



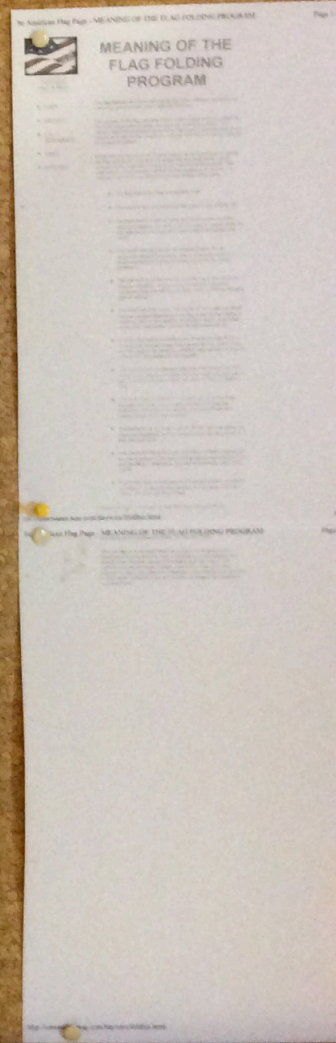
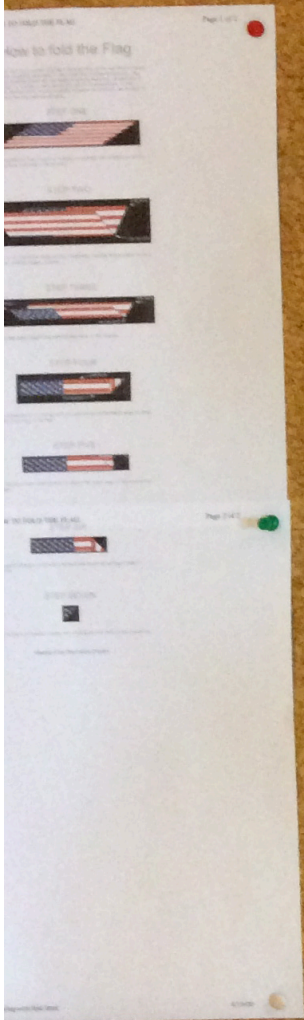
De Ro'de Le'sj vum Siggj vu Letzeburg.

Letzeburg, Letzeburg,
He'er ons du hélegt Land!
Spreng déng Ketten, reis se duréng
Schlöss em ons e Brudderband!
Lang genoch hu mir gelidden
Wese Friemen déch ferhät,
He'er dé' fir déch gestridden
Stin nés op aus hirem Gräf.

Onse Tuondel héch ze hählen,
Räche mir ons d'Brudderhand!
A mir stin a welle fäien
Mat dem Letzeburger Land!
Le'wen Hengor, löst et a'ien,
Letzeburg, d'ich schéinst e Siggj,
An dem Schinnel wéchen ze wese
Wécht mir hüt em d'ich Siggj.



Letzeburg, de
Ro'de Le'sj
Letzeburg





The Luxembourg

National Anthem

Where you see the slow Alzette flow
The Surâ 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.

Our Father in Heaven, whose powerful hand
Makes states or lays them low
Protect thy Luxemburger 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 ever more.

BBC-LONDON

