

Aled Jones

"My little welsh home"

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I am dreaming of the mountains of my home
Of the mountains where in childhood I would roam
I have dwelt 'neath southern skies
Where the summer never dies
But my heart is in the mountains of my home

I can see the little homestead on the hill
I can hear the magic music of the Rhyf
There is nothing to compare
With the love that once was there
In the lonely little homestead on the hill

I can see the quiet churchyard down below
Where the mountain breezes wander to and fro
And when God my soul will keep
It is there I want to sleep
With those dear old folks that loved me long ago

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