

CHORUS:

Now the long blade of the sun, lying	[Strophe 1]	85
Level east to west, touches with glory		
Thebes of the Seven Gates. Open, unlidded		
Eye of golden day! O marching light		
Across the eddy and rush of Dirce's stream, <sup>2</sup>		
Striking the white shields of the enemy		90
Thrown headlong backward from the blaze of morning!		

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<sup>2</sup> Dirce: a stream west of Thebes. [Editor's note]