

Folkearth

"Hoplites Awaiting Command"

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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 thunderbolts of Amon Zeus, the sons of Pella
Sworn to revenge--the Persians' scourge...you were
crowned on the 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!

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