THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

VOL. I.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

A TRANSLATION

(with Greek Text)

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.



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[*DEDICATION OF THE FORMER EDITION*]

TO

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREW

I inscribe this attempt

AS SOME TOKEN OF THE GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION WITH

WHICH THE WARMTH OF HIS FRIENDSHIP

AND THE INSPIRING NATURE OF HIS TEACHING

HAVE EVER BEEN REGARDED

BY ONE OF HIS OLD RUGBY PUPILS

1870

Οἴχεο, καὶ πολλοὶ περιεῖσι σοφώτεροι, ἀλλ' ἦν

οὐδεὶς οὔτε φίλοις φίλτερος οὔτε Θεῷ

1886

PREFACE.

THE republication of this translation in a new form, after the lapse of fifteen years, may seem to require a few words of explanation. I would earnestly desire it to be remembered that, in speaking of my own work, I am thinking only of what I have set before me as my aim and endeavour, and not of any personal belief in its adequate achievement. But it is obvious that I should not be justified in bringing it again before the world at all, if, after many years' continuous study of the best poets both of ancient and of modern times, I did not still believe that it represents some features and characteristics of the original, which have been, more or less, lost sight of in many other translations that have been in vogue.

It is a remark as old as Aristotle that Homer is the most dramatic of poets. By this expression, however, the ancient critic did not mean exactly what we should now associate with the term. The sense in which he understood the words was that Homer was the greatest depicter of *action* who had till then appeared in the world. As one scene succeeds another, each is portrayed with a precision and clearness of outline which makes it stand out as a complete picture in itself. This is especially true of the battle-pieces, which constitute so large a portion of the whole poem. Each single combat is a definite piece of work, elaborated as a bas-relief would be in the sister art of sculpture. I am far from saying that this interferes with the sweep and rush of the fight as a whole; and in some rare parts of the poem, especially where Homer is

generalising and in some measure exaggerating (as in his account of Hector's achievements or of Patroclus' charge upon Troy), what I have noted as a principal characteristic may almost disappear. But, notwithstanding these exceptions, this quality of vividness in the presentation of separate scenes and actions remains, perhaps, the most essential characteristic both of himself personally and of most early poetry; and it is one which I have sought to emphasise and reproduce, even at the expense of sacrificing in some degree the unbroken continuity of the narrative. The frequent pauses, which I have thus introduced, may sometimes seem to be unnecessarily numerous and arbitrary; but on many occasions the poet himself would seem to have desired to round off and, as it were, to frame such descriptions, when completed, by the employment of the common formulæ:

Thus in the deadly fray these laboured on;

or

This was the commune of the Gods in heaven;

or

Thus toward the fleet his coursers bare the God.

And it demands no great exercise of fancy to suppose that these were the points at which one rhapsodist would in recitation take up another, and the deeds of one hero would be followed by those of the representative of some different tribe.

Secondly, although this is probably the correct interpretation of Aristotle's use of the word 'dramatic,' yet it is well known that Homer possesses, in the most eminent degree, that qualification also which it would now ordinarily imply—viz. the gift of delineating and sustaining human character. There is no call for me in this place to repeat the eloquent and discriminating analysis of this power which has been given by Colonel Mure, by Mr. Gladstone, and by many other eminent critics. I would only say, from my own point of view, that, in any *ideal* translation of Homer, it ought to be as impossible to

suppose that anything uttered by Odysseus, for instance, proceeded from Achilles' mouth, as it would be for an Englishman who had read his Shakspeare to imagine that a speech of Hamlet came from Hotspur or Othello. This applies not only to what is said, but to the manner, to the rhythm, and to the choice of words in which it is uttered. Except in the first book (where he is strongly moved) a ring of hollowness and unreality, hardly veiled by artificial dignity, pervades all Agamemnon's speeches, which, as it is prevented by exquisite art from ever sinking into bombast, is most difficult to convey. The gentleness of Menelaus' disposition and the kindliness of Patroclus are as admirably preserved. The briskness of Nestor may be contrasted with the more senile garrulity of Phœnix or the pathos of Priam. I am not writing now of the maintenance of such characteristics by the matter and substance of what is placed in the mouths of different personages, but of their indication by the shape of sentence and form of phrase into which their speeches are cast and moulded. I would repeat that I have not the presumption to suppose myself possessed of such a mastery over the vehicle of verse which I have chosen as to believe that I have given more than feeble indications of the presence of this great dramatic quality in the original poet; but if any traces of my attempts in this direction are discoverable by other eyes than those of the author, I may fairly ask indulgence on account of their inadequacy from all who know the great difficulty of combining any true passion with close fidelity in translation. And the reader has only to turn to the opposite page to find in their fulness those qualities and distinctions to which the best of renderings will have performed its function in serving as an index-finger.

The besetting sin of all poetical translation is monotony; and perhaps the most certain test of my having attained any measure of success in the objects before my mind would be a relief from this imputation. I will not refer to authority on a point concerning which every reader

of the work can judge for himself, beyond saying that I have received good and wide encouragement to believe that whoever commences any part of it becomes inclined to continue. The critics who noticed my first edition were unanimous in their approval of my choice of English, and I have now removed, or corrected, many and serious blemishes. The coincidences that may be apparent between my version and the prose version recently published by Messrs. Long, Myers, and Leaf may fairly be regarded as so many signs of a happy selection, for wherever we have hit upon the same expressions they had their first appearance in my edition of 1870.

With regard to the composition of so long a work during the intervals of business in India, it may be admitted to have been attended with some difficulties and disadvantages; but the success of an Indian civilian employed in administrative work depends very largely on his faculty of so translating, into both action and word, the ideas and civilisation of the West to the Oriental mind as to remain in sympathetic contact with both. And such duty may perhaps be considered as offering the converse task of what I have now ventured to attempt. My difficulties have been further lightened by the assistance rendered to me in passing the work through the press by Mr. J. Surtees Phillpotts; and to him and to the Revs. Arthur Butler and E. A. Scott I have also to tender my acknowledgments for valuable suggestions during its progress. I am under similar obligations to the late Regius Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. J. Campbell Shairp, to whom I have preserved my dedication published in the first edition.

Erratum.

Page 53, line 16, *for* One *read* Slant.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

VOL. I.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α.

Λοιμός. Μῆνις.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι—Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή—
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρείδης τε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

Τίς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός. ὁ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ χολωθεὶς
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὦρσε κακὴν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοὶ,
οὕνεκα τὸν Χρύσην ἠτίμησ' ἀρητῆρα
Ἀτρείδης. ὁ γὰρ ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶν ἑκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ ἐλίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
Ἀτρείδα δε μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν·

"Ἀτρεῖδαί τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,
ὑμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ' οἴκαδ' ἱκέσθαι·
παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λῦσαί τε φίλην τά τ' ἄποινα δέχεσθαι,
ἁζόμενοι Διὸς υἱὸν ἑκηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα."

Ἐνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
αἰδεῖσθαί θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα·

ILIAD I.

SING, Goddess, of Achilles, Peleus' son,
The Wrath that rose disastrous, and the cause
Of woes unnumber'd to Achaia's host,
Casting full many a hero's mighty ghost
Too soon to Hades—but the men themselves
Prey to the dogs and all the fowls of heaven!
Yet was the will of Zeus fulfill'd thereby;
Then first, what time asunder stood in strife
Godlike Achilles from the King of men.

What heavenly Power inspired them to this strife?
The Child of Zeus and Leto. He in wrath
With Agamemnon sent an evil plague
Amongst them, and Achaia's nations fell
For that dishonour dealt by Atreus' Son
To Chryses, his high priest. For Chryses came
To their swift galleys, bearing priceless gifts
The ransom of his daughter, in his hands
Showing the garland of Apollo twined
About a golden sceptre, and besought
All the Achaians, yet address'd his prayer
Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons:
"Hear me, O Atreus' Sons, and ye their host!
May the Gods on Olympus grant to you
The sack of Ilion and return to home;
But render back to me mine own dear child,
Accepting ransom, honouring so the name
Of Him who smites from far, the Child of Zeus."
He spoke; to whom the Achaians gave applause,
Bidding revere the priest, and take the gifts
Of her redemption; but ill-pleased the soul

ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρείδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἤνδανε θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν·

"Μή σε, γέρον, κοίλῃσιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχείω
ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ' ἢ ὕστερον αὖτις ἰόντα,
μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμῃ σκῆπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο.
τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω· πρίν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἔπεισιν
ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ, ἐν Ἀργεῖ, τηλόθι πάτρης,
ἱστὸν ἐποιχομένην καὶ ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντιόωσαν.
ἀλλ' ἴθι, μή μ' ἐρέθιζε, σαώτερος ὥς κε νέηαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ.
βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
πολλὰ δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κιὼν ἠρᾶθ' ὁ γεραιὸς
Ἀπόλλωνι ἄνακτι, τὸν ἠΰκομος τέκε Λητώ.

"Κλῦθί μευ, ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην Τενέδοιό τε ἶφι ἀνάσσεις,
Σμινθεῦ, εἴποτέ τοι χαρίεντ' ἐπὶ νηὸν ἔρεψα,
ἢ εἰ δή ποτέ τοι κατὰ πίονα μηρί' ἔκηα
ταύρων ἠδ' αἰγῶν, τόδε μοι κρήηνον ἐέλδωρ·
τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δακρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην.
ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' ὀϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος· ὁ δ' ἤϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.
ἕζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἕηκεν·
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπῴχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργοὺς,
αὐτάρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἐφιεὶς
βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.

Ἐννῆμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ᾤχετο κῆλα θεοῖο,
τῇ δεκάτῃ δ' ἀγορήνδε καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς·

Of Agamemnon, who despiteful sent
Empty, with violent words, the priest away:
"Beware, old man, lest near these hollow barks
I find thee lingering now or ever again
Returning; else but little shall avail
Thy sceptre, or the garland of thy God.
I will not loose my hold from off thy child
Ere far in Argos from her fatherland
She hath worn old in service of our house,
Task'd at the loom, or partner of my bed.
Depart, nor move me unto anger; so
Shall thy return be safer—get thee hence!"
He spoke; the elder, all in awe, obey'd.
On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore
He passed in silence to a place apart,
And there to great Apollo made his prayer,
Apollo, whom fair Leto bore to Zeus:
"Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales
Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned,
Sminthian Apollo! If that e'er I wreath'd
About thy fragrant altar crowns of flowers,
Or e'er have made to thee sweet sacrifice
Of bulls and goats, fulfil me my desire:
Venge with thy darts these tears upon their host."
He spoke; whose prayer Apollo heard, and straight
Strode wrathful o'er the Olympian peaks sublime,
Bearing his close-capp'd quiver and his bow
Swung round his shoulder; loud the arrows rang,
Hurtling in motion of the anger'd God.
Like unto Night, he came, and sate him down
Short space from off the fleet, and 'gan discharge
His arrows thence. Dire sung the silver bow;
Whilst first against their sumpters and their hounds
He aim'd, but after shot a bitter shaft
Upon themselves; thenceforward ceaseless rose
The flames of funeral piles throughout the host.
Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp;
The tenth, Achilles to their market-place
Call'd all the people; Herè gave the thought,

τῷ γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
κήδετο γὰρ Δαναῶν, ὅτι ῥα θνήσκοντας ὁρᾶτο.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν ὁμηγερέες τ' ἐγένοντο,
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

" Ἀτρείδη, νῦν ἄμμε παλιμπλαγχθέντας ὀΐω
ἂψ ἀπονοστήσειν, εἴ κεν θάνατόν γε φύγοιμεν,
εἰ δὴ ὁμοῦ πόλεμός τε δαμᾷ καὶ λοιμὸς Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δή τινα μάντιν ἐρείομεν, ἢ ἱερῆα,
ἢ καὶ ὀνειροπόλον—καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν—
ὅς κ' εἴποι ὅ τι τόσσον ἐχώσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
εἴτ' ἄρ ὅγ' εὐχωλῆς ἐπιμέμφεται εἴθ' ἑκατόμβης,
αἴ κέν πως ἀρνῶν κνίσης αἰγῶν τε τελείων
βούλεται ἀντιάσας ἡμῖν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι."

Ἦτοι ὅγ' ὣς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο. τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
Κάλχας Θεστορίδης, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ' ἄριστος,
ὃς ᾔδη τά τ' ἐόντα τά τ' ἐσσόμενα πρό τ' ἐόντα,
καὶ νήεσσ' ἡγήσατ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἴλιον εἴσω,
ἣν διὰ μαντοσύνην, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

" Ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, κέλεαί με, διίφιλε μυθήσασθαι
μῆνιν Ἀπόλλωνος, ἑκατηβελέταο ἄνακτος.
τοιγὰρ ἐγών ἐρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καί μοι ὄμοσσον
ἦ μέν μοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν καὶ χερσὶν ἀρήξειν.
ἦ γὰρ ὀΐομαι ἄνδρα χολωσέμεν, ὃς μέγα πάντων
Ἀργείων κρατέει καί οἱ πείθονται Ἀχαιοί.
κρείσσων γὰρ βασιλεὺς, ὅτε χώσεται ἀνδρὶ χέρηϊ·
εἴπερ γάρ τε χόλον γε καὶ αὐτῆμαρ καταπέψῃ,
ἀλλά τε καὶ μετόπισθεν ἔχει κότον, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ,
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἑοῖσι. σὺ δὲ φράσαι εἴ με σαώσεις."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς
" θαρσήσας μάλα εἰπὲ θεοπρόπιον ὅ τι οἶσθα.
οὐ μὰ γὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα διίφιλον, ᾧτε σὺ, Κάλχαν,
εὐχόμενος Δαναοῖσι θεοπροπίας ἀναφαίνεις,
οὔτις ἐμεῦ ζῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένοιο
σοὶ κοίλῃς παρὰ νηυσὶ βαρείας χεῖρας ἐποίσει

Herè, the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,
Moved for the Danaans perishing in her sight.
In that full gathering of Achaia's sons
Fleetfoot Achilles rose, and thus began :
"If thus together pestilence and war
Be banded to subdue Achaia's might,
Atrides, though perchance we 'scape this death,
'Twill be to wander weather-beaten home.
Inquire we therefore of some priest or seer,
Or one who reads the presage of a dream
(For dream proceeds from Zeus), to know the cause
Phœbus Apollo hath of wrath against us ;
Whether for vow incensed, or hecatomb ;
If haply by the steam of victim's flesh,
By lambs or goats appeased, he stay this plague."
He ceased, and sate him down. Then Calchas rose,
The son of Thestor, chief of seers, who knew
What was, and what had been, and what should be,
And of that prescience, great Apollo's gift,
Was pilot of their fleet to Ilion's shore ;
He thus address'd them words discreet, and spake :
"Achilles, loved of Zeus ! who bidd'st me tell
What wrath now moveth the Far-striking King,
I tell thee true, but ponder this, and swear
Strongly to bear me out by word and deed.
I fear lest I should anger one who rules
Sovran of all Argeians and whose word
The Achaians follow. For a king, when wroth,
Deals mightily with a subject ; though the while
He smothers up his anger, yet he keeps
His malice rankling till he hath his will.
Bethink thee, then, how thou wilt bear me through."
To whom Achilles spake in answer thus :
"Be cheer'd ; speak what thou knowest and what the God
Revealeth ; for by Him I swear, who grants
Unto thy prayers that thou canst show his will,
Yea, by Apollo, child to Zeus on high,
Never, whilst I survive upon this earth,
Shall any amongst these galleys wreak thee hurt,

συμπάντων Δαναῶν, οὐδ' ἢν Ἀγαμέμνονα εἴπῃς,
ὃς νῦν πολλὸν ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εὔχεται εἶναι."

Καὶ τότε δὴ θάρσησε καὶ ἡὔδα μάντις ἀμύμων
"οὔτ' ἄρ' ὅγ' εὐχωλῆς ἐπιμέμφεται οὔθ' ἑκατόμβης,
ἀλλ' ἕνεκ' ἀρητῆρος, ὃν ἠτίμησ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὐδ' ἀπέλυσε θύγατρα καὶ οὐκ ἀπεδέξατ' ἄποινα·
τοὔνεκ' ἄρ' ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν ἑκηβόλος ἠδ' ἔτι δώσει.
οὐδ' ὅγε πρὶν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀπώσει,
πρίν γ' ἀπὸ πατρὶ φίλῳ δόμεναι ἑλικώπιδα κούρην
ἀπριάτην, ἀνάποινον, ἄγειν θ' ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην
ἐς Χρύσην· τότε κέν μιν ἱλασσάμενοι πεπίθοιμεν."

Ἦτοί ὅγ' ὣς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀχνύμενος· μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι
πίμπλαντ', ὄσσε δέ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόωντι ἐΐκτην.
Κάλχαντα πρώτιστα κάκ' ὀσσόμενος προσέειπεν·

"Μάντι κακῶν, οὐ πώποτέ μοι τὸ κρήγυον εἶπας.
αἰεί τοι τὰ κάκ' ἐστὶ φίλα φρεσὶ μαντεύεσθαι,
ἐσθλὸν δ' οὔτε τί πω εἶπας ἔπος οὔτ' ἐτέλεσσας·
καὶ νῦν ἐν Δαναοῖσι θεοπροπέων ἀγορεύεις
ὡς δὴ τοῦδ' ἕνεκά σφιν ἑκηβόλος ἄλγεα τεύχει,
οὕνεκ' ἐγὼ κούρης Χρυσηΐδος ἀγλαὰ ἄποινα
οὐκ ἔθελον δέξασθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺ βούλομαι αὐτὴν
οἴκοι ἔχειν. καὶ γάρ ῥα Κλυταιμνήστρης προβέβουλα,
κουριδίης ἀλόχου, ἐπεὶ οὔ ἑθέν ἐστι χερείων,
οὐ δέμας οὐδὲ φυὴν, οὔτ' ἂρ φρένας οὔτε τι ἔργα.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ἐθέλω δόμεναι πάλιν, εἰ τόγ' ἄμεινον·
βούλομ' ἐγὼ λαὸν σῶν ἔμμεναι ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γέρας αὐτίχ' ἑτοιμάσατ', ὄφρα μὴ οἷος
Ἀργείων ἀγέραστος ἕω, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικεν.
λεύσσετε γὰρ τόγε πάντες, ὅ μοι γέρας ἔρχεται ἄλλῃ."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, φιλοκτεανώτατε πάντων,

Not though thou namèst Agamemnon's name
Who boasts himself so far the noblest now."
Whereat the blameless seer took heart, and spake:
"Oh, not for vow incensed, or hecatomb,
But for the priest, to whom Atrides dealt
Dishonour, when his ransom he refused
Nor loosed his daughter—for his sake the God
Inflicts this sorrow, and shall still inflict,
Nor stay the heavy hand of pestilence,
Ere we have render'd to her father's hands
The bright-eyed maid, unpriced, unransom'd, home,
And offer'd up a sacred hecatomb
In Chryse; so assuaged, his wrath will cease."
He spoke and sate him down. But straightway rose
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Much troubled; and his very heart wax'd black,
Surcharged with wrath; his eyes shone bright as fire;
And, scowling, first to Calchas he began:
"Prophet of evil! Ne'er to me of good
Thou spakèst, but 'twas ever thy dear part
To bode all ill, and as thy words thy deeds;
Nought of good service hast thou said nor done.
So now, interpreting the God, thou sayst
Amongst the Danaans, that for this one cause
The arrowy God hath brought these sorrows on us,
For that I would not take the glorious gifts
Offered for Chryses' daughter; well thou know'st
My longing to preserve her in my home;
O'er Clytemnestra even my wedded wife,
I hold her; for to her in form and face
And mind and needle-craft she yields no whit:
Whom yet will I surrender, if need be;
I would the nation saved, not dying here.
But bring me therefore forth some second prize,
Lest I alone of all my people show
Without a guerdon; this were no meet thing;
Yet, ye behold, my prize must pass elsewhere."
To whom Achilles rose, and thus return'd:
"Atrides, by thy state, nor less, it seems,
By greed, above thy fellows! whence this prize

πῶς γάρ τοι δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί;
οὐδέ τί που ἴδμεν ξυνήϊα κείμενα πολλά·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πολίων ἐξ ἐπράθομεν, τὰ δέδασται,
λαοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐπέοικε παλίλλογα ταῦτ' ἐπαγείρειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν τήνδε θεῷ πρόες· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
τριπλῇ τετραπλῇ τ' ἀποτίσομεν, αἴ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς
δῷσι πόλιν Τροίην εὐτείχεον ἐξαλαπάξαι."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
"μὴ δ' οὕτως, ἀγαθός περ ἐών, θεοείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
κλέπτε νόῳ, ἐπεὶ οὐ παρελεύσεαι οὐδέ με πείσεις.
ἦ ἐθέλεις, ὄφρ' αὐτὸς ἔχῃς γέρας, αὐτὰρ ἔμ' αὖτως
ἧσθαι δευόμενον, κέλεαι δέ με τήνδ' ἀποδοῦναι;
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί,
ἄρσαντες κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅπως ἀντάξιον ἔσται·
εἰ δέ κε μὴ δώωσιν, ἐγὼ δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἕλωμαι
ἢ τεὸν ἢ Αἴαντος ἰὼν γέρας, ἢ Ὀδυσῆος
ἄξω ἑλών· ὁ δέ κεν κεχολώσεται ὅν κεν ἵκωμαι.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα μεταφρασόμεσθα καὶ αὖτις,
νῦν δ' ἄγε νῆα μέλαιναν ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
ἐς δ' ἐρέτας ἐπιτηδὲς ἀγείρομεν, ἐς δ' ἑκατόμβην
θείομεν, ἂν δ' αὐτὴν Χρυσηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον
βήσομεν· εἷς δέ τις ἀρχὸς ἀνὴρ βουληφόρος ἔστω,
ἢ Αἴας, ἢ Ἰδομενεὺς, ἢ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
ἠὲ σὺ, Πηλεΐδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν,
ὄφρ' ἡμῖν ἐκάεργον ἱλάσσεαι ἱερὰ ῥέξας."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς
"ὤμοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,
πῶς τίς τοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν πείθηται Ἀχαιῶν
ἢ ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι, ἢ ἀνδράσιν ἶφι μάχεσθαι;
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ Τρώων ἕνεκ' ἤλυθον αἰχμητάων
δεῦρο μαχησόμενος, ἐπεὶ οὔτι μοι αἴτιοί εἰσιν.
οὐ γὰρ πώποτ' ἐμὰς βοῦς ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππους,
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβώλακι βωτιανείρῃ
καρπὸν ἐδηλήσαντ', ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ

On thee to be bestow'd by Argos' sons?
Of no such common garners are we 'ware;
But whatsoever we have won in spoil
Hath long been parted, nor behoves the host
Now to regather and divide anew.
But render back this maiden to the God;
And if Zeus grant us spoil of fencèd Troy,
Thrice and four-fold her value shall be thine."
But sovràn Agamemnon made reply:
"Achilles, image of the Gods on earth!
Valiant thou art, and strong; but use not guile;
Thou wilt not pass me nor persuade me thus.
Wouldst thou, the while thou holdst thine own secure,
See me without my guerdon idly pine,
Yielding you up this damsel? If, indeed,
The Achaians will surrender me a prize
Equal in worth, as pleasing, in her stead:—
But if they will not, with mine own strong hand
Thine will I seize, or from Odysseus his,
Or Ajax, his: he rues it, whom I seek.
Hereafter will be time enow for this:
Now haste, and launch upon the sacred deep
A well-pitch'd galley, and embark thereon
A hecatomb, and oarsmen, and withal
The beauteous maiden; let one chieftain go
Likewise, or Ajax, or Idomeneus,
Or sage Odysseus, or, an so thou wilt,
Go thou, Pelides, miracle of men,
Go thou, and with our offering soothe the God."
To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow:
"O cloak'd in shamelessness! Thou miser-heart!
From this day forward who can follow thee
With a good trust as leader of this host
To seek an ambush or to face the foe?
Not ours this cause; I came not for revenge
Of quarrel of mine own with armèd Troy;
Who never harried steed nor ox of mine,
Nor ravaged the rich fields of Phthia's plains;
Rather between us rolls an echoing sea,
And many a mountain lifts his shadowy head.

οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα·
ἀλλὰ σοὶ, ὦ μέγ' ἀναιδὲς, ἅμ' ἑσπόμεθ', ὄφρα σὺ χαίρῃς,
τιμὴν ἀρνύμενοι Μενελάῳ σοί τε, κυνῶπα,
πρὸς Τρώων· τῶν οὔτι μετατρέπῃ οὐδ' ἀλεγίζεις· 160
καὶ δή μοι γέρας αὐτὸς ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἀπειλεῖς,
ᾧ ἔπι πόλλ' ἐμόγησα, δόσαν δέ μοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐ μὲν σοί ποτε ἶσον ἔχω γέρας, ὁππότ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρώων ἐκπέρσωσ' εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον·
ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πλεῖον πολυάϊκος πολέμοιο
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ διέπουσ'· ἀτὰρ ἤν ποτε δασμὸς ἵκηται,
σοὶ τὸ γέρας πολὺ μεῖζον, ἐγὼ δ' ὀλίγον τε φίλον τε
ἔρχομ' ἔχων ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπεί κε κάμω πολεμίζων.
νῦν δ' εἶμι Φθίηνδ', ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερόν ἐστιν
οἴκαδ' ἴμεν σὺν νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὐδέ σ' οἴω 170
ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐὼν ἄφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
" φεῦγε μάλ', εἴ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται, οὐδέ σ' ἔγωγε
λίσσομαι εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο μένειν· πάρ' ἔμοιγε καὶ ἄλλοι
οἵ κέ με τιμήσουσι, μάλιστα δὲ μητίετα Ζεύς.
ἔχθιστος δέ μοί ἐσσι διοτρεφέων βασιλήων·
αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοί τε μάχαι τε.
εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεός που σοι τόγ' ἔδωκεν.
οἴκαδ' ἰὼν σὺν νηυσί τε σῇς καὶ σοῖς ἑτάροισιν
Μυρμιδόνεσσιν ἄνασσε, σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω, 180
οὐδ' ὄθομαι κοτέοντος· ἀπειλήσω δέ τοι ὧδε·
ὡς ἔμ' ἀφαιρεῖται Χρυσηΐδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σὺν νηΐ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ ἑμοῖς ἑτάροισιν
πέμψω, ἐγὼ δέ κ' ἄγω Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον
αὐτὸς ἰὼν κλισίηνδε, τὸ σὸν γέρας, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῇς
ὅσσον φέρτερός εἰμι σέθεν, στυγέῃ δὲ καὶ ἄλλος
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι καὶ ὁμοιωθήμεναι ἄντην."

Ὣς φάτο· Πηλείωνι δ' ἄχος γένετ', ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
στήθεσσιν λασίοισι διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἢ ὅγε φάσγανον ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ 190
τοὺς μὲν ἀναστήσειεν, ὁ δ' Ἀτρείδην ἐναρίζοι,
ἠὲ χόλον παύσειεν ἐρητύσειέ τε θυμόν.

Thee only, thee we follow'd, thou ingrate,
To bring to pass thy wish, and wreak on Troy,
Only for Menelaüs and for thee,
A vengeance which thou barely deign'st to aid!
And now thou threatenest robbery of my meed,
The gift of all Achaia, sorely earn'd!
Yet never, though we take proud Troy at last,
Shall I receive as thou: albeit mine arm
Doth more in perilous onset to and fro,
Yet, in the parting of the spoil, thy lot
Is still the larger; wearied I surcease,
And gain but little, yet that little prize.
But now enough! 'tis better much to go,
And I will home to Phthia; thus by thee
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more!"
But sovran Agamemnon made reply:
"Flee, if thy heart so prompt thee! Not for me
Delay thy going; I ask not thy stay.
Others are with me, who will render still
Due honour, and of them is Zeus supreme.
But thou—of heav'n-born kings I loathe thee most;
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels:
Thy strength, thine only virtue—'tis from heav'n!
Home then with all thy galleys and thy men,
And lord it o'er the Myrmidonian crew,
I reck not of thine anger! Hear me more:
Phœbus Apollo takes from me this maid;
So be it; and I send her hence in state
High on mine own fair galley with my men;
But thine from thee I then will seize, and tear
Briseïs in like manner from thine arms;
So shalt thou know how far I stand, and great,
Above thee; so may others lay 't to heart,
And shrink from standing rival to their king!"
He ceased; the other's wrath grew agony,
And in his rough broad breast in twain the mind
Was sunder'd, or to draw his sharp bright brand,
Scatter the guards, and hew Atrides down,
Or to constrain the passion in his heart.
But, while such doubt pass'd coursing through his brain,

εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
ἕλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος, ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ γὰρ ἧκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν, ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἕλε Πελείωνα,
οἴῳ φαινομένη· τῶν δ' ἄλλων οὔτις ὁρᾶτο.
θάμβησεν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς, μετὰ δ' ἐτράπετ', αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
Παλλάδ' Ἀθηναίην· δεινὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε φάανθεν.
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.

"Τίπτ' αὖτ', αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, εἰλήλουθας;
ἦ ἵνα ὕβριν ἴδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαω;
ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τελέεσθαι ὀΐω·
ᾗς ὑπεροπλίῃσι τάχ' ἄν ποτε θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
"ἦλθον ἐγὼ παύσουσα τὸ σὸν μένος, αἴ κε πίθηαι,
οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ δέ μ' ἧκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, λῆγ' ἔριδος, μηδὲ ξίφος ἕλκεο χειρί·
ἀλλ' ἤτοι ἔπεσιν μὲν ὀνείδισον ὡς ἔσεταί περ.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
καί ποτέ τοι τρὶς τόσσα παρέσσεται ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
ὕβριος εἵνεκα τῆσδε· σὺ δ' ἴσχεο, πείθεο δ' ἡμῖν."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς
"χρὴ μὲν σφωΐτερόν γε, θεὰ, ἔπος εἰρύσσασθαι,
καὶ μάλα περ θυμῷ κεχολωμένον· ὣς γὰρ ἄμεινον.
ὅς κε θεοῖς ἐπιπείθηται, μάλα τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοῦ."

Ἦ καὶ ἐπ' ἀργυρέῃ κώπῃ σχέθε χεῖρα βαρεῖαν,
ἂψ δ' ἐς κουλεὸν ὦσε μέγα ξίφος, οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν
μύθῳ Ἀθηναίης· ἡ δ' Οὔλυμπόνδε βεβήκει
δώματ' ἐς αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλους.

Πηλείδης δ' ἐξαῦτις ἀταρτηροῖς ἐπέεσσιν
Ἀτρείδην προσέειπε, καὶ οὔπω λῆγε χόλοιο·

"Οἰνοβαρὲς, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,
οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον ἅμα λαῷ θωρηχθῆναι

And he had half unscabbarded the blade,
Athenè came from heav'n, by Herè sent,
The Goddess of the milkwhite arm, who loved
The two alike and with an equal care.
She stood behind, and by his yellow locks
Held back the hero, manifest to him
Only; none else might see her; all aghast,
Achilles turn'd his face, and saw, and knew
Pallas Athenè; terrible seem'd her eyes
Shining upon him; yet he spake and said:
"Why comest thou hither, child of Zeus supreme?
Is 't to behold Atrides in his pride?
But hearken what I deem shall come to pass;
For this vainglory he shall surely die."
But azure-eyed Athenè thus return'd:
"From heav'n I come, Pelides, and to stay
Thine anger, if thou wilt be ruled of me—
Sent by the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,
Who loves you, each alike, with equal care.
Hold therefore; cease this strife, nor draw thy sword;
But smite him with what words are on thy tongue;
For what I now foretell shall surely be;
Ere long, gifts thrice her value shall be laid
Before thy feet in quittance of this wrong:
Hold thyself therefore, and be ruled of us."
To whom Achilles then in answer spake:
"Goddess, whate'er mine anger, yet to keep
Such double hest were aye the better part;
The gods will hear who hearkens to their word."
He spoke, and press'd upon the silver hilt
A heavy hand that drave the giant sword
Back in its sheath, and hearken'd to her hest.
She thence departing to the Olympian courts
Hasted to mingle with her fellow gods;
But he with bitterest words again assail'd
Atrides (nor his passion yet had waned):
"O Eye of dog, but Heart of very hind!
And wine-besotted! Who hast ne'er dared join
Thy peers in ambush nor thy host in fight:
Death lies that way and looks thee in the face;

οὔτε λόχονδ' ἰέναι σὺν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν
τέτληκας θυμῷ· τὸ δέ τοι κὴρ εἴδεται εἶναι.
ἦ πολὺ λώϊόν ἐστι κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
δῶρ' ἀποαιρεῖσθαι, ὅστις σέθεν ἀντίον εἴπῃ.
δημοβόρος βασιλεύς, ἐπεὶ οὐτιδανοῖσιν ἀνάσσεις·
ἦ γὰρ ἂν, Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν ὕστατα λωβήσαιο.
ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐπὶ μέγαν ὅρκον ὀμοῦμαι·
ναὶ μὰ τόδε σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν οὔποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζους
φύσει, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὄρεσσι λέλοιπεν,
οὐδ' ἀναθηλήσει· περὶ γάρ ῥά ἑ χαλκὸς ἔλεψεν
φύλλα τε καὶ φλοιόν· νῦν αὖτέ μιν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
ἐν παλάμῃς φορέουσι δικασπόλοι, οἵτε θέμιστας
πρὸς Διὸς εἰρύαται· ὃ δέ τοι μέγας ἔσσεται ὅρκος·
ἦ ποτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ποθὴ ἵξεται υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
σύμπαντας· τότε δ' οὔτι δυνήσεαι ἀχνύμενός περ
χραισμεῖν, εὖτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
θνήσκοντες πίπτωσι· σὺ δ' ἔνδοθι θυμὸν ἀμύξεις
χωόμενος, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισας."

Ὣς φάτο Πηλείδης, ποτὶ δε σκῆπτρον βάλε γαίῃ
χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον, ἕζετο δ' αὐτός·
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐμήνιε. τοῖσι δὲ Νέστωρ
ἡδυεπὴς ἀνόρουσε, λιγὺς Πυλίων ἀγορητής,
τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή
τῷ δ' ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
ἐφθίαθ', οἵ οἱ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἠδ' ἐγένοντο
ἐν Πύλῳ ἡγαθέῃ, μετὰ δὲ τριτάτοισιν ἄνασσεν—
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιΐδα γαῖαν ἱκάνει.
ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες,
ἄλλοι τε Τρῶες μέγα κεν κεχαροίατο θυμῷ,
εἰ σφῶϊν τάδε πάντα πυθοίατο μαρναμένοιϊν,
οἳ περὶ μὲν βουλὴν Δαναῶν, περὶ δ' ἐστὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ'· ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο.
ἤδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ καὶ ἀρείοσιν ἠέπερ ὑμῖν
ἀνδράσιν ὡμίλησα, καὶ οὔποτέ μ' οὔγ' ἀθέριζον.
οὐ γάρ πω τοίους ἴδον ἀνέρας οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι,
οἷον Πειρίθοόν τε Δρυαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν,

Safer by far to range Achaia's host,
And plunder of his country's gifts whoe'er
Dares raise a voice against thee through the camp!
King, say'st thou? Tyrant rather, and of slaves!
Else truly this oppression were thy last.
Yet hear me, what with mighty oath I swear:
This sceptre, that shall never bud again,
Lopt from its parent trunk upon the hills,
Nor yield a leaf or branch, but lieth bare
And bark'd by woodman's axe, and now is borne
Within their hands who under Zeus supreme
Deal justice and guard law inviolate;—
By this I swear,—an oath to cost thee dear;
The day shall come when on Achaia's host
Shall fall a longing for Achilles' arm;
Then shalt thou curse thee that thou canst not save,
Whilst they fall slaughter'd under Hector's sword;
Then shall it rend thee to thy heart of hearts
Thou daredst upon their noblest this affront!"
He spoke and dash'd the sceptre boss'd with gold
Before them on the earth, and sate him down,
As sate Atrides, adverse, nursing wrath.
To whom sprang up the clear-toned Pylian sage,
Nestor, of soft address, and from his tongue
Sweeter than honey flow'd the stream of speech.
Two generations of his kind had pass'd
Already, during his one lifetime born
In sacred Pylos, and he ruled the third;
Who now address'd them words discreet, and spake:
"Alas, that this should hap, to our dear land
Great trouble, but to Priam and his sons,
And all their people, source of endless joy,
If so be that they learn how now the twain
Sit wrangling, who in council and in war
Were foremost ever! wherefore hear ye me;
Who both are younger far; and long years since
With men I mingled mightier even than you,
Who yet reck'd never lightly of my words.
For never have I seen, nor e'er shall see,
Men such as Dryas, shepherd of his realm,

Καινέα τ' Ἐξάδιόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολύφημον
[Θησέα τ' Αἰγείδην, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν].
κάρτιστοι δὴ κεῖνοι ἐπιχθονίων τράφεν ἀνδρῶν·
κάρτιστοι μὲν ἔσαν καὶ καρτίστοις ἐμάχοντο,
φηρσὶν ὀρεσκῴοισι, καὶ ἐκπάγλως ἀπόλεσσαν.
καὶ μὲν τοῖσιν ἐγώ μεθομίλεον ἐκ Πύλου ἐλθών,
τηλόθεν ἐξ ἀπίης γαίης· καλέσαντο γὰρ αὐτοί·
καὶ μαχόμην κατ' ἔμ' αὐτὸν ἐγώ· κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις
τῶν οἳ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι μαχέοιτο.
καὶ μέν μευ βουλέων ξύνιεν πείθοντό τε μύθῳ.
ἀλλὰ πίθεσθε καὶ ὔμμες, ἐπεὶ πείθεσθαι ἄμεινον.
μήτε σὺ τόνδ', ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν, ἀποαίρεο κούρην,
ἀλλ' ἔα, ὥς οἱ πρῶτα δόσαν γέρας υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
μήτε σύ, Πηλείδη, θέλ' ἐριζέμεναι βασιλῆϊ
ἀντιβίην, ἐπεὶ οὔποθ' ὁμοίης ἔμμορε τιμῆς
σκηπτοῦχος βασιλεύς, ᾧτε Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
εἰ δὲ σὺ κάρτερός ἐσσι, θεὰ δέ σε γείνατο μήτηρ,
ἀλλ' ὅγε φέρτερός ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσιν ἀνάσσει.
Ἀτρείδη, σὺ δὲ παῦε τεὸν μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
λίσσομ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ μεθέμεν χόλον, ὃς μέγα πᾶσιν
ἕρκος Ἀχαιοῖσιν πέλεται πολέμοιο κακοῖο."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
" ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
πάντων μὲν κρατέειν ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν,
πᾶσι δὲ σημαίνειν, ἃ τιν' οὐ πείσεσθαι ὀΐω.
εἰ δέ μιν αἰχμητὴν ἔθεσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες,
τοὔνεκά οἱ προθέουσιν ὀνείδεα μυθήσασθαι ;"

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑποβλήδην ἠμείβετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
" ἦ γάρ κεν δειλός τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καλεοίμην,
εἰ δὴ σοὶ πᾶν ἔργον ὑπείξομαι, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃς·
ἄλλοισιν δὴ ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλεο, μὴ γὰρ ἔμοιγε
[σήμαιν'· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἔτι σοι πείσεσθαι ὀΐω].
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
κοσὶ μὲν οὗτοι ἔγωγε μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα κούρης

Cæneus, Pirithoüs, Exadius,
Or godlike Polyphemus, or the might
Of Theseus, son of Ægeus, peer to gods:—
The strongest generation e'er on earth;
Strongest themselves; yet scarce less strong their foes,
The Centaurs of the mountains, whom they fought
And with a terrible slaughter overcame.
To them I came from Pylos, on their call,
Though from a distant land, and mix'd, and fought
According to my strength amongst their band.
No man (of men that now are on the earth)
Could stand against them; yet they oft would seek
Counsel of me, and hearken to my word.
So likewise hearken ye: 'twill be your good.
Neither do thou, despite thy sovran power,
Take the maid from him; but, as first the host
Awarded her his meed, so leave her to him:
Nor thou, Pelides, take thy stand opposed
Against thy king; for ne'er hath sceptred king
Had larger due of honour; Zeus bestow'd
This glory on him; and, though thou art great,
And a great goddess bare thee, yet is he
Above thee by the numbers of his rule.
But stay, Atrides, we entreat, thine ire
'Gainst him who stands throughout this evil war
A tower of strength to all Achaia's sons."

But sovran Agamemnon made reply:
"My father, all these things thou wisely say'st.
But this man covets sole pre-eminence,
To lord it o'er us all, to hold us all
Slaves to his beck;—I trow he rules not me!
The Gods have made him a good man-at-arms;
Comes thence this charter to a railing tongue?"

To whom Achilles then, with frowning brow:
"And I were well content to bear the name
Of coward, or to lose all name, if e'er
I yield my every deed to thy behest.
Go lord it over others; I obey
Thy word no more; nor thou, I trow, rul'st me!
Yet hear, and lay this warning to thy heart:

οὔτε σοὶ οὔτε τῳ ἄλλῳ, ἐπεί μ' ἀφέλεσθέ γε δόντες·
τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἅ μοί ἐστι θοῇ παρὰ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
τῶν οὐκ ἄν τι φέροις ἀνελὼν ἀέκοντος ἐμεῖο.
εἰ δ' ἄγε μὴν, πείρησαι, ἵνα γνώωσι καὶ οἵδε·
αἶψά τοι αἷμα κελαινὸν ἐρωήσει περὶ δουρί."

Ὣς τώγ' ἀντιβίοισι μαχησαμένω ἐπέεσσιν
ἀνστήτην, λῦσαν δ' ἀγορὴν παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
Πηλεΐδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἴσας
ἤϊε σύν τε Μενοιτιάδῃ καὶ οἷς ἑτάροισιν·
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρα νῆα θοὴν ἅλαδε προέρυσσεν,
ἐσ δ' ἐρέτας ἔκρινεν ἐείκοσιν, ἐς δ' ἑκατόμβην
βῆσε θεῷ, ἀνὰ δὲ Χρυσηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον
εἷσεν ἄγων· ἐν δ' ἀρχὸς ἔβη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς.

Οἱ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀναβάντες ἐπέπλεον ὑγρὰ κέλευθα,
λαοὺς δ' Ἀτρεΐδης ἀπολυμαίνεσθαι ἄνωγεν.
οἱ δ' ἀπελυμαίνοντο καὶ εἰς ἅλα λύματ' ἔβαλλον,
ἔρδον δ' Ἀπόλλωνι τελήεσσας ἑκατόμβας
ταύρων ἠδ' αἰγῶν παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο·
κνίση δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκεν ἑλισσομένη περὶ καπνῷ.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τὰ πένοντο κατὰ στρατόν· οὐδ' Ἀγαμέμνων
λῆγ' ἔριδος, τὴν πρῶτον ἐπηπείλησ' Ἀχιλῆϊ,
ἀλλ' ὄγε Ταλθύβιόν τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτην προσέειπεν,
τώ οἱ ἔσαν κήρυκε καὶ ὀτρηρὼ θεράποντε·

"Ἔρχεσθον κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος·
χειρὸς ἑλόντ' ἀγέμεν Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον·
εἰ δέ κε μὴ δώῃσιν, ἐγὼ δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἕλωμαι
ἐλθὼν σὺν πλεόνεσσι· τό οἱ καὶ ῥίγιον ἔσται."

Ὣς εἰπὼν προΐει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.
τὼ δ' ἀέκοντε βάτην παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπί τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην.
τὸν δ' εὗρον παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
ἥμενον· οὐδ' ἄρα τώγε ἰδὼν γήθησεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
τὼ μὲν ταρβήσαντε καὶ αἰδομένω βασιλῆα

Who gave may take away; and for the maid
Ye gave me, I will raise no finger up
Neither at thee, nor any other man;
But of all else aboard my swift black bark,
I dare thee to take aught at all away,
Save at mine own good pleasure! If thou durst
Attempt it, venture thither; and this host
Shall know thee, when thy blood streams down my spear!"
So ended they their wrangling, face to face,
And rose and loosed the assembly through the fleet.
Pelides to his tents and well-bench'd barks
Pass'd with his following and Menœtius' Son;
But Agamemnon launch'd upon the deep
A galley, and of oarsmen a full score
Gather'd thereon, embarking for the God
A hecatomb of oxen, and aboard
Led and bade fair Chryseïs to a seat;
With whom, their chieftain, sage Odysseus went,
And forth they sail'd upon their watery way.

Then Agamemnon bade his host be cleansed;
Who cleansed them of pollution in the waves,
And all along the barren ocean's strand
Offer'd whole hecatombs of goats and bulls
To King Apollo, whence the grateful steam
Ascended, roll'd in incense, up to heaven.

This was their ministration in the camp;
Yet not for this their king forgat the strife
Wherewith he first had threaten'd Peleus' Son,
But call'd the two quick heralds of the host,
Talthybius and Eurybates, and said:
"Depart ye to Achilles; from his tent
Bring forth the maid Briseïs; an he dare
Forbid you, he shall rue it when I come
With thousands more, to seize her and to hold."
He spoke, and sent them forth with violent charge;
And loth they moved along the barren sea,
And gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet.
There sitting by his tent and galley's side
They found him; but he sorrow'd when he saw

στήτην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔγνω ἦσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φώνησέν τε·

"Χαίρετε, κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
ἆσσον ἴτ'· οὔτι μοι ὔμμες ἐπαίτιοι, ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὃ σφῶϊ προΐει Βρισηΐδος εἵνεκα κούρης.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, Διογενὲς Πατρόκλειες, ἔξαγε κούρην
καί σφωιν δὸς ἄγειν. τὼ δ' αὐτὼ μάρτυροι ἔστων
πρός τε θεῶν μακάρων πρός τε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων
καὶ πρὸς τοῦ βασιλῆος ἀπηνέος, εἴποτε δ' αὖτε
χρειὼ ἐμεῖο γένηται ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι
τοῖς ἄλλοις. ἦ γὰρ ὅγ' ὀλοιῇσι φρεσὶ θύει,
οὐδέ τι οἶδε νοῆσαι ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω,
ὅππως οἱ παρὰ νηυσὶ σόοι μαχέοιντο Ἀχαιοί."

Ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἑταίρῳ,
ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε κλισίης Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον,
δῶκε δ' ἄγειν. τὼ δ' αὖτις ἴτην παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
ἡ δ' ἀέκουσ' ἅμα τοῖσι γυνὴ κίεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
δακρύσας ἑτάρων ἄφαρ ἕζετο νόσφι λιασθεὶς,
θῖν' ἔφ ἁλὸς πολιῆς, ὁρόων ἐπ' ἀπείρονα πόντον
πολλὰ δὲ μητρὶ φίλῃ ἠρήσατο χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·

"Μῆτερ, ἐπεί μ' ἔτεκές γε μινυνθάδιόν περ ἐόντα,
τιμήν πέρ μοι ὄφελλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίξαι,
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· νῦν δ' οὐδέ με τυτθὸν ἔτισεν.
ἦ γάρ μ' Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἠτίμησεν· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας."

Ὡς φάτο δακρυχέων, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε πότνια μήτηρ
ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἁλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἀνέδυ πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἠΰτ' ὀμίχλη,
καί ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο δακρυχέοντος,
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω."

Τὴν δὲ βαρυστενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"οἶσθα· τίη τοι ταῦτα ἰδυίῃ πάντ' ἀγορεύω;

Whilst they, for awe and reverence of the chief,
Stood silent, nor could question him nor speak;
Till he, well-knowing in his heart, began:
"Hail, heralds, messengers of Zeus and men!
Draw nearer; for I blame not you, but him
Who sent you, Agamemnon, and commands
To take the maid Briseïs; therefore haste,
Noble Patroclus, bring the maiden forth
And yield her to their hands. And of my wrong
Be they the witness, in the face of Gods
And men alike, and of this haughty king,
If need of me to stem destruction off
Arise hereafter—for this other raves
In deadly counsels wild, nor hath the eye
To look before and after, or devise
How best in safety may the ships remain!"
He spoke; Patroclus heard his dear lord's word,
And brought Briseïs from the tent before them,
And gave her to their hands. Then pass'd the twain
Back to th' Achaian fleet, and with them went
Most loth the maiden. But, aloof withdrawn,
Alone upon the seashore, all in tears,
Achilles sate him down, and, gazing far
Across the unbounded sea, with lifted hands,
On his own mother cried aloud, and spake:
"Since, Mother, short the life thou barest me to,
At least 'twere just Olympian Zeus the while
Should grant me honour: yet is all withheld:
For, lo, Atrides Agamemnon deals
Foul insult, and hath robb'd me of my meed."
He ceased in tears; whose gentle mother heard
There where she sate beside her Father old
Sunk in the depths of ocean; and in haste
Rose like an exhalation from the waves,
And took her seat beside her weeping son,
And stroked him with her hand, and spake, and said:
"My child, what sorrow this that falls on thee?
Speak, hide it not, that I may also know."
Achilles with deep sigh made answer thus:
"Thou know'st; what need to tell thee what thou know'st?

ᾠχόμεθ' ἐς Θήβην, ἱερὴν πόλιν Ἠετίωνος,
τὴν δὲ διεπράθομέν τε καὶ ἤγομεν ἐνθάδε πάντα.
καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ δάσσαντο μετὰ σφίσιν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
ἐκ δ' ἕλον Ἀτρεΐδῃ Χρυσηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον.
Χρύσης δ' αὖθ', ἱερεὺς ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος,
ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶν ἑκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ ἐλίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιούς,
Ἀτρείδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν.
ἔνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
αἰδεῖσθαί θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα·
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρείδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἤνδανε θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.
χωόμενος δ' ὁ γέρων πάλιν ᾠχετο· τοῖο δ' Ἀπόλλων
εὐξαμένου ἤκουσεν, ἐπεὶ μάλα οἱ φίλος ἦεν,
ἧκε δ' ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι κακὸν βέλος· οἱ δέ νυ λαοὶ
θνῆσκον ἐπασσύτεροι, τὰ δ' ἐπῴχετο κῆλα θεοῖο
πάντη ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν. ἄμμι δὲ μάντις
εὖ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε θεοπροπίας ἑκάτοιο.
αὐτίκ' ἐγὼ πρῶτος κελόμην θεὸν ἱλάσκεσθαι·
Ἀτρείωνα δ' ἔπειτα χόλος λάβεν, αἶψα δ' ἀναστὰς
ἠπείλησεν μῦθον, ὃ δὴ τετελεσμένος ἐστίν.
τὴν μὲν γὰρ σὺν νηῒ θοῇ ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐς Χρύσην πέμπουσιν, ἄγουσι δὲ δῶρα ἄνακτι·
τὴν δὲ νέον κλισίηθεν ἔβαν κήρυκες ἄγοντες
κούρην Βρισῆος, τήν μοι δόσαν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ, εἰ δύνασαί γε, περίσχεο παιδὸς ἑῆος·
ἐλθοῦσ' Οὔλυμπόνδε Δία λίσαι, εἴποτε δή τι
ἢ ἔπει ὤνησας κραδίην Διὸς ἠὲ καὶ ἔργῳ.
πολλάκι γάρ σεο πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἄκουσα
εὐχομένης, ὅτ' ἔφησθα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
οἴῃ ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι,
ὁππότε μιν ξυνδῆσαι Ὀλύμπιοι ἤθελον ἄλλοι,

Eëtion's sacred city we destroy'd,
Thebè, and sack'd it, and bore thence the spoil;
The which the Achaians parted, and the maid
Chryseïs fell the lot to Atreus' Son.
But Chryses came, her father and the priest
Of arrowy Phœbus, 'mongst the mailèd host,
To loose his daughter, bearing priceless gifts,
Holding the garland of the arrowy God
Twined round a golden sceptre; who besought
All the Achaians, but address'd his prayer
Most to the brother-chieftains, Atreus' sons.
Whereto all others gave acclaim, and bade
Revere the priest, and take the splendid gifts
Of her redemption: but ill-pleased the soul
Of Agamemnon, who despiteful sent
Empty, with violent words, the priest away.
In wrath the Elder went and pray'd his God;
Whose prayer Apollo (for he loved him much)
Heard, and straight sent a baleful dart against us,
Whereby the folk 'gan perish, man by man.
And long throughout Achaia's spacious camp
Flew to and fro the burning shafts; at last
His oracle was shown us of a seer:
I first gave counsel to appease the God;
But Atreus' Son wax'd wroth, and quick uprose
To threaten what hath now grown very deed.
Achaia's bright-eyed warriors send the maid
Across the seas to Chryse, to her sire,
With offerings to the God; but from my tent
Ev'n now the heralds move who bear away
My prize Briseïs—whom Achaia's host
Gave me, my dearest guerdon, she is gone!
Help, therefore, if thou canst, help thine own child;
Or if thou ever gav'st, by word or deed,
Delight to Zeus, go now, implore his aid.
For oftimes in my father's halls I heard
Thy boast that, single of Immortals, thou
Guardedst an utter ruin from the head
Of cloudcapt Zeus, what time the other Gods,
Herè, and vast Poseidon, and the might

"Ηρη τ' ἠδὲ Ποσειδάων καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τόνγ' ἐλθοῦσα, θεὰ, ὑπελύσαο δεσμῶν,
ὤχ' ἑκατόγχειρον καλέσασ' ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
ὃν Βριάρεων καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δέ τε πάντες
Αἰγαίων'—ὁ γὰρ αὖτε βίῃ οὗ πατρος ἀμείνων—
ὅς ῥα παρὰ Κρονίωνι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων·
τὸν καὶ ὑπέδδεισαν μάκαρες θεοὶ οὐδέ τ' ἔδησαν.
τῶν νῦν μιν μνήσασα παρέζεο καὶ λαβὲ γούνων,
αἴ κέν πως ἐθέλῃσιν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρῆξαι,
τοὺς δὲ κατὰ πρύμνας τε καὶ ἄμφ' ἅλα ἔλσαι Ἀχαιους
κτεινομένους, ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος,
γνῷ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἣν ἄτην, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
"ὤμοι, τέκνον ἐμὸν, τί νύ σ' ἔτρεφον αἰνὰ τεκοῦσα;
αἴθ' ὄφελες παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀδάκρυτος καὶ ἀπήμων
ἧσθαι, ἐπεί νύ τοι αἶσα μίννυθά περ, οὔτι μάλα δήν·
νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' ὠκύμορος καὶ ὀϊζυρὸς περὶ πάντων
ἔπλεο· τῷ σε κακῇ αἴσῃ τέκον ἐν μεγάροισιν.
τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέουσα ἔπος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ
εἶμ' αὐτὴ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἀγάννιφον, αἴ κε πίθηται.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ παρήμενος ὠκυπόροισιν
μήνι' Ἀχαιοῖσιν, πολέμου δ' ἀποπαύεο πάμπαν·
Ζεὺς γὰρ ἐς Ὠκεανὸν μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας
χθιζὸς ἔβη κατὰ δαῖτα, θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἕποντο·
δωδεκάτῃ δέ τοι αὖτις ἐλεύσεται Οὔλυμπόνδε,
καὶ τότ' ἔπειτά τοι εἶμι Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,
καί μιν γουνάσομαι, καί μιν πείσεσθαι ὀΐω."

[1] Throughout this translation I have occasionally allowed myself the same variations in the names of the several Gods as are used by Homer himself; but not, I hope, to an extent likely to cause any confusion. Thus Kroneion (or

Of Pallas, all conspired to bind him down:
How thou then cam'st his saviour from their bonds,
Calling the hundred-handed giant up
Whom Gods name Briareus, but mortal men
Ægæon; who exceeds his father far,
And rose as one refresh'd, and took his seat
In glory at Kroneion's[1] hand well-pleased:
The blissful Gods were awed, nor bound their king.
Go therefore, seat thee near him, call thy deeds
Back to his mind, and suppliant clasp his knee;
So haply may he grant his aid to Troy,
Conquering th' Achaians, shut against the sea,
Back to their galleys' sterns repell'd, and slain;
Till all may reap their harvest in their king;
And he, our sovereign ruler, Atreus' Son,
May rue that hour of madness when he dared
This outrage on Achaia's noblest son!"
Whom Thetis answer'd (and she wept the while):
"Ah me, to have borne and bred thee to this woe!
The span is narrow of thy length of life;
And 'twere but due that thou amongst thy ships
Should'st sit without a trouble or a tear;
But, lo, as is thine early death, ev'n such
Thy sorrow, and exceeds the lot of man;
Truly I bore thee to an evil doom.
Hence will I therefore to Olympus' snows
And bear thy word, if He will so be won,
To Him to whom the thunder is delight.
Meantime amongst thy galleys seated still
Maintain thy wrath, from battle all withdrawn.
For Zeus, the yester-eve, to Ocean's halls
For wassail with the blameless Æthiops went
A guest, and with him went the other Gods.
The twelfth morn hence to Olympus he returns;
Then will I speed me to his brass-paved hall,
Embrace his knees, and win, perchance, assent."

the son of Kronos) will sometimes occur as the equivalent of Zeus; Phœbus of Apollo; Poseidaion of Poseidon; Pallas of Athene; Cypris of Aphrodite; and Enyalius of Ares.

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασ' ἀπεβήσετο, τὸν δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ
χωόμενον κατὰ θυμὸν ἐϋζώνοιο γυναικὸς,
τήν ῥα βίῃ ἀέκοντος ἀπηύρων. αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἐς Χρύσην ἵκανεν ἄγων ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
ἱστία μὲν στείλαντο, θεσαν δ' ἐν νηῒ μελαίνῃ,
ἱστὸν δ' ἱστοδόκῃ πέλασαν, προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὅρμον προέρεσσαν ἐρετμοῖς.
ἐκ δ' εὐνὰς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν·
ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,
ἐκ δ' ἑκατόμβην βῆσαν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·
ἐκ δὲ Χρυσηῒς νηὸς βῆ ποντοπόροιο.
τὴν μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ βωμὸν ἄγων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς
πατρὶ θίλῳ ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, καί μιν προσέειπεν·

"Ὦ Χρύση, πρό μ' ἔπεμψεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
παῖδά τε σοὶ ἀγέμεν, Φοίβῳ θ' ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην
ῥέξαι ὑπὲρ Δαναῶν, ὄφρ' ἱλασόμεσθα ἄνακτα,
ὃς νῦν Ἀργείοισι πολύστονα κήδε' ἐφῆκεν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων
παῖδα φίλην· τοὶ δ' ὦκα θεῷ κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην
ἐξείης ἔστησαν ἐϋδμητον περὶ βωμὸν,
χερνίψαντο δ' ἔπειτα καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.
τοῖσιν δὲ Χρύσης μεγάλ' εὔχετο χεῖρας ἀνασχών·

"Κλῦθί μευ, ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην Τενέδοιό τε ἶφι ἀνάσσεις·
ἠμὲν δή ποτ' ἐμεῦ πάρος ἔκλυες εὐξαμένοιο,
τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ' ἶψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήηνον ἐέλδωρ·
ἤδη νῦν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἄμυνον."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' εὔξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
αὐέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,
μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον κατά τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυψαν,

She spoke and pass'd away, and left him there
Wroth to the soul for that fair damsel's sake
Rent from him in despite by violent hand.

Meantime with sacred hecatomb aboard
Odysseus thrust to shore on Chryse's strand.
They enter'd the deep harbour-bay, and furl'd
Their sails, and stow'd them furl'd within the hold;
Then quickly lower'd by the stays afore
The mastpole to its crutch, and oar'd the ship
Into its haven, where they heaved to land
The mooring-stones, and bound the ropes astern;
Then disembark'd the sacred hecatomb,
And went themselves upon the shingly shore;
With whom Chryseïs likewise left the bark.
Her to the altar sage Odysseus led,
And render'd to her father's hand, and spake:
"Chryses, the King hath sent me to restore
Thy child to thee, and offer for the host
A sacred hecatomb to Phœbus here;
So to assuage the arrowy Godhead's wrath,
Whose darts are grievous on Achaia's sons."
He spoke, and gave her to his hands; with joy
He took his daughter. But the others ranged
Quickly their splendid offering, ox by ox,
Around the well-built altar; then made clean
Their hands, and held the salted cake upraised,
While Chryses cried with outspread arms, and said:
"Hear me, O Bender of the silver bow,
Who dwell'st in Chryse, or the fruitful dales
Of Cylla, or in Tenedos enthroned;
Ev'n as of late thou hearkenedst to my prayer,
And honour'dst me, and smot'st Achaia low,
So now once more fulfil me my desire;
Take from Achaia this thine evil plague!"
Praying he spoke, whose prayer Apollo heard.
But when their prayer was ended, and the cakes
Of barley on the victims' forehead thrown,
They drew the oxen back with throats stretch'd tight,
And kill'd and flay'd them, and cut off their thighs;

δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν.
καῖε δ' ἐπὶ σχίζῃς ὁ γέρων, ἐπὶ δ' αἴθοπα οἶνον
λείβε· νέοι δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἔχον πεμπώβολα χερσίν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρ' ἐκάη καὶ σπλάγχν' ἐπάσαντο,
μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρα τἄλλα καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν,
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτός ἐΐσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
κοῦροι μὲν κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο,
νώμησαν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν,
οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
μέλποντες ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.

Ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος κατέδυ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθεν,
δὴ τότε κοιμήσαντο παρὰ πρυμνήσια νηός.
ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,
καὶ τότ' ἔπειτ' ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν·
τοῖσιν δ' ἴκμενον οὖρον ἴει ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων.
οἱ δ' ἱστὸν στήσαντ' ἀνά θ' ἱστία λευκὰ πέτασσαν.
ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆσεν μέσον ἱστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·
ἡ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κῦμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ἵκοντο κατα στρατὸν εὐρυν Ἀχαιῶν,
νῆα μὲν οἵγε μέλαιναν ἐπ' ἠπείροιο ἔρυσσαν
ὑψοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ὑπὸ δ' ἔρματα μακρὰ τάνυσσαν·
αὐτοὶ δ' ἐσκίδναντο κατὰ κλισίας τε νέας τε.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μήνιε νησὶ παρήμενος ὠκυπόροισιν,
διογενὴς Πηλέος υἱὸς, πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
οὔτε ποτ' εἰς ἀγορὴν πωλέσκετο κυδιάνειραν
οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον, ἀλλὰ φθινύθεσκε φίλον κῆρ
αὖθι μένων, ποθέεσκε δ' ἀϋτήν τε πτόλεμόν τε.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτη γένετ' ἠὼς,

The which they wrapt in double folds of fat,
And over these again laid slices raw;
The while the priest maintain'd the logs aflame,
And pour'd libation of bright wine thereon,
And youths with ready prongs stood near the fire.
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,
The other parts they sliced, and pierced with spits,
Then roasted deftly and drew each his share.
So, having closed their toil and dress'd their feast,
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess.

Then, when desire had pass'd of drink and meat,
Boys crown'd the bowls with wine, and thence in cups
Gave forth to each, by order of their rank;
The while the choicest of Achaia's youth,
Singing the glories of the silver bow,
Chanting his heavenly Pæan, soothed the God;
All day they sang, whose song rejoiced his heart;
Till, when the sun went down, and darkness came,
They slept beside the hawsers of their ship.

Anon, when rosy-finger'd morn arose,
They set them to return toward the camp:
To whom Apollo gave a favouring breeze.
They righted up the mast, and spread white sail
Thereon; the wind swell'd full the bellying sail,
And freshly from the prow the purple wave
Broke sparkling, as the galley made her way;
Till when the broad Achaian camp was gain'd,
On the mainland they haul'd the galley clear,
High up the sands, and stretch'd long props beneath;
Then scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark.

But all this while, amongst his swift black barks,
Fleetfoot Achilles, Peleus' heav'n-sprung son,
Sate yielding to his wrath, nor made resort
To council, whence is glory to a man,
Neither to war; whose heart was withering in him
For thirst of battle and the cry to arms.

The twelfth day dawn'd, and all the immortal Powers

καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες
πάντες ἅμα, Ζεὺς δ' ἦρχε. Θέτις δ' οὐ λήθετ' ἐφετμέων
παιδὸς ἑοῦ, ἀλλ' ἥγ' ἀνεδύσετο κῦμα θαλάσσης,
ἠερίη δ' ἀνέβη μέγαν οὐρανὸν Οὔλυμπόν τε.
εὗρεν δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων
ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.
καί ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο καὶ λάβε γούνων
σκαιῇ, δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνος ἑλοῦσα
λισσομένη προσέειπε Δία Κρονίωνα ἄνακτα·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἴποτε δή σε μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ὄνησα
ἢ ἔπει ἢ ἔργῳ, τόδε μοι κρήηνον ἐέλδωρ·
τίμησόν μοι υἱόν, ὃς ὠκυμορώτατος ἄλλων
ἔπλετ'· ἀτάρ μιν νῦν γε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
ἠτίμησεν· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.
ἀλλὰ σύ πέρ μιν τῖσον, Ὀλύμπιε μητίετα Ζεῦ·
τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι τίθει κράτος, ὄφρ' ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ
υἱὸν ἐμὸν τίσωσιν, ὀφέλλωσίν τέ ἑ τιμῇ."

Ὣς φάτο· τὴν δ' οὔτι προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,
ἀλλ' ἀκέων δὴν ἧστο. Θέτις δ' ὡς ἥψατο γούνων,
ὡς ἔχετ' ἐμπεφυυῖα, καὶ εἴρετο δεύτερον αὖτις

"Νημερτὲς μὲν δή μοι ὑπόσχεο καὶ κατάνευσον,
ἢ ἀπόειπ', ἐπεὶ οὔ τοι ἔπι δέος, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῶ
ὅσσον ἐγὼ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀτιμοτάτη θεός εἰμι."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἦ δὴ λοίγια ἔργ', ὅτε μ' ἐχθοδοπῆσαι ἐφήσεις
Ἥρῃ, ὅτ' ἄν μ' ἐρέθῃσιν ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσιν.
ἡ δὲ καὶ αὖτως μ' αἰὲν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
νεικεῖ, καί τέ μέ φησι μάχῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν αὖτις ἀπόστιχε, μή σε νοήσῃ
Ἥρη· ἐμοὶ δέ κε ταῦτα μελήσεται, ὄφρα τελέσσω.
εἰ δ' ἄγε τοι κεφαλῇ κατανεύσομαι, ὄφρα πεποίθῃς·
τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξ ἐμέθεν γε μετ' ἀθανάτοισι μέγιστον
τέκμωρ· οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν παλινάγρετον οὐδ' ἀπατηλὸν
οὐδ' ἀτελεύτητον, ὅ τι κεν κεφαλῇ κατανεύσω."

Ἦ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων
ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος

Together to the Olympian height return'd,
Zeus leading back. Nor Thetis then forgat
Her son's behest, but, mounting from the wave,
Rose to Olympus in the morning's mist.
There mighty Zeus she found aloof withdrawn
Seated upon the ridge's topmost peak,
And knelt before him clasping with one hand
His knee, but laid the other on his beard,
And pray'd and thus address'd the king supreme:
"My father, oh if ever amongst the Gods
I gave delight to thee by deed or word,
Fulfil me my desire, and glorify
My son; to whom, though doom'd to early death,
Yet hath Atrides Agamemnon dealt
Foul outrage, plundering of his meed beloved.
Therefore, great Zeus, put thou thy wisdom forth;
Vouchsafe him glory; and so long to Troy
Suffer the triumph, till the Achaians make
Atonement by full honour and by gifts."
She ceased, to whom the Ruler of the clouds
Gave not one word, but long in silence sate;
Till Thetis closer clasped his knee, and clung
About him, and besought once more, and spake:
"Promise me true; confirm it by thy Nod;
Or else deny me; what hast thou to fear?
Speak then, that I may learn and lay to heart
How far below all Gods I lie disgraced!"
Much moved, the Ruler of the clouds return'd:
"A troublous task thou chargest; 'twill enrage
Herè to many an onset and reproach.
Already in full conclave of the gods
She chides me that I grant the Trojans aid.
Therefore, lest she espy thee, haste thee back
And it shall be my care that these things be;
Thy faith to strengthen, I vouchsafe my Nod,
Surest of testimony that proceeds
From Powers above; no word hath e'er return'd
Void, or hath guilèd any, thus confirm'd."
Kroneion spake, and o'er his azure brows

κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐθέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Τώγ' ὣς βουλεύσαντε διέτμαγεν· ἡ μὲν ἔπειτα
εἰς ἅλα ἅλτο βαθεῖαν ἀπ' αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,
Ζεὺς δὲ ἐὸν πρὸς δῶμα. θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἀνέσταν
ἐξ ἑδέων, σφοῦ πατρὸς ἐναντίον· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
μεῖναι ἐπερχόμενον, ἀλλ' ἀντίοι ἔσταν ἅπαντες.
ὣς ὁ μὲν ἔνθα καθέζετ' ἐπὶ θρόνου· οὐδέ μιν Ἥρη
ἠγνοίησεν ἰδοῦσ' ὅτι οἱ συμφράσσατο βουλὰς
ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
αὐτίκα κερτομίοισι Δία Κρονίωνα προσηύδα·

"Τίς δ' αὖτοι, δολομῆτα, θεῶν συμφράσσατο βουλάς;
αἰεί τοι φίλον ἐστὶν, ἐμεῦ ἀπονόσφιν ἐόντα,
κρυπτάδια φρονέοντα δικαζέμεν· οὐδέ τί πώ μοι
πρόφρων τέτληκας εἰπεῖν ἔπος ὅττι νοήσῃς."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
"Ἥρη, μὴ δὴ πάντας ἐμοὺς ἐπιέλπεο μύθους
εἰδήσειν· χαλεποί τοι ἔσοντ' ἀλόχῳ περ ἐούσῃ.
ἀλλ' ὃν μέν κ' ἐπιεικὲς ἀκουέμεν, οὔτις ἔπειτα
οὔτε θεῶν πρότερος τόνγ' εἴσεται οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὃν δέ κ' ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλωμι νοῆσαι,
μή τι σὺ ταῦτα ἕκαστα διείρεο μηδὲ μετάλλα."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
καὶ λίην σε πάρος γ' οὔτ' εἴρομαι οὔτε μεταλλῶ,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' εὔκηλος τὰ φράζεαι ἅσσ' ἐθέλῃσθα.
νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα κατὰ φρένα μή σε παρείπῃ
ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος·
ἠερίη γὰρ σοίγε παρέζετο καὶ λάβε γούνων·
τῇ σ' ὀΐω κατανεῦσαι ἐτήτυμον ὣς Ἀχιλῆα
τιμήσῃς, ὀλέσῃς δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"δαιμονίη, αἰεὶ μὲν ὀΐεαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω·
πρῆξαι δ' ἔμπης οὔτι δυνήσεαι, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ θυμοῦ
μᾶλλον ἐμοὶ ἔσεαι· τὸ δέ τοι καὶ ῥίγιον ἔσται.

Bow'd down his glorious head; the ambrosial locks
Flow'd down it; and Olympus quaked below.

This counsel closed, they parted, Thetis down
Plunging to ocean off the radiant height,
But Zeus to his own palace; as he came
The Gods before their father from their seats
Stood; nor durst any sit; all rose erect.
He took his throne; but Herè, who had seen,
Well wotting that some counsel had been shared
With Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,
Straightway began her taunt, upbraiding thus:
"Say now, my crafty-hearted Lord, what God
Hath communed of thy counsel? As of old,
So now thou lov'st, if I be e'er apart,
To sit in secret judgement, nor to me,
An thou hadst but thy wish, wouldst tell one word."
To whom the Father of the world replied:
"Herè, thou art my wife; yet all I say
Hope not to know; such knowledge were thy harm.
Whate'er 'tis fitting thou shouldst hear, rest sure
Nor God nor man shall know it ere thou know.
But whatsoe'er I will to keep apart,
Ask not of that, too curious of my will."
But royal broadbrow'd Herè thus replied:
"Most dread my Lord! what falls from out thy lips?
I ask not oft, too curious of thy will:
Of me untroubled, tell me what thou list.
But now have I good cause of utmost fear
Lest Thetis, silverfooted nymph divine,
Hath guiled thee to say somewhat to our hurt.
For with this morning's mist she came, and sate
Beside thee, and beseeching clasp'd thy knees.
Wherefore I make conjecture thou hast sworn
By thine own Nod, in honour of her son,
To slaughter 'mongst their ships Achaia's host."
To her the Ruler of the clouds again:
"Thou mak'st, my wife, conjectures without end,
Nor lett'st me from thine eye; 'twill serve thee not;
But make me, to thy sorrow love thee less.

εἰ δ' οὕτω τοῦτ' ἐστὶν, ἐμοὶ μέλλει φίλον εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἀκέουσα κάθησο, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπιπείθεο μύθῳ,
μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμωσιν ὅσοι θεοί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
ἄσσον ἰόντ', ὅτε κέν τοι ἀάπτους χεῖρας ἐφείω."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
καί ῥ' ἀκέουσα καθῆστο, ἐπιγνάμψασα φίλον κῆρ·
ὤχθησαν δ' ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες.
τοῖσιν δ' Ἥφαιστος κλυτοτέχνης ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν,
μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐπίηρα φέρων, λευκωλένῳ Ἥρῃ·

"Ἦ δὴ λοίγια ἔργα τάδ' ἔσσεται οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀνεκτα,
εἰ δὴ σφὼ ἕνεκα θνητῶν ἐριδαίνετον ὧδε,
ἐν δὲ θεοῖσι κολωὸν ἐλαύνετον· οὐδέ τι δαιτὸς
ἐσθλῆς ἔσσεται ἦδος, ἐπεὶ τὰ χερείονα νικᾷ.
μητρὶ δ' ἐγὼ παράφημι, καὶ αὐτῇ περ νοεούσῃ,
πατρὶ φίλῳ ἐπίηρα φέρειν Διΐ, ὄφρα μὴ αὖτε
νεικείησι πατὴρ, σὺν δ' ἡμῖν δαῖτα ταράξῃ.
εἴπερ γάρ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητὴς
ἐξ ἑδέων στυφελίξαι· ὁ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατός ἐστιν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τόνγ' ἐπέεσσι καθάπτεσθαι μαλακοῖσιν·
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ἵλαος Ὀλύμπιος ἔσσεται ἡμῖν."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, καὶ ἀναΐξας δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον
μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐν χειρὶ τίθει, καί μιν προσέειπεν·

"Τέτλαθι, μῆτερ ἐμὴ, καὶ ἀνάσχεο, κηδομένη περ,
μή σε, φίλην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωμαι
θεινομένην, τότε δ' οὔτι δυνήσομαι, ἀχνύμενός περ,
χραισμεῖν· ἀργαλέος γὰρ Ὀλύμπιος ἀντιφέρεσθαι.
ἤδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλοτ' ἀλεξέμεναι μεμαῶτα
ῥῖψε, ποδὸς τεταγὼν, ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίοιο.
πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ· ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι θυμὸς ἐνῆεν·
ἔνθά με Σίντιες ἄνδρες ἄφαρ κομίσαντο πεσόντα."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
μειδήσασα δὲ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο χειρὶ κύπελλον.
αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοισι θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν

Be it as thou hast said; I will it so.
Sit thou in silence, and obey my word:
Else, verily, not all the Gods combined
Shall save thee, when I raise my arm to scourge."
He spoke, and broadbrow'd Herè, all in awe,
Bent her high heart to silence, and sate still,
The heavenly Gods 'gan murmur through the hall;
To whom Hephæstus, architect in heaven,
Arose to speak, out of the love he bare
His mother, Herè of the milkwhite arm:
"All will be wrack and ruin unwithstood
If thus ye twain for mortals' wretched sake
Wrangle, disturbing heav'n; when thus prevails
The evil, e'en in feast is no delight.
Therefore I bid my mother, though herself
Wots well without the bidding, rest at peace,
And do according to the will of Zeus;
Lest he again, our father, of his ire,
Perturb the banquet; for, an so he list,
'Twere easy task to him, the lightning's lord,
To hurl us from our seats by might supreme.
Soothe therefore with thy softest words thy king;
And he again will render us his grace."
He spoke, and springing forward put a cup
Into his mother's hand, and added thus:
"Endure it, O my mother, nor be wroth;
Lest, in my love's despite, before all heav'n
I see thee ill-entreated; howsoe'er
I sorrow'd, I could nought avail to help.
Ill is it to oppose the Olympian's arm;
As erst I found, when for my wish to save thee
He caught me by the foot, and hurl'd me o'er
The skyey threshold; all day long I fell,
And dropt on Lemnos with the setting sun;
Bare life was in me then; but, where I fell,
The Sintians raised and bare me to their homes."
He ended; Herè of the milkwhite arm
Smiled, and took smiling from her son the cup;
Who straight from right to left to all the Gods
'Gan pour sweet nectar, drawing from a bowl;

οἰνοχόει, γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων.
ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν,
ὡς ἴδον Ἥφαιστον διὰ δώματα ποιπνύοντα.

Ὣς τότε μὲν πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης,
οὐ μὲν φόρμιγγος περικαλλέος, ἣν ἔχ' Ἀπόλλων,
Μουσάων θ', αἳ ἄειδον ἀμειβόμεναι ὀπὶ καλῇ.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατέδυ λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο,
οἱ μὲν κακκείοντες ἔβαν οἰκόνδε ἕκαστος,
ᾗχι ἑκάστῳ δῶμα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις
Ἥφαιστος ποίησεν ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.
Ζεὺς δὲ πρὸς ὃν λέχος ἤϊε Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητὴς,
ἔνθα πάρος κοιμᾶθ', ὅτε μιν γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἱκάνοι·
ἔνθα καθεῦδ' ἀναβὰς, παρὰ δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη.

And laughter inextinguishable rang
Amongst their blissful throng, beholding thus
Hephæstus as 'twere Hebe in their halls.

So all day through, to set of sun, they sate
Feasting, nor any lack'd his share of feast,
Nor of the lovely lute Apollo held,
Nor of the song the Muses quiring sang.

But when the sun's bright light descended, all
Scatter'd to slumber, each in splendid home
Built for him by Hephæstus of his art,
Haltfoot Hephæstus, architect in heaven.
But Zeus, the lightning-wielder, and their king,
Mounting the bed whereon he wont to rest
Whene'er sweet slumber seized him, laid him down,
And gold-throned Herè laid her by his side.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Β.

Ὄνειρος. Βοιωτία
ἢ κατάλογος τῶν νεῶν.

Ἄλλοι μεν ῥα θεοί τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἱπποκορυσταὶ
εὗδον παννύχιοι, Δία δ' οὐκ ἔχε νήδυμος ὕπνος,
ἀλλ' ὅγε μερμήριζε κατὰ φρένα ὡς Ἀχιλῆα
τιμήσειε, ὀλέσαι δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἤδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλὴ,
πέμψαι ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι οὖλον Ὄνειρον·
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

" Βάσκ' ἴθι, οὖλε Ὄνειρε, θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
ἐλθὼν ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο
πάντα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἀγορευέμεν ὡς ἐπιτέλλω.
θωρῆξαί ἑ κέλευε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
πανσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἕλοι πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας
Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆπται."

Ὣς φάτο, βῆ δ' ἄρ' Ὄνειρος, ἐπεὶ τὸν μῦθον ἄκουσεν.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκανε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
βῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα· τὸν δ' ἐκίχανεν
εὕδοντ' ἐν κλισίῃ, περὶ δ' ἀμβρόσιος κέχυθ' ὕπνος.
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς Νηληΐῳ υἱὶ ἐοικὼς,
Νέστορι, τόν ῥα μάλιστα γερόντων τῖ' Ἀγαμέμνων·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσεφώνεε θεῖος Ὄνειρος·

" Εὕδεις, Ἀτρέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἱπποδάμοιο;
οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα,
ᾧ λαοί τ' ἐπιτετράφαται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν.
νῦν δ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,

ILIAD II.

ALL others, Gods alike and helmèd men,
Slept the night through ; Zeus only gentle sleep
Subdued not, who lay pondering how he best
For the honour of Achilles might dispense
Death unto thousands in Achaia's fleet.
This counsel show'd the wisest to his mind,
To send a Spirit of evil in a dream
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, their king :
He call'd, and with wing'd words address'd it thus :
"Quick hence, thou Spirit of evil ! In false dream
Pass through the fleet to Agamemnon's tent
And there speak clearly, as I now give hest.
Bid him throughout the camp to call to arms
The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length
To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus."
He spoke, whose word the Spirit obeying flew
Hastening to gain Achaia's camp and fleet ;
There sought out Agamemnon. Him he found
Now slumbering in his tent, for sleep at last
Had fall'n ambrosial o'er him. At his head
The Spirit, in guise of Nestor, Neleus' son,
The Elder by Atrides honour'd most,
Took stand, and thus in dream divine began :
"Son of brave royal Atreus ! Sleep'st thou thus ?
The man who hath the weight of public care,
The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,
He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;
I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,

ὃς σεῦ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεται ἠδ' ἐλεαίρει.
θωρῆξαί σε κέλευσε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
πανσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἕλοις πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας
Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆπται
ἐκ Διός. ἀλλὰ σὺ σῇσιν ἔχε φρεσὶ, μηδέ σε λήθη
αἱρείτω, εὖτ' ἄν σε μελίφρων ὕπνος ἀνήῃ."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπεβήσετο, τὸν δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ
τὰ φρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ ῥ' οὐ τελέεσθαι ἔμελλον.
φῂ γὰρ ὅγ' αἱρήσειν Πριάμου πόλιν ἤματι κείνῳ,
νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὰ ἤδη ἃ ῥα Ζεὺς μήδετο ἔργα·
θήσειν γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμελλεν ἐπ' ἄλγεά τε στοναχάς τε
Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι διὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.
ἔγρετο δ' ἐξ ὕπνου, θείη δέ μιν ἀμφέχυτ' ὀμφή.
ἕζετο δ' ὀρθωθεὶς, μαλακὸν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα,
καλὸν νηγάτεον, περὶ δὲ μέγα βάλλετο φᾶρος·
ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον.
εἵλετο δὲ σκῆπτρον πατρώϊον, ἄφθιτον αἰεί·
σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.

Ἠὼς μέν ῥα θεὰ προσεβήσετο μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
Ζηνὶ φόως ἐρέουσα καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν·
αὐτὰρ ὁ κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσεν
κηρύσσειν ἀγορήνδε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιούς·
οἱ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοὶ δ' ἠγείροντο μάλ' ὦκα.

Βουλὴν δὲ πρῶτον μεγαθύμων ἷζε γερόντων
Νεστορέῃ παρὰ νηὶ Πυλοιγενέος βασιλῆος·
τοὺς ὅγε συγκαλέσας πυκινὴν ἠρτύνετο βουλήν·

"Κλῦτε, φίλοι· θεῖός μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν Ὄνειρος
ἀμβροσίην διὰ νύκτα· μάλιστα δὲ Νέστορι δίῳ
εἶδός τε μέγεθός τε φυήν τ' ἄγχιστα ἐῴκει.

Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.
He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp
The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length
To take broadstreeted Troy; for now no more
Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers;
But Herè's prayer hath won them, and distress
Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus,
Whose message hold thou fast to mind, nor be
Forgetful, when sweet sleep hath loosed his hold."
It spoke, and vanish'd, leaving there the King
Foreshadowing many issues—ne'er to be;
Who to his heart gave promise to destroy
The citadel of Priam ere the eve;
Blind, blind! of Zeus' true counsel unaware;
Who destined woe on woe and groan on groan
Ceaseless to either host in battle's broil.

He woke from sleep; and cloudlike round him still
Hover'd the voice divine. Upright he sate,
And donn'd a tunic soft of linen fine,
Newspun, and threw broad mantle thereupon,
And bound rich sandals to his glistening feet;
Then slung his silverhilted sword, and took
The imperishable sceptre of his race,
And so pass'd through the galleys of the host.

And Dawn divine had clomb the Olympian steep,
Harbinger of the day to all in heaven,
When he the clearvoiced heralds bade proclaim
A common meeting in the market-place;
Who made their proclamation, and the host
Of all Achaia thither flock'd amain.
But first beneath the Pylian Chieftain's bark
A senate of their nobler Elders sate;
These did their King together call, and laid
His wise resolve before them in these words:
"Friends, hear me all. This night a dream divine
Amid the ambrosial darkness in my sleep
Came to me: like to noble Nestor most
The Spirit by its garb and stature show'd;

στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί με πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
'εὕδεις, Ἀτρέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἱπποδάμοιο;
οὐ χρὴ πανύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα,
ᾧ λαοί τ' ἐπιτετράφαται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν.
νῦν δ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,
ὃς σεῦ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεται ἠδ' ἐλεαίρει.
θωρῆξαί σε κέλευσε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
πανσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἕλοις πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἅπαντας
Ἥρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆπται
ἐκ Διός. ἀλλὰ σὺ σῇσιν ἔχε φρεσίν.' ὣς ὁ μὲν εἰπὼν
ᾤχετ' ἀποπτάμενος, ἐμὲ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνῆκεν.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αἴ κέν πως θωρήξομεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
πρῶτα δ' ἐγὼν ἔπεσιν πειρήσομαι, ἣ θέμις ἐστὶν,
καὶ φεύγειν σὺν νηυσὶ πολυκλήϊσι κελεύσω·
ὑμεῖς δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἐρητύειν ἐπέεσσιν."

Ἦτοι ὅγ' ὣς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο, τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
Νέστωρ, ὅς ῥα Πύλοιο ἄναξ ἦν ἡμαθόεντος·
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
εἰ μέν τις τὸν ὄνειρον Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐνίσπεν,
ψεῦδός κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφιζοίμεθα μᾶλλον·
νῦν δ' ἴδεν ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εὔχεται εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αἴ κέν πως θωρήξομεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας βουλῆς ἐξ ἦρχε νέεσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἐπανέστησαν πείθοντο τε ποιμένι λαῶν,
σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆες· ἐπέσσευοντο δὲ λαοί.
ἠΰτε ἔθνεα εἶσι μελισσάων ἀδινάων,
πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομενάων·
βοτρυδὸν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ' ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσιν·
αἱ μέν τ' ἔνθα ἅλις πεποτήαται, αἱ δέ τε ἔνθα·
ὣς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
ἠϊόνος προπάροιθε βαθείης ἐστιχόωντο
ἴλαδὸν εἰς ἀγορήν· μετὰ δὲ σφίσιν Ὄσσα δεδήει

It stood above my head, and thus It spake :
' *Son of brave royal Atreus ! Sleep'st thou thus ?*
' *The man who hath the weight of public care,*
' *The trust to counsel for a nation's weal,*
' *He may not sleep the night. But lend thine ear ;*
' *I come on hest of Zeus, who loves thee well,*
' *Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.*
' *He bids thee call to arms throughout their camp*
' *The streaming-hair'd Achaians, now at length*
' *To take broadstreeted Troy ; for now no more*
' *Stand sunder'd in two bands the Olympian Powers ;*
' *But Here's prayer hath won them, and distress*
' *Hangs o'er the Trojans by the doom of Zeus :*
' *Whose message hold thou fast to mind—*' It spoke
And vanish'd ; and sweet sleep loosed hold on me.
Bethink ye therefore how to incite the host
To don their armour. As beseems my state,
I first will speak, and of their temper make
Assay, by bidding all the fleet flee home ;
The which prevent ye, each by strong rebuke."
He ceased, and sate him down. Then Nestor rose
Chieftain of Pylos' sandy-coasted realm,
Who spoke, and thus began his words discreet :
"Friends, Chieftains, Captains of Achaia's host !
Were he some other who declared this dream,
Perchance we might denounce it false, and put
The matter from us : but who tells the tale
Is our liege lord. Rise therefore ; in this wise
Incite Achaia's sons to don their arms."
He ceased, and led the way from council-seat ;
Whereat the sceptred kings together rose,
Obedient to the shepherd of the host,
And went, where all the people streaming pour'd.
Like bees, that issue ever forth anew
From out some hollow rock, cloud upon cloud,
Now clustering on spring flowers, now away
Hieing in swarms, where'er each swarm may list ;
Thus from their ships and tents pour'd tribes of men
Troop after troop fronting the sandy shore
Into their meeting-place ; amongst them burn'd

ὀτρύνουσ' ἰέναι, Διὸς ἄγγελος· οἱ δ' ἀγέροντο
τετρήχει δ' ἀγορὴ, ὑπὸ δὲ στεναχίζετο γαῖα
λαῶν ἱζόντων, ὅμαδος δ' ἦν· ἐννέα δέ σφεας
κήρυκες βοόωντες ἐρήτυον, εἴποτ' ἀϋτῆς
σχοίατ', ἀκούσειαν δὲ διοτρεφέων βασιλήων.
σπουδῇ δ' ἕζετο λαὸς, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ' ἕδρας
παυσάμενοι κλαγγῆς· ἀνὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων, τὸ μὲν Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.
Ἥφαιστος μὲν δῶκε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι,
αὐτὰρ ἄρα Ζεὺς δῶκε διακτόρῳ ἀργειφόντῃ·
Ἑρμείας δὲ ἄναξ δῶκεν Πέλοπι πληξίππῳ,
αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτε Πέλοψ δῶκ' Ἀτρέϊ, ποιμένι λαῶν·
Ἀτρεὺς δὲ θνήσκων ἔλιπεν πολύαρνι Θυέστῃ,
αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτε Θυέστ' Ἀγαμέμνονι λεῖπε φορῆναι,
πολλῇσιν νήσοισι καὶ Ἀργεϊ παντὶ ἀνάσσειν.
τῷ ὅγ' ἐρεισάμενος ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηύδα·

"Ὦ φίλοι, ἥρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
Ζεύς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτῃ ἐνέδησε βαρείῃ,
σχέτλιος, ὃς πρὶν μέν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καί με κελεύει
δυσκλέα Ἄργος ἱκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὤλεσα λαόν.
οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέϊ φίλον εἶναι,
ὃς δὴ πολλάων πολίων κατέλυσε κάρηνα
ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
αἰσχρὸν γὰρ τόδε γ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι,
μᾶψ οὕτω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ἄπρηκτον πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισι, τέλος δ' οὔπω τι πέφανται.
εἴπερ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε,
ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες, ἀριθμηθήμεναι ἄμφω,
Τρῶας μὲν λέξασθαι ἐφέστιοι ὅσσοι ἔασιν.
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐς δεκάδας διακοσμηθεῖμεν Ἀχαιοὶ,
Τρώων δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστον ἑλοίμεθα οἰνοχοεύειν,
πολλαί κεν δεκάδες δευοίατο οἰνοχόοιο.

Loud Rumour, sent by Zeus, and bade them go.
Soon they were gather'd, in a multitude
Confused, and, as their legions sate them down,
Earth groan'd beneath them, and a tumult rose.
With lifted voice nine heralds order'd them
To silence all loud outcry, and attend
Their heaven-sprung kings. With earnest ears they sate
Order'd along their seats, and stay'd their din.
To whom rose Agamemnon, in his hands
Holding the sceptre by Hephæstus wrought,
Wrought by Hephæstus for a gift to Zeus,
Which Zeus to Hermes gave, the guide in heaven,
Hermes to Pelops, matchless on the car,
Pelops to Atreus, shepherd of his realm,
Then Atreus dying to Thyestes gave,
Thyestes, last, to Agamemnon's hands,
And sway therewith o'er Argos and the Isles;
On this he lean'd, and thus addressed the host:
"Friends, heroes, labourers in Ares' field!
Ye see in fetters of how heavy fate
Great Zeus hath will'd to bind me—False and cruel!
Why by his Nod affirm'd his word of old,
That we should take proud Ilion ere return;
Yet in his purpose held this evil fraud,
Bidding me now to Argos take me back,
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here!
Such now I read his will, who oft hath bow'd
And oft shall bow hereafter low the heads
Of mightiest cities; mightier He than all.
Shall it for shame be told in after-days
How legions of such mass and spirit high
As Argos sent us forth, all bootless waged
An empty war; albeit the foes they fought
Were less in number, no good end was shown?
Were a truce struck, and took both hosts their stand
Asunder to be number'd—all of Troy
Gather'd together from their hearths and homes,
And all the Achaians ranged by tens and tens—
Then were each ten to choose a cupbearer,
To many a ten no cupbearer were there.

τόσσον ἐγώ φημι πλέας ἔμμεναι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
Τρώων, οἳ ναίουσι κατὰ πτόλιν· ἀλλ' ἐπίκουροι
πολλέων ἐκ πολίων ἐγχέσπαλοι ἄνδρες ἔασιν,
οἵ με μέγα πλάζουσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσ' ἐθέλοντα
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσαι εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.
ἐννέα δὴ βεβάασι Διὸς μεγάλου ἐνιαυτοὶ,
καὶ δὴ δοῦρα σέσηπε νεῶν καὶ σπάρτα λέλυνται·
αἱ δέ που ἠμέτεραί τ' ἄλοχοι καὶ νήπια τέκνα
εἶατ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ποτιδέγμεναι· ἄμμι δὲ ἔργον
αὔτως ἀκράαντον, οὗ εἵνεκα δεῦρ' ἱκόμεσθα.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες
φεύγωμεν σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἱρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν."

Ὣς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινε
πᾶσι μετὰ πληθὺν, ὅσοι οὐ βουλῆς ἐπάκουσαν.
κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ φὴ κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης,
πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο, τὰ μέν τ' Εὖρός τε Νότος τε
ὄρορ' ἐπαΐξας πατρὸς Διὸς ἐκ νεφελάων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε κινήσῃ Ζέφυρος βαθὺ λήϊον ἐλθὼν,
λάβρος ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπί τ' ἠμύει ἀσταχύεσσιν,
ὣς τῶν πᾶσ' ἀγορὴ κινήθη. τοὶ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
νῆας ἔπ' ἐσσεύοντο, ποδῶν δ' ὑπένερθε κονίη
ἵστατ' ἀειρομένη· τοὶ δ' ἀλλήλοισι κέλευον
ἅπτεσθαι νηῶν ἠδ' ἑλκέμεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
οὐρούς τ' ἐξεκάθαιρον· ἀϋτὴ δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκεν
οἴκαδε ἰεμένων· ὑπὸ δ' ἤρεον ἕρματα νηῶν.

Ἔνθα κεν Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρμορα νόστος ἐτύχθη,
εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίην Ἥρη πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ὤ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
οὕτω δὴ οἰκόνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Ἀργεῖοι φεύξονται ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
κἀδ δέ κεν εὐχωλὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λίποιεν
Ἀργείην Ἑλένην, ἧς εἵνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλοντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἴης.
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἕκαστον,
μηδὲ ἔα νῆας ἅλαδ' ἑλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας."

Such to our legions I account the foe
Native to Troy and dwellers in her streets
Were these alone; but with them thousands league,
Aids from afar and battling in their cause,
Who beat me from my haven, and forefend
Destruction from proud Ilion's lofty towers.
And now nine years of mighty Zeus are flown;
The masts are rotting on our hulks; the shrouds
Unravell'd; yet our children in our homes
Sit by their mothers wistful for us still;
And all for which we came is utter nought.
Hear, therefore, and obey as I advise.
Let us away to our dear fatherland;
Flee, for broadstreeted Troy shall ne'er be ours."
He spoke, and reach'd the hearts of all who heard,
All who shared not his wile; whereat the crowd
Was shaken, like the long waves of the sea,
The Icarian sea, when East-wind and South-west
Fall swooping from the clouds of Father Zeus.
Or as when Zephyr comes in hurricane
And sweeps a fertile field, and takes with storm
The corn, and all the ears are bow'd one way;
So shook that whole assembly; thence with shout
Rush'd to their ships; in clouds under their tread
The dust arose; and each to other cried
To seize and haul his galley to the deep,
And each 'gan clear his channel through the sands.
Their homeward-longing cry went up to heaven.
The props along the keels were quick withdrawn.
And Fate had been transgress'd by their return
Had not great Herè to Athenè call'd:
"Child of great Zeus, and peerless Power of war!
Say, shall the Argives to their fatherland
Safe on the sea's broad shoulders take this flight,
Leaving the boast to Priam and to Troy
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n?
Nay, haste thee rather to their mailèd host,
And stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words,
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα,
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκανε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
εὗρεν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα, Διὶ μήτιν ἀτάλαντον,
ἑσταότ'· οὐδ' ὅγε νηὸς ἐϋσσέλμοιο μελαίνης
ἅπτετ', ἐπεί μιν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἵκανεν.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη προσέφη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
οὕτω δὴ οἰκόνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
φεύξεσθ' ἐν νήεσσι πολυκλήϊσι πεσόντες,
κὰδ δέ κεν εὐχωλὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λιποιτε
Ἀργείην Ἑλένην, ἧς εἵνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλοντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἴης.
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν, μηδέ τ' ἐρώει,
σοῖς δ' ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἕκαστον,
μηδὲ ἔα νῆας ἅλαδ' ἑλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας."
Ὣς φάθ' ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὅπα φωνησάσης,
βῆ δὲ θέειν, ἀπὸ δὲ χλαῖναν βάλε· τὴν δ' ἐκόμισσεν
κήρυξ Εὐρυβάτης Ἰθακήσιος, ὅς οἱ ὑπήδει.
αὐτὸς δ' Ἀτρεΐδεω Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἐλθὼν
δέξατό οἱ σκῆπτρον πατρώϊον, ἄφθιτον αἰεί·
σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.
Ὅντινα μὲν βασιλῆα καὶ ἔξοχον ἄνδρα κιχείη,
τὸν δ' ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρητύσασκε παραστάς·
"Δαιμόνι', οὔ σε ἔοικε κακὸν ὣς δειδίσσεσθαι,
ἀλλ' αὐτός τε κάθησο καὶ ἄλλους ἵδρυε λαούς.
οὐ γάρ πω σάφα οἶσθ' οἷος νόος Ἀτρεΐωνος·
νῦν μὲν πειρᾶται, τάχα δ' ἴψεται υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
ἐν βουλῇ δ' οὐ πάντες ἀκούσαμεν οἷον ἔειπεν.
μή τι χολωσάμενος ῥέξῃ κακὸν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος·
τιμὴ δ' ἐκ Διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δέ ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς."
Ὃν δ' αὖ δήμου τ' ἄνδρα ἴδοι βοόωντά τ' ἐφεύροι,
τὸν σκήπτρῳ ἐλάσασκεν ὁμοκλήσασκέ τε μύθῳ·
"Δαιμόνι', ἀτρέμας ἧσο καὶ ἄλλων μῦθον ἄκουε,
οἷ σέο φέρτεροί εἰσι, σὺ δ' ἀπτόλεμος καὶ ἄναλκις,
οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμιος οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ.
οὐ μέν πως πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοί.

Nor azure-eyed Athenè disobey'd;
Down springing from the Olympian height she went
And gain'd Achaia's fleet: there first she sought
Odysseus, chief for wisdom like to Zeus:
Standing apart, not laying on his bark
His hand, by grief and anger piercèd through
She found him, and address'd him thus, and said:
"Odysseus, heavensprung chief, Laertes' son;
Is it for refuge to your fatherland
That thus ye fall upon your well-bench'd barks?
And leave the boast to Priam and to Troy
Of Argive Helen, for whose dear behoof
Far from that fatherland so many have fall'n?
Nay, haste thee through the ships, nor take thou rest,
But stay them, as thou mayst, with calming words,
Nor suffer that their galleys reach the deep."
She ceased; and he the voice confess'd divine,
And hastening cast his cloak away to run;
Eurybates the Ithacan, his squire,
The herald, bare this home, while he sped straight
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, from whom
The imperishable sceptre of the race
He took, and pass'd therewith amongst the ships;
Where if he cross'd a king or man of mark,
He near approach'd, and stay'd him gently thus:
"My friend, this cowardlike fear beseems not thee.
Take seat thyself, and bid the people sit.
Not yet hath Atreus' Son declared his will:
All were not then in senate when he spake.
He proves us, but anon will smite us hard,
And if his ire be kindled, woe to us!
For heavy is the wrath of heavensprung kings,
Honour'd of Zeus, of wisest Zeus beloved."
But whomso of the common file he saw
And found in outcry, him with sceptre-stroke
Away he drove, and sharply threaten'd thus:
"Sit thou unmoved, and hearken to thy chiefs,
Vile craven—of what note in speech or war?
Is every man in Argos crown'd a king?
This is not good, that there be many lords:

οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
εἷς βασιλεύς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
[σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βασιλεύῃ]."

Ὣς ὄγε κοιρανέων δίεπε στρατόν· οἱ δ' ἀγορήνδε
αὖτις ἐπεσσεύοντο νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
ἠχῇ, ὡς ὅτε κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
αἰγιαλῷ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος. 210

Ἄλλοι μέν ῥ' ἕζοντο, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ' ἕδρας·
Θερσίτης δ' ἔτι μοῦνος ἀμετροεπὴς ἐκολώα,
ὅς ῥ' ἔπεα φρεσὶν ἧσιν ἄκοσμά τε πολλά τε ἤδη,
μὰψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν,
ἀλλ' ὅ τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοίϊον Ἀργείοισιν
ἔμμεναι. αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν·
φολκὸς ἔην, χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα· τὼ δέ οἱ ὤμω
κυρτὼ, ἐπὶ στῆθος συνοχωκότε· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
φοξὸς ἔην κεφαλήν, ψεδνὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.
ἔχθιστος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ μάλιστ' ἦν ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆϊ· 220
τὼ γὰρ νεικείεσκε· τότ' αὖτ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δίῳ
ὀξέα κεκληγὼς λέγ' ὀνείδεα. τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο νεμέσσηθέν τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
αὐτάρ ὁ μακρὰ βοῶν Ἀγαμέμνονα νείκεε μύθῳ·

" Ἀτρεΐδη, τέο δ' αὖτ' ἐπιμέμφεαι ἠδὲ χατίζεις ;
πλεῖαί τοι χαλκοῦ κλισίαι, πολλαὶ δὲ γυναῖκες
εἰσὶν ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἐξαίρετοι, ἅς τοι Ἀχαιοὶ
πρωτίστῳ διδομεν, εὖτ' ἂν πτολίεθρον ἕλωμεν.
ἦ ἔτι καὶ χρυσοῦ ἐπιδεύεαι, ὄν κέ τις οἴσει
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων ἐξ Ἰλίου υἱος ἄποινα, 230
ὄν κεν ἐγὼ δήσας ἀγάγω ἢ ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἠὲ γυναῖκα νέην, ἵνα μίσγεαι ἐν φιλότητι,
ἥντ' αὐτὸς ἀπονόσφι κατίσχεαι ; οὐ μὲν ἔοικεν
ἀρχὸν ἐόντα κακῶν ἐπιβασκέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
ὦ πέπονες, κάκ' ἐλέγχε', Ἀχαιΐδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
οἷκαδέ περ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἐῶμεν
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ γέρα πεσσέμεν, ὄφρα ἴδηται
ἦ ῥά τί οἵ χ' ἡμεῖς προσαμύνομεν, ἠὲ καὶ οὐκί·

O'er us be one Lord only, he to whom
The Son of crook-wiled Kronos hath vouchsafed
The sceptre, to deal justice and to reign."
Thus ruling, he to order drave their throng,
Who backward soon from ships and tents 'gan pour
Into their meeting-place, with sound, as when
A billow of the deepvoiced ocean booms
On a great coast, and the sea echoes near.

All others soon, as order'd, sate them down;
Only Thersites, unabash'd, remain'd
Still railing: quick of tongue was he, but gross,
Distorted; ribald jeerer at the chiefs;
Reckless of what he utter'd, so he roused
A laugh amongst the host: of all, who came
To Ilion, most mis-shapen; halt of foot,
One-eyed, with shoulder hump'd and o'er his chest
Drawn forward, whilst his head above ran back
Wedge-wise, and close and furry clung the hair:
Loathed by Odysseus most and Peleus' Son,
Oftest by him assail'd; but now, with sharp
Shrill voice, on Agamemnon's head divine
He heap'd his foul abuse; albeit the host
Disdain'd him, and soon waxèd passing wroth,
Not less he spoke and gibed against the King.
"What find'st thou now, Atrides, to reprove?
What more to covet? Full of gold thy tents,
Full of choice damsels, always first to thee
Allotted, when our arms have ta'en a town.
Or art thou greedy for some ransom brought
To me or whoseso'er may be the spoil,
By some rich Trojan for his captive son?
Or for yet one more maiden to be kept
Only for thy embraces? Yet, in sooth,
Chieftain so honour'd should be surer guide.
O villain crew! Ye women, men no more,
Disgraces of Achaia! Let us home,
Home with our ships, and leave this glorious Chief
To glut his gorge of prizes here alone,
And know us—whether hindrance or his help!

ὃς καὶ νῦν Ἀχιλῆα, ἔο μέγ' ἀμείνονα φῶτα,
ἠτίμησεν· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.
ἀλλὰ μάλ' οὐκ Ἀχιλῆϊ χόλος φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ μεθήμων
ἦ γὰρ ἂν, Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν ὕστατα λωβήσαιο."

"Ὡς φάτο νεικείων Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
Θερσίτης· τῷ δ' ὦκα παρίστατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
καί μιν ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·

"Θερσῖτ' ἀκριτόμυθε, λιγύς περ ἐὼν ἀγορητὴς,
ἴσχεο, μηδ' ἔθελ' οἷος ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο φημὶ χερειότερον βροτὸν ἄλλον
ἔμμεναι, ὅσσοι ἅμ' Ἀτρείδῃσι ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον.
τῷ οὐκ ἂν βασιλῆας ἀνὰ στόμ' ἔχων ἀγορεύοις,
καί σφιν ὀνείδεά τε προφέροις, νόστον τε φυλάσσοις.
οὐδέ τί πω σάφα ἴδμεν ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
ἢ εὖ ἠὲ κακῶς νοστήσομεν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.
[τῷ νῦν Ἀτρείδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
ἧσαι ὀνειδίζων, ὅτι οἱ μάλα πολλὰ διδοῦσιν
ἥρωες Δαναοί· σὺ δὲ κερτομέων ἀγορεύεις.]
ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
εἴ κ' ἔτι σ' ἀφραίνοντα κιχήσομαι ὥς νύ περ ὧδε,
μηκέτ' ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆϊ κάρη ὤμοισιν ἐπείη,
μηδ' ἔτι Τηλεμάχοιο πατὴρ κεκλημένος εἴην.
εἰ μὴ ἐγώ σε λαβὼν ἀπὸ μὲν φίλα εἵματα δύσω,
χλαῖνάν τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνα, τάτ' αἰδῶ ἀμφικαλύπτει,
αὐτὸν δὲ κλαίοντα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφήσω
πεπληγὼς ἀγορῆθεν ἀεικέσσι πληγῇσιν."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, σκήπτρῳ δὲ μετάφρενον ἠδὲ καὶ ὤμω
πλῆξεν· ὁ δ' ἰδνώθη, θαλερὸν δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε δάκρυ.
σμῶδιξ δ' αἱματόεσσα μεταφρένου ἐξυπανέστη
σκήπτρου ὕπο χρυσέου· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἕζετο τάρβησέν τε,
ἀλγήσας δ', ἀχρεῖον ἰδὼν, ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ.
οἱ δὲ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἡδὺ γέλασσαν,
ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

"Ὦ πόποι, ἦ δὴ μυρί' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐσθλὰ ἔοργεν

Who now hath plunder'd of his honest meed
And outraged one far better than himself,
Achilles: pshaw! Achilles too lacks gall,
Truly a meek, a most forgiving spirit;
Else, tyrant, this oppression were thy last!"
Thus at Atrides, shepherd of the host,
Thersites rail'd; but Odyseus came near,
And with a frowning brow replied, and said:
"Lewd as thou art, Thersites, glib of tongue
And ready of this shrill clamour, yet forbear,
Nor singly thus oppose thee to the Chiefs.
Wretch! than whom not more loathsome creature came
'Mongst all who follow'd Atreus' sons to war;
And least of all shouldst thou in public place
Troll the kings' names upon a foulmouth'd tongue,
Or watch occasion of a doubtful flight
To vent this venomous spleen upon the Chiefs.
I tell thee, none knows yet how this shall be,
Whether return be to our good or ill.
Yet sitt'st thou here upbraiding Atreus' Son,
For the great gifts which on the Achaian king
The Danaan heroes freely have bestow'd;
Thou only speak'st in this reviling wise.
But hearken, what shall surely come to pass.
If e'er again I hear thee jabber thus,
Fall from his shoulders then Odysseus' head,
Name me not father of Telemachus,
If I then seize thee not, and rend not off
Cloak, tunic, and the covering of thy shame,
And send thee yelping back amongst the ships,
Driven, smitten with all ignominy hence!"
He spoke, and with his sceptre smote the back
Betwixt his shoulders; cowering down he crouch'd,
And a warm tear escaped him; on his back
A weal of blood rose swollen; in helpless guise
Shuddering he sate, and wiped away the tear.
The people, spite their trouble, pleased thereat,
Brake into laughter, and a murmur ran
As to his neighbour each would look, and say,
"High service by Odysseus render'd oft

βουλάς τ' ἐξάρχων ἀγαθὰς πόλεμόν τε κορύσσων·
νῦν δὲ τόδε μέγ' ἄριστον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν,
ὃς τὸν λωβητῆρα ἐπεσβόλον ἔσχ' ἀγοράων.
οὔ θήν μιν πάλιν αὖτις ἀνήσει θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
νεικείειν βασιλῆας ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν."

Ὣς φάσαν ἡ πληθύς· ἀνὰ δὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων—παρὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
εἰδομένη κήρυκι, σιωπᾶν λαὸν ἀνώγει,
ὡς ἅμα θ' οἱ πρῶτοί τε καὶ ὕστατοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
μῦθον ἀκούσειαν καὶ ἐπιφρασσαίατο βουλήν—
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν δή σε, ἄναξ, ἐθέλουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
πᾶσιν ἐλέγχιστον θέμεναι μερόπεσσι βροτοῖσιν,
οὐδέ τοι ἐκτελέουσιν ὑπόσχεσιν, ἣν περ ὑπέσταν
ἐνθάδ' ἔτι στείχοντες ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο,
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι.
ὥστε γὰρ ἢ παῖδες νεαροὶ χῆραί τε γυναῖκες
ἀλλήλοισιν ὀδύρονται οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι.
ἦ μὴν καὶ πόνος ἐστὶν ἀνιηθέντα νέεσθαι.
καὶ γάρ τίς θ' ἕνα μῆνα μένων ἀπὸ ἧς ἀλόχοιο
ἀσχαλάᾳ σὺν νηῒ πολυζύγῳ, ὄνπερ ἄελλαι
χειμέριαι εἰλέωσιν ὀρινομένη τε θάλασσα·
ἡμῖν δ' εἴνατός ἐστι περιτροπέων ἐνιαυτὸς
ἐνθάδε μιμνόντεσσι. τῷ οὐ νεμεσίζομ' Ἀχαιοὺς
ἀσχαλάαν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
αἰσχρόν τοι δηρόν τε μένειν κενεόν τε νέεσθαι.
τλῆτε, φίλοι, καὶ μείνατ' ἐπὶ χρόνον, ὄφρα δαῶμεν
ἢ ἐτεὸν Κάλχας μαντεύεται, ἠὲ καὶ οὐκί.
εὖ γὰρ δὴ τόδε ἴδμεν ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἐστὲ δὲ πάντες
μάρτυροι, οὓς μὴ κῆρες ἔβαν θανάτοιο φέρουσαι·
χθιζά τε καὶ πρώϊζ', ὅτ' ἐς Αὐλίδα νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
ἠγερέθοντο κακὰ Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ φέρουσαι·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ κρήνην ἱεροὺς κατὰ βωμοὺς
ἕρδομεν ἀθανάτοισι τελήεσσας ἑκατόμβας,
καλῇ ὑπὸ πλατανίστῳ, ὅθεν ῥέεν ἁγλαὸν ὕδωρ·
ἔνθ' ἐφάνη μέγα σῆμα· δράκων ἐπὶ νῶτα δαφοινὸς,

We knew to Argos, plan set well afoot,
And action stirr'd; but this the greatest far
He now hath render'd to Achaia's sons,
Staying this gross and most unmannerly churl
From things of State. Long ere his noble soul
Will raise him to revile our Chiefs again!"

So spake the people, whilst amongst them rose,
Sceptre in hand, the kingdom-conquering Chief:
Beside him Pallas, in a herald's guise,
Call'd loud, and bade the nations to be hush'd,
That all Achaia's sons from first to last
Might hear his voice, and ponder well his rede;
Who spake, and thus his words discreet began:

"Truly, Atrides, will Achaia's sons
Disgrace thee to the lowest pitch of man,
Who break the troth they plighted, when they first
From horse-abounding Argos set their sails,
That they would take proud Ilion ere return.
But now like widow'd women or weak babes
They wail to one another for their homes:—
Yet to return defeated—after rout
Disastrous—surely this were no less pain.
The seaman whom dark storm and roughen'd wave
Have barr'd but one short month from wedded wife,
Paces the deck with cheerless step and sad;
But this the ninth of long revolving years
That sees us lying here. I blame them not
Nor marvel at their mood. But oh, the shame
Of this long stay, if empty we return!
Endure, my friends, endure; short while shall prove
The prophecy of Calchas false or true.
We bear it well in mind; and all, save those
Already ravish'd by their Fates away,
Will bear me witness. Some brief days ago,
When with its freight of sorrow unto Troy
The fleet had met at Aulis, and we stood
Gather'd about our altar to the Gods
Beside the fountain, making sacrifice—
Under the blooming plane-tree, whence the fount
Upbubbled, there portentous sign was shown.

σμερδαλέος, τόν ῥ' αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ἦκε φόωσδε,
βωμοῦ ὑπαίξας πρός ῥα πλατάνιστον ὄρουσεν.
ἔνθα δ' ἔσαν στρουθοῖο νεοσσοὶ, νήπια τέκνα,
ὄζῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ, πετάλοις ὑποπεπτηῶτες,
ὀκτὼ, ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἣ τέκε τέκνα.
ἔνθ' ὅγε τοὺς ἐλεεινὰ κατήσθιε τετριγῶτας·
μήτηρ δ' ἀμφεποτᾶτο ὀδυρομένη φίλα τέκνα·
τὴν δ' ἐλελιξάμενος πτέρυγος λάβεν ἀμφιαχυῖαν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ τέκν' ἔφαγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτὴν,
τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεὸς, ὅσπερ ἔφηνεν·
λᾶαν γάρ μιν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐσταότες θαυμάζομεν οἷον ἐτύχθη.
ὡς οὖν δεινὰ πέλωρα θεῶν εἰσῆλθ' ἑκατόμβας,
Κάλχας δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα θεοπροπέων ἀγόρευεν·
'τίπτ' ἄνεω ἐγένεσθε, καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί;
ἡμῖν μὲν τόδ' ἔφηνε τέρας μέγα μητίετα Ζεὺς,
ὄψιμον, ὀψιτέλεστον, οὗ κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται.
ὡς οὗτος κατὰ τέκν' ἔφαγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτὴν,
ὀκτὼ, ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἣ τέκε τέκνα·
ὣς ἡμεῖς τοσσαῦτ' ἔτεα πτολεμίξομεν αὖθι,
τῷ δεκάτῳ δὲ πόλιν αἱρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν.'
κεῖνος τὼς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὴ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, μίμνετε πάντες, ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,
αὐτοῦ, εἰσόκεν ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἕλωμεν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον—ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες
σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν ἀϋσάντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν—
μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"Ὦ πόποι, ἦ δὴ παισὶν ἐοικότες ἀγοράασθε
νηπιάχοις, οἷς οὔτι μέλει πολεμήϊα ἔργα.
πῇ δὴ συνθεσίαι τε καὶ ὅρκια βήσεται ἡμῖν;
ἐν πυρὶ δὴ βουλαί τε γενοίατο μήδεά τ' ἀνδρῶν,
σπονδαί τ' ἄκρητοι καὶ δεξιαὶ, ᾗς ἐπέπιθμεν;
αὔτως γάρ ῥ' ἐπέεσσ' ἐριδαίνομεν, οὐδέ τι μῆχος
εὑρέμεναι δυνάμεσθα, πολὺν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες.
Ἀτρεΐδη, σὺ δ' ἔθ' ὡς πρὶν ἔχων ἀστεμφέα βουλὴν
ἄρχευ' Ἀργείοισι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας,

A serpent, purple-back'd and dread to view,
Sent, I well ween, by Zeus himself to light,
Glided from 'neath the altar, and upclomb
The tree; whereon upon the topmost branch
Fluttering amongst the twigs a sparrow's brood,
Late hatch'd, unfledged, were nestling; eight in all
They number'd, and the mother-bird the ninth.
And first the piteous-twittering brood he ate,
Their mother hovering round in vain lament;
Whom next, upcoiling, by her wing he caught.
The brood and mother-bird consumed alike,
The sign was made more manifest yet by heaven,
For Zeus then changed the serpent to a stone.
We gazing marvell'd that such dread portènt
From heav'n had broken on our offerings,
Till Calchas rose oracular, and spake,
'*Why thus aghast, Achaia's fair-hair'd sons?*
'*Mighty this sign of wisest Zeus vouchsafed,*
'*Late, and of late fulfilment, but whereof*
'*The fame shall never die. For, as this brood*
'*Eight number'd, and their mother-bird the ninth,*
'*And as he swallow'd in his maw the nine,*
'*So for nine years shall we wage ceaseless war,*
'*The tenth, shall take the spacious-streeted town.*'
He spoke; which things are ripe to come to pass:
Wherefore endure, brave warriors, still endure,
Till Priam's haughty citadel be thrown."

He ceased; the Argeians cheer'd, and to their cheer
The galleys render'd echo, in acclaim
Of sage Odysseus' word: to whom then rose
Gerenè's agèd Chief, Nestor, and spake:

"Like very children, with no thought of war
Piping ye stand. Oh shame, where now shall end
The oaths, the covenants betwixt us sworn?
Shall all our strong resolves be straw to fire?
Our offerings of pure wine, our gagèd hands?
Idle this war of words, wherein no cure,
How long so'er we wage it, will be found.
Therefore, Atrides, with unswerving will,
As thou art wont, so lead the Argives forth

τούσδε δ' ἔα φθινύθειν, ἕνα καὶ δύο, τοί κεν Ἀχαιῶν
νόσφιν βουλεύωσ'—ἄνυσις δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται αὐτῶν—
πρὶν Ἄργοσδ' ἰέναι, πρὶν καὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
γνώμεναι εἴτε ψεῦδος ὑπόσχεσις, ἠὲ καὶ οὐκί.
φημὶ γὰρ οὖν κατανεῦσαι ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα
ἤματι τῷ, ὅτε νηυσὶν ἐπ' ὠκυπόροισιν ἔβαινον
Ἀργεῖοι Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέροντες,
ἀστράπτων ἐπιδέξι', ἐναίσιμα σήματα φαίνων.
τῷ μή τις πρὶν ἐπειγέσθω οἶκόνδε νέεσθαι,
πρίν τινα πὰρ Τρώων ἀλόχῳ κατακοιμηθῆναι,
τίσασθαι δ' Ἑλένης ὁρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.
εἰ δέ τις ἐκπάγλως ἐθέλει οἶκόνδε νέεσθαι,
ἀπτέσθω ἧς νηὸς ἐϋσσέλμοιο μελαίνης,
ὄφρα πρόσθ' ἄλλων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ.
ἀλλὰ, ἄναξ, αὐτός τ' εὖ μήδεο πείθεό τ' ἄλλῳ·
οὔτοι ἀπόβλητον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπω·
κρῖν' ἄνδρας κατὰ φῦλα, κατὰ φρήτρας, Ἀγάμεμνον,
ὡς φρήτρη φρήτρηφιν ἀρήγῃ, φῦλα δὲ φύλοις.
εἰ δέ κεν ὣς ἕρξῃς καί τοι πείθωνται Ἀχαιοί,
γνώσῃ ἔπειθ' ὅς θ' ἡγεμόνων κακὸς ὅς τέ νυ λαῶν
ἠδ' ὅς κ' ἐσθλὸς ἔῃσι· κατὰ σφέας γὰρ μαχέονται·
γνώσεαι δ' εἰ καὶ θεσπεσίῃ πολιν οὐκ ἁλαπάξεις,
ἢ ἀνδρῶν κακότητι καὶ ἀφραδίῃ πολέμοιο."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ἦ μὰν αὖτ' ἀγορῇ νικᾷς, γέρον, υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
αἰ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον,
τοιοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἶεν Ἀχαιῶν·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἠμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.
ἀλλά μοι αἰγίοχος Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν,
ὅς με μετ' ἀπρήκτους ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα βάλλει.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν Ἀχιλεύς τε μαχησάμεθ' εἵνεκα κούρης
ἀντιβίοις ἐπέεσσιν, ἐγὼ δ' ἦρχον χαλεπαίνων·
εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔσ γε μίαν βουλεύσομεν, οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα
Τρωσὶν ἀνάβλησις κακοῦ ἔσσεται, οὐδ' ἠβαιόν.
νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρηα.

To this stern battle. Leave these one or two
To perish, who conspire apart, and plot
(Whereof, rest sure, shall no fulfilment be)
A base return to Argos, ere we know
The pledge by Zeus vouchsafèd, false or true:
For truly then upon our enterprise
Did great Kroneion grant his favouring Nod,
When fraught with sorrow and with doom to Troy
The Argives on their galleys swift embark'd,
And lightnings on our better hand he flash'd
And signs he show'd propitious.—Therefore, now
Be no man urgent for return, until
With many a Trojan's widow we have venged
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.
Or, if still any feel so sick for home,
Let him have full permission, an he list,
To launch his benchèd bark, and quick begone,—
To die the earlier by a coward's death!
But hear me, King, and be advised withal;
Not lightly should my word be cast aside.
Marshal the host by houses and by clans,
That clan to clan be neighbour, house to house.
If so thou orderest and the host obey,
So shalt thou learn the chieftains and the clans,
Who brave, who base; for each will fight apart;
And know our triumph, whether stay'd by heaven,
Or by man's cowardice and sloth in arms."

Whom answering, sovran Agamemnon spake:
"Ever in council thou excell'st, my Sire,
All of Achaia; yea, by the heavenly Powers,
Pallas, Apollo, and our Father Zeus,
Were with me ten in wisdom like to thee,
Soon would great Priam's city fall despoil'd!
But now hath the Ægisbearer burden'd me
With sorrow of a strife and fruitless broil,
Since for a handmaid I with violent words
Wrangled against Achilles: yet myself
Began the strife, and, if we e'er atone,
Troy's fate shall linger not a single hour.
Now break we fast, to bear the fight anon;

Εκτόρεον δὲ χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι
χαλκῷ ῥωγαλέον· πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
πρηνέες ἐν κονίῃσιν ὀδὰξ λαζοίατο γαῖαν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πώ οἱ ἐπεκραίαινε Κρονίων,
ἀλλ' ὄγε δέκτο μὲν ἱρὰ, πόνον δ' ἀμέγαρτον ὄφελλεν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' εὔξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
αὐέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν,
μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον κατά τε κνίσῃ ἐκάλυψαν
δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἂρ σχίζῃσιν ἀφύλλοισιν κατέκαιον,
σπλάγχνα δ' ἄρ' ἀμπείραντες ὑπείρεχον Ἡφαίστοιο.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρ' ἐκάη καὶ σπλάγχν' ἐπάσαντο,
μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρα τἄλλα καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν,
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
τοῖς ἄρα μύθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
μηκέτι νῦν δήθ' αὖθι λεγώμεθα, μηδ' ἔτι δηρὸν
ἀμβαλλώμεθα ἔργον, ὃ δὴ θεὸς ἐγγυαλίζει.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, κήρυκες μὲν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
λαὸν κηρύσσοντες ἀγειρόντων κατὰ νῆας,
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀθρόοι ὧδε κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
ἴομεν, ὄφρα κε θᾶσσον ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσεν
κηρύσσειν πολεμόνδε κα̃ρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιούς.
οἱ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοὶ δ' ἠγείροντο μάλ' ὦκα.
οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρείωνα διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες
θῦνον κρίνοντες, μετὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
αἰγίδ' ἔχουσ' ἐρίτιμον ἀγήρων ἀθανάτην τε·
τῆς ἑκατὸν θύσανοι παγχρύσεοι ἠερέθονται,
πάντες εὐπλεκέες, ἑκατόμβοιος δὲ ἕκαστος.

Oh may I crack the corslet with my spear
On Hector's chest, and may his comrades strewn
Around him prone in anguish grind the dust!"
Whose prayer not yet would great Kroneion grant,
But of the hallow'd hecatomb partook,
Yet spared not much to multiply his toil.

So, when the prayer was ended, and the meal
Of salted barley on the victim thrown,
They kill'd and flay'd it, and cut off the thighs;
The which they wrapp'd in double folds of fat,
And laid raw slices of the flesh thereon,
And burnt them on a fire of faggots sere,
But held the entrails spitted o'er the flames.
The entrails tasted and the thighs consumed,
The other parts they sliced and pierced with spits,
Then roasted deftly, and each drew his share.
So, having closed their task and dress'd their feast,
They ate, nor any lack'd his equal mess.

And when desire had pass'd of drink and food,
To them Gerenè's chief, Nestor, began:
"Most glorious Agamemnon, King of men!
Sit here no longer lingering, nor delay
The task the God assigns us. But forthwith
Let heralds summoning gather through the fleet
From ships and tents Achaia's mailèd host;
Whilst we together through the army move,
Kindling fierce Ares quicker where we go."
He spoke, nor Agamemnon disobey'd,
But bade the clear-voiced heralds loud proclaim
The gathering of Achaia's sons to war;
Who made their proclamation, and the host
Assembled fast together. But their chiefs
In band round Atreus' Son sped to and fro
Parting the clans; and with them Pallas moved
Blue-eyed, the priceless Ægis in her grasp,
Immortal, undecaying; hung therefrom
Golden a hundred broideries ravell'd fine,
And each the value of a hundred herds.

σὺν τῇ παιφάσσουσα διέσσυτο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ὀτρύνουσ' ἰέναι· ἐν δὲ σθένος ὦρσεν ἑκάστῳ
καρδίῃ ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἠὲ νέεσθαι
ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

Ἤὑτε πῦρ ἀΐδηλον ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὕλην
οὔρεος ἐν κορυφῇς, ἔκαθεν δέ τε φαίνεται αὐγὴ,
ὣς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίοιο
αἴγλη παμφανόωσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἷκεν.

Τῶν δ', ὥστ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ,
χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι, Καϋστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα,
ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσιν,
κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμὼν,
ὣς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον· αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ χθὼν
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε ποδῶν αὐτῶν τε καὶ ἵππων.
ἔσταν δ' ἐν λειμῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι
μυρίοι, ὅσσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὥρῃ.

Ἤὑτε μυιάων ἀδινάων ἔθνεα πολλὰ,
αἵτε κατὰ σταθμὸν ποιμνήϊον ἠλάσκουσιν
ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει,
τόσσοι ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν πεδίῳ ἵσταντο, διαῤῥαῖσαι μεμαῶτες.

Τοὺς δ', ὥστ' αἰπόλια πλατέ' αἰγῶν αἰπόλοι ἄνδρες
ῥεῖα διακρίνωσιν, ἐπεί κε νομῷ μιγέωσιν,
ὣς τοὺς ἡγεμόνες διεκόσμεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
ὑσμίνηνδ' ἰέναι, μετὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὄμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἴκελος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ,
Ἄρεϊ δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.
ἠΰτε βοῦς ἀγέληφι μέγ' ἔξοχος ἔπλετο πάντων
ταῦρος· ὁ γάρ τε βόεσσι μεταπρέπει ἀγρομένῃσιν·
τοῖον ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδην θῆκε Ζεὺς ἤματι κείνῳ,
ἐκπρεπέ' ἐν πολλοῖσι καὶ ἔξοχον ἡρώεσσιν.

This bearing, flashing through the ranks she pass'd,
Impelling all to go, in every heart
Breathing a sateless ardour for the war;
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought
Of battle, than aboard their hollow barks
Home to their own dear fatherland return.

And as, when flame devouring kindles high
Some forest huge upon a mountain's crest,
The blaze shows far and wide; ev'n so the flash,
As they came onward, from their radiant arms
Went through the empyrean up to heaven.

And as thick flocks of wingèd birds—of cranes,
Of geese or lithe-neck'd swans—hover and play
Hard by Cäyster o'er the Asian marsh
Exultant on their plumes, till, with a cry
That shakes the earth, they settle on the mead;
So from their ships and tents thick flocks of men
Pour'd on Scamander's plain, so rock'd the earth
And echoed to the tramp of men and steeds;
Till there upon Scamander's flowery mead
Myriads they stood, like leaves or flowers in spring:
In number like as when dense swarms of flies,
In spring-time, when the milk o'erbrims the pail,
Throng through the cattle-fold; so numerous stood
The Achaians 'gainst the Trojans—with long locks
Unshorn, and burning to destroy their foes.
Whose leaders parted them to either side
In rank and rank, with ease, as goat-herds part
Their goats, late grazing in promiscuous herd.
Sovran amongst them Agamemnon shone,
By eyne and forehead like to Zeus supreme,
By chest Poseidon, Ares by his girth.

As 'mongst a herd the bull appears, of all
Conspicuous, proud amid the grazing kine,
Such Atreus' Son was shown of Zeus that day,
Pre-eminent o'er heroes, and their king.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι—
ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστε τε πάντα,
ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν—
οἵτινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.
πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
οὐδ' εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματ' εἶεν,
φωνὴ δ' ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δέ μοι ἦτορ ἐνείη, 490
εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ' ὅσοι ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον.
ἀρχοὺς αὖ νηῶν ἐρέω νῆάς τε προπάσας.

Βοιωτῶν μὲν Πηνέλεως καὶ Λήϊτος ἦρχον
Ἀρκεσίλαός τε Προθοήνωρ τε Κλονίος τε,
οἵ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐλίδα πετρήεσσαν
Σχοινόν τε Σκῶλόν τε πολύκνημόν τ' Ἐτεωνὸν,
Θέσπειαν Γραιάν τε καὶ εὐρύχορον Μυκαλησσὸν,
οἵ τ' ἀμφ' Ἅρμ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Εἰλέσιον καὶ Ἐρύθρας,
οἵ τ' Ἐλεῶν' εἶχον ἠδ' Ὗλην καὶ Πετεῶνα, 500
Ὠκαλέην Μεδεῶνά τ', ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
Κώπας Εὔτρησίν τε πολυτρήρωνά τε Θίσβην,
οἵ τε Κορώνειαν καὶ ποιήενθ' Ἁλίαρτον,
οἵ τε Πλάταιαν ἔχον ἠδ' οἳ Γλίσαντ' ἐνέμοντο,
οἵ θ' Ὑποθήβας εἶχον, ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
Ὀγχηστόν θ' ἱερὸν, Ποσιδήϊον ἀγλαὸν ἄλσος,
οἵ τε πολυστάφυλον Ἄρνην ἔχον, οἵ τε Μίδειαν
Νῖσάν τε ζαθέην Ἀνθηδόνα τ' ἐσχατόωσαν·
τῶν μὲν πεντήκοντα νέες κίον, ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ
κοῦροι Βοιωτῶν ἑκατὸν καὶ εἴκοσι βαῖνον. 510

Οἳ δ' Ἀσπληδόνα ναῖον ἰδ' Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύειον,
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀσκάλαφος καὶ Ἰάλμενος, υἷες Ἄρηος,
οὓς τέκεν Ἀστυόχη δόμῳ Ἄκτορος Ἀζείδαο,

Now ye whose homes are on the Olympian steep,
Tell, Muses, tell—(for ye are heavenly born;
Ye were amongst them, and all things ye know;
We hark the rumour only, we know naught)—
Who were the Danaan leaders, who their kings!
Their multitude I could nor tell nor name,
Not though ten tongues, ten throats, were mine, nor though
My voice were adamant, and brass my lungs,
Save that the Muses, born to Zeus on high,
Bear record of who came to Ilion's walls.
So may I name the chieftains of their tribes,
And tell the number of their gather'd ships.

Chieftains of the Bœotians, Peneleus,
Klonius, Arcesilaus, Leitus,
And Prothoënor, came. All they who dwelt
At rockbound Aulis, and in Hyria,
Schœnus, and Eteonus' strong-spurr'd hill,
Thespeia, Graia, Skolus, and the vale
Of Mycalessus, spacious to the dance;
And they who dwelt about Eilesius,
Harma, and Erythræ, and they who held
Heleon, and Hyle, and Ocalea,
Peteon, and Medeon's fencèd citadel,
Dovehaunted Thisbæ, Copæ by the lake
Copais, and Eutresis; they who came
From Coroneia, Haliartus' meads,
Glissa, Platæa, and from under Thebes;
And whose is Poseidaion's hallow'd grove
Renown'd Onchestus; Arne's vineclad slopes,
Midea, sacred Nisa, and the town
Anthedon on the borders: these had come
With fifty galleys, and on each embark'd
One score and hundred of Bœotia's youth.

The dwellers of Aspledon, and who own'd
Orchomenus of Minyas;—these had sail'd
Under Ialmenus and Ascalaphus
The sons of Ares; whom Astyoche
Bare in the house of Actor Azeus' son:

παρθένος αἰδοίη, ὑπερώϊον εἰσαναβᾶσα,
Ἀρῃϊ κρατερῷ· ὁ δέ οἱ παρελέξατο λάθρῃ·
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

Αὐτὰρ Φωκήων Σχεδίος καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον,
υἱέες Ἰφίτου μεγαθύμου Ναυβολίδαο,
οἳ Κυπάρισσον ἔχον Πυθῶνά τε πετρήεσσαν,
Κρῖσάν τε ζαθέην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπῆα,
οἵ τ' Ἀνεμώρειαν καὶ Τάμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο,
οἵ τ' ἄρα πὰρ ποταμὸν Κηφισὸν δῖον ἔναιον,
οἵ τε Λίλαιαν ἔχον πηγῆς ἔπι Κηφισοῖο·
τοῖς δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.
οἱ μὲν Φωκήων στίχας ἴστασαν ἀμφιέποντες,
Βοιωτῶν δ' ἔμπλην ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ θωρήσσοντο.

Λοκρῶν δ' ἡγεμόνευεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
μείων, οὔτι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων· ὀλίγος μὲν ἔην, λινοθώρηξ,
ἐγχείῃ δ' ἐκέκαστο Πανέλληνας καὶ Ἀχαιούς·
οἳ Κῦνόν τ' ἐνέμοντ' Ὀπόεντά τε Καλλίαρόν τε
Βῆσσάν τε Σκάρφην τε καὶ Αὐγειὰς ἐρατεινὰς
Τάρφην τε Θρόνιόν τε Βοαγρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο
Λοκρῶν, οἳ ναίουσι πέρην ἱερῆς Εὐβοίης.

Οἳ δ' Εὔβοιαν ἔχον μένεα πνείοντες Ἄβαντες,
Χαλκίδα τ' Εἰρέτριάν τε πολυστάφυλόν θ' Ἱστίαιαν
Κήρινθόν τ' ἔφαλον Δίου τ' αἰπὺ πτολίεθρον,
οἵ τε Κάρυστον ἔχον ἠδ' οἳ Στύρα ναιετάασκον·
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμονεύ' Ἐλεφήνωρ, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
Χαλκωδοντιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων.
τῷ δ' ἅμ' Ἄβαντες ἕποντο θοοὶ, ὄπιθεν κομόωντες,
αἰχμηταὶ, μεμαῶτες ὀρεκτῇσιν μελίῃσιν

Virgin of man, and pure, and all alone
I' the upper chamber, she brought forth these twins
To Ares, who unknown had sought her bed:
Thirty the hollow galleys in their train.

The men of Phocis, whom Epistrophus
And Schedius led, the sons of Iphitus
The noble son of Naubolus;—all they
From Cyparissus and from Pytho's rock,
From sacred Krisa, and from Panopeus
And Daulis; they who held Hyampolis
About Anemoreia; they who dwelt
Beside Cephisus' limpid streams, or near
His fountains in Lylæa;—following these
Came forty galleys; and their chieftains ranged
Their legions hard upon Bœotia's left.

The fleetfoot Ajax, King Oileus' son
Came leader of the Locrians; slighter-built,
No giant like the son of Telamon,
But sparer far; of stature small, he bare
Corslet of linen-twist; but none with lance
Through Hellas or Achaia show'd his peer.
The men from Scarphe, and Kalliaros,
And Opoeis, and Bessa, came with him,
Or from the banks of swift Boagrius' stream,
Tarphe, and Thronium, and the Augean vale;
From Locris forty barks their leader led,
Locris, beyond Eubœa's sacred isle.

Next they, who in Eubœa had their home,
From Histiæa, and Eiretria,
From Chalcis, and Cerinthus by the sea,
And from the castle on the Dian steep,
Ceristus, and from Styra's full-throng'd streets,—
The Abantians, breathing fury to the fight;
Of whom came Elephenor in his flower
Chalcedon's son the chieftain; on whose steps
Follow'd the gallant tribe, with tresses long
Streaming behind them, but their temples shorn,
Spearmen, and with their levell'd lances keen

θώρηκας ῥήξειν δηΐων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσιν·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθήνας εἶχον, ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
δῆμον Ἐρεχθῆος μεγαλήτορος, ὅν ποτ' Ἀθήνη
θρέψε Διὸς θυγάτηρ—τέκε δὲ ζείδωρος ἄρουρα—
κὰδ δ' ἐν Ἀθήνῃς εἷσεν, ἑῷ ἐνὶ πίονι νηῷ·
ἔνθα δέ μιν ταύροισι καὶ ἀρνειοῖς ἱλάονται
κοῦροι Ἀθηναίων περιτελλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν·
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευ' υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς.
τῷ δ' οὔπω τις ὁμοῖος ἐπιχθόνιος γένετ' ἀνὴρ
κοσμῆσαι ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας—
Νέστωρ οἷος ἔριζεν· ὁ γὰρ προγενέστερος ἦεν—
τῷ δ' ἅμα πεντήκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Αἴας δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγεν δυοκαίδεκα νῆας.
[στῆσε δ' ἄγων ἵν' Ἀθηναίων ἵσταντο φάλαγγες.]

Οἱ δ' Ἄργος τ' εἶχον Τίρυνθά τε τειχιόεσσαν,
Ἑρμιόνην Ἀσίνην τε, βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἐχούσας,
Τροιζῆν' Ἠιόνας τε καὶ ἀμπελόεντ' Ἐπίδαυρον,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Αἴγιναν Μάσητά τε κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
καὶ Σθένελος, Καπανῆος ἀγακλειτοῦ φίλος υἱός·
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' Εὐρύαλος τρίτατος κίεν, ἰσόθεος φώς,
Μηκιστέος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἄνακτος.
συμπάντων δ' ἡγεῖτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' ὀγδώκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Οἱ δὲ Μυκήνας εἶχον, ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
ἀφνειόν τε Κόρινθον ἐϋκτιμέναν τε Κλεωνὰς,
Ὀρνειάς τ' ἐνέμοντο Ἀραιθυρέην τ' ἐρατεινὴν
καὶ Σικυῶν', ὅθ' ἄρ' Ἄδρηστος πρῶτ' ἐμβασίλευεν,
οἵ θ' Ὑπερησίην τε καὶ αἰπεινὴν Γονόεσσαν
Πελλήνην τ' εἶχον, ἠδ' Αἴγιον ἀμφενέμοντο
Αἰγιαλόν τ' ἀνὰ πάντα καὶ ἀμφ' Ἑλίκην εὐρεῖαν,
τῶν ἑκατὸν νηῶν ἦρχε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρεΐδης. ἅμα τῷγε πολὺ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι

To burst the breastplates of their foes asunder.
Forty the galleys followed in his train.

Next they who dwelt in Athens, erst the home
Of great Erechtheus; he of Earth the son,
But nurtured by Athene child of Zeus,
And laid at Athens in her own rich shrine
Where still the Athenian youth each circling year
Soothe him with sacrifice of bulls and lambs.
Of these Menestheus, Peteus' son, was chief,
Than whom no man was living then on earth
More skill'd to order steeds and men of war;
Nestor alone, his elder, press'd him hard;
Fifty the galleys follow'd in his train.

Twelve ships great Ajax brought from Salamis
And ranged them, where the Athenian army stood.

Then they from Argos, and Tyrinthe's towers,
From Asine, Hermione, and all
The bay which these embosom; Eione;
Trœzene; Epidaurus clad with vine;
And they, the flower of all the Achaian youth,
Who dwelt in Mases and Ægina's isle:
Of these the chiefs were, first, brave Diomed,
Then the dear son of far-famed Capaneus,
Sthenelus, and, the third, Euryalus,
Son of Mecistus Talaeion's son,
Kingborn, a godlike hero: but o'er all,
Chief of their chiefs, was valiant Diomed,
And fourscore galleys follow'd in his train.

Next, they who held Mycenæ's fenced walls,
Or dwelt in wealthy Corinth, or the streets
Of strong Cleonæ; or who 'habited
Orneia, and the Arœthyrean vale,
Or Hyperesia, or Gonôe's steep,
Pellenæ, Ægium, spacious Helice,
And all the borders of Ægialus;—
A hundred barks these number'd, and their chief
Was royal Agamemnon, Atreus' son;

λαοὶ ἕποντ'· ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσατο νώροπα χαλκὸν
κυδιόων, πᾶσιν δὲ μετέπρεπεν ἡρώεσσιν,
οὕνεκ' ἄριστος ἦην, πολὺ δὲ πλείστους ἄγε λαούς.

Οἳ δ' εἶχον κοίλην Λακεδαίμονα κητώεσσαν,
Φᾶρίν τε Σπάρτην τε πολυτρήρωνά τε Μέσσην,
Βρυσειάς τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀὐγειὰς ἐρατεινὰς,
οἵ τ' ἄρ' Ἀμύκλας εἶχον Ἕλος τ', ἔφαλον πτολίεθρον,
οἵ τε Λάαν εἶχον ἠδ' Οἴτυλον ἀμφενέμοντο,
τῶν οἱ ἀδελφεὸς ἦρχε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
ἑξήκοντα νεῶν· ἀπάτερθε δὲ θωρήσσοντο.
ἐν δ' αὐτὸς κίεν ἦσι προθυμίῃσι πεποιθὼς,
ὀτρύνων πόλεμόνδε· μάλιστα δὲ ἵετο θυμῷ
τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὁρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.

Οἳ δὲ Πύλον τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀρήνην ἐρατεινὴν
καὶ Θρύον, Ἀλφειοῖο πόρον, καὶ ἐΰκτιτον Αἶπυ,
καὶ Κυπαρισσήεντα καὶ Ἀμφιγένειαν ἔναιον,
καὶ Πτελεὸν καὶ Ἕλος καὶ Δώριον —ἔνθα τε Μοῦσαι
ἀντόμεναι Θάμυριν τὸν Θρήϊκα παῦσαν ἀοιδῆς,
Οἰχαλίηθεν ἰόντα παρ' Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος·
στεῦτο γὰρ εὐχόμενος νικησέμεν, εἴπερ ἂν αὐταὶ
Μοῦσαι ἀείδοιεν, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο·
αἱ δὲ χολωσάμεναι πηρὸν θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ἀοιδὴν
θεσπεσίην ἀφέλοντο καὶ ἐκλέλαθον κιθαριστύν—
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
τῷ δ' ἐνενήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

Οἳ δ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην ὑπὸ Κυλλήνης ὄρος αἰπὺ,
Αἰπύτιον παρὰ τύμβον, ἵν' ἀνέρες ἀγχιμαχηταὶ,
οἵ Φένεόν τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀρχομενὸν πολύμηλον
Ῥίπην τε Στρατίην τε καὶ ἠνεμόεσσαν Ἐνίσπην,

His were the noblest nations, and the most;
And with them now he girt his dazzling mail,
Glorying amongst the heroes, that he show'd
Most glorious, and the king of widest rule.

Next, they who 'habited the vale profound
Of Lacedæmon, Sparta's citizens;
With those from Messe, haunt of murmurous doves,
From Pharis, Brysia, and Augea's dale;
And from Amyclæ, Helas on the sea,
Laas, and Ætylus:—of these the chief
Was Menelaus, brother of the King;
Sixty his galleys; and his troops apart
Were girding on their armour; whom himself
Moved quickening unto battle, earnest most
In his own cause, and yearning to avenge
The ravishment of Helen and her tears.

Then they from Pylos, Æpu's well-built streets,
Amphigeneia, Helos, Pteleon,
And Thryon, where is great Alpheius' ford,
And Cyparissa, and Arene's vale,
And Dorium—where of old the Muses met
And stay'd for ever Thracian Thamyris
From song thereafter, when the Œchalian land,
Descending from the realm of Eurytas,
He left, but late had vaunted, how, albeit
The maiden Muses born to Zeus on high
Appear'd in song against him, his the palm:
Therefore in wrath they struck him blind, and reft
Sheer from him all his gift of song divine,
And made his harp as a forgotten thing.
—Of these Gerenian Nestor was the chief;
Ninety in number were the barks he ranged.

Next, they who round the tomb of Æpytus
Dwelt in Arcadia, 'neath Cyllene's cliff,
Men staunch to stand in battle side by side:
Or from the land of flocks, Orchomenus,
Windswept Enispe, Ripe, Stratie,

καὶ Τεγέην εἶχον καὶ Μαντινέην ἐρατεινὴν,
Στύμφηλόν τ' εἶχον καὶ Παρρασίην ἐνέμοντο,
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀγκαίοιο πάϊς, κρείων Ἀγαπήνωρ,
ἑξήκοντα νεῶν· πολέες δ' ἐν νηὶ ἑκάστῃ
Ἀρκάδες ἄνδρες ἔβαινον, ἐπιστάμενοι πολεμίζειν.
αὐτὸς γάρ σφιν δῶκεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους περάαν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον,
Ἀτρείδης, ἐπεὶ οὔ σφι θαλάσσια ἔργα μεμήλει.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα Βουπράσιόν τε καὶ Ἦλιδα δῖαν ἔναιον,
ὅσσον ἐφ' Ἅρμίνῃ καὶ Μύρσινος ἐσχατόωσα
πέτρη τ' Ὠλενίη καὶ Ἀλείσιον ἐντὸς ἐέργει,
τῶν αὖ τέσσαρες ἀρχοὶ ἔσαν, δέκα δ' ἀνδρὶ ἑκάστῳ
νῆες ἕποντο θοαὶ, πολέες δ' ἔμβαινον Ἐπειοί.
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Θάλπιος ἡγησάσθην,
υἷες ὁ μὲν Κτεάτου, ὁ δ' ἄρ' Εὐρύτου Ἀκτορίωνος·
τῶν δ' Ἀμαρυγκείδης ἦρχε κρατερὸς Διώρης·
τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχε Πολύξεινος θεοειδὴς,
υἱὸς Ἀγασθένεος Αὐγηϊάδαο ἄνακτος.

Οἱ δ' ἐκ Δουλιχίοιο Ἐχινάων θ' ἱεράων
νήσων, αἳ ναίουσι πέρην ἁλὸς, Ἤλιδος ἄντα,
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Μέγης, ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ,
Φυλείδης, ὃν τίκτε διίφιλος ἱππότα Φυλεὺς,
ὅς ποτε Δουλιχιόνδ' ἀπενάσσατο πατρὶ χολωθείς·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦγε Κεφαλλῆνας μεγαθύμους,
οἵ ῥ' Ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον,
καὶ Κροκύλει' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αἰγίλιπα τρηχεῖαν,
οἵ τε Ζάκυνθον ἔχον ἠδ' οἳ Σάμον ἀμφενέμοντο,
οἵ τ' ἤπειρον ἔχον ἠδ' ἀντιπέραι' ἐνέμοντο·
τῶν μὲν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦρχε, Διὶ μήτιν ἀτάλαντος·
τῷ δ' ἅμα νῆες ἕποντο δυώδεκα μιλτοπάρῃοι.

Αἰτωλῶν δ' ἡγεῖτο Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος υἱὸς,
οἳ Πλευρῶν' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὤλενον ἠδὲ Πυλήνην
Χαλκίδα τ' ἀγχίαλον Καλυδῶνά τε πετρήεσσαν—

Tegea, or Mantineia's lovely dale,
Stymphelus, Pheneus, or Parrhasia;—
Of these was royal Agapenor chief,
Ancæus' son; threescore their ships, and each
Full-mann'd with gallant warriors to the fight;
But Agamemnon had bestow'd the ships
Furnish'd to bear them o'er the purple main,
Seeing that they themselves knew not the sea.

Then they who dwelt on Elis' sacred plain
And in Buprasium; all that region, held
Within Aleisium and the Olenian rock,
Hyrmine, and the bound of Myrsinus;
To these four chiefs, and, following each, had sail'd
Ten galleys, with the Epeian tribes on board.
Of part were Thalpius and Amphimachus
The leaders, this the son of Ctëatus,
And that of Eurytas Actorion;
Diores, Amarynces' valiant son,
Led third, and godlike Polyxeinus fourth,
Son of Agasthenes, King Augeus' son.

They from Dolichium and the sacred isles
Hight Echinæ, which lie across the sea
From Elis, face to face;—of these the chief
Was Meges, peer to Ares, Phyleus' son:
Whom Phyleus in his own far realm begat,
But who for wrath against his father fled
And settled in Dolichium; in his train
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Odysseus led the Cephallenian troops
Who dwelt upon the isle of Ithaca,
Or in the forests of Mount Neritus,
In Krocyleia, or rough Ægilips;
Or from Zacynthus came, or Samos, or
Epirus, and the parts across the sea;
Twelve were the redribb'd galleys in his train.

The Ætolians Thoas led, Andræmon's son;
The men of Pleuron, craggy Calydon,

οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Οἰνῆος μεγαλήτορος υἱέες ἦσαν
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' αὐτὸς ἔην, θάνε δὲ ξανθὸς Μελέαγρος—
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐτέταλτο ἀνασσέμεν Αἰτωλοῖσιν·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Κρητῶν δ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,
οἳ Κνωσόν τ' εἶχον Γόρτυνά τε τειχιόεσσαν,
Λύκτον Μίλητόν τε καὶ ἀργινόεντα Λύκαστον
Φαιστόν τε Ῥύτιόν τε, πόλεις εὐναιεταώσας,
ἄλλοι θ' οἳ Κρήτην ἑκατόμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο.
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν
Μηριόνης τ', ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ·
τοῖσι δ' ἅμ' ὀγδώκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Τληπόλεμος δ' Ἡρακλείδης, ἠΰς τε μέγας τε,
ἐκ Ῥόδου ἐννέα νῆας ἄγεν Ῥοδίων ἀγερώχων,
οἳ Ῥόδον ἀμφενέμοντο διὰ τρίχα κοσμηθέντες,
Λίνδον Ἰηλυσόν τε καὶ ἀργινόεντα Κάμειρον.
τῶν μὲν Τληπόλεμος δουρικλυτὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,
ὃν τέκεν Ἀστυόχεια βίῃ Ἡρακληείῃ,
τὴν ἄγετ' ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος,
πέρσας ἄστεα πολλὰ διοτρεφέων αἰζηῶν.
Τληπόλεμος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τράφη ἐν μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτῳ,
αὐτίκα πατρὸς ἑοῖο φίλον μήτρωα κατέκτα,
ἤδη γηράσκοντα Λικύμνιον, ὄζον Ἄρηος.
αἶψα δὲ νῆας ἔπηξε, πολὺν δ' ὄγε λαὸν ἀγείρας
βῆ φεύγων ἐπὶ πόντον· ἀπείλησαν γάρ οἱ ἄλλοι
υἱέες υἱωνοί τε βίης Ἡρακληείης·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἐς Ῥόδον ἶξεν ἀλώμενος, ἄλγεα πάσχων·
τριχθὰ δὲ ᾤκηθεν καταφυλαδὸν, ἠδ' ἐφίλησεν
ἐκ Διὸς, ὅστε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισιν ἀνάσσει.
καί σφιν θεσπέσιον πλοῦτον κατέχευε Κρονίων.

Pylene, Olenus, and Chalcis' coast;
For noble Œneus' sons were now no more;
Œneus and Meleäger both had fall'n;
Therefore to Thoas was Ætolia's throne;
And forty galleys follow'd in his train.

Famed for his spear Idomeneus led next
The Cretans; from Gortona's fencèd town,
From Cnossus, Rhytium, and the populous streets
Of Phœstus, white Lycastus' gleaming wall,
Miletus, and the hundred-citied isle.
Idomeneus led these, and with him still
His faithful follower, brave Meriones;
Fourscore the galleys following in their train.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
A mighty man-at-arms, nine galleys brought
Of haughty Rhodians from their island Rhodes.
Apportion'd in three clans they dwelt in Rhodes,
Lindus, Ilyssus, and white Camyrus,
Famous in war Tlepolemus, their chief,
Son of Astyoche and Hercules;
Astyoche, whom Hercules had borne
Captive from Ephyre and Selle's streams,
What time the city of many a Zeus-born youth
Fell by his hostile arm. In whose great house
Tlepolemus was rear'd to man's estate,
Till of mischance he slew his father's friend
And mother's brother in his green old age
Licymnius loved of Ares: whereupon
He built him ships and gat much people to him
And sail'd a banished man across the seas,
For that the sons and kin of Hercules
Threaten'd revenge; and at the last arrived,
Wearied with toils and wanderings long, in Rhodes.
There clan by clan they portion'd out the isle,
And settled, holpen and beloved by Zeus
The King supreme of mortal and of god,
Who shower'd a boundless plenty on their heads.

Νιρεὺς αὖ Σύμηθεν ἄγε τρεῖς νῆας ἑίσας,
Νιρεὺς, Ἀγλαΐης υἱὸς Χαρόποιό τ' ἄνακτος,
Νιρεὺς, ὃς κάλλιστος ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα·
ἀλλ' ἀλαπαδνὸς ἦεν, παῦρος δέ οἱ εἵπετο λαός.

Οἳ δ' ἄρα Νίσυρόν τ' εἶχον Κράπαθόν τε Κάσον τε
καὶ Κῶν, Εὐρυπύλοιο πόλιν, νήσους τε Καλύδνας,
τῶν αὖ Φείδιππός τε καὶ Ἄντιφος ἡγησάσθην,
Θεσσαλοῦ υἷε δύω Ἡρακλείδαο ἄνακτος·
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

Νῦν αὖ τοὺς ὅσσοι τὸ Πελασγικὸν Ἄργος ἔναιον,
οἵ τ' Ἄλον οἵ τ' Ἀλόπην οἵ τε Τρηχῖν ἐνέμοντο,
οἵ τ' εἶχον Φθίην ἠδ' Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
Μυρμιδόνες δὲ καλεῦντο καὶ Ἕλληνες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ,
τῶν αὖ πεντήκοντα νεων ἦν ἀρχὸς Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἀλλ' οἵγ' οὐ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἐμνώοντο·
οὐ γὰρ ἔην ὅστις σφιν ἐπὶ στίχας ἡγήσαιτο.
κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν νήεσσι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
κούρης χωόμενος Βρισηΐδος ἠϋκόμοιο,
τὴν ἐκ Λυρνησσοῦ ἐξείλετο πολλὰ μογήσας,
Λυρνησσὸν διαπορθήσας καὶ τείχεα Θήβης,
καὶδ δὲ Μύνητ' ἔβαλεν καὶ Ἐπίστροφον ἐγχεσιμώρους,
υἱέας Εὐηνοῖο Σελληϊάδαο ἄνακτος·
τῆς ὅγε κεῖτ' ἀχέων, τάχα δ' ἀνστήσεσθαι ἔμελλεν.

Οἳ δ' εἶχον Φυλάκην καὶ Πύρασον ἀνθεμόεντα,
Δήμητρος τέμενος, Ἰτωνά τε, μητέρα μήλων,
ἀγχίαλόν τ' Ἀντρῶν' ἠδὲ Πτελεὸν λεχεποίην,
τῶν αὖ Πρωτεσίλαος Ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευεν
ζωὸς ἐών· τότε δ' ἤδη ἔχεν κάτα γαῖα μέλαινα.
τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιδρυφὴς ἄλοχος Φυλάκῃ ἐλέλειπτο

Nireus from Syme three good galleys brought,
Nireus, whose mother was Aglaïa
And father Charops ; Nireus, of all men,
Who came to Ilion in the Danaan host,
Comeliest and fairest, next to Peleus' Son ;
Nathless of small account, as scant of men.

They of Nisurus, and of Krapathus,
And Cos, the city of Eurypylus,
And Casos, and the isles, Calydnæ hight ;—
These the two sons of Thessalus (the son
Of royal Hercules) Pheidippus led
And Antiphus ; and thirty were their barks.

And now of those who dwelt in Alope,
In Argos of Pelasgos, in the vale
Of Phthia, and in Alos ; or the land,
Famed birthplace of fair women, Hellas hight ;—
Hellens these, therefore, or Achaians, named,
Or Myrmidonians :—of their fifty barks
Achilles came the chieftain : but, alas,
No more they turn'd them to the war ; for now
Was none to set them forth in battle-line.
The heavenly fleetfoot hero lay, withdrawn
And sullen for the maid Briseis' sake ;
Her whom from strong Lyrnessus by sore toil
He won, and plunder'd fencèd Thebes, and slew
Her princes, Mynes and Epistrophus,
Sons of Evenus, King Selepius' son :—
For her he chafèd ; yet was soon to rise !

Next, they who dwelt in Phylace, and own'd
Demeter's sacred garden, Pyrasus,
And Iton, teeming mother of fat flocks,
And Antron's coasts, and Pteleon deep in turf :—
Of these Protesilaus came the chief,
Long as he lived ; whom now black earth contains.
And his dear bride in Phylace forlorn
Tears her soft cheeks for sorrow ; and their house

καὶ δόμος ἡμιτελής· τὸν δ' ἔκτανε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ
νηὸς ἀποθρώσκοντα πολὺ πρώτιστον Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' οἱ ἄναρχοι ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἀρχόν
ἀλλά σφεας κόσμησε Ποδάρκης, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
Ἰφίκλου υἱὸς πολυμήλου Φυλακίδαο,
αὐτοκασίγνητος μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου
ὁπλότερος γενεῇ· ὁ δ' ἅμα πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων,
ἥρως Πρωτεσίλαος Ἀρήϊος· οὐδέ τε λαοὶ
δεύονθ' ἡγεμόνος, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο. 710

Οἱ δὲ Φερὰς ἐνέμοντο παραὶ Βοιβηΐδα λίμνην,
Βοίβην καὶ Γλαφύρας καὶ ἐϋκτιμένην Ἰαωλκὸν,
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἀδμήτοιο φίλος παῖς ἔνδεκα νηῶν,
Εὔμηλος, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀδμήτῳ τέκε δῖα γυναικῶν,
Ἄλκηστις, Πελίαο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστη.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα Μηθώνην καὶ Θαυμακίην ἐνέμοντο
καὶ Μελίβοιαν ἔχον καὶ Ὀλιζῶνα τρηχεῖαν,
τῶν δὲ Φιλοκτήτης ἦρχεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδὼς,
ἑπτὰ νεῶν· ἐρέται δ' ἐν ἑκάστῃ πεντήκοντα
ἐμβέβασαν, τόξων εὖ εἰδότες ἶφι μάχεσθαι. 720
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νήσῳ κεῖτο κρατέρ' ἄλγεα πάσχων,
Λήμνῳ ἐν ἠγαθέῃ, ὅθι μιν λίπον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
ἕλκεϊ μοχθίζοντα κακῷ ὀλοόφρονος ὕδρου·
ἔνθ' ὅγε κεῖτ' ἀχέων· τάχα δὲ μνήσεσθαι ἔμελλον
Ἀργεῖοι παρὰ νηυσὶ Φιλοκτήταο ἄνακτος.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' οἱ ἄναρχοι ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἀρχόν·
ἀλλὰ Μέδων κόσμησεν, Ὀϊλῆος νόθος υἱὸς,
τόν ῥ' ἔτεκεν Ῥήνη ὑπ' Ὀϊλῆϊ πτολιπόρθῳ.

Οἱ δ' εἶχον Τρίκκην καὶ Ἰθώμην κλωμακόεσσαν,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Οἰχαλίην, πόλιν Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος, 730
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγείσθην Ἀσκληπιοῦ δύο παῖδε,

Stands there half-built ; for by a Dardan hand
Leaping to shore the first of all he fell.
Nor, though they mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long
A leader ; for Podarces, flower of war,
Son of Iphiclus, Phylax' son, array'd
Their forces ; brother he, but younger born,
To slain Protesilaus : so, albeit
The elder brother was the better man
And still the host lamented for his death,
They lack'd not a good leader ; in whose train
Forty in number the black galleys came.

Then they who dwelt in Bœbe, on the brink
Of the Bœbaic lake, in Glaphyræ
And well-built Iaolcos ;—chief of these
Eumelus, King Admetus' son beloved,
Led their eleven galleys : him, the flower
Of womankind, the fairest of the house
Of Pelias, ev'n the queen Alcestis, bare.

They from Methone, rugged Olizon,
And Melibæa, and Thaumacia ;—
Of these was Philoctetes erst the chief,
Himself a mighty bowman ; and aboard
His seven good galleys were array'd in each
Fifty brave oarsmen, all well skill'd to use
Their bows in battle with unerring hand.
But now in sacred Lemnos, where the host
Had left him, in his anguish still he lay,
Stung by the deadly Hydra ; rack'd with pain
He linger'd still ; yet on his name anon
The Argives will remind them in their need !
Nor, though these mourn'd their chieftain, lack'd they long
A leader ; for Oïleus' son, the prince
Medon, array'd them ; he a bastard child
Unto Oïleus of fair Rhene born.

Then they who dwelt in Trikka, and possess'd
Ithome's mountain-range, with those who held
Œchalia and the land of Eurytus :—
These Podaleirius and Machaon led,

ἰητῆρ' ἀγαθὼ, Ποδαλείριος ἠδὲ Μαχάων·
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

Οἳ δ' ἔχον Ὀρμένιον, οἵ τε κρήνην Ὑπέρειαν,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Ἀστέριον Τιτάνοιό τε λευκὰ κάρηνα,
τῶν ἦρχ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Οἳ δ' Ἄργισσαν ἔχον καὶ Γυρτώνην ἐνέμοντο,
Ὄρθην Ἠλώνην τε πόλιν τ' Ὀλοοσσόνα λευκὴν,
τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
υἱὸς Πειριθόοιο, τὸν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεύς—
τόν ῥ' ὑπὸ Πειριθόῳ τέκετο κλυτὸς Ἱπποδάμεια
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε φῆρας ἐτίσατο λαχνήεντας,
τοὺς δ' ἐκ Πηλίου ὦσε καὶ Αἰθίκεσσι πέλασσεν—
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷγε Λεοντεὺς, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο Κορώνου Καινείδαο·
τοῖς δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Γουνεὺς δ' ἐκ Κύφου ἦγε δύω καὶ εἴκοσι νῆας·
τῷ δ' Ἐνιῆνες ἕποντο μενεπτόλεμοί τε Περαιβοὶ,
οἳ περὶ Δωδώνην δυσχείμερον οἰκί' ἔθεντο,
οἵ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ,
οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἠΰτ' ἔλαιον·
ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ.

Μαγνήτων δ' ἦρχε Πρόθοος, Τενθρηδόνος υἱὸς,
οἳ περὶ Πηνειὸν καὶ Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον
ναίεσκον· τῶν μὲν Πρόθοος θοὸς ἡγεμόνευεν,
τῷ δ' ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

Οὗτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.
τίς τ' ἄρ τῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος ἦν, σύ μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα,
αὐτῶν ἠδ' ἵππων, οἳ ἅμ' Ἀτρείδῃσιν ἕποντο.

Sage leeches both, and Æsculapius' sons ;
Thirty the hollow galleys they array'd.

Those who possess'd Ormenios, and the fount
Of Hypereia, and the snow-white crests
Of Titanus above Asterion ;—
Evemon's glorious son Eurypylus
Led these, with forty galleys in his train.

They from Argissa, and Gyrtone's town,
And Oloosson's white far-gleaming walls,
And Orthe, and Elone ;—chief of these,
Son of Pirithous son of mighty Zeus,
Came warlike Polypætes : to his sire
Farfamed Hippodameia bare him then,
Ev'n on the day when he obtain'd revenge
On the wild shaggy Centaurs, and perforce
Drave them from Pelion to the Æthic land :
He came not singly ; for Leontes brave,
Son of the haught Coronos, Cæneus' son,
Led with him ; forty were the barks they led.

Gouneus from Cyprus led one score and two ;
With whom the Enienians, and the tribe
Of brave Peræbi : they who had their homes
Round hoar Dodona, and who till'd the plain
Wash'd by the lovely Titaresius' stream,
Who flows into Peneius, but may ne'er
Mix with Peneius and his silvery breaks,
But glides upon his surface, even as oil,
Being a branch of inviolable Styx.

The Chieftain of Magnesia, Prothous came,
Tenthredon's son, and led, who dwelt about
Peneion, and in Pelion's nodding woods ;
Forty the galleys follow'd in his train.

These were the Danaan leaders, these their Kings.

Say further yet, O Muse, of all who came
With Atreus' sons to battle, steeds and men,
Who were pre-eminent ! Pre-eminent

Ἵπποι μὲν μέγ' ἄρισται ἔσαν Φηρητιάδαο,
τὰς Εὔμηλος ἔλαυνε ποδώκεας ὄρνιθας ὡς,
ὄτριχας, οἰέτεας, σταφύλῃ ἐπὶ νῶτον ἴσας·
τὰς ἐν Πηρείῃ θρέψ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων,
ἄμφω θηλείας, φόβον Ἄρηος φορεούσας.
ἀνδρῶν αὖ μέγ' ἄριστος ἔην Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ὄφρ' Ἀχιλεὺς μήνιεν· ὁ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἦεν,
ἵπποι θ', οἳ φορέεσκον ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νήεσσι κορωνίσι ποντοπόροισιν
κεῖτ' ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
Ἀτρεΐδῃ· λαοὶ δὲ παρὰ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
δίσκοισιν τέρποντο καὶ αἰγανέῃσιν ἱέντες
τόξοισίν θ'· ἵπποι δὲ παρ' ἅρμασιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος,
λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἑλεόθρεπτόν τε σέλινον,
ἕστασαν· ἅρματα δ' εὖ πεπυκασμένα κεῖτο ἀνάκτων
ἐν κλισίῃς. οἱ δ' ἀρχὸν ἀρηΐφιλον ποθέοντες
φοίτων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ στρατὸν οὐδ' ἐμάχοντο.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο·
γαῖα δ' ὑπεστενάχιζε Διὶ ὡς τερπικεραύνῳ
χωομένῳ, ὅτε τ' ἀμφὶ Τυφωέϊ γαῖαν ἰμάσσῃ
εἰν Ἀρίμοις, ὅθι φασὶ Τυφωέος ἔμμεναι εὐνάς·
ὡς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγα στεναχίζετο γαῖα
ἐρχομένων· μάλα δ' ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο.

Τρωσὶν δ' ἄγγελος ἦλθε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
παὰρ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο σὺν ἀγγελίῃ ἀλεγεινῇ·
οἱ δ' ἀγοραὶ ἀγόρευον ἐπὶ Πριάμοιο θύρῃσιν
πάντες ὁμηγερέες, ἠμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·
εἴσατο δὲ φθογγὴν υἱῒ Πριάμοιο Πολίτῃ,
ὃς Τρώων σκοπὸς ἷζε, ποδωκείῃσι πεποιθὼς,
τύμβῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυήταο γέροντος,
δέγμενος ὁππότε ναῦφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί·
τῷ μιν ἐεισαμένη μετέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·

Ὦ γέρον, αἰεί τοι μῦθοι φίλοι ἄκριτοί εἰσιν,

Amongst the horses those, Eumelus drave,
In colour one, and one in age, and twinn'd
In height as by a level, swift as birds,
Mares both, and breathers of dismay in war,
Bred by the Bender of the silver bow
Apollo in Pereia. But, of men,
Held Ajax the pre-eminence by far,
The son of Telamon ; whilst Peleus' Son
Remain'd in wrath aloof: for none was peer
To great Achilles, nor could match his steeds.
But sullen now amongst his swift black barks,
Anger'd with Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
He lay withdrawn ; and on the 'dented shore
With play of quoit or javelin, or with bow,
His men disported ; idly stood their steeds,
Each by his chariot cropping from the marsh
Lotos or parsley : or within their tents
His captains' cars lay empty ; and themselves,
Lamenting their lost leader, through the camp
Roam'd listless to and fro, but went not forth.

But forth the host now moved, and, as with fire,
The ground was eaten up before their tread :
Earth groan'd beneath them, as when Zeus hath wax'd
Wrathful and struck the earth at Arimi
Round Typhon, where they rumour Typhon laid :
So 'neath their tramp, as on they came, all earth
Groan'd loudly ; and they swiftly scour'd the plain.

Then flew windfooted Iris swift to Troy
Sent by great Zeus to bear the evil news.
She found the Trojans young and old alike
In council gather'd round King Priam's gates,
And drawing near address'd them : like in voice
She made her to Polites, Priam's son,
Their scout, who, trustful in his speed of foot,
High upon ancient Æsyetes' tomb
Sate to espy the onset from the fleet.
Guised in his image, fleetfoot Iris spake :
"My Father, out of season, as in peace

ὣς ποτ' ἐπ' εἰρήνης· πόλεμος δ' ἀλίαστος ὄρωρεν.
ἦ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ μάχας εἰσήλυθον ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλ' οὔπω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν ὄπωπα·
λίην γὰρ φύλλοισιν ἐοικότες ἢ ψαμάθοισιν
ἔρχονται πεδίοιο μαχησόμενοι περὶ ἄστυ.
Ἕκτορ, σοὶ δὲ μάλιστ' ἐπιτέλλομαι ὧδέ γε ῥέξαι·
πολλοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμου ἐπίκουροι,
ἄλλη δ' ἄλλων γλῶσσα πολυσπερέων ἀνθρώπων·
τοῖσιν ἕκαστος ἀνὴρ σημαινέτω οἷσί περ ἄρχει,
τῶν δ' ἐξηγείσθω, κοσμησάμενος πολιήτας."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' οὔτι θεᾶς ἔπος ἠγνοίησεν,
αἶψα δ' ἔλυσ' ἀγορήν· ἐπὶ τεύχεα δ' ἐσσεύοντο.
πᾶσαι δ' ὠΐγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαός,
πεζοί θ' ἱππῆές τε· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

Ἔστι δέ τις προπάροιθε πόλιος αἰπεῖα κολώνη,
ἐν πεδίῳ ἀπάνευθε, περίδρομος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
τὴν ἤτοι ἄνδρες Βατίειαν κικλήσκουσιν,
ἀθάνατοι δέ τε σῆμα πολυσκάρθμοιο Μυρίνης·
ἔνθα τότε Τρῶές τε διέκριθεν ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι.

Τρωσὶ μὲν ἡγεμόνευε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
Πριαμίδης· ἅμα τῷγε πολὺ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι
λαοὶ θωρήσσοντο, μεμαότες ἐγχείῃσιν.

Δαρδανίων αὖτ' ἦρχεν ἐὺς παῖς Ἀγχίσαο,
Αἰνείας, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀγχίσῃ τέκε δῖ' Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἴδης ἐν κνημοῖσι θεὰ βροτῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,
οὐκ οἷος, ἅμα τῷγε δύω Ἀντήνορος υἷε,
Ἀρχέλοχός τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.

Οἳ δὲ Ζέλειαν ἔναιον ὑπαὶ πόδα νείατον Ἴδης,
ἀφνειοὶ, πίνοντες ὕδωρ μέλαν Αἰσήποιο,
Τρῶες, τῶν αὖτ' ἦρχε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς,
Πάνδαρος, ᾧ καὶ τόξον Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν.

Οἳ δ' Ἀδρήστειάν τ' εἶχον καὶ δῆμον Ἀπαισοῦ,

So now, thy words ; resistless comes the war.
Oft have I enter'd battle, yet till now
Such and so vast a host I ne'er beheld.
Like leaves or sand for multitude, they come
Across the plain to fight beneath our walls.
Hector, on thee I therefore lay this charge ;
Great the Alliance now in Priam's streets ;
Many their tongues, and men of various race.
Therefore let each prince signal to his own;
Whilst thou their chief array'st the men of Troy."
She spoke, and Hector knew the voice divine,
And straight dispersed the assembly ; all to arms
Rush'd, and the gates flew ope, and forth they stream'd
Footman and horse ; loud rose the din of war.

Before the town a column sheer upstands
Far on the plain, uncumber'd either side,
By men named Batieia, but the Gods
Know it the Amazon Myrina's cairn ;
Round this the allies and Trojans ranged their troops.

The Trojans Hector of the glancing helm,
The mighty son of Priam, led to war.
His was the troop most numerous, and withal
The bravest, hot to ply their deadly spears.

The Dardans brave Æneas led, the son
Of Prince Anchises ; whom on Ida's knolls
Immortal Aphrodite, by the side
Of mortal lying, to Anchises bare :
With him Archelochus and Acamas,
Sons of Antenor, and adroit in arms.

Then those who dwelt on Ida's farthest foot,
Rich men, who drink the black Æsepus' stream,
The Trojans of Zeleia :—These were led
By Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son,
Dower'd by Apollo with the bowman's art.

Who dwelt in Adrasteia, and the town

καὶ Πιτύειαν ἔχον καὶ Τηρείης ὄρος αἰπὺ,
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἄδρηστός τε καὶ Ἄμφιος λινοθώρηξ,
υἷε δύω Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
ᾔδεε μαντοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὓς παῖδας ἔασκεν
στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα. τὼ δέ οἱ οὔτι
πειθέσθην· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.

Οἳ δ' ἄρα Περκώτην καὶ Πράκτιον ἀμφενέμοντο
καὶ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἄβυδον ἔχον καὶ δῖαν Ἀρίσβην,
τῶν αὖθ' Ὑρτακίδης ἦρχ' Ἄσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης, ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι
αἴθωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.

Ἱππόθοος δ' ἄγε φῦλα Πελασγῶν ἐγχεσιμώρων,
τῶν οἳ Λάρισαν ἐριβώλακα ναιετάασκον·
τῶν ἦρχ' Ἱππόθοός τε Πύλαιός τ', ὄζος Ἄρηος,
υἷε δύω Λήθοιο Πελασγοῦ Τευταμίδαο.

Αὐτὰρ Θρήϊκας ἦγ' Ἀκάμας καὶ Πείροος ἥρως,
ὅσσους Ἑλλήσποντος ἀγάρροος ἐντὸς ἐέργει.

Εὔφημος δ' ἀρχὸς Κικόνων ἦν αἰχμητάων,
υἱὸς Τροιζήνοιο διοτρεφέος Κεάδαο.

Αὐτὰρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους,
τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος, ἀπ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρυρέοντος,
Ἀξιοῦ, οὗ κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπικίδναται αἶαν.

Παφλαγόνων δ' ἡγεῖτο Πυλαιμένεος λάσιον κῆρ
ἐξ Ἐνετῶν, ὅθεν ἠμιόνων γένος ἀγροτεράων,
οἵ ῥα Κύτωρον ἔχον καὶ Σήσαμον ἀμφενέμοντο
ἀμφί τε Παρθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον,
Κρῶμνάν τ' Αἰγιαλόν τε καὶ ὑψηλοὺς Ἐρυθίνους.

Of King Apœsus; who possess'd the mount
Of steep Tereia, and Piteia's vale;—
These Amphius (in a linen corslet arm'd)
Led with Adrastus; sons of Merops, King
Of Percos: he of all mankind most skill'd
In divination, and forbade his sons
From this fell leaguer: but they would not hear,
Borne onward by their dooms to early death.

Next, who in heavenly-built Arisbe dwelt,
Percote and Abydos, Practius' walls
And Sestos;—These the son of Hyrtacus
Asius commanded, prince of men: ev'n he,
Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came
Drawn from Arisbe and from Selle's streams
By fiery chestnut horses, large and strong.

Led by Hippothous the Pelasgian tribes,
Spearmen, who in rich-glebed Larissa dwelt;
These the two sons of Lethos (he the son
Of Teutamus of Pelasgos) led to war,
Pylæus and Hippothous, brave and young.

Next, those by Hellespont's strong tide confined,
The Thracians, Acamas and Peiroos ranged.
Son of Trœzenus, Zeus-sprung Ceas' son,
Euphemus, brought the brave Ciconian troop.

Far from broad-flowing Axius (stream of streams
Most bounteous that o'erspread the fruitful earth)
Led by Pyræchmes, arm'd with crookbent bows,
Came the Pæonian troop from Amydon.

From Paphlagonia (whence the breed of mules
Wildest to break) the Enetians came; with those
From Sesamon, Cytorus, and the domes
Of farfamed Kromna on Parthenius' stream;
Ægialus; and the Erythinian hills:
To these the guidance of Pylæmenes.

Αὐτὰρ Ἀλιζώνων Ὀδίος καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον
τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀλύβης, ὅθεν ἀργύρου ἐστὶ γενέθλη.

Μυσῶν δὲ Χρόμις ἦρχε καὶ Ἔννομος οἰωνιστής·
ἀλλ' οὐκ οἰωνοῖσιν ἐρύσσατο κῆρα μέλαιναν,
ἀλλ' ἐδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι περ Τρῶας κεράϊζε καὶ ἄλλους.

Φόρκυς αὖ Φρύγας ἦγε καὶ Ἀσκάνιος θεοειδὴς
τῆλ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης· μέμασαν δ' ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι.

Μῆσιν αὖ Μέσθλης τε καὶ Ἄντιφος ἡγησάσθην,
υἷε Ταλαιμένεος, τὼ Γυγαίη τέκε λίμνη,
οἳ καὶ Μῆονας ἦγον ὑπὸ Τμώλῳ γεγαῶτας.

Νάστης αὖ Καρῶν ἡγήσατο βαρβαροφώνων,
οἳ Μίλητον ἔχον Φθειρῶν τ' ὄρος ἀκριτόφυλλον
Μαιάνδρου τε ῥοὰς Μυκάλης τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα·
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Νάστης ἡγησάσθην,
Νάστης Ἀμφίμαχός τε, Νομίονος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
ὃς καὶ χρυσὸν ἔχων πόλεμόνδ' ἴεν, ἠΰτε κούρη,
νήπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ τόγ' ἐπήρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
ἀλλ' ἐδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐν ποταμῷ, χρυσὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐκόμισσε δαΐφρων.

Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἦρχεν Λυκίων καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων
τηλόθεν ἐκ Λυκίης, Ξάνθου ἄπο δινήεντος.

Far from the silver mines of Alybe,
By Hodius and Epistrophus array'd,
Came to the war the troops of Halizon.

The Mysians Chromius led, and Ennomus,
The seer, who knew the tokens of all birds:
Yet not that knowledge guarded off his head
Black fate, but by the sword of Peleus' Son,
Where in the stream so many fell, he fell.

Next, from Ascania Phorcys ranged the bands
Of Phrygia; and with him Ascanius led,
A godlike chieftain: strong their hearts to war.
Sons of Talæmenes, and near the lake
Of Gyge born, Mesthles and Antiphus
Led the Mæonians, and with them that tribe
Mæonian, which 'neath Tmolus hath its birth.

The Carians, men of most barbarian speech,
Whose is Miletus, and the forest-flank
Of Phthira's mountain, and Mæander's stream,
And Mycale's steep cliff, Amphimachus
And Nastes led, Nomion's glorious sons:
Nastes, who girl-like, in a suit all gold
Came forth to battle—Fond! for not his gold
Could guard a fell destruction from his head,
But in the stream by Peleus' fleetfoot Son
He died; and great Achilles stripp'd his gold.

From Lycia and from Xanthus' silvery breaks
The Lycians Glaucus and Sarpedon brought.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Γ'.

Ὅρκοι. Τειχοσκοπία. Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Μενελάου μονομαχία.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κόσμηθεν ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕκαστοι,
Τρῶες μὲν κλαγγῇ τ' ἐνοπῇ τ' ἴσαν, ὄρνιθες ὣς,
ἠΰτε περ κλαγγὴ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρὸ,
αἵτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὄμβρον,
κλαγγῇ ταίγε πέτονται ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων,
ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι·
ἠέριαι δ' ἄρα ταίγε κακὴν ἔριδα προφέρονται·
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν σιγῇ μένεα πνείοντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἐν θυμῷ μεμαῶτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

Εὖτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι Νότος κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην,
ποιμέσιν οὔτι φίλην, κλέπτῃ δέ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνω,
τόσσον τίς τ' ἐπιλεύσσει, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ λᾶαν ἵησιν·
ὣς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ κονίσαλος ὤρνυτ' ἀελλὴς
ἐρχομένων· μάλα δ' ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Τρωσὶν μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς,
παρδαλέην ὤμοισιν ἔχων καὶ καμπύλα τόξα
καὶ ξίφος· αὐτὰρ ὁ δοῦρε δύω κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ
πάλλων Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος
ἐρχόμενον προπάροιθεν ὁμίλου, μακρὰ βιβάντα,
ὥστε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας,
εὑρὼν ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα,
πεινάων· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει, εἴπερ ἂν αὐτὸν

ILIAD III.

ANON both hosts were marshall'd with their chiefs.
Moved then the Trojans, with a clamour and cry,
Birdlike, as is the cry of cranes, that flee
The winter's snows and rainfloods to the stream
Of ocean, clanging loud before high heaven,
And bearing through the morning's mists a war
Baleful against the Pygmies, and their death.
But silent, breathing wrath, the Achaians moved,
Steadfast, and loyal-hearted, man to man.

And like a fog the west-wind oft hath shed
Round a hill-crest, most hateful to the hind,
But dearer than night's darkness to the thief,
When further than a stone-cast none can see;
Such rose the dust in whirl beneath their feet
Advancing, whilst they quickly clear'd the plain.

When each had near'd the other on the field,
Then foremost champion of the Trojan van
Show'd godlike Alexander; o'er his back
A panther-skin was swung, and crookbent bow
And sword beside; a spear in either hand
Brass-tipt he brandish'd, whilst he challenged loud
The bravest of the Argeians to oppose
His onset in dread battle, hand to hand.

Whom Menelaus, Ares-loved, beheld
Thus stalking with wide stride before the throng,
And joy'd, as hunger-bitten lion joys
'Lighting on some huge carcass of wild goat
Or antler'd stag; for fierce he rends and eats

σεύωνται ταχέες τε κύνες θαλεροί τ' αἰζηοί·
ὣς ἐχάρη Μενέλαος Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδών· φάτο γὰρ τίσεσθαι ἀλείτην
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς
ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ·
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τε δράκοντα ἰδὼν παλίνορσος ἀπέστη
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς, ὑπό τε τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα,
ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησεν, ὠχρός τέ μιν εἷλε παρειὰς,
ὣς αὖτις καθ' ὅμιλον ἔδυ Τρώων ἀγερώχων
δείσας Ἀτρέος υἱὸν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής.
τὸν δ' Ἕκτωρ νείκεσσεν ἰδὼν αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν·

"Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμανὲς, ἠπεροπευτα,
αἴθ' ὄφελες ἄγονός τ' ἔμεναι ἄγαμός τ' ἀπολέσθαι.
καί κε τὸ βουλοίμην, καί κεν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν
ἢ οὕτω λώβην τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ὑπόψιον ἄλλων.
ἦ που καγχαλόωσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
φάντες ἀριστῆα πρόμον ἔμμεναι, οὕνεκα καλὸν
εἶδος ἔπ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι βίη φρεσὶν οὐδέ τις ἀλκή.
ἦ τοιόσδε ἐὼν ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν
πόντον ἐπιπλώσας, ἑτάρους ἐρίηρας ἀγείρας,
μιχθεὶς ἀλλοδαποῖσι γυναῖκ' εὐειδέ' ἀνῆγες
ἐξ ἀπίης γαίης, νυὸν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων,
πατρί τε σῷ μέγα πῆμα πόλῃ τε παντί τε δήμῳ,
δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ;
οὐκ ἂν δὴ μείνειας ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον;
γνοίης χ' οἵου φωτὸς ἔχεις θαλερὴν παράκοιτιν.
οὐκ ἄν τοι χραίσμῃ κίθαρις τά τε δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης,
ἥ τε κόμη τό τε εἶδος, ὅτ' ἐν κονίῃσι μιγείης.
ἀλλὰ μάλα Τρῶες δειδήμονες· ἦ τέ κεν ἤδη
λαΐνον ἕσσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἕνεχ' ὅσσα ἔοργας."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·

Though hound and hunter press upon his heels;
Such joy had Menelaus seeing there
Before him Alexander's beauteous form;
And said at heart, The debtor now shall pay,
And from his chariot, all in arms, leapt down.

But when the other view'd him in the van
So nigh, his false heart smote him, and he slunk
Back deep within the ranks, and fled from fate.
As in a mountain-glade who sees a snake
Recoils and starts away, with quivering limb,
And cheek blanch'd pale with fear, and quick departs;
So back amongst the misproud Trojans went
In fear of Atreus' Son their beauteous Prince.

Whom Hector saw, and spake these bitter words;
"Paris, thou curse! For women madman mere!
So fair and false! Oh hadst thou died unborn
Nor ever wedded—would 'twere so—yea, 'twere
Better for thine own self, than thus to live
The byword and foul proverb of the world!
Hear'st thou that laugh? The Achaians deem the skulk
Foremost of Trojan champions; for, in sooth,
Thou hast the show of bravery, not the heart.
Thou was it who couldst voyage bold aboard
Thy galley with a gallant company
On venture to far lands, and ravish thence
So fair a woman and a warrior's wife?
And on this realm a ruin thou couldst bring,
Woe on thy father, and on all thy race,
Shame on thyself, and to our enemies joy?
Yet darest not now encounter Atreus' Son:
So haply shouldst thou learn what manner of man
He, whose fair wife thou holdest, shows in arms.
Little with him would 'vail thee that sweet lyre,
The gifts of Aphrodite, curlèd locks,
And beauty, when thou hadst fallen smirch'd in dust.
Truly is Troy most loyal to her Kings;
Else hadst thou long since worn a robe of stone.
And Paris, graceful as some God, replied:

"Ἕκτορ, ἐπεί με κατ' αἶσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν,
αἰεί τοι κραδίη πέλεκυς ὥς ἐστιν ἀτειρὴς,
ὅστ' εἶσιν διὰ δουρὸς ὑπ' ἀνέρος, ὅς ῥά τε τέχνῃ
νήϊον ἐκτάμνῃσιν, ὀφέλλει δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐρωήν·
ὣς σοὶ ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀτάρβητος νόος ἐστίν.
μή μοι δῶρ' ἐρατὰ πρόφερε χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης·
οὔτοι ἀπόβλητ' ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα,
ὅσσα κεν αὐτοὶ δῶσιν, ἑκὼν δ' οὐκ ἄν τις ἕλοιτο.
νῦν αὖτ' εἴ μ' ἐθέλεις πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
αὐτὰρ ἔμ' ἐν μέσσῳ καὶ ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον
συμβάλετ' ἀμφ' Ἑλένῃ καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι.
ὁππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,
κτήμαθ' ἑλὼν εὖ πάντα γυναῖκά τε οἴκαδ' ἀγέσθω·
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες
ναίοιτε Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοὶ δὲ νεέσθων
Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιΐδα καλλιγύναικα."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτ' ἐχάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας,
καί ῥ' ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας,
μέσσου δουρὸς ἑλών· τοὶ δ' ἱδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.
τῷ δ' ἐπετοξάζοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἰοῖσίν τε τιτυσκόμενοι λάεσσί τ' ἔβαλλον.
αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὸν ἄϋσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Ἴσχεσθ', Ἀργεῖοι, μὴ βάλλετε, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν·
στεῦται γάρ τι ἔπος ἐρέειν κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἔσχοντο μάχης ἄνεώ τ' ἐγένοντο
ἐσσυμένως. Ἕκτωρ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔειπεν·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.
ἄλλους μὲν κέλεται Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
τεύχεα κάλ' ἀποθέσθαι ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
αὐτὸν δ' ἐν μέσσῳ καὶ ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον
οἷους ἄμφ' Ἑλένῃ καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι.
ὁππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,

"Too true thy chide, nor passeth my desert.
For, Hector, thine own heart is temper'd true,
As axe, which, in a woodman's hand who shapes
A vessel's plank, cleaves sheer the stem, and turns
His strength to treble use; like temper lies
In thine undaunted spirit. But, I pray,
Judge me not thus; nor cast the priceless gifts
Of golden Aphrodite in my teeth.
Not to be scorn'd are those bright gifts of heaven,
Bestow'd by Gods; no wish can win the like.
Howbeit, since thou wouldst have me battle thus,
Bid all th' Achaians and the Trojans else
Sit down, and in the centre, face to face,
Plant me with Menelaus, there to fight
For Helen and the booty ta'en withal.
And, whoso conquering shows the better man,
With her and with the booty let him go
Unhinder'd home; but ye the rest swear truce
Faithful o'er victims slain, and all in peace
Inhabit fruitful Troy; whilst they return
To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,
And the famed women of Achaia's land."

He spoke, whom Hector hearing felt o'erjoy'd
And moving to the centre signall'd back,
With spear grasp'd halfway down the staff, his host
Who halted all. Against him standing thus
The Achaians drew their bows to the arrows' heads
Or aim'd to hit with stones; but loudly call'd
Their sovereign Agamemnon, and forbade:

"Hold back, Argeians; hold, Achaia's youth,
Strike not; for Hector would demand a parle."

He spoke, and they from battle held them back,
Still'd in a moment; whilst brave Hector thus:

"Hear, Trojans, and Achaian men of war!
Hear from my lips what Alexander saith,
The author of this strife. He bids all else
Doff their bright arms and lay them on the earth,
Whilst he with Menelaus in our midst
Fights hand to hand for Helen and her wealth:
And whoso conquering shows the better man,

κτήμαθ' ἑλὼν εὖ πάντα γυναῖκά τε οἴκαδ' ἀγέσθω·
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

"Κέκλυτε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο· μάλιστα γὰρ ἄλγος ἱκάνει
θυμὸ ἐμόν· φρονέω δὲ διακρινθήμεναι ἤδη
Ἀργείους καὶ Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέποσθε
εἵνεκ' ἐμῆς ἔριδος καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἀρχῆς.
ἡμέων δ' ὁπποτέρῳ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται,
τεθναίη· ἄλλοι δὲ διακρινθεῖτε τάχιστα.
οἴσετε δ' ἄρν', ἕτερον λευκὸν, ἑτέρην δὲ μέλαιναν,
Γῇ τε καὶ Ἡελίῳ· Διὶ δ' ἡμεῖς οἴσομεν ἄλλον.
ἄξετε δὲ Πριάμοιο βίην, ὅφρ' ὅρκια τάμνῃ
αὐτὸς, ἐπεί οἱ παῖδες ὑπερφίαλοι καὶ ἄπιστοι,
μή τις ὑπερβασίῃ Διὸς ὅρκια δηλήσηται.
αἰεὶ δ' ὁπλοτέρων ἀνδρῶν φρένες ἠερέθονται·
οἷς δ' ὁ γέρων μετέῃσιν, ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω
λεύσσει, ὅπως ὄχ' ἄριστα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γένηται."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐχάρησαν Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε,
ἐλπόμενοι παύσεσθαι ὀϊζυροῦ πολέμοιο.
καί ῥ' ἵππους μὲν ἔρυξαν ἐπὶ στίχας, ἐκ δ' ἔβαν αὐτοὶ,
τεύχεά τ' ἐξεδύοντο, τὰ μὲν κατέθεντ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
πλησίον ἀλλήλων, ὀλίγη δ' ἦν ἀμφὶς ἄρουρα.

Ἕκτωρ δὲ προτὶ ἄστυ δύω κήρυκας ἔπεμπεν
καρπαλίμως ἄρνας τε φέρειν Πριάμόν τε καλέσσαι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Ταλθύβιον προΐει κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἰέναι, ἠδ' ἄρν' ἐκέλευεν
οἰσέμεναι· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δίῳ.

Ἶρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένῃ λευκωλένῳ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν,
εἰδομένη γαλόῳ, Ἀντηνορίδαο δάμαρτι,
τὴν Ἀντηνορίδης εἶχε κρείων Ἑλικάων,
Λαοδίκην, Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην.
τὴν δ' εὗρ' ἐν μεγάρῳ· ἡ δὲ μέγαν ἱστὸν ὕφαινεν,
δίπλακα πορφυρέην, πολέας δ' ἐνέπασσεν ἀέθλους

With her and with the booty let him go
Unhinder'd home; whilst we the rest swear truce
Faithful o'er victims slain, and part in peace."
He ceased; in silence mute awhile they sate,
Till gallant Menelaus spake, and said:
"Likewise hear me; for deepest in my heart
Hath this grief pierced. But now I hail the end,
When, after all their sufferings in my cause
For Alexander's wrong original,
Troy and Achaia can be sunder'd free.
Perish of us the one whose death is doom'd,
But ye thereafter all in peace depart.
Bring therefore Troy two lambs, one white, one black,
This, Earth's, and *that*, an offering to the Sun,
And we a third for Zeus. And summon forth
The majesty of Priam, who shall strike
With his own hand the pledges of our truce:
Whose sons are faithless, by their pride o'erbrimm'd,
And foully might transgress the oath to Zeus.
For youth is passionate, unstable, unsure;
But where an elder bears a part, he looks
Before and after, to the good of all."
He ended; and who heard rejoiced with hope
Of rest from battle and the baleful war.
They rein'd their steeds in line, and left the cars,
And doff'd their arms and laid them on the earth,
And short the space was bare betwixt the hosts.

Then Hector sent two heralds to the town
Swiftly to bring the lambs and call the King;
So likewise sovran Agamemnon sent
Talthybius to the galleys, thence to fetch
Third lamb for Zeus; who quick as bidden went.

Meantime to white-arm Helen came from heaven
Iris, and seem'd Laodice, the wife
Of Helicaon, prince Antenor's son,
The loveliest of the daughters of the King.
She found her weaving on her loom a web
Double of purple dye, and in the cloth

Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
οὕς ἑθεν εἵνεκ' ἔπασχον ὑπ' Ἄρηος παλαμάων.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·

"Δεῦρ' ἴθι, νύμφα φίλη, ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα ἴδηαι
Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
οἱ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι φέρον πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα
ἐν πεδίῳ, ὀλοοῖο λιλαιόμενοι πολέμοιο,
οἱ δὴ νῦν ἕαται σιγῇ—πόλεμος δὲ πέπαυται—
ἀσπίσι κεκλιμένοι, παρὰ δ' ἔγχεα μακρὰ πέπηγεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος
μακρῇς ἐγχείῃσι μαχήσονται περὶ σεῖο·
τῷ δέ κε νικήσαντι φίλη κεκλήσῃ ἄκοιτις."

Ὣς εἰποῦσα θεὰ γλυκὺν ἵμερον ἔμβαλε θυμῷ
ἀνδρός τε προτέροιο καὶ ἄστεος ἠδὲ τοκήων.
κὺτίκα δ' ἀργεννῇσι καλυψαμένη ὀθόνῃσιν
ὥρμᾶτ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα,
οὐκ οἴη, ἅμα τῇγε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι δύ' ἕποντο,
Αἴθρη, Πιτθῆος θυγάτηρ, Κλυμένη τε βοῶπις.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανον ὅθι Σκαιαὶ πύλαι ἦσαν.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφὶ Πρίαμον καὶ Πάνθοον ἠδὲ Θυμοίτην
Λάμπον τε Κλυτίον θ' Ἱκετάονά τ', ὄζον Ἄρηος,
Οὐκαλέγων τε καὶ Ἀντήνωρ, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω,
εἵατο δημογέροντες ἐπὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν,
γήραϊ δὴ πολέμοιο πεπαυμένοι, ἀλλ' ἀγορηταὶ
ἐσθλοί, τεττίγεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἵτε καθ' ὕλην
δενδρέῳ ἐφεζόμενοι ὄπα λειριόεσσαν ἰεῖσιν·
τοῖοι ἄρα Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἦντ' ἐπὶ πύργῳ.
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν εἶδονθ' Ἑλένην ἐπὶ πύργον ἰοῦσαν,
ἧκα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον.

"Οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
τοιῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
αἰνῶς ἀθανάτῃσι θεῇς εἰς ὦπα ἔοικεν.

Embroidering many a labour of the hosts—
Mailfrock'd Achaians, charioteers of Troy—
Which under Ares for her sake they bore;
Whom windfoot Iris near approach'd, and said:
"Come forth, dear Nymph, and view the godlike deeds
Of mail'd Achaians and Troy's charioteers,
Who each on other, scarce one moment past,
Brought tear-abounding Ares, and career'd
Thirsting for slaughterous battle o'er the plain;
But now sit silenced (and the strife is stay'd)
Reclined upon their bucklers, with their spears
Planted in earth beside them. In their midst
Paris and Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Will meet in single battle match'd for thee;
Who conquers, his dear wife shalt thou be named."

Speaking the Goddess in her heart instill'd
A strong fond yearning for her olden lord,
Her parents, and the city of her home.
In a white glistening veil she veil'd her form
And left her chamber, tears upon her cheek;
Nor uncompanion'd; but went with her forth
Two handmaids, Æthra, Piteus' daughter fair,
And broadbrow'd Klymene. Quick pass'd the three
Far as the bulwark o'er the Scæan gate.

There with Thymœtes, Panthous, and the prince
Lampus, and Hicetaon, flower of war,
And Clytius, sate Antenor by the side
Of old Ucalegon; sage elders both,
Kept from the war by age, but garrulous
Of wise discourse. So sate upon that tower
The elders, as cicalæ on a tree
Filling the forest with a slender sound
Sweet as the breath of lilies: so they sate,
And saw fair Helen mounting to the tower,
And softly each to other whisper'd thus:
"No blame, no marvel, for such woman's sake
The hosts endure this suffering; for she seems
Like to Immortals—wondrous to behold.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς, τοίη περ ἐοῦσ', ἐν νηυσὶ νεέσθω,
μηδ' ἡμῖν τεκέεσσί τ' ὀπίσσω πῆμα λίποιτο."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφαν, Πρίαμος δ' Ἑλένην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ·
"δεῦρο πάροιθ' ἐλθοῦσα, φίλον τέκος, ἵζεν ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ πρότερόν τε πόσιν πηούς τε φίλους τε—
οὔτι μοι αἰτίη ἐσσὶ, θεοί νύ μοι αἴτιοί εἰσιν,
οἵ μοι ἐφώρμησαν πόλεμον πολύδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν—
ὥς μοι καὶ τόνδ' ἄνδρα πελώριον ἐξονομήνῃς,
ὅστις ὅδ' ἐστὶν Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἠΰς τε μέγας τε.
ἦτοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μείζονες ἄλλοι ἔασιν·
καλὸν δ' οὔτω ἐγὼν οὔπω ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
οὐδ' οὕτω γεραρόν· βασιλῆϊ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικεν."

Τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισιν ἀμείβετο, δῖα γυναικῶν·
"αἰδοῖός τέ μοί ἐσσι, φίλε ἑκυρὲ, δεινός τε·
ὡς ὄφελεν θανατός μοι ἀδεῖν κακὸς, ὁππότε δεῦρο
υἱέϊ σῷ ἐπόμην, θάλαμον γνωτούς τε λιποῦσα
παῖδά τε τηλυγέτην καὶ ὁμηλικίην ἐρατεινήν.
ἀλλὰ τάγ' οὐκ ἐγένοντο· τὸ καὶ κλαίουσα τέτηκα.
τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέω, ὅ μ' ἀνείρεαι ἠδὲ μεταλλᾷς·
οὗτός γ' Ἀτρείδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής·
δαὴρ αὖτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπιδος, εἴποτ' ἔην γε."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων ἠγάσσατο φώνησέν τε·
"ὦ μάκαρ Ἀτρείδη, μοιρηγενὲς, ὀλβιόδαιμον,
ἦ ῥά νύ τοι πολλοὶ δεδμήατο κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.
ἤδη καὶ Φρυγίην εἰσήλυθον ἀμπελόεσσαν,
ἔνθα ἴδον πλείστους Φρύγας ἀνέρας αἰολοπώλους,
λαοὺς Ὀτρῆος καὶ Μύγδονος ἀντιθέοιο,
οἵ ῥα τότ' ἐστρατόωντο παρ' ὄχθας Σαγγαρίοιο·
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μετὰ τοῖσιν ἐλέχθην
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε τ' ἦλθον Ἀμαζόνες ἀντιάνειραι·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' οἱ τόσοι ἦσαν ὅσοι ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί."

Δεύτερον αὖτ' Ὀδυσῆα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν' ὁ γεραιός·
"εἶπ' ἄγε μοι καὶ τόνδε, φίλον τέκος, ὅστις ὅδ' ἐστίν·
μείων μὲν κεφαλῇ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο,

Yet would, despite her beauty, she were gone,
And this dread trouble with her from our sons!"
Thus they; but Priam call'd her to his side:
"Draw near, mine own dear child, and seat thee here;
Whence thou mayst look down on thine olden lord,
Thy kith and kin, and friends. For not to thee
I give the blame, but to the Powers of Heaven,
Of this dread quarrel and the woes of war.
But name to me that mighty man-at-arms,
The Achaian, who uptowers so vast and strong;
Though others seem the taller by the head,
None see I else so noble, or his peer
For majesty,—from heel to helm a king."
Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus:
"Father, I honour, yet must fear thee too.
Ah then should Death have pleased me, ere I came
Following thy son, and for his sake forsook
My marriage-bed, my husband, and my kin,
Mine only child, and all I loved in youth!
This might not be; and therefore shall I waste
In endless tears. But hear what thou hast ask'd;
That chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Not less as man-at-arms than king renown'd,
My husband's brother—woe be on my shame!"
She ceased; the Elder wondering o'er him spake:
"Most blest art thou, Atrides, to high state
Born, by thy fortune happy and thy wealth!
Numerous indeed the Achaian warlike youth
Subject to thee. I travell'd long years since
To vine-clad Phrygia, and beheld the host
Of Otreus and of godlike Mygdon there,
Levied along the banks of Sangarus,
Thousands, with chariots glancing to and fro;
With whom, when foes to man the Amazons came,
I also was enroll'd; yet not ev'n they
Were like in numbers to these bright-eyed men."

Anon he saw Odysseus, and he ask'd:
"And who, my child, stands yonder? What his name?
Whose head stands lower than doth Atreus' Son's,

εὐρύτερος δ' ὤμοισιν ἰδὲ στέρνοισιν ἰδέσθαι.
τεύχεα μὲν οἱ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
αὐτὸς δὲ κτίλος ὣς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν·
ἀρνειῷ μιν ἔγωγε ἐΐσκω πηγεσιμάλλῳ,
ὅστ' ὀΐων μέγα πῶϋ διέρχεται ἀργεννάων."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα·
"οὗτος δ' αὖ Λαερτιάδης, πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,
ὃς τράφη ἐν δήμῳ Ἰθάκης κραναῆς περ ἐούσης
εἰδὼς παντοίους τε δόλους καὶ μήδεα πυκνά."

Τὴν δ' αὖτ' Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα.
"ὦ γύναι, ἦ μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος νημερτὲς ἔειπες·
ἤδη γὰρ καὶ δεῦρό ποτ' ἦλυθε δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
σεῦ ἕνεκ' ἀγγελίης, σὺν ἀρηϊφίλῳ Μενελάῳ·
τοὺς δ' ἐγὼ ἐξείνισσα καὶ ἐν μεγάροισι φίλησα,
ἀμφοτέρων δὲ φυὴν ἐδάην καὶ μήδεα πυκνά.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν,
στάντων μὲν Μενέλαος ὑπείρεχεν εὐρέας ὤμους,
ἄμφω δ' ἑζομένω, γεραρώτερος ἦεν Ὀδυσσεύς.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μύθους καὶ μήδεα πᾶσιν ὕφαινον,
ἤτοι μὲν Μενέλαος ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευεν,
παῦρα μέν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως, ἐπεὶ οὐ πολύμυθος
οὐδ' ἀφαμαρτοεπὴς, ἦ καὶ γένει ὕστερος ἦεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολύμητις ἀναΐξειεν Ὀδυσσεύς,
στάσκεν, ὑπαὶ δὲ ἴδεσκε κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πήξας,
σκῆπτρον δ' οὔτ' ὀπίσω οὔτε προπρηνὲς ἐνώμα,
ἀλλ' ἀστεμφὲς ἔχεσκεν, ἀΐδρεϊ φωτὶ ἐοικώς·
φαίης κε ζάκοτόν τέ τιν' ἔμμεναι ἄφρονά τ' αὖτως·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ὄπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἵει
καὶ ἔπεα νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν,
οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆϊ γ' ἐρίσσειε βροτὸς ἄλλος·
οὐ τότε γ' ὧδ' Ὀδυσῆος ἀγασσάμεθ' εἶδος ἰδόντες."

Τὸ τρίτον αὖτ' Αἴαντα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν' ὁ γεραιός·
"τίς τ' ἄρ' ὅδ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἠΰς τε μέγας τε,
ἔξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλήν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους;"

Τὸν δ' Ἑλένη τανύπεπλος ἀμείβετο, δῖα γυναικῶν·
"οὗτος δ' Αἴας ἐστὶ πελώριος, ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν·

But chest and shoulders broader to the view.
His arms lie doff'd upon the fruitful earth,
Whilst he moves through the legions—like some ram;
Yea, I would liken him to a full-fleeced ram,
Moving majestic midst a snow-white flock."
Whom Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus:
"That is Laertes' son, sage Odyseus;
In the wild isle of Ithaca born and bred,
Yet is he most the master of all arts,
And of the ways and wisdom of the world."
To whom Antenor then began address:
"Lady, thou speakest truly. Once for thee
In embassy divine Odysseus came
With warlike Menelaus to our town:
And I, as being their host, receiving both
In my own house, learn'd well the natural bent
And arts acquired of either. When the two
Together enter'd council, Atreus' Son,
The taller by the shoulders and the head,
Standing outtopp'd the other: when both sate,
Odysseus had the greater dignity.
And, in the weaving of the web of speech,
Swiftly but clearly, brief, as sparing words,
Straight to his mark, tho' young, the younger spoke;
But, when Odysseus sprang upright to speak,
He first would pause awhile, fixing his eyes
Fast to the earth, nor raise nor wave his staff
To signal aught, but hold it straight and stiff—
Half senseless, or some peasant churl, he seem'd.
It was but for a moment; when he pour'd
His deep bass voice from out his chest, and words
Fell fast as snow along a winter's wind,
We knew Odysseus peerless in debate;
That day we dwelt no more upon his form."

Anon the King saw Ajax, and he ask'd:
"And who is yon Achaian, tall and strong,
Outtopping all by head and shoulders broad?"
And Helen, flower of women, answer'd thus:
"A very bulwark to Achaia's host,

Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐνὶ Κρήτεσσι θεὸς ὣς
ἕστηκ', ἀμφὶ δέ μιν Κρητῶν ἀγοὶ ἠγερέθονται.
πολλάκι μιν ξείνισσεν ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος
οἴκῳ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ, ὁπότε Κρήτηθεν ἵκοιτο.
νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὁρῶ ἑλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς,
οὕς κεν ἐὺ γνοίην καί τ' οὔνομα μυθησαίμην·
δοιὼ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,
Κάστορά θ' ἱππόδαμον καὶ πὺξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,
αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τώ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.
ἦ οὐχ ἑσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς,
ἦ δεύρω μὲν ἕποντο νέεσσ' ἔνι ποντοπόροισιν,
νῦν αὖτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
αἴσχεα δειδιότες καὶ ὀνείδεα πόλλ', ἅ μοί ἐστιν."

Ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

Κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ θεῶν φέρον ὅρκια πιστὰ,
ἄρνε δύω καὶ οἶνον ἐΰφρονα, καρπὸν ἀρούρης,
ἀσκῷ ἐν αἰγείῳ· φέρε δὲ κρητῆρα φαεινὸν
κῆρυξ Ἰδαῖος ἠδὲ χρύσεια κύπελλα·
ὤτρυνεν δὲ γέροντα παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν·

"Ὄρσεο, Λαομεδοντιάδη, καλέουσιν ἄριστοι
Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
ἐς πεδίον καταβῆναι, ἵν' ὅρκια πιστὰ τάμητε·
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος
μακρῇς ἐγχείῃσι μαχήσοντ' ἀμφὶ γυναικί·
τῷ δέ κε νικήσαντι γυνὴ καὶ κτήματ' ἕποιτο·
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες
ναίοιμεν Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοὶ δὲ νέονται
Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιΐδα καλλιγύναικα."

Ὣς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, ἐκέλευσε δ' ἑταίροις
ἵππους ζευγνύμεναι· τοὶ δ' ὀτραλέως ἐπίθοντο.
ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἔβη Πρίαμος, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείνεν ὀπίσσω·

Great Ajax: on whose farther side I see
Idomeneus amongst his Cretans stand
Godlike, and round him all the Cretan chiefs.
Him oft would Menelaus to our home
Make welcome, whenso'er he came from Crete.
Alas, so many bright-eyed chiefs I view,
Whom I know well, and well might name to thee;
But two not less of mark, I nowhere view,
Castor a matchless champion on his car,
And Polydeuces, peerless in the ring,
My brothers—yea, one mother bare us all.
Perchance they have not follow'd o'er the sea
From lovely Lacedæmon; or, albeit
Their swift sea-voyaging barks have brought them here,
They shrink from showing on the battle-field,
Of me and all the deep dishonour shamed!"
She spake, not knowing; Earth, life-gendering Earth,
Held them long-since in Lacedæmon laid,
Ev'n in their own dear country, far away.

Meantime two heralds through the streets had brought
The lambs, the offering of their pledge to heaven;
And wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,
Earth's richest juice, in goatskin held they bore;
Also Idæus bare a polish'd bowl
With golden goblets; and beside the King
Standing address'd him thus with wingèd words:
"Rise, Priam, son of great Laomedon!
For either's chieftains call thee to the plain
To strike the sacred pledges of their truce.
Then Paris hand to hand 'gainst Atreus' Son
Will fight with sharp-tipp'd lances for their wife.
Who conquers, his the wife and all her wealth;
But we the rest in everlasting peace
Dwell then in fruitful Troy; whilst they return
To Argos and the pastures of their steeds,
And the famed women of Achaia's land."
He spoke; and Priam shudder'd for his son;
But bade his steeds be yoked ('twas soon obey'd),
Then mounted, gathering to the car the reins:

πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.
τὼ δὲ διὰ Σκαιῶν πεδίονδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵκοντο μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
ἐξ ἵππων ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν
ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχόωντο.
ὤρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις· ἀτὰρ κήρυκες ἀγαυοὶ
ὅρκια πιστὰ θεῶν σύναγον, κρητῆρι δὲ οἶνον
μίσγον, ἀτὰρ βασιλεῦσιν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν. 270
Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χείρεσσι μάχαιραν,
ἥ οἱ πὰρ ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἰὲν ἄωρτο,
ἀρνῶν ἐκ κεφαλέων τάμνε τρίχας· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
κήρυκες Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν νεῖμαν ἀρίστοις.
τοῖσιν δ' Ἀτρείδης μεγάλ' εὔχετο, χεῖρας ἀνασχών·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἰδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
Ἠέλιός θ', ὃς πάντ' ἐφορᾷς καὶ πάντ' ἐπακούεις,
καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἳ ὑπένερθε καμόντας
ἀνθρώπους τίνυσθον, ὅτις κ' ἐπίορκον ὀμόσσῃ,
ὑμεῖς μάρτυροι ἔστε, φυλάσσετε δ' ὅρκια πιστά· 280
εἰ μέν κεν Μενέλαον Ἀλέξανδρος καταπέφνῃ,
αὐτὸς ἔπειθ' Ἑλένην ἐχέτω καὶ κτήματα πάντα,
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν νήεσσι νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν·
εἰ δέ κ' Ἀλέξανδρον κτείνῃ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
Τρῶας ἔπειθ' Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματα πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι,
τιμὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ἀποτινέμεν ἥντιν' ἔοικεν,
ἥτε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοὶ τιμὴν Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες
τίνειν οὐκ ἐθέλωσιν Ἀλεξάνδροιο πεσόντος,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα ποινῆς 290
αὖθι μένων, εἷως κε τέλος πολέμοιο κιχείω."

Ἦ καὶ ἀπὸ στομάχους ἀρνῶν τάμε νηλεῖ χαλκῷ·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀσπαίροντας,
θυμοῦ δευομένους· ἀπὸ γὰρ μένος εἵλετο χαλκός.
οἶνον δ' ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφυσσάμενοι δεπάεσσιν
ἔκχεον, ἠδ' εὔχοντο θεοῖς αἰειγενέτῃσιν·
ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε·

"Ζεῦ κύδιστε μέγιστε, καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,

With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,
And forth together to the plain they drave.

Ere long they gain'd the hosts, and, off the car
Dismounting, up the lane betwixt them moved;
Whom Agamemnon seeing, rose to greet;
And with him sage Odysseus likewise rose.
The while the noble heralds nearer brought
The sacred pledges of their oath to heaven,
And in the bowl mix'd wine, and water pour'd
On the King's hands; whilst Atreus' Son drew forth
The knife, that by the scabbard of his sword
Hung ever, and shore off the first-fruit hairs
From the lambs' heads; and these the heralds took
And gave to all the chieftains, part to each:
Then loud with outspread hands Atrides cried:
"O Thou, who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious! And to thee I cry,
O Sun, who seest all things, hearest all,
And ye, O Rivers, Earth, and who below
Wreak the fell vengeance of an oath forsworn,
Bear witness all, and guard this sacred vow!
If Menelaus falls by Paris' hand,
Be Helen left to Paris with her wealth;
But, if by Menelaus Paris fall,
Restored be Helen and her wealth by Troy,
And such atonement to our host withal,
As may be bruited in far times to come.
But if Dardanian Priam or his sons
Withhold the atonement on their champion's fall,
I swear in endless battle for that price
To keep me, till I gain the goal of war."
He spoke; and through the lambs' throats pass'd the steel
Ruthless, and laid them quivering on the earth,
Gasping their last; the knife had ta'en their lives.
Chief after chief in goblets from the bowl
Then drew the wine, and pour'd libation forth,
With prayer perchance thus utter'd to the Gods;
"Hear us, O Thou most glorious, Zeus supreme,
Hear us, all Powers of Heaven! What man soe'er

ὁππότεροι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια πημήνειαν,
ὧδέ σφ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέοι ὡς ὅδε οἶνος,
αὐτῶν καὶ τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ' ἄλλοισι δαμεῖεν."

Ὣς ἔφαν, οὐδ' ἄρα πώ σφιν ἐπεκραίαινε Κρονίων.
τοῖσι δὲ Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί·
ἤτοι ἐγὼν εἶμι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν
αὖψ, ἐπεὶ οὔπω τλήσομ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρᾶσθαι
μαρνάμενον φίλον υἱὸν ἀρηϊφίλῳ Μενελάῳ·
Ζεὺς μέν που τόγε οἶδε καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ὁππότερῳ θανάτοιο τέλος πεπρωμένον ἐστίν."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐς δίφρον ἄρνας θέτο ἰσόθεος φώς,
ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἔβαιν' αὐτὸς, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείνεν ὀπίσσω·
πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο·
Ἕκτωρ δὲ Πριάμοιο πάϊς καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
χῶρον μὲν πρῶτον διεμέτρεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
κλήρους ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκήρεϊ πάλλον ἐλόντες,
ὁππότερος δὴ πρόσθεν ἀφείη χάλκεον ἔγχος.
λαοὶ δ' ἠρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·
ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἴδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
ὁππότερος τάδε ἔργα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν,
τὸν δὸς ἀποφθίμενον δῦναι δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω,
ἡμῖν δ' αὖ φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ γενέσθαι."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
ἂψ ὀρόων· Πάριος δὲ θοῶς ἐκ κληῖδος ὄρουσεν.
οἱ μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵζοντο κατὰ στίχας, ἦχι ἑκάστῳ
ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες καὶ ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐδύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ
δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠϋκόμοιο.
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκεν
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν

First doth the other wrong against this oath,
Be his heart's blood forth-spatter'd on the earth,
His and his children's blood like this wine shed,
And be his wife a prey to unknown men!"
Not yet would great Kroneion grant their prayer.

But Dardan Priam then address'd them thus:
"Trojans, and ye, Achaia's mailèd men!
Hear me; I would to windswept Ilion back.
Not mine the heart to see before mine eyes
My son with Menelaus singly match'd.
Zeus knows, the Immortal Powers only know
To whom the doom is of a destined death."
The godlike hero ceased, and to his car
Bade lift the bodies of the slaughter'd lambs;
Then mounted, gathering to the seat the reins;
With whom Antenor on the chariot sate,
And back the twain together drave to Troy.

Odysseus then with Hector Priam's son
Measured the lists, and in a brazen helm
Shook lots, who first should launch his pointed spear:
While all the people lifted high their hands
In supplication utter'd to the Gods:
"O Thou who rul'st from Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious! Whoso of these twain
First wrought the deed that caused the other's wrong,
Let him now perish into Hades' gloom,
Whilst we thereafter swear eternal peace."
They thus; the hero of the glancing helm
Great Hector shook the lots, and turn'd his eyes
Aloof: the lot of Paris leapt to light.
Then all sate down in rank, where each had stay'd
His prancing steeds or laid enamell'd arms;
While godlike Paris, golden Helen's lord,
'Gan don about his shoulders shining mail.

And first the greaves about his legs he girt
Beauteous, with silver anklets bound below;
And round his chest his brother's corslet braced,

οἷο κασιγνήτοιο Λυκάονος· ἤρμοσε δ' αὐτῷ.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε·
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὐτυκτον ἔθηκεν,
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ὅ οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.
ὣς δ' αὔτως Μενέλαος Ἀρηΐος ἔντε' ἔδυνεν.

Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἑκάτερθεν ὁμίλου θωρήχθησαν, 340
ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχόωντο
δεινὸν δερκόμενοι· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας
Τρῶάς θ' ἱπποδάμους καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
καί ῥ' ἐγγὺς στήτην διαμετρητῷ ἐνὶ χώρῳ
σείοντ' ἐγχείας, ἀλλήλοισιν κοτέοντε.
πρόσθε δ' Ἀλέξανδρος προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀτρείδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκὸν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
ἀσπίδ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇ. ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ὥρνυτο χαλκῷ
Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί· 350

"Ζεῦ ἄνα, δὸς τίσασθαι ὅ με πρότερος κάκ' ἔοργεν,
δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, καὶ ἐμῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δάμασσον,
ὄφρα τις ἐρρίγῃσι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων
ξεινοδόκον κακὰ ῥέξαι, ὅ κεν φιλότητα παράσχῃ."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην.
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἠρήρειστο·
ἀντικρὺ δὲ παραὶ λαπάρην διάμησε χιτῶνα
ἔγχος· ὁ δ' ἐκλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360
Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
πλῆξεν ἀνασχόμενος κόρυθος φάλον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
τριχθά τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διατρυφὲν ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Ἀτρείδης δ' ὤμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὔτις σεῖο θεῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος·
ἦ τ' ἐφάμην τίσεσθαι Ἀλέξανδρον κακότητος·
νῦν δέ μοι ἐν χείρεσσιν ἄγη ξίφος, ἐκ δέ μοι ἔγχος
ἠίχθη παλάμηφιν ἐτώσιον, οὐδ' ἔβαλόν μιν."

Lycaon's, but it clasp'd him like his own ;
By baldric from his shoulder next he slung
The silver-studded hilt and brazen blade ;
A large strong buckler in like manner slung ;
But set a helm above his stately head,
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
And tighten'd round a beamy spear his grasp.

And gallant Menelaus donn'd like arms.

Shortway beyond the throng they girt their mail,
Then enter'd both the space betwixt the hosts
Each eyeing fierce the other ; and amaze
Seized all who saw. Within the measured lists
Each wroth with each they stood and aim'd their spears ;
First Alexander threw his shadowing lance
And struck Atrides full on the orbèd shield
Yet brake not through ; for in the buckler's plates
The point was backward bent. Thereon, in turn,
Uprose great Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Aiming his spear, and call'd on Father Zeus :
"Grant me that now on Alexander's head
I visit with this vengeance the foul deed
He did me, and o'erthrow him by my arm,
That latest generations shrink appall'd
From crime disloyal to a generous host."
He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear
And struck the orbèd shield of Priam's Son :
Strong through the gleaming buckler pass'd the lance,
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven
Pierced ev'n the under-tunic by his hip ;
Yet, sideway writhing, he escaped the death.
Then Atreus' Son, with silver-hilted sword
Unsheath'd and high uplifted, smote his crest ;
Yet on the helmet splinter'd dropt the blade :
Whereat he raised his eyes, and groan'd forth this :
"O most of Gods injurious ! Father Zeus !
On Paris I had thought to avenge his sin ;
But, lo, the sword is broken in my hand,
And vainly without smiting sped the spear."

Ἦ, καὶ ἐπαΐξας κόρυθος λάβεν ἱπποδασείης,
ἕλκε δ' ἐπιστρέψας μετ' ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς·
ἄγχε δέ μιν πολύκεστος ἱμὰς ἀπαλὴν ὑπὸ δειρὴν,
ὅς οἱ ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνος ὀχεὺς τέτατο τρυφαλείης.
καί νύ κεν εἴρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἤρατο κῦδος,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
ἥ οἱ ῥῆξεν ἱμάντα βοὸς ἶφι κταμένοιο·
κενὴ δὲ τρυφάλεια ἄμ' ἕσπετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.
τὴν μὲν ἔπειθ' ἥρως μετ' ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
ῥῖψ' ἐπιδινήσας, κόμισαν δ' ἑρίηρες ἑταῖροι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἂψ ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων
ἔγχεϊ γαλκείῳ· τὸν δ' ἐξήρπαξ' Ἀφροδίτη
ῥεῖα μάλ' ὥστε θεὸς, ἐκάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ,
κὰδ δ' εἶσ' ἐν θαλάμῳ εὐώδεϊ κηώεντι.
αὐτὴ δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένην καλέουσ' ἴε· τὴν δ' ἐκίχανεν
πύργῳ ἐφ' ὑψηλῷ, περὶ δὲ Τρωαὶ ἅλις ἦσαν.
χειρὶ δὲ νεκταρέου ἑανοῦ ἐτίναξε λαβοῦσα,
γρηῒ δέ μιν εἰκυῖα παλαιγενέϊ προσέειπεν,
εἰροκόμῳ, ἥ οἱ Λακεδαίμονι ναιεταώσῃ
ἤσκειν εἴρια καλὰ, μάλιστα δέ μιν φιλέεσκεν·
τῇ μιν ἐεισαμένη προσεφώνεε δῖ' Ἀφροδίτη·

"Δεῦρ' ἴθ'· Ἀλέξανδρός σε καλεῖ οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι.
κεῖνος ὅγ' ἐν θαλάμῳ καὶ δινωτοῖσι λέχεσσιν,
κάλλεΐ τε στίλβων καὶ εἵμασιν· οὐδέ κε φαίης
ἀνδρὶ μαχησάμενον τόνγ' ἐλθεῖν, ἀλλὰ χορόνδε
ἔρχεσθ', ἠὲ χοροῖο νέον λήγοντα καθίζειν."

Ὣς φάτο τῇ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν·
καί ῥ' ὡς νῦν ἐνόησε θεᾶς περικαλλέα δειρὴν
στήθεα θ' ἱμερόεντα καὶ ὄμματα μαρμαίροντα,
θάμβησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Δαιμονίη, τί με ταῦτα λιλαίεαι ἠπεροπεύειν;
ἢ πή με προτέρω πολίων εὐναιομενάων

He spoke, but sprang upon his foe, and gripp'd
His plumy helm, and tow'rd the Achaian side
Dragg'd him perforce : under the tender throat
The broider'd brace, the fastening of the helm
Tight-strain'd below his chin, 'gan choke the breath ;
Yea, he had dragg'd him off, and gain'd a fame
Unbounded, had not Aphrodite seen
Their plight, and snapp'd the leathern brace, though tann'd
From the tough sinews of a slaughter'd ox :
And empty went the helmet in his grasp.
The which the hero whirling o'er his head
Cast to the Achaians, and his loyal friends
Bare off the trophy ; yet himself sprang back
Seeking his foe, and held a second spear.
But of her might divine and with all ease
Had Aphrodite caught her Paris up,
Folded him in thick mist, and set him far
In the warm fragrant chamber of his home.
Herself then went to call fair Helen to him ;
And found her still upon the lofty tower
With women gather'd round her ; by the skirt
Of her long fragrant robe she touch'd and pull'd ;
And spake, in likeness of that aged dame
Who comb'd her wool for weaving, and had oft
Of old in Sparta to her hands prepared
Fair fleeces, and aye loved her as her child ;
In image like to her the Goddess spake :
"Follow ; for Paris calls thee to his side.
There in his chamber on the carven couch
Glistening in beauty and attire he lies ;
Nor couldst thou deem him from a mortal fray
Hardly return'd, but rather issuing forth
To dance, or resting in the pause of dance."
She spoke, and strong in Helen moved the wrath.
But when she knew the Goddess, by the neck
Transcendent seen, and by the glowing eyes,
And by the ambrosial bosom—all in awe,
She yet made answer free, and spake, and said :
" What pleasure, Goddess, to beguile me thus?
Hast thou some second minion dear elsewhere

ἄξεις ἢ Φρυγίης, ἢ Μηονίης ἐρατεινῆς,
εἴ τίς τοι καὶ κεῖθι φίλος μερόπων ἀνθρώπων;
οὕνεκα δὴ νῦν δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος
νικήσας ἐθέλει στυγερὴν ἐμὲ οἴκαδ' ἄγεσθαι,
τοὔνεκα δὴ νῦν δεῦρο δολοφρονέουσα παρέστης;
ἧσο παρ' αὐτὸν ἰοῦσα, θεῶν δ' ἀπόεικε κελεύθου,
μηδ' ἔτι σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑποστρέψειας Ὄλυμπον,
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ περὶ κεῖνον ὀΐζυε καί ἑ φύλασσε,
εἰσόκε σ' ἢ ἄλοχον ποιήσεται, ἢ ὅγε δούλην.
κεῖσε δ' ἐγὼν οὐκ εἶμι—νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη— 410
κείνου πορσυνέουσα λέχος· Τρωαὶ δέ μ' ὀπίσσω
πᾶσαι μωμήσονται· ἔχω δ' ἄχε' ἄκριτα θυμῷ."

Τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσεφώνεε δῖ' Ἀφροδίτη·
"μή μ' ἔρεθε, σχετλίη, μὴ χωσαμένη σε μεθείω,
τώς δέ σ' ἀπεχθήρω ὡς νῦν ἔκπαγλ' ἐφίλησα,
μέσσῳ δ' ἀμφοτέρων μητίσομαι ἔχθεα λυγρά,
Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, σὺ δέ κεν κακὸν οἶτον ὄληαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' Ἑλένη, Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα,
βῆ δὲ κατασχομένη ἑανῷ ἀργῆτι φαεινῷ,
σιγῇ, πάσας δὲ Τρωὰς λάθεν· ἦρχε δὲ δαίμων. 420

Αἱ δ' ὅτ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δόμον περικαλλέ' ἵκοντο,
ἀμφίπολοι μὲν ἔπειτα θοῶς ἐπὶ ἔργα τράποντο,
ἡ δ' εἰς ὑψόροφον θάλαμον κίε δῖα γυναικῶν.
τῇ δ' ἄρα δίφρον ἐλοῦσα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη,
ἀντί' Ἀλεξάνδροιο θεὰ κατέθηκε φέρουσα·
ἔνθα καθῖζ' Ἑλένη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
ὄσσε πάλιν κλίνασα, πόσιν δ' ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·

"Ἦλυθες ἐκ πολέμου· ὡς ὤφελες αὐτόθ' ὀλέσθαι,
ἀνδρὶ δαμεὶς κρατερῷ, ὃς ἐμὸς πρότερος πόσις ἦεν.
ἦ μὲν δὴ πρίν γ' εὔχε' ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου 430
σῇ τε βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ἔγχεϊ φέρτερος εἶναι·
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν προκάλεσσαι ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον
ἐξαῦτις μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον. ἀλλά σ' ἔγωγε

Into whose arms to cast me, in a town
Of Phrygia or Mæonia more remote?
Or is it that Atreus' Son hath overcome
Paris, and now would take me back to home—
Receive me back, all loathsome though I be—
That therefore thou hast brought me this false tale?
Nay, go there thou, cleave to his side, for him
Forsake the paths of heaven, and know no more
The pavement of Olympus' neath thy tread;
But tend and weep upon him, till he deign
To make thee wife—or leman! I go not;
'Twere shame to me again to lie with him,
The mock of Trojan women till I die!
Ah me, my heart is breaking with these woes."

But Aphrodite all in wrath return'd:
"Thou fool! Incense not me; lest in mine ire
I leave thee, and, as erst hath been my love,
Such then my hate be tow'rd thee—passing-great.
'Twixt either host in common could I sow
Loathing of thee; and terrible were thy death."

She spoke, and awed the lovely child of Zeus;
Who with white glistening veil about her drawn
Pass'd on in silence where the Goddess led;
Nor any Trojan woman knew them pass.

They enter'd Alexander's palace-home;
The handmaids turn'd them busy to their tasks,
As she, the flower of women, went right through
Into the inner chamber lofty-roof'd:
There laughter-loving Aphrodite set
A seat, and placed her on it, face to face
With Alexander. So fair Helen sate,
Of mighty Zeus the daughter, yet with eyes
Averted, and upbraided thus her lord:

"Return'd from battle! Aye, but would to Heaven
Thou hadst died rather by the strong right arm
Of him my other husband! Oft wouldst boast
Thyself than Menelaus by thy mould
And might and fence the better: forth then, forth,
And give defiance to a second fight!

παύεσθαι κέλομαι, μηδὲ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ
ἀντίβιον πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἀφραδέως, μή πως τάχ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμήῃς."

Τὴν δὲ Πάρις μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·
"μή με, γύναι, χαλεποῖσιν ὀνείδεσι θυμὸν ἔνιπτε.
νῦν μὲν γὰρ Μενέλαος ἐνίκησεν σὺν Ἀθήνῃ,
κεῖνον δ' αὖτις ἐγώ· παρὰ γὰρ θεοί εἰσι καὶ ἡμῖν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φιλότητι τραπείομεν εὐνηθέντε·
οὐ γὰρ πώποτέ μ' ὧδέ γ' ἔρως φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
οὐδ' ὅτε σε πρῶτον Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς
ἔπλεον ἁρπάξας ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν,
νήσῳ δ' ἐν Κρανάῃ ἐμίγην φιλότητι καὶ εὐνῇ,
ὥς σεο νῦν ἔραμαι καί με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἱρεῖ."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἦρχε λέχοσδε κιών· ἅμα δ' εἵπετ' ἄκοιτις.

Τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν τρητοῖσι κατεύνασθεν λεχέεσσιν,
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἀν' ὅμιλον ἐφοίτα θηρὶ ἐοικὼς,
εἴ που ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα.
ἀλλ' οὔτις δύνατο Τρώων κλειτῶν τ' ἐπικούρων
δεῖξαι Ἀλέξανδρον τότ' ἀρηϊφίλῳ Μενελάῳ.
οὐ μὲν γὰρ φιλότητί γ' ἐκεύθανον, εἴ τις ἴδοιτο·
ἶσον γάρ σφιν πᾶσιν ἀπήχθετο κηρὶ μελαίνῃ.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι·
νίκη μὲν δὴ φαίνετ' ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου·
ὑμεῖς δ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματ' ἄμ' αὐτῇ
ἔκδοτε, καὶ τιμὴν ἀποτινέμεν ἥντιν' ἔοικεν,
ἥτε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται."

Ὣς ἔφατ' Ἀτρεΐδης, ἐπὶ δ' ἤνεον ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοί.

But I, who know thee, bid thee rather rest
Quiet from war, not reckless dare to meet
Atreus' fair Son in single combat more ;
Haply the second time he slays thee quite !"
To whom with gentle answer Paris thus :
" Provoke me not, my wife, with these hard words.
This while hath Menelaus won, by help
Of Pallas ; mine will be some future hour ;
Not all deserted is our cause of heaven.
But let us to dear dalliance of our love ;
For ne'er before hath such desire of thee
Inflamed my heart—not ev'n when sails I set
Bearing thee o'er the seas aboard my bark
From lovely Lacedæmon—no, nor when
I first in Cranäe's isle knew all thy charm—
As this delicious longing thrills me now !"
He spoke, and led the way, with whom she went ;
And, side by side, they laid them on the couch.

Meantime Atrides, fierce as some wild-beast,
Roam'd to and fro, if haply he might find
The beauteous form of Paris in the throng ;
Whom none of Troy or of her famed Allies
Could to his foe discover ; not for love
Had any, who could see him, then conceal'd ;
They loath'd him, as they loath'd black Fate or Death.
And soon rose Agamemnon, king of men :
" Hear me, ye Dardans, Troy, and Troy's Allies !
Victory is manifest unto the arm
Of Menelaus ; therefore yield ye up
Argeian Helen and her wealth withal,
And likewise such atonement to our host
As shall be bruited in far times to come."
He spoke ; and all his army gave acclaim.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Δ'.

Ὅρκιων σύγχυσις. Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπιπώλησις.

Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ πὰρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἠγορόωντο
χρυσέῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ, μετὰ δέ σφισι πότνια Ἥβη
νέκταρ ἐῴνοχόει· τοὶ δὲ χρυσείοις δεπάεσσιν
δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους, Τρώων πόλιν εἰσορόωντες.
αὐτίκ' ἐπειρᾶτο Κρονίδης ἐρεθιζέμεν Ἥρην
κερτομίοις ἐπέεσσι, παραβλήδην ἀγορεύων·

"Δοιαὶ μὲν Μενελάῳ ἀρηγόνες εἰσὶ θεάων,
Ἥρη τ' Ἀργείη καὶ Ἀλαλκομενηὶς Ἀθήνη.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι ταὶ νόσφι καθήμεναι εἰσορόωσαι
τέρπεσθον· τῷ δ' αὖτε φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη
αἰεὶ παρμέμβλωκε καὶ αὐτοῦ κῆρας ἀμύνει,
καὶ νῦν ἐξεσάωσεν ὀϊόμενον θανέεσθαι.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι νίκη μὲν ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου·
ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ' ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
ἢ ῥ' αὖτις πόλεμόν τε κακὸν καὶ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν
ὄρσομεν, ἢ φιλότητα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι βάλωμεν.
εἰ δ' αὖ πως τόδε πᾶσι φίλον καὶ ἡδὺ γένοιτο,
ἤτοι μὲν οἰκέοιτο πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος,
αὖτις δ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην Μενέλαος ἄγοιτο."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη·
πλησίαι αἵγ' ἧσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.
ἤτοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ἦν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,
σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρὶ, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἦρει·
Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·

"Αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἄλιον θεῖναι πόνον ἠδ' ἀτέλεστον,

ILIAD IV.

THE Gods meantime upon their golden floor
Sate feasting, and maintain'd discourse with Zeus;
Amongst whom stately Hebe moving gave
The nectar, and in golden goblets each
Pledged other, and all turn'd their eyes on Troy.
And Kronos' Son soon sought to kindle wrath
In Herè with sharp words and sidelong taunt:
"Two are there, sworn to Menelaus' aid,
Two Goddesses, Argeian Herè one,
The other, Pallas, peerless in the fray:
Aloof, as joying in the sight, they sit;
Whilst laughter-loving Aphrodite clings
Close to her Paris, guarding off his doom,
Yea, saves him at the very point of death.
Nathless the victory lies with Atreus' Son;
Counsel me therefore what we now decree;
Whether again we kindle to its height
This baleful strife, or reconcile the hosts.
Let then, if so it seemeth good to all,
If thus it please ye—let King Priam's walls
Stand as of old, and Menelaus take
Argeian Helen to his home once more."
He spoke; but Herè groan'd in spirit wroth
And with her Athenaiè, where they sate
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.
Athenè utter'd nought, but silent still
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,
And fierce the passion shook her: but not so
Herè; she not contain'd her ire, but spake:
"Most dread our Lord! What falleth from thy lips?
Hast thou the heart to make of no avail

ἱδρῷ θ' ὃν ἵδρωσα μόγῳ, καμέτην δέ μοι ἵπποι
λαὸν ἀγειρούσῃ, Πριάμῳ κακὰ τοῖό τε παισίν.
ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς· 30
" δαιμονίη, τί νύ σε Πρίαμος Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες
τόσσα κακὰ ῥέζουσιν, ὅτ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις
Ἰλίου ἐξαλαπάξαι ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον;
εἰ δὲ σύγ' εἰσελθοῦσα πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρὰ
ὠμὸν βεβρώθοις Πρίαμον Πριάμοιό τε παῖδας
ἄλλους τε Τρῶας, τότε κεν χόλον ἐξακέσαιο.
ἔρξον ὅπως ἐθέλεις· μὴ τοῦτό γε νεῖκος ὀπίσσω
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ μέγ' ἔρισμα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γένηται.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
ὁππότε κεν καὶ ἐγὼ μεμαὼς πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξαι 40
τὴν ἐθέλω ὅθι τοι φίλοι ἀνέρες ἐγγεγάασιν,
μήτι διατρίβειν τὸν ἐμὸν χόλον, ἀλλά μ' ἐâσαι.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σοὶ δῶκα ἑκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ
αἳ γὰρ ὑπ' ἠελίῳ τε καὶ οὐρανῷ ἀστερόεντι
ναιετάουσι πόληες ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων,
τάων μοι πέρι κῆρι τιέσκετο Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίω Πριάμοιο.
οὐ γάρ μοί ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης,
λοιβῆς τε κνίσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη· 50
" ἤτοι ἐμοὶ τρεῖς μὲν πολὺ φίλταταί εἰσι πόληες,
Ἄργος τε Σπάρτη τε καὶ εὐρυάγυια Μυκήνη·
τὰς διαπέρσαι, ὅτ' ἄν τοι ἀπέχθωνται περὶ κῆρι·
τάων οὔτοι ἐγὼ πρόσθ' ἵσταμαι οὐδὲ μεγαίρω.
εἴπερ γὰρ φθονέω τε καὶ οὐκ εἰῶ διαπέρσαι,
οὐκ ἀνύω φθονέουσ', ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐσσι.
ἀλλὰ χρὴ καὶ ἐμὸν θέμεναι πόνον οὐκ ἀτέλεστον·
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεός εἰμι, γένος δ' ἐμοὶ ἔνθεν ὅθεν σοί,

[1] This expression is strong, as are also those used in the following speech; but the effect of the words used in the original is certainly not less jarring to

The toil, wherewith I sweated[1] to and fro,
The labour—yea, my chariot's steeds wax'd faint
With those my wanderings to collect this host
To work this woe on Priam and his sons?
So be it; but no other God applauds."
In wrath return'd the Ruler of the clouds:
"And, prithee, what such wrong now do to thee
Priam, and Priam's children, that thou ragest
Pitiless to abolish Ilion's towers?
Make then the breach thyself, and enter in,
Gorge on the flesh of Priam and his sons
And all his people! Satiate so thy spite!
Yet, as thou sayst, so be it; lest this brawl
Wax to an endless feud betwixt us twain.
But hear and ponder wherewithal I cease;
When I so will destruction to some town
Hereafter, though her folk to thee be dear,
Seek not to stay mine anger, leave me free;
Ev'n as this while I yield to thee thy wish,
Of mine own will, but with a heart most sore;
For that of all the cities built by men,
Under the sun, under the starry sky,
By me most honour'd in my heart is Troy,
Her King, and all the people of her King.
There never hath mine altar lack'd its due
Of incense, or the steam of victim's flesh;
Daily all dues have we partaken thence."
And royal broadbrow'd Herè gave reply:
"Three cities most beloved by me on earth,
Sparta and Argos and Mycenæ stand;
Destroy them, whenso'er thou hat'st like me:
I will not stir a foot nor grudge their fall.
Nor, though I grudged my bitterest or forbade
Their ruin, could I gain against thy might.
Yet to my labours also have regard;
Who likewise am a Goddess, and whose birth
Is whence was thine; and first, by either count,

our ears. It would be juster to Homer to remark how seldom any jars of such violence recur throughout the poem. With his anthropomorphic ideas of deity, they might have been expected to be far more frequent than they are.

καί μ' πρεσβυτάτην τέκετο Κρόνος ἀγκυλομήτης,
ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὔνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις
κέκλημαι, σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσεις.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦθ' ὑποείξομεν ἀλλήλοισιν,
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ, σὺ δ' ἐμοί· ἐπὶ δ' ἕψονται θεοὶ ἄλλοι
ἀθάνατοι. σὺ δὲ θᾶσσον Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπιτεῖλαι
ἐλθεῖν ἐς Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνὴν,
πειρᾶν δ' ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερκύδανταϛ Ἀχαιοὺς
ἄρξωσι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Αἶψα μάλ' ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
πειρᾶν δ' ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερκύδανταϛ Ἀχαιοὺς
ἄρξωσι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα.
οἷον δ' ἀστέρα ἧκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω,
ἢ ναύτῃσι τέρας ἠὲ στρατῷ εὐρέϊ λαῶν,
λαμπρόν· τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ ἀπὸ σπινθῆρες ἵενται·
τῷ εἰκυῖ' ἤϊξεν ἐπὶ χθόνα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
κὰδ' δ' ἔθορ' ἐς μέσσον· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας
Τρῶάς θ' ἱπποδάμους καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

"Ἦ ῥ' αὖτις πόλεμός τε κακὸς καὶ φύλοπις αἰνὴ
ἔσσεται, ἢ φιλότητα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι τίθησιν
Ζεὺς, ὅστ' ἀνθρώπων ταμίης πολέμοιο τέτυκται.

Ὣς ἄρα τις εἶπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε.
ἡ δ' ἀνδρὶ ἰκέλη Τρώων κατεδύσετ' ὄμιλον,
Λαοδόκῳ Ἀντηνορίδῃ, κρατερῷ αἰχμητῇ,
Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διζημένη, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
εὗρε Λυκάονος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε
ἑσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κρατεραὶ στίχες ἀσπιστάων
λαῶν, οἵ οἱ ἕποντο ἀπ' Αἰσήποιο ῥοάων.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, Λυκάονος υἱὲ δαΐφρον;
τλαίης κεν Μενελάῳ ἐπιπροέμεν ταχὺν ἰὸν,
πᾶσι δέ κε Τρώεσσι χάριν καὶ κῦδος ἄροιο,
ἐκ πάντων δὲ μάλιστα Ἀλεξάνδρῳ βασιλῆϊ.

Kronos begat me, eldest by my birth,
And highest, as being thy spouse, and thou art King.
So each to either we will somewhat yield,
And all the Gods will follow as we guide.
Bestir thee then to send Athenè forth
Into these armies in their dread array,
There to devise how best may Troy assail
The Achaians in their now o'erweening mood,
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."
The Father of Immortals and of men
Hearken'd, and straight address'd Athenè thus:
"Depart, and haste thee down to either host,
There to devise, how best should Troy assail
The Achaians in their now o'erweening mood,
Transgress the treaty, and be first forsworn."
He spoke, and kindled in Athenè's breast
A wrath, erst flaming high, to higher flame;
Down from Olympus' heights she sprang, and seem'd
Some flaming meteor, sent by Zeus, a sign
To seamen, or to army wide outspread,
Long, bright, and many sparkles stream therefrom;
Such show'd Athenè, springing thence to earth,
Into their midst: and who beheld were all
Smit with amazement, charioteers of Troy,
And mail'd Achaians likewise; each would look
Astonied in his neighbour's eyes, and say:
"Be sure, that either all the war accursed
Begins anew, or haply Zeus, who holds
The battle in his hands, now grants us peace."
Thus, each to other, men in either host.

But in the guise of brave Laodicus,
Antenor's son, she moved, and wander'd through
The Trojan camp, seeking a noble wight,
If haply she might find him, Pandarus.
She found him, great Lycaon's blameless son,
Standing amidst the strong shield-bearing band,
His brave companions from Æsepus' streams;
Near to his side she came, and spake, and said:
"Brave offspring of Lycaon's noble house!

τοῦ κεν δὴ πάμπρωτα πάρ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα φέροιο,
αἴ κεν ἴδῃ Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον Ἀτρέος υἱὸν
σῷ βέλεϊ δμηθέντα, πυρῆς ἐπιβάντ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ὀΐστευσον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο,
εὔχεο δ' Ἀπόλλωνι Λυκηγενέϊ κλυτοτόξῳ
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην
οἴκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς εἰς ἄστυ Ζελείης."

Ὣς φάτ' Ἀθηναίη, τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθεν·
αὐτίκ' ἐσύλα τόξον ἐΰξοον ἰξάλου αἰγὸς
ἀγρίου, ὅν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς ὑπὸ στέρνοιο τυχήσας
πέτρης ἐκβαίνοντα, δεδεγμένος ἐν προδοκῇσιν,
βεβλήκει πρὸς στῆθος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἔμπεσε πέτρῃ.
τοῦ κέρα ἐκ κεφαλῆς ἐκκαιδεκάδωρα πεφύκει·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀσκήσας κεραοξόος ἤραρε τέκτων,
πᾶν δ' εὖ λειήνας χρυσέην ἐπέθηκε κορώνην.
καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκε τανυσσάμενος, ποτὶ γαίῃ
ἀγκλίνας· πρόσθεν δὲ σάκεα σχέθον ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,
μὴ πρὶν ἀναίξειαν Ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
πρὶν βλῆσθαι Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον Ἀτρέος υἱόν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ σύλα πῶμα φαρέτρης, ἐκ δ' ἕλετ' ἰὸν
ἀβλῆτα πτερόεντα, μελαινέων ἕρμ' ὀδυνάων·
αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ κατεκόσμει πικρὸν ὀϊστὸν,
εὔχετο δ' Ἀπόλλωνι Λυκηγενέϊ κλυτοτόξῳ
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην
οἴκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς εἰς ἄστυ Ζελείης.
ἕλκε δ' ὁμοῦ γλυφίδας τε λαβὼν καὶ νεῦρα βόεια·
νευρὴν μὲν μαζῷ πέλασεν, τόξῳ δὲ σίδηρον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ κυκλοτερὲς μέγα τόξον ἔτεινεν,

To aim an arrow swift at Atreus' Son?
No Trojan, but would give thee thanks and praise;
And of all Trojans Paris most, the prince:
Costly the guerdon first of all the host
From him wouldst thou receive, if e'er he saw
The dreaded son of Atreus, Menelas,
Quell'd by thy dart, and stretch'd upon his pyre.
At whom undaunted therefore take thine aim;
Yet to Apollo first, the Child of Dawn
And most renownèd Archer, vow his due,
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs,
If home to sacred Zelia thou return."
She spake, and quite beguiled his foolish soul.

Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn
Of that wild bounding ibex, pierced one day,
From where he couch'd in ambush, as it stepp'd
Down from a rock, sheer through the very heart,
So that it fell back on the selfsame rock:
By measure sixteen hands the horn upgrew;
The which a cunning craftsman deftly pared,
And polish'd all its length, and tipp'd with gold.
This now he strung, and with all care laid down
Flat on the earth, while still his followers held
Their shields a screen before him, lest perchance
Some of Achaia should descry and spring
Upon him, ere their chieftain could be struck.
Next off his quiver he upraised the lid
And took therefrom an arrow, fresh, and fledged
To drive black anguish deep. This bitter shaft
He fitted with quick finger to the string;
Nor then forgat to make the vow prescribed
Unto Apollo, Child of Dawn divine,
A farfamed hecatomb of first-born lambs,
If home to sacred Zelia he return'd.
The arrow's lips and leathern strings he held
Together, and so drew them; to his breast
He drew the string, and to the bow the barb;
Round to a circle curved the giant bow;
It twang'd, and long the tense string murmur'd on;

λίγξε βιὸς, νευρὴ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχεν, ἄλτο δ' ὀϊστὸς
ὀξυβελὴς, καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων.

Οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ μάκαρες λελάθοντο
ἀθάνατοι, πρώτη δὲ Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἀγελείη,
ἥ τοι πρόσθε στᾶσα βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἄμυνεν.
ἡ δὲ τόσον μὲν ἔεργεν ἀπὸ χροὸς, ὡς ὅτε μήτηρ
παιδὸς ἐέργῃ μυῖαν, ὅθ' ἡδεῖ λέξεται ὕπνῳ·
αὐτὴ δ' αὖτ' ἴθυνεν ὅθι ζωστῆρος ὀχῆες
χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλόος ἤντετο θώρηξ.
ἐν δ' ἔπεσε ζωστῆρι ἀρηρότι πικρὸς ὀϊστός·
διὰ μὲν ἂρ ζωστῆρος ἐλήλατο δαιδαλέοιο,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἠρήρειστο
μίτρης θ', ἣν ἐφόρει ἔρυμα χροὸς, ἔρκος ἀκόντων,
ἥ οἱ πλεῖστον ἔρυτο· διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο καὶ τῆς.
ἀκρότατον δ' ἄρ' ὀϊστὸς ἐπέγραψε χρόα φωτός·
αὐτίκα δ' ἐῤῥέεν αἷμα κελαινεφὲς ἐξ ὠτειλῆς.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοίνικι μιήνῃ
Μῃονὶς ἠὲ Κάειρα, παρήϊον ἔμμεναι ἵπποις·
κεῖται δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ, πολέες τέ μιν ἠρήσαντο
ἱππῆες φορέειν· βασιλῆϊ δὲ κεῖται ἄγαλμα,
ἀμφότερον, κόσμος θ' ἵππῳ ἐλατῆρί τε κῦδος·
τοῖοί τοι, Μενέλαε, μιάνθην αἵματι μηροὶ
εὐφυέες κνῆμαί τ' ἠδὲ σφυρὰ κάλ' ὑπένερθεν.

Ῥίγησεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὡς εἶδεν μέλαν αἷμα καταῤῥέον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς·
ῥίγησεν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος.
ὡς δὲ ἴδεν νεῦρόν τε καὶ ὄγκους ἐκτὸς ἐόντας,
ἄψορῥόν οἱ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀγέρθη.
τοῖς δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
χειρὸς ἔχων Μενέλαον· ἑπεστενάχοντο δ' ἑταῖροι·

"Φίλε κασίγνητε, θάνατόν νύ τοι ὅρκι' ἔταμνον,
οἷον προστήσας πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν Τρωσὶ μάχεσθαι.

But springing through the crowd the arrow went,
Keen-darted, thirsting to the taste of blood.

But not unmindful then the blissful Gods
Of thee, great Menelaus! In thy front
First She, Zeus-born, the Spoiler of the slain,
Athenè, stood, and half repell'd the dart;
She brush'd it from his form, as from her child
Lapp'd in sweet sleep a mother might a fly;
And guided it to where the golden clasps
Met on his belt, and down in double fold
The corslet reach'd: the bitter arrow dropt
Full on the close-drawn broider'd belt, and pass'd
Onward, and through the corselet's richwrought mail,
And through the under doublet, that he bare
Next to his body, and his inmost guard—
Ev'n this it pierced, and prick'd the skin beneath;
So that black blood gush'd clouding from the wound.
Then like some piece of ivory, deep-distain'd
By a Mæonian or a Carian maid
With purple, for a steed's caparison;
Soon in a treasure-chamber stored it lies;
And, though to gain it many a man hath long'd,
Still it lies there, the glory of a king,
The chariot's jewel, and the driver's pride:
Ev'n such, O Menelaus, blood-distain'd
Show'd thy white thighs, thy greaves, and shapely feet.

But when the King his brother saw blood flow
Black from the wound, a shudder shook his frame;
Brave Menelas himself had fear at first;
But, marking soon the binding and the hooks
Of the sharp barb outside his armour still,
His heart collected in his breast return'd.
Whose hand King Agamemnon nathless caught,
And deeply groaning spake amongst the host
(Whose followers render'd back the groan around):
"Ah! dear my brother! Vow'd I then thy death
Vowing this treaty, when I set thee forth
To fight alone with Troy for all our sakes?

ὣς σ' ἔβαλον Τρῶες, κατὰ δ' ὅρκια πιστὰ πάτησαν.
οὐ μέν πως ἄλιον πέλει ὅρκιον αἱμά τε ἀρνῶν
σπονδαί τ' ἄκρητοι καὶ δεξιαί, ἧς ἐπέπιθμεν.
εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,
ἕκ τε καὶ ὀψὲ τελεῖ, σύν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν,
σὺν σφῇσιν κεφαλῇσι γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.
εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·
ἔσσεται ἦμαρ ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἰρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίω Πριάμοιο,
Ζεὺς δέ σφι Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος, αἰθέρι ναίων,
αὐτὸς ἐπισσείῃσιν ἐρεμνὴν αἰγίδα πᾶσιν
τῆσδ' ἀπάτης κοτέων. τὰ μὲν ἔσσεται οὐκ ἀτέλεστα·
ἀλλά μοι αἰνὸν ἄχος σέθεν ἔσσεται, ὦ Μενέλαε,
αἴ κε θάνῃς καὶ πότμον ἀναπλήσῃς βιότοιο.
καί κεν ἐλέγχιστος πολυδίψιον Ἄργος ἱκοίμην·
αὐτίκα γὰρ μνήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ πατρίδος αἴης·
κἀδ δέ κεν εὐχωλὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λίποιμεν
Ἀργείην Ἑλένην· σέο δ' ὀστέα πύσει ἄρουρα
κειμένου ἐν Τροίῃ ἀτελευτήτῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ.
καί κέ τις ὧδ' ἐρέει Τρώων ὑπερηνορεόντων
τύμβῳ ἐπιθρώσκων Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
'αἴθ' οὕτως ἐπὶ πᾶσι χόλον τελέσει' Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὡς καὶ νῦν ἄλιον στρατὸν ἤγαγεν ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιῶν,
καὶ δὴ ἔβη οἰκόνδε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν
σὺν κενῇσιν νηυσὶ, λιπὼν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον.'
ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών."

Τὸν δ' ἐπιθαρσύνων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"θάρσει, μηδέ τί πω δειδίσσεο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.

For, lo, how they have struck thee, of their oaths
Regardless, trampling down their own pledged words!
But not all vain those oaths, the lambs' blood shed,
The offerings of pure wine, the clasp'd right-hands,
Wherein we duly trusted: ev'n though Zeus
Fulfilleth not their import all this day,
Yet of a surety shall fulfilment come
How late soever; and the price shall fall
The heavier, ev'n their own lives, and the lives
Of all their wives and children: yea, I speak
That which I know, and hold it most assured;
The day will come when Ilion's sacred towers,
Their King, and all the people of their King,
Shall perish utterly for evermore:
When Zeus, enthroned in upper air supreme,
Shall in his anger for this foul deceit
Shake the dread Ægis and appal all eyes.
These words shall not be let to pass away.
But, if thou diest, if thou hast now fulfill'd,
My brother, the short measure of thy life,
Cruel were my sorrow, happier then than I
The vilest of my subjects might return
To drought-enduring Argos: since the host
Would straight remind them of their fatherland;
And we should leave to Priam and to Troy
The boast of Argive Helen: but the earth
Would rot thy bones, in this far land reposed,
In Troy reposed, and all thy work undone!
And on thy tomb some haughty Trojan then
Might leap insultant, and outvent his vaunt:
'Ev'n in this wise may Agamemnon wreak
'His vengeance aye on others, as on us,
'What time he brought to Troy an idle host:
'Back to his fatherland with empty ships
'He hath sail'd home—but left his brother here!'
So might some man of Troy exulting boast;
May the broad Earth have gaped to hold me first."
Whom to make cheer his brother answer'd thus:
"Be cheer'd thyself, nor thus affright the host;

οὐκ ἐν καιρίῳ ὀξὺ πάγη βέλος, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν
εἰρύσατο ζωστήρ τε παναίολος ἠδ' ὑπένερθεν
ζῶμά τε καὶ μίτρη, τὴν χαλκῆες κάμον ἄνδρες."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
"αἶ γὰρ δὴ οὕτως εἴη, φίλος ὦ Μενέλαε·
ἕλκος δ' ἰητὴρ ἐπιμάσσεται ἠδ' ἐπιθήσει
φάρμαχ', ἅ κεν παύσῃσι μελαινάων ὀδυνάων."

Ἦ καὶ Ταλθύβιον, θεῖον κήρυκα, προσηύδα·
"Ταλθύβι', ὄττι τάχιστα Μαχάονα δεῦρο κάλεσσον,
φὼτ' Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱὸν, ἀμύμονος ἰητῆρος,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον ἀρχὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅν τις ὀϊστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδὼς,
Τρώων ἢ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος, ἄμμι δὲ πένθος."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κῆρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
παπταίνων ἥρωα Μαχάονα. τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν
ἑσταότ' · ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κρατεραὶ στίχες ἀσπιστάων
λαῶν, οἵ οἱ ἕποντο Τρίκης ἐξ ἱπποβότοιο·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὄρσ', Ἀσκληπιάδη, καλέει κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ Μενέλαον Ἀρήϊον ἀρχὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅν τις ὀϊστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδὼς,
Τρώων ἢ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος, ἄμμι δὲ πένθος."

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν·
βὰν δ' ἰέναι καθ' ὅμιλον ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
βλήμενος ἦν—περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἀγηγέραθ' ὅσσοι ἄριστοι
κυκλόσ', ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι παρίστατο ἰσόθεος φὼς—
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ ζωστῆρος ἀρηρότος ἕλκεν ὀϊστόν·
τοῦ δ' ἐξελκομένοιο πάλιν ἄγεν ὀξέες ὄγκοι.
λῦσε δέ οἱ ζωστῆρα παναίολον ἠδ' ὑπένερθεν
ζῶμά τε καὶ μίτρην, τὴν χαλκῆες κάμον ἄνδρες.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδεν ἕλκος, ὅθ' ἔμπεσε πικρὸς ὀϊστὸς,

No mortal part hath this sharp arrow reach'd:
The broider'd belt, and the mail'd corslet's edge
Beneath it, and the doublet, next my skin,
Boss'd with the armourer's brass, have saved my life."
To whom in answer Agamemnon thus:
"May it but be so, Brother most beloved!
The leech shall salve the sore, and lay thereon
Such drugs as shall beguile thee of black pains!"
Then to the sacred herald turn'd, and said:
"Talthybius, summon with thine utmost haste
The sage physician, Æsculapius' son,
Machaon, straight to come and tend the wound
Of Menelaus our most noble chief;
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy,
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced:
To him the glory, and to us the pain!"
Nor him the herald hearing disobey'd,
But hasted through Achaia's mail-frock'd host
Peering for brave Machaon in the crowd.
He found him, midmost of the shielded ranks
From Trika's horse-abounding pasture-lands;
And near approach'd, and spake these wingèd words:
"Arise and follow me, Asclepius' Son:
The King great Agamemnon calls thee hence
To Menelaus our most noble chief;
Whom some one or of Lycia or of Troy,
Some master bowman, with his dart hath pierced:
To him the glory, and to us the pain!"
He spoke, and strongly moved Machaon's heart.
Through the broad camp together back they went;
And when they gain'd where Menelaus stood,
On the same spot (but all in circle now
Were gather'd who were bravest of the host,
That Godlike chieftain in their midst erect)
Forth from the belt Machaon drew the shaft.
It issued; in the belt the barb was snapt.
The rich belt then, and the mail'd corslet's edge
Beneath it, and the doublet brass-emboss'd,
Loosening, he bared the place whereon had fall'n
The bitter shaft, and stanch'd the blood, and laid

αἷμ' ἐκμυζήσας ἐπ' ἄρ' ἤπια φάρμακα εἰδὼς
πάσσε, τά οἱ ποτε πατρὶ φίλα φρονέων πόρε Χείρων.

Ὄφρα τοὶ ἀμφεπένοντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον,
τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον ἀσπιστάων·
οἱ δ' αὖτις κατὰ τεύχε' ἔδυν, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

Ἔνθ' οὐκ ἂν βρίζοντα ἴδοις Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον,
οὐδὲ καταπτώσσοντ', οὐδ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀλλὰ μάλα σπεύδοντα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν.
ἵππους μὲν γὰρ ἔασε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχε φυσιόωντας
Εὐρυμέδων, υἱὸς Πτολεμαίου Πειραΐδαο·
τῷ μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε παρισχέμεν, ὁππότε κέν μιν
γυῖα λάβῃ κάματος, πολέας διὰ κοιρανέοντα·
αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς ἰὼν ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν·
καί ῥ' οὓς μὲν σπεύδοντας ἴδοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
τοὺς μάλα θαρσύνεσκε παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν·

"Ἀργεῖοι, μήπω τι μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψευδέσσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς ἔσσετ' ἀρωγός,
ἀλλ' οἵπερ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσαντο,
τῶν ἤτοι αὐτῶν τέρενα χρόα γῦπες ἔδονται
ἡμεῖς αὖτ' ἀλόχους τε φίλας καὶ νήπια τέκνα
ἄξομεν ἐν νήεσσιν, ἐπὴν πτολίεθρον ἕλωμεν."

Οὕστινας αὖ μεθιέντας ἴδοι στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο,
τοὺς μάλα νεικείεσκε χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν·

"Ἀργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἐλεγχέες, οὔ νυ σέβεσθε;
τίφθ' οὕτως ἔστητε τεθηπότες ἠΰτε νεβροί,
αἵτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἔκαμον πολέος πεδίοιο θέουσαι,
ἑστᾶσ', οὐδ' ἄρα τίς σφι μετὰ φρεσὶ γίγνεται ἀλκή·
ὣς ὑμεῖς ἔστητε τεθηπότες οὐδὲ μάχεσθε.
ἦ μένετε Τρῶας σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔνθα τε νῆες
εἰρύαται εὔπρυμνοι, πολιῆς ἐπὶ θινὶ θαλάσσης,
ὄφρα ἴδητ' αἴ κ' ὔμμιν ὑπέρσχῃ χεῖρα Κρονίων;"

Ὣς ὅγε κοιρανέων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν·

His soothing salves upon it, of the art
Taught to his father by old Cheiron's love.

But whilst in ministration round their prince
Those chieftains stood, the shielded troops of Troy
Advanced them nearer; whereupon they too
Adverse donn'd arms, and turn'd to battle blithe.
Nor listless at that moment, nor in fear,
Nor loth to battle—rather earnest-bent
Upon the charge, the glory of a man—
King Agamemnon wouldst thou there have mark'd.
His horses and his chariot brass-inlaid
He left, where brave Eurymedon might hold
(The son of Ptolemæus Peiraus' son)
The steeds aloof, but with behest, whene'er
Fatigue should fall upon the King, on foot
Marshalling his thousands—to be nigh at hand.
Thence he advanced in survey of their ranks;
And whomso of that swift-horsed host he saw
Keen to the cry of battle, him he cheer'd
Approaching, and address'd with wingèd words:
"Heroes of Argos! Let not now relax
Your wonted mettle: not to falsehood's side
Will Father Zeus incline him. Soon, I ween,
Shall they, who first forsworn transgress'd the truce,
Be torn by ravening vultures limb from limb,
Leaving to us to bear across the seas
Their wives and children from their homes despoil'd!"
But all who slacken'd to the pains of war,
Them with rebuke he chode and wrathful spake:
"Feel ye no shame? O ye to evil doom'd,
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name!
Why droop ye, numb and broken, ev'n as fawns
That with a flight exhausted o'er the plain
Droop at the last, all strength within them gone;
So droop ye, numb and broken, loth to war.
Or would ye tarry till Troy makes her way
Far as your galleys' moorings on the shore,
Tempting great Zeus—if he will save ye there?"
Thus, passing through their ranks, he muster'd all.

ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ Κρήτεσσι κιὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν.
οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἰδομενῆα δαΐφρονα θωρήσσοντο·
Ἰδομενεὺς μὲν ἐνὶ προμάχοις, συὶ εἴκελος ἀλκήν,
Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ πυμάτας ὤτρυνε φάλαγγας.
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
αὐτίκα δ' Ἰδομενῆα προσηύδα μειλιχίοισιν·

"Ἰδομενεῦ, περὶ μέν σε τίω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
ἠμὲν ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ ἠδ' ἀλλοίῳ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ
ἠδ' ἐν δαΐτ', ὅτε πέρ τε γερούσιον αἴθοπα οἶνον
Ἀργείων οἱ ἄριστοι ἐνὶ κρητῆρι κέρωνται. 260
εἴπερ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
δαιτρὸν πίνωσιν, σὸν δὲ πλεῖον δέπας αἰεὶ
ἕστηχ', ὥσπερ ἐμοὶ, πιέειν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι.
ἀλλ' ὄρσευ πόλεμόνδ', οἷος πάρος εὔχεαι εἶναι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, μάλα μέν τοι ἐγὼν ἑρίηρος ἑταῖρος
ἔσσομαι, ὡς τὸ πρῶτον ὑπέστην καὶ κατένευσα·
ἀλλ' ἄλλους ὄτρυνε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
ὄφρα τάχιστα μαχώμεθ', ἐπεὶ σύν γ' ὅρκι' ἔχευαν
Τρῶες· τοῖσιν δ' αὖ θάνατος καὶ κήδε' ὀπίσσω 270
ἔσσετ', ἐπεὶ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσαντο."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρῴχετο γηθόσυνος κῆρ.
ἦλθε δ' ἐπ' Αἰάντεσσι κιὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν·
τὼ δὲ κορυσσέσθην, ἅμα δὲ νέφος εἵπετο πεζῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδεν νέφος αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ
ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς·
τῷ δέ τ' ἄνευθεν ἐόντι μελάντερον ἠΰτε πίσσα
φαίνετ' ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λαίλαπα πολλὴν,
ῥίγησέν τε ἰδὼν ὑπό τε σπέος ἤλασε μῆλα·
τοῖαι ἄμ' Αἰάντεσσι διοτρεφέων αἰζηῶν 280
δῆϊον ἐς πόλεμον πυκιναὶ κίνυντο φάλαγγες

And soon, in passage through the host, he gain'd
The Cretans, now engirding them in mail
Around their warlike chief, Idomeneus.
Their chief, in vigour like a wild tusk'd boar,
Stood in their van, whilst brave Meriones
Work'd in the r ear, and quicken'd there the troops.
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with honied words:
"Of all the Danaans in these swift-horsed tribes,
I honour thee the most, Idomeneus,
Whether in battle, or in other act,
Or at the banquet, where the glowing wine
Is by the noblest-born of Argos mix'd
For tendance to their elders in the bowl.
Then, though to all the longhair'd chieftains else
The wine is doled by measure, yet to thee,
Ev'n as to me, the cup stands always brimm'd,
To drink, whene'er the heart within us bids.
Arouse thee therefore to thy vaunted wont!"
And answer thus the Cretan chief return'd:
"Atrides, as of old I pledged my word,
So will I cleave to thee my faithful friend:
But go, enkindle others; as thou mayst,
Incite the longhair'd Argives to the war;
Since to confusion Troy hath brought the peace:
Therefore shall ruin and an utter death
Be theirs, who first forsworn transgress'd their oaths."
He spoke; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.

And next, in passage through the host, he came
To where together either Ajax stood
Arming; and at their backs a cloud of foot.
As when a goatherd watches from a rock
A cloud across the ocean by the stress
Of Zephyr fast advancing; where he stands
Far off, to him it showeth black as pitch,
Moving above the waters, in its breast
Bearing the whirlwind; at the sight he shrinks
And in beneath the cavern drives his flock;
So dark, with bucklers bristling and with spears,

κυάνεαι, σάκεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσι πεφρικυῖαι.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν γήθησεν ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
καί σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Αἶαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων,
σφῶϊ μέν—οὐ γὰρ ἔοικ' ὀτρυνέμεν—οὔτι κελεύω·
αὐτὼ γὰρ μάλα λαὸν ἀνώγετον ἴφι μάχεσθαι.
αἲ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον,
τοῖος πᾶσιν θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γένοιτο·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἠμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος,
χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλους·
ἔνθ' ὅγε Νέστορ' ἔτετμε, λιγὺν Πυλίων ἀγορητὴν,
οὓς ἐτάρους στέλλοντα καὶ ὀτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀμφὶ μέγαν Πελάγοντα Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίον τε
Αἵμονά τε κρείοντα Βίαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν.
ἱππῆας μὲν πρῶτα σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν,
πεζοὺς δ' ἐξόπιθε στῆσεν πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλούς,
ἔρκος ἔμεν πολέμοιο· κακοὺς δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσεν,
ὄφρα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαίῃ πολεμίζοι.
ἱππεῦσιν μὲν πρῶτ' ἐπετέλλετο· τοὺς γὰρ ἀνώγει
σφοὺς ἵππους ἐχέμεν μηδὲ κλονέεσθαι ὁμίλῳ·

"Μηδέ τις ἱπποσύνῃ τε καὶ ἠνορέηφι πεποιθὼς
οἷος πρόσθ' ἄλλων μεμάτω Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
μηδ' ἀναχωρείτω· ἀλαπαδνότεροι γὰρ ἔσεσθε.
ὃς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ ὧν ὀχέων ἕτερ' ἅρμαθ' ἵκηται,
ἔγχει ὀρεξάσθω, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερον οὕτως.
ὧδε καὶ οἱ πρότεροι πόλιας καὶ τείχε' ἐπόρθεον,
τόνδε νόον καὶ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔχοντες."

Ὣς ὁ γέρων ὤτρυνε πάλαι πολέμων εὖ εἰδώς.
καὶ τὸν μὲν γήθησεν ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ὦ γέρον, εἴθ', ὡς θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν,

In one close mass with either Ajax came
Into the deadly fray those gallant youths.

Whom Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :
"To you, twin-chieftains of the mail-frock'd host,
I give no charge at all ; behest from me
Were quite unseemly ; of your own brave wills
Ye cheer your men to put forth all their strength.
Yea, by Apollo and our Father Zeus,
Would that your spirit reign'd in every heart !
Quickly would Priam's city then be ta'en,
Under our conquering arms despoil'd and strewn."
He spoke, and left them, and to others pass'd.

To Nestor next he came, the sweet-tongued chief
Of Pylos, now arraying to the fight
His followers, all around brave Chromius group'd,
Alastor, and the giant Pelagon,
Æmon the prince, and Bias royal-born.
In front, the charioteers, their steeds and cars,
Behind, the footmen many and strong, he ranged,
To be the battle's mainstay ; but he drave
All he misdoubted to the centre close,
Where men, how loth soe'er, perforce must fight.
And first he gave the charioteers his charge,
To hold, nor cumber in a throng, their cars :
"Let none too headstrong of his art and strength
Seek in the van of all alone to fight ;
Neither let any slacken pace behind ;
For so shall ye be scatter'd to assail.
And, when a man hath near'd his enemy's car,
Still mounted, let him stretch and take his aim,
Nor first alight ; for thus is better far :
And thus, and with this counsel in their hearts,
Did men of old spoil many a fencèd town."
Thus instant spake the Elder, with the skill
Of many a year expert ; the King beheld
Rejoicing, and address'd with wingèd words :
"My Father, would that, as the heart within,

ὣς τοι γούναθ' ἵποιτο, βίη δέ τοι ἔμπεδος εἴη.
ἀλλά σε γῆρας τείρει ὁμοῖον· ὡς ὄφελέν τις
ἀνδρῶν ἄλλος ἔχειν, σύ δὲ κουροτέροισι μετεῖναι."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, μάλα μέν κεν ἐγὼν ἐθέλοιμι καί αὐτὸς
ὡς ἔμεν ὡς ὅτε δῖον Ἐρευθαλίωνα κατέκταν.
ἀλλ' οὔ πως ἅμα πάντα θεοὶ δόσαν ἀνθρώποισιν· 320
εἰ τότε κοῦρος ἔα, νῦν αὖτέ με γῆρας ὀπάζει.
ἀλλά καὶ ὣς ἱππεῦσι μετέσσομαι ἠδὲ κελεύσω
βουλῇ καὶ μύθοισι· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ γερόντων.
αἰχμὰς δ' αἰχμάσσουσι νεώτεροι, οἵπερ ἐμεῖο
ὀπλότεροι γεγάασι πεποίθασίν τε βίηφιν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀτρείδης δὲ παρῴχετο γηθόσυνος κῆρ.
εὗρ' υἱὸν Πετεῶο Μενεσθῆα πλήξιππον
ἑσταότ'· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι, μήστωρες ἀϋτῆς·
αὐτὰρ ὁ πλησίον ἑστήκει πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς,
πὰρ δὲ Κεφαλλήνων ἀμφὶ στίχες οὐκ ἀλαπαδναὶ 330
ἕστασαν· οὐ γάρ πώ σφιν ἀκούετο λαὸς ἀϋτῆς,
ἀλλά νέον συνορινόμεναι κίνυντο φάλαγγες
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν· οἱ δὲ μένοντες
ἕστασαν, ὁππότε πύργος Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐπελθὼν
Τρώων ὁρμήσειε καὶ ἄρξειαν πολέμοιο.
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν νείκεσσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
καί σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὦ υἱὲ Πετεῶο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
καὶ σὺ, κακοῖσι δόλοισι κεκασμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,
τίπτε καταπτώσσοντες ἀφέστατε, μίμνετε δ' ἄλλους; 340
σφῶϊν μέν τ' ἐπέοικε μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἐόντας
ἑστάμεν ἠδὲ μάχης καυστείρης ἀντιβολῆσαι.
πρώτῳ γὰρ καὶ δαιτὸς ἀκουάζεσθον ἐμεῖο,
ὁππότε δαῖτα γέρουσιν ἐφοπλίζωμεν Ἀχαιοί.
ἔνθα φίλ' ὀπταλέα κρέα ἔδμεναι ἠδὲ κύπελλα
οἴνου πινέμεναι μελιηδέος, ὄφρ' ἐθέλητον·
νῦν δὲ φίλως χ' ὁρόφτε καὶ εἰ δέκα πύργοι Ἀχαιῶν
ὑμείων προπάροιθε μαχοίατο νηλεῖ χαλκῷ."

Such were thy youthful vigour, unimpair'd :
But age now wears thee, as it weareth all ;
I would that others suffer'd so, whilst thou
Mightst still amongst the younger bear thy part."
To whom Gerene's chief made answer thus :
" And mine own self, Atrides, would most blithe
Be what I was, then when I singly slew
Renownèd Ereuthalion : but the Gods
Grant not together all their gifts to man.
Young was I then, and now in turn am old.
Yet will I show conspicuous, with my voice
And counsel, where the chariots thickest throng ;
Old age hath still that honour. Let the young,
Men of the generation after me,
Aim their spears straight, and trust the strength of youth."
He spoke ; Atrides pass'd rejoicing on.
Next to Menestheus, Peteus' son, he came,
With whom the men of Athens ; and, hard by,
Stood sage Odysseus leader of the band
Of Cephallenians : no weak troop were they,
But moved not yet ; their ears had not yet caught
The cry to arms : the ranks of either host
Perturb'd they saw and swaying to and fro,
And paused expectant till some nearer band
Make the first onset and renew the fight.
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words :
" Son of Zeus-nurtured Peteus, and King-born !
And Thou, well-furnish'd with all ill device,
Odysseus, huckster-hearted ! Why aloof
Stand ye, and look in fear till others move ?
Rather 'tis yours to seek the foremost rank,
And meet the burning battle, face to face.
For ever when the Achaians make high feast
In honour of their Elders, to my board
Ye twain the first are call'd, and there ye love
To eat rich meats and long as e'er ye list
Drink from full cups of honey-tasted wine.
But now were yours no sorrow, tho' ten squares
Enter'd the fight before you, sword in hand."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑποδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων.
πῶς δὴ φῂς πολέμοιο μεθιέμεν; ὀππότ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα,
ὄψεαι, ἣν ἐθέλῃσθα, καὶ αἴ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλῃ,
Τηλεμάχοιο φίλον πατέρα προμάχοισι μιγέντα
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων· σὺ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀνεμώλια βάζεις."

Τὸν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ὡς γνῶ χωομένοιο· πάλιν δ' ὄγε λάζετο μῦθον·

"Διογενὲς Λαερτιαδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
οὔτε σε νεικείω περιώσιον οὔτε κελεύω·
οἶδα γὰρ ὥς τοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν
ἤπια δήεα οἶδε· τὰ γὰρ φρονέεις ἅτ' ἐγώ περ.
ἀλλ' ἴθι- ταῦτα δ' ὄπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ'—εἴ τι κακὸν νῦν
εἰρηται, τὰ δὲ πάντα θεοὶ μεταμώνια θεῖεν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλους.
εὗρε δὲ Τυδέος υἱὸν, ὑπέρθυμον Διομήδεα,
ἑσταότ' ἔν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασι κολλητοῖσιν·
παὰρ δε οἱ ἑστήκει Σθένελος, Καπανῆϊος υἱός.
καὶ τὸν μὲν νείκεσσεν ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὤ μοι, Τυδέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος ἱπποδάμοιο,
τί πτώσσεις, τί δ' ὀπιπτεύεις πολέμοιο γεφύρας;
οὐ μὲν Τυδέϊ γ' ὧδε φίλον πτωσκαζέμεν ἦεν,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸ φίλων ἑτάρων δηΐοισι μάχεσθαι,
ὡς φάσαν οἵ μιν ἴδοντο πονεύμενον· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
ἤντησ' οὐδὲ ἴδον· περὶ δ' ἄλλων φασὶ γενέσθαι.
ἦτοι μὲν γὰρ ἄτερ πολέμου εἰσῆλθε Μυκήνας
ξεῖνος ἅμ' ἀντιθέῳ Πολυνείκεϊ, λαὸν ἀγείρων,
οἵ ῥα τότ' ἐστρατόωνθ' ἱερὰ πρὸς τείχεα Θήβης·
καί ῥα μάλα λίσσοντο δόμεν κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους.
οἱ δ' ἤθελον δόμεναι καὶ ἐπήνεσον ὡς ἐκέλευον·
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἔτρεψε παραίσια σήματα φαίνων.

Sternly Odysseus frown'd, and made reply :
"Sayst thou, Atrides? What new saying this,
Hath slipp'd the ivory portal of thy teeth?
How durst thou say that we are slack to war?
Oft as against the charioteers of Troy
We raise the cry of onset, mayst thou see
(If these things are indeed thy care at all)
The own dear father of Telemachus
First in their charioteering warrior's midst.
Tush! For this talk is of mere folly born."
But, when he knew him wroth, the King smiled soft,
And spake again, and thus withdrew his words :
"Nay, Prince Zeus-born, Laertes' son most sage!
Needs not I chide thee nor exhort thee much ;
I know the heart within thy bosom full
Of gracious counsels ; as my will, such thine.
Haste, therefore, on ; and, if I spoke thee ill,
Let us atone hereafter ; and meantime
May the Gods render, that I said, unsaid."
He spoke ; and left him, and to others pass'd.

Next to high-hearted Diomed he came,
The son of Tydeus, standing up in arms,
Amongst his horses and their well-built cars ;
And Sthenelus at his side, Capaneus' son ;
Whom Agamemnon, king of men, rebuked
Beholding, and address'd with wingèd words :
"Unworthy son of father brave in arms,
The charioteering Tydeus! Why far off
View'st thou the lines that break the flood of war?
Not such faint shivering was to Tydeus dear,
But in his dear men's front to meet the foe.
Such their report, who knew him in his work ;
I knew him not nor saw him ; but they tell
He far exceeded others ; how he came
With godlike Polynices—not in arms,
But on that mission against sacred Thebes,
Asking an army, to Mycenæ's walls ;
And much besought Mycenæ to give help ;
Who gave it, and consented, as he bade.

οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἄγχοντ' ἠδὲ πρὸ ὁδοῦ ἐγένοντο,
Ἀσωπὸν δ' ἵκοντο βαθύσχοινον λεχεποίην,
ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἀγγελίην ἐπὶ Τυδῆ στεῖλαν Ἀχαιοί.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ, πολέας δὲ κιχήσατο Καδμείωνας
δαινυμένους κατὰ δῶμα βίης Ἐτεοκληείης.
ἔνθ' οὐδὲ, ξεινός περ ἐὼν, ἱππηλάτα Τυδεὺς
τάρβει, μοῦνος ἐὼν πολέσιν μετὰ Καδμείοισιν,
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἀεθλεύειν προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ' ἐνίκα
ῥηϊδίως· τοίη οἱ ἐπίρροθος ἦεν Ἀθήνη. 390
οἱ δὲ χολωσάμενοι Καδμεῖοι, κέντορες ἵππων,
ἂψ ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκινὸν λόχον εἶσαν ἄγοντες,
κούρους πεντήκοντα· δύω δ' ἡγήτορες ἦσαν,
Μαίων Αἱμονίδης, ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτοισιν,
υἱός τ' Αὐτοφόνοιο, μενεπτόλεμος Πολυφόντης.
Τυδεὺς μὲν καὶ τοῖσιν ἀεικέα πότμον ἐφῆκεν·
πάντας ἔπεφν', ἕνα δ' οἷον ἴσι οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι·
Μαίον' ἄρα προέηκε, θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας.
τοῖος ἔην Τυδεὺς Αἰτώλιος· ἀλλὰ τὸν υἱὸν
γείνατο εἶο χέρηα μάχῃ, ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνω." 400

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
αἰδεσθεὶς βασιλῆος ἐνιπὴν αἰδοίοιο.
τὸν δ' υἱὸς Καπανῆος ἀμείψατο κυδαλίμοιο·

"Ἀτρεΐδη, μὴ ψεύδε' ἐπιστάμενος σάφα εἰπεῖν.
ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι·
ἡμεῖς καὶ Θήβης ἕδος εἴλομεν ἑπταπύλοιο,
παυρότερον λαὸν ἀγαγόνθ' ὑπὸ τεῖχος Ἄρειον,
πειθόμενοι τεράεσσι θεῶν καὶ Ζηνὸς ἀρωγῇ·
κεῖνοι δὲ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.
τῷ μή μοι πατέρας ποθ' ὁμοίη ἔνθεο τιμῇ." 410

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"τέττα, σιωπῇ ἧσο, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπιπείθεο μύθῳ.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ νεμεσῶ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
ὀτρύνοντι μάχεσθαι ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς·

But Zeus by portents shown from heav'n adverse
Turn'd them, albeit already far advanced
As grassy-bank'd Asopus ; therefore thence
Tydeus alone in embassy they sent.
Alone he went, and feasting in the hall
Of their great King Eteocles he found
Many their nobles gather'd. Then, albeit
A solitary stranger in their throng,
The gallant Tydeus falter'd not in Thebes ;
But challenged all to combat, and in all
The combats proved the victor ; by his side
Pallas Athene stood, and bare him through.
Wrathful thereat the chiefs of Cadmus set
An ambush strong against him, on the road
Whereby he left returning ; fifty men
Under two leaders, Mæon, Hæmon's son,
A man the image of immortal Gods,
And Polyphontes of Autophonus.
Also on these he hurried an evil doom ;
These all he slew ; one only would he spare
To bear the tidings back : to heavenly signs
He bow'd, and sent the godlike Mæon home.
Such was Ætolian Tydeus in his day :
Better than he the son, whom he begat,
In council, but in action poorer far ! "

He spoke ; nor Diomed replied at all,
For reverence to his lord the King's rebuke ;
But Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, rejoin'd :

" Atrides, speak not false, who knowst the truth ;
More than our fathers we may boast to be.
For, though our leaguer of the fencèd town
Was less in number, yet we quite o'erthrew
(Holpen by Zeus and favouring signs from heaven)
That ancient seat of seven-gated Thebes,
Where they, our fathers, perish'd in their pride.
Rank them not, therefore, in like place to us ! "

Whom sternly eyeing, Diomed addressed :
" Rest thee in silence, friend, and wait my word.
To Agamemnon, shepherd of the host,
I give no blame, that, as he may, he speaks

τούτῳ μὲν γὰρ κῦδος ἔμ' ἕψεται, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρῶας δηώσωσιν ἕλωσί τε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν,
τούτῳ δ' αὖ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιῶν δηωθέντων.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε·
δεινὸν δ' ἔβραχε χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσιν ἄνακτος
ὀρνυμένου· ὑπό κεν ταλασίφρονά περ δέος εἷλεν.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ πολυηχέϊ κῦμα θαλάσσης
ὄρνυτ' ἐπασσύτερον Ζεφύρου ὕπο κινήσαντος·
ποντῳ μὲν τὰ πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
χέρσῳ ῥηγνύμενον μεγάλα βρέμει, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκρας
κυρτὸν ἐὸν κορυφοῦται, ἀποπτύει δ' ἁλὸς ἀχνην·
ὣς τότ' ἐπασσύτεραι Δαναῶν κίνυντο φάλαγγες
νωλεμέως πόλεμόνδε. κέλευε δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
ἡγεμόνων· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἀκὴν ἴσαν—οὐδέ κε φαίης
τόσσον λαὸν ἕπεσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδήν—
σιγῇ δειδιότες σημάντορας· ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν
τεύχεα ποικιλ' ἔλαμπε, τὰ εἱμένοι ἐστιχόωντο.
Τρῶες δ', ὥστ' ὄϊες πολυπάμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐλῇ
μυρίαι ἑστήκασιν ἀμελγόμεναι γάλα λευκὸν,
ἀζηχὲς μεμακυῖαι, ἀκούουσαι ὄπα ἀρνῶν,
ὣς Τρώων ἀλαλητὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ὀρώρει·
οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμὸς θρόος οὐδ' ἴα γῆρυς,
ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμικτο, πολύκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.
ὧρσε δὲ τοὺς μὲν Ἄρης, τοὺς δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
Δεῖμός τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος καὶ Ἔρις, ἄμοτον μεμαυῖα,
Ἄρεος ἀνδροφόνοιο κασιγνήτη ἑτάρη τε,
ἥτ' ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.
ἥ σφιν καὶ τότε νεῖκος ὁμοίϊον ἔμβαλε μέσσῳ
ἐρχομένη καθ' ὅμιλον, ὀφέλλουσα στόνον ἀνδρῶν.

To rouse to war Achaia's mailèd men.
To him will be the glory, should we take
Proud Ilion, and destroy the host of Troy;
And his the heaviest sorrow, should we fail.
Haste rather; put we on our olden might."
He spoke, and off the chariot, all in arms,
Leapt to the earth; and dreadful, as he moved,
Rang the brass coat upon the chieftain's breast;
How brave soe'er a foe had fear'd him then.

As, when a blast of Zephyr drives the deep,
Billow on billow to an echoing shore
The sea upswoll'n advances; and, at first,
Far-out the wave is crested, but anon
Breaks, thundering on the coast, and over-arch'd
Curls round the headlands, flinging far the foam;
Legion on legion so the Danaans come
Endless to battle; and their chiefs gave word
Each to his own, but else in silence all
(Thou'dst said that if the power of speech was there,
So vast a number could not move so mute)
Advanced, awaiting still their leaders' signs;
Whilst round about them flash'd the splendid arms,
Wherein empanoplied, they moved, array'd.

But Troy—as ewes in some rich shepherd's fold
Thousands by thousands stand at milking-hour
Ceaselessly bleating to their lambs' fond cry;
Such rose the din confused through Troy's broad line.
Nor cry of battle nor their speech were one,
But their tongues mix'd, and men of every clime.
These Ares led: but those the blue-eyed Maid
Athenè; Flight was there, and dread Dismay,
And Strife, of fury sateless; sister She
And comrade fast to Ares; low the head
She lifts at first, but, gathering height anon,
Treading the earth yet strikes against the skies.
And now amid the throng, and trebling all
The warriors' woe, and foe alike to both
She moved and 'twixt them cast the brands of hate.

πρῶτον γάρ μιν ἰόντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζὸν
δεξιόν· ἀντικρὺ δὲ δι' ὤμου χάλκεον ἔγχος
ἦλθεν. ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι χαμαὶ πέσεν, αἴγειρος ὡς,
ἥ ῥά τ' ἐν εἰαμενῇ ἕλεος μεγάλοιο πεφύκῃ
λείῃ, ἀτάρ τε οἱ ὄζοι ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ πεφύασιν
τὴν μέν θ' ἁρματοπηγὸς ἀνὴρ αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ
ἐξέταμ', ὄφρα ἴτυν κάμψῃ περικαλλέϊ δίφρῳ·
ἡ μέν τ' ἀζομενη κεῖται ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας.
τοῖον ἄρ' Ἀνθεμίδην Σιμοείσιον ἐξενάριξεν
Αἴας διογενής. τοῦ δ' Ἄντιφος αἰολοθώρηξ
Πριαμίδης καθ' ὅμιλον ἀκόντισεν ὀξέϊ δουρί.
τοῦ μὲν ἅμαρθ', ὁ δὲ Λεῦκον, Ὀδυσσέος ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον,
βεβλήκει βουβῶνα, νέκυν ἑτέρωσ' ἐρύοντα·
ἤριπε δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ, νεκρὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσεὺς μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀμφὶ ἒ παπτήνας. ὑπὸ δὲ Τρῶες κεκάδοντο
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσαντος. ὁ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἧκεν,
ἀλλ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο νόθον βάλε Δημοκόωντα,
ὃς οἱ Ἀβυδόθεν ἦλθε, παρ' ἵππων ὠκειάων.
τόν ῥ' Ὀδυσεὺς ἑτάροιο χολωσάμενος βάλε δουρὶ
κόρσην· ἡ δ' ἑτέροιο διὰ κροτάφοιο πέρησεν
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἴαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκροὺς,
ἴθυσαν δὲ πολὺ προτέρω. νεμέσησε δ' Ἀπόλλων
Περγάμου ἐκ κατιδὼν, Τρώεσσι δὲ κέκλετ' ἀΰσας·

"Ὄρνυσθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες, μηδ' εἴκετε χάρμης
Ἀργείοις, ἐπεὶ οὔ σφι λίθος οὐδὲ σίδηρος,
χαλκὸν ἀνασχέσθαι ταμεσίχροα βαλλομένοισιν.
οὐ μὰν οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς, Θέτιδος παῖς ἠϋκόμοιο,

Who struck him in mid onset through the chest
Near the right nipple; through the shoulder sheer
The point pass'd; to the ground in dust he dropt
Prone, as a poplar grown upon the marsh
Of some broad meadow; trim the trunk, but high
About its summit branching; with bright axe
Low hath a chariot-builder laid it strewn,
To fashion thence a goodly chariot's rim;
Long on the river's bank it lies and fades:
So fell Simoisius, brave Anthemion's son,
By heav'n-sprung Ajax stript. On Ajax then
Antiphus, of the glancing corslet, son
Of Priam, through the mellay aim'd his spear;
But err'd; yet of Odysseus' train struck one,
Brave Leucus, in the groin, in act to draw
A corse towards him; o'er the corse he fell,
And from his hand it dropt. Thereat most wroth,
Odysseus through the vanmost champions strode
Full-arm'd in blazing brass, and near the slain
Took stand, and round him look'd, and poised his spear
Aiming; the Trojans cower'd before his aim;
Nor vain the javelin sped; Democöon,
A bastard son of Priam (late arrived
From rich Abydos, where his father's mares
Were stabled, and he bred them for the King)—
Him did Odysseus, wrathful for his friend,
Strike in the temple; and the brazen point
Passed through the fellow-temple, that he died.
He fell, and loudly round him rang his arms.
Thereat bright Hector and their van gave way;
But loudlier cheer'd the Achaians, and regain'd
The corses of their dead, and push'd right on.

Apollo, looking down from Pergamus,
Beheld indignant, and appealed to Troy:
"Rouse ye, O Chieftain-charioteers of Troy
Yield not to Argos in the fight this day:
Not stone their flesh nor iron, proof to blows,
Let spear or sword but strike them! Know, withal,
No longer doth the fairhair'd Thetis' son

μάρναται, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσει."

Ὣς φάτ' ἀπὸ πτόλιος δεινὸς θεός· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
ὦρσε Διὸς θυγάτηρ κυδίστη Τριτογένεια,
ἐρχομένη καθ' ὅμιλον, ὅθι μεθιέντας ἴδοιτο.

Ἔνθ' Ἀμαρυγκείδην Διώρεα μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.
χερμαδίῳ γὰρ βλῆτο παρὰ σφυρὸν ὀκριόεντι
κνήμην δεξιτερήν· βάλε δὲ Θρῃκῶν ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,
Πείροος Ἰμβρασίδης, ὃς ἄρ' Αἰνόθεν εἰληλούθει.
ἀμφοτέρῳ δὲ τένοντε καὶ ὀστέα λᾶας ἀναιδὴς
ἄχρις ἀπηλοίησεν· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν
κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλοις ἑτάροισι πετάσσας,
θυμὸν ἀποπνείων. ὁ δ' ἐπέδραμεν ὅς ῥ' ἔβαλέν περ,
Πείροος· οὗτα δὲ δουρὶ παρ' ὀμφαλόν· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι
χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.

Τὸν δὲ Θόας Αἰτωλὸς ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε δουρὶ
στέρνον ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο, πάγη δ' ἐν πνεύμονι χαλκός.
ἀγχίμολον δέ οἱ ἦλθε Θόας, ἐκ δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατο στέρνοιο, ἐρύσσατο δὲ ξίφος ὀξύ,
τῷ ὅγε γαστέρα τύψε μέσην, ἐκ δ' αἶνυτο θυμόν.
τεύχεα δ' οὐκ ἀπέδυσε· περίστησαν γὰρ ἑταῖροι
Θρῄκες ἀκρόκομοι, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες,
οἵ ἑ, μέγαν περ ἐόντα καὶ ἴφθιμον καὶ ἀγαυόν,
ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.
ὣς τώγ' ἐν κονίῃσι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τετάσθην,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν Θρῃκῶν, ὁ δ' Ἐπειῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἡγεμόνες· πολλοὶ δὲ περὶ κτείνοντο καὶ ἄλλοι.

Ἔνθα κεν οὐκέτι ἔργον ἀνὴρ ὀνόσαιτο μετελθὼν,
ὅστις ἔτ' ἄβλητος καὶ ἀνούτατος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
δινεύοι κατὰ μέσσον, ἄγοι δέ ἑ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
χειρὸς ἑλοῦσ', αὐτὰρ βελέων ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν·
πολλοὶ γὰρ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἤματι κείνῳ
πρηνέες ἐν κονίῃσι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τέταντο.

The dread Achilles, range in fight, but now
Broods in his galleys, sullen, and withdrawn."
So from the city's citadel the God
Raised his dread voice; whilst through the other throng
Where'er she saw them yield, the Child of Zeus,
Tritogeneia, moved, and cheer'd their host.

Anon Fate caught Diores in her chain,
The son of Amarynceus; for he fell
Struck near the ankle on the dexter greave
With a rough stone by Peiröus, the son
Of Imbrasus, and leader of the tribes
Of Thrace from Ænos: and the ruthless stone
Crush'd either side the tendons; prone in dust
He dropt, outstretching to his friends his hands,
Rendering the ghost; but, who had cast it, ran
Close, even Peiröus, and beside him plunged
His javelin in his navel; all the bowels
Gush'd forth abroad, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Then Thoas of Ætolia charged in turn
On Peiröus as he rush'd away, and struck
His chest above the nipple; sharp the spear
Pierced to the lung; and Thoas at his side
Pluck'd the lance back, but drew a sharp bright brand,
And smote him on the belly, that he died,
But stripp'd not off his armour;—round their chief
The scalp-lock'd Thracians, spear in hand, throng'd fast,
And thrust back Thoas from them (man-at-arms
Brave though he was, and strong, and high-renown'd)
And back a little space, rough-shaken, he fell;
And by each other left those chieftains twain,
The King of Epè by the King of Thrace,
Whilst slaughter'd fell around them many more.

Had Pallas then led any through the throng,
Scathless, and safe, and guarded by her hand,
Passing so woundless in the storm of darts,
Not lightly had he reck'd the work there done.
Prone on that day so many ground the dust,
Trojans and brave Achaians, side by side.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ε'.

Διομήδους ἀριστεία.

Ἔνθ' αὖ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος, ἵν' ἔκδηλος μετὰ πᾶσιν
Ἀργείοισι γένοιτο ἰδὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἄροιτο.
δαῖέ οἱ ἐκ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος ἀκαματον πῦρ,
ἀστέρ' ὀπωρινῷ ἐναλίγκιον, ὅστε μάλιστα
λαμπρὸν παμφαίνῃσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο·
τοῖόν οἱ πῦρ δαῖεν ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων,
ὦρσε δέ μιν κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλεῖστοι κλονέοντο.

Ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δάρης ἀφνειὸς ἀμύμων,
ἱρεὺς Ἡφαίστοιο· δύω δέ οἱ υἱέες ἦστην,
Φηγεὺς Ἰδαῖός τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.
τώ οἱ ἀποκρινθέντε ἐναντίω ὁρμηθήτην·
τὼ μέν ἀφ' ἵπποιϊν, ὁ δ' ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὦρνυτο πεζός.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Φηγεύς ῥα πρότερος προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος·
Τυδείδεω δ' ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ἦλυθ' ἀκωκὴ
ἔγχεος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὦρνυτο χαλκῷ
Τυδείδης· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρὸς
ἀλλ' ἔβαλε στῆθος μεταμάζιον, ὦσε δ' ἀφ' ἵππων.
Ἴδαιος δ' ἀπόρουσε λιπὼν περικαλλέα δίφρον,
οὐδ' ἔτλη περιβῆναι ἀδελφειοῦ κταμένοιο·
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδέ κεν αὐτὸς ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα μέλαιναν,
ἀλλ' Ἥφαιστος ἔρυτο, σάωσε δὲ νυκτὶ καλύψας,
ὡς δή οἱ μὴ πῶγχυ γέρων ἀκαχήμενος εἴη.

ILIAD V.

THEN most on Diomedes Tydeus' son
Pallas Athene breathed a strength and heart,
To lift him high above all Argives else
Achieving glorious name. From off his helm
And buckler she made burn a quenchless fire:
Bright as the brightest of the stars of heaven
Fresh from the Ocean comes the Autumn-star;
Such from his shoulders and his crest the fire
She kindled; and she urged him through the fray
Into the midst, where thickest throng'd the war.

A certain man amongst the Trojans dwelt,
Dares, of substance rich and blameless life,
Priest to Hephæstus: he begat two sons,
Phegeus and Idas, either skill'd in war.
These two, disparted from their own array,
First met him face to face; on chariot these,
But he on foot, assailing from the ground.
And they had near'd each other on the field,
When Phegeus first discharged his shadowing spear;
Erring the point above the shoulder pass'd
O'er Tydeus' Son, nor struck him. Then in turn
Tydides hurl'd his lance, nor from his hand
Sped the shaft vain, but 'twixt the nipples struck
The breast, and from his chariot cast him down.
Whereat brave Idas leapt to earth and left
The carven car, nor round his brother slain
Durst rally; nor himself had next escaped
Black Fate, had not Hephæstus in thick mist
Enwrapt him and deliver'd, lest his priest
Should in one day be utterly forlorn.

ἵππους δ' ἐξελάσας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὸς
δῶκεν ἑταίροισιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ἐπεὶ ἴδον υἷε Δάρητος
τὸν μὲν ἀλευάμενον, τὸν δὲ κτάμενον παρ' ὄχεσφιν,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
χειρὸς ἑλοῦσ' ἐπέεσσι προσηύδα θοῦρον Ἄρηα·

" Ἄρες, Ἄρες βροτολοιγὲ, μιαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλῆτα,
οὐκ ἂν δὴ Τρῶας μὲν ἐάσαιμεν καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς
μάρνασθ', ὁππότεροισι πατὴρ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀρέξῃ,
νῶϊ δὲ χαζώμεσθα, Διὸς δ' ἀλεώμεθα μῆνιν ;"

Ὣς εἰποῦσα μάχης ἐξήγαγε θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα καθεῖσεν ἐπ' ἠϊόεντι Σκαμάνδρῳ,
Τρῶας δ' ἔκλιναν Δαναοί· ἕλε δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστος
ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀρχὸν Ἀλιζώνων, Ὀδίον μέγαν, ἔκβαλε δίφρου·
πρώτῳ γὰρ στρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ὤμων μεσσηγὺς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Φαίστον ἐνήρατο, Μήονος υἱὸν
Βώρου, ὃς ἐκ Τάρνης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει.
τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ
νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον, κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἰδομενῆος ἐσύλευον θεράποντες·
υἱὸν δὲ Στροφίοιο Σκαμάνδριον, αἴμονα θήρης,
Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος ἔλ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι,
ἐσθλὸν θηρητῆρα· δίδαξε γὰρ Ἄρτεμις αὐτὴ
βάλλειν ἄγρια πάντα, τάτε τρέφει οὔρεσιν ὕλη.
ἀλλ' οὔ οἱ τότε γε χραῖσμ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,
οὐδὲ ἑκηβολίαι, ᾗσιν τὸ πρίν γ' ἐκέκαστο·

But noble Tydeus' Son drave off their steeds,
And gave them to the galleys to be led.

Beholding that defeat of Dares' sons,
One vanish'd and the other in his blood,
The hearts of all the Trojans sank within them.
But Pallas took fierce Ares by the hand
Apart, and spake her wingèd words, and said:
"Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge!
Were it not our better part to leave these hosts
(Whether to Argos or to Troy Zeus grant
The victory) still to battle, but ourselves
Departing so avoid our Father's wrath?"
She spoke, and led fierce Ares from the fray,
And set him on Scamander's meadowy bank.

Then every Danaan Chieftain slew his man,
And broke the line of Troy. The king of men
Atrides first down from his chariot cast
Great Hodius, of the Halizonians chief;
For, as he wheel'd, he hurl'd his spear, and pierced
His spine, and 'twixt the shoulders drave it through;
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Idomeneus slew Phæstus, Borus' son,
Who from rich Tarne in Mæonia came;
Whom on his chariot-step, at point to mount,
Idomeneus with far-famed spear transfix'd
Through the right shoulder; from the step he fell,
And hideous night enwrapt him; whose bright arms
The followers of Idomeneus straight stript.

And Strophius' son, Scamandrius, by the spear
Perish'd of Menelaus Atreus' son;
A mighty hunter, master of the chase;
Whom Artemis herself had taught her art
To strike whatever breathes in wood or hill:
But now nor arrow-loving Artemis,
Nor the great archery, he was famed withal,

ἀλλά μιν Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος,
πρόσθεν ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὔτασε δουρὶ
ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
ἤριπε δὲ πρηνὴς, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Μηριόνης δὲ Φέρεκλον ἐνήρατο, τέκτονος υἱὸν
Ἁρμονίδεω, ὃς χερσὶν ἐπίστατο δαίδαλα πάντα
τεύχειν· ἔξοχα γάρ μιν ἐφίλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·
ὃς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τεκτήνατο νῆας ἐΐσας
ἀρχεκάκους, αἳ πᾶσι κακὸν Τρώεσσι γένοντο
οἵ τ' αὐτῷ, ἐπεὶ οὔτι θεῶν ἐκ θέσφατα ᾔδη.
τὸν μὲν Μηριόνης ὅτε δὴ κατέμαρπτε διώκων,
βεβλήκει γλουτὸν κατὰ δεξιόν· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστέον ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή.
γνὺξ δ' ἔριπ' οἰμώξας, θάνατος δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

Πήδαιον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε Μέγης, Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν,
ὅς ῥα νόθος μὲν ἦεν, πύκα δ' ἔτρεφε δῖα Θεανὼ,
ἶσα φίλοισι τέκεσσι, χαριζομένη πόσεϊ ᾧ.
τὸν μὲν Φυλείδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
βεβλήκει κεφαλῆς κατὰ ἰνίον ὀξέϊ δουρί·
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀν' ὀδόντας ὑπὸ γλῶσσαν τάμε χαλκός.
ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃ, ψυχρὸν δ' ἔλε χαλκὸν ὀδοῦσιν.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' Εὐαιμονίδης Ὑψήνορα δῖον,
υἱὸν ὑπερθύμου Δολοπίονος, ὅς ῥα Σκαμάνδρου
ἀρητὴρ ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ,
τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς,
πρόσθεν ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μεταδρομάδην ἔλασ' ὦμον
φασγάνῳ ἀΐξας, ἀπὸ δ' ἔξεσε χεῖρα βαρεῖαν.
αἱματόεσσα δὲ χεὶρ πεδίῳ πέσε· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·

Avail'd him; but Atrides pierced his spine
Betwixt the shoulders, as he fled before him,
Driving the spear right onward through the breast:
Who dropt, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Next by Meriones Phereclus fell,
The son of the renown'd Harmonides
The artificer: who knew all curious work
To fashion, for Athene loved him much:
He was it also who for Paris built
The galleys, the beginning of their hurt,—
Hurt to all Troy, and to his own self death,
Who knew not of the prophecies from heaven!
Whose son Meriones now follow'd, and pierced
Through the right buttock; onward driv'n the point
Travell'd along the bladder 'neath the bone;
Groaning he fell, and death enwrapt him round.

And Meges slew Pedæus; he the son
Of Prince Antenor, bastard-born, but rear'd
By fair Theano as her very own,
Out of the grace she bare unto her lord.
Him the famed Son of Phyleus drawing near
Smote on the head above the nape; and on
Under the tongue the point shore through the teeth,
That closed against the cold steel, as he fell.

Eurypylus Evæmon's son o'erthrew
Noble Hypsenor; he the son of great
Dolopion, to Scamander priest ordain'd
And honour'd by the people like a God.
Him did Eurypylus Evæmon's son
O'ertake, pursuing as he fled before him,
And at the shoulder strike, dissevering sheer
The heavy arm; bleeding the arm to earth
Dropt and there lay; whilst o'er his eyes came fast
The purple gloom of Death and violent Fate.

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

Τυδείδην δ' οὐκ ἂν γνοίης ποτέροισι μετείη,
ἠὲ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ὁμιλέοι ἢ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.
θῦνε γὰρ ἂμ πεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
χειμάῤῥῳ, ὅστ' ὦκα ῥέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας·
τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρ τε γέφυραι ἐεργμέναι ἰσχανόωσιν,
οὔτ' ἄρα ἕρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθηλέων,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης, ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος·
πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε κάλ' αἰζηῶν.
ὣς ὑπὸ Τυδείδῃ πυκιναὶ κλονέοντο φάλαγγες
Τρώων, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν μίμνον, πολέες περ ἐόντες.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς
θύνοντ' ἂμ πεδίον, πρὸ ἕθεν κλονέοντα φάλαγγας,
αἶψ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδῃ ἐτιταίνετο καμπύλα τόξα,
καὶ βάλ' ἐπαΐσσοντα, τυχὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον,
θώρηκος γύαλον· διὰ δ' ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀϊστὸς,
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε, παλάσσετο δ' αἵματι θώρηξ.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄυσε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς·

"Ὄρνυσθε, Τρῶες μεγάθυμοι, κέντορες ἵππων·
βέβληται γὰρ ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν, οὐδέ ἕ φημι
δήθ' ἀνσχήσεσθαι κρατερὸν βέλος, εἰ ἐτεόν με
ὦρσεν ἄναξ, Διὸς υἱὸς, ἀπορνύμενον Λυκίηθεν."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τὸν δ' οὐ βέλος ὠκὺ δάμασσεν,
ἀλλ' ἀναχωρήσας πρόσθ' ἵπποιιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἔστη, καὶ Σθένελον προσέφη, Καπανῆϊον υἱόν·

"Ὄρσο, πέπον Καπανηϊάδη, καταβήσεο δίφρου,
ὄφρα μοι ἐξ ὤμοιο ἐρύσσῃς πικρὸν ὀϊστόν."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, Σθένελος δὲ καθ' ἵππων ἅλτο χαμᾶζε,
πὰρ δὲ στὰς βέλος ὠκύ διαμπερὲς ἐξέρυσ' ὤμου·
αἷμα δ' ἀνηκόντιζε διὰ στρεπτοῖο χιτῶνος.
δὴ τότ' ἔπειτ' ἠρᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Κλῦθί μευ, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
εἴποτέ μοι καὶ πατρὶ φίλα φρονέουσα παρέστης

But of Tydides—with which host he shared,
Whether he fought for Argos or for Troy—
Thou hadst not known; so wildly o'er the field
He ranged: like some full river winterswollen
Scattering before it every dam and bar:
Nor the close-clampèd weirs may hold it more,
Nor the walls buttress'd to the vineclad banks,
What time in sudden flood it comes, and rain
Hath thick from Zeus descended; but it bears
Full many a strong man's goodly works away;
So throng'd before Tydides fast were borne
The Trojans, nor, though thousands, durst they stand.

Whom when Lycaon's noble son beheld
Throughout the plain thus ranging, and their troops
Routed in mass before him, quick he stretch'd
His bended bow, and struck him in mid-charge.
On the right shoulder at the hauberk's edge
He hit him, and the bitter arrow press'd
And pierced right through. Besprinkled with his blood
The hauberk show'd; and loud Lycaon's Son
Exulting lifted up his voice and cried:
"On, Trojans, on! And forwards prick the steeds!
The bravest of the foe is smitten now.
Nor long, methinks will he endure the pain,
If of a truth Apollo King Zeus-born
Prompted me, when I set from Lycia forth."
Boasting he spoke; but not by that swift dart
Was Tydeus' Son subdued. A little space
He drew him back, and stood before his car;
And to the Son of Capaneus he said:
"Quick down, my friend! Quick from the car dismount
And draw this bitter arrow from the wound."
He spoke, and Sthenelus leapt down to earth,
And, standing by him, from the shoulder drew
Right out the bitter arrow; whence the blood
Upspouted, and bedew'd the chain of mail.
Then noble Diomed made prayer and said:
"Hearken, untiring Daughter of great Zeus!
If ever by my father's side thou stoodst

δηΐῳ ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν αὖτ' ἐμὲ φίλαι, Ἀθήνη·
δὸς δέ τέ μ' ἄνδρα ἑλεῖν καὶ ἐς ὁρμὴν ἔγχεος ἐλθεῖν,
ὅς μ' ἔβαλε φθάμενος καὶ ἐπεύχεται, οὐδέ μέ φησιν
δηρὸν ἔτ' ὄψεσθαι λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρὰ, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Θαρσῶν νῦν, Διόμηδες, ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
ἐν γάρ τοι στήθεσσι μένος πατρώϊον ἧκα
ἄτρομον, οἷον ἔχεσκε σακέσπαλος ἱππότα Τυδεύς·
ἀχλὺν δ' αὖ τοι ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἕλον, ἣ πρὶν ἐπῆεν,
ὄφρ' εὖ γιγνώσκῃς ἠμὲν θεὸν ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρα.
τῷ νῦν, αἴ κε θεὸς πειρώμενος ἐνθάδ' ἵκηται,
μήτι σύγ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς ἀντικρὺ μάχεσθαι
τοῖς ἄλλοις· ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
ἔλθῃσ' ἐς πόλεμον, τήνγ' οὐτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ."

Ἣ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
Τυδείδης δ' ἐξαῦτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη·
καὶ, πρίν περ θυμῷ μεμαὼς Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
δὴ τότε μιν τρὶς τόσσον ἔλεν μένος, ὥστε λέοντα,
ὅν ῥά τε ποιμὴν ἀγρῷ ἐπ' εἰροπόκοις ὀΐεσσιν
χραύσῃ μέν τ' αὐλῆς ὑπεράλμενον οὐδὲ δαμάσσῃ·
τοῦ μέν τε σθένος ὦρσεν, ἔπειτα δέ τ' οὐ προσαμύνει,
ἀλλὰ κατὰ σταθμοὺς δύεται, τὰ δ' ἐρῆμα φοβεῖται·
αἱ μέν τ' ἀγχιστῖναι ἐπ' ἀλλήλῃσι κέχυνται,
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἐμμεμαὼς βαθέης ἐξάλλεται αὐλῆς·
ὣς μεμαὼς Τρώεσσι μίγη κρατερὸς Διομήδης.

Ἔνθ' ἔλεν Ἀστύνοον καὶ Ὑπείρονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν χαλκήρεϊ δουρὶ,
τὸν δ' ἕτερον ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ κληῖδα παρ' ὦμον

Most gracious in the peril of the fray,
So now, Athene, show thy grace to me.
Grant me to come within the reach of spear
And slay the man who hath forestall'd me now
And vaunts so loudly, it shall ne'er be mine
To see the sunshine of another day!"
He pray'd, whose prayer Athene heard, and made
His foot and limbs below, his arms above,
Lithe, supple; and approaching stood, and said:
"On, Diomed, to battle, with good cheer!
Fear not: thy father's spirit in thy breast,
The dauntless spirit Tydeus had of old
When arms he wielded, I have breathed on thee:
And from thine eyes have moved the mist, that hung
Upon them erst, that thou mayst surely know
Who mortal, who immortal. If a God
Descend assailing, face not thou the Gods
In battle, save one only: but if She,
If Zeus-born Aphrodite venture forth,
Spare not to wound her with thy pointed spear."
Thus spake the Azure-eyed, and pass'd away.

But Tydeus' Son, so cured and whole, again
Mix'd with the foremost champions of the fight.
His heart had erst been ardent to the war;
But now a spirit drave him thrice as fierce;
Like to a lion by a shepherd grazed
Whilst leaping o'er the hurdles on a flock,
Grazed, but with no subduing blow, and stung
To greater wrath thereby; whereat the man
Flees fearing to the hut, and leaves the flock
Forlorn, and close-confounded, sheep on sheep;
Till of the prompting of his own fierce will
The lion from the fold at last leaps back:
Like fury drave Tydides on the foe.

Hypeiron then the shepherd of his realm
Fell with Astynoüs; for o'er the breast
He pierce Astynoüs with a brass-spiked spear,
But smote Hypeiron, where the shoulder meets

πλῆξ', ἀπὸ δ' αὐχένος ὦμον ἔέργαθεν ἠδ' ἀπὸ νώτου.
τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὁ δ' Ἄβαντα μετῴχετο καὶ Πολύειδον,
υἱέας Εὐρυδάμαντος, ὀνειροπόλοιο γέροντος,
τοῖς οὐκ ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέρων ἐκρίνατ' ὀνείρους,
ἀλλά σφεας κρατερὸς Διομήδης ἐξενάριξεν.
βῆ δὲ μετὰ Ξάνθον τε Θόωνά τε, Φαίνοπος υἷε,
ἄμφω τηλυγέτω· ὁ δὲ τείρετο γήραϊ λυγρῷ,
υἱὸν δ' οὐ τέκετ' ἄλλον ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσι λιπέσθαι.
ἔνθ' ὅγε τοὺς ἐνάριζε, φίλον δ' ἐξαίνυτο θυμὸν
ἀμφοτέρω, πατέρι δὲ γόον καὶ κήδεα λυγρὰ
λεῖπ', ἐπεὶ οὐ ζώοντε μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντε
δέξατο· χηρωσταὶ δὲ διὰ κτῆσιν δατέοντο.

Ἔνθ' υἷας Πριάμοιο δύω λάβε Δαρδανίδαο,
εἰν ἑνὶ δίφρῳ ἐόντας, Ἐχέμμονά τε Χρομίον τε.
ὡς δὲ λέων ἐν βουσὶ θορὼν ἐξ αὐχένα ἄξῃ
πόρτιος ἠὲ βοὸς, ξύλοχον κάτα βοσκομενάων,
ὣς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους ἐξ ἵππων Τυδέος υἱὸς
βῆσε κακῶς ἀέκοντας, ἔπειτα δὲ τεύχε' ἐσύλα·
ἵππους δ' οἷς ἑτάροισι δίδου μετὰ νῆας ἐλαύνειν.

Τὸν δ' ἴδεν Αἰνείας ἀλαπάζοντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἄν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχειάων
Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διζήμενος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
εὗρε Λυκάονος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,
στῆ δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο ἔπος τέ μιν ἀντίον ηὔδα·

"Πάνδαρε, ποῦ τοι τόξον ἰδὲ πτερόεντες ὀϊστοὶ
καὶ κλέος; ᾧ οὔτις τοι ἐρίζεται ἐνθάδε γ' ἀνὴρ,
οὐδέ τις ἐν Λυκίῃ σέο γ' εὔχεται εἶναι ἀμείνων.
ἀλλ' ἄγε τῷδ' ἔφες ἀνδρὶ βέλος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχὼν,
ὅστις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν
Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·

The collar, with huge sword dissevering sheer
The shoulder from the throat and neck and back.

These leaving, fast he followed on the steps
Of Abas and Polædus; they the sons
Of old Eurydamas, the seer of dreams;
But ere they came their father had not read
Their dreams aright, for Diomed slew them both.

Xanthus and Thoon next he quick pursued,
The sons of Phænops, sons of his old age;
With years he long was wasting, nor begat
Another, to be heir to all his wealth.
These Diomed likewise slew, and took the life
From both, but to their father woe bequeath'd,
Sorrow, and lamentation; who would ne'er
Receive them welcome from the war again,
But strangers parted all his wealth amongst them.

Anon he caught Echemon, and with him
Chromius, together on one car, two sons
Of Dardan Priam. As a lion springs
Upon a herd, and, lion-fashion, breaks
The neck of cow or heifer where they graze:
So from their chariot-settle Tydeus' Son
Dash'd down those two, most loth, in evil plight,
And stripp'd their arms, and to his comrades gave
Their horses to the galleys to be driven.
Whom thus in devastation of Troy's ranks
Æneas mark'd, and through the throng of spears
Made passage, peering for a Godlike chief,
If haply he might find him, Pandarus.
Whom soon he found, Lycaon's blameless son,
And standing straight before him, spake and said:
"Pandar, where now the arrows, and the bow,
And that renown, wherein none here can vie,
Nor any in broad Lycia challenge thee?
Rise therefore, and uplift thy hands to Zeus:
And then at yonder hero send a shaft,
Who lords it through the battle and hath wrought
Such evil unto Troy; many and brave

εἰ μή τις θεός ἐστι κοτεσσάμενος Τρώεσσιν,
ἱρῶν μηνίσας· χαλεπὴ δὲ θεοῦ ἔπι μῆνις."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,
Τυδείδῃ μιν ἔγωγε δαΐφρονι πάντα ἐΐσκω,
ἀσπίδι γιγνώσκων αὐλώπιδί τε τρυφαλείῃ,
ἵππους τ' εἰσορόων· σάφα δ' οὐκ οἶδ' εἰ θεός ἐστιν.
εἰ δ' ὅγ' ἀνὴρ ὃν φημι, δαΐφρων Τυδέος υἱός,
οὐχ ὅγ' ἄνευθε θεοῦ τάδε μαίνεται, ἀλλά τις ἄγχι
ἕστηκ' ἀθανάτων, νεφέλῃ εἰλυμένος ὤμους,
ὃς τούτου βέλος ὠκὺ κιχήμενον ἔτραπεν ἄλλῃ
ἤδη γάρ οἱ ἐφῆκα βέλος, καί μιν βάλον ὦμον
δεξιὸν, ἀντικρὺ διὰ θώρηκος γυάλοιο·
καί μιν ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην Ἀϊδωνῆϊ προϊάψειν,
ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἐδάμασσα· θεός νύ τίς ἐστι κοτήεις.
ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἅρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβαίην·
ἀλλά που ἐν μεγάροισι Λυκάονος ἔνδεκα δίφροι
καλοὶ πρωτοπαγεῖς νεοτευχέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοι
πέπτανται· παρὰ δέ σφιν ἑκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι
ἑστᾶσι, κρῖ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας.
ἦ μέν μοι μάλα πολλὰ γέρων αἰχμητὰ Λυκάων
ἐρχομένῳ ἐπέτελλε δόμοις ἔνι ποιητοῖσιν·
ἵπποισίν μ' ἐκέλευε καὶ ἅρμασιν ἐμβεβαῶτα
ἀρχεύειν Τρώεσσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας·
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην—ἦ τ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν—
ἵππων φειδόμενος, μή μοι δευοίατο φορβῆς
ἀνδρῶν εἰλομένων, εἰωθότες ἔδμεναι ἄδδην.
ὣς λίπον, αὐτὰρ πεζὸς ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα,
τόξοισιν πίσυνος· τὰ δέ μ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλον ὀνήσειν.
ἤδη γὰρ δοιοῖσιν ἀριστήεσσιν ἐφῆκα,
Τυδείδῃ τε καὶ Ἀτρείδῃ, ἐκ δ' ἀμφοτέροιϊν
ἀτρεκὲς αἷμ' ἔσσευα βαλὼν, ἤγειρα δὲ μᾶλλον.
τῷ ῥα κακῇ αἴσῃ ἀπὸ πασσάλου ἀγκύλα τόξα
ἤματι τῷ ἐλόμην ὅτε Ἴλιον εἰς ἐρατεινὴν
ἡγεόμην Τρώεσσι, φέρων χάριν Ἕκτορι δίῳ

The men, whose limbs he hath beneath them loosed;
Unless it be some God in wrath with Troy;
For sore the anger of a God to men."
Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus:
"Giver of wisest counsel to the host,
Æneas! Him in all points make I like
To Tydeus' martial Son; for by the shield
I know him, by the crested cone I know,
And when I view his chariot. Yet indeed
If God he be, I hold not quite assured.
For, though he be the man I say he seems,
The warlike Son of Tydeus, not without
Some God he owns this fury; by his side
Stands some Immortal in a cloud conceal'd,
And turn'd my dart at point to pierce him through.
Already have I shot, and struck him full
On the right shoulder through the hauberk's edge,
And vaunted I should send him ere his time
To Hades, yet subdued him not at all:
Some God, be sure, is anger'd with us now.
Nor car nor horses here are mine to mount.
Chariots eleven in my father's halls
Stand idle, fair to view, and newly wrought,
Late-built, with cloths spread round them; while by each,
Champing white corn and spelt, two horses stand.
And oft the old Lycaon laid on me
His warning, ere I left his highroof'd home,
And bade me with my horses and my cars
Come mounted, so to lead in battle here.
It had been better; but I hearken'd not,
Sparing my steeds, lest haply in a town
Beleaguer'd they should lack their wonted food.
Therefore on foot, and leaving them behind,
I came to Ilion, trusting in this bow
And arrows—naught the good I gain from them!
Twice have I aim'd against their bravest two,
Atrides and Tydides; twice have drawn
Blood bursting clear; yet have but fired them more.
Therefore with evil fortune from its peg
Took I this crookbent bow, what time I left
To render grace to Hector and to lead
Under fair Ilion's walls a Trojan troop;

εἰ δέ κε νοστήσω καὶ ἐσόψομαι ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
πατρίδ' ἐμὴν ἄλοχόν τε καὶ ὑψερεφὲς μέγα δῶμα,
αὐτίκ' ἔπειτ' ἀπ' ἐμεῖο κάρη τάμοι ἀλλότριος φώς,
εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ τάδε τόξα φαεινῷ ἐν πυρὶ θείην
χερσὶ διακλάσσας· ἀνεμώλια γάρ μοι ὀπηδεῖ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας, Τρώων ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"μὴ δ' οὕτως ἀγόρευε· πάρος δ' οὐκ ἔσσεται ἄλλως,
πρίν γ' ἐπὶ νὼ τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἀντιβίην ἐλθόντε σὺν ἔντεσι πειρηθῆναι.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὄφρα ἴδηαι
οἷοι Τρῶϊοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο
κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διωκέμεν ἠδὲ φέβεσθαι·
τὼ καὶ νῶϊ πόλινδε σαώσετον, εἴπερ ἂν αὖτε
Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ κῦδος ὀρέξῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἐπιβήσομαι, ὄφρα μάχωμαι
ἠὲ σὺ τόνδε δέδεξο, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·
"Αἰνεία, σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔχ' ἡνία καὶ τεὼ ἵππω·
μᾶλλον ὑφ' ἡνιόχῳ εἰωθότι καμπύλον ἅρμα
οἴσετον, εἴπερ ἂν αὖτε φεβώμεθα Τυδέος υἱόν.
μὴ τὼ μὲν δείσαντε ματήσετον, οὐδ' ἐθέλητον
ἐκφερέμεν πολέμοιο, τεὸν φθόγγον ποθέοντε,
νῶϊ δ' ἐπαΐξας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὸς
αὐτώ τε κτείνῃ καὶ ἐλάσσῃ μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε τέ' ἅρματα καὶ τεὼ ἵππω,
τόνδε δ' ἐγὼν ἐπιόντα δεδέξομαι ὀξέϊ δουρί."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντες, ἐς ἅρματα ποικίλα βάντες,
ἐμμεμαῶτ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδῃ ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους.
τοὺς δὲ ἴδε Σθένελος, Καπανῆϊος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς,
αἶψα δὲ Τυδείδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Τυδείδη Διόμηδες, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
ἄνδρ' ὁρόω κρατερὼ ἐπὶ σοὶ μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,
ἶν' ἀπέλεθρον ἔχοντας· ὁ μὲν τόξων εὖ εἰδὼς,

And if I e'er again return to see
My country and my wife and highroof'd house,
Then may some stranger straight behead me there,
If I myself then break it not to shreds
And cast the splinters on a blazing fire:
So idly in my hand it shows this day!"

Æneas, prince of Troy, made answer then:
"Nay, speak not thus. But this is true, our plight
Will scarce be alter'd, ere we two, conjoin'd
And both in arms with horses and with car,
Go forth together to assay this man
And meet him face to face. Mount then with me
This chariot, and behold the steeds of Troy
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro
To skim the plain for flight or for pursuit.
And ev'n if Zeus bestow on Tydeus' Son
The victory, these will bear us home secure.
Rise therefore, take the glossy reins and thong,
Whilst I descend to meet him hand to hand;
Or thou meet him, whilst I attend the steeds."

Lycaon's noble Son made answer thus:
"The steeds are thine, Æneas; hold the reins
Thyself; it is thy wont, and they will draw
(Should we be turn'd to flight by Tydeus' Son)
This richwrought chariot straighter by thy hand:—
Lest too they stray fear-smitten, and be slow,
Missing thy wellknown voice, to bear us back,
And give occasion to Tydides then
To spring upon us swift and slay us both,
And drive them also, trophy to the ships.
Keep manage therefore of thy steeds thyself,
Whilst I await him with a sharp-tipt spear."

They spoke, and mounting to the carvèd car
Together down upon Tydides bore
In strength combined. The Son of Capaneus
Beheld, and from the chariot call'd, and said:

"Tydides! Thou in whom is my delight!
Two men, of might unbounded, I descry,
Two heroes, both together bent on thee;
And one is Pandar, master of the bow,

Πάνδαρος, υἱὸς δ' αὖτε Λυκάονος εὔχεται εἶναι·
Αἰνείας δ' υἱὸς μὲν ἀμύμονος Ἀγχίσαο
εὔχεται ἐκγεγάμεν, μήτηρ δέ οἱ ἐστ' Ἀφροδίτη.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ χαζώμεθ' ἐφ' ἵππων, μηδέ μοι οὕτως
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, μήπως φίλον ἦτορ ὀλέσσῃς."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"μήτι φόβονδ' ἀγόρευ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σὲ πεισέμεν οἴω·
οὐ γάρ μοι γενναῖον ἀλυσκάζοντι μάχεσθαι
οὐδὲ καταπτώσσειν· ἔτι μοι μένος ἔμπεδόν ἐστιν·
ὀκνείω δ' ἵππων ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτως
ἀντίον εἶμ' αὐτῶν· τρεῖν μ' οὐκ ἐᾷ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
τούτω δ' οὐ πάλιν αὖτις ἀποίσετον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄμφω ἀφ' ἡμείων, εἴ γ' οὖν ἕτερός γε φύγῃσιν.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν
αἴ κέν μοι πολύβουλος Ἀθήνη κῦδος ὀρέξῃ
ἀμφοτέρω κτεῖναι, σὺ δὲ τούσδε μὲν ὠκέας ἵππους
αὐτοῦ ἐρυκακέειν, ἐξ ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας·
Αἰνείαο δ' ἐπαΐξαι μεμνημένος ἵππων,
ἐκ δ' ἐλάσαι Τρώων μετ' ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
τῆς γάρ τοι γενεῆς, ἧς Τρωΐ περ εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
δῶχ' υἷος ποινὴν Γανυμήδεος, οὕνεκ' ἄριστοι
ἵππων, ὅσσοι ἔασιν ὑπ' ἠὼ τ' ἠέλιόν τε.
τῆς γενεῆς ἔκλεψεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγχίσης,
λάθρῃ Λαομέδοντος ὑποσχὼν θήλεας ἵππους·
τῶν οἱ ἓξ ἐγένοντο ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γενέθλη·
τοὺς μὲν τέσσαρας αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλ' ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
τὼ δὲ δύ' Αἰνείᾳ δῶκεν, μήστωρι φόβοιο.
εἰ τούτω κε λάβοιμεν, ἀροίμεθά κε κλέος ἐσθλόν."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
τὼ δὲ τάχ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον, ἐλαύνοντ' ὠκέας ἵππους.
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·

"Καρτερόθυμε, δαΐφρον, ἀγαυοῦ Τυδέος υἱέ,
ἦ μάλα σ' οὐ βέλος ὠκὺ δαμάσσατο, πικρὸς ὀϊστός·

Who boasts to be the great Lycaon's son;
Æneas the other, who Anchises names
His father, but fair Cypris gave him birth.
Withdraw we therefore on the car awhile;
Nor thus, I pray thee, in their champions' van
Range singly, lest perchance thou lose thy life."
Sternly frown'd Diomed, and made reply:
"Counsel me not to flight; thou mov'st me not;
Not to my birth accords it, or to shun
The battle, or to show a craven there.
My limbs are firm beneath me; therefore loth
Were I to mount the chariot. As I stand,
I go to meet them; Pallas from all fear
Forbids me. Yea, though one of these perchance
Escapes my hand, yet both secure away
Their horses scarce shall carry. Hear my word,
And mind it well: should She, the blue-eyed Maid,
Giver of all wise counsel, now vouchsafe
The glory of the deaths of both my foes,
Fast to the rim draw up thy reins, to stay
This chariot here, and leave it, and spring forth
Mindful to seize and to the camp drive off
These horses of Æneas. For their birth
Is of that stock which mighty Zeus erst gave
To Tros, the price of Ganymede his son:
Best therefore were they of their kind on earth,
From sunrise unto sunset unsurpass'd;
And unto them Anchises brought his mares,
By stealth, and to Laomedon unknown,
Secretly to be served; whence six were foal'd
All of this noble breed within his stalls.
Four doth he keep, and nurture with all care,
But two, these breathers of dismay, bestow'd
Upon his son Æneas; and, could we
Achieve them, noble were the name we won."
Thus spoke they, each to other, whilst the two
Lashing their steeds now bore upon them nigh;
And first Lycaon's noble son began:
"Bravehearted warrior! Glorious Tydeus' Son!
My dart, the bitter arrow, quell'd thee not;

νῦν αὖτ' ἐγχείῃ πειρήσομαι, αἴ κε τύχωμι."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος 280
καὶ βάλε Τυδείδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα· τῆς δὲ διαπρὸ
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη πταμένη θώρηκι πελάσθη.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄυσε Λυκάονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός·

"Βέβληαι κενεῶνα διαμπερὲς, οὐδέ σ' ὀΐω
δηρὸν ἔτ' ἀνσχήσεσθαι· ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκας."

Τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"ἤμβροτες οὐδ' ἔτυχες· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὲν σφῶΐ γ' ὀΐω
πρίν γ' ἀποπαύσεσθαι, πρίν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα, ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν."

Ὣς φάμενος προέηκε· βέλος δ' ἴθυνεν Ἀθήνη 290
ῥῖνα παρ' ὀφθαλμὸν, λευκοὺς δ' ἐπέρησεν ὀδόντας.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν γλῶσσαν πρυμνὴν τάμε χαλκὸς ἀτειρὴς,
αἰχμὴ δ' ἐξεσύθη παρὰ νείατον ἀνθερεῶνα.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
αἰόλα, παμφανόωντα, παρέτρεσσαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε.

Αἰνείας δ' ἀπόρουσε σὺν ἀσπίδι δουρί τε μακρῷ,
δείσας μή πώς οἱ ἐρυσαίατο νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοί.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ βαῖνε λέων ὣς ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς,
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ' ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην, 300
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαὼς ὅστις τοῦγ' ἀντίος ἔλθοι,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων. ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ'· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
τῷ βάλεν Αἰνείαο κατ' ἰσχίον, ἔνθα τε μηρὸς
ἰσχίῳ ἐνστρέφεται, κοτύλην δέ τέ μιν καλέουσιν·
θλάσσε δέ οἱ κοτύλην, πρὸς δ' ἄμφω ῥῆξε τένοντε·
ὦσε δ' ἀπὸ ῥινὸν τρηχὺς λιθος· αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἧρως
ἕστη γνὺξ ἐριπὼν καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχείῃ
γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὄσσε κελαινὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν. 310

Καί νύ κεν ἔνθ' ἀπόλοιτο ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Αἰνείας,

Now, only let me strike thee, feel the spear!"
He spoke, and whirl'd the shadowing lance, and hurl'd,
And struck Tydides' buckler; quivering through
Pass'd on the brazen point, but at the breast
Before the corslet stay'd; and loudly cheer'd
Piercing the shield Lycaon's noble Son;
"Struck thro' the heart, nor long, I think, to live!
And great the glory thou on me bestow'st."
But answer undismay'd made Diomed:
"Nay, for thou hast not hit, but miss'd thy mark:
And for you twain, I doubt an ye will end
This boasting, ere the one or the other glut
The thirsty maw of Ares with his blood."
He spoke, and threw; Athene guided down
The dart upon the face beside the eye;
Through the white teeth it went; the frayless edge
Clove the tongue's root, nor ere it pass'd the chin
Was slacken'd; from the car he fell; and loud
The enamell'd arms clash'd round him where he fell.
Started the affrighted steeds, whilst from their lord
The spirit and the strength were loosèd quite.
But fearful lest the Achaians gain his corse,
Shield and long spear in hand, Æneas sprang
Down from the car, and round him, lionlike,
Strode in huge strength exultant; in his front
He held the spear and orbed shield, and stood
Ready to slay whoever durst assail,
With terrible outcry. But Tydides took
A stone, a giant matter, such as two
Of living generations might not lift,
Bnt he with single hand uppoised aloft;
With this Æneas on the groin he struck,
There where the thigh is jointed to the groin;
Men call the joint the socket; this he crush'd
And brake beside the tendons; all the flesh
The jaggèd edge tore off; and on his knee
The hero falling, sunk, one moment stay'd
By his broad hand—then darkness veil'd his eyes

Whereby the Chief had perish'd, had not She

εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
μήτηρ, ἥ μιν ὑπ' Ἀγχίσῃ τέκε βουκολέοντι·
ἀμφὶ δ' ἑὸν φίλον υἱὸν ἐχεύατο πήχεε λευκὼ,
πρόσθε δέ οἱ πέπλοιο φαεινοῦ πτύγμ' ἐκάλυψεν,
ἔρκος ἔμεν βελέων, μή τις Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
χαλκὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἕλοιτο.

Ἣ μὲν ἑὸν φίλον υἱὸν ὑπεξέφερεν πολέμοιο·
οὐδ' υἱὸς Καπανῆος ἐλήθετο συνθεσιάων
τάων ἃς ἐπέτελλε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
ἀλλ' ὅγε τοὺς μὲν ἑοὺς ἠρύκακε μώνυχας ἵππους
νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβου, ἐξ ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας.
Αἰνείαο δ' ἐπαΐξας καλλίτριχας ἵππους
ἐξέλασε Τρώων μετ' ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
δῶκε δὲ Δηϊπύλῳ, ἑτάρῳ φίλῳ, ὃν περὶ πάσης
τίεν ὁμηλικίης, ὅτι οἱ φρεσὶν ἄρτια ᾔδη,
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν. αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἥρως
ὧν ἵππων ἐπιβὰς ἔλαβ' ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,
αἶψα δὲ Τυδείδην μέθεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους
ἐμμεμαώς· ὁ δὲ Κύπριν ἐπῴχετο νηλέϊ χαλκῷ,
γιγνώσκων ὅτ' ἄναλκις ἔην θεὸς, οὐδὲ θεάων
τάων αἵτ' ἀνδρῶν πόλεμον κάτα κοιρανέουσιν,
οὔτ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίη οὔτε πτολίπορθος Ἐνυώ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐκίχανε πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον ὀπάζων,
ἔνθ' ἐπορεξάμενος μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὸς
ἄκρην οὔτασε χεῖρα μετάλμενος ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
ἀβληχρήν· εἶθαρ δὲ δόρυ χροὸς ἀντετόρησεν
ἀμβροσίου διὰ πέπλου, ὃν οἱ Χάριτες κάμον αὐταὶ,
πρυμνὸν ὕπερ θέναρος. ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα θεοῖο,
ἰχὼρ, οἷός πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν·
οὐ γὰρ σῖτον ἔδουσ', οὐ πίνουσ' αἴθοπα οἶνον,
τοὔνεκ' ἀναίμονές εἰσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.
ἡ δὲ μέγα ἰάχουσα ἀπὸ ἕο κάββαλεν υἱόν.

(The Child of Zeus who erst on Ida's knolls
Lay with Anchises where he grazed his kine),
His mother, Aphrodite, seen his plight.
Around her son she shower'd her two white palms
And cast her glistening raiment to enfold
And screen him from this danger, lest perchance
Some Danaan see and strike him to the heart.
So half conceal'd she 'gan withdraw her son.

But not unmindful of the pact, whereto
Brave Diomed had enjoin'd him, Sthenelus
Rein'd back, from all the turmoil well aloof,
His own strong steeds, and to the chariot's rim
Made the reins fast; thence sprang, and drave away
The horses of Æneas, prey and spoil,
Clear from the Trojan to the Achaian lines;
And gave them to Deipolus (the friend
Most loved, most honour'd, by him of his peers,
With whom he was as one in heart and mind)
Back to the hollow galleys to be driven;
Then quick remounted to his own, and seized
The glossy reins, and drave the strong-shod steeds
Hot with all haste behind his lord again.

For now Tydides press'd with pitiless spear
Assailing Aphrodite; her he knew
A Goddess feeble, not of those who hold
The helm of battle, over men supreme,
Athene, or Enyo, Queens of war.
Therefore advancing through the throng of men,
Near her he took his aim, and springing forth
Struck with his spear her tender nerveless hand,
Wounding its edge; and through the skin the point
Grided, dissevering near the wrist the robe
Ambrosial, broider'd by her Graces' hands.
And forth such heavenly Ichor stream'd apace,
Such blood as in the veins of Gods may flow,
Who eat not corn, nor drink of glowing wine,
Are bloodless therefore, and Immortal named.
With a loud shriek She cast her son away,

καὶ τὸν μὲν μετὰ χερσὶν ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
κυανέῃ νεφέλῃ, μή τις Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
χαλκὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἕλοιτο·
τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄϋσε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

" Εἶκε, Διὸς θύγατερ, πολέμου καὶ δηϊοτῆτος·
ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὅττι γυναῖκας ἀνάλκιδας ἠπεροπεύεις;
εἰ δὲ σύγ' ἐς πόλεμον πωλήσεαι, ἦ τέ σ' ὀΐω
ῥιγήσειν πόλεμόν γε, καὶ εἴ χ' ἑτέρωθι πύθηαι."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', ἡ δ' ἀλύουσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τείρετο δ' αἰνῶς·
τὴν μὲν ἄρ' Ἶρις ἐλοῦσα ποδήνεμος ἔξαγ' ὁμίλου
ἀχθομένην ὀδύνῃσι· μελαίνετο δὲ χρόα καλόν.
εὗρεν ἔπειτα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ θοῦρον Ἄρηα
ἥμενον· ἠέρι δ' ἔγχος ἐκέκλιτο καὶ ταχέ' ἵππω.
ἡ δὲ γνὺξ ἐριποῦσα κασιγνήτοιο φίλοιο
πολλὰ λισσομένη χρυσάμπυκας ᾔτεεν ἵππους·

" Φίλε κασίγνητε, κόμισαί τέ με δός τέ μοι ἵππους,
ὄφρ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἵκωμαι, ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἕδος ἐστίν.
λίην ἄχθομαι ἕλκος, ὅ με βροτὸς οὔτασεν ἀνὴρ,
Τυδείδης, ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο."

Ὣς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἄρ' Ἄρης δῶκε χρυσάμπυκας ἵππους.
ἡ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἔβαινεν ἀκηχεμένη φίλον ἦτορ.
πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἶρις ἔβαινε καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσὶν,
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκοντο θεῶν ἕδος, αἰπὺν Ὄλυμπον.
ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
λύσασ' ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ·
ἡ δ' ἐν γούνασι πῖπτε Διώνης δῖ' Ἀφροδίτη,
μητρὸς ἑῆς· ἡ δ' ἀγκὰς ἐλάζετο θυγατέρα ἣν,
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

" Τίς νύ σε τοιάδ' ἔρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐρανιώνων
μαψιδίως, ὡσεί τι κακὸν ῥέζουσαν ἐνωπῇ;"

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη
" οὗτά με Τυδέος υἱὸς, ὑπέρθυμος Διομήδης,
οὕνεκ' ἐγὼ φίλον υἱὸν ὑπεξέφερον πολέμοιο,
Αἰνείαν, ὃς ἐμοὶ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατός ἐστιν.

Whom Phœbus in a purple cloud received,
Lest haply some one strike and take his life:
Whilst after her Tydides sent his voice:
"Yield thee, Zeus-born, and from the war withdraw:
Enough for thee weak women to beguile.
But, if thou darest to range this field again,
Thenceforward thou shalt dread its very name."
He spoke; she moaning fled; for deep the smart;
Whom windfoot Iris took, and from the throng
Guided (in anguish, and her lovely skin
Discolour'd) where upon the battle's left
She found fierce Ares sitting; all in mist
Enwrapt, his spear was standing and his car:
Then She upon her knees besought, and begg'd
His gold-trapp'd horses of her brother dear:
"Dear Brother, save me, and vouchsafe thy steeds,
To bear me to Olympus, throne of Gods.
For deep the anguish of this wound, wherewith
A mortal hath dared smite me, ev'n the Son
Of Tydeus, who would now face father Zeus.'
She spoke, and Ares gave his gold-trapp'd steeds.

Heartstricken she ascended; by her side
Iris ascended likewise to the car,
And took the reins, and thong'd the rapid steeds.
Nor loth they flew aloft, and quickly gain'd
The height o' the Olympian steep, the throne of Gods.
There windfoot Iris loosed them from the yoke,
And threw ambrosial food before their feet.
But heavenly Aphrodite on the lap
Of her fair mother, Queen Dione, fell,
Who raised her daughter to her arms, and laid
A gentle hand upon her; and she spoke:
"Who of the Gods hath dared entreat thee thus,
My child, as chiding thee for open fault?"
And thus the Queen of laughter made reply:
"The son of Tydeus, Diomed, in his pride
Hath dared this outrage; for that I assay'd
To rescue from the battle mine own son
Æneas, dearest of all men to me.

οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπις αἰνὴ,
ἀλλ' ἤδη Δαναοί γε καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μάχονται."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διώνη, δῖα θεάων·
"τέτλαθι, τέκνον ἐμὸν, καὶ ἀνάσχεο, κηδομένη περ.
πολλοὶ γὰρ δὴ τλῆμεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἐξ ἀνδρῶν, χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι τιθέντες.
τλῆ μὲν Ἄρης, ὅτε μιν Ὦτος κρατερός τ' Ἐφιάλτης,
παῖδες Ἀλωῆος, δῆσαν κρατερῷ ἐνὶ δεσμῷ·
χαλκέῳ δ' ἐν κεράμῳ δέδετο τρισκαίδεκα μῆνας.
καί νύ κεν ἔνθ' ἀπόλοιτο Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο,
εἰ μὴ μητρυιὴ, περικαλλὴς Ἠερίβοια,
Ἑρμέᾳ ἐξήγγειλεν· ὁ δ' ἐξέκλεψεν Ἄρηα
ἤδη τειρόμενον, χαλεπὸς δέ ἑ δεσμὸς ἐδάμνα.
τλῆ δ' Ἥρη, ὅτε μιν κρατερὸς παῖς Ἀμφιτρύωνος
δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μαζὸν ὀϊστῷ τριγλώχινι
βεβλήκει· τότε καί μιν ἀνήκεστον λάβεν ἄλγος.
τλῆ δ' Ἀΐδης ἐν τοῖσι πελώριος ὠκὺν ὀϊστὸν,
εὖτέ μιν ὠὐτὸς ἀνὴρ, υἱὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
ἐν Πύλῳ ἐν νεκύεσσι βαλὼν ὀδύνῃσιν ἔδωκεν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς καὶ μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
κῆρ ἀχέων, ὀδύνῃσι πεπαρμένος· αὐτὰρ ὀϊστὸς
ὤμῳ ἔνι στιβαρῷ ἠλήλατο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσων
ἠκέσατ'· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνητός γ' ἐτέτυκτο.
σχέτλιος, ὀβριμοεργὸς, ὃς οὐκ ὄθετ' αἴσυλα ῥέζων,
ὃς τόξοισιν ἔκηδε θεοὺς, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσιν.
σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ τοῦτον ἀνῆκε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ οἶδε κατὰ φρένα Τυδέος υἱὸς,
ὅττι μάλ' οὐ δηναιὸς ὃς ἀθανάτοισι μάχηται,
οὐδέ τί μιν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππάζουσιν
ἐλθόντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δῃοτῆτος.
φράζεσθω νῦν Τυδείδης, εἰ καὶ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν,

'Twixt Troy and Argos is the war no more ;
But Argos battles with the Gods of heaven ! "
To whom Dione Queen in heaven replied :
" Be patient yet, my child, and bear thy pain.
For oft perforce at hands of men have we,
Whose homes are on Olympus, yet endured
The sorrows, which we each to other cause.
Patient was Ares, when Alœus' sons
Otus and Ephialtes bound him down
With a huge chain ; full thirteen months he lay
Chain'd in a brazen vessel ; yea, had died,
Ev'n Ares, the insatiate king of war,
Had not Aëribœa, of his foes
The stepdame, fairest of her sex on earth,
Told Hermes of his plight ; and Hermes came
And stole him forth, though wasted nigh to death ,
So hardly pressing on him bore that chain.
Patient was Here likewise, through the breast
Pierced by a three-fork'd arrow from the hand
Of Hercules, Amphitryon's great son,
Albeit a cureless anguish wrung her then.
Patient was Hades also, even as they,
The ancient Giant, when the selfsame man,
Sprung of high Zeus, smiting him amongst the dead
In Pylos, gave him wholly up to pain.
Anon heart-broken, piercèd through and through
With anguish, to the Olympian hall of Zeus
He mounted ; but the arrow quivering bode
In his huge shoulder, torture to his soul.
There Pæon spread upon it soothing salves,
And heal'd him : not for Death was He crèate.
Insolent terrible Doer of those deeds !
Who durst raise violent arm and with his shafts
Torture Immortal Gods ! So now on thee
Hath azure-eyed Athene raised this man
Tydides : fool ! who knoweth not that short,
Short is the life of him who fights with Gods :
Him never shall his children round his knees
Greet, their dear father, from the war return'd !
Yet let him think, how great soe'er he be,

φραζέσθω μή τίς οἱ ἀμείνων σεῖο μάχηται,
μὴ δὴν Αἰγιάλεια, περίφρων Ἀδρηστίνη,
ἐξ ὕπνου γοόωσα φίλους οἰκῆας ἐγείρῃ,
κουρίδιον ποθέουσα πόσιν, τὸν ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν,
ἰφθίμη ἄλοχος Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμφοτέρῃσιν ἀπ' ἰχῶ χειρὸς ὀμόργνυ·
ἄλθετο χεὶρ, ὀδύναι δὲ κατηπιόωντο βαρεῖαι.
αἱ δ' αὖτ' εἰσορόωσαι Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη
κερτομίοις ἐπέεσσι Δία Κρονίδην ἐρέθιζον.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά τί μοι κεχολώσεαι, ὅττι κεν εἴπω;
ἦ μάλα δή τινα Κύπρις Ἀχαιϊάδων ἀνιεῖσα
Τρωσὶν ἅμα σπέσθαι, τοὺς νῦν ἔκπαγλ' ἐφίλησεν,
τῶν τινὰ καῤῥέζουσα Ἀχαιϊάδων εὐπέπλων
πρὸς χρυσείῃ περόνῃ καταμύξατο χεῖρα ἀραιήν."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
καί ῥα καλεσσάμενος προσέφη χρυσέην Ἀφροδίτην·

"Οὔ τοι, τέκνον ἐμὸν, δέδοται πολεμήϊα ἔργα,
ἀλλὰ σύγ' ἱμερόεντα μετέρχεο ἔργα γάμοιο,
ταῦτα δ' Ἄρηϊ θοῷ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ πάντα μελήσει."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
Αἰνείᾳ δ' ἐπόρουσε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
γιγνώσκων ὅ οἱ αὐτὸς ὑπείρεχε χεῖρας Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' οὐδὲ θεὸν μέγαν ἄζετο, ἵετο δ' αἰεὶ
Αἰνείαν κτεῖναι καὶ ἀπὸ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦσαι.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
τρὶς δέ οἱ ἐστυφέλιξε φαεινὴν ἀσπίδ' Ἀπόλλων,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·

"Φράζεο, Τυδείδη, καὶ χάζεο, μηδὲ θεοῖσιν
ἶσ' ἔθελε φρονέειν, ἐπεὶ οὔποτε φῦλον ὁμοῖον
ἀθανάτων τε θεῶν χαμαὶ ἐρχομένων τ' ἀνθρώπων."

Ὣς φάτο, Τυδείδης δ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω.

Lest he assail more powerful foe than thou:
Else surely shall the wife of Diomed,
Chaste child of great Adrastus, the beloved
Ægialeia, wake some night erelong
Startling from slumber with a piercing cry
Her household, shrieking for her first dear love,
Her husband, and the noblest of his race!"
She spoke, and staunch'd the ichor from the wound;
The hand was heal'd; the racking pains were soothed.

Whom Here and Athene saw, and thus
With gibing words began their taunt to Zeus;
And azure-eyed Athene spake, and said:
"Father, wilt Thou be anger'd, if I speak?
Behold how Cypris with a fond caress
Beguiling for her minion race of Troy
Some long-robed Argive to desert her home
Hath scratch'd against the brooch her tender hand!"
She spoke; the Father of the world thereat
Smiled, and call'd golden Aphrodite near:
"Not thine, not thine, my child, this warlike work
Sweet work of wedded love, be that thy care;
To Pallas and to Ares leave the war."
This was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

Meantime, though Tydeus' Son was well aware
How that Apollo had stretch'd forth his arm
To save Æneas, nathless still he sprang
Onward, nor reck'd of that great God, but sought
His enemy, and to strip the famous arms,
Thrice of a furious heart he made the charge;
And thrice Apollo, pressing heavenly hand
Against his shining buckler, dash'd him back;
But when the fourth time, more than man, he came,
The God uplifted thus an awful voice:
"Warn thee, Tydides, and withdraw thee hence:
Match not thyself in thought the peer to Gods.
Liken not unto men who walk the earth
The immortal generation of the Gods."
He spoke, and Tydeus' Son some space withdrew,

μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.
Αἰνείαν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὁμίλου θῆκεν Ἀπόλλων
Περγάμῳ εἰν ἱερῇ, ὅθι οἱ νηός γ' ἐτέτυκτο·
ἦτοι τὸν Λητώ τε καὶ Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα
ἐν μεγάλῳ ἀδύτῳ ἀκέοντό τε κύδαινον τε.
αὐτὰρ ὁ εἴδωλον τεῦξ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνείᾳ ἴκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' εἰδώλῳ Τρῶες καὶ δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ
δῄουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισήϊά τε πτερόεντα.
δὴ τότε θοῦρον Ἄρηα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

"Ἄρες, Ἄρες βροτολοιγὲ, μιαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλῆτα,
οὐκ ἂν δὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα μάχης ἐρύσαιο μετελθὼν,
Τυδείδην, ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο;
Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτα σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος."

Ὣς εἰπὼν αὐτὸς μὲν ἐφέζετο Περγάμῳ ἄκρῃ,
Τρῳὰς δὲ στίχας οὖλος Ἄρης ὤτρυνε μετελθὼν,
εἰδόμενος Ἀκάμαντι θοῷ ἡγήτορι Θρῃκῶν·
υἱάσι δὲ Πριάμοιο διοτρεφέεσσι κέλευεν·

"Ὦ υἱεῖς Πριάμοιο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
ἐς τί ἔτι κτείνεσθαι ἐάσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιοῖς;
ἦ εἰσόκεν ἀμφὶ πύλῃς εὐποιητῇσι μάχωνται;
κεῖται ἀνὴρ ὅντ' ἶσον ἐτίομεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
Αἰνείας, υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ' ἐκ φλοίσβοιο σαώσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ἔνθ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μάλα νείκεσεν Ἕκτορα δῖον·

"Ἕκτορ, πῆ δή τοι μένος οἴχεται, ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκες;

Shunning the wrath of Him who smites from far.
Then Phœbus bore Æneas from the throng
Aloof to sacred Pergamus (where stands
The temple of the God), and in that shrine
Leto and arrow-loving Artemis
Heal'd him, and o'er his form a glory shed.

But on the battlefield Apollo set
A Phantom, wrought most like Æneas, like
In stature, like in arms; and all around
The Phantom wax'd the struggle 'twixt the hosts,
Trojans and brave Achaians cleaving through
The bull-hide shields or targes light as wings
That shelter'd many a breast: while Phœbus moved
Apart to where fierce Ares stood, and spake:
"Ares, O Ares, pest to mortal kind,
Their cities' terror, and their bloody scourge!
Enter the battle, if thou wilt, and draw
Tydides thence, this terrible monstrous man,
Whose heart would lift him now to fight with Zeus!
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist
He wounded, and hath now dared charge on me.'
He spoke, and to the top of Pergamus
Retired and sate, whilst through the Trojan ranks,
In likeness of the Thracian Acamas,
Wide-wasting Ares moved, enkindling all,
And on the Sons of Priam call'd by name:
"Sons of Zeus-nurtured Priam, crownèd King!
How long will ye be patient to behold
Your nation falling by Achaia's sword?
Or wait ye, till the war be at your doors?
For lo, whom not than noble Hector less
We honour'd, brave Æneas lieth slain,
The son of great Anchises: charge then, charge,
Rescue his body from the battle home!"
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

Strongly Sarpedon chode brave Hector then:
'Where, Hector, now the daring that was thine?

φῆς που ἄτερ λαῶν πόλιν ἐξέμεν ἠδ' ἐπικούρων
οἷος, σὺν γαμβροῖσι καὶ υἱάσι τε σοῖσιν.
τῶν νῦν οὔτιν' ἐγὼ ἰδέειν δύναμ' οὐδὲ νοῆσαι,
ἀλλὰ καταπτώσσουσι, κύνες ὣς ἀμφὶ λέοντα·
ἡμεῖς δ' αὖ μαχόμεσθ', οἵπερ τ' ἐπίκουροι ἔνειμεν.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μάλα τηλόθεν ἥκω·
τηλοῦ γὰρ Λυκίη, Ξάνθῳ ἔπι δινήεντι,
ἔνθ' ἄλοχόν τε φίλην ἔλιπον καὶ νήπιον υἱὸν, 480
κἀδ δὲ κτήματα πολλά, τάτ' ἔλδεται ὅς κ' ἐπιδευής.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς Λυκίους ὀτρύνω καὶ μέμον' αὐτὸς
ἀνδρὶ μαχήσασθαι· ἀτὰρ οὔτι μοι ἐνθάδε τοῖον
οἷόν κ' ἠὲ φέροιεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἢ κεν ἄγοιεν
τύνη δ' ἕστηκας, ἀτὰρ οὐδ' ἄλλοισι κελεύεις
λαοῖσιν μενέμεν καὶ ἀμυνέμεναι ὥρεσσιν.
μή πως, ὡς ἀψῖσι λίνου ἁλόντε πανάγρου,
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν ἕλωρ καὶ κύρμα γένησθε·
οἱ δὲ τάχ' ἐκπέρσουσ' εὐναιομένην πόλιν ὑμήν.
σοὶ δὲ χρὴ τάδε πάντα μέλειν νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ, 490
ἀρχοὺς λισσομένῳ τηλεκλειτῶν ἐπικούρων
νωλεμέως ἐχέμεν, κρατερὴν δ' ἀποθέσθαι ἐνιπήν."

Ὣς φάτο Σαρπηδὼν, δάκε δὲ φρένας Ἕκτορι μῦθος.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε,
πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρα κατὰ στρατὸν ᾤχετο πάντη,
ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνήν.
οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν·
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες οὐδ' ἐφόβηθεν.
ὡς δ' ἄνεμος ἄχνας φορέει ἱερὰς κατ' ἀλωὰς
ἀνδρῶν λικμώντων, ὅτε τε ξανθὴ Δημήτηρ 500
κρίνῃ ἐπειγομένων ἀνέμων καρπόν τε καὶ ἄχνας·
αἱ δ' ὑπολευκαίνονται ἀχυρμιαί· ὣς τότ' Ἀχαιοὶ
λευκοὶ ὕπερθε γένοντο κονισάλῳ, ὅν ῥα δι' αὐτῶν
οὐρανὸν ἐς πολύχαλκον ἐπέπληγον πόδες ἵππων,
ἂψ ἐπιμισγομένων· ὑπὸ δ' ἕστρεφον ἡνιοχῆες·

Daring thou hadst, and oft wouldst vaunt, alone,
Without thy people and without allies,
Alone thyself, thy brethren and thy kin,
To hold the city safe. Alas, I look
And see of these not one; aloof they hold
Like curs from off a lion; we, who are
The strangers, we fight on unaided still.
Of whom am I; from distant lands I came;
For distant far is Lycia and the stream
Of eddying Xanthus; there I left behind
My wife, my infant son and all my wealth
Coveted by the needy.—Not the less
I cheer the Lycians forth, and, though in Troy
Is naught of mine that Argos can despoil,
Myself am keenest still to meet the foe.
While thou stand'st idle, caring not to cheer
Thy people, though their wives are now at stake.
Oh, warn thee, lest perchance soon caught within
The meshes of an all-devouring net
Ye fall before your enemies spoil and prey,
And this your glorious town be desolate!
Nights long and days should this be thy one care,
The chiefs of all these nations to beseech,
To stand, and put aside this great disgrace."
He spoke, whose speech stung Hector to the quick;
Lightly he leapt in armour to the earth,
And, with two javelins brandish'd, through the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved:
They rallied: nathless still the Achaians stood,
Unshaken, unrecoiling, unappall'd.

As winds bear chaff along the hallow'd floors
Where men thresh, and Demeter yellow-hair'd
With winnowing breeze parts grain from husk, and all
The space beneath grows white in mounds of chaff;
So were they whiten'd with the dust, struck up
Under the tramp of steeds to the brazen vault
Of heaven by that rally and the charge.

Back wheel'd the charioteers and turn'd their cars;

οἱ δὲ μένος χειρῶν ἰθὺς φέρον. ἀμφὶ δὲ νύκτα
θοῦρος Ἄρης ἐκάλυψε μάχῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγων,
πάντοσ' ἐποιχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἐκραίαινεν ἐφετμὰς
Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος χρυσαόρου, ἅς μιν ἀνώγει
Τρωσὶν θυμὸν ἐγεῖραι, ἐπεὶ ἴδε Παλλάδ' Ἀθήνην
οἰχομένην· ἡ γάρ ῥα πέλεν Δαναοῖσιν ἀρηγών.

Αὐτὸς δ' Αἰνείαν μάλα πίονος ἐξ ἀδύτοιο
ἧκε, καὶ ἐν στήθεσσι μένος βάλε ποιμένι λαῶν.
Αἰνείας δ' ἑτάροισι μεθίστατο· τοὶ δ' ἐχάρησαν,
ὡς εἶδον ζωόν τε καὶ ἀρτεμέα προσιόντα
καὶ μένος ἐσθλὸν ἔχοντα· μετάλλησάν γε μὲν οὔτι.
οὐ γὰρ ἔα πόνος ἄλλος, ὃν ἀργυρότοξος ἔγειρεν
Ἄρης τε βροτολοιγὸς Ἔρις τ' ἄμοτον μεμανῖα.

Τὼ δ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ Ὀδυσσεὺς καὶ Διομήδης
ὤτρυνον Δαναοὺς πολεμιζέμεν· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
οὔτε βίας Τρώων ὑπεδείδισαν οὔτε ἰωκὰς,
ἀλλ' ἔμενον νεφέλῃσιν ἐοικότες, ἅστε Κρονίων
νηνεμίης ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσσιν
ἀτρέμας, ὄφρ' εὔδῃσι μένος Βορέαο καὶ ἄλλων
ζαχρηῶν ἀνέμων, οἵτε νέφεα σκιόεντα
πνοιῇσιν λιγυρῇσι διασκιδνᾶσιν ἀέντες·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἀν' ὅμιλον ἐφοίτα πολλὰ κελεύων·

"Ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε,
ἀλλήλους τ' αἰδεῖσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.
αἰδομένων δ' ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἠὲ πέφανται·
φευγόντων δ' οὔτ' ἄρ κλέος ὄρνυται οὔτε τις ἀλκή."

Ἦ καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ θοῶς, βάλε δὲ πρόμον ἄνδρα,
Αἰνείω ἕταρον μεγαθύμου, Δηϊκόωντα

The warriors by their side bare straight the strength
Of their right arms extended; whilst all round
Fierce Ares wrapt the battle in thick night,
Hither and thither ranging, aiding Troy,
Obedient to the golden-sworded God,
Apollo, and fulfilling his behests,
Who bade him, when he saw Athene gone
(Pallas Athene, Argos' surest aid),
To kindle high the heart of Troy once more:
Whilst his own self from out the fragrant shrine
Brought back Æneas, set him in their midst,
And breathed a dauntless spirit on the chief.

Thus reappear'd Æneas 'mid his men
Suddenly standing; whom when they beheld
Alive, undaunted, glorious in his strength,
They marvell'd and rejoiced, yet ask'd not aught.
Other the labour then, nor suffer'd pause,
The which the Bender of the silver bow
And Ares pest to men and bloody Strife
Bestirr'd amongst them.—But adverse array'd
Diomed, either Ajax, and the brave
Odysseus cheer'd the Danaans to the fight:
Nor needed they the bidding, nor themselves
Fear'd or the Trojan strength or Trojan shout;
But stood, like clouds, which on a windless noon
Zeus hath bestrewn amid a mountain's peaks
Motionless, whilst the might of Boreas sleeps,
And all the blasts, which with tempestuous breath
Scatter the cloudy vapours when they blow;
Thus stood unmoved the Danaans, undismay'd.

Through whom with strong behest Atrides went:
"Be men, my friends, keep brave your hearts within.
Think of your honour in this deadly strife.
Who cling to honour fast, their lives are long;
Flight is but shame, nor strength is found therein."
He spoke, and fiercely launched out his spear,
And struck a vaward chief, Dëicoön,
Æneas' follower, and the son renown'd

Περγασίδην, ὃν Τρῶες ὁμῶς Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν
τῖον, ἐπεὶ θοὸς ἔσκε μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι.
τὸν ῥα κατ' ἀσπίδα δουρὶ βάλε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
ἡ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο χαλκὸς,
νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστῆρος ἔλασσεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Ἔνθ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Δαναῶν ἔλεν ἄνδρας ἀρίστους,
υἷε Διοκλῆος, Κρήθωνά τε Ὀρσίλοχόν τε,
τῶν ῥα πατὴρ μὲν ἔναιεν ἐϋκτιμένῃ ἐνὶ Φηρῇ
ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, γένος δ' ἦν ἐκ ποταμοῖο
Ἀλφειοῦ, ὅστ' εὐρὺ ῥέει Πυλίων διὰ γαίης,
ὃς τέκετ' Ὀρσίλοχον πολέεσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἄνακτα·
Ὀρσίλοχος δ' ἄρ' ἔτικτε Διοκλῆα μεγάθυμον,
ἐκ δὲ Διοκλῆος διδυμάονε παῖδε γενέσθην,
Κρήθων Ὀρσίλοχός τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἡβήσαντε μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν
Ἴλιον εἰς εὔπωλον ἅμ' Ἀργείοισιν ἑπέσθην,
τιμὴν Ἀτρεΐδῃς, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
ἀρνυμένω· τὼ δ' αὖθι τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν.
οἷω τώγε λέοντε δύω ὄρεος κορυφῆσιν
ἐτραφέτην ὑπὸ μητρὶ βαθείης τάρφεσιν ὕλης·
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἁρπάζοντε βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα
σταθμοὺς ἀνθρώπων κεραΐζετον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὼ
ἀνδρῶν ἐν παλάμῃσι κατέκταθεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
τοίω τὼ χείρεσσιν ὑπ' Αἰνείαο δαμέντε
καππεσέτην, ἐλάτῃσιν ἐοικότες ὑψηλῇσιν.

Τὼ δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
σείων ἐγχείην· τοῦ δ' ὦτρυνεν μένος Ἄρης,
τὰ φρονέων, ἵνα χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἰνείαο δαμείη.
τὸν δ' ἴδεν Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων· περὶ γὰρ δίε ποιμένι λαῶν,

Of Pegasus, whom like to Priam's sons
The people honour'd, ever first in arms.
His shield did royal Agamemnon's spear
Now strike, nor paused, but through it pass'd, and through
The belt and navel to his belly pierced;
Who fell, and loud around him clash'd his arms.

Two of the Danaan noblest then in turn
Fell by Æneas, sons of Diocles,
Orsilochus and Krethon Passing-rich
Their father dwelt in Phæra's crowded streets;
Whose generation from Alphæus came,
The bounteous River, who through Pylos spreads;
For He begat Orsilochus, the king
Of many folk around; Orsilochus
Begat brave Diocles; from whom these two
Orsilochus and Krethon had their birth,
Both well expert in battle.—In their prime
Ardent to gather fame upon the cause
Of Atreus' Sons, aboard their swift black barks
They came to meadowy Ilion with the host;
And there Death, closing all, enwrapt them round.
As two young lions by their dam are nursed
High mid a mountain's summit in the glens
Of a deep forest, but anon descend
Harrying fat sheep and oxen, ranging free
The folds of men, till slain at last they fall
By the sharp javelins in their enemies' hands;
Thus by Æneas overthrown those two
Fell, and lay prone like lofty pine-trees hewn.

Their fall Atrides Menelaus mark'd
And pitied, and betwixt the foremost strode
Fullarm'd in flashing arms with brandish'd spear:
Whose spirit fierce Ares kindled, yet at heart
Meaning his death before Æneas' lance.

But Nestor's son Antilochus beheld
And through the foremost made his way; for much
He fear'd for that brave Shepherd of the host,

μή τι πάθοι, μέγα δέ σφας ἀποσφήλειε πόνοιο.
τὼ μὲν δὴ χεῖράς τε καὶ ἔγχεα ὀξυόεντα
ἀντίον ἀλλήλων ἐχέτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι·
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ μάλ' ἄγχι παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.
Αἰνείας δ' οὐ μεῖνε, θοός περ ἐὼν πολεμιστὴς,
ὡς εἶδεν δύο φῶτε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντε.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν νεκροὺς ἔρυσαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
τὼ μὲν ἄρα δειλὼ βαλέτην ἐν χερσὶν ἑταίρων,
αὐτὼ δὲ στρεφθέντε μετὰ πρώτοισι μαχέσθην.

Ἔνθα Πυλαιμένεα ἐλέτην ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηϊ,
ἀρχὸν Παφλαγόνων μεγαθύμων, ἀσπιστάων·
τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀτρείδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος
ἐσταότ' ἔγχει νύξε, κατὰ κληῖδα τυχήσας·
Αντίλοχος δὲ Μύδωνα βάλ', ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
ἐσθλὸν Ἀτυμνιάδην—ὁ δ' ὑπέστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους—
χερμαδίῳ ἀγκῶνα τυχὼν μέσον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
ἡνία λεύκ' ἐλέφαντι χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν.
Αντίλοχος δ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξας ξίφει ἤλασε κόρσην·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου
κύμβαχος ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ βρεχμόν τε καὶ ὤμους.
δηθὰ μάλ' ἐστήκει—τύχε γάρ ῥ' ἀμάθοιο βαθείης—
ὄφρ' ἵππω πλήξαντε χαμαὶ βάλον ἐν κονίῃσιν.
τοὺς δ' ἵμασ' Ἀντίλοχος, μετὰ δὲ στρατὸν ἤλασ' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τοὺς δ' Ἕκτωρ ἐνόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοὺς
κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἵποντο φάλαγγες
καρτεραί· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ πότνι' Ἐνυώ,
ἡ μὲν ἔχουσα Κυδοιμὸν ἀναιδέα δηϊοτῆτος,
Ἄρης δ' ἐν παλάμῃσι πελώριον ἔγχος ἐνώμα,
φοίτα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν πρόσθ' Ἕκτορος, ἄλλοτ' ὄπισθεν.

Τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἀπάλαμνος, ἰὼν πολέος πεδίοιο,
στῆῃ ἐπ' ὠκυρόῳ ποταμῷ ἅλαδε προρέοντι,

Lest aught of ill befall him; such mishap
Would beat them from the scope of all their toil.
Therefore, whilst they stood face to face with arms
And pointed spears advèrse, in act to throw,
Antilochus to Menelaus' side
Forced passage, and stood there: Æneas saw
The two together, nor, though brave he was
And strong, durst then assail them; but secure
They drew the bodies to the Achaian ranks,
Gave the two wretched brothers to the hands
Of their own men, then turn'd to war again.

And first Pylæmenes they met and slew
The Chieftain of the Paphlagonian troop.
Spear-famèd Menelaus Atreus' son
Pierced him with javelin striking in the neck;
Whilst Nestor's Son o'erthrew the charioteer
Mygdon, Atymnius' son, a gallant wight,
Striking him, as he wheel'd his horses round,
With a huge stone upon the elbow's joint;
The reins, with ivory bosses white their length,
Slid 'twixt his fingers to the dusty earth;
Whilst close the other sprang and cleft his skull.
Gasping for breath and headlong to the plain
From the well-fashion'd car he dropt, yet show'd
Some short while on his shoulders and his head
Supported (for he lighted on deep sand)
Till his steeds struck and laid him flat on earth.
The steeds Antilochus drove then away.

Hector beheld them through the embattled lines
And shouting moved toward them: in whose steps
Follow'd Troy's legions strong, and at their head
Ares and Queen Enyo; by the hand
Loud Tumult, shameless Sprite of war, She led;
Whilst Ares brandish'd giant spear, and ranged
Now in the van of Hector, now behind.
Tydides knew him, and in awe retired;
As when some simple peasant-drudge afoot
Halts in a wide plain's centre on the bank

ἀφρῷ μορμύροντα ἰδὼν, ἀνά τ' ἔδραμ' ὀπίσσω,
ὡς τότε Τυδείδης ἀνεχάζετο, εἶπέ τε λαῷ·

"Ὦ φίλοι, οἷον δὴ θαυμάζομεν Ἕκτορα δῖον
αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.
τῷ δ' αἰεί πάρα εἷς γε θεῶν, ὃς λοιγὸν ἀμύνει·
καὶ νῦν οἱ πάρα κεῖνος Ἄρης, βροτῷ ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρῶας τετραμμένοι αἰὲν ὀπίσσω
εἴκετε, μηδὲ θεοῖς μενεαινέμεν ἶφι μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, Τρῶες δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλυθον αὐτῶν.
ἔνθ' Ἕκτωρ δύο φῶτε κατέκτανεν εἰδότε χάρμης,
εἰν ἑνὶ δίφρῳ ἐόντε, Μενέσθην Ἀγχίαλόν τε.

Τὼ δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησε μέγας Τελαμωνιος Αἴας·
στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀμφιον, Σελάγου υἱὸν, ὅς ῥ' ἐνὶ Παισῷ
ναῖε πολυκτήμων πολυλήϊος· ἀλλά ἑ μοῖρα
ἧγ' ἐπικουρήσουτα μετὰ Πριάμόν τε καὶ υἷας.
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστῆρα βάλεν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ πάγη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἐπέδραμε φαίδιμος Αἴας
τεύχεα συλήσων· Τρῶες δ' ἐπὶ δούρατ' ἔχευαν
ὀξέα, παμφανόωντα· σάκος δ' ἀνεδέξατο πολλά.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λὰξ προσβὰς ἐκ νεκροῦ χάλκεον ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατ'· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ
ὤμοιιν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.
δεῖσε δ' ὅγ' ἀμφίβασιν κρατερὴν Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
οἳ πολλοί τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἔγχε' ἔχοντες,
οἵ ἑ, μέγαν περ ἐόντα καὶ ἴφθιμον καὶ ἀγαυὸν,
ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·

Of some swollen river hurrying to the main,
He sees it murmuring up with threatening foam,
And gets him well away: so Tydeus' Son
Retired, and to his host address'd him thus:
"Marvel we often, friends, how Hector shows
Brave man-at-arms and warrior flush'd with hope:
But ever one or other of the Gods
Stands by his side and guards away the death;
And yonder now is Ares there, in guise
Of mortal man: I bid you therefore yield;
Retire awhile, yet facing still the foe;
Nor venture battle with a God in arms."
He spoke; and nearer still the Trojans drew.

Then two together on one car fell slain
By Hector, Mnesthes and Anchialus,
Of prowess famed; whom falling Ajax mark'd
(The son of Telamon) and pitying sped
Towards them, launching out a gleaming spear
And striking Amphius son of Selagus
Who dwelt in distant Pæsus. Rich was he
By substance, rich by booty; yet had Fate
Brought him to war for Priam and his sons:
Whom now great Ajax son of Telamon
Struck in the girdle, and the shadowing lance
Into the belly through the navel pass'd.
His arms around him clash'd; and to his side
Bright Ajax ran to strip him of his mail.
Then down the Trojans rain'd a shower of spears,
Sharp, glittering; many on his shield he caught
And gain'd the corse, and stamping with his heel
Pluck'd back his own sharp spear; but could not strip
Aught of the other armour from the slain,
So heavy bore the darts; but fear'd himself
To be encompass'd by the many brave,
Who, spear in hand, press'd round him, and, despite
His giant mould and might and high renown,
Repell'd him, that, rough-shaken, back he fell.

Thus in the deadly fray these labour'd on.

Τληπόλεμον δ' Ἡρακλείδην, ἠΰν τε μέγαν τε,
ὤρσεν ἐπ' ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι μοῖρα κραταιή.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
υἱὸς θ' υἱωνός τε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο,
τὸν καὶ Τληπόλεμος πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Σαρπῆδον, Λυκίων βουληφόρε, τίς τοι ἀνάγκη
πτώσσειν ἐνθάδ' ἐόντι μάχης ἀδαήμονι φωτί;
ψευδόμενοι δέ σέ φασι Διὸς γόνον αἰγιόχοιο
εἶναι, ἐπεὶ πολλὸν κείνων ἐπιδεύεαι ἀνδρῶν
οἳ Διὸς ἐξεγένοντο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλ' οἷόν τινά φασι βίην Ἡρακληείην
εἶναι, ἐμὸν πατέρα θρασυμέμνονα θυμολέοντα
ὅς ποτε δεῦρ' ἐλθὼν ἕνεχ' ἵππων Λαομέδοντος
ἓξ οἵῃς σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισιν
Ἰλίου ἐξαλώπαξε πόλιν, χήρωσε δ' ἀγυιάς·
σοὶ δὲ κακὸς μὲν θυμὸς, ἀποφθινύθουσι δὲ λαοί.
οὐδέ τί σε Τρώεσσιν ὀΐομαι ἄλκαρ ἔσεσθαι
ἐλθόντ' ἐκ Λυκίης, οὐδ' εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι,
ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐμοὶ δμηθέντα πύλας Ἄϊδαο περήσειν."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν, Λυκίων ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Τληπόλεμ', ἦτοι κεῖνος ἀπώλεσεν Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ἀνέρος ἀφραδίῃσιν ἀγαυοῦ Λαομέδοντος,
ὅς ῥά μιν εὖ ἔρξαντα κακῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ,
οὐδ' ἀπέδωχ' ἵππους, ὧν εἵνεκα τηλόθεν ἦλθεν.
σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν
ἐξ ἐμέθεν τεύξεσθαι, ἐμῷ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα
εὖχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ' Ἄϊδι κλυτοπώλῳ."

Ὣς φάτο Σαρπηδὼν, ὁ δ' ἀνέσχετο μειλινον ἔγχος
Τληπόλεμος. καὶ τῶν μὲν ἁμαρτῇ δούρατα μακρὰ
ἐκ χειρῶν ἤϊξαν· ὁ μὲν βάλεν αὐχένα μέσσον
Σαρπηδὼν, αἰχμὴ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἦλθ' ἀλεγεινή·
τὸν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν.

Next on the godlike Chief Sarpedon's spear
Fate, violent Fate, hurl'd brave Tlepolemus,
The giant son of far-famed Hercules:
For each approach'd the other—one, the Son,
The other, the Son's Son, of Father Zeus;
Of whom Tlepolemus began address:
"Sarpedon, Lycia's Counsellor and King!
Why needs must thou, weak warrior as thou art,
Travel so far to show a dastard here?
Falsely they name thee of great Zeus the son:
For much thou lack'st to be of count with those
Who in the generations of old time
From Zeus the Ægis-wielder drew their birth.
Of sort far other Rumour still speaks clear
My father Hercules, and his renown,
Strong to endure, and of a lion's heart.
He likewise came to Ilion (on behest
To gain the horses of Laomedon)
With six ships only, and a scantier host,
Yet sack'd the town and widow'd all her streets.
But thou art poor of heart; thy people waste
Uncared for; nor shall Troy be help'd one whit,
How strong soever thou may'st boast thyself,
By this long journey; since by me subdued
This day the gates of Hades thou shalt pass."
Sarpedon Lycia's King made answer thus:
"Tlepolemus, thou sayest it. He destroy'd
The sacred towers of Ilion, wrought thereto
By the false folly of Laomedon,
Who with ill words requited his good deeds,
Nor render'd up the steeds for which he came.
But not to thee such triumph; but thy death,
Death and black Fate predestined, shall be wrought
Here by my lance; and thou shalt yield thy ghost
To horse-famed Hades, and renown to me."
Sarpedon spoke; the while Tlepolemus
Upraised his ashen spear. Together both
They hurl'd the heavy lances from their hands.
Sarpedon struck the neck; the deadly point
Pass'd through the slender throat: and hideous night

Τληπόλεμος δ' ἄρα μηρὸν ἀριστερὸν ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ
βεβλήκειν, αἰχμὴ δὲ διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,
ὀστέῳ ἐγχριμφθεῖσα, πατὴρ δ' ἔτι λοιγὸν ἄμυνεν.

Οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα δῖοι ἑταῖροι
ἐξέφερον πολέμοιο· βάρυνε δέ μιν δόρυ μακρὸν
ἑλκόμενον. τὸ μὲν οὔτις ἐπεφράσατ' οὐδ' ἐνόησεν,
μηροῦ ἐξερύσαι δόρυ μείλινον, ὄφρ' ἐπιβαίη,
σπευδόντων· τοῖον γὰρ ἔχον πόνον ἀμφιέποντες.

Τληπόλεμον δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐξέφερον πολέμοιο· νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
τλήμονα θυμὸν ἔχων, μαίμησε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ·
μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν
ἢ προτέρω Διὸς υἱὸν ἐριγδούποιο διώκοι,
ἦ ὅγε τῶν πλεόνων Λυκίων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀδυσσῆϊ μεγαλήτορι μόρσιμον ἦεν
ἴφθιμον Διὸς υἱὸν ἀποκτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
τῷ ῥα κατὰ πληθὺν Λυκίων τράπε θυμὸν Ἀθήνη.
ἔνθ' ὅγε Κοίρανον εἶλεν Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίον τε
Ἄλκανδρόν θ' Ἅλιόν τε Νοήμονά τε Πρύτανίν τε.
καί νύ κ' ἔτι πλέονας Λυκίων κτάνε δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
δεῖμα φέρων Δαναοῖσι· χάρη δ' ἄρα οἱ προσιόντι
Σαρπηδὼν, Διὸς υἱὸς, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν·

"Πριαμίδη, μὴ δή με ἕλωρ Δαναοῖσιν ἐάσῃς
κεῖσθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνον. ἔπειτά με καὶ λίποι αἰὼν
ἐν πόλει ὑμετέρῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἔγωγε
νοστήσας οἰκόνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
εὐφρανέειν ἄλοχόν τε φίλην καὶ νήπιον υἱόν."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ,
ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν, λελιημένος ὄφρα τάχιστα
ὤσαιτ' Ἀργείους, πολέων δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα δῖοι ἑταῖροι
εἶσαν ὑπ' αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς περικαλλέϊ φηγῷ·

Came shower'd around his eyes. Tlepolemus
Struck the right thigh; the point rush'd joyous through,
Grazing the bone; his life his Father saved.

And straight the godlike Chieftain's noble train
'Gan draw him from the battle; the long spear
Trail'd heavy from the limb; that spear had none
Yet heeded, nor had thought from out the wound
To pluck; but all their care was on the car
To lay him, and so hard were they bested.
So on the other side his mailèd men
'Gan bear the body of Tlepolemus.
Which things divine Odysseus saw, and kept
Steadfast his heart, though hotly burned his blood.
Standing he ponder'd in his secret soul,
Whether to press that wounded Son of Zeus,
Or of the Lycian rout to take the lives.
Not to Odysseus was the fame vouchsafed
To slay a heav'n-sprung Son of mighty Zeus;
Whom therefore Pallas on the Lycians turn'd.
Chromius, Alastor, Cœranus, he slew,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halieus;
And more had slaughter'd, had not Hector seen,
Great Hector of the glancing helm, and swift,
Full-arm'd in dazzling brass, through the throng strode
A terror to the Danaans. As he came
Nearer, Sarpedon saw him and was joy'd,
And faintly cried his name, and utter'd this:
"Suffer not, Son of Priam, that I lie
Spoil to the Danaans; save me from that shame;
Let what will come, come after, and my life
Leave me within your city. Not for me
Return to home or to my native land,
To gladden there my wife and infant son."
He ceased; nor helmèd Hector spake reply,
But by him dash'd, enkindled to repel
The Argives, and to smite them hip and thigh.
The noble comrades of the Lycian chief
Then laid him 'neath the beauteous beech-tree's shade,
To Zeus, the Ægis-bearer, dedicate;

ἐκ δ' ἄρα οἱ μηροῦ δόρυ μείλινον ὦσε θύραζε
ἴφθιμος Πελάγων, ὅς οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος.
τὸν δ' ἔλιπε ψυχὴ, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς·
αὖτις δ' ἀμπνύνθη, περὶ δὲ πνοιὴ Βορέαο
ζώγρει ἐπιπνείουσα κακῶς κεκαφηότα θυμόν.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπ' Ἄρηϊ καὶ Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
οὔτε ποτὲ προτρέποντο μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν
οὔτε ποτ' ἀντεφέροντο μάχῃ, ἀλλ' αἰὲν ὀπίσσω
χάζονθ', ὡς ἐπύθοντο μετὰ Τρώεσσιν Ἄρηα.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξαν
Ἕκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο παῖς καὶ χάλκεος Ἄρης;
ἀντίθεον Τεύθραντ', ἐπὶ δὲ πλήξιππον Ὀρέστην,
Τρῆχόν τ' αἰχμητὴν Αἰτώλιον Οἰνόμαόν τε,
Οἰνοπίδην θ' Ἕλενον καὶ Ὀρέσβιον αἰολομίτρην,
ὅς ῥ' ἐν Ὕλῃ ναίεσκε μέγα πλούτοιο μεμηλὼς,
λίμνῃ κεκλιμένος Κηφισίδι· πὰρ δέ οἱ ἄλλοι
ναῖον Βοιωτοὶ, μάλα πίονα δῆμον ἔχοντες. 710

Τοὺς δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη
Ἀργείους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὤ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον τὸν μῦθον ὑπέστημεν Μενελάῳ,
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
εἰ οὕτω μαίνεσθαι ἐάσομεν οὖλον Ἄρηα.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
ἡ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους 720
Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θυγάτηρ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο·
Ἥβη δ' ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι θοῶς βάλε καμπύλα κύκλα,
χάλκεα ὀκτάκνημα, σιδηρέῳ ἄξονι ἀμφίς.
τῶν ἧτοι χρυσέη ἴτυς ἄφθιτος, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν

And Pelagon, his brave companion dear,
Thrust through the mouthèd wound the ash-spear out;
He swoon'd, and o'er his eyes came shower'd a mist;
Yet he recover'd, and around him blew
A gale of Boreas, and to life refresh'd
Recall'd him, gasping, sobbing, for his breath.

Meantime, by Hector and by Ares press'd,
The Argives, neither routed tow'rd the fleet,
Nor holding firm the battle, rearward still
Withdrew them, knowing Ares with their foes.

Who first, who last, fell, done to bloody death,
'Fore brazen Ares and 'fore Priam's Son?
Gallant Orestes, Teuthras, peer to Gods,
Trechus, a warrior from Ætolia's hills,
The Son of Œnopus, brave Helenus,
Œnomaüs, and, known by cincture bright,
Oresbius; he with heart on riches set,
Erst dwelt in Hyle, neighbour to the lake
Cephisis, and, hard by, Bœotia's tribes
Dwelt with him, settled in a rich domain.

Herè perceived them thus by Ares slain,
And therefore to Athene turn'd, and said:
"Shame on us! Child of Zeus, eternal born!
Void is the word we pledged to Menelas,
To throw the walls of Ilion ere return,
If thus infuriate through the field to range
We suffer Ares. Forth then, forth with me,
To show example of our olden might."
Nor azure-eyed Athene disobey'd.

First Herè, ancient Goddess, eldest-born
Of mighty Kronos, to the gold-trapp'd steeds
Turn'd and began their harness. Hebe there
Upon the iron axle 'neath the car
Slung the round wheels, eight-spoked, and wrought of brass:
Their tires were incorruptible of gold;

χάλκε' ἐπίσσωτρα προσαρηρότα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι·
πλῆμναι δ' ἀργύρου εἰσὶ περίδρομοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
δίφρος δὲ χρυσέοισι καὶ ἀργυρέοισιν ἱμᾶσιν
ἐντέταται, δοιαὶ δὲ περίδρομοι ἄντυγές εἰσιν.
τοῦ δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος ῥυμὸς πέλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
δῆσε χρύσειον καλὸν ζυγὸν, ἐν δὲ λέπαδνα
καλ' ἔβαλε, χρύσει'· ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν Ἥρη
ἵππους ὠκύποδας, μεμαυῖ' ἔριδος καὶ ἀϋτῆς.

Αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναιη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει,
ποικίλον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν·
ἡ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδῦσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
δεινὴν, ἣν περὶ μὲν πάντη φόβος ἐστεφάνωται,
ἐν δ' Ἔρις, ἐν δ' Ἀλκὴ, ἐν δὲ κρυόεσσα Ἰωκὴ,
ἐν δέ τε Γοργείη κεφαλὴ δεινοῖο πελώρου,
δεινή τε σμερδνή τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφάληρον,
χρυσείην, ἑκατὸν πολίων πρυλέεσσ' ἀραρυῖαν.
ἐς δ' ὄχεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρὸν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἡρώων, τοῖσίντε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.
Ἥρη δὲ μάστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους·
αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἂς ἔχον Ὧραι,
τῇς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὔλυμπός τε,
ἠμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἠδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.
τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτάων κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.
εὗρον δὲ Κρονίωνα θεῶν ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων
ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.

But round within the gold ran brazen rims
Apt to the spokes, a marvel to behold;
Of silver were the boxes either side;
By golden and by silvern thongs the car
Was hung above the axle; round it ran
A double rail; and thence the pole outstretch'd
Of silver, at the tip whereof she bound
A jewell'd golden yoke, and strung therein
The traces, likewise golden: 'neath the yoke
Herè herself then brought the fleetfoot steeds
Thirsting for battle and the cry to arms.
Meantime the Virgin Child of mighty Zeus
Let rippling fall upon her father's floor
The delicate robe, of cunning work and fine,
Which she had broidered and had wrought upon
With her own hand, and in the stead thereof
Made fast a corslet, and to mournful war
Arm'd her in arms of cloud-compelling Zeus.
The fringèd Ægis round her shoulders first
She threw—the dreaded Ægis, all enwreath'd
With Terror; Strife sits there enthroned, and Strength,
And chilling Rout; and there of feature grim,
Portent of heavenly wrath, the Gorgon's head.
Golden the helm she planted o'er her head,
Four-crested, double-coned, of compass huge
For the chosen champions of a hundred towns.
Then to the fiery car she moved, and shook
The beamy spear—enormous—wherewithal
Whole ranks of human heroes she lays low,
If wroth with any, in her Father's might.

But Herè with quick ardour o'er the steeds
Leant with the lash; heaven's gates with murmur moved
Spontaneous; there the Hours are set in ward,
Holding Olympus and broad Heaven in charge,
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.
This way, and through these gates, they pricked their steeds.

On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
They found Kroneion from the Gods aloof;

ἔνθ' ἵππους στήσασα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη
Ζῆν' ὕπατον Κρονίδην ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπεν·

" Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίζῃ Ἄρει τάδε καρτερὰ ἔργα,
ὁσσάτιόν τε καὶ οἷον ἀπώλεσε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
μάψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἄχος, οἱ δὲ ἔκηλοι
τέρπονται Κύπρις τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων,
ἄφρονα τοῦτον ἀνέντες, ὃς οὔτινα οἶδε θέμιστα;
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά τί μοι κεχολώσεαι, αἴ κεν Ἄρηα
λυγρῶς πεπληγυῖα μάχης ἐξ ἀποδίωμαι;"

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
" ἄγρει μάν οἱ ἔπορσον Ἀθηναίην ἀγελείην,
ἥ ἑ μάλιστ' εἴωθε κακῆς ὀδύνῃσι πελάζειν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην
μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.
ὅσσον δ' ἠεροειδὲς ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λεύσσων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον,
τόσσον ἐπιθρώσκουσι θεῶν ὑψηχέες ἵπποι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἶξον ποταμώ τε ῥέοντε,
ἧχι ῥοὰς Σιμόεις συμβάλλετον ἠδὲ Σκάμανδρος,
ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη
λύσασ' ἐξ ὀχέων, περὶ δ' ἠέρα πουλὺν ἔχευεν·
τοῖσιν δ' ἀμβροσίην Σιμόεις ἀνέτειλε νέμεσθαι.

Αἱ δὲ βάτην, τρήρωσι πελειάσιν ἴθμαθ' ὁμοῖαι,
ἀνδράσιν Ἀργείοισιν ἀλεξέμεναι μεμαυῖαι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι
ἕστασαν, ἀμφὶ βίην Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο
εἰλόμενοι, λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισιν
ἢ συσὶ κάπροισιν, τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνὸν,
ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἤϋσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
Στέντορι εἰσαμένη μεγαλήτορι, χαλκεοφώνῳ,
ὃς τόσον αὐδήσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα·

" Αἰδὼς, Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἀγητοί·

And there the Goddess of the milkwhite arm
Staying the steeds address'd her Lord supreme :
"O Zeus, our Father ! Now on Ares' head,
Visit with indignation the foul deeds
Wherewith he has so mightily oppress'd
The Achaians, cruelly, of his own wild will,
Against all order, and in my despite !
Though Cypris haply and the Silver-bow
Sit joying to have slipp'd upon the field
This monster, recking of no reason's law.
Be not thou anger'd therefore, though I smite
And drive him with all ignominy thence ! "
And thus the Ruler of the clouds replied :
" Against him take Athene, Queen of spoil,
Who oft hath neighbour'd him to deadly pain."
He spake, nor white-arm Herè disobey'd,
But thong'd the steeds, and, nothing loth, they flew,
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky.
Far as a man upon a headland's peak
Looking across the dark wine-colour'd sea
Can ken through aery distance with his eyne,
So far one spring of those high snorting steeds.

But when they gain'd the rivers near to Troy,
Where Simois and Scamander join their streams,
There white-arm Herè stay'd them, from the yoke
Loosed them, and shed a cloud of mist around,
Whilst Simois bade them graze ambrosial herb.

But on together, wing'd like quivering doves,
Eager to battle for the Argive host,
Pallas and Herè flew, and quick arrived
Where round the manly might of Diomed
Throng'd thickest stood the bravest, like for strength
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars ;
And loudly Herè shouted, in the guise
Of Stentor, for his brazen voice renown'd,
Such voice as fifty others could not raise :
" Shame on you ! Noble to the eye alone !
Argeians, foul reproaches to the name !

ὄφρα μὲν ἐς πόλεμον πωλέσκετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδέποτε Τρῶες πρὸ πυλάων Δαρδανιάων
οἴχνεσκον· κείνου γὰρ ἐδείδισαν ὄβριμον ἔγχος·
νῦν δὲ ἑκὰς πόλιος κοίλης ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχονται."

Ὣς εἰποῦσ' ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Τυδείδῃ δ' ἐπόρουσε θεὰ, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
εὗρε δὲ τόνγε ἄνακτα παρ' ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἕλκος ἀναψύχοντα, τό μιν βάλε Πάνδαρος ἰῷ.
ἱδρὼς γάρ μιν ἔτειρεν ὑπὸ πλατέος τελαμῶνος
ἀσπίδος εὐκύκλου· τῷ τείρετο, κάμνε δὲ χεῖρα,
ἄν δ' ἴσχων τελαμῶνα κελαινεφὲς αἷμ' ἀπομόργνυ.
ἵππειρου δὲ θεὰ ζυγοῦ ἅψατο φώνησέν τε·

"Ἦ ὀλίγον οἱ παῖδα ἐοικότα γείνατο Τυδεύς.
Τυδεύς τοι μικρὸς μὲν ἔην δέμας, ἀλλὰ μαχητής.
καί ῥ' ὅτε πέρ μιν ἐγὼ πολεμίζειν οὐκ εἴασκον
οὐδ' ἐκπαιφάσσειν, ὅτε τ' ἦλυθε νόσφιν Ἀχαιῶν
ἄγγελος ἐς Θήβας, πολέας μετὰ Καδμείωνας.
δαίνυσθαί μιν ἄνωγον ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἕκηλον·
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔχων ὃν καρτερὸν, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,
κούρους Καδμείων προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ' ἐνίκα
[ῥηϊδίως· τοίη οἱ ἐγὼν ἐπιτάῤῥοθος ἦα].
σοὶ δ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ παρά θ' ἵσταμαι ἠδὲ φυλάσσω,
καί σε προφρονέως κέλομαι Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
ἀλλά σευ ἢ κάματος πολυάϊξ γυῖα δέδυκεν,
ἤ νύ σέ που δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον· οὐ σύγ' ἔπειτα
Τυδέος ἔκγονός ἐσσι δαΐφρονος Οἰνείδαο."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"γιγνώσκω σε, θεὰ, θύγατερ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο·
τῷ τοι προφρονέως ἐρέω ἔπος οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω.
οὔτε τί με δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον οὔτε τις ὄκνος,
ἀλλ' ἔτι σέων μέμνημαι ἐφετμέων, ἃς ἐπέτειλας.
οὔ μ' εἴας μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἀντικρὺ μάχεσθαι
τοῖς ἄλλοις· ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
ἔλθῃσ' ἐς πόλεμον, τήνγ' οὐτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.

Of yore, when great Achilles came to war,
Never beyond the Dardan gates durst Troy
Adventure ; such the terror of his spear ;
Now from the city to your fleet they range."
She spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

But meantime to the side of Tydeus' Son
The Maiden Goddess sprang, and found the Chief
Standing hard by his horses and his car,
Cooling the sweat that Pandar's arrow gave ;
For 'neath the broad belt of the orbèd shield
The dew of his great labour pain'd him much :
It pain'd him and had wearied now his arm ,
Therefore he lifted up the belt, and stood
Staunching the black blood off. She laid her hand
Upon the horses' yoke, and spake, and said :
" Poor shows the son whom noble Tydeus gat,
Tydeus, small-limb'd and slight, but brave in heart ;
Who ev'n though I forbade him from the war
And stay'd his love of onset (then, what time
Alone in embassy he came to Thebes
Amongst the sons of Cadmus gather'd strong),
And though I bade him feast with them in peace,
Yet of his prowess and his wonted heart
Would challenge all to contest, and in all
The contests proved the victor without pain ;
Such by his side I stood, and bare him through.
And such by thee I stand, and guard thee safe,
Prompting thee, might and main, against the foe.
But either hath the labour to and fro
Foredone thee, or thy heart hath sunk with fear.
Not this the son to Œneus' peerless Child."
To whom made gallant Diomed reply :
" I know thee, who thou art, O Child of Zeus :
And tell thee therefore all, nor aught conceal.
Not of my fear nor of misdoubt my heart
Sinks, but I mind me of thine own behests :
Who badest refrain from moving 'gainst the Gods
In battle, save one only ; but if She,
If Zeus-born Aphrodite, came to war,

τοὔνεκα νῦν αὐτός τ' ἀναχάζομαι ἠδὲ καὶ ἄλλους
Ἀργείους ἐκέλευσα ἀλήμεναι ἐνθάδε πάντας·
γιγνώσκω γὰρ Ἄρηα μάχην ἀνὰ κοιρανέοντα."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"Τυδείδη Διόμηδες, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
μήτε σύγ' Ἄρηα τόγε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἄλλον
ἀθανάτων· τοίη τοι ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρροθός εἰμι.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐπ' Ἄρηϊ πρώτῳ ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους,
τύψον δὲ σχεδίην μηδ' ἄζεο θοῦρον Ἄρηα
τοῦτον μαινόμενον, τυκτὸν κακόν, ἀλλοπρόσαλλον·
ὃς πρώην μὲν ἐμοί τε καὶ Ἥρῃ στεῦτ' ἀγορεύων
Τρωσὶ μαχήσεσθαι, ἀταρ Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήξειν,
νῦν δὲ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ὁμιλεῖ, τῶν δὲ λέλασται."

Ὣς φαμένη Σθένελον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὦσε χαμᾶζε,
χειρὶ πάλιν ἐρύσασ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐμμαπέως ἀπόρουσεν.
ἡ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἔβαινε παραὶ Διομήδεα δῖον
ἐμμεμαυῖα θεά· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε φήγινος ἄξων
βριθοσύνῃ· δεινὴν γὰρ ἄγεν θεὸν ἄνδρα τ' ἄριστον.
λάζετο δὲ μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·
αὐτίκ' ἐπ' Ἄρηϊ πρώτῳ ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν Περίφαντα πελώριον ἐξενάριζεν,
Αἰτωλῶν ὄχ' ἄριστον, Ὀχησίου ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·
τὸν μὲν Ἄρης ἐνάριζε μιαιφόνος· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη
δῦν' Ἄϊδος κυνέην, μή μιν ἴδοι ὄβριμος Ἄρης.

Ὡς δὲ ἴδε βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης Διομήδεα δῖον,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν Περίφαντα πελώριον αὐτόθ' ἔασεν
κεῖσθαι, ὅθι πρῶτον κτείνων ἐξαίνυτο θυμὸν,
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰθὺς Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
πρόσθεν Ἄρης ὠρέξαθ' ὑπὲρ ζυγὸν ἡνία θ' ἵππων
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, μεμαὼς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἑλέσθαι·
καὶ τόγε χειρὶ λαβοῦσα θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
ὦσεν ὑπὲκ δίφροιο ἐτώσιον ἀΐχθῆναι.

Freely to wound her with my pointed spear.
And for this cause myself have drawn me back,
And bidden all the host in phalanx firm
Likewise withdraw them hither; for I saw
Fierce Ares yonder in the war supreme."
And azure-eyed Athene made reply:
"Tydides, thou in whom is my delight!
Nor Ares, nor of all the Immortal race
Fear any; loyal to thy side I cleave.
Yea, on this very Ares guide thy steeds.
Strike a homestroke upon him; reverence not
A wild insensate Power, create of ill,
False Traitor double-dyed! who yestermorn
To mine own self and Here pledged his faith
To aid the Argives and assail their foes,
Yet now, of this forgetful, fights for Troy."
She spoke, and by the hand drew Sthenelus
Backward from off the car; adown he leapt
Quick as the spoken word, and up the step
The enkindled Goddess mounted to the side
Of noble Diomed. Beneath the weight
Groan'd loud the ashen axle; for it bare
A Goddess by a Hero. Thong and rein
Athene seized and straight on Ares drave
The hoovèd horses.—He just then had slain
The giant Periphas, Ochœsius' son,
The bravest of the Ætolian men-at-arms;
And was despoiling of the arms the corse;
Whilst Pallas donn'd the invisible helmet dark
Of Hades, lest fierce Ares know her there.

But when the bloodstain'd Pest of men beheld
Diomed so near, he left huge Periphas
To lie where he had fall'n before his spear,
And straight against the other moved in arms.
They near'd each other on the field, and first
Across the yoke and reins fierce Ares cast
A brazen spear, infuriate for his life.
But azure-eyed Athene caught the spear
With her own hand and turn'd it off the car

δεύτερος αὖθ' ὡρμᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
ἔγχει χαλκείῳ· ἐπέρεισε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, ὅθι ζωννύσκετο μίτρην·
τῇ ῥά μιν οὔτα τυχὼν, διὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἔδαψεν,
ἐκ δὲ δόρυ σπάσεν αὖτις. ὁ δ' ἔβραχε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι
ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρηος.
τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ τρόμος εἷλεν Ἀχαιούς τε Τρῶάς τε
δείσαντας· τόσον ἔβραχ' Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο.

Οἵη δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἐρεβεννὴ φαίνεται ἀὴρ
καύματος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσαέος ὀρνυμένοιο,
τοῖος Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ χάλκεος Ἄρης
φαίνεθ' ὁμοῦ νεφέεσσιν ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκανε θεῶν ἕδος, αἰπὺν Ὄλυμπον,
παὰρ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίωνι καθέζετο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,
δεῖξεν δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα καταῤῥέον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς,
καί ῥ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίζῃ ὁρῶν τάδε καρτερὰ ἔργα;
αἰεί τοι ῥίγιστα θεοὶ τετληότες εἰμὲν
ἀλλήλων ἰότητι, χάριν δ' ἄνδρεσσι φέροντες.
σοὶ πάντες μαχόμεσθα· σὺ γαρ τέκες ἄφρονα κούρην,
οὐλομένην, ἧτ' αἰὲν ἀήσυλα ἔργα μέμηλεν.
ἄλλοι μὲν γὰρ πάντες, ὅσοι θεοί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
σοί τ' ἐπιπείθονται καὶ δεδμήμεσθα ἕκαστος·
ταύτην δ' οὔτ' ἔπεϊ προτιβάλλεαι οὔτε τι ἔργῳ,
ἀλλ' ἀνιεῖς, ἐπεὶ αὐτὸς ἐγείναο παῖδ' ἀΐδηλον·
ἣ νῦν Τυδέος υἱὸν, ὑπερφίαλον Διομήδεα,
μαργαίνειν ἀνέηκεν ἐπ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτον σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος·
ἀλλά μ' ὑπήνεικαν ταχέες πόδες· ἦ τέ κε δηρὸν
αὐτοῦ πήματ' ἔπασχον ἐν αἰνῇσιν νεκάδεσσιν,
ἤ κε ζὼς ἀμενηνὸς ἔα χαλκοῖο τυπῆσιν."

To fall wide-darted. Next with brazen lance
Brave to the battle-cry Tydides charged;
Athene lent her strength and drave the point
Into the girdle, where the quilt is braced.
Just there she struck him, biting through the skin,
The heavenly skin, then back quick pluck'd the spear.
And loud blared Ares' bellow, loud as when
Nine thousand or ten thousand men of war
Uplift their voices in the shock of arms;
And Trojans and Achaians, all alike,
Knew trembling; such the roar of Ares rose.
As showeth from the clouds a thick black mist,
Bred of the vapourous heat by sultry winds,
Such brazen Ares show'd to Tydeus' Son,
All in thick clouds, ascending up to heaven.
Who straightway sought the Olympian throne of Gods,
There, sorely moaning, took his seat by Zeus,
Show'd streaming from the wound the heavenly blood,
And from a stricken heart complain'd, and said:
"Father, beholding these fell deeds of wrong
Waxest thou not in wrath? For by the spite
We each to other bear, and by the grace
We do to man, we suffer endless harm;
And for this cause are all adverse to thee;
Who broughtest forth this Virgin, Fury fierce,
Insensate, studious to all impious deed.
All else, who on Olympus have their homes,
Obey thee, and are humbled to thy might;
Her only spar'st thou from rebuke or pain
And loosest to her will; because thyself
Begatt'st her, most pernicious, thine own child.
Now the haught son of Tydeus Diomed
Furious against Immortals hath she raised.
First Cypris on the hand below the wrist
He wounded, and hath since, as if a God,
Dared charge on me; my swift feet bare me off,
Hidden away; else truly had I borne,
Fell'd down amongst the bodies of the dead,
Long agonies, or lain in swoon perchance,
Alive, but stricken senseless by his spear."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"μή τί μοι, ἀλλοπρόσαλλε, παρεζόμενος μινύριζε.
ἔχθιστος δέ μοί ἐσσι θεῶν οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσιν·
αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοί τε μάχαι τε.
μητρός τοι μένος ἐστὶν ἀάσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτὸν,
Ἥρης· τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σπουδῇ δάμνημ' ἐπέεσσιν.
τῷ σ' οἴῳ κείνης τάδε πάσχειν ἐννεσίῃσιν.
ἀλλ' οὐ μάν σ' ἔτι δηρὸν ἀνέξομαι ἄλγε' ἔχοντα·
ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῦ γένος ἐσσί, ἐμοὶ δέ σε γείνατο μήτηρ.
εἰ δέ τεν ἐξ ἄλλου γε θεῶν γένευ ὧδ' ἀΐδηλος,
καί κεν δὴ πάλαι ἦσθα ἐνέρτερος Οὐρανιώνων."

Ὣς φάτο, καὶ Παιήον' ἀνώγειν ἰήσασθαι.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσων
ἠκέσατ'· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταθνητός γ' ἐτέτυκτο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς γάλα λευκὸν ἐπειγόμενος συνέπηξεν
ὑγρὸν ἐὸν, μάλα δ' ὠκα περιστρέφεται κυκόωντι,
ὣς ἄρα καρπαλίμως ἰήσατο θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
τὸν δ' Ἥβη λοῦσεν, χαρίεντα δὲ εἵματα ἕσσεν.
πὰρ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίωνι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων.

Αἱ δ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς μεγάλοιο νέοντο,
Ἥρη τ' Ἀργείη καὶ Ἀλαλκομενηὶς Ἀθήνη,
παύσασαι βροτολοιγὸν Ἄρη' ἀνδροκτασιάων.

To whom with stern-set brow his Father said ,
" Make not thy moan, false Traitor ! at my side.
Most of the Olympians loathe I thee, whose care
Is all of blood and battle, strife and death.
On thee thy mother's mood accursed hath fallen,
Still stubborn, insupportable, untamed,
Whom scarce by hardest words can I subdue :
Yea, in thy suffering I behold her work.
Yet will I bear not that thy anguish last ;
My Child thou art, and of thy mother mine ;
Hadst thou been son of any other God,
Long-since such ruinous Pest had fallen from Heaven."
He spoke, and bade Paiæon tend his wounds ;
Who spread his pain-beguiling balms, and heal'd
His anguish ; not for Death was He create.
As when within a vessel of white milk
A juice is stirr'd and makes coagulate
The liquid, by the mingling fast congeal'd ;
So quickly were the wounds of Ares closed.

And Hebe laved him, and in bright array
Clothed him, who then by great Kroneion's side,
Exultant of his glory, sate enthroned.

Likewise those others, Herè, Argos' Queen,
And Athenaiè Alalcomenis,
Returning sate them in the hall of Zeus,
After the let of Ares from the war.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ζ'.

Ἕκτορος καὶ Ἀνδρομάχης ὁμιλία.

Τρώων δ' οἰώθη καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπις αἰνή·
πολλὰ δ' ἄρ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθ' ἴθυσε μάχη πεδίοιο,
ἀλλήλων ἰθυνομένων χαλκήρεα δοῦρα,
μεσσηγὺς Σιμόεντος ἰδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων.

Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν,
Τρώων ῥῆξε φάλαγγα, φόως δ' ἑτάροισιν ἔθηκεν,
ἄνδρα βαλὼν ὃς ἄριστος ἐνὶ Θρῄκεσσι τέτυκτο,
υἱὸν Ἐυσσώρου, Ἀκάμαντ' ἠΰν τε μέγαν τε.
τὸν ῥ' ἔβαλε πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ἱπποδασείης,
ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ' ἄρ' ὀστέον εἴσω
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.

Ἄξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθος Διομήδης
Τευθρανίδην, ὃς ἔναιεν ἐϋκτιμένῃ ἐν Ἀρίσβῃ
ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισιν·
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.
ἀλλά οἱ οὔτις τῶνγε τότ' ἤρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον
πρόσθεν ὑπαντιάσας, ἀλλ' ἄμφω θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα Καλήσιον, ὅς ῥα τόθ' ἵππων
ἔσκεν ὑφηνίοχος· τὼ δ' ἄμφω γαῖαν ἐδύτην.

Δρῆσον δ' Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ὀφέλτιον ἐξενάριξεν·
βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἴσηπον καὶ Πήδασον, οὕς ποτε νύμφη
νηΐς Ἀβαρβαρέη τέκ' ἀμύμονι Βουκολίωνι.

ILIAD VI.

THUS was the field abandon'd of the Gods,
The ringing battle left to mortal men.
And hither, thither, o'er the plain, betwixt
The streams of Simois and Xanthus, sway'd
The tide of war; and each on each aim'd fierce
His brass-spiked spear. But giant Ajax first
Up-towering brake the array of hostile Troy,
Brake Troy, but cheer'd the hearts of his own men,
Smiting a hero noblest born in Thrace
The son of Eüssorus, Acamas,
A mighty man-at-arms. But him he smote
Full on the vizor of the horse-plumed helm;
Piercing the brow and crashing through the skull
Pass'd the brass-point; and darkness veil'd his eyes.

And Diomed slew Axylus; he the son
Of Teuthranus, and in Arisbe dwelt,
Rich of much substance, and beloved by men:
Who had his house upon the roadside built,
And welcomed all, who would, to enter there:
But now was none to guard dark death away,
Or take that onset off him; both fell slain,
He, and his chariot's driver at his side,
The brave Calesius—both by Diomed,
And both together sinking to their graves.

Nor less Euryalus laid Dresus low
And Ophelt, and thence turn'd to Pedasus
And Æsep, brethren twins, whom of old time
The Naiad-nymph Abarbareia bare
Her offspring unto King Bucolion

Βουκολίων δ' ἦν υἱὸς ἀγαυοῦ Λαομέδοντος
πρεσβύτατος γενεῇ, σκότιον δέ ἑ γείνατο μήτηρ·
ποιμαίνων δ' ἐπ' ὄεσσι μίγη φιλότητι καὶ εὐνῇ,
ἡ δ' ὑποκυσαμένη διδυμάονε γείνατο παῖδε.
καὶ μὲν τῶν ὑπέλυσε μένος καὶ φαίδιμα γυῖα
Μηκιστηϊάδης καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα.

Ἀστύαλον δ' ἀρ' ἔπεφνε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης·
Πιδύτην δ' Ὀδυσεὺς Περκώσιον ἐξενάριξεν
ἔγχει χαλκείῳ, Τεῦκρος δ' Ἀρετάονα δῖον.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἄβληρον ἐνήρατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Νεστορίδης, Ἔλατον δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
ναῖε δὲ Σατνιόεντος ἐϋῤῥείταο παρ' ὄχθας
Πήδασον αἰπεινήν. Φύλακον δ' ἕλε Λήϊτος ἥρως
φεύγοντ'· Εὐρύπυλος δὲ Μελάνθιον ἐξενάριξεν.

Ἄδρηστον δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
ζωὸν ἕλ'· ἵππω γάρ οἱ ἀτυζομένω πεδίοιο,
ὄζῳ ἔνι βλαφθέντε μυρικίνῳ, ἀγκύλον ἅρμα
ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ αὐτὼ μὲν ἐβήτην
πρὸς πόλιν, ἦπερ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο,
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη
πρηνὴς ἐν κονίῃσιν ἐπὶ στόμα. πὰρ δέ οἱ ἔστη
Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος, ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.
Ἄδρηστος δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα λαβὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων·

"Ζώγρει, Ἀτρέος υἱὲ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα.
πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἀφνειοῦ πατρὸς κειμήλια κεῖται,
χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,
τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ζωὸν πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν.

(Bucolion, whom his mother bastard bare,
In secret, eldest to Laomedon).
To him amongst his flocks the Naiad came,
Met him, and yielded, and conceivèd twins.
Yet now their noble children's bright-mail'd limbs
Were loosed beneath them by Mekistus' Son,
Who straight 'gan strip the armour off the slain.

Likewise by warlike Polypœtes struck,
Perish'd Astyalus; and Pidytes
Of Percos by Odysseus' brazen spear,
And royal Aretaon by the hand
Of Teucer; whilst Antilochus the son
Of Nestor fell'd Ablerus with bright lance,
And Agamemnon cast down Elatus
(Who came from rocky Pedasus, beside
The banks of Satnoeis' smooth gliding streams);
And Hero Leïtus o'ertook the flight
Of Phylax, and destroy'd him: also fell
Melanthius, smitten by Eurypylus.

Then gallant Menelaus captive took
Adrastus, for, distraught upon the plain,
His steeds had dash'd against a tamarisk-trunk,
And snapt the pole short on the curvèd car,
And loose had gallop'd, whither all the host
Were fleeing of their panic, toward the town.
But from his seat their lord beside the wheel
Lay headlong hurl'd, face downward in the dust;
O'er whom Atrides Menelaus stood,
And cast the shadow of his spear upon him;
Adrastus clasp'd his knees and pray'd, and cried:
"Spare me, O Son of Atreus, spare my life!
And take of my redemption ample price;
Great substance hath my father, in whose halls
Wrought iron and brass and gold are storèd up:
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee,
Then when he knows me captive in the fleet."
His prayer was winning path into the heart
Of Menelaus, who perchance had given

καὶ δή μιν τάχ' ἔμελλε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
δώσειν ᾧ θεράποντι καταξέμεν· ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων, καὶ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε, τίη δὲ σὺ κήδεαι οὕτως
ἀνδρῶν; ἦ σοὶ ἄριστα πεποίηται κατὰ οἶκον
πρὸς Τρώων· τῶν μήτις ὑπεκφύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον
χεῖράς θ' ἡμετέρας, μηδ' ὄντινα γαστέρι μήτηρ
κοῦρον ἐόντα φέροι, μηδ' ὃς φύγοι, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
Ἰλίου ἐξαπολοίατ' ἀκήδεστοι καὶ ἄφαντοι." 60

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔτρεψεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως,
αἴσιμα παρειπών. ὁ δ' ἀπὸ ἕθεν ὦσατο χειρὶ
ἥρω' Ἄδρηστον· τὸν δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὁ δ' ἀνετράπετ', Ἀτρείδης δὲ
λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βὰς ἐξέσπασε μείλινον ἔγχος.
Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
μή τις νῦν ἐνάρων ἐπιβαλλόμενος μετόπισθεν
μιμνέτω, ὥς κεν πλεῖστα φέρων ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηται,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρας κτείνωμεν· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὰ ἕκηλοι 70
νεκροὺς ἂμ πεδίον συλήσετε τεθνηῶτας."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ἔνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν, ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντες,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Αἰνείᾳ τε καὶ Ἕκτορι εἶπε παραστὰς
Πριαμίδης Ἕλενος, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ' ἄριστος·

"Αἰνεία τε καὶ Ἕκτορ, ἐπὶ πόνος ὔμμι μάλιστα
Τρώων καὶ Λυκίων ἐγκέκλιται, οὕνεκ' ἄριστοι
πᾶσαν ἐπ' ἰθὺν ἐστε μάχεσθαί τε φρονέειν τε,
στῆτ' αὐτοῦ, καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκετε πρὸ πυλάων 80

The captive to his squire to lead alive
Back to the harbour of Achaia's barks;
But Agamemnon saw, and swiftly came
Before him, and with shout upbraiding spake:
"Sparest thou the Trojans? Menelaus, thou
My brother! Suits it thee to show this ruth?
They dealt by thee forsooth so graciously,
Thou needs must thus reward them! Nay, let none
Escape the bloody ruin that we bring;
Fighting or fleeing, perish all alike;
Mothers, and infants in the womb unborn!
Perish from off the earth the accursèd race,
Uncoffin'd, swallow'd up in endless night!"
Thus chode the King, and turn'd his brother's heart
By right dissuasion; with his hand he thrust
The brave Adrastus off him, whom the King
Smote thro' the flank, and backward dead he fell.
Then, with heel stamp'd full on the dead man's chest
The King pluck'd back his weapon.
Next rose loud
The voice of Nestor calling on the host:
"Heroes, my comrades, ye, who love the work
Of Ares! Now let no one lag to lay
Hands on the spoil, or bear it to the fleet,
To win a costlier portion to himself.
Slay, slay! so likewise shall ye reap the spoil,
Gather'd, without disturb, from off the dead."
He spoke, and quicken'd every heart to war.

Thus had all Troy, with failing strength o'erborne,
Once more up Ilion's steep before the host
Of Argos' warrior-sons fled headlong driven,
Had not the son of Priam, Helenus,
Greatest of all her prophets, ta'en his stand
By Hector and Æneas, thus to speak:
"Æneas! Hector! ye, the twain on whom
The burthen of the commonweal of Troy
And Lycia heaviest hangs; for ye, of all
And through all haps, are best in word and deed;
Halt now, and moving quick throughout the line,

πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι, πρὶν αὖτ' ἐν χερσὶ γυναικῶν
φεύγοντας πεσέειν, δηΐοισι δὲ χάρμα γενέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κε φάλαγγας ἐποτρύνητον ἀπάσας,
ἡμεῖς μὲν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμεθ' αὖθι μένοντες,
καὶ μάλα τειρόμενοί περ· ἀναγκαίη γὰρ ἐπείγει·
Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σὺ πόλινδε μετέρχεο, εἰπὲ δ' ἔπειτα
μητέρι σῇ καὶ ἐμῇ· ἡ δὲ ξυνάγουσα γεραιὰς
νηὸν Ἀθηναίης γλαυκώπιδος ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ,
οἴξασα κληῖδι θύρας ἱεροῖο δόμοιο,
πέπλον, ὅ οἱ δοκέει χαριέστατος ἠδὲ μέγιστος 90
εἶναι ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καί οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος αὐτῇ,
θεῖναι Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἠϋκόμοιο,
καί οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ
ἥνις ἠκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ
ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα,
αἴ κεν Τυδέος υἱὸν ἀπόσχῃ Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο,
ὃν δὴ ἐγὼ κάρτιστον Ἀχαιῶν φημὶ γενέσθαι.
οὐδ' Ἀχιλῆά ποθ' ὧδέ γ' ἐδείδιμεν, ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,
ὅνπερ φασὶ θεᾶς ἐξ ἔμμεναι. ἀλλ' ὅδε λίην 100
μαίνεται, οὐδέ τίς οἱ δύναται μένος ἰσοφαρίζειν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' οὔτι κασιγνήτῳ ἀπίθησεν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε,
πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρα κατὰ στρατὸν ᾤχετο πάντη,
ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνήν.
οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν·
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπεχώρησαν, λῆξαν δὲ φόνοιο,
φὰν δέ τιν' ἀθανάτων ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος
Τρωσὶν ἀλεξήσοντα κατελθέμεν· ὣς ἐλέλιχθεν.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας. 110

"Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ βείω προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠδὲ γέρουσιν

Here rally ye the people as they pause
Before the city gates, or e'er their flight
Cast them pell-mell into their mothers' arms,
The mockery and the laughter of their foes.
But, when ye so have quicken'd every rank,
We still will wage the battle as we may,
Worn though we be to death ; for sore the need.
But go thou, Hector, to the city ; there
Seek her, who is my mother and thine own ;
And bid her gather in Acropolis
A train of noble matrons to the shrine
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas, there to ope
With sacred key the sacred door, and lay
Across fair-hair'd Athene's knee the robe
That is of amplest fold amongst her hoard,
Most precious, and most prized by her own self ;
Likewise there in that holy shrine to vow
Blood-offering of twelve yearling heifer kine,
Unbroken to the yoke ; so may She show
Her mercy on our city, and our wives
And children, and withhold from Ilion's towers
This wondrous, ruthless, terrible-handed foe ;
Mightiest I deem him of Achaia's sons ;
For not Achilles' self, whom goddess-born
They boast; and prince of men, e'er fill'd our souls
With panic like This Man, whose spirit flames
Infuriate, nor in battle finds he peer."

Nor Hector disobey'd his brother's word ;
Lightly from car to earth full-arm'd he leapt,
And, waving two sharp spears, throughout the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved :
They rallied and against their foe stood firm ;
The foe recoil'd and stay'd their hands from blood ;
So marvellous in their eyes that rally show'd,
Their thought was, that some God from starry heav'n
Had dropt to rescue Troy. But Hector, ere
Departure, shouted loud with cry to all :

"Now show ye of what mettle ye are bred !
Stand fast ; be men ; mind ye of all your might ;
The while I go to Ilion, there to bid

εἶπω βουλευτῆσι καὶ ἡμετέρῃς ἀλόχοισιν
δαίμοσιν ἀρήσασθαι, ὑποσχέσθαι δ' ἑκατόμβας."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν,
ἄντυξ ἣ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὁμφαλοέσσης.

Γλαῦκος δ', Ἱππολόχοιο πάϊς καὶ Τυδέος υἱὸς
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων;
οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτ' ὄπωπα μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
τὸ πρίν· ἀτὰρ μὲν νῦν γε πολὺ προβέβηκας ἁπάντων
σῷ θάρσει, ὅτ' ἐμὸν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἔμεινας.
δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσιν.
εἰ δέ τις ἀθανάτων γε κατ' οὐρανοῦ εἰλήλουθας,
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισι μαχοίμην.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ Δρύαντος υἱὸς, κρατερὸς Λυκόοργος,
δὴν ἦν, ὅς ῥα θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισιν ἔριζεν·
ὅς ποτε μαινομένοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας
σεῦε κατ' ἠγάθεον Νυσήϊον· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
θύσθλα χαμαὶ κατέχευαν, ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνοιο Λυκούργου
θεινόμεναι βουπλῆγι· Διώνυσος δὲ φοβηθεὶς
δύσεθ' ἁλὸς κατὰ κῦμα, Θέτις δ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ
δειδιότα· κρατερὸς γὰρ ἔχε τρόμος ἀνδρὸς ὁμοκλῇ.
τῷ μὲν ἔπειτ' ὀδύσαντο θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες,
καί μιν τυφλὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἦν, ἐπεὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀπήχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν.
οὐδ' ἂν ἐγὼ μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἐθέλοιμι μάχεσθαι.
εἰ δέ τίς ἐσσι βροτῶν, οἳ ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,
ἆσσον ἴθ', ὡς κεν θᾶσσον ὀλέθρου πείραθ' ἵκηαι."

The elders of the council and our wives
Pray for us, and vow hecatombs to heaven."
Speaking, the hero of the glancing helm
Departed; at his ankles and his neck
The black-tann'd hide, that ran the outward rim
Round his orb'd shield, struck rattling as he sped.

Meantime the son of famed Hippolochus,
Glaucus, and Diomed great Tydeus' son
Met midway 'twixt the hosts; and either knew
His blood run burning in him for the fray.
And each had near'd the other on the field,
When Tydeus' Son address'd his dauntless foe:
"Who of all mortals mayst thou boast to be?
Whom till this moment I have ne'er beheld,
Where men seek glory, in the van of war;
Yet now thy heart hath lifted thee beyond
All others, who hast dared to bide my spear.
Children of the unhappy of this world
Those whom their Fates have brought across my wrath.
But, if thou hast descended down from heaven,
Against the Powers of heaven I will not war.
Not ev'n great Lycaorgus, Dryas' son
Might live for long, when he had striven with Gods.
He drave in fearful rout adown the dells
Of steep Nyseia's mount the Mænad maids
Who nurtured Dionysus; each and all
They tearing shed their garlands to the earth,
Tormented by their deadly hunter's lash;
And infant Dionysus all dismay'd
And trembling (though the threat was but of man),
Deep in the sea sought refuge on the lap
Of Thetis, who received him from his fall.
Wherefore the Gods, who dwell in bliss above,
Were wroth for him; and Zeus, great Kronos' son,
Struck blind their enemy's eyes, nor long might live
Who thus became the hate of all the Gods.
Loth were I therefore to encounter these.
But, if thy food is of the fruits of earth,
Come nearer, draw thee quicker to thy death!"

Τὸν δ' αὖθ' Ἱππολόχοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱός·
"Τυδείδη μεγάθυμε, τίη γενεὴν ἐρεείνεις;
οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέε, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ ἡ μὲν φύει, ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῇς
ἡμετέρην γενεήν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασιν·
ἔστι πόλις Ἐφύρη μυχῷ Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο,
ἔνθα δὲ Σίσυφος ἔσκεν, ὃ κέρδιστος γένετ' ἀνδρῶν,
Σίσυφος Αἰολίδης· ὁ δ' ἄρα Γλαῦκον τέκεθ' υἱόν,
αὐτὰρ Γλαῦκος ἔτικτεν ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην·
τῷ δὲ θεοὶ κάλλος τε καὶ ἠνορέην ἐρατεινὴν
ὤπασαν. αὐτάρ οἱ Προῖτος κακὰ μήσατο θυμῷ,
ὅς ῥ' ἐκ δήμου ἔλασσεν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦεν,
Ἀργείων· Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ ἐδάμασσεν.
τῷ δὲ γυνὴ Προίτου ἐπεμήνατο, δῖ' Ἄντεια,
κρυπταδίῃ φιλότητι μιγήμεναι· ἀλλὰ τὸν οὔτι
πεῖθ' ἀγαθὰ φρονέοντα, δαΐφρονα Βελλεροφόντην.
ἡ δὲ ψευσαμένη Προῖτον βασιλῆα προσηύδα·
'τεθναίης, ὦ Προῖτ', ἢ κάκτανε Βελλεροφόντην,
ὅς μ' ἔθελεν φιλότητι μιγήμεναι, οὐκ ἐθελούσῃ.'
ὣς φατο, τὸν δὲ ἄνακτα χόλος λάβεν, οἷον ἄκουσεν·
κτεῖναι μέν ῥ' ἀλέεινε, σεβάσσατο γὰρ τόγε θυμῷ,
πέμπε δέ μιν Λυκίηνδε, πόρεν δ' ὅγε σήματα λυγρὰ,
γράψας ἐν πίνακι πτυκτῷ θυμοφθόρα πολλὰ,
δεῖξαι δ' ἠνώγειν ᾧ πενθερῷ, ὄφρ' ἀτόλοιτο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ Λυκίηνδε θεῶν ὑπ' ἀμύμονι πομπῇ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Λυκίην ἶξε Ξάνθον τε ῥέοντα,
προφρονέως μιν τῖεν ἄναξ Λυκίης εὐρείης.
ἐννῆμαρ ξείνισσε καὶ ἐννέα βοῦς ἱέρευσεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη ἐφάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,
καὶ τότε μιν ἐρέεινε καὶ ᾔτεε σῆμα ἰδέσθαι,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ γαμβροῖο πάρα Προίτοιο φέροιτο.

To whom the Son of famed Hippolochus :
"Why would Tydides of my birth enquire?
The race of man is ev'n as the race of leaves ;
The wind sheds some to the ground ; but others bud
Fresh on the tree, and multiply at spring ;
So some fair lives bud fresh, but others die.
But, wouldst thou have this knowledge, hear, and learn
The famous generation of my race.
In horse-abounding Argos stands withdrawn
The town of Ephyrè : and there was bred
Sisyphus, of the race of Æolids,
The sagest of mankind ; who gat a son,
Glaucus ; and he begat Bellerophon ;
Bellerophon, the peerless, and endow'd
With a most perfect manhood by the Gods ;
But Prœtus, being the mightier in those days,
And throned in Argos by the hand of Zeus,
Wrought him much hurt, and drave him from the land :
Whose lovely wife Anteia had cast her eyes
On the fair youth, and woo'd him to her lust ;
Yet might not so beguile Bellerophon :
Wherefore with feignèd lips she spake, and said :
'*Die, Prœtus, thine own self, or slay this youth,*
Who hath desired thy wife, to lie with her.'
She spoke ; and anger at the thing he heard
Possess'd the King : who nathless then refrained
From slaying—this for reverence he forbore—
But sent him thence to Lycia and procured
A folded tablet, written o'er with signs
Of evil, many tokens meaning death,
The which he order'd him to bear and show
To his wife's father, that he so might die.
He went, but under heavenly conduct safe.
And when he came to Lycia's streams, the King
There gave him welcome, and for nine full days
Held feast, and in his honour slew nine bulls ;
Till, when the tenth rose-finger'd morning came,
He question'd him, and craved to read, if aught
Of tidings from Anteia's spouse he bare ;
In answer he received the evil scroll :

πρῶτον μέν ῥα Χίμαιραν ἀμαιμακέτην ἐκέλευσεν
πεφνέμεν. ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἦην θεῖον γένος οὐδ' ἀνθρώπων,
πρόσθε λέων, ὄπιθεν δὲ δράκων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα,
δεινὸν ἀποπνείουσα πυρὸς μένος αἰθομένοιο.
καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέπεφνε θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας,
δεύτερον αὖ Σολυμοισι μαχήσατο κυδαλίμοισιν·
καρτίστην δὴ τήνγε μάχην φάτο δύμεναι ἀνδρῶν.
τὸ τρίτον αὖ κατέπεφνεν Ἀμαζόνας ἀντιανείρας.
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκινὸν δόλον ἄλλον ὕφαινεν·
κρίνας ἐκ Λυκίης εὐρείης φῶτας ἀρίστους
εἶσε λόχον· τοὶ δ' οὔτι πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέοντο·
πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνεν ἀμύμων Βελλεροφόντης
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίγνωσκε θεοῦ γόνον ἠΰν ἐόντα,
αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὅγε θυγατέρα ἣν,
δῶκε δέ οἱ τιμῆς βασιληΐδος ἤμισυ πάσης·
καὶ μέν οἱ Λύκιοι τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης, ὄφρα νέμοιτο.
ἡ δ' ἔτεκε τρία τέκνα δαΐφρονι Βελλεροφόντῃ,
Ἴσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἱππόλοχον καὶ Λαοδάμειαν.
Λαοδαμείῃ παρελέξατο μητίετα Ζεύς,
ἡ δ' ἔτεκ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα χαλκοκορυστήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ κεῖνος ἀπήχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,
ἤτοι ὁ κὰπ πεδίον τὸ Ἀλήιον οἶος ἀλᾶτο,
ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων,
Ἴσανδρον δέ οἱ υἱὸν Ἄρης ἄτος πολέμοιο
μαρνάμενον Σολύμοισι κατέκτανε κυδαλίμοισιν,
τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη χρυσήνιος Ἄρτεμις ἔκτα.
Ἱππόλοχος δέ μ' ἔτικτε, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ φημὶ γενέσθαι·
πέμπε δέ μ' ἐς Τροίην, καί μοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλεν,

Whereat he bade him first go forth to slay
The fell Chimæra ; she no breed of earth,
But a goat's body, and a lion's head,
And dragon from her waist ; and from her lips
The breath was as the blast of flaming fire ;
Whom yet with heavenly signs he met and slew.
Then, in fulfilment of a second task,
He fought the far-renownèd Solymi ;
The fiercest of his battles (so he said)
With men encounter'd : then the Amazons,
For the third task, he vanquish'd in their war.
Yet wove the King another web of guile
About him thence returning, and selected
The bravest in broad Lycia to be laid
In ambush on the road whereby he went ;
Of whom not one return'd to tell the tale ;
Peerless in arms Bellerophon slew all.
Then the King knew him sprung of Gods, his might
Divine, and held him there, and gave to him
His daughter, with her, half his realm and state ;
Whose people portion'd out a rich demesne,
Land of their best and vintage —there to dwell.
Three children to her warlike lord she bare,
Laodamia and Hippolochus,
And brave Isander. Wise far-seeing Zeus
Lay with Laodamia ; and she bore
Sarpedon, now broad Lycia's helmèd Chief.
Yet ev'n Bellerophon before his death
Grew hateful to the Gods ; and thenceforth driven
Desolate, and away from human path,
And eating out his heart, he roam'd the waste
Named of his wanderings to this day. Whose son,
Isander, fell by Ares' bloody scourge
In battle with the glorious Solymi ;
And the fair sister perish'd by the wrath
Of golden-quiver'd Artemis transpierced.
Sole of the race Hippolochus survives,
And of his loins I boast me to be sprung ;
Who oft, what time he sent me forth to Troy,
Would charge me, how my birth lays most on me,

αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
μηδὲ γένος πατέρων αἰσχυνέμεν, οἳ μέγ' ἄριστοι
ἔν τ' Ἐφύρῃ ἐγένοντο καὶ ἐν Λυκίῃ εὐρείῃ.
ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι."

Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
ἔγχος μὲν κατέπηξεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλιχίοισι προσηύδα ποιμένα λαῶν·

"Ἦ ῥά νύ μοι ξεῖνος πατρώϊός ἐσσι παλαιός·
Οἰνεὺς γάρ ποτε δῖος ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην
ξείνισ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐείκοσιν ἤματ' ἐρύξας·
οἱ δὲ καὶ ἀλλήλοισι πόρον ξεινήϊα καλά·
Οἰνεὺς μὲν ζωστῆρα δίδου φοίνικι φαεινὸν,
Βελλεροφόντης δὲ χρύσεον δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,
καί μιν ἐγὼ κατέλειπον ἰὼν ἐν δώμασ' ἐμοῖσιν.
Τυδέα δ' οὐ μέμνημαι, ἐπεί μ' ἔτι τυτθὸν ἐόντα
κάλλιφ', ὅτ' ἐν Θηβῃσιν ἀπώλετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν.
τῷ νῦν σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ ξεῖνος φίλος Ἀργεϊ μέσσῳ
εἰμὶ, σὺ δ' ἐν Λυκίῃ, ὅτε κεν τῶν δῆμον ἵκωμαι.
ἔγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δι' ὁμίλου·
πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
κτείνειν ὅν κε θεός γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχείω,
πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ, ἐναιρέμεν ὅν κε δύνηαι.
τεύχεα δ' ἀλλήλοις ἐπαμείψομεν, ὄφρα καὶ οἵδε
γνῶσιν ὅτι ξεῖνοι πατρώϊοι εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντε, καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντε,
χεῖράς τ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην καὶ πιστώσαντο.
ἔνθ' αὖτε Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς,
ὃς πρὸς Τυδείδην Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἄμειβεν
χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκανεν,
ἀμφ' ἄρα μιν Τρώων ἄλοχοι θέον ἠδὲ θύγατρες

Still to outshine all others, and excel;
And still to keep unshamed the old renown
Of my great fathers, peerless through the breadth
Of Lycia, and in Ephyrè of yore.
Such is my lineage; this the blood I boast."
He spoke, and gladden'd Diomed, who heard,
And, hearing, pitch'd his spear erect in earth,
And gently thus to Lycia's Chief replied:
"By old hereditary right I claim
Thee friend to me; for Œneus of old time
With welcome entertain'd within his halls
Bellerophon, the peerless, twenty days.
Fair pledge of hospitable tie they took
Each from the other: Œneus gave a belt
Radiant of purple tinct; Bellerophon
A golden chalice with a double cup,
Safe still within my palace, ere I left.
But Tydeus I remember not, nor knew;
He left me infant when Achaia's sons
Perish'd at Thebes. I therefore am to thee
Thy rightful host in Argos, if thou come,
And thou art mine in Lycia. Likewise here
Let us avoid each other in the throng.
Many the Trojans or their famed allies
Whom, if a God expose them, or my feet
O'ertake them, I can slay without a pang;
Many the Argives whom thou too mayst slay.
Rather, that all men here may also know
We boast betwixt us still our father's tie,
Let us exchange our armour, mine for thine."
Thus spake those two, and springing to the ground
Each grasp'd the other's hand and pledged his faith.
So blind was Glaucus, witless for the while,
Stricken by father Zeus, he changed away
To Diomed his armour—gold for brass;
A hundred oxen worth, for worth of nine!

Meantime great Hector on his hest had pass'd
The beech-tree, and up through the Scæan gates;
Round whom the wives and daughters of the host

εἰρόμεναι παῖδάς τε κασιγνήτους τε ἕτας τε
καὶ πόσιας· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα θεοῖς εὔχεσθαι ἀνώγει
πάσας ἐξείης· πολλῇσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆπτο.
'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πριάμοιο δόμον περικαλλέ' ἵκανεν
ξεστῇς αἰθούσῃσι τετυγμένον—αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
πεντήκοντ' ἔνεσαν θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,
πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι· ἔνθα δὲ παῖδες
κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο παρὰ μνηστῇς ἀλόχοισιν.
κουράων δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐναντίοι ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
δώδεκ' ἔσαν τέγεοι θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,
πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι· ἔνθα δὲ γαμβροὶ
κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο παρ' αἰδοίῃς ἀλόχοισιν
ἔνθα οἱ ἠπιόδωρος ἐναντίη ἤλυθε μήτηρ
Λαοδίκην ἐσάγουσα, θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην·
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·
"Τέκνον, τίπτε λιπὼν πόλεμον θρασὺν εἰλήλουθας;
ἦ μάλα δὴ τείρουσι δυσώνυμοι υἷες 'Αχαιῶν
μαρνάμενοι περὶ ἄστυ· σὲ δ' ἐνθάδε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν
ἐλθόντ' ἐξ ἄκρης πόλιος Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχεῖν.
ἀλλὰ μέν', ὄφρα κέ τοι μελιηδέα οἶνον ἐνείκω,
ὡς σπείσῃς Διὶ πατρὶ ἄλλοις τ' ἀθανάτοισιν
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸς ὀνήσεαι, αἴ κε πίῃσθα.
ἀνδρὶ δὲ κεκμηῶτι μένος μέγα οἶνος ἀέξει,
ὡς τύνη κέκμηκας ἀμύνων σοῖσιν ἑτῆσιν."
Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
"μή μοι οἶνον ἄειρε μελίφρονα, πότνια μῆτερ,
μή μ' ἀπογυιώσῃς, μένεος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι·
χερσὶ δ' ἀνίπτοισιν Διὶ λείβειν αἴθοπα οἶνον
ἄζομαι· οὐδέ πῃ ἐστι κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
αἵματι καὶ λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον εὐχετάασθαι.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν 'Αθηναίης ἀγελείης
ἔρχεο σὺν θυέεσσιν, ἀολλίσσασα γερουσίας·

Ran, asking of their husbands or their sons,
Their brethren or their kindred; each in turn
He told, and bade her pray for them to heaven.
Many were they, on whom some sorrow had fallen.
But quick he sought the palace of the King,
Porch'd with smooth pillars and exceeding fair.
In it were fifty chambers, roof to roof,
Built close of polish'd stone, where with their wives
The fifty sons of Priam wont to lie;
And face to face with these were other twelve
Built close of polish'd stone within the court
For the King's daughters; there were wont to lie
Their husbands by the daughters of the King;
Thence came his gentle mother forth to greet him,
And led with her Laodicè, of all
Her house the fairest: there she met her son,
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said:
"Why com'st thou thus, my child, and leav'st the fray?
Well know I that Achaia's baneful sons
Press ye around the city nigh to death.
Perchance thy heart hath prompted thee to come,
And off the summit of the citadel
Lift high thy hands in prayer to Father Zeus.
Yet for a while here tarry, till I bring
Sweet draught of wine; that thereof thou mayst pour
Libation unto all the Powers of heaven,
And, after, drink thyself, and be refresh'd;
For wine is strength unto a wearied man,
And thou art wearied for thy brethren's sake."
To her the Hero of the glancing helm:
"My mother, not for me draw tempting wine;
Lest I be slacken'd through my limbs and nerve.
Nor durst I with unwashen hands pour forth
Libation of bright wine to Father Zeus.
From me, thus spatter'd o'er with dust and blood,
No worship may proceed to his high throne!
But thou go up with all thine aged train
Of matrons bearing incense to the shrine
Of spoil-bestowing Pallas; and, what robe

ἔστιν ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καί τοι πολὺ φίλτατος αὐτῇ,
τὸν θὲς Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἠϋκόμοιο,
καί οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ
ἤνις ἠκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ
ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα,
αἴ κεν Τυδέος υἱὸν ἀπόσχῃ Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης
ἔρχευ, ἐγὼ δὲ Πάριν μετελεύσομαι, ὄφρα καλέσσω, 280
αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσ' εἰπόντος ἀκουέμεν. ὥς κέ οἱ αὖθι
γαῖα χάνοι· μέγα γάρ μιν Ὀλύμπιος ἔτρεφε πῆμα
Τρωσί τε καὶ Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι τοῖό τε παισίν.
εἰ κεῖνόν γε ἴδοιμι κατελθόντ' Ἄϊδος εἴσω,
φαίην κε φρέν' ἀτέρπου ὀϊζύος ἐκλελαθέσθαι."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', ἡ δὲ μολοῦσα ποτὶ μέγαρ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν
κέκλετο· ταὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀόλλισσαν κατὰ ἄστυ γεραιας.
αὐτὴ δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηώεντα,
ἔνθ' ἔσαν οἱ πέπλοι παμποίκιλοι, ἔργα γυναικῶν
Σιδονίων, τὰς αὐτὸς Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς 290
ἤγαγε Σιδονίηθεν, ἐπιπλὼς εὐρέα πόντον,
τὴν ὁδὸν ἣν Ἑλένην περ ἀνήγαγεν εὐπατέρειαν.
τῶν ἕν' ἀειραμένη Ἑκάβη φέρε δῶρον Ἀθήνῃ,
ὃς κάλλιστος ἔην ποικίλμασιν ἠδὲ μέγιστος,
ἀστὴρ δ' ὣς ἀπέλαμπεν· ἔκειτο δὲ νείατος ἄλλων.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, πολλαὶ δὲ μετεσσεύοντο γεραιαί.

Αἱ δ' ὅτε νηὸν ἵκανον Ἀθήνης ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ,
τῇσι θύρας ὤϊξε Θεανὼ καλλιπάρῃος,
Κισσηΐς, ἄλοχος Ἀντήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο·
τὴν γὰρ Τρῶες ἔθηκαν Ἀθηναίης ἱέρειαν. 300
αἱ δ' ὀλολυγῇ πᾶσαι Ἀθήνῃ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.
ἡ δ' ἄρα πέπλον ἑλοῦσα Θεανὼ καλλιπάρῃος
θῆκεν Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἠϋκόμοιο,
εὐχομένη δ' ἠρᾶτο Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλοιο·

Most precious and most prized by thine own self,
That lay across bright-hair'd Athene's knee;
Likewise make vow to offer heifers twelve,
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken; so may She
Have mercy on the city and our wives
And children, and withhold from Ilion's towers
This ruthless terrible kindler of dismay.
Do thou thus take thee to Athene's shrine,
Whilst I will seek and summon to the war
Paris, if haply he will hear my call;
For whom I would that earth would ope her jaws,
And take him in for ever; rear'd by heaven
To be a deadly ruin to all Troy,
To great-heart Priam and to Priam's sons!
Could I behold him down to Hades gone,
These joyless sorrows might my heart forget."

He ceased; she went again within and call'd
Her handmaids, and they, hasting through the town,
Summon'd a crowd of matrons; but herself
Enter'd the fragrant closet, where were stored
Fair robes of rich embroidery, enwrought
By women of soft Sidon, ravish'd thence
By Paris in his voyage o'er the seas
With lofty-father'd Helen. One of these,
Largest, and loveliest by its broideries,
Glittering amongst its fellows like a star,
The newest of the wardrobe, Hecuba
Lifted, a gift to Pallas, and bare forth,
With many matrons hurrying after her.
They gain'd the upper city and the shrine;
To whom fair-faced Theano oped the doors,
Theano, brave Antenor's wife, and born
In Cisse, priestess now ordain'd in Troy.
There all in lamentation rais'd their hands
Before the Goddess; but the priestess took
And laid across Athene's knee the robe,
And pray'd the mighty daughter of high Zeus:
"O Thou, who savèst cities, hear, oh hear!

ἄξον δὴ ἔγχος Διομήδεος, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
πρηνέα δὸς πεσέειν Σκαιῶν προπάροιθε πυλάων,
ὄφρα τοι αὐτίκα νῦν δυοκαίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ,
ἥνις ἠκέστας ἱερεύσομεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃς
ἄστυ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχομένη, ἀνένευε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
ὣς αἱ μὲν ῥ' εὔχοντο Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλοιο,
Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρὸς δώματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο βεβήκει
καλά, τά ῥ' αὐτὸς ἔτευξε σὺν ἀνδράσιν οἳ τότ' ἄριστοι
ἦσαν ἐνὶ Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι τέκτονες ἄνδρες,
οἵ οἱ ἐποίησαν θάλαμον καὶ δῶμα καὶ αὐλὴν
ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμοιο καὶ Ἕκτορος, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ.
ἔνθ' Ἕκτωρ εἰσῆλθε διίφιλος, ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ
ἔγχος ἔχ' ἑνδεκάπηχυ· πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρὸς
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης.
τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἐν θαλάμῳ περικαλλέα τεύχε' ἕποντα,
ἀσπίδα καὶ θώρηκα καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξ' ἀφόωντα·
Ἀργείη δ' Ἑλένη μετ' ἄρα δμωῇσι γυναιξὶν
ἧστο, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι περικλυτὰ ἔργα κέλευεν.
τὸν δ' Ἕκτωρ νείκεσσεν ἰδὼν αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν·

"Δαιμόνι', οὐ μὲν καλὰ χόλον τόνδ' ἔνθεο θυμῷ.
λαοὶ μὲν φθινύθουσι περὶ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε τεῖχος
μαρνάμενοι· σέο δ' εἵνεκ' ἀϋτή τε πτόλεμός τε
ἄστυ τόδ' ἀμφιδέδηε· σὺ δ' ἂν μαχέσαιο καὶ ἄλλῳ,
ὅντινά που μεθιέντα ἴδοις στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄνα, μὴ τάχα ἄστυ πυρὸς δηΐοιο θέρηται."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐπεί με κατ' αἶσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν,
τοὔνεκά τοι ἐρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καί μευ ἄκουσον,
οὔτοι ἐγὼ Τρώων τόσσον χόλῳ οὐδὲ νεμέσσι
ἧμην ἐν θαλάμῳ, ἤθελον δ' ἄχεϊ προτραπέσθαι.

And break the spear of Diomed, and grant
Before the Scæan gates his utter fall:
So vow we at thine altar heifers twelve,
Yearlings, to yoke unbroken; so but Thou
Have mercy on our children and our homes."
They spake; but Pallas wrathful frown'd, unmoved.

And, whilst the matrons and their queen made prayer,
Hector had gain'd the shining palace, rear'd
By Alexander with the artificers
Most cunning of their craft in wealthy Troy.
There had they built fair chamber, hall, and court,
For dwelling of their prince, i' the upper town,
Hard by the homes of Hector and the King.
And there the hero much beloved of Zeus
Now enter'd; in his hand a spear he held
Of length eleven ells, and far the point
Before him gleam'd, of brass, but where it join'd
The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.
He found him studying in his home secure
The beauty of his mail, and brightening gay
The shield and hauberk, and his bended bow;
While midmost of her maidens Helen sate
There with him, ordering all their lovely tasks.
Hector beheld and bitter spake reproach:
"Up, up, my brother! shame on this thy mood!
Lo round the city all beneath the walls
The people perish, battling for thy sake.
For thee, for thee are all these ringing cries.
I well believe that, if thou e'er beheld
Another skulking thus from mortal fray,
Thyself wouldst strike him down. Up, then, and help
Lest Troy soon know the scorch of flaming fire!"
Whom godlike Alexander answer'd thus:
"My brother, just thy chide, nor passeth bounds;
I therefore too will open out my heart,
But ponder what I say and hear me fair;
'Tis not of sullen mood or temper high,
Or shame of Troy, that here I sit withdrawn;
But that I may awhile give grief full way.

νῦν δέ με παρειποῦσ' ἄλοχος μαλακοῖς ἐπέεσσιν
ὥρμησ' ἐς πόλεμον· δοκέει δέ μοι ὧδε καὶ αὐτῷ
λώϊον ἔσσεσθαι· νίκη δ' ἐπαμείβεται ἄνδρας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐπίμεινον, Ἀρήϊα τεύχεα δύω·
ἢ ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ μέτειμι· κιχήσεσθαι δέ σ' ὀΐω."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισι προσηύδα μειλιχίοισιν·

"Δᾶερ ἐμεῖο, κυνὸς κακομηχάνου, ὀκρυοέσσης,
ὥς μ' ὄφελ' ἤματι τῷ ὅτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ
οἴχεσθαι προφέρουσα κακὴ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα
εἰς ὄρος ἢ εἰς κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
ἔνθα με κῦμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάδε γ' ὧδε θεοὶ κακὰ τεκμήραντο,
ἀνδρὸς ἔπειτ' ὤφελλον ἀμείνονος εἶναι ἄκοιτις,
ὃς ἤδη νέμεσίν τε καὶ αἴσχεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων.
τούτῳ δ' οὔτ' ἂρ νῦν φρένες ἔμπεδοι οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω
ἔσσονται· τῷ καί μιν ἐπαυρήσεσθαι ὀΐω.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν εἴσελθε καὶ ἕζεο τῷδ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ,
δᾶερ, ἐπεί σε μάλιστα πόνος φρένας ἀμφιβέβηκεν
εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο κυνὸς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἄτης,
οἷσιν ἐπὶ Ζεὺς θῆκε κακὸν μόρον, ὡς καὶ ὀπίσσω
ἀνθρώποισι πελώμεθ' ἀοίδιμοι ἐσσομένοισιν."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"μή με κάθιζ', Ἑλένη, φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις.
ἤδη γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὄφρ' ἐπαμύνω
Τρώεσσ', οἳ μέγ' ἐμεῖο ποθὴν ἀπεόντος ἔχουσιν.
ἀλλὰ συγ' ὄρνυθι τοῦτον, ἐπειγέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς,
ὥς κεν ἔμ' ἔντοσθεν πόλιος καταμάρψῃ ἐόντα.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν οἶκόνδ' ἐσελεύσομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι
οἰκῆας ἄλοχόν τε φίλην καὶ νήπιον υἱόν.
οὐ γάρ τ' οἶδ' ἢ ἔτι σφιν ὑπότροπος ἵξομαι αὖτις,
ἢ ἤδη μ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ θεοὶ δαμόωσιν Ἀχαιῶν."

And now my wife had turn'd me from these thoughts
With gentle words, and bade me forth to war;
Which likewise seems to me the better part,
For victory shifteth oft from man to man.
Then tarry, till I don my warlike mail;
Or go; I follow and shall quick o'ertake."
He spoke: whom Hector answer'd not at all;
But Helen then with sweet address began:
"O Brother! shamèd woman that I am!
Outcast and loathed of men, and pest to all!
Would, would that, when my mother gave me birth,
Some whirling wind had swept me far away
Naked upon a hill, or plunged me deep
Into the roaring waves, and there a wave
Had drown'd me, ere these woes could come to pass!
Or, if indeed the Gods ordain'd these ills
To fall upon my life, yet would a man
Of nobler sort had found me—one with heart
To feel the shame and all the wide dishonour;
But this man's soul not now continueth,
Nor ever will continue on one stay;
Yet may he have some day his own reward.
But enter thou, my brother; on this seat
Rest thee; for still of all the heaviest care
Hath compass'd thee with sorrows for the sake
Of shamèd Helen, and the lust accursed.
So sad the fate that Zeus hath laid upon us,
'Twill serve undying song to after times."
To her bright-helmèd Hector gave reply:
"Loving thou art, fair Helen, and of love
Thine offer; but thou mov'st me not to rest.
My heart is in the battle with my host,
Who now have longing of mine absent arm.
Rather do thou uprouse thy mate, that he
May likewise haste, and quick o'ertake my step,
Or e'er I leave the city. For I first
Shall go to mine own home, that I may see
My dearest—with my infant son my wife.
For how know I, that I shall e'er return,
Nor fall, of Gods o'erwhelm'd by Argive hand?"

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανε δόμους εὐναιετάοντας,
οὐδ' εὗρ' Ἀνδρομάχην λευκώλενον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
ἀλλ' ἥγε ξὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀμφιπόλῳ εὐπέπλῳ
πύργῳ ἐφεστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς οὐκ ἔνδον ἀμύμονα τέτμεν ἄκοιτιν,
ἔστη ἐπ' οὐδὸν ἰὼν, μετὰ δὲ δμωῇσιν ἔειπεν·

"Εἰ δ' ἄγε μοι δμωαὶ, νημερτέα μυθήσασθε
πῇ ἔβη Ἀνδρομάχη λευκώλενος ἐκ μεγάροιο;
ἠέ πη ἐς γαλόων, ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,
ἢ ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἐξοιχεται, ἔνθα περ ἄλλαι
Τρωαὶ ἐϋπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεὸν ἱλάσκονται;"

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' ὀτρηρὴ ταμίη πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐπεὶ μάλ' ἄνωγας ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι,
οὔτε πη ἐς γαλόων οὔτ' εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων
οὔτ' ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἐξοίχεται, ἔνθα περ ἄλλαι
Τρωαὶ ἐϋπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεὸν ἱλάσκονται,
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πύργον ἔβη μέγαν Ἰλίου, οὕνεκ' ἄκουσεν
τείρεσθαι Τρῶας, μέγα δὲ κράτος εἶναι Ἀχαιῶν.
ἡ μὲν δὴ πρὸς τεῖχος ἐπειγομένη ἀφικάνει,
μαινομένῃ εἰκυῖα· φέρει δ' ἅμα παῖδα τιθήνη."

Ἦ ῥα γυνὴ ταμίη, ὁ δ' ἀπέσσυτο δώματος Ἕκτωρ
τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν αὖτις ἐϋκτιμένας κατ' ἀγυιάς.
εὖτε πύλας ἵκανε διερχόμενος μέγα ἄστυ,
Σκαιάς—τῇ γὰρ ἔμελλε διεξίμεναι πεδίονδε—
ἔνθ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος ἐναντίη ἦλθε θέουσα
Ἀνδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἠετίωνος,
Ἠετίων, ὃς ἔναιεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑληέσσῃ,
Θήβῃ Ὑποπλακίῃ, Κιλίκεσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἀνάσσων·
τοὔνεκα δὴ θυγάτηρ ἔχεθ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ.
ἣ οἱ ἔπειτ' ἤντησ', ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολος κίεν αὐτῇ

Speaking, the hero left her and regain'd
Swiftly his home and numerous household there,
But sought white-arm'd Andromache in vain;
For with her babe and one rich-robèd maid
High on the watch-tower had she taken her stand,
Sobbing the while, and breaking into tears;
But when he found not there his spotless wife,
He went and stood upon the threshold stone
And spake amongst her handmaids:
"Tell me true,
Ye maidens, on what quest Andromache
Went forth from home: on visit to the house
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife?
Or wending to the shrine where other dames
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power?"
To whom the matron of the maids replied:
"O Hector, for thou bidd'st us tell thee true,
Know, that nor on a visit to the house
Of brother, or of brother's noble wife,
Nor wending to the shrine where other dames
Now seek to soothe Athene's wrathful Power,
But straight to Ilion's watch-tower hath she sped;
For that she heard that Troy was pressèd hard,
And great the mastery of Achaia's sons;
Therefore she rush'd forth to the battlements,
Most like a Mænad, with a bursting heart;
And with her went the nurse, and bare the child."
The matron spoke; and Hector straight rush'd back
By the same road, adown the well-built streets,
Till thridding all the city he arrived
Before the Scæan gates, through which his path
Would be anon to battle on the plain.
But there his wife came hasting back to greet him,
Andromache, the daughter dowried rich
By her brave father, ev'n Eëtion
Who 'neath the wooded hill of Placos ruled
O'er the Cilicians in Cilician Thebes;
His daughter helmèd Hector had to wife.

She met him; with her moved a maid, and bare

παῖδ' ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον αὖτως,
Ἑκτορίδην ἀγαπητὸν, ἀλίγκιον ἀστέρι καλῷ,
τόν ῥ' Ἕκτωρ καλέεσκε Σκαμάνδριον, αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
Ἀστυάνακτ'· οἷος γὰρ ἐρύετο Ἴλιον Ἕκτωρ.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν μείδησεν ἰδὼν ἐς παῖδα σιωπῇ·
Ἀνδρομάχη δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο δακρυχέουσα,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος οὐδ' ἐλεαίρεις
παῖδά τε νηπίαχον καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον, ἢ τάχα χήρη
σεῦ ἔσομαι· τάχα γάρ σε κατακτανέουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες· ἐμοὶ δέ κε κέρδιον εἴη
σεῦ ἀφαμαρτούσῃ χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη
ἔσται θαλπωρὴ, ἐπεὶ ἂν σύγε πότμον ἐπίσπῃς,
ἀλλ' ἄχε'· οὐδέ μοί ἐστι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
ἤτοι γὰρ πατέρ' ἀμὸν ἀπέκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ἐκ δὲ πόλιν πέρσεν Κιλίκων εὐναιετάωσαν,
Θήβην ὑψίπυλον· κατὰ δ' ἔκτανεν Ἠετίωνα,
οὐδέ μιν ἐξενάριξε, σεβάσσατο γὰρ τόγε θυμῷ,
ἀλλ' ἄρα μιν κατέκηε σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν
ἠδ' ἐπὶ σῆμ' ἔχεεν· περὶ δὲ πτελέας ἐφύτευσαν
νύμφαι ὀρεστιάδες, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
οἳ δέ μοι ἑπτὰ κασίγνητοι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν,
οἱ μὲν πάντες ἰῷ κίον ἤματι Ἄϊδος εἴσω·
πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
βουσὶν ἐπ' εἰλιπόδεσσι καὶ ἀργεννῇς ὀΐεσσιν.
μητέρα δ', ἣ βασίλευεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑληέσσῃ,
τὴν ἐπεὶ ἂρ δεῦρ' ἤγαγ' ἅμ' ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσιν,
ἂψ ὅγε τὴν ἀπέλυσε λαβὼν ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
πατρὸς δ' ἐν μεγάροισι βάλ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα.
Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοί ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης,
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλέαιρε καὶ αὐτοῦ μίμν' ἐπὶ πύργῳ,
[illegible] θάν[illegible] ἀρτι τε γυναῖκα·

The infant son of Hector, babe in arms,
His only child, fair as a single star;
Whom first his father named Scamandrius,
But all the people call'd Astyanax,
"*Prince of the City*;" for by Hector stood
Ilion, by him alone, else soon to fall.
Silent, he gazed, and smiling on his child;
But near him, all in tears, Andromache
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said:
"Hector! This daring needs must be thy death;
Nor tak'st thou thought of this thine infant son,
Nor me, thy wife ill-fated, soon to be
Thy widow; for the foe shall soon assail
And slay thee at some vantage. Oh for me,
Better, forlorn of thee, to die forthwith!
For, when thou on thyself hast brought thy fate,
No other comfort can be in this world.
Neither my father nor dear mother live;
Achilles slew my father, when he sack'd
Cilicia's city, lofty-gated Thebes;
He slew Eëtion there, yet stript not off
His armour—(this for reverence he forbore)—
But burn'd him in his dædal arms, and heap'd
A mound above him; and the Zeus-born nymphs,
The heavenly Oreads, set elms around.
Seven brothers once were in my home; but all
That day departed, whence is no return;
There, mid their slow-paced herds and fleecy flocks,
Together by the fleetfoot hero slain.
My mother, late the queen of all that lies
Under wild Placos' hill, he bore away
With other booty hither, yet anon
For some rich ransom set her vainly free:—
Struck by a dart from arrowy Artemis,
She perish'd after in her father's house.
But, Hector, all in thee they yet survive;
Father, and mother, and brethren, thou to me,
All, more than all—the husband of my heart!
Have pity, therefore, and remain within;
Lest this thy child thou render fatherless,

λαὸν δὲ στῆσον παρ' ἐρινεὸν, ἔνθα μάλιστα
ἀμβατός ἐστι πόλις καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἔπλετο τεῖχος.
τρὶς γὰρ τῇγ' ἐλθόντες ἐπειρήσανθ' οἱ ἄριστοι
ἀμφ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ ἀγακλυτὸν Ἰδομενῆα
ἠδ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρείδας καὶ Τυδέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν·
ἤ πού τίς σφιν ἔνισπε θεοπροπίων εὖ εἰδὼς,
ἤ νυ καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ· 440
"ἦ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,
αἴ κε κακὸς ὣς νόσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πολέμοιο·
οὐδέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι ἐσθλὸς
αἰεὶ καὶ πρώτοισι μετὰ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
ἀρνύμενος πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἠδ' ἐμὸν αὐτοῦ.
εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν
ἔσσεται ἦμαρ ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίω Πριάμοιο.
ἀλλ' οὔ μοι Τρώων τόσσον μέλει ἄλγος ὀπίσσω, 450
οὔτ' αὐτῆς Ἑκάβης οὔτε Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος,
οὔτε κασιγνήτων, οἵ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν,
ὅσσον σεῦ, ὅτε κέν τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
δακρυόεσσαν ἄγηται, ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας.
καί κεν ἐν Ἄργει ἐοῦσα πρὸς ἄλλης ἱστὸν ὑφαίνοις,
καί κεν ὕδωρ φορέοις Μεσσηΐδος ἢ Ὑπερείης
πόλλ' ἀεκαζομένη, κρατερὴ δ' ἐπικείσετ' ἀνάγκη
καί ποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσαν·
"Ἕκτορος ἥδε γυνὴ, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι 460
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων, ὅτε Ἴλιον ἀμφεμάχοντο."
ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· σοὶ δ' αὖ νέον ἔσσεται ἄλγος.
χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς, ἀμύνειν δούλιον ἦμαρ.
ἀλλά με τεθνηῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι,
πρίν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἑλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι."

Ὣς εἰπὼν οὗ παιδὸς ὀρέξατο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
ἂψ δ' ὁ πάϊς πρὸς κόλπον ἐϋζώνοιο τιθήνης
ἐκλίνθη ἰάχων, πατρὸς φίλου ὄψιν ἀτυχθεὶς,
ταρβήσας χαλκόν τε ἰδὲ λόφον ἱππιοχαίτην,

And me thy wife a widow. Nay—behind
Yon figtree, where th' ascent with lowest wall
Slopes gentlest, there now station thine array.
Thrice hath the flower o' their force assail'd thee there.
Idomeneus, and either Ajax brave,
And Atreus' sons, and gallant Diomed,
Know and have led against it—taught the spot,
Or by wise seer, or by their own brave hearts."
To her the hero of the glancing helm:
"Yea, wife; and all thy cares are mine. But shame—
Women and men alike would cry me shame,
If I recoil'd a craven from the war.
Nor doth my heart so prompt me. Rather have I
Train'd myself ever to be foremost, brave
Amongst the bravest, so as to keep unstain'd
My father's glorious name, and win mine own.
But, oh, too well and deeply I forebode!
The day must come, when Ilion's sacred towers,
Priam, and Priam's kingdom, needs must fall.
Woe then to Troy! woe, woe to Hecuba!
And to my father and my brethren brave,
Trampled in dust beneath their foes! yet not
The thought of all their woe so weigheth on me
As thought of thee, when freedom's day shall end,
And some mailfrock'd Achaian take thee off
Weeping to Argos, where thou wilt be set
To labour on some other woman's loom,
Or to fetch water from Messeia's spring
Or Hypereia—much against thy will—
But on thee sore necessity will lie:
And seeing tear upon thy cheek, some churl
May taunt thee—'*Lo, the wife of Hector, erst*
Bravest of all Troy's chiefs, when battle raged
Round Ilion!'—and upon his taunt thy tears
Shall flow afresh, to think that thou are lorn
Of him who should have saved thy slavery;
For oh, may I be fathoms deep in clay,
Or e'er I hear thy cries, or know thee torn away!"
He ceased, and stretch'd his arms to take his child,
But, startled by the dazzle of his mail,

δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νεύοντα νοήσας.
ἐκ δ' ἐγέλασσε πατήρ τε φίλος καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς κόρυθ' εἵλετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παμφανόωσαν·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἐπεὶ κύσε πῆλέ τε χερσὶν,
εἶπεν ἐπευξάμενος Διί τ' ἄλλοισίν τε θεοῖσιν·

"Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοὶ, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
παῖδ' ἐμὸν, ὡς καὶ ἐγώ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,
ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ Ἰλίου ἶφι ἀνάσσειν·
καὶ ποτέ τις εἴπῃσι πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων'
ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα
κτείνας δήϊον ἄνδρα, χαρείη δὲ φρένα μήτηρ."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν
παῖδ' ἑόν· ἡ δ' ἄρα μιν κηώδεϊ δέξατο κόλπῳ
δακρυόεν γελάσασα· πόσις δ' ἐλέησε νοήσας,
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Δαιμονίη, μή μοί τι λίην ἀκαχίζεο θυμῷ·
οὐ γάρ τίς μ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν ἀνὴρ Ἄϊδι προϊάψει·
μοῖραν δ' οὔτινά φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
οὐ κακὸν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸν, ἐπὴν τὰ πρῶτα γένηται.
ἀλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τὰ σ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
ἱστόν τ' ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι· πόλεμος δ' ἀνδρεσσι μελήσει
πᾶσιν, ἐμοὶ δὲ μάλιστα, τοὶ Ἰλίῳ ἠγγεγάασιν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας κόρυθ' εἵλετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἵππουριν· ἄλοχος δὲ φίλη οἰκόνδε βεβήκει
ἐντροπαλιζομένη, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανε δόμους εὐναιετάοντας
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο, κιχήσατο δ' ἔνδοθι πολλὰς
ἀμφιπόλους, τῇσιν δὲ γόον πάσῃσιν ἐνῶρσεν.
αἱ μὲν ἔτι ζωὸν γόον Ἕκτορα ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ·
οὐ γάρ μιν ἔτ' ἔφαντο ὑπότροπον ἐκ πολέμοιο
ἴξεσθαι, προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οὐδὲ Πάρις δήθυνεν ἐν ὑψηλοῖσι δόμοισιν,
ἀλλ' ὅγ', ἐπεὶ τ[illegible]δυ κλυτὰ τεύχεα, ποικίλα χαλκῷ,

And frighted by the horsehair plumes above,
Nodding terrific from the helmet's crest,
The babe shrank nestling backward with a cry.
Father and mother into laughter broke;
But Hector quickly bared his head and laid
The glittering helm upon the ground, then took
The child, and tossed him to and fro, and pray'd:
'Grant to me, all ye heavenly Powers, that this
My child may be, as I, far famed and strong,
To rule like me all Ilion by his might;
That all may cry when he returns from war—
'*The son is nobler than the sire*;' and he,
Bearing the blood-stain'd spoils of warriors slain,
May make his mother's heart to leap for joy.'
He spoke, and gave the infant to the hands
Of his loved wife. She to her fragrant bosom
Press'd it, and smiled betwixt her tears; but pity
Fell upon Hector watching her; he laid
A gentle hand upon her, saying soft:
'My dearest, mourn not for me overmuch.
My span of life hath been allotted me;
Of this be sure, no man can cut it short.
But never breathed, or be he brave or base,
Who 'scaped the death ordain'd him from his birth.
But go thou home; there occupy thy thought
With old familiar duty, distaff, loom,
And lay their daily tasks upon thy maids.
Man's duty still is war; and, of all men
Troy-born, that duty lies on me supreme."
Speaking, the hero lifted from the earth
The horse-plumed helm, whilst homeward moved his wife
With oft reverted eyes, and shedding tears.
She gained her home and handmaids, and in all
Awoke the spirit of grief. He lived; yet there
In his own house, they mourn'd as he were dead,
So little hope had they within their hearts,
That from that battle he could e'er return.

Nor Paris in his palace tarried long;
But clad himself in bright enamell'd arms

σεύατ' ἔπειτ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ, ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείῃ πεδίοιο κροαίνων,
εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,
κυδιόων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
ὤμοις ἀΐσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐηφι πεποιθὼς,
ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει μετά τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·
ὣς υἱὸς Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμου ἄκρης,
τεύχεσι παμφαίνων ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ, ἐβεβήκει
καγχαλόων, ταχέες δὲ πόδες φέρον. αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα
Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔτετμεν ἀδελφεὸν, εὖτ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
στρέψεσθ' ἐκ χώρης, ὅθι ᾗ ὀάριζε γυναικί.
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·
"Ἠθεῖ', ἦ μάλα δή σε καὶ ἐσσύμενον κατερύκω
δηθύνων, οὐδ' ἦλθον ἐναίσιμον, ὡς ἐκέλευες."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"δαιμόνι', οὐκ ἄν τίς τοι ἀνὴρ, ὃς ἐναίσιμος εἴη,
ἔργον ἀτιμήσειε μάχης, ἐπεὶ ἄλκιμός ἐσσι·
ἀλλὰ ἑκὼν μεθιεῖς τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεις· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κῆρ
ἄχνυται ἐν θυμῷ, ὅθ' ὑπὲρ σέθεν αἴσχε' ἀκούω
πρὸς Τρώων, οἳ ἔχουσι πολὺν πόνον εἵνεκα σεῖο.
ἀλλ' ἴομεν· τὰ δ' ὄπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ', αἴ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς
δώῃ ἐπουρανίοισι θεοῖς αἰειγενέτῃσιν
κρητῆρα στήσασθαι ἐλεύθερον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
ἐκ Τροίης ἐλάσαντας ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς."

And paced the city, proud of step and speed.
As, when a stallèd horse hath snapt his bonds,
Fresh from the manger, pawing earth, and wont
To bathe him in the flowing river near,
He scours the plain, with head uptoss'd and proud
Prance; and his mane streams from his shoulder; while
With sense of his own beauty, swift he speeds
Straight to the haunts and pastures of the mares;
So Paris down the steep of Pergamus
Ran fleet, full-arm'd, far blazing like the sun,
Laughing aloud for joy and pride; and came
Sudden on Hector, turning from the spot
Where he but now had bid his wife farewell;
Whom Paris, graceful as a God, address'd:
"Pardon me, brother; I have held thee here,
Burning to go, nor hasten'd as thou bad'st."
To whom the hero of the glancing helm:
"Brother, thou hast the gift of strength; nor may
Just judge deem lightly of thy deeds in war.
Thou failest only in the will, and much
My heart is anguish'd when I hear in Troy
Reproach of thee, sole source of all our woe.
But let us forth; and, if in after-days
Zeus grant that in our temples unenslaved
We still may place wine-offering to the Gods—
When we have chased Achaians far from Troy—
Then these things also shall be set at rest."

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Η'.

Ἕκτορος καὶ Αἴαντος μονομαχία. Νεκρῶν ἀναίρεσις.

Ὣς εἰπὼν πυλέων ἐξέσσυτο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
τῷ δ' ἅμ' Ἀλέξανδρος κὶ ἀδελφεός· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ
ἀμφότεροι μέμασαν πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
ὡς δὲ θεὸς ναύτῃσιν ἐελδομένοισιν ἔδωκεν
οὖρον, ἐπεί κε κάμωσιν ἐϋξέστῃς ἐλάτῃσιν
πόντον ἐλαύνοντες, καμάτῳ δ' ὑπὸ γυῖα λέλυνται,
ὣς ἄρα τὼ Τρώεσσιν ἐελδομένοισι φανήτην.

Ἔνθ' ἐλέτην ὁ μὲν υἱὸν Ἀρηϊθόοιο ἄνακτος,
Ἄρνῃ ναιετάοντα Μενέσθιον, ὃν κορυνήτης,
γείνατ' Ἀρηϊθόοος καὶ Φυλομέδουσα βοῶπις·
Ἕκτωρ δ' Ἠιονῆα βάλ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι
αὐχέν' ὑπὸ στεφάνης εὐχάλκου, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Γλαῦκος δ', Ἱππολόχοιο πάϊς, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν.
Ἰφίνοον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην
Δεξιάδην, ἵππων ἐπιάλμενον ὠκειάων,
ὦμον· ὁ δ' ἐξ ἵππων χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.

Τοὺς δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
Ἀργείους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
βῆ ῥα κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα
Ἴλιον εἰς ἱερήν. τῇ δ' ἀντίος ὦρνυτ' Ἀπόλλων
Περγάμου ἐκ κατιδὼν, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην.
ἀλλήλοισι δὲ τώγε συναντέσθην παρὰ φηγῷ.
τὴν πρότερος προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

Τίπτε σὺ δ' αὖ μεμανῖα, Διὸς θύγατερ μεγάλοιο,
ἦλθες ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο, μέγας δὲ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;

ILIAD VII.

So speaking, bright-arm'd Hector lightly sprang,
And Alexander with him, through the gates;
And either's heart was burning to the war.
As unto seamen, sick with hope, and spent
With weariness of labour on the oar,
Lashing the deep, and fainting with fatigue,—
Fair falls the breeze, at last by heaven vouchsafed;
So to the Trojans, sick with hope, came these.

Who slew—first Paris slew Menesthius, whom
Broadbrow'd Philomedusa bare her son
Unto Areïthoüs, for his mace renown'd,
In Arnè, where they dwelt and he was king.
But Hector struck Æeion in the nape,
Under the brasswrought rim around his helm,
Loosening his limbs; whilst Glaucus Lycia's chief
Son of Hippolochus smote Dexius' son
Iphinous in the rout, as up his car
He leapt, and pierced his shoulder; from the car
Prone on the earth with loosen'd limbs he dropt.

But azure-eyed Athene saw them thus
Destroying in the fight the Argive host,
Nor tarried, but to Ilion's sacred towers
Descended from Olympus; not unmark'd
By Phœbus, who to meet her left the place
Whereon he sate in Pergamus, and gazed
Across the field, and will'd success to Troy.
Under the beech-tree each the other met,
And Zeus-born Phœbus first address'd her thus:

"Hast thou again, O Child of Zeus most high,
Descended from Olympus in this haste

ἦ ἵνα δὴ Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην
δῷς; ἐπεὶ οὔτι Τρῶας ἀπολλυμένους ἐλεαίρεις.
ἀλλ' εἴ μοί τι πίθοιο, τὸ κεν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη.
νῦν μὲν παύσωμεν πόλεμον καὶ δηϊοτῆτα
σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχήσοντ', εἰσόκε τέκμωρ
Ἰλίου εὖρωσιν, ἐπεὶ ὣς φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ
ὑμῖν ἀθανάτῃσι, διαπραθέειν τόδε ἄστυ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
"ὢδ' ἔστω, ἑκάεργε· τὰ γὰρ φρονέουσα καὶ αὐτὴ
ἦλθον ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, πῶς μέμονας πόλεμον καταπαυσέμεν ἀνδρῶν;"

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων
"Ἕκτορος ὄρσωμεν κρατερὸν μένος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἤν τινά που Δαναῶν προκαλέσσεται οἰόθεν οἷος
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι,
οἱ δέ κ' ἀγασσάμενοι χαλκοκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
οἷον ἐπόρσειαν πολεμίζειν Ἕκτορι δίῳ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
τῶν δ' Ἕλενος, Πριάμοιο φίλος παῖς, σύνθετο θυμῷ
βουλὴν, ἥ ῥα θεοῖσιν ἐφήνδανε μητιόωσιν·
στῆ δὲ παρ' Ἕκτορ' ἰὼν καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἕκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,
ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο; κασίγνητος δέ τοί εἰμι·
ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
αὐτὸς δὲ προκάλεσσαι Ἀχαιῶν ὅστις ἄριστος
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι·
οὐ γάρ πώ τοι μοῖρα θανεῖν καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.
ὣς γὰρ ἐγὼν ὄπ' ἄκουσα θεῶν αἰειγενετάων."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτ' ἐχάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας,
καί ῥ' ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας,
μέσσου δουρὸς ἑλών· τοὶ δ' ἱδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.
κὰδ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων εἷσεν ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
κὰδ δ' ἆρ' Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
ἑζέσθην, ὄρνισιν ἐοικότες αἰγυπιοῖσιν,

And of thine own fierce longing to incline
The triumph to the Danaans? Well I know
Thou feel'st no ruth for all the deaths of Troy.
Yet take this better counsel from my lips;
Consent we yet for one day more to stay
This battle and this bloodshed; though thenceforth
(Since to you Goddesses it seems so dear
To wipe fair Ilion clean from off the earth)
They cease not, till the end of Troy be found."
Whom azure-eyed Athene answer'd thus:
"Let it be so, Farsmiting Power of heaven!
For with the selfsame thought myself have come
Descending from Olympus. Speak, and say,
Therefore; how wouldst thou that we stay the war?"
And Zeus-born Phœbus spake in answer thus:
"If we arouse in noble Hector's heart
A spirit to challenge the Danaans, man by man,
In single fight against him to the death,
Indignant then their mailfrock'd host will send
A champion forth to meet him in the lists."
Nor azure-eyed Athene made dissent.

Then Helenus, King Priam's son, the seer,
Had knowledge in his heart of that device
Which pleased the Gods in council; therefore straight
Approach'd brave Hector and address'd him thus:
"Hector, for wisdom peer to very Zeus!
I pray thee, Priam's son, to hark my word,
Thy brother's word. I bid thee make all else,
Troy and Achaia, seat them down alike;
But challenge thou the bravest of their host
Against thee to the death, and hand to hand;
For not to thee 'tis fated yet to fall;
This from the voice of heavenly Gods I heard."
He spoke; and Hector's heart leapt high for joy:
Into the centre 'twixt the hosts he push'd
With spear grasp'd half-way down the staff, and check'd
The Trojans, till they all had sate them down.
The Achaians to the hest of Atreus' Son
Likewise took seat: whilst on the lofty tree

φηγῷ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
ἀνδράσι τερπόμενοι· τῶν δὲ στίχες εἵατο πυκναὶ,
ἀσπίσι καὶ κορύθεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσι πεφρικυῖαι.
οἵη δὲ Ζεφύροιο ἐχεύατο πόντον ἔπι φρὶξ
ὀρνυμένοιο νέον, μελάνει δέ τε πόντος ὑπ' αὐτῆς,
τοῖαι ἄρα στίχες εἵατ' Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε
ἐν πεδίῳ· Ἕκτωρ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔειπεν·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
ὅρκια μὲν Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,
ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέων τεκμαίρεται ἀμφοτέροισιν,
εἰσόκεν ἢ ὑμεῖς Τροίην εὔπυργον ἕλητε,
ἢ αὐτοὶ παρὰ νηυσὶ δαμείετε ποντοπόροισιν.
ὑμῖν δ' ἐν γὰρ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν·
τῶν νῦν ὅντινα θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
δεῦρ' ἴτω ἐκ πάντων πρόμος ἔμμεναι Ἕκτορι δίῳ.
ὧδε δὲ μυθέομαι, Ζεὺς δ' ἄμμ' ἐπιμάρτυρος ἔστω
εἰ μέν κεν ἐμὲ κεῖνος ἕλῃ ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ,
τεύχεα συλήσας φερέτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας,
σῶμα δὲ οἶκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με
Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα.
εἰ δέ κ' ἐγὼ τὸν ἕλω, δώῃ δέ μοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων,
τεύχεα συλήσας οἴσω προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
καὶ κρεμόω προτὶ νηὸν Ἀπόλλωνος ἑκάτοιο,
τὸν δὲ νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἀποδώσω,
ὄφρα ἑ ταρχύσωσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
σῆμά τέ οἱ χεύωσιν ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ·
καί ποτέ τις εἴπῃσι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων,
νηὶ πολυκλήϊδι πλέων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον,
'ἀνδρὸς μὲν τόδε σῆμα πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,
ὅν ποτ' ἀριστεύοντα κατέκτανε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.'
ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται."

(The beech-tree dedicate to Father Zeus),
Even as crookbeakèd birds on branches perch,
Athene and the Bender of the bow
Sate, in the sight delighting. Thick the hosts,
With shivering edge of shield and plume and spear;
When zephyr rises fresh, like shiver runs
Along the face of Ocean, but the depths
Lie blackening thick below it: such those ranks,
The legions of Achaia and of Troy,
Show'd sitting; whilst betwixt them Hector spake:
"Hear me, O Trojans; hear me, ye our foes;
As my heart bids within me, so I speak.
Not to our wish hath great Kroneion wrought;
But ill he works to both, and ill will show
Constant, till ye have ta'en the towers of Troy,
Or fallen beside your galleys whelm'd by us.
There stand amongst you the best men-at-arms
Throughout Achaia; let who will of these,
Whose heart soever ventures to this call,
Come forth, and meet the might of Hector here:
And Zeus be witness to the terms we make;
If his spear prove victorious, let him strip
My armour off, and bear it to the fleet,
But render back my body to my home,
That there the Trojans and their long-robed wives
May grant the dues of funeral to the dead.
Or, if Apollo grant to me the boast
To slay him, in like manner I will strip
And bear his arms to Ilion's sacred towers,
To hang them trophied in Apollo's shrine;
But in like manner also shall his corse
Be render'd up, and carried to the fleet,
There to receive its funeral at the hands
Of Argos' fair-hair'd chieftains: who perchance
Shall heap a mound; and it shall show afar
O'er the broad Hellespont; and men shall sail
Hereafter those wine-colour'd waves, and say:
'*Yonder an Argive hero lies, of old*
Their bravest, and by glorious Hector slain.'
So be it; and my fame shall never die."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ·
αἴδεσθεν μεν ἀνήνασθαι, δεῖσαν δ' ὑποδέχθαι.
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν
νείκει ὀνειδίζων, μέγα δὲ στεναχίζετο θυμῷ·

"Ὤ μοι, ἀπειλητῆρες, Ἀχαιΐδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοί·
ἦ μὲν δὴ λώβη τάδε γ' ἔσσεται αἰνόθεν αἰνῶς,
εἰ μή τις Δαναῶν νῦν Ἕκτορος ἀντίος εἶσιν.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γένοισθε,
ἥμενοι αὖθι ἕκαστοι ἀκήριοι, ἀκλεὲς αὔτως·
τῷδε δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς θωρήξομαι· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
νίκης πείρατ' ἔχονται ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας κατεδύσετο τεύχεα καλά.
ἔνθα κέ τοι, Μενέλαε, φάνη βιότοιο τελευτὴ
Ἕκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦεν,
εἰ μὴ ἀναΐξαντες ἕλον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν·
αὐτός τ' Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
δεξιτερῆς ἕλε χειρὸς ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Ἀφραίνεις, Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
ταύτης ἀφροσύνης· ἀνὰ δ' ἴσχεο, κηδόμενός περ,
μηδ' ἔθελ' ἐξ ἔριδος σεῦ ἀμείνονι φωτὶ μάχεσθαι,
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ, τόντε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι.
καὶ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς τούτῳ γε μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
ἔρριγ' ἀντιβολῆσαι, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν ἴζευ ἰὼν μετὰ ἕθνος ἑταίρων,
τούτῳ δὲ πρόμον ἄλλον ἀναστήσουσιν Ἀχαιοί.
εἴπερ ἀδειής τ' ἐστὶ καὶ εἰ μόθου ἔστ' ἀκόρητος,
φημί μιν ἀσπασίως γόνυ κάμψειν, αἴ κε φύγῃσιν
δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτῆτος."

Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως,
αἴσιμα παρειπών· ὁ δ' ἐπείθετο· τοῦ μὲν ἔπειτα
γηθόσυνοι θεράποντες ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕλοντο.
Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιΐδα γαῖαν ἱκάνει·

He spoke; but all awhile in silence sate,
Blush'd to decline, and yet the challenge fear'd;
Till Menelaus rose at last, and heaved
A bitter groan, and thus reproachful spake:
"Alas, word-valiant! women, men no more!
Shame be upon us, if no Danaan rise
To meet the call of Hector to this field.
Pests on you! Be your blood to water turn'd,
Your bones to dust be rotted, where ye sit,
Faint-hearted dastards, void of honour all!
Myself will arm against him; for the ends
Of battle lie above in Heavenly hands."
He ended; and began to don his mail.

Thereafter, Menelaus, had the close
Of thy dear life been manifestly shown
By arm of Hector, mightier much than thou;
Had not the chieftains starting to their feet
Withheld thee there, and Agamemnon first,
Thy brother, ev'n the sovran Atreus' Son,
Caught thy right hand, and spake thy name, and said:
"Thou ravèst, Menelaus; not to thee
Belongs such folly. Rather hide the chafe
In thine own heart, nor of the start of spleen
Seek to encounter in a single fight
Great Priam's Son, a mightier far than thou.
The greatest, even Achilles, stronger much
Than thou art, shudder when they encounter him.
Withdraw thee therefore, seat thee in the ranks;
For Hector other champion soon will show.
Dauntless, and sateless though he be in arms,
Yet shall he rest at eve a wearied limb
Most blithely, if with life at all he scapes
The fierce encounter of this perilous day."
The Hero spoke, and turn'd his brother's heart
By admonition apt; and he obey'd,
From whom his followers gladly took the arms.

Then Nestor rose amongst the host, and said:
"Oh, shame! Affliction heavy on the land!

ἦ κε μέγ' οἰμώξειε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεύς,
ἐσθλὸς Μυρμιδόνων βουληφόρος ἠδ' ἀγορητής,
ὅς ποτέ μ' εἰρόμενος μέγ' ἐγήθεεν ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ,
πάντων Ἀργείων ἐρέων γενεήν τε τόκον τε.
τοὺς νῦν εἰ πτώσσοντας ὑφ' Ἕκτορι πάντας ἀκούσαι,
πολλά κεν ἀθανάτοισι φίλας ἀνὰ χεῖρας ἀείραι,
θυμὸν ἀπὸ μελέων δῦναι δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω.
αἲ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον,
ἡβῷμ' ὡς ὅτ' ἐπ' ὠκυρόῳ Κελάδοντι μάχοντο
ἀγρόμενοι Πύλιοί τε καὶ Ἀρκάδες ἐγχεσίμωροι,
Φειὰς πὰρ τείχεσσιν, Ἰαρδάνου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα.
τοῖσι δ' Ἐρευθαλίων πρόμος ἵστατο, ἰσόθεος φὼς,
τεύχε' ἔχων ὤμοισιν Ἀρηϊθόοιο ἄνακτος,
δίου Ἀρηϊθόου, τὸν ἐπίκλησιν κορυνήτην
ἄνδρες κίκλησκον καλλιζωνοί τε γυναῖκες,
οὕνεκ' ἄρ' οὐ τόξοισι μαχέσκετο δουρί τε μακρῷ,
ἀλλὰ σιδηρείῃ κορύνῃ ῥήγνυσκε φάλαγγας.
τὸν Λυκόοργος ἔπεφνε δόλῳ, οὔτι κράτεΐ γε,
στεινωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ, ὅθ' ἄρ' οὐ κορύνη οἱ ὄλεθρον
χραῖσμε σιδηρείη· πρὶν γὰρ Λυκόοργος ὑποφθὰς
δουρὶ μέσον περόνησεν, ὁ δ' ὕπτιος οὔδει ἐρείσθη·
τεύχεα δ' ἐξενάριξε, τά οἱ πόρε χάλκεος Ἄρης.
καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔπειτ' ἐφόρει μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρηος.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Λυκόοργος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐγήρα,
δῶκε δ' Ἐρευθαλίωνι, φιλῳ θεράποντι, φορῆναι·
τοῦ ὅγε τεύχε' ἔχων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους.
οἱ δὲ μάλ' ἐτρόμεον καὶ ἐδείδισαν οὐδέ τις ἔτλη·
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἀνῆκε πολυτλήμων πολεμίζειν
θάρσεϊ ᾧ· γενεῇ δὲ νεώτατος ἔσκον ἁπάντων·
καὶ μαχόμην οἱ ἐγὼ, δῶκεν δέ μοι εὖχος Ἀθήνη.
τὸν δὴ μήκιστον καὶ κάρτιστον κτάνον ἄνδρα·

Deeply would this the agèd Peleus grieve,
Of Myrmidonia Counsellor and King,
Who one day in his palace question'd me
Asking the generation of the birth
Of all these Chiefs, and joy'd in my recount ;
Yet, if he knew them flutter'd thus by fear
Of Hector, straight would spread his hands to heaven,
Praying that he might yield his ghost forthwith.
Hear me, Athene, Phœbus, Father Zeus !
Would I were young, as when upon the banks
Of rapid Celadon, beside the walls
Of Pheia, near the stream Iordanus,
The Pylians with the Arcadian spearmen fought.
The godlike Ereuthalion then came forth,
Arcadia's champion, and about him bare
The armour of the King Areithoüs.
The men and well-girt women of old time
Gave to Areithoüs the name renown'd
Mace-wielder, for his mace ; for not with bow
Nor flying javelin, but with iron club
He wont to fight, and break his foes' array :
Yet Lycoorgus slew him at the last,
By guile, not strength at all ; who fell upon him
In a straight pathway, where the iron club
Avail'd not to defend him ; there he met,
Forestall'd him, and tranfix'd him through the waist
With a long spear, that prone on earth he lay.
So first he gain'd those splendid arms his spoil,
The gift of brazen Ares.—Long in war
He bore them, and, when waxing old himself,
Gave them by Ereuthalion to be borne
His dear attendant. And therein array'd
Did Ereuthalion then take stand before us,
And challenged forth our bravest ; yet for fear
All trembled, nor durst any make reply,
Till mine own steadfast spirit raised me up
To stand against his daring ; though in years
I was the youngest there, yet in fair fight
I met him, and Athene bare me through.
Strongest and tallest of the sons of men,

πολλὸς γάρ τις ἔκειτο παρήορος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
εἴθ' ὡς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἀντήσειε μάχης κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
ὑμέων δ' οἵπερ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
οὐδ' οἱ προφοονέως μέμαθ' Ἕκτορος ἀντίον ἐλθεῖν."
Ὣς νείκεσσ' ὁ γέρων, οἱ δ' ἐννέα πάντες ἀνέσταν.
ὦρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος, Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς,
ἂν δὲ Θόας Ἀνδραιμονίδης καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
πάντες ἄρ' οἵγ' ἔθελον πολεμίζειν Ἕκτορι δίῳ.
τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"Κλήρῳ νῦν πεπάλασθε διαμπερὲς, ὅς κε λάχῃσιν·
οὗτος γὰρ δὴ ὀνήσει ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς·
καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ὃν θυμὸν ὀνήσεται, αἴ κε φύγῃσιν
δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτῆτος."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημήναντο ἕκαστος,
ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κυνέῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο.
λαοὶ δ' ἠρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·
ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ Αἴαντα λαχεῖν, ἢ Τυδέος υἱὸν,
ἢ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκήνης."
Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
ἐκ δ' ἔθορε κλῆρος κυνέης, ὃν ἄρ' ἤθελον αὐτοὶ,
Αἴαντος· κῆρυξ δὲ φέρων ἀν' ὅμιλον ἀπάντη
δεῖξ' ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
οἱ δ' οὐ γιγνώσκοντες ἀπηνήναντο ἕκαστος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸν ἵκανε φέρων ἀν' ὅμιλον ἁπάντη,
ὃς μιν ἐπιγράψας κυνέῃ βάλε, φαίδιμος Αἴας,
ἤτοι ὑπέσχεθε χεῖρ', ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔμβαλεν ἄγχι παραστὰς,
γνῶ δὲ κλήρου σῆμα ἰδὼν, γήθησε δὲ θυμῷ.
τὸν μὲν πὰρ πόδ' ἐὸν χαμάδις βάλε φώνησέν τε·
"Ὦ φίλοι, ἤτοι κλῆρος ἐμὸς, χαίρω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
θυμῷ, ἐπεὶ δοκέω νικησέμεν Ἕκτορα δῖον.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ πολεμήϊα τεύχεα δύω,

A bulk surpassing measure—prone he lay.
Oh for that youth, that olden strength, once more,
Not long should helmèd Hector lack his foe!
The bravest of Achaia all are here;
Hath none among you heart to meet this man?"
The Elder chode; and nine in all arose:
Of whom was Agamemnon first, the King;
Next unto him was Diomed, Tydeus' son;
Then either Ajax in their raiment of strength;
Idomeneus the fifth; and, Ares-like,
Rose with Idomeneus Meriones;
With these Eurypilus, Evemon's son,
Ætolian Thoas, and brave Odyseus.
To noble Hector nine would fain have gone,
When thus Gerenian Nestor spoke anew:
'By lot be chosen, who shall gain the day;
And much shall he delight this mailèd host
And much his own brave heart, if safe he comes
From out this bloody battle's grievous strife.'
He spoke; and on his lot each put his mark,
And threw it into Agamemnon's casque;
The while with outspread hands the people pray'd,
And men uplooking to broad heaven would say:
"Vouchsafe, O Father Zeus, to Tydeus' Son,
Or Ajax, or Mycenæ's King, the lot."
They spoke; whilst agèd Nestor shook the helm,
And out the lot according to their wish
Leapt, ev'n the lot of Ajax. Through the throng
A herald bare it, and from right to left
Display'd it to the chieftains; one by one
Refused it, knowing not the mark thereon:
But, when in passage through the throng he gain'd
Him who had mark'd it ere 'twas in the helm,
Great Ajax held outstretch'd an open palm;
Into his palm the herald threw the lot;
He look'd, and knew his mark, and, much rejoiced,
Threw it to earth beside his foot, and spake:
'Friends, friends! The lot is mine, and blithe am I,
Who think to vanquish Hector in these lists.
But while I clothe me in my mail of war,

τόφρ' ὑμεῖς εὔχεσθε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι
σιγῇ ἐφ' ὑμείων, ἵνα μὴ Τρῶές γε πύθωνται,
ἠὲ καὶ ἀμφαδίην, ἐπεὶ οὔτινα δείδιμεν ἔμπης·
οὐ γάρ τίς με βίῃ γε ἑκὼν ἀέκοντα δίηται,
οὐδέ τι ἰδρείῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νήϊδά γ' οὕτως
ἔλπομαι ἐν Σαλαμῖνι γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' εὔχοντο Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι· 200
ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἰδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε, μέγιστε,
δὸς νίκην Αἴαντι καὶ ἀγλαὸν εὖχος ἀρέσθαι·
εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορά περ φιλέεις καὶ κήδεαι αὐτοῦ,
ἴσην ἀμφοτέροισι βίην καὶ κῦδος ὄπασσον."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφαν, Αἴας δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντα περὶ χροῒ ἕσσατο τεύχη,
σεύατ' ἔπειθ' οἷός τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἄρης,
ὅστ' εἶσιν πόλεμόνδε μετ' ἀνέρας, οὕστε Κρονίων
θυμοβόρου ἔριδος μένεϊ ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι. 210
τοῖος ἄρ' Αἴας ὦρτο πελώριος, ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν,
μειδιόων βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι· νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν
ἤϊε μακρὰ βιβάς, κραδάων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.
τὸν δὲ καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μὲν ἐγήθεον εἰσορόωντες,
Τρῶας δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,
Ἕκτορί τ' αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι πάτασσεν·
ἀλλ' οὔ πως ἔτι εἶχεν ὑποτρέσαι οὐδ' ἀναδῦναι
ἂψ λαῶν ἐς ὅμιλον, ἐπεὶ προκαλέσσατο χάρμῃ.
Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἠΰτε πύργον,
χάλκεον ἑπταβόειον, ὅ οἱ Τυχίος κάμε τεύχων, 220
σκυτοτόμων ὄχ' ἄριστος, Ὕλῃ ἔνι οἰκία ναίων·
ὅς οἱ ἐποίησεν σάκος αἰόλον ἑπταβόειον,
ταύρων ζατρεφέων, ἐπὶ δ' ὄγδοον ἤλασε χαλκόν.
τὸ πρόσθε στέρνοιο φέρων Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
στῆ ῥα μάλ' Ἕκτορος ἐγγύς, ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσηύδα·

"Ἕκτορ, νῦν μὲν δὴ σάφα εἴσεαι οἰόθεν οἷος

Offer ye up your prayers to Kronos' Son,
Silently, in your hearts, lest Troy should hear—
Or loudly all—what fear have we of men?
There breathes no man, who, through his greater strength
Or my own lack of skill, can beat me back.
I was not born, I trow, nor rear'd in arms
At Salamis, to show unpractis'd here!"
He spoke; to Father Zeus they made their prayers,
And men, uplooking to broad heaven, would say:
"O Thou, who rul'st in Ida, Father Zeus,
Supreme, most glorious! Grant, we beg, this day
Victory to Ajax and a noble name:
Or, if for Hector be thy love so great,
Like strength, like glory, be on both bestow'd."
They spoke; whilst Ajax arm'd him in bright brass.

Who soon with dazzling mail around him girt
Uprose, gigantic, vast, as Ares looms
Striding to war with feeble men, whom Zeus
Hath hurl'd together in the rage for strife;
So dread and vast and towerlike Ajax loom'd,
Smiling with visage grim, and striding on
With step gigantic, shaking beamy spear.
The Argives joy'd, beholding him so strong
Their champion; but the Trojans felt each man
Tremble his limbs, and even in Hector's breast
The heart 'gan flutter; nathless then retire
He could not, nor withdraw within the ranks,
Who gave himself the challenge. Nearer yet
Drew Ajax, and advanced in front his shield,
Plated of brass, and of seven stout bull-hides wrought
A tower of strength, by Tychius built of old;
Tychius, who dwelt in Hyle, and than whom
None fashion'd better shields; and this he made
Wieldy and light, yet solid with the hides
Of seven high-mettled bulls and o'er the seventh
He laid an eighth, of brass: and this that day
Did giant Ajax bear before his breast
Approaching, and to Hector threatening cried:
"Now, Hector, standing sole for single fight

οἷοι καὶ Δαναοῖσιν ἀριστῆες μετέασιν,
καὶ μετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ῥηξήνορα θυμολέοντα.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νήεσσι κορωνίσι ποντοπόροισιν
κεῖτ' ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν·
ἡμεῖς δ' εἰμὲν τοῖοι οἷ ἂν σέθεν ἀντιάσαιμεν,
καὶ πολέες. ἀλλ' ἄρχε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Αἶαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
μήτι μευ ἠΰτε παιδὸς ἀφαυροῦ πειρήτιζε
ἠὲ γυναικὸς, ἣ οὐκ οἶδεν πολεμήϊα ἔργα.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν εὖ οἶδα μάχας τ' ἀνδροκτασίας τε·
οἶδ' ἐπὶ δεξιὰ, οἶδ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ νωμῆσαι βῶν
ἀζαλέην, τό μοί ἐστι ταλαύρινον πολεμίζειν·
οἶδα δ' ἐπαΐξαι μόθον ἵππων ὠκειάων·
οἶδα δ' ἐνὶ σταδίῃ δηΐῳ μέλπεσθαι Ἄρηϊ.
ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ σ' ἐθέλω βαλέειν τοιοῦτον ἐόντα
λάθρῃ ὀπιπτεύσας, ἀλλ' ἀμφαδὸν, αἴ κε τύχωμι."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Αἴαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἑπταβόειον
ἀκρότατον κατὰ χαλκὸν, ὃς ὄγδοος ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
ἓξ δὲ διὰ πτύχας ἦλθε δαΐζων χαλκὸς ἀτειρὴς·
ἐν τῇ δ' ἑβδομάτῃ ῥινῷ σχέτο. δεύτερος αὖτε
Αἴας διογενὴς προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην.
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἠρήρειστο·
ἀντικρὺ δὲ παραὶ λαπάρην διάμησε χιτῶνα
ἔγχος· ὁ δ' ἐκλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν.
τὼ δ' ἐκσπασσαμένω δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἄμ' ἄμφω
σύν ῥ' ἔπεσον, λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισιν
ἢ συσὶ κάπροισιν, τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν.
Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ,
οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκὸν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμή.
Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμενος· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
ἦλυθεν ἐγχείη, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα,

Needs must thou learn what manner of men are they,
Who show amongst the Danaans best in arms
(Next after one, the great Destroyer of men,
Achilles of the lion-heart, unpeer'd ;
Who now amongst his longbeak'd ships in wrath
With sovran Agamemnon, sits aloof) :
But we without him, and many a one of us,
May well meet thee ; delay the fight no more."
To him the hero of the glancing helm :
" Ajax, Zeus-nurtured Telamon's son, and lord
Of many nations ! Deal not so with me,
As with a woman or a feeble child,
Witless of warlike practice. Well I know
The arts of battle, how to slay my man ;
Or to the right or to the left to shift
My dry-tann'd buckler, so to last in fight ;
In close encounter to advance a foot
Attuned to Ares' music, or to guide
My steeds and chariot through the mellay straight.
Great though thou art, I would not, as in fear,
Stealthily strike thee, but with open blow."
He spoke, and whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear,
And struck that terrible seven-hided shield
Upon its outmost plate, the eighth, of brass.
Through six folds cleaving went the point unfray'd,
But in the seventh it rested. Then, in turn,
Sent Zeus-born Ajax his long-shadowing spear,
And struck on the orbèd shield of Priam's Son.
Through the bright targe the forceful javelin went,
And onward through the enamell'd corslet driven
Pierced even the under-tunic by his hip ;
Yet, sideway writhing, he escaped the death.
Together back both pluck'd their spears, and like
To ravening lions or to wild tusk'd boars
(No weaklings they in battle upon the field)
Each fell upon the other. And Hector struck
Again the shield, nor broke the brass, but bent
His own point blunted. Ajax leaping near
Smote also his enemy's shield, but drave the lance,
So that it dash'd him in his onset back,

τμήδην δ' αὐχέν' ἐπῆλθε, μέλαν δ' ἀνεκήκιεν αἷμα.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς ἀπέληγε μάχης κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ,
ἀλλ' ἀναχασσάμενος λίθον εἵλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ
κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ, μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε·
τῷ βάλεν Αἴαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἑπταβόειον
μέσσον ἐπομφάλιον· περιήχησεν δ' ἄρα χαλκός.
δεύτερος αὖτ' Αἴας πολὺ μείζονα λᾶαν ἀείρας
ἧκ' ἐπιδινήσας, ἐπέρεισε δὲ ἰν' ἀπέλεθρον,
εἴσω δ' ἀσπίδ' ἔαξε βαλὼν μυλοειδέϊ πέτρῳ, 270
βλάψε δέ οἱ φίλα γούναθ'· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐξετανύσθη
ἀσπίδ' ἐνιχριμφθείς· τὸν δ' αἶψ' ὄρθωσεν Ἀπόλλων
καὶ νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν οὐτάζοντο,
εἰ μὴ κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
ἦλθον, ὁ μὲν Τρώων, ὁ δ' Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
Ταλθύβιός τε καὶ Ἰδαῖος, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω·
μέσσῳ δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκῆπτρα σχέθον, εἶπέ τε μῦθον
κῆρυξ Ἰδαῖος, πεπνυμένα μήδεα εἰδώς·

"Μηκέτι, παῖδε φίλω, πολεμίζετε, μηδὲ μάχεσθον·
ἀμφοτέρῳ γὰρ σφῶϊ φιλεῖ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς· 280
ἄμφω δ' αἰχμητά· τόγε δὴ καὶ ἴδμεν ἅπαντες.
νὺξ δ' ἤδη τελέθει· ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"Ἰδαῖ', Ἕκτορα ταῦτα κελεύετε μυθήσασθαι·
αὐτὸς γὰρ χάρμῃ προκαλέσσατο πάντας ἀρίστους.
ἀρχέτω· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μάλα πείσομαι ἥπερ ἂν οὗτος."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
"Αἶαν, ἐπεί τοι δῶκε θεὸς μέγεθός τε βίην τε
καὶ πινυτὴν, περὶ δ' ἔγχει Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατός ἐσσι,
νῦν μὲν παυσώμεσθα μάχης καὶ δηϊοτῆτος 290
σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ' εἰσόκε δαίμων
ἄμμε διακρίνῃ, δώῃ δ' ἑτέροισί γε νίκην·
νὺξ δ' ἤδη τελέθει· ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι·
ὡς σύ τ' ἐϋφρήνῃς πάντας παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς,
σούς τε μάλιστα ἕτας καὶ ἑταίρους, οἵ τοι ἔασιν·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κατὰ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος

And reach'd and grazed his neck, and drew the blood
But Hector, daunted not thereby, withdrew
Some little space, and raised from where it lay
Upon the field, black, jaggèd, and immense,
A stone, and therewith struck that shield again,
That terrible seven-hided shield once more,
Full on the boss ; loud round it rang the brass.
But far more huge the stone that Ajax then
In turn uplifted, and with whirl aloft,
Lending a strength resistless to the hurl,
Sent forth, wherewith he struck and crush'd the shield
Inwards (for with a millstone's weight it fell),
And loosed great Hector's knees, that down he dropt
Prostrate across the buckler : whom his God
Apollo nathless quick upraised again.
And hand to hand they then had drawn their swords,
Had not the messengers of Zeus and man,
The sacred heralds, rush'd from either side
(Talthybius of Achaia, and of Troy
Idæus, elders both), and thrust their staves
Betwixt them, whilst Idæus spake, and said :
" Children, belovèd, be this battle closed ;
Alike is either dear to father Zeus,
And brave alike ; this all have witness'd here.
The night is falling ; yield ye unto night."
And giant Ajax spake in answer thus :
" Idæus, bid ye Hector proffer this ;
'Twas he who gave the challenge. Let him speak ;
I gladly list your voice, if he will list."
And thus the hero of the glancing helm :
" Since, Ajax, such thy might and giant mould,
And such the gallant heart the Gods have given,
That all Achaia thou excell'st in arms,
Let this be so ; and be the battle closed,
Yet to be fought hereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory.
The night is falling ; yield we unto night.
Depart in peace, and cheer Achaia's host,
Thine own kin and thy comrades, most of all.
I too within King Priam's citadel

Τρῶας ἐϋφρανέω καὶ Τρωάδας ἑκλεσιπέπλους,
αἴτε μοι εὐχόμεναι θεῖον δύσονται ἀγῶνα.
δῶρα δ' ἄγ' ἀλλήλοισι περικλυτὰ δώομεν ἄμφω,
ὄφρα τις ὧδ' εἴπῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε
'ἡμὲν ἐμαρνάσθην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο,
ἠδ' αὖτ' ἐν φιλότητι διέτμαγεν ἁρθμήσαντε.'"
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας δῶκε ζίφος ἀργυρόηλον,
σὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ ἐϋτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι·
Αἴας δὲ ζωστῆρα δίδου φοίνικι φαεινόν.
τὼ δὲ διακρινθέντε ὁ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ἤϊ', ὁ δ' ἐς Τρώων ὅμαδον κίε. τοὶ δ' ἐχάρησαν,
ὡς εἶδον ζωόν τε καὶ ἀρτεμέα προσιόντα,
Αἴαντος προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους·
καί ῥ' ἦγον προτὶ ἄστυ, ἀελπτέοντες σόον εἶναι.
Αἴαντ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον, κεχαρηότα νίκῃ.
Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρείδαο γένοντο,
τοῖσι δὲ βοῦν ἱέρευσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
ἄρσενα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίωνι.
τὸν δέρον ἀμφί θ' ἕπον, καί μιν διέχευαν ἅπαντα,
μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως πεῖράν τ' ὀβελοῖσιν,
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης.
νώτοισιν δ' Αἴαντα διηνεκέεσσι γέραιρεν
ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
τοῖς ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαίνειν ἤρχετο μῆτιν,
Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή·
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
πολλοὶ γὰρ τεθνᾶσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.
τῶν νῦν αἷμα κελαινὸν ἐΰῤῥοον ἀμφὶ Σκάμανδρον
ἐσκέδασ' ὀξὺς Ἄρης, ψυχαὶ δ' Ἀϊδόσδε κατῆλθον·

Will cheer the Trojans, and their long-robed wives,
Who now are thronging for my sake their shrines.
But let us give each other gifts of mark,
That men in either host may see, and say:
'*They fought together with a grievous strife,*
'*Like friends at eve they parted, and in peace.*'"
He spoke, and gave his silverhilted sword,
A scabbard and good baldric therewithal;
Whilst Ajax gave his scarlet belt bright-dyed.

So were they parted, Ajax to the ranks
Of Argos, Hector to the throng of Troy;
And much the Trojans joy'd, beholding home
Returning, rescued scathless from the arm
Of mighty Ajax, whom they ne'er had hoped
To welcome back, and led him tow'rd their town.
Whilst into royal Agamemnon's tent
Ajax exultant in his victory pass'd
Led by Achaia's chieftains. There the King
Made to the majesty of Kronos' Son
Bloodoffering of a five-year bull entire.
This first they flay'd, intent upon their work;
Then sever'd limb from limb, and sliced the flesh;
Spitted the slices, and with careful hands
Roasted them all, and drew them off again.
This task being ended and the feast prepared,
They ate; nor any lacked his equal mess;
But Atreus' Son the King to Ajax most
Gave honour by long slices from the chine.

When all desire of drink and meat had gone,
First He, whose rede of late was sagest shown,
Nestor, 'gan weave again his counsel's web,
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said:
"Hear me, Achaia's Chiefs, and Thou, their King!
Full many our dear and gallant warriors fallen:
Whose blood hath Ares pour'd like water forth
Upon Scamander's meadows; and their ghosts
Have sunk to Hades down. Wherefore, O King,

τῷ σε χρὴ πόλεμον μὲν ἄμ' ἠοῖ παῦσαι Ἀχαιῶν,
αὐτοὶ δ' ἀγρόμενοι κυκλήσομεν ἐνθάδε νεκροὺς
βουσὶ καὶ ἡμιόνοισιν· ἀτὰρ κατακήομεν αὐτοὺς
τυτθὸν ἀποπρὸ νεῶν, ὅς κ' ὀστέα παισὶν ἕκαστος
οἴκαδ' ἄγῃ, ὅτ' ἂν αὖτε νεώμεθα πατρίδα γαῖαν.
τύμβον δ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν ἕνα χεύομεν ἐξαναγόντες
ἄκριτον ἐκ πεδίου· ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν δείμομεν ὦκα
πύργους ὑψηλούς, εἶλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν,
ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλας ποιήσομεν εὖ ἀραρυίας,
ὄφρα δι' αὐτάων ἱππηλασίη ὁδὸς εἴῃ.
ἔκτοσθεν δὲ βαθεῖαν ὀρύξομεν ἐγγύθι τάφρον,
ἥ χ' ἵππους καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκοι ἀμφὶς ἐοῦσα,
μή ποτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ πόλεμος Τρώων ἀγερώχων."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπῄνησαν βασιλῆες.
Τρώων αὖτ' ἀγορὴ γένετ' Ἰλίου ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ,
δεινὴ, τετρηχυῖα, παρὰ Πριάμοιο θύρῃσιν.
τοῖσιν δ' Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι,
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
δεῦτ' ἄγετ', Ἀργείην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματ' ἄμ' αὐτῇ
δώομεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἄγειν· νῦν δ' ὅρκια πιστὰ
ψευσάμενοι μαχόμεσθα· τῷ οὔ νύ τι κέρδιον ἡμῖν
[ἔλπομαι ἐκτελέεσθαι, ἵνα μὴ ῥεξομεν ὧδε]."

Ἦτοι ὅγ' ὣς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο· τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠϋκόμοιο,
ὅς μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἀντῆνορ, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·
οἶσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.
εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
ἐξ ἄρα δή τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὄλεσαν αὐτοί.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι μεθ' ἱπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω.
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπόφημι, γυναῖκα μὲν οὐκ ἀποδώσω·
κτήματα δ' ὅσσ' ἀγόμην ἐξ Ἄργεος ἡμέτερον δῶ
πάντ' ἐθέλω δόμεναι καὶ ἔτ' οἴκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθεῖναι."

It now behoves thee with to-morrow's dawn
To make a truce of battle. Then on wains
With mules and oxen gathering up our dead,
We will convey them hither, and will make
Some short way off the fleet their funeral-pyres,
So on return to our dear native land
To bear their ashes to their children home.
But o'er the place of burning will we raise
Clear on the plain before our galleys' front
One mound for all, without distinction heap'd;
And in the van of this with speed uprear,
A bulwark to our galleys and our lives,
A line of lofty towers, and in the line
Pierce gates, that path may be for chariots forth;
And nigh beyond it be a trench deep-dug,
To fence the steeds and army round about,
Lest the haught force of Troy wax now supreme."
He spoke, and to his word the Chiefs acclaim'd.

Meantime at Ilion, in the upper town
And near King Priam's gates, the people met
Fluttering, in dread confusion, trouble-tost;
And first Antenor spoke discreet, and said:
"Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies!
As the heart bids within me, so I speak.
Let us now render up to Atreus' Sons
The Argive Helen and her wealth withal;
For, warring on, we make our faith a lie:
Wherefore I hope not good to come to pass,
Unless, as I have spoken, so we do."
He ceased and sate him down; to whom in wrath
The lord of lovely Helen, Paris, rose,
And answer'd him, and spake these wingèd words:
"Antenor, things unwelcome most to me
Thou utterest; better things are thine to say;
Or, if thou speak'st from out thy very heart,
Truly the Gods have reft thee of thy sense.
Here in the face of all haught Troy I make
Mine answer, and deny thee flat. My wife
I will not yield; but all the wealth I brought,
That will I yield, and of my stores add more."

Ἦτοι ὅγ' ὣς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο· τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος, θεόφιν μήστωρ ἀτάλαντος,
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Κέκλυτέ μευ, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι,
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἕλεσθε κατὰ πτόλιν, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,
καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἕκαστος·
ἠῶθεν δ' Ἰδαῖος ἴτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
εἰπέμεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσι, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
καὶ δὲ τόδ' εἰπέμεναι πυκινὸν ἔπος, αἴ κ' ἐθέλωσιν
παύσασθαι πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, εἰσόκε νεκροὺς
κήομεν· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ', εἰσόκε δαίμων
ἄμμε διακρίνῃ, δώῃ δ' ἑτέροισί γε νίκην."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο,
[δόρπον ἥπειθ' εἵλοντο κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν·]
ἠῶθεν δ' Ἰδαῖος ἔβη κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
τοὺς δ' εὗρ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Δαναοὺς, θεράποντας Ἄρηος
νηὶ πάρα πρύμνῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν
στὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν μετεφώνεεν ἠπύτα κῆρυξ·

"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
ἠνώγει Πρίαμός τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγαυοὶ
εἰπεῖν, αἴ κέ περ ὔμμι φίλον καὶ ἠδὺ γένοιτο,
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροιο, τοῦ εἵνεκα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
κτήματα μὲν ὅσ' Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἠγάγετο Τροίηνδ'—ὡς πρὶν ὤφελλ' ἀπολέσθαι—
πάντ' ἐθέλει δόμεναι καὶ ἔτ' οἴκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθεῖναι·
κουριδίην δ' ἄλοχον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
οὔ φησιν δώσειν· ἦ μὴν Τρῶές γε κέλονται.
καὶ δὲ τόδ' ἠνώγειν εἰπεῖν ἔπος, αἴ κ' ἐθέλητε
παύσασθαι πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, εἰσόκε νεκροὺς
κήομεν· ὕστερον αὖτε μαχησόμεθ', εἰσόκε δαίμων
ἄμμε διακρίνῃ, δώῃ δ' ἑτέροισί γε νίκην."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Μήτ' ἄρ τις νῦν κτήματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεχέσθω

He ceased, and sate him down : to whom then rose,
Counsellor like a God, the Dardan King,
Address'd them with wise words, and spake, and said :
" Dardans, and ye of Troy, and Troy's Allies !
As the heart bids within me, so I speak.
Take ye repast according to your wont
Within the city, mindful of the watch
And wakeful all ; but with to-morrow's dawn
Forth to their galleys let Idæus go,
To bear to Atreus' Sons the brother-chiefs
The word of Alexander ; since by him
This war first rose ; there likewise to agree
To stay this baleful battle, if they will,
Till we have burn'd our dead on funeral-pyres ;
Though fight we on thereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory."
He spoke ; they gladly hearken'd, and obey'd ;
In line along the walls they made repast ;
And with the morrow's dawn Idæus went.

Who found the chieftains of the Danaan race
Gather'd in council round Atrides' ship :
Near them the clear-voiced herald came, and spake :
" Chiefs of Achaia's host, and thou, their King !
King Priam and his elders send me forth
To tell, if so it pleaseth ye to hear,
The word of Alexander ; since by him
This war first rose. The wealth, that on his bark
He brought to Troy (would he had perish'd first !),
This will he yield, and of his stores add more.
But noble Menelaus' wedded wife
He still refuses back, though, verily,
The Trojans urge him strongly. This beside,
They bade me counsel, if ye will, to stay
This evil battle, whilst we burn our dead ;
Though we fight on thereafter, till the Gods
Part us, and grant to one the victory.'
He ceased ; and all awhile in silence sate,
Till gallant Diomed brake it, and began :
" Nor Alexander's wealth will we accept

μήθ' Ἑλένην· γνωτὸν δὲ, καὶ ὃς μάλα νήπιός ἐστιν,
ὡς ἤδη Τρώεσσιν ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφῆπται."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἰδαῖον προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Ἰδαῖ', ἦτοι μῦθον Ἀχαιῶν αὐτὸς ἀκούεις,
ὥς τοι ὑποκρίνονται· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπιανδάνει οὕτως.
ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖσιν κατακαιέμεν οὔτι μεγαίρω·
οὐ γάρ τις φειδὼ νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων
γίγνετ', ἐπεί κε θάνωσι, πυρὸς μειλισσέμεν ὦκα.
ὅρκια δὲ Ζεὺς ἴστω, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνέσχεθε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,
ἄψορρον δ' Ἰδαῖος ἔβη προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
οἱ δ' ἕατ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες,
πάντες ὁμηγερέες, ποτιδέγμενοι ὁππότ' ἄρ' ἔλθοι
Ἰδαῖος· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἦλθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπέειπεν
στὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν, τοὶ δ' ὠπλίζοντο μάλ' ὦκα,
ἀμφότερον, νέκυάς τ' ἀγέμεν, ἕτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην·
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐϋσσέλμων ἀπὸ νηῶν
ὠτρύνοντο νέκυς τ' ἀγέμεν, ἕτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην.

Ἠέλιος μὲν ἔπειτα νέον προσέβαλλεν ἀρούρας,
ἐξ ἀκαλαρρείταο βαθυῤῥόου Ὠκεανοῖο
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιών· οἱ δ' ἤντεον ἀλλήλοισιν.
ἔνθα διαγνῶναι χαλεπῶς ἦν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·
ἀλλ' ὕδατι νίζοντες ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέοντες, ἀμαξάων ἐπάειραν.
οὐδ' εἴα κλαίειν Πρίαμος μέγας· οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ
νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,
ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
ὣς δ' αὖτως ἑτέρωθεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,
ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

Nor Helen's self; a child might hence discern
How near her fall is pending now to Troy."
He spoke, to whom the others gave acclaim,
Honouring the word of gallant Diomed:
And Agamemnon to Idæus turn'd:
"With thine own ears, Idæus, hast thou heard
The answer that Achaia sends you back.
Me too, their King, this pleaseth. For the dead—
I grudge not that ye make their funeral due:
Past are the dead; and who from harmless shades
Would hinder the sweet offices of fire?
Let then the Lord of thunder, Zeus supreme,
Herè's great spouse, be witness to our truce."
He spoke, and lifted up his staff, in face
Of all the Gods: whence back Idæus went
To sacred Ilion. Still in council sate
Dardans and Trojans, waiting his return:
Who came, and gave his message to their throng:
Whereat with utmost speed they gat them up,
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

Likewise the Argives hasted from their ships,
Some to fetch fagots, some to bring their dead.

From the deep soft-flowing ocean-stream the Sun
Was mounting into heaven and smiting earth
With his first beams, when on the plain the hosts
Each met the other gathering up their dead.
Hardly might they distinguish man from man:
Yet with clear water cleansing off the blood,
Shedding hot tears, they raised them to the wains.
Priam forbade the Trojans from lament;
Therefore in silence, mourning in their hearts,
They piled the corses on a pinewood pyre,
Burnt them with fire, and moved to Ilion home.

So likewise on the other side the host
Of mailed Achaia, mourning in their hearts,
Piled up the corses on a pinewood pyre,
Burnt them with fire, and to their fleet return'd.

Ἦμος δ' οὔτ' ἄρ πω ἠὼς, ἔτι δ' ἀμφιλύκη νὺξ,
τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κριτὸς ἔγρετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν,
τύμβον δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὴν ἕνα ποίεον ἐξαγαγόντες
ἄκριτον ἐκ πεδίου, ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν τεῖχος ἔδειμαν
πύργους θ' ὑψηλοὺς, εἶλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν.
ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλας ἐνεποίεον εὖ ἀραρυίας,
ὄφρα δι' αὐτάων ἱππηλασίη ὁδὸς εἴη·
ἔκτοσθεν δὲ βαθεῖαν ἐπ' αὐτῷ τάφρον ὄρυξαν,
εὐρεῖαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξαν.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί·
οἱ δὲ θεοὶ πὰρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἀστεροπητῇ
θηεῦντο μέγα ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά τίς ἐστι βροτῶν ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν
ὅστις ἔτ' ἀθανάτοισι νόον καὶ μῆτιν ἐνίψει;
οὐχ ὁράᾳς ὅτι δ' αὖτε καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
τείχος ἐτειχίσσαντο νεῶν ὕπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον
ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἑκατόμβας;
τοῦ δ' ἤτοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπικίδναται ἠώς·
τοῦ δ' ἐπιλήσονται τὸ ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἦρῳ Λαομέδοντι πολίσσαμεν ἀθλήσαντε."

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ὦ πόποι, ἐννοσίγαι' εὐρυσθενὲς, οἷον ἔειπες;
ἄλλος κέν τις τοῦτο θεῶν δείσειε νόημα,
ὃς σέο πολλὸν ἀφαυρότερος χεῖράς τε μένος τε·
σὸν δ' ἤτοι κλέος ἔσται ὅσον τ' ἐπικίδναται ἠώς.
ἄγρει μὰν, ὅτ' ἂν αὖτε καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
τείχος ἀναῤῥήξας τὸ μὲν εἰς ἅλα πᾶν καταχεῦαι,
αὖτις δ' ἠϊόνα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι καλύψαι,
ὥς κέν τοι μέγα τεῖχος ἀμαλδύνηται Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.
δύσετο δ' ἠέλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

Then in the twilight, ere the dawn was day,
A chosen band of Argives round their pyre
Was gather'd, and above it piled a cairn,
Without distinction, one huge mound for all;
And in the front of this a rampart rear'd,
A bulwark to their galleys and their lives,
A line of lofty towers, and in the line
Pierced gates, that path might be for chariots forth:
And nigh beyond it dug a trench, profound,
Large, broad, and fix'd therein a stake-stockade.

Such was the labour of Achaia's host;
But where with thunder-wielding Zeus the Gods
Sate gather'd, they beheld amazed that work
Ascending by the toil of mail-frock'd men;
And Poseidaion Lord of ocean spake:
"O Father Zeus! From end to end of earth
Is there of mortals left who lays the thought
And counsel of his heart before high heaven?
Seest thou how yonder host of Argos' Sons
Build them a rampart, round it draw a trench,
Yet give not to a God a hecatomb?
Wide as the morning shall its glory spread;
And men shall be forgetful clean of all
Which mine own self and Phœbus of old time
Rear'd, toiling there for King Laomedon."
The Ruler of the clouds heaved sigh, and spake:
"Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near!
What saying this? Such fear some other Gods,
Feebler than thou, might haply entertain;
Wide as the morning still thy glory spreads;
And, when these long-hair'd warriors far have gone
Aboard their galleys to their native land,
Then crumble up this bulwark; in the sea
Scatter it all; again envelop quite
The spacious shore in sands, that not a sign
Of their great work be visible on earth."
Such was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

The Sun sank, and the rampart stood uprear'd.

βουφόνεον δὲ κατὰ κλισίας καὶ δόρπον ἔλοντο.
νῆες δ' ἐκ Λήμνοιο παρέστασαν οἶνον ἄγουσαι
πολλαί, τὰς προέηκεν Ἰησονίδης Εὔνηος,
τόν ῥ' ἔτεχ' Ὑψιπύλη ὑπ' Ἰήσονι, ποιμένι λαῶν.
χωρὶς δ' Ἀτρεΐδῃσ', Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
δῶκεν Ἰησονίδης ἀγέμεν μέθυ, χίλια μέτρα.
ἔνθεν ἄρ' οἰνίζοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί,
ἄλλοι μὲν χαλκῷ, ἄλλοι δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ,
ἄλλοι δὲ ῥινοῖς, ἄλλοι δ' αὐτῇσι βόεσσιν,
ἄλλοι δ' ἀνδραπόδεσσι· τίθεντο δὲ δαῖτα θάλειαν.
παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
δαίνυντο, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ πτόλιν ἠδ' ἐπίκουροι·
παννύχιος δέ σφιν κακὰ μήδετο μητίετα Ζεὺς
σμερδαλέα κτυπέων· τοὺς δὲ χλωρὸν δέος ᾕρει·
οἶνον δ' ἐκ δεπάων χαμάδις χέον, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
πρὶν πιέειν, πρὶν λεῖψαι ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίωνι.
κοιμήσαντ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

The Achaians then slew oxen through their camp,
And made repast. From Lemnos galleys stood
In harbour, fraught with wine, which Jason's son
Evenus (born of fair Hypsipyle
To Jason, shepherd of his people) sent.
A thousand measures had he set apart
Unto the Sons of Atreus for a gift.
And thence those long-hair'd warriors bought them wine;
Some bought with brass, and some with sparkling steel,
And some with hides, and some with cattle live,
And some with slaves; all made them plenteous feast.

So all night long they feasted, either host,
The Achaians, and the Trojans in their town:
And all night long great Zeus portended ill
By dreadful signs of thunder o'er their heads;
And ashy fear possess'd them; from their cups
They shed the wine, nor any there durst drink,
Ere his libation had been pour'd to Zeus.
Thereafter all partook the boon of sleep.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ'.

Κόλος μάχη.

Ἠὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,
Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος
ἀκροτάτη κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.
αὐτὸς δέ σφ' ἀγόρευε, θεοὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάντες ἄκουον·
"Κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι,
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
μήτε τις οὖν θήλεια θεὸς τόγε μήτε τις ἄρσην
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
αἰνεῖτ', ὄφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
ὃν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν,
πληγεὶς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὔλυμπόνδε·
ἤ μιν ἑλὼν ῥίψω ἐς Τάρταρον ἠερόεντα,
τῆλε μάλ', ἦχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
ἔνθα σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός,
τόσσον ἔνερθ' Ἀΐδεω ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης·
γνώσετ' ἔπειθ' ὅσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
εἰ δ' ἄγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες·
σειρὴν χρυσείην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες
πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε
Ζῆν', ὕπατον μήστωρ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλοιμι ἐρύσσαι,
αὐτῇ κεν γαίῃ ἐρύσαιμ' αὐτῇ τε θαλάσσῃ·
σειρὴν μέν κεν ἔπειτα περὶ ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο
δησαίμην, τὰ δέ κ' αὖτε μετήορα πάντα γένοιτο.

ILIAD VIII.

And saffron-robèd Morn was scattering light
Wide o'er the world, when Zeus, loud-thundering Zeus,
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
Made to himself a council of the Gods,
And spoke, whilst all the Gods below him heard :
"Hear me, O Gods, and ye, O Goddesses!
I speak the inmost bidding of my heart.
Let neither God nor Goddess dare attempt
To minish this my word, but full consent
Yield me, that earlier I may end the strife.
Whom moving from amongst you I descry
Whether to aid the Danaans or their foes,
Scourged to Olympus in disorder foul
He shall return, or I will hurl him down
With mine own hands to misty Tartarus
Where are the deep abysses under earth,
The brazen threshold, and the iron gates,
Far as the heavens are o'er the earth, so far
Below the realm of Hades—there to lie
And late to learn me mightiest of the Gods.
Nay, put me to the proof, if so ye list :
Suspend from heaven a golden chain, and lay,
Gods, Goddesses, together, hands thereon ;
Not with your utmost labour shall ye draw
The Lord of counsel earthward from the skies :
But, let me will to draw it strenuously,
I draw it up, and with it earth and sea,
Enwind it round Olympus' pillar fast,
And all the world suspended hangs in air.

τόσσον ἐγὼ περί τ' εἰμὶ θεῶν περί τ' εἴμ' ἀνθρώπων."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·

"Ὦ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κρονίδη, ὕπατε κρειόντων,
εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἐπιεικτόν·
ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητάων,
οἵ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ', ὡς σὺ κελεύεις·
βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἥτις ὀνήσει,
ὡς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο."

Τὴν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
" θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὔ νύ τι θυμῷ
πρόφρονι μυθέομαι· ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἤπιος εἶναι."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὑπ' ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππω,
ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέῃσιν ἐθείρῃσιν κομόωντε,
χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροΐ, γέντο δ' ἱμάσθλην
χρυσείην εὔτυκτον, ἐοῦ δ' ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου.
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν· τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην
μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.
Ἴδην δ' ἵκανεν πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Γάργαρον· ἔνθα δέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.
ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἠέρα πουλὺν ἔχευεν.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων,
εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα δεῖπνον ἕλοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ῥίμφα κατὰ κλισίας, ἀπὸ δ' αὐτοῦ θωρήσσοντο.
Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὡπλίζοντο,
παυρότεροι· μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὣς ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι,
χρειοῖ ἀναγκαίῃ, πρό τε παίδων καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν.
πᾶσαι δ' ὠΐγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ' ἔσσυτο λαὸς,
πεζοί θ' ἱππῆές τε· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἔνα ξυνιόντες ἵκοντο,
σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινοὺς, σὺν δ' ἔγχεα καὶ μένε' ἀνδρῶν

So far o'er God and man I rise supreme."
He spoke; dumb-stricken all awhile they sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words;
At last blue-eyed Athene gave reply:
"Kroneion, Father, God supreme of Gods!
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men,
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain:
Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath."
To Her, well pleased, the Ruler of the clouds:
"My child, Tritógeneia! From my heart
I spake not, and would fain show grace to thee."
He ended, and beneath his chariot drew
Fast-flying horses golden-maned, and girt
Round him a garb of gold, and took a goad
Golden, well-wrought; so sprang upon the seat
And thong'd them onward. Nothing loth they flew
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky,
Till many-fountain'd Ida's dens of prey
And Gargarus he gain'd, where stand his shrine
And fragrant altar. There the sire supreme
Stay'd and unharness'd from the car the steeds
And shower'd thick mist about them: but himself,
Rejoicing in lone glory took his seat
Amongst the mountain's summits, looking down
On Priam's city and Achaia's fleet.

Hurriedly through their tents Achaia's host
Had ta'en repast, and, after, donn'd their mail:
So too the Trojans arm'd them in their town,
The scantier number, yet not ardent less
To enter battle; sore on them the need
To fight for their dear children and their wives.
Their width the gates flew ope, and from them stream'd
The people forth; on chariot and on foot,
All streamèd out; loud rose the din of war.
Anon they charged and met; together clash'd
Spears, bucklers, and the might of mailèd men.

χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
ἔπληντ' ἀλλήλῃσι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.
ἔνθα δ' ἅμ' οἰμωγή τε καὶ εὐχωλὴ πέλεν ἀνδρῶν
ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα.

Ὄφρα μὲν ἠὼς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός.
ἦμος δ' Ἠέλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα·
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
Τρώων θ' ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβὼν, ῥέπε δ' αἶσιμον ἦμαρ Ἀχαιῶν.
[αἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν κῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ
ἐζέσθην, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἄερθεν.]
αὐτὸς δ' ἐξ Ἴδης μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, δαιόμενον δὲ
ἧκε σέλας μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
θάμβησαν, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλωρὸν δέος εἷλεν.

Ἔνθ' οὔτ' Ἰδομενεὺς τλῆ μίμνειν οὔτ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὔτε δύ' Αἴαντες μενέτην, θεράποντες Ἄρηος·
Νέστωρ οἶος ἔμιμνε Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
οὔτι ἑκών, ἀλλ' ἵππος ἐτείρετο, τὸν βάλεν ἰῷ
δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠϋκόμοιο,
ἄκρην κὰκ κορυφὴν, ὅθι τε πρῶται τρίχες ἵππων
κρανίῳ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καίριόν ἐστιν.
ἀλγήσας δ' ἀνέπαλτο, βέλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δῦ,
σὺν δ' ἵππους ἐτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκῷ.
ὄφρ' ὁ γέρων ἵπποιο παρηορίας ἀπέταμνεν
φασγάνῳ ἀΐσσων, τόφρ' Ἕκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἦλθον ἀν' ἰωχμὸν, θρασὺν ἡνίοχον φορέοντες
Ἕκτορα. καί νύ κεν ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσσεν,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβόησεν ἐποτρύνων Ὀδυσῆα·

"Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
πῆ φεύγεις μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν, κακὸς ὣς ἐν ὁμίλῳ;
μή τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξῃ.
ἀλλὰ μέν', ὄφρα γέροντος ἀπώσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα."

Smote each on each the bosses of the shields ;
Rose loud the roar of onset ; vaunt and prayer,
The cries of dying men and of their slayers,
Alike were there ; and the earth ran with blood.

And while 'twas morn and sacred day wax'd on,
Darts flew, and warriors fell, to either side ;
But, when the sun had rounded the mid-sky,
Then held the Father forth his golden scales
And laid two weights therein—in *this*, defeat
To mailed Achaia, and in *that*, to Troy—
And poised the balance even : down, down sank
Achaia's doom, yea, settled low on earth,
While Troy's light fates went lifted to broad heaven.

Himself then thunder'd from the hill, and sent
A flaming flash amidst Achaia's ranks :
Awe-stricken they beheld it ; ashy fear
Seized all ; nor either Ajax then stood firm,
Nor Agamemnon, nor Idomeneus,
How brave so'er their wont : Gerene's chief
Nestor alone, Achaia's Elder, stood ;
For Princely Alexander, Helen's lord,
Had pierced his steed with arrow through the crest
Where grow the foremost locks—most mortal spot :
Uprear'd the horse for anguish, but the point
Press'd to his brain, and o'er the shaft he fell
A cumbrance to his fellows in the yoke :
There, therefore, was the Chieftain stay'd perforce,
Cutting the traces with his falchion clear,
Whilst through the rout came Hector's fleetfoot steeds
Bearing their lord, brave Hector, all too near.
So had the Elder been bereft of life,
Had not Tydides mark'd his jeopardy,
And loudly on Odysseus call'd and said :
"Odysseus, heavenly-born, Laertes' Son !
Whither like any craven in the rout
Fleest thou with face dishonourably turn'd ?
The spear were in the back that smote thee now.
Nay, turn, and from this Savage save our sire."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
Τυδείδης δ', αὐτός περ ἐὼν, προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη,
στῆ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Νηληϊάδαο γέροντος,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὦ γέρον, ἦ μάλα δή σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταὶ,
σὴ δὲ βίη λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει,
ἠπεδανὸς δέ νύ τοι θεράπων, βραδέες δέ τοι ἵπποι.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὄφρα ἴδηαι
οἷοι Τρώϊοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο
καιπνὰ μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διωκέμεν ἠδὲ φέβεσθαι,
οὕς ποτ' ἀπ' Αἰνείαν ἐλόμην, μήστωρα φόβοιο.
τούτω μὲν θεράποντε κομείτων, τώδε δὲ νῶϊ
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοις ἰθύνομεν, ὄφρα καὶ Ἕκτωρ
εἴσεται ἢ καὶ ἐμὸν δόρυ μαίνεται ἐν παλάμῃσιν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
Νεστορέας μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵππους θεράποντε κομείτην
ἴφθιμοι, Σθένελός τε καὶ Εὐρυμέδων ἀγαπήνωρ.
τὼ δ' εἰς ἀμφοτέρω Διομήδεος ἅρματα βήτην·
Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους· τάχα δ' Ἕκτορος ἄγχι γένοντο.
τοῦ δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτος ἀκόντισε Τυδέος υἱός.
καὶ τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὁ δ' ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
υἱὸν ὑπερθύμου Θηβαίου, Ἡνιοπῆα,
ἵππων ἡνί' ἔχοντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε.
Ἕκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἡνιόχοιο.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἴασε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
κεῖσθαι, ὁ δ' ἡνίοχον μέθεπε θρασύν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἵππω δευέσθην σημάντορος· αἶψα γὰρ εὗρεν
Ἰφιτίδην Ἀρχεπτόλεμον θρασὺν, ὅν ῥα τόθ' ἵππων
ὠκυπόδων ἐπέβησε, δίδου δέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.

He spoke, whom yet Odysseus hearken'd not,
But by him tow'rd the hollow galleys pass'd.

Tydides then, though vanmost there alone,
Took stand before the car of Neleus' Son,
And thus with wingèd words address'd the chief:
"My Father! Younger men press sore on thee,
And Age thy hard companion slacks thy strength;
Likewise thy steeds are slow, thy driver weak.
Mount therefore to my chariot, and behold
How bred, how taught in onset to and fro
To skim the field for charge or for pursuit
These steeds of Troy, these breathers of dismay,
From brave Æneas won my latest spoil.
Thine let our followers tend, and mount with me;
Seated together we will drive them straight
Upon the foe; and soon shall Hector feel
That *my* lance too hath fury in my hands."
He spoke; Gerenè's Chieftain blithe obey'd.
Therefore the steeds of Nestor two strong squires,
Sthenelus and the kind Eurymedon,
Tended; whilst on the car of Diomed
The two together mounting—Nestor took
The purple reins in hand and thong'd the steeds
And soon near'd Hector; then, as Hector charged
Direct upon them, Diomed threw his spear,
But err'd, yet struck the driver by his side,
Œniopeus, renown'd Thebæus' son,
Holding the reins, and pierced him through the breast.
Down from the car he dropp'd; the fleetfoot steeds
Rear'd; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.
Thick o'er the soul of Hector came the cloud
Of sorrow for his comrade; yet perforce
He left him where he lay, and to and fro
Ranged, seeking some brave warrior to his reins;
Nor long his horses lack'd a guiding arm;
For Archeptolemus the gallant son
Of Iphitus he found, and o'er the steeds
Set him, and gave the reins into his hands.

Ἔνθα κε λοιγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο,
καί νύ κε σήκασθεν κατὰ Ἴλιον ἠὔτε ἄρνες,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.
βροντήσας δ' ἄρα δεινὸν ἀφῆκ' ἀργῆτα κεραυνὸν,
κὰδ δὲ πρόσθ' ἵππων Διομήδεος ἧκε χαμᾶζε·
δεινὴ δὲ φλὸξ ὦρτο θεείου καιομένοιο,
τὼ δ' ἵππω δείσαντε καταπτήτην ὑπ' ὄχεσφιν.
Νέστορα δ' ἐκ χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία σιγαλόεντα·
δείσε δ' ὅγ' ἐν θυμῷ, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν·

"Τυδείδη, ἄγε δ' αὖτε φόβονδ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἦ οὐ γιγνώσκεις ὅ τοι ἐκ Διὸς οὐχ ἕπετ' ἀλκή;
νῦν μὲν γὰρ τούτῳ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει,
σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε καὶ ἡμῖν, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν,
δώσει· ἀνὴρ δέ κεν οὔτι Διὸς νόον εἰρύσσαιτο,
οὐδὲ μάλ' ἴφθιμος, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει·
Ἕκτωρ γάρ ποτε φήσει ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ' ἀγορεύων
'Τυδείδης ὑπ' ἐμεῖο φοβεύμενος ἴκετο νῆας.'
ὥς ποτ' ἀπειλήσει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"ὤμοι, Τυδέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, οἷον ἔειπες;
εἴπερ γάρ σ' Ἕκτωρ γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φήσει,
ἀλλ' οὐ πείσονται Τρῶες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες
καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων,
τάων ἐν κονίῃσι βάλες θαλεροὺς παρακοίτας."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας φύγαδ' ἔτραπε μώνυχας ἵππους
αὖτις ἀν' ἰωχμόν· ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ Ἕκτωρ
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόεντα χέοντο.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄυσε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·

"Τυδείδη, περὶ μέν σε τίον Δαναοὶ ταχύπωλοι
ἕδρῃ τε κρέασίν τ' ἠδὲ πλείοις δεπάεσσιν·
νῦν δέ σ' ἀτιμήσουσι· γυναικὸς ἄρ' ἀντὶ τέτυξο.
ἔρρε, κακὴ γλήνη, ἐπεὶ οὐκ εἴξαντος ἐμεῖο
πύργων ἡμετέρων ἐπιβήσεαι, οὐδὲ γυναῖκας

Then had been ruin and resistless wrack;
Then had the Trojans been in Ilion pent
Like lambs within a fold; but Zeus beheld,
Father of Gods and men, and, thundering, sent
To earth before the faces of the steeds
A bolt white-hot athwart Tydides' path:
Dread from the fiery sign the flame flash'd up;
Back to the car the affrighted horses cower'd;
Twixt Nestor's fingers slid the glossy reins;
His heart sank, and to Diomed he said:
"Let us away, Tydides! Let us flee!
Seest thou, no strength from Heav'n attends us here?
The glory of this day doth Zeus vouchsafe
Wholly to Hector, yet to us may turn,
Hereafter, if he please: no man may bend,
How strong so'er he be, the mind of Zeus
To his own side: for Zeus is mightier far."
To whom made dauntless answer Diomed:
"My Father, well and wisely hast thou said.
But this the fear that stings me to the quick;
Lest Hector boast in loud harangue to Troy,
He drave Tydides frighted to their fleet;
May I be in my grave ere this his boast!"
But thus Gerenian Nestor gave reply:
"From brave Tydides' lips what now hath fall'n?
Let Hector cry thee as a craven down;
Will Trojans, or will Dardans, hold him true?
Will women whose fond husbands thou hast strewn
All-arm'd before thee in the dust, and slain?"
He spoke, and turn'd to flight the hoovèd steeds
Back through the rout; on whom the Trojan host
With shouts far-echoing shower'd their baleful darts,
And loud bright-helmèd Hector following cried:
"Hence, hence, Tydides! Whom above thy peers
By seat and choicest viands and full cups
The Danaans still have lifted, but henceforth
Shall hold in mere dishonour, like a girl!
Vile puppet! Take thee hence—not like, I trow,
To trample down great Ilion, or aboard
Thy galleys bear a handmaid home from Troy:

ἄξεις ἐν νήεσσι· πάρος τοι δαίμονα δώσω."

Ὣς φάτο, Τυδείδης δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἵππους τε στρέψαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι.
τρὶς μὲν μερμήριξε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων κτύπε μητίετα Ζεὺς
σῆμα τιθεὶς Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταὶ,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
γιγνώσκω δ' ὅτι μοι πρόφρων κατένευσε Κρονίων
νίκην καὶ μέγα κῦδος, ἀτὰρ Δαναοῖσί γε πῆμα·
νήπιοι, οἳ ἄρα δὴ τάδε τείχεα μηχανόωντο
ἀβλήχρ' οὐδενόσωρα· τὰ δ' οὐ μένος ἀμὸν ἐρύξει·
ἵπποι δὲ ῥέα τάφρον ὑπερθορέονται ὀρυκτήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι γένωμαι,
μνημοσύνη τις ἔπειτα πυρὸς δηΐοιο γενέσθω,
ὡς πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρήσω, κτείνω δὲ καὶ αὐτούς
[Ἀργείους παρὰ νηυσὶν, ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ]."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο φώνησέν τε·
"Ξάνθε τε καὶ σὺ, Πόδαργε, καὶ Αἴθων Λάμπε τε δῖε,
νῦν μοι τὴν κομιδὴν ἀποτίνετον, ἣν μάλα πολλὴν
Ἀνδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἠετίωνος,
ὑμῖν πὰρ προτέροισι μελίφρονα πυρὸν ἔθηκεν
[οἰνόν τ' ἐγκεράσασα πιεῖν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγοι,]
ἠ ἐμοὶ, ὅσπερ οἱ θαλερὸς πόσις εὔχομαι εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον, ὄφρα λάβωμεν
ἀσπίδα Νεστορέην, τῆς νῦν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει,
πᾶσαν χρυσείην ἔμεναι, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτὴν,
αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὤμοιιν Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο
δαιδάλεον θώρηκα, τὸν Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων
εἰ τούτω κε λάβοιμεν, ἐελπόιμην κεν Ἀχαιοὺς
αὐτονυχὶ νηῶν ἐπιβησέμεν ὠκειάων."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, νεμέσησε δὲ πότνια Ἥρη,
σείσατο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ, ἐλέλιξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
καί ῥα Ποσειδάωνα, μέγαν θεὸν, ἀντίον ηὔδα·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἐννοσίγαι' εὐρυσθενὲς, οὐδέ νυ σοί περ

Rather on thee thy doom I now bestow."
He spoke ; Tydides' will was torn in twain,
Whether to turn and meet him face to face ;—
Thrice in his inmost soul he ponder'd this ;
And thrice the Lord of counsel, Father Zeus,
Peal'd thunder from the Idæan mountains loud,
Sign of the victory all inclined to Troy ;
Whilst Hector on the Trojans call'd and cried :
"Trojans and Lycians ! Dardan men-at-arms !
Be men, my friends, and mindful of your might.
Full well I know that Zeus hath will'd this day
To me great glory, to the Danaans hurt.
Fools, for this weak device of rampart rear'd
To stay me—like a straw before my strength,
And for this trench, my steeds shall clear with ease !
Then, when I once am in their vessels' midst,
Quick be the memory to a flaming brand,
That I may fire the barks, and slay their crews
At their own galleys, in the smoke distraught."
He spoke, and to his horses turn'd, and said :
"Ye too, Podargus, Lampus, heaven-born steeds,
Æthon and Xanthus ! Now requite the care
Wherewith the fair-arm'd daughter of a king,
Eëtion's child, Andromache, would turn
Spreading the corn like honey to your mouths,
Mingling the wine whene'er ye listed drink,
Or e'er she turn'd to me, her wedded lord.
Haste, therefore, strive ye onward to attain
The shield of Nestor, the renown whereof
Mounteth to heav'n, how it is fashion'd all
Of gold the handles, and of gold the orb ;
And win me from the breast of Tydeus' Son
The marvellous corslet by Hephæstus wrought :
Gain'd we these two, I well might hope to drive
The Achaians on their galleys home this night."
Vaunting he spoke ; whom royal Herè heard
Wrathful, and rock'd her on her throne, and made
Tremble th' Olympian hill ; but turn'd anon
Tow'rd vast Poseidon and address'd him thus :
"Shaker of earth, and Powerful far and near !

ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν ὀλοφύρεται ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός.
οἱ δέ τοι εἰς Ἑλίκην τε καὶ Αἰγὰς δῶρ' ἀνάγουσιν
πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα· σὺ δέ σφισι βούλεο νίκην·
εἴπερ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσιν ἀρωγοί,
Τρῶας ἀπώσασθαι καὶ ἐρυκέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν,
αὐτοῦ κ' ἔνθ' ἀκάχοιτο καθήμενος οἷος ἐν Ἴδῃ."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἥρη ἀπτοεπὲς, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι Διὶ Κρονίωνι μάχεσθαι
ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
τῶν δ', ὅσον ἐκ νηῶν ἀπὸ πύργου τάφρος ἔεργεν,
πλῆθεν ὁμῶς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιστάων
εἰλομένων· εἶλει δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
καί νύ κ' ἐνέπρησεν πυρὶ κηλέῳ νῆας ἐΐσας,
εἰ μὴ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ φῆκ' Ἀγαμέμνονι πότνια Ἥρη
αὐτῷ ποιπνύσαντι θοῶς ὀτρῦναι Ἀχαιούς.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
πορφύρεον μέγα φᾶρος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
στῆ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακήτεϊ νηῒ μελαίνῃ,
ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε, γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε·
[ἠμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο
ἠδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας ἐΐσας
εἴρυσαν, ἠνορέῃ πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν·]
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

"Αἰδὼς, Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἀγητοί·
πῆ ἔβαν εὐχωλαὶ, ὅτε δὴ φάμεν εἶναι ἄριστοι,
ἆς, ὀπότ' ἐν Λήμνῳ, κενεαυχέες ἠγοράασθε,
ἔσθοντες κρέα πολλὰ βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων,
πίνοντες κρητῆρας ἐπιστεφέας οἴνοιο,
Τρώων ἄνθ' ἑκατόν τε διηκοσίων τε ἕκαστος

Cries not the heart within thee for the fall
Of all these Danaans slaughter'd? Oft they have
Made on thine altar offerings many and sweet
In Helicè and Ægæ; and thyself
Lov'st them and would'st their victory. Oh, if we,
If all who love their cause, together strove
Zeus to oppose and drive the Trojans back,
On Ida He might gnash his teeth in vain."

To her, much-moved, Poseidon made reply:
"Herè, thy words glance ever to and fro:
What say'st thou now? Not though we all were join'd
As one together, would I fain engage
With Zeus Kroneion, mightier far than all."

This was the commune of the gods in heaven.

But now what space soe'er was by the trench
Fenced from the fleet and bulwark, all was choked
With chariots and with shielded warriors throng'd,
Routed by Hector, Priam's noble son,
Peer to fierce Ares, glorified by Zeus.
Soon had his ruthless fires consumed the barks,
But royal Herè put into the heart
Of Agamemnon (needing scarce the hest)
Strongly to encourage Argos. On he went
Passing along the ships and tents, and held
A purple mantle flowing from his hand,
And on the midmost stood—(the huge black bark
Of sage Odysseus, whence his voice might reach
To either side, the Telamonian's tent,
Or Peleus' Son's, for those two in the trust
Of their stout manhood and their might of arm
On the fleet's furthest flanks had moor'd their ships);
Thence loudly on the Danaans thus he call'd:

"Shame on you! Valiant to the eye alone,
Argeians, vile reproaches to the name!
Where now the windy threat'nings, and the vaunts
That dubb'd us bravest of the brave, what time,
In Lemnos feasting full on flesh of ox,
Crowning our cups with wine, we held high talk
How each against his hundreds here in Troy

στήσεσθ' ἐν πολέμῳ· νῦν δ' οὐδ' ἑνὸς ἄξιοί εἰμεν
["Εκτορος, ὃς τάχα νῆας ἐνιπρήσει πυρὶ κηλέῳ].
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά τιν' ἤδη ὑπερμενέων βασιλήων
τῇδ' ἄτῃ ἄασας καί μιν μέγα κῦδος ἀπηύρας;
οὐ μὲν δή ποτέ φημι τεὸν περικαλλέα βωμὸν
νηὶ πολυκληΐδι παρελθέμεν ἐνθάδε ἔρρων·
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι βοῶν δημὸν καὶ μηρί' ἔκηα, 240
ἱέμενος Τροίην εὐτείχεον ἐξαλαπάξαι.
ἀλλὰ, Ζεῦ, τόδε πέρ μοι ἐπικρῄηνον ἐέλδωρ·
αὐτοὺς δή περ ἔασον ὑπεκφυγέειν καὶ ἀλύξαι,
μηδ' οὕτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιούς."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δακρυχέοντα,
νεῦσε δέ οἱ λαὸν σῶν ἔμμεναι οὐδ' ἀπολέσθαι.
αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἧκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,
νεβρὸν ἔχοντ' ὀνύχεσσι, τέκος ἐλάφοιο ταχείης·
παὰρ δὲ Διὸς βωμῷ περικαλλεῖ κάββαλε νεβρὸν,
ἔνθα πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ ῥέζεσκον Ἀχαιοί. 250
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν εἴδονθ' ὅτ' ἄρ' ἐκ Διὸς ἤλυθεν ὄρνις,
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

Ἔνθ' οὔτις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλῶν περ ἐόντων,
εὔξατο Τυδείδαο πάρος σχέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους
τάφρου τ' ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρῶτος Τρώων ἕλεν ἄνδρα κορυστὴν,
Φραδμονίδην Ἀγέλαον. ὁ μὲν φύγαδ' ἔτραπεν ἵππους
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 260

Τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἀτρεΐδαι, Ἀγαμέμνων καὶ Μενέλαος,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκὴν,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ,

Would stand victorious? Yet doth one man's arm
Outmatch us all, and Hector fires our ships.
Oh Zeus, our Father! Hast thou visited
Of all the mighty Kings of ancient time
Any with such fell ruin, such defeat?
Yet never on our path to evil here
Pass'd I an altar of thine without its due,
But for my longing of the sack of Troy
Made to thee fat burnt-offerings everywhere.
Wherefore, O Zeus, suffer me this least hope:
With their bare lives vouchsafe the host escape,
Nor let Achaia perish quite by Troy."
He spoke: the Father, pitying, saw his tears
And with his nod assented that the host
Should now be saved—not perish utterly.
Therefore the surest of all wingèd signs
He sent him forth—an eagle 'twixt his claws
Clasping a fawn the nursling of a hind;
This on that rich-wrought altar it let fall
Whereon the Achaians in their camp were wont
To sacrifice to omen-giving Zeus.

They saw, and knew the bird from Zeus sent forth,
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set
Their whole hearts to the battle. Many and brave
The Danaans, but of all none then could boast
To drive his car, or clear the trench, or meet
The foe, before Tydides. Foremost far
He caught and slew a helmèd Chief of Troy,
Ev'n Agelaus, Phradmon's son, who turn'd
His steeds to flight; but Diomed, as he turn'd,
Pierced him betwixt the shoulders in the back,
And drave the spear right onward thro' the chest.
He dropt, and loudly o'er him clash'd the arms.
Atreus' two Sons, and either Ajax next
Girt in a strength invincible, press'd on:
Idomeneus, and with Idomeneus
Meriones, of slaughterous Ares peer:
And then Eurypylus, Evemon's son:

στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος σάκεϊ Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὑπεξέφερεν σάκος· αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἦρως
παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ ἄρ τιν' ὀϊστεύσας ἐν ὁμίλῳ
βεβλήκοι, ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὄλεσκεν,
αὐτὰρ ὁ αὖτις ἰὼν, παῖς ὣς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσκεν
εἰς Αἴανθ'· ὁ δέ μιν σάκεϊ κρύπτασκε φαεινῷ.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον Τρώων ἕλε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων;
Ὀρσίλοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὄρμενον ἠδ' Ὀφελέστην
Δαίτορα τε Χρομίον τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Λυκοφόντην
καὶ Πολυαιμονίδην Ἀμοπάονα καὶ Μελάνιππον.
[πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.]
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν γήθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
τόξου ἄπο κρατεροῦ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας·
στῆ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Τεῦκρε, φίλη κεφαλή, Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
βάλλ' οὕτως, αἴ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηαι
πατρί τε σῷ Τελαμῶνι, ὅ σ' ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν ἐόντα
καί σε νόθον περ ἐόντα κομίσσατο ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ·
τὸν καὶ τηλόθ' ἐόντα ἐϋκλείης ἐπίβησον.
οὐι δ' ἐγὼ ἐξερέω ὡς καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
αἴ κεν μοι δώῃ Ζεύς τ' αἰγίοχος καὶ Ἀθήνη
Ἰλίου ἐξαλαπάξαι ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
πρώτῳ τοι μετ' ἐμὲ πρεσβήϊον ἐν χερὶ θήσω,
ἢ τρίποδ' ἠὲ δύω ἵππους αὐτοῖσιν ὄχεσφιν
ἠὲ γυναῖχ', ἥ κέν τοι ὁμὸν λέχος εἰσαναβαίνοι."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, τί με σπεύδοντα καὶ αὐτὸν
ὀτρύνεις; οὐ μέν τοι, ὅση δύναμίς γε πάρεστιν,
παύομαι, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὗ προτὶ Ἴλιον ὡσάμεθ' αὐτοὺς,
ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξοισι δεδεγμένος ἄνδρας ἐναίρω.
ὀκτὼ δὴ προέηκα τανυγλώχινας ὀϊστοὺς,

And took his station shelter'd by the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax. Ajax thrust
The huge shield out; but Teucer look'd well round,
Took aim, and shot his arrow through the throng,
Struck, and, when dead the stricken foeman fell,
Crept back, as to his mother creeps a child,
To Ajax and the shelter of the targe.
Whom first of Troy slew blameless Teucer thus?
Orsilochus and Ophelestes first:
Dætor anon and gallant Ormenus;
Then Amapæon, Polyæmon's son,
Chromius, and Lycophontes, peer of Gods,
And Melanippus; these, one after one,
His arrows levell'd to the fruitful earth.

Whom with his strong-bow thinning thus their ranks
The King Atrides mark'd, well-pleased, and went
And stood beside him with these wingèd words:
"Teucer, my friend, brave son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people! Shoot on truly still:
A light to all the host, and, most of all,
To Telamon thy father shin'st thou forth;
Who loved thee well, and from thy childhood up
Rear'd thee, though bastard, under his own roof.
Him seat thou high upon a throne of fame.
And likewise I make promise thus to thee;
If e'er Athene and our Father Zeus
Vouchsafe me to destroy the towers of Troy,
Into thy hand, next after mine own self,
The meed of honour will I put, maybe
A tripod, or two horses with their car,
Or damsel, who may mount with thee thy bed."
To whom made blameless Teucer answer thus:
"Atrides, King most famed! What need to urge
Who am myself most urgent? To the strength
That in me lies, I rest not; but, since first
We thrust them back tow'rd Ilion from the fleet,
Have mark'd and slain some foeman by my bow.
Eight have I shot, eight bitter barbèd shafts;
And deep in some brave warrior each [illegible]

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἄλλον ὀϊστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἴαλλεν
Ἕκτορος ἀντικρὺ, βαλέειν δέ ἑ ἵετο θυμός.
καὶ τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀφάμαρθ', ὁ δ' ἀμύμονα Γοργυθίωνα,
υἱὸν ἐὺν Πριάμοιο, κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῷ·
τόν ῥ' ἐξ Αἰσύμηθεν ὀπυιομένη τέκε μήτηρ,
καλὴ Καστιάνειρα, δέμας εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν.
μήκων δ' ὡς ἑτέρωσε κάρη βάλεν, ἧτ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ,
καρπῷ βριθομένη νοτίῃσί τε εἰαρινῇσιν·
ὣς ἑτέρωσ' ἤμυσε κάρη πήληκι βαρυνθέν.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον ὀϊστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἴαλλεν
Ἕκτορος ἀντικρὺ, βαλέειν δέ ἑ ἵετο θυμός.
ἀλλ' ὅγε καὶ τόθ' ἅμαρτε· παρέσφηλεν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
ἀλλ' Ἀρχεπτόλεμον, θρασὺν Ἕκτορος ἡνιοχῆα,
ἰέμενον πόλεμόνδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε.
Ἕκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἡνιόχοιο.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἴασε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
Κεβριόνην δ' ἐκέλευσεν ἀδελφεὸν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα
ἵππων ἡνί' ἑλεῖν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ,
βῆ δ' ἰθὺς Τεύκρου, βαλέειν δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν φαρέτρης ἐξείλετο πικρὸν ὀϊστὸν,
θῆκε δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ· τὸν δ' αὖ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
αὐερύοντα παρ' ὦμον, ὅθι κληῖς ἀποέργει
αὐχένα τε στῆθός τε, μάλιστα δὲ καίριόν ἐστιν,
τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτα βάλεν λίθῳ ὀκριόεντι,
ῥῆξε δέ οἱ νευρήν· νάρκησε δὲ χεὶρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
στῆ δὲ γνὺξ ἐριπὼν, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Αἴας δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
ἀλλὰ θέων περίβη καί οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δύω ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
Μηκιστεὺς, Ἐχίοιο πάϊς, καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα.

He spoke and from the string loosed yet one more
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike;
But err'd, yet pierced King Priam's gallant son,
Blameless Gorgythion—him whose mother erst,
The lovely Castianeira, heavenly-fair,
Came to King Priam's couch from Æsyme.
And as a poppy in some garden slants
Its head one way, low-laden by the weight
Of its own flower and with the moist spring-winds;
Thus sideway with his helm bow'd down his head.
Then Teucer from his string loosed yet one more
'Gainst Hector, whom his heart so yearn'd to strike;
Yet err'd again (whose aim Apollo foil'd),
But struck by Hector's side full through the breast
Brave Archeptolemus the charioteer.
He dropt from off the car; the fleetfoot steeds
Rear'd; and his ghost and strength were loosed away.
Thick clouding o'er the soul of Hector came
Sorrow, yet, in his grief's despite, perforce
He left him where he lay, and call'd, and bade
Cebriones his brother, haply nigh,
To take his reins; who hearken'd to his call;
Whilst Hector with a vengeful shout himself
Leapt from his glittering seat, and seized a stone,
And charged direct on Teucer fain to kill.
Teucer had from his quiver ta'en a shaft
And laid it to the string; but, ev'n in the act
To draw, the hero of the glancing helm
Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck
Is parted by the collar from the chest,
A deadly spot—there with the huge jagg'd stone
He struck him charging onward: all the nerve
Was shatter'd; to the wrist the arm was numb'd;
Falling, his knee upstay'd him; but the bow
Dropt from his grasp.—Whom Ajax saw not fall
Unheeded, but sped round, and with his shield
Cover'd, till two his followers well beloved
Came close, Mecistus, son of Echius,
And brave Alastor; these uplifting bare

Ἄψ δ' αὖτις Τρώεσσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ὦρσεν·
οἱ δ' ἰθὺς τάφροιο βαθείης ὦσαν Ἀχαιούς·
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἐν πρώτοισι κίε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τε κύων συὸς ἀγρίου ἠὲ λέοντος
ἅπτηται κατόπισθε, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων,
ἰσχία τε γλουτούς τε, ἑλισσόμενόν τε δοκεύει,
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ὤπαζε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διά τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν
φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Τρώων ὑπὸ χερσὶν,
οἱ μὲν δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἀμφιπεριστρώφα καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
Γοργοῦς ὄμματ' ἔχων ἠὲ βροτολοιγοῦ Ἄρηος.
Τοὺς δὲ ἰδοῦσ' ἐλέησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ὤ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτι νῶϊ
ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν κεκαδησόμεθ' ὑστάτιόν περ;
οἵ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται
ἀνδρὸς ἑνὸς ῥιπῇ, ὁ δὲ μαίνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτῶς
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν."
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"καὶ λίην οὗτός γε μένος θυμόν τ' ὀλέσειεν,
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ·
ἀλλὰ πατὴρ οὐμὸς φρεσὶ μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθῇσιν,
σχέτλιος, αἰὲν ἀλιτρὸς, ἐμῶν μενεών ἀπερωεύς·
οὐδέ τι τῶν μέμνηται, ὅ οἱ μάλα πολλάκις υἱὸν
τειρόμενον σώεσκον ὑπ' Εὐρυσθῆος ἀέθλων.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν κλαίεσκε πρὸς οὐρανὸν, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
τῷ ἐπαλεξήσουσαν ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν προΐαλλεν.
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τάδε ᾔδεϊ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσιν,

Again Zeus kindled high the strength of Troy;
Through the deep trench Achaia's host they drave;
And vanmost in the wild onset Hector strode.
As when a hound has fasten'd on the track
Of boar or lion, to its heels and haunch
He clingeth close, and trusts his own swift foot,
Yet watchful ever, lest it turn to bay;
So to the Achaian long-hair'd warriors clung
Hector, and slew their hindmost still in flight.

And many had fallen by the arms of Troy.
Or e'er the stakes and trench were overpass'd;
But there they rallying stood amongst their ships,
Each cheering each, and with uplifted hands
Calling on all the Gods, and praying loud.
Yet still around them circling, Hector drave
His bright-maned steeds, and his eyes seem'd as those
Of Gorgon, or of Ares, pest to men.

Whom white-arm Herè saw with pitying eye,
And to Athene thus in wingèd words:
"Can we, great child of Zeus, behold unmoved
The Danaans falling in this need extreme?
All doom'd they perish by the stormy hand,
Insufferably maddening to their deaths,
Of this one man, ev'n Hector, Priam's son:
Who hath already wreak'd them harm enow."
And azure-eyed Athene gave reply:
"Yet had he render'd up his ghost ere this,
Slain by the enemy in his own dear land,
But that our Father, with ill thoughts estranged
And wavering ever, brings my will to nought;
Nor minds him how I oft would save of old
His son beneath Eurystheus' tasks foredone:
He oft would lift a streaming eye to heaven,
And oft would Zeus thence send me to his help.
But had I boded of what happens now—
When safely to the close-barr'd gates of Hell
I led him, thence to draw from Erebus
The hound of hated Hades—ne'er had he

οὐκ ἂν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὕδατος αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα.
νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν στυγέει, Θέτιδος δ' ἐξήνυσε βουλὰς,
ἥ οἱ γούνατ' ἔκυσσε καὶ ἔλλαβε χειρὶ γενείου,
λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον.
ἔσται μὰν ὅτ' ἂν αὖτε φίλην γλαυκώπιδα εἴπῃ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νῶϊν ἐπέντυε μώνυχας ἵππους,
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ καταδῦσα Διὸς δόμον αἰγιόχοιο
τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήξομαι, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι
εἰ νῶϊ Πριάμοιο πάϊς, κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ,
γηθήσει προφανείσα ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας.
ἦ τις καὶ Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνοὺς
δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.
ἡ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους
Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θυγάτηρ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο·
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὐδει,
ποικίλον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσὶν,
ἡ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδῦσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντά.
ἐς δ' ὄχεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάζετο δ' ἔγχος
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρὸν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἡρώων, τοῖσίν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.
Ἥρη δὲ μάστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἄρ' ἵππους·
αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὧραι,
τῇς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὔλυμπός τε,
ἠμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἠδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.
τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτάων κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἴδηθεν ἐπεὶ ἴδε, χώσατ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς,
Ἶριν δ' ὦτρυνε χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν·

Repass'd the inviolate streams of deadly Styx.
But now mislikes He me, and brings to pass
The will of Thetis, who hath kiss'd his knees
And clasp'd his beard, praying him to bestow
This honour on her fierce-destroying son.
She hath her will this while ; but soon, I trow,
His blue-eyed Child shall be in grace again.
Haste therefore thou to yoke the hoovèd steeds,
Whilst I go gird me in the halls of Zeus
With armour to the battle : so to learn
If Priameian Hector will rejoice
Seeing us so made manifest in fight :
Or whether many a fallen man of Troy
Shall not sate rather with his dainty flesh
The dogs and vultures of Achaia's fleet."
She spoke ; nor white-arm Herè disobey'd,
Daughter of ancient Kronos, eldest-born ;
But went, and straight 'gan yoke the gold-trapp'd steeds.

Meantime the virgin Child of mighty Zeus
Let rippling fall upon her father's floor
The delicate robe of cunning work and fine
Which she had broider'd and had wrought upon
With her own hands, and in the stead thereof
Made fast a corslet, and to mournful war
Arm'd her in arms of cloud-compelling Zeus.
Whence to the fiery car she moved, and shook
That beamy spear—enormous—wherewithal
Whole ranks of human heroes she lays low,
If wroth with any, in her Father's might.

Then Herè with quick ardour o'er the steeds
Leant with the lash ; heaven's gates with murmur oped
Spontaneous ; there the Hours are placed in ward,
Holding Olympus and broad Heav'n in charge
To lift the cloud of darkness, or to lay.
That way and through those gates they prick'd their steeds.

But Zeus, from Ida seeing, wax'd most wroth,
And gave to gold-wing'd Iris this behest :

"Βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, πάλιν τρέπε μηδ' ἔα ἄντην
ἔρχεσθ'· οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοισόμεθα πτόλεμόνδε.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
γυιώσω μέν σφωϊν ὑφ' ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
αὐτὰς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέω κατά θ' ἅρματα ἄξω·
οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
ἕλκε' ἀπαλθήσεσθον, ἅ κεν μάρπτῃσι κεραυνός·
ὄφρ' εἰδῇ γλαυκῶπις, ὅτ' ἂν ᾧ πατρὶ μάχηται.
Ἥρῃ δ' οὔτι τόσον νεμεσίζομαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι·
αἰεὶ γάρ μοι ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κεν εἴπω."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δὲ Ἶρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον·
πρώτῃσιν δὲ πύλῃσι πολυπτύχου Οὐλύμποιο
ἀντομένη κατέρυκε, Διὸς δέ σφ' ἔννεπε μῦθον·

"Πῇ μέματον; τί σφῶϊν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἦτορ;
οὐκ ἐάᾳ Κρονίδης ἐπαμυνέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.
ὧδε γὰρ ἠπείλησε Κρόνου παῖς, ᾗ τελέει περ·
γυιώσειν μὲν σφῶϊν ὑφ' ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
αὐτὰς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέειν κατά θ' ἅρματα ἄξειν·
οὐδέ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
ἕλκε' ἀπαλθήσεσθον, ἅ κεν μάρπτῃσι κεραυνός·
[ὄφρ' εἰδῇς, γλαυκῶπις, ὅτ' ἂν σῷ πατρὶ μάχηαι.
Ἥρῃ δ' οὔτι τόσον νεμεσίζεται οὐδὲ χολοῦται·
αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἔωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κεν εἴπῃ,
ἀλλὰ σύ γ', αἰνοτάτη, κύον ἀδδεὲς, εἰ ἐτεόν γε
τολμήσεις Διὸς ἄντα πελώριον ἔγχος ἀείραι]."

Ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίην Ἥρη πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ὤ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτ' ἔγωγε
νῶϊ ἐὼ Διὸς ἄντα βροτῶν ἕνεκα πτολεμίζειν.
τῶν ἄλλος μὲν ἀποφθίσθω, ἄλλος δὲ βιώτω,
ὅς κε τύχῃ· κεῖνος δὲ τὰ ἃ φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι δικαζέτω, ὡς ἐπιεικές."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπε μώνυχας ἵππους.

"Quick, haste thee hence, and bid them, Iris, back;
Suffer not that they meet me face to face;
From such encounter honour could not be.
And let them hear, what else shall surely hap.
Under the wheels their coursers I will maim,
Dash down themselves, and shatter all their car;
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds
Wherewith my thunderbolts shall scathe them sore.
So shall the Blue-eyed Maiden rue the day
Of battle with her Father. Such my wrath
Is not with Herè; to her wont She moves,
And, whatso'er my pleasure, thwarts it still."

He spoke; and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message; quick from Ida's peak she gain'd
Olympus, and within the opening gates
Of the deep-folded mountain 'thwart their path
Took stand, and stay'd them, speaking thus from Zeus:

"Whither away! what madness in your hearts?
All help to Argos is forbid by Zeus;
Who threats,—and, an need be, fulfils the threat,—
To maim your coursers' limbs, and dash you down
Both from your seat, and shatter all your car;
Nor shall ten circling years make whole the wounds
Wherewith his thunderbolts shall scathe you sore.
So thou, O Blue-eyed Maid, shalt rue the day
Of battle with thy Father. Such his wrath
Is not with Herè; to her wont she moves
And, whatsoe'er his pleasure, thwarts it still.
Consider yet, dread Goddess: shameless aye
And fearless, wilt thou venture to uplift
Thy spear in monstrous battle with great Zeus?"

Thus Iris spoke, and vanish'd from their ken;
But Herè to Athene turn'd and said;

"Child of the Ægis-bearer best-beloved!
I would not that for mortals' sake we stand
'Gainst Zeus in single battle: as may chance,
Let one man die, and let another live,
Whilst He, as in his heart He hath devised,
Awards to either side what seemeth good."

She spoke, and turnèd round the hoovèd steeds;

τῃσιν δ' Ὧραι μὲν λῦσαν καλλίτριχας ἵππους·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέδησαν ἐπ' ἀμβροσίῃσι κάπῃσιν,
ἅρματα δ' ἔκλιναν πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα·
αὐταὶ δὲ χρυσείοισιν ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθῖζον
μίγδ' ἄλλοισι θεοῖσι, φίλον τετιημέναι ἦτορ.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἴδηθεν ἐΰτροχον ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους
Οὔλυμπόνδε δίωκε, θεῶν δ' ἐξίκετο θώκους.
τῷ δὲ καὶ ἵππους μὲν λῦσε κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος,
ἅρματα δ' ἀμ βωμοῖσι τίθει, κατὰ λῖτα πετάσσας·
αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἕζετο, τῷ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγας πελεμίζετ' Ὄλυμπος.
αἱ δ' οἶαι Διὸς ἀμφὶς Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη
ἧσθην, οὐδέ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὐδ' ἐρέοντο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔγνω ἦσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φώνησέν τε·

"Τίφθ' οὕτω τετίησθον, Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη;
οὐ μέν θην καμέτην γε μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
ὀλλῦσαι Τρῶας, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἔθεσθε.
πάντως, οἷον ἐμόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρες ἄαπτοι,
οὐκ ἄν με τρέψειαν ὅσοι θεοί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.
σφῶϊν δὲ πρίν περ τρόμος ἔλλαβε φαίδιμα γυῖα,
πρὶν πόλεμόν τ' ἰδέειν πολεμήιό τε μέρμερα ἔργα.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δέ κεν τετελεσμένον ἦεν·
οὐκ ἂν ἐφ' ὑμετέρων ὀχέων, πληγέντε κεραυνῷ,
ἂψ ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἵκεσθον, ἵν' ἀθανάτων ἕδος ἐστίν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη·
πλησίαι αἵγ' ἧσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.
ἤτοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ἦν οὐδέ τι εἶπεν,
σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρὶ, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἧρει·
Ἥρῃ δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα·

"Αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες;
εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν·
ἀλλ' ἔμπης Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητάων,
οἵ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἶτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται.
[ἀλλ' ἤτοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ', αἶ κ' σὺ κελεύεις·

The Hours unyoked, and dress'd their glossy sides,
And bound them to ambrosial mangers fast,
And leant against the glittering wall the car;
The whilst the two to golden couches moved,
With hearts indignant, through their fellow Gods.

From Ida tow'rd Olympus Father Zeus
Had turn'd meantime his steeds and gliding car,
And drave, and gain'd the senate of the Gods.
Whose steeds the mighty Ocean-God unyoked,
Moved to his props the car, and veil'd it o'er.
But He himself, the Father, took his seat
High on a golden throne, and 'neath his foot
Olympus trembled. Nathless, all in wrath,
Herè and Athenaiè sate aloof
Nor welcomed Him, nor question'd; wherefore He,
Well-knowing in his heart, address'd them thus:
"Say, Herè, wherefore sullen sit ye two
Not with the battle o'er-fatigued, I trow,
Destroying whom with deadly hate ye hate.
No, by the might that in me lies, by this
All-conquering arm, not all Olympus join'd
Can bend me from my purpose! So on you,
Ere ye had look'd upon the field of blood,
Came trembling, making quake your mailèd limbs.
But what had happen'd else, I rede ye clear;
Smit by my thunder, ye had ne'er returned
Safe on your chariot to this heavenly hill."
He spoke; whom hearing groan'd in spirit wroth
Herè and Athenaiè, where they sate
Each by the other, brooding ill to Troy.
Athene answer'd nought, but silent still
Sate, not the less indignant with her Sire,
And fierce the passion shook her.—But not so
Herè; who bridled not her rage, but spake:
"Father most dread! What falleth from thy lips?
Ourselves we know, resistless is thy might.
Yet must we mourn the gallant Danaan men
Who perish for fulfilment of this doom.
Howbeit, as thou hast bidden us, we refrain;

βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ἥτις ὀνήσει,
ὡς μὴ πάντες ὄλωνται ὀδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο.]"

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
" ἠοῦς δὴ καὶ μᾶλλον ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα
ὄψεαι, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ὀλλύντ' Ἀργείων πουλὺν στρατὸν αἰχμητάων·
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου ἀποπαύσεται ὄβριμος Ἕκτωρ,
πρὶν ὄρθαι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα.
[ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἂν οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι μάχωνται,
στείνει ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος.]
ὣς γὰρ θέσφατόν ἐστι· σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
χωομένης, οὐδ' εἴ κε τὰ νείατα πείραθ' ἵκηαι
γαίης καὶ πόντοιο, ἵν' Ἰαπετός τε Κρόνος τε
ἥμενοι οὔτ' αὐγῇς Ὑπερίονος Ἠελίοιο
τέρπονθ' οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι, βαθὺς δέ τε Τάρταρος ἀμφίς.
οὐδ' ἣν ἔνθ' ἀφίκηαι ἀλωμένη, οὐ σεῦ ἔγωγε
σκυζομένης ἀλέγω, ἐπεὶ οὐ σέο κύντερον ἄλλο."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὔτι προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη.
ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' Ὠκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο,
ἕλκον νύκτα μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν.
Τρωσὶν μέν ῥ' ἀέκουσιν ἔδυ φάος, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς
ἀσπασίη τρίλλιστος ἐπήλυθε νὺξ ἐρεβεννή.

Τρώων αὖτ' ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
νόσφι νεῶν ἀγαγὼν ποταμῷ ἔπι δινήεντι,
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος.
ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μῦθον ἄκουον,
τόν ῥ' Ἕκτωρ ἀγόρευε διίφιλος· ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ
ἔγχος ἔχ' ἐνδεκάπηχυ· πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρὸς
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης,
τῷ ὅγ' ἐρεισάμενος ἔπεα Τρώεσσι μετηύδα·

Only will we put wisdom in their hearts,
Lest all the nation perish by thy wrath."
To whom the Ruler of the clouds replied :
" Yet mayst thou on the morrow's morn behold,
My broad-brow'd Herè, if thou car'st to see,
Kroneion laying low with fiercer hand
These nations of Achaia. Nor shall cease
Hector triumphant, ere the fleetfoot Son
Of Peleus rise uproused amongst the ships,
On that dread day, when at the galleys' sterns
In direst strait above Patroclus' corpse
The hosts have met. This, this is heaven's decree ;
I reck not of thine anger. Though thou range
The parts of earth and ocean uttermost,—
There where Iäpetus and Kronos lie,
Whom never Hyperion with warm beam
Visits, nor breeze, but round about their lair
The depths of gloomy Tartar—though thou roam
Thither for aid, I reck not of thy wrath,
Than whom more unabash'd is naught create."
He ceased ; nor white-arm Herè durst reply.

Sank then in Ocean down the Sun's bright light,
Drawing night's curtain o'er the fruitful earth :
The Trojans sorrowing saw the day descend ;
But to the Achaians came the covering Night
Welcome, in answer to thrice-utter'd prayers.

Then helmèd Hector in an open space,
Where the ground show'd betwixt the corpses bare,
Above the whirling river, off the fleet
Short way removed, a council call'd of Troy.
And, each and all, they sprang from off their cars,
Hearkening the word, which Hector Zeus-beloved
Address'd them. In his hand a spear he held
Of length eleven ells ; and far the point
Before him gleam'd of brass, but, where it join'd
The staff, a golden circlet ring'd the joint.
Leaning thereon, he spoke amidst their host :
" Hearken to me, all Troy, and Troy's allies

νῦν ἐφάμην νῆάς τ' ὀλέσας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
ἂψ ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν·
ἀλλὰ πρὶν κνέφας ἦλθε, τὸ νῦν ἐσάωσε μάλιστα
Ἀργείους καὶ νῆας ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ
δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχας ἵππους
λύσαθ' ὑπὲξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δέ σφισι βάλλετ' ἐδωδήν·
ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξεσθε βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα
καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε,
σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,
ὥς κεν παννύχιοι μέσφ' ἠοῦς ἠριγενείης
καίωμεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, σέλας δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἵκῃ,
μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
φεύγειν ὁρμήσωνται ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε νεῶν ἐπιβαῖεν ἕκηλοι,
ἀλλ' ὥς τις τούτων γε βέλος καὶ οἰκοθι πέσσῃ,
βλήμενος ἢ ἰῷ ἢ ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι
νηὸς ἐπιθρώσκων, ἵνα τις στυγέῃσι καὶ ἄλλος
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα.
κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ διίφιλοι ἀγγελλόντων
παῖδας πρωθήβας πολιοκροτάφους τε γέροντας
λέξασθαι περὶ ἄστυ θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ πύργων·
θηλύτεραι δὲ γυναῖκες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἑκάστη
πῦρ μέγα καιόντων· φυλακὴ δέ τις ἔμπεδος ἔστω,
μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεόντων.
ὣδ' ἔστω, Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, ὡς ἀγορεύω·
μῦθος δ', ὃς μὲν νῦν ὑγιὴς, εἰρημένος ἔστω·
τὸν δ' ἠοῦς Τρώεσσι μεθ' ἱπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω.
εὔχομαι ἐλπόμενος Διί τ' ἄλλοισίν τε θεοῖσιν
ἐξελάαν ἐνθένδε κύνας κηρεσσιφορήτους.
[οὓς κῆρες φορέουσι μελαινάων ἐπὶ νηῶν.]
ἀλλ' ἤτοι ἐπὶ νυκτὶ φυλάξομεν ἡμέας αὐτοὺς,
πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα.
εἴσομαι εἴ κέ μ' ὁ Τυδείδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης

I thought to have destroy'd this fleet and host,
Or e'er to windswept Ilion I return'd.
But darkness first hath fallen ; darkness saves
The Argeians and their galleys on the shore.
Perforce we list the bidding of black night
And now prepare repast. Our glossy steeds
Unyoke, and throw their fodder at their feet :
Then from the city with what speed ye may
Fat sheep and oxen bring, and savoury wine
And corn from out your garners : likewise get
Fagots together, that, the livelong night
Ev'n unto misty dawn, we may maintain
Our fires enkindled, and the blaze may mount ;
Lest haply by occasion of this night
They take them o'er the sea's broad shoulders home.
Ne'er be it said that unassail'd, unscathed,
They so departed : rather, when they feel
Hereafter at their own firesides the smart
Of the old wounds we scarr'd them ere they sail'd,
Others shall see and fear, and lay to heart
That warning of the mighty men of Troy.
Now let the sacred heralds haste to bid
Th' Elders of hoary head, and youths of age
Scarce budding, to keep guard on Ilion's towers ;
Whilst every tender woman through the town
Kindles a fire. And let their watch be sure,
Lest, whilst our host encamps without the walls,
Some ambush win an entry. As I have said,
So be it, my great-hearted, this one night.
What for this moment seemeth sound is said ;
What lies beyond it I will speak at dawn.
For then, with help from Zeus and Heav'n implored,
Far hence I trust to drive these damnèd hounds,
On their black galleys hither borne by Fate.
O'er our own selves this night we therefore guard;
But at first daybreak, mailèd, all in arms,
Our battle-cry we raise against their ships,
And stablish it for ever, whether the Son
Of Tydeus be the stronger, and avails

πὰρ νηῶν πρὸς τεῖχος ἀπώσεται, ἤ κεν ἐγὼ τὸν
χαλκῷ δηώσας ἔναρα βροτόεντα φέρωμαι.
αὔριον ἦν ἀρετὴν διαείσεται, εἴ κ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος
μείνῃ ἐπερχόμενον· ἀλλ' ἐν πρώτοισιν, οἴω,
κείσεται οὐτηθείς, πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι,
ἠελίου ἀνιόντος ἐς αὔριον. εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν ὡς
εἴην ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως ἤματα πάντα,
τιοίμην δ' ὡς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων, 540
ὡς νῦν ἡμέρη ἥδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν."

Ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν.
οἱ δ' ἵππους μὲν λῦσαν ὑπὸ ζυγοῦ ἱδρώοντας,
δῆσαν δ' ἱμάντεσσι παρ' ἅρμασιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος·
ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξαντο βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα
καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζοντο
σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγοντο.
κνίσην δ' ἐκ πεδίου ἄνεμοι φέρον οὐρανὸν εἴσω.

Οἱ δὲ μέγα φρονέοντες ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
εἵατο παννύχιοι, πυρὰ δέ σφισι καίετο πολλά. 550
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἔπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ·
[ἔκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ,]
πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν·
τόσσα μεσηγὺ νεῶν ἠδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων
Τρώων καιόντων πυρὰ φαίνετο Ἰλιόθι πρό.
χίλι' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο, πὰρ δὲ ἑκάστῳ
εἵατο πεντήκοντα σέλᾳ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
ἵπποι δὲ κρῖ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας, 560
ἑσταότες παρ' ὄχεσφιν, ἐΰθρονον Ἠῶ μίμνον.

[1] The excellence of Mr. Tennyson's translation of this passage cannot but suggest comparisons unfavourable to any of his followers in the same metre. I have left my own as it was originally written, two years before

To drive me from the galleys back to Troy,
Or whether I may lay him low, and bear
My spoil and prey his blood-stain'd armour home.
Yea, by the morrow shall be tried the stuff
Of his great name, if he abides my charge.
Myself I deem that 'mongst the first shall he
Fall stricken, and around him many more,
By sunrise on the morrow. Oh, I would
An immortality of youth were mine,
Mine were Apollo's and Athene's bliss,
As surely as to Argos day brings woe!"
He spoke; to whom the Trojans gave acclaim,
And loosed their sweating horses from their yokes,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
Then from the city, with what speed they might,
Brought sheep and oxen, and sweet-savour'd wine
And corn from out their garners; likewise, gat
Fagots together; and from off the plain
The wind roll'd up a fragrant steam to heaven.

So, lifted high with hope, the whole night through
They camp'd outside upon the lines of war;
And many a blazing campfire flamed thereon.
As, when in heav'n, about the fair clear moon,
The stars rise bright, deep in a windless sky,
And every peak and promontory and grove
Stands forth, whilst to their highest the heavens break up,
A boundless empyréan; every star
Shows, and the shepherd sees with gladden'd heart;
Such and so thick in front of Ilion's towers
Midway betwixt the fleet and Xanthus' streams
The watchfires, kindled by the host of Troy.
A thousand blazed upon the plain; by each
Within the ruddy glow sate fifty men;
While by their chariots stood their steeds, and champ'd
Spelt and white barley, waiting for the Dawn [1]
Of Morning on her fair ethereal throne.

the publication of *Enoch Arden*, with the exception of the 554th line, in which I have been unable to resist the temptation of borrowing one expression from the very perfect specimen contained in that volume.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Γ'.

Πρεσβεία πρὸς Ἀχιλλέα. Λιταί.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν Τρῶες φυλακὰς ἔχον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
θεσπεσίη ἔχε φύζα, φόβου κρυόεντος ἑταίρη,
πένθεϊ δ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβολήατο πάντες ἄριστοι.
ὡς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντον ὀρίνετον ἰχθυόεντα,
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τώτε Θρῄκηθεν ἄητον,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης· ἄμυδις δέ τε κῦμα κελαινὸν
κορθύεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρὲξ ἅλα φῦκος ἔχευαν·
ὣς ἐδαΐζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄχεϊ μεγάλῳ βεβολημένος ἦτορ
φοίτα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κελεύων
κλῆδην εἰς ἀγορὴν κικλήσκειν ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,
μηδὲ βοᾶν· αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρώτοισι πονεῖτο.
ἷζον δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ τετιηότες· ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἵστατο δακρυχέων ὥστε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἥτε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ·
ὣς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων ἔπε' Ἀργείοισι μετηύδα·

Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
Ζεύς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτῃ ἐνέδησε βαρείῃ
σχέτλιος, ὃς τότε μέν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καί με κελεύει
δυσκλέα Ἄργος ἱκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὤλεσα λαόν.
οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέϊ φίλον εἶναι,

ILIAD IX.

THUS Troy maintain'd her guard ; but dread D smay
Handmaid of Panic-flight, possess'd her foes :
Whose noblest all were smitten with a grief
Insufferable. As when Boreas blows
With Zephyr, and the two together fall
Sudden from Thrace upon the fish-fill'd deep,
Black to a crest the billow swells perturb'd,
And shoreward in the gust the salt-weed flies :
Thus to their hearts were cleft Achaia's sons.

But Atreus' Son, their King, though stricken deep
With this great sorrow, moved amongst the host
Bidding the clear-toned heralds call by name
Each chieftain to a council, nor raise loud
Their voices ; and himself took part, and went
Calling the foremost, nearest to the foe.
And soon all, sad alike, in council sate ;
To whom rose Agamemnon first, and dropp'd
Hot tears, like some black-bubbling fount, that drops
Its waters in dark vein adown a cliff ;
So weeping, with deep sigh he thus began :
" Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host !
Ye see in what thick net of evil doom
Great Kronos' son hath bound me—false and cruel !
Who by his nod affirm'd his word of old
That Troy's proud towers should fall, ere I return'd ;
Yet in his purpose held this evil fraud,
Bidding me now to Argos take me back,
Ill-famed—the cause of death to thousands here !
Ev'n such, I fear me, hath become the will

ὃς δὴ πολλάων πολίων κατέλυσε κάρηνα
ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες·
φεύγωμεν σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἱρήσομεν εὐρυάγυιαν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Ἀτρεΐδη, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι,
ἦ θέμις ἐστὶν, ἄναξ, ἀγορῇ· σὺ δὲ μή τι χολωθῇς.
ἀλκὴν μέν μοι πρῶτον ὀνείδισας ἐν Δαναοῖσιν,
φὰς ἔμεν ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα
ἴσασ' Ἀργείων ἠμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες.
σοὶ δὲ διάνδιχα δῶκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω·
σκήπτρῳ μέν τοι δῶκε τετιμῆσθαι περὶ πάντων,
ἀλκὴν δ' οὔτοι δῶκεν, ὅ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
δαιμόνι', οὕτω που μάλα ἔλπεαι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
ἀπτολέμους τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλκιδας ὡς ἀγορεύεις;
εἰ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὥστε νέεσθαι,
ἔρχεο· πάρ τοι ὁδὸς, νῆες δέ τοι ἄγχι θαλάσσης
[ἑστᾶσ', αἵ τοι ἔποντο Μυκήνηθεν μάλα πολλαί].
ἀλλ' ἄλλοι μενέουσι καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
εἰσόκε περ Τροίην διαπέρσομεν. εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ,
φευγόντων σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
νῶϊ δ', ἐγὼ Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ', εἰσόκε τέκμωρ
Ἰλίου εὕρωμεν· σὺν γὰρ θεῷ εἰλήλουθμεν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαχον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετεφώνεεν ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"Τυδείδη, πέρι μὲν πολέμῳ ἔνι καρτερός ἐσσι,
καὶ βουλῇ μετὰ πάντας ὁμήλικας ἔπλευ ἄριστος·
οὔτις τοι τὸν μῦθον ὀνόσσεται, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοὶ,

Of Kronos' Son supreme, who oft hath laid,
And oft shall lay hereafter, low the heads
Of mightiest cities : mightier He than all.
Then hear me, and obey as I give word.
Let us away to our dear fatherland ;
Flee ; for broad-streeted Troy will ne'er be ours."
He spoke ; dumb-stricken by whose words they sate,
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still ;
Till thus at last made Diomed reply :
" Atrides, by the charter of free speech
In open council, as is just, O King,
I first will rise (nor be thou wroth thereat)
To oppose thee in thy folly. Thou of late
Gav'st me reproach before the Danaan host,
Styling me skulk and coward : Argives all,
Young men and old men, know how this may stand.
But thee hath crook-wiled Kronos' Son endow'd
With gifts of diverse nature from thy birth.
Thine is the sceptre of the throne supreme,
Not thine the valorous heart—the soul of power.
Oh, couldst thou deem, sweet Lord, Achaia's sons
Such skulks and cowards (it is thine own fair word)
As to accept this counsel? Flee thyself,
If thy heart prompts thee ; yonder lies the way
Open, nor far from sea the many ships
That follow'd from Mycenæ in thy train :
All else, yea whosesoever unshorn locks
Bespeak a brave Achaian, still will stay
Till Troy hath been despoil'd : or, if these list,
Sail likewise they to their dear fatherland :
Sthenelus and myself will yet remain
Alone to battle, till we find the fall
Of Ilion's towers ; with favouring Gods we came ! "
He spoke ; to whom th' Achaians gave applause,
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed ;
Till agèd Nestor next arose, and spake :
" In war, Tydides, thou excell'st thy peers
By strength of arm ; nor less of all our youth
Thou show'st in council wisest ; none will blame
Thy rede, nor speak against it through the host.

οὐδὲ πάλιν ἐρέει· ἀτὰρ οὐ τέλος ἵκεο μύθων.
ἦ μὴν καὶ νέος ἐσσι, ἐμὸς δέ κε καὶ πάϊς εἴης
ὁπλότατος γενεῇφιν· ἀτὰρ πεπνυμένα βάζεις
[Ἀργείων βασιλῆας, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες].
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐγὼν, ὃς σεῖο γεραίτερος εὔχομαι εἶναι, 60
ἐξείπω καὶ πάντα διίξομαι· οὐδέ κέ τίς μοι
μῦθον ἀτιμήσει, οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιστος ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος
ὃς πολέμου ἔραται ἐπιδημίου ὀκρυόεντος.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ
δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα· φυλακτῆρες δὲ ἕκαστοι
λεξάσθων παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός.
κούροισιν μὲν ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλομαι· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα,
Ἀτρείδη, σὺ μὲν ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ βασιλεύτατός ἐσσι.
δαίνυ δαῖτα γέρουσιν· ἔοικέ τοι, οὔτοι ἀεικές. 70
πλεῖαί τοι οἴνου κλισίαι, τὸν νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
ἠμάτιαι Θρῄκηθεν ἐπ' εὐρέα πόντον ἄγουσιν·
πᾶσά τοί ἐσθ' ὑποδεξίη, πολέεσσι δ' ἀνάσσεις.
πολλῶν δ' ἀγρομένων τῷ πείσεαι ὅς κεν ἀρίστην
βουλὴν βουλεύσῃ· μάλα δὲ χρεὼ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
ἐσθλῆς καὶ πυκινῆς, ὅτι δήϊοι ἐγγύθι νηῶν
καίουσιν πυρὰ πολλά· τίς ἂν τάδε γηθήσειεν;
νὺξ δ' ἥδ' ἠὲ διαῤῥαίσει στρατὸν ἠὲ σαώσει."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον, ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο.
ἐκ δὲ φυλακτῆρες σὺν τεύχεσιν ἐσσεύοντο 80
ἀμφί τε Νεστορίδην Θρασυμήδεα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἠδ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκάλαφον καὶ Ἰάλμενον, υἷας Ἄρηος,
ἀμφί τε Μηριόνην Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηΐπυρόν τε,
ἠδ' ἀμφὶ Κρείοντος υἱὸν, Λυκομήδεα δῖον.
ἕπτ' ἔσαν ἡγεμόνες φυλάκων, ἑκατὸν δὲ ἑκάστῳ
κοῦροι ἅμα στεῖχον, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες·

Yet hast thou left the issue still unsaid.
Young art thou; yea, to me thou might'st be son,
My youngest-born; and yet thy words are sage
And welcome in this gathering of the Kings.
Still, since in years I well may boast me more,
Let me to thy good counsel add the end;
Which not Atrides ev'n, nor any here,
Will hold in poor esteem when I have said.
Kithless and homeless, veriest outcast, he
Who amongst kindred would maintain a strife
Unnatural:—but turn we to our task;
The bidding of dark night we hear perforce
And get repasts prepared; but let the guards
Be station'd first in line beyond the wall
Along the deep-dug trench; be this consign'd
Unto the younger sort; but thou, meantime
(For thou art King and of most royal race),
Lead us, O Agamemnon, to thy tent,
And serve a banquet to the Elders there;
As fits thy station—no unseemly claim;
For in thy tents the wine, which day by day
Achaia's galleys o'er the broad-spread sea
Bring thee from Thrace; and all appurtenance
Is also thine, and numerous is thy rule.
Then, of the many gather'd there, approve
His counsel who speaks wisest: sore the need
Of counsel sage and prudent for the host;
The watch-fires of the enemy blaze secure
Near to the fleet; who but must mourn thereat?
This night will save us, or destroy us quite."

He spoke; they gladly listen'd and obey'd.
Soon to their sentries all in arms the guards
Gather'd about the captains of the watch
About prince Thrasymedes, Nestor's son,
Deïpyrus, and bold Meriones,
And Ares' two strong children, Ialmenus
And brave Ascalaphus, and Aphareus,
And Lycomedes, Kreon's noble son;
These seven were the captains; but with each
A hundred youths, long lances in their hands,

κὰδ δὲ μέσον τάφρου καὶ τείχεος ἶζον ἰόντες·
ἔνθα δὲ πῦρ κήαντο, τίθεντο δὲ δόρπα ἕκαστος.

Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ γέροντας ἀολλέας ἦγεν Ἀχαιῶν
ἐς κλισίην, παρὰ δέ σφι τίθει μενοεικέα δαῖτα.
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
τοῖς ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαίνειν ἤρχετο μῆτιν,
Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή·
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἄρξομαι, οὕνεκα πολλῶν
λαῶν ἐσσὶ ἄναξ, καί τοι Ζεὺς ἐγγυάλιξεν
σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βουλεύῃσθα.
τῷ σε χρὴ πέρι μὲν φάσθαι ἔπος ἠδ' ἐπακοῦσαι,
κρῆῆναι δὲ καὶ ἄλλῳ, ὅτ' ἄν τινα θυμὸς ἀνώγῃ
εἰπεῖν εἰς ἀγαθόν· σέο δ' ἔξεται ὅττι κεν ἄρχῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
οὐ γάρ τις νόον ἄλλος ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοήσει,
οἷον ἐγὼ νοέω, ἠμὲν πάλαι ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
ἐξέτι τοῦ ὅτε, διογενὲς, Βρισηΐδα κούρην
χωομένου Ἀχιλῆος ἔβης κλισίηθεν ἀπούρας
οὔτι καθ' ἡμέτερόν γε νόον. μάλα γάρ τοι ἔγωγε
πόλλ' ἀπεμυθεόμην· σὺ δὲ σῷ μεγαλήτορι θυμῷ
εἴξας ἄνδρα φέριστον, ὃν ἀθάνατοί περ ἔτισαν,
ἠτίμησας· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχεις γέρας. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
φραζώμεσθ' ὥς κέν μιν ἀρεσσάμενοι πεπίθωμεν
δώροισίν τ' ἀγανοῖσιν ἔπεσσί τε μειλιχίοισιν."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ γέρον, οὔτι ψεῦδος ἐμὰς ἄτας κατέλεξας.
ἀασάμην, οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι. ἀντί νυ πολλῶν

Went forth, and sate them down betwixt the trench
And rampart, lit their fires, and made repast.

The King then led the Elders to his tent
And set repast before them, sweet to taste ;
And on his dainty fare they laid their hands.

But when desire had pass'd of food and drink,
Nestor, whose rede of late had sagest shown,
Rose first again to weave a new device,
Address'd them words discreet, and spake, and said :
" Most sovran Agamemnon ! For with thee
My speech begins, O King, with thee will end :
O'er many nations thou hast rule, and high
The sceptre and the judgment-seat consign'd
By Zeus to thee, to counsel for their good :
Therefore on thee this duty lies supreme,
Whether to speak thyself, or lend thine ear
And give effect to whatsoe'er of good
Another's heart may prompt him to advise :
So shall whate'er prevaileth hang from thee.
Hear, therefore, what I urge my counsel now :
Nor better judgment could, I deem, be form'd
Than that which from the first I held, and hold,
Ev'n from the hour when, with a forceful hand,
Thou bar'st the maid Briseïs from the tent
Of Peleus' Son, and leftest him in wrath—
Not by our counsel ; I forbade the act
With much dissuasion—nathless, under sway
Of thine own haughty temper, thou durst do
To him dishonour, whom the Immortal Gods
Delight to honour most, the first of men,
Seizing his guerdon which thou still retain'st.
Now therefore let us, ev'n though late, consult
How best we may content and win him back
With grateful gifts and words atoning sweet."
And sovran Agamemnon made reply :
" Not false the count, my father, thou hast made
Of these my fell transgressions ; I have err'd
Greatly, nor I myself deny my sin.

λαῶν ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ὅν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλήσῃ·
ὡς νῦν τοῦτον ἔτισε, δάμασσε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμην φρεσὶ λευγαλέῃσι πιθήσας,
ἂψ ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
ὑμῖν δ' ἐν πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνομήνω,
ἕπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
αἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους
πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
οὔ κεν ἀλήϊος εἴη ἀνὴρ ᾧ τόσσα γένοιτο,
οὐδέ κεν ἀκτήμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
ὅσσα μοι ἠνείκαντο ἀέθλια μώνυχες ἵπποι.
δώσω δ' ἑπτὰ γυναῖκας, ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας,
Λεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Λέσβον ἐϋκτιμένην ἕλεν αὐτὸς,
ἐξελόμην, αἳ κάλλει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν.
τὰς μέν οἱ δώσω, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἣν τότ' ἀπηύρων,
κούρη Βρισῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὅρκον ὀμοῦμαι
μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μιγῆναι,
ἣ θέμις ἀνθρώπων πέλει, ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ γυναικῶν.
ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὖτε
ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἁλαπάξαι,
νῆα ἅλις χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νηησάσθω
εἰσελθὼν, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα λῆΐδ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
Τρωϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐείκοσιν αὐτὸς ἑλέσθω,
αἵ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην κάλλιστα ἔωσιν.
εἰ δέ κεν Ἄργος ἱκοίμεθ' Ἀχαιϊκὸν, οὔθαρ ἀρούρης,
γαμβρός κέν μοι ἔοι· τίσω δέ μιν ἶσον Ὀρίστῃ,
ὅς μοι τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἔνι πολλῇ.
τρεῖς δέ μοί εἰσι θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτῳ,
Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα·
τάων ἥν κ' ἐθέλῃσι φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω

The man in whom the heart of Zeus delights
Is as the host of nations in the war,
And Zeus hath honoured him, and humbled us.
But since the sin was mine, and done by me
In bitterness of heart, I fain consent
With priceless ransom to redeem it now.
Yea, let me name at full before you all
The proffer of the far-famed gifts I make:
Seven tripods yet unsullied by the fire;
Ten golden talents; twenty glowing caldrons;
Twelve horses, strong of shape and fleet of foot,
Train'd to the race, and winners on the course;
Not glebeless, not unpursed with precious gold,
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to me;
Seven women of Lesbos also I will send,
All skilled in perfect needle-craft, and chos'n
As fairest of the kind of women there,
When well-built Lesbos fell before his arm:
These will I give; and, after these, the maid,
His own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom I seized;
With oath, by aught most sacred, that with her
I ever have abstain'd, nor sought her bed
As man with woman lawfully may lie.
Let these be his forthwith; but if, hereafter,
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,
Then let him freight his bark to his heart's content
With brass and gold; and let him enter first,
Whene'er amongst us we divide the spoil.
Let twenty Trojan damsels then be his,
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.
And, further, when to Argos we return,
Earth's milkiest udder, and our native land,
Unto my daughter let him there be wed;
And I will honour him as he were mine own
Dear child Orestes, born to high estate,
And nurtured in the lap of luxury.
Three are the daughters in my halls unwed,
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis
And Iphianassa; let him of the three
Take whom he chooseth to his father's house;

πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσω
πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὔπω τις ἐῇ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρί.
ἑπτὰ δέ οἱ δώσω εὐναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,
Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἱρὴν ποιήεσσαν,
Φηράς τε ζαθέας ἠδ' Ἄνθειαν βαθύλειμον,
καλήν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγυς ἁλὸς, νέαται Πύλου ἠμαθόεντος·
ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύῤῥηνες πολυβοῦται,
οἵ κέ ἑ δωτίνῃσι θεὸν ὣς τιμήσουσιν
καί οἱ ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
ταῦτά κέ οἱ τελέσαιμι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
δμηθήτω—Ἀΐδης τοι ἀμείλιχος ἠδ' ἀδάμαστος·
τοὔνεκα καί τε βροτοῖσι θεῶν ἔχθιστος ἁπάντων—
καί μοι ὑποστήτω, ὅσσον βασιλεύτερός εἰμι
ἠδ' ὅσσον γενεῇ προγενέστερος εὔχομαι εἶναι."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"Ἀτρείδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτ' ὀνοστὰ διδοῖς Ἀχιλῆϊ ἄνακτι·
ἀλλ' ἄγετε, κλητοὺς ὀτρύνομεν, οἵ κε ταχιστα
ἔλθωσ' ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.
εἰ δ' ἄγε, τοὺς ἂν ἐγὼν ἐπιώψομαι, οἱ δὲ πιθέσθων.
Φοῖνιξ μὲν πρώτιστα διίφιλος ἡγησάσθω,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Αἴας τε μέγας καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
κηρύκων δ' Ὀδίος τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτης ἅμ' ἑπέσθων.
φέρτε δὲ χερσὶν ὕδωρ, εὐφημῆσαί τε κέλεσθε,
ὄφρα Διὶ Κρονίδῃ ἀρησόμεθ', αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."

Ὣς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ἐαδότα μῦθον ἔειπεν.
αὐτίκα κήρυκες μὲν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχευαν,
κοῦροι δὲ κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο,
νώμησαν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σπεῖσάν τ' ἔπιόν θ' ὅσον ἤθελε θυμὸς,
ὡρωῶντ' ἐκ κλισίης Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο.

Nor dower the bride; be it rather mine to add
A dowry such as never father gave.
Seven peopled cities will I then bestow,
Great Pheræ, and Aipeia's fruitful realm,
Grass-meadow'd Hirè, and Cardamylè,
The low-lying pastures of Antheia deep,
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus;
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts;
And all with men of many flocks and herds,
To grace him with their offerings like a God,
Rich toll and tribute to his sceptred sway.
All this will I perform, if he atone.
Let him yield therefore, and be turn'd from wrath;
Hades alone is unpropitiable,
Alone unyielding, and, for this same cause,
Is loathed by mortals most of all the Gods.
He well may yield to me, who am of race
More royal, and may boast me more in years."

To whom then Nestor rose again, and said:
"Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran! Gifts that none may lightly pass
Thou tenderest to this chieftain, Peleus' Son.
Quick therefore let us send chos'n envoys forth
To gain his tent with what best speed they may.
These let me name, and let them straight comply.
Phœnix, the Zeus-belovèd, be their guide;
And then be chosen Laertes' noble Son,
And giant Ajax; of the herald-train
Let Odius and Eurybates attend.
And take ye water in your hands, and bid
All hush in sacred silence, whilst we call
On father Zeus to show his mercy to us."

He spoke; whose word pleased all: and heralds soon
Pour'd water on their hands, whilst striplings crown'd
The bowls with wine, which thence the heralds gave
In cups to all by order of their rank.
When pour'd their offerings and their thirst allay'd,
Forth from the tent of Atreus' Son they went,
And agèd Nestor with them, glancing keen

τοῖσι δὲ πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
δενδίλλων ἐς ἕκαστον, Ὀδυσσῆϊ δὲ μάλιστα,
πειρᾶν ὡς πεπίθοιεν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.

Τὼ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένω γαιήοχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ
ῥηϊδίως πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο.
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπί τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην,
τὸν δ' εὗρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ.
καλῇ δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεον ζυγὸν ἦεν·
τὴν ἄρετ' ἐξ ἐνάρων, πόλιν Ἠετίωνος ὀλέσσας·
τῇ ὅγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἄειδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἐναντίος ἧστο σιωπῇ,
δέγμενος Αἰακίδην, ὁπότε λήξειεν ἀείδων.
τὼ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἡγεῖτο δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
στὰν δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο· ταφὼν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμιγγι, λιπὼν ἕδος ἔνθα θάασσεν.
ὣς δ' αὖτως Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδε φῶτας, ἀνέστη.
τὼ καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Χαίρετον· ἦ φιλοι ἄνδρες ἱκάνετον· ἦ τι μάλα χρεὼ,
οἵ μοι σκυζομένῳ περ Ἀχαιῶν φίλτατοί ἐστον."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας προτέρω ἄγε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
εἷσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν·
αἶψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·

"Μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενοιτίου υἱὲ, καθίστα·
ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιε, δέπας δ' ἔντυνον ἑκάστῳ·
οἱ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ."

Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἑταίρῳ.
αὐτὰρ ὅγε κρεῖον μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,
ἐν δ' ἄρα νῶτον ἔθηκ' ὄϊος καὶ πίονος αἰγὸς,
ἐν δὲ συὸς σιάλοιο ῥάχιν τεθαλυῖαν ἀλοιφῇ.

Into their faces, and advising still,
But most to sage Odysseus, how they best
Might seek to turn the heart of Peleus' Son.

On the full-sounding ocean's echoing shore
The two then moved, and many a vow they made
To Him who shaketh and enclaspeth Earth,
That he might render open to their prayer
The mighty spirit of Æacides.
They gain'd the Myrmidonian camp and fleet ;
And found him, soothing with a high-toned lute
His spirit—with that lute of lovely work,
Enamell'd, with a silver bridge full-string'd,
Which then when he destroy'd Eëtion's towers
He took from out the spoil ;—with this he sate,
Singing, and lays of heroes were his song.
With him, alone and silent, face to face,
Waiting until his lord should cease from song,
Patroclus sate ; till of the band the two
(Divine Odysseus leading) came in front
And stood before him ; to his feet amazed
And harp in hand Achilles sprang, and left
The seat whereon he sate : so too uprose
Patroclus, when he turn'd and saw them there :
Whom thus in welcome warm the chief address'd :
"Most welcome, ye my friends ; some heavy need
Hath brought you hither ; and, whate'er my wrath
Tow'rd others, you I hold my dearest still."
Speaking, the heavenly hero led them in
First of their train, and placed them on their seats
Cushion'd with purple rugs ; then quickly turn'd
And thus address'd Patroclus at his side :
"Set forth a larger bowl, Menœtius' Son,
And mix a sparkling wine, and place their cups
To these my dearest friends beneath my roof."
He spoke ; Patroclus to his loved Lord's word
Placed a huge fleshpot in the firelight clear,
Wherein the saddles of a sheep and goat
And well-fed boar's fat glistening chine he threw :
Automedon then held it to his Lord

τῷ δ' ἔχεν Αὐτομέδων, τάμνεν δ' ἄρα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ μίστυλλε καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειρεν,
πῦρ δὲ Μενοιτιάδης δαῖεν μέγα, ἰσόθεος φώς.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη καὶ φλὸξ ἐμαράνθη,
ἀνθρακιὴν στορέσας ὀβελοὺς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσεν,
πάσσε δ' ἁλὸς θείοιο, κρατευτάων ἐπαείρας.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ὤπτησε καὶ εἰν ἐλεοῖσιν ἔχευεν,
Πάτροκλος μὲν σῖτον ἐλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ
καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν, ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
αὐτὸς δ' ἀντίον ἷζεν Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέροιο, θεοῖσι δὲ θῦσαι ἀνώγει
Πάτροκλον, ὃν ἑταῖρον· ὁ δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλάς
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
νεῦσ' Αἴας Φοίνικι. νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
πλησάμενος δ' οἴνοιο δέπας δείδεκτ' Ἀχιλῆα·

"Χαῖρ', Ἀχιλεῦ· δαιτὸς μὲν ἐΐσης οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς,
ἠμὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο
ἠδὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε νῦν· πάρα γὰρ μενοεικέα πολλὰ
δαίνυσθ'· ἀλλ' οὐ δαιτὸς ἐπηράτου ἔργα μέμηλεν,
ἀλλὰ λίην μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφὲς, εἰσορόωντες
δειδιμεν· ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σαωσέμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους, εἰ μὴ σύγε δύσεαι ἀλκήν.
ἐγγὺς γὰρ νηῶν καὶ τείχεος αὐλιν ἔθεντο
Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
κηάμενοι πυρὰ πολλὰ κατὰ στρατὸν, οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν
σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσι μελαίνῃσιν πεσέεσθαι.
Ζεὺς δέ σφι Κρονίδης ἐνδέξια σήματα φαίνων
ἀστράπτει· Ἕκτωρ δὲ μέγα σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων
μαίνεται ἐκπάγλως, πίσυνος Διὶ, οὐδέ τι τίει
ἄνερας οὐδὲ θεούς· κρατερὴ δέ ἑ λύσσα δέδυκεν.

Achilles, who himself sliced up the meat.
He sliced it fine and pierced it on the spits,
The while the godlike prince Menœtius' Son
Made burn the fire, until the flames fell down
And the blaze faded; then he levell'd flat
The embers, and above them stretch'd the spits,
Raising them on their racks, and sprinkling salt.
When all was roasted and on platters placed,
Patroclus took and set upon the board
The bread in woven baskets; but the meats
With his own hand Achilles parted out;
Who, by the inner wall then taking seat
Facing divine Odysseus, bade his friend
Patroclus make the offerings to the Gods:
Patroclus cast the offerings on the fire;
And on the dainty fare they laid their hands.

When all desire had pass'd of food and drink,
First Ajax beck'd to Phœnix; but the sign
Was caught by brave Odysseus, who brimm'd high
His cup with wine, and pledged their host, and spake:
"This cup to thee, Achilles! Nor, in sooth,
Now here, nor in the tent of Atreus' Son,
Is worthy banquet wanting; much is spread
That well might tempt the taste. But oh, not now
Are pleasant feastings in our thoughts at all:
Too great the fear upon us, looking forth,
O Zeus-born, and beholding our distress;
Unless thou gird thee in thy matchless might,
We know not if we save or lose the ships.
For hard on ships and rampart now encamp'd
Lie the haught Trojans and their famed allies;
They light their fires by hundreds on the plain,
And vaunt that none may stay them, ere they fall
Full on our well-bench'd galleys; Zeus himself
Shoots down his lightnings favouring them from heaven;
And Hector like some madman in his strength
Rages insensate, trusting all to Zeus,
Of God or man regardless, fiendlike, fill'd

ἀρᾶται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἠῶ δῖαν·
στεῦται γὰρ νηῶν ἀποκόψειν ἄκρα κόρυμβα
αὐτάς τ' ἐμπρήσειν μαλεροῦ πυρὸς, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
δηώσειν παρὰ τῆσιν, ὀρινομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.
ταῦτ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα κατὰ φρένα, μή οἱ ἀπειλὰς
ἐκτελέσωσι θεοὶ, ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ αἶσιμον εἴη
φθίσθαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐκὰς Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄνα, εἰ μέμονάς γε καὶ ὀψέ περ υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
τειρομένους ἐρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.
αὐτῷ σοὶ μετόπισθ' ἄχος ἔσσεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος
ῥεχθέντος κακοῦ ἔστ' ἄκος εὑρεῖν· ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
φράζευ ὅπως Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξήσεις κακὸν ἦμαρ.
ὦ πέπον, ἦ μὲν σοίγε πατὴρ ἐπετέλλετο Πηλεὺς
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·
'τέκνον ἐμὸν, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη
δώσουσ', αἴ κ' ἐθέλωσι, σὺ δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν
ἴσχειν ἐν στήθεσσι· φιλοφροσύνη γὰρ ἀμείνων·
ληγέμεναι δ' ἔριδος κακομηχάνου, ὄφρα σε μᾶλλον
τίωσ' Ἀργείων ἠμὲν νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες.'
ὣς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεαι. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
παύε', ἔα δὲ χόλον θυμαλγέα· σοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἄξια δῶρα δίδωσι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
εἰ δὲ, σὺ μέν μευ ἄκουσον, ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι καταλέξω
ὅσσα τοι ἐν κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῶρ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἕπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
εἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας εἰκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους
πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἳ ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
οὔ κεν ἀλήϊος εἴη ἀνὴρ ᾧ τόσσα γένοιτο,
οὐδέ κεν ἀκτήμων ἐριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
ὅσσ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἵπποι ἀέθλια ποσσὶν ἄροντο.
δώσει δ' ἑπτὰ γυναῖκας, ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας,
Λεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Λέσβον ἐϋκτιμένην ἕλες αὐτὸς,

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With a fell frenzy ; that on Dawn he cries
To haste her rising, since his heart is set
To lop sheer off our high-built sterns, and wrap
In fiery flames the galleys, and destroy
Amongst them in the smoke the crews distraught.
And verily in my inmost heart I dread
The Gods will bring these threatenings all to pass,
Dooming to us to perish here in Troy
Far from our homes in Argos. Oh then rise !
Surely thyself desirest, in this sore need,
Though late, to save thy country ! Else, be sure,
Bitter hereafter will thy sorrow be,
When all is past ; past evil hath no cure.
Now therefore, whilst time serves, resolve how best
To save the Danaans from this evil hour.

" Ah friend ! Thy father Peleus, on the day
He sent thee forth from Phthia to the King,
Oft charged thee thus : '*My child, if so they will,*
'*Pallas and Herè may vouchsafe thee strength ;*
'*But keep the high, haught spirit in thy breast*
'*Well-govern'd : kindness is the better part,*
'*To cease from evil rancour ; and the host,*
'*Both young and old, shall honour thee the more.*'
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st.
Yet is there time ; be still'd ; and let this wrath,
This spirit-wasting passion, clean away !
Gifts worthy all acceptance Atreus' Son
Now proffers, if thine anger be allay'd :
Hear me, and I will tell the tale of all
Atrides tender'd in his tent but now :
Seven tripods yet unsullied by the fire ;
Ten golden talents ; twenty glowing caldrons ;
Twelve horses, strong of shape and fleet of foot,
Train'd to the race, and winners on the course ;
Not glebeless, not unpursed with precious gold,
Who own'd but what these steeds have won to him ;
Seven women of Lesbos also he will send,
All skill'd in perfect needle-craft, and chos'n

ἐξέλεθ', αἳ τότε κάλλει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν.
τὰς μέν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἣν τότ' ἀπηύρα
κούρη Βρισῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὅρκον ὀμεῖται
μήποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μιγῆναι,
ἣ θέμις ἐστὶν, ἄναξ, ἅτ' ἀνδρῶν ἤτε γυναικῶν.
ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ κεν αὖτε
ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δώωσ' ἀλαπάξαι,
νῆα ἅλις χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νηήσασθαι
εἰσελθὼν, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα λῆϊδ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
Τρωϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐείκοσιν αὐτὸς ἑλέσθαι,
αἵ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἑλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν.
εἰ δέ κεν Ἄργος ἱκοίμεθ' Ἀχαιϊκὸν, οὔθαρ ἀρούρης,
γαμβρός κέν οἱ ἔοις· τίσει δέ σε ἶσον Ὀρέστῃ,
ὅς οἱ τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλίῃ ἔνι πολλῇ.
τρεῖς δέ οἱ εἰσι θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτῳ,
Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα·
τάων ἣν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἄγεσθαι
πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσει
πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσ' οὔπω τις ἐῇ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρί.
ἑπτὰ δέ τοι δώσει εὐναιόμενα πτολίεθρα,
Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἱρὴν ποιήεσσαν,
Φηράς τε ζαθέας ἠδ' Ἄνθειαν βαθύλειμον,
καλήν τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἁλὸς, νέαται Πύλου ἠμαθόεντος·
ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύῤῥηνες πολυβοῦται,
οἵ κέ σε δωτίνῃσι θεὸν ὣς τιμήσουσιν
καί τοι ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
ταῦτά κε τοι τελέσειε μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
εἰ δέ τοι Ἀτρείδης μὲν ἀπήχθετο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
αὐτὸς καὶ τοῦ δῶρα, σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιοὺς
τειρομένους ἐλέαιρε κατὰ στρατὸν, οἵ σε θεὸν ὣς

As fairest of the kind of women there,
When well-built Lesbos fell before thy arm :
These will he send ; and, after these, the maid,
Thine own, ev'n Briseus' Daughter, whom he seized ;
With oath, by aught most sacred, that with her
He ever hath abstain'd, nor sought her bed
As man with woman lawfully may lie.
These shall be thine forthwith ; but, if, hereafter,
The Gods vouchsafe to us the sack of Troy,
Then mayst thou freight thy bark to thy heart's content
With brass and gold ; and enter thou the first,
Whene'er amongst us we divide the spoil.
Be twenty Trojan damsels then thine own,
Helen alone excepted, fairest there.
And, further, when to Argos we return,
Earth's milkiest udder, and our native land,
Unto his daughter there be wed, and he
Will honour thee as if thou wert his own
Dear child Orestes, born to high estate,
And nurtured in the lap of luxury.
Three are the daughters in his halls unwed,
Laodice and fair Chrysothemis
And Iphianassa ; take thou of the three
Home to thy father Peleus whom thou list ;
Nor dower the bride ; be it rather his to add
Rich dowry such as never father gave.
Seven peopled cities will he then bestow ;
Great Pheræ, and Aipeia's fruitful realm,
Grass-meadow'd Hirè, and Cardamylè,
The low-lying pastures of Antheia's vale,
And Enopè, and vine-clad Pedasus ;
All on the coast by sandy Pylos' skirts ;
And all with men of many flocks and herds,
To grace thee with their offerings like a God,
Rich toll and tribute to thy sceptred sway.
All this will he perform, so thou atone.

" And though Atrides be too deeply loathed,
He and his gifts alike, yet show some ruth
On all the other sufferers through this host :

τίσουσ'· ἦ γάρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἄροιο.
νῦν γάρ χ' Ἕκτορ' ἕλοις, ἐπεὶ ἂν μάλα τοι σχεδὸν ἔλθοι
λύσσαν ἔχων ὀλοὴν, ἐπεὶ οὔτινά φησιν ὁμοῖον
οἳ ἔμεναι Δαναῶν, οὓς ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
χρὴ μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποειπεῖν,
ἦπερ δὴ φρονέω τε καὶ ὡς τετελεσμένον ἔσται,
ὡς μή μοι τρύζητε παρήμενοι ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος.
ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν
ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα·
οὔτ' ἔμεγ' Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα πεισέμεν οἴω
οὔτ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
μάρνασθαι δηΐοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμὲς αἰεί.
ἴση μοῖρα μένοντι, καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζοι·
ἐν δὲ ἰῇ τιμῇ ἠμὲν κακὸς ἠδὲ καὶ ἐσθλός·
κάτθαν' ὁμῶς ὅ τ' ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ ὅ τε πολλὰ ἐοργώς.
οὐδέ τί μοι περίκειται, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ,
αἰὲν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενος πολεμίζειν.
ὡς δ' ὄρνις ἀπτῆσι νεοσσοῖσι προφέρῃσιν
μάστακ', ἐπεί κε λάβῃσι, κακῶς δ' ἄρα οἱ πέλει αὐτῇ,
ὣς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλὰς μὲν ἀΰπνους νύκτας ἴαυον,
ἤματα δ' αἱματόεντα διέπρησσον πολεμίζων,
ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενος ὀάρων ἕνεκα σφετεράων.
δώδεκα δὴ σὺν νηυσὶ πόλεις ἀλάπαξ' ἀνθρώπων,
πεζὸς δ' ἔνδεκά φημι κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον·
τάων ἐκ πασέων κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ
ἐξελόμην, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνονι δόσκον
Ἀτρείδῃ· ὁ δ' ὄπισθε μένων παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν

With honour would they grace thee like a God,
And a great glory amongst them might be thine :
For Hector ventures nearer now, and him
In this fell frenzy thou mightst take and slay,
Ev'n while he vaunts, no Danaan is his peer,
Of all aboard the galleys brought to Troy."

But thus the fleetfoot hero made reply ;
" Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Though 'twere only from henceforth
To save this fretful murmur at my ears,
One after other troubling, so 'twere best
So things shall be fulfill'd, as I resolve.
Ev'n as I feel, and as shall come to pass.
Who saith one thing with other in his heart,
I hate him as I hate the gates of Hell ;
And I will utter freely what I feel.
Neither will Agamemnon Atreus' son
Nor any Danaan win me over now ;
For when I battled without rest or pause
Against their foes, they render'd me no grace.
Like shares to all—the lingerer in the camp
And him who fought his utmost ; best and worst
Stood in one estimation ; cravens vile
And men most staunch show'd equal in their deaths.
Not though I suffer'd greatly for his cause
And to the death oft jeopardied my life,
Was aught of honour render'd. As a bird
Home to her callow nestlings bearing crumbs,
Pick'd whence she may, and at her own sore cost ;
So nights of sleeplessness and days of blood
I sweated through— for *their* dear darlings' sake !
Twelve cities on the isles, and twelve save one
I count in Troy's rich region sack'd by me :
Whence many and rich the heirlooms I despoil'd
And bore away and laid before the feet
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King :
And graciously he took them, where he lagg'd
Behind amongst his galleys, meting out

δεξάμενος διὰ παῦρα δασάσκετο, πολλὰ δ' ἔχεσκεν.
ἄλλα δ' ἀριστήεσσι δίδου γέρα καὶ βασιλεῦσιν·
τοῖσι μὲν ἔμπεδα κεῖται, ἐμεῦ δ' ἀπὸ μούνου Ἀχαιῶν
εἵλετ', ἔχει δ' ἄλοχον θυμαρέα· τῇ παριαύων
τερπέσθω. τί δὲ δεῖ πολεμιζέμεναι Τρώεσσιν
Ἀργείους; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ἀγείρας
Ἀτρείδης; ἦ οὐχ Ἑλένης ἕνεκ' ἠϋκόμοιο;
ἦ μοῦνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων 340
Ἀτρεῖδαι; ἐπεὶ ὅστις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων,
τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται, ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν
ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον, δουρικτητήν περ ἐοῦσαν.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἵλετο καί μ' ἀπάτησεν,
μή μευ πειράτω εὖ εἰδότος· οὐδέ με πείσει,
ἀλλ', Ὀδυσεῦ, σὺν σοί τε καὶ ἄλλοισιν βασιλεῦσιν
φραζέσθω νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήϊον πῦρ.
ἦ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμεῖο,
καὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἔδειμε, καὶ ἤλασε τάφρον ἐπ' αὐτῷ
εὐρεῖαν, μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξεν· 350
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς δύναται σθένος Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
ἴσχειν. ὄφρα δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον,
οὐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχεος ὀρνύμεν Ἕκτωρ,
ἀλλ' ὅσον ἐς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκανεν·
ἔνθα ποτ' οἶον ἔμιμνε, μόγις δέ μευ ἔκφυγεν ὁρμήν
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
αὔριον ἱρὰ Διὶ ῥέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,
νηήσας εὖ νῆας, ἐπὴν ἅλαδε προερύσσω,
ὄψεαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃσθα καὶ αἴ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλῃ,

Some petty portions, but retaining more.
The other chiefs and princes through the host
May hold their guerdons—such as he vouchsafed ;
From me alone of all Achaians here
Hath he torn mine, my wife, my very wife—
And now lies with her—let him joy his fill !

"Yet for a moment ponder why we came,
Why are we here, why Argos wars with Troy,
Why hath Atrides gather'd this array ;
For whom save Helen? And are Atreus' Sons
So singular in this particular
O' the love they bear their wives? All honest hearts,
All that retain one pulse that beats true man,
Cherish and love a woman ; ev'n as I
Loved *her* from the very bottom of my heart,
Slave though she was and captive of my spear ;
Yet her he tore away. And dares he now
Entreat me? Nay, he hath beguiled me once ;
I read him through and through ; 'tis waste of breath.

" Rather, Odysseus, let him take sage thought,
With thee and his other royal counsellors,
To stem this fiery ruin from the fleet.
Much good without me hath he brought to pass ;
A rampart, and a trench before it dug,
And in the trench a fence of planted stakes ;
Yet not for all these doughty deeds is stay'd
The slaughterous sweep of Hector's sword : who, erst,
In days when I would battle for the cause,
Ne'er dared advance beyond the city's wall,
Once to the Scæan gates and beech-tree came,
Once bode my charge, and scarce redeem'd his life.

" But now I seek not noble Hector more,
Nor will I battle further ; but at dawn
To-morrow will perform my vows to heaven,
And freight my galleys full, and launch them forth.
And thou shalt see, if thou vouchsafe to look—
If these things be indeed thy care at all—

ἦρι μάλ' Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα πλεούσας
νῆας ἐμὰς, ἐν δ' ἄνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαῶτας·
εἰ δέ κεν εὐπλοίην δώῃ κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος,
ἤματί κε τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἱκοίμην.
ἔστι δέ μοι μάλα πολλὰ, τὰ κάλλιπον ἐνθάδε ἐλθών·
ἄλλον δ' ἐνθένδε χρυσὸν καὶ χαλκὸν ἐρυθρὸν
ἠδὲ γυναῖκας ἐϋζώνους πολιόν τε σίδηρον
ἄξομαι, ἅσσ' ἔλαχόν γε· γέρας δέ μοι, ὅσπερ ἔδωκεν,
αὖτις ἐφυβρίζων ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρείδης.—τῷ πάντ' ἀγορευέμεν, ὡς ἐπιτέλλω,
ἀμφαδὸν, ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐπισκύζωνται Ἀχαιοὶ,
εἴ τινά που Δαναῶν ἔτι ἔλπεται ἐξαπατήσειν,
αἰὲν ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένος·—οὐδ' ἂν ἔμοιγε
τετληίη, κύνεός περ ἐὼν, εἰς ὦπα ἰδέσθαι·
οὐδέ τί οἱ βουλὰς συμφράσσομαι, οὐδὲ μὲν ἔργον·
ἐκ γὰρ δή μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλιτεν· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτ' αὖτις
ἐξαπάφοιτ' ἐπέεσσιν· ἅλις δέ οἱ. ἀλλὰ ἕκηλος
ἐρρέτω· ἐκ γὰρ εὖ φρένας εἵλετο μητίετα Ζεύς.
ἐχθρὰ δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα, τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρὸς αἴσῃ.
οὐδ' εἴ μοι δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσάκις τόσα δοίη
ὅσσα τέ οἱ νῦν ἐστὶ, καὶ εἴ ποθεν ἄλλα γένοιτο,
οὐδ' ὅσ' ἐς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσσεται, οὐδ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,
αἵθ' ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἀν' ἑκάστην
ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·
οὐδ' εἴ μοι τόσα δοίη ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε,
οὐδέ κεν ὣς ἔτι θυμὸν ἐμὸν πείσει' Ἀγαμέμνων,
πρίν γ' ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἐμοὶ δόμεναι θυμαλγέα λώβην.

My sails full-set at daybreak, and my crews
Straining across the Hellespont to home.
Let a fair passage be vouchsafed by Him,
Who shaketh in the ocean's clasp the earth,
And the third day I gain the Phthian coast.
There, ere on this cursed errand I began,
I left much wealth, and thither shall convey
Much also hence, the gold and ruddy brass,
The well-girt women, and the iron hoar,
All that hath fall'n my portion by the lot ;
But my chief guerdon, my most cherish'd prize,
Hath Agamemnon, Atreus' son, this King,
Himself who gave it, seized again, and wrought
Outrage upon me. Wherefore tell him all,
Ev'n in my own words, and in public place,
That others too may chafe against his craft,
Forewarn'd, if haply he be plotting there,
Cloak'd in the shamelessness he ever wears,
Some Danaans more to cozen : in *my* face,
Dog though he be, he would not dare to look !

" I will not share his counsel nor his works :
He hath deceived and wrong'd me once ; again
He shall not with these glozing words : enough—
And let him to his ruin clear of me !
Zeus hath bereft him of his better sense.

" Nor less I loathe his gifts, and hold them all
I' the value of a hair : not though he gave
Ten—twenty-fold of what he tenders now ;
All treasured in his garners, with whate'er
From others might be gather'd ; all that flows
Into Orchomenus, or Ægyptian Thebes,
Where are the greatest treasures under heaven—
Where are the hundred gates, and through each gate,
Chariots and steeds two hundred pass to war—
Not though his gifts were as the sand o' the sea
Or dust o' the earth for multitude, would so
My heart be won, ere he hath paid me all
My sufferings—sorrow for sorrow, wrong for wrong !

κούρην δ' οὐ γαμέω 'Αγαμέμνονος 'Ατρείδαο,
οὐδ' εἰ χρυσείῃ 'Αφροδίτῃ κάλλος ἐρίζοι,
ἔργα δ' 'Αθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι ἰσοφαρίζοι·
οὐδέ μιν ὣς γαμέω· ὁ δ' 'Αχαιῶν ἄλλον ἑλέσθω,
ὅστις οἱ τ' ἐπέοικε καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτερός ἐστιν.
ἦν γὰρ δή με σόωσι θεοὶ καὶ οἴκαδ' ἵκωμαι,
Πηλεύς θήν μοι ἔπειτα γυναῖκα γαμέσσεται αὐτός.
πολλαὶ 'Αχαιΐδες εἰσὶν ἀν' 'Ελλάδα τε Φθίην τε,
κοῦραι ἀριστήων, οἵτε πτολίεθρα ῥύονται·
τάων ἥν κ' ἐθέλωμι φίλην ποιήσομ' ἄκοιτιν.
ἔνθα δέ μοι μάλα πολλὸν ἐπέσσυτο θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
γήμαντι μνηστὴν ἄλοχον, εἰκυῖαν ἄκοιτιν,
κτήμασι τέρπεσθαι τὰ γέρων ἐκτήσατο Πηλεύς·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον οὐδ' ὅσα φασὶν
Ἴλιον ἐκτῆσθαι, εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον,
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας 'Αχαιῶν,
οὐδ' ὅσα λάϊνος οὐδὸς ἀφήτορος ἐντὸς ἐέργει,
Φοίβου 'Απόλλωνος, Πυθοῖ ἔνι πετρηέσσῃ.
λῃϊστοὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες καὶ ἴφια μῆλα,
κτητοὶ δὲ τρίποδές τε καὶ ἵππων ξανθὰ κάρηνα·
ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθεῖν οὔτε λεϊστὴ
οὔθ' ἑλετή, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἕρκος ὀδόντων.
μήτηρ γάρ τέ μέ φησι θεὰ, Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα,
διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε.
εἰ μέν κ' αὖθι μένων Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,
ὤλετο μέν μοι νόστος, ἀτὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται·
εἰ δέ κεν οἴκαδ' ἵκωμι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
ὤλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλόν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δέ μοι αἰὼν
ἔσσεται, οὐδέ κέ μ' ὦκα τέλος θανάτοιο κιχείη.
καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δήετε τέκμωρ
Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἔθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
χεῖρα ἑὴν ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν ἰόντες ἀριστήεσσιν 'Αχαιῶν
ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε—τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ γερόντων—

" Nor would I wed a daughter of his house,
Not though she were as Aphrodite fair.
Or as Athene for her needle's craft ;
Not then would I accept her. Let him turn
Elsewhere his eyes and find some kinglier mate !
For let the gods preserve me to my home
My marriage there full easily were made ;
Daughters of warden-chieftains in the towns
Of Hellas and rich Phthia, many a maid
May yet be found, and unto any of these
Peleus may soon espouse me, if I list.

" And this hath now become mine own desire—
To marry some fit mate, and with her rest,
And have enjoyment of my father's wealth.
For what outvalueth life? Not all the store
Fabled in full-throng'd Ilion, in the peace
That was, before Achaia's sons had come ;
Nor all in rock-bound Pytho, held within
The marble threshold of the Archer-God.
For raid may win fat beeves and sheep, and wealth
Large tripods, and the crests of chestnut steeds ;
But, when the breath of man hath once gone forth,
No raid, no wealth can e'er constrain it back.
And of my fate my mother Thetis tells
(Thetis the silver-footed Nymph divine)
Two threads conduct me to the bourne of death :
If I remain and battle on with Troy,
Hope of return must perish, but my name
Shall live for ever ; if I get me hence
And reach mine own dear fatherland again,
My name shall perish, but my life be long,
Nor death o'ertake me with an early end.
But I would give you all the like advice,
To sail off home ; since never shall ye see
The fall of Ilion. Zeus hath stretch'd his arm
To save her, and her nation's heart throbs high.

" Return ye then to those who sent you ; speak
Plainly (as age hath privilege of speech),

ὄφρ' ἄλλην φράζωνται ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆτιν ἀμείνω,
ἢ κέ σφιν νῆάς τε σόῳ καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι, ἐπεὶ οὔ σφισιν ἥδε γ' ἑτοίμη,
ἣν νῦν ἐφράσσαντο, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνίσαντος.
Φοίνιξ δ' αὖθι παρ' ἄμμι μένων κατακοιμηθήτω.
ὄφρα μοι ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἵπηται
αὔριον, ἢν ἐθέλῃσιν· ἀνάγκῃ δ' οὔτι μιν ἄξω."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ 430
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀπέειπεν.
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Φοίνιξ
δάκρυ' ἀναπρήσας· περὶ γὰρ δίε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν·

"Εἰ μὲν δὴ νόστον γε μετὰ φρεσί, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
βάλλεαι, οὐδέ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνειν νηυσὶ θοῇσιν
πῦρ ἐθέλεις ἀΐδηλον, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,
πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σεῖο, φίλον τέκος, αὖθι λιποίμην
οἷος; σοὶ δέ μ' ἔπεμπε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν
νήπιον, οὔπω εἰδόθ' ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο 440
οὐδ' ἀγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσιν.
τοὔνεκά με προέηκε διδασκέμεναί τάδε πάντα,
μύθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρά τε ἔργων.
ὡς ἂν ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ σεῖο, φίλον τέκος, οὐκ ἐθέλοιμι
λείπεσθ', οὐδ' εἴ κέν μοι ὑποσταίη θεὸς αὐτὸς,
γῆρας ἀποξύσας, θήσειν νέον ἠβώοντα,
οἷον ὅτε πρῶτον λίπον Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
φεύγων νείκεα πατρὸς Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο,
ὅς μοι παλλακίδος περιχώσατο καλλικόμοιο,
τὴν αὐτὸς φιλέεσκεν, ἀτιμάζεσκε δ' ἄκοιτιν, 450
μητέρ' ἐμήν· ἡ δ' αἰὲν ἐμὲ λισσέσκετο γούνων
παλλακίδι προμιγῆναι, ἵν' ἐχθήρειε γέροντα.
τῇ πιθόμην καὶ ἔρεξα· πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς αὐτίκ' ὀΐσθεὶς
πολλὰ κατηρᾶτο, στυγερὰς δ' ἐπεκέκλετ' Ἐρινῦς,

And word for word, this message to the chiefs;
So may they set themselves to seek and find
Some likelier counsel to preserve their fleet
And the brave host aboard it; this, in sooth,
Hath had no issue, wherewithal they plann'd
To cheat mine anger. Yet let Phœnix stay
This night, and sail with us to-morrow home,
If so he will—but unconstrain'd of me."

He ended; all awhile in silence sate,
Awed, for most vehemently fell his words;
Till Phœnix thus at length, the aged chief,
Made answer: tears were gushing from his eyes;
So much he dreaded for his country's fleet:

"If of a truth, thou star of men, thy heart
Is altogether set on this return,
And if thou utterly refuse to save
Achaia's galleys from these threatening fires,
Yet how, dear child, may I be left by thee
Forlorn behind? To whom thy father old,
The warrior Peleus,—when he sent thee forth
From Phthia to Agamemnon with this host,
(Then still a babe to life, and quite untaught
In ways of men, in heady fight not less
Than greater glories through the council won)—
Sent me to teach thee all these things, that thou
Might'st grow alike in action and in speech.
Wherefore, dear child, I would not part from thee,
Not though a God should promise me to strip
This slough of age and set me forth to sight
A blooming youth, such as I was, when first
I fled from that fair garden of the fair,
Hellas, and from my father's fell despight;
Ev'n from Amyntor, son of Ormenus,
Then wroth with me for the fair leman's sake
Of whom enamour'd he had wrong'd his wife
My mother: wherefore she implored me oft
To win the harlot first to my embrace,
That from my father she might turn away.
Whose prayer I hearken'd and whose will perform'd.
But he, perceiving soon, call'd down a curse

μήποτε γούνασιν οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν,
ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέλειον ἐπαρὰς,
Ζεύς τε καταχθόνιος καὶ ἐπαινὴ Περσεφόνεια.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βούλευσα κατακτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
ἀλλά τις ἀθανάτων παῦσεν χόλον, ὅς ῥ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
δήμου θῆκε φάτιν καὶ ὀνείδεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων,
ὡς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν καλεοίμην.
ἔνθ' ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς
πατρὸς χωομένοιο κατὰ μέγαρα στρωφᾶσθαι.
ἦ μὲν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοὶ ἀμφὶς ἐόντες
αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτυον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς
ἔσφαζον, πολλοὶ δὲ σύες θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ
εὑόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἡφαίστοιο,
πολλὸν δ' ἐκ κεράμων μέθυ πίνετο τοῖο γέροντος.
εἰνάνυχες δέ μοι ἀμφ' αὐτῷ παρὰ νύκτας ἴαυον·
οἱ μὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακὰς ἔχον, οὐδέ ποτ' ἔσβη
πῦρ, ἕτερον μὲν ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ εὐερκέος αὐλῆς,
ἄλλο δ' ἐνὶ προδόμῳ, πρόσθεν θαλάμοιο θυράων.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη μοι ἐπήλυθε νὺξ ἐρεβεννὴ,
καὶ τότ' ἐγὼ θαλάμοιο θύρας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας
ῥήξας ἐξῆλθον, καὶ ὑπέρθορον ἑρκίον αὐλῆς
ῥεῖα, λαθὼν φύλακάς τ' ἄνδρας δμωάς τε γυναῖκας.
φεῦγον ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δι' Ἑλλάδος εὐρυχόροιο,
Φθίην δ' ἐξικόμην ἐριβώλακα, μητέρα μήλων,
ἐς Πηλῆα ἄναχθ'· ὁ δέ με πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο,
καί με φίλησ' ὡσεί τε πατὴρ ὃν παῖδα φιλήσῃ
μοῦνον τηλύγετον πολλοῖσιν ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσιν,
καί μ' ἀφνειὸν ἔθηκε, πολὺν δέ μοι ὤπασε λαόν·
ναῖον δ' ἐσχατιὴν Φθίης, Δολόπεσσιν ἀνάσσων.

Upon me, and invoked the Furies fell
Thereto, that never should he set a child,
As of my loins begotten, on his knee.
The Gods, ev'n Zeus who rules the nether world,
And dread Persephone, fulfill'd the curse.
And in mine anger I had plann'd to slay him ;
But some one of Immortals stay'd my hand,
Putting into my heart the say o' the world,
All the reproaches wherewith men would dog
My name for ever after, were I known
The murderer of my father in the land.
Nathless I could not bow myself to bide
At home and daily in my father's face
Brooking his anger ; not though kith and kin
Press'd round me and besought me to remain,
Killing fat sheep by hundreds for the feast,
And crumpled-hornèd oxen slow of pace,
Or singeing broad athwart Hephæstus' fires
Whole boars outstretch'd and glistening in their fat,
Or draining the old chieftain's jars of wine.
Nine long nights through they watch'd around me thus,
And turn by turn kept guard, nor suffer'd once
The fires be quench'd ; beneath the colonnade
O' the outer well-wall'd courtyard one, and one
I' the inner square, before the chamber doors.
But, when the tenth dark night befriended me,
I brake my chamber's panell'd doors right through,
And gat me forth, and leapt the courtyard's wall
Lightly, by watch or damsel unperceived.
So far away through Hellas' spacious plains
I hasted till I gain'd King Peleus' realm,
Rich Phthia, mother-land of flocks and herds ;
Who gave me kindly welcome, and upraised
And loved me, ev'n as father loves his son,
An only child, begotten of his age,
And born to rich possession of his wealth :
So that he gave me substance in the land,
To rule a numerous people, on the skirts
Of Phthia, there to dwell, and named me chief
Of the Dolossians. There I nurtured thee,

καί σε τοσοῦτον ἔθηκα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἐκ θυμοῦ φιλέων, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεσκες ἅμ' ἄλλῳ
οὔτ' ἐς δαῖτ' ἰέναι οὔτ' ἐν μεγάροισι πάσασθαι,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δή σ' ἐπ' ἐμοῖσιν ἐγὼ γούνεσσι καθίσσας
ὄψου τ' ἄσαιμι προταμὼν καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχών.
πολλάκι μοι κατέδευσας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα
οἴνου ἀποβλύζων ἐν νηπιέῃ ἀλεγεινῇ.
ὣς ἐπὶ σοὶ μάλα πόλλ' ἔπαθον καὶ πόλλ' ἐμόγησα,
τα φρονέων, ὅ μοι οὔτι θεοὶ γόνον ἐξετέλειον
ἐξ ἐμεῦ· ἀλλὰ σὲ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ποιεύμην, ἵνα μοί ποτ' ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνῃς.
ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί,
τῶνπερ καὶ μείζων ἀρετὴ τιμή τε βίη τε.
καὶ μὲν τοὺς θυέεσσι καὶ εὐχωλῇς ἀγανῇσιν
λοιβῇ τε κνίσῃτε παρατρωπῶσ' ἄνθρωποι
λισσόμενοι, ὅτε κέν τις ὑπερβήῃ καὶ ἁμάρτῃ.
καὶ γάρ τε Λιταί εἰσι Διὸς κοῦραι μεγάλοιο,
χωλαί τε ῥυσαί τε παραβλῶπές τ' ὀφθαλμὼ,
αἵ ῥά τε καὶ μετόπισθ' Ἄτης ἀλέγουσι κιοῦσαι.
ἡ δ' Ἄτη σθεναρή τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, οὕνεκα πάσας
πολλὸν ὑπεκπροθέει, φθάνει δέ τε πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν
βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· αἱ δ' ἐξακέονται ὀπίσσω.
ὃς μέν τ' αἰδέσεται κούρας Διὸς ἄσσον ἰούσας,
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὤνησαν καί τ' ἔκλυον εὐχομένοιο·
ὃς δέ κ' ἀνήνηται καί τε στερεῶς ἀποείπῃ,
λίσσονται δ' ἄρα ταίγε Δία Κρονίωνα κιοῦσαι
τῷ Ἄτην ἅμ' ἕπεσθαι, ἵνα βλαφθεὶς ἀποτίσῃ.
ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, πόρε καὶ σὺ Διὸς κούρῃσιν ἕπεσθαι
τιμὴν, ἥτ' ἄλλων περ ἐπιγνάμπτει νόον ἐσθλῶν.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ δῶρα φέροι, τὰ δ' ὄπισθ' ὀνομάζοι
Ἀτρεΐδης, ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπιζαφελῶς χαλεπαίνοι,

Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,
Ev'n to this stature, and loved thee from my heart;
Since thou would'st never with another go
Or to friends' feast, or eat at all at home,
Save when I first had set thee on my knee,
Tasted and carved the meat, and pour'd the wine.
Yes, I remember, oft a fretful child,
Thou'dst spill the wine and soil the garb upon me.
Much trouble for thy sake and toil I bore,
Still with this thought within me, that, since Zeus
Created me no offspring, I in thee,
Achilles, image of the Gods on earth,
Was making to myself a son, to guard
Hereafter all the misery from mine age.
Listen then, son Achilles, and subdue
This spirit: ill behoves thee ruthless heart;
Since ev'n whose might, and majesty, and power
Transcend thee far—the Gods are merciful;
And sacrifice, and grateful vows to heaven,
Wine-offering, and the steam of victims' flesh,
Oft turn their wrath aside, when man hath sinn'd.
For Prayers are Maidens born to mighty Zeus,
Halt, wrinkled, and their eyes downcast with shame,
Who follow heedful in the steps of Guilt.
But Guilt is strong, and swift of foot, and far
Outruns them, working through the world to man
Much hurt, the which they, coming after, heal.
Whoso receives these maidens coming nigh
With honour and love, him with great good they cheer
And hearken his entreaty: but if man
Forbid them from a rough and harden'd heart,
They seek their father Zeus, and there beseech
That Guilt may cleave to that man to destroy him,
Avenging this their grace refused and scorn'd.
Render thou therefore to these maids of heaven
The honour that should follow them, whereto
Many of noble mind have bow'd ere this.

"But if 'twere so, that Atreus' Son still show'd
Thine enemy—if he proffer'd not these gifts
Nor promised more hereafter—I, at least,

οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγέ σε μῆνιν ἀποῤῥίψαντα κελοίμην
Ἀργείοισιν ἀμυνέμεναι, χατέουσί περ ἔμπης·
νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' αὐτίκα πολλὰ διδοῖ, τὰ δ' ὄπισθεν ὑπέστη,
ἄνδρας δὲ λίσσεσθαι ἐπιπροέηκεν ἀρίστους
κρινάμενος κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιϊκὸν, οἵτε σοὶ αὐτῷ
φίλτατοι Ἀργείων· τῶν μὴ σύγε μῦθον ἐλέγξῃς
μηδὲ πόδας· πρὶν δ' οὔτι νεμεσσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι,
οὕτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν
ἡρώων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐπιζάφελος χόλος ἵκοι·
δωρητοί τε πέλοντο παράῤῥητοί τ' ἐπέεσσιν.
μέμνημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὔτι νέον γε,
ὡς ἦν· ἐν δ' ὑμῖν ἐρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.
Κουρῆτές τ' ἐμάχοντο καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ μενεχάρμαι
ἀμφὶ πόλιν Καλυδῶνα καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον,
Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι Καλυδῶνος ἐραννῆς,
Κουρῆτες δὲ διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες Ἀρηϊ.
καὶ γὰρ τοῖσι κακὸν χρυσόθρονος Ἄρτεμις ὦρσεν
χωσαμένη ὅ οἱ οὔτι θαλύσια γουνῷ ἀλωῆς
Οἰνεὺς ῥέξ'· ἄλλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίνυνθ' ἑκατόμβας,
οἴῃ δ' οὐκ ἔῤῥεξε Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλοιο.
ἢ λάθετ' ἢ οὐκ ἐνόησεν· ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ
ἡ δὲ χολωσαμένη, δῖον γένος, ἰοχέαιρα,
ὦρσεν ἔπι χλούνην σῦν ἄγριον ἀργιόδοντα,
ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρδεσκεν ἔθων Οἰνῆος ἀλωήν·
πολλὰ δ' ὅγε προθέλυμνα χαμαὶ βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ
αὐτῇσιν ῥίζῃσι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἄνθεσι μήλων.
τὸν δ' υἱὸς Οἰνῆος ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος,
πολλέων ἐκ πολίων θηρήτορας ἄνδρας ἀγείρας
καὶ κύνας· οὐ μὲν γάρ κ' ἐδάμη παύροισι βροτοῖσιν·
τόσσος ἔην, πολλοὺς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβησ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
ἡ δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺν κέλαδον καὶ ἀϋτὴν,
ἀμφὶ συὸς κεφαλῇ καὶ δέρματι λαχνήεντι,

Would never bid thee cast aside thy wrath
To help us, howsoever sore our need.
But he hath offer'd much, immediate much,
And more hereafter ; and has sent us here
The noblest of the chieftains through the host
Selected, and the dearest to thyself,
To make this supplication in his name ;
Disgrace not thou our coming nor our prayer ;
For, though, ere this was done, we scarce might grudge
Thine anger, from henceforth we needs must blame.

"Oft too, as we have heard in olden lays,
Have heroes in like case, eaten up by wrath,
Been won by gifts and gentle words therefrom.
One ancient instance, of no modern date,
I well remember, how it once took place,
And, as we all sit friends, will tell at full.
Once on a time round lovely Calydon
The Curets and Ætolians were at strife,
Defending these the city, those intent
To throw it by their arms. This ill had fall'n
From golden-thronèd Artemis upon them,
Wroth for that Œneus had not sacrificed
The first-fruits of his threshing-floor to her :
Other Immortals had parta'en their share ;
Unto this daughter of great Zeus alone
(Whether forgetting, or neglectful quite)
He offer'd not—but ruinously he err'd ;
For all in wrath she rose, a child of Zeus,
Exultant in her arrows, and bestirr'd
A boar white-tusk'd and wild from grassy lair,
Daily to wreak a ravage to its wont
On Œneus' vineyard, strewing to the ground
Trees and their clusters, root and stem uptorn :
Till Meleager, Œneus' son, at length
With hunters call'd from many towns about,
Destroy'd it ; nor had fewer folk sufficed ;
So huge the monster, and so many men
Already had it laid on early pyres.
Then outcry loud and feud the Goddess stirr'd

Κουρήτων τε μεσηγὺ καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.
ὄφρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος ἀρηΐφιλος πολέμιζεν,
τόφρα δὲ Κουρήτεσσι κακῶς ἦν, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
τείχεος ἔκτοσθεν μίμνειν, πολέες περ ἐόντες·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἔδυ χόλος, ὅστε καὶ ἄλλων
οἰδάνει ἐν στήθεσσι νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων,
ἤτοι ὁ μητρὶ φίλῃ Ἀλθαίῃ χωόμενος κῆρ
κεῖτο παρὰ μνηστῇ ἀλόχῳ, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ,
κούρῃ Μαρπήσσης καλλισφύρου Εὐηνίνης
Ἰδεώ δ', ὃς κάρτιστος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν
τῶν τότε—καί ῥα ἄνακτος ἐναντίον εἵλετο τόξον
Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος, καλλισφύρου εἵνεκα νύμφης·
τὴν δὲ τόθ' ἐν μεγάροισι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
Ἀλκυόνην καλέεσκον ἐπώνυμον, οὕνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆς
μήτηρ ἀλκυόνος πολυπενθέος οἶτον ἔχουσα
κλαῖ', ὅτε μιν ἐκάεργος ἀνήρπασε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων—
τῇ ὅγε παρκατέλεκτο χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσων,
ἐξ ἀρέων μητρὸς κεχολωμένος, ἥ ῥα θεοῖσιν
πόλλ' ἀχέουσ' ἠρᾶτο κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο,
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ γαῖαν πολυφόρβην χερσὶν ἀλοία
κικλήσκουσ' Ἀΐδην καὶ ἐπαινὴν Περσεφόνειαν,
πρόχνυ καθεζομένη, δεύοντο δὲ δάκρυσι κόλποι,
παιδὶ δόμεν θάνατον· τῆς δ' ἠεροφοῖτις Ἐρινὺς
ἔκλυεν ἐξ Ἐρέβεσφιν, ἀμείλιχον ἦτορ ἔχουσα·
τῶν δὲ τάχ' ἀμφὶ πύλας ὅμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ὀρώρει
πύργων βαλλομένων· τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
Αἰτωλῶν, πέμπον δὲ θεῶν ἱερῆας ἀρίστους,
ἐξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμῦναι, ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δῶρον·
ὁππόθι πιότατον πεδίον Καλυδῶνος ἐραννῆς,
ἔνθα μιν ἤνωγον τέμενος περικαλλὲς ἑλέσθαι
πεντηκοντόγυον, τὸ μὲν ἥμισυ οἰνοπέδοιο,
ἥμισυ δὲ ψιλὴν ἄροσιν πεδίοιο ταμέσθαι.
πολλὰ δέ μιν λιτάνευε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Οἰνεύς,

For the spoil's sake, the head and bristly hide,
Betwixt the Curet and Ætolian tribes.
Whilst for the Ætolians Meleager fought,
Ill was the Curets' plight ; nor durst they take,
Despite their numbers, stand beyond their town :
But when on Meleager fell a wrath,
(Such as oft swells in noble hearts, and blinds
The wisdom of the wisest), wounded then
By his own mother Althæa to the core,
He lay in idle dalliance with his spouse,
The lovely Cleopatra, quite withdrawn.
She was the daughter of Evenus' child
Marpessa, lovely-ankled Nymph divine,
And of Idæus, strongest man of men
Then living, who on Phœbus drew his bow
Ev'n for that selfsame lovely-ankled Nymph.
But Cleopatra had her parents named
Amongst themselves Halcyonè, because
Her mother, like some halcyon, unconsoled
Mourn'd, when Apollo bore her from her home.
With her he lay, and nursed his angry mood
Against Althæa for the curse she call'd
From heav'n upon him for her brother's death.
Oft had she sate, smiting the fruitful Earth,
Calling on Hades and Persephone,
With forehead bow'd betwixt her knees, and breast
Bedew'd with tears, that they might slay her son.
Ranging the mists of Erebus afar
The unrelenting Fury heard the curse.
Therefore around the Ætolian gates then rose
The din and loud uproar of towers assail'd.
Their old men came beseeching: yea, they sent
The holiest of their priesthood to his feet,
With promise of great gift, if he would come.
Where the rich vale of lovely Calydon
Is richest, there they bade him take to himself
A fair demesne, of fifty acres, half
Vineyard, and half bare fallow for the plough,
All from the common to be fenced apart.
His father too, the agèd Œneus, oft

οὐδοῦ ἐπεμβεβαὼς ὑψηρεφέος θαλάμοιο,
σείων κολλητὰς σανίδας, γουνούμενος υἱόν·
πολλὰ δὲ τόνγε κασίγνηται καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἐλλίσσονθ'· ὁ δὲ μᾶλλον ἀναίνετο· πολλὰ δ' ἑταῖροι,
οἵ οἱ κεδνότατοι καὶ φίλτατοι ἦσαν ἁπάντων·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς τοῦ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔπειθον,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ θάλαμος πύκα βάλλετο, τοὶ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
βαῖνον Κουρῆτες καὶ ἐνέπρηθον μέγα ἄστυ.
καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἐΰζωνος παράκοιτις
λίσσετ' ὀδυρομένη, καί οἱ κατέλεξεν ἅπαντα
κήδε', ὅσ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλει τῶν ἄστυ ἁλώῃ·
ἄνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δέ τε πῦρ ἀμαθύνει,
τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἄγουσι βαθυζώνους τε γυναῖκας.
τοῦ δ' ὠρίνετο θυμὸς ἀκούοντος κακὰ ἔργα,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, χροῒ δ' ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα.
ὣς ὁ μὲν Αἰτωλοῖσιν ἀπήμυνεν κακὸν ἦμαρ
εἴξας ᾧ θυμῷ· τῷ δ' οὐκέτι δῶρ' ἐτέλεσσαν
πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, κακὸν δ' ἤμυνε καὶ αὖτως.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μή τοι ταῦτα νόει φρεσὶ, μηδέ σε δαίμων 600
ἐνταῦθα τρέψειε, φίλος· κάκιον δέ κεν εἴη,
νηυσὶν καιομένῃσιν ἀμυνέμεν· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δώροις
ἔρχεο· ἶσον γάρ σε θεῷ τίσουσιν Ἀχαιοί·
εἰ δέ κ' ἄτερ δώρων πόλεμον φθισήνορα δύῃς,
οὐκέθ' ὁμῶς τιμῆς ἔσεαι, πόλεμον περ ἀλαλκών."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Φοῖνιξ, ἄττα γεραιὲ, διοτρεφὲς, οὔτι με ταύτης
χρεὼ τιμῆς· φρονέω δὲ τετιμῆσθαι Διὸς αἴσῃ,
ἥ μ' ἔξει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, εἰσόκ' ἀϋτμὴ

Implored him, standing on the threshold-stone
Of the high-roofèd chamber, shaking there
The fast-barr'd doors, and calling on his name.
Sisters and noble mother eke would come
Entreating, but he still denied the more.
And oft his comrades came, of all men there
The noblest and the best-beloved by him :
Nor ev'n by this changed they the heart within him ;
Till his own chamber, smitten, rang with darts,
And swarming o'er the towers the Curet host
Won entry, and would fain have fired the town.
Then in her tears the hero's fair-zoned wife
Besought him, and recounted all the woes
That 'light on men whose city falls by storm.
The men are slain ; their homes to ashes burnt ;
Their children and their wives another takes.
The heart was moved within him, as he heard
That evil work, and he arose and girt
In dazzling mail his might, and issued forth.
Yet, though he fended off their evil day,
It was but for the humour of his will ;
Wherefore they gave not those great gifts, and he
Wrought their deliverance, but wrought for nought.
Oh, for my sake incline not thou thy mind
This selfsame way, belovèd, nor let Heaven
Pervert thee thus : 'twill serve thee less to save
Our ships, when thou needs must repel the flames ;
Come rather now, whilst gifts attend the help ;
Achaia now would grace thee like some God :
But if hereafter, in thine own behalf,
Losing these gifts, thou yet comest forth at last,
Albeit thine arm be powerful as of old
To save us, yet thy glory will be less."

But thus the fleet-foot hero gave reply :
" Phœnix, my dear old father, Zeus-born Chief !
I need not this new glory that thou say'st.
Glory, methinks, hath been already mine
By gift of Zeus ; and His the will that keeps
Amongst these long-beak'd galleys me withdrawn

ἐν στήθεσσι μένῃ καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
μή μοι σύγχει θυμὸν ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,
Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἥρωϊ φέρων χάριν· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
τὸν φιλέειν, ἵνα μή μοι ἀπέχθηαι φιλέοντι.
καλόν τοι σὺν ἐμοὶ τὸν κήδειν ὅς κ' ἐμὲ κήδῃ.
ἶσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε καὶ ἥμισυ μείρεο τιμῆς.
οὗτοι δ' ἀγγελέουσι, σὺ δ' αὐτόθι λέξεο μίμνων
εὐνῇ ἔνι μαλακῇ· ἅμα δ' ἠοῖ φαινομένηφιν
φρασσόμεθ' ἤ κε νεώμεθ' ἐφ' ἡμέτερ', ἤ κε μένωμεν."
Ἦ καὶ Πατρόκλῳ ὅγ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε σιωπῇ
Φοίνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος, ὄφρα τάχιστα
ἐκ κλισίης νόστοιο μεδοίατο. τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' Αἴας
ἀντίθεος Τελαμωνιάδης μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
ἴομεν· οὐ γάρ μοι δοκέει μύθοιο τελευτὴ
τῇδέ γ' ὁδῷ κρανέεσθαι· ἀπαγγεῖλαι δὲ τάχιστα
χρὴ μῦθον Δαναοῖσι, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθόν περ ἐόντα,
οἵ που νῦν ἔαται ποτιδέγμενοι. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄγριον ἐν στήθεσσι θέτο μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν
σχέτλιος, οὐδὲ μετατρέπεται φιλότητος ἑταίρων
τῆς ἦ μιν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτίομεν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
νηλής· καὶ μέν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆος
ποινὴν ἢ οὗ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνηῶτος·
καί ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτοῦ, πόλλ' ἀποτίσας,
τοῦ δέ τ' ἐρητύεται κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ποινὴν δεξαμένου. σοὶ δ' ἄλληκτόν τε κακόν τε
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι θεοὶ θέσαν εἵνεκα κούρης
οἴης. νῦν δέ τοι ἑπτὰ παρίσχομεν ἔξοχ' ἀρίστας,
ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τῇσι· σὺ δ' ἵλαον ἔνθεο θυμὸν,
αἴδεσσαί δὲ μέλαθρον· ὑπωρόφιοι δέ τοι εἰμέν
πληθύος ἐκ Δαναῶν, μέμαμεν δέ τοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων
κήδιστοί τ' ἔμεναι καὶ φίλτατοι, ὅσσοι Ἀχαιοί."

Whilst breath is in my lips, and life in limb.
Yet take and lay one warning to thy heart.
Fret not my soul again with sobs and tears
Pour'd in behalf of this heroic King.
Wherefore shouldst thou befriend him? Thee I love;
Beware, lest thus my love be turn'd to hate.
Who afflicts me, him help me to afflict;
So halve my kingdom and partake my fame.
Let these report their answer; thou remain,
And on a soft bed rest thee here this night;
At dawn to-morrow we can then consult
Whether to sail off home or still to stay."

He spoke, and order'd by a silent nod
Patroclus to prepare a soft-strewn couch
For Phœnix, that they so might haste the more
Departure from his tent. And Ajax then,
The godlike son of Telamon, spake last:
"Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus! Let us go. I see no end
Likely to be fulfill'd by all our speech.
Remains for us to carry this reply,
Good though it be not, to the Danaan chiefs,
Who sit, belike, expecting us. But wild
This spirit that Achilles in his breast
Now nurses—reckless—nor takes thought of us
His comrades who have ever honour'd him
Beyond all others! Ruthless harden'd heart!
Ev'n when a brother or a son is kill'd,
Ransom is ta'en, and when the price is paid,
The slayer still may live within the land,
The wrath of all avengers bought aside.
In thy breast only have the Gods sown wrath
Insatiable and evil—all for one
Mere damsel! Lo, we offer to thee seven,
The fairest of the fair, and much beside!
I ask thee then once more to show us grace;
By thine own rooftree, under which we sit,
The men, who most of all the Danaan tribe
Desire to be at love and peace with thee."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Αἶαν διογενὲς, Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
πάντα τί μοι κατὰ θυμὸν ἐείσαο μυθήσασθαι·
ἀλλά μοι οἰδάνεται κραδίη χόλῳ, ὁππότ' ἐκείνων
μνήσομαι, ὥς μ' ἀσύφηλον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν
Ἀτρείδης, ὡσεί τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἔρχεσθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε·
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμοιο μεδήσομαι αἱματόεντος,
πρίν γ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
Μυρμιδόνων ἐπί τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθαι
κτείνοντ' Ἀργείους, κατά τε σμῦξαι πυρὶ νῆας.
ἀμφι δέ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νηῒ μελαίνῃ
Ἕκτορα καὶ μεμαῶτα μάχης σχήσεσθαι οἴω."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἕκαστος ἐλὼν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον
σπείσαντες παρὰ νῆας ἴσαν πάλιν· ἦρχε δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμωῇσι κέλευσεν
Φοίνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα.
αἱ δ' ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος ὡς ἐκέλευσεν,
κώεά τε ῥῆγός τε λίνοιό τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον.
ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἠὼ δῖαν ἔμιμνεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὖδε μυχῷ κλισίης εὐπήκτου·
τῷ δ' ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνὴ, τὴν Λεσβόθεν ἦγεν,
Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ, Διομήδη καλλιπάρῃος.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐλέξατο· παὰρ δ' ἄρα καὶ τῷ
Ἰφις ἐΰζωνος, τήν οἱ πόρε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
Σκῦρον ἑλὼν αἰπεῖαν, Ἐνυῆος πτολίεθρον.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίῃσιν ἐν Ἀτρείδαο γένοντο,
τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσέοισι κυπέλλοις υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
δειδέχατ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀνασταδὸν, ἔκ τ' ἐρέοντο·
πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Εἶπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,

Nor more ; to whom the Fleetfoot answer'd thus :
" Prince of thy people, son of Telamon,
Great Zeus-sprung Ajax ! As thou feel'st at heart,
So hast thou spoken, I may well believe :
But my blood boils with choler, when I think
Of all that happ'd the day when Atreus' Son
Made me of no account before the host,
Spurn'd me like some vile vagrant ! Go ye then,
Fully and clearly speak my message out ;
I will not give a thought how goes the fray,
Till haply when great Hector, Priam's child,
Gains in the onward path of slaughter borne
The camp and fleet of these my Myrmidons,
And threats with fire the galleys—then I trow,
About my tent, at my black galley's side,
Ev'n valorous Hector will perchance be stay'd."
He ceased ; whereat each raised the two-cupp'd bowl,
Pour'd his libation, and return'd again
(Odysseus leading) by the line of ships.

But in the tent Patroclus bade his men
And handmaids strew the couch for Phœnix thick ;
Who hearken'd, and bestrew'd it as he bade,
Skins, and soft rug, and delicate flower of flax.
Thereon the old man lay, and wakeful mused
The coming morn. But in the tent's recess
Achilles slept, and woman by his side,
The lovely Diomedè, whom he took
From Lesbos, daughter born to Phorbas, lay.
By the tent's other wall Patroclus slept,
Lying with fair-zoned Iphis, whom his lord
Divine Achilles gat him, when he won
The steep of Scyros, Enyæus' town.

Meantime the others gain'd Atrides' tents ;
To whom at once uprose Achaia's sons,
Welcoming with golden cups from various seats
And questioning all together : but their King
Atrides Agamemnon first was heard :
" Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast !

ἦ ῥ' ἐθέλει νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήϊον πῦρ,
ἦ ἀπέειπε, χόλος δ' ἔτ' ἔχει μεγαλήτορα θυμόν;"

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
κεῖνός γ' οὐκ ἐθέλει σβέσσαι χόλον, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
πιμπλάνεται μένεος, σὲ δ' ἀναίνεται ἠδὲ σὰ δῶρα.
αὐτὸν σὲ φράζεσθαι ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἄνωγεν
ὅππως κεν νῆάς τε σόῳς καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
αὐτὸς δ' ἠπείλησεν ἅμ' ἠοῖ φαινομένηφιν
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἅλαδ' ἑλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.
καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἄλλοισιν ἔφη παραμυθήσασθαι
οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δήετε τέκμωρ
Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γὰρ ἔθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
χεῖρα ἐὴν ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί.
ὣς ἔφατ'· εἰσὶ καὶ οἵδε τάδ' εἰπέμεν, οἵ μοι ἕποντο,
Αἴας καὶ κήρυκε δύω, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.
Φοῖνιξ δ' αὖθ' ὁ γέρων κατελέξατο· ὣς γὰρ ἀνώγει,
ὄφρα οἱ ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἕπηται
αὔριον, ἢν ἐθέλῃσιν· ἀνάγκῃ δ' οὔτι μιν ἄξει."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
[μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν].
δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἦσαν τετιηότες υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.
ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
μηδ' ὄφελες λίσσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα,
μυρία δῶρα διδούς· ὁ δ' ἀγήνωρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἄλλως·
νῦν αὖ μιν πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀγηνορίῃσιν ἐνῆκας.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι κεῖνον μὲν ἐάσομεν, ἤ κεν ἴῃσιν,
ἤ κε μένῃ· τότε δ' αὖτε μαχήσεται, ὁππότε κέν μιν
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγῃ καὶ θεὸς ὄρσῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες·
νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρπόμενοι φίλον ἦτορ
σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κε φανῇ καλὴ ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,

Quick, say; consents he to repel the flames
From off our ships, or doth he still refuse,
His haughty heart by passion still possess'd?"
And much-enduring Odyseus replied:
"Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran! Nor doth he consent to quench
His anger, but is rather choked the more
Therewith—rejects thee and thy gifts alike:
And bids thee seek amongst the Argives here
The counsel wherewithal to save the fleet
And the brave host aboard it: but himself
Threatens at break of dawn to launch to sea
His well-bench'd two-bank'd galleys; yea, and saith
He now would give to all the like advice,
To sail off home; since never shall ye see
The fall of Ilion: Zeus hath stretch'd his arm
To save her, and her people's heart throbs high.
So spake he: Ajax and the heralds here,
Discreet men both, can witness if I lie.
But agèd Phœnix there remain'd to rest;
For thus he bade, and added, he might sail
With him to-morrow to their fatherland,
If so he listed—unconstrain'd by him."
He spoke. Dumbstricken all awhile they sate
Awed, for most vehemently fell the words,
And long in silence ponder'd, sad and still;
Till thus at length brave Diomed began:
"Atrides Agamemnon, King of men
Most sovran! Would thou ne'er hadst made this prayer
Nor offering of thy gifts to Peleus' Son,
Who erst o'erweenèd much, but now hath risen
By this thy grace in pride a hundredfold.
Let us then leave him, to depart or stay
At his own pleasure: he will never fight
Till his heart prompts him or some God bestirs.
Meantime obey me as I now enjoin,
And all lie down to slumber, feasted full
With what we have parta'en of corn and wine;
For of such slumber spirit comes, and strength.
But at first rise of rosy-finger'd Morn

καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαόν τε καὶ ἵππους
ὀτρύνων, καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆες, 710
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο.
καὶ τότε δὴ σπείσαντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,
ἔνθα δὲ κοιμήσαντο καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

Then haste thee up, and order all the host
Before the galleys ; kindle by thy speech
Their spirits ; and thyself be first to fight."
He spoke ; to whom the chieftains gave acclaim
Blithe to the gallant words of Diomed.
They pour'd their offerings forth, and went their way,
And scatter'd, each man to his tent or bark,
There rested and partook the boon of sleep.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ'.

Δολώνεια.

Ἄλλοι μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν
εὗδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ὕπνος ἔχε γλυκερὸς, πολλὰ φρεσὶν ὁρμαίνοντα,
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀστράπτῃ πόσις Ἥρης ἠϋκόμοιο,
τεύχων ἢ πολὺν ὄμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἠὲ χάλαζαν
ἢ νιφετὸν, ὅτε πέρ τε χιὼν ἐπάλυνεν ἀρούρας,
ἠέ ποθι πτολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πευκεδανοῖο,
ὣς πυκίν' ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀνεστενάχιζ' Ἀγαμέμνων
νειόθεν ἐκ κραδίης, τρομέοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἐντός.
ἤτοι ὅτ' ἐς πεδίον τὸ Τρωϊκὸν ἀθρήσειεν,
θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, τὰ καίετο Ἰλιόθι πρὸ,
αὐλῶν συρίγγων τ' ἐνοπὴν ὅμαδόν τ' ἀνθρώπων.
αὐτὰρ ὅτ' ἐς νῆάς τε ἴδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους ἔλκετο χαίτας
ὑψόθ' ἐόντι Διὶ, μέγα δ' ἔστενε κυδάλιμον κῆρ.
ἥδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλὴ,
Νέστορ' ἔπι πρῶτον Νηλήϊον ἐλθέμεν ἀνδρῶν,
εἴ τινά οἱ σὺν μῆτιν ἀμύμονα τεκτήναιτο,
ἥτις ἀλεξίκακος πᾶσιν Δαναοῖσι γένοιτο.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἔπειτα δαφοινὸν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος,
αἴθωνος μεγάλοιο, ποδηνεκές· εἵλετο δ' ἔγχος.

Ὣς δ' αὔτως Μενέλαον ἔχε τρόμος—οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ
ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανε—μή τι πάθοιεν

ILIAD X.

So all night through Achaia's chieftains slept,
Held by soft slumber, lying amongst their ships,
Save Agamemnon, shepherd of the host;
He slept not; him sweet slumber might not hold
For many cares. But, as fair Herè's Lord
Frequent sends forth his lightnings, when he works
Or hail or ruinous deluge on the earth,
Or snow-storm, and the snow bestrews the plains,
Or when he opes the jaws of ravening war;
So, frequent from the bottom of his heart
Atrides render'd groans, and felt the soul
Fever'd within him. If he turn'd his eyes
Outward to Troy's wide plain, he mused aghast
On those strange blazing watch-fires, far advanced
In front of Ilion, and the sound came thence
Of pipe and fife, and all the hum of men;
Or, if he turn'd him to his own wide camp,
In frenzy from the roots he tore his hair,
Denouncing Zeus on high with bursting heart.
This show'd the sagest counsel to his mind,
To seek Neleian Nestor first, if he
Might peradventure frame some blameless rede
To fend the evil from the Danaan race.
Therefore he rose, and put about his chest
A tunic, and 'neath glistening feet made fast
Rich sandals, and enwrapt him in the hide
Of tawny lion, falling to his feet
Flowing and large, and took to hand a spear.

Nor less on Menelaus fever fell,
Nor would sweet slumber settle on his lids,
For fear lest they should suffer ill, who came

'Αργεῖοι, τοὶ δὴ ἕθεν εἵνεκα πουλὺν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν
ἤλυθον ἐς Τροίην, πόλεμον θρασὺν ὁρμαίνοντες.
παρδαλέῃ μὲν πρῶτα μετάφρενον εὐρὺ κάλυψεν
ποικίλῃ, αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ στεφάνην κεφαλῆφιν ἀείρας
θήκατο χαλκείην, δόρυ δ' εἵλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἀνστήσων ὃν ἀδελφεὸν, ὃς μέγα πάντων
'Αργείων ἤνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ.
τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι τιθήμενον ἔντεα καλὰ,
νηὶ πάρα πρύμνῃ· τῷ δ' ἀσπάσιος γένετ' ἐλθών.
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

"Τίφθ' οὕτως, ἠθεῖε, κορύσσεαι; ἦ τιν' ἑταίρων
ὀτρυνέεις Τρώεσσιν ἐπίσκοπον; ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δείδω μὴ οὔτις τοι ὑπόσχηται τόδε ἔργον,
ἄνδρας δυσμενέας σκοπιαζέμεν οἷος ἐπελθὼν
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην· μάλα τις θρασυκάρδιος ἔσται."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων 'Αγαμέμνων·
"χρεὼ βουλῆς ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ, διοτρεφὲς ὦ Μενέλαε,
κερδαλέης, ἥτις κεν ἐρύσσεται ἠδὲ σαώσει
'Αργείους καὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἐτράπετο φρήν.
Εκτορέοις ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆκ' ἱεροῖσιν.
οὐ γάρ πω ἰδόμην, οὐδ' ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος,
ἄνδρ' ἕνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ' ἐπ' ἤματι μητίσασθαι,
ὅσσ' Ἕκτωρ ἔρρεξε διίφιλος υἷας 'Αχαιῶν,
αὔτως, οὔτε θεᾶς υἱὸς φίλος οὔτε θεοῖο.
[ἔργα δ' ἔρεξ' ὅσα φημὶ μελησέμεν 'Αργείοισιν
δηθά τε καὶ δολιχόν· τόσα γὰρ κακὰ μήσατ' 'Αχαιούς.]
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα κάλεσσον,
ῥίμφα θέων παρὰ νῆας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δῖον
εἶμι, καὶ ὀτρυνέω ἀνστήμεναι, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
ἐλθεῖν ἐς φυλάκων ἱερὸν τέλος ἠδ' ἐπιτεῖλαι.
κείνῳ γάρ κε μάλιστα πιθοίατο· τοῖο γὰρ υἱὸς
σημαίνει φυλάκεσσι, καὶ Ἰδομενῆος ὀπάων
Μηριόνης· τοῖσιν γὰρ ἐπετράπομέν γε μάλιστα."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

From Argos o'er the waters for his sake
To wage a perilous war. Who therefore rose
Likewise, and o'er his broad back threw the skin
Of spotted pard, and set about his head
Basnet of brass, and took a spear in hand.
So forth to meet his brother, him who ruled
The sceptred sovereign of the Argive race,
And honour'd by the people like a God.

Him he found standing at his galley's stern
And girding round his shoulders the bright mail ;
And warm the welcome, as he thus began ;
"Why arm'st thou thus, my Brother, at this hour?
Wouldst prompt some chieftain forth to spy the foe?
I fear for such a venture few thou'lt find.
Bold must he be of heart, who dares go forth
Alone through balmy darkness to their camp."
And sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
" Most sore the need to thee and me alike,
Most noble Menelaus, to devise
Some counsel for the rescue of the host
And safe escape to Argos : since the will
Of Zeus is changed ; to Hector's offerings now
Wholly his heart is given. Myself have ne'er
With mine own eyes beheld, nor e'er heard tell,
Such miracles of prowess by one man
Achieved in battle, as by Hector wrought
This day upon our host—albeit man mere,
Not born of Goddess, nor by God begot ;—
Such deeds, I say, as Argos needs must rue
For many a year ; such evil hath he wrought.
But haste thee lightly through the fleet, and call
Idomeneus and Ajax ; I will go
To noble Nestor and bid him arise
To view with me the posts of sentinels
And lay our charge upon them : whose behest
The guards will best attend ; for on his son
And the brave follower of Idomeneus,
Meriones, this duty we consign'd."
And thus in answer Menelaus spake :

"πῶς γάρ μοι μύθῳ ἐπιτέλλεαι ἠδέ κελεύεις;
αὖθι μένω μετὰ τοῖσι, δεδεγμένος εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃς,
ἠὲ θέω μετὰ σ' αὖτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω;"

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"αὖθι μένειν, μή πως ἀβροτάξομεν ἀλλήλοιϊν
ἐρχομένω· πολλαὶ γὰρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσι κέλευθοι.
φθέγγεο δ' ᾗ κεν ἴῃσθα, καὶ ἐγρήγορθαι ἄνωχθι,
πατρόθεν ἐκ γενεῆς ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον,
πάντας κυδαίνων· μηδὲ μεγαλίζεο θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοί περ πονεώμεθα· ὧδέ που ἄμμιν
Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γεινομένοισιν ἴει κακότητα βαρεῖαν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν ἀδελφεὸν, εὖ ἐπιτείλας.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετὰ Νέστορα, ποιμένα λαῶν·
τὸν δ' εὗρεν παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηῒ μελαίνῃ
εὐνῇ ἔνι μαλακῇ· παρὰ δ' ἔντεα ποικίλ' ἔκειτο,
ἀσπὶς καὶ δύο δοῦρε φαεινή τε τρυφάλεια.
πὰρ δὲ ζωστὴρ κεῖτο παναίολος, ᾧ ῥ' ὁ γεραιὸς
ζώννυθ', ὅτ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα θωρήσσοιτο
λαὸν ἄγων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν ἐπέτρεπε γήραϊ λυγρῷ.
ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, κεφαλὴν ἐπαείρας,
Ἀτρείδην προσέειπε καὶ ἐξερεείνετο μύθῳ·

"Τίς δ' οὗτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἔρχεαι οἷος
νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
[ἠέ τιν' οὐρήων διζήμενος, ἤ τιν' ἑταίρων;]
φθέγγεο, μηδ' ἀκέων ἐπ' ἔμ' ἔρχεο· τίπτε δέ σε χρεώ;"

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
γνώσεαι Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάντων
Ζεὺς ἐνέηκε πόνοισι διαμπερὲς, εἰσόκ' ἀϋτμὴ
ἐν στήθεσσι μένῃ καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ.
πλάζομαι ὧδ', ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ἐπ' ὄμμασι νήδυμος ὕπνος
ἰζάνει, ἀλλὰ μέλει πόλεμος καὶ κήδε' Ἀχαιῶν.
αἰνῶς γὰρ Δαναῶν περιδείδια, οὐδέ μοι ἦτορ
ἔμπεδον, ἀλλ' ἀλαλύκτημαι, κραδίη δέ μοι ἔξω
στηθέων ἐκθρώσκει, τρομέει δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι δραίνεις, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σέγ' ὕπνος ἱκάνει,
δεῦρ' ἐς τοὺς φύλακας καταβείομεν, ὄφρα ἴδωμεν,
μὴ τοὶ μὲν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες ἠδὲ καὶ ὕπνῳ

"And then how orderest thou? What bidd'st me do?
Or there with them to wait thee, till thou come,
Or back to run when I have given them word?"
And sovran Agamemnon gave reply:
"Wait there, lest haply on our path we miss
Each other; through the camp are many ways.
Call clear to whom thou goest, awake them loud,
Naming each hero by ancestral name,
And glorifying all; nor be mis-proud
Thyself, but labour with me; such the task
Zeus hath ordain'd us from our mother's womb."
He spoke, and sent him on good hest away;
But sought himself the shepherd of the host,
Nestor, and found him stretch'd on soft-strewn bed
Outside his black-dyed galley and his tent.
But nigh him lay the enamell'd mail, his shield,
Two spears, and glittering helm, and eke the belt
Wherewith the old man girt him to the fray
And led his people forth, to pains of Eld
Unyielding still: who raised his head, and rose
Upon one arm, and question'd him, and said:
"Who comes thus single through the ships and tents
At dead of night, when others are at rest?
Seek'st thou a sumpter, or a sentinel?
Speak, pass me not in silence; what thy need?"
And sovran Agamemnon gave reply:
"O Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast!
Know me King Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Plunged deepliest far by Zeus in toilsome cares.
Yea, long as breath is in my body, long
As these my limbs have motion, lasts my grief;
As now I roam, since on mine eyes sweet sleep
Settles not for Achaia's war and woe.
Great for the host my fear; my pulse no more
Beats firm, but I am flutter'd to and fro;
My heart is as 'twould burst from out my breast;
And my bright-mailèd limbs beneath me shake.
But, since on thee sleep likewise settles not,
If thou wouldst help me, rise, and let us view
Our guards, lest haply, sated with fatigue

κοιμήσωνται, ἀτὰρ φυλακῆς ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθωνται.
δυσμενέες δ' ἄνδρες σχεδὸν εἵαται· οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν,
μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα μενοινήσωσι μάχεσθαι."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"Ἀτρείδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
οὔ θην Ἕκτορι πάντα νοήματα μητίετα Ζεὺς
ἐκτελέει, ὅσα πού νυν ἐέλπεται· ἀλλά μιν οἴω
κήδεσι μοχθήσειν καὶ πλείοσιν, εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐκ χόλου ἀργαλέοιο μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἦτορ.
σοὶ δὲ μάλ' ἕψομ' ἐγώ· ποτὶ δ' αὖ καὶ ἐγείρομεν ἄλλους,
ἠμὲν Τυδείδην δουρικλυτὸν ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆα
ἠδ' Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν.
ἀλλ' εἴ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχόμενος καλέσειεν,
ἀντίθεόν τ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα·
τῶν γὰρ νῆες ἔασιν ἑκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἐγγύς.
ἀλλὰ φίλον περ ἐόντα καὶ αἰδοῖον Μενέλαον
νεικέσω, εἴπερ μοι νεμεσήσεαι, οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω,
ὡς εὔδει, σοὶ δ' οἴῳ ἐπέτρεψεν πονέεσθαι.
νῦν ὄφελεν κατὰ πάντας ἀριστῆας πονέεσθαι
λισσόμενος· χρειὼ γὰρ ἱκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ γέρον, ἄλλοτε μέν σε καὶ αἰτιάασθαι ἄνωγα·
πολλάκι γὰρ μεθιεῖ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλει πονέεσθαι,
οὔτ' ὄκνῳ εἴκων οὔτ' ἀφραδίῃσι νόοιο,
ἀλλ' ἐμέ τ' εἰσορόων καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενος ὁρμήν·
νῦν δ' ἐμέο πρότερος μάλ' ἐπέργετο καί μοι ἐπέστη·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προέηκα καλήμεναι οὓς σὺ μεταλλᾷς.
ἀλλ' ἴομεν· κείνους δὲ κιχησόμεθα πρὸ πυλάων
ἐν φυλάκεσσ'· ἵνα γάρ σφιν ἐπέφραδον ἠγερέθεσθαι."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"οὕτως οὔτις οἱ νεμεσήσεται οὐδ' ἀπιθήσει
Ἀργείων, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα χλαῖναν περονήσατο φοινικόεσσαν,
δ[illegible] ἐκπαδίην, αὐλὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.

And sleep, they slumber, mindless of the watch :
The foe are near encamp'd ; nor we assured
They will not, ev'n by night, assail again."
To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :
" Most sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Our glorious chieftain ! Not at full, I ween,
Shall Zeus the Lord of Counsel bring to pass
The hopes of Hector ; rather shall he toil
Deeper in troubles lost, if Peleus' Son
Should e'er repent him of his evil wrath.
Blithely I follow ; others too we call—
The spear-renown'd Tydides, Odyseus,
The fleet-foot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son ;
And if some youth were near to haste and call
The other Ajax, and Idomeneus,—
For farther are their ships, not nigh at hand.
Yea, dear to me and honour'd though he be,
And though thyself take umbrage, I must chide
Thy brother, nor will hide my blame, that thus
He slumbers still, and leaves to thee this task ;
'Twere his to go now labouring through the chiefs,
Entreating all ; our need is now extreme."
But sovran Agamemnon gave reply :
"I too, my sire, would bid thee chide him oft.
Oft he shows slack and to his labour loth ;
Yet not of folly, nor to sloth a thrall,
But that he looks to me, and waits my hest.
And this while hath he earliest waked, and stood
Before my pillow ; and I sent him first
To summon those of whom thou now inquirest.
So let us haste to meet them at the gates
Amongst the guards ; for there I bade them wait."
To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :
" If this be so, no Argive may begrudge
Henceforth obedience to his word or cry."

He spoke, and put a tunic round his chest,
Bound broider'd sandals under glistening feet,
And clasp'd about his body purple cloak
Down-reaching to the feet in double fold

εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
πρῶτον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον,
ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ
φθεγξάμενος· τὸν δ' αἶψα περὶ φρένας ἦλυθ' ἰωὴ,
ἐκ δ' ἦλθε κλισίης καί σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Τίφθ' οὕτω κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν οἶοι ἀλᾶσθε
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅ τι δὴ χρειὼ τόσον ἵκει;"

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλ' ἕπευ, ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἐγείρομεν, ὅντ' ἐπέοικεν
βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν ἠὲ μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δὲ κλισίηνδε κιὼν πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς
ποικίλον ἀμφ' ὤμοισι σάκος θέτο, βῆ δὲ μετ' αὐτούς.
βὰν δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδην Διομήδεα· τὸν δ' ἐκίχανον
ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλισίης σὺν τεύχεσιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
εὗδον, ὑπὸ κρασὶν δ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας· ἔγχεα δέ σφιν
ὄρθ' ἐπὶ σαυρωτῆρος ἐλήλατο, τῆλε δὲ χαλκὸς
λάμφ' ὥστε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διός. αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἥρως
εὗδ', ὑπὸ δ' ἔστρωτο ῥινὸν βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάπης τετάνυστο φαεινός.
τὸν παρστὰς ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
λὰξ ποδὶ κινήσας, ὤτρυνέ τε νείκεσέ τ' ἄντην·

"Ἔγρεο, Τυδέος υἱέ· τί πάννυχον ὕπνον ἀωτεῖς;
οὐκ ἀΐεις, ὡς Τρῶες ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο
εἵαται ἄγχι νεῶν, ὀλίγος δ' ἔτι χῶρος ἐρύκει;"

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἐξ ὕπνοιο μάλα κραιπνῶς ἀνόρουσεν,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Σχέτλιός ἐσσι, γεραιέ· σὺ μὲν πόνου οὔποτε λήγεις.
οὔ νυ καὶ ἄλλοι ἔασι νεώτεροι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
οἵ κεν ἔπειτα ἕκαστον ἐγείρειαν βασιλήων
πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανός ἐσσι, γεραιέ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

With nap of woolly fur, and took a spear ;
So started on his passage through the host.

And first from slumber with his call he roused
Odysseus, peer to Zeus for sage device ;
Whose sense the sound quick struck ; and from his tent
He issued, and address'd the agèd Chief :
"Why range you thus alone in balmy night
Our camp and fleet? What need is instant now?"
To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :
" Sagest of men, Laertes' Zeus-sprung son,
Odysseus ! Be not wroth for this our call ;
So dread the danger that o'erwhelms the host.
Follow us rather, and awake whoe'er
Should be at council, be it to flight or war."
He spoke ; the other not delay'd, but ran
Into his tent, around his shoulders cast
A carven shield, and follow'd in their steps.

Thence they moved on to Diomed ; and him
Lying outside his tent still under arms
They found ; and many comrades round him slept,
Their shields beneath their heads, but spears erect
Spiked fast in earth, whilst far the points above
Flash'd like the lightning of our Father Zeus.
Asleep their chieftain lay, on ox-hide stretch'd
Below him, pillow'd on a scarlet rug.
Nestor approach'd, bestirr'd him with his heel,
Awoke him, and upbraiding spake and said :
" Rise, Son of Tydeus, wake : wouldst drowse away
The whole night through? And hearkenest not the hum,
How Troy has camp'd her on the knoll thou knowst,
Hard by the fleet? Short space divides us now."
He spoke ; the other started to his feet,
Address'd him, and return'd these wingèd words :
" A restless Elder thou, nor spar'st thyself.
Were there no younger warriors in the host
To speed and call the chieftains one by one?
Hard is't to deal with thee, my agèd Sire ! "
To whom in answer thus Gerene's Chief :

"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, φίλος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
εἰσὶν μέν μοι παῖδες ἀμύμονες, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοὶ
καὶ πολέες, τῶν κέν τις ἐποιχόμενος καλέσειεν·
ἀλλὰ μάλα μεγάλη χρειὼ βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.
νῦν γὰρ δὴ πάντεσσιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀκμῆς
ἢ μάλα λυγρὸς ὄλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς, ἠὲ βιῶναι.
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος υἱὸν
ἄνστησον—σὺ γάρ ἐσσι νεώτερος—εἴ μ' ἐλεαίρεις."

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος
αἴθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδηνεκὲς, εἵλετο δ' ἔγχος.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, τοὺς δ' ἔνθεν ἀναστήσας ἄγεν ἥρως.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ φυλάκεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν,
οὐδὲ μὲν εὗδοντας φυλάκων ἠγήτορας εὗρον,
ἀλλ' ἐγρηγορτὶ σὺν τεύχεσιν εἵατο πάντες.
ὡς δὲ κύνες περὶ μῆλα δυσωρήσωσιν ἐν αὐλῇ
θηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερόφρονος, ὅστε καθ' ὕλην
ἔρχηται δι' ὄρεσφι· πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν· ἀπό τέ σφισιν ὕπνος ὄλωλεν·
ὣς τῶν νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάροιϊν ὀλώλει
νύκτα φυλασσομένοισι κακήν· πεδίονδε γὰρ αἰεὶ
τετράφαθ', ὁππότ' ἐπὶ Τρώων ἀΐοιεν ἰόντων.
τοὺς δ' ὁ γέρων γήθησεν ἰδὼν θάρσυνέ τε μύθῳ
[καί σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·]

"Οὕτω νῦν, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε· μηδέ τιν' ὕπνος
αἱρείτω, μὴ χάρμα γενώμεθα δυσμενέεσσιν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διέσσυτο· τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο
Ἀργείων βασιλῆες, ὅσοι κεκλήατο βουλήν.
τοῖς δ' ἅμα Μηριόνης καὶ Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς
ἤϊσαν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ κάλεον συμμητιάασθαι.
τάφρον δ' ἐκδιαβάντες ὀρυκτὴν ἑδριόωντο
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος
πιπτόντων· ὅθεν αὖτις ἀπετράπετ' ὄβριμος Ἕκτωρ
ὀλλὺς Ἀργείους, ὅτε δὴ περὶ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν.
ἔνθα καθεζόμενοι ἔπε' ἀλλήλοισι πίφαυσκον.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"My son, to order due thy words accord.
Myself have noble sons, and in the host
Are many who might speed and call the chiefs;
But, oh, too instant now Achaia's need.
The fate of all is on a razor's edge,
Whether salvation, or an utter death!
But (for thyself art younger) rise, and call
The fleetfoot Ajax, and brave Phyleus' Son;
Since, as thou sayst, thou feel'st for me such ruth.'
He spoke; the hero round his shoulders cast
A lion's hide that to his ankles dropp'd
Tawny and large, took spear in hand, and went,
And woke and brought those others from their tents.

But when they gain'd the posts of sentinels,
They found not the brave captains of the guards
Slumbering, but all awake, all under arms.
For as, in painful watch round folded flock,
When dogs have caught the din of some bold beast
Descending down the mountains through a wood,
The noise of hounds and men confused begins,
And hope of slumber perishes that night;
So had sweet slumber perish'd off the lids
Of who kept watch that evil night; for still,
Whene'er they fancied steps from Troy, they turn'd
Attentive to the plain. And Nestor saw,
Well-pleased, and cheer'd them thus with wingèd words;
"Still thus, my children, watch, and banish sleep,
Lest we should fall, a mockery to our foes."
He spoke, and cross'd the trench, and with him went
Who of the Argive chieftains had been call'd
To council, and, beside, Meriones,
And Nestor's noble Son, call'd thence to join.

They cross'd the deep-dug trench, and sate them down
I' the open, where some little space appear'd
Of corpses clear, and Hector had refrain'd
On fall of night from slaughter of the host.
There sate they to their council, side by side;
And first Gerene's Chief began address:

"Ὦ φίλοι, οὐκ ἂν δή τις ἀνὴρ πεπίθοιθ' ἑῷ αὐτοῦ
θυμῷ τολμήεντι μετὰ Τρῶας μεγαθύμους
ἐλθεῖν; εἴ τινά που δηΐων ἕλοι ἐσχατόωντα,
ἤ τινά που καὶ φῆμιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι πύθοιτο,
ἅσσα τε μητιόωσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἢ μεμάασιν
αὖθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἠὲ πόλινδε
ἂψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιούς. 210
ταῦτά κε πάντα πύθοιτο, καὶ ἂψ εἰς ἡμέας ἔλθοι
ἀσκηθής· μέγα κέν οἱ ὑπουράνιον κλέος εἴη
πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, καί οἱ δόσις ἔσσεται ἐσθλή·
ὅσσοι γὰρ νήεσσιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι,
τῶν πάντων οἱ ἕκαστος ὅϊν δώσουσι μέλαιναν,
θῆλυν ὑπόρρηνον· τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὁμοῖον,
αἰεὶ δ' ἐν δαίτῃσι καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσται."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Νέστορ, ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ 220
ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων δῦναι στρατὸν ἐγγὺς ἐόντων,
Τρώων· ἀλλ' εἴ τίς μοι ἀνὴρ ἅμ' ἕποιτο καὶ ἄλλος,
μᾶλλον θαλπωρὴ καὶ θαρσαλεώτερον ἔσται.
σύν τε δύ' ἐρχομένω, καί τε πρὸ ὃ τοῦ ἐνόησεν,
ὅππως κέρδος ἔῃ· μοῦνος δ' εἴπερ τε νοήσῃ,
ἀλλά τέ οἱ βράσσων τε νόος, λεπτὴ δέ τε μῆτις."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἔθελον Διομήδεϊ πολλοὶ ἕπεσθαι.
ἠθελέτην Αἴαντε δύω, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἤθελε Μηριόνης, μάλα δ' ἤθελε Νέστορος υἱὸς,
ἤθελε δ' Ἀτρείδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος, 230
ἤθελε δ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσεὺς καταδῦναι ὅμιλον
Τρώων· αἰεὶ γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἐτόλμα.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Τυδείδη Διόμηδες, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
τὸν μὲν δὴ ἕταρόν γ' αἱρήσεαι, ὅν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα,
φαινομένων τὸν ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ μεμάασί γε πολλοί.
μηδὲ σύγ' αἰδόμενος σῇσι φρεσὶ τὸν μὲν ἀρείω
καλλείπειν, σὺ δὲ χείρον' ὀπάσσεαι αἰδοῖ εἴκων,
ἐς γενεὴν ὁρόων, μηδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερός ἐστιν."

"Hath no brave hero here enow of trust
Placed in his daring heart to venture forth
Through the haught Trojans, so perchance to slay
Some lodger on their outskirts, or to learn
What now is rumour'd, what they now intend;
Whether they would encamp beyond this night
Far from their city and so nigh our fleet,
Or after this their victory would return?
Could he learn this and come to us unscathed,
Great should his glory be 'mongst all mankind,
And bounteous his reward. Of all who rule
Chiefs in this camp, should every one bestow
A black-fleeced ewe with lamb upon her teats,
Whereto there is no fellow in the flock;
And at all banquets he should aye be guest."

He spoke; and all awhile in silence sate,
Till dauntless Diomed made answer thus:

"Nestor, my heart and daring prompt me forth
To venture through this neighbour camp of Troy;
Yet, if some comrade would companion me,
The cheer were better, and the hope were more.
When two together go, the one perchance
Perceives before the other what may turn
To vantage; if alone, albeit he sees,
'Twill be with slower sense, more meagre wit."

He spoke; and many offer'd, blithe to go;
Blithe either Ajax, constant to the war;
And blithe Meriones; and blither yet
The son of Nestor; blithe was Atreus' Son,
Renownèd Menelaus; last, not least,
Odysseus, ever venturesome at heart,
Was blithe to go a spy amid the host.
Amongst whom Agamemnon spake, their King:

"Tydides Diomed, my heart's delight!
Choose thou thy comrade, whomso thou preferr'st;
Since many proffer, choose thou out the best:
Nor, through some over-reverence, pass thou by
The better man, nor take to thee the worse,
For majesty, or for respect of birth,
Albeit he be of some more royal race."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ.
τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

"Εἰ μὲν δὴ ἕταρόν γε κελεύετέ μ' αὐτὸν ἑλέσθαι,
πῶς ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆος ἐγὼ θείοιο λαθοίμην,
οὔ πέρι μὲν πρόφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι, φιλεῖ δέ ἑ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
τούτου γ' ἑσπομένοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
ἄμφω νοστήσαιμεν, ἐπεὶ περίοιδε νοῆσαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Τυδείδη, μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἴνεε μήτε τι νείκει·
εἰδόσι γάρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις.
ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νὺξ ἄνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠὼς,
ἄστρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε, παρῴχηκεν δὲ πλέων νὺξ
τῶν δύο μοιράων, τριτάτη δ' ἔτι μοῖρα λέλειπται."

Ὣς εἰπόνθ' ὅπλοισιν ἔνι δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην.
Τυδείδῃ μὲν δῶκε μενεπτόλεμος Θρασυμήδης
φάσγανον ἄμφηκες—τὸ δ' ἐὸν παρὰ νηὶ λέλειπτο—
καὶ σάκος· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔθηκεν
ταυρείην, ἄφαλόν τε καὶ ἄλλοφον, ἥτε καταῖτυξ
κέκληται, ῥύεται δὲ κάρη θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
Μηριόνῃ δ' Ὀδυσῆϊ δίδου βιὸν ἠδὲ φαρέτρην
καὶ ξίφος· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔθηκεν,
ῥινοῦ ποιητήν· πολέσιν δ' ἔντοσθεν ἱμᾶσιν
ἐντέτατο στερεῶς· ἔκτοσθε δὲ λευκοὶ ὀδόντες
ἀργιόδοντος ὑὸς θαμέες ἔχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως· μέσσῃ δ' ἐνὶ πῖλος ἀρήρει.
τήν ῥά ποτ' ἐξ Ἐλεῶνος Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο
ἐξέλετ' Αὐτόλυκος πυκινὸν δόμον ἀντιτορήσας·
Σκάνδειαν δ' ἄρα δῶκε Κυθηρίῳ Ἀμφιδάμαντι·
Ἀμφιδάμας δὲ Μόλῳ δῶκε ξεινήϊον εἶναι,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόνῃ δῶκεν ᾧ παιδὶ φορῆναι·
δὴ τότ' Ὀδυσσῆος πύκασεν κάρη ἀμφιτεθεῖσα.

Τὼ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ὅπλοισιν ἔνι δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην,
βάν ῥ' ἰέναι, λιπέτην δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.
τοῖσι δὲ δεξιὸν ἦκεν ἐρωδιὸν ἐγγὺς ὁδοῖο

He spoke, in fear for Menelaus' sake ;
And dauntless Diomed made answer thus :
"If ye so bid me choose mine own ally,
How of divine Odysseus may I show
Forgetful, prompt of heart, and high of soul
In all endeavours, most to Pallas dear ?
Safe from a fiery furnace might we come,
With him my comrade, matchless in device."
To whom in answer sage Odysseus thus :
"Nor praise me overmuch, nor blame at all,
Tydides ; for thou speak'st to men who know.
But let us forth ; the darkness wears apace ;
And morn is nigh ; the stars have westward fall'n ;
The most of night hath gone, two watches pass'd,
The third alone remains for our emprize."
They ceased, and donn'd their dreadful-seeming arms.
And Thrasymed then gave to Tydeus' Son
A two-edged sword and shield (his own were left
Amongst the ships), and on his head placed firm
A bull-hide helm, devoid of crest or cone,
And basnet named, the headpiece of a youth.
Whilst to Odysseus gave Meriones
A bow and quiver, and a sword, and set
About his head a helm of leathern hide
Full stoutly wrought, with many twists entwined
Within, but on its outer front gleam'd white
(By skilful hand well set on either side)
A wild boar's teeth ; and felt was next the head.
This from a fortress breach'd and pierced right through,
In Helione Autolycus once took
From great Amyntor, son of Ormenus,
And to Cythera's King Amphidamas
Gave in Scandeia ; but Amphidamas
Gave it to Molus, pledge of friendship old,
And Molus to his son Meriones :
Therewith Odysseus now begirt his head.

So panoplied in dreadful-seeming arms
The two went forth, alone, and left their friends ;
On whose right hand propitious, near their path,

Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ἀλλὰ κλάγξαντος ἄκουσαν.
χαῖρε δὲ τῷ ὄρνιθ' Ὀδυσεὺς, ἠρᾶτο δ' Ἀθήνῃ·

"Κλῦθί μευ, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἤτε μοι αἰεὶ
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίστασαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω
κινύμενος· νῦν αὖτε μάλιστά με φίλαι, Ἀθήνη,
δὸς δὲ πάλιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἐϋκλεῖας ἀφικέσθαι,
ῥέξαντας μέγα ἔργον, ὅ κε Τρώεσσι μελήσει."

Δεύτερος αὖτ' ἠρᾶτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"κέκλυθι νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο, Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη·
σπεῖό μοι, ὡς ὅτε πατρὶ ἄμ' ἕσπεο Τυδεΐ δίῳ
ἐς Θήβας, ὅτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἄγγελος ἦει.
τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀσωπῷ λίπε χαλκοχίτωνας Ἀχαιοὺς,
αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλίχιον μῦθον φέρε Καδμείοισιν
κεῖσ'· ἀτὰρ ἂψ ἀπιὼν μάλα μέρμερα μήσατο ἔργα
σὺν σοὶ, δῖα θεὰ, ὅτε οἱ πρόφρασσα παρέστης.
ὣς νῦν μοι ἐθέλουσα παρίστασο καί με φύλασσε.
σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ ῥέξω βοῦν ἦνιν εὐρυμέτωπον,
ἀδμήτην, ἣν οὔπω ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ἀνήρ·
τήν τοι ἐγὼ ῥέξω, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περιχεύας."

Ὣς ἔφαν εὐχόμενοι, τῶν δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἠρήσαντο Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλοιο,
βάν ῥ' ἴμεν ὥστε λέοντε δύω διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
ἀμ φόνον, ἂν νέκυας, διά τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα.

Οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρῶας ἀγήνορας εἴασ' Ἕκτωρ
εὕδειν, ἀλλ' ἄμυδις κικλήσκετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
ὅσσοι ἔσαν Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες·
τοὺς ὅγε συγκαλέσας, πυκινὴν ἠρτύνετο βουλήν·

"Τίς κέν μοι τόδε ἔργον ὑποσχόμενος τελέσειεν
δώρῳ ἔπι μεγάλῳ; μισθὸς δέ οἱ ἄρκιος ἔσται.
δώσω γὰρ δίφρον τε δύω τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους,
οἵ κεν ἄριστοι ἔωσι θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅστις κε τλαίη, οἵ τ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄροιτο,

Athene sent a heron ; in dim night
They saw it not, but heard its cry ; whereat,
Much-cheer'd, Odysseus on the Goddess cried :
"Child of the Ægis-wielder, hear my prayer ;
Daughter of Zeus, who ever at my side
Standest in danger, nor unmark'd of thee
I move—now most, Athene, show thy love ;
Grant to our well-bench'd galleys we return
After some deed the Trojans long may rue."
And Diomed in turn address'd his prayer ;
" Hear me, me also, mighty child of Zeus !
And be to me, as to my sire in Thebes
Of old thou wast, companion ; when he went
In embassy before Achaia's host,
And left them at Æsopus' stream, but bare
Onward their peaceful message into Thebes
To the Cadmeians ; and, returning, wrought
Upon them wondrous deeds, through thee, through thee,
Great Goddess, who wast helpful to his arm !
So now to me be helpful ; guard me home ;
And on thine altar I will offer up
A heifer, one year old, and broad of front,
Unbroken, ne'er submitted to the yoke :
This will I offer, and with gilded horns."
So pray'd they, and Athene heard their prayer.

Thereafter, like two lions, quite alone,
In darkness, and o'er bodies of the dead,
Through spilth of gore and arms, they trod their way.

The while nor Hector suffer'd his brave host
To slumber, but together call'd the best,
All who were chiefs and captains in their camp ;
To whom in council he address'd his rede :
" Who for my sake and for a rich reward
Will forth adventure to a perilous raid ?
Large guerdon shall be his ; for I will give
The chariot and the pair of proudneck'd steeds,
Of all most perfect from Achaia's host,
To whoso dares (and great the fame thereto)

νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι
ἠὲ φυλάσσονται νῆες θοαὶ ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,
ἦ ἤδη χείρεσσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσι δαμέντες
φύξιν βουλεύουσι μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν
νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι, καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῷ."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
ἦν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δόλων, Εὐμήδεος υἱὸς,
κήρυκος θείοιο, πολύχρυσος πολύχαλκος·
ὃς δή τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακὸς, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἔην μετὰ πέντε κασιγνήτῃσιν.
ὅς ῥα τότε Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἕκτορ', ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
νηῶν ὠκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνάσχεο, καί μοι ὄμοσσον
ἦ μὲν τοὺς ἵππους τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ
δωσέμεν, οἳ φορέουσιν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.
σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐχ ἅλιος σκοπὸς ἔσσομαι οὐδ' ἀπὸ δόξης.
τόφρα γὰρ ἐς στρατὸν εἶμι διαμπερὲς, ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκωμαι
νῆ' Ἀγαμεμνονέην, ὅθι που μέλλουσιν ἄριστοι
βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν, ἠὲ μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἐν χερσὶ σκῆπτρον λάβε καί οἱ ὄμοσσεν·
"ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς αὐτὸς, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,
μὴ μὲν τοῖς ἵπποισιν ἀνὴρ ἐποχήσεται ἄλλος
Τρώων, ἀλλά σέ φημι διαμπερὲς ἀγλαϊεῖσθαι."

Ὣς φάτο καί ῥ' ἐπίορκον ἐπώμοσε, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἐβάλλετο καμπύλα τόξα,
ἔσσατο δ' ἔκτοσθεν ῥινὸν πολιοῖο λύκοιο,
κρατὶ δ' ἐπὶ κτιδέην κυνέην, ἕλε δ' ὀξὺν ἄκοντα,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι προτὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν ἂψ Ἕκτορι μῦθον ἀποίσειν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κάλλιφ' ὅμιλον,
βῆ ῥ' ἀν' ὁδὸν μεμαώς· τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσιόντα
διογενὴς Ὀδυσεὺς, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν·

"Οὗτός τις, Διόμηδες, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνὴρ,
οὐκ οἶδ' ἢ νήεσσιν ἐπίσκοπος ἡμετέρῃσιν,
ἤ τινα συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων
ἀλλ' ἐῶμέν μιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο

Seek their swift galleys, and espy, and learn
Whether they yet be guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,
They counsel flight amongst them, and are slack
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone."
He ceased; but all long time in silence sate.
A certain man, named Dolon, ill to view,
But fleet of foot, and wealthy, dwelt in Troy,
Son of Eumedes herald of the town;
One son, amongst five sisters born and bred;
He first to Hector and to Troy replied:
"Hector, my heart and daring prompt me forth
To seek their ships, and, as thou tell'st, espy;
But raise aloft thy sceptre; swear thereon
To give me the enamell'd car and steeds
Which bear the great Peleion on the field.
So I to thee will prove no idle spy
Nor disappoint thy hopes, but pierce their camp
To Agamemnon's galley, where perchance
They hold their council, or to flight or war."
To whom with lifted sceptre Hector sware:
"Now Zeus himself, far-thundering, Herè's Lord,
Bear witness, that no other Trojan brave
Shall mount that chariot or shall guide those steeds,
Which thou shalt have, thy glory and thy pride."
He spoke, and sware an oath forsworn, yet cheer'd
The other forth, who straightway rose and flung
About his shoulders crookbent bow, and donn'd
A grey wolf-skin, and bound about his head
A cap of weasel-fur, and took a spear;
Then started from their camp towards the fleet;
So started—but was destined ne'er to bring
Report to Hector, nor himself return.
Soon, when were left behind some little space
Their cars and horses, eager on his path
He hasted on, till brave Odysseus first
Perceived him, and to Diomed said thus:
"This man comes, Diomed, from out their camp;
Whether to spy our fleet or rob the slain
I know not. Let him pass us on the field

τυτθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαΐξαντες ἕλοιμεν
καρπαλίμως· εἰ δ' ἄμμε παραφθήῃσι πόδεσσιν,
αἰεί μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφι προτιειλεῖν,
ἔγχει ἐπαΐσσων, μή πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύξῃ."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρὲξ ὁδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
κλινθήτην· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὦκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίῃσιν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἀπέην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὖρα πέλονται
ἡμιόνων—αἱ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερέστεραί εἰσιν
ἑλκέμεναι νειοῖο βαθείης πηκτὸν ἄροτρον—
τὼ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·
ἔλπετο γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέψοντας ἑταίρους
ἐκ Τρώων ἰέναι, πάλιν Ἕκτορος ὀτρύναντος,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἄπεσαν δουρηνεκὲς ἢ καὶ ἔλασσον,
γνῶ ῥ' ἄνδρας δηΐους, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
φευγέμεναι· τοὶ δ' αἶψα διώκειν ὡρμήθησαν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κύνε, εἰδότε θήρης,
ἢ κεμάδ' ἠὲ λαγωὸν ἐπείγετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
χῶρον ἀν' ὑλήενθ', ὁ δέ τε προθέῃσι μεμηκὼς,
ὣς τὸν Τυδείδης ἠδὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεὺς
λαοῦ ἀποτμήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεί.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλε μιγήσεσθαι φυλάκεσσιν
φεύγων ἐς νῆας, τότε δὴ μένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη
Τυδείδῃ, ἵνα μή τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
φθαίη ἐπευξάμενος βαλέειν, ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.
δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

"Ἠὲ μέν', ἠέ σε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σέ φημι
δηρὸν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀλύξειν αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἔγχος ἀφῆκεν, ἐκὼν δ' ἡμάρτανε φωτός,
δεξιτερὸν δ' ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἐΰξου δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
ἐν γαίῃ ἐπάγη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη τάρβησέν τε
βαμβαίνων—ἄραβος δὲ διὰ στόμα γίγνετ' ὀδόντων—
χλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δείους. τὼ δ' ἀσθμαίνοντε κιχήτην,
χειρῶν δ' ἀψάσθην· ὁ δὲ δακρύσας ἔπος ηὔδα·

Some little way ; then easily will we spring
And take him captive ; for, though he perchance
In speed excel us, yet advancing still
Against him spear in hand, we drive him off
From his own camp, and bar escape to Troy."
They whisper'd thus, and crouch'd beside the path
'Mongst the dead bodies hidden ; and he pass'd
Swift running by them—witless, to his death !

Far as one strain of mules may reach (for mules
Better than oxen through stiff fallow land
Haul the strong plough) he pass'd them, ere they rose
And follow'd quick : whose steps he heard, and paused
Gladly, for in his heart he hoped the sound
Of his own comrades hasting to recall
Himself by Hector's bidding back to Troy.
But, when within a spear's-cast or less space
They gain'd, he knew them foes, and turn'd his limbs
Nimbly to flight, and they to hard pursuit.
As when two jag-tooth'd hounds well-skill'd of chace
Press o'er some wooded dale full furiously
A fawn or hare, that moaning flees before,
So Tydeus' dauntless Son and Odyseus
Drave him in front and press'd full furiously
Upon him ; till, when fleeing he had fall'n
Almost upon the outposts of the guard,
Athene breathed on Tydeus' Son despight,
Lest, if another of Achaia's host
Should now forestall him, and with prayer to heaven
Smite Dolon, he be second at the death ;
Therefore with brandish'd spear he cried, and said :
"Halt, or my spear shall strike thee ; then, I ween,
Short thy escape from slaughter at our hands."
He spake, and hurl'd his spear, but err'd prepense :
O'er the right shoulder of the foe the point
Pass'd, and the polish'd shaft stood fix'd in earth
Before him. All aghast, with muttering lips
And chattering teeth, and pale with fear, he stopp'd ;
Till they, for breath now panting, gain'd his side
And seized his hands ; whom he with tears implored ;

"Ζωγρεῖτ', αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐμὲ λύσομαι· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον
χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,
τῶν κ' ὔμμιν χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ζωὸν πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"θάρσει, μηδέ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιος ἔστω·
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον·
πῇ δ' οὕτως ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεαι οἷος
νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
[ἦ τινα συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων;]
ἦ σ' Ἕκτωρ προέηκε διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστα
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς; ἦ σ' αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;"
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Δόλων—ὑπὸ δ' ἔτρεμε γυῖα·
"πολλῇσίν μ' ἄτῃσι παρὲκ νόον ἤγαγεν Ἕκτωρ,
ὅς μοι Πηλείωνος ἀγαυοῦ μώνυχας ἵππους
δωσέμεναι κατένευσε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ·
ἠνώγει δέ μ' ἰόντα θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν
ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔκ τε πυθέσθαι
ἠὲ φυλάσσονται νῆες θοαὶ ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,
ἦ ἤδη χείρεσσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσι δαμέντες
φύξιν βουλεύοιτε μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἐθέλοιτε
νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῷ."
Τὸν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"ἦ ῥά νύ τοι μεγάλων δώρων ἐπεμαίετο θυμὸς
ἵππων Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἱ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἠδ' ὀχέεσθαι,
ἄλλῳ γ' ἢ Ἀχιλῆϊ, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον·
ποῦ νῦν δεῦρο κιὼν λίπες Ἕκτορα, ποιμένα λαῶν;
ποῦ δέ οἱ ἔντεα κεῖται ἀρήϊα, ποῦ δέ οἱ ἵπποι;
πῶς δ' αἱ τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων φυλακαί τε καὶ εὐναί;
[ἅσσα τε μητιόωσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἦ μεμάασιν
αὖθι μένειν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἠὲ πόλινδε
ἂψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιούς.]"
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Δόλων, Εὐμήδεος υἱός·
"τοιγὰρ ἐγώ τοι ταῦτα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν, ὅσοι βουληφόροι εἰσὶν,
βουλὰς βουλεύει θείου παρὰ σήματι Ἴλου,

"Spare me; I yield me captive, and will give
Large ransom; great the substance in my home,
Brass, gold, and well-wrought iron, storèd up,
Whence will my father priceless ransom yield,
When he shall learn me captive in your fleet."
To whom thus answering sage Odysseus said:
"Take heart; nor let thy death be in thy thought.
Rather speak freely all, and tell me this—
Whither through night's dim darkness mak'st thou way
Towards our fleet, whilst others are at rest?
To strip some body? Or hath Hector sent
To spy what now is passing in our ships?
Or doth thine own brave heart thus prompt thee forth?"
To whom then Dolon thus, with shaking knees:
"To this dire trouble, against my better sense,
Hath Hector guiled me, swearing to bestow
The horses and the bright enamell'd car
Of Peleus' Son, and bidding me by night
Venture amongst your barks, to spy, and learn
Whether your fleet be guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our conquering arms,
Ye counsel flight amongst you, and are slack
To watch this night, by dire fatigue foredone."
Whom with slow smile Odysseus answer'd thus:
"Vast, verily, thy ambition—the great steeds
Of Peleus' noble Son! But hard were they
For mortal man to manage or to yoke,
Save one of an immortal mother born,
Their lord Achilles! Now inform me this;
Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of the realm?
Where lies his warlike mail, and where his steeds?
How is't with the others at their posts and tents?
What counsel they amongst them? Or to bide
Far from their city and so near our fleet,
Or after this their victory to return?"
To whom Eumedes' Son made answer thus:
"Also these things will I inform at full.
Hector, with all who have in senate seat,
Holds council, clear of all the din, and near
To Ilus' tomb; but of the guards, great chief,

νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβου· φυλακὰς δ' ἂς εἴρεαι, ἤρως,
οὔτις κεκριμένη ῥύεται στρατὸν οὐδὲ φυλάσσει.
ὅσσαι μὲν Τρώων πυρὸς ἐσχάραι, οἷσιν ἀνάγκη,
οἱ δ' ἐγρηγόρθασι φυλασσέμεναί τε κέλονται
ἀλλήλοις. ἀτὰρ αὖτε πολύκλητοι ἐπίκουροι
εὕδουσι· Τρωσὶν γὰρ ἐπιτραπέουσι φυλάσσειν·
οὐ γάρ σφιν παῖδες σχεδὸν εἴαται οὐδὲ γυναῖκες."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"πῶς γὰρ νῦν, Τρώεσσι μεμιγμένοι ἱπποδάμοισιν
εὕδουσ', ἢ ἀπάνευθε; δίειπέ μοι, ὄφρα δαείω."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Δόλων, Εὐμήδεος υἱός·
"τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦτα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.
πρὸς μὲν ἁλὸς Κᾶρες καὶ Παίονες ἀγκυλότοξοι
καὶ Λέλεγες καὶ Καύκωνες δῖοί τε Πελασγοί.
πρὸς Θύμβρης δ' ἔλαχον Λύκιοι Μυσοί τ' ἀγέρωχοι
καὶ Φρύγες ἱππόδαμοι καὶ Μῄονες ἱπποκορυσταί.
ἀλλὰ τίη ἐμὲ ταῦτα διεξερέεσθε ἕκαστα;
εἰ γὰρ δὴ μέματον Τρώων καταδῦναι ὅμιλον,
Θρῄκες οἵδ' ἀπάνευθε νεήλυδες, ἔσχατοι ἄλλων·
ἐν δέ σφιν Ῥῆσος βασιλεὺς, πάϊς Ἠϊονῆος.
τοῦ δὴ καλλίστους ἵππους ἴδον ἠδὲ μεγίστους·
λευκότεροι χιόνος, θείειν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι.
ἅρμα δέ οἱ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ εὖ ἤσκηται·
τεύχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
ἦλυθ' ἔχων· τὰ μὲν οὔτι καταθνητοῖσιν ἔοικεν
ἄνδρεσσιν φορέειν, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ πελάσσετον ὠκυπόροισιν,
ἠέ με δήσαντες λίπετ' αὐτόθι νηλεῖ δεσμῷ,
ὄφρα κεν ἔλθητον καὶ πειρηθῆτον ἐμεῖο,
ἠὲ κατ' αἶσαν ἔειπον ἐν ὑμῖν, ἠὲ καὶ οὐκί."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"μὴ δή μοι φύξιν γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ,
ἐσθλά περ ἀγγείλας, ἐπεὶ ἵκεο χεῖρας ἐς ἁμάς.
εἰ μὲν γάρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσομεν ἠὲ μεθῶμεν,
ἦ τε καὶ ὕστερον εἶσθα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
ἠὲ διοπτεύσων, ἦ ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων·

Thou askest—they are on no fixèd posts
To watch or save the camp ; but, where the fires
Amongst the Trojans (who needs must keep guard)
Show blazing, there men wake, and each bids each
Keep heedful watch ; but all their famed allies
Slumber, and to the Trojans leave this care ;
They have not wife or child imperill'd here."
Whom sage Odysseus, answering, question'd more :
" Rest these allies commingled with the host
Of warrior Trojans, or themselves apart ? "
To whom then Dolon thus, Eumedes' Son :
" Also these things will I inform at full.
Seaward the plumed Pæonian archer-troop,
The Carians, Caucons, and Lelegians lie ;
With these the brave Pelasgians ; on the side
Of Thymbra their allotted spaces hold
The Lycians, the proud Mysians, and the host
Of Phrygia, and the helm'd Mæonian tribes.
But wherefore thus inquire the camp of each ?
For, would ye have a foray on their camp,
Here lie the Thracians, on the skirts of all
Alone, and late-arrived ; and with them came
Rhesus, the son of Eioneus, their King.
Largest, most beauteous on this earth, his steeds,
Whiter than snow, and footed like the winds,
I late beheld ; and eke his car is wrought
In gold and silver ; and of gold his arms,
Of size prodigious, marvel to behold,
Such as 'twould seem no mortal man might bear,
But worthy to enclothe immortal Gods.
Now therefore take me captive to your ships,
Or bind with ruthless bonds, and leave me here
Till ye return, and of my words have proof,
Whether I now have told you false or true."
But thus brave Diomed with stern-set brow :
" Hope not, how good soe'er thy tidings given
Hope not, O Dolon, from our hands escape
For, if we for a ransom set thee free,
Hereafter might'st thou to our fleet again,
Whether to spy, or fight in open field :

εἰ δέ κ' ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃς,
οὐλέτ' ἔπειτα σὺ πῆμά ποτ' ἔσσεαι Ἀργείοισιν."

Ἦ καὶ ὁ μέν μιν ἔμελλε γενείου χειρὶ παχείῃ
ἁψάμενος λίσσεσθαι, ὁ δ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσεν
φασγάνῳ ἀΐξας, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·
φθεγγομένου δ' ἄρα τοῦγε κάρη κονίῃσιν ἐμίχθη.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδέην κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔλοντο
καὶ λυκέην καὶ τόξα παλίντονα καὶ δόρυ μακρόν·
καὶ τάγ' Ἀθηναίῃ ληΐτιδι δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ὑψόσ' ἀνέσχεθε χειρὶ καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Χαῖρε, θεά, τοῖσδεσσι· σὲ γὰρ πρώτην ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
πάντων ἀθανάτων ἐπιδωσόμεθ'· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτις
πέμψον ἐπὶ Θρῃκῶν ἀνδρῶν ἵππους τε καὶ εὐνάς."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, καὶ ἀπὸ ἕθεν ὑψόσ' ἀείρας
θῆκεν ἀνὰ μυρίκην· δέελον δ' ἐπὶ σῆμά τ' ἔθηκεν,
συμμάρψας δόνακας μυρίκης τ' ἐριθηλέας ὄζους,
μὴ λάθοι αὖτις ἰόντε θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.
τὼ δὲ βάτην προτέρω διά τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα,
αἶψα δ' ἐπὶ Θρῃκῶν ἀνδρῶν τέλος ἶξον ἰόντες.
οἱ δ' εὗδον καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες, ἔντεα δέ σφιν
καλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖσι χθονὶ κέκλιτο, εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
τριστοιχί· παρὰ δέ σφιν ἑκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι.
Ῥῆσος δ' ἐν μέσῳ εὗδε, παρ' αὐτῷ δ' ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἐξ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἱμᾶσι δέδεντο.
τὸν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς προπάροιθεν ἰδὼν Διομήδεϊ δεῖξεν·

"Οὗτός τοι, Διόμηδες, ἀνὴρ, οὗτοι δέ τοι ἵπποι,
οὓς νῶϊν πίφαυσκε Δόλων, ὃν ἐπέρνομεν ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δή, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
ἑστάμεναι μέλεον σὺν τεύχεσιν, ἀλλὰ λύ' ἵππους·
ἠὲ σύγ' ἄνδρας ἔναιρε, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἵπποι."

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἔμπνευσε μένος γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
κτεῖνε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην, τῶν δὲ στόνος ὄρνυτ' ἀεικὴς
ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἵματι γαῖα.

But, if thou perish now beneath our arms,
Thou wilt not give annoy to Argos more."
He spoke ; the other sought to reach his beard
With his broad hand entreating ; but the sword
Clove through his neck, disparting either side ;
As he would speak, his head was in the dust ;
Off whom the cap of weasel-fur they stripp'd,
The wolf-skin, the long spear, and crookbent bow :
These sage Odysseus, lifting up on high,
Vow'd to Athene Goddess of the spoil :
"Hail, Goddess, hail ! In these have thou delight ;
And, as on thee of all the Olympian powers
We first will call, so gracious be our guide
To the encampment and the steeds of Thrace."
He spake, and from him lifted high and laid
The arms within a tamarisk-bush conceal'd,
But heap'd a mark with rushes and fresh boughs
Pluck'd from the bush, lest haply on return
Through the dim night the spot escape their ken.

Then on, through arms bestrewn and spilth of gore,
They trod their way, and quickly gain'd the post
Where lay the Thracians camp'd ; whom all asleep
They found, and sated with fatigue, their arms
Beside them in good order on the ground
Piled in three rows, and near each warrior stood
His chariot's pair. But midmost Rhesus lay,
Their King, and at his feet those horses stood
Fast to the splash-board's rim by headstalls bound.
Odysseus saw, and said to Diomed :
"This, Diomed, the man, and these the steeds,
Whereof, or e'er we slew him, Dolon told.
Now warm we to the work ; 'tis not thy part
To stand full-arm'd and idle : loose the steeds ;
Or ply thy sword, and be the steeds my care."
He spoke ; and azure-eyed Athene breathed
A spirit fierce on Tydeus' Son, who straight
'Gan slaughter, right and left ; and ceaseless rose
(As half-awaked they perish'd by his sword)
Their groans ; and earth was redden'd with their blood.

ὡς δὲ λέων μήλοισιν ἀσημάντοισιν ἐπελθὼν,
αἴγεσιν ἢ ὀΐεσσι, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνορούσῃ,
ὣς μὲν Θρήϊκας ἄνδρας ἐπῴχετο Τυδέος υἱὸς,
ὄφρα δυώδεκ' ἔπεφνεν. ἀτὰρ πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς,
ὅντινα Τυδείδης ἄορι πλήξειε παραστὰς,
τὸν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς μετόπισθε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἐξερύσασκεν,
τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅπως καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
ῥεῖα διέλθοιεν μηδὲ τρομεοίατο θυμῷ
νεκροῖς ἀμβαίνοντες· ἀήθεσσον γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτῶν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ βασιλῆα κιχήσατο Τυδέος υἱὸς,
τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα
ἀσθμαίνοντα· κακὸν γὰρ ὄναρ κεφαλῆφιν ἐπέστη
[τὴν νύκτ', Οἰνείδαο πάϊς, διὰ μῆτιν Ἀθήνης].
τόφρα δ' ἄρ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσεὺς λύε μώνυχας ἵππους,
σὺν δ' ἤειρεν ἰμᾶσι, καὶ ἐξήλαυνεν ὁμίλου
τόξῳ ἐπιπλήσσων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάστιγα φαεινὴν
ποικίλου ἐκ δίφροιο νοήσατο χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι·
ῥοίζησεν δ' ἄρα πιφαύσκων Διομήδεϊ δίῳ.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μερμήριζε μένων ὅ τι κύντατον ἔρδοι,
ἦ ὅγε δίφρον ἑλὼν, ὅθι ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο,
ῥυμοῦ ἐξερύσοι, ἦ ἐκφέροι ὑψόσ' ἀείρας,
ἦ ἔτι τῶν πλεόνων Θρῃκῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλοιτο.
εἷος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δ' Ἀθήνη
ἐγγύθεν ἱσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδεα δῖον·

"Νόστου δὴ μνῆσαι, μεγαθύμου Τυδέος υἱὲ,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς, μὴ καὶ πεφοβημένος ἔλθῃς,
μή πού τις καὶ Τρῶας ἐγείρῃσιν θεὸς ἄλλος."

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὄπα φωνησάσης,
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο· κόπτε δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς
τόξῳ· τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπίην εἶχ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς ἴδ' Ἀθηναίην μετὰ Τυδέος υἱὸν ἕπουσαν·

As lion, falling on a guardless flock
Of sheep or goats, springs slaughterous in their midst,
So through those men of Thrace ranged Tydeus' Son
Slaughtering, till twelve had perish'd ; but the while,
As one by one he slew them with his sword,
The sage Odysseus by the foot seized each,
And drew the body back, devising well
How with all ease the glossy steeds might step
From out the fray, nor, treading on the slain,
Be frighted, as unwonted to the war.
Then on their King, thirteenth, Tydides fell
And took his sweet life from him, where he lay
Heavily breathing ; o'er whose head that night,
Sent by the ordering of Athene's will,
Ill dream took stand—the son of Œneus' house !
And Odyseus had loosed the steeds and leash'd
With thongs together, and from out the throng
Now drave them, plying for a goad his bow,
Since he had minded not to take to hand
The glittering lash that lay upon their car :—
Then whistled shrill to noble Diomed ;
Who yet remain'd still pondering, what yet more
Might be achieved of daring ; should he seize
The car whereon the enamell'd mail lay bright
And draw it by the pole away, or lift
The armour off, and bear it to the ships ;
Or should he on the Thracians turn once more ?
But, while the thought went coursing through his heart,
Athene by his side address'd him thus :
" Mind thee, Tydides, now of safe return,
Lest peradventure thou shouldst make thy way
Back to the hollow galleys driven in flight.
Some God perchance will wake the men of Troy."
She spoke ; the hero knew the voice divine,
And straightway sprang and mounted o'er the steeds ;
Odysseus lash'd them with his bow, nor loth
They flew towards Achaia's camp and fleet.

Nor idle watch Apollo held in heaven ;
And, when he view'd Athene by the side

τῇ κοτέων Τρώων κατεδύσετο πουλὺν ὅμιλον,
ὦρσεν δὲ Θρῃκῶν βουληφόρον Ἱπποκόωντα,
Ῥήσου ἀνεψιὸν ἐσθλόν. ὁ δ' ἐξ ὕπνου ἀνορούσας,
ὡς ἴδε χῶρον ἐρῆμον, ὅθ' ἕστασαν ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄνδρας τ' ἀσπαίροντας ἐν ἀργαλέῃσι φονῇσιν,
ὤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα φίλον τ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον.
Τρώων δὲ κλαγγή τε καὶ ἄσπετος ὦρτο κυδοιμὸς
θυνόντων ἄμυδις. θηεῦντο δὲ μέρμερα ἔργα,
ὅσσ' ἄνδρες ῥέξαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι σκοπὸν Ἕκτορος ἔκταν,
ἔνθ' Ὀδυσεὺς μὲν ἔρυξε διίφιλος ὠκέας ἵππους,
Τυδείδης δὲ χαμᾶζε θορὼν ἔναρα βροτόεντα
ἐν χείρεσσ' Ὀδυσῆϊ τίθει, ἐπεβήσετο δ' ἵππων.
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην
[νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ].
Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπον ἄϊε φώνησέν τε·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ψεύσομαι, ἦ ἔτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.
ἵππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὔατα βάλλει.
αἰ γὰρ δὴ Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ ὁ κρατερὸς Διομήδης
ὧδ' ἄφαρ ἐκ Τρώων ἐλασαίατο μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα κατὰ φρένα μή τι πάθωσιν
Ἀργείων οἱ ἄριστοι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ."

Οὔπω πᾶν εἴρητο ἔπος, ὅτ' ἄρ' ἤλυθον αὐτοί.
καί ῥ' οἱ μὲν κατέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοὶ δὲ χαίροντες
δεξιῇ ἠσπάζοντο ἔπεσσί τε μειλιχίοισιν.
πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·

"Εἶπ' ἄγε μ', ὦ πολύαιν' Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅππως τούσδ' ἵππους λάβετον· καταδύντες ὅμιλον
Τρώων; ἦ τίς σφωε πόρεν θεὸς ἀντιβολήσας;

Of Tydeus' Son attendant, all in wrath
Descending to the Trojan crowded throng,
He woke a counsellor of Thrace, one nigh
Akin to Rhesus, brave Hippocoön:
Who, starting up from sleep, look'd round, and saw
The place now empty where the steeds had been,
His gallant comrades weltering in their blood,
And sobb'd, and shrieking call'd his dear lord's name:
Whereat a sound of lamentation rose
Shrill, quenchless; as the Trojans thither flocked
In throng tumultuous, gazing all aghast
On that disastrous havoc, wrought by men
Unknown, and now amongst their ships secure.

But when the heroes reach'd where Hector's scout
Had perish'd, there Odysseus stay'd the steeds,
Whilst Diomed sprang down, and lifting put
Into the other's hands the bloodstain'd spoils,
Then mounted quick the steed again; they plied
The lash; nor loth the horses sought the fleet.

Nestor first caught the beating hoofs, and spake;
"Friends, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host!
I know not if I utter false or true;
But thus my heart impels me. On mine ears
The tramp of horses at full gallop strikes.
Might it but be that gallant Diomed
And sage Odysseus drive them hitherwards,
Won from the Trojan chieftains spoil and prey!
But much I dread, lest by this rising din
The two, our bravest, there are sore bested.

Scarce had he ended, when the two appear'd
And straight dismounted; blithe around them came
The others, with warm hands and glad address
Giving them cheer; but agèd Nestor first:
"Odysseus, much renown'd, our nation's boast!
How got ye, tell me quick, these noble steeds?
Or by a foray on the camp of Troy?
Or did some God accost ye and bestow

αἰνῶς ἀκτίνεσσιν ἐοικότες ἠελίοιο.
αἰεὶ μὲν Τρώεσσ' ἐπιμίσγομαι, οὐδέ τί φημι
μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ, γέρων περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής·
ἀλλ' οὔπω τοίους ἵππους ἴδον οὐδ' ἐνόησα. 550
ἀλλά τιν' ὔμμ' οἴω δόμεναι θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα·
ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ σφῶϊ φιλεῖ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
κούρη τ' αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
" ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ῥεῖα θεός γ' ἐθέλων καὶ ἀμείνονας ἠέπερ οἵδε
ἵππους δωρήσαιτ', ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰσιν.
ἵπποι δ' οἵδε, γεραιὲ, νεήλυδες, οὓς ἐρεείνεις,
Θρηΐκιοι· τὸν δέ σφιν ἄνακτ' ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
ἔκτανε, πὰρ δ' ἑτάρους δυοκαίδεκα πάντας ἀρίστους. 560
τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον σκοπὸν εἵλομεν ἐγγύθι νηῶν,
τόν ῥα διοπτῆρα στρατοῦ ἔμμεναι ἠμετέροιο
Ἕκτωρ τε προέηκε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγαυοί."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τάφροιο διήλασε μώνυχας ἵππους
καγχαλόων· ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἴσαν χαίροντες Ἀχαιοί.
οἱ δ' ὅτε Τυδείδεω κλισίην εὔτυκτον ἵκοντο,
ἵππους μὲν κατέδησαν ἐϋτμήτοισιν ἱμᾶσιν
φάτνῃ ἐφ' ἱππείῃ, ὅθι περ Διομήδεος ἵπποι
ἕστασαν ὠκύποδες μελιηδέα πυρὸν ἔδοντες.
νηῒ δ' ἐνὶ πρύμνῃ ἔναρα βροτόεντα Δόλωνος 570
θῆκ' Ὀδυσεὺς, ὄφρ' ἱρὸν ἑτοιμασσαίατ' Ἀθήνῃ.
αὐτοὶ δ' ἱδρῷ πολλὸν ἀπενίζοντο θαλάσσῃ
ἐσβάντες, κνήμας τ' ἠδὲ λόφον ἀμφί τε μηρούς.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί σφιν κῦμα θαλάσσης ἱδρῶ πολλὸν
νίψεν ἀπὸ χρωτὸς, καὶ ἀνέψυχθεν φίλον ἦτορ,
ἔς ῥ' ἀσαμίνθους βάντες ἐϋξέστας λούσαντο.
τὼ δὲ λοεσσαμένω καὶ ἀλειψαμένω λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
δείπνῳ ἐφιζανέτην, ἀπὸ δὲ κρητῆρος Ἀθήνῃ
πλείου ἀφυσσάμενοι λεῖβον μελιηδέα οἶνον.

These miracles of radiance—like the sun?
Oft on the field I show, nor guilty plead,
Old though I be, of loitering at the ships;
But ne'er have I beheld, nor ev'n in thought
Conceived such horses. Some great God, I trow,
Hath met you and bestow'd them; dear are both
To Zeus, the Ægisbearer, Lord in heaven,
Dear to Athene too, his virgin child."

Whom answering, sage Odysseus thus return'd:
"Yea, Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast!
A God, if so he listed, with all ease
Better than these thou seest, though these be good,
Might well bestow; the Gods are far supreme.
But these, whereof thou question'st me, my sire,
Are Thracian-bred, and latest reach'd the camp;
Whose lord by gallant Diomed lays slain,
And with him other twelve, their country's best.
Hard by the fleet, thirteenth, a scout we caught,
Whom Hector and the other chiefs of Troy
Had forward sent to spy upon our camp."

He spoke, and through the trench drave on those steeds
Glorying; with whom exultant follow'd all
To the pavilion of brave Tydeus' Son.
The horses there with clean-cut thongs they bound
Fast to the manger, where the hero's own
Stood eating corn, as honey to their mouths;
Whilst Odyseus laid down the bloodstain'd spoils
Of Dolon at his galley's stern, and there
Design'd the offering to Athene due.

Then in the sea they cleansed them of the sweat
That clung about their knees, and throats, and thighs;
And when the wave had wash'd them clean of sweat,
And the dear hearts within them beat refresh'd,
Into their polish'd baths they went, and bathed.
Thereafter, all anointed with pure oil,
They sate them to their supper; nor forgat
To pour the offering of their sweetest wine
Due to Athene from a full-brimm'd cup.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Λ'.

Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀριστεία.

Ἠὼς δ' ἐκ λεχέων παρ' ἀγαυοῦ Τιθωνοῖο
ὄρνυθ', ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
Ζεὺς δ' Ἔριδα προΐαλλε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ἀργαλέην, πολέμοιο τέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαν.
στῆ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακήτεϊ νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
ἥ ῥ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε,
ἠμὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο
ἠδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί ῥ' ἔσχατα νῆας ἐΐσας
εἴρυσαν, ἠνορέῃ πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.
ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἤϋσε θεὰ μέγα τε δεινόν τε
ὄρθι', Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἑκάστῳ
καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
[τοῖσι δ' ἄφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἠὲ νέεσθαι
ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.]

Ἀτρείδης δ' ἐβόησεν ἰδὲ ζώννυσθαι ἄνωγεν
Ἀργείους· ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νώροπα χαλκόν.
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκεν
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν,
τόν ποτέ οἱ Κινύρης δῶκε ξεινήϊον εἶναι.
πεύθετο γὰρ Κύπρονδε μέγα κλέος, οὕνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐς Τροίην νήεσσιν ἀναπλεύσεσθαι ἔμελλον·
τοὔνεκά οἱ τὸν δῶκε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῆϊ,
τοῦ δ' ἦτοι δέκα οἶμοι ἔσαν μέλανος κυάνοιο,
δώδεκα δὲ χρυσοῖο καὶ εἴκοσι κασσιτέροιο.
κυάνεοι δὲ δράκοντες ὀρωρέχατο προτὶ δειρὴν

ILIAD XI.

BEARER of light to mortal and to God,
Dawn had now risen from her couch, and left
The side of famed Tithonus, when, from Zeus
Sent to Achaia's camp, Strife, evil Strife,
Flew forth, and waved aloft the flag of war.
High on Odysseus' black-hull'd ship she stood,
The midmost galley, whence her voice might go
To either side—the Telamonian's tent
Or Peleus' Son's ; for those two, in the trust
Of their stout manhood and their might of arm,
On the fleet's furthest flanks had moor'd their barks.
Thence loud and dread her shout the Goddess raised,
In every Achaian kindling dauntless heart
Strong to unending onset and affray ;
Yea, so that sudden sweeter seem'd the thought
Of battle than aboard their hollow barks
Home to their own dear fatherland return !
Atrides raised his voice and bade the host
Be arm'd, and girt himself in dazzling mail.
And first the enamell'd greaves about his limbs
He bound, with silvern anklets clasp'd below ;
The breastplate then, the gift of Cynaras,
He put about his chest—the gift bestow'd
Of an old friendship ; when to Cyprus came
The rumour bruited wide that Argos' sons
Would sail anon to Troy, then Cynaras
Bestow'd this gift, a grace unto the King.
Ten were the bars thereon of deep blue steel,
Twenty of glittering tin, and twelve of gold,
And azure dragons, three on either side,
Strain'd upward tow'rd the gorget, flickering bright

τρεῖς ἑκάτερθ', ἴρισσιν ἐοικότες, ἅστε Κρονίων
ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦλοι
χρύσειοι πάμφαινον, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλεὸν ἦεν
ἀργύρεον, χρυσέοισιν ἀορτήρεσσιν ἀρηρός.
ἂν δ' ἕλετ' ἀμφιβρότην πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα θοῦριν,
καλὴν, ἣν πέρι μὲν κύκλοι δέκα χάλκεοι ἦσαν,
ἐν δέ οἱ ὀμφαλοὶ ἦσαν ἐείκοσι κασσιτέροιο
λευκοὶ, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἔην μέλανος κυάνοιο.
τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργὼ βλοσυρῶπις ἐστεφάνωτο
δεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ Δεῖμός τε Φόβος τε.
τῆς δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος τελαμὼν ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτοῦ
κυάνεος ἐλέλικτο δράκων, κεφαλαὶ δέ οἱ ἦσαν
τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφέες, ἑνὸς αὐχένος ἐκπεφυυῖαι.
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφάληρον
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε δύω, κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ,
ὀξέα· τῆλε δὲ χαλκὸς ἀπ' αὐτόφιν οὐρανὸν εἴσω
λάμπ'· ἐπὶ δ' ἐγδούπησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη,
τιμῶσαι βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκήνης.

Ἡνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἑῷ ἐπέτελλεν ἕκαστος
ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὖθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλέες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
ῥώοντ'· ἄσβεστος δὲ βοὴ γένετ' ἠῶθι πρό.
φθὰν δὲ μέγ' ἱππήων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ κοσμηθέντες,
ἱππῆες δ' ὀλίγον μετεκίαθον. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμὸν
ὦρσε κακὸν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δ' ὑψόθεν ἧκεν ἐέρσας
αἵματι μυδαλέας ἐξ αἰθέρος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλεν
πολλὰς ἰφθίμους κεφαλὰς Ἄϊδι προϊάψειν.

Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο,
Ἕκτορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα,
Αἰνείαν θ', ὃς Τρωσὶ θεὸς ὣς τίετο δήμῳ,
τρεῖς τ' Ἀντηνορίδας, Πόλυβον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
ἠϊθέον τ' Ἀκάμαντ', ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν.

As rainbows on some cloud by Kronos' Son
Fix'd for a sign to language speaking men.
About his shoulders next he threw the sword,
The hilt whereof was boss'd with gold, the sheath
Was silver, but by golden hooks fast hung :
Then raised the shield, all-sheltering, helm to heel,
With fair enamel wrought and rich relief,
Wieldy and light ; ten brazen circles show'd
Upon it ; white thereon shone twenty studs
Of tin, but midmost one dark-blue of steel.
Centred upon it lay the visage dread
Of Gorgon, frowning grim ; and on its round
Terror and Flight. Within was silvern thong,
Whereon an azure dragon lay encurl'd,
Three crests uprearing from a single throat.
The helmet then he set about his head,
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
Four-crested, double-coned ; and in his hands
Took two strong javelins, tipt with sharpest brass ;
Far from their points the glitter rose to heaven,
Whilst Here and Athene peal'd on high
Thunders in honour of Mycenæ's king.

Then each brave chieftain gave his driver word
To rein the horses to the trench in line ;
Whilst they empanoplied in arms themselves
Advanced together : clear i' the face of dawn
Their quenchless cry went up : in front at first
The champions nigh their drivers stood, till these
Some little space fell back. And through the host
Zeus breathed tumultuous spirit, shedding down
A dew all thick and foul with blood from heaven,
For that he now would hurl to Hades' gloom
Full many a mighty hero ere his time.

Adverse, the Trojans, where the plain sprang up,
Ranged them round Hector and Polydamas,
Æneas, honour'd as a God in Troy,
Antenor's sons, Agenor, Polybus,
And, fair as an Immortal, Acamas ;

Ἕκτωρ δ' ἐν πρώτοισι φέρ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἴσην.
οἷος δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἀναφαίνεται οὔλιος ἀστὴρ
παμφαίνων, τότε δ' αὖτις ἔδυ νέφεα σκιόεντα,
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ὁτὲ μέν τε μετὰ πρώτοισι φάνεσκεν,
ἄλλοτε δ' ἐν πυμάτοισι κελεύων· πᾶς δ' ἄρα χαλκῷ
λάμφ' ὥστε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

Οἱ δ', ὥστ' ἀμητῆρες ἐναντίοι ἀλλήλοισιν
ὄγμον ἐλαύνωσιν, ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατ' ἄρουραν
πυρῶν ἢ κριθέων· τὰ δὲ δράγματα ταρφέα πίπτει·
ὣς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
δῄουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνώοντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο·
ἴσας δ' ὑσμίνη κεφαλὰς ἔχεν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὣς
θῦνον. Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἔχαιρε πολύστονος εἰσορόωσα·
οἴη γάρ ῥα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν,
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι οὔ σφιν πάρεσαν θεοὶ, ἀλλὰ ἕκηλοι
σφοῖσιν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθείατο, ᾗχι ἑκάστῳ
δώματα καλὰ τέτυκτο κατὰ πτύχας Οὐλύμποιο.
[παντες δ' ᾐτιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονιωνα,
οὕνεκ' ἄρα Τρωεσσιν ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.
τῶν μὲν ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζε πατήρ· ὁ δὲ νόσφι λιασθεὶς
τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων,
εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
χαλκοῦ τε στεροπὴν, ὀλλύντας τ' ὀλλυμένους τε.]

Ὄφρα μὲν ἠὼς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
ἦμος δὲ δρυτόμος περ ἀνὴρ ὠπλίσσατο δεῖπνον
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃσιν, ἐπεί τ' ἐκορέσσατο χεῖρας
τάμνων δένδρεα μακρὰ, ἄδος τέ μιν ἵκετο θυμὸν,
σίτου τε γλυκεροῖο περὶ φρένας ἵμερος αἱρεῖ,
τῆμος σφῇ ἀρετῇ Δαναοὶ ῥήξαντο φάλαγγας,
κεκλόμενοι ἑτάροισι κατὰ στίχας. ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἕλε δ' ἄνδρα Βιήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,

But vanmost still show'd Hector's orbèd shield;
Bright as the star of bale from out the clouds
Shows shining, but anon within them lost;
So Hector now amongst the foremost show'd,
And then for ordering in the rear was lost;
And the whole man flash'd bright in brazen mail
Like lightning of the mighty Father Zeus.

As mowers, rank to rank, each facing each,
Sweep clear the space between them, in the field
Of some rich man, and thick the trusses fall
Of wheat, perchance, or barley; thus those hosts,
Ravaging all before them, sprang to war,
Nor either knew a thought of deadly fear.
Erect they held their heads in equal fight,
Furious as wolves: whom Strife, tear-gendering Strife,
Rejoiced beholding; She of Powers divine
Alone partook that battle; other God
Was none there present: but they sate withdrawn
Each in the chambers where his mansion stood
Fair in the folds of steep Olympus built.
And much they murmur'd 'gainst their cloudwrapt Lord,
For that he will'd this triumph unto Troy:
Whom he, their Father, reck'd not; but, apart,
Rejoicing in lone glory gazing sate
O'er the great city and Achaia's fleet,
The gleam of arms, men slaying, and being slain.

While yet 'twas Morn, and sacred Day wax'd on,
Darts flew, and warriors fell to both alike;
But at that hour when in a mountain-glen
A wood-cutter prepareth his repast,
What time with felling of tall trees his hands
Have had their fill, and comes disgust thereof,
But sweet food's craving taketh all his mind;
Then by their good right arms the Danaans burst
Their foe's best phalanx; each throughout their ranks
Cheering his comrade. Foremost from the mass
Leapt Agamemnon forth, and slew the chief,
Bienor; first the chief he slew, and then

αὐτὸν, ἔπειτα δ' ἑταῖρον Οἰλῆα πλήξιππον.
ἤτοι ὅγ' ἐξ ἵππων κατεπάλμενος ἀντίος ἔστη·
τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα μετώπιον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
νύξ', οὐδὲ στεφάνη δόρυ οἱ σχέθε χαλκοβάρεια,
ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς ἦλθε καὶ ὀστέου, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὖθι ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
στήθεσι παμφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περίδυσε χιτῶνας·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' Ἰσόν τε καὶ Ἄντιφον ἐξεναρίξων,
υἷε δύω Πριάμοιο, νόθον καὶ γνήσιον, ἄμφω
εἰν ἑνὶ δίφρῳ ἐόντας· ὁ μὲν νόθος ἡνιόχευεν,
Ἄντιφος αὖ παρέβασκε περικλυτός· ὥ ποτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ἴδης ἐν κνημοῖσι δίδη μόσχοισι λύγοισιν,
ποιμαίνονθ' ἑπ' ὄεσσι λαβὼν, καὶ ἔλυσεν ἀποίνων.
δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρὶ,
Ἄντιφον αὖ παρὰ οὖς ἔλασε ξίφει, ἐκ δ' ἔβαλ' ἵππων.
σπερχόμενος δ' ἀπὸ τοῖιν ἐσύλα τεύχεα καλὰ,
γιγνώσκων· καὶ γάρ σφε πάρος παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν
εἶδεν, ὅτ' ἐξ Ἴδης ἄγαγεν πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
ὡς δέ λέων ἐλάφοιο ταχείης νήπια τέκνα
ῥηϊδίως συνέαξε, λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὀδοῦσιν,
ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνὴν, ἁπαλόν τέ σφ' ἦτορ ἀπηύρα·
ἡ δ' εἴπερ τε τύχῃσι μάλα σχεδὸν, οὐ δύναταί σφιν
χραισμεῖν· αὐτὴν γάρ μιν ὑπὸ τρόμος αἰνὸς ἱκάνει·
καρπαλίμως δ' ἤϊξε διὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ὕλην
σπεύδουσ', ἱδρώουσα, κραταιοῦ θηρὸς ὑφ' ὁρμῆς·
ὣς ἄρα τοῖς οὔτις δύνατο χραισμῆσαι ὄλεθρον
Τρώων, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι φέβοντο.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ Πείσανδρόν τε καὶ Ἱππόλοχον μενεχάρμην,
υἱέας Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος, ὅς ῥα μάλιστα
χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδεγμένος, ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,
οὐκ εἴασχ' Ἑλένην δόμεναι ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ,
τοὔπερ δὴ δύο παῖδε λάβε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

The driver of his steeds, Oïleus hight,
Who leapt to earth, and took his stand against him,
But whom the King's spear through the forehead pierced
Advancing; nor the brass-bound vizor held
Firm, but the point pass'd through it, through the skull
Propell'd, and spattering all the brain within,
And quell'd him in his onset—whom the king
Left where they lay, with naked gleaming breasts
Stript of their corslets; but himself advanced
On Antiphus and Isus: they the sons
Of Priam, bastard one, the other fruit
Of wedlock, two upon the selfsame car,
The bastard brother driving, by his side
Brave Antiphus upstanding: these of yore
Achilles captive took on Ida's knolls
Feeding their flocks, and bound with limber withes,
And, after, freed for ransom: whom this day
Broadruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Slew both—above the nipple in the chest
With javelin piercing Isus, but with sword
Smiting above the ear and from the car
Dashing his brother down; and quick 'gan strip
Off both their beauteous mail, and knew his spoil,
For he had seen them erst amongst the fleet,
Captives from Ida by the Fleetfoot brought.
As when a lion prowling tow'rd his lair
Falls on the tender fawns of some swift hind,
Seizes 'twixt violent fangs, and with all ease
Crushes them up, and takes their delicate life;
Whom, though the hind be nigh, she cannot save,
But trembling fear comes o'er her, and she speeds
Through dell, through forest, sweating every pore
For dread of that fierce onset; so of Troy
Affrighted none could fend that slaughter off.
Pisander next and brave Hippolochus,
Sons of a warlike sire, Antimachus
(Who erst in council raised the strongest voice,
For gold of Alexander freely given,
'Gainst the return of Helen to her home),
These two, his sons, the King now caught, who drave

εἶν ἑνὶ δίφρῳ ἐόντας, ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους·
ἐκ γάρ σφεας χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία σιγαλόεντα,
τὼ δὲ κυκηθήτην· ὁ δ' ἐναντίον ὦρτο λέων ὡς
Ἀτρείδης· τὼ δ' αὖτ' ἐκ δίφρου γουνάζεσθην·

"Ζώγρει, Ἀτρέος υἱὲ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἄποινα·
πολλὰ δ' ἐν Ἀντιμάχοιο δόμοις κειμήλια κεῖται,
χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,
τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
εἰ νῶι ζωοὺς πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς τώγε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην βασιλῆα
μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν· ἀμείλικτον δ' ὄπ' ἄκουσαν·

"Εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχοιο δαΐφρονος υἷέες ἐστὸν,
ὅς ποτ' ἐνὶ Τρώων ἀγορῇ Μενέλαον ἄνωγεν,
ἀγγελίην ἐλθόντα σὺν ἀντιθέῳ Ὀδυσῆϊ,
αὖθι κατακτεῖναι μηδ' ἐξέμεν ἆψ ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς,
νῦν μὲν δὴ τοῦ πατρὸς ἀεικέα τίσετε λώβην."

Ἦ καὶ Πείσανδρον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὦσε χαμᾶζε,
δουρὶ βαλὼν πρὸς στῆθος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος οὔδει ἐρείσθη.
Ἱππόλοχος δ' ἀπόρουσε, τὸν αὖ χαμαὶ ἐξενάριξεν,
χεῖρας ἀπὸ ξίφεϊ τμήξας ἀπό τ' αὐχένα κόψας,
ὅλμον δ' ὡς ἔσσευε κυλίνδεσθαι δι' ὁμίλου.
τοὺς μὲν ἔασ'· ὁ δ' ὅθι πλεῖσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,
τῇ ῥ' ἐνόρουσ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.
πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ὄλεκον φεύγοντας ἀνάγκῃ,
ἱππεῖς δ' ἱππῆας—ὑπὸ δέ σφισιν ὦρτο κονίη
ἐκ πεδίου, τὴν ὦρσαν ἐρίγδουποι πόδες ἵππων—
χαλκῷ δηϊόωντες. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων ἕπετ', Ἀργείοισι κελεύων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἀΐδηλον ἐν ἀξύλῳ ἐμπέσῃ ὕλῃ·
πάντῃ τ' εἰλυφόων ἄνεμος φέρει, οἱ δέ τε θάμνοι
πρόῤῥιζοι πίπτουσιν ἐπειγόμενοι πυρὸς ὁρμῇ·
ὡς ἄρ' ὑπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι πῖπτε κάρηνα
Τρώων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δ' ἐριαύχενες ἵπποι
κεἰν' ὄχεα κροτάλιζον ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας,

Two on one chariot, all too near their foe ;
Whose glossy reins had slidden from their grasp ;
And low they crouch'd, appall'd, when face to face
Atrides, lion-like, against them rose ;
Whom from the car they thus besought, and cried :
"Spare us, O Son of Atreus, spare our lives,
And take of our redemption ample price ;
Rich is the substance of Antimachus,
Gold, brass, and well-wrought iron, storèd up ;
And costliest ransom shall he yield to thee
Then when he learns us captive in the fleet."
Thus they with honey'd words besought the King
Lamenting, but no honey'd answer heard :
"Sons if ye be of that Antimachus
Who then, when Menelaüs came to Troy
With godlike Odyseus in embassy,
Bade slay him nor to Argos grant return,
Welcome ; for that foul wrong requite me now."
He spoke, and dash'd Pisander from the car
Headlong to earth, spear-smitten through the chest :
Hippolochus the while had leapt to earth,
But Agamemnon slew him there, his hands
Lopping off first, then cleaving through the neck,
And like a millstone trundled through the throng
Sent him ; so left he these ; but where the ranks
Throng'd thickest thither sprang, and in his wake
Achaia's mailèd men : each slaying each,
Footman press'd footman in that rout embroil'd,
And horseman horseman ; o'er them from the plain
Clouded the dust from under the thundering hoofs
And wide their spears wrought ravage : but the King
Press'd foremost, slaughtering still, and cheer'd his host.
As when upon an unhewn forest falls
A fire consuming, and all sides the wind
Rolls it together, root and branch the glades
Sink prone before the onset of the flame ;
So 'fore the step of Agamemnon sank
The crests of fleeing Trojans : to and fro
Along the lines of battle proudneck'd steeds
Rattling their empty chariots sought forlorn

ἡνιόχους ποθέοντες ἀμύμονας. οἱ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κείατο, γύπεσσιν πολὺ φίλτεροι ἢ ἀλόχοισιν.

Ἕκτορα δ' ἐκ βελέων ὕπαγε Ζεὺς ἔκ τε κονίης
ἔκ τ' ἀνδροκτασίης ἔκ θ' αἵματος ἔκ τε κυδοιμοῦ·
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἔπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων.
οἱ δὲ παρ' Ἴλου σῆμα παλαιοῦ Δαρδανίδαο,
μέσσον κὰπ πεδίον, παρ' ἐρινεὸν ἐσσεύοντο
ἱέμενοι πόλιος· ὁ δὲ κεκληγὼς ἕπετ' αἰεὶ
Ἀτρείδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκοντο,
ἔνθ' ἄρα δὴ ἵσταντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνέμιμνον.
οἱ δ' ἔτι κὰμ μέσσον πεδίον φοβέοντο, βόες ὡς,
ἅστε λέων ἐφόβησε μολὼν ἐν νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
πάσας· τῇ δέ τ' ἰῇ ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·
τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὀδοῦσιν
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δὲ θ' αἷμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει·
ὡς τοὺς Ἀτρείδης ἕφεπε κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο,
πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖς τε καὶ ὕπτιοι ἔκπεσον ἵππων
Ἀτρείδεω ὑπὸ χερσί· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θῦεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλεν ὑπὸ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε τεῖχος
ἵξεσθαι, τότε δή ῥα πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο πιδηέσσης,
οὐρανόθεν καταβάς· ἔχε δ' ἀστεροπὴν μετὰ χερσίν.
Ἶριν δ' ὦτρυνε χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν·

"Βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, τὸν Ἕκτορι μῦθον ἐνίσπες.
ὄφρ' ἂν μέν κεν ὁρᾷ Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τόφρ' ἀναχωρείτω, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνώχθω
μάρνασθαι δηΐοισι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἢ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἢ βλήμενος ἰῷ
εἰς ἵππους ἅλεται, τότε οἱ κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω
κτείνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἀφίκηται
δύῃ τ' ἠέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις,

Their noble lords ; but they on earth lay dead,
Sweeter to vultures than to women now !

Clear of the moil, the bloodshed, and the fray,
Clear of the dust and darts, had Zeus withdrawn
Hector, the while Atrides press'd pursuit
Foremost himself, and beckon'd on his host.
O'er the mid plain, and past the fig-tree, nigh
The Tomb of Ilus, son of Dardanus,
The Trojans now had rush'd in panic-flight
Hot for their walls, yet ever on their heels
Blood-spatter'd, unwithstood, came Atreus' Son ;
Till by the beech-tree and the Scæan gates
Some stood at last and rallied side by side.
Not less the remnant on the mid plain show'd
Frighted like kine on whom a lion comes
At dead of night, and drives in panic all,
But manifest to one shows sudden death ;
Whose neck at first 'twixt violent fangs be breaks,
But laps anon the offal and the blood ;
So sovran Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Slaying the hindmost, press'd on Troy dismay'd :
Headlong and flat dropp'd hundreds from their seats ;
Vanmost, and fiercest with his spear, he ranged ;
Till, when he fain would gain the steep town-wall,
The Father of Immortals and of men
With thunderbolt in hand came down from heaven,
Took seat on many-fountain'd Ida's peaks,
Call'd gold-wing'd Iris to his side, and spoke :
"Hie hence, swift Iris ; bear to Hector this :
So long as he beholds Achaia's king
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,
So long let him remain apart and bid
Others endure the burden of the fray ;
But when by wound of arrow or of spear
Back to his chariot hath the King been driven,
Bid him then fight, to whom I grant the strength
To slaughter, till he gain the well-bench'd barks,
And the sun sink, and sacred darkness fall."
He spoke, nor windfoot Iris disobey'd ;

βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
εὗρ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ἑσταότ' ἐν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασι κολλητοῖσιν·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·

"Ἕκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε,
Ζεύς με πατὴρ προέηκε τεὴν τάδε μυθήσασθαι.
ὄφρ' ἂν μέν κεν ὁρᾷς Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τόφρ' ὑπόεικε μάχης, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ἄνωχθι
μάρνασθαι δηΐοισι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἢ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἢ βλήμενος ἰῷ
εἰς ἵππους ἅλεται, τότε τοι κράτος ἐγγυαλίξει
κτείνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἀφίκηαι
δύῃ τ' ἠέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."

Ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε,
πάλλων δ' ὀξέα δοῦρα κατὰ στρατὸν ᾤχετο πάντη,
ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνήν,
οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν,
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας.
ἀρτύνθη δὲ μάχη, στὰν δ' ἀντίοι· ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔθελεν δὲ πολὺ προμάχεσθαι ἁπάντων.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅστις δὴ πρῶτος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἦλθεν
ἢ αὐτῶν Τρώων ἠὲ κλειτῶν ἐπικούρων.

Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηνορίδης, ἠΰς τε μέγας τε,
ὃς τράφη ἐν Θρήκῃ ἐριβώλακι, μητέρι μήλων·
Κισσῆς τόνγ' ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἔνι τυτθὸν ἐόντα
μητροπάτωρ, ὃς τίκτε Θεανὼ καλλιπάρῃον·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ἥβης ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο μέτρον,
αὐτοῦ μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ' ὅγε θυγατέρα ἣν·
γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο μετὰ κλέος ἵκετ' Ἀχαιῶν
σὺν δυοκαίδεκα νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, αἳ οἱ ἕποντο.
τὰς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐν Περκώτῃ λίπε νῆας ἐΐσας,
αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς ἐὼν εἰς Ἴλιον εἰληλούθει·

To Ilion down from Ida's peaks she flew
And found in battle Priam's noble Son
Standing amongst the steeds and joinèd cars ;
Nigh him she took her station, and began :
" Hector, for counsel peer to very Zeus !
Me hath the Father sent to bear thee this :
So long as thou behold'st Achaia's king
Still foremost, laying low the ranks of men,
So long He bids thee hold apart and let
Others endure the burden of the fray ;
But, when by wound of arrow or of spear
Back to his chariot hath the King been driven,
He bids thee fight, to whom He grants the strength
To slaughter, till thou gain the well-bench'd barks,
And the sun sink and sacred darkness fall."
So speaking, fleetfoot Iris pass'd away.
But Hector leap'd in armour to the earth,
And, waving two sharp spears, along the line
Moved, and revived the battle where he moved.
They rallied, and against their foe stood firm ;
Likewise the foe advèrse made stronger rank :
So was the fight recover'd ; face to face
They stood, till first from out the line the king
Leapt forth anew, the foremost fain for blood.

Now ye whose homes are on th' Olympian steep
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer and sing
Who first met Agamemnon, arm to arm,
Or of proud Troy or of her famed allies.
Iphidamas, Antenor's son, a man
Mighty and huge, nurtured in deep-glebed Thrace,
The mother-land of flocks : from childhood up
His mother's father, Cisseus, who begat
Fairfaced Theano, rear'd him in his halls ;
And, when he reached his prime of glorious youth,
Gave him his daughter, and still held him there ;
He wedded, but from bridal chamber straight
Went for this rumour of Achaia's host
With twelve beak'd barks that follow'd in his train.
The galleys in Percotè's port he left,
But by mainland to Ilion made his way ;

ὅς ῥα τότ' Ἀτρείδεω Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἦλθεν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Ἀτρείδης μὲν ἄμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,
Ἰφιδάμας δὲ κατὰ ζώνην, θώρηκος ἔνερθεν,
νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρείῃ χειρὶ πιθήσας·
οὐδ' ἔτορε ζωστῆρα παναίολον, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
ἀργύρῳ ἀντομένη, μόλιβος ὡς, ἐτράπετ' αἰχμή.
καὶ τόγε χειρὶ λαβὼν εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἕλκ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαὼς ὥστε λὶς, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς
σπάσσατο· τὸν δ' ἄορι πλῆξ' αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα. 240
ὡς ὁ μὲν αὖθι πεσὼν κοιμήσατο χάλκεον ὕπνον
οἰκτρὸς, ἀπὸ μνηστῆς ἀλόχου, ἀστοῖσιν ἀρήγων,
κουριδίης, ἧς οὔτι χάριν ἴδε, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν·
πρῶθ' ἑκατὸν βοῦς δῶκεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χίλι' ὑπέστη,
αἶγας ὁμοῦ καὶ ὄϊς, τά οἱ ἄσπετα ποιμαίνοντο.
δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνων ἐξενάριξεν,
βῆ δὲ φέρων ἀν' ὅμιλον Ἀχαιῶν τεύχεα καλά.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε Κόων, ἀριδείκετος ἀνδρῶν,
πρεσβυγενὴς Ἀντηνορίδης, κρατερόν ῥά ἑ πένθος
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκάλυψε, κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος. 250
στῆ δ' εὐρὰξ σὺν δουρὶ, λαθὼν Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον,
νύξε δέ μιν κατὰ χεῖρα μέσην, ἀγκῶνος ἔνερθεν,
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκή.
ῥίγησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς ἀπέληγε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο,
ἀλλ' ἐπόρουσε Κόωνι ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἔγχος.
ἤτοι ὁ Ἰφιδάμαντα κασίγνητον καὶ ὄπατρον
ἕλκε ποδὸς μεμαὼς, καὶ ἀΰτει πάντας ἀρίστους·
τὸν δ' ἕλκοντ' ἀν' ὅμιλον ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης
οὔτησε ξυστῷ χαλκήρεϊ, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα· 260
τοῖο δ' ἐπ' Ἰφιδάμαντι κάρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.
ἔνθ' Ἀντήνορος υἷες ὑπ' Ἀτρείδῃ βασιλῆϊ
πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ἔδυν δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω.

Who now tow'rd Agamemnon dauntless moved;
And each had near'd the other on the field,
When Atreus' Son first threw, yet err'd; the spear
Pass'd by his side; Iphidamas then struck
Low in the corslet's belt, and following press'd,
Trusting his good right arm, the javelin on;
But pierced not through the enamell'd belt; the point,
Encountering boss of silver, turn'd like lead;
The staff whereof the king then seized, and drew
Towards him, as some lion draws his prey,
Plucking it from the other, through whose neck
His sword then shore, and 'neath him loosed the limbs:
Lapp'd in an iron slumber, prone he dropp'd,
Most piteous, for Troy's warfare dying far
From home and wedded wife, of whom delight
He scarce had known, though bounteous dower he gave,
A hundred oxen first, whereto he pledged
From countless herds a thousand sheep and goats.
But by the arm of Atreus' son he fell,
Who pass'd and bore his armour through the throng.

Coön, Antenor's eldest-born, beheld,
And thick the mist of grief came o'er his eyne;
Unmark'd of Agamemnon, spear in hand
Upon his flank he station took, and threw,
And pierced him 'neath the elbow through the arm,
Through which the shining point held straight its path.
Shrank for a moment, as he felt the wound,
The king, yet ceased not therefore from the fray,
But with his tempest-toughen'd ashen spear
Sprang upon Coön trailing by the foot
The body of his brother, calling loud
The bravest to his help, and struck him hard,
Under the buckler with that brass-tipp'd lance,
And loosed the limbs beneath him. Where he fell
Prone on Iphidamas, the king then took
Near stand, and with his sword smote off his head.
Thus by the arm of Atreus' royal Son
Two children of Antenor there fulfill'd
Their bloody dooms and sank to Hades' realm.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἔγχεϊ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν,
ὄφρα οἱ αἷμ' ἔτι θερμὸν ἀνήνοθεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς,
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὸ μὲν ἕλκος ἐτέρσετο, παύσατο δ' αἷμα,
ὀξεῖαι δ' ὀδύναι δῦνον μένος Ἀτρείδαο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὠδίνουσαν ἔχῃ βέλος ὀξὺ γυναῖκα,
δριμὺ, τό τε προϊεῖσι μογοστόκοι Εἰλείθυιαι, 270
Ἥρης θυγατέρες πικρὰς ὠδῖνας ἔχουσαι,
ὣς ὀξεῖ' ὀδύναι δῦνον μένος Ἀτρείδαο.
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῆσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ.
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν νηυσὶν ἀμύνετε ποντοπόροισιν
φύλοπιν ἀργαλέην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐμὲ μητίετα Ζεὺς
εἴασε Τρώεσσι πανημέριον πολεμίζειν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', ἡνίοχος δ' ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους 280
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην·
ἄφρεον δὲ στήθεα, ῥαίνοντο δὲ νέρθε κονίῃ,
τειρόμενον βασιλῆα μάχης ἀπάνευθε φέροντες.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς ἐνόησ' Ἀγαμέμνονα νόσφι κιόντα,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
οἴχετ' ἀνὴρ ὥριστος, ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὖχος ἔδωκεν
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης. ἀλλ' ἰθὺς ἐλαύνετε μώνυχας ἵππους
ἰφθίμων Δαναῶν, ἵν' ὑπέρτερον εὖχος ἄρησθε." 290

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε πού τις θηρητὴρ κύνας ἀργιόδοντας
σεύῃ ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῳ συὶ καπρίῳ ἠὲ λέοντι,
ὣς ἐπ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν σεῦε Τρῶας μεγαθύμους
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσος Ἄρηϊ.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὑσμίνῃ ὑπεραέϊ ἶσος ἀέλλῃ,
ἥτε καθαλλομένη ἰοειδέα πόντου ὀρίνει.

Nor ceased he ranging through the ranks of men,
Smiting with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stone,
Whilst from the wound the blood still spirted warm :
But when the scathe was chill'd and ceased the blood,
Keen grew the pangs of pain that rack'd his frame.
As on a woman in her travail falls
The last keen dart of anguish to her pain,
Sent by the Eilythuiæ who preside
Queens over childbirth, being of Herè born,
And have their quivers full of bitter pangs :
So sharp the pangs 'gan rack Atrides' frame.
Stung to the core he sprang upon his car,
And to the hollow galleys bade be driven,
Yet turning, to the Danaans loudly cried :
"Friends, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host !
Remains for you to guard from off our sails
The baleful battle ; for to me great Zeus
Grants not to fight the whole day out with Troy."
He spoke, his driver tow'rd the hollow ships
Thong'd the sleek horses, nothing loth they flew,
Whose chests with foam, whose flanks with dust, grew white,
As from the fray they bore the wounded King.

Whom Hector spied departing, and afar
Shouted with cry to Lycia and to Troy :
"Ho, Lycians, Trojans, Dardan men-at-arms !
Stand forth, be men, and mindful of your might :
Their mightiest flees ; and Zeus in turn to me
Vouchsafes the glory ; charge ye therefore, charge,
Down with your hoovèd horses on the foe ;
The stronger they, the nobler name ye win !"
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.
As on a lion or a wild tusk'd boar
A hunter slips and cheers his white-tooth'd hounds,
So on the Achaians Hector, Priam's son,
Peer to fierce Ares, slipp'd the men of Troy,
Himself with heart high-lifted foremost strode,
And fell upon their battle, as some storm
Leaps from above and breaks the violet sea.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν;

Ἀσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ὀπίτην
καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην καὶ Ὀφέλτιον ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὤρόν τε καὶ Ἱππόνοον μενεχάρμην.
τοὺς ἄρ' ὅγ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἕλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
πληθύν, ὡς ὁπότε νέφεα Ζέφυρος στυφελίξῃ
ἀργεστᾶο Νότοιο, βαθείῃ λαίλαπι τύπτων·
πολλὸν δὲ τρόφι κῦμα κυλίνδεται, ὑψόσε δ' ἄχνη
σκίδναται ἐξ ἀνέμοιο πολυπλάγκτοιο ἰωῆς·
ὣς ἄρα πυκνὰ καρήαθ' ὑφ' Ἕκτορι δάμνατο λαῶν.

Ἔνθα κε λοιγὸς ἔην καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο,
καί νύ κεν ἐν νήεσσι πέσον φεύγοντες Ἀχαιοί,
εἰ μὴ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ κέκλετ' Ὀδυσσεύς·

"Τυδείδη, τί παθόντε λελάσμεθα θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ' ἔμ' ἵστασο· δὴ γὰρ ἔλεγχος
ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν νῆας ἕλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"ἦτοι ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι· ἀλλὰ μίννυθα
ἡμέων ἔσσεται ἦδος, ἐπεὶ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
Τρωσὶν δὴ βόλεται δοῦναι κράτος ἠέπερ ἡμῖν."

Ἦ καὶ Θυμβραῖον μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων ὦσε χαμᾶζε,
δουρὶ βαλὼν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἀντίθεον θεράποντα Μολίονα τοῖο ἄνακτος.
τοὺς μὲν ἔπειτ' εἴασαν, ἐπεὶ πολέμου ἀπέπαυσαν·
τὼ δ' ἂν' ὅμιλον ἰόντε κυδοίμεον, ὡς ὅτε κάπρω
ἐν κυσὶ θηρευτῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε πέσητον·
ὣς ὄλεκον Τρῶας παλινορμένω· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀσπασίως φεύγοντες ἀνέπνεον Ἕκτορα δῖον.

Ἔνθ' ἐλέτην δίφρον τε καὶ ἀνέρε δήμου ἀρίστω,
υἷε δύω Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
ᾔδεε μαντοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὓς παῖδας ἔασκεν
στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα· τὼ δέ οἱ οὔτι
πειθέσθην· κῆρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο.

Whom first, whom last, slew Hector, Priam's son,
When Zeus vouchsafed this glory to his arm?
Asæus first, and then Autonoüs,
Opites, and the brave Opheltius,
Æsymnus, Orus, and Hipponoüs,
And Agelaüs; these of chiefs he slew,
But after these a nameless number more.
As, when with sudden whirlwind Zephyr smites
The clouds foregather'd by the summery west,
Billow on billow rolling, nursed up high,
Falls, and from off their summits far the foam
Is scatter'd by the gust of wandering wind;
So thick the crests of men 'neath Hector fell;
Yea, and resistless wrack had then been wrought,
The Achaians 'mongst their ships had fall'n in flight,
Had not Odysseus called on Tydeus' Son:
"Tydides! what this beating at our hearts
Which rendereth us forgetful of our might?
Come nearer, friend, and place thee by my side,
To us the shame if Hector gain the ships."
To whom made dauntless answer Diomed:
"Firm will I stand, and to the last endure;
But short shall be the gain, for not to us
Zeus wills the triumph, but to Troy, this day."
He spoke, and dash'd Thymbræus from his car,
Through his left nipple piercing with sharp spear,
Whose driver, brave Molion, Odyseus
Struck likewise down. These left they where they lay,
From battle stay'd, but onward through the throng
Ranged furious; as when two high-hearted boars
Turn on the hounds that hunt them, so to bay
They wheel'd, and slew the Trojans. But behind,
The Achaians halted blithe, regathering breath,
Saved from the sword of Hector. Next they reach'd
A chariot, and two princes thereupon,
First of their nation, sons of Merops, king
In Percos; he of all mankind most wise
In divination, and forbade his sons
From this fell leaguer, but they would not hear,
Borne by their own black Destinies to death.

τοὺς μὲν Τυδείδης δουρικλειτὸς Διομήδης
θυμοῦ καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδὼν κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα·
Ἱππόδαμον δ' Ὀδυσεὺς καὶ Ὑπείροχον ἐξενάριξεν.

Ἔνθα σφιν κατὰ ἶσα μάχην ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων
ἐξ Ἴδης καθορῶν· τοὶ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον.
ἦτοι Τυδέος υἱὸς Ἀγάστροφον οὔτασε δουρὶ
Παιονίδην ἥρωα κατ' ἰσχίον· οὐδέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἐγγὺς ἔσαν προφυγεῖν, ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ. 340
τοὺς μὲν γὰρ θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχεν, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, εἵως φιλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὀξὺ νόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοὺς
κεκληγώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρώων εἵποντο φάλαγγες.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
αἶψα δ' Ὀδυσσῆα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·

"Νῶϊν δὴ τόδε πῆμα κυλίνδεται, ὄβριμος Ἕκτωρ·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῆφιν, 350
ἄκρην κὰκ κόρυθα· πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκὸς,
οὐδ' ἵκετο χρόα καλόν· ἐρύκακε γὰρ τρυφάλεια
τρίπτυχος αὐλῶπις, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὦκ' ἀπέλεθρον ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ ὁμίλῳ,
στῆ δὲ γνὺξ ἐριπὼν καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχείῃ
γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ ὄσσε κελαινὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν.
ὄφρα δὲ Τυδείδης μετὰ δούρατος ᾤχετ' ἐρωὴν
τῆλε διὰ προμάχων, ὅθι οἱ καταείσατο γαίης,
τόφρ' Ἕκτωρ ἄμπνυτο, καὶ ἂψ ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας
ἐξέλασ' ἐς πληθὺν, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360
δουρὶ δ' ἐπαΐσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

"Ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον· ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι
ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὖτέ σ' ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ᾧ μέλλεις εὔχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἦ θήν σ' ἐξανύω γε καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας,

Whom now, of spirit and of life bereft,
Of their bright armour Diomed despoil'd;
The while Odysseus at his side struck down
Hypeirochus and brave Hippodamus.

From Ida Zeus then stretch'd the tug of war
Even betwixt them, and each slaughter'd each.
Tydides pierced a hero, Pæon's son,
Agastrophus, with spear-point through the thigh:
Nigh whom his steeds were not to bear him safe:
Infatuate! who had bidden his driver bide
Clear of the fray, whilst he on foot still ranged
The vanmost, till he lost his life thereby.
But Hector, with keen glance along his line,
Charged, shouting, and behind him came all Troy.
A shudder shot through dauntless Diomed
Beholding, and to Odyseus he cried;
"Like some huge wave of ruin, Hector rolls
Down on us two: yet steadfast stand, my friend,
Together bide the onset, and repel."
He spoke, and whirl'd and threw his shadowing spear,
And struck, nor miss'd his mark, upon the head
Full on the helmet's summit: brass from brass,
The point glanced, nor could gain the tender skin,
Stay'd by the triple-plated crested helm,
Phœbus Apollo's gift to Priam's Son.
Then swift a rood ran Hector back, and gain'd
The throng, where, dropping on one knee, he knelt
Leaning on earth with one broad hand, his eyes
Bedimm'd in night: but whilst Tydides went
Far through the vanmost, following where his spear
Had fall'n to earth—he gather'd up his strength,
And leaping backward sprang upon his car,
Drove through the crowd apace, and shunn'd his fate:
Down on his spear Tydides swoop'd, and cried
"Cur! who again hast 'scaped thy death this while;
Ill press'd thee hard: but Phœbus now once more
Hath saved thee, unto whom thou needs must make
Prayers endless ere thou venturest to the war.
Yet, let some god do battle on my side,

εἴ πού τις καὶ ἔμοιγε θεῶν ἐπιτάῤῥοθός ἐστιν.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὄν κε κιχείω."

Ἦ καὶ Παιονίδην δουρικλυτὸν ἐξενάριξεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠϋκόμοιο,
Τυδείδῃ ἔπι τόξα τιταίνετο, ποιμένι λαῶν,
στήλῃ κεκλιμένος ἀνδροκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Ἴλου Δαρδανίδαο, παλαιοῦ δημογέροντος.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν θώρηκα Ἀγαστρόφου ἰφθίμοιο
αἴνυτ' ἀπὸ στήθεσφι παναίολον ἀσπίδα τ' ὤμων
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρήν· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἄνελκεν
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρὸς,
ταρσὸν δεξιτεροῖο ποδός· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἰὸς
ἐν γαίῃ κατέπηκτο. ὁ δὲ μάλα ἡδὺ γελάσσας
ἐκ λόχου ἀμπήδησε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Βέβληαι, οὐδ' ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγεν· ὡς ὄφελόν τοι
νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἑλέσθαι.
οὕτω κεν καὶ Τρῶες ἀνέπνευσαν κακότητος.
οἵτε σε πεφρίκασι λέοντ' ὣς μηκάδες αἶγες."

Τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"τοξότα, λωβητὴρ, κέρᾳ ἀγλαὲ, παρθενοπῖπα,
εἰ μὲν δὴ ἀντίβιον σὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθείης,
οὐκ ἄν τοι χραίσμῃσι βιὸς καὶ ταρφέες ἰοί·
νῦν δέ μ' ἐπιγράψας ταρσὸν ποδὸς εὔχεαι αὔτως.
οὐκ ἀλέγω, ὡσεί με γυνὴ βάλοι ἢ πάϊς ἄφρων·
κωφὸν γὰρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῖο.
ἦ τ' ἄλλως ὑπ' ἐμεῖο, καὶ εἴ κ' ὀλίγον περ ἐπαύρῃ,
ὀξὺ βέλος πέλεται, καὶ ἀκήριον αἶψα τίθησιν·
τοῦ δὲ γυναικὸς μέν τ' ἀμφίδρυφοί εἰσι παρειαὶ,
παῖδες δ' ὀρφανικοί· ὁ δέ θ' αἵματι γαῖαν ἐρεύθων
πύθεται, οἰωνοὶ δὲ περὶ πλέες ἠὲ γυναῖκες."

Ὣς φάτο, τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
ἔστη πρόσθ'· ὁ δ' ὄπισθε καθεζόμενος βέλος ὠκὺ
ἐκ ποδὸς ἕλκ', ὀδύνη δὲ διὰ χροὸς ἦλθ' ἀλεγεινή.

Next when we meet I ween I end thee quite ;
Till then I turn me 'gainst whome'er I may."
He spoke, and turning straight 'gan strip the arms
Off Pæon's Son : but fairhair'd Helen's lord
Paris, from, where half-ambush'd he was couch'd,
Behind the column o'er a dead man's tomb
(Ilus the son of Dardanus, of old
An elder of the city), drew his bow
Against the noble chief. Helm off the head,
Shield off the shoulder, corslet off the breast,
He now stoop'd stripping, when the other drew
His archèd bow, and struck, nor vain the shaft
Escaped his finger, on the right-foot sole ;
Sheer through the arrow nail'd it to the earth ;
Whereat from ambush forth with joyous laugh
Sprang Paris, and, loud vaunting, cried and said :
"Struck ! Nor in vain my shaft ; yet would to Heav'n
It had thee on the hip and took thy life !
So were they hearten'd, these poor cowards of Troy
Who shuddering, like a flock of bleating goats
Before a lion, shun to face thee now !"
To whom made dauntless answer Diomed :
"Slanderous ! And valiant by thy bow alone !
Curl'd minion of fond women ! Bowman mere !
Yet, wouldst thou meet me on fair field in arms,
Little thy bow and arrows then would serve.
Thou for this grazing of my foot art proud—
Blow as of woman or of feeble boy !
Dumb falls the weapon from a dastard's arm ;
But from my hand much otherwise the spear
Speeds, and, albeit it barely reach the foe,
Lifeless it makes him, and his children makes
Orphans, whose wife shall rend her cheeks for grief,
Whilst he lies rotting, reddening with his blood
The earth about ; and round him, in good sooth,
More birds of prey than loving women crowd !"
He spoke, to whom Odysseus quick drew nigh,
And stood before him, whilst he sate him down
Behind, and drew from out his foot the shaft ;
Sharp through his frame the pang of anguish shot ;

ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἤχθετο γὰρ κῆρ.

Οἰώθη δ' Ὀδυσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς, οὐδέ τις αὐτῷ
Ἀργείων παρέμεινεν, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

"Ὤμοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακὸν, αἴ κε φέβωμαι
πληθὺν ταρβήσας· τὸ δὲ ῥίγιον, αἴ κεν ἁλώω
μοῦνος· τοὺς δ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς ἐφόβησε Κρονίων
ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
οἶδα γὰρ ὅττι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο,
ὃς δέ κ' ἀριστεύῃσι μάχῃ ἔνι, τὸν δὲ μάλα χρεὼ
ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἤτ' ἔβλητ' ἤτ' ἔβαλ' ἄλλον."

Εἷος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον ἀσπιστάων,
ἕλσαν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.
ὡς δ' ὅτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κύνες θαλεροί τ' αἰζηοὶ
σεύωνται, ὁ δέ τ' εἶσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο
θήγων λευκὸν ὀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτῇσι γένυσσιν,
ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἀΐσσονται, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων
γίγνεται, οἱ δὲ μένουσιν ἄφαρ, δεινόν περ ἐόντα,
ὥς ῥα τότ' ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα διίφιλον ἐσσεύοντο
Τρῶες. ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀμύμονα Δηϊοπίτην
οὔτασεν ὦμον ὕπερθεν ἐπάλμενος ὀξέϊ δουρὶ,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Θόωνα καὶ Ἔννομον ἐξενάριξεν.
Χερσιδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα, καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντα,
δουρὶ κατὰ πρότμησιν ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης
νύξεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ·
τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὁ δ' ἄρ' Ἱππασίδην Χάροπ' οὔτασε δουρὶ,
αὐτοκασίγνητον εὐηγενέος Σώκοιο.
τῷ δ' ἐπαλεξήσων Σῶκος κίεν, ἰσόθεος φώς·
στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ὦ Ὀδυσεῦ πολύαινε, δόλων ἂτ' ἠδὲ πόνοιο,
σήμερον ἢ δοιοῖσιν ἐπεύξεαι Ἱππασίδῃσιν,
τοιώδ' ἄνδρε κατακτείνας καὶ τεύχε' ἀπούρας,

Stung to the core, he sprang upon his car,
And bade his driver drive him to the fleet.
Single Odysseus stood : for of the host
None durst stand with him ; such the fear on all.
Much troubled, to his own brave heart he spoke :
"Ah me ! what strait is mine ! 'Twere foul to flee,
Affrighting others ; yet to stand alone
To certain death were worse, and lo, the host
Is panic-driven all with fright from heaven.
But why discourseth thus my mind to me ?
Base men may flee, and cowards so be saved ;
But who boasts aught of prowess in the war
He needs must stand—to victory or to death."
Ev'n while such thought pass'd coursing through his brain,
Round him the shielded Trojan warriors came
And in their midst enclosed their own worst scourge.
For as when hounds and stalwart hunters press
Hard on a boar, from out the deep thick brake
He charges, whetting teeth that gleam forth white
Twixt up-curved tusks ; about him to and fro
They dart ; and loud the gnashing of his jaws,
Yet in their fear's despite they wait his rush ;
So round Odysseus, chieftain Zeus-beloved,
The Trojans came ; but he first sprang, and struck
Deïopites through the shoulder-blade,
A noble youth, with sharp-tipp'd spear ; anon
Thoön he slew, and Ennomus ; and next
Chersidamas, as from his car he sprang,
'Neath the boss'd buckler through the belly pierced,
Dropp'd prone and bit the earth for agony.
These leaving, on the son of Hippasus,
Own brother to brave Socus, Charops named,
He turned, and struck ; to whose quick rescue came
Socus, his godlike brother, taking stand
Near to his foe, and spake these wingèd words :
"Strong in endurance, master of all wile,
Renown'd Odysseus ! either thou shalt boast
O'er both brave sons of Hippasus their fall
This day before thee, and their arms thy spoil ;

ἤ κεν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃς."

Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην.
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἠρήρειστο,
πάντα δ' ἀπὸ πλευρῶν χρόα ἔργαθεν, οὐδέ τ' ἔασεν
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη μιχθήμεναι ἔγκασι φωτός.
γνῶ δ' Ὀδυσεὺς ὅ οἱ οὔτι βέλος κατὰ καίριον ἦλθεν,
ἂψ δ' ἀναχωρήσας Σῶκον πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν· 440

"Ἆ δειλ', ἦ μάλα δή σε κιχάνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
ἤτοι μέν ῥ' ἔμ' ἔπαυσας ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν
ἤματι τῷδ' ἔσσεσθαι, ἐμῷ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα
εὖχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ' Ἄϊδι κλυτοπώλῳ."

Ἦ καὶ ὁ μὲν φύγαδ' αὖτις ὑποστρέψας ἐβεβήκει,
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ὤμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·

"Ὦ Σῶχ', Ἱππάσου υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, ἱπποδάμοιο, 450
φθῆ σε τέλος θανάτοιο κιχήμενον, οὐδ' ὑπάλυξας
ἆ δειλ', οὐ μέν σοίγε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ὄσσε καθαιρήσουσι θανόντι περ, ἀλλ' οἰωνοὶ
ὠμησταὶ ἐρύουσι, περὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλόντες.
αὐτὰρ ἔμ', εἴ κε θάνω, κτεριοῦσί γε δῖοι Ἀχαιοί."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Σώκοιο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔξω τε χροὸς ἧλκε καὶ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης·
αἷμα δέ οἱ σπασθέντος ἀνέσσυτο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.
Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ὅπως ἴδον αἷμ' Ὀδυσῆος,
κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν. 460
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, αὖε δ' ἑταίρους.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἤϋσεν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χάδε φωτὸς,
τρὶς δ' ἄϊεν ἰάχοντος ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος.
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντα προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·

"Αἶαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν,
ἀμφί μ' Ὀδυσσῆος ταλασίφρονος ἵκετ' ἀϋτὴ,
τῷ ἰκέλη ὡσεί ἑ βιήσατο μοῦνον ἐόντα
Τρῶες, ἀποτμήξαντες ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ.

Or thine own self shalt perish by my spear."
He spoke, and on the orbèd shield struck full ;
Through the bright buckler pass'd the stout good lance,
And through the enamell'd corslet making way,
Laid bare the ribs of flesh : Athene there
Stay'd it, nor suffer'd it to reach his heart.
Odysseus knew the wound no mortal hurt,
And, back recoiling, thus to Socus cried :
" Most wretched thou ! on whom thy fate now falls :
Me thou perchance preventest from this fray ;
But I on thee engage to hurry here
A black and bloody death ; who now subdued
Under my spear shalt render up thy ghost
To horse-famed Hades and renown to me."
He spoke, whose foe had turn'd him round to flight ;
But 'twixt the shoulders in the back he smote
And drove the spear right onward through the chest ;
He fell ; o'er whom Odysseus vaunting cried :
" Son of the noble knightly Hippasus !
Socus ! Thy fate hath caught thee ; thou hast fall'n ;
Unhappy ! No fond mother at thy death
Shall close thine eyes, but carrion crows may flap
Their wings about thee, and may rend thy flesh :
Me, when I die, Achaia's glorious chiefs
Shall tend with all my honours to the tomb."
He spoke, and from his buckler and his wound
Drew the stout lance of warlike Socus forth ;
The blood, upwelling as he drew, made faint
The heart within him ; but the Trojans near,
Seeing him bleed, raised loud the battle-cry
Throughout their throng, and down upon him bare ;
Backward he drew, and on his comrades call'd ;
Far as a voice may travel, thrice he cried,
And thrice brave Menelaüs heard the cry ;
Then thus to Ajax, haply standing near :
" Ajax ! Zeus-nurtured, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people ! To my ears the voice
Of much-enduring Odyseus hath come,
And sounded, as the Trojans press'd him hard,
Cut from his comrades, single in the fray.

ἀλλ' ἴομεν καθ' ὅμιλον· ἀλεξέμεναι γὰρ ἄμεινον.
δείδω μή τι πάθῃσιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι μονωθείς,
ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι γένηται."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἅμ' ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.
εὗρον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα διίφιλον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν
Τρῶες ἕπονθ' ὡσεί τε δαφοινοὶ θῶες ὄρεσφιν
ἀμφ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν βεβλημένον, ὅντ' ἔβαλ' ἀνὴρ
ἰῷ ἀπὸ νευρῆς· τὸν μέν τ' ἤλυξε πόδεσσιν
φεύγων, ὄφρ' αἷμα λιαρὸν καὶ γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ·
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τόνγε δαμάσσεται ὠκὺς ὀϊστὸς,
ὠμοφάγοι μιν θῶες ἐν οὔρεσι δαρδάπτουσιν
ἐν νέμεϊ σκιερῷ· ἐπί τε λῖν ἤγαγε δαίμων
σίντην· θῶες μέν τε διέτρεσαν, αὐτὰρ ὁ δάπτει·
ὣς ῥα τότ' ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα δαΐφρονα ποικιλομήτην
Τρῶες ἕπον πολλοί τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι, αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἥρως
Αἴαντ' ὦ ἔγχει ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.
Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε, φέρων σάκος ἠΰτε πύργον,
στῆ δὲ παρέξ· Τρῶες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.
ἤτοι τὸν Μενέλαος Ἀρήϊος ἕξαγ' ὁμίλου
χειρὸς ἔχων, εἷως θεράπων σχεδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους.

Αἴαντα δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐπάλμενος εἶλε Δόρυκλον
Πριαμίδην, νόθον υἱὸν, ἔπειτα δὲ Πάνδοκον οὖτα,
οὖτα δὲ Λύσανδρον καὶ Πύρασον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην.
ὡς δ' ὁπότε πλήθων ποταμὸς πεδίονδε κάτεισιν
χειμάῤῥους κατ' ὄρεσφιν, ὀπάζόμενος Διὸς ὄμβρῳ,
πολλὰς δὲ δρῦς ἀζαλέας, πολλὰς δέ τε πεύκας
ἐσφέρεται, πολλὸν δέ τ' ἀφυσγετὸν εἰς ἅλα βάλλει,
ὣς ἔφερε κλονέων πεδίον τότε φαίδιμος Αἴας,
δαΐζων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδέ πω Ἕκτωρ
πεύθετ', ἐπεί ῥα μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ μάρνατο πάσης,
ὄχθας πὰρ ποταμοῖο Σκαμάνδρου, τῇ ῥα μάλιστα
ἀνδρῶν πῖπτε κάρηνα, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει
Νέστορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ Ἀρήϊον Ἰδομενῆα.

Quick let us to this rescue through this throng ;
I fear lest meantime by his gallant stand
He suffer hurt, alone amid the foe :
Great were that trouble to the Danaan host."
He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
His godlike comrade, and they gained the chief,
Round whom now press'd the Trojans, like a troop
Of tawny jackals round an antler'd stag
Pierced by some hunter's arrow on a moor ;
Who yet escapes his hunter, whilst the blood
Is warm within him and his limbs are light ;
Soon shall the arrow quite subdue his strength ;
And in a gloomy forest on the hills
The carrion beasts devour him, till some chance
Brings a fierce lion upon them ; scatter'd flee
The jackals, and the lion hath the prey ;
So round that sage brave-hearted hero press'd
The Trojans, strong and many ; nathless, he
By ever-shifting onset, spear in hand,
Forefended still the death ; till Ajax came
With towerlike shield, and by his side took stand :
This way and that scatter'd the Trojans fled.
Then Menelaüs took him by the hand
And led him from the throng, to where aloof
His followers held his steeds. But Ajax sprang
Fierce on the foe, and first slew Doriclus,
King Priam's bastard son ; Lysander then,
Pylartes, Pandocus, and Pyrasus ;
As when a river, rushing tow'rd the plain,
Hurried and swollen by the rains from Zeus,
Falls in a winter-torrent from the hills,
Many the barkèd oaks, many the pines,
Great the silt-flood, it whirleth to the sea ;
So noble Ajax ranging choked the field
With men and horses cleft beneath his sword.
Nor Hector knew their plight ; for still he fought
Far on the battle's left beside the banks
Of swift Scamander ; where the cry had wax'd
Round mighty Nestor and Idomeneus
Most quenchless, and the haughtiest crests were falling ;

Ἕκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν ὁμίλει, μέρμερα ῥέζων·
ἔγχεϊ θ' ἱπποσύνῃ τε, νέων δ' ἀλάπαζε φάλαγγας·
οὐδ' ἄν πω χάζοντο κελεύθου δῖοι Ἀχαιοί,
εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἑλένης πόσις ἠϋκόμοιο,
παῦσεν ἀριστεύοντα Μαχάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἰῷ τριγλώχινι βαλὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον.
τῷ ῥα περίδδεισαν μένεα πνείοντες Ἀχαιοί,
μή πως μιν πολέμοιο μετακλινθέντος ἕλοιεν.
αὐτίκα δ' Ἰδομενεὺς προσεφώνεε Νέστορα δῖον·

"Ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἄγρει, σῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, πὰρ δὲ Μαχάων
βαινέτω, ἐς νῆας δὲ τάχιστ' ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·
ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων
[ἰούς τ' ἐκτάμνειν ἐπί τ' ἤπια φάρμακα πάσσειν]."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
αὐτίκα δ' ὧν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσετο, πὰρ δὲ Μαχάων
βαΐν', Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱὸς ἀμύμονος ἰητῆρος·
μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ.

Κεβριόνης δὲ Τρῶας ὁρινομένους ἐνόησεν·
Ἕκτορι παρβεβαὼς, καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἕκτορ, νῶϊ μὲν ἐνθάδ' ὁμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν,
ἐσχατιῇ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Τρῶες ὁρίνονται ἐπιμὶξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ αὐτοί.
Αἴας δὲ κλονέει Τελαμώνιος· εὖ δέ μιν ἔγνων·
εὐρὺ γὰρ ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἔχει σάκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς
κεῖσ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἅρμ' ἰθύνομεν, ἔνθα μάλιστα
ἱππῆες πεζοί τε, κακὴν ἔριδα προβαλόντες,
ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσι, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὄρωρεν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
μάστιγι λιγυρῇ· τοὶ δὲ πληγῆς αἶσαν ἐόντες
ῥίμφ' ἔφερον θοὸν ἅρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
στείβοντες νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄξων

With these had Hector mingled, working deeds
With chariot's guidance and with sleight of spear
Most wondrous, scattering wide their warriors' ranks.

Nor to this hour had yielded from their place
The brave Achaians, had not Helen's lord,
Paris, stay'd king Machaon from the fray,
With three-prong'd arrow piercing him far off
Through the right shoulder; whose rage-breathing men
Fear'd for him much, lest haply in the tide
Of now inclinèd battle he should fall;
And thus to Nestor spake Idomeneus:
"Sage Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast!
Quick to thy car, and let Machaon mount
Beside thee: to the fleet so haste thy steeds;
For, whoso hath the sage physician's art,
To cut forth arrows and to spread soft salves,
Is worth the lives of many a meaner man."
Nor the Gerenian chieftain disobey'd,
But mounted to his car, and at his side
Machaon came, Asclepius' blameless son.
He thong'd the horses shipwards; nothing loth
They flew along the path they loved to tread.

But where Cebriones by Hector sate
He look'd and saw the warrior-ranks of Troy
Broken by Ajax, and to Hector spake:
"Hector, whilst we amongst the Danaans stray
Here on the outskirts of the evil war,
All else confounded, man and horse embroil'd
I see our host; whom Ajax puts to rout;
Clear I descry him, knowing by the shield
Broad round his shoulders. Thither therefore turn
Our steeds and chariot, where, in evil strife
Commingled, each most fierce the other slays,
Footman and horse, and quenchless comes the cry."
He spoke, and with shrill-sounding lash thong'd on
His glossy steeds, who heard the lash, and bare
Lightly the flying chariot 'twixt the hosts,
Trampling their path o'er bucklers and the dead;

νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον,
ἃς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππείων ὁπλέων ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον
αἵ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο δῦναι ὅμιλον
ἀνδρόμεον ῥῆξαί τε μετάλμενος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμὸν
ἧκε κακὸν Δαναοῖσι, μίνυνθα δὲ χάζετο δουρός,
αὐτὰρ ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἔγχεΐ τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν,
Αἴαντος δ' ἀλέεινε μάχην Τελαμωνιάδαο.
[Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ νεμεσᾶθ', ὅτ' ἀμείνονι φωτὶ μάχοιτο.]

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Αἴανθ' ὑψίζυγος ἐν φόβον ὦρσεν·
στῆ δὲ ταφὼν, ὄπιθεν δὲ σάκος βάλεν ἑπταβόειον,
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὁμίλου, θηρὶ ἐοικὼς,
ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων.
ὡς δ' αἴθωνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο
ἐσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιῶται,
οἵτε μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἐλέσθαι
πάννυχοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων
ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὔτι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκοντες
ἀντίον ἀΐσσουσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,
καιόμεναί τε δεταὶ, τάστε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·
ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ·
ὡς Αἴας τότ' ἀπὸ Τρώων τετιημένος ἦτορ
ἤϊε, πόλλ' ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ δίε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουραν ἰὼν ἐβιήσατο παῖδας
νωθὴς, ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἐάγη,
κείρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήϊον· οἱ δέ τε παῖδες
τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλοισι· βίη δέ τε νηπίη αὐτῶν·
σπουδῇ δ' ἐξήλασσαν, ἐπεί τ' ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς·
ὡς τότ' ἔπειτ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱὸν,
Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι πολυηγερέες τ' ἐπίκουροι
νύσσοντες ξυστοῖσι μέσον σάκος αἰὲν ἔποντο,
Αἴας δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν μνησάσκετο θούριδος ἀλκῆς
αὖτις ὑποστρεφθεὶς, καὶ ἐρητύσασκε φάλαγγας
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων· ὀτὲ δὲ τρωπάσκετο φεύγειν.

With blood the axle and with blood the rails
Were spatter'd, plash'd from 'neath the whirling spokes
Or off his coursers' heels, as onward still
His spirit bare him, yearning to break through
Their gather'd legions, breathing on the foe
A panic-dread, nor resting from his spear ;
Nathless, whilst ranging through the other ranks
Slaughtering with sword and spear and huge jagg'd stones,
Shunning the Telamonian hero's arm.

Till Father Zeus from throne on high awoke
Spirit of fear in Ajax : first he stood
Astonied, and behind him flung the shield ;
And timorously about him o'er the throng
Looking, like some wild beast, hesitating
He turn'd, yet oft wheel'd back, and short the space
Twixt knee and knee bestridden. As when hounds
And peasant hunters from a cattlefold
Affright some tawny lion, nor allow
That he should pick his feast from out their herd ;
He, for the dainty hunger'd, paws the air,
But nothing doth ; for all night through they watch,
And thick the javelins and the flaring brands
From strong right arms so darted in his face,
That in his heart's despite he dreads their flame,
And sullenly at dawn perforce departs ;
So Ajax moved from off the Trojan host
Sullen and loth ; whose fears were for the fleet.
Like some slow-pacèd ass, that breaks a guard
Of children to a field of standing corn ;
Many their cudgels splinter'd on him fall ;
Nathless he enters grazing on the crop,
The children striking still, but weak their strength,
Scarce they expel him, when his gorge is fill'd ;
So Troy and all her brave Alliance press'd
On Ajax, the great son of Telamon,
Smiting his buckler vainly with their spears.
Anon would Ajax all his might recall,
Wheel round to face them, and make halt their ranks ;
Anon would turn again to more retreat ;

πάντας δὲ προέεργε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ὀδεύειν,
αὐτὸς δὲ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν θῦνε μεσηγὺ
ἱστάμενος· τὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκεϊ μεγάλῳ πάγεν ὅρμενα πρόσσω,
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,
ἐν γαίῃ ἵσταντο, λιλαιόμενα χροὸς ἆσαι.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησ' Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱος
Εὐρύπυλος πυκινοῖσι βιαζόμενον βελέεσσιν,
στῆ ῥα παρ' αὐτὸν ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλε Φαυσιάδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·
Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐπόρουσε καὶ αἶνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων.
τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς
τεύχε' ἀπαινύμενον Ἀπισάονος, αὐτίκα τόξον
ἕλκετ' ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλῳ, καί μιν βάλε μηρὸν ὀϊστῷ
δεξιόν· ἐκλάσθη δὲ δόναξ, ἐβάρυνε δὲ μηρόν.
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
στῆτ' ἐλελιχθέντες καὶ ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἦμαρ
Αἴανθ', ὃς βελέεσσι βιάζεται· οὐδέ ἑ φημι
φεύξεσθ' ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος. ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἄντην
ἵστασθ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν."

Ὣς ἔφατ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος· οἱ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν
πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες,
δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι. τῶν δ' ἀντίος ἦλυθεν Αἴας,
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἔθνος ἑταίρων.
ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
Νέστορα δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο φέρον Νηλήϊαι ἵπποι
ἰδρῶσαι, ἡγὸν δὲ Μαχάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
ἑστήκει γὰρ ἐπὶ πρύμνῃ μεγακήτεϊ νηΐ,
εἰσορόων πόνον αἰπὺν ἰὼκά τε δακρυόεσσαν.
αἶψα δ' ἑταῖρον ἑὸν Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν,
φθεγξάμενος παρὰ νηός· ὁ δὲ κλισίηθεν ἀκούσας

Yet stay'd them thus from charging on the ships ;
For still 'twixt either host he midmost ranged
Making sole stand ; whilst from their strong right-arms
Their javelins in his towerlike shield were stay'd,
Or, dropping ere they gain'd him, in the earth
Stood quivering, longing for the taste of blood.

Whom thus o'erwhelm'd with darts, Eurypylus,
Evemon's noble son, beheld, and came
And, taking stand beside him, aim'd bright spear,
And through the liver 'neath the midriff pierced
A chieftain, Apisaon, Phausius' son,
Loosing his limbs ; then on him sprang, to strip
The armour off his shoulders,—whom, the while
Down-stooping, godlike Alexander mark'd
And struck with arrow through the dexter thigh ;
Short snapt the shaft ; the stricken limb hung slack.
Backward he drew him to his comrades' ranks,
Shunning black fate, but on the Danaans cried :
"Turn, chiefs, and captains of Achaia's host ;
Turn ye and stand ; forefend the ruthless hour
From Ajax, by the enemy so hard-press'd,
I doubt his rescue from this evil day ;
Stand ; save him : rescue Ajax ; save your chief!"
Thus cried the wounded hero : at whose side
Forthwith stood many near, with serried shields
And spears uplifted ; tow'rd them, face to face,
Came Ajax, and commingled with their throng,
Then faced about again to meet the foe.

Thus like a fiery furnace raged the fight.

Meantime the steeds of Nestor, sweating, drew
Nestor from battle, with him to the camp
Bearing Machaon, shepherd of the host.
These, as they pass'd, the fleetfoot hero mark'd ;
For standing from his galley's poop he watch'd
Their headlong downfall and the piteous rout ;
Therefore to brave Patroclus call'd he loud,
Speaking from off the galley. From the tent

ἔκμολεν ἶσος Ἄρηϊ, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα οἱ πέλεν ἀρχή.
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·

"Τίπτε με κικλήσκεις, Ἀχιλεῦ; τί δέ σε χρεὼ ἐμεῖο;"
τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Δῖε Μενοιτιάδη, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
νῦν δ'ὄω περὶ γούνατ' ἐμὰ στήσεσθαι Ἀχαιοὺς
λισσομένους· χρειὼ γὰρ ἱκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός.
ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, Πάτροκλε διίφιλε, Νέστορ' ἔρειο
ὄντινα τοῦτον ἄγει βεβλημένον ἐκ πολέμοιο.
ἤτοι μὲν τάγ' ὄπισθε Μαχάονι πάντα ἔοικεν
τῷ Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἴδον ὄμματα φωτός·
ἵπποι γάρ με παρήϊξαν πρόσσω μεμαυῖαι."

Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἑταίρῳ,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Νηληϊάδεω ἀφίκοντο,
αὐτοὶ μέν ῥ' ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
ἵππους δ' Εὐρυμέδων θεράπων λύε τοῖο γέροντος
ἐξ ὀχέων· τοὶ δ' ἱδρῷ ἀπεψύχοντο χιτώνων,
στάντε ποτὶ πνοιὴν παρὰ θῖν' ἁλός· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἐς κλισίην ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθῖζον.
τοῖσι δὲ τεῦχε κυκειῶ ἐϋπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη,
τὴν ἄρετ' ἐκ Τενέδοιο γέρων, ὅτε πέρσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
θυγατέρ' Ἀρσινόου μεγαλήτορος, ἣν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἔξελον, οὕνεκα βουλῇ ἀριστεύεσκεν ἁπάντων.
ἥ σφῶϊν πρῶτον μὲν ἐπιπροΐηλε τράπεζαν
καλὴν κυανόπεζαν ἐΰξοον, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῆς
χάλκειον κάνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμυον, ποτῷ ὄψον,
ἠδὲ μέλι χλωρὸν, παρὰ δ' ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτὴν,
πὰρ δὲ δέπας περικαλλὲς, ὃ οἴκοθεν ἦγ' ὁ γεραιὸς,
χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον· οὔατα δ' αὐτοῦ
τέσσαρ' ἔσαν, δοιαὶ δὲ πελειάδες ἀμφὶς ἕκαστον
χρύσειαι νεμέθοντο, δύω δ' ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἦσαν.
ἄλλος μὲν μογέων ἀποκινήσασκε τραπέζης

The other heard and issued forth, nor less
Than Ares seem'd—yet hence began his woe.
First spake Menœtius' gallant Son, and said :
"Why call'st thou me, Achilles? what thy need?"
To whom in answer then the Fleetfoot thus ;
"Friend of my soul! Menœtius' noble Son!
I wot Achaia's sons about my knees
Shall soon stand suppliant : sore their trouble now.
But haste thee hence, Patroclus, Zeus-beloved,
And ask of Nestor, whom he brings from war
Sore-wounded : from behind I deem'd him like
Asclepius' son, Machaon ; but the face
I saw not ; eager by me flew the steeds."
He spoke ; Patroclus heard his dear lord's hest,
And hasted running through the ships and tents.

The others gain'd the tent of Neleus' Son
And there dismounted to the fruitful earth ;
And whilst Eurymedon, his follower, loosed
The Elder's horses from the yoke, the two,
Standing together in the fresh sea-breeze,
Cool'd off the sweat that to their garments clung,
Then in the tent on couches sate them down :
To whom the fairhair'd maiden, Hecamede,
The daughter of the brave Arsinoüs,
Prize by the Elder won from Tenedos
What time fleetfoot Achilles sack'd the isle
(His special spoil reserved by Argos' host,
For that in council he excell'd them all),
Stood mingling draught delicious. First she set
A polish'd board before them, fair to view,
Steel-footed ; and thereon a dish of brass,
Wherein fresh honey, grain of sacred corn,
And garlic to provoke to thirst withal :
And, these beside, a splendid goblet, brought
By the old chieftain thither from his home,
With golden studs emboss'd ; four handles served
To lift it ; and round each two doves in gold
Stood feeding ; two the cups beneath them wrought.
Full from the board to lift this were a task

πλεῖον ἐὸν, Νέστωρ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀμογητὶ ἄειρεν.
ἐν τῷ ῥά σφι κύκησε γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν
οἴνῳ Πραμνείῳ, ἐπὶ δ' αἴγειον κνῆ τυρὸν
κνήστι χαλκείῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλφιτα λευκὰ πάλυνεν,
πινέμεναι δ' ἐκέλευσεν, ἐπεί ῥ' ὥπλισσε κυκειῶ.
τὼ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίνον τ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα δίψαν,
μύθοισιν τέρποντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντες,
Πάτροκλος δὲ θύρῃσιν ἐφίστατο, ἰσόθεος φώς.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὁ γεραιὸς ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο φαεινοῦ,
ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλὼν, κατὰ δ' ἑδριάασθαι ἄνωγεν.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀναίνετο εἶπέ τε μῦθον·

"Οὐχ ἕδος ἐστὶ, γεραιὲ διοτρεφὲς, οὐδέ με πείσεις·
αἰδοῖος νεμεσητὸς ὅ με προέηκε πυθέσθαι
ὄντινα τοῦτον ἄγεις βεβλημένον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
γιγνώσκω, ὁρόω δὲ Μαχάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
νῦν δὲ ἔπος ἐρέων πάλιν ἄγγελος εἶμ' Ἀχιλῆϊ.
εὖ δὲ σὺ οἶσθα, γεραιὲ διοτρεφὲς, οἷος ἐκεῖνος
δεινὸς ἀνήρ· τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιόωτο."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"τίπτε τ' ἄρ' ὧδ' Ἀχιλεὺς ὀλοφύρεται υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅσσοι δὴ βέλεσιν βεβλήαται; οὐδέ τι οἶδεν
πένθεος ὅσσον ὄρωρε κατὰ στρατόν· οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι
ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδείδης, κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
οὔτασται δ' Ὀδυσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἠδ' Ἀγαμέμνων·
[βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν ὀϊστῷ·]
τοῦτον δ' ἄλλον ἐγὼ νέον ἤγαγον ἐκ πολέμοιο
ἰῷ ἀπὸ νευρῆς βεβλημένον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν Δαναῶν οὐ κήδεται οὐδ' ἐλεαίρει.
ἦ μένει εἰσόκε δὴ νῆες θοαὶ ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
Ἀργείων ἀέκητι, πυρὸς δηΐοιο θέρωνται,
αὐτοί τε κτεινώμεθ' ἐπισχερώ;—οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴ ἶς
ἔσθ' οἵη πάρος ἔσκεν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν.
εἴθ' ὡς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη,
ὡς ὁπότ' Ἠλείοισι καὶ ἡμῖν νεῖκος ἐτύχθη
ἀμφὶ βοηλασίῃ, ὅτ' ἐγὼ κτάνον Ἰτυμονῆα,

To others, but to aged Nestor none.
In this the maid, a goddess in her grace,
Mingled a draught with wine of Pramnian grape,
And cheese of goat's milk grated fine thereon
Through brazen grater, and white meal bestrewn;
Then gracious of her mingling bade them drink:
And, whilst they drank and banish'd parching thirst,
Each with the other pleasant converse held.

Anon Patroclus in the doorway stood;
The Elder saw and, from his glittering couch
Uprising, took him by the hand and brought
Within the tent, and bade him to a seat;
But he, denying, thus replied and said:
"Bid me not, noble Elder, seat me here:
Worthy of reverence, worthy of all dread,
He who hath sent me hither to inquire
Whom thou bring'st wounded home; myself now see
And know Machaon, shepherd of the host.
Straight to Achilles I must needs return;
How dread his humour thou thyself well know'st;
Where no blame is, perchance he yet might blame."
To whom Gerenè's chief made answer thus:
"Sorrows Achilles for the scathe of these,
These few Achaians wounded? knows he nought
Of the destruction falling on the host?
By shaft or sword the noblest all lie smit:
A dart hath maim'd the might of Tydeus' Son;
Odysseus, Agamemnon, wounded lie;
Eurypylus hath arrow through the hip;
And yet one more, this hero, from the war,
Pierced with an arrow, latest I have brought:
And, though with power to save, Achilles sits
Unpitying still! Oh, tarries he till fire
Hath swallow'd up our galleys on the shore,
Maugre our arms opposing, and ourselves
One after one fall vanquish'd at their sterns?
For not, as once was mine, in nimble limbs
Is now my strength: would such my youth, and such
The force within me, as when feud broke forth

ἐσθλὸν Τπειροχίδην, ὃς ἐν Ἤλιδι ναιετάασκεν,
ῥύσι' ἐλαυνόμενος. ὁ δ' ἀμύνων ἧσι βόεσσιν
ἔβλητ' ἐν πρώτοισιν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι,
καὶ δ' ἔπεσεν, λαοὶ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροιῶται.
ληΐδα δ' ἐκ πεδίου συνελάσσαμεν ἠλιθα πολλὴν,
πεντήκοντα βοῶν ἀγέλας, τόσα πώεα οἰῶν,
τόσσα συῶν συβόσεια, τόσ' αἰπόλια πλατέ' αἰγῶν,
ἵππους δὲ ξανθὰς ἑκατὸν καὶ πεντήκοντα, 680
πάσας θηλείας, πολλῇσι δὲ πῶλοι ὑπῆσαν.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἠλασάμεσθα Πύλον Νηλήϊον εἴσω
ἐννύχιοι προτὶ ἄστυ· γεγήθει δὲ φρένα Νηλεὺς,
οὕνεκά μοι τύχε πολλὰ νέῳ πόλεμόνδε κιόντι.
κήρυκες δ' ἐλίγαινον ἅμ' ἠοῖ φαινομένηφιν
τοὺς ἴμεν οἷσι χρεῖος ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἤλιδι δίῃ·
οἱ δὲ συναγρόμενοι Πυλίων ἡγήτορες ἄνδρες
δαίτρευον· πολέσιν γὰρ Ἐπειοὶ χρεῖος ὄφειλον,
ὡς ἡμεῖς παῦροι κεκακωμένοι ἐν Πύλῳ ἦμεν.—
ἐλθὼν γὰρ ῥ' ἐκάκωσε βίη Ἡρακληείη 690
τῶν προτέρων ἐτέων, κατὰ δ' ἔκταθεν ὅσσοι ἄριστοι.
δώδεκα γὰρ Νηλῆος ἀμύμονος υἱέες ἦμεν·
τῶν οἷος λιπόμην, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ὄλοντο.—
ταῦθ' ὑπερηφανέοντες Ἐπειοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες,
ἡμέας ὑβρίζοντες, ἀτάσθαλα μηχανόωντο.—
ἐκ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀγέλην τε βοῶν καὶ πῶϋ μέγ' οἰῶν
εἵλετο, κρινάμενος τριηκόσι' ἠδὲ νομῆας.
καὶ γὰρ τῷ χρεῖος μέγ' ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἤλιδι δίῃ,
τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ἵπποι αὐτοῖσιν ὄχεσφιν,
ἑλθόντες μετ' ἄεθλα. περὶ τρίποδος γὰρ ἔμελλον 700
θεύσεσθαι· τοὺς δ' αὖθι ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Αὐγείας
κάσχεθε, τὸν δ' ἐλατῆρ' ἀφίει ἀκαχήμενον ἵππων.
[illegible] περὶ σημάντορι ἠδὲ καὶ ἔργων

Betwixt the Eleian clansmen and ourselves
For raid of oxen! Single then I slew
Itymenes of Elis, gallant son
Of great Hypeirochus: whose herds I sought
To drive away for vengeance of their thefts:
For them he gave me battle, till he fell,
Smit 'mongst the first by javelin from my arm,
And all his churlish followers fled appall'd.
Rich booty from the plain we drave that day;
Of oxen fifty herds, and fifty flocks
Of sheep, of swine as many, and of goats;
Further, of chestnut steeds seven score and ten,
Mares all, and many were the colts they foal'd.
These into Pylos, Neleus' town, we drave,
Entering by night the castle; and great joy
Had Neleus, that such fortune had befall'n
Me in the first encounter of my youth.
With break of dawn the ordered heralds made
Their shrill proclaim, that whosoe'er could ask
In sacred Elis compensation just
Should now receive it: and the Pylian chiefs
Collecting parted all; for large the debt
To many due from Elis; men were few
And much distress'd in Pylos. There of late
The might of Hercules had done much hurt,
And slaughter'd all our noblest: twelve were we,
The sons of blameless Neleus; I alone
Was left alive; the others perish'd all.
Wherefore the arm'd Epeians waxing proud
Oft would wreak outrage on us and affront.
But of my spoil the agèd Elder took
A herd of oxen and a flock of sheep,
Three hundred with their shepherds set apart.
For large the debt from Elis due to him,
Four racing horses with their chariot stol'n,
Sent to contest a tripod at the games
Of Elis: but Augæas, king of men,
Withheld them there, and emptyhanded home
Sent back their driver. Anger'd for whose words
And deeds alike the Elder chose out now

ἐξέλετ' ἄσπετα πολλά· τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔα δῆμον ἔδωκεν
[δαιτρεύειν, μή τις οἱ ἀτεμβόμενος κίοι ἴσης].
ἡμεῖς μὲν τὰ ἕκαστα διείπομεν, ἀμφί τε ἄστυ
ἔρδομεν ἱρὰ θεοῖς· οἱ δὲ τρίτῳ ἤματι πάντες
ἦλθον ὁμῶς αὐτοί τε πολεῖς καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι,
πανσυδίῃ· μετὰ δέ σφι Μολίονε θωρήσσοντο
παῖδ' ἔτ' ἐόντ', οὔπω μάλα εἰδότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
ἔστι δέ τις Θρυόεσσα πόλις, αἰπεῖα κολώνη,
τηλοῦ ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ, νεάτη Πύλου ἠμαθόεντος·
τὴν ἀμφεστρατόωντο διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες.
ἀλλ' ὅτε πᾶν πεδίον μετεκίαθον, ἄμμι δ' Ἀθήνη
ἄγγελος ἦλθε θέουσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι
ἔννυχος, οὐδ' ἀέκοντα Πύλον κάτα λαὸν ἄγειρεν,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐσσυμένους πολεμίζειν. οὐδέ με Νηλεὺς
εἴα θωρήσσεσθαι, ἀπέκρυψεν δέ μοι ἵππους·
οὐ γάρ πώ τί μ' ἔφη ἴδμεν πολεμήϊα ἔργα.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ἱππεῦσι μετέπρεπον ἠμετέροισιν,
καὶ πεζός περ ἐών, ἐπεὶ ὣς ἄγε νεῖκος Ἀθήνη.
ἔστι δέ τις ποταμὸς Μινυήϊος εἰς ἅλα βάλλων
ἐγγύθεν Ἀρήνης, ὅθι μείναμεν Ἠῶ δῖαν
ἱππῆες Πυλίων, τὰ δ' ἐπέρρεεν ἔθνεα πεζῶν.
ἔνθεν πανσυδίῃ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
ἔνδιοι ἱκόμεσθ' ἱερὸν ῥόον Ἀλφειοῖο.
ἔνθα Διὶ ῥέξαντες ὑπερμενεῖ ἱερὰ καλά,
ταῦρον δ' Ἀλφειῷ, ταῦρον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι,
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι βοῦν ἀγελαίην,
δόρπον ἔπειθ' ἑλόμεσθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν
καὶ κατεκοιμήθημεν ἐν ἕντεσιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος
ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ποταμοῖο. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ
ἀμφίσταντο δὴ ἄστυ διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες.

Large recompense, but to his people gave
The rest to part amongst them, that of all
None should go home unportion'd of his share.
Sifting each claim we therefore bode, and made
About the streets our offerings to the gods ;
The third day after, they with all their host,
Horses and men in multitude as sand,
Against us came, and with them the two sons
Twin-born of Molionè girt their arms
For the first time, mere children yet to war.

"Like some steep pillar on Alphëus' banks,
Far on the skirt of sandy Pylos, stands
The town of Thryoessa ; round its walls
Camping, they strove to lay it to the ground.
And they had scour'd our plains, when Pallas came
Down from Olympus messenger by night
To bid us arm ; nor loth the men she bade
In Pylos, but most eager to the fray :
Yet me my father from my arms forbade,
Yea, hid the chariot safe from out my sight,
Saying I knew not yet the works of war.
Not less Athene guided so the fight,
Albeit on foot, I shone amongst the horse.

"There is a river running to the sea
Mineius, near Arene : there the horse
Halted to sacred morning, till the bands
Of foot came pouring on our rear : then on,
All under arms, empanoplied, we gain'd
With our full host Alphëus' sacred stream.
There to most mighty Zeus we offer'd up
Our costly offerings, to Poseidon gave
A bull, another to Alphëus' stream,
But to Athene heifer from our herds ;
So in array of battle made repast :
And, after, laid us down upon the bank
And slept, still under arms. Meantime, about
The city's walls the brave Epeians press'd
Their leaguer, fain for victory : but next day

ἀλλά σφι προπάροιθε φάνη μέγα ἔργον Ἄρηος·
εὖτε γὰρ ἠέλιος φαέθων ὑπερέσχεθε γαίης,
συμφερόμεσθα μάχῃ, Διί τ' εὐχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πυλίων καὶ Ἐπειῶν ἔπλετο νεῖκος,
πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἕλον ἄνδρα, κόμισσα δὲ μώνυχας ἵππους,
Μούλιον αἰχμητήν· γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Αὐγείαο,
πρεσβυτάτην δὲ θύγατρ' εἶχε ξανθὴν Ἀγαμήδην,
ἣ τόσα φάρμακα ἤδη ὅσα τρέφει εὐρεῖα χθών.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ προσιόντα βάλον χαλκήρεϊ δουρὶ,
ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς δίφρον ὀρούσας
στῆν ῥα μετὰ προμάχοισιν. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ
ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἄνδρα πεσόντα
ἡγεμόν' ἱππήων, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπόρουσα κελαινῇ λαιλαπι ἶσος,
πεντήκοντα δ' ἕλον δίφρους, δύο δ' ἀμφὶς ἕκαστον
φῶτες ὀδὰξ ἕλον οὖδας, ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
καί νύ κεν Ἀκτορίωνε Μολίονε παῖδ' ἀλάπαξα,
εἰ μή σφωε πατὴρ εὐρυκρείων ἐνοσίχθων
ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάωσε, καλύψας ἠέρι πολλῇ.
ἔνθα Ζεὺς Πυλίοισι μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν·
τόφρα γὰρ οὖν ἐπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδέος πεδίοιο,
κτείνοντές τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνά τ' ἔντεα καλὰ λέγοντες,
ὄφρ' ἐπὶ Βουπρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἵππους
πέτρης τ' Ὠλενίης, καὶ Ἀλεισίου ἔνθα κολώνη
κέκληται· ὅθεν αὖτις ἀπέτραπε λαὸν Ἀθήνη.
ἔνθ' ἄνδρα κτείνας πύματον λίπον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἂψ ἀπο Βουπρασίοιο Πύλονδ' ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους,
πάντες δ' εὐχετόωντο θεῶν Διὶ Νέστορί τ' ἀνδρῶν.
ὣς ἔον, εἴποτ' ἔον γε μετ' ἀνδράσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
οἷος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπονήσεται· ἦ τέ μιν οἴω
πολλὰ μετακλαύσεσθαι, ἐπεί κ' ἀπὸ λαὸς ὄληται.

Long bloody work before them first they saw.
For when the sun's bright light o'erspread the earth,
After prayers made to Pallas and to Zeus,
We join'd in fight: and scarce had either host
Engaged, when I show'd first, and slew their prince,
Mulius, and carried off his hoovèd steeds;
Mulius, Augæas' son, who had to wife
The daughter to Augæas eldest-born,
Fair Agamedè of the auburn locks,
Skilled in what healing herbs and roots soe'er
On the broad bosom of this earth are bred.
Him, as he charged, I struck with brass-tipp'd spear;
Into the dust he dropp'd; and on his car
Springing, amongst the champions of the front
I stood conspicuous, whilst the Epeians fled
This way and that scatter'd, beholding fall'n
Their chariots' leader and their best in war.
On whom with some black whirlwind's force I sprang;
And fifty chariots gain'd, and, dash'd from each,
Two warriors bit the dust beneath my spear.
Yea, Molionè's children, feign'd the sons
Of Actor, then had been my spoil, but them
Their father, vast Poseidon, in thick mist
Enwrapp'd and bare from battle home secure.
Great was the victory so by Zeus vouchsafed
To Pylos; hotly through the spacious plain
Slaying, and gathering precious spoil of arms,
We press'd them, till our cars pursuing reach'd
The cornfields of Buprasium, nigh the rock
Of Olen, and Aleisium, named of old
The Pillar: there Athene bade us home.
The last man slain I slew, and left him there;
And from Buprasium back Achaia's host
Held straight their way to Pylos. Prayer was then
Of men to Nestor, as to Zeus of gods.
Such show'd I, mingling with my kind: but, lo,
Achilles, thus withdrawn, wastes all the fruit
Of his own excellence on his own self!
I wot, most bitterly will he repent,
When all the host hath perish'd by his pride.

ὦ πέπον, ἦ μὲν σοίγε Μενοίτιος ὧδ' ἐπέτελλεν
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν.
νῶϊ δέ τ' ἔνδον ἐόντες, ἐγὼ καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
πάντα μάλ' ἐν μεγάροις ἠκούομεν ὡς ἐπέτελλεν.
Πηλῆος δ' ἱκόμεσθα δόμους εὐναιετάοντας
λαὸν ἀγείροντες κατ' Ἀχαιΐδα πουλυβότειραν.
ἔνθα δ' ἔπειθ' ἥρωα Μενοίτιον εὕρομεν ἔνδον
ἠδὲ σὲ, πὰρ δ' Ἀχιλῆα. γέρων δ' ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς
πίονα μηρί' ἔκαιε βοὸς Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ· ἔχε δὲ χρύσειον ἄλεισον,
σπένδων αἴθοπα οἶνον ἐπ' αἰθομένοις ἱεροῖσιν.
σφῶϊ μὲν ἀμφὶ βοὸς ἔπετον κρέα, νῶϊ δ' ἔπειτα
στῆμεν ἐνὶ προθύροισι· ταφὼν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλὼν, κατὰ δ' ἑδριάασθαι ἄνωγεν,
ξείνιά τ' εὖ παρέθηκεν, ἃ τε ξείνοις θέμις ἐστίν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπημεν ἐδητύος ἠδὲ ποτῆτος,
ἦρχον ἐγὼ μύθοιο, κελεύων ὔμμ' ἅμ' ἕπεσθαι·
σφὼ δὲ μάλ' ἠθέλετον, τὼ δ' ἄμφω πόλλ' ἐπέτελλον.
Πηλεὺς μὲν φ̓ παιδὶ γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων·
σοὶ δ' αὖθ' ὧδ' ἐπέτελλε Μενοίτιος, Ἄκτορος υἱός.
'τέκνον ἐμὸν, γενεῇ μὲν ὑπέρτερός ἐστιν Ἀχιλλεὺς,
πρεσβύτερος δὲ σύ ἐσσι· βίῃ δ' ὅγε πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
ἀλλ' εὖ οἱ φάσθαι πυκινὸν ἔπος ἠδ' ὑποθέσθαι
καί οἱ σημαίνειν· ὁ δὲ πείσεται εἰς ἀγαθόν περ.'
ὣς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεαι. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
ταῦτ' εἴποις Ἀχιλῆϊ δαΐφρονι, αἴ κε πίθηται.
τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίναις
παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου.
εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶν ἦσι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνει
καί τινά οἱ πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ,
ἀλλὰ σέ περ προέτω, ἅμα δ' ἄλλος λαὸς ἑπέσθω

And thou, my friend—Menœtius, on the day
He sent thee forth from Phthia to the host
Of Agamemnon, ofttimes charged thee thus :
We were within, myself and Odyseus,
And heard all charge he gave thee in those halls ;
To Peleus' peopled palaces we came
Gathering our army through Achaia's tribes ;
Menœtius there within we found, and thee,
And by thy side Achilles : in the court
Outside the palace Peleus stood the while
And made upon the altar of great Zeus
Burnt-offering of the fat thighs of a bull,
Holding a golden goblet, pouring thence
Bright wine upon the flaming sacrifice.
Whom ye were helping, busied o'er the bull,
Till we stood in the doorway. First perceived
Achilles, and astonied started up,
Took by the hand, and bade us to a seat,
And set before us hospitable fare.
When we had had delight of meat and drink,
I told our tale, and bade you follow us ;
Most blithe were ye ; but ere ye went, to both
Much admonition either father gave :
To his dear son Achilles, Peleus charged
Still to outshine all others, and excel ;
Whilst Actor's son Menœtius thus to thee :
'*My child! Achilles by his royal birth*
'*Excels thee, and his strength is more than thine ;*
'*But thou in years art elder ; be thou prompt*
'*With prudent counsel, and to guide the way*
'*That he should go ; he followeth that is good.*'
Ev'n this thy father's counsel thou forgett'st.
But go, and to the brave Achilles tell
These things again, if he may so be won :
Who knows if, by the sufferance of heaven,
Thou wilt not with persuasion turn his heart ?
Good is persuasion from a true friend's mouth.
But if, through evil presage from the gods,
Or message by his mother borne from Zeus,
He now abstain from battle, let him send

Μυρμιδόνων, αἴ κέν τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένηαι·
καί τοι τεύχεα καλὰ δότω πόλεμόνδε φέρεσθαι,
αἴ κέ σε τῷ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' Ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.
[ῥεῖα δέ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας ἀϋτῇ
ὤσαισθε προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων.]"

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ νῆας ἐπ' Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλῆα.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο
ἵξε θεῶν Πάτροκλος, ἵνα σφ' ἀγορή τε θέμις τε
ἦην, τῇ δὴ καί σφι θεῶν ἐτετεύχατο βωμοί,
ἔνθα οἱ Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος ἀντεβόλησεν,
διογενὴς Εὐαιμονίδης, κατὰ μηρὸν ὀϊστῷ,
σκάζων ἐκ πολέμου· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἱδρὼς
ὤμων καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἕλκεος ἀργαλέοιο
αἷμα μέλαν κελάρυζε· νόος γε μὲν ἔμπεδος ἦεν.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾤκτειρε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς,
καί ῥ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἄ δειλοὶ, Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ὣς ἄρ' ἐμέλλετε, τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἴης,
ἄσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ταχέας κύνας ἀργέτι δημῷ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ, διοτρεφὲς Εὐρύπυλ' ἥρως,
ἦ ῥ' ἔτι που σχήσουσι πελώριον Ἕκτορ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἦ ἤδη φθίσονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμέντες."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"οὐκέτι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις, ἄλκαρ Ἀχαιῶν
ἔσσεται, ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσιν πεσέονται.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε
χερσὶν ὕπο Τρώων· τῶν δὲ σθένος ὄρνυται αἰεί.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἄγων ἐπὶ νῆα μέλαιναν,
μηροῦ δ' ἔκταμ' ὀϊστὸν, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαινὸν
νίζ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δ' ἤπια φάρμακα πάσσε,

Thee, and with thee his Myrmidonians, forth ;
So may some light upon the Danaans dawn.
And let him clothe thee in his own bright mail :
That so the Trojans shall behold in thee
His image, and withdraw them back awhile,
And so th' Achaians gain some breathing-space—
Short though it be, some respite from the war.
They are all spent, and ye unworn and fresh ;
Your very battle-cry shall drive their host
Back routed from our galleys to their town."
He spoke ; and deeply stirr'd Patroclus' heart ;
Who hasted passing by the line of ships
Back to his chief Æacides ; but when
He gain'd divine Odysseus' fleet, that stood
Midmost (and there the market-place, the seats
Of justice, and their altars to the gods),
Eurypylus, Evemon's Zeus-sprung son,
There cross'd him, arrow-smitten through the thigh,
Scarce halting from the battle ; moist the sweat
Stream'd down his shoulder ; from the baleful wound
Black gush'd the blood ; but still his heart was firm.
Whom seeing, on Menœtius' gallant Son
Fell pity, and he thus lamenting cried :
"Oh chiefs most wretched ! Captains of the host !
Was it to fatten on your dainty flesh,
Far from our country and from all we love,
The dogs of Troy, that we set sail from home ?
But tell me true, divine Eurypylus !
Will the Achaians hold vast Hector back,
Or will they perish whelm'd beneath his spear ?"
To whom the wounded chieftain thus replied :
"No help, divine Patroclus, now remains :
Back on their fleet th' Achaians needs must fall ;
For all who erst were bravest in their ships
Lie cabin'd now, with wound of shaft or sword
At Trojan hand ; and still the Trojan strength
Is waxing ever. But, I pray thee, help
Me to my ship, and save me ; cut the shaft
Clear of my thigh, and with fresh water cleanse
The black blood off ; then spread soft soothing salves

ἐσθλὰ, τά σε προτί φασιν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι,
ὃν Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιότατος Κενταύρων.
ἰητροὶ μὲν γὰρ Ποδαλείριος ἠδὲ Μαχάων,
τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὀίομαι ἕλκος ἔχοντα,
χρηΐζοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμύμονος ἰητῆρος,
κεῖσθαι· ὁ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένει ὀξὺν Ἄρηα."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·
"πῶς τ' ἄρ' ἔοι τάδε ἔργα; τί ῥέξομεν, Εὐρύπυλ' ἥρως;
ἔρχομαι, ὄφρ' Ἀχιλῆϊ δαΐφρονι μῦθον ἐνίσπω,
ὃν Νέστωρ ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν· 840
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς περ σεῖο μεθήσω τειρομένοιο."

Ἦ καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοιο λαβὼν ἄγε ποιμένα λαῶν."
ἐς κλισίην· θεράπων δὲ ἰδὼν ὑπέχευε βοείας.
ἔνθα μιν ἐκτανύσας ἐκ μηροῦ τάμνε μαχαίρῃ
ὀξὺ βέλος περιπευκὲς, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαινὸν
νίζ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δὲ ῥίζαν βάλε πικρὴν
χερσὶ διατρίψας, ὀδυνήφατον, ἥ οἱ ἁπάσας
ἔσχ' ὀδύνας· τὸ μὲν ἕλκος ἐτέρσετο, παύσατο δ' αἷμα.

Such as they say that from Achilles' mouth
Thou hast been taught; but him did Cheiron teach,
Centaur most righteous of the Centaur race.
For of the leeches of Achaia, one,
Machaon, lies methinks within the tents
Wounded, and of his own art lacking help;
The other, Podaleirius, on the field
Still bears his part, and bides the chance of war."
To whom Menœtius' gallant Son replied:
"How may this end? Oh what shall be our fate,
Divine Eurypylus? I make my way,
Bearing to brave Achilles the wise rede
Of Nestor, sagest guardian of the host;
Not ev'n for this can I neglect thy wound."
He spoke, and, half-supporting 'neath the chest,
Led to his tent the hero; where within
Th' attendant, seeing, leathern hides outspread;
Thereon Patroclus stretch'd him at full length,
Cut the sharp, painful arrow from his thigh
Clear with a knife, and with fresh water cleansed
The black blood off; then powder'd bitter roots
'Twixt his own palms, and laid them to assuage
The pains; the wound was stanch'd, and stay'd the blood.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Μ'.

Τειχομαχία.

Ὣς ὁ μὲν ἐν κλισιῃσι Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς
ἰᾶτ' Εὐρύπυλον βεβλημένον· οἱ δ' ἐμάχοντο
Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ὁμιλαδόν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλεν
τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὕπερθεν
εὐρὺ, τὸ ποιήσαντο νεῶν ὕπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον
ἤλασαν· οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτὰς ἑκατόμβας,
ὄφρα σφιν νῆάς τε θοὰς καὶ λῃΐδα πολλὴν
ἐντὸς ἔχον ῥύοιτο· θεῶν δ' ἀέκητι τέτυκτο
ἀθανάτων· τὸ καὶ οὔτι πολὺν χρόνον ἔμπεδον ἦεν.
ὄφρα μὲν Ἕκτωρ ζωὸς ἔην καὶ μήνι' Ἀχιλλεὺς
καὶ Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος, ἀπόρθητος πόλις ἔπλεν,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν ἔμπεδον ἦεν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μὲν Τρώων θάνον ὅσσοι ἄριστοι,
πολλοὶ δ' Ἀργείων οἱ μὲν δάμεν, οἱ δ' ἐλίποντο,
πέρθετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ,
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἔβησαν,
δὴ τότε μητιόωντο Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
τεῖχος ἀμαλδῦναι, ποταμῶν μένος εἰσαγαγόντες,
ὅσσοι ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἅλαδε προρέουσιν,
Ῥῆσός θ' Ἑπτάπορός τε Κάρησός τε Ῥοδίος τε
Γρήνικός τε καὶ Αἴσηπος δῖός τε Σκάμανδρος
καὶ Σιμόεις, ὅθι πολλὰ βοάγρια καὶ τρυφάλειαι
κάππεσον ἐν κονίῃσι καὶ ἡμιθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν·
τῶν πάντων ὁμόσε στόμαθ' ἕτραπε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἐννῆμαρ δ' ἐς τεῖχος ἴσαν ῥόον· ὗε δ' ἄρα Ζεὺς

ILIAD XII.

THUS in the camp Menœtius' gallant Son
Unto Eurypylus his wounded friend
Gave tendance ; whilst the Argives fought pellmell
Commingled with their foes. Nor now the trench,
Nor the broad bulwark rear'd along the trench,
To be their galleys' fence, to hold the fleet
And their rich booty in its bounds secure,
Could longer stay the Trojans. Who had built,
Had, when they laid the deep foundations wide,
Fail'd of a sacred hecatomb to heaven ;
Therefore it rose without the grace vouchsafed
Of Gods, predestin'd to an early fall.
So long as Hector lived, and Peleus' Son
Raged in the war, and still stood undespoil'd
The palaces of Priam—for so long
That rampart vast remain'd upon the shore ;
But when the noblest men of Troy had fallen,
And many an Argive likewise (but of these
Was left a remnant), and high Ilion's towers
Had perish'd by the tenth year's leaguer thrown,
And when that remnant had departed home—
Then with Apollo Poseidaion leagued
To crumble it to sand. What stream soe'er
Bursts from the hills of Ida to the sea,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, and Rhodius,
Granicus, and Scamander's heaven-sprung flood,
Æsepus, and the brook of Simois—
The brook amongst whose sands so many shields
And helms and heroes half-divine were strewn—
These all Apollo turn'd with open'd founts
Upon it, and nine days so plied their force,

συνεχὲς, ὄφρα κε θᾶσσον ἁλίπλοα τείχεα θείη.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἔχων χείρεσσι τρίαιναν
ἡγεῖτ', ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντα θεμείλια κύμασι πέμπεν
φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέοντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
λεῖα δ' ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάῤῥοον Ἑλλήσποντον, 30
αὖτις δ' ἠϊόνα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι κάλυψεν,
τεῖχος ἀμαλδύνας· ποταμοὺς δ' ἔτρεψε νέεσθαι
κὰρ ῥόον, ᾗπερ πρόσθεν ἴεν καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ.

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔμελλον ὄπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
θησέμεναι· τότε δ' ἀμφὶ μάχη ἐνοπή τε δεδήει
τεῖχος ἐΰδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα πύργων
βαλλόμεν'· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ Διὸς μάστιγι δαμέντες
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐελμένοι ἰσχανόωντο,
Ἕκτορα δειδιότες, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο·
αὐτὰρ ὅγ', ὡς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐμάρνατο ἶσος ἀέλλῃ. 40
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἔν τε κύνεσσι καὶ ἀνδράσι θηρευτῇσιν
κάπριος ἠὲ λέων στρέφεται σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων·
οἱ δέ τε πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες
ἀντίοι ἵστανται καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι θαμειὰς
αἰχμὰς ἐκ χειρῶν· τοῦ δ' οὔποτε κυδάλιμον κῆρ
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἀγηνορίη δέ μιν ἔκτα·
ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων·
ὅππη τ' ἰθύσῃ, τῇτ' εἴκουσι στίχες ἀνδρῶν·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἀν' ὅμιλον ἰὼν ἐλλίσσεθ' ἑταίρους,
τάφρον ἐποτρύνων διαβαινέμεν. οὐδέ οἱ ἵπποι 50
τόλμων ὠκύποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιζον ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
χείλει ἐφεσταότες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδίσσετο τάφρος
εὐρεῖ', οὔτ' ἄρ' ὑπερθορέειν σχεδὸν οὔτε περῆσαι
ῥηϊδίη· κρημνοὶ γὰρ ἐπηρεφέες περὶ πᾶσαν
ἕστασαν ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὕπερθεν δὲ σκολόπεσσιν
ὀξέσιν ἠρήρει, τοὺς ἔστασαν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δηΐων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν,
ἔνθ' οὔ κεν ῥέα ἵππος ἐΰτροχον ἅρμα τιταίνων
ἐσβαίη, πεζοὶ δὲ μενοίνεον εἰ τελέουσιν.

The while rain fell unceasing from high Zeus
To haste its dissolution to the deep ;
And the dread Ruler of the billows' might
Himself, his trident in his hand, led on
Their task and threw the deep foundations, laid
Of stones and rocks by labour of a host,
Waif to the waves, and made all smooth, betwixt
The land and the brimm'd bed of Hellespont ;
But, when the wall had vanish'd, wrapp'd the coast
Again in sands, and turned the rivers back
To the pure courses of their olden beds.

Such was the ruin to be wrought thereon
Hereafter by the gods ; but now the cry
Of battle ran along its strong-built heights
Flamelike, and smitten rang its beamy towers.
Gradual the Argives by the scourge of Zeus
Straiten'd against their galleys 'gan retire
Subdued ; for Hector breathed a fear upon them,
And, as his wont, fought with a whirlwind's force.
As when, by hounds and huntsmen brought to bay,
Some boar or lion in his fury turns,
They draw their band, most like a tower, compact,
Erect against him, darting from their hands
Their shower of javelins ; nathless his brave heart
Fears not at all, but of his spirit doom'd
He chargeth oft, and oft their phalanx tries,
And where he chargeth, there their phalanx gives ;
Thus Hector through the throng roam'd to and fro,
And cheer'd them to the passage o'er the trench.
But neighing loudly on its lip, the steeds
Durst not attempt it ; for the breadth of gap
Forbade them, though upon its edge, to leap ;
Nor easier other passage ; where the banks,
Rose bluff on either side, with jutting brinks,
And topp'd by pointed stakes, huge and close driven
By Argos' host, a fence against their foes.
Impervious to a steed with wheeled car
Were such descent ; but leaping to the ground
Many stood gazing, if it might be done;

δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστάς·

"Ἕκτορ τ' ἠδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγοὶ ἠδ' ἐπικούρων,
ἀφραδέως διὰ τάφρον ἐλαύνομεν ὠκέας ἵππους.
ἣ δὲ μάλ' ἀργαλέη περάαν· σκόλοπες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
ὀξέες ἑστᾶσιν, ποτὶ δ' αὐτοὺς τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔνθ' οὔπως ἔστιν καταβήμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἱππεῦσι· στεῖνος γὰρ, ὅθι τρώσεσθαι ὀΐω.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ τοὺς πάγχυ κακὰ φρονέων ἀλαπάζει
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ ἴετ' ἀρήγειν,
ἦ τ' ἂν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτίκα τοῦτο γενέσθαι,
νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς·
εἰ δέ χ' ὑποστρέψωσι, παλίωξις δὲ γένηται
ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τάφρῳ ἐνιπλήξωμεν ὀρυκτῇ,
οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ὀΐω οὐδ' ἄγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι
ἄψορρον προτὶ ἄστυ ἐλιχθέντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
ἵππους μὲν θεράποντες ἐρυκόντων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλέες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
Ἕκτορι πάντες ἑπώμεθ' ἀολλέες· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
οὐ μενέουσ', εἰ δή σφιν ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφῆπται."

Ὣς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἄδε δ' Ἕκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων,
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε.
οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἐφ' ἵππων ἠγερέθοντο,
ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον Ἕκτορα δῖον.
ἡνιόχῳ μὲν ἔπειτα ἑῷ ἐπέτελλεν ἕκαστος
ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὖθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ·
οἱ δὲ διαστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,
πίνταχα κοσμηθέντες ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕποντο.

Οἱ μὲν ἅμ' Ἕκτορ' ἴσαν καὶ ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι,
οἳ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα
τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι.
καί σφιν Κερβριόνης τρίτος εἵπετο· πὰρ δ' ἄρ' ὄχεσφιν
ἄλλον Κεβριόναο χερείονα κάλλιπεν Ἕκτωρ.
τῶν δ' ἑτέρων Πάρις ἦρχε καὶ Ἀλκάθοος καὶ Ἀγήνωρ,
τῶν δὲ τρίτων Ἕλενος καὶ Δηΐφοβος θεοειδὴς,
υἷε δύω Πριάμοιο· τρίτος δ' ἦν Ἄσιος ἥρως,
Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης, ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι

Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :
"Chieftains of Troy, and ye, O Troy's allies,
And Hector, thou ! witless we fain would drive
Our steeds across this trench : most hard the pass ;
For pointed stakes are in it, and a wall
Beyond the stakes ; impervious quite the slope,
Nor yields a field for chariots, but the space
Is narrow, where belike we shall be harm'd.
If of a surety Zeus most high had will'd
Their utter ruin, and to us his aid,
No need for counsel. Yea, I would to Heaven
'Twere so forthwith—from Argos all expunged
They and their name had perish'd off the earth !
But if they turn anon and smite us down
Pursuing in this pit, no man will live
Against such rally to bear home the tale.
Hear therefore, and obey as I advise ;
Let our men hold our chariots on the brink
Whilst we in arms complete and close array
Move, side by side, round Hector ; nor the foe
Will stand against us, if their hour be come."
He spoke ; whose rede, of evil issue clear,
Pleased Hector, and he leap'd full-arm'd to earth.
And when the other Trojans saw, they ceased
Thronging their chariots and leap'd likewise off :
And each then bade his driver on the brink
Rein up his steeds in orderly array ;
Whilst they, quick parted, stood in rapid line,
Five legions, and each legion with its chief.

The first, by number most, and best in arms,
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,
Polydamas and blameless Hector led ;
With them the charioteer Cebriones ;
Since for attendance to the abandon'd car
Hector then call'd some man of less renown.
Paris, Agenor, and Alcathoüs
Headed the second ; Helenus the third,
With fair Deiphobus his brother, sons
Of Dardan Priam ; and associate came
Asius, the hero son of Hyrtacus,

αἴθωνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.
τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχεν ἐὺς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαο,
Αἰνείας, ἅμα τῷγε δύω Ἀντήνορος υἷε,
Ἀρχέλοχός τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἡγήσατ' ἀγακλειτῶν ἐπικούρων,
πρὸς δ' ἕλετο Γλαῦκον καὶ Ἀρήϊον Ἀστεροπαῖον·
οἱ γάρ οἱ εἴσαντο διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστοι
τῶν ἄλλων μετά γ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ἔπρεπε καὶ διὰ πάντων.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλους ἄραρον τυκτῇσι βόεσσιν,
βάν ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λελιημένοι, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο
σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσιν πεσέεσθαι.

Ἔνθ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες τηλεκλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι
βουλῇ Πουλυδάμαντος ἀμωμήτοιο πίθοντο·
ἀλλ' οὐχ Ὑρτακίδης ἔθελ' Ἄσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
αὖθι λιπεῖν ἵππους τε καὶ ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖσιν πέλασεν νήεσσι θοῇσιν,
νήπιος, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλε, κακὰς ὑπὸ κῆρας ἀλύξας,
ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρὰ νηῶν
ἂψ ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν·
πρόσθεν γάρ μιν μοῖρα δυσώνυμος ἀμφεκάλυψεν
ἔγχεϊ Ἰδομενῆος, ἀγαυοῦ Δευκαλίδαο.
εἴσατο γὰρ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερά, τῇπερ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκ πεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·
τῇ ῥ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἅρμα διήλασεν, οὐδὲ πύληφιν
εὗρ' ἐπικεκλιμένας σανίδας καὶ μακρὸν ὀχῆα,
ἀλλ' ἀναπεπταμένας ἔχον ἀνέρες, εἴ τιν' ἑταίρων
ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σαώσειαν μετὰ νῆας.
τῇ ῥ' ἰθὺς φρονέων ἵππους ἔχε, τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο
ὀξέα κεκλήγοντες· ἔφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοὺς
σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσιν πεσέεσθαι,
νήπιοι, ἐν δὲ πύλῃσι δύ' ἀνέρας εὗρον ἀρίστους,

Who from Arisbe and from Selles' streams
With fiery chestnut steeds had sought the war.
Follow'd the fourth Anchises' noble son
Æneas, and with him Antenor's sons,
Archelochus and Acamas, expert
In battle both. Sarpedon led the fifth,
The famed Allies, and chose to lead with him
Glaucus and Ast'ropæus, best in arms
Next after him, but he excell'd by far.
So, side by side they moved, with tough bull-hides
Serried above their shoulders; so in rank
March'd ardent on the Danaans, flush'd with hope
To drive them headlong on their fleet distraught.

So all the Alliance and the host of Troy
Hearken'd the counsel of their blameless prince
Polydamas; one only of their chiefs,
Asius the son of Hyrtacus, brook'd not
To leave his steeds and driver there behind,
But swift upon the galleys drave his car.
Ah, fool insensate! destined nevermore
To enter windswept Ilion with the show
Of steeds and chariot thou wast proud withal,
Nor to escape the evil of thy doom;
Fate by the spear of great Idomeneus,
Disastrous Fate, shall fold thee first in death!
Straight to the galleys' left—the path whereby
The chariots of the Achaians from the plain
Were flocking fast—he turn'd and thither drave
Uncheck'd his steeds; nor found against the gates
The long bolt barr'd nor panels yet uprear'd;
But still the watchmen held them at full spread
To harbour who fled 'scaping toward the fleet.
Along this path he drave, and set his heart
To fiercest onset, whilst behind him press'd
His legions shouting triumph; for they said
To their own hearts that now Achaia's sons
Must yield and fall upon their ships repell'd.
Fools! For two noble heroes in that gate
Standing they found, the valiant sons of men

υἷας ὑπερθύμους Λαπιθάων αἰχμητάων,
τὸν μὲν Πειριθόου υἱα, κρατερὸν Πολυποίτην,
τὸν δὲ Λεοντῆα, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσον Ἄρηϊ.
τὼ μὲν ἄρα προπάροιθε πυλάων ὑψηλάων
ἔστασαν ὡς ὅτε τε δρύες οὔρεσιν ὑψικάρηνοι,
αἵτ' ἄνεμον μίμνουσι καὶ ὑετὸν ἤματα πάντα,
ῥίζῃσιν μεγάλῃσι διηνεκέεσσ' ἀραρυῖαι·
ὣς ἄρα τὼ χείρεσσι πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν
μίμνον ἐπερχόμενον μέγαν Ἄσιον οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.
οἱ δ' ἰθὺς πρὸς τεῖχος ἐΰδμητον, βόας αὖας
ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενοι, ἔκιον μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ
Ἄσιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα Θόωνά τε Οἰνόμαόν τε.
οἱ δ' ἤτοι εἶως μὲν ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
ὤρνυον ἔνδον ἐόντες ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ νηῶν·
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησαν
Τρῶας, ἀτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
ἐκ δὲ τὼ ἀΐξαντε πυλάων πρόσθε μαχέσθην,
ἀγροτέροισι σύεσσιν ἐοικότε, τώτ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ κυνῶν δέχαται κολοσυρτὸν ἰόντα,
δοχμώ τ' ἀΐσσοντε περὶ σφίσιν ἄγνυτον ὕλην,
πρυμνὴν ἐκτάμνοντες, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος ὀδόντων
γίγνεται, εἰσόκε τίς τε βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται·
ὣς τῶν κόμπει χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσι φαεινὸς
ἄντην βαλλομένων· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἐμάχοντο,
λαοῖσιν καθύπερθε πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν.
οἱ δ' ἄρα χερμαδίοισιν ἐϋδμήτων ἀπὸ πύργων
βάλλον, ἀμυνόμενοι σφῶν τ' αὐτῶν καὶ κλισιάων
νηῶν τ' ὠκυπόρων. νιφάδες δ' ὡς πῖπτον ἔραζε,
ἄστ' ἄνεμος ζαὴς, νέφεα σκιόεντα δονήσας,
ταρφειὰς κατέχευεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ·

As valiant, of the race of Lapithæ,
Huge Polypætes to Pirithous born,
And great Leontes, Ares-like in arms.

These two in front of those uplifted gates
Stood, even as on mountains stand high-crested oaks,
Abiding rain and tempest every day,
By huge wide-branching roots in earth fast fix'd;
Such, nor less trustful in their strength, those two
Abode the charge of Asius, unappall'd.

Meantime direct upon the strong-built wall
The foe advanced, with bucklers o'er their heads
Close-serried, and in uproar circling round
Their chieftains, Asius and Iamenus,
Thoön, Orestes, and Œnomaüs,
And Adamas, of Asius the brave son.
Then for a while behind the sheltering wall
The two return'd and cheer'd their mailèd men
To battle for their ships; but, when they saw
The Trojans to the rampart near advanced
(But panic held the Danaans), back they sprang
Alone to battle and beyond the gates.
Like two wild boars that on a hill withstand
Bravely a cloud of hunters and of hounds;
With tusks oblique in onset to and fro
They crack the wood about them, root and branch
Uptearing; clear the clatter of their teeth
Rings, till the hunter's dart hath ta'en their lives;
Clatter'd about them so the shining mail
Smit by the darts that met them on their breasts;
For brave they fought, well weening of the strength
Of their own arms, and of the stones, which hail'd
Above them from the rampart: thence their troop
Hurl'd ever a ceaseless shower, fain to save
Their lives, and tents, and galleys. Even as snow
Slants to the ground when some sharp-blowing wind
Hath caught the gloomy clouds and showers the flakes
Thick o'er the fruitful fields; so stream'd the darts

ὣς τῶν ἐκ χειρῶν βέλεα ῥέον, ἠμὲν Ἀχαιῶν
ἠδὲ καὶ ἐκ Τρώων· κόρυθες δ' ἀμφ' αὐσον ἀύτευν
βαλλόμεναι μυλάκεσσι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.
δή ῥα τότ' ὤμωξέν τε καὶ ὦ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης, καὶ ἀλαστήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ ῥά νυ καὶ σὺ φιλοψευδὴς ἐτέτυξο
πάγχυ μάλ'· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς
σχήσειν ἡμέτερόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους.
οἱ δ', ὥστε σφῆκες μέσον αἰόλοι ἠὲ μέλισσαι
υἱκία ποιήσωνται ὁδῷ ἔπι παιπαλοέσσῃ,
οὐδ' ἀπολείπουσιν κοῖλον δόμον, ἀλλὰ μένοντες
ἄνδρας θηρητῆρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων,
ὣς οἵγ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι πυλάων καὶ δύ' ἐόντε
χάσσασθαι, πρίν γ' ἠὲ κατακτάμεν ἠὲ ἁλῶναι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ Διὸς πείθε φρένα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύων,
Ἕκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.

[Ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλῃσι μάχην ἐμάχοντο πύλῃσιν.
ἀργαλέον δέ με ταῦτα θεὸν ὣς πάντ' ἀγορεῦσαι.
πάντῃ γὰρ περὶ τεῖχος ὀρώρει θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
λάϊνον· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἀνάγκῃ
νηῶν ἠμύνοντο· θεοὶ δ' ἀκαχείατο θυμὸν
πάντες, ὅσοι Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἐπιτάρροθοι ἦσαν.
σὺν δ' ἔβαλον Λαπίθαι πόλεμον καὶ δηϊοτῆτα.]

Ἔνθ' αὖ Πειριθόου υἱὸς, κρατερὸς Πολυποίτης,
δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασον κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρῄου·
οὐδ' ἄρα χαλκείη κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ διαπρὸ
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη ῥῆξ' ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Πύλωνα καὶ Ὄρμενον ἐξενάριξεν.
υἱὸν δ' Ἀντιμάχοιο Λεοντεὺς, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
Ἱππόμαχον βάλε δουρὶ, κατὰ ζωστῆρα τυχήσας.
αὐτὶς δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ

Alike from Trojan and Achaian hands ;
Dry clash'd the bucklers smitten and the helms.

Then Asius groan'd, and smote his thighs, and cried
In wrath, as one beguiled : "O Father Zeus !
Hast thou even all inclined thee to a lie ?
For strong the voice within me, that of all
Achaia's heroes none might now withstand
Our onset and invulnerable arms :
Yet lo, as when some limber wasps or bees
In crevice of rough road have built their cells,
Nor flee their hollow nest, but, biding firm
The hunter of their honey, to the death
Fight for their brood ; so, though they be but two,
Yet, ere they slaughter or fall slaughter'd, ne'er
Will these recoil from guard of yonder gates."
He spoke, yet might not turn the heart of Zeus,
Who will'd to none save Hector this renown.

At every gate like battle fierce they waged.
Vain hope, though I were gifted like a God,
To sing you all the deed's of prowess done !
For all along the rampart ran the fire
Of stones in furious shower, and, of the shame
Indignant, yet perforce the Argives strove
Only to save their galleys from the foe ;
Whilst whosoe'er of Powers Immortal loved
The Danaan cause, sate chafing at the sight.

Yet hear the prowess of the Lapithæ !
Huge Polypætes, to Pirithous born,
Pierced through the brass-cheek'd vizor with his spear
Brave Damasus ; nor held the helm ; but on
The steely point pass'd straight, and brake the bone,
And crashing through the skull laid prone his pride.
Then Pylon, and then Ormenus, he slew.
The while the flower of war, Leontes, struck
Full on the belt Hippomachus the son
Of strong Antimachus, and loosed his limbs ;
Then from the scabbard drew a sharp bright sword,

Ἀντιφάτην μὲν πρῶτον, ἐπαΐξας δι' ὁμίλου,
πλῆξ' αὐτοσχεδίην· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὕπτιος οὔδει ἐρείσθη·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

Ὄφρ' οἱ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἔντεα μαρμαίροντα,
τόφρ' οἱ Πουλυδάμαντι καὶ Ἕκτορι κοῦροι ἕποντο,
οἳ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα
τεῖχός τε ῥήξειν καὶ ἐνιπρήσειν πυρὶ νῆας,
οἳ ῥ' ἔτι μερμήριζον ἐφεσταότες παρὰ τάφρῳ.
ὄρνις γάρ σφιν ἐπῆλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,
αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἐέργων,
φοινήεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνυχεσσι πέλωρον
ζωὸν, ἔτ' ἀσπαίροντα· καὶ οὔπω λήθετο χάρμης.
κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ δειρὴν
ἰδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω· ὁ δ' ἀπὸ ἕθεν ἧκε χαμᾶζε
ἀλγήσας ὀδύνῃσι, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ κάββαλ' ὁμίλῳ,
αὐτὸς δὲ κλάγξας πέτετο πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο.
Τρῶες δ' ἐρρίγησαν ὅπως ἴδον αἰόλον ὄφιν
κείμενον ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.
δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστάς·

"Ἕκτορ, ἀεὶ μέν πώς μοι ἐπιπλήσσεις ἀγορῇσιν
ἐσθλὰ φραζομένῳ, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
δῆμον ἐόντα παρὲξ ἀγορευέμεν, οὔτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ
οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ, σὸν δὲ κράτος αἰὲν ἀέξειν·
νῦν δ' αὖτ' ἐξερέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
μὴ ἴομεν Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐκτελέεσθαι ὀΐομαι, εἰ ἐτεόν γε
Τρωσὶν ὅδ' ὄρνις ἦλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,
αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἐέργων,
φοινήεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον
ζωόν· ἄφαρ δ' ἀφέηκε, πάρος φίλα οἰκί' ἱκέσθαι,
οὐδ' ἐτέλεσσε φέρων δόμεναι τεκέεσσιν ἑοῖσιν.

And springing through the mellay hand to hand,
First smote Antiphates and left him fall'n,
Then levell'd to the fruitful earth in turn
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus.

And these were busied stripping off the slain
The shining arms ; the while the neighbouring troop,
The most in number and the best in arms,
Bravest to pierce the rampart to the fleet,
Under Polydamas and Hector led—
These yet had pass'd not, but above the trench
Hung lingering ; for, whilst now at point to pass,
On their left hand appear'd athwart their host
A soaring eagle, bearing in his claws
A dragon speck'd with blood, and wounded sore,
But living still, and breathing hard, nor yet
Forgetful of the struggle ; for it stung
With neck bent back, its captor on the breast ;
Wrung by the smart, the eagle tore it clear,
Flung it amidst the multitude to earth,
And with a clang along the wind pass'd on.
Such sign made halt the Trojans ; and appall'd
They stood, and rapt upon the portent gazed,
Till thus to Hector spake Polydamas :

"Ever in council, Hector, some pretext
Is thine to chide me, though my rede be good.
Thou lik'st not, or in council or in war,
Any to rise against thee, or to speak,
Save only to the glory of thy name.
Yet will I utter freely as I think.
Refrain from fighting onward to their ships.
For, if with aught of import o'er our host,
Ere we could pass the trench, this eagle flew,
The end shall happen as I now foretell.
On our left hand appear'd athwart the host
This soaring eagle, bearing in his claws
The serpent, wounded sore, but not to death ;
Yet hath he flung it on the sudden off,
Nor gain'd his eyrie nor fulfill'd his hope
Parting it to his eaglets ; so, albeit
This day we pierce the bulwark and the gates

ῥηξόμεθα σθένεϊ μεγάλῳ, εἴξωσι δ' Ἀχαιοὶ,
οὐ κόσμῳ παρὰ ναῦφιν ἐλευσόμεθ' αὐτὰ κέλευθα·
πολλοὺς γὰρ Τρώων καταλείψομεν, οὕς κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
χαλκῷ δῃώσουσιν, ἀμυνόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.
ὧδέ χ' ὑποκρίναιτο θεοπρόπος, ὃς σάφα θυμῷ
εἰδείη τεράων καί οἱ πειθοίατο λαοί."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ· 230
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·
οἶσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.
εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
ἦ ῥα δή τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὤλεσαν αὐτοί,
ὃς κέλεαι Ζηνὸς μὲν ἐριγδούποιο λαθέσθαι
βουλέων, ἅστε μοι αὐτὸς ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν·
τύνη δ' οἰωνοῖσι τανυπτερύγεσσι κελεύεις
πείθεσθαι, τῶν οὔτι μετατρέπομ' οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,
εἴτ' ἐπὶ δεξί' ἴωσι πρὸς ἠῶ τ' ἠέλιόν τε,
εἴτ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοίγε ποτὶ ζόφον ἠερόεντα. 240
ἡμεῖς δὲ μεγάλοιο Διὸς πειθώμεθα βουλῇ,
ὃς πᾶσι θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσει.
εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.
τίπτε σὺ δείδοικας πόλεμον καὶ δῃοτῆτα;
εἴπερ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε περὶ κτεινώμεθα πάντες
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σοὶ δ' οὐ δέος ἔστ' ἀπολέσθαι·
οὐ γάρ τοι κραδίη μενεδήϊος οὐδὲ μαχήμων.
εἰ δὲ σὺ δηϊοτῆτος ἀφέξεαι, ἠέ τιν' ἄλλον
παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις πολέμοιο,
αὐτίκ' ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσεις." 250

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο, τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ· ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος
ὦρσεν ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἀνέμοιο θύελλαν,
ἥ ῥ' ἰθὺς νηῶν κονίην φέρεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιῶν
θέλγε νόον, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν.
τοὔπερ δὴ τεράεσσι πεποιθότες ἠδὲ βίηφιν
ῥήγνυσθαι μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν πειρήτιζον.
κρόσσας μὲν πύργων ἔρυον, καὶ ἔρειπον ἐπάλξεις,
στήλας τε προβλῆτας ἐμόχλεον, ἃς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
πρώτας ἐν γαίῃ θέσαν ἔμμεναι ἔχματα πύργων. 260

(Our strength resistless, and the foe give way),
Yet in no seemly rout before the eve
The selfsame path returning shall we tread,
Leaving behind us many a valiant wight
Slain by the Argives in their ships' defence.
So would a seer, a reader of such signs,
Explain thee this, and so the folk believe."
To whom bright-helmèd Hector frowning stern:
"Thou sayest it; this thy wisdom likes me not.
Other and better utterance is in thee;
Or if this comes from out thy very heart,
Surely the Gods have reft thee of thy mind;
Who bidd'st abandon the commands of Zeus,
His word, and pledge, and nod, as things forgotten,
To follow the behests of feather'd fowls!
For whom I swerve not from my course one jot,
Whether their flight be tow'rd the gates of Dawn,
Or westward to the cradle of the mist.
For us great Zeus sufficeth, Zeus our guide,
Of mortal and immortal King supreme:
Best of all omens is a country's cause.
And what hast thou to fear in battle-brunt?
Though we were slaughter'd all amongst the ships.
Thou need'st not fear to perish; hearts like thine
Are made not of the stuff that lasts to death.
Only beware lest I behold thee shrink
Or others by that guiling tongue entice;
That moment shouldst thou perish by my spear."
He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
In more than mortal clamour all his host;
O'er whom the Lord of Thunder blew a blast
From Ida's hills to bear the clouding dust
Right i' the face o' the fleet and charm'd away
Achaia's olden valour; but to Troy
And Hector gave companionship of fame.
Therefore, on signs reliant and the strength
Of their own arms, they strove to breach the wall,
Rending the parapets off the towers above,
Shaking the battlements, or wrenching up
The huge forestanding blocks, which first in earth

τὰς οἵγ' αὐέρυον, ἕλποντο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ῥήξειν. οὐδέ νύ πω Δαναοὶ χάζοντο κελεύθου,
ἀλλ' οἵγε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλξεις
βάλλον ἀπ' αὐτάων δηΐους ὑπὸ τεῖχος ἰόντας.

Ἀμφοτέρω δ' Αἴαντε κελευτιόωντ' ἐπὶ πύργων
πάντοσε φοιτήτην, μένος ὀτρῦνοντες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἄλλον μειλιχίοις, ἄλλον στερεοῖς ἐπέεσσιν
νείκεον, ὄντινα πάγχυ μάχης μεθιέντα ἴδοιεν·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ὅς τ' ἔξοχος ὅς τε μεσήεις
ὅς τε χερειότερος, ἐπεὶ οὔπω πάντες ὁμοῖοι
ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἔπλετο ἔργον ἅπασιν·
καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τόδε που γιγνώσκετε. μή τις ὀπίσσω
τετράφθω προτὶ νῆας ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας,
ἀλλὰ πρόσσω ἴεσθε καὶ ἀλλήλοισι κέλεσθε,
αἴ κε Ζεὺς δώῃσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἀστεροπητὴς
νεῖκος ἀπωσαμένους δηΐους προτὶ ἄστυ δίεσθαι."

Ὣς τώγε προβοῶντε μάχην ὤτρυνον Ἀχαιῶν.
τῶν δ', ὥστε νιφάδες χιόνος πίπτωσι θαμειαὶ
ἤματι χειμερίῳ, ὅτε τ' ὦρετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς
νιφέμεν, ἀνθρώποισι πιφαυσκόμενος τὰ ἃ κῆλα·
κοιμήσας δ' ἀνέμους χέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα καλύψῃ
ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς καὶ πρώονας ἄκρους
καὶ πεδία λωτεῦντα καὶ ἀνδρῶν πίονα ἔργα,
καί τ' ἐφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς κέχυται λιμέσιν τε καὶ ἀκταῖς,
κῦμα δέ μιν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται· ἄλλα τε πάντα
εἰλύαται καθύπερθ', ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος·
ὣς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωσε λίθοι πωτῶντο θαμειαί,
αἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς Τρῶας, αἱ δ' ἐκ Τρώων ἐς Ἀχαιούς,
βαλλομένων· τὸ δὲ τεῖχος ὕπερ πᾶν δοῦπος ὀρώρει.

Οὐδ' ἄν πω τότε γε Τρῶες καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ

Were laid to bear the burthen of the towers :
These they uptore, and hoped the breach now made.

Nathless the Danaans gave not way, nor flinch'd,
But forth across the parapet thrust a fence
Of bucklers, whence they pour'd upon their heads
Under the wall a storm of darts and stones.
And everywhere conspicuous on the towers
Strode either Ajax cheering them amain,
Kindling their spirits, now with suasive speech,
And now exhorting with a stern rebuke
Whomever yielding from his post they saw :
"Friends, be ye strong, or but as other men,
Or weaker—(all in strength are not alike)—
Yet now hath every man his task before him.
Full well without the bidding wot ye this.
Let none then hearken to his fellow's cry
To turn him to the ships ; but press ye still
Forward, and each with voice encourage each ;
So haply may the lightning's Lord most high
Grant we repel and chase them to their town."
Thus to the war those chieftains cheer'd their men.

As falls a snow-shower all a winter's day,
When Zeus in his high purpose hath ordain'd
Snow-fall on man, and speeds his feathery shafts ;
He lulls the winds to slumber, and sheds down
Snow upon snow, enfolding every peak,
Mountain and headland, hill and dale alike,
Meadows of lotos, and the fruitful works
Of man, the shore, and harbours to the brink
Of hoary ocean, where the washing wave
Gives it the limit which it shall not pass ;
But else the face of all the world is wrapp'd
Within that heavy mantle from above ;
Such and so ceaseless flew the hail of stone,
Alike from Trojan and Achaian hand,
And with the hurtle all the rampart rang.

Nor to this hour had Hector or all Troy

τείχεος ἐῤῥήξαντο πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὀχῆα,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' υἱὸν ἐὸν Σαρπηδόνα μητιέτα Ζεὺς
ὧρσεν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι, λέονθ' ὡς βουσὶν ἕλιξιν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθ' ἔσχετο πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
καλὴν χαλκείην ἐξήλατον, ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς
ἤλασεν, ἔντοσθεν δὲ βοείας ῥάψε θαμειὰς
χρυσείῃς ῥάβδοισι διηνεκέσιν περὶ κύκλον·
τὴν ἄρ' ὅγε πρόσθε σχόμενος, δύο δοῦρε τινάσσων,
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν, ὥστε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ὅστ' ἐπιδευὴς
δηρὸν ἔῃ κρειῶν, κέλεται δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ 300
μήλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἐλθεῖν·
εἴπερ γάρ χ' εὕρῃσι παρ' αὐτόφι βώτορας ἄνδρας
σὺν κυσὶ καὶ δούρεσσι φυλάσσοντας περὶ μῆλα,
οὔ ῥά τ' ἀπείρητος μέμονε σταθμοῖο δίεσθαι,
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' ἢ ἥρπαξε μετάλμενος, ἠὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἔβλητ' ἐν πρώτοισι θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι·
ὣς ῥα τότ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν
τεῖχος ἐπαΐξαι διά τε ῥῆξασθαι ἐπάλξεις.
αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδ' Ἱππολόχοιο·

"Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα 310
ἕδρῃ τε κρέασίν τ' ἠδὲ πλείοις δεπάεσσιν
ἐν Λυκίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοὺς ὣς εἰσορόωσιν;
καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας,
καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο.
τῷ νῦν χρὴ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισιν ἐόντας
ἑστάμεν ἠδὲ μάχης καυστείρης ἀντιβολῆσαι,
ὄφρα τις ὧδ' εἴπῃ Λυκίων πύκα θωρηκτάων
'οὐ μὰν ἀκληεῖς Λυκίην κάτα κοιρανέουσιν
ἡμέτεροι βασιλῆες, ἔδουσί τε πίονα μῆλα
οἰνόν τ' ἔξαιτον μελιηδέα ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ἴς 320
ἐσθλὴ, ἐπεὶ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισι μάχονται.'
ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
νῦν δ'—ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο

Broken the gate's long bar, or burst the wall,
Had not Sarpedon, Zeus' own child, by Zeus
Been kindled, like some lion upon a herd.
Forth at arm's length he thrust his gleaming shield,
Full-orb'd, with brazen rim by craftsman framed
About it; but, within, the bullhides lapp'd
One over other, and their round was boss'd
With golden nails. With this in hand outstretch'd,
And brandishing two spears, he strode afront
Strong as a lion cradled on the hills
And long ahunger'd, by his own high heart
Driven (though thereby into perilous haunts)
To try a flock; albeit beside the flock
He finds the herdsmen and their dogs and spears,
He brooks not from the fatten'd fold retreat,
Ere he hath made his venture and hath sprung
Amongst them, and borne clear his prey, or fallen
Pierced by a javelin from a stalwart arm:
Not less divine Sarpedon's noble spirit
Drave him to burst those bastions and the wall,
And thus to Glaucus his desire he cried:

"Say, Glaucus; why to us in Lycia most
Is honour by choice meats, full cups, and thrones
Bestow'd, and men look up to us as Gods?
Wherefore those rich demesnes on Xanthus' streams
Bounteous of vineyards and of waving corn?
For what save that, in moments like to this,
Foremost amongst the foremost we may stand
And meet the burning battle face to face?
That Lycia's men-at-arms may see, and say;
'*No nameless sluggards are our Lycia's lords,*
'*Eating fat sheep and drinking royal wines;*
'*But strength is likewise theirs, and noble heart,*
'*To battle 'mongst the foremost of their rule.*'
O mine own friend! If haply, by escape
From this one field, thenceforward we might live
Immortal and unaging, nor myself
Would risk me thus, nor bid thee with me seek
The glory that such onset brings a man,
But, since ten thousand deadly dooms beset

μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι—
ἴομεν, ἠέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἠέ τις ἡμῖν."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ Γλαῦκος ἀπετράπετ' οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν.
τὼ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην Λυκίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντε.
Τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ῥίγησ' υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς·
τοῦ γὰρ δὴ πρὸς πύργον ἴσαν κακότητα φέροντες.
πάπτηνεν δ' ἀνὰ πύργον Ἀχαιῶν, εἴ τιν' ἴδοιτο
ἡγεμόνων, ὅστις οἱ ἀρὴν ἑτάροισιν ἀμύναι·
ἐς δ' ἐνόησ' Αἴαντε δύω, πολέμου ἀκορήτω,
ἑσταότας, Τεύκρόν τε, νέον κλισίηθεν ἰόντα,
ἐγγύθεν· ἀλλ' οὔ πως οἱ ἔην βώσαντι γεγωνεῖν·
τόσσος γὰρ κτύπος ἦεν, ἀϋτὴ δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκεν,
βαλλομένων σακέων τε καὶ ἱπποκόμων τρυφαλειῶν
καὶ πυλέων· πᾶσαι γὰρ ἐπώχατο, τοὶ δὲ κατ' αὐτὰς
ἱστάμενοι πειρῶντο βίῃ ῥήξαντες ἐσελθεῖν.
αἶψα δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντα προΐει κήρυκα Θοώτην·
"Ἔρχεο, δῖε Θοῶτα, θέων Αἴαντα κάλεσσον,
ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἁπάντων
εἴη, ἐπεὶ τάχα τῇδε τετεύξεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
ὧδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοί, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμινας.
εἰ δέ σφιν καὶ κεῖθι πόνος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,
ἀλλά περ οἷος ἴτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
καί οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἐσπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κῆρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
στῆ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι κιὼν, εἶθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·
"Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἠνώγει Πετεῶο διοτρεφέος φίλος υἱὸς
κεῖσ' ἴμεν, ὄφρα πόνοιο μίνυνθά περ ἀντιάσητον,
ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἁπάντων
εἴη, ἐπεὶ τάχα κεῖθι τετεύξεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος·
ὧδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἀγοί, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
ζαχρηεῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε περ πόλεμος καὶ νεῖκος ὄρωρεν,
ἀλλά περ οἷος ἴτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
καί οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἐσπέσθω τόξων εὖ εἰδώς."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας.
αὐτικ' Ὀϊλιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

Our lives, and vain the hope to shun them all,
Follow—to conquer, or to yield, renown!"
He spoke; nor Glaucus disobey'd, nor shrank;
Onward together Lycia's might they led:
Whom Peteus' son, Menestheus (on whose guard
They bore immediate ruin), saw, and fear'd,
And glanced along the rampart, if perchance
Might be some hero to the rescue near.
Either brave Ajax in their strength he saw,
And Teucer, hardly issuing from his tent,
Standing not far, yet not within his cry,
So loud the uproar, and the hurtle rose
Of plumèd morions smitten and of shields
And batter'd gates; for at the gates the foe
Already stood, and strove to burst them through.
Therefore in haste he sent a herald forth,
Thoötes, with this hest to Ajax' side:
"Haste thee, divine Thoötes, haste thee quick
To Ajax; call him hither; yea, call both;
'Twere best; for ruin threats to enter here.
So fierce come Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst,
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.
But if on their side likewise sore the need,
Bid Telamonian Ajax come alone,
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit."
He spoke; the herald heard, nor disobey'd,
But ran along the rampart, and approach'd
Those heroes two, and spake his hest, and said:
"Chief leaders of Achaia's mail-frock'd host!
The son of heav'n-sprung Peteus bids you move
Yonder to him, for there this moment lies
The battle's brunt; together bids you come;
'Twere best; for ruin threats to enter there.
So fierce charge Lycia's chieftains, who, as erst,
So now, in battle's struggle bravest show.
But if on your side likewise sore the need,
Let Telamonian Ajax come alone,
And Teucer follow with his bow adroit."
He ceased; the giant son of Telamon
Heard, and address'd Oïleus' son, and said:

"Αἶαν, σφῶϊ μὲν αὖθι, σὺ καὶ κρατερὸς Λυκομήδης,
ἑσταότες Δαναοὺς ὀτρύνετον ἶφι μάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο.
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὖτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπαμύνω."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
καί οἱ Τεῦκρος ἅμ' ἦε κασίγνητος καὶ ὄπατρος·
τοῖς δ' ἅμα Πανδίων Τεύκρου φέρε καμπύλα τόξα.
εὖτε Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πύργον ἵκοντο
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἰόντες—ἐπειγομένοισι δ' ἵκοντο—
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ἐπάλξεις βαῖνον ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἶσοι,
ἴφθιμοι Λυκίων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες·
σὺν δ' ἐβάλοντο μάχεσθαι ἐναντίον, ὦρτο δ' ἀϋτή.

Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Σαρπήδοντος ἑταῖρον, Ἐπικλῆα μεγάθυμον,
μαρμάρῳ ὀκριόεντι βαλὼν, ὅ ῥα τείχεος ἐντὸς
κεῖτο μέγας παρ' ἔπαλξιν ὑπέρτατος· οὐδέ κέ μιν ῥέα
χείρεσσ' ἀμφοτέρῃσ ἔχοι ἀνὴρ, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὑψόθεν ἔμβαλ' ἀείρας,
θλάσσε δὲ τετράφαλον κυνέην, σὺν δ' ὀστέ' ἄραξεν
πάντ' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικὼς
κάππεσ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ πύργου, λίπε δ' ὀστέα θυμός.
Τεῦκρος δὲ Γλαῦκον, κρατερὸν παῖδ' Ἱππολόχοιο,
ἰῷ ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,
ᾗ ῥ' ἴδε γυμνωθέντα βραχίονα, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης.
ἂψ δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἅλτο λαθὼν, ἵνα μή τις Ἀχαιῶν
βλήμενον ἀθρήσειε καὶ εὐχετόωτ' ἐπέεσσιν.
Σαρπήδοντι δ' ἄχος γένετο Γλαύκου ἀπιόντος,
αὐτίκ' ἐπεί τ' ἐνόησεν· ὅμως δ' οὐ λήθετο χάρμης,
ἀλλ' ὄγε Θεστορίδην Ἀλκμάονα δουρὶ τυχήσας
νύξ', ἐκ δ' ἔσπασεν ἔγχος· ὁ δ' ἐσπόμενος πέσε δουρὶ
πρηνὴς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἄρ' ἔπαλξιν ἑλὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν
ἕλχ', ἡ δ' ἔσπετο πᾶσα διαμπερὲς, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
τεῖχος ἐγυμνώθη, πολέεσσι δὲ θῆκε κέλευθον.

"Stay, Ajax, thou; with Lycomedes stand
Steadfast, and cheer the Danaans to the war.
But I will thither, and will meet the brunt,
And after rescue of their tower return."
Thus Ajax spoke, and thither turn'd, with whom
His brother (Telamon was sire to both)
Teucer went likewise; and Pandion bare
The bended bow of Teucer nigh at hand.
Moving along the rampart when they gain'd
The tower whereon the Lycian captains pour'd
Strong with their host, and press'd Menestheus hard,
Climbing the bastions with a tempest's whirl—
Against them with loud cry they threw themselves.
And Ajax first to earth smote Epicles,
A follower of Sarpedon, with a stone
Jagg'd and immense that lay inside the wall
Haply upon the parapet's topmost edge.
No mortal (though in blooming manhood's flower)
Of mortal generations now on earth
Could lift it in both hands without a strain;
But this he poised aloft, and brake therewith
The four-coned helm, and crush'd his skull, who fell
Prone, like a diver, lifeless off the tower.
Whilst Teucer sent an arrow forth, and pierced
Glaucus, the son of great Hippolochus,
Through the bared arm, and stay'd him in mid-charge.
Back off the wall sprang Glaucus, yet disguised
The hurt, lest haply some Achaian see
His peril, and above him vent his vaunt.
Sarpedon knew anon his comrade gone,
And sorrow'd, nathless slacken'd not thereat,
But struck Alcmæon, Thestor's son, and drew
The spear-point back; who follow'd as he drew
The spear, and prone upon it fell; and loud
The enamell'd armour clash'd about his limbs.
Upon the battlemented parapet
He next laid sinewy grasp, and pluck'd and pull'd,
Till, broken sheer, all follow'd in his hands;
So that the wall show'd bare along its ridge,

Τὸν δ' Αἴας καὶ Τεῦκρος ὁμαρτήσανθ' ὁ μὲν ἰῷ
βεβλήκει τελαμῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι φαεινὸν
ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς κῆρας ἄμυνεν
παιδὸς ἑοῦ, μὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρύμνῃσι δαμείη·
Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμενος, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ
ἤλυθεν ἐγχείη, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
χώρησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπάλξιος· οὐδ ὅγε πάμπαν
χάζετ', ἐπεί οἱ θυμὸς ἐέλπετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
κέκλετο, δ' ἀντιθέοισιν ἐλιξάμενος Λυκίοισιν·

"Ὦ Λύκιοι, τί τ' ἄρ' ὧδε μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι, καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἐόντι,
μούνῳ ῥηξαμένῳ θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον·
ἀλλ' ἑπόμαρτεῖτε· πλεόνων δέ τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπέβρισαν βουληφόρον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας
τείχεος ἔντοσθεν, μέγα δέ σφισι φαίνετο ἔργον·
οὔτε γὰρ ἴφθιμοι Λύκιοι Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο
τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι θέσθαι παρὰ νηυσὶ κέλευθον,
οὔτε ποτ' αἰχμηταὶ Δαναοὶ Λυκίους ἐδύναντο
τείχεος ἂψ ὤσασθαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ πρῶτα πέλασθεν.
ἀλλ' ὥστ' ἀμφ' οὔροισι δύ' ἀνέρε δηριάασθον,
μέτρ' ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες, ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρούρῃ,
ὥτ' ὀλίγῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ ἐρίζητον περὶ ἴσης,
ὣς ἄρα τοὺς διέεργον ἐπάλξιες· οἱ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτέων
δῄουν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοείας,
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισήϊά τε πτερόεντα.
πολλοὶ δ' οὐτάζοντο κατὰ χρόα νηλεῖ χαλκῷ,
ἠμὲν ὅτεῳ στρεφθέντι μετάφρενα γυμνωθείη
μαρναμένων, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀσπίδος αὐτῆς.
πάντῃ δὴ πύργοι καὶ ἐπάλξιες αἵματι φωτῶν
ῥῥάδαν' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπὸ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς ἐδύναντο φόβον ποιῆσαι Ἀχαιῶν,
ἀλλ' ἔχον ὥστε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἀληθὴς,
ἥτε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἴριον ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει

An open path to many. Ajax saw,
And Teucer, and together turn'd them there:
And Teucer's arrow struck the scarlet strap
That braced the sheltering shield about his breast;
And he had fallen so slain before the ships
Had not Zeus stay'd the Fates from off his son;
Whilst Ajax springing on him smote his shield
Full, and, albeit the spear-point pass'd not through,
It dash'd him ev'n in hottest onset back.
Some little space he fell, but not distress'd,
Whose heart still hoped the glory of the day;
And rallying on the Lycians thus he cried:
"Ho, Lycians! Slack ye thus your olden might?
Hopeless for me, how strong soe'er I show,
Singly to burst a path into their fleet:
On, then, and help; in numbers lies our strength!"
He spoke; they quail'd beneath their King's rebuke,
And closer round their captain fighting press'd;
But adverse drew the foe their phalanx strong
Behind the wall, and hard the tug of war:
For nor could Lycia's gallant troop avail
To burst the breach or pass into the fleet;
Nor could the Danaan armèd guard repel
Their onset, when they once had touch'd the wall.
Therefore as, when within their meeting-field
Two peasants wrangle o'er their boundaries,
Both stand, their gauges in their hands, short space
Dividing, and for equal rights contend;
So, parted only by the battlement,
Stood those two hosts, across it striking fierce
Each on the other's orbèd shields of hide
Or light-plied targes; and their warriors dropp'd,
Struck with the spears that ruthless through the shields
Made way, or haply pierced a barèd back.
The parapets and the turrets ran with blood.

Nathless no fear had fallen on Argos' sons;
But firm they held; as when a drudge, who lives
By labour of her hands, with careful eye
Stretches a balance, and on either side

ἰσάζουσ', ἵνα παισὶν ἀεικέα μισθὸν ἄρηται·
ὧς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἶσα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὑπέρτερον Ἕκτορι δῶκεν
Πριαμίδῃ, ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Τρώεσσι γεγωνώς·
"Ὄρνυσθ', ἱππόδαμοι Τρῶες, ῥήγνυσθε δὲ τεῖχος
Ἀργείων καὶ νηυσὶν ἐνίετε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ."
Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἱ δ' οὔασι πάντες ἄκουον,
ἴθυσαν δ' ἐπὶ τεῖχος ἀολλέες. οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα
κροσσάων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες,
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἁρπάξας λᾶαν φέρεν, ὅς ῥα πυλάων
ἑστήκει πρόσθε, πρυμνὸς παχύς, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
ὀξὺς ἦεν· τὸν δ' οὔ κε δύ' ἀνέρε δήμου ἀριστω
ῥηϊδίως ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἀπ' οὔδεος ὀχλίσσειαν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ'· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.
[τόν οἱ ἐλαφρὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω.]
ὡς δ' ὅτε ποιμὴν ῥεῖα φέρει πόκον ἄρσενος οἰὸς
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἑτέρῃ, ὀλίγον δέ μιν ἄχθος ἐπείγει,
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἰθὺς σανίδων φέρε λᾶαν ἀείρας,
αἵ ῥα πύλας εἴρυντο πύκα στιβαρῶς ἀραρυίας,
δικλίδας ὑψηλάς· δοιοὶ δ' ἔντοσθεν ὀχῆες
εἶχον ἐπημοιβοί, μία δὲ κληὶς ἐπαρήρει.
στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἐρεισάμενος βάλε μεσσας,
εὖ διαβὰς, ἵνα μή οἱ ἀφαυρότερον βέλος εἴη,
ῥῆξε δ' ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρους θαιρούς· πέσε δὲ λίθος εἰσω
βριθοσύνῃ, μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ πύλαι μύκον, οὐδ' ἄρ' ὀχῆες
ἐσχεθέτην, σανίδες θὲ διέτμαγεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη
λᾶας ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔσθορε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀτάλαντος ὑπώπια· λάμπε δὲ χαλκῷ
σμερδαλέῳ, τὸν ἕεστο περὶ χροΐ, δοιὰ δὲ χερσὶν
δοῦρ' ἔχεν. οὔ κέν τίς μιν ἐρυκάκοι ἀντιβολήσας
νόσφι θεῶν, ὅτ' ἐσᾶλτο πύλας· πυρὶ δ' ὄσσε δεδήει.
κέκλητο δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐλιξάμενος καθ' ὅμιλον

Lays even in the scales her wool and weights,
Earning a daily pittance for her child;
Thus even sway'd the balance of the war:
Till Zeus to Priameian Hector gave
The glory first to leap within the wall;
Who thus with voice uplifted cried on Troy:
"Once more into the breach! Up, Troy, and burst
Their bulwark, and with fire consume their ships!"
He spoke, and cheer'd; to whom they lent their ears,
Full charging on the rampart; and the ridge
Of their spear-points ran up the parapet:
Whilst Hector seized a stone that chanced to lie
Before the gates, broadbased, but to a point
Ascending; this not mightiest two of men
(Such men as now are mighty on the earth)
Could heave without a lever to a cart;
But he there poised it effortless, to whom
Supreme Kroneion made the burden light.
With ease, as when a shepherd bears a fleece
In single hand nor knows of burden borne,
So Hector lifted high and bare that stone
Direct upon the panell'd portals strong:
Within them 'thwart each other lay two bars
Lifted to socket home by single key.
Near them he stood, and on them hurl'd the stone,
Straining his strength and striding wide, to lend
All that he had of vigour to the cast.
Both hinges sheer he broke; with ponderous fall
The rock rush'd inward far, and loud the crack
And crash of shatter'd panel, nor the bars
Held in their sockets, and the timbers flew
In fragments, rent and riven by the shock.
Leap'd then the glorious Hero through the breach,
Like dreadful Night in aspect, but his form
One blaze of fiery armour, and a spear
In either hand: no might, save Gods' alone,
Could stay him: and his eyeballs flash'd with fire.
Such show'd he leaping through the gates, and turn'd
And waved, and call'd aloud to all his host

τεῖχος ὑπερβαίνειν· τοὶ δ' ὀτρύνοντι πίθοντο·
αὐτίκα δ' οἱ μὲν τεῖχος ὑπέρβασαν, οἱ δὲ κατ' αὐτὰς
ποιητὰς ἐσέχυντο πύλας. Δαναοὶ δ' ἐφόβηθεν
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυρὰς, ὅμαδος δ' ἀλίαστος ἐτύχθη.

To scale the breach; and all obey'd the call,
Some climbing o'er the rampart, streaming some
Betwixt the broken portals; but the foe
Amongst their hollow galleys fled appall'd,
And inextinguishable tumult rose.

NOTES TO VOL. I.

BOOK I. 53.—*Nine days the shafts divine beset the camp.*

THE action of the Iliad occupies altogether fifty-one days, the distribution of which will show the argument of the poem. The plague rages nine days; on the tenth take place the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and the appeal of the latter to his mother, Thetis. The return of Zeus is expected on the twelfth day from that date; on the twenty-first day, therefore, he gives the promise to honour Achilles by the defeat of the Greeks, upon which the further action of the poem hinges. On the morning of the twenty-second, after the agitation caused by the dream of Agamemnon, commences the *first* battle, which, with the single combat between Paris and Menelaus, and that between Hector and Ajax, carries on the poem as far as Book vii. 440. On the next morning a truce is made; and the burial of the dead, and the construction, on the Greek side, of a fortification in front of their camp, occupy that and the following day. On the twenty-fifth, therefore, Zeus holds the council in which he prohibits divine help from the war altogether; and the *second* battle is begun, and ended at night with the defeat of the Greeks. The night is then taken up by an embassy to Achilles, and by a raid on the Trojan camp, in both of which measures Odysseus bears a principal part. The twenty-sixth is the day of the *third* battle, which commences evenly, but is continued by the storming of the Greek rampart (Book xii.), the attack on the fleet (Books xiii.—xv.), its rescue by Patroclus (Book xvi.), the struggle over that hero's body (Book xvii.), and the final retreat of Troy before the unarmed Achilles (Book xviii.). On the twenty-seventh day Achilles receives his armour, and is reconciled to Agamemnon; and, before the evening, has completed his revenge with the death of Hector, in the *fourth* battle of the poem. The next two days are occupied in the preparation of the pyre of Patroclus, in the burning of his body, and in the games held in his honour. For eleven days more Achilles continues his insults to the body of Hector; so that it is not till the evening of the fortieth day that Priam comes to the camp for its recovery. On the morning of the forty-first he returns with the corpse, and with the promise of a twelve days' truce. Nine days are then occupied in laments and preparations. On the tenth the pyre of Hector is built and burned; and on the eleventh, or fifty-first of the whole action, his bones are interred and the mound above them heaped. The night of that day is spent in the funeral-feast; and the war is expected to recommence on the next morning.

BOOK I. 170.— *Thus by thee*
Dishonour'd, I will earn thee wealth no more:

οὐδέ σ' ὅτῳ
ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐὼν ἄφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν.

I have followed Heyne in considering σ' to be an elision for σοί. Similar elisions may be found in iv. 341, vi. 165, and x. 544, and elsewhere. If σ' is taken for σε and made the subject of ἀφύξειν, the middle voice ἀφύξεσθαι would be expected, and the position of ἄτιμος ἐὼν becomes awkward. Nor is the sense thus taken so fitting a climax to the previous portion of the speech. Heyne is also supported by Liddell and Scott. The dishonour cannot be referred to Agamemnon (as Lord Derby and others have rendered the passage) without an alteration of ἄτιμος ἐὼν into ἄτιμον ἐόντ', for which there is no apparent necessity.

BOOK I. 177.—*Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.*

Queen Elizabeth addresses this line to Dorset in 'King Richard III.' Act IV. sc. 1. I have not hesitated to adopt single lines or phrases in this manner from Shakspeare, or other well-known poets, where they have appeared to me, as here, to be real, though undesigned, translations of my original. The discovery and employment of such coincidences is not only permitted, but sought for, in all translations into a dead language from the English, and the practice seems to possess the same justifications when the translation is from a dead into a living tongue.

BOOK II. 244.—*But Odyseus came near.*

As with the gods, so with the heroes, I have allowed myself to vary the names as Homer has varied them. Diomed is Tydides, Odysseus is Odyseus, or Achilles is Pelides or Peleion, indifferently. In the same way the Greek host is termed Achaian, Argive, or Danaan, according to the requirements of the line. The term "Greek" is not used as an appellation by Homer.

BOOK IV. 105.—*Forthwith he bared the polish'd bow, the horn*
Of that wild bounding ibex, &c.

This is undoubtedly the *ægagrus*, or wild goat, found nowhere along the Mediterranean except in Crete. The following extract (taken from De Quincey) will show the minute accuracy of Homer's description:—"They often carry off a ball, and, unless they fall immediately on being struck, are mostly lost to the sportsman." And again:—"The *doron* has been ascertained to be the Homeric expression for the *palm*, or one-sixth of a Grecian foot. The extent of the horns, therefore, in the specimen which Pandarus shot would be two feet eight inches. Now the casual specimens sent to Cambridge by Mr. Pashley (not likely to be so exceptional as those which formed the personal weapon of a chief) were all *two feet seven and a half* inches on the outer margin, two feet one and a half on the inner."

BOOK VI. 402.—*But all the people call'd Astyanax, Prince of the city.*

I fear that this is open to the charge of being a translation within a transla-

tion; yet no English ear would understand the reason for the change of name without it.

BOOK VII. 427.—*Priam forbade the Trojans from lament.*

Mr. Gladstone has noted that the Greeks needed no such injunction, "on account of their spontaneous self-command," and compares the similar contrast between the two hosts in advancing to battle, exhibited in iii. 1—10. Lessing, on the other hand, infers from the absence of any such injunction to the Greeks that they could safely indulge in such lamentation, because there was no fear of their being unmanned by it, or being unable to recover their tone afterwards. It is certain that, as a general rule, Homer did not conceive the indulgence of grief, however violently shown, to be unheroic.

BOOK VIII. 1.—It is difficult to compress the subject within the limits of a note, but Mr. Grote's theory regarding the Iliad has been so widely accepted, and affects the estimate which a general reader will take regarding the course of the poem so nearly, that I may perhaps be permitted to state as concisely as I can the grounds on which a judgment may be formed respecting it.

The Iliad is, according to this view, composed of at least two separate poems—an Achilleis, and a smaller Iliad; the former consisting of Books i. viii. and xi.—xxii.; the latter, of Books ii. to vii. (the former has also received subsequent and other additions in the shape of Books ix. x. xxiii. and xxiv.; but the question, as regards these, is distinct from that of the broader division, and may be more conveniently treated elsewhere). It is urged that the wrath of Achilles, which has been declared in Book i. to be the subject of the poem, passes entirely out of sight in Books ii. to vii. So far are the Greeks from being made to feel the loss of that hero, that they are uninterruptedly successful without him. For although they construct a rampart and ditch at the close of Book vii., there is no adequate reason for any such measure. The Zeus of Book iv. is quite incongruous with the Zeus of Books i. and viii., for "he discusses nothing but the question of the continuance or termination of the war." But when in Book viii. and Book xi. we re-enter upon the Achilleis, we at once "recover a series of events all conducing to the result promised in Book i." This sequence is "rapid, unbroken, and intimately knit together;" whereas Books ii. to vii. are desultory in themselves, besides being retardations of the main action. If such a conglutination as is contended for were the fact, it would be expected that hitches in the action would show themselves just at the points where the two poems were pieced together. And such is the case; for at the opening of Book ii. we find the meaningless intervention of the dream; at the close of Book vii., the causeless and improbable fortification of the camp.

As a criticism upon the artistic development of the poem, there is much in this position the truth of which is quite undeniable. But other considerations exist which may perhaps cause a doubt whether the incoherency (such as it is) is not rather a blemish in the structure of the original Iliad, than a proof of subsequent aggregation of separate poems. Mr. Gladstone has forcibly argued that the problem before the national poet must have been that of reconciling Greek disaster with Greek honour—a point to which the Books in question

most materially contribute. Mr. J. S. Mill has remarked that it is owing to the portion of the poem which Mr. Grote would elide, that we become acquainted with, and interested in, most of the main personages of the epic. Our knowledge of Paris, Helen, and Andromache, and, above all, the personal and warm sympathy which every reader entertains for Hector, are mainly grounded on these books, and would perish with them. And, against the minuter side of the criticism, Professor Blackie has pointed out (1) that the effect of the absence of Achilles is not entirely lost sight of, but is directly alluded to in ii. 377, 694, 771, iv. 512, vii. 229; (2) that the proposal made by Zeus in Book iv. is part of a bantering provocation of his wife, and is therefore no real incongruity; (3) that the best reason that can be urged for the prohibition of the gods from battle (Book viii.) is, that Zeus has found their intervention an interference with his plan. Athene's assistance to Diomed has compensated for Achilles' absence, and has defeated the object of the dream, which had been sent to tempt the Greeks to an unequal fight.

These statements of counsel will assist every reader to form his own conclusion. The Iliad may be conceded to be an expansion of the smaller subject set forth in Book i.; yet this enlargement may have been a natural growth in the mind of the original poet, or may have formed part of the conception of the poet who threw his materials into their present shape, and may not have been the result of any subsequent or artificial conglutinations. And it is to this judgment that the arguments on either side conduct myself.

BOOK VIII. 325.—*Smote him upon the shoulder, where the neck*
Is parted by the collar from the chest.

Yet this same hero is active again on the afternoon of the next day (xii. 426). Three other similar inconsistencies occur in the Iliad, and, I think, three only. The spear of Tlepolemus passes through Sarpedon's thigh in the fifth Book; yet on the fourth day afterwards he storms the fortification in the twelfth Book. Pylæmenes is one of the victims to Diomed in the fifth Book, yet follows the funeral of his son, Harpalion, in xiii. 782. Odysseus and Diomed are both wounded in Book xi. yet bear their parts in the funeral games held over Patroclus in Book xxiii. In judging of such inaccuracies three points especially must be borne in mind: (1) The poem must have been written with an eye to detached recitation of its parts as more frequent than its recitation as a whole. (2) Regarding every prominent hero various legends were current, and more than one of these may have been adopted by the poet without due care. (3) These mistakes are not those which a compiler, living in later days when writing was in vogue, and of a skill presupposed to be sufficient to put an epic together, could possibly have admitted into his composition.

BOOK IX.—This Book is concerned throughout with Achilles, and if it is to be excluded from the canon of the Iliad, its exclusion depends on grounds quite distinct from those relating to Books ii. to vii. Mr. Grote would so exclude it (1) because the complete restitution and compensation offered in it to Achilles leaves him no further pretext for the continuance of his wrath; he has no *locus standi* remaining, and his persistence carries his implacability

beyond all permissible limits. (2) Because such atonement is irreconcilable with the words of Achilles in xi. 609, and xvi. 55–85. (3) Because there is an entire absence of any allusion to it in scenes where such allusion would appear to have been inevitable, if it had been present to the mind of the poet at all: *e.g.* in the conversation between Nestor and Patroclus (xi. 647-803); in the appeals of Patroclus (xvi. 21–45, 270–275); or in subsequent speeches of Achilles (xviii. 107). Where allusions do occur, as in xviii. 448, xix. 140–145, 172, 190, 240–250, they must be regarded as interpolations.

I believe this represents the whole case, though the space of a note does not allow me to draw it out in detail. On the other side, Professor Blackie has urged, with some fairness, that the argument involves a rather fast and loose play with the theory of interpolation. Not a few lines, but the whole scene of the reconciliation (Book xix.) is affected by it. Mr. Mill has noted that a very characteristic passage (xvi. 61) —

> "Yet my word
> Stands, that I will not change, or e'er I hear
> The cry of battle round my own fair ships"—

refers to what is said nowhere else, except in the reply to Ajax in Book ix. Mr. Gladstone urges that throughout Book ix. no acknowledgment of any offence on Agamemnon's part is conveyed to Achilles. The offer is a simple bribe; whereas the public confession of the wrong is placed at the head and front of the reconciliation in Book xix. I might add that Patroclus and Nestor both show their wisdom in refraining from enlisting the hero's obstinacy, or his pride in his own consistency, against themselves. It is not only the subsidence of his anger that finally induces Achilles to rejoin the war, but the death of Patroclus mainly—a motive which was wanting when the first offer was rejected. The fierceness of the refusal is only characteristic of the man, and consentaneous with the passion displayed in the later books; nor would it give rise in the Greek mind to any feeling of an outraged Nemesis, for that feeling was a growth of later date than the Homeric age. In every Book something occurs, to which subsequent allusions would be naturally expected. And the absence of such allusions (for they are frequently absent) is to be explained by the fact that the poem was written for recitation in parts more commonly than for consecutive delivery as a whole.

Such arguments might easily be multiplied, and seem to myself to outweigh those adduced by Mr. Grote; yet they tell with very varying force according to the predisposition of the mind to receive them. To me Mr. Gladstone appears to have gone farther into the root of the matter when he urges that there is a stronger presumption against a "Multiplication of Homers" than against any other supposition. That "ideality" of the character of Achilles, on which Wordsworth also built his belief in the unity of the Iliad, is brought out in no Book so strongly as in Book ix. In none are his peculiarities, whether of speech, of manner, or of thought, so dramatically set before us. Many new points are added, but not one that opposes, not one that does not serve to heighten and intensify, the conception that would be drawn of him from the later Books. Unsafe as it is to argue from the circumstances of a literary age to those of one so unlike as the Homeric; surprising as was the degree to which the special training of the Homerids must have developed certain faculties now dwindled, such as the memory, and a facility

of improvised composition; yet the success attributed to them by Mr. Grote seems to me to be just as impossible as it would have been for any other Elizabethan dramatist but Shakspeare to have added to the stature of Hamlet. Either supposition involves a power of creative sympathy unknown to the human mind.

BOOK IX. 219.—This is the second supper of which Odysseus has partaken on this night. It is not unfairly urged by the disbelievers in the unity of the poem that he eats a third before sunrise, at the close of Book x. Compare Note on viii. 325.

BOOK X.—"This Book" (the Doloneia) "was considered by some of the ancient Scholiasts, and has been confidently set forth by the modern Wolfian critics, as originally a separate poem inserted by Pisistratus into the Iliad. How it can ever have been a separate poem I do not understand. It is framed with great speciality for the antecedent circumstances under which it occurs, and would suit for no other place, though capable of being separately recited. But, while distinctly presupposing and resting upon the incidents in Book viii. and in Book ix. 100—110, it has not the slightest bearing upon the events of the eleventh or following books. It goes to make up the general picture of the Trojan war, but lies quite away from the Achilleis. And this is one mark of a portion subsequently inserted—that, though fitted on to the parts that precede, it has no influence on those which follow." These are Mr. Grote's words; and he condemns the book also because it is pitched in a tone of "lower ethical sentiment" than prevails generally in the Iliad. Neither of these criticisms carries any degree of certainty with it. As regards the latter, the gallantry of the adventure is unquestioned, and the cruelty displayed in it can easily be paralleled; whilst the former would seem to exclude episodes from an epic altogether. Other critics have remarked that some success was necessary to convert the despondency shown in Book ix. into the high spirit with which the battle is recommenced in Book xi. And, if the poem be looked upon as a natural expansion of an Achilleis into an Iliad, so important an element as a night attack could not be omitted by a poet whose object it had become to depict all phases of the war. An allusion to the wrath of Achilles will be found at line 106 which must, on Mr. Grote's theory, be pronounced to be an interpolation.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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