

Ride to Tannenberg

Folkodia

Vast and endless is the sky
Wherein Perkunas, the father-god,
Immortal doth reign as long as
The music of thunder holds sway...

Mindaugas was crowned a king
'Neath this vast and endless sky
In 1252, to lead the pagan hordes
Answering the call of the war-god!

There the flags of our swarm
Was billowing in the wind
And the swords of warriors shone
As mighty men made ready to fight
From the Baltic to the Black Sea

In Tannenberg Vytautas won the day
Against the splendid Teutonic host:
The blood of, knights fed the thirsty soil!
And from on high Perkunas smiled...

Now only ghosts can tell the tale
Of that beautiful, glorious day -
When the Order was beaten back
And Traku Pilis founded in gore...

There the flags of our swarm
Was billowing in the wind
And the swords of warriors shone
As mighty men made ready to fight
From the Baltic to the Black Sea

I was there, I can dearly recall
The shining swords clashing in the fray,
The hail of arrows whistling overhead -
The Teuton shields and armor plates...

i was there, I can clearly recall
The spear that run me through -
I was there, I can dearly recall
Perkunas arms welcoming me..