

Lyric Poetry: Nature, Love, and Death

Seminar One - Wednesday, March 19

Selected Psalms, Homeric Hymn to Apollo

Psalms 8

1 LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory in the heavens.

2 Through the praise of children and infants you have established a stronghold against your enemies, to silence the foe and the avenger.

3 When I consider your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars, which you have set in place,

4 what is mankind that you are mindful of them, human beings that you care for them?

5 You have made them a little lower than the angels and crowned them with glory and honor.

6 You made them rulers over the works of your hands; you put everything under their feet:

7 all flocks and herds, and the animals of the wild,

8 the birds in the sky, and the fish in the sea, all that swim the paths of the seas.

9 LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth!

Psalms 16

1 Keep me safe, my God, for in you I take refuge.

2 I say to the LORD, "You are my Lord; apart from you I have no good thing."

3 I say of the holy people who are in the land, "They are the noble ones in whom is all my delight."

4 Those who run after other gods will suffer more and more. I will not pour out libations of blood to such gods or take up their names on my lips.

5 LORD, you alone are my portion and my cup; you make my lot secure.

6 The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places; surely I have a delightful inheritance.

7 I will praise the LORD, who counsels me; even at night my heart instructs me.
8 I keep my eyes always on the LORD. With him at my right hand, I will not be shaken.
9 Therefore my heart is glad and my tongue rejoices; my body also will rest secure,
10 because you will not abandon me to the realm of the dead, nor will you let your faithful one see decay.
11 You make known to me the path of life; you will fill me with joy in your presence, with eternal pleasures at your right hand.

Psalms 22

1 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of anguish?
2 My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer, by night, but I find no rest.
3 Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One; you are the one Israel praises.
4 In you our ancestors put their trust; they trusted and you delivered them.
5 To you they cried out and were saved; in you they trusted and were not put to shame.
6 But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by everyone, despised by the people.
7 All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads.
8 “He trusts in the LORD,” they say, “let the LORD rescue him. Let him deliver him, since he delights in him.”
9 Yet you brought me out of the womb; you made me trust in you, even at my mother’s breast.
10 From birth I was cast on you; from my mother’s womb you have been my God.
11 Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help.
12 Many bulls surround me; strong bulls of Bashan encircle me.
13 Roaring lions that tear their prey open their mouths wide against me.
14 I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart has turned to wax; it has melted within me.
15 My mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; you lay me in the dust of death.
16 Dogs surround me, a pack of villains encircles me; they pierce my hands and my feet.

- 17 All my bones are on display; people stare and gloat over me.
- 18 They divide my clothes among them and cast lots for my garment.
- 19 But you, LORD, do not be far from me. You are my strength; come quickly to help me.
- 20 Deliver me from the sword, my precious life from the power of the dogs.
- 21 Rescue me from the mouth of the lions; save me from the horns of the wild oxen.
- 22 I will declare your name to my people; in the assembly I will praise you.
- 23 You who fear the LORD, praise him! All you descendants of Jacob, honor him! Revere him, all you descendants of Israel!
- 24 For he has not despised or scorned the suffering of the afflicted one; he has not hidden his face from him but has listened to his cry for help.
- 25 From you comes the theme of my praise in the great assembly; before those who fear you I will fulfill my vows.
- 26 The poor will eat and be satisfied; those who seek the LORD will praise him— may your hearts live forever!
- 27 All the ends of the earth will remember and turn to the LORD, and all the families of the nations will bow down before him,
- 28 for dominion belongs to the LORD and he rules over the nations.
- 29 All the rich of the earth will feast and worship; all who go down to the dust will kneel before him— those who cannot keep themselves alive.
- 30 Posterity will serve him; future generations will be told about the Lord.
- 31 They will proclaim his righteousness, declaring to a people yet unborn: He has done it!

Psalms 27

- 1 The LORD is my light and my salvation— whom shall I fear? The LORD is the stronghold of my life— of whom shall I be afraid?
- 2 When the wicked advance against me to devour me, it is my enemies and my foes who will stumble and fall.
- 3 Though an army besiege me, my heart will not fear; though war break out against me, even then I will be confident.

4 One thing I ask from the LORD, this only do I seek: that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to gaze on the beauty of the LORD and to seek him in his temple.

5 For in the day of trouble he will keep me safe in his dwelling; he will hide me in the shelter of his sacred tent and set me high upon a rock.

6 Then my head will be exalted above the enemies who surround me; at his sacred tent I will sacrifice with shouts of joy; I will sing and make music to the LORD.

7 Hear my voice when I call, LORD; be merciful to me and answer me.

8 My heart says of you, "Seek his face!" Your face, LORD, I will seek.

9 Do not hide your face from me, do not turn your servant away in anger; you have been my helper. Do not reject me or forsake me, God my Savior.

10 Though my father and mother forsake me, the LORD will receive me.

11 Teach me your way, LORD; lead me in a straight path because of my oppressors.

12 Do not turn me over to the desire of my foes, for false witnesses rise up against me, spouting malicious accusations.

13 I remain confident of this: I will see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

14 Wait for the LORD; be strong and take heart and wait for the LORD.

Psalms 30

1 I will exalt you, LORD, for you lifted me out of the depths and did not let my enemies gloat over me.

2 LORD my God, I called to you for help, and you healed me.

3 You, LORD, brought me up from the realm of the dead; you spared me from going down to the pit.

4 Sing the praises of the LORD, you his faithful people; praise his holy name.

5 For his anger lasts only a moment, but his favor lasts a lifetime; weeping may stay for the night, but rejoicing comes in the morning.

6 When I felt secure, I said, "I will never be shaken."

7 LORD, when you favored me, you made my royal mountain stand firm; but when you hid your face, I was dismayed.

8 To you, LORD, I called; to the Lord I cried for mercy:

9 “What is gained if I am silenced, if I go down to the pit? Will the dust praise you? Will it proclaim your faithfulness?

10 Hear, LORD, and be merciful to me; LORD, be my help.”

11 You turned my wailing into dancing; you removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,

12 that my heart may sing your praises and not be silent. LORD my God, I will praise you forever.

Psalms 32

1 Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sins are covered.

2 Blessed is the one whose sin the LORD does not count against them and in whose spirit is no deceit.

3 When I kept silent, my bones wasted away through my groaning all day long.

4 For day and night your hand was heavy on me; my strength was sapped as in the heat of summer.

5 Then I acknowledged my sin to you and did not cover up my iniquity. I said, “I will confess my transgressions to the LORD.” And you forgave the guilt of my sin.

6 Therefore let all the faithful pray to you while you may be found; surely the rising of the mighty waters will not reach them.

7 You are my hiding place; you will protect me from trouble and surround me with songs of deliverance.

8 I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go; I will counsel you with my loving eye on you.

9 Do not be like the horse or the mule, which have no understanding but must be controlled by bit and bridle or they will not come to you.

10 Many are the woes of the wicked, but the LORD’s unfailing love surrounds the one who trusts in him.

11 Rejoice in the LORD and be glad, you righteous; sing, all you who are upright in heart!

Psalms 38

- 1 LORD, do not rebuke me in your anger or discipline me in your wrath.
- 2 Your arrows have pierced me, and your hand has come down on me.
- 3 Because of your wrath there is no health in my body; there is no soundness in my bones because of my sin.
- 4 My guilt has overwhelmed me like a burden too heavy to bear.
- 5 My wounds fester and are loathsome because of my sinful folly.
- 6 I am bowed down and brought very low; all day long I go about mourning.
- 7 My back is filled with searing pain; there is no health in my body.
- 8 I am feeble and utterly crushed; I groan in anguish of heart.
- 9 All my longings lie open before you, Lord; my sighing is not hidden from you.
- 10 My heart pounds, my strength fails me; even the light has gone from my eyes.
- 11 My friends and companions avoid me because of my wounds; my neighbors stay far away.
- 12 Those who want to kill me set their traps, those who would harm me talk of my ruin; all day long they scheme and lie.
- 13 I am like the deaf, who cannot hear, like the mute, who cannot speak;
- 14 I have become like one who does not hear, whose mouth can offer no reply.
- 15 LORD, I wait for you; you will answer, Lord my God.
- 16 For I said, "Do not let them gloat or exalt themselves over me when my feet slip."
- 17 For I am about to fall, and my pain is ever with me.
- 18 I confess my iniquity; I am troubled by my sin.
- 19 Many have become my enemies without cause ; those who hate me without reason are numerous.
- 20 Those who repay my good with evil lodge accusations against me, though I seek only to do what is good.
- 21 LORD, do not forsake me; do not be far from me, my God.
- 22 Come quickly to help me, my Lord and my Savior.

Psalms 42

1 As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, my God.

2 My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. When can I go and meet with God?

3 My tears have been my food day and night, while people say to me all day long, “Where is your God?”

4 These things I remember as I pour out my soul: how I used to go to the house of God under the protection of the Mighty One with shouts of joy and praise among the festive throng.

5 Why, my soul, are you downcast? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God.

6 My soul is downcast within me; therefore I will remember you from the land of the Jordan, the heights of Hermon—from Mount Mizar.

7 Deep calls to deep in the roar of your waterfalls; all your waves and breakers have swept over me.

8 By day the LORD directs his love, at night his song is with me— a prayer to the God of my life.

9 I say to God my Rock, “Why have you forgotten me? Why must I go about mourning, oppressed by the enemy?”

10 My bones suffer mortal agony as my foes taunt me, saying to me all day long, “Where is your God?”

11 Why, my soul, are you downcast? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God.

Psalms 45

1 My heart is stirred by a noble theme as I recite my verses for the king; my tongue is the pen of a skillful writer.

2 You are the most excellent of men and your lips have been anointed with grace, since God has blessed you forever.

3 Gird your sword on your side, you mighty one; clothe yourself with splendor and majesty.

4 In your majesty ride forth victoriously in the cause of truth, humility and justice; let your right hand achieve awesome deeds.

5 Let your sharp arrows pierce the hearts of the king's enemies; let the nations fall beneath your feet.

6 Your throne, O God, will last for ever and ever; a scepter of justice will be the scepter of your kingdom.

7 You love righteousness and hate wickedness; therefore God, your God, has set you above your companions by anointing you with the oil of joy.

8 All your robes are fragrant with myrrh and aloes and cassia; from palaces adorned with ivory the music of the strings makes you glad.

9 Daughters of kings are among your honored women; at your right hand is the royal bride in gold of Ophir.

10 Listen, daughter, and pay careful attention: Forget your people and your father's house.

11 Let the king be enthralled by your beauty; honor him, for he is your lord.

12 The city of Tyre will come with a gift, people of wealth will seek your favor.

13 All glorious is the princess within her chamber; her gown is interwoven with gold.

14 In embroidered garments she is led to the king; her virgin companions follow her— those brought to be with her.

15 Led in with joy and gladness, they enter the palace of the king.

16 Your sons will take the place of your fathers; you will make them princes throughout the land.

17 I will perpetuate your memory through all generations; therefore the nations will praise you for ever and ever.

Psalms 51

1 Have mercy on me, O God, according to your unfailing love; according to your great compassion blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash away all my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I know my transgressions, and my sin is always before me.

4 Against you, you only, have I sinned and done what is evil in your sight; so you are right in your verdict and justified when you judge.

5 Surely I was sinful at birth, sinful from the time my mother conceived me.

6 Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb; you taught me wisdom in that secret place.
7 Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean; wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.
8 Let me hear joy and gladness; let the bones you have crushed rejoice.
9 Hide your face from my sins and blot out all my iniquity.
10 Create in me a pure heart, O God, and renew a steadfast spirit within me.
11 Do not cast me from your presence or take your Holy Spirit from me.
12 Restore to me the joy of your salvation and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.
13 Then I will teach transgressors your ways, so that sinners will turn back to you.
14 Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God, you who are God my Savior, and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.
15 Open my lips, Lord, and my mouth will declare your praise.
16 You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it; you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.
17 My sacrifice, O God, is a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart you, God, will not despise.
18 May it please you to prosper Zion, to build up the walls of Jerusalem.
19 Then you will delight in the sacrifices of the righteous, in burnt offerings offered whole; then bulls will be offered on your altar.

Psalms 56

1 Be merciful to me, my God, for my enemies are in hot pursuit; all day long they press their attack.
2 My adversaries pursue me all day long; in their pride many are attacking me.
3 When I am afraid, I put my trust in you.
4 In God, whose word I praise— in God I trust and am not afraid. What can mere mortals do to me?
5 All day long they twist my words; all their schemes are for my ruin.
6 They conspire, they lurk, they watch my steps, hoping to take my life.
7 Because of their wickedness do not let them escape; in your anger, God, bring the nations down.
8 Record my misery; list my tears on your scroll — are they not in your record?
9 Then my enemies will turn back when I call for help. By this I will know that God is for me.

10 In God, whose word I praise, in the LORD, whose word I praise—

11 in God I trust and am not afraid. What can man do to me?

12 I am under vows to you, my God; I will present my thank offerings to you.

13 For you have delivered me from death and my feet from stumbling, that I may walk before God in the light of life.

Psalms 62

1 Truly my soul finds rest in God; my salvation comes from him.

2 Truly he is my rock and my salvation; he is my fortress, I will never be shaken.

3 How long will you assault me? Would all of you throw me down— this leaning wall, this tottering fence?

4 Surely they intend to topple me from my lofty place; they take delight in lies. With their mouths they bless, but in their hearts they curse.

5 Yes, my soul, find rest in God; my hope comes from him.

6 Truly he is my rock and my salvation; he is my fortress, I will not be shaken.

7 My salvation and my honor depend on God ; he is my mighty rock, my refuge.

8 Trust in him at all times, you people; pour out your hearts to him, for God is our refuge.

9 Surely the lowborn are but a breath, the highborn are but a lie. If weighed on a balance, they are nothing; together they are only a breath.

10 Do not trust in extortion or put vain hope in stolen goods; though your riches increase, do not set your heart on them.

11 One thing God has spoken, two things I have heard: “Power belongs to you, God,

12 and with you, Lord, is unfailing love”; and, “You reward everyone according to what they have done.”

Psalms 77

1 I cried out to God for help; I cried out to God to hear me.

2 When I was in distress, I sought the Lord; at night I stretched out untiring hands, and I would not be comforted.

3 I remembered you, God, and I groaned; I meditated, and my spirit grew faint.
4 You kept my eyes from closing; I was too troubled to speak.
5 I thought about the former days, the years of long ago;
6 I remembered my songs in the night. My heart meditated and my spirit asked:
7 “Will the Lord reject forever? Will he never show his favor again?
8 Has his unfailing love vanished forever? Has his promise failed for all time?
9 Has God forgotten to be merciful? Has he in anger withheld his compassion?”
10 Then I thought, “To this I will appeal: the years when the Most High stretched out his right hand.
11 I will remember the deeds of the LORD; yes, I will remember your miracles of long ago.
12 I will consider all your works and meditate on all your mighty deeds.”
13 Your ways, God, are holy. What god is as great as our God?
14 You are the God who performs miracles; you display your power among the peoples.
15 With your mighty arm you redeemed your people, the descendants of Jacob and Joseph.
16 The waters saw you, God, the waters saw you and writhed; the very depths were convulsed.
17 The clouds poured down water, the heavens resounded with thunder; your arrows flashed back and forth.
18 Your thunder was heard in the whirlwind, your lightning lit up the world; the earth trembled and quaked.
19 Your path led through the sea, your way through the mighty waters, though your footprints were not seen.
20 You led your people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

Psalms 84

1 How lovely is your dwelling place, LORD Almighty!
2 My soul yearns, even faints, for the courts of the LORD; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God.
3 Even the sparrow has found a home, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may have her young— a place near your altar, LORD Almighty, my King and my God.

- 4 Blessed are those who dwell in your house; they are ever praising you.
- 5 Blessed are those whose strength is in you, whose hearts are set on pilgrimage.
- 6 As they pass through the Valley of Baka, they make it a place of springs; the autumn rains also cover it with pools.
- 7 They go from strength to strength, till each appears before God in Zion.
- 8 Hear my prayer, LORD God Almighty; listen to me, God of Jacob.
- 9 Look on our shield, O God; look with favor on your anointed one.
- 10 Better is one day in your courts than a thousand elsewhere; I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of the wicked.
- 11 For the LORD God is a sun and shield; the LORD bestows favor and honor; no good thing does he withhold from those whose walk is blameless.
- 12 LORD Almighty, blessed is the one who trusts in you.

Psalms 88

- 1 LORD, you are the God who saves me; day and night I cry out to you.
- 2 May my prayer come before you; turn your ear to my cry.
- 3 I am overwhelmed with troubles and my life draws near to death.
- 4 I am counted among those who go down to the pit; I am like one without strength.
- 5 I am set apart with the dead, like the slain who lie in the grave, whom you remember no more, who are cut off from your care.
- 6 You have put me in the lowest pit, in the darkest depths.
- 7 Your wrath lies heavily on me; you have overwhelmed me with all your waves.
- 8 You have taken from me my closest friends and have made me repulsive to them. I am confined and cannot escape;
- 9 my eyes are dim with grief. I call to you, LORD, every day; I spread out my hands to you.
- 10 Do you show your wonders to the dead? Do their spirits rise up and praise you?
- 11 Is your love declared in the grave, your faithfulness in Destruction ?
- 12 Are your wonders known in the place of darkness, or your righteous deeds in the land of oblivion?

13 But I cry to you for help, LORD; in the morning my prayer comes before you.

14 Why, LORD, do you reject me and hide your face from me?

15 From my youth I have suffered and been close to death; I have borne your terrors and am in despair.

16 Your wrath has swept over me; your terrors have destroyed me.

17 All day long they surround me like a flood; they have completely engulfed me.

18 You have taken from me friend and neighbor— darkness is my closest friend.

Psalms 103

1 Praise the LORD, my soul; all my inmost being, praise his holy name.

2 Praise the LORD, my soul, and forget not all his benefits—

3 who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases,

4 who redeems your life from the pit and crowns you with love and compassion,

5 who satisfies your desires with good things so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The LORD works righteousness and justice for all the oppressed.

7 He made known his ways to Moses, his deeds to the people of Israel:

8 The LORD is compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, abounding in love.

9 He will not always accuse, nor will he harbor his anger forever;

10 he does not treat us as our sins deserve or repay us according to our iniquities.

11 For as high as the heavens are above the earth, so great is his love for those who fear him;

12 as far as the east is from the west, so far has he removed our transgressions from us.

13 As a father has compassion on his children, so the LORD has compassion on those who fear him;

14 for he knows how we are formed, he remembers that we are dust.

15 The life of mortals is like grass, they flourish like a flower of the field;

16 the wind blows over it and it is gone, and its place remembers it no more.

17 But from everlasting to everlasting the LORD's love is with those who fear him, and his righteousness with their children's children—

18 with those who keep his covenant and remember to obey his precepts.

- 19 The LORD has established his throne in heaven, and his kingdom rules over all.
- 20 Praise the LORD, you his angels, you mighty ones who do his bidding, who obey his word.
- 21 Praise the LORD, all his heavenly hosts, you his servants who do his will.
- 22 Praise the LORD, all his works everywhere in his dominion. Praise the LORD, my soul.

Psalms 113

- 1 Praise the LORD. Praise the LORD, you his servants; praise the name of the LORD.
- 2 Let the name of the LORD be praised, both now and forevermore.
- 3 From the rising of the sun to the place where it sets, the name of the LORD is to be praised.
- 4 The LORD is exalted over all the nations, his glory above the heavens.
- 5 Who is like the LORD our God, the One who sits enthroned on high,
- 6 who stoops down to look on the heavens and the earth?
- 7 He raises the poor from the dust and lifts the needy from the ash heap;
- 8 he seats them with princes, with the princes of his people.
- 9 He settles the childless woman in her home as a happy mother of children. Praise the LORD.

Psalms 116

- 1 I love the LORD, for he heard my voice; he heard my cry for mercy.
- 2 Because he turned his ear to me, I will call on him as long as I live.
- 3 The cords of death entangled me, the anguish of the grave came over me; I was overcome by distress and sorrow.
- 4 Then I called on the name of the LORD: "LORD, save me!"
- 5 The LORD is gracious and righteous; our God is full of compassion.
- 6 The LORD protects the unwary; when I was brought low, he saved me.
- 7 Return to your rest, my soul, for the LORD has been good to you.
- 8 For you, LORD, have delivered me from death, my eyes from tears, my feet from stumbling,
- 9 that I may walk before the LORD in the land of the living.
- 10 I trusted in the LORD when I said, "I am greatly afflicted";
- 11 in my alarm I said, "Everyone is a liar."

- 12 What shall I return to the LORD for all his goodness to me?
- 13 I will lift up the cup of salvation and call on the name of the LORD.
- 14 I will fulfill my vows to the LORD in the presence of all his people.
- 15 Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his faithful servants.
- 16 Truly I am your servant, LORD; I serve you just as my mother did; you have freed me from my chains.
- 17 I will sacrifice a thank offering to you and call on the name of the LORD.
- 18 I will fulfill my vows to the LORD in the presence of all his people,
- 19 in the courts of the house of the LORD— in your midst, Jerusalem. Praise the LORD.

Psalms 123

- 1 I lift up my eyes to you, to you who sit enthroned in heaven.
- 2 As the eyes of slaves look to the hand of their master, as the eyes of a female slave look to the hand of her mistress, so our eyes look to the LORD our God, till he shows us his mercy.
- 3 Have mercy on us, LORD, have mercy on us, for we have endured no end of contempt.
- 4 We have endured no end of ridicule from the arrogant, of contempt from the proud.

Psalms 130

- 1 Out of the depths I cry to you, LORD;
- 2 Lord, hear my voice. Let your ears be attentive to my cry for mercy.
- 3 If you, LORD, kept a record of sins, Lord, who could stand?
- 4 But with you there is forgiveness, so that we can, with reverence, serve you.
- 5 I wait for the LORD, my whole being waits, and in his word I put my hope.
- 6 I wait for the Lord more than watchmen wait for the morning, more than watchmen wait for the morning.
- 7 Israel, put your hope in the LORD, for with the LORD is unfailing love and with him is full redemption.
- 8 He himself will redeem Israel from all their sins.

Homeric Hymn 3 to Delian Apollo

To Delian Apollo (English)

Hugh G. Evelyn-White, Ed.

I will remember and not be unmindful of Apollo who shoots afar. As he goes through the house of Zeus, the gods tremble before him and all spring up from their seats when he draws near, as he bends his bright bow. But Leto alone stays by the side of Zeus who delights in thunder; and then she unstrings his bow, and closes his quiver, and takes his archery from his strong shoulders in her hands and hangs them on a golden peg against a pillar of his father's house. Then she leads him to a seat and makes him sit: and the Father gives him nectar in a golden cup welcoming his dear son, while the other gods make him sit down there, and queenly Leto rejoices because she bare a mighty son and an archer. Rejoice, blessed Leto, for you bare glorious children, the lord Apollo and Artemis who delights in arrows; her in Ortygia, and him in rocky Delos, as you rested against the great mass of the Cynthian hill hard by a palm-tree by the streams of Inopus.

How, then, shall I sing of you who in all ways are a worthy theme of song? For everywhere, O Phoebus, the whole range of song is fallen to you, both over the mainland that rears heifers and over the isles. All mountain-peaks and high headlands of lofty hills and rivers flowing out to the deep and beaches sloping seawards and havens of the sea are your delight. Shall I sing how at the first Leto bare you to be the joy of men, as she rested against Mount Cynthus in that rocky isle, in sea-girt Delos —while on either hand a dark wave rolled on landwards driven by shrill winds — whence arising you rule over all mortal men?

Among those who are in Crete, and in the township of Athens, and in the isle of Aegina and Euboea, famous for ships, in Aegae and Eiresiae and Peparethus near the sea, in Thracian Athos and Pelion's towering heights and Thracian Samos and the shady hills of Ida, in Scyros and Phocaea and the high hill of Autocane and fair-lying Imbros and smouldering

Lemnos and rich Lesbos, home of Macar, the son of Aeolus, and Chios, brightest of all the isles that lie in the sea, and craggy Mimas and the heights of Corycus and gleaming Claros and the sheer hill of Aesagea and watered Samos and the steep heights of Mycale, in Miletus and Cos, the city of Meropian men, and steep Cnidos and windy Carpathos, in Naxos and Paros and rocky Rhenaea — so far roamed Leto in travail with the god who shoots afar, to see if any land would be willing to make a dwelling for her son. But they greatly trembled and feared, and none, not even the richest of them, dared receive Phoebus, until queenly Leto set foot on Delos and uttered winged words and asked her:

“**Delos**, if you would be willing to be the abode of my son Phoebus Apollo and make him a rich temple —; for no other will touch you, as you will find: and I think you will never be rich in oxen and sheep, nor bear vintage nor yet produce plants abundantly. But if you have the temple of far-shooting Apollo, all men will bring you hecatombs and gather here, and incessant savour of rich sacrifice will always arise, and you will feed those who dwell in you from the hand of strangers; for truly your own soil is not rich.”

So spake Leto. And Delos rejoiced and answered and said: “Leto, most glorious daughter of great Coeus, joyfully would I receive your child the far-shooting lord; for it is all too true that I am ill-spoken of among men, whereas thus I should become very greatly honored. But this saying I fear, and I will not hide it from you, Leto. They say that Apollo will be one that is very haughty and will greatly lord it among gods and men all over the fruitful earth. Therefore, I greatly fear in heart and spirit that as soon as he sees the light of the sun, he will scorn this island —for truly I have but a hard, rocky soil —and overturn me and thrust me down with his feet in the depths of the sea; then will the great ocean wash deep above my head for ever, and he will go to another land such as will please him, there to make his temple and wooded groves. So many-footed creatures of the sea will make their lairs in me and black seals their dwellings undisturbed, because I lack people. Yet if you will but dare to swear a great oath, goddess, that here first he will build a glorious temple to be an oracle for men, then let him afterwards make temples and wooded groves amongst all men; for surely he will be greatly renowned.

So said Delos. And Leto swear the great oath of the gods: “Now hear this, Earth and wide Heaven above, and dropping water of Styx (this is the strongest and most awful oath for the blessed gods), surely Phoebus shall have here his fragrant altar and precinct, and you he shall honor above all.”

Now when Leto had sworn and ended her oath, **Delos** was very glad at the birth of the far-shooting lord. But Leto was racked nine days and nine nights with pangs beyond wont. And there were with her all the chiefest of the goddesses, Dione and Rhea and Ichnaea and Themis and loud-moaning Amphitrite and the other deathless goddesses save white-armed Hera, who sat in the halls of cloud-gathering Zeus. Only Eilithyia, goddess of sore travail, had not heard of Leto's trouble, for she sat on the top of Olympus beneath golden clouds by white-armed Hera's contriving, who kept her close through envy, because Leto with the lovely tresses was soon to bear a son faultless and strong.

But the goddesses sent out Iris from the well-set isle to bring Eilithyia, promising her a great necklace strung with golden threads, nine cubits long. And they bade Iris call her aside from white-armed Hera, lest she might afterwards turn her from coming with her words. When swift Iris, fleet of foot as the wind, had heard all this, she set to run; and quickly finishing all the distance she came to the home of the gods, sheer Olympus, and forthwith called Eilithyia out from the hall to the door and spoke winged words to her, telling her all as the goddesses who dwell on Olympus had bidden her. So she moved the heart of Eilithyia in her dear breast; and they went their way, like shy wild-doves in their going.

And as soon as Eilithyia the goddess of sore travail set foot on Delos, the pains of birth seized Leto, and she longed to bring forth; so she cast her arms about a palm tree and kneeled on the soft meadow while the earth laughed for joy beneath. Then the child leaped forth to the light, and all the goddesses raised a cry. Straightway, great Phoebus, the goddesses washed you purely and cleanly with sweet water, and swathed you in a white garment of fine texture, new-woven, and fastened a golden band about you.

Now Leto did not give Apollo, bearer of the golden blade, her breast; but Themis duly poured nectar and ambrosia with her divine hands: and Leto was glad because she had borne a strong son and an archer. But as soon as you had tasted that divine heavenly food, O Phoebus, you could no longer then be held by golden cords nor confined with bands, but all their ends were undone. Forth-with Phoebus Apollo spoke out among the deathless goddesses:

“The lyre and the curved bow shall ever be dear to me, and I will declare to men the unfailing will of Zeus.”

So said Phoebus, the long-haired god who shoots afar and began to walk upon the wide-pathed earth; and all the goddesses were amazed at him. Then with gold all Delos [was laden, beholding the child of Zeus and Leto, for joy because the god chose her above the islands and shore to make his dwelling in her: and she loved him yet more in her heart.] blossomed as does a mountain-top with woodland flowers.

And you, O lord Apollo, god of the silver bow, shooting afar, now walked on craggy Cynthus, and now kept wandering about the islands and the people in them. Many are your temples and wooded groves, and all peaks and towering bluffs of lofty mountains and rivers flowing to the sea are dear to you, Phoebus, yet in Delos do you most delight your heart; for there the long robed Ionians gather in your honor with their children and shy wives: with boxing and dancing and song, mindful, they delight you so often as they hold their gathering. A man would say that they were deathless and unaging if he should then come upon the Ionians so met together. For he would see the graces of them all, and would be pleased in heart gazing at the men and well-girded women with their swift ships and great wealth. And there is this great wonder besides —and its renown shall never perish —, the girls of Delos, hand-maidens of the Far-shooter; for when they have praised Apollo first, and also Leto and Artemis who delights in arrows, they sing a strain telling of men and women of past days, and charm the tribes of men. Also they can imitate the tongues of all men and their clattering speech: each would say that he himself were singing, so close to truth is their sweet song.

And now may Apollo be favorable and Artemis; and farewell all you maidens. Remember me in after time whenever any one of men on earth, a stranger who has seen and suffered much, comes here and asks of you: "Whom think ye, girls, is the sweetest singer that comes here, and in whom do you most delight?" Then answer, each and all, with one voice: "He is a blind man, and dwells in rocky Chios: his lays are evermore supreme." As for me, I will carry your renown as far as I roam over the earth to the well-placed cities of man, and they will believe also; for indeed this thing is true. And I will never cease to praise far-shooting Apollo, god of the silver bow, whom rich-haired Leto bare.