

## Folkearth "Charles Martel"

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Charles Martel, the day will come again  
I'll see you lead the cavalry to charge!  
Charles Martel, in the battle of Ambleve  
You dyed Malmedy blood-red!  
Tours recall the glory of your hosts  
Thy fame is sung on harps with golden strings!  
The crescent moon you drove back to the sea  
Once and for all...

And when the sound of battle horns  
Shall keenly fill the air anon  
We'll rise with pride our banner high  
And answer to our king's call!

Charles Martel, the day will come again  
I'll see you lead the cavalry to charge!  
Charles Martel, in the battle of Ambleve  
You dyed Malmedy blood-red!  
Tours recall the glory of your hosts  
Thy fame is sung on harps with golden strings!

The crescent moon you drove back to the sea  
Once and for all...

Even when the horns of war  
Shall echo in the fields no more  
When in tatters hangs our flag  
And empty be the throne of Franks  
We'll still keep watch by night to see  
Charles Martel return again!  
Rest now my king but light be thy sleep  
Thy foes still covet thy crown...

Charles Martel, the day will come again  
I'll see you lead the cavalry to charge!  
Charles Martel, in the battle of Ambleve  
You dyed Malmedy blood-red!  
Tours recall the glory of your hosts  
Thy fame is sung on harps with golden strings!  
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