

**Codiad yr Hedydd  
(The Rising of the Lark)**

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Clyw! Clyw! Foreuol glod,  
O! Fwyned yw'r defnynau'n dod  
O wynfa lân i lawr.

Ai mân ddenynau cân  
Aneirif lu ryw dyrfa lân  
Ddi[h]angodd gyda'r wawr?

Mud yw'r awel ar y waun,  
A brig y grûg, yn esmwyth gryn,  
Gwrando mae yr aber gain,  
Ac yn y brwyn ymguddia'i hun –  
Mor nefol serchol ydyw'r sain  
Sy'n dod i swyno dyn.

Words by Maria X Hayes

Hark! Hark! His matin praise  
In warblin[g]s sweet the lark doth raise  
To paradise above

Are they the pearls of song  
Dropp'd by a countless angel throng  
When singing peace and love?

Scarce doth move the gosamer.  
Nor doth the purple heather stir  
And the brook doth pause to hear,  
While hiding 'neath the rushy ground  
So heav'nly tender is the sound  
That comes man kind to cheer.