

his spirit and heart within him; and this evil cannot be healed.

So it is not possible to deceive or go beyond the will of Zeus; for not even the son of Iapetus, kindly Prometheus, escaped his heavy anger, but of necessity strong bands confined him, although he knew many a wile.

From *Theogony*. Translated 1914 by H. G. Evelyn-White.

ZEUS

SOPHOCLES

CHORUS: O may my constant feet not fail,
Walking in paths of righteousness,
Sinless in word and deed—
True to those eternal laws
That scale for ever the high steep
Of heaven's pure ether, whence they sprang:
For only in Olympus is their home,
Nor mortal wisdom gave them birth,
And howsoe'er men may forget,
They will not sleep;
For the might of the god within them grows not old.

Rooted in pride, the tyrant grows;
But pride that with its own too-much
Is rashly surfeited,
Heeding not the prudent mean,
Down the inevitable gulf
From its high pinnacle is hurled,
Where use of foothold there is none.
But, O kind gods, the noble strength,
That struggles for the city's good,

Unbend not yet:
In the gods have I put my trust—I will not fear.

But whoso walks disdainfully,
In act or word,
And fears not justice, nor reveres
The thronèd gods,
Him let misfortune slay
For his ill-starred wantoning,
Should he heap unrighteous gains,
Nor from unhallowed paths withhold his feet,
Or reach rash hands to pluck forbidden fruit.
Who shall do this, and boast
That yet his soul is proof
Against the arrows of offended Heaven?
If honour crowns such deeds as those,
No song, but silence, then for me!

To Earth's dread centre, unprofaned
By mortal touch,
No more with awe will I repair,
Nor Abæ's shrine,
Nor the Olympian plain,
If the truth stands not confessed,
Pointed at by all the world.
O Zeus supreme, if rightly thou art called—
Lord over all—let not these things escape
Thee and thy timeless sway!
For now men set at nought
Apollo's word, and cry "Behold, it fails!"
His praise is darkened with a doubt;
And faith is sapped, and Heaven defied.

From *Oedipus Tyrannus*.
Translated by Robert M. Whitelaw.

DIONYSUS

EURIPIDES

SOME MAIDENS: Thou Immaculate on high;

Thou Recording Purity;

Thou that stoopest, Golden Wing,

Earthward, manward, pitying,

Hearst thou this angry King?

Hearst thou the rage and scorn

'Gainst the Lord of Many Voices,

Him of mortal mother born,

Him in whom man's heart rejoices,

Girt with garlands and with glee,

First in Heaven's sovereignty?

For his kingdom, it is there,

In the dancing and the prayer,

In the music and the laughter,

In the vanishing of care,

And of all before and after;

In the God's high banquet, when

Gleams the grape-blood, flashed to heaven:

Yea, and in the feasts of men

Comes his crownèd slumber; then

Pain is dead and hate forgiven!

OTHERS: Loose thy lips from out the rein;

Lift thy wisdom to disdain;

Whatso law thou canst not see,

Scorning; so the end shall be

Uttermost calamity!

'Tis the life of quiet breath,

'Tis the simple and the true,

EURIPIDES

Storm nor earthquake shattereth,

Nor shall aught the house undo

Where they dwell. For, far away,

Hidden from the eyes of day,

Watchers are there in the skies,

That can see man's life, and prize

Deeds well done by things of clay.

But the world's Wise are not wise,

Claiming more than mortal may.

Life is such a little thing;

Lo, their present is departed,

And the dreams to which they cling

Come not. Mad imagining

Theirs, I ween, and empty-hearted!

DIVERS MAIDENS: Where is the Home for me?

O Cyprus, set in the sea,

Aphrodite's home in the soft sea-foam,

Would I could wend to thee;

Where the wings of the Loves are furled,

And faint the heart of the world.

Aye, unto Paphos' isle,

Where the rainless meadows smile

With riches rolled from the hundred-fold

Mouths of the far-off Nile,

Streaming beneath the waves

To the roots of the seaward caves.

But a better land is there

Where Olympus cleaves the air,

The high still dell where the Muses dwell,

Fairest of all things fair!

O there is Grace, and there is the Heart's Desire,

And peace to adore thee, thou Spirit of Guiding!

COSMOGONIES AND COSMOLOGIES

A God of Heaven is he,
 And born in majesty;
 Yet hath he mirth in the joy of the Earth,
 And he loveth constantly
 Her who brings increase,
 The Feeder of Children, Peace.
 No grudge hath he of the great;
 No scorn of the mean estate;
 But to all that liveth His wine he giveth,
 Griefless, immaculate;
 Only on them that spurn
 Joy, may his anger burn.

Love thou the Day and the Night;
 Be glad of the Dark and the Light;
 And avert thine eyes from the lore of the wise,
 That have honour in proud men's sight.
 The simple nameless herd of Humanity
 Hath deeds and faith that art truth enough for me

From *The Bacchae*. Translated by Gilbert Murray.

THE EARTH MOTHER

A HOMERIC HYMN

○ UNIVERSAL Mother, who dost keep
 From everlasting thy foundations deep,
 Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee!
 All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
 All things that fly, or on the ground divine
 Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine;
 These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee

A HOMERIC HYMN

Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
 Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
 Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
 Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish;
 All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.
 For them, endures the life-sustaining field
 Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
 Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
 Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,
 The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
 Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
 And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness,
 With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
 On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
 Leap round them sporting—such delights by thee
 Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou Wife of starry Heaven,
 Farewell be thou propitious, and be given
 A happy life for this brief melody,
 Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

Translated by P. B. Shelley.

MINOR DEITIES

I

ARCHIAS

Small to see, I, Priapus, inhabit this spit of shore, not
 much bigger than a sea-gull, sharp-headed, footless, such