Sinfonia Cymru

Christmas Concert: Classics and Carols
Rhagfyr 4 December 2025

Rebecca Rouch	Ffliwt | Flute
Polly Bartlett	Obo | Oboe
Lucia Porcedda	Clarinét | Clarinet
Florence Plane	Basŵn | Bassoon
Lynn Henderson	Corn | Horn
Cynnwys | Featuring	Côr Ysgol Bro Pedr, dan arweiniad | led by Ceri Thomas Côr Dyffryn Arth, dan arweiniad | led by Mali Gerallt

Rhaglen | Programme

W. A. Mozart arr. Linckelmann	Overture to *The Magic Flute*
A. Sullivan arr. A. Pugh	*Ar Hanner Nos yn Glir y Daeth/* *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear**
Gustav Holst	Wind Quintet in Ab Major, Op. 14, II. Adagio
S. Rachmaninov arr. C. McDermid	Prelude in Eb major, Op. 23, No. 6
Maurice Ravel arr. Linckelmann	Mother Goose Suite, III. Empress of the Pagodas
Melody from 'Piae Cantiones' arr. A. Pugh	*Y Brenin Wenseslas / Good King Wenceslas**
<u>Côr Ysgol Bro Pedr</u>	
Delwyn Sion	Un Seren
Gareth Glyn	Cân y Bugeiliaid
R. Løvland, B. Graham	Ti'n 'y Nghynnal I (You Raise Me Up)
Cecil Sharpe arr. Valerie Coleman	The Holly and the Ivy
Valerie Coleman	Umoja: The First Day of Kwanzaa
Sixteenth Century French arr. A. Pugh	*Fwyn Fugeiliaid / Ding Dong, Merrily on High!**
<u>Côr Dyffryn Arth</u>	
John Rutter	Angels' Carol
John Rutter	Star Carol
Jerry Herman	We Need a Little Christmas Now
Jacques Ibert	Trois Pièces Brèves

Os hoffech glywed mwy am ddigwyddiadau Sinfonia Cymru sydd I ddod, ewch i www.sinfonia.cymru ac ymunwch â'n rhestr bostio. Gallwch hefyd ein dilyn ni @SinfoniaCymru ar X ac Instagram, neu ddod o hyd i ni ar Facebook.

If you'd like to hear more about Sinfonia Cymru's upcoming events, please visit www.sinfonia.cymru and join our mailing list. You can also follow us @SinfoniaCymru on X and Instagram or find us on Facebook.

Cyngor Celfyddydau Cymru
Arts Council of Wales

Noddir gan Lywodraeth Cymru
Sponsored by Welsh Government

Ar Hanner Nos yn Glir y Daeth

Ar hanner nos yn glir y daeth
Y gân nefolaidd gynt;
I daro'u tannau plygu wnaeth
Angylion ar eu hynt:
"Hedd trwy y byd, ewyllys da
Tirionaf Frenin nef" -
Y ddaear mewn distawrwydd dwys
Wrandawai'r hyfryd lef.

Trwy byrth y nef daw'r rhain o hyd,
Ar adain hedd i lawr,
A nofia'u mawl o'r nefol fyd
Uwch holl flinderau'r llawr:
I lawer dyffryn galar prudd
Ymostwng engyl glân,
Ac uwch na'r holl derfysgoedd sydd
Y clywir nefol gân.

Dan bwys ei bai y ddaear brudd
Riddfanna'n ddwys yn awr;
Dan fawl angylion gormes sydd
Yn ymlid oesau'r llawr;
Y dyn wna gam a dyn, ni chlyw
Ganiadau'r engyl glân;
O! gwrando'n awr, er gadael Duw,
A chlyw y nefol gân.

O! D'wysog hedd, adwaenost Ti
Boen, a thrueni'r llawr;
A gwyddost am ein gofid ni,
A'n blinder lawer awr:
Gwasgara ofnau'r byd a'r bedd,
Sy'n cau ein llwybrau'n lân;
A dyro i'r lluddedig hedd
I wrando'r nefol gân.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er it Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Y Brenin Wenseslas

Wenseslas, y brenin mwyn,
Gynt edrychodd allan,
Pan odd eira a r bob twyn,
Ddiwrnod Gŵyl San Steffan.
Serog odd yr wybren fawr,
Gwenai'r lloer yn hyfryd;
Yntau'r brenin ganfu nawr
Ŵr yn casglu cynnud.

Wrth ei was, medd ef rhag-llaw,
"Tyrd, a rho imi wybod
Pwy yw'r blin bererin draw,
O ba le mae'n dyfod?"
"Syr," medd yntau, "draw y trig,
Bedair milltir union,
Ar y mynydd, ger y wig,
Lle mae'r Sanctaidd Ffynnon."

"Dwg im dorth a dwg im win;
Dwg y tanwydd gorau;
Gweled gwledd o ryfedd rin
Gawn, tydi a minnau."
Cychwyn ar dymhestlog hynt
Wnaeth y gwas a'r brenin,
Allan i'r gaeafol wynt,
A'r ofnadwy ddrycin.

"Syr, mae'r nos yn duo nawr,
Yntau'r gwynt sy gryfach;
Blinais gan yr ymdrech fawr;
Cam ni rof ymhellach."
"Dilyn," meddai Wenseslas,
"Ôl fy nhroed wrth gerdded,
Ac ni theimli greulon ias
Gwynt y nos cyn oered."

Dilyn ôl y brenin cu
Wnaeth y gwas yn heini;
Codai gwres o'r fan lle bu
Troed y sant yn sengi.
Felly, chwi ddilynwyr Crist,

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou knowest it, telling:
yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence,
by St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
bring me pinelogs hither;
thou and I will see him dine,
when we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together,
through the rude wind's wild lament,
and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
tread thou in them boldly.
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze your blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
heat was in the very sod
which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christians all, be sure,

Fwyn Fugeiliaid

Cysgu y mae'r defaid mân
Ar hyd y meysydd tawel;
Fwyn fugeiliaid beth yw'r gân
Sy'n atsain yn yr awel?
Gogoniant, i Dduw yn yr uchelion.
Gogoniant, i Dduw yn yr uchelion.

Clywch, mae'r moliant yn cryfhau,
A'r nef i gyd yn olau;
Claer angylion sy'n nesáu
Mor bêr yw eu carolau.
Gogoniant, i Dduw yn yr uchelion.
Gogoniant, i Dduw yn yr uchelion.

Draw, mewn preseb gyda Mair,
Mae Baban bach yn gwenu;
Tlws y nef, mewn gwely gwair,
Y Bendigedig Iesu.
Gogoniant, i Dduw yn yr uchelion.
Gogoniant, i Dduw yn yr uchelion.

Ding Dong, Merrily on High!

Ding dong, merrily on high!
In heav'n the bells are ringing;
ding dong, verily the sky
is riv'n with angel singing.
Gloria, hosannah in excelsis!
Gloria, hosannah in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
let steeple bells be swungen,
And io, io, io,
by priest and people sungen.
Gloria, hosannah in excelsis!
Gloria, hosannah in excelsis!

Pray ye dutifully prime
your matin chime, ye ringers;
may ye beautifully rhyme
your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, hosannah in excelsis!
Gloria, hosannah in excelsis!

Cofiwch y dyddiad | Save the date

Sinfonia Cymru Trio: A Grand Tour
Eglwys Sant Pedr Llambed | St Peters Church, Lampeter, 5/2/26 @ 18:00

String trio music by Mozart and his contemporaries, from the familiar to the newly discovered.

Sinfonia Cymru Quartet: Nocturnal
Eglwys Sant Pedr Llambed | St Peters Church, Lampeter, 2/4/26 @ 18:00

Enchanting music with nocturnal themes, including Philip Glass's *String Quartet No.3 Mishima*.

Sinfonia Cymru: Can You Sing That Tune?
Eglwys Sant Pedr Llambed | St Peters Church, Lampeter, 4/6/26 @ 18:00

Our pianist and string quartet perform soaring melodies and unforgettable tunes, including Barber's *Adagio for Strings*.

Tocynnau | Tickets: www.sinfonia.cymru