

Blessed Paeon - alas! You find these days  
Shadowed by greed and loathsome treachery  
Yet hark! There is music still in our hearts  
For the lyre of Apollo now lights our path

Leader of Muses, weave thy tunes  
Now sweet the Doris melodies  
Enrapture our souls and minds  
Dragon slayer, delphic archer  
The eyes that sees all from above

O living light, music personified  
Olympian God wielding cosmic force  
Day-bringer, golden-haired  
Thy grace divine knows no end

Pluck a string - unleash the spring  
Sing thy songs and revive our world  
From winter's fire a spark doth bring  
The quickening of ancient pride within

In the fell clutch of materialistic creeds  
Mortal thoughts beguiled and ecstasies false  
Have come to pass and take control  
But light still dwells behind mountains cold

Apollo, thy glory is yet remembered  
When thy lyre shall be restrung  
And thy songs of life resung  
Then Elysian Fields shall be our home again

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