

CAN,  
AT  
YR HEDDWCH,

*Cyhoedddeg Ebrill, 1856.*

CYDNESWCH, Gymry tirion,  
Yn fawrion ac yn fan,  
Rhyw newydd o lawenydd  
Gewch genyf yn y gan;  
Mawrson fu am ryfelodd,  
Er dycheu'n lloedd llawr,  
Ond Heddwch ddaeth o'r dewedd  
Cawu eto doriad gwawr.  
Rhown dair hwre i'r Brython pur,  
Gwyr Ffrainc, fu fely dur,  
Eu rhyddid gaiff y Twres mewu hedd,  
Er Rwssia a'i holl wyr.

Fe fu rhyw amser rhyfedd  
Er's rhai blynyddau nawr,  
Yn crynu ac yn cwyno  
'Roedd holl drigolion llawr;  
Rhai am eu gwyr yn wylo,  
Bob dydd a'u dagrau'n lli;  
Ond daeth yn awr yn wawr ddydd,  
Daw pob peth fel y bu. Rhown, &c.

Fe dorir y Militia,  
A hyny cyn bo hir;  
Caiff pawb fyn'd idd ei gartref,  
Ac at ei gariad bur;  
Daw'r bechgyn o'i Crimea  
Yn ol i Gymru lwys  
Fadrôld eu hanesion,  
Fydd beth o ddirfawr bwys. Rhown, &c.

Daw'r Twenty-third a'u Medals  
Yn sbectol i bob sir,  
A chlywir clychau Cymro  
Yn canu'n eithaf chir;

Eu derbyn yn groesawus  
 Bydd llawer mam a thad,  
 A'u dagrau o lawer ydd,  
 Pan dd'ont yn ol i'w gwlad. Rhown, &c.

Bydd merched ieuainc Cymru  
 Yn llawen y'mhob lle,  
 Pan glywant i'w cariadon  
 Gael landio i Lundain dre,  
 Am iddynt drechu'r Rwssiaid  
 Cant bensiwn da bob un,  
 A rhodio tiroedd Cymru  
 Yn llawen iawn eu llun. Rhown, &c.

Ffarwel i diroedd Rwsia,  
 Mi wn, medd llawer mil,  
 Ni welsom yma g'ledi,  
 Do, a'n cadw yn eithaf eidi,  
 Buom lawer nos mewn ffosydd,  
 Y'ng hanol llaid a baw,  
 A saethau ein gelynyon  
 Yn lluoedd ar bob llaw. Rhown, &c.

Daw llawnder o drysorau  
 O bob rhyw barth o'r byd,  
 Daw'r tlawd a'i draed yn rhyddion,  
 'Nol bod mewn cyffion c'yd;  
 Bydd shopwyr a thafarnwyr  
 Yn burion wrth eu bodd:  
 Mae pawb yn llawenychu,  
 Rhaid d'weyd y gwyr ar go'dd. Rhown, &c.

Wel, daeth dymunol heddweh,  
 Trwy holl deyrnasoedd byd;  
 Ca'dd llawer eu dymuniad,  
 'Nol bod yn cwyno c'yd;  
 Bydd gwragedd cywran Cymru  
 N'cael teisen gyda'u tê  
 A'r merched ieuainc mwynion,  
 Heb gwynion rho'nt hysrê! Rhown, &c.

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## PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

COME all you Britons stout and bold,

And listen to my song

About the War, and now the Peace,

'Twill not detain you long ;

We've been in dread for many a day

To meet the Russian Bear ;

But now since Peace we find proclaimed,

For him we do not care.

So now three cheers for Britons bold,

The French that fought so free,

The Turks, in spite of Russian pride,

Have got their liberty.

We've had a sad and woeful time

For the last year or two ;

The trade in town and country too

To destitution grew,

Both young and old their blood run cold

When thinking of the Wars—

All slaughter'd on the battle field,

Unnumber'd as the stars.

But now the Wars are over, boys,

The Russians are undone ;

Three cheers we'll give to the Allies

That have their battles won.

So now the young Militia boys

With this did jump with joy,

Through England, Ireland, Scotland too

They'll bid their guns good bye ;

And back unto their native place,

Their true loves for to meet,

And welcome by the lasses be,

And give them kisses sweet.

Put now &c.

And many a gallant soldier bold  
 Once more shall see his home,  
 Where he did leave his dearest friends  
 When he was in his bloom;  
 He'll bid adieu to Russia's shores,  
 All cover'd o'er with scars,  
 And often tell his marv'lous tales  
 About the cruel Wars.                      But now, &c.  
 So now the Wars are over, boys,  
 Contented we will be,  
 We'll have both Peace and Plenty too,  
 Likewise our liberty;  
 Our swords and bayonets they will make  
 Both scythes and sickles too.  
 Says Paddy and Michael Kelly, We  
 Have show'n our courage true.              But now, &c.  
 The good, good times are come at last,  
 The snob he does declare,  
 The miners, carters, colliers all,  
 Will now the laurel wear;  
 The tailors, sweeps, and tinkers poor,  
 And ballad singers bold,  
 Will have a quart in comfort sweet  
 To keep them from the cold.              But now, &c.  
 We've put an end to Russian pride,  
 In spite we beat our foe,  
 Although they were so numerous,  
 We toss'd them to and fro;  
 Our wifes may in contentment be,  
 And drive dull care away,  
 Take of plum cake and brandy *brud*  
 And a strong cup of tea.                      So now, &c.

DICK OGWEN.

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THowells, Argraffydd, Merthyr.