

112. Men of Harlech

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

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

[D] Echoes loudly waking,
[G] Hill and valley shaking;
[G] 'Till the sound spreads wide around,
[G] The Saxon's courage breaking;

Your [C] foes on [G] every [Am] side a[G]ssailing,
[Am] Forward press with [D] heart unfailling,
[G] 'Till in[C]vaders [G] learn [D] with [G] quai[C]ling,
[G] Cambria [D]ne'er can [G] 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] on[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!
[G] Over might hath triumph'd right,
[G] Our land to foes denying;
[G] 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!"

