

Can o Groesaw i'r Duc a'r Dywysoges o Argyle

Ar eu Hymweliad a Rhondda, Gorffennaf 23ain, 1909, pan fydd y Dywysoges yn cyflwyno
y rhodd o Darian o Arian pur ar ran Syr Charles Warren, i'r Fintai oreu berthynol
i Ganghenau Lleol Cymdeithas St. John's Ambulance.

*A Song of Welcome to His Grace the Duke and H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyle, upon their Visit to the Rhondda,
July 23rd, 1909, when the Princess will present a Pure Silver Shield on behalf of Sir Charles Warren, to the
best Squad in connection with the Local Branches of the St. John's Ambulance Society.*

Composed by J. DUNCAN, National Telephone Exchange, Treherbert, June 25th, 1909.

Tune—"Ar Dywysog Gwlad y Bryniau."

Mae ymweliadau'r mawrion
A chwam y Rhondda gu,
Yn rhoi boddhad rhyfeddol
I galon gweithwyr hy'.
Fel y croesawa'r adar
Yr haul, efelly'n wir,
Croesa'wn ninnau'r teilwng
Bob amser yn y tir.
Cydgan—Duw gadwo'r Dywysoges
A'i phriod hyd y bedd,
Boed cysur, iechyd, urddas
I'w gweled yn ei gwedd.

Caniadau'r Cymru gonest,
Yn donnau ânt i'r lan ;
Y beirdd a'r telynorion
Berseiniant ym mhob man ;
Mynyddoedd a adseiniant
Y clodydd yma 'thraw,
Nes gwneud i'r adar byncio
Ar goedydd ar bob llaw.
Cydgan—Duw gadwo'r Dywysoges, &c.

Mae'r cynllun sydd i wella
Y gweithiwr clwyfus 'nawr,
Mewn lluoedd o achosion
Yn troi yn llwyddiant mawr ;
Ac i'r rhai mwyaf medrus
Yn y gelfyddyd wir,
Fe roir gan Syr Charles Warren
Dlos Darian Arian pur.
Cydgan—Duw gadwo'r Dywysoges, &c.

Mae Tywysoges dirion
Argyle yn dod i lawr
I Gwm y Rhondda'n fuan—
O ganol Lluodain fawr—
Er mwyn cyflwyno'r Darian
I'r sawl wna'i hennill hi ;
Na'r Darian, bydd ei derbyn
O'i llaw yn fwy o fri.
Cydgan—Duw gadwo'r Dywysoges, &c.

Banerau prydferth chwyfiwn
I fyny hyd y nen,
A rhoddwn iddi brofiad
O hwre Gwalia Wen.
Yr Arglwydd a'i bendithio
Tra byddo yn y byd,
Ac wedyn, bydded iddi
Sedd aur mewn gwynfa glyd.
Cydgan—Duw gadwo'r Dywysoges, &c.

The visit of the noble,
To Rhondda's busy vales,
Brings joy to every bosom
Within our lovely Wales.
As birds and flowers welcome
The sun's refulgent rays—
So do we greet the worthy
With loud and joyful lays.

Chorus—God bless Her Royal Highness,
And fortify His Grace,
May comfort, health and honour
Beam always in each face.

The songs of dear old Cambria
In waves to heaven ascend ;
In this, both bards and minstrels
Their pleasing accents blend ;
Our ancient mountains echo
Sweet strains throughout the land,
While in the grove sweet warbles
Are heard on every hand.

Chorus—God bless Her Royal Highness, &c.

Ingenious are the methods
Of rendering timely aid,
And many a workman's suffering
Have skilful hands allayed.
Those, who, with pure devotion
This noble service yield,
Receive from Sir Charles Warren
A glorious Silver Shield.

Chorus—God bless Her Royal Highness, &c.

The Princess in her splendour,
From picturesque Argyle,
Will come to visit Rhondda
And tarry here awhile ;
Then to the noble heroes—
The winners in the field—
With honour will the Princess
Present the precious Shield.

Chorus—God bless Her Royal Highness, &c.

We wave our banners boldly
And gladly in the air,
And shout hurrahs of welcome
With hearts devoid of care.
May God reward the Princess
With gifts from heaven above,
And in the end conduct her
To yonder realms of love.

Chorus—God bless Her Royal Highness, &c.