

14. Men Of Harlech

Martial

Welsh Air

Men of Har-lech, in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of

Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or

hinds or yoe-men, They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a-sun-der,

Flag we con-quer un-der! The plac-id sky now bright on high Shall

launch its bolts of thun-der. On-ward'tis our Coun-try needs us, He is brav-est,

he who leads us, Hon-or's self now proud-ly heads us, Free-dom, God and Right!

2. Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend or wife or lover
Trembles on a blow.

Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given
In deadly lock or battle shock
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech, young and hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for home, for life, for glory,
Freedom, God and Right!