

# (Ode to Ancient) Europa

## Ancient Rites

(from Gallia to Germania)

I still hear the ancient warcry

(Roma to Brittania)

I still hear the ancient battlecry The great old European heroes, the proud old European names

Like snow now melted for sunlight, today their lustre gleams  
Gone are the great old empires, the proud old  
names are low

That shed a glory over the ancient world, a thou sand years ago

But wandering the medieval cities beholding our ancient lands

Albion, Saxonia, land of Franks constructed by our ancestor's

hands (from Erin to Caledonia)

I still hear the ancient warcry

(Ellada to Helvetia)

I still hear the ancient battlecry (from Lusitania to Hispania)

I still hear the ancient warcry

(Mycenae to Macedonia)

I still hear the ancient battlecry In the country of our fathers on the land and sea

Can you hear a million voices? Thy forefathers summoning thee!

Summoning thee! Many centuries ago, beyond the hazy space

In Brittany, Eire and Caledonia there dwelt a mighty race

Celts they were called, like their holy oaks, they had a giant

grace (fierce was the Byzantine empire

Spread over the Balkans, Asia, Minor and Greece

Combining eastern and western tradition

A gateway to the East) Slavonian kingdoms, empires and tribes

Defending their ancient lands and rights

From invading hordes from the East

Thousands slaughtered (fair) men and beast (from Byzantium to Phoenicia)

I still hear the ancient warcry

(Etruria to Cymru)

I still hear the ancient battlecry!!

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