



## MYFANWY

Why is it anger, O Myfanwy,  
That fills your eyes so dark and clear?  
Your gentle cheeks, O sweet Myfanwy,  
Why blush they not when I draw near?  
Where is the smile that once most tender  
Kindled my love so fond, so true?  
Where is the sound of your sweet words,  
That drew my heart to follow you?

Myfanwy, may you spend your lifetime  
Beneath the midday sunshine's glow,  
And on your cheeks O may the roses  
Dance for a hundred years or so.  
Forget now all the words of promise  
You made to one who loved you well,  
Give me your hand, my sweet Myfanwy,  
But one last time, to say "farewell".