

Dyma gariad, pwy a'i traetha? O, the depths of God's compassion

Capo 3

♩ = 105

Mary Owen

D G Em A7 D A7 D E7

Dy - ma ga - riad, pwy a'i trae-tha? An - chwil - ia - dwy y - dw
O, the depths of God's com - pas-sion, Who can search out all His

8 A D G Em A7 D D7 G Em D/A A

ef; Dy - ma ga - riad, i'w ddyfn - de-roedd, byth ni threu - ddia nef y
ways? High - est Hea-ven longs to fath - om all the rich - es of His

16 D D A7 D A D G D E7 D

nef. Dy - ma ga - riad gwyd fy e-naid, uwch na'r nef - oedd he fyd
grace. Here is love, my soul ex - al-ing Far a - bove all worth - less

24 A D A D G B7 Em G D7/F# G Bm D A7 D

rit. *a tempo*

yw; Dy - ma ga - riad, wna im ga - nu yn y by - thol wyn - fyd mawr.
things; When I stand in hea-ven's bles-sing, love will cause my soul to sing!

Pennill 2

Ymlochesaf yn ei glwyfau,
Ymgysgodaf dan ei groes,
Ymddigrifaf yn ei gariad,
Cariad mwy na hwn nid oes;
Cariad lletach yw na'r moroedd,
Uwch na'r nefoedd hefyd yw;
Ymddiriedaf yn dragwyddol
yn anfeidrol gariad Duw

Verse 2

In His wounds I make my shelter,
Make my home beneath His cross,
Put my trust in His compassion
There's no greater love than this;
Wider far than any ocean,
Higher still than skies above;
I will trust, and trust for ever
in His everlasting love.