

## 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.