

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Welsh poem, tr. by WILLIAM DUTHIE.

Welsh air, har. by JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,



Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing



Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen, Sax-on bow-men; Be they knights, or
horsemen o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of



hinds or yeomen, They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer
wife, of lov-er, Trembles on a blow! Strands of life are riv-en, Blow for blow is



un-der! The plac-id sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in
giv-en, In dead-ly lock, or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to



thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us; He is brav-est,
heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a



he who leads us! Honor's self now proud-ly heads us! Free-dom! God, and Right!
name in sto - ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free-dom! God, and Right!

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by J. R. RANDALL, adapted.

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thy
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thou
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Tho'
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! The

gleam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Re -
wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Bet -
thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! For
Old Line bu - gle, fife, and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Come

mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And
ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And

all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!