

Twelve Welsh Folk Songs

1. Lisa Lân

for SATB a capella

Traditional melody and lyrics
GRACE GWYNEDDON DAVIES (1878–1944)

Arranged by
GUSTAV HOLST (1874–1934)

Andante
p

SOPRANO

1. Bûm yn dy ga - ru, do, law - er gwaith Mewn llaw - er modd a mwyn der
4. Pan fydd - wy'n rho - dio yn yr ardd Ym - ysg yr holl flo - deu - au

ALTO

p
Ah

TENOR

p
Ah

BASS

p
Ah

(for rehearsal only)

This edition is also available in English from the Choral Public Domain Library at <https://cpdl.org>

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6

S
maith; Bûm yn dy gusanu do, Li-sa gêl, Yr oedd dy gwm-ni'n well na'r mêl.
hardd; Wrth dorri o'r mwyn fri - all-u mân Daw hir-aeth dwys am Li - sa lân.

A

T

B

12

S
Ah

A
Ah

T
2. Fy ngha-lon lawn— fynghow-lad glyd, Ty - di yw'r lan - a' sy'n y— byd;
5. Pan fydd-wy'n rho - dio gy - da'r hwyr Fy ngha-lon fach a dôdd fel cŵyr.

B
Ah

18

S *cresc.* *f*

A *cresc.* Ah *mf* *p*

T *cresc.* *f*

B *cresc.* Ah

Ty - di sy'n per - i poen a chri, A thi sy'n dwyn - fy my-wyd i.
 Wrth gly-wed sŵn y tan - nau - mân, Daw hir-aeth dwys am Li - sa lân.

24

S *p*

A

T *p* Ah

B *p* Ah

3. Pan fydd-wy'n rho - dio gy-da'r dydd, Fy ngha-lon fach a aiff yn brudd,
 6. O Li - sa, ddoi di i'm dan-fon i A rhoi fy nghorff mewn dae-ar ddu?

30

S

Wrth gly-wed sŵn yr a - dar mân — Daw hir-aeth dwys am Li - sa lân. —
 Go-beith-io doi di, fy an nwyf ffrind, — Hyd lan y bedd lle 'rwyf yn mynd. —

A

T

B

English text by Stuart Wilson (1889–1966):

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1. I've loved you truly, aye, many years,
Loved you with hope and loved with tears,
Kissed you with kisses sweet as wine,
O how I've loved you Lisa mine. | 3. When I walk out at sun rising
And all the birds their matins sing
Sad is the tune that then I hear
For thinking on my Lisa dear. | 5. When I walk out at set of sun
And hear the minstrels sing their tune,
My heart melts at that music rare
With longing for my Lisa dear. |
| 2. Oft have I held you to my heart,
Held you so close no man could part,
Now all is grief and sore distress
And my love turns to wretchedness. | 4. When I walk out in the afternoon
To see the flow'rs all in bloom,
I pick the primroses pale and fair
My heart aches for my Lisa dear. | 6. O Lisa dear when I come to die
Walk to the grave where I must lie
Dark is the night which has no end
Thou art my sun rise, O my friend. |