

II. Belgium

(A Free Version by Felix Penne)

Forget past slavery—

Let not your courage lag,

Fight to again be free,

Fight for your rights—your flag.

We touch our sovereign's hand,

He bids us all "be free,

Fight for your native land—

King, Law and Liberty."

March on with sturdy stride;

Climb higher yet—and higher—

Your God is on your side,

He'll grant your soul's desire.

Work with good heart and hand,

Your fields shall fertile be,

Fight for your home—your land,

King, Law and Liberty.

To kinsman, long estranged,

This message now we send—

Our heart to you is changed,

Once foe is now our friend.

So, side by side, we stand,

Let us all brothers be—

And fight for native land,

King, Law and Liberty.

Oh, Belgium, mother dear,

To you our hearts—our arms!

For you we have no fear,

We heed not war's alarms.

Immortal you will live,

Home of the brave and free—

Your sons their lives will give

For King, Law, Liberty!

III. Russia

God the All terrible, Thou who ordainest,
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword;

Show forth Thy pity on high, where

Thou reignest,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,

Watching invisible, judging unheard;

Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All merciful, Earth hath forsaken
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy
word;

Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

IV. France

The Marseillaise

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory,

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears, and hear their cries!

Behold their tears, and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate the land,

When peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheath!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,

To mete and vend the light and air!

To mete and vend the light and air!

Like beasts of burden would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore;

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheath,

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,

Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,

Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing

The blood-stained sword our conqu'rors wield;

But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing!

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

V. Japan

(Kimigayo)

A thousand years of happy life be thine!
Live on, my Lord, till what are pebbles now,
By age united, to great rocks shall grow,
On whose venerable sides the moss doth live!

(Repeat).