

My Loving Blood

by Wisconsin Kraut

My loving blood, which binds me with chains of kinship
My caring blood, that cradles my soul in hope
My holy blood, a gift from blessed fathers
This gift from God, my nation fair and whole
Should we toss it to shame and shadow?
Throw away this sacred gift?
Is it right to cast away this boon from Heaven?
And spit upon what God gives?
Your loving blood, which pluck the songs of fair maidens.
Your caring blood, that fills the arms of strong young men.
Your holy blood, flowing like a mighty river.
Guides you forth to freedom and bread.
Should we listen to fiends and traitors?
And tear to shame our pure white robes?
Shall we mix what God made separate?
In foolish and lustful throws?
Our loving blood, that sparks our hearts to wonder.
Our caring blood, which gives the path of the right.
Our holy blood, which preserves our memories forever.
Our uniting bond, one people and one race.
Cherish this gift from Heaven!
Protect it from darkness and stain.
Our beloved Aryan nation!
We shall preserve until the end of days.