

Men of Harlech

Men of Harlech in the hollow,
Do you 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 hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.

Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under
The placid sky, now calm on high
Shall launch its bolts of thunder
Onward, 'tis our country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us
Honor's self now proudly heads us:
Freedom, God, and Right

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 or hoary
Would you win a name in story
Strike for home, for life, for glory.
Freedom, God, and Right