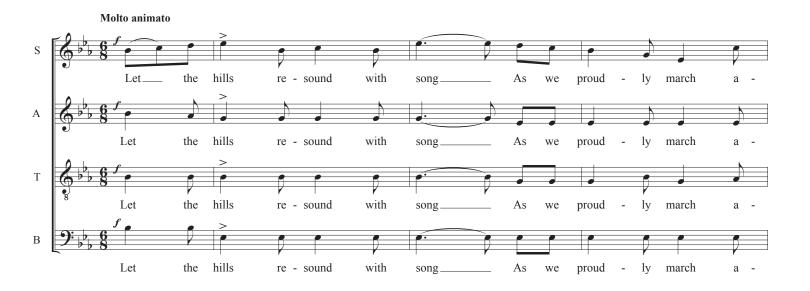
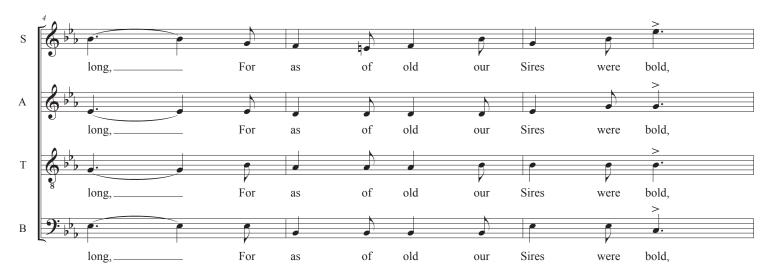


Tet the hills resumma!

Brinley Kirhards (1817–1885)

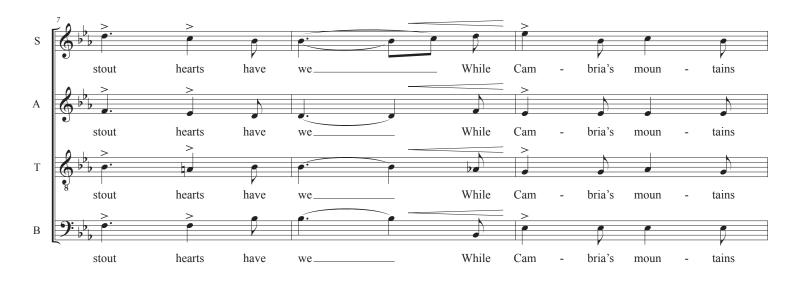
Brinley Richards

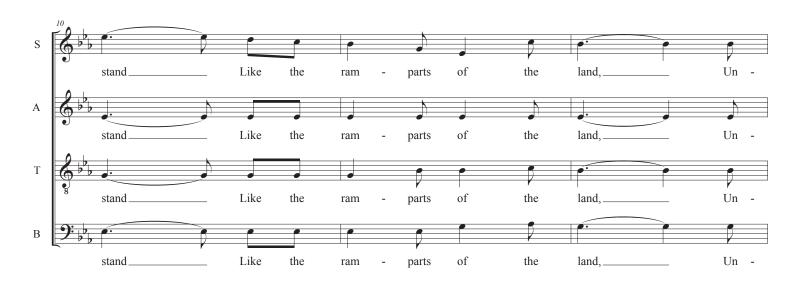


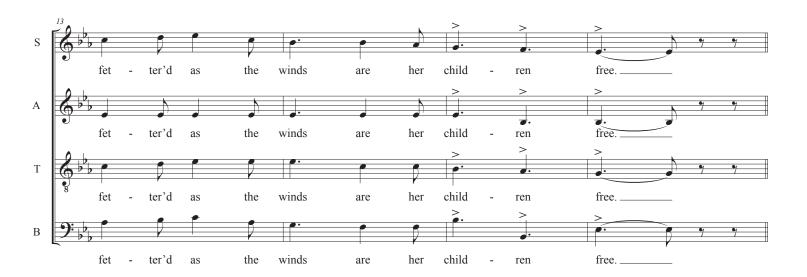


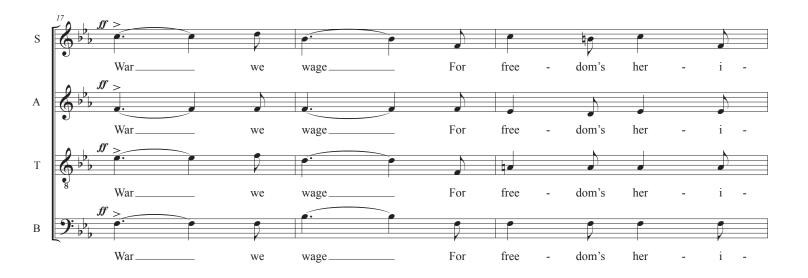


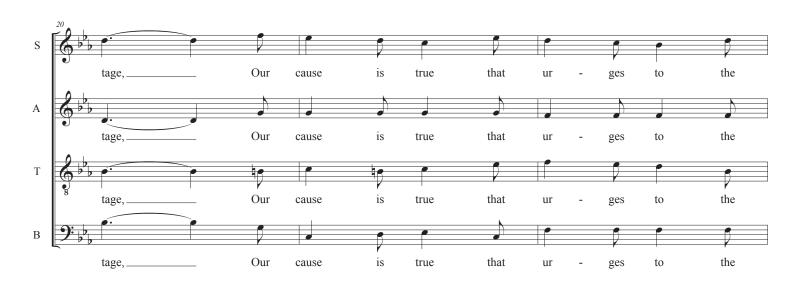
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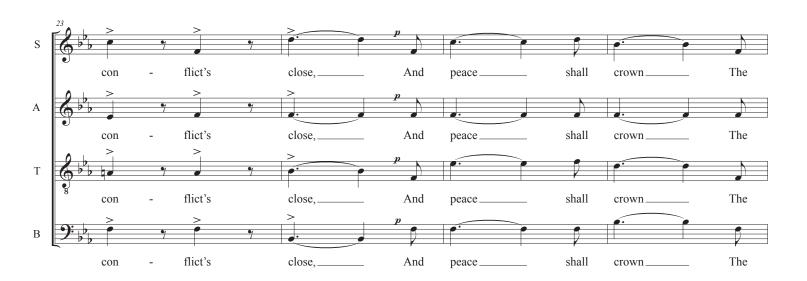


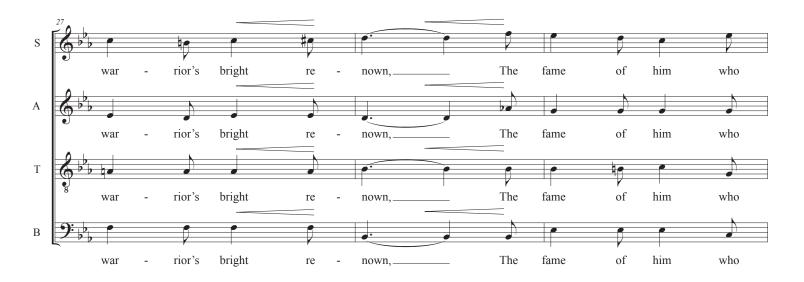


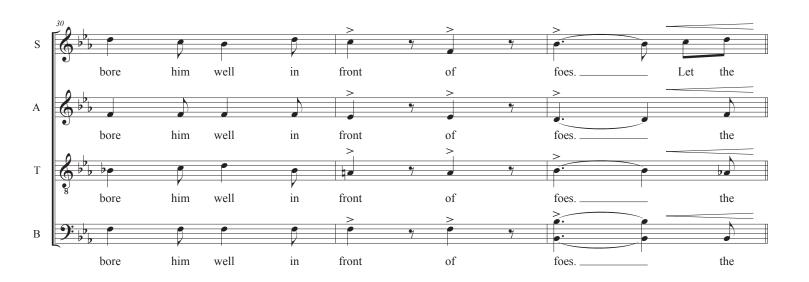


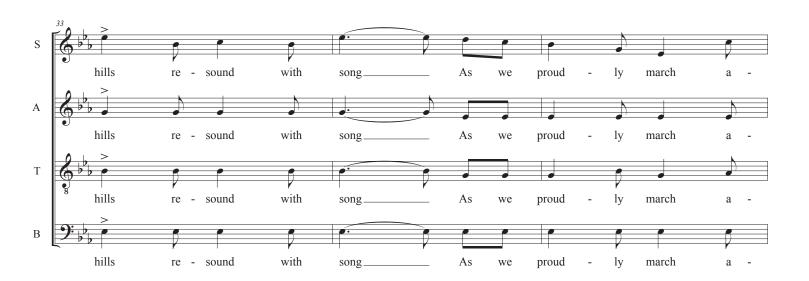


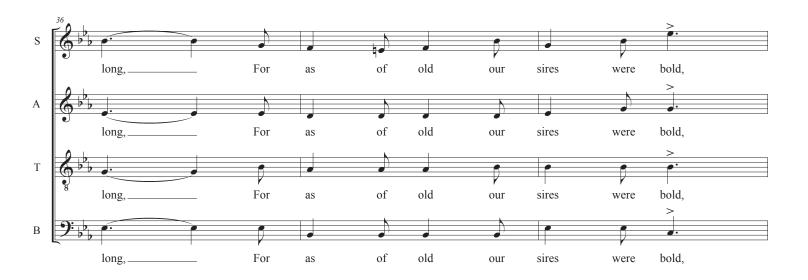


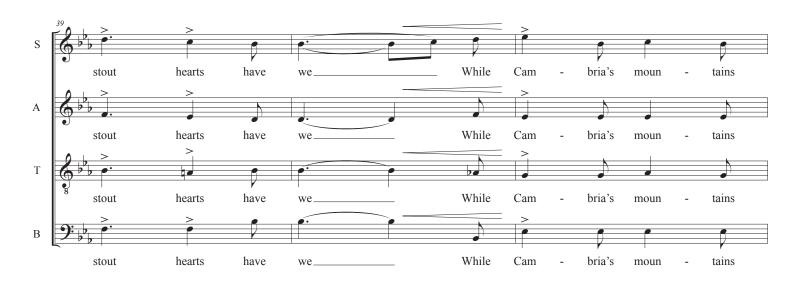


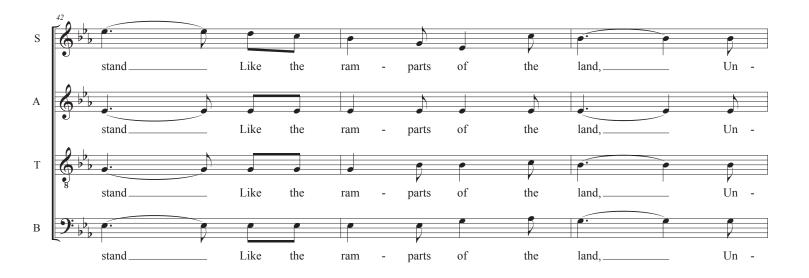


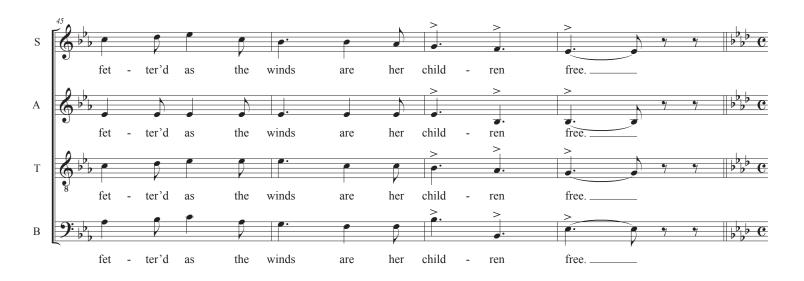


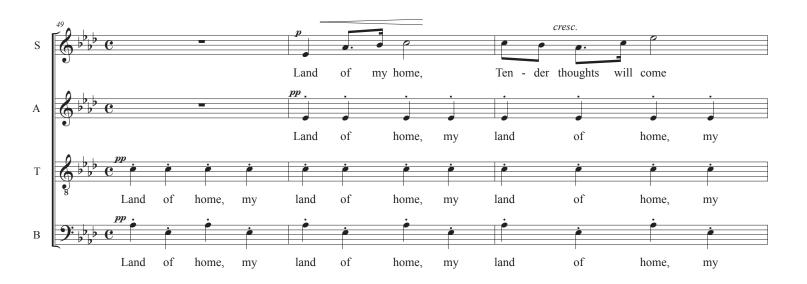


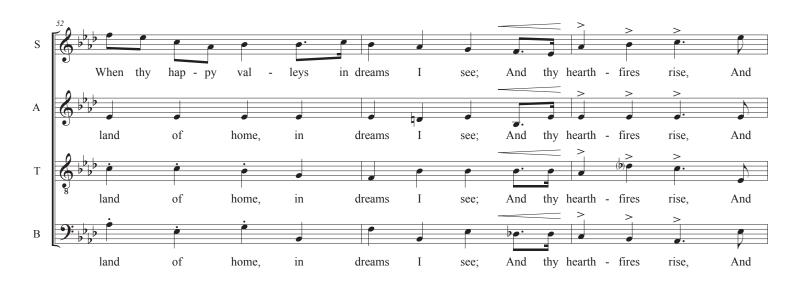


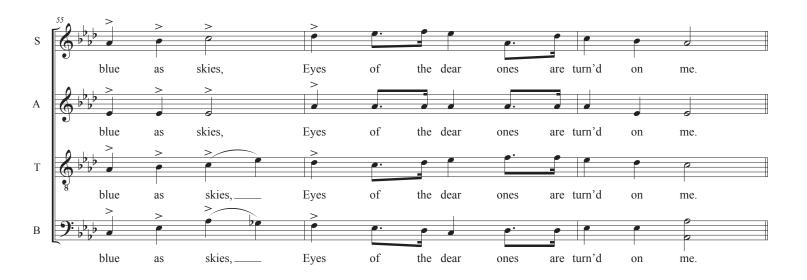


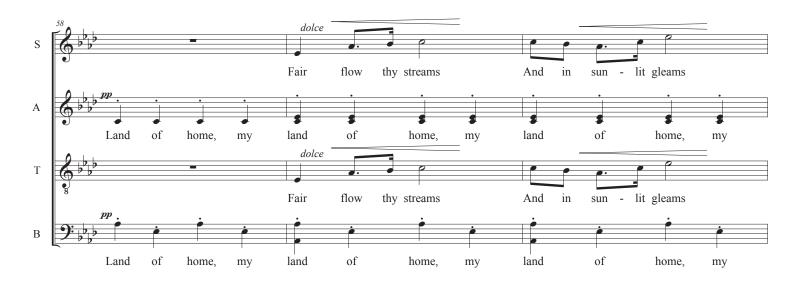


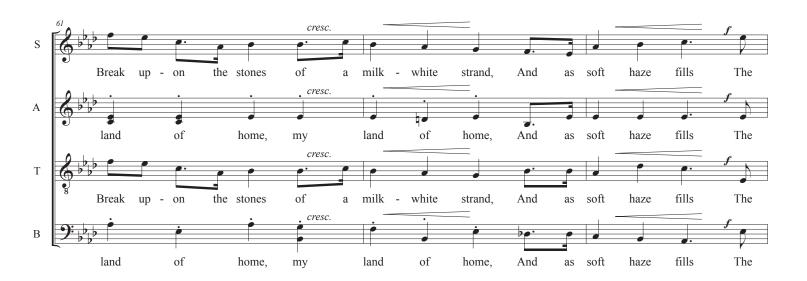


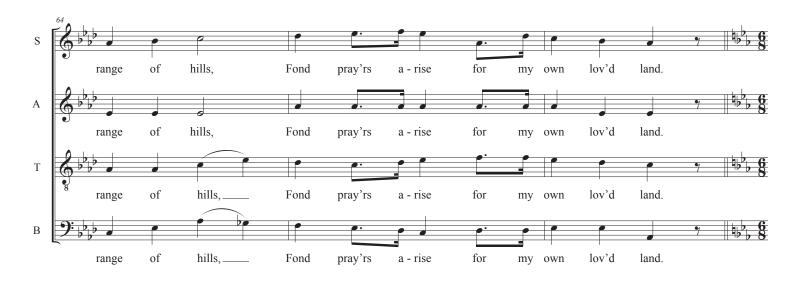


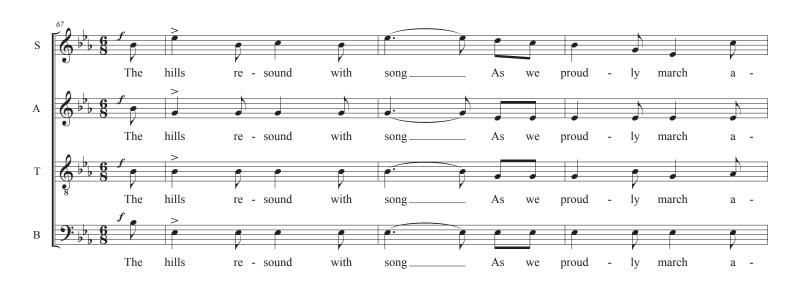


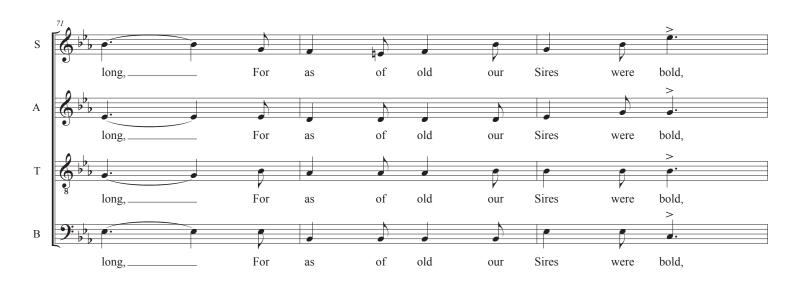


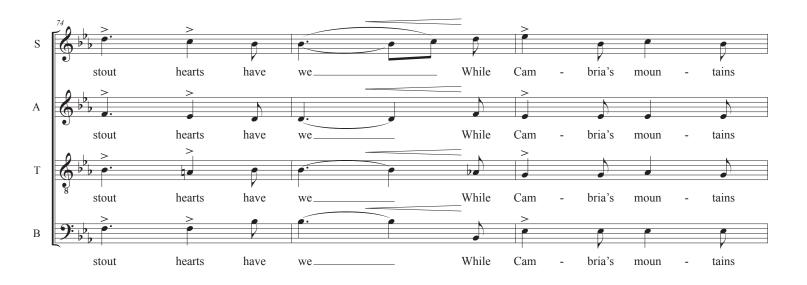


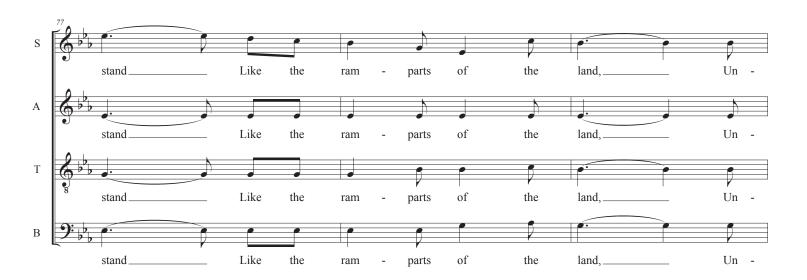


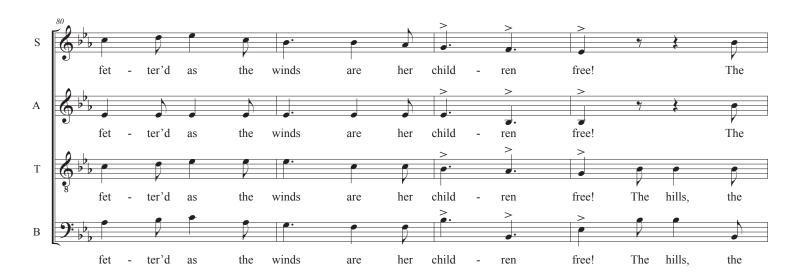


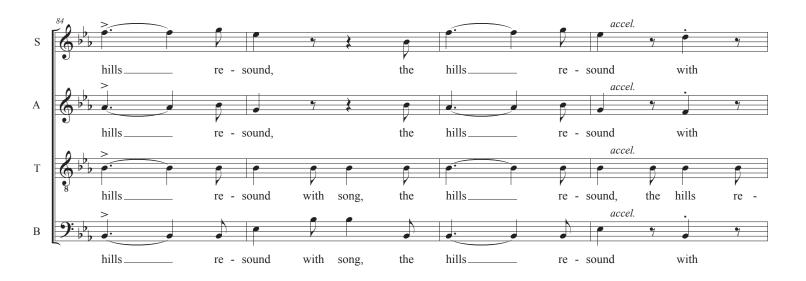


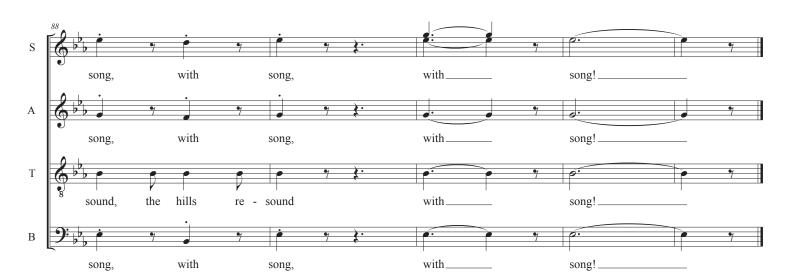












Robert Cocks & Co. (1873)

Henry Brinley Richards (1817-1885) was born in Carmarthen, Wales, son of the organist at St. Peter's Church, and originally planned for a career in medicine. He received the patronage of the Duke of Newcastle after winning a prize at the Gwent-Morgannwg Eisteddfod, enabling him to attend the Royal Academy of Music. He lived some time in Paris where he studied under Frédéric Chopin. He joined the faculty at the R.A.M., becoming a successful teacher and concert pianist. He died in in Kensington, London. He published some works under the pseudonym 'Carl Luini'. His compositions include a symphony, overtures, concertos, works for military band, piano works, songs, and part songs.

Let the hills resound with song
As we proudly march along,
For as of old our Sires were bold, stout hearts have we
While Cambria's mountains stand
Like the ramparts of the land,
Unfettered as the winds are her children free!

War we wage
For freedom's heritage,
Our cause is true that urges to the conflict's close,
And peace shall crown
The warrior's bright renown,
The fame of him who bore him well in front of foes.

Land of my home,
Tender thoughts will come
When thy happy valleys in dreams I see;
And thy hearth-fires rise,
And blue as skies,
Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me.

Fair flow thy streams
And in sunlit gleams
Break upon the stones of a milk-white strand,
And as soft haze fills
The range of hills,
Fond prayers arise for my own loved land.

Louis Henry French Du Terreaux (1841-1878)

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