

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