

Delphic Paean by Athenaios Athenaiou (c. 127 BC)

Words in green supplemented by scholars 1893–2001, principally Martin West (2001).
Notes in green reconstructed by Armand D'Angour (2017). Notes in black from the edition
by Egert Pöhlmann and Martin West (2001). This score produced by Barnaby Brown.
All rests are editorial, corresponding to the aulos accompaniment in Text 8, v. BB2.

Chorus 

1. Kek - lyth'He - li - kō - na ba-thy-den-dron hai

11 

la - che - te Di - os e - ri - bro - mou thy - ga - tres eu - ō - le - noi;

15 

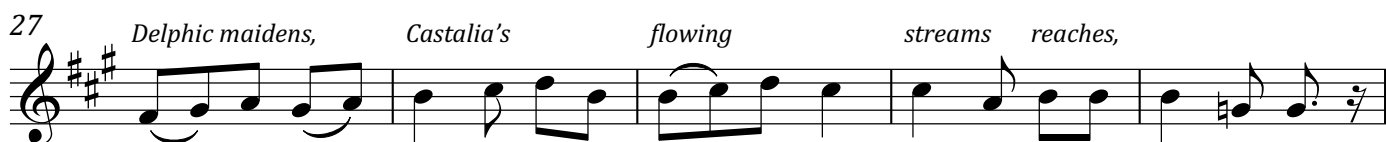
mo - le - te sy - nom - ai - mon hi - na Phoi - bon ōi - dāi - si mel -

19 

psē - te chry - se - o - ko - mān, hos a - na di - ko - rym - ba Par -

23 

nās - si - dos tās - de pe - te - rās he - dran ham a - ga - kly - tais

27 

Del - phi - sin Ka - sta - li - dos eu - y - drou nā - mat' e - pi - nī - se - tai,

32 

Del - phon a - na prō - na mān - tē - on e - phe - pōn pa - gon.

42 **B** Lo, famed of great city Attica, with prayers of arms-bearing

2. Ēn, kly-ta me-ga-lo-po-lis Ath-this, eu-chai-si phe-ro-

46 occupying of Athena ground unconquerable; on sacred

ploi-o nai-ou-sa Trī-tō-ni-dos da-pe-don ath-rau-ston; ha-gi-

51 and altars Hephaestus burns of young thighs bulls;

ois de bō-moi-sin Hā-phai-stos ai-thē ne-ōn mē-ra tau-

56 with and him Arabian smoke to Olympus uprises,

rōn, ho-mou de nin A-raps at-mos es O-lym-pon a-na-kid-na-tai,

61 **C** and the clear-voiced pipe sounding with shimmering tunes its song weaves,

li-gy de lō-tos bre-mōn ai-o-lois me-le-sin ōi-dān kre-kē,

66 and the golden sweet-voiced kithara with hymns raises song.

chry-se-ā d' hā-dy-throu s ki-tha-ris hym-noi-sin a-na-mel-pe-tai.---

72 **D** **4** The and of artists whole swarm Attica occupying

3. Ho de tech-nī-tōn pro-pās hes-mos Ath-thi-da la-chōn

80 glorifies famed son of great Zeus, to you for he gave

a-gla-i-zē kly-ton pai-da me-ga-lou Di-os, soi gar e-por'

85 snow-capped this crag, undying, unlying where to all mortals

a-kro-ni-phē ton-de pa-gon, am-brot'ap-seu-de' hou pā-si thnā-

90 *you reveal forth oracles;* **E** *the tripod prophetic how*
 tois_ pro-phai - nēs lo - gi - a; tri-po-da mān - tē - on hōs

95 *you grasped which the great was guarding serpent, when that spawn*
 ē - les hon me-gas e - phrou - rē_ dra-kōn, ho-te te-kos

100 *of earth you slew, glittering coiled creature, until the beast*
 Gās_ a-pes - tē - sas ai - o-lon he-lik - tān phy-ān, esth' ho thēr

105 *many hisses emitting strident expired at last;*
 pyk-na sy - rīg-math hī - ēs a-thō-peut' a-pe-pneus' ho-mōs;

112 **F** *thus and of Gauls the army barbarous, this who against land invaded*
 hōs de Ga-la - tān a-rēs bar-ba-ros, tānd' hos e-pi gai-an e-pe

119 *impiously of snow perished in liquid streams.* 8
 rās' a-sep-tōs chi-o-nos ō-leth hyg - rais cho-ais.____

Too little remains of part 4 to permit reconstruction.

1. Hark, you whose domain is deep-forested Helicon, loud-thundering Zeus' fair-armed daughters: come with songs to celebrate your brother Phoebus of the golden hair [i.e. Apollo], who rising up to the twin-peaked throne of this mountain, Parnassus, accompanied by the far-famed Delphic maidens, reaches the streams of the flowing Castalian spring as he visits Delphi, his mountain oracle on the headland.

2. Lo, Attica, famed for its great city, is here at prayer; home of armed Athena's unconquerable ground; and on the sacred altars Hephaestus burns the thighs of young bulls. While Arabian incense-smoke spreads up to Olympus, the clear-voiced pipe weaves into the song shimmering tunes, and the sweet-voiced golden kithara raises the song of praise.

3. The whole troupe of Attic artists glorifies you, [Apollo,] the son of great Zeus: he who gave you this snow-capped crag where you utter undying and unlying oracles to all mortals. We sing of how you grasped the tripod of prophecy, which the great serpent was guarding, when you slew that spawn of Earth with its glittering coils, and the beast with frequent awful-sounding hisses finally expired; just as the barbarous army of Gauls, who impiously invaded this land, perished in rivers of molten snow.

Translation: Armand D'Angour