

Lion of the Northe

Stormwarrior

November mist, a silent nighte
Starv'd to deathe I awaite the fighte
The sounde of hooves in the breake of dawne
The calme before the storme

The drums asound, hear the horns atone
To sounde the charge on this icy morne
Oute of the crowde a knighte cometh forthe
The Lion of the northe

White lightning, gunpowder in the air
Salvation, desir'd across the lande

We came, we foughte withe the Lion of the northe
On Streiff he was riding aheade
We stand, we fighte withe the Lion of the northe
The saviour from up highe above hath come

He rode along all his rows of men
Up highe on Streiff, saluting them
The Lion spoke and we swore to fighte
On these frozen fieldes we'd die
He turn'd his face to the foes that day
Throughe the dwindling mist he had pav'd his way
He rais'd his sworde to attacke the hordes
Oh the Lion of the northe

White lightning, gunpowder in the air
Salvation, the cry throughoute the lande

We came, we foughte withe the Lion of the northe
On Streiff he was riding aheade
We stand, we fighte withe the Lion of the northe
The saviour from up highe above hath come

Erblicket, ett lejon! I rimfrost han ridar fram
Och han draer sitt vapen, sveas konung det är han
Han hälsar sina mannar och på Streiff mot fienden
Ett lejon från höga nord, ska äras på vår jord

Erblicket, ett lejon! I rimfrost han ridar fram
Och han draer sitt vapen, sveas konung det är han
Han hälsar sina mannar och på Streiff mot fienden
Ett lejon, son från norden, vi han ska ära på vår jord