

# Poltava

## Stroke 9

Tiden trt den hr som gtt  
Vandrat mnga mil  
Knektar trttna slitna var  
20 000 manTsaren brnt sin egna jord  
Ingenting fanns kvar  
Hungern rev och dden stod  
Redo fr ett slagHr upp, led vck din arm  
Ge dig, och lmna min markPoltava  
Genom rk och damm de red  
Poltava  
Slogs fr livet led fr led  
Poltava  
Tappra mn til himmelen steg  
PoltavaSvenska hrens ledarskap  
Lidit nederlag  
Konung kan ej strida mer  
Skadad stod han biRehnskild uti striden red  
Vrja strckt fr vind  
Slog som vg mot hrdat berg  
Tvingad till retrttLyssna, Du Karolus Rex  
Frukta, ty din tid r hrBragd om livet, eld och dd  
20 000 man i nd  
S fkta p  
Gul och bl  
Karoliners sista slag  
Mtte dden, dets dag  
Guds vilja ske  
krigareEnglish:Time has worn the soldiers down  
Marched for many miles  
In the eastern lands so cursed  
Time to make a standTsar has scorched his nation's land  
Nothing to be found  
Hunger grasp the soliders heart  
20 000 men strongListen, excuse for a king  
Trust me, this fight you can't winPoltava  
Rode to certain death and pain  
Poltava  
Swedish soldiers met their bane  
Poltava

Sacrificed their lives in vain  
PoltavaIn the shade of morning mist  
Advancing on their foe  
Bullets break the silent air  
Wasted battleplanSwedish forces stand alone  
King has left command  
Rule is left to lesser men  
Waiting for their chanceListen, obey my command  
Hear me, or die by my handRussian armies blocked their way  
20 000 lost that day  
They bled the ground  
Peace they found  
There's no sign of victory  
King Carolus had to flee  
And leave the land  
Leave commandMadness, curse your feeble horde  
Fear me, you'll die by my sword

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