

On Golden Fields

Ancient Rites

We ask not the pleasure that riches supply
Our weapons shall regain
What betrayers must buy
Throwing back the invaders
Reigning our land and waves
And finally teach these nobles
What it means to be slaves

Far more large in numbers
Better armed they came
But are it not our cities
That these rascals claimed?
A victory rather certain
They held within their hands
But courage, craft and justice
Gave us a stronger hand

Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar
But under foreign rule
Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar
We shall suffer no more

We shall suffer no more!

“Het Vlaamse heir staat immer pal
Daar 't winnen of daar 't sterven zal
Alhier, aldaar aan lange lanssen
De leeuwen dansen, de leeuwen dansen”

Oh, land of the Flanders
From field to shore
Shall view us as victors

Oh, land of the Flanders
From field to shore
Shall view us as victors
Or view us no more!

For victory was ours against all odds
Truly a miracle in a world without gods

Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar
But under foreign rule
Bloodstained flags
Hear our men roar
We shall suffer no more

We shall suffer no more!

(I close my eyes. A voice from a century buried by time and dust teaches my ears. And the troubadour sings:)

“Het Vlaamse heir staat immer pal
Daar 't winnen of daar 't sterven zal

Alhier, aldaar aan lange lansen
De leeuwen dansen, de leeuwen dansen"

En de leeuwen dansen...