

# Freedom's Crusade

János Katona

The boy-king dead has fal-len and he lies up-on his bier. Free-dom calls to Sa-xon hearts where dwells there nev-er fear.

The Mer-o-vin-gian con-quest draws to- ward its fi-nal end! Rise a-gainst the Frank-ish, come and join with us, my friends!

*Chorus*  
Take up sword and shield, take up axe and spear! March with your broth-ers for our path is clear!

The Franks are in tur-moil and their ar-my dis-ar-ayed. March with your broth-ers, join in free-dom's cru - sade!

The boy-king dead has fallen and he lies upon his bier.  
Freedom calls to Saxon hearts where dwells there never fear.  
The Merovingian conquest draws toward its final end!  
Rise against the Frankish, come and join with us, my friends!

*Take up sword and shield, take up axe and spear!  
March with your brothers for our path is clear!  
The Franks are in turmoil and their army disarrayed.  
March with your brothers, join in freedom's crusade!*

Long we've lived in conquest crushed beneath the Frankish heel  
Today we stab them in the foot, a wound they'll not soon heal.  
Before the dust can settle from the passage of their King  
We'll rise against the Frankish, lift your voices up and sing!

## *Chorus*

Gather up the children, keep the women close at hand  
For they must gather food and cloth for this our valiant stand.  
Saxon men to banner come and arm up for the fray.  
For years we've train-ed fiercely to prepare us for this day.

## *Chorus*

For years those Frankish soldiers have been burdens on our land  
Today we take back what is ours and make them understand.  
The Saxons proud in battle stand and war with all our might  
And never will you see our legion fleeing from a fight

## *Chorus*