

MEN OF HARLECH (G)

G C G D G
Men of Harlech, march to glory,
C Am D
Victory is hov'ring o'er ye,
G C G D G C
Bright-eyed freedom stands be-fore ye,
G D G
Hear ye not her call?

G C G D G
At your sloth she seems to wonder;
C Am D
Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
G C G D G C
Let the war-cry's deaf'ning thunder
G D G
Every foe ap-pal.

D
Echoes loudly waking,
G
Hill and valley shaking;

'Till the sound spreads wide around,

The Saxon's courage breaking;

C G Am G
Your foes on every side assailing,
Am D
Forward press with heart unfailing,
G C G D G C
'Till invaders learn with quailing,
G D G
Cambria ne'er can yield!

(G)Thou, who (C)noble (G)Cambria (D)wron(G)gest,
(C)Know that (Am)freedom's (D)cause is strongest,
(G)Freedom's (C)courage (G)lasts (D)the (G)lon(C)gest,
(G)Ending (D)but with (G)death!

(G)Freedom (C)countless (G)hosts (D)can (G)scatter,
(C)Freedom (Am)stoutest (D)mail can shatter,
(G)Freedom (C)thickest (G)walls (D)can (G)bat(C)ter,

(G)Fate is (D)in her (G)breath.

(D)See, they now are flying!

(G)Dead are heap'd with dying!

Over might hath triumph'd right,

Our land to foes denying;

U(C)pon their (G)soil we (Am)never (G)sought them,

(Am)Love of conquest (D)hither brought them,

(G)But this (C)lesson (G)we (D)have (G)taught (C)them,

(G)“Cambria (D)ne'er can (G)yield!”