

Church Charlotte "Men of Harlech"

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Wele goelcerth wen yn fflamio

A thafodau tan yn bloeddio,

Ar l'r dewrion ddod I daro,

Unwaith eto n un:

Gan fanllefau'r tywysogion

Llais gelynion, trwst arfogion,

A charlamiad y marchogion,

Craig ar graig a grbn!

Arfon byth ni orfydd.

Cenir yn dragywydd;

Cymru fydd fel Cymru fu,

Yn glodus ymysg gwledydd,

'Nghwyn oleuni'r goelcerth acw,

Tros wefusau Cymro'n marw,

Annibyniaeth sydd yn galw,

Am ei dewraf dyn.

Hark I hear the foe advancing

Barbed steeds are proudly prancing,

Helmets in the sunbeams glancing

Symru fo am byth

Men of Harlech lie ye dreaming?

See ye not their falchions gleaming,
While their penons gaily streaming
Cymru fo am byth.
From the rocks rebounding
Let the war cry sounding
Summon all at Cambria's Call
The haughty for surrounding
Men of Harlech on to glory
See your banner famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
Cymru fo am byth!

Translation

Men of Harlech! In the Hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?
Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground!
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward! 'tis the country needs us,

He is bravest, he who leads us

Honor's self now proudly heads us,

Freedom, God and Right!

Cambria (Wales) will not yield.

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Cambria (Wales) will not yield

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