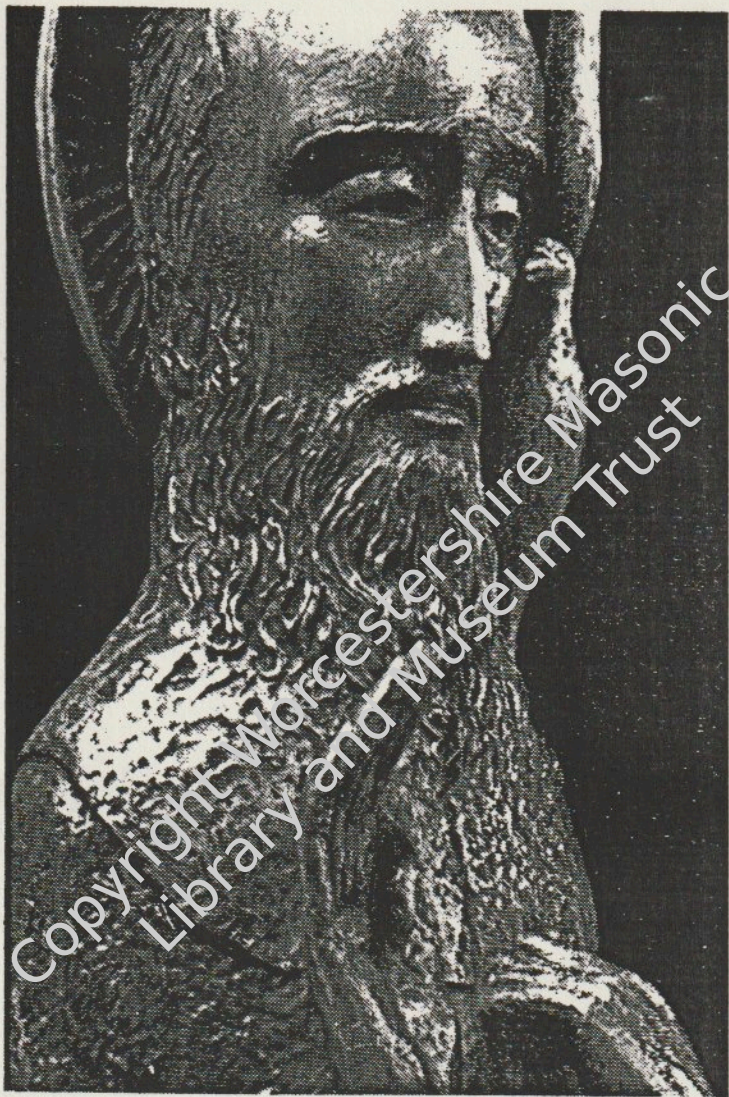


CYFRINFA DEWI SANT

Rhif 9135

Master : W Bro. C. G. Warren.



CROESO I FWRDD DEWI SANT

C Y F R I N F A D E W I S A N T

Due to the unavoidable absence of our
Worshipful Master, the Chair this
evening will be taken by the Immediate
Past Master,

WORSHIPFUL BROTHER DAVID BARLOW, JP.

The Lodge extends a warm Welsh welcome
to this our Festive Board to a large
Provincial Grand Lodge Team, headed by
our Provincial Grand Master,

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BROTHER

EDWARD F. HANSON, JP, LLD (Hon.),

on the occasion of the Dedication of
our Lodge Banner.

We commence our Festive Board with the
Ceremony of the Eating of the Leek,
during which the Brethren are invited
to sing a song of yearning for the
Homeland, the words of which are
printed on the opposite page:

"UNWAITH EPTO'N NGHYMRU ANWYL"

A presentation of "the flowers of our
Land" is taken from the Ceremony of
Chairing the Bard, where a declaration
of peace, "Heddwch", is made. In this
instance we refer to the peace and
harmony of the Lodge.

Our Menu tonight consists of the
traditional food of Wales: Leek Soup,
Lamb, and Snowdon Pudding. We hope you
enjoy it.

We apologise for the tight fit, but
were most anxious to accommodate as
many of our Brethren and guests as
possible. Even so, we regret that
some have been turned away. A special
welcome to those who have travelled
from afar. In particular the Brethren
from Welshpool Lodge who are here to
support W.Bro. Ted Beech Rogers, who has
generously donated our Banner.

AJWR.

UNWAITH ETTO'N NGHYMRU ANWYL

Gwlad y bryniau ydyw Gwalia,
Gwlad y delyn, Gwlad y bardd,
Gwlad y canu, Gwlad y moli,
Gwalia sydd yn swynol hardd;
O 'rwy'n hoffi rhodio'r llwybrau,
Bu'm yn chwareu yn ddinam,
Adgyfodant rhyw adgofion,
Ynwf am fy anwyl fam.

Magwd fi ar ei bron,
Ces fy siglo yn ei chryd,
O wledydd y ddaear,
Dyma a'r o reu yn y byd.

HEN WOAD FY NHADAU

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorian, enwogion o
fri,
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Dros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.

Gwlad! Gwlad! pleidol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.