

Men of Harlech

F Bb F Bb C7
Men of Harlech! in the hollow, do you hear like rushing billow

F Bb F Bb F C7 F
Wave on wave that surging fellow battle's distant sound?

F Bb F Bb C7
Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,

F Bb F Bb F C7 F
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen, they shall bite the ground!

C7 F
Loose the folds asunder, flag we conquer under!

F
The placid sky, now bright on high, shall launch it's bolts of
thunder!

Bb F Bb F C7
Onward! 'tis the country needs us, he is bravest, he who leads us.

F Bb F Bb F C7 F
Honor's self now proudly heeds us: Freedom, God, and Right

F Bb F Bb C7
Rocky steeps and passes narrow, flash with spear and flight of
arrow.

F Bb F Bb F C7 F
Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glory now!

F Bb F Bb C7
Hurl the reeling horsemen over, let the earth dead foemen cover.

F Bb F Bb F C7 F
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover trembles on a blow.

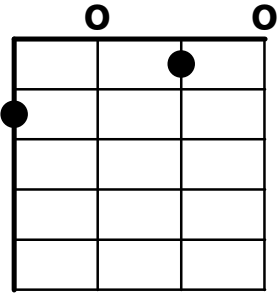
C7 F
Strands of life are riven! Blow for blow is given

F
In deadly lock or battle shock, and mercy shrieks to Heaven!

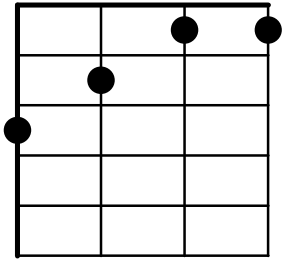
Bb F Bb F C7
Men of Harlech! young or hoary, would you win a name in story?

F Bb F Bb F C7 F
Strike for home, for life, for glory! Freedom, God, and Right!

F



Bb



C7

