

Born under Black Star on sky of rich Gold This haven of breezes has well earned its name Revering the virtues well practiced of old Through patience and effort is brought forth Vindheim.

> Behold the great glory of our Jubilee Coronets Princely worn never before Hold Banner aloft so the Knowne Worlde can see Sable and Gules, three mullets of Or.

The rage of black funnel marks fierce Namron's Storm While Eldern Hills' Bison stands fast on his hill The home fires of Wiesenfeuer make sure we stay warm And the Keep of the Northlands enforces Crown's Will.

Mooneschadowe's people do choose their own path The cantons and shires each add awesome power 'Tis folly to stand 'gainst the wind's fame'd wrath The fiercest of armies could not last an hour.

Skilled are the works of the artisans' hands Devoted the servants who order maintained. Nimble the bright blades that keep safe these lands Great is the wisdom of Nobles who've reigned.

This day of beginnings does bring us great glee We'll hold noble acts in our memory long Teach to your children the birth of the bee With one voice all Vindheim, now take up the song.

Rule Number One:

As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make.