

My Sweetheart's Like Venus

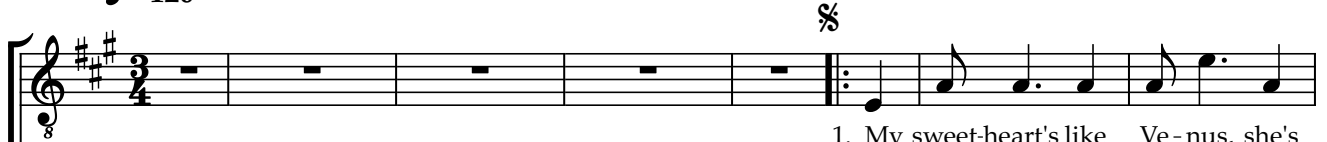
Mae 'nghariad i'n Fenws

Dora Herbert-Jones (1890 - 1974)

traditional Welsh folk song from Ynys Môn

Arranged by A.T.MacLean

♩ = 120

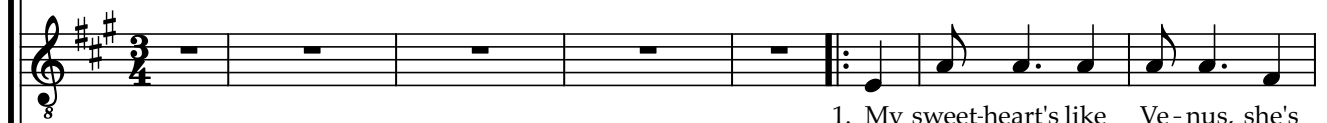


1. My sweet-heart's like Ve-nus, she's

3. My sweet-heart she loveslike a

1. Mae'ngha riad i'n Fenws mae

3. Mae'ngha riad i'n ca ru fel



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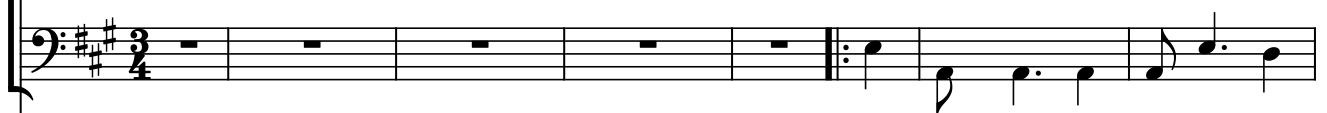


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1. Mae'ngha riad i'n Fenws mae

3. Mae'ngha riad i'n ca ru fel



9

T. 1

love-ly and light, She's fair - er than black-thorn, she's slim and milk white, There's
 show-er of rain, Now cloud ed now weep - ing, now smil - ing a - gain, But
 'nghariad i'n fain, Mae 'ngha riad i'n dly sach na blo dau y drain. Fy
 ca wod o wlaw, Wei thi au ffordd ym a, ac wei thiau ffordd draw, Ond

T. 2

love-ly and light, She's fair er than black-thorn, she's slim and milk white, There's
 show-er of rain, Now cloud ed now weep - ing, now smil - ing a - gain, But
 'nghariad i'n fain, Mae 'ngha riad i'n dly sach na blo dau y drain. Fy
 ca wod o wlaw, Wei thi au ffordd ym a, ac wei thiau ffordd draw, Ond

Bar.

love-ly and light, She's fair - er than black-thorn, she's slim and milk white, There's
 show-er of rain, Now cloud ed now weep - ing, now smil - ing a - gain, But
 'nghariad i'n fain, Mae 'ngha riad i'n dly sach na blo dau y drain. Fy
 ca wod o wlaw, Wei thi au ffordd ym a, ac wei thiau ffordd draw, Ond

B.

Pno.

15

T. 1

8

no one is like her, from far or from near, It's truth I am tell-ing for
 she who loves ma-ny is left with out one, A faith-ful, true lov-er has
 'nghariad yw'r la na', a'r wynna'n y sir, Nid can mol yr yd wyf ond
 ca riad pur ffyddlon ni cha riff ond un, Y sawl a gar la wer, gaiff

T. 2

8

no one is like her, from far or from near, It's truth I am tell-ing for
 she who loves ma-ny is left with out one, A faith-ful, true lov-er has
 'ngha riad yw'r la na', a'r wyn na'n y sir, Nid can mol yr yd wyf ond
 ca riad pur ffyddlon ni cha riff ond un, Y sawl a gar la wer, gaiff

Bar.

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B.

Pno.

21 **Fine** *mp*

T. 1
all mento hear. 2. Her form has the splendour of straight growing trees, Her
one love a - lone.
dwe dyd y gwir. 2. Wych en - eth fach an nwyd sy'n lod es mor lan, Ei
fod heb yr un.

T. 2
all mento hear. 2. Her form has the splendour of straight growing trees, Her
one love a - lone.
dwe dyd y gwir. 2. Wych en - eth fach an nwyd sy'n lod es mor lan, Ei
fod heb yr un.

Bar.
all mento hear. 2. Her form has the splendour of straight growing trees, Her
one love a - lone.
dwe dyd y gwir. 2. Wych en - eth fach an nwyd sy'n lod es mor lan, Ei
fod heb yr un.

B.
all mento hear. 2. Her form has the splendour of straight growing trees, Her
one love a - lone.
dwe dyd y gwir. 2. Wych en - eth fach an nwyd sy'n lod es mor lan, Ei
fod heb yr un.

Pno.
2. Ah
Fine 2. Wych en eth fach an nwyd sy'n lod es mor lan,

28 *p*

T. 1
hairlike ripe corn that is stirr'd in the breeze, Ah
gwy neb yn wri dog a'i dan eddman, man.

T. 2
hairlike ripe corn that is stirr'd in the breeze, Ah
gwy neb yn wri dog a'i dan eddman, man.

Bar.
hairlike ripe corn that is stirr'd in the breeze, Her eye-brows like gos sa mer that
gwy neb yn wri dog a'i dan eddman, man. A'i dau ly gaid glei-s-ion aid

B.
Ah Ah

34 *molto espressivo* *mf* D.S. al Fine

T. 1

T. 2

Bar.

B.

hangs by the if on ly she'd loveme, I'd ask nothing more
dwy ael fel Fy nghalon a'i ca rai, pe gwydd wn y cawn!

Ah Ah

8

8

8

8