

Hoplites Awaiting Command

Folkearth

Come wind, come snow, come blazing heat and bitter rain
From Macedonia we march, from the northlands of Hellas
To the mouths of Euphrates for to set His throne...we are the t
hunderbolts of Amon Zeus, the sons of Pella
Sworn to revenge--the Persians' scourge...you were crowned on t
he mountain
In Olympian thunder and Promethean fire...Alexander your hoplites
are waiting
To take the oath of revenge...when the star of Pella shall shine
in the night
And all other stars will stop burning bright
Guiding our sarissae to the fight
We shall neither fear nor surrender
'Til the end of the battle...Alexander your armies are waiting
Sound the charge and lead them to glory
Alexander your legions hail thee!