

“Let the storm break!” cried the children of Odin;  
“Break, with the breaking of impotent peoples;  
Spare not the weak and fear not the mighty,  
Smite as ye smote in the days of old darkness,  
With blood and with fire, with rapine and outrage;  
Women and children—the brood of the hated—  
See that ye spare not, ye children of Odin;  
Smite for your God and the glory of battle;  
War is our God,” cried the children of Odin,  
“War is our God, and the harvest of riches—  
Others have laboured, but we shall possess it—  
Others have wrought, but to us the enjoyment—  
We shall possess by the oldest of titles,  
The blade of the sword. We are children of Odin.”

Fierce was the conflict; and there in the forefront  
Blazed a white ensign, an ensign of glory;  
Bright from the edge of it, lambent, the flame played;  
White was the shaft of it, silver of heaven.  
And under the ensign the hosts of the nations  
Fought to the death with the children of Odin—  
Fought for their lives, for their fate, for their children;  
Fought for the unborn, the great generations;  
Fought, in the glory and splendour of sureness,  
For light, and for life, and for freedom they fought them;  
Fought to the death with the children of Odin.

Mighty the conflict; the power overflowing  
Struck through the world—the heart-beat of nations;  
With tempest and tumult, with terror and slaughter,  
With shame and with splendour, with uttermost striving,  
An echo for ages—the clamour of War.