

MEN OF HARLECH - THE MARCH

Modern Words used by Regimental Band

Tongues of fire on Idris flaring,
news of foe-men near declaring,
to heroic deeds of daring,
call you Harlech men

Groans of wounded peasants dying,
wails of wives and children flying,
for the distant succour crying,
call you Harlech men.

Shall the voice of wailing,
now be unavailing,
You to rouse who never yet
in battles hour were failing,

This our answer crowds down pouring
swift as winter torrents roaring,
Not in vain the voice imploring,
calls on Harlech men

Loud the martial pipes are sounding
every manly heart is bounding
As our trusted chief surrounding,
march we Harlech men.

Short the sleep the foe is taking,
ere the morrows morn is breaking,
They shall have a rude awakening,
roused by Harlech men.

Mothers cease your weeping,
calm may be your sleeping,
you and yours in safety now
the Harlech men are keeping,

Ere the sun is high in heaven
they you fear by panic riven
shall like frightened sheep b-e d-r-i-v-e-n.
f-a-r b-y H-a-r-l-e-c-h m-e-n.