

Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? The one who breaks up their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker; he, however, is the creator.

Companions, the creator seeks, not corpses, not herds and believers. Fellow creators the creator seeks, those who write new values on new tables.

Companions, the creator seeks, and fellow harvesters; for with everything is ripe for the harvest. But he lacks the hundred sickles: so he plucks the ears of corn and is annoyed.

Companions, the creator seeks, and such as know how to whet their sickles. They will be called destroyers, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the harvesters and rejoicers.

Fellow creators, Zarathustra seeks; fellow harvesters and fellow rejoicers, Zarathustra seeks: what has he to do with herds and shepherds and corpses!

And you, my first companion, farewell! I have buried you well in your hollow tree; I have hidden you from the wolves.

But I part from you; the time has arrived. Between rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came to me a new truth.

I am not to be a shepherd, I am not to be a gravedigger. No more will I speak to the people; for the last time have I spoken to the dead.

I will join the creators, the harvesters, and the rejoicers: I will show them the rainbow and all the steps to the overman.

I will sing my song to the hermits; to the lonesome and the twosome I will sing my song; and to whoever still has ears for the unheard, I will make his heart heavy with my happiness.

I go towards my goal, I follow my course; over those who hesitate and lag behind I will leap. Thus may my going be their down going down.