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WELSH MELODIES

FOR THE

VOICE



BY

JOHN THOMAS.

VOLUME I.

E. Vincent Evans
from his friend
John Thomas
Feb. 1887.

WELSH MELODIES,

With Welsh and English Poetry,

BY

TALHAIARN

AND

THOMAS OLIPHANT.

ARRANGED FOR

ONE VOICE,

AND ALSO HARMONISED FOR

FOUR VOICES.

WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR

Harp or Pianoforte,

BY

JOHN THOMAS

(PENCERDD GWALIA,)

Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen; Professor at the Royal Academy of Music; Conductor of the London Welsh Choral Union; Member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and Philharmonic Society, London; Honorary Member of the Academia di Santa Cecilia, and Academia Filarmonica, Rome; and the Società Filarmonica, Florence.

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PREFACE.

It is a remarkable fact, that Wales, possessing music of so much originality and beauty, should have remained up to the present period without any important collection of national melodies, arranged in a popular form. Hence it is, that few of them are known out of the Principality; and even then, for the most part, through an unfavorable medium. For example, the graceful "Llwyn Onn" (The Ash Grove) appears in a mutilated form as "Cease your funning," in Gay's "Beggar's Opera," A. D. 1728; while the bold and warlike strain, "Y Gâdlys" (The Camp), has suffered the degradation of being wedded to Tom Durfey's doggrel song, "Of noble race was Shenkin," introduced into the "Richmond Heiress," A. D. 1693.

It is true that from time to time attempts have been made to supply the deficiency; but, judging from the results, it is evident that they who undertook the task were neither sufficiently conversant with the language of the country, nor the peculiar spirit of the music. Had it been so, they never would have committed such glaring absurdity as to adapt words to melodies diametrically opposed to them in character; or (what is still worse) to mutilate the melodies themselves, by adding or omitting notes, or altering their value (thereby destroying the rhythm), whenever it suited the convenience of the versifier's metre so to do.

The object of the present publication is to obviate, as far as possible, the above-named drawbacks. How far the attempt has been successful, it is for the public to judge; but, at all events, should the Editor be the means of calling attention to the exquisite beauty of his native melodies (which are here presented in their original simplicity), he will be more than compensated for what has been to him truly "a labour of love."

In regard to the adaptation of the words, it will be observed that, in all cases, the name by which each melody has been long known is taken as the ground-work on which the Welsh and English Poets have framed their fanciful ditties, in keeping with the spirit of the music. Those names are generally so suggestive, as to make it a matter of wonder that the idea had not already been acted upon.

The Editor considers himself fortunate in having for his poetical Coadjutors John Jones, Esq. (Talhaiarn), acknowledged by his countrymen as being to Wales what Béranger was to France, Moore to Ireland, or Burns to Scotland; and Thomas Oliphant, Esq. (Honorary Secretary to the Madrigal Society of London), to whom the musical public are so much indebted for his many quaint and felicitous translations and imitations, especially of German Songs, Italian Madrigals, &c. The manner in which these gentlemen have executed their share of the present work cannot but add to their already great popularity; and the genial spirit of their co-operation has contributed greatly to the patriotic enthusiasm which first impelled the Editor to undertake so important a musical publication.

JOHN THOMAS
(Pencerdd Gwalia).

London: St. David's Day, 1862.

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I'R AWEN,

TO THE MUSE.

Chorus.

Composed by

JOHN THOMAS.

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN. *(Pencerdd Gwalia.)* THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT, ESQ.

Introduction.

MAESTOSO. (♩ = 88.)

HARP OR PIANO.

ff

1st SOPRANO.

O! dded...wydd ddydd i ddawn ein hên...wlad,
Hail! hap...py day, when Bard and Min...strel

2nd SOPRANO.

O! dded...wydd ddydd i ddawn ein hên...wlad,
Hail! hap...py day, when Bard and Min...strel

TENOR.

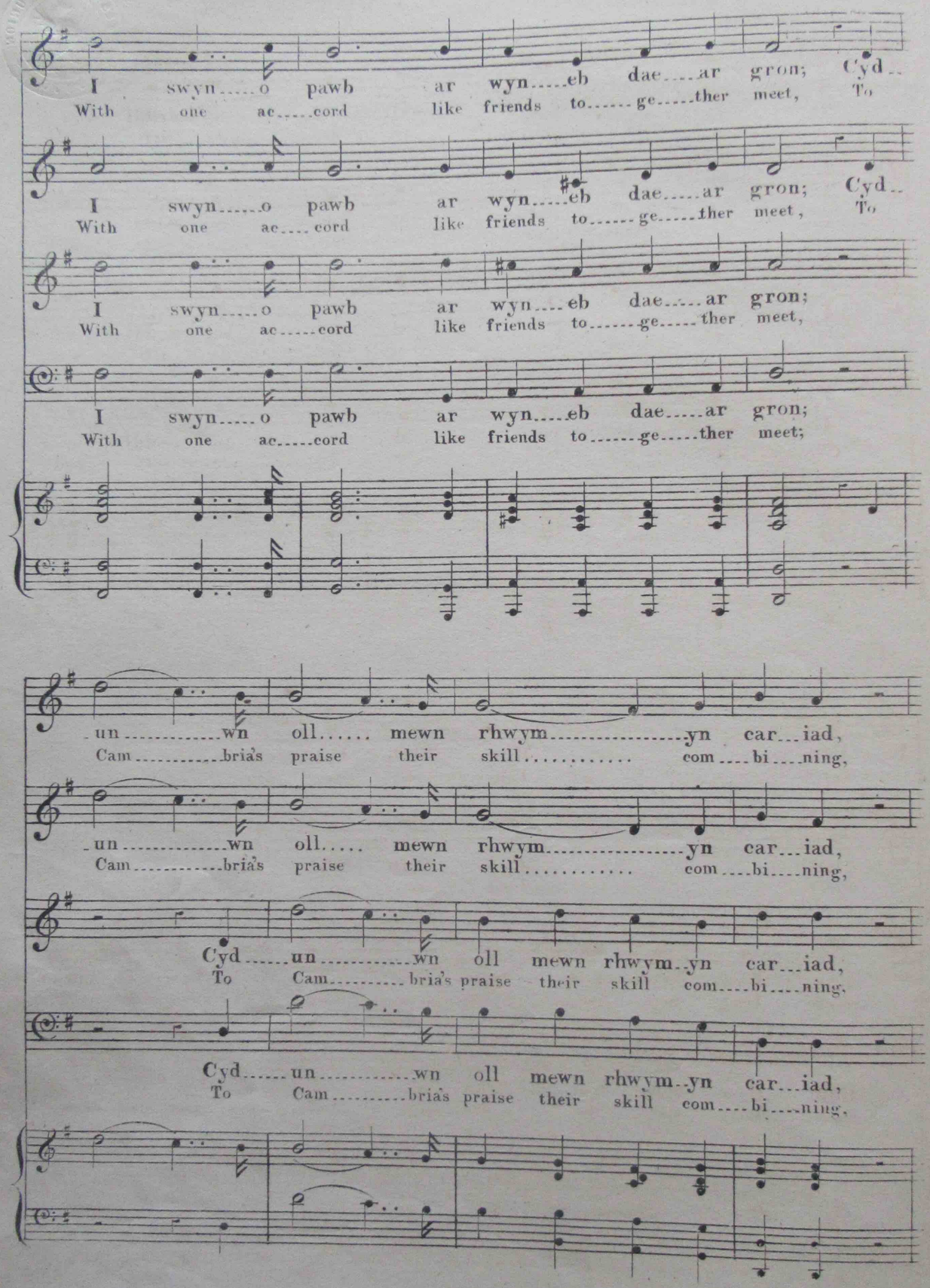
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Hail! hap...py day, when Bard and Min...strel
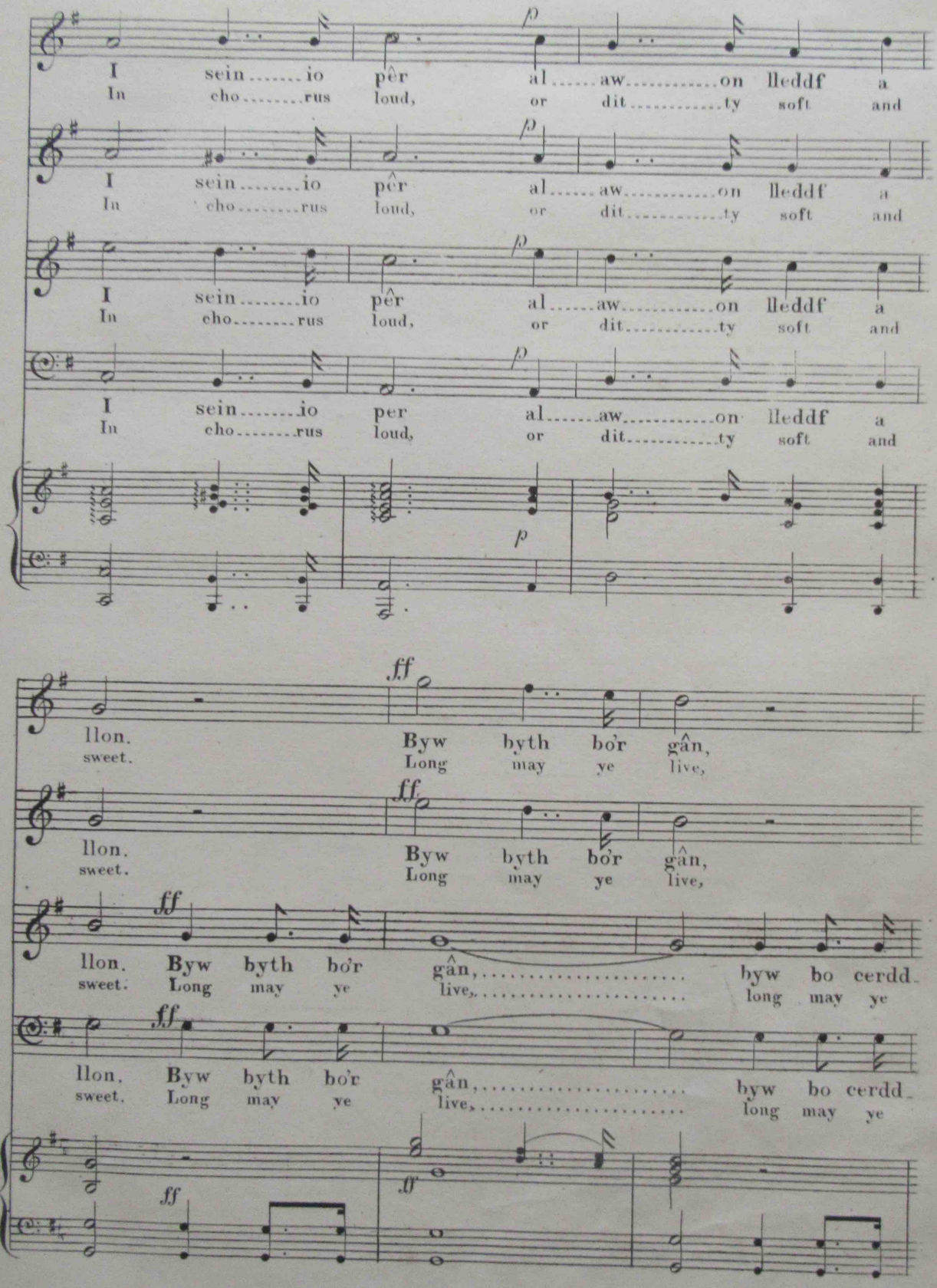
BASS.
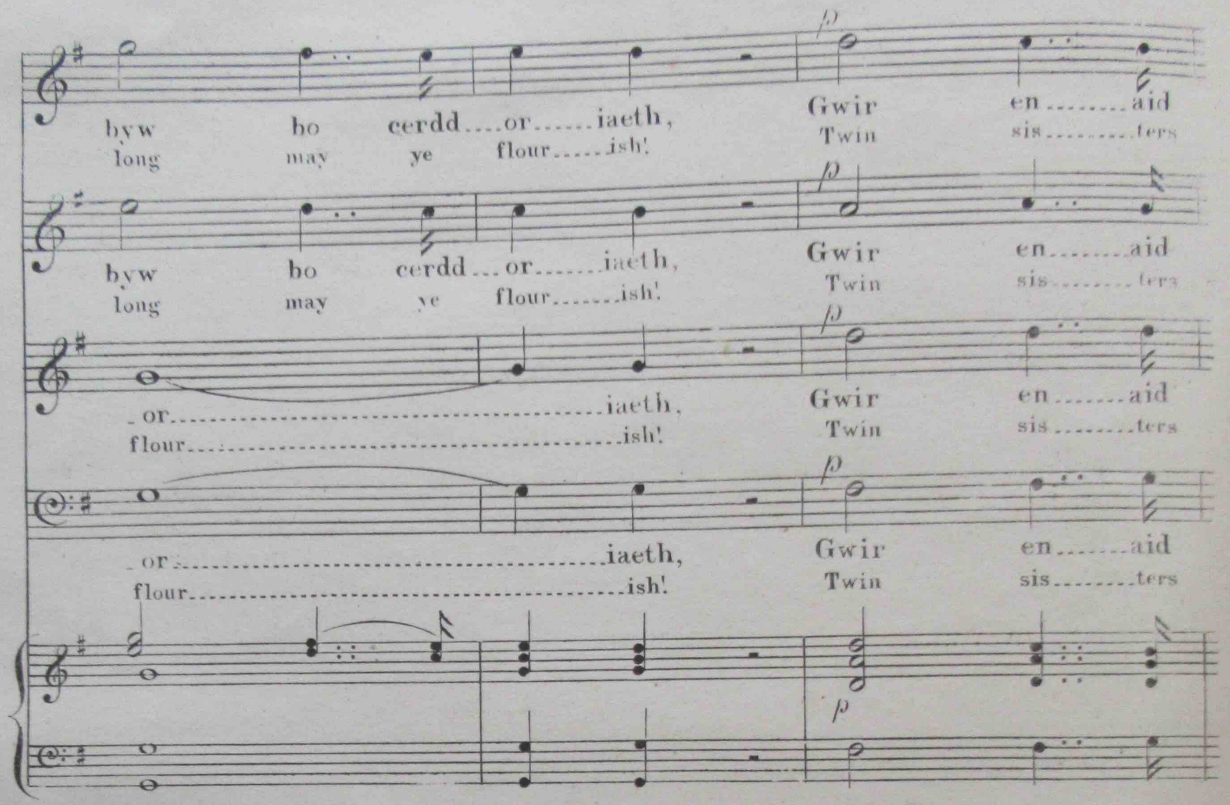
O! dded...wydd ddydd i ddawn ein hên...wlad,
Hail! hap...py day, when Bard and Min...strel

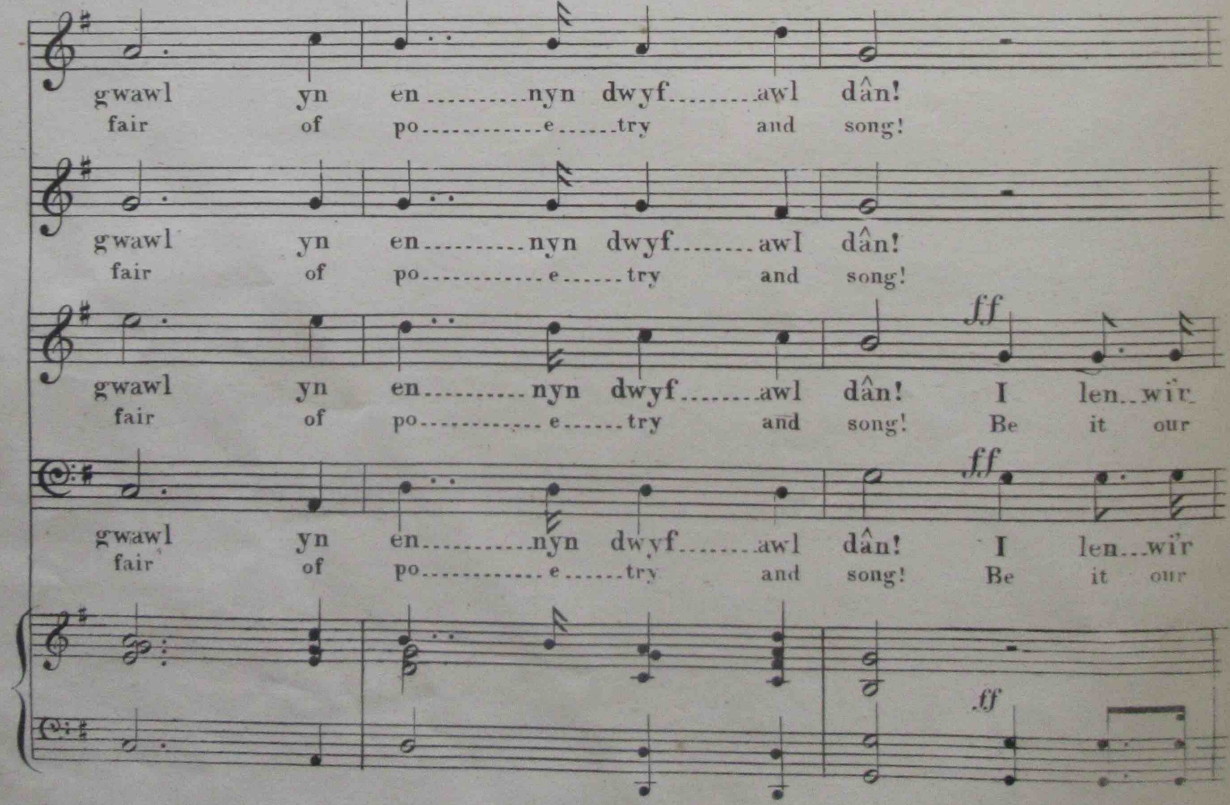
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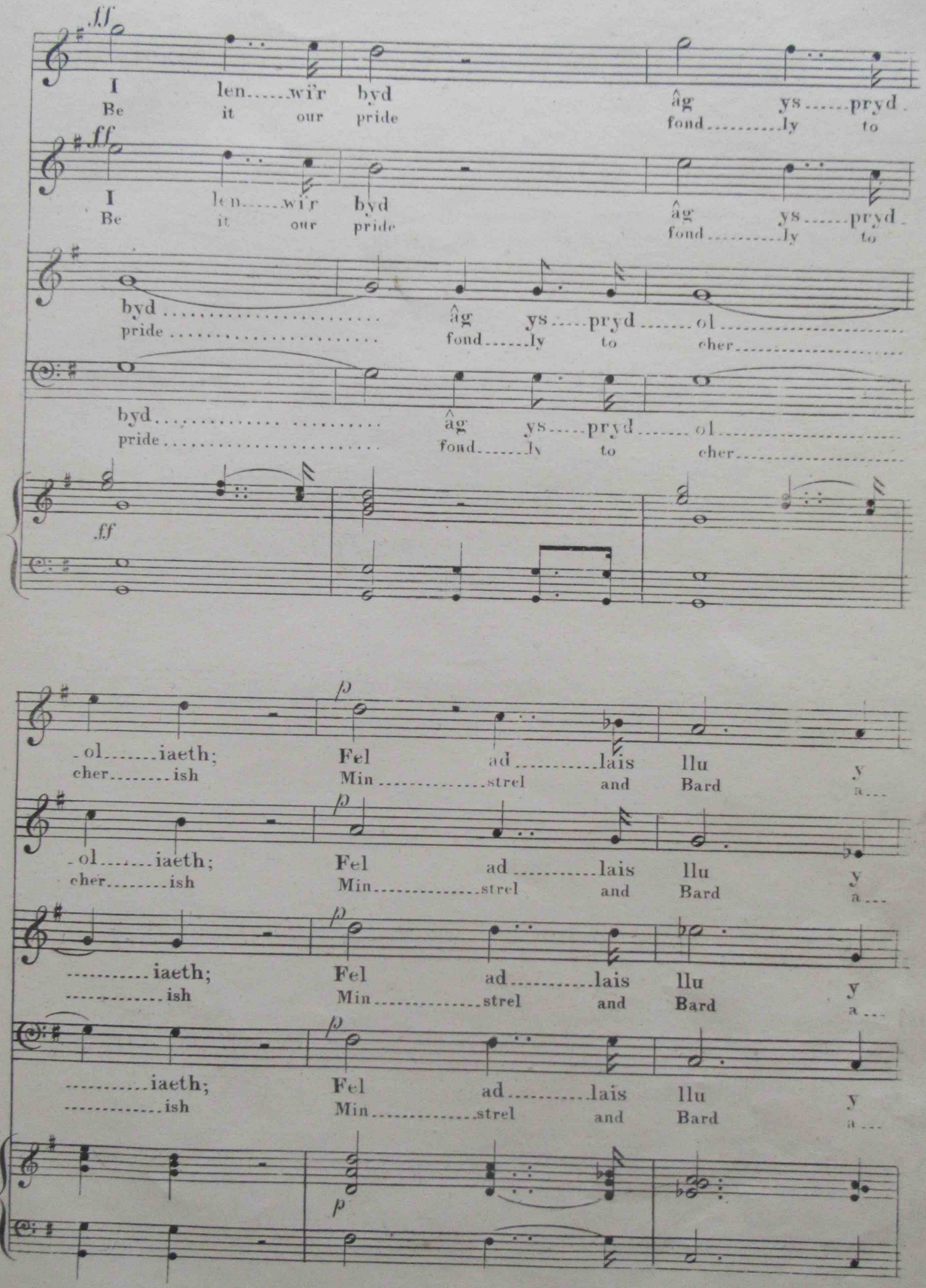
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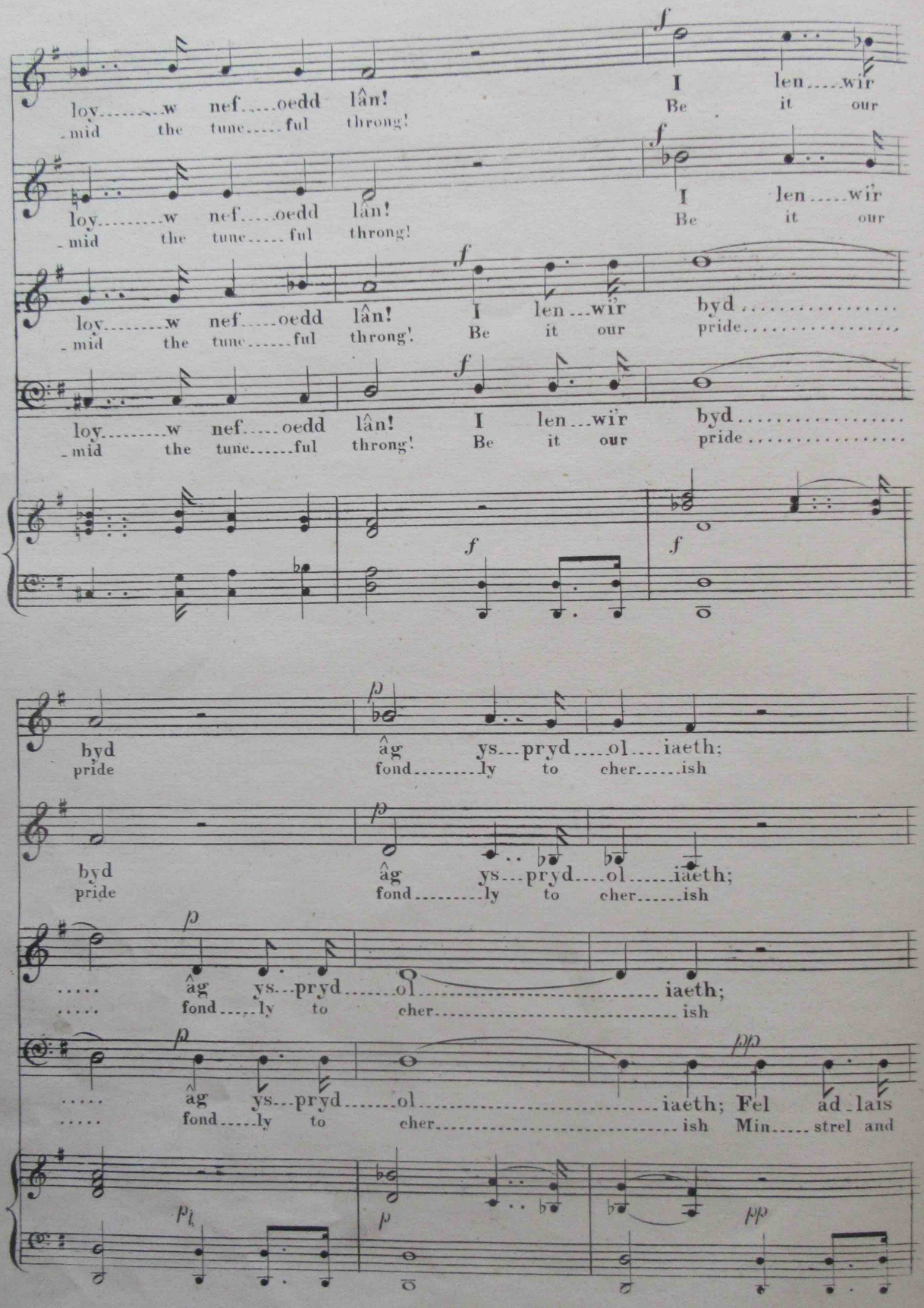

I swyn o pawb ar wyn eb dae ar gron; Cyd
With one ac cord like friends to ge ther meet, To
I swyn o pawb ar wyn eb dae ar gron; Cyd
With one ac cord like friends to ge ther meet, To
I swyn o pawb ar wyn eb dae ar gron;
With one ac cord like friends to ge ther meet,
I swyn o pawb ar wyn eb dae ar gron;
With one ac cord like friends to ge ther meet;
un wn oll mewn rhwym yn car iad,
Cam bria's praise their skill com bi ning,
un wn oll mewn rhwym yn car iad,
Cam bria's praise their skill com bi ning,
Cyd un wn oll mewn rhwym yn car iad,
To Cam bria's praise their skill com bi ning,
Cyd un wn oll mewn rhwym yn car iad,
To Cam bria's praise their skill com bi ning,

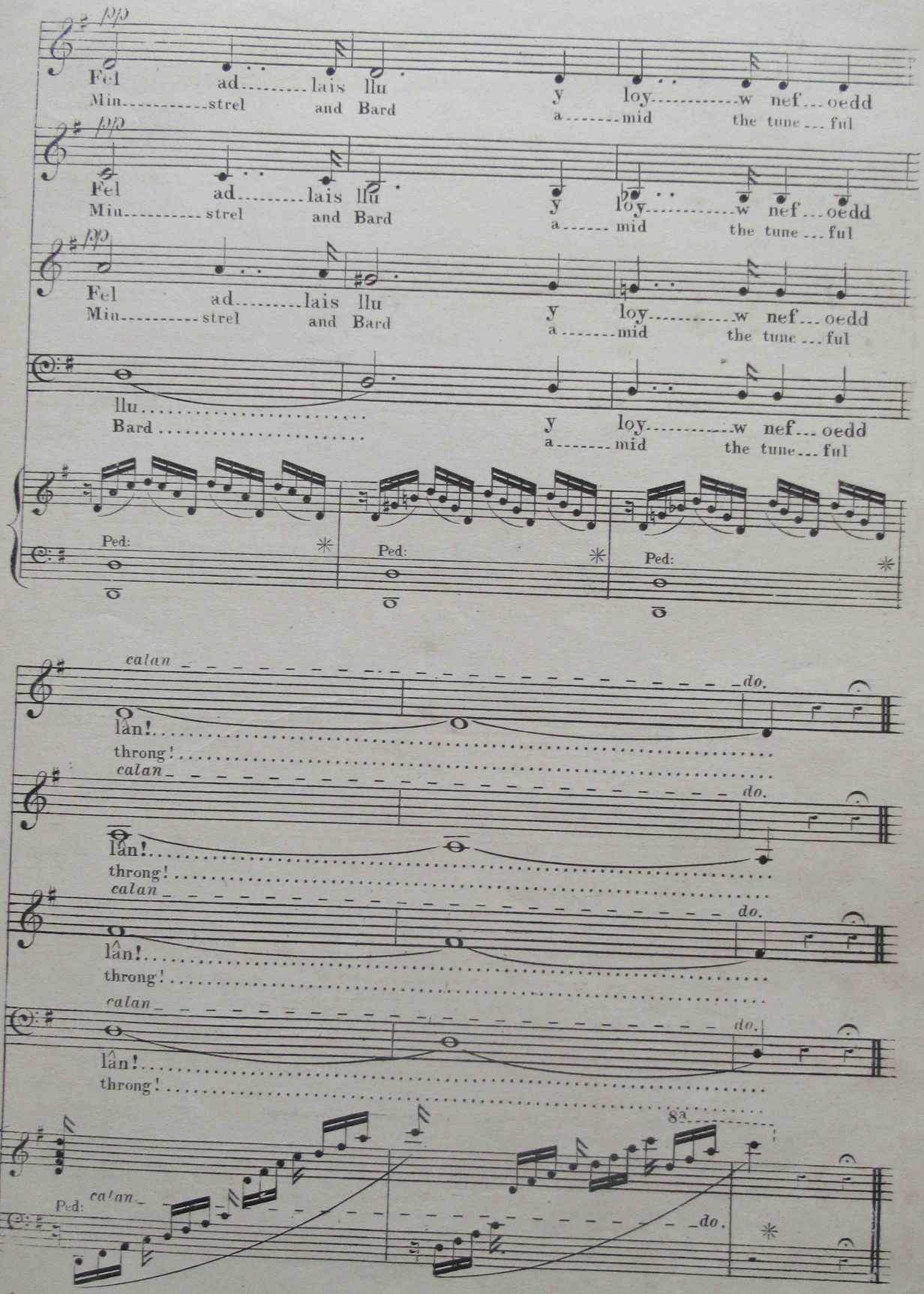

I sein io pêr al aw on lleddf a
In cho rus loud, or dit ty soft and
llon. Byw byth bo'r gân,
sweet. Long may ye live,
hyw bo cerdd
long may ye

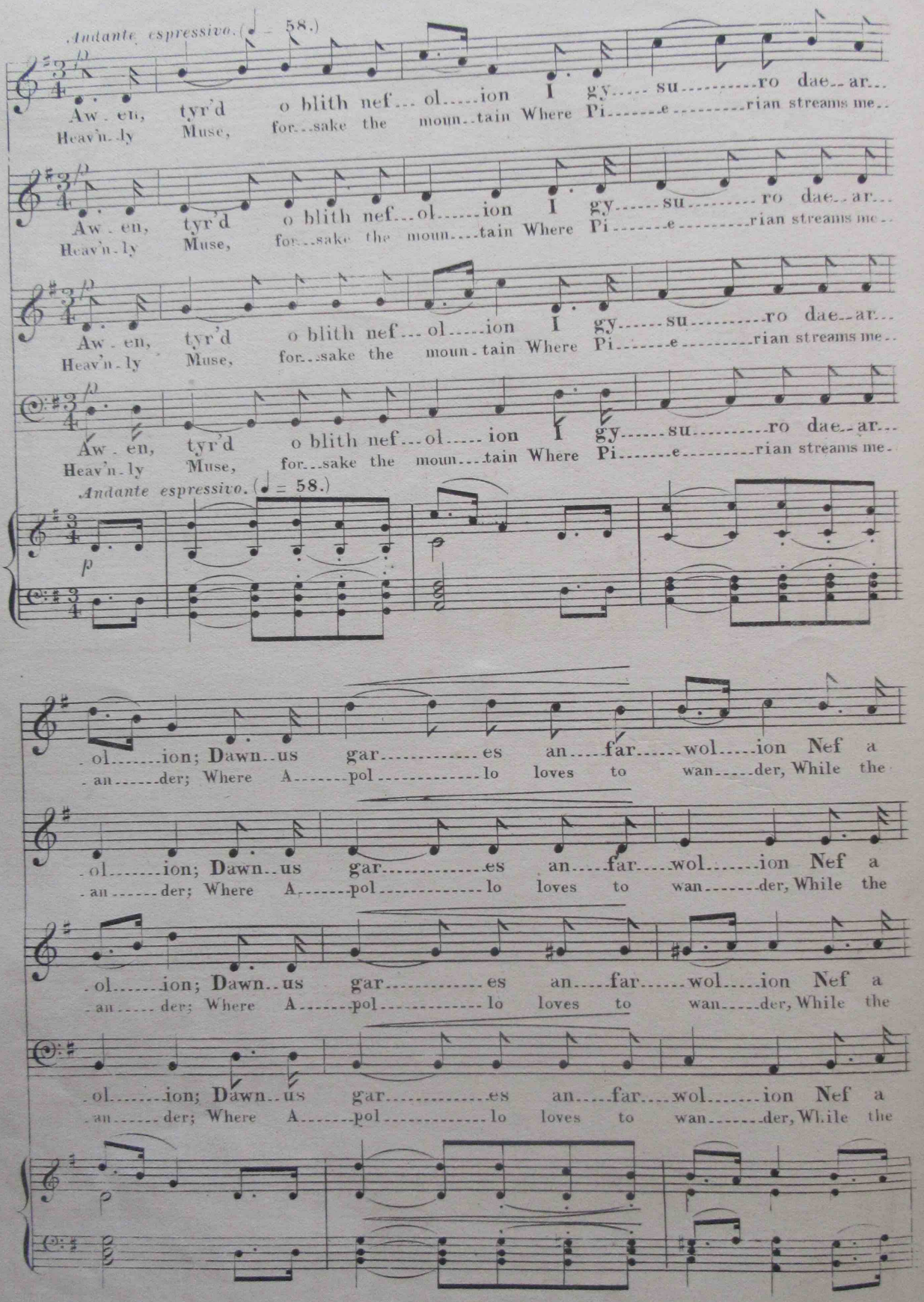

byw bo cerdd or iaeth,
long may ye flour ish!
Gwir en aid
Twin sis ters
byw bo cerdd or iaeth,
long may ye flour ish!
Gwir en aid
Twin sis ters
or iaeth,
flour ish!
Gwir en aid
Twin sis ters
or iaeth,
flour ish!
Gwir en aid
Twin sis ters


gwawl yn en nyn dwyf awl dân!
fair of po e try and song!
gwawl yn en nyn dwyf awl dân!
fair of po e try and song!
gwawl yn en nyn dwyf awl dân! I len wïr
fair of po e try and song! Be it our
gwawl yn en nyn dwyf awl dân! I len wïr
fair of po e try and song! Be it our
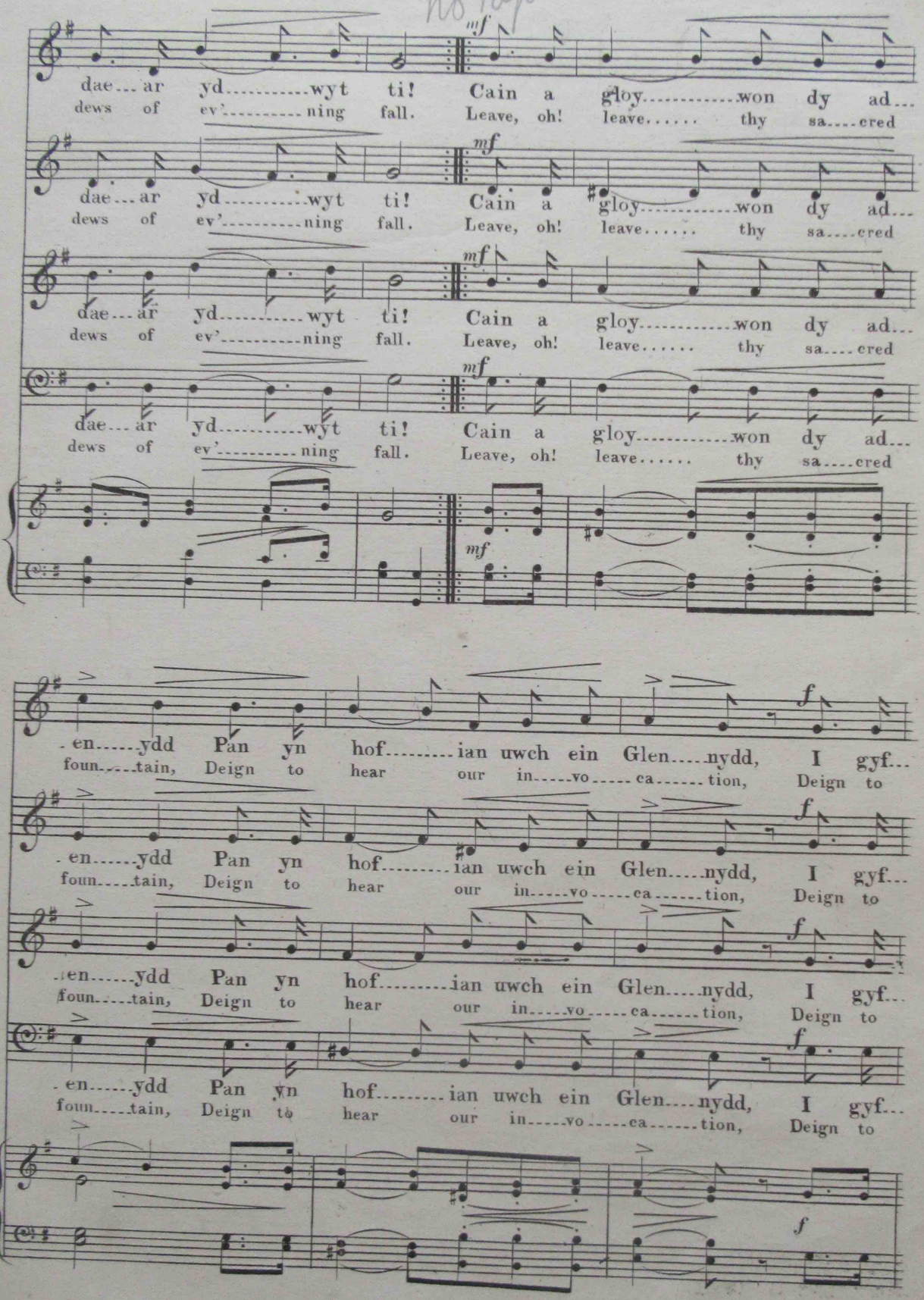

ff
I len wïr byd âg ys pryd
Be it our pride fond ly to
byd âg ys pryd ol
pride fond ly to cher
ol iaeth; Fel ad lais llu y
cher ish Min strel and Bard a
iaeth; Fel ad lais llu y
ish Min strel and Bard a
p
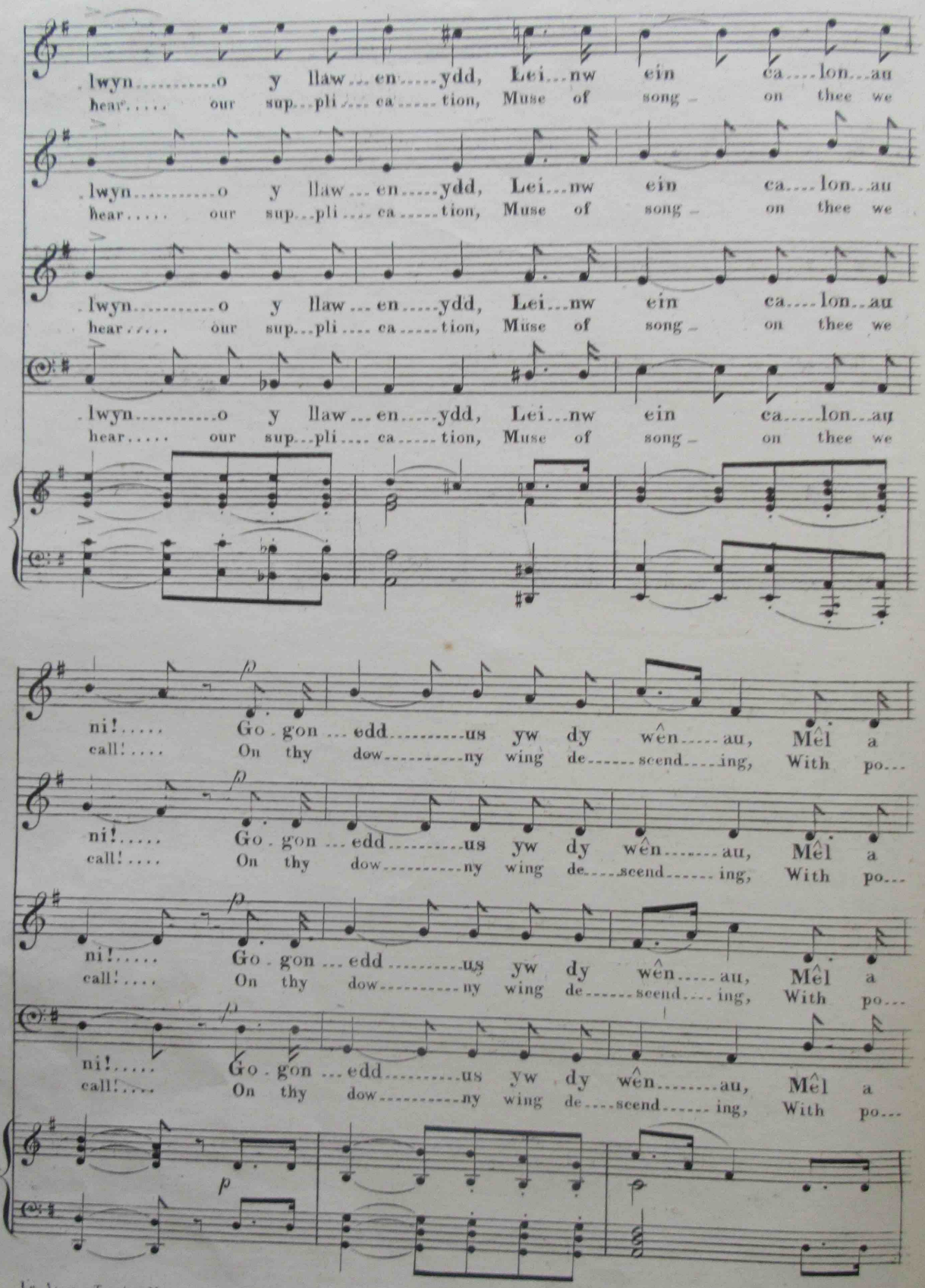

loy w nef oedd lân!
mid the tune ful throng!
I len wïr
Be it our
byd
pride
âg ys pryd ol iaeth;
fond ly to cher ish
Fel ad lais
Min strel and

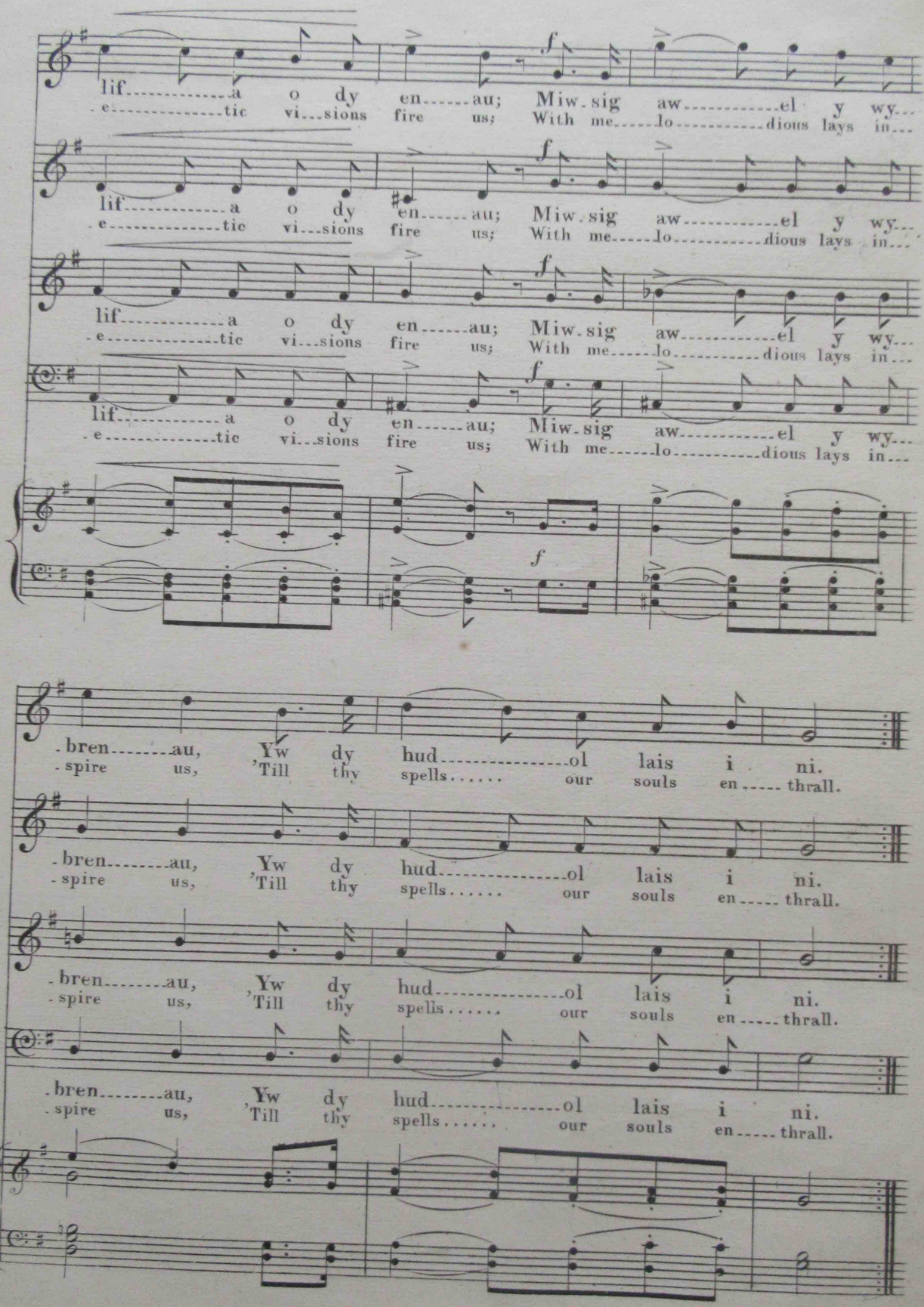

pp
Fel ad lais llu y loy w nef oedd
Min strel and Bard a mid the tune ful
Ped:
calan do.
llan!
throng!
8a
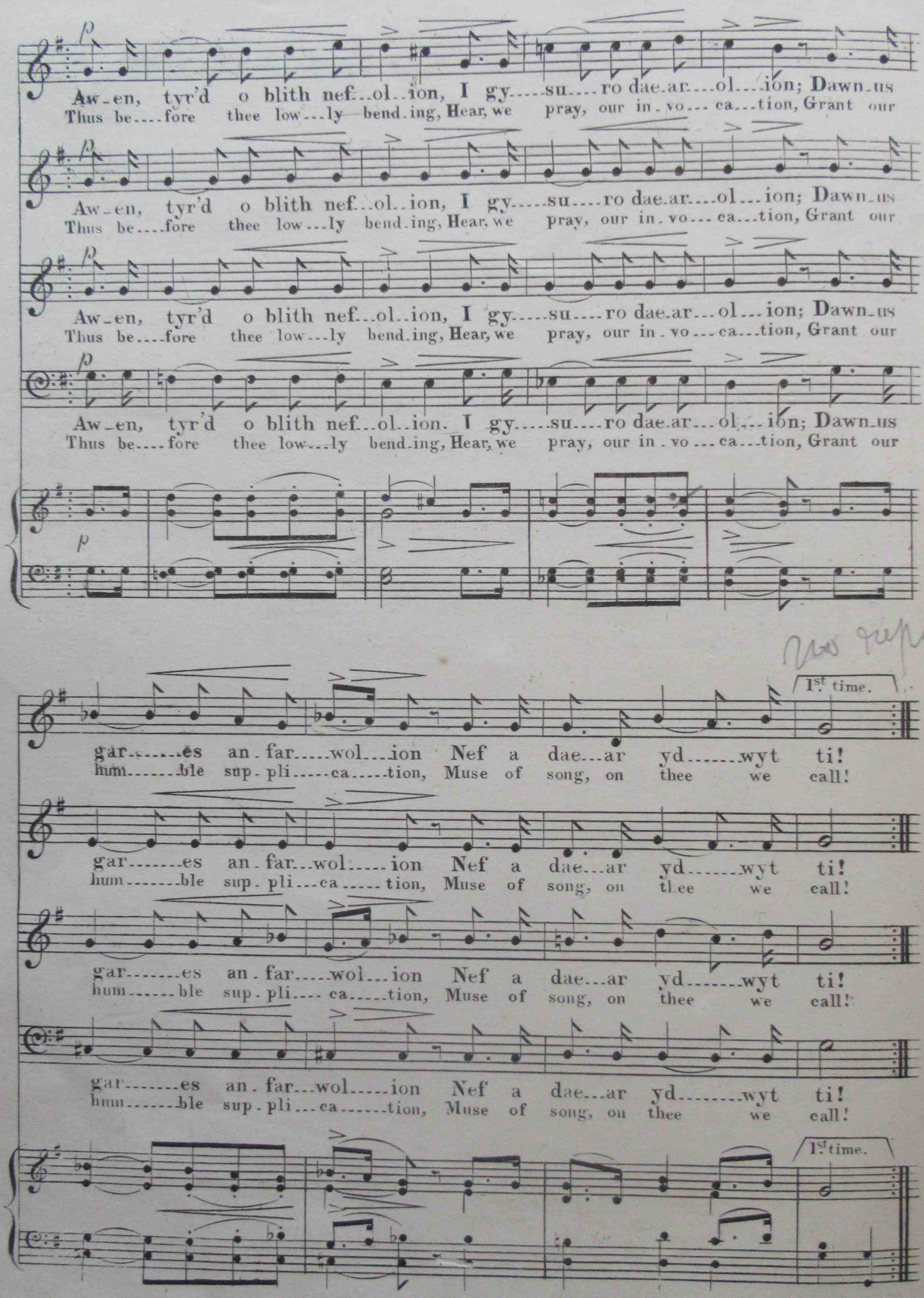

Andante espressivo. (♩ = 58.)
Aw - en, tyr'd o blith nef - ol - ion I gy - su - ro dae - ar -
Heav'n - ly Muse, for - sake the moun - tain Where Pi - e - rian streams me -
Andante espressivo. (♩ = 58.)
- ol - ion; Dawn - us gar - es an - far - wol - ion Nef a
- an - der; Where A - pol - lo loves to wan - der, While the

no repeats
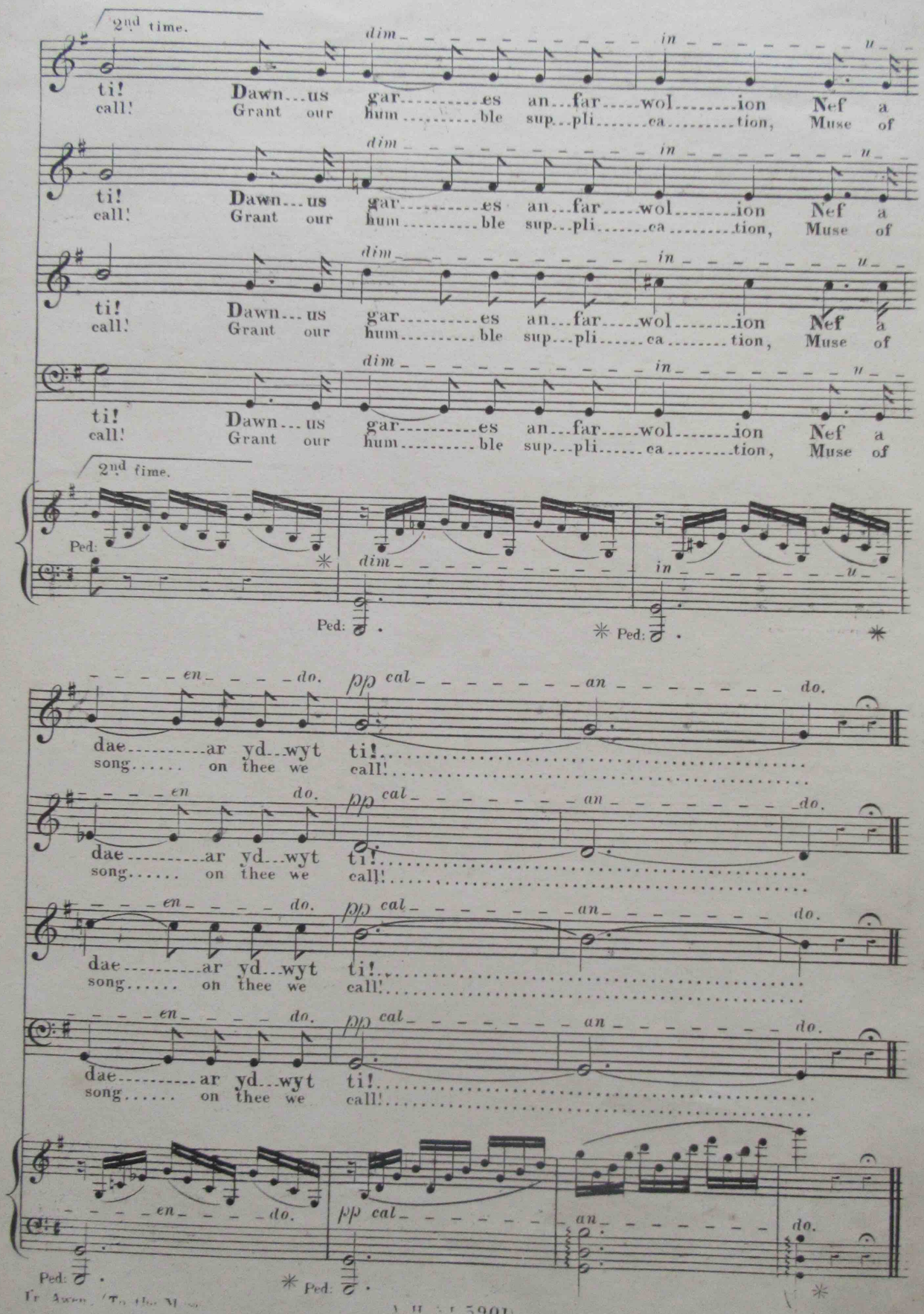

mf
dae...ar yd.....wyt ti! Cain a gloy.....won dy ad...
dews of ev'.....ning fall. Leave, oh! leave..... thy sa....cred
f
-en.....ydd Pan yn hof.....ian uwch ein Glen....nydd, I gyf...
foun....tain, Deign to hear our in....vo....ca....tion, Deign to


lwyn.....o y llaw...en.....ydd, Lei...nw ein ca....lon..au
hear..... our sup...pli.... ca.....tion, Muse of song – on thee we
lwyn.....o y llaw...en.....ydd, Lei...nw ein ca....lon..au
hear..... our sup...pli.... ca.....tion, Muse of song – on thee we
lwyn.....o y llaw...en.....ydd, Lei...nw ein ca....lon..au
hear..... our sup...pli.... ca.....tion, Muse of song – on thee we
lwyn.....o y llaw...en.....ydd, Lei...nw ein ca....lon..au
hear..... our sup...pli.... ca.....tion, Muse of song – on thee we
ni!..... Go - gon...edd.....us yw dy wên.....au, Mêl a
call!.... On thy dow.....ny wing de.....scend....ing, With po...
ni!..... Go - gon...edd.....us yw dy wên.....au, Mêl a
call!.... On thy dow.....ny wing de.....scend....ing, With po...
ni!..... Go - gon...edd.....us yw dy wên.....au, Mêl a
call!.... On thy dow.....ny wing de.....scend....ing, With po...
ni!..... Go - gon...edd.....us yw dy wên.....au, Mêl a
call!.... On thy dow.....ny wing de.....scend....ing, With po...


lif a o dy en au; Miw sig aw el y wy...
e tic vi sions fire us; With me lo dious lays in...
lif a o dy en au; Miw sig aw el y wy...
e tic vi sions fire us; With me lo dious lays in...
lif a o dy en au; Miw sig aw el y wy...
e tic vi sions fire us; With me lo dious lays in...
lif a o dy en au; Miw sig aw el y wy...
e tic vi sions fire us; With me lo dious lays in...
f
bren au, Yw dy hud ol lais i ni.
spire us, 'Till thy spells our souls en thrall.
bren au, Yw dy hud ol lais i ni.
spire us, 'Till thy spells our souls en thrall.
bren au, Yw dy hud ol lais i ni.
spire us, 'Till thy spells our souls en thrall.
bren au, Yw dy hud ol lais i ni.
spire us, 'Till thy spells our souls en thrall.


Aw-en, tyr'd o blith nef...ol..ion, I gy.....su.....ro dae.ar....ol...ion; Dawn-us
Thus be....fore thee low...ly bend.ing, Hear, we pray, our in.vo...ca...tion, Grant our
Aw-en, tyr'd o blith nef...ol..ion, I gy.....su.....ro dae.ar....ol...ion; Dawn-us
Thus be....fore thee low...ly bend.ing, Hear, we pray, our in.vo...ca...tion, Grant our
Aw-en, tyr'd o blith nef...ol..ion, I gy.....su.....ro dae.ar....ol...ion; Dawn-us
Thus be....fore thee low...ly bend.ing, Hear, we pray, our in.vo...ca...tion, Grant our
Aw-en, tyr'd o blith nef...ol..ion, I gy.....su.....ro dae.ar....ol...ion; Dawn-us
Thus be....fore thee low...ly bend.ing, Hear, we pray, our in.vo...ca...tion, Grant our
1st time.
gar.....es an.far.....wol...ion Nef a dae...ar yd.....wyt ti!
hum.....ble sup.pli.....ca.....tion, Muse of song, on thee we call!
gar.....es an.far...wol.....ion Nef a dae...ar yd.....wyt ti!
hum.....ble sup.pli...ca.....tion, Muse of song, on thee we call!
gar.....es an.far.....wol...ion Nef a dae...ar yd.....wyt ti!
hum.....ble sup.pli.....ca.....tion, Muse of song, on thee we call!
gar.....es an.far...wol.....ion Nef a dae...ar yd.....wyt ti!
hum.....ble sup.pli...ca.....tion, Muse of song, on thee we call!
1st time.

(To the Muse.)


2nd time.
dim in u
ti! Dawn...us gar...es an...far...wol...ion Nef a
call! Grant our hum...ble sup...pli...ca...tion, Muse of
2nd time.
Ped:
en do. pp cal an do.
dae...ar yd...wyt ti!
song... on thee we call!

Nº 1.

LLWYN ONN.

THE ASH GROVE.*

ARRANGED BY
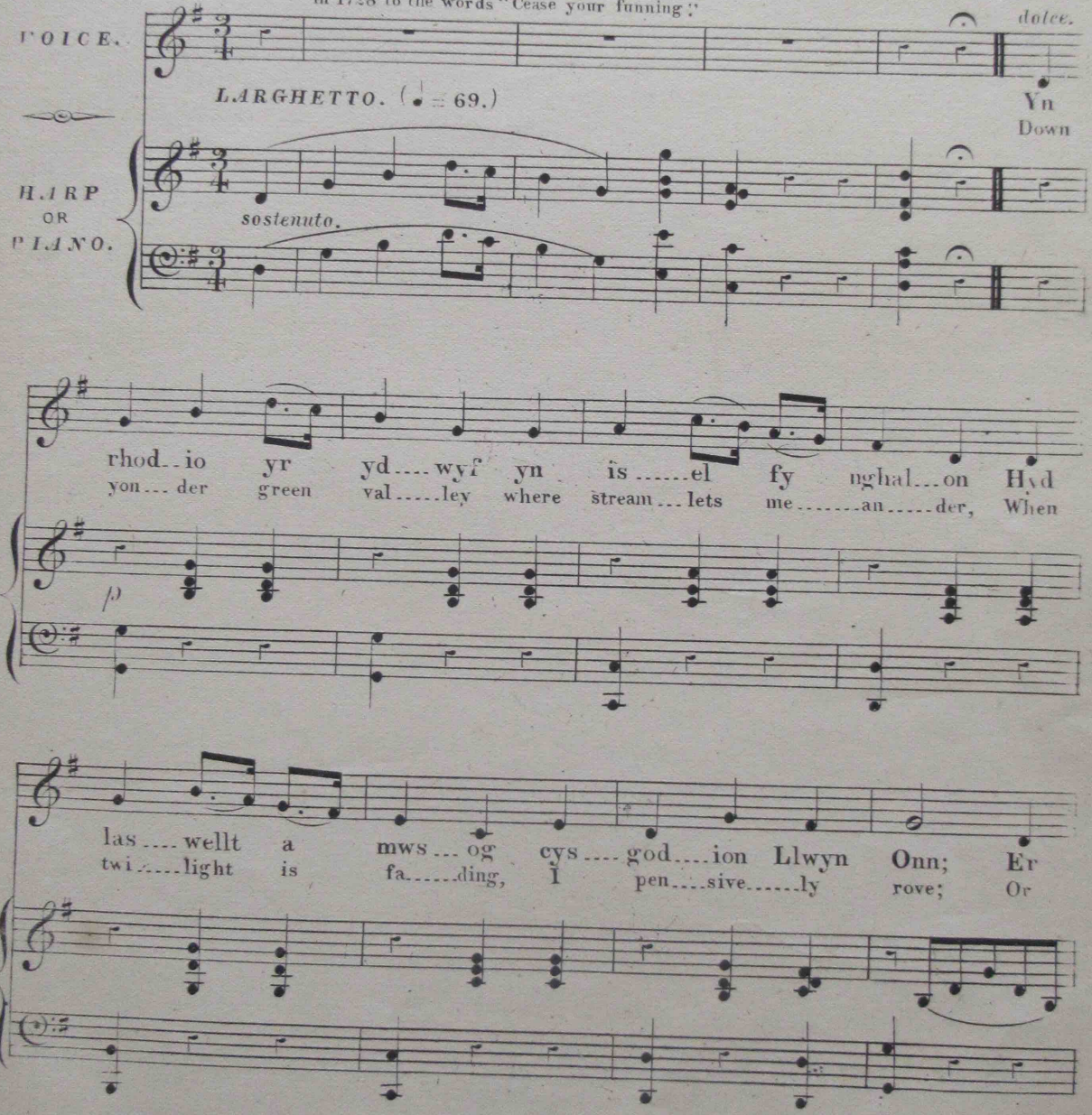
JOHN THOMAS.
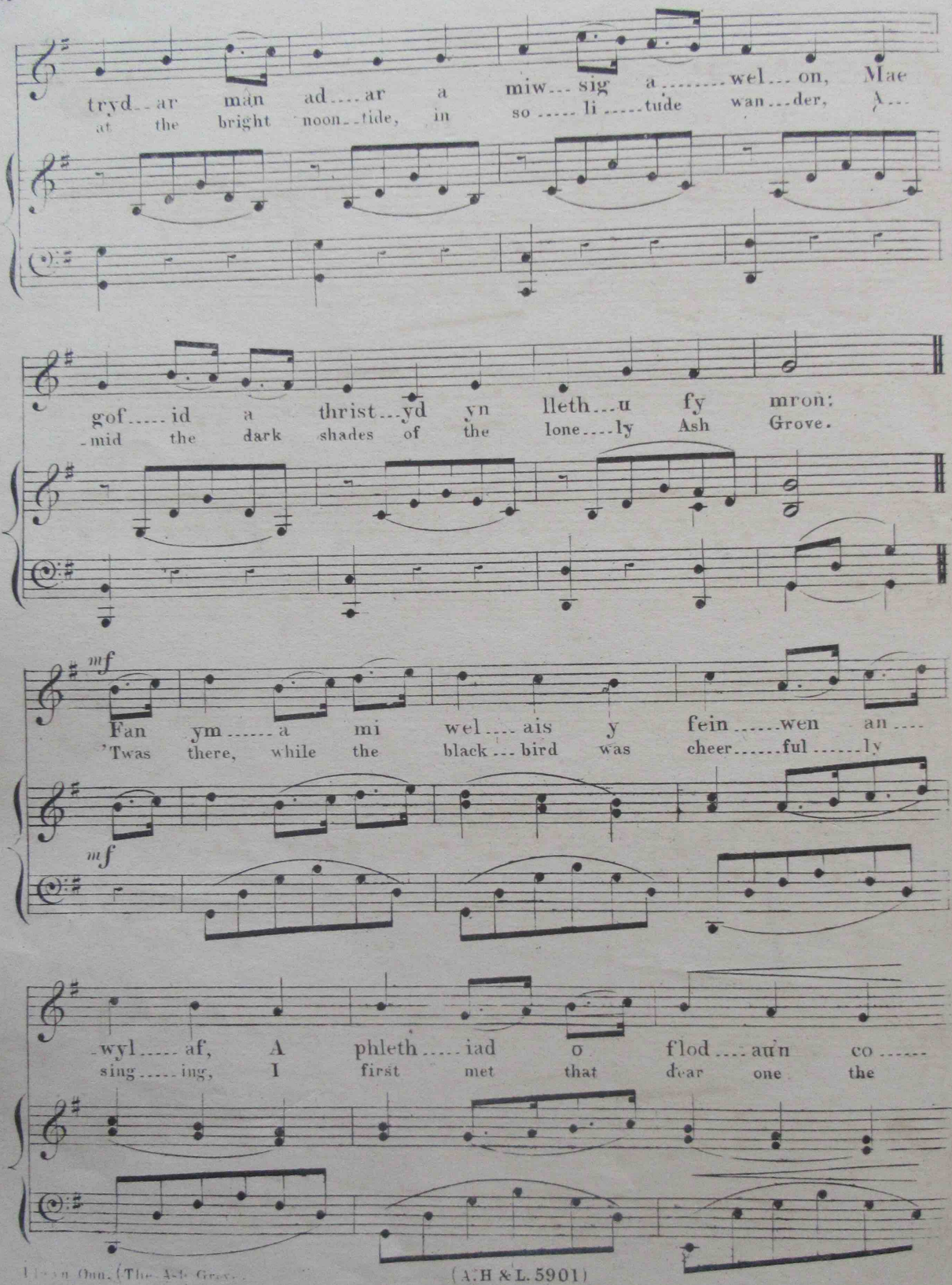
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)
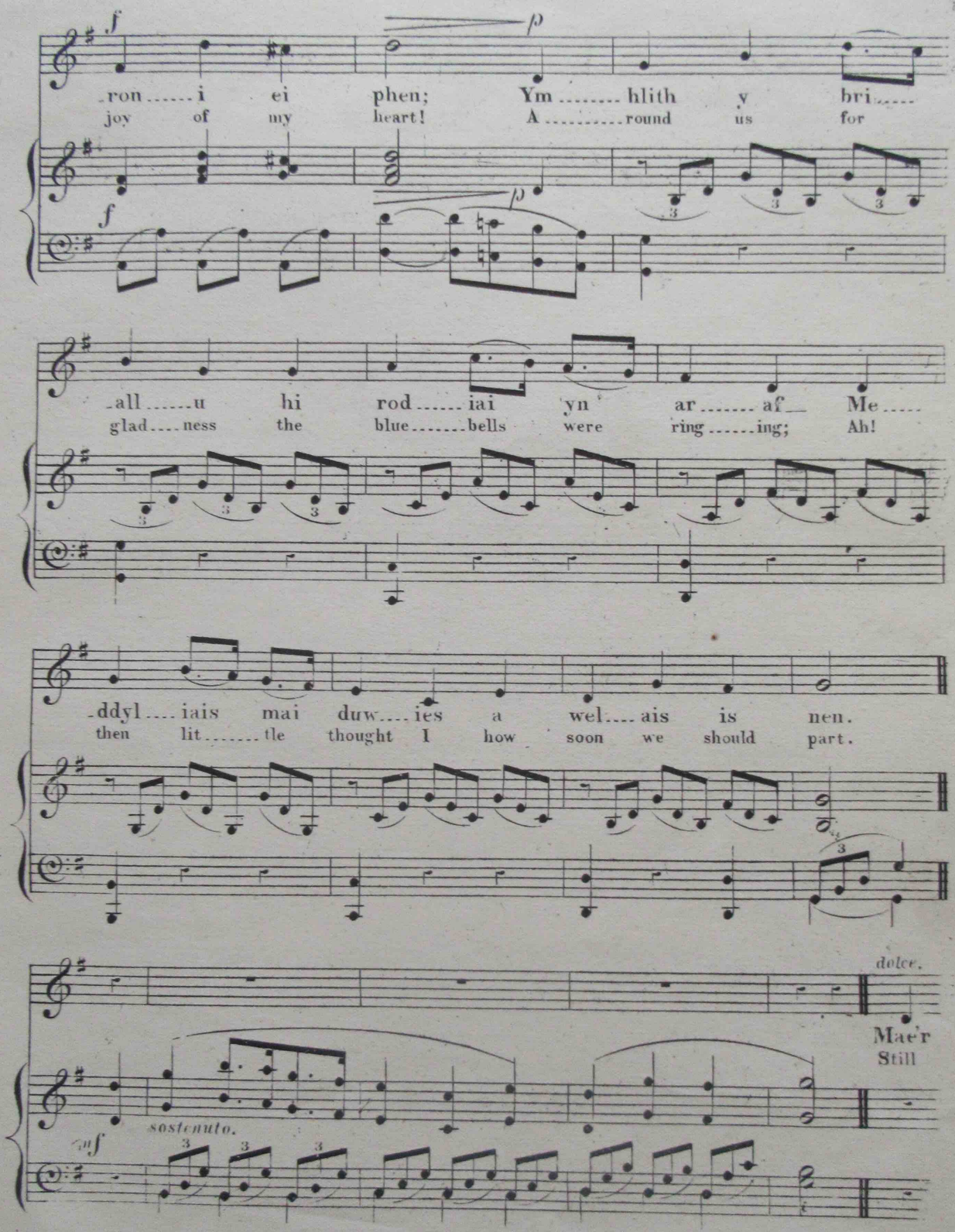
THE WELSH POETRY BY
TALHAIARN.
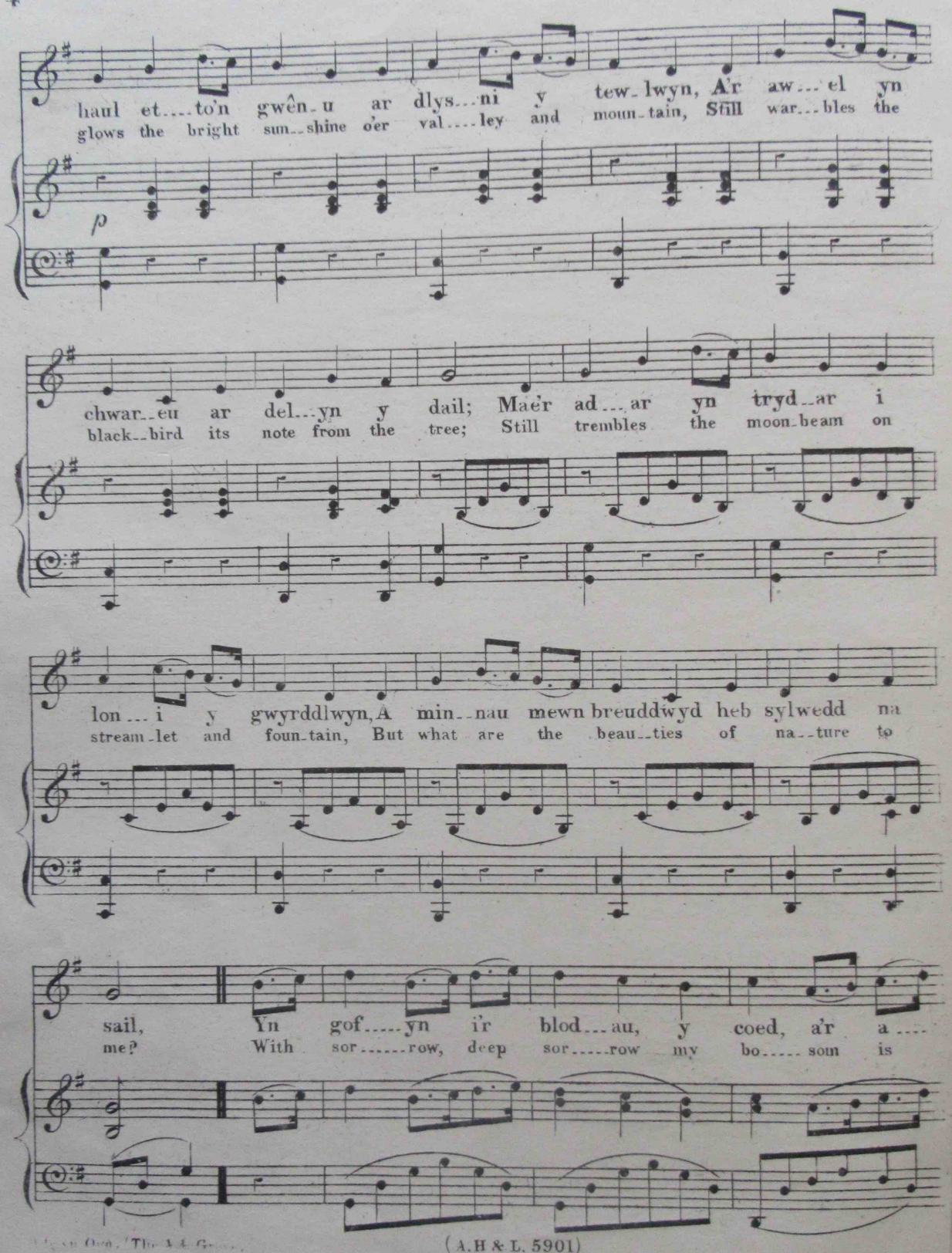
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
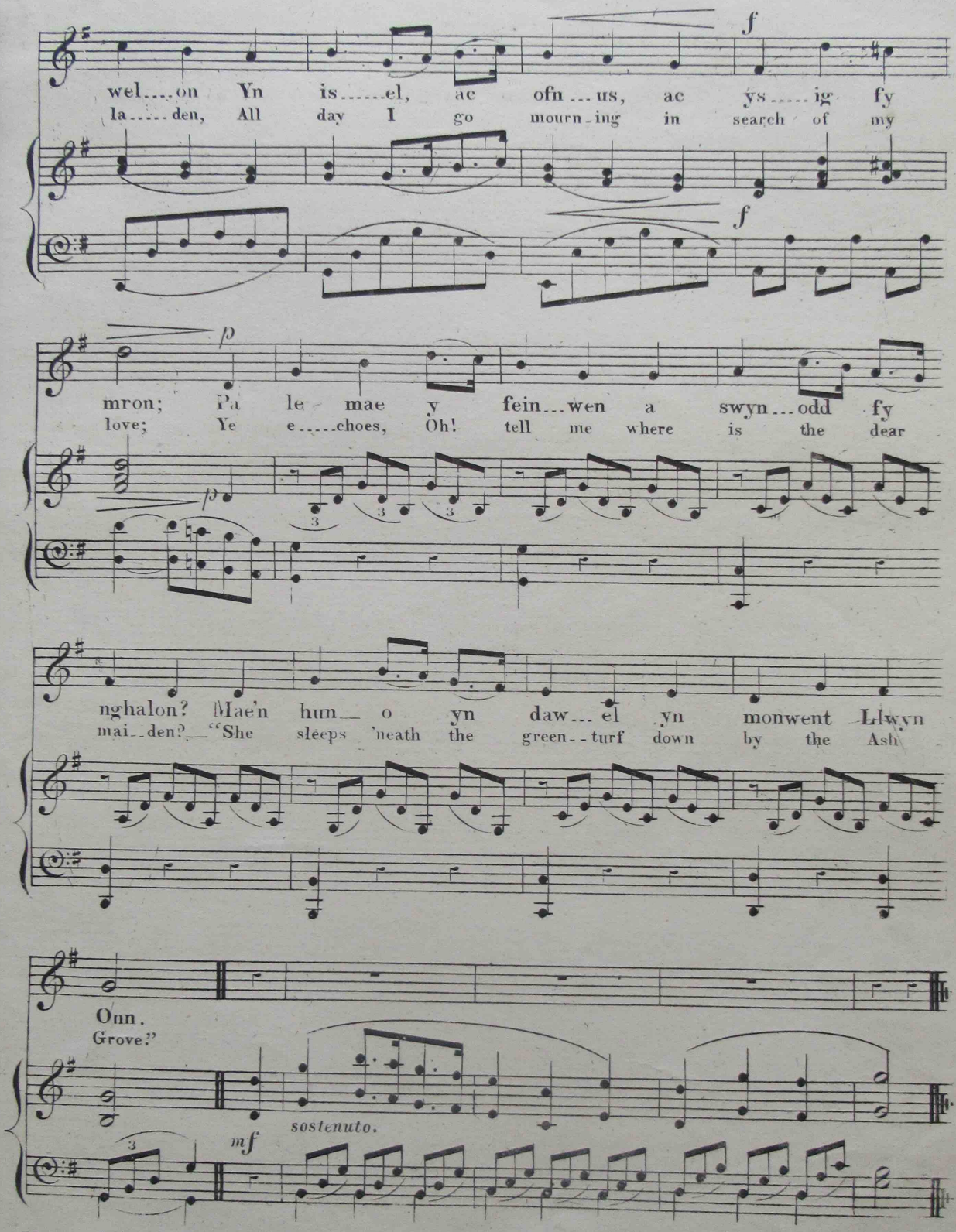
*This Melody was introduced into "The Beggar's Opera" in 1728 to the words "Cease your funning."




tryd ar man ad ar a miw sig a wel on, Mae
at the bright noon tide, in so li tude wan der, A
gof id a thrist yd yn lleth u fy mron:
mid the dark shades of the lone ly Ash Grove.
mf
Fan ym a mi wel ais y fein wen an
'Twas there, while the black bird was cheer ful ly
mf
wyl af, A phleth iad o flod aun co
sing ing, I first met that dear one the


ron i ei phen; Ym hlith y bri
joy of my heart! A round us for
all u hi rod iai yn ar af Me
glad ness the blue bells were ring ing; Ah!
ddyl iais mai duw ies a wel ais is nen.
then lit tle thought I how soon we should part.
dolce.
Mae'r
Still
sostenuto.


haul et....to'n gwên-u ar dlys...ni y tew-lwyn, A'r aw...el yn
glows the bright sun-shine o'er val....ley and moun-tain, Still war...bles the
p
chwar--eu ar del...yn y dail; Mae'r ad...ar yn tryd--ar i
black--bird its note from the tree; Still trembles the moon-beam on
lon...i y gwyrddlwyn, A min--nau mewn breuddwyd heb sylwedd na
stream-let and foun-tain, But what are the beau--ties of na--ture to
sail, Yn gof.....yn i'r blod...au, y coed, a'r a....
me? With sor.....row, deep sor.....row my bo..... som is


f
wel....on Yn is.....el, ac ofn...us, ac ys.....ig fy
la.....den, All day I go mourn-ing in search of my
f
p
mron; Pa le mae y fein...wen a swyn...odd fy
love; Ye e.....choes, Oh! tell me where is the dear
p
3
3
3
nghalon? Mae'n hun_ o yn daw...el yn monwent Llwyn
mai_den?_"She sleeps 'neath the green_turf down by the Ash
Onn.
Grove."
sostenuto.
mf
3

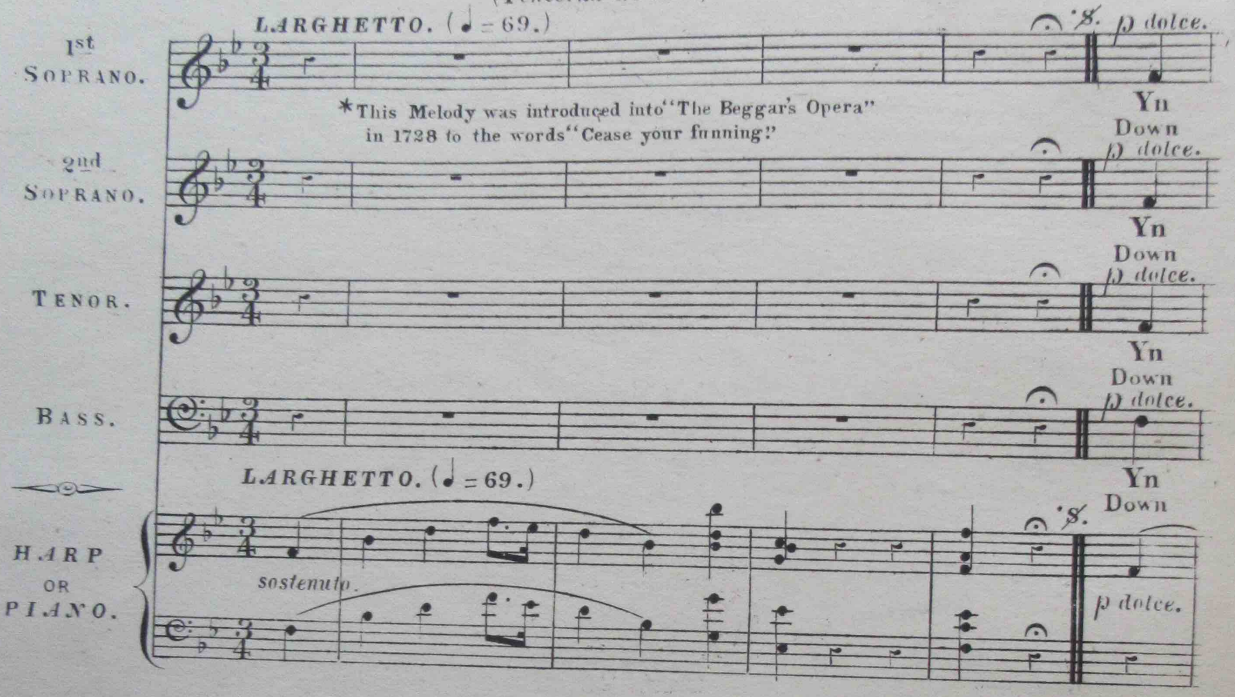
LLWYN ONN.
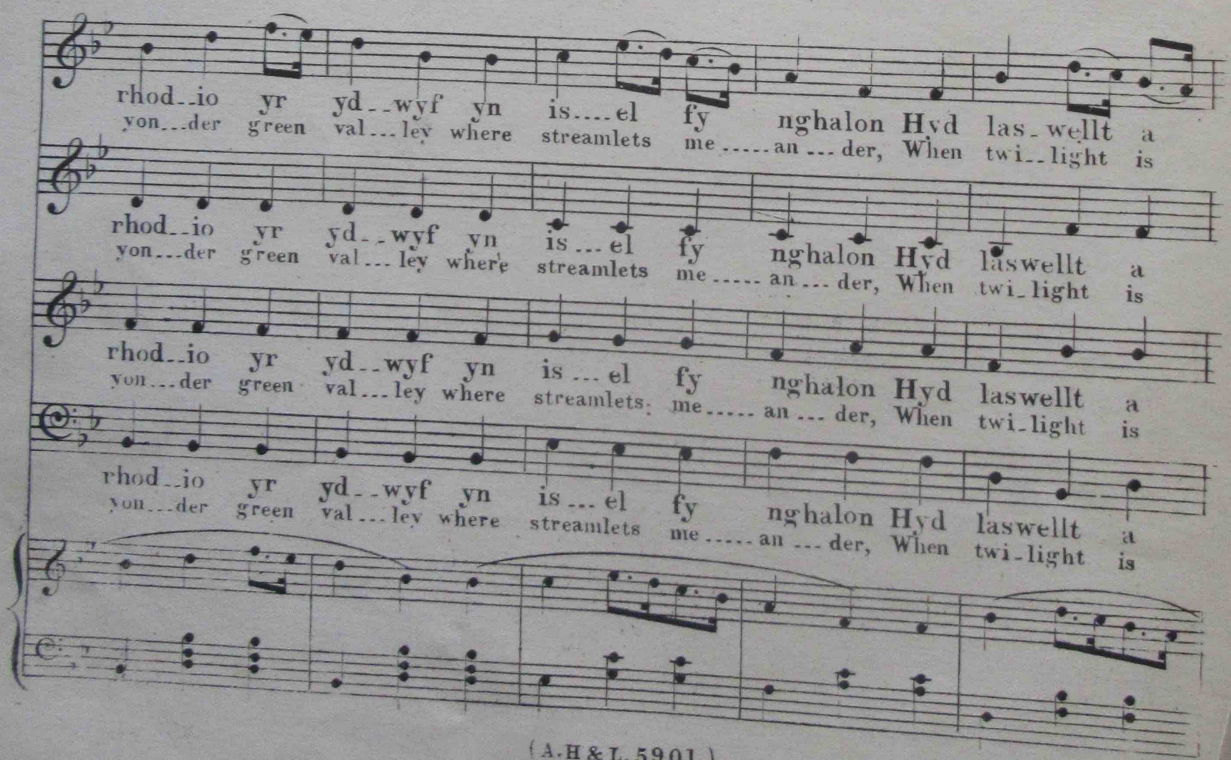
No. 1. THE ASH GROVE.*
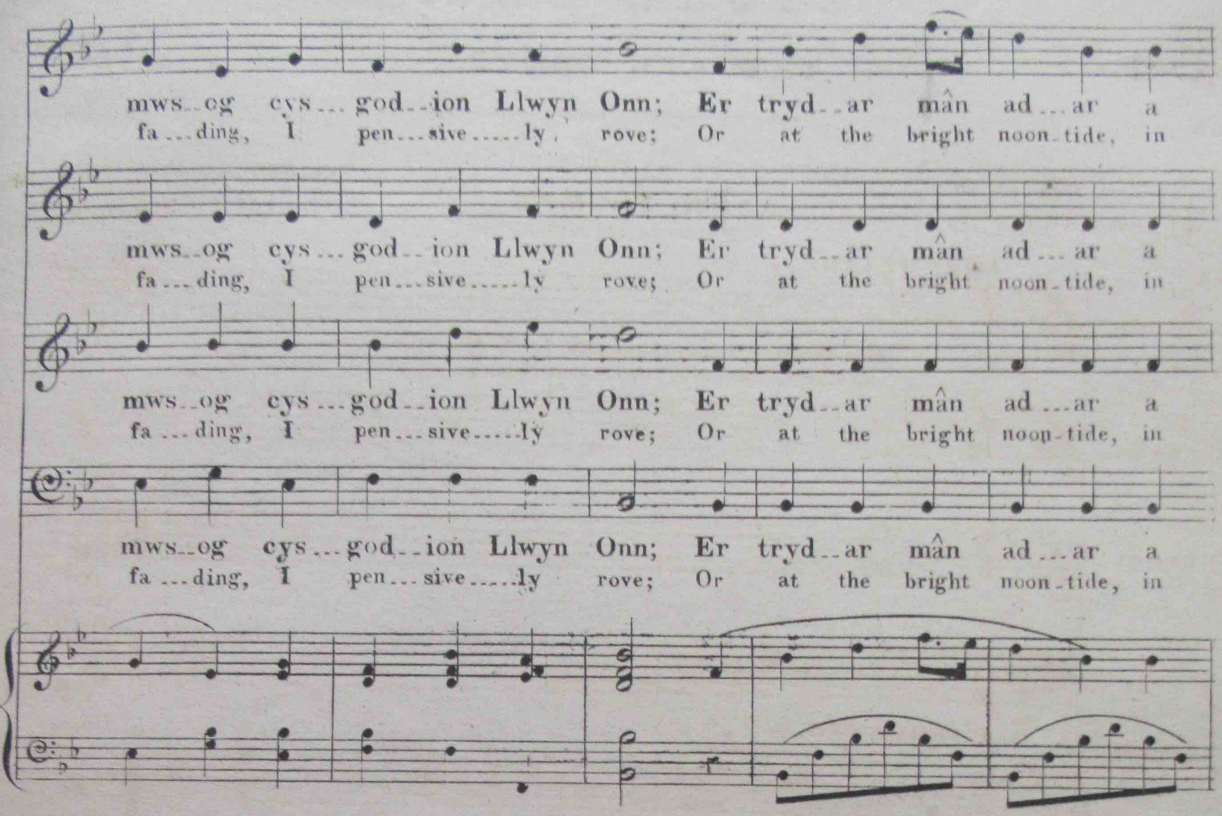
THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

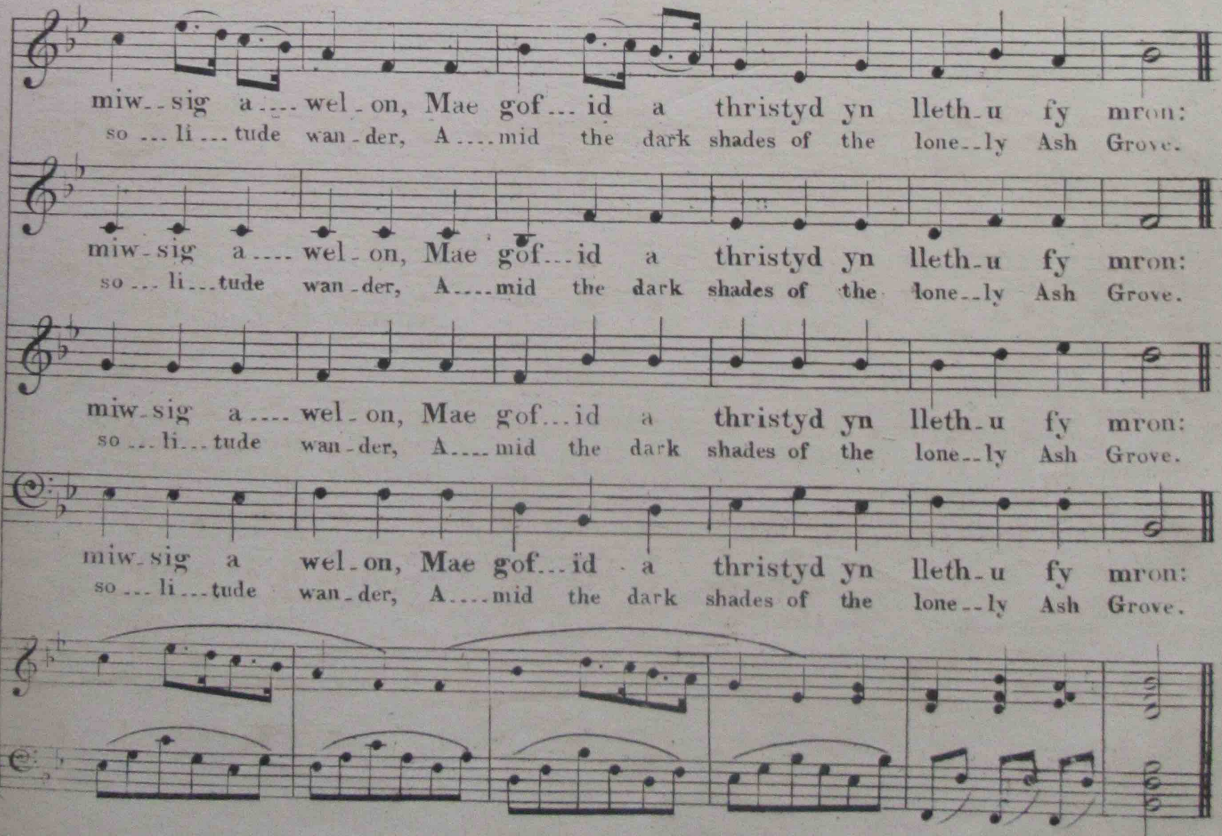
HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY JOHN THOMAS. (*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)
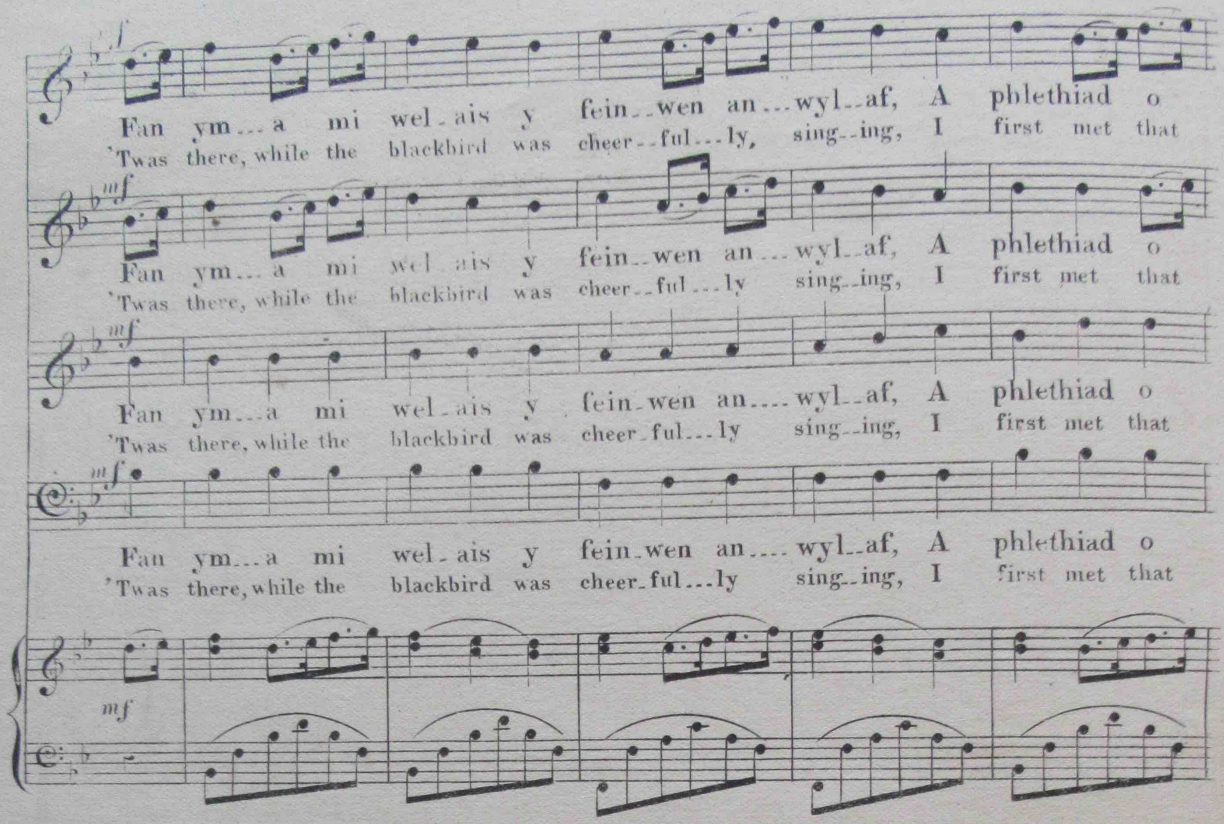
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
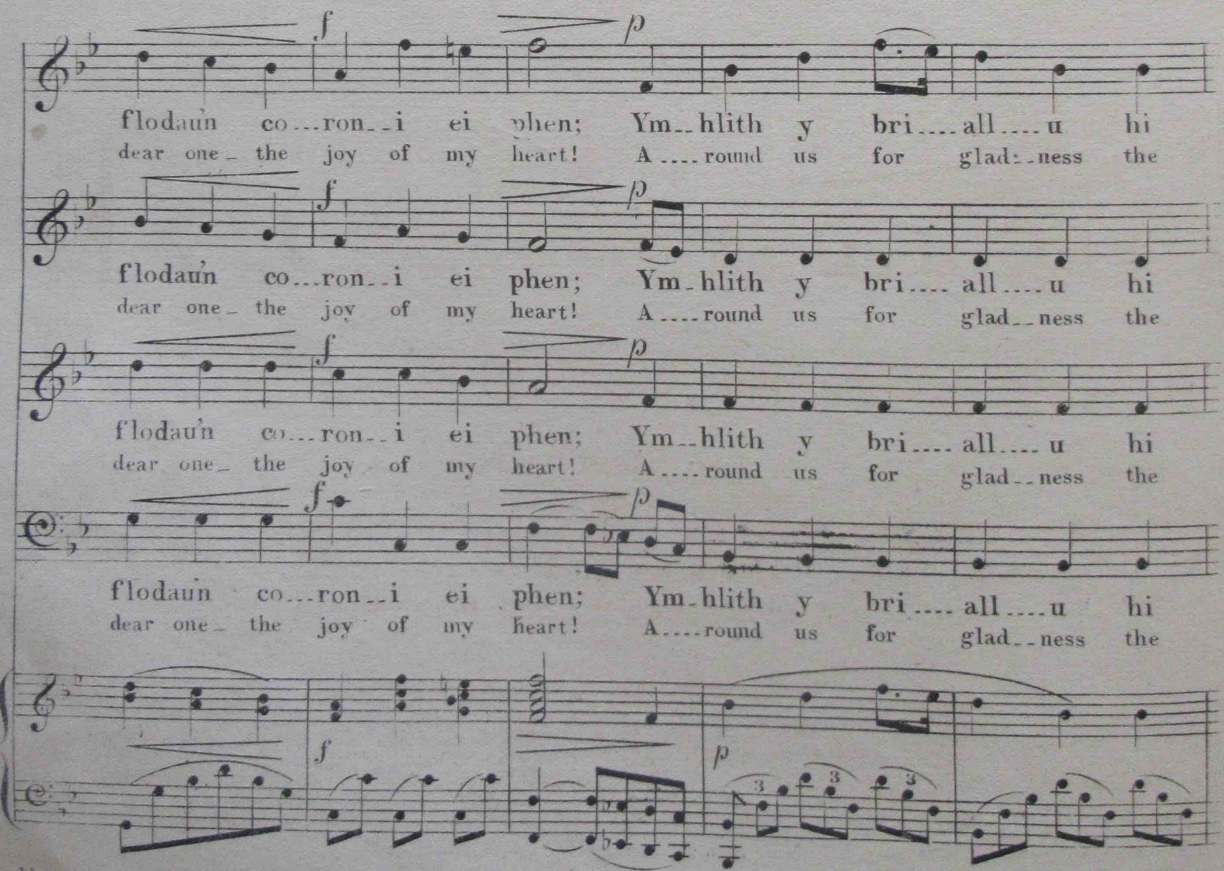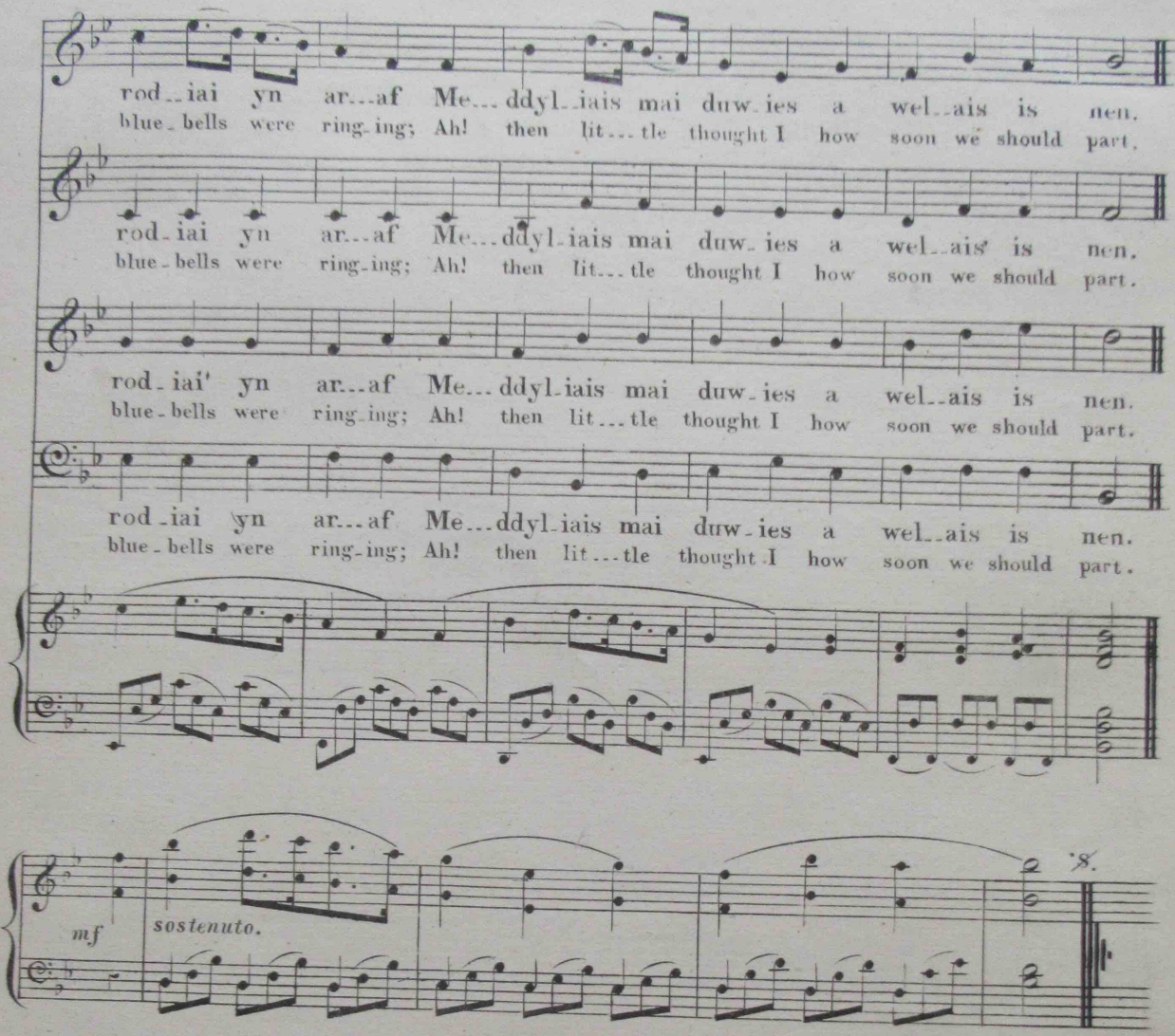





mws_og cys_god_ion Llwyn Onn; Er tryd_ar mân ad_ar a
fa_ding, I pen_sive_ly rove; Or at the bright noon_tide, in


miw_sig a_wel_on, Mae gof_id a thristyd yn lleth_u fy mron:
so_li_tude wan_der, A_mid the dark shades of the lone_ly Ash Grove.


Fan ym...a mi wel-ais y fein-wen an...wyl-af, A phlethiad o
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheer-ful...ly, sing-ing, I first met that
Fan ym...a mi wel-ais y fein-wen an...wyl-af, A phlethiad o
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheer-ful...ly sing-ing, I first met that
Fan ym...a mi wel-ais y fein-wen an....wyl-af, A phlethiad o
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheer-ful...ly sing-ing, I first met that
Fan ym...a mi wel-ais y fein-wen an....wyl-af, A phlethiad o
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheer-ful...ly sing-ing, I first met that


flodaun co...ron-i ei phen; Ym-hlith y bri....all....u hi
dear one the joy of my heart! A....round us for glad-ness the
flodaun co...ron-i ei phen; Ym-hlith y bri....all....u hi
dear one the joy of my heart! A....round us for glad-ness the
flodaun co...ron-i ei phen; Ym-hlith y bri....all....u hi
dear one the joy of my heart! A....round us for glad-ness the
flodaun co...ron-i ei phen; Ym-hlith y bri....all....u hi
dear one the joy of my heart! A....round us for glad-ness the



2

Mae'r haul etto'n gwênu ar dlysni y tewlwyn,
A'r awel yn chwareu ar delyn y dail;
Mae'r adar yn trydar i loni y gwyrddlwyn,
A minnau mewn breuddwyd heb sylwedd na sail,
Yn gofyn i'r blodau, y coed, a'r awelon,
Yn isel, ac ofnus, ac ysig fy mron;
Pa le mae y feinwen a swynodd fy nghalon?
Mae'n huno yn dawel yn monwent Llwyn Onn.

2

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes, oh! tell me where is the dear maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green-turf down by the Ash Grove."

CODIAD YR HEDYDD.

Nº 2.

THE RISING OF THE LARK.
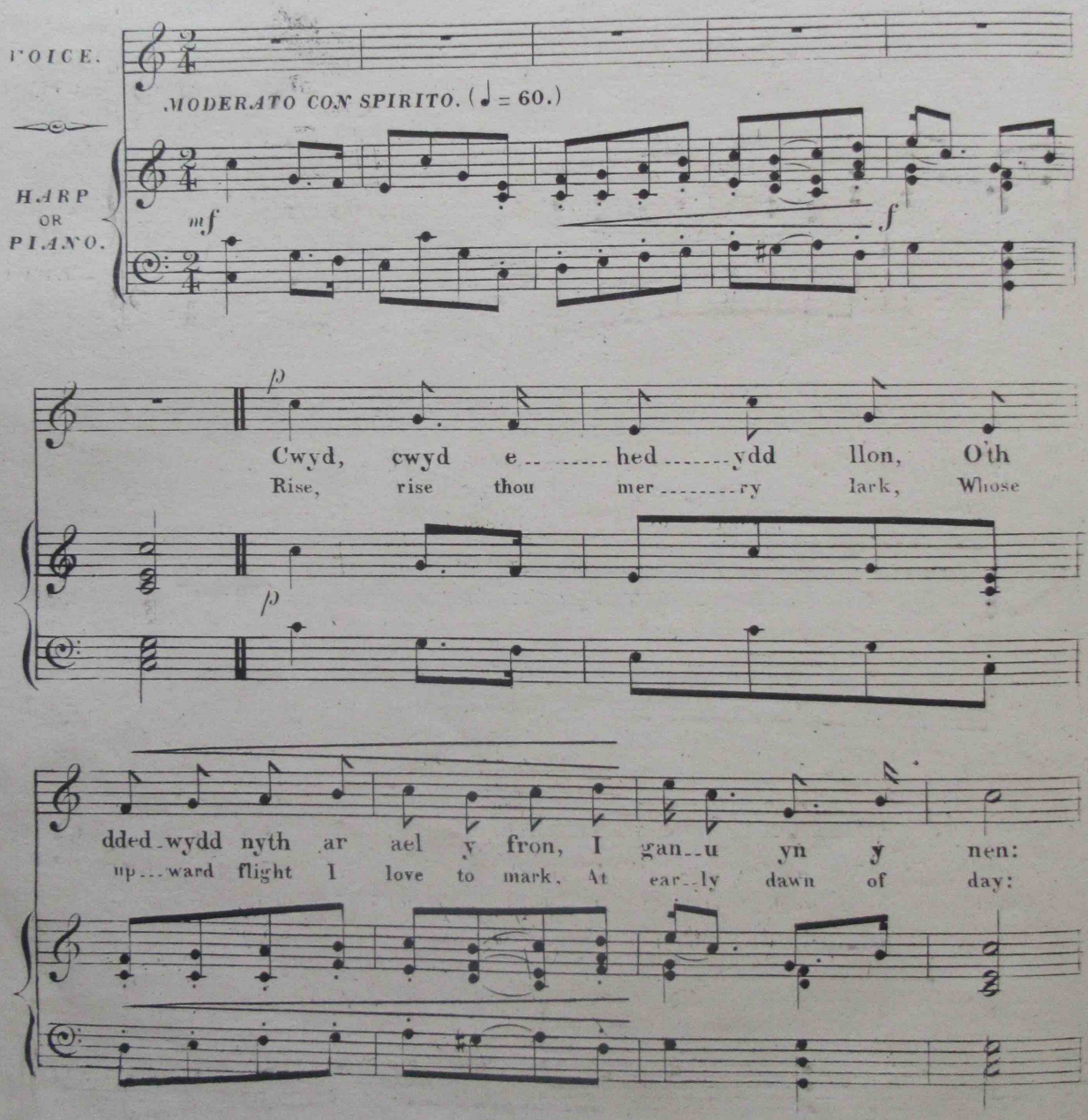
ARRANGED BY

JOHN THOMAS.

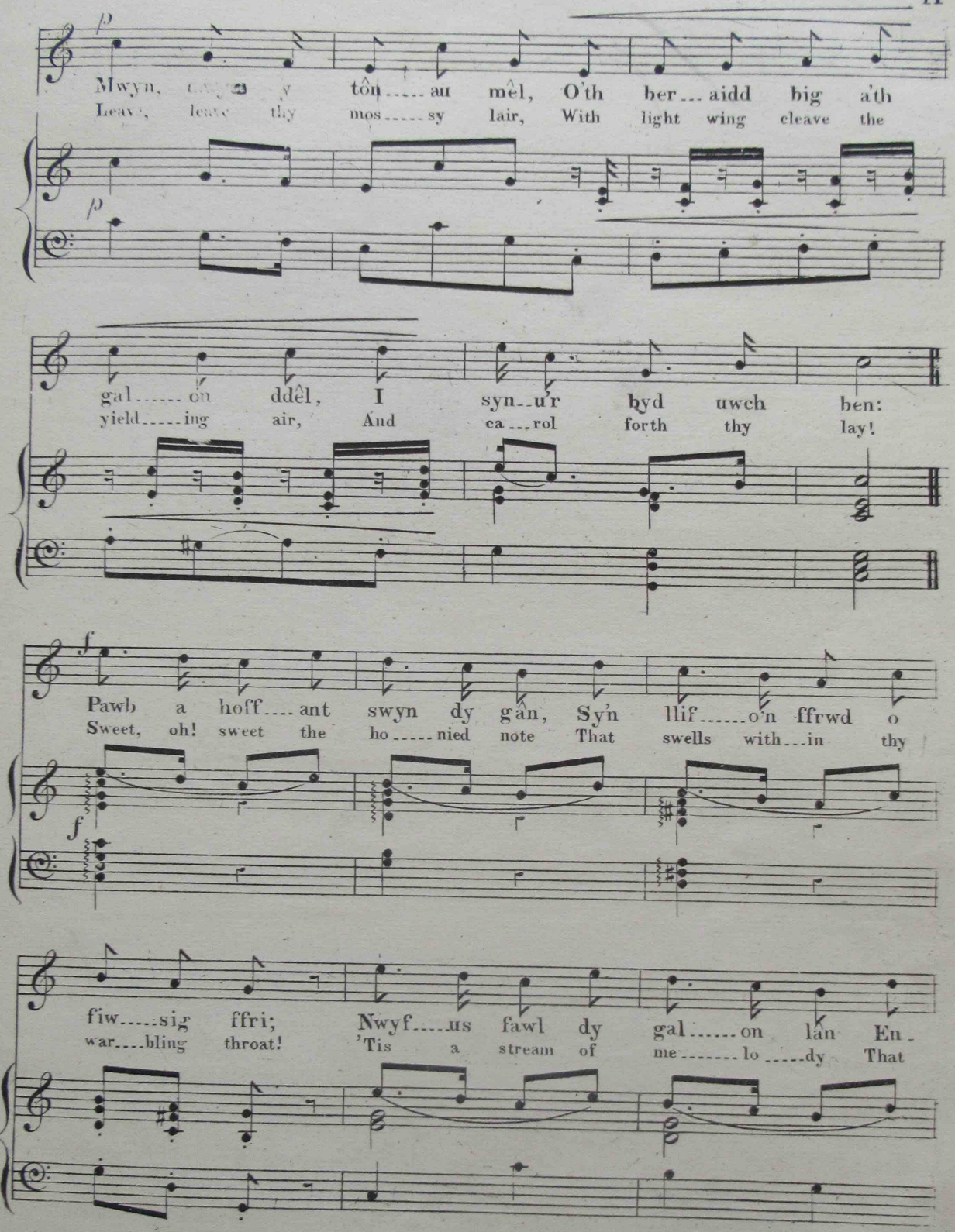
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.
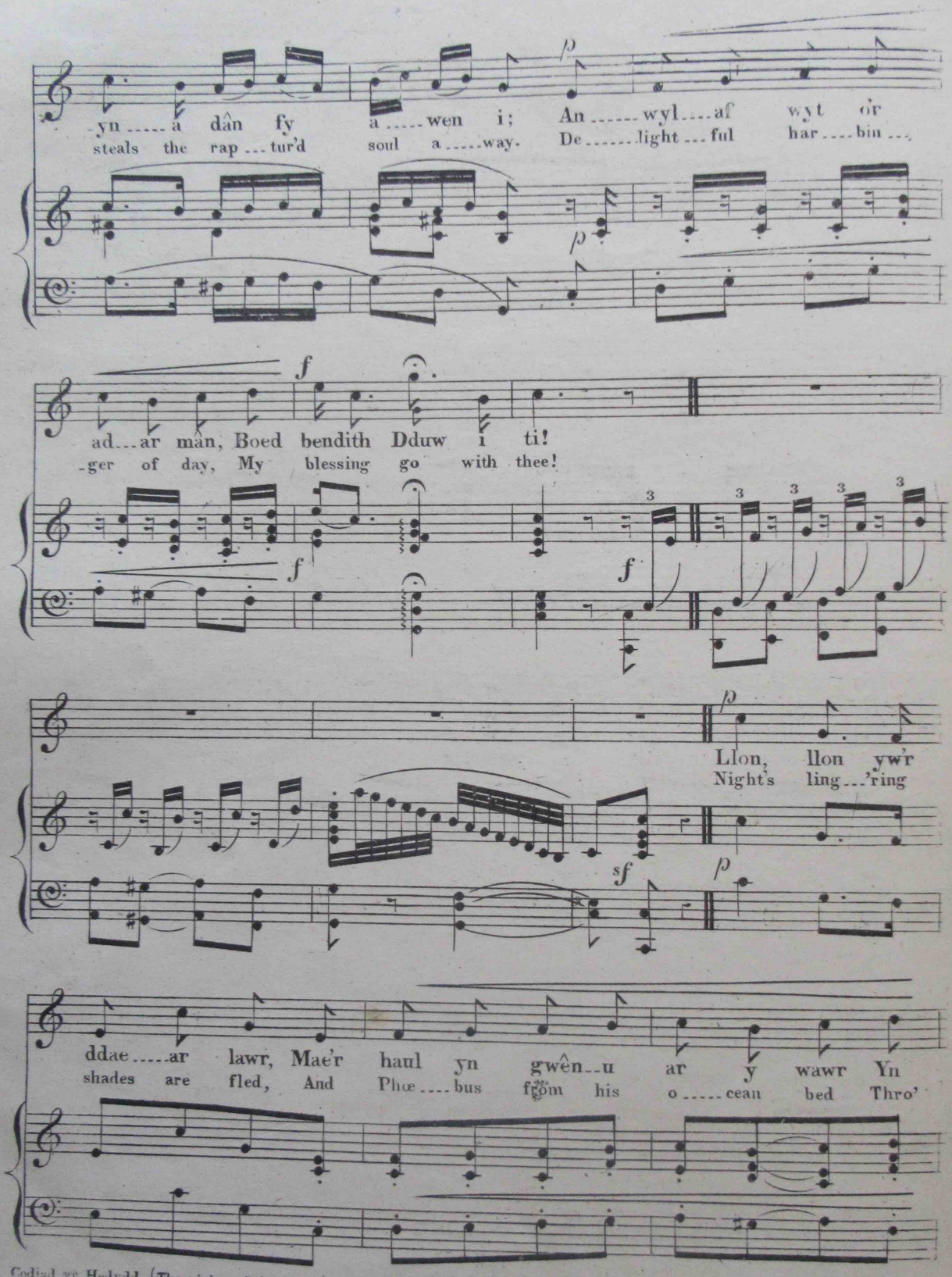
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
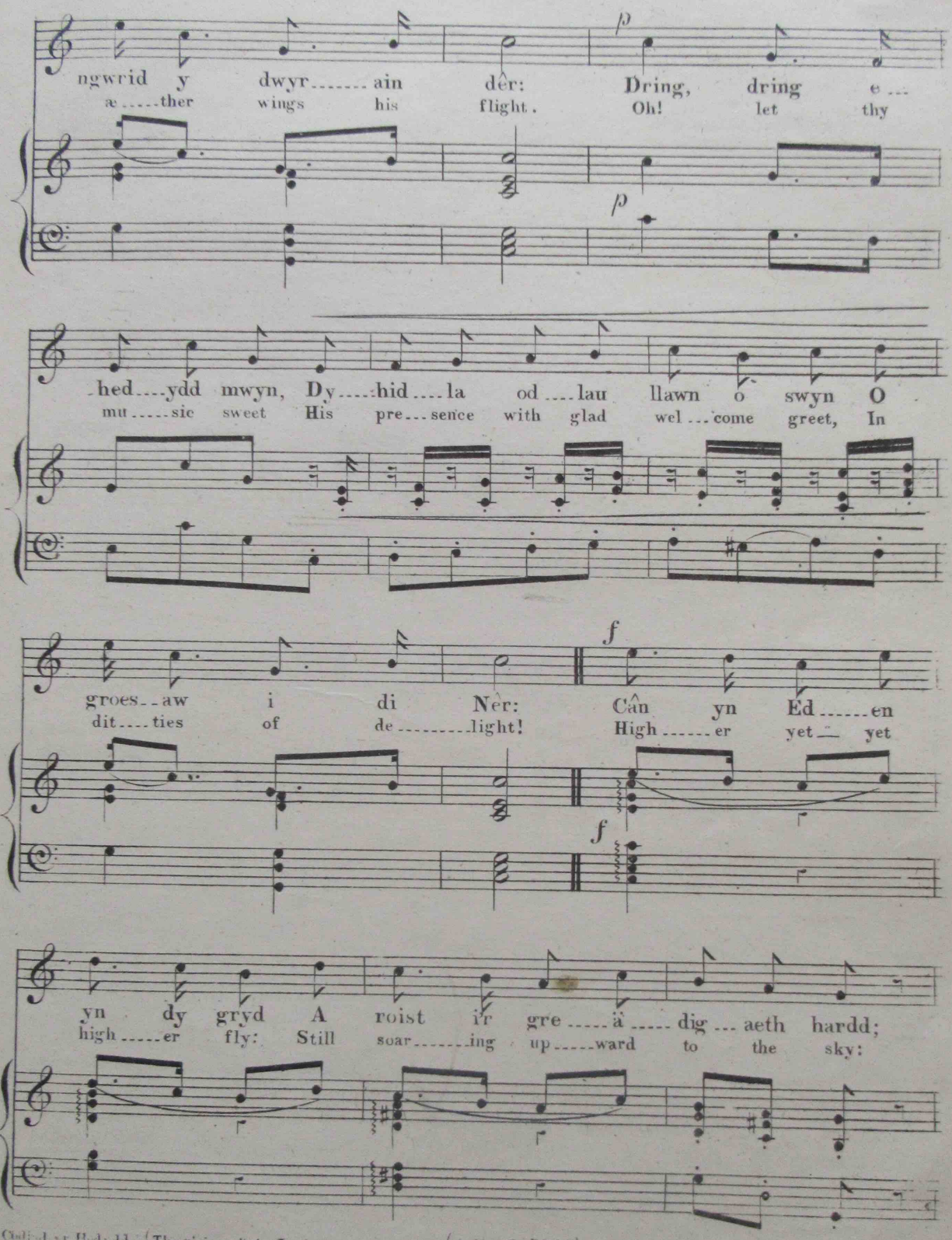


(H&L.5901)



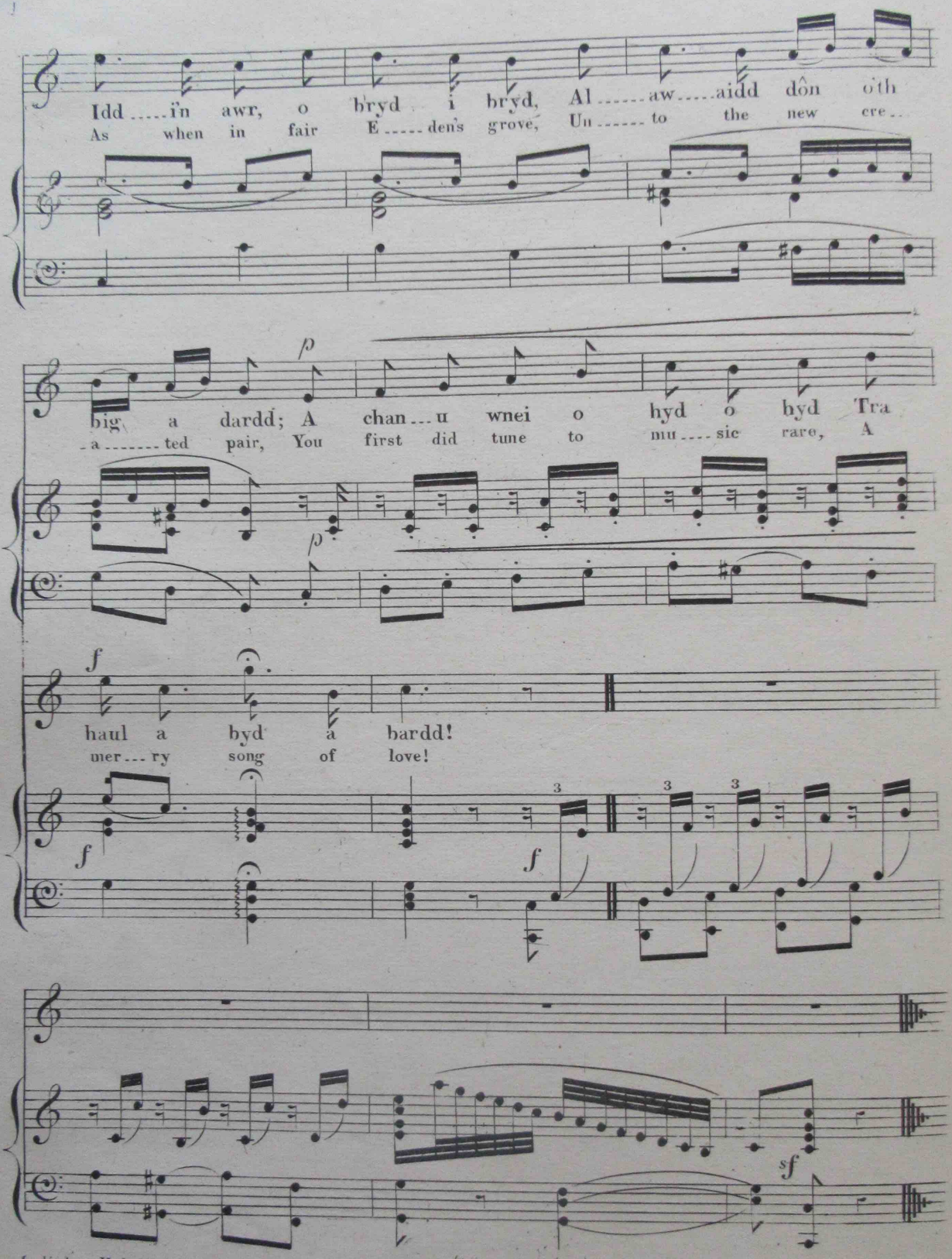
Codiad yr Hedydd. (The rising of the Lark.)



Codiad yr Hedydd. (The rising of the Lark.)



Codiad yr Ehedydd. (The rising of the Lark.) (L.5931)



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No. 2.
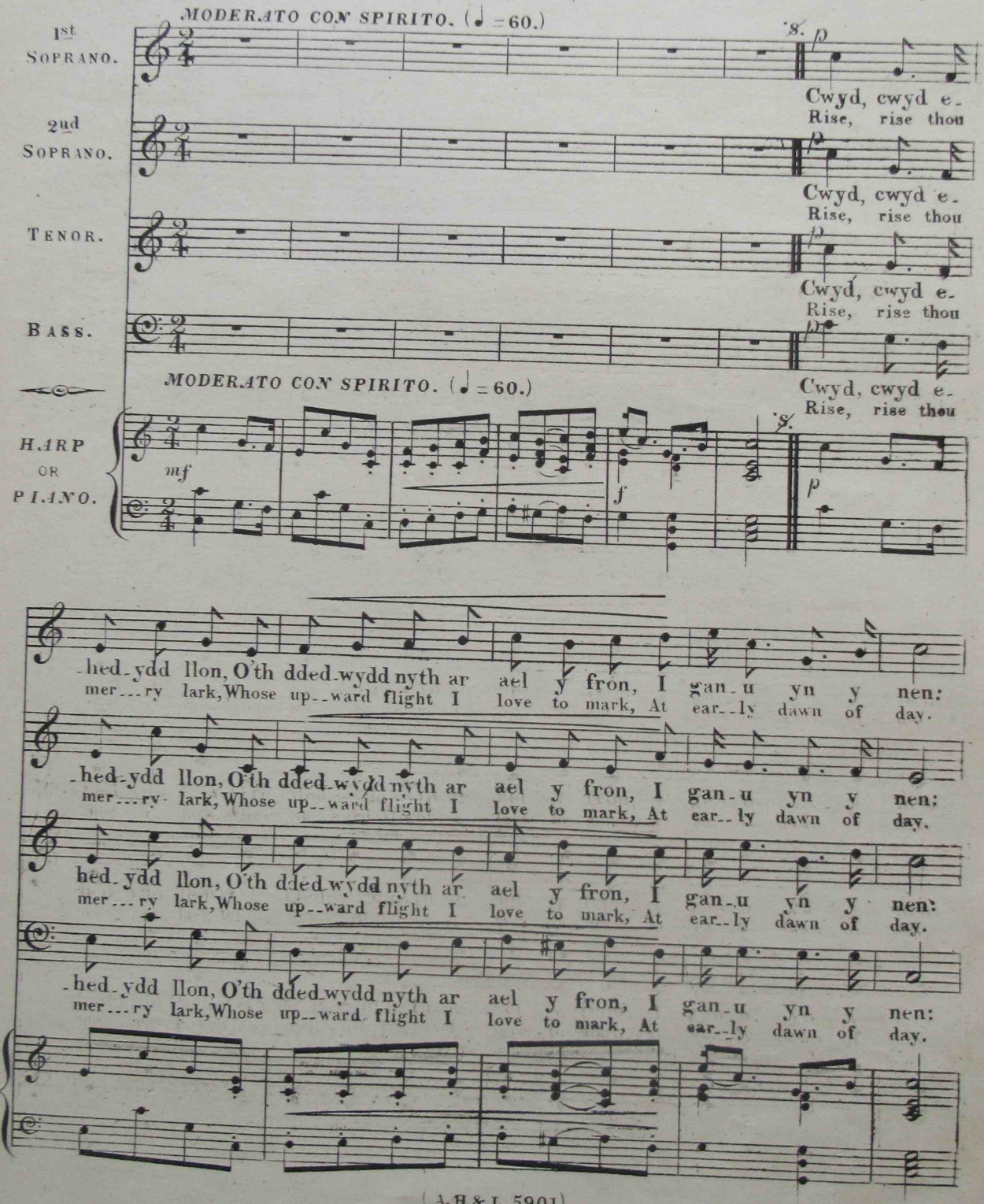
CODIAD YR HEDYDD.
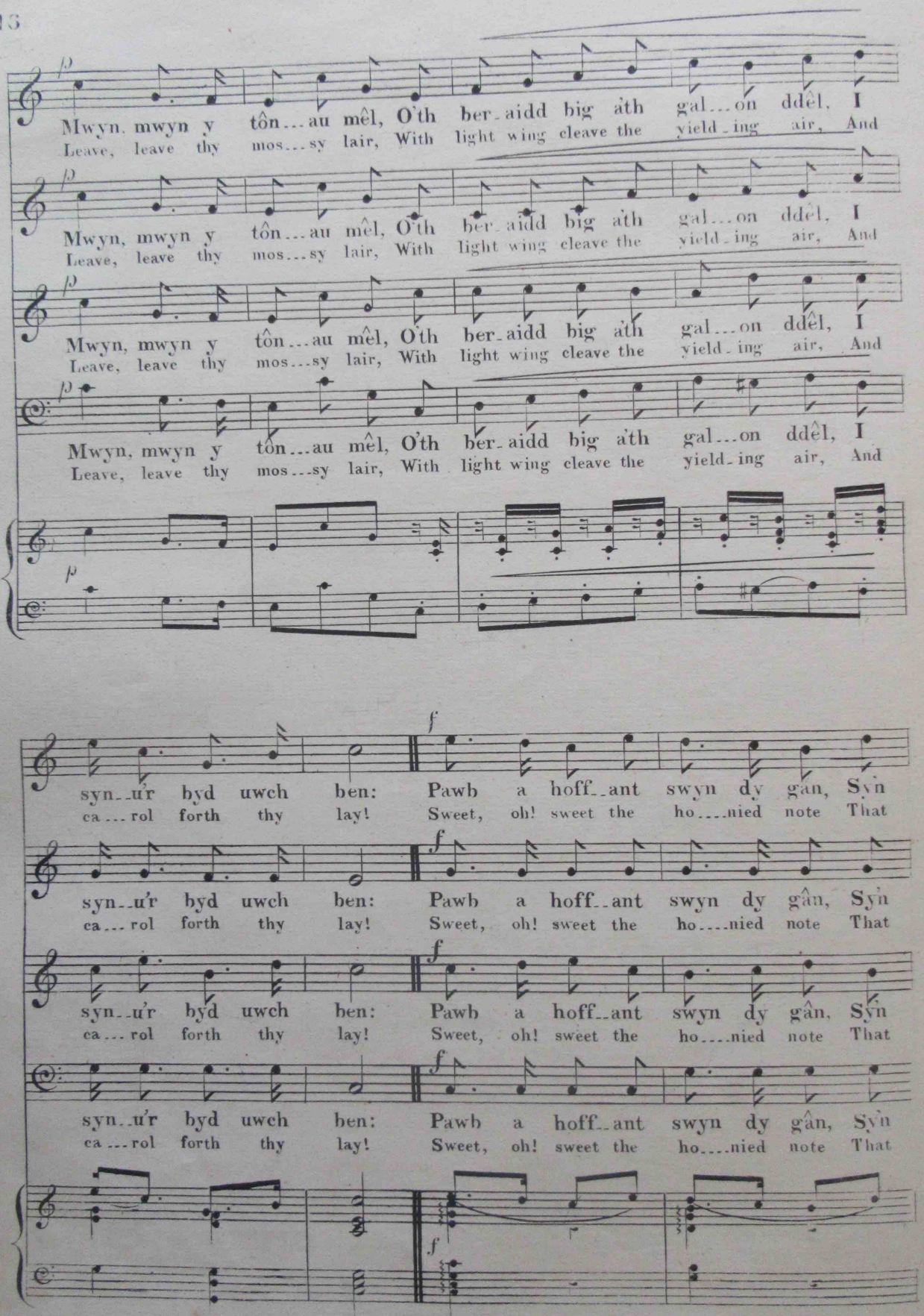
THE RISING OF THE LARK.

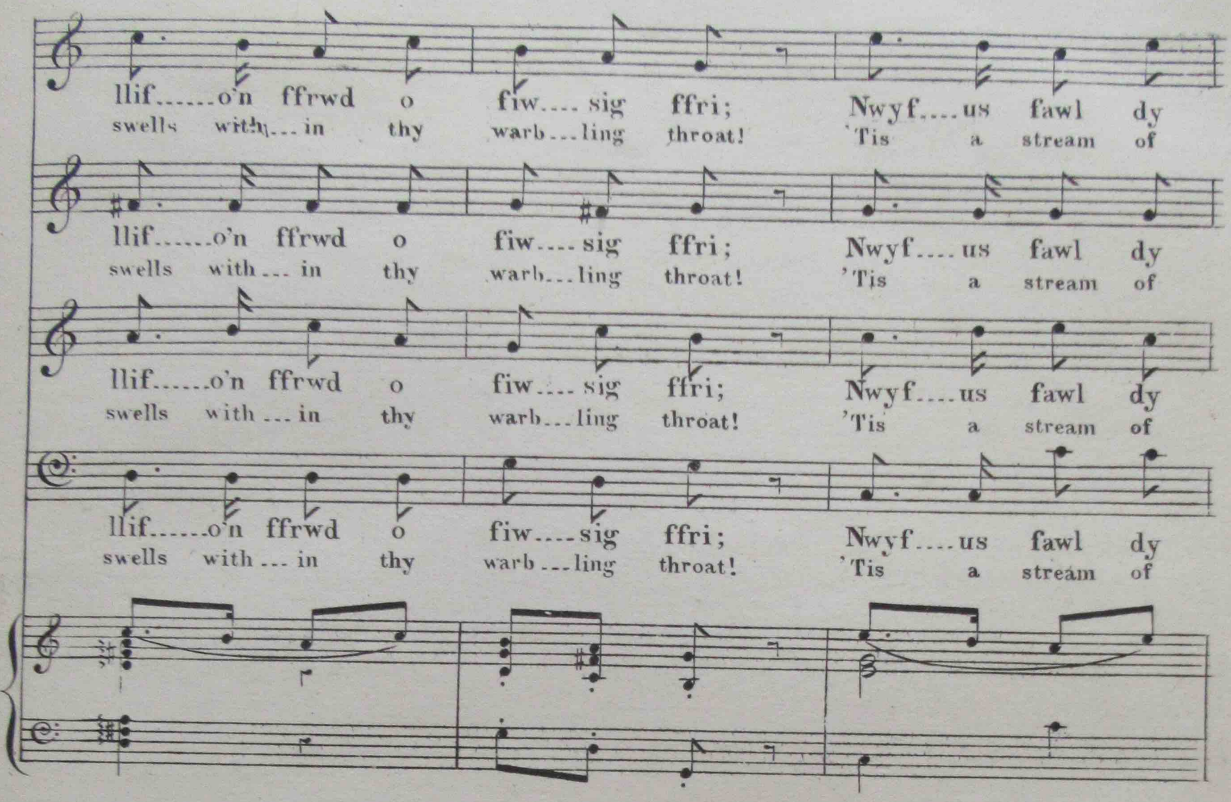
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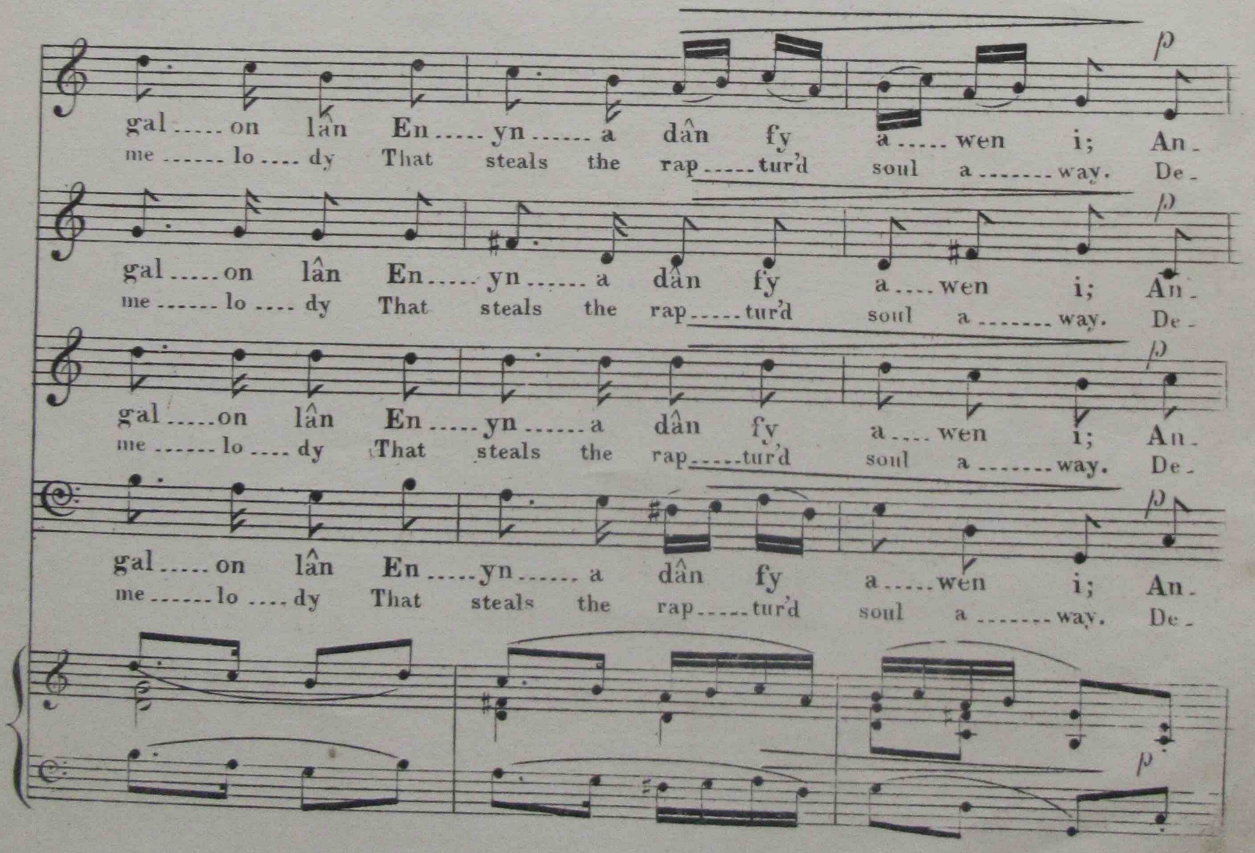
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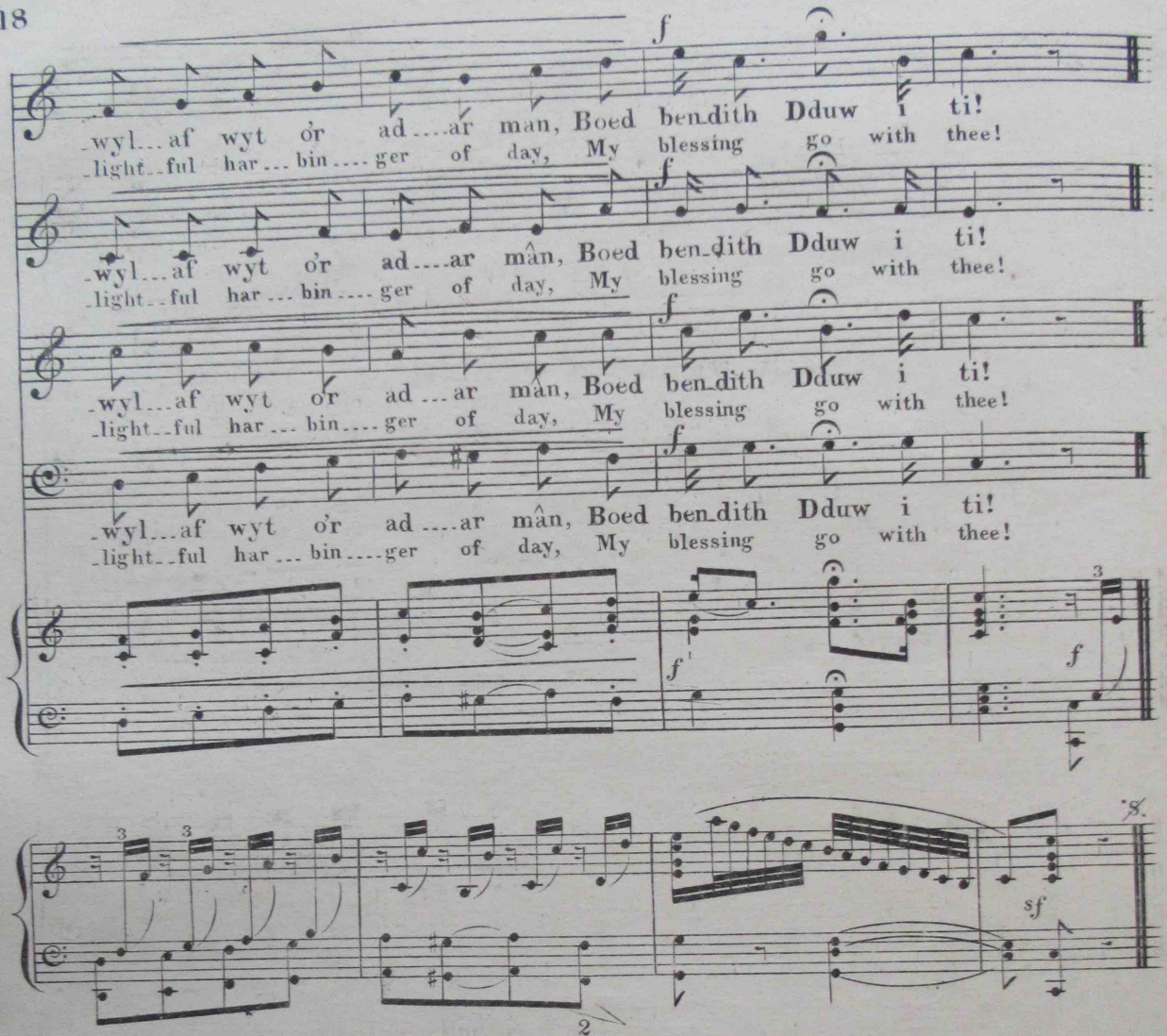
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.




Mwyn, mwyn y tôn...au mêl, O'th ber-aidd big ath gal...on ddêl, I
Leave, leave thy mos...sy lair, With light wing cleave the yield-ing air, And
Mwyn, mwyn y tôn...au mêl, O'th ber-aidd big ath gal...on ddêl, I
Leave, leave thy mos...sy lair, With light wing cleave the yield-ing air, And
Mwyn, mwyn y tôn...au mêl, O'th ber-aidd big ath gal...on ddêl, I
Leave, leave thy mos...sy lair, With light wing cleave the yield-ing air, And
Mwyn, mwyn y tôn...au mêl, O'th ber-aidd big ath gal...on ddêl, I
Leave, leave thy mos...sy lair, With light wing cleave the yield-ing air, And
syn..u'r byd uwch ben: Pawb a hoff..ant swyn dy gân, Syn
ca...rol forth thy lay! Sweet, oh! sweet the ho...nied note That
syn..u'r byd uwch ben: Pawb a hoff..ant swyn dy gân, Syn
ca...rol forth thy lay! Sweet, oh! sweet the ho...nied note That
syn..u'r byd uwch ben: Pawb a hoff..ant swyn dy gân, Syn
ca...rol forth thy lay! Sweet, oh! sweet the ho...nied note That
syn..u'r byd uwch ben: Pawb a hoff..ant swyn dy gân, Syn
ca...rol forth thy lay! Sweet, oh! sweet the ho...nied note That


llif.....o'n ffrwd o fiw....sig ffri; Nwyf....us fawl dy
swells with...in thy warb...ling throat! 'Tis a stream of
llif.....o'n ffrwd o fiw....sig ffri; Nwyf....us fawl dy
swells with...in thy warb...ling throat! 'Tis a stream of
llif.....o'n ffrwd o fiw....sig ffri; Nwyf....us fawl dy
swells with...in thy warb...ling throat! 'Tis a stream of
llif.....o'n ffrwd o fiw....sig ffri; Nwyf....us fawl dy
swells with...in thy warb...ling throat! 'Tis a stream of


p
gal.....on lân En.....yn.....a dân fy a.....wen i; An-
me.....lo....dy That steals the rap.....tur'd soul a.....way. De-
p
gal.....on lân En.....yn.....a dân fy a....wen i; An-
me.....lo....dy That steals the rap.....tur'd soul a.....way. De-
p
gal.....on lân En.....yn.....a dân fy a....wen i; An-
me.....lo....dy That steals the rap.....tur'd soul a.....way. De-
p
gal.....on lân En.....yn.....a dân fy a.....wen i; An-
me.....lo....dy That steals the rap.....tur'd soul a.....way. De-
p



Llon, llon yw'r ddaear lawr,
Mae'r haul yn gwênu ar y wawr
Yn ngwrid y dwyrain dêr:
Dring, dring ehedydd mwyn,
Dyhidla odlau llawn o swyn
O' groesaw i dy Nêr:
Cân yn Eden yn dy gryd
A roist i'r greädigaeth hardd;
Iddi'n awr, o bryd i bryd,
Alawaidd dôn o'th big a dardd;
A chanu wnei o hyd o hyd
Tra haul a byd a bardd.

2

Night's ling'ring shades are fled,
And Phœbus from his ocean bed
Thro' æther wings his flight.
Oh! let thy music sweet
His presence with glad welcome greet
In ditties of delight!
Higher yet - yet higher fly:
Still soaring upward to the sky:
As when in fair Eden's grove,
Unto the new created pair,
You first did tune to music rare
A merry song of love!

Cyfieithwyd gan Ieuan Gwyllt. ("The Rising of the Lark.")

AR HYD Y NOS.

Nº 3.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.*

ARRANGED BY

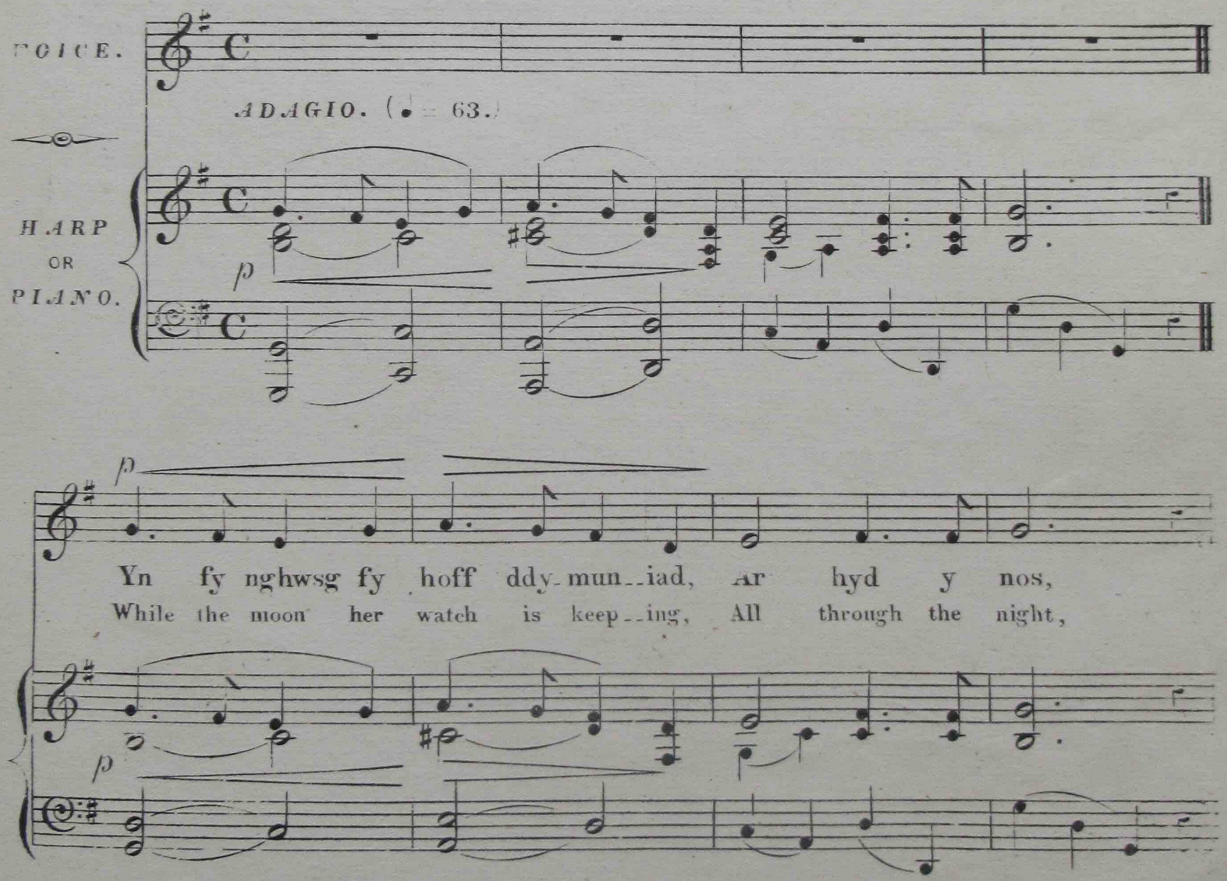
JOHN THOMAS.
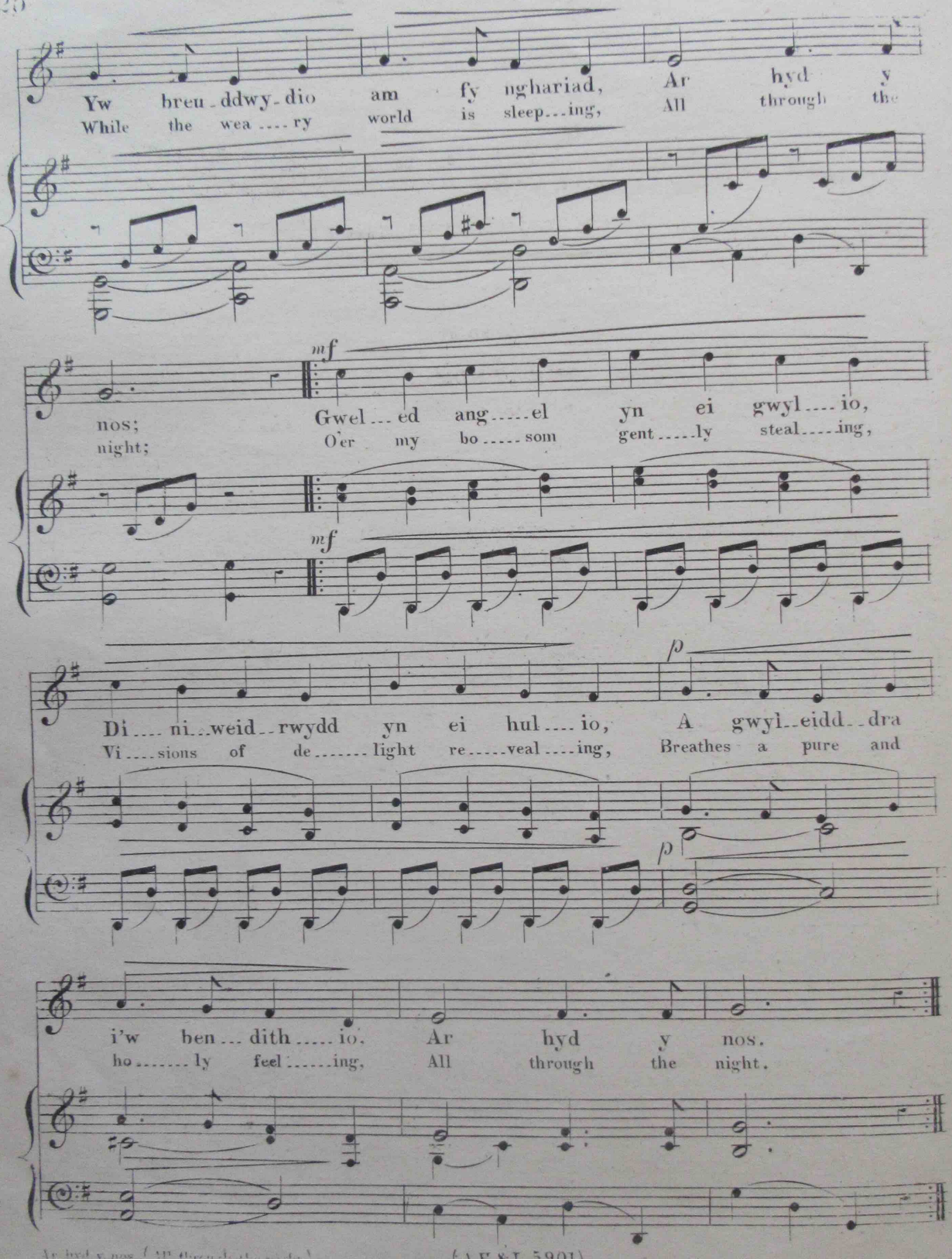
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY
TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
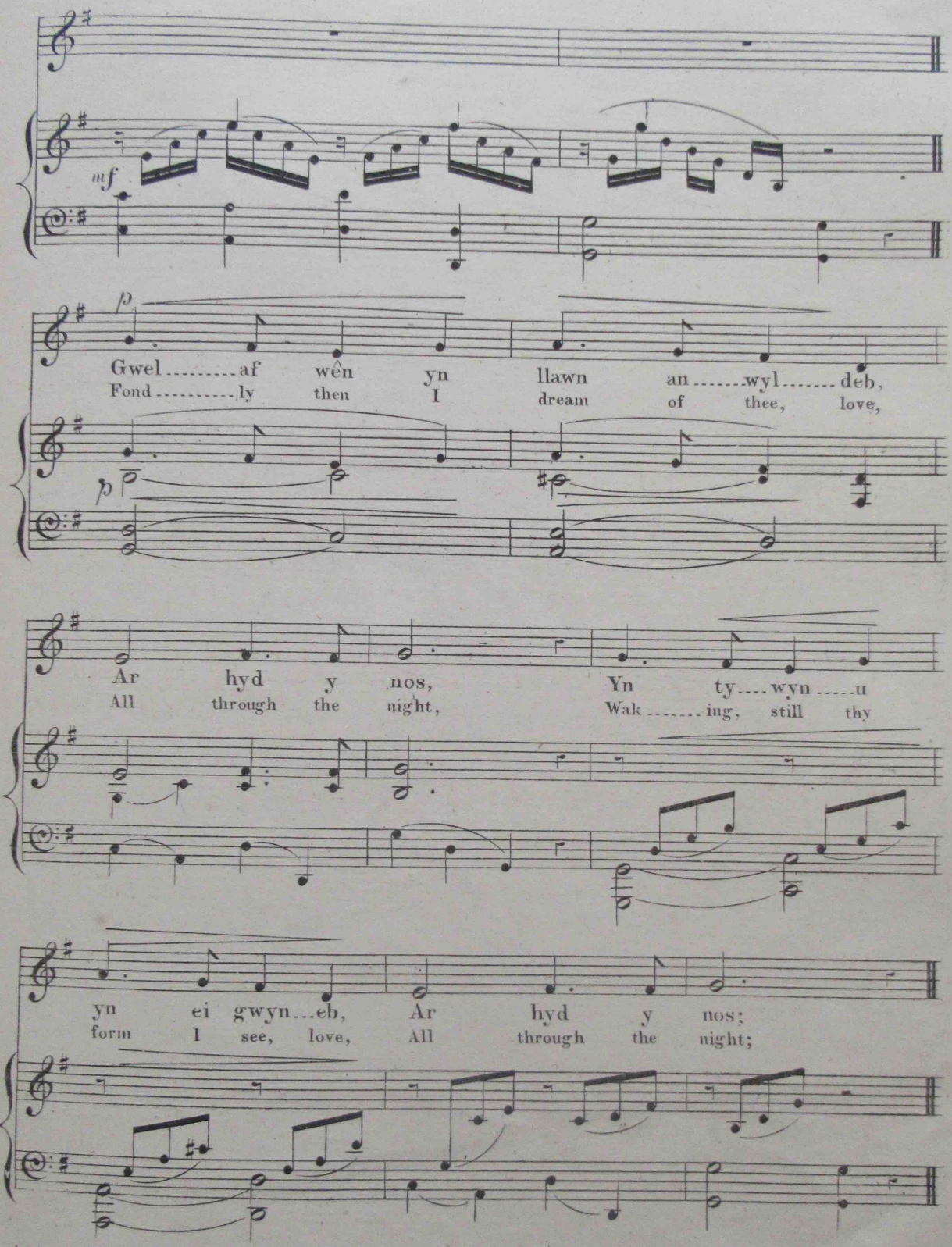
*This Melody was brought into notice, about the year 1800, under the title of "Poor Mary-Anne."



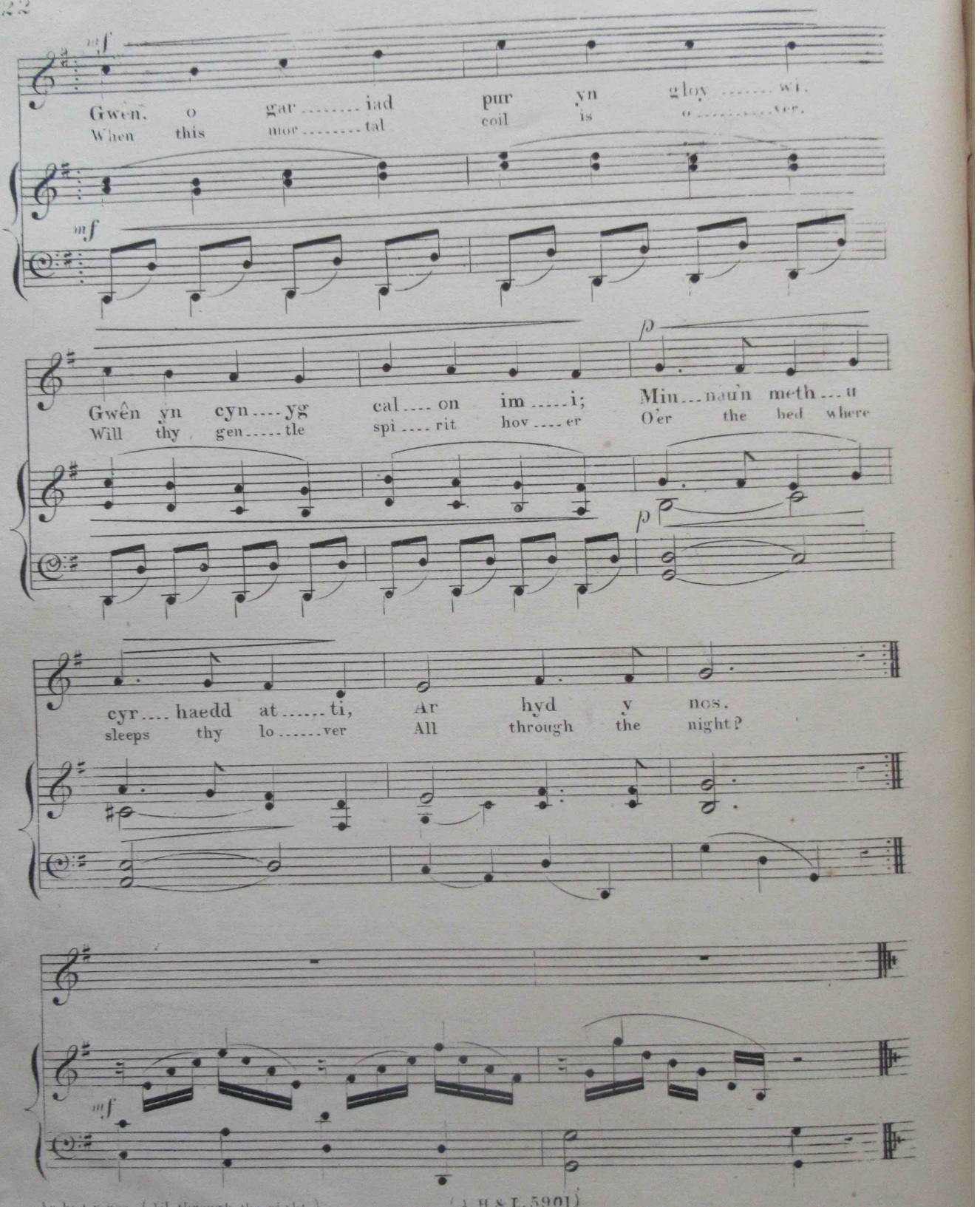


Ar hyd y nos. (All through the night.)

(A.F.&T. 5901)


mf
p
Gwel af wên yn llawn an wyl deb,
Fond ly then I dream of thee, love,
pp
Ar hyd y nos, Yn ty wyn u
All through the night, Wak ing, still thy
yn ei gwyn eb, Ar hyd y nos;
form I see, love, All through the night;

(A.H & L.5901)



Ar hyd y nos. (All through the night.)

In Bb

No. 3.

AR HYD Y NOS.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.*

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY JOHN THOMAS. (Pencerdd Gwalia.)

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

ADAGIO. (♩ = 63.)

1st SOPRANO.

2nd SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

HARP OR PIANO.

*This Melody was brought into notice, about the year 1800, under the title of "Poor Mary-Anne."

ADAGIO. (♩ = 63.)

p dolce.

8. p

Yn fy nghwsg fy hoff ddy-mun-iad, Ar hyd y nos,
While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All through the night,

p

Yn fy nghwsg fy hoff ddy-mun-iad, Ar hyd y nos,
While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All through the night,

p
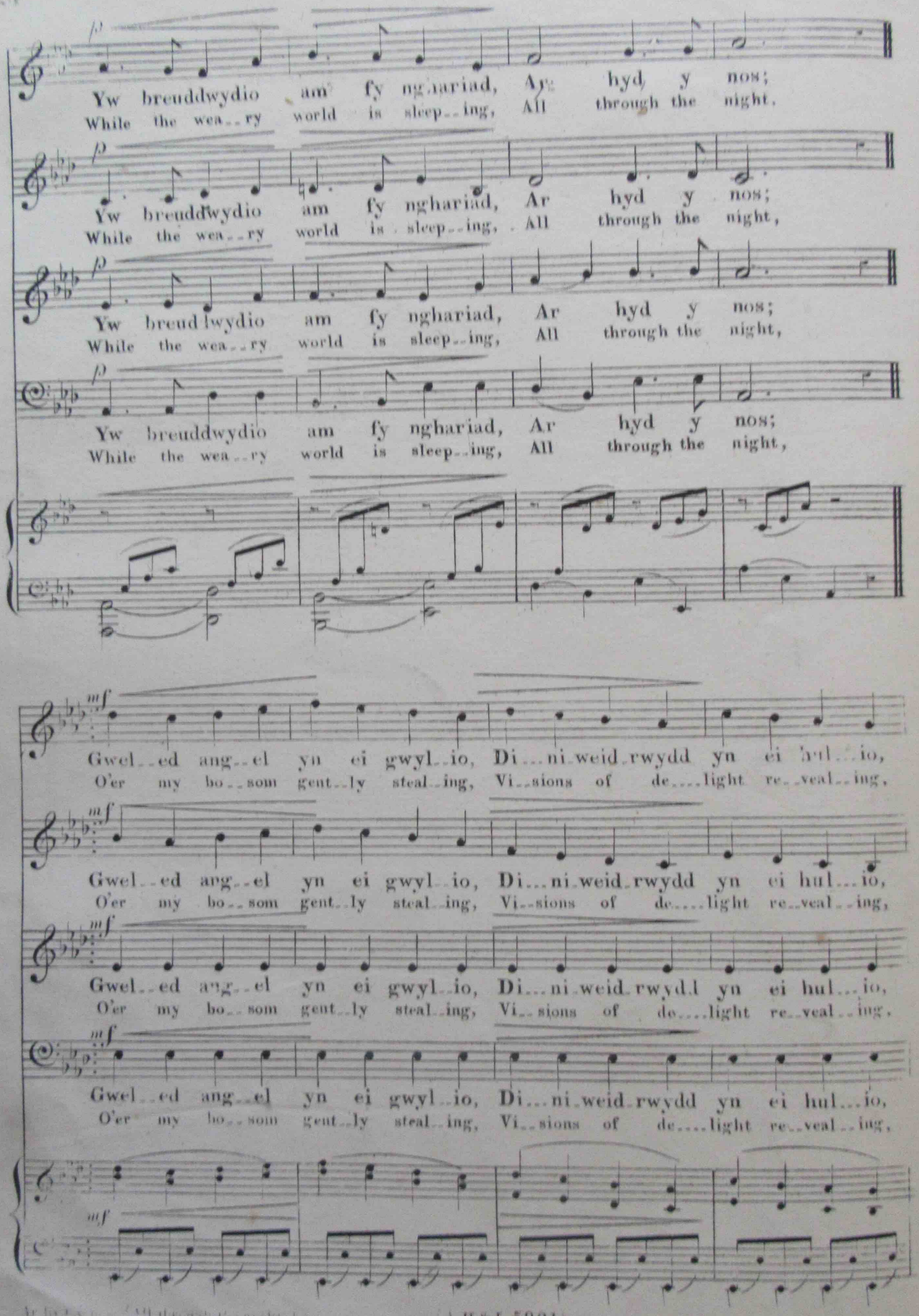
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While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All through the night,
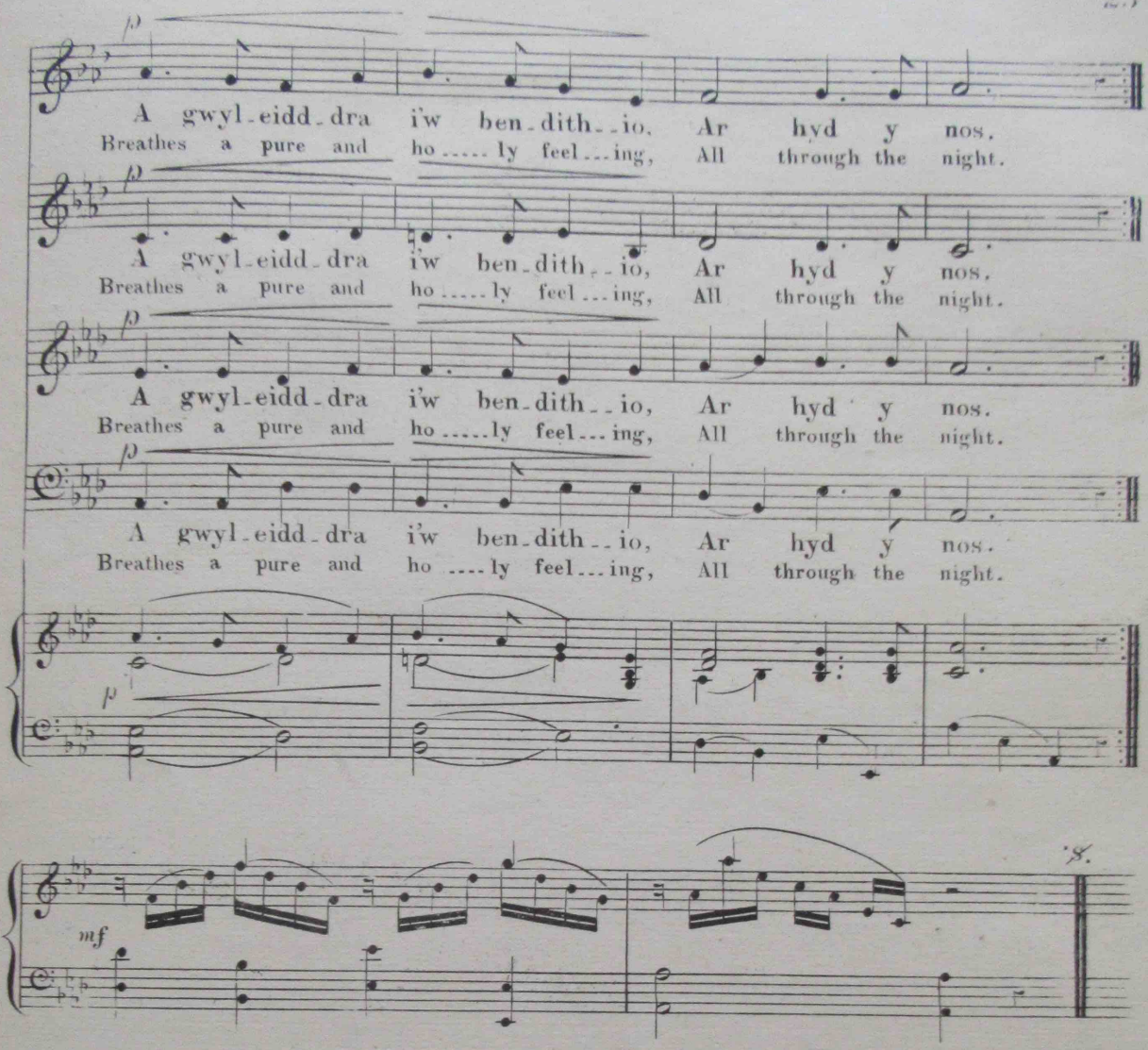
p

Yn fy nghwsg fy hoff ddy-mun-iad, Ar hyd y nos,
While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All through the night,

8.

p


Yw breuddwydio am fy nghariad, Ar hyd y nos;
While the wea--ry world is sleep--ing, All through the night,
Yw breuddwydio am fy nghariad, Ar hyd y nos;
While the wea--ry world is sleep--ing, All through the night,
Yw breuddwydio am fy nghariad, Ar hyd y nos;
While the wea--ry world is sleep--ing, All through the night,
Gwel--ed ang--el yn ei gwyl--io, Di--ni-weid-rwydd yn ei hul--io,
O'er my bo--som gent--ly steal--ing, Vi--sions of de----light re--veal--ing,
Gwel--ed ang--el yn ei gwyl--io, Di--ni-weid-rwydd yn ei hul--io,
O'er my bo--som gent--ly steal--ing, Vi--sions of de----light re--veal--ing,
Gwel--ed ang--el yn ei gwyl--io, Di--ni-weid-rwydd yn ei hul--io,
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Gwel--ed ang--el yn ei gwyl--io, Di--ni-weid-rwydd yn ei hul--io,
O'er my bo--som gent--ly steal--ing, Vi--sions of de----light re--veal--ing,



2

Gwelaf wên yn llawn anwyldeb,
Ar hyd y nos,
Yn tywynu yn ei gwyneb,
Ar hyd y nos;
Gwên, o gariad pur yn gloywi,
Gwên yn cynyg calon imi;
Minnau'n methu cyrhaedd atti,
Ar hyd y nos.

2

Fondly then I dream of thee, love,
All through the night,
Waking, still thy form I see, love,
All through the night;
When this mortal coil is over,
Will thy gentle spirit hover
O'er the bed where sleeps thy lover
All through the night?

HOB Y DERI DANNO.

HOB A DERRY DANNO.

No. 4.

ARRANGED BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

VOICE.

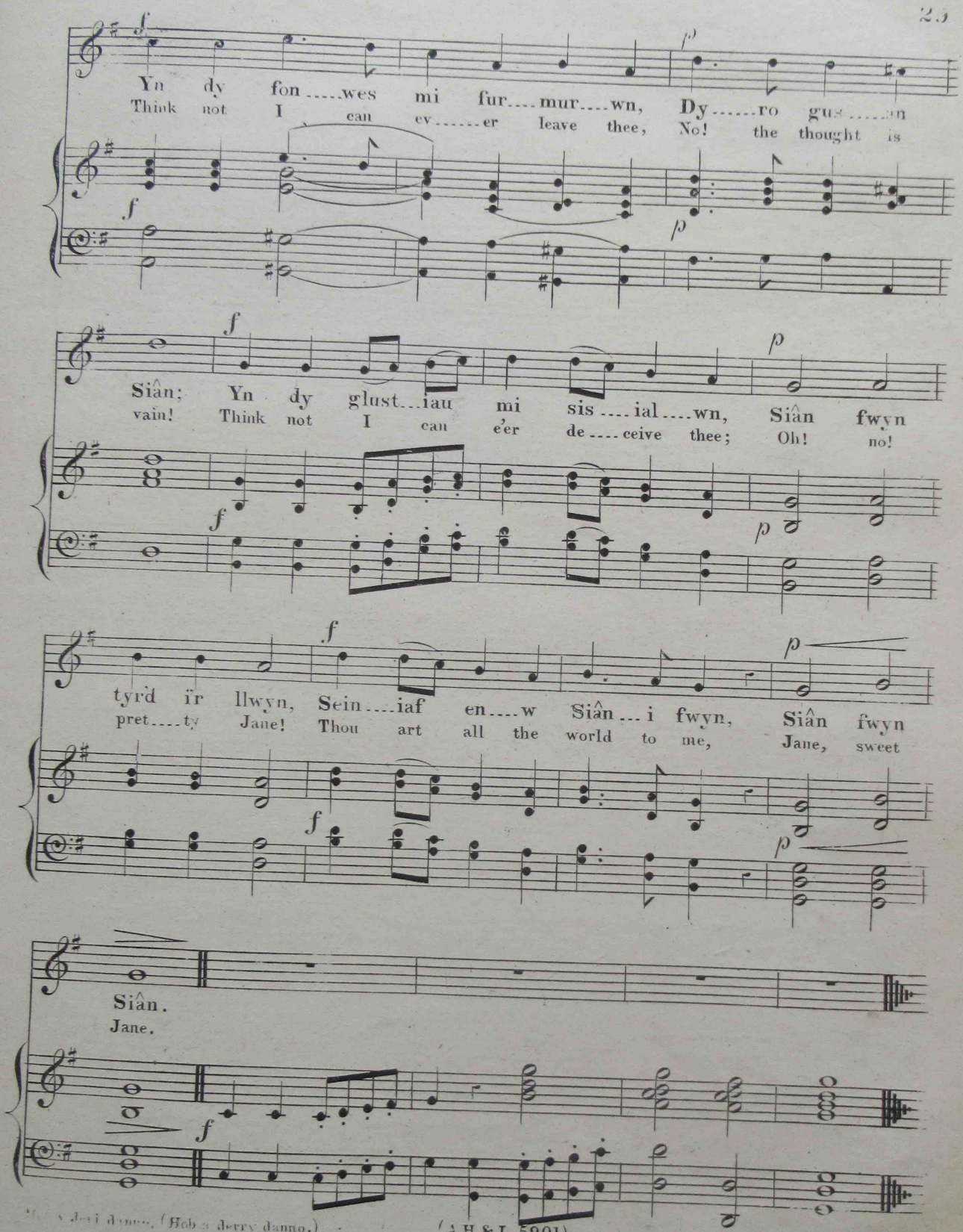
HARP OR PIANO.

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO. (♩=152.)

Ples_er sy'n dy
Joy up_on thy

rudd yn gwrido, Hob y de_ri dan_no_ Siân fwyn Siân,
bright cheek dan_ces, Hob a der_r dan_no_ Jane, sweet Jane!

Minnau'n dot_io ac yn blys_io, Dyna ganu et_to, Siân fwyn Siân;
From thine eye love's ar_row glan_ces, Hob a derry dan_no_ Jane, sweet Jane!


Yn dy fon ..... wes mi fur .... mur .... wn, Dy ..... ro gus ..... an
Think not I can ev ..... er leave thee, No! the thought is
Siân; Yn dy glust ... iau mi sis .... ial .... wn, Siân fwyn
vain! Think not I can e'er de .... ceive thee; Oh! no!
tyrd ir llwyn, Sein .... iaf en .... w Siân ... i fwyn, Siân fwyn
pret .... ty Jane! Thou art all the world to me, Jane, sweet
Siân.
Jane.

(A.H & L. 5901)

HOB Y DERI DANNO.

HOB A DERRY DANNO.

No. 4.
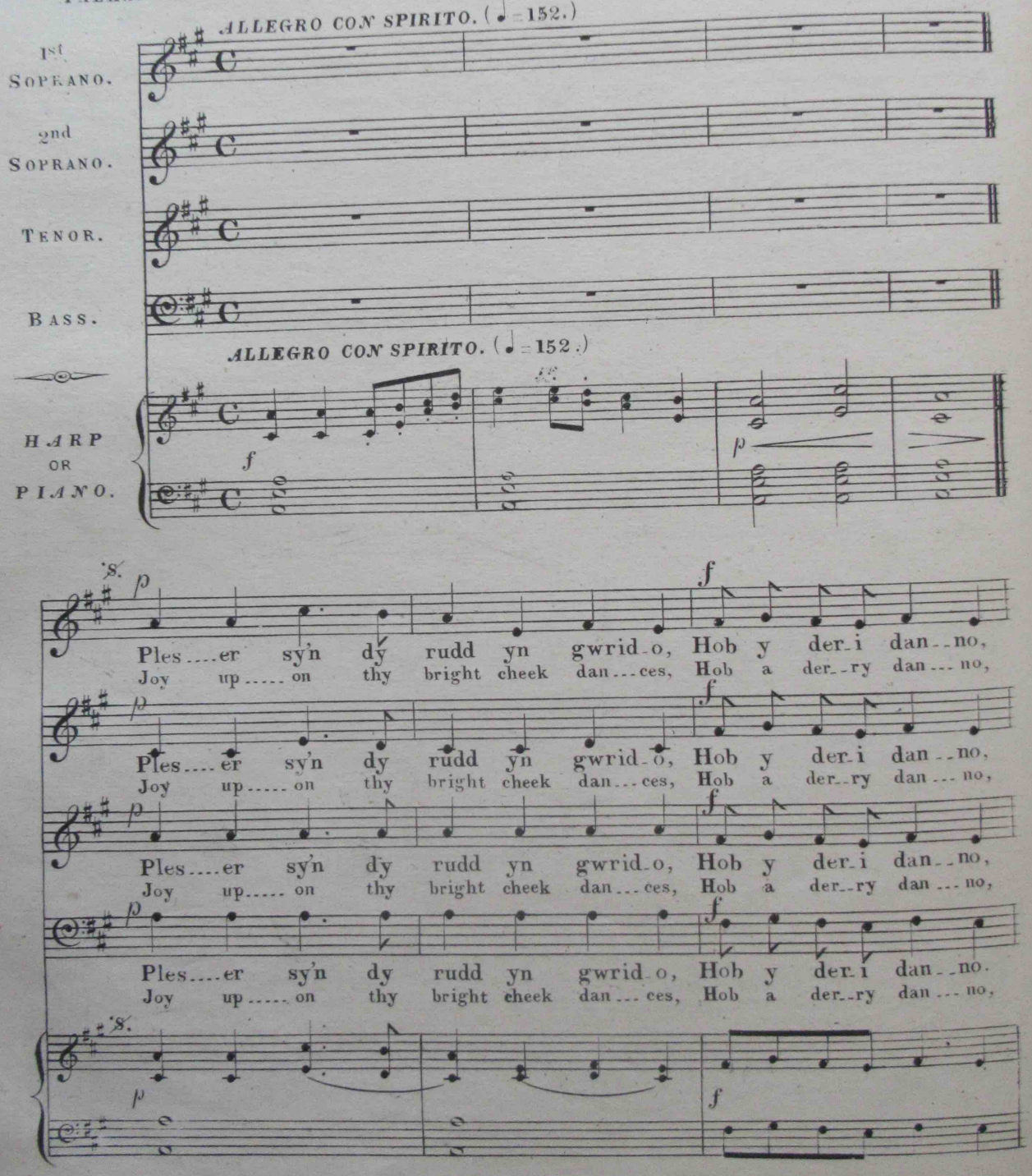
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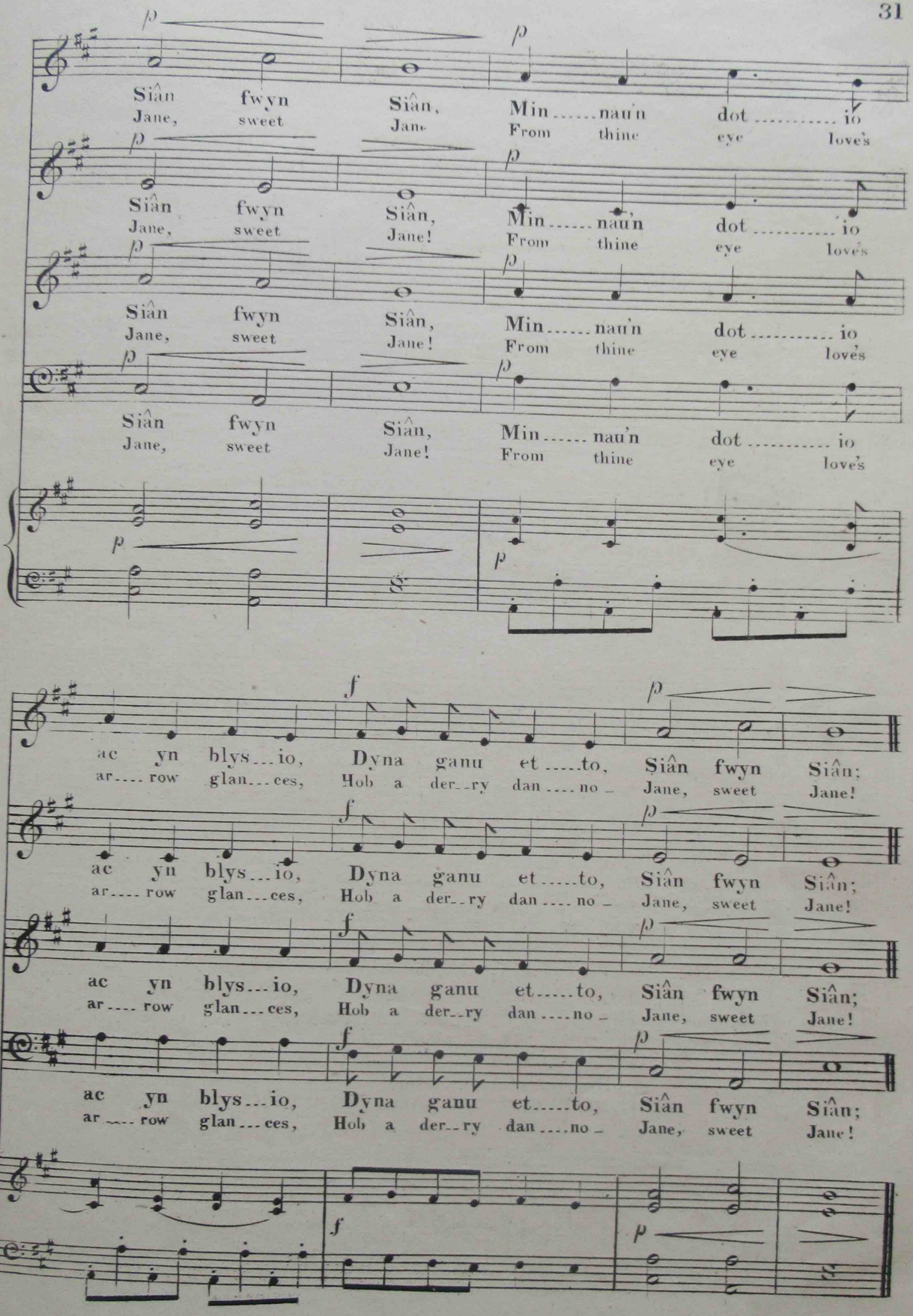
JOHN THOMAS.

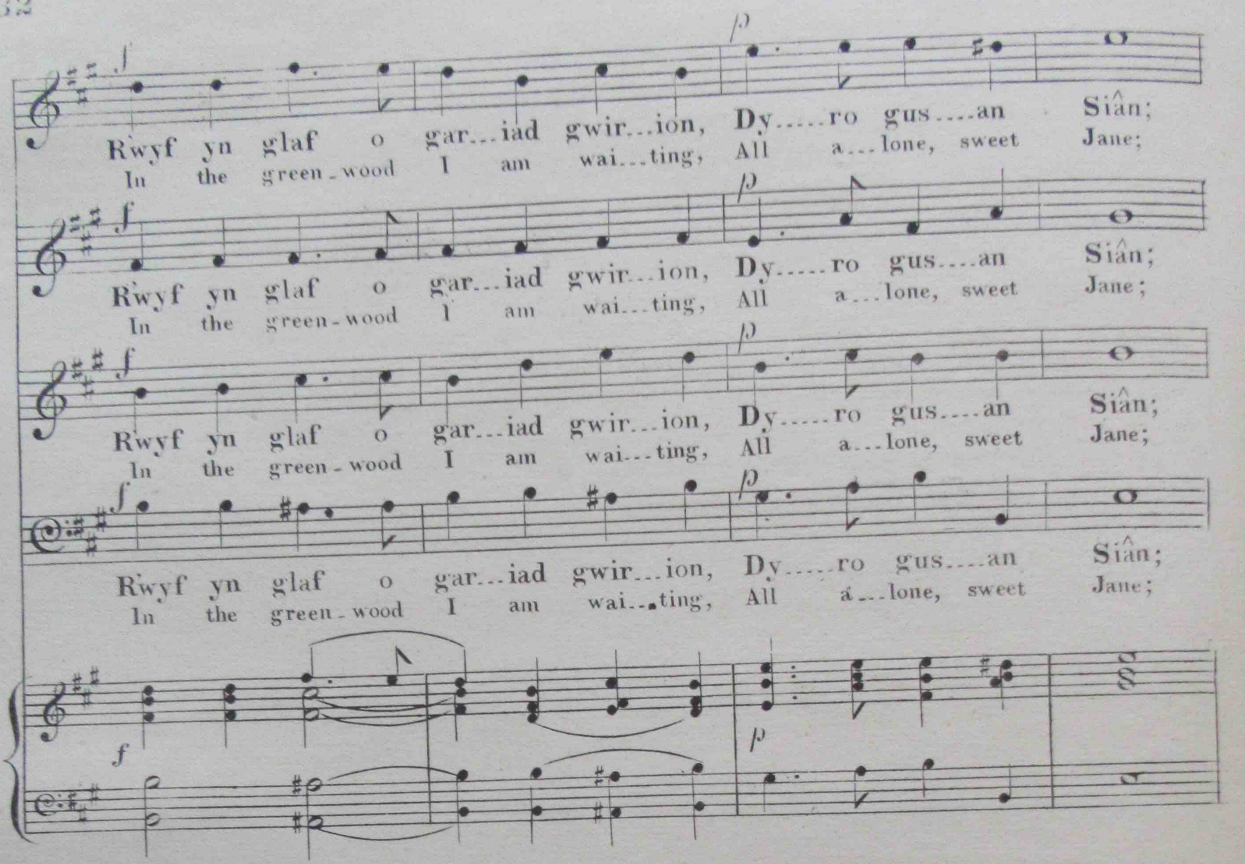
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)
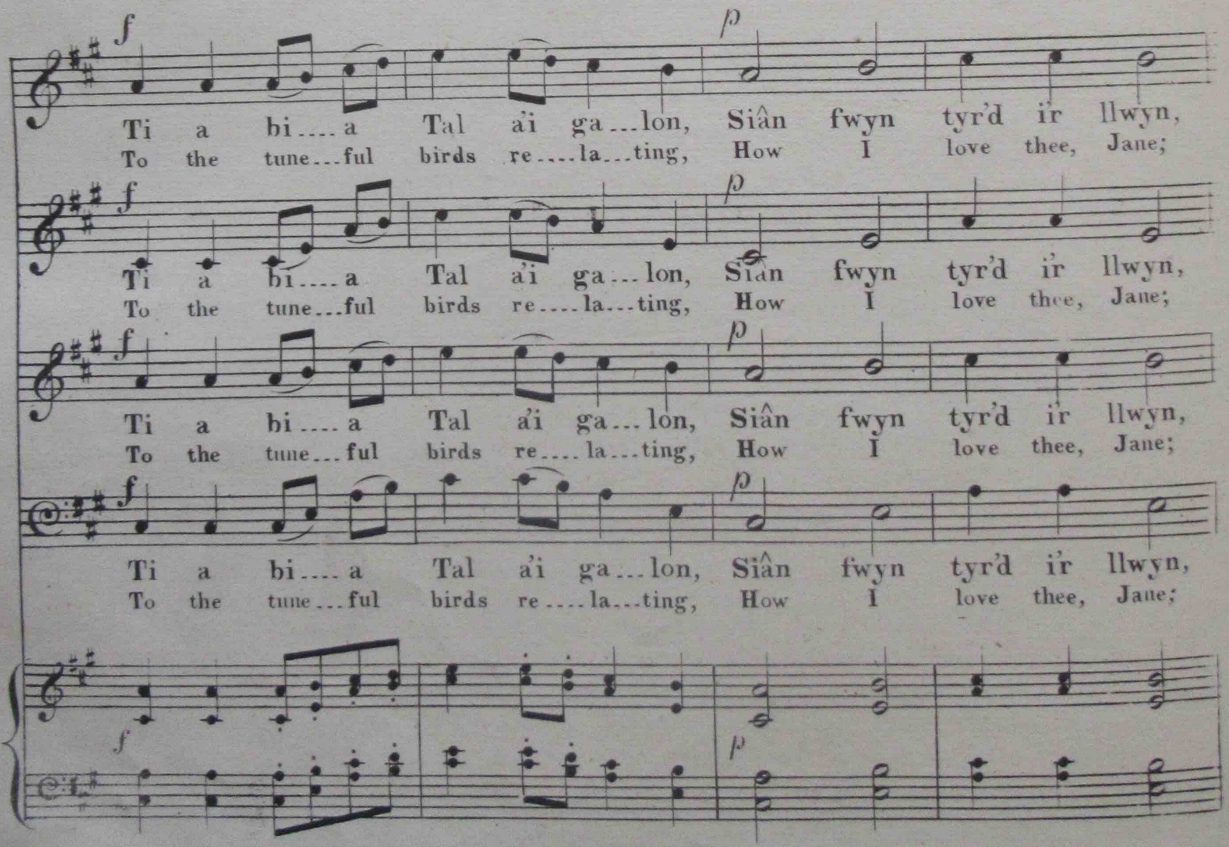
THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

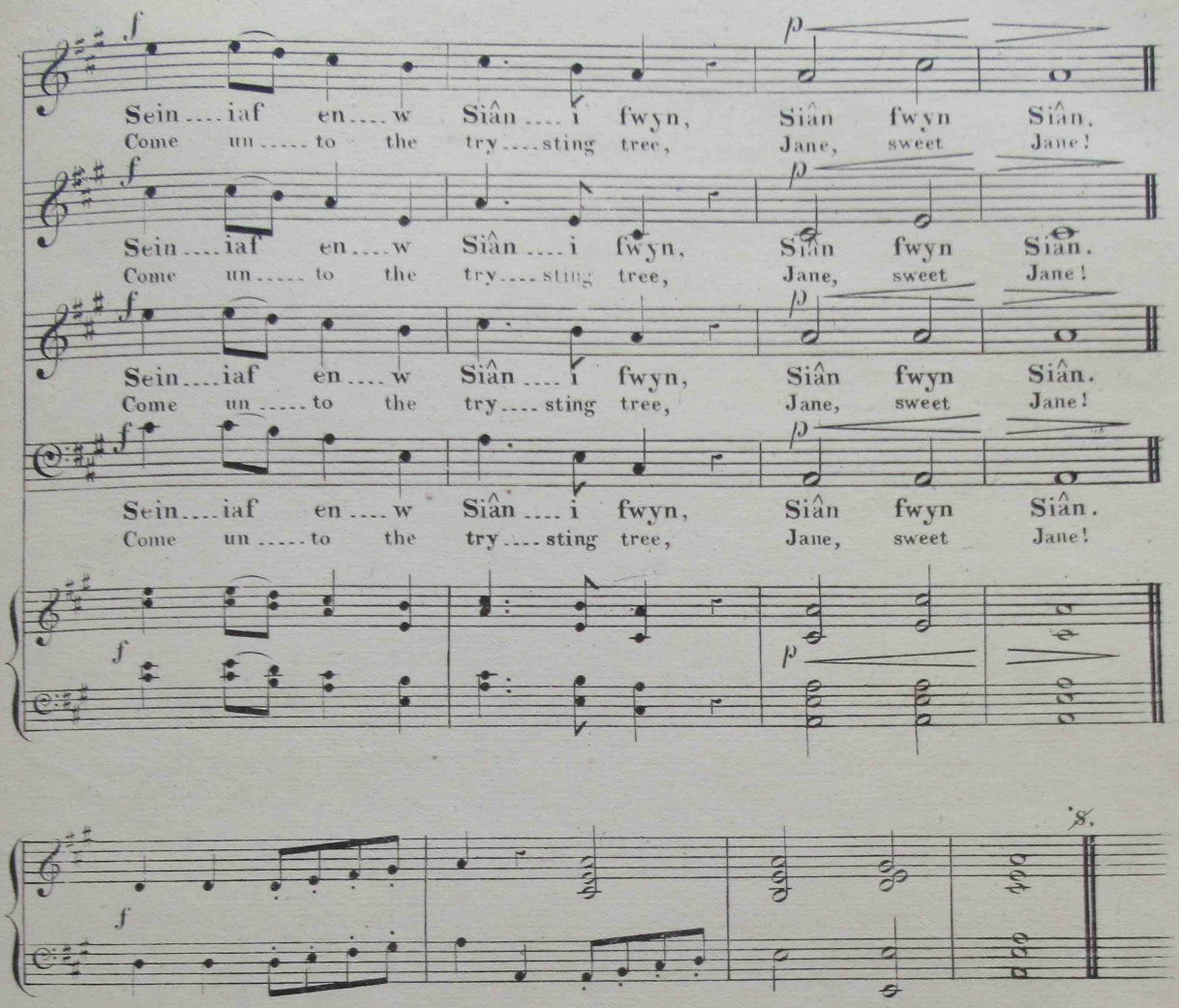



Siân fwyn Siân, Min ..... nau'n dot ..... io
Jane, sweet Jane, From thine eye love's
Siân fwyn Siân, Min ..... nau'n dot ..... io
Jane, sweet Jane! From thine eye love's
Siân fwyn Siân, Min ..... nau'n dot ..... io
Jane, sweet Jane! From thine eye love's
Siân fwyn Siân, Min ..... nau'n dot ..... io
Jane, sweet Jane! From thine eye love's
ac yn blys ... io, Dyna ganu et ..... to, Siân fwyn Siân;
ar ..... row glan ... ces, Hob a der .. ry dan ..... no _ Jane, sweet Jane!
ac yn blys ... io, Dyna ganu et ..... to, Siân fwyn Siân;
ar ..... row glan ... ces, Hob a der .. ry dan ..... no _ Jane, sweet Jane!
ac yn blys ... io, Dyna ganu et ..... to, Siân fwyn Siân;
ar ..... row glan ... ces, Hob a der .. ry dan ..... no _ Jane, sweet Jane!
ac yn blys ... io, Dyna ganu et ..... to, Siân fwyn Siân;
ar ..... row glan ... ces, Hob a der .. ry dan ..... no _ Jane, sweet Jane!





Hob y deri dando. Hob a derry dando.)



2

Gwyn fy myd pe bawn golommen,
Hob y deri danno, Siân fwyn Siân,
Nythwn yn dy fonwes burwen,
Dyna ganu etto, Siân fwyn Siân;
Yn dy fonwes mi furmurwn,
Dyro gusan Siân;
Yn dy glustiau mi sisialwn,
Siân fwyn tyrd ir llwyn,
Seiniaf enw Siâni fwyn,
Siân fwyn Siân.

2

Oh! that wingèd were thy lover,
Hob a derry danno – Jane, sweet Jane!
Round thee like a dove to hover;
Hob a derry danno – Jane, sweet Jane!
Think not I can ever leave thee;
No! the thought were vain!
Think not I can eer deceive thee;
Oh! no! pretty Jane!
Thou art all the world to me,
Jane, sweet Jane!

Hob y deri danno. (Hob a derry danno.)

MORVA RHUDDLAN.

No. 5.

THE PLAIN OF RHUDDLAN.*

ARRANGED BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY
TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

Historical Note. "At this time, however, a general action took place between these parties, upon Rhuddlan Marsh, Flintshire. The Welsh who were commanded in this memorable conflict by Caradoc, King of North Wales, were defeated with dreadful slaughter, and their leader was killed in the field. All who fell into the hands of the Saxon Prince were ordered to be massacred. According to tradition, the Welsh who escaped the sword of the conquerer, in their precipitous flight across the Marsh, perished in the water by the flowing of the tide."

Parry's Royal Visits.

Tradition says that the plaintive melody, "Morva Rhuddlan" was composed by Caradoc's Bard immediately after the battle was lost. A.D. 795.

*Note. The *udd* in *Rhuddlan* pronounced like *ith* in *with*.

LARGHETTO AFFETTUOSO. (♩ = 76.)

HARP OR PIANO.

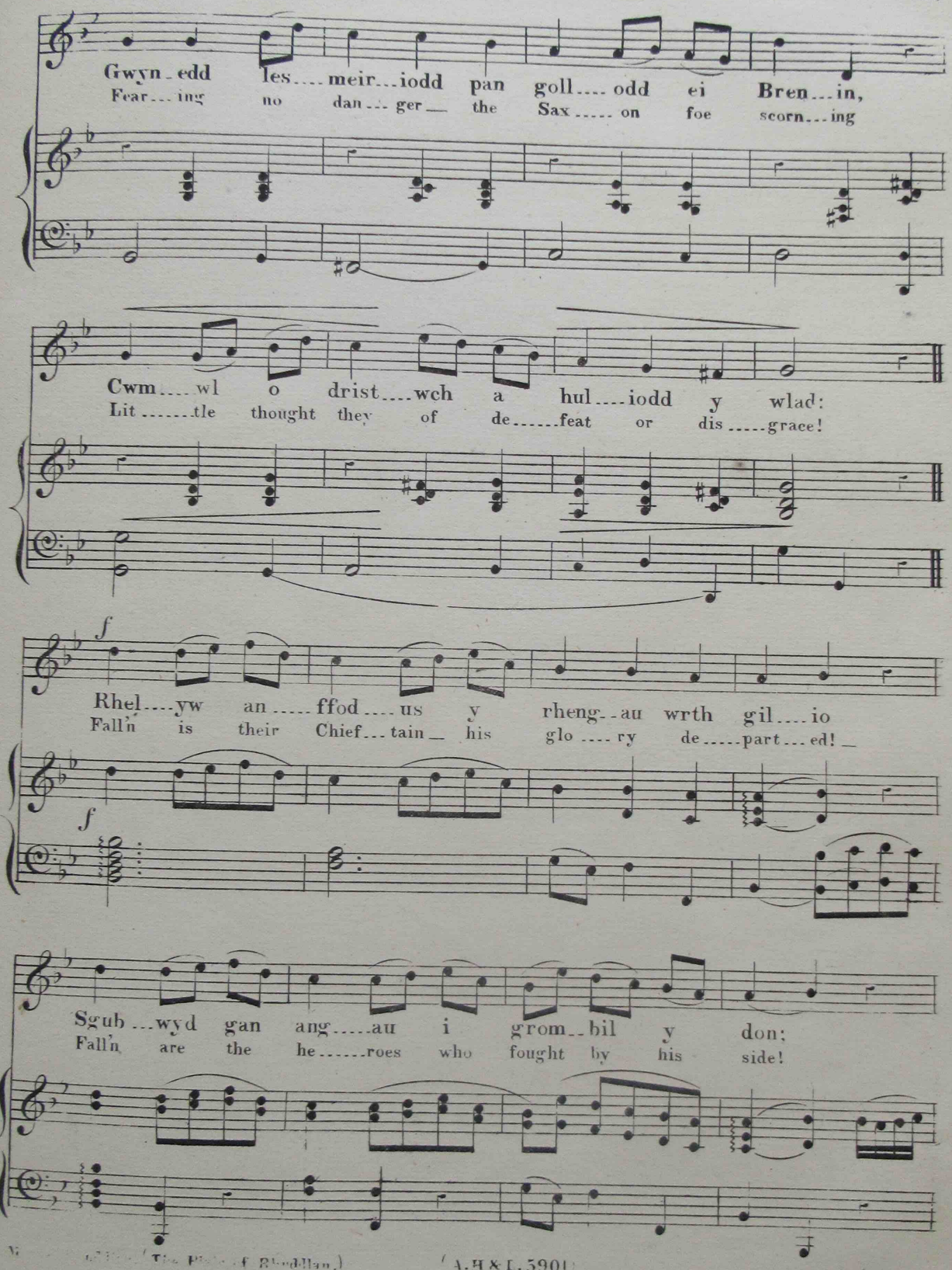
p *mf*

p
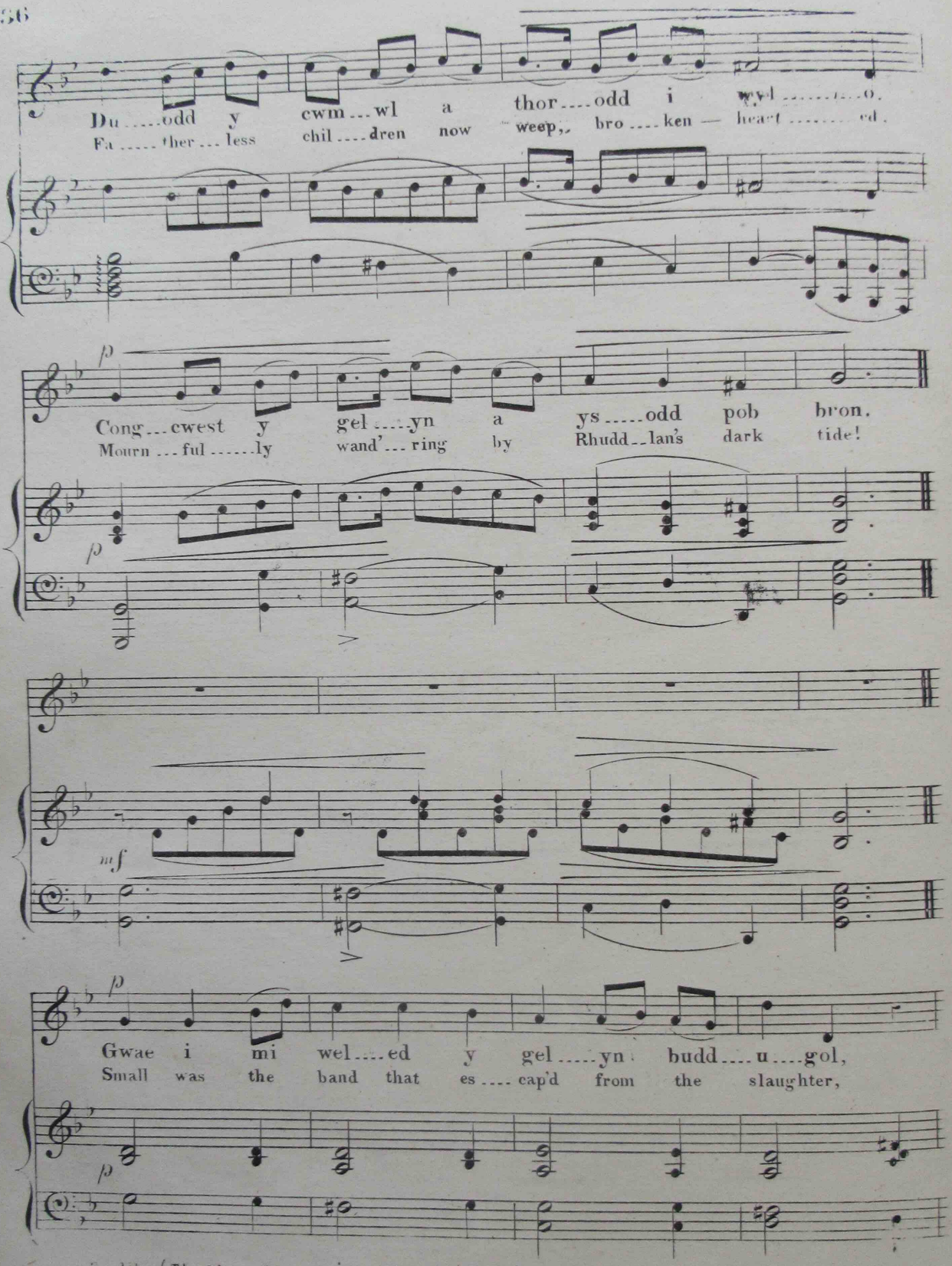
Cwympodd Car....ad....og, dy....rys....wyd ei fydd...in,
Where are the men who went forth in the morn..ing,

p

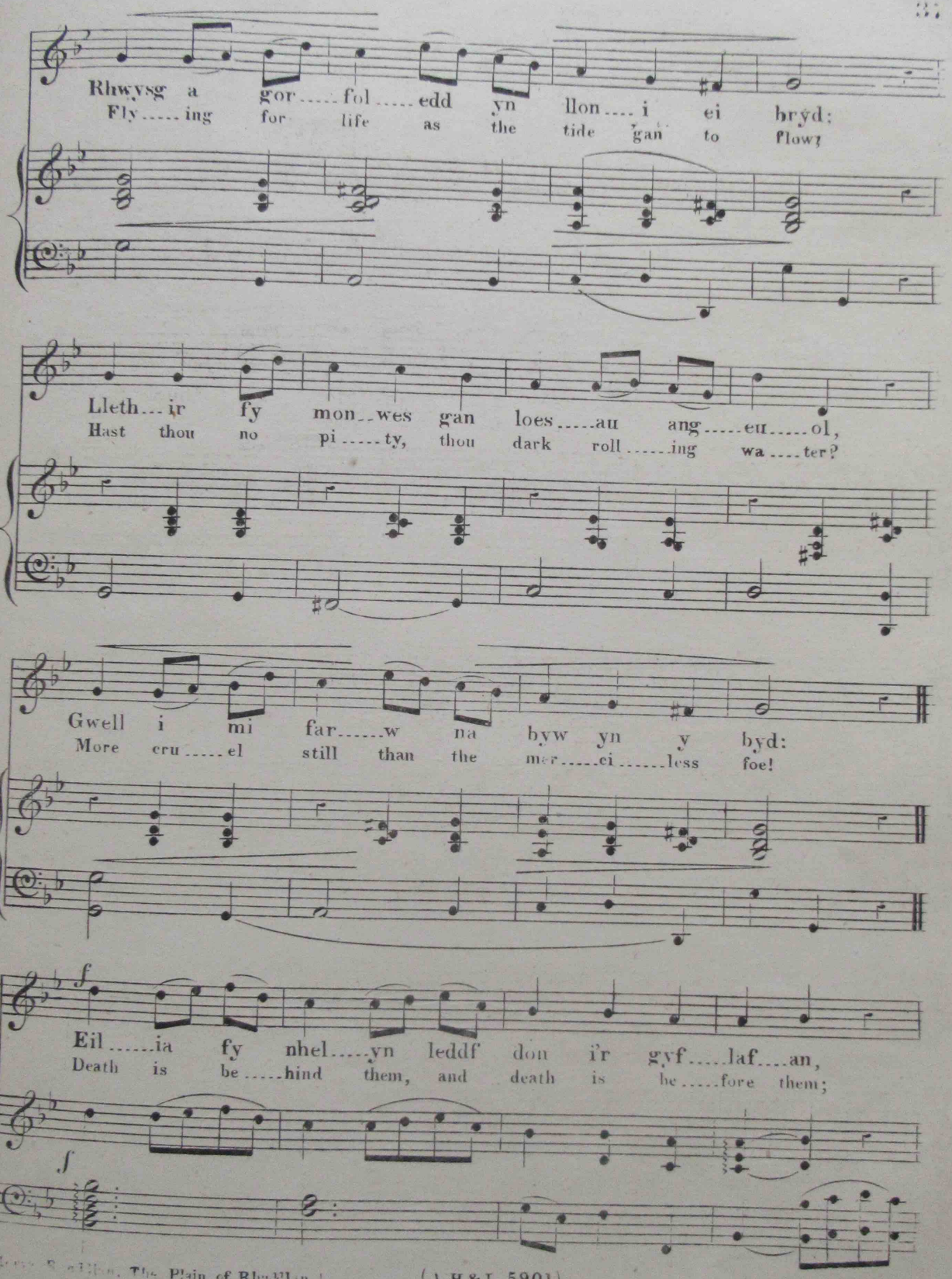
Cwymp..odd blaen...or.....iaid a dewr...ion y gâd;
Hope bright...ly beam.....ing in ev.....e.....ry face?
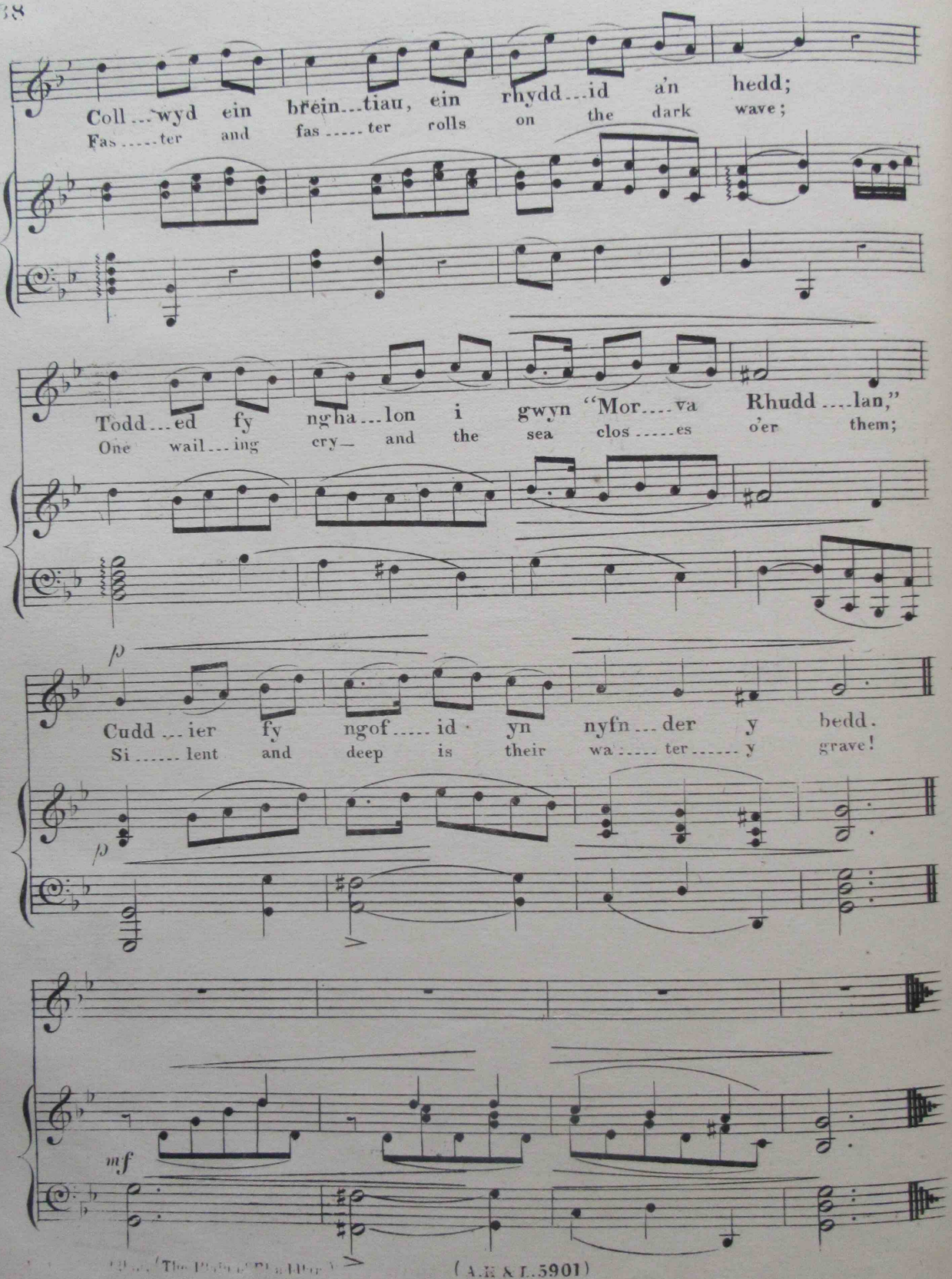

Gwyn_edd les____meir___iodd pan goll____odd ei Bren___in,
Fear___ing no dan___ger__ the Sax_____on foe scorn___ing
Cwm____wl o drist____wch a hul____iodd y wlad:
Lit_____tle thought they of de_____feat or dis_____grace!
f
Rhel____yw an_____ffod____us y rheng__au wrth gil____io
Fall'n is their Chief___tain__ his glo____ry de_____part___ed!
f
Sgub___wyd gan ang_____au i grom__bil y don:
Fall'n are the he_____roes who fought by his side!

(A.H.& L.5901)


Du ....odd y cwm ...wl a thor ....odd i wyl .....o.
Fa ..... ther ... less chil ....dren now weep,, bro ....ken — heart ..... ed.
p
Cong ...cwest y gel .....yn a ys .....odd pob bron.
Mourn ...ful .....ly wand'...ring by Rhudd..lan's dark tide!
p
mf
p
Gwae i mi wel ....ed y gel .....yn budd ....u ....gol,
Small was the band that es .... cap'd from the slaughter,
p

(A.H.&L. 5901)


Rhwysg a gor fol edd yn llon i ei bryd:
Fly ing for life as the tide gan to flow?
Lleth ir fy mon wes gan loes au ang eu ol,
Hast thou no pi ty, thou dark roll ing wa ter?
Gwell i mi far w na byw yn y byd:
More cru el still than the mer ci less foe!
f
Eil ia fy nhel yn leddf don i'r gyf laf an,
Death is be hind them, and death is be fore them;
f


Coll...wyd ein brein...tiau, ein rhydd...id a'n hedd;
Fas.....ter and fas.....ter rolls on the dark wave;
Todd...ed fy ngha...lon i gwyn "Mor....va Rhudd....lan,"
One wail...ing cry— and the sea clos.....es o'er them;
p
Cudd...ier fy ngof.....id yn nyfn...der y bedd.
Si.....lent and deep is their wa.....ter.....y grave!
p
mf

N° 5.

MORVA RHUDDLAN.

THE PLAIN OF RHUDDLAN.*

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

JOHN THOMAS.
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

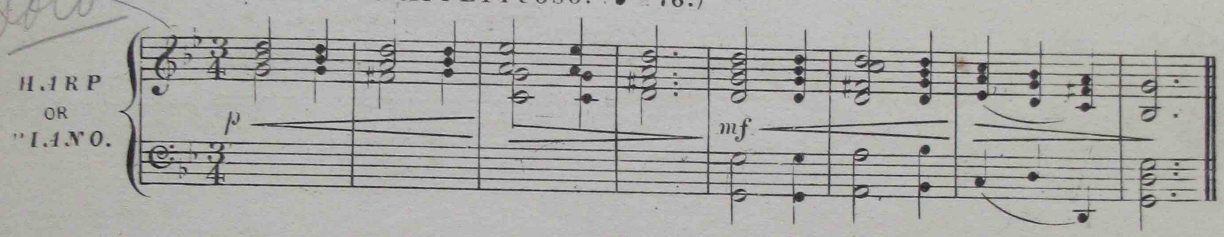
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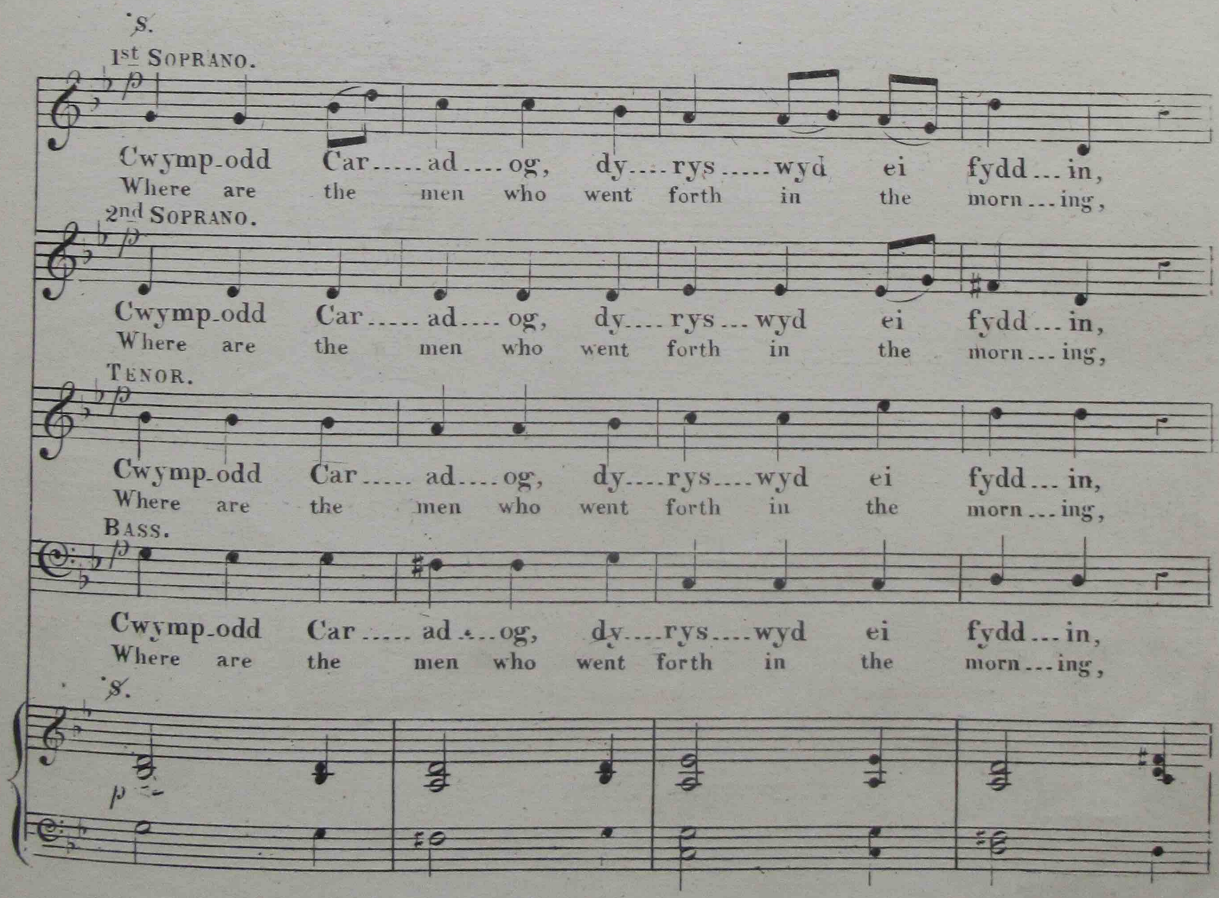
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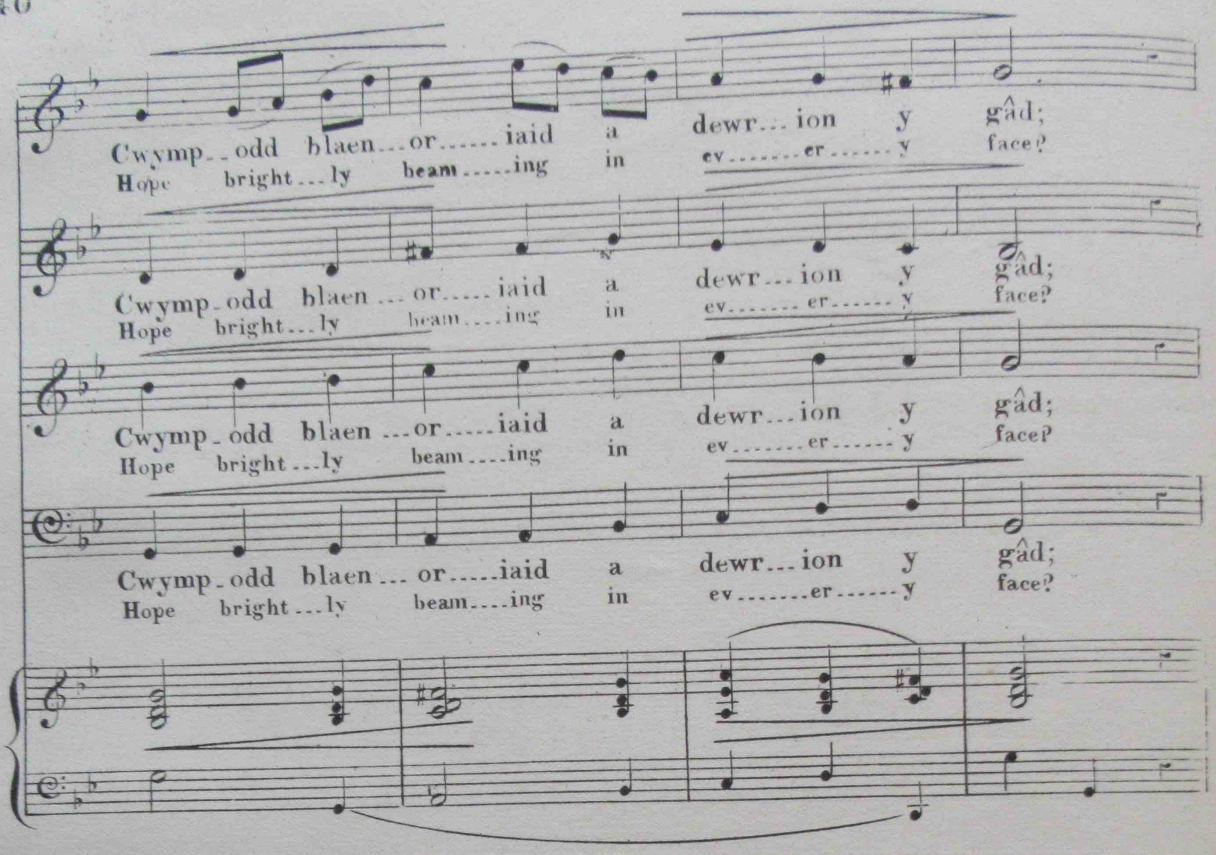
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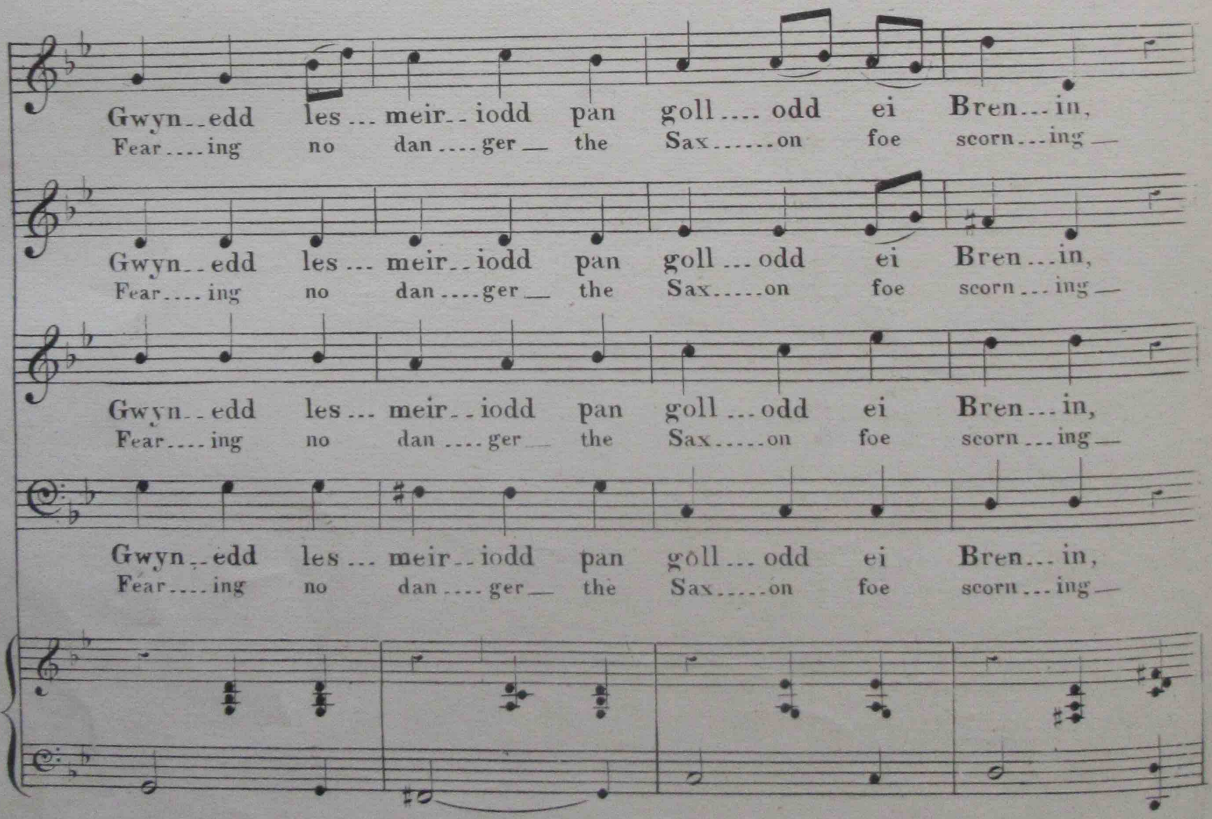
* Note—The *udd* in *Rhuddlan* pronounced like *ith* in *with*.
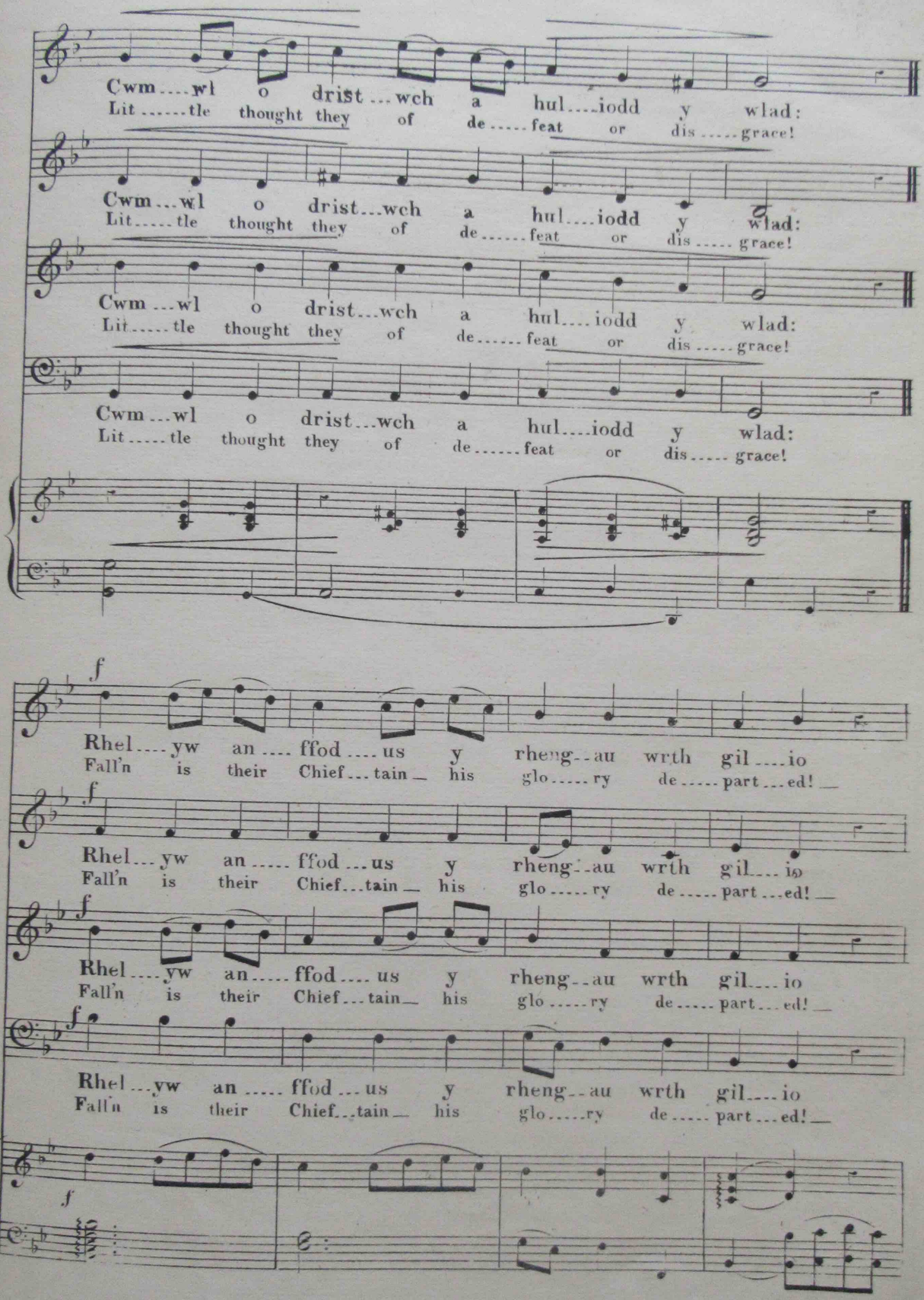
LARGHETTO AFFETTUOSO. (♩ = 76.)

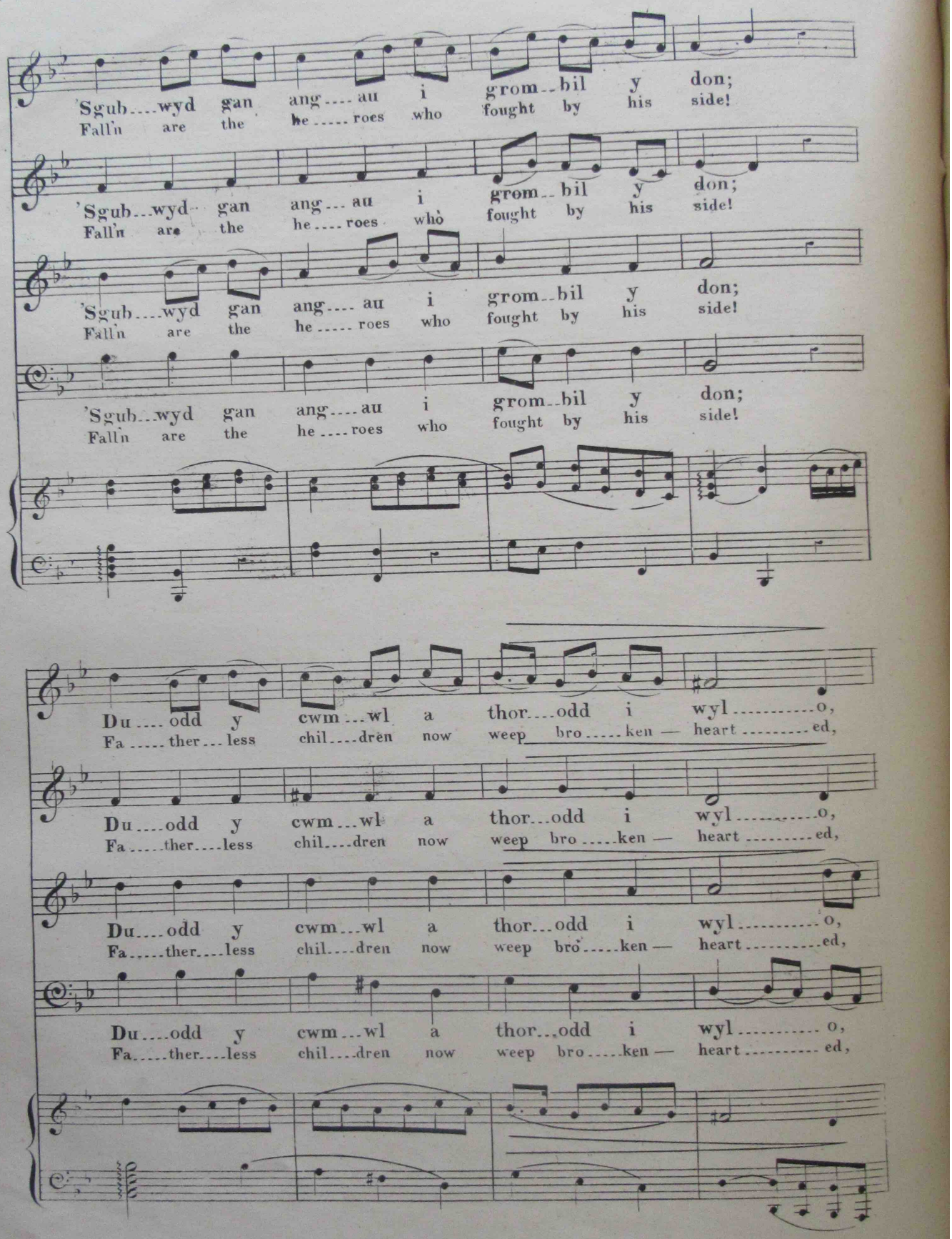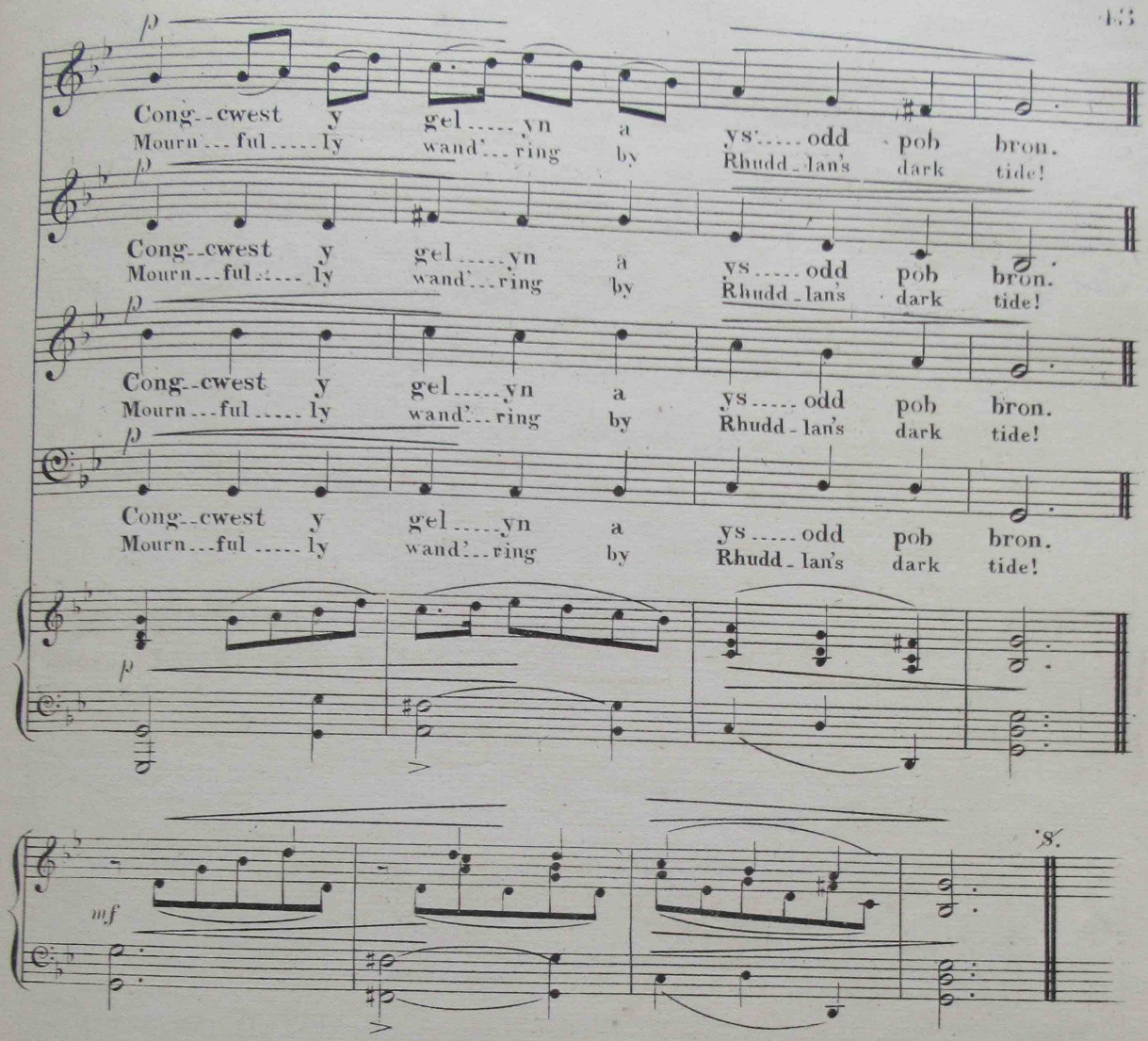





Cwymp_odd blaen...or.....iaid a dewr...ion y gâd;
Hope bright...ly beam....ing in ev.....er.....y face?
Cwymp_odd blaen...or.....iaid a dewr...ion y gâd;
Hope bright...ly beam....ing in ev.....er.....y face?
Cwymp_odd blaen...or.....iaid a dewr...ion y gâd;
Hope bright...ly beam....ing in ev.....er.....y face?


Gwyn_edd les...meir_iodd pan goll....odd ei Bren...in,
Fear....ing no dan....ger_ the Sax.....on foe scorn...ing_
Gwyn_edd les...meir_iodd pan goll...odd ei Bren...in,
Fear....ing no dan....ger_ the Sax.....on foe scorn...ing_
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Gwyn_edd les...meir_iodd pan goll...odd ei Bren...in,
Fear....ing no dan....ger_ the Sax.....on foe scorn...ing_


Cwm ... wl o drist ... wch a hul ... iodd y wlad:
Lit ... tle thought they of de ... feat or dis ... grace!
Cwm ... wl o drist ... wch a hul ... iodd y wlad:
Lit ... tle thought they of de ... feat or dis ... grace!
Cwm ... wl o drist ... wch a hul ... iodd y wlad:
Lit ... tle thought they of de ... feat or dis ... grace!
Cwm ... wl o drist ... wch a hul ... iodd y wlad:
Lit ... tle thought they of de ... feat or dis ... grace!
f
Rhel ... yw an ... ffod ... us y rheng ... au wrth gil ... io
Fall'n is their Chief ... tain his glo ... ry de ... part ... ed!
f
Rhel ... yw an ... ffod ... us y rheng ... au wrth gil ... io
Fall'n is their Chief ... tain his glo ... ry de ... part ... ed!
f
Rhel ... yw an ... ffod ... us y rheng ... au wrth gil ... io
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f
Rhel ... yw an ... ffod ... us y rheng ... au wrth gil ... io
Fall'n is their Chief ... tain his glo ... ry de ... part ... ed!
f



Morva Rhuddlan (The Plain of Rhuddlan) (A.H & L. 5901)



2

Gwae i mi weled y gelyn buddugol,
Rhwysg a gorfoledd yn lloni ei bryd;
Llethir fy monwes gan loesau angeuol,
Gwell i mi farw na byw yn y byd:
Eilia fy nhelyn leddf dôn i'r gyflafan,
Collwyd ein breintiau, ein rhyddid a'n hedd;
Todded fy nghalon i gwyn "Morva Rhuddlan,"
Cuddier fy ngofid yn nyfnder y bedd.

2

Small was the band that escaped from the slaughter,
Flying for life as the tide 'gan to flow;
Hast thou no pity, thou dark rolling water?
More cruel still than the merciless foe!
Death is behind them, and death is before them;
Faster and faster rolls on the dark wave;
One wailing cry—and the sea closes o'er them;
Silent and deep is their watery grave!

DIFYRRWCH Y BRENIN.

No. 6. THE KING'S DELIGHT.
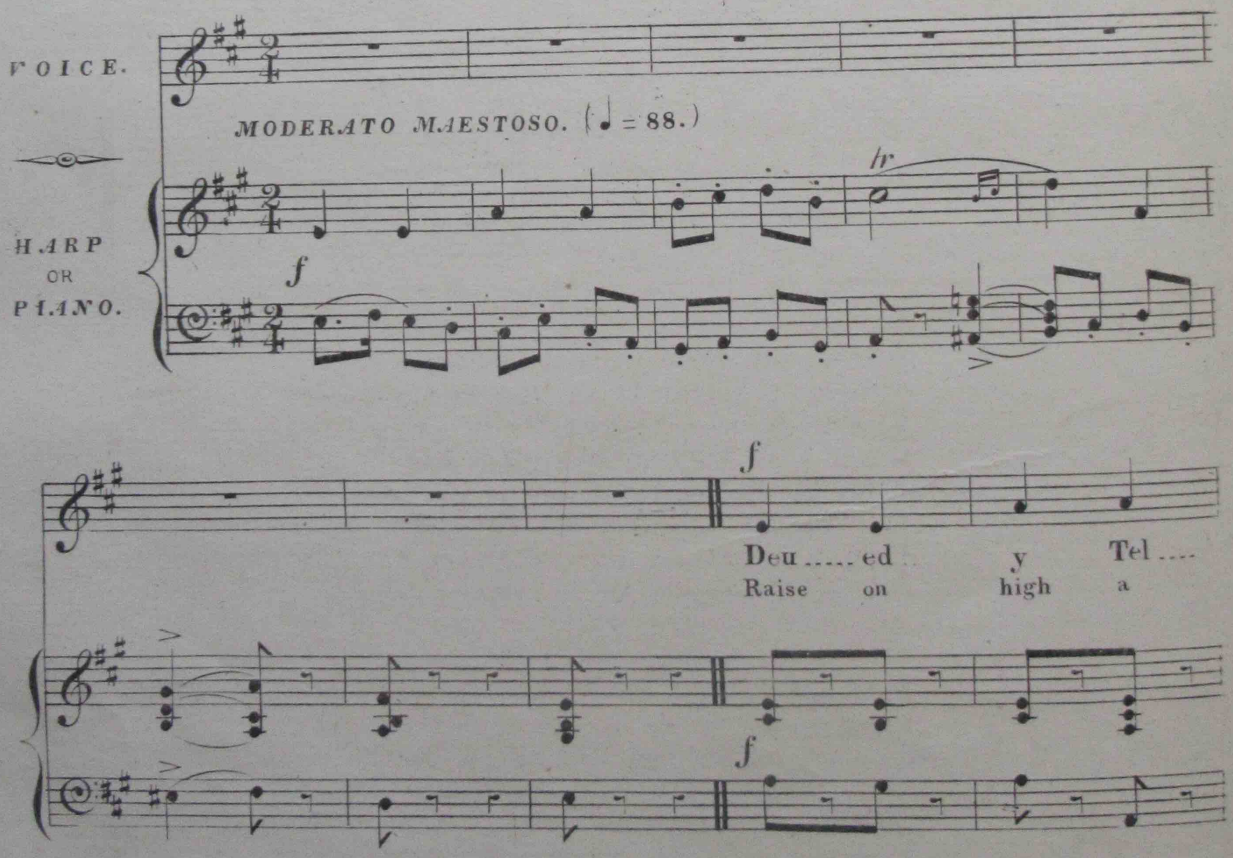
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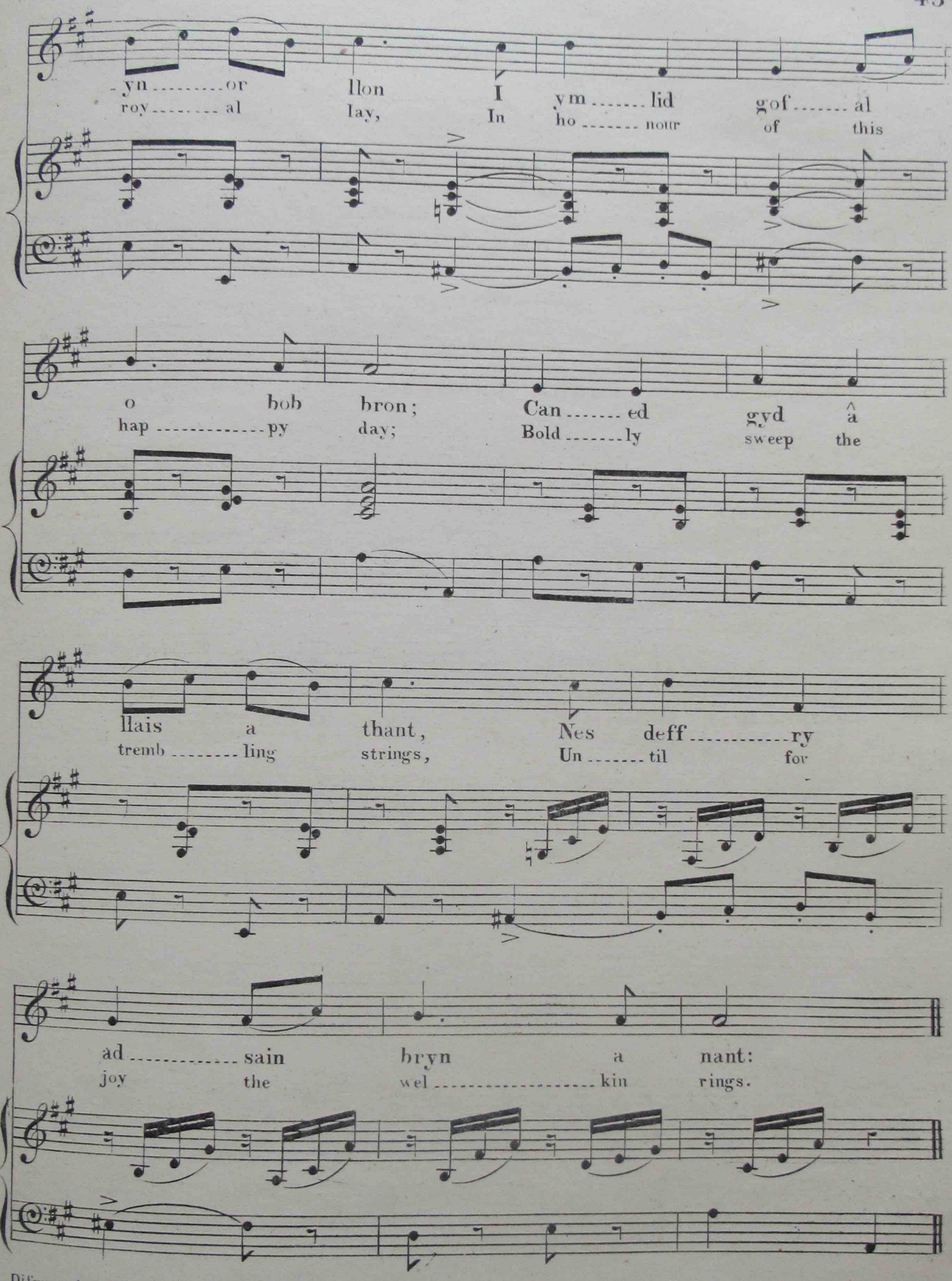
JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)
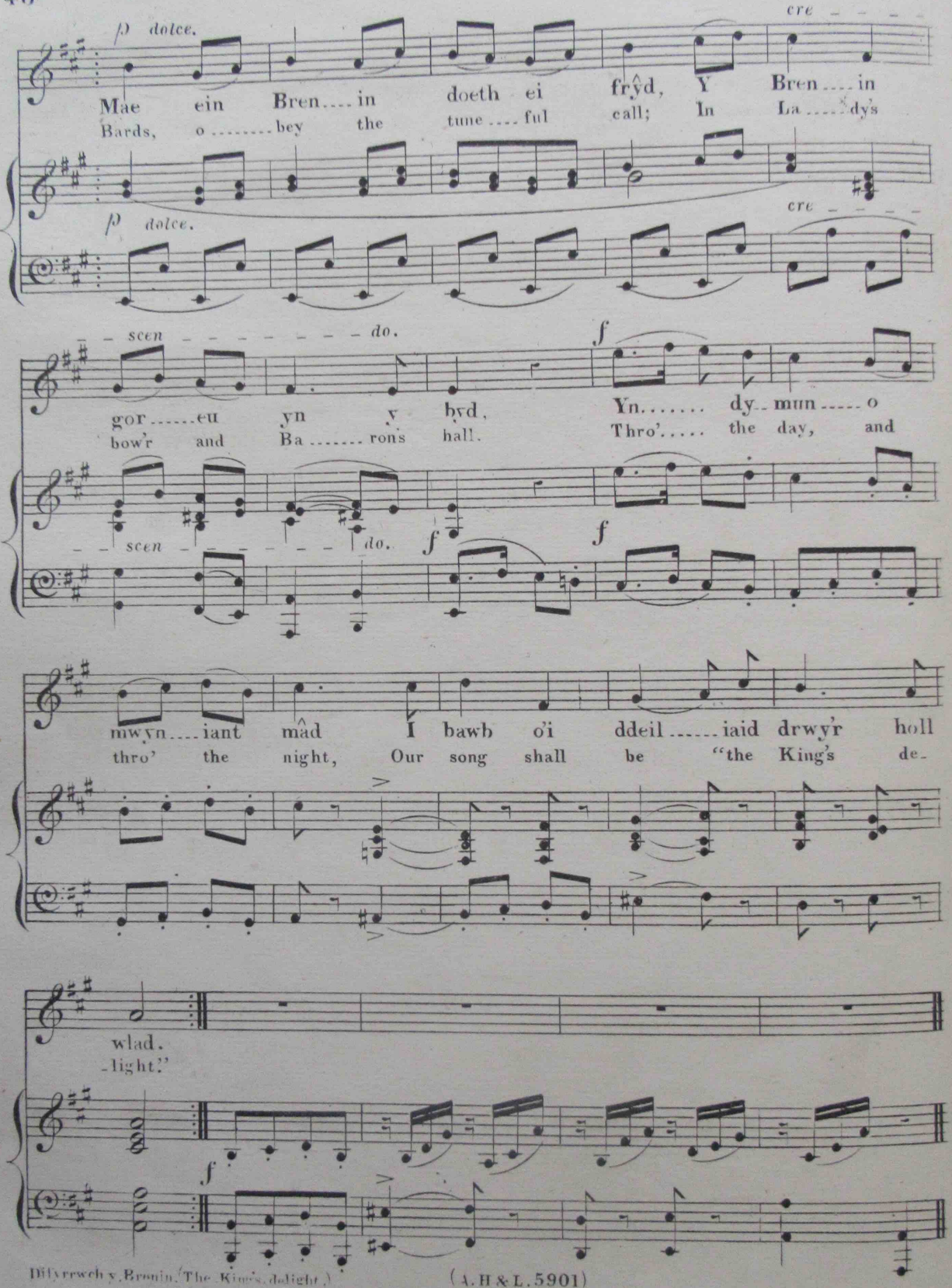
THE WELSH POETRY BY
TALHAIARN.
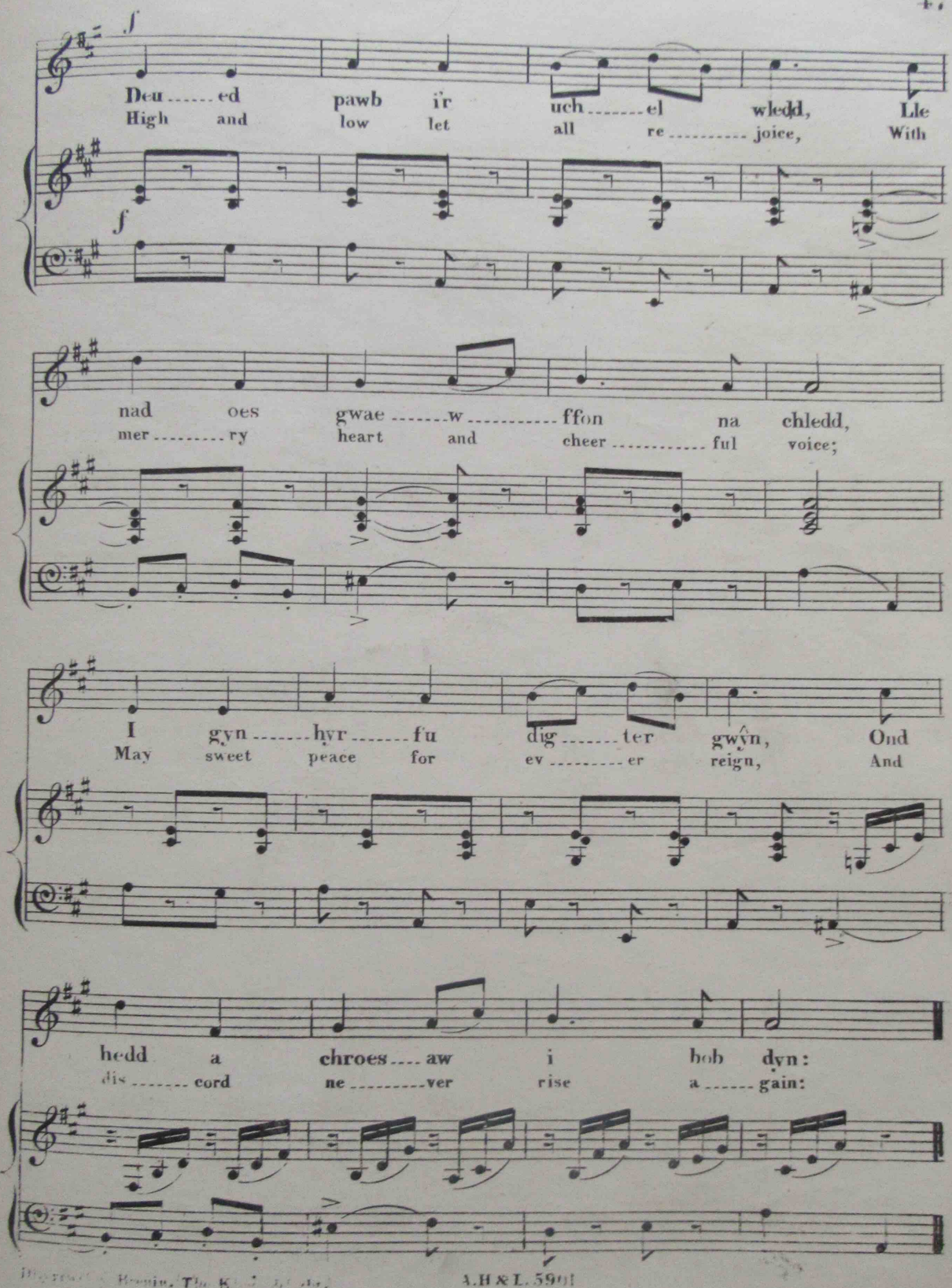
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

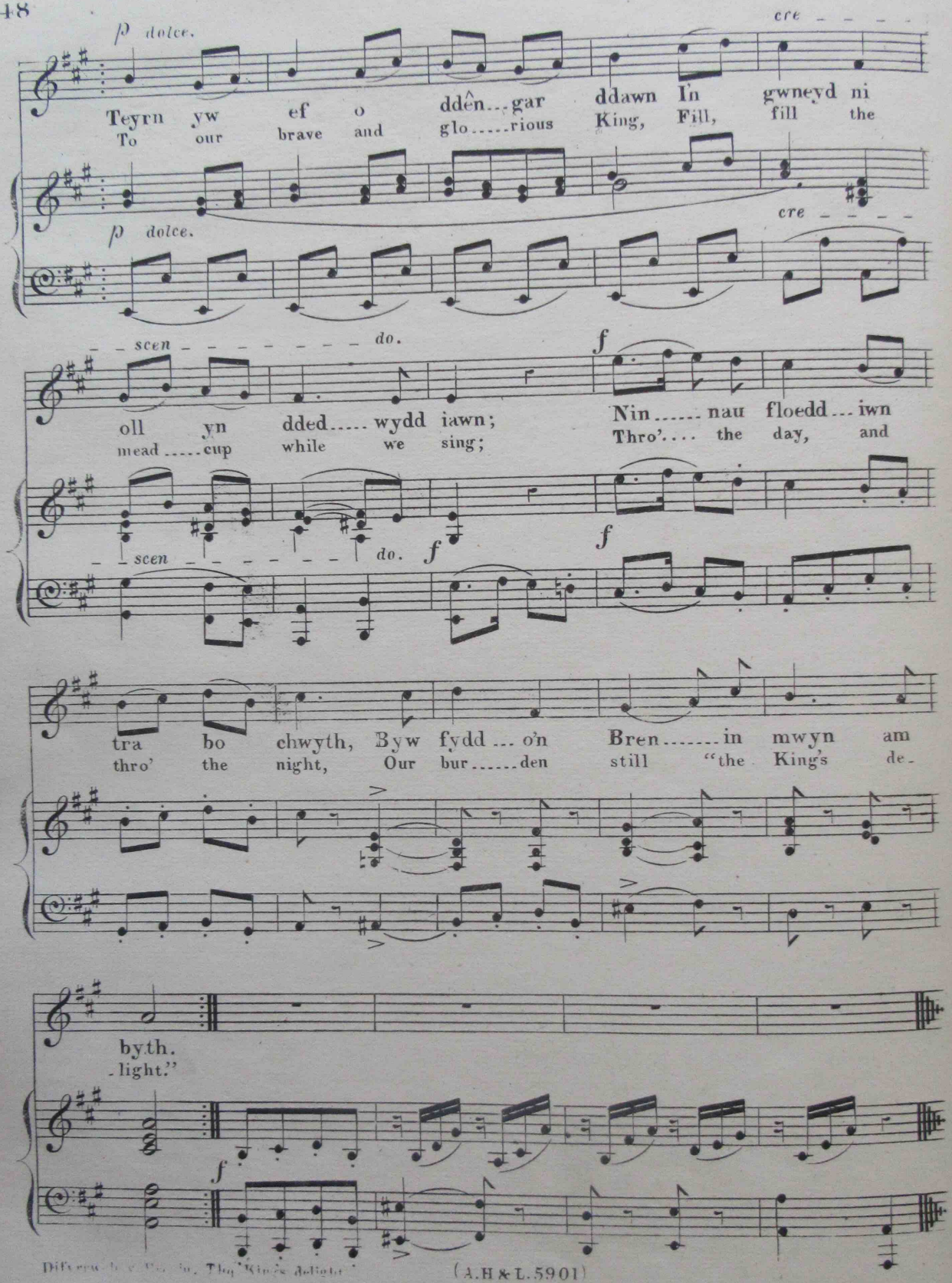




Difyrrwch y Brenin. (The King's delight.) (A.H & L. 5901)


p dolce.
cre - - - - -
Mae ein Bren - - - in doeth ei fryd, Y Bren - - - in
Bards, o - - - - - - - bey the tune - - - ful call; In La - - - - dy's
p dolce.
cre - - - - -
- - scen - - - - - - - - - do.
f
gor - - - - - eu yn y byd, Yn - - - - - - dy - mun - - - - - o
bow'r and Ba - - - - - - - rons hall. Thro' - - - - - the day, and
- - - scen - - - - - - - - - do.
f
f
mwyn - - - iant mâd I bawb o'i ddeil - - - - - - iaid drwy'r holl
thro' the night, Our song shall be "the King's de-
wlad.
-light."
f
Dilyrrwch y Brenin. (The King's delight.)
(A.H&L.5901)


Deu ed pawb i'r uch el wledd, Lle
High and low let all re joice, With
nad oes gwae w ffon na chledd,
mer ry heart and cheer ful voice;
I gyn hyr fu dig ter gwŷn, Ond
May sweet peace for ev er reign, And
hedd a chroes aw i bob dyn:
dis cord ne ver rise a gain:


p dolce.
cre - - - - -
Teyrn yw ef o ddên...gar ddawn In gwneyd ni
To our brave and glo.....rious King, Fill, fill the
p dolce.
cre - - - - -
- - scen - - - - - - - - do.
f
oll yn dded..... wydd iawn;
mead .....cup while we sing;
Nin..... nau floedd... iwn
Thro'.... the day, and
- - scen - - - - - - - - do.
f
f
tra bo chwyth, Byw fydd... o'n Bren..... in mwyn am
thro' the night, Our bur.....den still "the King's de-
byth.
-light."
f

DIFYRRWCH Y BRENIN.

No. 6.

THE KING'S DELIGHT.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(Pencerdd Gwalia.)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

MODERATO, MAESTOSO. (♩ = 88.)

1st SOPRANO.

2nd SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

MODERATO, MAESTOSO. (♩ = 88.)

HARP OR PIANO.

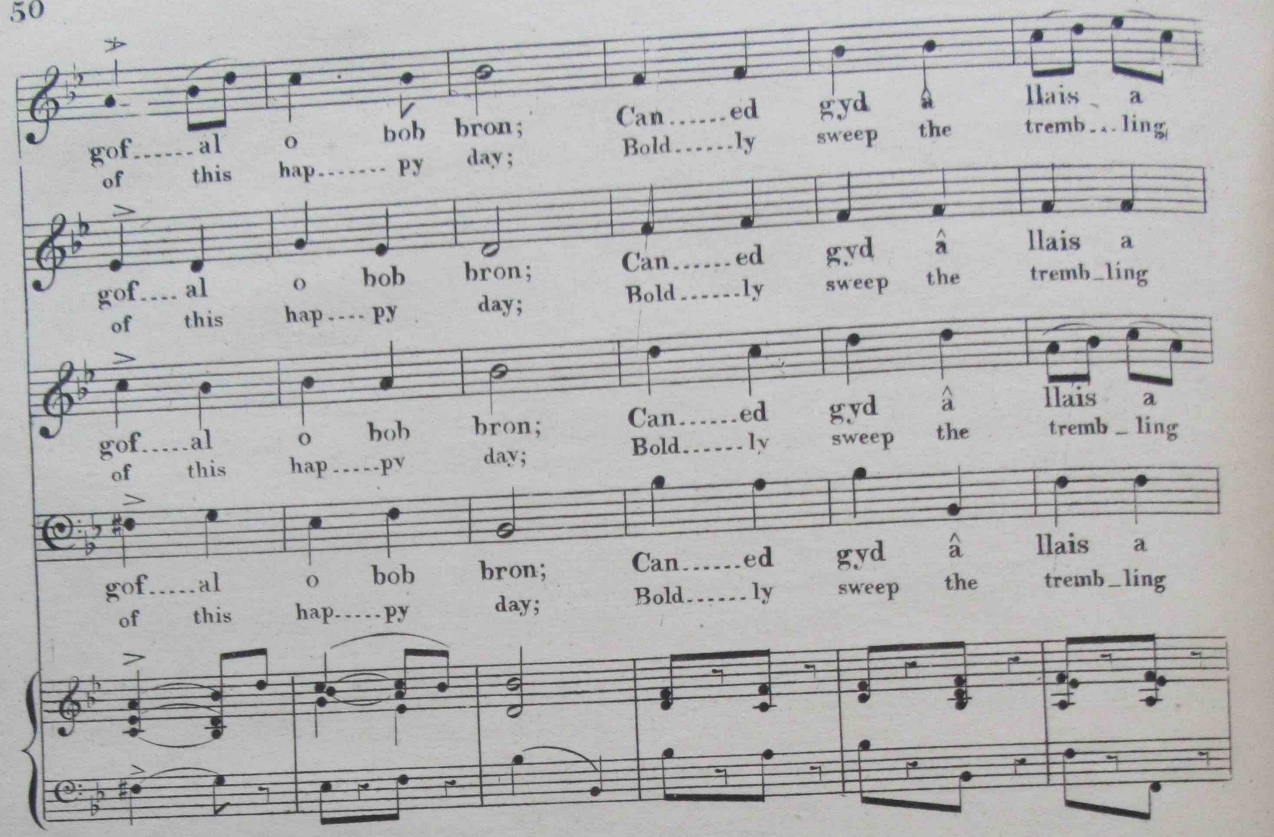
f

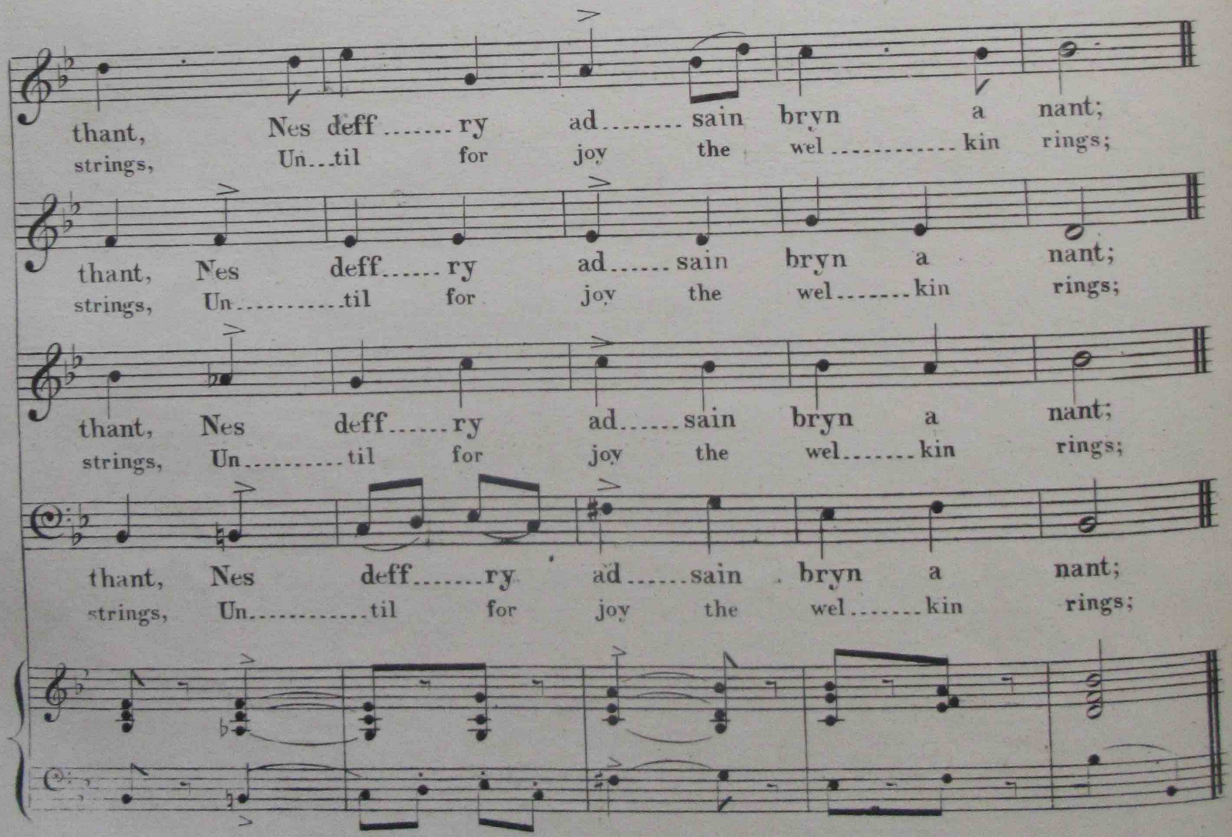
Deu.....ed y Tel.....yn.....or llon I ym.....lid
Raise on high a roy.....al lay, In hon.....our

Deu.....ed y Tel.....yn.....or llon I ym.....lid
Raise on high a roy.....al lay, In hon.....our

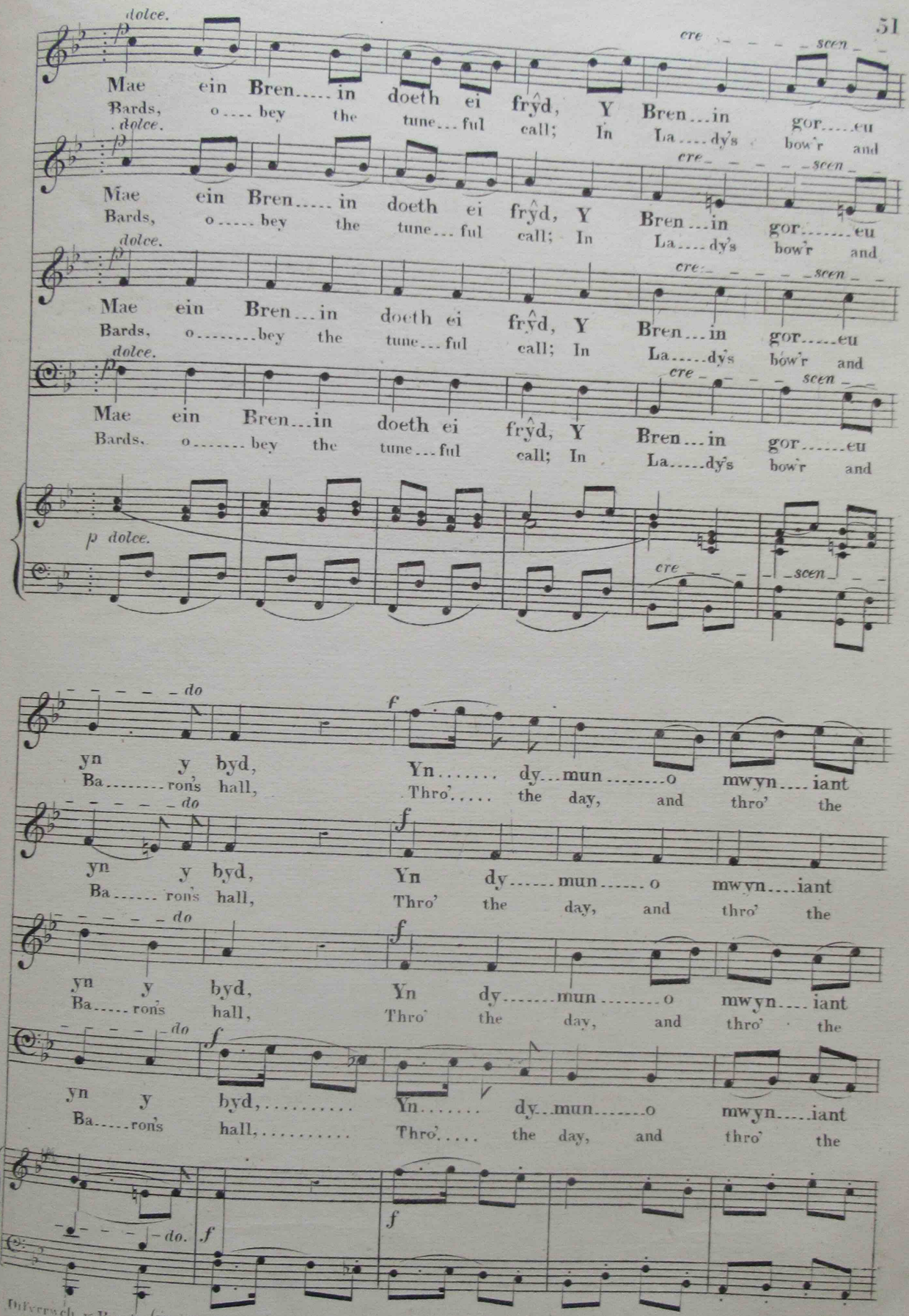
Deu.....ed y Tel.....yn.....or llon I ym.....lid
Raise on high a roy.....al lay, In hon.....our

Deu.....ed y Tel.....yn.....or llon I ym.....lid
Raise on high a roy.....al lay, In hon.....our



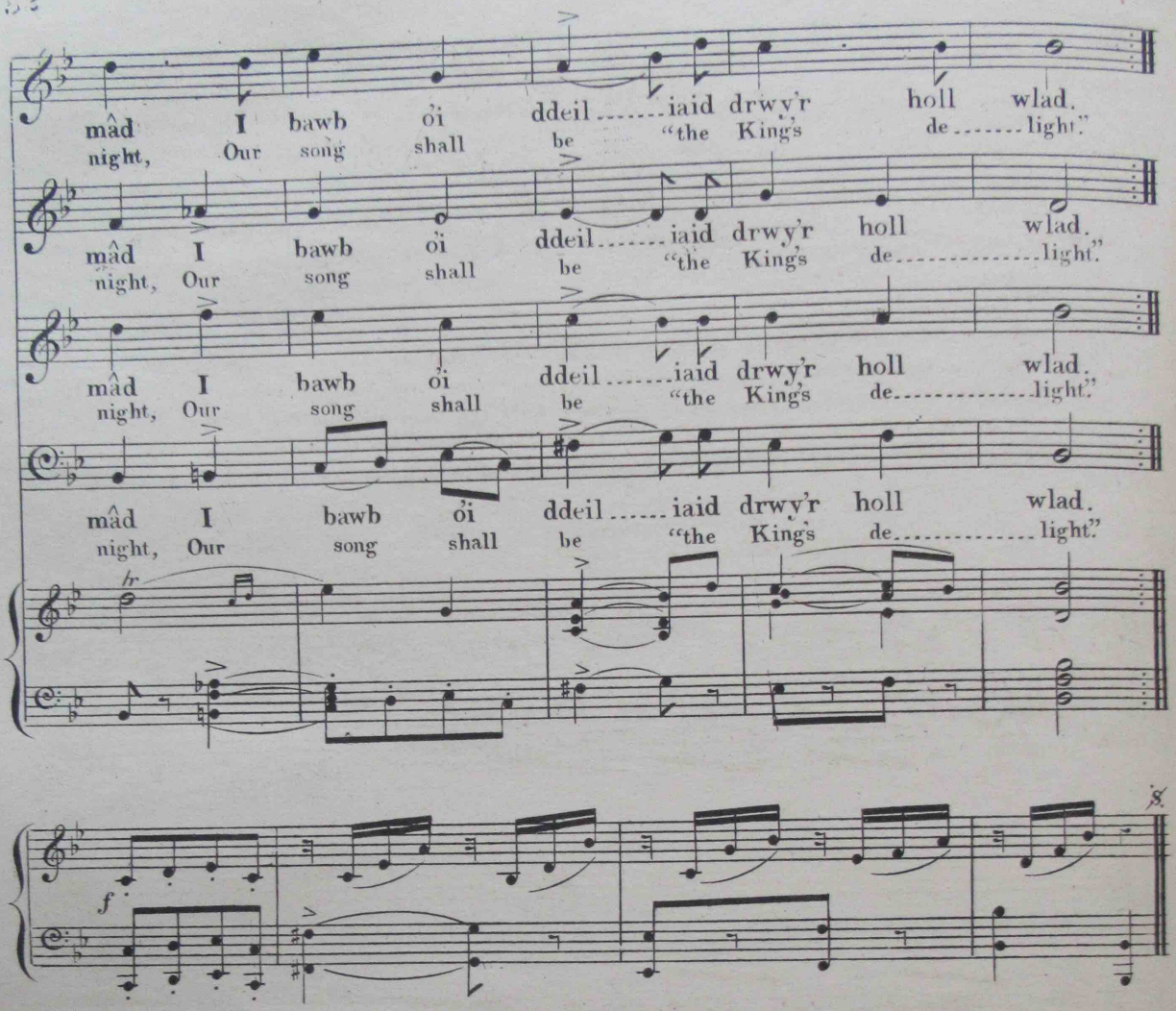


D'Urfey... Brenin. (The King's Health) (A.H.&I. 5901)



(A.H&L.5901)

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
EDA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS.



2

Deued pawb i'r uchel wledd,
Lle nad oes gwaewffon na chledd,
I gynhyrfu digter gwŷn,
Ond hedd a chroesaw i bob dyn:
Teyrn yw ef o ddêngar ddawn
I'n gwneyd ni oll yn ddedwydd iawn
Ninnau floeddiwn tra bo chwyth,
Byw fyddo'n Brenin Mwyn am byth.

2

High and low let all rejoice,
With merry heart and cheerful voice;
May sweet peace for ever reign,
And discord never rise again:
To our brave and glorious King,
Fill, fill the mead-cup while we sing;
Thro' the day and thro' the night,
Our burden still "the King's delight!"

Y FERCH O'R SCER.

No. 7. THE MAID OF SKER.

AUTHOR OF THE WELSH POETRY UNKNOWN.

ARRANGED BY
JOHN THOMAS.
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

This Melody has been taken from the collection of Miss M. Jane Williams (Llinos) of Ynys-lâs, with her kind permission. The Sker rocks are on the Sea Coast of Glamorganshire, where this Song is extremely popular. It is comparatively modern, having been composed eighty or ninety years ago by a harper of that district. He was engaged in his youth to a young woman, but subsequently in consequence of his having lost his sight, she refused to fulfil her promise to marry him, and he vented his feelings of disappointment and grief in this composition, which is of a very pathetic character.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO. (♩ = 69.)

HARP OR PIANO.
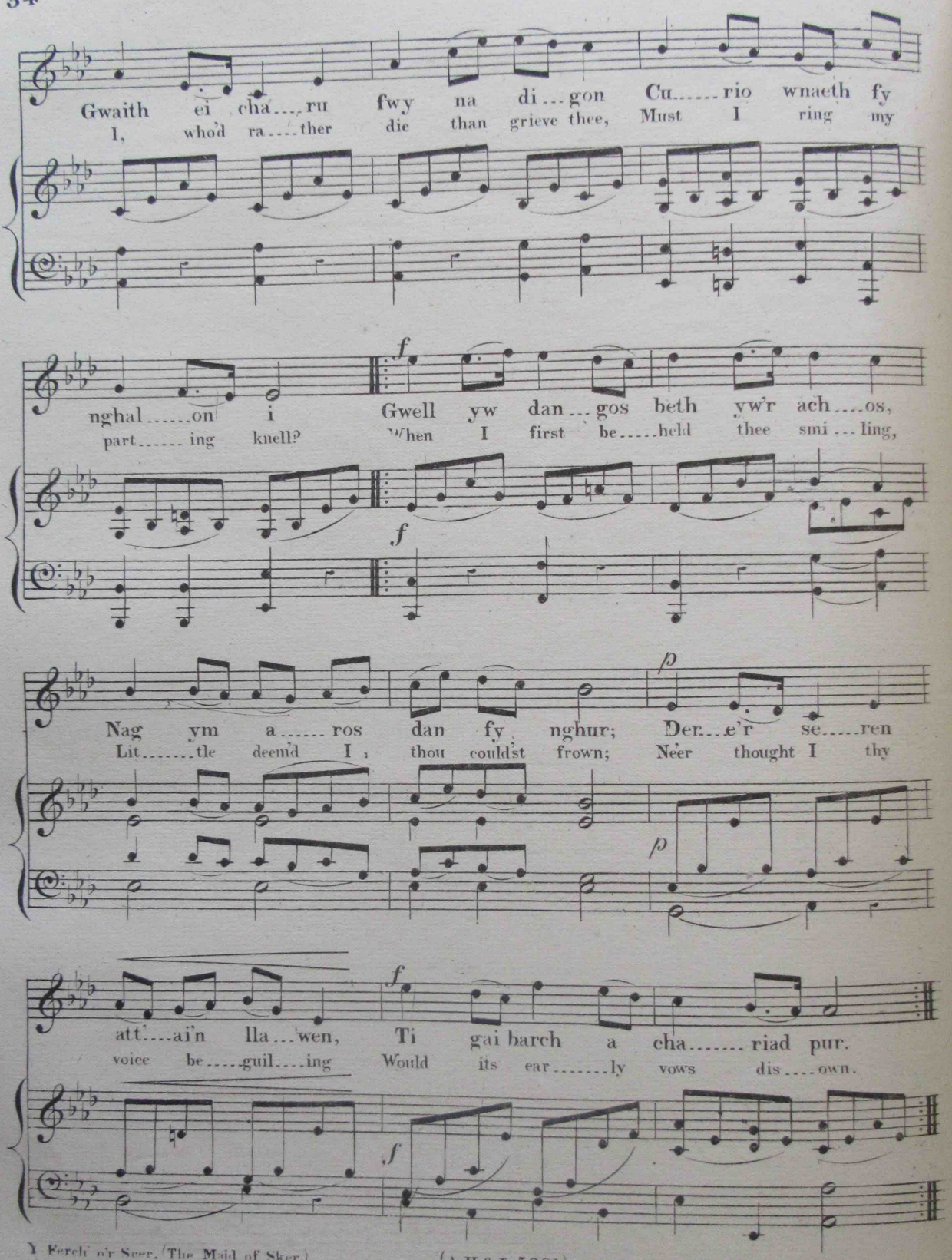
p *f*

p
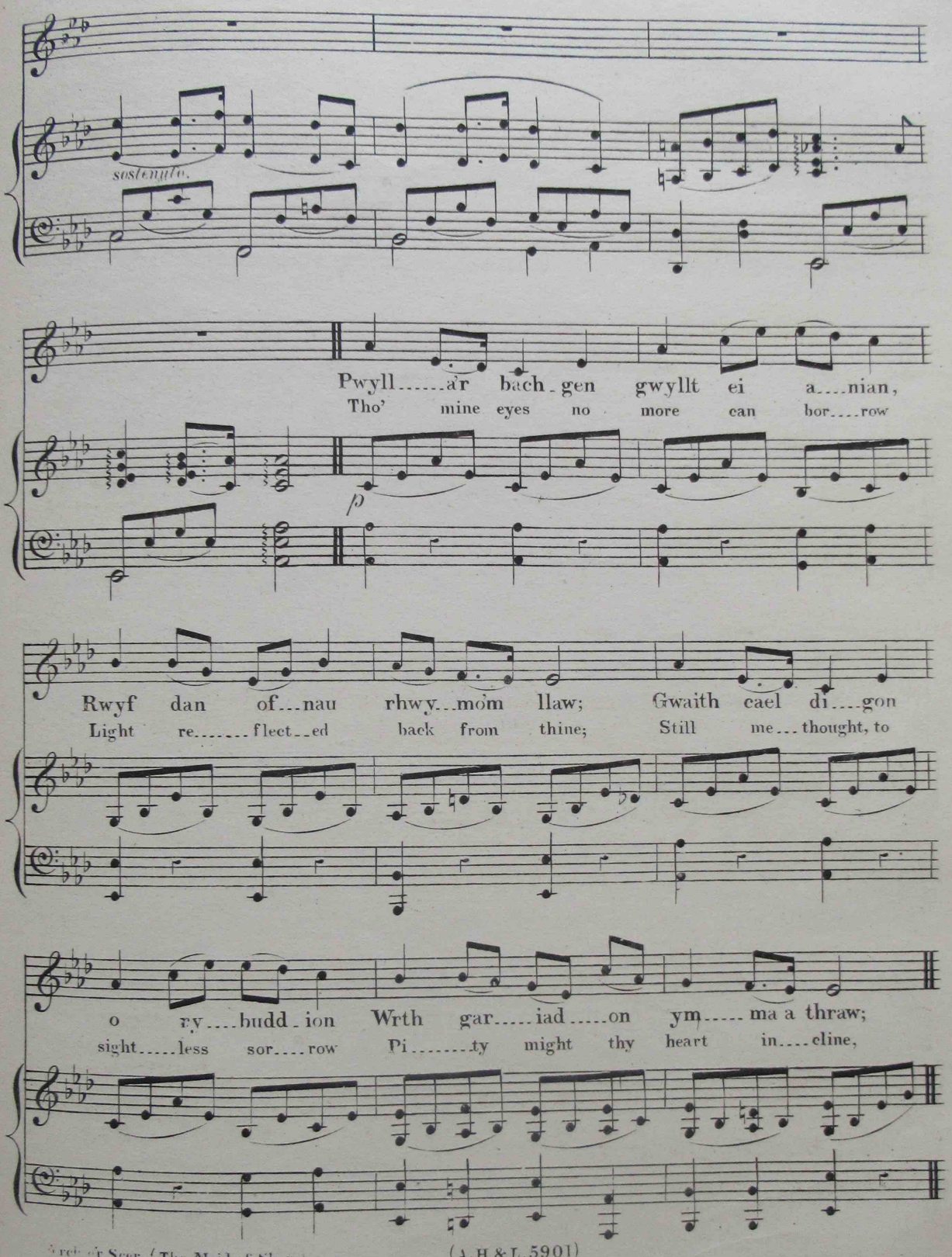
Mab wyf fi sy'n
Canst thou thus in

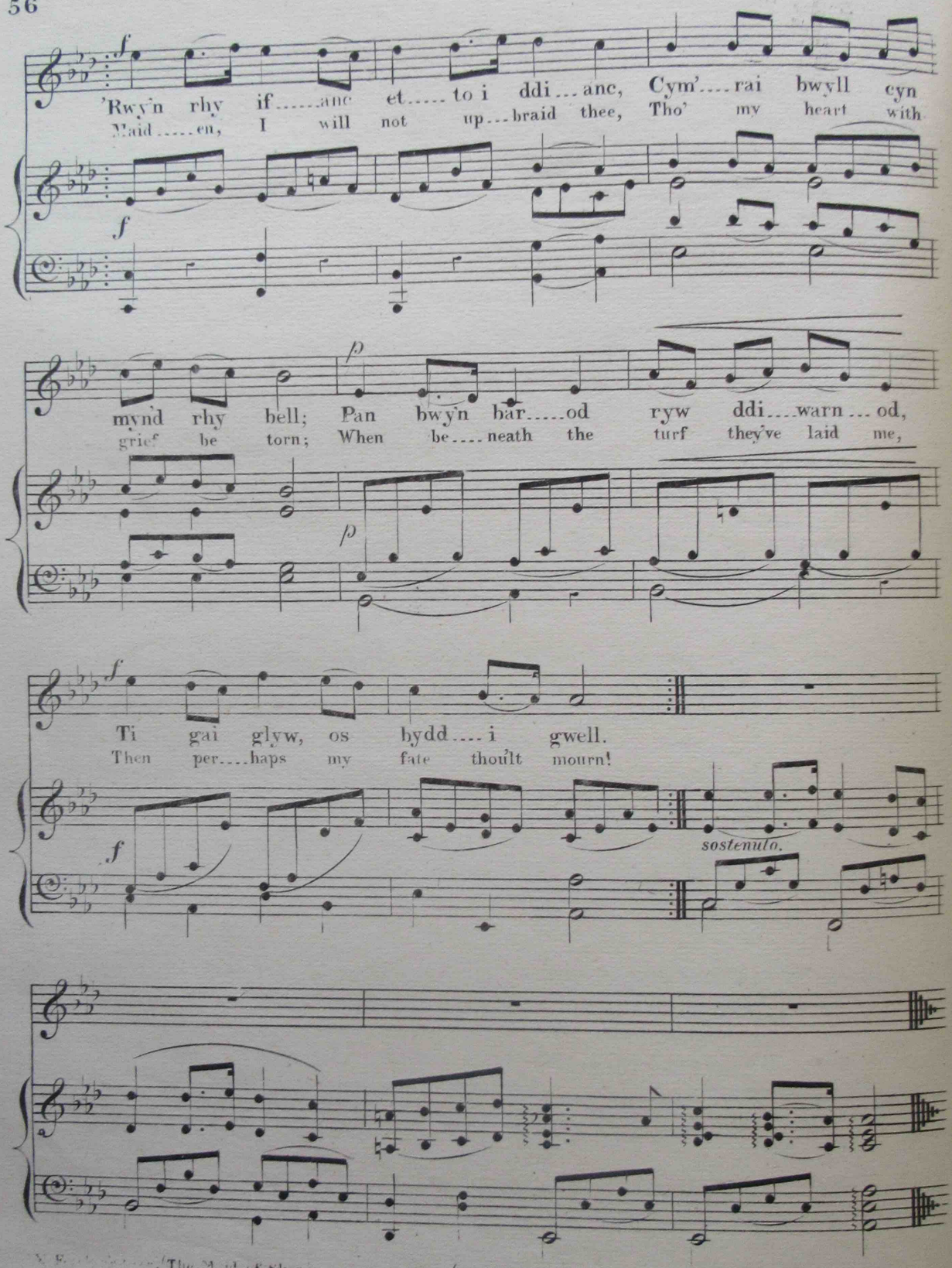
p *p*

byw dan ben...yd Am fan....wy...lyd fawr ei bri,
sor..... row leave me, Canst thou cold...ly say fare...well?



Y Ferch o'r Scer. (The Maid of Sker.)


sostenuto.
Pwyll ar bach gen gwyllt ei a nian,
Tho' mine eyes no more can bor row
p
Rwyf dan of nau rhwy mom llaw; Gwaith cael di gon
Light re fleet ed back from thine; Still me thought, to
o ry budd ion Wrth gar iad on ym ma a thraw;
sight less sor row Pi ty might thy heart in cline,


'Rwy'n rhy if.....anc et..... to i ddi...anc, Cym'....rai bwyll cyn
Maid.....en, I will not up...braid thee, Tho' my heart with
mynd rhy bell; Pan bwyn bar.....od ryw ddi....warn...od,
grief be torn; When be....neath the turf they've laid me,
Ti gai glyw, os bydd....i gwell.
Then per....haps my fate thou'lt mourn!
sostenuto.

Y FERCH O'R SCER.

No 7. THE MAID OF SKER.

AUTHOR OF THE WELSH POETRY UNKNOWN.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY
JOHN THOMAS.
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

This Melody has been taken from the collection of Miss M. Jane Williams (Llinos) of Ynys-lâs, with her kind permission. The Sker rocks are on the Sea Coast of Glamorganshire, where this Song is extremely popular. It is comparatively modern, having been composed eighty or ninety years ago by a harper of that district. He was engaged in his youth to a young woman, but subsequently in consequence of his having lost his sight, she refused to fulfil her promise to marry him, and he vented his feelings of disappointment and grief in this composition, which is of a very pathetic character.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO. (♩ = 69.)

HARP OR PIANO.

1st SOPRANO.

Mab wyf fi sy'n byw dan ben...yd Am fan...wy...lyd fawr ei bri,
Canst thou thus in sor.....row leave me. Canst thou cold...ly say fare..well?

2nd SOPRANO.

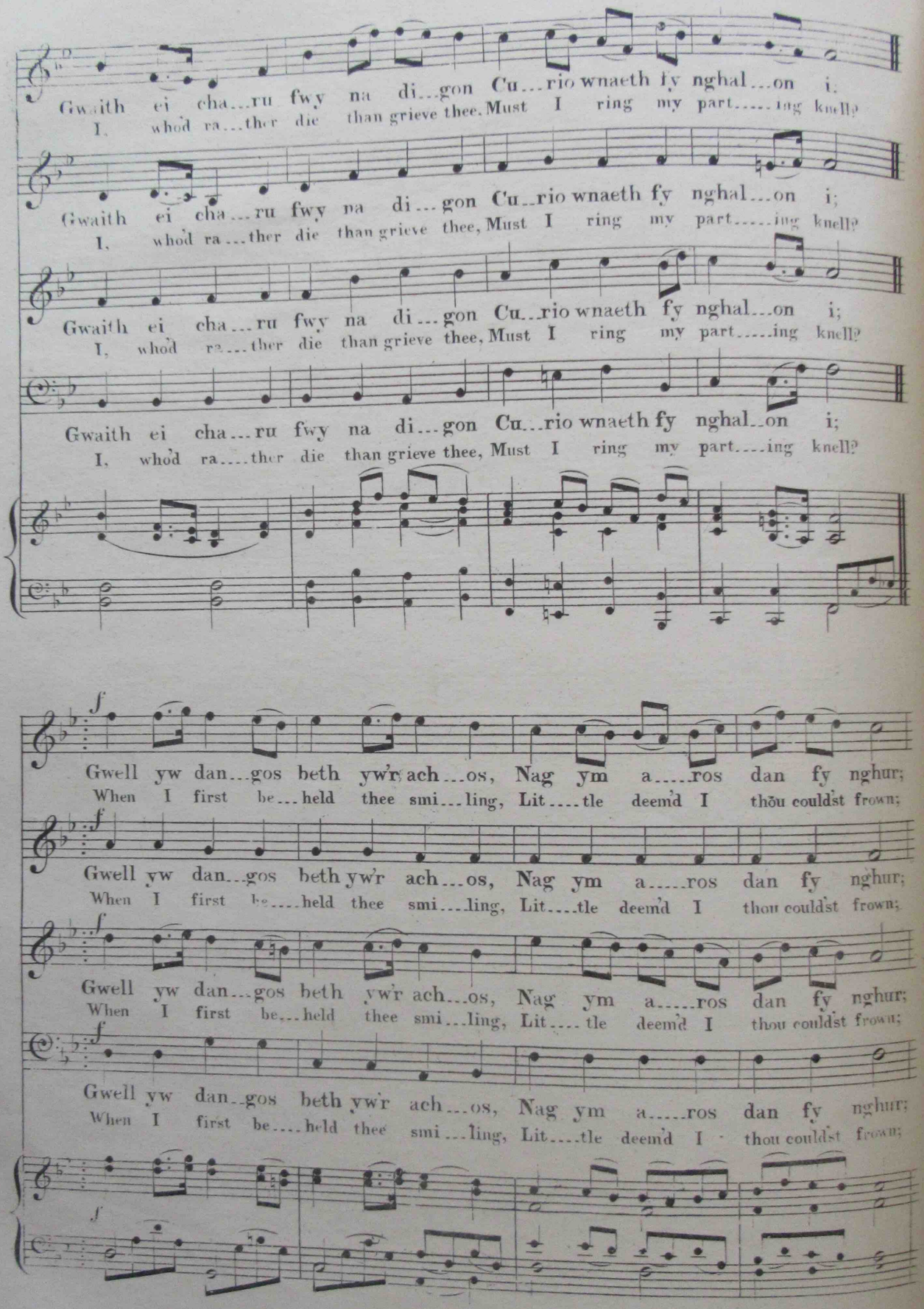
Mab wyf fi sy'n byw dan ben...yd Am fan..wy.....lyd fawr ei bri,
Canst thou thus in sor....row leave me, Canst thou cold.....ly say fare..well?
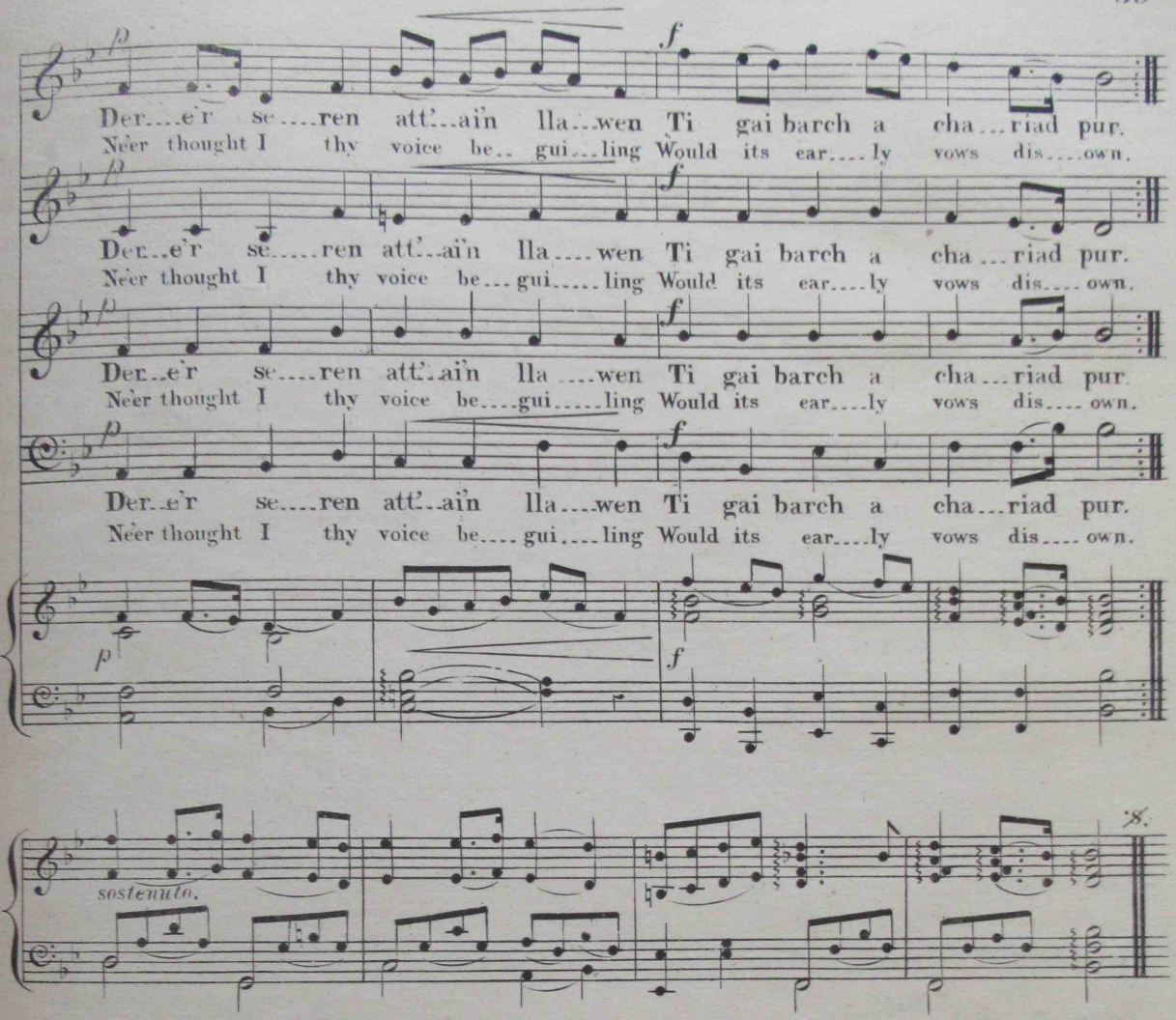
TENOR.

Mab wyf fi sy'n byw dan ben....yd Am fan..wy....lyd fawr ei bri,
Canst thou thus in sor....row leave me. Canst thou cold.....ly say fare..well?

BASS.

Mab wyf fi sy'n byw dan ben....yd Am fan..wy....lyd fawr ei bri,
Canst thou thus in sor....row leave me Canst thou cold.....ly say fare..well?


Gwaith ei cha...ru fwy na di...gon Cu...rio wnaeth fy nghal...on i;
I, whod ra...ther die than grieve thee, Must I ring my part...ing knell?
Gwaith ei cha...ru fwy na di...gon Cu...rio wnaeth fy nghal...on i;
I, whod ra...ther die than grieve thee, Must I ring my part...ing knell?
Gwaith ei cha...ru fwy na di...gon Cu...rio wnaeth fy nghal...on i;
I, whod ra...ther die than grieve thee, Must I ring my part...ing knell?
Gwaith ei cha...ru fwy na di...gon Cu...rio wnaeth fy nghal...on i;
I, whod ra...ther die than grieve thee, Must I ring my part...ing knell?
Gwell yw dan...gos beth ywr ach...os, Nag ym a...ros dan fy nghur;
When I first be...held thee smi...ling, Lit...tle deem'd I thou couldst frown;
Gwell yw dan...gos beth ywr ach...os, Nag ym a...ros dan fy nghur;
When I first be...held thee smi...ling, Lit...tle deem'd I thou couldst frown;
Gwell yw dan...gos beth ywr ach...os, Nag ym a...ros dan fy nghur;
When I first be...held thee smi...ling, Lit...tle deem'd I thou couldst frown;
Gwell yw dan...gos beth ywr ach...os, Nag ym a...ros dan fy nghur;
When I first be...held thee smi...ling, Lit...tle deem'd I thou couldst frown;



2

Pwylla'r bachgen gwyllt ei anian,
Rwyf dan ofnau rhwymo'm llaw;
Gwaith cael digon o rybuddion
Wrth gariadon ymma a thraw;
'Rwy'n rhy ifanc etto i ddianc,
Cym'rai bwyll cyn myn'd rhy bell;
Pan bwy'n barod ryw ddiwarnod,
Ti gai glyw, os byddi gwell.

2

Tho' mine eyes no more can borrow
Light reflected back from thine;
Still me-thought, to sightless sorrow
Pity might thy heart incline!
Maiden, I will not upbraid thee.
Tho' my heart with grief is torn;
When beneath the turf they've laid me,
Then perhaps my fate thou'lt mourn.

* Ferch or Seer. (The Maid of Sker.)

Y GADLYS.

No. 8.

THE CAMP.

ARRANGED BY

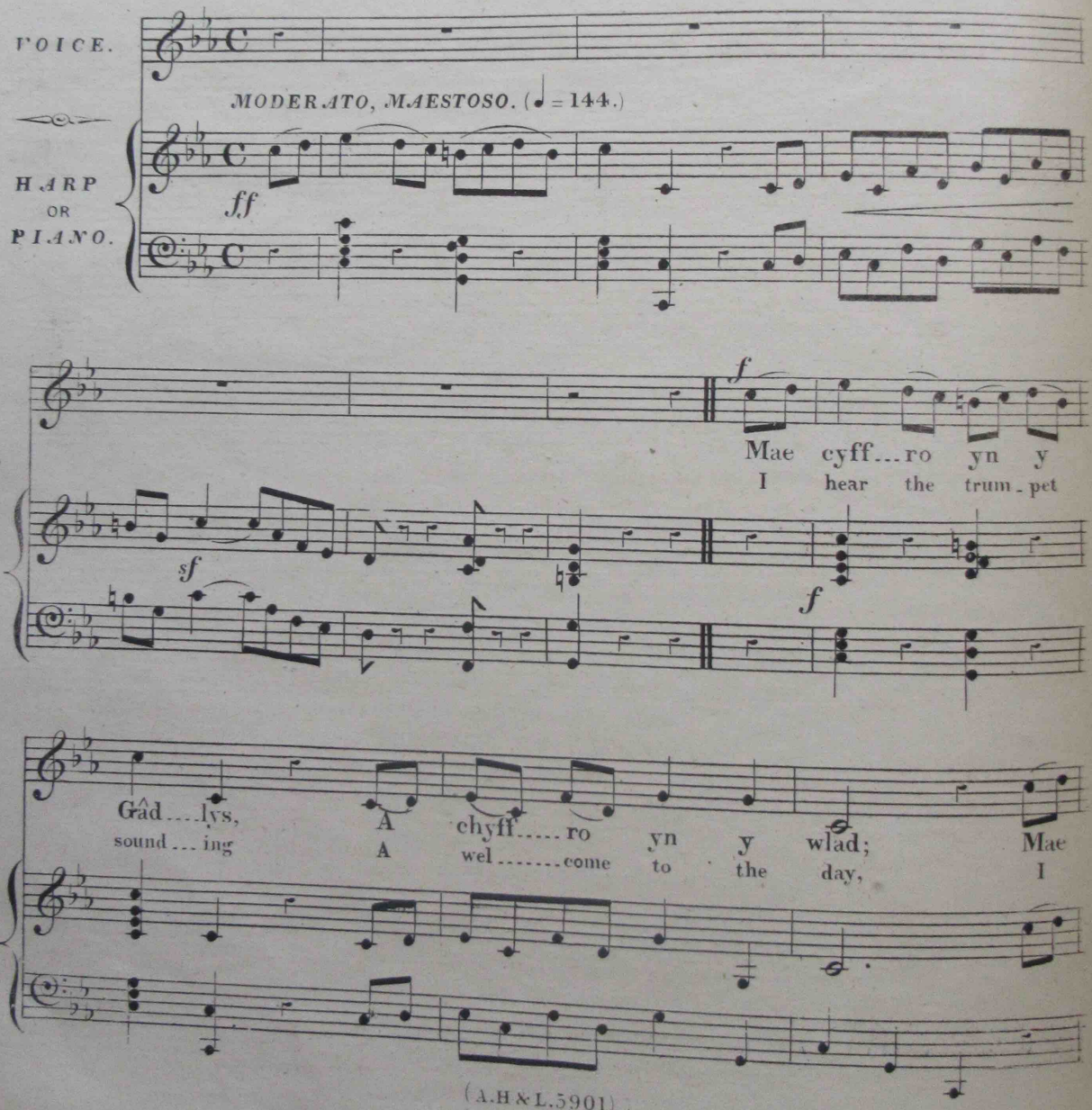
JOHN THOMAS.

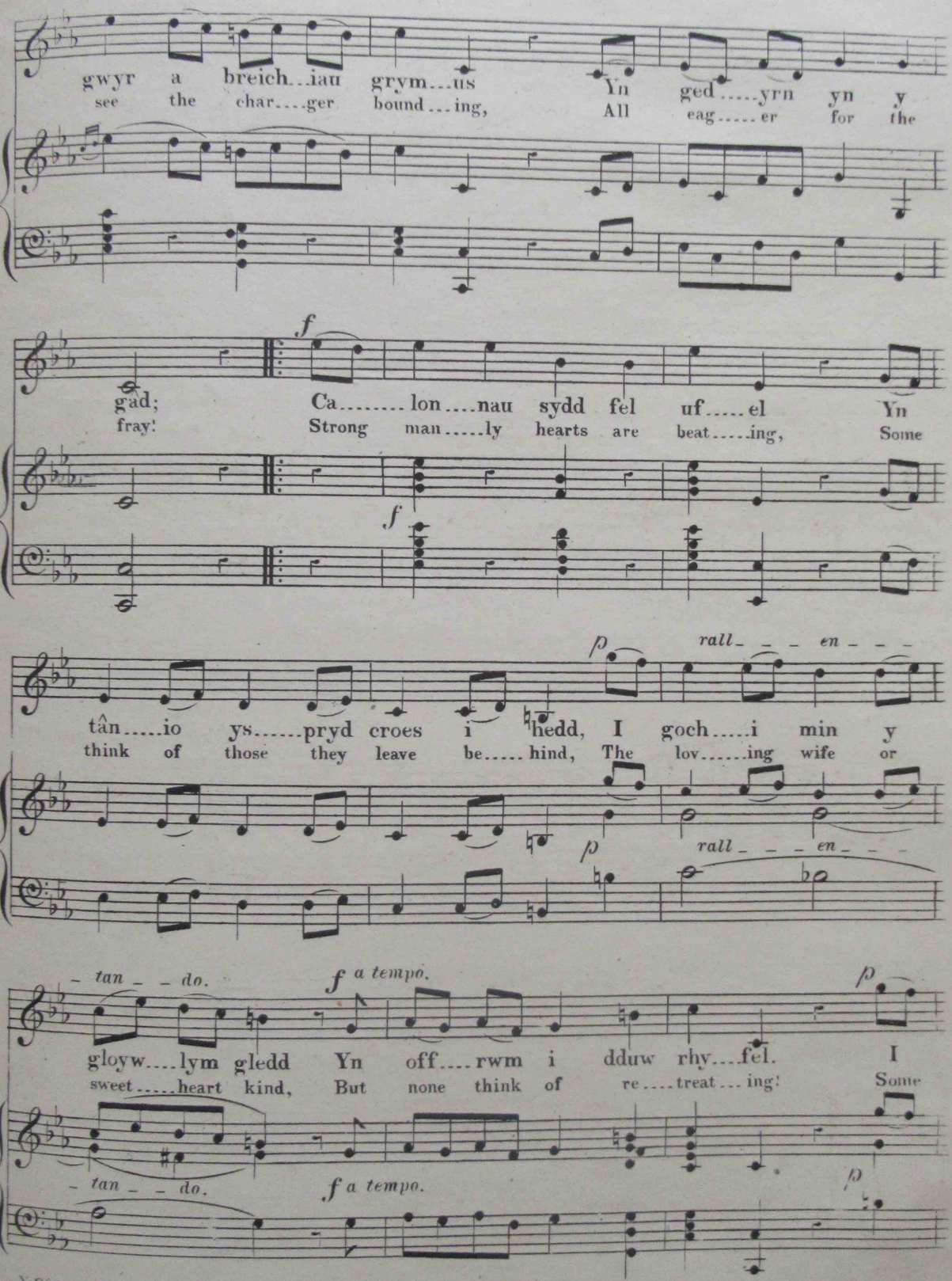
(Pencerdd Gwalia.)

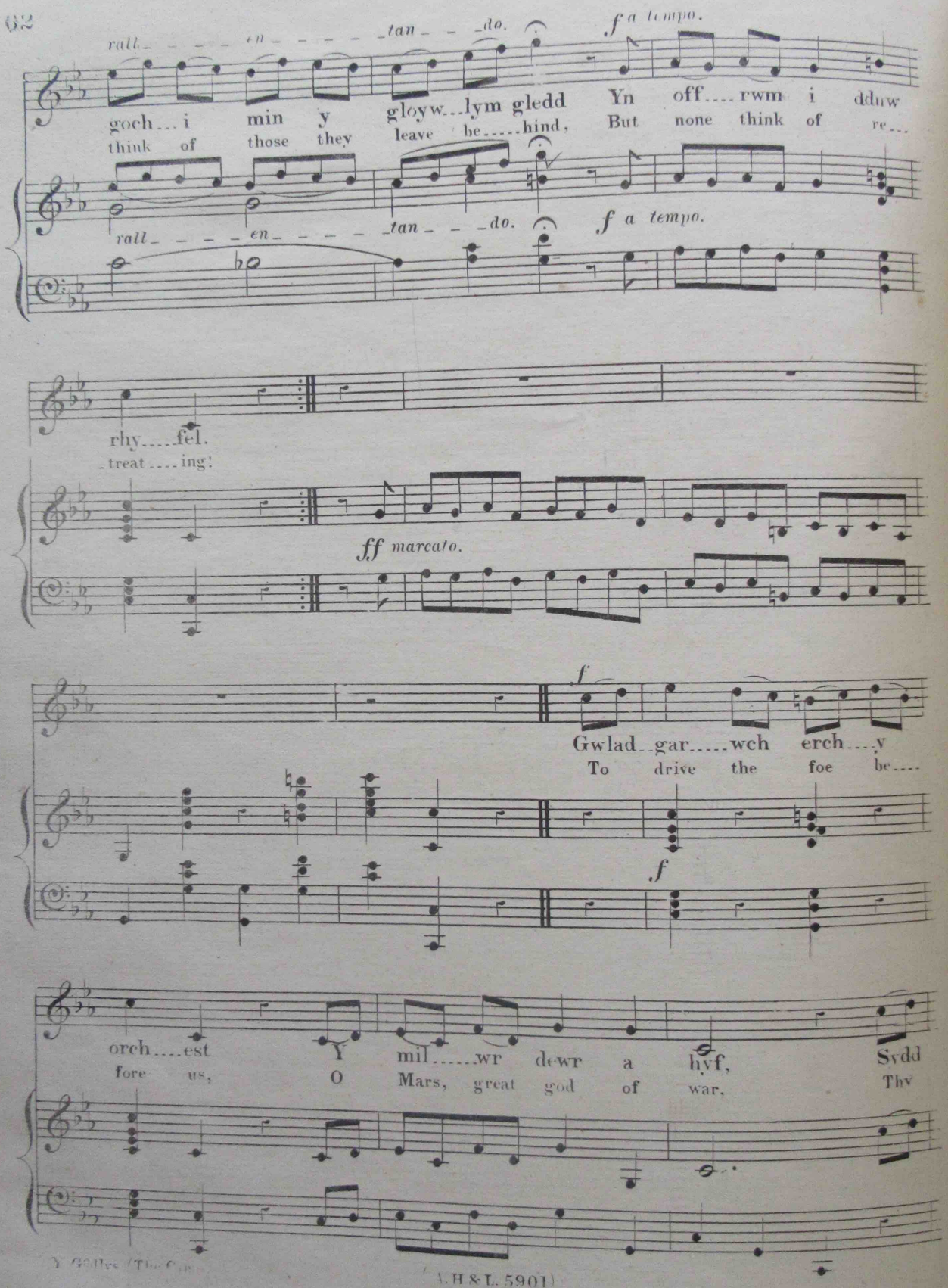
THE WELSH POETRY BY
TALHAIARN.
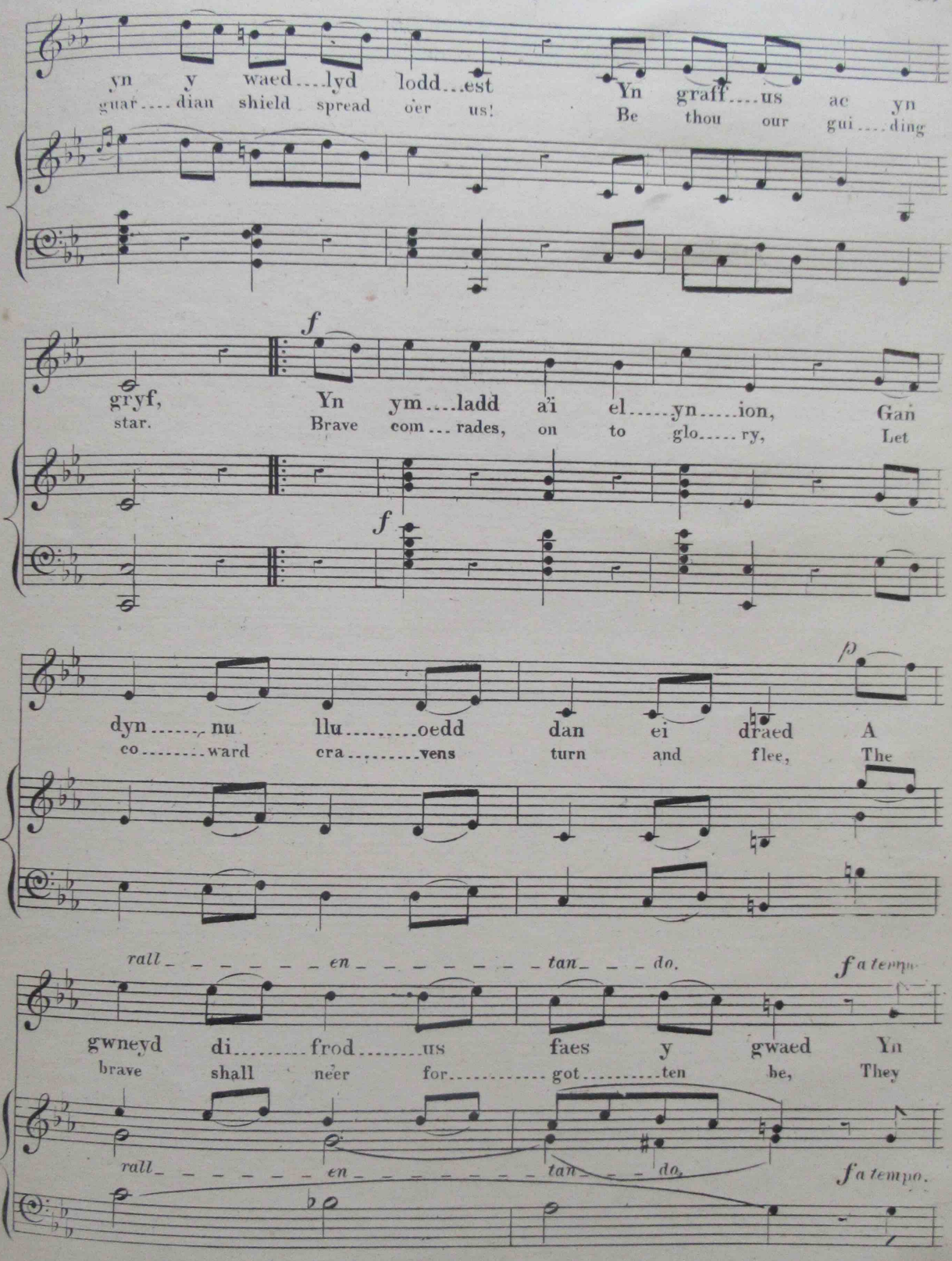
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
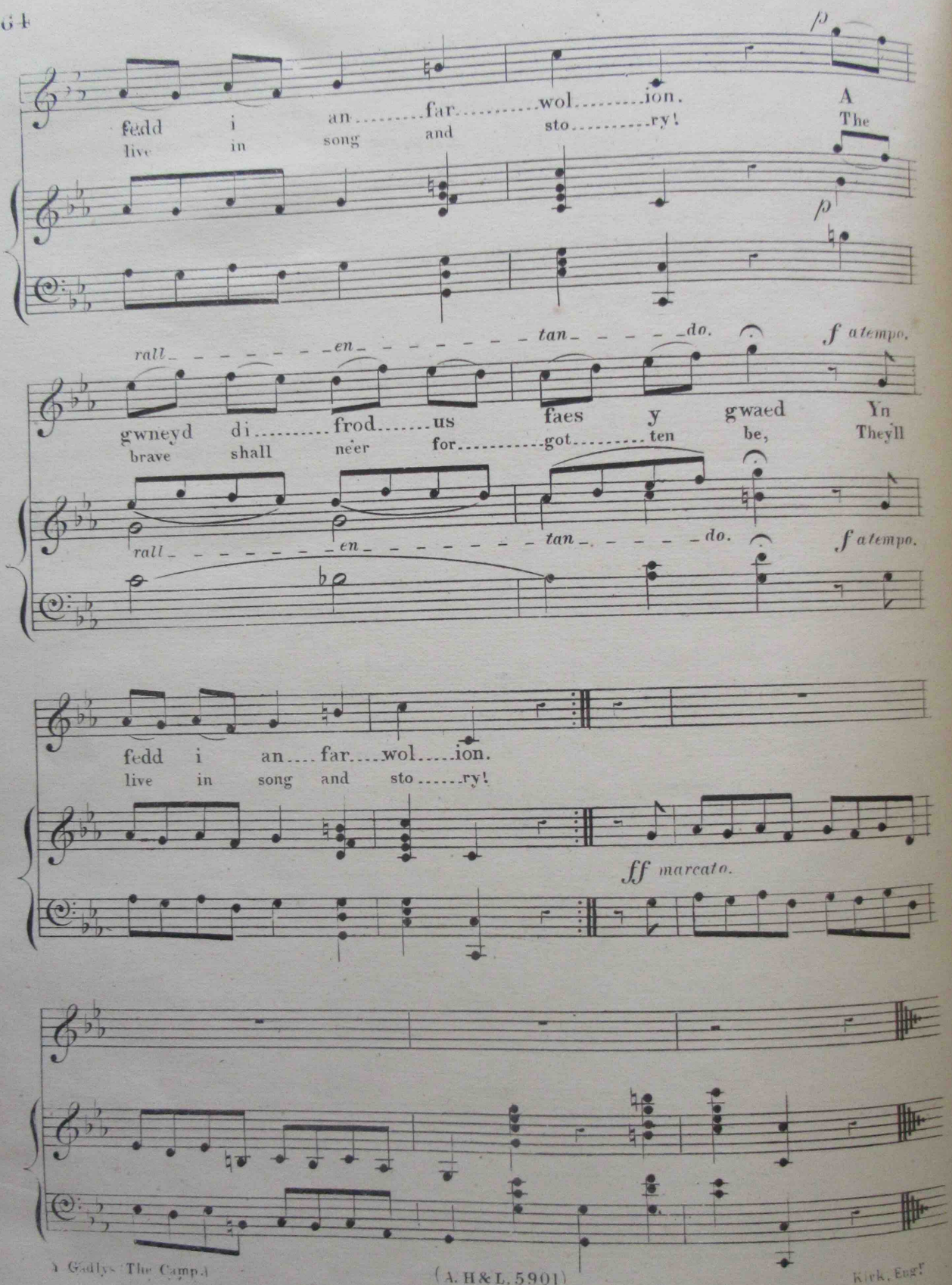
This Melody was brought into notice by the words "Of noble race was Shenkin" adapted to it by Tom Durfey in his play of the "Richmond Heiress" A.D. 1693.




gwyr a breich...iau grym...us Yn ged.....yrn yn y
see the char....ger bound...ing, All eag.....er for the
f
gad; Ca..... lon....nau sydd fel uf.....el Yn
fray! Strong man.....ly hearts are beat.....ing, Some
f
p rall___en___
tân.....io ys.....pryd croes i hedd, I goch.....i min y
think of those they leave be.....hind, The lov.....ing wife or
p rall___en___
tan__do. f a tempo. p
gloyw....lym gledd Yn off....rwm i dduw rhy....fel. I
sweet.....heart kind, But none think of re....treat...ing! Some
tan__do. f a tempo. p


rall. en tan do.
f a tempo.
goch i min y gloyw lym gledd Yn off rwm i ddiw
think of those they leave be hind, But none think of re
rall. en tan do.
f a tempo.
rhy fel.
treat ing!
ff marcato.
f
Gwlad gar wch erch y
To drive the foe be
f
orch est Y mil wr dewr a hyf, Sydd
fore us, O Mars, great god of war, Thy


yn y waed lyd lodd est Yn graff us ac yn
guar dian shield spread oer us! Be thou our gui ding
f
gryf, Yn ym ladd a'i el yn ion, Gan
star. Brave com rades, on to glo ry, Let
f
p
dyn nu llu oedd dan ei draed A
co ward cra vens turn and flee, The
rall en tan do. f a tempo
gwneyd di frod us faes y gwaed Yn
brave shall neer for got ten be, They
rall en tan do. f a tempo.



(A.H&L.5901)

Kirk, Engr.

Y GADLYS.

No. 8.

THE CAMP.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(Pencerdd Gwalia.)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

This Melody was brought into notice by the words "Of noble race was Shenkin" adapted to it by Tom Durfey in his play of the "Richmond Heiress" A.D. 1693.

MODERATO MAESTOSO. (♩=144.)

1st SOPRANO.

2nd SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

MODERATO MAESTOSO. (♩=144.)

HARP OR PIANO.

ff *sf*

8. *ff*

Mae cyff...ro yn y Gâd_lys
I hear the trum_pet sound_ing

ff

Mae cyff...ro yn y Gâd_lys
I hear the trum_pet sound_ing
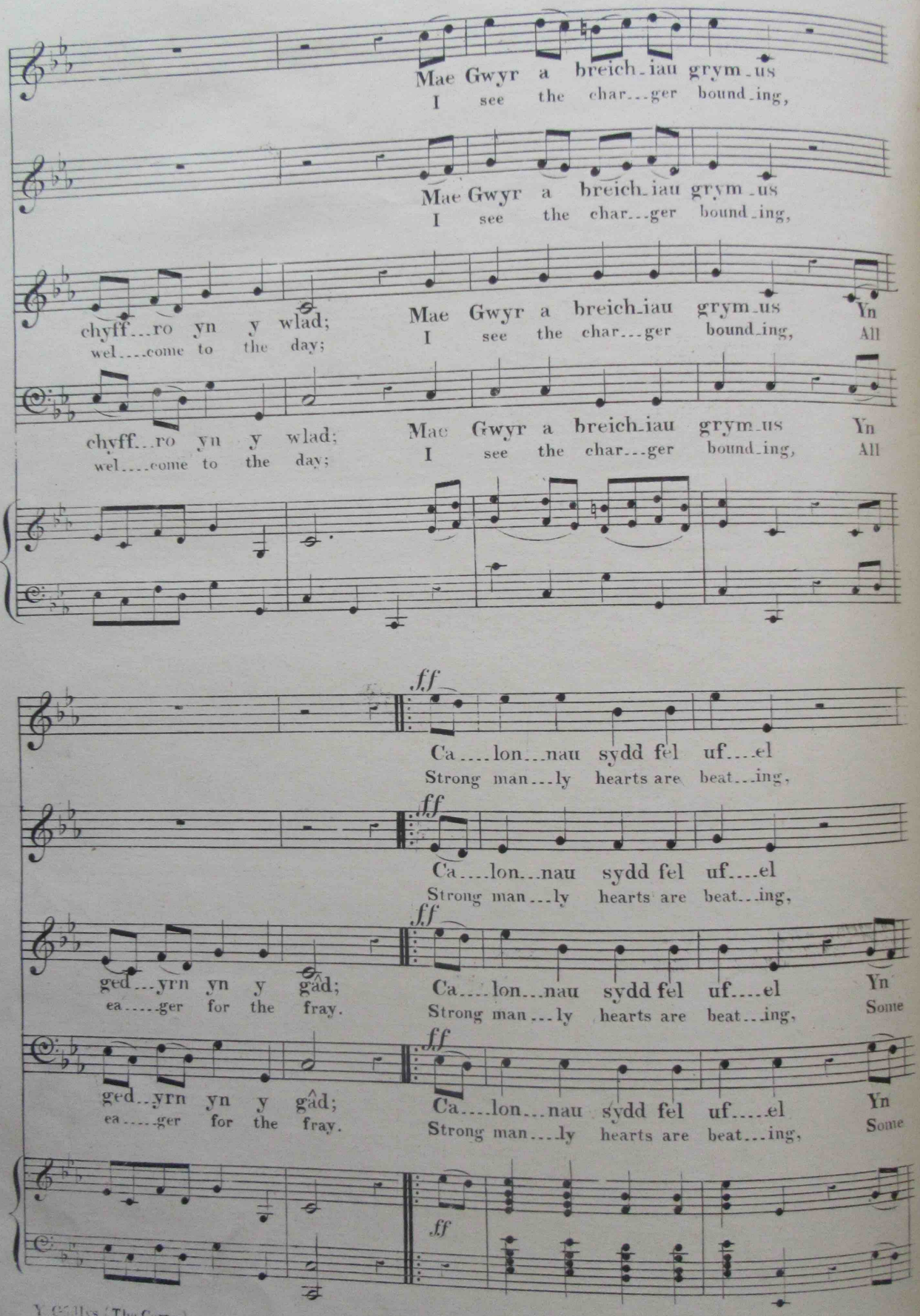
ff
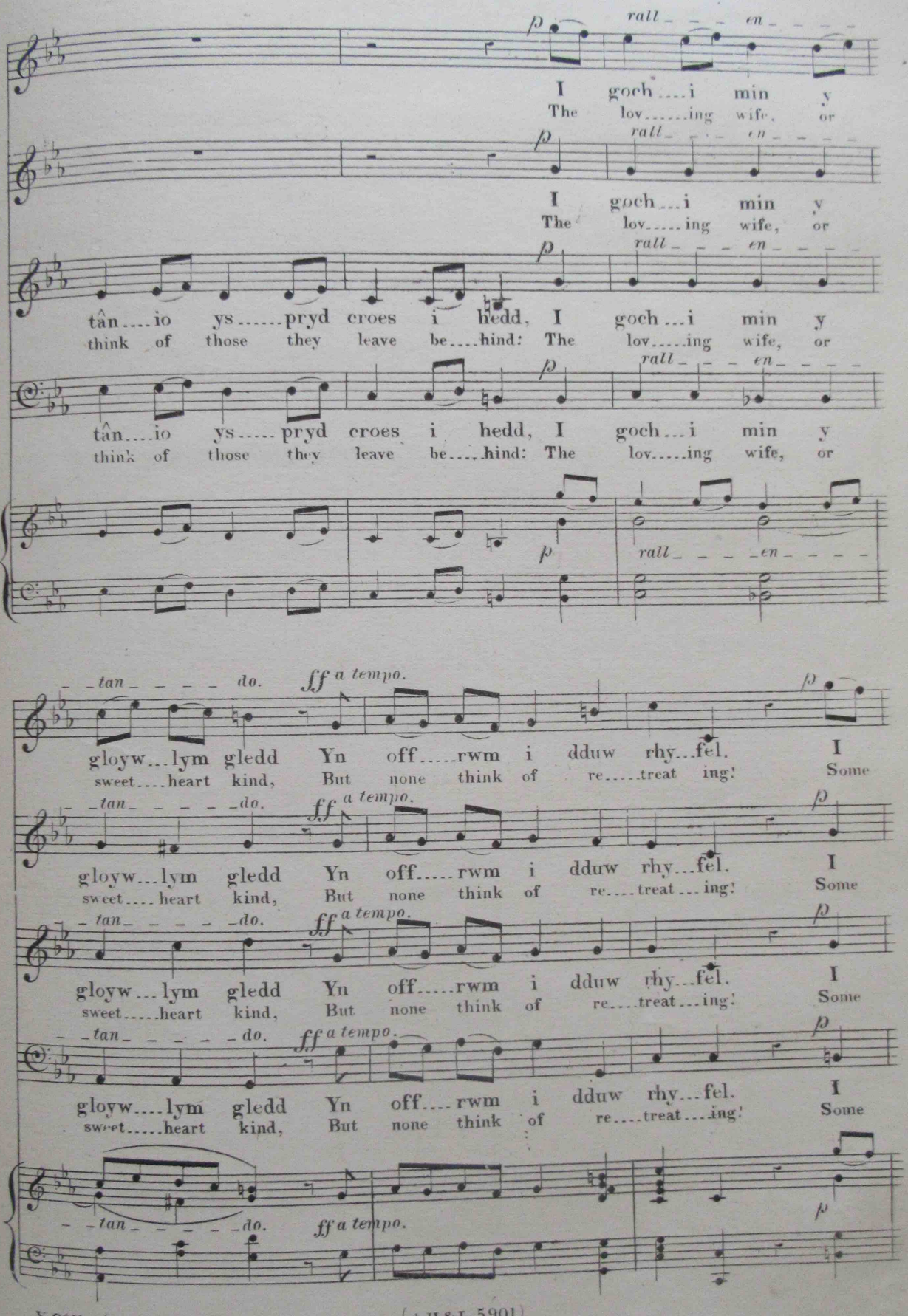
Mae cyff_ro yn y Gâd_lys A
I hear the trum_pet sound_ing A
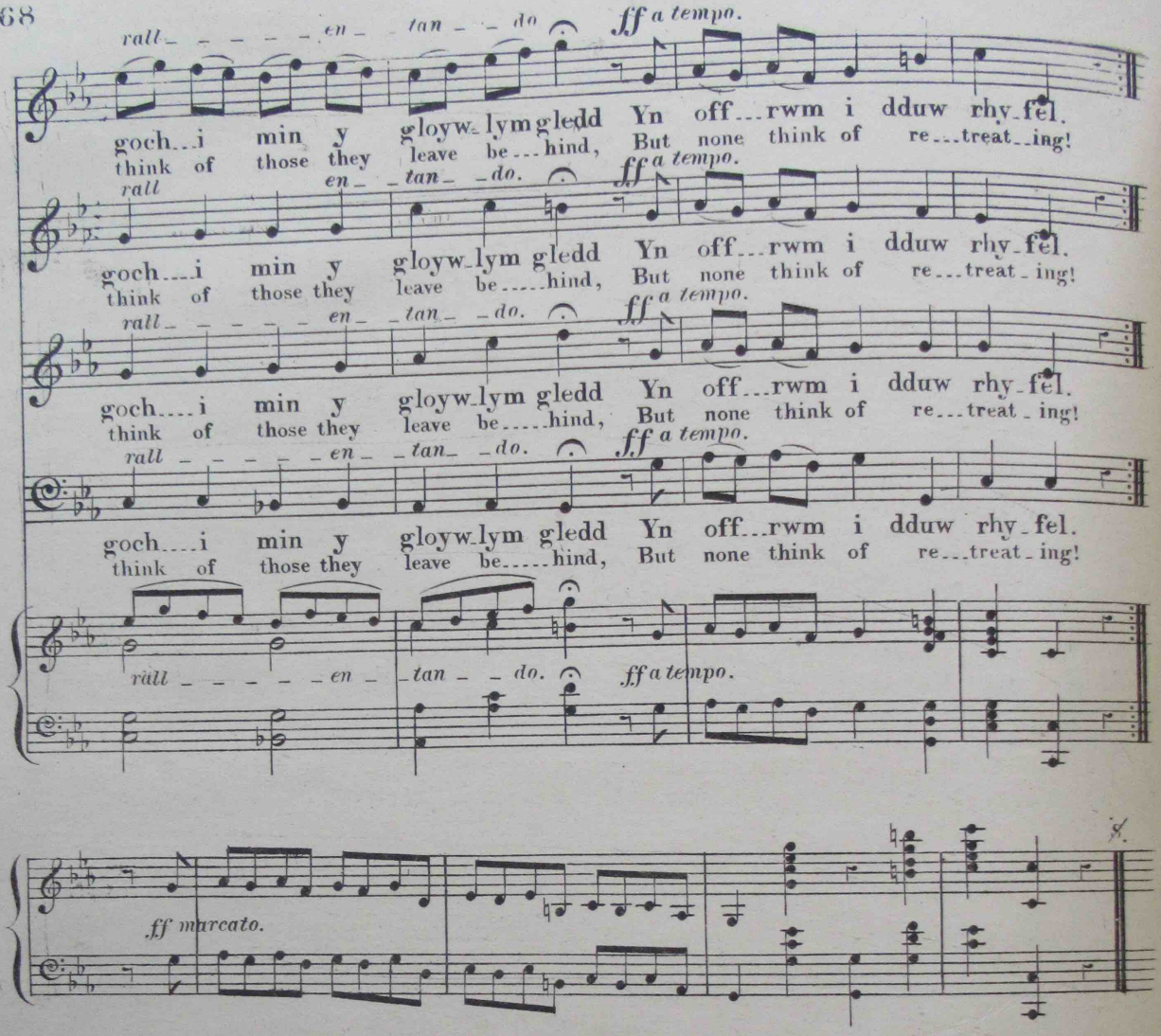
ff

Mae cyff_ro yn y Gâd_lys A
I hear the trum_pet sound_ing A

ff


Mae Gwyr a breich_iau grym_us
I see the char...ger bound_ing,
Mae Gwyr a breich_iau grym_us
I see the char...ger bound_ing,
chyff...ro yn y wlad;
wel....come to the day;
Mae Gwyr a breich_iau grym_us Yn
I see the char...ger bound_ing, All
chyff...ro yn y wlad;
wel....come to the day;
Mae Gwyr a breich_iau grym_us Yn
I see the char...ger bound_ing, All
ff
Ca....lon...nau sydd fel uf....el
Strong man...ly hearts are beat...ing,
ff
Ca....lon...nau sydd fel uf....el
Strong man...ly hearts are beat...ing,
ff
ged...yrn yn y gâd;
ea.....ger for the fray.
Ca....lon...nau sydd fel uf....el Yn
Strong man...ly hearts are beat...ing, Some
ff
ged...yrn yn y gâd;
ea.....ger for the fray.
Ca....lon...nau sydd fel uf....el Yn
Strong man...ly hearts are beat...ing, Some
ff


p rall_ _ _ en_ _ _ _
I goch ....i min y
The lov.....ing wife, or
tân....io ys.....pryd croes i hedd, I goch ...i min y
think of those they leave be....hind: The lov.....ing wife, or
tan _ _ _ do. ff a tempo.
gloyw...lym gledd Yn off.....rwm i dduw rhy...fel. I
sweet....heart kind, But none think of re.....treat ing! Some



2

Gwladgarwch erchy orchest
Y milwr dewr a hyf,
Sydd yn y waedlyd loddest
Yn graffus ac yn gryf,
Yn ymladd a'i elynion,
Gan dynnu lluoedd dan ei draed,
A gwneyd difrodus faes y gwaed
Yn fedd i anfarwolion.

2

To drive the foe before us,
O Mars, great god of war,
Thy guardian shield spread o'er us!
Be thou our guiding star.
Brave comrades, on to glory,
Let coward cravens turn and flee,
The brave shall ne'er forgotten be,
They'll live in song and story.

Nº 9

TORRIAD Y DYDD.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

ARRANGED BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

LARGHETTO AFFETTUOSO. (♩ = 56.)

HARP OR PIANO.

p *mf*

p

Y niwl___iog nos a gil___ia, o
Oh! well do I re___mem___ber, 'twas

p

mf
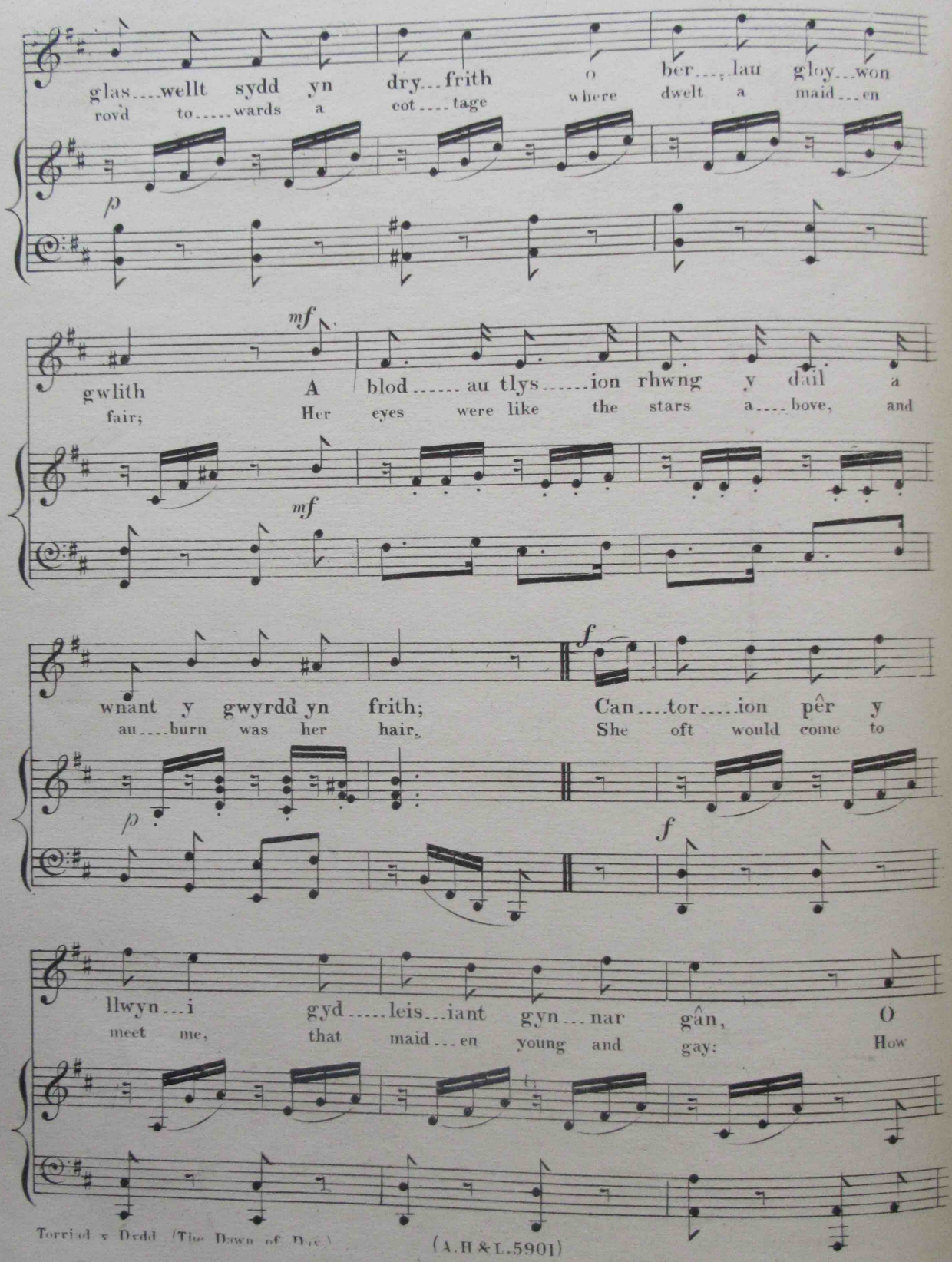
wydd y wiw___lan wawr, Syn gwrid___o yn y
in the month of May, When oft my foot___steps
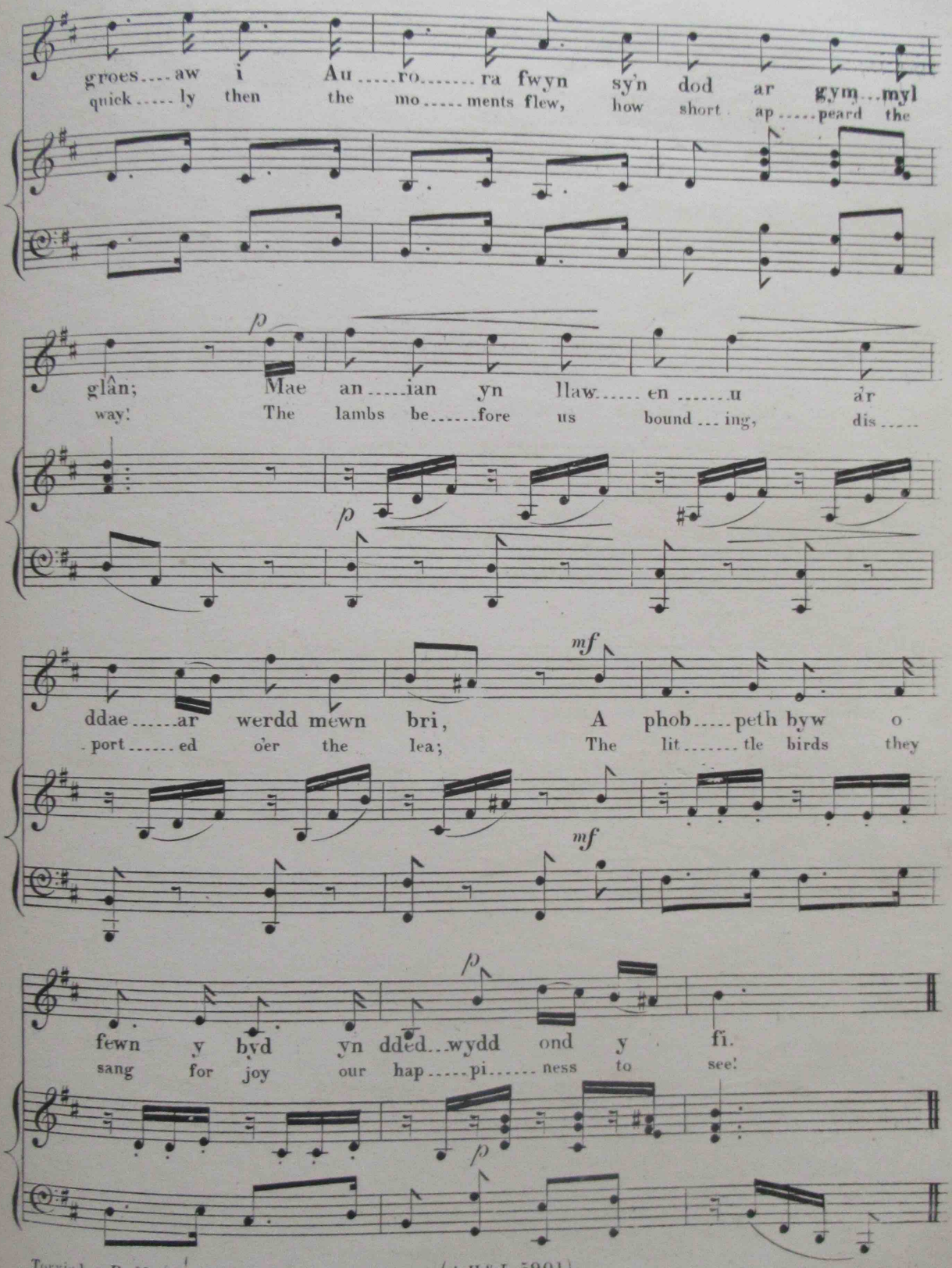
mf

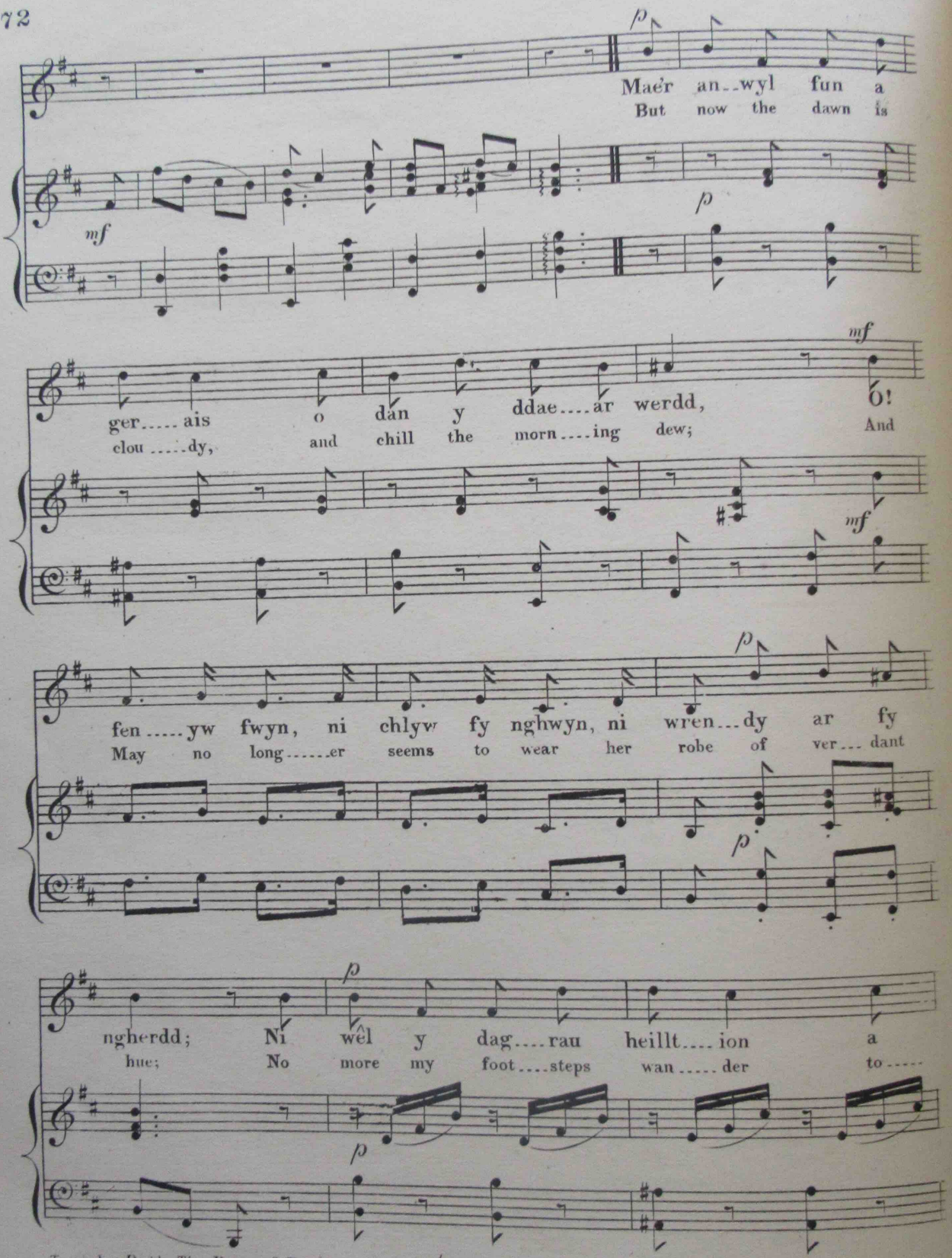
p *p*
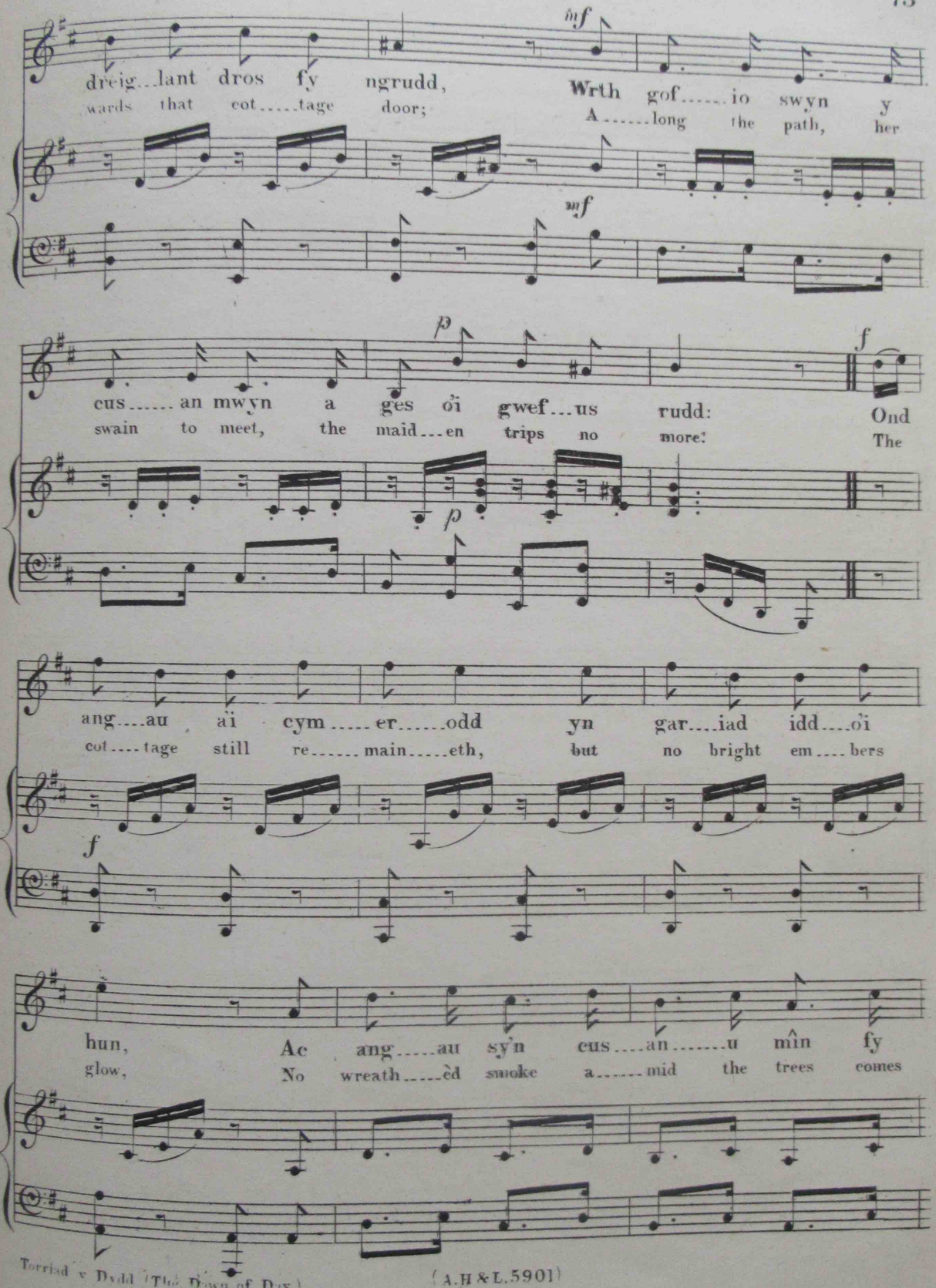
dwy___rain der i lon___i dae___ar lawr; Y
used to rove at ear___ly dawn of day; They

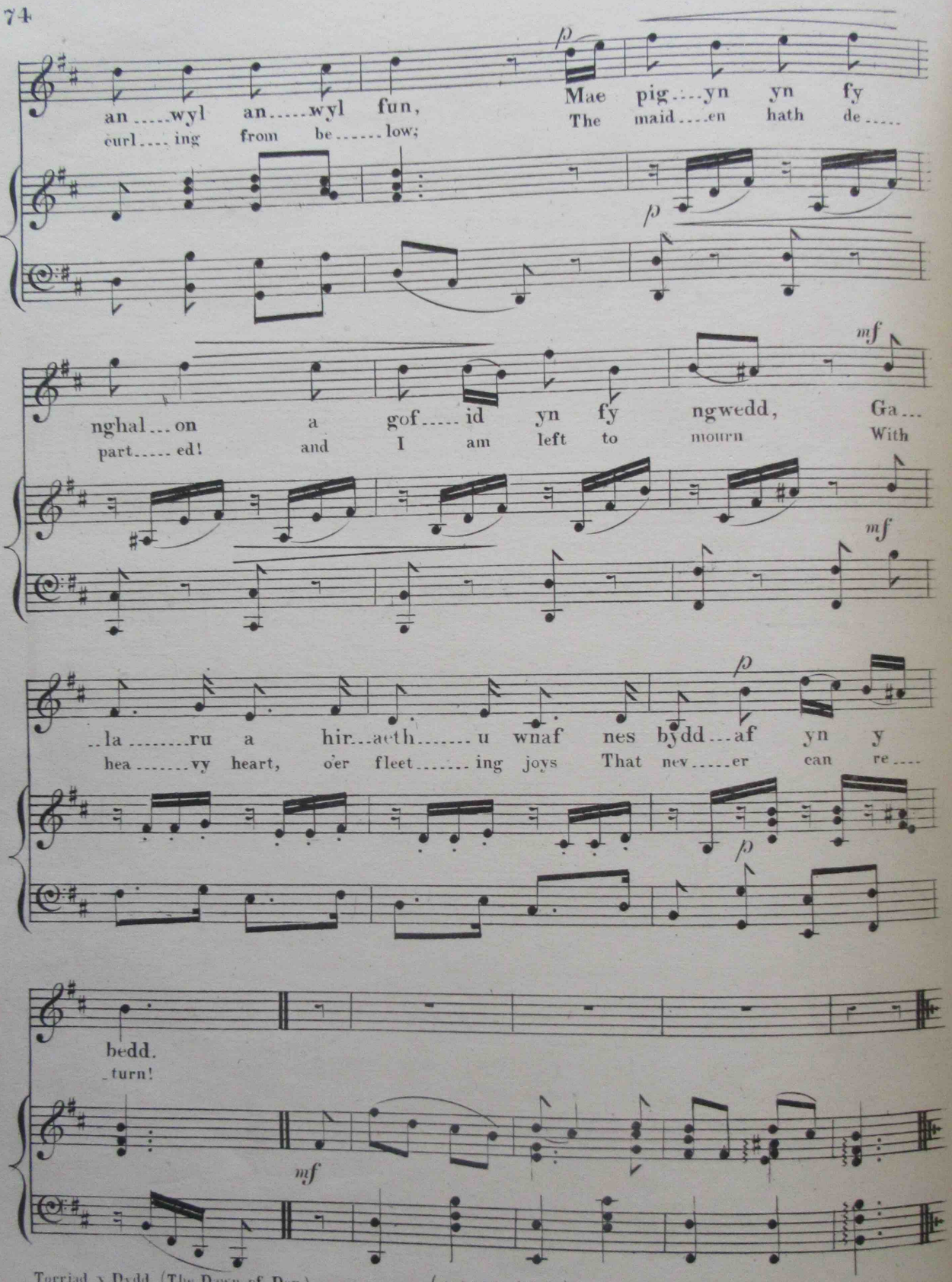
p


glas wellt sydd yn dry frith o ber lau gloy won
rovd to wards a cot tage where dwelt a maid en
p
mf
gwlith A blod au tlys ion rhwng y dail a
fair; Her eyes were like the stars a bove, and
mf
wnant y gwyrdd yn frith; Can tor ion pêr y
au burn was her hair, She oft would come to
p
f
f
llwyn i gyd leis iant gyn nar gân, O
meet me, that maid en young and gay: How


groes aw i Au ro ra fwyn syn dod ar gym myl
quick ly then the mo ments flew, how short ap peard the
glân; Mae an ian yn llaw en u ar
way! The lambs be fore us bound ing, dis
ddae ar werdd mewn bri, A phob peth byw o
port ed o'er the lea; The lit tle birds they
fewn y byd yn dded wydd ond y fi.
sang for joy our hap pi ness to see!


Mae'r an--wyl fun a
But now the dawn is
ger..... ais o dan y ddae....ar werdd,
clou .....dy, and chill the morn....ing dew;
O!
And
fen.....yw fwyn, ni chlyw fy nghwyn, ni wren...dy ar fy
May no long.....er seems to wear her robe of ver...dant
ngherdd; Ni wel y dag....rau heillt....ion a
hue; No more my foot....steps wan.....der to.....


dreig...lant dros fy ngrudd,
wards that cot....tage door;
Wrth gof.....io swyn y
A.....long the path, her
mf
mf
p
cus.....an mwyn a ges oï gwef...us rudd:
swain to meet, the maid...en trips no more!
Ond
The
f
p
ang....au aï cym.....er.....odd yn gar...iad idd....oï
cot....tage still re.....main.....eth, but no bright em....bers
f
hun,
glow,
Ac ang.....au sy'n cus....an.....u mîn fy
No wreath.....èd smoke a.....mid the trees comes


an ..... wyl an ..... wyl fun,
curl .... ing from be ..... low;
Mae pig ..... yn yn fy
The maid ..... en hath de .....
nghal ... on a gof ..... id yn fy ngwedd, Ga ...
part ..... ed! and I am left to mourn With
.. la ..... ru a hir ... aeth ..... u wnaf nes bydd ... af yn y
hea ..... vy heart, o'er fleet ..... ing joys That nev ..... er can re ....
bedd.
turn!

TORRIAD Y DYDD.

No. 9. THE DAWN OF DAY.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

LARGHETTO, AFFETTUOSO. (♩ = 56.)

1st SOPRANO.

2nd SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

LARGHETTO. AFFETTUOSO. (♩ = 56.)

HARP OR PIANO.
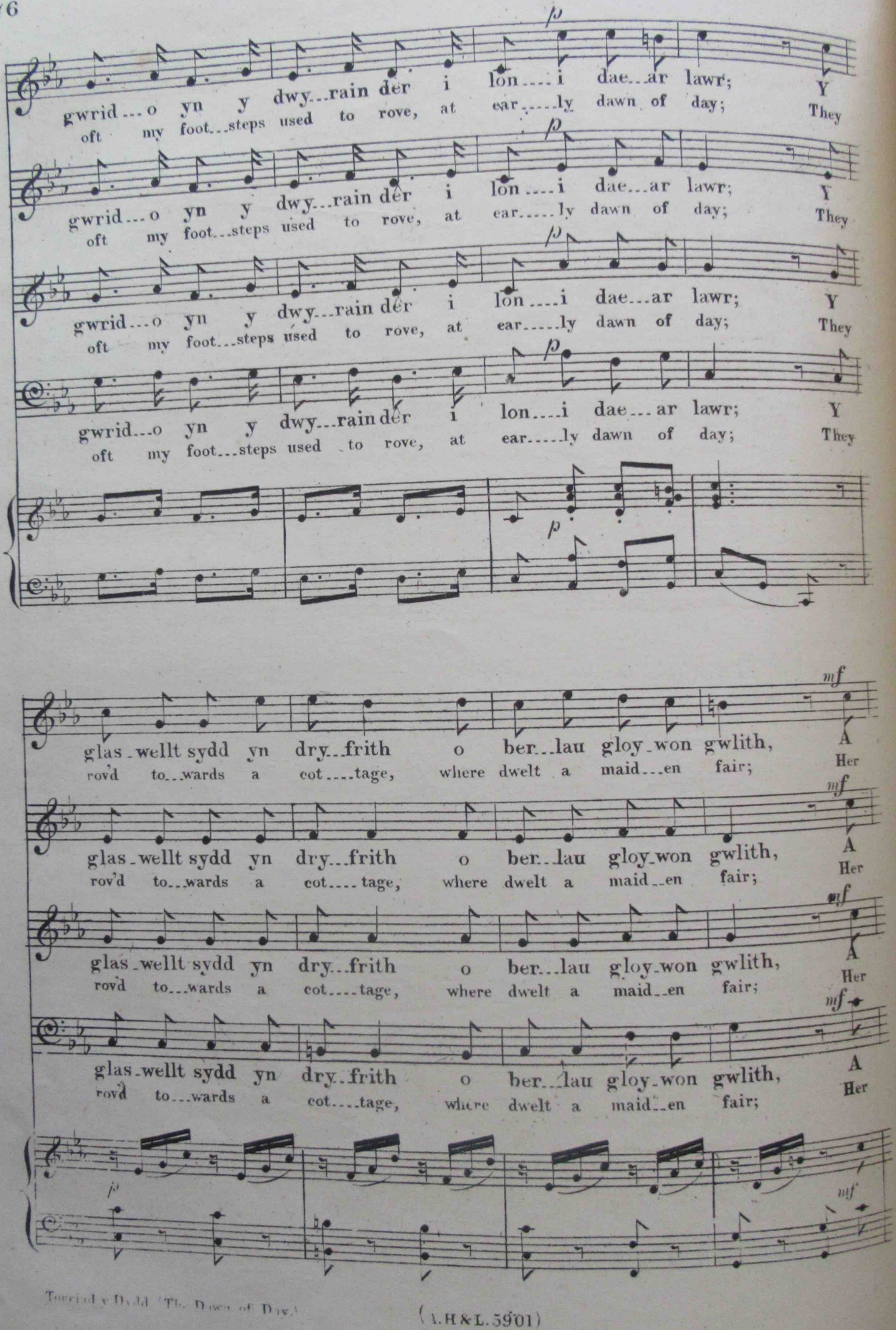
p *mf*

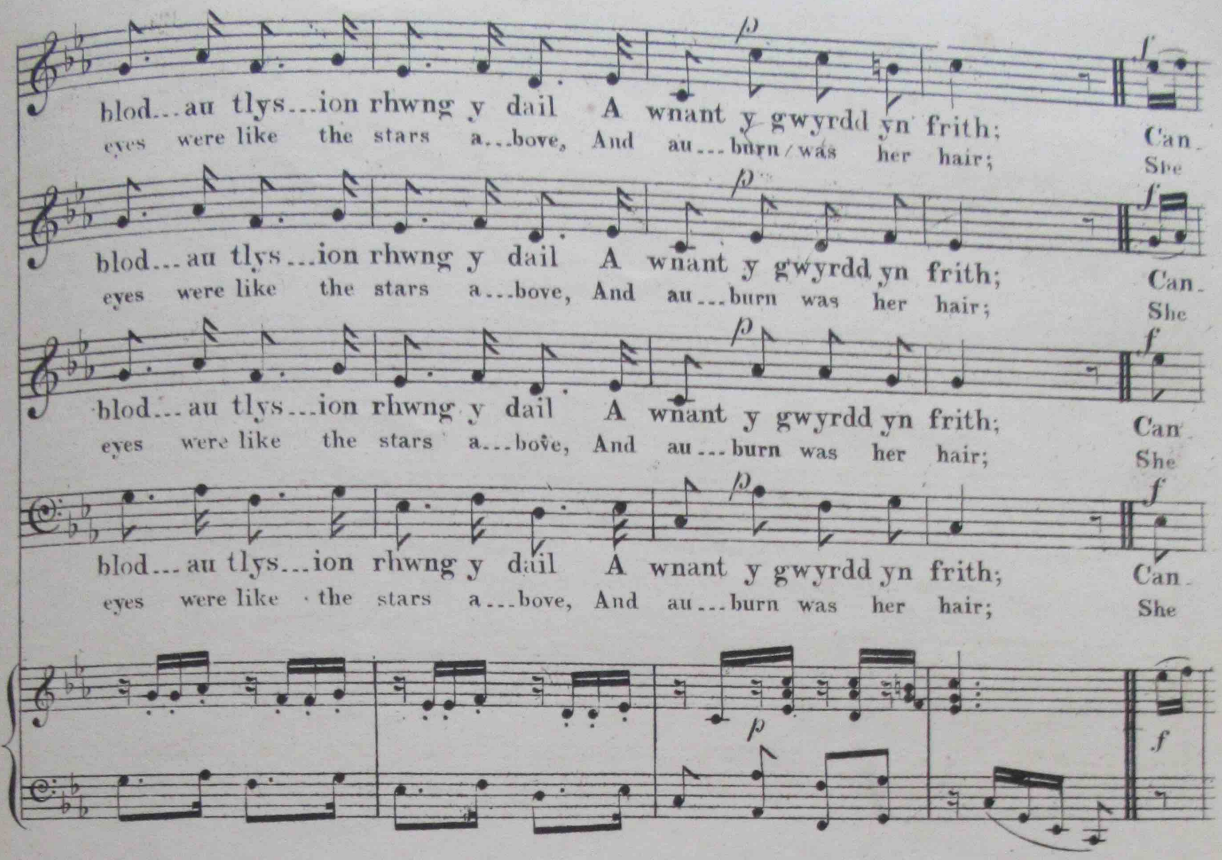
Y niwl_iog nos a gil___ia o wydd y wiw__lan wawr, Sy'n
Oh! well do I re__mem__ber, 'twas in the month of May, When

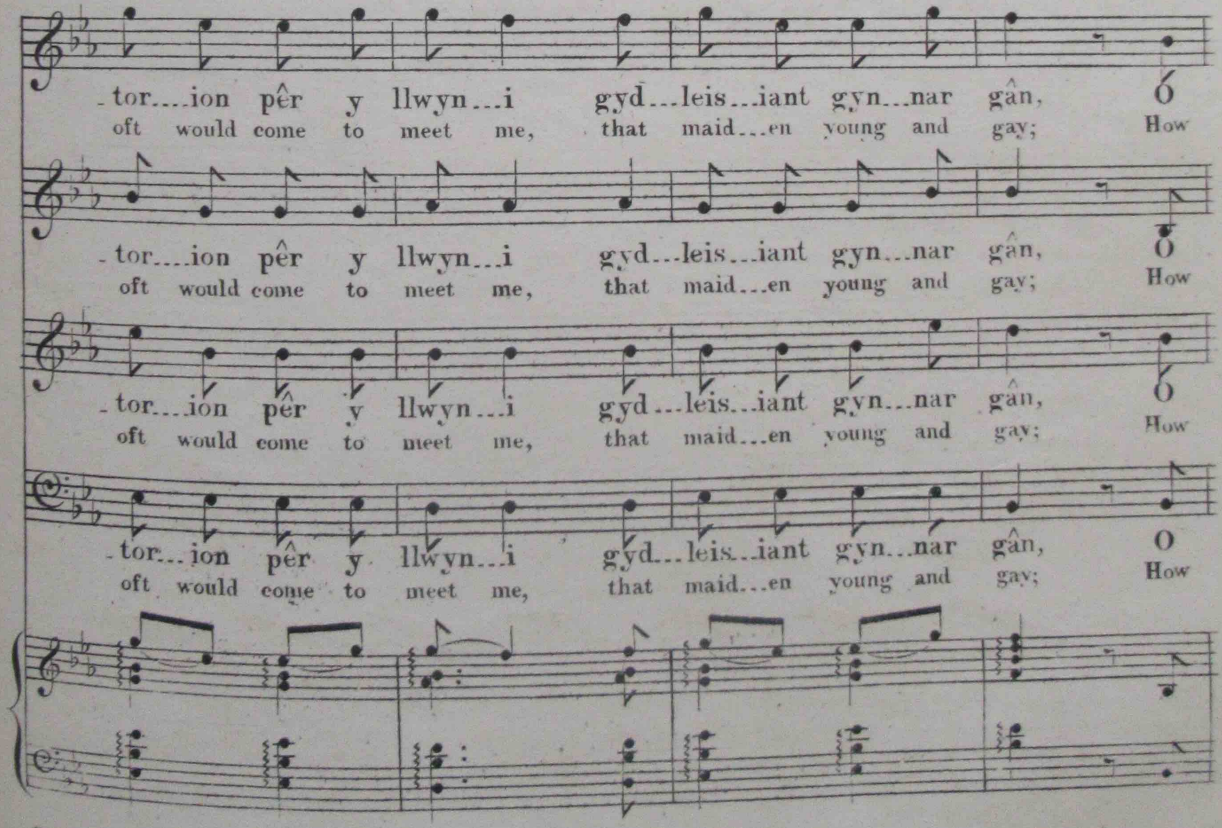
Y niwl_iog nos a gil___ia o wydd y wiw__lan wawr, Sy'n
Oh! well do I re__mem__ber, 'twas in the month of May, When
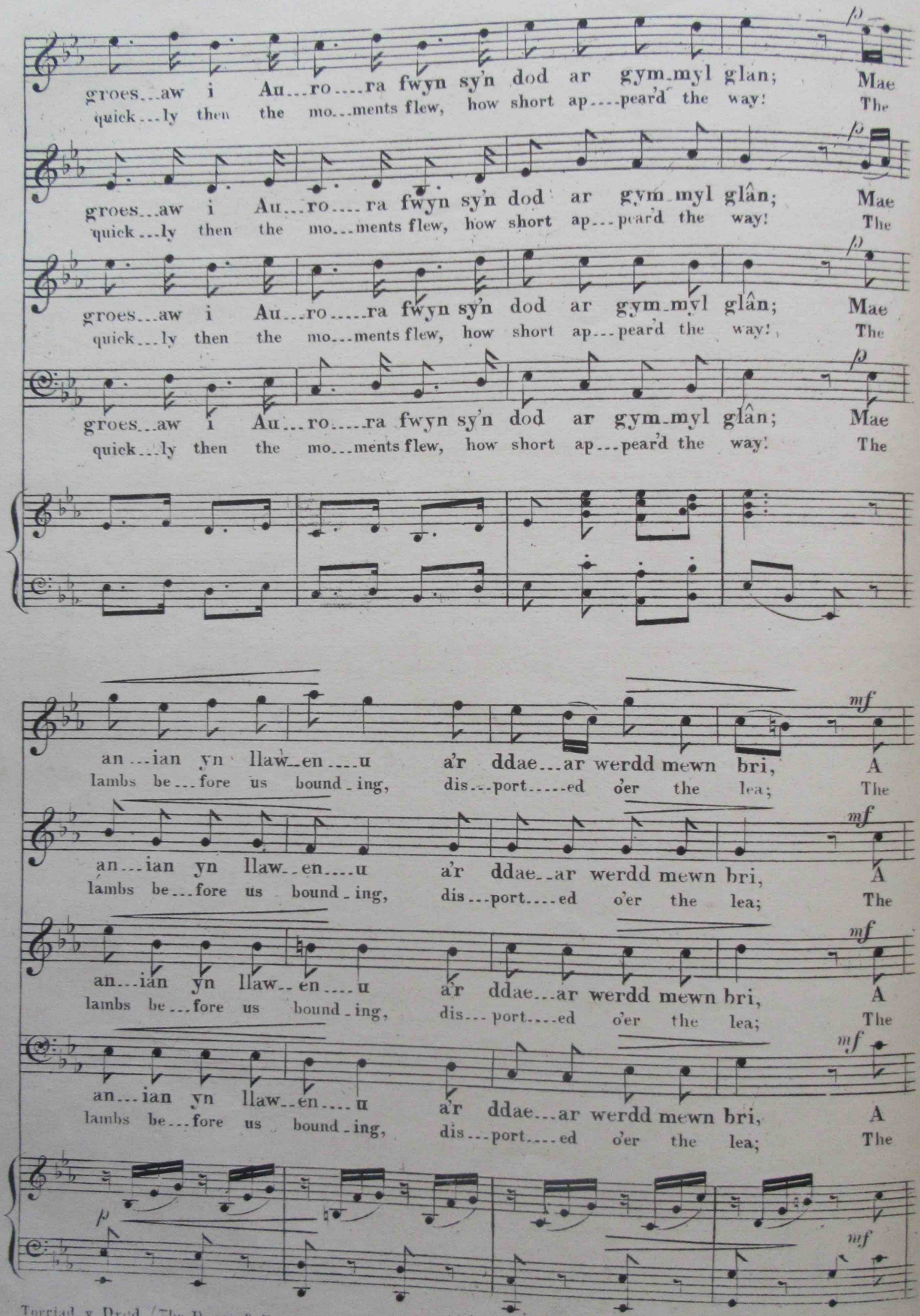
Y niwl_iog nos a gil___ia o wydd y wiw__lan wawr, Sy'n
Oh! well do I re__mem__ber, 'twas in the month of May, When
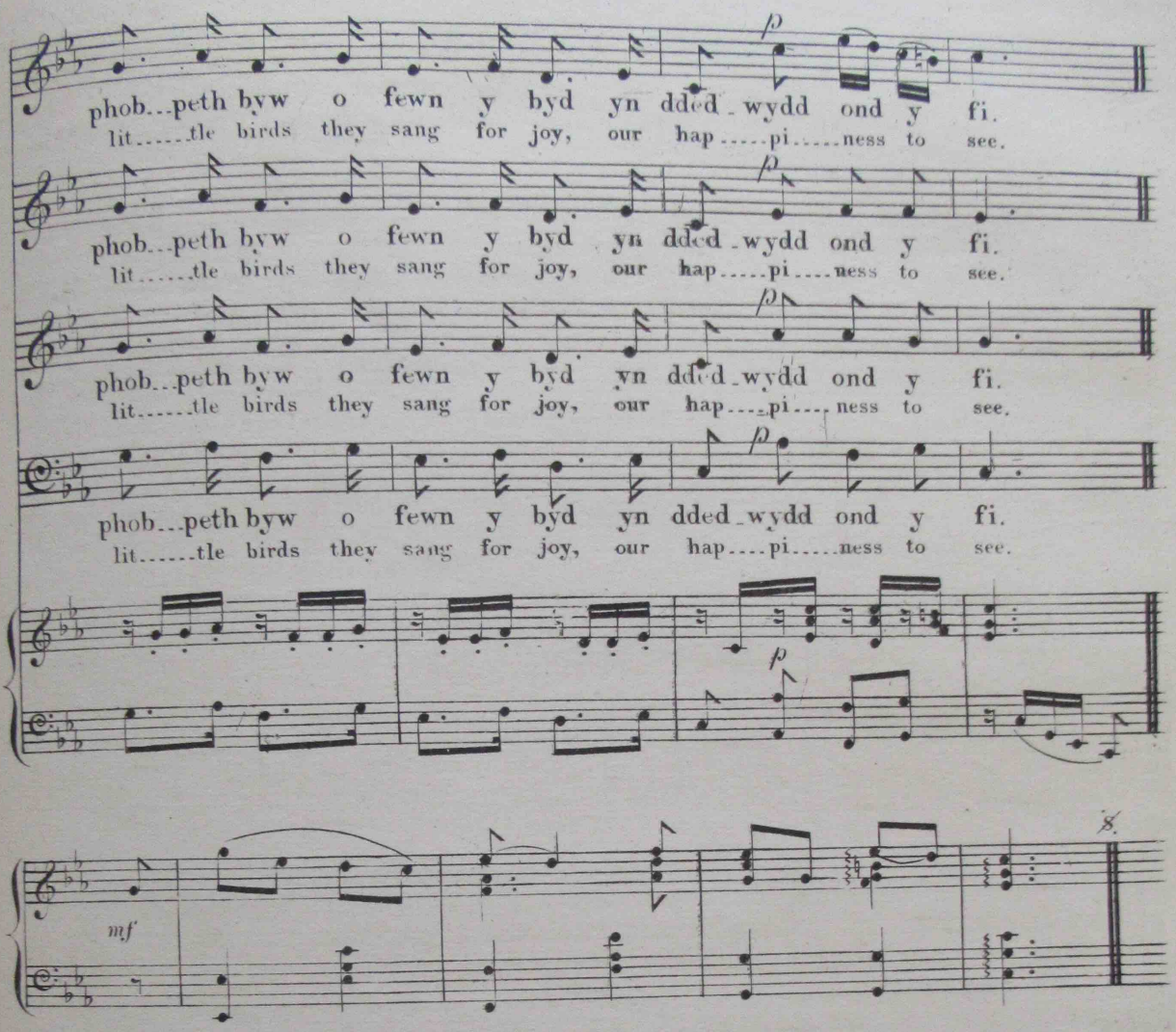
Y niwl_iog nos a gil___ia o wydd y wiw__lan wawr, Sy'n
Oh! well do I re__mem__ber, 'twas in the month of May. When


p
gwrid---o yn y dwy---rain der i lon---i dae---ar lawr; Y
oft my foot---steps used to rove, at ear---ly dawn of day; They
gwrid---o yn y dwy---rain der i lon---i dae---ar lawr; Y
oft my foot---steps used to rove, at ear---ly dawn of day; They
gwrid---o yn y dwy---rain der i lon---i dae---ar lawr; Y
oft my foot---steps used to rove, at ear---ly dawn of day; They
gwrid---o yn y dwy---rain der i lon---i dae---ar lawr; Y
oft my foot---steps used to rove, at ear---ly dawn of day; They
mf
glas-wellt sydd yn dry---frith o ber---lau gloy-won gwlith, A
rov'd to---wards a cot---tage, where dwelt a maid---en fair; Her
glas-wellt sydd yn dry---frith o ber---lau gloy-won gwlith, A
rov'd to---wards a cot---tage, where dwelt a maid---en fair; Her
glas-wellt sydd yn dry---frith o ber---lau gloy-won gwlith, A
rov'd to---wards a cot---tage, where dwelt a maid---en fair; Her
glas-wellt sydd yn dry---frith o ber---lau gloy-won gwlith, A
rov'd to---wards a cot---tage, where dwelt a maid---en fair; Her


blod...au tlys...ion rhwng y dail A wnant y gwyrdd yn frith;
eyes were like the stars a...bove, And au...burn was her hair;
Can
She
blod...au tlys...ion rhwng y dail A wnant y gwyrdd yn frith;
eyes were like the stars a...bove, And au...burn was her hair;
Can
She
blod...au tlys...ion rhwng y dail A wnant y gwyrdd yn frith;
eyes were like the stars a...bove, And au...burn was her hair;
Can
She
blod...au tlys...ion rhwng y dail A wnant y gwyrdd yn frith;
eyes were like the stars a...bove, And au...burn was her hair;
Can
She


-tor...ion pêr y llwyn...i gyd...leis...iant gyn...nar gân,
oft would come to meet me, that maid...en young and gay;
O
How
-tor...ion pêr y llwyn...i gyd...leis...iant gyn...nar gân,
oft would come to meet me, that maid...en young and gay;
O
How
-tor...ion pêr y llwyn...i gyd...leis...iant gyn...nar gân,
oft would come to meet me, that maid...en young and gay;
O
How
-tor...ion pêr y llwyn...i gyd...leis...iant gyn...nar gân,
oft would come to meet me, that maid...en young and gay;
O
How


groes...aw i Au...ro....ra fwyn sy'n dod ar gym_myl glan; Mae
quick...ly then the mo...ments flew, how short ap....peard the way! The
groes...aw i Au...ro....ra fwyn sy'n dod ar gym_myl glân; Mae
quick...ly then the mo...ments flew, how short ap...peard the way! The
groes...aw i Au...ro....ra fwyn sy'n dod ar gym_myl glân; Mae
quick...ly then the mo...ments flew, how short ap...peard the way! The
groes...aw i Au...ro....ra fwyn sy'n dod ar gym_myl glân; Mae
quick...ly then the mo...ments flew, how short ap...peard the way! The
an...ian yn llaw_en....u a'r ddae...ar werdd mewn bri, A
lambs be...fore us bound_ing, dis...port....ed o'er the lea; The
an...ian yn llaw_en....u a'r ddae...ar werdd mewn bri, A
lambs be...fore us bound_ing, dis...port....ed o'er the lea; The
an...ian yn llaw_en....u a'r ddae...ar werdd mewn bri, A
lambs be...fore us bound_ing, dis...port....ed o'er the lea; The
an...ian yn llaw_en....u a'r ddae...ar werdd mewn bri, A
lambs be...fore us bound_ing, dis...port....ed o'er the lea; The



2

Mae'r anwyl fun a gerais o dan y ddaear werdd,
O! fenyw fwyn, ni chlyw fy nghwyn, ni wrendy ar fy ngherdd;
Ni wêl y dagrau heilltion a dreiglant dros fy ngrudd,
Wrth gofio swyn y cusan mwyn a ges oi gwefus rudd:
Ond angau ai cymerodd yn gariad iddoi hun,
Ac angau sy'n cusanu mîn fy anwyl anwyl fun
Mae pigyn yn fy nghalon a gofid yn fy ngwedd,
Galaru a hiraethu wnaf nes byddaf yn y bedd.

2

But now the dawn is cloudy, and chill the morning dew;
And May no longer seems to wear her robe of verdant hue.
No more my footsteps wander toward that cottage door;
Along the path, her swain to meet, the maiden trips no more!
The cottage still remaineth, but no bright embers glow;
No wreathed smoke amid the trees comes curling from below.
The maiden hath departed: and I am left to mourn
With heavy heart, o'er fleeting joys that never can return.

SERCH HUDOL.

Nº 10. LOVE'S FASCINATION.

ARRANGED BY

JOHN THOMAS.

Pencerdd Gwalia.)
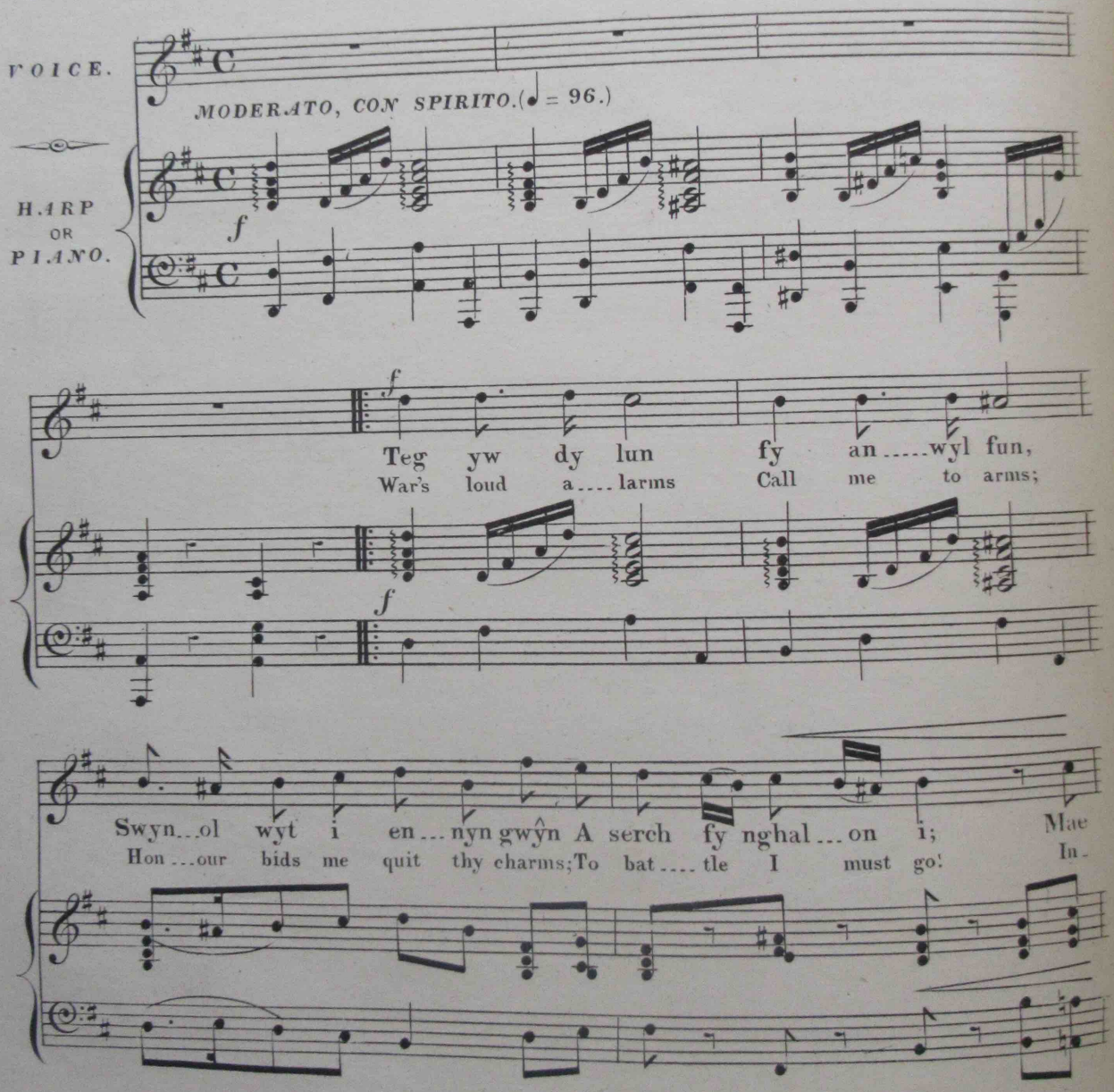
THE WELSH POETRY BY
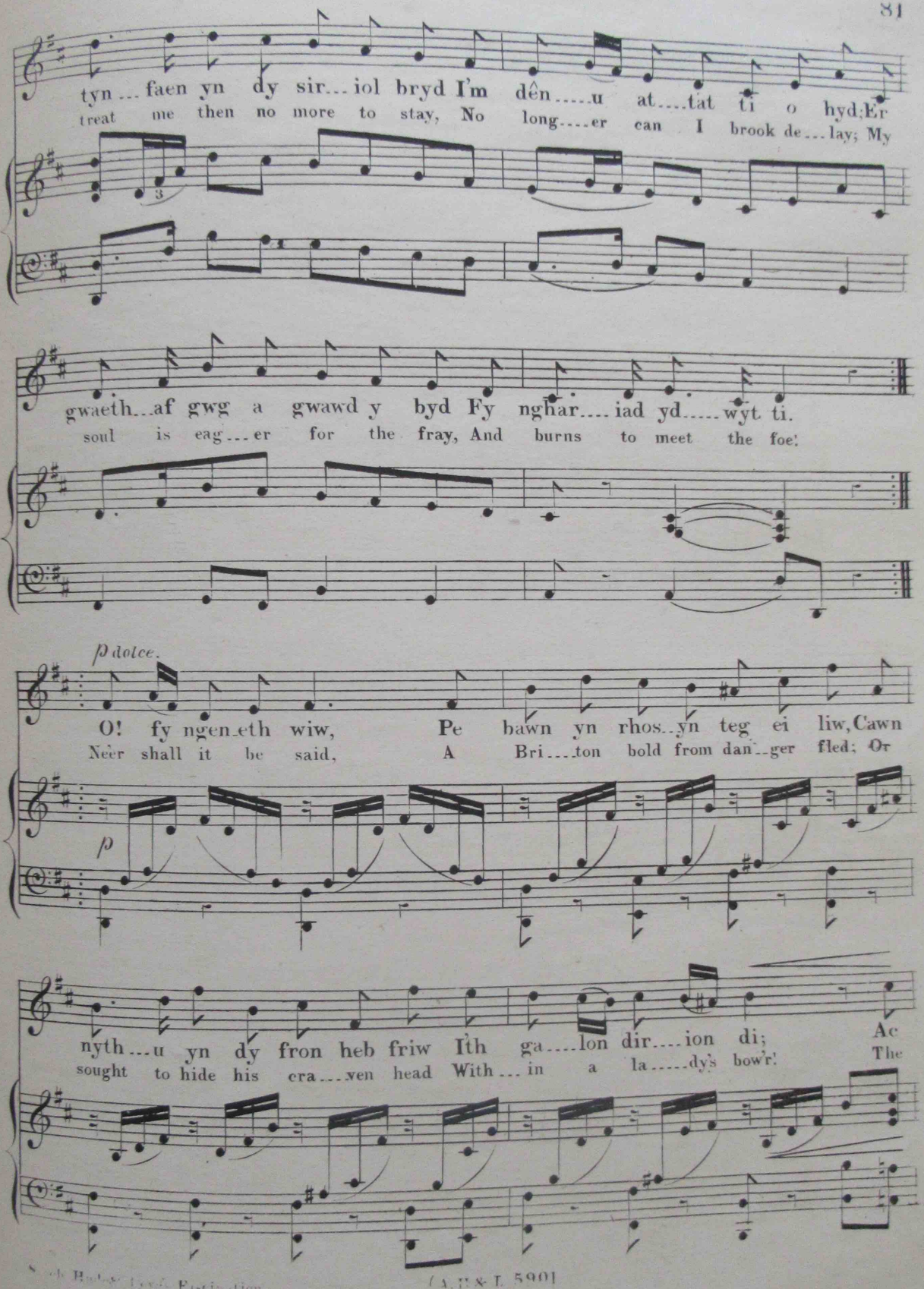
TALHAIARN.

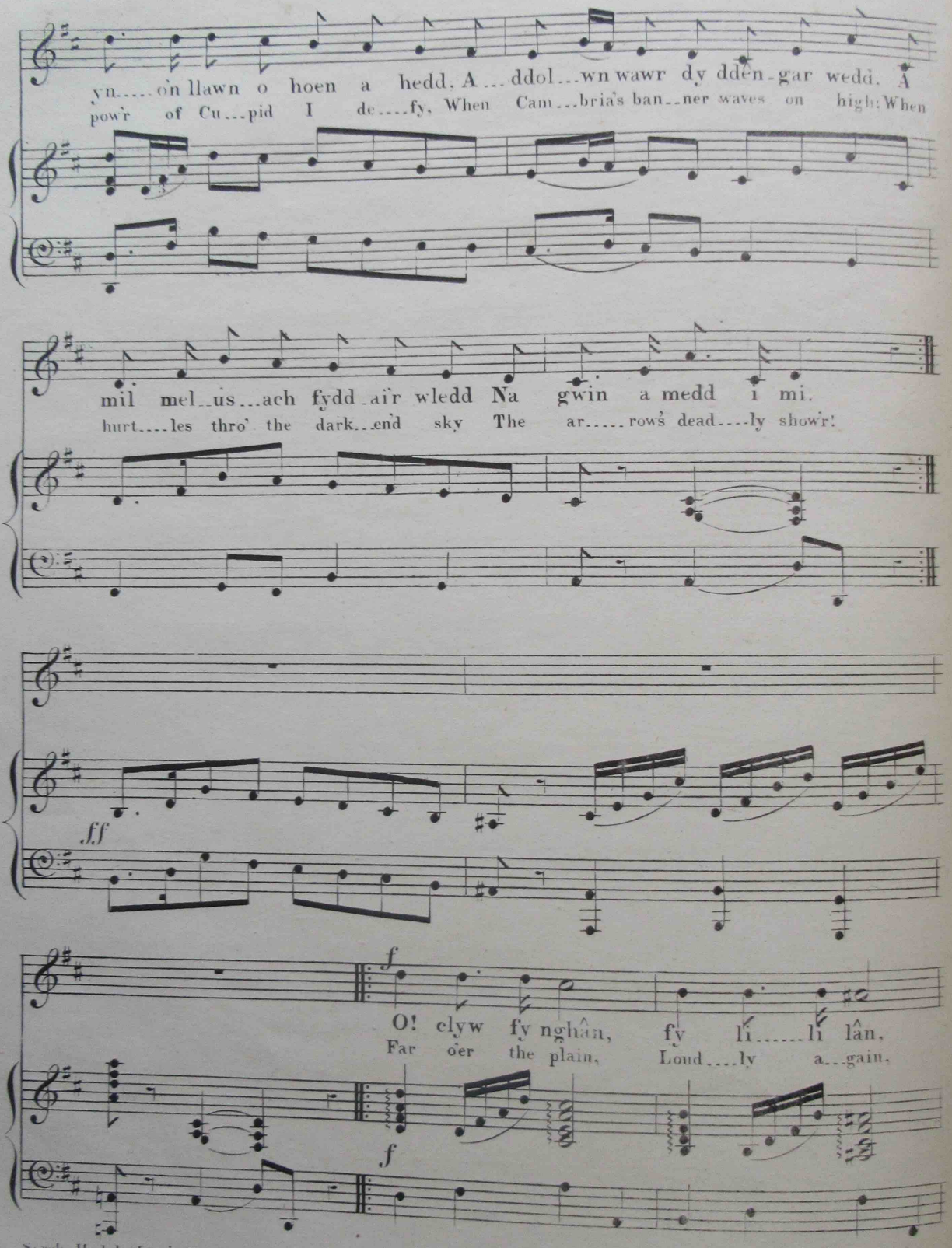
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY

T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
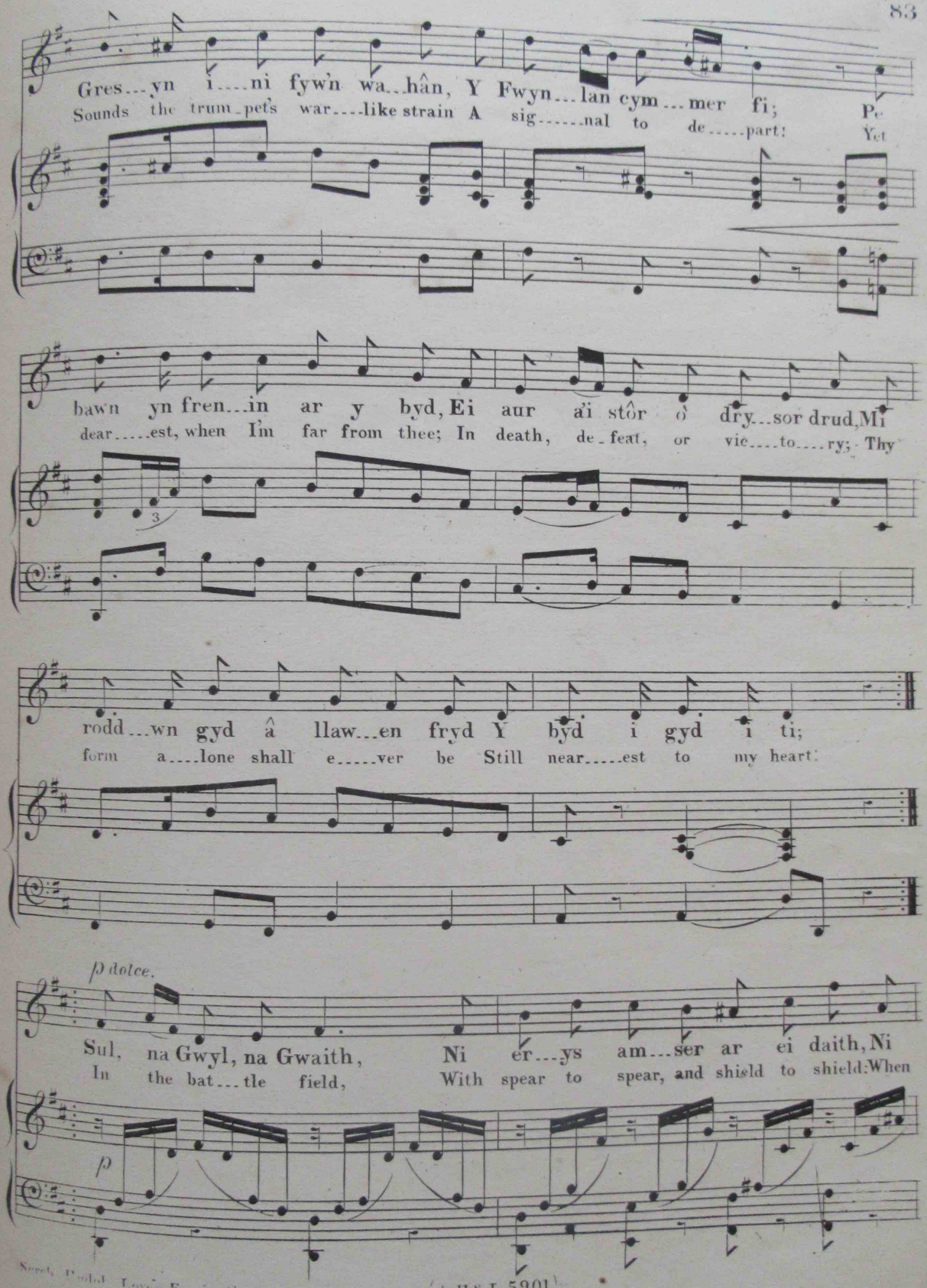
The commencement of this Melody being of a bold and warlike character, the writer of the English Poetry, instead of merely describing the Power of Love as exercised by a "Fayre Ladye", has endeavoured to depict how even *it* must yield to the superior claims of Glory and Honour.

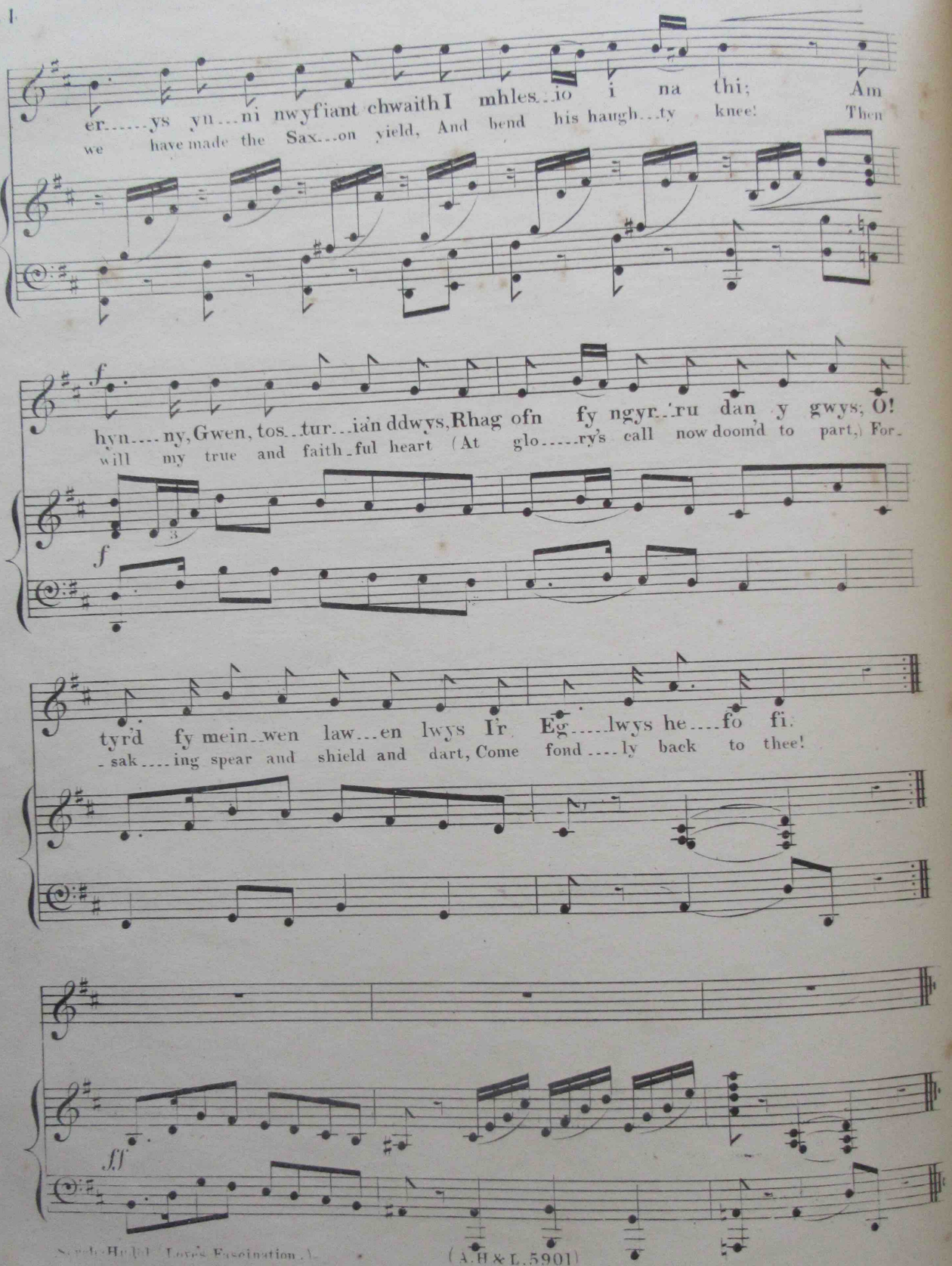



tyn ... faen yn dy sir ... iol bryd I'm dên ..... u at .... tat ti o hyd; Er
treat me then no more to stay, No long .... er can I brook de ... lay; My
gwaeth ... af gwg a gwawd y byd Fy nghar .... iad yd ..... wyt ti.
soul is eag ... er for the fray, And burns to meet the foe!
p dolce.
O! fy ngen .eth wiw, Pe bawn yn rhos .. yn teg ei liw, Cawn
Neer shall it be said, A Bri .... ton bold from dan .. ger fled; Or
p
nyth ... u yn dy fron heb friw Ith ga .... lon dir .... ion di; Ac
sought to hide his cra ... ven head With ... in a la ..... dy's bow'r! The



Serch Hudol (Love's Fascination.) (A.H & L. 5901)


Gres...yn i...ni fywn wa..hân, Y Fwyn...lan cym...mer fi; Pe
Sounds the trum-pet's war...like strain A sig.....nal to de.....part! Yet
bawn yn fren...in ar y byd, Ei aur a'i stôr ô dry...sor drud, Mi
dear.....est, when I'm far from thee; In death, de-feat, or vic....to....ry; Thy
3
rodd...wn gyd â llaw...en fryd Y byd i gyd i ti;
form a....lone shall e.....ver be Still near.....est to my heart:
p dolce.
Sul, na Gwyl, na Gwaith, Ni er...ys am...ser ar ei daith, Ni
In the bat...tle field, With spear to spear, and shield to shield: When
p


er_____ys yn_ni nwyfiant chwaith I mhles_io i na thi; Am
we have made the Sax_on yield, And bend his haugh_ty knee! Then
f
hyn_ny, Gwen, tos_tur_ian ddwys, Rhag ofn fy ngyr_ru dan y gwys; O!
will my true and faith_ful heart (At glo_ry's call now doom'd to part,) For_
f
tyrd fy mein_wen law_en lwys Ir Eg_lwys he_fo fi.
_sak_ing spear and shield and dart, Come fond_ly back to thee!
ff
(A.H & L.5901)

Nº 10.

SERCH HUDOL.

LOVE'S FASCINATION.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY

JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

The commencement of this Melody being of a bold and warlike character, the writer of the English Poetry, instead of merely describing the Power of Love as exercised by a "Fayre Ladye," has endeavoured to depict how even *it* must yield to the superior claims of Glory and Honour.

MODERATO CON SPIRITO. (♩ = 96.)

1st SOPRANO.

2nd SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

HARP OR PIANO.
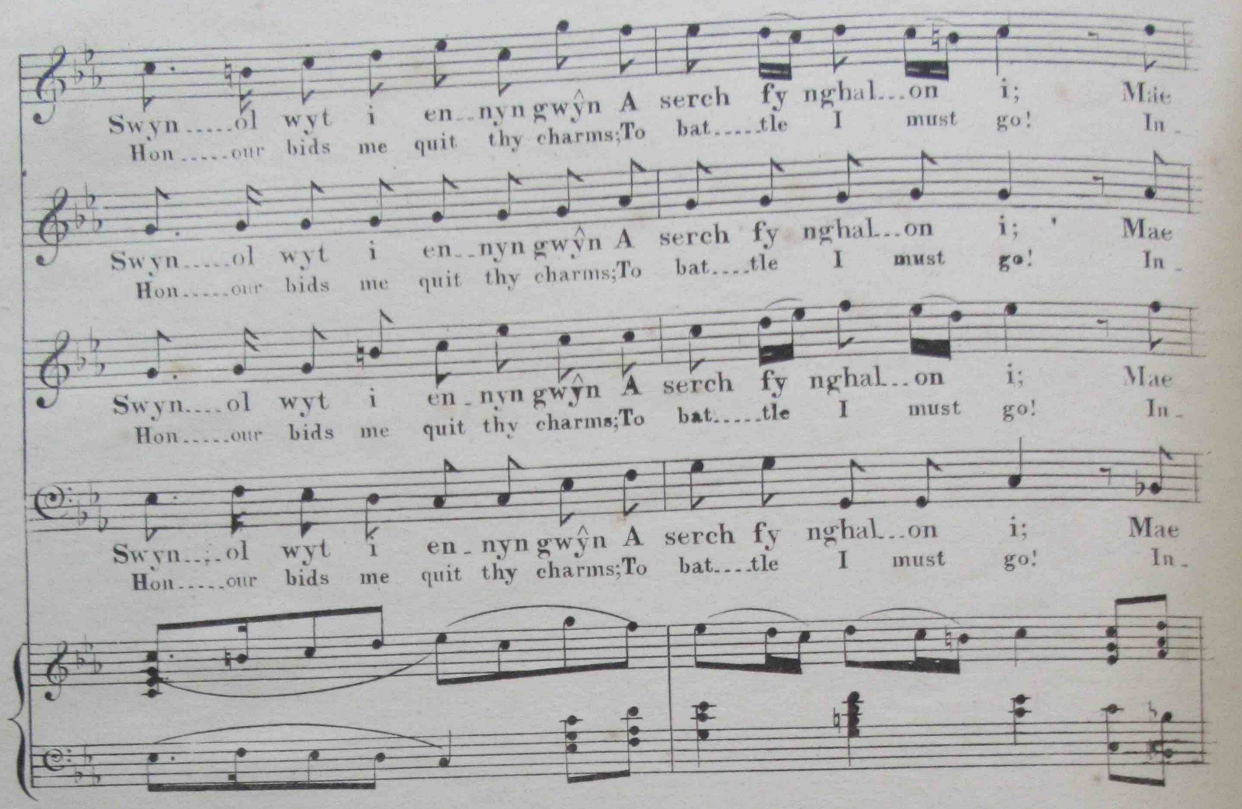
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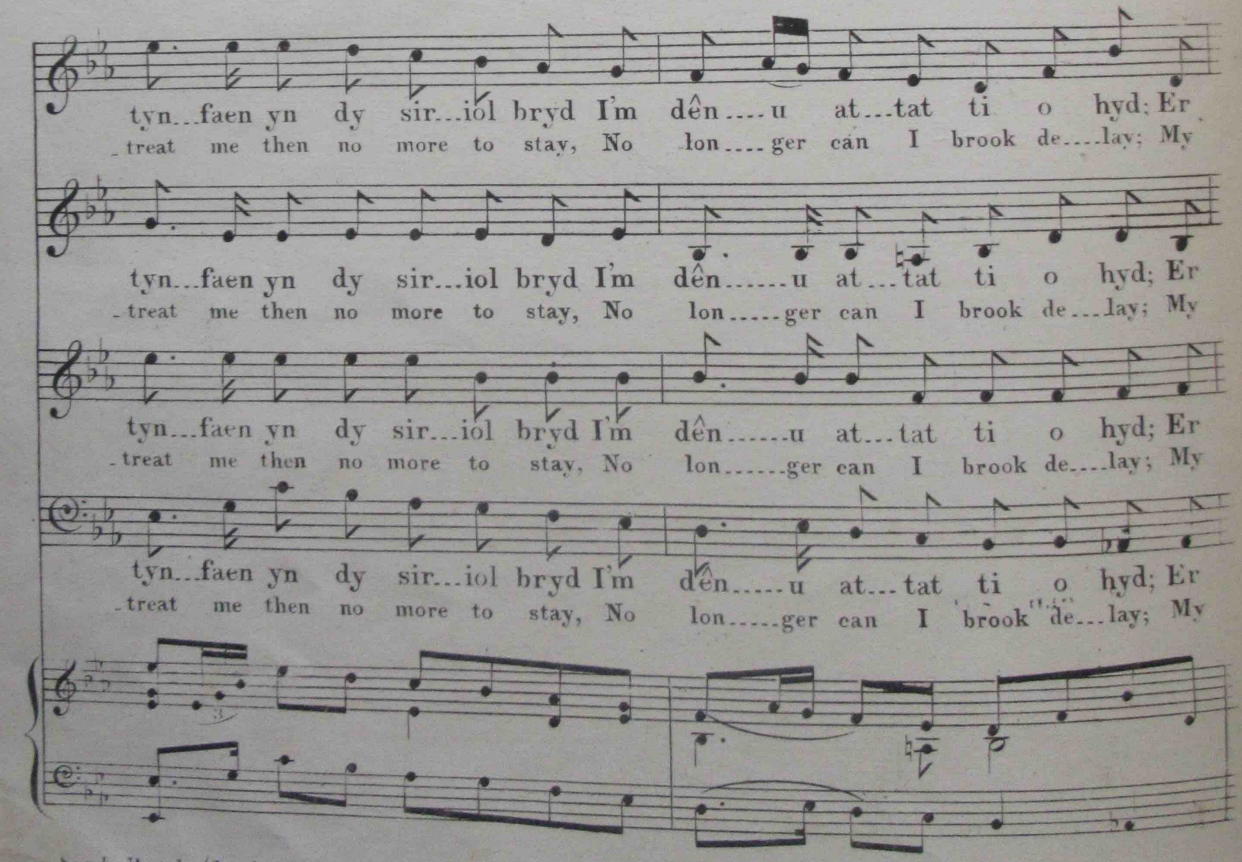
Teg yw dy lun fy an....wyl fun,
War's loud a....larms Call me to arms;
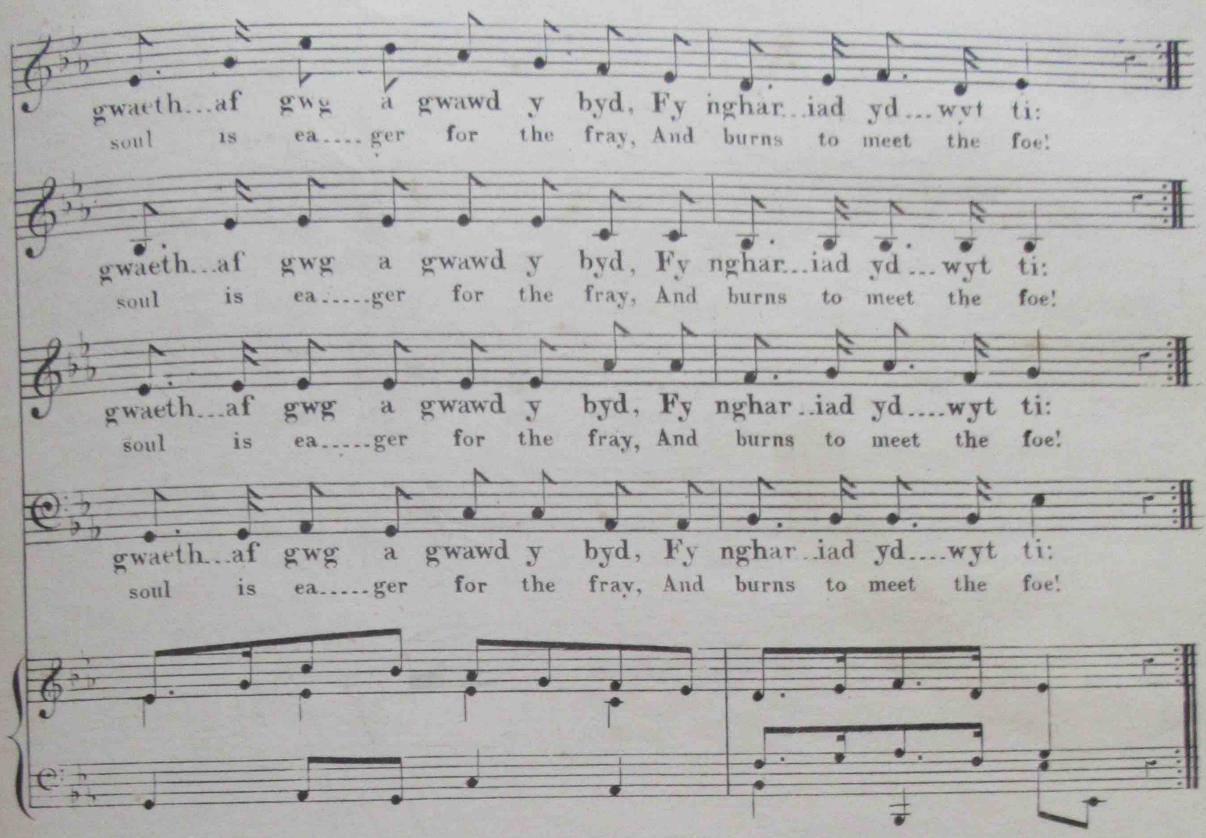
Teg yw dy lun fy an....wyl fun,
War's loud a....larms Call me to arms;

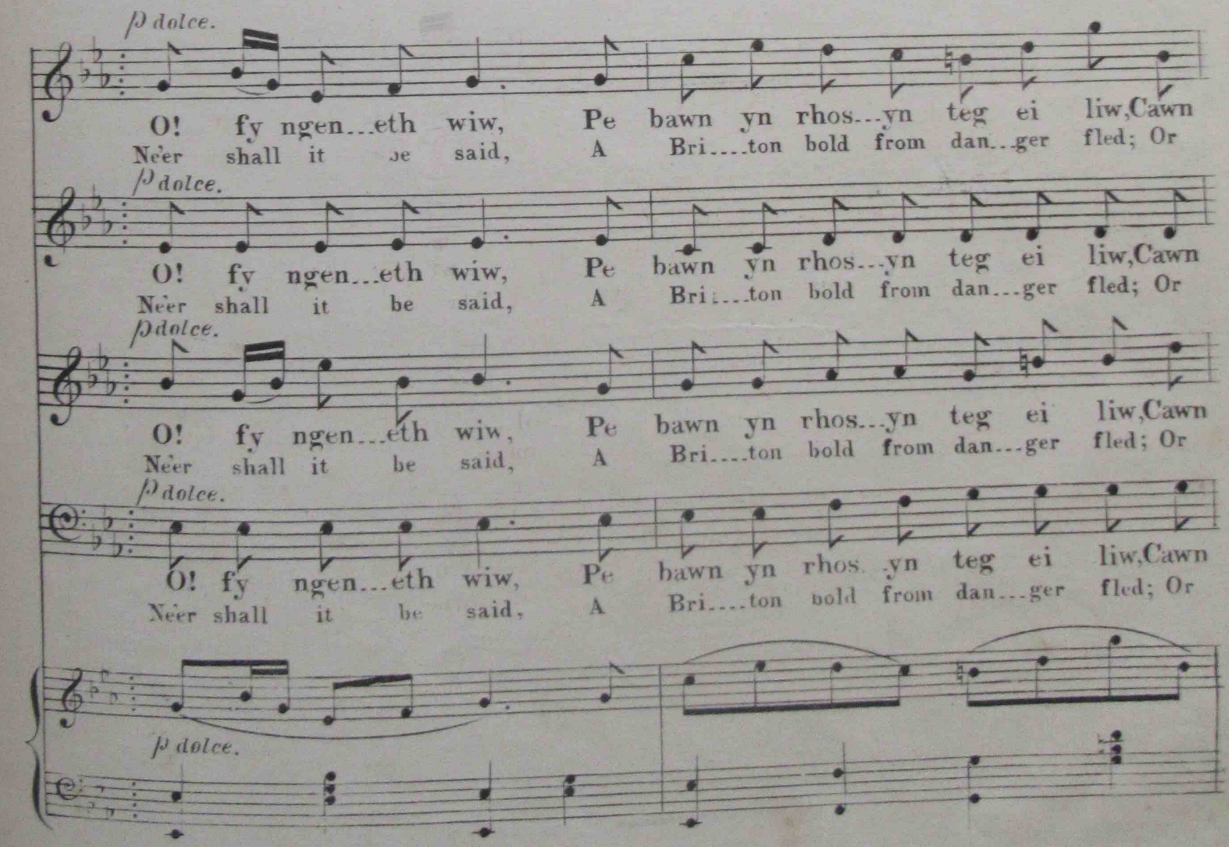
Teg yw dy lun fy an....wyl fun,
War's loud a....larms Call me to arms;
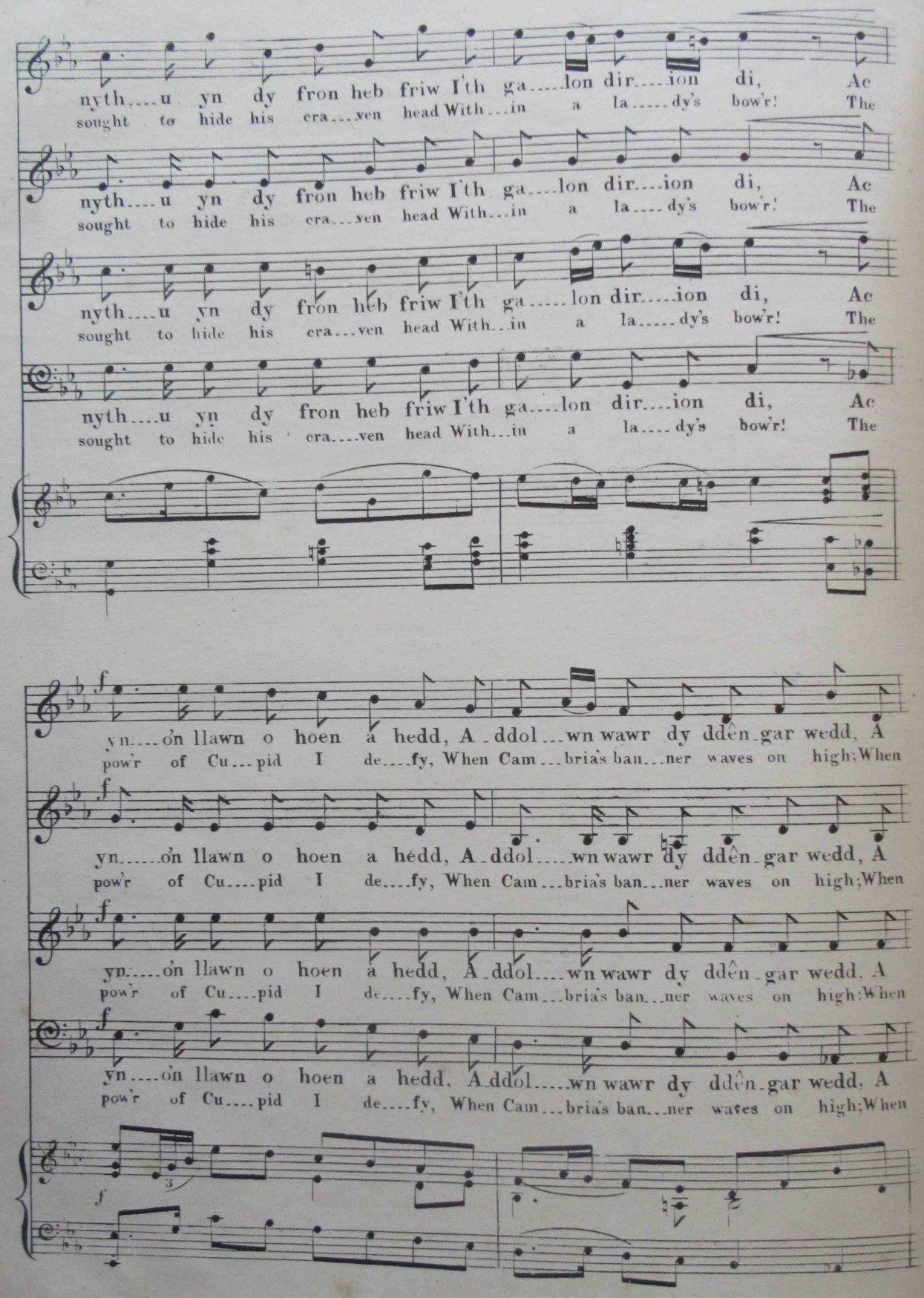
Teg yw dy lun fy an....wyl fun,
War's loud a....larms Call me to arms;


Swyn ol wyt i en nyn gwŷn A serch fy nghal on i; Mae
Hon our bids me quit thy charms; To bat tle I must go! In
Swyn ol wyt i en nyn gwŷn A serch fy nghal on i; Mae
Hon our bids me quit thy charms; To bat tle I must go! In
Swyn ol wyt i en nyn gwŷn A serch fy nghal on i; Mae
Hon our bids me quit thy charms; To bat tle I must go! In
Swyn ol wyt i en nyn gwŷn A serch fy nghal on i; Mae
Hon our bids me quit thy charms; To bat tle I must go! In

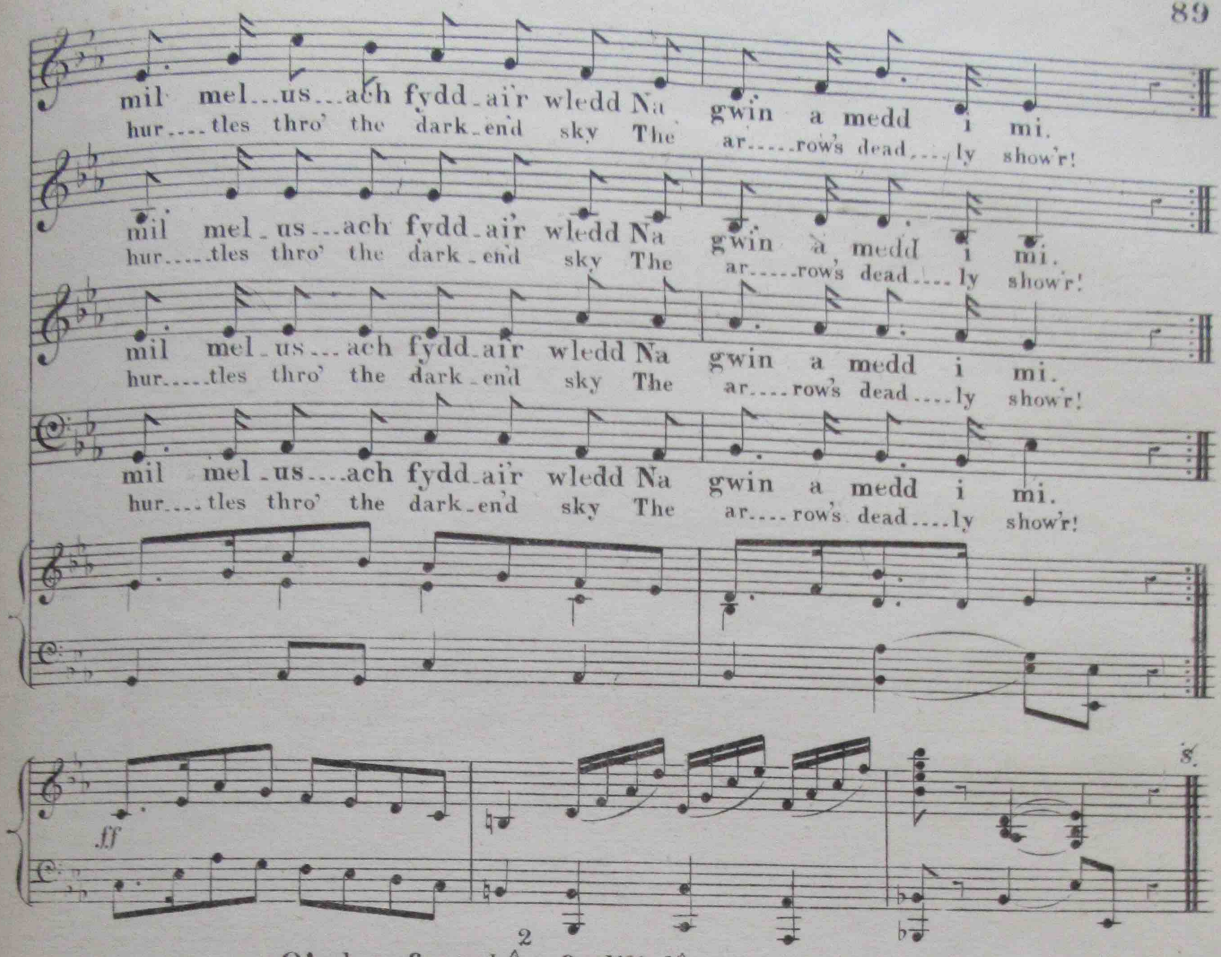

tyn faen yn dy sir iol bryd I'm dên u at tat ti o hyd; Er
treat me then no more to stay, No lon ger can I brook de lay; My
tyn faen yn dy sir iol bryd I'm dên u at tat ti o hyd; Er
treat me then no more to stay, No lon ger can I brook de lay; My
tyn faen yn dy sir iol bryd I'm dên u at tat ti o hyd; Er
treat me then no more to stay, No lon ger can I brook de lay; My
tyn faen yn dy sir iol bryd I'm dên u at tat ti o hyd; Er
treat me then no more to stay, No lon ger can I brook de lay; My


gwaeth...af gwg a gwawd y byd, Fy nghar..iad yd...wyt ti:
soul is ea.....ger for the fray, And burns to meet the foe!
gwaeth...af gwg a gwawd y byd, Fy nghar..iad yd...wyt ti:
soul is ea.....ger for the fray, And burns to meet the foe!
gwaeth...af gwg a gwawd y byd, Fy nghar..iad yd....wyt ti:
soul is ea.....ger for the fray, And burns to meet the foe!
gwaeth...af gwg a gwawd y byd, Fy nghar..iad yd....wyt ti:
soul is ea.....ger for the fray, And burns to meet the foe!


p dolce.
O! fy ngen...eth wiw, Pe bawn yn rhos...yn teg ei liw, Cawn
Ne'er shall it be said, A Bri....ton bold from dan...ger fled; Or
p dolce.
O! fy ngen...eth wiw, Pe bawn yn rhos...yn teg ei liw, Cawn
Ne'er shall it be said, A Bri....ton bold from dan...ger fled; Or
p dolce.
O! fy ngen...eth wiw, Pe bawn yn rhos...yn teg ei liw, Cawn
Ne'er shall it be said, A Bri....ton bold from dan...ger fled; Or
p dolce.
O! fy ngen...eth wiw, Pe bawn yn rhos...yn teg ei liw, Cawn
Ne'er shall it be said, A Bri....ton bold from dan...ger fled; Or
p dolce.



Serch Hudol. (Love's Fascination.) (A.H & L. 5901)



2

O! clyw fy nghân, fy lili lân,
Gresyn ini fyw'n wahân,
Y Fwynlan cymmer fi;
Pe bawn yn frenin ar y byd,
Ei aur ai stôr o drysor drud,
Mi roddwn gyd â llawen fryd
Y byd i gyd i ti:
Sul, na Gwyl, na Gwaith,
Ni erys amser ar ei daith,
Ni erys ynni nwyfiant chwaith
I mhlesio i na thi;
Am hynny, Gwen, tosturia'n ddwys,
Rhag ofn fy ngyrru dan y gwys;
O! tyrd fy meinwen lawen lwys
Ir Eglwys hefo fi.

2

Far o'er the plain,
Loudly again,
Sounds the trumpet's warlike strain
A signal to depart!
Yet, dearest, when I'm far from thee,
In death, defeat, or victory;
Thy form alone shall ever be
Still nearest to my heart!
In the battle field,
With spear to spear, and shield to shield;
When we have made the Saxon yield,
And bend his haughty knee!
Then will my true and faithful heart,
At glory's call now doom'd to part,
Forsaking spear and shield and dart,
Come fondly back to thee!

(A.H.&L.5901)

CLYCHAU ABERDYFI.

Nº 11.
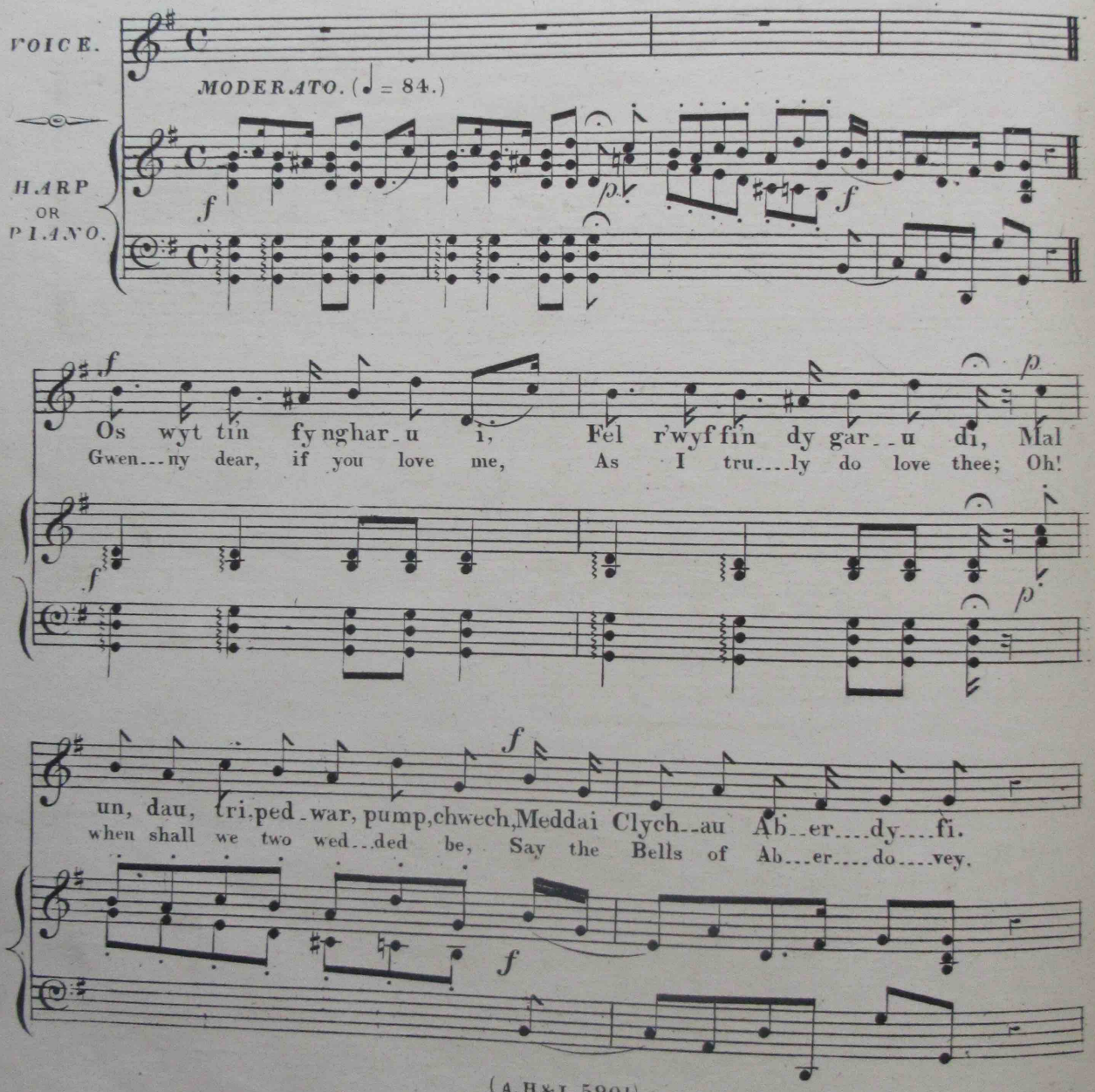
THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.
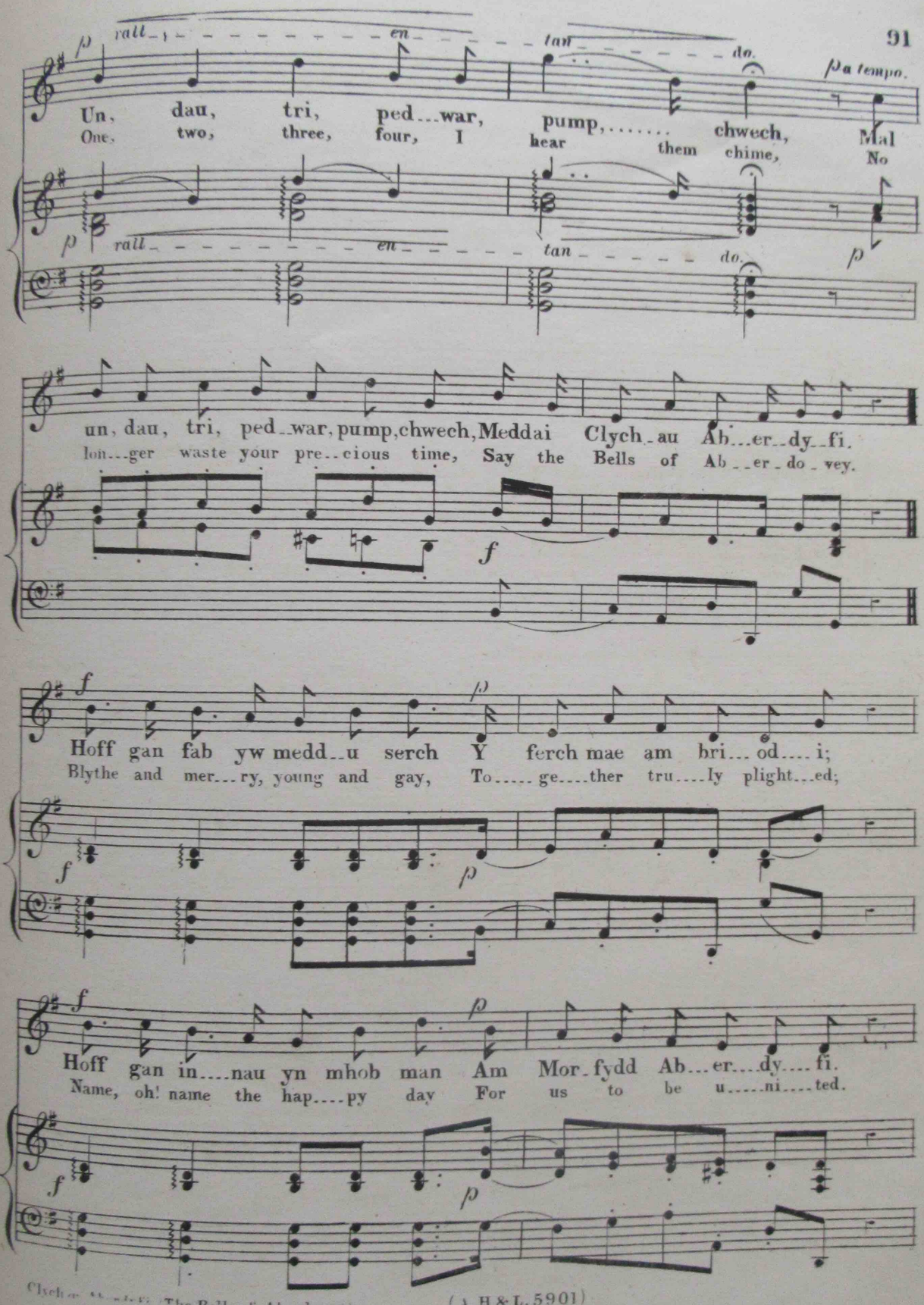
THE WELSH POETRY,
First Verse AUTHOR UNKNOWN.
Second Verse by TALHAIARN.

ARRANGED BY
JOHN THOMAS.
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)
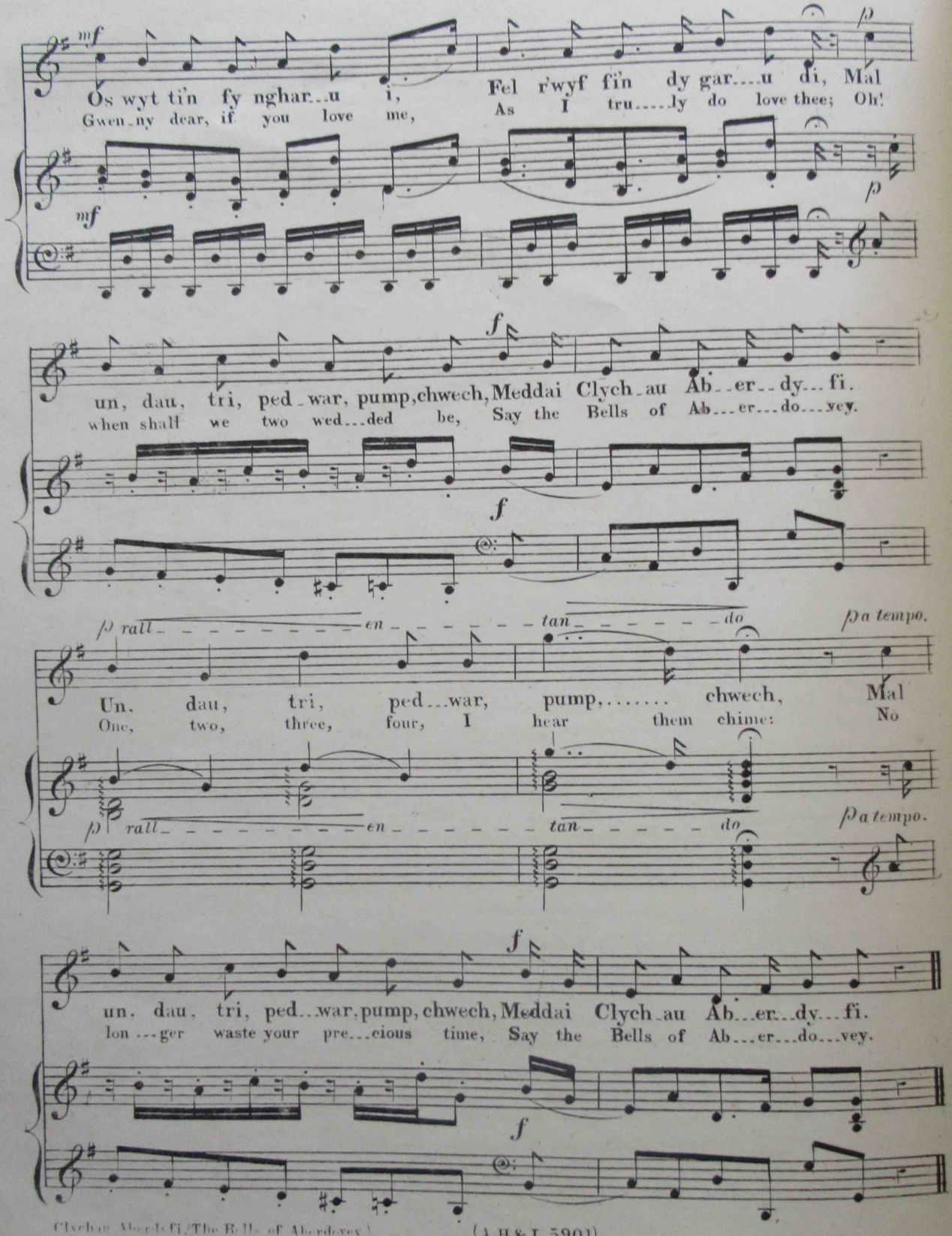
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

This Melody has been taken from the collection of Miss M. Jane Williams (Llinos), of Ynys-lâs, with her kind permission.

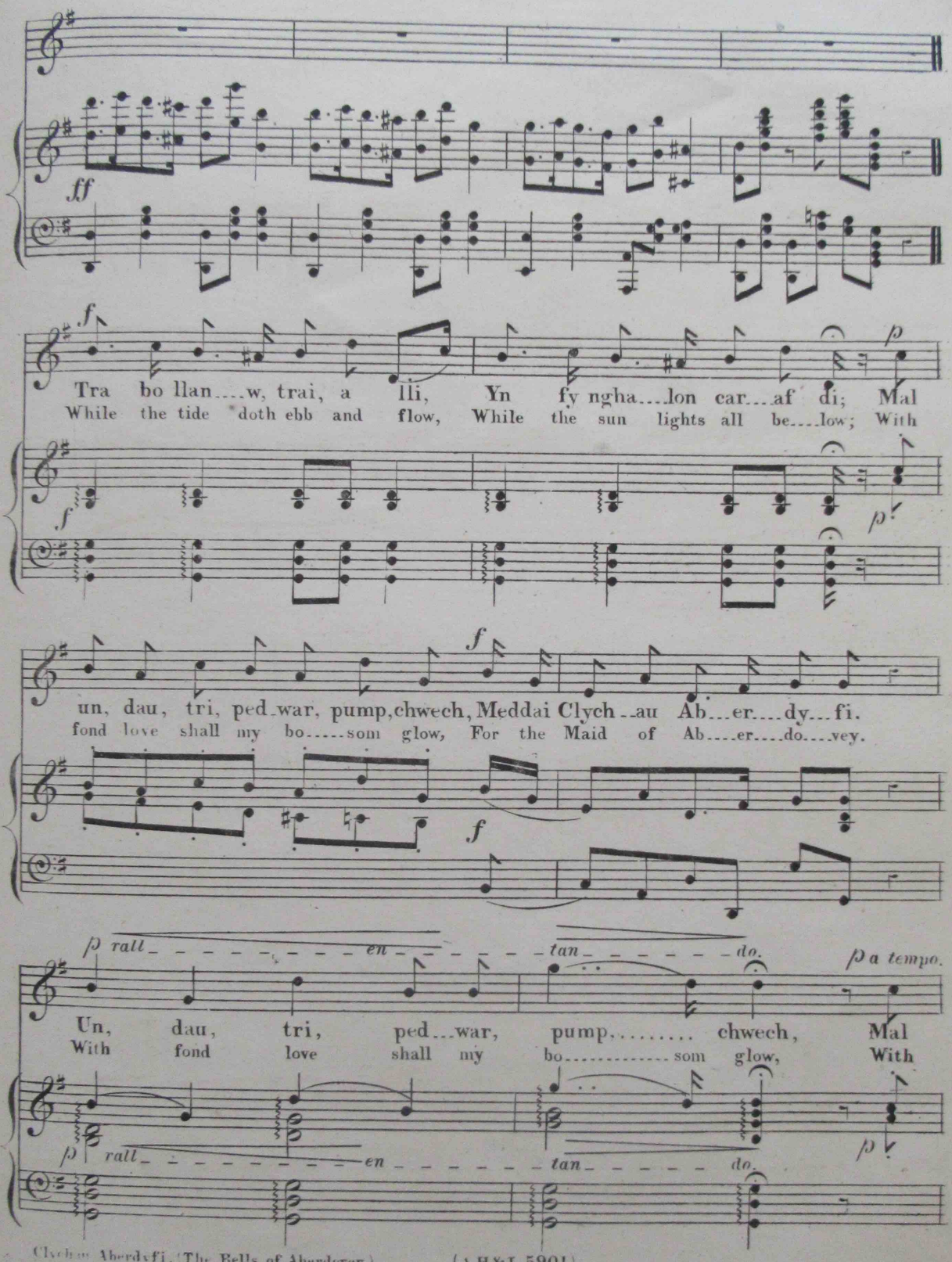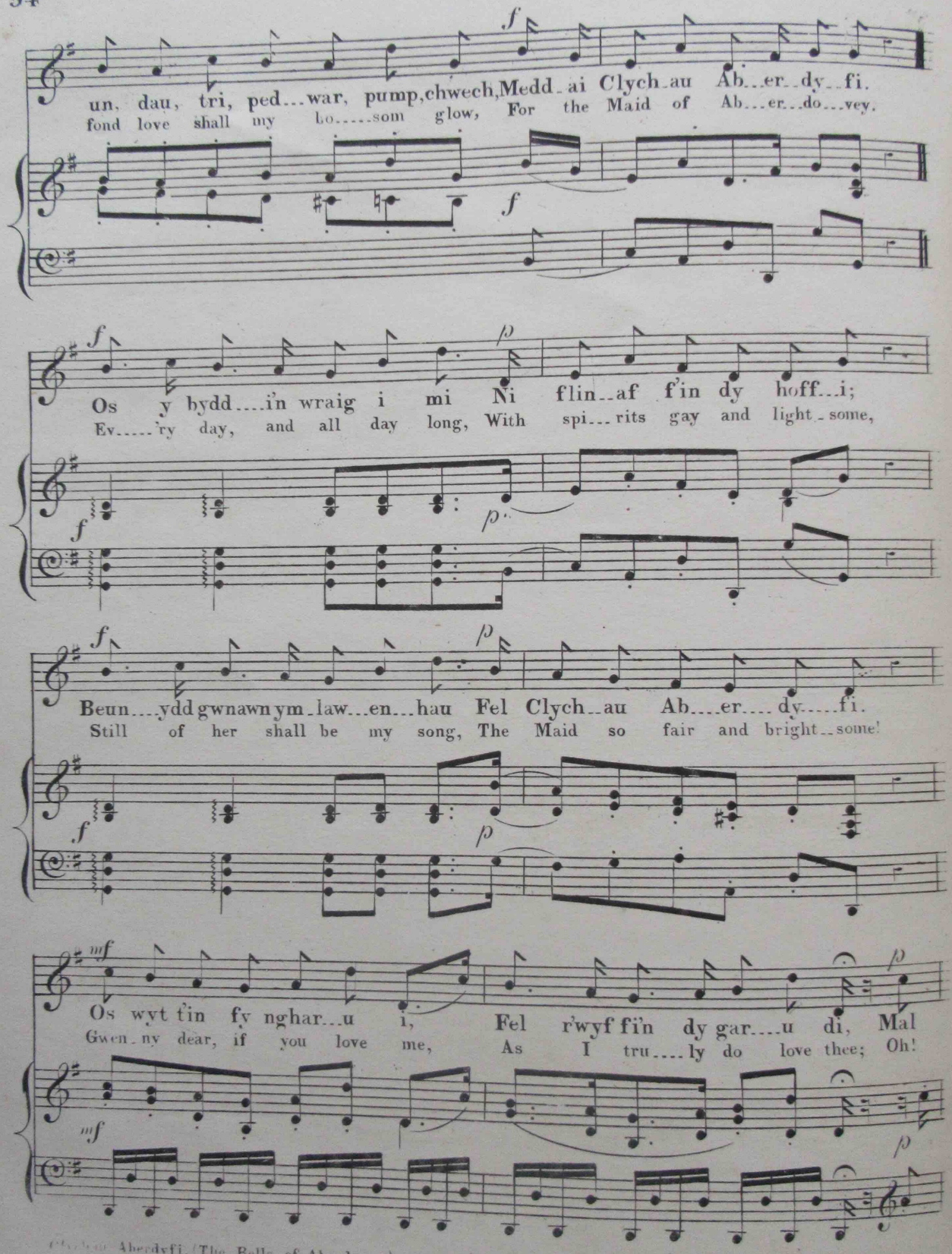




Clychau Aberdyfi. (The Bells of Aberdovey.) (A.H.&L.5901)
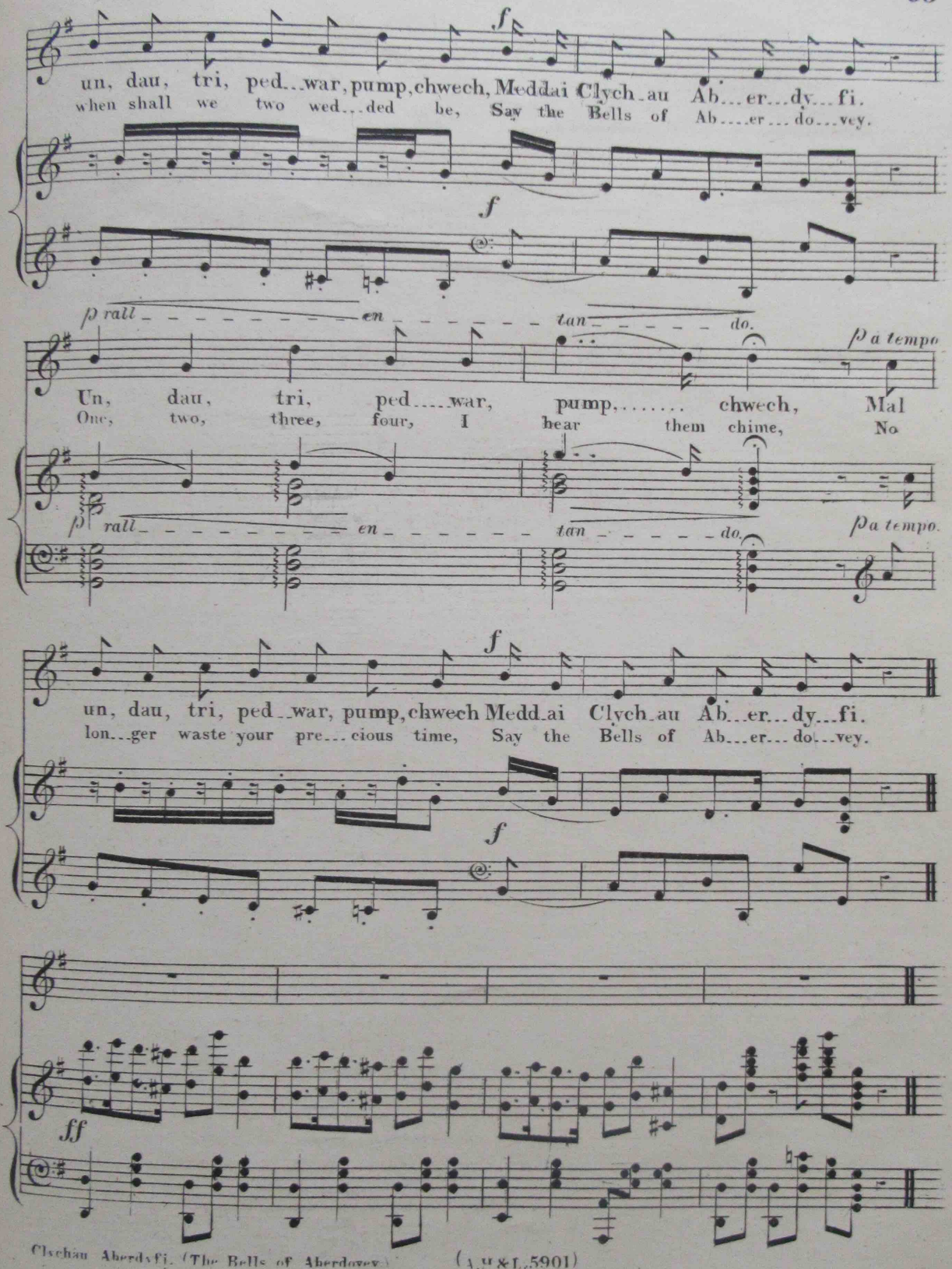


Clychau Aberdyfi/The Bells of Aberdovey (A.H & L.5901)



Clychau Aberdyfi. (The Bells of Aberdovey.) (A.H.&L. 5901)



Clychau Aberdyfi. (The Bells of Aberdovey.) (A.H&L.5901)



Clychau Aberdyfi. (The Bells of Aberdovey.) (A.M.&L.5901)

CLYCHAU ABERDYFI.

Nº 11.
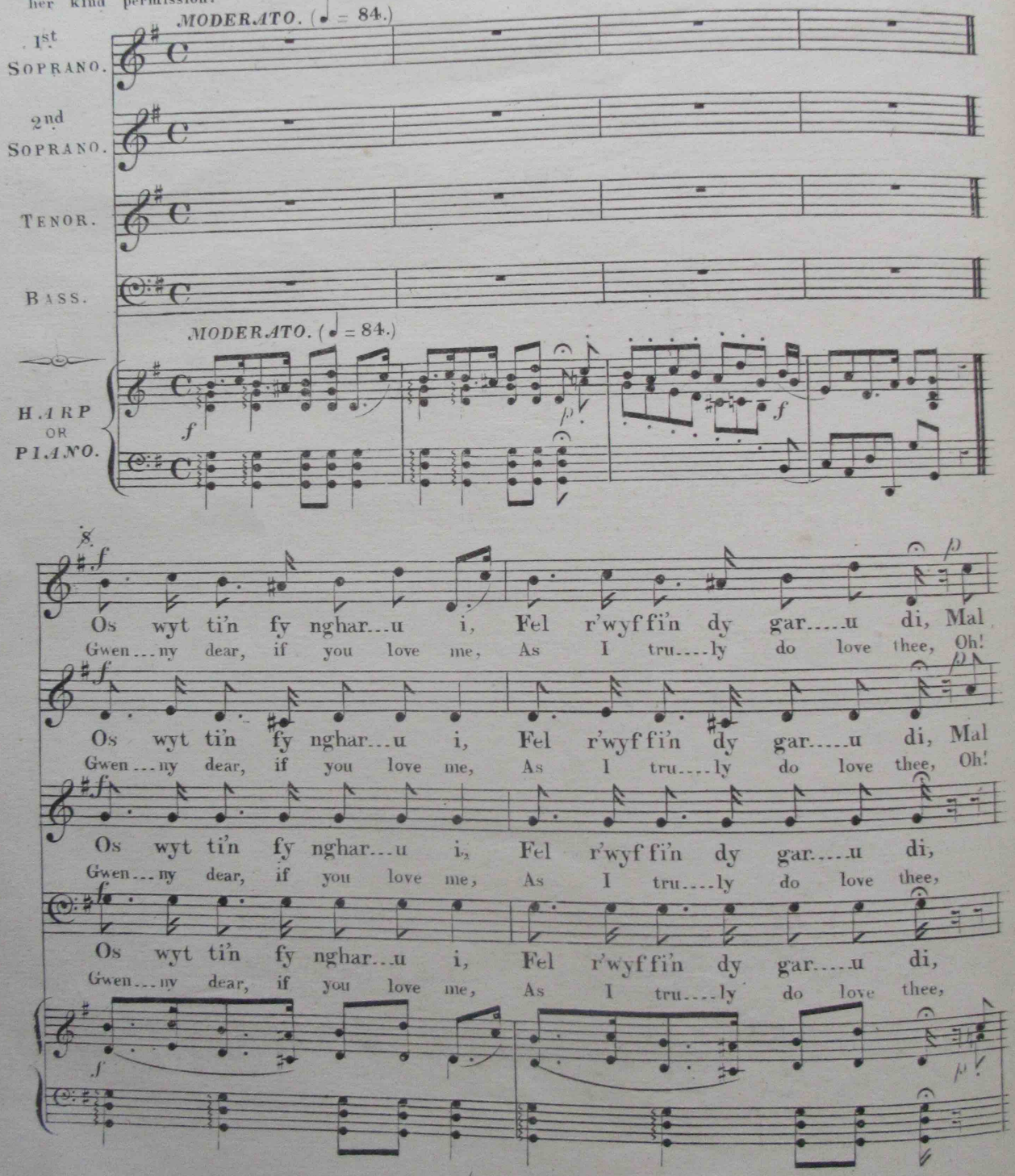
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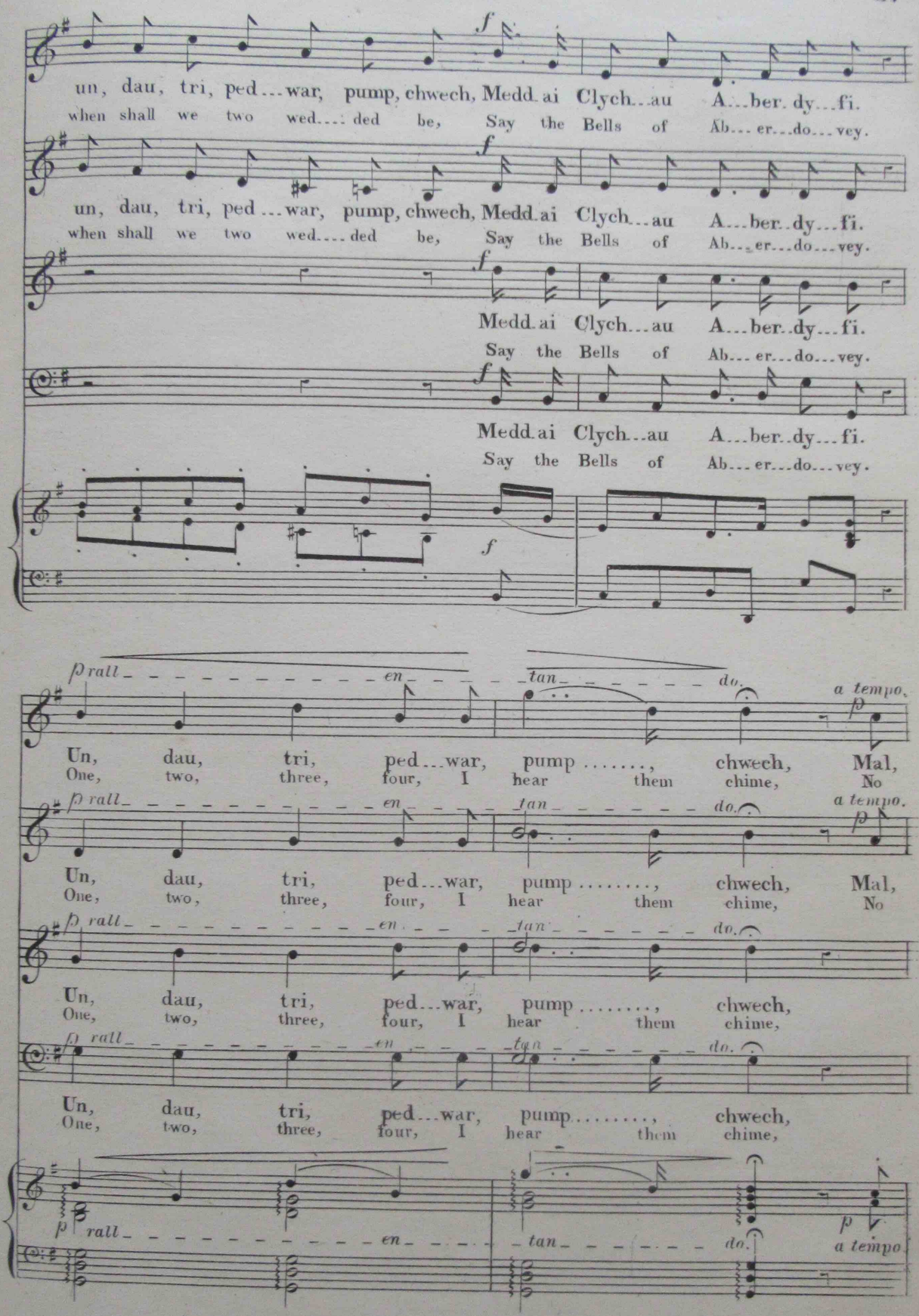
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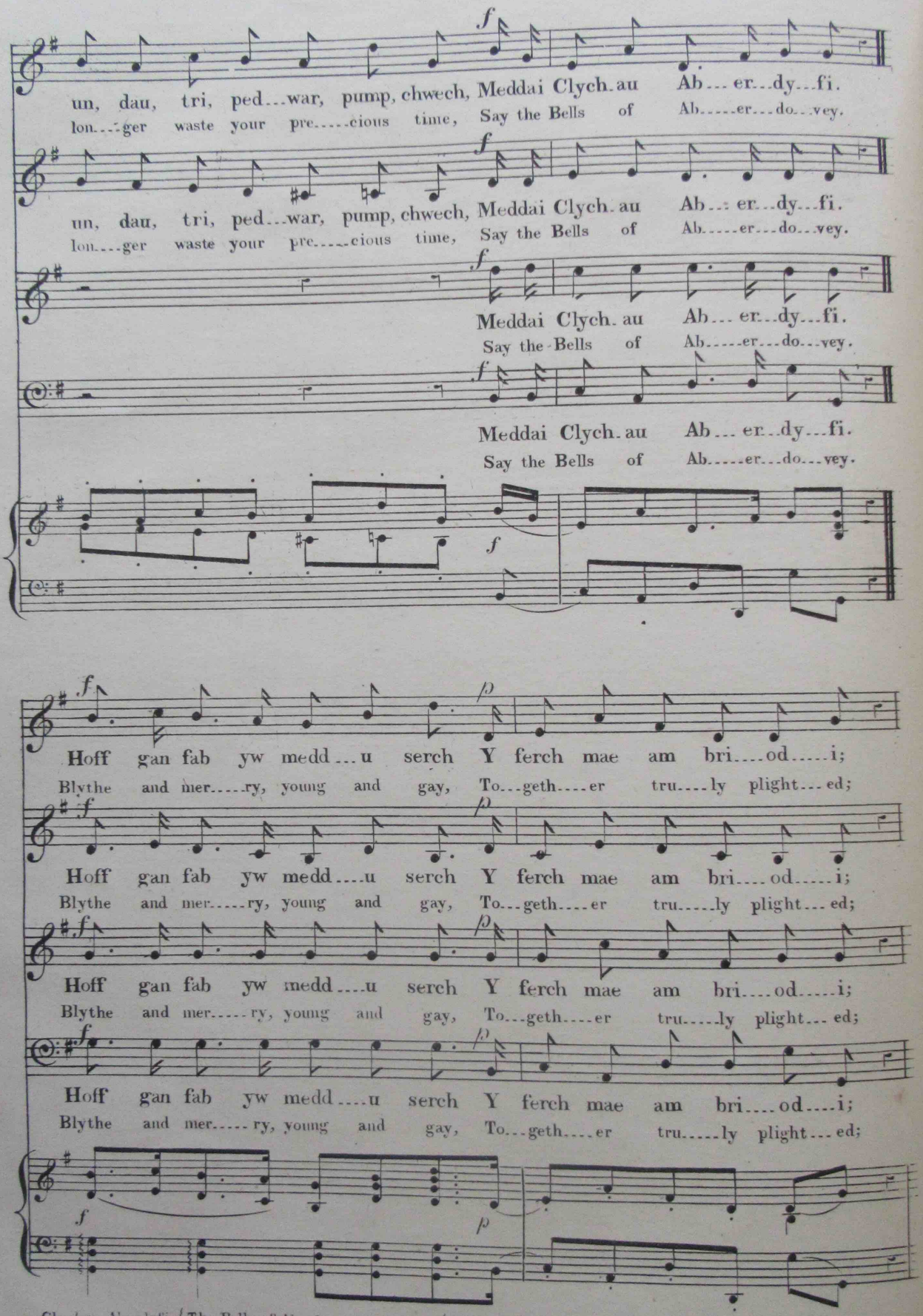
HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES BY
JOHN THOMAS.
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
T. OLIPHANT ESQ.
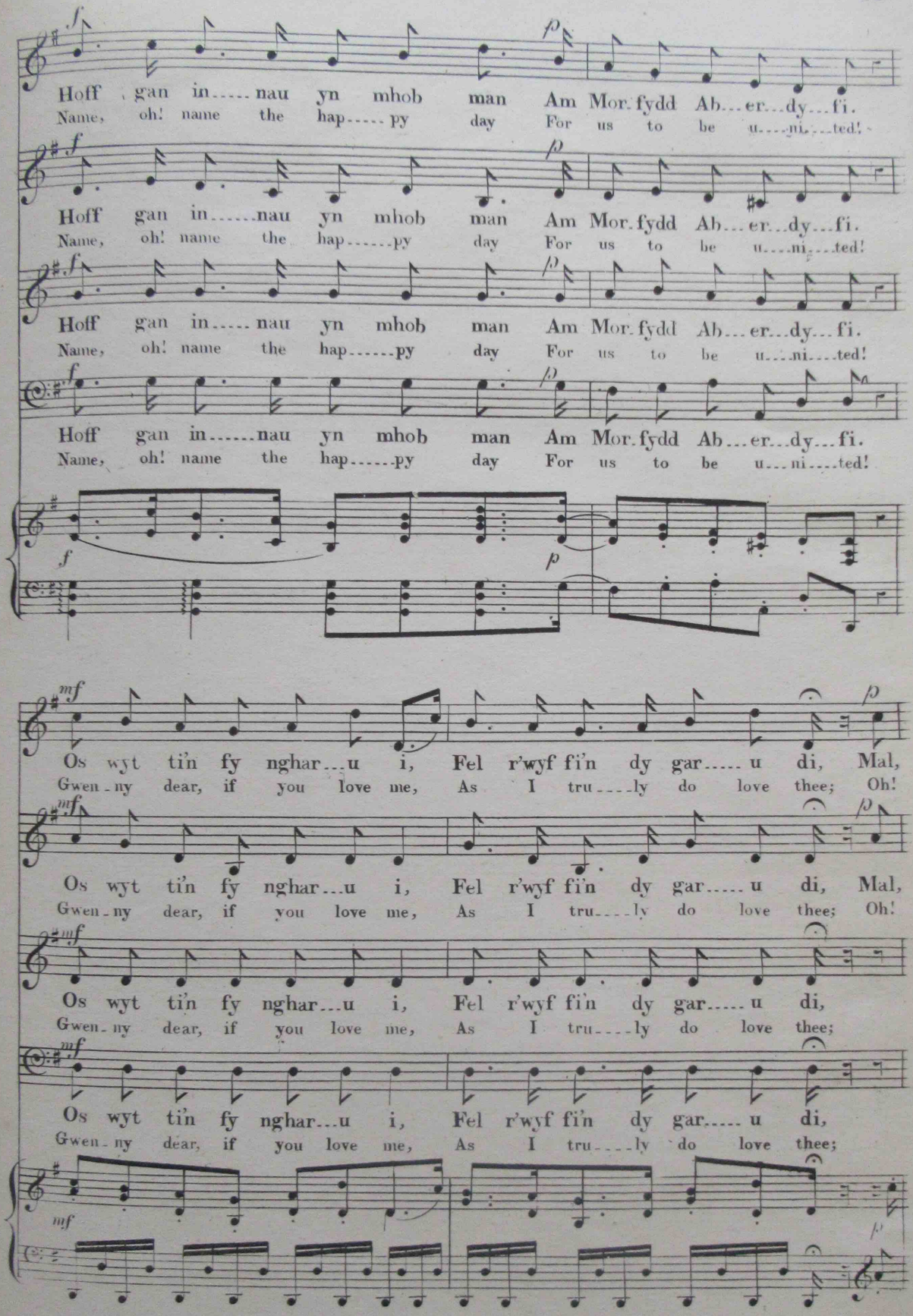
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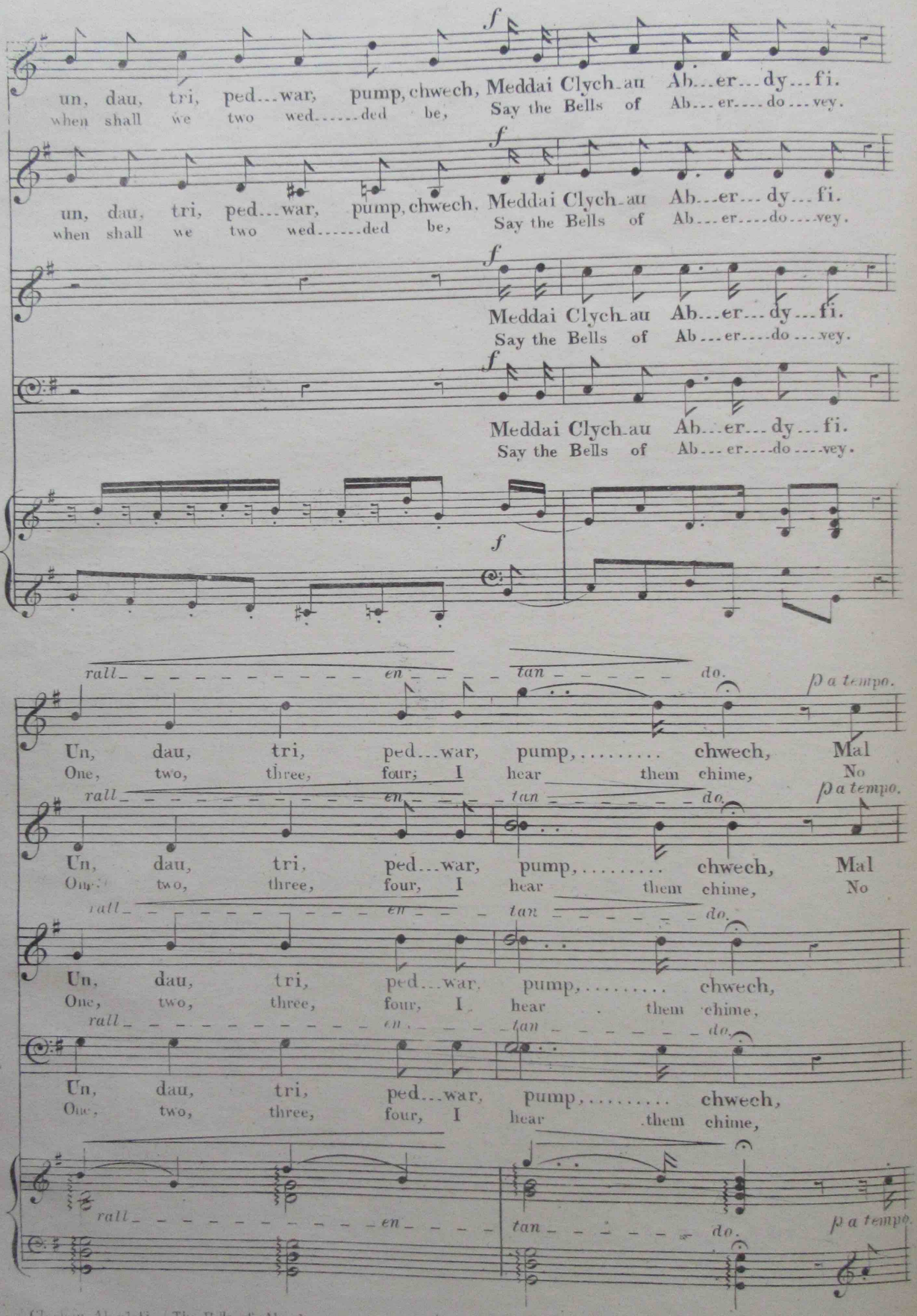



un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump, chwech, Medd ai Clych...au A...ber dy...fi.
when shall we two wed....ded be, Say the Bells of Ab...er...do...vey.
un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump, chwech, Medd ai Clych...au A...ber dy...fi.
when shall we two wed....ded be, Say the Bells of Ab...er...do...vey.
Medd ai Clych...au A...ber dy...fi.
Say the Bells of Ab...er...do...vey.
Medd ai Clych...au A...ber dy...fi.
Say the Bells of Ab...er...do...vey.
f
p rall en tan do.
a tempo.
Un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump ....., chwech, Mal,
One, two, three, four, I hear them chime, No
Un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump ....., chwech, Mal,
One, two, three, four, I hear them chime, No
Un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump ....., chwech,
One, two, three, four, I hear them chime,
Un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump....., chwech,
One, two, three, four, I hear them chime,
p rall en tan do.
a tempo
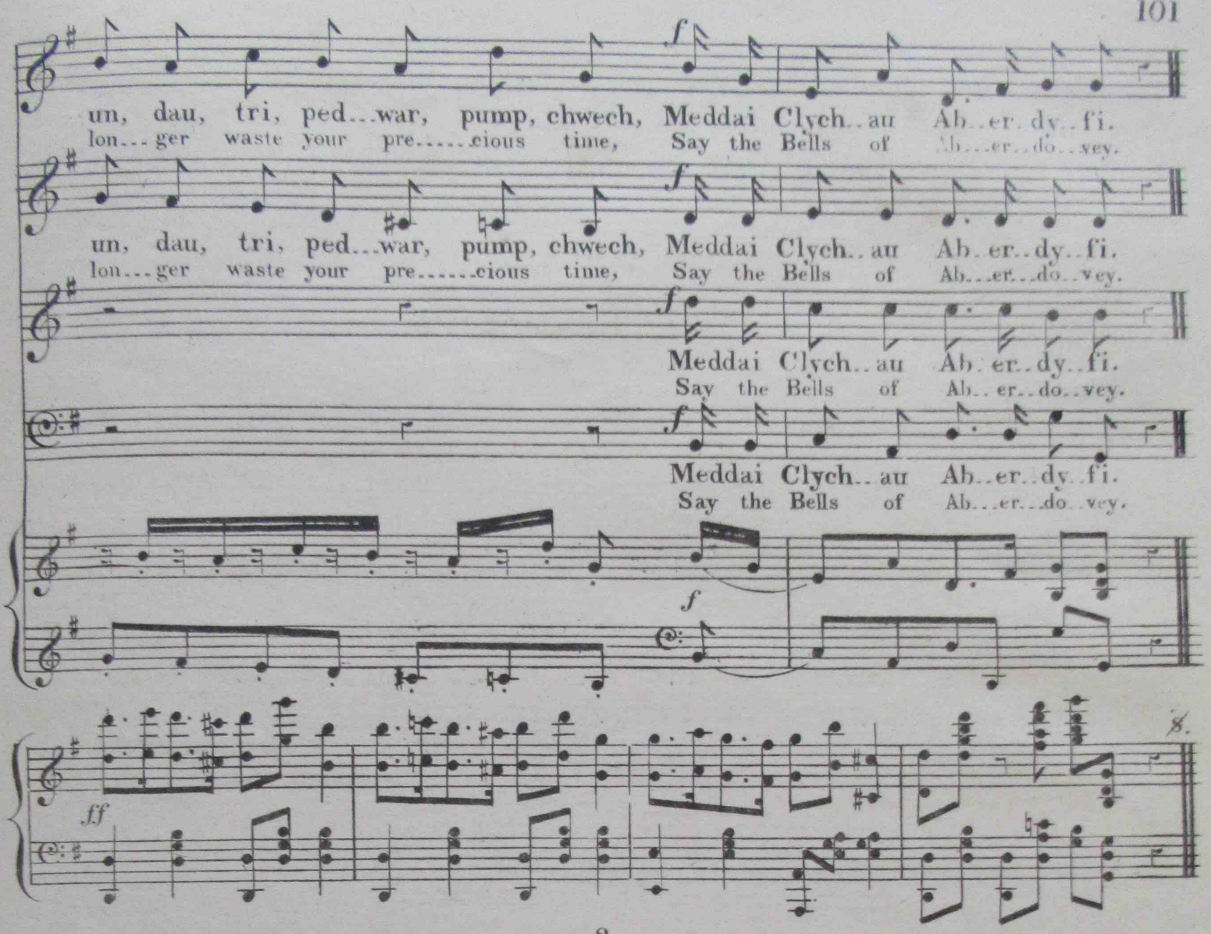


Cl[illegible]. (The Bells of Aberdovey.) (A.H&L.5901)



Clychau Aberdyfi. (The Bells of Aberdovey.) (A.H&L.5901)


f
un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump, chwech, Meddai Clych au Ab...er...dy...fi.
when shall we two wed.....ded be, Say the Bells of Ab...er....do...vey.
rall. en. tan. do. p a tempo.
Un, dau, tri, ped...war, pump,..... chwech, Mal
One, two, three, four; I hear them chime, No



2

Tra bo llanw, trai, a lli,
Yn fy nghalon caraf di;
Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,
Meddai Clychau Aberdyfi:
Un, dau tri pedwar, pump, chwech,
Mal un dau tri pedwar, pump, chwech,
Meddai Clychau Aberdyfi.
Os y byddïn wraig i mi,
Ni flinaf fi'n dy hoffi;
Beunydd gwnawn ymlawenhau,
Fel Clychau Aberdyfi.
Os wyt ti'n fy ngharu i,
Fel r'wyf fi'n dy &c.

2

While the tide doth ebb and flow,
While the sun lights all below,
With fond love shall my bosom glow,
For the maid of Aberdovey.
With fond love &c.

Ev'ry day, and all day long,
With spirits gay and lightsome,
Still of her shall be my song,
The maid so fair and brightsome!
Gwenny dear, if you love me,
As I truly &c.

GLAN MEDDWDOD MWYN.

THE JOY OF THE MEAD CUP.

Nº 12.

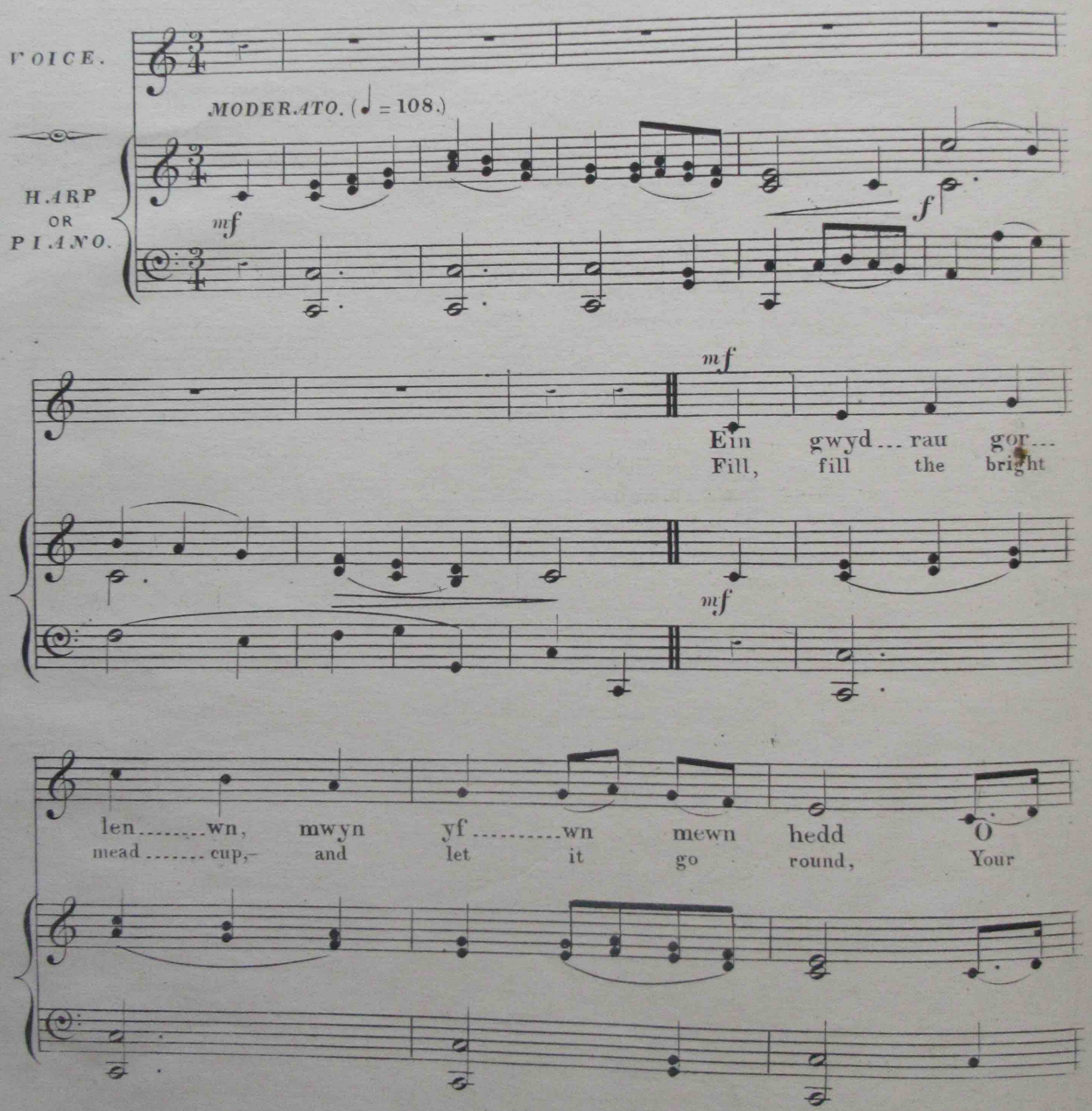
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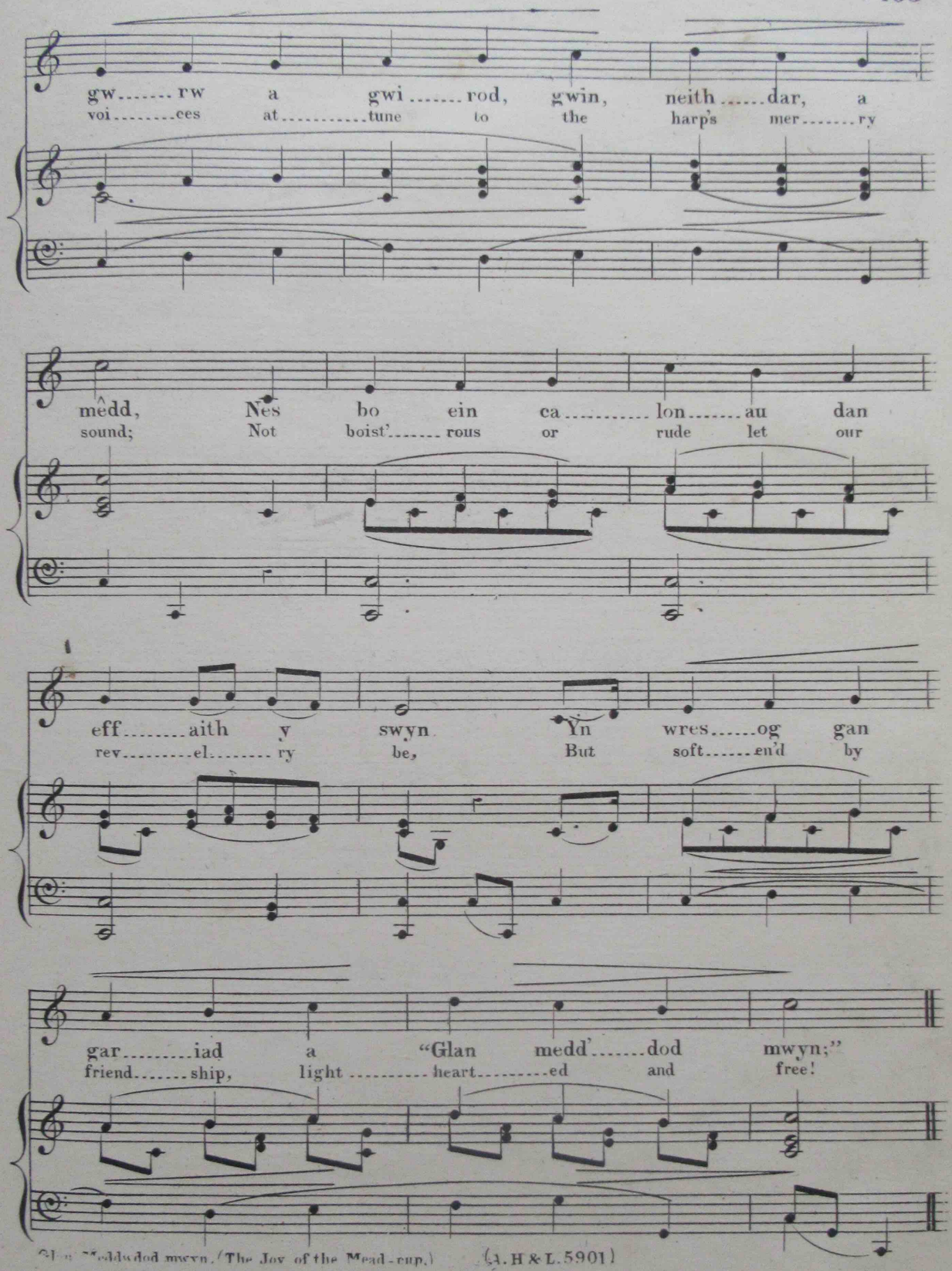
JOHN THOMAS.

(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)
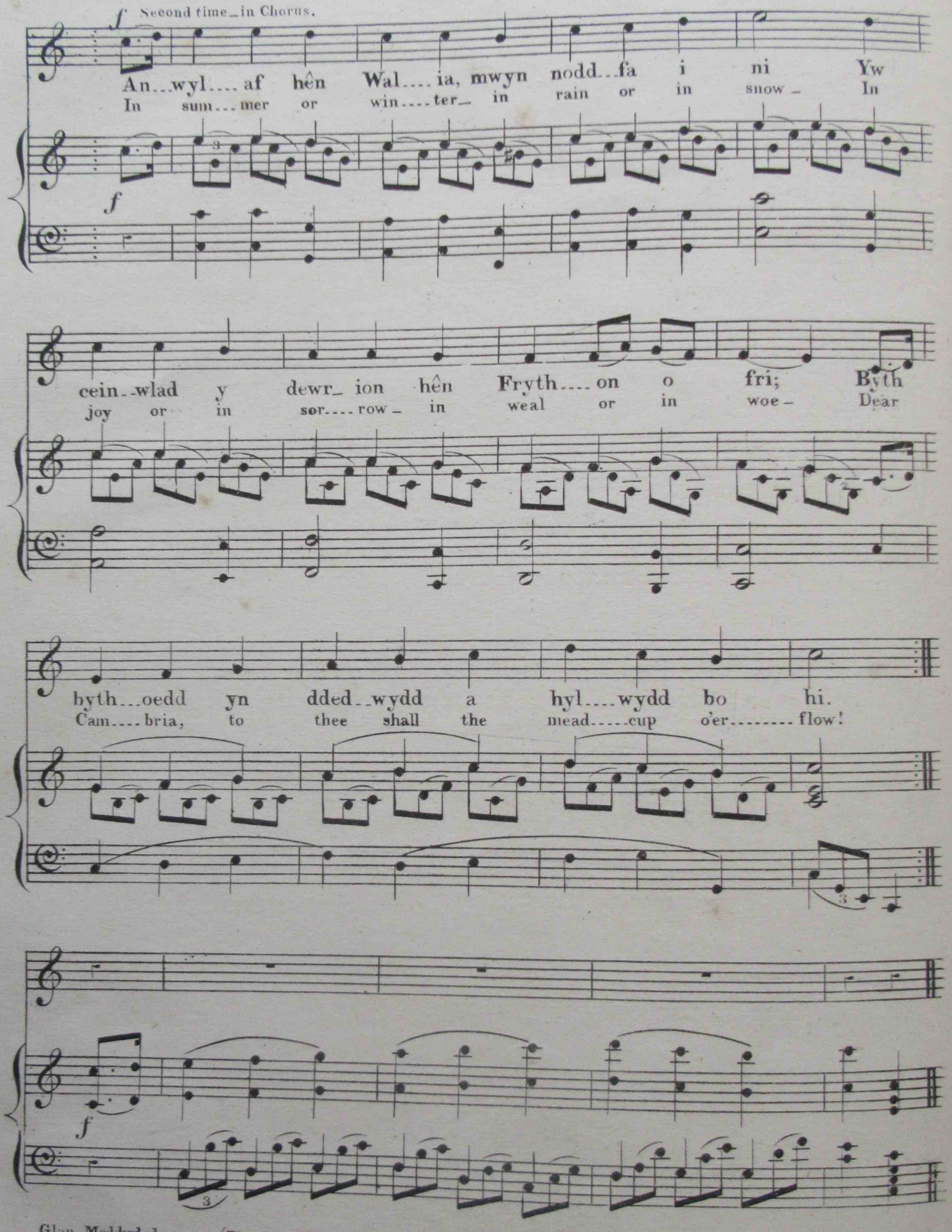
THE WELSH POETRY BY
TALHAIARN.

THE ENGLISH POETRY BY
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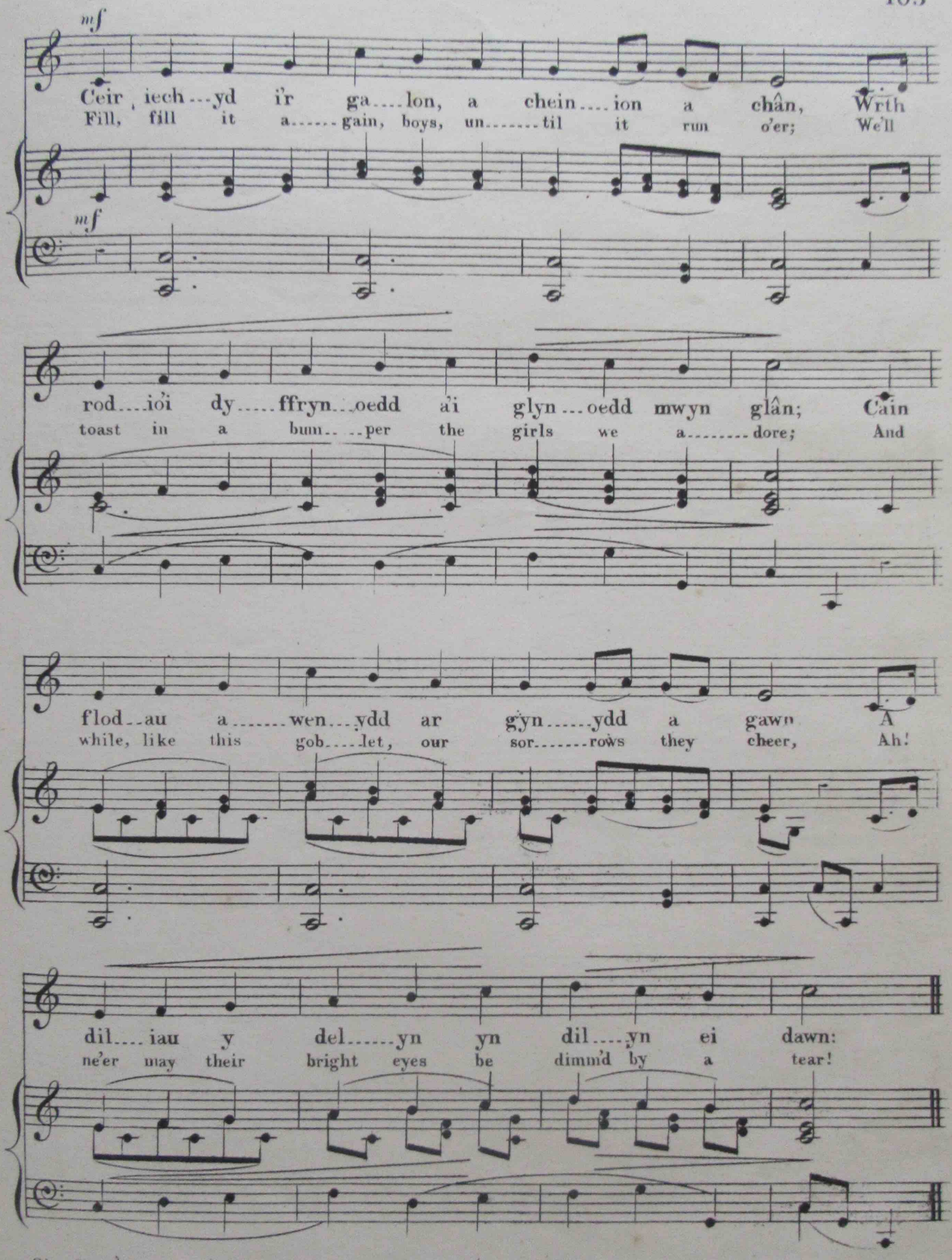




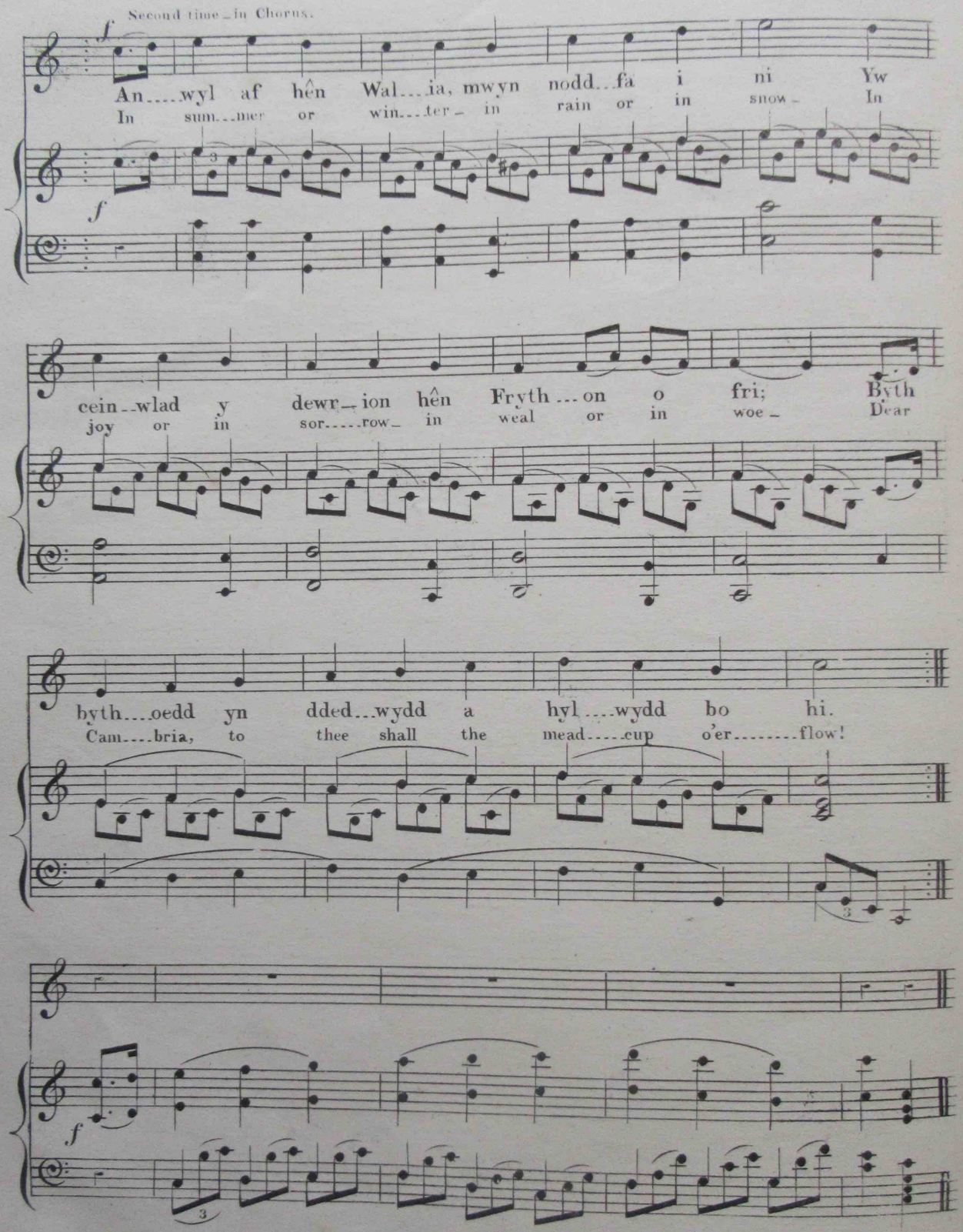
Glan Meddwdod mwyn. (The Joy of the Mead-cup.) (A.H & L.5901)



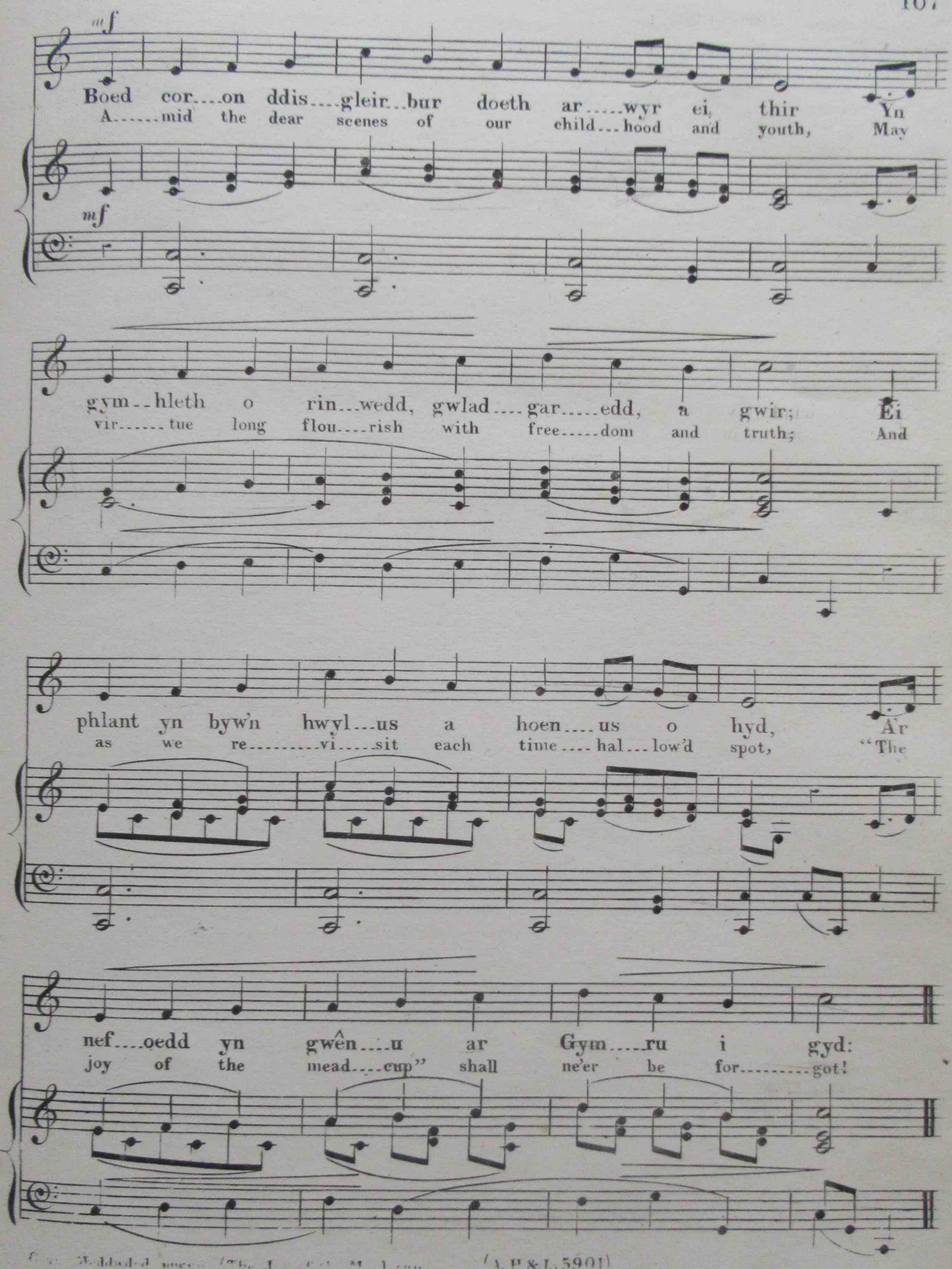
Glan-Meddwdod mwyn. (The Joy of the Mead-cup.) (A.H & L. 5901)



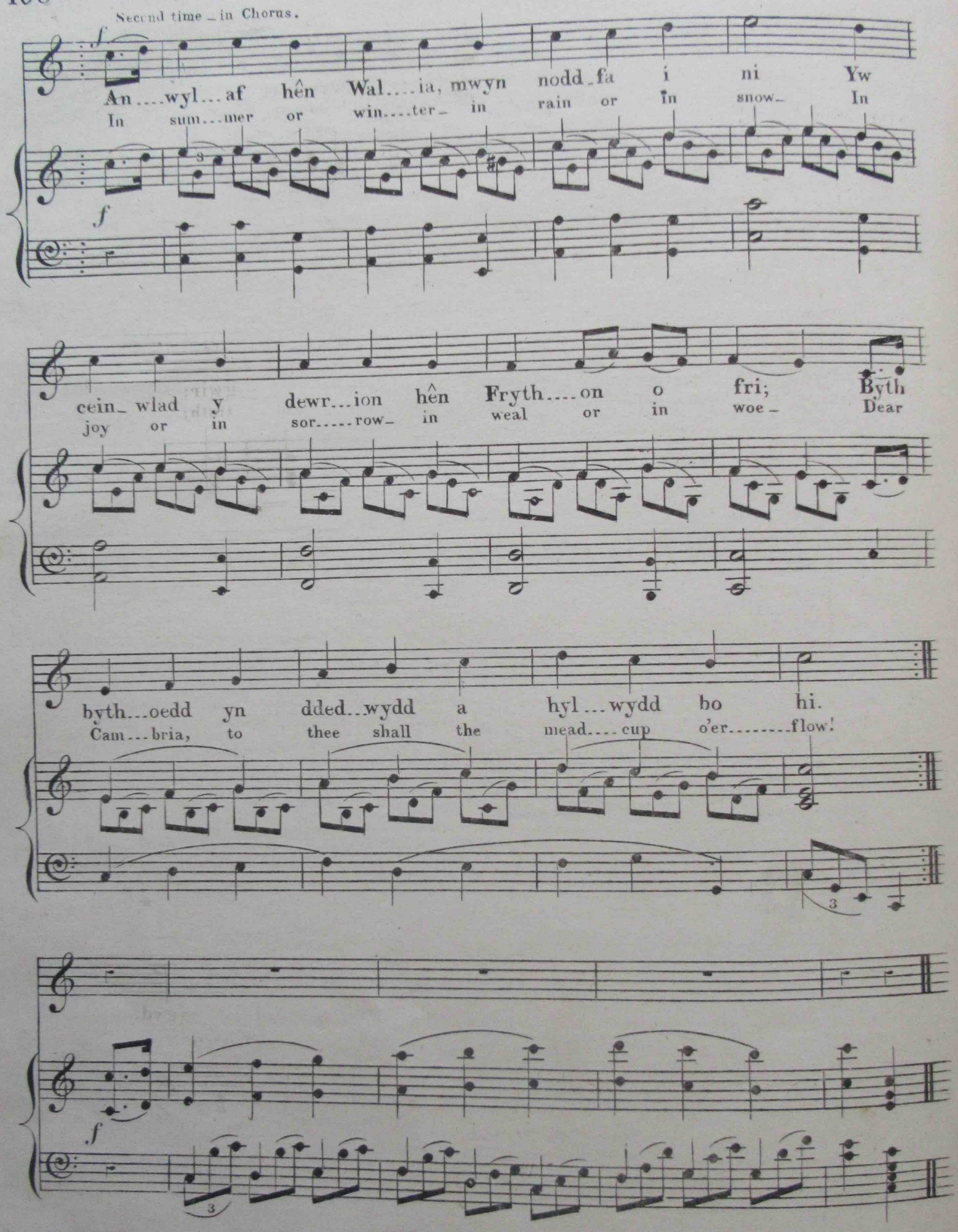
Glan Meddwdod mwyn. (The Joy of the Mead-cup.) (A. P. & L. 5901)



Glan Meddwdod mwyn. The Joy of the Mead-cup. (A.H&L.5901)


mf
Boed cor...on ddis...gleir...bur doeth ar.....wyr ei, thir Yn
A.....mid the dear scenes of our child...hood and youth, May
mf
gym..hleth o rin...wedd, gwlad....gar.....edd, a gwir; Ei
vir..... tue long flou....rish with free.....dom and truth; And
phlant yn byw'n hwyl...us a hoen....us o hyd, Ar
as we re.....vi.....sit each time....hal...low'd spot, "The
nef....oedd yn gwên....u ar Gym.....ru i gyd:
joy of the mead....cup" shall ne'er be for.....got!

(A.P & L. 5901)



Clun Meddwlad mwyn. (The Joy of the Mead-cup.) (A.H & L. 5901)

GLAN MEDDWDOD MWYN.

Nº 12.

THE JOY OF THE MEAD-CUP.
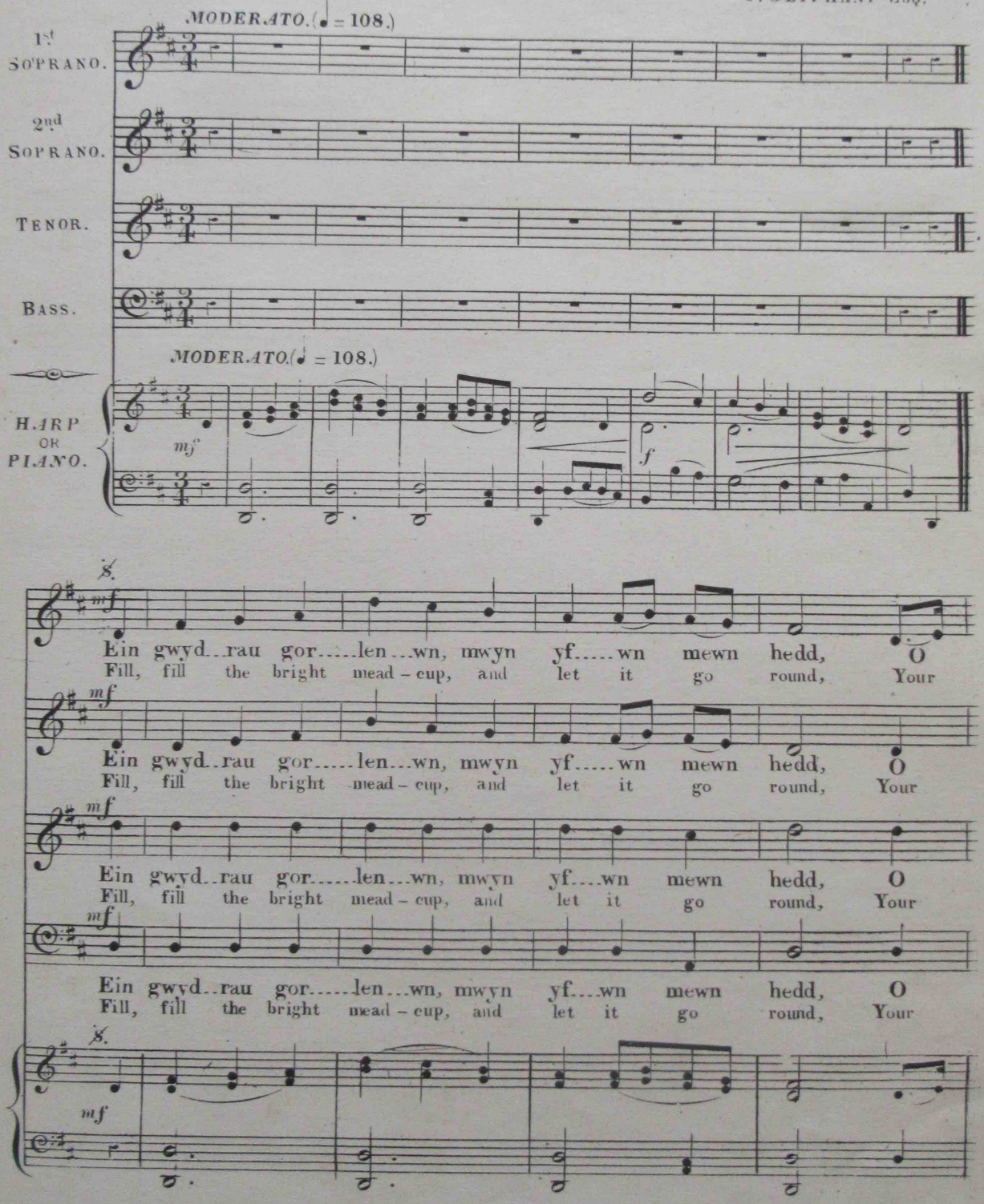
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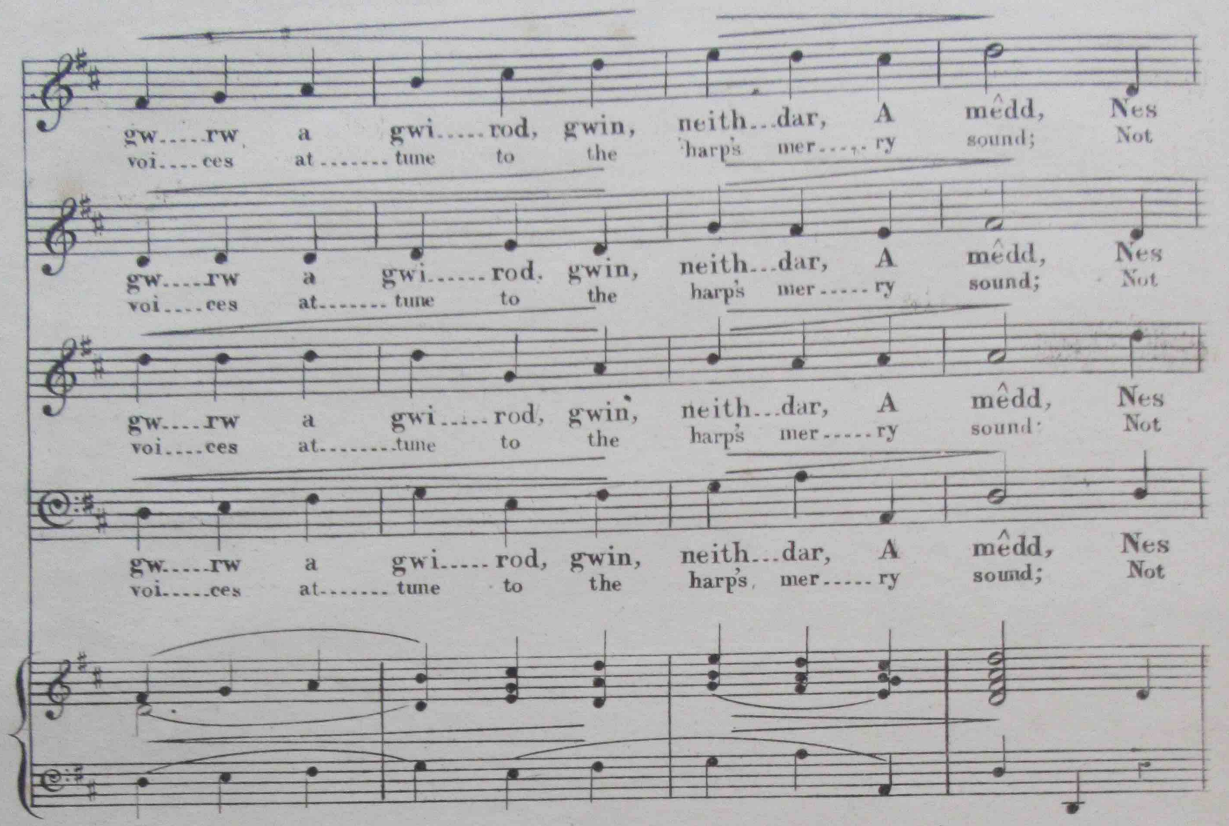
JOHN THOMAS.

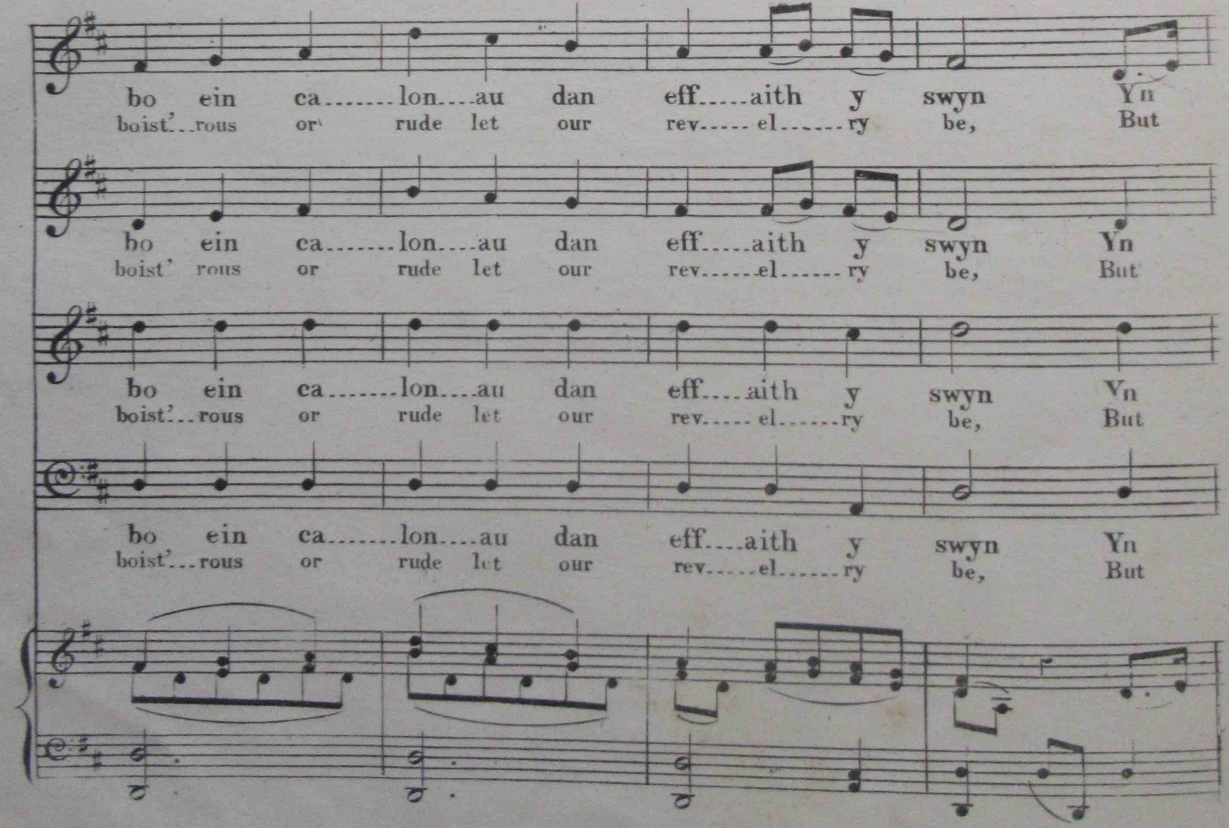
(*Pencerdd Gwalia.*)

THE WELSH POETRY BY TALHAIARN.

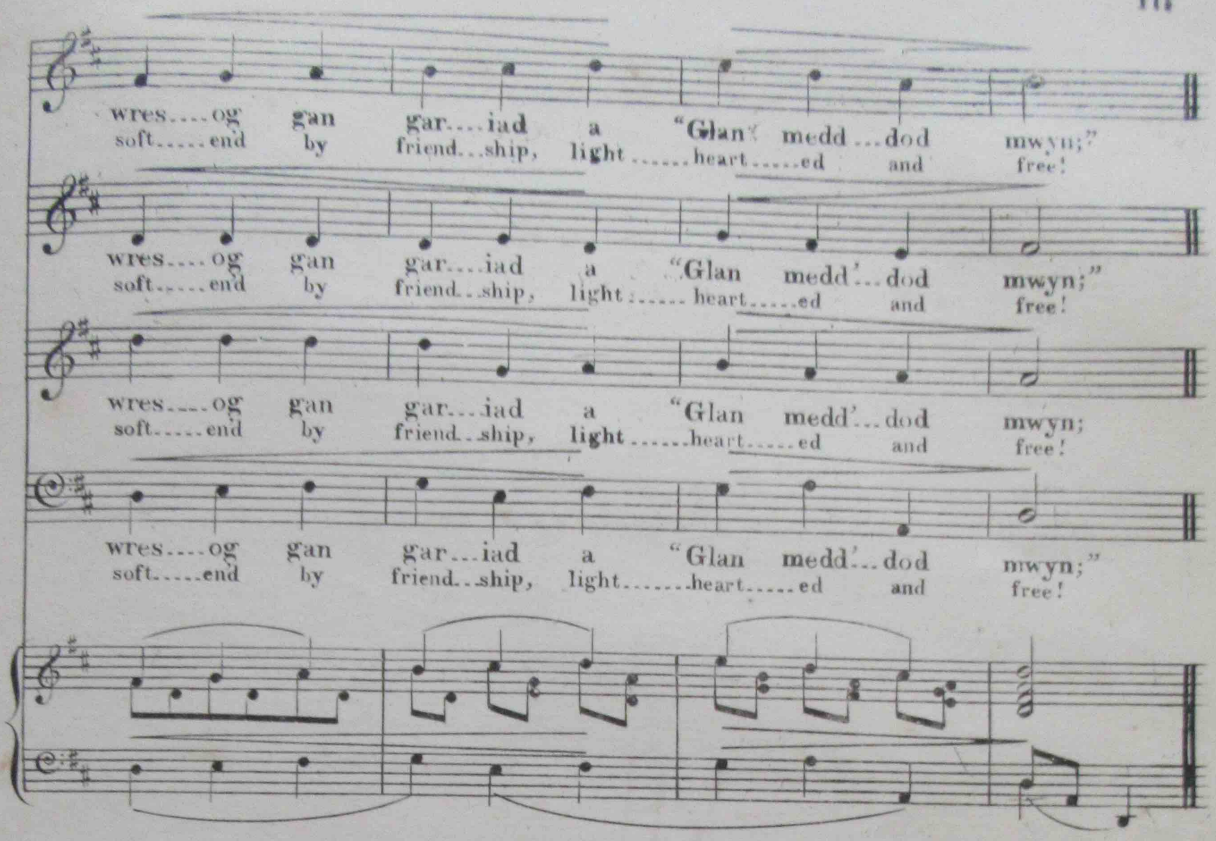
THE ENGLISH POETRY BY T. OLIPHANT ESQ.

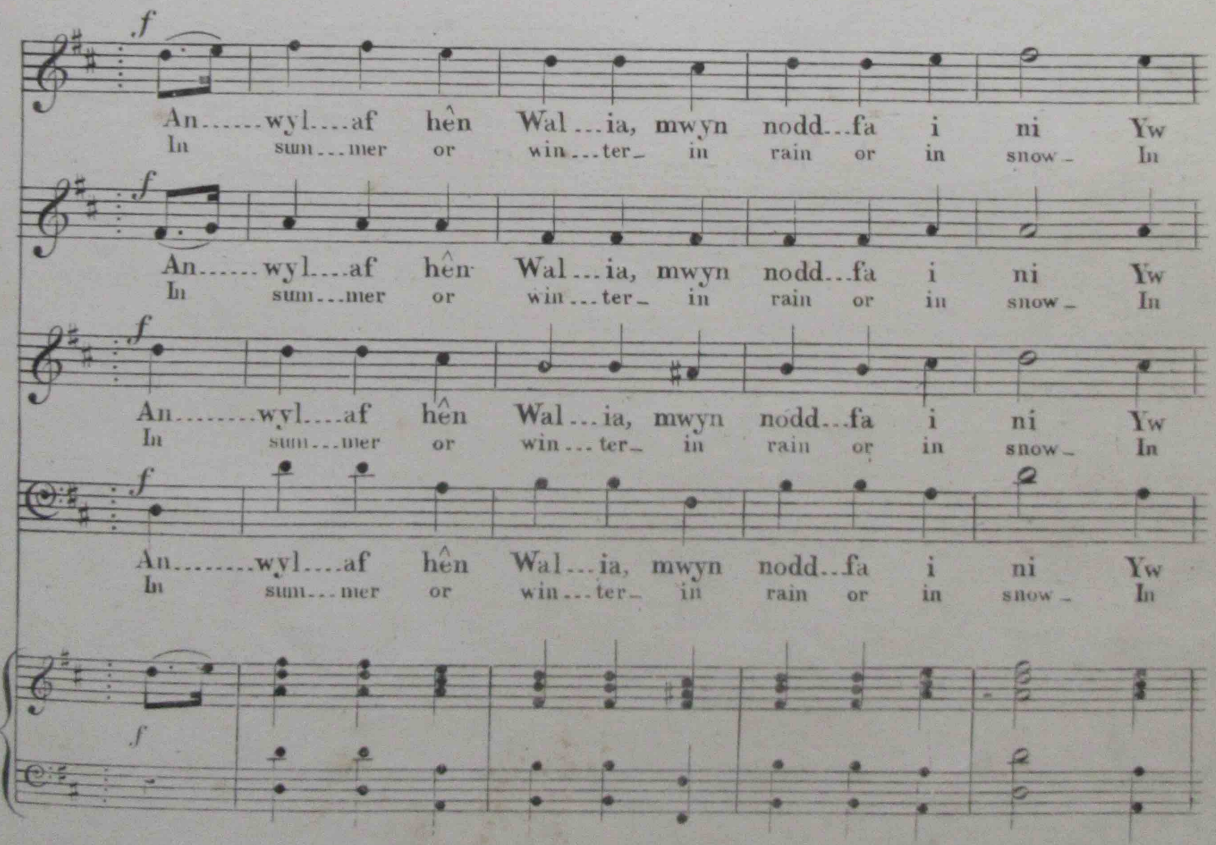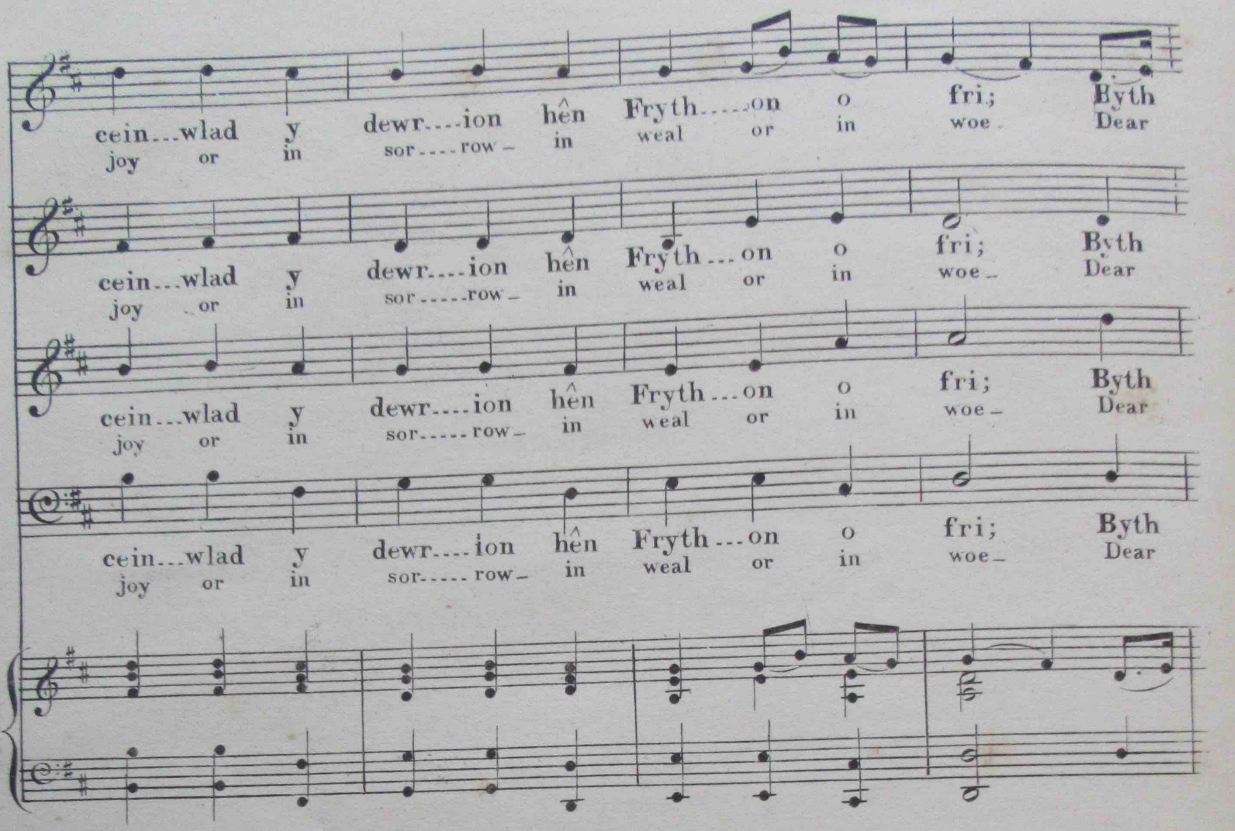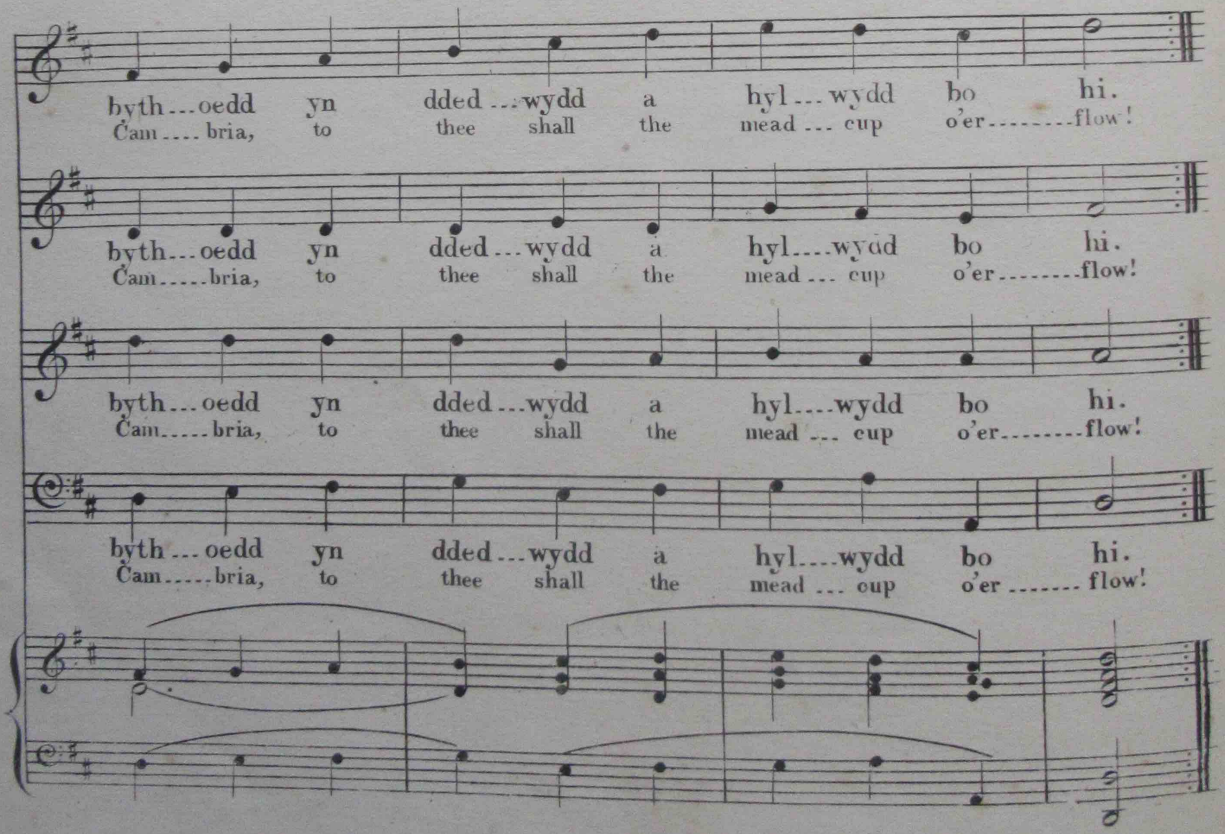






Glan Meddwdod mwyn. (The Joy of the Mead-cup) (A.H & L.5901)
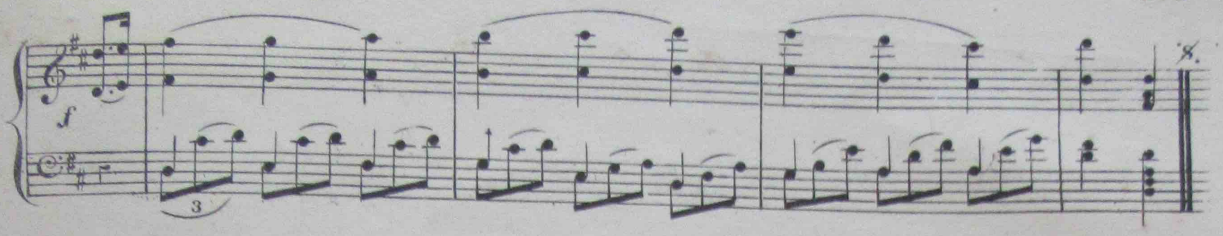

wres....og gan gar...iad a "Glan medd'...dod mwyn;"
soft....end by friend...ship, light....heart....ed and free!
wres....og gan gar...iad a "Glan medd'...dod mwyn;"
soft....end by friend...ship, light....heart....ed and free!
wres....og gan gar...iad a "Glan medd'...dod mwyn;
soft....end by friend...ship, light....heart....ed and free!
wres....og gan gar...iad a "Glan medd'...dod mwyn;"
soft....end by friend...ship, light....heart....ed and free!


f
An....wyl....af hên Wal...ia, mwyn nodd...fa i ni Yw
In sum...mer or win...ter in rain or in snow In
An....wyl....af hên Wal...ia, mwyn nodd...fa i ni Yw
In sum...mer or win...ter in rain or in snow In
An....wyl....af hên Wal...ia, mwyn nodd...fa i ni Yw
In sum...mer or win...ter in rain or in snow In
An....wyl....af hên Wal...ia, mwyn nodd...fa i ni Yw
In sum...mer or win...ter in rain or in snow In





Glan Meddwdod mewn. (The Joy of the Mead-cup.) (A.H&L.5901)



2

Ceir iechyd i'r galon, a cheinion a chân,
Wrth rodio'i dyffrynoedd a'i glynoedd mwyn glân;
Cain flodau awenydd ar gynydd a gawn,
A diliau y delyn yn dilyn ei dawn:
Anwylaf hên Walia, mwyn noddfa i ni,
Yw ceinwlad y dewrion hên Frython o fri;
Byth bythoedd yn ddedwydd a hylwydd bo hi.

3

Boed coron ddisgleirbur doeth arwyr ei thir,
Yn gymhleth o rinwedd gwladgaredd, a gwir,
Ei phlant yn byw'n hwylus a hoenus o hyd,
A'r nefoedd yn gwênu ar Gymru i gyd:
Anwylaf hên Walia, mwyn noddfa i ni,
Yw ceinwlad y dewrion hên Frython o fri;
Byth bythoedd yn ddedwydd a hylwydd bo hi.

2

Fill, fill it again, boys, until it run o'er;
We'll toast in a bumper the girls we adore;
And while, like this goblet, our sorrows they cheer,
Ah! ne'er may their bright eyes be dimm'd by a tear!
In summer or winter_in rain or in snow_
In joy or in sorrow_in weal or in woe_
Dear Cambria, to thee shall the Mead-cup o'erflow!

3

Amid the dear scenes of our childhood and youth,
May virtue long flourish with fredom and truth;
And as we revisit each time-hallow'd spot,
"The joy of the Mead-cup" shall ne'er be forgot!
In summer or winter_in rain or in snow_
In joy or in sorrow_in weal or in woe_
Dear Cambria, to thee shall the Mead-cup o'erflow!

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WELSH MELODIES

FOR THE

VOICE



BY

WELSH HARPERS

VOLUME I