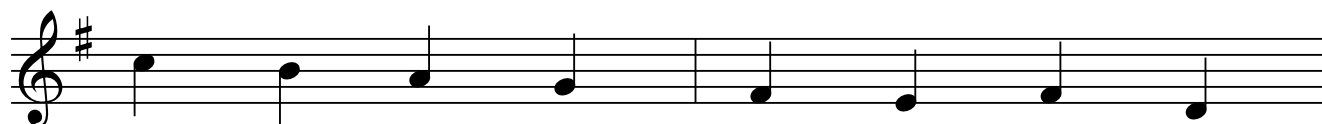


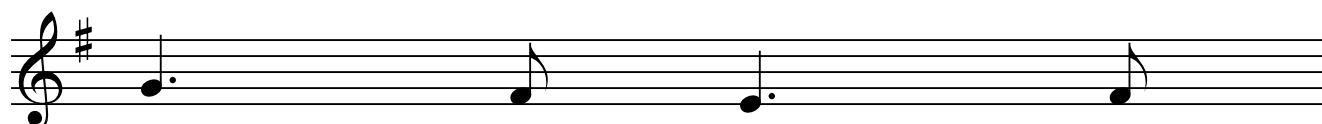
Men of Harlech



Hark, I hear the foe ad - - vanc - - ing,
Men of Har - - lech, lie ye dream - ing?



Barb - - ed steeds are the proud - - ly prac - - ing,
See ye not the fal - - chions gleam - ing?



Hel - - - mets, in the
While their pen - - - nants



sun - beams glanc - ing, glit - ter through the trees
gai - ly stream - ing, flut - ter in the breeze.



From the rocks re - bound - ing, Let the war - cry sound - ing



Sum - mon all at Cam - bria's call, The haugh - ty _foe _sur - round - ing.



Men of Har - lech, on to glo - ry, See your _ban - ner famed in sto - ry,



Waves these burn-ing words be-fore ye, "Bri-tain scorns to yield."

Hark, I hear the foe advancing,
Barb-ed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets, in the sunbeams glancing, glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming?
See ye not the falchions gleaming?
While their pennants gaily streaming, flutter in the breeze.
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war cry sounding
Summon all at Cambria's call, the haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech, on to glory,
See your banner famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
"Britain scorns to yield."

Mid the fray see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying,
All around the arrows flying scatter sudden death.
Frightened steeds are wildly neighing,
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying with their parting breath.
See, they're in disorder.
Comrades, keep close order.
Ever they shall rue the day they ventured o'er the border.
Now the Saxon flees before us.
Vict'ry's banner floateth o'er us
Raise the loud exulting chorus, "Britain wins the field."