

Translator: **Reginald Gibbons & Charles Segal**

**Ode 1**

At many things—wonders,                    *strophe 1*  
    Terrors—we feel awe,  
But at nothing more  
    Than at man. This  
Being sails the gray-  
    White sea running before  
Winter storm-winds, he  
    Scuds beneath high  
Waves surging over him  
    On each side;  
And Gaia, the Earth,  
    Forever undestroyed and  
Unwearying, highest of  
    All the gods, he  
Wears away, year  
    After year as his plows  
Cross ceaselessly  
    Back and forth, turning  
Her soil with the  
    Offspring of horses.

The clans of the birds                    *antistrophe 1*  
    With minds light as air,  
And tribes of beasts of  
    The wilderness, and water-  
Dwelling sea creatures—  
    All these he  
Catches, in the close-  
    Woven nets he  
Throws around them,  
    And he carries them  
Off, this man, most  
    Cunning of all.  
With devices he  
    Masters the beast that  
Beds in the wild and  
    Roams mountains—he harnesses  
The horse with shaggy  
    Mane, he yokes  
The never-wearied  
    Mountain bull.

He has taught himself                    *strophe 2*  
    Speech and thoughts  
Swift as the wind;  
    And a temperament for  
The laws of towns;  
    And how to escape  
Frost-hardened bedding  
    Under the open  
Sky and the arrows  
    Of harsh rain—inventive  
In everything, this  
    Man. Without invention he  
Meets nothing that  
    Might come. Only from  
Hades will he not  
    Procure some means of  
Escape. Yet he has  
    Cunningly escaped from  
Sickness that had  
    Seemed beyond his devices.

Full of skills and                    *antistrophe 2*  
    Devising, even beyond  
Hope, is the intelligent  
    Art that leads him  
Both to evil and  
    To good. Honoring the  
Laws of the earth  
    And the justice of  
The gods, to which  
    Men swear, he stands  
High in his city.  
    But outside any  
City is he who dares  
    To consort with  
What is wrong: let  
    Him who might do  
Such things not  
    Be the companion  
At my hearth nor have  
    The same thoughts as I!