

SONG OF THE GREEK PRIESTS WELCOMING *BOZZARIS*  
RETURNING FROM BURNING THE TURKISH FLEET.

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LONDON, 1821.

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Raise high the Cross ! to you 'tis given  
The Tartar from our soil to sweep,  
And whelm the foes of Greece and Heaven  
For ever in the boiling Deep :  
Hellas your name shall now enroll  
In golden letters on her pages,  
With every high, heroic soul  
That glorified her early ages.

Raise high the Cross ! the Crescent wanes—  
To nought the impious symbol dwindles—  
Raise high the Cross upon new Fanes—  
The beacon which our hearts enkindles.  
Bring forth the bowl of rosy wine—  
Your swords have conquered—warriors sheathe them !  
Bring forth the flowers—the garlands twine—  
Ye virgins round your heroes wreath them !

Raise high the Cross ! the fond embrace  
Of Sister, Daughter, Mother, Wife,  
Ardent awaits you—to our Race  
Ye bring regenerated life.  
Ye burst the oppressor's iron chain—  
Ye rent the sackcloth black and gory—  
Ours long was shame, and fear, and pain—  
But ye give liberty and glory !