

Little Folk of the Empire

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Written for the celebration to commemorate Empress Lizabetta's first year on the throne

Verse 1, 3, 5 etc. Am D Am C D Am

Oh he-ros of the Em-pire As your great deeds you do. Re-

-mem-ber ye well the li-ttle folk, who work and fight for you

Verse 2, 4, 6 etc. Am G Am Am D Am

The virt-u-ous priest of High-guard, his cleansing bell shall toll. With

each new day he shows the way. He guards the Em-pire's soul.

3. The bannerwoman of the Wintermark
Her head held high and proud
With strength of arm she weathers the storm
Courageous and unbowed

4. The Urizeni magus
So subtle deep and wise
Seeks without fail secrets to unveil
Plucks knowledge from the skies

5. The joyful Freeborn sailor
The tiller firm in hand
So bright and brave she skims the waves
Till she safely comes to land

6. The staunch and loyal Navarri
They walk the trods so wide
No soft warm bed to lay their head
Their spear is by their side

7. The brave Varushkan Warden
She bears a heavy load
In broad daylight or gloom of night
She watches over the roads.

8. The glorious Dawnish noble
Calls all to pay him heed
Proclaims aloud, so clear and proud
His great and mighty deeds

9. The orc in the hills of Skarsind
Watching the clouds roll by
See how she roams her newfound home
As free as the wind and sky

10. The Leaguer in their counting house
Takes care of every ring
And all can see the prosperity
Their wise investments bring

11. The Marcher in her garden
Her hands deep in the soil
She tills the fields and the land she heals
With good and honest toil

12. So heroes of the Empire
As you march off to war
Remember ye well the simple folk
Who you are fighting for

(Optional 13) And I ask thee Imperatrix
O patron of beauty and art
The people of each land you hold in your hand
Hold also in your heart.