

# THE WICKED WELSHMAN.

Written by  
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Arranged by  
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Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I wass went to Pwl-

he - li, Where I min - gled in the tread - ful mel - e'e, And wass



fer - ry near - ly crushed to jel - ly, With the peo - ple stand - ing on my

toes. The Welshers they was there in mil - lions, They crowd - ed all the pig pa -

fil - lions, Just to lis - ten to the sweet pen - il - lions, As

you was sup - pose. The Wat - kyns, and the Wynnes, and Hugheses, The



Ro\_perts - es, and the Pughs - es, A - rith - me - tic it - self re -

fus - es The num - per to count. There wass fif - ty thou - sand John

Jones - es, And thir - ty thou - sand O - wen Owens - es, All

sing - ing in their na - tive tones - es, All o - fer the gount.



4 CHORUS. (The Welsh National Anthem.)

Oh, Taf - fy wass a wick - ed Welsh - er, And Taf - fy wass a wick - ed

thief, For Taf - fy came in - to my do - mi - cile, And Taf - fy

stole a lump of mut - ton peef. I then went to Taf - fy's

lodg - ings, Taf - fy slum - pert on his lit - tle ped, I up with a might - y



warm - ing pan, And hit young Taf - fy on the head: Oh

Taf - fy wass a wick - ed Welsh - er, And Taf - fy wass a wick - ed

thief, For Taf - fy came in - to my do - mi - cile, And Taf - fy

stole a lump of mut - ton peef!