

## **An Cafe**

### **"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, Islandsof 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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