

## **Jens Bjrneboe**

### **"The Soldier Song"**

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We march. We destroy.  
We march the soldier's way  
from Moscow to Paris,  
from Karasjouk to Arles and Nice,  
Dunkirk and Tripoli.  
Before Stalingrad there stands a battalion,  
the remnants of our best division.

We march and we master,  
we conquer and march,  
from Cairo up to Hammerfest,  
from Brussels up to Budapest,  
from Copenhagen to Bucharest.  
Before Leningrad there stands a cannon,  
the remnants of our last battalion.

We march. We destroy.  
We master Czechoslovakia,  
Vichy and Algeria,  
Hungary, Luxembourg and the Hague,  
in Denmark and in Prague.  
Up in the Karels lies a pair of skis,  
the remnants of our last company.

We march. We destroy.  
We devastate and we conquer.  
We march through storm and snow  
from Smolensk to Calais,  
from Omsk to Zuyder Zee.  
Back home in Dresden there stands a doorway,  
The remnants of our last cathedral.

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