

White Rose / An Rosenn Wynn

Trad



I love the white rose in its splendour, I
My 'gar an rosenn wynn, Mar
love the white rose in its bloom, I love the white rose so
hweg, mar deg dell dyv hi, An ros - enn wynn, Mar
fair as it grows, It's the rose that re - minds me of you. The
splann, mar vrin - tyn, A dhre dha gov om - ma dhe - vy! Kyn-
first time I met you my dar-ling, Your face was as fair as a
- sa pan wel - is ow hwe-goll, Yth est - a mar deg av-el
rose, But now your dear face has grown pal-er, As
ros, Mes lem-myn 'ma dhis liw dha vej-eth, Mar
pale as the lil - ly white rose.
wynn av-el ros-enn mayth os.

I love the white rose in its splendour,
I love the white rose in its fall,
I love the white rose,
So fair as she grows,
It's the rose that reminds me
of you.

The first time I met you
My darling
Your face was as pale as the rose
And now your face
Has grown paler
As pale as the lily white rose

I love the white rose in it's splendour
I love the white rose in its fall
I love the white rose
So fair as she grows
It's the rose that reminds me
of you

My 'gar an ros-enn wy-nn,
Mar hweg, mar deg dell dyv hi,
An rosenn wynn,
Mar splann, mar vrintyn,
A dhre dha gov omma
dhe-vy !

Kynsa pan welis
ow hwegoll,
Yth esta mar deg avel ros,
Mes lemmyn 'ma dhis I
iw dha vejeth,
Mar wynn avel rosenn mayth os.

My 'gar an ros-enn wy-nn,
Mar hweg, mar deg dell dyv hi,
An rosenn wynn,
Mar splann, mar vrintyn,
A dhre dha gov omma
dhe-vy!

Treylys - Julyan Holmes