Now the days are growing longer.
Soon the war will be at hand.
Knights in armor,
keen-eyed archers, Lance-ers fierce on horses tall.
Needle-work-ers, clever craft-folk Laboring through out the night,
‘Neath the Tyger pas-sant az-ure Gather-ers now the throng-ing crowd.

From all corners of our king-dom
Rise the stal-warts of our land.
Nim-ble fence-ers, might-y axe-men,
None a-fraid, cou-ra-geous all.

Scribes and chroni-cers with quills Make ready for the com-ing fight.
All dis-pa-rate yet u-nit-ed, Sing-ing East-ern prais-es loud.

Come you shires, come you can-tons
Hear the North-ern war-riors cry!
Her-alds cry with ring-ing voices,
Mar-shals stand to hold the line.

Mini-sters and loy-al coun-cil-lors,
Se-ne-schals and cas-tel-lans,
Pipes and drums now call us on-ward, Trump-ets sound a thund-erous roar!

Come you bar-on-ies and ri-dings
See the South-ern ban-ners fly!
Stead-fast help-ers bear the wa ter,
Sur-geons wait to mend and bind.

Wide-famed peers and worth-y no-bles
All to bat-tle set their hands.
Music sets our feet to march-ing
As we make our way to War!

Gath-er-ing for love and ho-nor
Stand-ing for our king and land! Off to bat-tle,

off to splen-dor Glo-ry to our East-ern band!