

Sword Of The Vandea

Folkodia

In the square of a humble village
Laughter and shouts, faces aglow:
It's 1793 in the fields of France,
Every able man is taking up his arms...

Soldiers loyal to the crown
Barons alongside simple folk:
Together are marching now
Neath white lilies on their flag...

The sacred heart is bleeding
For those about to die...
The sacred heart is torn
From the cruelties of war...

Soldiers loyal to the crown,
Walk down the winding path
Into battle, into war, to avenge
Those who died under the guillotine...

The cold wind of terror
The murderers of the republic
Cannot hold back the tide
That flows from the rebel camp...

Onwards for God! onwards for the King!
Swords of the Vandea
Never cease to cleave!
Onwards for God! Onwards for the King!

O! Blessed virgin help us save
Our France from the malediction!
In our hearts doth flourish now
The flowers of victory: counterrevolution!

Into the night we go,
Into the darkness we leave:
Brigands and Knights,
Loyal to one Good and King!