

ORPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO CHORD CHART

m 8x

Dm
Blest Pæan, come, propitious to my pray'r,
Am Dm
illustrious pow'r, whom Memphian tribes revere,
Dm
Slayer of Tityus, and the God of health,
Dm Am Dm
Lycorian Phœbus, fruitful source of wealth .
Dm G F Dm
Spermatic, golden-lyr'd, the field from thee
Dm Am Dm
receives it's constant, rich fertility.
Dm G F Dm
Titanic, Grunian, Smynthian I sing,
Dm Am
Python-destroying, hallow'd, Delphian king:

F Em Dm Am
Rural, light-bearer, and the Muse's head,
F Em Dm Am
noble and lovely, arm'd with arrows dread:
F Em Dm Am
Far-running, Bacchian, two-fold, and divine,
F G Dm
pow'r far diffused, and course oblique is thine.
Dm Am Am 4x

Dm
O, Delian king, whose light-producing eye
Dm Am Dm
views all within, and all beneath the sky,
Dm
Whose locks are gold, whose oracles are sure,
Dm Am Dm
who, omens good reveal'st, and precepts pure:
Dm G F Dm
Hear me entreating for the human kind,
Dm Am Dm
hear, and be present with benignant mind;
Dm G F Dm
For thou survey'st this boundless æther all,
Dm Am
and ev'ry part of this terrestrial ball
F Em Dm Am
Abundant, blessed; and thy piercing sight,
F Em Dm Am
extends beneath the gloomy, silent night;
F Em Dm Am
Beyond the darkness, starry-ey'd, profound,
F G
the stable roots, deep fix'd by thee are found.

Dm
The world's wide bounds, all-flourishing are thine,
Dm Am Dm
thyself all the source and end divine:
Dm
'Tis thine all Nature's music to inspire,
Dm Am Dm
with various-sounding, harmonising lyre;
Dm G F Dm
Now the last string thou tun'ft to sweet accord,
Dm Am
divinely warbling now the highest chord;
Dm G F Dm
Th' immortal golden lyre, now touch'd by thee,
Dm Dm Am
Receives a Dorian melody.
F Em Dm Am
Nature's tribes to thee their diff'rence owe,
F Em Dm Am
Changing seasons from thy music flow
F Em Dm Am
Hence, mix'd by thee in equal parts, advance
F G Dm
Summer and Winter in alternate dance;

Dm
This claims the highest, that the lowest string,
Dm Dm Am
the Dorian measure tunes the lovely spring
Dm
Hence by mankind, Pan-royal, two-horn'd nam'd,
Dm Am
Emitting whistling winds thro' Syrinx fam'd;
F Em Dm Am
Since to thy care, the figur'd seal's consign'd,
F Em Dm Am
Which stamps the world with forms of ev'ry kind.
F Em Dm Am
Hear me, blest pow'r, and in these rites rejoice,
F G
and save thy mystics with a suppliant voice.
Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Dm

translation by Thomas Taylor, original music by Queenie