

Welsh Folk Songs

All through the night



Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee, All through the night; Guard-ian an-gels



God will lend thee, All through the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in



slum - ber steep-ing, I my lov - ing vi - gil keep-ing, All through the night.

The ash grove



The ash grove, how__ grace-ful, how plain-ly__ 'tis__ speak-ing, The harp through__ it__



play-ing has lan-guage for me; When - ev - er the__ light through its branch-es__ is__ break-ing, A



host of__ kind__ fa - ces is ga - zing on me. The__ friends of__ my__ child - hold a -



gain are__ be - fore me, Each__ step wakes__ a__ mem'ry, as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers__



la - den, its leaves rus - tle__ o'er me; The ash grove,__ the__ ash grove a - lone in my home.

David of the white rock

Bring me my harp was David's sad sigh, I would play
 one more tune before I die. Help me, dear wife, put my hands to the
 strings I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.

Men of Harlech

See the glare of fires like hell there, Tongues of flame yhat writhe and swell there,
 Brave men strike with full-voiced yell there; For-ward with all might. Ar - mour clash - ing,
 cries of foe-men, Hear the chief-tains ur - ging "on men!" Thun - der of the chrag - ing horse-men
 Ech-o height on height. Ar-fon sings for - ev - er Of her might and glo-ry. Wales will be as
 Wales has been, So great in free - doms sto - ry. These fires light up the sac - ri - fi - ces,
 Cry of a dy - ing Welsh-man ris - es. In the cause of free-dom's cris - is Bra-vest men must fight.