

## Hail Teutonia

Nachtfalke

When wind's blowing over willow forests  
swaying water's flowing through the land  
Hail Teutonia  
When forests are green again, willows  
flourish and mountains are covered with snow  
Hail Teutonia  
Teutonia, proud land.  
Teutonia your soul is soaked with blood  
and your battles were fought with great reverence  
when wolves are howling, owls are calling the Night  
wild animals pass your forests  
Hail Teutonia  
and sail soaked with blood  
warriors fight with honour still  
Hail Teutonia  
Teutonia, my land... majestic are your forests and mountains  
your water so pure  
Teutonia, I greet thee hail and fall  
into your arms