

# Folkearth, The Purest Breed

Summer's breeze blowing through their mane -  
Wild horses of the purest breed!

Ride!

Onward to battle, onwards like the wind -  
Cozak warriors of the purest breed!

Hail!

Spurs to the side, a lash of the reins  
Foam in the mouth, a' glistening the eye...  
Bloodlust is nigh, for a rider and steed  
Alike as they ride, pressing to the fight!

The banners are high and so's the battle cry,  
The trampling of hooves of the purest breed!

Ride!

Onwards to battle, onwards like the wind -  
Cozak warriors of the purest breed!

Hail!

Spurs to the side, a lash of the reins  
Foam in the mouth, A' glistening the eye...  
Bloodlust is nigh, for a rider and steed  
Alike as they ride, pressing to the fight!

Wild horses of the purest breed,  
Born to the steppes defiant to the cold  
Cozak warriors of the purest breed,  
Loyal to the Czar, they defy death!

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wild horses of the purest breed!

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Hail!