

In a Wilderness of Spite

Rome

Down,
To the river down,
They carried poor
Rhodesia.

Drowned;
Never to be crowned,
Our queen lay slain -
Rhodesia.

Wouldn't leave
Your body to the hounds;
Couldn't bury you in hallowed grounds,
Rhodesia.

Slowly they run,
These black tears;
Slowly they run,
Into the River Aeeth.

And on we go;
On the road,
Rhodesia! (2x)

Down,
To the river down,
They carried poor
Rhodesia.

Drowned;
Never to be crowned,
They carried her splendor down to the River Aeeth.

Aeeth is a grave's name.

So today we call for the miracle,
Arise, young queen -
Rhodesia.

And on we go;
On we go,
Rhodesia! (2x)

No flowers grow on Rhodesia's grave;
No flowers grow on the River Aeeth.
(Aeeth is a grave's name.)
Aeeth is a grave's name.
(Aeeth is that pale tomb of shame.)
Aeeth is that pale tomb of shame.

Down flew her golden crown;
(Down flew her golden crown.)
And she lay slain, on the frozen ground;
(And she lay slain, on the frozen ground.)
Rhodesia.
(Rhodesia.)

Now we climb,
Into that willow tree.
And we all weep for thee, poor
Rhodesia.

(So today, we call for the miracle. Arise, young queen.)

And today, we call for the miracle
Arise, young queen
Rhodesia.

(Arise!)

And on we go;
On the road,
Rhodesia! (2x)

(Aeeth is a grave's name; Aeeth is that pale tomb of shame.)

And on we go;
On the road,
Rhodesia! (4x)

(Aeeth is a grave's name; Aeeth is that pale tomb of shame.)

And on we go;
On the road,
Rhodesia!