

PEOPLE WHO SING TOGETHER

MEN OF HARLECH

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Men of Harlech in the hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow,
Battle's distant sound.

Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hind or yoemen,
They shall bite the ground.

Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under,
Placid sky now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.

On-ward tis our country needs us,
He is bravest He who leads us,
Honour's self now proudly leads us,
Freedom, God and Right.

Men of Harlech stop your dreaming,
Can't you see their spear points gleaming,
See their warrior pennants streaming,
to this Battlefield.



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Men of Harlech stand ye stead-y,
It cannot be ever said ye,
For the battle were not ready,
Welshmen never yield.

From the hills rebounding,
Let this song be sounding,
Summon all at Cambria's call,
The mighty force surrounding.

Men of Harlech on to glory,
This will ever be your story,
Keep these burning words before ye,
Welshmen will not yield.

