

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild !
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teufel's own child !—
Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"
Dey'll sing it for years ;
De lords of de lanzes,
De sons of de speers.