

# On Golden Fields (De Leeuwen Dansen)

## 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:)