

The manufactured maiden, gift of Zeus.  
 Far-seeing Zeus cast proud Menoitios  
 Down into Erebus; he struck him with  
 The smoking thunderbolt, because he was  
 Insanely bold and reckless in his pride.  
 And Atlas, forced by hard necessity,  
 Holds the broad heaven up, propped on his head  
 And tireless hands, at the last ends of Earth,  
 In front of the clear-voiced Hesperides;  
 For Zeus the Counsellor gave him this fate.  
 Clever Prometheus was bound by Zeus  
 In cruel chains, unbreakable, chained round  
 A pillar, and Zeus roused and set on him  
 An eagle with long wings, which came and ate  
 His deathless liver. But the liver grew  
 Each night, until it made up the amount  
 The long-winged bird had eaten in the day.  
 Lovely Alcmene's son, strong Heracles,  
 Killing the eagle, freed Prometheus  
 From his affliction and his misery,  
 And Zeus, Olympian, who rules on high,  
 Approved, so that the fame of Heracles  
 The Theban might be greater than before  
 Upon the fruitful earth; he showed respect,  
 And gave the honour to his famous son.  
 And angry though he was, he checked the rage  
 He felt against Prometheus, who dared  
 To match his wits against almighty Zeus.

For at Mekone, once, there was a test  
 When gods and mortal men divided up  
 An ox; Prometheus audaciously  
 Set out the portions, trying to deceive  
 The mind of Zeus. Before the rest, he put  
 Pieces of meat and marbled inner parts  
 And fat upon the hide, and hid them in  
 The stomach of the ox; but before Zeus

The white bones of the ox, arranged with skill,  
 Hidden in shining fat. And then he spoke,  
 The father of gods and men, and said to him,  
 'Milord, most famous son of Iapetos,  
 The shares you've made, my friend, are most unfair!  
 Thus Zeus, whose plans are everlasting, spoke  
 And criticized. But sly Prometheus  
 Did not forget his trick, and softly smiled  
 And said, 'Most glorious Zeus, greatest of all  
 The gods who live forever, choose your share,  
 Whichever one your heart leads you to pick.'  
 He spoke deceitfully, but Zeus who knows  
 Undying plans, was not deceived, but saw  
 The trick, and in his heart made plans  
 To punish mortal men in future days.  
 He took the fatted portion in his hands  
 And raged within, and anger seized his heart  
 To see the trick, the white bones of the ox.  
 (And from this time the tribes of men on earth  
 Burn, on the smoking altars, white ox-bones.)

But Zeus, the gatherer of clouds, enraged,  
 Said, 'Son of Iapetos, cleverest god  
 Of all: so, friend, you do not yet forget  
 Your crafty tricks!' So spoke the angry Zeus  
 Whose craft is everlasting. From that time  
 He bore the trick in mind, and would not give,  
 To wretched men who live on earth, the power  
 Of fire, which never wearies. The brave son  
 Of Iapetos deceived him, and he stole  
 The ray, far-seeing, of unwearied fire,  
 Hid in the hollow fennel stalk, and Zeus  
 Who thunders in the heavens ate his heart,  
 And raged within to see the ray of fire  
 Far-seeing, among men. Immediately  
 He found a price for men to pay for fire,  
 An evil: for the famous Limping God<sup>30</sup>

*Prometheus*

Pandora

HESIOD

[572-601]

Moulded, from earth, the image of a girl  
A modest virgin, through the plans of Zeus.  
Grey-eyed Athene made her belt and dressed  
The girl in robes of silver; over her face  
She pulled a veil, embroidered cleverly,  
Marvellous to behold, and on her head  
Pallas Athene set a lovely wreath  
Of blossoms from spring grasses, and a crown  
Of gold, made by the famous Limping God,  
Worked with his hands, to please his father Zeus.  
Upon it many clever things were worked,  
Marvellous to behold: monsters which earth  
And sea have nourished, made to seem as real  
As living, roaring creatures, miracles,  
And beauty in abundance shone from it.

When he had made the lovely curse, the price  
For the blessing of fire, he brought her to a place  
Where gods and men were gathered, and the girl  
Was thrilled by all her pretty trappings, given  
By mighty Zeus's daughter with grey eyes.  
Amazement seized the mortal men and gods,  
To see the hopeless trap, deadly to men.

From her comes all the race of womankind,  
The deadly female race and tribe of wives  
Who live with mortal men and bring them harm,  
No help to them in dreadful poverty  
But ready enough to share with them in wealth.  
As in the covered hive the honey-bees  
Keep feeding drones, conspirators in wrong,  
And daily, all day long, until the sun  
Goes down, the workers hurry about their work  
And build white honeycombs, while those inside  
In the sheltered storeroom, fill their bellies up  
With products of the toil of others, thus,  
Women are bad for men, and they conspire  
In wrong, and Zeus the Thunderer made it so.

[602-31]

THEOGONY

He made a second evil as a price  
Of fire, man's blessing; if a man avoids  
Marriage and all the troubles women bring  
And never takes a wife, at last he comes  
To miserable old age, and does not have  
Anyone who will care for the old man.  
He has enough to live on, while he lives,  
But when he dies, his distant relatives  
Divide his property. The married man  
Who gets a good wife, suited to his taste,  
Gets good and evil mixed, but he who gets  
One of the deadly sort, lives all his life  
With never-ending pain inside his heart  
And on his mind; the wound cannot be healed.  
It is impossible to hoodwink Zeus  
Or to surpass him, for Prometheus,  
The son of Iapetus, kind though he was  
And wise, could not escape his heavy rage  
But he was bound by force, with heavy chains.

When Ouranos was angry with his sons  
Kottos, Gyes, and Briareus,  
At first he bound them up in cruel bonds  
Because he envied them their looks and size  
And overwhelming masculinity.  
He made them live beneath the broad-pathed earth,  
And there they suffered, living underground  
Farthest away, at great earth's edge; they grieved  
For many years, with great pain in their hearts.  
The son of Kronos and the other gods  
Whom fair-haired Rhea bore to Kronos, took  
Gaia's advice, and brought them back to light.  
She told them everything: the gods would gain  
Glorious pride and victory, with the help  
Of those whom they had saved. For Kronos' sons  
Had long been fighting, labouring in pain  
Against the Titans, in a violent war.

O Perses, store this in your heart; do not  
 Let Wicked Strife persuade you, skipping work,  
 To gape at politicians and give ear  
 To all the quarrels of the market place.  
 He has no time for courts and public life  
 Who has not stored up one full year's supply  
 Of corn, Demeter's gift, got from the earth.  
 When you have grain piled high, you may dispute  
 And fight about the goods of other men.  
 But *you* will never get this chance again:  
 Come, let us settle our dispute at once,  
 And let our judge be Zeus, whose laws are just.  
 We split our property in half, but you  
 Grabbed at the larger part and praised to heaven  
 The lords who love to try a case like that,  
 Eaters of bribes. The fools! They do not know  
 That half may be worth more by far than whole,  
 Nor how much profit lies in poor man's bread.<sup>1</sup>

The gods desire to keep the stuff of life  
 Hidden from us. If they did not, you could  
 Work for a day and earn a year's supplies;  
 You'd pack away your rudder, and retire  
 The oxen and the labouring mules. But Zeus  
 Concealed the secret, angry in his heart  
 At being hoodwinked by Prometheus,  
 And so he thought of painful cares for men.  
 First he hid fire. But the son of Iapetos<sup>2</sup>  
 Stole it from Zeus the Wise, concealed the flame  
 In a fennel stalk, and fooled the Thunderer.

Then, raging, spoke the Gatherer of Clouds:  
 'Prometheus, most crafty god of all,  
 You stole the fire and tricked me, happily,  
 You, plague on all mankind and on yourself.  
 They'll pay for fire: I'll give another gift  
 To men, an evil thing for their delight,

And all will love this ruin in their hearts.<sup>1</sup>  
 So spoke the father of men and gods, and laughed.

He told Hephaistos quickly to mix earth  
 And water, and to put in it a voice  
 And human power to move, to make a face  
 Like an immortal goddess, and to shape  
 The lovely figure of a virgin girl.  
 Athene was to teach the girl to weave,  
 And golden Aphrodite to pour charm  
 Upon her head, and painful, strong desire,  
 And body-shattering cares. Zeus ordered; then,  
 The killer of Argos, Hermes, to put in  
 Sly manners, and the morals of a bitch.  
 The son of Kronos spoke, and was obeyed.  
 The Lame God moulded earth as Zeus decreed  
 Into the image of a modest girl,  
 Grey-eyed Athene made her robes and belt,  
 Divine Seduction and the Graces gave  
 Her golden necklaces, and for her head  
 The Seasons wove spring flowers into a crown.  
 Hermes the Messenger put in her breast  
 Lies and persuasive words and cunning ways;  
 The herald of the gods then named the girl  
 Pandora,<sup>3</sup> for the gifts which all the gods  
 Had given her, this ruin of mankind.

The deep and total trap was now complete;  
 The Father sent the gods' fast messenger  
 To bring the gift to Epimetheus.<sup>4</sup>  
 And Epimetheus forgot the words  
 His brother said, to take no gift from Zeus,  
 But send it back, lest it should injure men.  
 He took the gift, and understood, too late.

Before this time men lived upon the earth  
 Apart from sorrow and from painful work,

Free from disease, which brings the Death-gods in.  
 But now the woman opened up the cask,  
 And scattered pains and evils among men.  
 Inside the cask's hard walls remained one thing,  
 Hope,<sup>5</sup> only, which did not fly through the door.  
 The lid stopped her, but all the others flew,  
 Thousands of troubles, wandering the earth.  
 The earth is full of evils, and the sea.  
 Diseases come to visit men by day  
 And, uninvited, come again at night  
 Bringing their pains in silence, for they were  
 Deprived of speech by Zeus the Wise. And so  
 There is no way to flee the mind of Zeus.

And now with art and skill I'll summarize  
 Another tale, which you should take to heart,  
 Of how both gods and men began the same.  
 The gods, who live on Mount Olympus, first  
 Fashioned a golden race of mortal men;  
 These lived in the reign of Kronos, king of heaven,  
 And like the gods they lived with happy hearts  
 Untouched by work or sorrow. Vile old age  
 Never appeared, but always lively-limbed,  
 Far from all ills, they feasted happily.  
 Death came to them as sleep, and all good things  
 Were theirs; ungrudgingly, the fertile land  
 Gave up her fruits unasked. Happy to be  
 At peace, they lived with every want supplied,  
 [Rich in their flocks, dear to the blessed gods.]

And then this race was hidden in the ground.  
 But still they live as spirits of the earth,  
 Holy and good, guardians who keep off harm,  
 Givers of wealth: this kingly right is theirs.  
 The gods, who live on Mount Olympus, next  
 Fashioned a lesser, silver race of men:  
 Unlike the gold in stature or in mind.

A child was raised at home a hundred years  
 And played, huge baby, by his mother's side.  
 When they were grown and reached their prime, they lived  
 Brief, anguished lives, from foolishness, for they  
 Could not control themselves, but recklessly  
 Injured each other and forsook the gods;  
 They did not sacrifice, as all tribes must, but left  
 The holy altars bare. And, angry, Zeus  
 The son of Kronos, hid this race away,  
 For they dishonoured the Olympian gods.

The earth then hid this second race, and they  
 Are called the spirits of the underworld,  
 Inferior to the gold, but honoured, too.  
 And Zeus the father made a race of bronze,  
 Sprung from the ash tree,<sup>6</sup> worse than the silver race,  
 But strange and full of power. And they loved  
 The groans and violence of war; they ate  
 No bread; their hearts were flinty-hard; they were  
 Terrible men; their strength was great, their arms  
 And shoulders and their limbs invincible.  
 Their weapons were of bronze, their houses bronze;  
 Their tools were bronze: black iron was not known.  
 They died by their own hands, and nameless, went  
 To Hades' chilly house. Although they were  
 Great soldiers, they were captured by black Death,  
 And left the shining brightness of the sun.

But when this race was covered by the earth,  
 The son of Kronos made another, fourth,  
 Upon the fruitful land, more just and good,  
 A godlike race of heroes, who are called  
 The demi-gods - the race before our own.  
 Foul wars and dreadful battles ruined some;  
 Some sought the flocks of Oedipus, and died  
 In Cadmus' land, at seven-gated Thebes;  
 And some, who crossed the open sea in ships,

Genesis 3:1-24

### The First Sin and Its Punishment

3 Now the serpent was more crafty than any other wild animal that the Lord God had made. He said to the woman, 'Did God say, "You shall not eat from any tree in the garden"?' 2 The woman said to the serpent, 'We may eat of the fruit of the trees in the garden; 3 but God said, "You shall not eat of the fruit of the tree that is in the middle of the garden, nor shall you touch it, or you shall die."' 4 But the serpent said to the woman, 'You will not die; 5 for God knows that when you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God,\* knowing good and evil.' 6 So when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of its fruit and ate; and she also gave some to her husband, who was with her, and he ate. 7 Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made loincloths for themselves.

8 They heard the sound of the Lord God walking in the garden at the time of the evening breeze, and the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden. 9 But the Lord God called to the man, and said to him, 'Where are you?' 10 He said, 'I heard the sound of you in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.' 11 He said, 'Who told you that you were naked? Have you eaten from the tree of which I commanded you not to eat?' 12 The man said, 'The woman whom you gave to be with me, she gave me fruit from the tree, and I ate.' 13 Then the Lord God said to the woman, 'What is this that you have done?' The woman said, 'The serpent tricked me, and I ate.' 14 The Lord God said to the serpent,

'Because you have done this,

cursed are you among all animals

and among all wild creatures;

upon your belly you shall go,

and dust you shall eat

all the days of your life.

15 I will put enmity between you and the woman,

and between your offspring and hers;

he will strike your head,

and you will strike his heel.'

16 To the woman he said,

'I will greatly increase your pangs in childbearing;  
in pain you shall bring forth children,  
yet your desire shall be for your husband,  
and he shall rule over you.'

17And to the man\* he said,

'Because you have listened to the voice of your wife,  
and have eaten of the tree

about which I commanded you,

"You shall not eat of it",

cursed is the ground because of you;

in toil you shall eat of it all the days of your life;

18thorns and thistles it shall bring forth for you;

and you shall eat the plants of the field.

19By the sweat of your face

you shall eat bread

until you return to the ground,

for out of it you were taken;

you are dust,

and to dust you shall return.'

20 The man named his wife Eve,\* because she was the mother of all who live. 21And the Lord God made garments of skins for the man\* and for his wife, and clothed them.

22 Then the Lord God said, 'See, the man has become like one of us, knowing good and evil; and now, he might reach out his hand and take also from the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever'— 23therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he was taken. 24He drove out the man; and at the east of the garden of Eden he placed the cherubim, and a sword flaming and turning to guard the way to the tree of life.