

## Charlotte Church "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! 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 it's 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!

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,  
GRIND THEM IN THE DUST!

The rest, as you show it above, followed.

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