



The Oath

Soldiers, declare! are ye ripe for the fray?
Bright gleam our arms, and our horses are neighing!
Will ye be freed from this long hated sway?
Speak but the word! 'Tis for that we are staying!
Give your command, and no more we'll delay!
Swear on this sword! May the high gods now hear us!
Let the cruel tyrants fear us. Now is the hour of
vengeance!

Yea! 'Tis the will of the gods! 'Tis the high gods decree!
Yea! Isis has spoken! Osiris is not dead!
The temples groan and quake, for the hour of wrath
is come!

'Tis the will, 'tis the will of the gods!
Are all resolved? Yea! We are resolved! Yea!
Ye will not fail? Nay! We will not fail! Nay!
Now by the powers of night! Death to the tyrants,
Death without pity. The vile race drive from our
beautiful city!

Deep in the Nile let them sink from our sight!
No hope of a truce let them cherish! No!
O'erwhelmed by our terrible ire! Like a dream they
shall pass,
By our hand they shall perish! Swear once again by the
sword and the fire.