

PUBLIC PERFORMANCE



Performance of all kinds from early childhood on is and was encouraged in Welsh culture. Performance might take place in the home where a child would be expected to recite a poem or sing for visitors. Other arenas of performance were the church, school, or other civic settings.

The twelfth-century historian, Giraldus, praised the Welsh people for their singing in harmony. Wales is known as “The Land of Song,” and it seems that many Welsh people sing naturally and wonderfully. A rich supply of Welsh folk-songs and hymns is evidence of the Welsh love of song. Music training is and has been a strong part of Welsh education, both at school and in the church.

Well my dad [William Owen] thought a lot of Welsh singers—John Charles Thomas, Thomas L. Thomas. GOMER OWEN

I’m one of the few Welsh people that can’t carry a tune. And you know, that is rough! But my aunt told me not to worry. The Bible says, “Make a joyful noise . . .” and so that’s what I do. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

Oh, Jenny and T. H. [Jones], they were quite a pair. He sang by the lake, this Jones. They called him “Sailor,” “Sailor Jones.” The name of the solo was “In the Gloaming.”

DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

My grandfather Jones was funny. He was a singer and a prankster. He had a lot of funny songs that he would sing. My mother taught me one once. It was, “Go Ask Your Ma.” The little girl asks:

Where does the summertime go?
What would we have if we didn’t have snow?

And the response was:

Go ask your ma.

My grandfather Jones would get my mother, from the time she was little, to stand up and perform and sing, recite and give readings, so that she became very good at doing that. People would go to each others' houses on Saturday or Sunday nights, and they would perform for each other. I have a program where my mother performed up here at the Grand Theater.

PEG BUTLER

I always remember the Welsh song *Mae gen i iâr a cheiliog* that my father taught me. Do you want to hear it?

*Mae gen i iâr a cheiliog
Maen dodwy bob dydd Iau
Mae'r iâr yn dodwy un
A'r ceiliog yn dodwy dau.*

I have a hen and rooster. They lay every Thursday. The hen lays one and the rooster lays two.

DONALD DAVIS

There was a male voice choir, and I'm thinking about them now. They were all Welsh and they sang at funerals and local occasions. My dad had the tenor part. GOMER OWEN

I don't know what I sang [baritone or tenor]. We get started, why I could go right in with them. LUTHER DAVIS

We had an orchestra [in Zion church] for several years. My cousin played the piano, and her brother played the clarinet and one played the violin, and one played the cornet. I don't remember what the other one played. They played quite a lot, whatever they had. Sometimes they played hymns. ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

The Eisteddfod

The Eisteddfod in Wales is a competition—at local, regional and national levels—with contests in vocal and instrumental music, recitation, dance, and writing (poetry, prose and drama). Persons of all ages compete, and prizes are given. The Eisteddfod was briefly adopted in Louisa County and appeared in other Welsh settlements in Iowa as well.

I think they had the Eisteddfod in about 1921 or the early twenties, or when? 1920? I have two of those programs, and my dad was in those. He was one of the singers. I don't think they did that after I was old enough to realize. I just heard talk of it. LEILA WILLIAMS CARLO

They had the first Eisteddfod, I suppose, down at the Junction. That was the first I went to, and my guess is that'd been in the twenties sometime. I don't know whether there'd be anybody living that'd been into that, or not. I doubt it. LEROY OWENS

My sister, Mary Leafa, was about four or five years old when she took part in an Eisteddfod at Zion church. I was a little shy, and I knew I couldn't beat her. So she entered and won. She won a whole dollar. She was real proud. The next year they went down to Columbus Junction, and the group was five to fourteen, so she didn't win, and she cried. So dad gave her a stick of gum. She won that. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

In Zion church we had a minister, M. G. Jones, and boy, he really was a big singer, and she [Mrs. Jones] was too. They'd have the *Gymanfa Ganu* in Columbus Junction in the old auditorium of the high school. And of course we all went. About the Eisteddfod. I went and sang a solo. Mrs. T. H. Jones, she was my first teacher. We would practice, whoever wanted to go and sing. You had to be in a certain age group. There was a girl there named Alice Pierce and another girl. I was the one from Zion church. I can remember the dress that I wore. It was one mom made—brown—and she had embroidered something in kind of orange colors. Oh, I can see it yet. So we'd have to get up there and sing. I used to sing a lot when I was young. I do around here now a lot to myself. I'll think of those old songs . . .

EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

How many years were there Eisteddfods?

Oh, I suppose every year that M. G. [Jones] was over there [at Zion Church]. Three or four years, maybe. He was the one that started it. They would give prizes. Rosina [Hawkins] would remember because we all went over to different towns to get stuff for prizes. I didn't get first. I got second. That was fifty cents. I kept that prize for years. They had made little bags out of, oh, I don't know if they were velvet or not. I don't remember who made the bags. They had a red ribbon to go over your head. I suppose the first prize would have been a dollar. The bags were all the same color. EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

At the Eisteddfod at Zion church I played a piano solo and did a dramatic reading. And I won a first in both of them. Then they went the next year to Columbus Junction to the high school auditorium, as I remember. And I did the same thing again. That was a great experience. I have the program somewhere. It says "Eisteddfod" right on it.

DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

We had an Eisteddfod in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and my dad was invited to adjudicate. We had a chair here in our home for many years that the Eisteddfod Association gave him for coming out there and judging. There wasn't any inscription on it, but it had a leather seat. It was always in the sitting room, what we called the sitting room then. And we, as boys, were

warned not to sit in that chair, especially with dirty clothes after we'd been out working on the farm. GOMER OWEN

Poetry

Poetry and poets have been appreciated by the Welsh people from ancient times when the bards served at the courts of Welsh kings. The ability to write and recite poetry is considered one of the chief accomplishments of a Welsh person, man or woman.

My dad wrote a poem which I wanted to keep. I can remember him working on it.

MARIE GREENE

The doctor referred to Gomer's dad as "The Poet of the Mississippi Valley." He liked to hear him talk, the doctor did. IVA OWEN

Alfred [Davis], Eleanor's husband, and his dad ahead of him directed the singing, led it in Salem Church. And Gomer Owen's dad was the leader [at Cotter Presbyterian Church]. I would sit here and play the piano, and William Owen would be right back of me, and he had a beautiful tenor voice. And he was quite a poet too. He wrote a book of "Rollicking Rhymes." Very talented, yes. DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

My dad would teach us little ditties. He thought a lot of englyns [a form of short Welsh verse]. One of my favorites is:

A man with a pipe and a pinch of tobacco
A flame inside, and you're all set!

Cetyn yw bechgyn, tobacco
Tân i mewn a dyna fo! GOMER OWEN

Drama

We always had a play at Salem. We had curtains there we dressed behind and curtains across the stage. They were always in English because we had a pretty mixed community group that came to attend them. It was pretty well attended. MARIE GREENE

I can remember once when, it must have been a senior play, and they needed some little girl in a swing. I had long, black curls, and they thought that looked good for this part. And

my father put me (it was pouring rain) on a horse. And for four miles, we went that evening.

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

A Welsh fellow about my age and I were in local plays, and we disgusted the director quite a bit if we couldn't think of what the line was, we would switch over to Welsh and converse in Welsh a little bit. She would just shake her head and say, "Get off the stage and start over." We had quite a lot of fun with our Welsh. GOMER OWEN

Welsh Choirs

They had a Welsh choir at the Fair. They'd pitch a tent up there. Boy, they could get together from Lime Springs and Williamsburg and Wales [three other Welsh settlements in Iowa]. They had a good time. HARRIET JONES

A Welsh chorus came, the Welsh Imperial Singers. Ohhh, I'll tell you, never shall I forget them! I went with a Howell Williams. He was a bass singer, and Elsie Evans Fuller went with Harry Evans, a tenor. My, we thought we had something to be going with a member of a very internationally famous chorus. So everyplace they sang, close, we would go—Williamsburg and all over. This was a wonderful choir. They made so many appearances through this part of Iowa. They were at a time that was very impressionable to me, young like that and the first time I'd ever heard anybody from Wales. It was a real thrill. Oh, they were good!

DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

I remember the Imperials. Oh dear, there's nobody compared to them. ELSIE FULLER

I was too young to remember it, but I think the Imperial Singers came from Wales. and I think there was a Mountain Ash choir that came over. DONALD DAVIS

I do remember something that I did not get to attend because I was a small child, and I was ill. The Welsh Imperial Singers came over, and I'm telling you, that was something that really impressed the Welsh neighborhood. There was a big crowd there [in Salem Church], and I was sorry that I didn't get to attend, because the Welsh Imperial Singers were **the** singers in Wales those days. NORMA WHITHAM

Was the Welsh National Anthem ever sung when you were growing up?

I can't ever remember that it was played here in general, unless there would be a visiting chorus. GOMER OWEN

RETURNING TO WALES



Returning to Wales has been uncommon for the Iowa Welsh. Some have gone back to visit the land of their ancestors and to discover relatives. A few have exchanged letters, but more, while proud of their cultural identity, have not nurtured their links with the old country. Of twenty-six Iowa Welsh interviewed in this study, nine had been to Wales. Surprisingly, in the hundred and seventy-odd year history of the Long Creek Welsh community we heard only of three people who had left Louisa County to return permanently to Wales. Visits to Wales have been most frequent in the more prosperous days of the 1970s and 1980s, when the grandchildren of the emigrants went back to see the place for themselves. Before that, there was rarely money to travel, and not always the interest in doing so.

Uncle John couldn't take living in America. There was too much *hiraeth* for Wales. So he returned to Wales and bought a little chicken ranch not too far from Corris and way up in the mountains. GOMER OWEN

I read that [Trevor Williams's] wife died and then he was so grieved that they got together and got a collection and sent him to Wales to cheer him up. HARRIET JONES

My dad was always telling us stories about Wales. GOMER OWEN

Have you been back to Wales?

No. ELMER THOMAS

No, I haven't. The only relative I know was my mother's cousin and she's still living in Wales. We just weren't into Welsh. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

I've never been back. I wouldn't know where to go. My uncle, Roll Davis, has been over

there to see where his grandfather came from. I think he found the original farm.

DONALD DAVIS

Maggie [distant cousin] was only about one and a half or two years old [when she left Wales] and she never went home. In all her life she never went back to Wales. She was mad because her family did this to her [sent her to America with an aunt] and she would never go back to see any of them. BILL EDWARDS

They made the break and I think they just didn't want to go back, because you see all [my father's] relatives were back there. Course he corresponded, though not that much.

MARIAN PUGH CECIL

When we went back to Wales we found all kinds of relatives there. We write to them all the time. We could say a few words in Welsh, just odd words—*bore da*. We found there was a lot of Mary Joneses when we was over there by the graves.

Mom's two sisters that lived over there. They came over in 1950. I can remember when they first came how big everything was. They couldn't get over it. "Oh my goodness, big garden, big fields, big horses, big cows." So much bigger than over there. Houses were bigger—everything. They stayed about two months. Just two weeks at our place and then they went to all the other sisters. They was five sisters over here. And they just couldn't get over how big everything was over here and how plentiful. It's just like today the mini-roundabouts over there. You go ten miles an hour round instead of forty. They don't waste all that land in between cloverleaves. We've got pictures of them when they was here. BILL EDWARDS

The flowers are so beautiful there. They're larger and they're more vivid in color. The rose gardens—everything. [Mother] went back and he [Grandfather] was dead, and that hurt you know. But all the rest were there. One was a schoolteacher in Dr. Williams' girls' boarding school in Dolgellau. Another sister was living in London. She had a brother in Barclay's Bank in Cardiff. Another brother lived close to Llangwied.

I can speak Welsh. I'm very proud of it. When I was there in Towyn in 1974 [I asked directions from] two ladies on the promenade, and they jumped up and said, "*Brenin mawr! Mae lodes 'ma from America a siarad Cymraeg*" [Good heavens this girl's from America and she speaks Welsh].

We had a great heritage growing up in this Welsh community. The only regret I had was that my folks couldn't afford to have sent me back when *Nain* passed away. Goodness alive! They were all home for the funeral. What an opportunity it would have been. Just never met the aunts you know. It was sad really. Or my grandpa or grandma, uncles, except the one that came here. But things were rough in those days. They just didn't have the money.

DOROTHY DAVIES PLETT

I had a letter from a D. W. Evans in Kansas and he would like to know about the Joneses, Mary's grandfather was Hugh O. Jones. So we made three trips before we could find the Flint Creek cemetery. There were two stones—John Jones and Peter Jones born in 1790 and 1802.

Both stones said “Anglesea” on them. And we puzzled around on it, and I found out where Anglesey was and wrote to the Town Clerk of Holyhead, Anglesey, Wales.

We went to Wales twice. In 1978 we spent five weeks in Holyhead. We met Elsie Higgins, my wife’s relative. She ran a pub, The Irish Packet Inn. After my grandfather’s mother’s husband died, she kept house for a Catholic priest. And this man in Wales said, “Well if that’s the case the chances are she was an Irish lady. In about 1820 they discovered copper in Anglesey and there wasn’t near enough Welshmen to keep the mines busy, so an awful lot of Irish came over.” LEROY OWENS

In 1976 my grandparents [Alfred and Eleanor Davis] went to Wales and hooked up with her family. She met her cousin over there. She bought a Welsh cookbook, but you know it doesn’t work. Three of her cousins came a couple of years after they went. [Eleanor] and her cousin could have been twins, they looked so much alike. TIFFANY HOGUE

I had an uncle went over to Wales in ’bout ’22. But he didn’t find any of the family. They were from Aberystwyth. I’ve been back to Wales twice. My mother still has a cousin, Eunice, there whom I hear from quite regularly.

The first time I went with my husband and my daughter and my granddaughter in ’84. But this last year [1993] we just toured round Wales on a bus, so we didn’t get to visit relatives as long as I’d like to.

My dad’s relatives are all back there. He had three brothers and six sisters. He has no relatives over here. The first time my dad went back was in 1969, and he came in 1921. He was thrilled after he had gone back. He was so excited about it. But you know he never ever mentioned it until that time. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

Ernest and Betty Jones—they were from Wales—went back for a visit. Then they came back and told us how things had changed over there. ROSELLA WILLIAMS CRAWFORD

One of my teachers returned to Wales after she retired. Betty Jones. They had a beautiful home they had inherited from a sister. It was in Aberdovey, right above the Dovey River. Lot of steps. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

We were in Corris and liked it real well. And of course my dad loved it. Then his grandfather had a farm not too far from Corris, called Cwm Cadian [current spelling]. My father kept contact with his folks quite well and my grandfather came over here on at least one occasion and did some preaching over here in the United States, right around here in Columbus Junction. I’ve heard a lot of stories about when Gramps came to visit.

My dad had money saved to go back to Wales, and the Depression came along, so he never did go back to Wales. Sometimes we feel bad that he didn’t go back, but people there said Wales had changed and that he would find such a difference that maybe it was a good thing that he never had the chance. But he talked at length about Wales. So when we flew to London and the man on the plane said we were passing over Wales, I looked down and thought, Gee whiz, I’ve heard for fifty years about it and there it is right down there!

We stayed about three days in Corris, and we found Gwynfryn No 2 where my dad lived. It seemed very small to us to be raising eleven children. I should say that four of those died in infancy, and one brother, Llewelyn had bad lungs so he came over here. We went to this slate quarry where my dad had worked until he was sixteen. So the man there said, "No, there's no chance for you to buy them, but we'll give them to you."

I have the scholar's honor certificate that my dad won at the Corris British School at the age of ten. My dad only went to the eighth grade in Wales, but he was always an avid reader and he enjoyed writing. When we were there in Wales we stopped at Aberystwyth and I went into the National Library there and told them about my dad's book, *Rollicking Rhymes*, and it was in the card catalog.

The youngest in the family was Uncle Cadfan. I understand that the family farm in Wales was originally Cwm Cadfan. In Wales we didn't find any actual relatives. We found one man who said, "If you give me a minute I'd be glad to take you over to Cwm Cadian as soon as I get my rubber boots." It seems like in Wales there was a lot of rubber boots. So he got his rubber boots and got in the car with us and we drove over to Cwn Cadian. That was another thrill because I'd heard so much about that. GOMER OWEN

I went back with mother to Wales. That was wonderful to get to go to Towyn. [Could you speak with the people in Welsh?] Yes. ELSIE FULLER

They were quite successful, and so my grandfather went back to South Wales every year to visit. And so he fell in love with a lady there, Hannah Davies, who came from a . . . well, wealthier family. When we went back in 1969 we went to their country home where my grandmother Hannah was born. It was a nice big two-story brick home out in the country. Now it's owned as a summer home by some English people from London. But Grandma Hannah came here to rural Columbus City and she died of pneumonia. Left four little children.

We went to their place in church. They had a certain place that they sat. We went to the seashore where they went for their holiday. We went to their market place where they sold things. We went to their school, and it was still there and going. And we went to some of our relatives' houses. Father had nine first cousins on his father's side and three on his mother's. So we visited every one of those, and visited the ancestral hill farm. I just couldn't get over some of those stone houses were like four hundred years old.

In Wales we went to the little farm where Grandma and Grandpa Edwards family was. They raised sheep and things. The oldest son inherited, you see, and all the rest of the children had to find other things to do. And that's why three of them came here, because they weren't the oldest ones.

The Owens family came in steerage but Grandpa and Grandma Edwards went back to Wales when my father was three years old. And they corresponded back and forth. My father inherited some money from one of his aunts in Wales, but by the time they took all the inheritance tax you didn't get too much at the end. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

When my mother was sixteen, she graduated from Columbus Junction High School, why

these three aunts over in Wales—they didn't have any children—they wanted her to come over. They wanted to take care of Margaret. So mother went with some other Welsh people from the area, via the railroad to Quebec and on a boat over to Wales. And she stayed a year over there. I have a diary of hers, 1912 it would have been.

I got to go over about three years ago, and it was wonderful. Nothing is changed. Everything is just like it was. Everything was right there, everything. In fact Howell's Drapery was still right there in Aberystwyth. One of the aunts married a Howell. And their home was there, and my great grandfather's house was there. He lived at No 1 Laura Place, Aberystwyth. Oh, Mother would write about walking across Constitution Hill and there was Constitution Hill and everything was just like the pictures. There was one aunt in Brecon, and she was the last of the sisters, so we went by their place too.

They [Grandparents Jones] had close connections to Wales and they would correspond back and forth, and when they were married, why they went over for a year and stayed there.

PEG BUTLER

The kids planned the trip. They were here at Easter time and they said we were going to have an Easter egg hunt. And they had eggs hidden. As I recall they had eighteen of them. We gathered 'em up and brought them out to the kitchen. They were plastic eggs and they had clues and you decipher. It was quite a jigsaw puzzle, and it said, "You're packing your suitcase to go to Wales."

They had our airplane tickets and they gave us a lot of money, so we bought our BritRail Pass. We've got pictures. I'm crying my eyes out. And that was our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary in 1981. I found my Grandmother Rees's home, but I didn't know where to look for my Grandfather Rees's, that John A. Rees. MARIE GREENE

THE CAMBRIAN CEMETERY AND THE RESURRECTION HYMN



Although there were three churches representing two different denominations in the area, most of the settlers were buried in a single cemetery. Hymn singing at the graveside is a Welsh custom which was brought over to the new land. Different regions of Wales favored particular hymns. "Babel" is the hymn tune associated with the Cambrian Cemetery in Louisa County. Those gathered at graveside would sing in four-part harmony creating a moving and memorable experience.

They say originally the cemetery was down on Long Creek, and I think it was on some overflow ground or something, and they moved it up near Zion church. DONALD DAVIS

Cambrian Cemetery had an iron fence all across the front, and it had an archway in this old iron. It had CAMBRIAN written on it. And, of course, there were trees everywhere, and all that was cleared out. Everything was taken down. . . . They said the fence was broken, and they needed to put a place there to make gravel for people to park. The gate was not high enough really for some trucks to go through or the equipment that they had for digging graves.

PEG BUTLER

My dad bought lots in the cemetery over there for practically nothing.

EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

My dad and we three boys mowed the cemetery for years. So I've had an interest in Cambrian Cemetery for a long time. We would hitch up the horses and wagon and the four of us would drive over to Cambrian. Of course there were reel-type mowers in those days, and it was a two-day stint. We'd go over there and come home about three or four o'clock in time to do chores. Then turn around the next day and go back. So I've been connected with Cambrian cemetery for a long time. We three boys viewed this as kind of a lark. We'd take a brown bag lunch for noon, and my how good that tasted after mowing all morning. Then we'd lie down on our backs in the cemetery in the lush grass and take a half hour, forty minutes rest and go on in the afternoon. We didn't fight it. We kinda thought it was fun. And we had time on the way over, of course, to talk and laugh and carry on.

Were you speaking Welsh to your brothers then?

Probably no, probably English. GOMER OWEN

I remember when Grandma Arthur died and going to the funeral with my dad. We went in a carriage with horses from Cotter down to the Welsh cemetery, and oh, the roads were muddy. I think it was in the spring of the year. EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

There were no babysitters in those days, so every funeral, everybody went to a funeral. And I can tell you every funeral that I ever went to and all about it, even when I was very young. I can go through that Cambrian Cemetery and think, "Oh yeah, I was at their funeral." Young people, our children, have been to so few funerals that they hardly know what to expect in a funeral. NORMA WHITHAM

We'd go to the cemetery at Memorial Day, the afternoon before. Anyone that wanted to go would take all the flowers they had and then the children gathered there and put the flowers on the graves where the flags were, for the veterans. It would be for the Civil War too, oh yes, because my grandfather got a . . . There were several from the Civil War buried up there. I don't remember when we gave that up. ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

Two things that stand out in my mind about being raised in the Welsh community were the importance they placed on children and the activities that included them. This incident which occurred yearly was at the Cambrian Cemetery and the Zion Congregational Church the day before Decoration Day, now known as Memorial Day. A couple weeks before this day Mrs. T. H. Jones would call two children to learn a part for the cemetery service attended by children only, as I recall. One was to learn The Gettysburg Address and the other, the poem "In Flanders Field"—all by memory. The day before Mrs. T. H. (as we called her) and her husband had placed small American flags on the graves of the Veterans. Later that morning, all the children of the neighborhood brought fresh flowers they had at home or wild flowers along the road. And we all assembled them into bouquets to place by the flags. After the recitations and a patriotic talk by Mrs. T. H., we lined up in twos, each carrying a bouquet to place on a grave. After the flowers were placed, the head couple would drop to the end of the line. It was a very orderly procession—no stepping out of line and no short-cuts between the stones. Now, as a senior citizen, as I visit Cambrian Cemetery, I can visualize the children solemnly marching up and down the rows. It was special to go later and decorate the family graves and proudly show our relatives our work for the veterans.

MARY L. EDWARDS HOLMES, in a letter from Salt Lake City

I think one of the highlights was Memorial Day. Just the day before Memorial Day, Mrs. T. H. Jones, who was our neighbor, and her husband, would go over to the Cambrian Cemetery and put flowers on all the Veterans' graves. And then, the next morning we were asked to bring any flowers that we had at home. We walked up and carried—usually a lot of

lilacs and iris—what we had. Then, in the churchyard (at one time Cambrian had a nice fence all around it), we'd always go in on the east side where there was a gate. She'd tell us how many bouquets we needed to make. About a month before that, Mrs. T. H. had called on two people. One had to recite The Gettysburg Address, and one had to recite "Flanders Field." And you didn't do that with any notes. This was all from memory. And then, when we had all the bouquets done, she would line us up, two by two. And we would stand there. The person that was supposed to say The Gettysburg Address would step out and say it, and "Flanders Field." And she [Mrs. T. H. Jones] would give a little patriotic talk, and we'd usually sing a song or two, like America and The Star Spangled Banner. Then we would start the march. And you just stayed in line. The first two would put their bouquets on the soldiers' graves. Then they would go to the back. The next two would take the next ones until we were all through. Now, if any parents brought the children, they usually just left them there and then came back or just waited out in the courtyard. This seemed to be for just the children alone. And it was real impressive . . . for as long as Mrs. T. H. Jones lived. I don't remember how many years it was, but it was all during my years of growing up.

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

The older ones said that Mrs. T. H. used to take them out and lead them around in the cemetery and put flowers on the graves, but I think I was probably too small to remember that. I'm sure if I had done that, I would remember. LEILA WILLIAMS CARLO

The Resurrection Hymn

You know the Welsh hymn they sing at the grave? Zion always did. All the churches that buried there years ago always sang that hymn at a funeral in the cemetery, during the services. When my brother died in Mt. Pleasant two years ago, we went back to the church for refreshments. The undertaker came to me and wanted to know if I would read this in Welsh. [She reads the Resurrection Hymn here in Welsh and in English.]

ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

At funerals they'd sing that Welsh hymn, but that was always at the cemetery. It wasn't at the church. They would gather around, but the ones that sing usually got together, and they'd be in a group together. Or they might be scattered through the crowd. The main group might, they didn't always just, this one lady started singing and everybody just chimed in. Sarah Davis was one, and Alfred Davis was another, those Reese boys, my dad too. I remember him singing along with it. Maybe more humming than really saying the words. I always recognize it whenever they sing it. ELMER THOMAS

They sang a lot in Welsh, and when there were funerals in the Welsh church, and it was a Welsh person, they had one corner, northwest corner of the church, and they sang, then, not just solos like now, they sang as a group then. Anybody that could sing could go down there. The Welsh are good singers. All of them are. EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

They sang that hymn at the grave, and then the minister finished up. They kept that up for a long time. They haven't [sung that hymn] for a long time, because nobody can even sing Welsh, and they can't talk. Of course they could sing it in English. It'd be just as good.

ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

We always sang *Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau*, the old cemetery song. I know when my dad died, a friend of mine and his family came down from Moline. They've never quit talking about *Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau* at the gravesite, and we who are left Welsh feel rather badly that we can't still have that. Of course, it's a dirge in a minor key, but it is quite impressive. They don't sing it at the National *Gymanfa* [hymn singing service] anymore. At least, I haven't heard it for years. GOMER OWEN

All of us girls here wish we had've learned that Welsh song they always sang at the cemetery when there was a burial. And we never did. At that time, oh, there was a great big crowd, all of them, anybody that could sing Welsh. And, of course, at that time they did. But that's what Alfred always did, we should've learned that or we should. Of course they didn't have tapes and things way back then, but some of us should have learned that. I think probably Alfred and Eleanor [Davis] could sing it. EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

I would have to have the words [to sing the Resurrection Hymn]. In fact we sang it, it must have been in June, and we sang the Resurrection Hymn [at the funeral of] John Evans, the husband of Dorothy Rees. NORMA WHITHAM

The Welsh Resurrection Hymn they always sang. Oh, I remember. I can't sing it, but yes, I remember it. My dad's family came down for his funeral from Minnesota. He was buried at Cambrian, next to my brother. My brother was killed in a car accident when he was thirty two, and so my mother had the Welsh singers from Salem Church come and had the burial songs, and the people from Minnesota were down then. So when my dad died a couple years later, why, then they said, "Why don't you have the Welsh sing the hymn at Art's funeral?" And mother said, "But he's not Welsh. He's not Welsh." "Oh, but it was so pretty before, and he's buried in a Welsh cemetery. We thought that they would do that again."

PEG BUTLER

Who were the strong singers you remember at the graveside?

Bob Elm Grove Davis and his wife Claudia and my dad, my mother, and, I think, maybe Evan Davis from Crawfordsville. RUTH WILLIAMS GIPPLE

Bob Elm Grove was always the one that led the singing at the graveside. We always had a Welsh hymn at the graveside. He was the one that started the song, always. He had such a good voice. Then, when he passed on, Sarah [Davis] took it up after him. People always

talked about what wonderful singing we had at the graveside. It was a big congregation of them singing. That was the highlight of every funeral. They really made a big thing out of that. We really missed that after Bob Elm Grove went. It was never the same. Of course as time went on, the Welsh disappeared, and there wasn't near as many of them to sing it.

EVERETTE DAVIS

Of course, we grew up with the Resurrection Hymn being sung at every funeral. And that was beautiful. Oh, that was something marvelous. And you could hear it a mile away! *Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau*, that's the one we sang. We thought we'd lost something when the older people . . . no one to carry on the Welsh singing anymore. It was too bad.

DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

