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CAN NEWYDD AM Y RHYFEL YN SOUTH AFRICA.

## Collapse of the Boer Defence! KRUGER YN FFOADUR.

Annexation of the Transvaal and the Free State.

Y Ddwy Weriniaeth wedi eu huno ag Ymherodraeth Brydain Fawr.

Y diwedd yn y golwg.—Y Cadfridogion Prydeinig yn amgylchynu yr  
ychydig Boeriaid sydd yn wrthnysig. Buller yn gwasgu arnynt.

Ring out the joyful tidings,  
The cheering news to hand,  
The glorious march of Roberts,  
The safety of the Rand!  
Pretoria now has fallen  
Despite the braggart boasts  
Of Kruger and his henchmen,  
The brav'ry of his hosts.

Brave Maffeking with courage  
Withstood the awful test  
Of weary weeks of suffering  
Of days that knew no rest;  
Inspired by Baden-Powell  
This small but faithful band  
Maintained with manly fortitude  
The glories of their land.

Right well they braved the battle,  
Right well they fought disease,  
Grim famine, want, privation,—  
Their praise will never cease!  
Well may we sing their praises,  
Their doughty deeds acclaim,  
Each one, both high and lowly,  
Has won immortal fame.

Through weary months we've waited,  
Our hopes dashed to the ground,  
Disasters, checks, misfortunes,  
Clouds hovering all around;  
But these, as if by magic,  
Give place to glad some glee,  
Dark sorrow turned to gladness,  
Our minds from trouble free.

All hail! to brave Lord Roberts,  
The leader of our force,  
His will has wrought this wonder,  
His skill the fruitful source;  
Give to our gallant soldiers  
Who peril nobly faced,  
That praise which is their portion,  
Praise ne'er to be effaced.

In vain has Kruger plotted,  
His dreams have passed away,—  
His darling scheme of Empire  
With Dutchmen holding sway!  
The daring hope of ousting  
The Britons from the Veldt  
Has caused the wily Kruger  
To flee from where he dwelt.

Daeth gwawr ar arfau Brydain,  
'Rol diodde siomiant mawr,  
Mae yni ein Cadfridog  
Yn peri glodfawr wawr;  
Pretoria wedi ei chymeryd!  
Johannesburg yn rhydd!  
Hwre i "Bobs" a'i fyddin  
Am ymlid dyddiau prudd!

Bu brwydr boeth yn Pradsburg,—  
Fe syrthiodd Gymry'n llu,—  
'Reedd gwaith hen garrawd Cymru  
Yn fit o Gymru Ffa;  
Oanmolai "Bobs" eu dewrder,  
Eu gallu dan y tân,  
A chlywid ar bob ochr  
Ganmoliath Gwlad y Gân.

A Maffeking sydd heddyw  
Yn rhydd o'i chyfyng stad,  
'Rol dioddef mawr gystuddiau  
Daeth gwardigaeth mād;  
Hwre i Baden-Powell!  
Fe haedda uchel glod,  
Er pob rhyw rhwystr garw,  
Cyrrhaeddodd uchel nod.

Mae Kruger yn ffoadur  
Er maint ei ymfrost ffôl,  
Amcanai yn ei falchder  
Droi gallu'r Sais yn ôl;  
Ond heddyw gwel mai ofer  
Oedd herio Brydain Fawr,  
Mai ofer oedd yr ymgais  
A'r lladdfa waedlyd fawr.

Mae Prydain yn unfrydol,  
'Does neb a wād y ffaith,  
Mai congwest llwyr yw'r oreu  
Er attal drychin maith;  
Oferedd fyddai estyn  
Ann'byniaeth fundy awr,  
Y ddwy Weriniaeth unir  
A choron Brydain Fawr.

Fe garem glywed hyny,—  
Fel heddwch fyddo mwyr,  
Transvaal a Phrydain hefyd  
Brawdgarwch rhwng y ddwy;  
Cyflawnder yn teyrnasu,  
A thegwch i bob gradd,  
A phob gynhenllyd deimlad  
Yn hollol wedi ei ladd.