## 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 wolfes 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