Hail, Woodloch!

From the mountains of Woodloch's forest
Beams thy noble eye
And the guests of Woodloch rising
Pledge with noble intent

'Neath the Tower's stately shadow
Hidden are riches rare
And Saints, thy Woodloch
Will thy treasures share

Thy seekers proudly find thee
And take their rightful place
Guided by senary, lofty creatures
Alas, rejoice and embrace

Through tragedy and triumph, Woodloch
You will look to thee
Thou a reminder of another land
Woodloch's Treasure

Woodloch, Thee we honor
True and loyal be
Ever crowned with praise and glory
Woodloch, hail to thee