

Ancient Rites, Barbantia

Bravery displayed by each side
None sought shelter, none did hide
Their faces directed towards foe
Causing wounds with every blow

Neither then or before
Was heard of such a man
The duke of Brabant brave in war
Chivalry still treasured then

Een standaard van goud en zwart
Schitterend in de namiddagzon
Men streed met leeuwenhart
Bij Woeringen waar de hertog won

A banner of black and gold
Rising above the battlefield
For friend and foe to behold
At Woeringen their fate was sealed

"All of thee stay at my side,
Don't withdraw, cover my flanks
Frontal assaults I will fight
But kill me if I break our ranks"
Noch doen, noch eer en wert vernomen
Riddere en geen, noch oec gesien,

Soe condichlike ten wige wert tien,
Also die hertoge, also die hertoge