

## MIFANWY

Words by  
FRED E. WEATHERLY

Music by  
DOROTHY FORSTER

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *legato mf*

*Con Sed.*

Look o - ver the lynn, Mi -

*dim.* *p*

-fan - wy, Look o - ver the lynn and see Thy

lov - er is row - ing his bon - ny boat O - ver the lynn to

Pronounced Mi-fan-we.

This song is also published separately in Eb, F & G. Price 2/- net. each.

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thee. \_\_\_\_\_ Then sing, then sing, Mi - fan - wy \_\_\_\_\_ And

*f*

R.H.

laugh to the skies a - bove, \_\_\_\_\_ There are no skies

*poco accel.*

*f*

*poco accel.*

*red.* \* *red.* \*

Like his true eyes, \_\_\_\_\_ There is no joy but love! \_\_\_\_\_

*f* *rall.* *a tempo*

*f* *rall. colla voce* *p a tempo*

*red.* \* *red.* \*



*pp* *a tempo*

'Tis on - ly a dream, Mi - fan - wy, Thy

*rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

lov - er will come no more, ——— 'Tis on - ly the lap of his

emp - - ty boat, And the reeds — that sigh on

*pp* *Slower.*

shore. ——— Kneel down, kneel down, Mi - fan - wy, ——— The

*R.H.* *Slower.* *pp*



wa - ters are cool and deep, There's

*And.* \*

no light more on lynn or shre, Nor a - ny joy but

*rit.* \*

sleep, Nor a - ny joy but sleep!

*rall.* *a tempo*  
*colla voce* *a tempo*  
*p*

*rall.* *rall. molto*