

# Hymn to Red October (Main Title)

## Basil Poledouris

Cold, hard, empty.  
Light that has left me,  
How could I know that you would die?

Farewell again, our dear land.  
So hard for us to imagine that it's real, and not a dream.  
Motherland, native home,  
Farewell, our Motherland.

Let's go; the sea is waiting for us.  
The vastness of the sea is calling to us, and the tides!  
Hail to our fathers and forefathers.  
We are faithful to the covenant made with the past.  
Now nothing can stop  
Our Motherland's victorious march.

Sail on fearlessly,  
Pride of the Northern Seas.  
Hope of the Revolution, you are the burst of faith of the people.

In October, in October,  
We report our victories to you, our Revolution.  
And to the heritage left by you for us

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