

THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by GEORGE BENNETT.

WELSH AIR—*Rhynelgyrch Gwyr Harlech.*

Arranged by T. CRAMPTON.

PIANO.

Bold. ff

1. Lo! in morn-ing's sun - light flash - ing, O'er the hill - tops wild - ly dash - ing, Horse and men, with
2 Fierce the noon - day sun is beam - ing, Swift each dint - ed blade is gleam - ing, Fast the ebb - ing

thun - der clash - ing, On, for life, they come! Men of Har - lech, rouse from slum - ber;
lives are stream - ing O'er the crimson - ed field; Wing - ed shafts in clouds are fly - ing,

See, our foes in - crease in num - ber; Shall the Sax - on churl en - cum - ber Our dear moun - tain home?
Helm and shield at once da - fy - ing, While the rout - ed foe is cry - ing, 'Cambria will not yield'.

Round each sa - cred bor - der, Let there speed the or - der: Up and fight for
Now the bat - tle's turn - ing, Now for glo - ry burn - ing, On we rush with

truth and right; And God be Cam - bria's war - der! From our rock-bound land for e - ver,
 vic - tory's flush For home and free - dom yearn - ing! Grasp the ban - ner rent and go - ry,

Men of Har-lech! would ye se - ver? Hearts of dar - ing e - cho 'Ne - ver! Cam-bria shall be free!
 Men of Har-lech wave it o'er ye, Bards shall sing the death-less sto - ry, Cam-bria shall be free!

TREBLE. *f* CHORUS.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

1. Hearts of da - ring e - cho 'Ne-ver!' Cambria shall be free!

2. Bards shall sing the death-less sto - ry, Cambria shall be free!