

An Cat Dubh "Cumbrian Dream"

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A G

In the mountains of Cambria, by Rhymney4s bright
stream

A G

I have oft slept in heather, and dreamed a bright
dream

A G

No mortal could wake me, nor see what I4ve seen

A G

No landscape could ever compare
'twas the land of my fathers, unfettered, and free
Ere the time that Saxon swept over the sea
When mistletoe grew 4neath the shining oak tree
No landscape could ever compare
Dreaming of Prydein, asleep on the hill
When I awaken, will you be there still?

Oh, Islands of Poets, my dreams you can fill
But never the long waking hours
Mighty poets and Warriors traversed every road
Leaving stories and legends wherever they strode
Their pasts are recalled in the humblest abode
In tales of the sunnier days
Now my story is ended, my song is all gone
I have slept thru the evening, and into the dawn
Yet still, I remember your face, Albion
And your older, and much wiser ways!

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