis-tress Of... this their hour of need Dis-

medd Cadwall-on... wrth-oi hun, "Y... Cym-ry aiff a hi;" Pob
 -guised them in the Bri-tish dress, The he-ro to mis-lead. But

un o'r Saes-on... mi... wnaflw, Y fo-rydeifl ei gant— Ac
 soon Cad-wall-on... quick of... ken, Per-ceived the cra-ven play And

fell-y bu hi... "medd-an...nhw," Ar Ddygwyl Dew-i Sant. Er...
 gave a leek ta... all... his... men Up-on St. David's day. "Be-

mwyn ein twyll-o, fel e-riod, Beth ddar-fur Saes-on croch, Ond
 -hold" the gal-lant mon-arch cried "A... tro-phy bright and green! And

gwisg-ou hun-ain yn ddi-oed, Fel ni, mewn sier-cyn coch. Ond
 let it for our bat-tle guide In... ev-'ry helm be seen; That

aeth pob Cym-ro, fel bu'r hap, I ardd yn ym-yl nant, A
 when we meet, as... meet we must, The Sax-on's prou-dar-ray, We

rhodd gen-in-en yn ei gap, Ar Ddy-gwyl Dew-i Sant.
 all may know in... whom ta...trust On good St. Da-vid's Day? *ff*

ff

Hen
A -

ff

ar_wydd oedd ar... ddydd y gât Rhwnggwyr y "Ddraig" ar "Llew" Maén
- non a - rose the bat - tle shout, The crash of spear and bow; But

ar_wydd et - to... ym mhobgwlad, Lle.. meg - ir Cym - ro glew. Maén
aye the green leek point - ed out The Welsh - man from his foe. The

bech - gyn hedd - yw... oll.... ar.... daen, Hyd law - er bryn a phant: Ddaw
Sax - ons made a..... stout de - fence But fled' at length a - way And

Dic Shôn Daf - ydd... byth ym...mlaen Ar Ddy-gwyl Dew - i Sant. Pob
con - quest crown'd the Brit - ish Prince On great St. Da - vid's day. We'll

parch i er - eill, ni waeth pwy, Ond ceis - iwn ar ein hynt Wneyd
che - rish still that field of fame, What e'er may be our lot, As...

Cym - ru for - yn... llaw - er mwy Nag... yd...oedd Cym - ru gynt; Nawr
long as Gwa - lia... hath a name Her... speech is un - for - got. And

gyd - a'n gil - ydd... can - wn...gerdd, A phen - nill gyd - a'r tant: A
bra - ver badge we ne'er will seek, What - ev - er o - thers may, But

gwis - gwn fyth Gen - in - en...werdd Ar Ddy-gwyl Dew - i Sant.
still be proud to wear the leek On good St. Da - vid's day.

Clychau Aberdyfi.

(THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Non allegro.

Voice. 

Piano. 

rit. *p*



Os wyt ti yn bur i mi,.... Fel' rwyffi yn bur i ti,.....
If to me as true thou art.... As I'm true to thee, sweet heart,





Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Me ddai clych-au Ab-er-dy-fi.
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five, From the bells of Ab-er-do-vey.



Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump,..... chwech, Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai
 Hear one, two, three, four, five, six; Hear one, two, three, four, five and six, From the

cl_y. chau Ab - er - dy - fi. Hoff gan fab yw medd - u serch, Y
 bells of Ab - er - do - vey. Glad's the lad his lass to wed,....

ferch mae am bri - od - i, Hoff gan in - nau ym mhob man, Am
 When she sighs I love ye! But to - day on air I tread For

Mor - fydd Ab - er - dy - fi. Os wyt tin fy nghar - u i,.....
 Gwen of Ab - er - do - vey. While the heart beats in my breast,

Fel 'rwyf fih dy gar - u 'di,..... Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai
 Ca - riad, I will love ye best By one, two, three, and all the rest Of the

clych-au Ab - er - dy - fi.
bells of Ab - er - do - vey!

Pan ddôf ad - ref tros y môr,....
When I cross the sea once more,

Car - iad gu - ra wrth dy ddôr;... Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai
Love comes knocking at my door;... Like one, two, three, four, five, six, Of the

clych-au Ab - er - dy - fi. Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech
bells of Ab - er - do - vey; One, two, three, four, five and six, Like

Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai clych-au Ab - er - dy - fi.
one, two, three, four, five and six Of the bells of Ab - er - do - vey!

Paid a'wneud yn gal - on wan, Pan ddaw o dan dy fa - ner,
 Lit - tle loves and hopes shall fly..... Round us in a co - vey, When

Os bydd gen - nyt air i'w ddweyd Byddgwneud yn well o'r han - ner;
 we are mar - ried, you and I, At home in Ab - er - do - vey.

Os wyt ti'n fy nghar - u i,..... Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy gar - u di,.....
 If to me as true thou art..... As I'm true to thee, sweet - heart, We'll

Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pŵmp, chwech, Meddai clych au Ab - er - dy - fi.
 hear one, two, three, four, five, six, From the bells of Ab - er - do - vey!

rall.

Tra Bo Dau.

(WHEREVER HEARTS ARE TRUE)

Welsh words Traditional.

(Revised by LLEW TEGID.)

English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by
J. LLOYD WILLIAMS.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Maer hona gâr fy nghalon i Ymhell oddi y - - ma'n
Go, gentle dove, whom my dear love Has at her heart..... ca -

rit. a tempo

byw, A hiraeth am ei gweled hi A'ngwna yn ddrwg..... fy
- ressed, - This message bear a-cross the air Un-to her long - - ing

rit. a tempo

lliw. Mewn es-tron wlad yn glaf o..... serch 'Rwynd - rych
breast! Say beauty's rose to meet me... glows And star - ry

rit. *a tempo*
dros..... y..... dón; Yn cur-io beu - - nyddam y.....
looks..... are shot; But I so miss her lov-ing

rit. *a tempo*

ferch Syddi - mi'n bŵr..... ei bron.
kiss, Tell her to fear..... them not.

Cyf oeth nid yw ond of - er-edd.....
Rich-es desert or de - ceive us.....

rit. *tempo.*

rit.

Glen - did nid yw yn par - hau..... Ond car - iad
 Beau - ty dis - solves like the dew..... Love will out -

rit.

a tempo.

pŵr sydd fel y... dŵr yn par - a tra..... bo dau.
 - last the ru - dest blast, Wherev - er hearts..... are true.

a tempo.

Or dew - is
 Say I a -

hardd ddew - is - ais... i Oedd dew - is lod - es.....
 - dore her but the... mŵre, Since I - have cross'd..... the.....

rit. *a tempo*

lân A chyn bydd 'dif - ar gen - yf.... fi O rhew - i
seas, And when from her I cold - ly.... err, The ve - ry

rit. *a tempo*

wnaiff..... y tân. Mae fân wyl ri - ain dros y....
fire..... shall freeze. Tell her that still with ea - ger...

rit. *a tempo*

lli Gob.eith .io'i bod..... hi'n... iach. Rwy'n car - ur
will For her I'll do..... and dare; Till gathered

rit. *a tempo*

tir lle cerdd.o..... hi Dan wraiddfy nghal - - on bach.
gold e - now I..... hold With her my life..... to share.

Cyf. oeth nid yw ond of -
Rich-es desert or de -

rit.
tempo

rit.

- er edd..... Glen did nid yw yn par - hau..... Ond car - iad
- ceive us,..... Beau-ty dissolves like the dew..... Love will out -

rit.

a tempo.

pŵr sydd fel y.... dŵr yn par - a tra..... bo dau.
- last the ru - dest blast Wherev - er hearts..... are true.

a tempo.

Y Bore Glas.

(THE BLUEING OF THE DAY.)

Welsh words Traditional.
English words by A.P.Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante con moto.

Voice. Pan
Just

Piano. *p*

o'wn i ar fo - reuddydd, Ar las..... wyn y dydd,..... Yn
at the bright re - new - ing And blue - ing of the day..... Gwen.

rho - dioglas y coed - ydd, A 'ngha - lon i yn rhydd; Clywn i'r
- tli - an I went woo - ing A - long the lea - fy way; When a

'der - yn du' pig - fe - lyn yn..... can - u yn y' dyff - ryn A.....
black - bird blithe up springing Set such rap - ture round him ring - ing That his

min - nau'n ei..... serch - u yn y gwydd.
sing - ing Stole my ve - ry heart a - way.

O,
And

hir a - ros yn - o Tra hoff - ais e'n tiwn - io, Am
there he trilled and flut - ed And lut - ed oh! so well,..... That

serch..... rhodd - ais ar - no, A gwed - yd i chwir gwir, Fy.....
 I be - low stood root - ed And rav - ished in the dell. Till Gwen -

medd - wl fe..... hud - wys, Fy..... nghal - on i fe dden - wys Yn.....
 - tli - an, shape 'en - tran - cing Down the dew - y wood - land danc - ing, Mis - chief

dir - ion, ar..... dor - iad y dydd.
 glan - cing, Snapp'd the gold - en..... spell.

Yn Nyffryn Clwyd.

(THE VALE OF CLWYD.)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Sostenuto. *mf*

Voice. *mf*

Yn Nyffryn Clwyd nid oes, Dim ond
By Clwyd, all hoar with moss Lies a

Piano. *mf*

darn bach o'r groes, Oedd gynt yn gol-ofn ar lās..... fedd; Y
storm-shattered cross That guarded once a he-ro's..... grave, A -

bu-gail gân i'w braidd, Tra Ein-ion Rir-id Vlaidd, Yn gorphwysdanei
- round from wood to steep The shep-herd calls his sheep, Be-low in centuried

droed, Gan af-ael yn ei..... gledd. Ond
sleep Great Ein-ion grasps his glaive. But

mf

ced_wir ei goff - ad, Er mewn pridd mewn par - had, Glân
 tho' his shape is dust, Tho' his dread sword is rust, To

yw ei gledd_yf fel er - - ioed. Os car - u cof - ior
 mem_ry's light they leap forth a - new; Till, Clwyd, with prouder

wyd, Am ddol_ydd Dyffryn Clwyd, O! cof - ia gof - ior
 swell Our hearts thy praises tell, For their stern sakes who

dewr Sydd yn - o dan dy..... droed. Mewn
 fell To Gwa_lia's Stan - dard true. If

ang - of ni chânt fod; Wŷr y clëdd, hir eu clod, Tra'r
black o - bliã - ion's pall On their bright fame must fall, It

aw - el tros eu bedd - au..... chwŷth: Y mae yng Nghym.ru
first shall quench the stars' keen..... fires; For O, from hills to

fyredd, O fedd - au ar y ffydd, Yn bal - mant hyd yr
waves While ho - ly free - dom paves Our foot - steps with their

hwn Y rhod - ia Rhydd - id..... byth!
graves, We'll ce - le - brate our..... Sires.

Mentra Gwen.

(VENTURE, GWEN.)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice. *Moderato.* *mf*

Am
O'er

Piano. *p*

dan - at ti mae son, Wen - af Wen, Wen - af Wen, O Fyn - wy fawr i
Cym - ru, like a star, Brightest Gwen, whit - est Gwen! Thy fame has flash'd a -

mf

Fon,..... Wen - af..... Wen! I'r cas - tell ac - w he - no, Rhaid it - i droi a
- far,..... Brightest Gwen! The cres - set on yon gate - way Was set to light thy

f

hu - no, Hen deu - lu iawn sydd yn - ddo, Da di men - tra, men - tra
late way, Fear not to en - ter straight - way! On - ly ven - ture, ven - ture,

Gwen!
Gwen!

mf O' th' flaen mae myn - ydd
Far bet - ter here to

maith, Wen - af Wen, Wen - af Wen, Gwell i - ti dor - rith daith, ... Wen - af...
bide, Fair - est Gwen, dear - est Gwen! Than tempt the mountain side, ... Dear - est...

f Wen, Wel yn fy mraich gan hyn - ny, Yr awn gan ben - der - fy - nu, Fod
Gwen! Their tor - ches wave us thi - ther, Then, arm in arm to - ge - ther, From

yn y cas_tell le - ty, Da di men-tra, men - tra Gwen.
out the an_gry wea_ther, Let us ven_ture, ven - ture, Gwen!

Fi pi_aur cas_tell hwn, Wen - af Wen, Wen - af Wen, Ti ell - i fyw mi
What means this marshallŷ line? Whit_est Gwen, brightest Gwen! These men-at-arms are

wn,..... Wen - af... Wen, Yn wraig yng Nghastell Cro.gen, I'w bar.chu ef a'i
mine, Brightest Gwen! Thou Queen of Cro-gan Cas.tle, Yet I, its Lord, thy

berchen; A chym.er fin y far_gen, Da di men-tra, men-tra Gwen!
vas_sal! Now welcome to the wassail, Welcome, welcome, wel_come, Gwen!

Rhyfelgyrch gwyr Harlech.

(MEN OF HARLECH.)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Allegro con spirito.

Voice.

Piano.

ff *pp*

f

We - le goel - certh wen yn fflam - io, A thaf - od - au tân yn bloedd - io,
Fierce the bea - con light is flam - ing, With its tongues of fire pro - claim - ing,

Ar ir dew - rion ddot i da - ro "Un - waith et - o'n un."
"Chief - tains sun - dered to your sha - ming, Strongly now u - nite!"

ff

Gan fan - llef - au ty - wys - og - ion, Llais gel - yn - ion, trwst arf - og - ion,
At the call all Ar - fon ral - lies, War - cries rend her hills and val - leys,

A char.lam - iad y march.og - ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
Troop on troop, with head-long sal-lies, Hur-tle to the fight.

Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Cen - ir yn dra - gy - wydd;
Chiefs lie dead and wounded, Yet, where first 'twas grounded,

Cym - ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, Yn glod - us ym mys ggwledydd. Yng
Free - dom's flag still holds the crag - Her trum - pet still is... sounded! O

ngwyn ol - eu - nŷr goel.certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au Cym - ro'n ma - rw,
there we'll keep her ban - ner fly - ing, While the pale lips of the dy - ing

An - ni.byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.
Ec - ho to our shout de - fy - ing "Harlech for the right!"

f

Ni chaiff gel - yn ladd ac ym - lid Har - lech! Har - lech!
 Shall the Sax - on ar - my shake you, Smite, pur - sue and

cwyd iw her - lid; Y mae Rhodd - wr mawr ein Rhydd - id,
 o - ver - take you? Men of Har - lech, God shall make you

Yn rhoi nerth i ni. We - le Gym - ru a'i bydd in - oedd,
 Victors, blow for blow! As the ri - vers of Er - y - ri

ff

Yn ym - dy - walt o'r myn - ydd oedd! Rhuth - rant fel rhae - ad - rau dyf - roedd,
 Sweep the vale with flood - ed fu - ry, Gwa - lia from her mountain ey - rie

Llamant fel y lli! Llywyddiant i'n llu - yddion!
 Thunders on the foel! Now a - ven - ging Bri - ton,

Rwys - tro bâr yr es - tron! Gwyb - od yn ei
Smite as he has smit - ten! Let your rage on

gal - - ongaiff, Fel brath - a..... cledd - yf..... Bryth-on; Y
his - - try's page In Sax - on blood be..... writ - ten! His

clëdd yn er - byn clëdd a chwèr - y, Dûr yn.... er - byn
lance is long, but yours is long - er, Strong his sword, but

dûr a der - y, We - - le fan - er Gwal - ia'i fy - ny,
yours is strong - er! One stroke more! and then your wrong - er

"Rhydd - id aiff a hi!"
At your feet lies low!

Hela'r 'Sgyfarnog.

(HUNTING THE HARE.)

Welsh words by LLEW TEGID.
English words by A. P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Vivace.

Voice.

Piano.

f

Dowch i'r hel-fa, mae'r udgyrn yn can-u, Yr haul ly-ga-da dros
O - the yelp-ing of hounds, the skelp-ing A - long the co-ver and

ysgwydd y bryn; Draw i'r dar-ren mae pawb yn ym-dyr-ru, A'r
out at the back! O the gal-lop-ing, O the wal-lop-ing,

ad - sain ddeff-ry daw - el - wch y glyn: Hel-wyr a hel-gwn a
O the rush of the gone a - way Jack! Off like a fea-ther he

L.H.

rall.

hel feirch af lonydd, Ha, ha! mae yr aw-yr yn llawn o fwyn-had,
floats on the hea-ther, Black-ber-ry call-ing the tune in his track,

a tempo.

Clywch maer oŵn we-di tar-o y trywydd, Maer hên fyth eu-ad yn
Spot and Spi-der and Beau-ty be-side her, Then Red Rake and the

ar wain y gâd.
rest of the pack.

Dac-wr gwt a o blith y twmpathau, Drwy'r grug ar eith-in fel
Now they've lost him, and now they're finding him, Now he's winding 'em

aw-el o wynt; Ffwrdd ar hel-wyr fel mell-ta a thar-an-au, A
round by the stack! Hark! the horn! to the heights we fol-low 'em,

ffwrdd ar hel-gwn yn gyf-lym yn gynt: Dros glawddy myn-ydd fel
 Cheer and hol-loa 'em for-'ard and back. Ne'er such a frisk-er at

L.H.

hed-iad pi-od-en, A throï ar i fy-ny, ar as-wy a de,
 fate cocked a whis-ker, Or bust-led us brisk-er than- yon-der old Jack.

rall.

a tempo.

Dros y Lled-wyn a thrwy Fwïchy-fed-wen, A phawb yn dil-yn, heb
 One more dou-ble a-cross the stub-ble, And he's in trou-ble and

wyb.od i ble.
 toss'd by the pack.

f

O, mor ddi-fyr i'r dyn-fa, ar der-fyn Y dydd, yw cwrdd-yd o
 Bay and grey are a-way to the sta-ble, And jo-vial hun-ters the

am gylch y bwrdd; Iach aw-el-on a giudodd i'w can-lyn, Mewn
 ta-ble at-tack; Meat we're munching and oats they're crunching, And

hoen, bob gof-al a gof-id i ffwrdd. Prid yw i'r pryd-ydd roi
 pails they emp-ty and bot-tles we crack! Here's to the Mas-ter! no

L.H.

rall.
 cân i'r Pen-cyn-ydd, A mol-ed pob hel-ydd y Llyw-ydd yn llon;
 fair-er or fast-er To stea-dy the head-y or screw up the slack!

a tempo.
 Mawl i'r gein-ach mwy el-o ar gyn-nydd, Hen gamp ys blen-nydd, ddi-
 Here's to the Hunt! and our glass-es a-jin-gle With joy com-min-gle and

-henydd yw hon.
 here's to the pack!

Hun Gwenllian.

(GWENDOLEEN'S REPOSE.)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante con moto. *p*

Voice. Gwen.
My

Piano. *p*

- lli - - an fach, fy nghal on dlos, Rwy'ti yn hun - o yn ddi -
Gwen - - do - leen, my heart's de - light! Sleep on thro' shiv - ring spear and

- fraw, Gan ddal dy a - fal bach mel - yn - goch yn dy law. *p*
Maeth
brand, An ap - ple ro - sy red with - in thy ba - by hand; Thy

rudd - iau an - - wyl fel y gwrid - og rôs; Maeth
 pil - low'd cheeks a pair of ro - ses bright, Thy

legato

fron yn dded - wydd ddydd a nos, dded - wydd ddydd a nos, Ym
 heart as hap - py day and night, hap - py day and night! 'Mid

mŷd y go - fid O! gwyn fyd twys - og - es if - anc yn ei
 all our woe, O vis - ion rare! Sweet lit - tle prin - cess crad - led

chryd, Yn dal ei haf - al bach ei holl o of - al byd.
 there, The ap - ple in thy hand thy all of earth - ly care.

Mae gen - nyt frod - yr yn y
 Thy breth - ren bat - tle with the

f

gād Maeth dad a'i gledd- yf wrth ei glŷn, A thith- a'u'n cysg - u'n drwm, gan
 foe, Thy Sire's red strokes a - round him sweep, Whilt thou, his bon - ny babe, art

wèn - u trwy dy hun. Mae trwst y Nor - man dig yn crynu'r
 smil - ing on in sleep. All Gwa - lia shud - ders at the Nor - man

wlad, Beth wŷr yr eng - yl am dy dad? eng - yl am dy
 blow, What are the an - gels whis - p'ring low of thy fa - ther

dad? O! am orph - wys - o'n dded wydd iach, Mae bren - in -
 now? Bright babe, a - sleep up - on my knee, How man - ya

- es - au uch - el àch, A roent eu gor - sedd fainc am gwsg t'wys - og - es fach.
 Queen of high de - gree Would cast a - way her crown to slum - ber thus like thee.

Y Gwch Fach.

(CUCKOO DEAR.)

The first Welsh verse is ancient,
the other verses are by ROBERT BRYAN.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by
ROBERT BRYAN.

Andante affettuoso.

Voice. 

Piano. 

p *pp*

Gw_cw fach, ond wyt ti'n ffol - og, Ffal di ral di rw,... dw ri rai tai to,
Cuc - koo dear, what id - le fol - ly, Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh!



mp *pp*

'Nean - u mhliith yr eith - in pig - og, Ffal di ral di rw,... dw ri
Call - ing here thro' prick - ly hol - ly, Fal di ral de roo,... doo ree



mf *rall.*

rai tai to, Dos i blwy Dol - gell - e dir - ion,
ri ti toh! To Dol - gell - y if you'd fly on,



f a tempo *rall.* *p a tempo*

Ffal di ral di rw, di rai tai io,..... Ti gei yn - o
Fal de ral de roo, de ri ti yoh!..... Soft green boughs you'd

f a tempo *rall.* *p a tempo*

f

lwyn - i gwyrd - ion, Ffal di ral di rw,.... dw ri rai tai io,
get to cry on, Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti yoh!

p

Gw - cw fach, e - hed yn un - ion
Cuc - koo dear! my heart's com - pan - ion,

f *p*

pp *mp*

Ffal di ral di rw,.... dw ri rai tai to, Tu - a glan yr
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh! Fly from here a -

pp *mp*

pp

af - on Wn - ion, Ffal di ral di rw.... dw ri rai tai to,
cross the Wn - ion! Fal de ral de roo, doo re ri ti toh!

mf *rall.* *f a tempo*

Ar dy ad - en ar - os en - nyd Ffal di ral di rw, di
There a mo - ment light - ly ho - ver, Fal de ral de roo de

mf *rall.* *f a tempo*

rall. *p a tempo*

rai tai io..... Wrth an - edd - le fy an - wyl - yd,
ri ti yoh! Oer the home of my true lov - er,

rall. *p a tempo*

Ffal di ral di rw.... dw ri rai tai io.
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti yoh!

p *pp*

Gw - cw fach, os yn - o gwel - i Ffal di ral di rw, ... dw ri rai tai to,
 Cuc - koo dear, if there you find him, Fal de ral de roo, doo re ri ti toh!

mp *pp*

Ryw - un wyl - ar dwr yn hel - i Ffal di ral di rw, ... dw ri rai tai to,
 Sad of cheer, O perch be - hind him, Fal de ral de roo, doo re ri ti toh!

mf *rall.* *f a tempo.*

Can - a gân y gwan - wyn idd - o, Ffal di ral di rw, di
 Then a Spring - tide ca - rol sing, him, Fal de ral de roo, de

rall. *f a tempo.*

rai tai io..... Cân o ob - aith iw gys - ur - o.
 ri ti yoh!..... That shall hope and com - fort bring him!

rall. *p a tempo.*

f

Ffal di ral di rw, ... dw ri rai tai io.
 Fal de ral de roo, ... doo re ri ti toh!

Ffarwel Mari.

(FAREWELL, MARI.)

Welsh words by LLEW TEGID.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by
J. LLOYD WILLIAMS.

Voice.

Piano.

Ffar - wel i Wal - ia fy ngwiad ffar - wel! Mae
As I was look - ing my long - ing last On

nghal - on fel y plwm..... Mae bloedd yr ud - gorn yn
Ar - fon's love - ly shore,..... A sud - den splen - dour of

sein - io fel Gal - ar - nad trwy y cwm..... Ffar -
sun - set passd Her vio - let val - leys o'er..... In

wel i fwth-yn fy mam a nhad, Ffar-wel gyf-oed-ion bob
 ro - sy won-der it wrapp'd the West, It fired the clouds on the

rit.

un,..... Er mwyn fy ngwlad..... Rwy'n mynd i'r gâd.....
 crest..... It glo - ri - fied..... The Glas - lyn's tide,.....

dim.

..... Ffar - wel i - ti Mar - i fy mûn.....
 Till it gleamed like the path of the Blest.....

Tros dir a moroedd i
 Yet there was wanting to

dim.

eith - af byd Wyn - eb - u raid i mi,..... Fy
 chide the fears That dark - ened all my will..... And

nghal - on er - ys yr un o hyd Yn ffydd - lon byth i
flash Hope's rain-bow a - cross my tears One form from off the

ti..... Yn ol mi ddeu - af fy ngen - eth wen, Cyn
hill;..... There sire and mo - ther still wav - ing stood; Till

hir i'm cartref fy hun..... Cawn deim - lo swyn..... Rhod.
o'er the old... ash wood..... I saw her kneel..... With

- feydd y llwyn..... Ffar - wel i - ti Mar - i fy mün!.....
mute ap - peal,..... My Ma - ri, my an - gel of good!.....

.....

Cadair Idris.

(JENNY JONES.)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
English words by A.P.Graves.

Composed by JOHN PARRY.
(BARD ALAW 1804)
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto. *mf*

Voice. Bum in - au'n rhod -
One morn from Llan -

Piano.

ian - na, yn nyff-ryn Llan - goll - en, Yn dring - o y myn - ydd i
- gol - len's dim vi - o - let val - ley Light - heart - ed I clamb - ered to

Gaer Din - as Brân Yn ed - rych i fyn - y at Gyn - wyd a
Caer Din - as Bran. O'er Cyn - wyd and Cor - wen I saw the sun

Chor - wen, A myn - ydd Rhiw - ab - on yn deif - io gan dân Mi a
sal - ly, Ru - a - bon's far rid - ges faint flush'd with the dawn. As I.

wel - ais lân ddyfroedd, ab - er - oedd y..... Ber - wyn, A da ar - dal
look'd, Ber - wyn's wat - ers to sil - ver were smit - ten, And Dee danced in

Dowr - du ar as - wy a de; Ond mi wel - ais lan fwth - yn, nis
dia - monds to left and to right; But when one lone - ly cot - tage my

gwn i beth wed 'yn, Nis gall - wn i wel - ed dim byd ond e -
lo - ver's eyes lit on, Sure ev - 'ry thing else fa - ded out of my

- fe. *mf* Dis -
sight. From the

- gyn - nais or Cas - tell, a chroes - ais yr af - on, Fel
cas - tle down hill, like a deer I went rac - ing; With

cur - ai fy nghal - on ang - hof - iaf fi bŷth; Ac
heart pit - a - pat - ting I leapt the ford stones; My

fel heb yn wy - bodim traed ar fy un - ion, A' dŷ Jen - ny
feet through the air, like a pair of swifts chas - ing, Flew straight to the

Jones ym - gy - feir - iais yn syth. Ac... er i - ddi eis - tedd ym
door - step of sweet Jen - ny Jones. She sat by her fa - ther and

mysg ei.....chw - or - ydd, A'i thad wrth ei hoch - or yn siar - ad a
I by her bro - ther, Her sis - ters, like ro - ses, ranged round me for

mi; Gyd - ai brawd o'r tu ar - all, nis gwn i mo'r her - wydd, Nis
choice. But of all and of a - ny I on - ly saw Jen - ny, And

gall - wn i wel - - ed neb byw ond hy - hil
list - ened a - lone to each tone of her voice.

Yn eg - lwys Llan - goll - en, a'r
In the church of Llan - gol - len, when

rit.

clych - au yn ca - nu, Os aeth - urn yn wir - ion mi wn pwy a'm
joy - bells were chim - ing, If once my wits wan - dered right well I know

gwnaeth; Un - as - om an gil - ydd byth tyth i wa - ha - nu, Yn
why. 'Twas Jen - ny's "I take thee" to heav'n sent them climb - ing, Un -

dlawd neu'n gyf - oeth - og, yn well neu yn waeth. Maen
- til her soft pinch pulled me back from the sky. I

dda gen - yf bob - peth 'nen - wed - ig... fy.... hun - an, Mae Jen - ny yn
love a good neighbour, I love rest and lab - our, Good mus - ic and.

gwy - bod yn well na my - fi; Mae yn dda gen - yf gâ - nu maen
preaching, my pipe and my purse. But be - yond all and a - ny I

dda gen - yf ar - ian Ond nis gall - af ga - ru dim byd heb - law
love my own Jen - ny, For rich - er for poor - er, for bet - ter for

hi.
worse!

Morfa Rhuddlan.

(THE MARSH OF RHUDDLAN.)

Welsh words by IEUAN GLAN GEIRIONYDD.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Non allegro.

Voice. *f*

Cil-ia'r haul draw dros ael
O-ver Er-y-ri the

Piano. *f*

bryn-iau... hael Ar-fon, Llen-ni nôs... sy'n mynd dros ddôl a rhos
set-ting sun flash-es, Night's cur-tain clo-ses... o'er... moor-land and

weith-ion; Pob rhyw chwa ym-aith a gil-ia... o'r... llwyn-i;
lea,... Now not a... breath stirs the sha-dow-y... ash-es,

Ar fy... nghlust draw mae... ust y dôn yn dis-te-wi:
Far, far... a-way falls the... sigh of the sea.....

Dan fy... mron clyw - a'm... llôn... ga - lon yn cur - o, Gan - fawr rym
 Yet eo - ry... pa - tri - ot... pulse in my bo - dy Knocks at... the...

dig - ter... llym, wrth i'm... fy - fyr - io, Ar y... pryd pan fu... drud
 door of... my... pas - sion - ate heart, While Rhuddlan Marsh in... thy...

waed - lyd gyf - la - fan, Panwnaedbrâd Cym - ru... fâd ar For - fa Rhuddlan.
 bat - tle - field blood - y, Curs'd of the Cym - ry, a - gain I take part.

ff Più mosso.

Trwy y gwyll gwel - af ddull ter - yll... y.....
 Out of the gloom leap the loud crash - ing
Più mosso.

dar - ian, Clyw.af si... eirf heb ri'... ar.ni yn tincian. O'r bw - âu...
tar - ges, Through the spear for - est the bat.tle - axe breaks, Ar - rous fly

gwyllt maengwau saeth - au... gan si - o; A thwrst mawr nes maer llawr
hiss - ing to thun - der - ing char - ges, E'en to... its... mar - ges the...

rhudd.wawr yn sig - lo; Ond uwch sain twrf y... rhainac och - ain y
red mo - rass quakes! O'er the wild tu - mult, the wail of the

Clyw.af awg, Fry hyd nef clyw. ir... cref ddo. lef... Car - ad awg -
wound - ed, Hark! the clear voice of... Ca - ra - doc is... rolled: -

"Rhag gwneud brâd ein hen...wlad, trown eu... câd...weith-ian, Neu caed lloer
 "In - to y en breach! or be - trayed and sur - round - ed On Rhuddlan

ni yn...oer... ar For - fa Rhuddlan?"
 Marsh let the moon find us cold?.....

We - le fron pob rhywlôn Frython yn... chwyddo, We - leu gwedd, fel eu...cledd
 Quick to his call he - ro hearts are up - leap - ing, Fierce as their swords he - ro...

fflamwedd, yn gwrid.o; We - le'r fraichrymus fryn dyb - lu'r. er - gyd - ion;
 fa - ces out - flame; Strong he - ro arms the red har - vest are reap - ing,

Yn eu... nwy' tor - rant drwy lyd - ain ad - wy - on; Yr un... pryd
 Gap af - ter gap to... their glo - ry they claim!... Then with one...

Cym.rui gyd gyf.yd ei gweddi "Doed yn... awr help i... lawr yn... ein mawr
 voice all our na.tion kneels praying; "Great is... our jeo - par.dy, Lord God of...

gyn - i; Boed i ti, O! ein Rhi, nodd.i ein trig - fan; Llwydda'n awr
 hosts, On - ly... in... Thee our last hope we... are... stay - ing, None but Thine

ein llu... mawr ar For - fa Rhuddlan!"
 Arm can de - liv - er our coasts!"

Tros_of daeth, fel rhywsaeth, al - aeth a.... dych_ryn, Och! rhag bost, bloeddiau tost
 Hon_our and hope kept the van_tage till sun_set, Then o - ver - pow_ered our

ym_ffrosty gel - yn; Ond O! na... law_en_ha, fel a.... wnai or_chest;
 bat_tle gave way..... Vaunt not, proud foe, your vic - to - ri - ous on_set -

Nid dy... rym ond dy... ri'.... ddug i ti gonwest! Ow rhag braw'r
 Num bers, not val - our, have won you the day!..... Oh! but... yon...

dorf sy'...draw'n gwyl_iaw o'r drys_au, Am lwydd_cad Cym_ru... fad -
 crowd that with Heav'n in - ter - ced - ed, - Grey_head - ed grand_sire, weak

rhâd ar... ei... harf au; Mewngwyllt fraw i'r geillt fry,... rhed... y... pob...
 wo - man and child, - Now from their knees, their pe - ti - tion un -

oed ran, Wrth weld brâd gwyr eu... gwlad ar For - fa Rhuddlan.
 - heed - ed, Flock in white ter - ror out in - to the wild!

Bryn a phant, cwm a nant, lan want â... hoer gri; Traidd y floedd draw i... g'oedd
 Coom af - ter... coom to E - ry - ri's re - cess - es Echoes the... cry of... those

gym.oedd Er - y - ri; Yr awr hon y mae llon gal - on... hên.. Gym.ru,
 de - so - late ones; Whilst Mo - ther Wales, as she tears her... wild tress - es,

Am fawr frêg ei meib têt, gwiw. deg yn gwaed. u: Braw a.... brys
 Weeps o'er the... urns of her... might - i - est sons!.... Beau - ty's rose

sydd trwy lÿs... parch. us Car - ad. awg; Gwaedd. i.... mawr fyn'd i.... lawr
 dies at Ca - ra - doc's dis - as - ter, Ter - ror... and... pan - ic.... his....

flaenlawr gall - u. awg; Geil - w.... ei.... Fardd am.... ei.... fwyn del - yn i
 bat - tle - ments climb; Whilst his.. arch min - strel, la - ment - ing his....

gwynfan Ac ar hon ter - y.... dôn.. hen "For. fa. Rhuddlan!"
 mas - ter, Makes Mor - fa Rhuddlan our dirge for all time.

Beti Llansan'ffraid.

(BETTY THE MISCHIEF.)

Welsh words by LLEW TEGID.
English words by A.P.Graves.

Arranged by
J. LLOYD WILLIAMS.

Vivace.


Voice. 

Piano. 

Ar..... lech - wedd y bryn, mewn a - maeth - dy, Cyn
Lord,... let it at last be a daugh - ter To



dydd for - e Gwyl De - wi Sant, Daeth Bet - i i ym - wel - ed a Chymru, Yng
help with this house - ful of boys, For they're ev - er from fire in - to wa - ter, Or



nghan - ol gor - fol - edd y plant. 'Roedd....
rais - ing the roof with their noise! So.....



i - ddi dri brawd i'w blaen-or - i, A phob un yn en-wog drwy'r plwy, A'r
just like a voice from the hea-vens, With sen-ses no long-er a - whirl, She

rhain fuh ei mag - u a'i mol - i, Mewn af.iaith am flwydd-yn neu ddwy.
heard Doc-tor Me-re-dith E-vans Say; "Mad-am, this time it's a girl?"

Ta ra - ra - ta ra - ra - ta ra - ti,..... Gwaith
Hi! Ar - thur, Car - ad - oc, Llew - el - yn,..... Rhys,

chwer-w oedd chwarae a Bet - i,..... Ond ni fedd Er - yr - i Un
How-ell, give o - ver your yell-ing..... The Lord has sup-plied us A

fwynach ei chwm-ni a'i chàn,.... Gwr - on - es o lod - es wen lân....
sis-ter to guide us, a girl..... To pol-ish and keep us in curl....

Yn..... fu - an daeth Bet - i yn en - wog, Mewn
So Bet - ty was cradled and christened, Long

chwar - eu ni wel - yd ei bath; Hi red - ai yn gynt na'r 'sgyfarn - og, A
clothed and short coat - ed and all, But oh! how her im - pish eyes glist - ened, When

dring - ai y coed fel y gath. Os.....
first she went off on the crawl: For she

beidd - iai un groes - i ei bwr - iad, Hi gasg - lai ei deng - mys yng - hyd, Ai
munched up her mo - ther's lace mit - ten, Up - set her dad's snuff in his ale, Then

llawchwith a gar-iai y gen-ad, I'r croes-wr i fes-ur ei hyd.
 col-lared the tor-toise-shell kit-ten And fixed her first tooth in his tail.

Ta ra-ra-ta ra-ra-ta ra-ti,..... Gwaith
 "Just look at that child, Mis-ter Thom-as, Was

chwer-w oedd chwarae a Bet-i;..... Ond ni fedd Er-yr-i Un
 ev-er the like of her promise?" Some folks, my dear An-na, Who

fwyn-ach ei chwm-ni ai chân,..... Gwr-on-es o lod-es wen
 murmured at man-na,you'll own..... Too soon had a sur-feit of

lân.....
 quail?...

Am..... hel - a y cein - ach a'r cad - naw, A
Miss.... Bet - ty grew up quite a beau - ty, But

den - u y pys - god i dir, A saeth - u, marchog. aeth neu rwyfaw, Doedd
bless you, no queen of the bees, For she turned her six brothers from du - ty To

neb ail i Bet - i drwy'r Sir; Pan.....
all sorts of sky - lark - ing sprees. For

wyll - iai y fellt - en o'i llyg - ad, E'i llais gre - ai ar swyd o draw, A
long her kind mo - ther stood by her, And calmŷ Mis - ter Thom - as - 's fears, But at

chryn - ai y dewr - af mewneil - iad Pan deim lai rym - us - ter ei llaw.
last she broke down at the fire, ... Poor soul, in a tem - pest of tears.

Ta ra - ra - ta ra - ra - ta ra - ti;..... Gwaith
 "Our Bet with the sit-ting room po-ker..... Has

chwer - w oedd chwarae a Bet - i;..... Ond ni fedd Er - yr - i Un
 paint - ed the pig yel - low o - chre,..... And left the white po - ny A

fwyn - ach ei chw m - ni a'i chan,..... Gwr - on - es o lod - es wen
 quar - ter tail on - ly! Oh, Tom!..... Why did - n't you lock up your

lân.
 shears?

Hi..... all - ai wneud tel - yn a'i chan - u, Nes
 They..... next tried to tame her with school-ling. She

swyn.o yr a - dar o'r coed, Hi ddawns.ia mor ys.gafn ar man.blu, A'i
learned at the ve - ry first look, But set all her school.fel.lows fool.ing A -

chan oedd ber - eidd - iaf fu'riged: Y.....
- way from their sums or their book. But tho'

llanc.iau oedd wed.i yn.fyd - u Gwr - on.iaid a geis.ient ei llaw, Ond
teach.ers they scolded and blamed her, Miss Mis.chief still got her ownwill, And tho'

trem.iaid y for.wyn ly.gat - u, A gad.wai y dewr.af rai draw.
Bet - ty the Mischief they named her, She car.ried the Scrip.ture prize still.

Ta ra - ra - ta ra - ra - ta ra - ti,..... Gwaith
 And tho' now and then with an ap - ple..... In

chwer - w oedd chwâr - e â Bet - i,..... Ond ni fedd Er - yr - i Un
 church I have seen Bet - ty grap - ple,..... I've known the young sin - ner Take

fwyn - ach ei chw m - ni a'i chàn,..... Gwr - on - es o lod - es wen
 up her whole din - ner, yes, sure! To a poor hun - gry child on the

lân..... O,.....
 hill..... And...

do, ym bri - od - odd o'r di - wedd, A Ieu - an ryw for - e dydd Llun, Y
soon not a lass could approach her At sing - ing or chanting the prayers, Al -

mym - ryn bach, eidd - il a di - nod, A gryn - nai wrth wel - ed ei lun.
- tho' there was no such a poach - er As Bett af - ter sal - mon and hares.

Hi..... car - iodd ef ad - ref o'r eg - lwys, Mor
"Your wea - ther - cock's want - ing a tri - fl!" "My

dy - ner a ba - ban nêigryd, Ac un - waith y croes - odd ei h'wyll - ys, Tra
vane," said the Vi - car, "Now what?" "An eye, sir," and crack went her ri - fle And

bu ef_e bywyn y byd. Ta ra - ra - ta ra - ra - ta
gave it that eye on the spot. And did he in_dite her for

ra - ti,..... Gwaith chwer_w oedd chwaraeu a Bet_i,..... Ond
ar - son..... Oh, no! but she mar_ried the par_son..... And

ni fedd Er_yr_i Un fwyn_ach ei chwmi a'i chàn,..... Gwr -
you may go fur-ish To beat Bet_ty's par-ish, you may! For

- on - es o lod - es wen lân.....
Bet - ty she rules it red hot!.....

Suo-Gan.

(LULLABY.)

Welsh words by ROBERT BRYAN.
English words by A.P. Graves.

Arranged by ROBERT BRYAN.

Andante dolcissimo.

Voice.

Piano.

p

pp

p

Hun - a blent - yn ar fy myn - wes,
As a blos - som sweet and ro - sy

pp rit

p a tempo

Clyd a chyn - nes yd - yw hon; Breich - iau mam sy'n
Folds its pet - als for the night, In my bo - - som

pp

p

pp

pp

dyn am dan - at, Car - iad mam sy dan fy mron
curl - - ing co - sy Hush you, hush you, ba - by bright.

mf marcato

Ni cha dim am - har - u'th gyn - tun, Ni wna un - dyn
 While I'm by thee, no - thing cru - el Not one harm - ful

rit. e dim. *p a tempo*

â thi gam; Hun - a'n daw - el, an - wyl bled - yn,
 sound or sight; Shall come nigh thee, O my jew - el!

rit. e dim. *p a tempo*

pp *rall.*

Hun - a'n fwyn ar fron..... dy fam.
 O my arm - ful of de - light!

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

Hun - a'n daw - el hen - o, hun - a, Hun - a'n fwyn, y
 Lit - tle flowerets in the meadows, Lit - tle nest - lings

p

pp *p*

tlws ei lun; Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwen - u
 in the trees Now are sleep - ing in the sha - dows

pp

pp *mf marcato*

Gwen - u'n dirion yn dy hun? Ai ang - yl - ion
To the cradling of the breeze; But the blos_som

f *rit. e dim.*

fry sy'n gwen - u Ar - nat ti yn gwen - un llon
of my bo - som, But the bird - ie on my knees,

p a tempo *pp*

Ti - thau'ngwenu'n oi dan hun - o, Hun - o'n daw - el
While I lock him there and rock him, Has a warm - er

rall.

ar..... fy mron?
nest..... than these.

rall. *pp a tempo* *rall.*

Extra verses.

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen
Gura, gura ar y ddôr,
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig
Sua, sua ar lan y môr;
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma
Ddim i roddi iti fraw;
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only
Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er,
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely
Lapping, lapping on the shore;
Through your dreaming you are beaming
O so purely now, my store,
You must see your angel, surely,
Smiling through Heaven's open door.

Croesaw Gwraig y ty.

(LADY GWENNY.)

Welsh words by LLEW TEGID.
English words by A. P. Graves.

Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Voice. *mf*

Dir-ion Ang-har-ad a'i
Coun-ty by coun-ty for

Piano. *mf*

sir- iol groes-aw- iad Sy'n des- tyn i' gan- iad u- gein- iau;
beau-ty and boun-ty Go' search! and this pound to a pen- ny,

Car- tref o gar- iad yn wyn dân dy- wyn- iad Ad- fyw- iol haul gwan- wyn ei
When you're one wo- man to show us as hu- man And love- ly as our La- dy

gwen- au Maer ael- wyd hud- ol- us mor o- - leu A
Gwen- ny. For she has the scorn for all scorn- ers, And

gwyn-fa dy-wyn-a dan wen - au Y ser-en fwyn sir-iol A'i
she has the tear for all mourn-ers, Yet joy-ing with joy,..... with

geir-iau hawddgar-oi Mor ddi-ddig yn gan-ig o'i gen-au.
no crabb'd an-noy..... To pull down her mouth at the cor-ners.

mf
Clyw-ir hi beu-nydd o flaen yr e-hed-ydd A'i
Up with the lark in the pas-ture you'll meet with her,

sein-iau yn deff-ro y dyff-ryn; Llein-wi mag-wyr-ydd a
Songs like his own sweet-ly trill-ing, Car-ry-ing now for some

nod - au llaw - en - ydd Mor wis - gi a dy - ri a - der - - yn. Un
 poor folk a treat with her, Small mouths with lol - li - pops fill - ing; And

ddi - wyd a chyf - lym o dde - all A'i bwr - iad ar gy - sur pawb
 while, as he stands in a puz - zle, She strokes the fierce bull on his

ar - - all, Mor bar - od ei byr - ddau, Ym - sig - ant dan seig - iau, A'i
 muz - zle, The calves and the lambs run de - sert - ing their dams, In her

chroes - aw yn da - wel a di - - wall.
 kind hands their no - ses to nuz - zle.

mf

Cyw - rain a phar - od ei dwy - law i dra - fod Y
 Now with her maid - ens a sweet Cym - ric ca - dence She

Droell, neu - y Del - yn hud - ol - us; Trefn - us i ddar - bod, a
 leads, just to light - en their sew - ing; Now at the farm, her food

sir - iol ei char - dod, A'i cha - lon yng nghwyn - ion ang -
 bas - ket on arm, She has set all the cock - 'rels a - -

- hen - - us; O'i hael - wyd wen, lân, a'i gor - chwyl - - ion, Ei
 crow - ing. The tur - key - cock, strut - ting and strum - ming, His.

chan - iad ym - lid - iai a - - chwyn - - ion; Seg -
 bag - pipe puts by at her hum - ming, And

- ur - yd was - gar - ai, O'i gol - wg fe gil - iai, Ei deu - rudd a chwalai bryd -
 even the old gan - der, The fowl - yard's com - mand - er, He winks his sly eye at her

- er - - on.
 com - - ing.

mf
 Ag - wedd sir - iol - af a'r ga - lon dy - ner - af An -
 Ne - ver to wan - der - ing min - strel or pon - der - ing

- fon - wyd i fyd o o - fid - iau: Hon yw'r bar - ot - af, wrth
 po - et her cas - tle gate clo - ses: Ev - er her kind - ly cheer -

gwyn yr ei - ddil - af Yn is - el i wneud cym - wyn - as - au. Hi
 ev - er her praise sin - cere Falls like the dew on faint ro - ses. And

ran - na i'r rheid - us a'r un - ig, Un i - ddi yw gwrëng a bon -
when her Pe - nill - i - on's rhym - ing She mates to her tri - ple harp's

- edd - ig, Cânt sir - iol groes - aw - iad Yng ngeir - iau Ang - har - ad, Llaw
chim - ing, In her green Gor - sedd gown - The half of the town Up the

ddod - a dan ben y lludd - ed - ig.
fen - ces to hear her are climb - ing.

mf
Car - tref o fwyn - iant a
Men of all fash - ion have

mf

llawn der a llon - iant Yw car - tre'r an - wyl - af a wel - - wyd;
plead - ed their pas - sion, The scho - lar, the saint and the sin - - ner,

Tlod ion a gan - ant a mil - oedd a'i mol - ant, Ben - dith ion a hul - iant ei
 Plead - ed in vain La - dy Gwenny to gain, For on - ly a he - ro shall

hael - wyd. Maer fan - on gar - ed - ig mor fwyn - - wedd, Mor
 win her. And to share his strong work and sweet lei - - sure, He'll

hy - gar a den - gar ei hag - wedd, Fe ddi - lys a - ddol - ir Y
 have no keen cha - ser of plea - sure; But a lov - ing young beau - ty with a

rall:
 fwyn - af deg fein - ir, Yn dir - ion dan gor - on tru - gar - - edd.
 soul set on du - ty, And a heart full of heaven's hid trea - - sure.
rall: *a tempo.*