Passage 1: *Olympian* 6.1-4

Χρυσέας ὑποστάσαντες εὖ-
τειχεῖ προθύρω θαλάμου
κύνας ὡς δὲ θαητὸν μέγαρον
πάξομεν ὃ ἄρχομένο δ᾽ ἔργου πρόσωπον
χρῆ θέμεν τηλαυγές.

Let us set up golden columns underneath
the well-walled porch of a storeroom, as
when we build a wondrous hall; for, as the
work begins, it is necessary to make the
façade far-shining.

Passage 2: *Olympian* 6.29-31

And it is said that [Pitana], having lain with
Poseidon, son of Kronos, gave birth to a
daughter, violet-haired Evadne. But she hid
her maidenly birthing pangs in the folds.

Passage 3: *Olympian* 6.39-45; 53-56

And Evadne, having set aside her purple-
yellow girdle and silver pitcher underneath a
dark-blue copse, began to give birth to a
god-inspired boy. The golden-haired god
Apollo stood gentle Eileithyia and the Fates
beside her. And Iamos came from her
delightful birthing pangs out of her womb
and immediately into the light. And she left
him on the ground, feeling anxious… for
Iamos lay hidden in a reedbed in an
impenetrable thicket, his delicate body
soaked with the yellow and purple brightness
of violets.

Passage 4: *Olympian* 6.86-87

Weaving a dappled/ multicolored song.

---

1 Text throughout from Snell-Maehler (1971); translations my own.
Passage 5: Olympian 6.12-18

Hagesias, for you praise is ready, which Adrastus once rightly proclaimed aloud about Amphiaraus, the seer, son of Oikles, after the earth took hold of that man himself and his shining horses.

Then, when the corpses of seven pyres had been extinguished, the son of Talaus spoke some such word: “I long for the eye of my army, both a good seer and good at fighting with a spear.” This is true for the Syracusan man, master of the revel.

---

Passage 6: Olympian 6.22

O Phintis, come now and yoke for me as quickly as possible the strength of the mules, so that we can drive the chariot on the clear path, and I can arrive at last before this clan of men. For those mules, more than the others, know how to lead the way on that road...

---

Passage 7: Olympian 10.86-96

But as a son, born from a wife, is much desired by a father, who has already come to the opposite of youth, greatly warms his mind with love (since his wealth falling to the master of another home is the most hateful thing for a dying man), just so, Hagesidamus, when a man who has accomplished glorious deeds comes to the hall of Hades without a song, having lived in vain, he has achieved some brief delight by his effort. But upon you the sweet-singing lyre and the sweet aulos scatter grace, and the Pierian daughters of Zeus nourish your broad fame.
Select Bibliography


