

White and Blue

You rise with the early sun, the bugle sounds sweet

divine the moment, I admit, I feel so light and free.

As you wave proudly, against the clear sky

affable, glorious and true, you touch my heart and mind.

You are a source of passion, justice still to be rendered

uprooting, ills and suffering, and more, are still remembered.

The focus of the nation, the spirit of the race

your roots are deep in our blood, that nothing can erase.

You are a sense of glorious deeds, notion of a kind

your stripes are white and blue, so pleasant to the eye.

The muses live within you; their virtue soaks your grace

for those are the attributes of the Hellenic race.

You are woven with art, divinity, and valor

you are unique, impeccable, our strength and armor.

You drive our souls with force, pointing forth with pride

we hold you up and go ahead to make another stride.

I bleed in white and blue, I dream of you so often

you can for ever rest assured, you'll never be forgotten.

We carry you in our hearts; we bow in your presence

you are the alpha and the zee and our soul's essence.

constantine zygouris