

Orphic Hymn to Athena

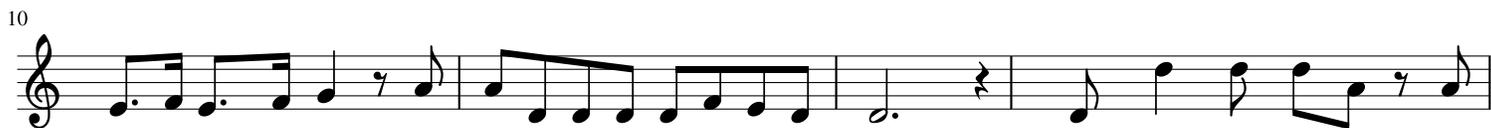
For Solo Flute



On-ly be-got ten, no-ble race of Jove,



bless-ed and fierce, who joyest incaves to rove. O war - like Pallas



whose terrif - ic mind, in - eff - a - ble and eff - a - ble we find. Magnanimous and famed, the



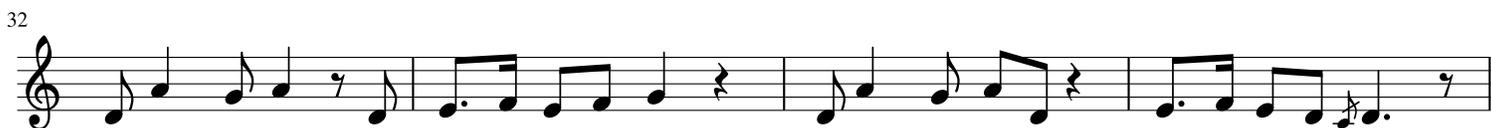
rock - y height, and groves and sha - dy moun - tains thee de - light,



in arms re-joicing, who with fur-ies dire, and wild the souls of mort-als dost in - spire.



Gymnast - ic virgin, whose terriff - ic mind, dire Gor - gon's bane, un - marr-ied bless ed kind.



Mother of arts, im - pet-uous un - derstood, rage to the wicked, wis - dom to the good.



Fe - male and male, the arts of war are thine, fan - a - tic much formed, dragon - ess di vine,

40



over the Phlegrean gia-nts, rous - ed to ire, thy cours-ers driv-ing with de-struction dire.

44



51



Sprung from the head of Jove, who with splend - id mien, purg-er of ev-ils,

54



all produ - cing queen. Hear me O god-dess, when to thee I pray, with

57



sup - pli - cat - ting voice both night and day. In my latest hour gi - ve peace and health,

61



pro-pit - ious times and necess-ar - y wealth, and ev - er present, be thy vot ary's aid, O

65



much im plored art's par - ent blue eyed maid.

71

