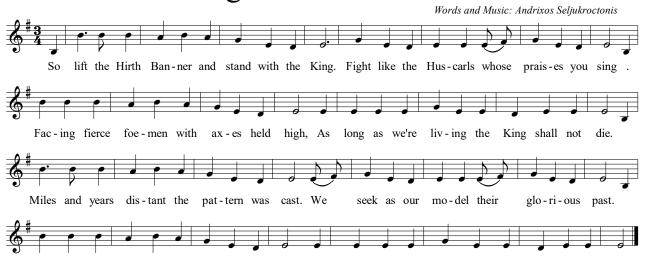
Song of the Hirth Banner



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.