

Der er et yndigt land,
det står med brede bøge
nær salten østerstrand :|
Det bugter sig i bakke, dal,
det hedder gamle Danmark
og det er Frejas sal :|

Der sad i fordums tid
de harniskklædte kæmper,
udhvilede fra strid :|
Så drog de frem til fjenders mén,
nu hvile deres bene
bag højens bautasten :|

Det land endnu er skønt,
thi blå sig søen bælder,
og løvet står så grønt :|
Og ædle kvinder, skønne møer
og mænd og raske svende
bebo de danskes øer :|

Hil drot og fædreland!
Hil hver en danneborger,
som virker, hvad han kan! :|
Vort gamle Danmark skal bestå,
så længe bøgen spejler
sin top i bølgen blå :|

There is a lovely land
with spreading, shady beech-trees,
Near salty eastern shore :|
Its hills and valleys gently fall,
its name is ancient Denmark,
And it is Freya's hall. :|

There in the ancient days
sat armoured giants rested
Between their bloody frays :|
Then they went forth the foe to face,
now found in stone-set barrows,
Their final resting place. :|

This land is still as fair,
the sea is blue around it,
And peace is cherished there :|
Strong men and noble women still
uphold their country's honour
With faithfulness and skill. :|

Hail king and fatherland!
Hail citizens of honour,
who do the best they can :|
Our ancient Denmark shall remain,
as long as beech tops mirror
in waves of blue their chain! :|