I am the Cradle of God's new world.

From us shall the New Saxons rise
And our glorious banner must float unfurled against the skies.

Our sons and daughters must bear
Strength with courage to do or dare
With hearts that are ready
And hands that are steady
And their slogan must be prepare.
It's a report.

Is a report?

Is a report?

Is a report?

Is a report?

Is a report?