

Fiercely they fought in the marshes of Poland;
Fiercely they fought in the fields and the vineyards,
Fiercely, with wrath, in the cities of Flanders;
Shattered the temples of God, the Almighty;
To smite—to spread, the Terror of Odin!
“Yield, ye are safe; resist, we destroy you;
Teach you the doctrine of blood and of iron—
Spread the Terror, ye children of Odin.”

Not for the tempest of fire and of iron,
Not for the slaughter of women and children,
The roofless cottage, the empty cradle,
The land one grave where the dead are happy,
Were the hearts of the hosts of the nations shaken.

Oh, little people! Oh, marvellous people!
Ye who bore the brunt of the onset,
Stood knee-deep in the blood of your country,
Girded again your loins to the utmost—
Fought and fought—and returned to the fighting,
Ye and your King—ye marvellous people!
King of the right blood-royal of kingship,
King by the grace and the glory of service,
King by right in the heart of a people—
The bleeding heart of a martyred people—
A King indeed—oh, marvellous people!

Rose behind you the exquisite people;
Rose the people of inspiration,
The people of vision, of exultations—
France! whose soul is a fire of splendour;
France! the prophet among the nations;
France! the bright land whose deeds are an impulse;
France sprang up—the trembling, the eager,
Fierce, fine-bred, with her passion of freedom
Tingling and thrilling the nerves of her swiftness;
France sprang up, and under the ensign
Struck—for the years to come.