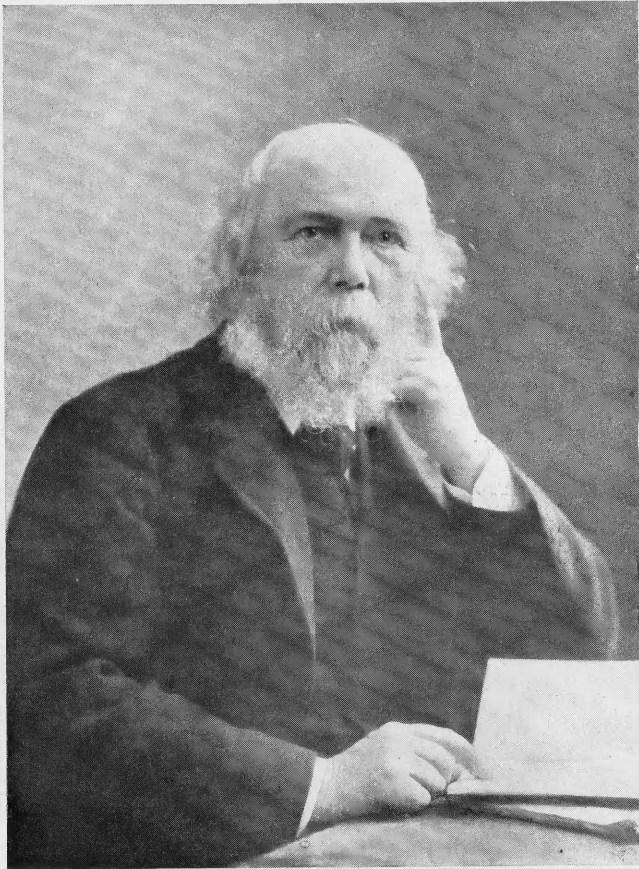


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BARON MERTHYR OF SENGHENYDD.

Can

O glod i Syr W. T. LEWIS, Barwnig, K.C.V.O., ar ei
ddyrchafiad i Dy'r Arglwyddi o dan y teitl o
Arglwydd Merthyr o Senghenydd.

Ton—"TYWYSOG GWLAD Y BRYNIAU."

Hen Wlad y Menyg Gwynion
Mewn llawen hwyl a chwardd ;
Ar ben Syr WILLIAM rhoddodd
Ein Teyrn goronig hardd :
Caiff eistedd o hyn allan
Ar faine o borphor cu
Yn enwog Dy'r Arglwyddi,
'Mhlith pendefigaidd lu.

Cydgan—

I ganu clod Syr WILLIAM
Doed Gwlad y Gan i gyd,
Adseinied y mynyddoedd
Bob gair, bob swm o hyd.

Ar hyd ei fywyd gwerthfawr
Bu'n fendith is y Nen,
Ym mhlith cyflogwyr llafur
Efe yn wir sydd ben.
Tro gwael ni wnaeth ag undyn
Ar hyd ei hirfaith rawd ;
Mewn amryw gyfyngderau
Bu ini megys brawd.

Cydgan.

O Aberdar fythenwog
Hyd ddinas fawr Caerdydd,
Colofnau o'i athrylith
A welir er ein budd ;
Bu yn ddeheulaw ffyddlon
I Arglwydd Bute yn wir,
Ac eto nid anghofiodd
Y t'lodion yn y tir.

Cydgan.

Pan ddelo'i oes i'r terfyn
Bydd ganddo rywbeth gwell
I'w adael idd ei deulu
Nag aur o Ophir bell :
Dim llai na siampl deilwng,
Dim llai nag enw da,
Barhant i roi hyfrydwch
Fel peraroglus chwa.

Cydgan.

J. DUNCAN,
39, BUTE STREET,
TREHERBERT.

Gorph. 13eg, 1911.

Song

of praise to Sir W. T. LEWIS, Bart., K.C.V.O., in honour
of his elevation to the Peerage under the title
of Lord Merthyr of Senghenydd,

Tune—"GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES."

To-day the hills of Cambria
With joy and praises ring,
Sir WILLIAM has been honoured
By George, our noble King ;
Henceforth among the nobles
He'll have a crimson seat,
His worthy elevation
Let every Welshman greet.

Chorus—

Ring, ring Sir WILLIAM's praises
Throughout the Land of Song,
Let all the hills re-echo
Each word, each sound prolong.

Throughout his busy life-time
A blessing he has been ;
Amongst the great employers
His better ne'er was seen :
In him, no act of meanness
Can any man recall—
The Baron of Senghenydd
Is fair and just to all.

Chorus.

From Aberdare to Cardiff
His name is daily praised,
Through his unfailing genius
Our nation has been raised ;
While he has been for many
A year, Lord Bute's right hand,
He never has forgotten
The humble of the land.

Chorus.

To his beloved children,
Whenever comes the end,
He will leave something better
Than house, than wealth, than friend,
A glorious name untarnished,
A good name that will shine
With bright unsullied lustre
In Wales, throughout all time.

Chorus.

J. DUNCAN.

TREHERBERT, *July 13th, 1911.*