

The Orphic Hymns

ΟΡΦΙΚΟΙ ΥΜΝΟΙ

Orpheus

tr. Thomas Taylor (1792)

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Eighty-seven Greek hymns invoking the gods of the Orphic mystery rite — from Hecate at the threshold to Death at the close — rendered into English heroic couplets by Thomas Taylor the Platonist (1792). The hymns were chanted at the Orphic Mysteries with a fumigation of incense appropriate to each god; Taylor's verse keeps their grave, invocatory cadence.

I. To Hecate

Einodian Hecate, Trivia, lovely dame,
Of earthly, wat'ry, and celestial frame,
Sepulchral, in a saffron veil array'd,
Pleas'd with dark ghosts that wander thro' the shade;
Persaea, solitary goddess, hail!
The world's key-bearer, never doom'd to fail;
In stags rejoicing, huntress, nightly seen,
And drawn by bulls, unconquerable queen;
Leader, nymph, nurse, on mountains wand'ring, hear
The suppliants who with holy rites thy power revere,
And to the herdsman with a fav'ring mind draw near.

II. To the Goddess Prothyraea

O Venerable Goddess, hear my pray'r,
For labour pains are thy peculiar care.
In thee, when stretch'd upon the bed of grief,
The sex, as in a mirror, view relief,
Guard of the race, endued with gentle mind,
To helpless youth benevolent and kind;
Benignant nourisher; great Nature's key
Belongs to no divinity but thee.
Thou dwell'st with all, immanifest to sight,
And solemn festivals are thy delight.
Thine is the task to loose the virgin's zone,
And thou in ev'ry work of art art seen and known.
With births you sympathize, tho' pleas'd to see
The numerous offspring of fertility.
When rack'd with labour and with sore distress,
The sex invoke thee, as the soul's sure rest;
For thou alone canst give relief to pain,
Which art attempts to ease, but tries in vain.
Assisting Goddess to ease, but tries in vain.
Who bring'st relief in labour's dreadful hour;
Hear, blessed Dian, and accept my pray'r,
And make the infant race thy constant care.

III. To Night

Night, parent Goddess, source of sweet repose,
From whom at first both Gods and men arose,
Hear blessed Venus, deck'd with starry light,
In sleep's silence dwelling Ebon night!
Dreams and soft ease attend thy dusky train,
Pleas'd with the length'ned gloom and feastful strain,
Dissolving anxious care, the friend of mirth,
With darkling coursers riding round the earth.
Goddess of phantoms and of shadowy play,
Whose drowsy pow'r divides the nat'ral day;
By Fate's decree you constant send the light
To deepest bell, remote from mortal sight;
For dire Necessity, which nought withstands,
Invests the world with adamantine bands.
Be present, Goddess, to thy suppliant's pray'r,
Desir'd by all, whom all alike revere,
Blessed, benevolent, with friendly aid
Dispel the fears of twilight's dreadful shade.

IV. To Heaven

Great Heav'n, whose mighty frame no respite knows,
Father of all, from whom the world arose:
Hear, bounteous parent, source and end of all,
For ever whirling round this earthly ball;
Abode of Gods, whose guardian pow'r surrounds
Th' eternal world with ever during bounds;
Whose ample bosom, and encircling folds
The dire necessity of nature holds.Ætherial, earthly, whose all-various
frame
Azure and full of forms, no power can tame.
All-seeing Heav'n, progenitor of Time;
For ever blessed, deity sublime,
Propitious on a novel mystic shine,
And crown his wishes with a life divine.

V. To Ether

O ever untam'd Ether, rais'd on high
In Jove's dominions, ruler of the sky;
Great portion of the Stars and lunar light,
And of the Sun, with dazzling lustre bright;
All-taming pow'r, ethereal shining fire,
Whose vivid blasts the heat of life inspire;
The world's best element; light-bearing pow'r,
With starry radiance shining, splendid flow'r;
O hear my suppliant pray'r, and may thy frame
Be ever innocent, serene, and tame.

VI. To Protogonus

O mighty first-begotten, hear my pray'r,
Twofold, egg-born, and wand'ring thro' the air;
Bull-roarer, glorying in thy golden wings,
From whom the race of Gods and mortal springs.
Ericapaeus, celebrated pow'r,
Ineffable, occult, all-shilling flow'r.
'Tis thine from darksome mists to purge the sight,
All-spreading splendour, pure and holy light;
Hence, Phanes, call'd the glory of the sky,
On waving pinions thro' the world you fly.
Priapus, dark-ey'd splendour, thee I sing,
Genial, all-prudent, ever blessed king.
With joyful aspect on these rites divine
And holy Telite propitious shine.

VII. The Stars

With holy voice I call the stars on high,
Pure sacred lights, and dæmons of the sky.
Celestial stars, dear progeny of Night,
In whirling circles beaming far your light;
Refulgent rays around the heav'ns ye throw,
Eternal fires, the source of all below.
With flames significant of Fate ye shine,
And aptly rule for men a path divine.
In seven bright zones ye run with wand'ring flames
And heaven and earth¹⁸ compose your lucid frames:
With course unwearied, pure and fiery bright,
For ever shining thro' the veil of Night.
Hail, glittering, joyful, ever wakeful fires!
Propitious shine on all my just desires,
These sacred rites regard with conscious rays,
And end our works devoted to your praise.

VIII. To The Sun

Hear, golden Titan, whose eternal eye
With matchless sight illuminates all the sky.
Native, unwearied in diffusing light,
And to all eyes the object of delight:
Lord of the Seasons, beaming light from far,
Sonorous, dancing in thy four-yok'd car.
With thy right hand the source of morning light,
And with thy left the father of the night.
Agile and vigorous, venerable Sun,
Fiery and bright around the heav'ns you run,
Foe to the wicked, but the good man's guide,
O'er all his steps propitious you preside.
With various-sounding golden lyre 'tis thine
To fill the world with harmony divine.
Father of ages, guide of prosp'rous deeds,
The world's commander, borne by lucid steeds.
Immortal Jove, flute-playing, bearing light,
Source of existence, pure and fiery bright;
Bearer of fruit, almighty lord of years,
Agile and warm, whom ev'ry power reveres.
Bright eye, that round the world incessant flies,
Doom'd with fair fulgid rays to set and rise;
Dispensing justice, lover of the stream,
The world's great master, and o'er all supreme.
Faithful defender, and the eye of right,
Of steeds the ruler, and of life the light:
With sounding whip four fiery steeds you guide,
When in the glittering car of day you ride,
Propitious on these mystic labours shine,
And bless thy suppliants with a life divine.

IX. To The Moon

Hear, Goddess queen, diffusing silver light,
Bull-horn'd, and wand'ring thro' the gloom of Night.
With stars surrounded, and with circuit wide
Night's torch extending, through the heav'ns you ride:
Female and male, with silv'ry rays you shine,
And now full-orb'd, now tending to decline.
Mother of ages, fruit-producing Moon,
Whose amber orb makes Night's reflected noon:
Lover of horses, the foe of strife,
In peace rejoicing, and a prudent life:
Fair lamp of Night, its ornament and friend,
Who giv'st to Nature's works their destin'd end.
Queen of the stars, all-wise Diana, hail!
Deck'd with a graceful robe and ample veil.
Come, moony-lamp, with chaste and splendid light,
Shine on these sacred rites with prosp'rous rays,
And pleas'd accept thy suppliants' mystic praise.

X. To Nature

Nature, all-parent, ancient and divine,
O much mechanic mother, art is thine;
Heav'nly, abundant, venerable queen,
In ev'ry part of thy dominions seen.
Untam'd, all taming, ever splendid light,
All ruling, honour'd, and supremely bright.
Immortal, first-born, ever still the same,
Nocturnal, starry, shining, powerful dame.
Thy feet's still traces in a circling course,
By thee are turn'd, with unremitting force.
Pure ornament of all the Pow'rs divine,
Finite and infinite alike you shine;²⁹To all things common, and in all
things known,
Yet incommunicable and alone.
Without a father of thy wondrous frame,
Thyself the father whence thy essence came;
Mingling, all-flourishing, supremely wise,
And bond connective of the earth and skies.
Leader, life-bearing queen, all various nam'd,
And for commanding grace and beauty fam'd.
Justice, supreme in might, whose general sway
The waters of the restless deep obey.
Ethereal, earthly, for the pious glad,
Sweet to the good, but bitter to the bad:
All-wise, all-bounteous, provident, divine,
A rich increase of nutriment is thine;
And to maturity whate'er may spring,
You to decay and dissolution bring.
Father of all, great nurse, and mother kind,
Abundant, blessed, all-spermatic mind:
Mature, impetuous, from whose fertile seeds
And plastic hand this changing scene proceeds.
All-parent pow'r, in vital impulse seen,

Eternal, moving, all-sagacious queen.
By thee the world, whose parts in rapid flow,
Like swift descending streams, no respite know,³⁰On an eternal hinge;
with steady course,
Is whirl'd with matchless, unremitting force.
Thron'd on a circling car, thy mighty hand
Holds and directs the reins of wide command:
Various thy essence, honour'd, and the best,
Of judgment too, the general end and test.
Intrepid, fatal, all-subduing dame,
Life everlasting, Parca, breathing flame.
Immortal Providence, the world is thine,
And thou art all things, architect divine.
O, blessed Goddess, bear thy suppliants' pray'r,
And make their future life thy constant care;
Give plenteous seasons and sufficient wealth,
And crown our days with lasting peace and health.

XI. To Pan

Strong past'ral Pan, with suppliant voice call,
Heav'n, sea, and earth, the mighty queen of all,
Immortal fire; for all the world is thine,
And all are parts of thee, O pow'r divine.
Come, blessed Pan, whom rural haunts delight,
Come, leaping, agile, wand'ring, starry light.
Thron'd with the Seasons, Bacchanalian Pan,
Goat-footed, horn'd, from whom the world began;
Whose various parts, by thee inspir'd, combine
In endless dance and melody divine.
In thee a refuge from our fears we find,
Those fears peculiar to the humankind.
Thee, shepherds, streams of water, goats rejoice,
Thou lov'st the chase and Echo's secret voice:
The sportive Nymphs thy ev'ry step attend,
And all thy works fulfill their destin'd end.
O all-producing pow'r, much-fam'd, divine,
The world's great ruler, rich increase is thine.
All-fertile Pæan, heavenly splendour pure,
In fruits rejoicing, and in caves³² obscure.
True serpent-horned Jove,³³ whose dreadful rage,
When rous'd, 'tis hard for mortals to assuage.
By thee the earth wide-bosom'd, deep and long,
Stands on a basis permanent and strong.
Th' unwearied waters of the rolling sea,
Profoundly spreading, yield to thy decree.
Old Ocean, too, reveres thy high command;
Whose liquid arms begird the solid land.
The spacious air, whose nutrimental fire
And vivid blasts the heat of life inspire;
The lighter frame of fire, whose sparkling eye
Shines on the summit of the azure sky,
Submit alike to thee, of whose gen'ral sway

All parts of matter, various form'd, obey.
All natures change thro' thy protecting care,
And all mankind thy lib'ral bounties share;
For these, where'er dispers'd thro' boundless space,
Still find thy providence support their race.
Come, Bacchanalian, blessed pow'r, draw near,
Enthusiastic Pan, thy suppliants hear,
Propitious to these holy rites attend,
And grant our lives may meet a prosp'rous end;
Drive panic fury too, wherever found,
From humankind to earth's remotest bound.

XII. To Hercules

Hear, stren'ous Hercules, untam'd and strong,
To whom grand works and pow'rful hands belong,
Titan of various forms, untam'd and benign,
Of various grand forms, rejoicing, eternal and divine.
Father of Time, ineffable, the theme of gen'ral praise,
Ineffable, adored in various ways,
Magnanimous, in divination skill'd,
And in th'athletic labours of the field.
'Tis thine, strong archer, all things to devour,
Supreme, all-helping, all-producing pow'r.
To thee mankind as their deliv'rer pray,
Whose arm can chase the savage tribes away.
Unweary'd, earth's best blossom, offspring fair,
To whom calm peace and peaceful works are dear.
Self-born, with primogenial fires you shine,
And various names, and strength of heart are thine:
Thy mighty head supports thee morning light,
And bears, untam'd the silent gloomy night;
From east to west, endu'd with strength divine,
Twelve glorious labours to absolve is thine;
Supremely skill'd, thou reign'st in heav'n's abodes,
Thyself a God, amidst th'immortal Gods.
With arms unshaken, infinite, divine,
Come, blessed pow'r, and to our rites incline;
The mitigations of disease convey,
And drive disastrous maladies away.
Come, shake the branch with thy almighty arm,
Dismiss thy darts, and noxious fate disarm.

XIII. To Saturn

Ethereal father, mighty Titan,³⁶ hear,
Great sire of Gods and men, whom all revere;
Endu'd with various counsel, pure and strong,
To whom increase and decrement belong.
Hence matter's flowing forms thro' thee that die,
By thee restor'd, their former place supply.
The world immense in everlasting chains,
Strong and ineffable thy pow'r contains;
Father of vast eternity, divine,
O mighty Saturn, various speech is thine;
Blossom of earth and of the starry skies,
Husband of Rhea, and Prometheus wise.
Obstetric pow'r and venerable root,
From which the various forms of being shoot;
No parts peculiar can thy pow'r enclose,
Diffus'd thro' all, from which the world arose.
O best of beings, of a subtle mind,
Propitious hear, to suppliant pray'rs inclin'd;
The sacred rites benevolent attend,
And grant a blameless life, a blessed end.

XIV. To Rhea

Illustrious Rhea, to my pray'r incline,
Daughter of various-form'd Protogonus divine,
Who driv'st thy sacred car with speed along,
Drawn by fierce lions, terrible and strong.
Mother of Jove, whose mighty arm can wield
Th'avenging bolt and shake the dreadful shield.
Brass-sounding, honour'd, Saturn's blessed queen,
Drum-beating, fury-loving, of a splendid mien.
Thou joy'st in mountains and tumultuous fight,
And mankind's horrid howlings thee delight.
War's parent, mighty, of majestic frame,
Deceitful saviour, liberating dame.
Mother of Gods and men, from whom the earth
And spacious heav'ns derive their glorious birth.
Th'etherial gales, the deeply spreading sea,
Goddess, aerial-form'd, proceed from thee.
Come, pleas'd with wand'rings, blessed and divine,
With peace attended on our labours shine;
Bring rich abundance; and, wherever found,
Drive dire disease to earth's remotest bound.

XV. To Jupiter

O Jove, much-honour'd, Jove supremely great,
To thee our holy rites we consecrate,
Our pray'rs and expiations, king divine,
For all things to produce with ease thro' mind is thine.
Hence mother Earth and mountains swelling high
Proceed from thee, the deep and all within the sky.
Saturnian king, descending from above,
Magnanimous, commanding, sceptred Jove;
All-parent, principle and end of all,
Whose pow'r almighty shakes this earthly ball;
Ev'n Nature trembles at thy mighty nod,
Loud-sounding, arm'd with light'ning, thund'ring God.
Source of abundance, purifying king,
O various-form'd, from whom all natures spring;
Propitious hear my pray'r, give blameless health,
With peace divine, and necessary wealth.

XVI. To Juno**

O royal Juno, of majestic mien,
Aerial-form'd, divine, Jove's blessed queen,
Thron'd in the bosom of cerulean air,
The race of mortals is thy constant care.
The cooling gales thy pow'r alone inspires,
Which nourish life, which ev'ry life desires.
Mother of show'rs and winds, from thee alone,
Producing all things, mortal life is known;
All natures share thy temp'rament divine,
And universal sway alone is thine.
With sounding blasts of wind, the swelling sea
And rolling rivers roar when shook by thee.
Come, blessed Goddess, fam'd almighty thee.
With aspect kind, rejoicing and serene.

XVII. To Neptune

Hear, Neptune, ruler of the sea profound,
Whose liquid grasp begirds the solid ground;
Who, at the bottom of the stormy main,
Dark and deep-bosom'd hold'st thy wat'ry reign.
Thy awful hand the brazen trident bears,
And Ocean's utmost bound thy will reveres.
Thee I invoke, whose steeds the foam divide,
From whose dark locks the briny waters glide;
Whose voice, loud sounding thro' the roaring deep,
Drives all its billows in a raging heap;
When fiercely riding thro' the boiling sea,
Thy hoarse command the trembling waves obey.
Earth-shaking, dark-hair'd God, the liquid plains
(The third division) Fate to thee ordains.
'Tis thine, cerulean dæmon, to survey,
Well-pleas'd, the monsters of the ocean play.
Confirm earth's basis, and with prosp'rous gales
Waft ships along, and swell the spacious sails;
Add gentle Peace, and fair-hair'd Health beside,
And pour abundance in a blameless tide.

XVIII. To Pluto

Pluto, magnanimous, whose realms profound
Are fix'd beneath the firm and solid ground,
In the Tartarean plains remote from sight,
And wrapt for ever in the depths of night.
Terrestrial Jove,⁴⁶ thy sacred ear incline,
And pleas'd accept these sacred rites divine.
Earth's keys⁴⁷ to thee, illustrious king, belong,
Its secret gates unlocking, deep and strong.
'Tis thine abundant annual fruits to bear,
For needy mortals are thy constant care.
To thee, great king, all-sov'reign Earth's assign'd,
The seat of Gods and basis of mankind.
Thy throne is fix'd in Hades' dismal plains,
Distant, unknown to rest, where darkness reigns;
Where, destitute of breath, pale spectres dwell,
In endless, dire, inexorable hell;
And in dread Acheron, whose depths obscure.
Earth's stable roots eternally secure.
O mighty dæmon, whose decision dread,
The future fate determines of the dead,
With captive Proserpine, thro' grassy plains,
Drawn in a four-yok'd car with loosen'd reins,
Rapt o'er the deep, impell'd by love, you flew
Till Eleusina's city rose to view:
There, in a wondrous cave obscure and deep,
The sacred maid secure from search you keep,
The cave of Atthis, whose wide gates display
An entrance to the kingdoms void of day.
Of works unseen and seen thy power alone
To be the great dispensing source is known.
All-ruling, holy God, with glory bright,
Thee sacred poets and their hymns delight,
Propitious to thy mystics' works incline,

Rejoicing come, for holy rites are thine.

XIX. To Thundering Jupiter

O Father Jove, who shak'st with fiery light
The world, deep-sounding from thy lofty height.
From thee proceeds th' ethereal lightning's blaze,
Flashing around intolerable rays.
Thy sacred thunders shake the blest abodes,
The shining regions of th' immortal Gods.
Thy pow'r divine the flaming lightning shrouds
With dark investiture in fluid clouds.
'Tis thine to brandish thunders strong and dire,
To scatter storms, and dreadful darts of fire;
With roaring flames involving all around,
And bolts of thunder of tremendous sound.
Thy rapid dart can raise the hair upright,
And shake the heart of man with wild affright.
Sudden, unconquer'd, holy, thund'ring God,
With noise unbounded flying all abroad;
With all-devouring force, entire and strong,
Horrid, untam'd, thou roll'st the flames along.
Rapid, ethereal bolt, descending fire,
The earth, all-parent, trembles at thine ire;
The sea all-shining, and each beast, that hears
The sound terrific, with dread horror fears:
When Nature's face is bright with flashing fire,
And in the heav'ns resound thy thunders dire.
Thy thunders white the azure garments tear,
And burst the veil of all-sorrounding air.
O Jove, all-blessed, may thy wrath severe,
Hurl'd in the bosom of the deep appear,
And on the tops of mountains be reveal'd,
For thy strong arm is not from us conceal'd.
Propitious to these sacred rites incline,
And to thy suppliants grant a life divine,
Add royal health, and gentle peace beside,

With upright reas'ning for a constant guide.

XX. To Jupiter of Lightning

I call the mighty, holy, splendid, light,
Aerial, dreadful-sounding, fiery-bright,
Flaming, ethereal light, with angry voice,
Lightning thro' lucid clouds with crashing noise.
Untam'd, to whom resentments dire belong,
Pure, holy pow'r, all-parent, great and strong:
Come, and benevolent these rites attend,
And grant the mortal life a pleasing end.

XXI. To the Clouds

Aerial Clouds, thro' heav'ns resplendent plains
Who wander, parents of prolific rains;
Who nourish fruits, whose wat'ry frames are hurl'd,
By winds impetuous, round the mighty world.
Loud-sounding, lion-roaring, flashing fire,
In Air's wide bosom bearing thunders dire:
Impell'd by each sonorous stormy gale,
With rapid course along the skies ye sail.
With gentle gales your wat'ry frames I call,
On mother Earth with fruitful show'rs to fall.

XXII. To Tethys

Tethys I call, with eyes cerulean bright,
Hid in a veil obscure from human sight:
Great Ocean's empress, wand'ring thro' the deep,
And pleas'd, with gentle gales, the earth to sweep;
Whose ample waves in swift succession go,
And lash the rocky shore with endless flow:
Delighting in the sea serene to play,
In ships exulting, and the wat'ry way.
Mother of Venus, and of clouds obscure,
Great nurse of beasts, and source of fountains pure.
O venerable Goddess, hear my pray'r,
And make benevolent my life thy care;
Send, blessed queen, to ships a prosp'rous breeze,
And waft them safely o'er the stormy seas.

XXIII. To Nereus

O Thou who dost the roots of Ocean keep
In seats cerulean, dæmon of the deep,
With fifty nymphs (attending in thy train,
Fair virgin artists) glorying thro' the main:
The dark foundation of the rolling sea,
And Earth's wide bounds belong, much-fam'd, to thee.
Great dæmon, source of all, whose pow'r can make
The sacred basis of blest Ceres shake,
When blust'ring winds in secret caverns pent,
By thee excited, struggle hard for vent.
Come, blessed Nereus, listen to my pray'r,
And cease to shake the earth with wrath severe;
Send to thy mystics necessary wealth,
With, gentle peace, and ever tranquil health.

XXIV. To the Nereids

Daughters of Nereus, resident in caves
Merg'd deep in ocean, sporting thro' the waves;
Fifty inspir'd Nymphs, who thro' the main
Delight to follow in the Triton's train,
Rejoicing close behind their cars to keep;
Whose forms half wild are nourish'd by the deep,
With other Nymphs of different degree,
Leaping and wand'ring thro' the liquid sea.
Bright, wat'ry dolphins, sonorous and gay,
Well pleas'd to sport with bacchanalian play;
Nymphs beauteous-ey'd, whom sacrifice delights,
Give plenteous wealth, and bless our mystic rites;
For you at first disclosed the rites divine,
Of holy Bacchus and of Proserpine
Of fair Calliope, from whom I spring,
And of Apollo bright, the Muses' king.

XXV. To Proteus

Proteus I call, whom Fate decrees to keep
The keys which lock the chambers of the deep;
First-born, by whose illustrious pow'r alone
All Nature's principles were clearly shown.
Pure sacred matter to transmute is thine,
And decorate with forms all-various and divine.
All-honour'd, prudent, whose sagacious mind
Knows all that was and is of ev'ry kind,
With all that shall be in succeeding time,
So vast thy wisdom, wondrous and sublime:
For all things Nature first to thee consign'd
And in thy essence omniform confin'd.
O father, to thy mystics' rites attend,
And grant a blessed life a prosp'rous end.

XXVI. To Earth

O Mother Earth, of' Gods and men the source,
Endu'd with fertile, all-destroying force;
All-parent, bounding, whose prolific pow'rs
Produce a store of beauteous fruits and flow'rs.
All-various maid, th' immortal world's strong base,
Eternal, blessed, crown'd with ev'ry grace;
From whose wide womb as from an endless root,
Fruits many-form'd, mature, and grateful shoot.
Deep-bosom'd, blessed, pleas'd with grassy plains,
Sweet to the smell, and with prolific rains.
All-flow'ry dæmon, centre of the world,
Around thy orb the beauteous stars are hurl'd
With rapid whirl, eternal and divine,
Whose frames with matchless skill and wisdom shine.
Come, blessed Goddess, listen to my pray'r,
And make increase of fruits thy constant care;
With fertile Seasons in thy train draw near,
And with propitious mind thy suppliants hear.

XXVII. To the Mother of the Gods

Mother of Gods, great nurse of all, draw near,
Divinely honour'd, and regard my pray'r.
Thron'd on a car, by lions drawn along,
By bull-destroying lions, swift and strong,
Thou sway'st the sceptre of the pole divine,
And the world's middle seat, much fam'd, is thine.
Hence earth is thine, and needy mortals share
Their constant food, from thy protecting care.
From thee at first both Gods and men arose;
From thee the sea and ev'ry river flows.
Vesta and source of wealth thy name we find
To mortal men rejoicing to be kind;
For ev'ry good to give thy soul delights.
Come, mighty pow'r, propitious to our rites,
All-taming, blessed, Phrygian Saviour, come,
Saturn's great queen, rejoicing in the drum.
Celestial, ancient, life-supporting maid,
Inspiring fury; give thy suppliant aid;
With joyful aspect on our incense shine,
And pleas'd, accept the sacrifice divine.

XXVIII. To Mercury

Hermes, draw near, and to my pray'r incline,
Angel of Jove, and Maia's son divine;
Prefect of contests, ruler of mankind,
With heart almighty, and a prudent mind.
Celestial messenger of various skill,
Whose pow'ful art could watchful argus kill.
With winged feet 'tis thine thro' air to coarse,
O friend of man, and prophet of discourse:
Great life-supporter, to rejoice is thine
In arts gymnastic, and in fraud divine.
With pow'r endu'd all language to explain,
Of care the loos'ner, and the source of gain.
Whose hand contains of blameless peace the rod,
Corucian, blessed, profitable God.
Of various speech, whose aid in works we find,
And in necessities to mortals kind.
Dire weapon of the tongue, which men revere,
Be present, Hermes, and thy suppliant hear;
Assist my works, conclude my life with peace,
Give graceful speech, and memory's increase.

XXIX. To Proserpine

Daughter of Jove, Persephone divine,
Come, blessed queen, and to these rites incline:
Only-begotten, Pluto's honour'd wife,
O venerable Goddess, source of life:
Tis thine in earth's profundities to dwell,
Fast by the wide and dismal gates of hell.
Jove's holy offspring, of a beauteous mien,
Avenging Goddess, subterranean queen.
The Furies' source, fair-hair'd, whose frame proceeds
From Jove's ineffable and secret seeds.
Mother of Bacchus, sonorous, divine,
And many-form'd, the parent of the vine.
Associate of the Seasons, essence bright,
All-ruling virgin, bearing heav'nly light.
With fruits abounding, of a bounteous mind,
Horn'd, and alone desir'd by those of mortal kind.
O vernal queen, whom grassy plains delight,
Sweet to the smell, and pleasing to the sight:
Whose holy form in budding fruits we view,
Earth's vigorous offspring of a various hue:
Espous'd in autumn, life and death alone
To wretched mortals from thy pow'r is known:
For thine the task, according to thy will,
Life to produce, and all that lives to kill.
Hear, blessed Goddess, send a rich increase
Of various fruits from earth, with lovely Peace:
Send Health with gentle hand, and crown my life
With blest abundance, free from noisy strife;
Last in extreme old age the prey of Death,
Dismiss me willing to the realms beneath,
To thy fair palace and the blissful plains
Where happy spirits dwell, and Pluto reigns.

XXX. To Bacchus

Bacchus I call loud-sounding and divine,
Inspiring God, a twofold shape is thine:
Thy various names and attributes I sing,
O firstborn, thrice begotten, Bacchic king.
Rural, ineffable, two-form'd, obscure,
Two-horn'd, with ivy crown'd, and Euiion⁵⁷ pure:
Bull-fac'd and martial, bearer of the vine,
Endu'd with counsel prudent and divine:
Omados, whom the leaves of vines adorn,
Of Jove and Proserpine occultly born
In beds ineffable; all-blessed pow'r,
Whom with triennial off'rings men adore.
Immortal dæmon, hear my suppliant voice,
Give me in blameless plenty to rejoice;
And listen gracious to my mystic pray'r,
Surrounded with thy choir of nurses fair.

XXXI. To the Curetes

Leaping Curetes who with dancing feet
And circling measures armed footsteps beat!
Whose bosoms Bacchanalian furies fire,
Who move in rhythm to the sounding lyre:
Who traces deaf when lightly leaping tread,
Arm-bearers, strong defenders, rulers dread!
Fam'd Deities the guards of Proserpine,
Preserving rites mysterious and divine:
Come, and benevolent this hymn attend,
And with glad mind the herdman's life defend.

XXXII. To Pallas. (Minerva)

Only-begotten, noble race of Jove,
Blessed and fierce, who joy'st in caves to rove:
O warlike Pallas, whose illustrious kind,
Ineffable, and effable we find:
Magnanimous and fam'd, the rocky height,
And groves, and shady mountains thee delight:
In arms rejoicing, who with furies dire
And wild the souls of mortals dost inspire.
Gymnastic virgin of terrific mind,
Dire Gorgon's bane, unmarried, blessed, kind:
Mother of arts, impetuous; understood
As fury by the bad, but wisdom by the good.
Female and male, the arts of war are thine,
O much-form'd dragoness, inspir'd, divine:
O'er the Phlegrean giants, rous'd to ire,
Thy coursers driving with destruction dire.
Sprung from the head of Jove, of splendid mien,
Purger of evils, all-victorious queen.
Hear me, O Goddess, when to thee I pray,
With supplicating voice both night and day,
And in my latest hour give peace and health,
Propitious times, and necessary wealth,
And ever present be thy vot'ries aid,
O much implor'd, art's parent, blue-ey'd maid.

XXXIII. To Victory

O powerful Victory, by men desir'd,
With adverse breasts to dreadful fury fir'd,
Thee I invoke, whose might alone can quell
Contending rage, and molestation fell:
'Tis thine in battle to confer the crown,
The victor's prize, the mark of sweet renown;
For thou rul'st all things, Victory divine!
And glorious strife, and joyful shouts are thine.
Come, mighty Goddess, and thy suppliant bless,
With sparkling eyes, elated with success;
May deeds illustrious thy protection claim,
And find, led on by thee, immortal fame.

XXXIV. To Apollo

Blest Pæan, come, propitious to my pray'r,
Illustrious pow'r, whom Memphian tribes revere,
Slayer of Tityus, and the God of health,
Lycorian Phœbus, fruitful source of health,
Spermatic, golden-lyr'd, the field from thee
Receives its constant rich fertility.
Titanic, Gruniian,⁶² Smynthian, thee I sing,
Python-destroying,⁶³ ballow'd, Delphian king:
Rural, light-bearer, and the Muses' head,
Noble and lovely, arm'd with arrows dread:
Far-darting, Bacchian, twofold, and divine,
Pow'r far diffus'd, and course oblique is thine.
O Delian king, whose light-producing eye
Views all within, and all beneath the sky;
Whose locks are gold, whose oracles are sure,
Who omens good reveal'st, and precepts pure;
Hear me entreating for the human kind,
Hear, and be present with benignant mind;
For thou survey'st this boundless ether all,
And ev'ry part of this terrestrial ball
Abundant, blessed; and thy piercing sight
Extends beneath the gloomy, silent night;
Beyond the darkness, starry-ey'd,⁶⁴ profound,
The stable roots, deep-fix'd by thee, are found.
The world's wide bounds, all-flourishing, are thine,
Thyself of all the source and end divine.'
Tis thine all Nature's music to inspire
With various-sounding, harmonizing lyre:
Now the last string thou tun'st to sweet accord,⁶⁶ Divinely warbling,
now the highest chord;
Th' immortal golden lyre, now touch'd by thee,
Responsive yields a Dorian melody.
All Nature's tribes to thee their diff'rence owe,

And changing seasons from thy music flow:
Hence, mix'd by thee in equal parts, advance
Summer and Winter in alternate dance;
This claims the highest, that the lowest string,
The Dorian measure tunes the lovely spring:
Hence by mankind Pan royal, two-horn'd nam'd,
Shrill winds emitting thro' the syrinx fam'd;⁶⁷ Since to thy care the
figur'd seal's consign'd,⁶⁸ Which stamps the world with forms of every
kind.
Hear me, blest pow'r, and in these rites rejoice,
And save thy mystics with a suppliant voice.

XXXV. To Latona

Dark-Veil'd Latona, much Invoked queen,
Twin-bearing Goddess, of a noble mien;
Caeantis great, a mighty mind is thine,
Offspring prolific, blest, of Jove divine:
Phoebus proceeds from thee, the God of light,
And Dian fair, whom winged darts delight;
She in Ortygia's honour'd regions born,
In Delos he, which lofty mounts adorn.
Hear me, O queen, and fav'rably attend,
And to this Telete divine afford a pleasing end.

XXXVI. To Diana

Hear me, Jove's daughter, celebrated queen,
Bacchian and Titan, of a noble mien:
In darts rejoicing, and on all to shine,
Torch-bearing Goddess, Dictynna divine.
O'er births presiding, and thyself a maid,
To labour pangs imparting ready aid:
Dissolver of the zone, and wrinkled care,
Fierce huntress, glorying in the silvan war:
Swift in the course, in dreadful arrows skill'd,
Wand'ring by night, rejoicing in the field:
Of manly form, erect, of bounteous mind,
Illustrious daemon, nurse of humankind:
Immortal, earthly, bane of monsters fell,
'Tis thine, blest maid, on woody mounts to dwell:
Foe of the stag, whom woods and dogs delight,
In endless youth you flourish fair and bright.
O universal queen, august, divine,
A various form, Cydonian pow'r, is thine.
Dread guardian Goddess, with benignant mind,
Auspicious come, to mystic rites inclin'd;
Give earth a store of beauteous fruits to bear,
Send gentle Peace, and Health with lovely hair,
And to the mountains drive Disease and Care.

XXXVII. To the Titans

O mighty Titans, who from Heav'n and Earth
Derive your noble and illustrious birth,
Our fathers' sires, in Tartarus profound
Who dwell, deep merg'd beneath the solid ground:
Fountains and principles from whom began
Th'afflicted miserable race of man:
Who not alone in earth's retreats abide,
But in the ocean and the air reside;
Since ev'ry species from your nature flows,
Which, all-prolific, nothing barren knows.
Avert your rage, if from th'infernal seats
One of your tribe should visit our retreats.

XXXVIII. To the Curetes

Brass-beating Salians, ministers of Mars,
Who wear his arms the instruments of wars;
Whose blessed frames, heav'n, earth, and sea compose,
And from whose breath all animals arose:
Who dwell in Samothracia's sacred ground,
Defending mortals through the sea profound.
Deathless Curetes, by your pow'r alone,
The greatest mystic rites to men at first were shown.
Who shake old Ocean thund'ring to the sky,
And stubborn oaks with branches waving high.
'Tis yours in glittering arms the earth to beat,
With lightly leaping, rapid, sounding feet;
Then ev'ry beast the noise terrific flies,
And the loud tumult wanders thro' the skies.
The dust your feet excites, with matchless force
Flies to the clouds amidst their whirling course;
And ev'ry flower of variegated hue
Grows in the dancing motion form'd by you;
Immortal dæmons, to your pow'rs consign'd,
The task to nourish and destroy mankind,
When rushing furious with loud tumult dire,
O'erwhelm'd, they perish in your dreadful ire;
And live replenish'd with the balmy air,
The food of life, committed to your care.
When shook by you, the seas with wild uproar,
Wide-spreading, and profoundly whirling, roar.
The concave heav'ns with echo's voice resound,
When leaves with rustling noise bestrew the ground
Curetes, Corybantes, ruling kings,
Whose praise the land of Samothracia sings;
Great Jove's assessors; whose immortal breath
Sustains the soul, and wafts her back from death;
Aerial-form'd, who in Olympus shine

The heavenly Twins⁷⁴ all-lucid and divine:
Blowing, serene, from whom abundance springs,
Nurses of seasons, fruit-producing kings.

XXXIX. To Corybas

The mighty ruler of this earthly ball
For eve flowing, to these lites I call;
Martial and blest, unseen by mortal sight,
Preventing fears, and pleas'd with gloomy night:
Hence fancy's terrors are by thee allay'd,
All-various king, who lov'st the desert shade.
Each of thy brothers killing, blood is thine,
Twofold Curete, many-form'd, divine.
By thee transmuted, Ceres' body pure
Became a dragon's savage and obscure:
Avert thy anger, hear me when I pray,
And, by fix'd fate, drive fancy's fears away.

XL. To Ceres

O universal mother, Ceres fam'd,
August, the source of wealth, and various nam'd:
Great nurse, all-bounteous, blessed and divine,
Who joy'st in peace; to nourish corn is thine.
Goddess of seed, of fruits abundant, fair,
Harvest and threshing are thy constant care.
Lovely delightful queen, by all desir'd,
Who dwell'st in Eleusinia's holy vales retir'd.
Nurse of all mortals, whose benignant mind
First ploughing oxen to the yoke confin'd;
And gave to men what nature's wants require,
With plenteous means of bliss, which all desire.
In verdure flourishing, in glory bright,
Assessor of great Bacchus, bearing light:
Rejoicing in the reapers' sickles, kind,
Whose nature lucid, earthly, pure, we find.
Prolific, venerable, nurse divine,
Thy daughter loving, holy Proserpine.
A car with dragons yok'd 'tis thine to guide,
And, orgies singing, round thy throne to ride.
Only-begotten, much-producing queen,
All flowers are thine, and fruits of lovely green.
Bright Goddess, come, with summer's rich increase
Swelling and pregnant, leading smiling Peace;
Come, with fair Concord and imperial Health,
And join with these a needful store of wealth.

XLI. To the Ceralian Mother**

Ceralian queen, of celebrated name,
From whom both men and Gods immortal came;
Who widely wand'ring once, oppress'd with grief,
In Eleusina's valleys found'st relief,
Discovering Proserpine thy daughter pure
In dread Avernus, dismal and obscure;
A sacred youth while thro' the earth you stray,
Bacchus, attending leader of the way;
The holy marriage of terrestrial Jove
Relating, while oppress'd with grief you rove.
Come, much invok'd, and to these rites inclin'd,
Thy mystic suppliant bless, with fav'ring mind.

XLII. To Misa**

I call Thesmophorus," spermatic God,
Of various names, who bears the leafy rod:
Misa, ineffable, pure, sacred queen,
Twofold Iacchus, male and female seen.
Illustrious, whether to rejoice is thine
In incense offer'd in the fane divine;
Or if in Phrygia most thy soul delights,
Performing with thy mother sacred rites;
Or if the land of Cyprus is thy care,
Pleas'd with the well crown'd Cytheria fair;
Or if exulting in the fertile plains
With thy dark mother Isis, where she reigns,
With nurses pure attended, near the flood
Of sacred Egypt, thy divine abode:
Wherever resident, benevolent attend,
And in perfection these our labours end.

XLIII. To the Seasons

Daughters of Jove and Themis, Seasons bright,
Justice, and blessed Peace, and lawful Right,
Vernal and grassy, vivid, holy pow'rs,
Whose balmy breath exhales in lovely flow'rs;
All-colour'd Seasons, rich increase your care,
Circling, for ever flourishing and fair:
Invested with a veil of shining dew,
A flow'ry veil delightful to the view:
Attending Proserpine, when back from night
The Fates and Graces lead her up to light;
When in a band harmonious they advance,
And joyful round her form the solemn dance.
With Ceres triumphing, and Jove divine,
Propitious come, and on our incense shine;
Give earth a store of blameless fruits to bear,
And make these novel mystics' life your care.

XLIV. To Semele

Cadmean Goddess, universal queen,
Thee, Semele, call, of beauteous mien;
Deep-bosom'd, lovely flowing locks are thine,
Mother of Bacchus, joyful and divine,
The mighty offspring, whom Jove's thunder bright
Forc'd immature, and fright'ned into light.
Born from the deathless counsels, secret, high,
Of Jove Saturnian, regent of the sky;
Whom Proserpine permits to view the light,
And visit mortals from the realms of night.
Constant attending on the sacred rites,
And feast triennial, which thy soul delights;
When thy son's wondrous birth mankind relate,
And secrets pure and holy celebrate.
Now I invoke thee, great Cadmean queen,
To bless thy mystics, lenient and serene.

XLV. To Dionysius Bassareus Triennalis

Come, blessed Dionysius, various-nam'd,
Bull-fac'd, begot from thunder, Bacchus fam'd.
Bassarion God, of universal might,
Whom swords and blood and sacred rage delight:
In heaven rejoicing, mad, loud-sounding God,
Furious inspirer, bearer of the rod:
By Gods rever'd, who dwell'st with humankind,
Propitious come, with much rejoicing mind.

XLVI. To Licknitus Bacchus

Licknitan Bacchus, bearer of the vine,
Thee I invoke to bless these rites divine:
Florid and gay, of Nymphs the blossom bright,
And of fair Venus, Goddess of delight.
'Tis thine mad footsteps with mad Nymphs to beat,
Dancing thro' groves with lightly leaping feet:
From Jove's high counsels nurst by Proserpine,
And born the dread of all the pow'rs divine.
Come, blessed God, regard thy suppliants' voice,
Propitious come, and in these rites rejoice.

XLVII. To Bacchus Pericionius

Bacchus Pericionius, hear my pray'r,
Who mad'st the house of Cadmus once thy care,
With matchless force his pillars twining round,
When burning thunders shook the solid ground,
In flaming, sounding torrents borne along,
Propt by thy grasp indissolubly strong.
Come, mighty Bacchus, to these rites inclin'd,
And bless thy suppliants with rejoicing mind.

XLVIII. To Sabazius

Hear me, illustrious father, dæmon fam'd,
Great Saturn's offspring, and Sabazius nam'd;
Inserting Bacchus, bearer of the vine,
And sounding God, within thy thigh divine,
That when mature, the Dionysian God
Might burst the bands of his conceal'd abode,
And come to sacred Tmolus, his delight,
Where Ippas dwells, all beautiful and bright.
Blest Phrygian God, the most august of all,
Come aid thy mystics, when on thee they call.

XLIX. To Ippa

Great nurse of Bacchus, to my pray'r incline,
For holy Sabus' secret rites are thine,
The mystic rites of Bacchus' nightly choirs,
Compos'd of sacred, loud-resounding fires.
Hear me, terrestrial mother, mighty queen,
Whether on Ida's holy mountain seen,
Or if to dwell in Tmolus thee delights,
With holy aspect come, and bless these rites.

L. To Lysius Lenaeus

Hear me, Jove's son, blest Bacchus, God of wine,
Born of two mothers, honour'd and divine;
Lysian Euion Bacchus, various-nam'd,
Of Gods the offspring, secret, holy, fam'd.
Fertile and nourishing, whose liberal care
Augments the fruit that banishes despair.
Sounding, magnanimous, Lenæan pow'r,
O various-form'd, medicinal, holy flow'r:
Mortals in thee repose from labour find,
Delightful charm, desir'd by all mankind.
Fair-hair'd Euion, Bromian, joyful God,
Lysian, insanely raging with the leafy rod.
To these our rites, benignant pow'r, incline,
When fav'ring men, or when on Gods you shine;
Be present to thy mystics' suppliant pray'r,
Rejoicing come, and fruits abundant bear.

L.I. To the Nymphs

Nymphs, who from Ocean fam'd derive your birth,
Who dwell in liquid caverns of the earth;
Nurses of Bacchus, secret-coursing pow'rs,
Fructiferous Goddesses, who nourish flow'rs:
Earthly, rejoicing, who in meadows dwell,
And caves and dens, whose depths extend to hell.
Holy, oblique, who swiftly soar thro' air,
Fountains, and dews, and winding streams your care,
Seen and unseen, who joy with wand'rings wide,
And gentle course thro' flow'ry vales to glide;
With Pan exulting on the mountains' height,
Inspir'd, and stridulous, whom woods delight:
Nymphs od'rous, rob'd in white, whose streams exhale
The breeze refreshing, and the balmy gale;
With goats and pastures pleas'd, and beasts of prey,
Nurses of fruits, unconscious of decay.
In cold rejoicing, and to cattle kind,
Sportive, thro' ocean wand'ring unconfin'd.
O Nysian nymphs, insane, whom oaks delight,
Lovers of spring, Pæonian virgins bright;
With Bacchus and with Ceres hear my pray'r,
And to mankind abundant favour bear;
Propitious listen to your suppliant's voice,
Come, and benignant in these rites rejoice;
Give plenteous seasons and sufficient wealth,
And pour in lastings streams, continued health.

LII. To Trietericus

Bacchus phrenetic, much nam'd, blest, divine,
Bull-horn'd, Lenæan, bearer of the vine;
From fire descended, raging, Nysian king,
From whom initial ceremonies spring.
Liknitan Bacchus, pure and fiery bright,
Prudent, crown-bearer, wand'ring in the night;
Nurst in mount Mero, all-mysterious pow'r,
Triple; ineffable, Jove's secret flow'r:
Ericapæus, first-begotten nam'd,
Of Gods the father and the offspring fam'd.
Bearing a sceptre, lead of the choir,
Whose dancing feet phrenetic furies fire,
When the triennial band thou dost inspire,
Omadian, captor, of a fiery light,
Born of two mothers, Amphietus bright;
Love, mountain-wand'ring, cloth'd with skins of deer,
Apollo golden-ray'd, whom all revere.
Great annual God of grapes, with ivy crown'd.
Bassarion, lovely, virginlike, renown'd.
Come, blessed pow'r, regard thy mystics' voice,
Propitious come, and in these rites rejoice.

LIII. To Amphietus Bacchus

Terrestrial Dionysius, hear my pray'r,
Rise vigilant with Nymphs of lovely hair:
Great Amphietus Bacchus, annual God,
Who laid asleep in Proserpine's abode,
Her sacred seat, didst lull to drowsy rest
The rites triennial and the sacred feast;
Which rous'd again by thee, in graceful ring,
Thy nurses round thee mystic anthems sing;
When briskly dancing with rejoicing pow'rs,
Thou mov'st in concert with the circling hours.
Come blessed, fruitful, horned, and divine,
And on this sacred Telete propitious shine;
Accept the pious incense and the pray'r,
And make prolific holy fruits thy care. LIV. To Silenus, Satyrus, and
the Priestesses of Bacchus Great nurse of Bacchus, to my pray'r incline,
Silenus, honour'd by the pow'rs divine;
And by mankind at the triennial feast,
Illustrious dæmon, reverenc'd as the best:
Holy, august, the source of lawful rites,
Phrenetic pow'r, whom vigilance delights;
Surrounded by thy nurses young and fair,
Naiads and Bacchic Nymphs who ivy bear,
With all thy Satyrs on our incense shine,
Dæmons wild-form'd, and bless the rites divine.
Come, rouse to sacred joy thy pupil king,"And Brumal Nymphs with
rites Lenæan bring;
Our orgies shining thro' the night inspire,
And bless, triumphant pow'r, the sacred choir.

LV. To Venus

Heav'nly, illustrious, laughter-loving queen,
Sea-born, night-loving, of an awful mien;
Crafty, from whom necessity first came,
Producing, nightly, all-connecting dame.
'Tis thine the world with harmony to join,
For all things spring from thee, O pow'r divine.
The triple Fates are ruled by thy decree,
And all productions yield alike to thee:
Whate'er the heav'ns, encircling all, contain,
Earth fruit-producing, and the stormy main,
Thy sway confesses, and obeys thy nod,
Awful attendant of the Brumal God.
Goddess of marriage, charming to the sight,
Mother of Loves, whom banquetings delight;
Source of persuasion, secret, fav'ring queen,
Illustrious born, apparent and unseen;
Spousal, Lupercal, and to men inclin'd,
Prolific, most-desir'd, life-giving, kind.
Great sceptre-bearer of the Gods, 'tis thine
Mortals in necessary bands to join;
And ev'ry tribe of savage monsters dire
In magic chains to bind thro' mad desire.
Come, Cyprus-born, and to my pray'r incline,
Whether exalted in the heav'ns you shine,
Or pleas'd in od'rous Syria to preside,
Or o'er th' Egyptian plains thy car to guide,
Fashion'd of gold; and near its sacred flood,
Fertile and fam'd, to fix thy blest abode;
Or if rejoicing in the azure shores,
Near where the sea with foaming billows roars,
The circling choirs of mortals thy delight,
Or beauteous Nymphs with eyes cerulean bright;
Pleas'd by the sandy banks renown'd of old,

To drive thy rapid two-yok'd car of gold;
Or if in Cyprus thy fam'd mother fair,
Where nymphs unmarried praise thee ev'ry year,
The loveliest nymphs, who in the chorus join,
Adonis pure to sing, and thee divine.
Come, all-attractive, to my pray'r inclin'd,
For thee I call, with holy, reverent mind.

LVI. To Adonis**

Much nam'd, and best of dæmons, hear my pray'r,
The desert loving, deck'd with tender hair;
Joy to diffuse, by all desir'd, is thine,
Much form'd, Eubulus, aliment divine.
Female and male, all-charming to the sight,
Adonis, ever flourishing and bright;
At stated periods doom'd to set and rise
With splendid lamp, the glory of the skies,
Two horn'd and lovely, reverenc'd with tears,
Of splendid form, adorn'd with copious hairs.
Rejoicing in the chase, all-graceful pow'r,
Sweet plant of Venus, Love's delightful flow'r:
Descended from the secret bed divine
Of Pluto's queen, the fair-hair'd Proserpine.
'Tis thine to sink in Tartarus profound,
And shine again thro' heav'ns illustrious round;
Come, timely pow'r, with providential care,
And to thy mystics earth's productions bear.

LVII. To the Terrestrial Hermes

Hermes, I call, whom Fate decrees to dwell
Near to Cocytos, the fam'd stream of hell,
And in Necessity's dread path, whose bourn
To none that reach it e'er permits return.
O Bacchic Hermes, progeny divine
Of Dionysius, parent of the vine,
And of celestial Venus, Paphian queen,
Dark-eyelash'd Goddess, of a lovely mien:
Who constant wand'rest thro' the sacred seats
Where Hell's dread empress, Proserpine, retreats;
To wretched souls the leader of the way,
When Fate decrees, to regions void of day.
Thine is the wand which causes sleep to fly,
Or lulls to slumb'rous rest the weary eye;
For Proserpine, thro' Tart'rus dark and wide,
Gave thee for ever flowing souls to guide.
Come, blessed pow'r, the sacrifice attend,
And grant thy mystics' works a happy end.

LVIII. To Love

I call, great Love, the source of sweet delight,
Holy and pure, and charming to the sight;
Darting, and wing'd, impetuous fierce desire,
With Gods and mortals playing, wand'ring fire:
Agile and twofold, keeper of the keys
Of heav'n and earth, the air, and spreading seas;
Of all that Ceres' fertile realms contains,
By which th' all parent Goddess life sustains,
Or dismal Tartarus is doom'd to keep,
Widely extended, or the sounding deep;
For thee all Nature's various realms obey,
Who rul'st alone, with universal sway.
Come, blessed pow'r, regard these mystic fires,
And far avert unlawful mad desires.

LIX. To the Fates

Daughters of darkling Night, much nam'd, draw near,
Infinite Fates, and listen to my pray'r;
Who in the heavenly lake" (where waters white
Burst from a fountain hid in depths of night,
And thro' a dark and stony cavern glide,
A cave profound, invisible) abide;
From whence, wide coursing round the boundless earth,
Your pow'r extends to those of mortal birth;
To men with hope elated, trifling, gay,
A race presumptuous, born but to decay.
To these acceding, in a purple veil
To sense impervious, you yourselves conceal,
When in the plain of Fate you joyful ride
In one great car, with Glory for your guide;
Till all-complete your heav'n-appointed round,
At Justice, Hope, and Care's concluding bound,
The terms absolv'd, prescrib'd by ancient law,
Of pow'r immense, and just without a flaw.
For Fate alone with vision unconfin'd
Surveys the conduct of the mortal kind.
Fate is Jove's perfect and eternal eye,
For Jove and Fate our ev'ry deed descry.
Come, gentle pow'rs, well born, benignant, fam'd,
Atropos, Lachesis, and Clotho nam'd;
Unchang'd, aerial, wand'ring in the night,
Untam'd, invisible to mortal sight;
Fates all-producing, all-destroying, hear,
Regard the incense and the holy pray'r;
Propitious listen to these rites inclin'd,
And far avert distress, with placid mind.

LX. To the Graces

Hear me, illustrious Graces, mighty nam'd,
From Jove descended, and Eunomia fam'd,
Thalia and Aglaia fair and bright,
And blest Euphrosyne, whom joys delight:
Mothers of mirth; all lovely to the view,
Pleasure abundant, pure, belongs to you:
Various, for ever flourishing and fair,
Desir'd by mortals, much invoc'd in pray'r;
Circling, dark-ey'd, delightful to mankind,
Come, and your mystics' bless with bounteous mind.

LXI. To Nemesis

Thee, Nemesis, I call, almighty queen,
By whom the deeds of mortal life are seen:
Eternal, much rever'd, of boundless sight.
Alone rejoicing in the just and right:
Changing the counsels of the human breast
For ever various, rolling without rest.
To ev'ry mortal is thy influence known,
And men beneath thy righteous bondage groan;
For ev'ry thought within the mind conceal'd
Is to thy sight perspicuously reveal'd.
The soul unwilling reason to obey,
By lawless passion rul'd, thine eyes survey.
All to see, bear, and rule, O pow'r divine,
Whose nature equity contains, is thine.
Come, blessed, holy Goddess, hear my pray'r,
And make thy mystics' life thy constant care:
Give aid benignant in the needful hour,
And strength abundant to the reas'ning pow'r;
And far avert the dire, unfriendly race
Of counsels impious, arrogant, and base.

LXII. To Justice

The piercing eye of Justice bright I sing,
Plac'd by the sacred throne of Jove the king
Perceiving thence, with vision unconfin'd,
The life and conduct of the human kind.
To thee revenge and punishment belong,
Chastising ev'ry deed unjust and wrong
Whose pow'r alone dissimilars can join,
And from th' equality of truth combine:
For all the ill persuasion can inspire,
When urging bad designs with counsel dire,
'Tis thine alone to punish; with the race
Of lawless passions, and incentives base;
For thou art ever to the good inclin'd,
And hostile to the men of evil mind.
Come, all propitious, and thy suppliant hear,
Till fates' predestin'd fatal hour draws near.

LXIII. To Equity

O blessed Equity, mankind's delight,
Th' eternal friend of conduct just and right:
Abundant venerable, honour'd maid,
To judgments pure dispensing constant aid,
And conscience stable, and an upright mind;
For men unjust by thee are undermin'd,
Whose souls perverse thy bondage ne'er desire,
But more untam'd decline thy scourges dire.
Harmonious, friendly pow'r, averse to strife,
In peace rejoicing, and a stable life:
Lovely, convivial, of a gentle mind,
Hating excess, to equal deeds inclin'd:
Wisdom and virtue, of whate'er degree,
Receive their proper bound alone in thee.
Hear, Goddess Equity, the deeds destroy
Of evil men, which human life annoy;
That all may yield to thee of mortal birth,
Whether supported by the fruits of earth,
Or in her kindly fertile bosom found,
Or in the realms of marine Jove profound.

LXIV. To Law

The holy king of Gods and men I call,
Celestial Law, the righteous seal of all:
The seal which stamps whate'er the earth contains,
And all conceal'd within the liquid plains:
Stable, and starry, of harmonious frame,
Preserving laws eternally the same.
Thy all-composing pow'r in heav'n appears,
Connects its frame, and props the starry spheres;
And unjust Envy shakes with dreadful sound,
Toss'd by thy arm in giddy whirls around.
'Tis thine the life of mortals to defend,
And crown existence with a blessed end;
For thy command alone, of all that lives,
Order and rule to ev'ry dwelling gives.
Ever observant of the upright mind,
And of just actions the companion kind.
Foe to the lawless, with avenging ire,
Their steps involving in destruction dire.
Come, blest, abundant pow'r, whom all revere,
By all desir'd, with fav'ring mind draw near;
Give me thro' life on thee to fix my sight,
And ne'er forsake the equal paths of right.

LXV. To Mars

Magnanimous, unconquer'd, boist'rous Mars,
In darts rejoicing, and in bloody wars;
Fierce and untam'd, whose, mighty pow'r can make
The strongest walls from their foundations shake:
Mortal-destroying king, defil'd with gore,
Pleas'd with war's dreadful and tumultuous roar.
The human blood, and swords, and spears delight,
And the dire ruin of mad savage fight.
Stay furious contests, and avenging strife,
Whose works with woe embitter human life
To lovely Venus and to Bacchus yield,
For arms exchange the labours of the field;
Encourage peace, to gentle works inclin'd,
And give abundance, with benignant mind.

LXVI. To Vulcan

Strong, mighty Vulcan, bearing splendid light,
Unweary'd fire, with flaming torrents bright:
Strong-handed, deathless, and of art divine,
Pure element, a portion of the world is thine:
All-taming artist, all-diffusive pow'r,
'Tis thine, supreme, all substance to devour:
Ether, Sun, Moon, and Stars, light pure and clear,
For these thy lucid parts to men appear.
To thee all dwellings, cities, tribes belong,
Diffus'd thro' mortal bodies, rich and strong.
Hear, blessed pow'r, to holy rites incline,
And all propitious on the incense shine:
Suppress the rage of fire's unweary'd frame,
And still preserve our nature's vital flame.

LXVII. To Esculapius

Great Esculapius, skill'd to heal mankind,
All-ruling Pæan, and physician kind;
Whose arts medic'nal can alone assuage
Diseases dire, and stop their dreadful rage.
Strong, lenient God, regard my suppliant pray'r,
Bring gentle Health, adorn'd with lovely hair;
Convey the means or mitigating pain,
And raging deadly pestilence restrain.
O pow'r all-flourishing, abundant, bright,
Apollo's honour'd offspring, God of light;
Husband of blameless Health, the constant foe
Of dread disease, the minister of woe:
Come, blessed saviour, human health defend,
And to the mortal life afford a prosp'rous end.

LXVIII. To Health

O much desir'd, prolific, gen'ral queen,
Hear me, life-bearing Health, of beauteous mien,
Mother of all; by thee diseases dire,
Of bliss destructive, from our life retire;
And ev'ry house is flourishing and fair,
If with rejoicing aspect thou art there.
Each dædal art thy vig'rous force inspires,
And all the world thy helping hand desires,
Pluto, life's bane, alone resists thy will,
And ever hates thy all-preserving skill.
O fertile queen, from thee for ever flows
To mortal life from agony repose;
And men without thy all-sustaining ease
Find nothing useful, nothing form'd to please.
Without thy aid, not Pluto's self can thrive,
Nor man to much afflicted age arrive;
For thou alone, of countenance serene,
Dost govern all things, universal queen.
Assist thy mystics with propitious mind,
And far avert disease of ev'ry kind.

LXIX. To the Furies

Vociferous Bacchanalian Furies hear!
Ye I invoke, dread pow'rs, whom all revere;
Nightly, profound, in secret who retire,
Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megara dire:
Deep in a cavern merg'd, involv'd in night,
Near where Styx flows impervious to the sight.
To mankind's impious counsels ever nigh,
Fateful, and fierce to punish these you fly.
Revenge and sorrows dire to you belong,
Hid in a savage vest, severe and strong.
Terrific virgins, who for ever dwell,
Endu'd with various forms, in deepest hell;
Aerial, and unseen by human kind,
And swiftly coursing, rapid as the mind.
In vain the sun with wing'd effulgence bright,
In vain the moon far darting milder light,
Wisdom and virtue may attempt in vain,
And pleasing art, our transport to obtain;
Unless with these you readily conspire,
And far avert your all-destructive ire.
The boundless tribe of mortals you descry,
And justly rule with Right's impartial eye.
Come, snaky-hair'd, Fates many-form'd, divine,
Suppress your rage, and to our rites incline.

LXX. To the Furies

Hear me, illustrious Furies, mighty nam'd,
Terrific pow'rs, for prudent counsel fam'd;
Holy and pure, from Jove terrestrial born,
And Proserpine, whom lovely locks adorn:
Whose piercing sight with vision unconfin'd
Surveys the deeds of all the impious kind.
On Fate attendant, punishing the race
(With wrath severe) of deeds unjust and base.
Dark-colour'd queens, whose glittering eyes are bright
With dreadful, radiant, life-destroying light:
Eternal rulers, terrible and strong,
To whom revenge and tortures dire belong:
Fateful, and horrid to the human sight,
With snaky tresses, wand'ring in the night:
Hither approach, and in these rites rejoice,
For ye I call with holy suppliant voice.

LXXI. To Melinoe

I call, Melinoe, saffron-veil'd, terrene,
Who from dread Pluto's venerable queen,
Mixt with Saturnian Jupiter, arose,
Near where Cocytus' mournful river flows;
When, under Pluto's semblance, Jove divine
Deceiv'd with guileful arts dark Proserpine.
Hence, partly black thy limbs and partly white,
From Pluto dark, from Jove ethereal bright.
Thy colour'd members, men by night inspire
When seen in spectred forms, with terrors dire;
Now darkly visible, involv'd in night,
Perspicuous now they meet the fearful sight.
Terrestrial queen, expel wherever found
The soul's mad fears to earth's remotest bound;
With holy aspect on our incense shine,
And bless thy mystics, and the rites divine.

LXXII. To Fortune

Approach, queen Fortune, with propitious mind
And rich abundance, to my pray'r inclin'd:
Placid and gentle Trivia, mighty nam'd,
Imperial Dian, born of Pluto fam'd,
Mankind's unconquer'd endless praise is thine,
Sepulch'ral, widely wand'ring pow'r divine!
In thee our various mortal life is found,
And some from thee in copious wealth abound;
While others mourn thy hand averse to bless,
In all the bitterness of deep distress.
Be present, Goddess, to thy vot'ries kind,
And give abundance with benignant mind.

LXXIII. To the Daemon

Thee, mighty ruling Dæmon dread,
I call, Mild Jove, life-giving, and the source of all:
Great Jove, much wand'ring, terrible and strong,
To whom revenge and tortures dire belong.
When in their dwellings joyful thou art found;
Mankind from thee in plenteous wealth abound,
Or pass thro' life afflicted and distress'd,
The needful means of bliss by thee suppress'd.
'Tis thine alone, endu'd with boundless might,
To keep the keys of sorrow and delight.
O holy blessed father, hear my pray'r,
Disperse the seeds of life-consuming care,
With fav'ring mind the sacred rites attend,
And grant to life a glorious blessed end.

LXXIV. To Leucothea

I call, Leucothea, of great Cadmus born,
And Bacchus' nurse, whom ivy leaves adorn.
Hear, powerful Goddess, in the mighty deep
Vast-bosom'd, destin'd thy domain to keep:
In waves rejoicing, guardian of mankind;
For ships from thee alone deliv'rance find,
Amidst the fury of th' unstable main,
When art no more avails, and strength is vain.
When rushing billows with tempestuous ire
O'erwhelm the mariner in ruin dire,
Thou hear'st with pity touch'd his suppliant pray'r,
Resolv'd his life to succour and to spare.
Be ever present, Goddess! in distress,
Waft ships along with prosp'rous success:
Thy mystics thro' the stormy sea defend,
And safe conduct them to their destin'd end.

LXXV. To Palaemon

O nurs'd with Dionysius, doom'd to keep
Thy dwelling in the widely spreading deep;
With joyful aspect to my pray'r incline,
Propitious come, and bless the rites divine;
Thy mystics thro' the earth and sea attend,
And from old Ocean's stormy waves defend:
For ships their safety ever owe to thee,
Who wand'rest with them thro' the raging sea.
Come, guardian pow'r, whom mortal tribes desire,
And far avert the deep's destructive ire.

LXXVI. To the Muses

Daughters of Jove, loud-sounding, and divine,
Renown'd, Pierian, sweetly speaking Nine;
To those whose breasts your sacred furies fire,
Much form'd, the objects of supreme desire.
Sources of blameless virtue to mankind,
Who form to excellence the youthful mind:
Who nurse the soul, and give her to descry
The paths of right with reason's steady eye.
Commanding queens, who lead to sacred light
The intellect refin'd from Error's night;
And to mankind each holy rite disclose,
For mystic knowledge from your nature flows.
Clio, and Erato who charms the sight,
With thee, Euterpe, minist'ring delight:
Thalia flourishing; Polymnia fam'd,
Melpomene from skill in music nam'd:
Terpsichore, Urania heav'nly bright,
With thee who gav'st me to behold the light.
Come, venerable, various pow'rs divine,
With fav'ring aspect on your mystics shine;
Bring glorious, ardent, lovely, fam'd desire,
And warm my bosom with your sacred fire.

LXXVII. To Mnemosyne. Or The Goddess of Memory

The consort I invoke of Jove divine,
Source of the holy, sweetly speaking Nine;
Free from th' oblivion of the fallen mind,
By whom the soul with intellect is join'd.
Reason's increase and thought to thee belong,
All-powerful, pleasant, vigilant, and strong.
'Tis thine to waken from lethargic rest
All thoughts deposited within the breast;
And nought neglecting, vig'rous to excite
The mental eye from dark oblivion's night.
Come, blessed pow'r, thy mystics' mem'ry wake
To holy rites, and Lethe's fetters break.

LXXVIII. To Aurora

Hear me, O Goddess, whose emerging ray
Leads on the broad refulgence of the day;
Blushing Aurora, whose celestial light
Beams on the world with redd'ning splendours bright.
Angel of Titan, whom with constant round
Thy orient beams recall from night profound:
Labour of ev'ry kind to lead is thine,
Of mortal life the minister divine.
Mankind in thee eternally delight,
And none presumes to shun thy beauteous sight.
Soon as thy splendours break the bands of rest,
And eyes unclose, with pleasing sleep oppress'd;
Men, reptiles, birds, and beasts, with gen'tal voice,
And all the nations of the deep rejoice;
For all the culture of our life is thine.
Come, blessed pow'r, and to these rites incline:
Thy holy light increase, and unconfin'd
Diffuse its radiance on thy mystics' mind.

LXXIX. To Themis

Illustrious Themis, of celestial birth,
Thee I invoke, young blossom of the earth.
All-beauteous virgin; first from thee alone
Prophetic oracles to men were known,
Giv'n from the deep recesses of the fane
In sacred Pytho, where renown'd you reign.
From thee Apollo's oracles arose,
And from thy pow'r his inspiration flows.
Honour'd by all, of form divinely bright,
Majestic virgin, wand'ring in the night.
Mankind from thee first learnt perfective rites,
And Bacchus' nightly choirs thy soul delights;
For the God's honours to disclose is thine,
And holy mysteries and rites divine.
Be present, Goddess, to my pray'r inclin'd,
And bless thy Teleta with fav'ring mind.

LXXX. To Boreas

Boreas, whose wintry blasts, terrific, tear
The bosom of the deep surrounding air;
Cold icy pow'r, approach, and fav'ring blow,
And Thrace awhile desert, expos'd to snow:
The air's all-misty dark'ning state dissolve,
With pregnant clouds whose frames in show'rs resolve.
Serenely temper all within the sky,
And wipe from moisture Ether's splendid eye.

LXXXI. To Zephyrus

Sea-born, aerial, blowing from the west,
Sweet gales, who give to weary'd labour rest.
Vernal and grassy, and of murm'ring sound,
To ships delightful through the sea profound;
For these, impell'd by you with gentle force,
Pursue with prosp'rous fate their destin'd course.
With blameless gales regard my suppliant pray'r,
Zephyrs unseen, light-wing'd, and form'd from air.

LXXXII. To the South Wind

Wide-coursing gales, whose lightly leaping feet
With rapid wings the air's wet bosom beat,
Approach, benevolent, swift-whirling pow'rs,
With humid clouds the principles of show'rs;
For show'ry clouds are portion'd to your care,
To send on earth from all-surrounding air.
Hear, blessed pow'r, these holy rites attend,
And fruitful rains on earth all-parent send.

LXXXIII. To Ocean

Ocean I call, whose nature ever flows,
From whom at first both Gods and men arose;
Sire incorruptible, whose waves surround,
And earth's all-terminating circle bound:
Hence every river, hence the spreading sea,
And earth's pure bubbling fountains spring from thee.
Hear, mighty sire, for boundless bliss is thine,
Greatest cathartic of the pow'rs divine:
Earth's friendly limit, fountain of the pole,
Whose waves wide spreading and circumfluent roll
Approach benevolent, with placid mind,
And be for ever to thy mystics kind.

LXXXIV. To Vesta

Daughter of Saturn, venerable dame,
Who dwell'st amidst great fire's eternal flame;
In sacred rites these ministers are thine,
Mystics much blessed, holy, and divine.
In thee the Gods have fix'd their dwelling place,
Strong, stable basis of the mortal race.
Eternal, much form'd, ever florid queen,
Laughing's and blessed, and of lovely mien;
Accept these rites, accord to each just desire,
And gentle health and needful good inspire.

LXXXV. To Sleep

Sleep, king of Gods, and men of mortal birth,
Sov'reign of all, sustain'd by mother Earth;
For thy dominion is supreme alone,
O'er all extended, and by all things known.
'Tis thine all bodies with benignant mind
In other bands than those of brass to bind.
Tamer of cares, to weary toil repose,
And from whom sacred solace in affliction flows.
Thy pleasing gentle chains preserve the soul,
And e'en the dreadful cares of death control;
For Death, and Lethe with oblivious stream,
Mankind thy genuine brothers justly deem.
With fav'ring aspect to my pray'r incline,
And save thy mystics in their works divine.

LXXXVI. To the Divinity of Dreams

Thee I invoke, blest pow'r of dreams divine,
Angel of future fates, swift wings are thine.
Great source of oracles to human kind,
When stealing soft, and whisp'ring to the mind,
Thro' sleep's sweet silence, and the gloom of night,
Thy pow'r awakes th' intellectual sight;
To silent souls the will of heaven relates,
And silently reveals their future fates.
Forever friendly to the upright mind,
Sacred and pure, to holy rites inclin'd;
For these with pleasing hope thy dreams inspire:
Bliss to anticipate, which all desire.
Thy visions manifest of fate disclose,
What methods best may mitigate our woes;
Reveal what rites the Gods immortal please,
And what the means their anger to appease;
For ever tranquil is the good man's end,
Whose life thy dreams admonish and defend.
But from the wicked turn'd averse to bless,
Thy form unseen, the angel of distress;
No means to check approaching ill they find,
Pensive with fears, and to the future blind.
Come, blessed pow'r, the signatures reveal
Which heav'n's decrees mysteriously conceal,
Signs only present to the worthy mind,
Nor omens ill disclose of monstrous kind.

LXXXVII. To Death

Hear me O Death, whose empire unconfin'd
Extends to mortal tribes of ev'ry kind.
On thee the portion of our time depends,
Whose absence lengthens life, whose presence ends.
Thy sleep perpetual bursts the vivid folds
By which the soul attracting body holds:"Common to all, of ev'ry sex
and age,
For nought escapes thy all-destructive rage.
Not youth itself thy clemency can gain,
Vig'rous and strong, by thee untimely slain.
In thee the end of nature's works is known,
In thee all judgment is absolv'd alone.
No suppliant arts thy dreadful rage control,
No vows revoke the purpose of thy soul.
O blessed pow'r, regard my ardent pray'r,
And human life to age abundant spare.