

# Song of the Hirth Banner

Words and Music: Andrixos Seljukroctonis



So lift the Hirth Ban-ner and stand with the King. Fight like the Hus-carls whose prais-es you sing .



Fac-ing fierce foe-men with ax-es held high, As long as we're liv-ing the King shall not die.



Miles and years dis-tant the pat-tern was cast. We seek as our mo-del their glo-ri-ous past.



Hus-carls and Lith-men in bat-tle's red tide, While guard-ing their Sove-reign how brave-ly they died.

So lift the Hirth Banner and stand with the King.  
Fight like the Huscarls whose praises you sing.  
Facing fierce foemen with axes held high,  
As long as we're living the King shall not die.

Miles and years distant the pattern was cast.  
We seek as our model their glorious past.  
Huscarls and Lithmen in battle's red tide,  
While guarding their Sovereign how bravely they died.

So lift the Hirth Banner and stand with the King.  
Fight like the Huscarls whose praises you sing.  
Facing fierce foemen with axes held high,  
As long as we're living the King shall not die.

Long years ago when good Thorvald was king,  
The Midrealm did gift us a glorious thing,  
A man's height of fabric to thrust to the sky,  
'Twas at Lilies War where first it did fly.

So lift the Hirth Banner and stand with the King.  
Fight like the Huscarls whose praises you sing.  
Facing fierce foemen with axes held high,  
As long as we're living the King shall not die.

Battle scarred veteran, well weathered by years  
We bid it farewell, but we shed there no tears.  
Cast into pyre all tattered and torn,  
From ashes it rises like phoenix reborn.

So lift the Hirth Banner and stand with the King.  
Fight like the Huscarls whose praises you sing.  
Facing fierce foemen with axes held high,  
As long as we're living the King shall not die.

We call ourselves Huscarls, who fight when we choose.  
A misstep in battle might cost us a bruise.  
To our undying banner let us rally again,  
By our actions give honor to those dead valiant men.

So lift the Hirth Banner and stand with the King.  
Fight like the Huscarls whose praises you sing.  
Facing fierce foemen with axes held high,  
As long as we're living the King shall not die.

## 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.*