

NO

Who would have thought that you, little Greece,

Would ever dare to utter that terrific word: NO,

And then chase away those dark Fascist armies,

With your pistols, bayonets, pitchforks, and hoes!

Mussolini lost his head up in the clouds

And strutted arrogantly with his chest sticking out,

Puffed with foolish pride, like a turkey in the fall,

Until he was crushed by the Greeks in a rout.

The white winter snows of Albanian mountains,

As if by the new blooming poppies of spring,

Would be reddened by the blood of the Fascists,

And Hellenic glory again would take wing.

Upon Pindus' and Olympus' craggy slopes

The myrtle and the laurel would bloom once again

To crown the heads of new Hellenic warriors

As great as the heroes of Salamis had been!

Even Zeus the oldest and most powerful of gods,

Whose blinding thunderbolt no one surpasses,

Would partake himself in the terrible battle,

Like great Leonidas, guarding the high passes!

And like brave Diakos with his sword in hand,

The great god as well would make his warlike cry,

Having clearly heard the Greek soldiers' prayers,

That asked Him to lead them to glory on high!

Hellenic guerillas would powerfully grasp

The blue-and-white flag in one of their hands,

As the other wielded deftly a dangerous dagger,

And so their brilliance shone far across the land.

The brave Greek Resistance courage would give

To the Europeans all filled up with dread.

It served as a harbinger of the victory to come;

A sweet taste of the glory that was lying ahead.

It seemed that Hitler's armies would come to save

Their fellow Fascists when the prospects were dim

But the Cretan Isle, a breeder of brave men,

Would find a way to sing Liberty's sweet hymn!

And so with the cyclical turning of Time,

The fresh green fields of spring would very soon

Offer up their bounty to fall's golden harvest,

A sure sign of the Fuhrer's impending doom.

Senselessly he wasted his precious time

And energy chasing those Hellenic braves,

As the awful cold of the Russian winter

Marched the German army toward frosty graves.

With complete destruction of the Axis powers

The Great War finally would come to an end.

But the memory of glorious Greek sacrifice

Was unjustly lost in history's stormy wind!

And now the noble lands that it once kept free

Are harassing their poor little sister Greece,

Like a mule they have loaded her up with debt,

Like a naked sheep, she has been well fleeced!

Old Europe's present rulers seem to forget

The great double-debt they owe to the Greeks,

Both the shining glory of the ancient Hellenes,

And the Greek Resistance upon those snowy peaks!

Also they forget, or pretend not to remember,

That the saving faith of Christianity depends

On ideas born in great Hellenic minds,

Then generously offered to European friends.

And that was only one of many, many gifts;

Great gifts of knowledge and of spirit too,

Either they've forgotten or don't know what to do

They act as if they're blind and also play the fool!

But Greece's cup of patience now is overfull,

The time has come again to see if they are able

To utter once again a strong courageous NO,

And take their seat as equals at Europe's table.

What Hellas needs now is not its fighting fury

But rather a new Leader to write another story,

In which all Hellenes unite again as brothers

Returning Hellenism to its rightful Glory!

A. M. A.