

The Luxemburgher National Anthem

(rendered into English by Nicolas E. Weydert.)

1.

Where you see the slow Alzette flow,
the Sura play wild pranks,
where lovely vineyards amply grow
on the Mosella's banks,
there lies the land for which our thanks
are owed to God above,
our own, our native land which ranks
well foremost in our love.

2.

In its dark forests' close embrace,
and that of opulent peace
there dwells our hardy, sturdy race
in humble, simple ease.
Though our folks think they have a lease
from liberty to roam
where they are pleased, they never cease
their thoughts of home, sweet home.

3.

A holy hymn to hills and dales
and fields where we were born.
A patriot's loyalty still hails
their beauty every morn.
If I could blow an elfin horn,
the world would understand
our sacred love forever sworn
to our sweet native land.

4.

Our Father in Heaven Whose powerful hand
makes states or lays them low,
protect Thy Luxemburgher land
from foreign foe or woe.
God's golden liberty bestow
On us now as of yore.
Let Freedom's sun in glory glow
for now and evermore.

