

Parnassus

Delphic Hymn

Topography

You're beautiful Parnassus, a mountain of noble form
And it pleases him to see you, snow-capped, after the storm!
Reaching taller than Chlomos' and Helikon's lofty height
You stand strong and upright; a Doric column of white!

Heal again your son who wanders sun and rain
Then comes back to his homeland accompanied by pain.
He arrives from far away with aching heart and feet
So again your snowy peak he may humbly greet.

Heart of the world is Hellas and at its core you stand,
Like the navel of Nereid within some haunted land!
Hang on until springtime with her flowers comes along
Again to grace your ridges with perfume and with song!

Muses then will sing and swell your soul with pride
And like a towering fir, your sagging head will rise!
Your snows will melt again and your streams will run
Strong, like Hellenic champions in the midday sun!

Parnassus, your ancient beauty inspired the poet to write
Of the Delphic god Apollo, who still lives on this site!
From foreign soil, dear homeland, this gift to you I make
Of sparkling morning light reflecting on your lake.

And of rocky Kyrtoni, which offered words of beauty
To help the mourning poet do his poignant duty.

Listen aged fathers, young men gather 'round
Taste this rhythmic nectar grown on foreign ground.

Pain with longing mixed, Ares and Cypria together
Make a nobler Harmony; one that lasts forever.
The nightingales will hear and stop their song to listen,
And the hearts of true Hellenes will revive their passion!

Hymnology

Then into Delphi's stadium the athletes will stride
And in the Sun's caress their bodies will delight!
And there as Apollo god of light gazes down
Each victor will receive the sacred laurel crown!

A great dance will form around the plane tree below
And like water, to your health, joyful wine will flow!
Then out from Death's persistence, messages of love,
Burst forth on dancing feet, below and above!

The athletes on the track will make the dancers young
And hymns to Phoebus' beauty in ringing voices will be sung!
Crowned athletes and young dancers, inspiring one another,
Make themselves like demigods, what paradox and wonder!

Yes, you will shine, Parnassus, like the light of day,
Then the eagle and the dove will fly in the same way!
And deep inside my heart, a heavy pain will rise,
"Whoever dies today, dies a thousand times!"

Nostalgia

Hellas, all your children, who love to run and play,

Never can forget you once they go away.
Strangers in strange lands need humility,
And not those youthful bodies full of pomp and glee.

Rejoice boys and girls; kiss and taste the sweetness
Before the years escape, leaving incompleteness.
Heavy foreign soils your passion will not sate,
They'll drain out all your love as you seek your mate.

Apollo and the Muses have smiled and chosen you,
Knowing in their hearts your love for them is true.
Oh Parnassus beautiful, death you'll never fear,
And never taste nostalgia for the land we hold dear!

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