

Nachtfalke, Hail Teutonia

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