

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

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

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

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