**A GIRL’S SONG TO HER MOTHER**

*A Girl’s Song to Her Mother* was first performed on 30 July 1999, the Celtic Weekend at the Pan-American Games, Winnipeg, Manitoba, by mezzo-soprano Mari Morgan and oboist Sherry Bonness. This work has been recorded on Westmark Productions CD, *Un Llais, Dwy Law/One Voice, Two Hands* (WCD 30087), by Mari Morgan and pianist Richard Lind.

A Girl’s Song to Her Mother*

Menna Elfyn

I remember your shawl’s fragrance
    in the crook of your shoulder.
There I’d find leaves of the palm tree,
    and shelter;
there I’d find a heartbeat
    like hummingbirds.
My yoke was so tender
    enfolded in your arms.

I remember the songlines
    of the blanket’s murmur,
the coverlet received every year
    for your labour,
slave of the old story,
    caressed by your skin
and the balm of garment
    to hide away your pain.

I sing nightly of the shawl,
    its timeless embrace,
how gently it raised me
    safely with grace.
Tonight, is my turn
    to place a blanket over you,
and keep you, my mistress,
    without burden or cry.

(Refrain)

Fy hudo i gwm plu,
    Take me to the vale of feathers,
i fyd lledrith, yn fabli,
    to the dancing world, my downy one,
fy mhen ar obennydd,
    my head on your pillow,
fy nydd ym mhlu’r gweunydd.
    my days filled with cotton grass and love.

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*“Can Merch l’w Mam,” a Welsh poem written and translated by Menna Elfyn. Copyright by the author; used by permission.*
\textit{for Menna Elfyn}

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\textbf{A GIRL’S SONG TO HER MOTHER}
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\textit{A Lullaby for Solo Voice and Oboe}
(or Other Melody Instrument)

\author{Menna Elfyn*}

\textit{Hilary Tann}

\textit{A Girl’s Song to Her Mother}

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ter; there I’d find a heart-beat like hummin-birds.
My yoke was so tender end-
folded in your arms.
Ah
accel. poco
poco più mosso

Take me to the world of feathers, to the danc-ing world, my
a tempo

down - y one, my head on your pil - low, my
fab - li, fy mhen or o - ben - nydd, fy

rit. poco
dim.

Ah

Ah

I re - mem - ber the song - lines of the

Ah

blan - ket's mur - mur, the cov - er - let re - ceved ev - 'ry

year for your la - bour, Ah
slave of the old story, carried

essessed by your skin and the balm of garment

to hide away your pain. My head on your pillow, my

rit. poco

a tempo

f

days filled with cotton grass and love.

rit.

allarg. molto

dim.

Ah

Ah

a tempo

pp
I sing nightly of the shawl, its timeless embrace, how gently it raised me safely with grace.

Tonight is my turn to place a blanket over you, and keep you, my mistress, without burden or
Take me to the vale of feathers, to the dancing world, my
downy one, my head on your pillow, my days filled with
cotton grass and love.
poco più mosso

Take me to the vale of feathers, to the
Fy hu-do i gwyr plu, i fyd

a tempo

dancing world, my down-y one, my head on your
lled-rith, yn fab-li, fy mhen ar o-

pillow, my days filled with cotton grass and love.
ben-nydd, fy nydd ym mhu’r gweu-nydd.

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

and love.

Ah ym mhu’r gweu-nydd.

allarg.

a tempo