

# Song for Constantine

Words and Music: Andrixos Seljukroctonis

The musical score is written on four staves. The first two staves contain the first verse of the song. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains the chorus. The fourth staff contains the final line of the song. The lyrics are written below the notes.

In time lost and an-cient came Greek men ex - plo-ring A site for great cit-y their dut-y to find  
Gab-ri-el spoke then through shrine Del-phic im - plo-ring Wise By-zas made home-land a-cross from the blind.  
*Chorus*  
This God-guard-ed cit-y has stood through the a-ges Pre-ser-ving Rome's glor-y and preach-ing Christ's works.  
She's fol-lowed the wis-dom of saints and of sa-ges. But I'm cursed by cruel For-tune to see her fall to the Turks..

In time lost and ancient came Greek men exploring  
A site for great city their duty to find  
Gabriel spoke then through shrine Delphic imploring  
Wise Byzas made homeland across from the blind.

*This God-guarded city has stood through the ages  
Preserving Rome's glory and preaching Christ's works.  
She's followed the wisdom of saints and of sages.  
But I'm cursed by cruel Fortune to see her fall to the Turks.*

Old Rome ruled the world, her pride in full flower.  
Her strength on display where gold eagles were seen.  
Our Lady decreed a new seat for our power.  
Rome's might and Christ's mercy, combine, Constantine.

*Chorus*

The greatest lawgiver saw mobs' fires burning.  
"Nike" the cry of the blue and green crowd.  
The bearkeeper's daughter, safe refuge was spurning,  
Said, "Let purple robes be my burial shroud".

*Chorus*

The four great archbishops each ruled o'er his own see.  
First among equals was Saint Peter's throne.  
But to rewrite the Credo, the Pope demands her'sy.  
The Spirit proceeds from the Father alone.

*Chorus*

I have the name of the City's great sire.  
Eleventh to bear it and also the crown.  
His legacy now is rich food for Turk's fire.  
The walls blessed by God now come tumbling down.

*Chorus*

I'd hazard my own soul to preserve this great city  
But will treat not with Latins Byzantium to save.  
As I face our last battle I ask not for pity,  
But when telling our story say we died charging brave.

*Chorus*

*Rule Number One:*

*As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make.*