

Folkearth, Charles Martel

Charles Martel, the day will come again -
I'll see you lead the cavalry to charge!
Charles Martel, in the battle of Ambleve
You dyed Malmedy blood-red!
Tours recall the glory of your hosts,
Thy fame is sung on harps with golden strings!
The crescent moon you drove back to the sea
Once and for all...

Ans when the sound of battle horns
Shall keenly fill the air anon,
We'll rise with pride our banner high
And answer to our king's call!

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Even when the horns of war
Shall echo in the fields no more,
When in tatters hangs our flag
And empty be the throne of Franks
We'll still keep watch by night to see
Charles Martel return again!

Rest now my king but light be thy sleep -
Thy foes still covet thy crown...

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