

Galadriel, 1848

This time, you will not grave the hate
That grew in our hearts for many years... for long years...

These words did sound in all the land
These words shattered one mighty world
Our truth persisted long centuries
Kept deep in our hearts and in our speech

Thousand years forgotten for everyone
We were like slaves in our land
We walked through time with innocent hands
The Sun shone, but our eyes were blind

The Spring of Nations - those mighty efforts to change the world
They broke our patience, and led us to be proud and strong

We joined ruler of the monarchy
We had our desires and our dreams
We fought for our nation's liberty
IN HOPE WE WOULD NOT FEEL REGRET!!!