**FOUR TEXTS FOR TAB APP**

**Feb. 23, 2013**

**1. APOLLO LEADS THE DANCE WITH HIS LYRE**

And glorious Leto’s son, in robes with the scent of a god,

Will go to Putho’s rocks, strumming his tortoise lyre

With a plectrum all of gold.

His instrument, under its stroke,

Vibrates aloft, possessed by that delectable thrum.

And thence he will go from the ground to Olympos, swift as a thought,

To his Father’s house, to mingle with all the assembled gods.

And the moment he comes, they must have the harp and must have the dance.

And all the Muses, beautiful voices in clear antiphony,

Sing the ambrosia that makes them immortal.

Then sing mankind, 190

What it must suffer, under the hands of the gods above it,

Living witless and helpless, unable, try as it might,

To find either cure for death or defense against old age.

And then the Graces, with exquisite braids, and the cheerful Hours,

And Harmony, and Youth, and Zeus’ Aphrodíte,

Strike up the dance, linking each with the wrist of the nearest.

Moving among them, hardly plain, hardly diminutive,

Tall, rather, her figure a marvel to gaze upon,

Is Artemis, Lady of Darts, sister to Lord Apollo.

Among them, too, are Ares and the vigilant Slayer of Argos, 200

Sporting together.

Apollo plays the tune for them all,

Radiant, footing it high and fine, and a flashing is round him,

A twinkling, out from his feet and his tunic of delicate weft.

Leto, with braids of gold, and Zeus, who is all-contriving,

Are mightily glad at heart as they look upon their son,

Their belovèd son, sporting there among the immortals.

--*Homeric Hymn to Apollo*, tr. William Mullen, lines 182-206. The author is anonymous, and calls himself simply “a blind man, who makes his dwelling in rugged Khios” (line 172). He was the kind of ancient Greek bard who called himself “a son of Homer”.

**2. THE COSMIC POWERS OF LYRE AND DANCE**

Golden lyre, rightful possession of Apollo

and the bright-haired Muses,

to you the dancers listen

as they begin the celebration,

and the singers

follow the rhythm

plucked on your trembling strings

in prelude to the chorus;

it is you that quench

the lancing bolt

of ever-flowing fire and lull Zeus’ eagle

perched on his scepter

with folded wings—

the king of birds: over his bowed head

you shed a darkening cloud,

a soft seal upon his eyelids.

His supple back rises

and falls as he dreams, locked

in the spell of your music.

Even harsh Ares

drops his brutal spear

and soothes his heart.

Your shafts cast enchantment

on the mood of the gods

through the skill of Apollo

and the deep-breasted Muses.

--Pindar, *First Pythian Ode*, tr. Frank Nisetich. The ode was sung and danced in 470 BC, at the court of Hieron at the foot of Mount Etna, with the Theban poet Pindar, a guest at Hieron’s court, leading a chorus of young Sicilian men with his lyre.

**3. DANCING AND EDUCATION**

The discipline of pleasure and pain which, when rightly ordered, is a principle of education, has been often relaxed and corrupted in human life. And the Gods, pitying the toils which our race is born to undergo, have appointed holy festivals, wherein men alternate rest with labour; and have given them the Muses and Apollo, the leader of the Muses, and Dionysus, to be companions in their revels, that they may improve their education by taking part in the festivals of the Gods, and with their help.

I should like to know whether a common saying is in our opinion true to nature or not. For men say that the young of all creatures cannot be quiet in their bodies or in their voices; they are always wanting to move and cry out; some leaping and skipping, and overflowing with sportiveness and delight at something, others uttering all sorts of cries. But, whereas the animals have no perception of order or disorder in their movements, that is, of rhythm or harmony, as they are called, to us, the Gods, who, as we say, have been appointed to be our companions in the dance, have given the pleasurable sense of harmony and rhythm; and so they stir us into life, and we follow them, joining hands together in dances and songs; and these they call choruses, which is a term naturally expressive of cheerfulness. Shall we begin, then, with the acknowledgment that education is first given through Apollo and the Muses?

--Plato, *Laws* Book 2. One old man, an Athenian, is speaking to two other old men, a Spartan and a Cretan, as they climb the sacred mountain of Zeus on Crete to worship him on the summer solstice. Their conversation turns to the ideal state, and education in it.

**4. THE WISDOM OF THE DANCERS’ FEET**

Come on, come on! and where you go,

So interweave the curious knot

As ev’n th’ observer scarce may know

Which lines are Pleasure’s and which not.

First, figure out the doubtful way

At which awhile all youth should stay,

Where she and Virtue did contend

Which should have Hercules to friend.

Then, as all actions of mankind

Are but a labyrinth or maze,

So let your dances be entwined,

Yet not perplex men unto gaze;

But measured, and so numerous too,

As men may read each act you do,

And when they see the graces meet,

Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise

Not only shows the mover’s wit,

But maketh the beholder wise,

As he hath power to rise to it.

*There follows the first dance.*

*--*Ben Jonson*, Pleasure Reconciled with Virtue*. This was a court masque, first performed on [Twelfth Night](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Twelfth_Night_(holiday)), 6 January [1618](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1618_in_literature), in the Banqueting House at [Whitehall Palace](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Whitehall_Palace).