

Down from the glen came the marching men  
With their shields and their swords  
To fight the fight they believed to be right  
Overthrow the overlords

To the town where there was plenty  
They brought plunder, swords and flame  
When they left the town was empty  
Children would never play again

From their graves I heard the fallen  
Above the battle cry  
By that bridge near the border  
There were many more to die

Then onward over the mountain  
And outward towards the sea  
They had come to claim the Emerald  
Without it they could not leave