

a battered flag the men
who slaved ^{your} ~~your~~ ~~your~~

Spirit sustained, the
floor of Spain
a ground not tilled in
vain with blood

~~And your men's bones~~
with bones of young men
scattered far & wide

Not fertilized in vain
Oh grey-green leaves
of olive trees, earth

strengthened by the vine
And crisp brown wheat.

No more sterility
or drought, a barrenness
Oh rolling plains; for

man has given you
his breath and gone to
make a harvest here!

His love will flower high
another spring.