

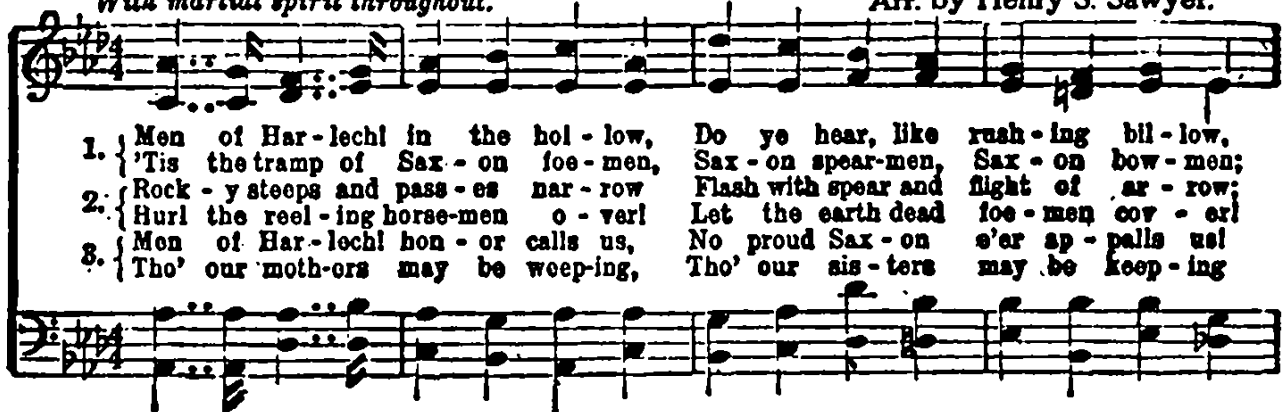
March of the Men of Harlech!

English Words by
John Oxenford

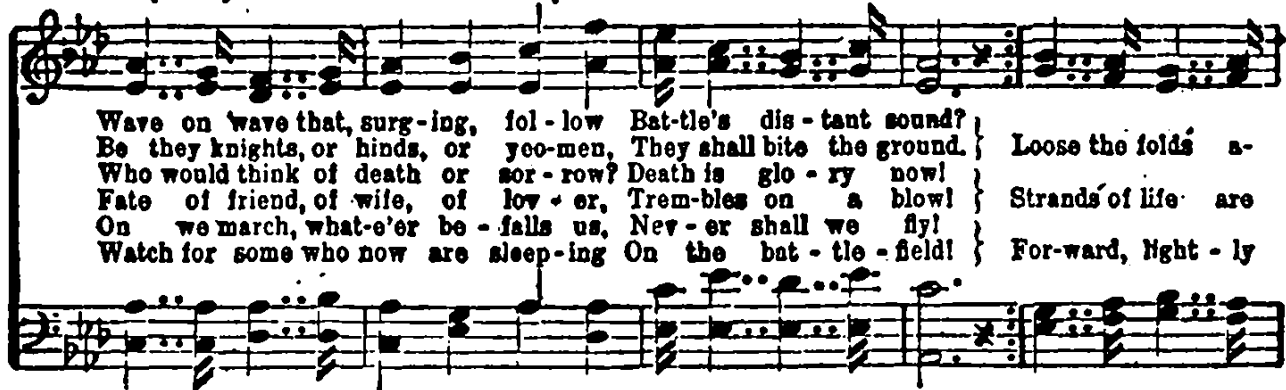
Arrangement Copyright, 1941, by The Cable Company.

Welsh National Melody.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.

With martial spirit throughout.



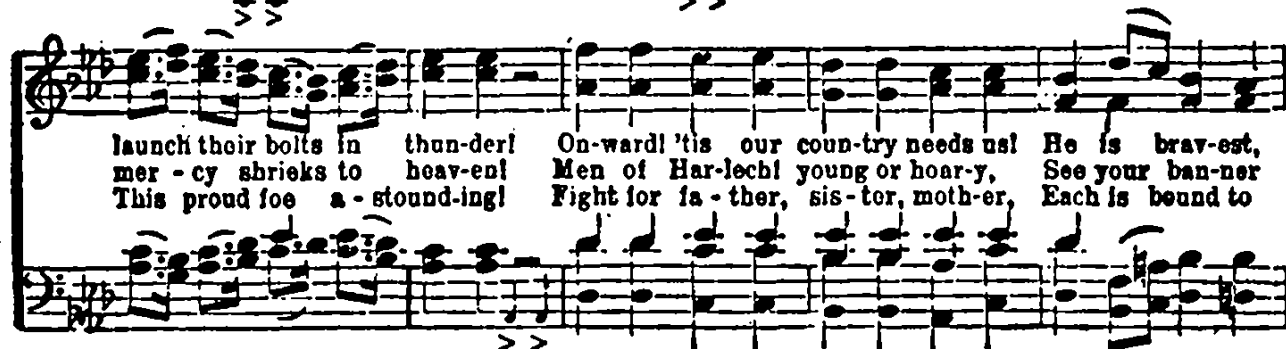
1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men;
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row;
Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver! Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er!
3. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us, No proud Sax-on e'er ap-palls us!
Tho' our moth-ers may be weep-ing, Tho' our sis-ters may be keep-ing



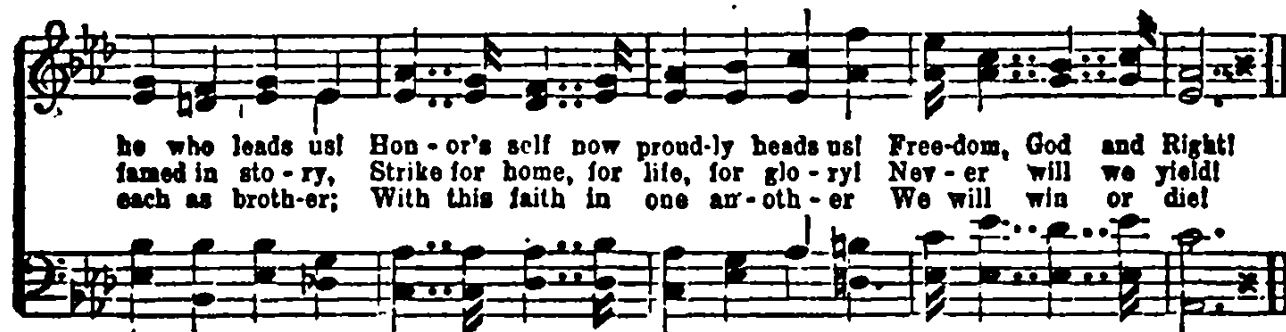
Wave on wave that, surg-ing, fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground. } Loose the folds a-
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! } Strands of life are
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow! } For-ward, Night-ly
On we march, what-e'er be-falls us, Nev-er shall we fly!
Watch for some who now are sleep-ing On the bat-tle-field!



sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! Plac-id skies that hear our cries Shall
riv-en; Blow for blow is giv-en, Dead-ly locks, or bat-tle shocks When
bound-ing, Hear the trump-et sound-ing! For-ward ev-er, back-ward nev-er,



launch their bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us! He is brav-est,
mer-cy shrieks to heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, See your ban-ner
This proud foe a-stound-ing! Fight for fa-ther, sis-ter, moth-er, Each is bound to



he who leads us! Hon-or's self now proud-ly heads us! Free-dom, God and Right!
famed in sto-ry, Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Nev-er will we yield!
each as broth-er; With this faith in one ar-oth-er We will win or die!

The law of the worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things. *Theodore Roosevelt.*