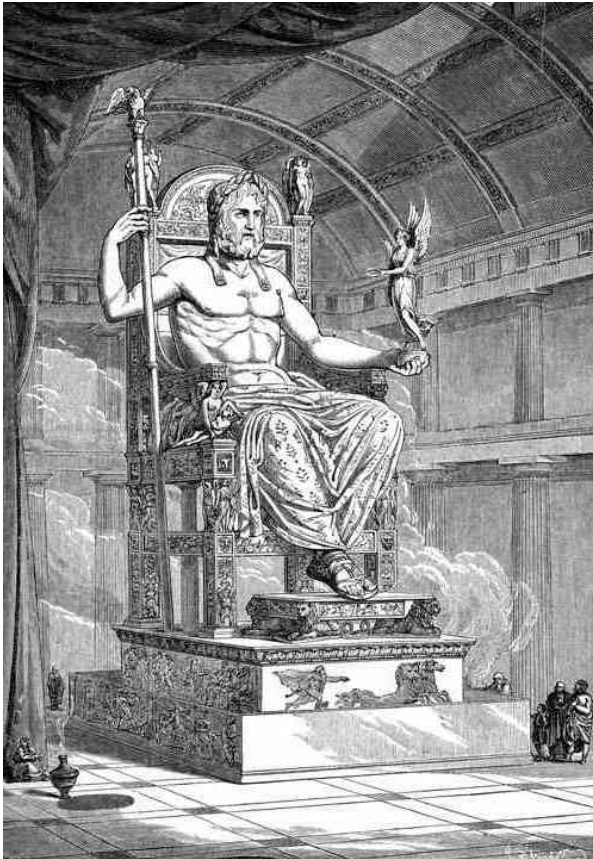


Cleanthes' Hymn to Zeus



No deed is done on earth, god, without your offices, nor in the divine ethereal vault of heaven, nor at sea, save what bad men do in their folly. But you know how to make things crooked straight and to order things disorderly. You love things unloved. For you have so welded into one all things good and bad that they all share in a single everlasting reason [universal reason or logos]. It is shunned and neglected by the bad among mortal men, the wretched, who ever yearn for the possession of goods yet neither see nor hear god's universal law, by obeying which they could lead a good life in partnership with intelligence. Instead, devoid of intelligence, they rush into this evil or that, some in their belligerent quest for fame, others with an unbridled bent for acquisition, others for leisure and the pleasurable acts of the body . . . <But all that they

achieve is evils, > despite travelling hither and thither in burning quest of the opposite. Bountiful Zeus of the dark clouds and gleaming thunderbolt, protect mankind from its pitiful incompetence. Scatter this from our soul, Father. Let us achieve the power of judgement by trusting in which you steer all things with justice, so that by winning honour we may repay you with honour, for ever singing of your works, as it befits mortals to do. For neither men nor gods have any greater privilege than this: to sing for ever in righteousness of the universal law.¹

CLEANTHES

¹ Long A.A. & Sedley D.N. (Comp., Tr. & Annot.). *The Hellenistic Philosophers*. Vol. 1: Translations of the Principal Sources with Philosophical Commentary. (1st ed. 1987). Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002; pp. 326-27.

