



The Homeric Hymn **“To Earth the Mother of All”**



“I will sing of Earth the mother of all, the well-founded, the eldest, who feeds on the ground all of every thing that exists; all that go upon the goodly land as well all that come upon the seas and all that fly; all these are fed of her wealth.



Through you, O queen, men come into being blessed in their children and blessed in their harvests; to you it belongs to give life to mortal men and to take it away. Happy is the man whom with a proactive mind you delight to honor; everything in abundance is present by his side. His life-giving arable land is laden with corn, his pastures are thriving with flocks and herds, his house is filled with goods. Such men rule orderly in their cities of fair women, great riches and wealth follow them, their fresh-budding sons go proudly along in good cheer, and their flower-laden daughters play in round dances and skip merrily over the soft flowers of the field. So is it with those whom you honor, O holy goddess, bountiful spirit.



Hail, mother of the gods, bedfellow of starry Heaven; for this my song, with a proactive thought send life that suits my heart; and yet, I will remember you and in other songs!”

