

Let us begin our singing
 from the Helikonian Muses
 who possess the great and holy mountain
 of Helikon
 and dance there on soft feet
 by the dark blue water
 of the spring, and by the altar
 of the powerful son of Kronos;
 5 who wash their tender bodies in the waters
 of Permessos
 or Hippokrene, spring of the Horse,
 or holy Olmeios,
 and on the high places of Helikon
 have ordered their dances
 which are handsome and beguiling,
 and light are the feet they move on.
 From there they rise, and put a veiling
 of deep mist upon them,
 10 and walk in the night, singing
 in sweet voices, and celebrating
 Zeus, the holder of the aegis, and Hera,
 his lady
 of Argos, who treads on golden sandals,
 and singing also
 Athene the gray-eyed, daughter of Zeus
 of the aegis,
 Phoibos Apollo, and Artemis
 of the showering arrows,
 15 Poseidon who encircles the earth in his arms
 and shakes it,
 stately Themis, and Aphrodite
 of the fluttering eyelids,
 Hebe of the golden wreath, beautiful Dione,

Leto and Iapetos and devious-devising Kronos,
 Eos, the dawn, great Helios,
 and shining Selene,
²⁰ Gaia, the earth, and great Okeanos,
 and dark Night,
 and all the holy rest of the everlasting
 immortals.
 And it was they who once taught Hesiod
 his splendid singing
 as he was shepherding his lambs
 on holy Helikon,
 and these were the first words of all
 the goddesses spoke to me,
²⁵ the Muses of Olympia, daughters of Zeus
 of the aegis:
 “You shepherds of the wilderness, poor fools,
 nothing but bellies,
 we know how to say many false things
 that seem like true sayings,
 but we know also how to speak the truth
 when we wish to.”
 So they spoke, these mistresses of words,
 daughters of great Zeus,
³⁰ and they broke off and handed me a staff
 of strong-growing
 olive shoot, a wonderful thing;
 they breathed a voice into me,
 and power to sing the story of things
 of the future, and things past.
 They told me to sing the race
 of the blessed gods everlasting,
 but always to put themselves
 at the beginning and end of my singing.

35 But what is all this to me, the story
of the oak or the boulder?

Come you then, let us begin from the Muses,
who by their singing
delight the great mind of Zeus, their father,
who lives on Olympos,
as they tell of what is, and what is to be,
and what was before now
with harmonious voices, and the sound
that comes sweet from their mouths
40 never falters, and all the mansion of Zeus
the father
of the deep thunder is joyful
in the light voice of the goddesses
that scatters through it, and the peaks
of snowy Olympos re-echo
and the homes of the immortals, and they
in divine utterance
sing first the glory of the majestic race
of immortals
45 from its beginning, those born
to wide Ouranos and Gaia,
and the gods who were born to these in turn,
the givers of blessings.
Then next they sing of Zeus, the father
of gods and of mortals,
and they begin this strain and end
this strain singing of him,
how greatly he surpasses all gods,
and in might is the strongest.
50 And then again the Olympian Muses,
daughters of aegis-

wearing Zeus, delight his mind that dwells
 on Olympos
 by singing the race of human kind,
 and the powerful Giants.
 Mnemosyne, queen of the Eleutherian hills,
 bore them
 in Pieria, when she had lain
 with the Kronian Father;
 55 they bring forgetfulness of sorrows,
 and rest from anxieties.
 For nine nights Zeus of the counsels
 lay with her, going
 up into her sacred bed, far away
 from the other immortals.
 But when it was a year,
 after the seasons' turning
 and the months had waned away, and many days
 were accomplished,
 60 she bore her nine daughters, concordant
 of heart, and singing
 is all the thought that is in them,
 and no care troubles their spirits.
 She bore them a little way off
 from the highest snowy summit
 of Olympos; there are their shining
 dancing places, their handsome
 houses, and the Graces and Desire live there
 beside them
 65 in festivity; lovely is the voice
 that issues from their lips
 as they sing of all the laws and all
 the gracious customs

of the immortals, and glorify them
with their sweet voices.

At that time, glorying in their power
of song, they went to Olympos
in immortal music, and all the black earth
re-echoed to them

70 as they sang, and the lovely beat
of their footsteps sprang beneath them
as they hastened to their father, to him
who is King in the heaven,
who holds in his own hands the thunder
and the flamy lightning,
who overpowered and put down
his father Kronos, and ordained
to the immortals all rights that are theirs,
and defined their stations.

75 All these things the Muses who have
their homes on Olympos
sang then, and they are nine daughters
whose father is great Zeus:
Kleio and Euterpe, Thaleia and Melpomene,
Terpsichore and Erato, Polymnia and Ourania,
with Kalliope, who of all holds
the highest position.

80 For it is she who attends
on the respected barons.
And when on one of these kingly nobles,
at the time of his birth,
the daughters of great Zeus cast their eyes
and bestow their favors,
upon his speech they make a distillation
of sweetness,

and from his mouth the words run blandishing,
 and his people
 85 all look in his direction as he judges
 their cases
 with straight decisions, and,
 by an unfaltering declaration
 can put a quick and expert end even
 to a great quarrel:
 and that is why there are temperate barons,
 because for their people
 who have gone astray in assembly these
 lightly turn back their actions
 90 to the right direction, talking them over
 with gentle arguments.
 As such a one walks through an assembly,
 the people adore him
 like a god, with gentle respect;
 he stands out among all assembled.
 Such is the holy gift the Muses
 give to humanity.
 So it is from the Muses, and from Apollo
 of the far cast,
 95 that there are men on earth who are poets,
 and players on the lyre.
 The lords are from Zeus; but blessed
 is that one whom the Muses
 love, for the voice of his mouth runs
 and is sweet, and even
 when a man has sorrow fresh
 in the troublement of his spirit
 and is struck to wonder over the grief
 in his heart, the singer,

100 the servant of the Muses singing
the glories of ancient
men, and the blessed gods
who have their homes on Olympos,
makes him presently forget his cares,
he no longer remembers
sorrow, for the gifts of the goddesses
soon turn his thoughts elsewhere.

Hail, then, children of Zeus:
grant me lovely singing.

105 Now sound out the holy stock
of the everlasting immortals
who came into being out of Gaia
and starry Ouranos
and gloomy Night, whom Pontos, the salt sea,
brought to maturity;
and tell, how at the first the gods
and the earth were begotten
and rivers, and the boundless sea,
raging in its swell,
110 the blazing stars, and the wide sky above all,
tell of
the gods, bestowers of blessings,
who were begotten of all these,
and how they divided their riches
and distributed their privileges,
and how they first took possession
of many-folded Olympos,
tell me all this, you Muses
who have your homes on Olympos,

115 from the beginning, and tell who was first
 to come forth among them.
 First of all there came Chaos,
 and after him came
 Gaia of the broad breast,
 to be the unshakable foundation
 of all the immortals who keep the crests
 of snowy Olympos,
 and Tartaros the foggy in the pit
 of the wide-wayed earth,
 120 and Eros, who is love, handsomest among all
 the immortals,
 who breaks the limbs' strength,
 who in all gods, in all human beings
 overpowers the intelligence in the breast,
 and all their shrewd planning.
 From Chaos was born Erebos, the dark,
 and black Night,
 and from Night again Aither and Hemera,
 the day, were begotten,
 125 for she lay in love with Erebos
 and conceived and bore these two.
 But Gaia's first born was one
 who matched her every dimension,
 Ouranos, the starry sky,
 to cover her all over,
 to be an unshakable standing-place
 for the blessed immortals.
 Then she brought forth the tall Hills,
 those wild haunts that are beloved
 130 by the goddess Nymphs who live on the hills
 and in their forests.

Without any sweet act of love
 she produced the barren
 sea, Pontos, seething in his fury of waves,
 and after this
 she lay with Ouranos, and bore him
 deep-swirling Okeanos
 the ocean-stream; and Koios, Krios,
 Hyperion, Iapetos,
 135 and Theia too and Rheia, and Themis,
 and Mnemosyne,
 Phoibe of the wreath of gold,
 and Tethys the lovely.
 After these her youngest-born
 was devious-devising Kronos,
 most terrible of her children;
 and he hated his strong father.
 She brought forth also the Kyklopes,
 whose hearts are proud and powerful,
 140 Brontes and Steropes, and Arges
 of the violent spirit,
 who made the thunder and gave it to Zeus,
 and fashioned the lightning.
 These in all the rest of their shape
 were made like gods,
 but they had only one eye set in the middle
 of their foreheads.
 Kyklopes, wheel-eyed, was the name given them,
 by reason
 145 of the single wheel-shaped eye
 that was set in their foreheads.
 Strength and force, and contriving skills,
 were in all their labors.

And still other children were born
 to Gaia and Ouranos,
 three sons, big and powerful, so great
 they could never be told of,
 Kottos, Briareos, and Gyes,
 overmastering children.
 150 Each had a hundred intolerably strong arms
 bursting
 out of his shoulders,
 and on the shoulders of each grew fifty
 heads, above their massive bodies;
 irresistible
 and staunch strength matched the appearance
 of their big bodies,
 and of all children ever born
 to Gaia and Ouranos
 155 these were the most terrible,
 and they hated their father
 from the beginning, and every time each one
 was beginning
 to come out, he would push them back again,
 deep inside Gaia,
 and would not let them into the light,
 and Ouranos exulted
 in his wicked work; but great Gaia
 groaned within for pressure
 160 of pain; and then she thought of an evil,
 treacherous attack.
 Presently creating the element of gray flint
 she made of it a great sickle,
 and explained it to her own children,
 and spoke, in the disturbance of her heart,
 to encourage them:

“My sons, born to me of a criminal father,
if you are willing

165 to obey me, we can punish your father
for the brutal treatment
he put upon you, for he was first to think
of shameful dealing.”

So she spoke, but fear took hold of all,
nor did one of them
speak, but then great devious-devising Kronos
took courage

and spoke in return,
and gave his gracious mother an answer:

170 “My mother, I will promise to undertake
to accomplish
this act, and for our father,
him of the evil name, I care
nothing, for he was the first
to think of shameful dealing.”

So he spoke, and giant Gaia
rejoiced greatly in her heart
and took and hid him in a secret ambush,
and put into his hands

175 the sickle, edged like teeth, and told him
all her treachery.

And huge Ouranos came on

bringing night with him, and desiring
love he embraced Gaia and lay over her
stretched out

complete, and from his hiding place his son
reached with his left hand
and seized him, and holding in his right
the enormous sickle

180 with its long blade edged like teeth,
 he swung it sharply,
 and lopped the members of his own father,
 and threw them behind him
 to fall where they would,
 but they were not lost away when they were flung
 from his hand, but all the bloody drops
 that went splashing from them
 were taken in by Gaia, the earth,
 and with the turning of the seasons
 185 she brought forth the powerful Furies
 and the tall Giants
 shining in their armor
 and holding long spears in their hands;
 and the nymphs they call, on boundless earth,
 the Nymphs of the Ash Trees.
 But the members themselves, when Kronos
 had lopped them with the flint,
 he threw from the mainland
 into the great wash of the sea water
 190 and they drifted a great while
 on the open sea, and there spread
 a circle of white foam
 from the immortal flesh, and in it
 grew a girl, whose course first took her
 to holy Kythera,
 and from there she afterward made her way
 to sea-washed Cyprus
 and stepped ashore, a modest lovely Goddess,
 and about her
 195 light and slender feet the grass grew,
 and the gods call her

Aphrodite, and men do too,
 and the aphro-foam-born
 goddess, and garlanded Kythereia,
 because from the seafoam
 she grew, and Kythereia because she had gone
 to Kythera,
 and Kyprogeneia, because she came forth
 from wave-washed Cyprus,
 200 and Philommedea, because she appeared
 from *medea*, members.
 And Eros went with her, and handsome Himeros
 attended her
 when first she was born, and when she joined
 the immortal community,
 and here is the privilege she was given
 and holds from the beginning,
 and which is the part she plays among men
 and the gods immortal:
 205 the whispering together of girls,
 the smiles and deceptions,
 the delight, and the sweetnesses of love,
 and the flattery.
 But their great father Ouranos,
 who himself begot them,
 bitterly gave to those others, his sons,
 the name of Titans,
 the Stretchers, for they stretched
 their power outrageously and accomplished
 210 a monstrous thing, and they would some day
 be punished for it.

But Night bore horrible Moros, and black Ker,
 End and Fate,

and Death, and Sleep, and she bore also
 the brood of Dreams,
 she, dark Night, by herself,
 and had not been loved by any god,
 and then again she bore mocking Momos
 and painful Oizys,
 215 and the Hesperides, who across
 the fabulous stream of the Ocean
 keep the golden apples
 and the fruit-bearing orchards,
 and she bore the destinies, the Moirai,
 and the cruelly never-forgetful
 Fates, Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos,
 who at their birth
 bestow upon mortals their portion
 of good and evil,
 220 and these control the transgressions
 of both men and divinities,
 and these goddesses never remit
 their dreaded anger
 until whoever has done wrong
 gives them satisfaction.
 And she, destructive Night, bore Nemesis,
 who gives much pain
 to mortals; and afterward cheating Deception
 and loving Affection
 225 and then malignant Old Age
 and overbearing Discord.
 Hateful Discord in turn
 bore painful Hardship,
 and Forgetfulness, and Starvation,
 and the Pains, full of weeping,

the Battles and the Quarrels, the Murders
 and the Manslaughters,
 the Grievances, the lying Stories,
 the Disputations,

230 and Lawlessness and Ruin, who share
 one another's nature,
 and Oath, who does more damage than any other
 to earthly
 men, when anyone, of his knowledge,
 swears to a false oath.

But Pontos, the great Sea, was father
 of truthful Nereus
 who tells no lies, eldest of his sons.

They call him the Old Gentleman
 235 because he is trustworthy, and gentle,
 and never forgetful
 of what is right, but the thoughts
 of his mind are mild and righteous.
 And Pontos again fathered great Thaumas,
 and haughty Phorkys
 when he lay with Gaia, and he fathered Keto
 of the fair face,
 and Eurybia, who has a heart of stone
 inside her.

240 To Nereus and to Doris of the lovely hair,
 daughter
 of Okeanos the completely encircling river,
 there were born
 in the barren sea daughters
 greatly beautiful even among goddesses:
 Ploto and Eukrante and Amphitrite and Saö,
 Eudora and Thetis, and Galene and Glauke,
 245 Kymothoë and Speio, and Thoë and lovely Halia,

Pasithea and Erato, Eunike of the rose arms,
 and graceful Melite and Eulimene and Agauë,
 Doto and Proto, Dynamene and Pherousa,
 Nesaië and Aktaïë and Protomedeia,
 250 Doris and Panopeia, and Galateia
 the beautiful,
 Hippothoë the lovely
 and Hipponoë of the rose arms,
 Kymodoke who, with Kymatolege and Amphitrite,
 light of foot, on the misty face
 of the open water
 easily stills the waves and hushes the winds
 in their blowing,
 255 Kymo and Eïone, Halimede
 of the bright garland,
 Glaukonome, the lover of laughter,
 and Pontoporeia,
 Leagore and Euagore and Laomedeia,
 Poulynoë and Autonoë and Lysianassa,
 Euarne of the lovely figure
 and face of perfection,
 260 Psamathe of the graceful form
 and shining Menippe,
 Neso and Eupompe, and Themisto and Pronoë,
 and Nemertes, whose mind is like that
 of her immortal father.
 These were the daughters born
 to irreproachable Nereus,
 fifty in all, and the actions they know
 are beyond reproach, also.
 265 Now Thaumás married a daughter
 of deep-running Okeanos,

Elektra, and she bore him swift-footed Iris,
 the rainbow,
 and the Harpies of the lovely hair,
 Okypete and Aëlle,
 and these two in the speed of their wings
 keep pace with the blowing
 winds, or birds in flight, as they soar
 and swoop, high aloft.

270 And to Phorkys Keto bore the Graiai,
 with fair faces
 and gray from birth, and these the gods
 who are immortal
 and men who walk on the earth call Graiai,
 the gray sisters,
 Pemphredo robed in beauty and Enyo
 robed in saffron,
 and the Gorgons who, beyond the famous stream
 of the Ocean,
 275 live in the utmost place toward night,
 by the singing Hesperides:
 they are Sthenno, Euryale, and Medusa,
 whose fate was a sad one,
 for she was mortal, but the other two
 immortal and ageless
 both alike. Poseidon, he of the dark hair,
 lay with
 one of these, in a soft meadow
 and among spring flowers.

280 But when Perseus had cut off
 the head of Medusa
 there sprang from her blood great Chrysaör
 and the horse Pegasos

so named from the *pegai*, the springs
 of the Ocean, where she was born,
 while Chrysaör is named from the golden *aör*,
 the sword he handles.

Pegasos, soaring, left the earth,
 the mother of sheepflocks,
 285 and came to the immortals, and there he lives
 in the household
 of Zeus, and carries the thunder
 and lightning for Zeus of the counsels.
 Chrysaör, married to Kallirhoë,
 daughter of glorious
 Okeanos, was father
 to the triple-headed Geryon,
 but Geryon was killed by the great strength
 of Herakles
 290 at sea-circled Erytheia
 beside his own shambling cattle
 on that day when Herakles drove
 those broad-faced cattle
 toward holy Tiryns, when he crossed
 the stream of the Ocean
 and had killed Orthos and the oxherd Eurytion
 out in that gloomy meadow
 beyond the fabulous Ocean.

295 But she, Kallirhoë, bore another
 unmanageable monster
 like nothing human
 nor like the immortal gods either,
 in a hollow cave. This was the divine
 and haughty Echidna,
 and half of her is a nymph
 with a fair face and eyes glancing,

but the other half is a monstrous snake,
terrible, enormous

300 and squirming and voracious,
there in earth's secret places.

For there she has her cave
on the underside of a hollow
rock, far from the immortal gods,
and far from all mortals.

There the gods ordained her a fabulous home
to live in

which she keeps underground among the Arimoi,
grisly Echidna,

305 a nymph who never dies, and all her days
she is ageless.

They say that Typhaön, the terrible,
violent and lawless,
was joined in love with this girl
of the glancing eyes, and she
conceiving bore children to him,
with hard tempers.

First she bore him Orthos,
who was Geryones' herding dog,

310 and next again she bore the unspeakable,
unmanageable

Kerberos, the savage,
the bronze-barking dog of Hades,
fifty-headed, and powerful,
and without pity.

And third again she bore
the grisly-minded Hydra
of Lerna, whom the goddess
white-armed Hera nourished

315 because of her quenchless grudge
 against the strong Herakles.
 Yet he, Herakles, son of Zeus,
 of the line of Amphitryon,
 by design of Athene the spoiler,
 and with help from warlike
 Iolaos, killed this beast
 with the pitiless bronze sword.
 Hydra bore the Chimaira, who snorted
 raging fire,
 320 a beast great and terrible,
 and strong and swift-footed.
 Her heads were three: one was that
 of a glare-eyed lion,
 one of a goat, and the third of a snake,
 a powerful dragon.
 325 But Chimaira was killed by Pegasos
 and gallant Bellerophon.
 But Echidna also, in love with Orthos,
 mothered the deadly
 Sphinx, the bane of the Kadmeians,
 and the Nemean Lion
 whom Hera, the queenly wife of Zeus,
 trained up and settled
 among the hills of Nemeia,
 to be a plague to mankind.
 330 There he preyed upon the tribes
 of the indwelling people,
 and was as a King over Tretos
 and Apesas and Nemeia.
 Nevertheless, the force of strong Herakles
 subdued him.

Keto, joined in love with Phorkys,
 mothered the youngest
 of the deadly snakes, that one who
 at the gloomy great hidden
 335 limits of the Earth guards
 the all-golden apples.

This snake is of the generation
 of Keto and Phorkys.

Tethys bore to Okeanos the swirling Rivers,
 Neilos the Nile, Alpheios,
 and deep-eddying Eridanos,
 Strymon and Maiandros, Istros
 of the beautiful waters,
 340 Phasis and Rhesos
 and silver-swirling Acheloios,
 Nessos and Rhodios, Heptaporos
 and Haliakmon,
 Grenikos and Aisepos, and Simoeis,
 who is godlike,
 Hermos and Peneios,
 and Kaïkos strongly flowing,
 and great Sangarios, and Ladon,
 and Parthenios,
 345 Euenos and Ardeskos, and Skamandros,
 who is holy.

She brought forth also a race apart
 of daughters, who with
 Lord Apollo and the Rivers have the young
 in their keeping
 all over the earth, since this right
 from Zeus is given them.

They are Peitho, Admete, Ianthé and Elektra,
 350 Doris and Prymno and Ourania like a goddess,

Hippo and Klymene, Rhodeia and Kallirhoë,
 Zeuxo and Klytia, and Idyia and Pasithoë,
 Plexaura and Galaxaura and lovely Dione,
 Melobosis and Thoë, and Polydora the shapely,
 355 Kerkeïs of the lovely stature,
 and ox-eyed Plouto,
 Xanthe and Akaste, Perseïs and Ianeira,
 Petraië the lovely, and Menestho, and Europa,
 Metis and Eurynome, Telesto robed in saffron,
 Chryseïs, and Asia, and alluring Kalypso,
 360 Eudora and Tyche, and Amphiro and Okyroë,
 and Styx, who among them all
 has the greatest eminence.
 Now these are the eldest of the daughters
 who were born to Tethys
 and Okeanos, but there are many others
 beside these,
 for there are three thousand
 light-stepping daughters of the Ocean
 365 scattered far and wide, bright children
 among the goddesses, and all
 alike look after the earth
 and the depths of the standing water;
 and as many again are the rest of the Rivers,
 murmurously running,
 sons of Okeanos and the lady Tethys
 was their mother,
 and it would be hard for a mortal man
 to tell the names
 370 of all of them; but each is known
 by those who live by him.
 Theia brought forth great Helios
 and shining Selene

the Sun and Moon, and Eos the Dawn,
 who lights all earthly
 creatures, and the immortal gods
 who hold the wide heaven.

These she brought forth, being subdued
 in love to Hyperion.

375 Eurybia, shining among the goddesses,
 was joined in love
 with Krios, and brought forth
 the great Astraïos and Pallas
 and Perses, who shines among all
 for his intelligence.

Eos, a goddess couched in love with a god,
 brought forth
 to Astraïos the strong-spirited winds,
 Zephyros
 380 the brightener, Boreas of the headlong track,
 and Notos.

After these she, Erigeneia,
 bore Eosphoros, the dawnstar,
 and all those other shining stars
 that are wreathed in the heaven.

And Styx, daughter of Okeanos,
 lying in love with Pallas,
 bore in their halls Rivalry
 and sweet-stepping Victory,
 385 and also Power and Force,
 who are her conspicuous children,
 and these have no home that is not the home
 of Zeus, no resting
 place nor road, except where that god
 has guided them,

but always they are housed by Zeus
of the heavy thunder.

For this was the will of Styx,
that Okeanid never-perishing,
390 on the day when the Olympian flinger
of the lightning
summoned all the immortal gods
to tall Olympos
and said that any god who fought on his side
with the Titans
should never be beaten out of his privilege,
but each should maintain
the position he had had before
among the immortals; he said, too,
395 that the god who under Kronos
had gone without position or privilege
should under him be raised to these,
according to justice.
And Styx the imperishable was first
to come to Olympos
bringing her children, as her own father
had advised her.
Zeus gave her position,
and gave her great gifts further,
400 for he established her to be the oath
of the immortals,
and that her children all their days
should live in his household.
And so, as he had promised, in every way
he fulfilled it
throughout. But he himself keeps
the great power, and is master.

Now, Phoibe in turn went into the bed
 of love with Koios,
 405 a goddess with a god, and there
 through his love she conceived
 and bore Leto of the dark robe,
 a sweet goddess always,
 kind to mortal men
 and to the immortal divinities,
 sweet from the beginning,
 the gentlest of all who are on Olympos.
 She bore also renowned Asteria, whom on a day
 410 Perses led home to his great house,
 to be called his true wife,
 and she conceiving bore Hekate, whom Zeus,
 son of Kronos,
 honored above all others,
 for he gave her gifts that were glorious,
 to have a part of the earth as hers,
 and a part of the barren
 sea, and she, with a place also
 in the starry heaven,
 415 is thus exalted exceedingly
 even among the immortals.
 For even now, whenever any one
 of mortal men makes
 a handsome sacrifice in propitiation,
 according to usage,
 he invokes Hekate, and recompense abundant
 and lightly granted
 befalls that man whose prayers
 the goddess receives with favor,
 420 and she grants him good success,
 for hers is the power to do this.

For among the children who were born
 to Ouranos and Gaia
 and had station allotted,
 among all these she has a certain office.
 Nor did the son of Kronos use violence
 toward her nor deprive her
 of the rights she had among Titan gods
 of the older generation
 425 but she holds her apportioned share
 as formerly from the beginning,
 427 nor, because she is an only child,
 does the goddess have the less honor,
 426 and a privileged place in the earth,
 and in the sky, and the sea also;
 but as much as others and far more,
 seeing that Zeus honors her.
 She greatly assists and advantages any man,
 as she pleases, and in
 430 the assembly of the people a man shines
 when she wishes it,
 and when men put on their armor
 to go to battle, where men
 are wasted, the goddess
 is present there also, to give out
 the victory and the glory
 to whichever side she wishes.
 And she sits beside solemn kings when they give
 their judgment.
 435 She is great, too,
 where men contend in athletics,
 and there the goddess stands by those
 whom she will, and assists them,

and one who, by his force and strength,
 has won a fine prize,
 lightly and gladly carries it home,
 and brings glory to his parents.
 She is great also in standing by the riders
 as she wishes,

440 and those who on the gray-green,
 the hard-wracking sea, make a living,
 and they pray to Hekate
 and to the deep-thunderous Earthshaker,
 and lightly the high goddess
 grants a great haul of fish, and lightly
 too she takes it away when it has shown,
 if such is her pleasure.

She is great in the farms also
 to help Hermes swell the produce,
 445 and the driven herds of cattle
 and the wide-ranging goat flocks
 and the flocks of deep-fleeced sheep,
 all these also at her own pleasure
 she weightens to many out of few,
 or makes few out of many.

Thus, though she is only the single child
 of her mother
 she is honored with high offices
 among all the immortals.

450 Zeus son of Kronos made her, too,
 protector of those children
 who after her laid eyes on the Dawn,
 the many-light-beaming;
 so she, from the beginning,
 has protected children, and these are her offices.

Rheia, submissive in love to Kronos,
 bore glorious children,
 Histia and Demeter,
 Hera of the golden sandals,
 455 and strong Hades, who under the ground
 lives in his palace
 and has a heart without pity;
 the deep-thunderous Earthshaker,
 and Zeus of the counsels,
 who is the father of gods and of mortals,
 and underneath whose thunder
 the whole wide earth shudders;
 but, as each of these children
 came from the womb of its mother
 460 to her knees, great Kronos swallowed it down,
 with the intention
 that no other of the proud children
 of the line of Ouranos
 should ever hold the king's position
 among the immortals.
 For he had heard, from Gaia
 and from starry Ouranos,
 that it had been ordained for him,
 for all his great strength,
 465 to be beaten by his son,
 and through the designs of great Zeus.
 Therefore he kept watch, and did not sleep,
 but waited
 for his children, and swallowed them,
 and Rheia's sorrow was beyond forgetting.
 But when she was about to bear Zeus,
 the father of mortals

and gods, then Rheia went
 and entreated her own dear parents,
 470 and these were Gaia and starry Ouranos,
 to think of some plan
 by which, when she gave birth to her dear son,
 the thing might not
 be known, and the fury of revenge
 be on devious-devising Kronos
 the great, for his father,
 and his own children whom he had swallowed.
 They listened gladly
 to their beloved daughter, and consented,
 475 and explained to her
 all that had been appointed to happen
 concerning Kronos, who was King, and his son,
 of the powerful
 spirit, and sent her to Lyktos,
 in the fertile countryside of Crete
 at that time when she was to bring forth
 the youngest of her children,
 great Zeus; and the Earth, gigantic Gaia,
 took him inside her
 480 in wide Crete, there to keep him alive
 and raise him.
 There Earth arrived
 through the running black night, carrying
 him, and came first to Lyktos,
 and holding him in her arms, hid him
 in a cave in a cliff, deep in
 under the secret places
 of earth, in Mount Aigaion
 which is covered with forest.

485 She wrapped a great stone in baby-clothes,
 and this she presented
 to the high lord, son of Ouranos,
 who once ruled the immortals,
 and he took it then in his hands
 and crammed it down in his belly,
 hard wretch, nor saw in his own mind
 how there had been left him
 instead of the stone a son,
 invincible and unshakable
 490 for the days to come, who soon by force
 and his hands defeating him
 must drive him from his title,
 and then be lord over the immortals.
 And presently after this the shining limbs
 and the power
 of the lord, Zeus, grew great,
 and with the years circling on
 great Kronos, the devious-devising,
 fooled by the resourceful
 495 promptings of Gaia, once again
 brought up his progeny.
 First he vomited up the stone,
 which last he had swallowed,
 and this Zeus took and planted in place,
 on earth of the wide ways,
 at holy Pytho, in the hollow ravines
 under Parnassos,
 500 to be a portent and a wonder
 to mortal men thereafter.
 Then he set free from their dismal bonds
 the brothers of his father,

the sons of Ouranos, whom his father
 in his wild temper had enchained,
 and they remembered, and knew gratitude
 for the good he had done them,
 and they gave him the thunder,
 and the smoky bolt, and the flash
 505 of the lightning, which Gaia the gigantic
 had hidden till then.
 With these to support him, he is lord
 over immortals and mortals.

Iapetos took Klymene,
 the light-stepping daughter of Ocean,
 to be his wife, and mounted into the same bed
 with her,
 510 and she bore him a son, Atlas,
 of the powerful spirit,
 and she bore him high-vaunting Menoitios,
 and Prometheus
 of the intricate and twisting mind,
 and Epimetheus
 the gullible, who from the beginning
 brought bad luck to men
 who eat bread, for he first accepted
 from Zeus the girl Zeus fashioned
 and married her.

Menoitios was mutinous,
 and Zeus of the wide brows
 515 struck him with the blazing thunderbolt
 and dropped him to Erebos
 because of his too-great hardihood
 and outrageous action.

But Atlas, under strong constraint,
 at earth's uttermost
 places, near the sweet-singing Hesperides,
 standing upright
 props the wide sky upon his head
 and his hands never wearied,
 520 for this was the doom
 which Zeus of the counsels dealt out to him.
 And in ineluctable, painful bonds
 he fastened Prometheus
 of the subtle mind, for he drove a stanchion
 through his middle. Also
 he let loose on him the wing-spread eagle,
 and it was feeding
 on his imperishable liver, which by night
 would grow back
 525 to size from what the spread-winged bird
 had eaten in the daytime.
 But Herakles, the powerful son
 of lightfooted Alkmene,
 killed the eagle
 and drove that pestilential affliction
 from Iapetos' son, and set him free
 from all his unhappiness,
 not without the will of high-minded Zeus
 of Olympos
 530 in order that the reputation
 of Thebes-born Herakles
 might be greater even than it had been
 on the earth that feeds many.
 With such thoughts in mind he honored his son
 and made him glorious,

and angry as he had been before,
 he gave up his anger;
 for Prometheus once had matched wits
 against the great son of Kronos.

535 It was when gods, and mortal men,
 took their separate positions
 at Mekone, and Prometheus,
 eager to try his wits, cut up
 a great ox, and set it before Zeus,
 to see if he could outguess him.

He took the meaty parts and the inwards
 thick with fat, and set them
 before men, hiding them away
 in an ox's stomach,

540 but the white bones of the ox he arranged,
 with careful deception,
 inside a concealing fold of white fat,
 and set it before Zeus.

At last the father of gods
 and men spoke to him, saying:
 "Son of Iapetos, conspicuous among all Kings,
 old friend, oh how prejudicially
 you divided the portions."

545 So Zeus, who knows imperishable counsels,
 spoke in displeasure,
 but Prometheus the devious-deviser,
 lightly smiling,
 answered him again, quite well aware
 of his artful deception:

"Zeus most high, most honored
 among the gods everlasting,
 choose whichever of these the heart within
 would have you."

550 He spoke, with intent to deceive, and Zeus,
 who knows imperishable
 counsels, saw it, the trick
 did not escape him, he imagined
 evils for mortal men in his mind,
 and meant to fulfil them.
 In both his hands he took up the portion
 of the white fat. Anger
 rose up about his heart
 and the spite mounted in his spirit
 555 when he saw the white bones of the ox
 in deceptive arrangement.

Ever since that time the races of mortal men
 on earth have burned
 the white bones to the immortals
 on the smoky altars.

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer
 in great vexation said to him:
 “Son of Iapetos, versed in planning
 beyond all others,
 560 old friend, so after all you did not forget
 your treachery.”
 So Zeus, who knows imperishable counsels,
 spoke in his anger,
 and ever remembering this deception
 thereafter, he would not
 give the force of weariless fire
 to the ash-tree people,
 not to people who inhabit the earth
 and are mortal,

565 no, but the strong son of Iapetos
 outwitted him
and stole the far-seen glory
 of weariless fire, hiding it
in the hollow fennel stalk;
 this bit deep into the feeling
of Zeus who thunders on high,
 and it galled the heart inside him
when he saw the far-seen glory of fire
 among mortal people,
570 and next, for the price of the fire,
 he made an evil thing for mankind.
For the renowned smith of the strong arms
 took earth, and molded it,
through Zeus's plans, into the likeness
 of a modest young girl,
and the goddess gray-eyed Athene
 dressed her and decked her
in silverish clothing, and over her head
 she held, with her hands,
575 an intricately wrought veil in place,
 a wonder to look at,
and over this on her head
 she placed a wreath of gold, one
that the very renowned smith
 of the strong arms had fashioned
580 working it out with his hands,
 as a favor to Zeus the father.
On this had been done much intricate work,
 a wonder to look at:
wild animals, such as the mainland
 and the sea also produce

in numbers, and he put many on,
 the imitations of living
 things, that have voices, wonderful,
 and it flashed in its beauty.

585 But when, to replace good,
 he had made this beautiful evil
 thing, he led her out
 where the rest of the gods and mortals
 were, in the pride and glory
 that the gray-eyed daughter of a great
 father had given; wonder
 seized both immortals and mortals
 as they gazed on this sheer deception,
 more than mortals can deal with.

590 For from her originates the breed
 of female women,
 and they live with mortal men,
 and are a great sorrow to them,
 and hateful poverty they will not share,
 but only luxury.

As when, inside the overarching hives,
 the honeybees

595 feed their drones (and these are accomplished
 in doing no good,
 while the bees, all day long
 until the sun goes down
 do their daily hard work
 and set the white combs in order,
 and the drones, spending their time
 inside the hollow skeps,
 garner the hard work of others
 into their own bellies),

600 so Zeus of the high thunder established women,
 for mortal
 men an evil thing,
 and they are accomplished in bringing
 hard labors.

 And Zeus made, in place
 of the good, yet another evil.
 For whoever, escaping marriage
 and the sorrowful things women do,
 is unwilling to marry, must come then
 to a mournful old age
 605 bereft of one to look after it,
 and in need of livelihood
 lives on, and when he dies
 the widow-inheritors divide up
 what he has. While if the way of marriage
 befalls one
 and he gets himself a good wife,
 one with ways suited to him,
 even so through his lifetime the evil remains,
 balancing
 610 the good, and he whose luck
 is to have cantankerous children
 lives keeping inside him discomfort
 which will not leave him
 in heart and mind; and for this evil
 there is no healing.

 So it is not possible to hide
 from the mind of Zeus, nor escape it;
 for not even the son of Iapetos,
 the gentle Prometheus,
 615 was able to elude that heavy anger,
 but, for all his

numerous shifts, force
and the mighty chain confine him.

Now, when Ouranos their father
was bitter at heart against Obriareos
and Kottos and Gyes (because he was so struck
by their towering
vigor, and their stature and beauty),
therefore he bound them

620 in strong bonds, and settled them
under the wide-wayed earth. There
dwellers under the ground
and with a life full of agony
they lived at the uttermost end,
at the edges of the great earth,
with a long spell of grieving,
and at their hearts a great sorrow;
but Zeus son of Kronos,
and the other immortal divinities
625 whom Rheia of the fair tresses
had born in love to Kronos,
brought them back to the light
again at the instigation of Gaia.
For Gaia had told the gods the whole truth,
from the beginning,
that with these Three victory would be won,
and glorious honor.

For a long time now, the Titan gods
and those who were descended
630 from Kronos had fought each other,
with hard heart-hurting struggles,
ranged in opposition
all through the hard encounters:

one side, the haughty Titans,
 fought from towering Othrys,
 but they of the other side, the gods,
 the givers of good things,
 whom Rheia bore in love to Kronos,
 these fought from Olympos.

635 These then, with heart-hurting rancor
 against each other, fought
 for ten full years, continually,
 nor was there any
 release from the hardship of hostility,
 nor any end to it
 for either side, and the balance
 of the fighting was even. But after
 Zeus had given the Three Gods all they wished
 and needed,

640 ambrosia and nectar, which the very gods
 themselves feed on,
 then the bold spirit rose up again
 in the hearts of all three,
 when they had eaten of the nectar
 and delightful ambrosia.

Then to these three spoke the father of gods
 and of mortals:

“Hear me, O shining children
 of Ouranos and Gaia

645 while I speak out what the heart
 in my breast commands me.

All our days, the Titan gods and we,
 who were born
 of Kronos, have been fighting
 a long time now, in opposed

battle, for the sake of victory and power.

Now, therefore,
show yourselves against the Titans
in the grim encounter,
650 and show the greatness of your strength,
your hands irresistible;
remember the love we gave you, the kindness,
how you had been treated
before you came back into the light
out of cruel bondage,
and out from under the gloom and the mist,
all through our contriving.”

So he spoke, and in turn unfaulted Kottos
answered him:

655 “What need to speak, what you say
is not unknown. We ourselves
know it, your counsels and perception
are beyond all others,
that you are the immortals’ defender
against stark ruin.
For it is only by your forethought
we ever came back up
again from the gloom and the mist
and from that merciless bondage,
660 through you, O lord, son of Kronos,
when we suffered what we never had looked for.
Therefore now, with stubborn spirit
and resolute purpose
we shall be defenders of your power
in the grim encounter
and fight against the Titans
in the strong shock of battle.”

So he spoke, and the gods,
 the givers of blessings, assented
 665 as they heard what he said,
 and the spirit in them was insistent on battle
 more even than it had been,
 and they launched an unwelcome onset
 all, the female and the male gods alike,
 on that day,
 and the Titan gods, and those
 of the generation of Kronos,
 and those whom Zeus had upraised
 from under the earth and Erebos
 670 back to the light, fierce gods and mighty,
 with strength overmastering.
 Each and all alike had a hundred strong arms
 bursting
 out of his shoulders, and on the shoulders
 of each grew fifty
 heads above their massive bodies,
 and now at this time
 these stood forth against the Titans
 in bitter combat
 675 wielding in their ponderous hands
 steep cliffside boulders,
 while on the opposite side the Titans
 stiffened their battalions
 in eager courage, and the work of force
 and hands was conspicuous
 on either side, and the infinite great sea
 moaned terribly
 and the earth crashed aloud,
 and the wide sky resounded

680 as it was shaken, and tall Olympos rocked
 on its bases
 in the fan of the wind of the immortals,
 and a strong shudder drove deep
 into gloomy Tartaros under the suddenness
 of the footrush
 and the quenchless crashing of their feet
 and their powerful missiles.
 So either against either they threw
 their re-echoing weapons
 685 and the noise of either side outcrying
 went up to the starry
 heaven as with great war crying
 they drove at each other.
 Now Zeus no longer held in his strength,
 but here his heart filled
 deep with fury, and now he showed
 his violence entire
 and indiscriminately. Out of the sky
 and off Olympos
 690 he moved flashing his fires incessantly,
 and the thunderbolts,
 the crashing of them and the blaze
 together came flying, one after
 another, from his ponderous hand,
 and spinning whirls of inhuman
 flame, and with it the earth,
 the giver of life, cried out
 aloud as she burned, and the vast forests
 in the fire screamed.
 695 All earth was boiling with it,
 and the courses of the Ocean

and the barren sea, and the steam
and the heat of it was engulfing
the Titans of the earth, while the flames
went up to the bright sky
unquenchably, and the blaze
and the glare of thunder and lightning
blinded the eyes of the Titan gods,
for all they were mighty.

700 The wonderful conflagration crushed Chaos,
and to the eyes' seeing
and ears' hearing the clamor of it,
it absolutely
would have seemed as if Earth
and the wide Heaven above her
had collided, for such would have been
the crash arising
as Earth wrecked and the sky came piling down
on top of her,

705 so vast was the crash heard
as the gods collided in battle.
The winds brought on with their roaring
a quake of the earth and dust storm,
with thunder and with lightning,
and the blazing thunderbolt,
the weapons thrown by great Zeus,
and they carried the clamor
and outcry between the hosts opposed,
and a horrible tumult
710 of grisly battle uprose,
and both sides showed power in the fighting.
Then the battle turned; before that,
both sides attacking

in the fury of their rage fought on
through the strong encounters.

But now the Three, Kottos and Briareos
and Gyes,
insatiate of battle, stirred
the grim fighting in the foremost,
715 for from their powerful hands they volleyed
three hundred boulders
one after another, and their missile flights
overwhelmed the Titans
in darkness, and these they drove
underneath the wide-wayed
earth, and fastened them there
in painful bondage, for now they
had beaten the Titan gods with their hands,
for all their high hearts.

720 They drove them as far underground
as earth is distant from heaven.
Such is the distance from earth's surface
to gloomy Tartaros.
For a brazen anvil dropping out of the sky
would take nine
nights, and nine days, and land on earth
on the tenth day,
and a brazen anvil dropping off the earth
would take nine
725 nights, and nine days, and land in Tartaros
on the tenth day.

A wall of bronze is driven around it,
and night is drifted
about its throat in a triple circlet,
while upward from it

there grow and branch the roots of the earth,
and of the barren sea.

There the Titan gods live buried
under the darkness

730 and the mists, and this is by the decree
of Zeus the cloud-gatherer,
in a moldy place, at the uttermost edges
of monstrous
earth. There is no way out for them;
Poseidon has fitted
brazen doors, and the walls run around
enclosing everything.

And there Gyes, Kottos,
and great-hearted Briareos

735 are settled as faithful sentinels
for Zeus of the aegis.

And there, for the gloomy earth,
and for Tartaros of the mists,
and for the barren great sea
and the starry heaven,
for all these, the springs
and the sources stand there, all in order;

an unpleasant, moldy place,
and even the gods loathe it;

740 it is a great chasm, and once
one were inside the gates of it
within a whole year's completion
he would not come to the bottom,
but stormblast on cruel stormblast
would sweep him one way
and another; this is a monstrous place,
and even the immortals

fear it. And here stand the terrible houses
 of dark Night,
 745 and the buildings are sheathed in the dark
 of the clouds. Before them
 Atlas, son of Iapetos, stands
 staunchly upholding
 the wide heaven upon his head
 and with arms unwearying
 sustains it, there where Night and Day
 come close to each other
 and speak a word of greeting
 and cross on the great threshold
 750 of bronze, for the one is coming back in
 and the other is going
 outdoors, and the house never at once
 contains both of them,
 but at every time, while one of them
 is out of the house, faring
 over the length of the earth,
 the other remaining indoors
 waits for the time of her own journey,
 when the other one comes back;
 755 the one carries for people on earth Light
 the far-flashing,
 while the other one carries Sleep
 in her arms, and he is Death's brother,
 and she is Night, the destructive,
 veiled in a cloud of vapor.
 And there the children of Night
 the gloomy have their houses.
 These are Sleep and Death, dread divinities.
 Never upon them

760 does Helios, the shining sun,
 cast the light of his eye-beams,
 neither when he goes up the sky
 nor comes down from it.

One of these, across the earth
 and the wide sea-ridges,
 goes his way quietly back and forth,
 and is kind to mortals,
 but the heart of the other one is iron,
 and brazen feelings

765 without pity are inside his breast.

When he takes hold of anyone
 he keeps him; and even the immortal gods
 hate this one.

And there, at the front, stand
 the resounding halls of the Earth gods,
 of Hades the powerful,
 and of august Persephone,
 there they stand, and before them
 a dreaded hound, on watch,

770 who has no pity, but a vile stratagem:

 as people go in
 he fawns on all, with actions of his tail
 and both ears,
 but he will not let them go back out,
 but lies in wait for them
 and eats them up, when he catches any
 going back through the gates.

775 And there is housed a goddess

loathed even by the immortals:
 dreaded Styx, eldest daughter of Ocean,
 who flows back

on himself, and apart from the gods
 she lives in her famous palace
 which is overroofed with towering rocks,
 and the whole circuit
 is undergirded with silver columns,
 and pushes heaven;
 780 and seldom does the daughter of Thaumas,
 fleet-footed Iris,
 come her way with a message
 across the sea's wide ridges,
 those times when dispute and quarreling
 start among the immortals,
 and some one of those who have their homes
 on Olympos is lying,
 and Zeus sends Iris
 to carry the many-storied water
 785 that the gods swear their great oath on,
 thence, in a golden pitcher,
 that cold water that drizzles down
 from a steep sky-climbing
 cliffside, and it is one horn
 of the Ocean stream, and travels
 off that holy river a great course
 through night's blackness
 under the wide-wayed earth,
 and this water is a tenth part
 790 of all, for in nine loops
 of silver-swirling waters, around
 the earth and the sea's wide ridges
 he tumbles into salt water,
 but this stream, greatly vexing the gods,
 runs off the precipice.

And whoever of the gods,
 who keep the summits of snowy
 Olympos, pours of this water,
 and swears on it, and is forsworn,
 795 is laid flat, and does not breathe,
 until a year is completed;
 nor is this god let come near ambrosia
 and nectar
 to eat, but with no voice in him,
 and no breath, he is laid out
 flat, on a made bed, and the evil coma
 covers him.
 But when, in the course of a great year,
 he is over his sickness,
 800 there follows on in succession another trial,
 yet harsher:
 for nine years he is cut off
 from all part of the everlasting
 gods, nor has anything to do
 with their counsels, their festivals
 for nine years entire, but in the tenth
 he once more mingles
 in the assemblies of the gods
 who have their homes on Olympos.
 805 Such an oath did the gods make
 of the imperishable, primeval
 water of Styx; and it jets down
 through jagged country.
 And there, for the gloomy earth,
 and for Tartaros of the mists,
 and for the barren great sea
 and the starry heaven,

for all these the springs and sources
 stand there, all in order;
 810 an unpleasant, moldy place,
 and even the gods loathe it.
 And there are the marmoreal gates,
 and the brazen threshold
 self-ongrown, unshakable,
 and gripped on to branching
 roots, and in front of it,
 and apart from all the immortals,
 are settled the Titans, the other side
 of gloomy Chaos;
 815 only the glorious helpers of Zeus,
 the loud-crashing,
 are settled in houses along the foundations
 of the Ocean:
 Kottos and Gyes, that is;
 but of strong-grown Briareos
 the deep-stroking shaker of the Earth,
 Poseidon, made
 a son-in-law, and married him to Kymopoleia,
 his daughter.

820 Now after Zeus had driven the Titans
 out of heaven,
 gigantic Gaia, in love with Tartaros,
 by means of golden
 Aphrodite, bore the youngest of her children,
 Typhoeus;
 the hands and arms of him are mighty,
 and have work in them,
 and the feet of the powerful god
 were tireless, and up from his shoulders

825 there grew a hundred snake heads,
 those of a dreaded dragon,
 and the heads licked with dark tongues,
 and from the eyes on
 the inhuman heads fire glittered
 from under the eyelids:
 from all his heads fire flared
 from his eyes' glancing;
 and inside each one of these horrible heads
 there were voices
 830 that threw out every sort of horrible sound,
 for sometimes
 it was speech such as the gods
 could understand, but at other
 times, the sound of a bellowing bull,
 proud-eyed and furious
 beyond holding, or again like a lion
 shameless in cruelty,
 or again it was like the barking of dogs,
 a wonder to listen to,
 835 or again he would whistle
 so the tall mountains re-echoed to it.
 And now that day there would have been done
 a thing past mending,
 and he, Typhoeus, would have been master
 of gods and of mortals,
 had not the father of gods and men
 been sharp to perceive it
 and gave a hard, heavy clap of thunder,
 so that the earth
 840 gave grisly reverberation,
 and the wide heaven above, and

the sea, and the streams of Ocean,
 and the underground chambers.
 And great Olympos was shaken
 under the immortal feet
 of the master as he moved,
 and the earth groaned beneath him,
 and the heat and blaze from both of them
 was on the dark-faced sea,
 845 from the thunder and lightning of Zeus
 and from the flame of the monster,
 from his blazing bolts and from the scorch
 and breath of his stormwinds,
 and all the ground and the sky
 and the sea boiled, and towering
 waves were tossing and beating all up
 and down the promontories
 in the wind of these immortals,
 and a great shaking of the earth
 850 came on, and Hades, lord over
 the perished dead, trembled,
 and the Titans under Tartaros,
 who live beside Kronos,
 trembled to the dread encounter
 and the unending clamor.
 But now, when Zeus had headed up
 his own strength, seizing
 his weapons, thunder, lightning,
 and the glowering thunderbolt,
 855 he made a leap from Olympos, and struck,
 setting fire
 to all those wonderful heads set about
 on the dreaded monster.

Then, when Zeus had put him down
 with his strokes, Typhoeus
 crashed, crippled, and the gigantic earth
 groaned beneath him,
 and the flame from the great lord
 so thunder-smitten ran out
 860 along the darkening and steep forests
 of the mountains
 as he was struck, and a great part
 of the gigantic earth burned
 in the wonderful wind of his heat,
 and melted, as tin melts
 in the heat of the carefully grooved crucible
 when craftsmen
 work it, or as iron, though that is
 the strongest substance,
 865 melts under stress of blazing fire
 in the mountain forests
 worked by handicraft of Hephaistos
 inside the divine earth.
 So earth melted in the flash
 of the blazing fire; but Zeus
 in tumult of anger cast Typhoeus
 into broad Tartaros.

And from Typhoeus comes the force of winds
 blowing wetly:
 870 all but Notos, Boreas, and clearing Zephyros,
 for their generation is of the gods,
 they are a great blessing
 to men, but the rest of them blow wildly
 across the water
 and burst upon the misty face
 of the open sea, bringing

heavy distress to mortal men,
 and rage in malignant
 875 storm, and blow from veering directions,
 and scatter the shipping
 and drown the sailors,
 and there is no remedy against this evil
 for men who run into such winds
 as these on the open water.
 And then again, across the limitless
 and flowering
 earth, they ruin the beloved works
 of ground-dwelling people
 880 by overwhelming them with dust
 and hard tornadoes.

Now when the immortal gods had finished
 their work of fighting,
 they forced the Titans to share with them
 their titles and privilege.
 Then, by the advice of Gaia,
 they promoted Zeus, the Olympian
 of the wide brows, to be King
 and to rule over the immortals
 885 and he distributed among them their titles
 and privilege.

Zeus, as King of the gods,
 took as his first wife Metis,
 and she knew more than all the gods
 or mortal people.
 But when she was about to be delivered
 of the goddess, gray-eyed

Athene, then Zeus, deceiving her perception
 by treachery
 890 and by slippery speeches,
 put her away inside his own belly.
 This was by the advices of Gaia,
 and starry Ouranos,
 for so they counseled,
 in order that no other everlasting
 god, beside Zeus, should ever be given
 the kingly position.
 For it had been arranged that, from her,
 children surpassing in wisdom
 895 should be born, first the gray-eyed girl,
 the Tritogeneia
 Athene; and she is the equal of her father
 in wise counsel
 and strength; but then a son to be King
 over gods and mortals
 was to be born of her, and his heart
 would be overmastering:
 but before this, Zeus put her away
 inside his own belly
 900 so that this goddess should think for him,
 for good and for evil.
 Next Zeus took to himself Themis,
 the shining, who bore him the Seasons,
 Lawfulness, and Justice,
 and prospering Peacetime: these
 are concerned to oversee the actions
 of mortal people;
 and the Fates, to whom Zeus of the counsels
 gave the highest position:

- 905 they are Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos:
 they distribute
 to mortal people what people have,
 for good and for evil.
 Eurynome, daughter of Okeanos,
 lovely in appearance,
 bore to Zeus the three Graces
 with fair cheeks; these are
 Aglaia and Euphrosyne and lovely Thalia,
 910 and from the glancing of their lidded eyes
 bewildering
 love distills; there is beauty
 in their glance, from beneath brows.
 Zeus entered also into the bed
 of fruitful Demeter,
 who bore him Persephone of the white arms,
 she that Aïdoneus
 ravished away from her mother,
 and Zeus of the counsels granted it.
 915 Then again, he loved Mnemosyne,
 of the splendid tresses,
 from whom were born to him the Muses
 with veils of gold, the Nine
 whose pleasure is all delightfulness,
 and the sweetness of singing.
 Leto, who had lain in the arms of Zeus
 of the aegis,
 bore Apollo, and Artemis
 of the showering arrows,
 920 children more delightful than all
 the other Ouranians.
 Last of all, Zeus took Hera
 to be his fresh consort,

and she, lying in the arms
 of the father of gods and mortals,
 conceived and bore Hebe to him, and Ares,
 and Eileithyia.

Then from his head, by himself,
 he produced Athene of the gray eyes,
 925 great goddess, weariless,
 waker of battle noise, leader of armies,
 a goddess queen who delights in war cries,
 onslaughts, and battles,
 while Hera, without any act of love,
 brought forth glorious
 Hephaistos, for she was angered
 and quarreling with her husband;
 and Hephaistos in arts and crafts
 surpasses all the Ouranians.

[Now Hera was angered, and quarreled
 with her husband, and because
 of this quarrel she herself brought forth a glorious son
 Hephaistos, without any act of love-making
 with Zeus of the aegis;
 but he, apart from Hera, had lain in love with a fair-faced
 daughter of Okeanos and lovely-haired Tethys,
 Metis, whom he deceived,
 for all she was so resourceful,
 for he snatched her up in his hands
 and put her inside his belly
 for fear that she might bring forth
 a thunderbolt stronger than his own;
 therefore the son of Kronos, who dwells high,
 seated in the bright air,

swallowed her down of a sudden,
 but she then conceived Pallas
 Athene, but the father of gods
 and men gave birth to her
 near the summit of Triton
 beside the banks of the river.
 But Metis herself, hidden away
 under the vitals of Zeus,
 stayed there; she was Athene's mother;
 worker of right actions,
 beyond all the gods
 and beyond all mortal people in knowledge;
 and there Athene had given to her hands
 what made her supreme
 over all other immortals who have
 their homes on Olympos;
 for Metis made the armor of Athene,
 terror of armies,
 in which Athene was born
 with her panoply of war upon her.]

930 From Amphitrite and Poseidon,
 loud-thundering earth shaker,
 was born great Triton, widely powerful,
 he who, sustaining
 the sea's basis, beside his dear mother
 and the lord his father,
 dwells in the golden house, a dreaded god.

Now Kythereia

to Ares, stabber of shields, bore Panic
 and Terror, dreaded
 935 gods, who batter the dense battalions
 of men embattled

in horrible war, they with Ares,
 sacker of cities. She also
 bore him Harmonia, she whom high-spirited
 Kadmos married.

Maia, daughter of Atlas,
 mounted the sacred bed
 of Zeus, and bore Hermes the good,
 the herald of the immortals.

940 Semele, daughter of Kadmos,
 lay in love with Zeus also
 and bore him a glorious son, Dionysos,
 giver of good things,
 she mortal, he immortal,
 but now both are gods together.
 Alkmene, lying in love with Zeus
 who gathers the clouds,
 bore him powerful Herakles.

945 Hephaistos, of the high renown
 and the strong arms, took
 Aglaia, youngest of the Graces,
 to be his fresh wife.

Dionysos, he of the golden hair,
 took blonde Ariadne,
 daughter of Minos, to be his blossoming wife,
 and Kronian
 Zeus caused her likewise to be immortal
 and ageless.

950 Herakles, the strong and courageous son
 of light-stepping
 Alkmene, after he had completed
 his sorrowful labors,
 took the daughter of great Zeus
 and Hera of the golden

sandals, Hebe, as his modest wife
 on snowy Olympos,
 blessed he, who having ended his long work,
 lives now
 955 among the immortals, without sorrow,
 ageless all his days always.
 To Helios, the unwearied Sun,
 the glorious daughter
 of Okeanos, Perseïs, bore Circe
 and the King Aietes,
 and Aietes, son of Helios
 who pours his light on mortals,
 married, by the counsels of the gods,
 the fair-faced
 960 daughter of Okeanos, the terminal river,
 Idyia, who, subdued to him in love,
 and through golden
 Aphrodite, bore him Medeia of the slim ankles.

Farewell now, you who have your homes
 on Olympos, farewell
 to islands, mainland masses,
 and the open sea that is between them.
 965 But now, O sweet-spoken Muses of Olympos,
 daughters
 of Zeus of the aegis,
 sing out now the names of those goddesses
 who went to bed with mortal men and,
 themselves immortal,
 bore to these children in the likeness
 of the immortals.
 Demeter, shining among goddesses,
 after the embraces

970 of the hero Iasion in the sweetness of love,
 brought forth Ploutos
 in a three-times-plowed field
 there in the fertile countryside
 of Crete, a good son, who walks over earth
 and the sea's wide ridges
 everywhere, and he who meets him
 with the giving of hands between them
 is made a prosperous man,
 to whom great wealth is granted.

975 To Kadmos, Harmonia,
 daughter of Aphrodite the golden,
 bore Ino, and Semele, and Agauë of the fair face,
 and Autonoë, who was taken to wife
 by Aristaios
 of the deep hair, and Polydoros,
 in high-crowned Thebes.
 Kallirhoë, daughter of Okeanos,
 lying in the embraces
 980 of powerful-minded Chrysaör,
 through Aphrodite the golden
 bore him a son, most powerful
 of all men mortal,
 Geryones, whom Herakles
 in his great strength killed
 over his dragfoot cattle
 in water-washed Erytheia.

To Tithonos, Eos the Dawn bore Memnon
 of the brazen
 985 helm, king of Ethiopians,
 and the lord Emathion.
 Then, embraced by Kephalos,
 she engendered a son, glorious

Phaethon, the strong, a man in the likeness
of the immortals;

and, while he still had the soft flower
of the splendor of youth upon him,
still thought the light thoughts of a child,

Aphrodite, lover of laughter,
990 swooped down and caught him away
and set him in her holy temple
to be her nocturnal temple-keeper,
a bright divinity.

Jason, the son of Aison, by counsel
of the everlasting

gods, took Medeia, daughter of Aietes
King under god's hand,

and led her from Aietes' house,
having completed the many
995 painful trials that the great, proud king,
Pelias, had imposed
upon him, for he was oppressive,
hardhearted and heavy-handed,
but Jason did all, and came back to Iolkos,
after much suffering,

and brought back with him on the fast ship
the girl of the glancing

eyes, Medeia, and made her

his blossoming wife, and she

1000 submitting in love to Jason,
shepherd of the people, bore him
a son, Medeios, and Cheiron

the son of Philyra fostered him
on the mountains, and so the purpose
of mighty Zeus was accomplished.

But of the daughters of Nereus,
 the old man of the sea, one,
 Psamathe, shining among goddesses,
 joined to Aiakos

1005 in love through golden Aphrodite,
 bore him Phokos,
 while Thetis, she of the silver feet,
 submitting to Peleus
 bore him Achilles, the lion-hearted,
 breaker of warriors.

Kythereia of the garlands joining
 in love's delight
 with the hero Anchises, bore him Aineias,
 among the forests

1010 and many-folded valleys of the peaks of Ida.

Circe, daughter of Helios, who is the son
 of Hyperion,
 was joined in love
 with hardy-minded Odysseus, and bore him
 Agrios and Latinos,
 a man faultless and powerful,
 [and also, through golden Aphrodite,
 bore him Telegonos],

1015 and these far, far away in the uttermost,
 magical islands
 were Kings over the Tyrsenians,
 of glorious reputation.

Kalypso, shining among goddesses,
 joining in love's
 delight with Odysseus, bore him Nausithoös
 and Nausinoös.

These went to bed with mortal men and,
 themselves immortal,

1020 bore to them children in the likeness
of the immortals.

But now, O sweet-spoken Muses of Olympos,
daughters
of Zeus of the aegis,
sing out the generation of women.

Like her . . . or like her . . . or like her
who . . .