

Danish	English translation by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
1	1 King Christian stood by the lofty mast In mist and smoke; His sword was hammering so fast, Through Gothic helm and brain it passed; Then sank each hostile hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can! Who braves of Denmark's Christian, Who braves of Denmark's Christian, In battle?"
2	2 Niels Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar, Now is the hour! He hoisted his blood-red flag once more, And smote upon the foe full sore, And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar, "Now is the hour!" "Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly! Who can defy Denmark's Juel, Who can defy Denmark's Juel, in conflict?"
3	3 North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent Thy murky sky! Then champions to thine arms were sent; Terror and Death glared where he went; From the waves was heard a wail, that rent Thy murky sky! From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol', Let each to Heaven commend his soul, Let each to Heaven commend his soul, And fly!
4	4 Path of the Dane to fame and might! Dark-rolling wave! Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight, Goes to meet danger with despite, Proudly as thou the tempest's might, Dark-rolling wave! And amid pleasures and alarms, And war and victory, lead me to, And war and victory, lead me to, My grave!