

**FAVOURITE WELSH
HYMNS,
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH**

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Favourite Welsh hymns, translated into English by Joseph Morris

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JOSEPH MORRIS

**FAVOURITE WELSH
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"Eiſt Gyfa yn y Mynyddoedd."

FAVOURITE WELSH HYMNS

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH.

BY JOSEPH MORRIS,

MARBERTH, PEMBROKESHIRE.

(Formerly of Coward College, London.)

"From the top of the Rocks I see HIM: from the Hills I behold HIM."



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1854.

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P R E F A C E.

To those who are no strangers to the Language and Spirit of the Originals, and who would feel disposed to welcome their adaptation to changed circumstances, the Author submits these Translations :* and he does so with a measure of trust that they may not be altogether powerless in renovating and sustaining impressions produced by those Originals.

And believing that there are others—English Christians—who confidently anticipate good to the Church from any reciprocation of the diversely-developed expressions of One Spirit, this introductory effort at presenting, in their language, a specimen of Welsh Devotional Song (in which a few English Originals are included), as illustrating its characteristic genius, is, to them also, respectfully offered, with the view of realising, in however humble a degree, the Desired Good.

An Index of the First Lines of the original Welsh Hymns, arranged in the order of the Translations, will be found at the end of the Work.

The Metres of the Originals are retained in every case where a departure from them is not specified. Their own thrilling minor MELODIES ought to accompany them.

* The principle adopted in the preparation of this Work may be aptly expressed, with slight modifications, in the language of a late Translator of Horace: "I [have endeavoured] to give not only the exact sense, but also the manner, the spirit, and [generally] the numbers of the original; while I have also aimed at giving [the] performance the freedom and ease of native compositions in [the English] language."—Preface to "Arundines Devæ;" by a Scotch Physician: Edin.

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* * * It has been endeavoured in the following pages so to develop and unite these several Themes as to present the unity of Anthems, as it were, in an Anthem.

FAVOURITE WELSH HYMNS.

JESUS.

PRELUDE.

I would sing Thy love, my Saviour,
O, how can I silent be !
Though more sweetly, more sublimely
Many touch the chords to Thee.
In thy mercy is abundance,
Not a stream but boundless main :
Let me but rehearse the riches
JESUS doth for worlds contain !

I.

EARTH'S CROWN.

Thorns had the Saviour of mankind
His only Crown while here below :
Could Earth no other garland find
With which to deck his holy brow !
Was he a King ? yea ; to his throne
Heaven, Earth, and Hell allegiance owe ;
Nor glory his, nor power alone,—
What heart such depths of grief can know ?
Should Earth, dear Lord, crown me with thorns,
Give strength to glory in the shame ;
To feel that every thing adorns
My brow, if Jesus wore the same.

I now behold Him on a seat
 Of majesty o'er angels raised ;
 The crowns of heaven laid at his feet,
 His Holy Name by myriads praised.

And, Lord, among the crowns which heaven
 Adoring, at thy footstool lays,
 By contrite Earth may soon be given
 A chaplet—not of shame, but praise.

For Thou hast crownèd her with flowers,
 And, more than all, with saving love :
 What debt so great can be as hers ;
 What diadem may worthy prove ?

II.

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

Jesus Christ is my Creator,—
 He formed sea and earth and air ;
 Nature's pillars stand unshaken
 On his power and constant care.
 By his fingers for a dwelling
 Was heaven's vault sublime upreared :
 Jesus suffered when to save us
 He as man on earth appeared.

Lofty Angels! God-like spirits,
 Clad in robes of 'living light' :
 He who gave you all your glories,
 Him you worship day and night,
 Made his tent in human nature
 That in Him should man confide :
 Your Delight, your Source, and Centre
 Died—for man a Ransom died.

Vast encircling Space! whose confines
 Stretch beyond creation's pole !
 Worlds of magnitude appalling
 In thee unobstructed roll :

He in whom thou art containèd,
 Spread at first and peopled thee,
 Lay, an infant, in the manger,
 Died, a man, upon the tree.

Countless Stars! through darkness peering;
 Silent sentinels of night!
 Worlds are ye of radiant brightness—
 Points to feeble human sight:
 He who spake and ye were kindled,
 And will be, when ye grow dim,
 Sun of souls, and Noon of heaven—
 Grief and death enshrouded HIM.

Planets! with the Earth concentric,
 Speeding on your trackless ways,—
 Speeding in unbroken order
 From your distant primal days!
 He whose arm put you in motion—
 Who your orbits vast designed,
 HERE was born a helpless infant,
 HERE for sin his life resigned.

Sun! the unexhausted fountain,
 Whence flow warmth and genial light,
 By whom Day to us is given
 Loaded with untold delight!
 He who hath with glory charged thee
 That we may not rudely gaze,
 Was on Calvary obscured—
 Well thou dark'nest with amaze.

Moon! who star-attended glidest
 Through the sky with queenly grace;
 Shining now in placid splendour,
 Veiling now with clouds thy face:
 He who hides thee—brings light to thee
 From that sun, whose Sun is He,
 Was eclipsed,—his beams were clouded,
 On the ignominious tree.

Thunder ! who within thy cradle
 Of the sable cloud dost rock :
 Rolling through expanse of heaven,
 Shaking earth with fearful shock !
 He who overawes the nations,
 In thy mighty noise confessed,
 Groaned and sighed with troubled spirit,
 By our guilt and sin oppressed.

Lightning wild ! thy child the Thunder,
 Thou dost wrap the world in fire :
 Sodom perished by thee stricken,
 Doomed by Heaven's long-slumbering ire.
 He who formed thee—could command thee
 Earth to cleanse and man to slay,
 Gave Himself an expiation—
 Saved by death from Death his prey.

Tempests ! who disclose the caverns,
 Dungeons drear beneath the seas,
 Toying with the proudest navies,
 Hurling down the giant trees :
 He who curbs your wildest fury,
 Calms you like to infant's breath,
 As a lamb Himself surrendered,
 Bowed his reverend head in death !

Peer of Angels ! space outreaching,
 Stars, sun, moon, thy grandeur show ;
 Thunder, lightning, earthquake, tempest,
 Less in might sublime than THOU !
 For thy welfare, haughty Rebel,
 Thee from error back to bring,
 Jesus meekly bore thine insults :
 Weep—repent—believe—and sing !