HYMN TO HEPHAISTOS

"Ηφαιστ' ἐργαστήρ, αἰώνιε, τεχνοδίαιτε, ΗĒPHAIST' ERGASTĒR, AIŌNIE, TEKHNODIAITE Hephaistos, craftsman, eternal, dwelling in art

λαμπόμενε φλογέαις αὐγαῖς, φαεσίμβροτε δαῖμον, LAMPOMENE PHLOGEAIS AUGAIS PHAESIMBROTE DAIMON Shining with brilliant flame, spirit illuminating mortals,

φωσφόρε, καρτερόχειρ, μεγασθενές, ἀκάματον πῦρ, PHŌSPHORE, KARTEROKHEIR, MEGASTHENES, AKAMATON PUR Light-bearer, strong-handed, powerful, tireless fire

ἀγλαὰ ἕργ' ἀνθρώπους ἐπὶ χθονός ὃς ἐδίδαξεν AGLAA ERG' ANTHRŌPOUS EPI KHTHONOS HOS EDIDAXEN Who taught bright works to men on earth

πάντα δὲ οἶκον ἔχεις, πᾶσαν πόλιν, ἔθνεα πάντα[.] PANTA DE OIKON EKHEIS, PASAN POLIN, ETHNEA PANTA **All homes, all cities, all nations are yours!**

HEPHAISTOS * HEPHAISTOS * HEPHAISTOS

When your mother's need grew great

To birth into this world a flame

Unsullied by the Thunderer

She uttered words so wonderful

That they unfolded under her

In a form that some call lame.

EPHAIE

And for this so-called lameness You were flung from heaven's face streaking earthward like a star Shrieking like a meteor Falling from the atmosphere And from your mother's grace.

EPHAIE ANAN<u>O</u>KHA

Unmothered, you smoldered Beneath the seething sea Until the nymph who bore Akhilles Bound your brow in kelp and lilies And having woven your green fillets Beheld your orphan state, and grieved.

EPHAIE ANAN<u>O</u>KHA AMARZA

Nine years, nine years, nine years You hammered, bellowed, honed and wept: Nine years, nine years, nine years Forging silver girls with golden clefts Swords that swung without a fist Winged sandals that could fly Helms of invisibility Shields graven with theogony And a cage to hold your mother.

EPHAIE ANANOKHA AMARZA MARMARAMO

And when nine years had finally passed The outcast in the chasm Ascended to the waking world Shedding kelp and jetsam Bearing nine years of inventions Each made to yield a sort of spasm In both mortal organisms And the Bloodless Ones of Heaven And a cage to hold your mother.

EPHAIE ANANOKHA AMARZA

Mother-absence, Mother-hunger, Mother-wrath and Mother-fury Are the meat that feed the king Who fathered the Kaberoi Who sired the dogfaced iron-smiths Whose hammers make the anvils ring Who clash their shields and shout their songs To hide the Hunted Child, and sing Loud praises to their fiery lord Who dwells in smoke and rules in flame whose voice is hammer's clink-clink-clink And who bears a deep and secret name.

EPHAIE ANAN<u>O</u>KHA

When your mother's need grew great To birth into this world a flame Unsullied by the Thunderer She uttered words so wonderful That they unfolded under her In a form that some call lame.

EPHAIE

And for this so-called lameness You were flung from heaven's grace But rose again to claim your own And stride the halls of Hera's home And sit upon your fiery throne And gaze upon your mother's face.

HEPHAISTOS * HEPHAISTOS * HEPHAISTOS

παμφάγε, πανδαμάτωρ, πανυπέρτατε, παντοδίαιτε, PAMPHAGE, PANDAMATŌR, PANUPERTATE, PANTODIAITE All-consuming, all-mastering, highest, dwelling everywhere

κλῦθι, μάκαρ, αἰεὶ χαίρουσιν ἥμερος ἕλθοις. KLUTHI MAKAR, AIEI KHAIROUSIN HĒMEROS ELTHOIS **Come, blessed one, always rejoicing and gentle.**

[παῦσον λυσσῶσαν μανίην πυρὸς ἀκαμάτοιο, PAUSON LUSSŌSAN MANIĒN PUROS AKAMATOIO End the raging madness of ceaseless fire

καῦσιν ἔχων φύσεως ἐν σώμασιν ἡμετέροισιν. KAUSIN EKHŌN PHUSEŌS EN SŌMASIN HĒMETEROISIN And sustain the natural fires of our bodies.]

Greek lines drawn from Orphic Hymn 66 to Hephaistos and Homeric Hymn 20 to Hephaistos, transliterated and translated by T. Susan Chang. Verse by Jack Grayle. Voces magicae from PGM XII. 160-78 .

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