

Call from the Crag

by Wisconsin Kraut

Where is my shining prince
Steed tramping proud
Voice carried firm
Blood flowing pure?

Where is my binded kilt
Pleats swirling quick
Tartan shining bright
Belt pulled snug?

Where is my faithful claymor
Blade chopping swift
Hilt woven stout
Scabbard empty apt

Have we stuffed such to forget our old chieftains
Have we been enlightened to scorn our fathers dress
Have we laid down our ancient broadswords
And invited a foreigner to our mother's breast?

Do our eyes no more see charging stallions
Do our legs forget roads long past
Do our arms not recall clash and fire
Shall we spit upon what God gave to admire?

Are songs not sung of great heroes
Are badges of kinsfolk no more worn
Are bastions of nation now failed to build
Will the inheritance of our people be put to grinding mill?

NO!
My blood yet burns hotly

And fills my veins with razors
My mind still recalls our fallen kings
And dreams of what can be

NO!

My belt is pulled tight
And girds my loins in iron
My plaid is dyed brightly
And bears my family's name

NO!

My broadsword is raised highly
And blade is keely worked
My targe is griped firm
And dirk carried sure.