

Who bravely fac'd her combin'd foes
In battle's rudest shock.

From Roman pow'r inviolate,
They held their mountains free ;
Of Danish and Norwegian hate
They foil'd the tyranny.

When good Achais filled the throne,
And his brave brother's lance
Gained for her high and bright renown,
With Charlemagne in France.

Then first her standard, so endeared !
Show'd on its ample fold
The rampant lion, red, upreared,
Upon a field of gold.

And nobly hath that banner wav'd
O'er many a fierce fray,
When freedom's brand, in hand iron-glaiv'd,
Bore victory away.