**Callimachean Hydrokinetics: Water as a Compositional Device in Callimachus’ Hymns.**

CAMWS

Section H: Hellenistic Literature

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***Hymn to Zeus***

**1**

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| 15-18 ἔνθα σ᾿ ἐπεὶ μήτηρ μεγάλων ἀπεθήκατο κόλπων **αὐτίκα δίζητο ῥόον ὕδατος**, ᾧ κε τόκοιο  λύματα χυτλώσαιτο, τεὸν δ᾿ ἐνὶ χρῶτα λοέσσαι.  25-32 ἰλυοὺς ἐβάλοντο κινώπετα, νίσσετο δ᾿ ἀνὴρ  πεζὸς ὑπὲρ Κρᾶθίν τε πολύστιόν τε Μετώπην  διψαλέος· **τὸ δὲ πολλὸν ὕδωρ ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἔκειτο.**  καί ῥ᾿ ὑπ᾿ ἀμηχανίης σχομένη φάτο πότνια Ῥείη·  “Γαῖα φίλη, τέκε καὶ σύ· τεαὶ δ᾿ ὠδῖνες ἐλαφραί.” εἶπε καὶ ἀντανύσασα θεὴ μέγαν ὑψόθι πῆχυν  πλῆξεν ὄρος σκήπτρῳ· τὸ δέ οἱ δίχα πουλὺ διέστη,  **ἐκ δ᾿ ἔχεεν μέγα χεῦμα**· τόθι χρόα φαιδρύνασα | From the moment when your mother produced you from her great womb, **immediately she searched for a stream of water**, in which she might cleanse the afterbirth.  Many serpents made their lair above the Carnion (although is now wet), and a man was accustomed to walk upon the Crathis and the stony Metope, Thirsty. But **abundant water lay under the feet.** In the grip of helplessness, lady Rhea spoke: “Dear Gaia, you too give birth; your birth pangs are light.” She spoke and the goddess lifting up her great arm, struck the hill with her staff; it was split wide apart for her **and a great stream of water poured forth.[[1]](#footnote-1)** |

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| 81-83  δῶκας δὲ πτολίεθρα φυλασσέμεν, ἵζεο δ᾿ αὐτὸς ἄκρῃσ᾿ ἐν πολίεσσιν, ἐπόψιος οἵ τε δίκῃσι  λαὸν ὑπὸ σκολιῇσ᾿ οἵ τ᾿ ἔμπαλιν ἰθύνουσιν·  ἐν δὲ **ῥυηφενίην** ἔβαλές σφισιν, ἐν δ᾿ ἅλις ὄλβον·  91-4  **χαῖρε μέγα**, Κρονίδη πανυπέρτατε, δῶτορ ἐάων,  δῶτορ ἀπημονίης. τεὰ δ᾿ ἔργματα τίς κεν ἀείδοι;  οὐ γένετ᾿, οὐκ ἔσται, τίς κεν Διὸς ἔργματ᾿ ἀείσει;  χαῖρε πάτερ, χαῖρ᾿ αὖθι· **δίδου** δ᾿ ἀρετήν τ᾿ **ἄφενός** τε. | You gave them cities to guard, and sat yourself in their cities’ high places, vigilant for who rules the people with crooked judgments and who does the opposite. You have bestowed **wealth** on them and abundant prosperity.  **Fare very well**, loftiest son of Cronus, giver of wealth, giver of safety. Who would sing of your deeds? There has not been, there will not be; who shall sing of the deeds of Zeus? Hail, father, again hail. **Grant** virtue and **prosperity**… |

***Hymn to Apollo***

**3**

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| 105-112  ὁ Φθόνος Ἀπόλλωνος ἐπ᾿ οὔατα λάθριος εἶπεν,  “οὐκ ἄγαμαι τὸν ἀοιδὸν ὃς οὐδ᾿ ὅσα πόντος ἀείδει.” τὸν Φθόνον ὡπόλλων ποδί τ᾿ ἤλασεν ὧδέ τ᾿ ἔειπεν·  “Ἀσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος, ἀλλὰ τὰ πολλὰ  **λύματα** γῆς καὶ πολλὸν ἐφ᾿ ὕδατι συρφετὸν ἕλκει.  Δηοῖ δ᾿ οὐκ ἀπὸ παντὸς ὕδωρ φορέουσι μέλισσαι,  ἀλλ᾿ ἥτις καθαρή τε καὶ ἀχράαντος ἀνέρπει  πίδακος ἐξ ἱερῆς **ὀλίγη λιβὰς ἄκρον ἄωτον**.” | Envy spoke secretly into Phoebus’ear: “I do not admire the singer who does not sing even as much as the sea.” Phoebus pushed Envy off with his foot and spoke the following. “The flow of the Assyrian river is vast, but it draws along much **refuse** from the land and much garbage on its waters. Not from any sources do bees carry water to Demeter, but from what comes up pure and undefiled from a holy fountain, a **small drop**, **the choicest of water**.” |

***Hymn to Artemis***

**4**

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| 46-50  αὖθι δὲ Κύκλωπας μετεκίαθε· τοὺς μὲν ἔτετμε νήσῳ ἐνὶ Λιπάρῃ (Λιπάρη νέον, ἀλλὰ τότ᾿ ἔσκεν οὔνομά οἱ Μελιγουνίς) ἐπ᾿ ἄκμοσιν Ἡφαίστοιο  ἑσταότας περὶ μύδρον· ἐπείγετο γὰρ **μέγα ἔργον**· **ἱππείην τετύκοντο Ποσειδάωνι ποτίστρην**.  αἱ νύμφαι δ᾿ ἔδδεισαν, ὅπως ἴδον αἰνὰ πέλωρα  54-61  …. καὶ ὁππότε **δοῦπον** ἄκουσαν  ἄκμονος ἠχήσαντος ἐπὶ μέγα πουλύ τ᾿ ἄημα  φυσάων αὐτῶν τε βαρὺν στόνον· αὖε γὰρ Αἴτνη,  αὖε δὲ Τρινακίη, Σικανῶν ἕδος, αὖε δὲ γείτων  Ἰταλίη, μεγάλην δὲ βοὴν ἐπὶ Κύρνος ἀύτει,  εὖθ᾿ οἵ γε ῥαιστῆρας ἀειράμενοι ὑπὲρ ὤμων  ἢ χαλκὸν **ζείοντα** καμινόθεν ἠὲ σίδηρον  ἀμβολαδὶς τετυπόντες ἐπὶ μέγα μυχθίσσειαν. | And she went in turn to the Cyclopes. She found them on the island of Lipari (Lipari is the new name, but then its name was Meligounis) at Hephaestus’ anvil, standing around a red-hot mass of iron. **A great work** they were fashioning **a horse-trough for Poseidon**. The nymphs were terrified…  … and when they heard the **thud** of far-sounding anvil, the great blast of the bellows, and the groan of their labored breathing. For Etna cried out, and Trinacria cried out, the seat of the Sicanians, neighboring Italy cried out, and Corsica gave out a great shout, whenever the Cyclopes, having lifted their hammers above their shoulders and struck in turn bronze or iron **sizzling** from the forge, would snort mightily. |

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| 136-41  πότνια, τῶν εἴη μὲν ἐμοὶ φίλος ὅστις ἀληθής,  εἴην δ᾿ αὐτός, ἄνασσα, μέλοι δέ μοι αἰὲν ἀοιδή·  τῇ ἔνι μὲν Λητοῦς γάμος ἔσσεται, ἐν δὲ σὺ πολλή,  ἐν δὲ καὶ Ἀπόλλων, ἐν δ᾿ οἵ σεο πάντες ἄεθλοι,  ἐν δὲ κύνες καὶ τόξα καὶ **ἄντυγες**, **αἵ τέ σε ῥεῖα**  **θηητὴν φορέουσιν, ὅτ᾿ ἐς Διὸς οἶκον ἐλαύνεις.** | Mistress, of these let whoever is my true friend be, and I myself, queen, and have song ever as my care. In it will be the marriage of Leto, and in it you will be prominent, and in it also Apollo, and in it all your exploits, in it your hounds and bow and **chariots, which easily carry you in your splendor**, **when you drive to the house of Zeus.** |

**6**

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| 162-71  σοὶ δ᾿ Ἀμνισιάδες μὲν ὑπὸ ζεύγληφι λυθείσας  ψήχουσιν κεμάδας, παρὰ δέ σφισι πουλὺ νέμεσθαι  Ἥρης ἐκ λειμῶνος ἀμησάμεναι φορέουσιν ὠκύθοον τριπέτηλον, ὃ καὶ Διὸς ἵπποι ἔδουσιν·  ἐν καὶ **χρυσείας** **ὑποληνίδας** **ἐπλήσαντο**  **ὕδατος**, ὄφρ᾿ ἐλάφοισι **ποτὸν θυμάρμενον** εἴη.  αὐτὴ δ᾿ ἐς πατρὸς δόμον ἔρχεαι· οἱ δέ σ᾿ ἐφ᾿ ἕδρην  πάντες ὁμῶς καλέουσι· σὺ δ᾿ Ἀπόλλωνι παρίζεις.  ἡνίκα δ᾿ **αἱ νύμφαι σε χορῷ ἔνι κυκλώσονται**  **ἀγχόθι πηγάων Αἰγυπτίου Ἰνωποῖο**. | Your Amnisian nymphs rub down the deer who have been released from the yoke, and for them to graze on they cut and carry much swift-growing tripetal from Hera’s meadow, upon which Zeus’ horses also feed. And they fill **golden troughs with water** so that there would be **a heart-pleasing drink** for the deer. You yourself enter your father’s house, and all invite you to sit with them, but you sit next to Apollo. When **the nymphs form a circle around you in the dance near the streams of Egyptian Inopus**. |

***Hymn to Delos***

**7**

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| 51-54  ἡνίκα δ᾿ Ἀπόλλωνι γενέθλιον οὖδας ὑπέσχες,  τοῦτό τοι ἀντημοιβὸν ἁλίπλοοι οὔνομ᾿ ἔθεντο,  οὕνεκεν οὐκέτ᾿ **ἄδηλος ἐπέπλεες**, ἀλλ᾿ **ἐνὶ πόντου κύμασιν Αἰγαίοιο ποδῶν ἐνεθήκαο ῥίζας.** | But when you offered your soil for Apollo as a gift for his birth, sailors gave you this name in exchange, for you no **longer sailed about inconspicuous**, **but into waves of the Aegean Sea you put down the roots of your feet.** |

**8**

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| 133-7  εἶπε καὶ ἠρώησε **μέγαν ῥόον**. ἀλλά οἱ Ἄρης Παγγαίου προθέλυμνα καρήατα μέλλεν ἀείρας ἐμβαλέειν δίνῃσιν, ἀποκρύψαι δὲ ῥέεθρα·  ὑψόθε δ᾿ ἐσμαράγησε καὶ ἀσπίδα τύψεν ἀκωκῇ δούρατος· ἡ δ᾿ ἐλέλιξεν ἐνόπλιον· ἔτρεμε δ᾽Ὄσσης | He spoke and halted his **big flood**. But Ares, having lifted the peaks of Pangaeum from their base, was going to hurl them into his eddies and cover up his streams. On high he crashed and struck his shield with the point of his spear, and made it quiver with a warlike beat. The mountains of Ossa trembled |

**9**

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| 189-94  αἰνήσεις μέγα δή τι τὸν εἰσέτι γαστέρι μάντιν ὕστερον ἤματα πάντα. σὺ δὲ ξυμβάλλεο, μῆτερ· ἔστι διειδομένη τις ἐν ὕδατι νήσος **ἀραιή**, πλαζομένη πελάγεσσι· πόδες δέ οἱ οὐχ ἑνὶ χώρῃ, ἀλλὰ παλιρροίῃ ἐπινήχεται **ἀνθέρικος** ὥς,  ἔνθα νότος, ἔνθ᾿ εὖρος, ὅπη φορέῃσι θάλασσα.  205-10  ἔννεπες· ἡ δ᾿ ἀρητὸνἄλης ἀπεπαύσατο †λυγρῆς, **ἕζετο δ᾿ Ἰνωποῖο παρὰ ῥόον, ὅντε βάθιστον**  **γαῖα τότ᾿ ἐξανίησιν, ὅτε πλήθοντι ῥεέθρῳ**  **Νεῖλος ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο κατέρχεται Αἰθιοπῆος·**  260-3  **χρύσεά** τοι τότε πάντα **θεμείλια** γείνετο, Δῆλε, **χρυσῷ** δὲ τροχόεσσα πανήμερος ἔρρεε **λίμνη**, **χρύσειον** δ᾿ ἐκόμησε γενέθλιον ἔρνος **ἐλαίης**, χρυσῷ δὲ πλήμυρε βαθὺς Ἰνωπὸς ἑλιχθείς. | You will praise greatly in all the days to come him who prophesied within the womb. But consider, mother. There is a **slender** island to be seen in the water, wandering in the sea. Her feet are not in one place, but she swims with the tide like the **asphodel**, where the south wind, then the east wind, wherever the sea may carry her.  You spoke and she readily put an end to her…wandering. **She sat by the stream of the Inopus, which the earth then sends forth at its most abundant, when the Nile in full spate comes down from the Ethiopian highland**.  And then all your **foundation** became **gold**, Delos, your round **lake** flowed with **gold** all day, and **golden** bloomed the shoot of the **olive**, in response to your birth. And the **eddying Inopus flowed deep with gold**. |

***Hymn to Athena***

**10**

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| 49-51  **καὶ γὰρ δὴ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἄνθεσιν ὕδατα μείξας**  ἡξεῖ φορβαίων **Ἴναχος** ἐξ ὀρέων  τἀθάνᾳ τὸ **λοετρὸν** ἄγων **καλόν**. ἀλλὰ, Πελασγέ, | **For indeed having mingled his waters** with **gold** and **blossoms, Inachus** will come from the nourishing mountains bringing Athena **a bathe that is fair**, but, Pelasgian… |

**11**

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| 70-8  δή ποκα γὰρ πέπλων λυσαμένα περόνας  **ἵππω ἐπὶ κράνᾳ Ἑλικωνίδι καλὰ ῥεοίσᾳ**  λῶντο· μεσαμβρινὰ δ᾿ εἶχ᾿ ὄρος ἁσυχία.  ἀμφότεραι λώοντο, μεσαμβριναὶ δ᾿ ἔσαν ὧραι,  πολλὰ δ᾿ ἁσυχία τῆνο κατεῖχεν ὄρος.  Τειρεσίας δ᾿ ἔτι μῶνος ἁμᾶ κυσὶν ἄρτι γένεια  περκάζων ἱερὸν χῶρον ἀνεστρέφετο·  **διψάσας δ᾿ ἄφατόν τι ποτὶ ῥόον ἤλυθε κράνας**,  σχέτλιος· …  83-4  ἑστάκη δ᾿ **ἄφθογγος**, ἐκόλλασαν γὰρ ἀνῖαι  γώνατα καὶ **φωνὰν ἔσχεν** ἀμαχανία. | For once, having loosened the pins from their robes, the two were bathing by **the fair-flowing spring of the Heliconian horse**. The midday quiet had fallen upon the mountain. Both were bathing, the hour was midday, and deep quiet had taken possession of that mountain. Yet Tiresias …came to that holy place. **With an unspeakable thirst, he came to the flow of the spring**, poor wretch…  She spoke and night took possession of the boy’s eyes. **He stood speechless**, for distress struck his limbs and helplessness **took hold of his voice**. |

**12**

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| 90-5  ὦ ὄρος, ὦ Ἑλικὼν οὐκέτι μοι παριτέ,  ἦ μεγάλ᾿ ἀντ᾿ ὀλίγων ἐπράξαο· δόρκας ὀλέσσας  καὶ πρόκας οὐ πολλὰς φάεα παιδὸς ἔχεις.”  ἁ μὲν <ἅμ᾽> ἅμ᾿ ἀμφοτέραισι φίλον περὶ παῖδα λαβοῖσα  μάτηρ μὲν γοερᾶν οἶτον **ἀηδονίδων** ἆγε **βαρὺ κλαίοισα**, θεὰ δ᾿ ἐλέησεν ἑταίραν. | “O mountain, o Helicon, no longer to be trodden by me! Ah you have exacted a great price for a small infraction, deprived of deer and roe -not many- you have my son’s eyesight.” And having embraced her dear son with both arms, his mother kept up the lament of mournful **nightingales, weeping from the depths of her heart**; the goddess took pity on her companion. |

***Hymn to Demeter***

**13**

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| 13-6  **τρὶς** **μὲν δὴ διέβας Ἀχελώιον ἀργυροδίναν,**  **τοσσάκι δ᾿ ἀενάων ποταμῶν ἐπέρασας ἕκαστον**,  τρὶς δ᾿ ἐπὶ Καλλιχόρῳ χαμάδις ἐκαθίσσαο φρητί  **αὐσταλέα ἄποτός τε καὶ** **οὐ φάγες** **οὐδὲ λοέσσα** | **Three times indeed you crossed the silver eddy of the Acheloüs**, **as many times you crossed each of the ever-flowing rivers;** three times you sank to the ground by the well of Cllichoron, **parched and thirsty, and you did not eat or bathe.** |

**14**

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| 24-9  οὔπω τὰν Κνιδίαν, ἔτι Δώτιον ἱρὸν ἔναιον,  †τὶν δ᾿ αὐτᾷ† **καλὸν ἄλσος** ἐποιήσαντο Πελασγοὶ  δένδρεσιν ἀμφιλαφές· διά κεν μόλις ἦνθεν ὀιστός·  ἐν πίτυς, ἐν μεγάλαι πτελέαι ἔσαν, ἐν δὲ καὶ ὄχναι,  ἐν δὲ καλὰ γλυκύμαλα· **τὸ δ᾿ ὥστ᾿ ἀλέκτρινον ὕδωρ**  ἐξ ἀμαρᾶν ἀνέθυε. θεὰ δ᾿ ἐπεμαίνετο χώρῳ | They still lived in holy Dotium, not yet the Cnidian land, and to you yourself? The Pelasgians there made a **fair grove**, abundant with trees. An arrow scarcely penetrated it. In it were pines, great elms; in it were pears; in it were beautiful sweet apples. **The water like amber boiled up from watercourses**. The goddess was mad for the place. |

**15**

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| 88-90  ἤσθιε μυρία πάντα· κακὰ δ᾿ ἐξάλλετο γαστὴρ  αἰεὶ μᾶλλον ἔδοντι, **τὰ δ᾿ ἐς βυθὸν οἷα θαλάσσας** ἀλεμάτως ἀχάριστα **κατέρρεεν** εἴδατα πάντα.  **Hypponax (fr. 77 Campbell)**  Μοῦσά μοι Εὐρυμεδοντιάδεα τὴν **ποντοχάρυβδιν**, τὴν ἐγγαστρὶμάχαιραν, ὃς ἐσθίει οὐ κατὰ κόσμον,  ἔννεφ᾿, ὅπως ψηφῖδι <κακὸς> κακὸν οἶτον ὄληται βουλῇ δημοσίῃ παρὰ θῖν᾿ ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο. | He consumed a myriad of things. His evil belly leapt up as he always ate more, **and everything he ate flowed down as into the depths of the sea**, vainly and without appreciation.  Tell me, Muse, **of the sea swallowing**, Eurymedontiades, the belly-knife, who eats in no orderly manner, so that through a vote determined by a public decision the wretched may die a wretched death along the shore of the unfruitful sea. |

**16**

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| **111-5**  μέστα μὲν ἐν Τριόπαο δόμοις ἔνι χρήματα κεῖτο, μῶνον ἄρ᾿ οἰκεῖοι θάλαμοι κακὸν ἠπίσταντο.  ἀλλ᾿ ὅκα τὸν βαθὺν οἶκον ἀνεξήραναν ὀδόντες, καὶ τόχ᾿ ὁ τῶ βασιλῆος ἐνὶ τριόδοισι καθῆστο αἰτίζων ἀκόλως τε καὶ ἔκβολα **λύματα** δαιτός. | As long as there was money in Triopas’ halls, only his private chambers knew of the evil, but when his teeth had drained the house’s deep pockets, then the son of the king sat in the crossroads begging for morsels and **refuse** cast out from the feast. |

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1. Text and translation are from Stephens, S. A. (2015). “Callimachus. The Hymns.” Oxford. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)