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Y Caniedydd Cymreig. The Cambrian Minstrel; Being A Collection Of The Melodies Of Cambria, With Original Words In English And Welsh; Together With Several Original Airs.

John Thomas (Ieuan Ddu).

Merthyr Tydvil.

1845.

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(delwedd 8112)

MYNEGAI (nad yw yn y llyfr gwreiddiol)

Gogoniant yr Haf. 1
Rhwng Uchel Lenydd Cynon. 2
T'rewch fysedd cain. 3
Ty fy Nhad. 4
The Rose of the Hills, (Haf Gân.) 5
Mary Dear. (Hedydd Lon.) 7
Ochneidiau Brwd. 8
Galargwyn Un ar ol ei Gariad. 9
Clod y Fenni (Song to Cambria.) 10
Golwg ar dy Gyfaill. 12
Toriad y Dydd. 13
Cof am Barch a Fu. 14
From Brecon's High Beacons. 15
Hafren. 16
Banks of Usk. 17
The Norman Horse Shoe (Y Bedol Normanaidd) 18
Love's Lament. 20
Glenydd Aeron. Blue-eyed Nancy. 21
Y Gelynen (The Holly) 22
Morfa Rhuddlan. 23
Galareb. 24
Fy Ngwlad. 25
Christmas Feelings. 28
Y Gofid Du. 28
Y Cerddor Penfelyn. 29
My Father's Elbow Chair. 30
Ebw Side (Glan Ebw) 32
Glan Towy. Hope Forlorn. 32
Gwyliau Meibion Gwalia. 33
Cynon Vale. 34
Yr Hen Wr. Meeting of Friends. 35
Cymelliad i'r Maesydd. Evening Dews. 36
The Village Oak. 37
The Maid of Dôl. 38
Duet. 39
Cân, Rhodfeydd Cyfeillion. 40
Rising of the Lark. Cân yr Ehedydd. 41
Angharad. Sally of the Mill.
Yr Hen Wr o'r Coed. Old Man of the Wood. 44
Iaith a Thelyn Cymru. 45
Maid of Rymny. 45
Carmarthen Bells. (Y Bwth ar Fin y Rhos) 46
Pe cawn i hon. Farewell to Bedwas. 47
Serch Hudol. 48
Owen Pris a Gwen o'r Falfa. 49
Eos Lais. 51
Fy Ngwen. My Love. 52
Morgan a'i Wraig. Old Morgan and his Wife. 53

The British Oak. 55
Air - Old Man of the Wood. 56
Yr Hen Delynwr. The Old Minstrel. 57
Spring. 58
Dyffrynoedd Cymru. Howel the Good. 59
Bridal Song. Cân Briodasol. 61
Y Glecwraig. The Town Shot. 62
The Song of the Man of the Neath Vale. 63
Breuddwyd. 64
Deffro, Fy Nansi. Awake, My Dear Nancy. 65
Cwynfan Merch Ieuan. 66
Dan Ryw Ofid. 67
Glenydd y Taf. The Banks of the Tave. 68
Cwmpiad y Dail. 69
Haymower's Song. 70
Plough Saturday. 71
Y Bwthyn Trefnus. 72
Fair Eliza. Eliza Lon. 73
Er Oered yw'r Cawodydd. However Cold the Showers.
Annogaeth Caradog i'w Fyddin. 74
Y Pren Ceirios. The Cherry Tree. 75
Fy Mendith i'r Lleuad Ddisgleirwen. 75
Cwmp Llewelyn. 76
Song to the Air, "Star of Llanedi". 77
Fir Ellen Pugh. Wyres Ned Pugh. 78
Cwm Nedd. 79
Vi Vawr. 80
The Song of the Owl. 81
Caerphilly. 82
Where Britain's Ships are Sailing. 83
My Native Home
Hiraeth Cymro am ei Wlad. 84
Man in Eden. Dyn yn Eden. 85
Gwerddonau y Lli. 85
Dywed Gog. Banks of Aeron. 86
Ti Dderyn. Thou Bird. 87
Mantais. 88
The Old Water Mill. 89
Dear Comrade. 89
Old Griffith's Smithy. 90
Far, Far from Thee, My Mary Dear. 91
Our Son's Return. Dychweliad fy Ngwr Adref. 92
Glenydd y Rheidol. The Ringers. 93
Susan of Masaleg. 94
Yn Mrig yr Hwyr. 95
Cyfaill Gymydogol. Night Song. 96
Cân i Fis Mai. 97
Camsyniad y Carwr. 98

Blodau'r Grug. 99
Marwnad i Gwilym Grawerth. 100
Galarnad. Lament. 101
Hen Sybil. 102
Dafydd y Garreg Wen. 103
Oh! Woe, Woe is Me. 104
Teifi. 105
Dan Ffrwythbren y Berllan. 106
Annerchiad i Delyn y Cymry. The Harp of Wales. 107
Mary of Kidwelly. 108
Y Garwriaeth Bigog. 110
The Mary Ann. 111
A Home. Rhodfa. 112
Hwyrddydd Haf. 113
Our Mountain Fires. Iaith fy Mam. 114
The Nurse's Song. 115
Bwriadau Serch. 115
Glyn Cothi. 116
Cân am Heddwch. 116
Cân Rhyddid. Song of Liberty. 117
Nel Pugh. 118
Bugail Glan Ebwy. The Shepherd of Ebwy Side. 119
Llanofer. 120
Marwnad Gwilym Robert. 121
The Minstrel Grey. 122
Pawb i Mi yn Frodyr. 123
The Wash. 124
A Call to the Cuckoo. 125
Y Fory. 125
Cardigan Reapers. 126
O Daethost Mai. 132
Elegy on Gwilym Morganwg. 133
The Hayrick. 133
The Village Maid. 134
He Sang of the Sea. 135
Of a Noble Race was Shenkin. 135
Moel y Don. 136
Ffo, Rufeinwr. 137
Llewelyn's Address to his Army. 138
Castell Llamstephan. 139
Syberwyd Iaith. 139
Hen Wr o'r Coed. 140
Yr Olchfa Ddefaid. 141
The Sheep Wash. 141
Ymweliad i Fro Eneidgol. 142
Seithenyn. 143
Cân i'r Wenol. 143
Pennillion. 144

Y Dymestl. 145
On the Deep. Yn yr Hwyr. 146
Air to the Same Metre. 146
Nancy, Y Ferch a'r Gwallt Modrwyog. 146
Welcome, Oh! Welcome, Lov'd Herald of Spring. 148
Glenydd Clydach. The Rover. 149
Harvest Rhymes. 150
Morgan of the Dell. Cyfeillion. 152
My Nanny. Haste thou Home. 152
Martha's Spinning Wheel. Cân y Gwaddottwr. 153
My Lovely Nanny. 154
My Nanny's Gone. Fy Nghariad. 154
Lord Thou Hast Heard the Desire of the Humble. 155
Cân. 156
A Lament. Bedd y Bardd. 157
Slighted Love. 158
Song. 158
The Leaves are Falling Fast. 159
Medi. The Harpist's Strains. 160
Tom of the Glen. 161
Ballad. 162
Amser i Bob Peth. 163
By Towy's Moist and Sedgy Side. 164
Harvest Hymn. 165
Eryn Cynhauaf. 166
Ballad. 166
Far, Far from Thee, Cambria. 167
Glyn Corwg. 168
Pob Dyn 'Nol ei Ddawn. 168
Reged. 169
The Young Horse. 170
Now Arm in Arm. 171
My Love, Thou'rt like the Dew.gemm'd Flower. 171
Lisa Dal y Sarn. The Lass of Grongar Hill. 172
The Thatcher. 173
Yr Eneth Wy'n Garu. 174
Pennillion a Diriau. 175
Shepherd's Song. 177
Cân o Goffadwriaeth Am William Thomas, o Gefnpenar 177
Gyda'r Wawr. 178
Ballad. 179
I am a Shepherd Boy. 180
Wild Flowers. 181
Far O'er the Wide Ocean My William is Gone. 181
How Can I Sing a Rural Lay. Yr Hen Dôn. 182
Malldraeth. 183
The Cambrian Minstrel's Song. 183
Song of Summer. 184

My William, Dear William. 185
Deigryn Uwch Bedd y "Fwyalchen". 185
Young Robin. 186
Syr Owen. 187
Meib y Wen Ynys. 187
Croesaw'r Wenynyn. Welcome the Bee. 188
Blue Devils. Y Gofid Glas. 189
The Old Crab Tree. 189
Gylch y Fenni ar Fis Hydref. 190
Meirionydd. 191
Clych Prestych. 192
My Heart. Fy Nghalon. 193
Sal of Swansea. 194
John Owens. 195
Jephtha's Daughter. 195
When First my Old Spouse. 196
T'rewch, T'rewch y Tant. 197
Strike, Strike the Harp. 198
Cymru Fynyddig. 198
Love's Dispute. 199
Remembrance. 199
The Storm. 200
My Pretty Hellen. 200
Cân Dafydd Broffwyd. 201
The Blackbird and Thrush. Y Fwyalchen. 202
The Labourer. 203
Ogwr Valley. 203
Penillion a Diriau. 204

CYNNWYS (yn ôl trwfn y wyddor) (nad yw yn y llyfr gwreiddiol)

A Call to the Cuckoo. 125
A Home. Rhodfa. 112
A Lament. 157
Air to the Same Metre. 146
Amser i Bob Peth. 163
Angharad. Sally of the Mill.
Annerchiad i Delyn y Cymry. 107
Annogaeth Caradog i'w Fyddin. 74
Awake, My Dear Nancy. 65
Ballad. 162
Ballad. 166
Ballad. 179
Banks of Aeron. 86
Banks of Usk. 17
Bedd y Bardd. 157
Blodau'r Grug. 99
Blue Devils. 189

Breuddwyd. 64
Bridal Song. 61
Bugail Glan Ebwy. 119
Bwriadau Serch. 115
By Towy's Moist and Sedgy Side. 164
Caerphilly. 82
Camsyniad y Carwr. 98
Cân am Heddwch. 116
Cân Briodasol. 61
Cân Dafydd Broffwyd. 201
Cân i Fis Mai. 97
Cân i'r Wenol. 143
Cân Rhyddid. 117
Cân y Gwaddottwr. 153
Cân yr Ehedydd. 41
Cân. 156
Cân o Goffadwriaeth Am William Thomas, o Gefnpenar 177
Cardigan Reapers. 126
Carmarthen Bells. 46
Castell Llamstephan. 139
Christmas Feelings. 28
Clod y Fenni. 10
Clych Prestych. 192
Cof am Barch a Fu. 14
Croesaw'r Wenynyn. 188
Cwm Nedd. 79
Cwymp Llewelyn. 76
Cwympiad y Dail. 69
Cwynfan Merch Ieuan. 66
Cyfaill Gymydogol. 96
Cyfeillion. 152
Cymelliad i'r Maesydd. 36
Cymru Fynyddig. 198
Cynon Vale. 34
Dafydd y Garreg Wen. 103
Dan Ffrwythbren y Berllan. 106
Dan Ryw Ofid. 67
Dear Comrade. 89
Deffro, Fy Nansi. 65
Deigryn Uwch Bedd y "Fwyalchen". 185
Dros yr Afon. 14
Duet. 39
Dychweliad fy Ngwr Adref. 92
Dyffrynoedd Cymru. 59
Dyn yn Eden. 85
Dywed Gog. 86
Ebw Side. 32
Elegy on Gwilym Morganwg. 133

Eliza Lon. 73
Eryn Cynhauaf. 166
Eos Lais. 51
Er Oered yw'r Cawodydd. 74
Evening Dews. 36
Fair Eliza. 73
Far O'er the Wide Ocean My William is Gone. 181
Far, Far from Thee, Cambria. 167
Far, Far from Thee, My Mary Dear. 91
Farewell to Bedwas. 47
Ffo, Rufeinwr. 137
Fir Ellen Pugh. 78
From Brecon's High Beacons. 15
Fwyalchen. 202
Fy Mendith i'r Lleuad Ddisgleirwen. 75
Fy Nghalon. 193
Fy Nghariad. 154
Fy Ngwen. 52
Fy Ngwlad. 25
Galareb. 24
Galargwyn Un ar ol ei Gariad. 9
Galarnad. 101
Glan Ebw. 32
Glan Towy. 32
Glenydd Aeron. Blue-eyed Nancy. 21
Glenydd Clydach. 149
Glenydd y Rheidol. 93
Glenydd y Taf. 68
Glyn Corwg. 168
Glyn Cothi. 116
Gogoniant yr Haf. 1
Golwg ar dy Gyfaill. 12
Gwerddonau y Lli. 85
Gwyliau Meibion Gwalia. 33
Gyda'r Wawr. 178
Gylch y Fenni ar Fis Hydref. 190
Hafren. 16
Harvest Hymn. 165
Harvest Rhymes. 150
Haste thou Home. 152
Haymower's Song. 70
He Sang of the Sea. 135
Hedydd Lon. 7
Hen Sybil. 102
Hen Wr o'r Coed. 140
Hiraeth Cymro am ei Wlad. 84
Hope Forlorn. 32
How Can I Sing a Rural Lay. 182

Howel the Good. 59
However Cold the Showers. 74
Hwyrddydd Haf. 113
I am a Shepherd Boy. 180
Iaith a Thelyn Cymru. 45
Iaith fy Mam. 114
Jephtha's Daughter. 195
John Owens. 195
Lament. 101
Lisa Dal y Sarn. 172
Llanofer. 120
Llewelyn's Address to his Army. 138
Lord Thou Hast Heard the Desire of the Humble. 155
Love's Dispute. 199
Love's Lament. 20
Maid of Rymny. 45
Maldraeth. 183
Man in Eden. 85
Mantais. 88
Martha's Spinning Wheel. 153
Marwnad Gwilym Robert. 121
Marwnad i Gwilym Grawerth. 100
Mary Dear. 7
Mary of Kidwelly. 108
Medi. 160
Meib y Wen Ynys. 187
Meirionydd. 191
Moel y Don. 136
Morfa Rhuddlan. 23
Morgan a'i Wraig. 53
Morgan of the Dell. 152
My Father's Elbow Chair. 30
My Heart. 193
My Love, Thou'rt like the Dew.gemm'd Flower. 171
My Love. 52
My Lovely Nanny. 154
My Nanny. 152
My Nanny's Gone. 154
My Native Home
My Pretty Hellen. 200
My William, Dear William. 185
Nancy, Y Ferch a'r Gwallt Modrwyog. 146
Nel Pugh. 118
Night Song. 96
Now Arm in Arm. 171
O Daethost Mai. 132
Ochneidiau Brwd. 8
Of a Noble Race was Shenkin. 135

Ogwr Valley. 203
Oh! Woe, Woe is Me. 104
Old Griffith's Smithy. 90
Old Man of the Wood. 44
Old Man of the Wood. 56
Old Morgan and his Wife. 53
On the Deep. Yn yr Hwyr. 146
Our Mountain Fires. 114
Our Son's Return. 92
Owen Pris a Gwen o'r Falfa. 49
Pawb i Mi yn Frodyr. 123
Pe cawn i hon. 47
Penillion a Diriau. 204
Pennillion a Diriau. 175
Pennillion. 144
Plough Saturday. 71
Pob Dyn 'Nol ei Ddawn. 168
Reged. 169
Remembrance. 199
Rhodfeydd Cyfeillion. 40
Rhwng Uchel Lenydd Cynon. 2
Rising of the Lark. 41
Sal of Swansea. 194
Seithenyn. 143
Serch Hudol. 48
Shepherd's Song. 177
Slighted Love. 158
Song of Liberty. 117
Song of Summer. 184
Song to Cambria. 10
Song to the Air, "Star of Llanedi". 77
Song. 158
Spring. 58
Strike, Strike the Harp. 198
Susan of Masaleg. 94
Syberwyd Iaith. 139
Syr Owen. 187
Teifi. 105
The Banks of the Tave. 68
The Blackbird and Thrush. 202
The British Oak. 55
The Cambrian Minstrel's Song. 183
The Cherry Tree. 75
The Harp of Wales. 107
The Harpist's Strains. 160
The Hayrick. 133
The Holly. 22
The Labourer. 203

The Lass of Grongar Hill. 172
The Leaves are Falling Fast. 159
The Maid of Dôl. 38
The Mary Ann. 111
The Minstrel Grey. 122
The Norman Horse Shoe. 18
The Nurse's Song. 115
The Old Crab Tree. 189
The Old Minstrel. 57
The Old Water Mill. 89
The Ringers. 93
The Rose of the Hills, (Haf Gân.) 5
The Rover. 149
The Sheep Wash. 141
The Shepherd of Ebwy Side. 119
The Song of the Man of the Neath Vale. 63
The Song of the Owl. 81
The Storm. 200
The Thatcher. 173
The Town Shot. 62
The Village Maid. 134
The Village Oak. 37
The Wash. 124
The Young Horse. 170
Thou Bird. 87
Ti Ddderyn. 87
Tom of the Glen. 161
Toriad y Dydd. 13
T'rewch fysedd cain. 3
T'rewch, T'rewch y Tant. 197
Ty fy Nhad. 4
Vi Vawr. 80
Welcome the Bee. 188
Welcome, Oh! Welcome, Lov'd Herald of Spring. 148
When First my Old Spouse. 196
Where Britain's Ships are Sailing. 83
Wild Flowers. 181
Wyres Ned Pugh. 78
Y Bedol Normanaidd. 18
Y Bwth ar Fin y Rhos. 46
Y Bwthyn Trefnus. 72
Y Cerddor Penfelyn. 29
Y Dymestl. 145
Y Fory. 125
Y Garwriaeth Bigog. 110
Y Gelynen. 22
Y Glecwraig. 62
Y Gofid Du. 28

Y Gofid Glas. 189

Y Pren Ceirios. 75

Ymweliad i Fro Enedigol. 142

Yn Mrig yr Hwyr. 95

Young Robin. 186

Yr Eneth Wy'n Garu. 174

Yr Hen Delynwr. 57

Yr Hen Dôn. 182

Yr Hen Wr o'r Coed. 44

Yr Hen Wr. Meeting of Friends. 35

Yr Olchfa Ddefaid. 141

Y CANIEDYDD CYMREIG.

THE
CAMBRIAN MINSTREL;

BEING
A COLLECTION OF THE MELODIES OF CAMBRIA,
WITH
ORIGINAL WORDS IN ENGLISH AND WELSH;

TOGETHER WITH
SEVERAL ORIGINAL AIRS.

BY
JOHN THOMAS, (Ieuan Ddu)
MERTHYR TYDVIL.

MERTHYR TYDVIL:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY DAVID JONES, HIGH-STREET.

—
1845.

TO THE
ABERGAVENNY CYMREIGYDDION SOCIETY

THIS VOLUME



CAMBRIAN NATIONAL AIRS AND SONGS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN THOMAS,

(Ieuan Ddu).

PREFACE.

To the Author of the songs, which the public are now presented with in this volume, it appeared, long before he had become acquainted with a collection of Welsh *Airs* which could benefit the vocalist, that many of our finest tunes were destitute of appropriate verses; and after he had from time to time endeavoured to supply that desideratum in the Welsh language, he must have been convinced that by merely singing a select number at an *Eisteddfod*, he did what might, after all, have proved ineffectual to make those same *Airs* a source of permanent delight to his countrymen. Hence, he formed the resolution to present them in the best manner he was able, with the songs he had composed in, or translated into, either language; and, if possible, to furnish that class which was least likely to purchase more expensive works of the same nature, with a tolerably complete volume of our National Melodies, and to add to such as were already published, as many as possible of the unpublished ones, which, in another half a century, if not now snatched from oblivion, would, in all probability be irretrievably lost. In doing this, he has not only felt solicitous that Welshmen should chant our *Airs*, but that Englishmen also, who reside in the principality might, if they choose, participate as far as the singing of these may be deemed a pleasure, in the musical enjoyments of Cambrians. This having been once resolved upon, the English subscriber naturally expected that a due proportion of each number should be allotted to him. The number of the hitherto unpublished *Airs* which this volume contains is about fifty—these are principally the *Airs* of *Dyfed*; some of them are common to *Dyfed*, *Gwent*, and *Morganwg*.

Notwithstanding the many defects and errors, which the eye of the critic must detect in the perusal of this volume; the Author persuades himself that inasmuch as other collections of the Melodies of *Cambria*, must from their high price, be necessarily confined to the libraries of the wealthy, he has done much to cause them to be as generally known and sung as they ever were; and more so, because henceforth, no melodies of *Wales* can be long confined to any particular locality. But in doing this, he has too often had reason to lament, that he had so little time to devote to a work which required so much undivided attention—and on that ground, he begs leave to apologise for the errors, musical, as well as literal, which have crept into the work.

In the translations, which are, with the exception of *Sir Walter Scott's Norman Horse Shoe*, and three shorter songs in the Welsh, all of the Author's own songs in both languages; he has sometimes been more free than he should in translating the verses of another—for this he can hardly consider himself answerable to any tribunal, unless it might be for neglect, where he has happened to render the translation much worse than the original. The *Airs* are all Welsh, excepting one, which is a Scotch Air, to which some popular songs of the Author had been written some years back. In a number of instances, the old lyrics of the principality would have been inserted with the tunes, to which they had been adapted, were it not that the trouble and expense of hunting for the best, would have proved more burdensome than the writing of original ones; but it is too true, that by far the greater number of our best harp tunes were never called for by vocalists, because the want of suitable words had virtually proved their death; and it may be said that they are now being resuscitated, after being for years, no one knows how many, dead to all intents and purposes, excepting when struck by a Northwalian harper to a pennillion singer; but, as to songs, that breathed any thing like the spirit of the *Airs*, both North and South *Wales* were sadly destitute.

To the wealthy portion of the subscribers for the work, who would have preferred it in a more expensive form, with harp or pianoforte accompaniments, the Author would beg leave to suggest that by becoming purchasers of this volume, they have assisted him very much to enable their less affluent neighbours to become purchasers of it as well, in the only form that could render it generally useful to Welshmen.

The persons from whose singing I have written the *Airs* which are hereunder named, (and which, with my own original *Airs*, to which my name appears attached throughout the book, are copyright,) are Mr. Edward Thomas, Cefn Penar; Mr. Rees Evans, Ton Cŏch; Mr. Robert Roberts, Merthyr; Mr. J. Price, Gyfarthfa, (from whose singing all the *Dyfed* *Airs* were written, with the exception of those I knew from my childhood,) and some five or six others, who contributed each a tune to the list given below.

Page.	Page.		
Dros yr Afon	14	Y ddimau goch	120
Y Gelyneu	22	Hen ŵr o'r coed, yn ol dull Dyfed	140
Pa bryd y deui etto	28	Mentra Gwen, yn ol dull Dyfed	146
Y Dyddiau ni ddont 'nol	46	Pan own i ar frig noswaith	147
Pe cawn i hon	47	Mi af tua glan yr afon	149
Blodau'r cwm	64	Gofid gwynau	151
O gyich y mwdwl gwair	72	Peth 'wedi di, &c.	152
Beth yw dŷ air	73	Y bachgen tawel	153
Mae dau ddrws ar y dafarn	74	Ni waeth i mi, &c.	154
Seren Llanedi	75	Y galon drom	157
Y nant wrth fy nhy	80	Y ddafad las a'i hoenyg	158
Ar foreu teg	82	Y gofid glās, 'nol dull Morganwg	160
Yr eneth lan	90	Mae'n dda gan y scwarnog	162
Wil a'i fam	92	Y garreg lwyd	172
Saith nŏs olau	93	A mi yn dod adre	173
Y berllan	98	Gyda'r wawr	178
Gwel yr adeilad	100	Cŏl y Fwynlech, 'nol dull Dyfed	190
Cwynfan Prydain, yn oll dull Deheudir	101	Y fedwen las	195
Pam y canaf	104	Pam yr oedi	196
Cul y drws	110	Borau dydd Llun	203
Trafaelais i Gymra	116	Llaes ei afael	203
Mae gennyf fi fwthyn a gardd	118		

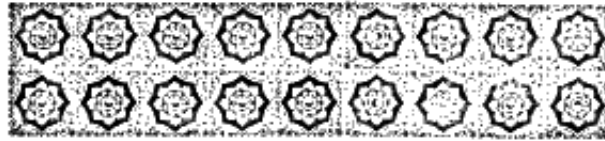
I have more of these *Airs* by me, which cannot now be published, for want of room.

Very soon I shall publish a small Supplement to this work, in which all the *Airs* that have been left out in this Compilation may be had of the publisher of the *Cambrian Minstrel*.

Y CANIEDYDD CYMREIG.

THE

CAMBRIAN MINSTREL



GOGONIAINT YR HAF.

Blodau'r Grug.

Y gangen las a'r ffynnon glir, A'r borfa deg ar bêrfwyn dir, Dy eiddo Haf y'nt hwy yn wir, A'r
gweir - dir mad a gwydraf. Y bo - reu es - gor ar ei fyrdd, Y lliwiau fil ar
balmant gwyrdd, A'r pryfed man wnant rhyngddynt ffyrdd, A gwena'r hir - ddydd harddaf.

Y twf eneinir gan y gw lith,
Y fro a droir mewn awr yn frith,
A'r dŵr adlunia bob teg rith,
A mwg y llefrith mwyna',
Y nant eill baban rifo'i physg,
Y defaid flinant ar eu gwig,
A'r bugail gwaraidd yn eu mysg
O fyrddysg dŷn i fawrdda.

Dy eiddo Haf yw'r gwres a'i rin,
A'r gwlaw a dry mewn dyddyn win
A mwy o drysor per i'w drin
Nas medr min ei draethu;
Dy 'roglau ant o fôr i fôr,
A'r newydd am dy rad a'th stor,
A gwŷdd nid oes na rydd ei gôr—
Hawddamor i'th fawrygu.

Yr arwaf ddol a aeth yn ardd,
Y gwanaf hedyn fry a dardd,
A chred pob bugail yw gwnai fardd,
Tra chwadd y tir o'i ddeutu;
Y troednoeth grwydryn yn ei dro
Dosturia wrth y gŵr o'i go'
A gerdd mewn 'sgydian loriau'r fro
Wnawd iddo mor eamwythgu.

Dros fyd ei flodau ynt mor sarn,
'Does oen yn awr neweidia'i garn,
Na rhaid i'r ebol bach o'r h'arn,
Wna'n gadarn droed at dynfa;
A'r 'deryn gwan ymedy â'i nyth,
Os cwmpo wna ar lawr mor frith
Heb ddolur bydd mewn man di chwyth,
Yn yfed gwllith ei wala.

I ddilyn tro yr afon fwyn,
I farnu campiau llei ac ŵyn,
Neu gystadleuath corau'r llwyn
Anfyuych b'wy'n anmharod;
I wel'd a chanmol yma a thraw
Esgoriad natur 'nol y gwlaw,
Bob hafddydd elwyf yn ei llaw,
Gan haeddu'r ddistaw ystod.

I'r cariad sy'n dilladu'r fro,
A dwyn pob tymhor yn ei dro,
A gwisgo'r gwŷdd a'n deiliog do,
A rhwygo'r dda'r i'r egn;
I Dad goleuni, gwllith, a gwlaw,
A phob rhyw dda i ddynion ddaw,
Boed dyn a 'deryn yn ddidaw,
Yn eiliaw'r clod a berthyn.

RHONG UCHEL LENYDD CYNON.

*Dull o'r Triban.

Rhong cribog lenydd Cynon, Y pawr fy nefaid gwynion, A'm cân sy'n dyst fel bref fy ŵyn, O'r
manau mwyn lle crwydron'; A'm cân sy'n dyst fel bref fy ŵyn, O'r manau mwyn lle crwydron'.

Os anhawdd im' eu rhifo
Rhong twyni fynai 'eu cuddio,
I'm helpu ryw bryd oddi draw
Pwy wyr na ddaw fy Ngweno?

Tra b'wy'n bugeilio'm defaid
Rhag gwaharddedig damaid,
Fy llygad inau'n fynych dry
Am gip ar dŷ lliw'r ganaid.

Hiraethlon ar hiraethlon
A ro'w'd yn geidwad cyson,

Os cofia'i serch at fywyd rhydd,
Pa wedd na fydd yn dirion?

Rhong deri mawr y dyffryn
Mae llais yn gwatwar pob dyn,
Caiff fy nynwared yn y gân
Sy'n dweyd mor lân yw rhywun.

Fel cuddia'r llwyni gleision
Ddolenog grwydrad Cynon,
Dymunwn inau lechu'r serch,
Enynodd serch fy nghalon.

* Mae dull arall i ganu'r Triban, yr hwn a ymddengys yn y *Caniedydd Cymreig*.

T'REWCH FYSEDD CAIN.

Syr Harri Ddu.

T'rewch fysedd cain Ar dennyn main, Beraidd gydsain gyda'r gân, Nes b'o caerau'n tref - i
From Cambria's string O minstrel fling Sounds that bid her name not die, Till the wild notes swelling

Glanwedd yn mŷgloni A'r holl dwyni draw ar dân, Aed ffŵd y tannau dros y muriau mad, Melus bo'r gydgerdd
Reach remotest dwelling And the rocks and groves reply, O'er walls and turrets let the music float, Till Cambria's mountain

i'r hen lonwedd wlad, A ch'lonau milo'dd lle gwiw gurodd gwa'd, Uno gwnaent o giymiad glân.
echo ev'ry note, Whilst hearts united to her lore devote Days of mirth and festal joy.

At music's call,
'Ncath dome and hall,
See we not her children meet?
And from ancient story,
Point the rays of glory
That adorn her buried great?

Penaethiaid gwlad,
O uchel stad,
Do'nt i lygad ter y llu,
Iawn goffant y dyddiau,
Bu ein henwog dadau,
'N brif golofnau gwlad oedd gu ;

O may the epochs of her past renown,
Their brightest halo shed around our own,
And age to age transmit that glory down,
Other lands shall long repeat.

Where Britons throng,
Hallow'd be the song,
That a patriot's deeds records:
Harmony undying,
Time and change defying,
Ring it to immortal words,
Say whilst our country owns a deed she'd name,
Her's be bard and minstrel to enrol the same,
And ears to hear the claims of rising fame
With the heart that praise accords.

Harp of the north,
As prov'd thy worth
In the hour of Freedom's fate,
When the hill and valley
At thy sound would rally,
Be thy lay inspiring yet:—
Now that Britannia's sway again is one,
Let ev'ry strain that Cambria's battles won
That empire gladden, on whose bounds the sun
In his course doth never set.

Cof am wroldeb a grymusder mawr
Yr hen Frythoniaid, o enyned 'nawr
Mewn myrdd, ddymuniad am agoriad gwawr,
Oriau breintfawr rhai o'u bri.

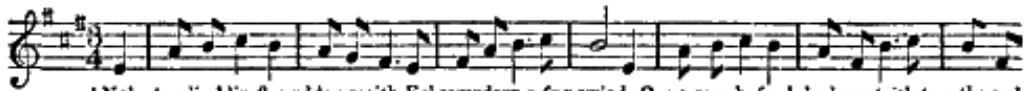
O yn ein gwydd
Sancteiddier swydd
Gŵr cyfarwydd yn y gân,
Ei ddewis waith fo coffa
Hen anrhydedd Gwalia
Byth i'r dyrfa deimlo'i dân,
Tra enwir rhinwedd rydd i'n tir sawrâd,
Boed bardd a thant i wneyd o'r fath goffâd,
A chlust a wrendy bob ymgeisydd mäd,
Am'r enwogiad teca'i rân.

Delyn y bryn,
Tra'th danau'n dyn,
Ynom enyn er mwynbäd,
Serch at wlad ein tadau,
Fel bu yn mynwesau
Gwŷr wnaeth gathlau'n hy i'r gäd,
Y tônau unwaith hogent fin y cledd,
Prawf Cymru heddyw fel melusant hedd,
Tra'u sain anwyngu yn sefydlu sedd
Y deyrnedd addef c'nifer gwlad.

TY FY NHAD.

Tôn a gyfansoddwyd gan J. T.

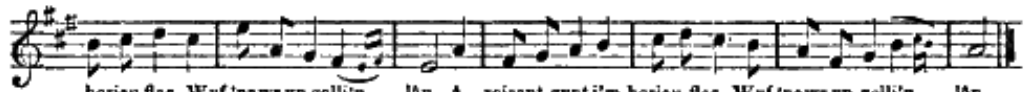
Cenir y gân hon i "O no we never mention her."



'Nol trenlio blin flynyddau maith Fel crwydryn o fyngwiad, O pa mor hyfryd dechreu taith tua thawel
To me whom many a thriftless year Have taught the wand'rer's lot, How sweet the toil that brings me near My father's



dy fy nhad; Can's ar ei bwys mae llwyni gläs. Ac adar hŷf eu cân, A roisant gynti'm
peaceful cot; There bushes green hath childhood seen Possess'd by many a bird, Whose blissful song I



horiau flas, Wyf 'nawr yn goll'i'n lân, A roisant gynti'm horiau flas, Wyf 'nawr yn goll'i'n lân.
yet can long To hear as I have heard, Whose blissful song I yet can long, To hear as I have heard.

Y galon oedd yn ddewr fel dŵr,
 A chryf ar faes y gwa'd,
 A gryna fel y ddalen ūr,
 Wrth weled tŷ fy nhad :
 Mi wela'r drws, mi wela'r fainc,
 A'r 'stôl fawr bedair tro'd,
 Ond nid wy'n clywed tynner gainc
 Fy mam wrth droi ei rhôd.

Pa fodd y gallaf fyn'd i'w clyw?
 Pa fodd y rhoddaf gam?
 Ac os dangosaf 'mod yn fyw,
 Pwy ddengys 'nhad a mam?
 Tynghedaf chwi â thynner gais,
 Gartrefol adar bach,
 I roi im' arwydd llon â'ch llais,
 Eu bod hwy'n fyw ac iach.

Mae'r mwg yn wŷn o'r simne gul,
 Yn taenu gwres trwy'm gwa'd;
 Ond gwell f'ai genyf weithiau fil,
 Wel'd copa gwyn fy nhad;
 I b'le'r aeth pob rhyw wyneb llon?
 B'le'r aeth y llysiau mwyn?
 A yrwyd pawb hyd daear dôn,
 Fel fi, heb nyth na llwyn?

Mi wela 'ngorgi bach yn fyw,
 A'i groen yn dyn a thlws;
 A dacw'r hen berchenog syw
 Yn agor iddo'r drws :
 O clywch, hen ŵr, un gair gen' i,
 Cyn troioch yn eich hol,
 Os nad yw'ch tŷ yn llai na bu,
 Awn iddo gôl yn nghôl.

This heart which 'mid the clang of arms
 Was prov'd the last to fear,
 Oh how it beats with fond alarms
 At sight of scenes so dear;
 The door I see and sod-grown seat,—
 The spinning wheel and stool;
 But ah my mother's chant so sweet
 Where is its pensive dool?

If I should tell my boyhood's home
 Who seeks its humble hearth,
 Who knows the welcome sweet would come
 From her who gave me birth?
 Ye birds that never from this dell
 Have fled in search of bliss,
 Grant but a sign that they are well,
 I dread so much to miss.

Between me and the well known rocks
 White wreaths of smoke arise,
 Would that my father's whiter locks
 Were so to greet my eyes.
 The only voices I would hear,
 The dearest forms I'd see,
 O how this throbbing heart doth fear
 They hide no more for me.

Do I behold thee little cur,
 So sleek and tight of skin?
 And there the owner opes his door
 To let the brawler in.
 Hear me old man—if now your cot
 For all it lodg'd hath place,
 Then enter it with one forgot,
 Lock'd in his fond embrace.

THE ROSE OF THE HILLS. (HAF GAN.)

Glân Weddwod Mwyn

Hoarse Tâf if the Cuckoo doth vis - it thee late With the tidings of bright days thy

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

(delwedd J4255) (tudalen 005)

bleak hills must wait; If the flow'ret that opes on thy mead with the light is nipt in its

bloom by the frost of a night: Tho' the sea-son re-tarded men's ar-dour oft chills, How

dim

few are the young hearts that brood o'er its ills In the presence of Susan the Rose of the Hills.

The sons of the vale at the red mass that ply,
To the homes of their childhood advert with a sigh,
The swains of Glan Tawy's regrettings who'll hide,
As they sing the green spots where kindred reside?
But lo! as the tear drop the sadden'd eye fills,
How sudden the pleasure that dries up its rills,
If it haply espy the sweet Rose of the Hills.

'Mongst workers of metal whose red glare makes like,
The brow that's bent o'er it, or hand that doth strike,
What youth has not own'd as this fair one he ey'd,
How softened the heart was that beat at his side?
Whate'er is made pliant at furnace or mills,
The bright charm that mouldeth all hearts as it wills,
Whose is it but Susan's the Rose of the Hills?

Mae'r maesydd meillionog, a'r llwyni'n dra llon,
A'r coedydd caudfrig yn harddu'r las fron;
Mae'r cwmydd, a'r dolydd, y mynydd, a'r fro,
Yn dweyd fod yr haf-ddydd yn d'od ar ei dro:
Yr adar gyd-ganant yn mynwes pob pren,
A'u cyd-gerdd wasgara trwy gorau'r las len,
Ac anthem y goedwig a esgyn i'r nen:

BYRDWN,*

I'r Haf rhoed pob dyn ac aderyn ei gan,
Yr Haf sy'n adfywio pob mawrion a mân,
A'r ddaear a wisga â newydd wisg lân.

Mor fwyn yw'r afonydd a llonydd pob rhyd,
A'r nentydd arianlais, sisialant ynghyd;
Y dail i'r a'r blodau anadlant yn ber,
A'r haul yn eu cymhell i froydd y ser,
Yr ŵyn a chwareuant fel plant mewn hoff awydd,
A'u gwlanog rieni yn lloni'n eu gwydd,
Heb ofid na gofal am gyfoeth na llwydd:

I'r Haf rhoed pob dyn, &c.

* Y tair Rhinell o Fyrdwn a genir i'r ail ran o'r Dôn pan ei dyblir.

What presence soever her beauty may grace,
 What eye would not see her? what arm not embrace?
 Or who that hath labour'd, when day's toil is o'er,
 For her sake doth not feel he could labour still more?
 Since the form whose perfection with wonder all fills,
 A soul for its virtues more wond'rons conceals,
 What man would not bide with the Rose of the Hills.

Mae gweiriau'r gwastadedd yn uchel a hardd,
 A'r dyffryn blodeuog yn gwenn fel gardd,
 Y bugail a'i braidd a orweddant yn nghyd,
 Yn ddiethriaid i gynhwrf a ffwdan y byd;
 Mewn hawddfyd a blodau cânt wynfyd bob awr,
 A'u dyddiau a rifir gan geillig y wawr,
 A'u horiau diweddaf fydd beraidd eu sawr;
 I'r Haf rhoed pob dyn, &c.

MARY DEAR. (HEDYDD LON.)

Air—"Mentra Gwen."

In Vaenor's peaceful glade, Ma - ry dear, Ma - ry dear, The rose begins to
 fade, Ma - ry dear; The bloom thy hand should gather, While lasts the summer
 weather, Be - hold it 'gins to wither, Ma - ry dear, Ma - ry dear.

The blackbird on the spray,
 Mary dear, Mary dear,
 Doth chant his farewell lay,
 Mary dear,
 And thou who lov'dst to listen,
 Ere meadows cease to glisten
 To hear him wilt not hasten,
 Mary dear, Mary dear.

The lay that greets not thee,
 Mary dear, Mary dear,
 Can that have charms for me?
 Mary dear,
 Fair objects thou'lt not reckon,
 To me howe'er thy beckon;
 This heart how can they quicken?
 Mary dear, Mary dear.

Ere Summer's farewell lay,
 Mary dear, Mary dear,
 And bloom have past away,
 Mary dear,
 Where hill and glen are fairest,
 Of nature's gems thou rarest,
 O hear the praise thou sharest,
 Mary dear, Mary dear.

'Rwy'n disgwyl am y dydd,
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon,
 O ddwyfron galon rydd,
 Hedydd lon,
 A phan y daw mi garaf,
 A thithau am yr uwchaf,
 Yr llawen f'r cynhauf,
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon.

Mae'r gwelrian ar y llawr,
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon,
 Paham nas ceni'n awr?
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon,
 Ai'th gywion bach a laddwyd,
 A'th nyth gan ddyu wasgarwyd,
 A'th fron gan hiraeth dorwyd?
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon.

Os galar ddaw i ti,
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon,
 I ddyn pa sail o'i fri?
 Hedydd lon,
 Os gofid ddal mewn gafel,
 Un esgyn fry mor uchel?
 B'le ffy'r ymdeuthydd isel?
 Hedydd lon, hedydd lon?

OCHNEIDIAU BRWD.

Duet.—"Cwynfan Serch,"

Composed by J. T.

With Tenderness.

Where blooms the sweetest rose of June, As if 'twould bloom for a - ver more? Where sings the
 thrush her sweetest tune, And larks are earliest seen to soar? Where did my passion spend its sighs, As



O hours of pleasure! how could grief
Spring from a source so sweet and pure?
Could joy's fair sunshine, tho' so brief,
Be follow'd by so dark a show'r:
Alas! that youth should taste of love,
That leaves such aching dreams behind;
And seek for comfort as a dove,
The wheat that's scatter'd with the wind.

Sing on sweet bird, for all things change,
As notes in thy unstudied strain;
Each day and hour brings something strange,
And pleasure's ever link'd with pain:
My love is far, my hope is fled,
And *Towy's* banks I seek no more;
But wonder as among the dead,
And live to know that life is o'er.

Bless'd be those dewy haunts so green,
Where early love an Eden found;
Bless'd be the clouds at noon that screen,
From parching sun that fairy ground;
Bless'd be the lovers on those banks,
And bless'd be all that once bless'd me;
And O! kind heaven, accept my thanks,
For her I'm doom'd no more to see.

Och'neidiau brwd o'm calon fach,
A rifant'r oriau pan bwy'i mhell;
I'm henaïd trist 'does enyd iach,
Wrth gofio'r amser gynt fu well:
Y glenydd a adawais draw,
Sy'n galw 'nol fy'm serch a'm bryd;
Ond mwy na dim disglawerwen law
Y ferch a bia'm calon glyd.

Fe newid dail y coed eu lliw,
A'r glaswellt i'r dro'n't yn wyn;
Hoff air y gog a ffy o'm clyw,
Ac odlau'r adar ant yn brin:
Ond er difaniad pob peth mwyn,
Gan haf daw 'nol i loni'n tir,
Ond mwy parhaus yw'm galar gwyn,
Na holl dymorau'y fwyddyn hir.

Pa bryd dirwyna'r oriau maith
I ben, a'n dwg ni'n dau y'nghyd;
Ca hiraeth ganfod pen ei daith,
A chariad ddechreu newydd fyd:
Nid oes un cartref im' i'w gael
Ond rhwng dy freichiau gwynion dî;
Na goleu clir ond dan dy ael,
A ddengys b'le mae nef i mi.

GALARGWYN UN AR OL EI GARIAD.

Mesur—"Yr hen amser gynt."

Mae fenaïd trist yn treulio'r dydd
Mewn galar trwm a phoen,
A'r nos mae dagrau ar fy ngrudd,
Fel gwllith ar wlan-yr oen:
Mae nghariad fach ar waelod bedd,
O! dodwyd fanwyl ferch
I oeri yn y ddaear ddu,
Ond byth ni oera'm serch.

Tydi yn fwy na gwres yr haf,
Na ffrwythau hydref llawn;
Neu feddyginiaeth pan b'wy'n glaf,
A geisiais fore a nawn.

B

Ond mwy fy llygaid pwlu wnant,
A'm clustiau gyll eu clyw;
Aeth pob hyfrydwch genyt ti,
I'r bedd o dir y byw.

Cymhellaf mwy yr adar man
I alaru yn mhob llwyn,
A'r eos ddysg fy ngalar gan
Pan wylwyf ar y brwyn;
Ar lan y nentydd ganol nos,
Yn nghwmp'ni'th ysbryd gwyn,
Dirwynir fyny oriau'm hoës,
Trist oriau'r bywyd hyn.

CLOD Y FENNI. (SONG TO CAMBRIA.)

Tôn—"Bardd yn ei Awen." ("The Inspired Bard.")

Air.

Harddaf dref uwch harddaf ddôl, Y dyffryn gynnwys yn ei gôl Bob hudol beth fwy-
Fen . ni enw . ir mwy gan fyd Yn dref y bardd, mor deg dy bryd Ar galon dwym-fryd

Alto.

Tenor.

Land of estrades, dells, and hills, Where heav'n its balmiest dewa distils, Thy lay wilt thou for-
Land of forests, rocks, and streams, Where bards have dreamt prophetic dreams, O bid thy harp a-

Bass.

hawn. O eith . a . foedd Cymru lân, I'th gol ymdynnant meib y gân; A mawrion Ewrop
dawn!

sake? Where should instrument and song Be heard if no t these hills among, That oft'nest dar'd and
wake.

frwd neshan' I wrando'r gyngan gu: Fal dilyna'r nentydd Wysg O! ri'r cerddorion

fought the wrong. And oft'nest did pre . vail? Where, O Cambria, but in thee Should Truth and Bards of

i'r cerdd - or - ion at dy rwyg A 'mar - llys gyd - a mi!

Truth and Bards of Truth be free As thy own mountain gale?

Gymro, mwy, pa raid o'th gell,
 I grybwyll bri *Parnasus** bell?
 Neu 'serifell ddawnus Gryw?†
Scyrid a'r Bryri draw
 Dan nef pa fanau gwell i'r Naw‡
 Fyfyriaw ac i fyw?
 Mwy am *Helicon** a'i ddwr
 Oes dyn a wna fabanaidd stwr?
 Y ffrwd a lona galon gwr,
 A'r dwndwr huda'i dân;
 Tra b'o Wysg yn gwneyd ei thro
 Am frasaf ddolau'r araul fro,
 Uwch hōno bydd ei chān.

Mwy i fardd y fro a'r dre'
 Y'nt well na'i enedigol le,
 O wele'u heuraidd waw!
 Fel y diliau mêl neu'r gwin
 Y blas-red fydd ar ddawnus fin
 O'u henwi'n unrhyw awr:
 Hwnw dystio yn ei fyw
 Ei serch at finion lle mor wiw,
 Yn wyneb angau ereill glyw
 Y cyfryw'n dweyd mewn cân:
 O! os marw gaf mewn hedd
 Er mwyn fy ysbryd boed fy medd
 Wrth annedd cerdd â'i than.

Iaith fy Nhad, os dydd sy'n dod
 I'th gladdu di, a fydd i'th glod
 Heb ddwys-nôd fyn'd i dda'r?

Who beholds thy naked heights,
 And then forgets who for their rights
 Their keenest blasts endur'd?
 Who doth hear thy cataract's roar,
 And them despise who like it tore
 Their way whene'er immur'd?
 Whilst the eagle seeks the cloud,
 Of thee what Cambrian is not proud,
 Whose fathers' blood so often flow'd
 For her he deem'd so near?
 Whilst a stream doth lave thy meads,
 Shall we forget to sing the deeds
 That sav'd a land so dear?

Thee whose soil the great and good
 Have made so sacred with their blood,
 O do we ask in vain?
 Shall there not be good and great,
 For Wales to think, for Wales to meet,
 And keep her fame from stain?
 Where the patriot hath his tomb,
 Shall not his virtues' latest bloom,
 And ever raise to seek his doom
 Embalmers of his name?
 What son of thine thy air inhales,
 Whose good is not the good of Wales—
 Whose fame is not her fame?

We who love our father land
 Have love for him that doth command,
 And him that doth obey;

*Parnasus a Helicon—dan fynydd tra enwog am ei nawdd i awenyddion.—O Helicon tarddal y ffrwd *Hippocrene*. †Greece.
 ‡ Bu i Homer gerddber gynt,
 Awenyddion naw oeddynt.—Gao. Owan.

Na, na, bydd rhai mewn co'
 I gadw'th fri, a'r dre' a'r fro
 Sy'n cwyno am eu câr:
 Yn yr ardal deca'i gwedd
 Dros fyth boed hoffwyr beirdd a hedd
 Yn gwasgar blodau dros y bedd
 Lle gorwedd bardd a'i gân;
 A'r llaw wasgareo dros y bardd,
 Dy feddrod dithau gwna mor hardd,
 A blodau'r mýgdardd mân.

Love that hourly doth embrace
 In kin and neighbour all the race
 That own'd her ancient sway:
 We who bid our country speed
 Have hearts to honour ev'ry deed
 That raises worth or succours need
 Within her limits fair;
 And affection for the strain
 That mourn'd for Cambria's heroes slain,
 Or bade them glory share.

GOLWG AR DY GYFAILL.

Tón.—*Toriad y Dydd.*

Pan b'wyf ar daith fin - ed - ig, Yn llib - yn ar bryd - nawn, 'Nol croesi gwlad fy -
 nydd - ig, Trwy ddyfnder pridd a mawn; Pan byddo careg fill - dir, Yn
 well na delw saint, A chanllath dros bor - fel - dir, Fel dw - fr oer mewn haint;
 Beth wna i gronfa'r ga - lon I dori'n ffryd - iau rhwydd, Fel can - fod tŷ rhyw
 gyfaill eu, Yn codi'n lleon i'm gwydd? Mi deimlaf yr aw - el - on, Fel newydd am ryw
 lwydd, Can's ac - w draw fe e - gyr llaw, Na chaua'r uch - a'i swydd.

Nid yw gwynebau dynion,
 Ond brau fel llestri pridd,
 Fo'n gwisgo llunian oerion,
 Heb werth ein cred na'n ffydd;
 A chyfarch â theg eirian,
 Beth y'nt, a d'weyd y gwir,
 Ond clych i daro'r orien,
 I'r ffol wrandawo'u cur?

A thai er fy nghysgodi,
 Rhag oerni, gwynt, a gwlaw,
 Heb gyflawn dâl, gwell i mi wal
 Y llew yn Affric draw;
 Ond pe b'ai lifrau tlodi
 I'w gwel'd o'm gwddf i'm llaw,
 Mi wn am fwrdd lle beiddiaf gwrdd
 A'r decaf dorth heb fraw.

Mae llwyn yn ngardd fy nghyfaill
 Yn dew fel mwdwl crwn ;
 Nid hawdd i berchen asgell
 Wneyd ffordd i ganol hwn ;
 Ond wedi cael ei ganol,
 Pob 'deryn, diogel fydd,
 Rhag cirylli lygad manol,
 A'i galon fach yn rhydd ;

A d'wedaf am ei berchen,
 Er nad eir mewn trwy rith,
 I'w fynwes glau, mewn dydd neu ddau,
 A gwneuthur yno nyth ;
 Ond ni bydd achos ochain
 Gan neb, dan lwyth ei bwn,
 A gaiff roi'i bwys ar fynwes lwys
 Y cyfaill ffyddlon hwn.

TORIAD Y DYDD.—(*Ar yr un Dôn.*)

Y llwyni ddönt i'm golwg
 Lle cysgai'r adar man,
 A'r gwawl a'u gwna mor amlwg
 Glodforir yn eu can :
 'Does 'deryn egyr lygad,
 Na egyr hefyd big,
 I dystio'r hyfryd deimlad
 A'i ceidw ar ei frig :
 Ond uwch na brig y dderwen,
 Yn uwch na thalaf wŷdd,
 A thyrau tref,
 Mi glywaf lef,—
 Tryloewlef ysbyrd rhydd :
 Yr hedydd yn ei elfen
 O'i gwynias awen sydd
 Yn deffro gwlad,
 I uno'n fad
 Ei chlod i doriad dydd !

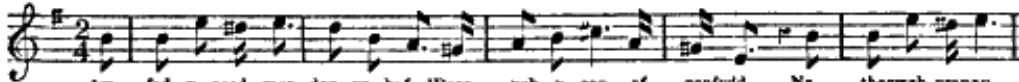
Cyn tori borau newyn,
 Cyn 'mofyn dim o'u bwyd,
 Na drachtio'r disglauer wllithyn,
 Na boddio unrhyw nwyd :
 I ateb cân yr hedydd
 Trwy'r coedydd myrdd sy'n gwau,
 Nes delo'r haul ysplenydd
 I loni'r moelydd mau ;
 Y gwllithyn per wreichiona
 Dan lewyrch ter ei rudd,
 Nid harddach yw
 Na llygad byw
 Y 'deryn siw-fryd sydd
 Yn datgan yr argoelion
 Enyna'i ffraethlon ffydd,
 Mewn haulwen fad
 Oreura'n gwlad,
 Nol hyber doriad dydd.

Mwyn ana'l yr anifail,
 Ar sâl ddiſtaniad sêr,
 O'r gwely glas a'i arddel
 Sy'n codi'n aberth pêr,
 A'r blodau wasgwyd neithiwr
 Dan wiw bwys ych ac o'n,
 I ffroen boreuaf rodiwr
 Eu gwerthfawr 'roglau rhô'n',
 Pob lloches glyd ddatguddir,
 Mewn doldir, gallt, a gwŷdd,
 A'r carwr â'd
 Ar ddolau mad
 Rai olion tra'd rhy rydd,
 A chyn cyrhaedda'i artref
 Rhwng hylef dyllau'r gwydd,
 O'i auraidd byst
 Rhydd haulwen dyst,
 Anathrist iawn o ddydd.

Os llawen yw'r aderyn,
 Boed lawen ych ac oen,
 A gwinged pob pryfedyn,
 Arwyddiad bron ddi boen,
 A llawen byddwyf finau
 Dan frigau'r coedydd cain,
 I ganu croesaw'r borau,
 Tra'i ddorau draw ar daen
 Tra trefig ferch yn cysgu
 A'r glystog dan ei grudd.
 Mae un gerllaw
 Gan fardd a ddaw
 I roesaw'r tymor rhydd ;
 A phan y del caiff sylu,
 Ar beth tebycaf sydd,
 I'w gwen ddi frad:—
 Y gwridiad mād
 A ganlyn doriad dydd.

COF AM BARCH A FU.

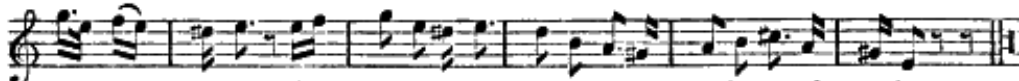
Ton—Dros yr Afon.

Rather Slow.

Am fod y coed mor deg yr haf, 'Does neb y gau - af genfydd, Na thegwech prenau
From Ab - er - aer - on's neighb'ring height A cot o'erlooks the ocean; And on its hearth is



llyfnau erwyn, Na mwynder llwyni mânwydd: Am i - mi weled byd mor dda 'Does dim a'm
heard each night The voice of meek devotion; There prays a father for his son Who ploughs the



llon - a innau; Y bri fu gyni fel delliog haf, Wna 'nawr fy oer - af or - lau.
roar - ing billow, There mother too the prayer doth con, Up - on her resting pillow.

Y cof am ie'netid wna mor diwm
Yr hensaint plwm a'i oerni,
A chof am gywaeth gawd i'w drin
Wna cynddrwg fin y t'lodi;
Y clod a fu fel blagur gwyn
I mi cyn hyn yn offrw, m,
Mor ddiflas gwna'r resymol gred
Wy'n glywed'n ol fy nghodwm.

Dan llwyni'r perthi brig-noeth draw
Tan wylaw af i gwyno,
Ni welaf 'nawr ond prenau mud
A mi i gyd ymdeimlo:
Ond ow! pan ddel y gwanwyn brith
A minau byth mewn t'lodi,
Fel pob peth arall yn ei fri
Pob llwyn wna'm diarddelu.

Mor hael a'r rhos o'u 'rog'lau per
Bu'm i o'r llawnder feddwn:
Yn waeth ei wedd na'r drysni mo'l
Mae heddyw'r ffôl a'i *furdwn*.
Yr haf pan ddel i'r coed a ddyg
O bob rhyw big ganmoliaeth,
A mi heb ddalen o'm hen glod
A gofiad dafod gweniaeth.

'Neath willow branches near the door
A maiden fair and healthy,
Before the nightly prayer's o'er
Doth creep with footsteps stealthy:
And would you know what brings her there
A list'ner 'neath the willows?
A wish to join the parent's pray'r
For him that ploughs the billows.

If e'er that youth shall see his home
A mother fond will tell him
What vespers did avert his doom
When danger did assail him:
But if a heart-breath'd wish avails
A maiden's breathings paler,
Where'er he lands, where'er he sails,
Assist to save the Sailor.

When Seamen brave are far on sea
With perils dark surrounded,
What marvel if they bend the knee
With heart and head confounded,
But ev'ry hour for them on land
Blest orisons are utter'd,
And the wither'd and the lily hand
Are rais'd with that they've mutter'd.

FROM BRECON'S HIGH BEACONS.

Ton—Cader Idris (Jenny Jones.)

Moderato.

From Brecon's high beacons the snow is fast melting, And Tâf's angry torrent is
 Os ael - wyd fy mwth - yn gan draul sy'n an - was - tad, Ai hyn wna im' wgu tra
 swelling a - pace, As show'r af - ter show'r o'er the dark hills come pelting, Around him the
 cbofiwyf pwy rai Ddaw ar - ul bob hwyrdydd i do - ri'r mân siarad, Wna'n ayyfnder y
 peasant no land-mark can trace: The eot of my dear one stands close by that
 gauaf eu hiraos yn llaf! Os erwa dŵll y eliced bob bliyddyn hel -
 river, And I through the tempest must plod as I can, From danger the last that I
 aetha, Am hy - ny a dyblaf bod hwn ryw beth gwaeth! Y traul wnaeth ei ol - wg i
 love to de - liv - er, Or smile at her safety be - neath the tall van:
 ryw radd er gwaetha', A - wyddoch her mai bysedd rhai anwyi a'i gwaeth!

My fair one is brave and full oft from her dwelling,
 To rescue her cattle and lambskins she hies,
 And when the hoarse stream o'er its dark shores is swelling
 Too oft she forgets her own safety to prize;
 O now as I love her to share of her danger,
 What is there so fitting the love I profess,
 And hear her sweet breath with her kine's by the manger,
 Where oft'nest I've waited her form to caress!

My Nancy tho' fam'd for her wit and her beauty,
 Of beauty and all its warm praises think less,
 Than the love of those parents who taught her what's duty
 And prizes their good word 'bove tinsel and dress;
 No youth she declares in this world shall possess her
 Who knows not some hardships and at them can smile,
 Then who but the man she permits to caress her,
 Should seek her while danger her home doth assail?

Then rise angry Tâf, as I ken thy swift swelling,
 Love swells in the heart that has plighted its vow:
 As quick as the wind shall I fly to that dwelling,
 Where all that I love is endanger'd e'en now:
 As bold as the flood and as swift as the tempest
 To wrestle with both let me fly unto thee,
 In thy stead should I meet ev'ry peril thou temptest;
 Than safety itself it were sweeter to me.

Un 'stafell a feddaf ac ynddi rhaid dangos
 Llawenydd a blinder, a gwenau a gwg,
 Ac os bydd awr wgu rhai'r tegwch wnent aros,
 Mor rhwydded a'r gwynt, & o'm aelwyd a'i mwg;
 A mynych ce's i a chyfeillion f'ai'n agos,
 'Nol elai'r llwyd gaddug gymylau fy nhân,
 Wel'd tristwch'n ei dilyn a bychan iawn achos,
 Yn rho'i i ni'r tes a sirolai ein grân.

Mae clo ar fy myrddrwa, ond onest im' addaf,
 Anfynych y cofiaf cyn cysgwyf ei gloi;
 Os rhydu mae'r allwedd nid feily y tangwaf
 A ddena i'm aelwyd wyr hoff i grynboi;
 Os da ydyw'r caud ddyfeiswyd i'r annedd,
 Mil gwell y g'nabyddiaeth wna'n ddiwerth y clo;
 Rhai gadwant allweddau'n calonau, ai rhyfedd
 Anghofiant i allwedd eu drysau ro'i tro?

Drws egypt i gyfalll heb guro pan delo,
 A ffenestr roesawo belydrau yr haul,
 Yr aelwyd fo traed rhai cyfeillgar yn dreulio,
 Os caf, nid yn fynych och'neidiaf am fael;
 Ychydig i ro'i, ac ychydig droi heibio
 Rhag damwain a crys bob dyn dan y nef;
 Ond cyfoeth nid caled i mi yw bod haddo,
 Os ce's i'r boddlonrwydd a leinaw ei le.

HAFREN.

Adante.

Thou deep flowing stream whose meand - rings em - brace, More meads than the ken of the
 Ti af - on drom rediad go - feidi a'th lif, Mwy llenyrch na roddai of the
 e - gle can trace, To tribes whose mix'd gore did thy wa - ters erst dye, How
 er - yr eu rhif, I'r duwy blaidd a'th liw - ient di gynt a'u brwd wa'd, Mor
 sweet in thy peace - mak - ing wind - ings to lie, Where nought that is known gives a
 hyl - ryd dy wedd yn cof - leid - io dwywiad, Heb wryd yn dy don ond a
 tinge to thy wave, Save the red soil that sour - ish - es all it doth lave.
 wneir gan y pridd, Achilles - a dy ddoi ac ir - eidd - ia dy wydd.

By the shores where of old glist'ning hedges of spears
 Fill'd shepherd and flock with the same chilling fears;
 Where warsteeds with nostrils wide steaming afar,
 In answer did neigh to the trumpet of war;
 What see we now move the tall willows among
 But the swain and the team he awakes with a song.

That stream which reflected so oft from its breast
 Hath shown to the gloomy brow'd warrior his crest,
 When Saxon and Cambrian each thirsting for blood
 Of their wrath made a picture of Severn's vext flood,
 How sweet to reflect that his waves or his shore
 No feud shall e'er dye with the proudest blood more.

Evermore when the crops of thy meadows are ripe,
 Instead of that weapon the warrior did gripe
 Bright sickles and scythes thy mild waters shall cross,
 To save for man's sust'nance what none turns to loss;
 And the lover at nightfall o'er Severn shall roam
 With a tale for a sweetheart more fair than its foam.

Go harpist wherever thou listest and play
 To the son of the Saxon thy dear native lay,
 In England the strain that's so old and so dear
 With thy guerdon will gain thee a far costlier tear,
 For know while the Severn doth lave his dark shore,
 Who met there as foes will be foes never more.

Ar ffinion lle gynt bu tywyniad eirf berth
 Yn difeddu y bugail a'i ddefaid o'u nerth;
 A'r cadfarch o ffreensu amlygai eu tarth,
 Yn steb yr udgorn fygythiai bob parth,
 'Does 'nawr ond dŵf 'nifel a dyn ar dy lan,
 Yn gweithio wrth ganied dan frig hollyg plas.

Ti welwyd mor fyoych gan Gymro a Sais
 Yn taffu adluniad o'i helm-grib a'i bais;
 Mor hyfryd dy ganfod 'nol oesoedd o gas
 Yn tystio rhwng dolau feithrini mor las,
 Na welir byth mwyach dy facydd na'th don
 Yn wriodiog drwy frwydrau y wiw Ynys hon.

Byth mwyach pan aeddfed b'o cynsyrch y ma's,
 Yn lle'r erfyn misiong ddifodol bob tras;
 Y bladar a'r cryman by groesant dy ffrwd
 Yn byrdawn gynorthwy i dori'th dew gnwd;
 A'r carwr yr lwyrnos heb fraw dan ei fron
 Dros Hafren a & am un harddach na'i thôn.

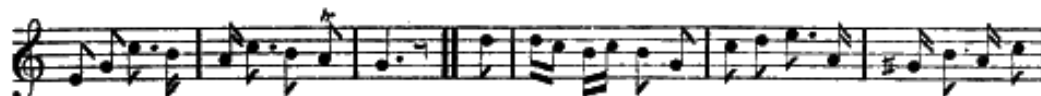
Dos geiddor a'th delyn yn hy' yn dy law
 Dros Hafren, a thero'r hen donau'r tu draw;
 Yn Lloegr cei 'nawr gyda thal am waith hardd
 Yn wobrwyr ddud deigrin am Gymru a'i bardd;
 Canys mwyach tra golcho hen Hafren ei glan
 Rhwng Lloegr a Chymru bydd haed yn mhob man.

BANKS OF USK.

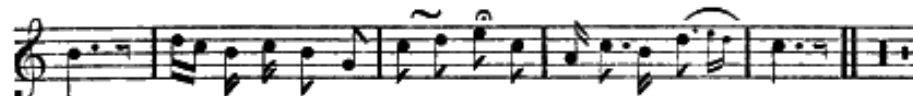
Composed by J. T.

Rather slow and with expression.

Where I would ear . liest gladliest run The infant spring to meet, Or best em - brace with
 Mi glywa'r froufraith ar ei phren, A'i hawen ar ddi - hun, A'r mwyaich et . tyb



rising sun Young Summer's rosy feet; There—there with rapture greater yet, At dawn, or noon, or
 nerth ei ben Mewn mwyne' waith ei min: A'r gog yn brydlawn ya eu plith, Rydd fendith gerdd i



dusk, I'd meet thee Jane as I have met Amid the Banks of Usk.
 Fai, A phob aderyn 'nol ei rith Uwch gwyrdd-dô 'i nyth sy'n gwau.

Where summer ever loath to part
 With deep-wrung sad farewell,
 Doth leave the red drops of his heart
 On ev'ry glade and dell;
 His bright days I would spend with thee
 'Till nuts dropt from the husk;
 His bloom to scent and hear his glee
 Amid the Banks of Usk.

When winter hoary came at last,
 And saw from heath-clad height
 A vale his nipping breath had past
 Still blooming in his sight,
 There should he see my Jane and me
 At life's endearing task,
 By streams unfrozen move as free
 Beneath the Banks of Usk.

With thee, my fairest, let me dwell
 Where fairest hill and mead,
 And boldest height and coolest dell
 The mind with wonder feed,—
 With thee the wintry tempest brave,
 Or scent the summer's musk,
 Till life is past, then in one grave
 Lie 'mid the Banks of Usk.

Mor lwysfyw 'r gerdd, mor hoenwiw'r fref
 A ganmol Nef am nawdd!
 A mado 'nawr â dwndwr tref
 Ddidangnef beth mor hawdd?
 Oud ow! fy Henwlad, d'wed im' b'le
 Mae'r cathlau glywsit gynt
 Gan was a morwyn gylch eu tre'
 Lon hwythau'n brawf o'u bynt?

Ai teg fod e' wna'r maes mor hardd,
 A llwyni gardd mor llad,
 Heb fedra gair o waith y bardd
 A gynal harddlun gwlad?
 Ai teg fod ef arlwyra'r ddol
 I'r oen a'r ebol rhydd,
 Yn magu'r prudd der ya ei got,
 Mor rhwygol brawf i'w rudd?

Gantorion gwydd, eich cerdd boed fud
 Nes del pob astud was
 Fel gynt i deimlo gwerth yr hud
 Cyn rhoddo'r yd i'r ma's;
 Os min y gweithiwr gyll ei gân
 O f' anian beth all fod
 I'm mwy o werth drwy'r llanerob werdd,
 Er amled cerddi'r co'd?

* Melody.

THE NORMAN HORSE SHOE, (Y BEDOL NORMANAIDD).

Words by Sir Walter Scott. Translated by J. T.

Air—Glamorganshire March.

Red glows the forge in Strigull's bounds, And hammers din, and anvil sounds, And

Ar finion Strygyl gwreichion fyrdd, A therfysg poeth a th'rawlad gyrdd. Gy-

ar . mour . ers, with iron toil, Barb many a steed for battle's broil, Foul

hoeddant pwy sy'n gwisgo tra'di Y meirch car . lam . awg at iy gad. Ya

fall the hand which bends the steel A . round the courser's thundering heel, That

boeth bo'r llaw a blygo 'r dar O gylch y caru sy'n bygwith car, A

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes.

e'er shall dint a sa . ble wound On fair Gla . mor . gan's velvet ground.

rhwygiad bro Mor . gan . wg deg, A'r Norman caff . ed 'nol ei reg.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn ;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light on Rymney's stream ;
They vowed Caerphilly's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymney's wave with crimson glows ;
For Clare's red banner floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide !
And sooth they vowed—the trampled green
Showed where hot Neville's charge had been ;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood !

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil ;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forg'd 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.

O dŵr Casgwent, cyn toriad dydd,
Yr udgorn ei fygythiad rhydd,
Ac allau try mewn dirfawr rhwyg
Neville a Clâr, a'u trem dros Wysg :
Eu twng oedd gwelit er ein braw
Eu baner goch ar Rymny draw,
A theimtai hen Gaerphili garn
Y march *Normanaidd* yn ei sarn.

A gwir eu twng—can's nesaf ddydd
Ddangosai draw eu baner rudd,
Coch faner Clâr, a chwifni hon
Nes lliwio'r ffrwd hyd Hafren don ;
A gwir eu llw—can's ar y ddol
Y carn *Normanaidd* wnaeth ei ol,
Ond beth orlenwai'n ffrwd ei lun
Ond gwaed y *Norman* du ei hun. !

Priodferch Gwent all waco'r dydd
Y tyngodd *Clâr* gwnae Gymru'n brudd ;
A'i phlant yn hir felldithia'r nerth
Bedolodd gadfarch *Neville* serth ;
Carlamad arhaith ganddynt hwy
Ni rwyga fro Morganwg mwy ;
Ni welir yno wanwya chweg
Ond gleision rodau'r tylwyth teg.

NOTE.—*The Norman Horse Shoe.* Sir W. Scott informs us, "celebrates a supposed victory obtained by the Welsh over Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and Neville, 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."

LOVE'S LAMENT.

Tune—*Ofer Alar (Unavailing Sorrow)*, by J. T.

Thou sun that mak'st this world so fair, Once who so glad as I to see The new-born
 morn play with thy hair, Or wake the greenwood's minstrelsy? Who readier join'd the pin-
 ion'd throng To sing thee welcome loud as theirs; Or made his matin last so long When
 earlier songs 'gan early cares? But now the bush and meadow green, And trees whose lays a-
 wake the glade, Who but myself would leave unseen As things for fools and children made? For
 all I hear and all I see, Too vain, too merry seem to me.

Ye fields, whose verdure morn and eve,
 This eye unrap't could ne'er behold,
 Ye streams whose brink I ne'er could leave
 Till every wave its tale had told,
 What now but *that* my tongue did praise
 The eye of sorrow most offends,
 What but the greenwood's loudest lays
 Most hurt the soul that sorrow bends?
 And oh! the human face divine,
 What but the smile I can't return
 Makes me it shun, and steep't in brine
 From all I know go out to mourn?
 For oh! that day I've lived to see
 When human mirth is nought for me.

Ye happy, in the tone and dress
 That suits your mirth, that mirth enjoy:
 While I must seek the loneliness
 That least doth bleeding hearts annoy.

Ti'r galon, gai o degwch gwlad,
 A gwenau hawddgar bob mwynhad,
 Pau drist ddynoethir dól a bryn
 Beth fel tydi lyfrha pryd hyn?
 Ac os rhoir gwyneb eu dan bridd
 Beth fel tydi alara'r dydd?
 A'th gnais gwynfanus dan bob llwyn
 Ar adar bro i uno'th gwyn?
 Ond dan y cwmwl dua'i wawr
 A dysnaf rwyg hiraethlon awr,
 Beth gwedi'r cwbl a'th iacha
 Ond gwedd o'r fath a'th wnaeth yn gla'?
 Pen achos poen a phleser dyn
 Y fenyw lusiaidd wrtho lyn.

Ti'r ddynes feddu uwch dy rudd
 Siriolach gwawl na'r gwanwyn ddydd,
 Er gwelaf draw'r gymylog awr,
 Diflana'r tegwch folaf 'nawr;

The star that hurts not sorrow's eye
 To me enough of light can give
 That grave to find, where she doth lie,
 For whose dear sake I wish'd to live;
 The yew-tree 'neath whose shade I'd sit
 I crave not daylight's aid to find,
 Nor lamp to guide my weary feet
 Where weeping love may speak his mind;
 Thou, night, that art for mourners made
 Oh, haste and wrap me in thy shade.

Beth bery hyn ond glynu nes
 Y fron wrth fron weinydda'i lles?
 I'r beddrod cul os ai o'm bla'n,
 Caed galur yn ei bryd ei gân;
 Ac os i weryd ar dy ol
 Dyg hyn un na all fyw o'th gôl,
 Esmwythach imi gwneir fy medd
 Gan serch at un mor gu ei gwedd,
 A thecach wrid y blodau llad
 Addaruant feddrod dau mor fad.

CAN—GLENYDD AERON. BLUE-EY'D NANCY.

Tune—*Y Llwyn Iorwg (Ivy Bush)*, by J. T.

B'le mae'r meibion nas dymunant Bod o'u henwau hygar gofiant? Melus beth i
 bawb yw'r molliant Garant doethaf gwyr: Ond i mi o glod mae'n ddigon I rai hoff rhwng
 glennydd Aeron, Ddweyd pwy fu wrth fodd eu calon Cyn ei fyn'd a bron hiraethlon
 Arw dro i estron dir.

Ar y dolau gynt dramwywn
 Cael fy enwi gan rai enwn,
 Onest dweyd yw'r peth ddymanwn
 Tra anadlwn air:
 Ie a'm cofio'n ddistaw distaw
 Gan un rodiai genyf law-law
 Dan yr helyg dynwr wylaw
 Am nad ydym heddyw'n mudaw
 Lle mae'r groesaw teca' gair.

Dolau Aeron gynta' ac ola'
 Lon dramwyais gan fy Martha,
 Dolau Aeron ynt serchoca'
 Im' ei coffa ar gân:

Ye who put my voice to trial,
 Song you'll have and no denial,
 Then prepare to hear what's real
 As the noon-day light.
 'Tis my love for blue-ey'd Nancy
 Only object of my fancy,
 You in turn if that doth suit ye
 Like myself, my praise the beauty
 That is worthiest in your sight.

You who broke my musings of her,
 What expect you of a lover
 But her dear name to go over,
 While his voice doth hold?

Dolau Aeron deg a'u llwyni,
Os caf fi a hon briodi,
Hwyr a borau gânt ein lioni
Fel gwnaent gynt, y ddau fa'n caru
Tan awgrymu ar eu grân.

'Nawr ni chaf ond mewn breuddwydion
Oiwg ar fy ngeneth ffyddlon:
A ddaw awr i lennydd Aeron
Glywed etto'n dawn?
Awr i'r ilaw a selia'm llythyr
Etto ddaugos tegwch natur
I'r un gwasai orau gysur
Yn yr hystoedd wnaem ar antur
Dros y gwelrdir mwyna gawn?

For this bright chance to commend her
Song as well my thanks shall render:
While the heart in true love's fullness
Thus may plead for lover's dullness,
In all else that's ask'd or told.

Had I freedom like the thrushes
O how oft mid budding bushes,
Like the bird would I my wishes
Tell in ceaseless song.
Had I wings like his to bear me
From the spot where now you hear me
Soon I'd fly like faithful wooer
Where I might repeat unto her
Words I sing my friends among.

Y GELYNEN, (THE HOLLY).



Pa ddy'n o deimlad dan y ser Na wyr môf ber yw enwi Y gwyr ethola'l
What feeling heart knows not how sweet To name the friends we've chosen. And bear what friend-



galon glyd i byfryd gymdeith . asu? Ond o'r dewis . ol rif, pa ddy'n Fal cyfaill
ship can repeat When each its tongue may loosen. But e'en amongst the few elect, Who like the



yn yr angor? Fal hwn rhwng dynion, rhwng y co'd Bydd ffurf a chlod Cel . ynen.
needful ally, As be 'mongst men—'mongst trees erect Behold the dark green Holly.

Rhag poethder Hâf pa fab ni w'yr
Mor dda'r magwrydd deiliog?
A'r dwthwn hwn 'does pren na rydd
Y cysgod sydd ddihalog?
Ond pan ddyneso'r gauaf blin
A'i rewlyd fin i ruo,
Beth gynyg fel Celynen las
Ei chlog i'r gwas a lecho?

Y dydd b'o cnwd y dderwen gref
Gun wyntoedd nef ar wasgar,
A deiliog harddwch llawer gwig
Yn wiwlyd, grig anhawddgar,

'Neath summer sun who hath not own'd
The b'iss of shady bowers?
And then where is not shelter found
From sun-beams or from showers?
But when the wintry blast is nigh
And swelling brooks run foully,
To what can threaten'd shepherd fly
Like thee, the dark green Holly?

Yea, when the giant oak not keeps
One leaf to tell its story,
And forests bare in wither'd heaps
Resign the summer's glory;

Land of the muses and mother of heroes,

Oh! what a blight day was that to thy pride,
When the white seagull on ocean's deep furrows
Showed the stain'd breast that thy best blood
had dyed:

Oh! what an hour when the eagle of Snowdon
Tarn'd with remorse from the carnage it saw,
And the gaunt wolf from the corpses it trod on
Stunk to his lair with a surfeited maw.

Rider and steed that prest onward for battle
Told not that surf where they heav'd the last sigh?
Sword that its wearer did boast of its metal
Went not its lustre with that of his eye?
Names that were destined to flourish in story
Owns not yon marsh where their splendour was
lost?
Tells not the record of Rhuddlan the gory
All that the rashness of valour hath cost?

Yea that lov'd valley so famed for its beauty
Owns not this day what wide roads of its soil
Drank of the heart blood of warriors whose duty
'Twas to defend it from carnage and spoil?
Yea that fair stream, by whose fairy meand'ring
Minstrel and poet for ever would stray,
Ever must tell them of settled or wand'ring
Where saw their fathers the fatal day.

Where was no glory for him that did perish,
Where was no wreath for a Cambrian brow,
Where was no deed that remembrance would cherish
Snatch'd from the slaughter that brought her so low,
Must not the noblest of Cambria's nobles
Own how their fathers like autumn leaves fell?
Must not the land that prov'd bravest in troubles
Own how a day its high stirrings did quell?

Saxon, the battle thou madest so bloody
Know on thy fame it shall leave such a blot;
Thou when there's mention of Rhuddlan the Ruddy
Oft'nest wilt wish that its name were forgot;
Deep as the wound that thy hard heart hath given
Sounds the sad strain that shall tell future years
How that a nation, whose trust is in heaven,
In heaven's good time can arise from its tears.

NOTE.—History informs us that *Offa*, in his treatment of the Britons who fell into his hands after the battle of Rhuddlan, was guilty of excessive cruelty in putting all to the sword without distinction of age or sex.

GALAREB.

Gwn heth yw meddu un harddwych ac anwyl,
Gwn heth yw gohaith o'i meddu trwy'm hoes,
Gwn beth yw gweled y fath yu fy ymyl
Yn poeni, heb fodd genyf laesu ei loes:
Gwn beth yw cuddio y gwyneb a'm swynai
Gwn, a'r oer bridd na fedd harddwch na llun
Hoelio dan estyll y fraich a'm coffeidiol,
Rhoi'm colonen iorwedd lle nad awn fy hun!

Tebyg fy nhynged fu'm i i blant Adda,
Cariad gudd feddiant o'm calon yu gron,
Oud o'r rhai garent nis credaf nad clafa
Wylf dan y brathiad 'ro'edd angen i'm bron.
Angen f' anwylod, fy ngh'lomen, fy nheca',
Angen pleserau y ddaear o'r bron,
Angen pob 'deryn, hardd gerdd, a golygfa,
F'ant im' mor ddengar tra rhodiwn gan hon.

Dyddian o dristwch wy'n ganfod yn f' aros,
Oriau anniadan fydd mwyach fy rhan;
Galar a'm gwisgodd â mantell liw'r ddunos,
Hon rhaid im' yspryd i wisgo 'mhob man:
Ffrydiau llawenydd, tywyniad gorfoledd,
Mwy pwy a'n sylwa yn egni fy iaith?
Wared i ddyffryn distawrwydd mae 'nhuedd,
Rhifo fy uagrau hyd fedd fydd fy ngwaith.

B'le mewn gwerdd goedwig caf afael mewn 'dery
Golodd ei gywion dan oer rew y nos?
B'le rhwng y d'rysoi caf oenig yn grwydryn
A'i fref am y famaeth sy'n gelain mewn ffôs?
B'le yn mhllith dynion caf gyffail ddaw genyf
I ddirgel anneddle i feithrin y rhai'n,
Swm ein moesoldeb, a'n cyfraith a'n cyfrif
Fydd magu'r hiraethlon ac enwi f' un gain.

Unig yw'r llwybrau gyssegrwyd i alar,
Bychan yw'r nifer a'u rhodiant yn hir,
Pruddaidd gysgodau y'nt yno'n gyfeillgar,
Dagrau yw'r gwllithoedd bereiddiant y tir:
Yno mae blodau i hiraeth eu casglu,
Hoffach eu 'roglau na cheinion yr hâf:
Arnynt i wylo gwna tristwch ei gwely,
A'r durtur a'f phlu wna obenydd y claf.

FY NGWLAD.

Air—Serch Hudol.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written in Welsh and are placed below the vocal line.

System 1:
 Pwy—pwy yw'r dyn a'r oeraidd fron, Na wna ei wlad yn destun llon Myfyrdod calon dda; Y

System 2:
 tir gyssegrodd dagrau mam, Ddyhidlwyd drosto pan ca'i gam, Pa fryd na en - nyn atton fflam Mewn

System 3:
 gorsersch am y ga? Y wlad add . ef . a'r llanau cu, Lle aent ein tatau'n weddaidd lu, Wrth

System 4:
 (The lyrics for this system are not fully legible in the image)

(delwedd J4274) (tudalen 024)

FY NGWLAD.

Air—Serch Hudol.

Pwy—pwy yw'r dyn a'r oeraidd fron, Na wna ei wlad yn destun llon Myfyrdod calon dda; Y
 tir gyssegrodd dagrau mam, Ddyhidlwyd drosto pan ca'i gam, Pa fryd na en - nyn atton fflam Mewn
 gorserch am y ga? Y wlad add . ef . a'r llanau cu, Lle aent ein tatau'n weddaidd lu, Wrth

(delwedd J4275) (tudalen 025)

sain y clych a'n galwant ni, I lon add. ol. i gynt; Hoff wlad y tmlau wneethant hwy, In'

lwybrau atynt trwy bob plwy', I'r manau mad lle cysgant hwy, Hen deidiau'r plwyf—lle'r y'nt?'

Ti—ti fo'r brith dymmorau glân
 Yn amgylchynu ag un gân
 O wiw ddiddanus sain;
 Yr haf a'i wlibawg emau por,
 Yr Hydref deg a'i heurwallt hir,
 Y gauaf iach a'r gwanwyn tr,
 Ar uchel dir a llain.
 A'u dwylaw'n gwlm ar dy fron,
 Doent yn eu cylich o frig y don,
 Dan ddawnsio drosot, ynys lon,
 Gan fad awelon ne',
 Ac O na foed o'th sewn y dyn
 I'w derbyn ddaw heb gân ar fin,
 A'r goreu'i foes fo'r hardda'i lun
 I ganlyn gydag e'.
 Byth—byth bo'r gwres a'i foreu wllith,
 A'r cynnar wlaw yn dwyn i'u plith,
 Y feudith fo er lies;

Come, come, and join the good old song,
 What warm hearts have preserv'd so long
 Shall ours allow to die?
 What made so many dim eyes shine
 Can that not, too, make lustrous mine,
 And rouse the heart that's giv'n to pine
 To aspirations high?
 It doth belong to sunny hours,
 Or such as saw the sun through show'rs,
 And would its gleam not brighten ours
 As well as by-gone days?
 The lips that harbour'd least of guile
 Have left it us to foster while
 The cares of life permit the smile
 That feeds on poet's lays.
 Who, who, but they whose feelings warm
 A thing so tender kept from harm
 So many seasons through,

Yr ŷch a frefo cuffed naut,
 A'r march sychedig dôro'i chwant,
 A bryniau'r hâf fo'n las i ddant
 Diaddellau gant dan dês,
 Y gweithiwr gaffo, dan ei chwys,
 Y bara iach am isel bris,
 A'r adar mân fo'n chwilio'r âs,
 Am wobwr eu melus gân.
 A'r drws a geuir 'n erbyn tlawd,
 Byth na agoro chwaer na brawd,
 A gwader hwnw gan ei gnawd
 A wnelo wawd o'r gwan.

Doed—doed ar frys yr hyfryd ddydd,
 Mae'r da a'r doeth yn dweyd y bydd,
 A daw mewn hafddydd wawr :
 Pan wna cyflawnder hardd ei thre'
 Lle byddo da'r debycca i'r ne',
 Pan na fo teliwng mwy heb le
 Roi'r pen a wylai lawr ;
 Pan wel y da yn mhob dyn frawd,
 Pan addef gwych nad yw ond enawd,
 Pan na fo clo ar gist o flawd,
 A phawb i'r tlawd yn ffon,
 Pan bo'm fel teulu un ty'n byw,
 A'i allwedd loyw'n ngofal Daw,
 A neb ond balch yn gwel'd nad yw
 O'r cyfryw wneir yn llon.

Aed—aed ar gynydd goncwest hedd,
 A gwir fo mwy yr unig gledd
 Yn myddin rhinwedd lân ;
 A thored lawr anialwch byd,
 Fal, lle oedd d'rysni tyfo'r yd,
 A fiau y llew yn lloches glyd
 I'r ddafad fud fo hon.
 Lle chwythai nadredd seinied cân,
 Trwy'r darren gwridied rhosyn glân,
 A'r sychdir gan ffynonau mân,
 Newidied ran ar wen.
 A phan fo Prydain hardd ei phryd
 Wrth gadwyn serch yn dal y byd,
 Derbyniad enw newydd drud
 Gan Awdwr byd a'i Ben.

NOTE.—This air, which possesses the most genuine characteristics of a Welsh melody, is a great favourite among *penillion* singers; but they generally sing them, after once commencing, to a portion of the second strain. It is a fact, much to be regretted, that the frequent hearing of *penillion* singing, in which the most adroit in the art adapt the strain they chant to every variety of metre, has so confounded our modern poets, that they are at a loss which to deem most appropriate for the songs they would write for such airs.

So many summers, winters, springs,
 Without the aid of laws or kings
 Attest its virtue 'neath the stings
 Of every varying woe?
 Among the happy sons of toil
 It always fell on virgin soil,
 And with the plant they rear'd did smile
 On ev'ry fostering hand;
 And when the forest trees were bare
 The good old song its head did rear,
 Perfuming round the wintry air
 And cheering all the land.

Tell, tell what cares it hath beguil'd
 How many a stern one made a child,
 How many a brow unbent?
 How many a wolf turn'd to a lamb,
 How many a storm turn'd to a calm,
 And dark misanthrope with its balm
 Oft sooth'd to sweet content?
 How many a worshipper of gold
 Of that he grasp'd relax his hold?
 How many bosoms' icy cold
 Warm'd into mirth and love?
 How many a hater of his race
 His kin and fellow made t' embrace?
 And loves renew'd, that else must cease,
 With dew-drops from above?

Ye, ye who potent herbs have seen,
 Shall poesy's own evergreen
 Your notice not engage,
 What, though physicians name it not,
 Nor labell'd glass say where 'tis got,
 Its virtues prove what drug is bought
 E'en with the poet's page.
 What clear'd the eye that could not see
 And bowels op'd of charity,
 What may't not do for you and me
 If to our hearts applied?
 What unprotected liv'd so long
 Must it not human life prolong,
 Then foster yet the good old song,
 That was our fathers pride.

CHRISTMAS FEELINGS.

This Song may be sung to "Blodau'r Gryg"—See page 1st.

Lov'd Christmas with his feelings old,
As pure and good as sterling gold,
He's come again—in his season cold,
Of snow, and sleet, and rain:
His head unwreath'd with fresh blown flow'rs,
He smiling rears, mid pelting show'rs,
And tapping early at our doors,
Admittance free would gain.

A name that's dear to Christendom,
He bears from Norway e'en to Rome;
And to old friends, their "kingdom come,"
His advent long hath been.
His path with evergreens we'll strew:—
Like his berries bright our cheeks shall glow,
Whilst forth his carol sweet doth flow,
Along the pavements clean.

"O! in my groups young parents see,
Their saplings fair place on the knee
Of such as own the staid degree
Of mothers' mothers now:

The babes are claim'd by wrinkled arms,
That fenced their parent's budding charms;
And on their cheeks the old blood warms,
While gleams the furrowed brow.

When days are short, and candles burn,
To help the moon to keep her turn;
'Tis weakness sad to sit forlorn,
Because the summer's far.

The rays of friendship must supply,
That light the sun doth now deny;
Good fellowship's awaken'd eye
Is winter's brightest star.

Now—now, whilst friend his friend doth pledge,
And comfort lines the table's edge;
May ev'ry sentence prove a wedge
To ope the niggard heart.

Let ev'ry Christian's motto be,
"The good that's mine, his too may't be,
Who bows his head in poverty,
And e'en a better part."

There's nought in summer's lap that grows—
There's nought so goodly on its boughs,
As bounty's pledge—when winter's snows
Have whiten'd hill and vale.

And he whose heart hath charity
Plucks fruit from an immortal tree,
Whose leaf shall never blasted be
By storm or nipping gale.

The sharp-breath'd frost that warps the land,
And blocks the streams from hill to strand;
More widely opens Bounty's hand,
And thaws compassion's well.

The storm whose howl awakens fear—
Its loudness quickens Pity's ear,
To know the voice of *Want* when near,
And weigh the tale 'twould tell.

Y GOFID DŪ.

Air—Pa bryd y deui etto? (When wilt thou call again)

Cyfarfod ydwyf beunydd A rhai rhwng coed a glenydd A dd'wedant, "O mor ddedwydd Gwnaeth'
Dofydd d' anian di," A minau ar fy nhafod Ar unpeth wyf mor barod, Dan
bwys 'doga nch yn gwybod Ei ddyrnod ond myfi.

Trwm meddwl am y dolur
 Gan fyrddiwn a addeffr,
 Ond am y saethau guldîr—
 O geirwir yw y gân:
 Mwy poenus yn't a llymion
 Na mil gânt ffordd trwy gwynion,
 A gwaelach gwnant y galon
 Ry wirion maent yn wân.

O d'wedwch beth yw'r gofid
 Wna dyn a dynes ymlid?
 Os rhagdda nef a'n gweryd:
 Gwir enbyd yw—ond gwir:—
 Pob un fag iddo'i hunan
 'Rhyw ledrith bery gwynfan
 Mwy hylt na dim oddiallan
 I'w sian oeruos hir.

'Nol symudo du o'diau
 Wnant ddyfnion iawn och'neidiau,
 Fal llong dan ormod hwylau
 Ar donau hâf-deg ddydd;
 Beth welir draw yn treiglo
 Ond llestryn gwan fal'n chwyddo
 Dan lwyddiant brawf pan soddo
 Sut les o'i lwytho sydd.

Boh dydd wy'n gweled fwy-fwy
 Taw pwy sydd annhlantadwy,
 'Does neb na fag y mympwy
 A sugna fwy o'i wa'd
 Na pliant a'r holl drafferthou
 Wnant gilwg ar ei galon:—
 Dau'n gwared rhag y duon
 Ellyllon diwellad!

Y CERDDOR PENFELYN.

Ar yr un Dôn.

Er mwyned llais y delyn
 Dan ddwylo'r mab penfelyn
 Yn eistedd wrth ei elin
 Wedd serchog rhyw un sydd,
 Ac iddi gwell na'i danau
 Fa'i clywed gair o'i enau
 Addefai'i wir syniadau
 Am aelau hon a'i grudd.

Pan welir cant yn law-law
 Wrth seiniau'r tant yn mydaw
 A'u llygaid llou yn gwybiaw
 Am sylw'r lluaws gwâr;
 Hon yn mhob tro a wnelo
 Ond un peth mae'n obeithio;
 Bod e' sy'n chwareu'n oofio
 Bod yno'r ferch a'i car.

Er nad oes merch o gwmpas
 Na addef pwy mor addas
 Yw delw'r delyn ber ias
 Rhwyg breichiau'r glanwas hwn;
 Er hyn (mae'n anhawdd credu)
 Y glanaf o'r cwmpeini
 Pan b'o bereiddia'n tynu
 Sy'n eiddigeddu, gwn.

Wel gwrando'r ferch serchog-lan,
 Pe cait t'r mab penfelyn,
 Pa ddyben wait o'r teennyn
 Sy'n enyn 'uawr dy sôl?
 Ei dori, neu ei gadw
 I fagu'r blinder hwnw
 A ddaw o garu'r gwryw
 Sy'n ddelw'r man lle del?

NOTE.—This air is well known in many parts of Carmarthenshire, as well as *Dons yr Afon* (see page 14), and it may be safely asserted that both are now published for the first time. Both airs possess, in an eminent degree, the peculiarities of the real Welsh melody:—the easy alternation of the major and minor strains wherein no affected effort of the composer appears to have produced a note; but every transition seems purely accidental, and as spontaneous as that phrase which is most in keeping with the key announced. It would seem hardly credible that in parts of Cardiganshire, in whose very centre so talented a song writer as Daniel Ddu dwells, the Welsh airs are nearly forgot, and that young men at weddings, for want of something more appropriate, actually sing psalm tunes for their amusement. This is not yet the case in Carmarthenshire, but it is no extravagant assertion, that unless efforts were now made to preserve these melodies (of which I have written down from the singing of elderly men, no fewer than from forty to fifty), thirty years hence they would be totally forgot in other parts of the principality as well as Cardiganshire. Whatever may be the fate of our venerable language, our national airs, which are nearly as intelligible to the Hindoo as to the Welshman, need not share that fate, and if my wish could be heard, I would cry, "Long life to the old language and the airs to which its poetry has been sung."

MY FATHER'S ELBOW CHAIR.

Composed by J. T.

You've ask'd me when my heart was sad, Why dwelt on that my gaze; Yet answer of me
never had, Though it oft came to my eyes; But could you feel as I have felt, Ere this you'd found 'twas
there, I stood, or sat, or meekly knelt By a father's elbow chair.

'Tis not the wood I prize, or the *make*
Of that or his shining staff,
But each from his hand did a polish take,
That I ne'er can gaze at enough,
Look at it once—look at it twice,
And I care not who may stare,
When I say that the part above all price
Is that which shows most wear.

For was it not the hand that seal'd
His blessing on my head,
That wore it—that which hath appeal'd
To heaven in my stead?
Yes, yes, and there he't likewise known,
Mine, too, hath worn its share,
That met a thousand times his own
Upon that elbow chair.

There have I watch'd him in his sleep
And all his features scann'd,
There have I feign'd his breathing deep
And measur'd hand with hand;
There have I seen the house-dog vex'd
And jealous of my care,
When he dar'd not for my love come next
My father's elbow chair.

Time made me taller than that chair
Which oft had prov'd my height,
And time did turn my father's hair
From raven black to white,
I saw the change, and nothing said,
For the will of God was there;
But when they laid him with the dead
I wept upon that chair.

At her water colours grief is quick,
And in that hallow'd frame
She draws him pausing on his stick
Before the flickering flame;
And with his features comes the voice
Which seems to say "Beware,"
"Lest that be made your baneful choice,
I've censured from this chair."

Since he is gone our lot hath chang'd,
And still may go for worse,
For many from us are estrang'd
Who help'd to drain his purse;
With much we have parted which the heart
Doth find it hard to share,
But heaven hath our vow, we ne'er will part
With our father's elbow chair.

EBW SIDE.

Ton—Glan Ebw, by J. T.

Down, down, O down where the Ebw doth murmur In music res . pensive to
 blackbird and thrush, When, when, O when shall I meet thee, my charmer, And list to the
 waters be . neath the green bush ? Where mirth, like the bird's, hath long made its dwelling I
 know that my Mary their neighbour would be ; Then near the green spots where the waters are
 welling Hand in hand by the Ebw I'd wander with thee.

Why, why, O why is the winter so lasting
 And song days of cuckoo and sky-lark so few ?
 Why is the bliss ev'ry heart deems worth tasting
 As transient as rain-bows, as passing as dew ?
 Yet why, my dear Mary, if summers so vanish
 Before it hath left us its bliss we decline,
 And then for the good that our own hearts did banish
 'Gainst heav'n and its bounty in sadness repine.

There, there, O there where the dark mountains
 bound us
 And nought for a ceiling we see but the sky,
 And nought but the lambkins are skipping around us
 And nought but its echoes to man's voice reply ;
 If true love hath pleasures that end not in sorrow
 Adown in you valley I'll seek it with thee, -
 If youth boasts a joy that may blush not to-morrow
 By Ebw's green margin the same let us see.

Lawr, lawr, O lawr lle mae Ebw a'i dundwr
 I fronfraith a mwyalch yn ateb drwy'r dydd,
 Pam, pam, O pam na ymweli â'th garwr
 Ddysgwylia am danat dan gysgod y gwydd ?
 Lle dewis cantorion yr Haf eu barosfa,
 Naturiol i tithau ymwybiaw gerllaw ;
 Lle gweir gan darddiant y donen yn lasa',
 Mor hoff im' b'ai eistedd a'm llaw yn dy law.

Pam, pam, O pam mae y gauaf cyn feithed,
 A dyddiau caniadau a chog heb barhad ?
 Paham mae'r pleserau ynt werth im' eu gweled
 Fel enfys 'nol cawod, neu wlithen ar wlad ?
 Ond er bod yr hafddydd mor gloi yn ymado,
 Mor lleied sy'n barod i'w brisio pan ddel :
 Pan hedo o'u golwg a'i tegwch yw beio
 Am fendith pan delo 'dos undyn a'i gwel ?

NOTE.—The author has taken care to annex his name to every air of his own composition, because he does not wish to palm them on the public as ancient melodies. Whatever beauties or defects these may exhibit, the praise or blame for such must attach to their author.

GLAN TOWY. HOPE FORLORN.

*Air—Glan Towy.**Composed by J. T.*

Adante.

Where Ystrad's green churchyard o'er dead ones is blooming My father and mother among them are Inid; And there my three brothers, whose thoughts were on roaming With parents are weled dy dou, Yn iach i'r hoff neutydd ar ian ber cu frydiau, Barablent hy-sleeping the sleep of the dead; And there have I wish'd at the thought of the frydwch yr haf-ddydd i'm bron; Yn iach i chwi lwybrau lle mynych ed-morrow That I might be with them as free from my sorrow; And wer't not for Jemmy who drychais, Tra'r goedwig o bob tu'n un deml hyfrydlais Am oliau y tra'd oent mor sails the salt sea Ere this in my grave with my kin should I be. anwyl i mi, Nes deiai mwy hollais i g'roni fy mri'

But why should I live on, still sighing, still he ping.

All for the young sailor that hopes not for me?

O why from these eyes should the salt tears be dropping

When nothing to comfort me comes from the sea?

If he that I dream of is still 'mong the living

He lives but to kill me perhaps with deceiving;

Then on my cold pillow as well might I be

As think of young Jemmy that sails the salt seas.

If e'er he return to the home of his fathers

I've one little cousin will show him my grave,

And point out it may be the low shrub that withers

O'er one deem'd too mad for a son of the wave;

If when he beholds my poor grave he weep o'er it,

That cousin shall say it appeaseth my spirit,

And when what he feareth comes on him at sea

That spirit in danger his guardian may be.

Yn iach i ti Dowy; yn iach i'r blynyddau

Oedd troion fy mywyd fel troion dy ddwr;

Pan meddwn bob haf-ddydd dy dd'yn trwy'r dolau

Ac eistedd lle safet ar 'lennydd di stwr:

Pryd hyny mi'th glywswn fel chwaer a siaradaur'

A'm mynwes a dynai fad ystyr o'th donau,

Ac yn absenoldeb rhai anwyl o'm tro,

Per ddwndwr dy ffrydiad fyth lenwai ei lle,

Bu imi gyfeillion ar finion hen Dowy,

A'u lleisiau a'u hagwedd yn meddu'r fath hud,

Y 'deryn distadlaf a'r lasfrig y llwyni

F'ai'n ddigon a'i sin-gloch i'n galw ni 'nghvd:

A phan deuai'r hwyr-ddydd a'r awr f'ynad'el,

Mor hawdded b'ai rhannu per 'roglaur haf awel,

A rhannu glân feibion gynullwyd gan fryd,

Sydd felus ei goffa yn mhob cwr o'r byd.

GWYLIAU MEIBION GWALIA.

Lloyn On.

Daeth sain y tel . ynan i'n plith fel y tonnan, Ac or . iau llawenydd dor-
Mae hyfryd lais awen fel 'bed . ydd ar aden, I'r aurafdd gymylau'n der-

asant e'r nen; Daeth gwledd mwya galonau, sy'n dyn eu llin . yn . au A
chafu ei phen; Pob un sydd yn curo, mewn amser heb wvro, Per-

roddwyd gan allwedd hawddgarwch mewn tŷn, Pa beth ydyw'n bywyd ond tir cras
oriath a swynodd bob gofid a pho'n; Nes delo caf . odydd, a gwlithoedd lla-

sychedd, A chwair gan boethwynt, a ys . ir gan wres,
wenydd, Gan berwynt peroriaeth i daenu ei les.

Canïadau sy'n toddi holl gaerau caledi,
A thori'r cronfeydd sydd yn nghalon pob dyn,
Nes byddo'n serchïadau yn rhedeg fel ffrydian,
Ar lechwedd y brynïau a chwarae'n gyttan;
Rhyw hafaidd orfoledd sy'n cael ei lawr goledd,
Nes ydym fel adar ar doriad y dydd,

Yn dorf rhwng y manwydd yn esyn llawenydd,
A phwy yn ein mwyniant 'n anfoddlon a fydd ?
O t'rewch y telynau—chwareued y tonnau,
Nes ysgwyd drwg nwydan o galon pob dyn;
A chariad mawn meddiant, o awr ei gogoniant,
Mewn lleisiau cydgordïawl a'n toddo bob un.

CYNON VALE.

To the same Air.

What I in the valley of Cynon did witness
 From memory's tablet it never will go;—
 The charm of those deeds that gave Cambria her
 greatness
 In the days she was envied and fear'd by her foe.
 O'er Cynon's green meadows I've seen them as
 glowing
 As berries that smile o'er the silver-ton'd rill,
 And as sure as that stream through its meadows is
 flowing,
 Those deeds in their beauty are glowing there still.

Amid the wild mountains whose hawthorn or holly
 Through snow flakes beguileth the traveller's
 speed,
 I've met with the kindness that dares to be jolly
 When man of that kindness most feeleth the need.
 The welcome that erst the old poet did gladden,
 There still is beheld as 'tis sung in his lay:
 The welcome of father and mother and maiden,
 That ne'er to the worthy doth cease to say, "Stay."

Beside thee lov'd Cynon where poets did flourish,
 Who spent but a day that afforded no proof,
 How master and man in their bosoms can cherish
 The lays that could gladden their forefathers' roof?
 There close to the freshness of cornfield and garden
 The name of the poet for ever keeps fresh;
 For there is the song to be heard with its burden,
 That proves that the heart of Glan Cynon is *fresh*.

'Tis there I have sat and communed with the sober
 Till either of the hours a reckoning could keep
 No better than drunkard—for neighbour with neigh-
 bour
 Got drunk on the gladness that knoweth no sleep.
 And there, if I live, I may yet prove how merry
 The heart may become with the friends that we
 love,
 When our ale and our liquor, our port and our
 sherry,
 Are nought but the words that our bosoms approve.

O delyn, O delyn, hoff eurwawd offeryn,
 Pa fynwes na enyn dy dennyn o dan?
 Y sein sydd mor felus a denawl i'r dawnsus,
 Gwna'n uniawn ddiessgus bob gwefus ddigan.
 Ar d'rwiad dy dannau fy nhynton wythienau
 Effeithir fel hwythau, a'm geiriau i gyd
 Mewn anghof o'm dolur a asiant i fesur;
 Ac enllib a'i bradwyr anghofir y'nghyd.

O delyn y brynau, pwy arddel dy dannau,
 Fel henwlad fy rhadau—a sinnau wyf un,
 A'th gar fel y golau dywynn ar fryniau
 'Nol mado'r cawodau wnant loriau'n ddilun.
 'Nol ymladd ac ymlid os meddaist i'r dewrfryd,
 Y cordial wnai adfyd yn hyfryd fel ha';
 Heb wadu ein teitlau a'u hysig fynwesau,
 Bydd anwyl i ninnau dy ddonau a da.

Rhag cynwr' pob goror hyn goeliad hyd elor
 'Does hygwth na chyngor fel cerddor a chôn,
 Beth welais ni' coelia a'm mynws a'i honna
 Mae telyn hen Walia hir glyma' wyr g'an:
 Lle t'rawir ei heurdant hen falsis a thrachwant
 O'r golwg oer giliant; a mwyniant rhai mad,
 Fel haf des ar fryniau dan swyuiad per seiniau,
 A hawlia'i fyndau ar loriau'r hen wlad.

Trwy gyrau holl Gymru pen meddyg pob teulu
 Fo'r cerddor anwylgu a'i resi hardd rân;
 Ym mroydd fy henwlad na enwer hedd geidwad,
 Fel melus a difrad ddadgweinad a'i gan.
 B'le bynag b'o cynwr' y tannau per ddwndwr
 A wnelont uwch ungrwr wyn gyfiwr o'r gwg,
 Ac os bydd rhaid rhyfel, hy delyn 'r hen genc'l
 Fydd etto werth arddel wrth fagnel a'i fwg.

YR HEN WR. MEETING OF FRIENDS.

Auld Lang Syne (yr Hen Amser Gynt).

'Rwy'n cofio'r dydd, wrth edrych 'nol, Pan bu'm yn llencyn bach, Pan na chyfrifwn
Of the same goblet who should drink When grown to man's estate, But those who on the

ddim yn ffol A wnelai calon iach; Ond 'nawr a'm pwys ar ben fy ffol, Braidd gallaf
same well's brink In childhood quaff'd elate? At the same banquet who should meet Like them whose

roddi gwen, Wrth glywed tyst pob llafar lon, Fy mod i'n myn'd yn hen.
voice of glee Did erst announce the feast they ate On plum and cherry tree?

Mae'r llwybrau mwyn dramwysais gynt,
Heb ofni colli 'nhroed,
Yn rhoddi imi fynych hysg,
Fod pob peth yn ei oed;
Ond pa'm galaraf am y ddo',
Fel boncyff heb ei ddail,
F'ai'n grwgnach yn yr awel dro,
Am dyfiant hardd ei ail.

Upon each other's backs ere now
We've gone through brake and flood,
And if a fall caus'd blood to flow
How soon was stanch'd that blood.
Such helps as madcaps at a call
Could give each other then,
In virtue's name, I ask you all,
Shall we refuse as men?

Ni welaf mwy y tyllau wnaeth
 Fy sodlau yn y glas;
 Fel llwybrau nofiwr ar y traeth,
 Pob argraff dreuliwyd ma's;
 A rhwyg y bŵr ar wudwn dir,
 Ni wel mwy goleu'r dydd;
 Ond pwy na wel, pe d'wedai'r gwir,
 Y cwysi sy'n fy ngrudd.

Ond mae gan hennyd ynau fraint,
 Fel clopa aur i'w ffôn,
 Myfyrdod yw'r gysurawl saint
 A dwynna'i oeraidd frôn;
 Gall hon ehedeg 'nol yn mhell,
 Trwy lwybrau'r amser gynt,
 A llaw'i chod â chothion gwell
 Na newydd aur o'r mint..

When erst we met on hill and dale,
 We us'd no phrase polite;
 For eyes did spare the tongue a tale
 It ne'er hath told so right.
 If Friendship's not an empty name,
 Some embers yet are here
 Of love that gave so bright a flame,
 Our latter days to cheer.

If there be signs of wear and tear
 On monuments and rocks,
 No wonder Time is loath to spare
 Poor human cheeks and locks.
 Yet e'en through man's still changing form
 Such friendships have been seen,
 That Time, and ev'ry baffling storm,
 But caus'd to look more green.

CYMELLIAD I'R MAESYDD. EVENING DEWS.

Air—Evening Dews.

Composed by J. T.

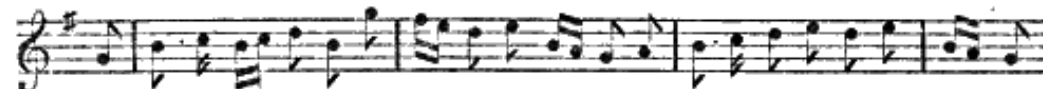
Affettuoso.



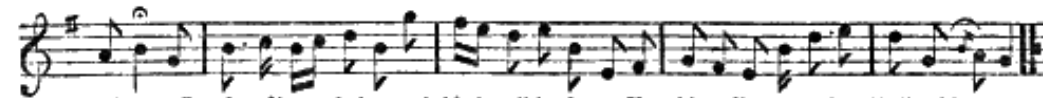
Mae'r haul i'w orphwysfa yn araf yn myned, A'i gortens o borphor yn hed . u
 The sun to his couch of repose is declining, And the smile of his fare-well enpurples



o fry, Mae'r adar mewn hwyrawl ganiadau i'w clywed I'r maesydd yn annog cariadau fel ni;
 the sky, The song of the greenwood o'er scenes that are closing Tell lovers like us to the meadows to bide.



O dere fy Elen, mae'r gwllith ar y llwybrau Dy draed gant en golchi â dagrau
 O haste my dear Ellen, the dew-drop that fringes The eyelids of flowers that close like



yr hwyr O dere f' anwylyd, mae'r blodau i'w odrau, Yn addaw distawrwydd sŷtedig fel cwyr.
 thy own, All silence ensure us, while bosom exchanges With bosom the words that are true love's alone.

Maes 'law y swyalchen, a'i phig dan ei haden,
 A'r fronfraith a hepiant, yn mynaw y llwyn;
 Yr oen gyda'i fammaeth rydd beiffo ei lefain,—
 Pob llais a ddistawa, ar faes ac ar dwyn:
 Ond eto y gwyrdd-ddail mewn fraidd gusanau,
 I ni roddant amnaid yn ddistaw bob un,
 I wneyd â'n gwefosau yr un sain a hwythau,
 Ty's d dithau f' anwylyd, tro ataf dy fin.

Y gwynyn orphwysant yn awr yn eu llestri,
 A'r blodau a 'speiliwyd a gelant eu llun;
 A'r awr ddaeth i minau i ymborthi o ddifri'
 Ar ddiliau dy enau, cyn eym'rwyf fy hân;
 Mesura â'th gamrau y llwybrau gysegrwyd
 I ffyddlon gariadau wrth lewyrch y loer;
 O dere fy Elen, a dadlath fy anwyd,
 Can's yn dy gymundeb 'dall neb fod yn oer.

Soon, soon with their pipes 'neath their folding
 wings hidden,

The thrush and the blackbird in safety shall sleep;
 And close by their mothers the lambkins unhidden
 Shall lie in the silence of level and steep;
 Still, still shall the green leaves in sounds as of
 kisses

Tell us of endearments, of them we might learn,
 Where every green bough seems to own what its
 bliss is,

My Ellen, O haste, and thy lips to me turn.

The bees in their hive seek the rest that's so downy,
 And the flowrets they've rifled their beauty conceal,
 And I would but sip of thy ruby lips' honey,
 Ere the sleep that I shun not my eyelids doth seal.
 My Ellen approach, where thy footsteps shall
 measure

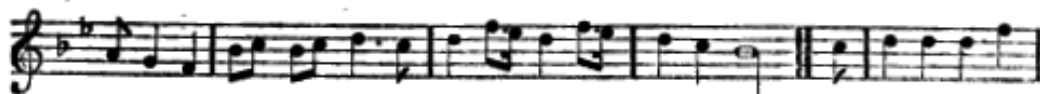
The paths that are dedicate to true love's delight,
 Then in that communion I prize as a treasure,
 How soon shall I feel not the chill of the night.

THE VILLAGE OAK.

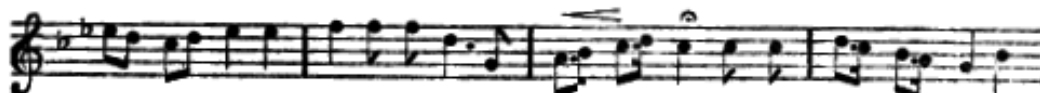
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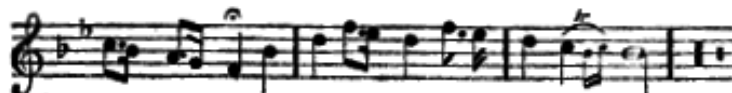
Behold where the tree of ages grew, Where sunbeam parch'd and tempest blew; As widely



as stretch'd above its bough, Its root of strength was spread below; A thousand tempests



o'er it pass'd, But stronger it prov'd from ev'ry blast; And the blackest cloud that



over it broke, But fell to nourish the village oak.

A shade from heat, a shelter from show'r,
 It stood like a green and lofty tow'r;
 And many are they who can relate
 How good they found it, early and late;

For the old man's seat when he told his tale,
 And the merry host's when he shar'd his ale,
 And the lover's post, who high things spoke;—
 They were all beneath that village oak.

Its shade hath mark'd the circling hours,
To cotters o'd upon their doors;
Its top hath been the seat of song
To many a bird that held it long;
And the lad of daring hath sigh'd for the time
When he might venture its height to climb,
And would, if he durst, the gods invoke
To help him up the village oak.

But some have liv'd the world to tell
How the tree of might one autumn fell:
When mid the storm it had long defied,
Above its head red lightnings plied,

And tearing their way from branch to root,
Its trunk of strength rent like a shoot;
And of scores who made it in storm day a cloak,
None ventur'd to rescue the village oak.

And there it lay where once it stood,
With its glories scatter'd o'er many a rood,
The long-rever'd, patriot tree,
'Twill ever be dear to memory;
For a village tale is seldom told,
But the tow'ring tree, so strong and old,
Comes in, with a wail for the thunder stroke,
That brought so low the village oak.

THE MAID OF DÔL.

Air—Disyrwch Gruffydd ap Cynan, (Griffith ap Cynan's Delight).

Why looks the maid of Dôl so sad When her eye is turn'd tow'rds Tivy's stream? Is't
not beside it loves the lad She names so oft in midnight dream? Has Tivy's flood her
lambkins drown'd, Or overflow'd her father's field? Why seems the maid to dread the sound That
rising stream doth nightly yield?

The maid of *Dôl* hath lost no sheep;
Nor to her fields have floods broke in,
'Tis not the storm robs her of sleep,
Nor fear of loss from water's din:
If he that woos her could but cross
The stream that doth their homes divide,
That would make up the oft mourn'd loss,
Of sweetheart prating by her side.
Now must he take a circuit long
To reach the house of one so near,
And cheer his heart with love sick song,
Through lanes that nought but love can cheer.

I rai mi wnaethum dda cyn hyn,
A dalwyd 'nol i mi mewn drwg:
I rai mi ddaliais ganwyll gynn,
A'm cuddient i â dudew swg.
Ac os mewn ing gofynais pw
Fwriadai mwyach lea i ddyn;
Ai rhyfedd dan siomedig glwy'
Na welwn ond ei waethaf lun?
Ond wrth wneyd llw (nid er fy nghlod)
Na wnawn i rwy'r cymwynas woes;
Gwr na fanteisiais i erio'd
Ddaeth ar ei dro i mi wneyd lles.

And who can say, but frequent flood
 May love, as well as plants, destroy—
 Affection, whose o'er fragrant bud,
 Less proves the man than fickle boy?

If lovers would but own their love,
 Some one might ferry lovers o'er:
 His guerdon fair, if not above
 He'd weekly get by Tivy's shore.
 Yet if young maidens all did know,
 They'd own that Tivy does but good;
 Proves he not better than a vow,
 The love that doth outlast his flood?


Er na wnae'r galon a leshawn
 Ond duo dan fy mwriad gwell,
 Y da weithredwn 'nol fy nawn,
 Ennilodd frawd i mi o bell.


O mwyach ni ofdiaf byth
 Am anniolchgarwch pell na châr,
 Y da a wneir (os nid tan rith)
 Rhyw awr a brawf, ni syrth i'r dda'r;
 Y frawdol weithred fo o'r ne',
 Lle bu o les, er gwadid hi,
 Rhyw dymor, er nas gwn o b'le,
 Daw 'nol,—daw 'nol mewn da i mi.

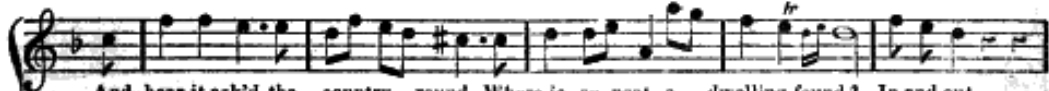
DUET.

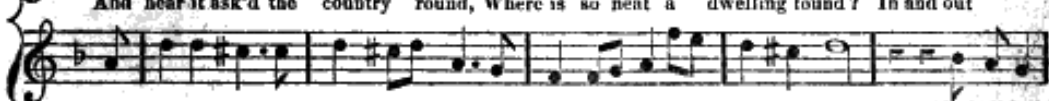
Air—Winifreda, or Old Sibyl.

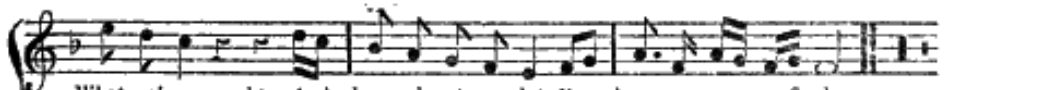
Moderato.


Treble.  Where cot or Garden asks our care Our pride it is its toil to share,

Tenor. 

 And hear it ask'd the country round, Where is so neat a dwelling found? In and out

 All shall find,

 What we've wrought, And why our hearts can dote On a home so un . rest d.

 To our mind,

Both.—Where cot or garden asks our care,
 Our pride it is its toil to share,
 And hear it ask'd the country round,
 Where is so neat a dwelling found?

She.—In and out

He.—All shall find,

Y ddau.—Os eiddom fwthyn bach a'i ardd,
 Ein dewis waith fo'n trwsio'n hardd;
 A'n tal ryw dro fydd melus g'od
 Am wal nad oes ei hail yn bod;

Hi.—Oddifewn.

Fe.—Oddifa's—

She.—What we've wrought

He.—To our mind,

Both.—And why our hearts can dote
On a home so unrefused.

Both.—The spot our toil to us makes dear,
How dear it is to all we rear!
And through the day her lowing proves
Our cow makes free but as she loves:

She.—Hen and brood

He.—At our door

She.—In their food

He.—Share our store

Both.—And where the day's so good,
What can the night deplore?

Both.—Since first our marriage knot was tied,
Oh, many a turn its strength has tried;
And each attempt of guile or spite,
Has yet but made that knot more tight;

She.—As it proved

He.—Prove it will,—

She.—As we've lov'd,

He.—Love we still,

Both.—The love that brought us up
Shall take us down life's bill.

Hi.—Beunydd gwnawn

Fe.—Y gwaith rydd flas;

Y ddau.—A'r bwth sy'n berlyn bro,
Cyn blino gwnawn yn blas.

Y ddau.—Y fan sy'n artref hoff i ni
Yr on fath yw i'n ce'l* a'n ei; *Ce'l
A'r fusch a brawf bob dydd a'i bref—
Mor eon ei thro o gylch ei thref:

Hi.—Iar a chyw

Fe.—Gyleh ein clôs,

Hi.—Bara briw

Fe.—Cant a thos;

Y ddau.—A lle b'o'u dydd mor wiw
Nend eycryw fydd y nos?

Y ddau.—Er dydd ein hundeb, llawer tro
A brofodd wrym priodasol glô,
Ond er mor rhwygol, hyd yn hyn,
Pob tro waeth hwn ond yn fwy tyn:

Hi.—Fel y bu

Fe.—Felly b'o;

Hi.—Fel ein ty

Fe.—Bach a'i do.

Y ddau.—O byth canfyddir ni,
Yn glynu a'r fath glo.

CAN, RHODFEYDD CYFEILLION,

Ar y dda, "Llwyn Iorwg," tu dal. 21

Manau rodials gan gymdeithion,—
Llwyd gan ryg, neu glas gan feillion,
Dyna'r manau mwynaf tirion
Byth i'r galon gu;

Yno'r coed ynt yn cymunaw,
Fel nyni pan rodiem law law;
Yno'r holl blanhigion distaw
Ar ein holau ynt yn wylaw
'Nol in' fadaw am y fu.

Er na cheisiwyd dawn esgubion
I gyssegru'r rhai'n i'r galon,
Sanctaidd ynt yn wir a mwynion
I bob dynion dwys;
Arnynt nid oes pren na charreg
Am ryw hoff beth nad yw'n maneg,
A phob nant (o heibio'n rhedeg,
Fyth sy'n fyw i drsethu chwangeg
Am hoff adeg ar ei phwys.

Byth yn las, a byth yn whitlog,
Byth yn 'roglaidd, byth yn heulog,
Cyntaf artref serch blodeuog,
O mor wenog yw;
Cyniaf, olaf i'm ei gofio,
Rhwyddaf fyth i'm son am dano;
Melus wen a melus wyllo
Pery'r serch a deimlir atto
Wrth ddarlanio'i lun a'i liw.

Yn fy 'wyllys pe cawn enwi
Rhoddion teg i'r gwyr 'wy'n hoffi,
Caent y dolau teg a'r twyni,
Gawsom groesi gynt;
Ac yn ol eu hyfryd feddu
Yno ar fy ol eu claddu;
Caent i gyd; a'u plant gaent godi
Nodau heirdd o'r serch fu'a denu
I'r un twyni wyr o'u hyn.

RISING OF THE LARK. CODIAD YR EHEDYDD.

From dewy pallet green Ascending with a song is seen The Herald of the day:
The lowliest of the low, Behold him heav'n-ward soaring now To greet the solar ray.

Above the green hills misty gauze— Above the ken of sylvan throng; Without a rest—without a pause, O

list, what tells his morning song, His heart ere day's first dawning was The morning stars among.

NOTE.—In singing the Welsh stanzas to this air, the first and seventeenth note of the second part are omitted, without any injury to the melody.

Where fall his music's show'rs,
Behold how fair the new-born flow'rs
That rise t'attest its charm.
'Neath pearly dew-drops bright,
The blessed boon of song and light
They own in breathings warm.
O, if those stars thou'rt gone to seek
Thou saw'st from heav'n's blue concave fade,
Forget not flow'rs with eyes as meek
That call thee to thy native glade;
Where each would make its balmy cheek
A pillow for thy head.

In vain for thee I gaze,
I've lost the songster in the blaze
Of sunny light and song:
Gone thou art to meet above
Some kindred sprite of song and love,
That for thy lay did long,
Where never reached a branching tree,
Nor turret, pyramid, nor spire;
Above the mountain's summit free,
Above this earth—and earth's desire
Still, still I hear, but cannot see
What sets the sky on fire!

Cold is the zeal of saint,
And poets frenzy, O how faint
Is each compar'd with thine:
Such raptures as were death
To man inspir'd, lo! in thy breath
I hear it all divine.
Thy sabbath is thy ev'ry day,
And tho' so dear to thee thy nest,
The heav'n's must hourly hear the lay
Of him its dews and light have blest;
And sun-beams twine the radiant spray
That bears his warbling breast.

Hark! hark! from hedge and brake
What melodies are all awake
To answer that above!
List! list! that shepherd's lay,
O tells it not the rising day
How man its glow doth love?
Where April bursts the flow'rets' tomb,
And on it pours his rain-bow dyes;
When lambskins leap forth from the womb
At the greeting of the earth and skies.
Can he that's wise in selfish gloom
Consume his hours in sighs?

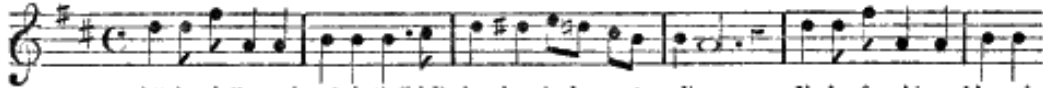
Clywaf hedydd hylon lais
Ar glust pob lwy yn gwneyd ei drais
Fai awrlais arlwy gwawr:
Yr haul fe cilw'n llon
I ddechreu'n gry' dros ddaear gron
Ei daith, goronog gawr.
Gwlith y borau'n burlan beriau
Dros y dolau pan y del;
Dro'nt yu gochion danllyd wreichion
Tra'th acenion di'n ddigel;
Trwy lwybrau'r gwynt ar hwylus hyat
Dwys helynt noda'th sel.

Pwy ddaeth drwy'r hwyrawt wlith
A'i rybydd neithiwr at dy nyth
I blith y gwenith gwan?
Neu hiraeth am y ser
A wnaeth it' fyn'd o'th wely per
O londer bryd i'r lau?
Neu i rifo fry dan rwyfo
Freintiau'r lwysfro oedd dy fryd?
Adrodd imi 'r hyn a welli,
Heb si gelu dyro'i gyd;
A mine' wnaif foreddydd haf
Glod glwysaf iti'n glyd.

Gwel fyrrd o'r blodau man
A aned 'nawr trwy swyn dy gan
Mor berlan ar y bryn;
Pob un ar wyneb gwiw
Ei fedydd ga' fel del yn fyw
Yn ol ei liw a'i lun:
Bri y bröydd, gwenau'r gweinydd,
Caeau, coedydd, manwŷdd mwyn,
Gyda'th garol O mor siriol
Ac amserol do'nt a'u swyn;
A'r oen o'r brn i'th ganiad di
A neidia'n hy' i'r twyn.

O na b'ai'n eiddo im'
Dy edyn da a'th ddawn a'th wrym,
Mor gyflwm hedwn fry;
Ac yn'th gwmpeini mad
Cawn ganu'n glau uwch tref a gwlad
A'm llygad uwch y llu:
Fry'n yr awyr heb un llyfyr
Ond un natur gain, na nôd,
A'n calonau'n derbyn lluniau
Pob rhyf'ddodau is y rhod,
Ar gwmwl gwyn fal arian fryn
I'th ganlyn awn trwy glod.

AGNHARAD. SALLY OF THE MILL.

Air—Banks of Daisies, by J. T.

Attebwch i'm ond yw'n beth ffol Bod undyn 'nol pri . odi, Yn 'mofyn rhinwedd yn ei
There lives a lass by yonder mill, And all speak highly of her; If I've the merit, I've the



W'n, A roi't dan len wrth garu? Myfi wrth edrych ar f'ungu A thro'i at liwgu
will, To be her constant lover, The maid that wins her parent's praise, And the love of all the



lygad, 'Mholaf am ddoniau bery'n chweg 'Nol meddu 'nheg Angharad.
valley; Who hath the use of ears and eyes That would not call her iis Sally?

Pert ydyw'r llygad wybia o hyd
An sylw'r stryd a'r eglwys,
Pert yw dymuniad rhai o'n ho's
Wrth gyfryw'n *glôs* i orphwys.
Ond gwedi meddu'r eneth fyw
Beth nesaf yw'r dymuniad?
Gweled y llygad wybia'r Sul
Fel llygad gwyl Angharad.

Hon ni ddinoetha groen lliw'r ôd
F'ai'n dda gan briod guddio;
Ni chwadd i ddangos gwyni'r dant
Bâr amltra plant i dduo.
Grasusau wnant ei gwedd mor hardd
A blodau gardd dan gauad,
Fel pethau wywant etto 'nghyd
Yr ânt a bryd Angharad.

Glan yw ei gwedd a glan ei gwisg
Pan rodio 'mysg gwryfon,
Ysgafu ei cham a hardd ei thro
Pan gerddo'r dolau gwyrddon.
Ond yn y liwdeg ddynes lwys
Peth mwya'i bwys i'w chariad,
Yn mhob rhinweddau da i fyw
Y gorau o'i rhyw Angharad.

See, of the crowd we beauties call,
How few possess the graces,
Man would expect to find in all
That own such winning faces?
But whate'er be others' part,
With whom the young men dally,
Her lip, and cheek, and eye, and heart,
Say all the same of Sally.

Lately I did to her confess,
Although she's deemed so beauteous,
Of all her charms my soul thought less
Than of her heart so duteous.
And what my fair one did reply,
I'm not ashamed to tell ye—
Who sought her but to please his eye,
Should ne'er call her his Sally.

Whenever comes that honeymoon,
For which I'm loath to tarry,
Old Cymru's harp shall play the tune
That makes the heart most merry:
But where her virtues many shine
So brightly in yon valley,
Many a moon they say will be mine
As bright as that with Sally.

Air—"Yr Hen Wr o'r Coed." "Old Man of the Wood."

The musical score consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system includes the title and the first line of lyrics. The second system includes the second line of lyrics. The music is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staves.

Rhaid i'r mwedwl rhoi ei 'roglau, Rhaid i'r ganwyll rhoi ei golau; Rhaid i'r ferch wyf
finne'n hoffi Ryw bryd addef os yw'n caru.

Am fy llaw ei llaw hi ddyry
Am fy ngwên gall bithau wenu;
Un peth etto gwnaed lliw'r hinon,
Rhoed ei chalon am fy ngalon.

Fel y d'wedaf am afonydd,
Blodau'r ardd, a gwridd yr hwyrdydd,
O na allwn ddwey'd am Marged
Bod yn ddigon im' ei gweled.

Fal y rhydd y deg angyles
Flodau'r ddol wrth ffro'n a mynwes,
Minne' fywna gael un decaf
Ei grasusau'n nes-nes ataf.

'Nol i'm llygad gael ei gweled,
Yntau'r clust a fynai'i chlywed;
'Nol i hwnw gael ei gwrando,
Mynai'r breichiau ei choffeidio.

Pwy a heibio'r auraidd delyn
Heb ro'i bys i gwrdd a'i theyny?
Pwy all glywed tant yn seinio
Na wnei ereill i gydgordio?

Am im' weled wyf yn caru;
Am y caraf, myawu wasgu
Gwedd yr hafdydd at fy nghalon,
Llai na hyny nid yw'n ddigon.

IAITH A THELYN CYMRU.

Ar yr un Dôn.

PAN oedd diffyg tân ar Gymro
Meddai iaith allasu'i dwymo;
'Nawr rhwng tânau a dauteithion
Cyll ei iaith, a chyll ei galou.

Rhowch i mi'n lle gwledd a gwinoedd,
Serch a doniau'r hen amseroedd;
Yna dysgaf, yna cauaf
Fel y gorau feirdd a garaf.

Trech na chyfraith, trech nag arfau,
Trech na phob peth gân a thannau,
D'wedod ef ambeuo hyny,
P'odd mac'n fyw hen Delyn Cymru?

Gan ei byw 'nol syrthio'n cestyll,
Gan i ing gryfhau eu hesgyll,
Tra bo natur, tra bo elfen
Byw bo'r delyn, byw bo'r awen.

Boed i bob peth gael ei amser,
Ac 'nol hirwaith na boed ofer
I bob Cymro ganu ei deimlad
Gyda thônau per ei Henwlad.

Tybia rhai mai da f'ai claddu
Iaith, a chan, a thelyn Cymru;
Cyn y dygwydd hyn i Wallia
Gwedy'n ngladdu b'wyf y'nghynta'.

MAID OF RYMNY.

*Composed by J. T.**Affettuoso.*

Maid of Rymny, when I see Fields I trod so oft with thee, Heav'nward soars
a pray'r of heart For thee wheresoe'er thou art. Thee I ne'er may meet again In the wilds, or
haunts of men; Still beside this mountain brook For thee eye and heart must look;
And where Love its tale hath told, Thoughts no change hath yet made cold, Here my tongue would fain repeat
As in hours we us'd to meet.

Yonder stands the friendly tree
That so oft o'er shadow'd thee;
O'er that spot so cool and green,
Still awaiting thee 'tis seen.
O'er thy like its leafy bough
Ne'er again its shade may throw;
This I told the heart I'd won—
This I say when thou art gone.
Maid of Rymny, near this spot
Not a shrub doth grow or rot,
But doth aid that friendly tree,
All things to recall of thee.

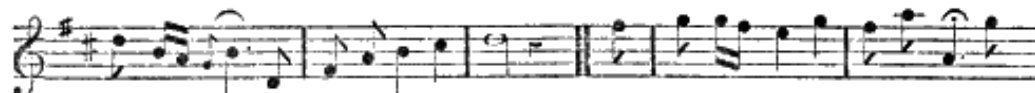
Gone art thou and gone the time
When our hearts that spot did claim,
There to hear, and there to tell
What made lovesick bosoms swell.
True love's hopes, and true love's fears,
Now a tale of other years,
Only hearts like ours can know
Thro' what years their tears will flow.
Maid of Rymny, in the place
Where we took our last embrace,
Fast they fall beneath the spell
Of our long and last farewell.

CARMARTHEN BELLS.

Air—Y Dyddiau ni ddont 'nol, (The days that wo'nt return).



How oft—how oft to mind I call How I in boyhood's days By billock, hedge, and



water . fall, Was blest with nature's lays? How many hums and noises sweet Led



on thro' brakes and dells? How midst them all I check'd my feet To hear Carmarthen Bells?

The song of birds and cry of rooks,
Gave each its joy to me,
And herds that low'd for summer brooks
But added to the glee:
And then how sweet from distant bounds
Their cadences and swells;
Till sweeter still I heard the sounds
Of sweet Carmarthen bells.

Of North, or South, or East, or West
I little thought or knew;
And little ear'd from what point best
The wind for farmer's blew;
But one a balm more healing brought,
Than all Arabia's smells;
It gave the music, note by note,
Of sweet Carmarthen bells.

Lle gwn mor ddiles caid y plâs
Rho'f glod i artref siw,
Y gwr sy'n feistr fel mae'n was
Yr annedd lle mae'n byw:
Ei fwg yw'r baner ddengys draw
B'le cwyd rhwng llwybrau cro's,
Y noddfa iawn rhag gwynt a gwlaw—
Y Bwth ar fin y Rhôs.

Ei aelwyd er mor guled yw
A gynnwys dewyn myg,
Adferodd rai cyn hyn i fyw
O enau'r bling-rew dig:
Ac er mor brin ei lwyd-ddu dorth
Rhag newyn llyma'i lo's,
I lawer gwan cyn hyn bu'n borth
Wrth deithio min y Rhôs.

Since then I've passed a thousand times
The tower where these are hung,
All heedless of their joyful chimes,
However stoutly rung.
Another sound hath won my ear,
Another this excels,
Till all in turn no more I hear,
Than sweet Carmarthen bells.

When love, ambition, care, and pride,
Have gained and lost their mark,
When all desires within have died
And life's day ends i'th dark.
In Towy's vale my bell shall toll,
Telling each that near it dwells,
That all the toys that win the soul,
End like Carmarthen bells.

O fewn ei fur ni welir lawr
O'i droion da mewn scôr,
Y swcwr gawd ni roddwyd lawr
Ar bared nac ar ddôr:
Ond os oes cyfrif yn y ne'
Am deilwng bethau'n ho's,
Mae angel lyfra fry yn lle
Y Bwth ar fîn y Rhôs.

Chwi wladwyr wnewch wrth fyrdau llawn
Goffad o deilwng wŷr,
Chwi godwch fry hyd eitha'ch dawn
Riuweddau'r dref a'r sir:
'Nol enwi'r gorau wŷr o'ch rhyw,
A moli sêr eich o's,
Cofawch y rhoddwr gwan sy'n byw
Mewn Bwth ar fîn y Rhôs.

FAREWELL TO BEDWAS.

Air—Pe cawn i hon.



Ei llygad du sy'n dodi llu
Hiraethu am ei wawriad,
A synwyr hon foddlonar' fron
Wna'n hylon unrhyw holiad,
A'i thyner wen gwna'r iach a'r hen
I deimlo mwy na dd'wedant,
Er hyny gyd ni red ei bryd,
A'r ynyfyd glod a roddant.

Green Bedwas, in whose homes I'm known,
Green Bedwas, where my sorrow
Found friends to make it as their own
That I might smile tomorrow;
To thee I now must bid farewell—
A long farewell, and sad one,
For I must from thee go and dwell
Where the heart is less a glad one.

Mae hon mor hardd a rhosyn gardd
 A'i rhoglau rhydd yn gyson,
 I loni'r man rhodd nef ei rhon,
 Y cartref wna mor wiwlon;
 Y ferch fai'n deg ar orsedd chweg
 Mor foddlon yw i'r bwthyn
 I haeddu clod o fewn ei rhod,
 Rhai i liw'r ôd sy'n perthyn.

Yn wir, yn wir, pe bawn heb dir,
 Nac nur y gwyr a'i carant;
 Yn meddiant hon a'i thymor lon,
 Cawn gyfoeth na chyfrifant.
 Lle byddo serch ar deilwng ferch,
 Da gwyr ei pherchen gerir,
 Gan synwyr da bod meddiant â
 Ymbellach na'r un grygir.

Farewell ye human dwellings white,
 That many green trees bosom;
 Farewell ye doors that ope at sight
 To welcome him that knows 'em;
 Farewell ye fields where ploughman's song
 Shows still a heart unbroken!
 Of sweet acquaintance, though not long,
 Farewell to every token.

Farewell thou church so white and clean,
 Farewell thou godly Pastor,
 Who'd keep its flock as free from sin
 As its walls from storm's disaster:
 Farewell ye living and ye dead,
 The living here remember;
 Peace to your hearths, and to the bed
 Where each in death shall slumber.

NOTE.—The Song I heard my mother sing to this Air commenced with the line I have adopted for the commencement of my own. The entire stanza (and more I do not recollect) went thus:—

Pe cawn i hon 'r un g'ruaidd gron
 Pe meddwn i ar filoedd,
 Cymerwn hi yn wraig i mi—
 Cymerwn heb un geiniog,
 Dau lygad lon sydd gan 'r un gron
 Du y wefus fel y cherries,
 A'i dannedd man heb un ar wa'n,
 A'i gruddiau fel y roses.

The Songs of Dyfed although generally desutute of alliteration are notwithstanding more fancifully conceived than those of North Wales, whose strict adherence to metrical canons has proved fatal to the Ballad; and were it not, that the beauty of the Welsh *penillion* proves the contrary, one would be inclined to believe that the natives of some parts of Wales never possessed the requisite talents for that species of composition.

SERCH HUDOL,

Ar y Dôn, "Serch Hudol," tu dal. 25.

Clywch, clywch fe ddaeth y lawen gog
 A'r fedwen deg mewn newydd glôg
 A'i hannog idd ei chol;
 Ac adar fyrdd i gyd ar dân
 I'r nen a dystiant 'nawr a'u can
 Ei bod ar ddyn yn mynu'r bla'n
 I ddiddan wleddau'r ddol.
 Mor hyfryd g'ruaidd yw eu cerdd
 A'r ddaeren hardd mewn mantell werdd
 Dan wenau haol yn gu a gerdd
 Wrth fesur mwysgedd Mai:
 Pa galon glau na theimlai'n glyd
 Annogaeth wiw neuaddau byd
 Yn galw ar frawd i roi ei fryd
 'R awr hyfryd i fwynhau?

Awn, awn i ma's i'r llenyrch teg,
 A phob un rhoed o lawen geg
 I'r adeg foddlon glod;
 Tra'r blodau iraidd dan ein tra'd,
 Ac egni ie'nctyd yn ein gwa'd,
 A rhodd y ne' i ddyn mor rhâd,
 'N amddifad pwy all dd'od?
 I mi os gwnawd y blodau mân,
 Tbycaf iddynt yn fy ngra'n
 Y dylwn fod a chalon lân
 Fy nghyfran i fwynhau;
 Ac os o'm gwirfodd safaf 'nol
 A llaw sirioldeb ar y ddol
 Yn fy ngwahodd, pa le i ffol
 Serch hudol i sarhau?

OWEN PRIS A GWEN O'R FALFA.

Ballad.

Dacw'r fan ar waelod dyffryn
Lle mae teg dymhorau'r fwyddyn,
Haf a gwanwyn, yn cystadlu,
Ca'dd Gwenllian hoff ei magu.

Gwrandu'r fyna a gwrandu'r adar
Oedd ei bryd yn blentyn hygar,
A phan tyfodd fynu'n eneth,
Gwrandu llais y Mab o'r *Greigleth*.

Aent yn blant i'r un ffynnonau,
Ddyddiau'r haf, a'r dwr i chwareu;
O'r un berth caent gnau a mwyar,
O'r un twyn y blodau hawddgar.

Tyfsant fynu am yr hardda',
OWEN PRIS a GWEN o'r FALFA,
A chyn medrai un dyn ddirnad
Rhyngddynt tyfodd gwreiddiol gariad.

Tad y ferch oedd berchen cyfoeth
Fel ba llawer trawsddyn annoeth,
Rho'i ei rybydd—Owen glywai,
Gwaed ei galon 'nol a gillai.

Dan y coedydd mwyn a deiliog,
Fel y g'lomen rhag yr hebog
Rhodfa'i Owen yn yr hwyrddydd
Dan ysgariad sydyn gerydd.

B'le oedd hi, yr oenig wiwlan?
B'le oedd rhodfa ei Wenllian?
Yn yr ardd, a chredwch yno
Llygad brad oedd yn ei gwyllo.

D'wedai'r mab mi af dros foroedd
Draw i blith y peil ynyssoedd;
Os caf gyfoeth, caf yr eneth—
Beth na wnaaf am feddu'r wiwbleth!

Unwaith cwrddwyd cyn ymad'el;
Tyngwyd dan y coedydd dirgel,
Na wna'i un ei serch i roddi
Byth ond lle yr oedd pryd hyny.

Dan y bryn wrth oleu'r lleuad,
O mor dyner eu 'madawiad;
Dan y bryn lle bu'r ymddiddan
Cyntaf am eu teimlad gwiwlan.

Trwm y tra'd a thrwm y galon,
Trwm y dagrau ar y meillion,
Ac er sychu llawer ffrydiad
Llawn er hyny para'r llygad.

B'le tramwya'r ferch hiracethlon
Tra bo Owen ar y lasdon;
B'le mae clust all gael ei meddwl?
Seren yw dan dduedd gwmwl.

'Nawr mae'r llestr balch dan hwylau
Owen welir rhwng y rhaffau,
Gair ei *gaptan* dysg adnabod,
Dycithr iaith i'w glust a'i dafod.

Dros feithderau yr *Atlantic*,
Heibio i boeth geulanau Affric,
Draw i'r cefnfor mawr deheuol
Gwnaethant hwylo 'nol ac wrthol.

Tair o feithion lawn flynyddoedd
Bu'n ymwrio ar y moroedd;
Un yn mhellach oedd ei fwriad
Cyn meddiannai'i auwyl gariad.

Llawer mab i wych dyddyner
Am yr eneth dd'ai'n ymgeisiwr;
Llawer dyfais wnaed i'w dena,
Un o hyd oedd Gwen yn garu.

Gwilym Gryg oedd ffalst ddichellgar,
Tad yr Owen oedd ariangar;
C'nygai swm o aur i hwnw
Am roi ma's i'r Owen farw.

Aeth yr hanes at Gwenllian,
Ar y ddaear syrthiaf'n gruddfan:
Yna'i thad ofynai'n chwerw,
A wnaeth Duw un dyn ond hwnw.

Teimlai'r cerydd rhwng ei dwyfron
Fel dau-finiog gledd yu greulon;
Gwaeddodd ar y Nef mewn llafar
Driat, i'w dal dan bwys ei galar.

Gwedi trenlio misoedd chwervon,
Gwilym Gryg a'i eiriau ffeilston,
Trwy gefnogaeth tad y forwyn
Ga'dd addewid am 'r un wiwfwyn.

Daeth y dydd a'r awr arbenig,
Daeth y ferch a'r fron raeddig;
Rhan i'r hwn newidiai 'i henw,
Ond y gorau ran i'r marw.

Torf drwsiadwy ar geffylau
D'rawsant dân o'u chwyrn bedolau,
Drwy'r heolydd oll o gwmpas
O'ent yu gyru i'r briodas.

Geiriau'r ffurf ac auraidd fodrwy,
Gwaethant gwlym annottadwy;
Deigrin gollwyd wrth yr allor
Am y mab fu ar y ce'nfor.

Hawdd yw crybwyll am ddylodswydd,
Chwi a chariad sy'n gyfarwydd
Gellwch fadden i'r un wiwlon
Gollodd egin cynta'i chalon.

Tra bu'r ddauddyn yn priodi
Ffrwd y dyffryn oedd yn codi,
Trwm lifogydd rhwng ei glenydd
Ddodent 'Towy'n driat ar gynnydd.

Llawer pont a llawer pentan
Gyda'r gorlif aeth yn gyfan,
Ac yu garn yn mhllith y rha'i'ny
'R unig un oedd ganddynt groesi.

Ar y geulan bu petrusder
Cyn coed un o gymaint dewrder
Ai a'i farch trwy grych y diglif,
Er y bost a'r geiriau digrif.

Gwilym Gryg ni fynai ddangos
Ddifyg dewrder—Gwen yu agos,

" Af yn wrol draw a'r forwyn
Ddaeth yu wraig i mi morgufwyn."

Yn y llif ei farch sy'n tychan,
Ynte'n estyn am Wenllian,
Ar ei ffrwyn e' golla'i af'el
Nes gogwyddo dros ei 'nifel.

Dros ei ben fe soddal'r bostiwr,
Hiithau'n grwnswth yu y llwyd-ddwr
Welwyd ar ei wartha'n treiglo
Lle b'ai'r cenllin' fyrnig ruo.

Dyma gerbyd gyda hyny
At y fan yu cyflym dynu,
A chyn crybwyll neb y dygwydd
Neidiai dyn i'r llif yu ebrwydd.

Gyda'r ffrwd fel cyflym alarch
Ai â dewrder llwyr ddihafarch;
Buan gwelwyd yu ei af'el
Y briodferch wael ei han'el.

Gwilym Gryg oedd draw yn soddi
Heb alluog un i'w noddi,
Tra oedd bywyd ei Wenllian
'N agos diffodd ar y geulan.

Pwy â lawr i gynnorthwyo
Y dyeithrddyn, a'i ddilwytho?
Dewch rhag g'wradwydd, medd pob glanddyn,
'Nawr y dwr ni rwystra undyn.

Aethant lawr yu dorf wylofus
At y Gwron fu môr happus;
Ynte'n edrych ar y fenyw
Dorai maes mewn wylo chwerv.

Pwy yw hwn? medd pawb mewn syndod,
Mae e'n wylo fel ei phriod;
" Fi ddylasai," meddai yntau,
" Gael yr hon sy' rhwng fy mreichiau."

O'i du lewyg mae'n dibuno,
Sylwai pwy wnai ei chofeidio;
O ragluniaeth! beth yw'th ddyben?
Pwy oedd yno ond ei Howen.

NOTE.—The Welsh Language, in which poetry is more an art than it is in any other, can boast of no Ballads, comparatively speaking, unless the trashy things we hear so often on our Market and Fair days be considered such. *Moogau Ffawr y Ffawr*, and some few besides, constitute our national stock; and no one who has reflected on the incompatibility of alliteration with the simplicity of the Ballad narrative, can be at a loss to know the cause of the paucity of such compositions among us.

N. B. .1 Translation will appear in the next No.

EOS LAIS.

Air—Eos Lais.

Tenderly.

Pa hyfrydlais per ei fry, I'r gwjdd a'm dena i, a'i tri . o, tri . o, tri! Yr
 eos berlais yn ei hymgais onid hi, Dan wylaidd len y nos yn ddilo's dd'wed Mor
cres. dda i'w bron yr hwyrnos hon y fawl lon fed. O! na ddysgai imi wers ei gwiwfri gwyn
p Fel y canwn 'nol y wylwn i fal hyn. Drwy'r nos am ryw hiraeth dwys geinwaith byddai'r gân,
cres. Ei thôn fud dilynwn, a 'm unwn leisiau mân, A mi a'r eos hir ca'em aros rhwng y gwllithros glân.

Dderyn dawn, dy addurn di
 Yw'r ffrydlais dyr yn ffrí—
 Mewn *trio, trio, tri*;
 Parhaed dy gerdd
 I'r goedwig werdd
 Yn bren-gerdd bri;
 A chalon dyner serch i'th annerch daw
 Trwy lwybrau mwyn
 Y da a'r ŵyn
 I'r drainlwyn draw;
 Ond gwrando'th ganiad bybyr dyg i'm dolur dës,
 A'r hiraeth ges ei fagu, llofi'n lles;
 Dy wiw delori doniol,
 Bur swynawl ber ei sawr,
 Ar ddail fy mron arddelwn
 A dysgwn hyd yr awr
 Y rhoddai'r hedydd
 Fry ei gywydd
 Ber dd'roganydd gwawr.

Hermit bird whose melody
 With *trio, trio, tree,*
 Doth sound so lovingly;
 Sweet Philomel
 With me how well
 Thy strains agree,
 When 'neath the veil of night unto the stars,
 And moon so pale
 Thou tell'st a tale
 Of lovelorn cares:
 Oh had I but a voice to join thy pensive strain,
 How pleas'd within this grove I'd share thy pain.
 While night's darkness lasted
 Here seated by thy side,
 The grief that had fasted
 In song we should divide;
 Till morning's beam
 Should end the dream
 That wordly hearts deride.

Sylw dyn ni cheisi di
 Na 'deryn doniol i
 Dy *drio, trio, tri* ;
 Ond yn y cysgod
 Mad a'th wiwnod
Wi, wi, wi,
 Cyffesu wrth y nos yr achos rydd,
 Fath gynnwrf per
 I'th fynwes der
 Hyd dor ser dydd!
 Fel mewn breuddwyd gwylgu cen y co'd,
 A'th lygad dim ni ddirnad—fo'n myn'd na dod :
 'Nol myn'd haulwen dreiddgar
 Wnai'n g'w'lyddgar salmydd gwydd ;
 O'i hoff galon ysig
 Ei miwsig iddi fydd,
 Fel bai i mi
 Pe cawn y bri
 O resu gyda'r rhydd.

Greenwood saint, what boots it thee
 That any eye should see
 Who sings thy melody?
 If on a thorn
 The strain forlorn
 Thy balm may be?
 Or none save him who made thy voice so sweet,
 That voice delight
 The livelong night
 In song to greet? [lay,
 To them whose hearts have felt the meaning of thy
 Night it can make as beautiful as the day:
 And when the eye of sorrow
 With frenzy cannot close,
 From thee man may borrow
 Notes that may ease his throes,
 And slighted love
 Like wounded dove
 Beneath thy bush repose.

This Song was sung with immense applause at Cheltenham by *Eor Fack*.

FY NGWEN. MY LOVE.

Tune—*Yr Aber.*

Composed by *J. T.*

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

Near where the Towy and Gwilly are greeting Early as sunrise shall be our next meeting, my
 love; There while the folks of the village are snoring We shall adore what is worth our a-
 doring; And if the sky, and the meads and the river, Allow us to think of our-
 selves—I'll deliver Thoughts that shall need but thyself a believer, my Love.

Love hath a tale that is sweet if we tell it ;
 Sweet as the lark's when he leaves his green pallet,
 my Love.

'N olwg cyfarchiad hen Dowy a Gwily
 'N forau bwriadaf dy weled di fory, fy Ngwen :

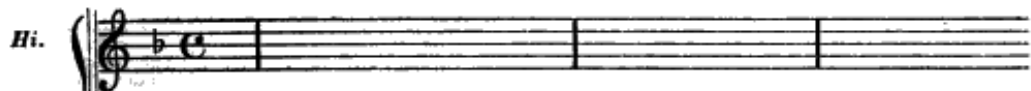
What if my language be homely and simple,
If in thy cheek it doth show me its dimple;
What can I wish to unfold that is better?
What when I meet thee; or what in the letter
Wherein I've studied what's meetest to utter, my
Love?

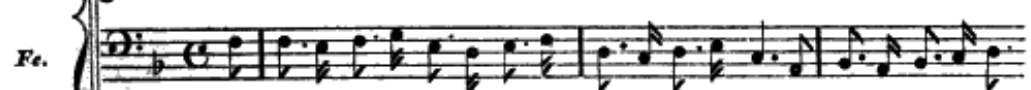
Yea, where the rivers so happily mingle,
Joys let us seek wherein none would be single, my
Love;
Where longs thy cow for the hand that doth milk her,
Soon as thou seest him, O pardon the skulker
That must be heard ere thou touchest the udder;
And as thou hear'st, tho' thy cheek should wax
redder,
Ne'er shall a word of his tale make thee shudder,
my Love.

Yno tra hepiant drigolion y pentref,
'N ol in' glodfori'r dyffryndir a'r lasnef,
Golwg ni gym'rwn mewn serch ar ein gilydd,
Ac os dy lendid a'm prawf i 'n areithydd,
Pwy ond dy hunau gaiff fod yu wrandawydd, fy
Ngwen!

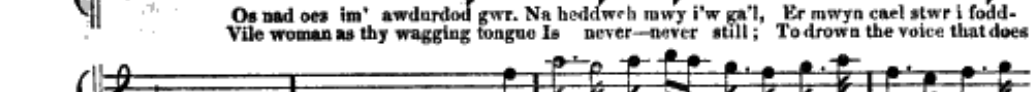
Obry lle breichia'r helygen yr irwydd
Gwelir rhai tebyg a'u pwys ar eu gilydd, fy Ngwen,
Lle'r erys y fawch am y llaw faidd ei godro,
Un mewn erfyniad tirionach fydd yno,
'N barod, os caiff, i anwylyd wneud cyffes
Fanol o ddyfnaf deimladau ei fynwes,
Hyd oni chaffo beth tebyg yu hanes—ei Wen.

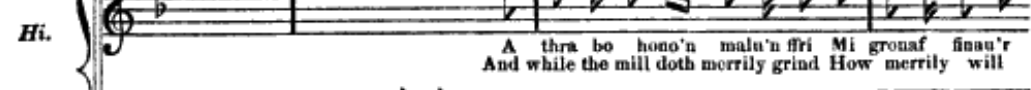
MORGAN A'I WRAIG. OLD MORGAN AND HIS WIFE.

Hi. 

Fe. 


Os nad oes im' awdurdod gwr. Na heddwch mwy i'w ga'l, Er mwyn cael stwr i fodd-
Vile woman as thy wagging tongue is never—never still; To drown the voice that does


Hi. 

Fe. 

A thra bo hono'n malu'n ffrî Mi grouaf finau'r
And while the mill doth merrily grind How merrily will

u'th stwr Mi rentaf Felin-fal.
me wrong I'll go and rent a mill.

Hi. 

Fe. 

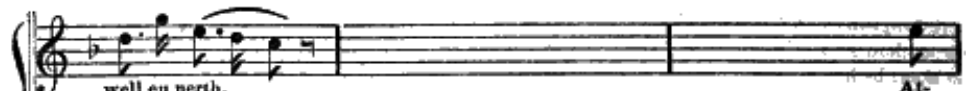
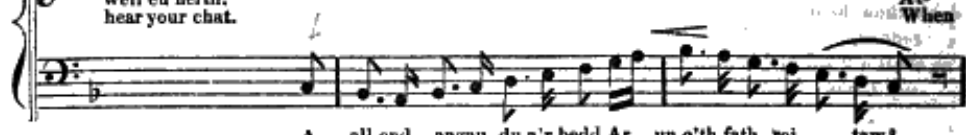
Hyn Ddaw ar eich pen pan dawo hi Yn brydlon bistyll gwyn.
fill The torrent that shall make you blind While rests the clacking mill.

Pe bait yn ddistaw ond
Wert thou but silent for

Hi.  *Fe.* 

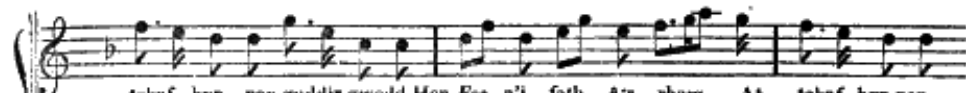
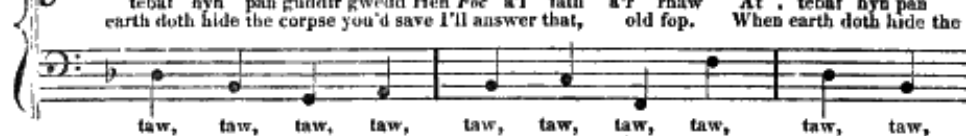
Hi. I'ch cegau chwi a rhai mor rhydd Gael prof'n
That you and fellow bubblers may The better

Fe. am ddydd, O gymaint fai ei werth.
a day, How blest a while were that.

Hi.  *Fe.* 

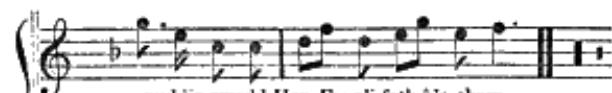
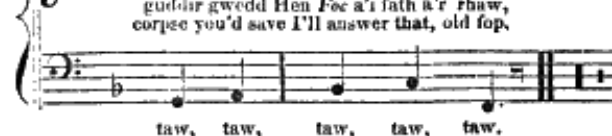
Hi. well eu nerth.
hear your chat.

Fe. A all ond angau du a'r bedd Ar un o'th fath roi taw?
My eyes--can nothing but the grave Thy frenzied torrent stop?

Hi.  *Fe.* 

Hi. tehaf hyn pan guddir gwedd Hen Foc a'i fath a'r rhaw At, tehaf hyn pan
earth doth hide the corpse you'd save I'll answer that, old fop. When earth doth hide the

Fe. taw, taw, taw, taw, taw, taw, taw, taw, taw, taw,
stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop,

Hi.  *Fe.* 

Hi. guddir gwedd Hen Foc a'i fath a'r rhaw,
corpse you'd save I'll answer that, old fop,

Fe. taw, taw, taw, taw, taw.
stop, stop, stop, stop, stop.

Fe.—Am unwaith 'nawr fel gwraig a gwr
Anghofwn ddim a fu;
Beth sydd na wnawn i attal stwr
Sy'n dwyn fath warth ar dŷ?
Hi.—A finau gwyr y Nef mor dda
B'ai heddwch im' pe'i cawn;
Ond gobaiith gorau gwraig, rhyw bla
A'i dua foreu a nawn.

He.—For once may we like man and wife
Now bury all that's past,
And for a life of war and strife
Enjoy some peace at last?
She.—O who so willing as myself
The peace that comes t' enjoy;
But woman's comfort ev'ry elf
Is purpos'd to destroy!

Fe.—Wel Sian mae heddwch wrth y drws
I'r wraig addefo'i bai;

Hi.—I chwi gael myn'd a'ch tafod lws
I'w draethu i bob rhai.

Fe.—Mae'n hawddach ffrwyno genau'r fall
Nac attal tafod flol.

Hi.—Neu sen un cilw'r byd yn gall
Am bod ei gopa'n fo'l.

Fe.—Ow! chwerwed blaned oedd i mi
Im' wel'd dy wedd erio'd:
Dyn ni adnebydd werth ei fri
Nes elo gyda'i glod.

Hi.—Fath blaned ddisglaer oedd i mi
Wrthodais ddyunion glân,
I fyw mewn trallod gyda chwi
Y dua'i iaith a'i ra'n.

Fe.—Am unwaith cofia, mamaeth sen,
Beth dd'wedodd y gwr doeth?

Hi.—Na chenfydd llawer mawr ei ben
Ei feiau mwyaf noeth.

Fe.—Wel, rhwng heddwch mwy â mi
Yn ffarwel aeth am byth.

Hi.—Nid chwi yw'r hebog cyntaf fu
Yn blino ar ei nyth.

He.—If in thy bosom peace have place
First learn thy fault to own.

She.—That you may have a day of grace
To trump it round the town.

He.—Woman, thy strain will hold the same
Till stocks and stones cry fie!

She.—And you I fear will lose your fame
For notes deem'd once so high.

He.—Oh what a planet dire did rule
My dark nativity;
The good that might surround a fool,
He lost it all for thee.

She.—And what a planet bright was mine
Who handsome men refus'd,
To be thro' life a slave of thine
Ev'n for my good abus'd!

He.—For once but call to mind what said
The wisest of mankind,

She.—That many with too big a head
To their biggest faults are blind.

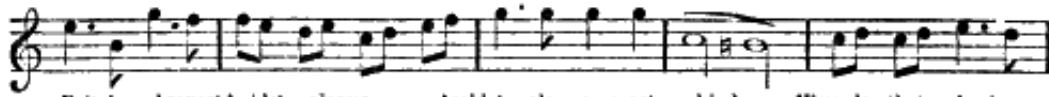
He.—Well, well, the peace I'd make a guest
For ever more is fled.

She.—The fowl that's tired of his nest
May seek a softer bed.

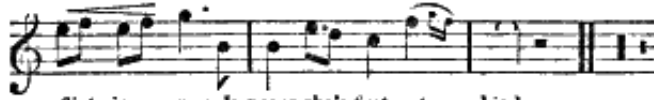
THE BRITISH OAK.

Composed by J. T.

When I see old Britain's oak Hard wrestling with the storm, And protecting
from its stroke The trembling thing 't would harm: Then I think of Britain's Isle That nurs'd this
glorious tree,— How she fights, and with a smile Protects the foes that flee;



Britain, bravest 'midst alarms, Amidst alarms most kind; Wounds that she in-



flicts in arms, In peace she's first to bind.

Every land that dreads thy name,
That name must love as well,
For where valour spreads thy fame,
Thy acts of kindness tell.
Where thy clouds of anger burst
On long devoted heads,
Him that dares oppose thee first,
Thy mercy's wing first shades,
Britain conquer every land,
And as thy might prevails,
Still be first t' extend a hand
To raise the foe that quails,

Still may th' healing misletoe
Be badge of Britain's Isle:
Where her conqu'ring Oak doth go,
Let that in greenness smile.
Never may this realm subdue
What Britons can't restore,
Made more beautiful to the view
Than ever 'twas before.
Strong to strike, and kind to heal,
May all that feel her stroke,
'Neath her wing in comfort steal
And bless the British Oak.

Dros y ce'nfor glas mae 'nhaith,
Ac ar ei hirfaith lan,
Rhwyg pob cene'l, llwyth, ac iaith
Mae 'nhre mewn pob pell fan:
Mawrglod llawer porthladd teg
A dyn fy nghrwydrawl fryd;
Llawer caerog ddinas chweg,
Ymwelaf gylch y byd.
Ond yn mhob arosfa bell,
O! ni anghofiaf byth,
B'le yn Nghymru ardal well
Mae nghyntaf, hoffaf nyth.

Ar yr hwylbren lawer tro
Lluddedig dderyn ddaw,
Feddwl fel fy hun am fro
A'i dirion erys draw:
Wrth ddymino llwydd i'w hynt,
Mor deg yw'r seren gu
I'm tywys trwy bob rhwystrol wynt
Dewyna arnaf fry!
Fe gyfrwydda'r deryn bach
Dros for o wlad i wlad,
Hon a dd'wed, dyg finau'n iach
Ryw bryd at fwth fy nhad.

AIR—OLD MAN OF THE WOOD.

(See page 44)

Philomel when few can hear thee,
Thou wouldst own the griefs that wear thee:
Aught of joy or aught of sorrow,
Who shall hear thee tell the morrow?

All whose comforters are hollow,
Thy example well might follow:
Where the help we seek's denied us,
Night brings no one to deride us.


Some will chide the grief that's growing:
Some would see our tears o'erflowing:
To the heart that hourly bleedeth,
Who will give th' advice it needeth?

Who to stones would show the furrows
Daily made by deep'ning sorrows?
Yet the stones are not like many
Friendly hearts our woes make stony.

YR HEN DELYNWR. THE OLD MINSTREL.

Air—Gorfoledd Milwr Munc (Monk's March).

Maestoso.



Ar oer brydnawn wrth dân o fawn Rhyw hen delyn, wr gwyn ei farf Delyrchafai
One winter cold a minstrel old Whose thoughts were of departed days, While felt his

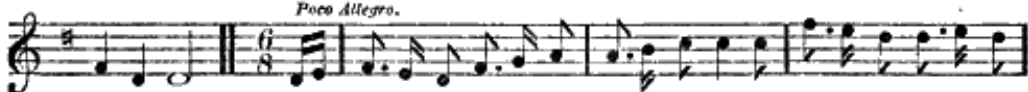


lais, a than ei ais Fe deimlai frathiad dwyslym arf. Oerfrath hiraeth dynai'r dwr Yn
heart keen sorrow's smart, Assay'd to wake his native lays: While with trembling hand he swept His

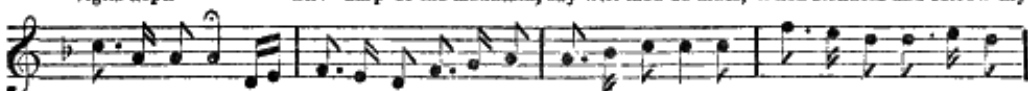


ffrydiau heillt dros ruddiau'r gwr. Hirneth am fri hen Gymru gu A'i mawrfryd fu ei
triple Telyn, as he wept, Thus did his tongue, In doating song, Reveal the grief that

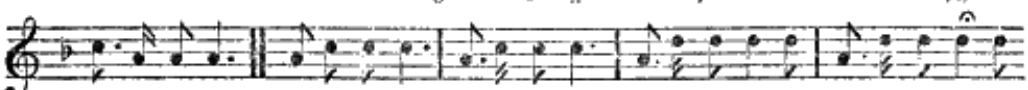
Poco Allegro.



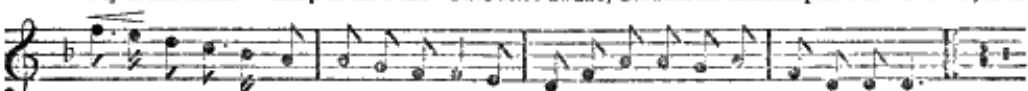
thy a'i thwr. O delyn y bryniau a drigi di'n fod A minau dan alar yn
vigils kept. Oh! harp of the mountain, say wilt thou be mute, When sickness and sorrow thy



methu rhoi cam? Dy . oddef i'r dwylaw a gurant gan gryd Ddi . hono dy dannau at
solace demand? Once more let the anguish that strengthens its root, Like snow under sunshine, give



beniaith fy mam. Telyn fy ngwlad Ddoffro'n ddifraw, Gyr trwy fy ngwa'd o'm calon i'm llaw Y
way to this hand. Harp of the wind Once more awake, Gladden the mind its peace doth forsake; And



fflam a eu . ynai pan draw ar dy dant, Nes tarddeint trwy'm d-miau lwys fodau'r glaes bant.
bid me remember the charm of that string That erst could my winter day turn into spring.

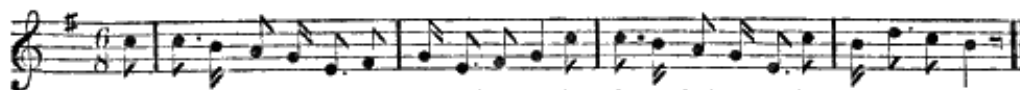
Tra byddo'r ôd yn wyn ar go'd,
Tra aderyn trist yn fod,
Tra gyro'r rhew a'i bîrdeint llew
Y gwan a'r glew am loches glyd;
Rho ini deimlo rhin dy dôn,
A'i sain fel bu yn swyn i bo'n,
Nes byddo'm llaw i roddi taw
Ar bob hyll fraw a rwyllia'r fron,
O delyn y bryniau, &c.

While every bough rob'd is in snow;
While the song-bird sits forlorn:
With ruthless bite, the wintry night
Attacks the frame that need hath shorn.
Yet once more, shall not thy strain
With raptures felt assuage my pain?
Shall not the fears that weigh with years
To music's spell give away again?
O harp of the mountain, &c.

H

SPRING.

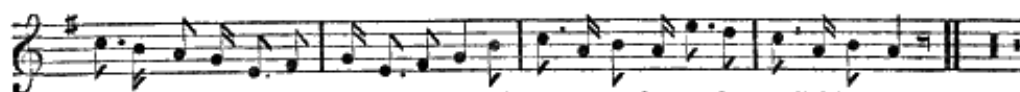
Air—*Pa les i mi?* by J. T.



O list to me swains while I gratefully sing, The advent, the births, and rejoicings of spring.



To you drowsy dwellers in towns would my glee Announce her, but rather I'd say, "Go and see" Where



flowrets like secrets of children steal forth, Each bearing a dew-pearl unequal'd in worth.

Lambs, flowrets, and goslings, like rain drops begot,
Behold, but not reckon, for that you can not;
A day makes a thousand glad dams on the hills,
And another the yard with as happy ones fills;
See farmer around thee, what changes are come,
Who'll say a week hence thou wilt know thy own
home?

'Mid green fields thou eye'st some exceptions I
know,—
Those brown ones so lately turn'd up with the plough:
Yet these in a week, such a robe will put on,—
That the richest in grass will comparison shun;
Then, too in the woodlands more mothers I ween
Their joy will confess, than are now on the green.

As bursts the rich spray with the life-giving juice,
Each udder is hardly restrain'd by its sluice;
Come shower, come sunshine, for each time they fill,
The rain and the sun-gleam should pass o'er the hill;
While shepherd to keep him from languor and sleep
Of shower and sunshine a reck'ning will keep.

Sing, cuckoo, no minstrel than thou is more free,
Who own'st not a home in a bush or green tree;

But layest thy eggs, and to hedge-sparrow's care
Leav'st the young ones which all but a cuckoo should
rear;
But careless one, thou mak'st it duty to sing,
And pitch the true key to the warblers of Spring.

In the greenwood's fresh bosom a bush richly dress'd,
In the bosom of this, a well-canopied nest;
And in that nest's bosom a hen-bird and brood,
That find in her bosom a shelter that's good;—
O! who such a picture can witness as this,
And give not his bosom to add to its bliss?

Birds sing to the flowrets so sweetly that spring;
Flow'rs cheer with your odours the birds as they sing;
Clouds shower your blessings on fields of fresh grass;
Fields give your rich incense the clouds as they pass;
Thus sweet and delightful to ask and to pay,
What Nature's great bounty affords in a day.

And sweet it *should* be for the tiller to own
The bounty which daily his labours doth crown;
And give of his means to the servants that toil,
As Heaven dispenses to him from the soil;
Then might his rejoicing be free as the bird's,
And happy he'd feel in his flocks and his herds.

DYFFRYNOEDD CYMRU. HOWEL THE GOOD.

Air—Merch Megen (Megen's Daughter).

Treble.

Os noethion a llwm yw bannau ben Gymro, Beth ydynt ond cloddiau am
A phwy ydyw'r Cymro droa enyd all wadu Dedwyddid ei fynwes wrth

Counter.

Tenor.

Bass.

lenych ei medd! A fwrniodd gwenynen, a ganodd ad . cryn, Mewn hoffach lloch-
ganfod ei gwedd? Pwy ydych o'r moelydd ar droion d'afonydd Na fynai eu

es . au na gel . ant fy ngwlad! A ledodd yr eryr dros fryniau ei
dilyn o'r aber i'r mor? Pwy wrendy o birbell bar . abliad dy

(delwedd J4309) (tudalen 059)

edyn Lle 'naddodd aw . elon iachusach, i'r gwa'd?
nentydd, Na chwiliad i' ffynonau a'u porthant a'u stôr?

Mor rhydd o enogryddd a dychryn 'r anneddan
Mae'r gwylgalch yn tystio o hirbell eu sedd?
Mor swyned y maesydd amlygant a'u llwybrau
Y teithian wneir drostyot gan garwyr eu hedd!
Mor swynawl bob cartref mae bresau yr ychen
Yn tystio o'i gwmpas ei ddyled i ddyn;
A'r llwyni flagurant mor hardd wrth ei dalcen
Gwnant imi a'u gorchgudd 'n anwylach ei lun,
Mor ddedwydd fugeiliaid a dreuliant eu hafddydd,
I enwi a rhifo dros wyrddlawr y fro;
Aneddau a wnant mor hoff ar eu gilydd
Dros ffrydiau goffeidiau eu dolau 'mhob tro.

Fel dwylaw y cerddor ar dannau ei delyn
O ddyffryn i ddyffryn fy yshryd a hed;
Pe na b'ai f' arosfa i mi fel y gwenyn
I'm taith ni b'ai derfyn ond Cymru a'i lled.
Pob ystrad ganfyddaf sy'n ardal addewid,
Pob pren yn gysgodfa sy'n aros fy ngham;
Pob mynydd yn safle i ddangos mor hyfryd
Drigfanau yr henwlad a enwaf yn Fam.
Yr uchel, y gerwyn, y gorwyllt a'r anial,
Ya Nghymru eu hyllwedd ni wnant ond mwy hardd,
Y Ganaan amgylchant, lle gwelir mor ddyfal
Y dwylaw wnant ir-ddol gystadlu a'r arid.

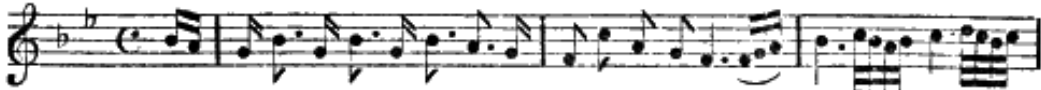
Dear Cambria, of names that have flourish'd in story
What land owns a phalanx more radiant than thine?
Of kingdoms that panted for freedom and glory,
Whose deeds than my country's more lastingly shine?
Of Heroes, renown'd as the valiant and courteous
A record that's fairer what annals can show?
Of Bards, to extol the deserts of the virtuous,
What realm as thy own hath so brilliant a row?
Then tell me if Cambria boasts numbers so goodly
Of warriors that priz'd her renown as their blood,
O shall we forget to assert it as proudly,
That hers were the virtues of Howell the Good.

O, who with such raptures would hail the grey mountains
And point to their summits so naked with pride,
But for the green estrades, the groves and the fountains,
Those gloomy old bulwarks so grandly divide?
And what were our boast in the list of those heroes
That always were foremost the foe to annoy?
Wer't not for the wisdom that opened our furrows,
When Peace did invite us its blessings t' enjoy?
While we sing of our Arthurs, Caswallons, Llewelyns,
And him who a captive* 'fore Claudius erst stood:
Still sweetest and best as the theme of our Telyns
For aye be the virtues of Howell the Good.

* *Caractacus.*

"Ond poed fel y bytho am ryfeliad Hwrwl. Dda, nid ydyw yn amddiffiad o enogryddd, a hyny hefyd o'r fath, na all neb o'i gryf-bennaethiaid Cymruaidd, ymfroestio ynddo; sef yw, ffurfiad y rheithres odidog honno, a eiwir ar ol ei enw ef, hyd y dydd heddyw; a pha un a fu yn rheol llywodraethol i'r Cymry, tra parhaodd eu hanubymdd."—*Llanes Cymru, gan y Parch. T. Price, (Cardiganshire).*

BRIDAL SONG. CAN BRIODASOL.

Air—Blodau'r Gorllewin (Flowers of the West).

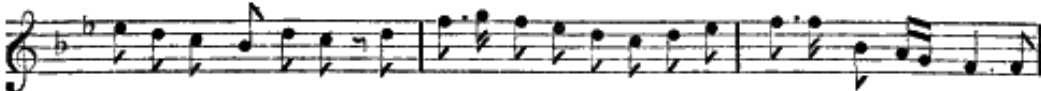
O tyred, tyred, tyred, Eneth lwyseg tua'r llan, I mi'n wraig ga Oul
 O hasten, hasten, hasten, To the church by Rhondda's side For there my fair I'd



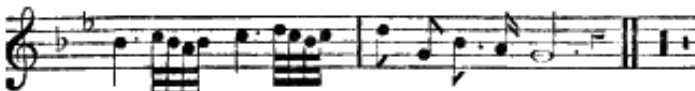
fyddi yn y fan? Neud heddyw yw'r diwrnod? A'r fodrwy aur sy'n barod:
 own thee as my bride: The ring of gold I've bought thee, And in the morn I've sought thee;



A'th dirion gyfeill . esau, A'm mād gyfeill . ion innau, I gyd a'u bryd I'th
 And all thy fair companions, Like doves of whitest pinions, And mine that shute As



hebrwng hyd y llwybrau: Ar . osant 'nawr am deg ei gwawr O'th gylch yn lonfawr lu I'n
 their elect . ed minious, Before thy gate E'en now await, To lead thee to the house, Where



dwyn mewn swyn, A'th roi, un fwyn, i fi.
 love may prove The brightest right t' spouse.

O dywed, dywed, dywed
 Pa'm mae'n wlyped 'nawr dy rudd?
 Pa beth, teg ei phleth,
 Wna'th fynwes heddyw'n brudd?
 Dy dad a'th fam y'nt foddlon,
 A'th lan berth'nasau'n fyddlon,
 I'th hebrwng di i'r eglw's
 A'th ro'i i'r mab a'th garws:
 Paham gwna'i gam
 A'r ddiinam fron a'th ddenws?
 O wele fi,
 Os gallu di
 Fy ngwadu heddyw 'Ngwen,
 Am byth heb nyth
 A melldith ar fy mhen.

O tell me, tell me, tell me,
 Whence that tear drop on thy cheek?
 What thought, so naught,
 Would now our compact break?
 Thy parents not resisting,
 Thy kindred all assisting,
 To place thee in the bosom
 Of him who loves and knows 'em.
 My dear, what fear
 So late that thou shalt lose 'em?
 Bethink thee now
 But of the vow
 Thon mad'st to him that woo'd,
 Thro' life his wife
 To be thro' evil and good.

Y GLECWRAIG. THE TOWN SHOT.

Air—Distyll y dôn (The Ebb of the Tide).

Mae gwraig gan Rhys y Crwthwr Wyr hanes pawb a'u cyflwr: Hi Ai o'r Gogledd
oer i'r De,—Gwnai heb ei thê na'i siwgwr, I ddilyn y glec.

A thyllau yn ei hosan,
A'i parchell trwyddynt allan;
Bob borau a trwy gyrau'r plwy'
I holi pwy sy'n gyfan,—
Mor felus yw'r glec.

At orchwyl ty y borau
Ni chodir hi a chlychau,
Ond pe b'ai'n ffra ar doriad dydd
Twt, yno bydd heb 'agydiau,
Gael cyfran o'r glec.

Ni 'roglâ Sian trwy'r hirddydd
Y baw rhwng ei pharwydydd,
Ond os cymydog bobâ w'ydd,
Hi'i gwynta'n rhwydd drwy'r gwelydd,
Os geirwir ei chlec.

Er lleied mae hi'n gynal,
Nid bychan yw ei gofal;
Ac yn y gwaith ca'dd atto ddawn'
Pwy fore a nawn mor ddyfal;
Sef dilyn y glec!

Un iaith mae Sian yn wybod,
Er hyn on'd yw'n beth hynod?
'Dos iaith mewn byd na ddeall hi,
Os neb fydd ynddi'n trafod
Materion y glec.

Y ddoe wrth wel'd o ddeutu
Pwy'n rhostio oedd neu ferwi,
Ei jwyntyn hi o eisiau 'i droi
A welwyd gan ddau yn llosgi
Tra hwdai ei chlec.

Pan byddo Siani farw,
Aruthrol ddydd fydd hwnw;
A llawer hanes cyn ei pliryd
I'r gweryd gyda'r fenyw
Gynnalai y glec.

O TIPPLING DICK the growler
Of late is turn'd a fowler,
And through the town his thund'ring noise
Makes girls and boys change colour,
For Dic'ks a good Shot.

About his dingy dwelling
Their danger all are smelling;
For t' other day the fowler swore
He'd show no more of feeling
Than should a good Shot.

His wife oft dar'd in quarrel,
Use words as sour as sorrel;
Now if the vixen gives a quack
He shows her smack the barrel
Of him who's a Shot.

Around, whate'er is moving,
Be't foul or be it loving;
Dick's always ready to cry, hark!
O there's a mark for proving
If I'm a good Shot.

On roof or wall, no pigeon
But finds how dread his dudgeon:
Dick says, the more eyes at one stare
The more there are to judge one
If he's a good Shot.

Tho' Dick till eight and twenty
Had fare both poor and scanty,
Of nought but wild fowls now and bares
He talks and swears he has plenty:
Like every good Shot.

To women given in marriage,
Cry woe! for Dicky's courage,
In cases twenty if not more
Has caus'd them sore miscarriage
Since dubb'd a good Shot.

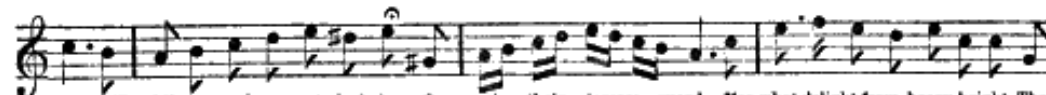
THE SONG OF THE MAN OF NEATH VALE.

Air—Disfyrwech Gwyr Mawddwy (The Men of Mawddwy's Delight.)

Where oaks that glory in their growth The cavern'd rock embrace, What joy was mine ere prime



of youth The gloomy wilds to trace: Where crag on crag majestic frown High o'er the shelter'd



sword, What bliss was mine once to look down On meads their terrors guard. Yes what delight from hoary height That



verg'd on the dark brown heath, E'en with a look, like an open'd book, To see the Vale of Neath.

Where are the falls whose roar I've heard
 With joy as mad as theirs?
 Where lowing ox and warbling bird
 That earliest charm'd my ears?
 Where homes I've strain'd my eyes to count
 As shepherds do their flocks;
 From lofty tree and naked mount
 As the gale play'd with my locks?
 And where among the homes I saw
 Once happiest in its lot,
 Beneath its humble roof of straw,
 Arose my father's cot!

Where mansions fair, and deserts greet,
 Beside the tow'ring hill;
 Where danger made my safety sweet
 By dark ravine and rill:
 Again I'd hear my echoed voice
 Amid the summits bare:

Again thro' roads of sudden choice
 I'd follow fox or hare.
 Where blend the brown, and bright, and green
 From river's bank to heath,
 Again I'd be as I have been
 Beside the winding Neath.

Where dark eyes flash 'neath tresses dark,
 Like sunbeams on a pool:
 Where fairy feet scarce leave a mark
 Upon the pathway cool:—
 To meet those eyes with answ'ring looks,
 To follow oft such feet;
 Neath, let me dwell amid the brooks
 That in thy windings meet;
 Where'er I stay, where'er I roam,
 As true as sword to sheath,
 This heart is to the shelter'd home
 I left by winding Neath.

NOTE.—It has been often believed among the Hills that the inhabitants of the Vale of Neath are more attached to their birth-place than those of any part of Wales.

A Translation of this Song will be given in the next Number.

BREUDDWYD.

*Air—Blodau'r Cwm (Flowers of the Dell.)**Slow.*

Mi welwn f' hun ar fore o haf Yn rhodio glasaf gaeau, Tra chwaria'r gwllith fel
arian byw Ar bob teg ryw o flodau: Mor fwyn oedd gwawl boreuol haul I'w
wel'd ar arau facysdd, Nes teimlais rediad trwy fy mron Fel afon o lawenydd. Nes
teimlais rediad trwy fy mron Fel afon o lawenydd.

Mi gredais fod rhyw newydd fyd
Yn hyfryd olw arnaf
Gan adar fyrdd a'u cerdd fel môr
I uno'r côr hygaraf:
Fel teml hyfrydwch oedd yr allt,
A'r gwjdd fel gwallt morwynig,
Gan olew wneir yn ddisglair wlyb
'Nol triniaeth crib rannedig.

Y bryniau chwyddent dan y gwres
Fel mynwes un mewn cariad,
Ac arnynt chwariant fîl o wyn,
Oll lygad mwyr yn llygad.
Pa le—pa le y bum i o'yd
Heb wel'd o fyd dy harddwch?
Och'neidiais wrth y cwmwl gwyn
A wisgai'r bryn a'i degwech.

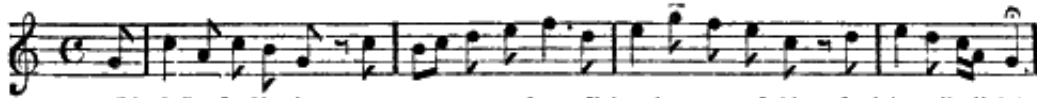
Tra meddwai'r oenyg ar y gwllith,
Tra tarddai'n frith y blodau,
A seiniai'r hedydd fry ei gerdd
I'r llannerch-werdd a'i magai;
O frig y pren, uwch rhedfa'r dwr
Wnai heraidd ddwnder dano,
Y mwyalch oedd o'i bibell aur
I'r dolau gwair yn pyncio.

Wrth odre'r bryn canfyddwn ferch
Yn annerch haul y borau,
A newydd gân o waith y bardd
Gan nator hardd ga'dd urddau;
A thrwy ei ilais cynhyrfai'n wir
Yr awel bur i 'nadlu
Aroglau per o'ent fwy ei gwerth
Nag aberth y proffwydi.

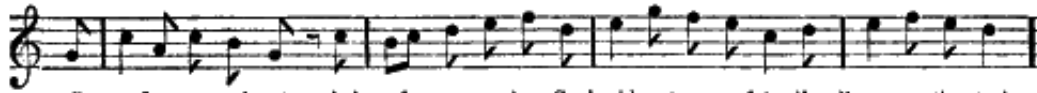
Gyferbyn oedd, dan do o ddail,
Rhyw fugail teg penfelyn,
A'i donau mwys ar dannau mân
Yn ateb can ei gwiwfwyn:
A'r holl 'nifeiliaid oddidraw
Fel yd dan wlaw Mehefin,
Yn ufudd blygent dan y swyn
Pan d'rawai'n fwyn ei delyn.

Yn swynach swynach aeth y gau,
Yn deech ran y bryniau,
A pleraroglu'r dolydd glas
Ddoent drosy'n haf-las donau;
Mi gredais, do, mai marw wnawn
O'r pleser llawn y'm boddwyd,
A phan y gwaeddais, Dyma Ne!
Ow! wela, 'doedd ond breuddwyd.

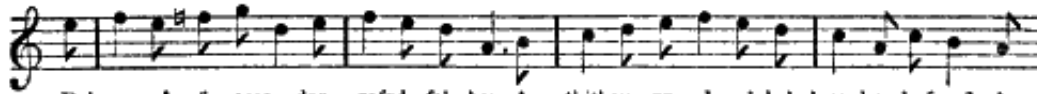
DEFFRO, FY NANSI. AWAKE, MY DEAR NANCY.

Air—Deffro, fy Nansi, by J. T.

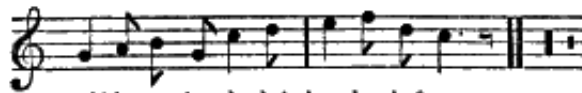
O! deffro fy Nansi, ac agor y drws, Paham 'rwy't mor fyddlar ferch heno i'm llais?
Awake my dear Nancy, and ope me the door, Why art thou so deaf love this night to my call?



O taffa am danat heb ofn pa mor larc, Can's nid wyt yn ofai i'm llaw wneuthur trais;
O heed not how loosely thou meetest thy wooer, To thee, shall his honour be usantle and shawl.



Paham caf si aros dan gafod fel hon, A thithau yn dawel heb lorc dan dy fron? A
The rain on me pours, and my Love will not hear, The voice whose petition is all for her ear. The



thithau yn dawel heb lorc dan dy fron,
voice whose petition is all for her ear.

O *Ben!* mae fy nghopa'n anhwylyd gan boen,
Nis gallaf dd'od heno i'th gwmp'ni yn wir;
Am hyuy, dychwela cyn gwlychot i'r croen,
Ond, cred fod fy mharch i ti'n para yn bar,
Nos da i ti heno,—Nos da i ti *Ben*,
Yn fy lle gelli godi amgenach merch wen.

O *Nansi!* Pa'm soni fel hyn am ferch wen,
Fy nghalon ni 'nebydd o'r hollfyd ond un;
Pan welwyf y 'falau yn aeddfed ar bren,
'R hwn syrthio i 'nghryslen fydd oreu im' min:
Os gwn i pa beth yw rhagluniaeth a rhan,
Yn llyfr fy mywyd mae'th enw 'mhob man.

Os wyt ti mor sicyr, *Ben*, pa'm wyt yn d'od
Ar noswaith mor arwed fel crwydryn o'th dŷ?
Gelli feddwl am danaf heb wlychu dy dro'd,
A'th galon yn esmwyth ar wely o' biu';
Ac os yw fy rhan i fyu'd gyda thi *Ben*,
Caf heno, 'rwy'n coelio, esmwythder i'mhen.

Oh *Ben*, such a headache torments me; indeed
The courtship thou think'st of 'tis folly to name;
Ere drench'd with the showers hie homeward with
speed,
Nor blame the affection that's ever the same:
Good Night I must bid thee—sweet *Benny*—Good
Night,
In my stead one that's fairer may jidy thy plight.

Dear *Nancy*, of fair ones why talk'st thou to me?
Of all that are beautiful my heart seeks but one:
When I spy the ripe apples that grow on the tree,
What falls to my breast is the best to be won:
If fate o'er man's destiny ever did reign,
In its book is my name brightly coupled with thine.

If such is thy faith, *Ben*, say why wilt thou come
Abroad on an evening so boisterous to stray?
Of me thou might'st dream and enjoy at thy home
The rest that is sweet as the coming of May.
If Fate hath ordain'd that our like should e'er wed,
To-night I may surely have rest for my head.

O *Nansi*, er hyny, ni phalli, fi wn,
 Roi imi wres cusan i fyn'd ar fy min;
 Mae tamaid i'r 'nifail fo'n myn'd dan ei bwn,
 Yn gwneuthur y rhiwian yn wastad bob un:
 Os wyt yn fy nanfon i'r gogledd neu'r de,
 O dod dy law allan, a dangos i b'le.

'Rwy'n dyfod f'th ddangos, *Ben*, beth yw dy frys,
 Mae'r lle 'rwyf yn feddwl, ti wyddost, gerllaw;
 Nid wyf yn gwasanaethu un dyn gyda blys,
 Na thithau, can's eto nid wyf dau dy law:
 O garw mor oered yw'r gwynt 'n enw dyn,
 'Nawr, dos, dyna'r cusan a geisiaist f'th fin.

O *Nansi!* at bwy 'rwyf ti'n fy nanfon i, dwéd?
 Pwy ferch o'r gym'dogaeth sydd genyt ti'n rhodd?
 O *Ben!* mae'n bur agos, os rhoi i mi gred,
 Mf'th glywais di'n dweyd bod hi'n llwyr wrth dy
 fodd:
 Clyw, *Nansi*, 'dwy'n caru un ferch ond dydi,
 Wel, *Ben*, pwy ferch arall sy'n rhodd genyf fi?

Ah! wilt thou refuse him that vainly doth sue
 The kiss that may cheer him along his dark road?
 To the steed that is burden'd, a mouthful to chew
 The mountains can level when heaviest his load:
 If thou bidd'st me depart to the South or the North,
 To show me my way, put thy lily hand forth.

To show thee I'm coming—Ben, why in such haste?
 The place I allude to, thou know'st, is not far;
 No man have I serr'd yet, whate'er his behest,
 Nor thee, ere my comfort depends on thy care.
 How chilly the night is—now follow thy road,
 The balm thou didst sue for my lip hath bestow'd.

To whom would my Nancy transport me this hour?
 What fair one so lov'd as thyself canst thou find?
 O Ben, she is near thee—times twenty or more
 I've heard thee declare her the lass to thy mind.
 Say, whom but my Nance can I love while I live?
 And whom but that one, Ben, hath Nancy to give?

CWYNFAN MERCH IEUANG.

Ar y dôn "Peggy Band."

Beth wna'r blodau? beth wna'r llwyni?
 Beth wna coedydd llawn o ddail?
 Beth wna'r ôyn ar benau'r twyni?
 Beth wna'r bryniau glâs eu sail?
 Beth wna siriol sêr yr awyr,
 A holl harddwch dae'r a nèn.
 I ferch fel fi sy'n caru'n gywir,
 Ond tynu'r dagrau hallt o'm pên?

Gwywa'r blodau, noetha'r llwyni,
 Cwmp y dail oddiar y coed;
 Stormydd yrant 'ddiar y twyni,
 Pan y d'ont, bob perchen troed;
 Tew gymylau guddiant lon-ser,
 Oerwynt wna aderyn mûd,
 O! fy nghalon, dyna'r amser,
 Gwelaf beth wnes i o'm byd.

Am ryw un 'rwyf fi'n och'neidio,
 Am ryw un 'rwy'n colli'r dw'r,
 Am y mab ga'dd fy nghofseidio,—
 Rho'wn y byd pe sawn e'n wr;
 Oni ddengys ef y coedydd,
 Llwyni glas, a blodau hardd;
 Nid ynt well i mi nà chreigydd,—
 Pob hyfrydwech o hono tardd.

Tynai imi gnau a 'falau,
 Tôrai im' blangion ir,
 Gwnai im' bosi o fiodau'r dolau,
 Nes bawn fel gardd yn ngodre'i dir;
 Ond, ar ddrwg brydaawn daeth awel,
 'Drodd fy harddwch oll i'r llawr?
 A'r un wy'n garu 'drychaf'n dawel
 Arna' i'n wyllo am yr awr.

DAN RYW OFID.

Air—Dan ryw ofid, by J. T.

Dan rhyw ofid fo arnai'n pwyso, Rhoddaf lawer ochenaid brudd; Ond mae rhyw un a
wna heb geisio Sychu'r deigrin fo ar fy ngrudd; Dan bob loes fo'n llym a chwerw,
Ni waith beth ddirboena 'mhen, Os rhwng breichiau hoff fy menyw, Caf bwys o ar ei
mynnes wen.

Dyna'r hoff obenydd mwynaidd
A'm dena i anghoſio'r byd;
A thrwym gruddiau gwelw-clafaidd
A enyn deg gariadawl wridd;
Dyna'r fan lle gallaf dreulio
Y nos a'r dydd heb gadw'u rhif;
Can's tra bo'i chalon fach yn curo,
Ant heibio fel y gwibiog blaf.

B'le'r arosa rhag y stormydd
Y llong, ond yn yr hafan lon?
A ph'le, ond dan gysgodawl goedydd,
Y trig 'nifeiliaid daear gron?
A ph'le yw'r fan i ddyn osodwyd
I lwyr lonydda'i galon glaf?
Ond yn y man lle gynt ei magwyd?
O fynnes menyw tardd ei haf.

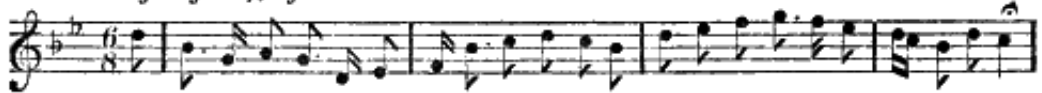
Dyna'r fan lle gallaf faddeu
Pob camweddau ddaeth i'm rhan,
Rhwng daleuau teg ei bronau,
Ni ddos enw un gelyn fan:
Dyna'r fan lle caiff fy meiau
A hoff gusanau eu dileu,
A gallaf fel y baban chwareu,
A chalon newydd wedi'i chreu.

'Neath the griefs this heart hath tasted
Many a plaint doth from me break,
Still there's one that unrequested
Wipes the tear drop off my cheek.
Keen as are the pangs of anguish—
When my heart hath sorest bled;
The breast whereon my soul would languish
Still is proffer'd for this head.

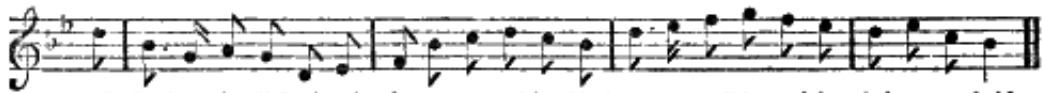
Spite of envy—spite of slander,
'Neath thy meek eye's friendly beam,
Of the joys no hate can sunder
In thy arms I've dar'd to dream:
There the darkest day and lightest
Equal beauty have for me;
Where thy eye-beam glistens brightest
Every season's charm I see.

There what hath my hate awaken'd
Harmless falleth at my feet;
Foe-man's name hath never blacken'd
Her dear bosom's spotless sheet.
There each error and each folly
Find the grace for which they'd sue;
Infantlike till I can dally
With heart and feelings made anew.

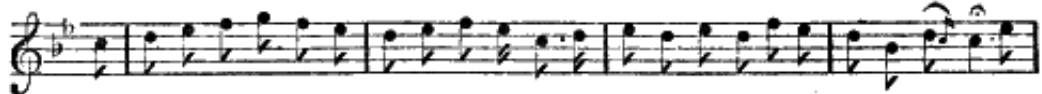
GLENYDD Y TAF. THE BANKS OF THE TAVE.

Air—Glenydd y Taf, by J. T.

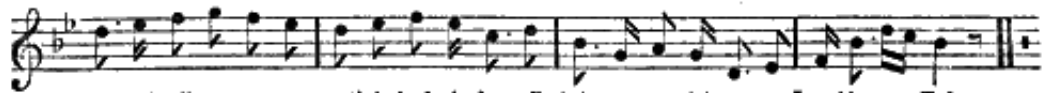
Ar foreu yn Mai pan anadl ai yr awel, Rhwng glenydd y Taf fel newyddion o hedd,
One morning in May when the breezes were breathing O'er Tave's mossy coverts like tidings of peace,



Canfyddwn fugeil-ferch ar las-dwyn yn ar'el, A'r wyn wnaent o'i hamgylch ar fiodau eu gwledd.
A shepherdess sat by the lambs that were feeding 'Mid daisies whose whiteness but rival'd their fleece.



Derchafai ei llygaid, a hawdd oedd im' ganfod, Er hardded ei gwynneb, ei bod yn o glaf; Ac
Her blue eye she raised that made fairer the weather; Yet, spite of its brightness, with sadness 'twas grave: And



un gair o'i genau a wnaeth im' adnabod, Bod rhyw un yn cisiau ar *Lenydd y Taf*.
words that she utter'd too soon left me gather, Her Lover was gone from the Banks of the Tave.

Mi giliais o'i chyfer, ond mawr y dymunwn
Gael gwranddo beth ddeilai o enau'r un lân;
A hir nid arosais i ddysgwyl cyu gwelwn
Ei thyner wefusau'n par'toi i ro'i cân;
Ond O! mor alarus y llais ddoi o'i nwynnes,
Tra syrthiai ei dagrau ar fiodau yr haf;
Fe gredodd fy nghalon 'r anghofwn bob dynes,
Wrth feddwl am alar y ferch o *Lan Taf*.

Tri haf aethant heibio ar beraidd adenydd,
Er darfu i Morgan ymadael â thref;
Tri hydref tra ffrwythlon ionasant y glenydd.
Er rhoddais i hiraeth fy nghalon a'm llef;
Tri gauaf guddiasant âg eira y brynau,
A thri oeraidd wanwyn, trist gyfrif a gaf,
Er ceffais i eistedd fan yma ar lioiau
Y mab oedd orfoledd a hoŵder *Glan Taf*.

Yr wyn a wrandaw'sant ar berlais fy nghariad,
Y'nt 'nawr yn heneiddio, fel dengys eu gwlan;
A'r gwallt oedd e'n ganmol, yn hoŵder ei siarad,
A'm pen sy'n ymadael, a'r gwrid o fy ngrân:

Aside I retir'd, yet how great was my ardour
To know what might issue from lips so divine:
Nor long did I tarry, ere raptur'd I heard her
Give tongue to the secrets 'twas pain to confine.
But Oh! what a burden of grief did she summon,
While fell on the flow'rets the tear-drops they'd save;
Methought my sad heart would ne'er dream of a woman
Save her I left weeping 'mid Banks of the Tave.

Three summers around this cool valley have hover'd
Since Morgan my Lover did part from his home;
Three Autumns with plenty you ridges have cover'd
Since first I deplor'd what impell'd him to roam;
Three Winters with snow-falls have shrouded the moun-
tains,
And Springs, Oh! as many, well reckoned I have,
Since last I sat listening beside the cool fountains
To him who was titled the pride of *Glan Tave*.

The lambs that were charm'd by the voice of my Lover
Since then have their fleeces thrice grown to be shorn;
But my locks that are falling, what time can recover?
Or the bloom be compar'd to the blush of the morn?

Y llwyn a'n cysgododd a ddringir gan iorwg,
A phob peth sy'n profi i 'nghalon fach glâf;
Mai byr fydd fy syddiau oddieithr cael golwg
Ar Forgan y glanaf o feibion *Glan Taf*.

The bush that did shade us, dark ivy is creeping—
From all that surrounds me sad warnings I have
How few shall my days be of hoping or weeping
If soon I behold not the Pride of *Glan Tave*.

Note.—In the pronunciation of the word *Tave*, the Englishman not conceiving that the letter *F* in Welsh has the soft sound of the *V*, thought that a double *F* would be equivalent to a single one, and wrote it down *Taff*; and the Welshman, more stupidly still, became the imitator of the Englishman, although he knew that the latter always complained of the number of consonants that the Welsh Language was loaded with. The word *Taf* should be spelt *Tave*, so that Englishmen might give it the sound it has always had in Welsh.

CWYMPIAD Y DAIL.

Air—*Cwympiad y Dail (The Fall of the Leaf.)*

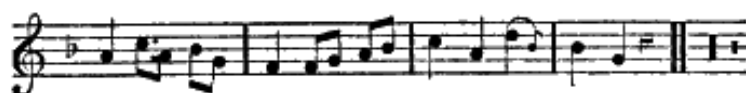
Moderato.



Mari, y dderwen y canais i dani Beraidd gan . moliath i'w



huchder a'i glesni, Hono sydd heddyw a'i mân ddail ar wasgar Yn



dysgu mor wylaidd im' wersi o alar.

Glasbren wrth lasbren ar lethri y glynoedd
Ddoe adnabyddit wrth degwch eu gwisgoedd :
Heddyw y mân-ddail a'u gwneuent mor hynod
Yrir gan wyntoedd heb neb yn eu 'nabod.

Dan y fath brenau sy'n rhoddi'r fath bregeth,
Onid peth addas im' ddweyd wrth fy eneth
Beth yw fy nheimplad, a beth yw fy mwriad
At yr un gerais cyhyd a'r fath gariad ?

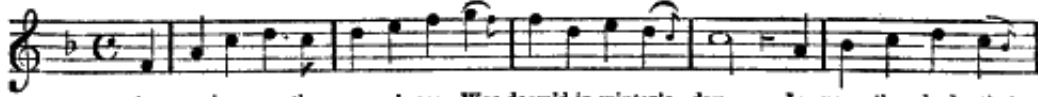
Tra cefais haf-dy, o dan ei do deiliog
Ti o'm hyfrydwch oe't fyth yn gyfranog :
I wrando'r cerddorion, a rhifo trwy'r dolau
Bob peth oent debyg i ni eu calonau.

'Nawr tra bo'r coedydd yn addef eu noethni
Profer y cariad feithrinwyd pryd hyny ;
Profer ef, Mari, nes gwelom ni etto
Goedydd a llysiâu o'n deutu'n blodeu.

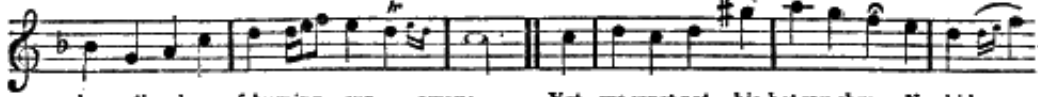
Haf pan ddychwelo ga'n hoffaf roesawiad,
Hydref a Gwanwyn bob tirion ddymuniad :
Etto y cariad ddysgasom ei feithrin
Deilia—blodeua, drwy.gydol y flwyddyn.

Deiliog neu noethlwm b'o brigau'r uchelbren,
Glas neu gymylog b'o agwedd yr wybren ;
Fath yw fy nghariad i attat, fy Mari,
Lleiw fy mynwes taw beth fyddo'r llwyni.

HAYMOWER'S SONG.

Air—O Gylch y Mwtwl Gwair (Around the Hay Cock.)

As precious as the sunny beam Was deem'd in winter's day, Is now the shade that



keeps the gleam of burning sun away; Yet we must not his hot ray shun, Nor hide us



from his stare, Until our scythes have fairly won The field which mowers share.

Strong Eilon's in his stalwart arm,
Hath not forgot its swing;
But forty years have work'd him harm,
As time does ev'ry thing:
Steady his step, and wide his sweep,
Where the music of his scythe
'Mid fragrant grasses charms to sleep
The snake that's doom'd to writhe.

Retreat none dare, nor turn aside,
Nor leave a tuft unshorn:
Not e'en the handful that might hide
The *landrail* so forlorn;
Its creek forboded day and night
What would at last befall,
One that did mock our weapons bright,
And for its exile call.

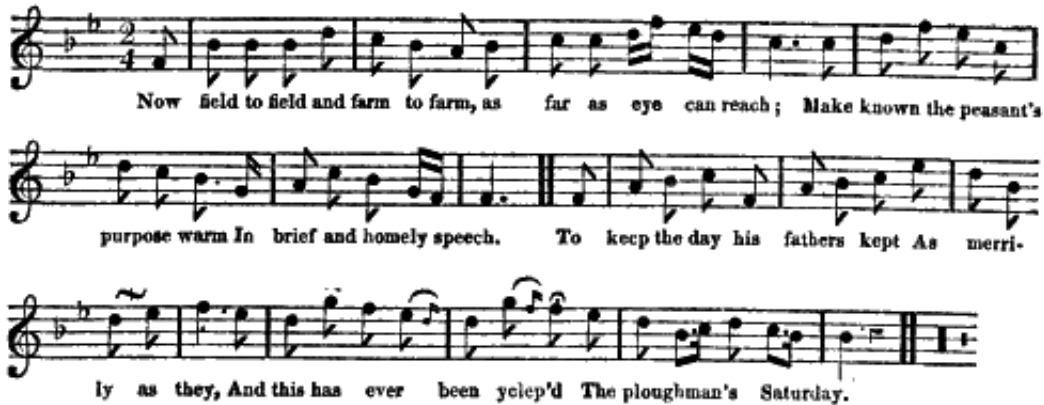
The headland's gain'd, now look behind,
E'en like a web is drawn
Old Eilon's swathe, and with it lin'd
Six more have cross'd the lawn;
Again we'll ply from hedge to hedge
And then if need there be,
We'll bring our scythes to better edge
Beneath yon beck'ning tree.

Descend in time thou merry lark,
Bethink thee of thy home;
From that blue sky thou charrest mark
The spot thou soaredst from;
Soon armed bands with fork and rake,
Will bear upon our rear;
Thy couch to-night where wilt thou make,
Descend and settle where.

Behold our parallels, how well
They stripe the close-shorn field,
At nightfall where's the tongue can tell
What fragrance these will yield?
Through lanes, and woods, and city streets,
The blessed scents will spread,
And the sick to meet their balmy sweets
Will rise and leave his bed.

Now for a noontide's respite short
Where Tango lifts his head,
To welcome those who dare resort
Where his watch-couch sweet is spread;
Coats, frocks, and grease-horns, all are there,
And sound may be our nap,
Wher one so faithful to his care
Doth guard us from mishap.

PLOUGH SATURDAY.*

Air—The Plough Share, by J.T.


Now field to field and farm to farm, as far as eye can reach; Make known the peasant's
purpose warm In brief and homely speech. To keep the day his fathers kept As merri-
ly as they, And this has ever been yelep'd The ploughman's Saturday.

To-morrow brings it very nigh;
Does not the harrow's creak
On the last field bid all who may,
In pastime end the week?
As passage birds their thoughts make known
Who bent on foreign shore;
So they who seek the merry town,
What they intend still more.

As anxious as the sprouting blade,
Its tender heart to show,
Is many a lad and growing maid
There to be known and know;
And glad as they is April sun,
To see in one proud street
Each tann'd and oft bedazzled one,
He did on brown glebes greet.

They or the birds, 'tis hard to say,
Which gladdest are I trow;
That harrow's noise owns not to *May*,
We've had a tardy plough.

And who is worthiest now in truth,
With Ploughman Rhys to go;
But she who with the harrow's tooth
His glebe broke through and through?

Fitted are these to make a pair,
Aye, I'd aver through life:
May they their toil as wisely share
When joined as man and wife.
He with a firm and steady arm,
All difficulties move;
She give his every work that charm,
Which makes the world approve.

Then let us sing God speed the plough,
May ne'er a field it turos,
Ungladdened be by songs we know,
While April's sunbeam burns.
May jolly ploughmen every where,
Get brighter as they toil,
And in their work shine as the share
Which breaks the yielding soil.

*Plough Saturday is called in Carmarthenshire "Dydd Sadwrn Barlys," and is still kept up as a day of pastime in the Vale of Towy.

Y BWTHYN TREFNUS.

Air—Tri Thrawiad.

Slow.



Pwy ballai ei gywydd o'r galon i'r gwelydd Amgylchiant rai dedwydd fo'nt beunydd yn byw,
Mewn disglacwr syberwyd o duedd mwyn diwyd; Y bwthyn sedd gwiwfyd sydd
gyfryw?

Ei aelwyd yn forau lanheir ar lon oriau,
Cyn 'goront palasau eu dorau i'r dydd;
A'i geiliog pan gano i'w risiau caiff roeso,
Boreuwyr gair yno'n garenydd.

Pan godo'r haul melyn, a deffry trwy'r dyffryn
Yr adar daer erfyn ei sydyn neshad;
Y gwyn-fôg o'r bwthyn mor ysgafu mae'n esgyn
I annerch ei fad-wyn ddyfodiad!

Yn forau ca'r mochyn y porthiant a berthyn,
A'r 'seybell drwy'r gegyn a'i brigyn rydd braw'
Fod deddfau syberwyd i'r wiwfron yn hyfryd,
A threfniant i'r gwanllyd yn ganllaw.

Pob llestryn sydd lwysber, lle cyfyd i'n cyfer,
Neu'n brydlawn fe'i gweler mewn syber iawn swydd,
A'r pedyll pereiddia' yn glau am y gloywa'
O ymdrech rhai taera'n bert arwydd.

Boreufwyd yn brydlawn roi'r yma'r awr uniauw,
A'r plant eu rhan gyfawn yn gyfawn a gant;
A phawb mewn sirioldeb a'u gwen ar eu gwyneb
Yn neddfau callineb call unant.

Y fuwch er byr gwydro, o'i hawr ni fyn wyro
I gael gan un fedro ei godro, un gu,
A'r llais a'i gwahoddo a'i seiniaid gall swyno
Y wiw-deth arllwyso er llaesu.

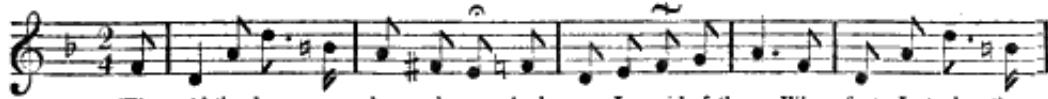
O'i ardd daw pob dethol dda lysiau sydd lesiol;
A'i 'rhogiau gwasgarol yn rhadol iawn rhydd
I'r gwenyn boreua' 'n anghysglyd a gaigla
O'i blodau eu mana neu'r meinwydd.

Tu fewn a thu allan mewn cof bydd y cyfan
Dan ofal Gwentlian o bentan i berth,
Ei safte priodol hoff yw i bob ffiol,
Wna yma'n bur hudol y brydwerth.

Ei thewyn ni ddiffydd; ni edy ei nodwydd
I rydu'n anghelfydd, na'i gwelydd heb galch,
Y dydd ni fyn golli ar gylch pan ddaw'r gotchi
Nag unpeth bar dyfu'r bri difalch.

Yn nghanol ei theulu er nawdd ei rhôd nyddu
Dyd hob dydd i chwyrni tra'r baby, wr bach,
Rhwyg gwlenyn yn gorwedd, a'i mwyna amyned,
Wna enw'r deg annedd ddau geinach.

FAIR ELIZA. ELIZA LON.

Air—Beth yw dy air? (What is thy word?)

'Tis said the dove can do no harm, And so I said of thee, When first I took thee



'neath this arm, My love and joy to be; But as the poison oft doth lurk 'neath



blossoms fair of hue, I found that wishes fell and dark Were hid within thee too.

No more, no more I'll deem the lamb
A guileless thing to be;
No more the suckling or its dam,
But that I've prov'd of thee:
No more, no more can outward sign
Of goodness fair be known,
Of thee its richest, brightest shrine
Hath falsehood form'd its own!

Who could believe that lips like thine
Could one they lull'd ensnare?
That breast so white—who could divine
That falsehood nestled there?
So passing fair art thou without
So full of guile within,
Art thou but form'd to make us doubt
If sin itself be sin?

Eliza fair, Eliza young,
Eliza gifted too,
Must all who have thy features sung
Thy heart conceal from view?
With all the charms thou truly hast
Must it be understood,
This lass so fair, so sung, at last,
Is every thing but good?

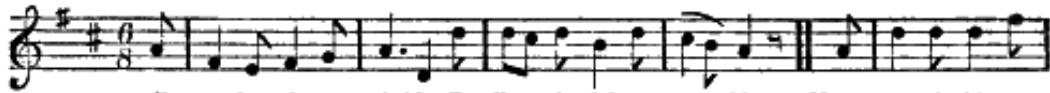
Os merch mor deg a wnaeth fy mrad,
Beth dybia i'n ddirfad mwy?
Yr oenyg gwyn a'r wlanog fam,
Pwy ddwed mai dinam hwy?
O rinwedd fad pa beth yw'r nod
Arwydda mwy dy dre?
Yr harddaf wedd a'r fron lliw'r ôd,
Nid mwyach y'nt dy le.

Y wefus sydd o flurf mor wiw
Pwy gred'sai traethai frad?
A'r fynwes sydd mor bur o liw
Y nythsai ond peth inad?
Y glendid dan dy ddwy ael fain
Gorfyddaf er fy mhoen,
Gan ereil ddweyd am beth mor gain,
Nad yw ond trwch y croen.

Eliza lon, Eliza lân,
Eliza ciriau môl,
Mae'n dost wrth goffa'th wedd ar gan
Rhoi'r galon fach dan gél.
Er rhagoriaethau feddu'n wir,
Pob prydydd addef ga;
Bod hi sy'n dennu sylw'r sir
Yn bob peth ond yn dda!

K

ER OERED YW'R CAWODYDD. HOWEVER COLD THE SHOWERS.

Air—Mae dau ddrys ar y Dafarn (The Tavern hath two doors).

Er oered yw'r cawodydd, Er llwyted dol a mynydd, Mewn tecach hira pa
 However cold the showers, Or dark the cloud that lowers, Above the hill the



dafod dd'wed, Mor gadarn gred yr hedydd.
 skylark's trill, Is all of blossom'd bowers.

Er dued gwedd y cwmwl
 Wnai nant a ffynon drwbwl,
 Ei gobaiith gwell 'dos dim wanha,
 A'i chan a draetha'i meddwl.

O henffych well it' dderyn,
 Dy siampl os caf ddilyn,
 'Doed llwydd neu peidied, llawen fron,
 Ei hinon wna o'r drychin,

Fel ti bob dydd o'm dentu
 Canfyddaf ddulliau'n gwgu,
 Fel ti boed im' obsithiol fron
 Drwy'r holl beryglon ganu.

Thro' storm and hail sweet leisure
 He finds for tuneful measure,
 To think and sing on dappled wing
 Of summer's promis'd treasure.

Hail to the bird whose feather
 O'er grass or dark brown heather
 Avows the heart that in each part
 Makes fair of foulest weather.

Like thee in morn's dark mirror,
 I've oft seen clouds of terror;
 Like thine my lay the blackest day
 Ere night hath changed to fairer.

ANNOGAETH CARADOC I'W FYDDIN.

Clywch! clywch! y twrf yn d'od,
 Mae'r gelyn mawr ar dro'd;
 Fe'i gwelir rhwng y bryniau draw,
 Ei ddisglair waewffyn,

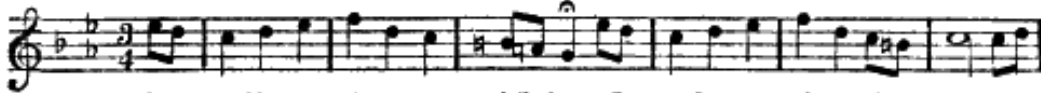
Fel llafur cras ar fryn,
 A chwythir gan awelon braw:
 Pwy sydd barod 'nawr i orfod
 Holl elynion blin ei wlad?
 Troed ei lygaid a chanfydded
 Orchwyl ag sydd werth ei waed;
 Am hyn ni bydd i'w draed
 I sydyd cam o'r chwerw daraw.

Yn noeth bo'r cleddyf glas,
 Pob tarian doed i ma's;
 Pob calon c'leded at y dydd;
 Na chiliated dyn na march,—
 Can's dyma lle mae'n harch,
 Rhag ymchwydd y llifeiriant *rhudd: *Red
 Yma safwn, ac os rbedwn,
 Awn fel meini melin certh;
 Dros y gelyn, nes bo'u hesgyra
 Fel y crinion goed mewn perth,
 Dan Frython gwych eu nerth
 Yn chwala, ninnau fyddwn rydd.

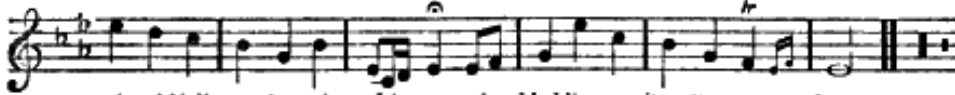
Y PREN CEIROS. THE CHERRY TREE.

Air—Seren Llanedi (The Star of Llanedi).

With Tenderness.



Pan oedd y pren ceiros yn dell . io, O cofa taw dano rhwng dau Bu'r
When you cherry tree, love, was budding. Remember 'twas under that tree I



siarad 'dall un dyn ei fei . o, Am ddyddiau wnait etto yn glau.
ventur'd to talk of the wedding, I hoped should unite thee to me.

Pan welwyd y pren dan ei fodau,
Dy bromes i mine fy mun,
Oedd gwnaethet ti ryw bryd fy nyddiau
Mor ddedwydd a'th ddyddiau dy hun.

'Nawr ffwrthau'r pren ceiros y'nt aeddfed,
A'r clymau wy'n dynu i ti
Y'nt dystion o'r wiwlwys adduned
Fu rhyngot, fy Mari, a mi.

F' anwylyd, cyn syrthio ei ddalen
Am gysgod a gawsom mor gu,
Yn ngolwg y pren row'dd i'n las-len
D'wed wrthyl eaf renti it' dy.

Pan wrydiot ei ffwrthau'n ffynyddol,
Mor hoff i'm ty bach dan y graig
Fydd cario o'r caydiau dymunol
Wiw glymau rhagorol i'm gwraig.

O when that fair tree was in blossom
The promise I sought thou did'at give,
That sometime enclasp'd in this bosom
In wedlock with me thou would'at live.

And now, Love, its fruit in its brightness
I offer as tribute to thee,
And beg thee accept it as witness
Of promises made by that tree.

My Love, ere the wind its leaves scatter
Permit me in lieu of its shade,
To find thee a shelter that's better
In the cottage that needeth thy aid.

Again when its ripe crop appeareth,
O can I forget, Love, through life
Of the fairest and ruddiest it beareth
Like tribute to bear to my wife?

FY MENDITH I'R LLEUAD DDISGLEIRWEN.

Ar yr un Dón.

Fy mendith i'r lleuad ddisglaerwen,
Fy mendith i'r seren fach siw,
A'm tywys i'n fynych mor ddiifrad
I'r man lle mae 'nghariad yn byw.

I garwr, mor lwys yw'r nos olau,
Ar dwyni a dolau fel dydd;
Ond gwerthfawr uwch pob peth yw'r cariad
Fo'n seren a lleuad lle bydd.

Pe cuddiet ti *Phébe** dy wyneb, *Y Lleuad.
Pe celai'r ser tanbaid eu llun;
Yn fy nghariad mae golau mor lwysgu
A'm tywys i atti ei hun.

Mae'n seren da synwyr a glendid,
A phob peth teg hyfryd i'r fron:
Tra metho ddisgleirdeb mor amlwg
A gollaf fi 'ngolwg ar hon?

CWYMP LLEWELYN.

Air—Gwyr Harlech (Men of Harlech.)

Primo.

Pwy yw ef mor drwm sy'n gruddfau Draw a i bwys ar waedlyd darian Rhwng gelyniau
Try ei lygad am angedd, Try a syrth i'w waed i'orwedd, Etto ar ei

Secundo.

Bass.

ond ei hunan, O aniddan nod. Gwyneb nid yw'n ganfod Un a fu'n gydnabod,
ael mae mawredd Marwor gloewedd glod.

Tra mae brad yn dal ei dra'd, Na chened boenw'ych hynod, Nid oes car na milwr credaf

Eill gofhau ei gais ddiweddaf, Gymru, gwel dy D'wysog olaf Dan y drawsaf dro'd.

Buan ffrydia gwaed ei galon,
 Du lewygant ei olygon,
 Ond ei gof am Gymry dirion
 Deil yn gyson gwiw ;
 Gwa'd Llewelyn wna'th ddiwallu,
 Euog dir pa wedd yr yfi
 Ffrwd y fron mae brad yn fraenu !
 Llais ei g'ledu clyw.
 Egwan lamp ei fywyd,
 Hon ni ddeil ond enyd :
 Neb gerllaw dderbynia'i law,
 Na hynaws braw o'i ysbryd.
 Calon ddur y gelyn dodda
 Tra mae'n sylwi ar ei wasgfa,
 Rhwng eu heif Llewelyn drenga,
 'I 'naddiad ola' yw.

'Nawr ar greigiau mae wylofain,
 Oer yw'r waedd ac oer yr adsain ;
 Brad a dduodd awyr Prydain,
 Gwel dy gelain gu.
 Corph Llewelyn draw sy'n gorwedd
 Ar y dda'r yn ddiarhydedd,
 Arswyd 'nawr a leinw'r orsedd,
 Lle i'w fawredd fu :
 Mwy bydd cuddio gwneb
 Cymru'n drom ddiareb,
 Llais ein gwarth ar dweyn a pharth
 A gyfarth mewn gerwineb ;
 Fryniau, cuddiwch ran o'n gw'radwydd.
 Ddagrau, gwnewch ni mwy'n gyfarwydd
 A dwfn adrodd heb ynfyrwydd
 Haniad afwydd du.

Darfu clod a chwydd uchelgais,
 Darfu cân a darfu dyfais,
 Darfu gloewi cledd i'r ymgais,
 Darfu'r adlais rydd.
 Gwa'd Llewelyn sy'n diliwio
 Pob peth teg yn ngwlad y Cymro,
 Llais ei fron sy'n glais pob glasfro
 Lle tywyno dydd.
 Adar coed a'n gwawdiant
 Pan yn nghyd ymdyrrant,
 Try y blaidd i wrando'n gwaedd,
 A'n gwyneb baidd ar lasbant ;
 Cam y ddafad bery gryndod,
 Dan y creigiau yn ein trallod
 Rhuanwn ymborth a'r llwynogod,
 Cawn dan geudod gwydd.

Pwy edrycha 'nol i'r gwersyll,
 Adar tô sy'n meddu'n pehyll,
 A phob cysgod try yn elyll
 Dros y teryll dir.
 Mwyach swydd i feirdd y bryniau
 Udo'n drist eu galarnadau,
 Dan y creigyddi f'ont o'n gruddiau
 Yn ddarluniau gwir.
 Draw wrth enau'r ogof
 Bardd a draetha'n wallgof
 Werth y Rhi gollasom ni,
 A'i angen ni a'n anghof ;
 Diles law rydd ar y delyn,
 Byth ni unir mwy yn fyddin,
 Lu a wyla am Llewelyn,
 Clywch eu gresyn gri !

Llewelyn ap Gruffudd y diweddaf o dywysogion Gymru, ac un o'r galluocaf, a dewraf, a syrthiodd, yn ol yr hanesion mwyaf credadwy, pan oedd gwedi ymrauu oddiwrth ei wyr; ac wedy ei fradychu i ddwyllaw ei eilynon yn agos i Lanfair Muallt.

SONG, TO THE AIR, "STAR OF LLANEDI."

See page 75.

My blessing sweet moon on thy splendour,
 My blessing ye stars on that light,
 That so oft would prevent me to wander
 From the journey i'm taking tonight.
 To lovers, how welcome the radiance,
 That turneth their midnight to day:
 As the love, though, that proves its own guidance
 What planet can boast such a ray?

Tho' Phebe's fair visage were hidden,
 Tho' shrouded and shorn were each star;
 So bright are the charms of my maiden,
 For ever they'd guide me to her.

The star of good sense and of kindness,
 Of virtues the fairest we deem;
 O who shall accuse me of blindness
 That can ever lose sight of her beam?

FAIR ELLEN PUGH. WYRES NED PUGH.

Air—Wyres Ned Pugh.

A young man I heard with his bosom on fire Declare he had seen what a
Mi glywais ryw hogyn a'i fywtes ar dân Yn dweyd iddo weled rhyw

saint might desire; Another in answer said, Truly, then you Have glanced at the
eneth bur lân; Un arall at . tebai yn llon, Fel 'rwy'n byw, Yr eneth a

face of the fair Ellen Pugh.
welaist oedd wyres Ned Pugh.

Another exclaim'd, " 'Twas last evening I heard
A voice that outrivall'd the trill of the bird ;
The ocean I'd cross its fair owner to view";
" You've heard," said a fourth, "but the fair Ellen
Pugh."

Un arall a dd'wedai, " Ond ddoe y pry'nawn
Mi glywais gantores nefolaidd o ddawn,
Mi groeswn y mor am ddod etto i'w chlyw."
" Ni chlywaist," medd arall, " Ond Wyres Ned
Pugh."

If all these perfections unto her belong,
Said I—I'll behold her and list to her song:
And now I declare: without peril how few
Can gaze at the charms of the fair Ellen Pugh.

To some I've acknowledged how love-sick I've been,
From gazing at one so unrivall'd in mien,
In answer they tell me, "If that 'tis you rue,
You feel but what all do who've seen Ellen Pugh."

Since of all that may look at this paragon's charms,
But one can enclasp her at last in his arms;
Before she makes love-sick both gentile and jew,
Full time 'tis that some one possess Ellen Pugh.

Os pob rhagoriaethau berthynant i hon,
Ebe fi, mynaf olwg ar fyr o'r un gron;
Yn awr wy'n claf dystio fath berygl yw
Bod wyneb yn wyneb ag Wyres Ned Pugh.

Wrth feibion addefais mor glwyfus fy mron
O herwydd im' syllu mor fentrus ar hon;
A'r meibion ateb'sant, "Os clefyd serch yw,
Mae canoedd yn glafach am Wyres Ned Pugh."

O'r nifer wnaeth harddwch un eneth mor ffôl
Ond un yn y diwedd ga'i meddu'n ei gôl;
Cyn clwyfo ei glendid bob dyn o bob rhyw,
Meddianned 'run garo lan Wyres Ned Pugh.

CWM NEDD.

Cyfeithiad o'r Gân Seisonig, tu dal. 63.

Lle gwisga'r deri balch a'u brig
Y creigiau ro'nt eu maeth,
Mor hoff i mi trwy lwybrau'r wig
Oedd treiddio'r anial llaith.
Lle gygus ddyrcha'r daren fawr
I'r werfa glyd yn glawdd,
Fath fwyniant ge's o edrych lawr
Ar ddolau ga'ent ei nawdd.
Ie'r fath swynhad o Fannau 'ngwlad
I ganfod draw bob gwedd
A wnaent fel hardd gauedig ardd
Dy loriau Ddyffryn Nedd.

Rheidrau glywswn gyda gwŷn
O'r fath ddadguddial'u nerth,
B'le maent? a phob gorhudol lun
Addurnai'r creigle certh?
Anzeddau rifwn draw o'r Voel
Tra chwariai'r gwynt a'm gwallt;
B'le maent, a swyn y lleisiau coel
Wrاندawn o lethri'r allt?
A ph'le yn mhlith trigfanau gwiw
'N hygaraf yn ei wedd,
Canfyddwn fy nghartrefle siw
Ond rhwng dy leaydd, Nedd?

Lle'n fin-fiu gwelir gwyllt a gwar
Yn gwisgo'r twyni serth,
Lle gwnant y ffosydd lechant fâr
Ddiogelwch fwy ei werth:
Dymunwn fod fel bum i gynt
Ar daith neu helfa chwyrn,
A'm llais yn uwch na'r gwaeddfawr wynt
Yn gwatwar cwn a chyrn:
Lle gweua'r gwine, llwyd, a gwyrdd
Ei fantell am bob sedd,
'Bwyf etto'n troedio'u gwybiawg ffyrdd
Rhwng cribawg lennydd Nedd.

Y llygad du dan ddu-don wallt
Mor hygar im' ei ffam?
A'r droed na ad ar forfa hallt
Braidd nod o'i hysgafn gam;
I ateb tremiad hwn a'm trem
I ddilyn ôl fath droed,
Mor foddlon awn trwy'r awel lem,
Neu gulaf lwybrau'r coed:
B'le bynag âf, b'le bynag b'wyf,
I'w waun fel dychwel cledd,
O bob man i'm cartrefol bliwyf
Mi awn i ddyffryn Nedd

(delwedd J4329) (tudalen 079)

VI VAWR.

Air—Y Nant wrth fy Nhy (The Brook by my House).

Pan oeddwn i'n llencyn fe'm gyrwyd i'r ysgol I ddysgu fel tybient ryw bethau
o les, Ond fi er eu gwaethaf a es yn fy ngwrthol; Llythyr . en ni ddysgwn er
brased eu rhes: Pan syllwn ar lyfryn pob peth oedd yn t'wyllu, Nes gwelwn ar ddal-
en ddim mwy nag ar lawr; Er hynny trwy bob peth, fel tystia holl Gymru, Ni ddysgodd er-
ioed un yn well y V fawr.

'Nol 'madel a'r ysgol fe'm rhwymwyd dan grefft-
wyr,

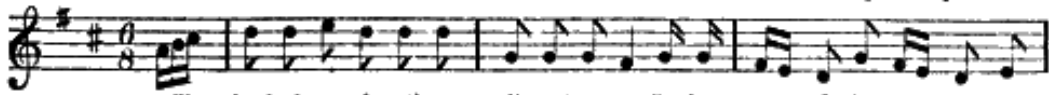
Yn saer, ac yn faiswn, yn grydd, ac yn ôf;
Ond rhyw beth o hyd a ddatodau'r llewethyr
Cyn llwytho o un peth 'n ormodol fy nghof.
Rhai crefftiau bum wrthynt nas gwn 'nawr eu
henwau,
Er gweithio rhyw dippyn wrth bob un fel cawr;
Ond clywch, er a ddysgais neu gollais o'r crefftiau
Fy phafod yn ddibaid arferai'r V fawr.

At fawrglod y crefftwr meddyliais ar brydiau,
'Bawn betyd 'n ymladdwr a champwr o glod;
Ond mwyach cês brofion rhy drwm ar fy nghernau
Bod dynion ofnadwy o ddyrnau yn bod;
Ond os cawn i genad 'nol cwmpwn i godi,
Cyn gynted cawn gefnau 'rai'm trawsant i lawr,
Fel ceiliog ar dommen y lle ca'dd ei fagu,
A'r cyntaf anadliad mi ganwn V fawr.

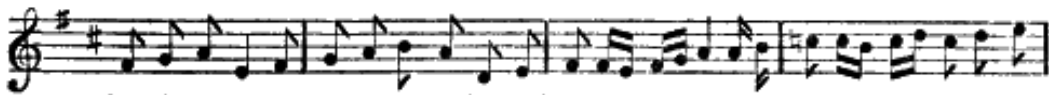
Rhai 'nol eu gorchestion i ereill wnant aros
Eu clod i drosglwyddo i oesoedd sy'n d'od,
Ond deryn mewn llaw yw'r anrhydedd fo'n agos,
Am hyny fi'n hunan yw udgorn fy nghlod;
Rhyfelwr, neu gampwr mewn ereill hydero,
Pwy ôyr rhoi'r ei wyrthiau fel haeddo i lawr!
Am hyny 'rwyf fi gydag ymladd a gweithio,
'N gofalu bob hwyrdydd ro'i tonc i'r V fawr.

Y n ydyw'r crefftwr, ymladdwr, a gweithiwr
Cywreinaf a dewraf o Wynedd i Went;
Myfi yw'r taplaswr bach puwra a chantwr,
A welwyd, a glywyd, er dyddiau Sion Cent;
Myfi os bydd genyf ond ceiniog i'w trecto,
Gaf dystion cyfrifol rhwng daear a llawr,
I haeru, i dyngu, i brofi, i bleidio,
Fy hawl yn mhob cwnpai i waeddu'r V fawr.

THE SONG OF THE OWL.

*Air—Song of the Owl.**Composed by J. T.*

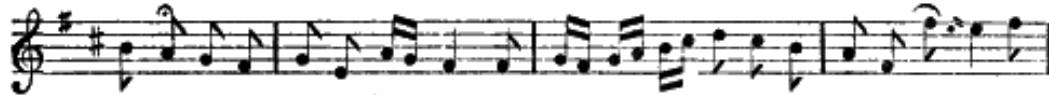
Since day hath gone from thee, man, listen to me— On the verge of the grove is my



favourite old tree: A dark-spreading oak, e'en the gloomiest there seen, In its branches I sing when the



night air is keen; I tell how the labour of man and his skill How the thoughts of



his heart and the joys of his will All tend to embellish my dreary domain, His



pomp, and his schemes, and his cares, and his guile.

Yon Castle,—go ask why the spear and the bow
Dealt death from its walls? Who defendeth it now?
Its halls, and its chambers, and tow'rs of defence,
For whom where they built at a world of expence!
Approach it when midnight hath stretch'd its dark
pall

O'er the premises dim; from the weed-bearing wall,
Thou'lt hear me proclaim the extent of my sway,
Where the ghost of its founder ne'er utters a nay.

What matters it now, tho' its portals were barr'd,
No signal, no warning, from warder or guard
Betrays my outgoings nor entrance,—and all
Are silent in death who might rouse at the call:
The feuds of its heirs for possession and might,
They're ended,—none living disputes my sole
right.

Oh fools! did they know that they fought but for me,
The truest of heirs, though the last in degree.

Man would be a despot, e'en though his heart yearns
For the friendship of those whom his haughtiness
spurns:

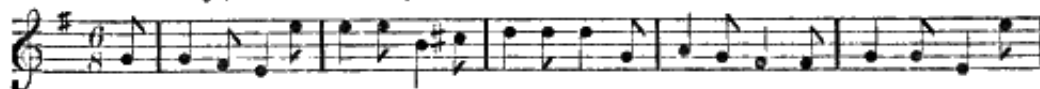
A despot should live in his splendour alone,
And keep from the envy of rivals his throne.
I dwell unannoyed in the mansion which pride
Thro' the term of man's tenure ne'er ceas'd to divide;
And my tranquil possession attested shall be,
For ages to come from this ancient oak tree.

'Mid ruins, to ruins I chant my lone song;
'Mid ruins I dwell, and my life-term is long.
I go forth at my need, when all foes are a-hed,
And the fopp'ries of daylight, they turn not my head;
From season to season I see not the sun,
Nor leave my dark haunt till his race hath been
run;

And night, when it comes, from the yew and the oak
What song but my own doth its darkness invoke?

L

CAERPHILLY.

Air—Ar Foren Teg (On a Fair Morn).

O who beholds thy once proud wall, That did beleaguering foes appal; And not the pomp whose
Pwy ystyr drwch dy gadarn fur, Frawychai e'yd warchaeol wyr, Na choſa'r mawredd



rise and fall, Was known to thee, Caerphilly? Who kens the fragments of thy tow'rs, And once for-
wawddiai ddur, O' th gauol, hen Gaerphilly? Pwy dremia ar ddadfeiliol dwr, Na choſia



gets the festive hours, Whose bounty fell like thunder show'rs Within this fair Caerphilly?
gyda'r arfog wr, Am wlediau gynt wnaent rwysgfwyr stwr Rhwng muriau hen Gaerphilly?

The strongest wall now crush'd or rent,
The loftiest turret fallen or bent,
Attest alike the dread event
That clouded fair Caerphilly;
The ivy shutting out the light;
The owl's screech thro' dreary night
Own all that tow'reth of the might
Once boasted by Caerphilly.

But tho' the tale of mould'ring wall
Confirms the tale of empty hall;
The harp of her old festival
Still sounds in fair Caerphilly;
And nooks no armed bands possess
In echoes loud this day confess
The tones that liv'd—when dreariness
Encompass'd fair Caerphilly.

Our fathers' ashes, who can say
Where at this hour they buried lie,
On level mead, or mountain high
Around thee, fair Caerphilly:
But what their spirits held most dear—
The lays that taught them not to fear—
Still live—and we the same may hear
Within this fair Caerphilly.

Yr uchaf furiau'n garnau 'nawr,
Y balchaf dyrau ar y llawr,
Adroddant y dygwyddiad mawr
Gymyial hen Gaerphilly.
Y iorwg gau olenddydd 'mas,
A nosawl gŵn ddalluan gras
Oer addef derfyn bri a thras
Hen fawredd tref Caerphilly.

Ond os yr unrhyw hanes drom
Rydd darniog fur a neuadd lom;
Y sain feddygai gynt hob siom
Sydd fyth yn hen Gaerphilly.
Y delyn deir-rhes wna'i thôn,
I'r clwyfus ddewr angboſo'i boen;
Ei sain hyd heddyw bery sôn
Am furiau hen Gaerphilly.

Ein tadau pwy fynega b'le—
Ar uchel fryn, neu isel le,
Gorweddau llwch rhwng da'r a ne'
O amgylch hen Gaerphilly?
Ond O! 'r beroriaeth ffrydiawl gu
Wnai wr a marchog gynt mor hy',
Mor ber mae heddyw ag y bu
Rhwng muriau hen Gaerphilly.

WHERE BRITAIN'S SHIPS ARE SAILING.

Air, by J. T.

From Britain's heights all eyes may see How beautiful are her valleys, And fairer, fresher



cannot be Where May with zephyr dallies; But when we've gazed both far and near What sight is so re-



galing, As that of ocean's waters clear Where Britain's ships are sailing?

To all points Ocean's currents run,
And many winds are blowing,
And varying days tell of the sun
Where he's less felt or glowing:
But every wind that loudly blows
And every current's telling
How it hath serv'd the lofty prows
Of Britain's ships when sailing.

All Britons love their native home,
Yet other homes so many
They own—that o'er the world they roam
Like those who own not any;
But when for native land at last
Their cherish'd hope is failing:
Where will they not espy the mast
Of Britain's ship when sailing?

A charter like the wind's is ours,
And every zone hath sign'd it:—
A sway so wide that Ocean's shores
In bounds hath scarce confin'd it.
O like her might her justice be,
And nations long heard wailing
Like us will greet on every sea
Old Britain's ships when sailing.

Mor hyfryd tynfa rhain'y 'nghyd
Adwaenant fryd eu gilydd,
Eu iaith sydd fal canwyllau cyn
Oleuant wyn barwydydd,
Neu amledd o ddefnyddau gwllith
A wnant yn mhlith y borfa
O'u hundeb grasol uwch y llawr
Y dafan mawr a'n synna.

Fel coedydd plan ar ael y bryn,
Yn deg a gwyn eu b'agur,
Pan lecho un rhag oerni'r llall
Yw undeb call rhwng brodyr:
Neu fel aroglisidd laswellt ir
Gydwasgir yn y mwldwl
Yw'r ber gyndeithas geidw 'nghudd
Ei bwriad prudd a'i meddwl.

Y galon faw er cadw'i gwres
Myn dynu'n nes at galon
A wiw gyfrana er yn frau
O berlau ei dirgelion:
I'r wefus gau ireidd-der ddaw,
A llaw mewn llaw gynnesa:
A hoff i'r rhai'ny drigo 'nghyd
Brofasant hud cyfrifau.

THE CAMBRIAN MINSTREL-
MY NATIVE HOME.

Air by J. T.

The tempests howl, the zephyr's breath, The flow'ry vale, the dark-brown heath, Alike have fix'd my
passive heart On thee the land that dearest art: To thee my earliest note of joy I humm'd with
bees a truant boy, And nought I pluck'd with glowing hand But dearer made my Native Land.

Above thy vale that drank the dew,
How pleas'd I've climb'd the oaks that grew;
And follow'd far each purling stream
That past away like childhood's dream:
And could the cloud rest on thy hill,
For that I'd find affection still,
For such the spell that did demand
My love for thee, dear Native Land.

In thee my cradle bed was rock'd;
'Mid thy banks the cuckoo's song I mock'd:
Thy green sod felt my bounding feet
When I and pleasure first did meet:
Then can this heart feel aught of blame,
When it swells so proudly at thy name;
Or be unmov'd, when mem'ry's wand
Doth point to thee, dear Native Land?

When summer's robe is o'er thee thrown,
Thy beauty I am first to own;
When winter's snow is thy only dress,
My love for thee is none the less:
With the passage bird I seek thy dell;
With the summer swallow, too, as well.
From mist clad hill to the pebbled strand,
I'm thine, I'm thine, dear Native Land.

In thy house of mourning or of mirth;
At friendship's call I've sought its hearth.
Thy hymn and song have own'd my voice;
And thy pastimes were my earliest choice.
I've lov'd thy fair, and honor'd thy sons,
Rever'd thy dead, as I pass'd their bones:
What's yet undone,—O but command,
I'll do it for thee, dear Native Land.

HIRAETH CYMRO AM EI WLAD.

Mesur, "Sweet Home."

Er profi pleserau pob lle yn ddi wâd,
Hen Gymru fyth garaf, yr oreu hoff wlad;
Fy nbraed wrth ei thramwy a deimlant lon wrês,
A'i hagwedd pan welwyf, i'm llygaid rýdd lês:
Wlad! wlad! hoff, hoff wlad,
'Does fan fel fy ngwlad, 'does fan fel fy ngwlad.

Pan byddwyf y'mhell, fel y g'lomen drist, trôf
Fy ngholwg tua'm cartref, nid â fyth o'm côf,

Ei bryniau, a'i gellyydd, ei hadar, a'i hwyn,—
Pob peth sydd yn anwyl, pob pren, a phob llwyn:
Wlad! wlad! hoff, hoff wlad, &c.

Gwlad fy hên gyfeillion, gwlad 'nhad, gwlad fy
mam,
Lle dysgais chwedleua, lle rho'es gyntaf gam;
Lle cysgais, lle codais, lle tyfais yn ddyn,
Lle cerais ferch gyntaf, O! wlad lôn ei llun:
Wlad! wlad! hoff, hoff wlad,
'Does fan fel fy ngwlad, 'does fan fel fy ngwlad.

MAN IN EDEN. DYN YN EDEN.

To the Air, "Men of Harlech," page 76.

When of Eden's blissful garden
 Man was tenant free and warden;
 Fairest fruit tree's fairest burden
 Him was giv'n to eat.
 Oft he gazed on tree and flower,
 Pluck'd from ev'ry cluster'd bower;
 Yet nor sunshine sweet, nor shower,
 Could his bliss complete.

What is further wanting?
 Hear the song-bird's chanting;
 On the spray whose bloom so gay
 Thy hourly joy's augmenting.
 Oh I feel a longing bitter,
 Every morn and eve makes greater:
 And my heart its plaint would utter
 To the form I'd meet.

Limbs are mine that service render;
 Form erect to stand or wander;
 Hands that bend the osiers tender
 Hourly to my will.

But when gazing round on nature:
 Why behold not form or feature,
 Like my own as every creature
 Else on plain and hill?

Here, his plaint suppressing,
 He his wish confessing,
 In his rest, first o'er his breast,
 Felt tear drops, tear drops chasing:
 But to wipe them who arriveth
 But the form his heart conceiveth?
 In the solace heaven giveth,
 Straight he knows its will.

Pan osodwyd dyn yn Eden,
 Iddo gwnaed pob perchen aden,
 Pob anifail, ffrwyth, a choeden,
 Gan y nef yn rhodd;
 Syllai ar y blodau lliwus—
 Profal'r ffrwythau mwyaf melus,—
 Eto fe ddangosai'i wefus

Nad oedd wrth ei fodd:
 Beth sy'n awr yn eisiau?
 Gwranddo'r hyfryd leisiau
 Sydd trwy'r ardd, gan adar hardd,
 Yn gweini'n swyn i'th glustiau;
 O! 'rwy'n teimlo yma angen,
 Na ddigona sain eu pylgen,
 Mae'n dirdynu wrth fy asen,—
 Gwnaf fy nghwyn ar g'odd.

Rhoddyd im' aelodau lluninidd,
 Corff sy'n syth ar y gwastadedd,
 Dwyllaw blethant winil iraidd,
 Fel tuedda 'mryd;
 Ond pahan nad allaf ganfod
 Un cyffelyb, a'i hadnabod,
 Fel gwna'r adar yn y cysgod,
 A'r bwystfod gyd?

Yna fe ddistawai,
 Ond fe deimlai ddagrau
 Gyntaf hyd ei fynwes glyd,
 Yn syrthio yn gafodau;
 Ond pwy ddeuni yno i'w sychu,
 Ond yr hon oedd e'n ddych'mygu?
 Yntau'n union a adnabu
 Werth ei drysor drud.

GWERDDONAU Y LLI.*

Cyfleithiad o Mrs. HEMANS, gan J. T.

Yn mble mae gwerddonau hyfrydwch i'w caffael,
 Mewn tegwch cyneswawl ar fynwes y lli?
 Pa yspryd gyf'rwydda ein taith 'nol ymadael
 I chwilio'r ynnysoedd dedwyddawl eu bri.
 Ein tadau mewn peraidd lewygion a'u gwelsant,
 Deonglwyd i'r dewrion orwiwder eu gwedd;
 Ond y gobaith yn unig o'u mwynder brofasant,
 Canys neb ni'u ladwaenodd cyn adwen ei fedd.

Yr uchel o fryd—h'le maent heddyw yn gorphwys
 A hwylient am hafaidd Werddonau y Lli?
 Gan wyntoedd y weilgi eu hunes sydd wiwlwys,
 Eu beddau ni welir yn henwlad eu bri.
 Ynghartre'r awelon, lle unant aroglau
 Ro'nt yspryd anfarwol i drigfan yr hedd
 Mae eu lle—ond eu camrau ar henwlad eu tadau
 Ni welir—y glasfor fu iddynt yn fedd.

* Cred yr Hen Frytanïaid oedd mai yn mheli yn y Môr Gorllewinol oedd trigfan y dedwydd, neu Werddonau y Lli.

DYWED GOG. BANKS OF AERON.

Air—Banks of Aeron, by J. T.

Dywed gôg, cyn gwelir onen Braidd na derwen iawn o ddail, Am wlad bell pam
Banks of Aeron I have sought you, When the tear drop dimm'd my eye, And with heart such



Heda'th aden A gwres haulwen yn neshau? Cyn bo'r blodau hardd yn agor—Cyn bo'u 'roglau
as I brought you, Mourn'd the griefs my fear deem'd nigh: And when turn'd my head in sadness, Thrush and linnet



Henwi'r na's, Ymaith i'r bell enig oror Ai & r ganiad oreu'i blas.
heard I there; In their wild-notes tell, what madness 'Tis for distant days to care.

Gwybydd, fardd, os cerdd dy dafod
Fel peth hynod geidw 'i blas,
Fel fy siw fryd gathl ddwy-nod,
Aed o glyw gan wanwyn glas;
Pe aroswn bafaid ddyddiau
Khwng y ceingeiau mwyaf eu,
Dynion fyrrd wnaent gau eu clustiau
Rhag fy nodau tlodion i.

Hudol gog, os gwir siaradu,
Cyn eaf mwyach enaint e'od;
Gwadu raid im' wlad a theulu,
Nau i dramor dir rhaid d'od;
Nau mewn ardal fedrwn lonni
Cyn gwnaf mwyach hono'n llon,
Rhaid im' golli 'ngolwg arni,—
Rhaid i'w phriddelll gud.llo'm bron.

Ar dy law y bardd mae'th ddewis,
Gwn mae melus iawn yw'r mawl:
Ond o'r gwir mi th wnes yn hyspys,—
Gwir na wyddis gwerth ei wawl;
Os o wlad i wlad gwnai 'nghaulyn,
Yn mhob dyffryn gyda'i dân
Fw roesawf, clod fo'n erfyn,
Daw i'r gwir-ddyn fedro'r gân.

Banks of Aeron I have crossed you
When I felt ambition's swell,
And before my eye had lost you
Heard afar the tolling bell:—
To the hill and dale 'twas telling
In a sullen, sober, tone,
To his last and lowest dwelling,
Who from wealth and fame had gone.

Banks of Aeron I have view'd you
When my heart beat high with *Love*,
And as evening's breath bedew'd you,
Sought what might its fallness prove.
When its flame was brightest burning,
There I heard the widow'd dove
For her lost mate sadly mourning
Till her sorrows fill'd the grove.

Banks of Aeron you have taught me
Lessons deep when none stood by;
Now to those who ne'er besought me
Do I sing them as I sigh;
And my sighing is for moments
When the fervent lip and eye,
In the heart's sincerest comments
Did to Nature's voice reply.

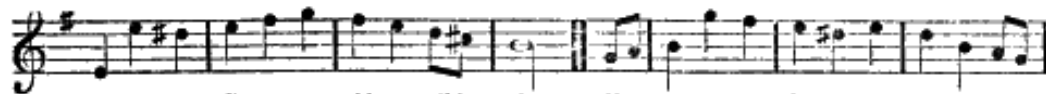
TI DDERYN. THOU BIRD.

Air—Coed y Fynwent (Churchyard Trees) by J. T.

Ti dderyn ddad . geni uwch mynwent y plwyf, Os geirwir dy gâthlau mae it
Thou bird that dost sing on the churchyard a green tree, If true be thy wild notes no



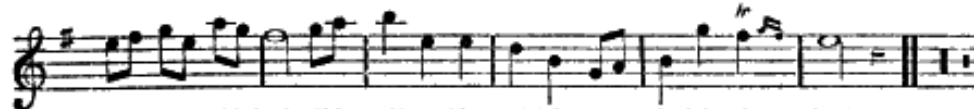
fynwes ddi glwyf: Pe danat gorphwysai rhai anwyl mewn gro, A
sorrow hurts thee: Had thy thoughts been of dear ones below thee that rest, So



ganet mor llawen pan ddenent i'th go? Nes meddwyf y fynwes a feddais at
found a note would escape not thy breast, Till I in a mood like thy own can stand



gan Bydd ddystaw uwch mynwent lle claddais i' un lan: Nes gallaf fel gellwn gyd
by, Oh! sing not such strains where my dearest doth lie: Till I can do something thy



un . o a'th fawl, i'th dôn sydd mor siriol un doniol rho dawl.
glad chant doth suit, Awhile o'er this churchyard in pity be mute.

Beth bynag fo'r sychder fo'n ysu pob tir
Mae man yn ein plwyf waer bob amser yn ir,
Maes angau yw hwaw, ac un o'r rhai claf
Wyf ffinau dan alar a'i dyfal ddyfrhaf:
Gym'dogion, os lledu mai'r chwyn yn fy ngardd,
Na'm beiwch am dymor am nad yw'n fwy hardd:
Y cladd a agorais ar fynwent y plwyf,
Beth blannais ar hwnw, dyfrhaaf ef mwy.

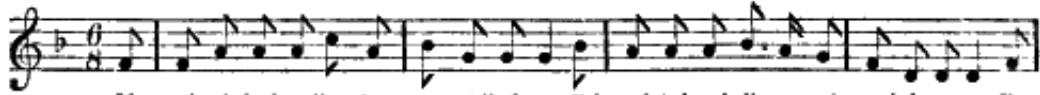
Pan sycho'r ffinonau o amgylch y wlad,
Y cofant am blantyn, am fam, ac am dad,
Ro'nt brofion gularus ac amlwg i'r byd
Bod ffinon rhyw alar yn tarddu o hyd:
Ac O! gan na feddodd ond un ferch fy mron,
Pa wedd na fydd tarddiad diddysbydd am hon?
Am feyw gadawais bob tras er ei mwyn,
Os di-drai fy nghariad, bydd di-drai fy nghwyn.

Around us whatever is scorch'd by the sun,
A stream tow'rd's the churchyard for ever doth run,
And I, 'mongst bereft ones, must prove by my tears
Why Death's field keeps green through the driest of years,
Oh friends, if my garden with weeds is o'er grown,
Forgive me a while, if it seem not my own; [yew,
The flow'r-bed I've rais'd 'neath the churchyard's dark
Since I 'twas that dug it, I'll water it too.

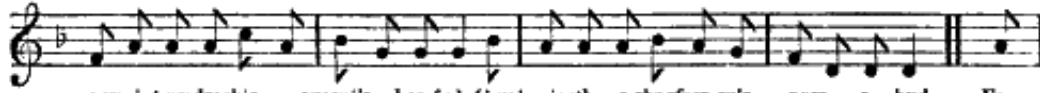
The love that my bosom did cherish with pride,
'Twas that I could ne'er with another divide:
And now since I've lost what was all to my soul,
My sorrow again I must take as a whole.
A bearer of sorrows so truly my own,
Her grave I must seek and depart from alone;
For who would so oft my sad elegy hear,
As I would repeat what I think of my Dear?

MANTAIS.

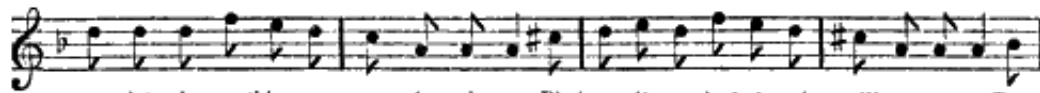
Air—Disfyruck Gwyr Dyfi (The Delight of the Men of Dovey).



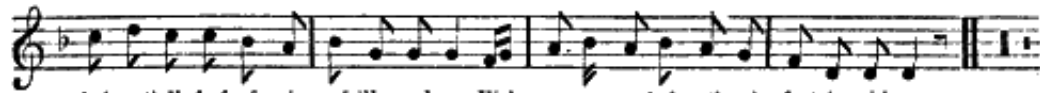
Mae pethau'n bod . oli a'm synant i'n fawr: Fel gwelais hwy'n llencyn mi gwelaf yn awr. Er



cymaint ymdrechir cysoni'r hen fyd, Gwahuniaeth a rhagfarn sy'n para o hyd. Er



cymaint brygawthir am wyrni pob oes, Rhai welir o hyd i rai ereill yn groes: Trwy



bob peth lled ofnaf mai cyfaill yw dyn, Wel orau o bob peth ei fantais ei hun.

Rhai haerant mewn trawsder ac weithiau ar wên
Mai sieraf a doethaf yw dilyn yr hen!
Hen dybiau, hen deunau, hen hanes, hen dôn,
A'r henaf ddefodau am danynt b'o son.
Ac ereill dan gecru a'u cegau ar led,
Mewn tónau, a dillad, a gwisgad a chred
Ddychafant y newydd—a newydd beth dyn
Fynychaf yw'r peth fo i'w fantais ei hun.

Mewn ffordd mor wahanol mae gwyr o'r un enwad
Yn proi eu serch a'u haelioni i'r tlawd!
Gwnai rhai ef mor gib-ddall a'r wadd dan ei droed.
Ac ereill mor benrydd a bwystfil y coed.
Un rhyngddo a phob peth a rwygai bob llen,
Nes gwelaf y gwan-ddyn ond llygad a phen;
Un arall a'i dysgai mewn pob peth ond un,
Sef gwel'd beth bentyra i'w fantais ei hun.

Gobeithiwn, Frytaniaid, fod tymor gerllaw
Ar lawer o gleber ragrithiol rydd daw;
Pan gorfydd pob pleidiau broffesant ein lles
At bethau a brofwyd i dynu yn nes.
Gobeithiwn o'r diwedd 'nol beio a chnoi,
A thynu, a phledio, a thaeru, a throi,
D'wed pob dyn addefo ei rwymau i ddyn
Beth gyll i'w fanteisio o'i fantais ei hun.

Bod llawer peth etto yn Mrydain o le,
Mae hyny mor anlwg a'r haul yn y ne':—
Bod rhaid cael rhai dewr i wneyd cymwys o'r cam
Mae'n hawdd i ddyn ddeail cyn 'mado a'i fam.
Ond trwy'r diwygiadau sydd etto i ddod,
Rhaid geisiant eu cyfoeth, ac ereill eu clod,
Wnant achos in' gofio, trwy bob peth bod dyn
A'i llygad o hyd ar ei fantais ei hun.

THE OLD WATER MILL.

To the same Air.

<p>O there was the mill stream my lips could once greet As a pilgrim's that sought it to cool his tir'd feet. So smooth was its surface, its current so free; The bee that flew o'er it, its picture might see. The pulse of that dingle, now still as the grave, Owns none that doth care from the riv'let to save The water so many did wait to see fill, When Gwilym might need it to turn his old Mill.</p> <p>No docks on the mill pond, nor swine in the sty; Nor gander assaulting the lads that run by: With Gwilym the Miller and Jack his white horse They're gone, and the current knows not its old course.</p> <p>O'ergrown is the pool, which, when Easter days came, Brought hither stout urchins that boasted their game In grasping the eels that gave life to its slime, When shovels on shovels threw't up in quick time.</p> <p>Ab! well could I name my companions that flew Like myself to the miller, when kind was his cue: To have our sweet handfuls of peccorn ere ground, While clack went the mill, and the big wheel turn'd round.</p> <p>How loud he would talk, when the storm of his mill His hawling made needful—and then when 'twas still, Old Gwilym ne'er knew how to alter his key, For he thought all the world struck with deafness but he.</p>	<p>How oft as he went to examine his dyke 'Twas puzzling to say what his features were like, When he settled with conscience perhaps 'bout the toll As it fidgetly told him to think of his soul: But ere from reflection's hot fit he grew cool, A shrill voice announc'd that the millpond was full, Then clack went the merry old mill as before, And conscience was hush'd as it rattled the more.</p> <p>Now dead is the miller; but lies not alone, For with him I'm told went to sleep his wife Joan, Who knew her good time when a farmer's wife came, To press her to tea, and partake of the same. The crack of a whip as it near'd the old mill, The carter's loud gee, or his whistling so shrill Were always her signals to haste to her door, Some fav'rite to greet with the corn that came o'er,</p> <p>Whatever Old Gwilym, or fancied or took, Between him and conscience he still kept a book, And few of his neighbours most prejudiced durst Of millers aver that old fellow was worst: And few have pass'd by the dear spot where he dwelt, Who for his departure some grief have not felt, For though he might take, as your men that must live, Ev'n more than he took he was ready to give.</p>
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DEAR COMRADE.

To the same Air.

<p>Dear Comrade, those green days no longer are ours When we hail'd with like rapture the snowflakes and flow'rs; Or welcom'd the tempest that blew up our hair, As a playmate that came our wild pastimes to share. Still, winter has sweets that the manliest of brow May jointly partake as they smile at his snow; And the frost that converts to hard metal our lands Can freeze into union good fellowship's hands.</p>	<p>While roar the loud winds at our houses' pine ends, What a lecture they preach on the value of friends! They tell us what fellowship's bonds have in lieu Of the green joys of summer, for me and for you. And sweet is the thought as the welkin grows dark, That homes are at hand which old friends make their ark; While last in the valleys the falls and the floods That shake our old bridges, and deluge our roads.</p>
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M

Yon closet that looks like a honey-comb fair
 Supplies us with comforts we know how to share;
 While humming our ditties before the bright fire
 The hive of old friendship its bees should inspire.
 But ne'er be't forgot as we warm at the blaze,
 That man's born to trouble as sparks from it rise:
 And while the loud cracking of faggots we hear,
 Let's think of the sufferer who then may be near.

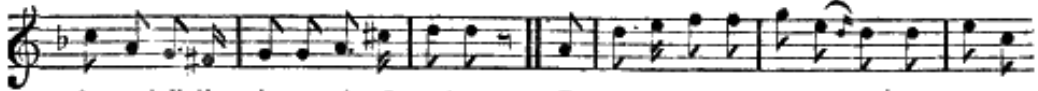
Our eating our drinking we'd have not exceed,
 What we wish every child of Old Adam, in need;
 Our mirth shall be theirs who would live as they love
 The myriads who have like themselves from above.
 While we warm hand or foot, Oh by none be it told
 The heart, as we did it, for sufferers grew cold;
 And ne'er may we blush at the tear drops that start
 To prove as they boil the right heat of the heart.

OLD GRIFFITH'S SMITHY.

Air—Yr Eneth Lan (The Fair Damsel).



There is the spot (who has forgot) Where stood Old Griffith's Smithy; Its dingy wall, its



form and all, Now hear me sing, I prythee. For many an hour, while fell the show'r, I've spent



there with my cronies: What time for fun we'd jump and run, Like wild black mountain ponies.

Oft in a ring, we'd say or sing,
 What folks too well might listen;
 And with each joke, through sparks and smoke,
 Old Griffith's eye would glisten.
 With every heat, as all thought meet,
 His verdict he would stammer,
 And turning back, seal'd with a smack
 Of his tremendous hammer.

If fired with noise—look to 't my boys,
 He had a way to thunder,
 When from his chops he threw huge drops
 His mighty sledge blow under;
 'Twas rarest fun to hear his gun,
 And see some novice frighten'd,
 When he old cob his nose did rub
 As his sly eye's corner whiten'd.

There tales of ghosts and doubted posts
 Were every day gazetted,
 And there the news of every booze
 By idlers was repeated:
 There spread the fame of cocks of game
 And all high mettled horses,
 And wond'rous things of lords and kings
 Were said to grace our farces.

There masons, crost by rain and frost,
 With Idiot Tom would meddle;
 The weaver too, with nose so blue,
 Would there propound his riddle:
 And many a sprite the cold did bite
 There brought fag ends of scandal,
 All for to teaze, or else to please
 The rough good natur'd vandal.

The sexton grey was prone to stay
 Oft in this cell of clatter,
 And sharp and rough, like bellows' puff,
 Was his remark and hotter;
 But smooth or rough all did pass off
 Just like the sparks from welding,
 For there your pride show'd not its hide
 Within old Vulcan's building.

When stiff with age the village sage
 Came there for seat and hearers,
 With hammer's pause of courts and laws
 He spoke, and had his cheerers:
 The pond'rous sledge on anvil's edge
 Was held when he declaimed
 Of British rights and foreign fights,
 And none his doubts proclaimed.

The frying iron to wield and turn
 Old Griffith had no equal;
 As corn from flail the fiery hail
 In showers flew at his brick-wall:
 With look so gruff and arm so tough
 He seem'd an object fearful,
 Yet work being done, find could we none
 More kind, humane, or cheerful.

Untaught in books, your studied looks
 His speech was like his iron,
 First out it flew in red and blue
 An object fit to scare one:
 But he who might stare at this wight,
 And pity his moral blindness,
 More yet would stare to know his share
 O'th' milk of human kindness.

FAR, FAR FROM THEE, MY MARY DEAR.

Air—Griffith ap Cyman's Delight. See page 38.

Far, far from thee, my Mary dear,
 And scenes I value next to thee,
 I spend the day, the month, the year,
 As part of exil'd destiny:
 What tho' I'm in my native land,
 And speak and hear my native tongue;
 What, tho' I've friends on either hand;
 My Love is not those friends among.

O! much I love my country's hills,
 And never, never, when I pass
 Needs aught remind me of the rills
 That welcomes chime to all that pass;
 But when I sadly call to mind
 'Tween me and whom those hills arise,
 Then to their thousand beauties blind,
 I see but that which wakes my sighs.

Send me a dove thy hand hath rear'd,
 And faithful as a dove should be;
 To thee and me from hearts endear'd
 A bearer of our thoughts 'twill be.

To every letter thou dost send
 Fix not a seal but with thy kiss,
 And to that dove thy words commend,
 As worthiest messenger of bliss.

Rivers that run both East and West,
 E'en these at last in ocean meet:
 So thou and I when heav'n deems best
 Will find a time and place to greet.
 The hearts of lovers—'tis my creed
 Are ruling heaven's peculiar care;
 Think thou the same,—and may we speed
 That good t' obtain we hope to share.

Of thee I dream, of thee I think,
 And in my late or early walk,
 On mountain's brow, or river's brink,
 E'en to myself of thee I talk.
 All other thoughts my heart retains,
 They are but stor'd, Love, for thy ear,
 Till spite of rivers, hills, and plains,
 We yet shall be each other near.

OUR SON'S RETURN. DYCHWELIAD FY NGWR ADREF.

Air—Wil a'i Fam (Will and his Mother.)

John Williamson, what is that news? That letter read me ouce again: I'm yet—I'm yet thy
 happiest spouse, And thou art, John, most blest of men; The dreams I've told so oft to thee,—Now
 see how well they all agree: Our son at last returns from sea.

And yet my Kate at dead of night,
 When stormy winds were heard o'erhead,
 How oft hast thou in sudden fright
 Awak'd and cried this son was dead?
 And I as oft assured thee
 Those winds might no annoyance be
 To our good lad tho' far on sea.

John, where there's love, alack a day!
 There must as well be hope and fear:
 Without a cloud, I've heard thee say,
 We'd have no rain-bows thro' the year.
 From all I dreaded, now I see
 The brighter is the joy for me
 Because our son returns from sea.

Now Kate, a wink I cannot sleep
 Till all my friends this letter bear:
 There are no secrets here to keep
 That sha'nt be known to every ear.
 To Ned the Smith I'll run, and he
 To scores my messenger will be
 To say our son returns from sea.

Well go and tell them once, my John,
 If they but wait a day or two,
 We'll make them merry every onc,
 And each shall give our joy its due;

Edrychweh fry, edrychweh lawr,—
 Rhowch drem ar goetcae, bryn, a dol;
 Dros lwybrau'r caeau, neu'r ffordd fawg
 Ni w'ys trwy b'un y dychwel 'nol.
 Os ffryns sydd imi dan y nc',
 Beth well wnant heddyw 'gylch fy lle
 Na gwylied taith fy ngwr i dre?

Mewn ffair neu farchnad, neu mewn llan,
 Mor wael yw'r wraig fo heb ei dyn;
 Ei phrudd-der feilir yn mhob man,
 A'i gwén ddrwg dybir, deg i un:
 Beth bynag mwy fo o chwith neu dde
 Os cywir fydd i'w olwg e'.
 Boddlon a bawb o gylch ei dre'.

Os dydd Sul nesaf awn i'r Llan
 Ei siet briodas arno fydd,
 A phawb ganfyddant yn y fan
 Fath ofal am ei bilyn sydd:
 A'm gorau bethau i heb ble,
 Fu cyd dan glo a'i wisgad e',
 Ca' rhai'n gyhoeddi pwy sy' nhref.

Pan aeth ef gyntaf ar ei daith
 Ei iangaf fab oedd ar y fron,
 Heb wybod gair o unrhyw iaith,
 Na medru cam ar barth na thôn:

For once yourself and company
Shall have a waiter, John, in me,
Because our son's returned from sea.

Bless thee, old girl, and now would I
For all thy faults a pardon sign,
No brighter look'd that dark grey eye,
E'en on the day thou first wert mine:
Now worthy dost thou seem to me
The mother of that boy to be,
That to thy arms returns from sea.

Yn awr mewn brethyn cryf o we'
Yn bum mlwydd oed, pwy ond efe,
A i roesawi 'i dad i dre.

Fy nagrau hylif, pam y'ch chwi
Fynyched heddyw'n golchi 'ngrudd?
Yn wir cyn amled gwnaf eich rhi'
Ag ar fy nhrwm hiraethlon ddydd:
Wel, boed y ffrwd yn wan neu gro',
Ei ffordd hi ga' nes gwelir o'
A'i sycha'n rhwydd yn iach yn uhre'.

GLENYDD Y RHEIDOL. THE RINGERS.

Air—Saith Nos Olau (Seven Light Nights).

Ar lenydd y Rheidol, beth bynag fo'r hia, Y ieuane a'r hen y'nt am gannu, A'r
iacha ei fron yw'r hwylusa ei fin I daro'r Hen Ganfed neu Derby. Y
gof a'r saer meini, a'r pannwr a'r crydd, 'Nol curo drwy'r dydd gyda'r dyrnwr, A
gurant 'nol b'ont o bob curo yn rhydd Iawn amser gan Ivan y Salmwr.

Mae Ivan bob wythnos pan ddel ar ei dro
Yn nesaf ei barch i'r gweinidog,
A thyrfa a'i dilyn trwy gonglau y fro,
O'i fawrglod a'i barch y'nt gyfranog.
A'i bib a'i fforch diwano yn barod wrth law,
Pob teula, beth bynag fo'u cyflwr,
I'w trymaf ofalon eu her ro'nt o draw
Os gwelant ond pig Ivan Salmwr.

'Nol son am wyr enwog a son am wyr bach,
'Rwy'n credu 'dos ond blewyn cwta
'Nol olrhain gweithredoedd a hanes ac âch,
O'r diwedd a brawf pwy sydd fwya'.

Who'd not as he hears the town bells gaily ring
Have a peep at the rusty old ringers,
Where high as the wall loving daw goes on wing
They are plying at the loud brazen swingers:
A peep I have had, and to all I declare,
Where I thought to see fat ones and jolly,
Such barebones I found, that each seem'd by his stare
To belong to the witch melancholy.

Old stickers they are at your corners and inns,
That claim the best blood in the borough,
They get the best stuffing at times for their skins,
And at others half famish'd get narrow

Beth bynag dŵed hanes hen lyfrau am rai
Wnaent gynt yu eu cylchoedd fawr gyunwr',
Rhwyg glenydd y Rheidiol eu henwau ynt lai
O raddau nag enw Ivan Salmwr.

Pe tawai'r uchedydd, pe tawai y gog,
Pe'n ust b'ai o gylich ar bob coedwig,
Telynu Glan Rheidiol ni fyddant y'ng hrog
Tra chwyth yn y Salmwr mynyddig:
Pe sychai'r holl nentydd, a llosgai y tir,
Pe tawai hen Rheidiol a'i dwdwr,
Os un peth rag dd'wedwyd am ddynion fu'n wir,
Yn eanu b'ai côr Ivan Salmwr.

Os undyn sy'n haeddu rhwyg glenydd y llan
Ar faen guel o'i waith goffadwriaeth;
'R un gadwodd y gydgerdd yn fyw i'r fath fan,
Boed nesaf i'r gwr rowdd y bregoth:
A'i bib a'i fforeh dŵno am hyn uwch ei ben
Yn agos i'r côr bu'n addysgwr,
I gantwyr y dyffryn yn ie ac amen
Byw byth fyddo enw'r hen Salmwr.

The wheel of a carriage as quickly they hear
As a street parched duck doth the thunder,
And she is not gladder of rain than of beer
Are the choir that proclaim a town's wonder.

As long as they can they keep time in their peal,
But Time must allow them to swallow,
And soon the loud hurly above can't conceal
That the spectres below do get mellow;
And when they're blind drunk, sir, the steeple as well
'Mid peals of his own seems to stagger,—
With a tongue independent 'gins every loud bell
For its freedom with ringers to swagger.

Ye that would have ringers to tell all around
Of the joy that should greet your arrival,
Take care that the bells have no long while to sound
Ere drink make the ringers as jovial;
Your silver must answer the peal of the bell,
And great men must show they've great purses,
Else from flatt'ry's heav'n they'll be plung'd in its bell
And greetings will change into curses.

SUSAN OF MASALEG.

Air—Ar Foren Teg. See page 82.

Haste to the greenwood—haste, my Love;
What house is like the leafy grove?
And where's the birch allied to love
Like that of fair Masaleg?
Come, Love—I'll take thee thro' the glade,
By trees that blest with kindest shade
The happiest bard and fairest maid
That ever trod Masaleg.

The birch is now as soft as then,
And waves as gently o'er the glen,
To me as the most lov'd of men
Around this fair Masaleg.
Where he, most loving and most lov'd,
The grove with lays of *Morvydd* mov'd
The bliss he felt, by me he prov'd
With Susan of Masaleg.

More than two hundred lays sang he
To laud his Love's supremacy;
These let me read 'neath beechen tree,
To Susan of Masaleg.

Where sat the bard, his wild note's charm,
Each rural haunt can yet make warm,
While thou dost hear upon my arm
The Loves of Old Masaleg.

A *Morvydd* I, like him, can find,
But ah! where is the gifted mind,
Can servants make of stream and wind,
Or to, or from Masaleg?
Dove, thrush, and black-bird I can see;
O for the charm of poesy.
That on love errands sent the three
For *Davydd* of Masaleg.

But he whom love did make a bard—
Proves not his song how thy regard
Like *Morvydd*'s may be thought and word
For all around Masaleg?
Thy eye, thy lip, thy cheek, thy hair,
If I with *Morvydd*'s own compare;
My song perhaps a host will swear
Is *Davydd*'s of Masaleg.

YN MRIG YR HWYR.

Tôn—Ar Hyd y Nos.

O mor felus im' yw rhodio, Ym mrig yr hwyr, Lle bo ana'l nen yn gwllitho,

Ya mrig yr hwyr. Lle bo llygad hardd fodeuyn Gyda llygad seingar dderyn

Yn cydganu ar arfed dyffryn, Ya mrig yr hwyr.

Llawer peth sy'n hoff ei gofio,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr,
 Melus gynt a melus etto,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr;
 Cofio serch a'i wybiawl deithiau,
 Cofio'r meibion, cofio'r llwybrau,
 Garwa byth i' nghofio inau
 Yn mrig yr hwyr.

If I go to seek my dearest,
 When it is night,
 Said not she what path is nearest,
 When it is night?
 Tho' the eye of hate may watch me,
 If my by-way Love's doth teach me,
 Who is he that can o'er-reach me
 When it is night?

Dacw harddlyd ferch y felin,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr,
 Brawd na chwa'r nid yw hi'n erfyn,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr;
 Cwyd ei llaw i sychu deigrin,
 Beth ai perodd? oediad glauddyn—
 O na wnawn i'r tro am ryw un,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr!

Cwrdd â theithiwr fo'n lluddedig,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr,
 Dangos iddo'i ffordd yn ddiddig,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr;
 Cwrdd cymmydog—troi i siarad,
 Cwrdd a chyfaill byth mwy gwynfad—
 Curo pob peth, cwrdd a'm cariad,
 Yn mrig yr hwyr.

Dark and drear my way is to her
 When it is night;
 Dark to all but such a wooer,
 When it is night,
 Love, that is too blind to change her,
 Well may that be blind to danger,
 In the path I tread, a stranger,
 When it is night.

Tho' I clasp the form I see not,
 When it is night;
 Tho' I press the lips I ken not,
 When it is night;
 What a day reveal'd me of her,—
 Let me but her wish discover;—
 That shall draw and guide her Lover,
 When it is night.

CYFEILLACH GYMYDOGOL. NIGHT SONG.

Ar yr un Dôn.

Hoff i mi yw gwedd cymydog,
 Ar hyd y nos,
 O'n cyfrinach fo'n gyfranog,
 Ar hyd y nos;
 Aelod ffyddlon gu etholwyd
 I goffhau ar wresog aelwyd
 Fin wrth fin y pethau brofwyd,
 Ar hyd y nos.

Beth i mi yw byllt a chloion,
 Ar hyd y nos,
 Fo'n dosparthu hoff gyfeillion,
 Ar hyd y nos?
 Beth i mi yw drws anhepcor,
 Ond y plaser pan b'wy'n borthor
 I'r ymwelydd hoff ei agor,
 Ar hyd y nos.

Fel bo'r ganwyll yn gwanychu,
 Ar hyd y nos,
 Mwyaf dysglaer bydd y stori,
 Ar hyd y nos;

From the summit dark and dreary,
 At dead of night,
 In the deep voice nought doth vary,
 At dead of night;
 Rivers in their confines hollow,
 Hear them bid the riv'lets follow
 To the depths that all things swallow,
 At dead of night.

By the dim and roofless tower,
 At dead of night,
 That doth mourn departed power,
 At dead of night;
 While the winds in cadence tearful
 Tell the tale that awes the fearful
 Pass may I with bosom cheerful
 At dead of night.

O'er the heights the waters sunder
 At dead of night,
 Oft be mine the bliss to wander
 At dead of night;

Rhwng cyfeillion pur eu helfen
Mil goleuach canwyll frwyuen
Nag i'r cougfulch lamp ddisglaerwen,
Ar hyd y nos.

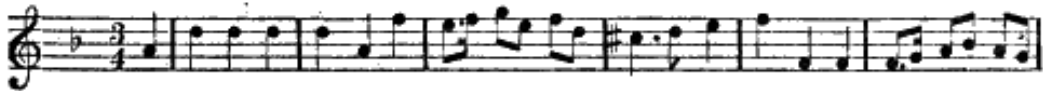
And in converse, not unholy,
With the stars o'er rolling slowly,
Day forget and day-light's folly,
At dead of night.

Cân a chwedl, pwnc a rheswm,
Ar hyd y nos,
Amryw geinciau y'at o'r cwlm,
Ar hyd y nos,
Sydd yn dal heb ryw na gorfod
Wŷr y'ng hyd o'r un gydwybod,
Hwn os gall gwnaed ffol ei ddatod,
Ar hyd y nos.

When the rest of toil is sweetest,
At dead of night,
And the heart for musing meetest,
At dead of night,
In the wondrous tale of Nature
Let my ear as sole narrator
Hear the voice of my Creator
At dead of night.

CAN I FIS MAI.

Tôn—*Hoffedd Howell ap Owen Gwynedd (The Delight of Howell son of Owen Gwynedd).*



Pwy welaf yn symud dros waelod y dyffryn A'i chamrau ar finion'r af-
Ei hesgyd bodeu-frith can . fyddaf yu sydyn, Mor brydferth ei furiad ar



onydd mor hardd. Dros gefn ei mein-droed yr oenyg sy'n llamu, A'r
lwybrau y bardd.



gog ar ei hysgwydd gy . hoedd . a ei thaith, A hithau o en . an na



fedrant ond gwenu A ettyb gy . farchiad pob peth yn ei iaith.

Y plant i'w chyfarfod a redant yn goesnoeth,
A'r gwanaf ymlusga am gusau i'w thraed;
Yr hen yn eu drysau a safant yn bennoeth
I deimlo effeithiau ei gwên trwy eu gwaed.
Yr adar ddisgynant o'r wig ar ei bysaidd,
Gan geisio'i gwrandawriad, a chenad am gân,
A'r gweyn yn heidiau ar wartha'r un g'ruaidd,
A'u mwniau melusber annogant bi 'ula'n.

Mi'i gwela'n anadlu ar brenau y goedwig,
A'r dail ffordd y rhodia y'nt filoedd ar led;
Ei chwys pan ddifera fel olew y meddyg
I'r boucyff f'ai'n criuo'n ireiddiol a red;
O Fai, pwy na wena wrth wel'd dy syddinoedd
O loi ac ebolion mor gampus o'th blaid,
A'r dduwies Llwenydd ar odre'r mynyddoedd
Yn annog yr oenyg i 'mnerthu'n ei naid.

N

Yr arddwr mewn syndod wrth ganfod eu nwyfiant,
 A saf ar y talar i ddadgan dy glod,
 Tra traethu'r awelon o amgylch dy lwyddiant,
 A lles dy ymweliad b'le bynag bo'th dro'd.
 Y cywion a deimlant mor dda wyt a thlyner,
 Pan daenu dy fantell dan wadau eu tra'd,
 A'r hedydd pan deimlo ei gwely mor lwyster
 Pr awyr eheda i ddadgan dy rád.

O dere'n ddiwed ar dy dro at fy mwthyn,
 Fy ngardd i'th roesawi a roddais mewn trefn,
 A chalon obeithiol arosaf i'th dderbyn,
 A'th wên ni anghofaf pan welwyf dy gefn;
 O'm hannedd cydrodiwn at geulan yr afon,
 A'm babau ddaw genyf yn ffraethyn bach ffri,
 Ar loriau y gwllith ni gawn drochi y gwirion,
 Ac yno'i fedyddio i'r Awen a thi.

CAMSYNIAID Y CARWR.

Air—Y Berllan (The Orchard).

Slow.

Pwy welaf draw yn symud Trwy lenni'r cysgod du, Y
 dro'dffordd gro's mae'n gym'ryd, 'Does dim a wnel â mi. Pa raid i garwr
 ofni Fo'n synio ond ar serch; Yn mlaen mi âf heb grynu, 'Does
 braw a all fy llethu; Yr hylta beth wna'm dallu, Ni'm deil rhag medd-
 u merch.

Ow! ow! mae'n dirwyn attaf,
 Os yspryd hyllaf yw,
 Y peth sydd imi reitaf
 Yw prawf a fedd ar glyw.
 Attolwg d'wed dy neges,
 Ai dynes wyt ar daith,
 Pa'm gwneut fy mron oedd gynes
 O ddyebryn fyn'd mor ddiwres?
 Dy enw d'wed a'th hanes
 Boed deules it o'th waith.

Fy enw, clyw, yw hiraeth,
 Hoff im' gysgodau'r nos,
 Fy nagrau i sy'n dadlaeth
 Y rhew ar lwybrau cro's;
 O ddygwydd daethum heno
 Yn groes i'th deithio di,
 Ac os bydd imi roesaw
 Trwy'r dyffryn i'th gyf'rwyddaw,
 Ni fyddi gwaeth un difraw,
 Yn law-law awn dros li'.

Dy eiriau wnant im' ofni
 A choio'n drist fy mai;
 D'wed im' beth wna'th foddloni,
 Mi'i gwnaf, a dim yn llai.
 Mae'r eneth lân a dwyllais
 Yn mhell yn Lloegr draw,
 Y glana' oedd a weiais,
 Ac ar ei hol mi wylais,
 Ow! am fy nieflig ddyfais,
 Fel d'wedais im' y daw.

O fab, pa ddal ar eiriau
 Y coegyn byr ei gof,
 A'i galon yn ei enau,
 O'th ymyl diau trof;
 Ond cofia'n ddwys fy rhybydd,
 Y ferch ga's gystudd gwael,
 Fydd iti'n waeth na cherydd,
 A'r cof am oll o'th gelwydd
 Yn ddraenen dan d' obenydd
 I'th fenydd â heb ffael.

O chwervon iawn dy eiriau,
 Pob un sy'n ffiniog gledd,
 Dychwelaf, Ow! Ow! minnau
 A'm meddwl ar fy medd,

Y saeth o fron fy ngh'lomen
 I'm haren wael fy hun
 Mi drof—a phan bwy'n dywarchen,
 Caiff glywed beth fu'm dyben
 Am dwyllo un fal Elen
 Mor llawen gynt ei llun.

Os y'nt dy eiriau'n onest
 Cei eli ar dy glwyf,
 A chymer air yn earnest,
 Dy les bwriadu wyf;
 Dy Elen dygaf attaf,
 Os hyny a'th iachâ,
 A derfydd ei gofyniad
 Yn fer o flaen y 'ffeiriad,—
 Ond ffol ni ôyr ei fwriad,
 A'u syniad gwag ni sa'.

O f' enaid, beth wy'n glywed,
 Ai llais fy Elen wiw?
 Y cwpan roest i'w yfed
 O farw gwnaeth fi'n fyw:
 Un guir fy merch wy'n geisio
 Gael wirio 'nawr mewn llef,
 Pob peth yn dyst fo heno
 Os byth bydd imi grwydro
 Oddiw'rth y ferch sy'n gwrando,
 Mewn angho' bwyf heb Nef.

BLODAU'R GRUG.

Gwel y Dôn, tu dal. 1.

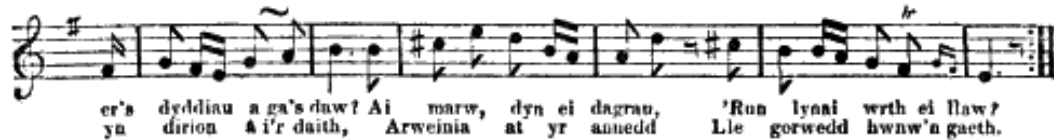
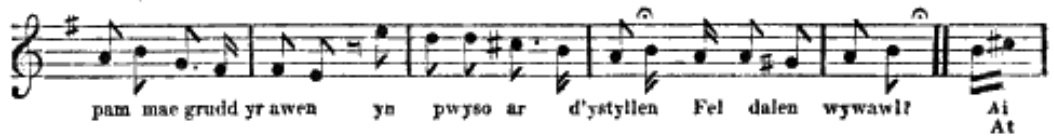
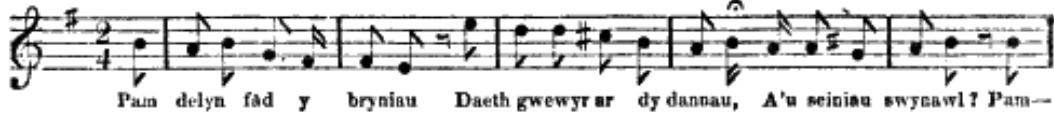
Os uchel fawl ga mwyn fis Mai,
 Mehefin lwys ni fydd wrth lai;
 A gwên Gorphenaf gyleh ein tai
 'Nol haerriad rhai sy'n harddu;
 Ond osd'wed brynau Cymru'r gwir
 Yr olaf wisg yw teca'n tir,
 Pan roddo Awst i'n cefnydd hir,
 Y Grygwisg i'r a'n llona.

Os gwywodd teg flodeuyn gardd,
 Yn daw ni aeth ar ganiad bardd,
 Y mynydd cribawg etto chwadd
 A'r haf ar bardd 'madawiad;

Mewn gwylaidd degwech dros y wig
 Fe edrych draw, a'i ben ni phlyg,
 Tra'i groen mor wridiog gan y gryg,
 A'i wedd mor fyg i Walia.

Yr adar gwyllt ar fin y rhôs,
 Mor hoff eu gwrando gyda'r nos
 Pan wnant fy hwyrdaith imi'n dlos
 Er gwaetha'r flos a'm croeso;
 Ac os fy nal mewn niwlen gaf,
 Fel, hyd y wawr o'r bryn nid af,
 I'r claf o gariad gwely braf
 Yw'r Gryg yr hunaf arno.

MARWNAD I GWILYM GRAWERTH.

Air—Gwel yr Adeilad.

Mi wela'r côr dadgeiniaid
O'u cyfaill gwiw'n ymddifaid,
A llygaid llwgus;
A'u lleisiau o'ent felusion
Yn gwaelu ar y galon,
Er mydron medrus!
Paham mae'r beirdd fel rhai ga'dd gam
Gan angeu creulon, yn gwneud eu cwynion
I'r mad awelon a'n fudion dros ei fedd,
Gan achwyn draw mewn ochau
Am gloddiau du ei gledd?
Mor chwith i'r Grawerth fyn'd o'n plith,
I'r per ei alaw i fyn'd mor ddistaw,
Fe unai'n law-law wyr di-daw yn eu dawn:
O swyniant grym a iechyd
I'r gweryd aeth ni gawn.

Didolwch deg forwynion
Y blodau hoff i'w galon,
Ac ar ei feddrod
Cydblenwch hwy a'r dwylaw,
O barch estynech iddaw,
Am gerdd ei dafod:

Ei fedd yn debyg gwnewch i'ch gwedd,
Pan b'aech yn gwrando y gân f'ai'n hudo,
A'r blodau wreiddo byth yno b'ont yn byw,
Fel llinell ber ei awen
Ar lyfrien deg o liw;
Can's brawd oedd hwn a chnawd o gnawd,
Pob gwir awenydd a da ganiedydd,
A brwdwawl brydydd—cu hedydd mwyn y cor,
Ac enaid byw y cerddi
O Fenni draw i for.

Os isel ei raddoliaeth,
O hudiad Awen odiaeth
Ei luniaeth lonwiw
Fe gai, a chyda'i friwsion
E' sugnai ber ddiferion
O'i bronau nwydfyw:
Ei chwa'r a'i fam a'i auwyl gâr
Oedd Awen ddiiflin, a'i laeth a'i fenyn
Oedd cael ei dilyn, ac englyn oedd i'w glyw
Fal can y gôg pan gynta
Cyhoedda'r haf o'r rhiw,

Y byd am addysg chwiliai i gyd,
A'i lyfr gelloedd oedd y dyffrynoedd,
Y coed a'r moroedd, a dwf, aheroedd byw,
A'u frodyr gorau'r adar
'Roent glaiar dôn i'w glyw.

Ni thaw y gân alarus,
Hir lefa'r beirdd wylofus
Am eu caniedydd;
A'u brawd sydd heno'n isel
Yn tewi mewn lle tawel,
A'u parod brydydd.
O'r twyn a'i gerdd daw'r bugail mwyn,
A than y glasfryn bydd draw gyferbyn
Y bardd a'i delyn yn canlyn yn y côr,
A ddeit goffhad am GWILYM,
Fardd hylm, 'nawr sy'n o'r.
Yn ber o'r ddaear lan i'r ser
Aed sain galargerdd dan goedwig i'rwerdd,
Mewn awr diangerdd a'r gydgerdd gyda'r gân,

Fo'n hanner dadgloi'r beddrod
Lle gwywa'r tafod tân.

Rhowch ar ei oer fedd-garreg
Un hennill—dim ychwaneg—
Fel llun ei galon;
Ac yno'r meibion ieuainc
A ddysgant oll y ddwysgeinc
Ar dafod cyson;
A'i ffon yr heuddyn ddengys hon,
A'r plentyn pum-mlwydd â bys cyfarwydd
A wna mewn sadrwydd bob arwydd ma's i ben
O'r hennill hoff am GRAWERTH
Dan iawn werth gwawl y neu.
Y fan lle gorwedd ger y llan,
Gan lu habanod a theg enethod,
A meibion hygloed yn hynod bydd o hyd,
Ac enw GRAWERTH gofir
Tra hoddür bardd mewn byd.

GALARNAD. LAMENT.

Air—Cwynfan Prydain (Britain's Lament).

Slow and with tenderness.

Os oes galwad arnaf ganu, Beth mor berlais wna fy mron A rhinweddau'r ferch wy'n
garu, Er na welaf 'nawr 'mo hon? Ond y darlun ar fy nghalon, 'Waeth mewn heol,
cae, neu gell; Wrth fy hun a rhwng cyfeillion Gwna'n bresennol hi sy 'mhell.

O pe gwypai hon mor eglur
Dan fy nwyfron yw ei llun,
Hwyr a horau teimlai gysur
Am ffyddlondeb gwira'i dyn.

Bedwas hills, the voice of sorrow
On you calls with man to mourn—
Man, who knows not what the morrow
May bring forth his hopes to spurn:

Yn fy llygad pe b'ai'n gwybod
Mor danbeidliw yw ei phryd,
Byth ni ofnai hud na thafod,
Gwèn na serch benywod byd.

Ar y wèn wnaeth arnaf gyrtaf
Mynych gwelaf hi mewn drych;
A'i galarus drem ddiweddaf
Hefyd nodaf er fy nych;
Ar ei gwèn ac yn ei dagran,
Decaf rithiau wrthf daw,
A phan egyr iddi 'mreichiau
Cofia'i'r dyddiau er mae draw!

Ferched Dyfed, os yw'ch glendid
Heb effeithio ar fy mron,
Nid eich diffyg chwï o'i olud
Bery'r peth; ond cof am hon:
Fath yw 'nghariad at fy Anna,
Mwyaf barch a mwyaf bri
Allaf roi er merched glaua'
Yw'r lle nesa' atti hi.

Er mor rhyfedd degwch ceibryd,
Ynddo gwisgwyd llawer gwen:
Er mor ddengar y careiddwch
Wna daleiddwch bryd yn llen:
Heb y meddwl wna ei ddewis
Rhwyg y melus bethau myg,
Is yw dyn na'r gwan aderyn
Welai'n esgyn rhwyg y gwig.

Steep and rough's path I'm treading—
Sharp and venom'd is the thorn,
That reminds me when I'm bleeding,
Man was ever made to mourn.

Hath my tongue been giv'n to slander,
Hath my heart despised the poor,
Or 'gainst him that's driv'n to wander
Did I ever close my door;
Why, O why, am I selected
Thus to drag a load of woe,
While the proud that ne'er reflected
Like a cedar tall doth grow?

But I'll test this heart with reason,
Comfort yet would not be late,
Sorrow lasts but for a season
If no pride prolong its date;
Bear a while, and where the briar
Now protects the fanged snake,
Flowers fair may yet grow higher
And perfume the tangled brake.

Fair to view the sun is setting
O'er the heights of Gelly-ga'r
Hills and dales their toil forgetting
Sink to rest,—and so does care:
Stars benign, your light awaken—
Mild and weak like sorrow's eye,—
Shine on him whose heart is stricken,
And his thoughts attract on high.

HEN SYBIL. *Gwel y Dôn tu dal. 39.*

Boreuaf eneth gyda'i gwaith,
Foreuaf glyw yr hedydd fraith,
A hyfryd, hysfryd yw ei swyn
Uwch aelau'r bryn i'r merched mwyn;
Cared hi a ninau wnawn
Er ein bri cyn prydawn
Y gwaith a'n dod ni'n rhydd
I wneud defnydd o'n dawn.

Cynara'i gwaith, siriola'i chán
I uno'r hwyr a'r adar mau;
A'th lenydd, Taf, er garwed y'nt,
Feithrinant gerddi'r amser gynt:

Rhwng y mwg da o'r tân,
Er eu gwg dyrcha'r gân,
Ac at ei sain pob merch
O iawn Serch y neshan'.

Y nant a olcho'r dwylo da
Ein hwyrawl bennill honno ga,
A'r mab a gerir yno bydd
Yn gwrando'r gerdd trwy dyllau'r gwýdd;
Ac os o'r llwyn sydd gerllaw
Heb ei ddwyn yntau ddaw
I uno'n llwyr ddibo'n
Benau'r dôn cyn bo taw.

DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN.

Air—Dafydd y Garreg Wen.

Pwy fel efe
Mewn gorwlad a thre
Gynhyrfai dy dennyn
A'i ddilyn mor dde?
A phwy i ti
I goffa ei fri
Bydd destun mor felus
A'th ddawnus fab eu?

Obry'n ei fedd
Ni fynai ond hedd
Y dôn roi mewn bywyd
Fath wynfyd i'w wedd:
Gerddor, a'th law
Tra'i yspryd gerllaw
Hoff seiniau ei wiwfron
O dyro'n ddi daw.

Fry yn y nef
Pa sain iddo ef
O'r myrddiwn a genir
Mor eirwir o'i wedd?
Wrth orsedd Iôn
O caned y dôn
Wnai nefoedd ei ddyddiau
A'i angau'n ddibo'n.

Harpist, that strain
Awaken again,—
To sorrow give utterance
For *Dafydd Garreg Wen*;
Yea in the tone
That sooth'd his last moan
Confess how thou mournest
For him that is gone.

As turn'd his head
Upon his death bed
To hear thee—so listens
The spirit that's fled:
While thro' the gloom
That circles his tomb
'Neath sorrow's warm tear-drops
Each flow'ret doth bloom.

Now he's above
Where nothing but love,
Like that of his music
Each spirit doth move;
O may the mirth
That hallow'd his hearth
'Mongst spirits celestial
Be equal in worth.

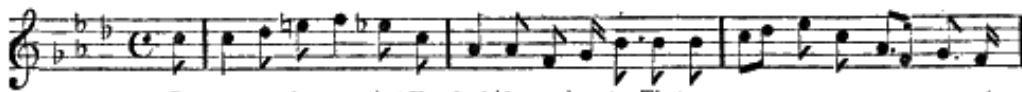
A thra bo byd
 Y safn ga'idd ei fryd
 O galwer ar enw
 'R gwr hwnw o hyd :
 Tra ser mewn nen
 Dadganed pob pen
 Sain ei ddiwenydd
 I Ddafydd Garreg Wen.

O'er his last rest,
 From realms of the blest,
 O list how is echoed
 The strain he lov'd best!
 List, list again
 Through forest and glen
 Still echo to echo
 Cries *Darydd Garreg Wen.*

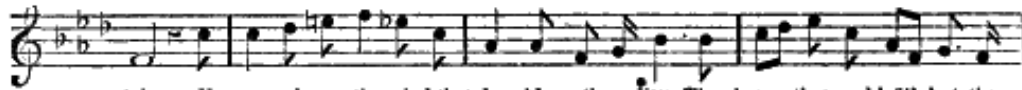
NOTE.—Tradition informs us that the Harpist whose name this plaintive and beautiful melody bears, called for it on his death-bed.

OH! WOE, WOE IS ME.

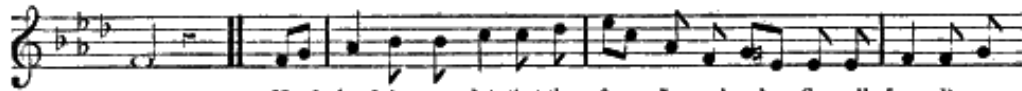
Air—Pam y canaf? (Why will I sing?)



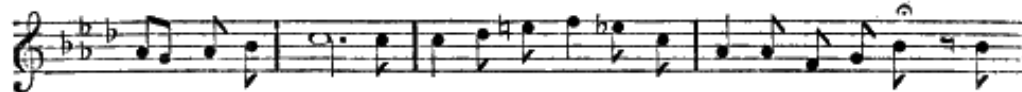
O woe, woe is me that I've look'd upon beauty, That so soon gave me reason to



sigh: How weak was the mind that deem'd worthy a ditty The charms that could fill but the



eye: Hard—hard is my lot that the face I adored So well from disco-



very could hide, The heart and the conduct my heart so abhorred To



wound my affection and pride.

O when in my childhood was I e'er so silly
 O'er coalpits for berries to reach?
 Or from the dead waters where flowered the lily
 The bloom of its chasteness to fetch?
 But alas! when my parents my talents were praising,
 And my pride would exalt them still higher,
 The berry, and the lily I seiz'd,—and in seizing
 Fell wounded to bleed in the mire.

The song that extolleth the charm of the flowers
 Will name not each place where they grow;
 The lay that gives beauty its garden and bowers
 As seldom its guile will avow;
 The bloom 'neath which dewdrops may shelter their
 pureness
 Hath own'd where the adder may trail,
 And warn'd me full oft of that thin veil'd demureness
 That may guile like the adder's conceal.

TEIFI.

Air—Dros y Dwr (Over the Water).

O Deifi, er hoffed dy ffrydiad i mi Rhwag dolau o degwech fawr-
yga dy li'; Dy lwyd wyn lifog, lad rhy fynych pan daw Wna rhyngof ys-
gariaeth ag un sy' tu draw; A mynych ddymunaf fod Teifi heb fod, Neu
bod i mi ryw ffordd heb wlychu fy abroed, I fyned mor amled a'r froufraith i'w
nyth I wel'd un wy'n hofli fel sychdir y gwllith Tra cauo mor llawen with
ymdrin a'i blith. -

³Nol gwelwyf yr hirddydd, mi wnaif i mi fâd
O'r geubren hynotaf ar ddolau fy nbad;
Trwy'r dig-lif mi groesa', a rhag unrhyw ffwyl
Teg *naphin* fy nghariad gwnaf iddo yn hwyl:
O arfer ar fyr bydd gyfarwydd fy llaw
I'w rwyfo yn gyflym pan elwyf tu draw:
Ac 'nol i mi groesi pwy attal fy nghân
Am dlysi fy llestr a thegwech fy Sian;
A'r llif ni eill mwyach ein cadw'n wahan?

Os meddaf yr eneth wy'n gara mor dwym
Mor hyfryd fydd sylwi, pan rodiwn yn rhwym,
Ar droion yr afon hir brofodd ein serch
Tra mi yn fachgenyn a hithau yn ferch:
A gwedy'n, b'le bynag wrth Deifi bo'n tŷ
Lle byddo'i hanwlyd, yn gyson bydd hi,
A'r gerdd mewu canmoliaeth wna'n wastad yn un,
Fy meinwen a'r afon droedig o lun;
Caiff ddysgu a chanmol a chanu ei hun.

NOTE.—The story of Leander and Hero puts one who has spent some portion of his youthful days in any of the Welsh vales in mind of many a modern Leander, who, because he has not so tepid a stream as the Hellespont to swim through, must have recourse to stilts, and many other contrivances, to enable him to cross the stream that flows between him and his Hero. Young men practise on stilts in the smaller brooks, and must be many times well soured before they attempt the Tivy.

DAN FFRWYTHBREN Y BERLLAN.

Air—Rhyban Morfydd (Morfydd's Riband).

Dan ffrwythbren y berllan canfyddaf yn rhodio Un harddach na'r 'falau sy'

'nghrog ar ei frig, A phell wyf o amau po safwn o tano Nad atti yn

gyntaf es . tynwn fy mlig: Ychyd . ig fedd . yl . iais pan o'wn i'n las

lencyn A'm llygad yn syllu ar eur-ffrwyth yr ardd, Y gwelwn un

gwrthrych y dybiwn i gwedy'n, Na'r 'falau na'r ceiros yn llawer mwy hardd.

Dy dad fu ofalus i gau am ei brennan,
 A phierth sydd ogyfuwch a brigau ei goed,
 Ond 'nawr yn ei ardd mae un rodia ei llywybrau
 Mwy denawl i'm tyb na bu'r afal erioed.
 Ei acron gadawaf i'r llenecyn a'i chwanto;
 Ond hi sydd yn mudo mor hardd yn eu plith
 Tra meddaf ar lygoid lle'r elo hi rodio,
 Eu trem fydd o hyd am orharddwch ei rhith.

Lle byddot yn tramwi bydd raid imi syllu,
 Lle seinio dy berlais myfi wyf wrandawr:
 Rhng tybio o neb mae'r afalau wy'n chwantu,
 Tyr'd allan, fy nheimlad eei wybod yn awr;
 Neu os ar ddrwg dybiad y cof fy ngharcharu,
 Fel un a drachwantodd yn eiddo dy dad;
 Ger brawdle mi wysiaf y ferch fynwn garu,
 Fel gwelo pob llygad beth ddenodd fy nbra'd.

Un loewach ei llygad na ffrydiad y grisial,
 Un sythach ei safiad na phoplys y berth,
 Un lwysach ei meulais na'r fronfraith ber ana'l,
 Un addef pob ardal ei glendid a'i gwerth:
 Un wel fy nychymyg yn ddarlun o Efa—
 Un wna ei pherffeithrwydd fy nghalon yn brudd
 Am nad wyf hyd etto'r un gai fel ei ladda
 Drawsblannu ei llyisiau, a throisio ei gwýdd.

Dros y berth a'th amgylcha o tassa imi afal,
 Ond nid am ei degwch na'i berllas ei hunt:
 Ond 'n arwydd daw hono i wrando fy sisial,
 Sy'n lwysach na'r ffrwythau haelionaf o lun.
 Os gwnai, mi a'i bwytaf fel afal gwybodaeth
 O bethau ddadguddir mewn amser i dd'od,
 Pan rhoddir o bosib' wrandawriad i'm haraeth
 Gau'r eneth rasusaf wy'n wel'd tan y rhod.

ANNERCHIAD I DELYN Y CYMRY. THE HARP OF WALES.

Air—Y Gadlys, (Of a Noble Race was Shencyn).

O delyn Gwalia dirion! Na foed cal-
Deffroed dy beraidd dannau;

on . au oerion Aed sain dy dant, aed sain dy dant,
Yn curo dy drigfanau:

Aed sain dy dant dros fryn a phant, A'r mor a'i chwyddawl donau, Aed sain dy
dant dros fryn a phant, A'r mor a'i chwyffawl donau.

Telyn y gwynt, dihuned
Pob annedd wrth dy alwad;
A'th hyfryd sain cydganed
Pob tafod peraidd deimlad;
Nes bo ein gwlad mewn undeb mad,
Fel dy dannau mewn cydgordiad.

As in her days of glory
Let Cambria's string be sounded,
And bards repeat the story
That of yore her foes confounded,
And may the strings that cheer'd her kings,
To us give joy unbounded,

Fel gwnelai ein hen dadau,
 Yn nyddiau bliu rhyfeloedd,
 A thelyn a chanadau
 Lonyddu'r hen ardaloedd;
 Cawn er ei mwyn, trwy'r un hoff swyn,
 Aduewyddu eu blynyddoedd.

O harp of the wind awaken
 The homes that held thee dearest;
 And as thy chords are stricken
 Attest the hearts thou cheerest;
 Till at thy sight their souls unite
 Like the sounds that prove thee nearest.

MARY OF KIDWELLY. *A Ballad.*

Who has not heard that tale of woe
 That caused so many to weep?
 Who has not heard that strain of grief
 That robb'd so many of sleep?
 If any, let them now give ear,
 And from what I narrate
 Learn how uncertain 'neath the sun
 Is man or maiden's fate!

Kidwelly town tho' known to few
 Is lovelier far to view
 Than many a place of proud resort,
 And once was happier too:
 Where Gwendraeth stream doth meet the tide,
 It stands in the valley fair,
 Envir'ned by gardens all its pride
 Now as they ever were.

Here dwelt a maid—a maid of worth
 As kin and neighbour own'd,
 Whose hands were us'd her task to ply
 And thrift her labour crown'd,
 For she did own a flock of sheep
 That daily were her care,
 And as she did them feed and keep
 She look'd for increase fair.

One luckless ev'ning had they strayed
 To where the briny tide
 Was wont to rise in days of spring
 And many an acre hide;
 Below the town a bow-shot good
 In distance is the spot,
 Where did her and her flock befall
 What few have yet forgot.

The water rose—I saw it rise
 To meet the stooping sky,
 And 'neath it earth's fair bosom seem'd
 To seek concealment shy;
 But tho' the tide o'er many a rood
 Invasion wide had made,
 Some fences on its margin stood
 A proof where man might wade.

The Castle stood this scene above
 As time's proud effigy,
 While not an ivy leaf did move
 On its rampart hoar and high;
 So calm, so sweet, so still and soft
 Above, below, around
 Was all I saw—was all I heard
 As if in peace spell bound.

Ah! who would think aught could transpire
 Within an hour so kind
 To break the bliss which hundreds shared,
 With one consent of mind?
 When the very stones did seem to bloom,
 And shells to bud and flower.
 And the noisy daws were charmed to doves
 On the Castle's ancient tower?

But man is born to sorrow, saith
 The word which all may read,
 And if that word hath not our faith
 My tale shall prove its need;
 For suddenly where tide had won
 Kidwelly's marsh and mead,
 Was seen to run towards her flock
 A maid with labour'd speed.

Thro' briny flood, as if 'twere grass,
 She rush'd devoid of fear,
 Thus risking for her flock the life
 That was to many dear;
 To save them now was all she sought,
 Herself forgetting quite,
 Or if she once her peril knew,
 She knew it when too late.

In various ways our time 's spun out,
 Time too which few can spare
 To meditate how soon 'twill end,
 Tho' death is never far:
 Alas! Where ebbing tides had work'd
 A channel for retreat,
 In twice five minutes was she seen
 Hard struggling with her fate.

She sunk, she rose, she sunk again,
 But never more did rise,
 Till from her clay bed was she borne
 To Death as lawful prize;
 And there her sheep within her reach
 Were saved where she was lost,
 Nor wot they aught that heavy hour
 What their poor lives had cost.

Dear reader, shall I leave thy mind
 In slumbers of the night,
 This tale to end; or shall my tale
 Yet sadden more thy sight?
 On this sad ev'nings tide of woe
 A brig of swelling sail
 Kidwelly's port doth make with heed
 Unaided by a gale.

A tristful thought came then across
 The minds of hundreds there,
 That in this brig might sail the lad
 Whom Mary held most dear;
 And so he did, and soon was known
 To Richard all that pass'd,
 And like a dove by an arrow struck
 He drops beside the mast.

And have I cross'd the seas said he
 For my dear Mary's sake,
 And seen the tide that brought me here
 From me my jewel take?

Why did not Ocean's billows do
 For me what's done for her,
 Ere I had seen its fell design
 On one that was so dear!

Of every land most foreign now
 Is this where she did dwell,
 For nothing in it can I hear
 But Mary's tolling bell.
 If I say, Welcome Cambria's shore,
 I may say "Welcome woe;"
 Then as I cannot cease to love
 My tongue shall tune it so.

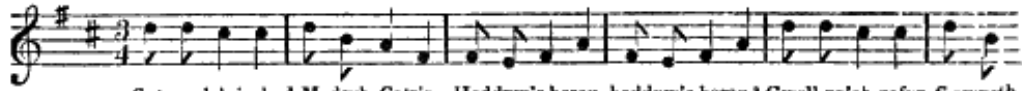
What shall we do her mother cried
 With hands wrung in despair;
 What shall we do, cried sisters wild,
 And pull'd in skeins their hair,
 And hundreds said, what shall they do,
 But none an answer gave,
 And louder yet the question's ask'd
 Above her closing grave.

No answer came but what from tears
 In countless riv'lets fell,
 And o'er the grave where she was laid
 Left nought for tongue to tell;
 With "dust to dust" came stream to stream
 O'er friend and kinsman's cheek,
 But Richard's flood announced midst all
 The heart most like to break.

As harshly fell the earth below,
 More harshly still was heard
 The cracking of his true heart's strings
 That held in check his words;
 Where fell his tears, fell he at last,
 The young, the strong, the brave.
 E'en like a leaf before the blast
 Beside his Mary's grave.

And the hearts of many at that place
 For many an after day
 As cheerless were as Gwendraeth's bed
 When tide leaves bare its clay;
 And with reluctance went that stream
 The briny flood to meet
 Which from the meads took her that trod
 Them oftenest with her feet.

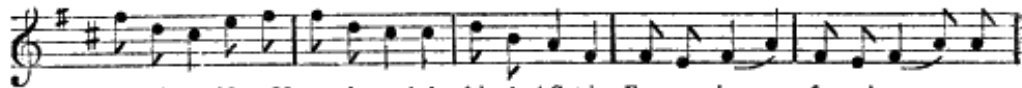
Y GARWRIAETH BIGOG.

Air—Y Cul Drws, by J. T.

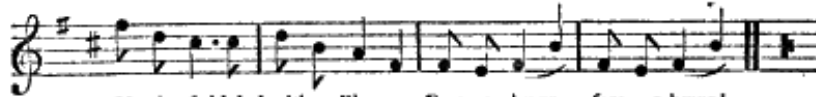
Sut mae'ch iechyd Medryb Catrin—Heddyw'r borau, heddyw'r borau? Gwell na'ch gofyn, f' ewyrth



Rhysyn—Hyny o'r gorau, hyny o'r gorau. O mor arthus y'ch chwi'n craful Beth sy'n well i



dorri'ch cosi?— Mor galon-galed y'ch chwi Catrin—Fore a hwyr, fore a hwyr.



Mor benffeddal chwithau Rhysyn, Fore a hwyr, fore a hwyr!

Fe.—Prynais wely do werth chweugen, Digon gwir, digon gwir.*Hi.*—Gobeithiaf bod e led eich cefen, A digon hir, a digon hir.*Fe.*—O fy Nghat bydd lle i chwithau.—*Hi.*—A fydd rhyngom ni wael i'r cathau?*Fe.*—O mor bengam i chwi Catrin, A'ch tafod lws a'ch tafod lws.*Hi.*—O mor sanctaidd i chwi Rhysyn, Tu fa's i'r drws, tu fa's i'r drws.

Mi brynaf fawch i chwi i'w godro, Bore a hwyr.

A phan b'oi'n hesp, beth ddaw o'm dwylo? bore a hwyr.

O fy Nghat, eewch gwyrro sanau—

Gwell b'ai genyf dwymo'ch cernau—

O Gatrin fach b'le y rhed eich tafod, Ar un gwan? I'r fan bo'ch holiad Rhys yn darfod; dyna'r fan.

D'wedwch wrthyf am obeithio, Cyn fy medd, cyn fy medd.

Beth yw'r rheswm gaf i'ch leicio, Garw'i wedd, garw'i wedd.

O fy Nghatrin, dyna'r matter.

Sych eich trwyn chwi'n ddigon syber.

Ow! mor galed etto'ch calon, Fel y dur, fel y dur. Ni fydd well o'ch dw'r a'ch sebon, Dyna'r gwir, dyna'r gwir.

A gaiff y gosteg ei chyhoeddi, Ar ryw ddydd.

Cyn gynted bo chwi gwedy'ch claddu, Dyna'r dydd.

Fe fydd hyny'n rhy ddiweddar.

Ileis gyd o achos galar.

Etto'n para fel y garreg, Beth a wnaf?

Peidio'm holi ddim ychwaneg, Wirion guaf.

O fy Nghat, gwnewch un addewid, Dyna gyd—

I'ch casau trwy hyd fy mywyd, Nawr mewn pryd.

Pan cashwch un na'ch casbau;

Pan y carwch un a'ch gwawdia;

Pan bwy'n hen pwy ga i'm gwresogi? Yn fy 'nghob

A oes dim dynadi ar domeni? Henddyn siol.

Wel fy Nghat mae'n rhaid ymadel, Calon drom.

Hawsa peth a slack ei afel, Dyna siom.

O fy Nghat fe dor fy nghalon.

Isa gyd fydd pris careuon.

Ow! mae'r andras dan eich gwynedd, Merch y fall.

Owi wyddwn hyny'n dda y llynedd, Hen garwr call.

THE MARY ANN.

Air—The Mary Ann.

The gallant vessel is afloat, And round Carmarthen's studded quay From many a clear and
joyous throat Unto her peats the loud hurrah! And many a craftman in his heart, and many a
swain and artizan, With all they've learnt would gladly part To sail on board the Mary Ann.

From vane to hull, from stern to bow,
Full many an eye that ship surveys,
And many a boat before her row,
And seem to woo her with the breeze ;
And fair to gaze at is the sight,
While like a lake parading swan,
With sail unfurl'd and rigging tight
From Towy sails the Mary Ann.

How well she floats, old seamen say,
Boys cry how lofty is her mast,
And women on her streamers gay
And jovial crew soft glances cast ;
And from the wharf with stern delight
Your men of wealth more coolly scan
The rate, the tonnage, and the freight,
And prospects of the Mary Ann.

As swells her canvass to the breeze,
Fair bosoms now begin to heave,
With thoughts of men that tempt the seas,
And them and homes so peaceful leave ;
Wives, mothers, sisters, true are there
Whose next of kin the tall ship man,
And maids who scarce can better spare
Whom they entrust the Mary Ann.

But where is she the lovely maid,
The young and brave, Dan Rayner woo'd ?
Where others gazing long have staid
No eye descries her hat or hood.
Of all the maids lov'd by that crew,
The fairest was betroth'd to Dan ;
And yet from her waves no adieu
To any on the Mary Ann.

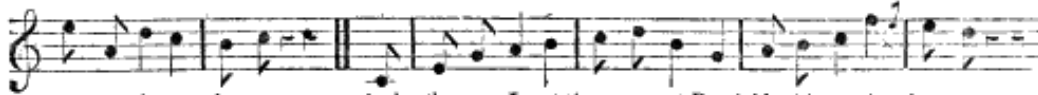
Who e'er would know why she's not there,
On yonder height may see this lass
With none her company to share
Look through her father's spying glass ;
And with a keener, steadier pry
Now would she single out her Dan,
But ah ! the tear drop in her eye
Still hides from sight the Mary Ann.

And he with such another drop
That could not find a hiding nook,
With aching heart from the round top
Of Mary takes a farewell look ;
O let us hope again ere long
This faithful maid and true young man
With tears of joy, shall tell in song
The glad return of Mary Ann.

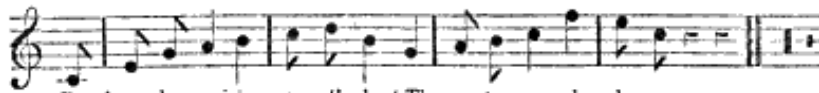
A HOME. RHODFA.

Air—The Footpath to my House, by J. T.

On yonder mountain's verge you see A home more good than showy, Where they that turn have welcome free When



nights are drear and snowy; And there am I at times a guest Receiv'd with seeming dryness,



By her whose wishes prove the best The greater seems her shyness,

I've heard it said, "A welcome free
Give all, or a denial;"
But haply some at times with me
Have better found by trial;
The welcome that my fair keeps hid
Till comes a season meeter,
I vow it by her blue eye's lid
To me it is the sweeter.

Beneath that roof so good and kind
O none I grudge that enter;
And tho' myself should sit behind,
I care not, tho' in winter;
Tho' she I'm courting, next the fire,
Doth seldom care to place me,
I'm next the heart that I desire,
And none can there disgrace me.

Let them who need a show of love
By hand and knee profess it,
But where the eyes that mark it move,
For some 'tis best to guess it:
Though in the door you'r seldom met
With looks that seem to mind you,
The look and welcome Love would get
May oft be through the window.

O na chawn heddychol fan
Yn mhilith corlanau defaid,
Neu dan y coedydd mwynion ir
Sy'n noddfa i'r ehediaid.
Mi awn a thi i wel'd yr haf
A'i dwylaw'n araf agor;
Y blodau man rhwng tra'd yr wyn,
A dail y llwyni didor.

Yn law-law rhodiem dros y ddôl
Lewyrcha 'nghol yr afon.
A gloew ffrwd y grisial nant,
Trwy hyd y pant cae'm anfon;
Yn law-law gwedy'n fry i'r bryn
Cae'm ddilyn hyd yr hwyrddydd,
A chadw cyfrif fel y bardd
O lenyrch hardda'r gwledydd.

Mewn mad gyfrinach gyda'r lwyf
O cawn dy lwy'r ddiwalla,
A goreu iaith, danteithion serch
A haedda'r ferch wy'n garu;
Dy rinwedd di mi gwn heb ble
Gyssegrai'r lle a rodiem;
A phan bai'r lleuad uwch y lli
O'i herwydd ni chwylyddiem.

HWYRDDYDD HAF.

Costeg fy nghalon, ti uwch tir
 Sydd uwcha'n wir dy gynnw'r,
 A'r byd i gyd fel 'stafell hedd
 Yn codi ar fedd y dwndwr;
 Wyneb yn wyneb—da'r a Nef
 Mewn tangnef y'nt yn syllu,
 A chroth sercbogwydd gŵyr ein Ior
 Sy'n esgor ar haelioni.

Fel aden angel yn ei hun
 Mae'r gwynt ar fin yr afon
 Yn ddistaw iawn—a chusan haul
 I'n clyw sy'n araul dirion;
 I'r bryn ei rhoddir hwyrddydd ha'
 Goroni & goleuni.
 O ddisglacwr awr, pa angel gwyn
 Na ellai ayn foddioni.

Mor bêr yw'r berth,—mor deg y pau,
 Braidd na flaguraf'r cerryg,
 A'r graig rydd brawf i'r denawl wres
 Fod iddi fynwes eiddig,
 Ai rhyfedd ynte na cheir taw
 Ar fywiol alaw'r glasgoed?
 Ai rhyfedd fod y pencerdd bach
 A'i gân mor iach o'r argoed?

Fe gân nes gwelo'r blodau 'nghau,
 Fe gân i'r geman gwllithog,
 A fo'n encinio'u penau heirdd
 Dros loriau'r weirddol wenog.
 Fe gân i'r haul ei hwyrawl salm
 Tra deil y talm anwylygu:
 Fe gân i Ddaw: fe gân i ddyn:
 Fe gân ei hun i gysgu.

Mor dda i'ch canfod with eich bodd
 Heb wiso'dd i'ch cynhyrfu,
 Na neb i'ch canmawl am eich cerdd
 Ond hardd a gerddo'r twyni.
 Ni welir pren uwch gwyrddlas don
 Heb dderyn llon i'w arddel,
 Ni welir deryn heb ei lais
 A'i fryd i'r ymgais ddiogel.

Ni cheiswch chwi na thal na thlws,
 Ni ddowch at ddrws am wobrwyl,
 Ond pob un ar ei lwyn ei hun
 O'i wynfyd sy'n draethadwy.

Pwy ydyw blaenor mawr y côr
 'Does ond ein Ior all dŵ'weddyd;
 Efe row'dd nwyf, efe row'dd lais,
 Fe grea'r ymgais hefyd.

'Nawr bryn ar fryn, a dol ar ddol]
 Mor hudol yr edrycha,
 A Hedd yn nher dawelwch nen
 Ei haden wen ymloda:
 A Hafar Isel thed y dwr
 Dan greigiawg bentwr Morlais,
 Fel rhed y llaeth trwy lestri'r fron
 Ymdreigla'r afon fwynlais.

Chwi elltydd serth a moelydd bân,
 A chwi o'r man ymholaf,
 Ac achos heddwch ger dy fron,
 O natur lon gosodaf.
 Pahanu na theimla calon dyn
 Ddedwyddwch sy'n ei aros?
 Pam edrych draw am gip o'r Nef
 Sydd iddo ef mor agos?

Ai'n ofer lluniodd bysedd Ner
 Hardd wisg a nwynder llys'au?
 Ai'n ofer ffordd i'r glow ddwr
 A wyl fel gwr ei lwybrau?
 A dŵ'wedodd ef ar ben ei waith
 Mai da a pherfaith ydoedd?
 A waeth e' hyn fel baeddai dyn
 Ddiemygu'r llun a hoffodd?

Ni ierfwyl coed er mwyn y coed,
 Na dwr er mwyn y dyfroedd;
 Blodeuyn ni arogl i ryw—
 Ni cheisfydd liw ei wisgoedd;
 Ni wyddom chwaith gwrandawir cân
 Gan adar mân, er canant:
 I bwy hwriedwyd pwys y mawl,
 I bwy ond sawl a'u prisiant?

Mae gwylder yn y lili wleib,
 A gras yn mhardeb awyr,
 Moesoldeb yn y ffrydiad pur
 A llais o gur dyn gysur:
 Ddwioledeb wenn yn y dail,
 Ac O, nid ail i hynny
 Sancteiddrwydd gwsg y cwmwl gwyn
 A wriddodd cyn ei nosi.

P

OUR MOUNTAIN FIRES. IAITH FY MAM.

Air—Our Mountain Fires, by J. T.

Past are the days of Chivalry, And errant Knights no more With lance and buckler proudly
 vie On Britain's field of gore, No more is seen on distant height The Beacon's fire's red
 glare, That summon'd hordes at dead of night In bloody strife to share.

From *Usk's* dark hills, all crown'd with heath
 To *Tawe's* duskier heights,
 O'er *Rhymy, Ebu, Tawe,* and *Neath*
 Flash prouder, mightier lights;
 Bright beacons these for lab'ring bands
 Who hie with brave desires,
 From farthest spots of *Cambria's* lands
 To seek our Mountain Fires.

Each banner'd furnace who can see
 Unfurl its cheering flame,
 And fling its light o'er brook and tree,
 And ask not whence it came?
 The genius of the mountain land
 With mighty art conspires,
 Hence doth arise on ev'ry hand
 Our glorious Mountain Fires.

Good masters they—long tried I ween
 Who own our mountain stores,
 And tough the sinews daily seen
 To ply the yielding ores:
 Long may they live, and may at last
 The hir'd and he that hires
 In gladness count the years they've pass'd
 Around their Mountain Fires.

Pa ddyn ryfyga ofyn im'
 Pa'm tybiaf ddim mor ber
 A'r iaith a sugnais gyda'r llaeth
 Fu gynta'n faeth i'm mër?
 Y iaith a enwa bob rhyw dwyn
 Ac afon fwyn a fin,
 Lle bum i'n mad-ddifyru'n llanc,
 Ai bon gaiff dranc o'm min?

Y iaith fu'n hogi min y cledd
 Rhag trawsedd ddoi i'n tir,
 A lledu edyn e'lomen hedd
 Dros annedd dreisiai'n hir;
 Pe rhydai fel y glasgledd fu
 'N amddiffyn Cymru gain;
 Ei geiriau chowch rhwng ieithoedd lu,
 'Does dim mor gu a'r rha'n.

Fel rhed y gornant at y ddol,
 Fel try i gol ei chwa'r
 Y plentyn o ddyethrol fraich,
 Gan gynnyg baich a gâr;
 Fel tyn yr oenyg mwyn i'r lle
 Ei ganed e—paham
 Nad hoff i mi farddonol waith
 Yn anwyl iaith fy mam?

THE NURSE'S SONG.

Air—The Nurse's Song, by J. T.

Ere lark his pallet green hath left To sing his morning lay, Or gray Dawn to the stride of
 theft Hath whisper'd of the day; A voice is heard by many an ear Man's dwelling oft a-
 mong, Earliest it is throughout the year, The Nurse's lonely Song.

When Traffic's din is fairly o'er,
 And saints their pray'rs have said:
 When revellers are gone to snore,
 And Love reclines his head.
 Later than e'en the latest call,
 In cadence sad and long,
 On midnight's ear—list what doth fall!
 The Nurse's lonely Song.

Pass by, grim Watchman, ask not thou
 Whence comes that sacred note,
 It is to smoothe an infant's brow:
 'Tis from a mother's throat.

A licens'd house is there to keep
 For one its revels long,
 An infant free that will not sleep
 Without its mother's song.

And willingly that song is giv'n
 While father soundly snores,
 To make the baby's little heav'n,
 What can a mother more?
 The breast that yields the milky stream—
 That doth the note prolong,
 Till nurse and babe together dream,
 Lull'd by the self-same song.

BWRIADAU SERCH. *Ton, "Dros yr Afon," tu dal. 14.*

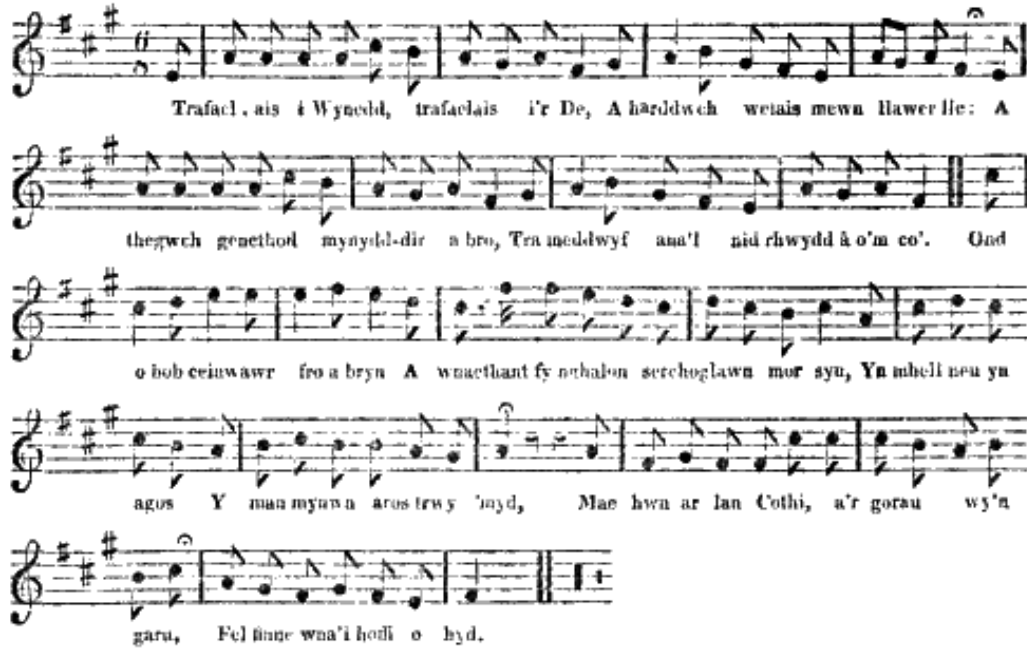
Mi wn am fan o glyw y byd,
 Mewn cilfach glyd a thawel,
 Lle tardd yn ber dryloywaf nant
 I lôn'r glasbant isel;
 Ni welir yno argraff tro'd
 Nag unrhyw nod anhygar,
 O'r affonyddwch ofnai o
 Gasauo'r bydol drydar.

'Does yno ond pren a ateb pren
 Tra awel nen yn chwiban,
 A mäs y dderwen heb eu cwrdd
 Ar ddirgel fwrdd a bydran';

Yma'r aderyn gwana'i ryw
 A bortha'i gyw yn ddiogel;
 Ac yma'r trist o galon blyg
 Dan wyladd wig a'i harddel.

Y glwyfus g'lomen yma lysg
 O'n mysg i glaf anadlu,
 Ac olaf rosyn haf ui ddaw
 Un 'sgeler law i'w dorri;
 Yma y credlais lawer gwaith,
 Os gobaith da a ballai,
 Chwenychwn ddechreu'r fythol hua
 Ga' pob rhyw ddyn yn angru.

GLYN COTHI.

Air—Trafaelais i Gymru (I've travelled Wales).


Trafaelais i Wynedd, trafaelais i'r De, A harddwch wetais mewn llawer lle: A
 thegwch geathod mynydd-dir a bro, Tra meddwyf ana'i nid rhwydd â o'm co'. Ond
 o bob celiawwr fro a bryn A wnaethant fy nthalon serchoglawn mor syu, Yn mheli neu yn
 agus Y man mynn arus trwy 'nyd, Mae hwn ar lan Cothi, a'r gorau wy'n
 garu, Fel llinne wna'i hodi o hyd.

Rhwng yr harddaf ddolau a'r harddaf goed,
 A'r mwyuaf lwybran a sangodd troed,
 Mai hi sydd harddaf o'r pethau hardd
 Yn destyn canmoliaeth gan gantwr a bardd;
 Ond er mor rhwydd ca fawrglodi lliu
 Ni cheisia oud fy ngeir-da i;
 A minnau wyf foddlon
 Rhwng glauaf wryfon o ryw,
 Fod heb en sylw am weled delw
 Y feyw a'm cynnal i'n fyw.

Lle ewrdd perchennogion tyddyno'd a thai,
 I bawb rho'nt wylod o'u bynod fwyhau;
 A'u bost o'u cynnydd sydd beunydd yn boen,
 I'r gwan difwyniant a grafant o'i groen:
 Ond os ca'i'r ferch wy'n garu'n wraig,
 Mewn bwthyn bach dan odre'r graig
 Fy myd fydd ddeiwyddach
 Nag ydyw i'r burbach bas
 A bortha'r galon na chenydd ei digon
 O'r teuan, na'r moddion, na'r ma's.

CAN AM HEDDWCH. *Ar y Dón, "Merch Megen," tu dal. 59.*

<p>Rhowch ostep chwi foroedd—gwrandawed y ddaear, Y gene'i orthrymwyd ddyrchafa ei chan; Llafared y mudion, a chly wed y byddar, A'r cleffion dan lanu i'r dyrfa neshan'; Yn uchel bu udgorn y fwydr yn rho, Ond uwch ydyw'r anthem gyhoeddi ein hedd,</p>	<p>A mynydd wrth fynydd ei fri sy'n arwyddo, Tra enfyn yr adsain adfywia ei wedd. Y banner ddyrchafwyd uwch ymgyrch y bwydrau, Yn rhwysgfawr y chwyfai dan awel y ne', Ond hed-fyw'a ogyfawch canfyddir cangnau Y las olewydden feddiannodd ei le.</p>
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Heb ffôn a'r henafgwr trwy strydoedd y ddinas,
 A'r fam oedd oedranus ail laetha ei bron;
 Ar olion y carnau ddamsangent galanas
 Yr oenyg a orwedd ar fras-dwf y dôn.
 Addysgir caniadau ers talm oent yn angof,
 A gloywir crymanau a ysid gan rwd;
 Hy lama'r floadur wrth enau yr ogof.
 Ac iddo'r carddottyn gyfrana o'i gwdd.
 Ar lwybrau'r byddinoedd i bori daw'r ddafad,
 A'r hedydd i nytho a edwyn ei lle;
 Daw hyfryd freuddwydion i'r enaid amddifad,
 A'r plentyn esponia ewyllys y Ne'.

Er gwaced bu 'strydoedd y ddinas yspeiliwyd,
 Y gweddill achubwyd yu hylon amhânt;
 Y bleiddiaid oent eou rhwng muriau anrheithlwyd
 I'r ereigydd a'u llechent yn ofnus bellhaut;
 Lle tyfai y glaswellt ar brif le'r heolydd,
 Yu anlwg in' etto gwna masnach ei cham.
 Trwy restri cyfannedd gwyngalchir y gwelydd,
 A'r wenol adnebydd y ffoches ga'dd gam
 Y nos ni ddychrynuir gan lais y gwyllydd,
 A geiriau'r d'roganydd ni pheraut un braw,
 Adolliad y tendau y borau a'r hwyrdydd
 A addef y praidd sydd a'i bugail gerllaw.

CAN RHYDDID. SONG OF LIBERTY.

Ar yr un Dôn.

Pwy welaf yn d'od o'r bryniau glas gwllithog,
 Ac awel y nef yn ei thywys hi 'mla'n?
 Cyboeddir ei chlod mewn cathlau godidog,
 Gan fil fil o adar heb derfyn i'w cân.
 Pelydron ei golwg a doddant gadwynau,
 A'i llais a ysgyda garcharau i'r llawr;
 Mae llaeth iechydwrtoeth yn ffrydio o'i brounau,
 A'r mel sydd o'u genau'n diferu bob awr;
 Canfyddir yn gorphwys yn nghysgod ei mynwes
 Y wenol a'r gôg ar eu crwydrad tra maith,
 A'r eryr o'r entrych dd'wed wrthi ei neges,
 Heb ofni ei rwystro'n changder ei thaith.

O Ryddid! O Ryddid! Trwy'n canfod dy gamrau,
 Mae'r maesydd yn glasu wrth deimlo dy dra'd;
 Y blodau o'r lon-ddae'r a liwiant dy lwybrau,
 A bref 'r anifeiliaid 'gyfaddef dy rad;
 Y coedydd i'th roesaw a leiant gaughenan,
 A physg yr afonydd a wingant tua'r tir,
 A lleisiau babanod mewn dynol drigfanau,
 A seiniant dy glodydd mewn parabl clir;
 O dere! teyrnasa! teyrnwialen uniondeb
 I'th ddwyllaw sy'n gweddu, a choron i'th ben;
 O taena'th adenydd, a thanyt mewn undeb
 Rhag gormes y trawsiou doed pawb sydd is nen.

Wrth ddau corn yr ych fyddo'n pori'n y dyffryn
 Yr ofnus ag'warnogod chwarcuant yu llon;

Whom see I approach from the green dewy mountains,
 By the breezes of heaven with gladness led on;
 Loud warble her praises o'er meadows and fountains
 From songsters whose voices and wings are her own,
 Her eye-beam dissolveth the chains of oppression,
 At her voice fall the prisons of pride to the ground;
 From her bosom so spotless the milk of salvation
 O'erflows for the captives her pity hath found.
 In the folds of her mantle a nest to repose in
 The far-wand'ring cuckoo and swallow obtain;
 And the eagle to her from the cloud-car it rose in,
 For the flight that is boundless avoweth its strain.

O Freedom! thy feet I behold in their beauty
 With verdure reviving each grass plot they press,
 To follow thy footsteps Spring makes it a duty;
 And herds in their lowings thy bounty confess.
 Trees open their bosoms to welcome thy coming,
 And fishes to greet thee come frisking tow'rd's land;
 In man's habitations the infant's loud humming
 Proclaimeth the bounty that scatters thy hand;
 O thou whom the sceptre of justice becometh
 The crown thou deservest receive on thy head;
 Stretch o'er us thy wings, and the heart that consumeth
 Shall seek as it fainteth the healing they shed.

'Neath the horns of the oxen thro' green vales that ramble
 The hares as they frolick no danger shall heed;

Y cwn gyda'r ŵyn a wylant ar lasfryn,
 A'r g'lomen o friwsion y bwrdd leinw'i bron;
 Dim ofnau na chryndod ni chyflwrdd un galon,—
 Y gwirion gairi' edrych yn hy' tua'r nef,
 A chlywa ei luniwr mewn tawel awelon
 Yn rhoi iddo roesaw i godi ei lef;
 Trigolion pob gwlad fel plant o'r un teulu,
 Dan 'r un olewydden eisteddant 'n un fryd;
 Ac ar faes y gwaed cyweirir y gwely,
 Lie gorwedd Cyfiawnder a Chariad y'nghyd.

The dogs 'mid the lambkins o'er green fields shall gambol;
 On the crumbs of the table the turtle shall feed:
 Nor terror nor trembling man's heart shall disquiet;
 The voice of the simple to heaven shall rise:
 And his God he shall hear in the breeze give his fiat,
 That man shall his likeness no longer despise,
 The tribes of all lands, like the brood of one father,
 Beneath the same olive in peace shall abide:
 On the red field of slaughter where armies did gather
 Shall Justice and Mercy repose side by side,

NEL PUGH.

Air—Mae genyf fi Fwthyn a Gardd.

Mae genyf fi ddefaid ac wyn, A'r rhoi'ny'n cynnyddu mewn rhif; A gwartheg sy'n
 pori mor fwyn Uwch afon na'u rhwystra a'i llif: Mae genyf fi gesyg o
 wedd, A bywiog ebolion o'u breed, A llawer ofynant mewn hedd, Pa-
 ham nad yw'n ddedwydd fy nyd.

Mae'n dda genyf ganfod fy ŵyn,
 Mae'n bleser im' gadw eu rhif;
 Mae'n dda genyf weled o'r twyn
 Fy ngwartheg uwch rhutlriad y llif:
 A'r cesyg rhagoraf o wedd,
 A'r hynod ebolion o'u rhyw,
 O'u meddu mi gawswn ryw hedd
 Pa meddwn ar galon Nel Pugh.

O herwydd ian' sylla ar hon,
 Er tecced fy eiddo a'm tir,
 'Does dim a gairi' le yn fy mron
 Ond glendid yr eneth fain glir

By *Ystwyth* I number my sheep,
 By *Ystwyth* I gaze at my herd;
 By *Ystwyth* the homestead I keep
 The increase I wish doth afford:
 By *Ystwyth* the damsel doth dwell
 Whose heart, since I cannot obtain,
 Makes all that I purchase or sell
 A cause but of sorrow and pain.

My flock hath the whitest of fleece,
 My cattle are sleekest of hide;
 My horses have won by their pace
 The prizes no rivals divide:

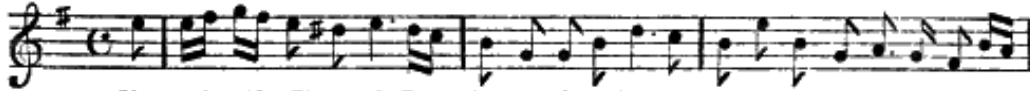
Os na chaf ei meddu ar fyr
'Does eiddo, perthynas, na brawd,
A rwystra y galon drwm gur,
Rhwyng pob peth i deimlo'n wir dlawd.

Yet whatever I've won or may win,
No bliss can it give me to view
The increase that bringeth not in
A right in the beauteous Nel Pugh.

BUGAIL GLAN EBWY. THE SHEPHERD OF EBWY SIDE.

Air—Sawdl y Fwch (The Cow's Heel).

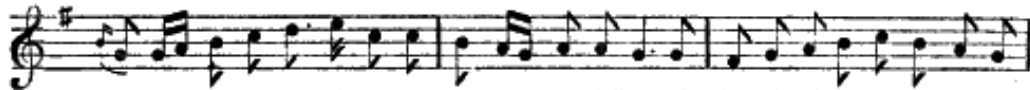
Moderato.



Rhwng glenydd Ebwy gul Pan o'wn i'n fogaill hon, Fy ngân oedd ber o Sul i Sul Ar
When I by Ebwy's side Did live a shepherd's life, My song the moments did divide With



glustog gwerddilas don: Fy nefaid o'ent yn wyn a du, A phan y crwydrent draw, Eu
mirth that knew no strife: My sheep were white and some were black, And thro' the livelong day Their



lliw roi i mi'r arwydd cu B'le porent ar bob llaw: Os eira'n drwch f'ai'n cânu'r twys Y
colour did confess the track Wherein they went astray: When snow made all the hills a-piece The



gwlan-ddu brofai'n gwyb: Os llwyd-ddu'r bryn y gwynaf wyn Gan fyddwn ar ei arif.
black their course betray'd; When dark the heath, the whitest fleece Told furthest where they stray'd.

O'r diwedd gweith-dai mawr,
O amgylch o'ent a'u mwg
Yn duo esgyll hwyr a gwawr,
A gwisgo'r haul â gwg.
Fy nefaid hon ar ddol a bron,
Beth bynag fyddai'n byd;
Ai tes ai gwlaw, i'w gweled draw
O'r un-lliw oeddent gyd.
A'r gaddug ddu-dew aeth a'u lliw,
Gwnaeth ffinau o'r un gra'n,
A gwaeth na hyn dan odre'r bryn
Yn ddistaw gwnaeth fy nghân.

Wrth weled gwedd fy ŵyn
Bob hafddydd yn trynhau,

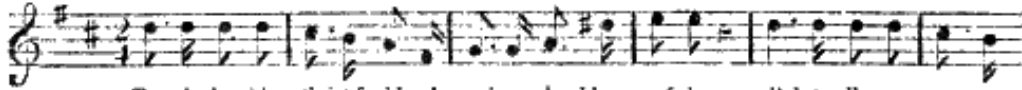
At last by mountain bourne
The mighty Works arose,
And ting'd the wings of eve and morn
With hues that typed my woes.
And lo! my sheep on wold and steep
Where'er I did them view,
As if they'd past thro' furnace blast
All of one colour grew:
And the smoke that pall'd my happy flock
Me too made like ere long,
And soon by tree and sheltering rock
An end put to my song.

When thus I saw each day
My flock get dingier still,

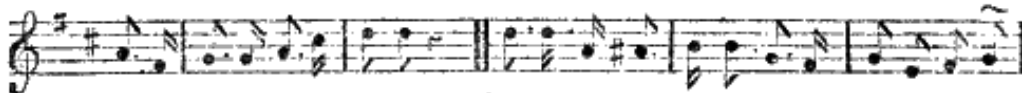
I fugal mwynach Ow! pa awyn
 Oedd yu y gauad glau?
 Mi dyngais wrth yr anwyl ferch
 Ro'i beunydd glust i'm cerdd,
 Os cawn ond meddu hon a'i serch
 'Madawn a'r fasnach werdd:
 Atchodd hon, lle 'roswn i
 Dilynai 'bhraed a'n cân,
 'Nawr ein bywiollaeth ni a'n bri
 Sydd rhwng y gweithiau tân.

What pleasure more to sing a lay
 Had I by brook or rill?
 The lass that heard my daily song
 I told, if she'd be true,
 I'd go and work where swains less strong
 Had wives and sweethearts too.
 She answer'd, "Where you chose to be
 There centre my desires."
 Since then a man and wife are we
 Amid the Mountain Fires.

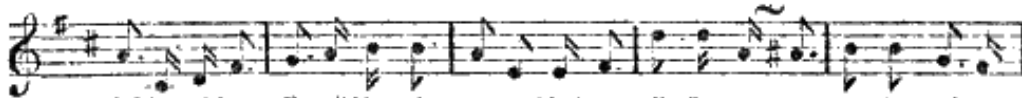
LLANOFER.

*Air—Y Ddinau Goch (The Red Halfpenny).**Adante.*

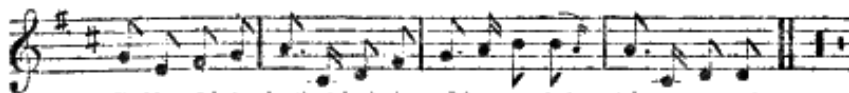
Tro dy lygaid, achrif ferdd, A gwel mor hardd y cyfyd Balas lle mae croesaw



gwyn i gerdd a thelyn lyfeyd. Gwel y pyrth, a gwel y drysau Resant draw ar



lyfalon risiau Er diddanwch gwyr o ddoniau; Craffa ar y muriau miera,



Roddant fel ei chroth ei haddain I lon guriad telyu gywraint.

Heibio—heibio aeth y ddedd
 I brydydd i gyd eistedd
 A phennaethiaid wrth y bwrdd
 Gynnalient ddadwrdd mawredd;
 Heibio hefyd aeth y dyddian
 Pan bai swyn eu per delynau
 'N cau ac agor pyrth palasau;
 Ond er mado'r wladol arfer,
 Doniau'n gwlad gant croesau'n dyner
 A llwyr bafaid y Llanofer.

Os bydd raid Er bardd a'i iaith
 'Nol hirfaith gam i 'mado,
 Daew annedd brawf yn arch
 Pan ymlid ambarch hono;
 Tŷ a geidw mewn hardd gelloedd
 Iaith y wlad a dysg y bobloedd
 Iawn arddelai'r hen ardaloedd;
 Ond na pharchu'n iaith yn farw,
 Hoffach waith i'r palas braw,
 O a chud f'ai'n fyw ei chadw.

Gerddor, os am hen Lan Brân
Wyt yn anniddan gwyno,
Draw ar fin dolenog Wysg
Cai annedd lwysgu etto :
Yn ei dyffryn mae i brydydd
Gysgod gwell na ryda ei goedydd
Rhag y rhew a thîs yr hirddydd ;
Palas teg a'i allwedd loyw
Gan bob cerddor glân y'ngladw,
Dyna yw'r adeilad hwnw.

Os 'nabyddaist gerddi'th wlad,
Cai dithau yma d' nabod ;
Os trysoraist ddysg yr oes,
Cai yma roesaw parod.
O ffynonell dysg fo'n yfed,
Medd i'r annedd hon y drwydded
Ez yr ffordd drwy borth a phared :
Moes ein gwlad a'i gwisgad brith-wlan,
Gwell na Saesneg, gwell na sidan,
Y'nt wrth lawufwrdd hwn a'i bentan.

MARWNAD GWILYM ROBERT.

Air—Ieuencid Cymru.

O d'wedwch wrth Gymru b'le cillodd y Cymro Ar ddelai mewn rhodiad a
gwisgad a iaith: Y wlad mewn ynddygiad trwy'i oes fu'n addurno, A chalon bon-
eddig dan wlad-wisg oedd fraith; Un* dorai ei ddillad yn unig er cludwch, Un
yfaï, fwytaiai er iechyd a nerth; Un drefnai ei eiriau er synwyr a
harddwch, Un lynai wrth bob peth yn ol ei wir werth.

O d'wedwch wrth FERTUVA b'le aeth y cymydog
A wnelai addawsai i'r eang a'r gwreng ?
B'le cillodd y glewddyn wynebai oludog,
A llais, er yn swyn, na ddychrynid gan leng ?
I b'le aeth y dyn oedd yn addfwyn a chadarn,
Yn deg a ddysgog mewn gweithred a gair,
A fedrai wrthw'nebu, ac etto'n ddiragfarn
A roddai heb weniath y iawn-glod fawrhair.

Ti feddaist beth cyfoeth heb feddu'r euogrwydd
A lyn wrth y trysor bentyrir trwy drais ;
Ti gefaist dy barchu heb barchu ynydrwydd
Er mwyn cael dy dyfiant yn deg wrth ei ais ;
Ti welaist ddefodau a dulliau yn newid,
A da ymarferion yn newid 'r un modd ;
Ond ti heb dda achos cyfnewid ni welid
Mewn gwisgad nag arfer, teuluaidd neu g'odd.

Q

Arferwr yr hen beth, ond nid am ei wyrni,
 A gwresog gefnogwr newydd beth f'ai dda:
 Cywiraf amserwr pob peth yn ei stori,
 A charwr tra cywir o'r synwyr a sa';
 Trefnusaf oedd hwn yn y peth a adroddai,
 Fel oedd yn mhob congl yn harddiad ei dy,
 Ac yn y peth gwledig yn bilyn a wisgal,
 Yn gystal a'r hanes adroddai mor hy'.

Ei hleser e' ga'dd mewn ymwrthod â phleser,
 Diwydrwydd er hyny ni lyncodd ei fryd
 O beth f'ai'n deuluaidd a moesol mewn arfer,
 A melus gyfeillach â dyaion o'i fyd.
 Yr hwyr pan adroddai wrth danllwyth gysurus
 Y pethau a brofodd er mebyd eu budd,
 Dadguddient y galon oedd gall a difyrus,
 A'r gweithiwr a feddai ar yspryd gwir rydd.

Mi welais ei wisgad, a'i iaith mi wrandawais,
 A chanddo mi rodiais trwy lwybrau ei ardd;
 Mi rifais ei gelh, a'i fwyd mi fwyteais,
 A phob peth rhyfeddais wna'i annedd mor hardd:

Ei law, er mor galed gan waith, oedd haelionus,
 Ei eiriau o'ent drefnus, a'i iaith mor ddi goll,
 Pe rhoddit ar bapur adroddiad ei wefas
 I'r craffaf braidd ddiiffyg f'ai rhyngddynt hwy oll.

O Dduw, pan b'wy'n gweled y gwag anwadalweh
 Sy'n gwneuthur dyn brau yn saith brauach nag
 oedd;

Pan welwyf sidanau am grwyn ag ymfydwch
 A thlodi mewn *zatin* yn hedfan ar g'oedd.
 Oer gwynaf am hen Wilym Robert y Cymro,
 Yr hwn os na chaffai ein parch mewn gwisg wlan,
 Chwenychbai hyd feddrod mi gwn gael byw hebdo
 Mor atgas oedd iddo bob coegni a'i gân.

Efe oedd yn arswyd i falchder y coegyn;
 Os collodd ei wagbarch enillodd beth mwy,
 Ffyddlondeb rhai ddeuent fel brodyr i'w gegyn,
 I wrando hen hanes ei ardal a'i hlwy';
 A themlodd pan ballai ei nerth mewn mawr benaint
 Y meddai ar fab a'i cyfrifai'n fwy baint
 I'w gario ar freichiau fel gorau o geraint
 Na chynnal ar orsedd y Pab a'i holl saint.

THE MINSTREL GREY. *A Ballad.*

From Mona's Isle the Minstrel Grey
 Had travell'd southward far;
 His passport was his native lay,
 And chance his guiding star.
 At a palace-gate he stood to gaze,
 Ah! there methinks said he
 There may be those who love my lays—
 May I not humbly see?

He went and ask'd would any hear
 An aged minstrel's tune.
 You look too old our like to cheer,
 Old man begone full soon;
 Sir John's at home, and he's severe
 To wand'ers such as you;
 Go Minstrel Grey, we may not hear
 What thou can'st say or do.

"Oh may I by your kitchen fire
 My freezing limbs but warm?"
 "Yea, that thou may'st and by desire
 The willing menials charm."

"So," said a voice, and in he went,
 And warm'd him by the blaze,
 And hope did make him half content
 Some ear would prize his lays.

"What will you hear—for many I know—
 Of the strains of Love and War;
 And many have I play'd ere now
 Where nobles list'ners were."
 "It matters not, if sweet it be,
 Come, Minstrel, quaff this ale;
 Well can we listen here to thee
 While the parlour guests regale."

Now o'er his strings the Minstrel Grey
 His music kindling hand
 With fervour threw—and sweet the lay
 His fingers did command.
 With every swell his aged veins
 As fervently did swell,
 Till not a soul that heard his strains
 Un-charm'd was with their spell.

Wide op'd the doors, and ev'ry dome
 In dulcet echoes told
 That a master spirit made its home
 Within that frame so old ;
 Then to the Hall straight-way he's led,
 Where circling ladies bright
 Of him whose harp could move the dead
 Press'd on t' obtain a sight.

Now is he question'd of the home
 Where he'd been rear'd and taught;—
 Why he so far in age did roam
 To play perhaps for nought—
 Then ere he could to much reply,
 Successively is he
 Requir'd to play, lay after lay
 The stores of memory.

First from the manna dropping chords
 Comes knightly *Harri Ddu* ;
 Anon he mutters native words
 To strains that chim'd so free ;
 Follows the *Gadlys*, air of might,
 In tones more regal still ;
 "Good," said Sir John, "thou'lt rest to-night ;
 Even here—it is my will."

"Play *Morfa Rhuddlan*, Minstrel old."
 "I will,"—then by his strings
 A tale of sorrow deep is told,
 That to his own heart clings :

The more he felt the more he strove
 His feelings to conceal,
 And wish'd the strain that did all move
 His own heart would not feel

Again his hand—again his heart
 Are put to harder proof:
 "Play us the fav'rite of that part
 Where rose thy native roof."
 "I will," he said, but ere his hand
Mone's Lay had quite gone through,
 A voice said to him, "That's the land
 Thou ne'er again wilt know."

As one that heareth his own knell,
 Beside the vacant chair,
 Embracing of his harp he fell
 With sad and piteous stare ;
 "I go," says he, "I go—I go—
 If pitied here I be ;
 Where'er I'm laid, Oh there so low
 My harp inter with me."

"I will," exclaimed Sir John, "I will—
 And near my family,
 Where sabbath music soundeth still
 Thy lowly grave shall be :
 A stone shall tell the standers by,
 Not who—but what thou art,
 A Minstrel Grey whose last sad lay
 Did break his tender heart."

PAWB I MI YN FRODYR.

Wrth gyfrif yr oriau a'm gwnaethant yn ddof,
 Heb allu erioed eu profwydo,
 Beth ydwyf wresocaf yn alw i'm cof,
 Mi'i henwaf yn hy heb och'neidio ;
 Y weithred a wnes pan fai'nghalon yn dwym,
 Gan y gred nad o'wn i ond creadur,
 Oedd dan y berthynas wresocaf yn rhwym,
 I edrych ar bawb fel fy Mrodyr.

Ni ŵyr y cyfoethog pa bryd yr a'n dlawd,
 Na'r cadarn pa bryd bydd yn egwan ;
 Pan dd'wed wrth y crwydryn, Tydi yw fy mrawd,
 A phwysa ar ysgwydd y baban ;

Fel hyn daw ar ddyn, er mor fyred ei ddydd,
 Caiff ddigon o brofion annifyr,
 Na ŵyr yn ei ymchwylld pa enyd y bydd
 I edrych ar bawb fel ei frodyr.

Paham caiff dyeithrwech i oeri fy mron,
 At ddyn am ei liw neu ei wlad ?
 Penaeth pob gelyn sydd ar y ddae'r gron
 Yw'r balchder sy'n rhewi fy ngwa'd ;
 Y'mhell ac yn agos, cyffelyb yw dyn ;
 A chan bob gwlad y wers hon adroddir,
 Nad oes neb yn medru iawn garu ei hun,
 Heb gofio fod pawb iddo'n frodyr.

THE WASH. *A Ballad.*

Where Towy shews his clearest wave,
 And sweetest murmur makes,
 Where he reflects as he doth love,
 The richest greenest brakes;
 Old Griffith's daughters three were seen,
 All on a Summer's day,
 Washing as custom old hath been,
 The clothes they could display.

Where brass pans o'er its glare so red,
 On lofty tripods stood,
 The fire they needed was well fed
 With faggots from the wood;
 And trying toil it was I ween,
 Though all did toil did share,
 To ply the fire and wash till clean
 The heap that waited there.

There Mary with her tresses black,
 A wanton one might seem;
 But such her work, she might be slack,
 Where no intruder came;
 Her neck and shoulders soft and white
 Were bar'd to that degree,
 Much would she dread, as well she might,
 That man their charms should see.

Jane 'neath a crown of bonny brown,
 Half coil'd o'er a brow divine,
 Spurn'd the confinement of a gown,
 And gave her charms full line;
 Such was her beauty brought to light,
 'Twould quicken into life;
 The marble statue on its site,
 That with it held the strife.

While Martha, youngest of the three,
 And fairest too, if I,
 Between such paragons could see,
 What most should please the eye;
 In her own beauty shrunk with dread
 As if the trees above,
 Like all things else would wish to wed,
 One nought could fail to love.

How could the two that walk'd that way,
 By accident, withstand,
 Those charms which made the breezes stay
 To kiss each neck and hand?
 One saw and fled, but like a roe
 Bore in his heart the shaft;
 Which every one that loves must know,
 The hardest breast makes soft.

Another wight bred in the town;
 On their seclusion broke,
 Attracted as his tongue did own,
 By the ascending smoke;
 And as he found them there but three,
 He would not wend his way,
 Till one would bear him company,
 To the next field of hay.

The maidens finding all was vain,
 That urged his journey hence:
 To make him think, his will he'd gain,
 Hit on a fair pretence:
 Said they, "If we shall you blindfold,
 So that you see not who
 You dally with, then where you've told,
 So shall you fairly woo.

As each was fair, the wanton wight
 Consented to be bound,
 Ev'n hands and eyes—and as he might,
 Be guided to that ground:
 The deed agreed upon was done,
 And him, the maidens three—
 Concealing their projected fun,
 Led on by bush and tree.

Then when he deem'd him near the spot
 Where he was free to woo,
 They said, "Sweet youth, we have forgot,
 "This fen was to go through—
 "Here we shall carry you some yards,
 "And she that you can find—
 "Her well borne burden best regards,
 "Shall best be to your mind."

The vain one answer'd, "all is right,
 "And there you'll lay me down,
 "Upon the fairest plot to sight;
 "And leave me with my own:"
 Tis done they said, and as they spoke,
 From his Elysian dream,
 The wanton screeching loud awoke,
 In Towy's cooling stream.

Now servant girls come down three more,
 With blankets to the wash;
 Who heard the scream that rent the shore,
 And witness'd too the splash:
 And as they hied to waters' brink
 Where rose the sisters' fun;
 They saw the cool'd one homeward slink,
 And all cried out, "well done."

A CALL TO THE CUCKOO.

Bird of the green months, must I say,
 How many there be that long for the lay?
 Where echoes wait thy song to mock,—
 The heart of joy, O come to unlock;
 Thy long delay is the general talk,
 On suburb fair and airy walk:
 And there is not a child or aged man,
 But asks for thee on the grey hill's van.

If over the seas thy course is bent,
 Beyond its waves a sign we have sent;
 The blaze of the furze, for thy telegraph,
 Is nightly seen on the banks of *Taff*.
 O come by its light to cheer the soil;
 Where tugging strength doth hourly toil;
 For the tiller's hope is that reward,
 Thy song must promise, from the sward.

A thousand pupils thou shalt have,
 To learn thy lay, and con thy stave:
 And the infant on the mother's breast,
 Will join responses with the best;—

For never a missionary was seen,
 That was heard like thee, in thy land of green;
 Then Cuckoo come,—no longer delay
 Lest we forget thee and thy *May*.

Ploughman, I see thee make a pause,
 And well I guess the lovely cause,
 With a merrier heart that furrow now
 Thy shining share thou'lt soon bring through;
 Slacken thy line when the headland's gain'd,
 And a moment give with me, thy friend;
 To hear what surpasseth thy village bells,—
 That Cuckoo's voice o'er thy native dells!

Go, crier, go, through the city street,
 Tell high and low, whom thou shalt meet,
 If they love the sight, and breath of spring,
 All to come forth, and with them bring,
 Friends and relations, for even now,
 The Cuckoo was heard on her leafy bough;
 And the cowherd's boy is hastening home,
 To tell the glad village who is come.

Y FORY.

Pan byddo prydawn hyn o fywyd yn nesu,
 A'm haulwen ar fyned i lawr,
 Dangosod fy muchedd beth fu'm yn broffesu,
 Am enw ni phwysa fe fawr:
 Fy mwth yn heddychlawn, a'm haelwyd yn dwym,
 A chyfaill yn barod a'i stori:
 'Does achos i'm calon i deim'o un rhwym
 Wrth edrych y'mlaen am y fory.

Os gwnaf fi fy nghadair yn orsedd fy mwthyn,
 Ni fydd fy llywodraeth yn draws;
 Fy nghi bach a'm cath, os na chânt fy mrethyn,
 Gânt friwsion fy mara a'm caws:
 Ar y cae dan fy nhŷ, fy ngheffyl bach bâl
 Mewn heddwech ei hun a gaiff bori:
 A phan gwelo 'i feistr nid ofna ei ddal,
 Can's gŵyr caiff e orphwys y fory.

<p><i>F'm Marged</i> 'rwy'n rhoddi llywodraeth fy nghegin, Ac allwedd pob cofor trwy'm tŷ; A phan byddwy'n llawen heb gynnwrf y bregyn, Caiff allwedd fy nghalon yn ffri: 'Does dim wyf am gela o'i chlust ddydd na nos, Yn gyfan hi 'i caiff heb ei dori; Ac nid wyf yn coffo i'm calon gael loes Erioed trwy ddannodiaeth y fory.</p>	<p>'R'ym ni'n dau yn rhwyfo i lawr ar hyd afon Ein bywyd, a phob un a'i rwyf; A ph'un ai yn fâs, byddo hi, neu yn ddofon, 'Chyd-dyna neb well yn ein plwyf: A phan b'om ni'n agos i fôr dŷ yr anghof, A'n traed yn y dyfroedd yn oeri; 'Does achos fawr synwyr, 'rwy'n tybied na hen-gôf I ddweyd mae nid ni bia fory.</p>
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Pan cyfausoddais y Gân hon, nid oedd y Gân Seis'nig. *The Down Hill of Life* yn fy meddiant, onide, tra thebygol yw buaswn yn rhoddi cyfeithiad o'r un ragorol hono yn lle cân o'm eiddo fy hun ar yr un testun: yr hysbys mae rhai, fwy mewn mullais na serch at wirionedd, gwedi alw yn gyfeithiad o *Down Hill of Life*, er nad oes yuddi ddim dau ddrychfeddwl drwyddi oll yn tebygolli hono.

CARDIGAN REAPERS. A Glee, by J. T.

For ages (and, for aught I know, from time immemorial) it has been customary for the peasantry of Cardiganshire to go in bands together to do the harvest work in earlier counties than their own, and return in season to perform the same labour at home. Some veteran whom they recognize as their leader is written to from Herefordshire, and other English counties, and, he holding himself in readiness for the journey, in no time gathers his fellow labourers together; and off they set, mostly in the night, and soon reach their destination, where their dexterity and hardiness at harvest work, generally makes them famous.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "From the hills where the furze and the lowly broom grow, Beside the dark moor and the valley so low, We gather our band at the corn harvest call, And off at its summons We hie one and all, And off at its summons We".

hie one and all. With sickle and scip o'er our broad shoulders flung, Thro'

midnight's dark silence we travel along; A hardy train'd band for the work of the

field, And who but to us, And who but to us in the harvest must

yield, And who but to us in the harvest must yield. When the cider draught grato-

fully quenches our thirst, And each on the edge proves his right to be first, Then look to the time when to

headland we come, Who first with his might, who first with his might, who first with his might shall cry,

Whoop Harvest Home.

Whoop, Harvest Home! Whoop, Harvest Home! Whoop, Harvest Home! Whoop, Harvest Home!

Whoop, Whoop, Whoop,
Whoop, Who first with his might shall say, Whoop,
Whoop, Whoop, Whoop,
first with his might shall say, Whoop, Whoop, Harvest Home, Who first with his might shall cry

Whoop, Harvest Home. Harvest Home,
Whoop, Harvest Home; Who first with his might shall cry, Harvest Home, Harvest Home,

(delwedd J4378) (tudalen 128)

Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
Harvest Home, Harvest Home, Who first with his might shall cry, Harvest Home,
Whoop, Harvest Home, Whoop, Harvest Home.

Duet. Larghetto.

The echoes around us in answer shall tell, The echoes around us in answer shall
tell, The work we have done when we bid you farewell, The work we have done when we bid you fare-

R

well, The work, The work, The work we have done when we bid you farewell

Whoop, Harvest Home, Whoop, Harvest Home, Whoop, Harvest Home,
Whoop, Harvest Home.

Harvest Home, Harvest Home, When each with his might shall cry, Harvest Home,
Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, Whoop,

Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, When each with his might shall cry, Harvest Home.
Harvest Home, Harvest Home, The

The echoes around us in answer shall tell, The

echoes around us the answer shall tell, The echoes, The echoes,

echoes. The echoes, The echoes, The echoes, The echoes a-

The echoes around us. The echoes around us in answer shall

round us in answer shall tell. The echoes, The echoes, The echoes,

tell The work we have done when we bid you farewell.

The echoes around us in answer shall tell The work we have done you when we bid you farewell.

(delwedd J4381) (tudalen 131)

Whoop, Harvest Home, When we bid you farewell, Whoop, Harvest Home, When we bid you fare-

well, Fare . well. Fare . well.

Adagio.

The musical score consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and includes the instruction 'Adagio.' in the bass staff.

O DAETHOST MAI.

O daethost Mai, mi wela'th dro'd
 Mewn esgid fraith ar odre'r co'd,
 Ti'm daliaist heddyw'n ugain o'd
 Yn aros fyth wrth Ifan.
 Y gog a gofia'i thymor hi,
 A'r wenol feddwl am ei thy,
 Ond Owl! pa bryd daw f' amser i
 I wneud fy nyth gan Ifan.
 O dere Ifan—dere ar frys,
 Mae'n hawdd cael modrwy at fy mys,
 Ti ell!m gwneuthur cyn pen mis
 Yn berchen arnat Ifan.

Pa beth wna'r adar oll mor llon,—
 Mor ber eu cân—mor dyn eu bron,
 Tra byddwyf finnau'n drist ar don,
 Dy atteb dyro Ifan.
 Maent oll yn briod, dyna pa'm,
 A minnau 'ngofal tad a mam
 Yn gorfod wylu am y cam
 A gefais genyt Ifan.
 O cyn bo'r blodau hyfryd hyn'
 O wres yn gwywo ar y bryn
 Yn eiddot b'wyf, neu galar fyn
 Fy mywyd innau Ifan.

ELEGY ON GWILYM MORGANWG.

To the Air, "Ieuencid Cymru," page 121.

Oh Tave by the homes where thy murmur is sweetest,
The voice that did greet thee, no longer is heard:

When spring decks thy banks with the gems that are
[meetest,
Thy Gwilym no longer shall welcome its bird.

And when evening's sunbeam thy dark peaks are gild
[ing,

The man that beheld them with seraph's delight,
Shall see them no longer—for tells not yon building;
Who sleepeth beside it, the sleep of Death's night?

The eye that first watch'd the return of the swallow,
The ear that attested the cuckoo's first lay;

The hand that first cull'd where the summer grew
[mellow,
The feet for its beauties that furthest did stray:

Oh where are they now? Let the hills that did echo
The song of my Gwilym in sorrow reply;
Let the thrush and the black-bird, the linnet and cuckoo
Attest where the poet that hail'd them doth lie.

When summer's glad lays would have man them ac-
[knowledge,

Who now to their music in time shall respond?

When trees shall invite every bard 'neath their foliage,
Who now shall approach them with feelings so fond?

Ye friend of the lov'd one, Oh, you have not lost yet
The glow that his words did so often impart;

The warmth of his language I know is not frost yet,
In bosoms whose fire was supplied from his heart.

The ears that have drunk of the sweets of his story,
To them 'twill be bliss still his tale to repeat:
And o'er the green meads and the summits so hoary,
To tread where he trod will be ease to their feet.

And where he compos'd them, for aye shall his verses,
Be heard from the peasant at morning and eve;
And he that correctest his wild lay rehearses,
Shall fair maids best list to and readiest believe.

The groves and the valleys that op'd him their pages
When nature he read as one vers'd in her book;

Shall these not confess it for ages and ages,
Who at them with the eye of a pupil did look?

The moon and the stars when above us they glisten,
Shall they not as truly tell all that have ears,

Who ofteneest by Tave came at midnight to listen
In meekness of heart to the strains of the spheres?

Ye winds that did teach him the cause of your veering,

Ye rivers he follow'd from mountain to sea;

Ye rocks he did search for the gems ye are bearing;

Ye forests he join'd in your holiday glee:

The heart that drew from you its wisdom and learning,—

Oh with me lament that its throbbing is still;

The bard that for all things that breathe felt a yearning—

His death be recorded by valley and hill.

THE HAYRICK.

Air—"Difyrweck Gwyr Dyfi." See page 88.

If ye doubt how the primitive lingo was lost,
While Babel uplifted its head to the cloud;

Go out when the farmer, regardless of cost,
At his hayrick sets working the gath'ring crowd:

A gabble you'll hear which doth threaten full soon,
The tongues which we own, into more to divide—

While scores you would think, lately struck by the moon,
Are come in their lunacy thither to chide.

Where brambles and thorns o'er a circle of stones,
Have formed a foundation more rugged than fair;

From full laden carts the fresh burdens are thrown,
That soon for the sweet smelling structure prepare;

Still fuller and faster, again and again,
They come while still thickens the gang that's to build,
Till rises a pile on the edge of the plain—

Which Phoebus is proud with his brightness to gild.

The waggon, the cart, and the sledge-car as well,
With drivers of every dimension and might;

Are coming, and going, and each would excel;
In the crack of his whip, if to use it were right,

The heap you could reach doth so instantly grow,
That none from its top, can with safety escape,

For surly old fellows are trimming below,
Who'd die ere their fabric should lose its fair shape.

The mave of the dance, who would see it perform'd,
By those who deserve from the harp its best tune?
Let him look at the hayrick, and ask what has charm'd
The sun sing'd crowd that has rais'd it so soon?
Up, up with the jug, on the pitch fork's bright prong,
And the beverage most cheering not stintingly give:
Then out with the voice that can give us a song,
Ere the loads we await in procession arrive.

There's Jane of the village, with voice like a thrush,
Her breath not the hugging of twenty can stop;
She's strong as a filly, and cares not a rush,
How often her note may be strained to its top,—
All neighbours have own'd her the charmer of hearts;
And millers to hear her have stopped their own mills:
She is perch'd on that hayrick, judge all of her parts,
And hear the wild echoes, respond to her trills.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

Air by J. T.

"A bracelet of gold, and a necklace of pearl, I'll give thee to wear," said a
wench-loving Earl To a village maid whose only glass Was the crystal
well by which she did pass.

At his words she blush'd, but calling to mind,
What her mother had said of men refin'd;
With her blush she felt the worth of her fame,
And ask'd if he e'er could bestow a good name?

The puzzled Earl, prepar'd his reply,
And ask'd, What's the name that can raise thee so high
As being belov'd by one whose gold,
Hath ne'er in reckon'g yet been told?

I've health said she—which can be mine
But while I walk by my mother's line:
Your necklace would choke me, your bracelet of gold,
Would soon make the blood of my wrist run cold.

A horse thou shalt ride—or bathe in the seas,—
Or breathe my garden's perfum'd breeze:
Thou'lt have maidens to dress thee—who'll ne'er say
[nay;
Now enter my carriage which for thee doth stay.

But when sland'ers' words have pierc'd my ears,
Oh! shall I not oftener bathe in my tears!
And the maid you'd bid my vanity nurse—
Who'd stop her behind my back to curse?

I'll give thee a garden, and cot of thy own,
And flow'rets around it, the bloomiest grown?
These shalt thou smell, without stooping to pick,
And cordials I'll send thee, whene'er thou art sick.

And if your flowers till death I shall have,
O! who will plant one o'er my grave:
And where are the perfumes that can revive,
The fame that wither'd when I was alive?

Thou hast given me maiden, said he; a rebuke,
For the which, from thee, I never could look;
My riches are great—thy virtue's far more,
Then be my wife, and the pearl of my store.

HE SANG OF THE SEA.

Air, by J. T.

He sang of the sea, he sang of the land, He sang of a maiden's lily-white hand, And
 kindly glanc'd athwart: He sang of a maid who liv'd in a cot. 'Till he made
 me jealous of her lot; For I thought that such had sometime got Possession of his heart.

He sang of a lass that liv'd in a mill,
 Who call'd her lover Wandering Will;
 And William is his name.
 Then I wish'd that in that mill were I
 To hear his song and answer his sigh,
 And stand at its door when he pass'd by,
 His wanderings there to blame.

He sang at last the song which prov'd
 That like my own his heart was mov'd
 By wishes love-begot.
 And glad was I in his closing song,
 To know I did not expound it wrong,
 When I found myself was all along
 The maid of the mill and cot.

OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.

Air—Gadlys. See page 107.

Of a noble race was Shenkin,
 And nobly he exulted,
 When his power and wealth were sinking,
 In the crest his foe insulted:
 And when his state
 Was desolate,
 From his post he ne'er revolted.

Though his fathers' halls did moulder,
 When he could not repair them,
 His speech but grew the bolder,
 'Gainst the foes that would not spare them:
 And like his word
 Was the swift sword
 That would, if it could, out-dare them.

Tho' he, of his country's nobles,
 Had once known most of plenty;
 His share of his country's troubles
 His means had oft made scanty;
 But when his board
 Could a feast afford,
 Of knights himself seem'd twenty.

If his pedigree was longest,
 His ancestors he nam'd not,
 But to prove his claim the strongest
 To the deeds his Cambria blamed not.
 And like true knight,
 In peace and in fight,
 He stood for the land he shamed not.

MOEL Y DON.

Air—Captain Morgan's March. See next page.

O'er the Menai's ebbing stream,
See a thousand weapons gleam;
For upon its bridge of boats,
Threaten'd woe to Cambria floats—
Warriors leagu'd are there that wait,
But their time to seal her fate;
And the echoes of her shore
Now announce those warriors o'er.

Now to gain the land with speed,
Latimer spurs on his steed;
And upon the trenches high,
Taney's too doth proudly neigh:
But to guard his native land,
Not a Welshman wields his brand!
Ere a drop of blood is shed,
All that should be there are fled!

'On de Taney—Gascon Lords,
'Swift advance with naked swords;
'Foes that with such ease can fly,
'With their blood that stream should dye.
'Dodgingeles, beneath yon height,
'Let them pay the price of flight—
'Shall their crags impede the host,
'Which to-day their *Menai* crost?

With loud threat, and taunting words,
They pursue the Cambrian hordes:
Like the river's ebbing tide,
From them shrinketh Cambria's pride:
But as Menai's tide returns,
Rushing from their mountain bournes,
Who but they that feign'd to fly,
Vow with blood that stream to dye?

Foes that crost it erst like men,
Now in flight would cross again,
But before they reach the bridge;
Lo! like corn sheaves on the ridge;
Steeds and riders full to view,
Menai's rising waters strew;
While the Britons on its brink
Count the heads that in it sink.

Rocks that did at dawn of morn
Echo loud the foeman's horn,
Now to Mona's hill and dell,
Blab the Saxon's dying yell:
To proclaim, when 'tis too late,
His disgrace, and comrades' fate,
None save Latimer is gone,
O'er the Bridge at Moel-y-dôn.

NOTE.—There is a point of land, nearly opposite to Bangor, called *Moel-y-dôn*, where the water is much narrower than in any other parts of the Straits. From this place, the English formed a bridge of boats which were chained together, and over which a platform of boards was raised, wide enough for sixty men to march in front. To counteract this design, the Welsh threw up entrenchments, at some distance, on their side of the river, to check the enemies' advance, and to secure the passes into their mountains. Before the bridge was entirely finished, a party of English, attended by the Gascon lords, who, with a body of Spanish troops, were then in the service of Edward; despising the Welsh for the easy conquest of Anglesey, passed over the Menai at low water, with a considerable force; to reconnoitre their works, or to give a display of their own valour. Richard ap Walwyn, who commanded in these posts, knowing that the tide would soon flow, and cut off the enemies' retreat to the bridge, remained quiet within his entrenchments, and neither opposed their passage, nor molested their advance up into the country. As soon as the Menai had risen so high, as to prevent any communication with the Island; the Welsh in great multitudes rushed down from the mountains, assaulted the enemy with loud outcries, and pursued them with great slaughter into the water, in which many were drowned, encumbered with the weight of their armour. Fifteen Knights, thirty-two Esquires, and one thousand Soldiers were slain and perished in the Menai. Among others who fell in this disaster, were Lucas de Taney, the leader of the Foreign Troops, William de Dodingseles, and William de la Zouch. The Lord Latimer, who commanded the English in this detachment, had the good fortune to recover the bridge by the stoutness of his horse.—*Warrington's History of Wales*, pages 236, 251.

FFO, RUF EINWR.

Air—*Captain Morgan's March.*
With Energy.

Ffo, Rufeinwr, gâd ein tir, Hwn gyassegrwyd idd y gân: Gwel y gallu
beri 'th gur, Dudew aeth yr wybren lân. T'wllwch a gol . eu . ni ddaw
Wrth ein galwad—Elyn ffo— Gwedd yr wybren cenfydd draw— D'wed, Ruf-

s



Hen gyfaredd Môn sydd gref,
Pa wrth'nebwr feiddia hon?
Deil y sêr yn entrych nef,
Cwyd ac attal ymchwydd tôn:

Egyr byrth y beddrod du;
Rhwyga'r nen â gwybiawl dân;
Ffowch—ein duwiau'n ddiplom lu
Gylch y dderwon tyru wnan'.—*Cyfeithiad.*

LLEWELYN'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

To the same Air.

Britons, see ye from this height
Gathering clouds of Edward's might?
Warriors hence can ye not view
Proof of Edward's fear of you?
Say not all the hosts he leads
What he thinks of Cambria's deeds?
Knows he not your fathers' fame
Makes you emulate the same?

Are not yon plains his armies tread
Those o'er which the Henry's fled?
O'er which former conq'ers came
But to traverse back in shame?
As our fathers, if we fight,
Like his sires' will be his flight;
And the heights on which we stand
Still will be unconquer'd land.

Ye who boast a C'radog's blood,
Stand your foes as C'radog stood;
Ye whom Arthur's mem'ry charms,
Like an Arthur be in arms;
Not a hardship shall ye bear
I your leader will not share:
Not a step will ye advance
I'll not measure with this lance.

If our Liberty we'd gain,
Now's the hour to burst the chain;
Now the moment when our words
Must be utter'd by our swords.
Who despises bondsmen's breath
Should despise the fear of Death:
Than to kiss th' usurper's rod
Better die and go to God.

NOTE.—Although, the death of Llewelyn was effected through treachery, when he was many miles from the regions of Snowdon, the intended theatre of the principal Battle; yet the whole of his military career, and the dispatch with which he was returning from South Wales, (where he administered wholesome chastisement to the revolters) to engage King Edward, justifies, I presume, my attributing to him sentiments such as are embodied in this song, on his beholding the invading hosts he was determined to fight.

CASTELL LLANSTEPHAN.

Ar y dôn,—Y Gelynen. Gwel tu dal. 22.

Tra hoff gan ddyn yw coffa'r man
 Lle'i magwyd gan ei fammaeth,
 Ac enwi'n rhes gyfeillion bach,
 Fu ganddo'n iach mewn chwariaeth.
 Melusach eilwaith 'droddiad clau
 Am wiw brofiadau cariad,
 A rhoi pob bryn a dol i lawr
 Ardystia lawr ei rodiad.

Pe holl fynyddau Cymru lon
 Yn gyson medrwn euwi,
 A'i maesydd teg a phob rhyw dwyn
 Lle pawr ei hŷyn tan lamu;
 Fy llygad mŷn ni wel ar dôn
 A'm llwyr foddllona'n gyfan,
 Fel gwyrddlas barth y nŷn lle cwyd
 Hen gastell llwyd Llanstephan.

Dy enw, ben adeilad gwych,
 Bydd dda dan nych ei goffa,
 A dweyd fel bum o'th fewn yn rhwym,
 Pan wenai'r hafddydd dwyma,
 Gan eneth anwyl, gwell na chwa'r,
 Bum f'n garcharwr difin,
 O fewn i'th furiau; a'r fath dro
 Hir gofo wnaaf a gwiw-fin.

Yn llon eisteddem ar dy fur
 Tra wybren bur yn poethi,
 Gan edrych draw ar donau'th dra'th,
 Yn wyn fel lla'th yn torri:

Yr haul o wyneb f' anwyl feroh
 O draserch gwnelai ledrad,
 Ond tan yr eiddof fi y'ngbudd
 Cai orchudd rhag ei lygad.

Dangoswn iddi dir a môr,
 A llawer goror geinwedd,
 A phell werddonau draw'n y glâs
 Eangfor, ma's o'n eyr'edd,
 Gofynwn b'le dymunai fod
 Yn rhoi ei thro'd i artrefu;
 Attebodd na ch'ai les na bri
 Ond lle bawn i i'w claru.

A thyna'r iaith ddysgasem wau
 Tra hedai'r oriau heibio;
 A thyma'r iaith a wna i mi,
 Heu annedd bri, dy gofio.
 Hoff gariad ddygai'i gamp y'mla'n
 Tra'r wilan obry'n nofio,
 A'r hedydd fach uwch twyni'r tir
 A ddaliai'n hir i'n boddio.

Awelon fath deimlasom ni
 O'th gwmpas di fo'n chwythu,
 Ac aden haf ar hyd dy dwyn
 Ei gwllith fo'n mwyn wasgaru:
 Boed cân aderyn yn dy wig
 Tra dail ar frig uchelbren,
 Yn tystio beth wna calon dyn
 A dwyfron mun yn llawen.

SYBERWYD IAITH.

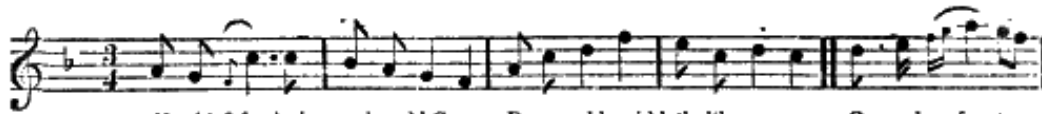
Os hoff i'r ie'ntid wisgoedd glân,—
 Y plu a'r sidan disglâer,
 Y llian main a'r brethyn teg,
 A'r gemau chweg mewn nifer:
 Pa fodd yr hoffant fachedd gas
 A chwedlau bras anlladrwydd?
 Dros y gwefusau wnaud mor hardd!
 Pa wedd y tardd ynfydrwydd!

A ddaw rhwng dannedd ifor glân
 Regfeydd am dŷn a brwmstan?
 A dry pereiddlais llencyn mwyn
 Y llw a swyna'r aflan?
 A dorchir sidan am y geg,
 A wneir yn deg y wyneb,
 I hwnw sydd a thalcen ewn
 Yn cyfarth mewn gerwineb?

D'wed, eneth dlos, a ganistai
 I ffaidd weillau'r rhegwr
 I osod cusan ar dy fin
 Ac yntau'n fin oferwr?
 A fydd i ana'l trwm y glwth,
 A geiriau rhwth y meddwyn,
 I agoshau gwynebpryd merch
 A haeddai serch syber-ddyn?

Os hoffi'r sidan main o we'
 Oedd gyne' ar dy ddwyfron
 Os hardd yw blodau'r iraidd dwyn
 Fu dan dy drwyn mor dirion,
 Pa wedd nad aflan eiriau poeth
 Yr annoeth dyngwr, ateb,
 A haeddai wisg o groen y llew
 Gerwinlew dan ei wyneb?

HEN WR O'R COED. *Yn ol dull Dyfed.*



Harddaf fereh rhwng glenydd Cynon, Pwy na ddaw i blethu'th goron, O ral ofnant



tra ca'nt blethu, Fel fy hun ca'nt ofer garu?

Son am danat sydd yn mhob man,
 Hyn a bery'th wyneb gwiwlan,
 Unaf finnau'r ber ganmolineth
 Rydd i'm bron y ddyfnaf alaeth.

Meibion dro'nt o bob celfyddid
 I ddysgu canu am dy lendid;
 Mionau 'herwydd gwawr dy ddwyrudd
 Yn eu plith a es yn brydydd.

Mawr rhyfeddais wedd dy wyneb,
 Mwy rhyfeddais dy gallineb,
 Etto mwy na dim yr hylon
 Lendid welais yn y galon.

Trem dy lygad, plyg dy wefus,
 Tro dy lais a wnawd mor felus,

Perant chwilio cant o lyfrau
 Am ddarluniad o'r fath bethau.

Nid oes rhaid o honot ddarlun
 Gael, mae'th lun ar galon pob dyn;
 Ond o'r myrdd all dy ddesgrifio,
 O! 'r fath lu gant wan obeithio.

Curo—curo mae fy nghalon
 Am gael bod yn nes i'r ddwyfron,
 Lle mae'r galon gurai'r ateb
 Wnae fy ngofid yn sirioldeb.

Os yn alltud wyf o'th fynwes,
 Imi mwy am loches gynnes
 Ofer chwilio bro na mynydd;
 Gwên dy fin yw tân dy brydydd.

MAE Y DON uehod fel "Mentra Gwen," "Hob y Deri," ac ereill, i'w chlywed yn cael ei chanumewn dulliau mor wahanol yn ngwahanol barthau Cymru, fel mae yr un Don gwedi myned yn fyoych yn ddwy neu dair, a phob un o'r rhei'ny am y nielusaf. Ie, maent weithiau mewn gywair gwahanol hefyd.

YR OLCHFA DDEFAID.

Air—Pont Corlan yr Wyn (The Lambs' Fold).

Me . he . fu ddaeth, fugail . iaid mwyn, Ein defaid bwnt y'nt heb eu hwyn, Yn ffoi'n lludd-
 edig dan y twyn I lwech neu frwyn am loebes, Y gwlanog gwdd i'w bath a
 fu yn ganwisg deg drwy'r gauaf du, Dymnant 'nawr i'r blaidd neu'r ci I'w wisgo yn eu
 lle—neu ni O'u pwysig gwdd i feddu'r eny' Sy'n llethu rhai rhy gynes.

O'r werfa gul a'r darren lom
 Yr oenyg drown, a'r ddafad drom
 Yn siw cant fyn'd er maint y siom
 Lle gwelom nesaf geulan;
 Dan hono heb wneud iddi gam,
 Mor wyn a'r oen ni wnawn ei fam;
 A gwedy'i channu, heb ddweud pam
 Ei gwysg a gweifwn, ac heb nam,
 Am ei gwiriondeb ca ar lam
 Ei dinam ryddid yngau.

O clyweh y fref ar geulan Taf,
 Pa ddyn a rifa'r c'lonau claf
 A gredant 'nawr diwedda'u haf
 Yn dduaf redfa'r afon;
 O gôl i gôl y ddafad a
 Mewn gormod braw i lefain ba!

A phan oer lysg o'r drochfa ga'
 Yn swp ar fin yr afon sa'
 Ac ar ei hoen, a dim a wna,
 Ni sylwa gan ei saled.

I wirion, digon hyn o wac,
 Ond etto cyn y troedia gae,
 I fyrdd o'u 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 gwydd
 Ein gobaith fo mae felly bydd
 I'r braw wnai fugail hoff yn brudd
 Cyn d'wedydd i ymadel.

THE SHEEP WASH.

To the same Air.

From rushy plain and ferny steep
 Or wheresoe'er the stragglers keep,
 Ye gentle shepherds bring your sheep
 Down to the crystal rivers;
 From shelvy nooks to which they run

To hide them from the mid-day sun,
 O bring them all to where the dam
 Shall soon look whiter than her lamb,
 And the bald ewe and hornéd ram
 Be of themselves deceivers.

Near Cefn-Coed-Cymar hear the cry
Of men and flocks from mountains high,
That to the cleansing waters hie

The weaker like the stronger:
So heavy is become her wool,
The sheep almost implores us pull
Her all and give 't the dog to wear
That follows yelping in the rear,
Or in her stead that man would bear
What she can bear no longer.

Now men of strength in river stand
Who send the elf from hand to hand,
And ere again she treads the land
Her bulk will yet be weightier:
And tho' she deems it treatment vile

Ere she can know her lambs, awhile,
She must again bewilder'd wait,
And, Oh! how helpless is her gait
While dripping she deplores the fate,
Which doubtless now is bitter!

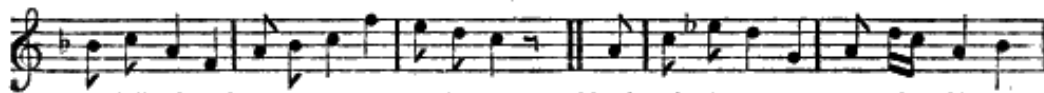
Again—again, ye fleecy elves
Ye must go captive up those shelves,
And for a time submit yourselves
To worse than ye are bearing:
While o'er your doubled forms we sweat
Your fate must seem much harder yet,
But when we loose your bonds so tight
What will be like your fleeces white?
May shepherds' hearts be aye so light
As sheep's are after shearing.

YMWELIAD I FRO ENEDIGOL.

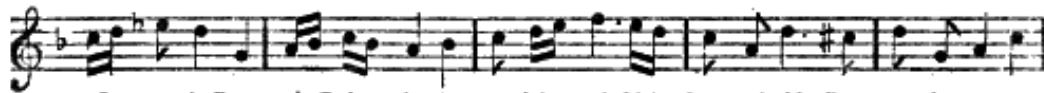
Air—Tro i Dre (Trip towards Home) by J. T.



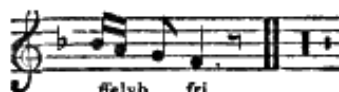
Mi wela'r tir, mor auwyl yw, Y deimlodd gyntaf bwys fy nbroed; Mi wela'r man lle



daeth i'm clyw Hoff ganiad 'deryn gynta' 'rloed; Mor hardd ei wawr, mor gu ei wedd, Ac



O mor hoff—mor hoff i mi, A gredais claddsit fi mewn bedd Cyn cawa i mwy gy-



felyb fri.

O lwybrau mwyn, dangoswch ôl
Y tra'd ro'is arnoch pan yn fach;
Dangoswch deithiau'r liencyn flol
Fu ar eich minion gynt mor iach.
D'oes ol i'w wel'd—na throed na llaw
Ar dwyn na dol—na nod na llun,
Er manwl graffu yma a thraw,
Does im arosodd oud fy hun.

Ai anghof gennyf, afon fwyn,
Yr oriau drenlais ar dy lân,
Pan ba'em yn llamu gyda'r wyn,
Myfi a phlantos llawer mân?
Ar feillion glas b'ai'n fawr ein bri,
A'r dderwen draw wnai gadair wych,
Pan godai'r brain wrth rym ein cri,
Ncu flugiem fref y gwirion ych.

SEITHENYN.

In the Palace of Gwydao full loud is the cheering,
And loud is the boast of the chief it extols;
And o'er the full banquet as haughty the bearing
Of them who to madness had yielded their souls;
But louder and faster than wassails out-pouring
Is the rush of the deluge its drunk'ness did cause:
And high as the hall of Seithenyn is soaring,
The wave that besetteth the dwelling he awes.

To mix with the wine draught of him who is pledging
The torrent is come which that pledging shall end,
To swell his loud boast of the wars he is waging
Comes the flood-head before which Seithenyn must
bend;

Where praises are boldest of statesmen and warriors,
Ere they that have vaunted recover their breath,
The deluge that hurries through Gwydao's strong bar-
riers
To the howl of their triumph joins that of their death.

As they cry for the steeds that might aid their escaping,
Without they can hear the loud plunge of the brute;
As they fly to their towers the owl's loud flapping,
Attests who with man would his refuge dispute:
Around while the lamps of the feast are expiring;
As darkly the lives of the feasters must go;
And though their despair their red eye-balls is firing
With the cry that is stifled, is smother'd its glow.

That throat which was mouliest to quaff its potation,
The surf of the ocean has now more than fill'd:
The heart that was warmest in flattery's devotion,
The dark inundation for ever bath chill'd:
The minstrel that sang, and the warrior that listen'd,
Now roll'd by the waters in death-pangs embrace;
And the menial in humblest attendance that hastened
Against his proud master's now knocketh his face.

The night is gone by, and the day-light doth follow,
But lo! of the dwellings that studded the plain;
The sun gives no token—for o'er them the billow
Carreers like the war-steed that tramples the slain.
The towns that have vanish'd ne'er more shall be num-
ber'd
Save in the dark record that stands in a book;
For the names of the feasters that would be remember'd
Save Seithenyn's the drunkard 'tis needless to look.

While gazing around on her sea coast's dark level,
Oh never shall Cambria that banquet forget
In which the mad chief and the friends of his revel,
Were sunk in the drunk'ness that stunneth us yet:
And ne'er shall the wave of thy bay Ceredigion
As its hollow voice sounds o'er thy blue pebbled strand,
Its tale cease to tell of the wassail long by-gone
That open'd its course o'er Seithenyn's doom'd land.

NOTE.—The errant drunkards of the Isle of Britain: Ceraint the drunkard, King of Easylwg, who in his drunkenness burnt all the corn far and near over the face of the country, so that therefrom a famine came; second, Gwrtheyrn Gwrthomas, who gave the Isle of Thanet (Thanet), in his drink, to Hors (Horsa), for permission to commit adultery with Rhonwen his daughter, when he gave claim also to the son, that thereby might be born, upon the crown of Lloegr, and added to that treason and plotting against the nation of the Cymry; third, Seithenyn the drunkard, the son of Seithyn Seidl, King of Dyfed, who in his drink, let the sea over the Cantref y Gwaelod, so that there were lost of houses and earth the whole that were there, where formerly were found sixteen fortified towns, superior to all the towns and cities of Wales, leaving as an exception Caer Lleon upon Wysg, and Cantref y Gwaelod was the dominion of Gwyddnaw Garanhir, King of Ceredigion; and that event was in the time of Emrys Wledig; and the men who escaped from that inundation landed in Arduwy, and the county of Arvon, and the mountain of Eryri, and other places not before inhabited.—*Welsh Triads.*

CAN FR WENOL.

Ten—Y Feillionen.

Ai ti y wenol welaf draw
Yn gwibio'n swyn dan swa'r gwlaw
Tra Mai yn hau a gwrydiog law
Ei pherlan dros y tir?
Dadwan dolennau'r afon deg
Dy bleser yw pan deso'n chweg,
Ac am balasau gwych y fro
Trwy'r hafaid ddydd rho'i tro am dro
A'r awel ber, a chroesi'r to
Tra deil i heulo'n hir.

Ni welaist ddydd o rew erio'd,
Nag arwydd iä lle rhoe't dy dro'd,
Na dim ond gwyrdd-ddail ar y co'd,
A'r cae fel gwaelod gardd;
Na gwlad ddifodau, gwn, na thir,
Na wisgid gan y meillion ir,
Na gallt heb gainc, na dol heb wliith,
Na gwaelod bro heb wartheg blyth,
Na gardd na b'ai gan fodau'n frith,
Tra gwneit dy nyth un hardd.

Yn mh'le y treuli'r gauaf du,
Yn wiw rho wybod hyn i ni,
Sy'n mawr ryfeddu, dderyn cu,
Pa le'r ymguddi o'n gŷydd
Rhyw iaith na chlywsom ni erio'd,

Er mor amlyced in' ei bod
I ti mewn pryd ei rhybydd mād
A myrdd o'th ryw a ddyry'n rhad,
Pan ewch mor glau o wlad i wlad
A'r unrhyw alwad rhwydd.

PENNILLION.

Na wna gyfaill o weneithwr,
Gochel ffalst gymwynas gwerthwr;
Na wna elyn, os oes lle,
O'r hwn a deithio wlad a thre'.

Ni ddichon dwr heb sebon
Wneud ll'cinau teca'n wynion;
Nid rheswm heb ddeniadau clau
All iawn lanbau y galon.

Chwith gan eneth lân i 'mado
Heb i'w glendid gael ei gofio;
Chwith gan werthwr dori geiriau
Heb ddweyd rhyw-beth am ei nwyfau.

Y mab gyhuddo'i dad o gam
A dry ei fam i'w bleidio;
Yr hwn rytelo a phob plaid,
Rhaid yw gwna ryw bryd syrthio.

Mae ambell elyn imi
A garai wel'd fy nh'lodi;
Gwnae fy ngheintachrwydd ef yn falch,
Am hyn ca'r gwalch ei siomi.

Beth sydd ar y dda'r a weli
Na chai rhywrai i'w addoli:
Pwy ddymunai gael ymgrymiad
Rhai addolent haul a lleuad,
Aur ac arian, coed a cherryg,
Llyfeint, ac ellyllon dieffig;
Etto hyn mae'r dyn yn geisio
Am ganmoliaeth fo'n ymchwyddo.

Peth rhyfedd gweled glanddyn
Fo'n hofli cân ac englyn,
Yn rhoi o'i enau'r fflaidd rēg
A weddai geg y dieffyn.

Peth rhyfedd gweled rhian
Dan lian main a sidan

Yn rhodio'r heol dan fraich y glwth
O 'madrodd rhwth ac afan.

Y brwnt a gribai'i goryn
Ond dengwaith yn y fwyddyn;
Mynychach prynir crib i hwn
O deirgwaith gwn na'r glanddyn.

Nid rhyfedd bod cyfreithwyr
Yn rhoi eu dawn a'u synwyr
I lwyr amddiffyn drwg a da—
Trwy hyn y sa'r fath swyddwyr.

Gwr fo'n beio'r holl gyfreithiau,
O mor llon y cenfydd fylchau,
Pan bo'i fywyd bach ar oerdranc,
Ro'nt y cyfle iddo'i ddianc.

Ni cha llywodraeth wladol
Ddim mwy na thad annuwiol
Ufudd-dod, ond y ddengys hi
O 'fudd-dod i Dduw nefol.

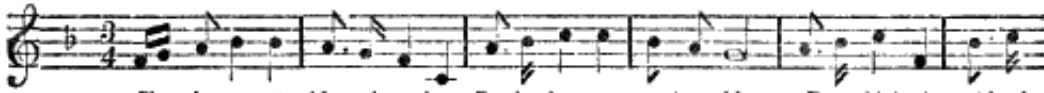
Os d'wed pawb mai da yw crefydd,
Da yw'r peth—a da yw rhybydd
I'r sawl waeddont drosti'n hollol,
Mai nid da pawb fo'n ei chaumol.

Su mae'r rhein'y'n wir gyfeillion
Wnant eu tai yn ddigysuron?
Pwy ddymuna iechyd imi
Ad ei wraig a'i blant newynu?

Llawer gollent waed eu calon
Dros athrawiaeth mewn ymryson,
Pan na wnaent am Dduw a'i nefoedd
Un o'r pethau da orch'mynodd.

Rhyw ŵr mawr row'dd ddarn'o arian
At yr achos goreu allan;
Beth ro'i'r achos iddo yntau?
Llwyr ddilead o'i gamweddau.

Y DYMESTL.

Air—Y Dymestl (The Tempest), by J. T.

Clywch y gwyntoedd croch yn rhoio, Gwelwch wawr yr wybren ddu; Euog dda'r ei gwedd sy'n



cuddio, Bryn a mynydd ymaith ffy. Uwch ein pen mae'r llyched gwylltion Fel aden, ydd



distryw'n gwau, Tra mae gwg cymylau duon Dros y byd yn blwng drymau.

Byllt ar fyllt sy'n awr yn saethu;
 Clywch oernadau'r daran fawr;
 Llwyth o fraw y dda'r sy'n llethu—
 Hyllt 'mysgaroedd nef a llawr;
 Mwy ac uwch mae'r gwynt yn codi—
 Clywch ar rwyg y dderwen gref;
 Gelltydd gwyllt o'r gwraidd mae'n nyddu—
 Distryw! distryw! paid a'th fref.

O fy Nuw! b'le mae'r trueiniaid
 Sy'n aredig cefn y don?
 Beth yw egni corff ac enaid
 Dan lywodraeth awr fel hon:
 Ar y cefnfor du mae'r morwr,
 Rhwng y tonau clywch ei gri;
 Duw yn unig 'nawr sy'n noddwr,
 Nid oes angor ddeil ond fry.

Chwi sy'n awr uwch breision wleddoedd,
 Tybiwch wedd y morwyr tiawd,
 Pan bo'r cefnfor oll yn fedgau,
 Pan fo'n feithbell chwa'r a brawd:
 Ar y don dyrchafa'u gweddi,
 Ofer enwi mam na thad,
 Clywch hwynt c'uwch a'r nef yn gwaeddi,
 Holttodd oll oedd dan eu tra'd.

'Nawr pob un sy'n gorwyllt neidio
 Am ei fywyd bach ei hun,
 Ar y graig maent oll yn crygio
 Er mor gerth ei gerwin lun;
 Fel yr arth gwanant eu gafaelion,
 Er mor waedlyd droed a llaw;
 Ond trwy gaddug eu gobeithion,
 Cyn eu trengu noddfa ddaw.

Weithian peidiodd bloedd y daran,
 Aeth y gwynt i'w ogof draw,
 Llygad coch llycheden fuan
 Uwch ein pen ni phery fraw.
 Safan bin y storm a rwymwyd,
 Boreu haul sydd etto'n fyw,
 Marwol len y nos a rwygwyd,
 A'i bygythiad aeth o'u clyw.

Er ruthriadau bliu dymestlo'dd,
 Gwelaf draw ar wâr y don
 Lestr ddaw dros ymchwydd moroedd—
 Mae ei thyn tua'r hafan lon:
 Ar y graig rhai dewr a'u gwelant,
 Clywch eu gwaedd, O dacw hwyll!
 Ac yn fuan arni hwyliant
 Tua'r wlad dosturia'u ffywl.

T

ON THE DEEP. YN YR HWYR.

Air—Mentra Gwen.

When ships afar are steering, On the deep, On the deep, And winds are hourly
veering, On the deep. As shows the magnet steady Its pole o'er billows giddy; My
love for charming Biddy, On the deep, On the deep, Points to that star of beauty, On the deep.

AIR TO THE SAME METRE, BY J. T.

When clouds around are low'ring,
On the deep, On the deep,
Or storms their wrath are pouring,
On the deep;
Tho' waves on waves should bellow,
And threat our bark to swallow;
My love for her I follow,
On the deep, On the deep,
The roar of storms can mellow,
On the deep.
Amid the noise of battle,
On the deep, On the deep,
When dreadful cannons rattle
On the deep:

Dan gysgod y gelynen,
Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr,
Dysgwyliaf wrthyt, Elen,
Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr;
Y fronfraith sydd yn hepiant
Yn dawel wrthi'i hunan,
Hon ni thrangwydda'n eysan,
Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr,
Mor dirion bydd a dyddan,
Yn yr hwyr.
Mae genyf araeth newydd.
Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr,
A waill dy fron yn ddedwydd,
Yn yr hwyr;

When conflict's smoke is thickest,
 And hope of life is weakest,
 The **Tar** whose fate thou reckest
 On the deep, On the deep,
 Will think but of his meekest,
 On the deep.

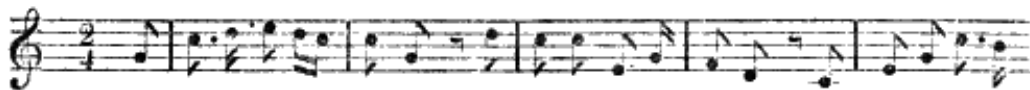
Who gives the wind permission,
 On the deep, On the deep,
 To raise the dread commotion,
 On the deep ;
 When dangers round me hover,
 And perils perils cover,
 His wing will then stretch over,
 On the deep, On the deep,
 Thy true and only **Lover**,
 On the deep.

'Does ond dy glust, 'rwy'n coelio,
 Gaiŵ glywed pen o hono ;
 A phwy y per ddiwedd glo,
 Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr,
 Ond hono all ei brisio,
 Yn yr hwyr.

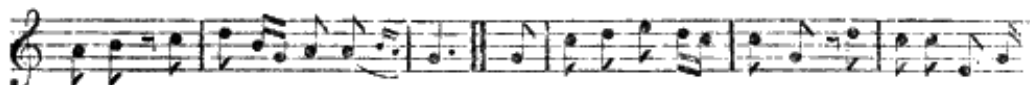
Mae'r lleud glaerwen olau,
 Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr,
 Yn tŷr ariannu'r caeau,
 Yn yr hwyr,
 Distawodd cŵn aderyn,
 Fe gauodd pob blodeuyn,
 A phob rhyw beth trwy'r dyffryn,
 Yn yr hwyr, Yn yr hwyr,
 Am Elen lon sy'n erfyn,
 Yn yr hwyr.

NANCY. Y FERCH A'R GWALLT MODRWYOG.

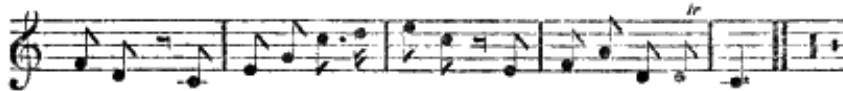
Air—Pan o'wn i ar Frig Noswaith.



Far, far from **Tare's** valley My work I follow daily, And try my time as
 Mor wyn, ac O mor wridog, Mor ofnus, mor galonog, Yw'r ferch a'r gwallt mod-



gaily As others to con . sume ; But morn and eve this fancy Can picture but my
 rwyog Wy'n ofnog am iwyn . hau. Mor bob peth ydwyf ffinau Ond parod yn fy



Nancy; And to the forest branchy I fly to seek its gloom,
 ngeiriau, I ddiweyd fy ngwir deimladau, Lle gallai hi naccau.

Beside thy father's dwelling
 Where waters clear are welling,
 In mind to thee I'm telling
 My bosom's hopes and fears ;
 And there without a sponsor,
 My heart doth form thy answer
 To soothe thy warm Romancer,
 And check his rising tears.

Mewn heol, gardd a pherllan
 Yn fynych wrthi'i hunan
 Ce's gwredd a'r eneth wiwlan,
 A chul a llydan ga' ;
 Ond pan b'om o hyd breichiau,
 Ei ch'wilydd hi a minnau
 A dystia yn ein gruddiau
 Yr amheu a'n llwfrha.

The words my lips would utter,
 Until thou hear'st them better,
 A poor and scribbled letter
 Must now convey the same :
 If all were writ on paper
 That lightens true love's taper,
 The white sheet and its wrapper
 Were straightway in a flame.

Oh ! like one pent in prison
 I ask each lagging season
 When next my tongue shall reason
 With her who holds my doom :
 I care not tho' the printer
 Should publish what I've sent her,
 All seasons are but winter
 When absent Nancy's bloom.

O herwydd caru gormodd
 Wy'n methu caru'n unmodd,
 A serch fy mron yn rhywfodd
 A dyfodd mwy na da ;
 Pe clymwn ei adenydd,
 I'm Gwen bawn mor dafodrydd,
 A'r meibion iach gyferfydd
 Bob hwyrdydd teg lle'r â.

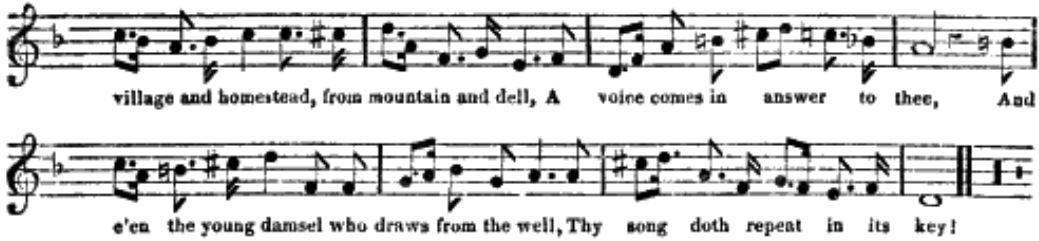
Tro nesaf, cael neu golli,
 Mil gwell na charu ac ofni
 Im' ddweyd fy meddwl wrthi,
 Er methu cael fy Mair.
 Rhyw *Selyf* gynt a dd'wedws,
 " Ni 'nillws ond y fentrws,"
 I minnau, gwn, a'm menws
 Bwriadws hyn o air.

NOTE.—The above Air may be considered as a specimen of the genuine pastoral melodies of Wales, which differ in many characteristics from the more lofty and comparatively solemn airs which were probably the compositions of our old harpers. Whilst the tunes that have generally been favourites with musicians require long and high sounding verses, these pastoral airs are better adapted to such stanzas as national songs ought mostly to consist of, that is, such as are easily learnt and long retained.

WELCOME, OH! WELCOME, LOV'D HERALD OF SPRING.

Air—*Croesaw y Gog*, by J. T.

Welcome, Oh welcome lov'd herald of spring, What heart bids not welcome to thee ? Who
 ne'er but the tidings of gladness dost bring, To publish from every green tree. O
 brief is thy lay, and by all understood, And Cuckoo, wherever 'tis heard, A
 pupil thou fadest by every tall wood To mimic thy tune and thy word. From



village and homestead, from mountain and dell, A voice comes in answer to thee, And
e'en the young damsel who draws from the well, Thy song doth repeat in its key!

Cuckoo, sweet Cuckoo, why art thou so shy
Where thousands thy form would behold?
The bird that's so welcome who would not espy
As it flies o'er the greenwood or wold?
Whoever molesteth the rook or the daw,
Thy bosom need never feel dread,
For who that beheld thee from dingle or shaw
Did e'er fling a stone at thy head?
The eyes that thy advent so eagerly watch,
'Tis these thou dost shun in dismay!
And e'en when thou'rt welcome to perch on our thatch
In coyness thou keepest away.

Yet, bird of the green months, perhaps it is thou
Of minstrels at last art most wise,
For though such affection's avow'd for thee now,
Who knows but 'tis for thy disguise?
A harbinger thou who dost tell us thy news,
And leav'st us as soon as 'tis told,
And even the joy thy own lay doth diffuse
Wilt scarce make a stay to behold;
If each child of song but as wisely would do
When sung is the lay he would sing,
Wherever he wander'd his world would be new,
And his life a perennial spring.

GJENYDD CLYDACH. THE ROVER.

Air—Mi a âf tua Glan yr Afon.



Rhwng geirwon lenydd Clydach Mae'r ferch wy'n garu'n byw; A moelydd, gwn, ger-
winach Nid oes o Went i Gryw: Ond dan y garwaf lenydd Mae llawer
tirion fan, A'r rhai'n coffeidia'u coedydd Fel breichiaf â fy Ann.

Ar lawer noswaith arw
Mi ês dros Bwll y Cwn,
Er diced oedd ei ferw
A hylled oedd ei sw'n:
Ac uwch ei gendod erchyll,
I sio mynwes serch,
Mi ganais lawer pennill
Tra 'roswn am fy merch.

When told by wand'ring lovers
What pleasure 'twas to woo;
I said among the rovers
I'd be a rover too.
Since fair maids are so plenty
To prove myself a man,
Why, hug and toy with twenty
I might as well as one.

Rhai ant i wrando'r eos .
 Sy obry'n swyno'r ddôl,
 A denent fannau'r hwyruos
 I frysio ar eu hol;
 Ond pan bo'm bryd ar fyned
 Caf glywed dau y graig
 Lais fwynech byth i'm enaid,
 Gan eneth wnawn yn wraig.

Dros serthaf lethri'r darren,
 Trwy gulaf lwybrau'r coed,
 'Does gafr yn pori'r glsbren
 Sydd hoywach ar ei throed:
 A llawer hwyrdnith wnaethom
 Dros lithrig ddôl a ffin,
 Rowdd brawf trwy'r tir rodiasom
 I'm tyb o egui'm mun.

Pan byddo'r *Gulwern* noethlyd
 Dan gnwd o wenith gwyn,
 A chornant Llamsrech ynyd
 Yn colli ei thaith o'r bryn;
 A'r Ddinas i rai anghall
 Yn ardd o gylech eu ty,
 Pryd hyny tyn merch arall
 Fy serch oddiwrthi hi.

As bees among the flowers,
 On every ruby lip
 At late and early hours
 I sought my honey'd sip,
 But in my am'rous revel
 A maid as vain as I,
 To bring me to my level
 My own arts 'gan to ply.

This maid was very handsome
 And knew of every wile
 That help'd her look so winsome
 My proud heart to beguile;
 And I in turn a Lover
 That sue'd to be believ'd,
 Found when I thought most of her
 What 'twas to be deceiv'd.

Now, mortified and humbled,
 I tell you rovers all
 How wittingly I stumbled
 Who made so many fall;
 And when I knew the value
 Of well requited love,
 Then, to my shame I tell you,
 How Love my scourge did prove.

HARVEST RHYMES.

Sun, thy beams are doubly bright,
 When they fall on corn-fields white:
 Cambria's hills, do they not yet
 Woo thy kindly nursing heat?
 As thou bright'nest from the skies,
 Thus from earth shall grateful eyes
 Light for light to thee repay,
 The gladness of the harvest day.

But the clouds, have they not spread
 This gloom portentous over head?
 Armed bands, with sullen look,
 Eye the fields which they've forsook;
 Where the reaper's hand hath plied,
 Scatter'd sheaves the storm must bide;
 And the standing remnant droops,
 Where no reaper to it stoops.

In the pray'r of early morn,
 If a sigh went for the corn,
 He that gives our daily bread,
 Deems not worse that pray'r when said.
 See again the wind hath veer'd,
 And the heart of man is cheer'd.
 Man,—shall that serener sky
 Make thee now forget to pray!

See again,—the clouds are gone,
 Shines the sun e'en as he shone;
 Sickles gleam where'er he smiles,
 Harvest cohorts stretch their files;
 Falls the corn to man's embrace;
 And hews to meet his glowing face:
 Wheat and barley, oats and rye
 In beauty stand, in beauty lie.

MORGAN OF THE DELL. CYFEILLION.

Air—Gofid Gwynau.

Where willows tall are spreading Their branches fair at eve, A youth his tears is



shedding For one he did deceive; But Oh! the maidens giddy Who of his penance



hear, Were never seen so ready To wipe a sinner's tear.

Of her that tript so lately,
 Too well the frail ones know,
 And oft they talk sedately
 Of Morgan's broken vow,
 And to convince their mothers
 How weak was she that fell,
 Themselves they trust all weathers
 With Morgan of the Dell.

Though Morgan does sincerely
 His errors past lament,
 And seems both late and early
 On reformation bent;
 The girls who of that error
 The young man oftener twit
 Present it in a mirror
 They'd be the first to split.

Who'd think that maidens' sorrow
 Exprest for one that tript,
 So oft is envy's arrow
 In slander's venom dipt?
 And who would think the nice one
 That bids her like beware
 Oft waiteth but her season
 To fall into the snare.

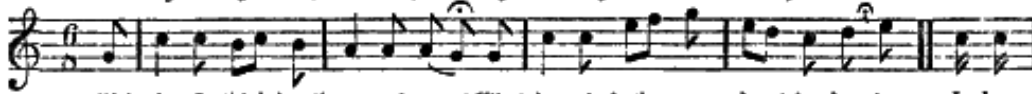
Os gwelais yn fy nhlodi
 Gyfeillion rhagddwy'n ffol,
 O'ent gynt yn nyddiau mawrfri
 O'm cylch fel ser yn troi,
 Fy n'lodi brofodd imi,
 Pan o'wn gan rywrai'n wawd
 Bod ereill mewn caledi
 Yn well na chwær na brawd.

Y tlodi a'm dynoethodd,
 Ddynoethodd hefyd wedd
 Rhai llyfnion eu hymadrodd
 A lechent fradawl gledd.
 A phwy ond hwn ddatguddiodd
 Beth mwy ei werth na'r aur,
 Sef o'lonau a 'mysgaroedd
 Rhai garant 'nol eu gair.

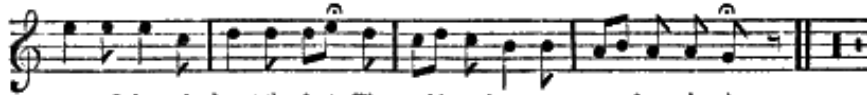
Beth bynag fo'r wybodaeth
 All cyfoeth roi i ddyn,
 Y cryf o'i holl g'nabyddiaeth
 Yn iawn ni 'nehydd un;
 Ond gwanwr yn ei wasgfa
 Ysgatfydd 'nebydd rai,
 Fydd werth ei hyder mwyn'
 Pan allo'i fyd wellhau.

MY NANNY.

Air—Beth 'wedy di am fab i Ffarmwr? (What sayest thou of a Farmer's son?)



Oh! when I think 'neath sorrow's smart What damsel hath my heart in keeping, In her



name I dare pluck out the dart That off'nest keeps my eye from sleeping.

What tho' the lass I love is poor,
Ev'n poverty with such as Nanny,
I'll prove it all by nature's lore,
'Tis better far than Hate with money.

If nature made this lass so fair,
Say what could be the dame's intention,
But that her lip, and eye, and hair
Should make the cot surpass the mansion?

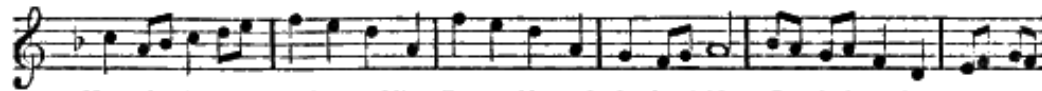
What if she wears a flannel gown,
Her lover hath enough of judgment
Thro' thicker things to see and own
What beauty in her vest hath lodgment.

Let those whose beauty few descry
Their forms parade in gauze and cotton;
But thro' my Nanny's flannel I
Can daily see enough to dote on.

HASTE THOU HOME.

Air—Haste thou Home, by J. T.*

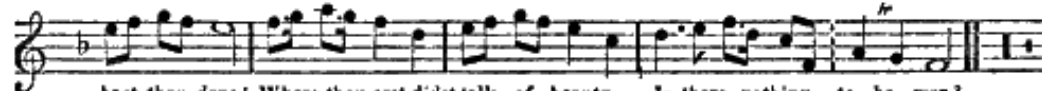
Moderato.



Haste thou home my gallant soldier, Come and leave the battle field; Let the heart that meets no



bolder, Now to love of birth-place yield. England bade thee do thy duty, That with bravery



hast thou done! Where thou erst didst talk of beauty, Is there nothing to be won?

She that hath had offers fifty
Nothing hopes but to be thine;
On the breast that prays thy safety
Come my soldier and recline;

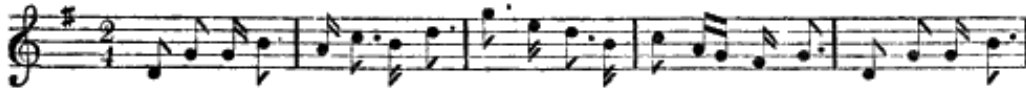
When the green sod was thy pillow,
Hardships suffer'd then by thee,
Shall make sweeter joys that follow
When thou dwell'st at with peace and me.

*This Song may be sung to the air of *Maid of Seer*.

When thy hand War's flag unfurleth,
From that country look to this,
Where the white smoke calmly curleth
To invite thy heart to bliss;
'Mid the clang of music martial,
Bid thy heart think of the song
That laments in feelings partial
Absence that hath prov'd so long.

Fame, whose glory and whose glitter
I did bid thee oft pursue,
Now I fear with bodings bitter
That alone can charm thy view;
Ere thy heart hath lost its fitness
For the hearth of homely glee;
Where the world thy love may witness,
Come and dwell with peace and me.

MARTHA'S SPINNING WHEEL. CAN Y GWADDOTTWR.

Air—*Y Bachgen Tawel.*

If the summer's long a coming, I have music worth its humming; 'Till I hail a
Gwr wyf â ail groesi'r caeau Fry ac obry heb eu llwybrau; A thwy berthi



season warmer Martha's wheel supplies its murmur. Mo'n or eve Why should I grieve, That Sol is
pob rhyw barthau Ni wna'r helwr amlach rhwyllau; Lle bo'r wadd Yn gwneyd ei chladd, Er lieied



dimly shining? Sound as summer's, quite as winning, I can hear in Martha's spinning.
fydd ei chynwr', Ar y pantau pob ir bentwr Gwabodd atto mae'r gwaddotwr.

Now my charmer with its droning
Bid me hear my Martha's tuning,
Just as well as thou art able
To it join thy warbling Treble,
Round and round
The soothing sound
Hath gone from dawn till dinner;
If e'er of praise there was fair winner,
I behold one in my spinner.

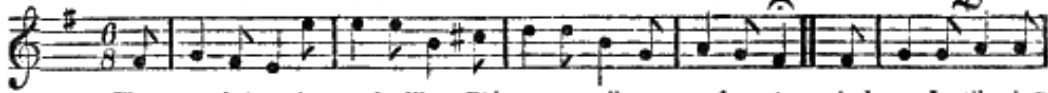
Martha, ere thy task get painful,
Think that over-work is sinful;
Where the hand is earliest toiling,
Earliest should the pot be boiling;
Lest, dear wife,
Thy thread of life
Get short through that thou spinnest,
When thy yarn is best and finest
Be the happiest as thou dinest.

Dros y dolau irlas hyfryd
Hwyr a borau af fel yspryd;
O'n chwareuath plant mewn syndod
Dro'nt i chwilio nodau'm dwy-tro'd,
Ond fy ol
Mewn cae neu ddol
Yn anhawdd cair yn unman,—
Fel rhyw *goblin* plant a'm tybian'
Wna ei ffalstwaith wrtho'i hunan.

Lle bo'r *trapau* gwedi'n gosod
'Nol hir wrando yn ei gryndod,
'Fallai beiddia ambell hogyn
Honi gwerth fy mhren a'm llilyn:
Ond y dyn
Ddaw wrtho'i hun
Drwy'r gweinydd mor ddigynwr',
Ddirfawr ofnir, a phob ofnwr
Wel o'i ddeutu Wil Waddotwr.

MY LOVELY NANNY.

Air—Ni waeth i mi pa ffordd bo'r gwynt (O let the wind blow as it may).



The sun that sets in yonder West, Bids me as well prepare for rest; And so I will, when



I have prest The lips of my Dear Nanny.

The bay-cock sweet she made to day
If near it she doth for me stay,
A better couch than sofas gay
 'Twill make for me and Nanny.

Tho' this be made of grass and flowers
As sweet as bloom in *Pindus'* bowers,
It is not sweeter after showers
 Than is the breath of Nancy.

The hand that caus'd it there to shed
Its odours sweet; if we should wed,
Thro' life shall that not make the bed
 Of me and lovely Nanny?

The sun is set, the moon is up;
Let all who may or sleep or sup,
Be mine a sip from true-love's cup
 With thee, my lovely Nanny.

MY NANNY'S GONE. FY NGHARIAD.

To the same Air.

My Nanny's gone to Pen-y-Vui
To seek her cow that's gone astray,
And I must follow as I may
 In seeking for my Nanny.

So fairy-light tho' is her tread
No foot-mark leaves it on the mead,
What can I do but trace instead
 The marks that guide my Nanny?

When Duchess doth her sweet voice hear,
Then she and I to be most near
By fen and bog and mound and mere
 Will hasten to my Nanny.

Between them may that friendship last,
Which help'd my search for season's past,
And may each glance I forward cast
 Make right my search for Nanny.

Fy nghariad aeth tua Phen y Fai
I edrych am y fowch sy'n stray;
A miunau'r unmodd af mor glau
 I edrych am fy nghariad.

Gan nad oes argraff ar ei hól
Arwydda'i llwybrau dros y ddôl,
'Does un cyfrwyddyd im' ond ôl
 Y traed ddilyna 'nghariad.

Pan glywo *Perten* draw ei llais,
Myfi yr un pryd i'r un gais,
Dros fôs a grwn, a pherth a chlais
 A dynaf at fy nghariad.

Rhwng Nanny deg a'i buwch parhaed
C'nabyddiaeth fel rhai o'r un gwaed,
A threm i mi adnabod traed
 Y fowch ddilyno 'nghariad.

LORD THOU HAST HEARD THE DESIRE OF THE HUMBLE.

Psalms 10. v. 17, 18. Solo Anthem, by J. T.

Slow and Solemn.

Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble, Thou hast heard the desire of the
 humble, Thou wilt prepare their heart, Thou wilt prepare their heart, and thou wilt cause thine
 ear to hear, And thou wilt cause thine ear to hear, thine ear to hear, to judge the faithless and the
 oppressed, That the man of the earth may no man oppress, That the man of the earth may
 no more oppress. Thou hast heard the desire of the humble, The desire of the
 humble, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble The desire of the humble,
 The de . si re of the humble, Thou hast heard the de . sire The de-
 sire of the humble, The desire of the humble, The desire of the humble, The desire of -

the humble, The desire of the humble, The desire of the humble, The desire of the
 humble, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble, Thou hast heard the de-
 sire of the humble, of the humble

CAN.

Tón.—Cader Idris.

Clyw eneth mi gredais o sylu'n hir arnad
 Y cawn yn y diwedd beth geisiais mor gu,
 Dy addef, dy alw, dy feddu di'n gariad,
 A'th wneud fy newisol yn nghanol pob lla;
 Mi enwais i'm calon y llwybrau ga'em rodio,
 A'r manau hyfrydaf lle'r awn a thi'r huf,
 A'r eglwys lle deuet cyn gaua' i ymrwyo
 Bod imi'n gydmares yn iach, ac yn glaf.

Mi gredais mai ti fyddai'n trefnu fy ennill,
 A'm bryd oedd cynyddu peth rifnu i'th law,
 A dysgais ganiadau, do, bennill ar bennill,
 Gan feddwl am amser dymunol oedd draw;
 Trwy dorf o forwynion, fy llygaid ni threminai,
 A'm bron ni och'neidiai byth, byth, ond am un;
 Trwy wibiad y dawns, pan f'ai 'frydaf y tannau,
 Fy sylw ni ddenai un ferch ond dy hun.

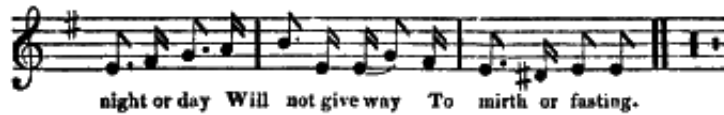
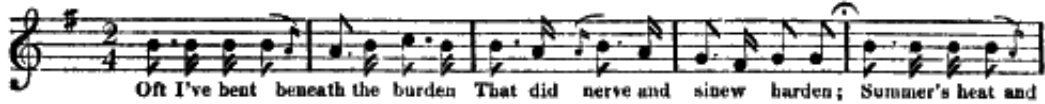
Ond pan oedd fy ngobaith fel pren yn blaguro,
 A'i irddail ar sgôr i dderbyn y gwres,
 Ce's wybod dy fod i fab arall yn addo
 Y meddiant ddych'nygwn bob ennyd yn nes;

Ow! llymach nag awel wenwynig y gogledd
 Pan chwytho'n ddisymwth ar goedydd yr ardd,
 Bu tro dy ymddygiad i dyfiant fy hoiledd,
 A'm hyll siomedigaeth sy'n destau pob bardd.

Yr hwn rodd i'th hyfryd wynebpryd fath lendid,
 A'r galon i minnau eill deimlo beth yw;
 Efe im' all faddeu, os beius y gwendid,
 Orhoſai 'r un lanaf a greodd i fyw:
 Dy fath ni osodwyd mewn byd, ond i'th garu
 A'th luniwr addefir trwy hoſi ei waith;
 Ond ofnaf i'm calon trwy'r cwbl droseddu,
 Tydi wnest yn anghof y Crêwr a'th wnaeth.

Mae'n galed i'm ddal yn fy mynwes rew rheswm.
 Ac oeri'r ffynonell fu'n ffrydio mor dwym;
 Mae'n galed i'm ddattod a'm bysaiidd y cwllwm
 Wnaeth tyner obcithion mewn ceincian mor
 rhwym;
 Bydd ſolach, bydd gasach, a dangos ryw byildod
 All dduo'r gorlendid a sugnodd fy mryd,
 O dysg i'm dros un awr ddiode'r oer wedd'dod
 Fydd mwyach fy nghyfran trwy weddill fy n yd.

A LAMENT. BEDD Y BARDD.

Air—Y Galon Drom (Heavy Heart).

Where the greenwood's mirth around me
 Only yield the strains that wound me;
 Where the flow'rets' balmiest odour
 Can but make my soul the sadder,
 What to me is daylight's brightness,
 What the gleam
 That ne'er shall beam
 On my heart's lightness?
 What than midnight's darkness better,
 Where all I can
 'Neath Nature's ban,
 Is grief to utter.

Clouds whose gloom my thoughts resemble
 Shroud the woes I'll not dissemble;
 'Round the soul the sunniest weather,
 But derides, in thickness gather;
 Then with eye and voice that suit you,
 Grave and death
 With the same breath
 I will salute you,
 Where, I'd wish for daylight never;
 Let my woe
 From all below
 Its victim sever.

O forwynion gwlad y bronnydd
 Awn at fedd ein gwladol brydydd,
 Awn a'r blodau tecaf enwodd
 Yn y fawl oedd hoff i floedd,
 Awn a phlanwn ar ei feddrod
 Nodau amrai
 O rai difai
 Eiriau'i dafod;
 Blodau ydynt mewn pereidd-der
 Fal y ganiad
 Ddo'i ar dwymad
 O'i ddewr dymer.

Fe wnaeth ddagrau serch i ffrydio,
 Ac i lawer caled wylo,—
 Fe wna'i'n ysig iawn fynwesau
 Da a thesog gyndeithasau;—
 Uwch ei feddrod rho'wn yn deyrnged
 Ddagrau gloewon
 Fel o ffynon
 Hoffa'i enaid,
 Dagrau fath y ffwrw dywalltai
 Yn myfyrdod
 Y gain artod
 A'i cynhyrfai.

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.

Chwi fu'n canu yn y gwyliau,
 Gorau eiliad ei garolau ;—
 Ceinwiw foli mewn cân felus
 Ar wiw hyfawli eiriau'i welus,
 Ow! dan harddaf wryd yr hwyreddydd
 Gwnewch alarwad
 Am ein brwdwa'd
 Uniawn brydydd ;
 Galar am y synwyr golau
 A'r dwym galon
 Nad yw heno'n
 Ieuo doniau.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

Air—Y Ddafad las a'i Hoenyg.

Thou my lips have call'd my dearest Once again ev'n while thou hearest, Shall I tell what
 hopes are blighted In th' affection thou hast slighted.

Would that e'er I spoke with boldness
 Thou hadst shown me nought but coolness ;
 Then within this blighted bosom
 Hope had ne'er put forth its blossom.

Words that might when I confest it
 Love have check'd or soon suppress it ;

When it is too hard to bear them
 Am I doom'd from thee to hear them !

Still if hearts like ours must sever
 Say at once it is for ever ;
 If of Virtue thou approvest,
 Be not loved but as thou lovest.

SONG.

Air—"Flowers of the Dell," page 64.

I sung a song, but not for them,
 Who to it seem'd to listen ;
 But her who heard unseen the same,
 And on its tones did fasten :

With careless mien she mov'd about
 Defying all suspicion,
 That one who skipp'd so in and out
 Could dream of the musician.

But, Mary, was attentive still,
 And heard thro' doors and pannels,
 What others, haply, 'gainst their will
 Took through unheeding channels;
 And when occur'd the feign'd applause
 And feet did stamp full loudly,
 When most astonish'd at the cause
 None heard as she so proudly.

I courted her, when no one saw,
 And in my song embrac'd her,
 And since she's own'd, she felt me draw
 Her heart when least I fac'd her;

Before I had her in my arms
 To make her bosom apter,
 To other names I'd sung her charms,
 And gone through true-love's chapter.

Of all my songs, them I love best
 That she would hear repeated,
 And while a tone comes from this chest
 They'll greet whom they have greeted;
 They help'd my way into her heart,
 When nought so well could do it;
 And now she strives to take my part
 In songs that serv'd her poet.

THE LEAVES ARE FALLING FAST.

Air—The leaves are falling fast, by J. T.

Slow.



The leaves are falling fast, And each doth whisp'ring tell, That so on earth will fall at last All



we that on it dwell. And yonder blasted tree, O how its wither'd prime Told



them as plainly how 't would be, That dropp'd before its time.

The leaves are falling fast,
 And lo! how few are left
 To prove the vigour of the blast
 On groves that stand bereft!
 Yet where there are but few,
 More sadly do they tell
 Their tale of woe to me and you
 O'er those that earliest fell!

The leaves have fallen fast,
 One only can I see,
 Of future bright or gloomy past,
 To lecture from its tree:

One of the myriads green,
 That glisten'd on that bough
 Stands there to mourn what it has been,
 And *that* is falling now.

The leaves no more fall fast,
 Though still the wind blows loud,
 Gone—gone to wither is the last
 That made that tree so proud!
 The blast that laid him low,
 A long—long dirge will sing,
 And when it ceases, then will glow
 A fair—another Spring.

MEDI. THE HARPIS'T'S STRAINS.

Air—Y Gofid Glas.

Pan bo'r maesydd yn melyn . u, Mae gwyr heiny' rai, Ant trwy'r gwres fel ant trwy'r oerni
 I fedu lle bu'r hau. Rhai mewn hyder fu'n aredig, Hau a llyfni oll mor ddiddig;
 Rhai'ny etto'n rhestri cyson Am eu bywyd flordd y buon'. Wnaant a'u glewaidd arfau
 gloewon, Ryddion ffyrdd ar wau.

Ferch fel mab er gwres y poeth-ddydd,
 'N hy i'r maesydd & ;
 Pawb all 'mafael mewn offeryn,—
 Cryman gerwin ga' ;
 A phwy bynnag sy'n anwadal,
 Yma gwa ni fydd yn wamal ;
 Tra b'o bawb fel adar unlliw
 Gyda'u gilydd mewn modd clodwiw,
 A'u holl lafaau'n tori'n llonfyw
 Gnw'd y ceinliw ga'.

Lle b'o dewraf rai gan gryman,
 Yno'n fuan bydd
 Wrth eu sodlau rai i rwymo,
 A'u dilyno'r dydd-
 O enethod am i'ch ddlyn
 Drwy yr hirddydd wyr mor ddiflin ;
 'Nol ymado'r haul a'r dyffryn
 Chwi gewch arwain, hwythau ganlyn
 Lle tywyso cariad iesyn
 Am y rhosyn rudd.

Hwsmon lle bo'r dorf yn medi
 Dengys heddy'r sain,
 Mewn llawenydd pwy ddigonwyd
 Dan dy grouglwyd gain :

When the harpist's strains are swelling
 To a Cambrian's ear,
 Shall not these in every dwelling
 Ever be most dear ?
 What of yore in cot and palace
 Was Labour's balm and warrior's solace ;
 While there's Cambrian blood within us,
 Shall for aye the soonest win us
 To the good, and from the heinous—
 Win both son and sire ?

Strains that rous'd in war her valour—
 Swell'd her joy in peace ;
 And in times of woe and dolour
 Bade her sorrows cease :
 While the brightly gushing fountain
 Freshness gives to vale and mountain,
 Music married to her glory
 E'er shall be to Cambria's story
 Like the showers to mountains hoary
 After sunshine's bliss.

Cambria dear, where'er I wander
 As I prize her fame,
 Still my tongue its meed shall render
 To exalt her name.

And if ever sad reflection
 Call to mind her sons' defection,
 To atone for every error,
 And illumine the gloomy mirror,
 Cambria's harp shall aye plead for her,
 Veiling every blame.

Gwyr a ddaliant mewn modd dilyth
 Wrth dy geirch, a'th haidd, a'th wenith,
 Heddyw profed eu llawenydd,
 Beth yw'r gyfran gant o'th gynydd?
 Neu fe fuasai'n well i'th faesydd
 Fod yu eltydd du.

TOM OF THE GLEN.

Air—Dewis Meinwen (The Fair One's Choice).

The fellows that pay for their praise by the line, May buy it and keep it; they'll
 never have mine; But praise that is fitting, what man would refuse, Whether they that de-
 serve it be *tr* Gentiles or Jews? And now as his due to the best of young
 men, A portrait I'll give you of Tom of the Glen.

Though strong as a draught-horse, his strength he'll not use
 His neighbour that's weaker to awe or abuse,
 But hundreds can witness on foot-path and road
 How Thomas hath help'd them when spent with their load;
 And if 'neath their burden they totter again,
 What face would they welcome like Tom's of the Glen?

He always is merry, but Tom ne'er was seen
 To laugh at the cause of another's chagrine;
 And oft has the peasant, whose courage all fear,
 For sufferers been notic'd to shed a bright tear:
 How different from braggarts, who'd term themselves
 men,
 In all save his name, is this Tom of the Glen!

His wit, tho' as bright as one's heart can desire,
 Does ne'er set the house of the worthy on fire;
 And e'en to the guilty the wound he may deal,

This happy young swain is the readiest to heal,
 And where is the cotarie, where nine out of ten
 Won't vouch what I've utter'd of Tom of the Glen?

When his sense is the quickest, and humour most fine,
 He's for neither indebted to liquor or wine,
 To a mind so elastic say what could they do
 But just what the flood that o'er-runneth the dew,
 And what doth that flood but convert to a fen
 A mead like the temper of Tom of the Glen.

Tho' courteous to maidens as well as young men,
 One only is courted by Tom of the Glen,
 And sooner than he would his Sally betray
 The arm that she leans on, he'd first cast away,
 For of all the young fellows your fair maids would ken,
 O who hath the honour of Tom of the Glen.

W

BALLAD.

Air—Mae'n dda gan Swarnog gael twll o flaen ei.

One midnight I travers'd the valley alone, The moon in her brightness look'd down from
her throne, And seem'd to my fancy as watching the birth Of flow'rets she own'd on the
lap of green earth.

So bright look'd the mansion, so lovely the cot,
Where labour and lux'ry alike were forgot:
Had I but a trumpet the village I'd wake
To see what the midnight could do for its sake.

The fences I clamber'd, the runnels I crost,
To seek for no pleasure save that of being lost;
And whether I rested by mound, or green tree,
In each thing I saw a companion for me.

I look'd at the mountain, I ey'd the dark wood,
I gaz'd at the waters that warbled or stood;
I look'd and I listen'd where nought but my heart
Beat time as a signal to stay or depart.

Around me, above me, behind and before,
Each scene to a fairer did seem but the door;
And branches whose foliage made soft yielding walls
Did bless and partition the forest's green halls.

On leaving behind me a mist skirted hill,
A lake I advanc'd to, so level and still;
The wild fowl that on its bright bosom did doze
Seem'd less than the water t' enjoy its repose.

From trees that o'ershadow'd it every green bough
To meet with its likeness did bend it so low;

That I in sweet sympathy felt with the tree
Bent me too o'er the water my likeness to see.

At last thro' the silence that charm'd the blue lake
A voice, as of extacy, broke from the brake,
I heard it, I knew it, and said with delight,
How blest is the wand'rer that wanders to-night.

The tones were so varied, so solemn and sweet,
Still nearer and nearer drew to them my feet;
I knew that at midnight, so charming a lay
Could be but the bird's that prefers it to day.

The notes that did mingle, and vanish and swell,
Sweet Philomel's feelings did utter so well,
I wept, as I marvell'd how one little breast,
Emotions so many could thus have express.

But as on the moss-bank in peace I did sit,
Her turns to my memory there to commit;
A voice that betoken'd a maiden forlorn
Commenced its responses to that on the thorn.

If great was my rapture at hearing of the bird,
O greater and deeper it grew as I heard
A voice of such sympathy there with my own,
The bird thus address in a covert so lone!

My Love was the fairest beheld among men,
My lover is buried in yonder green glen;
And Oh! since the day light his face cannot show,
To the night I will sing of my love and my woe.

O Nightingale, Nightingale, since we agree,
There's nought shown by day-light we'd sing to, or
see;

For ever, for ever, to silence and shade
With thee crazy Mary would sing in this glade.

With thee I would warble, with thee I would fly
Where none at me opens his ear or his eye,
With thee I will sing while the summer nights last,
And hide me with thee when its season is past.

AMSER I BOB PETH.

Tôn—Nutmeg and Ginger.

D'wedodd doethwr mwya'i glod
I bob peth bod ei amser,
Minnau hoffwn wel'd ei ddysg
Yn llohi'n mysg gan nifer;
Amser wylo, amser canu,
Tynau lawr, ac adeiladu:
Amser cludo a gwasgaru
Onid oes, ac amser honi
Hawliau dyn, a seiliau serch
Wrth giustiau'r ferch fo'n hoffi.

D'wedwch Gymry ond yw'n chwith
Nad oes 'n ein plith ni amser
Gan rai 'bledio am eu gwaith
Ond lle bo'r iaith yn ofer?
Lle b'o astud rai'n cyd-eistedd,
Ac yn yfed gwên tangnefedd,
Ow er ymswyn, dyna'r amser
Gan rai yfwyr dwl ac ofer
Fostio'u grym ac egni gwaith,
A'i wneud yn hirfaith arfer.

Llawer burgyn rhwth ei lais
Fe brawf ei gais yn mhob man;
Pe c'ai eistedd yn y nef
Dadganai ef ei hunan;
Nid oes sain na chrwth na thelyn,
Can na phennill, cerdd nag englyn
Byth all beri i lawer penwan
Dros un awr anghofio'i hunan,—
Am ei wyrthiau mawr ei hun
Byth, byth mae'r dyn yn mwmian.

Gwelwch hefyd yn ein gwlad
Rai o'r fath wa'd am ymladd;
Eu ffra hwy fynant, er mor ffol,
Pe b'ai yn ughanol angladd;
Ie, rhaid adrodd eu gwrhydri
Lle bo uwcha' dincian llestri,
Ac ymladdant lle bo fwya'
I'w rhyfelgyrch o attalfa,
A phob cadair ar eu sfordd
Pan fynent gorddi'u gwaetha'.

Dyn ragoro yn ei waith,
Mewn bostiaith ni ragora':
Gad i'r gorchwyl wnaeth ei law
Ddweyd yma a thraw pwy pia'.
A'r ymladdwyr 'myrent law-law,
A iawn dystion i'r man distaw,
Ant i guro, nid fel cewri,
A'u holl ystryw 'mhlith y llestri—
Cewri mawr sy'n ofni cânt
Bwys llaw rhai ma'nt am ddyrni.

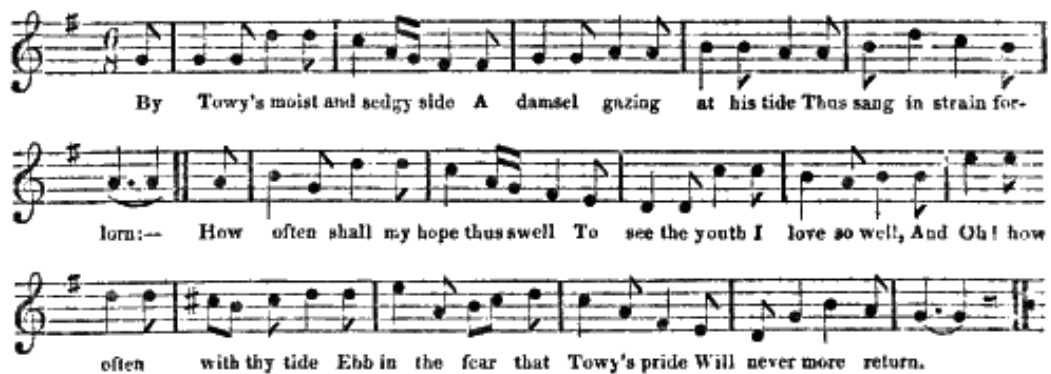
Pan gyd-eistedd gwyr o foes,
Tra amlwg nad oes yno
Le ond i ddweyd a gwneyd yr hyn
A ddichon pob dyn wrando.
Dyn fo'n ethol i gymdeithas
Gad ei gampiau i rai o gwmpas
I eu hadrodd, ac fel medra,
Try i siarad a chwedleua
Peth all pawb roi iddo glua
Heb nielfyst pwy ragora.

Cewri'r *Tap-room*, 'naws i chwi
 Caf roddi gair o gyngor,—
 Pan fo cisiau gollwng gwaed
 Mewn tref a gwlad mae Doctor ;
 Ac os cyfyd achos cyfiawn

Wneyd a dynau'r cam yn uniawn,
 Nid ar aelwyd tŷ 'r wy'n coelio
 Cair iawn amser at y curo :
 Ac mi haera hyn yu syth,
 'Does amser byth i fostio.

BY TOWY'S MOIST AND SEDGY SIDE.

Air—By Towy's Side, by J. T.



By Towy's moist and sedgy side A damsel gazing at his tide Thus sang in strain for-
 lorn:-- How often shall my hope thus swell To see the youth I love so well, And Oh! how
 often with thy tide Ebb in the fear that Towy's pride Will never more return.

Oh! as that rising water's sheen
 In silence hides the meadows green,
 Hope fills my beating heart ;
 But in one hour that hope is fled,
 And Towy's cold and slimy bed
 Is but a picture sad of me,
 When all that fill'd it in the sea
 Makes of that sea a part.

Yet, yet with each returning tide
 Come wishes I no more can hide
 Than, thou the water's height?
 Rise, rise it must, and ebb it must,
 And I who still the best would trust,
 Still fear the worst, and own my dread
 To hear at last that he is dead,
 Who was this vale's delight.

Thou stream that from my sight didst bear
 The Tar for whom I'd still be fair,
 Now, now it is high time.
 Ere hope find out, 'tis hope in vain
 To bring him to my arms again ;
 Else in despair I'll call on thee
 Oh bear me likewise to the sea
 That visits every clime.

In sailor's dress to climates far,
 Disguised I'll go a roving tar,
 Till I find out my dear ;
 And if I perish—by his side
 O may I lie beneath the tide,
 Where he or I shall never more
 'Mid Towy's banks, or near his shore
 Give way to hope or fear.

HARVEST HYMN.

Siluria, by J. T.

In the vale and on the hill, How blest the sunny light,
That did wheat and barley fill, And change its hue to white. Where the sun its

work hath done Aided by the bright orb'd moon. Straight is that of man begun, With

joy it comes so soon.

Where the corn inviting stood,
Or to man's bosom fell,
Let the voice of gratitude
Be heard from hill and dell;
From the tiller's plenteous board
Ere the reapers home are gone,
Holy songs extol the Lord
For all his Love hath done.

When the lab'rouer going to rest
Beholds the praising moon,
Reluctant to put off his vest
To hers he'd join his tune:
With his sickle in his hand,
In a song he'd praise the Lord
That in Britain's bappy land,
Nought turns it to a sword.

EMYN CYNHAUAF.

Ar yr un Ddn.

Ar y fron ac isael ddôl
Mor deg yw'r golau gwyn
Leinw'r d'wysen gwymyp i gôl
Medelwr 'nawr lle myn:
Lle gwaaeth haul ei gyflawn waith
Gyda'r boer ddiinwared ddydd,
Dyn mewn brys i'w orchwyl maith,
Sydd falch pwy gynta' bydd.

O lle saf y enwd mor deg,
Neu cwymyp i freichiau dyn,
Boed clodforawl gan yn chweg
I Dduw am werth yr hin.

Ac o gylich y bwyd-fwrdd llawn,
Cyn a'r fedel gam i dre',
Seinied pob dyn 'nol ei ddawn
Ei glod i frenin Ne'.

Fel bo'r wenlloer yn ei thro
Yn datgan cariad gwiw,
Geilw'r gweithiwr da i'w go'
Yr emyn gaumol Dduw;
Ie a'i gryman ar ei fraich,
Gyda siriol, siriol wedd,
Diolech am wrym i dorri'i faich
Mewn gwlad lle na thry 'u gledd.

BALLAD.

A man of years sat on a stone
As gray with age as he,
What brought him to it few could tell,
But there he lov'd to be:
And from that stone did many a youth
Hear him extol in rhymes
The kindness, valour, love, and truth
Of the old and happy times.

A perfect child of age was he,
That lov'd with head so bare,
On churlish day to feel the wind
That blew in flakes bis air;

And tho' the bitter blast might nip,
He reck'd not for rain or cold;
If any heard his broken chimes
Of the bappy times of old.

A damsel coy came there one day,
Pray father Charles, said she,
Why will you always praise the times
Which I can never see?
You say young men were brave and good
Why are they not so now?
Because, replied the wither'd man,
You praise the faults they show.

Your times of fairy rings, said she,
And ghosts, and dreaded crimes;
All dark and hideous, as they be,
Who ever would praise such times?
And love, said he, that gave the Bard
An everlasting theme;
When fair ones, such as thou art now,
Were that they wish'd to seem.

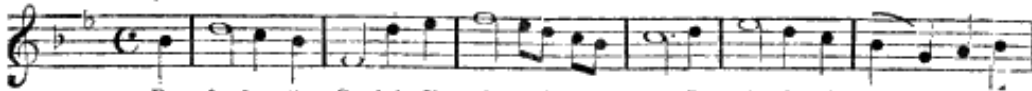
Then with a frown, replied the fair,
It seems thou hast a tongue
Of prophecy, or something worse,
Have I done aught that's wrong?

Or am I worse than what I seem,
That thou should'st hurt my breast
With hints so dark? The good old times,
Said he, could bear a Jest.

But, father Charles, the maid replies,
It ill becomes thy age,
To deal in hints, that in disguise
Are slander's verbiage,
Now fare thee well, I'll here no more,
Thy slander, or thy rhymes:
Then go, said he, Oh who so sore
Liv'd in the good old times.

FAR, FAR FROM THEE, CAMBRIA.

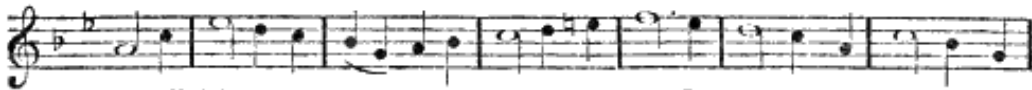
Air—Far, far from thee, Cambria, by J. T.



Far, far from thee, Cambria, I'm destin'd to go Beyond the wide seas for a



home; O'er mountains and valleys thy children ne'er knew I'm destin'd in sadness to



roam: Had this been my lot ere I knew thee so well, It were not so hard thus to



bid thee Farewell.

Where next I shall dwell there is nought to recall
The pastimes of childhood so sweet,
By torrent or hillock remembrance ne'er shall
Name the urchins that us'd there to meet:
Oh! never, Oh! never can land have the spell
Of that I now bid to my saddest farewell.

If ever a brook or a mead I espy,
That can charm in the foreigner's zone;
The chiefest attraction 'twill have for my eye
Is the likeness it bears to thy own:
By such when I come, on the water's clear brink,
To thee it is like, and thy children I'll drink.

GLYN CORWG.

Tôn—"Y Ddimau Goch."

Trwy hen Gymru boed ei chlod
 I bob preswylfod dirion;
 Bryn a dyffryn, glyn a dôl
 A'u da a moesol ddynion:
 Ac yn mhlith y rhai anwylgu
 Llawer gair i ddwe'yd a chana
 Hoyw glod i Lan Sirhowy.
 Ac yn mhlith y manau amlwg
 Welwn arni, O, i'm golwg
 Caro pob man oedd Glyn Corwg.

Yno er fod glesni'r ddôl
 Yn fynych 'nol mewn tymor,
 A diweddar gnydiau'r ardd
 Heb glod y bardd na'r cerddor;
 Yno'n gaerog mae'n blaguro
 Haf a gauaf iaith y cymro,
 Agwyr hoff o'i chylch i gloddio;
 Yno rhwng dewisol berthi
 Gyda'i beirdd i bu'm yn planu
 Afallenau hyfa'u llwyni.

Lle na welir rhosyn ha'
 Byth yn gynara'n gwenu,
 Na'r eirinen uwch y ffôs
 Yn dangos ond ei chutni;
 O mwynbais gyfrinach beirddion
 Gwell na byw-râd haf a'i berion
 Yn yr oror ganai'r awrhon;
 Cân ac araeth, pennill fraethgu,
 Beirdd i'w gwneud, a meib i'w canu,
 Ië, Ser awen, Glan Sirhowy.

Gwedi dyddiau o'r fath ffâs
 Dros fanau bras tramwyaïs,
 Ac mewn llawer tlysawg fro
 Tymhorau, do, arosais;
 Ond lle gwenai natur hardda'
 Mynych doniau dyn oent dlotta,
 Euraidd awen hefyd oera.
 Mynych, mynych rhwng y llwyni
 Wnant bob peth ond dyn i gana
 Criaïs, O am Lan Sirhowy.

POB DYN 'NOL EI DDAWN.

Rhai fel brodyr drigo'n nghyd
 Tra deil eu bryd i aros,
 Teg i bob dyn 'nol ei ddawn,
 Gael cyfle iawn i'w ddangos.
 Dawn i adrodd, dawn i ganu,
 Dawn i *sonio* ac ymresymu;
 Dawn 'nol dagrau i ddweyd gair digri,
 Dawn i ateb, dawn i holi:
 Dawn i gadw'n llwyr mewn co'
 Y iawn beth fo'n ad llygu.

Er mor geindeg uwch y ffôs
 Yw gwridog rês Mehefin,
 Pe ond hwnw louai'r hâf
 Ei 'roglau'n glaf wnai bob dyn;
 Os yw'n iachus a dymunol

Weled blodau'n dwf gorludol,
 Meus hefyd wel'd y meillion
 'Nol i'r rhosyn wnai'r ymryson
 Ffino ffroen, a llygad blys
 Oent awchus am rai gwychion.

Credwch fi gyfeillion myg,
 Nid da yw rhyfyg undyn,
 'Does seren fry na finai lla
 I syllu arni flwyddyn;
 Os try ffroen oddiwrth y rhosyn,
 Llygad 'ddiwrth y seren wiwlun;
 Pwy ryfyga, a oes undyn,
 Haeru 'n hollawl i sylw'r weriu?
 Beth i mi yw'r angel teg
 A gauo'm cêg a'i edyn?

REGED.

Duet.

Where hearts that are tried as the old British oak Make music so rare in the
Where kindness that ne'er wore hypocrisy's cloak, As freely comes forth as the

bosoms of sores,
sweat of our pores: How rare a young fellow in heart and in soul, How

hard to do justice to give him his due,—Is the youth whom the serious, the proud, and the

droll, Have nam'd and adopted the Pride of our Crew.

Tom Tackle is merry of course o'er his grog,
But his dark eyes exhibit so radiant a shine;
I think if he quaff'd of the stream from the bog,
The glow of his spirit would change it to wine:
So bright is his whim, and so flowing his song,
The eagle that soars in the welkin so blue,
Needs as often a draught of the drink you call strong
As the happy Tom Tackle, the pride of our Crew.

If Tempest or Battle his courage should test,
Or foes our tight vessel should e'er hold in chase,
When 'tis prudent to shew them of whom they're in
quest,
Then who like Tom Tackle, a foeman can face?
But though for his King and his country he'd fight,
Just in the same spirit and to serve the like end,
Where'er among messmates, strength standeth for
right
As stoutly he'll stand in defence of a friend.

X

<p>In his mirth one would think he'd to anything yield, Yet ask him to act a dishonourable part, O, then shall you find what a breast plate and shield, Is the bright moral courage that beams at his heart:</p>	<p>Though he talks not at length of what preachers may teach, Yet, if they of the pulpit, the truth of him knew, There ne'er was a heart where the love that they preach, Glow'd brighter than in Tomy's the pride of our Crew.</p>
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THE YOUNG HORSE.

Come to thy senses bright hair'd boy,
 'Tis time for thee to pause,
 And think in the whirlwind of thy joy,
 From what thy mirth arose.
 Now wheeling in thy merry rings,
 Ah! little canst thou see,
 What time to men and horses brings,
 And what it may to thee.

More num'rous than the flow'rets gay
 Thy unshod hoof doth mauit,
 May be the stripes, which thou some day
 May'st count as suffer'd all;
 In that skin thou suffers not
 The gadfly now to pierce,
 The blood-stain'd rowel may grow hot
 At the heel of a rider fierce.

Thy swiftness now the wind defies,
 And thy nostril gladdens the dell,
 And the mirth of war adorns thy eyes,
 Thou beaut'ous *Nonpareil*;
 Not e'en the swallow thee shall pass,
 But her challenge thou takest straight;
 And a hundred circles on the grass
 Well prove the match how tight.

As flash upon the gurgling brook
 The sun's reflected gleam;
 So from thy motion and thy look
 The light doth wildly beam;

Oh! that thy flanks by Gothic heels
 Should e'er be made to bleed;
 Or that thy hill arousing peals,
 Should e'er disown thy breed!

Awhile in the iron thou'lt rejoice.
 That arms thy thundering heel,
 And be a master's pride and choice,
 And a sharer of his weal;
 But once thy fame one shall eclipse
 Of speed surpassing thine,
 Then harshest curses, spurs and whips
 Shall make thee sorely pine.

Sad thought, that thou, the noblest beast
 That treads the flowery sod,
 Of real kindness should find least
 From man his boastful God!
 That thou the gen'rous, mild and brave,
 Should'st lavish all thy might,
 To swell the day-show of a knave,
 And the riot of his night.

Oh! that thy like should e'er be own'd
 But by the generous,
 Who'd ne'er see thy curvet or bound
 Turn'd to a craven's use;
 The heartless knave that feeds thee not,
 But as a prodigy;
 Soon may his gain his body rot,
 And thou again be free.

NOW ARM IN ARM.

Air—Now Arm in Arm, by J. T.

Now arm in arm we tread the grove, Where many a thrush and turtle dove Have tried love's
 strain, Dear Mary. And here would I in turn as well, In language meet my feelings
 tell, While she that all my pain can heal, May judge that pain, dear Mary.

Yon moon, that rose behind a cloud,
 At once has burst her sable shroud,
 To cry, beware, Dear Mary!
 What can she wish, if not to peep
 At charms she would as spotless keep,
 As driven snow on *Berwyn's* steep,
 And make thee her care, Dear Mary?

But fairest in thy beauty's urn,
 Love's bright flame doth as chastely burn
 As Cynthia's own Dear Mary!
 And by her purest virgin light,
 My oath I'll make to her to-night,
 Not safer is her Queenship bright
 Upon her throne, than Mary!

MY LOVE, THOU'RT LIKE THE DEW-GEMM'D FLOWER.

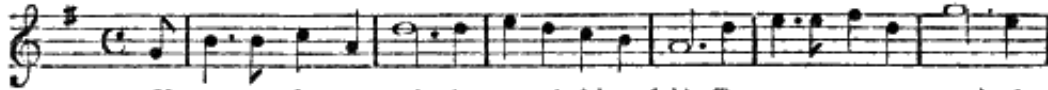
My Love, thou'rt like the dew-gemm'd flow'r
 And I am like the bee,
 That by each leafy bush and bow'r
 Can find my way to thee:
 And if a show'r of rain should fall,
 Unlike the spoiler thief,
 I shelter 'neath thy cloak or shawl,
 As the bee beneath the leaf.

Men with great heads and little hearts,
 Y'clep'd philosophers,
 Have said they can dissect to parts
 Those passions fine of ours;
 I reckon not what their books may call
 What guides me to my dove,
 But the oldest name and best of all,
 And that I like, is Love.

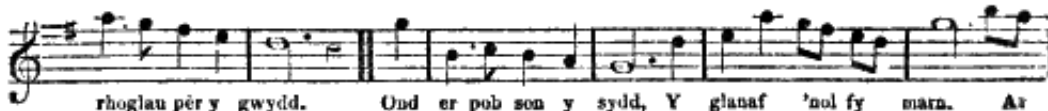
'Twas they I think, too, dar'd assert
 This archer boy was blind,
 And yet what hound thro' forest's heart
 Its way can better wind?
 If blind they mean because he sees
 As mine in thee each charm;
 Had he their philosophic eyes,
 What would they do but harm?

I've lov'd thee truly—lov'd thee long,
 And whatever wind might blow,
 To thee I sang my true-love song
 Ev'n as I sing it now.
 And if the green grass quickly grows
 O'er paths I've oft'nest trod
 My oft-sooth'd love its green blade shows
 Far sooner than the sod.

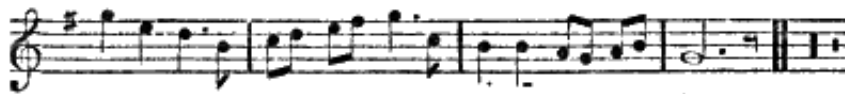
LISA DAL Y SARN. THE LASS OF GRONGAR HILL.

Air—Y Garrey Lwyd (The Gray Stone).

Mae son am lawer merch, A son mac'n debyg fydd, Tra paro swya mewn merch, A



rhoglau pŕ y gwydd. Ond er pob son y sydd, Y glanaf 'nol fy marn. Ar



ddol neu dwyn, A'r pura'i swyn, Yw Lisa Dal y Sarn.

Os cul yw Aeron swyn,
Gwna les o gyleh i'r tŕ;
Os ar ei min mae brwyn,
Mae befyd feillion ŕ,
A llawer derwen wech,
Nad rhwydd ei gwneyd yn ddarn,
Wna'r las fro'n ddryd;
Ond dim fel pryd
Hoff Lisa Dal y Sarn.

Rhai ant i wledydd pell
I wel'd hynodion hyd,
Pan allent lawer gwell
Yn nhref foddloni'u bryd
Pe chwiliant barthau byd
O hyn i ddydd y farn,
Am brydwedd deg
'Chaent ddim mor chweg
A Lisa Dal y Sarn.

Mae hon 'r un iaith a'i mam,
A'i gown o wlanen gwlad;
Os gofyn neb pamam,
Yr achos byth ni wad;
Ond er mor wledig yw,
Yr ebol gora'i garn,
Braidd gwybia'n gynt
Ddwy'r awel wynt
Na Lisa Dal y Sarn.

I love a beauteous maid,
I love a lass of worth;
Ye bards my efforts aid
To set her virtues forth:
My musings of this fair
My heart and head so fill.
While I have voice
I'll sing my choice—
The lass of Grongar hill.

In weddings of the West
Where Dyford's beauties meet,
And maidens in their best
Are clad from head to feet:
From bride-groom and his bride,
Till wonder have its fill,
In sweet amaze
All turn to gaze
At the lass of Gronger hill.

When she hath lectures heard,
The speaker sore perplexed,
Directing her his word,
Hath lost both head and text;
And harpists at her step,
Have look'd with gaze so still;
Till to their cost
The strain was lost—
Thro' the lass of Grongar hill.

Drwy 'roglaid dymor hâf,
Pa beth mor fyg a hon?
A'r gauaf beth a gaf
Mor wresog wrth fy mron?
Dan boethaf lewyrch haul
Mae'n gordial 'sol fy marn,
A pheth y nôs
Rhag duaf lo's
Fel Lisa Dal y Sarn?

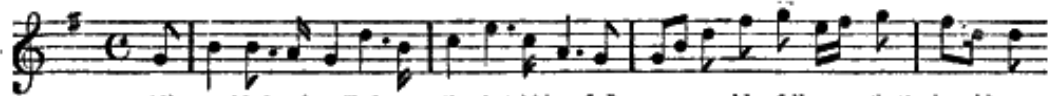
Tra nytho'r crychdydd glâs
Ar ffinwydd mawr Llan-Llur,
Tra oenfydd llygad gwas
'R afallen hardda'r mur;
Tra gwasgir merch at fron
Ar dwyn neu weirog garn,
Perciddiaf glod
Fydd is y rhod
I Lisa Dal y Sarn.

If seeing but her face,
The stranger so hath felt,
Such beauty to embrace,
What bosom would not melt,
If mine hath been that bliss,
While brook is sought by rill,
In purest love
I'll steadfast prove
To the lass of Grangar hill.

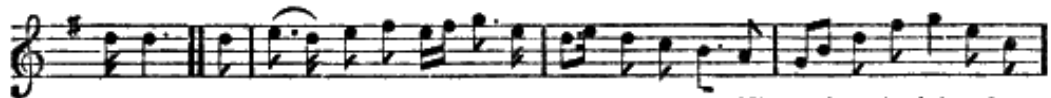
Whoe'er may show their gold,
Whoe'er may boast their land;
Or swell to hear it told
What numbers they command;
Give me but health and peace,
Resign'd to heaven's high will,
Thro' weal and woe
I'll gladly go
With the lass of Grangar hill.

THE THATCHER.

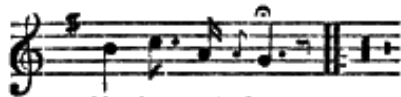
Air—A mi yn dod Adre (As I came Home)



All padded and muffled upon the thatch'd roof, I see an old fellow that's deem'd wea-



ther proof: Rheumatic and aged although his limbs are, 'Tis others he shelters from



bites he must bear,

In silence he labours, and scarce through the day
Save *shelps, straw, or rushes* a word doth he say:
And when he looks downward, 'tis just for a peep
To see if his tender hath fallen asleep.

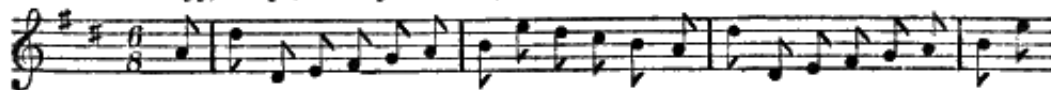
I trust, as he shifts the wind too will shift side,
For blasts he bath weather'd would pierce a bull's
hide,
The drop at his blue nose 'tis useless to wipe,
However it threatens to quench his short pipe.

Forgot and unheeded by warm groups that prate,
Beneath him in comfort, before the red grate,
Forgot is the Thatcher, e'en while he'd disarm
The wrath of Old *Boreas*, when threat'ning their harm.

O, farmer, when supper is plac'd on thy board,
His place to the Thatcher who will not accord;
The scent that has reach'd him when on the high roof
Should tell what substantial shall make him frost
proof.

YR ENETH WY'N GARU.

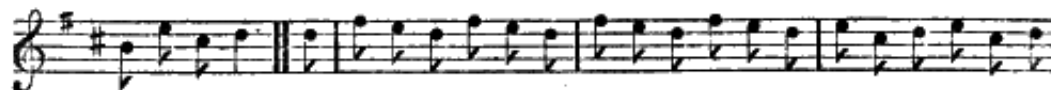
Air—Hela'r Ysgyfarnog (Hunting the Hare).



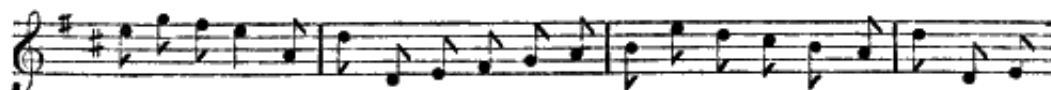
Yn nghanol plwyf Bedwas mae'r eneth wy'n garu, Er hyuy Plwyf Bedwas ni 'nebydd



'mo hon. A pha achos crybwyll wrth neb ond fy Mari Yr hyfryd fwr. iadau sy'n



Henwi fy mron? Ces gyfle ei gweled—ces gyfle ei gwasgu, Ces gyfle i brofi mai



fi ydyw'r dyn; Ac nid wyf yn myned un noswaith i gyssgu Na wna imi'r



gyffes fel. ys. a fy hun.

Yn ddirgel deonglais fy meddwl i Mari,
Yn ddirgel gwnaeth hithau ei hatteb i mi,
A dirgel bwriad'som trwy'r flwyddyn i garu,
A pheth ydoedd hyn i neb ond i ni?
Mae Mari'n g'wlyddgar, a minnau'n un tawel,
Dirgelwch sy'n gweddu i ddeuddyn o'n bath,
Ein costeg gyhoeddir er hyn gan yr awel,
A'r adar wasgarant yr hanes yn waeth.

Fy Mari, fy Mari, mae'r amser yn dyfoel
I ddangos mae nid o ryw'r adar yni;
Y dydd i mi'th wneuthur, a'th addef yn briod
'Nol defod y wlad lle mae'r ddefod yn fri.
I fagu gwynebaw at beth mor gyhoeddus,
Y fory mi af i Gaerphili a'm gwen,
Ac os byddi'n gwrthod waeud hyn, fel peth
gwarthus,
Ni'th welaf am ddau fis dan fargod na phren.

PENNILLION A DIRIAU.

Achos Daw yw'r achos gwladol
Tra bo'r ymgais yn rhinweddol;
Ond ymdrechu am uchafiaeth
Swydd a chlod, wna fawr wahaniaeth.

Dyn na fedro weniaeth eon,
Gwnaed o'r co'd a'r gwellt gyfeillion,
Hawddach peth na chanmol cybydd,
Canu clod i'w dir a'i goedydd.

O'r sawl ant at Ddoctor i wella'u colyddion,
Rhai gant rhy fach, a rhai mwy na'u digon,
A'r Doctor yn lle d'wedyd wrthynt am ranu
Dlewisa y gorchwyl o'u pwffian a'u carthu.

Pa raid i'r uchel ddoniol
Wrth sylw rhai is-raddol;
A edrych eryr lawr o'r nen
Pwy gwyd ei ben i'w chanmol?

Rhaid i wlad heblaw diwygio;
'R hyn a fedda iawn ddefnyddio;
Ond wneir y da a ellir,
Peth f'o well byth ni chyrhaeddir.

Gwell yw cyfraith f'o diffygiol
Na'r diwygiad fo ammbeuol;
Gwell yw hen beth gaffo'i barchu,
Na'r newydd-beth heb ei allu.

Mynych gwna'r enllybwr dua
Y daioni na fwriada;
Gyr yr hwn ddymuna'i grogi
'M mhell o afael peth fo'i ofni.

Os gwneir hen ffordd yn un newydd,
Rhaid i'r hen fod in' o ddefnydd
Cyn ceir llwyth i roi yn unman
Ar y newydd wiwffordd lydan.

Llong na chaffo'r gwynt yn rhwyddlon
Deithia'n lledgroes i'r awelon;
'Nifail lusgo lwyth i'r tyle.
Lled-groes droion a wna yntau.

Os yw d' oes yn oes rinweddol
Ni wna hyu yn esgusodol;
Neb a allo, ac a beidia
Peth f'o weddol etto'i wella.

Hawdd yw torri'r chwyn a'r ysgall
Ar dy dir dy hun, ac arall,
Ond nid hawdd oedd gorehwyl hnw
Fu'n diwreiddio'r anial garw.

Mor anghofus i'n o'r dynion
Na 'roent gam, ond trwy beryglon,
I sylfaeni'r breintiau pwysfawr
Wnant ein dyddiau ni mor glodfawr.

Os rhinweddol yw'th gym'dogaeth,
Da, ac onest mewn trafodaeth,
O ymhola ar dy wely
Beth wnest di i'w harddu felly.

Drwg lywodraeth ar rai gweithiau
Gyfyd ddynion o rinweddau;
Drwg y deiliaid ar bryd arall
Dry'r llywodraeth o ffyrdd angall.

Pan bo'r traws yn gwel'd ei droion
Iddo'i hun yn creu peryglon,
Dyna'r pryd, ac nid cyn hyny,
Try ei gefn ar ddrygioni.

Pwy fesura'r ffordd wrth liny
Ddylai gael wrth fyn'd trwy'r werin?
Pwy er cadw prif-ffordd rhinwedd
Ymrysona am bob modfedd?

'Nol ârfero dyn enllibo,
Gorfydd befyd rwydd wneitho
Rhaid i enllib gael gwrandawriad,
Hyn ni cha' heb blygu'n anfad,

Yn mhllith myrdd o bethau difas
Ddywedwyd gan enlibwyr atgas;
Pam na 'ddefai pwy glafychodd
Am na chwazai ddrwg i adrodd!

Mawrion rhag cael ymrysonau
Dro'nt eu siarad ar deganau :
Rhag i'r fflof gael ei groesi
Tro'nt i gyd yn fflofaid geni.

Pa raid i'm ofni dyn mewn ple ?
Peth na wn i, fe'i gwyddiad e' :
Tra na bwy'n ceisio ond y gwir,
Cystal i'm roi ag ennill tir.

Llawer llanc am berl gwybodaeth
'Mrowdd yn ddewr nes cael canmoliaeth !
Ond y cyntaf a'i canmolodd,
Holl ffenestri dysg fe d'wilodd.

Pan byddo'r mawrion c'uwch a'r ser,
A'r gwan mewn dyfnder t'lodi,
Dygydd na fydd cymmylau mawr
Bob dydd, bob awr yn codi.

Llawer peth duedda ddynion
I wneud da, heb law da galon ;
Un ymdrecha droi at dd'ioni
Pan b'o'i siamplau'n ei beryglu ;
Arall wna beth anghyffredin
Er tywyllu clod ei elyn ;
Rhai wnant dda o wir gasineb
At y sawl nad yw o'u hundeb ;
Rhai am glod, a rhai am elw,
Rhwng y duwiol fynant enw ;
Rhai wnant y da i guddio drygau,
Rhai rhag ofn trwm ddialau ;
Rhai wnant dda fo gyda'u hanian,
Eraill dda er mwyn eu hunain ;
O fy Nuw, mor drist amddifad
Ydyw'r byd o dda gwir gariad.

'R hwn f'o dros flynyddoedd hudol
Gwedi arfer bwyd niweidiol,
Iddo ef nid yw'r bwyd iachus,
Dros ryw dymor, ond peryglus :
Felly'r gorau ymborth moesol,
Os rhydd les, fe'i rhydd yn raddol ;
Nid yw'r da yn dda nes gwelir,
O iawn brofion, ei wir natur.

Haerir ar droion mae'r drel anwybodus
Ar nelwyd a maingc yw'r un hynod o happus,
Ond cofier ;—y ffol am bob tegan a'i llona,
Ar ryw rai f'o gallach trwy'i oes ymddibyn.
Tra cadwont ei ddoethach bob peth yn ei le,
Nid rhyfedd mae llona o'r teulu yw e' ;
Ond rhowch arno'i ofal ei hun ; fel y mochyn,
Fe dry yn un lloerig, a serth fydd ei wrychyn.

Mae math o ddaioni nad da yw ei ganmol ;
Mae da nad yw'n dda ond rhag drwg fo'n wrthnebol ;
Mae da nad oes achos ei annog i ddynion ;
Mae da nad yw'n dda ond ar hynod achosion ;
Mae'n dda i ddyn swyta, ac yfed, a gorphwys,
Ond nid rhaid gorchymyn, can's pwy erioed beidiwst
Mae'n dda hau a medi, ac am mae'n dra difus,
Ceir rhai wrth y gorchwyl, gorchymyn sy'n addas ;
Mae da sy'n beryglus fel dewrder rhyfelwr ;
Mae da sy'n amserol fel moddion phisygwr ;
Bu unwaith orchymyn i lenwi y ddaear,
Ond 'nawr nid yw'n rheidiol i ddynion nac adar.
Mae drygau'n cyfnewid fel gwelir clefydau,
A'r da a'i gwrth'nebo cyfnewid wna yntau ;
A'r hyn fo un amser yn hynod benboethni,
Braidid ceir ef bryd arall'n amgenach nag oerai ;
Mae da wnair yn ddrwg trwy ddefodan auhapus
Fel taith pererinion a seintiau gwallgofus.

Gochel ffafar hwnw fynd
I'w amcanion gau dy rwymo.
Ni all rhwymau fod y dyliid
I'w lleihau i werthu'n rhyddid ;
Am gymwynas gwna gymwynas,
Am fenthycaist tâl sydd addas,
Aur am aur, ac os na elli,
Cadw'th rhyddid i' er hyny.

Os bydd merch yn dra hunanol
Myn 'run fedro oreu'i chaumol ;
Ac er profi gwerth ei haeriad
Cais un arall atto'n feirniad.

Llawer un a geidw'i afel
Yn y cyfaill mae e'n arddel,
Nid o serch, ond er dangosiad
Mor ddiwyrni ei ddewisiad.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

Air—Nos Galan (New Year's Eve).

Shepherds, while the lambkin grazes, Where he frisk'd shall we in turn Featly tread the
flowery mazes Scythe or sickle hath not shorn. When his prisoners are so merry, Should the
shepherd's looks be sad? When of ease our hearts get weary. Dance and song shall make us glad.

Songs we've learned beneath the bushes,
Now in chorus let them swell;
And each swain with her he wishes,
All he can may do to excel;
As we tread the dew-washed flowers,
They shall yield the best perfume,
To keep up for hours and hours
Mirth we owe the summer's bloom.

Let our meeting and our parting
Be like that of harpist's hands,
When his music and our sporting
Are what summer's birth demands.
And where innocent delight is;
Be the grass plot dry or wet—
Many turns and many ditties
Shall attest where shepherds met.

CAN O GOFFADWRIAETH AM WILLIAM THOMAS, O GEFNPENAR.

Ar oerfa y mynydd rhai ŵyr fel myfi
Mor dda a dymunol yw agwedd y ty;
Gall teithiwr droi iddo rhag oerwynt a gwlaw
I danio ei bibell, neu dwymo ei law;
Ac os, 'nol eisteddo, i'w chwedl ca' glust,
A thamaid i'w gryffa, pa fron nad yw'n dyst;
Mor debyg i fangre y Cristion yw'r man
Llywydda'r un wna i'w gyffelyb ei ran.

Ar oerfa y mynydd ganfyddir bob dydd,
Rhwng Cynona That yn gwneud teithiwr yn brudd,
Mae annedd heddychol, gysurus, a glân,
O'r fath a ddych'mygydd yn nechre fy nghân;
Ac hyd yn ddiweddar, ar aelwyd dwym hon
Oedd Cymro yn eistedd mor dwymgar ei fron,
Nac aeth un ymwelwr erioed dan ei dô
Na chaffai hoff achos ei gadw mewn co'.

Pe at Gefn Penar un droed-ffordd ni b'ai
Ond wnawd gan ymwelwyr ag annedd mor glau;
Y rhain faint rhy amlwg i un dyn mewn oed,
Wrth geisio'r un annedd i golli ei droed;
Fel llwybrau'r glân ddefaid ar lechwedd y bryn,
Maent draw yn eu amlder i'w gwel'd hyd yn hyn.
Ffyrdd ffryns a chyfeillion y gwr aeth i'w fedd,
O artref gyssegrwyd i g'reiddwch a hedd.

Y gwr ddo'i nol bwyda ei gyfaill mor gu,
Dan siarad i'w hebrwng dda filltir o'i dy.
Mor athrist oedd clywed fod awr gwedi do'd
I'r hoff rai hebryngai, i fyn'd o bob o'd,
I hebrwng i'w olaf aneddle un gawd,
I lu a'i 'nabyddai'n wresocach na brawd.
Mor galed oedd cuddio'r gwynebpryd a phridd,
Wnaeth g'nifer un gwelw yn wridiog ei rudd.

Y

(delwedd J4427) (tudalen 177)

Wrth sych-wal y mynydd fu'n godi mor hardd,
Rhwng dasau ei ydian neu lwyni ei ardd,
Ni welaf ef mwy—nag ar greigle ddydd hir
Yn rhwygo'r certh feini anhardeot ei dir.
Ei lais y cynbauaf, rhwng mwddwl a däs,
Ni chlywaf mwy'n galw ar forwyn na gwäs;
Nag wrth y cörentydd ddiwallant ei braidd,
Na'r talar fu'n droi at y gwenith a'r haidd.

O Gymru, O Gymru, dan hen dy a thö,
O g'nifer peth brofais sy'n dwyn i'm co'—
Y glan lettygarwch enwogodd ein gwlad,
Cyn cuddiodd na sidan na chotwm ein tra'd.
O g'nifer twym roesaw y gawd dan got lwyd,
I swyta o'r gorau fai nghrog dan y glwyd;
Ac O mor adfywiol i'r egwan bu pryd,
Rhui waelent gareiddwch heb rithio'n ei hud.

Chwi geraint oe'ch anwyl i'r gwr ga fy nghân,
Nid hawdd i chwi lenwi ei le wrth ei dän,
Ond gwn tra b'o chwi ar y mynydd bydd lle
I'r teithiwr i droi fo ar daith at ei dre;
Ac O, tra b'o felly, i dorf fel toyfi,
Mor hoff bydd ymadael â Merthyr a'i chri,
I dreulio ar barth Cefn Penar rhyw hwyr,
A thrafod peth na ellir drafod rhy lwyr.

Ie, noswaith i ganu a galw i go
Bennillion dyfyrgar wnaeth hen feirdd y fro—
Yr hoff Edward Ivan, goreufardd o foes,
A Iolo fendignid, disgleirias o'i oes,
Ac eraill mae 'u henwau a'u cathlau ar gael,
Mewn gwlad a brofasant yn hynaws a bael:
A gwneuthur o'i enw hoff yntau gofhad,
Oedd gynllun o ddifalch hwsmoniaid ei wlad.

GYDA'R WAWR.

Air—Gyda'r Wawr (With the Dawn).

Yr adar man ddibunant, Gyda'r wawr, gyda'r wawr, I eilio melus foliant,
Gyda'r wawr. O hynaws fon b'wyf fannau, I uno'r per emynau, Rhwng deillog
goed a dolau, Tra'n gwylid tym y gokau, Gyda'r wawr, Gyda'r wawr.

Ar fudiad tarth y dyffryn,
Gyda'r wawr, gyda'r wawr,
Fe egyr pob blodeuyn
Gyda'r wawr.
Dan eur-wres gwyd mor dirion,
I'r gelwg daw o'r galon
Hedd iolwch pob meddylion—
Y moliant glyw nefolion
Gyda'r wawr, gyda'r wawr.

I uno côr y gwiall,
Gyda'r wawr, gyda'r wawr;
Doed arddwr mad a bugail,
Gyda'r wawr.
A phan bo gwyneb daear
Yn moli mewn un llafar;
Y wiw-nef ni fydd fyddar,
I'r Jubil ber a'i thrydar,
Gyda'r wawr, gyda'r wawr.

BALLAD.

To *Machen* mountain rode one day
 A wealthy farmer's son,
 To count his flock, and see if stray
 Some of that flock had gone;
 And there a maid that burnt the fern,
 And wash-balls of it made,
 This young man did from far discern
 Hard plying at her trade.

As he came up, to her he said,
 Fair maid, upon this height,
 Rather than see what sheep have stray'd
 I'd taste of love's delight;
 I care not much for lambs and ewes,
 Nor what their reckoning be,
 If I with thee some hours might lose
 Beneath you beechen tree.

Young man, indeed I dare not stay,
 What reason shall I give
 For spending here an idle day
 While mother home doth strive;
 The fern was burnt, the ashes made
 Ere you did me discern;
 Surely ere night my little trade
 Some profit might return.

Say, maid, the mist was on the hill,—
 That thou didst lose thy way;
 Or that with darkness thou could'st fill
 Make out the time of day;
 And see, fair maid, is it not so?
 Ev'n like a curtain grey
 It doth enclose us from below,
 As if to bid thy stay.

Too well my mother knows that I
 In darkness of the night
 With loaded head have found my way
 Across this rugged height.
 In vain I'll say the cold grey mist
 By daylight kept me here;
 To such a tale she would not list,
 Nor such a reason hear.

Then tell that *Machen's* furious bull
 Came bellowing up the height,
 And made thee quit what thou would'st pull,
 And frighten'd take to flight;

Or that a thunder shower came on
 Which made thee run from fear,
 To hide thee, till its noise was gone,
 In cavities just near.

My mother has been chased by bulls,
 But never for a day;
 On height or plain, by pits or pools,
 Did such ones cause her stay.
 And if I say a thunder storm
 Did happen all so near;
 She'll vow if it could kill a worm,
 That she the same might hear.

Say thou didst see a worried sheep,
 And lamb by dog pursued;
 And that the lamb from harm to keep,
 Thou follow'dst to the wood;
 Tell her the lamb thy pity found,
 And that the dam as well,
 By thee deliver'd from the hound,
 Did thoughts of time dispel.

Young man, methinks in you I see
 That hound of bloody tooth,
 That would my mother poor and me
 Destroy with base untruth;
 Who knows that worried sheep and lambs
 By me should pitied be,
 O let him from his words for shame,
 But learn to pity me.

Fair maid, my tongue itself hath tied,
 Convicted here I stand,
 And offer to thy virtuous pride
 My once offending hand;
 For want of money, name, and dress
 Thou hast what makes amends,
 Then be my wife and nothing less,
 Till the life thou blessest ends.

No, no, for in my mother's cot,
 E'en I am what I am,
 Where none can taunt my humble lot,
 Or bid me better sham.
 If you can raise me to that state,
 Wherein I'd know no need;
 To save me from your kindred's hate
 Is not so easy a deed.

I AM A SHEPHERD BOY.

Air—Cerdinen (The Fern).


I am a Shepherd Boy, And many sights there be In stream and forest, cloud and
sky To give delight to me; The rising lark at dawn I mark When soaring up so
high; And with glad throat I try his note When like a note He seemeth to my eye;
'Till down again His flight I ken, 'Mid barley, wheat or rye.

O had I songs enow,
With never ending rhyme,
From morn till evening's latest glow
I'd measure weary time;
Then of the verse
I sould rehearse,
I'd make my daily clock;
And count the hours
Of dews and show'rs,
And growth of flowers,
And e'en my happy flock;
And by my lays
I'd count the days,
That blest my fleecy stock.

A song to praise my lambs;
A song to laud my ewes;
A song to praise my long horn'd rams,
And the food each firstling chews.
A carol gay
In praise of May,
June and July as well;

A madrigal
To praise the vale,
The forest, hill, and dell;
And songs 'bove all
For her I call,
My lovely winsome Nell.

O as my strains should tell
Each bright and fair thing's birth;
My elegies should moorn as well
Their death on lap of earth.
When summer's o'er
And suns no more,
Expand the flowret's bloom,
I'd chant my lay
For Autumn gray,
And darker day
For which his too makes room;
And the round year
In verse should hear,
Songs like its light and gloom.

WILD FLOWERS.

*Air—Sir Watkin's Delight.**Allegretto.*

Ye flowrets wild and fresh and fair, The gard'ners hand doth never rear, O
 where you breathe your native air, Amid your blooms I'd rove. Though but the wind of
 you takes heed, And spreads your scent, and sows your seed, Though but the cloud and early dew Wa-
 ter the spots whereon you grew, Where drops that cloud, There doth your hue, At-
 test what floats above.

Tho' round your stem the foat'ring ground,
 Hath oft by nightly frost been bound ;
 And ev'ry colt hath trod the mound,
 That nourish'd leaf and stalk :
 To each that trampled on your head,
 Your feathery bloom hath made its bed ;
 And hourly sweeten'd for the beast,
 His morning and his evening feast,
 And for the tenderest foot and least
 Prepar'd a velvet walk.

Ye wild flow'rs, they who for you seek,
 Most like you, have the lip and cheek ;
 And is their breath not, as they speak,
 The balmiest, like your own ?
 And when from life to death they're gone,
 'Tis you shall bloom their graves upon ;
 And purest scents around them give—
 Pure as the harmless lives they live,
 Till death that caus'd their friends to grieve,
 To songs convert their moan.

FAR O'ER THE WIDE OCEAN MY WILLIAM IS GONE.

Air—"Over the Water," page 105.

Far o'er the wide ocean my William is gone,
 And I by its shore am a sad looker-on ;
 For o'er the rude billows, my eye would fain see
 The return of that ship which bears all things for me.
 But though the stout pilot's far gaze I out-spy,

The sail I expect hath not yet met my eye ;
 Tho' tide after tide I await on the steep.
 Oh to my heart's anguish the spring and the neap,
 Alike bring but tidings that cause me to weep.

Ye veterans that brave the rebuff of the surge,
 And o'er the rude breakers your boats daily urge;
 O teach me, but once, how to draw the long oar,
 And mount the hoarse billows that threaten our shore;
 Then daily and nightly across the rough bar,
 I'll go of your number to meet the bold tar;
 And thro' the dark fogs, and the haze of the night,
 When all your experience can scarce set you right,
 You'll find how affection can quicken my sight.

Since now I can think not by night or by day,
 But of him whose return, what I dread doth delay;
 In darkness I'll stand on the sea-beaten rock,
 As a beacon for him who might dread the wave's shock.
 There—there in a lantern the light I will hold,
 As fearless as sea-gull of tempest or cold;
 And Oh for my absent young sailor's dear sake,
 The more the fierce billows the beetling rocks shake,
 The better his Sally will keep on 't awake.

HOW CAN I SING A RURAL LAY. YR HEN DON.

Air—Yr Hen Dôn (The Old Melody).

How can I sing a rural lay When he I love is far away? To
 ball or dance how can I go, While of his fate my fears still grow? Where
 every belle would seem most fair, And turn a throng at her to stare; Ev'n
 then do I, But with a sigh, show friend or foe my dress or hair.

The head I wish but one to praise
 Why should it court another's gaze?
 The song I wish but one to hear
 Shall that be sung when he's not near?
 Until I've known what is his lot
 My hair I'll tie in plainest knot,
 And in the throng
 My every song
 For William's sake shall be forgot.

If there is lustre in my eye,
 'Tis to illumine my William's sky:
 If in my form there's ought to praise,
 Of that I'd hear but what he says:

O cenwch dro in' o'r "Hen Dôn"
 Fu'n fodd i laesu myrdd o'u po'n.
 Y sain fu gynt mor ber ei sl,
 Pwy fyr nas dyry les i mi?
 I rai pe na b'ai gynt mor wiw,
 Pa wedd hyd heddyw b'asai'n fyw
 I ni a chant
 Ar lais ei thant
 Ar sain mor glyd roi cerdd i'ch clyw?

Y sain fu byw trwy g'nifer oes,
 Boed etto'u dda er serch a moes;
 Y sain wnaeth g'nifer traws yn swyn—
 I lid a bar i adde'i swyn—

And whatso'er my wrist or neck
In seasons past might richly deck,
Till his return,
O they'd but burn
My skin, and health's free pulse but check.

Pr cybydd c'letta'i fron cyn hyn
Mewn dagrau laesu'r afael dyn,
Ac enllib gas
Mewn heidd gael blŷs,
A thesog wedd tanguefedd gwyn.

MALLDRAETH.

Air—Malldraeth.

Am Falldraeth a'i llonder dros fyth yn y don Fo'n myn'd ar ei henw gan



gantwyr bo son, Ac O, lle bo cofa am ar dal mor ian, B'wyf



funau'a presennol gael rhan yn y gân.

Mor fynych a'r wen-don dymunwn ro'i tro
I'r minion mae'n olchi, a'u cadw mewn co';
Mor fynych a'r wen-don a'u tegwch 'madawn,
Bob boren, er mwyn cael eu croesan brydnawn.

O'rh olwg, wiw ardal, 'dos gwenol na chòg
Cyhyd gwedi crwydro a mi yn ddi-log;

Pe meddwn eu hedyn, o wydd dy deg wawr
Niz gallwn fod mwyach am ddiwrnod nag awr.

Ond p'am y dymunaf am edyn na phlu,
I'm dwyn i ymweled â bro oedd mor gu?
Tra'm serch mor fynwesol at Falldraeth a Môn,
Fy nhraed ydynt edyn a'r rhyddaf o bo'n.

THE CAMBRIAN MINSTREL'S SONG.

Air, "Difyrwech Gwŷr Dyfi."

The minstrels of Cambria are happily met,
And each in his primitive idiom and mode,
Shall sing till his singing to rivalry whet,
In strains which old *Tempus* shall never explode;
In Cambria it ever shall be as of old,
In village or city where minstrels are met.
Their strains on the heart have so lasting a hold,
When comes it, their parting is lasting regret.

In song we will wrestle, and songs shall yet tell,
Who in his performance stood highest and best;
But he that with insolence beareth the bell,
Will soon be his countrymen's by-word and jest.
If music to envy and insolence move;
Then music, believe me, is music no more.
The more we love singing, the more we should love
The singer or harper that hath an encore.

SONG OF SUMMER.

I'm come, I'm come, if any one doubt,
 Let him read the poet's page,
 And by my portrait make me out
 In the songs of every age:
 There every lineament of mine,
 And every gem of my robe
 Is given in proof by the poet's line,
 I am summer over the globe.

Children have ask'd when I would come,
 And dreamt of my sunny skies;
 And mother's have promis'd that my bloom
 Should pacify their cries.
 On beds of sickness, thoughts of me
 Have lengthen'd many a life:
 And scores have wish'd my face to see
 When fever's flush was rife.

My harbinger, the cuckoo 's gone,
 And ewes would be rid of their wool;
 The ox that would the gadfly shun,
 Is knee-deep in the pool.
 The workman cannot see his breath
 Be it ever so thickly blown;
 The sky above, the earth beneath,
 My welcome presence own.

The colts-hoof that careers thro' dew,
 With odours loads the wind;
 The hound that would a hare pursue,
 My tall blades soon would blind;
 The bird that would be heard and seen,
 Must sing on the topmost spray.
 On parched peak, or meadow green,
 My advent who'll gainsay?

Lab'rer, if curs'd cupidity
 Hath left thee wholesome fare,
 A table cloth I'll spread for thee,
 Even kings might wish to share;
 And birds that flatter none in song,
 Shall warble o'er thy head,
 While he whose strength makes others strong,
 Doth eat his daily bread.

Though I dress the bower with garb superb,
 And the garden with posies rare;
 The lowly grass, and humble herb
 Are equally my care.

And e'en the paths that lovers tread,
 For my mirth and chief delight
 Around them odours sweet I shed,
 And hide as soon from sight.

Come from your nest ye callow young,
 You need not dread a fall,
 For as the boughs with bloom are hung
 My grassy floors are all.
 The tenderest foot, the softest breast,
 Like down beds find the fields,
 Where infant things may run or rest,
 By every blade conceal'd.

While care parental to you brings
 The food that I provide;
 Leaves broader than your parent's wings,
 Your little heads shall hide;
 The flowers fair shall be your cups,
 Whereof the least may drink,
 And quench its thirst on pearly drops,
 Far from the runnel's brink.

Barefooted urchins, come ye forth;
 Now ye may be as gay
 As shod and sandal'd things of worth,
 And far beyond them stray;
 Merry as larks, with larks ye shall
 Be of my skies right glad,
 Where none shall fear a cut or fall,
 Or wish him warmer clad.

Lambs ply your feet, birds try your wings,
 For these ye yet shall need,
 When snow rob'd tree, and frozen springs
 Shall chill a faded mead.
 Make much of me, and health and youth,
 And blood as quick as dew
 Shall hasten on your comely growth,
 While all the world is new.

As fast as sweat dries off man's brow,
 The dew-drops leave my breast;
 And near the river soft and slow
 I take my noonday rest.
 Soon as the kindly showers fall
 I drink them quickly up;
 Ye tender ones that know my call,
 Come—come and share my cup.

MY WILLIAM, DEAR WILLIAM.

*Air—Stwffwl.**With tenderness*

My William, dear William, is gone to the wars, And rivals throw hints of his



wounds and his scars, But Oh, in whatever condition he'll come, I'll wait till I



see my dear William at home.

Where the bravest and strongest by thousands must
 Uncarr'd, how can William escape the dread ball;
 But though in his flesh there were scars half a score,
 My heart will but think of the aspect he bore.

When battle's storm rages, then in its dread course
 How many true hearts from their loves 'twill divorce?
 But if cruel warfare, will spare but his life,
 'Twill spare it to make his dear Mary his wife.

The breast I so often have wish'd 'twere between
 His own and the weapon, war's ire makes so keen.
 When my soldier returneth, whate'er be his vest,
 O shall not that breast be his pillow of rest?

Did they who wage war, both on land and on sea,
 Love their homes and their sweethearts as dearly
 Would they not for ever abjure the dread art
 That keeps the most faithful of bosoms apart?

DEIGRYN UWCH BEDD Y "FWYALCHEN,"

Neu Linellau ar farwolaeth JANE WATKINS, o'r Dderwen-deg, ger Merthyr Tydful, yr hon oedd gantores enwog yn Eisteddfodau Gwent a Morganwg.

Wrth deithio heibio'r Dderwen-deg, eisteddais ar y
 fainge,
 Gan ddisgwyl i'r "Fwyalchen" swyn i daro'r hy-
 fryd gainge;
 Ond mwy ni ehlywa'i'r beraidd *gŵg*,
 Can's wele! 'i thelyn fyau'n ngrôg.

Ei thynnion dannau bawddgar SEAN, a dorwyd oll
 yn rhydd,
 A thyrsa brydfertli merched eerdd, mewn galar-
 wisgoedd sydd;
 Ein cymdeithasau gawsant glwy',
 Ni chant ei mhelus odlau mwy.

Z

Llynlleifiad draw, na'r Fenni lon, ni chlywant mwy ei nod,	Ust! braid na chlywa'r nefol fu. Yn ceisio ei chalingo, ar "Ryddid" ga.
Na chymdeithasan Merthyr, chwath, lle haeddodd gymmaint clod.	Mae'r "Ddryw," a "Morfydd," etto 'uol, a'r "Eos," glir ei sain,
Ow! gorwedd mae, yu welw ei gwedd, A'n dagrau dreiglant ar ei bedd.	Ond ni chwaw alaw'r "Fwyalch" her, yu un a'r tannau main,
Mor felus, campus oedd ei cherdd, yu canmol cread lor,	Ehedodd, do, i'w haddef draw, A'i thelyn yno fyth ni thaw.
A chywrain waith ei fyscdd Ef, mewn awyr, tir, a mor:	J. RERS a'i cânt.

*Can "Ryddid," gan J. T.

YOUNG ROBIN.

Air—Hud y Bibell (The Allurement of the Pipe).



Down in the mead where young Robin did play His pipe to the lambkins poor Marg'ret doth



stray: Tho' the young shepherd is buried these years, She still vows his pipe may be



heard by all ears.

Yea, tho' he's buried, O soon by yon stream
He'll come yet to meet her, and not in a dream;
His voice and his pipe she doth answer and hear,
Then how must her shepherd himself not be near?

Pipes she hath made her of sycamore tree,
And on them she plays of his tunes two or three;
She says, when he meets her by Sawdde's low shore,
Her shepherd for kindness will teach her three more.

Of all the white lambkins that graze thro' yon hours,
How faithful her care, till her Robin's return;
And his old sheep-dog she leads in a string
To hear what she mutters, and list to her sing.

The pipe of her Robin is slung by her side,
And not till he cometh to make her his bride,
Shall any one play her a tune on that pipe,
Or come in his absence her salt tears to wipe.

SYR OWEN.

Air—Plygiad y Bedol Fach, (The Bend of the little Horse Shoe).

Fel gwenol yn hedeg dros wyneb y llyn Aeth cadfarch Syr Owen dros lechwedd y
bryn, Fel hebog o'r greigle fe ganlyn ei ol: Un 'nebydd ei bedol ar
fynydd a dol. Goleuddwid sy'n dysgwyl er's awr ar y mur Am blyf-
yn y marchog, neu lewyrch ei ddur; Ond gelyn ei chariad, Os llwydda
ei frad, Ddyd Owen yn isel Cyn caffo'i mwynhad,

Fiddigedd a serch a ddangosant cyn hir
Mae dau allant redeg y'nt hwy yr un tir.
Fel ewyg ganlynir trwy'r goedwig gan gi,
Syr Owen yn ol at eielyn a dry;
"Ti Ruffydd, os baeddi, rho wybod paham
"Canlynau wir farchog na wnaeth i ti gam?"
"Am gam nid wy'n dilyn—ond tra d'lynot ti
"Goleuddydd, dy ganlyn hyd angau wnaif fi.

"Dim pellach," atebai Syr Owen, "ein serch
"Os yw mor gyfartal am degwech un ferch,
"Yn ol ei ragoriaeth i'm breichiau rhoed nerth,
"I brofi a'm cleddyf pwy fedd un o'i gwerth.

"Fel Caro" medd Gruffydd, "ymladded pob un,
"A'i serch fyddo'n wreichion, a'r gleddyf ei drin,
"R un eneth i'r Owen, a mianau sy'n wrym
"I brofi'r ddau fin er eu mwyn wna'wd mor llym.

Heb neb ond y wenloer yn dyst nag yn blaidd,
Y dewrion ymladdant, cau's ymladd sydd raid;
Pedolau y cadfeirch, a llafnau'r gwyr gläu
Am'r amla o gylch wnant eu gwreichion o dân,
Ond ow! o'r ymladdfa wnaeth dau dilyn mor wol,
Nid oes ond y cadfeirch ddychwelant byth 'nol,
Ac enw'r un wnelent yn achos o'u clwy,
Gan Ruffydd nag Owen ni elwir byth mwy.

MEIB Y WEN YNYS.

Cyfeithiad.

Meib y Wen Ynys, ai'n angof á'r dydd
Y rhodiem mewn haelder, a'n teyrnas ya rhydd?
Oll welai'r eryr o'i wybrendaith fry
Oedd eiddom, o'r bannau i lasdon y lli'.

Er i'r uchelfraint i'madael á'n gwlad,
Yn Mhrydain ein henwau y'nt tyth o barhad;
A'r goron, pwy byuag a'i gwisgo ar ben,
Ei bri fydd i feibion yr hen Ynys Wen,

Gaill oesoedd fyn'd heibio cyn gwelir y wlad
Yn eiddo rha'i collent pan goll'sant eu gwa'd,
Ond yn ein henwau bydd meddiant sydd fwy,
Air fraint adnewyddir a bery yn hwy :

Yr olaf uchafaeth a bethyn i ni,
A'r snis ymfalechia mewn cyfrau o'u bri,
Yna o ludw y dewrion, Amen
Adgyfyd i goron yr hen Ynys Wen.

CROESAW'R WENYNEN. WELCOME THE BEE.

Air—Croesaw'r Wenynen (Welcome the Bee).



O croesaw'r Wenynen, I'm perllan a'm gardd, I sugno'r blod . euy'n ni
Oh welcome, Oh welcome, Oh welcome sweet bee, What tongue would not wa:che its



waeth pwy mor hardd; Ni waeth it' pa le bo'th chwiorodd a'th gwch, I'th
welcome to thee? Tho' could were the showers, and nipping the blast, The



fin pob teg rosyn a ezyr ei fwech: O deuwech pan fynoch bob'n un neu yn
bee and her sunshine we welcome at last. And where the sun's warmest, as g'adly as



haid, Eu croesaw i'r gwenyn pa wiwddyn a haid?
thou, The bird and the lamikin exult in its glow.

Er's dyddiau rhwng coedydd canïadau gan lu
O'th lynaws ddyfodiad broffwydent yo gu,
A'r wenol i ngor dy lwybrau o'th fla'n
Trwy'r hirddydd sy'n gwibiaw am lenyrc'h y gân;
Ond er mor bereiddfwyn a denawl yw'r si,
Nid cyflawn yw'r gydgerdd, mi wn, heb ot ti.

O croesaw'r wenynen, O croesaw bob dydd,
'Does man lle'th 'nabyddir nad oes it' flordd rydd,
Mewn llestr neu blandir, mewn perllan neu ardd,
I ddisgyn neu esgyn, 'dos neb i'th wahardd:
L'e na fydd byth achos am golyn na chas,
O croesaw'r wenynen o'm gardd i fyw'n fras.

Go range thro' the garden—go range thro' the field,
The nectar of either to thee we must yield;
In pot or parterre there's no flower so rare,
But thou of its juice art invited to share,
For whatever may bloom, where we hear not thy hum
Oh still must we doubt if the summer is come.

For many a day past the greenwood's loud glee
Hath promis'd a sight of young summer and thee;
Tho' humble thy drone where such rivals compete,
Without it May's chorus is never complete;
Then, bee, where thou need'st not make use of thy
sting,
Wherever thou listest thy way mayst thou wing.

BLUE DEVILS. Y GOFID GLAS.

Air—Yr Hen Ofid Glas.

I'm a disease of high degree, Blue Devils I am call'd; See saw, see
The chambers that encompass me Are fair and many-wall'd,



saw, On beds of state my breath I draw, Doctors, too, of lore immense, Ladies bright of



charms intense,—First in rank and polish'd sense, My nurses are by law.

The poor upon his pitted hearth,
Tho' many are his woes;
Of me, or that which gives me birth,
But little thinks or knows.
See saw, see saw,
What gay ones love to feed my maw!
Royalty, and squirearchy
Daily nurses find for me;
Then among the rich to be,
My right I'll prove by law.

Tho' common griefs may boast some pow'r;
Yet, yet the leech that draws
With keenest gust thro' every hour,
Is grief without a cause;
See saw, see saw,
While he that eats well, plies his jaw;
Who like me, will come in need,
His almost bursting vein to bleed?
As he's fed, I too shall feed
On flesh that suits my maw!

Mae rhyw beth hynod yn y byd,
A d'wedir yn ddilai
Mae rhai a'i siant yn ei gryd,
Sy' waetha'n ei gasau;
Hwi hwi, hwi hwi,
Mi ga' rhai mwyaf yn y plwy—
Mwyn'u dysg, a mwya'u da,
A'r rhianod teg a bra'—
Pob un nawr er mwyn ei bla,
A'm mnga i'm gwneud yn fwy.

Y tlawd wna fwbach o bob coed,
Peth rhyfedd iawn onitte,
Na thybiodd fod fy math erioed
Yn llechu'n unrhyw le!
Hwi hwi, hwi hwi,
Pwy lady ddaw i ddal fy llwy.
O'r uchaf feistr lawr i'r gwäs,
O d'wedwch b'le mae caerog bläs,
Lle na's rhoi'r bwyd i'r gofid gläs
Bob dydd i'w wneyd yn fwy?

THE OLD CRAB TREE.

Say who with me will not agree
A song from all is due,
Unto the knotty old crab tree
That near the corn yard grew!

Of all things that abuse survive,
And good return for evil,
My praise to this I'll soonest give
As the most meek and civil.

So often had we reached its top
That o'er its gnarled back,
A road at last to fetch its crop
Was form'd of ample track ;
But though our feet thro' summer trod
What gave our hands to pluck,
The good old tree still bore its load
And wish'd its spoilers luck.

The worm that crawl'd and bored its bark,
The fowl that in't did roost ;
The thorns that kept it in the dark
When sunbeams glisten'd most ;
The weight of pillagers that ate
All they could reach and see,
All, all have fail'd to seal the fate
O' the knotty old crab tree.

A hardy thing it prov'd I ween,
That did for small regard,
Teach all that on its branch were seen
The best way to live hard ;

With faces wry we crunch'd its fruit,
But then the lots we ate
Too plainly show'd what juice may suit
A party so elate.

Of sweeter pulp and richer juice
I've liv'd since then to share,
And oft with mirthmates hot and spruce
With goblets drown'd old care ;
But o'er the wine glass I'd confess
For a taste of childhood's glee,
I'd leave it straight for the green mess
Of the knotty old crab tree.

Now take me right, I would not say
The sour excels the sweet,
Nor wish, in fact, to see the day
I'm forced the sour to eat ;
But when spoil'd man in each reverse
Can nought but harshness see,
Most wisely he might learn a verse
From the knotty old crab tree.

GYLCH Y FENNI AR FIS HYDREF.

Air—Cil y Fwylch (The Blackbird's Retreat).

Gylch y Fenni ar fis Hydref, Harddli'w coedydd wnaethim' addef Mai mwynceiddiach pan yn

gwywo Oeddi eu brig nag wrth flug...uro: Ac im' cof daeth gyda hyny Bod fy nghydyn

Innau'n gwynu, Lle gallaswn ddweyd dan chwerrhin 'Mod i'n decach nag yn lleneyn.

Clwi dristâ dynesind henaint,
Os ar ddathwn cewch y lawr-fraint
At ber lenydd Wysg i dynu,
Ac ar frig ei choedydd syllo,

Cordial meddwl cewch o'r cangau,
Mwynaidd iawn fel bu i minau
Pan dymunais gael fy ngladdu
Dan y coed wnaent oed mor fwyngu,

Chwi ymfrostriwch yn ngwadd ie'actyd,
Rhag cael brath eich gwên dd'ystyrlyd,
Hy ddangosaf i chwi'r wiwnef
Sydd dan goedydd Wysg yn Hydref,

Pan rhydd prenau fyrdd yr addysg
Nad oes degwch fel y cymysg
Ddengys graddau pob rhyw oedran,
Pan ddaw teid a meib i'r unman.

MEIRIONYDD.

*Air—Mwynen Meirionydd.**With tenderness,*

'Nol croesi dyffrynodd glâs Loegr o'r bron A gwoled ei thlegwch hyd
yny l y don; 'Nol profi rhiaweddau ei merched weidd mwyn, A rhodd-
i fy nghalon'i am-gyfred eu swyn. 'Nol croesi dinas..oedd o
gyfoeth a bri, A gwrando'n ar...osol eu dwn..dwr a'u si; O'u
mewn nid oedd un peth di...gon..ol ei hud O foelydd Mrir...ionydd
i ennill fy mryd.

Er oered ei bryniau, pa fro fu mor fad
I gadw rhag rhewi hen awen fy ngwlad?
Er garwed ei chreigiau, gofynaf i'r byd,
I gerdd a chanoriaeth, pa wlad fu mor glyd?
Ac O i hen flodau aroglaidd y bardd,
Pa dir fel Meirionydd drwy'r oesoedd fu'n ardd?
Gofyner i'r gorau o'r beirdd ddaw i'n mysg,
I ba wlad fel hon bu rwymedig am ddysg?

Yr ardal eill atw'i chwyddau yn goed,
Ei cherddi yn lysiau, a blodau pob oed;
Ei thonau'n awelon aroglaidd a pher,
Ei llen-wyr yu haulau, ei beirddion yn ser;
Er prined ei chynyrch o wenith a grawn,
O bob gwlad i'rwythlonaf ei gwelwyd mewn dawn,
A'r bronau 'ynt oerion a'r lawer brâs don,
Wresogir y fynyd anadlont ar hon.

Ti fam yr afonydd enwocaf—O mwy;
Cynbelled a ffrydiont Hen Hafren ac Wy;
Aed d'lanwad dy awen, a pher sain dy dant,
Nes sonir am Feirion ar bob twyn a phant;

A'r dysg wnaeth drwy'r oesoedd ei fangre a'i nyth
Mewn gwlad lle mae'r corwynt yn oeraf ei chwyth;
Yn mhob man addefed lle sugnodd y llaeth
Fu gyntaf i ddyddiau'i fabandod yn faeth.

CLYCH PRESTYCH.

*Air—Prestych Bells.**Bold.*

Drig..ol..ion Hen Siluria, Ar dôn eich bodd mi rynga, A'm cân fydd dyst mae
goreu'ch ceid Hen wyrthiau'ch Teid i goffa, O Wysg i Daf Fel gwawl haf
Rhybydd nid rhy araf red, Rhowch i'n gwlad Wyl..ddydd mad, Brawf o gariad
dymu'r gred.

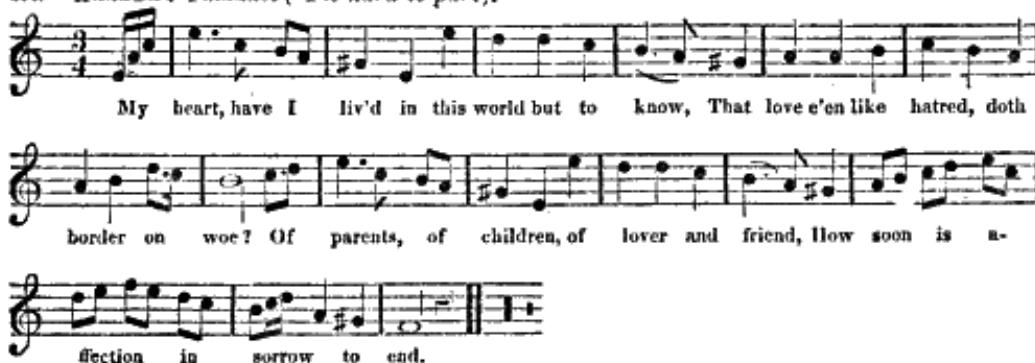
Y ffrydiau gynt o'ent gochion
Gan waed galanas greulon;
Mor loewed tystiant dan y gwýdd
'Madawiad dydd peryglon;
A niwl y glyn
Fu cyn hyn
Yn hug i'r gelyn ddaliai gâs.
Dano 'nawr
Oenyg bawr,
Brâd yn goch-lawr ni wna'r glas.

Bydd lawen wlad y delyn
Nid oes it heddyw elyn;
A'r hwn gynllwynai gynt er braw
Ni chyfyd law i'th erbyn.
Fel dwylaw deg,
Cerddor chweg

O'i dant eurdeg d'rawont dân.
Cymro a Sais
O'r un gais,
Cwrdd mewn ymgais gwnant a'u cân.

Er mawredd, hen *Siluria*,
Mewn gwladgerdd na ddiffygia;
Pan alwo Cyturu 'nghyd ei phlant
I'w denu'th dant boed dynna;
Ac yn lle'r cledd
Rwygai'n hedd,
Gloewedd lasf gwirionedd gwyn
Uwch pob bro
'N ysgwyd b'o,
Hyd oni feiddio'r da beth fyn.

MY HEART. FY NGHALON.

Air—Anhawdd Ymadael ('Tis hard to part).


My heart, have I liv'd in this world but to know, That love e'en like hatred, doth border on woe? Of parents, of children, of lover and friend, How soon is affection in sorrow to end.

To meet with the bosom's elected is bliss,
 And what heart than mine, doth know better of this?
 And now when the lov'd ones can meet me no more,
 What heart in its anguish did e'er feel so sore?

Ye souls I have lov'd, if beyond the dark grave
 We meet not with them we would perish to save;
 Then friends whose communion hath hallow'd the earth,
 Must ofteneast with sighs wish they never had birth.

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 met but to part.

Fy nghalon a gefais i oesi mewn byd,
 Ond i wel'd fod ei gariad 'r un derfyn a llid?
 Gyfeillion, rhieni—gariadon, ai gwir,
 Mai diwedd pob sŵch yw galarnad mor hir?

Mor hyfryd yw cyffwrdd dewisol rai'r fron;
 Ai mawr-werth pa fynwes yn well *y'r na hon?
 Ac yn awr gan pas gwelaf anwyliad im' mwy,
 Pa fynwes o'u herwydd sydd ddyfnach ei chlwyr?

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

MAID OF GOSHEN.

Daughters of Israel wean the heart
 From Goshen's fertile plains,
 The time must come when we shall part
 From Egypt's realm of chains;
 Tell not your children aught is fair
 Where idols grimly stand,
 O bid them know that where they are
 Is not their promised land.
 Thus sang a maid of Levi's hand
 While her harp was wet with tears;
 And that bless'd spirit touch'd her hand
 That moves the tongues of seers.

Bondsmen who sprang from Jacob's loins,
 The sun that travels round
 Doth hourly melt your heavy chains,
 'Twill see you yet unbound.
 We'll sing the land we have not seen
 But in visions of the night;
 We'll think of valleys fresh and green
 That bloom for th' Israelite.
 Thus sang the maid when Egypt's gibes
 Their hearts did sorely wring;
 And the pagan wonder'd to such tribes
 What could such comfort bring.

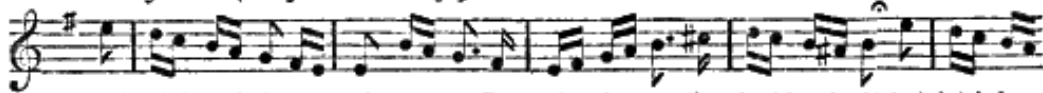
A 2

Have you forgot where Jordan's stream
Was by our fathers cross'd;
Think you our promise is a dream,
With the morning dew that's lost,
In visions fair have we not stoop'd
To drink at Jacob's well,

What heav'n hath told us for to hope,
Shall Pharaoh's threats dispel.
Thus went the song, and soon it soar'd
A loud and mighty strain;
And Egypt ask'd who was the Lord
That could their hearts sustain.

SAL OF SWANSEA.

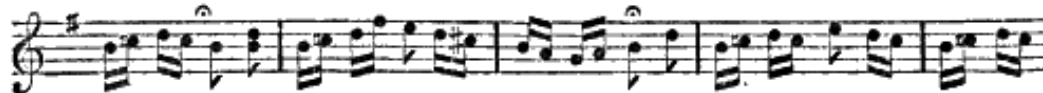
Air—Paham yr oedi? (Why dost thou delay?)



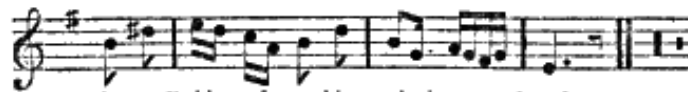
Fair Sal of Swansea, why so young Does she observe the low'ring cloud? And shriek from



storms that rush along, And shake the vessel's slipp'ry shroud? Hath she a share in



vessel fair, That sails upon the stormy seas? Or fruit trees the rude storm lays



bare, Or hives of sunshine loving bees?

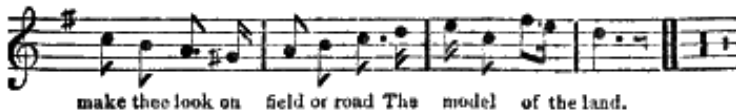
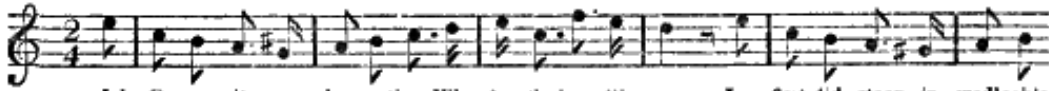
Why stands she on the shedless pier
When threat'ning gales blow from the west,
And lifts to heaven her gaze of fear,
And looks that speak a heart distress?
If she of storms hath innate dread,
Her form how can she thus expose
When harder frames in house and shed
Their shelter seek while tempest blows?

Fair Sal of Swansea's daily dread
Is not for laden vessel fair,
Or fruit tree's bloom, or flow'ry bed,
The ruthless tempest may lay bare:
Tis not the fear of hail or rain,
Or losses from them feeleth she,
But of his fate who o'er the main
Must brave what landmen from may flee.

Her cause of fear she'll not disclose,
No, not to nearest friend or kin,
But keeps it as a fading rose,
The worm that eats its way within;
Ee'en sister Ann when she doth weep
Shall never know what thoughts appal;
But a name she utters in her sleep,
Her love and dread hath blabb'd to all.

Ye maidens who your thoughts would hide
As earth the seeds the frost would harm,
Ah, do you know how true love's pride
May oft but make the soil more warm;
What you by day to none reveal,
When night is come and you would sleep,
Who but yourselves will break the seal
Of all your hearts would secret keep.

JOHN OWENS.

Air—Y Fedwen Las.

To reach thy neck, John Owens, then
 Did need a supple spine;
 And woman then where couldst thou ken
 With straiter back than mine;
 My John, to reach to day that height
 Is more than Gwenny can;
 And he whose dress her hand sets right
 Is shorter too a span.

But John, although my hand is stiff,
 And though my back is bow'd,
 To make thy look and dress the chief
 I still am rather proud;

Though now my skill can make you not
 The pattern of this glen,
 Still John, I'd have you leave your cot
 As blithest of old men.

John Owens, far is not that hour
 When one of us shall have
 To plant, perhaps memorial flow'r
 Upon the other's grave;
 When this is done John, none can say
 What hath of some been said—
 One never wish'd the other gay
 Till one of them was dead.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Oh days of such anxiety
 No land again shall witness,
 When up and down the mountains high
 And vales that dropp'd with fatness,
 Went Jephthah's child
 A martyr mild
 To mourn her sad virginity;
 She and her fair
 Companions were
 Like Pliades for men to see.
 And Jephthah's daughter led the train
 When Gilead gazed from every plain,
 And wept, and hear'd, and hear'd, and wept again.

While she and her companions sang this strain,
 "O weep not for me but the desolate land
 "Which my father's right arm hath deliver'd.
 "Forget not the captain, forget not the band
 "Who the spears of the Amorites shiver'd.
 "O comfort the father who loves me his child,
 "But loveth still more his own nation;
 "Let not his brave spirit in sorrow run wild,
 "But be each in my stead his relation."

TREWCH, TREWCH Y TANT.

Air—Mwynen Gwynedd.

Trewch—trewch y tant, Can's ciliodd oriau braw, Carlamiad tanlyd feirch, a'r

arf-rwyg draw. Beirdd hen Gymru'n eurgor deg, Rhowch y gân o galon chweg,

Nes ateb....o'r bryniau'r geg Ddilyno'r liw-deg law.

Trewch feirddion t'rewch, o gylch y dderwen gain,
Ysprydion hoff eich teid unant y sain.

I'ch gwydd mewn tŷr ddiagleirdeb on,
Hên ddysg yr oesoedd gynt a fu;
Ymddengys er trallodion lo,
I'ch lleni ddyddiau rha'n.

Trewch etto t'rewch—dy awen nawr fy ngwlad,
Cuwch a'r Eryri draw saif ar ei thraed.

Boed etto gân a'i nefawi swyn,
Yn ber ei rhwysg ar fryn a thwyn,
A cherdd y bardd O pery'n swyn,
Tra glwys-deg lwyn mewn gwlad.

STRIKE, STRIKE THE HARP.

To the same Air.

Strike, strike the harp in praise of Mona's isle,
For ever on that name may Cambria's smile,
Tho' waves and winds between them roar,
Old Arvon's cliffs and Mona's shore
They'll ever but unite the more
'Gainst foemen's force or guile.

Long was the strife of Cambria with her foes,
And deepest in that strife were Mona's throes:
Yet wars that did her best blood shed,
And threats eternal o'er her head—
Serv'd but eternally to wed
The hearts they would oppose.

Dark was the day that did their union prove,
But all its darkness prov'd more bright their love,
And now the strife of warfare past
Whose consolation's doom'd to last
Like their's whose suff'rings held them fast,
When foes against them strove?

Strike, strike the harp and let the minstrel's string
Around the sacred isle its wild notes fling.
For as the weight of harpstrings drawn,
The louder makes its cheering tone;
So Cambria's sufferings and her Môn,
Their bards but urg'd to sing.

CYMRU FYNDDIG.

Air—Blodeu'r Gwinwydd.

Ni charaf i Loegr a'i hir-laith wastadedd Na'r serch sy' mor lliθrig a gwynob
ei θhir; Yn Nghymra fynyddig hyd arch boed fy anedd, A'm hyder yn
ngwiredd a dewrder ei gwyr: Yn Nghymra a'i medd a'i serchogrydd a,i mawredd, 'Bwyf
byw yn nghlyw'r togau feddyg..ant ei chur.

Dy bobl a garaf fel carant hwy degweh
Dy fryniau, afonydd, a'θ goedydd wedd gain;
Dy drefi sy'n ffinio a'r elltydd periolweh,
Dy gornaut, dy las-lyn, a'θ werdd-ddôl a'θ lain;
Dy adar wnant wigoedd yn demlau hyfrydweh;
Dy wron gwrhydrol, dy eneth mor fain.

Mor hyfryd yw'r drem ar dy draeth o'r tarennnydd,
Pan dreigla mewn gwynder fel gŵylan dy don;
Yn ymyl dy hafan mor fwyn yw gobenydd
O fraich un wy'n garu mor bur-wen a hon.
Fel caraf dy ferched, O b'wyf fel awenydd
I ddatgan eu tegweh nol teimlad fy mron.

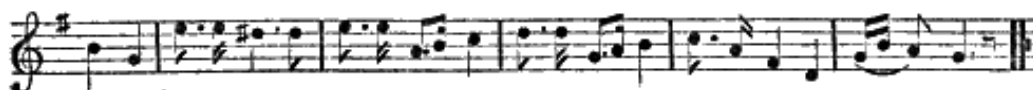
LOVE'S DISPUTE.

Air—The Oak Leaf, by J. T.

Dear William, is not that the lark That warns us of the coming day? Again, again, wilt



thou not hark What warbles o'er the field of hay! Sweet Ann, dost thou not better know Than that, the



voice of nightingale! 'Tis philomel on leafy bough Like us prolongs its am'rous tale.

Hark William, hark, the cock doth crow,
No longer here prolong thy stay :
That voice I'm sure my ear should know ;
Tis his who hails the new-born day.
Hast thou not heard thy mother, Ann,
Relate how oft at night they crow
In sign of death? As I'm a man,
'Tis that his voice betokens now.

But William, what but morning's light
Around us hath its course begun!
Dear Ann, the moon makes clear the night
And hath not yet her journey run.

But William, see, 'tis from the East
And whence I pray should sun arise?
Sweet Ann if thou look towards the West
So 'twill be lighten'd by thy eyes.

Oh William say what is that sound
All thro' the house they're going to rise.
Thy little heart my Ann doth bound,
And that alone doth thee surprise.
Oh if my mother find you here,
What shall I say did cause your stay?
The beauty of her daughter's dear
Did cause me hence to lose my way.

REMEMBRANCE.

Air—Rhyban Morfydd. See page 106.

Ye friends I have left by the shores of fair Towy,
How oft with the dawn, and at noon, and at night
I think of the looks by which ever I'd know ye,
And the tones which so long did our converse
unite—
The times when the blackbirds' sweet lays, or the
thrushes'
Were the bells that did call us together at eve ;
When 'twas easier to part the mix'd scents of the
bushes,
Than make us the green spots we met on to leave.

How sweet 'twas to follow the flow of that river,
Whose murmur was likest the talk of our tongues,
How sweet 'twas to be a receiver and giver
Of bliss, such as bards have embalm'd in their
songs :
And now when the days that our friendship there
number'd
Are found in the records of years that are gone,
Oh yet by that stream, when old friends are remem-
ber'd,
There are some I would still wish to name me as one.

THE STORM.

Air—Dechreuad y Byd.

Hark, Oh! hark how the mad winds are howling. List, list, to the roar of the billow's dread rol-



ling, Who can say while its threat is so loud and so hollow, How soon the mad surges their

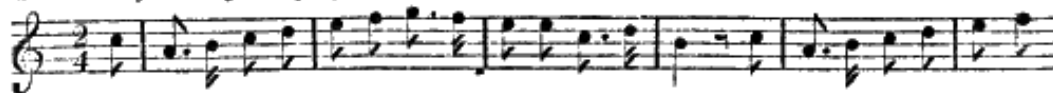


victim may swallow? And how soon when one's gone another may follow?

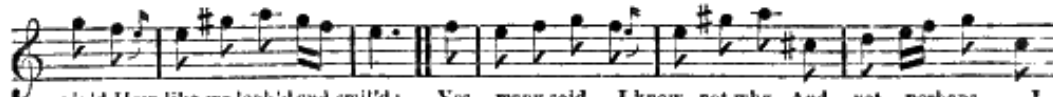
Deep, Oh; deep is thy bottom, dark ocean,
 And strong are the loud winds that cause thy com-
 motion,
 Yet, deep as thou art—thou may'st not be deeper
 Than the cold hand of death may lay the long sleeper
 Where none but the Mermaid shall be his corpse-
 keeper.

Hark, Oh! hark while the sexton is strolling,
 The high steeple's rock'd, and the old bell is tolling;
 Oh let it, Oh let it be wind-toll'd for ever,
 For early or late an hour passeth never
 When kindred from kindred pale death does not
 sever.

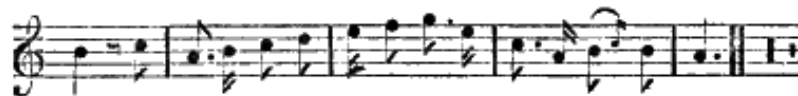
MY PRETTY HELLEN.

Air—Y Deryn Glas sydd ar y Tŷ,

My Pretty Hellen call to mind When we were children wild. How many matrons sage o-



pin'd How like we look'd and smil'd; Yes many said, I know not why, And yet perhaps I



do, How much my brow, and lip, and eye, Proclaim'd me born for you.

I little knew then what was love ;
 Yet where you us'd to be,
 As sure as dove doth follow dove
 A something still led me ;
 And tho' in many a game you know
 You made but playmate coy ;
 I never wish'd, nor do I now
 That you had been a boy.

But Hellen as you did grow up
 They told you what a shame
 It was that girls should beat a whoop,
 And join in boyish game ;
 To this remark nor you nor I
 Could any objection raise,
 So ever since you know how shy
 We've kept unto our plays.

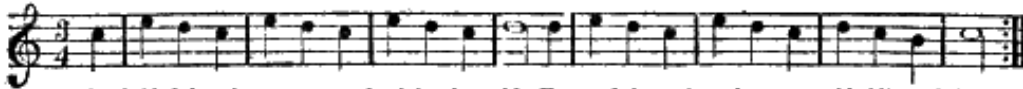
Now dearest lass if 'twas a fault
 In me and you so oft,
 On road and field to run and vault,
 And pull the flowrets soft ;
 For every wild and merry fit,
 For every boyish row ;
 To make amends, if you permit,
 We'll go together now.

I'm told thou art a thrifty girl,
 And I have cherish'd hope,
 I yet may join not a like a carle
 To spin the top and whoop,
 As this round world myself like all
 Must urge in wo or glee ;
 To follow the revolving ball
 A mate I'd choose in thee.

CAN DAFYDD BROFFWYD.

Air—Can Dafydd Broffwyd.

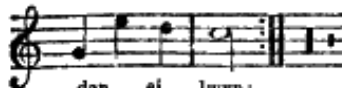
Majestically.



Canfyddaf drwy'r amser, adweinig ei wedd, Pan gvfyd cyfiawnder a chleddir y cledd ;
 Afonydd a liwiwyd gan ffrydiau'r ddewr fron A dystiant argoelion o oes gwell na hon :



Daw penau'r mynyddoedd yn rhyddion i'r wyn, A bugail wrth fugal a gân
 A charnau y cadfarch rudd-liwiwyd gan waed, Ni chochir y gwllithyn lle dyrch-



dan ei lwyn ;
 a ei draed.

Ond llawer trwm orchest i Gymry sy' nol,
 A llawer coch lannerch ad gormes o'i hól.
 Y vultur ni cha'dd ei digoni a gwa'd,
 A'r blaidd ni anghofia effeithiau'r blwng frad.
 Dialedd mewn oes ni ddiwellir medd hi,
 A llonder ei gelyn ni chydwydd a'i bri.
 Y gân fydd a'm gad-gyrb, ar tant ddeil yn dyn,
 A'r galar feithrinir, mwy galar a fyn.

'Nol crino y deri fu'n gysgod gwyr ffô,
 A chreigydd falurio fu iddynt yn dô ;
 'Nol sathru'r o'r golwg fynwentydd y gân,
 A thewi'r un soniai am feddrod ei dad ;
 Yn raddol fel cwmwl f'ai'n feichlog ar haint,
 Adgasrwydd a gilfa, a mawr fydd y fraint,
 O ganfod gwell undeb yn uno dau ben,
 Holl lwythau a phleidiau yr Hen Ynys Wen.

2 B

THE BLACKBIRD AND THRUSH. Y FWYALCHEN.

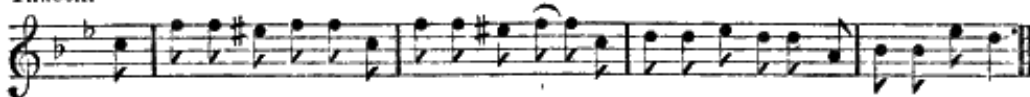
Ton y Ceiliog Du (Blackbird).

BLACKBIRD.



When I, the blithe blackbird, in song hail the day, Is mine not the loudest and mellowest lay?

THRUSH.



When I, the gay thrush, the young morning would greet, What tone as my own is esteem'd half so sweet?

BLACKBIRD.



Then since thou canst sing so well O'er the dew-bespangled dell, Let our voices clearly tell Of music which hath most.

THRUSH.



Yea, while the green grass is moisten'd with dew Let's vie in the lay that is sweet as 'tis new,

BLACKBIRD.



BLACKBIRD.

Thrush, while thou warblest, the cattle begin
To flee from the heat and the fly that doth sting.

THRUSH.

Blackbird, this moment, beneath thy green bush
The ox in his madness hath made a bold rush.

BLACKBIRD.

Ere the sunbeam waxes hot
If thy guerdon thou hast got,
Whether oxen come or not
They cannot mar thy song.

BOTH.

Welcome, O welcome noon's glittering rays,
The trees that shall screen us are blest with our lays.

Y FWYALCHEN.

Pan bwyf f'r fwyalchen yn annereh y dydd
Pa gerdd sydd mor beraidd trwy geudod y gwydd.

Y FRONFRAITH.

A minnau y fronfraith caf fel daw fy swyn
I ddweud nad oes gariad a'r eiddof mor fwyn.

Y FWYALCHEN.

Os dy gathiau y'nt mor lèr
Tra y cyfyd haulwen dèr,
Dyro brawf dan wybrau nêr,
O'i mwynder gyda mi.

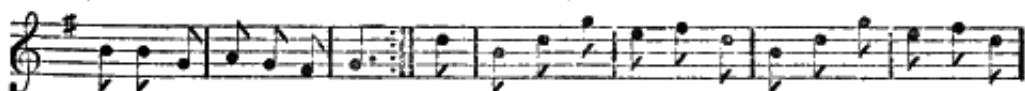
Y DDAU.

Wel tra bo'r ddaeren yn iraidd gan wlith
Rhoed pob un ei swysgerdd yn ymyl ei nyth.

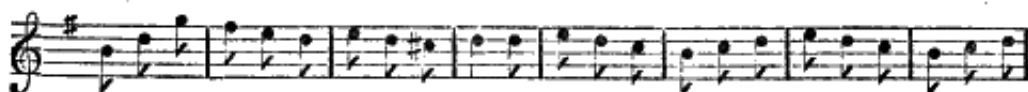
THE LABOURER.

Boreu dydd Llun. Monday Morning.

Ye men on whose brows The sweat of your labour most brilliantly shows, O'er friendship's pure
Ye men whose hard palms Bear proof of your callings thro' tempest and calms, Be merry where



banquet renew its warm vows. Oh! is it not reason, The men who each season In
mirth's note awakens no qualms.

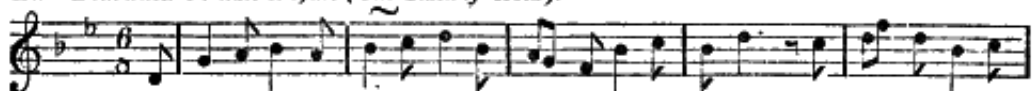


labour's close prison Their beauty must spoil, Should sometimes find leisure 'Neath heaven's pure azure For

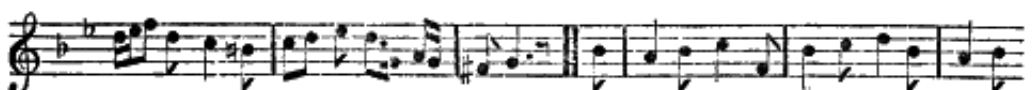


pastime that's easier Than wealth heaping toil, The head and the feature With gladness to oil?

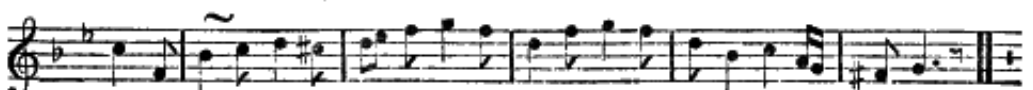
OGWR VALLEY.

Air—Beth wneir o'r llaes ei ofael (The Slack of Hold).

How neat the cot, how sweet the farms I've seen in Ogwr's valley; And how transcendant



are the charms That bloom there in my Sally. Where elm trees give the coolest shade and fairest



flow'rets deck the glade, The chastest and the fairest maid I've met in my dear Sally.

Oh in the vale where I was born,
And 'gan with love to dally,
Had I my choice there should be worn
My lifetime all with Sally;

And elsewhere if I'm doom'd to dwell,
Ere heart and bosom can be well,
To grace the hearthstone of my cell
Whom shall I hav. but Sally?

PENNILLION A DIRIAU.

Mae cyffes i'w chlywed nad ydyw ond bost;
 Mae cyffes a wna'r sawl a'i clywo yn dost;
 Mae cyffes i roddi iachad at mwy drwg;
 Mae cyffes i sychuol grwgnachrwydd a gwg;
 Mae cyffes i gadw cybuddiad y'mhell;
 Mae cyffes peth beius rhag ceisir peth gwell;
 Mae cyffes o bethau nad ydynt yn bod
 Er codi'r huanol a'u beuont mewn clod;
 Mae cyffes i gelu bwriadau drwg fron;
 Mae cyffes i wneuthur yr euog yn llon;
 Mae cyffes na wneir gan un dyn ond i Ddaw;
 Mae cyffes pe gwir ni b'ai bosib' i'n fyw;
 Mae cyffes o feiau mil amloch na'r gwllith
 Mewn gobauith y collir rhai f'o yn eu plith;
 Mae cyffes a wneir (mae'n keth rhytedd) er cêl;
 Mae cyffes ragfena'r cyhuddwr a'i gwel;
 Mae cyffes na wneir gan nemawr o honi
 Pe na b'ai i'w chlywed yn mhob darn o weddi;
 Mae cyffes a ddysgir fel pennill o gân
 Nad ydyw yn gwneuthur yn frwnt nag yn lân;
 Mae cyffes na wnelai un dyn yn ei go'
 Pe na byddai pawb yn ei gwneud yn eu tro;
 Fy nghyffes i yw, mae un rysfedd yw'r fyawes
 All dwyllo ei hunan mewn c'nifer flug gyffes.

Geneth lân na chiaro'i moli;
 Gwerthwr na fo'n medru gwenu;
 Prynwr onest na fo'n cyfri;
 Crwthwr na fo'n arfer meddwi;
 Hwasmon dolo rot heb grynnu;
 Ustus na fo'n caru holl;
 Meddyg ganmol lysiau gerddi,
 Dyna saith rhyfeddod Cymru.

Nid falst hwnw fostia'i faldar,
 Ac er falsta bydd ar fyrder
 Brofi bod ei droion diriaid,
 I'r tywyllau'n rhoddi llygaid.

Y fenyw yn rhwyddlan adawodd ei phriod
 Heb law cael un arall ya lle'r un mae'n wrthod;
 Ysgatfydd hi orfydd ar droion gael llangoiau
 I gynnal ymddiriedolaeth yn lle ei chyfeilliau.

Ni welais i dywydd erioed oedd mor gâs
 A gadwai blant ysgol os enent o fyu'd ma's;
 Na bin er fy nganed mor hyfryd a thawel
 A berai i'r meddwyn ffeiddio ei gornel.

Mawr di gynyg fu'r dymuniad
 Weled Rhys Ddu yn cael diwygiad;
 Ond ei gyntaf waith rhinweddol
 Ddododd pawb i greu'n hollol,
 Er mor erchyll ei draha
 Bod ei ddrwg yn well na'i dda.
 Wfft i grefydd medd y lla
 Os crefydd ydyw swm Rhys Ddu.

Llawer da o'i dra ddyrchafu
 Dry yn felldith i bob teulu;
 Mwyn gyfeddach llawer brenin
 Hel hi'n daw am les y werin.

Neh weddio dros y mawrion
 Na wrth'nebo'u drwg amcanion;
 Dyn yw hwn fyn dodi'r Dawdod
 Yn was bach i bob rhyw bechod.

Chwythig clywed cân a rhêg
 Yn d'od allan o'r un gêg;
 Gad i hwnw dyngu'n ynyd
 Na fedd air ond rhêg i'w dd'wedyd.

Nid oes nemawr boen corphorol
 Na ddifetha'i achos gwreiddiol;
 Hyn a'n dysg gall poen f'o bychan,
 Gadw aethus boenau allan,
 Fel gwna rhoio ffordd gerrygog
 Gadw mbell gymalwst lidiog.

Gwelais ffol yn toddi ei fenydd
 Er byll gynnal flug lawenydd;
 Credai hwn os peidiai chwerrhyn
 Bo'd y byd i gyd ar derfyn.
 Wfft! O wfft i'r fath orfoledd
 Na all fyw heb noethi dannedd;
 Rhagrith ffoliaid uwch y cwpan
 Gofid cudd yw gwedy'r cyfan.

DAVID JONES, ARGRAFFYDD, MERTHYR TYDFIL.

(delwedd J4454) (tudalen 204)

DIWEDD / FI / END