

HYMN TO APOLLO

κλυθί μευ, φοῖβε ἄναξ ἐκάεργε, φωσφόρε δαῖμον
KLUTHI MEU, PHOIBE ANAX HEKAERGE, PHŌSPHORE DAIMON
Hear me, Phoebus, far-working lord, light-bringing daimon

Μοιράγετης, πανδερκὲς ἔχων φαεσίμβροτον ὄμμα,
MOIRAGETĒS, PANDERKES EKHŌN PHAESIMBROTON OMMA
Guide of Fate, all-seeing eye bringing light to mortals

χρυσοκόμη, χαροποιός, ἀλεξίκακος Μουσαγέτη,
KHRUSOKOMĒ, KHAROPOIOS, ALEXIKAKOS MOUSAGETĒ
Golden-haired, joy-making, Leader of the Muses, warding off evil

Δελφικέ, μάντι, χάρμα βροτοῖσι, τοξοβέλεμνε,
DELPHIKE, MANTI, KHARMA BROTOISI, TOXOBELEMNE,
Delphic god, prophet, delight to mortals, shooter of arrows

APOLLO * APOLLO * APOLLO

O golden god of plagues whose bow
Harvests every mortal life!
Notch the fletched dart, stretch it so
The sinew creaks, then let it go
See it flash! Released, it grows
In the target's apprehension:
His life, her life, subject to
Immediate recension.

AKHAI PHO THOTH QAI EIA EIA

AIE AIE IAO THOTH OPH IAKHA

Pure the eye that saw the target

Pure the hand that struck it

AKTI KARA ABAIQTH

Wolf-born, whelped from the thin bitch
That panting fled from Python's coils
You saved your mother from the beast
By arrowing it to the soil
To watch it writhe. You cannot fail.
You know this: it informs a soul
As pure as ice. You thought, *Behold:*
The thing that stood has fallen
Then rose up through the upper air
Gold-bright, and light as pollen.

I

II

III

IIII

Pure the eye that saw the target
Pure the hand that struck it
Pure the heart that never beats
Pure the mind not made of meat
Which can create or uncreate,
Preserve a form – or fuck it.

IIII

III

II

Lord of Muses, Math, and Mice
 Whose lyre informs the groaning spheres
 Your hymns are hummed by the cicada
 Inspiring artists, in the aid of
 We who briefly flare and fade:
 A little life and then the blaze
 Of light soon narrows to an ember.
 Mighty god, see and remember
 We who fading sing your praise.

AKTI KARA ABAIQTH

Pure the eye that saw the target
 Pure the hand that struck it

AKHAI PHO THOTH QAI EIA EIA

AIE AIE IAO THOTH OPH IAKHA

Beautiful Destroyer, shoot
 The golden bolts carved with our names
 To end the ache of age and longing
 With the dart that stops our song and
 Cleaves hot hearts that hunger wrongly
 Piercing them with shafts of gold.
 Oh most blessed of Heaven's brood!
 You never sicken or grow old
 O Bloodless One who claims our blood

As one who's famished lifts a dish

As a falcon falls upon a fish

Or a wolf upon the fold.

APOLLO * APOLLO * APOLLO

Σμινθεῦ, σοι φίλη κίθαρίς τε καὶ καμπύλα τόξα,
SMINTHEU, SOI PHILĒ KITHARIS TE KAI KAMPULA TOXA
Sminthean, dear to you are the lyre and the curved bow

ἄρμονίη κεράσας παγκόσμιον ἀνδράσι μοῖραν
HARMONIĒ KERASAS PANKOSMION ANDRASI MOIRAN
You mix harmony into mortal fates, common to all

χρείων δ' ἀνθρώποισι Διὸς νημερτέα βουλήν
KHREIŌN D'ANTHRŌPOISI DIOS NĒMERTEA BOULĒN
Prophesying the true plans of God to humankind

Ἐλθέ, μάκαρ, καθαρὰς φήμας χρησμούς τ' ἀναφαίνε.
ELTHE, MAKAR, KATHARAS PHĒMAS KHRĒSMOUS T'ANAPHAINĒ.
Come, blessed one, and reveal to us clear oracles.

*Greek lines drawn from Orphic Hymn 34 to Apollo, and Homeric Hymn 3 to Apollo.
Transliterated and translated by T. Susan Chang. Verse by Jack Grayle. Voces magicae from
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