Wales.

By Johnson, Lionel Pigot .

Mother of holy fire! Mother of holy dew!

Thy children of the mist, the moor, the mountain side,

These change not from thine heart, these to thine heart allied:

These, that rely on thee, as blossoms on the blue.

O passionate, dark faces, melancholy's hue!

O deep, grey eyes, so tragic with the fires they hide!

Sweet Mother, in whose light these live! thou dost abide,

Star of the West, pale to the world: these know thee true.

No alien hearts may know that magic, which acquaints

Thy soul with splendid passion, a great fire of dreams;

Thine heart with lovlier sorrow, than the wistful sea.

Voices of Celtic singers and of Celtic Saints

Live on the ancient air; their royal sunlight gleams

On moorland Merioneth and on sacred Dee.