

Shall I not set white feet to the night-long dances
when roused through the Bacchanal?
Casting the skin to the dewy air,
as a fawn flaunting in delight
in the pallid-green of the meadow
when she has fled the dreaded hunt,
out past the guards
over the well-stitched nets;
the houndsman, calling-forth,
hastening the hounds;
she with swift-racing strains
gustily bounding through stream-coursed plains,
delighting in solitude from men
in the shaggy shoots of the wood?

What is wisdom? What prize from the gods
is better in this mortal life,
than to hold one's own hand in power
over the head of the enemy?
What is beautiful is loved always.

It is a thing roused with difficulty,
yet still to be trusted, this divine strength.
It sets aright those of mortal-kind who honor folly,
and those who, in their manic notions,
do not exalt the things of the gods.
Subtly do they conceal the long footfalls of time
and hunt down the irreverent.

For never is one mightier than the *nomos*,
and this one must know and practice.
One fares easier to recognize that what is divine
is what holds strength, and that which through long ages,
ever lawful, has been brought forth in nature.

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What is beautiful is loved always.

Blessed is he who, out of the sea,
escapes the storm and reaches the harbor.
Blessed is he who is made above toil.
One surpasses another in health and power,
Yet still to countless mortals are a myriad hopes:
some fulfilled in bliss, others going off away.
But that life which is fortunate for a day,
this one I deem to be blessed.