

# Men of Harlech (Lyrics by John Guard, ca. 1800-1857) (C)

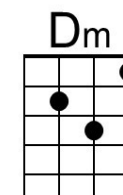
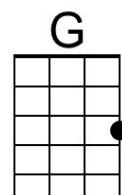
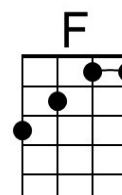
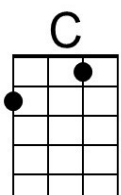
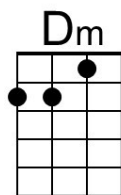
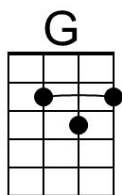
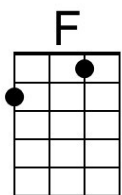
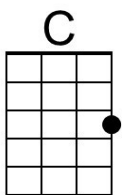
Men of Harlech by the Royal Regiment of Wales' Band

**C F C G C F Dm G**  
 Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring, News of foe-men near declaring  
**C F C G C F C G C**  
 To heroic deeds of da-ring, Call you Harlech men!  
**C F C G C F Dm G**  
 Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing, Wails of wives and children flying  
**C F C G C F C G C**  
 For the distant succor crying, Call you Harlech men!

**G C**  
 Shall the voice of wailing, Now be unavailing  
**C**  
 You to rise who never yet, In battle's hour were failing  
**F C Dm C Dm G**  
 This our answer crowds down pouring, Swift as winter torrents roaring  
**C F C G C F C G C**  
 Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing, Calls on Harlech men

**C F C G C F Dm G**  
 Loud the martial pipes are sounding, Every manly heart is bounding  
**C F C G C F C G C**  
 As our trusted chief sur-round-ing, March we Harlech men  
**C F C G C F Dm G**  
 Short the sleep the foe is taking, Ere the morrow's morn is breaking  
**C F C G C F C G C**  
 They shall have a rude a-wake-ning, Roused by Harlech men

**G C**  
 Mothers cease your weeping, Calm may be your sleeping  
**C**  
 You and yours in safety now, The Har-lech men are keeping  
**F C Dm C Dm G**  
 Ere the sun is high in heaven, They you fear, by panic riven  
**C F C G C F C G C**  
 Shall like frightened sheep be dri-ven, Far by Harlech men!





# Men of Harlech (Lyrics by John Guard, ca. 1800-1857) (G)

Men of Harlech by the Royal Regiment of Wales' Band

**G C G D G C Am D**  
 Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring, News of foe-men near declaring  
**G C G D G C G D G**  
 To heroic deeds of da-ring, Call you Harlech men!  
**G C G D G C Am D**  
 Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing, Wails of wives and children flying  
**G C G D G C G D G**  
 For the distant succor crying, Call you Harlech men!

**D G**  
 Shall the voice of wailing, Now be unavailing  
**G**  
 You to rise who never yet, In battle's hour were failing  
**C G Am G Am D**  
 This our answer crowds down pouring, Swift as winter torrents roaring  
**G C G D G C G D G**  
 Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing, Calls on Harlech men

**G C G D G C Am D**  
 Loud the martial pipes are sounding, Every manly heart is bounding  
**G C G D G C G D G**  
 As our trusted chief sur-round-ing, March we Harlech men  
**G C G D G C Am D**  
 Short the sleep the foe is taking, Ere the morrow's morn is breaking  
**G C G D G C G D G**  
 They shall have a rude a-wake-ning, Roused by Harlech men

**D G**  
 Mothers cease your weeping, Calm may be your sleeping  
**G**  
 You and yours in safety now, The Har-lech men are keeping  
**C G Am G Am D**  
 Ere the sun is high in heaven, They you fear, by panic riven  
**G C G D G C G D G**  
 Shall like frightened sheep be dri-ven, Far by Harlech men!

