March of the Star

Am
O, the drums of war are calling
G
There are foemen in the east
F
The kites and crows will gather
E
And make ready for the feast
C
We will leave our homes and acres
G
We will seek for no reward
Am       G
But to fight for Ansteorra
E       Am
And defend it with a sword!
C
CH: We will march with the star
F
On our banners and our shields
Am
We will keep them from our borders
G
We will drive them from our fields
Am       G
For with pride in our hearts
Am       G
And a war-cry on our lips,
Am       G       Am
Ansteorra, we will fight for you!
March of the Star

As the storm of battle rages
We will stand before the flood,
We will turn the tides of fortune
As the rivers run with blood
We will stand beside our brothers
We will never bend the knee;
Feel the might of Ansteorra
As we claim the victory! CH

When the bloody sun has fallen
And the cloak of night descends
We will raise the cup of triumph,
We will toast our fallen friends,
Laid with honor by their comrades
On a broad and grassy plain;
On a quiet night, in moonlight,
You can hear their last refrain:

    We have marched with the star
    On our banners and our shields
    May our spirits still watch over
    Our beloved lands and fields
    For with pride in our hearts
    And a war-cry on our lips
    Ansteorra, we have died for you!
(Repeat first chorus)

Words and music by Lisa Theriot
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Note: yes, that line in verse two is an intentional homage to Eleanor Fairchild’s “Stand Brother Stand”, for my money the best song ever written for Ansteorra.