

Land Of My Fathers

The land of my fathers, how fair is thy fame,
Entwin'd are proud mem'ries about thy dear name,
The lays of thy minstrels, thy warriors' renown,
Give honour and grace to thy crown.

Chorus

*Wales, Wales, Sweet are thy hills and thy vales,
Thy speech, thy song, to thee be long,
O may they live ever in Wales.*

The lords of great Snowdon in brave days of yore,
For thee fought for freedom by Mona's green shore,
Their courage undaunted inspires all our lays,
Our harps e'er resound to their praise.

Chorus

No more on thy ramparts is heard through the night
The trumpet's loud summons to haste to the fight;
The contest is over, yet proud my heart thrills
When I gaze on thy vict'ry crown'd hills.

Chorus