EOSTA

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

VOL. II.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

A TRANSLATION

(with Greek Text)

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

VOL. II.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ν'.

Μάχη ἐπὶ ταῖς ναυσίν.

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα νηυσὶ πελασσεν
τοὺς μὲν ἔα παρὰ τῇσι πόνον τ' ἐχέμεν καὶ ὀΐζὺν
νωλεμέως, αὐτὸς δὲ πάλιν τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινὼ,
νόσφιν ἐφ' ἱπποπόλων Θρῃκῶν καθορώμενος αἶαν
Μυσῶν τ' ἀγχεμάχων καὶ ἀγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν
γλακτοφάγων, ἀβίων τε, δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων.
ἐς Τροίην δ' οὐ πάμπαν ἔτι τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ·
οὐ γὰρ ὅγ' ἀθανάτων τιν' ἐέλπετο ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν.

Οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κρειῶν ἐνοσίχθων·
καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἧστο πτόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμου ὑληέσσης
Θρηϊκίης· ἔνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἴδη,
φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὅγ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔζετ' ἰὼν, ἐλέαιρε δ' Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.

Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσετο παιπαλόεντος
κραιπνὰ ποσὶ προβιβάς· τρέμε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.
τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο τέκμωρ,
Αἰγὰς, ἔνθα τέ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα βένθεσι λίμνης,
χρύσεα μαρμαίροντα τετεύχαται, ἄφθιτα αἰεί.
ἐνθ' ἐλθὼν ὑπ' ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππω,
ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέῃσιν ἐθείρῃσιν κομόωντε.

ILIAD XIII.

WHEN midst Achaia's galleys all embroil'd
Zeus had advanced great Hector and his host,
There to their sufferings and unending toil
He left them, but aloof his shining eyes
Turn'd tow'rd the region of the horseman hordes
Of Thrace, the Musæ, in close conflict brave,
The Hippomolgi, justest of mankind,
Who drink mares' milk, nor know they other wealth :
Nor thence return'd his shining eyes to Troy ;
It enter'd not his heart that any God
Durst now descend for help to either host.

But not for nought his watch Poseidon held,
The sovran Lord of Ocean ; on the peak
Loftiest o'er wooded Samothrace he sate
Brooding astonied o'er the dire affray ;
For thence all Ida stands in clear aspèct,
And Priam's city, and Achaia's fleet :
There therefore he, ascending from the deep,
Took seat, and, as he gazed, wax'd wroth with Zeus,
Pitiful for Achaia's rout by Troy.
Now from the craggy hill he straight came down
Impetuous ; and the long hills and the woods
Quaked to the foot of an Immortal God.
Three strides he strode, the fourth he gain'd his goal,
Ægæ ; where in the abysses of the deep
Glistering and incorruptible of gold
His glorious mansion stands : he enter'd in,
And to his chariot drew beneath the yoke
Swift horses, hooved with brass and maned with gold,

χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροΐ· γέντο δ' ἰμάσθλην
χρυσείην εὔτυκτον, ἐοῦ δ' ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου·
βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ'· ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, οὐδ' ἠγνοίησεν ἄνακτα·
γηθοσύνῃ δὲ θάλασσα διίστατο. τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο
ῥίμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων·
τὸν δ' ἐς Ἀχαιῶν νῆας ἐΰσκαρθμοι φέρον ἵπποι.

Ἔστι δέ τι σπέος εὐρὺ βαθείης βένθεσι λίμνης,
μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης·
ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ
ἔδμεναι· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ πέδας ἔβαλε χρυσείας,
ἀῤῥήκτους ἀλύτους, ὄφρ' ἔμπεδον αὖθι μένοιεν
νοστήσαντα ἄνακτα· ὁ δ' ἐς στρατὸν ᾤχετ' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τρῶες δὲ φλογὶ ἶσοι ἀολλέες, ἠὲ θυέλλῃ,
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄμοτον μεμαῶτες ἕποντο,
ἄβρομοι αὐϊαχοι· ἔλποντο δὲ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
αἱρήσειν, κτενέειν δὲ παρ' αὐτόφι πάντας ἀρίστους.

Ἀλλὰ Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
Ἀργείους ὤτρυνε, βαθείης ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐλθών,
εἰσάμενος Κάλχαντι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
Αἴαντε πρώτω προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτώ·

" Αἴαντε, σφὼ μέν τε σαώσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ἀλκῆς μνησαμένω, μηδὲ κρυεροῖο φόβοιο.
ἄλλῃ μὲν γὰρ ἔγωγ' οὐ δείδια χεῖρας ἀάπτους
Τρώων, οἳ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὁμίλῳ·
ἔξουσιν γὰρ ἅπαντας ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί·
τῇ δὲ δὴ αἰνότατον περιδείδια μή τι πάθωμεν,
ᾗ ῥ' ὅγ' ὁ λυσσώδης φλογὶ εἴκελος ἡγεμονεύει,
Ἕκτωρ, ὃς Διὸς εὔχετ' ἐρισθενέος πάϊς εἶναι.
σφῶϊν δ' ὧδε θεῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ ποιήσειεν,
αὐτώ θ' ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς καὶ ἀνωγέμεν ἄλλους·

And with a golden goad, and clad in gold,
Drave forth upon the billows ; under whom
Gamboll'd the monsters of the deep, and flock'd
From all sides, not unknowing of their Lord ;
Ocean for gladness stood in sunder clov'n ;
Whilst lightly stepp'd the steeds, nor 'neath the car
The burnish'd axle moisten'd with the brine.

Thus tow'rd the fleet his coursers bare the God.

Farsunken in the abysses of the deep,
'Twixt the steep Imbrian cliffs and Tenedos,
Lies low a spacious cavern ; there his steeds
Earth-shaking Poseidaion reining stay'd,
And loosed them from the yoke, and 'fore them threw
Ambrosial food, but clasp'd about their feet
Links of pure gold indissolubly bound,
There to await unmoved their Lord's return,
Who, thence ascending, mingled with the camp.

Dense in array, and forceful as a blast
Of fire or whirlwind, sateless of the war,
Loud and tumultuous, came the Trojan host,
Pressing upon the heels of Priam's Son ;
And now were hoping all the fleet destroy'd
And all the Achaians slaughter'd at their sterns ;
When He who shaketh in his clasp the earth
Uprose, and, taking image of the form
And voice of Calchas, quicken'd to the war
The Argive host ; and either Ajax first,
Themselves most fain for battle, thus address'd :
"Ye, if to valour, not to chill dismay,
Ye turn your thoughts—ye two will save the host.
Elsewhere, albeit they swarm across the wall,
I dread not unwithstood the ranks of Troy ;
Elsewhere our mailèd warriors may suffice :
But there I dread, some mortal hurt may hap,
Where Hector flamelike, in this fury's height,
Leads, and boasts loud his birth from mighty Zeus.
But let some God implant it in your hearts
Yourselves to stand, and give your followers cheer,

τῷ κε καὶ ἐσσύμενόν περ ἐρωήσαιτ' ἀπὸ νηῶν
ὠκυπόρων, εἰ καί μιν Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἐγείρει."

Ἦ καὶ σκηπανίῳ γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
ἀμφοτέρω κεκοπὼς πλῆσεν μένεος κρατεροῖο,
γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρὰ, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν.
αὐτὸς δ', ὥστ' ἴρηξ ὠκύπτερος ὦρτο πέτεσθαι,
ὅς ῥά τ' ἀπ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης περιμήκεος ἀρθεὶς
ὁρμήσῃ πεδίοιο διώκειν ὄρνεον ἄλλο,
ὣς ἀπὸ τῶν ἤϊξε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.
τοῖιν δ' ἔγνω πρόσθεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντα προσέφη Τελαμώνιον υἱόν·

"Αἶαν, ἐπεί τις νῶϊ θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσιν,
μάντιϊ εἰδόμενος κέλεται παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι—
οὐδ' ὅγε Κάλχας ἐστὶ, θεοπρόπος οἰωνιστής·
ἴχνια γὰρ μετόπισθε ποδῶν ἠδὲ κνημάων
ῥεῖ' ἔγνων ἀπιόντος· ἀριγνωτοι δὲ θεοί περ—
καὶ δ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν
μᾶλλον ἐφορμᾶται πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
μαιμώωσι δ' ἔνερθε πόδες καὶ χεῖρες ὕπερθεν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"οὕτω νῦν καὶ ἐμοὶ περὶ δούρατι χεῖρες ἄαπτοι
μαιμῶσιν, καὶ μοι μένος ὦρορε, νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν
ἔσσυμαι ἀμφοτέροισι· μενοινάω δὲ καὶ οἷος
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄμοτον μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
χάρμῃ γηθόσυνοι, τήν σφιν θεὸς ἔμβαλε θυμῷ·
τόφρα δὲ τοὺς ὄπιθεν γαιήοχος ὦρσεν Ἀχαιοὺς,
οἳ παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀνέψυχον φίλον ἦτορ.
τῶ ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέῳ καμάτῳ φίλα γυῖα λέλυντο,
καί σφιν ἄχος κατὰ θυμὸν ἐγίγνετο δερκομένοισιν
Τρῶας, τοὶ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὁμίλῳ.
τοὺς οἵγ' εἰσορόωντες ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυα λεῖβον·
οὐ γὰρ ἔφαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲκ κακοῦ. ἀλλ' ἐνοσίχθων
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος κρατερὰς ὤτρυνε φάλαγγας.
Τεῦκρον ἔπι πρῶτον καὶ Λήϊτον ἦλθε κελεύων
Πηνέλεών θ' ἥρωα Θόαντά τε Δηΐπυρόν τε

Then, though the great Olympian fires him on,
Ye yet may stave his onset off the ships."
The great Earth-shaker spoke, and with his staff
Striking, fill'd either Ajax through the heart
With spirit high, and made his limbs and feet
Nimble and light, nor less his hands above.
Then sudden, as a swift-wing'd falcon starts
Vanishing from his perch on some steep cliff
To chase a quarry on the plain below,
Ev'n thus Poseidon vanish'd from their ken.
The fleetfoot Ajax, of Oïleus son,
First knew him, and address'd the other thus :
"Since, Ajax, some one of immortal Powers
Hath bid us battle steadfast 'mongst the ships,—
This was not Calchas, no mere prophet this ;
The flashes of his feet and armèd skirts,
As he departed, I beheld, and knew,
For Gods are easy to discern from men ;—
Therefore my heart beats buoyant in my breast,
Yea, hand and foot are throbbing to the fray."
Whom Telamonian Ajax answer'd thus :
"So too my fingers quiver round my spear
More closely ; and my pulse beats high ; my foot
Would bear me onward. Oh, to meet in fight
Yon furious-hearted hero, hand to hand ! "
So spoke they, each to other, in the glee
Of battle, which the God had on them breathed.

Meantime the God bestirr'd the rearward chiefs,
Who stood refreshing their brave hearts with rest
Beside the galleys ; for their limbs were slack'd
With dire fatigue, and pain was at their hearts,
Seeing the Trojans pouring in dense swarm
Across the trench ; and to themselves they said
From out this jeopardy was no escape ;
Till Enosichthon, moving with all ease
Amongst them, quicken'd every rank to war :
To Teucer first and Leïtus he call'd,
Deïpyrus, the hero Peneleus,
Thoas, and those two lovers of the fray

Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μήστωρας ἀϋτῆς·
τοὺς ὅγ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Αἰδὼς, Ἀργεῖοι, κοῦροι νέοι· ὔμμιν ἔγωγε
μαρναμένοισι πέποιθα σαωσέμεναι νέας ἁμάς·
εἰ δ' ὑμεῖς πολέμοιο μεθήσετε λευγαλέοιο,
νῦν δὴ εἴδεται ἦμαρ ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι.
ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι,
δεινὸν, ὃ οὔποτ' ἔγωγε τελευτήσεσθαι ἔφασκον,
Τρῶας ἐφ' ἡμετέρας ἰέναι νέας, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
φυζακινῆς ἐλάφοισιν ἐοίκεσαν, αἵτε καθ' ὕλην
θώων παρδαλίων τε λύκων τ' ἤϊα πέλονται
αὔτως ἠλάσκουσαι ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδ' ἔπι χάρμῃ·
ὣς Τρῶες τὸ πρὶν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν
μίμνειν οὐκ ἐθέλεσκον ἐναντίον, οὐδ' ἠβαιόν.
νῦν δὲ ἑκὰς πόλιος κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχονται
ἡγεμόνος κακότητι μεθημοσύνῃσί τε λαῶν,
οἳ κείνῳ ἐρίσαντες ἀμυνέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν
νηῶν ὠκυπόρων, ἀλλὰ κτείνονται ἀν' αὐτάς.
ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ καὶ πάμπαν ἐτήτυμον αἴτιός ἐστιν
ἥρως Ἀτρείδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὕνεκ' ἀπητίμησε ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα,
ἡμέας γ' οὔπως ἔστι μεθιέμεναι πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον· ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν.
ὑμεῖς δ' οὐκέτι καλὰ μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς
πάντες ἄριστοι ἐόντες ἀνὰ στρατόν. οὐδ' ἂν ἔγωγε
ἀνδρὶ μαχησαίμην ὅστις πολέμοιο μεθείη
λυγρὸς ἐών· ὑμῖν δὲ νεμεσσῶμαι περὶ κῆρι.
ὦ πέπονες, τάχα δή τι κακὸν ποιήσετε μείζον
τῇδε μεθημοσύνῃ· ἀλλ' ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε ἕκαστος
αἰδῶ καὶ νέμεσιν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.
Ἕκτωρ δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς πολεμίζει
καρτερὸς, ἔρρηξεν δὲ πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὀχῆα."
Ὣς ῥα κελευτιόων γαιήοχος ὦρσεν Ἀχαιούς.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας δοιοὺς ἵσταντο φάλαγγες
καρτεραὶ, ἂς οὔτ' ἄν κεν Ἄρης ὀνόσαιτο μετελθὼν
οὔτε κ' Ἀθηναίη λαοσσόος. οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι
κρινθέντες Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔμιμνον,
φράξαντες δόρυ δουρὶ, σάκος σάκεϊ προθελύμνῳ·

Meriones, and bold Antilochus ;
These he invoked, and spoke his wingèd words :
" For your own noble names, for honour's sake,
Princes, strive now your utmost ! Yea, to you
I trust for rescue of our ships and lives ;
And if ye falter in this fearful fight
Our hour hath come, to fall subdued by Troy.
Oh, what dire marvel these mine eyes behold,
A miracle I ne'er had said could hap,
The Trojans midst our galleys ! who of late
Show'd but as deer to leopards or to wolves
Stray in a forest, with no strength to fight ;
Ev'n thus, some few hours since, they durst not bide
Achaia's charge—not one short moment's space ;
Yet now are battling midst our swift black barks,
Far vanward from their city ! This the fault
Of our own king, and of our wills perverse,
That, wroth with him, we reck not to defend
Our galleys, but fall liever amongst them slain.
Yet though in very sooth we lay this blame
On Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the King,
In that he outraged Peleus' blameless Son,
Not therefore should we slacken ; rather, haste
To purge us (as brave hearts do use) from fear.
In what vile fashion shrink ye from the fray,
Ye chieftains, ye, our noblest ! Were the man
Who fought thus some poor laggard of the ranks
I were not chafed ; with you I wax most wroth.
Nay, friends, take heart ; for by this coward show
Ye make the ill but greater ; call to mind
Your honour, and your shame ; for, lo, the strife
Is at its hottest : Hector, Hector stands
Fierce at your ships, hath burst your gates and bars."
Thus speaking vast Poseidon cheer'd them on ;
Round either Ajax all in phalanx drew
Close-gather'd, such as Ares might not scorn,
Nor She who kindleth nations unto war :
For there the best and bravest bode the charge
Of Hector and his host ; there spear to spear
And shield to shield, as rooted to the earth,

ἀσπὶς ἄρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ·
ψαῦον δ' ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισιν
νευόντων· ὡς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν·
ἔγχεα δ' ἐπτύσσοντο θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
σειόμεν'· οἱ δ' ἰθὺς φρόνεον, μέμασαν δὲ μάχεσθαι.

Τρῶες δὲ προΰτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ
ἀντικρὺ μεμαὼς, ὄλοοίτροχος ὡς ἀπὸ πέτρης,
ὅντε κατὰ στεφάνης ποταμὸς χειμάῤῥοος ὤσῃ,
ῥήξας ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔγματα πέτρης·
ὕψι δ' ἀναθρώσκων πέτεται, κτυπέει δέ θ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
ὕλη· ὁ δ' ἀσφαλέως θέει ἔμπεδον, εἷος ἵκηται
ἰσόπεδον, τότε δ' οὔτι κυλίνδεται ἐσσύμενός περ·
ὡς Ἕκτωρ εἷως μὲν ἀπείλει μέχρι θαλάσσης
ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
κτείνων· ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πυκινῆς ἐνέκυρσε φάλαγξιν,
στῆ ῥα μάλ' ἐγχριμφθείς. οἱ δ' ἀντίοι ὑΐες Ἀχαιῶν,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν
ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Τρώεσσι γεγωνώς·

"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταὶ,
παρμένετ'· οὔτοι δηρὸν ἐμὲ σχήσουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ,
καὶ μάλα πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,
ἀλλ', οἴῳ, χάσσονται ὑπ' ἔγχεος, εἰ ἐτεόν με
ὦρσε θεῶν ὤριστος, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Δηΐφοβος δ' ἐν τοῖσι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει
Πριαμίδης, πρόσθεν δ' ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
κοῦφα ποσὶ προβιβὰς καὶ ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων.
Μηριόνης δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην
ταυρείην· τῆς δ' οὔτι διήλασεν, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
ἐν καυλῷ ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ· Δηΐφοβος δὲ
ἀσπίδα ταυρείην σχέθ' ἀπὸ ἕο, δείσε δὲ θυμῷ

Fencelike they rallied ; helm to helm they stood,
Buckler to buckler, man by man, upstay'd ;
Whose nodding plumes upon their glittering crests
Mingled, so dense they rallied, side by side,
Whose spears from strong right-hands upcurling shook,
Whose blood ran hot, whose hearts were set, to fight.

On whom the Trojans push'd, and foremost charged
Hector, in onset, as some boulder huge,
Borne by a torrent o'er a cliff's sharp brow,
In winter, when the rains have rent the bonds
That held the monstrous mass upon the ledge,
Flies bounding down ; and loud the crash of woods
Beneath it ; but it falls apace, unlet,
Unhinder'd, till it dashes on the plain,
Where, maugre all its force, it rolls no more ;
So for a season loud rang Hector's vaunts,
Ev'n to the sea, and to the tents and fleet,
To slaughter irresistible the foe ;
So ceased he, dash'd upon that serried square ;
For there Achaia's sons in bristling band
With front of sword and spear, brass-shod, brass-tipp'd,
Repell'd him from amongst them ; and he reel'd
Some paces in confusion back, and cried ;
"Stand, Trojans, Lycians ! Dardan men-at-arms,
Stand firm ; the enemy will not stay me long,
Though now they gather, like some tower, four-square ;
But soon shall turn, if Zeus inspires me true,
The Thunderer, Herè's Lord, of Gods supreme."
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

From whom Deïphobus strode foremost forth,
With haughty heart advancing, Priam's son,
Lightly he moved, and held his orbèd shield
Before him, sheltering every stride he strode ;
Against him sent Meriones his spear,
And struck, nor err'd, full on the orbèd shield
Of tough bull-hide, but pierced not through ; the shaft
Dropp'd, broken at the splice ; Deïphobus
Held from himself his buckler out, in fear

ἔγχος Μηριόναο δαΐφρονος· αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἥρως
ἂψ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο, χώσατο δ' αἰνῶς
ἀμφότερον, νίκης τε καὶ ἔγχεος, ὃ ξυνέαξεν.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
οἰσόμενος δόρυ μακρὸν, ὅ οἱ κλισίηφι λέλειπτο.

Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Ἴμβριον αἰχμητὴν, πολυΐππου Μέντορος υἱόν.
ναΐε δὲ Πήδαιον, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
κούρην δὲ Πριάμοιο νόθην ἔχε, Μηδεσικάστην·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,
ἂψ εἰς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσιν,
ναΐε δὲ πὰρ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἶσα τέκεσσιν.
τόν ῥ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ὑπ' οὔατος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ
νύξ', ἐκ δ' ἔσπασεν ἔγχος· ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἔπεσεν μελίη ὡς,
ἥτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇ ἕκαθεν περιφαινομένοιο
χαλκῷ ταμνομένη τέρενα χθονὶ φύλλα πελάσσῃ·
ὣς πέσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
Τεῦκρος δ' ὡρμήθη μεμαὼς ἀπὸ τεύχεα δῦσαι
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὁρμηθέντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
τυτθόν· ὁ δ' Ἀμφίμαχον, Κτεάτου υἱ' Ἀκτορίωνος,
νισσόμενον πόλεμόνδε κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ·
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡρμήθη κόρυθα κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν
κρατὸς ἁφαρπάξαι μεγαλήτορος Ἀμφιμάχοιο·
Αἴας δ' ὁρμηθέντος ὀρέξατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Ἕκτορος· ἀλλ' οὔπη χροὸς εἵσατο, πᾶς δ' ἄρα χαλκῷ
σμερδαλέῳ κεκάλυφθ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλὸν οὔτα,
ὥσε δέ μιν σθένεϊ μεγάλῳ· ὁ δὲ χάσσατ' ὀπίσσω
νεκρῶν ἀμφοτέρων, τοὺς δ' ἐξείρυσσαν Ἀχαιοί·
Ἀμφίμαχον μὲν ἄρα Στιχίος δῖός τε Μενεσθεὺς,
ἀρχοὶ Ἀθηναίων, κόμισαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,

The lance of brave Meriones would pierce ;
But back that hero drew him, chafed at heart
For either loss—the victory and the spear ;
And hasted through the ships and camp, to fetch
A second lance that lay within his tent ;
Whilst still, with loud uproar, the hosts fought on.

First Teucer, son of Telamon, struck down
The warrior Imbrius, Mentor's wealthy son,
Who, ere the coming of Achaia's host,
Dwelt in Pedæus, but had wedded erst
A bastard daughter of the king, by name
Medesicasta ; wherefore, when the fleet
Arrived at Ilion, he return'd, and dwelt
With Priam, honour'd by him, as he were
His own dear son, and famed throughout the host.
Him 'neath the ear the son of Telamon
Pierced with long lance, and drew the weapon back.
He fell, as falls an ash, by brazen axe
Hewn, on the brow of mountain far-beheld,
And levelling to the earth its tender leaves ;
So he ; and his enamell'd mail clash'd loud.
On whom sprang Teucer, eager for the spoil ;
But Hector then in turn at Teucer threw ;
Who saw, and by strait space the javelin shunn'd ;
Which, falling on Amphimachus, the son
Of Cteätus Actorion, went driven
By his own forward onset through the chest ;
He dropp'd ; and loudly on him clash'd the arms
Then Hector forward sprang to seize the helm
Spoil off the temples of Amphimachus ;
But Ajax saw, and struck with gleaming lance,
And, though he might not touch him to the skin
(Shelter'd from head to foot in brazen mail),
Yet on the buckler's boss impinged so full,
It dash'd him back perforce, who rearward reel'd
From either corse, and either corse was won :
Amphimachus the two Athenian chiefs,
Divine Menestheus and brave Stychius,
Bare from the battle to Achaia's ships :

Ἴμβριον αὖτ' Αἴαντε, μεμαότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
ὥστε δύ' αἶγα λέοντε κυνῶν ὕπο καρχαροδόντων
ἁρπάξαντε φέρητον ἀνὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνὰ,
ὑψοῦ ὑπὲρ γαίης μετὰ γαμφηλῇσιν ἔχοντε,
ὥς ῥα τὸν ὑψοῦ ἔχοντε δύω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ
τεύχεα συλήτην· κεφαλὴν δ' ἀπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς
κόψεν Ὀϊλιάδης, κεχολωμένος Ἀμφιμάχοιο,
ἦκε δέ μιν σφαιρηδὸν ἑλιξάμενος δι' ὁμίλου.
Ἕκτορι δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν πέσεν ἐν κονίῃσιν.

Καὶ τότε δὴ περὶ κῆρι Ποσειδάων ἐχολώθη
υἱωνοῖο πεσόντος ἐν αἰνῇ δῃοτῆτι,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ὀτρυνέων Δαναούς, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἔτευχεν
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα οἱ δουρικλυτὸς ἀντεβόλησεν,
ἐρχόμενος παρ' ἑταίρου, ὅ οἱ νέον ἐκ πολέμοιο
ἦλθε, κατ' ἰγνύην βεβλημένος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
τὸν μὲν ἑταῖροι ἔνεικαν, ὁ δ' ἰητροῖς ἐπιτείλας
ἤϊεν ἐς κλισίην· ἔτι γαρ πολέμοιο μενοίνα
ἀντιάαν. τὸν δὲ προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων,
εἰσάμενος φθογγὴν Ἀνδραίμονος υἱῖ Θόαντι,
ὃς πάσῃ Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι
Αἰτωλοῖσιν ἄνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ·

"Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαὶ
οἴχονται, τὰς Τρωσὶν ἀπείλεον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν;"

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"ὦ Θόαν, οὔτις ἀνὴρ νῦν γ' αἴτιος, ὅσσον ἔγωγε
γιγνώσκω· πάντες γὰρ ἐπιστάμεθα πτολεμίζειν.
οὔτε τινὰ δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον οὔτε τις ὄκνῳ
εἴκων ἀνδύεται πόλεμον κακόν· ἀλλά που οὕτως
μέλλει δὴ φίλον εἶναι ὑπερμενέϊ Κρονίωνι,
νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλὰ, Θόαν, καὶ γὰρ τὸ πάρος μενεδήϊος ἦσθα,
ὀτρύνεις δὲ καὶ ἄλλον, ὅθι μεθιέντα ἴδηαι·

But keen on Imbrius either Ajax sprang ;
And as two lions carry off a goat
From jag-tooth'd hounds, and through thick underwood,
Well lifted 'twixt their jaws above the ground,
Bear it ; so those two helmèd chiefs upbore
The body high, and stripp'd it of its arms ;
Off which, for vengeance of Amphimachus,
Wrathful, the fleetfoot Ajax shore the head,
And sent it, ball-like, whirling through the throng,
Till in the dust it dropp'd at Hector's feet.

But when Poseidon saw Amphimachus,
His son's son, fall, he wax'd in wrath, and straight
'Gan range throughout Achaia's camp and fleet,
Quickening the Danaans, working woe to Troy.
Whose path the brave Idomeneus first cross'd,
Leaving a comrade, whom a sharp-tipp'd spear
Had wounded through the elbow, and his men
Had carried from the fray : Idomeneus
Had giv'n the leeches charge, and left the tent,
Hasting, with spirit yearning to the war,
When with a voice as of Andræmon's son,
Thoas, Ætolia's chieftain (he the king
Of Pleuron and the woods of Calydon,
And honour'd by his people like some God),
The sovran Lord of Ocean spoke, and said :
" Thou Counsellor and crownèd King of Crete !
Idomeneus ! where now the windy threats
Achaia's sons so oft would vent on Troy ? "
To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :
" So far as I have knowledge, not to man,
Thoas, this blame belongs ; we know the arts
Of war ; faint-hearted fear holds none away ;
Nor any in the battle yields to sloth.
My fear is, peradventure it seems good
To Kronos' Son supreme, that all the host
Should perish far from Argos nameless here.
But, Thoas—since of old thou ever lov'dst
The battle, and to chide whom else soe'er
Thou sawest slack—oh, change not from thy wont,

τῷ νῦν μήτ' ἀπόληγε κέλευέ τε φωτὶ ἑκάστῳ."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, μὴ κεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἔτι νοστήσειεν
ἐκ Τροίης, ἀλλ' αὖθι κυνῶν μέλπηθρα γένοιτο,
ὅστις ἐπ' ἤματι τῷδε ἑκὼν μεθίῃσι μάχεσθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε τεύχεα δεῦρο λαβὼν ἴθι· ταῦτα δ' ἅμα χρὴ
σπεύδειν, αἴ κ' ὄφελός τι γενώμεθα καὶ δύ' ἐόντε.
συμφερτὴ δ' ἀρετὴ πέλει ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν·
νῶϊ δὲ καί κ' ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐπισταίμεσθα μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν·
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην εὖτυκτον ἵκανεν,
δύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ περὶ χροΐ γέντο δὲ δοῦρε,
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἀστεροπῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥν τε Κρονίων
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐτίναξεν ἀπ' αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,
δεικνὺς σῆμα βροτοῖσιν· ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαί·
ὡς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θέοντος.
Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἐὺς ἀντεβόλησεν
ἐγγὺς ἔτι κλισίης· μετὰ γὰρ δόρυ χάλκεον ᾔει
οἰσόμενος· τὸν δὲ προσέφη σθένος Ἰδομενῆος·

"Μηριόνη, Μόλου υἱὲ, πόδας ταχὺ, φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,
τίπτ' ἦλθες πόλεμόν τε λιπὼν καὶ δηϊοτῆτα;
ἠέ τι βέβληαι, βέλεος δέ σε τείρει ἀκωκὴ,
ἠέ τευ ἀγγελίης μετ' ἔμ' ἦλυθες; οὐδέ τοι αὐτὸς
ἧσθαι ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λιλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα
"['Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,]
ἔρχομαι, εἴ τί τοι ἔγχος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λέλειπται,
οἰσόμενος· τό νυ γὰρ κατεάξαμεν, ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκον,
ἀσπίδα Δηϊφόβοιο βαλὼν ὑπερηνορέοντος."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα.
"δούρατα δ', αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, καὶ ἓν καὶ εἴκοσι δήεις
ἑσταότ' ἐν κλισίῃ πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα,

Change not thyself, and cheer all others on."
To whom earth-shaking Poseidaion then :
" Idomeneus ! may ne'er that man return
Alive from battle home, but fall the food
Of dogs and vultures, who shows wilful-slack
This day against the Trojans. Haste, fetch forth
Thy arms, and come ; together let us go ;
Two men together, we may well work good ;
Strength is in union, though of meaner men ;
And we avail to battle with the best."
So ceased the God, and through the moil pass'd on.

But when Idomeneus had gain'd his tent,
He girt his form in mail, and took two spears,
And, issuing forth, appear'd, as levin bolt
Grasp'd by Kroneion on the glittering height
Of steep Olympus, and thence hurl'd a sign
To mortal men, who watch the flash afar ;
Thus shining in his brazen mail he show'd.

Whose path Meriones, his follower brave,
Cross'd near the tent, whither he made his way
To fetch a second spear ; to whom the might
Of old Idomeneus began address :
" Dearest of all my comrades, quick of foot
And strong of hand, my own Meriones !
Why com'st thou thus and leav'st the deadly fray ?
Hast thou a wound ? and wears the dart thy strength ?
Or com'st thou on some errand unto me ?
But I not more desire than thou to wait
Longer among the galleys, but to war."
And thus Meriones replied discreet :
" Sage guardian of the mailèd Cretan host,
Idomeneus ! If thou hast haply left
A spear within thy tent, I come to seek ;
For that which late I held I lost but now,
Snapp'd on the shield of haught Deïphobus."
To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :
" One spear or twenty, if thou list, thou'lt find,
Standing against the side that fronts the light

Τρώϊα, τὰ κταμένων ἀποαίνυμαι. οὐ γὰρ ὀΐω
ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων ἐκὰς ἱστάμενος πολεμίζειν.
τῷ μοι δούρατά τ' ἔστι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὁμφαλόεσσαι,
καὶ κόρυθες καὶ θώρηκες λαμπρὸν γανόωντες."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
" καί τοι ἐμοὶ παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
πόλλ' ἔναρα Τρώων· ἀλλ' οὐ σχεδόν ἐστιν ἑλέσθαι.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐμέ φημι λελασμένον ἔμμεναι ἀλκῆς,
ἀλλὰ μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν 270
ἵσταμαι, ὁππότε νεῖκος ὀρώρηται πολέμοιο.
ἄλλον πού τινα μᾶλλον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
λήθω μαρνάμενος, σὲ δὲ ἴδμεναι αὐτὸν ὀΐω."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
" οἶδ' ἀρετὴν οἷός ἐσσι· τί σε χρὴ ταῦτα λέγεσθαι;
εἰ γὰρ νῦν παρὰ νηυσὶ λεγοίμεθα πάντες ἄριστοι
ἐς λόχον, ἔνθα μάλιστ' ἀρετὴ διαείδεται ἀνδρῶν,
ἔνθ' ὅ τε δειλὸς ἀνὴρ, ὅς τ' ἄλκιμος, ἐξεφαάνθη—
τοῦ μὲν γάρ τε κακοῦ τρέπεται χρὼς ἄλλυδις ἄλλῃ,
οὐδέ οἱ ἀτρέμας ἧσθαι ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς 280
ἀλλὰ μετοκλάζει καὶ ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρους πόδας ἵζει,
ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίη μεγάλα στέρνοισι πατάσσει
κῆρας ὀϊομένῳ, πάταγος δέ τε γίγνετ' ὀδόντων·
τοῦ δ' ἀγαθοῦ οὔτ' ἂρ τρέπεται χρὼς οὔτε τι λίην
ταρβεῖ, ἐπὴν δὴ πρῶτον ἐσίζηται λόχον ἀνδρῶν,
ἁρπαὶ δὲ τάχιστα μιγήμεναι ἐν δαὶ λυγρῇ—
οὐδέ κεν ἔνθα τεόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ὄνοιτο.
εἴπερ γάρ κε βλεῖο πονεύμενος ἠὲ τυπείης,
οὐκ ἂν ἐν αὐχέν' ὄπισθε πέσοι βέλος οὐδ' ἐνὶ νώτῳ,
ἀλλά κεν ἢ στέρνων ἢ νηδύος ἀντιάσειεν 290
πρόσσω ἰεμένοιο μετὰ προμάχων ὀαριστύν.
ἄλλ' ἄγε, μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὣς
ἑσταότες, μή πού τις ὑπερφιάλως νεμεσήσῃ·
ἀλλὰ σύγε κλισίηνδε κιὼν ἐλεῦ ὄβριμον ἔγχος."

Ὣς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ

Within my tent—the trophies oft I win
From vanquish'd Trojans ; not of those am I
Who battle at safe distance from their foes :
And therefore spears have I, and bright-boss'd shields,
Helmets and corslets laughing in the sun."
And thus Meriones replied discreet :
" In my tent also and aboard my ship
Such spoil in plenty lies, but far to fetch.
For I too am not mindless of brave deed ;
But ever is my station in the front,
There, where is glory to a man, in fight,
At the first sound of onset ringing loud.
Others perchance throughout this mailèd host
Perceive not, but, I ween, thou know'st this well."
To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :
" I know thy valour, what thou art ; no need
For thee to tell the tale ; for were we all,
The bravest of the host aboard the fleet,
Gather'd within an ambush, where of men
The stuff is best discern'd—for there most clear
Craven and hero show their several minds :
The coward's colour comes and goes apace,
Nor will his heart allow him to sit firm ;
He shifts his limbs, and crouches on his hams,
The pulses of his heart beat fast and loud,
And his teeth chatter, for he dreads the Fates :
But let the brave man once take seat therein,
Nor his cheeks change, nor fears he overmuch ;
Soon to be up and doing, all his prayer :—
So, wert thou then amongst us, well I wot
None could deem lightly of thy heart or arm.
And, if a sword should strike thee, or a spear,
Not on the nape nor on the back it falls,
But on the breast and in an onward charge
Meets thee a champion constant to the van.
But haste, nor let us prate, like children, more,
Lest peradventure we provoke reproach ;
Quick to the tent, and fetch a second spear."

He spoke ; the other, Ares-like in arms,

καρπαλίμως κλισίηθεν ἀνείλετο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.
οἷος δὲ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης πόλεμόνδε μέτεισιν,
τῷ δὲ Φόβος φίλος υἱὸς ἅμα κρατερὸς καὶ ἀταρβὴς
ἕσπετο, ὅστ' ἐφόβησε ταλάφρονά περ πολεμιστήν·
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκ Θρήκης Ἐφύρους μέτα θωρήσσεσθον,
ἠὲ μετὰ Φλεγύας μεγαλήτορας· οὐδ' ἄρα τώγε
ἔκλυον ἀμφοτέρων, ἑτέροισι δὲ κῦδος ἔδωκαν·
τοῖοι Μηριόνης τε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς, ἀγοὶ ἀνδρῶν,
ἤϊσαν ἐς πόλεμον κεκορυθμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
τὸν καὶ Μηριόνης πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Δευκαλίδη, πῆ τ' ἂρ μέμονας καταδῦναι ὅμιλον;
ἦ ἐπὶ δεξιόφιν παντὸς στρατοῦ, ἦ ἀνὰ μέσσους,
ἦ ἐπ' ἀριστερόφιν; ἐπεὶ οὔ ποθι ἔλπομαι οὕτως
δεύεσθαι πολέμοιο καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιούς."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"νηυσὶ μὲν ἐν μέσσῃσιν ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἄλλοι,
Αἴαντές τε δύω Τεῦκρός θ', ὃς ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν
τοξοσύνῃ, ἀγαθὸς δὲ καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ·
οἵ μιν ἄδην ἐλόωσι καὶ ἐσσύμενον πολέμοιο,
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, καὶ εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν.
αἰπύ οἱ ἐσσεῖται, μάλα περ μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι,
κείνων νικήσαντι μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους
νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε Κρονίων
ἐμβάλοι αἰθόμενον δαλὸν νήεσσι θοῇσιν.
ἀνδρὶ δέ κ' οὐκ εἴξειε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ὃς θνητός τ' εἴη καὶ ἔδοι Δημήτερος ἀκτὴν,
χαλκῷ τε ῥηκτὸς μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν.
οὐδ' ἂν Ἀχιλλῆϊ ῥηξήνορι χωρήσειεν
ἔν γ' αὐτοσταδίῃ· ποσὶ δ' οὔπως ἔστιν ἐρίζειν.
νῶϊν δ' ὧδ' ἐπ' ἀριστερ' ἔχε στρατοῦ, ὄφρα τάχιστα
εἴδομεν ἠέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν ἠέ τις ἡμῖν."

Ὣς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ

Quick from the tent brought forth a brazen lance
And follow'd, eager to the work of war.
Such as to battle murderous Ares moves,
And in his steps Terror, his son beloved,
Fierce, fearless, on whose face no wight of earth,
Be he the bravest born, may look unscared:
From Thrace to aid the Ephyri they come,
Or for the valiant Phlegyans, girt in arms;
But hearken not the prayers of both brave hosts,
And will the victory to which they list;
Such seem'd those chieftains moving to the war,
Idomeneus, and bold Meriones,
Array'd in flashing harness, head to foot.
Of whom Meriones began address:
"Where wouldst thou, noble Son of Deucalus,
Mix with the throng? Amongst the midmost ranks?
On the right wing? or on the left array?
To me appeareth no such pressing need
Elsewhere throughout the host as on the left."
To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus:
"And with the central ships are those at hand
Who well may save them; either Ajax there,
And Teucer, best of bowmen in the host,
Nor in close combat less good man-at-arms:
How keen and strong soe'er be Priam's Son,
These will suffice to glut him with the war,
And, let his ardour be whate'er it may,
Their mighty strength he will not bring so low
As burning of our galleys—so but Zeus
Cast not himself the flaming brand amongst them.
To none of mortal race, to none who eat
The fruits of earth, to none whom spear can pierce,
Or sword can wound, or monstrous stone can crush,
Will Telamonian Ajax yield in arms:
Not ev'n before the great Destroyer of men
Achilles need he yield in standing fight,
Though none may vie with him for speed of foot.
Then let us to the left, and learn, if there
We conquer, or bestow, renown this day."

He spoke, and led the way, Meriones,

ἦρχ' ἴμεν, ὄφρ' ἀφίκοντο κατὰ στρατὸν, ᾗ μιν ἀνώγει.

Οἱ δ' ὡς Ἰδομενῆα ἴδον φλογὶ εἴκελον ἀλκὴν,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν,
κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἔπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν.
τῶν δ' ὁμὸν ἵστατο νεῖκος ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι νέεσσιν.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ λιγέων ἀνέμων σπέρχωσιν ἄελλαι
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε πλείστη κόνις ἀμφὶ κελεύθους,
οἵτ' ἄμυδις κονίης μεγάλην ἱστάσιν ὁμίχλην,
ὣς ἄρα τῶν ὁμόσ' ἦλθε μάχη, μέμασαν δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἀλλήλους καθ' ὅμιλον ἐναιρέμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
ἔφριξεν δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος ἐγχείῃσιν
μακρῇς, ἃς εἶχον ταμεσίχροας· ὄσσε δ' ἄμερδεν
αὐγὴ χαλκείη κορύθων ἄπο λαμπομενάων
θωρήκων τε νεοσμήκτων σακέων τε φαεινῶν.
ἐρχομένων ἄμυδις. μάλα κεν θρασυκάρδιος εἴη,
ὃς τότε γηθήσειεν ἰδὼν πόνον οὐδ' ἀκάχοιτο.

Τὼ δ' ἀμφὶς φρονέοντε δύω Κρόνου υἷε κραταιὼ
ἀνδράσιν ἡρώεσσιν ἐτεύχετον ἄλγεα λυγρά.
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄρα Τρώεσσι καὶ Ἕκτορι βούλετο νίκην,
κυδαίνων Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδ' ὅγε πάμπαν
ἤθελε λαὸν ὀλέσθαι Ἀχαιϊκὸν Ἰλιόθι πρὸ,
ἀλλὰ Θέτιν κύδαινε καὶ υἱέα καρτερόθυμον.
Ἀργείους δὲ Ποσειδάων ὀρόθυνε μετελθών,
λάθρῃ ὑπεξαναδὺς πολιῆς ἁλός· ἦχθετο γάρ ῥα
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.
ἦ μὰν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμὸν γένος ἠδ' ἴα πάτρη,
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος γεγόνει καὶ πλείονα ἴδῃ.
τῷ ῥα καὶ ἀμφαδίην μὲν ἀλεξέμεναι ἀλέεινεν,
λάθρῃ δ' αἰὲν ἔγειρε κατὰ στρατὸν, ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.
τοὶ δ' ἔριδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο

The peer of murderous Ares, following close,
Till both had gain'd the side whereto he bade.
The foe beheld him flamelike in his march,
Him and his follower in their dædal arms,
And shouting through their throng bore down upon him,
Till at the galleys' sterns the fight was stay'd.

As when before the stress of whistling winds
The dust-storms gather, on a day when dust
Lies thickest on the paths, in one huge cloud
They rear it up, dense-gather'd; so their ranks
Closed; and their hearts throbb'd furious through their throng,
Each with sharp steel the other to destroy.
Bristled with spears erect from slaughterous hands
The deadly battle; and the eye was dazed
With the bright brazen gleam of radiant helms,
White-polish'd corslets, and far-glittering shields,
Thronging together; dauntless were the man,
And iron-hearted, who could gaze and joy
Without compassion o'er that deadly stowre.
For now with diverse will the two great Sons
Of father Kronos shower'd most sore distress
Upon those heroes' heads to either side.
Zeus for the glory of Achilles will'd
To Hector all the victory of this day,
Yet doom'd not that Achaia's host should fall
In Ilion's leaguer utterly destroy'd,
But did this grace to Thetis and her son.
Wherefore most vehemently wroth 'gainst Zeus,
Grudging that slaughter to the arms of Troy,
Poseidon, mounting from the hoary deep,
Unseen, and mingling with the Argive host
In secret guise, bestirr'd them to the war.
Both of the selfsame stock and father came,
But Zeus the wiser and the elder-born;
Therefore the other shunn'd to give his aid
In open day, but secret moved, and guised
In form of mortal, kindling to the fray.
And long those two, with strength alternate, strain'd

πεῖραρ ἐπαλλάξαντες ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάνυσσαν,
ἄῤῥηκτόν τ' ἄλυτόν τε, τὸ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.

Ἔνθα, μεσαιπόλιός περ ἐὼν, Δαναοῖσι κελεύσας
Ἰδομενεὺς Τρώεσσι μετάλμενος ἐν φόβον ὧρσεν.
πέφνε γὰρ Ὀθρυονῆα Καβησόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα,
ὅς ῥα νέον πολέμοιο μετὰ κλέος εἰληλούθει,
ᾔτεε δὲ Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,
Κασσάνδρην, ἀνάεδνον, ὑπέσχετο δὲ μέγα ἔργον,
ἐκ Τροίης ἀέκοντας ἀπωσέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
τῷ δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος ὑπό τ' ἔσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
δωσέμεναι· ὁ δὲ μάρναθ', ὑποσχεσίῃσι πιθήσας.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν ὕψι βιβάντα τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο φώνησέν τε·

"Ὀθρυονεῦ, περὶ δή σε βροτῶν αἰνίζομ' ἁπάντων,
εἰ ἐτεὸν δὴ πάντα τελευτήσεις ὅσ' ὑπέστης
Δαρδανίδῃ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δ' ὑπέσχετο θυγατέρα ἥν.
καί κέ τοι ἡμεῖς ταῦτά γ' ὑποσχόμενοι τελέσαιμεν,
δοῖμεν δ' Ἀτρείδαο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀριστην,
Ἄργεος ἐξαγαγόντες, ὀπυιέμεν, εἴ κε σὺν ἄμμιν
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσῃς εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.
ἀλλ' ἕπευ, ὄφρ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ συνώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν
ἀμφὶ γάμῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔτοι ἐεδνωταὶ κακοὶ εἰμέν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ποδὸς ἕλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην
ἥρως Ἰδομενεύς. τῷ δ' Ἄσιος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ
πεζὸς πρόσθ' ἵππων· τὼ δὲ πνείοντε κατ' ὤμων
αἰὲν ἔχ' ἡνίοχος θεράπων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο θυμῷ
Ἰδομενῆα βαλεῖν· ὁ δέ μιν φθάμενος βάλε δουρὶ

At either end drawn even 'twixt the hosts
A cord, insoluble, inviolate,
Of endless battle, laying many low.

Calling upon his men, Idomeneus
Sprang first, and though his hair was grey-besprent,
Made fear amongst the Trojans, striking down
Othryoneus, who dwelt in Priam's house,
But from Cabesus late had come, to seek
Glory in war, and ask'd in wedlock there
The fairest of the daughters of the king,
Cassandra ; nor made proffer of a dower,
But of a doughty deed, to drive in arms
Achaia's leaguer, force-perforce, from Troy ;
And brave he fought for hope of that fair prize.
But at him famed Idomeneus now aim'd
His shining spear, nor err'd, but, as he stalk'd
With haughty step, struck down ; nor then avail'd
The brazen corslet, his long-wonted guard,
But, through the navel pierced, he fell ; his arms
Clash'd loud ; and, o'er him vaunting, thus his foe :
"Myself, Othryoneus, will cry thy name
Above all mortals else, if thou fulfil
Thy pact with Dardan Priam—all thou then
Vauntedst, but he betroth'd his own dear child ;
Nay, take this surer promise now from us :
To Troy from Argos we will vow to bring
The fairest of the house of Atreus' Son
To wed with thee, if thou with us wilt join
In battle for the fall of Ilion's towers.
Arise then, follow to our swift black barks,
There to debate this marriage and the terms ;
Thou wilt not have her from our hands ill-dower'd."
Speaking, the hero trail'd him by the foot
Along the battle-line ; but tow'rd him came
For vengeance, moving in his chariot's front,
Asius, to whom his driver held his steeds
Close, that their breath was hot upon his back :
And keen his heart against Idomeneus ;
Who yet forstall'd him piercing in the throat

λαιμὸν ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.
ἤριπε δ' ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν, ἢ ἀχερωὶς,
ἠὲ πίτυς βλωθρὴ, τήνγ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες
ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήϊον εἶναι·
ὣς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθεὶς,
βεβρυχὼς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἱματοέσσης.
ἐκ δέ οἱ ἡνίοχος πλήγη φρένας, ἃς πάρος εἶχεν·
οὐδ' ὅγ' ἐτόλμησεν, δηΐων ὑπὸ χεῖρας ἀλύξας,
ἂψ ἵππους στρέψαι, τὸν δ' Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης
δουρὶ μέσον περόνησε τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξεν.
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου,
ἵππους δ' Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς,
ἐξέλασε Τρώων μετ' ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.

Δηΐφοβος δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλυθεν Ἰδομενῆος,
Ἀσίου ἀχνύμενος, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
Ἰδομενεύς· κρύφθη γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσπίδι πάντοσ' ἐΐσῃ,
τὴν ἄρ' ὅγε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν καὶ νώροπι χαλκῷ
δινωτὴν φορέεσκε, δύω κανόνεσσ' ἀραρυῖαν·
τῇ ὕπο πᾶς ἐάλη, τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
καρφαλέον δέ οἱ ἀσπὶς ἐπιθρέξαντος ἄϋσεν
ἔγχεος· οὐδ' ἄλιόν ῥα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκεν,
ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' Ἱππασίδην Τψήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.
Δηΐφοβος δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Οὐ μὰν αὖτ' ἄτιτος κεῖτ' Ἄσιος, ἀλλά ἑ φημὶ
εἰς Ἀϊδόσ περ ἰόντα πυλάρταο κρατεροῖο
γηθήσειν κατὰ θυμὸν, ἐπεί ῥά οἱ ὤπασα πομπόν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο,
Ἀντιλόχῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·
ἀλλ' οὐδ', ἀχνύμενός περ, ἑοῦ ἀμέλησεν ἑταίρου,
ἀλλὰ θέων περίβη καί οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δύω ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,

Under the chin, and drave the point right through.
He fell, as falls an ash, or poplar pale,
Or tallgrown pine, upon the mountains hewn
By woodman, to be shaped some vessel's plank ;
So he, before his steeds and chariot strewn,
Groaning his last, in dust and blood lay soil'd :
Whose driver, all aghast, lost such poor wit
As erst he had, nor found the heart to turn
His steeds to flight, or from his foes escape,
But fell, hard stricken by Antilochus,
Pierced through the middle ; nor the corslet 'vail'd
To save, but through the belly pass'd the spear ;
Gasping, from off the well-wrought car he dropp'd ;
And noble Nestor's son Antilochus
Exultant drave those horses to the fleet.

Much moved for Asius' sake, Deïphobus
Drew very nigh to brave Idomeneus,
And hurl'd a shining spear ; Idomeneus
Saw and escaped it, crouching, all conceal'd
Behind the orbèd buckler that he bare,
Compact of tough bullhides and flashing brass,
Rounded, and wielded by two rods within ;
Behind this close he gather'd all his form,
And o'er it flew the brazen lance ; yet dry
The buckler rang, as o'er its edge the spear
Pass'd, grating ; nor in vain the shaft was sped,
But struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasus,
A chieftain of the people, through the heart,
And loosed the limbs beneath him ; whereupon
The other thus, vainglorious and loud :

"Not unrevenged lies Asius ; yea, albeit
He pass the gates by mighty Hades kept,
I ween, his haughty spirit yet shall joy,
Beholding there whom I have sent his guide."

He spoke ; the Argeians chafing heard the vaunt ;
But most in bold Antilochus he stirr'd
The spirit, who, not therefore of his friend
Mindless, ran round, and cover'd with his shield
The body ; 'neath which shelter stooping down

Μηκιστεὺς, Ἐχίοιο πάϊς, καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντε.

Ἰδομενεὺς δ' οὐ λῆγε μένος μέγα, ἵετο δ' αἰεὶ
ἠέ τινα Τρώων ἐρεβεννῇ νυκτὶ καλύψαι,
ἢ αὐτὸς δουπῆσαι ἀμύνων λοιγὸν Ἀχαιοῖς.
ἔνθ' Αἰσυήταο διοτρεφέος φίλον υἱὸν,
ἥρῳ' Ἀλκάθοον—γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Ἀγχίσαο·
πρεσβυτάτην δ' ὤπυιε θυγατρῶν Ἱπποδάμειαν,
τὴν περὶ κῆρι φίλησε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἐν μεγάρῳ· πᾶσαν γὰρ ὁμηλικίην ἐκέκαστο
κάλλεϊ καὶ ἔργοισιν ἰδὲ φρεσί· τοὔνεκα καί μιν
γῆμεν ἀνὴρ ὥριστος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ—
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' Ἰδομενῆϊ Ποσειδάων ἐδάμασσεν
θέλξας ὄσσε φαεινὰ, πέδησε δὲ φαίδιμα γυῖα·
οὔτε γὰρ ἐξοπίσω φυγέειν δύνατ' οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι,
ἀλλ' ὥστε στήλην ἢ δένδρεον ὑψιπέτηλον
ἀτρέμας ἑσταότα στῆθος μέσον οὔπασε δουρὶ
ἥρως Ἰδομενεὺς, ῥῆξεν δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ χιτῶνα
χάλκεον, ὅς οἱ πρόσθεν ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκει ὄλεθρον·
δὴ τότε γ' αὖον ἄϋσεν ἐρεικόμενος περὶ δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, δόρυ δ' ἐν κραδίῃ ἐπεπήγει,
ἣ ῥά οἱ ἀσπαίρουσα καὶ οὐρίαχον πελέμιζεν
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης·
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Δηΐφοβ', ἦ ἄρα δή τι ἐΐσκομεν ἄξιον εἶναι
τρεῖς ἑνὸς ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι; ἐπεὶ σύ περ εὔχεαι οὕτως·
δαιμόνι', ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ οἷος Ζηνὸς γόνος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνω,
ὅς πρῶτον Μίνωα τέκε Κρήτῃ ἔπιουρον·
Μίνως δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Δευκαλίωνα,
Δευκαλίων δ' ἐμὲ τίκτε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἄνακτα
Κρήτῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ· νῦν δ' ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν
σοί τε κακὸν καὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοισι Τρώεσσιν."

Ὣς φάτο. Δηΐφοβος δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν.

Noble Alastor, and brave Echius' son,
Mecisteus, his two followers well beloved,
Lifted, and, mourning, bare it to the fleet.

But not for this Idomeneus would slack
His spirit's force, but ever striving sought
Or in death's darkness to enshroud some foe,
Or else himself to fall in that defence
Of ruin from Achaia. And first the son
Of Æsyetes, Zeus-sprung chief, by name
Alcathoüs—(member of the royal house
Of prince Anchises, wedded to his child
Hippodameia ; whom her parents loved,
Their eldest daughter, with exceeding love,
For that in beauty and wit and needle-craft
All of her generation she outpeer'd ;
And therefore had the noblest man through Troy
Espoused her)—him beneath Idomeneus
Poseidon now subdued, and charm'd away
Sight from his eyne, and fetter'd all his limbs ;
So that he could nor flee, nor shun the dart,
But, columnlike, or like some tall-topp'd tree,
Stood motionless, till in the breast he took
The spear of brave Idomeneus ; it burst
Round him the coat of brass, that oft had stay'd
Death from him, but now shivering round the point
Rang dry ; he dropp'd, the javelin in his heart,
Which with its heavy pants made throb the shaft
Upward, till war's strong spirit spent its force ;
And loud the other with vainglorious vaunt :
"Value we this aright, Deïphobus,
Three slain for one, a not unmeet revenge?
Three slain we boast, since thou so boastest one.
Nay, nearer draw, my friend, thine own brave self,
And learn me so the child of Zeus supreme ;
For Zeus gat Minos, guard of ancient Crete ;
Minos Deucalion, prince of blameless name ;
Deucalion me, of many cities king
Through the broad isle, and whom my barks have brought
A scourge to thee, thy father, and all Troy."
He spoke ; Deïphobus had diverse will,

ἤ τινά που Τρώων ἐταρίσσαιτο μεγαθύμων
ἂψ ἀναχωρήσας, ἢ πειρήσαιτο καὶ οἷος.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
βῆναι ἐπ' Αἰνείαν· τὸν δ' ὕστατον εὗρεν ὁμίλου
ἑσταότ'· αἰεὶ γὰρ Πριάμῳ ἐπεμήνιε δίῳ,
οὕνεκ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα μετ' ἀνδράσιν οὔτι τίεσκεν.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
γαμβρῷ ἀμυνέμεναι, εἴπερ τί σε κῆδος ἱκάνει.
ἀλλ' ἕπευ, Ἀλκαθόῳ ἐπαμύνομεν, ὅς σε πάρος περ
γαμβρὸς ἐὼν ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἔνι τυτθὸν ἐόντα·
τὸν δέ τοι Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐξενάριξεν."

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινεν,
βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἰδομενῆα φόβος λάβε τηλύγετον ὡς,
ἀλλ' ἔμεν', ὡς ὅτε τις σῦς οὔρεσιν ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς,
ὅστε μένει κολοσυρτὸν ἐπερχόμενον πολὺν ἀνδρῶν
χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, φρίσσει δέ τε νῶτον ὕπερθεν.
ὀφθαλμὼ δ' ἄρα οἱ πυρὶ λάμπετον· αὐτὰρ ὀδόντας
θήγει, ἀλέξασθαι μεμαὼς κύνας ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρας·
ὣς μένεν Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς, οὐδ' ὑπεχώρει,
Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα βοηθόον· αὖε δ' ἑταίρους,
Ἀσκάλαφόν τ' ἐσορῶν Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηΐπυρόν τε
Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μήστωρας ἀϋτῆς·
τοὺς ὅγ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καί μ' οἴῳ ἀμύνετε· δείδια δ' αἰνῶς
Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα πόδας ταχὺν, ὅς μοι ἔπεισιν,
ὃς μάλα καρτερός ἐστι μάχῃ ἔνι φῶτας ἐναίρειν·
καὶ δ' ἔχει ἥβης ἄνθος, ὅ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
εἰ γὰρ ὁμηλικίῃ γε γενοίμεθα τῷδ' ἐπὶ θυμῷ,
αἶψά κεν ἠὲ φέροιτο μέγα κράτος, ἠὲ φεροίμην."

Or to retire and call unto his aid
Some comrade, or to venture singly there.
To whom, thus doubting, this the better seem'd,
To seek Æneas. Him he found aloof
In rearmost line of battle; for he still
Maintain'd tow'rd royal Priam sore his grudge
That though he show'd 'mongst men of prowess chief,
The king esteem'd him not. Deïphobus
Came to his side, and spoke these wingèd words:
"Æneas, noble counsellor of Troy!
If aught of sorrow for thy sister's spouse
Touch thee, now sore the need to save his corse.
Bestir thee for Alcathoüs—him who oft
Would nurse thee infant in thy father's house,
Being thy sister's husband; he hath fall'n,
Slain by the spear of famed Idomeneus."
He spoke, and deeply stirr'd the other's heart,
Who straightway on Idomeneus moved fierce,
Fiery, to battle; but Idomeneus
Quail'd not, as quails an old man's child, but stood
Steadfast, as when upon the hills a boar,
Firm in his strength, abides the onset thick
Of a great crowd against him, near a fold
Of bleating sheep; the bristles o'er his spine
Start; and his eyeballs flash with fire; he grinds
His teeth, for fury to repel the hunt;
Thus stood Idomeneus, and bode the charge;
But looking, call'd his comrades to his side,
Aphreus, Deïpyrus, Ascalaphus,
Meriones, and bold Antilochus,
Lovers of battle; loud to these he call'd
Enkindling, and address'd his wingèd words:
"Friends, hither haste, and help, where now I stand
Alone against Æneas; quick of foot
Is he, and much I dread his near approach;
For strong is he in fight to slay his man,
And his the chiefest strength, the flower of youth.
Yet, were our years, as are our hearts, the same,
Singly betwixt us were the issue tried,
Whether to his great glory or to mine."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἕνα φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες
πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
Αἰνείας δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἑτάροισιν,
Δηΐφοβόν τε Πάριν τ' ἐσορῶν καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
οἵ οἱ ἅμ' ἡγεμόνες Τρώων ἔσαν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
λαοὶ ἕπονθ', ὡσεί τε μετὰ κτίλον ἕσπετο μῆλα
πιόμεν' ἐκ βοτάνης· γάνυται δ' ἄρα τε φρένα ποιμήν·
ὣς Αἰνείᾳ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γεγήθει,
ὡς ἴδε λαῶν ἔθνος ἐπισπόμενον ἑοῖ αὐτῷ.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀλκαθόῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὡρμήθησαν
μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι· περὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε τιτυσκομένων καθ' ὅμιλον,
ἀλλήλων· δύο δ' ἄνδρες Ἀρήϊοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
Αἰνείας τε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς, ἀτάλαντοι Ἄρηϊ,
ἵεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ.
Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισεν Ἰδομενῆος·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνείαο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης
ᾤχετ', ἐπεί ῥ' ἄλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Οἰνόμαον βάλε γαστέρα μέσσην,
ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς
ἤφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἐκ μὲν νέκυος δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατ', οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ
ὤμοιϊν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
τρέσσαι δ' οὐκέτι ῥίμφα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο.
τοῦ δὲ βάδην ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Δηΐφοβος· δὴ γάρ οἱ ἔχεν κότον ἐμμενὲς αἰεί.

He spoke, and, one in heart, they gather'd all
Round him with bucklers serried in their front.

Then, adverse, tow'rd his friends Æneas look'd
Likewise, and Paris to his side he call'd
And brave Agenor and Deïphobus ;
The chieftains these, but legions in their rear
Follow'd : as, after pasture, tow'rd a stream
A flock in multitude behind a ram
Follows ; and with glad heart their shepherd sees ;
So with glad heart Æneas too beheld
Legion on legion answering to his cry.

Soon round Alcathoüs, hand to hand, they closed
With smooth long spears ; and round their breasts the mail
Clang'd, smitten, as throughout the throng they aim'd
Each at the other. Two, above the rest,
Two gallant chiefs, to valiant Ares peer,
Show'd ardent most to draw each other's blood,
Æneas and Idomeneus. And first
Æneas threw ; but the other saw, and shunn'd
The brazen lance, which, falling in the earth,
Stood quivering, vainly darted from his hand.
Idomeneus then threw, nor struck his aim,
But through the belly pierced Œnomaüs,
Bursting the corslet's bar ; and through the bowels
The point pass'd, griding ; in the dust he dropped
Headlong, and bit the earth for agony.
From out whose corse Idomeneus pluck'd back
The shadowing spear, but might not strip the spoil,
The beauteous armour, off him ; for the shower
Of javelins press'd him sore ; nor now the limbs
Were sure beneath him, to recover quick
His own or to avoid another's spear ;
Whose fame was now in stationary fight,
Strong to repel the ruthless hour of death,
But foot was slow to bear him from the fray
Retiring. And, as step by step he went,
At him Deïphobus (in dudgeon still
That he erst fail'd to strike him) aim'd again,

ἀλλ' ὄγε καὶ τόθ' ἅμαρτεν, ὁ δ' Ἀσκάλαφον βάλε δουρὶ,
υἱὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο· δι' ὤμου δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔσχεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
οὐδ' ἄρα πώ τι πέπυστο βριήπυος ὄβριμος Ἄρης
υἱος ἑοῖο πεσόντος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' ἄκρῳ Ὀλύμπῳ ὑπὸ χρυσέοισι νέφεσσιν
ἧστο, Διὸς βουλῇσιν ἐελμένος, ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι
ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἦσαν ἐεργόμενοι πολέμοιο.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκαλάφῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὡρμήθησαν·
Δηΐφοβος μὲν ἀπ' Ἀσκαλάφου πήληκα φαεινὴν
ἥρπασε, Μεριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
δουρὶ βραχίονα τύψεν ἐπάλμενος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς
αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια χαμαὶ βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.
Μηριόνης δ' ἐξαῦτις ἐπάλμενος, αἰγυπιὸς ὡς,
ἐξέρυσε πρυμνοῖο βραχίονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο. τὸν δὲ Πολίτης
αὐτοκασίγνητος, περὶ μέσσῳ χεῖρε τιτήνας,
ἐξῆγεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
ὠκέας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλ' ἔχοντες·
οἵ τόνγε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα,
τειρόμενον· κατὰ δ' αἷμα νεουτάτου ἔῤῥεε χειρός.

Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
ἔνθ' Αἰνέας Ἀφαρῆα Καλητορίδην ἐπορούσας
λαιμὸν τύψ', ἐπὶ οἱ τετραμμένον, ὀξέϊ δουρί·
ἐκλίνθη δ' ἐτέρωσε κάρη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσπὶς ἐάφθη
καὶ κόρυς· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ Θόωνα μεταστρεφθέντα δοκεύσας
οὔτασ' ἐπαΐξας, ἀπὸ δὲ φλέβα πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν,
ἥτ' ἀνὰ νῶτα θέουσα διαμπερὲς αὐχέν' ἱκάνει·
τὴν ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν
κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλοις ἑτάροισι πετάσσας.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε, καὶ αἶνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων
παπταίνων· Τρῶες δὲ πεοισταδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος

But err'd, yet struck Ascalaphus, the son
Of Enyalius ; and the stout lance held
Right through the shoulder ; in the dust he dropp'd
Headlong, and bit the earth for agony.
Nor vast loud-throated Ares then perceived
How his own son had fallen in the fight,
But sate with all the Immortals far withdrawn
By will of Zeus upon the Olympian height
Lost in a golden cloud, from war withheld :
Whilst round about his son the battle grew ;
For off his head Deïphobus had rent
The glittering helmet, when Meriones,
Peer to fierce Ares, sprang with spear, and smote
His arm, that from his hand the vizor'd helm
Dropp'd clanging to the ground ; and, falconlike,
Forth-darting plucked from out the wounded arm
His stout good lance, and quick withdrew him back
Into the ranks ; whilst round the other's waist
Polites, his own brother, clasp'd his arms
And led him from the battle's moil to where
His steeds and driver and enamell'd car
Stood, some short space aloof, outside the fray ;
These bore him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town,
Fainting, for from his wound the blood gush'd free ;
But still the rest fought on, in uproar loud.

Æneas forward sprang at Aphreus first,
Caletor's son, and struck with sharp-tipp'd spear
The throat, aslant towards him, and away
To the other side the head droop'd ; shield and helm
Sway'd with it ; and black death was o'er him shower'd.
Antilochus on Thoön, as he turn'd,
Laid wait, and struck, and shore away the vein
That running up the spine sustains the head ;
All this he shore away ; and prone in dust,
Outstretching tow'rd his comrades either hand,
The other dropp'd ; on whom Antilochus
Sprang, and 'gan off his shoulders strip the arms,
Behind his buckler crouching. Round about,
The Trojans, drawing near, oft threw and struck

οὔταζον σάκος εὐρὺ παναίολον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
εἴσω ἐπιγράψαι τέρενα χρόα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ
Ἀντιλόχου· πέρι γάρ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔρυτο καὶ ἐν πολλοῖσι βέλεσσιν.
οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτ' ἄνευ δηΐων ἦν, ἀλλὰ κατ' αὐτοὺς
στρωφᾶτ'· οὐδέ οἱ ἔγχος ἔχ' ἀτρέμας, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
σειόμενον ἐλέλικτο· τιτύσκετο δὲ φρεσὶν ἦσιν
ἤ τευ ἀκοντίσσαι, ἠὲ σχεδὸν ὁρμηθῆναι.

Ἀλλ' οὐ λῆθ' Ἀδάμαντα τιτυσκόμενος καθ' ὅμιλον, 560
Ἀσιάδην, ὁ οἱ οὗτα μέσον σάκος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
ἐγγύθεν ὁρμηθείς· ἀμενήνωσεν δέ οἱ αἰχμὴν
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων, βιότοιο μεγήρας.
καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ μεῖν' ὥστε σκῶλος πυρίκαυστος,
ἐν σάκει Ἀντιλόχοιο, τὸ δ' ἥμισυ κεῖτ' ἐπὶ γαίης·
ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων·
Μηριόνης δ' ἀπιόντα μετασπόμενος βάλε δουρὶ
αἰδοίων τε μεσηγὺ καὶ ὀμφαλοῦ, ἔνθα μάλιστα
γίγνετ' Ἄρης ἀλεγεινὸς ὀϊζυροῖσι βροτοῖσιν.
ἔνθα οἱ ἔγχος ἔπηξεν· ὁ δ' ἐσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ 570
ἤσπαιρ' ὡς ὅτε βοῦς, τόντ' οὔρεσι βουκόλοι ἄνδρες
ἰλλάσιν οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βίῃ δήσαντες ἄγουσιν·
ὣς ὁ τυπεὶς ἤσπαιρε μίνυνθά περ, οὔτι μάλα δην,
ὄφρα οἱ ἐκ χροὸς ἔγχος ἀνεσπάσατ' ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
ἥρως Μηριόνης· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.

Δηΐπυρον δ' Ἕλενος ξίφεϊ σχεδὸν ἤλασε κόρσην
Θρηϊκίῳ μεγάλῳ, ἀπὸ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἄραξεν.
ἡ μὲν ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα χαμαὶ πέσε, καί τις Ἀχαιῶν
μαρναμένων μετὰ ποσσὶ κυλινδομένην ἐκόμισσεν·
τὸν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν. 580

Ἀτρεΐδην δ' ἄχος εἶλε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
βῆ δ' ἐπαπειλήσας Ἑλένῳ ἥρωϊ ἄνακτι.
ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἄνελκεν.
τὼ δ' ἅρ' ὁμαρτήδην, ὁ μὲν ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι

The broad light-wielded shield, but might not reach
The form within with wound of ruthless spear ;
For the great God of Ocean gave defence
To Nestor's Son, though compass'd round with darts ;
Who never lack'd for enemies, but still
Would turn and seek them, nor held stiff his spear
In idle hand, but quivering in quick grasp
Upbrandish'd ; for his heart was set to slay
Whether by javelin or by near assail.

Nor ranged he thus unmark'd of Adamas,
The son of Asius, who, nigh-charging, struck
Full on the buckler's centre ; yet the God,
Dark-tress'd Poseidon, grudging him the life,
Made blunt the point ; and, like some brand half-burnt,
Half in the buckler stay'd and half to earth
The spear dropp'd down. Then Adamas drew back,
Shunning black Fate, amongst the Trojan ranks ;
But, as he went, Meriones pursued
And smote, where Ares falls on wretched men
Most baleful, 'twixt the navel and the groin ;
There drave he in his spear ; and o'er it prone
The other bow'd, and gasp'd, like some strong ox
Slow to a slaughterhouse by cowherds haled,
Perforce, with cords ; so he, downstricken, dropp'd
Gasping for breath ; but short the pain, nor long
Ere brave Meriones was at his side,
Plucking the spear ; then darkness veil'd his eyes.

Next, Helenus with a huge Thracian sword
Drew near Deïpyrus and clave his neck
In sunder, shearing off the vizor'd helm.
Which flew far-rolling at the warriors' feet
Astray, and some Achaian bare it home ;
But death came darkling o'er Deïpyrus.

Whereat much-sorrowing, Menelaüs moved,
Brandishing threatening spear, on Helenus
Ev'n as he now 'gan draw his horned bow ;
At the same moment both— the one discharged

ἵετ' ἀκοντίσσαι, ὁ δ' ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀϊστῷ.
Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῷ
θώρηκος γύαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀϊστός.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ πλατέος πτυόφιν μεγάλην κατ' ἀλωὴν
θρώσκωσιν κύαμοι μελανόχροες, ἢ ἐρέβινθοι,
πνοιῇ ὕπο λιγυρῇ καὶ λικμητῆρος ἐρωῇ,
ὣς ἀπὸ θώρηκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
πολλὸν ἀποπλαγχθεὶς ἑκὰς ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀϊστός.
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἄρα χεῖρα, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
τὴν βάλεν ᾗ ῥ' ἔχε τόξον ἐΰξοον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τόξῳ
ἀντικρὺ διὰ χειρὸς ἐλήλατο χάλκεον ἔγχος.
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
χεῖρα παρακρεμάσας· τὸ δ' ἐφέλκετο μείλινον ἔγχος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐκ χειρὸς ἔρυσεν μεγάθυμος Ἀγήνωρ,
αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ,
σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

Πείσανδρος δ' ἰθὺς Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
ἤϊε· τὸν δ' ἄγε μοῖρα κακὴ θανάτοιο τέλοσδε,
σοὶ, Μενέλαε, δαμῆναι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Ἀτρείδης μὲν ἅμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,
Πείσανδρος δὲ σάκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
οὔτασεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι·
ἔσχεθε γὰρ σάκος εὐρὺ, κατεκλάσθη δ' ἐνὶ καυλῷ
ἔγχος· ὁ δὲ φρεσὶν ἧσι χάρη καὶ ἐέλπετο νίκην.
Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
ἆλτ' ἐπὶ Πεισάνδρῳ· ὁ δ' ὑπ' ἀσπίδος εἴλετο καλὴν
ἀξίνην εὔχαλκον, ἐλαΐνῳ ἀμφὶ πελέκκῳ,
μακρῷ ἐϋξέστῳ· ἅμα δ' ἀλλήλων ἐφίκοντο.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν ἱπποδασείης
ἄκρον ὑπὸ λόφον αὐτὸν, ὁ δὲ προσιόντα μέτωπον
ῥινὸς ὕπερ πυμάτης· λάκε δ' ὀστέα, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
πὰρ ποσὶν αἱματόεντα χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν,

His spear, the other from the string his shaft.
The arrow from the hand of Priam's Son
Struck on the corslet's rib beside the chest
And off rebounded ; as when dark-husk'd beans
Or pulse from off a winnowing fan broad-spread
Bound driven along a spacious threshing-floor
Neath the sharp gust, and by the winnower's will ;
So off the corslet of the hero flew
The bitter arrow dash'd aslant and far.
But Menelaüs, Atreus' gallant son,
Struck on the hand that held the polish'd bow,
And through both hand and bow the lance went driven.
Back to his comrades Helenus withdrew
Fleeing from Fate, but at his side the hand
Droop'd, trailing at his feet the ashen spear ;
Till brave Agenor drew the weapon forth,
And bound up in a sling of twisted wool
(Borne by the follower of the prince) his hand.

Anon on Atreus' glorious Son bore down
Pisander, hurrying to the bourne of death
By evil doom, and in the direful fray
To fall, O Menelaüs, slain by thee !
For each had near'd the other on the field,
When Atreus' Son first threw, but err'd, the spear
Slanted aside ; then full upon the shield
Pisander struck, yet could not pierce it through ;
For the broad buckler stay'd the lance, which fell
Half-broken at the splice ; Pisander's heart
Leapt high for joy and hope of victory won ;
And, whilst Atrides drew his hilted brand
And sprang upon him, 'neath his sheltering shield
He got to hand a brazen battle-axe
With olive handle, polish'd bright, and long ;
So each assail'd the other, face to face ;
Pisander on the horseplumed morion's cone
Struck underneath the crest, but on the brow
The other, 'twixt the eyes ; the bone was crack'd
In sunder, and the eyeballs all in blood
Dropp'd on the earth before him ; back he fell,

ἰδνώθη δὲ πεσών. ὁ δὲ λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Λείψετέ θην οὕτω γε νέας Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων, 620
Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι, δεινῆς ἀκόρητοι ἀϋτῆς.
ἄλλης μὲν λώβης τε καὶ αἴσχεος οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς,
ἣν ἐμὲ λωβήσασθε, κακαὶ κύνες, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
Ζηνὸς ἐριβρεμέτεω χαλεπὴν ἐδδείσατε μῆνιν
ξεινίου, ὅστε ποτ' ὔμμι διαφθέρσει πόλιν αἰπήν.
οἵ μευ κουριδίην ἄλοχον καὶ κτήματα πολλὰ
μὰψ οἴχεσθ' ἀνάγοντες, ἐπεὶ φιλέεσθε παρ' αὐτῇ·
νῦν αὖτ' ἐν νηυσὶν μενεαίνετε πυντοπόροισιν
πῦρ ὀλοὸν βαλέειν, κτεῖναι δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς·
ἀλλά ποθι σχήσεσθε, καὶ ἐσσύμενοί περ, Ἄρηος. 630
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ τέ σέ φασι περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν· σέο δ' ἐκ τάδε πάντα πέλονται.
οἷον δὴ ἄνδρεσσι χαρίζεαι ὑβριστῇσιν,
Τρωσὶν, τῶν μένος αἰὲν ἀτάσθαλον, οὐδὲ δύνανται
φυλόπιδος κορέσασθαι ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο.
πάντων μὲν κόρος ἐστὶ, καὶ ὕπνου καὶ φιλότητος
μολπῆς τε γλυκερῆς καὶ ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοῖο,
τῶν πέρ τις καὶ μᾶλλον ἐέλδεται ἐξ ἔρον εἶναι
ἢ πολέμου· Τρῶες δὲ μάχης ἀκόρητοι ἔασιν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τὰ μὲν ἔντε' ἀπὸ χροὸς αἱματόεντα 640
συλήσας ἑτάροισι δίδου Μενέλαος ἀμύμων,
αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐξαῦτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.

Ἔνθα οἱ υἱὸς ἐπᾶλτο Πυλαιμένεος βασιλῆος
Ἀρπαλίων, ὅ ῥα πατρὶ φίλῳ ἕπετο πτολεμίζων
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ' αὖτις ἀφίκετο πατρίδα γαῖαν·
ὅς ῥα τότ' Ἀτρεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ

Bow'd double ; and Atrides, on his chest
Stamping his heel, despoil'd him of his arms,
And o'er him spoke his vaunt, and cried aloud :
" Now haply, now, O Trojans, howso'er
Haughty of soul and sateless in the thirst
Of bloody battle, ye will leave perchance
The Danaan ships at peace ! Ye traitorous hounds,
Of shame to me no sparers from the first—
Wronging me, and regardless quite of Him,
Who ruleth caring for the hearths of men,
Zeus, the Avenger ; and who yet shall wreak
Destruction on your city's lofty towers !
Robbers of much my wealth and of my wife,
My wedded wife, what time to you she gave
Fond welcome, and ye ravish'd her away !
And on the top of this would ye aspire
To burn our galleys with your wasting fires
And slaughter all our noblest ! Nay, I ween,
Whate'er your ardour, this will check you back.
O Father Zeus ! They tell how thou excell'st
In wondrous wisdom men and Gods alike ;
And yet 'tis thou who bring'st these things to pass.
To men of overweening hearts misproud
What grace thou show'st—these Trojans, whose hot blood
Knows no restraint of reason, nor will e'er
Be satiate with the moil of changeful war.
Of all things else comes sweet satiety ;
Of love, and slumber, and melodious song,
And dance delicious ; things of more delight
And more to be desired than fierce affray ;
Yet Troy will never sate her soul with war."
Speaking, the blameless hero off him stripp'd,
And to his comrades gave, the bloodstain'd arms,
Then turn'd, and mingled with the van again.

There first the son of King Pylæmenes,
Harpalion, assailed him : he had come
Following his father to this war with Troy
But never to his own dear land return'd.
Full on the centre of Atrides' shield

ἐγγύθεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι,
ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο Κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
πάντοσε παπταίνων, μή τις χρόα χαλκῷ ἐπαύρῃ.
Μηριόνης δ' ἀπιόντος ἴει χαλκήρε' ὀϊστὸν
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε γλουτὸν κάτα δεξιόν· αὐτὰρ ὀϊστὸς
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστέον ἐξεπέρησεν.
ἐζόμενος δὲ κατ' αὖθι, φίλων ἐν χερσὶν ἑταίρων
θυμὸν ἀποπνείων, ὥστε σκώληξ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖτο ταθείς· ἐκ δ' αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.
τὸν μὲν Παφλαγόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνέσαντες ἄγον προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ἀχνύμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι πατὴρ κίε δάκρυα λείβων,
ποινὴ δ' οὔτις παιδὸς ἐγίγνετο τεθνηῶτος.

Τοῦ δὲ Πάρις μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη.
ξεῖνος γάρ οἱ ἔην πολέσιν μετὰ Παφλαγόνεσσιν·
τοῦ ὅγε χωόμενος προΐει χαλκήρε' ὀϊστόν.
ἦν δέ τις Εὐχήνωρ, Πολυείδου μάντιος υἱὸς,
ἀφνειός τ' ἀγαθός τε, Κορινθόθι οἰκία ναίων,
ὅς ῥ' εὖ εἰδὼς Κῆρ' ὀλοὴν ἐπὶ νηὸς ἔβαινεν.
πολλάκι γάρ οἱ ἔειπε γέρων ἀγαθὸς Πολύειδος,
νούσῳ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῃ φθίσθαι οἷς ἐν μεγάροισιν,
ἢ μετ' Ἀχαιῶν νηυσὶν ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι·
τῷ ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέην θωὴν ἀλέεινεν Ἀχαιῶν
νοῦσόν τε στυγερὴν, ἵνα μὴ πάθοι ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς
ᾤχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
Ἕκτωρ δ' οὐκ ἐπέπυστο Διὶ φίλος, οὐδέ τι ᾔδη
ὅττι ῥά οἱ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ δηϊόωντο
λαοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείων· τάχα δ' ἂν καὶ κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν

He struck with spear, yet might not pierce it through :
And, whilst he drew him backward to the ranks,
Shunning his fate, and glancing timorously,
Lest some sharp javelin strike him from the foe,
Straight at him, as he went, Meriones
Discharged a brass-barb'd arrow ; and it struck
In the right flank ; beneath the spine sheer through
The point pass'd out ; he writhing sate, upheld
In his friends' arms, till, rendering up the ghost,
He dropp'd, like twisting worm, stretch'd flat on earth,
And the black blood made wet the ground about.
Round him the gallant Paphlagonian troop
Gave tendance, and uplifting to his car
Bare him to sacred Ilion ; whilst behind
His father follow'd, dropping bitter tears,
Nor gain'd a father's vengeance for his son.

For whose sad death was Paris anger'd most,
For that of all the Paphlagonian tribe
He was his friend ; wroth therefore for his sake,
He sent a brass-barb'd arrow through the host.
Of whom a certain man, Euchenor, fought,
Son of the seer Poleidus, rich and brave,
Who had embark'd and left his wealthy house
In Corinth, of his mournful fate forewarn'd ;
To whom the seer his father oft had told
An early death, by fell disease at home
If there he bode, or, if he went to war,
To fall amongst the ships by Trojan hand.
Therefore he went, and 'scaped the heavy mulct
(That else Achaia's chieftains had imposed)
And the loath'd pains of lingering disease.
Him under ear and jaw the arrow struck ;
Swift from his limbs the spirit fled away,
And hideous night enwrapp'd his eyes in death.

Thus, like some fiery furnace, raged the war.
But all this while not yet had Hector heard
Nor knew at all, how on the battle's left
His host was falling by the Achaian arms,

ἔπλετο· τοῖος γὰρ γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
ὦτρυν' Ἀργείους, πρὸς δὲ σθένει αὐτὸς ἄμυνεν·
ἀλλ' ἔχεν ᾗ τὰ πρῶτα πύλας καὶ τεῖχος ἐσᾶλτο,
ῥηξάμενος Δαναῶν πυκινὰς στίχας ἀσπιστάων,
ἔνθ' ἔσαν Αἴαντός τε νέες καὶ Πρωτεσιλάου
θῖν' ἔφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς εἰρυμέναι· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
τεῖχος ἐδέδμητο χθαμαλώτατον, ἔνθα μάλιστα
ζαχρηεῖς γίγνοντο μάχῃ αὐτοί τε καὶ ἵπποι.

Ἔνθα δὲ Βοιωτοὶ καὶ Ἰάονες ἑλκεχίτωνες,
Λοκροὶ καὶ Φθῖοι καὶ φαιδιμόεντες Ἐπειοὶ,
σπουδῇ ἐπαΐσσοντα νεῶν ἔχον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
ὦσαι ἀπὸ σφείων φλογὶ εἴκελον Ἕκτορα δῖον·
οἱ μὲν Ἀθηναίων προλελεγμένοι· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
ἦρχ' υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεὺς, οἱ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο
Φείδας τε Στιχίος τε Βίας τ' ἐΰς· αὐτὰρ Ἐπειῶν
Φυλείδης τε Μέγης Ἀμφίων τε Δρακίος τε,
πρὸ Φθίων δὲ Μέδων τε μενεπτόλεμός τε Ποδάρκης.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Ὀϊλῆος θείοιο
ἔσκε Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν
ἐν Φυλάκῃ, γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτὰς,
γνωτὸν μητρυιῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Ὀϊλεύς·
αὐτὰρ ὁ, Ἰφίκλοιο πάϊς τοῦ Φυλακίδαο·
οἱ μὲν πρὸ Φθίων μεγαθύμων θωρηχθέντες,
ναῦφιν ἀμυνόμενοι, μετὰ Βοιωτῶν ἐμάχοντο.

Αἴας δ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν, Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς υἱὸς,
ἵστατ' ἀπ' Αἴαντος Τελαμωνίου, οὐδ' ἠβαιὸν,
ἀλλ' ὥστ' ἐν νειῷ βόε οἴνοπε πηκτὸν ἄροτρον,
ἶσον θυμὸν ἔχοντε, τιταίνετον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφιν
πρυμνοῖσιν κεράεσσι πολὺς ἀνακηκίει ἱδρώς·
τὼ μέν τε ζυγὸν οἷον ἐΰξοον ἀμφὶς ἐέργει

And victory there inclined to Argos' sons,
(So much Poseidon quicken'd every heart,
Yea, and gave succour with his own strong hand);
But still that hero bode where first he leap'd
Into the breach, and burst the dense array
Of shielded Danaans. On that part the ships
Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood
High from the crested billows up the shore.
The rampart in their front stood, lowest built,
On sunken ground; and there they press'd the foe
In fiercest mellay, men and steeds alike.
For there the Locrian and the Phthian troop,
The far-renown'd Epeians, and the band
Bœotian, and the Ionian long-robed ranks
Of Athens, stay'd the onset from the fleet;
Yet could not so repel their noble foe,
Hector, like flame infuriate. First in front
The Athenians stood, commanded by the son
Of Peteus, brave Menestheus; by whose side
Pheidas, and Stychius, and huge Bias, led:
Meges, and Drachius, and Amphion, there
Headed the Epeians: in the Phthian van
Stood Medon, and Podarces, flower of war;
Medon, renown'd Oïleus' bastard son,
Brother of royal Ajax, but afar
Dwelling in Phylace, by guilt of blood
Exiled from Locris; for he there had slain
The son of Iphiclus, Phylacides,
A kinsman of his godlike father's wife;
These were the chieftains who in arms complete
Vanmost of all the valiant Phthians fought
Before the galleys by Bœotia's side.

But fleetfoot Ajax, Oiliades,
Fast unto Telamonian Ajax clave,
Nor left him, though 'twere e'er so little space.
But as two oxen, darkly hued like wine,
One in their ardour, draw a well-join'd plough
Across a fallow land; below their horns
Sweat in thick drops stands gathering; and they strain

ἱεμένω κατὰ ὦλκα· τεμεῖ δέ τε τέλσον ἀρούρης·
ὣς τὼ παρβεβαῶτε μάλ' ἔστασαν ἀλλήλοιϊν.
ἀλλ' ἦτοι Τελαμωνιάδῃ πολλοί τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
λαοὶ ἕπονθ' ἕταροι, οἵ οἱ σάκος ἐξεδέχοντο,
ὁππότε μιν κάματός τε καὶ ἱδρὼς γούναθ' ἵκοιτο.
οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀϊλιάδῃ μεγαλήτορι Λοκροὶ ἕποντο·
οὐ γάρ σφι σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ μίμνε φιλον κῆρ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχον κόρυθας χαλκήρεας ἱπποδασείας,
οὐδ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους καὶ μείλινα δούρα,
ἀλλ' ἄρα τόξοισιν καὶ ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Ἴλιον εἰς ἅμ' ἕποντο πεποιθότες, οἷσιν ἔπειτα
ταρφέα βάλλοντες Τρώων ῥήγνυντο φάλαγγας.
δή ῥα τόθ' οἱ μὲν πρόσθε σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν
μάρναντο Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ,
οἱ δ' ὄπιθεν βάλλοντες ἐλάνθανον· οὐδέ τι χάρμης
Τρῶες μιμνήσκοντο· συνεκλόνεον γὰρ ὀϊστοί.

Ἔνθα κε λευγαλέως νηῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
Τρῶες ἐχώρησαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν,
εἰ μὴ Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστάς·

"Ἕκτορ, ἀμήχανός ἐσσι παραῤῥητοῖσι πιθέσθαι.
οὕνεκά τοι περὶ δῶκε θεὸς πολεμήϊα ἔργα,
τοὔνεκα καὶ βουλῇ ἐθέλεις περιίδμεναι ἄλλων.
ἀλλ' οὔπως ἅμα πάντα δυνήσεαι αὐτὸς ἑλέσθαι.
ἄλλῳ μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκε θεὸς πολεμήϊα ἔργα·
[ἄλλῳ δ' ὀρχηστὺν, ἑτέρῳ κίθαριν καὶ ἀοιδήν·]
ἄλλῳ δ' ἐν στήθεσσι τιθεῖ νόον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἐσθλὸν, τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ ἐπαυρίσκοντ' ἄνθρωποι,
καί τε πολέας ἐσάωσε, μάλιστα δέ κ' αὐτὸς ἀνέγνω.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
πάντη γὰρ σε περὶ στέφανος πολέμοιο δέδηεν·

Along the furrow sever'd by the breadth
Of the yoke only, ploughing up the field ;
So either Ajax, moving side by side,
Each close to the other fought. Many and brave
The followers of the Son of Telamon,
Who would relieve him of his shield, if e'er
Fatigue and sweat fell heavy on his limbs.
But nearer to Oileus' valiant son
The Locrians durst not draw ; to close affray
Their hearts were not enured ; nor orbèd shields,
Nor horseplumed brazen helms, nor ashen spears
Were theirs : but they had come to Ilion's walls
Trusting their bows and slings of tight-twined wool ;
Wherewith they now pour'd down a ceaseless shower,
Breaking the Trojan line ; in mail of proof
Their chieftains battled in their front, but they,
So shelter'd, from the rear pour'd still their darts,
Till Troy 'gan lose her ardour in the fight,
Wavering beneath the arrows' endless shower.

Then had the Trojans made laborious flight
To wind-swept Ilion from the camp and fleet,
But near to Hector's side Polydamas
Took stand, and thus address'd his wingèd words :
" Hector, too stubborn to advice art thou.
Think'st thou, because thou hast pre-eminence
Of strength to war on thee bestow'd by heaven,
In council therefore thou must needs excel ?
Nay, verily ; thou wilt not 'vail to take
All knowledge to thyself. As Heav'n to one
Gives strength in war, but to another grants
Grace in the dance, and to a third the power
Of harp and song melodious, so a fourth
Hath in his breast implanted by great Zeus
The excellent gift of wisdom ; many men
Reap good thereof, and States are saved thereby,
But none hath richer harvest than himself.
So hear me, what now seemeth to me best.
Battle enrings thee as with flaming fire ;
And since they storm'd the bulwark o'er the trench,

Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι, ἐπεὶ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβησαν,
οἱ μὲν ἀφεστᾶσιν σὺν τεύχεσιν, οἱ δὲ μάχονται
παυρότεροι πλεόνεσσι, κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας.
ἄλλ' ἀναχασσάμενος κάλει ἐνθάδε πάντας ἀρίστους·
ἔνθεν δ' ἂν μάλα πᾶσαν ἐπιφρασσαίμεθα βουλὴν,
ἤ κεν ἐνὶ νήεσσι πολυκλήϊσι πέσωμεν,
αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσι θεὸς δόμεναι κράτος, ἤ κεν ἔπειτα
πὰρ νηῶν ἔλθωμεν ἀπήμονες. ἦ γὰρ ἔγωγε
δείδω μὴ τὸ χθιζὸν ἀποστήσωνται Ἀχαιοὶ
χρεῖος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀνὴρ ἄτος πολέμοιο
μίμνει, ὃν οὐκέτι πάγχυ μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὀΐω."

Ὣς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἄδε δ' Ἕκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων,
[αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε,]
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.

"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν αὐτοῦ ἐρύκακε πάντας ἀρίστους·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολεμοιο·
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὖτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ὡρμήθη ὄρεϊ νιφόεντι ἐοικὼς,
κεκληγὼς, διὰ δὲ Τρώων πέτετ' ἠδ' ἐπικούρων.
οἱ δ' ἐς Πανθοίδην ἀγαπήνορα Πουλυδάμαντα
πάντες ἐπεσσεύοντ', ἐπεὶ Ἕκτορος ἔκλυον αὐδήν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δηϊφοβόν τε βίην θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα καὶ Ἄσιον, Ὑρτάκου υἱὸν,
φοίτα ἀνὰ προμάχους διζήμενος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
τοὺς δ' εὗρ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἀπήμονας οὐδ' ἀνολέθρους·
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρύμνῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες,
οἱ δ' ἐν τείχει ἔσαν βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
τὸν δὲ τάχ' εὗρε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ δακρυοέσσης
δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, Ἑλένης πόσιν ἠϋκόμοιο,
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν.

"Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμανὲς, ἠπεροπευτὰ,
ποῦ τοι Δηΐφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος

The gallant Trojans either stand aloof
Waiting in arms, or still are struggling on,
Few against many, scatter'd through the ships.
Therefore retire awhile, and hither call
The noblest chieftains, hence to take survey,
Whether to charge in onset midst their barks,
Should Heav'n vouchsafe to us such mastery,
Or to withdraw, if need be, still unharm'd.
Myself I dread, lest soon Achaia's host
Mete back with ample usury their debt
Of yester-eve ; whose chiefest hero still
Abides unroused, unsated of affray—
Who will not alway hold him thus aloof."
He ceased ; his rede, of evil issue clear,
Seem'd good to Hector, who full-arm'd to earth
Leapt down, and thus return'd his wingèd words :
"Therefore, Polydamas, remain thyself
To stay the chieftains, whilst I yonder pass
To call them thence, and face the battle's brunt ;
Thereafter I will haste me back forthwith."
He spoke, and moved away, and show'd in arms
Like some snow-crested mountain ; loud he raised
His cry, and to and fro amongst the ranks
Flew, ordering ; and whoe'er received his hest,
Made tow'rd the side of brave Polydamas :
Whilst he still sought the champions of the van,
If haply he might find Deïphobus,
Or the vast strength of princely Helenus,
Asius, or Adamas, great Asius' son :
Not scathless, not unvisited by death,
He found them, but beside the galleys some
Reft of their lives by hands of Argives lay,
And some within the city wounded sore.
But on the mournful battle's left extreme
He came on Paris, lovely Helen's lord,
Kindling, bestirring, to the war his men,
Drew near him, and upbraiding chode him thus :
"Foul-omen'd Paris ! fair in form alone !
Infatuate, soft beguiler of fond girls !
Where is Deïphobus? And where the might

'Ασιάδης τ' 'Αδάμας ἠδ' Ἄσιος, Ὑρτάκου υἱός ;
ποῦ δέ τοι 'Οθρυονεύς ; νῦν ὤλετο πᾶσα κατ' ἄκρης
Ἴλιος αἰπεινή· νῦν τοι σῶς αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν 'Αλέξανδρος θεοειδής·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐπεί τοι θυμὸς ἀναίτιον αἰτιάασθαι,
ἄλλοτε δή ποτε μᾶλλον ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο
μέλλω, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ πάμπαν ἀνάλκιδα γείνατο μήτηρ.
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἤγειρας ἑταίρων,
ἐκ τοῦδ' ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες ὁμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν
νωλεμέως· ἕταροι δὲ κατέκταθεν, οὓς σὺ μεταλλᾷς. 780
οἵω Δηΐφοβός τε βίη θ' 'Ελένοιο ἄνακτος
οἴχεσθον, μακρῇσι τετυμμένω ἐγχείῃσιν
ἀμφοτέρω κατὰ χεῖρα· φόνον δ' ἤμυνε Κρονίων.
νῦν δ' ἄρχ', ὅππη σε κραδίη θυμός τε κελεύει·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐμμεμαῶτες ἅμ' ἑψόμεθ', οὐδέ τί φημι
ἀλκῆς δευήσεσθαι, ὅση δύναμίς γε πάρεστιν.
πὰρ δύναμιν δ' οὐκ ἔστι, καὶ ἐσσύμενον, πολεμίζειν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως.
βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἔνθα μάλιστα μάχη καὶ φύλοπις ἦεν,
ἀμφί τε Κεβριόνην καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα, 790
Φάλκην 'Ορθαῖόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολυφήτην
Πάλμυν τ' 'Ασκάνιόν τε Μόρυν θ', υἷ' Ἱπποτίωνος,
οἵ ῥ' ἐξ 'Ασκανίης ἐριβώλακος ἦλθον ἀμοιβοὶ
ἠοῖ τῇ προτέρῃ· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς ὦρσε μάχεσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἴσαν, ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀτάλαντοι ἀέλλῃ,
ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρὸς Διὸς εἶσι πέδονδε,
θεσπεσίῳ δ' ὁμάδῳ ἁλὶ μίσγεται, ἔν δέ τε πολλὰ
κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλάσσης,

Of royal Helenus? And Asius' Son?
And Asius, son of noble Hyrtacus?
And where Othryoneus? Alas, this day
Ilion hath toppled headlong from her height,
Yea, utter ruin now must surely come."
Whom godlike Alexander answered thus:
"Hector, thou blam'st me, where no blame is due.
Albeit perchance at other whiles I seem
To lag in battle, yet my mother bare
Her son no common craven; and, since here
Amongst the galleys thou hast pitch'd the war,
We on this part have battled, hand to hand,
Unresting, respiteless, against the foe.
But they of whom thou askest, all have fall'n,
Only the might of royal Helenus,
And brave Deïphobus, survive, and both,
Wounded with javelins through the hand, have gone,
But Zeus hath saved their lives. Lead therefore thou,
Whither thy heart and spirit prompt thee on;
We will be near behind thee undismay'd,
Nor blench, so far as in us lies the strength;
For, howsoe'er the spirit burn to war,
No man can pass the measure of his strength."
The hero spoke, and won his brother's heart:
And thither made their way, where now the fight
Raged hottest, round the brave Polydamas,
Phalkas, Orthæus, and Cebriones,
And godlike Polyphetes, and the sons
Of King Hippotion, Morus, Ascanus,
And Palmys, who had join'd the yestermorn
Relief from rich Ascania; these now stood
Together, rallied to the war by Zeus.

And on they went, like some dense-gathering storm
Of violent winds that come with thunder-clap
From Father Zeus upon the earth, and fall
Tumultuous, as they mingle with the deep,
Whereon a thousand billows rise upcurl'd,
White-crested, spattering off their heads the foam,
Along the echoing ocean, line on line,

κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα, πρὸ μέν τ' ἄλλ', αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλα·
ὣς Τρῶες πρὸ μὲν ἄλλοι ἀρηρότες αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλοι,
χαλκῷ μαρμαίροντες ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕποντο.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἡγεῖτο, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσος Ἄρηϊ,
Πριαμίδης· πρόσθεν δ' ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
ῥινοῖσίν πυκινὴν, πολλὸς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ σείετο πήληξ.
πάντη δ' ἀμφὶ φάλαγγας ἐπειρᾶτο προποδίζων,
εἴ πώς οἱ εἴξειαν ὑπασπίδια προβιβάντι·
ἀλλ' οὐ σύγχει θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος προκαλέσσατο, μακρὰ βιβάσθων·

" Δαιμόνιε, σχεδὸν ἐλθέ· τίη δειδίσσεαι αὔτως
Ἀργείους; οὔτοι τι μάχης ἀδαήμονές εἰμεν,
ἀλλὰ Διὸς μάστιγι κακῇ ἐδάμημεν Ἀχαιοί.
ἦ θήν πού τοι θυμὸς ἐέλπεται ἐξαλαπάξειν
νῆας· ἄφαρ δέ τε χεῖρες ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἡμῖν.
ἦ κε πολὺ φθαίη εὐναιομένη πόλις ὑμὴ
χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ φημὶ σχεδὸν ἔμμεναι, ὁππότε φεύγων
ἀρήσῃ Διὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν
θάσσονας ἰρήκων ἔμεναι καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
οἵ σε πόλινδ' οἴσουσι κονίοντες πεδίοιο."

Ὣς ἄρα οἱ εἰπόντι ἐπέπτατο δεξιὸς ὄρνις,
αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης· ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν
θάρσυνος οἰωνῷ· ὁ δ' ἀμείβετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·

" Αἶαν ἀμαρτοεπὲς, βουγάϊε, ποῖον ἔειπες;
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν οὕτω γε Διὸς παῖς αἰγιόχοιο
εἴην ἤματα πάντα, τέκοι δέ με πότνια Ἥρη,
τιοίμην δ' ὡς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς νῦν ἡμέρη ἥδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν
πᾶσι μάλ'· ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι πεφήσεαι, αἴ κε ταλάσσῃς
μεῖναι ἐμὸν δόρυ μακρὸν, ὅ τοι χρόα λειριόεντα
δάψει· ἀτὰρ Τρώων κορέεις κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνοὺς
δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο· τοὶ δ' ἅμ ἕποντο

First these, then others; so in war-array,
First these, then others, with their leaders came
The Trojan troops; whom Hector, Priam's son,
Led first, nor less than slaughterous Ares seem'd
With full-orb'd buckler, in his front out-thrust,
Of hides compact, but boss'd with brazen studs,
And the bright morion nodding round his brows.
Such show'd he, striding round Achaia's ranks,
Sheltering each step, if haply they would yield;
But might not so confound their fearless hearts;
And Ajax forward strode, and challenged loud:
"Draw nearer, friend! why fright'st thou Argos' sons
Thus vainly? Though the evil scourge of Zeus
This day subdues us, not so all untrain'd
Are we, that merest show should fright us back.
Thy soul aspires, I ween, to burn our ships;
Our arms are strong as thine, to guard them still.
Rather shall your rich city perish first,
Under our conquering arms despoil'd and strewn.
And to thine own proud self I give this rede:
The hour is near when thou in flight shalt call
On Zeus and all the Powers of Heav'n to lend
Wings to your glossy horses, swift as hawks,
To bear you home, dust-clouded o'er the plain."
And, as he spoke, a soaring eagle flew
On the right hand above him; all the host
Acclaim'd, exultant in the sign; but thus
Hector, the hero of the glancing helm:
"Thou gross injurious braggart, wide of truth!
What saying this? For would I were begot
Of mighty Zeus to everlasting life,
The child of royal Herè, and adored
As Phœbus and Athenè are in heaven,
As surely as this day brings evil plight
On all Argeians—and on thee not least,
If thou dar'st wait my javelin! I will rend
Thy lily skin, and leave thy dainty flesh
Fattening the vultures and the dogs of Troy,
Where thou shalt fall, downstricken 'mid the fleet."
He spoke, and led the way, with whom advanced

ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, ἔπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς ὄπισθεν.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐπίαχον, οὐδ' ἐλάθοντο
ἀλκῆς, ἀλλ' ἔμενον Τρώων ἐπιόντας ἀρίστους.
ἠχὴ δ' ἀμφοτέρων ἵκετ' αἰθέρα καὶ Διὸς αὐγάς.

With terrible shout the chieftains, and, behind,
Their legions, cheering ; but the ranks adverse
Of Argos stood, not mindless of their might,
And answer'd cheer for cheer, and stedfast bode
Troy's best and bravest : and the sound went up
To the empyreän and the rays of heaven.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ξ'.

— ♦ —

Διὸς ἀπάτη.

Νέστορα δ' οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχὴ πίνοντά περ ἔμπης,
ἀλλ' Ἀσκληπιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Φράζεο, δῖε Μαχάων, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα·
μείζων δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοὴ θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν πῖνε καθήμενος αἴθοπα οἶνον,
εἰσόκε θερμὰ λοετρὰ ἐϋπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη
θερμήνῃ καὶ λούσῃ ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐλθὼν τάχα εἴσομαι ἐς περιωπήν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν σάκος εἶλε τετυγμένον υἱος ἑοῖο,
κείμενον ἐν κλισίῃ, Θρασυμήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο,
χαλκῷ παμφαῖνον· ὁ δ' ἔχ' ἀσπίδα πατρὸς ἑοῖο.
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
στῇ δ' ἐκτὸς κλισίης, τάχα δ' εἴσιδεν ἔργον ἀεικὲς,
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὄπισθεν,
Τρῶας ὑπερθύμους· ἐρέριπτο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,
ὀσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα
αὔτως, οὐδ' ἄρα τε προκυλίνδεται οὐδετέρωσε,
πρίν τινα κεκριμένον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρον,
ὣς ὁ γέρων ὥρμαινε δαϊζόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν
διχθάδι', ἢ μεθ' ὅμιλον ἴοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
ἠὲ μετ' Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
βῆναι ἐπ' Ἀτρείδην. οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον

ILIAD XIV.

Nor Nestor in the tent, though drinking wine,
Mark'd not the cry of battle louder borne,
But rose, and thus addressed Asclepius' Son ;
"Weigh well, Machaon, noble-hearted chief,
What way these deeds are being accomplishèd :
The battle-cry comes louder from the ships :
Remain thou still, and drink this glowing wine,
Till fair-hair'd Hecamède in my tent
With heated waters cleanse from off thy wound
The clotted blood ; but I must quickly forth
To some high place, gaze round me, and know all."
Speaking, he raised the shield of Thrasymed
His son (for Thrasymed had ta'en his sire's),
Embossed with glittering brass ; brass-tipp'd and strong
A lance he likewise took, and stood in arms
Without the tent ; and thence beheld, and knew
The shameful rout—the Argeians now in flight,
And the haught Trojans thronging on their heels,
And all Achaia's rampart burst and strewn.
As a great sea, in one dumb heaving wave,
Foreshadowing sudden passage of shrill winds,
Stands, purpling, nor is roll'd to either side,
Till down the blast hath come inclined from heaven ;
So sway'd the Elder, and his heart was cleft
In sunder, or to turn him to the throng
Of swift-horsed Danaans, or to seek the king
Atrides Agamemnon. Thus in doubt
It seem'd to him the better to resort
Unto Atrides. They meantime fought on
Slaughtering each other ; and their mails of proof

μαρνάμενοι· λάκε δέ σφι περὶ χροΐ χαλκὸς ἀτειρὴς
νυσσομένων ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.

Νέστορι δὲ ξύμβλητο Διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες
πὰρ νηῶν ἀνιόντες, ὅσοι βεβλήατο χαλκῷ,
Τυδείδης Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνων.
πολλὸν γάρ ῥ' ἀπάνευθε μάχης εἰρύατο νῆες
θῖν ἔφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς· τὰς γὰρ πρώτας πεδίονδε
εἴρυσαν, αὐτὰρ τεῖχος ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἔδειμαν.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ', εὐρύς περ ἐὼν, ἐδυνήσατο πάσας
αἰγιαλὸς νῆας χαδέειν, στείνοντο δέ λαοί·
τῷ ῥα προκρόσσας ἔρυσαν, καὶ πλῆσαν ἀπάσης
ἠϊόνος στόμα μακρὸν, ὅσον συνεέργαθον ἄκραι.
τῷ ῥ' οἵγ' ὀψείοντες ἀϋτῆς καὶ πολέμοιο,
ἔγχει ἐρειδόμενοι, κίον ἀθρόοι· ἄχνυτο δέ σφιν
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν. ὁ δὲ ξύμβλητο γεραιὸς,
Νέστωρ, πτῆξε δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
τὸν καὶ φωνήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

"Ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
τίπτε λιπὼν πόλεμον φθισήνορα δεῦρ' ἀφικάνεις;
δείδω μὴ δή μοι τελέσῃ ἔπος ὄβριμος Ἕκτωρ,
ὥς ποτ' ἐπηπείλησεν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ' ἀγορεύων,
μὴ πρὶν πὰρ νηῶν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέεσθαι,
πρὶν πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, κτεῖναι δὲ καὶ αὐτούς.
κεῖνος τὼς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὴ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται.
ὤ πόποι, ἦ ῥα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν θυμῷ βάλλονται ἐμοὶ χόλον, ὥσπερ Ἀχιλλεὺς,
οὐδ' ἐθέλουσι μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι νέεσσιν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
"ἦ δὴ ταῦτά γ' ἐτοῖμα τετεύχαται, οὐδέ κεν ἄλλως
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης αὐτὸς παρατεκτήναιτο.
τεῖχος μὲν γὰρ δὴ κατερήριπεν, ᾧ ἐπέπιθμεν
ἄῤῥηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἶλαρ ἔσεσθαι·
οἱ δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσι μάχην ἀλίαστον ἔχουσιν
νωλεμές· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτι γνοίης, μάλα περ σκοπιάζων,

Rang round their bodies smitten, as they met
The dint of sword and pointed spikèd spear.

Tow'rd Nestor meeting came the heav'nsprung chiefs,
Tydides, Odyseus, and Atreus' Son,
The wounded three, now moving from their ships.
For many barks along that white sea-shore
Were ranged at distance from the battle-field ;
Out to the plain the foremost stretch'd, and there
The rampart hard upon their sterns was rear'd ;
Nor thus the breadth of shingle could contain
Their number, but the host had straiten'd room ;
Hence, step by step, they ranged them, ladder-like,
Filling the inlet long of all that coast,
'Twixt the two promontories, either side.
Therefore together, leaning on their spears,
The three came forth, desiring whence to view
The battle, though their hearts were sore with pain.
And thus the Elder met them ; their dear minds
Were stricken to behold him : whilst the king
Atrides Agamemnon spake and said :
" O Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !
Why com'st thou thus, and leav'st the deadly fray ?
Truly I fear lest Hector in his pride
Fulfil the threats he threaten'd loud in Troy,
Never to wind-swept Ilion to return,
Ere he had burnt our ships and slain the crews.
Yea, this will surely now be brought to pass :
For, verily, not less than Peleus' Son,
Hath every gallant warrior through the host
Nursed up a grudge against me, and is loth
To battle, though it be to save his bark."
To whom Gerenè's chief made answer thus :
" This that thou sayest hath pass'd, and o'er the past
Not Zeus the Thunderer in heaven hath power
To turn it from its course. Behold the wall,
The boasted bulwark of our ships and lives,
Wherein we trusted, burst and strewn to earth ;
Whilst hard upon our arrowy ships the foe
Maintains a ceaseless and unending fight.

ὀπποτέρωθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ὀρινόμενοι κλονέονται·
ὣς ἐπιμὶξ κτείνονται, ἀϋτὴ δ' οὐρανὸν ἵκει.
ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ' ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
εἴ τι νόος ῥέξει· πόλεμον δ' οὐκ ἄμμε κελεύω
δύμεναι· οὐ γάρ πως βεβλημένον ἔστι μάχεσθαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"Νέστορ, ἐπειδὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρύμνῃσι μάχονται,
τεῖχος δ' οὔκ ἔχραισμε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τι τάφρος,
ᾗ ἔπι πόλλ' ἔπαθον Δαναοί, ἔλποντο δὲ θυμῷ
ἄῤῥηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἶλαρ ἔσεσθαι,
οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέϊ φίλον εἶναι,
νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς.
ᾔδεα μὲν γὰρ ὅτε πρόφρων Δαναοῖσιν ἄμυνεν,
οἶδα δὲ νῦν ὅτι τοὺς μὲν ὁμῶς μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν
κυδάνει, ἡμέτερον δὲ μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἔδησεν.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
νῆες ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύαται ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
ἕλκωμεν, πάσας δὲ ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
ὕψι δ' ἐπ' εὐνάων ὁρμίσσομεν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ
νὺξ ἀβρότη, ἣν καὶ τῇ ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες· ἔπειτα δέ κεν ἐρυσαίμεθα νῆας ἁπάσας.
οὐ γάρ τις νέμεσις φυγέειν κακὸν, οὐδ' ἀνὰ νύκτα.
βέλτερον ὃς φεύγων προφύγῃ κακὸν ἠὲ ἁλώῃ."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων.
οὐλόμεν', αἴθ' ὤφελλες ἀεικελίου στρατοῦ ἄλλου
σημαίνειν, μηδ' ἄμμιν ἀνασσέμεν, οἷσιν ἄρα Ζεὺς
ἐκ νεότητος ἔδωκε καὶ ἐς γῆρας τολυπεύειν
ἀργαλέους πολέμους, ὄφρα φθιόμεσθα ἕκαστος.
οὕτω δὴ μέμονας Τρώων πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
καλλείψειν, ἧς εἵνεκ' ὀϊζύομεν κακὰ πολλά;
σίγα, μή τίς τ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν τοῦτον ἀκούσῃ
μῦθον, ὃν οὔ κεν ἀνήρ γε διὰ στόμα πάμπαν ἄγοιτο,
ὅστις ἐπίσταιτο ᾗσι φρεσὶν ἄρτια βάζειν

Nor couldst thou, though with keenest ken, discern
Who be the victors, who the vanquish'd, there ;
So throng'd they fall, and mingled raise the cry.
Weigh therefore well, what way these deeds may end,
If counsel may do aught ; for to the fray
I bid ye not ; the wounded may not fight."

To whom the King made answer thus, and said :
"Since, Nestor, at our galleys' sterns the foe,
Nor aught the wall hath 'vail'd, nor aught the trench
(For there was heaviest loss, albeit we hoped
Therein the bulwark of our ships and lives),
I ween that Zeus hath will'd Achaia's sons
Must perish far from Argos nameless here :
Full well I knew what time his help was ours,
As now I know that he vouchsafes our foes
A glory that exalts them to the strain
Of blissful Gods, but fetters all our might.
Hear therefore, and obey as I enjoin.
The hindmost galleys, nighest to the sea,
These launch forth now upon the sacred deep,
Yet make them fast to moorings still ashore,
Till night ambrosial fall, if haply night
Will stay the Trojans from their fierce assail :
Then be the whole fleet launchèd out to sea.
What shame to flee from ruin, though by night ?
Better ev'n thus to flee, than captives fall."

Sternly Odysseus frown'd and made reply :
"Say'st thou, Atrides ! what new saying this
Hath slipp'd the ivory portal of thy teeth ?
Most evil Chief ! I tell thee, would to Heaven
Thou wert the captain of some sorry crew
Nor rulèdst us—to whom, 'twould nathless seem,
Zeus hath ordain'd that from our youth to age
We must spin on, till every man hath died,
This endless thread of battle and distress !
Was this thy word, to leave broad-streeted Troy
Standing, and all our sorrows unavenged ?
Oh, tell it not abroad, lest others hear
Counsel which none should suffer on his tongue
Who knew the words of wisdom, or who ruled,

σκηπτοῦχός τ' εἴη, καί οἱ πειθοίατο λαοὶ
τοσσοίδ' ὅσσοισιν σὺ μετ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσεις·
[νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες·]
ὃς κέλεαι πολέμοιο συνεσταότος καὶ ἀϋτῆς
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἅλαδ' ἑλκέμεν, ὄφρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
Τρωσὶ μὲν εὐκτὰ γένηται ἐπικρατέουσί περ ἔμπης,
ἡμῖν δ' αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος ἐπιῤῥέπῃ. οὐ γὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
σχήσουσιν πόλεμον νηῶν ἅλαδ' ἑλκομενάων, 100
ἀλλ' ἀποπαπτανέουσιν, ἐρωήσουσι δὲ χάρμης.
ἔνθα κε σὴ βουλὴ δηλήσεται, ὄρχαμε λαῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ Ὀδυσεῦ, μάλα πώς με καθίκεο θυμὸν ἐνιπῇ
ἀργαλέῃ· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὲν ἐγὼν ἀέκοντας ἄνωγα
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἅλαδ' ἑλκέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
νῦν δ' εἴη ὃς τῆσδέ γ' ἀμείνονα μῆτιν ἐνίσποι,
ἦ νέος ἠὲ παλαιός· ἐμοὶ δέ κεν ἀσμένῳ εἴη."

Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
"ἐγγὺς ἀνήρ—οὐ δηθὰ ματεύσομεν— αἴ κ' ἐθέλητε 110
πείθεσθαι, καὶ μή τι κότῳ ἀγάσησθε ἕκαστος,
οὕνεκα δὴ γενεῇφι νεώτατός εἰμι μεθ' ὑμῖν·
πατρὸς δ' ἐξ ἀγαθοῦ καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὔχομαι εἶναι.
[Τυδέος, ὃν Θήβῃσι χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει.]
Πορθεῖ γὰρ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,
ᾤκεον δ' ἐν Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι,
Ἄγριος ἠδὲ Μέλας, τρίτατος δ' ἦν ἱππότα Οἰνεύς,
πατρὸς ἐμοῖο πατήρ· ἀρετῇ δ' ἦν ἔξοχος αὐτῶν.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μεῖνε, πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς Ἄργεϊ νάσθη
πλαγχθείς· ὣς γάρ που Ζεὺς ἤθελε καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι. 120
Ἀδρήστοιο δ' ἔγημε θυγατρῶν, ναῖε δὲ δῶμα
ἀφνειὸν βιότοιο, ἅλις δέ οἱ ἦσαν ἄρουραι
πυροφόροι, πολλοὶ δὲ φυτῶν ἔσαν ὄρχατοι ἀμφὶς,
πολλὰ δέ οἱ πρόβατ' ἔσκε· κέκαστο δὲ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
ἐγχείῃ· τὰ δὲ μέλλετ' ἀκουέμεν, εἰ ἐτεόν περ.
τῷ οὐκ ἄν με γένος γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φάντες
μῦθον ἀτιμήσαιτε πεφασμένον, ὅν κ' εὖ εἴπω.

A sceptred King o'er nations of renown
Like these o'er whom in Argos thou hast sway.
I blame thee openly, without restraint,
For this thy rede, who bidd'st us, whilst the war
Hedgeth us round, and in our ears the cry,
To launch our benchèd galleys out to sea :
'Twould be to bring to pass the hopes of Troy,
And draw destruction quicker on our heads.
For surely, when the Achaians saw their ships
Now thrusting out, they must perforce cast back
Their longing eyes and slacken in the fight.
Yea, sovran chieftain, though 'twere only this,
Thee to condemn this only would suffice."

To whom the King made answer thus, and said :
"Severe thou speak'st, Odysseus, and on me
Reflectest more than due, who counsell'd not
Achaia's sons, if loth at all, to launch ;
Rather let any, be he young or old,
Give better counsel, welcome most to me."

Then freely spoke Tydides 'mongst them all :
"And one is nigh to give it, whom if ye
Will hearken, long we shall not linger here.
Nor cast my youth, I pray you, in my teeth ;
For from a noble sire I draw my birth,
Ev'n Tydeus, whom his tomb now holds in Thebes.
Pentheus begat three valiant sons, who dwelt
In Pleuron and the woods of Calydon,
Agrius and Melas, two, but Œneus, third,
The father of my father, famed in arms :
He lived and died in Pleuron, but his son
A wandering exile thence (so seem'd it good
To Zeus and other gods) to Argos came,
Where of the daughters of Adrastus' house
He took his wife, and with him dwelt, renown'd
And wealthy ; plenteous fields of waving corn
Were his, and many rows of vines about,
Large flocks and herds ; nor better spearman lived
In Argos : this ye need not me to vouch.
Wherefore, what well I speak, ye may not slur
By charge of poor dishonourable birth.

δεῦτ' ἴομεν πόλεμόνδε, καὶ οὐτάμενοί περ, ἀνάγκῃ·
ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' αὐτοὶ μὲν ἐχώμεθα δηϊοτῆτος
ἐκ βελέων, μή πού τις ἐφ' ἕλκεϊ ἕλκος ἄρηται·
ἄλλους δ' ὀτρύνοντες ἐνήσομεν, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
θυμῷ ἦρα φέροντες ἀφεστᾶσ' οὐδὲ μάχονται."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπ οντο·
βὰν δ' ἴμεν, ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.

Οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος,
ἀλλὰ μετ' αὐτοὺς ἦλθε παλαιῷ φωτὶ ἐοικώς,
δεξιτερὴν δ' ἕλε χεῖρ' Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν δή που Ἀχιλλῆος ὀλοὸν κῆρ
γηθεῖ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, φόνον καὶ φύζαν Ἀχαιῶν
δερκομένῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ οἱ ἔνι φρένες οὐδ' ἠβαιαί.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ὣς ἀπόλοιτο, θεὸς δέ ἑ σιφλώσειεν·
σοὶ δ' οὔπω μάλα πάγχυ θεοὶ μάκαρες κοτέουσιν,
ἀλλ' ἔτι που Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
εὐρὺ κονίσουσιν πεδίον, σὺ δ' ἐπόψεαι αὐτὸς
φεύγοντας προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."

Ὣς εἰπὼν μέγ' ἄϋσεν, ἐπεσσύμενος πεδίοιο.
ὅσσον δ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι
ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρηος,
τόσσην ἐκ στήθεσφιν ὄπα κρείων ἐνοσίχθων
ἧκεν· Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἑκάστῳ
καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.

Ἥρη δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσόθρονος ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
στᾶσ' ἐξ Οὐλύμποιο ἀπὸ ῥίου· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ποιπνύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν,
αὐτοκασίγνητον καὶ δαέρα, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·
Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
ἥμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερὸς δέ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
ὅππως ἐξαπάφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο.
ἥδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλὴ,
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἴδην εὖ ἐντύνασαν ἓ αὐτὴν,
εἴ πως ἱμείραιτο παραδραθέειν φιλότητι

We must to battle forth, despite our wounds ;
Yet, lest we haply so add hurt to hurt,
Beyond the fray take stand, and clear of darts ;
Thence can we rally and quicken those, who now
For pleasure of their own faint hearts retire."
He spoke ; to whom they listen'd, nothing loth,
And moved ; and Agamemnon led the way.

Nor then for nought his watch Poseidon held
But, following in the guise of agèd man,
Took by the right hand Atreus' Son the King
And spoke and thus address'd his wingèd words :
"Now leaps the murderous heart of Peleus' Son
For joy within him, that he vengeful sees
The slaughter and the rout of thy brave host,
Nay, let him to the ruin doom'd by Heaven ;
He hath no knowledge in him—not a gleam.
For not with thee the blissful Gods are wroth ;
And soon the princes and the chiefs of Troy
O'er yonder plain shall raise the clouding dust
Fleeing, and thine own self shalt see their flight."
He spoke, and charging shouted loud, as when
Nine thousand or ten thousand men of war
Uplift their voices in the shock of arms ;
So loud the voice the sovran Ocean-God
Gave from his throat, and breathed on Argos' sons
A giant strength, to endless battle fain.

And golden-thronèd Herè view'd their plight
From off the Olympian pillar, where she stood,
And joy'd, beholding in the ennobling strife
Her own and husband's brother ranging free ;
Thence turn'd her gaze, and on the topmost peak
Of many-fountain'd Ida spied her Lord
Still sitting ; and she loathed him in her heart.
Therefore the broad-brow'd Goddess 'gan revolve
How best to guile the sense of mighty Zeus.
This show'd the wisest counsel to her mind :
To go to Ida, in rich garments dight,
And haply to beguile him to her side,

ἦ χροιῇ, τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπήμονά τε λιαρόν τε
χεύῃ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσιν.
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἐς θάλαμον, τόν οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν,
Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν
κληῖδι κρυπτῇ, τὴν δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄλλος ἀνῷγεν.
ἔνθ' ἴγ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φαεινάς.
ἀμβροσίῃ μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροὸς ἱμερόεντος
λύματα πάντα κάθηρεν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,
ἀμβροσίῳ ἑδανῷ, τό ῥά οἱ τεθυωμένον ἦεν·
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο Διὸς κατὰ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ
ἔμπης ἐς γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἵκετ' ἀϋτμή.
τῷ ῥ' ἥγε χρόα καλὸν ἀλειψαμένη, ἰδὲ χαίτας
πεξαμένη, χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἔπλεξε φαεινοὺς,
καλοὺς ἀμβροσίους, ἐκ κράατος ἀθανάτοιο.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιον ἑανὸν ἕσαθ', ὅν οἱ Ἀθήνη
ἕξυσ' ἀσκήσασα, τίθει δ' ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πολλά·
χρυσείῃς δ' ἐνετῇσι κατὰ στῆθος περονᾶτο.
ζώσατο δὲ ζώνην, ἑκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀραρυῖαν,
ἐν δ' ἄρα ἕρματα ἧκεν ἐϋτρήτοισι λοβοῖσιν,
τρίγληνα μορόεντα· χάρις δ' ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.
κρηδέμνῳ δ' ἐφύπερθε καλύψατο δῖα θεάων
καλῷ νηγατέῳ· λευκὸν δ' ἦν ἠέλιος ὥς·
ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντα περὶ χροῒ θήκατο κόσμον,
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο, καλεσσαμένη δ' Ἀφροδίτην
τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε θεῶν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, φίλον τέκος, ὅττι κεν εἴπω,
ἠέ κεν ἀρνήσαιω, κοτεσσαμένη τόγε θυμῷ,
οὕνεκ' ἐγὼ Δαναοῖσι, σὺ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγεις;"

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
"Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θύγατερ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο,
αὔδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν."

Τὴν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"δὸς νῦν μοι φιλότητα καὶ ἵμερον, ᾧτε σὺ πάντας
δαμνᾷ ἀθανάτους ἠδὲ θνητοὺς ἀνθρώπους.

To lie with her, and then upon his lids
And sense and soul to shower a painless sleep.
She sought the chamber therefore, to her bed
Built by her son Hephæstus, who had raised
Thick portals to its posts, which moved to key
Unknown ; no other God e'er oped that door.
She enter'd and she closed the shining valves.
There first she cleansed of every taint and spot
Her lovely form in pure ambrosial stream ;
Anointing her with oil, divinely sweet,
Rich, fragrant ; as she shower'd it o'er her limbs
Deep in Zeus' brass-paved mansion, floated forth
The odorous breath thereof through earth and heaven.
Thereafter, and with hair disparted smooth,
About her heavenly brows she wound long locks ;
And clothed her in ambrosial delicate robe,
Wrought with embroidery by Athenè's hand,
And broach'd across her breasts with clasps of gold ;
A girdle with a hundred pendants hung
She donn'd, and through the pierced lobes of her ears
Drew the bright earrings, triple-jewell'd gems,
Fine-wrought, whereof the beauty shone far round ;
Then from her head she veil'd her in thin veil,
White, and its whiteness shone as shines the sun,
And bound rich sandals 'neath her glistening feet.
So, having deck'd her in a rich array,
She issued from the chamber, and she call'd
Fair Aphroditè to a place apart,
Where no God else might list them, and she spake :
"My child, wilt grant the boon I now may ask,
Or wilt thou still deny me, for thy wrath
That I befriend the Danaans, thou their foes?"
And Zeus-sprung Aphroditè made reply :
"O Herè, most revered, and eldest-born,
Daughter of mighty Kronos ! Speak thy will ;
My heart is quick to do it, so it be
That which I may, and that which can be done."
And Herè of her guile gave answer thus ;
"Grant me the loveliness and sweet desire,
Thine own, wherewith thou sway'st to thee all hearts,

εἶμι γὰρ ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης
Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
οἵ μ' ἐν σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐὺ τρέφον ἠδ' ἀτίταλλον,
δεξάμενοι Ῥείης, ὅτε τε Κρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
γαίης νέρθε καθεῖσε καὶ ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης.
τοὺς εἶμ' ὀψομένη, καί σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·
ἤδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
εἰ κείνω γ' ἐπέεσσι παραιπεπιθοῦσα φίλον κῆρ,
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνέσαιμι ὁμωθῆναι φιλότητι,
αἰεί κέ σφι φίλη τε καὶ αἰδοίη καλεοίμην."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη·
"οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τεὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι·
Ζηνος γὰρ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύεις."

Ἦ καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστὸν ἱμάντα
ποικίλον, ἔνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἥτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.
τόν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Τῇ νῦν, τοῦτον ἱμάντα τεῷ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ,
ποικίλον, ᾧ ἔνι πάντα τετεύχαται· οὐδέ σέ φημι
ἄπρηκτόν γε νέεσθαι, ὅ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
μειδήσασα δ' ἔπειτα ἑῷ ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ.

Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἥρη δ' ἀΐξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,
Πιερίην δ' ἐπιβᾶσα καὶ Ἠμαθίην ἐρατεινὴν
σεύατ' ἐφ' ἱπποπόλων Θρῃκῶν ὄρεα νιφόεντα,
ἀκροτάτας κορυφάς· οὐδὲ χθόνα μάρπτε ποδοῖιν·
ἐξ Ἀθόω δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἐβήσατο κυμαίνοντα,
Λῆμνον δ' εἰσαφίκανε, πόλιν θείοιο Θόαντος.
ἔνθ' Ὕπνῳ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτοιο,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Ὕπνε, ἄναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων,
ἦμὲν δή ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες, ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν

Or mortal or immortal. I would go
Far as the limits of the teeming earth,
Ev'n to th' Original of heavenly Gods,
Oceanus, and Tethys, who of old
Cherish'd and loved me well, to them consign'd
By Rhea when wide-glancing Zeus had heap'd
The earth and seas on Kronos' fallen head.
And I would quench the broil, wherewith long while
They hold them from their mutual love's delights.
For, should my prayer win way into their hearts,
Should I unite them by old bond again,
They love and honour me for evermore."

To whom the laughter-loving Queen of Love :
" Unmeet it were, and idle, to deny
Her who rejoiceth in the bed of Zeus."

Speaking, the broider'd zone beneath her breast,
She loosed, wherein all charms to win the sense,
Love, dream, and fond discourse, that steals away
The wisdom of the wisest, lay enwrought ;
This throwing to her hands, she spake anew :

" Take therefore, in thy bosom lay this zone :
Closed in its broidery all witchery lies ;
Thus arm'd, whate'er thy heart's desire may be,
I promise that thou shalt not seek in vain."

She spoke, and broadbrow'd Herè, smiling, took,
And, smiling, in her bosom laid the zone,
Whilst Aphrodite turn'd her to the hall.

Forth from the pillar o' the Olympian height
Sprang then the other ; o'er Pieria
She soar'd, and pass'd Æmathia's beauteous vale ;
So to the loftiest summits of the earth,
The snow-crown'd hills o'er horse-abounding Thrace ;
Yet gave to earth no footstep, but moved down
From Athos on the waters to the isle
Of Lemnos, realm of Thoas, chief divine.
There Sleep, the brother of Death, she sought and found,
Clung to his hand, and spoke his name, and said :

" Sovran of all the world of God and man,
As thou would'st hear me oft, so hearken now,

πείθευ· ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἤματα πάντα.
κοίμησόν μοι Ζηνὸς ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ὄσσε φαεινὼ,
αὐτίκ' ἐπεί κεν ἐγὼ παραλέξομαι ἐν φιλότητι.
δῶρα δέ τοι δώσω καλὸν θρόνον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ,
χρύσεον· Ἥφαιστος δέ κ' ἐμὸς παῖς ἀμφιγυήεις
τεύξει ἀσκήσας, ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυν ποσὶν ἧσει,
τῷ κεν ἐπισχοίης λιπαροὺς πόδας εἰλαπινάζων."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε νήδυμος Ὕπνος·
"Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θύγατερ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο,
ἄλλον μέν κεν ἔγωγε θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
ῥεῖα κατευνήσαιμι, καὶ ἂν ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα
Ὠκεανοῦ, ὅσπερ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται·
Ζηνὸς δ' οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε Κρονίονος ἆσσον ἰκοίμην,
οὐδὲ κατευνήσαιμ', ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε κελεύοι.
ἤδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλο τεὴ ἐπίνυσσεν ἐφετμὴ,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κεῖνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς
ἔπλεεν Ἰλιόθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξας.
ἦτοι ἐγὼ μὲν ἔλεξα Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· σὺ δέ οἱ κακὰ μήσαο θυμῷ,
ὄρσας' ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἐπὶ πόντον ἀήτας,
καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ' εὐναιομένην ἀπένεικας,
νόσφι φίλων πάντων· ὁ δ' ἐπεγρόμενος χαλέπαινεν,
ῥιπτάζων κατὰ δῶμα θεοὺς, ἐμὲ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
ζήτει· καί κέ μ' ἄϊστον ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἔμβαλε πόντῳ,
εἰ μὴ Νὺξ δμήτειρα θεῶν ἐσάωσε καὶ ἀνδρῶν·
τὴν ἰκόμην φεύγων, ὁ δ' ἐπαύσατο, χωόμενός περ.
ἄζετο γὰρ μὴ Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀποθύμια ἔρδοι.
νῦν αὖ τοῦτό μ' ἄνωγας ἀμήχανον ἄλλο τελέσσαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"Ὕπνε, τίη δὲ σὺ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς;
ἦ φῂς ὥς Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
ὡς Ἡρακλῆος περιχώσατο, παιδὸς ἑοῖο;

O Sleep, once more ; and I will all my days
Acknowledge this thy grace. When soon I lie
With Zeus embracing, steep beneath their lids
His shining eyes in slumber ; grant me this ;
And I will give to thee a throne of gold,
Fair, incorruptible, the Halt-foot's work,
Hephæstus : he shall frame the step, whereon
Thou may'st in revel rest thy glistening feet."

She spoke ; but gentle Sleep made answer thus :
"O Hère most revered, and eldest born,
Daughter of mighty Kronos ! Easy task
'Twere to lull other of Immortal Gods,
Yea, ev'n the old Original of all,
The streams of River Ocean, into sleep.
But Zeus, great Zeus—nigh him I venture not,
Nor seal his eyes save at his own high hest.
Already hath one task thou sett'st me read
Another lesson, on the day when erst
The misproud son of Zeus from Ilion sail'd
After his plunder of the town of Troy.
Softly around Zeus shower'd I then beguiled
His sense to slumber, whilst upon the sea
Thou in fulfilment of thine evil will
Wok'st every blast that blows of stormful winds,
Which drave his favour'd son from off his bent,
And far from all his crew, to Coös' isle.
But Zeus awoke, and on his waking rose
Wrathful, and to and fro, whome'er he reached,
He hurl'd the Gods, but of them all he sought
Me mainly, and I doubt not would have whelm'd
Headlong from heaven into the abysmal sea,
Had not Night saved me—Night, of God and man
The all-subduer, to whose lap I fled
For refuge ; and, though wroth, he ceased, in fear
Lest he give umbrage unto Night's dread Power.
And to like madness thou would'st bid me now !"

But royal broadbrow'd Hère thus rejoin'd :
"What foolishness, O Sleep, hath left thy lips !
Think'st thou our Father's wrath in Troy's behalf
Such as it burn'd for sake of Hercules,

ἀλλ' ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων
δώσω ὀπυιέμεναι καὶ σὴν κεκλῆσθαι ἄκοιτιν,
[Πασιθέην, ἧς αἰὲν ἐέλδεαι ἤματα πάντα.]"

Ὣς φάτο, χήρατο δ' Ὕπνος, ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
" ἄγρει νῦν μοι ὅμοσσον ἀάατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ·
χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἕλε χθόνα πουλυβότειραν
τῇ δ' ἑτέρῃ ἅλα μαρμαρέην, ἵνα νῶϊν ἅπαντες
μάρτυροι ὦσ' οἱ ἔνερθε θεοὶ Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἑόντες,
ἢ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων,
Πασιθέην, ἧς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἤματα πάντα."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ὤμνυε δ' ὡς ἐκέλευε, θεοὺς δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἅπαντας
τοὺς ὑποταρταρίους, οἳ Τιτῆνες καλέονται.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ὅμοσέν τε τελεύτησέν τε τὸν ὅρκον,
τὼ βήτην Λήμνου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου ἄστυ λιπόντε,
ἠέρα ἐσσαμένω, ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.
Ἴδην δ' ἱκέσθην πολυπίδακα μητέρα θηρῶν,
Λεκτὸν, ὅθι πρῶτον λιπέτην ἅλα· τὼ δ' ἐπὶ χέρσου
βήτην, ἀκροτάτη δὲ ποδῶν ὕπο σείετο ὕλη.
ἔνθ' Ὕπνος μὲν ἔμεινε πάρος Διὸς ὄσσε ἰδέσθαι,
εἰς ἐλάτην ἀναβὰς περιμήκετον, ἥ τότ' ἐν Ἴδῃ
μακροτάτη πεφυυῖα δι' ἠέρος αἰθέρ' ἴκανεν.
ἔνθ' ἧστ' ὄζοισιν πεπυκασμένος εἰλατίνοισιν,
ὄρνιθι λιγυρῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥν τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν
χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν.

Ἥρη δὲ κραιπνῶς προσεβήσετο Γάργαρον ἄκρον
Ἴδης ὑψηλῆς· ἴδε δὲ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.
ὡς δ' ἴδεν, ὥς μιν ἔρως πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
οἷον ὅτε πρώτον περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότητι,

His son, his best beloved? But ponder this;
That I will give thee for thy wedded wife
The younger of the Graces, her for whom
This many a year thy heart is all aflame,
The fair Pasithea."
And Sleep, who heard,
Felt his heart leap for joy, and spake anew:
"Swear this by stream of Styx inviolate,
Swear it with one hand touching fruitful earth,
But lay the other on the hoary sea;
So may the Elder Gods in nether realms
Round Father Kronos witness 'twixt us twain.
Swear, thou wilt give me for my wedded wife
The younger of the Graces, her for whom
This many a year my heart is all aflame,
The fair Pasithea."
He said; nor shrank
She of the milkwhite arm, but, as he bade,
She sware, and call'd to witness, each by name,
The sub-Tartarean Godheads, Titans hight.

But when the oath was utter'd to its close,
Together from the Imbrian citadel
And Lemnos, wrapt in mist they trod their way
Lightly upon the sea, nor left the waves
Ere they set sole on Lectus, at the cape
Of Ida, mother of all beasts of prey.
There first they skimm'd the land, and 'neath their feet
The summits of the piny forest shook.
But Sleep, ere Zeus espied, ensconced him there,
Perch'd on a lofty fir, that tallest grew
On Ida, piercing through earth's mists to heav'n.
There couch'd he, cover'd in with matted boughs,
In likeness of the clear-voiced mountain-bird,
Of Gods cleped Chalcis, but of men the hawk.

But Herè with light foot ascended high
To Gargarus the mountain's topmost peak;
Whom Zeus beheld approaching; and such love
Came clouding o'er his mind, as when of old

εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντε, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆας.
στῆ δ' αὐτῆς προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Ἥρη, πῆ μεμαυῖα κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνεις;
ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἅρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβαίης."

Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη· 300
"ἔρχομαι ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
οἵ μ' ἐν σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐὺ τρέφον ἠδ' ἀτίταλλον·
τοὺς εἶμ' ὀψομένη, καί σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω.
ἤδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
ἵπποι δ' ἐν πρυμνωρείῃ πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
ἑστᾶσ', οἵ μ' οἴσουσιν ἐπὶ τραφερήν τε καὶ ὑγρήν.
νῦν δὲ σεῦ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνω,
μή πώς μοι μετέπειτα χολώσεαι, αἴ κε σιωπῇ 310
οἴχωμαι πρὸς δῶμα βαθυῤῥόου Ὠκεανοῖο."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Ἥρη, κεῖσε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ὕστερον ὁρμηθῆναι,
νῶϊ δ' ἄγ' ἐν φιλότητι τραπείομεν εὐνηθέντε·
οὐ γὰρ πώποτέ μ' ὧδε θεᾶς ἔρος οὐδὲ γυναικὸς
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στηθεσσι περιπροχυθεὶς ἐδάμασσεν,
[οὐδ' ὁπότ' ἠρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο,
ἣ τέκε Πειρίθοον, θεόφιν μήστωρ' ἀτάλαντον·
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Δανάης καλλισφύρου Ἀκρισιώνης,
ἣ τέκε Περσῆα, πάντων ἀριδείκετον ἀνδρῶν· 320
οὐδ' ὅτε Φοίνικος κούρης τηλεκλειτοῖο,
ἣ τέκε μοι Μίνω τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ῥαδάμανθυν·
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Σεμέλης οὐδ' Ἀλκμήνης ἐνὶ Θήβῃ,
ἥ ῥ' Ἡρακλῆα κρατερόφρονα γείνατο παῖδα·
ἡ δὲ Διώνυσον Σεμέλη τέκε, χάρμα βροτοῖσιν·
οὐδ' ὅτε Δήμητρος καλλιπλοκάμοιο ἀνάσσης,
οὐδ' ὁπότε Λητοῦς ἐρικυδέος, οὐδὲ σεῦ αὐτῆς,]

For the first time they laid them side by side
Embracing, and beguiled their parents' watch.
Before her face he stood, and spake, and said :
"Whither, my Herè, and with what desire
Descend'st thou from Olympus? I behold
Nor steeds nor chariot to convey thee back."
Whom broadbrow'd Herè answer'd of her guile :
"Far to the limits of the teeming Earth,
Ev'n to the Original of heavenly Gods,
Oceanus, and Tethys, I would speed.
Of old they cherished me within their halls :
And I would quench the broil, wherewith long while
They hold them from their mutual love's delights.
My horses, that shall post o'er land and sea,
Stand upon many-fountain'd Ida's root.
But hither on my path for thee I turn'd
Descending from Olympus, lest perchance
In aftertimes thy high displeasure burn,
For that in silence, mute to thee, I roved
To old Oceanus' far river-home."
But answer made the Ruler of the clouds :
"Hereafter, Herè, journey where thou list ;
But now come hither ; lay thee by my side.
For ne'er till now hath such desire inflamed
For Goddess or for woman my whole heart.
Not such the passion for Ixion's spouse,
Who bare to me Pirithoüs, peer of Gods ;
Not such for shapely-ancled Danaë,
Daughter of Acrisus, who thence conceived
Perseus, the marvel of all human kind;
Not such for that fair virgin far-renown'd,
Daughter of Phœnix, of whose sweet embrace
Minos and godlike Rhadamanthus sprang ;
Not such for Semele ; nor such in Thebes
For her of whom great Hercules was born,
Alcmena ; but fair Semele gave birth
To merry Dionysus, man's delight ;
Nor for the Imperial Goddess golden-hair'd
Demeter ; nor for Leto, famed yet more ;
Nay, nor for thine own self ; as this, that now

ὡς σέο νῦν ἔραμαι καί με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἱρεῖ."

Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες;
εἰ νῦν ἐν φιλότητι λιλαίεαι εὐνηθῆναι
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι, τὰ δὲ προπέφανται ἅπαντα,
πῶς κ' ἔοι, εἴ τις νῶϊ θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
εὕδοντ' ἀθρήσειε, θεοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι μετελθὼν
πεφράδοι; οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε τεὸν πρὸς δῶμα νεοίμην
ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀναστᾶσα, νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη.
ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ ῥ' ἐθέλεις καί τοι φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
ἔστιν τοι θάλαμος, τόν τοί φιλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν
Ἥφαιστος, πυκιναὶ δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν·
ἔνθ' ἴομεν κείοντες, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὐάδεν εὐνή."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Ἥρη, μήτε θεῶν τόγε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν
ὄψεσθαι· τοῖόν τοι ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω,
χρύσεον· οὐδ' ἂν νῶϊ διαδράκοι Ἠέλιός περ,
οὔτε καὶ ὀξύτατον πέλεται φάος εἰσοράασθαι."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀγκὰς ἔμαρπτε Κρόνου παῖς ἣν παράκοιτιν·
τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθὼν δῖα φύεν νεοθηλέα ποίην,
λωτόν θ' ἑρσήεντα ἰδὲ κρόκον ἠδ' ὑάκινθον
πυκνὸν καὶ μαλακὸν, ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργεν.
τῷ ἔνι λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἕσσαντο
καλὴν χρυσείην· στιλπναὶ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔερσαι.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμας εὗδε πατὴρ ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ
ὕπνῳ καὶ φιλότητι δαμείς, ἔχε δ' ἀγκὰς ἄκοιτιν·
βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν νήδυμος Ὕπνος,
ἀγγελίην ἐρέων γαιηόχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Πρόφρων νῦν Δαναοῖσι, Ποσείδαον, ἐπάμυνε,
καί σφιν κῦδος ὄπαζε μίνυνθά περ, ὄφρ' ἔτι εὕδει
Ζεὺς, ἐπεὶ αὐτῷ ἐγὼ μαλακὸν περὶ κῶμ' ἐκάλυψα·
Ἥρη δ' ἐν φιλότητι παρήπαφεν εὐνηθῆναι."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ᾤχετ' ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων,

Inflames me, and sweet passion thrills me through."
Whom broadbrow'd Herè answer'd of her guile ;
" Most dread my Lord ! what falleth from thy lips ?
If now thou bid us each in other's arms
To lie embracing, high on Ida's peak,
Whence all is open to the eyes of all—
How will it be, if some immortal God
Descry us sleeping, and straight bear the tale
Throughout all heav'n wide-bruited ? Ne'er might I
Rise from that bed, nor move into thy house
Thenceforth ; but I were shamed for evermore.
But, if thou hast this longing at thy heart,
Not distant is the chamber, by our son
Hephæstus built, whereto are closèd doors ;
Thither, if such thy pleasure, we withdraw."
But answer made the Ruler of the clouds :
" My Herè, fear not eye of God or man :
So thick a golden cloud will I shower round
About us, that not ev'n the Sun, whose light
Is keenest to espy, through it shall peer."
He spoke, and caught the Goddess to his arms.
Brake forth beneath them from the heavenly sward
Fresh-springing turf, and lily dew-besprent,
And hyacinth, and crocus, flowering thick
And soft and high, and held them from the earth ;
Whilst round them grew a golden cloud, and clung
About them, slowly dropping sparkling dew.

So on the peak of Gargarus at peace
Clasping her in his arms the Father lay
By sleep and love subdued ; but gentle Sleep
Quick hied him tow'rd Achaia's fleet, to bear
His errand to Poseidon ; by whose side
He came, and stood, and spoke these wingèd words :
" Poseidon, now vouchsafe thy strongest help,
And, though it be but for a little space,
Increase the fame to Argos, whilst Zeus lies
Fast-bound ; whom I have wrapp'd in softest cloud,
And Herè to her love's embrace hath guiled."
He spoke, and to the noble race of men

τὸν δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἀνῆκεν ἀμυνέμεναι Δαναοῖσιν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα προθορὼν ἐκέλευσεν·

"Ἀργεῖοι, καὶ δ' αὖτε μεθίεμεν Ἕκτορι νίκην
Πριαμίδῃ, ἵνα νῆας ἕλῃ καὶ κῦδος ἄρηται;
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὕτω φησὶ καὶ εὔχεται, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι μένει κεχολωμένος ἦτορ·
κείνου δ' οὔτι λίην ποθὴ ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν οἱ ἄλλοι
ἡμεῖς ὀτρυνώμεθ' ἀμυνέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
ἀσπίδας, ὅσσαι ἄρισται ἐνὶ στρατῷ ἠδὲ μέγισται,
ἐσσάμενοι, κεφαλὰς δὲ παναίθῃσιν κορύθεσσιν
κρύψαντες, χερσίν τε τὰ μακρότατ' ἔγχε' ἑλόντες,
ἴομεν· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἡγήσομαι, οὐδ' ἔτι φημὶ
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μενέειν, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα.
[ὃς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ μενέχαρμος, ἔχει δ' ὀλίγον σάκος ὤμῳ,
χείρονι φωτὶ δότω, ὁ δ' ἐν ἀσπίδι μείζονι δύτω.]"

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο·
τοὺς δ' αὐτοὶ βασιλῆες ἐκόσμεον, οὐτάμενοί περ,
Τυδείδης Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνων·
οἰχόμενοι δ' ἐπὶ πάντας Ἀρήϊα τεύχε' ἄμειβον.
ἐσθλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔδυνε, χέρηα δὲ χείρονι δόσκεν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ἔσσαντο περὶ χροΐ νώροπα χαλκὸν,
βάν ῥ' ἴμεν· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφι Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
δεινὸν ἄορ τανύηκες ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
εἴκελον ἀστεροπῇ· τῷ δ' οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ μιγῆναι
ἐν δαὶ λευγαλέῃ, ἀλλὰ δέος ἰσχάνει ἄνδρας.

Τρῶας δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐκόσμει φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
δή ῥα τότ' αἰνοτάτην ἔριδα πτολέμοιο τάνυσσαν
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν Τρώεσσιν, ὁ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήγων.
ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα ποτὶ κλισίας τε νέας τε
Ἀργείων· οἱ δὲ ξύνισαν μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ.
οὔτε θαλάσσης κῦμα τόσον βοάᾳ ποτὶ χέρσον,

Departing, pass'd away; but kindled more
The other to the Danaan cause, who sprang
Far forward, and amongst their vanmost cried:
"Yield we, Argeians, yield we victory
To Priameian Hector—to destroy
Our galleys, and to win immortal name?
He threats this loud, and vaunts, because he knows
Achilles in his ship, for wrath removed.
Yet, if we each would fire the other on,
Him we might lack, nor feel it overmuch.
Hear then, and all obey as I give word;
Don we the trustiest bucklers in the camp,
With the best gleaming morions guard our heads,
And take the longest lances in our hands;
Then charge! Whom I will lead; nor Priam's Child,
I promise you, shall stand, though brave he be.
And let who hath a spirit to this fight,
Yet bears a buckler to his shoulder small,
Changing, on baser man bestow his own."
He spoke: they heard him gladly, and obey'd;
Whom their own chieftains marshall'd into rank,
Tydides, Odyseus, and Atreus' Son,
Despite their wounds, and moving through the host
Bade them exchange their harness, each with each.
A proven warrior donn'd a proven mail,
But gave the baser arms to baser man.
So girt in dazzling brass, they rallying went,
Whom great Poseidon led, and held a sword,
Gleaming like lightning, of a terrible edge,
In his broad hand; whom man may not assail
In fearful fray, but all behold appall'd.

Meantime bright-helmèd Hector marshall'd Troy.

Nor long ere, ranged in either's ranks, the two,
Bright Hector, and the dark-tress'd Ocean-God,
Stood to the terrible tug of deadly war;
Whilst tow'rd the Argeian ships and tents the sea
Surged, and the charging hosts in uproar clash'd.
Loud booms a billow dash'd from out the deep

ποντόθεν ὀρνύμενον πνοιῇ Βορέω ἀλεγεινῇ·
οὔτε πυρὸς τόσσος γε πέλει βρόμος αἰθομένοιο
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο καιέμεν ὕλην·
οὔτ' ἄνεμος τόσσον γε ποτὶ δρυσὶν ὑψικόμοισιν
ἠπύει, ὅστε μάλιστα μέγα βρέμεται χαλεπαίνων,
ὅσση ἄρα Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἔπλετο φωνὴ
δεινὸν ἀϋσάντων, ὅτ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν.

Αἴαντος δὲ πῶτος ἀκόντισε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἔγχει, ἐπεὶ τέτραπτο πρὸς ἰθύ οἱ, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν,
τῇ ῥα δύω τελαμῶνε περὶ στήθεσσι τετάσθην,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν σάκεος, ὁ δὲ φασγάνου ἀργυροήλου·
τώ οἱ ῥυσάσθην τέρενα χρόα. χώσατο δ' Ἕκτωρ,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρὸς,
ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο Κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπιόντα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
χερμαδίῳ, τά ῥα πολλὰ, θοάων ἔχματα νηῶν,
πὰρ ποσὶ μαρναμένων ἐκυλίνδετο· τῶν ἓν ἀείρας
στῆθος βεβλήκειν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ἀγχόθι δειρῆς,
στρόμβον δ' ὣς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἔδραμε πάντη.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ πληγῆς πατρὸς Διὸς ἐξερίπῃ δρῦς
πρόῤῥιζος, δεινὴ δὲ θεείου γίγνεται ὀδμὴ
ἐξ αὐτῆς· τὸν δ' οὔπερ ἔχει θράσος ὅς κεν ἴδηται
ἐγγὺς ἐὼν· χαλεπὸς δὲ Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνὸς,
ὣς ἔπεσ' Ἕκτορος ὦκα χαμαὶ μένος ἐν κονίῃσιν.
χειρὸς δ' ἔκβαλεν ἔγχος, ἐπ' αὐτῷ δ' ἀσπὶς ἐάφθη
καὶ κόρυς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
οἱ δὲ μέγα ἰάχοντες ἐπέδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
ἐλπόμενοι ἐρύεσθαι, ἀκόντιζον δὲ θαμειὰς
αἰχμάς· ἀλλ' οὔτις ἐδυνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν
οὐτάσαι οὐδὲ βαλεῖν· πρὶν γὰρ περίβησαν ἄριστοι,
Πουλυδάμας τε καὶ Αἰνείας καὶ δῖος Ἀγήνωρ
Σαρπηδών τ', ἀρχὸς Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων.
τῶν δ' ἄλλων οὔτις εὖ ἀκήδεσεν, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους σχέθον αὐτοῦ. τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖροι
χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
ὠκέας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο

By stress of Northern blast upon a coast ;
And loud the roaring in a mountain-glen
Of flame that leaps to prey upon the woods ;
And loud the howl amid huge-branchèd oaks
Of winds that there rave loudest in their wrath ;
But louder yet the roaring of the war,
Each with loud war-whoop leaping on his foe.
Bright Hector first at Ajax aim'd his spear,
For face to face he met ; nor miss'd the spot
Where the two belts across the breast are braced,
The shield-belt and the sword-belt ; but the two
Saved him unscathed. Then Hector, groaning wroth
That that swift dart had 'scaped his hand in vain,
Shunning his fate, 'gan rein his horses back ;
But, as he went, the son of Telamon,
Huge Ajax, of the stones that scatter'd lay
Roll'd at the warriors' feet (of mass to be
The moorings to their galleys), lifting one,
Struck him across the railing of his car
Hard on the chest and close beneath the neck :
Disc-like he whirl'd it ; with full arc it fell :
And ev'n as by the impelling arm of Zeus
An oak may fall uprooted—dire therefrom
The sulphurous smell upriseth, and so dread
The flash, that all who see disperse appall'd—
Thus fell the might of Hector prone in dust,
Who dropp'd his spear ; his shield and helm were crush'd
Above him ; and his armour rang aloud.
Tow'rd whom Achaia's legions shouting rush'd
With hope to gain his body, raining thick
A storm of darts ; yet none might wound the prince
Nor strike him more ; for all the bravest there,
Noble Agenor, and Polydamas,
Æneas, and Sarpedon, Lycia's chief,
And blameless Glaucus, to his front had come ;
Nor these alone ; but all his legions show'd
Most heedful and before him held a screen
Of orbèd shields, whilst in their hands his men
Uplifting bare him from the moil aloof,
To where his swift steeds stood behind the fray—

ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλ' ἔχοντες·
οἳ τόνγε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεύς,
ἔνθα μιν ἐξ ἵππων πέλασαν χθονὶ, κὰδ δέ οἱ ὕδωρ
χεῦαν· ὁ δ' ἀμπνύνθη καὶ ἀνέδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ἐζόμενος δ' ἐπὶ γοῦνα κελαινεφὲς αἷμ' ἀπέμεσσεν.
αὖτις δ' ἐξοπίσω πλῆτο χθονὶ, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
νὺξ ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα· βέλος δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ἐδάμνα.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὡς οὖν ἴδον Ἕκτορα νόσφι κιόντα,
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.
ἔνθα πολὺ πρώτιστος Οἰλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας
Σάτνιον οὔτασε δουρὶ μετάλμενος ὀξυόεντι
Ἠνοπίδην, ὃν ἄρα νύμφη τέκε Νηὶς ἀμύμων
Ἥνοπι βουκολέοντι παρ' ὄχθας Σατνιόεντος.
τὸν μὲν Οἰλιάδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὁ δ' ἀνετράπετ', ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Πουλυδάμας ἐγχέσπαλος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ
Πανθοίδης, βάλε δὲ Προθοήνορα δεξιὸν ὦμον
υἱὸν Ἀρηϊλύκοιο, δι' ὤμου δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔσχεν, ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Πουλυδάμας δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Οὐ μὰν αὖτ' οἴω μεγαθύμου Πανθοίδαο
χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς ἅλιον πηδῆσαι ἄκοντα,
ἀλλά τις Ἀργείων κόμισε χροΐ, καί μιν οἴω
αὐτῷ σκηπτόμενον κατίμεν δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·
Αἴαντι δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν,
τῷ Τελαμωνιάδῃ· τοῦ γὰρ πέσεν ἄγχι μάλιστα.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
Πουλυδάμας δ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν
λικριφὶς ἀΐξας, κόμισεν δ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς

His steeds, and driver, and enamell'd car ;
These bare him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town.

But when they gain'd the ford of that brimm'd stream
Xanthus, own offspring of Immortal Zeus,
There from the car they took him to the ground
And shower'd fresh water upon him ; till, anon,
He gain'd his breath and oped his eyes once more ;
He raised himself upon his knee, and stanch'd
The black blood off him, yet again to earth
Dropp'd backward, and black night across his eyes
Came clouding, for the blow subdued him still.

The Argeians saw great Hector thus withdrawn
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set
Their whole hearts to the battle. Foremost far
Oïleus' son with pointed spear sprang forth
And struck the son of Œnops, Satnius ;
Him the fair Naiad Nymph to Œnops bare,
The shepherd, on the banks of Satnoeis ;
Whom spear-renownèd Ajax drawing nigh
Struck in the flank ; he backward fell to earth,
Whilst round in baleful battle clash'd the hosts.
For vengeance charged Polydamas, and struck
Brave Prothoenor through the shoulder-blade,
The son of Areïlycus ; right through
The stout lance held ; and in the dust he dropt
Biting the earth for anguish ; with loud shout
O'er him vaingloriously the other cried :
" Verily, from the mighty arm, I ween,
Of this great son of Panthoüs the spear
Never leapt idly, but some Argive foe
Hath borne it in his body driven home,
To help him on his way to Hades' realm ! "
He spoke ; the Achaians chafing heard the vaunt :
In Telamonian Ajax most he stirr'd
Anger, for at his feet the slain had fall'n.
Ev'n as the other went, he sent his spear ;
Yet by a leap aslant Polydamas
Escaped the fate, which on Archilochus,

'Αρχέλοχος· τῷ γάρ ῥα θεοὶ βούλευσαν ὄλεθρον.
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλῆς τε καὶ αὐχένος ἐν συνεοχμῷ.
νείατον ἀστράγαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·
τοῦ δὲ πολὺ πρότερον κεφαλὴ στόμα τε ῥῖνές τε
οὔδεϊ πλῆντ' ἤπερ κνῆμαι καὶ γοῦνα πεσόντος.
Αἴας δ' αὖτ' ἐγέγωνεν ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι·

" Φράζεο, Πουλυδάμα, καί μοι νημερτὲς ἐνίσπε,
ἦ ῥ' οὐχ οὗτος ἀνὴρ Προθοήνορος ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι
ἄξιος; οὐ μέν μοι κακὸς εἴδεται οὐδὲ κακῶν ἐξ,
ἀλλὰ κασίγνητος 'Αντήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἦ παῖς· αὐτῷ γὰρ γενεὴν ἄγχιστα ἐῴκει."

Ἦ ῥ' εὖ γιγνώσκων, Τρῶας δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.
ἔνθ' 'Ακάμας Πρόμαχον Βοιώτιον οὔτασε δουρὶ,
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτῳ βεβαώς· ὁ δ' ὕφελκε ποδοῖιν.
τῷ δ' 'Ακάμας ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ἀύσας·

" 'Αργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἀπειλάων ἀκόρητοι,
οὔ θην οἵοισίν γε πόνος τ' ἔσεται καὶ ὀϊζὺς
ἡμῖν, ἀλλά ποθ' ὧδε κατακτανέεσθε καὶ ὔμμες.
φράζεσθ' ὡς ὑμῖν Πρόμαχος δεδμημένος εὕδει
ἔγχει ἐμῷ, ἵνα μή τι κασιγνήτοιό γε ποινὴ
δηρὸν ἔῃ ἄτιτος. τῷ καί κέ τις εὔχεται ἀνὴρ
γνωτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα λιπέσθαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', 'Αργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·
Πηνέλεῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·
ὡρμήθη δ' 'Ακάμαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ὑπέμεινεν ἐρωὴν
Πηνελέοιο ἄνακτος· ὁ δ' οὔτασεν 'Ιλιονῆα,
υἱὸν Φόρβαντος πολυμήλου, τόν ῥα μάλιστα
'Ερμείας Τρώων ἐφίλει καὶ κτῆσιν ὄπασσεν·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ μήτηρ μοῦνον τέκεν 'Ιλιονῆα·
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' ὀφρύος οὖτα κατ' ὀφθαλμοῖο θέμεθλα,
ἐκ δ' ὦσε γλήνην· δόρυ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖο διαπρὸ
καὶ διὰ ἰνίου ἦλθεν, ὁ δ' ἕζετο χεῖρε πετάσσας
ἄμφω. Πηνέλεως δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ
αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσεν, ἀπήραξεν δὲ χαμᾶζε
αὐτῇ σὺν πήληκι κάρη· ἔτι δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἦεν ἐν ὀφθαλμῷ· ὁ δέ φῆ κώδειαν ἀνασχὼν

Antenor's son (doom'd then to evil death),
Fell ; for it struck him where the head and neck
Commingle, at the upper end o' the spine.
Both tendons through it shore, and head and face,
Long ere his mailèd limbs, went dash'd to earth.
Then Ajax to Polydamas thus cried :
"Take thought, Polydamas, and answer true ;
To Prothoenor may not this be match'd?
No caitiff seems he, nor of caitiffs born ;
Nay, to Antenor's house so like he shows,
Maybe, he is his brother or his son."
He spoke, well knowing : sorrow seized on Troy.
And Acamas before his brother's corse
Advancing struck a brave Bœotian chief
Promachus, who had else withdrawn it off ;
And o'er him in vainglorious boast cried loud :
"Boasters insatiate ! Nathless doom'd to ill !
Ye men of Argos ! not on us alone
Falls bloody death ; there are of you who die.
Sound is this slumber of Algenor's son ;
Nor long my brother's blood hath cried in vain
For vengeance—yea, with ev'n this hope a man
Prays for a brother to avenge his wrongs."
He spoke ; th' Argeians sorrow'd o'er the boast ;
But most in warlike Peneleus he stirr'd
The spirit, and on Acamas he charged ;
Who stood not, but retired before his spear.
Then struck he down Ilioneus, the son
Of Phorbas, rich in herds, whom Hermes loved
Most of all Troy, and with great wealth endow'd ;
Ilioneus, his mother's only son ;—
But him beneath the eyelash, at the roots
O' the eye he pierced, and thrust the eyeball out,
As through the eye and brain the point pass'd on.
He sate one moment, either hand outstretch'd,
Till Peneleus with sharp-edged falchion drawn
Smote through his neck and lopp'd sheer off to earth
The head—not so dishelm'd, for in the eye
The heavy spear remain'd ; aloft he waved
The head as 'twere a poppy's head shorn off,

πέφραδέ τε Τρώεσσι καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

" Εἰπέμεναί μοι, Τρῶες, ἀγαυοῦ Ἰλιονῆος
πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητρὶ γοήμεναι ἐν μεγάροισιν·
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡ Προμάχοιο δάμαρ Ἀλεγηνορίδαο
ἀνδρὶ φίλῳ ἐλθόντι γανύσσεται, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
ἐκ Τροίης σὺν νηυσί νεώμεθα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἄρα πάντας ὑπὸ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα,
πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπη φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅστις δὴ πρῶτος βροτόεντ' ἀνδράγρι' Ἀχαιῶν
ἦρατ', ἐπεί ῥ' ἔκλινε μάχην κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος.

Αἴας ῥα πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος Τρτιον οὗτα
Γυρτιάδην, Μυσῶν ἡγήτορα καρτεροθύμων·
Φάλκην δ' Ἀντίλοχος καὶ Μέρμερον ἐξενάριξεν·
Μηριόνης δὲ Μόρυν τε καὶ Ἱπποτίωνα κατέκτα,
Τεῦκρος δὲ Προθόωνά τ' ἐνήρατο καὶ Περιφήτην·
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἄρ' ἔπειθ' Ὑπερήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
οὗτα κατὰ λαπάρην, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσσεν
δῃώσας· ψυχὴ δὲ κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλὴν
ἔσσυτ' ἐπειγομένη, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
πλείστους δ' Αἴας εἶλεν, Οἰλῆος ταχὺς υἱός·
οὐ γάρ οἵ τις ὁμοῖος ἐπισπέσθαι ποσὶν ἦεν
ἀνδρῶν τρεσσάντων, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς ἐν φόβον ὄρσῃ.

And vaunting to the Trojans cried and said :
"Go, Trojans, bid ye both his parents dear—
For brave Ilioneus go bid them raise
The cry of lamentation in their halls,
Thus be the wife of Promachus avenged ;
Albeit she ne'er may greet her lord again,
Algenor's son, returning when at length
We all abroad our galleys sail from Troy."
He spoke, and pale the panic held their host ;
And each 'gan cast behind him looks of dread
For place of refuge from the coming death.

Now ye, whose homes are on the Olympian steep,
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer, and sing
Who of Achaia's sons first gain'd him spoil,
When great Poseidon turn'd the tide of war !

First Telamonian Ajax struck the son
Of Gurtius, of the staunch Musæans chief,
Hirtius ; whilst by Antilochus fell slain
Phalces and Mermerus ; and by the spear
Of brave Meriones, Hippotion
And Morus ; and by Teucer, Prothoüs
And Periphetes. Atreus' Son, meantime,
Struck Hyperenor, shepherd of his realm,
Deep in the flank, and through the bowels the point
Went, griding ; at the mouthèd wound his ghost
Came hurrying forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
But most Oïleus' son, swift Ajax, slew,
For none was swift as he in fell pursuit,
When Heav'n had breathed a panic on the foe.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ο'.

Παλίωξις παρὰ τῶν νεῶν.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διά τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν
φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ χερσὶν,
οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
χλωροὶ ὑπαὶ δείους, πεφοβημένοι, ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι παρὰ χρυσοθρόνου Ἥρης.
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἀναΐξας, ἴδε δὲ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὄπισθεν
Ἀργείους, μετὰ δέ σφι Ποσειδάωνα ἄνακτα.
Ἕκτορα δ' ἐν πεδίῳ ἴδε κείμενον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
εἵαθ'· ὁ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι κῆρ ἀπινύσσων,
αἷμ' ἐμέων, ἐπεὶ οὔ μιν ἀφαυρότατος βάλ' Ἀχαιῶν.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
δεινὰ δ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν Ἥρην πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἦ μάλα δὴ κακότεχνος, ἀμήχανε, σὸς δόλος, Ἥρη,
Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔπαυσε μάχης, ἐφόβησε δὲ λαούς.
οὐ μὰν οἶδ' εἰ αὖτε κακορράφίης ἀλεγεινῆς
πρώτη ἐπαύρηαι καί σε πληγῇσιν ἰμάσσω.
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε τ' ἐκρέμω ὑψοθεν, ἐκ δὲ ποδοῖιν
ἄκμονας ἦκα δύω, περὶ χερσὶ δὲ δεσμὸν ἴηλα
χρύσειον ἄῤῥηκτον; σὺ δ' ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν
ἐκρέμω· ἠλάστεον δὲ θεοὶ κατὰ μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
λῦσαι δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο παρασταδόν· ὃν δὲ λάβοιμι,
ῥίπτασκον τεταγὼν ἀπὸ βηλοῦ, ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκηται

ILIAD XV.

And many had fallen by the Danaan sword,
Before the Trojans in that rout repass'd
The stakes and trench, and scarce in rally stood,
All pale with panic, where they left their cars :
But Zeus then woke by gold-throned Herè's side
Upon the peaks of Ida ; to his feet
He started, and beheld the hosts, the one
Now routed, but the Argives on their foes
Charging resistless, by Poseidon led.
He saw too Hector prostrate on the ground ;
Whose comrades sate around him ; but he lay,
With hard and painful breath, and vomiting blood,
Fainting—no feeble hand had dealt that blow.
On whom the Father of the world took ruth,
And, with stern frown, to Herè turn'd, and spake :
"Thy craft it is, thy malice unrepress'd,
Disloyal Herè, that hath thus made cease
The noble Hector from the fray, and fill'd
His people with this panic. Scarce I know
But that the first-fruits of this evil guile
Shall be thine own to taste, and I once more
Shall lash thee with my scourge. Remember'st not
The day I hung thee far aloft, and bound
About thy feet two anvils, but a chain
Of gold inviolable upon thy hands,
To swing suspended in the clouds mid-air ?
Nor, though the Gods throughout Olympus wax'd
For thee indignant, could they help at all ;
But, one by one, I caught them and they fell,
Hurl'd headlong o'er the threshold of the sky,
Panting to earth : yet not thereby I 'suaged

ἀζηχὴς ὀδύνη Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,
τὸν σὺ ξὺν Βορέῃ ἀνέμῳ πεπιθοῦσα θυέλλας
πέμψας ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον πόντον, κακὰ μητιόωσα,
καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ' εὐναιομένην ἀπένεικας.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ἔνθεν ῥυσάμην καὶ ἀνήγαγον αὖτις
Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον, καὶ πολλά περ ἀθλήσαντα.
τῶν σ' αὖτις μνήσω, ἵν' ἀπολλήξῃς ἀπατάων,
ὄφρα ἴδῃς ἦν τοι χραίσμῃ φιλότης τε καὶ εὐνὴ,
ἣν ἐμίγης ἐλθοῦσα θεῶν ἄπο καί μ' ἀπάτησας."

Ὣς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
καί μιν φωνήσασ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἴστω νῦν τόδε Γαῖα καὶ Οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν
καὶ τὸ κατειβόμενον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ, ὅστε μέγιστος
ὅρκος δεινότατός τε πέλει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν,
σή θ' ἱερὴ κεφαλὴ καὶ νωΐτερον λέχος αὐτῶν
κουρίδιον, τὸ μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ ποτε μαψ ὀμόσαιμι·
μὴ δι' ἐμὴν ἰότητα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
πημαίνει Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα, τοῖσι δ' ἀρήγει,
ἀλλά που αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει,
τειρομένους δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰδὼν ἐλέησεν Ἀχαιούς.
αὐτάρ τοι καὶ κείνῳ ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
τῇ ἴμεν ᾗ κεν δὴ σὺ, κελαινεφὲς, ἡγεμονεύῃς."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
καί μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Εἰ μὲν δὴ σύγ' ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φρονέουσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι καθίζοις,
τῷ κε Ποσειδάων γε, καὶ εἰ μάλα βούλεται ἄλλῃ,
αἶψα μεταστρέψειε νόον μετὰ σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κῆρ.
ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥ' ἐτεόν γε καὶ ἀτρεκέως ἀγορεύεις,
ἔρχεο νῦν μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν, καὶ δεῦρο κάλεσσον
Ἶριν τ' ἐλθέμεναι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα κλυτότοξον,
ὄφρ' ἡ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
ἔλθῃ, καὶ εἴπῃσι Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι

My grief for Hercules my heavenly son ;
Since Boreas and the other winds were gain'd
Unto thy side, and o'er the barren sea
Thou dravest him, and fulfill'dst thine evil wish,
Till thou hadst brought him into Cos' rich isle ;
Whom, rescued thence, to Argos at the last
I saved, but after heaviest tasks fordone.
Needs must I put this in thy mind again,
To rid thee of this treacherous trick henceforth,
And teach thee too how little this false love
Avails thee, wherewithal thou camest from heaven
Alone, and hast beguiled me to my bed."
He spoke ; and broadbrow'd Herè quaked for fear,
But answer'd thus with wingèd words, and spake ;
"Hear me, O Earth, and ye broad Heavens above,
And Styx below, O Thou the name most dread
And greatest witness to an oath in heaven,
And by thy sacred self I swear, and by
Our own first marriage-bed, whereof the name
Think not I ever would invoke in vain :
Not of my prompting hath Poseidon risen
To work this woe to Hector and to Troy,
Or to give succour to the Argive host ;
But his own heart hath urged him thereunto ;
Who look'd and saw the Achaians sore bested,
And had compassion on them in their need.
Yea, mine own self will bid him thence depart
The way, O cloud-wrapp'd Father, thou mayst show."
She spoke ; the Father of the World, well-pleased,
Smiled at her words, and spake in answer thus :
"If of a truth hereafter thou wouldst rest,
O royal broadbrow'd Herè, at my side,
And with a mind accordant to mine own,
Soon would Poseidon, whatsoe'er his will,
Bend his high heart to thy and my desire.
And, if what now thou say'st be truth indeed,
Haste to call hither from the assembled Gods
Iris, and Phœbus of the silver bow ;
And Iris to the mailfrock'd Argive host
Shall haste her, to command Poseidon back,
Stay'd from this battle, to his own abode ;

Ἕκτορα δ' ὀτρύνῃσι μάχην ἐς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
αὖτις δ' ἐμπνεύσῃσι μένος, λελάθῃ δ' ὀδυνάων
αἳ νῦν μιν τείρουσι κατὰ φρένας, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
αὖτις ἀποστρέψῃσιν, ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐνόρσας,
φεύγοντες δ' ἐν νηυσὶ πολυκλήϊσι πέσωσιν
Πηλείδεω Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἀνστήσει ὃν ἑταῖρον
Πάτροκλον· τὸν δὲ κτενεῖ ἔγχεϊ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
Ἰλίου προπάροιθε, πολέας ὀλέσαντ' αἰζηοὺς
τοὺς ἄλλους, μετὰ δ' υἱὸν ἐμὸν Σαρπηδόνα δῖον.
τοῦ δὲ χολωσάμενος κτενεῖ Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἐκ τοῦ δ' ἄν τοι ἔπειτα παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
αἰὲν ἐγὼ τεύχοιμι διαμπερὲς, εἰσόκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἴλιον αἰπὺ ἕλοιεν Ἀθηναίης διὰ βουλάς.
τὸ πρὶν δ' οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ παύω χόλον οὔτε τιν' ἄλλον
ἀθανάτων Δαναοῖσιν ἀμυνέμεν ἐνθάδ' ἐάσω,
πρίν γε τὸ Πηλείδαο τελευτηθῆναι ἐέλδωρ,
ὥς οἱ ὑπέστην πρῶτον, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπένευσα κάρητι,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἐμεῖο θεὰ Θέτις ἤψατο γούνων,
λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅστ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν
γαῖαν ἐληλουθὼς φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ
"ἔνθ' εἴην, ἢ ἔνθα," μενοινήῃσί τε πολλὰ,
ὣς κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο πότνια Ἥρη·
ἵκετο δ' αἰπὺν Ὄλυμπον, ὁμηγερέεσσι δ' ἐπῆλθεν
ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι Διος δόμῳ· οἳ δὲ ἰδόντες
πάντες ἀνήϊξαν καὶ δεικανόωντο δέπασσιν.
ἡ δ' ἄλλους μὲν ἔασε, Θέμιστι δὲ καλλιπαρῄῳ
δέκτο δέπας· πρώτη γὰρ ἐναντίη ἦλθε θέουσα,
καί μιν φωνήσασ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας, ἀτυζομένη δὲ ἔοικας;
ἦ μάλα δή σ' ἐφόβησε Κρόνου παῖς, ὅς τοι ἀκοίτης;"

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·

The while Apollo to the war revives
Hector, and breathes him strength renew'd, and heals
The anguish which now racks him through and through.
Then shall he smite Achaia's sons with fear,
Till routed on Achilles' barks they fall:
Achilles next shall send Patroclus forth,
To fall at last by Hector, yet to slay
Full many a blooming warrior ere he falls—
My son, mine own Sarpedon, with the rest:
Wroth for Patroclus, shall Achilles then
Slay noble Hector. Then, from that day forth,
Ev'n till the Achaians by Athene's help
Take the proud steep of Ilion, unto Troy
Rout I ordain and unredeem'd defeat.
But till the fall of Hector, and till the prayer
Of Peleus' glorious Son hath been fulfill'd,
Still tow'rd the Danaans I maintain my mood,
Still will forbid all others from their aid;
Ev'n as I gave my word, and with my Nod
Confirm'd it, on the day when Thetis came
And clasp'd my knees, beseeching me vouchsafe
Such honour on her all-destroying Son."

He spoke; nor Herè disobey'd, but flew
From Ida's mountains to the Olympian steep.
Swift as the leap of fancy in the mind
Of one who much hath travell'd, when he thinks
With nimble apprehending, '*Here I was,*
Or there,' and memories fond crowd fast upon him;
So swiftly wing'd went Herè on her hest,
Traversed so swiftly all the space between,
And gain'd Olympus: on the steep she found
The Immortals gather'd in the hall of Zeus;
Who saw, and started to their feet, and all
Gave welcome with their cups; but all she pass'd
Save fair-cheek'd Themis; from her hand the cup
She accepted, who to meet her first had run,
And who address'd her with these wingèd words:

"Herè, why comest thou thus like one distraught?
Hath Zeus thy Lord inspired thee this affright?"

And broadbrow'd white-arm'd Herè made reply:

"μή με, θεὰ Θέμι, ταῦτα διείρεο· οἶσθα καὶ αὐτὴ,
οἷος ἐκείνου θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' ἄρχε θεοῖσι δόμοις ἔνι δαιτὸς ἐΐσης·
ταῦτα δὲ καὶ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀκούσεαι ἀθανάτοισιν,
οἷα Ζεὺς κακὰ ἔργα πιφαύσκεται· οὐδέ τί φημι
πᾶσιν ὁμῶς θυμὸν κεχαρησέμεν, οὔτε βροτοῖσιν
οὔτε θεοῖς, εἴπερ τις ἔτι νῦν δαίνυται εὔφρων."

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσα καθέζετο πότνια Ἥρη, 100
ὤχθησαν δ' ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοί· ἡ δ' ἐγέλασσεν
χείλεσιν, οὐδὲ μέτωπον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κυανέῃσιν
ἰάνθη· πᾶσιν δὲ νεμεσσηθεῖσα μετηύδα·

"Νήπιοι, οἳ Ζηνὶ μενεαίνομεν ἀφρονέοντες.
ἦ ἔτι μιν μέμαμεν καταπαυσέμεν ἆσσον ἰόντες,
ἢ ἔπει ἠὲ βίῃ· ὁ δ' ἀφήμενος οὐκ ἀλεγίζει
οὐδ' ὄθεται· φησὶν γὰρ ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
κάρτεΐ τε σθένεΐ τε διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστος.
τῷ ἔχεθ' ὅττι κεν ὔμμι κακὸν πέμπῃσιν ἑκάστῳ.
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν ἔλπομ' Ἄρηΐ γε πῆμα τετύχθαι· 110
υἱὸς γὰρ οἱ ὄλωλε μάχῃ ἔνι, φίλτατος ἀνδρῶν,
Ἀσκάλαφος, τόν φησιν ὃν ἔμμεναι ὄβριμος Ἄρης."

Ὣς ἔφατ', αὐτὰρ Ἄρης θαλερὼ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ', ὀλοφυρόμενος δ' ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Μὴ νῦν μοι νεμεσήσετ', Ολύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες,
τίσασθαι φόνον υἷος ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
εἴπερ μοι καὶ μοῖρα Διὸς πλεγέντι κεραυνῷ
κεῖσθαι ὁμοῦ νεκύεσσι μεθ' αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσιν."

Ὣς φάτο, καί ῥ' ἵππους κέλετο Δεῖμόν τε Φόβον τε
ζευγνύμεν', αὐτὸς δ' ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα. 120
ἔνθα κ' ἔτι μείζων τε καὶ ἀργαλεώτερος ἄλλος
πὰρ Διὸς ἀθανάτοισι χόλος καὶ μῆνις ἐτύχθη,
εἰ μὴ Ἀθήνη πᾶσι περιδδείσασα θεοῖσιν
ὦρτο διὲκ προθύρου, λίπε δὲ θρόνον ἔνθα θάασσεν,
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κεφαλῆς κόρυθ' εἵλετο καὶ σάκος ὤμων,

"Ask me not, heavenly Themis, of these things.
Thyself well knowest his temper, how misproud
And unrelenting. Rather rest content
Here in thy place of honour at the feast.
Though soon ev'n here in this Immortal throng
Thou wilt hear talk of what disastrous deeds
Zeus now portends; and, certes, when ye hear,
The world will scarce be gladden'd—God or man—
If indeed any still can feast content."

So speaking, royal Herè sat her down,
And the Gods murmur'd through the hall; but she
Laugh'd with her lips, yet o'er her azure brows
The forehead was not soften'd, till anon
In scorn and indignation she renew'd:

"Fools, of our folly to be wroth with Zeus!
Or to desire at all to stay his course,
Enforcing or persuading! He the while
Recks not, but sits secure withdrawn, and knows
His power supreme and unapproach'd in heaven.
Bow therefore to your burdens, and endure
The sorrows, whatsoe'er he lays on each.
Already hath the blow on Ares fall'n;
Yea, he whom bloody Ares names his son,
The man whom most of all mankind he loves,
Ascalaphus, hath perish'd in the war."

She spoke; but Ares smote his youthful thighs
With hands abandon'd to his grief, and said:

"Now ye, whose homes are on the Olympian steep,
Grudge me not that I go to avenge my son,
Though for that cause thereafter doom'd to lie
Scathed with the thunder, stretch'd amongst the slain,
Long ages on this bloody field of death."

He spoke, and call'd to Terror and to Flight
To yoke his steeds, and girt his own bright arms.
And heavier then, and direr far, had wrath
Fall'n from high Zeus in vengeance on the Gods,
Hath not Athenè, fearing for their fate,
Hasted her from the threshold through the hall,
Leaving the throne whereon she sate, and pluck'd
Shield off his shoulder, helmet off his head,

ἔγχος δ' ἔστησε στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα
χάλκεον· ἡ δ' ἐπέεσσι καθάπτετο θοῦρον Ἄρηα.

"Μαινόμενε, φρένας ἠλὲ, διέφθορας. ἦ νύ τοι αὖτως
οὔατ' ἀκουέμεν ἐστὶ, νόος δ' ἀπόλωλε καὶ αἰδώς.
οὐκ ἀΐεις ἃ τέ φησι θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἦ δὴ νῦν πὰρ Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου εἰλήλουθεν;
ἦ ἐθέλεις αὐτὸς μὲν ἀναπλήσας κακὰ πολλὰ
ἆψ ἴμεν Οὔλυμπόνδε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ, ἀνάγκῃ,
αὐτὰρ τοῖς ἄλλοισι κακὸν μέγα πᾶσι φυτεύσαι;
αὐτίκα γὰρ Τρῶας μὲν ὑπερθύμους καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς
λείψει, ὁ δ' ἡμέας εἶσι κυδοιμήσων ἐς Ὄλυμπον,
μάρψει δ' ἐξείης ὅς τ' αἴτιος ὅς τε καὶ οὐκί.
τῷ σ' αὖ νῦν κέλομαι μεθέμεν χόλον υἷος ἐῆος·
ἤδη γάρ τις τοῦγε βίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων
ἦ πέφατ', ἦ καὶ ἔπειτα πεφήσεται· ἀργαλέον δὲ
πάντων ἀνθρώπων ῥῦσθαι γενεήν τε τόκον τε."

Ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἵδρυσε θρόνῳ ἔνι θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
Ἥρη δ' Ἀπόλλωνα καλέσσατο δώματος ἐκτὸς
Ἰρίν θ', ἥτε θεοῖσι μετάγγελος ἀθανάτοισιν·
καί σφεας φωνήσασ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ζεὺς σφὼ εἰς Ἴδην κέλετ' ἐλθέμεν ὅττι τάχιστα·
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἔλθητε, Διός τ' εἰς ὦπα ἴδησθε,
ἔρδειν ὅττι κε κεῖνος ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ."

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσα πάλιν κίε πότνια Ἥρη.
ἕζετο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ· τὼ δ' ἀΐξαντε πετέσθην
Ἴδην δ' ἵκανον πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
εὗρον δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ
ἥμενον· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θυόεν νέφος ἐστεφάνωτο.
τὼ δὲ πάροιθ' ἐλθόντε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
στήτην· οὐδέ σφῶϊν ἰδὼν ἐχολώσατο θυμῷ,
ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἐπέεσσι φίλης ἀλόχοιο πιθέσθην.
Ἶριν δὲ προτέρην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι
πάντα τάδ' ἀγγεῖλαι, μηδὲ ψευδάγγελος εἶναι.

And planted in the floor the brazen spear
From out his giant hand; then led him back
Still chafing, and upbraiding spake and said:
"Insensate! By this madness quite undone!
Say, hast thou ears to hear, and hearest not,
Or have all mind and honour vanish'd clean?
Knowest not what tidings white-arm'd Herè brings,
This moment from Olympian Zeus arrived?
Or wouldst thou first fulfil thine own distress,
In anguish and by dire constraint perforce
Returning to Olympus, and thereby
Bring a like ruin upon all in heaven?
For He would leave these armies then, and come
To smite us to confusion, all alike,
Guilty and guiltless, in one general wrack.
Cease, therefore, cease this anger for thy son:
Full many a man of mightier arm than his
Hath fallen already or will hereafter fall;
It were a task indeed to seek to save
The generation of all human kind."
She spoke, and to his throne thrust the God down.

But Herè call'd Apollo from the hall,
With Iris, who is messenger in heaven,
And spake, and with wing'd words address'd them thus:
"Zeus bids you both haste hence to Ida's height;
When ye arrive, and look upon his face,
There to perform whate'er his hest may be."
So having spoken, royal Herè turn'd
Into the hall again and took her throne;
Whilst they sprang down, and flew, and gain'd the hill
Of many-fountain'd Ida; on the peak
Of Gargarus they found great Kronos' Son,
And round him was a cloud of incense wreath'd.
Before the Ruler of the Clouds they stood
Attentive; nor on them he look'd ill-pleased,
(That they had hastened to obey the word
Of his dear wife), and thus to Iris spake:
"Quick hence, swift Iris; carry these my words
To King Poseidon, nor convey them false.

παυσάμενόν μιν ἄνωχθι μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἅλα δῖαν.
εἰ δέ μοι οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεται, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσει,
φραζέσθω δὴ ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
μή μ' οὐδὲ, κρατερός περ ἐὼν, ἐπιόντα ταλάσσῃ
μείναι, ἐπεί εὖ φημι βίῃ πολὺ φέρτερος εἶναι
καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ὄθεται φίλον ἦτορ
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι, τόντε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ νεφέων πτῆται νιφὰς ἠὲ χάλαζα
ψυχρὴ ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς αἰθρηγενέος Βορέαο,
ὣς κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο ὠκέα Ἶρις,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη κλυτὸν ἐννοσίγαιον·

"Ἀγγελίην τινά τοι, γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,
ἦλθον δεῦρο φέρουσα παραὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
παυσάμενόν σ' ἐκέλευσε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἅλα δῖαν.
εἰ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεαι, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσεις,
ἠπείλει καὶ κεῖνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων
ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσεσθαι· σὲ δ' ὑπεξαλέασθαι ἀνώγει
χεῖρας, ἐπεὶ σέο φησὶ βίῃ πολὺ φέρτερος εἶναι
καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· σὸν δ' οὐκ ὄθεται φίλον ἦτορ
ἶσόν οἱ φάσθαι, τόντε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος·
"ὦ πόποι, ἦ ῥ', ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν, ὑπέροπλον ἔειπεν,
εἴ μ' ὁμότιμον ἐόντα βίῃ ἀέκοντα καθέξει.
τρεῖς γάρ τ' ἐκ Κρόνου εἰμὲν ἀδελφεοὶ, οὓς τέκετο Ῥέα,
Ζεὺς καὶ ἐγώ, τρίτατος δ' Ἀΐδης, ἐνέροισιν ἀνάσσων.
τριχθὰ δὲ πάντα δέδασται, ἕκαστος δ' ἔμμορε τιμῆς·
ἤτοι ἐγὼν ἔλαχον πολιὴν ἅλα ναιέμεν αἰεὶ
παλλομένων, Ἀΐδης δ' ἔλαχε ζόφον ἠερόεντα,

Say that I bid him from the war withdraw
Into the deep divine, if so he lists,
Or up amongst the assembled Gods in heaven ;
But from the war he needs must straight retire.
If he denies thee, nor will reck my words,
Yet let him weigh it well in heart and mind,
Ere he dares wait my coming ; for, in sooth,
Elder by birth and mightier far in strength,
Strong though he be, I well may ween myself.
All others stand in awe of me aloof ;
Him his heart fears not to assert my peer."
Nor swift windfooted Iris disobey'd ;
From Ida down to Ilion straight she flew ;
Swift as flies hail or snowstorm on the blast
Of sky-born Boreas from the clouds to earth,
So swift flew Iris wing'd upon her hest ;
And to the farfamed Shaker of the World
Drew near, and with wing'd words address'd him thus :
" O Thou, the Earth-embracer, Azure-hair'd !
Hear me, for with behest from Zeus I come.
He bids thee from the war depart, and go
Into thy deep divine, if so thou list,
Or up amongst the assembled Gods in heaven.
But if thou wilt not hear nor reck his words,
He threats to come and battle, strength to strength,
Against thee ; yet would bid thee rather shun
Thine elder and thy mightier far in arms ;
From whom all others stand aloof in awe,
To him thy heart would dare assert thee peer."
But answer all in wrath Poseidon gave :
" Great though he be, yet overmuch he now
Encroaches, if he would constrain me thus,
His peer in honour, by mere might of arm.
All sons of Kronos and of Rheia born
Three brothers were we ; Hades was the third.
In three the world was parted, and to each
Assign'd like share of majesty and place.
Three lots were shaken ; and I drew the sea,
To dwell for ever in its hoary depths ;
Hades the far dim islands of the west :

Ζεὺς δ' ἔλαχ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν·
γαῖα δ' ἔτι ξυνὴ πάντων καὶ μακρὸς Ὄλυμπος.
τῷ ῥα καὶ οὔτι Διὸς βέομαι φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ ἕκηλος,
καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν, μενέτω τριτάτῃ ἐνὶ μοίρῃ,
χερσὶ δὲ μήτι με πάγχυ κακὸν ὣς δειδισσέσθω.
θυγατέρεσσιν γάρ τε καὶ υἱάσι βέλτερον εἴη
ἐκπάγλοις ἐπέεσσιν ἐνισσέμεν, οὓς τέκεν αὐτὸς,
οἵ ἐθεν ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούσονται καὶ ἀνάγκῃ."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"οὕτω γὰρ δή τοι, γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,
τόνδε φέρω Διὶ μῦθον ἀπηνέα τε κρατερόν τε
ἦ τι μεταστρέψεις; στρεπταὶ μέν τε φρένες ἐσθλῶν.
οἶσθ' ὡς πρεσβυτέροισιν Ἐρινύες αἰὲν ἕπονται."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἶρι θεὰ, μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
ἐσθλὸν καὶ τὸ τέτυκται, ὅτ' ἄγγελος αἴσιμα εἰδῇ.
ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει,
ὁππότ' ἂν ἰσόμορον καὶ ὁμῇ πεπρωμένον αἶσῃ
νεικείειν ἐθέλῃσι χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι νῦν μέν κε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑποείξω·
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, καὶ ἀπειλήσω τόγε θυμῷ·
αἴ κεν ἄνευ ἐμέθεν καὶ Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης,
Ἥρης Ἑρμείω τε καὶ Ἡφαίστοιο ἄνακτος,
Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς πεφιδήσεται, οὐδ' ἐθελήσει
ἐκπέρσαι, δοῦναι δὲ μέγα κράτος Ἀργείοισιν,
ἴστω τοῦθ', ὅτι νῶϊν ἀνήκεστος χόλος ἔσται."

Ὣς εἰπὼν λίπε λαὸν Ἀχαιϊκὸν ἐννοσίγαιος,
δῦνε δὲ πόντον ἰὼν, πόθεσαν δ' ἥρωες Ἀχαιοί.
καὶ τότ' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·

"Ἔρχεο νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, μεθ' Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν·
ἤδη μὲν γάρ τοι γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
οἴχεται εἰς ἅλα δῖαν, ἀλευάμενος χόλον αἰπὺν
ἡμέτερον· μάλα γάρ κε μάχης ἐπύθοντο καὶ ἄλλοι,

Zeus the broad heaven in upper air and clouds ;
Earth and Olympus left our common realm.
I move not therefore by the breath of Zeus :
Content within his portion let him dwell ;
Nor with his strength, for all it be so great,
Threat me as in his bondage. Let him chide
The sons and daughters whom himself begat,
With these loud words ;—they needs must brook his will,
And, force-perforce, obey ;—but leave me free !"

But windfoot Iris answer'd thus, and spake :
"O Thou, the Earth-embracer, Azure-hair'd !
Must I then bear such answer from thy lips,
So harsh and unrelenting, back to Zeus ?
Repent ; repentance is of noble minds.
Also the Furies, as thou knowest, incline
Their hearts with favour to the Elder-born."

Then azure-hair'd Poseidon made reply :
"Wise and discreet, fair Iris, this thy word.
Well fares a message so discreetly brought.
Yet to mine inmost soul I feel the sting,
Whene'er he would with angry words suppress
One who in place and honour is his peer.
Howbeit, I bow me to his will this while
Obedient, and depart. But this thing more
Tell him, and from my soul the threat proceeds :
If, against me, and thwarting Herè's will,
And Pallas, gatherer of the spoils in war,
And Hermes, and Hephæstus, Kings in heaven,
He spares proud Ilion's towers, nor grants her fall,
But takes the mastery from Achaia's sons,
So be it—yet this warning let him weigh ;
The wrath between us two shall ne'er be heal'd."

He spoke, and left the Achaian host, and sank
Into the deep away ; and greatly grieved
Thereat the Danaan heroes. Turning then,
The Ruler of the Clouds to Phœbus spake :

"Phœbus, my son, to brass-helm'd Hector haste ;
For now within the Ocean-depths divine
The great Enclasper of the Earth hath gone,
And shunn'd the encounter of our wrath, well-known

οἵπερ ἐνέρτεροί εἰσι θεοὶ, Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες.
ἀλλὰ τόδ' ἡμὲν ἐμοὶ πολὺ κέρδιον ἠδὲ οἱ αὐτῷ
ἔπλετο, ὅττι πάροιθε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑπόειξεν,
χεῖρας ἐμὰς, ἐπεὶ οὔ κεν ἀνιδρωτί γ' ἐτελέσθη.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
τὴν μάλ' ἐπισσείων φοβέειν ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς·
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ μελέτω, ἑκατηβόλε, φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
τόφρα γὰρ οὖν οἱ ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, ὄφρ' ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ
φεύγοντες νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκωνται.
κεῖθεν δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ φράσομαι ἔργον τε ἔπος τε,
ὥς κε καὶ αὖτις Ἀχαιοὶ ἀναπνεύσωσι πόνοιο."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων, ἴρηκι ἐοικὼς
ὠκείῃ φασσοφόνῳ, ὅστ' ὠκιστος πετεηνῶν.
εὗρ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ἥμενον, οὐδ' ἔτι κεῖτο, νέον δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμὸν,
ἀμφί ἑ γιγνώσκων ἑτάρους· ἀτὰρ ἆσθμα καὶ ἱδρὼς
παύετ', ἐπεί μιν ἔγειρε Διὸς νόος αἰγιόχοιο.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·

"Ἕκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, τίη δὲ σὺ νόσφιν ἀπ' ἄλλων
ἧσ' ὀλιγηπελέων; ἦ πού τί σε κῆδος ἱκάνει;"

Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε θεὼν, ὅς μ' εἴρεαι ἄντην;
οὐκ ἀΐεις ὅ με νηυσὶν ἔπι πρύμνῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν,
οὓς ἑτάρους ὀλέκοντα, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς βάλεν Αἴας
χερμαδίῳ πρὸς στῆθος, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
καὶ δὴ ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην νέκυας καὶ δῶμ' Ἀΐδαο
ἤματι τῷδ' ἴξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἄϊον ἦτορ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"θάρσει νῦν· τοῖόν τοι ἀοσσητῆρα Κρονίων

By others erst in battle, ev'n by those
Who circle Kronos in the nether world.
Better for me and better for himself
Hath this thus ended, and hath he withdrawn
In season and in reverence of my might;
Not without toil had else the day been won.
But take my fringèd Ægis in thy hands;
Shake it abroad, and therewithal affright
The Danaan heroes; whilst thyself, my son,
Tendest on noble Hector. Raise him up;
Imbreathe thy might within him; till he drive
The Danaans to their ships and shore repell'd.
Thereafter to restore them in their need,
Some word or work will I myself devise."
He ended: nor Apollo disobey'd
His Father's word, but flew from Ida's height
Like to a falcon swooping on a dove
Swift-wing'd, the swiftest of the fowls of air.
And noble Hector, warlike Priam's son
He found now sitting half upright, and prone
No longer, but regathering fast his sense
(The sweatings and thick breathing now allay'd),
Knowing his friends about him; for the mind
Of mighty Zeus was quickening him anew;
Whom the Far-smiting Power approach'd, and said:
"Say, Son of Priam, why thou sitt'st aloof
Thus troubled, vainly gasping for thy breath;
Haply hath fall'n upon thee some distress?"
And Hector then, with short thick breath, replied:
"Who art thou, Best of heavenly Powers, who com'st
And thus inquirest of me face to face?
Know'st thou not how brave Ajax struck me down
With a huge stone full on the chest, and stay'd
My strength in onset, at the galleys' sterns
Arrived, and slaughtering all around me there?
Truly I thought to see this very day
The homes of Hades and the dead, so fast
I heard the beatings of my heart within me."
To whom far-smiting Phœbus gave reply:
"Be of good cheer; so mighty a Helper now

ἐξ Ἴδης προέηκε παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν,
Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάορον, ὅς σε πάρος περ
ῥύομ', ὁμῶς αὐτόν τε καὶ αἰπεινὸν πτολίεθρον.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἱππεῦσιν ἐπότρυνον πολέεσσιν
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ προπάροιθε κιὼν ἵπποισι κέλευθον
πᾶσαν λειανέω, τρέψω δ' ἤρωας Ἀχαιούς."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
δεσμὸν ἀποῤῥήξας θείῃ πεδίοιο κροαίνων,
εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,
κυδιόων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
ὤμοις ἀΐσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐῃφι πεποιθὼς,
ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ λαιψηρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
ὀτρύνων ἱππῆας, ἐπεὶ θεοῦ ἔκλυεν αὐδήν.
οἱ δ' ὥστ' ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα
ἐσσεύοντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιῶται·
τὸν μέν τ' ἠλίβατος πέτρη καὶ δάσκιος ὕλη
εἴρυσατ', οὐδ' ἄρα τέ σφι κιχήμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν·
τῶν δέ θ' ὑπὸ ἰαχῆς ἐφάνη λὶς ἠϋγένειος
εἰς ὁδὸν, αἶψα δὲ πάντας ἀπέτραπε καὶ μεμαῶτας·
ὣς Δαναοὶ εἶως μὲν ὁμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἔποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδον Ἕκτορ' ἐποιχόμενον στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τάρβησαν, πᾶσιν δὲ παραὶ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός.

Τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀγόρευε Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος υἱὸς,
Αἰτωλῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος, ἐπιστάμενος μὲν ἄκοντι,
ἐσθλὸς δ' ἐν σταδίῃ· ἀγορῇ δέ ἑ παῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
νίκων, ὁππότε κοῦροι ἐρίσσειαν περὶ μύθων·
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

" Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι·

From Ida hath Kroneion sent to stand
Close to thy side, and save thee from all harm,
Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword,
Myself, who oft have saved thee, and withal
Thy lofty city. Rouse thee therefore; bring
The charioteers together; bid them lash
Their horses straight upon the galleys turn'd,
Whilst moving in their front, I smooth the path
Before them, and make flee the Danaan host."
He spoke, and on the hero breathed his might.
As, when a stallèd horse hath snapp'd his bonds,
Fresh from the manger, pawing earth, and wont
To bathe him in the flowing river near,
He skims 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 lightly, and with lifted limbs and feet,
Moved Hector to and fro, and call'd the cars
Together, by the voice divine inspired.

As village-hunters and their hounds long-while
Press on a wild-goat or an antler'd stag;
Yet hath a dusky forest or steep rock
Untrodden saved it, nor will Fate allow
To them their quarry; but the noise hath brought
Sudden a bearded lion on their path,
And, whatsoe'er their ardour, all in fear
He turns them; so the Danaans for some space
With swords and brass-tipp'd spears press'd bristling on,
But, when they saw great Hector in the van,
Shrank back, with hearts that sunk into their feet.

Whom Thoas then, Andræmon's son, address'd,
The bravest of the Ætolians; whether need
Were for the javelin, or for standing fight,
Alike well-skill'd; and few in council there
Surpass'd him, when the younger sort engaged
In sage debate: he gave them cheer, and spake:
"Ye Gods! A marvel these mine eyes behold;

οἷον δ' αὖτ' ἐξαῦτις ἀνέστη, Κῆρας ἀλύξας,
Ἕκτωρ. ἦ θήν μιν μάλα ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἑκάστου
χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἴαντος θανέειν Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἀλλά τις αὖτε θεῶν ἐῤῥύσατο καὶ ἐσάωσεν
Ἕκτορ', ὃ δὴ πολλῶν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,
ὡς καὶ νῦν ἔσσεσθαι ὀΐομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ γε
Ζηνὸς ἐριγδούπου πρόμος ἵσταται ὧδε μενοινῶν.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
πληθὺν μὲν προτὶ νῆας ἀνώξομεν ἀπονέεσθαι·
αὐτοὶ δ', ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἐνὶ στρατῷ εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι,
στείομεν, εἴ κεν πρῶτον ἐρύξομεν ἀντιάσαντες,
δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι· τὸν δ' οἴω καὶ μεμαῶτα
θυμῷ δείσεσθαι Δαναῶν καταδῦνάι ὅμιλον."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα,
Τεῦκρον Μηριόνην τε Μέγην τ', ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηϊ,
ὑσμίνην ἤρτυνον, ἀριστῆας καλέσαντες,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐναντίον· αὐτὰρ ὀπίσσω
ἡ πληθὺς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἀπονέοντο.
Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ
μακρὰ βιβάς· πρόσθεν δὲ κι' αὐτοῦ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
εἱμένος ὤμοιιν νεφέλην, ἔχε δ' αἰγίδα θοῦριν,
δεινὴν ἀμφιδάσειαν ἀριπρεπέ', ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς
Ἥφαιστος Διὶ δῶκε φορήμεναι ἐς φόβον ἀνδρῶν·
τὴν ἄρ' ὅγ' ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων ἡγήσατο λαῶν.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες, ὦρτο δ' ἀϋτὴ
ὀξεῖ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ἀπὸ νευρῆφι δ' ὀϊστοὶ
θρῴσκον· πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἄλλα μὲν ἐν χροΐ πήγνυτ' ἀρηϊθόων αἰζηῶν,
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,
ἐν γαίῃ ἵσταντο, λιλαιόμενα χροὸς ἆσαι.

In resurrection from the arms of Fate
Hector hath risen. Whom truly every heart
Had hoped by Telamonian Ajax slain,
Him hath some God deliver'd and upraised.
Of many a Danaan hath he loosed the limbs
Already, and many another now will slay;
For not, I fear, without the Thunderer's aid
Stands he in this high courage far advanced.
Hear, therefore, and obey ye this my word.
Back on their galleys let the host retire;
Whilst we, who boast chief prowess in the camp,
Level our lances firm, and steadfast stand
In phalanx to repel him, face to face;
For, let his fury be whate'er it may,
On us so gather'd he will fear to charge."
He spoke; they gladly hearken'd and obey'd.
Round about Teucer, and Meriones,
And either Ajax, and Idomeneus,
And Meges, peer to Ares—face to face
Opposed to Hector and to Troy, they drew
Their line of battle close, and from all sides
The chiefs united; but, behind them screen'd,
The legions tow'rd the ships began retreat:
Whilst forward in close wedge the Trojans still
Push'd, and with huge strides Hector led them on;
And in his front Apollo; and a cloud
Enwrapp'd the shoulders of the God in gloom,
Yet left in light the Ægis all display'd
Terrible, with its gleaming fringes bright,
Forged by Hephæstus for a gift to Zeus,
His buckler wherewithal to awe mankind.
This holding, led the God the nations on;
Whom still in firm array their foes opposed;
And loud from either side the battle-cries;
And from the strings the arrows sprang; and thick
The javelins pour'd, and some transpierced the flesh
Of blooming warriors slain; but in mid space,
Stuck in the earth or e'er they gain'd their mark,
Fell many, quivering for the taste of blood.

Ὄφρα μὲν αἰγίδα χερσὶν ἔχ' ἀτρέμα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἥπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατενῶπα ἰδὼν Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
σεῖσ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἄϋσε μάλα μέγα, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθελξε, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
οἱ δ', ὥστ' ἠὲ βοῶν ἀγέλην ἢ πῶϋ μέγ' οἰῶν
θῆρε δύω κλονέωσι μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης σημάντορος οὐ παρεόντος,
ὣς ἐφόβηθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀνάλκιδες· ἐν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
ἧκε φόβον, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἄπαζεν.

Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἔλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν Στιχίον τε καὶ Ἀρκεσίλαον ἔπεφνεν,
τὸν μὲν Βοιωτῶν ἡγήτορα χαλκοχιτώνων,
τὸν δὲ Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·
Αἰνείας δὲ Μέδοντα καὶ Ἴασον ἐξενάριξεν·
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Ὀϊλῆος θείοιο
ἔσκε, Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν
ἐν Φυλάκῃ, γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτὰς,
γνωτὸν μητρυιῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Ὀϊλεύς·
Ἴασος αὖτ' ἀρχὸς μὲν Ἀθηναίων ἐτέτυκτο,
υἱὸς δὲ Σφήλοιο καλέσκετο Βουκολίδαο.
Μηκιστῆ δ' ἔλε Πουλυδάμας, Ἐχίον δὲ Πολίτης.
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ, Κλονίον δ' ἕλε δῖος Ἀγήνωρ.
Δηΐοχον δὲ Πάρις βάλε νείατον ὦμον ὄπισθεν
φεύγοντ' ἐν προμάχοισι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.

Ὄφρ' οἱ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἐντεα, τόφρα δ' Ἀχαιοὶ
τάφρῳ καὶ σκολόπεσσιν ἐνιπλήξαντες ὀρυκτῇ
ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φέβοντο, δύοντο δὲ τεῖχος ἀνάγκῃ.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας
Νηυσὶν ἐπισσεύεσθαι, ἐᾷν δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα·

Whilst still unshaken Phœbus held the shield,
Darts flew and warriors fell, to either side;
But when he lower'd his gaze, and shook the shield
Full in the faces of the swift-horsed tribes,
And raised beside his own voice loud thereto,
He charm'd away the valour in their hearts,
And made them clean forgetful of their might.
As is a herd of oxen, or a flock
Of many sheep, when at black dead of night
Two beasts of prey confound them, from the hills
Appearing, and their watchman is not nigh;
Ev'n so were they confounded, in whose hearts
Apollo breathed dire panic, but to Troy
And Hector gave companionship of fame.
Then was the battle scatter'd, man slew man.
By Hector slain Arcesilaus fell,
And Stychius; *that* the leader of the host
Of mail'd Bœotians, *this* the follower loved
Of great Menestheus. By Æneas fell
Medon and Jasus; Medon was the son
To King Oïleus bastard born, and hence
Brother to Ajax, but in Phylace
He dwelt, and from his country far, having slain
One unto Eriopis near of kin
His stepdame, whom Oïleus had to wife:
But Jasus led the Athenians, and was named
The son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus.
Mecisteus perish'd by Polydamas,
And by Polites in the foremost van
Echius, and Clonius by Agenor's arm;
Whilst Paris low beneath the shoulder pierced
Deiochus in the back, ev'n as he fled
Before him, and propell'd the spear right through.

But, whilst these stripp'd the armour off the slain,
The Achaians, on the stakes and deep-dug trench
Fell stumbling, routed to and fro, and, sore
Constrain'd, repass'd their rampart. Then on Troy
Hector uplifted loud his voice, to charge
Straight on the ships, and leave the spoils awhile;

"Ὃν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπανευθε νεῶν ἐτέρωθι νοήσω,
αὐτοῦ οἱ θάνατον μητίσομαι, οὐδέ νυ τόνγε
γνωτοί τε γνωταί τε πυρὸς λελάχωσι θανόντα,
ἀλλὰ κύνες ἐρύουσι πρὸ ἄστεος ἡμετέροιο.'

Ὣς εἰπὼν μάστιγι κατωμαδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους,
κεκλόμενος Τρώεσσι κατὰ στίχας. οἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῷ
πάντες ὁμοκλήσαντες ἔχον ἐρυσάρματας ἵππους
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ· προπάροιθε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ῥεῖ' ὄχθας καπέτοιο βαθείης ποσὶν ἐρείπων
ἐς μέσσον κατέβαλλε, γεφύρωσεν δὲ κέλευθον
μακρὴν ἠδ' εὐρεῖαν, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωὴ
γίγνηται, ὁππότ' ἀνὴρ σθένεος πειρώμενος ἥσει.
τῇ ῥ' οἵγε προχέοντο φαλαγγηδὸν, πρὸ δ' Ἀπόλλων,
αἰγίδ' ἔχων ἐρίτιμον· ἔρειπε δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ῥεῖα μάλ', ὡς ὅτε τις ψάμαθον παῖς ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
ὅστ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ποιήσῃ ἀθύρματα νηπιέῃσιν,
ἄψ αὖτις συνέχευε ποσὶν καὶ χερσὶν ἀθύρων.
ὣς ῥα σύ, ἦϊε Φοῖβε, πολὺν κάματον καὶ ὀϊζὺν
σύγχεας Ἀργείων, αὐτοῖσι δὲ φύζαν ἐνῶρσας.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·
Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
εὔχετο, χεῖρ' ὀρέγων εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα·

" Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἴποτέ τίς τοι ἐν Ἀργεϊ περ πολυπύρῳ
ἢ βοὸς ἢ ὄϊος κατὰ πίονα μηρία καίων
εὔχετο νοστῆσαι, σὺ δ' ὑπέσχεο καὶ κατένευσας,
τῶν μνῆσαι, καὶ ἄμυνον, Ὀλύμπιε, νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
μηδ' οὕτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιούς."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, μέγα δ' ἔκτυπε μητιέτα Ζεὺς,
ἀράων ἀΐων Νηληϊάδαο γέροντος.

Τρῶες δ' ὡς ἐπύθοντο Διὸς κτύπον αἰγιόχοιο,
μᾶλλον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

"And whomsoever I espy apart
Or skulking from the galleys I myself
Will work his death; nor dead shall he obtain
His burning at the hands of kith and kin,
But dogs shall tear his limbs beneath our walls."
He spoke, and o'er their shoulders lash'd his steeds,
Shouting, and ranging through the Trojan ranks;
Who answering clamour with clamour drave right on
In more than mortal uproar neck to neck
Their steeds and chariots; and before them all
Phœbus Apollo moved, and with all ease
Trod down the piled banks of the trench profound,
Thrusting them to its midst; and bridged a path
Across it, wide as is a javelin's cast,
Thrown by a man in trial of his strength.
Squadron by squadron o'er this path they streamed
Apollo leading still, and rearing high
The priceless Ægis; and he strew'd to earth
The rampart with all ease, as when a child
Strews sand upon the sea-shore; mimic mounds
He heaps in boyish sport, and then again
Confounds them, freely plying foot and hand;
So thou, O glorious Phœbus, laidst on earth
Confounded all that toil and labour huge
Of Argives, and with panic fill'dst their hearts.

Rallied at last before the ships they stood,
And, each to other giving cheer, pray'd loud
To Heaven with hands uplifted; Nestor most,
With arms toward the starry sky outstretch'd:
"O Father Zeus! If any in Argos' fields
Besought return, and on thine altar burn'd
Fat thighs of sheep and oxen, to whose prayer
Thou hearkenedst and consentedst by thy Nod;
Now, now remember this, O Lord Supreme,
And save us, nor permit our deaths by Troy!"
So pray'd the Elder, Neleus' Son, and ceased;
Zeus heard, and loud the thunder peal'd in heaven.
The Trojans knew the mind of Zeus their own,
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set

οἱ δ', ὥστε μέγα κῦμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο
νηὸς ὑπὲρ τοίχων καταβήσεται, ὁππότ' ἐπείγῃ
ἶς ἀνέμου· ἡ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε κύματ' ὀφέλλει·
ὣς Τρῶες μεγάλῃ ἰαχῇ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβαινον,
ἵππους δ' εἰσελάσαντες ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι μάχοντο
ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοις αὐτοσχεδὸν, οἱ μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων,
οἱ δ' ἀπὸ νηῶν ὕψι μελαινάων ἐπιβάντες
μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι, τά ῥά σφ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἔκειτο
ναύμαχα, κολλήεντα, κατὰ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῷ.

Πάτροκλος δ', εἵως μὲν Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε
τείχεος ἀμφεμάχοντο θοάων ἔκτοθι νηῶν,
τόφρ' ὅγ' ἐνὶ κλισιῇ ἀγαπήνορος Εὐρυπύλοιο
ἧστό τε καὶ τὸν ἔτερπε λόγοις, ἐπὶ δ' ἕλκεϊ λυγρῷ
φάρμακ' ἀκέσματ' ἔπασσε μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησεν
Τρῶας, ἀτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
ὤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὦ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ', ὀλοφυρόμενος δ' ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Εὐρύπυλ', οὐκέτι τοι δύναμαι, χατέοντί περ ἔμπης,
ἐνθάδε παρμενέμεν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
ἀλλὰ σὲ μὲν θεράπων ποτιτερπέτω, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
σπεύσομαι εἰς Ἀχιλῆα, ἵν' ὀτρύνω πολεμίζειν.
τίς δ' οἶδ', εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίνω
παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου."

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰπόντα πόδες φέρον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρῶας ἐπερχομένους μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο,
παυροτέρους περ ἐόντας, ἀπώσασθαι παρὰ νηῶν·
οὐδέ ποτε Τρῶες Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο φάλαγγας
ῥηξάμενοι κλισίῃσι μιγήμεναι ἠδὲ νέεσσιν.
ἀλλ' ὥστε στάθμη δόρυ νήϊον ἐξιθύνει

Their whole hearts to the battle. As, by force
Of a strong wind, that to its wont drives fast
The billows, out upon the broad-way'd sea
A climbing wave surmounts a galley's sides,
So o'er the wall the Trojans mounting pour'd
With uproar loud, and drave their steeds within,
And waged the battle by the galleys' sterns
With brass-tipp'd lances hand to hand, themselves
Still fighting from their chariots ; but the foe
From the black ships ; whereon they clomb, and plied
The long-spliced poles that lay upon the decks,
Brass-bound, and tipp'd with brass, for naval war.

Meantime, so long as round the rampart raged
The battle 'twixt the hosts and well aloof
Of the swift ships, so long Menœtius' Son
Still with the kindly-hearted hero sate,
Eurypylus ; and by his converse sweet
Soothed him, and spread the pain-beguiling balms
With his own hand upon the baleful wound ;
But, when he knew the Trojans o'er the wall
Now pouring, and the Danaans all in rout
And uproar toss'd, he groan'd and smote his thighs
With hands abandon'd to his grief, and said :
" Eurypylus, for all thou needst me still,
Yet can I stay no more ; to such a height
The war hath risen up yonder. On thy wound
Let thine own servant tend ; but I must haste
Hence to incite Achilles to the war.
Who knows if, with the sufferance of Heaven,
I may not by persuasion move his heart ?
Good is persuasion from a true friend's mouth."
Whom, as he ceased, his feet bare fast away.

The while, though firmly still the Achaians bode,
Yet could they not repel from off the ships
The Trojans charging, though the scantier host ;
Nor could the Trojans break the Danaan ranks,
Nor pierce them to attain the ships and tents.
But as a plank is planed by rule, and made

τέκτονος ἐν παλάμῃσι δαήμονος, ὅς ῥά τε πάσης
εὖ εἰδῇ σοφίης ὑποθημοσύνῃσιν Ἀθήνης,
ὣς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἶσα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε·
ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλῃσι μάχην ἐμάχοντο νέεσσιν.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ἄντ' Αἴαντος ἐείσατο κυδαλίμοιο.
τὼ δὲ μιῆς περὶ νηὸς ἔχον πόνον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
οὔθ' ὁ τὸν ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐνιπρῆσαι πυρὶ νῆα,
οὔθ' ὁ τὸν ἂψ ὤσασθαι, ἐπεί ῥ' ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.
ἔνθ' υἱὰ Κλυτίοιο Καλήτορα φαίδιμος Αἴας,
πῦρ ἐς νῆα φέροντα, κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρί· 420
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, δαλὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς ἐνόησεν ἀνεψιὸν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντα νεὸς προπάροιθε μελαίνης,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταὶ,
μὴ δή πω χάζεσθε μάχης ἐν στείνεϊ τῷδε,
ἀλλ' υἱὰ Κλυτίοιο σαώσατε, μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ
τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
τοῦ μὲν ἅμαρθ', ὁ δ' ἔπειτα Λυκόφρονα, Μάστορος υἱὸν, 430
Αἴαντος θεράποντα Κυθήριον, ὅς ῥα παρ' αὐτῷ
ναῖ', ἐπεὶ ἄνδρα κατέκτα Κυθήροισι ζαθέοισιν,
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλὴν ὑπὲρ οὔατος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἐσταότ' ἄγχ' Αἴαντος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν
νηὸς ἄπο πρύμνης χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.
Αἴας δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·

Τεῦκρε πέπον, δὴ νῶϊν ἀπέκτατο πιστὸς ἑταῖρος
Μαστορίδης, ὃν νῶϊ Κυθηρόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα
ἶσα φίλοισι τοκεῦσιν ἐτίομεν ἐν μεγάροισιν·
τὸν δ' Ἕκτωρ μεγάθυμος ἀπέκτανε. ποῦ νύ τοι ἰοὶ 440
ὠκύμοροι καὶ τόξον, ὅ τοι πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων;"

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε, θεὼν δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,
τόξον ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παλίντονον ἠδὲ φαρέτρην

Equal on all sides for a galley's use
By some skill'd builder, in all manner of art
Well-taught, and by Athene's mind inspired ;
So equal and so even the fight remain'd.
Some by one bark, and others by others, fought ;
Hector on none save glorious Ajax moved.
Constant those two still struggled round one ship ;
Neither could Hector drive the other off
Or fire the galley ; nor could Ajax thrust
Brave Hector back, whom Heaven had brought so near.
Yet struck he with a javelin through the chest
Caletor, Clytius' son, in act to fire
The galley ; from his hand the torch dropp'd wide,
And his arms clash'd about him as he fell.
Hector beheld his kinsman thus in dust
Fallen in the front of that black foughten ship,
And loud to Lycia and to Troy appeal'd :
"Lycians, and Trojans, and Dardans, staunch in arms !
Oh flinch not where the fight is straiten'd here ;
Save Clytius' Son, lest he should lose his arms,
Ev'n at the moorings of their galleys fallen."
He ended, and a glittering javelin aim'd
At Ajax first, yet err'd ; but then struck down
His follower, a Cytherian, Mastor's son,
Lycophron, who with Ajax dwelt, for guilt
Of blood upon him in Cythera's isle.
Where he stood near to Ajax, Hector's lance
Struck him upon the head above the ear,
So that from off the galley prone in dust
He dropp'd with limbs all loosen'd. Ajax saw
And shudder'd, and address'd his brother thus :
"Teucer, my brother ! Mastor's Son hath fall'n,
Our faithful follower, Lycophron, whom both
Have honour'd and regarded in our home
Like our own children, from the time he came
For refuge thither from Cythera's isle.
Him hath great Hector slain. Oh, where the bow
And deadly shafts, Apollo's gift to thee?"
He spoke ; whose heart the other read, and ran
Near him, and brought the bow tight-strung, and full

ἰοδόκον· μάλα δ' ὦκα βέλη Τρώεσσιν ἐφίει.
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Κλεῖτον, Πεισήνορος ἀγλαὸν υἱὸν,
Πουλυδάμαντος ἑταῖρον, ἀγαυοῦ Πανθοίδαο,
ἡνία χερσὶν ἔχοντα· ὁ μὲν πεπόνητο καθ' ἵππους·
τῇ γὰρ ἔχ', ᾗ ῥα πολὺ πλεῖσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ
ἦλθε κακὸν, τό οἱ οὔτις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.
αὐχένι γάρ οἱ ὀπισθε πολύστονος ἔμπεσεν ἰός·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
κεἰν' ὄχεα κροτέοντες. ἄναξ δ' ἐνύησε τάχιστα
Πουλυδάμας, καὶ πρῶτος ἐναντίος ἦλυθεν ἵππων.
τοὺς μὲν ὅγ' Ἀστυνόῳ, Προτιάονος υἱέϊ, δῶκεν,
πολλὰ δ' ἐπώτρυνε σχεδὸν ἴσχειν εἰσορόωντα
ἵππους· αὐτὸς δ' αὖτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον ὀϊστὸν ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
αἶνυτο, καί κεν ἔπαυσε μάχης ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
εἴ μιν ἀριστεύοντα βαλὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ἀλλ' οὐ λῆθε Διὸς πυκινὸν νόον, ὅς ῥ' ἐφύλασσεν
Ἕκτορ', ἀτὰρ Τεῦκρον Τελαμώνιον εὖχος ἀπηύρα,
ὅς οἱ ἐϋστρεφέα νευρὴν ἐν ἀμύμονι τόξῳ
ῥῆξ' ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρύοντι· παρεπλάγχθη δέ οἱ ἄλλῃ
ἰὸς χαλκοβαρὴς, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Τεῦκρος δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἦ δὴ πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
δαίμων ἡμετέρης, ὅ τε μοι βιὸν ἔκβαλε χειρὸς,
νευρὴν δ' ἐξέρρηξε νεόστροφον, ἣν ἐνέδησα
πρῴϊον, ὄφρ' ἀνέχοιτο θαμὰ θρῴσκοντας ὀϊστούς."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὦ πέπον, ἀλλὰ βιὸν μὲν ἔα καὶ ταρφέας ἰοὺς

Of shafts the quiver, whence incontinent
He 'gan discharge of arrows on the foe.
And first Pisander's noble son he struck,
Cleitus, the follower brave who held the reins
Of Prince Polydamas, Panthoüs' son,
And on the guidance of the steeds intent
Ranged where the ranks were thickest throng'd, and thought
To do a grace to Hector and to Troy—
Vainly, for evil on him came, which none
Of all who would have saved him could forefend;
The grievous arrow fell upon his neck,
And from the seat he dropp'd; his horses rear'd
Backward upon him, rattling the empty car;
Whose lord Polydamas perceived his plight
Soonest, and hasting to the horses' heads
First to Astynous, Protiaon's son,
Gave them with frequent charge to hold them near
And watch them well; the while himself return'd
To mingle with the foremost van again.

Meantime at brass-helm'd Hector Teucer drew
A second shaft; and, had he struck his aim
And slain him in his glory there in arms,
The battle 'mid the ships had quite been stay'd;
But Zeus, preserving Hector all that day,
With watchful eye perceived it, nor vouchsafed
To Telamonian Teucer such renown,
But, as he drew against the other, brake
The well-twined string upon the flawless bow,
So that the brass-barb'd arrow slanting wide
Wander'd, and from his hand the weapon dropp'd.
He shudder'd, and address'd his brother thus:
"Ah, brother! Ever in this war our hopes
Are shorn of their fulfilment by some God,
Who now hath dash'd from out my hand this bow,
Snapping the string which early this same morn
I bound thereto well-twined, that all day long
It might endure the spring of arrows forth."
To whom the giant Son of Telamon:
"Leave therefore, friend, those arrows and thy bow

κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ συνέχευε θεὸς Δαναοῖσι μεγήρας·
αὐτὰρ χερσὶν ἑλὼν δολιχὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος ὤμῳ
μάρναό τε Τρώεσσι καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε, δαμασσάμενοί περ, ἔλοιεν
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους, ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθα χάρμης."

Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' αὖ τόξον μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἔθηκεν,
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι σάκος θέτο τετραθέλυμνον,
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὐτυκτον ἔθηκεν
[ἵππουριν, δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν]·
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, μάλα δ' ὦκα θέων Αἴαντι παρέστη.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Τεύκρου βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος Διόθεν βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα.
ῥεῖα δ' ἀρίγνωτος Διὸς ἀνδράσι γίγνεται ἀλκὴ,
ἠμὲν ὀτέοισιν κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυαλίξῃ,
ἠδ' ὅτινας μινύθῃ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμύνειν,
ὡς νῦν Ἀργείων μινύθει μένος, ἄμμι δ' ἀρήγει.
ἀλλὰ μάχεσθ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἀολλέες· ὅς δέ κεν ὑμέων
βλήμενος ἠὲ τυπεὶς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,
τεθνάτω· οὔ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀμυνομένῳ περὶ πάτρης
τεθνάμεν· ἀλλ' ἄλοχός τε σόη καὶ παῖδες ὀπίσσω,
καὶ οἶκος καὶ κλῆρος ἀκήρατος, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Αἴας δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἑτάροισιν·

Where they have fallen together, so to lie,
Since of his spleen against the Danaan host
Some God hath thus confounded them ; and haste
To get a javelin to thy hand, and shield
About thy shoulder ; and return so arm'd
Thyself, and with thee rouse the host beside.
If they must conquer, leave them not the ships
Without a struggle ; battle till we die ! "
He spoke ; and Teucer laid the bow aside
Within the neighbouring tent, and round him braced
A four-hide shield, and set a well-wrought helm,
Horseplumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
Above his stately head, and also took
A brass-tipp'd spear ; and so returning moved,
And hasted once again to Ajax' side.

Hector saw Teucer's arrows thus made nought,
And loud to Troy and Lycia raised his voice :
"Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans, staunch in arms !
Be men, O friends, and of your olden might,
As through these hollow galleys now we range,
Be mindful still ; for with mine eyes I saw,
This moment past, the arrows of their chief
Made nought by Zeus. Full easy to discern,
Marvellous in operation amongst men,
The arm of Zeus ; both whereunto he grants
The greater glory, and where he maketh low,
Withholding succour ; even as now he makes
The might of Argos low, but aideth us.
Close your ranks therefore ; flinch not in the fight
Amongst these galleys. And, if any fall
By sword or javelin, to his hour of death
Brought in this battle, let him die content :
So standing for his country's sake to die,
Is no unworthy thing ; and he shall leave
His wife and children safe thereby, and home
And land unminish'd ; when Achaia's sons
Sail to their own dear country driven at last."
He spoke and quicken'd every hand and heart ;
Whilst Ajax adverse on his comrades call'd :

"Αἰδὼς, Ἀργεῖοι· νῦν ἄρκιον ἢ ἀπολέσθαι
ἠὲ σαωθῆναι καὶ ἀπώσασθαι κακὰ νηῶν.
ἦ ἔλπεσθ', ἢν νῆας ἕλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ,
ἐμβαδὸν ἴξεσθαι ἣν πατρίδα γαῖαν ἕκαστος;
ἦ οὐκ ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούετε λαὸν ἅπαντα
Ἕκτορος, ὃς δὴ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι μενεαίνει;
οὐ μὰν ἔς γε χορὸν κέλετ' ἐλθέμεν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι.
ἡμῖν δ' οὔτις τοῦδε νόος καὶ μῆτις ἀμείνων,
ἢ αὐτοσχεδίῃ μίξαι χεῖράς τε μένος τε.
βέλτερον, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι ἕνα χρόνον ἠὲ βιῶναι,
ἢ δηθὰ στρεύγεσθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι
ὧδ' αὔτως παρὰ νηυσὶν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι χειροτέροισιν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ἔνθ' Ἕκτωρ μὲν ἕλε Σχεδίον, Περιμήδεος υἱὸν,
ἀρχὸν Φωκήων, Αἴας δ' ἕλε Λαοδάμαντα
ἡγεμόνα πρυλέων, Ἀντήνορος Ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·
Πουλυδάμας δ' Ὦτον Κυλλήνιον ἐξενάριξεν,
Φυλείδεω ἕταρον, μεγαθύμων ἀρχον Ἐπειῶν.
τῷ δὲ Μέγης ἐπόρουσεν ἰδών· ὁ δ' ὕπαιθη λιάσθη
Πουλυδάμας. καὶ τοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
εἴα Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι δαμῆναι·
αὐτὰρ ὅγε Κροίσμου στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα.
τόφρα δὲ τῷ ἐπόρουσε Δόλοψ, αἰχμῆς εὖ εἰδὼς,
Λαμπετίδης—ὃν Λάμπος ἐγείνατο, φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν,
Λαομεδοντιάδης, εὖ εἰδότα θούριδος ἀλκῆς—
ὃς τότε Φυλείδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἐγγύθεν ὁρμηθείς· πυκινὸς δέ οἱ ἤρκεσε θώρηξ,

"Hold, men of Argos, hold to honour fast!
Tis death, if they remain among the fleet,
And safety, if ye but repel the ill.
Expect ye, when ye once have lost the ships,
To walk the roaring waters dry-foot home?
Or are ye deaf to bright-helm'd Hector's shouts,
Threatening to burn the galleys, and with cheers
Kindling his host? His voice is loud enow:
To no sweet dance that summons, but to war.
Nor have we better counsel in our power,
Than, might and main, to meet him, front to front.
Better to perish once for all, or stake
Our lives upon one moment, than remain
Wasting in this long struggle still spun out,
And spent and straiten'd thus by feebler men!"
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

Anon by Hector Perimedes' Son
Schedius, the chieftain of the Phocians, fell;
Whilst Ajax slew Antenor's son, renown'd
Laodamas, a leader in the van.
Polydamas slew Otus; he the friend
Of Phyleus' Son, and in Cyllene born,
A leader of the brave Epeian tribes.
Meges beheld his comrade's fall, and sprang
Against the other; yet Polydamas
Stooping escaped his javelin, and it err'd;
Apollo brooked not that Panthoüs' Son
Should fall by Meges; but it pierced the breast
Of Crœsmus; with a clash to earth he fell,
And Meges stripp'd the armour off his corse.

On whom, thus busied, Dolops leapt, the son
Of Lampus, and a youth well-skill'd in fence;
(Lampus, begotten by Laomedon,
A prince amongst the people, and his son
Was Dolops, proved and practised in the war).
Approaching near, he drave his pointed spear
Right through the centre of Phylides' shield;
Yet did the well-ribb'd corslet save his life;—

τόν ῥ' ἐφόρει γυάλοισιν ἀρηρότα· τόν ποτε Φυλεὺς
ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.
ξεῖνος γάρ οἱ ἔδωκεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὐφήτης
ἐς πόλεμον φορέειν, δηΐων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν·
ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε παιδὸς ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκεσ' ὄλεθρον.
τοῦ δὲ Μέγης κόρυθος χαλκήρεος ἱπποδασείης
κύμβαχον ἀκρότατον νύξ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι,
ῥῆξε δ' ἀφ' ἵππειον λόφον αὐτοῦ· πᾶς δὲ χαμᾶζε
κάππεσεν ἐν κονίῃσι, νέον φοίνικι φαείνος.
εἶος ὁ τῷ πολέμιζε μένων, ἔτι δ' ἤλπετο νίκην,
τόφρα δέ οἱ Μενέλαος Ἀρήϊος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ,
στῆ δ' εὐρὰξ σὺν δουρὶ λαθὼν, βάλε δ' ὦμον ὄπισθεν·
αἰχμὴ δὲ στέρνοιο διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,
πρόσσω ἰεμένη· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐλιάσθη.
τὼ μὲν ἐεισάσθην χαλκήρεα τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων
συλήσειν· Ἕκτωρ δὲ κασιγνήτοισι κέλευσεν
πᾶσι μάλα, πρῶτον δ' Ἰκεταονίδην ἐνένιπεν,
ἴφθιμον Μελάνιππον· ὁ δ' ὄφρα μὲν εἰλίποδας βοῦς
βόσκ' ἐν Περκώτῃ, δηΐων ἀπονόσφιν ἐόντων·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,
ἂψ εἰς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσιν,
ναΐε δὲ πὰρ Πριάμῳ, ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἶσα τέκεσσιν·
τόν ῥ' Ἕκτωρ ἐνένιπεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Οὕτω δὴ, Μελάνιππε, μεθήσομεν; οὐδέ νυ σοί περ
ἐντρέπεται φίλον ἦτορ ἀνεψιοῦ κταμένοιο;
οὐχ ὁράᾳς οἷον Δόλοπος περὶ τεύχε' ἔπουσιν;
ἀλλ' ἔπευ· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἐστὶν ἀποσταδὸν Ἀργείοισιν
μάρνασθαι, πρίν γ' ἠὲ κατακτάμεν ἠὲ κατ' ἄκρης
Ἴλιον αἰπεινὴν ἑλέειν κτάσθαι τε πολίτας."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἅμ' ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.

The stout good corslet Phyleus brought of old
From Ephyre and the stream of Selleïs,
The token which Euphetes, king of men,
Bestow'd on Phyleus as his guest to bear
In battle, and to guard him from his foes;
This now preserved the life of Phyleus' Son.
Then in his turn the spear of Meges struck
The cone above the other's brass-bound helm;
And shore the crest and horse-hair plumes away;
So that the fresh-dyed scarlet feathers fell
Together, and lay tarnish'd in the dust.
Yet Dolops dauntless still was fighting on
Nor had lost hope of victory, when, unseen,
In aid of Meges Menelaus came
Full-arm'd, and, passing by his flank, took stand
Behind, and struck him through the shoulder thence;
So that the point sped quivering through the chest
Joyous and onward; he on earth fell dead.
And on his corse the two victorious rush'd
Together, to despoil it of its arms.
Hector beheld, and on his brethren call'd,
Loudly on all, but Hicetaon's son,
The mighty Melanippus, most he chode;
(Him who had whilome in Percote grazed
Free of all peril his slow-pacèd herds;
But, when the Danaan galleys came, return'd
To Ilion, and in Troy conspicuous shone,
Dwelling in Priam's house and by the king
Like his own children honour'd)—by his side
Stood Hector, and rebuked him thus, and spake:
"Shall we, my comrade, so desert the dead?
Is not the heart within thee shamed to see
Thy kinsman slain? And seest thou not how thick
The foe flock round him, busy for his arms?
On, then, with me! Nor may this struggle end,
Ere either the Argives by our might have fallen,
Or they amid our slaughter take the towers
Of Ilion, from her summit headlong thrown."
He spoke and led the way, and with him went
The godlike hero; whilst on the other side

'Αργείους δ' ὤτρυνε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·

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

Ὣς ἔφαθ, οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον,
ἐν θυμῷ δ' ἐβάλοντο ἔπος, φράξαντο δὲ νῆας
ἔρκεϊ χαλκείῳ· ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς Τρῶας ἔγειρεν.
Αντίλοχον δ' ὤτρυνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

"'Αντίλοχ', οὔτις σεῖο νεώτερος ἄλλος 'Αχαιῶν,
οὔτε ποσὶν θάσσων οὔτ' ἄλκιμος ὡς σὺ μάχεσθαι·
εἴ τινά που Τρώων ἐξάλμενος ἄνδρα βάλοισθα."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀπέσσυτο, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν·
ἐκ δ' ἔθορε προμάχων, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀμφὶ ἓ παπτήνας· ὑπὸ δὲ Τρῶες κεκάδοντο,
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἧκεν,
ἀλλ' Ἱκετάονος υἱὸν ὑπέρθυμον Μελάνιππον,
νισσόμενον πόλεμόνδε, βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
Αντίλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε κύων ὡς, ὅστ' ἐπὶ νεβρῷ
βλημένῳ ἀΐξῃ, τόντ' ἐξ εὐνῆφι θορόντα
θηρητὴρ ἐτύχησε βαλὼν, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα·
ὣς ἐπὶ σοὶ, Μελάνιππε, θόρ' 'Αντίλοχος μενεχάρμης
τεύχεα συλήσων. ἀλλ' οὐ λάθεν Εκτορα δῖον,
ὅς ῥά οἱ ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δηϊοτῆτα.
'Αντίλοχος δ' οὐ μεῖνε, θοός περ ἐὼν πολεμιστὴς,
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' ἔτρεσε θηρὶ κακὸν ῥέξαντι ἐοικὼς,
ὅστε κύνα κτείνας ἢ βουκόλον ἀμφὶ βόεσσιν
φεύγει, πρίν περ ὅμιλον ἀολλισθήμεναι ἀνδρῶν·
ὣς τρέσε Νεστορίδης, ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ Εκτωρ
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόεντα χέοντο·
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἕθνος ἑταίρων.

Huge Telamonian Ajax cheer'd his host:
"Be men, O friends, and hold your honour dear;
Honour each other in this deadly strife;
Who cling to honour fast, are mostly saved;
Flight is but shame, nor strength is found therein."
He spoke to men whose blood already ran
Hot to repel the Trojans. In their hearts
They cast about his word, and with a fence
Of brazen lances hedged the ships; but Zeus
Still fired the Trojans on. Then Menelas,
Brave Atreus' son, address'd Antilochus:
"Antilochus, of all Achaians here
Younger in years is none nor swifter of foot
Nor stronger of arm, than thou; leap therefore forth,
If haply thou mayst strike some Trojan down!"
He spoke, and hasted back himself, but spurr'd
The other forward. From the van he sprang
Alone, and round him look'd, and poised his spear
Aiming; the Trojans cower'd before his aim;
Nor vain the javelin sped, but struck the chief,
Ev'n Melanippus, Hicetaon's son,
In his mid charge and full upon the chest.
He fell, and loudly round him clash'd his arms.
And Nestor's Son sprang tow'rd him, as a hound
Springs to a stricken fawn whose limbs are loosed
Beneath her; for a hunter's dart hath struck
And pierced her leaping from her grassy lair;
So, Melanippus, sprang Antilochus,
On thee, to strip the armour off thy limbs;
Whom Hector saw, and hasted to repel;
Nor then for all his ardour the other stood;
But turn'd him, quailing, as a beast of prey,
After a mischief done amongst a herd—
The dog perchance, or herdsman, slain—retreats
Affrighted, ere a crowd can gather near;
Ev'n so turn'd Nestor's Son, amid a shower
Of baleful darts, which Hector and all Troy
Pour'd with sky-piercing clamour on his back;
Yet firm again he stood, and wheel'd him round
To face them, when within his comrades' ranks.

Τρῶες δὲ λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισιν
νηυσὶν ἐπεσσεύοντο, Διὸς δ' ἐτέλειον ἐφετμάς·
ὅ σφισιν αἰὲν ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, θέλγε δὲ θυμὸν
Ἀργείων καὶ κῦδος ἀπαίνυτο, τοὺς δ' ὀρόθυνεν.
Ἕκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι
Πριαμίδῃ, ἵνα νηυσὶ κορωνίσι θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
ἐμβάλοι ἀκάματον, Θέτιδος δ' ἐξαίσιον ἀρὴν
πᾶσαν ἐπικρήηνει· τὸ γὰρ μένε μητίετα Ζεύς,
νηὸς καιομένης σέλας ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι. 600
ἐκ γὰρ δὴ τοῦ ἔμελλε παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
θησέμεναι Τρώων, Δαναοῖσι δὲ κῦδος ὀρέξαι.
τὰ φρονέων νήεσσιν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἔγειρεν
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα καὶ αὐτόν.
μαίνετο δ' ὡς ὅτ' Ἄρης ἐγχέσπαλος ἢ ὀλοὸν πῦρ
οὔρεσι μαίνηται, βαθέης ἐν τάρφεσιν ὕλης·
ἀφλοισμὸς δὲ περὶ στόμα γίγνετο, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
λαμπέσθην βλοσυρῇσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πήληξ
σμερδαλέον κροτάφοισι τινάσσετο μαρναμένοιο
[Ἕκτορος· αὐτὸς γάρ οἱ ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἦεν ἀμύντωρ 610
Ζεύς, ὅς μιν πλεόνεσσι μετ' ἀνδράσι μοῦνον ἐόντα
τίμα καὶ κύδαινε. μινυνθάδιος γὰρ ἔμελλεν
ἔσσεσθ'· ἤδη γάρ οἱ ἐπώρνυε μόρσιμον ἦμαρ
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη ὑπὸ Πηλείδαο βίηφιν].

Καί ῥ' ἔθελεν ῥῆξαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν, πειρητίζων
ᾗ δὴ πλεῖστον ὅμιλον ὅρα καὶ τεύχε' ἄριστα·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς δύνατο ῥῆξαι, μάλα περ μενεαίνων.
ἴσχον γὰρ πυργηδὸν ἀρηρότες, ἠΰτε πέτρη
ἠλίβατος μεγάλη, πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἐγγὺς ἐοῦσα,

But now the Trojans pour'd upon the ships,
Furious as ravening lions, and brought thereby
The will of mighty Zeus to pass; for Zeus
Breathed his high spirit on them, and charm'd away
All courage from the Argives, nor vouchsafed
Their wonted fame but still exalted Troy;
And still to Hector Priam's son his heart
Will'd an increase of glory till he throw
On the beak'd ships divinely kindled flames
To burn unwearied and to bring to pass
The prayer by Thetis gain'd against the Fates.
Expectant therefore till his eyes behold
The blaze of a burning ship, he sate serene,
But from that hour intending to roll back
The tide of battle, and to drive in rout
The Trojans, but exalt the Danaan name.
With this intent he breathed in Hector's breast
The spirit, erst flaming high, to higher flame;
So that he seem'd as Ares, when he lifts
His furious spear in battle; or as fire
Raging amongst the mountains, through the glades
Of a deep forest, and consuming all:
Foam was upon his lips; two balls of fire
Under his cloudy eyebrows shone his eyes;
And o'er his temples terribly as he moved
Uptowering through the battle rock'd his helm:
For Zeus was present to his aid from heaven,
Singling him only out of thousands there
For glory and for honour; yet his life
Was short pre-doom'd, and at that very hour
Pallas Athene swifter sped the day,
When by Achilles he must needs be slain.

But now he ranged victorious, and assay'd
If peradventure he might pierce their ranks,
Where thickest and their men best-dight he saw;
Yet could not break them, howsoe'er he strove;
For firm they held together, like some tower
Compact, or like a cliff, that rises sheer,
And huge, and neighbour to the hoary deep,

ἤτε μένει λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα
κύματά τε τροφόεντα, τά τε προσερεύγεται αὐτήν·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λαμπόμενος πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἔνθορ' ὁμίλῳ,
ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὡς ὅτε κῦμα θοῇ ἐν νηῒ πέσῃσιν
λάβρον ὑπὸ νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφές· ἡ δέ τε πᾶσα
ἄχνῃ ὑπεκρύφθη, ἀνέμοιο δὲ δεινὸς ἀήτης
ἱστίῳ ἐμβρέμεται, τρομέουσι δέ τε φρένα ναῦται
δειδιότες· τυτθὸν γὰρ ὑπὲκ θανάτοιο φέρονται·
ὣς ἐδαΐζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ὥστε λέων ὀλοόφρων βουσὶν ἐπελθὼν,
αἵ ῥά τ' ἐν εἰαμενῇ ἕλεος μεγάλοιο νέμονται
μυρίαι, ἐν δέ τε τῇσι νομεὺς, οὔπω σάφα εἰδὼς
θηρὶ μαχήσασθαι ἕλικος βοὸς ἀμφὶ φονῇσιν·
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν πρώτῃσι καὶ ὑστατίῃσι βόεσσιν
αἰὲν ὁμοστιχάει, ὁ δέ τ' ἐν μέσσῃσιν ὀρούσας
βοῦν ἕδει, αἱ δέ τε πᾶσαι ὑπέτρεσαν· ὣς τότ' Ἀχαιοὶ
θεσπεσίως ἐφόβηθεν ὑφ' Ἕκτορι καὶ Διὶ πατρὶ
πάντες, ὁ δ' οἷον ἔπεφνε Μυκηναῖον Περιφήτην,
Κοπρῆος φίλον υἱὸν, ὃς Εὐρυσθῆος ἄνακτος
ἀγγελίης οἴχνεσκε βίῃ Ἡρακληείῃ·
τοῦ γένετ' ἐκ πατρὸς πολὺ χείρονος υἱὸς ἀμείνων
παντοίας ἀρετὰς, ἠμὲν πόδας ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
καὶ νόον ἐν πρώτοισι Μυκηναίων ἐτέτυκτο·
ὅς ῥα τόθ' Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυάλιξεν.
στρεφθεὶς γὰρ μετόπισθεν ἐν ἀσπίδος ἄντυγι πάλτο,
τὴν αὐτὸς φορέεσκε ποδηνεκέ', ἕρκος ἀκόντων·
τῇ ὅγ' ἐνὶ βλαφθεὶς πέσεν ὕπτιος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πήληξ
σμερδαλέον κονάβησε περὶ κροτάφοισι πεσόντος.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὀξὺ νόησε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,
στήθεϊ δ' ἐν δόρυ πῆξε, φίλων δέ μιν ἐγγὺς ἑταίρων
κτεῖν'· οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ ἑταίρου,
χραισμεῖν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ μάλα δείδισαν Ἕκτορα δῖον.

And bears the stress of whistling winds, and stems
The billows idly surging at its base ;
So stood unmoved the Danaans, unappall'd ;
Till he, his form one blaze of living fire,
Sprang to their midst, and on them fell, as falls
On some swift bark a billow, nursed and swoll'n
By tempest in the clouds ; and all the bark
Is lost in spray and vapour ; but the blast
Roars fiercely in the sail ; and all aboard
Feel their hearts sink within them for their fear,
So scarcely from the jaws of death they run :
E'en such the terror tore the Achaians' hearts ;
For he was as a lion, deadly bent
On oxen that by myriads graze the herb
Of a wide marsh ; whose herdsman knows not yet
The art to battle with a beast of prey
To save his herd ; but with the first or last
Still paces, whilst upon the midmost springs
The lion, frighting all, devouring one :
So then by Hector and by Father Zeus
In more than mortal panic fled dismay'd
The Achaians all ; and one he slew, the son
Of Copreus, Periphetes, born and bred
In rich Mycenæ ; but his father erst
Carried the orders of Eurystheus' tasks
In message to the might of Hercules.
The good son of an evil father born
Was he, and in all manner of virtue shone,
Whether in battle, or for speed of foot,
Or for sage judgment, of his country's best :
Yet served to heighten now great Hector's fame ;
For as he turn'd he stumbled in the rim
Of the long buckler sheltering head to foot,
And backward fell ; and loudly, as he fell,
The brazen morion round his temples rang :
And Hector heard, and running to his side
Took stand, and plunged his spear within his breast,
Slaying him in his comrades' sight ; nor they,
How grieved soever for his death, could aught
To save him, but by Hector stood appall'd.

Εἰσωποὶ δ' ἐγένοντο νεῶν, περὶ δ' ἴσχεθον ἄκραι
νῆες, ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύατο· τοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο.
Ἀργεῖοι δὲ νεῶν μὲν ἐχώρησαν καὶ ἀνάγκῃ
τῶν πρωτέων, αὐτοῦ δὲ παρὰ κλισίῃσιν ἔμειναν
ἀθρόοι, οὐδ' ἐκέδασθεν ἀνὰ στρατόν· ἴσχε γὰρ αἰδὼς
καὶ δέος· ἀζηχὲς γὰρ ὁμόκλεον ἀλλήλοισιν.
Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
λίσσεθ' ὑπὲρ τοκέων γουνούμενος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·

"Ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἄλλων ἀνθρώπων, ἐπὶ δὲ μνήσασθε ἕκαστος
παίδων ἠδ' ἀλόχων καὶ κτήσιος ἠδὲ τοκήων,
ἠμὲν ὅτεῳ ζώουσι καὶ ᾧ κατατεθνήκασιν.
τῶν ὕπερ ἐνθάδ' ἐγὼ γουνάζομαι οὐ παρεόντων
ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς· μηδὲ τρωπᾶσθε φόβονδε."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
[τοῖσι δ' ἀπ ὀφθαλμῶν νέφος ἀχλύος ὦσεν Ἀθήνη
θεσπέσιον· μάλα δέ σφι φόως γένετ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν,
ἠμὲν πρὸς νηῶν καὶ ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο.
Ἕκτορα δὲ φράσσαντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἑταίρους,
ἠμὲν ὅσοι μετόπισθεν ἀφέστασαν οὐδ' ἐμάχοντο,
ἠδ' ὅσσοι παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἐμάχοντο θοῇσιν.]

Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' Αἴαντι μεγαλήτορι ἤνδανε θυμῷ
ἑστάμεν ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι ἀφέστασαν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλ' ὅγε νηῶν ἴκρι' ἐπῴχετο μακρὰ βιβάσθων,
νώμα δὲ ξυστὸν μέγα ναύμαχον ἐν παλάμῃσιν,
κολλητὸν βλήτροισι, δυωκαιεικοσίπηχυ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἵπποισι κελητίζειν εὖ εἰδὼς,
ὅστ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πολέων πίσυρας συναείρεται ἵππους,
σεύας ἐκ πεδίοιο μέγα προτὶ ἄστυ δίηται
λαοφόρον καθ' ὁδόν· πολέες τέ ἑ θηήσαντο

And their own ships show'd now before their eyes ;
For, either side, the foremost on the beach
Encompass'd them, like horns ; whilst through the lane
The Trojans pour'd. And soon they drew them back
Farther, most sorely straiten'd, ev'n behind
The whole first line of galleys, to the tents ;
Yet rallied there embodied, nor dispersed
All broken through the camp ; for shame and fear
Still held them firm ; and each with ceaseless cheers
Call'd on his neighbours ; most, Gerene's Chief,
Nestor, the guardian of Achaia's host,
Besought them in their parents' names to stand :
" Be men, my friends, and hold your honour dear.
Bethink ye of your name's repute elsewhere ;
But above all let every man remember
His own dear wife and children, land and home,
And his own parents (whether these be dead
Or living still)—yea, in their names I plead,
Whose voices far away ye cannot hear—
Stand bravely still, nor turn to craven flight."
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.
Then from their eyes Athene moved the mist
Divinely spread, that light from either side
(Both from the fleet behind and war in front)
Broke on them, and they saw brave Hector clear,
And knew his comrades, both how many stood
Aloof behind, nor mingled with the fight,
And all who battled with him 'mid the ships.
But mighty-hearted Ajax brook'd no more
To stand where others half-retiring fought ;
But with huge strides along the galleys' decks
Advanced, and wielded in his hands a pole
Huge, heavy, two-and-twenty cubits' length,
Spliced with brass clamps, and strong for naval war.
As when a master of the horseman's art,
Leashing four horses out of many chos'n,
Speeds them across a plain beneath the walls
Of a great town along a crowded road ;
And many men and women wondering stare
Upon him, for with certain step he leaps

ἀνέρες ἠδὲ γυναῖκες· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ
θρώσκων ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀμείβεται, οἱ δὲ πέτονται·
ὡς Αἴας ἐπὶ πολλὰ θοάων ἴκρια νηῶν
φοίτα μακρὰ βιβὰς, φωνὴ δέ οἱ αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν.
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευεν
νηυσί τε καὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀμυνέμεν. οὐδὲ μὲν Ἕκτωρ
μίμνεν ἐνὶ Τρώων ὁμάδῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων·
ἀλλ' ὥστ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν αἰετὸς αἴθων
ἔθνος ἐφορμᾶται, ποταμὸν πάρα βοσκομενάων,
χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
ὡς Ἕκτωρ ἴθυσε νεὸς κυανοπρῴροιο,
ἀντίος ἀΐξας· τὸν δὲ Ζεὺς ὦσεν ὄπισθεν
χειρὶ μάλα μεγάλῃ, ὤτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅμ' αὐτῷ.

Αὖτις δὲ δριμεῖα μάχη παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτύχθη.
φαίης κ' ἀκμῆτας καὶ ἀτειρέας ἀλλήλοισιν
ἄντεσθ' ἐν πολέμῳ· ὣς ἐσσυμένως ἐμάχοντο.
τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ὅδ' ἦν νόος· ἤτοι Ἀχαιοὶ
οὐκ ἔφασαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲκ κακοῦ, ἀλλ' ὀλέεσθαι.
Τρωσὶν δ' ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἑκάστου
νῆας ἐνιπρήσειν κτενέειν θ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
οἱ μὲν τὰ φρονέοντες ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν·
Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρύμνης νεὸς ἥψατο ποντοπόροιο,
καλῆς ὠκυάλου, ἣ Πρωτεσίλαον ἔνεικεν
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ' αὖτις ἀπήγαγε πατρίδα γαῖαν.
τοῦπερ δὴ περὶ νηὸς Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε
δῄουν ἀλλήλους αὐτοσχεδόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τοίγε
τόξων ἀϊκὰς ἀμφὶς μένον οὐδέ τ' ἀκόντων,
ἀλλ' οἵγ' ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενοι, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
ὀξέσι δὴ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀξίνῃσι μάχοντο
καὶ ξίφεσιν μεγάλοισι καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.
πολλὰ δὲ φάσγανα καλὰ μελάνδετα κωπήεντα
ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ χειρῶν χαμάδις πέσον, ἄλλα δ' ἀπ' ὤμων
ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων· ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.

From this to that, and still his station shifts
Securely, nor beneath him checks their flight ;
So, with long strides, from deck to deck advanced
Ajax, and raised a voice that reach'd the sky,
Invoking with dread shouts the Danaans still
To save their tents and galleys. Nor adverse
Bode Hector then amongst his well-mail'd men ;
But as a tawny-feather'd eagle swoops
Straight down upon a flock of wingèd birds
Feeding beside a river—geese perchance,
Or cranes or lithe-neck'd swans ; so Hector sprang
Direct upon a dark-prow'd ship ; whom Zeus,
Laying a mighty finger across his back,
Urged on, and with him kindled all his host.

Again amongst the ships the battle rose
Most hotly ; and so furiously they fought,
That thou hadst said that for the first time now
Fresh and unwearied in the war they met.
And in the struggle diverse were their thoughts ;
Scarce could the Achaians promise to their minds
Escape at all, but fear'd they needs must die ;
Whilst every Trojan's heart leap'd high with hope
To fire the ships and slaughter all their crews ;
Thus minded, face to face they battled still.

Erelong round that fair galley closed the fight
Which brought Prostesilaüs first to Troy,
But bare him never back to fatherland ;
Ev'n on the stern of that swift-voyaging bark
Hector laid hold, and round it 'twixt both hosts
All hand to hand the slaughterous struggle grew.
No more the armies stood apart, nor shot
Their shafts or javelins ; but, together mix'd,
One heart in every breast, they waged their war
With battle-axes keen, and mighty swords,
And maces, and spike-handled pointed spears.
And many a black-bound hilt and lovely blade
Dropp'd shiver'd off the shoulders of a foe,
Or from the hand that struck in splinters fell ;
And the earth ran with blood. Nor, when that stern

Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρύμνηθεν ἐπεὶ λάβεν, οὐχὶ μεθίει,
ἄφλαστον μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων, Τρωσὶν δὲ κέλευεν·

"Οἴσετε πῦρ, ἅμα δ' αὐτοὶ ἀολλέες ὄρνυτ' ἀϋτήν·
νῦν ἡμῖν πάντων Ζεὺς ἄξιον ἦμαρ ἔδωκεν,
νῆας ἑλεῖν, αἳ δεῦρο θεῶν ἀέκητι μολοῦσαι
ἡμῖν πήματα πολλὰ θέσαν, κακότητι γερόντων,
οἵ μ' ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι νέεσσιν
αὐτόν τ' ἰσχανάασκον ἐρητύοντό τε λαόν.
ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥα τότε βλάπτε φρένας εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἡμετέρας, νῦν αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισιν ὄρουσαν.
Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν·
ἀλλ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθὸν, ὀϊόμενος θανέεσθαι,
θρῆνυν ἐφ' ἑπταπόδην, λίπε δ' ἴκρια νηὸς ἐΐσης.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὅγ' ἑστήκει δεδοκημένος, ἔγχεϊ δ' αἰεὶ
Τρῶας ἄμυνε νεῶν, ὅστις φέροι ἀκάματον πῦρ·
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευεν·

"Ὦ φίλοι, ἥρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
ἠέ τινάς φαμεν εἶναι ἀοσσητῆρας ὀπίσσω,
ἠέ τε τεῖχος ἄρειον, ὅ κ' ἀνδράσι λοιγὸν ἀμύναι;
οὐ μέν τι σχεδόν ἐστι πόλις πύργοις ἀραρυῖα,
ᾗ κ' ἀπαμυναίμεσθ' ἑτεραλκέα δῆμον ἔχοντες·
ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ Τρώων πεδίῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων,
πόντῳ κεκλιμένοι, ἐκὰς ἤμεθα πατρίδος αἴης·
τῷ ἐν χερσὶ φόως, οὐ μειλιχίῃ πολέμοιο."

Ἦ καὶ μαιμώων ἔφεπ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι.
ὅστις δὲ Τρώων κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ φέροιτο
σὺν πυρὶ κηλείῳ, χάριν Ἕκτορος ὀτρύναντος,
τὸν δ' Αἴας οὔτασκε δεδεγμένος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ·
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε νεῶν αὐτοσχεδὸν οὗτα.

Was seized by Hector, would he loose his grasp,
But held the figure firm, and call'd on Troy:
"Now bring ye fire, and let your shouts go up
Together; Zeus bestows at last a day
That pays us all our pains—ev'n to destroy
These galleys: which, though all devoid they came
Of Heaven's good-will, no less have wrought us hurt,
Uncheck'd, because our elders in their fears
Would still detain me, when I would advance,
And with me held our host behind the walls.
But, though Zeus blinded so our sense awhile,
Now his own spirit impels and bids us on."
He spoke; they sprang the fiercer on their foes.
Nor Ajax, sorely press'd, could longer stand,
But drew him back a little space, in fear
Of very death, down from the galley's deck
Descending to its waist, where lay the bench,
Seven feet in length, whereon the oarsmen sate;
Thereon he stood, and o'er the bulwark lean'd,
Awaiting and repelling off the ship
With a long spear whoever durst advance
His gleaming torch towards it. And still his voice
Rose loud and dread, and on the Danaans call'd:
"Heroes, companions dear in Ares' field!
Be men, and mindful of your olden might.
Dream we a second army in our rear
Fresh to our rescue? or a city strong
To save this ruin? Nay, no fenced town—
Whence, with a people brave to turn the day,
We yet might well repel them—now is near;
But in our enemy's country, and far from home,
Troy in our front, the sea upon our backs,
We camp alone; our only ray of hope
Is in hard fight—in soft retreat is none!"
He spoke and fiercely with his sharp-tipt lance
Pursued the every movement of the foe;
So that whoever durst approach the ships
With fire obedient unto Hector's cry,
Ajax with that long spear awaiting pierced.
Twelve men before the ships he so struck down.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Π'.

Πατρόκλεια.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν περὶ νηὸς ἐϋσσέλμοιο μάχοντο·
Πάτροκλος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ παρίστατο, ποιμένι λαῶν,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων ὥστε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἥτε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὤκτειρε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Τίπτε δεδάκρυσαι, Πατρόκλεις, ἠΰτε κούρη
νηπίη, ἥθ' ἅμα μητρὶ θέουσ' ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει,
εἱανοῦ ἁπτομένη, καί τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει,
δακρυόεσσα δέ μιν ποτιδέρκεται, ὄφρ' ἀνέληται·
τῇ ἴκελος, Πάτροκλε, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβεις.
ἠέ τι Μυρμιδόνεσσι πιφαύσκεαι, ἢ ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ;
ἠέ τιν' ἀγγελίην Φθίης ἐξ ἔκλυες οἷος;
ζώειν μὰν ἔτι φασὶ Μενοίτιον, Ἄκτορος υἱὸν,
ζώει δ' Αἰακίδης Πηλεὺς μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
τῶν κε μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων ἀκοχοίμεθα τεθνηώτων.
ἠὲ σύγ' Ἀργείων ὀλοφύρεαι, ὡς ὀλέκονται
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ὑπερβασίης ἕνεκα σφῆς;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω."

Τὸν δὲ βαρύ στενάχων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεις ἱππεῦ·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλέος υἱὲ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,

ILIAD XVI.

But all this while, though round that well-built ship
So raged the battle, yet Patroclus stood
Still by his lord Achilles in the tent,
In tears, like some black-bubbling fount, that drops
Its waters in dark vein adown a cliff;
Whom seeing on divine Achilles fell
Pity, and wingèd words he thus began:
"Why dost thou weep? Yea, like some little maid,
Patroclus, running by her mother's side,
Who bids her mother lift her to her arms,
And, catching at her garment, checks her walk,
And wistful eyes her, weeping, and still weeps
Till lifted to her wish; like such a girl,
Patroclus, sheddest thou these tender tears.
Hath aught of evil tidings reach'd thine ear
For mine own self or for the Myrmidons?
Or aught from Phthia of an ill report
Known to thee only of Achaia's host?
For Æacus' and Actor's sons alike,
Menœtius, and King Peleus, both are said
To be still living, wealthy to their wont;
Our fathers—were they dead, we well might weep.
Or griev'st thou for the Achaians, that they fall—
Fall for their own transgression mid their ships?
Speak, that we both may know; nor hide thy thought."
Whom thou, Patroclus, groaning heavily,
Thus answeredst:
"Noblest of Achaia's sons,
Achilles, yet endure me, though I grieve
For the destruction that is on the host.
Smitten with spears or arrows, all, who late

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.
τοὺς μέν τ' ἰητροὶ πολυφάρμακοι ἀμφιπένονται,
ἕλκε' ἀκειόμενοι· σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.
μὴ ἔμεγ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
αἰναρέτη. τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
αἴ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνῃς;
νηλεὲς, οὐκ ἄρα σοίγε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι δ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶ σῇσι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνεις
καί τινά τοι πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ,
ἀλλ' ἐμέ περ πρόες ὤχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ὄπασσον
Μυρμιδόνων, ἵν πού τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένωμαι.
δὸς δέ μοι ὤμοιιν τὰ σὰ τεύχεα θωρηχθῆναι,
αἴ κ' ἐμὲ σοὶ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' Ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.
ῥεῖα δέ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας ἀὐτῇ
ὤσαιμεν προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."

Ὣς φάτο λισσόμενος μέγα νήπιος· ἦ γὰρ ἔμελλεν
οἱ αὐτῷ θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα λιτέσθαι.
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Ὤ μοι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις, οἷον ἔειπες·
οὔτε θεοπροπίης ἐμπάζομαι, ἥντινα οἶδα,
οὔτε τί μοι πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ·
ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει,
ὁππότε δὴ τὸν ὁμοῖον ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμέρσαι
καὶ γέρας ἂψ ἀφελέσθαι, ὅ τε κράτεϊ προβεβήκῃ·
αἰνὸν ἄχος τό μοί ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
κούρην ἣν ἄρα μοι γέρας ἔξελον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
δουρὶ δ' ἐμῷ κτεάτισσα, πόλιν εὐτείχεα πέρσας,

Were bravest in the fight, lie cabin'd now ;
Tydeus' brave Son is by an arrow pierced,
And likewise through the hip Eurypylus ;
But spears have struck Odysseus, and the King :
To whom the leeches minister, and stanch
Their wounds ; but thou, Achilles, sitt'st unmoved.
Such wrath, as this thou nursest, ne'er be mine !
Mighty to only ruin ! What shall men
Reap of thee in the aftertime, if now
Thou shield not thine own people from this death ?
Oh hard of heart ! Nor Peleus thee begat,
Nor Thetis bare thee, but of rugged rock
Thou sprang'st, and of the barren ocean blue ;
So wild and unrelenting this thy mood !
Yea, though some evil presage from the Gods,
Or message by thy mother borne from Zeus,
Hold thee from battle, yet send me, send forth
Me, and with me thy gallant Myrmidons ;
So may some light upon the Danaans dawn.
And suffer that I clothe me in thine arms ;
The Trojans shall behold in me awhile
Thine image, and affrighted hold them back
And to the Danaans leave a breathing-space,
Short though it be, some respite from the war.
Fresh and unworn are we ; but they are spent ;
Our very battle-cry shall drive them back
Clear of our galleys to their city-walls."
He ended ; ah unwise, who but besought
On his own head foul death and fate thereby !
Much moved, the fleetfoot hero thus return'd :
"What words are these, Patroclus, from thy lips ?
Not for an evil presage from the Gods,
Nor message by my mother borne from Zeus—
But this the cause that stings me to the quick,
That, who in rank alone excels at all,
Hath dared amerce his equal, and perforce
Seized his fair guerdon—this hath wrung my heart.
The maid, my prize selected by the host,
Meed of my valour, won by mine own spear,
Spoil of a fenced city thrown by me,

τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρείδης ὡσεί τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν· οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν
ἀσπερχὲς κεχολῶσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσίν· ἤτοί ἔφην γε
οὐ πρὶν μηνιθμὸν καταπαυσέμεν, ἀλλ' ὁπότ' ἂν δὴ
νῆας ἐμὰς ἀφίκηται ἀϋτή τε πτόλεμός τε.
τύνη δ' ὥμοιϊν μὲν ἐμὰ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦθι,
ἄρχε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι,
εἰ δὴ κυάνεον Τρώων νέφος ἀμφιβέβηκεν
νηυσὶν ἐπικρατέως, οἱ δὲ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
κεκλίαται, χώρης ὀλίγην ἔτι μοῖραν ἔχοντες,
Ἀργεῖοι· Τρώων δὲ πόλις ἐπὶ πᾶσα βέβηκεν
θάρσυνος. οὐ γὰρ ἐμῆς κόρυθος λεύσσουσι μέτωπον
ἐγγύθι λαμπομένης· τάχα κεν φεύγοντες ἐναύλους
πλήσειαν νεκύων, εἴ μοι κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἤπια εἰδείη· νῦν δὲ στρατὸν ἀμφιμάχονται.
οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσιν
μαίνεται ἐγχείη Δαναῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι·
οὐδέ πω Ἀτρείδεω ὀπὸς ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος
ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς· ἀλλ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
Τρωσὶ κελεύοντος περιάγνυται, οἱ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
πᾶν πεδίον κατέχουσι, μάχῃ νικῶντες Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς, Πάτροκλε, νεῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμύνων
ἔμπεσ' ἐπικρατέως, μὴ δὴ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
νῆας ἐνιπρήσωσι, φίλον δ' ἀπὸ νόστον ἕλωνται.
πείθεο δ' ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,
ὡς ἄν μοι τιμὴν μεγάλην καὶ κῦδος ἄρηαι
πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν, ἀτὰρ οἱ περικαλλέα κούρην
ἂψ ἀπονάσσωσιν, ποτὶ δ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν.
ἐκ νηῶν ἐλάσας ἰέναι πάλιν· εἰ δέ κεν αὖ τοι
δώῃ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,
μὴ σύγ' ἄνευθεν ἐμεῖο λιλαίεσθαι πολεμίζειν
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν· ἀτιμότερον δέ με θήσεις.
μηδ' ἐπαγαλλόμενος πολέμῳ καὶ δηϊοτῆτι,

Her, in despite of all I had endured,
Did Agamemnon of his sovereign state
Tear, as from some vile vagrant, from my hands.
Howbeit, the past be past; and sin it were
To nurse an endless anger. Yet my word
Stands, that I will not change, or e'er I hear
The cry of battle round my own fair ships:
But this may I vouchsafe them; put my arms
About thy shoulders and be leader thou
Of these my Myrmidonians forth to fight:
Since black indeed and threatening on the ships
The cloud advances; and the Argives stand
Pent on a narrow strip, against the sea
Sore-straiten'd; but the streets of Troy pour down
All flush'd with hope and fearless, who descry
The forehead of my helmet now no more
Gleaming against them; oh, if Atreus' Son,
The King, but knew to bear him fair to me,
How quickly fleeing should they choke the streams
With corpses, who now battle round our camp!
For now no more to save this ruin serves
The javelin flaming in Tydides' hands;
The accursèd voice from Agamemnon's lips
Is nowhere in mine ears; but all about
The shouts of Hector shivering to the skies,
Who cheers to Troy, and they with answering cheer
Possess the plain victorious. Get thee forth,
Therefore, and save this ruin, and with might
Fall on them, lest they haply burn the barks,
And reave us of the dear return to home.
Yet hear and lay to heart my last behest;
So only shalt thou gain my glory due
From all the host, and they the beauteous maid
Shall render back, and golden gifts withal.
Relieve them; and thereafter straight return.
Though Zeus should put the victory in thy hands,
I pray thee, yet forbear, apart from me;
Else shalt thou shame me more before the host.
And 'ware, lest whirl of onset and thy joy
'Long the path of slaughter bear thee on

Τρῶας ἐναιρόμενος, προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡγεμονεύειν,
μή τις ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
ἐμβήῃ· μάλα τούς γε φιλεῖ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρωπᾶσθαι, ἐπὴν φάος ἐν νήεσσιν
θήῃς, τοὺς δέ τ' ἐᾷν πεδίον κάτα δηριάασθαι.
[αἲ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον,
μήτε τις οὖν Τρώων θάνατον φύγοι, ὅσσοι ἔασιν,
μήτε τις Ἀργείων, νῶϊν δ' ἐκδῦμεν ὄλεθρον,
ὄφρ' οἷοι Τροίης ἱερὰ κρήδεμνα λύωμεν.]" 100

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν·
δάμνα μιν Ζηνός τε νόος καὶ Τρῶες ἀγαυοὶ
βάλλοντες· δεινὴν δὲ περὶ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ
πήληξ βαλλομένη καναχὴν ἔχε, βάλλετο δ' αἰεὶ
κὰπ φάλαρ' εὐποίηθ'· ὁ δ' ἀριστερὸν ὦμον ἔκαμνεν,
ἔμπεδον αἰὲν ἔχων σάκος αἰόλον· οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ πελεμίξαι ἐρείδοντες βελέεσσιν.
αἰεὶ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι, κὰδ δέ οἱ ἱδρὼς
πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων πολὺς ἔῤῥεεν, οὐδέ πη εἶχεν 110
ἀμπνεῦσαι· πάντη δὲ κακὸν κακῷ ἐστήρικτο.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅππως δὴ πρῶτον πῦρ ἔμπεσε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἕκτωρ Αἴαντος δόρυ μείλινον ἄγχι παραστὰς
πλῆξ' ἄορι μεγάλῳ, αἰχμῆς παρὰ καυλὸν ὄπισθεν,
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπάραξε· τὸ μὲν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
πῆλ' αὖτως ἐν χειρὶ κόλον δόρυ· τῆλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη χαμάδις βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.
γνῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμύμονα, ῥίγησέν τε
ἔργα θεῶν, ὅ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κεῖρεν 120
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην·
χάζετο δ' ἐκ βελέων. τοὶ δ' ἔμβαλον ἀκάματον πῦρ

Foremost to Ilion ; surely shall some God
Descending there assail thee ; Troy is loved
Of many, and of arrowy Phœbus most.
Therefore I bid thee, at the first clear dawn
Of safety on the fleet, straight turn thee back
Uncaring of their battle o'er the plain :
Yea, by Apollo and our Father Zeus,
I would that not a man in either host
Escaped the death, and we alone, we two
Alone, might throw the towers of sacred Troy ! "
So in the tent these two their converse held.

But Ajax, press'd by darts, could bide no more.
The will of Zeus and that renownèd host
Of Troy subdued his valour ; loud the clash
Of the bright morion smitten round his brows ;
And ceaseless still that smiting of the helm
And of the well-wrought visor ; yea, albeit
The foe despite the pressure of their spears
'Vail'd not to shake his footing, yet his arm
With ever holding forth his glancing shield
'Gan weary ; painful pants possess'd his breath ;
Nor found he any space whereon to stand
And rest ; but ill came up fast shouldering ill.

Now ye, whose homes are on the Olympian steep,
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer, and sing
How first the fire then fell upon the fleet !

Hector to Ajax taking closer stand,
Struck full with falchion huge the ashen spear
Under the splice whereby the point was held
And shore it sheer in twain : in Ajax' hand
The headless shaft went idly whirl'd aloft,
But far the point flew clanging to the earth.
Then Ajax in his blameless soul confess'd
With shuddering awe the hand of Gods against him ;
How He who wields the thunder brake his plans
In sunder, and will'd triumph unto Troy ;
Therefore he drew him from the hail of darts.

νηὶ θοῇ· τῆς δ' αἶψα κατ' ἀσβέστη κέχυτο φλόξ.
ὣς τὴν μὲν πρύμνην πῦρ ἄμφεπεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
μηρὼ πληξάμενος Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν·

"Ὄρσεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις, ἱπποκέλευθε—
λεύσσω δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ πυρὸς δηΐοιο ἰωήν—
μὴ δὴ νῆας ἕλωσι καὶ οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλωνται·
δύσεο τεύχεα θᾶσσον, ἐγὼ δέ κε λαὸν ἀγείρω."

Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ. 130
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκεν
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν
ποικίλον ἀστερόεντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε·
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὔτυκτον ἔθηκεν
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε, τά οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.
ἔγχος δ' οὐχ' ἕλετ' οἷον ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο, 140
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν
πάλλειν, ἀλλά μιν οἷος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεὺς,
Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χείρων
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.
ἵππους δ' Αὐτομέδοντα θοῶς ζευγνῦμεν ἄνωγεν,
τὸν μετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ῥηξήνορα τῖε μάλιστα,
πιστότατος δέ οἱ ἔσκε μάχῃ ἔνι μεῖναι ὁμοκλήν.
τῷ δὲ καὶ Αὐτομέδων ὕπαγε ζυγὸν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Ξάνθον καὶ Βαλίον, τὼ ἅμα πνοιῇσι πετέσθην,
τοὺς ἔτεκε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἅρπυια Ποδάργη, 150
βοσκομένη λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο.
ἐν δὲ παρῃορίῃσιν ἀμύμονα Πήδασον ἴει,
τόν ῥά ποτ' Ἠετίωνος ἑλὼν πόλιν ἤγαγ' Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ὃς καὶ θνητὸς ἐὼν ἕπετ' ἵπποις ἀθανάτοισιν.

Forthwith the Trojans hurl'd upon the bark
Fire, and the flames straight ran adown the hulk
In quenchless blaze, and wrapp'd it to the stern.
Achilles saw, and smote his thighs, and cried :
"Up, thou beloved of Zeus, Patroclus, forth !
I see the flames now shooting from the ships,
And dread lest they destroy them, and return
Be thus forbid for ever. Therefore, haste
To arm thee, whilst I rouse my men to war."
He spoke : the other straight 'gan gird his form
In dazzling brass ; and first about his knees
Placed shining greaves with silver anklets clasp'd,
And next about his chest the corslet bound,
The enamell'd starlike corslet of his lord ;
By baldric o'er his shoulders then he slung
The silver-hilted sword of sharp-edged brass ;
And on a stately head he donn'd the helm
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),
And grasp'd two javelins, one in either hand
Only the spear he took not, the great spear
Beamy and huge, of Peleus' blameless Son ;
That spear no second of Achaia's host
Might wield, but great Achilles knew alone ;
An ash it was, which Cheiron brought a gift
To his dear sire from Pelion's peak, and wrought
To be a death to heroes. Then he bade
Automedon to harness soon the steeds ;
Automedon, the chief he honour'd most
After Achilles his unconquer'd lord,
Most faithful to abide the battle-cry ;
And to his hest Automedon soon brought
Xanthus and Balius to the splendid yoke ;
Xanthus and Balius, footed like the winds,
Offspring of Zephyr from the Harpy born
Podargè, where she grazed on Ocean's shore.
And in the glossy traces by their side
He bound a third, the perfect Pedasus,
The steed Achilles took, what time he storm'd
The city of the King Eëtion—
Though mortal, with Immortals stepping there.

Μυρμιδόνας δ' ἄρ' ἐποιχόμενος θώρηξεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
πάντας ἀνὰ κλισίας σὺν τεύχεσιν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὣς
ὠμοφάγοι, τοῖσίν τε περὶ φρεσὶν ἄσπετος ἀλκὴ,
οἵτ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν μέγαν οὔρεσι δηώσαντες
δάπτουσιν· πᾶσιν δὲ παρήϊον αἵματι φοινόν·
καί τ' ἀγεληδὸν ἴασιν ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
λάψοντες γλώσσῃσιν ἀραιῇσιν μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἄκρον, ἐρευγόμενοι φόνον αἵματος· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς
στήθεσιν ἄτρομός ἐστι, περιστένεται δέ τε γαστήρ·
τοῖοι Μυρμιδόνων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
ἀμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ῥώοντ'. ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν Ἀρήϊος ἵστατ' Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ὀτρύνων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας.

Πεντήκοντ' ἦσαν νῆες θοαὶ, ἧῃσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐς Τροίην ἡγεῖτο διίφιλος· ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ
πεντήκοντ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες ἐπὶ κληῖσιν ἑταῖροι·
πέντε δ' ἄρ' ἡγεμόνας ποιήσατο, τοῖς ἐπεποίθει,
σημαίνειν· αὐτὸς δὲ μέγα κρατέων ἤνασσεν.
τῆς μὲν ἰῆς στιχὸς ἦρχε Μενέσθιος αἰολοθώρηξ,
υἱὸς Σπερχειοῖο, διϊπετέος ποταμοῖο·
ὃν τέκε Πηλῆος θυγάτηρ, καλὴ Πολυδώρη,
Σπερχειῷ ἀκάμαντι, γυνὴ θεῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,
αὐτὰρ ἐπίκλησιν Βώρῳ, Περιήρεος υἱῷ,
ὅς ῥ' ἀναφανδὸν ὄπυιε, πορὼν ἀπερείσια ἔδνα.
τῆς δ' ἑτέρης Εὔδωρος Ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευεν,
παρθένιος, τὸν ἔτικτε χορῷ καλὴ Πολυμήλη,
Φύλαντος θυγάτηρ· τῆς δὲ κρατὺς Ἀργειφόντης
ἠράσατ', ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν μετὰ μελπομένῃσιν
ἐν χορῷ Ἀρτέμιδος χρυσηλακάτου κελαδεινῆς.
αὐτίκα δ' εἰς ὑπερῷ' ἀναβὰς παρελέξατο λάθρῃ
Ἑρμείας ἀκάκητα, πόρεν δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν υἱὸν

Meantime Achilles bade throughout the camp
The Myrmidons array them in their arms ;
Upspringing to his call they donn'd their mail.
As wolves with hearts for ravin fierce and strong
After the slaughter of an antler'd stag
Amongst the hills devour him, and anon
To some black fountain troop with red-smear'd jaws
And lap the water with their tongues ; the blood
Falls clotted from their throats ; their full-fed flanks
Heave, and within them still the spirit burns ;
Ev'n such the chieftains of the Myrmidons
Around the comrade of Æacides
Sped to and fro ; whilst in their midst tower'd high
Achilles, quickening steed and man to war.

Fifty in number were the swift black barks
That Zeus-beloved Achilles led to Troy ;
In each upon its benches fifty men
Sate his battalion : chieftains five he chose
To give them trusty signal ; but himself
Of his surpassing might was lord of all.
Menesthius of the glancing corslet, son
Of the great River Spercheius, led one band ;
Menesthius, whom fair Polydora bare
Daughter of Peleus to the River-God,
What time she lay though mortal by the side
Of an Immortal ; but the common voice
Gave him to Borus Periereus' son,
Who wedded her with priceless gifts espoused.

The second was of brave Eudorus led
Son of a maid reputed virgin erst
Daughter of Phylas, loveliest of the choir,
Fair Polymela ; her amongst the maids
Singing and dancing in the virgin choir
Of Artemis the huntress golden-bow'd,
Immortal Argeiphontes saw and loved ;
And straightway from his Acacensian grove
The God into the upper chamber went
And lay with her by stealth ; where she conceived

Εὔδωρον, πέρι μὲν θείειν ταχὺν ἠδὲ μαχητήν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τόνγε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια
ἐξάγαγε πρὸ φόωσδε καὶ ἠελίου ἴδεν αὐγὰς,
τὴν μὲν Ἐχεκλῆος κρατερὸν μένος Ἀκτορίδαο
ἠγάγετο πρὸς δώματ', ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἕδνα,
τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων Φύλας εὖ ἔτρεφεν ἠδ' ἀτίταλλεν,
ἀμφαγαπαζόμενος ὡσεί θ' ἑὸν υἱὸν ἐόντα.
τῆς δὲ τρίτης Πείσανδρος Ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευεν
Μαιμαλίδης, ὃς πᾶσι μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν
ἔγχεϊ μάρνασθαι μετὰ Πηλείωνος ἑταῖρον.
τῆς δὲ τετάρτης ἦρχε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,
πέμπτης δ' Ἀλκιμέδων, Λαέρκεος υἱὸς ἀμύμων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντας ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς
στῆσεν ἐὺ κρίνας, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν·

"Μυρμιδόνες, μή τίς μοι ἀπειλάων λελαθέσθω,
ἃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀπειλεῖτε Τρώεσσιν
πάνθ' ὑπὸ μηνιθμὸν, καί μ' ἠτιάασθε ἕκαστος.
'σχέτλιε Πηλέος υἱὲ, χόλῳ ἄρα σ' ἔτρεφε μήτηρ,
νηλεὲς, ὃς παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔχεις ἀέκοντας ἑταίρους·
οἵκαδέ περ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν
αὖτις, ἐπεί ῥά τοι ὧδε κακὸς χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.'
ταῦτά μ' ἀγειρόμενοι θάμ' ἐβάζετε· νῦν δὲ πέφανται
φυλόπιδος μέγα ἔργον, ἔης τὸ πρίν γ' ἐράασθε.
ἔνθα τις ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχων Τρώεσσι μαχέσθω."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
μᾶλλον δὲ στίχες ἄρθεν, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆος ἄκουσαν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τοῖχον ἀνὴρ ἀράρῃ πυκινοῖσι λίθοισιν
δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων,
ὣς ἄραρον κόρυθές τε καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.
ἀσπὶς ἄρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ·
ψαῦον δ' ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισιν
νευόντων· ὣς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν.

This noble son Eudorus, fleet of limb,
Nor less a warrior brave. In after-days,
When she, who ministereth to pangs of birth,
Had brought him forth into the light of day,
The might of Actor's son, Echecles, gain'd
His mother, with a countless dower espoused.
But him the agèd Phylas fondly rear'd,
As 'twere his own child, with exceeding love.

The third Pisander son of Maimalus
Commanded, of the Myrmidonian tribe
Best spearman, save Achilles' nearest friend.
The fourth the agèd Phœnix; and the fifth
Alcimedon, Laerces' blameless son.

But, when they all were marshall'd with their chiefs,
Each band in order due, Achilles thus
Address'd his admonition strong, and spake:
"Forget not now the threatenings that ye cast
'Gainst Troy, what time ye bode aboard your barks,
Whilst yet my wrath endured, and every tongue
Amongst you cast it in my teeth, and cried:
'Truly his mother's milk was very gall
'To nurture this hard heart in Peleus' Son;
'Ruthless, to hold us fretting on our ships!
''Twere liever to sail bootless back to home,
'If wrath hath thus choked up thy better sense.'
Thus oft ye gathering murmur'd at your lord;
And now the time has come; behold the path
To that great strife, which was your longing erst;
Forth, ye brave-hearted, forth to fight with Troy!"
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.
And to their leader's voice in closer wedge
His legions drew together; as a wall
To some high palace built of stones compact,
Stands rear'd by man to screen him from the storm:
So close, and side by side, and targe to targe,
Helmet to helmet, man to man, they press'd,
The nodding plumes upon the neighbour crests
Mix'd meeting; but before the phalanx-front

πάντων δὲ προπάροιθε δύ' ἀνέρε θωρήσσοντο,
Πάτροκλός τε καὶ Αὐτομέδων, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
πρόσθεν Μυρμιδόνων πολεμιζέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην, χηλοῦ δ' ἀπὸ πῶμ' ἀνέῳγεν
καλῆς δαιδαλέης, τήν οἱ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
θῆκ' ἐπὶ νηὸς ἄγεσθαι, εὖ πλήσασα χιτώνων
χλαινάων τ' ἀνεμοσκεπέων οὔλων τε ταπήτων.
ἔνθα δέ οἱ δέπας ἔσκε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
οὔτ' ἀνδρῶν πίνεσκεν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ αἴθοπα οἶνον,
οὔτε τέῳ σπένδεσκε θεῶν, ὅτι μὴ Διὶ πατρί.
τό ῥα τότ' ἐκ χηλοῖο λαβὼν ἐκάθηρε θεείῳ
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δὲ νίψ' ὕδατος καλῇσι ῥοῇσιν,
νίψατο δ' αὐτὸς χεῖρας, ἀφύσσατο δ' αἴθοπα οἶνον.
εὔχετ' ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἕρκεϊ, λείβε δὲ οἶνον
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδών· Δία δ' οὐ λάθε τερπικέραυνον·

"Ζεῦ ἄνα, Δωδωναῖε, Πελασγικέ, τηλόθι ναίων,
Δωδώνης μεδέων δυσχειμέρου· ἀμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ
σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτόποδες χαμαιεῦναι.
ἠμὲν δή ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες εὐξαμένοιο,
τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ' ἴψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήηνον ἐέλδωρ·
αὐτὸς μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼ μενέω νηῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι,
ἀλλ' ἔταρον πέμπω πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν
μάρνασθαι· τῷ κῦδος ἅμα πρόες, εὐρύοπα Ζεῦ,
θάρσυνον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ὄφρα καὶ Ἕκτωρ
εἴσεται ἢ ῥα καὶ οἷος ἐπίσταται πολεμίζειν
ἡμέτερος θεράπων, ἦ οἱ τότε χεῖρες ἄαπτοι
μαίνονθ', ὁππότ' ἐγώ περ ἴω μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρηος.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἀπὸ ναῦφι μάχην ἐνοπήν τε δίηται,
ἀσκηθής μοι ἔπειτα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκοιτο
τεύχεσί τε ξὺν πᾶσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις ἑτάροισιν."

Two heroes, ardent both alike to show
The vanmost of the van, begirt their arms,
Patroclus and Automedon. Meantime
Achilles moved within his tent, and raised
The lid from off a deep enchasèd chest,
Which Thetis silverfooted Nymph divine
Had stored with tunics, wind-proof cloaks, and rugs,
And for the voyage stow'd aboard his bark.
Therein lay goblet beautifully wrought,
Wherefrom nor other man was wont to drink
The glowing wine, nor he to other God
To pour libation, save to Father Zeus.
This took he from the chest, and fumèd first
With incense, then with water's limpid streams
Rinsed it, and cleansed his hands of taint, and drew
The glowing wine: so, standing in the mid
Enclosure, lifting up his eyes to heaven,
He pour'd it, praying: nor escaped the prayer
His ears, to whom the thunder is delight:
"O Thou, who dwell'st remote, O Zeus supreme,
The lord of all Pelasgos, and enthroned
On frore Dodona's snows; and round thy throne
Circle the Sellian seers, for thee devote
To feet unwashen, and to bed on earth;
As thou erewhile didst hearken to my prayer,
And honouredst me, and smotest Achaia low,
So now once more fulfil me my desire;
Myself must needs remain amongst the ships:
But forth I send my dearest with my host
The Myrmidons to battle: oh, vouchsafe
Thy glory to companion him, great Zeus;
Strengthen his soul, that Hector too may see
And know my follower able well alone
To bear the battle, and may judge, if then
Himself will range in fury all unharm'd,
When I move forth into the moil of war.
And grant that, when he soon hath chased away
The tumult and the rout from off the fleet,
Unscathed may he return amongst these barks,
Safe with mine arms, and these my gallant men."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς.
τῷ δ' ἕτερον μὲν ἔδωκε πατὴρ, ἕτερον δ' ἀνένευσεν·
νηῶν μέν οἱ ἀπώσασθαι πόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
δῶκε, σόον δ' ἀνένευσε μάχης ἐξ ἀπονέεσθαι.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν σπείσας τε καὶ εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ,
ἂψ κλισίην εἰσῆλθε, δέπας δ' ἀπέθηκ' ἐνὶ χηλῷ,
στῆ δὲ πάροιθ' ἐλθὼν κλισίης, ἔτι δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ
εἰσιδέειν Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνήν.

Οἱ δ' ἅμα Πατρόκλῳ μεγαλήτορι θωρηχθέντες
ἔστιχον, ὄφρ' ἐν Τρωσὶ μέγα φρονέοντες ὄρουσαν.
αὐτίκα δὲ σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες ἐξεχέοντο
εἰνοδίοις, οὓς παῖδες ἐριδμαίνωσιν ἔθοντες,
[αἰεὶ κερτομέοντες, ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκί' ἔχοντας,]
νηπίαχοι· ξυνὸν δὲ κακὸν πολέεσσι τιθεῖσιν.
τοὺς δ' εἴπερ παρὰ τίς τε κιὼν ἄνθρωπος ὁδίτης
κινήσῃ ἀέκων, οἱ δ' ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχοντες
πρόσσω πᾶς πέτεται καὶ ἀμύνει οἷσι τέκεσσιν.
τῶν τότε Μυρμιδόνες κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες
ἐκ νηῶν ἐχέοντο· βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·

"Μυρμιδόνες, ἕταροι Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὡς ἂν Πηλείδην τιμήσομεν, ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες,
γνῷ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἣν ἄτην, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ἐν δ' ἔπεσον Τρώεσσιν ἀολλέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες
σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν ἀϋσάντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τρῶες δ' ὡς εἶδοντο Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι μαρμαίροντας,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμὸς, ἐκίνηθεν δὲ φάλαγγες,
ἐλπόμενοι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα
μηνιθμὸν μὲν ἀποῤῥῖψαι, φιλότητα δ' ἑλέσθαι·

He ceased, whose prayer the Lord of counsel heard,
And half vouchsafed, and half withheld the boon ;
He granted to roll back the tide of war
From off the fleet, but safe return withheld.
Prayer and libation unto Father Zeus
Thus ended, he return'd within, and placed
The cup inside the chest ; yet came again
And stood before the door ; for still he loved,
Albeit he went not forth, he loved to gaze
On that dread battle raging 'twixt the hosts.

Meantime his men were mail'd, and round his friend
Ranged till the signal sounded to the charge.
Quick they swarm'd out, like wasps, that have their nest
Beside some public way, where children still
Torment, and ever of their baby wont
Bestir them on the path whereby they hive ;
Whose hiving is a common pest to men ;
For if perchance a passer-by that way
Perturb them unaware, with dauntless hearts
In one full swarm they battle for their brood ;
Not less the Myrmidonians knew their hearts
Beat strong within them, as they streaming came
With inextinguishable battle-cry ;
To whom Patroclus raised his voice and spake :
" Myrmidons, ye the band of Peleus' Son !
Now mind ye of what mettle ye are bred !
So shall his loyal comrades honour best
Our lord, the noblest man aboard the fleet ;
So shall broad-ruling Agamemnon rue
The frenzy of the hour wherein he dealt
Dishonour on Achaia's noblest son."
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart ;
And full they fell on Troy ; and loud the ships
About them echoed quivering with their shouts.
But when the foe beheld Menœtius' Son,
Him, and his comrade, glittering all in arms,
Their hearts were flutter'd, and their line 'gan quake,
With thought that Peleus' fleetfoot Son had thrown
Anger aside, and turn'd to Friendship's ways ;

πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπη φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.

Πάτροκλος δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλεῖστοι κλονέοντο,
νηὶ πάρα πρύμνῃ μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου,
καὶ βάλε Πυραίχμην, ὃς Παίονας ἱπποκορυστὰς
ἦγαγεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος ἀπ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρυρέοντος·
τὸν βάλε δεξιὸν ὦμον· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν
κάππεσεν οἰμώξας, ἕταροι δέ μιν ἀμφεφόβηθεν
Παίονες· ἐν γὰρ Πάτροκλος φόβον ἧκεν ἅπασιν
ἡγεμόνα κτείνας, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
ἐκ νηῶν δ' ἔλασεν, κατὰ δ' ἔσβεσεν αἰθόμενον πῦρ,
ἡμιδαὴς δ' ἄρα νηῦς λίπετ' αὐτόθι· τοὶ δ' ἐφόβηθεν
Τρῶες θεσπεσίῳ ὁμάδῳ· Δαναοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· ὅμαδος δ' ἀλίαστος ἐτύχθη.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀφ' ὑψηλῆς κορυφῆς ὄρεος μεγάλοιο
κινήσῃ πυκινὴν νεφέλην στεροπηγερέτα Ζεύς,
ἔκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
ὡς Δαναοὶ νηῶν μὲν ἀπωσάμενοι δήϊον πῦρ
τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν, πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνετ' ἐρωή.
οὐ γάρ πώ τι Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
προτροπάδην φοβέοντο μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,
ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἄρ' ἀνθίσταντο, νεῶν δ' ὑπόεικον ἀνάγκῃ.

Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἕλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης
ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς
αὐτίκ' ἄρα στρεφθέντος Ἀρηϊλύκου βάλε μηρὸν
ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν·
ῥῆξεν δ' ὀστέον ἔγχος, ὁ δὲ πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσ'. ἀτὰρ Μενέλαος Ἀρήϊος οὗτα Θόαντα
στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ' ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Φυλείδης δ' Ἄμφικλον ἐφορμηθέντα δοκεύσας
ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρυμνὸν σκέλος, ἔνθα πάχιστος

And each 'gan cast behind him looks of dread
For place of refuge from the coming death.
Then first Patroclus aim'd his shining spear
Right where their throng was thickest, in their midst,
Hard by Protesilaus' galley's stern ;
And struck Pyræchmes leader of the band
Of plumed Pæonians from far Amydon,
Their city on broad Axius. Him he struck
Through the right shoulder ; prone in dust he fell
Groaning his last ; round whom his comrades fled,
Appall'd ; such terror had Patroclus wrought,
Slaying their leader and their best in war.
He drove them from the fleet, and quench'd the flames ;
The galley there remain'd still half-consumed ;
The while the Trojans with a panic-cry
Retired ; on whom the Danaans 'twixt the barks
Pour'd like a flood, and Tumult rose supreme.

As when from some great mountain's lofty head
The Enkindler of the lightnings Father Zeus
Moves a dense cloud, mountain and cape and grove
Stand clear, whilst to their highest the heavens break up ;
Ev'n so, when now the Danaans had repell'd
The storm of fire from off their fleet, they gain'd
A momentary rest ; but respite long
Was not ; for not as yet in utter rout
Were turn'd the Trojans fleeing from the ships
Before Achaia's arms, but still in rank
Opposed they stood, retiring sorely press'd.
Soon was the battle scatter'd ; chief slew chief.
Menœtius' gallant Son pierced through the thigh
(Ev'n as he turn'd him round) Areilycus
With sharp spear-point, and drave the brass right through.
The bone was shatter'd, and to earth he dropt.

Renownèd Menelaus through the chest
Struck Thoas, where the buckler left it bare,
And loosed his limbs beneath him : and the Son
Of Phyleus bode the charge of Amphiclus,
And watch'd him and forestall'd him, smiting high,

μυὼν ἀνθρώπου πέλεται· περὶ δ' ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ
νεῦρα διεσχίσθη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
Νεστορίδαι δ' ὁ μὲν οὔτασ' Ἀτύμνιον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
Ἀντίλοχος, λαπάρης δὲ διήλασε χάλκεον ἔγχος·
ἤριπε δὲ προπάροιθε. Μάρις δ' αὐτοσχεδὰ δουρὶ
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐπόρουσε κασιγνήτοιο χολωθείς,
στὰς πρόσθεν νέκυος· τοῦ δ' ἀντίθεος Θρασυμήδης
ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρὶν οὐτάσαι, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν,
ὦμον ἄφαρ· πρυμνὸν δὲ βραχίονα δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
δρύψ' ἀπὸ μυώνων, ἀπὸ δ' ὀστέον ἄχρις ἄραξεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, κατὰ δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
ὣς τὼ μὲν δοιοῖσι κασιγνήτοισι δαμέντε
βήτην εἰς Ἔρεβος, Σαρπηδόνος ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,
υἷες ἀκοντισταὶ Ἀμισωδάρου, ὅς ῥα Χίμαιραν
θρέψεν ἀμαιμακέτην, πολέσιν κακὸν ἀνθρώποισιν.
Αἴας δὲ Κλεόβουλον Ὀϊλιάδης ἐπορούσας
ζωὸν ἕλε, βλαφθέντα κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλά οἱ αὖθι
λῦσε μένος, πλήξας ξίφει αὐχένα κωπήεντι.
πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
Πηνέλεως δὲ Λύκων τε συνέδραμον· ἔγχεσι μὲν γαρ
ἤμβροτον ἀλλήλων, μέλεον δ' ἠκόντισαν ἄμφω·
τὼ δ' αὖτις ξιφέεσσι συνέδραμον. ἔνθα Λύκων μὲν
ἱπποκόμου κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ καυλὸν
φάσγανον ἐῤῥαίσθη· ὁ δ' ὑπ' οὔατος αὐχένα θεῖνεν
Πηνέλεως, πᾶν δ' εἴσω ἔδυ ξίφος, ἔσχεθε δ' οἷον
δέρμα, παρηέρθη δὲ κάρη, ὑπέλυντο δὲ γυῖα.
Μηριόνης δ' Ἀκάμαντα κιχεὶς ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισιν
νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·

Where is the thickest muscle in a man,
His hip ; around the point the tendons flew
Asunder ; and death's darkness veil'd his eyes.

And Nestor's sons—Antilochus first struck
Atymnius with sharp spear, and drave the point
Right through his flank, who fell before his feet.
Then Maris, wrathful for his brother's sake,
Sprang tow'rd Antilochus with ready spear,
And stood before the dead ; but, ere he struck,
Him noble Thrasymedes first forestall'd,
Nor miss'd, but through the shoulder sudden smote.
The point shore off the muscles from the arm,
Stripping it naked to the very bone ;
Heavy he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Thus brethren two, by brethren two subdued,
Pass'd into Erebus, the followers famed
Of great Sarpedon, and the warrior-sons
Of Amisódarus—ev'n him who rear'd
The fell Chimæra, plague to many men.

And Ajax, Oïliades, leapt forth
On Cleobulus, where amid the throng
He stumbled ; and so took him, but forthwith
Destroy'd his might, plunging the hilted sword
Into his neck ; and all the sword reek'd hot
With blood ; whilst o'er the other's eyes came fast
The purple gloom of death and violent Fate.

And Peneleus and Lycon charging met ;
For each had miss'd the other with his spear ;
Both had but vainly aim'd, and, sword in hand,
Both rush'd together : Lycon smote the cone
On the plumed helm, but on the cone the brand
Split shiver'd to the hilt ; whilst Peneleus
Struck in the neck beneath the ear, and all
The blade pass'd through the throat ; skin only held
The head ; it hung ; the limbs beneath him gave.

And Acamas fell by Meriones,
Who with swift foot upon the chariot-step

ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' Ἐρύμαντα κατὰ στόμα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ
νύξε· τὸ δ' ἀντικρὺ δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξεπέρησεν
νέρθεν ὑπ' ἐγκεφάλοιο, κέασσε δ' ἄρ' ὀστέα λευκά·
ἐκ δ' ἐτίναχθεν ὀδόντες, ἐνέπλησθεν δέ οἱ ἄμφω
αἵματος ὀφθαλμοί· τὸ δ' ἀνὰ στόμα καὶ κατὰ ῥῖνας
πρῆσε χανών· θανάτου δὲ μέλαν νέφος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

Οὗτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν ἕλον ἄνδρα ἕκαστος.
ὡς δὲ λύκοι ἄρνεσσιν ἐπέχραον ἢ ἐρίφοισιν
σίνται, ὑπὲκ μήλων αἱρεύμενοι, αἴτ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν
ποιμένος ἀφραδίῃσι διέτμαγεν· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
αἶψα διαρπάζουσιν ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἐχούσας·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐπέχραον· οἱ δὲ φόβοιο
δυσκελάδου μνήσαντο, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.

Αἴας δ' ὁ μέγας αἰὲν ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
ἵετ' ἀκοντίσσαι· ὁ δὲ ἰδρείῃ πολέμοιο,
ἀσπίδι ταυρείῃ κεκαλυμμένος εὐρέας ὤμους,
σκέπτετ' ὀϊστῶν τε ῥοῖζον καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἤ μὲν δὴ γίγνωσκε μάχης ἐτεραλκέα νίκην·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ἀνέμιμνε, σάω δ' ἑρίηρας ἑταίρους.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου νέφος ἔρχεται οὐρανὸν εἴσω
αἰθέρος ἐκ δίης, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς λαίλαπα τείνῃ,
ὣς τῶν ἐκ νηῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
οὐδὲ κατὰ μοῖραν πέραον πάλιν. Ἕκτορα δ' ἵπποι
ἔκφερον ὠκύποδες σὺν τεύχεσι, λεῖπε δὲ λαὸν
Τρωϊκὸν, οὓς ἀέκοντας ὀρυκτὴ τάφρος ἔρυκεν.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν τάφρῳ ἐρυσάρματες ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ λίπον ἅρματ' ἀνάκτων.

Caught him now mounting, and drave hard the spear
Through the right shoulder; from the chariot down
He fell; and mist came shower'd across his eyes.

The ruthless spear of brave Idomeneus
Struck Erymas in the mouth; the brazen point
Under the brain went onward; white the bones
Scatter'd, and all the teeth came shatter'd forth;
His eyeballs fill'd with blood; for breath he gasp'd
Through nostrils and through lips distended wide;
And black the cloud of death enwrapt him round.

Thus slew these Danaan chieftains each his man.

Like wolves, that roam injurious, and assail
A flock of sheep, seizing the lambs and kids
Astray amongst the mountains by the fault
Of an ill shepherd; these the wolves espy
And rend them in a feeble panic driven;
So fell the Danaans on the troops of Troy
Who clean forgat their olden spirit and strength,
Turning them only to tumultuous flight.

But Telamonian Ajax sought to smite
None save brass-helmèd Hector; yet expert
In fence, and shielding close his shoulders broad
With bull-hide buckler, Hector shunn'd unscathed
The hissing arrow and the crashing spear;
Who knew full well the victory all inclined
Against him; nathless, in his fate's despite,
Stood firm, and fain would save his brethren dear.
Gloomy as off Olympus rolls a cloud,
Drawn from the firmament, across broad heaven,
When Zeus hath breathed a tempest to its height;
So came they in dark tumult off the fleet;
Nor now repass'd the trench in fair array;
Hector alone his steeds bare swift across;
Yet left he all his host about the brink
Reluctant; for the trench there stay'd their flight:
And in the trench full many a chariot-horse
Snapt short the pole, and left the shatter'd car:

Πάτροκλος δ' ἔπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων,
Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέων· οἱ δὲ ἰαχῇ τε φόβῳ τε
πάσας πλῆσαν ὁδοὺς, ἐπεὶ ἂρ τμάγεν· ὕψι δ' ἄελλα
σκίδναθ' ὑπὸ νεφέων, τανύοντο δὲ μώνυχες ἵπποι
ἄψορρον προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων.
Πάτροκλος δ' ᾗ πλεῖστον ὀρινόμενον ἴδε λαὸν,
τῇ ῥ' ἔχ' ὁμοκλήσας· ὑπὸ δ' ἄξοσι φῶτες ἔπιπτον
πρηνέες ἐξ ὀχέων, δίφροι δ' ἀνεκυμβαλίαζον.
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἄρα τάφρον ὑπέρθορον ὠκέες ἵπποι
[ἄμβροτοι, οὓς Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,]
πρόσσω ἰέμενοι· ἐπὶ δ' Ἕκτορι κέκλετο θυμός·
ἴετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ' ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι.
ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέβριθε χθὼν
ἤματ' ὀπωρινῷ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
Ζεὺς, ὅτε δή ῥ' ἄνδρεσσι κοτεσσάμενος χαλεπήνῃ,
οἳ βίῃ εἰν ἀγορῇ σκολιὰς κρίνωσι θέμιστας,
ἐκ δὲ δίκην ἐλάσωσι, θεῶν ὄπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες·
τῶν δέ τε πάντες μὲν ποταμοὶ πλήθουσι ῥέοντες,
πολλὰς δὲ κλιτὺς τότ' ἀποτμήγουσι χαράδραι,
ἐς δ' ἅλα πορφυρέην μεγάλα στενάχουσι ῥέουσαι
ἐξ ὀρέων ἐπὶ κὰρ, μινύθει δέ τε ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὣς ἵπποι Τρωαὶ μεγάλα στενάχοντο θέουσαι.

Πάτροκλος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πρώτας ἐπέκερσε φάλαγγας,
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἔεργε παλιμπετὲς, οὐδὲ πόληος
εἴα ἰεμένους ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ μεσηγὺ
νηῶν καὶ ποταμοῦ καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο
κτεῖνε μεταΐσσων, πολέων δ' ἀπετίνυτο ποινήν.
ἔνθ' ἤτοι Πρόνοον πρώτον βάλε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ' ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών. ὁ δὲ Θέστορα, Ἤνοπος υἱὸν,
δεύτερον ὁρμηθείς—ὁ μὲν εὐξέστῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἧστο ἀλείς· ἐκ γὰρ πλήγη φρένας, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν

The while Patroclus cheering press'd amain
On Troy designing ruin : they with shriek
And panic choked to right and left all paths
Dissever'd ; overhead the dust-storm swept
Cloudlike beneath the clouds ; and every steed
Strain'd his full stretch, careering from the camp.
But he with shout there held his way, wherce'er
He saw their rout most stricken ; and their chiefs
Under his chariot wheels roll'd headlong fell,
And cars like cymbals rang beneath them strewn.
The swift immortal barbs, the glorious gift
Of Gods to Peleus, leaping clear'd the trench
And yearning forward flew ; and loud his heart
Cried against Hector, and to smite him down
He long'd, but him his steeds bare fast away.

As with the weight of waters groans the earth
Under a summer tempest, when Zeus pours
His floods most fiercely, and is wroth with men
Who deal unrighteous judgments, and perforce
Chase Justice from her seat, nor give regard
Unto the voice and warnings of high heaven ;
Therefore their waxing rivers break their bounds ;
And every pelting stream upon the hills
Tears like a torrent, plunging to the sea
In thunder, and the works of men are marr'd ;
So, with like thunder, fled the steeds of Troy.

Anon Patroclus turn'd their foremost rank,
And backward to the fleet compell'd them loth
Nor suffer'd to the town escape, but 'twixt
The ships and river and the lofty wall
Slew them with ceaseless onset to and fro
Avenging many. Pronous through the chest
(There where the buckler left it bare) he struck
First with bright spear, and 'neath him loosed the limbs ;
Who crashing fell to earth. Then Enop's son,
Thestor, where in the polish'd car he sate
Close-huddled (for with stricken sense he crouch'd

ἡνία ἠίχθησαν—ὁ δ' ἔγχει νύξε παραστὰς
γναθμὸν δεξιτερὸν, διὰ δ' αὐτοῦ πεῖρεν ὀδόντων,
ἕλκε δὲ δουρὸς ἑλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὡς ὅτε τις φὼς
πέτρῃ ἔπι προβλῆτι καθήμενος ἱερὸν ἰχθὺν
ἐκ πόντοιο θύραζε λίνῳ καὶ ἤνοπι χαλκῷ·
ὣς ἕλκ' ἐκ δίφροιο κεχῃνότα δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
κὰδ' δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ στόμ' ἔωσε· πεσόντα δέ μιν λίπε θυμός. 410
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐρύλαον ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐρύμαντα καὶ Ἀμφοτερὸν καὶ Ἐπάλτην,
Τληπόλεμόν τε Δαμαστορίδην Ἐχίον τε Πύριν τε,
Ἰφέα τ' Εὐϊππόν τε καὶ Ἀργεάδην Πολύμηλον,
πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

Σαρπηδὼν δ' ὡς οὖν ἴδ' ἀμιτροχίτωνας ἑταίρους
χέρσ' ὕπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμέντας, 420
κέκλετ' ἄρ' ἀντιθέοισι καθαπτόμενος Λυκίοισιν·

"Αἰδὼς, ὦ Λύκιοι, πόσε φεύγετε; νῦν θοοὶ ἔστε.
ἀντήσω γὰρ ἐγὼ τοῦδ' ἀνέρος, ὄφρα δαείω
ὅστις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν
Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἅλτο χαμᾶζε.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδεν, ἔκθορε δίφρου.
οἱ δ', ὥστ' αἰγυπιοὶ γαμψώνυχες, ἀγκυλοχεῖλαι,
πέτρῃ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ μεγάλα κλάζοντε μάχωνται,
ὣς οἱ κεκλήγοντες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν. 430
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω,
Ἥρην δὲ προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·

"Ὤ μοι ἐγὼν, ὅτε μοι Σαρπηδόνα, φίλτατον ἀνδρῶν,
μοῖρ' ὑπὸ Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμῆναι.

And from his hands the reins had slidden), him
Patroclus standing near with spear-point pierced
Through the right jaw, and drave it through his teeth ;
Then by the point over the chariot's rim
Drew him yet pendent ; as a man, who sits
Harpooning off a jutting rock, draws home
A fresh strong fish with gleaming lance and line :
Thus drew he forth Thestor with gaping jaws
From out the chariot by his shining spear,
And flung him on his face, and, as he fell,
The life departed. Next upon the head
He struck Erylaus charging ; and the stone
Inside the heavy helmet brake the skull
In twain : he fell precipitate to earth,
And clouding round him came, life's plunderer, Death.
Then Ipheus, Erymas, and Echius,
Epaltes, Pyris, and Amphoterus,
Tlepolemus, Damastor's son, the son
Of Argeus, and Evippus—one by one
Slaughtered, he levell'd to the fruitful earth.

But when Sarpedon saw the long-robed bands
Of Lycians thus beneath his arms subdued,
Rebuking on his godlike men he cried :
"Shame on you, Lycians, shame! Whence flee ye thus?
Stand fast ; be brave ; myself will meet this man,
And see who so surpasseth of his might.
Heavy the trouble he hath brought to Troy,
Many and brave the heroes he hath slain."
He spoke, and sprang in armour to the earth ;
Likewise the other, when he saw, sprang down ;
And as on rock far-seen two vultures rush,
Hook-beak'd, crook-claw'd, with clanging cry to fight,
Thus these with battle-cry together ran.

Whom Zeus beholding pitied ; and he turn'd
To Herè, his own sister and his wife :
"Unhappy that I am ! Whom fate now bids
See mine own son, Sarpedon, of mankind
Dearest to me, beneath Patroclus fall.

διχθὰ δέ μοι κραδίη μέμονε φρεσὶν ὁρμαίνοντι,
ἤ μιν ζωὸν ἐόντα μάχης ἄπο δακρυοέσσης
θείω ἀναρπάξας Λυκίης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ,
ἦ ἤδη ὑπὸ χερσὶ Μενοιτιάδαο δαμάσσω."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
" αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες ; 440
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,
ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι ;
ἔρδ' · ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν ·
αἴ κε ζὸν πέμψῃς Σαρπεδόνα ὄνδε δόμονδε,
φράζεο μή τις ἔπειτα θεῶν ἐθέλῃσι καὶ ἄλλος
πέμπειν ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης ·
πολλοὶ γὰρ περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο μάχονται
υἱέες ἀθανάτων, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἐνήσεις.
ἀλλ' εἴ τοι φίλος ἐστὶ, τεὸν δ' ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ, 450
ἤτοι μέν μιν ἔασον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
χέρσ' ὕπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμῆναι ·
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τόνγε λίπῃ ψυχή τε καὶ αἰών,
πέμπειν μιν Θάνατόν τε φέρειν καὶ νήδυμον Ὕπνον,
εἰσόκε δὴ Λυκίης εὐρείης δῆμον ἵκωνται,
ἔνθα ἑ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε · τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.
αἱματοέσσας δὲ ψιάδας κατέχευεν ἔραζε
παῖδα φίλον τιμῶν, τόν οἱ Πάτροκλος ἔμελλεν 460
φθίσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
ἔνθ' ἤτοι Πάτροκλος ἀγακλειτὸν Θρασύμηλον,
ὅς ῥ' ἠὺς θεράπων Σαρπηδόνος ἦεν ἄνακτος,
τὸν βάλε νείαιραν κατὰ γαστέρα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
δεύτερος ὁρμηθείς, ὁ δὲ Πήδασον οὔτασεν ἵππον
ἔγχεϊ δεξιὸν ὦμον · ὁ δ' ἔβραχε θυμὸν ἀΐσθων.
κὰδ δ' ἔπεσ' ἐν κονίῃσι μακὼν, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπτατο θυμός.

My heart is sunder'd while within my mind
I ponder: shall I pluck him thence away
Far from the baleful battle, ere he fall,
And bear him to the Lycians' rich domain,
Or shall I kill him by Patroclus' hands?
And royal broad-brow'd Herè made reply:
"Most dread our Father! Fall from thee these words?
A mortal man predestin'd to his fate
Wouldst thou from death deliver? Be it so:
But be assured, no God will praise the deed.
Consider also this, and weigh it well;
If thou send thy Sarpedon rescued home,
Will not some other god have like desire
Thereafter from the strife to rescue home
His son? For many are the sons of Gods
In war round Priam's palaces array'd;
Deep were the jealousies thou thus provoked.
But, if he be indeed so dear, and thus
Thy heart lamenteth o'er him, though perforce
Before Patroclus thou endure his fall,
Yet, when the breath of life hath fled, send forth
Death and sweet Sleep to bear him far away
Ev'n to broad Lycia and his own domain;
That there his brethren and his kith and kin
May honour him by burial and a tomb
And cairn; and this is what the dead desire."
To whom the Father yielded, yet shed down
Thick drops of blood, like dew, upon the earth,
For honour of his child, in Troy's rich fields
Destined to early death and far from home.

When each had near'd the other on the field,
Patroclus struck famed Thrasymelus first,
Sarpedon's gallant follower, through the flank,
Loosening the limbs beneath him.—Also threw
Sarpedon erring from his aim, yet struck
Through the right shoulder Pedasus, the horse;
Who falling, gasping out his life, neigh'd shrill,
Snorting in dust, and fast the spirit fled.
Whereat the pair in yoke asunder sprang;

τὼ δὲ διαστήτην, κρίκε δὲ ζυγὸν, ἡνία δέ σφιν
σύγχυτ', ἐπειδὴ κεῖτο παρήορος ἐν κονίῃσιν.
τοῖο μὲν Αὐτομέδων δουρικλυτὸς εὔρετο τέκμωρ·
σπασσάμενος ταν́υηκες ἄορ παχέος παρὰ μηροῦ,
ἀίξας ἀπέκοψε παρήορον οὐδ' ἐμάτησεν·
τὼ δ' ἰθυνθήτην, ἐν δὲ ῥυτῆρσι τάνυσθεν.
τὼ δ' αὖτις συνίτην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο.

Ἔνθ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
Πατρόκλου δ' ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ἦλυθ' ἀκωκὴ
ἔγχεος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὤρνυτο χαλκῷ
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἐκφυγε χειρὸς,
ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' ἔνθ' ἄρα τε φρένες ἔρχαται ἀμφ' ἀδινὸν κῆρ.
ἤριπε δ' ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν ἢ ἀχερωΐς,
ἠὲ πίτυς βλωθρὴ, τήνγ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες
ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήϊον εἶναι·
ὣς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθείς,
βεβρυχὼς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἱματοέσσης.
ἠΰτε ταῦρον ἔπεφνε λέων ἀγέλῃφι μετελθὼν,
αἴθωνα μεγάθυμον, ἐν εἰλιπόδεσσι βόεσσιν,
ὥλετό τε στενάχων ὑπὸ γαμφηλῇσι λέοντος,
ὣς ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων
κτεινόμενος μενέαινε, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·

"Γλαῦκε πέπον, πολεμιστὰ μετ' ἀνδράσι, νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν·
νῦν τοι ἐελδέσθω πόλεμος κακὸς, εἰ θοός ἐσσι.
πρῶτα μὲν ὄτρυνον Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,
πάντη ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνος ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμεῦ πέρι μάρναο χαλκῷ.
σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος
ἔσσομαι ἤματα πάντα διαμπερὲς, εἴ κέ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ
τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα.
ἀλλ' ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."

Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν
ὀφθαλμοὺς ῥῖνάς θ'. ὁ δὲ λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων

The yoke above them creak'd; the reins were all
Confounded; for their fellow lay in dust.
Thereto Automedon was then the stay;
Snatching the whetted falchion from his hip
He leap'd, and cut away (nor cut for nought)
The traces of the third; and straight the pair
Were righted, and once more betwixt the reins
Together in the baleful battle coursed.
Again Sarpedon hurl'd his shining spear,
Erring, for by Patroclus pass'd the point
O'er the left shoulder harmless; then in turn
High rose Patroclus with impending lance,
Nor vain the shaft escaped his hand, but struck
There where the ribs enclose the embedded heart.
He fell, as falls a poplar or tall pine
Hewn on the mountains by a sharp-edged axe,
Thereafter to be made some vessel's mast;
So he, before his steeds and chariot prone,
Gnashing his teeth, in dust and blood lay soil'd.
Or as a lion 'lighting on a herd
Kills 'mongst the slow-paced kine a tawny bull,
High-mettled; and he lies beneath his claws
Groaning his last; thus 'neath Patroclus lay
Lycia's brave prince, indignant of his death,
And thus by name on Glaucus cried, and said:
"Glaucus, I die; and more than ev'n thy wont
Must thou be strong in arms and valiant now;
And if indeed thou hast a brave man's heart,
Give thy whole longing now to evil fight.
And first explore all sides throughout the lines
And gather Lycia's leaders, and inspire
To save Sarpedon's body; then thyself
Come also, and do battle for my sake.
For most of all to thee shall I become
A byword everlasting and reproach,
If ye should lose my body, and if the foe
Thus in their galleys' midst should strip me fall'n;
Therefore hold fast, and round me call the host."
And as he spoke, the cloud of death o'ercame
His eyes and lips; Patroclus, on his chest

ἐκ χροὸς ἔλκε δόρυ, προτὶ δὲ φρένες αὐτῷ ἔποντο·
τοῖο δ' ἅμα ψυχήν τε καὶ ἔγχεος ἐξέρυσ' αἰχμήν.
Μυρμιδόνες δ' αὐτοῦ σχέθον ἵππους φυσιόωντας,
ἰεμένους φοβέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ λίπον ἄρματ' ἀνάκτων.

Γλαύκῳ δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος γένετο φθογγῆς ἀΐοντι
ὠρίνθη δέ οἱ ἦτορ, ὅτ' οὐ δύνατο προσαμῦναι.
χειρὶ δ' ἑλὼν ἐπίεζε βραχίονα· τεῖρε γὰρ αὐτὸν
ἕλκος, ὃ δή μιν Τεῦκρος ἐπεσσύμενον βάλεν ἰῷ
τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο, ἀρὴν ἑτάροισιν ἀμύνων.
εὐχόμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·

"Κλῦθι, ἄναξ, ὅς που Λυκίης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ
εἶς ἢ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ· δύνασαι δὲ σὺ πάντοσ' ἀκούειν
ἀνέρι κηδομένῳ, ὡς νῦν ἐμὲ κῆδος ἱκάνει
ἕλκος μὲν γὰρ ἔχω τόδε καρτερὸν, ἀμφὶ δέ μοι χεὶρ
ὀξείῃς ὀδύνῃσιν ἐλήλαται, οὐδέ μοι αἷμα
τερσῆναι δύναται, βαρύθει δέ μοι ὦμος ὑπ' αὐτοῦ·
ἔγχος δ' οὐ δύναμαι σχεῖν ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἐλθὼν δυσμενέεσσιν. ἀνὴρ δ' ὥριστος ὄλωλεν,
Σαρπηδὼν, Διὸς υἱός· ὁ δ' οὐδ' οὗ παιδὸς ἀμύνει.
ἀλλὰ σύ πέρ μοι, ἄναξ, τόδε καρτερὸν ἕλκος ἄκεσσαι,
κοίμησον δ' ὀδύνας, δὸς δὲ κράτος, ὄφρ' ἑτάροισιν
κεκλόμενος Λυκίοισιν ἐποτρύνω πολεμίζειν,
αὐτός τ' ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχωμαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
αὐτίκα παῦσ' ὀδύνας, ἀπὸ δ' ἕλκεος ἀργαλέοιο
αἷμα μέλαν τέρσηνε, μένος δέ οἱ ἔμβαλε θυμῷ.
Γλαῦκος δ' ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνί φρεσὶ, γήθησέν τε,
ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἤκουσε μέγας θεὸς εὐξαμένοιο.
πρῶτα μὲν ὤτρυνεν Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,
πάντη ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνος ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μετὰ Τρῶας κίε μακρὰ βιβάσθων,
Πουλυδάμαντ' ἔπι Πανθοίδην καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἰνείαν τε καὶ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν.

Stamping his heel, pluck'd from the wound the spear ;
The blood up-spouting follow'd ; and he drew
Weapon and life together from the wound :
The while the Myrmidonians held from flight
The panting steeds of both their lords bereft.

But that his cry stung Glaucus to the quick ;
Whose heart was troubled that he could not aid ;
He clasp'd and closed his fingers o'er his arm ;
For sharp the anguish of the wound, wherewith
Teucer had struck and stay'd him by his shaft
From evil to Achaia. Therefore, loud
He pray'd, and call'd upon the arrowy God :
"Hear me, O King Apollo ! Who perchance
Art now in wealthy Lycia far reposed,
Or nigh to Troy ; but, wheresoe'er thou art,
Wilt hear who in his sore distress thus calls
Upon thee—such distress hath fallen on me.
For this my wound is strong, and wrings my hand
With bitterest anguish ; nor thereon the blood
Can yet be staunch'd ; but heavy with it droops
The shoulder, failing to uphold my spear
Firm, that I may go forth against the foe.
And, lo, our bravest fall'n, the son of Zeus,
Sarpedon ; nor hath Zeus saved his own son !
But hear, O King, and heal me this sore wound,
And lull the smart to sleep, and grant me strength
Now to uprouse the Lycians with my cheer,
And then myself to fight to save his corse."
He ended, and Apollo heard his prayer,
And stay'd the pain, and from the baleful wound
Stanch'd the black blood, and breathed new strength upon him.

And Glaucus felt rejoicing that the God
Had of his might straight hearken'd to his prayer ;
And moving through the lines first roused the chiefs
Of Lycia, steadfast round their king to fight ;
Thence strode toward the Trojans, where he saw
The brave Agenor, and Panthöus' son,
Polydamas, with noble Hector stand ;

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἕκτορ, νῦν δὴ πάγχυ λελασμένος εἰς ἐπικούρων
οἳ σέθεν εἵνεκα τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἴης
θυμὸν ἀποφθινύθουσι· σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐθέλεις ἐπαμύνειν.
κεῖται Σαρπηδὼν, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,
ὃς Λυκίην εἴρυτο δίκῃσί τε καὶ σθένεϊ ᾧ·
τὸν δ' ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ δάμασ' ἔγχεϊ χάλκεος Ἄρης.
ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, πάρστητε, νεμεσσήθητε δὲ θυμῷ,
μὴ ἀπὸ τεύχε' ἕλωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρὸν
Μυρμιδόνες, Δαναῶν κεχολωμένοι ὅσσοι ὄλοντο,
τοὺς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνομεν ἐγχείῃσιν."

Ὣς ἔφατο, Τρῶας δὲ κατὰ κρῆθεν λάβε πένθος
ἄσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτὸν, ἐπεί σφισιν ἔρμα πόληος
ἔσκε, καὶ ἀλλοδαπός περ ἐών· πολέες γὰρ ἅμ' αὐτῷ
λαοὶ ἕποντ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
βὰν δ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λελιημένοι· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφὶν
Ἕκτωρ χωόμενος Σαρπηδόνος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
ὦρσε Μενοιτιάδαο Πατροκλῆος λάσιον κῆρ·
Αἴαντε πρώτω προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτώ·

"Αἴαντε, νῦν σφῶϊν ἀμύνεσθαι φίλον ἔστω,
οἷοί περ πάρος ἦτε μετ' ἀνδράσιν, ἢ καὶ ἀρείους.
κεῖται ἀνὴρ ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν,
Σαρπηδών. ἀλλ' εἴ μιν ἀεικισσαίμεθ' ἑλόντες,
τεύχεά τ' ὤμοιϊν ἀφελοίμεθα, καί τιν' ἑταίρων
αὐτοῦ ἀμυνομένων δαμασαίμεθα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας,
Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Μυρμιδόνες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ,
σύμβαλον ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχεσθαι
δεινὸν ἀΰσαντες· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε τεύχεα φωτῶν.

These he approach'd, and spake his wingèd words :
"Hector, unmindful thou hast grown of those,
Who far from their own homes and all they love
Here for thy sake and thy alliance fight
E'vn to the death ; yet thou carest not to aid !
Fall'n lies Sarpedon, Lycia's glorious king,
Her guardian by his judgments and his might ;
Him iron-hearted Ares hath subdued
Under Patroclus' spear. Stand therefore close ;
Brook not that Myrmidonian hands should wreak
By outrage on his body and his arms
Their vengeance for the many who have fallen
Here by our spears amongst their arrowy ships."
He spoke ; and from the bottom of their hearts
Insufferable sorrow unsuppress'd
Seized on the Trojans ; for, albeit from far
He came, yet to their city he had been
A bulwark ; many were the men he led ;
Of whom he still was foremost, best in war.
So, charging on Achaia's host, they went ;
And Hector, kindled for Sarpedon's sake,
Their leader ; but the others roused no less
Stood to the signal of Menœtius' son
Patroclus ; who on either Ajax brave,
Themselves afire for war, call'd loud, and said :
"Fight, Heroes, fight on now with all your hearts ;
Brave as ye ever were, or braver, show !
For, lo, the man who first avail'd to bur
Our bulwark, ev'n Sarpedon, lieth slain ;
And oh if, further, we might win his corse
And shame it, and achieve his glorious arms,
And haply of his men, who guarding stand
About him, slay some others with our spears !"
He spoke ; their blood ran ardent to the war.

Anon on either side the battle-line
Was strengthen'd, Troy and Lycia in array
Against th' Achaians and the Myrmidons ;
Then o'er the fallen chief with terrible shout
And shock of arms together clash'd the hosts ;

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπὶ νύκτ' ὀλοὴν τάνυσε κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
ὄφρα φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ μάχην ὀλοὸς πόνος εἴη.

Ὦσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἑλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς·
βλῆτο γὰρ οὔτι κάκιστος ἀνὴρ μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
υἱὸς Ἀγακλῆος μεγαθύμου, δῖος Ἐπειγεύς,
ὅς ῥ' ἐν Βουδείῳ εὐναιομένῳ ἤνασσεν
τὸ πρίν· ἀτὰρ τότε γ' ἐσθλὸν ἀνεψιὸν ἐξεναρίξας
ἐς Πηλῆ' ἱκέτευσε καὶ ἐς Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν·
οἱ δ' ἅμ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ ῥηξήνορι πέμπον ἕπεσθαι.
Ἴλιον εἰς εὔπωλον, ἵνα Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο.
τόν ῥα τόθ' ἁπτόμενον νέκυος βάλε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
χερμαδίῳ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
Πατρόκλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἄχος γένετο φθιμένου ἑτάροιο,
ἴθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων ἴρηκι ἐοικὼς
ὠκείῃ, ὅστ' ἐφόβησε κολοιούς τε ψῆράς τε·
ὣς ἰθὺς Λυκίων, Πατρόκλεις ἱπποκέλευθε,
ἔσσυο καὶ Τρώων, κεχόλωσο δὲ κῆρ ἑτάροιο.
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Σθενέλαον, Ἰθαιμένεος φίλον υἱόν,
αὐχένα χερμαδίῳ, ῥῆξεν δ' ἀπὸ τοῖο τένοντας.
χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
ὅσση δ' αἰγανέης ῥιπὴ ταναοῖο τέτυκται,
ἣν ῥά τ' ἀνὴρ ἀφέῃ πειρώμενος ἢ ἐν ἀέθλῳ
ἠὲ καὶ ἐν πολέμῳ, δηΐων ὕπο θυμοραϊστέων,
τόσσον ἐχώρησαν Τρῶες, ὦσαντο δ' Ἀχαιοί.
Γλαῦκος δὲ πρῶτος, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,
ἐτράπετ', ἔκτεινεν δὲ Βαθυκλῆα μεγάθυμον,
Χάλκωνος φίλον υἱὸν, ὃς Ἑλλάδι οἰκία ναίων
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν.
τὸν μὲν ἄρα Γλαῦκος στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρὶ,
στρεφθεὶς ἐξαπίνης, ὅτε μιν κατέμαρπτε διώκων·

The while Zeus drew a curtain dark and dread
Of night above their strife, that round his child
The toil of battle might be dark and dread.
First Troy repell'd Achaia's bright-eyed sons ;
For one amongst the Myrmidons not least,
Noble Epeigeus, brave Agacles' son,
Was stricken ; in Budeon he of old
King of a numerous people ; but had fled,
By reason of a noble kinsman slain,
To Peleus and the silver-footed Nymph ;
Who hearken'd to his prayer, and sent him forth
To follow great Achilles in the war
To Troy and Ilion's horse-abounding plains.
Him as he laid his grasp upon the corse
Bright Hector struck with stone upon the head,
And crush'd the skull within the heavy helm ;
Headlong above the body prone he fell,
And clouding round him came, life's plunderer, Death.
Whose fall Patroclus seeing chafed at heart ;
Sheer through the champions of the van he rush'd ;
As darts a hawk frighting a timorous flock
Of doves or starlings, so right through the ranks
Of Trojans and brave Lycians, dartedst thou,
Patroclus, wrathful for thy comrade's sake ;
And smiting Sthenelaus, the brave son
Of Ithæmenes, with a stone i' the neck,
Brakest through the tendons that upheld the head ;
Whereat great Hector and his van shrank back.
Far as long cast of javelin, when a man
Throws, straining all his strength, at game perchance,
Or war, where life may hang upon the cast ;
So far the Trojans fled, the Achaians gain'd.
But Lycia's chieftain Glaucus, rallying soon,
Slew Bathycles, the gallant son beloved
Of Chalcon, who in Hellas dwelt, renown'd
For substance, rich amongst the Myrmidons :
Him with sharp spear pierced Glaucus thro' the chest,
Suddenly wheeling, when the other thought
Pursuing to o'ertake him ; and he fell
With crash of arms to earth. Thereat deep grief

δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· πυκινὸν δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβ' Ἀχαιοὺς,
ὡς ἔπεσ' ἐσθλὸς ἀνήρ· μέγα δὲ Τρῶες κεχάροντο,
στὰν δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἰόντες ἀολλέες· οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλκῆς ἐξελάθοντο, μένος δ' ἰθὺς φέρον αὐτῶν.
ἔνθ' αὖ Μηριόνης Τρώων ἕλεν ἄνδρα κορυστὴν,
Λαόγονον, θρασὺν υἱὸν Ὀνήτορος, ὃς Διὸς ἱρεὺς
Ἰδαίου ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ·
τὸν βὰλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς
ᾤχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.
Αἰνείας δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνῃ δόρυ χάλκεον ἧκεν·
ἔλπετο γὰρ τεύξεσθαι ὑπασπίδια προβιβάντος
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·
πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν
οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.
[αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνείαο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης
ᾤχετ' ἐπεί ῥ' ἄλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.]
Αἰνείας δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐχώσατο φώνησέν τε·

" Μηριόνη, τάχα κέν σε, καὶ ὀρχηστήν περ ἐόντα,
ἔγχος ἐμὸν κατέπαυσε διαμπερὲς, εἴ σ' ἔβαλόν περ."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης δουρικλυτὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα·
" Αἰνεία, χαλεπόν σε, καὶ ἴφθιμόν περ ἐόντα,
πάντων ἀνθρώπων σβέσσαι μένος, ὅς κε σεῦ ἄντα
ἔλθῃ ἀμυνόμενος· θνητὸς δέ νυ καὶ σὺ τέτυξαι.
εἰ καὶ ἐγώ σε βάλοιμι τυχὼν μέσον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
αἶψά κε, καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν καὶ χερσὶ πεποιθὼς,
εὖχος ἐμοὶ δοίης, ψυχὴν δ' Ἄϊδι κλυτοπώλῳ."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἐνένιπε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·
" Μηριόνη, τί σὺ ταῦτα καὶ ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν ἀγορεύεις;
ὦ πέπον, οὔ τοι Τρῶες ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν
νεκροῦ χωρήσουσι· πάρος τινὰ γαῖα καθέξει.
ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ τέλος πολέμου, ἐπέων δ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ·
τῷ οὔτι χρὴ μῦθον ὀφέλλειν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι."

Came on Achaia's sons, but much rejoiced
The Trojans, that so brave a man had fallen,
And rallying stood around his corse array'd.
Yet not were therefore mindless of their might
The Achaians, but their spirits bare them on.

And Merion slew a helmèd chief of Troy,
Laogonus, Onetor's gallant son,
Priest to Idæan Zeus, and like a God
Honour'd amongst the people; him he struck
Under the ear and jaw; fast fled away
The spirit from his limbs, and hideous night
Enwrapt him. Then against Meriones
Æneas sent a brazen lance, and thought
To hit him o'er the shelter of his shield;
But he, forewatching, safe the javelin shunn'd
With incline forward; far behind, the spear
Dash'd on the earthy floor, and all the staff
Quiver'd, and war's strong spirit spent its force;
Thus vainly from Æneas' brawny hand
The spear flew, and vibrating sank in earth.
Whereat Æneas wrathful spake, and said:
"For all thou'st practised dancing, yet my spear,
If only I had struck, had stay'd thee quite."
Whom spear-famed Merion answer'd back, and said:
"Mighty thou art, Æneas; yet to quell
All who assail thee guarding well themselves,
Were task beyond thee; thou thyself art man.
If with my spear I hit thee straight and full,
Though brave and trustful in thy strength of arm,
Wouldst not thou likewise fall, and yield thy ghost
To horse-famed Hades, but renown to me?"
He ceased, whom thus Patroclus chode, and said:
"Why, Merion, being in truth a brave man, thus
Wastest thou words? Nay, Friend, reviling words
Will never daunt the Trojans from their prey;
Earth must first hold full many a man fast down.
By words in council, by brave hands in fight,
Is turn'd the issue; wherefore no increase
Of speech is needed from thee now, but deed."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἅμ' ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.
τῶν δ', ὥστε δρυτόμων ἀνδρῶν ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς· ἔκαθεν δέ τε γίγνετ' ἀκουή·
ὣς τῶν ὤρνυτο δοῦπος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
χαλκοῦ τε ῥινοῦ τε βοῶν τ' εὐποιητάων,
νυσσομένων ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.
οὐδ' ἂν ἔτι φράδμων περ ἀνὴρ Σαρπηδόνα δῖον
ἔγνω, ἐπεὶ βελέεσσι καὶ αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσιν
ἐκ κεφαλῆς εἴλυτο διαμπερὲς ἐς πόδας ἄκρους· 640
οἱ δ' αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, ὡς ὅτε μυῖαι
σταθμῷ ἔνι βρομέωσι περιγλαγέας κατὰ πέλλας
ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει·
ὣς ἄρα τοὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, οὐδέ ποτε Ζεὺς
τρέψεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης ὄσσε φαεινὼ,
ἀλλὰ κατ' αὐτοὺς αἰὲν ὅρα, καὶ φράζετο θυμῷ
πολλὰ μὰλ' ἀμφὶ φόνῳ Πατρόκλου, μερμηρίζων
ἢ ἤδη καὶ κεῖνον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
αὐτοῦ ἐπ' ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
χαλκῷ δηώσῃ, ἀπό τ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕληται, 650
ἢ ἔτι καὶ πλεόνεσσιν ὀφέλλειεν πόνον αἰπύν.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
ὅφρ' ἠΰς θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
ἐξαῦτις Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστὴν
ὥσαιτο προτὶ ἄστυ, πολέων δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.
Ἕκτορι δὲ πρωτίστῳ ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἐνῆκεν·
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀναβὰς φύγαδ' ἔτραπε, κέκλετο δ' ἄλλους
Τρῶας φευγέμεναι· γνῶ γὰρ Διὸς ἱρα τάλαντα.
ἔνθ' οὐδ' ἴφθιμοι Λύκιοι μένον, ἀλλ' ἐφόβηθεν
πάντες, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆα ἴδον βεβλαμμένον ἦτορ, 660
κείμενον ἐν νεκύων ἀγύρει· πολέες γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
κάππεσον, εὖτ' ἔριδα κρατερὴν ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὤμοιϊν Σαρπηδόνος ἕντε' ἕλοντο
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ μὲν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
δῶκε φέρειν ἑτάροισι Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός.
καὶ τότ' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went
His godlike comrade : as in mountain-glens
Riseth the din of axes on the oaks,
And far the hearing of the sound is borne ;
Thus rose from broad-way'd earth the din of arms,
Of brazen corslet, leathern helm, and hide
Of buckler, smit by lances and by swords.
Erelong his closest comrade had not known
Sarpedon, for with darts and dust and blood
From sole to crown he was enveloped quite :
And thick the throng around his corse : as flies
Buzz swarming through a cow-house 'mongst the pails
In spring-time, when the milk brims full each bowl ;
Thus swarm'd they round the body. Nor Zeus had ta'en
From off that baleful strife his shining eyes,
But ever gazed and ponder'd in his heart,
Doubting the manner of Patroclus' death,
Whether bright Hector in that deadly stoure
Forthwith above godlike Sarpedon's corse
Should slay him and despoil his glittering arms,
Or whether, ere he fall, on yet more men
He hurry steep destruction. Such debate
He held within him, yet preferr'd at last
To suffer the great friend of Peleus' Son
Still to repel the Trojans and their chief,
And take the lives of many. Therefore, first
In Hector He awoke a spirit of fear ;
Who mounting to his chariot turn'd to flee,
And call'd the selfsame way to all his host,
Knowing the sacred scales of Zeus inclined.
Nor ev'n the valiant Lycians then stood firm
But panic-stricken fled, who saw their king
Struck through the heart, amongst a heap of dead ;
For many had fallen about him ; where he lay
Zeus had to the utmost strain'd the cord of war.

So, from the shoulders of Sarpedon stripp'd,
The brazen glittering mail Menœtius' Son
Gave to the hollow galleys to be borne ;
Whilst thus the Ruler of the Clouds in heaven :

"Εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, κελαινεφὲς αἷμα κάθηρον
ἐλθὼν ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα, καί μιν ἔπειτα
πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων λοῦσον ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσιν
χρῖσόν τ' ἀμβροσίῃ, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσον·
πέμπε δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,
Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἵ ῥά μιν ὦκα
θήσουσ' ἐν Λυκίης εὐρείης πίονι δήμῳ,
ἔνθα ἑ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων.
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς φύλοπιν αἰνὴν,
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον ἀείρας,
πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων, λοῦσεν ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσιν
χρῖσέν τ' ἀμβροσίῃ, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσεν·
πέμπε δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,
Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἵ ῥά μιν ὦκα
κάτθεσαν ἐν Λυκίης εὐρείης πίονι δήμῳ.

Πάτροκλος δ' ἵπποισι καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι κελεύσας
Τρῶας καὶ Λυκίους μετεκίαθε, καὶ μέγ' ἀάσθη
νήπιος· εἰ δὲ ἔπος Πηληϊάδαο φύλαξεν,
ἦ τ' ἂν ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα κακὴν μέλανος θανάτοιο.
ἀλλ' αἰεί τε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος ἠέπερ ἀνδρῶν·
[ὅστε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην
ῥηϊδίως, ὅτε δ' αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνῃσι μάχεσθαι·]
ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνῆκεν.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξας,
Πατρόκλεις, ὅτε δή σε θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσσαν;

Ἄδρηστον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ἔχεκλον
καὶ Πέριμον Μεγάδην καὶ Ἐπίστορα καὶ Μελάνιππον,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἔλασον καὶ Μούλιον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην·
τοὺς ἕλ ·· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φύγαδε μνώοντο ἕκαστος.

"Phœbus, my son, now haste thee forth, and cleanse
The clouding blood from off Sarpedon's wounds;
Bear him apart, and bathe him in the stream;
And with ambrosia lave his limbs, and throw
Immortal raiment round him; then bequeath
The burthen to the wingèd messengers
Death and sweet Sleep, Death's brother, to be borne
To wealthy Lycia and his own domain;
That there his brethren and his kith and kin
May honour him by burial and a tomb
And cairn; and this is what the dead desire."
Nor Phœbus disobey'd his father's word.
Down to the battle-field from Ida's peaks
He flew, and lightly from the storm of darts
Lifted divine Sarpedon, and aloof
Bare him, and cleansed him in the river's stream,
And with ambrosia laved his limbs, and threw
Immortal raiment round him; then bequeath'd
The burthen to the wingèd messengers,
Death and sweet Sleep, Death's brother; fast they flew
And far in wealthy Lycia laid him down.
Meantime Patroclus press'd to more pursuit
His horses and Automedon on Troy;
Fool, fool! And to his own destruction blind!
Who, had he kept the word of Peleus' Son,
Had 'scaped the coming fates of gloom and death.
But, as it ever shall be, so that day
The will of Zeus surpass'd the will of man;
Zeus, who oft frights the bravest, from his hand
Taking away the victory with all ease,
And oft again enkindling to the war;
As now he kindled high Patroclus' heart.
Who first, Patroclus, say, who last, by thee
Fell, when the Gods thus beck'd thee on to death?
Adrastus first, and brave Autonoüs,
Epistor, Melanippus, Echeclus,
And Meges' son, Perimnus; yet anon,
Pylartes, Melius, and Helasus:
All these he slew; and, save to turn to flight,
What other thought within the remnant bode?

Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἕλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
Πατρόκλου ὑπὸ χερσί· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θῦεν·
εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐϋδμήτου ἐπὶ πύργου
ἔστη, τῷ ὀλοὰ φρονέων, Τρώεσσι δ' ἀρήγων.
τρὶς μὲν ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος βῆ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο
Πάτροκλος, τρὶς δ' αὐτὸν ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ἀπόλλων,
χείρεσσ' ἀθανάτῃσι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδα νύσσων.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Χάζεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις· οὔ νύ τοι αἶσα,
σῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ πόλιν πέρθαι Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, ὅσπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων."

Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δ' ἀνεχάζετο πολλὸν ὀπίσσω,
μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ἐν Σκαιῇσι πύλῃς ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους
δίζε γὰρ ἠὲ μάχοιτο κατὰ κλόνον αὖτις ἐλάσσας,
ἦ λαοὺς ἐς τεῖχος ὁμοκλήσειεν ἀλῆναι.
ταῦτ' ἄρα οἱ φρονέοντι παρίστατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος αἰζηῷ τε κρατερῷ τε,
Ἀσίῳ, ὃς μήτρως ἦν Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
αὐτοκασίγνητος Ἑκάβης, υἱὸς δὲ Δύμαντος,
ὃς Φρυγίῃ ναίεσκε ῥοῇς ἔπι Σαγγαρίοιο·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

"Ἕκτορ, τίπτε μάχης ἀποπαύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
αἴθ' ὅσον ἥσσων εἰμὶ, τόσον σέο φέρτερος εἴην·
τῷ κε τάχα στυγερῶς πολέμου ἀπερωήσειας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε. Πατρόκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους,
αἴ κέν πώς μιν ἕλῃς, δώῃ δέ τοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἀμπόνον ἀνδρῶν,
Κεβριόνῃ δ' ἐκέλευσε δαΐφρονι φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἵππους ἐς πόλεμον πεπληγέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων
δύσεθ' ὅμιλον ἰὼν, ἐν δὲ κλόνον Ἀργείοισιν
ἧκε κακὸν, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν.

Yea, the high gates of Troy had yielded then
Before Achaia, by Patroclus storm'd
(So hotly in their front his spear was plied),
Had not divine Apollo ta'en his stand
Upon the well-built watch-tower, meaning death
To him, but aid to Troy. Thrice to the foot
Of their high city-wall Patroclus came,
And thrice Apollo press'd a heavenly hand
Against his shining shield, and dash'd him back;
But when the fourth time, more than man, he came,
Apollo lifted thus his warning voice:
"Back, back, Patroclus! Son of Zeus, forbear;
Not to thy spear is given to take proud Troy;
Nay, nor (though he be mightier far) thy lord's."
He spoke, and back Patroclus drew some space,
Shunning the wrath of Him who smites from far.

Hector the while had rein'd his hoovèd steeds
Under the Scæan gates, and ponder'd there
Whether again to urge them through the rout,
Or bid the host retire within the walls.
By whom, thus doubting, Phœbus took his stand
In likeness of a strong man in his prime,
Asius, brave Hector's uncle, brother-born
To Hecuba, and Dymas was their sire;
But Asius dwelt in Phrygia, on the banks
Of Sangarus; and in his image now
Appear'd divine Apollo, speaking thus:
"Why, Hector, from the battle rests thine arm?
It ill befits thee. Would to heaven I were
As much thy stronger, as I am thy less;
Then haply this thy stay were to thy hurt!
But rouse thee, and against Patroclus guide
These strong-shod steeds; and peradventure thou
Shalt slay him, if Apollo grant thee fame."
He spoke, and through the battle pass'd away.
Then Hector to Cebriones gave word
To thong the horses forward, whilst the God,
Moving amongst the mellay, wrought dismay,
Confusion to Achaia, but to Troy
And Hector gave companionship of fame.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ἄλλους μὲν Δαναοὺς ἔα οὐδ' ἐνάριζεν·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πάτροκλῳ ἕφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀφ' ἵππων ἅλτο χαμᾶζε
σκαιῇ ἔγχος ἔχων· ἑτέρῃφι δὲ λάζετο πέτρον
μάρμαρον ὀκριόεν θ', ὅν οἱ περὶ χειρὶ ἐκάλυψεν.
ἧκε δ' ἐρεισάμενος, οὐδὲ δὴν χάζετο φωτὸς,
οὐδ' ἀλίωσε βέλος, βάλε δ' Ἕκτορος ἡνιοχῆα,
Κεβριόνην, νόθον υἱὸν ἀγακλῆος Πριάμοιο,
ἵππων ἡνί' ἔχοντα, μετώπιον ὀξέϊ λάϊ.
ἀμφοτέρας δ' ὀφρῦς σύνελεν λίθος, οὐδέ οἱ ἔσχεν
ὀστέον, ὀφθαλμοὶ δὲ χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν
αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικως
κάππεσ' ἀπ' εὐεργέος δίφρου, λίπε δ' ὀστέα θυμός.
τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεις ἱππεῦ·

"Ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλ' ἐλαφρὸς ἀνήρ· ὡς ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ.
εἰ δή που καὶ πόντῳ ἐν ἰχθυόεντι γένοιτο,
πολλοὺς ἂν κορέσειεν ἀνὴρ ὅδε τήθεα διφῶν,
νηὸς ἀποθρώσκων, εἰ καὶ δυσπέμφελος εἴη,
ὡς νῦν ἐν πεδίῳ ἐξ ἵππων ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ.
ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν Τρώεσσι κυβιστητῆρες ἔασιν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐπὶ Κεβριόνῃ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει,
οἷμα λέοντος ἔχων, ὅστε σταθμοὺς κεραΐζων
ἔβλητο πρὸς στῆθος, ἑή τέ μιν ὤλεσεν ἀλκή·
ὡς ἐπὶ Κεβριόνῃ, Πατρόκλεις, ἅλσο μεμαώς.
Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἀφ' ἵππων ἅλτο χαμᾶζε.
τὼ περὶ Κεβριόναο λέοντ' ὣς δηριάασθην,
ὥτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι περὶ κταμένης ἐλάφοιο,
ἄμφω πεινάοντε, μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον·
ὡς περὶ Κεβριόναο δύω μήστωρες ἀϋτῆς,
Πάτροκλός τε Μενοιτιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἵεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν κεφαλῇφιν ἐπεὶ λάβεν, οὐχὶ μεθίει·
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἔχεν ποδός· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.

Ὣς δ' Εὖρός τε Νότος τ' ἐριδαίνετον ἀλλήλοιϊν

All others Hector pass'd nor cared to kill,
But only on Patroclus urged his steeds ;
Which seeing leap'd the other to the earth,
With left hand grasping spear, but in the right
He held a white jagg'd stone, within the palm
Firmly enclasp'd, and heaving hurl'd it forth,
Nor err'd far from his aim, nor sped the stone
Vainly, but struck the farfamed charioteer
King Priam's bastard son Cebriones,
Who held great Hector's reins, betwixt the brows.
The brows were crush'd together, nor the bone
Held, but the eyeballs dropp'd before his feet
To earth ; and like a diver down he fell
From his seat prone, and the breath left the corse ;
Whereat in wanton mood Patroclus mock'd :
"Truly a nimble man ! How well he dives !
So he were only on the pearly seas,
Plunging for oysters, large would be the haul,
Albeit the waves were rough, when he leap'd forth :
So perfect this nice dive from car to earth,
Such diving needs must be a trade in Troy !"
He spoke, and toward the fallen hero sprang,
In wrath most like some lion, through the heart
Smitten whilst ravaging a fold, to whom
His own might is destruction ; thus sprang'st thou,
Patroclus, eager on Cebriones ;
But Hector likewise leap'd adverse to earth ;
And so above the body both incensed
Stood, as two lions 'midst a mountain's peaks
Battling above the carcase of a roe,
When both are hunger'd, mettled both alike ;
Not otherwise above Cebriones
Two equal lovers of the battle-cry,
Bright Hector here, and there Menœtius' Son,
Stood burning each to taste the other's blood.
Hector had seized the head, nor let it go ;
Patroclus gripp'd the foot ; and round the twain
Both hosts fast gathering closed in cloud of war

As when the mighty winds of East and West

οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς βαθέην πελεμιζέμεν ὕλην,
φηγόν τε μελίην τε τανύφλοιόν τε κράνειαν,
αἵτε πρὸς ἀλλήλας ἔβαλον τανήκεας ὄζους
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, πάταγος δέ τε ἀγνυμενάων,
ὡς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
δῄουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνώοντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο.
πολλὰ δὲ Κεβριόνην ἀμφ' ὀξέα δοῦρ' ἐπεπήγει
ἰοί τε πτερόεντες ἀπὸ νευρῇφι θορόντες,
πολλὰ δὲ χερμάδια μεγάλ' ἀσπίδας ἐστυφέλιξαν
μαρναμένων ἀμφ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης
κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστὶ, λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων.

Ὄφρα μὲν Ἠέλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
ἦμος δ' Ἠέλιος μετενίσσετο βουλυτόνδε,
καὶ τότε δή ῥ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν Ἀχαιοὶ φέρτεροι ἦσαν.
ἐκ μὲν Κεβριόνην βελέων ἥρωα ἔρυσσαν.
Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς, καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλοντο,
Πάτροκλος δὲ Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέων ἐνόρουσεν.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηϊ,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, τρὶς δ' ἐννέα φῶτας ἔπεφνεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
ἔνθ' ἄρα τοι, Πάτροκλε, φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή.
ἤντετο γάρ τοι Φοῖβος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
δεινός· ὁ μὲν τὸν ἰόντα κατὰ κλόνον οὐκ ἐνόησεν·
ἠέρι γὰρ πολλῇ κεκαλυμμένος ἀντεβόλησεν·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθε, πλῆξεν δὲ μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὤμω
χειρὶ καταπρηνεῖ, στρεφεδίνηθεν δέ οἱ ὄσσε.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κρατὸς κυνέην βάλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
ἡ δὲ κυλινδομένη καναχὴν ἔχε ποσσὶν ὑφ' ἵππων
αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια, μιάνθησαν δὲ ἔθειραι
αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσι. πάρος γε μὲν οὐ θέμις ἦεν
ἱππόκομον πήληκα μιαίνεσθαι κονίῃσιν,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς θείοιο κάρη χαρίεν τε μέτωπον

Conflicting meet within a mountain-glen,
To shake a forest to its inmost depths,
Beech-tree, and ash, and slender cornel-wood ;
The trees, with roar unutterable fill'd,
Dash their long-stretching branches, each on each,
And loud the crash of breaking boughs ; even thus
Those hosts in ravage each on other leap'd,
Nor either knew a thought of deadly fear.
Many the spears around the corse infix'd,
The wingèd arrows leaping from the strings,
Many the huge stones on the shields repell'd
Of those who fought about him ; he the while
In the full whirl o' the dust-storm round him blown
Lay giant-like—a mighty bulk out-spread—
Lost to all charioteerings evermore !

Ere yet the Sun had rounded the midsky,
Darts flew and warriors fell on either side ;
But when He 'gan incline towards cattle-call,
Then, as in Fate's despite, the better show'd
The Achaians, and from out the storm of darts
Clear of the Trojans drew Cebriones,
And straight 'gan off his shoulders strip the arms.
But still Patroclus slaughtering rush'd on Troy :
Thrice with a dreadful shout he sprang, nor less
Than Ares seem'd, and thrice nine men he slew :
But, when the fourth time of his godlike might
He came—ah, then, Patroclus, then thine end
Appear'd ; for bright Apollo met thee then
In fatal fray ! Whom moving through the throng
Patroclus saw not ; since in cloud enwrapp'd
He came, and stood behind him, and with hand
Precipitate athwart his shoulders broad
Smote him ; and straight his dazèd eyes spun round,
Whilst off his head the God dash'd down the helm.
Roll'd then and rang beneath the chargers' feet
The vizor'd helm, and sank the plumes defiled
By dust and blood ; never till now that crest
Suffer'd such taint, nor could it suffer erst
Then when the head of more than mortal man
It guarded, and Achilles' beauteous brows ;

ῥυετ', Ἀχιλλῆος· τοτε δὲ Ζεὺς Ἕκτορι δῶκεν
ᾗ κεφαλῇ φορέειν, σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἦεν ὄλεθρος.
πᾶν δέ οἱ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἄγη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρὸν κεκορυθμένον· αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων
ἀσπὶς σὺν τελαμῶνι χαμαὶ πέσε τερμιόεσσα.
λῦσε δέ οἱ θώρηκα ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων.
τὸν δ' ἄτη φρένας εἶλε, λύθεν δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα,
στῆ δὲ ταφών· ὄπιθεν δὲ μετάφρενον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
ὤμων μεσσηγὺς σχεδόθεν βάλε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ,
Πανθοΐδης Εὔφορβος, ὃς ἡλικίην ἐκέκαστο
ἔγχεϊ θ' ἱπποσύνῃ τε, πόδεσσί τε καρπαλίμοισιν·
καὶ γὰρ δὴ τότε φῶτας ἐείκοσι βῆσεν ἀφ' ἵππων,
πρῶτ' ἐλθὼν σὺν ὄχεσφι, διδασκόμενος πολέμοιο·
ὅς τοι πρῶτος ἐφῆκε βέλος, Πατρόκλειος ἱππεῦ,
οὐδὲ δάμασσ'· ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ' ὁμίλῳ,
ἐκ χροὸς ἁρπάξας δόρυ μείλινον, οὐδ' ὑπέμεινεν
Πάτροκλον, γυμνόν περ ἐόντ' ἐν δηϊοτῆτι.
Πάτροκλος δὲ θεοῦ πληγῇ καὶ δουρὶ δαμασθεὶς
ἂψ ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μεγάθυμον
ἂψ ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἀγχίμολόν ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὖτα δὲ δουρὶ
νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε σῦν ἀκάμαντα λέων ἐβιήσατο χάρμῃ,
ὥτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον
πίδακος ἀμφ' ὀλίγης· ἐθέλουσι δὲ πιέμεν ἄμφω·
πολλὰ δέ τ' ἀσθμαίνοντα λέων ἐδάμασσε βίηφιν·
ὣς πολέας πέφνοντα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης σχεδὸν ἔγχεϊ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
καί οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Πάτροκλ', ἦ που ἔφησθα πόλιν κεραϊζέμεν ἀμὴν,
Τρωϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας, ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας,
ἄξειν ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
νήπιε· τάων δὲ πρόσθ' Ἕκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι

But now Zeus granted it to Hector spoil.
For death was on Patroclus : from his hands
The sharp huge shadowing spear in splinters fell ;
The buckler and the buckler's belt dropp'd down
And left his limbs unshelter'd ; and the mail
Round his broad breast was open'd by the God ;
His sense wax'd heavy, and his knees grew faint ;
He stood as one bewilder'd ; in whose rear
Euphorbus, the fair son of Panthous, came
(Euphorbus, of the Dardan youth unmatch'd
In chariot's guidance, and in sleight of spear
And speed of foot ; who, though so young and still
A tyro in the battle, yet had cast
Full twenty chiefs beneath him from their cars).
He first, Patroclus, drave his lance against thee ;
Yet slew thee not, but pluck'd the ashen shaft
Quick from thy back, and turn'd to flight, soon lost
Amongst the crowd ; all naked thou of arms,
Yet durst he not withstand thee ! So subdued
By stroke of an Immortal and that spear,
Patroclus 'gan within his own array
Retire, and fled from Fate ; whom half-withdrawn
Hector beheld and in such wounded plight,
And, through the files advancing, pierced his side
Nigh the fifth rib, and drave the point right through.
Loud clash'd his armour on him, as he fell,
And falling, anguish'd all Achaia's host.
As when a lion on a wild tusk'd boar
Presses in battle joyous ; for the two
High-mettled midst a mountain's peaks have met
O'er a scant spring ; and both desire to drink ;
Soon spent and panting sinks the boar subdued ;
So Priameian Hector spear in hand,
Approaching, robb'd Menœtius' Son of life,
Slaying him, who had there his thousands slain ;
And o'er him vaunting spake these wingèd words :
" To thine own heart, Patroclus, thou hadst said
How thou wouldst make my city desolate,
And bear the women of Troy across the seas
To a dark life of slavery in your homes :
Fond ! For before them bounded to the fray

ποσσὶν ὀρωρέχαται πολεμίζειν· ἔγχεϊ δ' αὐτὸς
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι μεταπρέπω, ὅ σφιν ἀμύνω
ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον· σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γῦπες ἔδονται.
ἆ δείλ', οὐδέ τοι ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν χραίσμησεν Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ὅς πού τοι μάλα πολλὰ μένων ἐπετέλλετ' ἰόντι
'μή μοι πρὶν ἰέναι, Πατρόκλειος ἱπποκέλευθε,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς, πρὶν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
αἱματόεντα χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι.'
ὥς πού σε προσέφη, σοὶ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πείθεν."

Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφης, Πατρόκλειος ἱππεῦ·
"ἤδη νῦν, Ἕκτορ, μεγάλ' εὔχεο· σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκεν
νίκην Ζεὺς Κρονίδης καὶ Ἀπόλλων, οἵ μ' ἐδάμασσαν
ῥηϊδίως· αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλοντο.
τοιοῦτοι δ' εἴπερ μοι ἐείκοσιν ἀντεβόλησαν.
πάντες κ' αὐτόθ' ὄλοντο ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
ἀλλά με μοῖρ' ὀλοὴ καὶ Λητοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱὸς,
ἀνδρῶν δ' Εὔφορβος· σὺ δέ με τρίτος ἐξεναρίζεις.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
οὔ θην οὐδ' αὐτὸς δηρὸν βέῃ, ἀλλά τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιὴ,
χερσὶ δαμέντ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο."

Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν·
ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσηύδα φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·

"Πατρόκλειος, τί νύ μοι μαντεύεαι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον;
τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κ' Ἀχιλεὺς, Θέτιδος παῖς ἠϋκόμοιο,
φθήῃ ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;"

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
εἴρυσε, λὰξ προσβὰς, τὸν δ' ὕπτιον ὧσ' ἀπὸ δουρός.
αὐτίκα δὲ ξὺν δουρὶ μετ' Αὐτομέδοντα βεβήκει,
ἀντίθεον θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο·
ἵετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ' ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἀθάνατοι, οὓς Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.

The steeds of Hector ; and myself excel
All warriors, warring for their sake, and keep
Such day of doom afar ; but thou becom'st
The food of vultures ! Oh most hapless ! Lo
Great as Achilles is, he boots thee not ;
Who, where he rested, bade thee forth, and said ;
'*Go thou, the mightiest of my men, and see*
'*That thou return not hither ere thou boast*
'*The corslet cleft in blood about the breast*
'*Of baleful Hector*'—these perchance his words,
And thus he then beguiled thy foolish soul."
To whom with failing breath Patroclus said :
"Yea, Hector ; loud of ample cause thy vaunt,
On whom Apollo and almighty Zeus
This victory have bestow'd ; with ease as Gods
They slay me, and themselves laid bare my breast.
Had twenty men like thee set all upon me,
So twenty should have perish'd by my spear.
But Fate, fell Fate hath slain me ; and of Gods
Apollo, and of men Euphorbus, struck ;
Thine but the third part in my death. Yet hear
These my last words, and lay them to thy heart :
Nor thou hast long to live ; but even now
I see Death stand—Death and a violent Fate
Beside thee ; and the child of Æacus,
The blameless chief Achilles, strikes thee down !"
And as he spoke, Death wrapp'd him round ; and forth,
Forth from his limbs the spirit fled away,
Mourning the bloom and vigour that it left,
The beauty of manhood, and its own sad fate ;
Yet Hector still address'd him where he lay :
"Predoom'st thou me, Patroclus, to this death ?
Yet it may hap that Peleus' noble Son
Shall be the first to perish by my spear."
He spoke, and stamp'd his heel upon the corse,
And pluck'd the brazen weapon from the wound,
And toss'd him off the point supine ; then sped
With the same spear to slay Automedon ;
But him, whom he would fain have smit, the steeds
Immortal, and the glorious gift of Gods
To Peleus, swiftly bare secure away.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ρ'.

Μενελάου ἀριστεία.

Οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Ἀτρέος υἱὸν ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον,
Πάτροκλος Τρώεσσι δαμεὶς ἐν δηϊοτῆτι.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ βαῖν' ὥς τις περὶ πόρτακι μήτηρ
πρωτοτόκος κινυρὴ, οὐ πρὶν εἰδυῖα τόκοιο·
ὣς περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βαῖνε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ' ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαὼς, ὅστις τοῦγ' ἀντίος ἔλθοι.
οὐδ' ἄρα Πάνθου υἱὸς ἐϋμμελίης ἀμέλησεν
Πατρόκλοιο πεσόντος ἀμύμονος· ἄγχι δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ
ἔστε, καὶ προσέειπεν ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον·

"Ἀτρείδη Μενέλαε, διοτρεφὲς, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
χάζεο, λεῖπε δὲ νεκρὸν, ἔα δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα·
οὐ γάρ τις πρότερος Τρώων κλειτῶν τ' ἐπικούρων
Πάτροκλον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·
τῷ με ἔα κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρέσθαι,
μή σε βάλω, ἀπὸ δὲ μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἕλωμαι."

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ μὲν καλὸν ὑπέρβιον εὐχετάασθαι.
οὔτ' οὖν παρδάλιος τόσσον μένος οὔτε λέοντος
οὔτε συὸς κάπρου ὀλοόφρονος, οὔτε μέγιστος
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περὶ σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνει,
ὅσσον Πάνθου υἷες ἐϋμμελίαι φρονέουσιν.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ βίη Ὑπερήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο
ἧς ἤβης ἀπόνηθ', ὅτε μ' ὤνατο καί μ' ὑπέμεινεν
καί μ' ἔφατ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἐλέγχιστον πολεμιστὴν

ILIAD XVII.

Nor by brave Menelaüs, Atreus' son,
Patroclus fell in battle there unmark'd ;
Straight through the foremost in his flashing arms
He push'd, and took his station o'er the dead.
As moves the mother round a new-dropp'd calf,
Her first-born, moaning, nor hath known till then
The pains of bearing ; so moved Menelas
Around the body of the slain, and held
His spear and full-orb'd buckler well in front,
Ready to slay whoever durst assail.

But Panthous' warlike Son had also seen,
And now approach'd, and to the other spake ;
"Chieftain Zeus-born, and leader of the host !
Withdraw thee, quit the body, and permit
To me the bloody trophy of those arms.
None of all Troy nor Troy's renown'd allies
Boasts to have struck Patroclus ere I struck ;
Suffer then that I take the fame I won
Lest else thine own sweet life be also lost."
To whom the hero of the auburn hair :
"Hear'st thou, O Father Zeus, this youngling boast ?
Yet is vain-glory a dishonouring thing.
Not pard nor lion nor the deadly boar
(In his wild mood the fiercest of the field)
Lift up their heads so high as these great sons
Of Panthous, heroes with their ashen spears !
Yet of his youth brave Hyperenor found
No profit, when he dared revile my name
And stand against me, saying in his heart
Of all the Danaans I was least to dread ;

ἔμμεναι· οὐδέ ἑ φημι πόδεσσί γε οἷσι κιόντα
εὐφρῆναι ἄλοχόν τε φίλην κεδνούς τε τοκῆας.
ὥς θην καὶ σὸν ἐγὼ λύσω μένος, εἴ κέ μευ ἄντα
στήῃς· ἀλλά σ' ἔγωγ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω
ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ πεῖθεν· ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
"νῦν μὲν δή, Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, ἦ μάλα τίσεις
γνωτὸν ἐμὸν, τὸν ἔπεφνες, ἐπευχόμενος δ' ἀγορεύεις,
χήρωσας δὲ γυναῖκα μυχῷ θαλάμοιο νέοιο,
ἀρητὸν δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας.
ἦ κέ σφιν δειλοῖσι γόου κατάπαυμα γενοίμην,
εἴ κεν ἐγὼ κεφαλήν τε τεὴν καὶ τεύχε' ἐνείκας
Πάνθῳ ἐν χείρεσσι βάλω καὶ Φρόιτιδι δίῃ.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ἔτι δηρὸν ἀπείρητος πόνος ἔσται
οὐδέ τ' ἀδήριτος ἠὲ ἀλκῆς ἤτε φόβοιο."

Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην·
οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκὸν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
ἀσπίδ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇ· ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ὦρνυτο χαλκῷ
Ατρείδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί.
ἆψ δ' ἀναχαζομένοιο κατὰ στομάχοιο θέμεθλα
νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρείῃ χειρὶ πιθήσας·
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἄράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
αἵματί οἱ δεύοντο κόμαι Χαρίτεσσιν ὁμοῖαι
πλοχμοί θ', οἳ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ ἐσφήκωντο.
οἷον δὲ τρέφει ἔρνος ἀνὴρ ἐριθηλὲς ἐλαίης
χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, ὅθ' ἅλις ἀναβέβρυχεν ὕδωρ,
καλὸν τηλεθάον· τὸ δέ τε πνοιαὶ δονέουσιν
παντοίων ἀνέμων, καί τε βρύει ἄνθεϊ λευκῷ·
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐξαπίνης ἄνεμος σὺν λαίλαπι πολλῇ
βόθρου τ' ἐξέτρεψε καὶ ἐξετάνυσσ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ·
τοῖον Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐϋμμελίην Εὔφορβον

For never shall he walk again the earth,
His wife to gladden or his parents dear.
And so with thee, and I will loose thy strength
If thou still stand'st against me. Rather hear
My warning, and withdraw thee to thy men;
Stand not persistent, till the stroke hath fallen;
'Tis a fool's part, repentance all too late."

He spoke, but turn'd him not, who answer'd thus:
"Yea, him my brother thou slewest, and for him
Thou now shalt give the ransom; though thou boast
How thou hast widow'd in the still recess
Of her new bridal-chamber his dear wife,
And laid a hopeless sorrow on his sire;
Yet of their mourning should I make an end,
If in his father's lap, and in the sight
Of the fair Phrontis, I could fling thy head.
The peril then no longer be untried;
To battle—be the issue life or death!"

He spoke, and struck full on the orbèd shield,
Yet the spear pierced not through; the point was bent
Backward within the hides. Then in his turn
Rose Menelaus with a shining lance,
And call'd in prayer on Father Zeus, and pierced
The other, as he drew him back, i' the throat,
Ev'n at the gullet's lowest; onward then,
Following his spear, well-weening of his might,
The hero sprang, and drave the point right through
His enemy's slender neck; who dropp'd on earth
Outstretch'd, and loud around him rang his arms.
Sank draggled then in blood his tresses, fair
As crown the heavenly Graces, and the locks
Braided in gold and silver, smirch'd and stain'd.
Like as an olive, in a lonely nook
Nursed by a husbandman, where waters run
Redundant, breaks luxuriant into bloom;
All gales breathe fresh and rock it to and fro,
Till into flower it bursts and blossoms white;
Black with a sudden storm a wind may come,
And lay it from its furrow torn on earth;
So fell Euphorbus, Panthous' warlike son,

Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος ἐπεὶ κτάνε, τεύχε' ἐσύλα.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς,
βοσκομένης ἀγέλης βοῦν ἁρπάσῃ, ἥτις ἀρίστη·
τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὀδοῦσιν
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἷμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει
δῃῶν· ἀμφὶ δὲ τόνγε κύνες τ' ἄνδρες τε νομῆες
πολλὰ μάλ' ἰύζουσιν ἀπόπροθεν οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι· μάλα γὰρ χλωρὸν δέος αἱρεῖ·
ὣς τῶν οὔτινι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐτόλμα
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο.
ἔνθα κε ῥεῖα φέροι κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πανθοΐδαο
Ἀτρείδης, εἰ μή οἱ ἀγάσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ῥά οἱ Ἕκτορ' ἐπῶρσε θοῷ ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηϊ,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, Κικόνων ἡγήτορι Μέντῃ·
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἕκτορ, νῦν σὺ μὲν ὧδε θέεις, ἀκίχητα διώκων,
ἵππους Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἱ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἠδ' ὀχέεσθαι,
ἄλλῳ γ' ἢ Ἀχιλῆϊ, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.
τόφρα δέ τοι Μενέλαος, Ἀρήϊος Ἀτρέος υἱὸς,
Πατρόκλῳ περιβὰς Τρώων τὸν ἄριστον ἔπεφνεν,
Πανθοΐδην Εὔφορβον, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἀμπόνον ἀνδρῶν.
Ἕκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἀμφιμελαίνας·
πάπτηνεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα κατὰ στίχας, αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ἀπαινύμενον κλυτὰ τεύχεα, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κείμενον· ἐῤῥεῖ δ' αἷμα κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλήν.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ὀξέα κεκληγὼς, φλογὶ εἴκελος Ἡφαίστοιο
ἀσβέστῳ· οὐδ' υἱὸν λάθεν Ἀτρέος ὀξὺ βοήσας·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

"Ὤ μοι ἐγὼν, εἰ μέν κε λίπω κάτα τεύχεα καλὰ

Slain by the spear of Menelaüs there,
Who straight 'gan strip the armour off the slain.

And as a lion, weening of his strength,
Comes from his cradle on the hills, and springs,
Seizing the fairest of a grazing herd;
He cracks its neck in sunder, in firm fangs
Clenching it close, and rends the paunch, and laps
The blood and flowing offal; some space off
All round him hounds and shouting neatherds raise
An outcry, but against him dare not go,
For pale the panic holds them; so the hearts
Of none were bold to face that glorious chief:
Who had achieved that armour for his spoil
Had not Apollo grudged it, and himself,
In guise of Mentes, the Ciconian chief,
Drew near where Hector Ares-like stood arm'd,
Kindling his courage with these wingèd words:
"Hector, whilst thou thus wanderest in pursuit
Of what may ne'er be won, the heavenly steeds
Of great Æacides (and hard were they
For mortal man to manage or to yoke,
Save one, of an immortal mother born,
Their lord Achilles), Atreus' Son meantime,
Brave Menelaus, round Patroclus' corse
Ranges victorious, and hath slain the youth
Euphorbus, and for ever stay'd his might."
So spake the God, and through the moil pass'd on.

But heavy o'er the soul of Hector came
A cloud of sorrow; round him through the rout
He look'd, and straightway saw the two—the one
Stripping the armour off, the other slain,
The life-blood streaming from the mouthèd wound.
Then thither through the foremost straight he went,
With shrilly shout, and dazzling in his mail,
Like to Hephæstus and his quenchless fires:
But not unheard of Atreus' Son that cry,
And to his own brave heart, much-moved, he said;
"Unhappy that I am! For if I quit

Πάτροκλόν θ', ὃς κεῖται ἐμῆς ἕνεκ' ἐνθάδε τιμῆς,
μή τις μοι Δαναῶν νεμεσήσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται.
εἰ δέ κεν Ἕκτορι μοῦνος ἐὼν καὶ Τρωσὶ μάχωμαι
αἰδεσθεὶς, μή πως με περιστήωσ' ἕνα πολλοί·
Τρῶας δ' ἐνθάδε πάντας ἄγει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
ὁππότ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃ πρὸς δαίμονα φωτὶ μάχεσθαι
ὅν κε θεὸς τιμᾷ, τάχα μέγα πῆμα κυλίσθη.
τῷ μ' οὔτις Δαναῶν νεμεσήσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται
Ἕκτορι χωρήσαντ', ἐπεὶ ἐκ θεόφιν πολεμίζει.
εἰ δέ που Αἴαντός γε βοὴν ἀγαθοῖο πυθοίμην,
ἄμφω κ' αὖτις ἰόντες ἐπιμνησαίμεθα χάρμης
καὶ πρὸς δαίμονά περ, εἴ πως ἐρυσαίμεθα νεκρὸν
Πηλείδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ· κακῶν δέ κε φέρτατον εἴη."

Εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον· ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ.
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, λεῖπε δὲ νεκρὸν
ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὥστε λὶς ἠϋγένειος,
ὅν ῥα κύνες τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀπὸ σταθμοῖο δίωνται
ἔγχεσι καὶ φωνῇ· τοῦ δ' ἐν φρεσὶν ἄλκιμον ἦτορ
παχνοῦται, ἀέκων δέ τ' ἔβη ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο·
ὣς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο κίε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἔθνος ἑταίρων,
παπταίνων Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν.
τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἶψ' ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ πάσης
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι·
θεσπέσιον γάρ σφιν φόβον ἔμβαλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
βῆ δὲ θέειν, εἶθαρ δὲ παριστάμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Αἶαν, δεῦρο, πέπον, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος
σπεύσομεν, αἴ κε νέκυν περ Ἀχιλλῆϊ προφέρωμεν
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τάγε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Αἴαντί δὲ δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων, ἅμα δὲ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.

This splendid armour, and leave him, who fell
Battling for vengeance of my wrong with Troy,
Truly whoe'er behold may cry me shame ;
Yet, if I stand for honour's sake alone
'Gainst Hector and all Troy, myself, being one,
Will soon be compass'd by the numerous host
Whom Hector gathers hither :—Tush, my heart,
Why hold'st thou this debate ? For, whosoe'er
Knows Heav'n against him, yet still stands to face
Whom Heav'n doth honour, great will be his fall.
None therefore who behold may cry me shame ;
Yielding to Hector now, I yield to Heaven.
And, if elsewhere I could but catch the cry
Of valiant Ajax, we might both return
Together, and would then renew the fight,
Though against Heaven itself, until we bare
To Peleus' Son this body of his friend :
The choice is but of evils ; this the least."
Whilst in his secret soul he ponder'd thus,
The ranks of Troy drew near, and Hector first.
Rearward he fell, yet on the corse behind
Cast many a look regretful ; as retreats
A full-maned lion from a fold, whom hounds
And herdsmen drive with spear and shout, that freeze
The valiant heart within him ; loth and slow
He draws him off the flock ; ev'n so withdrew
Back from Patroclus Atreus' hero-son ;
Yet, soon as he regain'd his own array,
Turn'd him all round, and look'd about, in quest
Of Ajax, the great son of Telamon :
And quick descried him, on the battle's left,
Kindling, bestirring to the war, his men,
On whom had Phœbus breathed a panic-fear.
Swift to his side he ran, and spake, and said :
"Haste, Ajax, this way haste, and with me join
To save Patroclus' body—so at least
To bear it to his lord Achilles home,
Though stripp'd and soil'd ; for Hector hath the arms."
He spoke ; his words moved Ajax to the heart,
And both together thrust them to the front.

Ἕκτωρ μὲν Πάτροκλον, ἐπεὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα,
ἕλχ', ἵν' ἀπ' ὤμοιϊν κεφαλὴν τάμοι ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
τὸν δὲ νέκυν Τρωῇσιν ἐρυσσάμενος κυσὶ δοίη.
Αἴας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε, φέρων σάκος ἠΰτε πύργον.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἂψ ἐς ὅμιλον ἰὼν ἀνεχάζεθ' ἑταίρων,
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε· δίδου δ' ὅγε τεύχεα καλὰ
Τρωσὶ φέρειν προτὶ ἄστυ, μέγα κλέος ἔμμεναι αὐτῷ.
Αἴας δ' ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ σάκος εὐρὺ καλύψας
ἑστήκειν ὥς τίς τε λέων περὶ οἷσι τέκεσσιν,
ᾧ ῥά τε νήπι' ἄγοντι συναντήσωνται ἐν ὕλῃ
ἄνδρες ἐπακτῆρες· ὁ δέ τε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνει·
πᾶν δέ τ' ἐπισκύνιον κάτω ἕλκεται ὄσσε καλύπτων·
ὣς Αἴας περὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει.
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν, ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος,
ἑστήκει, μέγα πένθος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀέξων.

Γλαῦκος δ', Ἱππολόχοιο πάϊς, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,
Ἕκτορ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·

"Ἕκτορ, εἶδος ἄριστε, μάχης ἄρα πολλὸν ἐδεύεο.
ἦ σ' αὔτως κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἔχει, φύξηλιν ἐόντα.
φράζεο νῦν ὅππως κε πόλιν καὶ ἄστυ σαώσεις
οἷος σὺν λαοῖσι, τοὶ Ἰλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν·
οὐ γάρ τις Λυκίων γε μαχησόμενος Δαναοῖσιν
εἶσι περὶ πτόλιος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
μάρνασθαι δηΐοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμὲς αἰεί.
πῶς κε σὺ χείρονα φῶτα σαώσειας μεθ' ὅμιλον,
σχέτλι', ἐπεὶ Σαρπηδόν', ἄμα ξεῖνον καὶ ἑταῖρον,
κάλλιπες Ἀργείοισιν ἕλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι,
ὅς τοι πόλλ' ὄφελος γένετο, πτόλεΐ τε καὶ αὐτῷ,
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν δ' οὔ οἱ ἀλαλκέμεναι κύνας ἔτλης.
τῷ νῦν εἴ τις ἐμοὶ Λυκίων ἐπιπείσεται ἀνδρῶν,
οἴκαδ' ἴμεν Τροίῃ δὲ πεφήσεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
εἰ γὰρ νῦν Τρώεσσι μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνείη,
ἄτρομον, οἷόν τ' ἄνδρας ἐσέρχεται οἳ περὶ πάτρης

Hector had meantime stripp'd those famous arms,
And was now trailing off the corse, with thought
The head to sever from the shoulders sheer,
And fling the body to the dogs of Troy;
When Ajax with his towerlike shield approach'd.
Then Hector shrank into the throng, and sprang
Into his car, yet gave the famous arms
To be convey'd to Ilion and display'd
In glory to his name; whilst Ajax took
Stand unopposed, shielding Menœtius' Son.
Like as a lioness shows amongst her whelps,
Assail'd by village-hunters as she leads
Her litter through a forest; wroth she stands,
Infuriate, and, with scowling brows drawn down,
Makes o'er her eyes a veil; such Ajax show'd
Moving around Patroclus; at whose side
Stood Menelaus also, Atreus' son,
Still sorrowing, and his sorrow waxèd more.

But Lycia's chief, Glaucus, cast angry eye
On Hector, and address'd a stern rebuke:
"Hector, in form most glorious, in thy deeds
Found lacking! False the fame that rings thee round,
Who art a craven mere! But take thou thought
How thou with thine own folk and natives born
Henceforth mayst hold alone thy city safe:
For from this day of Lycia none shall move
To battle for this all ungrateful town;
Small thanks we get, though endless war we wage.
What hope hath lesser man of help from thee,
Thou stony-hearted! who couldst leave of late
The body of Sarpedon—there to lie,
Thy guest, thy friend, to Argos spoil and prey?
Great gain he was to thee and all thy state,
From whom thou hast not cared to drive the dogs.
Wherefore, if any Lycian hears my voice,
I bid him home depart, and leave these men
To the dread ruin settling on their heads.
For if they felt a spark of that true fire
Which should enkindle men who meet a foe

ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πόνον καὶ δῆριν ἔθεντο,
αἶψά κε Πάτροκλον ἐρυσαίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω.
εἰ δ' οὗτος προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
ἔλθοι τεθνηὼς καί μιν ἐρυσαίμεθα χάρμης,
αἶψά κεν Ἀργεῖοι Σαρπηδόνος ἔντεα καλὰ
λύσειαν, καί κ' αὐτὸν ἀγοίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω·
τοίου γὰρ θεράπων πέφατ' ἀνέρος, ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' Αἴαντος μεγαλήτορος οὐκ ἐτάλασσας
στήμεναι ἄντα, κατ' ὄσσε ἰδὼν δηΐων ἐν ἀϋτῇ,
οὐδ' ἰθὺς μαχέσασθαι, ἐπεὶ σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Γλαῦκε, τίη δὲ σὺ τοῖος ἐὼν ὑπέροπλον ἔειπες;
ὦ πόποι, ἦ τ' ἐφάμην σε περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
τῶν ὅσσοι Λυκίην ἐριβώλακα ναιετάουσιν·
νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες,
ὅστε με φῆς Αἴαντα πελώριον οὐχ ὑπομεῖναι.
οὗτοι ἐγὼν ἔῤῥιγα μάχην οὐδὲ κτύπον ἵππων·
ἀλλ' αἰεί γε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος αἰγιόχοιο,
ὅστε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην
ῥηϊδίως, ὁτὲ δ' αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ' ἔμ' ἵστασο καὶ ἴδε ἔργον,
ἠὲ πανημέριος κακὸς ἔσσομαι, ὡς ἀγορεύεις,
ἤ τινα καὶ Δαναῶν, ἀλκῆς μάλα περ μεμαῶτα,
σχήσω ἀμυνέμεναι περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔντεα δύω
καλὰ, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξα κατακτάς."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο· θέων δ' ἐκίχανεν ἑταίρους
ὠκα μάλ', οὔπω τῆλε, ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι μετασπών,
οἳ προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλείωνος.

In fiercest battle for their
Soon in the walls of Ilion then were drawn
This body of Patroclus ; and were this
Safe to the palaces of Priam borne,
Could we but win this from the battle's midst,
Then would the Argives yield us back their spoil,
Sarpedon's arms and *him* too we might bear
Within the walls of Ilion, ransom'd home :
Of such a man is he the dear loved friend,
Who now hath fall'n and his companions near—
Even of their greatest, Peleus' noble son.
So might it be ; but thou hast not the heart
To meet brave Ajax, and hadst hardly seen
His visage in the battle, ere thou shrank'st
A craven, knowing him the better far."

To whom bright-helmèd Hector sternly thus :
" Glaucus, come these vain-glorious words from thee?
Thee, whom for wisdom I have ever deem'd
Foremost of all who in rich Lycia dwell,
But now must blame for this thy witless word,
That I against great Ajax dare not stand.
I fear not battle nor the tramp of steeds ;
But ever Zeus' high will surpasseth mine ;
Zeus, who oft frights the bravest, from his arm
Taking away the victory with all ease,
And oft again enkindling to the war.
On, therefore, with me, friend ; fight by my side;
And see and know if all this day I seem
The craven that thou nam'st me ; well I wot,
Some Danaans, in despite of all their strength,
My spear shall stay from this dead hero's corse ! "

He spoke and to the Trojans shouting turn'd ;
" Trojans and Lycians, Dardan men-at-arms !
Stand fast, O friends, and mindful of your might,
Whilst in the arms of Peleus' blameless Son
I clothe me, from Patroclus slain my spoil."

The bright-helm'd hero spoke, and moved away
From out the slaughterous strife, and ran, and caught,
Pursuing with quick feet, the men still nigh,
Who bore that famous armour tow'rd the town.

στὰς δ' ἀπάνευθε μάχης πολυδακρύτου ἐντε' ἄμειβεν·
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν τὰ ἃ δῶκε φέρειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν, ὁ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δῦνεν
Πηλείδεω Ἀχιλῆος, ἃ οἱ θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες
πατρὶ φίλῳ ἔπορον· ὁ δ' ἄρα ᾧ παιδὶ ὄπασσεν
γηράς· ἀλλ' οὐχ υἱὸς ἐν ἔντεσι πατρὸς ἐγήρα.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἀπάνευθεν ἴδεν νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
τεύχεσι Πηλεΐδαο κορυσσόμενον θείοιο,
κινήσας ῥα κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·

"Ἆ δειλ', οὐδέ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιός ἐστιν,
ὃς δή τοι σχεδὸν εἶσι· σὺ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δύνεις
ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος, τόν τε τρομέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι.
τοῦ δὴ ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνες ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε,
τεύχεα δ' οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων
εἵλευ· ἀτάρ τοι νῦν γε μέγα κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,
τῶν ποινὴν ὅ τοι οὔτι μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι
δέξεται Ἀνδρομάχη κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλείωνος."

Ἦ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων.
Ἕκτορι δ' ἤρμοσε τεύχε' ἐπὶ χροΐ, δῦ δέ μιν Ἄρης
δεινὸς ἐνυάλιος, πλῆσθεν δ' ἄρα οἱ μέλε' ἐντὸς
ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος. μετὰ δὲ κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους
βῆ ῥα μέγα ἰάχων· ἰνδάλλετο δέ σφισι πᾶσιν
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενος μεγαθύμου Πηλείωνος.
ὤτρυνεν δὲ ἕκαστον ἐποιχόμενος ἐπέεσσιν,
Μέσθλην τε Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε,
Ἀστεροπαῖόν τε Δεισήνορά θ' Ἱππόθοόν τε,
Φορκυν τε Χρομίον τε καὶ Ἔννομον οἰωνιστήν·
τοὺς ὄγ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Κέκλυτε, μυρία φῦλα περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων·

And standing from the perilous fray aloof
He changed his harness; that which late he wore
He gave to sacred Ilion to be borne
By hands of those same warlike sons of Troy;
But donn'd the other, ev'n the immortal mail
Of Peleus' son, Achilles; which the Gods
Bestow'd on Peleus; Peleus in old age
On his dear son; but in the father's arms
The son grew never, like the father, old.

Then Zeus supreme amidst the clouds look'd down
From heaven, and saw him girding on the mail
Of his great foe Peleion, and for ruth
Bow'd down his head, and to his own heart spake:
"Death is not in thy thoughts, most wretched man,
Yet is it near thee: the immortal arms
Of that surpassing chieftain, at whose sight
All others tremble, thou art girding on;
And thou hast slain his brave and gentle friend,
And stripp'd the armour from his head and limbs,
Which it belongeth scarce to man to wear;
Yet, forasmuch as fair Andromache
Shall ne'er receive or see that glorious spoil,
Nor welcome thee her lord from battle home,
More glorious fame I will the while vouchsafe."
Kroneion spake, and o'er his azure brows
Bow'd low his head; whose Nod confirm'd the word.

The arms were apt to Hector; into whom
The spirit of Ares Enyalius pass'd
Forceful, and fill'd his limbs with strength and life.
Through the renown'd allies he passed with shout,
Showing to all from out the armour's blaze
Most like to Peleus' noble-hearted son.
One after one he stirr'd them with his voice,
Mesthles, Deisenor, and Thersilochus,
Asteropæus, and Hippothous,
Medon, and Glaucus, Ennomus the seer,
Chromius, and Phorcys; these with kindling speech
He quicken'd, and address'd his wingèd words:
"Hear me, my thousand neighbours and allies!

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πληθὺν διζήμενος οὐδὲ χατίζων
ἐνθάδ' ἀφ' ὑμετέρων πολίων ἤγειρα ἕκαστον,
ἀλλ' ἵνα μοι Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα
προφρονέως ῥύοισθε φιλοπτολέμων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.
τὰ φρονέων δώροισι κατατρύχω καὶ ἐδωδῇ
λαοῦς, ὑμέτερον δὲ ἑκάστου θυμὸν ἀέξω.
τῷ τις νῦν ἰθὺς τετραμμένος ἢ ἀπολέσθω,
ἠὲ σαωθήτω· ἡ γὰρ πολέμου ὀαριστύς.
ὃς δέ κε Πάτροκλον, καὶ τεθνηῶτά περ, ἔμπης
Τρῶας ἐς ἱπποδάμους ἐρύσῃ, εἴξῃ δέ οἱ Αἴας, 230
ἥμισυ τῷ ἐνάρων ἀποδάσσομαι, ἥμισυ δ' αὐτὸς
ἔξω ἐγώ· τὸ δέ οἱ κλέος ἔσσεται ὅσσον ἐμοί περ."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν βρίσαντες ἔβησαν,
δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς
νεκρὸν ὑπ' Αἴαντος ἐρύειν Τελαμωνιάδαο·
νήπιοι· ἦ τε πολέσσιν ἐπ' αὐτῷ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·

"Ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, οὐκέτι νῶϊ
ἔλπομαι αὐτώ περ νοστησέμεν ἐκ πολέμοιο.
οὔτι τόσον νέκυος περιδείδια Πατροκλοιο, 240
ὅς κε τάχα Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνοὺς,
ὅσσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ περιδείδια, μή τι πάθῃσιν,
καὶ σῇ, ἐπεὶ πολέμοιο νέφος περὶ πάντα καλύπτει,
Ἕκτωρ, ἡμῖν δ' αὖτ' ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν κάλει, ἤν τις ἀκούσῃ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
οἵτε παρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃς, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
δήμια πίνουσιν καὶ σημαίνουσιν ἕκαστος 250
λαοῖς· ἐκ δὲ Διὸς τιμὴ καὶ κῦδος ὀπηδεῖ.
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστον
ἡγεμόνων· τόσση γὰρ ἔρις πολέμοιο δέδῃεν.
ἀλλά τις αὐτὸς ἴτω, νεμεσιζέσθω δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ

From your own States so many were not call'd
For quest or lack of numbers ; but because
With your whole hearts I deem'd ye would defend
Our wives and children from Achaia's sword.
For this I spend the substance of the folk
In gift and feast, to keep your valour high.
Cleave then to battle, be it life or death ;
The tryst of war hath ever either end.
Patroclus lieth slain ; and, whosoe'er
Wins but his body from their legions clear,
To whomso Ajax yields, to him I give
Half of the spoil ; myself, who slew him, keep
Half only ; as my honour, such be his."
He spoke ; they straightway with uplifted spears
Bore down upon the Danaans ; high their hopes
To drag the corse from Ajax spoil and prey :
Blind, blind ! whose deaths were many by his hand.
Yet thus to Atreus' gallant Son he spake :
" Ah, brother ! Menelaüs Zeus-beloved !
Now must I quite despair return to home
Unto us two from out this perilous strait.
Great for Patroclus' body, lest it lie
Food to the vultures and the dogs of Troy,
My fear ; but greater yet for our own selves,
Thy life and mine, lest ev'n the worst befall.
For Hector in a cloud of war enwraps
All round us dark ; our deaths alone show clear.
Shout, therefore ; to our rescue call the chiefs."
Nor gallant Menelaüs disobey'd,
But raised his voice, and shouted through the host :
" Friends, Chieftains, Captains of the Argive race !
Who oft have ate and drank in public state
At Agamemnon's and his brother's board,
Who each in his own nation is a King,
Whom name and fame attend by hest of Zeus :
Hard were it for me now to thrust my way
Right through this throng, and summon one by one ;
Into such fury hath the war now flamed.
But of your own wills to the rescue come :
Think of our shame—to leave Patroclus here,

Πάτροκλον Τρωῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὀξὺ δ' ἄκουσεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας.
πρῶτος δ' ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δηϊοτῆτα,
τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ.
τῶν δ' ἄλλων τίς κεν ἧσι φρεσὶν οὐνόματ' εἴποι,
ὅσσοι δὴ μετόπισθε μάχην ἤγειραν Ἀχαιῶν;
Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσι διϊπετέος ποταμοῖο
βέβρυχεν μέγα κῦμα ποτὶ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκραι
ἠϊόνες βοόωσιν ἐρευγομένης ἁλὸς ἔξω,
τόσσῃ ἄρα Τρῶες ἰαχῇ ἴσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἔστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
φραχθέντες σάκεσιν χαλκήρεσιν. ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφιν
λαμπρῇσιν κορύθεσσι Κρονίων ἠέρα πολλὴν
χεῦ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ Μενοιτιάδην ἤχθαιρε πάρος γε,
ὄφρα ζωὸς ἐὼν θεράπων ἦν Αἰακίδαο·
μίσησεν δ' ἄρα μιν δηΐων κυσὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι
Τρωῇσιν· τῷ καί οἱ ἀμυνέμεν ὦρσεν ἑταίρους.

Ὦσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς·
νεκρὸν δὲ προλιπόντες ὑπέτρεσαν, οὐδέ τιν' αὐτῶν
Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι ἕλον ἔγχεσιν, ἱέμενοί περ,
ἀλλὰ νέκυν ἐρύοντο· μίνυνθα δὲ καὶ τοῦ Ἀχαιοὶ
μέλλον ἀπέσσεσθαι· μάλα γάρ σφεας ὦκ' ἐλέλιξεν
Αἴας, ὃς περὶ μὲν εἶδος, περὶ δ' ἔργα τέτυκτο
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.
ἴθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων συὶ εἴκελος ἀλκὴν
καπρίῳ, ὅστ' ἐν ὄρεσσι κύνας θαλερούς τ' αἰζηοὺς
ῥηϊδίως ἐκέδασσεν, ἐλιξάμενος διὰ βήσσας·

Our fellow chieftain, to be torn by dogs!"
He spoke; the fleetfoot chief, Oïleus' son,
Ajax first heard, and speeding through the fray
First to the rescue ran; Idomeneus
Next, and the follower of Idomeneus
Meriones, to slaughterous Ares peer.
Nay, who may tell, though but in thought, the names
Who after these toward that rally press'd?
Yet in pack'd order Troy still push'd her path
Onward, and helmèd Hector led the way.

As with loud roaring at a river's mouth
Huge billows roll against the swollen flood;
Its coasts and brinks re-echo, for the sea
Is inward borne upon it; such the sound
Wherewith the Trojans came. Yet steadfast stood,
With brass-bound bucklers serried to a hedge,
The Achaians, one in heart, around the corse.
Thick o'er their gleaming morions lay the mist
Shed by Kroneion; who of old had borne
No hatred to Menœtius' Son in life,
Whilst he did service to Æacides,
And now begrudged his body to the dogs,
And fired his legions to repel their foe.

Yet first the Trojans gain'd a little space
And drove them in a panic from the corse;
But, though on war intent, yet more intent
To win that prize, they seized it and withdrew,
Nor further sent their spears; yet won it not,
For short th' Achaians' panic; whom forthwith
Ajax avail'd to rally, Ajax, aye
For beauty, and for mighty feat of arms,
First of the Danaan tribes, save only one,
The blameless son of Peleus. He made way
Straight through the foremost, seeming in his might
As a wild boar, who, hunted o'er the hills,
Hath turn'd to bay, and scatter'd with all ease
The hunters through the forest with their hounds;
So then the giant son of Telamon,

ὣς υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ἀγαυοῦ, φαίδιμος Αἴας,
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος Τρώων ἐκέδασσε φάλαγγας,
οἳ περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βέβασαν, φρόνεον δὲ μάλιστα
ἄστυ ποτὶ σφέτερον ἐρύειν καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.

Ἤτοι τὸν Λήθοιο Πελασγοῦ φαίδιμος υἱὸς,
Ἱππόθοος, ποδὸς εἶλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην,
δησάμενος τελαμῶνι παρὰ σφυρὸν ἀμφὶ τένοντας,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ
ἦλθε κακὸν, τό οἱ οὔτις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.
τὸν δ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος, ἐπαΐξας δι' ὁμίλου,
πλῆξ' αὐτοσχεδίην κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήου·
ἤρικε δ' ἱπποδάσεια κόρυς περὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ,
πληγεῖσ' ἔγχεί τε μεγάλῳ καὶ χειρὶ παχείῃ,
ἐγκέφαλος δὲ παρ' αὐλὸν ἀνέδραμεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
αἱματόεις· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη μένος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
Πατρόκλοιο πόδα μεγαλήτορος ἧκε χαμᾶζε
κεῖσθαι· ὁ δ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο πέσε πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
τῆλ' ἀπὸ Λαρίσσης ἐριβώλακος, οὐδὲ τοκεῦσιν
θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν
ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος μεγαθύμου δουρὶ δαμέντι.
Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτ' Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
τυτθόν· ὁ δὲ Σχεδίον, μεγαθύμου Ἰφίτου υἱὸν,
Φωκήων ὄχ' ἄριστον, ὃς ἐν κλειτῷ Πανοπῆϊ
οἰκία ναιετάασκε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἀνάσσων,
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ κληῖδα μέσην· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἄκρη
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη παρὰ νείατον ὦμον ἀνέσχεν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
Αἴας δ' αὖ Φόρκυνα, δαΐφρονα Φαίνοπος υἱὸν,
Ἱπποθόῳ περιβάντα μέσην κατὰ γαστέρα τύψεν·
ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς
ἤφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ
χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·

Bright-mailèd Ajax, scatter'd with all ease
The Trojan legions gather'd round the corse
Close-throng'd, and making in their hearts most sure
To achieve the fame and bear it to their town.
For one, the son of Lethus, of a tribe
Of the Pelasgians, Hippothous, had caught
The body by the foot, and, with a thong
Binding the tendons at the ankle-bone,
'Gan trail it: dear to Hector seem'd the deed;
But sudden death forestall'd him; nor, who would,
Could aught to save; for on him Ajax leap'd
Clear of the thong, and with a home-thrust pierced
Right through the brass-barr'd vizor; plume and helm
Started in sunder round the sharp spear-point,
Scatter'd and splinter'd by the giant arm,
And liquid from the wound the white brains pour'd,
Mingled with blood, in channel down the shaft.
He yielded up the ghost, and from his grasp
The foot of brave Patroclus slid and fell.
Prone o'er the body near the foot he dropp'd,
Dying, from rich Larissa dying far;
Never requiting to his parents dear
The cost of nurture; but his life was short,
Under the spear of Ajax there subdued.

Bright spear at Ajax Hector then discharged,
Who saw it, and with sudden glide escaped.
Yet struck it down a son of Iphitus,
Schedius, the chieftain of Phocæa's tribes,
Who dwelt in far-renownèd Panope,
King of a numerous race. Him full it struck
Under the collar-bone; the brazen point
Held, till it issued 'neath the shoulder-blade:
He fell, and loud around him rang his arms.
Then Ajax, vengeful, on the belly smote
Phorcyn, a gallant warrior, Phænops' son,
Hard by the body of Hippothoüs;
And brake the corslet's lower rib, and drew
The entrails through the wound; in dust he fell
Headlong, and bit the earth for agony.

Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἴαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκροὺς,
Φόρκυν θ' Ἱππόθοόν τε, λύοντο δὲ τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων.

Ἔνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντες·
Ἀργεῖοι δέ κε κῦδος ἔλον καὶ ὑπὲρ Διὸς αἶσαν
κάρτεϊ καὶ σθένεϊ σφετέρῳ. ἀλλ' αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων
Αἰνείαν ὤτρυνε, δέμας Περίφαντι ἐοικώς,
κήρυκ' Ἠπυτίδῃ, ὅς οἱ παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι
κηρύσσων γήρασκε, φίλα φρεσὶ μήδεα εἰδώς·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

"Αἰνεία, πῶς ἂν καὶ ὑπὲρ θεὸν εἰρύσσαισθε
Ἴλιον αἰπεινήν; ὡς δὴ ἴδον ἀνέρας ἄλλους
καρτεΐ τε σθένεΐ τε πεποιθότας ἠνορέῃ τε
πλήθεΐ τε σφετέρῳ, καὶ ὑπερδέα δῆμον ἔχοντας.
ἡμῖν δὲ Ζεὺς μὲν πολὺ βούλεται ἢ Δαναοῖσιν
νίκην· ἀλλ' αὐτοὶ τρεῖτ' ἄσπετον οὐδὲ μάχεσθε."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Αἰνείας δ' ἑκατηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα
ἔγνω ἐσάντα ἰδών, μέγα δ' Ἕκτορα εἶπε βοήσας·

"Ἕκτορ τ' ἠδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγοὶ ἠδ' ἐπικούρων,
αἰδὼς μὲν νῦν ἥδε γ', ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσαναβῆναι ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντας.
ἀλλ' ἔτι γάρ τις φησὶ θεῶν, ἐμοὶ ἄγχι παραστὰς,
Ζῆν', ὕπατον μήστωρα, μάχης ἐπιτάρροθον εἶναι·
τῷ ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν ἴομεν, μηδ' οἵγε ἕκηλοι
Πάτροκλον νηυσὶν πελασαίατο τεθνηῶτα."

Ὣς φάτο, καί ῥα πολὺ προμάχων ἐξάλμενος ἔστη·
οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔνθ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Λειώκριτον οὔτασε δουρὶ,
υἱὸν Ἀρίσβαντος, Λυκομήδεος ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον.
τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηΐφιλος Λυκομήδης,

And Argos with glad shout dragg'd off her slain,
And stripp'd the armour off them fairly won.

So had the Trojans, of their failing hearts,
Repell'd before Achaia's warlike host,
Fled into Ilion, and the Danaans won,
Ev'n in despite of Zeus and by the strength
Of their own valour and their own right-arms,
An endless glory; had not Phœbus come
In likeness of the herald Periphas
The son of Epytus (who, side by side
With father old, himself had waxèd old
As herald, constant in good-will to Troy)—
In his fair image came the child of Zeus
Near to Æneas, and address'd him thus:
"Men have I known, Æneas, who, albeit
Their host in numbers lack'd exceedingly,
Yet by their own brave arms and gallant hearts,
With such few legions as they had, have proved
Victorious, even against the will of heaven.
But how would ye so rescue Ilion's steep?
Not to the Danaans, but to you, Zeus wills
The victory; yet ye tremble thus, and flee!"
Æneas turn'd, and look'd, and knew the God
Apollo, the Far-smiter, face to face
Conversing; then to Hector cried and said:
"Hear me, all Chiefs of Troy, and Troy's allies,
And Hector, thou! If we up Ilion's hill,
Repell'd before Achaia's warlike sons,
Of our own craven hearts now flee subdued,
Endless will be our shame; for at my hand
A God now stood, and told how Zeus himself,
Lord of wise counsel, leans him to our side.
Charge, therefore, charge on still, nor let them draw
Patroclus to their galleys unassail'd."
He spoke, and sprang the vanmost of their van,
And all in rally stood against the foe.

Then first Æneas struck Leocritus,
Arisbas' son, of Lycomedes' train;
Whose fall, much-sorrowing, Lycomedes mark'd,

στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν Ἱππασίδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,
ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει,
καὶ δὲ μετ' Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν Ἀρήϊος Ἀστεροπαῖος,
ἴθυσεν δὲ καὶ ὁ πρόφρων Δαναοῖσι μάχεσθαι·
ἀλλ' οὔπως ἔτι εἶχε· σάκεσσι γὰρ ἔρχατο πάντη
ἑσταότες περὶ Πατρόκλῳ, πρὸ δὲ δούρατ' ἔχοντο.
Αἴας γὰρ μάλα πάντας ἐπῴχετο, πολλὰ κελεύων·
οὔτε τιν' ἐξοπίσω νεκροῦ χάζεσθαι ἀνώγει
οὔτε τινὰ προμάχεσθαι Ἀχαιῶν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν, σχεδόθεν δὲ μάχεσθαι.
ὣς Αἴας ἐπέτελλε πελώριος, αἵματι δὲ χθὼν
δεύετο πορφυρέῳ, τοὶ δ' ἀγχιστῖνοι ἔπιπτον
νεκροὶ ὁμοῦ Τρώων καὶ ὑπερμενέων ἐπικούρων
καὶ Δαναῶν· οὐδ' οἱ γὰρ ἀναιμωτί γ' ἐμάχοντο,
παυρότεροι δὲ πολὺ φθίνυθον· μέμνηντο γὰρ αἰεὶ
ἀλλήλοις καθ' ὅμιλον ἀλεξέμεναι φόνον αἰπύν.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς, οὐδέ κε φαίης
οὔτε ποτ' ἠέλιον σῶν ἔμμεναι οὔτε σελήνην.
ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχοντο μάχης ἔπι ὅσσοι ἄριστοι
ἔστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ κατατεθνηῶτι.
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
εὔκηλοι πολέμιζον ὑπ' αἰθέρι, πέπτατο δ' αὐγὴ
ἠελίου ὀξεῖα, νέφος δ' οὐ φαίνετο πάσης
γαίης οὐδ' ὀρέων· μεταπαυόμενοι δ' ἐμάχοντο,
ἀλλήλων ἀλεείνοντες βέλεα στονόεντα,
πολλὸν ἀφεσταότες. τοὶ δ' ἐν μέσῳ ἄλγε' ἔπασχον
ἠέρι καὶ πολέμῳ, τείροντο δὲ νηλεῖ χαλκῷ
ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἔσαν. δύο δ' οὔπω φῶτε πεπύσθην,
ἄνέρε κυδαλίμω, Θρασυμήδης Ἀντίλοχός τε,
Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος ἀμύμονος, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο
ζωὸν ἐνὶ πρώτῳ ὁμάδῳ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι.
τὼ δ' ἐπιοσσομένω θάνατον καὶ φῦζαν ἑταίρων

Nearer approach'd, and with a gleaming spear
Struck Apisaön, son of Hippasus,
A chieftain of much people, through the ribs
Hard by the liver, slackening all his limbs.
From rich Pæonia he, and of his tribe
After Asteropæus best at arms.
Whose fall Asteropæus sorrowing saw
And charged straight onward, ardent to the fight ;
Yet might not reach them ; for in phalanx firm,
Hedged all with bucklers, round Patroclus' corse,
They stood ; whom Ajax traversed, ordering clear
That none behind the body draw him back,
Nor any move too headstrong to the front,
But all around it close in dense array.
Thus Ajax order'd ; whilst with purple blood
The earth was wet about ; for one by one
They fell, first haply some brave chief of Troy,
And then anon of Argos : though indeed
Their deaths were fewer, who kept ever thought
Each to forefend his fellow from the foe,
Not wholly bloodless could their battle be.
Like fire the strife raged on : hadst seen, hadst said
Nor sun nor moon were in their courses safe ;
For all about in mist were those enwrapp'd
Who stood, the bravest, round Menœtius' Son ;
Whilst elsewhere all of either host engaged
Under a sky serene ; the sun's bright ray
Was wide dispread ; no cloud was on the field
Nor on the mountains near ; at ease they fought,
Each shunning oft the other's baleful dart
Or resting at safe distance. Other far
Their centre's plight, where round Patroclus' corse
Their chieftains in that darkness and close fray
Suffer'd most hardly, bruised by ruthless arms.

Meantime two heroes of renownèd name,
Antilochus and Thrasymed, not yet
Had heard the tidings of Patroclus' fall,
But deem'd him living still, and first 'gainst Troy
For fiercely, as though boding to their men

νόσφιν ἐμαρνάσθην, ἐπεὶ ὣς ἐπετέλλετο Νέστωρ,
ὀτρύνων πόλεμόνδε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν.

Τοῖς δὲ πανημερίοις ἔριδος μέγα νεῖκος ὀρώρει
ἀργαλέης· καμάτῳ δὲ καὶ ἱδρῷ νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ
γούνατά τε κνῆμαί τε πόδες θ' ὑπένερθεν ἑκάστου
χεῖρές τ' ὀφθαλμοί τε παλάσσετο μαρναμένοιϊν
ἀμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
λαοῖσιν δώῃ τανύειν, μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφῇ·
δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοίγε διαστάντες τανύουσιν
κυκλόσ', ἄφαρ δέ τε ἰκμὰς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ' ἀλοιφὴ,
πολλῶν ἑλκόντων, τάνυται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρό·
ὡς οἵγ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυν ὀλίγῃ ἐνὶ χώρῃ
ἕλκεον ἀμφότεροι· μάλα γάρ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς,
Τρωσὶν μὲν ἐρύειν προτὶ Ἴλιον, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· περὶ δ' αὐτοῦ μῶλος ὀρώρει
ἄγριος· οὐδέ κ' Ἄρης λαοσσόος οὐδέ κ' Ἀθήνη
τόνγε ἰδοῦσ' ὀνόσαιτ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα μιν χόλος ἴκοι.

Τοῖον Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ ἵππων
ἤματι τῷ ἐτάνυσσε κακὸν πόνον. οὐδ' ἄρα πώ τι
ἤδεε Πάτροκλον τεθνηότα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς
πολλὸν γὰρ ἀπάνευθε νεῶν μάρναντο θοάων,
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων· τό μιν οὔποτε ἔλπετο θυμῷ
τεθνάμεν, ἀλλὰ ζωὸν, ἐνιχριμφθέντα πύλῃσιν,
ἂψ ἀπονοστήσειν, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ τὸ ἔλπετο πάμπαν,
ἐκπέρσειν πτολίεθρον ἄνευ ἔθεν, οὐδὲ σὺν αὐτῷ·
πολλάκι γὰρ τόγε μητρὸς ἐπεύθετο νόσφιν ἀκούων,
ἥ οἱ ἀπαγγέλλεσκε Διὸς μεγάλοιο νόημα·
δὴ τότε γ' οὔ οἱ ἔειπε κακὸν τόσον ὅσσον ἐτύχθη
πήτηρ, ὅττι ῥά οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος.

Οἱ δ' αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες
νωλεμὲς ἐγχρίμπτοντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον·

An utter ruin else, they waged the fight
On the right wing aloof; so Nestor bade,
Their father, when he sent them from the fleet.

But to those others all that day the moil
Of baleful battle grew more hard; with sweat
Of their great labour, knees, and greaves, and feet,
And hands, and eyes were spatter'd in the fray
Round the fall'n friend of Peleus' fleetfoot Son.

As when a herdsman gives to curriers' hands
A large bull-hide well saturate with oil
To be tight-stretch'd; they gather in a ring
And grasp and draw; the moisture with the strain
Exudes, the oil sinks in, and to its size
The hide is stretched; ev'n thus in narrow room
Hither and thither either drew that corse,
The Trojans, hoping it to Ilion borne,
The Achaians, to their fleet recover'd safe.
And such the savage moil around them grew,
Not war-enkindling Ares, nor the might
Of Pallas, though themselves in angry mood,
Had lightly reck'd the valiant work there done.
To horses and to armèd men alike
Most dire the toil that day decreed by Zeus.

Nor yet Achilles knew his comrade's death;
For near Troy-wall, far from the arrowy ships,
The fight was now. Nor enter'd it his thought
That he had died, but still his hope was sure
To greet him safe returning, though repell'd;
Repell'd—for of the fall of Ilion's towers,
With or without himself, he now despair'd.
This from his mother he had learn'd assured,
Who oft her secret errand to his ear
Had borne, the message of the will of Zeus.
But ne'er, of all foretold, had she foretold
So great an evil as had now befall'n,
His death, whom most of all mankind he loved.

Holding their sharp-tipp'd spears above the dead,
Ceaseless they charged and each the other slew,

ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·

"Ὦ φίλοι, οὐ μὰν ἥμιν ἐϋκλεὲς ἀπονέεσθαι
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς, ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ γαῖα μέλαινα
πᾶσι χάνοι· τό κεν ἥμιν ἄφαρ πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη,
εἰ τοῦτον Τρώεσσι μεθήσομεν ἱπποδάμοισιν
ἄστυ πότι σφέτερον ἐρύσαι καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι."

Ὣς δέ τις αὖ Τρώων μεγαθύμων αὐδήσασκεν· 420
"ὦ φίλοι, εἰ καὶ μοῖρα παρ' ἀνέρι τῷδε δαμῆναι
πάντας ὁμῶς, μή πώ τις ἐρωείτω πολέμοιο."

Ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε, μένος δ' ὄρσασκεν ἑταίρου.
ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο. σιδήρειος δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς
χάλκεον οὐρανὸν ἷκε δι' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο·
ἵπποι δ' Αἰακίδαο μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐόντες
κλαῖον, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα πυθέσθην ἡνιόχοιο
ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντος ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο.
ἦ μὰν Αὐτομέδων, Διώρεος ἄλκιμος υἱὸς,
πολλὰ μὲν ἂρ μάστιγι θοῇ ἐπεμαίετο θείνων, 430
πολλὰ δὲ μειλιχίοισι προσηύδα, πολλὰ δ' ἀρειῇ·
τὼ δ' οὔτ' ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἐπὶ πλατὺν Ἑλλήσποντον
ἠθελέτην ἰέναι οὔτ' ἐς πόλεμον μετ' Ἀχαιοὺς,
ἀλλ' ὥστε στήλη μένει ἔμπεδον, ἥτ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
ἀνέρος ἐστήκῃ τεθνηότος ἠὲ γυναικὸς
ὣς μένον ἀσφαλέως περικαλλέα δίφρον ἔχοντες,
οὔδει ἐνισκίμψαντε καρήατα· δάκρυα δέ σφιν
θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χαμάδις ῥέε μυρομένοισιν
ἡνιόχοιο πόθῳ· θαλερὴ δὲ μιαίνετο χαίτη
ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν. 440
μυρομένω δ' ἄρα τώγε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,
κινήσας δὲ κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·

"Ἆ δειλὼ, τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι
θνητῷ, ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;
οὐ μὲν γάρ τί που ἐστὶν ὀϊζυρώτερον ἀνδρὸς
πάντων, ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἔπι πνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ὑμῖν γε καὶ ἅρμασι δαιδαλέοισιν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης ἐποχήσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔασω.

And this the cry in every Argive heart :
"'Twere dearth of honour now to draw us back ;
Rather the black earth gape to swallow us here,
Than that we suffer to the men of Troy
To win their wish and drag this chieftain off,
Spoil to their town ! Yea, death were better far."
And thus from gallant Trojans rose the cry :
"Though, friends, 'tis doom'd that every man must fall
About his body, slacken not the charge !"
Such rose the cries enkindling all their hearts.
And still the battle raged ; the iron clang
Rose through the pathless desert of the air
And smote against the brazen floor of heaven.

Meantime, since first they knew their chariot's lord
Laid prone in dust by Hector's slaughtering hand,
The steeds, the gift of Heav'n to Peleus' Son,
Held from the battle, ceasing not from tears.
Vainly Automedon their charioteer,
Diores' valiant son, strove, now to urge
With quick-plied lash, and now with sweet address
Or stronger threat to win them to their speed.
Nor to the galleys on broad Hellespont
Nor back to battle would they move, but clove
Motionless as a column o'er a tomb,
Yoked to the splendid car, and droop'd their heads
Low to the dust ; whose hot big tears roll'd down
Caking the earth below, mourning the loss
Of their dear lord ; and dust besmirch'd their manes
Falling from out the collar by the pole.

Whom thus lamenting Zeus with pity saw,
Bow'd down his head, and to his own heart spake :
"Most miserable pair ! To what good end
Gave we you twain, immortals and exempt
From mortal age, to Peleus, mortal king?
Was't that ye might partake the woes of men?
For in good sooth of all that breathes or moves
Nought is more wretched on the earth than man.
But not o'er you nor on your dædal car
Shall Hector mount ; that grace I will not yield.

ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὡς καὶ τεύχε' ἔχει καὶ ἐπεύχεται αὔτως;
σφῶϊν δ' ἐν γούνεσσι βαλὼ μένος ἠδ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ὄφρα καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα σαώσετον ἐκ πολέμοιο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς· ἔτι γάρ σφισι κῦδος ὀρέξω,
κτείνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἀφίκωνται
δύῃ τ' ἠέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐνέπνευσεν μένος ἠΰ.
τὼ δ' ἀπὸ χαιτάων κονίην οὐδάσδε βαλόντε
ῥίμφ' ἔφερον θοὸν ἅρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς.
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αὐτομέδων μάχετ', ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
ἵπποις ἀΐσσων ὥστ' αἰγυπιὸς μετὰ χῆνας·
ῥέα μὲν γὰρ φεύγεσκεν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,
ῥεῖα δ' ἐπαΐξασκε πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον ὀπάζων.
ἀλλ' οὐχ ἥρει φῶτας, ὅτε σεύαιτο διώκειν·
οὐ γάρ πως ἦν οἷον ἐόνθ' ἱερῷ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἔγχει ἐφορμάσθαι καὶ ἐπίσχειν ὠκέας ἵππους.
ὀψὲ δὲ δή μιν ἑταῖρος ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἀλκιμέδων, υἱὸς Λαέρκεος Αἰμονίδαο·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν δίφροιο, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα προσηύδα·

"Αὐτόμεδον, τίς τοί νυ θεῶν νηκερδέα βουλὴν
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθηκε, καὶ ἐξέλετο φρένας ἐσθλάς;
οἷον πρὸς Τρῶας μάχεαι πρώτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ
μοῦνος· ἀτάρ τοι ἑταῖρος ἀπέκτατο, τεύχεα δ'" Εκτωρ
αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται Αἰακίδαο."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αὐτομέδων προσέφη, Διώρεος υἱός·
"Ἀλκίμεδον, τίς γάρ τοι Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ὁμοῖος
ἵππων ἀθανάτων ἐχέμεν δμῆσίν τε μένος τε,
εἰ μὴ Πάτροκλος, θεόφιν μήστωρ ἀτάλαντος,
ζωὸς ἐών; νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἀποβήσομαι, ὄφρα μάχωμαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀλκιμέδων δὲ βοηθόον ἅρμ' ἐπορούσας
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσὶν,
Αὐτομέδων δ' ἀπόρουσε νόησε δὲ φαίδιμος" Εκτωρ,
αὐτίκα δ' Αἰνείαν προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·

Is not enow to vaunt him in those arms?
Rather on you I breathe through heart and limb
A spirit strong to bear Automedon
Safe to the hollow galleys from the fray.
For still to Troy I grant increasing fame,
To slaughter, till the fleet be reach'd once more,
And the sun sink, and sacred darkness come."

He spoke, and breathed his spirit upon the steeds.
From their long manes they shook the dust, and bare
Lightly the flying chariot tow'rd the fray.
Above them on the seat Automedon,
As shows to birds a vulture, to and fro
Sped battling, through still sorrowing for his lord.
With ease he turn'd to fight the men of Troy;
With ease he drave their rout before the car;
Yet could not slay them, howsoever near;
For sitting single o'er those heavenly steeds,
Whilst reining them, he could not ply his arm.
This his brave comrade saw, Alcimedon,
Son of Laërces, Hæmon's son, and came
Behind the chariot, and address'd him thus:

"What heavenly power, Automedon, hath reft
Sense from thy mind, implanting this fool's rede,
Alone to range amongst the Trojan van
Without a comrade? For thine own is slain;
Yea, Hector triumphs in Achilles' arms."

To him Diores' son, Automedon:
"Alcimedon, who else of Argos here
Hath skill like thine to guide these heavenly steeds,
Save only, whilst he lived, Menœtius' son,
Him whom we deem'd in council peer to Gods,
Patroclus? Fate and Death now hold him fast.
Take therefore thou these glossy reins and goad
To guide them, and let me dismount to fight."

He spoke; and with a shout Alcimedon
Sprang up the car, and seized incontinent
The glossy reins and goad; whilst off the seat
The other bounded.

Noble Hector saw,
And straight address'd Æneas at his side:

" Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἵππω τώδ' ἐνόησα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐς πόλεμον προφανέντε σὺν ἡνιόχοισι κακοῖσιν.
τῷ κεν ἐελποίμην αἱρησέμεν, εἰ σύγε θυμῷ
σῷ ἐθέλεις, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἂν ἐφορμηθέντε γε νῶϊ
τλαῖεν ἐναντίβιον στάντες μαχέσασθαι Ἄρηϊ." 490

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἐὺς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαο.
τὼ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην βοέης εἰλυμένω ὤμους
αὔῃσι στερεῇσι· πολὺς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός.
τοῖσι δ' ἅμα Χρομίος τε καὶ Ἄρητος θεοειδὴς
ἤϊσαν ἀμφότεροι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς
αὐτώ τε κτενέειν ἐλάαν τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους·
νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἀναιμωτί γε νέεσθαι
αὖτις ἀπ' Αὐτομέδοντος. ὁ δ' εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ
ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος πλῆτο φρένας ἀμφιμελαίνας.
αὐτίκα δ' Ἀλκιμέδοντα προσηύδα, πιστὸν ἑταῖρον· 500

" Ἀλκίμεδον, μὴ δή μοι ἀπόπροθεν ἰσχέμεν ἵππους,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμπνείοντε μεταφρένῳ· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μένεος σχήσεσθαι ὀΐω,
πρίν γ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος καλλίτριχε βήμεναι ἵππω
νῶϊ κατακτείναντα, φοβῆσαί τε στίχας ἀνδρῶν
Ἀργείων, ἤ κ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν ἁλοίη."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Αἴαντε καλέσσατο καὶ Μενέλαον·
" Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, καὶ Μενέλαε,
ἤτοι μὲν τὸν νεκρὸν ἐπιτράπεθ' οἵπερ ἄριστοι,
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν καὶ ἀμύνεσθαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν, 510
νῶϊν δὲ ζωοῖσιν ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἦμαρ·
τῇδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν πόλεμον κάτα δακρυόεντα
Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας θ', οἳ Τρώων εἰσὶν ἄριστοι.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται·
ἦσω γὰρ καὶ ἐγὼ, τὰ δέ κεν Διὶ πάντα μελήσει."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀρήτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην·
ἡ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο χαλκὸς,
νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστῆρος ἔλασσεν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὀξὺν ἔχων πέλεκυν αἰζήϊος ἀνὴρ, 520

"Æneas, sage in counsel to the host,
I mark'd but now, returning to the fray,
The immortal coursers of Æacides
Under base guidance; and if thou wilt join
We well may gain them, for, who hold them now,
Will not withstand us charging side by side."
He spoke; Anchises' Son obey'd well-pleased.
Together straight they went, their shoulders broad
Shielded with tough dry bucklers brass-emboss'd.
And with them other two, brave Chromius
And heavenly-form'd Aretus; high the hope
Leaping within them, to slay both their foes,
And gain those proud-neck'd horses, spoil and prey:
Fools! who would woundless not escape the arm
Of brave Automedon. In prayer he call'd
On Father Zeus, and felt his heart throb high
With strength and valour; whilst half-turning, thus,
To his true friend Alcimedon he spake:
"Hold not behind me far, Alcimedon,
The horses; rather let me feel their breath.
For Hector will not from the fray refrain
Ere either he hath mounted o'er these steeds,
And slain us two, and turn'd to flight the ranks
Of Argos, or himself hath vanmost fall'n."
To either Ajax then and Atreus' Son;
"Hear me, ye captains of the Argive host,
And, Menelaus, thou! And leave the dead
In charge of those brave chiefs around him thick,
And come and save the living, and defend
Our evil hour from us! For hither press,
With their whole weight approaching through the fray,
Troy's greatest, Hector and Anchises' Son.
Yet is the issue in the lap of Heav'n;
I hurl my spear; the rest I leave to Zeus."
He spoke, and waved on high and hurl'd his spear,
And struck Aretus through the orbèd shield.
The shield withstay'd it not; the lance went on
And pierced him in the belly through the belt.
As when a vigorous stripling, axe in hand,
Hews down a sturdy bullock in his field,

κόψας ἐξόπιθεν κεράων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
ἵνα τάμῃ διὰ πᾶσαν, ὁ δὲ προθορῶν ἐρίπῃσιν,
ὣς ἄρ' ὅγε προθορὼν πέσεν ὕπτιος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἔγχος
νηδυΐοισι μάλ' ὀξὺ κραδαινόμενον λύε γυῖα.
Ἕκτωρ δ' Αὐτομέδοντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·
πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν
οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.
καί νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν ὡρμηθήτην, 530
εἰ μή σφω Αἴαντε διέκριναν μεμαῶτε,
οἵ ῥ' ἦλθον καθ' ὅμιλον ἑταίρου κικλήσκοντος.
τοὺς ὑποταρβήσαντες ἐχώρησαν πάλιν αὖτις
Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας τ' ἠδὲ Χρομίος θεοειδὴς,
Ἄρητον δὲ κατ' αὖθι λίπον δεδαϊγμένον ἦτορ,
κείμενον· Αὐτομέδων δὲ, θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηϊ,
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Ἦ δὴ μὰν ὀλίγον γε Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος
κῆρ ἄχεος μεθέηκα, χερείονά περ καταπέφνων."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐς δίφρον ἑλὼν ἔναρα βροτόεντα 540
θῆκ', ἂν δ' αὐτὸς ἔβαινε, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν
αἱματόεις, ὥς τίς τε λέων κατὰ ταῦρον ἐδηδώς.

Ἄψ δ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ τέτατο κρατερὴ ὑσμίνη
ἀργαλέη πολύδακρυς, ἔγειρε δὲ νεῖκος Ἀθήνη
οὐρανόθεν καταβᾶσα· προῆκε γὰρ εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ὀρνύμεναι Δαναούς· δὴ γὰρ νόος ἐτράπετ' αὐτοῦ·
ἠΰτε πορφυρέην ἶριν θνητοῖσι τανύσσῃ
Ζεὺς ἐξ οὐρανόθεν, τέρας ἔμμεναι ἢ πολέμοιο,
ἢ καὶ χειμῶνος δυσδαλπέος, ὅς ῥά τε ἔργων
ἀνθρώπους ἀνέπαυσεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ, μῆλα δὲ κήδει, 550
ὣς ἡ πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ πυκάσασα ἓ αὐτὴν
δύσετ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔθνος, ἔγειρε δὲ φῶτα ἕκαστον.
πρῶτον δ' Ἀτρέος υἱὸν ἐποτρύνουσα προσηύδα.
ἴφθιμον Μενέλαον—ὁ γάρ ῥά οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν—
εἰσαμένη Φοίνικι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·

"Σοὶ μὲν δὴ, Μενέλαε, κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος

Striking behind the horns and shearing through
The vital sinew; one long leap it takes
Forward, and drops; so with one forward leap
Headlong he dropp'd, and in his bowels the spear,
Still quivering up its shaft, made slack his limbs.
In turn then Hector at Alcimedon
Sent a bright spear, who yet perceived and shunn'd
The blow by stooping forward; and the lance
Deep into earth was dash'd with quivering staff
Behind him, and war's spirit spent its force.
Then on each other had they drawn their swords,
Had not betwixt them either Ajax come,
Through the throng hasting to their comrade's call;
Whereat in fear the others drew them back,
Chromius and Hector and Anchises' Son,
Yet left Aretus there cleft through the heart,
Prone; whom his foeman, Ares-like in arms,
Stripp'd of his harness, and exultant said:
"Poor for Patroclus though the forfeit be,
My grief is somewhat lighten'd by this death."
He spoke, and lifting to the dædal car
The gory spoils, remounted, blood-besmear'd
As is a lion, feasted on a bull.

Back to Patroclus sway'd the tide of fight,
Toilsome and tear-abounding, fierce and cruel;
Which to a sevenfold heat Athene stirr'd,
From heaven descending by the hest of Zeus
To rally to the war Achaia's host.
As is the purple-tinted Iris stretch'd
Bow-like from heaven by the great arm of Zeus,
When Zeus portends to mortals war, or clime
Distemper'd, such as mars the works of men
Upon the fruitful earth, and taints their flocks;
So She in purple cloud about her wrapp'd
Show'd coming, and descending to the throng
She cheer'd the heroes on. First Atreus' son,
Brave Menelaus, she alighted near,
And in the guise and voice of Phœnix spake:
"To thee, O Menelaus, most 'twill be

ἔσσεται, εἴ κ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀγαυοῦ πιστὸν ἑταῖρον
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων ταχέες κύνες ἑλκήσουσιν.
ἀλλ' ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Φοῖνιξ, ἄττα γεραιὲ παλαιγενὲς, εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη
δοίη κάρτος ἐμοὶ, βελέων δ' ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν·
τῷ κεν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν
Πατρόκλῳ· μάλα γάρ με θανὼν ἐσεμάσσατο θυμόν.
ἀλλ' Ἕκτωρ πυρὸς αἰνὸν ἔχει μένος, οὐδ' ἀπολήγει
χαλκῷ δηϊόων· τῷ γὰρ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει."

Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ πάμπρωτα θεῶν ἠρήσατο πάντων.
ἐν δὲ βίην ὤμοισι καὶ ἐν γούνεσσιν ἔθηκεν,
καί οἱ μυίης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐνῆκεν,
ἥτε καὶ ἐργομένη μάλα περ χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο
ἰσχανάᾳ δακέειν, λαρόν τέ οἱ αἷμ' ἀνθρώπου·
τοίου μιν θάρσευς πλῆσε φρένας ἀμφιμελαίνας.
βῆ δ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἔσκε δ' ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι Ποδῆς, υἱὸς Ἠετίωνος,
ἀφνειός τ' ἀγαθός τε· μάλιστα δέ μιν Ἕκτωρ
δήμου, ἐπεί οἱ ἑταῖρος ἦεν φίλος εἰλαπιναστής·
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστῆρα βάλε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
ἀΐξαντα φόβονδε, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών. ἀτὰρ Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος
νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ἔρυσεν μετὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων.

Ἕκτορα δ' ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενος ὤτρυνεν Ἀπόλλων,
Φαίνοπι Ἀσιάδῃ ἐναλίγκιος, ὅς οἱ ἁπάντων
ξείνων φίλτατος ἔσκεν, Ἀβυδόθι οἰκία ναίων·
[τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·]

"Ἕκτορ, τίς κέ σ' ἔτ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ταρβήσειεν;
οἷον δὴ Μενέλαον ὑπέτρεσας, ὃς τὸ πάρος περ
μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής· νῦν δ' οἴχεται οἷος ἀείρας

A byword everlasting and disgrace,
If by the dogs beneath Troy-wall be torn
The body of Achilles' dearest friend ;
Stand therefore, and sustain with thee thy host."
Brave to the cry of war he answer'd thus :
"Yea, Phœnix, father mine and elderborn !
Would but Athene grant me strength, and guard
The darts from off me, gladly would I stand
And fight for him who by his death hath touch'd
My heart most nearly : but, behold, a fire
Fills Hector, nor his arm from slaughter rests ;
To him Zeus grants the glory of this day."
Whose words rejoiced the blue-eyed Maiden's heart,
For that of all the Gods he named her first.
On him she breathed in shoulder and in knee
A dauntless strength, and boldness in his heart
Such as inspirits a hornet, oft repell'd
Yet still persistent till it bites the blood,
So much it loves the taste ; like boldness fill'd
The heart of Menelaus, imbreathed by her ;
And toward the body, spear in aim, he went.

There dwelt in Troy Eëtion's son, a man
Of substance rich, and brave, Podæus hight,
Of all the people most by Hector loved,
His comrade oft and boon companion dear ;
Whom now the hero of the auburn hair
Smote in the girdle as he turn'd to flee,
And drave the point right through. The arms rang loud
Around him as he fell ; and Atreus' Son
Drew off the body, to the Danaans spoil.

Whereat Apollo came to Hector's side,
In image like to Phœnops, Asius' son,
By Hector of his nation most beloved,
The chieftain of Abydos ; in his form
The God appearing spake to Hector thus :
"Hector, henceforth what Argive fears thee more ?
Whom Menelaus now hath made retire —
A warrior till this day of light esteem ;

νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων, σὸν δ' ἔκτανε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον,
ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, Ποδῆν, υἱὸν Ἠετίωνος."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
καὶ τότ' ἄρα Κρονίδης ἔλετ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν
μαρμαρέην, Ἴδην δὲ κατὰ νεφέεσσι κάλυψεν,
ἀστράψας δὲ μάλα μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, τὴν δ' ἐτίναξεν·
νίκην δὲ Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαιούς.

Πρῶτος Πηνέλεως βοιώτιος ἦρχε φόβοιο.
βλῆτο γὰρ ὦμον δουρὶ, πρόσω τετραμμένος αἰεὶ,
ἄκρον ἐπιλίγδην· γράψεν δέ οἱ ὀστέον ἄχρις
αἰχμὴ Πουλυδάμαντος· ὁ γάρ ῥ' ἔβαλε σχεδὸν ἐλθών.
Λήϊτον αὖθ' Ἕκτωρ σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ
υἱὸν Ἀλεκτρυόνος μεγαθύμου, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης·
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι ἔλπετο θυμῷ
ἔγχος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ μαχήσεσθαι Τρώεσσιν.
Ἕκτορα δ' Ἰδομενεὺς μετὰ Λήϊτον ὁρμηθέντα
βεβλήκει θώρηκα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν·
ἐν καυλῷ δ' ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ, τοὶ δ' ἐβόησαν
Τρῶες· ὁ δ' Ἰδομενῆος ἀκόντισε Δευκαλίδαο
δίφρῳ ἐφεσταότος· τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀπὸ τυτθὸν ἅμαρτεν·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόναο ὀπάονά θ' ἡνίοχόν τε,
Κοίρανον, ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Λύκτου ἐϋκτιμένης ἕπετ' αὐτῷ—
πεζὸς γὰρ τὰ πρῶτα λιπὼν νέας ἀμφιελίσσας
ἦλυθε, καί κε Τρωσὶ μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν,
εἰ μὴ Κοίρανος ὦκα ποδώκεας ἤλασεν ἵππους·
καὶ τῷ μὲν φάος ἦλθεν, ἄμυνε δὲ νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
αὐτὸς δ' ὤλεσε θυμὸν ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο—
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος, ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ὀδόντας
ὦσε δόρυ πρυμνὸν, διὰ δὲ γλῶσσαν τάμε μέσσην.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἡνία χεῦεν ἔραζε.

Yet hath he singly and unaided gain'd
The spoils of whom he slew, ev'n thy true friend,
Eëtion's son Podæus, brave in arms."
He spoke ; the other's soul was clouded o'er
With sorrow, and in arms of flashing brass
On through the foremost champions straight he moved.

Zeus then upraised his sparkling fringèd shield,
And shook it, and wrapp'd Ida's hill in cloud,
Sending his lightnings and his thunders forth,
Portent of victory now vouchsafed to Troy
And panic to Achaia. First in flight
Peneleus of Bœotia led the way ;
For as he charged in wonted onset strong
A spear had laid his shoulder bare of flesh ;
At whom Polydamas had cast a dart,
Approaching near him, and it grazed the bone :
Whilst Hector wounded Leïtus, the son
Of the high-soul'd Alectryon, in the wrist.
His hand was stay'd from battle ; round he look'd,
No longer hoping to oppose the foe,
Bewilder'd. But Idomeneus had aim'd
At Hector, as he charged on Leïtus,
And struck him on the breastplate o'er his chest ;
Yet snapping at the splice the javelin fell,
Whereat Troy shouted loud ; and Hector aim'd
In turn, as the other mounted to a car,
Yet err'd a little, and struck Cæranus,
The gallant driver of Meriones,
From Lectos, at his side. Idomeneus
Had left the well-bench'd barks on foot that day ;
And great the triumph he had given to Troy,
Had not those fleet-foot horses to his help
Been quickly brought by Cæranus ;—who came
A saving light to the other in his need,
But his own self to lose his life thereby.
For Hector pierced him through the cheek and ear ,
Cleaving his tongue and thrusting out his teeth
The point pass'd downward ; from the seat he fell
And shower'd the reins about him on the earth.

καὶ τάγε Μηριόνης ἕλαβεν χείρεσσι φίλῃσιν
κύψας ἐκ πεδίοιο, καὶ Ἰδομενῆα προσηύδα·

"Μάστιε νῦν, εἴως κε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηαι·
γιγνώσκεις δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅτ' οὐκέτι κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ δέος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.

Οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Αἴαντα μεγαλήτορα καὶ Μενέλαον
Ζεύς, ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσι δίδου ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἤδη μέν κε, καὶ ὃς μάλα νήπιος ἐστιν,
γνοίη ὅτι Τρώεσσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀρήγει.
τῶν μὲν γὰρ πάντων βέλε' ἅπτεται, ὅστις ἀφείῃ,
ἢ κακὸς, ἢ ἀγαθός· Ζεὺς δ' ἔμπης πάντ' ἰθύνει·
ἡμῖν δ' αὖτως πᾶσιν ἐτώσια πίπτει ἔραζε.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αὐτοί περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,
ἠμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
χάρμα φίλοις ἑτάροισι γενώμεθα νοστήσαντες,
οἵ που δεῦρ' ὁρόωντες ἀκηχέδατ', οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους
σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσιν πεσέεσθαι.
εἴη δ' ὅστις ἑταῖρος ἀπαγγείλειε τάχιστα
Πηλείδῃ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μιν ὀΐομαι οὐδὲ πεπύσθαι
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος.
ἀλλ' οὔ πῃ δύναμαι ἰδέειν τοιοῦτον Ἀχαιῶν·
ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχονται ὁμῶς αὐτοί τε καὶ ἵπποι.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι·
ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὔαδεν οὕτως."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δακρυχέοντα·
αὐτίκα δ' ἠέρα μὲν σκέδασεν καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὁμίχλην,
ἠέλιος δ' ἐπέλαμψε, μάχη δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσα φαάνθη·
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·

"Σκέπτεο νῦν, Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, αἴ κεν ἴδηαι
ζωὸν ἔτ' Ἀντιλοχον, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸν,

Meriones upraised them from the ground,
Bending, and thus address'd Idomeneus :
"Lash on the horses till thou gain the fleet;
Thyself mayst see, Achaia's strength hath gone."
He spoke ; the other thong'd the glossy steeds
Swift to the ships ; his heart was fill'd with fear.

Nor by great Ajax, nor by Atreus' Son,
Pass'd it unmark'd, that Zeus had now inclined
The balance of the battle unto Troy ;
This Telamonian Ajax saw and spake :
"Now veriest fools might know, Zeus aideth Troy.
Be their spears strongly, be they weakly, sent,
They take effect ; Zeus guides them to their aim :
Whilst ours fall wide and vainly dash'd to earth.
Remains for us to take the readiest plan
Whereby to draw this body safe to home,
And our own selves to gladden the dear eyes
Of those who love us with our sight again :
For now with anxious hearts they look this way,
Fearing the might and arms invincible
Of Hector unwithstood till all have fallen
Slaughter'd amongst the galleys. Would I saw
Some messenger at hand to bear the news
To Peleus' Son, who knows not yet, I ween,
The evil tidings of his comrade's fall.
But none can I distinguish, nought can see,
In the thick mist that covers all the field.
Save, from this darkness save, O Father Zeus !
Achaia's host ; make pure the air, and grant
Sight to our eyes ; and though it be thy will
To slay us, let it be in face of day !"
He spoke ; the Father, pitying, saw his tears,
Scatter'd the mist, and rent the veil apart ;
The sun shone bright, and all the war lay clear.

Then Ajax said to Menelaus thus :
"Look round thee, Menelaus, chief Zeus-born,
So haply to descry Antilochus,
The son of noble Nestor, still unscathed

ὄτρυνον δ' Αχιλῆϊ δαΐφρονι θᾶσσον ἰόντα
εἰπεῖν ὅττι ῥα οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι ὥς τίς τε λέων ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο,
ὅστ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ κε κάμῃσι κύνας τ' ἄνδρας τ' ἐρεθίζων,
οἵτε μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἐλέσθαι
πάννυχοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων 660
ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὔτι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκοντες
ἀντίοι αἴσσουσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,
καιόμεναί τε δεταὶ, τάστε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·
ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ·
ὣς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
ἤϊε πόλλ' ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ δίε μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀργαλέου πρὸ φόβοιο ἔλωρ δηΐοισι λίποιεν.
πολλὰ δὲ Μηριόνῃ τε καὶ Αἰάντεσσ' ἐπέτελλεν·

" Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, Μηριόνη τε,
νῦν τις ἐνηείης Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο 670
μνησάσθω· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
πάντοσε παπταίνων ὥστ' αἰετὸς, ὅν ῥά τέ φασιν
ὀξύτατον δέρκεσθαι ὑπουρανίων πετεηνῶν,
ὅντε καὶ ὑψόθ' ἐόντα πόδας ταχὺς οὐκ ἔλαθε πτὼξ
θάμνῳ ὑπ' ἀμφικόμῳ κατακείμενος, ἀλλά τ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἔσσυτο, καί τέ μιν ὦκα λαβὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ὣς τότε σοὶ, Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, ὄσσε φαεινὼ
πάντοσε δινείσθην πολέων κατὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων, 680
εἴ που Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔτι ζώοντα ἴδοιο.
τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἶψ' ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ πάσης
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·

" Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφὲς, ὄφρα πύθηαι
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
ἤδη μὲν σὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ὀΐομαι εἰσορόωντα

And bid him haste to tell to Peleus' Son
His death, whom most of all mankind he loved."
He spoke, nor Menelaus disobey'd,
But, turning, show'd like lion from a fold
Withdrawing, wearied out with long contèst ;
For hounds and herdsmen all night long have watch'd,
Nor let him seize the fatling from their herd ;
He charges oft, a-hunger'd, but in vain ;
So thick the javelins and the burning brands
Full in his face darted from strong right-arms,
That in his heart's despite he dreads their flare,
And sullenly at dawn perforce departs.
Such from Patroclus Menelaus show'd
Moving most loth ; exceeding was his fear
Lest, in some panic spreading through the ranks,
The body fall abandon'd to the foe.
Much therefore, ere departure, he enjoin'd
Meriones and either Ajax thus :
" Twin captains of Achaia's host, and thou,
Meriones ! Oh, bear ye well in mind
How gently manner'd was the noble dead,
How lovely and how pleasant in his life
Unto us all—whom Fate and Death hold now ! "
So spake the hero of the auburn hair
And left them, and around him cast his eyes
Keen as an eagle's—of the fowls of air
Keenest to see ; far up he flies, yet low
Beneath him doth not pass unmark'd a hare,
Fleet-footed, in a leafy thicket couch'd,
But pounceth straight upon it and bereaves
Its wretched life ; so Menelaus, thou
Roll'dst thy bright eyes about thee through the throng,
If haply Nestor's Son thou mightst descry.

Whom soon he saw, upon the battle's left,
Kindling, bestirring to the war his men ;
And moving to his side address'd him thus :
" Come unto me, Antilochus, and hear
Sad tidings, what I would had never been !
Thyself canst well perceive, O Zeus-born chief,

γιγνώσκειν ὅτι πῆμα θεὸς Δαναοῖσι κυλίνδει,
νίκη δὲ Τρώων· πέφαται δ' ὥριστος Ἀχαιῶν,
Πάτροκλος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι τέτυκται.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' αἶψ' Ἀχιλῆϊ, θέων ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
εἰπεῖν, αἴ κε τάχιστα νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆα σαώσῃ
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τάγε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δὲ κατέστυγε μῦθον ἀκούσας.
δὴν δέ μιν ἀμφασίη ἐπέων λάβε, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δακρυόφι πλῆσθεν, θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς Μενελάου ἐφημοσύνης ἀμέλησεν,
βῆ δὲ θέειν, τὰ δὲ τεύχε' ἀμύμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ,
Λαοδόκῳ, ὅς οἱ σχεδὸν ἔστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους.

Τὸν μὲν δακρυχέοντα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο,
Πηλείδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ κακὸν ἔπος ἀγγελέοντα.
οὐδ' ἄρα σοὶ, Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, ἤθελε θυμὸς
τειρομένοις ἑτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν, ἔνθεν ἀπῆλθεν
Ἀντίλοχος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Πυλίοισιν ἐτύχθη·
ἀλλ' ὅγε τοῖσιν μὲν Θρασυμήδεα δῖον ἀνῆκεν,
αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει,
στῆ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι θέων, εἶθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·

"Κεῖνον μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα θοῇσιν,
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδέ μιν οἴω
νῦν ἰέναι, μάλα περ κεχολωμένον Ἕκτορι δίῳ
οὐ γάρ πως ἂν γυμνὸς ἐὼν Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο·
ἡμεῖς δ' αὐτοί περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,
ἠμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς θάνατον καὶ κῆρα φύγωμεν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"πάντα κατ' αἶσαν ἔειπες, ἀγακλεὲς ὦ Μενέλαε·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν καὶ Μηριόνης ὑποδύντε μάλ' ὦκα
νεκρὸν ἀείραντες φέρετ' ἐκ πόνου· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
νῶϊ μαχησόμεθα Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι δίῳ,

How Heav'n now rolls destruction on our host
And glory on the Trojans. But withal
The best of us is dead, Patroclus slain,
And great the sorrow on the Danaans fall'n.
Speed therefore to the ships, and run, and tell
These tidings to Achilles; so perchance
He hastes to save the body to his ship,
Though naked now; for Hector hath the arms."
He spoke; the other dumb with horror stood,
His eyes grew big with tears, his tongue clave fast
Unto his mouth, his fresh young voice was choked.
Yet not for this to Menelaus' word
Stood he neglectful, but girt up his loins
To run, and gave to brave Laodicus,
Who held his horses near, the arms he doff'd;
So, weeping, and with tidings sad to tell,
Swiftly his feet thence bare him from the fray.

But not to thee, Atrides, Zeus-born Chief,
The heart consented then to stay, and help
The troubled followers whom Antilochus
Had left, albeit the Pylians miss'd thee sore;
These rather to brave Thrasymed he left,
Himself returning to Patroclus' corse;
Whither he sped to Ajax' side, and said:
"Him have I found and to Achilles sent
Amongst the arrowy galleys swift of foot;
Yet well I wot Achilles may not come,
How wroth soe'er with Hector, forth this day:
He hath no arms wherein to meet the foe.
Take then ourselves what counsel seemeth best,
To save the body to the fleet and shun
Our death and fate in this turmoil of Troy."
To whom the giant Son of Telamon:
"Well hast thou said, Atrides most renown'd!
Stoop thee down therefore with Meriones,
And lift the body up and bear it back
Free of the moil, whilst we still stand, and meet
The brunt of noble Hector and all Troy—

ἶσον θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ὁμώνυμοι, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
μίμνομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα νεκρὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀγκαζοντο
ὕψι μάλα μεγάλως· ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς ὄπισθεν
Τρωϊκὸς, ὡς εἶδοντο νέκυν αἴροντας Ἀχαιούς.
ἴθυσαν δὲ κύνεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἵτ' ἐπὶ κάπρῳ
βλημένῳ ἀΐξωσι πρὸ κούρων θηρητήρων·
ἕως μὲν γάρ τε θέουσι διαῤῥαῖσαι μεμαῶτες,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐν τοῖσιν ἑλίξεται ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς,
ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησαν διά τ' ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.
ὣς Τρῶες εἶως μὲν ὁμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἔποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' Αἴαντε μεταστρεφθέντε κατ' αὐτοὺς
σταίησαν τῶν δὲ τράπετο χρὼς, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
πρόσσω ἀΐξας περὶ νεκροῦ δηριάασθαι.

Ὣς οἵγ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· ἐπὶ δὲ πτόλεμος τέτατό σφιν
ἄγριος ἠΰτε πῦρ, τό τ' ἐπεσσύμενον πόλιν ἀνδρῶν
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης φλεγέθει, μινύθουσι δὲ οἶκοι
ἐν σέλαϊ μεγ ́λῳ· τὸ δ' ἐπιβρέμει ἶς ἀνέμοιο.
ὣς μὲν τοῖς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων
ἀζηχὴς ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπήϊεν ἐρχομένοισιν·
οἱ δ' ὥσθ' ἡμίονοι κρατερὸν μένος ἀμφιβαλόντες
ἕλκωσ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατὰ παιπαλόεσσαν ἀταρπὸν
ἢ δοκὸν, ἠὲ δόρυ μέγα νήϊον· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς
τείρεθ' ὁμοῦ καμάτῳ τε καὶ ἱδρῷ σπευδόντεσσιν·
ὣς οἵγ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον. αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
Αἴαντ' ἰσχανέτην, ὥστε πρὼν ἰσχάνει ὕδωρ
ὑλήεις, πεδίοιο διαπρύσιον τετυχήκως,
ὅστε καὶ ἰφθίμων ποταμῶν ἀλεγεινὰ ῥέεθρα
ἴσχει, ἄφαρ δέ τε πᾶσι ῥόον πεδίονδε τίθησιν,
πλάζων· οὐδέ τί μιν σθένεϊ ῥηγνῦσι ῥέοντες·

We two—alike in heart as one in name—
Who oft have faced fierce Ares, side by side."
He spoke ; they took upon their arms and raised
The body clear on high ; the Trojans mark'd
The lifted corse, and shouting on their rear
Charged, like to dogs that on a wounded boar
Dash to the vaward of the village-hunt,
And, keen to kill him, press upon his heels ;
But, if he gather heart and turn to bay
Against them, back they shrink, this way and that
Scatter'd and trembling ; such the men of Troy
Show'd, for a while following in fierce pursuit,
Threatening with swords and spikèd pointed spears,
And then anon, whene'er the Ajax-twain
Wheel'd round and stood, changing their cheeks to pale,
Not daring nearer battle to the corse.
So, step by step, with earnest hearts, the two
Bare from the fray the body tow'rd the fleet ;
'Gainst whom in utmost fury broke the war,
Wild as a fire that sudden hath arisen
Assailing some great city ; in the blaze,
Wide-spreading, houses perish ; and the force
Of a strong wind makes terrible its roar ;
So rose the din, unceasing as they went,
Of the proud steeds and tramp of armèd men.

Nathless like mules in stubborn strength begirt
On rough path drawing down a steep hillside
Plank or hewn stem to be a vessel's mast ;
Though with the labour and the sweat their hearts
Are faint within them, onward still they press ;
So with sad hearts the two still bare their friend.

But in their rear the Ajax-twain held back
The charging foe ; as a well-wooded ridge,
That, right across a plain, withstands and holds
The rush of ruining rivers at its base,
Unbroke, unshaken, by their fullest flood,
And sends their waters washing o'er the plain ;

ὣς αἰεὶ Αἴαντε μάχην ἀνέεργον ὀπίσσω
Τρώων· οἱ δ' ἄμ' ἕποντο, δύω δ' ἐν τοῖσι μάλιστα,
Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
τῶν δ', ὥστε ψαρῶν νέφος ἔρχεται ἠὲ κολοιῶν,
οὖλον κεκλήγοντες, ὅτε προΐδωσιν ἰόντα
κίρκον, ὅ τε σμικρῇσι φόνον φέρει ὀρνίθεσσιν·
ὣς ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἰνείᾳ τε καὶ Ἕκτορι κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
οὖλον κεκλήγοντες ἴσαν, λήθοντο δὲ χάρμης.
πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ πέσον περί τ' ἀμφί τε τάφρον
φευγόντων Δαναῶν· πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνετ' ἐρωή.

So either Ajax oft would turn, and check
The Trojans all, though near they press'd, and most
Their leaders, Hector and Anchises' Son.

But as a cloud of starlings or of daws
Flee with a cry of panic when they spy
A hawk, the deadly foe of all their tribe;
So with a cry of panic fled distraught
From Hector and Æneas tow'rd their camp
The warriors of Achaia, and forgot
Their wonted valour, dropping at the trench
Their arms, the while of battle pause was none.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Σ'.

Ὁπλοποιία.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο,
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ πόδας ταχὺς ἄγγελος ἦλθεν.
τὸν δ' εὗρε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων,
τὰ φρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ δὴ τετέλεσμένα ἦεν·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

"Ὤ μοι ἐγὼ, τί τ' ἄρ' αὖτε καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
νηυσὶν ἔπι κλονέονται ἀτυζόμενοι πεδίοιο;
μὴ δή μοι τελέσωσι θεοὶ κακὰ κήδεα θυμῷ,
ὥς ποτέ μοι μήτηρ διεπέφραδε, καί μοι ἔειπεν,
Μυρμιδόνων τὸν ἄριστον ἔτι ζώοντος ἐμεῖο
χερσὶν ὕπο Τρώων λείψειν φάος ἠελίοιο.
ἦ μάλα δὴ τέθνηκε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς,
σχέτλιος· ἦ τ' ἐκέλευον ἀπωσάμενον δήϊον πῦρ
ἄψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἴμεν, μηδ' Ἕκτορι ἶφι μάχεσθαι."

Εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν ἀγαυοῦ Νέστορος υἱὸς,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, φάτο δ' ἀγγελίην ἀλεγεινήν·

"Ὤ μοι, Πηλέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, ἦ μάλα λυγρῆς
πεύσεαι ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
κεῖται Πάτροκλος, νέκυος δὲ δὴ ἀμφιμάχονται
γυμνοῦ· ἀτὰρ τάγε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα.
ἀμφοτέρῃσι δὲ χερσὶν ἑλὼν κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν
χεύατο κὰκ κεφαλῆς, χαρίεν δ' ἤσχυνε πρόσωπον·
νεκταρέῳ δὲ χιτῶνι μέλαιν' ἀμφίζανε τέφρη·
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κονίῃσι μέγας μεγαλωστὶ τανυσθεὶς

ILIAD XVIII.

THUS, like a fiery furnace, raged the war;
The while Antilochus bare, fleet of foot,
His errand to Achilles: him he found
Pacing before his high-beak'd barks, and there,
As shadowing ev'n the ill that now had pass'd,
Much moved, and saying to his own brave heart:
"Ah me! why thronging backward to the fleet
Come thus the Achaians o'er the plain distraught?
Oh! not this day, ye Gods, fulfil the doom
Foretold me by my mother, woe to me,
That, ere I die myself, I needs must lose
The best and bravest of the Myrmidons,
Banish'd from daylight by the hands of Troy!
Yet surely hath Menœtius' gallant Son
Now fall'n—Infatuate! whom I bade forthwith,
Whene'er the ravage of the flame was stay'd,
Return, nor venture upon Hector war."
Ev'n while this thought went coursing through his breast,
The son of noble Nestor stood in tears
Beside him, and the doleful message spake:
"Son of the warrior Peleus! woe is me!
Evil my tidings; would it had not been!
Fall'n lies Patroclus; round his naked corse
They battle now; and Hector hath the arms."
He spoke, and a black cloud of grief enwrapp'd
The other, who in either palm upseized
Ashes, and shower'd them o'er his head, and foul'd
His beauteous face; and the dark embers clung
About his fragrant robe. And prone he lay
Stretch'd giant-like—a mighty bulk—in dust,

κεῖτο, φίλῃσι δὲ χερσι κόμην ᾔσχυνε δαΐζων.
δμωαὶ δ', ἃς Ἀχιλεὺς ληΐσσατο Πάτροκλός τε,
θυμὸν ἀκηχέμεναι μεγάλ' ἴαχον, ἐκ δὲ θύραζε
ἔδραμον ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα δαΐφρονα, χερσὶ δὲ πᾶσαι
στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, λύθεν δ' ὑπὸ γυῖα ἑκάστης.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δάκρυα λείβων,
χεῖρας ἔχων Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἔστενε κυδάλιμον κῆρ·
δείδιε γὰρ μὴ λαιμὸν ἀποτμήξειε σιδήρῳ.
σμερδαλέον δ' ὤμωξεν· ἄκουσε δὲ πότνια μήτηρ
ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἁλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι
κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα· θεαὶ δέ μιν ἀμφαγέροντο
πᾶσαι ὅσαι κατὰ βένθος ἁλὸς Νηρηΐδες ἦσαν.
[ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἔην Γλαύκη Θάλειά τε Κυμοδόκη τε
Νησαίη Σπειώ τε Θόη θ' Ἁλίη τε βοῶπις,
Κυμοθόη τε καὶ Ἀκταίη καὶ Λιμνώρεια
καὶ Μελίτη καὶ Ἴαιρα καὶ Ἀμφιθόη καὶ Ἀγαύη,
Δωτώ τε Πρωτώ τε Φέρουσά τε Δυναμένη τε,
Δεξαμένη καὶ Ἀμφινόμη καὶ Καλλιάνειρα,
Δωρὶς καὶ Πανόπη καὶ ἀγακλειτὴ Γαλάτεια,
Νημερτής τε καὶ Ἄψευδὴς καὶ Καλλιάνασσα·
ἔνθα δ' ἔην Κλυμένη Ἰάνειρά τε καὶ Ἰάνασσα,
Μαῖρα καὶ Ὠρείθυια ἐϋπλοκαμός τ' Ἀμάθεια
ἄλλαι θ' αἳ κατὰ βένθος ἁλὸς Νηρηΐδες ἦσαν.]
τῶν δὲ καὶ ἀργύφεον πλῆτο σπέος· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, Θέτις δ' ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·

"Κλῦτε, κασίγνηται Νηρηΐδες, ὄφρ' εὖ πᾶσαι
εἴδετ' ἀκούουσαι ὅσ' ἐμῷ ἐνὶ κήδεα θυμῷ.
ὤ μοι ἐγὼ δειλή, ὤ μοι δυσαριστοτόκεια,
ἦτ' ἐπεὶ ἂρ τέκον υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,
ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνει ἶσος·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα, φυτὸν ὡς γουνῷ ἀλωῆς,
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω
Τρωσὶ μαχησόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα, δόμον Πηλήϊον εἴσω.
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζώει καὶ ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο,

And tearing with his hands defiled his hair.
But all the handmaids whom those heroes twain
Had won in war together, ran, heart-struck,
With shriek and wail from out their chamber-doors
About their warlike lord, and beat their breasts,
And all their fainting limbs beneath them fail'd.
And by him wept Antilochus, yet held
His hands, despite the heaving of his heart,
Lest on his own throat he should turn his sword.
Dreadful his moaning: whom the Goddess heard,
His mother, where beside her Father old
She sate within the abysses of the sea,
And hearing wail'd in answer; whom the Nymphs
The Nereids of the ocean gluster'd round,
Glauce, Thalia, and Cymodoce,
Apseudes, Ianeira, Panope,
Kallianessa, and Amphinome,
Speio, and Thoë, large-eyed Halie,
Actæa, Limnoreia, Melite,
Kallianeira, and Dynamene,
Doto, and Galatea's famèd form,
Agave, Omythuia, Klymene,
Proto, Pherousa, and Dexamene,
Nemertes, and Nesæa of the isles,
Mæra, Iæra, and Amphithoë,
And Amathea of the golden locks;
They fill'd the silvery cavern, each and all
Beating their breasts, and Thetis led their wail:
"Hear me, my sisters, hearken to my grief,
And hear the countless sorrows of my heart.
Ah me most hapless, mother of a son
The noblest of all heroes, to my woe!
Tall as a sapling, strong and fair, he throve;
And tenderly as a plant in some rich bower
I nursed him, till I sent him forth embark'd
On the beak'd galleys to the war with Troy;
But never more shall I receive him home,
Never will he return to Peleus' house.
Yea, while he yet survives to me and lives

ἄχνυται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναμαι χραισμῆσαι ἰοῦσα.
ἀλλ' εἶμ', ὄφρα ἴδωμι φίλον τέκος, ἠδ' ἐπακούσω
ὅττι μιν ἵκετο πένθος ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μέλοντα."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα λίπε σπέος· αἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῇ
δακρυόεσσαι ἴσαν, περὶ δέ σφισι κῦμα θαλάσσης
ῥήγνυτο. ταὶ δ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον ἵκοντο,
ἀκτὴν εἰσανέβαινον ἐπισχερώ, ἔνθα θαμειαὶ
Μυρμιδόνων εἴρυντο νέες ταχὺν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα.
τῷ δὲ βαρὺ στενάχοντι παρίστατο πότνια μήτηρ,
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύσασα κάρη λάβε παιδὸς ἑῆος,
καί ῥ' ὀλοφυρομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε· τὰ μὲν δή τοι τετέλεσται
ἐκ Διὸς, ὡς ἄρα δὴ πρίν γ' εὔχεο χεῖρας ἀνασχὼν,
πάντας ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἀλήμεναι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
σεῦ ἐπιδευομένους, παθέειν τ' ἀεκήλια ἔργα."

Τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μῆτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ἄρ μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἐξετέλεσσεν·
ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἦδος, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος,
Πάτροκλος, τὸν ἐγὼ περὶ πάντων τῖον ἑταίρων,
ἶσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ· τὸν ἀπώλεσα, τεύχεα δ' Ἕκτωρ
δηώσας ἀπέδυσε πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
καλά· τὰ μὲν Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σε βροτοῦ ἀνέρος ἔμβαλον εὐνῇ.
αἴθ' ὄφελες σὺ μὲν αὖθι μετ' ἀθανάτῃς ἁλίῃσιν
ναίειν, Πηλεὺς δὲ θνητὴν ἀγαγέσθαι ἄκοιτιν.
νῦν δ', ἵνα καὶ σοὶ πένθος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μυρίον εἴη
παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο, τὸν οὐχ ὑποδέξεαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντ', ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἄνωγεν
ζώειν οὐδ' ἄνδρεσσι μετέμμεναι, αἴ κε μὴ Ἕκτωρ

To see the sunshine of another day,
Yet hearken, with what anguish he is rent;
Nor can my going aught avail to help him,
Yet will I go, that I may see my son,
And hear from his dear lips what woe hath fall'n
Upon him, ev'n while resting far from war."
She spoke, and left the cavern; with her rose
The others, and about their rising brake
The billows whence they issued: one by one,
Arrived at fruitful Troy, they scaled the strand,
There where the galleys of the Myrmidons
Lay thick about their gallant chief array'd.
But by their chief his mother took her stand,
Bitterly weeping, and embraced the head
Of her dear son, and 'twixt her cries and tears
Gave utterance to wingèd words, and said:
"My child, why weep'st thou? In thy soul what grief
Hath touch'd thee? Speak it: hide it not from me.
For surely Zeus hath brought to pass the prayer
Which thou with hands uplifted pray'dst of late,
That all Achaia's sons amidst their ships
Might suffer rout and shame through lack of thee."
Achilles, deeply sighing, answer'd thus:
"Yea, Mother, Zeus hath brought this all to pass;
But what delight to me in all of this,
When now Patroclus, my own dearest friend,
Hath perish'd? Him—him, whom of all my host
I honour'd most, loved as I love myself—
I have lost him! whom Hector hath slain, and stripp'd
Of all that wondrous terrible armour bright
Which Gods to Peleus gave, a glorious boon,
Then when they threw thee to a mortal's bed.
Yet oh that rather thou hadst ever dwelt
With thine immortal sisters of the sea,
And Peleus had brought home a mortal bride!
For now shall sorrow fall ten-thousandfold
On thee, when thy son dies, whom never more
Shalt thou receive returning to his home—
Nay, nor my heart now prompts me to live on
Or mingle with my kind, unless—unless

πρῶτος ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ,
Πατρόκλοιο δ' ἔλωρα Μενοιτιάδεω ἀποτίσῃ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
" ὠκύμορος δή μοι, τέκος, ἔσσεαι, οἷ' ἀγορεύεις·
αὐτίκα γάρ τοι ἔπειτα μεθ' Ἕκτορα πότμος ἑτοῖμος."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
" αὐτίκα τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἑταίρῳ
κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμῦναι· ὁ μὲν μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
ἔφθιτ', ἐμεῖο δὲ δῆσεν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ', ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
οὐδέ τι Πατρόκλῳ γενόμην φάος οὐδ' ἑτάροισιν
τοῖς ἄλλοις, οἳ δὴ πολέες δάμεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ἀλλ' ἧμαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης,
τοῖος ἐὼν οἷος οὔτις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνονές εἰσι καὶ ἄλλοι.
ὡς ἔρις ἔκ τε θεῶν ἔκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἀπόλοιτο,
καὶ χόλος, ὅστ' ἐφέηκε πολύφρονά περ χαλεπῆναι,
ὅστε πολὺ γλυκίων μέλιτος καταλειβομένοιο
ἀνδρῶν ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀέξεται ἠΰτε καπνός·
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐχόλωσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκῃ.
νῦν δ' εἶμ', ὄφρα φίλης κεφαλῆς ὀλετῆρα κιχείω,
Ἕκτορα· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἠδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ βίη Ἡρακλῆος φύγε κῆρα,
ὅσπερ φίλτατος ἔσκε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι·
ἀλλά ἑ Μοῖρ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀργαλέος χόλος Ἥρης.
ὣς καὶ ἐγών, εἰ δή μοι ὁμοίη μοῖρα τέτυκται,
κείσομ', ἐπεί κε θάνω· νῦν δὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀροίμην
καί τινα Τρωϊάδων καὶ Δαρδανίδων βαθυκόλπων,
ἀμφοτέρῃσιν χερσὶ παρειάων ἀπαλάων
δάκρυ' ὀμορξαμένην ἀδινὸν στοναχῆσαι ἐφείην·
γνοίεν δ' ὡς δὴ δηρὸν ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι.

Hector first pay me for Patroclus' shame
Ev'n with the bloody ransom of his life!"
But Thetis, all in tears, made sad reply:
"But, if what now thou say'st be brought to pass,
Early, O son, my woe, and death to thee;
For still on Hector's fate thine followeth fast."
Much moved, Achilles spake in answer thus:
"Would I had died that moment, when I fail'd
To save my slaughter'd comrade! Far from home
He perish'd, who had oft besought of me
Myself to meet and drive away the curse.
And—since it seemeth I may ne'er return
To my dear fatherland, nor here have shown
True beacon to Patroclus or the host
Whom Hector hath by thousands slain, but still
Have sate an idle cumbrance to the earth
Amongst these ships, albeit in fact of arms
(In council others ever have excell'd)
Great as no second of Achaia's sons—
Therefore may Strife perish from heav'n and earth,
And Wrath that fires the wisest into strife,
Sweeter than dropping honey to the lips,
But, like a smoke, stifling the heart within!
And such the wrath I nursed 'gainst Atreus' Son.
Howbeit, the past be past, whate'er its wrongs,
All lesser pangs subdued in this extreme;
Now will I forth: so haply may I meet
The foe who slew my friend. For mine own self,
Welcome my doom, whene'er it so please Heaven;
For doom not all the might of Hercules,
Though dearest unto sovran Zeus, might 'scape,
But Fate and Herè's vengeful anger slew him.
So, if like destiny be doom'd to me,
I likewise will resign me, when I die!
But now a noble name I first would win,
Laying a lifelong sorrow (as they wipe
Off their smooth cheeks with wringing hands their tears)
On many a fair deep-bosom'd Dardan dame.
Thus also may they know and take to heart,
Their strength lay only in my long repose.

μηδέ μ' ἔρυκε μάχης, φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε, τέκνον, ἐτήτυμον· οὐ κακόν ἐστιν
τειρομένοις ἑτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον·
ἀλλά τοι ἕντεα καλὰ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ἔχονται,
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα· τὰ μὲν κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται· οὐδέ ἕ φημι
δηρὸν ἐπαγλαϊεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ φόνος ἐγγύθεν αὐτῷ·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μήπω καταδύσεο μῶλον Ἄρηος,
πρίν γ' ἐμὲ δεῦρ' ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδηαι·
ἠῶθεν γὰρ νεῦμαι, ἅμ' ἠελίῳ ἀνιόντι,
τεύχεα καλὰ φέρουσα παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο ἄνακτος."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τράπεθ' υἷος ἑῆος,
καὶ στρεφθεῖσ' ἀλίῃσι κασιγνήτῃσι μετηύδα·

"Τμεῖς μὲν νῦν δῦτε θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον,
ὀψόμεναί τε γέρονθ' ἅλιον καὶ δώματα πατρὸς
καί οἱ πάντ' ἀγορεύσατ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
εἶμι παρ' Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
υἱεῖ ἐμῷ δόμεναι κλυτὰ τεύχεα παμφανόωντα."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ὑπὸ κῦμα θαλάσσης αὐτίκ' ἔδυσαν·
ἡ δ' αὖτ' Οὔλυμπόνδε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
ἤϊεν, ὄφρα φίλῳ παιδὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἐνείκαι.

Τὴν μὲν ἄρ' Οὔλυμπόνδε πόδες φέρον· αὐταρ Ἀχαιοὶ
θεσπεσίῳ ἀλαλητῷ ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
φεύγοντες νηάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο.
οὐδέ κε Πάτροκλόν περ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσαντο νέκυν, θεράποντ' Ἀχιλῆος·
αὖτις γὰρ δὴ τόνγε κίχον λαός τε καὶ ἵπποι
Ἕκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο πάϊς, φλογὶ εἴκελος ἀλκήν·
τρὶς μέν μιν μετόπισθε ποδῶν λάβε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἑλκέμεναι μεμαὼς, μέγα δὲ Τρώεσσιν ὁμόκλα·
τρὶς δὲ δύ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν,
νεκροῦ ἀπεστυφέλιξαν· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον, ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς,
ἄλλοτ' ἐπαΐξασκε κατὰ μόθον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε

Stay me not, though thou lov'st me; 'tis in vain."
And thus the silverfooted Nymph return'd:
"My son, meet this thine answer: think no shame
Thus to defend thy broken host from death.
But all thy beauteous blazing arms of brass
Are now amid the Trojans, vaunted high
A spoil on Hector's shoulder—not for long,
Nor long delight, for now his death is nigh.
Therefore forbear to mingle with the war
Ere I again behold thee in my sight;
The morrow with the rising sun I come,
And bear thee armour by Hephæstus wrought."
She ceased, and, turning from her son away,
Address'd her to her sisters of the sea:
"Into the broad-spread bosom of the deep
Depart ye to the agèd Ocean-God
And palace of our father, and to him
Report ye all; but I will hence to seek
Hephæstus, the artificer in heaven,
On steep Olympus: he vouchsafes perchance
A glorious heavenly armour on my son."
She spoke; they straightway plunged within the main;
Whilst Thetis to Olympus' holy mount
Sped, whence to bear famed armour for her son.

She hasted tow'rd Olympus; but the while,
In clamour such as passeth man to tell,
And flight before the sword of Hector, came
The Achaians, to their ships and shore repell'd.
Nor had their warriors drawn Patroclus slain,
Achilles' dearest friend, from out the darts;
But steeds and foemen all around the corse
And Hector, flamelike in his might, had come:
Thrice did great Hector seize him by the heel,
To drag him back, and loudly cheer'd to Troy;
And thrice had either Ajax girt himself
In strength invincible, and hurl'd him off:
Yet he, still firm, well-weening of his might,
Anon amid the turmoil flashing moved,
Anon erect stood, shouting; nor one step

στάσκε μέγα ἰάχων· ὀπίσω δ' οὐ χάζετο πάμπαν.
ὡς δ' ἀπὸ σώματος οὔτι λέοντ' αἴθωνα δύνανται
ποιμένες ἄγραυλοι μέγα πεινάοντα δίεσθαι,
ὣς ῥα τὸν οὐκ ἐδύναντο δύω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην ἀπὸ νεκροῦ δειδίξασθαι.
καί νύ κεν εἴρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἤρατο κῦδος,
εἰ μὴ Πηλείωνι ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
ἄγγελος ἦλθε θέουσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι,
κρύβδα Διὸς ἄλλων τε θεῶν· πρὸ γὰρ ἧκέ μιν Ἥρη.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὄρσεο, Πηλείδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν·
Πατρόκλῳ ἐπάμυνον, οὗ εἵνεκα φύλοπις αἰνὴ
ἕστηκε πρὸ νεῶν. οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσιν,
οἱ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι νέκυος πέρι τεθνηῶτος,
οἱ δὲ ἐρύσσασθαι ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν
Τρῶες ἐπιθύουσι· μάλιστα δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἑλκέμεναι μέμονεν· κεφαλὴν δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
πῆξαι ἀνὰ σκολόπεσσι, ταμόνθ' ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς.
ἀλλ' ἄνα, μηδ' ἔτι κεῖσο· σέβας δέ σε θυμὸν ἱκέσθω,
Πάτροκλον Τρῳῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι·
σοὶ λώβη, αἴ κέν τι νέκυς ἡσχυμμένος ἔλθῃ."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἶρι θεά, τίς γάρ σε θεῶν ἐμοὶ ἄγγελον ἧκεν;"

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"Ἥρη με προέηκε, Διὸς κυδρὴ παράκοιτις·
οὐδ' οἶδε Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ἀθανάτων, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἀγάννιφον ἀμφινέμονται."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"πῶς τ' ἄρ' ἴω μετὰ μῶλον; ἔχουσι δὲ τεύχεα κεῖνοι·
μήτηρ δ' οὔ με φίλη πρίν γ' εἴα θωρήσσεσθαι,
πρίν γ' αὐτὴν ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωμαι·
στεῦτο γὰρ Ἡφαίστοιο πάρ' οἰσέμεν ἔντεα καλά.
ἄλλου δ' οὔ τευ οἶδα τεῦ ἂν κλυτὰ τεύχεα δύω,
εἰ μὴ Αἴαντός γε σάκος Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅδ', ἔλπομ', ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν ὁμιλεῖ,

Retiring yielded; but, as village hinds
To drive a fasting lion from his prey
Avail not, so those two great heroes arm'd
Avail'd not to daunt Hector from that corse.
Yea, he had gain'd it, and achieved withal
Fame infinite; but Iris fleet as wind
Came hasting from Olympus with behest
To bid Achilles arm, unknown to Gods
Save Herè, who had sent her; and she stood
Beside him, and address'd her wingèd words:
"Rise, Peleus' Son, the mightiest of mankind!
To rescue of Patroclus get thee forth:
For him this fearful battle now is waged
Before the galleys' front, and either host
Is smitten, these defending still the dead,
And those the Trojans fiery-hot to bear
His corse to wind-swept Ilion; but of all
Is Hector hottest for the spoil, and hopes
Anon to hoist the head aloft on pikes
Impaled, and sever'd from the tender neck.
Up! sleep no longer; shame bestir thy soul!
Thy friend a morsel to the dogs of Troy!
Yea, if dishonour touch him, thine the shame."
To whom the fleetfoot hero thus return'd:
"Who, Iris, who hath sent thee on this hest?"
And thus wind-footed Iris gave reply:
"Herè, the glorious spouse of Zeus, hath sent me;
Nor knoweth of my coming He, enthroned
On high, nor other of Immortal Gods
Who dwell about Olympus' snow-capp'd heights."
To whom the fleetfoot hero thus again:
"How should I go amid the moil of war,
Whose arms are yonder in the foeman's hands?
My mother eke forbade me to be arm'd
Ere I again behold her in my sight,
And promised from Hephæstus arms divine.
Nor know I other man in whose bright mail
I could be dight, save haply what may shield
Ajax the giant son of Telamon.
But he, be sure, himself the foremost plies

ἔγχεϊ δηϊόων περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
" εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἔχονται·
ἀλλ' αὔτως ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν Τρώεσσι φάνηθι,
αἴ κέ σ' ὑποδδείσαντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' Ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο."

Ἣ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ὦρτο διίφιλος· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθήνη
ὤμοις ἰφθίμοισι βάλ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεφαλῇ νέφος ἔστεφε δῖα θεάων
χρύσεον, ἐκ δ' αὐτοῦ δαῖε φλόγα παμφαάωσαν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν ἐξ ἄστεος αἰθέρ' ἵκηται,
τηλόθεν ἐκ νήσου, τὴν δῄϊοι ἀμφιμάχωνται,
οἵτε πανημέριοι στυγερῷ κρίνονται Ἄρηϊ
ἄστεος ἐκ σφετέρου· ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
πυρσοί τε φλεγέθουσιν ἐπήτριμοι, ὑψόσε δ' αὐγὴ
γίγνεται ἀΐσσουσα, περικτιόνεσσιν ἰδέσθαι,
αἴ κέν πως σὺν νηυσὶν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρες ἵκωνται·
ὣς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος κεφαλῆς σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν.
στῆ δ' ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν ἀπὸ τείχεος, οὐδ' ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς
μίσγετο· μητρὸς γὰρ πυκινὴν ὠπίζετ' ἐφετμήν.
ἔνθα στὰς ἤϋσ', ἀπάτερθε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
φθέγξατ'· ἀτὰρ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἄσπετον ὦρσε κυδοιμόν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ, ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
ἄστυ περιπλομένων δηΐων ὕπο θυμοραϊστέων,
ὣς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γένετ' Αἰακίδαο.
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἄϊον ὄπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
ἂψ ὄχεα τρόπεον· ὄσσοντο γὰρ ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἀκάματον πῦρ
δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλείωνος
δαιόμενον· τὸ δὲ δαῖε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.

His spear in slaughter o'er Patroclus slain."
And wind-foot'd Iris answering thus return'd:
"Full well we know thine arms are with the foe.
But moving to yon trench, ev'n as thou art,
Show thyself merely; and the host of Troy
For fear shall hold them from the fight, and so
The Achaians in their toil may breathe again
One moment—short the breathing-space of war."
And, as she spoke, she vanish'd from the earth.

Then rose Achilles, the beloved of Zeus.
About whose giant shoulder Pallas threw
The fringèd Ægis, and around whose head
The gracious Goddess wreathed a golden cloud,
And kindled from its midst a steadfast fire.
Like smoke that goeth up from leaguer'd town
Far in some island compass'd by her foes,
Where all day long they wage from off their walls
A baleful battle; but with set of sun
One after one their turrets flame with fires,
And high the flash darts upward, beacon-sign
To neighbour lands, if thence a fleet may come
Across the sea, and save them—such the flame
From off Achilles' brow pierced high to heaven.
Forth from the bulwark to the trench he moved,
There stood, nor mingled with the host, for still
He reverenced his mother's warning hest;
But, standing, shouted: from his side, unseen,
Pallas Athenè lifted eke her voice,
And woke unutterable dread in Troy.
As clear above all sounds a trumpet's blare
From some death-dealing leaguer of a town,
So clear above all sounds Achilles' call.
And all who heard that brazen cry, they felt
Their hearts disturb'd within them: whilst the steeds,
Forebodeful of their death, whirl'd the cars round;
And, struck aghast, the charioteers beheld
Flame flashing terrible from off the brows
Of Peleus' noble Son, and still it flash'd
Unwaning, by the blue-eyed Goddess fed.

τρὶς μὲν ὑπὲρ τάφρου μεγάλ' ἴαχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς.
τρὶς δὲ κυκήθησαν Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι·
ἔνθα δὲ καὶ τότ' ὄλοντο δυώδεκα φῶτες ἄριστοι
ἀμφὶ σφοῖς ὀχέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀσπασίως Πάτροκλον ὑπὲκ βελέων ἐρύσαντες
κάτθεσαν ἐν λεχέεσσι· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι ποδώκης εἵπετ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, ἐπεὶ εἴσιδε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον
κείμενον ἐν φέρτρῳ δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
τόν ῥ' ἤτοι μὲν ἔπεμπε σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἐς πόλεμον, οὐδ' αὖτις ἐδέξατο νοστήσαντα.

Ἠέλιον δ' ἀκάμαντα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
πέμψεν ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς ἀέκοντα νέεσθαι·
Ἠέλιος μὲν ἔδυ, παύσαντο δὲ δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ
φυλόπιδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο.

Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης
χωρήσαντες ἔλυσαν ὑφ' ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
ἐς δ' ἀγορὴν ἀγέροντο, πάρος δόρποιο μέδεσθαι.
ὀρθῶν δ' ἑσταότων ἀγορὴ γένετ', οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
ἕζεσθαι· πάντας γὰρ ἔχε τρόμος, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
τοῖσι δὲ Πουλυδάμας πεπνυμένος ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν
Πανθοίδης· ὁ γὰρ οἷος ὅρα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω.
Ἕκτορι δ' ἦεν ἑταῖρος, ἰῇ δ' ἐν νυκτὶ γένοντο·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἂρ μύθοισιν, ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ πολλὸν ἐνίκα·
ὅ σφιν ἐϋφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

"Ἀμφὶ μάλα φράζεσθε, φίλοι· κέλομαι γὰρ ἔγωγε
ἄστυδε νῦν ἰέναι, μὴ μίμνειν Ἠῶ δῖαν
ἐν πεδίῳ παρὰ νηυσίν· ἐκὰς δ' ἀπὸ τείχεός εἰμεν.
ὄφρα μὲν οὗτος ἀνὴρ Ἀγαμέμνονι μήνιε δίῳ,
τόφρα δὲ ῥηΐτεροι πολεμίζειν ἦσαν Ἀχαιοί·
χαίρεσκον γὰρ ἔγωγε θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύων,
ἐλπόμενος νῆας αἱρησέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.
νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα·

Thrice o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice,
Thrice Troy and all the nations quaked for fear;
Twelve of whose bravest perish'd mid the crush
Of their own spears and chariots.
But, the while,
The Achaians gladly drew from out the darts
And on a litter laid their hero slain:
Around whom his loved comrades wailing stood,
And, midmost, swift Achilles; passionate tears
He shed; for there upon his loyal friend,
Stark on a bier, and gash'd with wounds, he gazed;
Him had he sent with horses and with cars
To battle, whom he never greeted more.

Then royal Herè sped the unwearied Sun
To sink in ocean, loth, and ere his time:
So the Sun sank, and all the host had rest
From onset and the changeful chance of war.

On the other side, from bitter strife retired,
The Trojans loosed their horses from their yokes;
Yet, ere they cared for breaking fast, they held
A council, all erect, for none durst sit;
Seeing that Achilles, after long surcease
From toilsome battle, now shone forth anew;
To whom Polydamas began address,
Panthoüs' son, alone in Troy discreet
To look before and after, next in rank
To Hector, born upon the selfsame night,
Peerless in council one, as one in arms;
He now address'd them with good will, and spake:
"Friends, countrymen, hold prudent counsel now:
I bid us to our city—not to wait,
Here 'mongst their ships, and far from our own walls,
The dawn of sacred morning on the plain:
So long as this man's wrath was unallay'd
Tow'rd Agamemnon, easier fell the task
Of battle with Achaia; yea, my heart
Amidst their arrowy galleys leap'd with hope
To fire their fleet. But Peleus' fleetfoot Son

οἷος κείνου θυμὸς ὑπέρβιος, οὐκ ἐθελήσει
μίμνειν ἐν πεδίῳ, ὅθι περ Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν μέσῳ ἀμφότεροι μένος Ἄρηος δατέονται,
ἀλλὰ περὶ πτόλιός τε μαχήσεται ἠδὲ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἴομεν προτὶ ἄστυ, πίθεσθέ μοι· ὧδε γὰρ ἔσται.
νῦν μὲν νὺξ ἀπέπαυσε ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα
ἀμβροσίη· εἰ δ' ἄμμε κιχήσεται ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
αὔριον ὁρμηθεὶς σὺν τεύχεσιν, εὖ νύ τις αὐτὸν
γνώσεται· ἀσπασίως γὰρ ἀφίξεται Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ὅς κε φύγῃ, πολλοὺς δὲ κύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδονται
Τρώων· αἶ γὰρ δή μοι ἀπ' οὔατος ὧδε γένοιτο.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοῖς ἐπέεσσι πιθώμεθα, κηδόμενοί περ,
νύκτα μὲν εἰν ἀγορῇ σθένος ἔξομεν, ἄστυ δὲ πύργοι
ὑψηλαί τε πύλαι σανίδες τ' ἐπὶ τῇς ἀραρυῖαι
μακραὶ εὐξεστοι ἐζευγμέναι εἰρύσσονται.
πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
στησόμεθ' ἂμ πύργους· τῷ δ' ἄλγιον, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν περὶ τείχεος ἄμμι μάχεσθαι.
ἂψ πάλιν εἶσ' ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπεί κ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους
παντοίου δρόμου ἄσῃ ὑπὸ πτόλιν ἠλασκάζων.
εἴσω δ' οὔ μιν θυμὸς ἐφορμηθῆναι ἐάσει,
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐκπέρσει· πρίν μιν κύνες ἀργοὶ ἔδονται."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις,
ὃς κέλεαι κατὰ ἄστυ ἀλήμεναι αὖτις ἰόντας.
ἦ οὔπω κεκόρησθε ἐελμένοι ἔνδοθι πύργων;
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι
πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξαπόλωλε δόμων κειμήλια καλά,
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μῃονίην ἐρατεινὴν
κτήματα περνάμεν' ἵκει, ἐπει μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεύς.
νῦν δ' ὅτε πέρ μοι ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω

I deeply dread. His all-surpassing spirit
Brooks not the limits of the middle field
Where we partake the battle, but will range
Unsated, till he gain our homes and wives.
Into the city let us then retire :
Obey me ; thus these things will come to pass :
Darkness hath stay'd Peleion for the while :
But girt in arms to-morrow he will come,
And, should he come upon us tarrying here,
Too well his presence will be felt and known.
Right gladly into Ilion's sacred walls
Will any who escape him then retire,
But vultures and the dogs shall feast on more.
Ill words—may they be distant from mine ear !
But, be ye led of me, albeit we grudge
Retiring, yet this night our strength shall lie
In council ; and the battlements, and towers,
And lofty gates, and the huge panels smooth
Within them barr'd, shall hold our city safe :
Then at first daybreak we will take our stand
In arms along the parapets array'd :
So, if he dare advance against our walls,
The worse for him, and idly to the camp,
When he hath wearied driving round the town
His proudneck'd horses, he will drive them back.
But never shall his mighty heart suffice
To win him entry ; dogs shall rend his flesh
Or e'er he so can plunder sacred Troy."

Whom Hector, sternly frowning, answer'd thus :
" No more, Polydamas, thou speak'st thy rede
Pleasing to me, bidding us go again
Into the town, behind our walls—Speak *ye* !
Are ye not wearied, dungeon'd in these towers ?
King Priam's city was the tale of yore
Through the whole world for wealth of brass and gold ;
All those rich heirlooms of our homes have gone :
To Phrygia or Mæonia's pleasant land
Our wealth hath pass'd for barter : such the will
Of mighty Zeus, who smites us low with war.
But now, when great Kroneion hath vouchsafed

κῦδος ἀρέσθ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ, θαλάσσῃ τ' ἔλσαι Ἀχαιοὺς,
νήπιε, μηκέτι ταῦτα νοήματα φαῖν' ἐνὶ δήμῳ.
οὐ γάρ τις Τρώων ἐπιπείσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἕλεσθε κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν,
καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε, καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἕκαστος·
Τρώων δ' ὃς κτεάτεσσιν ὑπερφιάλως ἀνιάζει,
συλλέξας λαοῖσι δότω καταδημοβορῆσαι,
τῶν τινὰ βέλτερον ἐστιν ἐπαυρέμεν ἤπερ Ἀχαιούς.
πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα.
εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν παρὰ ναῦφιν ἀνέστη Διῒος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ἄλγιον, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται. οὔ μιν ἔγωγε
φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἄντην
στήσομαι, ἤ κε φέρῃσι μέγα κράτος, ἤ κε φεροίμην.
ξυνὸς Ἐνυάλιος, καί τε κτανέοντα κατέκτα."

Ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν
νήπιοι· ἐκ γάρ σφεων φρένας εἵλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·
Ἕκτορι μὲν γὰρ ἐπῄνησαν κακὰ μητιόωντι,
Πουλυδάμαντι δ' ἄρ' οὔτις, ὃς ἐσθλὴν φράζετο βουλήν.
δόρπον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο κατὰ στρατὸν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
πανννύχιοι Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες.
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλείδης ἀδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,
χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου
πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχων ὥστε λὶς ἠϋγένειος,
ᾧ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ σκύμνους ἐλαφηβόλος ἁρπάσῃ ἀνὴρ
ὕλης ἐκ πυκινῆς· ὁ δέ τ' ἄχνυται ὕστερος ἐλθὼν,
πολλὰ δέ τ' ἄγκε' ἐπῆλθε μετ' ἀνέρος ἴχνι' ἐρευνῶν,
εἴ ποθεν ἐξεύροι· μάλα γὰρ δριμὺς χόλος αἱρεῖ·
ὣς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων μετεφώνεε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον ἔπος ἔκβαλον ἤματι κείνῳ,

Glory to me victorious midst the fleet,
Hemming the Achaians back against the sea—
No longer set these counsels, O thou fool,
Before the people; none of Troy shall hear
Thy bidding, for I suffer this no more.
Hear therefore, and obey ye all my word.
Leave not your files, but take repast in line;
Keep watchful guard, and wakeful, every man:
And if the thought of large possessions here
Much vexeth any, let him gather all
And give them for the nation's uses free;
Better let these enjoy them, than the foe!
So at first daybreak we will raise our cry
Of battle far advanced amidst their camp;
Worse shall he fare, if then in very deed
Achilles dare stand forth to save the ships:
So be it: for I will not yield, but stand
Steadfast to meet him: his or mine perchance
To gain the glory; ever just the God
Of battles, and hath ofttimes slain the slayer."
He spoke, to whom the Trojans gave acclaim
Consenting: fools—by Pallas reft of wit,
Hearkening to Hector and his evil rede,
Deaf to Polydamas, whose word was wise!

So there in battle-line they made repast.

Meantime the Achaians all night long bewail'd
Patroclus, and Pelides led their wail:
Who clasp'd his slaughterous arms about the breast
Of the dear dead, and moan'd aloud, most like
Some bearded lion lorn of all his whelps,
Seized by a hunter from their forest-den;
Erelong he comes, and learns his woe, and roams
Through many a brake chasing the hunter's track
(If haply he may find him) fill'd with grief
Infuriate: thus with deepest moan their prince
Turn'd and address'd the Myrmidonian host:
"Ah, vague and wide of truth the word I spake,

θαρσύνων ἥρωα Μενοίτιον ἐν μεγάροισιν·
φῆν δέ οἱ εἰς Ὀπόεντα περικλυτὸν υἱὸν ἀπάξειν
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντα, λαχόντα τε λῆΐδος αἶσαν.
ἀλλ' οὐ Ζεὺς ἄνδρεσσι νοήματα πάντα τελευτᾷ·
ἄμφω γὰρ πέπρωται ὁμοίην γαῖαν ἐρεῦσαι
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νοστήσαντα
δέξεται ἐν μεγάροισι γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεύς
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ γαῖα καθέξει.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν, Πάτροκλε, σεῦ ὕστερος εἶμ' ὑπο γαῖαν,
οὔ σε πρὶν κτεριῶ, πρίν γ' Ἕκτορος ἐνθάδ' ἐνεῖκαι
τεύχεα καὶ κεφαλὴν, μεγαθύμου σοῖο φονῆος·
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσω
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολωθείς.
τόφρα δέ μοι παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι κείσεαι αὔτως,
ἀμφὶ δὲ σὲ Τρωαὶ καὶ Δαρδανίδες βαθύκολποι
κλαύσονται νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα δακρυχέουσαι,
τὰς αὐτοὶ καμόμεσθα βίηφί τε δουρί τε μακρῷ,
πιείρας πέρθοντε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἑτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα τάχιστα
Πάτροκλον λούσειαν ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.
οἱ δὲ λοετροχόον τρίποδ' ἵστασαν ἐν πυρὶ κηλέῳ,
ἐν δ' ἄρ' ὕδωρ ἔχεαν, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα δαῖον ἐλόντες·
γάστρην μὲν τρίποδος πῦρ ἄμφεπε, θέρμετο δ' ὕδωρ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ ζέσσεν ὕδωρ ἐνὶ ἤνοπι χαλκῷ,
καὶ τότε δὴ λοῦσάν τε καὶ ἤλειψαν λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,
ἐν δ' ὠτειλὰς πλῆσαν ἀλείφατος ἐννεώροιο·
ἐν λεχέεσσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν
ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρεϊ λευκῷ.
παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα πόδας ταχὺν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα
Μυρμιδόνες Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες·
Ζεὺς δ' Ἥρην προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·

"Ἔπρηξας καὶ ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ἀνστήσασ' Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· ἦ ῥά νυ σεῖο

Then when I cheer'd Menœtius in his home,
Vowing ere long to carry back his son
Laden with glory of the sack of Troy,
And wealthy with his portion of the spoil !
But Zeus fulfilleth not all thoughts of man.
For, lo, the doom of both is, here in Troy
To redden with our blood one foreign strand ;
Nor e'er shall Peleus, my old warrior-sire,
Nor Thetis, my loved mother, to their son
Give greeting, but the earth shall hold him here.
Yet, since my death, Patroclus, followeth thine,
I will not lay thy body in thy grave
Ere I have slain thy slayer, and can throw
The spoils and head of Hector on thy corse.
Yea, then before thy pyre I vow to slay,
For this my wrath, twelve fairest sons of Troy.
Meantime, here lie amongst our long-beak'd barks ;
And round thee days and nights the Dardan dames
Deep-bosom'd and the Trojan maids may weep,
Whom by our own right hands at point of spear
We won, and richest cities then despoil'd."
Achilles spoke, and to his comrades call'd
To set a massy tripod on a fire,
And cleanse the body of the clotted blood.
They set the tripod vessel o'er a fire,
Therein pour'd water, and lit logs beneath :
Up round the bellying cauldron curl'd the flame :
The water waxèd hot, and, when it seethed
Within the burnish'd brass, they wash'd the corse
Therewith, anointed it with olive oil,
And closed its wounds with balm nine years in store ;
Then laid it on a bier, from head to foot
Swathed in fine linen-cloth, and o'er the cloth
White mantle : thus the whole night long, around
Their chief, the Myrmidonians mourn'd the dead.

And Zeus address'd his sister and his spouse :
" My Herè, broad-brow'd Queen ! Thus then at last
Thou hast fulfill'd thy longing, and uproused
Thy fleetfoot hero ; such thy love, I trow

ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐγένοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες;
αἲ μὲν δή πού τις μέλλει βροτὸς ἀνδρὶ τελέσσαι,
ἰσπερ θνητός τ' ἐστὶ καὶ οὐ τόσα μήδεα οἶδεν·
πῶς δὴ ἔγωγ', ἥ φημι θεάων ἔμμεν ἀρίστη,
ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὕνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις
κέκλημαι, σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσεις,
οὐκ ὄφελον Τρώεσσι κοτεσσαμένη κακὰ ῥάψαι;"

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
Ἡφαίστου δ' ἵκανε δόμον Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
ἄφθιτον ἀστερόεντα, μεταπρεπέ' ἀθανάτοισιν,
χάλκεον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὸς ποιήσατο κυλλοποδίων.
τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἱδρώοντα ἑλισσόμενον περὶ φύσας,
σπεύδοντα· τρίποδας γὰρ ἐείκοσι πάντας ἔτευχεν
ἑστάμεναι περὶ τοῖχον ἐϋσταθέος μεγάροιο,
χρύσεα δέ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλα ἑκάστῳ πυθμένι θῆκεν,
ὄφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῖον δυσαίατ' ἀγῶνα
ἠδ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νεοίατο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἤτοι τόσσον μὲν ἔχον τέλος, οὔατα δ' οὔπω
δαιδάλεα προσέκειτο· τά ῥ' ἤρτυε, κόπτε δὲ δεσμούς.
ὄφρ' ὅγε ταῦτ' ἐπονεῖτο ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν,
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα.
τὴν δὲ ἴδε προμολοῦσα Χάρις λιπαροκρήδεμνος,
καλή, τὴν ὤπυιε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε; πάρος γε μὲν οὔτι θαμίζεις.
ἀλλ' ἕπεο προτέρω, ἵνα τοι πὰρ ξείνια θείω."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πρόσω ἄγε δῖα θεάων.
τὴν μὲν ἔπειτα καθεῖσεν ἐπὶ θρόνου ἀργυροήλου,
καλοῦ δαιδαλέου· ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυς ποσὶν ἦεν·

These long-curl'd warriors children of thy womb ! "
To Him the broad-brow'd Goddess made reply :
" Most dread my Lord ! What meaneth this thy gibe ?
Lo, men on one another wreak their wills,
Though mortal, and of wisdom not as Gods ;
How then should I, first of the heavenly host,
By right of birth, and eke by place, who am
Thy spouse, and thou art sovran of all Gods,
Not weave my net to wreak my wrath on Troy ? "
This was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

But silver-footed Thetis, Nymph divine,
Gain'd soon the palace of Hephæstus, rear'd
For his own dwelling by the haltfoot God,
Of beauty most transcendent even in heaven,
Starry and incorruptible of brass.
She found him in hard labour dripping sweat
Above his bellows ; for he fashioning wrought
Of tripods a full score, to stand array'd
In range about the stately chamber's walls ;
And to the pedestal of each he made
Beneath them golden wheels, whereon to move
Spontaneous to the choir divine, and thence
Spontaneous to their place return, self-roll'd,
A marvel to all eyes ! So far complete
The work ; but not as yet their curlèd ears
Were added ; these now welding and their links,
Constant he labour'd of his cunning craft,
Unknowing, whilst fair Thetis nigh approach'd.
But Charis, mantled in a glistening veil,
The far-famed Haltfoot's beauteous wife, went forth
To meet her, and embraced her hand, and said :
" Nymph of the flowing robe, beloved, revered,
Thetis, say wherefore com'st thou to our house ?
This hath not been thy wont at all ; but come,
Enter, partake of hospitable fare."
And while she spoke, the Goddess led her in,
And set her on a throne, with silver starr'd
Of precious work, and with a footstep raised
Beneath it ; then aloud she spoke, and call'd

κέκλετο δ' Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην εἶπέ τε μῦθον·

"Ἥφαιστε, πρόμολ' ὧδε· Θέτις νύ τι σεῖο χατίζει."
τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·

"Ἦ ῥά νύ μοι δεινή τε καὶ αἰδοίη θεὸς ἔνδον,
ἥ μ' ἐσάωσ', ὅτε μ' ἄλγος ἀφίκετο τῆλε πεσόντα
μητρὸς ἐμῆς ἰότητι κυνώπιδος, ἥ μ' ἐθέλησεν
κρύψαι χωλὸν ἐόντα· τότ' ἂν πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ,
εἰ μή μ' Εὐρυνόμη τε Θέτις θ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ,
Εὐρυνόμη, θυγάτηρ ἀψοῤῥόου Ὠκεανοῖο.
τῇσι παρ' εἰνάετες χάλκευον ἰδαίδαλα πολλά,
πόρπας τε γναμπτάς θ' ἕλικας κάλυκάς τε καὶ ὅρμους
ἐν σπῆϊ γλαφυρῷ· περὶ δὲ ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀφρῷ μορμύρων ῥέεν ἄσπετος· οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ᾔδεεν οὔτε θεῶν οὔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις τε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη ἴσαν, αἵ μ' ἐσάωσαν.
ἦ νῦν ἡμέτερον δόμον ἵκει· τῷ με μάλα χρεὼ
πάντα Θέτι καλλιπλοκάμῳ ζωάγρια τίνειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν οἱ παράθες ξεινήϊα καλά,
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ φύσας ἀποθείομαι ὅπλα τε πάντα."

Ἦ καὶ ἀπ' ἀκμοθέτοιο πέλωρ αἴητον ἀνέστη
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δὲ κνῆμαι ῥώοντο ἀραιαί.
φύσας μέν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε τίθει πυρὸς, ὅπλα τε πάντα
λάρνακ' ἐς ἀργυρέην συλλέξατο, τοῖς ἐπονεῖτο·
σπόγγῳ δ' ἁμφὶ πρόσωπα καὶ ἄμφω χεῖρ' ἀπομόργνυ
αὐχένα τε στιβαρὸν καὶ στήθεα λαχνήεντα,
δῦ δὲ χιτῶν', ἕλε δὲ σκῆπτρον παχὺ, βῆ δὲ θύραζε
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δ' ἀμφίπολοι ῥώοντο ἄνακτι
χρύσειαι, ζωῇσι νεήνισιν εἰοικυῖαι.
τῇς ἐν μὲν νόος ἐστὶ μετὰ φρεσὶν, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐδὴ
καὶ σθένος, ἀθανάτων δὲ θεῶν ἄπο ἔργα ἴσασιν.
αἱ μὲν ὕπαιθα ἄνακτος ἐποίπνυον· αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔῤῥων
πλησίον, ἔνθα Θέτις περ, ἐπὶ θρόνου ἷζε φαεινοῦ,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

Hephæstus, lord of heavenly craft, and said :
"Come forth ; for Thetis hath some need of thee."
And quick the far-famed Haltfoot made reply :
"Say'st thou ? Then verily within my doors
Hath come whom most I venerate and love ;
Who saved me, when that anguish came upon me
Far falling headlong by the unnatural hand
Of mine own mother, who would fain have hid
A birth so lame ; then had I suffer'd sore
Had not fair Thetis and Eurynomè
(Eurynomè, of circling Ocean child)
Caught me within their laps. For them I wrought
A nine-years' space full many a lovely jewel,
Clasps, and crook'd twists, and flowers of gold, and chains,
Deep in that hollow cavern ; foaming round me
The infinite stream of Ocean murmuring flow'd ;
Nor other or of Gods or mortal men
Knew me there hidden, but Eurynomè
And Thetis, who had saved me, only knew :
Who now hath come to visit this our home ;
To fair-hair'd Thetis, as is meet, I give
My all, in guerdon of a life preserved.
Set thou before thy guest thy best of fare ;
I lay my bellows and my tools aside."
Speaking, his giant bulk from off the stithe
He heaved with halting gait ; his shrunken shanks
Yet bare him nimbly up, the while he placed
His bellows from the fire remote, and all
The tools, wherewith he labour'd, gather'd close
Into a silver coffer ; then sponged clean
His face, and stalwart throat, and both his hands,
And shaggy chest, and wiped them clear of soot ;
Last, donn'd a tunic, and with staff in hand
Limp'd tow'rd the door ; handmaids their lord upbare
Fashion'd in gold, yet like to maids who live,
In whom was speech and wide discourse, and strength,
And knowledge of all craft bestow'd by Heav'n :
These now did service 'neath their God, who, nigh
To Thetis moved, and took a glittering throne,
Embraced her hand, and spake her name, and said :

" Τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε ; πάρος γε μὲν οὔτι θαμίζεις.
ἄϋδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
" Ἥφαιστ', ἦ ἄρα δή τις, ὅσαι θεαί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
τοσσάδ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἧσιν ἀνέσχετο κήδεα λυγρὰ,
ὅσσ' ἐμοὶ ἐκ πασέων Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν ;
ἐκ μὲν μ' ἀλλάων ἀλιάων ἀνδρὶ δάμασσεν,
Αἰακίδῃ Πηλῆϊ, καὶ ἔτλην ἀνέρος εὐνὴν
πολλὰ μάλ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσα. ὁ μὲν δὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ
κεῖται ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἀρημένος, ἄλλα δέ μοι νῦν·
υἱὸν ἐπεί μοι δῶκε γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε,
ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνεϊ ἶσος·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα φυτὸν ὣς γουνῷ ἀλωῆς,
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω
Τρωσὶ μαχησόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα, δόμον Πηλήϊον εἴσω.
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζώει καὶ ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο,
ἄχνυται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναμαι χραισμῆσαι ἰοῦσα.
κούρην ἣν ἄρα οἱ γέρας ἔξελον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἤτοι ὁ τῆς ἀχέων φρένας ἔφθιεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρῶες ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἐείλεον, οὐδὲ θύραζε
εἴων ἐξιέναι. τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
Ἀργείων, καὶ πολλὰ περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνόμαζον.
ἔνθ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἠναίνετο λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πάτροκλον περὶ μὲν τὰ ἃ τεύχεα ἔσσεν,
πέμπε δέ μιν πόλεμόνδε, πολὺν δ' ἅμα λαὸν ὄπασσεν.
πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ μάρναντο περὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν·
καὶ νύ κεν αὐτῆμαρ πόλιν ἔπραθον, εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων

"Nymph of the flowing robes, beloved, revered,
Say, Thetis, wherefore com'st thou to our home?
This hath not been thy wont; but speak thy will;
My heart is quick to do it; so it be
That which I can, and that which may be done."
And Thetis all in tears made sad reply:
"O say, Hephæstus, of the host of heaven,
Hath ever Goddess suffer'd in her heart
Woe such as Zeus hath singled me to bear?
Of old he bow'd me under sway of man,
Me only of my sisters of the sea,
To Peleus, son of Æacus: most loth,
Perforce, I bore to wed with mortal man,
Who now within his home by mournful age
Lies broken. Other woes are yet to come.
For he hath granted me to bear a son
And rear him till he shows of heroes first;
Straight as a sapling, strong and fair, he throve;
And tenderly as a plant in some rich bower
I nursed him, till I sent him forth embark'd
On the beak'd galleys to the war with Troy.
But nevermore shall I receive him home,
Never will he return to Peleus' house.
Yea, while he still survives to me and lives
To see the sunshine of another day,
His heart is rent with anguish, nor at all
Avails my succour for his sorrow's cure.
The maiden whom the Achaians chose his meed,
Was torn by Agamemnon from his hands;
For her he inly grieved, and pined away;
Until Achaia's host was straiten'd sore,
Hemm'd to their very galleys' sterns by Troy,
Nor durst advance before their bulwark's gates.
Their old men came beseeching; glorious gifts
They proffer'd; but he would not, and denied
Himself to save their ruin: yet he clad
Patroclus in his arms, and sent him forth
To war, and with him join'd a mighty host.
So all day long before the Scæan gate
They fought, and on that day had ta'en the city,

πολλὰ κακὰ ῥέξαντα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
ἕκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
τοὔνεκα νῦν τὰ σὰ γούναθ' ἱκάνομαι, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα
υἱεῖ ἐμῷ ὠκυμόρῳ δόμεν ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν
καὶ καλὰς κνημῖδας, ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας,
καὶ θώρηχ'· ὃ γὰρ ἦν οἱ, ἀπώλεσε πιστὸς ἑταῖρος
Τρωσὶ δαμείς· ὁ δὲ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυμὸν ἀχεύων."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
"θάρσει· μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.
αἲ γάρ μιν θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ὧδε δυναίμην
νόσφιν ἀποκρύψαι, ὅτε μιν μόρος αἰνὸς ἱκάνοι,
ὡς οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ παρέσσεται, οἷά τις αὖτε
ἀνθρώπων πολέων θαυμάσσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τὴν μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δ' ἐπὶ φύσας,
τὰς δ' ἐς πῦρ ἔτρεψε, κέλευσέ τε ἐργάζεσθαι.
φύσαι δ' ἐν χοάνοισιν ἐείκοσι πᾶσαι ἐφύσων,
παντοίην εὔπρηστον ἀϋτμὴν ἐξανιεῖσαι,
ἄλλοτε μὲν σπεύδοντι παρέμμεναι, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε,
ὅππως Ἥφαιστός τ' ἐθέλοι καὶ ἔργον ἄνοιτο.
χαλκὸν δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλεν ἀτειρέα κασσίτερόν τε
καὶ χρυσὸν τιμῆντα καὶ ἄργυρον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
θῆκεν ἐν ἀκμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, γέντο δὲ χειρὶ
ῥαιστῆρα κρατερὴν, ἑτέρηφι δὲ γέντο πυράγρην.

Ποίει δὲ πρώτιστα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε
πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν,
τρίπλακα μαρμαρέην, ἐκ δ' ἀργύρεον τελαμῶνα.
πέντε δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ ἔσαν σάκεος πτύχες· αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
ποίει δαίδαλα πολλὰ ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.

Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν,
ἠέλιόν τ' ἀκάμαντα σελήνην τε πλήθουσαν,
ἐν δὲ τὰ τείρεα πάντα, τάτ' οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωται,
Πληϊάδας θ' Ὑάδας τε, τό τε σθένος Ὠρίωνος

Had not Apollo 'mongst
(Yet after slaughter wrought) Menœtius' Son,
Bestowing all the glory of his death
On Hector. Therefore have I come, and clasp
Thy knees, beseeching that thou give my son,
Though doom'd to early death, a shield and helm,
And glittering greaves with anklets clasp'd below,
And corslet; since the armour erst his own
His faithful friend hath lost, by Trojans slain,
For whom he now lies sobbing prone on earth."
And thus renown'd Hephæstus made reply:
"Be cheer'd, nor let this weigh upon thy heart:
For would that in the coming hour of fate
My power were such to hide him safe away
From baleful death, as now to forge him arms,
The marvel of the thousands who shall see!"
Ceasing, he left her there, and went, and faced
His bellows tow'rd the flames, and bade them blow.
Full score of bellows breathed upon the moulds,
And blew their kindling blasts, to every need
Attemper'd, hot to haste, or cold, whene'er
The God so bade, and toil was nigh fulfill'd.
Then brass eterne upon the fire he cast,
Silver, and tin, and precious gold, and laid
Huge anvil on the stithy; in his right
A hammer, in his left he plied the tongs.

And first he fashion'd huge and massy shield,
And all the surface varied by his craft:
But round it cast a gleaming rim, in depth
Three metal folds, and added silvern thong;
Five plates the targe in depth; but on the disc
Fair rich devices by his art he wrought.

Thereon he wrought the heavens, and earth, and sea,
The sun untiring, and the moon at full,
And all the constellations wreathed round heaven,
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might
Of great Orion, and the Wain-named star

Ἄρκτον θ', ἣν καὶ ἅμαξαν ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν,
ἥτ' αὐτοῦ στρέφεται καί τ' Ὠρίωνα δοκεύει,
οἴη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.

Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
καλάς. ἐν τῇ μέν ῥα γάμοι τ' ἔσαν εἰλαπίναι τε,
νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων δαΐδων ὕπο λαμπομενάων
ἠγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστυ, πολὺς δ' ὑμέναιος ὀρώρει·
κοῦροι δ' ὀρχηστῆρες ἐδίνεον, ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
αὐλοὶ φόρμιγγές τε βοὴν ἔχον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
ἱστάμεναι θαύμαζον ἐπὶ προθύροισιν ἑκάστη.
λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ ἔσαν ἀθρόοι· ἔνθα δὲ νεῖκος
ὠρώρει, δύο δ' ἄνδρες ἐνείκεον εἵνεκα ποινῆς
ἀνδρὸς ἀποφθιμένου· ὁ μὲν εὔχετο πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι,
δήμῳ πιφαύσκων, ὁ δ' ἀναίνετο μηδὲν ἑλέσθαι·
ἄμφω δ' ἰέσθην ἐπὶ ἴστορι πεῖραρ ἑλέσθαι.
λαοὶ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπήπυον, ἀμφὶς ἀρωγοί·
κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον· οἱ δὲ γέροντες
εἵατ' ἐπὶ ξεστοῖσι λίθοις ἱερῷ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ,
σκῆπτρα δὲ κηρύκων ἐν χέρσ' ἔχον ἠεροφώνων·
τοῖσιν ἔπειτ' ἤϊσσον, ἀμοιβηδὶς δὲ δίκαζον.
κεῖτο δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
τῷ δόμεν ὃς μετὰ τοῖσι δίκην ἰθύντατα εἴποι.

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν ἀμφὶ δύω στρατοὶ εἵατο λαῶν
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενοι. δίχα δέ σφισιν ἤνδανε βουλὴ,
ἠὲ διαπραθέειν ἢ ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι,
κτῆσιν ὅσην πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἐέργοι·
οἱ δ' οὔπω πείθοντο, λόχῳ δ' ὑπεθωρήσσοντο.
τεῖχος μέν ῥ' ἄλοχοί τε φίλαι καὶ νήπια τέκνα
ῥύατ', ἐφεσταότες, μετὰ δ' ἀνέρες οὓς ἔχε γῆρας·
οἱ δ' ἴσαν· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
ἄμφω χρυσείω, χρύσεια δὲ εἵματα ἕσθην,
καλὼ καὶ μεγάλω σὺν τεύχεσιν, ὥστε θεώ περ,
ἀμφὶς ἀριζήλω· λαοὶ δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονες ἦσαν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι σφίσιν εἶκε λοχῆσαι,

Of Arctos, whirling steadfast in his place,
Thence watching on Orion, and alone
Unportion'd in the baths of ocean's stream.

Thereon he wrought withal two cities fair,
And full: in one were marriages and feasts;
And brides from out their chambers by the gleam
Of torches led along the streets, with hymns
Of Hymen piercing upwards, and with youths
In giddy dance; amongst them play of pipes
And flutes; and women gazing from their doors.
But in the market-place a throng; for there
Had risen a strife at law betwixt two men
For price of blood: stood, vowing to the crowd,
The one, that he had paid the utmost mulct,
The other, that he ne'er had aught received.
And both desired to close on testimony.
The people, as they favour'd each, still gave
Acclaim, but heralds kept the people back,
The while the Elders sate in sacred ring
On smooth-worn stones, holding such staves in hand
As clear-voiced heralds use, and, one by one,
Rose up to judgment and to just award.
But in their midst two golden talents lay
For him whose voice was righteous in the cause.

But round the other city two great hosts
Were camp'd, in arms all shining; whom amongst
Was now divided counsel—should they give
The whole to sack and plunder, or accept
The half of all within the leaguer'd walls.
But not within was thought of yielding; there
They girt them to an ambush: on the walls
Women and children, and the men whom age
So held, stood guarding; but the rest moved forth,
Whom Ares led, and Pallas, graved in gold
With golden garments, tall and lovely-shaped
As Gods, and towering lofty o'er a crowd
Enwrought of lower stature. So they came
To likeliest ambush, by a river's bank,

ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι τ' ἀρδμὸς ἔην πάντεσσι βοτοῖσιν,
ἔνθ' ἄρα τοίγ' ἵζοντ' εἰλυμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δύω σκοποὶ εἵατο λαῶν,
δέγμενοι ὁππότε μῆλα ἰδοίατο καὶ ἕλικας βοῦς.
οἱ δὲ τάχα προγένοντο, δύω δ' ἀμ' ἕποντο νομῆες
τερπόμενοι σύριγξι· δόλον δ' οὔτι προνόησαν.
οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες ἐπέδραμον, ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα
τάμνοντ' ἀμφὶ βοῶν ἀγέλας καὶ πώεα καλὰ
ἀργεννῶν οἰῶν, κτεῖνον δ' ἐπὶ μηλοβοτῆρας.
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἐπύθοντο πολὺν κέλαδον παρὰ βουσὶν
εἰράων προπάροιθε καθήμενοι, αὐτίκ' ἐφ' ἵππων
βάντες ἀερσιπόδων μετεκίαθον, αἶψα δ' ἵκοντο.
στησάμενοι δ' ἐμάχοντο μάχην ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας,
βάλλον δ' ἀλλήλους χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχείῃσιν.
ἐν δ' Ἔρις, ἐν δὲ Κυδοιμὸς ὁμίλεον, ἐν δ' ὁλοὴ Κὴρ,
ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
ἄλλον τεθνηῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε ποδοῖιν·
εἷμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἵματι φωτῶν.
ὡμίλευν δ' ὥστε ζωοὶ βροτοὶ ἠδ' ἐμάχοντο,
νεκρούς τ' ἀλλήλων ἕρυον κατατεθνηῶτας.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν, πίειραν ἄρουραν,
εὐρεῖαν τρίπολον· πολλοὶ δ' ἀροτῆρες ἐν αὐτῇ
ζεύγεα δινεύοντες ἐλάστρεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
οἱ δ' ὁπότε στρέψαντες ἱκοίατο τέλσον ἀρούρης,
τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἐν χερσὶ δέπας μελιηδέος οἴνου
δόσκεν ἀνὴρ ἐπιών· τοὶ δὲ στρέψασκον ἀν' ὄγμους,
ἱέμενοι νειοῖο βαθείης τέλσον ἱκέσθαι.
ἡ δὲ μελαίνετ' ὄπισθεν, ἀρηρομένῃ δὲ ἐῴκει,
χρυσείη περ ἐοῦσα· τὸ δὴ περὶ θαῦμα τέτυκτο.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος βαθυλήϊον· ἔνθα δ' ἔριθοι
ἤμων ὀξείας δρεπάνας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες.
δρύγματα δ' ἄλλα μετ' ὄγμον ἐπήτριμα πῖπτον ἔραζε,
ἄλλα δ' ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐν ἑλλεδανοῖσι δέοντο.
τρεῖς δ' ἄρ' ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐφέστασαν· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν

Thereon he wrought withal a fallow field
Of soft fat glebe, thrice till'd, and spacious breadth;
And many a plougher on it to and fro
Drave yoke of oxen; ever when they gain'd
The border, where they wheel'd, a swain drew nigh
Proffering a cup of honey-tasted wine;
Thence to new furrow-line they wheel'd, and strain'd
To gain the adverse border of the lea;
But all the lea lay black behind them, black
As tilth new turn'd, though wrought in stubborn gold:
So wondrous was the marvel of the work.

Thereon he wrought withal a fair demesne
Deep-meadow'd; and the reapers reap'd upon it;
And in their hands keen sickles; down to earth
Successive all along the furrow dropp'd
The trusses, and the binders bound the sheaves:
Three men were there to bind the sheaves; behind

παῖδες δραγμεύοντες, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι φέροντες,
ἀσπερχὲς πάρεχον· βασιλεὺς δ' ἐν τοῖσι σιωπῇ
σκῆπτρον ἔχων ἑστήκει ἐπ' ὄγμου γηθόσυνος κῆρ.
κήρυκες δ' ἀπάνευθεν ὑπὸ δρυὶ δαῖτα πένοντο,
βοῦν δ' ἱερεύσαντες μέγαν ἄμφεπον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
δεῖπνον ἐρίθοισιν λεύκ' ἄλφιτα πολλὰ πάλυνον.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σταφυλῇσι μέγα βρίθουσαν ἀλωὴν
καλὴν χρυσείην· μέλανες δ' ἀνὰ βότρυες ἦσαν,
ἑστήκει δὲ κάμαξι διαμπερὲς ἀργυρέῃσιν.
ἀμφὶ δὲ, κυανέην κάπετον, περὶ δ' ἕρκος ἔλασσεν
κασσιτέρου· μία δ' οἴη ἀταρπιτὸς ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτὴν,
τῇ νίσσοντο φορῆες, ὅτε τρυγόῳεν ἀλωήν.
παρθενικαὶ δὲ καὶ ἠΐθεοι ἀταλὰ φρονέοντες
πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροισι φέρον μελιηδέα καρπόν.
τοῖσιν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι πάϊς φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ
ἱμερόεν κιθάριζε, λίνον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄειδεν
λεπταλέῃ φωνῇ· τοὶ δὲ ῥήσσοντες ἀμαρτῇ
μολπῇ τ' ἰυγμῷ τε ποσὶ σκαίροντες ἕποντο.

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων·
αἱ δὲ βόες χρυσοῖο τετεύχατο κασσιτέρου τε,
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀπὸ κόπρου ἐπεσσεύοντο νομόνδε
πὰρ ποταμὸν κελάδοντα, παρὰ ῥοδανὸν δονακῆα.
χρύσειοι δὲ νομῆες ἅμ' ἑστιχόωντο βόεσσιν
τέσσαρες, ἐννέα δέ σφι κύνες πόδας ἀργοὶ ἕποντο.
σμερδαλέω δὲ λέοντε δύ' ἐν πρώτῃσι βόεσσιν
ταῦρον ἐρύγμηλον ἐχέτην· ὁ δὲ μακρὰ μεμυκὼς
ἕλκετο· τὸν δὲ κύνες μετεκίαθον ἠδ' αἰζηοί.
τὼ μὲν ἀναῤῥήξαντε βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
ἔγκατα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα λαφύσσετον· οἱ δὲ νομῆες
αὔτως ἐνδίεσαν ταχέας κύνας ὀτρύνοντες.
οἱ δ' ἤτοι δακέειν μὲν ἀπετρωπῶντο λεόντων,
ἱστάμενοι δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ὑλάκτεον ἔκ τ' ἀλέοντο.

Ἐν δὲ νομὸν ποίησε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,
ἐν καλῇ βήσσῃ, μέγαν οἰῶν ἀργεννάων,
σταθμούς τε κλισίας τε κατηρεφέας ἰδὲ σηκούς.

Came children gathering up the corn, and bare
By armfuls to the binders without end.
But in a furrow, staff in hand, their lord
Stood, silent, happy ; and short way apart,
Under an oak his servants spread a feast
Or tended on the offering of an ox,
Whilst women sprinkled all the meats with meal.

Thereon a vineyard he enwrought withal
Grape-laden, graved in gold, but clusters black
Upon it, and the vines on silver poles.
The ditch he carved in steel ; in tin the fence,
About it ; and a single path ran through,
Whereon the gatherers pass'd at vintage time :
And, all in glee child-hearted, maids and men
Along it now in osier baskets bare
The honey-tasted clusters ; in their midst
A boy stood, sweetly harping on a lute,
And sang the lay of Linos, slender-toned.
Round him together, beating time, they came,
Singing, and breaking into dance and shout.

Thereon he wrought withal a hornèd herd
Of oxen, and the kine in gold and tin ;
Forth to their pasture by a sounding stream
Along a bed of flickering reeds they rush'd
With lowing from their stalls ; engraved in gold,
Four hinds came with them, and nine nimble hounds.
Two terrible lions held a snorting bull
Down 'mid their foremost, bellowing, dragged to death.
The hinds and dogs were graven in pursuit.
Anon the lions, bursting through the hide,
'Gin lap the blood and offal ; whilst the men
Press on their foe and cheer their dogs in vain ;
Who shun to grip a lion with their teeth,
Bark and bay round him, yet remain aloof.

Thereon withal the far-famed Haltfoot wrought
Large pasture in a lovely glade, and flocks
In silver, folds, and roofing-tents, and pens.

'Εν δὲ χορὸν ποίκιλλε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,
τῷ ἴκελον οἷόν ποτ' ἐνὶ Κνωσῷ εὐρείῃ
Δαίδαλος ἤσκησεν καλλιπλοκάμῳ 'Αριάδνῃ.
ἔνθα μὲν ἠίθεοι καὶ παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι
ὠρχεῦντ', ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔχοντες.
τῶν δ' αἱ μὲν λεπτὰς ὀθόνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ χιτῶνας
εἵατ' ἐϋννήτους, ἦκα στίλβοντας ἐλαίῳ·
καί ῥ' αἱ μὲν καλὰς στεφάνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ μαχαίρας
εἶχον χρυσείας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων.
οἱ δ' ὁτὲ μὲν θρέξασκον ἐπισταμένοισι πόδεσσιν
ῥεῖα μάλ', ὡς ὅτε τις τροχὸν ἅρμενον ἐν παλάμῃσιν
ἑζόμενος κεραμεὺς πειρήσεται, αἴ κε θέῃσιν·
ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ θρέξασκον ἐπὶ στίχας ἀλλήλοισιν.
πολλὸς δ' ἱμερόεντα χορὸν περιίσταθ' ὅμιλος
τερπόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφιν ἐμέλπετο θεῖος ἀοιδὸς
φορμίζων· δοιὼ δὲ κυβιστητῆρε κατ' αὐτοὺς
μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντος ἐδίνευον κατὰ μέσσους.

'Εν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο μέγα σθένος 'Ωκεανοῖο
ἄντυγα πὰρ πυμάτην σάκεος πύκα ποιητοῖο.

Αὐτάρ ἐπειδὴ τεῦξε σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,
τεῦξ' ἄρα οἱ θώρηκα φαεινότερον πυρὸς αὐγῆς,
τεῦξε δέ οἱ κόρυθα βριαρὴν κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν,
καλὴν δαιδαλέην, ἐπὶ δὲ χρύσεον λόφον ἧκεν,
τεῦξε δέ οἱ κνημῖδας ἑανοῦ κασσιτέροιο.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάνθ' ὅπλα κάμε κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,
μητρὸς 'Αχιλλῆος θῆκε προπάροιθεν ἀείρας.
ἡ δ' ἴρηξ ὣς ἅλτο κατ' Οὐλύμπου νιφόεντος,
τεύχεα μαρμαίροντα παρ' 'Ηφαίστοιο φέρουσα.

Thereon he wrought withal in various art
A dance, ev'n such as Dædalus design'd
Of old in spacious Cnossus for delight
Of bright-hair'd Ariadne : youths in throng
With maidens, fair to win a nuptial gift
Of many oxen,—hand in hand, they danced,
And wrist o'er wrist ; *these* clad in thinnest lawn,
And *those* in tunics glossy as with oil ;
And *these* with lovely wreaths, and *those* with swords
All golden, but from silver baldrics hung.
As when a potter, sitting o'er his wheel,
Twirls it with ease, assaying if it run,
So with all ease they ran, and graceful step,
Smooth, to and fro, and eyes interchanged.
Around them joying of the beauteous dance
A crowd stood gather'd, and a bard divine
Sang to his harp, and, as he led the strain,
Two tumblers in their midst went whirling round.

And, last, great Ocean's mighty stream he graved
To ring the margin of the wondrous shield.

But when the huge and massy shield was wrought,
A corslet, brighter than the blaze of fire,
A ponderous helmet, to the temples apt,
Enamell'd, and a golden crest above,
And greaves of pliant tin, he wrought thereto.

And when renown'd Hephæstus so had wrought
The arms, he laid them all before the feet
Of silver-footed Thetis ; straight she sprang
Down like a falcon from Olympus' snows,
Bearing the heavenly armour to her son.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Τ'.

Μήνιδος ἀπόῤῥησις.

Ἠὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων
ὤρνυθ', ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
ἡ δ' ἐς νῆας ἵκανε θεοῦ πάρα δῶρα φέρουσα.
εὗρε δὲ Πατρόκλῳ περικείμενον ὃν φίλον υἱὸν,
κλαίοντα λιγέως· πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
μύρονθ'. ἡ δ' ἐν τοῖσι παρίστατο δῖα θεάων,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Τέκνον ἐμὸν, τοῦτον μὲν ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,
κεῖσθαι, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα θεῶν ἰότητι δαμάσθη·
τύνη δ' Ἡφαίστοιο πάρα κλυτὰ τεύχεα δέξο,
καλὰ μάλ', οἷ' οὔπω τις ἀνὴρ ὤμοισι φόρησεν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κατὰ τεύχε' ἔθηκεν
πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλῆος· τὰ δ' ἀνέβραχε δαίδαλα πάντα.
Μυρμιδόνας δ' ἄρα πάντας ἔλε τρόμος, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
ἄντην εἰσιδέειν, ἀλλ' ἔτρεσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ὡς εἶδ', ὥς μιν μᾶλλον ἔδυ χόλος, ἐν δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δεινὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάρων ὡσεὶ σέλας ἐξεφάανθεν·
τέρπετο δ' ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων θεοῦ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ φρεσὶν ἧσι τετάρπετο δαίδαλα λεύσσων,
αὐτίκα μητέρα ἣν ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Μῆτερ ἐμὴ, τὰ μὲν ὅπλα θεὸς πόρεν οἷ' ἐπιεικὲς
ἔργ' ἔμεν ἀθανάτων, μηδὲ βροτὸν ἄνδρα τελέσσαι.
νῦν δ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ θωρήξομαι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δείδω μή μοι τόφρα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν

ILIAD XIX.

And Morn was moving forth in saffron robe,
Issuing from out the Ocean-stream to bear
Light to the world, when Thetis gain'd the fleet
With that her heavenly burden for her son.
She found him lying, clasping in his arms
The body of Patroclus, still in tears
Lamenting, and his followers round him wail'd.
Midmost the Goddess by his side took seat,
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :
"My child, despite our sorrow, yet awhile
Suffer the dead to rest ; and well thou know'st
He had not fallen, except by hand of Gods ;
And take these glorious arms, Hephæstus' gift,
Beauteous—no man hath ever borne the like."
And, as she spoke, the Goddess laid the arms
Before Achilles' feet ; each lovely piece
Clang'd, and their clang made tremble all the host
Of Myrmidonia, nor might man uplift
His eyes to meet their brightness, unappall'd.
But, as Achilles gazed, his wrath but wax'd
The hotter, and his eyeballs flash'd with fire ;
Yet joy stole gradual o'er him, as he held
Betwixt his hands those glorious gifts from heaven ;
Till of his joy from gazing on their beauty
He lightly to his mother made reply :
"Arms worthy of immortal craft, and such
As mortal ne'er might forge, the God hath wrought
For thee, my mother ; and I straight will arm.
But much I dread, lest meantime worms invade
The body of Menœtius' noble Son,

μυῖαι καδδῦσαι κατὰ χαλκοτύπους ὠτειλὰς
εὐλὰς ἐγγείνωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρόν—
ἐκ δ' αἰὼν πέφαται—κατὰ δὲ χρόα πάντα σαπήῃ."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"τέκνον, μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ πειρήσω ἀλαλκεῖν ἄγρια φῦλα,
μυίας, αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηϊφάτους κατέδουσιν·
ἤνπερ γὰρ κῆταί γε τελεσφόρον εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν,
αἰεὶ τῷδ' ἔσται χρὼς ἔμπεδος, ἢ καὶ ἀρείων.
ἀλλὰ σύγ' εἰς ἀγορὴν καλέσας ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς,
μῆνιν ἀποειπὼν Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
αἶψα μάλ' ἐς πόλεμον θωρήῠσεο, δύσεο δ' ἀλκήν."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνῆκεν,
Πατρόκλῳ δ' αὖτ' ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐρυθρὸν
στάξε κατὰ ῥινῶν, ἵνα οἱ χρὼς ἔμπεδος εἴη.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ παρὰ θῖνα θαλάσσης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, ὦρσεν δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
καί ῥ' οἵπερ τὸ πάρος γε νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι μένεσκον,
οἵ τε κυβερνῆται καὶ ἔχον οἰήϊα νηῶν
καὶ ταμίαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔσαν, σίτοιο δοτῆρες,
καὶ μὴν οἱ τότε γ' εἰς ἀγορὴν ἴσαν, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
τὼ δὲ δύω σκάζοντε βάτην Ἄρεος θεράποντε,
Τυδείδης τε μενεπτόλεμος καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
ἔγχει ἐρειδομένω· ἔτι γὰρ ἔχον ἕλκεα λυγρά·
κὰδ δὲ μετὰ πρώτῃ ἀγορῇ ἵζοντο κιόντες.
αὐτὰρ ὁ δεύτατος ἦλθεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἕλκος ἔχων· καὶ γὰρ τὸν ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
οὖτα Κόων Ἀντηνορίδης χαλκήρεϊ δουρί.
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντες ἀολλίσθησαν Ἀχαιοὶ,
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Ατρείδη, ἦ ἄρ τι τόδ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἄρειον
ἔπλετο, σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ, ὅτε νῶϊ περ, ἀχνυμένω κῆρ,

Creep through the mouthèd wounds, and make their nests,
Shaming the dead (for life hath long-since flown)
With their unseemly work, and foul his limbs."
But silver-footed Thetis answering said:
"Let not this weigh, my child, upon thy heart:
Myself will send afar, as best I may,
The indomitable swarms of creeping things,
Whereto the mightiest yield a meal at last.
Though thus he lay a full-orb'd year, his skin
Should still be pure, yea, purer than of yore.
But haste and summon to the market-place
The heroes of Achaia; there renounce
Thy wrath 'gainst Agamemnon King of men;
Then arm thee, and engird thee in thy might.'
She spoke, enkindling in his heart new fire;
Then through Patroclus' nostrils, drop by drop,
To keep him from corruption whole and pure,
Pour'd ruddy nectar with ambrosia blent.

Thence by the sounding ocean's echoing shore
Godlike Achilles went, with cry that roused
And smote Achaia's sons with wondering awe;
And now ev'n those whose wont it was to bide
Aboard the ships,—the craftsmen, those who held
The rudders, and the stewards in the hulks,
Dispensers of provision to the host,—
These now all flock'd into the market-place,
For that Achilles after long surcease
From toilsome battle now had shown anew.
Two gallant labourers in Ares' field,
Noble Odysseus and brave Diomed,
Moved thither, halting on their spears, possess'd
By grievous wounds, and foremost sate them down.
Likewise the chieftain sovran of the host
Came halting by the wound of Coön's spear.
In that full gathering of Achaia's sons
Fleetfoot Achilles rose, and thus began:
"Better, Atrides, had it been for both,
For thee and me, if thus we then had met,
When with grieved hearts and spirit-wasting strife

θυμοβόρῳ ἔριδι μενεήναμεν εἵνεκα κούρης.
τὴν ὄφελ' ἐν νήεσσι κατακτάμεν Ἄρτεμις ἰῷ,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἐγὼν ἐλόμην Λυρνησὸν ὀλέσσας·
τῷ κ' οὐ τόσσοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὀδὰξ ἔλον ἄσπετον οὖδας
δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χερσὶν, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνίσαντος.
Ἕκτορι μὲν καὶ Τρωσὶ τὸ κέρδιον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
δηρὸν ἐμῆς καὶ σῆς ἔριδος μνήσεσθαι ὀΐω.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκῃ.
νῦν δ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ παύω χόλον, οὐδέ τί με χρὴ
ἀσκελέως αἰεὶ μενεαινέμεν· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον
ὄτρυνον πόλεμόνδε καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
ὄφρ' ἔτι καὶ Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίος ἐλθὼν,
αἴ κ' ἐθέλωσ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύειν· ἀλλά τιν' οἴω
ἀσπασίως αὐτῶν γόνυ κάμψειν, ὅς κε φύγῃσιν
δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο ὑπ' ἔγχεος ἠμετέροιο."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐχάρησαν ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοι
μῆνιν ἀπειπόντος μεγαθύμου Πηλείωνος.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
[αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἕδρης, οὐδ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀναστάς]·

"Ὦ φίλοι, ἥρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἐσταότος μὲν καλὸν ἀκούειν, οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
ὑββάλλειν· χαλεπὸν γὰρ, ἐπισταμένῳ περ ἐόντι.
ἀνδρῶν δ' ἐν πολλῷ ὑμάδῳ πῶς κέν τις ἀκούσαι
ἢ εἴποι; βλάβεται δὲ λιγύς περ ἐὼν ἀγορητής.
Πηλείδῃ μὲν ἐγὼν ἐνδείξομαι· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
σύνθεσθ' Ἀργεῖοι, μῦθόν τ' εὖ γνῶτε ἕκαστος.
πολλάκι δή μοι τοῦτον Ἀχαιοὶ μῦθον ἔειπον,
καί τέ με νεικείεσκον· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ αἴτιός εἰμι,
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς καὶ Μοῖρα καὶ ἠεροφοῖτις Ἐρινὺς,
οἵτε μοι εἰν ἀγορῇ φρεσὶν ἔμβαλον ἄγριον ἄτην,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' Ἀχιλλῆος γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπηύρων.
ἀλλὰ τί κεν ῥέξαιμι; θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ.
πρέσβα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄτη, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται,

We parted wroth, for one poor damsel's sake :
Yea, better had the dart of Artemis
Slain her amongst the galleys on the day
I took her, and Lyrnessus fell despoil'd !
So had been thousands saved their agonies,
Who on the broad floor of the infinite earth—
All for this anger's sake—have bit the dust ;
Sheer gain to Hector and to Troy ; but long
Shall Argos rue the strife betwixt us twain.
Howbeit the past be past, whate'er its wrongs,
All lesser pangs subdued in this extreme :
I here renounce my wrath, and know my fault
To nurse an endless anger. Therefore quick
Arise, and wake to war Achaia's sons :
That once again to Troy's encounter forth
Advancing, I may try them, if they *then*
Delight to take their rest so near our fleet !
Rather I think that who escape to home
Shall sit and hug their souls that they have shunn'd
The onset of Achilles' slaughtering spear ! "

He spoke, and all the host acclaiming heard
The wrath for aye renounced by Peleus' Son ;
Till Agamemnon from his throne began,
Still sitting, let from rising by his wound :

" Friends, fellow-labourers in Ares' field,
And heroes of Achaia ! Just demand
May he who riseth make for audience fair,
That no unseemly clamour trip his speech ;
Else, whatso'er his art, he fails perforce ;
How may he speak or hear ? Mid din of tongues
His voice is broken, though the clearest-toned.
I turn me in the main to Peleus' Son,
But hearken all, and lay my words to heart.
Oft have I heard these murmurs of the host
Upbraiding—yet not I the cause, but Zeus,
Fate, and the Furies, shrouded all in mist :
These cast a spirit of wild Sin within me,
Then when I robb'd Achilles of his meed.
Yet what could I ? Sin worketh through all life,
Sin, Power divine, and ancient-born of Zeus,

οὐλομένη· τῇ μέν θ' ἁπαλοὶ πόδες· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ' οὔδει
πίλναται, ἀλλ' ἄρα ἧγε κατ' ἀνδρῶν κρίατα βαίνει
[βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· κατὰ δ' οὖν ἕτερόν γε πέδησεν].
καὶ γὰρ δή νύ ποτε Ζεὺς ἄσατο, τόνπερ ἄριστον
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ τὸν
Ἥρη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα δολοφροσύνῃς ἀπάτησεν,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἔμελλε βίην Ἡρακληείην
Ἀλκμήνη τέξεσθαι ἐϋστεφάνῳ ἐνὶ Θήβῃ.
ἦτοι ὅγ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη πάντεσσι θεοῖσιν
'κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι,
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγει.
σήμερον ἄνδρα φόωσδε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια
ἐκφανεῖ, ὃς πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξει,
τῶν ἀνδρῶν γενεῆς οἵθ' αἵματος ἐξ ἐμεῦ εἰσίν.'
τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη
'ψευστήσεις, οὐδ' αὖτε τέλος μύθῳ ἐπιθήσεις.
εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν μοι ὄμοσσον, Ὀλύμπιε, καρτερὸν ὅρκον,
ἦ μὲν τὸν πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξειν,
ὅς κεν ἐπ' ἤματι τῷδε πέσῃ μετὰ ποσσὶ γυναικὸς
τῶν ἀνδρῶν οἳ σῆς ἐξ αἵματός εἰσι γενέθλης.'
ὣς ἔφατο· Ζεὺς δ' οὔτι δολοφροσύνην ἐνόησεν,
ἀλλ' ὄμοσεν μέγαν ὅρκον, ἔπειτα δὲ πολλὸν ἀάσθη.
Ἥρη δ' ἀΐξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκετ' Ἄργος Ἀχαιϊκὸν, ἔνθ' ἄρα ἤδη
ἰφθίμην ἄλοχον Σθενέλου Περσηϊάδαο.
ἡ δ' ἐκύει φίλον υἱὸν, ὁ δ' ἕβδομος ἐστήκει μείς·
ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε πρὸ φόωσδε καὶ ἠλιτόμηνον ἐόντα,
Ἀλκμήνης δ' ἀπέπαυσε τόκον, σχέθε δ' Εἰλειθυίας.
αὐτὴ δ' ἀγγελέουσα Δία Κρονίωνα προσηύδα
'Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀργικέραυνε, ἔπος τί τοι ἐν φρεσὶ θήσω.
ἤδη ἀνὴρ γέγον' ἐσθλὸς, ὃς Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάξει,
Εὐρυσθεὺς, Σθενέλοιο πάϊς Περσηϊάδαο,
σὸν γένος· οὔ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀνασσέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.'
ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχος ὀξὺ κατὰ φρένα τύψε βαθεῖαν.
αὐτίκα δ' εἷλ' Ἄτην κεφαλῆς λιπαροπλοκάμοιο

All-wasting, all-destroying! Nice her feet;
She walketh not on earth, but on the heads
Of mightiest mortals moveth, ruining men:
Nor only me, but others oft hath snared;
Ev'n Zeus, supreme adored of Gods and men,
Ev'n Zeus she harm'd, when Herè of her wiles
(Wiles like to wiles of woman) guiled her lord;
What time in castle-crownèd Thebæ lay
Alcmena nigh the birth of Hercules,
And Zeus thus vaunted forth the birth in heaven:
"'*Hear me, all Powers divine, or be thou God*
'*Or Goddess, whilst I utter forth my will.*
'*This day shall Eilythuia, by the pangs*
'*Of travail, bring to light a child of man,*
'*Born of the generation of my blood,*
'*And King to reign of every nation nigh.*'
"Then Herè of her guile made answer thus:
'*Tush! Thou wilt change, nor ratify thy word.*
'*But swear me, O my Lord, some mighty oath,*
'*Who falls this day new-born at woman's feet,*
'*Sprung of the generation of thy blood,*
'*The King shall reign of every nation nigh.*'
"She spoke, nor Zeus perceived her guile, and sware
A mighty oath, and, after, knew his harm.
For Herè hasting from the Olympian steep
Soon gain'd Achaian Argos; there she knew
The wife of Sthenelus, son of Perseus' race,
Lay pregnant, to her seventh month arrived.
Her son she brought to light, a seven-months' child,
But stay'd Alcmena's offspring, nor approach
Suffer'd of Eilythuia to her couch;
Then bare herself the message back to Zeus:
"'*Lord of the thunderbolt, our Father Zeus!*
'*Hearken, I bring thee tidings, what hath happ'd.*
'*Already hath a noble child been born,*
'*Eurystheus, son to Sthenelus, and sprung*
'*Of Perseus, generation of thy blood,*
'*The King to reign of every Argive race,*
'*Thy blood, and surely worthy to be King!*'
"He heard; the pang struck deep into his soul:
And forthwith of his wrath he seized on Sin,

χωόμενος φρεσὶν ᾗσι, καὶ ὤμοσε καρτερὸν ὅρκον
μήποτ' ἐς Οὔλυμπόν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα
αὖτις ἐλεύσεσθαι Ἄτην, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται.
ὣς εἰπὼν ἔῤῥιψεν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος
χειρὶ περιστρέψας· τάχα δ' ἵκετο ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων.
τὴν αἰεὶ στενάχεσχ', ὅθ' ἑὸν φίλον υἱὸν ὁρῷτο
ἔργον ἀεικὲς ἔχοντα ὑπ' Εὐρυσθῆος ἀέθλων.
ὥς καὶ ἐγὼν, ὅτε δ' αὖτε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
Ἀργείους ὀλέκεσκεν ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι νέεσσιν,
οὐ δυνάμην λελαθέσθ' Ἄτης, ᾗ πρῶτον ἀάσθην.
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμην καί μευ φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς,
ἄψ ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα·
ἀλλ' ὄρσευ πόλεμόνδε, καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.
δῶρα δ' ἐγὼν ὅδε πάντα παρασχεῖν, ὅσσα τοι ἐλθὼν
χθιζὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, ἐπίμεινον, ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἄρηος·
δῶρα δέ τοι θεράποντες ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἑλόντες
οἴσουσ', ὄφρα ἴδηαι ὅ τοι μενοεικέα δώσω."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
" Ἀτρείδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
δῶρα μὲν, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, παρασχέμεν, ὡς ἐπιεικὲς,
ἦτ' ἐχέμεν· πάρα σοί. νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα χάρμης
αἶψα μάλ'· οὐ γὰρ χρὴ κλοτοπεύειν ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
οὐδὲ διατρίβειν· ἔτι γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἄρεκτον·
ὥς κέ τις αὖτ' Ἀχιλῆα μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἴδηται
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας.
ὧδέ τις ὑμείων μεμνημένος ἀνδρὶ μαχέσθω."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
" μὴ δ' οὕτως, ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν, θεοείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νήστιας ὄτρυνε προτὶ Ἴλιον υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
Τρωσὶ μαχησομένους, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ὀλίγον χρόνον ἔσται
φύλοπις, εὖτ' ἂν πρῶτον ὁμιλήσωσι φάλαγγες
ἀνδρῶν, ἐν δὲ θεὸς πνεύσῃ μένος ἀμφοτέροισιν.
ἀλλὰ πάσασθαι ἄνωχθι θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς
σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή.

Seized by her glossy locks, and strongly sware,
Never again should harmful Sin ascend
To high Olympus or the starry heaven.
And having sworn, he whirl'd her o'er his head,
And hurl'd her headlong from the starry heaven.
Thenceforth She moveth 'mid the works of man.
But Zeus yet rued her ever, when he saw
His son beneath Eurystheus' tasks foredone.
As Zeus, so likewise I have found my sin;
And, oft remembering my primal fault,
Then rued it most, when Hector shone of late
Slaying us at our very galleys' sterns.
But since the sin was mine, and these mine eyes
Darken'd by Zeus, I fain would win thee back
Atoning by a gift of countless cost.
Rise then to war thyself, and rouse the host.
Meantime I send thee, whatso yestereve
Was proffer'd by Odysseus, to thy tent.
Or, if thou list, and wilt refrain awhile,
Wait here, and hither shall my followers bring
From out my bark the gifts before thine eyes,
Worthy of all acceptance and thy joy."

To whom the fleetfoot hero thus return'd:
"Most glorious sovran chieftain of the host,
Atrides Agamemnon! As thou wilt,
Either bring forth the gifts, as were most meet,
Or still withhold them: this remains with thee.
But now delight of battle be our thought!
Nor let us thus beguile the hours of war,
Nor linger here, our mighty task undone.
Soon shall Achilles once again be seen
Strewing with brazen lance the ranks of Troy;
Like him, let every Argive meet his foe!"

But many-wiled Odysseus made reply:
"Achilles, image of the Gods on earth!
Use not thy valour thus, to push our host
Fasting on Ilion to the war with Troy.
No short while shall the battle be, when once
The armies mix, and Heaven breathes might on each.
Rather first bid the Achaians take regale
Of food and wine aboard their hollow barks;

οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
ἄκμηνος σίτοιο δυνήσεται ἄντα μάχεσθαι·
εἴπερ γὰρ θυμῷ γε μενοινάᾳ πολεμίζειν,
ἀλλά τε λάθρῃ γυῖα βαρύνεται, ἠδὲ κιχάνει
δίψα τε καὶ λιμὸς, βλάβεται δέ τε γούνατ' ἰόντι.
ὃς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ οἴνοιο κορεσσάμενος καὶ ἐδωδῆς
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πανημέριος πολεμίζῃ,
θαρσαλέον νύ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, οὐδέ τι γυῖα
πρὶν κάμνει, πρὶν πάντας ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄγε λαὸν μὲν σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι
ὄπλεσθαι· τὰ δὲ δῶρα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
οἰσέτω ἐς μέσσην ἀγορὴν, ἵνα πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωσι, σὺ δὲ φρεσὶ σῇσιν ἰανθῇς.
ὀμνυέτω δέ τοι ὅρκον, ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἀναστὰς,
μήποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μιγῆναι·
[ἣ θέμις ἐστὶν, ἄναξ, ἢτ' ἀνδρῶν ἤτε γυναικῶν·]
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἵλαος ἔστω.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτά σε δαιτὶ ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἀρεσάσθω
πιείρῃ, ἵνα μή τι δίκης ἐπιδευὲς ἔχῃσθα.
Ἀτρείδη, σὺ δ' ἔπειτα δικαιότερος καὶ ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔσσεαι· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι νεμεσσητὸν βασιλῆα
ἄνδρ' ἀπαρέσσασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
" χαίρω σεῦ, Λαερτιάδη, τὸν μῦθον ἀκούσας·
ἐν μοίρῃ γὰρ πάντα διίκεο καὶ κατέλεξας.
ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν ἐθέλω ὀμόσαι, κέλεται δέ με θυμὸς,
οὐδ' ἐπιορκήσω πρὸς δαίμονος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
μιμνέτω αὖθι τέως, ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἄρηος·
μίμνετε δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ἀολλέες, ὄφρα κε δῶρα
ἐκ κλισίης ἔλθῃσι καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν.
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ τόδ' ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ἠδὲ κελεύω·
κρινάμενος κούρητας ἀριστῆας Παναχαιῶν
δῶρα ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἐνεικέμεν, ὅσσ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
χθιζὸν ὑπέστημεν δώσειν, ἀγέμεν τε γυναῖκας.
Ταλθύβιος δέ μοι ὦκα κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
κάπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, ταμέειν Διί τ' Ἠελίῳ τε."

For food and wine are strength to weary men;
And who from early morn to set of sun
May brook the brunt of fight without a meal?
Howe'er his spirit may spur him to the war,
His knees wax heavy, thirst and hunger come
Stealthily, and his limbs beneath him fail.
But whoso after full repast and wine
Battles a long day's battle with his foes,
His heart keeps high within him, nor his limbs
Will weary, ere all others turn to rest.
Therefore we bid the armies to their meal.
Meantime let Agamemnon bring the gifts
Here to the midmost market, to be view'd
By all Achaia's host, and joy thy heart.
And let him, rising 'fore all Argos, swear
A sacred oath, that from thy captive's bed
He ever hath abstain'd, nor lain with her,
As man with woman lawfully may lie.
Thou likewise, let thy heart be gentle in thee;
And let him feast thee nobly in his tent;
So shall the measure of thy claim be full.
And thou, Atrides, learn from this time forth
Justice, and know that princes, who offend
Against who first offend them, have no blame."

Then Agamemnon spoke, the King of men:
"Welcome to me, Odysseus, these thy words,
Fully and freely spoken to the mark.
Nor loth am I, but rather of myself
Minded to make this oath, not so forsworn.
Therefore, Achilles, howsoe'er thou burn'st
For battle, yet delay, and likewise all
The people gather'd, till the gifts may come
Borne from my tent, and, pledges of our faith,
Victims be slain. This charge I lay on thee,
Odysseus, and now bid thee choose me out
The noblest youths of all Achaia's host
To fetch from off my bark what gifts soe'er
We proffer'd to Achilles yestereve;
And bring the women with them. Bid withal
Talthybius in the camp get forth a boar
To fall, our offering to the Sun and Zeus."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
" Ἀτρείδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ἄλλοτέ περ καὶ μᾶλλον ὀφέλλετε ταῦτα πένεσθαι,
ὁππότε τις μεταπαυσωλὴ πολέμοιο γένηται
καὶ μένος οὐ τόσον ᾖσιν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν.
νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν κέαται δεδαϊγμένοι, οὓς ἐδάμασσεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν,
ὑμεῖς δ' ἐς βρωτὺν ὀτρύνετον. ἦ τ' ἂν ἔγωγε
νῦν μὲν ἀνώγοιμι πτολεμίζειν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
νήστιας ἀκμήνους, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
τεύξεσθαι μέγα δόρπον, ἐπὴν τισαίμεθα λώβην.
πρὶν δ' οὔπως ἂν ἔμοιγε φίλον κατὰ λαιμὸν ἰείη
οὐ πόσις οὐδὲ βρῶσις, ἑταίρου τεθνηῶτος,
ὅς μοι ἐνὶ κλισίῃ δεδαϊγμένος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
κεῖται, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τετραμμένος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
μύρονται· τό μοι οὔτι μετὰ φρεσὶ ταῦτα μέμηλεν,
ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ αἷμα καὶ ἀργαλέος στόνος ἀνδρῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
" ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλέος υἱὲ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
κρείσσων εἰς ἐμέθεν καὶ φέρτερος οὐκ ὀλίγον περ
ἔγχει, ἐγὼ δέ κε σεῖο νοήματί γε προβαλοίμην
πολλὸν, ἐπεί πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα.
τῷ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη μύθοισιν ἐμοῖσιν.
αἶψά τε φυλόπιδος πέλεται κόρος ἀνθρώποισιν,
ἥστε πλείστην μὲν καλάμην χθονὶ χαλκὸς ἔχευεν,
ἄμητος δ' ὀλίγιστος, ἐπὴν κλίνῃσι τάλαντα
Ζεὺς, ὅστ' ἀνθρώπων ταμίης πολέμοιο τέτυκται.
γαστέρι δ' οὔπως ἔστι νέκυν πενθῆσαι Ἀχαιούς·
λίην γὰρ πολλοὶ καὶ ἐπήτριμοι ἤματα πάντα
πίπτουσιν· πότέ κέν τις ἀναπνεύσειε πόνοιο;
ἀλλὰ χρὴ τὸν μὲν καταθάπτειν ὅς κε θάνῃσιν,
νηλέα θυμὸν ἔχοντας, ἐπ' ἤματι δακρύσαντας·
ὅσσοι δ' ἂν πολέμοιο περὶ στυγεροῖο λίπωνται,
μεμνῆσθαι πύσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ὄφρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ,

To whom in answer spake Achilles thus ;
" Most glorious, sovran chieftain of the host,
Atrides Agamemnon ! Otherwhiles,
Hereafter, when shall be surcease of war
And the hot spirit cooler in my breast,
This task will then behove you with more grace.
Still weltering in their blood and unavenged
Lie they whom Hector, Child of Priam, slew
When Zeus so will'd the glory to his arm.
Bid ye then, an ye will, repast be made :
Still call I to Achaia's sons to move
Forthwith to battle forth, nor break their fast
Ere we have ample vengeance for our shame,
But, after, sup victorious ! Mine own self
I vow, nor drink nor meat shall pass my throat
Whilst he, my dearest slain, lies in my tent
Still gash'd and seam'd, his face toward the door,
My people wailing round. I have no thought
To mine own belly while he lieth thus ;
Death, slaughter, havoc, be my only cares !
But many-wiled Odysseus made reply ;
" Achilles, Peleus' all-surpassing son !
By no scant measure better with the spear,
Stronger, art thou than I. Yet I no less,
Thine elder, who have seen and know much more,
Excel thee in the council. Therefore yield,
And bend thy heart to hearken to my words.
A weariness of battle needs must come,
When soon the sword hath shower'd the thickest ears
Down to the earth, and scantier stands the crop,
What time the arbiter of mortal fray,
Great Zeus, inclines to either side the scale.
How *can* we mourn the dead by keeping fast?
Too many fall, too many, day by day,
One after other ; grief would have no end.
No : hurry to their graves whoever fall ;
Keep our hearts hard ; or, maybe, weep one hour,
And then straight turn us to our drink and food,
Whoe'er hath come alive from out the fight,
So haply with more strength to meet the foe

ἐσσάμενοι χροΐ χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα. μηδέ τις ἄλλην
λαῶν ὀτρυντὺν ποτιδέγμενος ἰσχαναάσθω·
ἥδε γὰρ ὀτρυντὺς κακὸν ἔσσεται, ὅς κε λίπηται
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων· ἀλλ' ἀθρόοι ὁρμηθέντες
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα."

Ἦ καὶ Νέστορος υἷας ὀπάσσατο κυδαλίμοιο,
Φυλείδην τε Μέγητα Θόαντά τε Μηριόνην τε
καὶ Κρειοντιάδην Λυκομήδεα καὶ Μελάνιππον.
βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο.
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ἅμα μῦθος ἔην, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον·
ἑπτὰ μὲν ἐκ κλισίης τρίποδας φέρον, οὓς οἱ ὑπέστη,
αἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἑείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους·
ἐκ δ' ἄγον αἶψα γυναῖκας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας
ἕπτ', ἀτὰρ ὀγδοάτην Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον.
χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας Ὀδυσεὺς δέκα πάντα τάλαντα
ἦρχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι δῶρα φέρον κούρητες Ἀχαιῶν·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν μέσσῃ ἀγορῇ θέσαν, ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἵστατο· Ταλθύβιος δὲ θεῷ ἐναλίγκιος αὐδὴν
κάπρον ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.
Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χείρεσσι μάχαιραν,
ἥ οἱ πὰρ ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἰὲν ἄωρτο,
κάπρου ἀπὸ τρίχας ἀρξάμενος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχων
εὔχετο· τοὶ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτόφιν εἵατο σιγῇ
Ἀργεῖοι, κατὰ μοῖραν, ἀκούοντες βασιλῆος.
εὐξάμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

"Ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς πρῶτα, θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος,
Γῆ τε καὶ Ἥλιος καὶ Ἐρινύες, αἵθ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν
ἀνθρώπους τίνυνται, ὅτις κ' ἐπίορκον ὀμόσσῃ,
μὴ μὲν ἐγω κούρῃ Βρισηΐδι χεῖρ' ἐπενεῖκαι,
οὔτ' εὐνῆς πρόφασιν κεχρημένος οὔτε τευ ἄλλου·
ἀλλ' ἔμεν' ἀπροτίμαστος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν.
εἰ δέ τι τῶνδ' ἐπίορκον, ἐμοὶ θεοὶ ἄλγεα δοῖεν
πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσα διδοῦσιν ὅτις σφ' ἀλίτηται ὀμόσσας."

Clad in unyielding mail to endless fray!
Let none then linger longer, as in wait
Of second summons; what he now hath heard
Shall well suffice to harm who lags behind.
But forth with might collected, to maintain
Our battle with the charioteers of Troy!"
He ceased, and call'd to follow him the sons
Of Nestor, and, with them, Meriones,
Thoas, and Melanippus, and the sons
Of Phyleus and of Creon, Meges named
And Lycomedes, to the royal tent.
Quick as the spoken word, the task was done:
The seven tripods, and the horses twelve,
And twenty glowing caldrons, brought they forth;
Seven women cunning of all needle-craft
They likewise led; and after these, the eighth,
The fair Briseis; last, Odysseus weigh'd
Ten talents out of gold, and led the band
Of youths, who, following thence, bare on the gifts
And set them in the midmost market-place.

Then Agamemnon rose. Beside the King
Talthybius (herald voicèd as a God)
Stood holding fast a boar. The King drew forth
The knife that by the scabbard of his sword
Hung ever, and from off the victim shore
The first-fruit hairs; then, lifting hands to Zeus,
He pray'd; the while the people stood around
Silent, in rank, all listening to their King,
Who raised his eyes to heaven, and spake, and said:
"Thou first, O sovran Zeus, of Gods supreme;
And Thou, O Earth; and Sun, I add thy name;
And Furies, ye who deep beneath the earth
Wreak the fell vengeance of an oath forsworn,
Bear witness, that my hand hath ne'er been laid
Upon this maiden, or for thought of love,
Or any due of service; safe she dwelt
Untouch'd within my tents. If this be false,
May every woe be heap'd upon my head,
Whate'er the Gods decree to man forsworn!"

Ἦ καὶ ἀπὸ στόμαχον κάπρου τάμε νηλέϊ χαλκῷ·
τὸν μὲν Ταλθύβιος πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἐς μέγα λαῖτμα
ῥῖψ' ἐπιδινήσας, βόσιν ἰχθύσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀνστὰς Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ μεγάλας ἄτας ἄνδρεσσι διδοῖσθα.
οὐκ ἂν δήποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν
Ἀτρείδης ὤρινε διαμπερὲς, οὐδέ κε κούρην
ἦγεν ἐμεῦ ἀέκοντος ἀμήχανος· ἀλλά ποθι Ζεὺς
ἤθελ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν θάνατον πολέεσσι γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρηα."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, λῦσεν δ' ἀγορὴν αἰψηρήν.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσκίδναντο ἐὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος,
δῶρα δὲ Μυρμιδόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,
βὰν δ' ἐπὶ νῆα φέροντες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι θέσαν, κάθισαν δὲ γυναῖκας,
ἵππους δ' εἰς ἀγέλην ἔλασαν θεράποντες ἀγαυοί.

Βρισηὶς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτ', ἰκέλη χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
ὡς ἴδε Πάτροκλον δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ χυμένη λίγ' ἐκώκυε, χερσὶ δ' ἄμυσσεν
στήθεά τ' ἠδ' ἀπαλὴν δειρὴν ἰδὲ καλὰ πρόσωπα.
εἶπε δ' ἄρα κλαίουσα γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν·

"Πάτροκλέ μοι δειλῇ πλεῖστον κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
ζωὸν μέν σε ἔλειπον ἐγὼ κλισίηθεν ἰοῦσα,
νῦν δέ σε τεθνηῶτα κιχάνομαι, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
ἂψ ἀνιοῦσ'· ὥς μοι δέχεται κακὸν ἐκ κακοῦ αἰεί.
ἄνδρα μὲν, ᾧ ἔδοσάν με πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
εἶδον πρὸ πτόλιος δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
τρεῖς τε κασιγνήτους, τούς μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ,
κηδείους, οἳ πάντες ὀλέθριον ἦμαρ ἐπέσπον.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδέ μ' ἔασκες, ὅτ' ἄνδρ' ἐμὸν ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἔκτεινεν, πέρσεν δὲ πόλιν θείοιο Μύνητος,
κλαίειν, ἀλλά μ' ἔφασκες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο

Speaking, he drew the unremorseful knife
Through the boar's throat ; Talthybius raised the boar
And swung and hurl'd it to be food for fish
Into the wide gulf of the hoary sea.
Then rose Achilles and bespoke the host :
" Vast of a truth the ills thou lay'st on man,
O Father Zeus ! How else would Atreus' Son
Have stirred my heart thus to its deepest depths,
And madly ta'en this maid in my despite?
Nay ; 'twas the work of Zeus, who will'd, perchance,
Such death unto the many who have fallen.
Now go ye ; break your fast ; and thence to war."
He spoke, and loosed the assembly. With all speed
They scatter'd every man aboard his bark ;
The while the gallant band of Myrmidons
Turn'd to the gifts, and tow'rd their chieftain's ships
Bare them ; and part they placed within the tents,
But bade the maids be seated, whilst the steeds
Were driven to pasture forth by gentle squires.

So in her beauty to the tent return'd
Briseis ; but, beholding there in death
Patroclus lying, with a bitter cry
Down on his corse she shower'd herself, and tare
Her tender bosom and neck and lovely cheeks ;
And thus at last spake, Goddess-like, in tears :
" Patroclus ! Ah, unhappy that I am—
My most belovèd ! When I took me hence,
Living I left thee, dead I find thee now,
Thee dead, O captain of the host, and woe
To me ; sorrow on sorrow following fast !
My husband, him to whom my father old
And noble mother gave me to be wife,
First I beheld before his city slain ;
And with him three, mine own dear brothers, born
Of the same mother, met their deaths that day.
Yet, though the fleetfoot hero so had slain
My husband, then despoiling Mynes' town,
Thou wouldst not suffer me to weep, but saidst
How thou wouldst make me wedded wife, the wife
Ev'n of divine Achilles, bearing me

κουριδίην ἄλοχον θήσειν, ἄξειν τ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἐς Φθίην, δαίσειν δὲ γάμον μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν.
τῷ σ' ἄμοτον κλαίω τεθνηότα μείλιχον αἰεί."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες,
Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν, σφῶν δ' αὐτῶν κήδε' ἑκάστη.
αὐτὸν δ' ἀμφὶ γέροντες Ἀχαιῶν ἠγερέθοντο
λισσόμενοι δειπνῆσαι· ὁ δ' ἠρνεῖτο στεναχίζων·

"Λίσσομαι, εἴ τις ἔμοιγε φίλων ἐπιπείθεθ' ἑταίρων,
μή με πρὶν σίτοιο κελεύετε μηδὲ ποτῆτος
ἅσασθαι φίλον ἦτορ, ἐπεί μ' ἄχος αἰνὸν ἱκάνει.
δύντα δ' ἐς ἠέλιον μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι ἔμπης."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἄλλους μὲν ἀπεσκέδασεν βασιλῆας,
δοιὼ δ' Ἀτρείδα μενέτην καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
Νέστωρ Ἰδομενεύς τε γέρων θ' ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,
τέρποντες πυκινῶς ἀκαχήμενον· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
τέρπετο, πρὶν πολέμου στόμα δύμεναι αἱματόεντος.
μνησάμενος δ' ἀδινῶς ἀνενείκατο φώνησέν τε·

"Ἦ ῥά νύ μοί ποτε καὶ σὺ, δυσάμμορε, φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,
αὐτὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃ λαρὸν παρὰ δεῖπνον ἔθηκας
αἶψα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὁπότε σπερχοίατ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν κεῖσαι δεδαϊγμένος, αὐτὰρ ἐμὸν κῆρ
ἄκμηνον πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ἔνδον ἐόντων,
σῇ ποθῇ. οὐ μὲν γάρ τι κακώτερον ἄλλο πάθοιμι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν τοῦ πατρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο πυθοίμην,
ὅς που νῦν Φθίηφι τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβει
χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' υἷος· ὁ δ' ἀλλοδαπῷ ἐνὶ δήμῳ
εἵνεκα ῥιγεδανῆς Ἑλένης Τρωσὶν πολεμίζω·
ἠὲ τὸν ὃς Σκύρῳ μοι ἔνι τρέφεται φίλος υἱός.

Home on his ships to Phthia, and wouldst feast
The Myrmidonians at our marriage there.
Wherefore for thee my tears shall ceaseless flow,
For thou wast evèr gentle unto me."
She ceased, with whom those maidens wept, yet mourn'd
Each her own sorrows in that hero's name.
Meantime the Elders of the Achaian host
Came gathering round Achilles, and besought
That he should take repast; but he with sobs
Denied them:
"I entreat you, if that yet
My loyal comrades list my voice in aught,
Seeing this bitter grief hath fallen upon me,
Speak to me not of solacing my soul
With meat and drink; for fasting I abide,
And fasting will endure till set of sun."
He spoke, and scatter'd from him all the chiefs,
Save the two Sons of Atreus' royal line,
Noble Odysseus and Idomeneus,
Nestor, and agèd Phœnix: these essay'd
Wherewith to comfort his deep-smitten heart;
But comfort found he none, or e'er he plunged
Into the opening mouth of ravening war;
And memories thronged upon him, and he cried:
"Ill-fated one, of all my friends most loved!
Ah, thine it was of late within this tent
Deftly and with the zest of love to spread
Viands to tempt me, whensoe'er the host
Bestirr'd them to bear baleful war on Troy.
And now, all stark and gash'd with wounds, thou liest;
And therefore, though full stores be in my tent,
I fast and hunger still, forlorn of thee.
Nor heavier were my sorrow, though I heard
My father's death; who now perchance at home
Sits weeping for the lack of son like me;—
And yet for hated Helen's sake in Troy
'Mid a strange people I must battle on;—
Not heavier, though it were mine own child's death,
The godlike infant Neoptolemus,
Who in the isle of Scyros, if so be

[εἴ που ἔτι ζώει γε Νεοπτόλεμος θεοειδής.]
πρὶν μὲν γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐώλπει
οἷον ἐμὲ φθίσεσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σὲ δέ τε Φθίηνδε νέεσθαι,
ὡς ἄν μοι τὸν παῖδα θοῇ ἐνὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
Σκυρόθεν ἐξαγάγοις καί οἱ δείξειας ἕκαστα,
κτῆσιν ἐμὴν δμῶάς τε καὶ ὑψερεφὲς μέγα δῶμα.
ἤδη γὰρ Πηλῆά γ' οἴομαι ἢ κατὰ πάμπαν
τεθνάμεν, ἤ που τυτθὸν ἔτι ζώοντ' ἀκάχησθαι
γήραί τε στυγερῷ, καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενον αἰεὶ
λυγρὴν ἀγγελίην, ὅτ' ἀποφθιμένοιο πύθηται."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γέροντες,
μνησάμενοι τὰ ἕκαστος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔλειπον.
μυρομένους δ' ἄρα τούσγε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,
αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Τέκνον ἐμὸν, δὴ πάμπαν ἀποίχεαι ἀνδρὸς ἑῆος.
ἦ νύ τοι οὐκέτι πάγχυ μετὰ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ' Ἀχιλλεύς;
κεῖνος ὅγε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων
ἧσται ὀδυρόμενος ἕταρον φίλον· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
οἴχονται μετὰ δεῖπνον, ὁ δ' ἄκμηνος καὶ ἄπαστος.
ἀλλ' ἴθι οἱ νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν
στάξον ἐνὶ στήθεσσ', ἵνα μή μιν λιμὸς ἵκηται."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·
ἡ δ' ἅρπῃ εἰκυῖα τανυπτέρυγι λιγυφώνῳ,
οὐρανοῦ ἐκ κατέπαλτο δι' αἰθέρος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
αὐτίκα θωρήσσοντο κατὰ στρατόν· ἡ δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
νέκταρ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν
στάξ', ἵνα μή μιν λιμὸς ἀτερπὴς γούναθ' ἵκοιτο,
αὐτὴ δὲ πρὸς πατρὸς ἐρισθενέος πυκινὸν δῶ
ᾤχετο. τοὶ δ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν ἐχέοντο θοάων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε ταρφειαὶ νιφάδες Διὸς ἐκποτέονται,
ψυχραὶ, ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς αἰθρηγενέος βορέαο,
ὣς τότε ταρφειαὶ κόρυθες λαμπρὸν γανόωσαι

He still survives, is growing up my son—
Not for such evil could my grief be more.
For ever had it been my darling hope
That thus to perish far from Argos here
Was my doom only ; but that thou might'st then
Return to Phthia, and convey my child
Secure aboard thy swift black galley home,
And show him all his heritage, my wealth,
My handmaids, and my palace high-enroof'd.
For Peleus hath, I fear, already died,
Or hardly lives at all, in mournful age
Harass'd, and with sad thought, that every morn
Must bring the doleful message of my death."
He ceased, in tears, and with him wept the chiefs,
Remembering all deserted in their homes.

Whom, thus lamenting, Kronos' Son beheld,
And pitied, and address'd Athene thus :
" My child, thou failest quite thy best-beloved :
Or is Achilles now thy care no more?
Behold he sits before the straight-beak'd ships,
Lamenting his loved comrade ; and, whilst all
Now take repast, alone he fasts, unfed.
Haste therefore, and lest hunger come to him,
Into his breast instil the cordial sweet
Of nectar with divine ambrosia blent."
He spoke, and kindled in Athene's breast
The love, erst flaming high, to higher flame.
Down through the firmament from heaven she sprang,
Like to some shrill-voiced falcon on full wing ;
And, whilst the host were arming through the camp,
She pour'd the cordial in Achilles' breast
Of nectar with divine ambrosia blent,
So that no hunger should make slack his limbs ;
Then to her mighty Father's firm abode
She hasted back ; whilst forth the whole host stream'd.

Thick as from Zeus fly flakes of snow, borne cold
By sky-born Boreas in an onward blast,
So thick from out the fleet came pouring forth

νηῶν ἐκφορέοντο, καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
θώρηκές τε κραταιγύαλοι καὶ μείλινα δοῦρα.
αἴγλη δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκε, γέλασσε δὲ πᾶσα περὶ χθὼν
χαλκοῦ ὑπὸ στεροπῆς· ὑπὸ δὲ κτύπος ὦρνυτο ποσσὶν
ἀνδρῶν· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι κορύσσετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
[τοῦ καὶ ὀδόντων μὲν καναχὴ πέλε· τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
λαμπέσθην ὡσεί τε πυρὸς σέλας, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
δῦν' ἄχος ἄτλητον· ὁ δ' ἄρα Τρωσὶν μενεαίνων
δύσετο δῶρα θεοῦ, τά οἱ Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.]

Κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκεν
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε
εἵλετο, τοῦ δ' ἀπάνευθε σέλας γένετ' ἠΰτε μήνης.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ναύτῃσι φανήῃ
καιομένοιο πυρός· τὸ δὲ καίεται ὑψόθ' ὄρεσφιν
σταθμῷ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ· τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄελλαι
πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρουσιν·
ὣς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος σάκεος σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν
καλοῦ δαιδαλέου. περὶ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἀείρας
κρατὶ θέτο βριαρήν· ἡ δ' αστὴρ ὣς ἀπέλαμπεν
ἵππουρις τρυφάλεια, περισσείοντο δ' ἔθειραι
χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἵει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.
πειρήθη δ' ἔο αὐτοῦ ἐν ἔντεσι δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
εἰ οἱ ἐφαρμόσσειε καὶ ἐντρέχοι ἀγλαὰ γυῖα·
τῷ δ' εὖτε πτερὰ γίγνετ', ἄειρε δὲ ποιμένα λαῶν.
ἐκ δ' ἄρα σύριγγος πατρώϊον ἐσπάσατ' ἔγχος,
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν
πάλλειν, ἀλλά μιν οἷος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεὺς
Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χείρων
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.
ἵππους δ' Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος ἀμφιέποντες

Boss'd bucklers, stout-ribb'd corslets, ashen spears,
And radiant helms ; the flash shot up to heaven ;
And earth below laugh'd happy with the gleam
And echoed to the stamp of armèd men.
Midmost the dread Achilles girt his arms,
With gnashing teeth, and eyes like flaming fire,
And heart by terrible anguish overcome.
There in his fury he engirt himself
All in the God-wrought arms, Hephæstus' gift.

And first about his legs the beauteous greaves
He bound, with silver anklets clasp'd below ;
And braced the circling corslet round his chest ;
By baldric o'er his shoulder then he slung
The brazen brand and silver-studded hilt ;
The huge and massy shield he next uptook,
Wherefrom, as from the orbèd moon stream rays,
So stream'd the light ; or as to seaman flames,
High near a sheepfold kindled on the hills,
Show from the ocean, whilst storms drive them forth
Loth o'er the fish-fill'd billows far from home ;
Thus bright from off Achilles' wondrous shield
The flame shot upward ; last, the ponderous helm
He lifted, and set firm around his brows :
Starlike that plumèd morion shone, and gay
The golden feathers danced about the crest,
Thick-planted in the cone by hands divine.

Then of those arms the hero made assay,
If, thus bedight, he yet might nimbly move,
And, lo, they were as wings, and buoy'd their lord !

Then from the case he drew his father's spear,
Huge, beamy ; this no other man might know
To brandish, but Achilles knew alone.
An ash it was, on Pelion's peak high-rear'd,
Lopp'd thence by Cheiron for his father's hands,
And shaped, a death to heroes.
To his car
Alcimus and Automedon, meantime,

ζεύγνυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καλὰ λέπαδν' ἔσαν, ἐν δὲ χαλινοὺς
γαμφηλῇς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείναν ὀπίσσω
κολλητὸν ποτὶ δίφρον. ὁ δὲ μάστιγα φαεινὴν
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἀραρυῖαν ἐφ' ἵπποιιν ἀνόρουσεν,
Αὐτομέδων· ὄπιθεν δὲ κορυσσάμενος βῆ Ἀχιλλεὺς,
τεύχεσι παμφαίνων ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ Ὑπερίων.
σμερδαλέον δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο·

"Ξάνθε τε καὶ Βαλίε, τηλεκλυτὰ τέκνα Ποδάργης, 400
ἄλλως δὴ φράζεσθε σαωσέμεν ἡνιοχῆα
ἂψ Δαναῶν ἐς ὅμιλον, ἐπεί χ' ἑῶμεν πολέμοιο,
μηδ' ὡς Πάτροκλον λίπετ' αὐτοῦ τεθνηῶτα."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφι προσέφη πόδας αἰόλος ἵππος
Ξάνθος, ἄφαρ δ' ἤμυσε καρήατι· πᾶσα δὲ χαίτη
ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν οὖδας ἵκανεν·
αὐδήεντα δ' ἔθηκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·

"Καὶ λίην σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σαώσομεν, ὄβριμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ·
ἀλλά τοι ἐγγύθεν ἦμαρ ὀλέθριον· οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς
αἴτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή. 410
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμετέρῃ βραδυτῆτί τε νωχελίῃ τε
Τρῶες ἀπ' ὤμοιιν Πατρόκλου τεύχε' ἔλοντο·
ἀλλὰ θεῶν ὤριστος, ὃν ἠΰκομος τέκε Λητὼ,
ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
νῶϊ δὲ καί κεν ἅμα πνοιῇ Ζεφύροιο θέοιμεν,
ἣνπερ ἐλαφροτάτην φάσ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ
μόρσιμόν ἐστι θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἶφι δαμῆναι."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντος Ἐρινύες ἔσχεθον αὐδήν.
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Ξάνθε, τί μοι θάνατον μαντεύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή. 420
εὖ νύ τοι οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς, ὅ μοι μόρος ἐνθάδ' ὀλέσθαι,
νόσφι φίλου πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
οὐ λήξω πρὶν Τρῶας ἄδην ἐλάσαι πολέμοιο."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν πρώτοις ἰάχων ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.

Were yoking fast his horses ; traces rich
Confined them ; bits they thrust betwixt their teeth ;
And to the well-built car they drew the reins.
Automedon then took a glittering goad
Apt to his hand, and sprang above the steeds ;
Whereafter soon Achilles came himself,
Bright as Hyperion in the blaze of arms ;
And to his father's horses thunder'd this :
" Foals of Podargè ! Her renownèd brood,
Balius and Xanthus ! Take ye better heed
Now to bear back your master after war,
Nor leave me, as ye left Patroclus, slain ! "
To whom replied the lightning-pacèd steed
Xanthus, and on the sudden droop'd his head
Low to the dust, and the mane swept the earth
Falling from out the collar by the pole
(And Herè gave the marvel of his speech) :
" Yet once again we bear thee scathless home,
Our mighty lord Achilles ; but the hour
Of thy destruction draweth near ; nor we
The cause thereof, but Fate and Heaven most high.
Nor to our sloth or speed inert impute
That Troy hath spoil'd Patroclus of thine arms ;
For He, whom fair-hair'd Leto bare to Zeus,
Best of Immortals slew him in the van,
Giving to Hector this renown withal.
Swift as the blast of Zephyr, which they feign
Swiftest of things created, we might fly ;
Yet may not save thee, who art doom'd to fall
Slain by a mortal and a God combined."
Nor more ; the wrathful Furies stay'd the voice.
Moved to his heart, Achilles gave reply :
" Thou too amongst the prophets of my death !
But wherefore this, O Xanthus? For myself
Know well my doom, that here I needs must die,
Nor see my father dear or mother more :
Not therefore will I slack me, nor surcease,
Ere Troy hath own'd a surfeit of the war ! "
Then to the vanmost, shouting, forth he drave.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Υ.

Θεομαχία.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι θωρήσσοντο
ἀμφὶ σὲ, Πηλέος υἱὲ, μάχης ἀκόρητον Ἀχαιοὶ,
Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο.

Ζεὺς δὲ Θέμιστα κέλευσε θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε καλέσσαι
κρατὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο πολυπτύχου· ἡ δ' ἄρα πάντη
φοιτήσασα κέλευσε Διὸς πρὸς δῶμα νέεσθαι.
οὔτε τις οὖν ποταμῶν ἀπέην, νόσφ' Ὠκεανοῖο,
οὔτ' ἄρα νυμφάων, αἵτ' ἄλσεα καλὰ νέμονται
καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ πίσεα ποιήεντα.
ἐλθόντες δ' ἐς δῶμα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
ξεστῇς αἰθούσῃσιν ἐφίζανον, ἃς Διὶ πατρὶ
Ἥφαιστος ποίησεν ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.
ὣς οἱ μὲν Διὸς ἔνδον ἀγηγέρατ'· οὐδ' ἐνοσίχθων
νηκούστησε θεᾶς, ἀλλ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε μετ' αὐτούς,
ἷζε δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς δ' ἐξείρετο βουλήν.

"Τίπτ' αὖτ', ἀργικέραυνε, θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε κάλεσσας;
ἦ τι περὶ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν μερμηρίζεις;
τῶν γὰρ νῦν ἄγχιστα μάχη πόλεμός τε δέδηεν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἔγνως, ἐννοσίγαιε, ἐμὴν ἐν στήθεσι βουλήν,
ὧν ἕνεκα ξυνάγειρα· μέλουσί μοι ὀλλύμενοί περ.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω πτυχὶ Οὐλύμποιο
ἥμενος, ἔνθ' ὀρόων φρένα τέρψομαι· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
ἔρχεσθ', ὅφρ' ἂν ἵκησθε μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
ἀμφοτέροισι δ' ἀρήγεθ', ὅπη νόος ἐστὶν ἑκάστου.

ILIAD XX.

THE Achaians thus around thee, Peleus' Son,
Their mightiest chieftain, arm'd them by their ships ;
Also the Trojans, where the plain springs up.
The while, from off the many-folded hill
Of steep Olympus, Zeus bade Themis call
The Gods to council. She to every side
Hied her, and bade them to the hall of Zeus.
Nor of the rivers, save Oceanus,
Nor of the heavenly Nymphs, who have their haunts
In fountain, or deep grove, or grassy mead,
Bode any absent then ; all came and sought
The palace of the Ruler of the Clouds,
And, twixt the marble columns there uprear'd
By art of sage Hephæstus for their King,
Took their high thrones assembled in the hall.
Nor the great God of Ocean then refused
The Goddess, but from out the sea came last,
Midmost took seat, and ask'd the will of Zeus :
" Lord of the Thunder, wherefore thus once more
Call'st thou the Gods to council ? Hast thou aught
To weigh betwixt the Trojans and their foes,
Whose war is nighest now to burst in flame ? "
Whom answered thus the Ruler of the Clouds :
" Lord of the Sea and Shaker of the Earth,
Thyself well know'st the counsel of my heart ;
They perish, yet their doom is still my care.
Here, sitting on this folded hill enthroned,
Joying in sight of you will I remain ;
But ye go forth and each join either host,
Each aiding either as his own heart bids ;

εἰ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς οἷος ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μαχεῖται,
οὐδὲ μίνυνθ' ἕξουσι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
καὶ δέ τέ μιν καὶ πρόσθεν ὑποτρομέεσκον ὁρῶντες·
νῦν δ', ὅτε δὴ καὶ θυμὸν ἑταίρου χώεται αἰνῶς,
δείδω μὴ καὶ τεῖχος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἐξαλαπάξῃ."

Ὣς ἔφατο Κρονίδης, πόλεμον δ' αλίαστον ἔγειρεν.
βὰν δ' ἴμεναι πόλεμόνδε θεοὶ, δίχα θυμὸν ἔχοντες·
Ἥρη μὲν μετ' ἀγῶνα νεῶν καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ἠδὲ Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος ἠδ' ἐριούνης
Ἑρμείας, ὃς ἐπὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι κέκασται·
Ἥφαιστος δ' ἅμα τοῖσι κίε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων,
χωλεύων, ὑπὸ δὲ κνῆμαι ῥώοντο ἀραιαί.
ἐς δὲ Τρῶας Ἄρης κορυθαίολος, αὐτὰρ ἅμ' αὐτῷ
Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης ἠδ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα
Λητώ τε Ξάνθος τε φιλομμειδής τ' Ἀφροδίτη.

Εἷως μέν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε θεοὶ θνητῶν ἔσαν ἀνδρῶν,
τόφρα δ' Ἀχαιοὶ μὲν μέγα κύδανον, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς·
Τρῶας δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,
δειδιότας, ὅθ' ὁρῶντο ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενον, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσον Ἄρηϊ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μεθ' ὅμιλον Ὀλύμπιοι ἤλυθον ἀνδρῶν,
ὦρτο δ' Ἔρις κρατερὴ λαοσσόος, αὖε δ' Ἀθήνη,
στᾶσ' ὁτὲ μὲν παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτὸς,
ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἀκτάων ἐριδούπων μακρὸν ἀΰτει.
αὖε δ' Ἄρης ἐτέρωθεν, ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἶσος,
ὀξὺ κατ' ἀκροτάτης πόλιος Τρώεσσι κελεύων,
ἄλλοτε πὰρ Σιμόεντι θέων ἐπὶ Καλλικολώνῃ.

Ὣς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους μάκαρες θεοὶ ὀτρύνοντες
σύμβαλον, ἐν δ' αὐτοῖς ἔριδα ῥήγνυντο βαρεῖαν.
δεινὸν δὲ βρόντησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
ὑψόθεν· αὐτὰρ ἔνερθε Ποσειδάων ἐτίναξεν

For, if Achilles fought with Troy alone,
Then were no let at all to Peleus' Son,
Before whose mere aspèct they quake for fear ;
Yea, in this fury for his comrade's sake
I dread lest, baffling Fate, he take the town."
He spake, and roused a quenchless strife thereby ;
For straightway, sunder'd in their hearts, the Gods
Went forth to join the battle. To the ships
Athenè went and Herè ; and with them
Poseidon, He whose waves enclasp the earth ;
And He of mind well-stored with wise device,
The Helper, Hermes ; fierce Hephæstus next,
Halting, yet firm upon his shrunken limbs.
These to Achaia ; but to Troy, bright-helm'd
Ares, and Phœbus of the locks unshorn,
And Artemis, the Goddess of the bow,
Leto, and Aphrodite queen of smiles,
And Xanthus.
But, so long as still the Gods
Remain'd aloof nor mingled yet with men,
The glory of Achaia unwithstood
Rose ; for Achilles, after long surcease
From toilsome battle, now had shown anew ;
And at the mere aspèct of Peleus' Son,
Peer to fierce Ares, blazing all in arms,
The Trojans shrank, with knees that knock'd for dread.
But when the Olympians join'd the mortal fray,
Enkindler of the nations, Strife rose high
Midst either, and Athenè breathed the flame
Sevenfold, now standing by the deep-dug trench
Beyond the bulwark, now upon the shore
That echoed with her cry. Nor less, advèrse,
Ares breathed fire, like some fierce whirlwind black,
One moment on their topmost citadel
Cheering to Troy, anon by Simois' streams
Swift to Kallicolonæ hasting down.

So, quickening either host in dire array,
The blissful Gods encounter'd, into strife
Breaking tempestuous ; fearfully o'er their heads

γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην ὀρέων τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα.
πάντες δ' ἐσσείοντο πόδες πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
καὶ κορυφαὶ, Τρώων τε πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔδδεισεν δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀϊδωνεὺς,
δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἆλτο καὶ ἴαχε, μή οἱ ὕπερθεν
γαῖαν ἀναῤῥήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη
σμερδαλέ' εὐρώεντα, τάτε στυγέουσι θεοί περ.
τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων.
ἤτοι μὲν γὰρ ἔναντα Ποσειδάωνος ἄνακτος
ἵστατ' Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος, ἔχων ἰὰ πτερόεντα,
ἄντα δ' Ἐνυαλίοιο θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
Ἥρη δ' ἀντέστη χρυσηλάκατος κελαδεινὴ
Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα, κασιγνήτη, ἑκάτοιο·
Λητοῖ δ' ἀντέστη σῶκος ἐριούνιος Ἑρμῆς,
ἄντα δ' ἄρ' Ἡφαίστοιο μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν θεοὶ ἄντα θεῶν ἴσαν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ἕκτορος ἄντα μάλιστα λιλαίετο δῦναι ὅμιλον
Πριαμίδεω· τοῦ γάρ ῥα μάλιστά ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.
Αἰνείαν δ' ἰθὺς λαοσσόος ὦρσεν Ἀπόλλων
ἀντία Πηλείωνος, ἐνῆκε δέ οἱ μένος ἠΰ·
νίεῖ δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονι εἴσατο φωνήν·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαὶ,
ἃς Τρώων βασιλεῦσιν ὑπέσχεο οἰνοποτάζων,
Πηλείδεω Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζειν;"

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·
"Πριαμίδη, τί με ταῦτα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα κελεύεις
ἀντία Πηλείωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι;
οὐ μὲν γὰρ νῦν πρῶτα ποδώκεος ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος
στήσομαι, ἀλλ' ἤδη με καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φόβησεν
ἐξ Ἴδης, ὅτε βουσὶν ἐπήλυθεν ἠμετέρῃσιν,

Their Father peal'd his thunders ; 'neath their feet
Poseidon shook the boundless earth and all
The steep crests of the mountains ; from her roots
Up to her summits fountain'd Ida quaked,
And the whole city quiver'd, and the fleet.
Deep in his nether realm Ædoneus heard
And fear'd, and leap'd from off his throne, and cried
For fear aloud, lest vast Poseidon burst
The earth apart, and bare to God and man
The vasty dismal spaces of his rule
Hateful to ev'n Immortals : such the sound
Rose of the Deities at last in arms ;
Where face to face to Poseidaion stood
Phœbus Apollo, wingèd darts in hand ;
And Enyalius to the blue-eyed Maid ;
And Herè to gold-quiver'd Artemis,
Dread huntress, sister-born to Hecatus ;
To Leto, Hermes, he who loves to save ;
And to Hephæstus the great eddying Stream,
Xanthus by Gods, Scamander named by men.

So God met God ; but in the mortal crowd
Achilles most aspired to pierce the band
Round Priameian Hector : with *his* blood
Chiefest he long'd to slake the thirsty throat
Of stubborn Ares. This Apollo saw
And straight bestirr'd Æneas on the field
Opposed, and breathed a spirit brave upon him ;
Guised as Lycaon, Priam's noble son,
The child of Zeus approach'd Æneas thus :
"Æneas, counsellor of good to Troy !
Where now the threats which thou wouldst utter oft,
Boasting before the chieftains o'er thy wine,
Alone to meet Achilles hand to hand ?"
To whom in answer then Æneas thus :
"Prince, Priam's Son ! Wouldst thou compel me forth,
Loth though I be, to combat Peleus' Son
'Twere not my first encounter of his spear.
Already hath he driven me for my life
Down Ida, when he came upon our herds

πέρσε δὲ Λυρνησσὸν καὶ Πήδασον· αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
εὐρύσαθ', ὅς μοι ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γοῦνα.
ἦ κ' ἐδάμην ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος καὶ Ἀθήνης,
ἥ οἱ πρόσθεν ἰοῦσα τίθει φάος ἠδ' ἐκέλευεν
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Λέλεγας καὶ Τρῶας ἐναίρειν.
τῷ οὐκ ἔστ' Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίον ἄνδρα μάχεσθαι·
αἰεὶ γὰρ πάρα εἷς γε θεῶν, ὃς λοιγὸν ἀμύνει.
καὶ δ' ἄλλως τοῦγ' ἰθὺ βέλος πέτετ', οὐδ' ἀπολήγει
πρὶν χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο διελθεῖν. εἰ δὲ θεός περ
ἶσον τείνειεν πολέμου τέλος, οὔ με μάλα ῥέα
νικήσει, οὐδ' εἰ παγχάλκεος εὔχεται εἶναι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς, Ἀπόλλων·
"ἤρως, ἀλλ' ἄγε καὶ σὺ θεοῖς αἰειγενέτῃσιν
εὔχεο· καὶ δὲ σέ φασι Διὸς κούρης Ἀφροδίτης
ἐκγεγάμεν, κεῖνος δὲ χερείονος ἐκ θεοῦ ἐστίν.
ἡ μὲν γὰρ Διός ἐσθ', ἡ δ' ἐξ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
ἀλλ' ἰθὺς φέρε χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα, μηδέ σε πάμπαν
λευγαλέοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Ἀγχίσαο πάϊς λευκώλενον Ἥρην
ἀντία Πηλείωνος ἰὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν·
ἡ δ' ἄμυδις στήσασα θεοὺς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Φράζεσθον δὴ σφῶϊ, Ποσείδαον καὶ Ἀθήνη,
ἐν φρεσὶν ὑμετέρῃσιν, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα.
Αἰνείας ὅδ' ἔβη κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ
ἀντία Πηλείωνος, ἀνῆκε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ἀποτρωπῶμεν ὀπίσσω
αὐτόθεν· ἤ τις ἔπειτα καὶ ἡμείων Ἀχιλῆϊ
παρσταίη, δοίη δὲ κράτος μέγα, μηδέ τι θυμῷ
δευέσθω, ἵνα εἰδῇ ὅ μιν φιλέουσιν ἄριστοι
ἀθανάτων, οἱ δ' αὖτ' ἀνεμώλιοι οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
Τρωσὶν ἀμύνουσιν πόλεμον καὶ δηϊοτῆτα.
πάντες δ' Οὐλύμποιο κατήλθομεν ἀντιόωντες

And took Lyrnessus and high Pedasus.
Zeus breathed me strength and speed, and saved me then ;
Else he had slain me by Athene's help.
For nigh him aye Athene moves, and makes
Light all around him, with unerring spear
To smite the men of Lelegè and Troy.
Man therefore to Achilles needs must yield,
By whom a God stands ever, shielding hurt ;
Whose dart withal, without such aid, flies straight
Nor halteth, till it taste his foe's best blood.
But, would some God draw even 'twixt us two
The chance of battle's issue, then, albeit
He boast him iron all from head to foot,
Yet easily he would not overcome."

To whom Apollo, child of Zeus, king-born :
" Hero, trust likewise thou, and pray high Heaven.
Thou, whom they name of Aphrodite son,
The child of Zeus ; but he of feebler birth,
Whose mother was of Nereus, thine of Zeus.
Bear therefore straight thy pointed spear, nor yield
One tittle, not for all his threats or taunts."

So on that captain of the host he breathed
Undaunted spirit, and arm'd in flashing brass
He through the foremost champions push'd his way.

Nor then by white-arm Herè pass'd unmark'd
Æneas, tow'rd Achilles making way ;
Around her calling all the Gods, she spake :

" Athenè and Poseidon ! Judge ye now
And ponder, in what wise these things shall end.
Æneas, all in mail of flashing brass,
Inspired by Phœbus, moves on Peleus' Son.
Or shall we lure Apollo thence, or take
Our stand beside Achilles, granting strength,
Such spirit unfainting, that he may discern
What love the highest Immortals bear towards him,
And know of none effect who all this while
Defend the Trojans through the deadly war?
Yea, for what other cause made we descent
All from Olympus hither, but to save

τῆσδε μάχης, ἵνα μή τι μετὰ Τρώεσσι πάθῃσιν
σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε τὰ πείσεται ἄσσα οἱ Αἶσα
γεινομένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκε μήτηρ.
εἰ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς οὐ ταῦτα θεῶν ἐκ πεύσεται ὀμφῆς,
δείσετ' ἔπειθ', ὅτε κέν τις ἐναντίβιον θεὸς ἔλθῃ
ἐν πολέμῳ· χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειδα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἥρη, μὴ χαλέπαινε παρὲκ νόον· οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελάσσαι
[ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰμεν]·
ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μὲν ἔπειτα καθεζώμεσθα κιόντες
ἐκ πάτου ἐς σκοπιὴν, πόλεμος δ' ἄνδρεσσι μελήσει.
εἰ δέ κ' Ἄρης ἄρχωσι μάχης ἠ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἠ Ἀχιλῆ' ἴσχωσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσι μάχεσθαι,
αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἄμμι παρ' αὐτόφι νεῖκος ὀρεῖται
φυλόπιδος· μάλα δ' ὦκα διακρινθέντας ὀΐω
ἂψ ἴμεν Οὔλυμπόνδε, θεῶν μεθ' ὁμήγυριν ἄλλων,
ἡμετέρῃς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἀναγκαίηφι δαμέντας."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο κυανοχαίτης
τεῖχος ἐς ἀμφίχυτον Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,
ὑψηλὸν, τό ῥά οἱ Τρῶες καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ποίεον, ὄφρα τὸ κῆτος ὑπεκπροφυγὼν ἀλέαιτο,
ὁππότε μιν σεύαιτο ἀπ' ἠϊόνος πεδίονδε.
ἔνθα Ποσειδάων κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀῤῥηκτον νεφέλην ὤμοισιν ἔσαντο·
οἱ δ' ἑτέρωσε καθῖζον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι Καλλικολώνης
ἀμφὶ σὲ, ἦϊε Φοῖβε, καὶ Ἄρηα πτολίπορθον.
ὣς οἱ μέν ῥ' ἑκάτερθε καθείατο μητιόωντες
βουλάς· ἀρχέμεναι δὲ δυσηλεγέος πολέμοιο
ὤκνεον ἀμφότεροι, Ζεὺς δ' ἤμενος ὕψι κέλευεν.

Τῶν δ' ἅπαν ἐπλήσθη πεδίον, καὶ λάμπετο χαλκῷ,
ἀνδρῶν ἠδ' ἵππων· κάρκαιρε δὲ γαῖα πόδεσσιν
ὀρνυμένων ἅμυδις. δύο δ' ἀνέρες ἔξοχ' ἄριστοι
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,

Him from now suffering aught by Trojan hand?
Enough, enough hereafter he must bear,
All that upon his thread fell Fate hath spun
From the first hour his mother gave him birth.
But if no voice divine explain him this,
He needs must fear before a God in arms;
For Gods appal, appearing arm'd to men."
To her the Shaker of the Earth return'd:
"Be not thou movèd, Herè, overmuch
With this unseemly passion; nor let us,
The strongest far, provoke the Powers of Heaven
To monstrous battle. Rather let us move
From off the trodden ways to yon high mound,
Leaving this toilsome moil to mortal men.
But if Apollo then, or Ares, dare
Begin the battle, or attempt restrain
Achilles, or forbid him from the fray,
Justly against them may we raise our arms;
Nor long, I ween, the struggle, ere they flee
Back to Olympus and the assembled Gods,
Brought to such strait and vanquish'd by our arms."
So spake the dark-tress'd Power, and led the way
Tow'rd the high mound, yclept of Hercules,
Heap'd of old time by Pallas and all Troy
To screen him from that monster of the main
Up the seashore ascending day by day.
There with those other Gods Poseidon took
His seat, and in impenetrable cloud
They veil'd them; but, advèrse, the Gods of Troy
Took seat upon Kallicolonæ's brow,
Round thee, O Phœbus, glorious in thy youth,
And tower-destroying Ares. Either side
So sate them down, and brooded diverse will,
Yet still refraining from the baleful strife
Whereto Zeus bade them from his throne on high.

Now was the whole field throng'd, and gleam'd with brass
From men and steeds; earth sounded with the tramp
Of mingling hosts. Two foremost, noblest there,
This of Anchises, that of Peleus, son,

Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀπειλήσας ἐβεβήκει,
νευστάζων κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδα δοῦριν
πρόσθεν ἔχε στέρνοιο, τίνασσε δὲ χάλκεον ἔγχος.
Πηλείδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐναντίον ὦρτο, λέων ὡς
σίντης, ὅντε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀποκτάμεναι μεμάασιν
ἀγρόμενοι, πᾶς δῆμος· ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀτίζων
ἔρχεται, ἀλλ' ὅτε κέν τις ἀρηϊθόων αἰζηῶν
δουρὶ βάλῃ, ἐάλη τε χανὼν, περί τ' ἀφρὸς ὀδύντας
γίγνεται, ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίῃ στένει ἄλκιμον ἦτορ,
οὐρῇ δὲ πλευράς τε καὶ ἰσχία ἀμφοτέρωθεν
μαστίεται, ἐὲ δ' αὐτὸν ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι,
γλαυκιόων δ' ἰθὺς φέρεται μένει, ἤν τινα πέφνῃ
ἀνδρῶν, ἢ αὐτὸς φθίεται πρώτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ·
ὣς Ἀχιλῆ' ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Αἰνεία, τί σὺ τόσσον ὁμίλου πολλὸν ἐπελθὼν
ἕστης; ἦ σέγε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει
ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισιν
τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ εἴ κεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,
οὔ τοι τοὔνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει·
εἰσὶν γάρ οἱ παῖδες, ὁ δ' ἔμπεδος οὐδ' ἀεσίφρων.
ἦ νύ τί Τρῶες τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης, ὄφρα νέμηαι,
αἴ κεν ἐμὲ κτείνῃς; χαλεπῶς δέ σ' ἔολπα τὸ ῥέξειν.
ἤδη μὲν σέγε φημὶ καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φοβῆσαι.
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε πέρ σε βοῶν ἄπο, μοῦνον ἐόντα,
σεῦα κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ταχέεσσι πόδεσσιν
καρπαλίμως; τότε δ' οὔτι μετατροπαλίζεο φεύγων.
ἔνθεν δ' ἐς Λυρνησσὸν ὑπέκφυγες· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὴν
πέρσα, μέθορμηθεὶς σὺν Ἀθήνῃ καὶ Διὶ πατρὶ,
λῃϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας, ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας,
ἦγον· ἀτὰρ σὲ Ζεὺς ἐῤῥύσατο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.

Moved each to meet the other, fain for blood.
And first Æneas came, with threatening cry,
Nodding his ponderous helm, with giant shield
Before his breast, and brandishing brazen spear.
Adverse in arms against him Peleus' Son
Show'd like some hurtful lion, hardly press'd
By a whole village hunting to the death;
Careless, disdainful first, he walks his way;
But, let some javelin wound him, close he draws,
Half-curved, with open jaw and foaming fang,
And groans indignant from his heart a groan,
And lashes either side his flanks and loins,
Spurring himself to battle, fiery-eyed,
Then onward springs infuriate, till he slays
His hunters, or hath fall'n beneath their darts;
Such show'd Achilles, by his wrathful heart
Furious against Æneas onward borne.

And each had near'd the other on the field,
When thus the fleetfoot hero first began:
"Why tak'st thou stand, Æneas, so advanced?
Prompteth thy heart this battle with the hope
Thou so mayst reign at Troy in Priam's stead?
Nay, though thou slew'st me, Priam would not yield
To thee his sceptre; who hath sons himself,
Is strong of will—no silly dotard he.
Or that, if thou subdue me, Troy may give
Some passing-rich demesne, of wide renown,
Vineyard, and fattest glebe, to dwell therein?
Hard of fulfilment, thou must know the terms,
Thou, whom I erst have frighted with this spear.
Bear'st not in mind the day, when headlong down
I drave thee from thy herds, escaping sole
From Ida, nor adventuring look behind?
Thou gatt'st thee to Lyrnessus; yet e'en thence,
Holpen by Pallas and by Father Zeus,
I drave thee; when I storm'd and took its towers
And bare away its damsels, spoil and prey,
Darkening their day of freedom. Thee alone
Zeus and the other Powers of Heaven then saved,

ἀλλ' οὐ νῦν σε ῥύεσθαι ὀΐομαι, ὡς ἐνὶ θυμῷ
βάλλεαι· ἀλλά σ' ἔγωγ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω
ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ νήπιος ἔγνω."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμείβετο φώνησέν τε·
" Πηλείδη, μὴ δή μ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὣς
ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἠμὲν κερτομίας ἠδ' αἴσυλα μυθήσασθαι.
ἴδμεν τ' ἀλλήλων γενεὴν, ἴδμεν δὲ τοκῆας,
πρόκλυτ' ἀκούοντες ἔπεα θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
ὄψει δ' οὔτ' ἄρ πω σὺ ἐμοὺς ἴδες οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σούς·
φασὶ σὲ μὲν Πηλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔκγονον εἶναι,
μητρὸς δ' ἐκ Θέτιδος καλλιπλοκάμου ἁλοσύδνης·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο
εὔχομαι ἐκγεγάμην, μήτηρ δέ μοί ἐστ' Ἀφροδίτη·
τῶν δὴ νῦν ἕτεροί γε φίλον παῖδα κλαύσονται
σήμερον· οὐ γάρ φημ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπυτίοισιν
ὧδε διακρινθέντε μάχης ἔξ ἀπονέεσθαι.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῇς
ἡμετέρην γενεὴν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασιν·
Δάρδανον αὖ πρῶτον τέκετο νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς,
κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ᾤκεον πολυπίδακος Ἴδης.
Δάρδανος αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν Ἐριχθόνιον βασιλῆα,
ὃς δὴ ἀφνειότατος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
τοῦ τρισχίλιαι ἵπποι ἕλος κάτα βουκολέοντο
θήλειαι, πώλοισιν ἀγαλλόμεναι ἀταλῇσιν.—
τάων καὶ Βορέης ἠράσσατο βοσκομενάων,
ἵππῳ δ' εἰσάμενος παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτῃ·
αἱ δ' ὑποκυσάμεναι ἔτεκον δυοκαίδεκα πώλους.
αἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῷεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν,
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θέον οὐδὲ κατέκλων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῷεν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.—
Τρῶα δ' Ἐριχθόνιος τέκετο Τρώεσσιν ἄνακτα·
Τρωὸς δ' αὖ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,
Ἶλός τ' Ἀσσάρακός τε καὶ ἀντίθεος Γανυμήδης,

But shall not save thee now, albeit, I ween,
Thou so revolv'st it in thine own fond heart.
Rather I bid thee to thy ranks retire ;
Stand not persistent till the stroke hath fall'n ;
'Tis a fool's part, repentance all too late."

Whom answering brave, Æneas thus return'd :
" Pelides, I as thou can jeer and gibe
Or gall with idle threats ; wherefore with words
Think not to daunt me like a weakling babe.
Though neither hath beheld the other's home,
Yet well we know each other's birth, for wide
The fame thereof is bruited in men's mouths.
And thee they rumour blameless Peleus' son,
Born of the fair-hair'd Thetis, Nymph divine ;
I boast me to be brave Anchises' son
But golden Aphrodite gave me birth :
Of whom shall one or other wail this day
Her dear son dead ; I ween, we shall not part
With baby-words from battle. Nathless, hear,
If thou wouldst have this knowledge and wilt pause,
My generation known of many men.
First of great Zeus was gotten Dardanus,
Who built Dardania ; holy Ilion then
Had not been founded on the plain nor wrought
Into a city for clear-speaking men,
But in the valleys all still made their homes
Under the crests of Ida. Dardanus
Gat princely Ericthonius ; wealthiest he
Of mortal kind ; upon whose meadows grazed
Three thousand mares, and bred their tender foals.
Of these enamour'd, Boreas came, and lay
Guised as a black-hued stallion in their haunts,
By whom conceiving, twelve fair colts they foal'd.
These, when they sported o'er the fruitful earth,
Would skim the bearded grain nor break it down ;
Or on the broad back of the sea would race,
Nor from the sparkling billow dash the foam.
Of Ericthonius, Tros, the king of Troy ;
Of Tros, three sons were gotten, Ganymede,
Assaracus, and Ilus—Ganymede

ὃς δὴ κάλλιστος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
τὸν καὶ ἀνηρείψαντο θεοὶ Διὶ οἰνοχοεύειν
κάλλεος εἵνεκα οἷο, ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι μετείη.
Ἶλος δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Λαομέδοντα,
Λαομέδων δ' ἄρα Τιθωνὸν τέκετο Πρίαμόν τε
Λάμπον τε Κλυτίον θ' Ἱκετάονά τ', ὄζον Ἄρηος
Ἀσσάρακος δὲ Κάπυν, ὁ δ' ἄρ' Ἀγχίσην τέκε παῖδα·
αὐτὰρ ἔμ' Ἀγχίσης, Πρίαμος δ' ἔτεχ' Ἕκτορα δῖον.
ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι.
Ζεὺς δ' ἀρετὴν ἀνδρεσσιν ὀφέλλει τε μινύθει τε,
ὅππως κεν ἐθέλῃσιν· ὁ γὰρ κάρτιστος ἁπάντων.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὡς,
ἑσταότ' ἐν μέσσῃ ὑσμίνῃ δηϊοτῆτος.
ἔστι γὰρ ἀμφοτέροισιν ὀνείδεα μυθήσασθαι
πολλὰ μάλ'· οὐδ' ἂν νηῦς ἑκατόζυγος ἄχθος ἄροιτο.
στρεπτὴ δὲ γλῶσσ' ἐστὶ βροτῶν, πολέες δ' ἔνι μῦθοι
παντοῖοι, ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νομὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
ὁπποῖόν κ' εἴπῃσθα ἔπος, τοῖόν κ' ἐπακούσαις.
ἀλλὰ τίη ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα νῶϊν ἀνάγκη
νεικεῖν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐναντίον, ὥστε γυναῖκας,
αἵτε χολωσάμεναι ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο
νεικεῦσ' ἀλλήλῃσι μέσην ἐς ἄγυιαν ἰοῦσαι,
πόλλ' ἐτεά τε καὶ οὐκί· χόλος δέ τε καὶ τὰ κελεύει.
ἀλκῆς δ' οὔ μ' ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις μεμαῶτα
πρὶν χαλκῷ μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον· ἀλλ' ἄγε, θᾶσσον
γευσόμεθ' ἀλλήλων χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχείῃσιν."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν δεινῷ σάκει ἤλασεν ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
σμερδαλέῳ· μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ σάκος μύκε δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
Πηλείδης δὲ σάκος μὲν ἀπὸ ἕο χειρὶ παχείῃ
ἔσχετο ταρβήσας· φάτο γὰρ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο,
νήπιος, οὐδ' ἐνόησε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν
ὡς οὐ ῥηϊδί' ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι οὐδ' ὑποείκειν.
οὐδὲ τότ' Αἰνείαο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·
ἀλλὰ δύω μὲν ἔλασσε διὰ πτύχας, αἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔτι τρεῖς
ἦσαν, ἐπεὶ πέντε πτύχας ἤλασε κυλλοποδίων,

The comeliest of mankind, and rapt by Gods
For that his beauty's sake to dwell in heaven
And bear the cup to Zeus. But Ilus gat
One son, the blameless chief Laomedon;
Then of Laomedon were five begot,
Tithonus, Priam, Lampus, Clytius,
And Hicetaon, flower o' the field of war.
Assaracus gat Capys: he one son,
Anchises; and from him I boast myself,
But Hector boasts from Priam. This the tale
Of my true lineage, this my father's race.
Yet, since most mighty Zeus, ev'n as He wills,
Or makes or mars the valour in a man,
Linger we here no longer, as 'twere boys
Prating, and standing idle in the fray.
Still might each taunt the other, nor, full-fraught,
A hundred-oared galley stow the words;
For words are many, and the tongue is lithe;
Words change, and roam at random to and fro;
Yea, that thou speak'st, returneth to thine ear.
Wherefore what need to us of jeer and gibe,
Each to revile the other, women-like,
Who, anger'd with a spirit-wasting strife,
Revile each other in the public way
Things true or false, whate'er their anger bids?
Thou wilt not fright me from my strength by words
Ere I have made my venture—Haste then, haste,
Be our spears quicker to the taste of blood!"

He spake, and on the dread and terrible shield
Dash'd his huge spear. Loud rang the massy shield
Round the spear-point, and Peleus' Son for fear
Held it away out from him in strong hand,
Deeming that brave Æneas' shadowing lance
Must pierce sheer through it: fond! who then the while
Bare not in mind what task to mortal man
To break or quell the glorious gifts of Gods.
The hero's lance, though mighty, might not burst
That targe, but by the gold the gift of Heav'n
Was held; two plates it pierced, but three remain'd;
For five Hephæstus wrought thereon; of brass

τὰς δύο χαλκείας, δύο δ' ἔνδοθι κασσιτέροιο,
τὴν δὲ μίαν χρυσέην· τῇ ῥ' ἔσχετο μείλινον ἔγχος.

Δεύτερος αὖτ' Ἀχιλεὺς προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Αἰνείαο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
ἄντυγ' ὕπο πρώτην, ᾗ λεπτότατος θέε χαλκὸς,
λεπτοτάτη δ' ἐπέην ῥινὸς βοός· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
Πηλιὰς ἤιξεν μελίη, λάκε δ' ἀσπὶς ὑπ' αὐτῆς.
Αἰνείας δ' ἐάλη καὶ ἀπὸ ἕθεν ἀσπίδ' ἀνέσχεν
δείσας· ἐγχείη δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἔστη ἰεμένη, διὰ δ' ἀμφοτέρους ἔλε κύκλους
ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ὁ δ' ἀλευάμενος δόρυ μακρὸν
ἔστη, κὰδ δ' ἄχος οἱ χύτο μυρίον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ταρβήσας ὅ οἱ ἄγχι πάγη βέλος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐμμεμαὼς ἐπόρουσεν, ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξύ,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Αἰνείας, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.
ἔνθα κεν Αἰνείας μὲν ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ
ἢ κόρυθ', ἠὲ σάκος, τό οἱ ἤρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
τὸν δέ κε Πηλείδης σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.
αὐτίκα δ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μοι ἄχος μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο,
ὃς τάχα Πηλείωνι δαμεὶς Ἄϊδόσδε κάτεισιν,
πειθόμενος μύθοισιν Ἀπόλλωνος ἑκάτοιο,
νήπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ χραισμήσει λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον.
ἀλλὰ τίη νῦν οὗτος ἀναίτιος ἄλγεα πάσχει,
μάψ ἕνεκ' ἀλλοτρίων ἀχέων, κεχαρισμένα δ' αἰεὶ
δῶρα θεοῖσι δίδωσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσιν;
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ὑπὲκ θανάτου ἀγάγωμεν,
μή πως καὶ Κρονίδης κεχολώσεται, αἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
τόνδε κατακτείνῃ· μόριμον δέ οἱ ἐστ' ἀλέασθαι,
ὄφρα μὴ ἄσπερμος γενεὴ καὶ ἄφαντος ὄληται
Δαρδάνου, ὃν Κρονίδης περὶ πάντων φίλατο παίδων

Two ; and of tin two, inmost ; but of gold
The midmost, and in this the shaft was stay'd.
Achilles then in turn his javelin cast,
The ash by Cheiron hewn on Pelion's peak.
Which, falling on Æneas' fullorb'd shield,
Under the rim, where brass and hide alike
Are thinnest laid, sped joyous on and rent
The buckler's edge upon its point ; for now
Low down had crouch'd the other, and for fear
Above him held the shield ; behind whose back
Passing, through both plates of the targe sheer driven,
The spear fell, idly quivering in the earth.
He shunn'd the fatal lance, yet stood as one
Bewilder'd, and across his eyes came shower'd
Trouble of myriad form ; so near the dart.
Furious, with falchion drawn and terrible cry,
Achilles bounded tow'rd him ; yet he seized
A stone, a thing enormous, such as two,
Of men that now are born upon the earth,
Could bear not—he alone uplifting shook.
This had he hurl'd perchance on Peleus' Son
And struck his helm or shield, a guard secure
Baffling the blow, but by the other's sword
Had lost his life, had not their plight been mark'd
By Poseidaion, who, beholding, grieved,
And thus address'd him to the Immortals near :
" I grieve me, Gods, for brave Æneas' sake ;
Who needs must die, by Peleus' Son subdued,
Through that his faith in arrowy Phœbus' word—
Fond ! for not Phœbus shall avail to save.
But judge ye ; shall this man so suffer death,
Whose fault is none, for others' evil deeds,
Who to the Gods, the inheritors of heaven,
Ever hath offer'd dues acceptable ?
Rather we pluck him from this evil doom,
Lest Zeus withal be anger'd for his death.
For well with Fate accords that he escape ;
Lest the great race of ancient Dardanus
Be without seed and perish from the earth—
Dardanus, most beloved of all the sons

οἳ ἔθεν ἐξεγένοντο γυναικῶν τε θνητάων.
ἤδη γαρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων·
νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
καὶ παίδων παῖδες, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
" ἐννοσίγαι', αὐτὸς σὺ μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι νόησον
Αἰνείαν, ἤ κέν μιν ἐρύσσεαι, ἤ κεν ἐάσεις
[Πηλείδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμήμεναι, ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα].
ἤτοι μὲν γὰρ νῶϊ πολέας ὠμόσσαμεν ὅρκους
πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μήποτ' Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἦμαρ,
μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται
δαιομένη, δαίωσι δ' Ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν."

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγ' ἄκουσε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἂν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχειάων,
ἷξε δ' ὅθ' Αἰνείας ἠδ' ὁ κλυτὸς ἦεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
αὐτίκα τῷ μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέεν ἀχλύν,
Πηλείδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ· ὁ δὲ μελίην εὐχαλκον
ἀσπίδος ἐξέρυσεν μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο·
καὶ τὴν μὲν προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἔθηκεν,
Αἰνείαν δ' ἔσσευεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἀείρας.
πολλάς δὲ στίχας ἡρώων, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἵππων
Αἰνείας ὑπερᾶλτο θεοῦ ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὀρούσας,
ἷξε δ' ἐπ' ἐσχατιὴν πολυάϊκος πολέμοιο,
ἔνθα τε Καύκωνες πόλεμον μέτα θωρήσσοντο.
τῷ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

" Αἰνεία, τίς σ' ὧδε θεῶν ἀτέοντα κελεύει
ἀντία Πηλείωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι,
ὃς σεῦ ἅμα κρείσσων καὶ φίλτερος ἀθανάτοισιν;
ἀλλ' ἀναχωρῆσαι, ὅτε κεν συμβλήσεαι αὐτῷ,
μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ μοῖραν δόμον Ἄϊδος εἰσαφίκηαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' Ἀχιλεὺς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,
θαρσήσας δὴ ἔπειτα μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι·
οὐ μὲν γάρ τίς σ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ἐξεναρίξει."

Ὣς εἰπὼν λίπεν αὐτόθ', ἐπεὶ διεπέφραδε πάντα.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν σκέδασ' ἀχλὺν
θεσπεσίην· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μέγ' ἔξιδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

"Ὦ πόποι ἦμέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι.

Of mortal women to Kroneion born.
Long against Priam's race His wrath hath been ;
Wherefore Æneas soon shall reign in Troy,
He, and his children's children, to all time."
He spoke ; but royal Herè answer'd thus :
" Poseidon, judge thyself, and, as thou list,
Or save or leave Æneas to the spear
Of Peleus' Son, for brave he is and true ;
Nor I assent, nor Pallas, who have sworn,
Before the Gods assembled, ne'er to fend
An evil hour from off the towers of Troy,
Not though they fall in conflagration strewn,
Enkindled by Achaia's conquering sons."
Whose word Poseidon heard, and hasted straight,
Thridding the battle and the throng of spears,
And gain'd where those two foes stood face to face.
There first he shower'd a mist across the eyes
Of Peleus' Son, whose brass-tipp'd ashen spear
He pluck'd from out renown'd Æneas' shield
And laid before his feet ; but from the earth
Snatch'd up Æneas, bearing him on high :
O'er many a rank of heroes, many a rank
Of armèd horses, imp'd by hand divine,
Æneas leap'd, alighting on the verge
Of battle, where the Caucons arming stood.
Then came Poseidon nigh, and spake and said :
" Æneas, say, what God could bid thee stand
Infatuate in arms 'gainst Peleus' Son,
Stronger than thou, and favour'd more by Heav'n ?
Withdraw thee ever, when thou encounterest him ;
Else soon to Hades, though in Fate's despite,
Before thine hour thou goest. But, when Death
And Fate have ta'en Achilles to themselves,
Then with good heart the vanmost mayst thou range,
O'er whom no other man hath power to slay."
He spoke, foretold his fate, and left him there,
And went, and moved the mist divinely shed
Across Achilles' eyes ; who look'd, and saw,
And, much perplex'd, cried to his own brave heart :
" Ye Gods ! A marvel these mine eyes behold.

ἔγχος μὲν τόδε κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὸς, οὐδέ τι φῶτα
λεύσσω τῷ ἐφέηκα κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων.
ἦ ῥα καὶ Αἰνείας φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
ἦεν· ἀτάρ μιν ἔφην μὰψ αὔτως εὐχετάασθαι.
ἐῤῥέτω· οὔ οἱ θυμὸς ἐμεῦ ἔτι πειρηθῆναι
ἔσσεται, ὃς καὶ νῦν φύγεν ἄσμενος ἐκ θανάτοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ Δαναοῖσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κελεύσας
τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίος ἐλθών."

Ἦ καὶ ἐπὶ στίχας ἆλτο, κέλευε δὲ φωτὶ ἑκάστῳ·
"μηκέτι νῦν Τρώων ἑκὰς ἕστατε, δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀνὴρ ἄντ' ἀνδρὸς ἴτω, μεμάτω δὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι, καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἐόντι,
τοσσούσδ' ἀνθρώπους ἐφέπειν καὶ πᾶσι μάχεσθαι·
οὐδέ κ' Αρης, ὅσπερ θεὸς ἄμβροτος, οὐδέ κ' Ἀθήνη
τοσσῆσδ' ὑσμίνης ἐφέποι στόμα καὶ πονέοιτο·
ἀλλ' ὅσσον μὲν ἐγὼ δύναμαι χερσίν τε ποσίν τε
καὶ σθένει, οὔ μέ τί φημι μεθησέμεν, οὐδ' ἠβαιὸν,
ἀλλὰ μάλα στιχὸς εἶμι διαμπερὲς, οὐδέ τιν' οἴω
Τρώων χαιρήσειν, ὅστις σχεδὸν ἔγχεος ἔλθῃ."

Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων· Τρώεσσι δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
κέκλεθ' ὁμοκλήσας, φάτο δ' ἴμμεναι ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος·

"Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι, μὴ δείδιτε Πηλείωνα.
καί κεν ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μαχοίμην·
ἔγχεϊ δ' ἀργαλέον, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰσιν.
οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς πάντεσσι τέλος μύθοις ἐπιθήσει,
ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν τελέει, τὸ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγὺ κολούει.
τῷ δ' ἐγὼ ἀντίος εἶμι, καὶ εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικεν,
εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικε, μένος δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ."

Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἱ δ' ἀντίοι ἔγχε' ἄειραν
Τρῶες· τῶν δ' ἄμυδις μίχθη μένος, ὦρτο δ' ἀϋτή.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστὰς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

"Ἕκτορ, μηκέτι πάμπαν Ἀχιλλῆϊ προμάχιζε,
ἀλλὰ κατὰ πληθύν τε καὶ ἐκ φλοίσβοιο δέδεξο,

Here lies my spear on earth before my feet;
And him, at whom I cast it fain to slay,
Him nowhere I descry. Albeit I knew
Æneas by Immortals well-beloved,
This day I deem'd his prayers should be in vain.
Yet let him whither he will! No more his heart
Will prompt him to withstand me, who hath scaped
His death so nearly now; and let me forth,
First to give order to mine own brave men,
Then to assail and try the strength of Troy."

He spoke, and backward sprang, and cheer'd his host:
"Noble Achaians! Stand no longer now
At distance from your foes, but hand to hand
And fain to close, meet every man his man.
Hard were it, spite my strength, for me alone,
One against all, so many to assail;
Nor Ares nor Athenè, Powers albeit
Immortal, could travèrse the whole wide face
Of this array for battle. Yet, so far
As in me lies, in foot and hand, and strength,
I slack no whit, but on them charge, and deem
Who meets my spear shall have no cause to joy."

He spoke, and quicken'd all; but, bright in arms,
Hector against him cheer'd the Trojans on:

"Brave Trojans! Have no fright of Peleus' Son:
I likewise, were the battle waged with words,
Would fearless face Immortals; spear to spear
Were peril indeed, for they are mightier far.
Loud vaunts Achilles; but his words with deeds
He crowns not; one perchance, or here or there,
He perfects, but drops others, shorn of act.
And I go meet him, though his arm were fire,
Like fire his arm, his strength like glowing steel!"

Quickening their hearts he spoke. The Trojans rear'd
Their spears aloft, advancing; and their might
Thronging they mingled, and their cry rose loud.
Phœbus by Hector then took stand, and spake:

"Alone against Achilles move not forth;
But from the midmost melley, in the crowd,
Await his charge; lest haply with his spear

μή πώς σ' ἠὲ βάλῃ, ἠὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψῃ."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτις ἐδύσετο οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν
ταρβήσας, ὅτ' ἄκουσε θεοῦ ὄπα φωνήσαντος.
ἐν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι θόρε, φρεσὶν εἰμένος ἀλκήν,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, πρῶτον δ' ἔλεν Ἰφιτίωνα,
ἐσθλὸν Ὀτρυντείδην, πολέων ἡγήτορα λαῶν,
ὃν νύμφη τέκε νηΐς Ὀτρυντῆϊ πτολιπόρθῳ
Τμώλῳ ὕπο νιφόεντι, Ἥδης πίονι δήμῳ·
τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα βάλ' ἔγχεϊ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Κεῖσαι, Ὀτρυντείδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν·
ἐνθάδε τοι θάνατος, γενεὴ δέ τοί ἐστ' ἐπὶ λίμνῃ
Γυγαίῃ, ὅθι τοι τέμενος πατρώϊόν ἐστιν,
Ἅλλῳ ἔπ' ἰχθυόεντι καὶ Ἕρμῳ δινήεντι."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
τὸν μὲν Ἀχαιῶν ἵπποι ἐπισσώτροις δατέοντο
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· ὁ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ Δημολέοντα,
ἐσθλὸν ἀλεξητῆρα μάχης, Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν,
νύξε κατὰ κρόταφον, κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρῄου.
οὐδ' ἄρα χαλκείη κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς
αἰχμὴ ἰεμένη ῥῆξ' ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
Ἱπποδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντα,
πρόσθεν ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὔτασε δουρί.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἄϊσθε καὶ ἤρυγεν, ὡς ὅτε ταῦρος
ἤρυγεν ἑλκόμενος Ἑλικώνιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα
κούρων ἑλκόντων· γάνυται δέ τε τοῖς ἐνοσίχθων·
ὣς ἄρα τόνγ' ἐρυγόντα λίπ' ὀστέα θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ σὺν δουρὶ μετ' ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον
Πριαμίδην. τὸν δ' οὔτι πατὴρ εἴασκε μάχεσθαι,
οὕνεκά οἱ μετὰ παισὶ νεώτατος ἔσκε γόνοιο,
καί οἱ φίλτατος ἔσκε, πόδεσσι δὲ πάντας ἐνίκα·
δὴ τότε νηπιέῃσι, ποδῶν ἀρετὴν ἀναφαίνων,
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, εἶος φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.

He smite thee, or with sword-stroke hew thee down."
Reverencing thereat the warning of the Gods,
Hector withdrew him back into the throng.

But forth with terrible cry Achilles sprang,
Engirt with strength of heart against his foe ;
And first Otrynteus' son Iphition
He smote, a chieftain brave, to warrior-sire
Born of the Naiad 'neath the snowy peaks
Of Tmolus in rich Hydè ; in mid charge
Him first the spear of dread Achilles struck
Full on the head ; the skull was cleft in two ;
Loud rang his armour ; and Achilles cried :
" Marvel of human kind, Otrynteus' Son !
Thy death is here : thy birth was far away
On Gyge's lake, where is thy father's realm,
Near Hyllus' streams, and Hermus' eddying pools ! '
He spake his boast ; night veil'd the other's eyes ;
Whose limbs beneath the chariot-wheels were torn.

Against Antenor's son Demoleon
He turn'd him next, and pierced the warrior's brow
Right through the brass-cheek'd helmet ; nor the casque
Held, but the point pass'd joyous on, and brake
The skull, and spatter'd wide the brain within,
Quenching his might. And, next, Hippodamas,
Who from his car, before him flying, had sprung
I' the back he pierced ; who gasp'd his last, with pain
Bellowing, like bellowing bull by young men haled
Into His shrine who reigns in Helicon,
Whereat great Poseidaion smiles, well-pleased ;
So he with bellowing cry gave up the ghost.

Then after Polydorus, Priam's son,
He follow'd ; whom his father from the war
Vainly forbade, the son of his old age,
His youngest and his dearest, and unmatch'd
In Troy for speed of foot ; who for display
Of that pre-eminence vainglorious came
And ranged awhile the vanmost of their van
Till now his life was lost ; for in the back,

τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
νῶτα παραΐσσοντος, ὅθι ζωστῆρος ὀχῆες
χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλόος ἤντετο θώρηξ·
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἔγχεος αἰχμὴ,
γνὺξ δ' ἔριπ' οἰμώξας, νεφέλη δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψεν
κυανέη, προτὶ οἱ δ' ἔλαβ' ἔντερα χερσὶ λιασθείς.

Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς ἐνόησε κασίγνητον Πολύδωρον
ἔντερα χερσὶν ἔχοντα, λιαζόμενον προτὶ γαίῃ,
κάρ ῥά οἱ ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη
δηρὸν ἐκὰς στρωφᾶσθ', ἀλλ' ἀντίος ἦλθ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων, φλογὶ εἴκελος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ὡς εἶδ', ὡς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Ἐγγὺς ἀνὴρ ὃς ἐμόν γέ μάλιστ' ἐσεμάσσατο θυμὸν,
ὅς μοι ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνε τετιμένον· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτι δὴν
ἀλλήλους πτώσσοιμεν ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας."

Ἦ καὶ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσεφώνεεν Ἕκτορα δῖον·
"ἆσσον ἴθ', ὥς κεν θᾶσσον ὀλέθρου πείραθ' ἵκηαι."

Τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Πηλείδη, μὴ δή μ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὡς
ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἠμὲν κερτομίας ἠδ' αἴσυλα μυθήσασθαι.
οἶδα δ' ὅτι σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὸς, ἐγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολὺ χείρων.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται,
αἴ κέ σε χειρότερός περ ἐὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλωμαι
δουρὶ βαλὼν, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ὀξὺ πάροιθεν."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δόρυ, καὶ τόγ' Ἀθήνη
πνοιῇ Ἀχιλλῆος πάλιν ἔτραπε κυδαλίμοιο,
ἧκα μάλα ψύξασα· τὸ δ' ἂψ ἴκεθ' Ἕκτορα δῖον,
αὐτοῦ δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν πέσεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐμμεμαὼς ἐπόρουσε, κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· τὸν δ' ἐξήρπαξεν Ἀπόλλων
ῥεῖα μάλ' ὥστε θεὸς, ἐκάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, τρὶς δ' ἠέρα τύψε βαθεῖαν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

Ev'n as he pass'd him, Peleus' fleetfoot Son
Struck him, there where the girdle's golden clasps
Meet, and the corslet falls in double fold.
Right through beyond the navel held the point;
With a groan he dropp'd upon his knees; a cloud
Enwrapp'd him dark; and, as he headlong fell,
His fingers closed in death upon his bowels.

Beholding whom, his brother dash'd to earth
Tearing his bowels for anguish of his death,
A mist dimm'd Hector's eyes; nor could he brook
Longer to hold him back, but face to face,
Like fire incensed, and shaking sharp-tipp'd spear,
Against Achilles moved; who saw and leap'd
For joy, and vaunted loud, and utter'd this:
"The man is near, who most hath touch'd my heart,
And slew my honour'd comrade; nor these lines
Of battle long shall part us as in fear."
Then with a low'ring brow to Hector thus:
"Come nearer; draw thee quicker to thy death."
Whom helmèd Hector answer'd undismay'd:
'Pelides, I as thou can jeer and gibe
And gall with taunting threats; wherefore with words
Hope not to fright me like a weakling babe.
I know thee strong, and me the feebler far.
Yet lies the issue on the lap of Gods;
Albeit the feebler, I may take thy life,
If my spear strike thee—sharp enow of yore."
He spoke, and whirl'd on high and hurl'd the spear,
Which azure-eyed Athenè, by a breath
Breath'd gently, turn'd from Peleus' Son aside;
Falling, the lance recoil'd to Hector's feet:
On whom infuriate, and with terrible cry,
Achilles bounded onward, fain to slay;
But with all ease Apollo snatch'd him up,
By power divine, and wrapp'd him in thick mist:
Thrice sprang the fleetfoot hero on his foe,
Thrice dash'd his brazen spear in mist profound;
The fourth time, godlike, vainly still he came,
With dreadful cry, and gave these wingèd words:

" Ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον· ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι
ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὖτέ σ' ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπολλων,
ᾧ μέλλεις εὔχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἦ θήν σ' ἐξανύω γε, καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας,
εἴ πού τις καὶ ἔμοιγε θεῶν ἐπιτάῤῥοθός ἐστιν.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὅν κε κιχείω."

Ὣς εἰπων Δρύοπ' οὗτα κατ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἄκοντι·
ἤριπε δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν. ὁ δὲ τὸν μὲν ἔασεν,
Δημοῦχον δὲ Φιλητορίδην, ἠΰν τε μέγαν τε,
κὰγ γόνυ δουρὶ βαλὼν ἠρύκακε· τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα
οὐτάζων ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ ἐξαίνυτο θυμόν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Λαόγονον καὶ Δάρδανον, υἷε Βίαντος,
ἄμφω ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐξ ἵππων ὦσε χαμᾶζε,
τὸν μὲν δουρὶ βαλὼν, τὸν δὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψας.
Τρῶα δ' Ἀλαστορίδην· ὁ μὲν ἀντίος ἤλυθε γούνων,
εἴ πώς εὐ πεφίδοιτο, λαβὼν, καὶ ζωὸν ἀφείη
μηδὲ κατακτείνειεν ὁμηλικίην ἐλεήσας,
νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ ᾔδη, ὃ οὐ πείσεσθαι ἔμελλεν·
οὐ γάρ τι γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν οὐδ' ἀγανόφρων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαώς. ὁ μὲν ἥπτετο χείρεσι γούνων
ἱέμενος λίσσεσθ', ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ οὗτα καθ' ἧπαρ·
ἐκ δέ οἱ ἧπαρ ὄλισθεν, ἀτὰρ μέλαν αἷμα κατ' αὐτοῦ
κόλπον ἐνέπλησεν· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν
θυμοῦ δευόμενον. ὁ δὲ Μούλιον οὗτα παραστὰς
δουρὶ κατ' οὖς· εἴθαρ δὲ δι' οὔατος ἦλθ' ἑτέροιο
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη. ὁ δ' Ἀγήνορος υἱὸν Ἔχεκλον
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλὴν ξίφει ἤλασε κωπήεντι,
πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθε ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.
Δευκαλίωνα δ' ἔπειθ', ἵνα τε ξυνέχουσι τένοντες
ἀγκῶνος, τῇ τόνγε φίλης διὰ χειρὸς ἔπειρεν
αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ· ὁ δέ μιν μένε χεῖρα βαρυνθεὶς,

"Thou cur, who now again hast fled thy death!
Ill press'd thee hard; but Phœbus yet 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,
Next when we meet, I ween I end thee quite;
Till then I turn me on whome'er I may!"

He spoke, and with a javelin through the throat
Pierced Dryops, who before his feet fell prone;
Whom so he left, but stay'd Philetor's son
Demuchus from his flight, a man-at-arms
Mighty and huge, wounding him on the knee
With spear, and hewing then with falchion down.
Laogonus and Dardanus, the sons
Of Bias, next he assail'd, and low to earth
Hurl'd both from off their chariot; one he smote
With spear; the other with huge sword he clove.
Then Tros, Alastor's son, who clasp'd his knees
Beseeching—(if Achilles might be moved
By pity for an age most like his own
To spare him captive, nor to take his life)—
Ah, fond! who knew not he should pray in vain:
Of no mild mood nor softening heart, but wild
For vengeance, *he*, whose knees he embraced with hope
Of mercy. Ere he spoke, the sword had pass'd
Deep in his liver, and the liver brake,
And black blood flooding up his bosom gush'd;
And darkness wrapp'd him, and he gave the ghost.

Approaching Mulius next, he drave his lance
Into his ear, so that the point pass'd on
Right through the other ear. Agenor's son,
Echeclus next with hilted brand he smote
Full on the head, and all the sword reek'd hot
With blood, whilst o'er the darken'd eyes came fast
The purple gloom of death and violent Fate.

Deucalion next, where the elbow's tendons join,
Through the dear arms with brazen point he pierced:
The hand wax'd heavy; motionless he stood
Waiting the death before him; through his neck

πρόσθ' ὀρόων θάνατον· ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ αὐχένα θείνας
τῆλ' αὐτῇ πήληκι κάρη βάλε· μυελὸς αὖτε
σφονδυλίων ἔκπαλθ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ κεῖτο τανυσθείς.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετ' ἀμύμονα Πείρεω υἱὸν,
Ῥίγμον, ὃς ἐκ Θρῄκης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει·
τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι, πάγη δ' ἐν πνεύμονι χαλκὸς,
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων. ὁ δ' Ἀρητίθοον θεράποντα,
ἂψ ἵππους στρέψαντα, μετάφρενον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
νύξ', ἀπὸ δ' ἄρματος ὦσε· κυκήθησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι.

Ὡς δ' ἀναμαιμάει βαθέ' ἄγκεα θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
οὔρεος ἀζαλέοιο, βαθεῖα δὲ καίεται ὕλη,
πάντη τε κλονέων ἄνεμος φλόγα εἰλυφάζει,
ὣς ὅγε πάντη θοῦνε σὺν ἔγχεϊ, δαίμονι ἶσος,
κτεινομένους ἐφέπων· ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις ζεύξῃ βόας ἄρσενας εὐρυμετώπους
τριβέμεναι κρῖ λευκὸν ἐϋκτιμένῃ ἐν ἀλωῇ,
ῥίμφα τε λέπτ' ἐγένοντο βοῶν ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἐριμύκων,
ὣς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου μώνυχες ἵπποι
στεῖβον ὁμοῦ νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄξων
νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον,
ἃς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππείων ὁπλέων ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον
αἵ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι
Πηλείδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους.

The blade shore, striking far the helmèd head,
Helmet and all. Forth spouted from the spine
The marrow ; and he lay on earth outstretch'd.
Thence on the Thracian, Peireus' blameless son,
Rhigmus, he turn'd, and smote him on the belt.
I' the middle stuck the spear, and from his car
He fell : whose driver, brave Areithous,
Turn'd quick the steeds to flight, but likewise dropp'd,
Pierced in the back and dash'd from off his seat
By the sharp spear ; the steeds were left distraught.

As, when a wondrous conflagration wastes
The deep dells of a mountain parch'd and dry,
The forest falls consumed ; a forceful wind
This way and that drives dense, and fans the flame ;
So, spear in hand, with godlike strength he ranged
This way and that, pursuing to the death ;
And the earth ran with blood. And, as in yoke
Broad-fronted oxen tread white barley out
On smooth-built threshing-floor, and underfoot
Lightly the chaff flies off ; so 'neath the hoofs
Of his swift heavenly horses spears and shields
Were trodden, and the bodies of the dead ;
With blood the axle and with blood the rails
Were spatter'd, plash'd from 'neath the whirling spokes
Or off his coursers' heels ; with gory hands,
Ardent for fame, invincible, he roved !

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Φ'.

Μάχη παραποτάμιος.

Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς,
ἔνθα διατμήξας τοὺς μὲν πεδίονδε δίωκεν
πρὸς πόλιν, ᾗπερ Ἀχαιοὶ ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο
ἤματι τῷ προτέρῳ, ὅτε μαίνετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
τῇ ῥ' οἵγε προχέοντο πεφυζότες, ἠέρα δ' Ἥρη
πίτνα πρόσθε βαθεῖαν ἐρυκέμεν· ἡμίσεες δὲ
ἐς ποταμὸν εἰλεῦντο βαθύῤῥοον ἀργυροδίνην,
ἐν δ' ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχε δ' αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,
ὄχθαι δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ μεγάλ' ἴαχον· οἱ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
ἔννεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, ἑλισσόμενοι περὶ δίνας.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς πυρὸς ἀκρίδες ἠερέθονται
φευγέμεναι ποταμόνδε· τὸ δὲ φλέγει ἀκάματον πῦρ
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης, ταὶ δὲ πτώσσουσι καθ' ὕδωρ
ὣς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος Ξάνθου βαθυδινήεντος
πλῆτο ῥόος κελάδων ἐπιμὶξ ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ Διογενὴς δόρυ μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ ἐπ' ὄχθῃ
κεκλιμένον μυρίκῃσιν, ὁ δ' ἔσθορε δαίμονι ἶσος,
φάσγανον οἷον ἔχων, κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα,
τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὦρνυτ' ἀεικὴς
ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἵματι ὕδωρ.
ὡς δ' ὑπὸ δελφῖνος μεγακήτεος ἰχθύες ἄλλοι
φεύγοντες πιμπλᾶσι μυχοὺς λιμένος εὐόρμου,
δειδιότες· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει ὅν κε λάβῃσιν·
ὣς Τρῶες ποταμοῖο κατὰ δεινοῖο ῥέεθρα
πτῶσσον ὑπὸ κρημνούς. ὁ δ' ἐπεὶ κάμε χεῖρας ἐναιρων,

ILIAD XXI.

BUT, when they gain'd the ford of that full stream,
Xanthus, own offspring of immortal Gods,
He sunder'd them in twain, and part he drave
Back tow'rd their town, across the selfsame field
O'er which the yester-eve the Achaians fled
In panic by the might of Hector's spear.
But now along it pour'd the Trojan rout,
Across whom Herè drew bewildering mist
To stay them. But their other part were roll'd
Down to the deep and silvery eddying stream.
They plunged therein, and from the echoing banks
The crash of plash'd and broken waters rose;
Whilst they tumultuous to and fro were toss'd
Swimming amongst the eddies. As a swarm
Of locusts, by the scorch of fire constrain'd
To refuge in a river, know the flame
Burning unwearied, where it sudden rose
Behind them, and beneath the waters plunge;
Thus by Achilles' arm was that deep stream
Of eddying Xanthus choked with men and steeds.
Then in a tamarisk-bush he left his spear,
And, sword alone in hand, leap'd likewise in,
Godlike, and furious unto deeds of death,
And smote them right and left. Their groans arose
Unceasing, and the stream ran red with blood.
Ev'n as a shoal of fish before a shark
Huddle in fear, and crowd some harbourage
In to its inmost corners, for his mouth
Gapes to engulf whatever he may reach;
So crouch'd the Trojans, cowering 'neath the bluffs
Of that dread River, mingled with his stream.

ζωοὺς ἐκ ποταμοῖο δυώδεκα λέξατο κούρους,
ποινὴν Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος.
τοὺς ἐξῆγε θύραζε τεθηπότας ἠΰτε νεβροὺς,
δῆσε δ' ὀπίσσω χεῖρας ἐϋτμήτοισιν ἱμᾶσιν,
τοὺς αὐτοὶ φορέεσκον ἐπὶ στρεπτοῖσι χιτῶσιν,
δῶκε δ' ἑταίροισιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἂψ ἐπόρουσε δαϊζέμεναι μενεαίνων.

Ἔνθ' υἱεῖ Πριάμοιο συνήντετο Δαρδανίδαο
ἐκ ποταμοῦ φεύγοντι, Λυκάονι, τόν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς
ἦγε λαβὼν ἐκ πατρὸς ἀλωῆς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα,
ἐννύχιος προμολών· ὁ δ' ἐρινεὸν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
τάμνε νέους ὄρπηκας, ἵν' ἅρματος ἄντυγες εἶεν·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνώϊστον κακὸν ἦλυθε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
καὶ τότε μέν μιν Λῆμνον ἐϋκτιμένην ἐπέρασσεν
νηυσὶν ἄγων, ἀτὰρ υἱὸς Ἰήσονος ὦνον ἔδωκεν·
κεῖθεν δὲ ξεινός μιν ἐλύσατο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν,
Ἴμβριος Ἠετίων, πέμψεν δ' ἐς δῖαν Ἀρισβην·
ἔνθεν ὑπεκπροφυγὼν πατρώϊον ἵκετο δῶμα.
ἕνδεκα δ' ἤματα θυμὸν ἐτέρπετο οἷσι φίλοισιν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ Λήμνοιο· δυωδεκάτῃ δέ μιν αὖτις
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος θεὸς ἔμβαλεν, ὅς μιν ἔμελλεν
πέμψειν εἰς Ἀΐδαο καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα νέεσθαι.
τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
γυμνὸν, ἄτερ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος, οὐδ' ἔχεν ἔγχος,
ἀλλὰ τὰ μέν ῥ' ἀπὸ πάντα χαμαὶ βάλε· τεῖρε γὰρ ἱδρὼς
φεύγοντ' ἐκ ποταμοῦ, κάματος δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐδάμνα·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

" Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι·
ἦ μάλα δὴ Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, οὕσπερ ἔπεφνον,
αὖτις ἀναστήσονται ὑπὸ ζόφου ἠερόεντος,
οἷον δὴ καὶ ὅδ' ἦλθε φυγὼν ὕπο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,

But when his arm was weary of their deaths,
Twelve youths he chose, and took from out the waves,
The offering destin'd to Patroclus' tomb.
Like fawns half dead for fear, he drew them out
And bound behind them with the clean-cut thongs
Of their own rope-twined corslets either hand,
And gave them, to the galleys to be ta'en;
But sprang himself, still fain for slaughter, back.

A son of Dardan Priam first he reach'd,
Lycaon, mounting from the stream; whom erst
Upon his father's threshing-floor he caught
Most unaware; for sudden in the night
He came, and found him pruning with sharp axe
The young shoots off a fig-tree stem, to be
The felloes to his chariot: on him there—
Sorrow undream'd of—dread Achilles fell,
And, as to serve my song, aboard his bark
Bare him to populous Lemnos o'er the sea;
Where Euneus, son of Jason, paid his price;
But rich Ëetion soon, his father's friend,
Redeem'd and sent him to Arisbe safe;
Thence he escaped and gain'd his father's house.
With his dear friends eleven happy days
After return from Lemnos had he pass'd;
But on the twelfth Heav'n cast him yet once more
Before Achilles, to be sent this while,
How loth soever, down to Hades' realm.

For when the fleetfoot hero first perceived
And knew him, naked of his helm and shield
And spearless (for his arms were cast away;
The toil had tired him climbing from the stream,
His limbs beneath were failing for fatigue),
Much troubled, to his own brave heart he said:
"Ye Gods! a marvel these mine eyes behold.
I well may think that every Trojan brave,
Slain by my hand, from out the misty West
May rise in resurrection to the war:
As this man hath, who once escaped the hour

Λῆμνον ἐς ἠγαθέην πεπερημένος· οὐδέ μιν ἔσχεν
πόντος ἀλὸς πολιῆς, ὃ πολέας ἀέκοντας ἐρύκει.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῆς ἡμετέροιο
γεύσεται, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἠδὲ δαείω
ἢ ἄρ' ὁμῶς καὶ κεῖθεν ἐλεύσεται, ἤ μιν ἐρύξει
γῆ φυσίζοος, ἥτε κατὰ κρατερόν περ ἐρύκει."

Ὣς ὥρμαινε μένων· ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε τεθηπὼς,
γούνων ἅψασθαι μεμαὼς, περὶ δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ
ἐκφυγέειν θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν.
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν δόρυ μακρὸν ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
οὐτάμεναι μεμαὼς, ὁ δ' ὑπέδραμε καὶ λάβε γούνων
κύψας· ἐγχείη δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἔστη, ἱεμένη χροὸς ἄμεναι ἀνδρομέοιο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἑλὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων,
τῇ δ' ἑτέρῃ ἔχεν ἔγχος ἀκαχμένον οὐδὲ μεθίει·
[καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·]

"Γουνοῦμαί σ', Ἀχιλεῦ· σὺ δέ μ' αἴδεο καί μ' ἐλέησον·
ἀντί τοί εἰμ' ἱκέταο, διοτρεφὲς, αἰδοίοιο
πὰρ γὰρ σοὶ πρώτῳ πασάμην Δημήτερος ἀκτὴν,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μ' εἷλες ἐϋκτιμένῃ ἐν ἀλωῇ,
καί μ' ἐπέρασσας ἄνευθεν ἄγων πατρός τε φίλων τε
Λῆμνον ἐς ἠγαθέην, ἑκατόμβοιον δέ τοι ἦλφον.
νῦν δὲ λύμην τρὶς τόσσα πορών· ἠὼς δέ μοί ἐστιν
ἥδε δυωδεκάτη, ὅτ' ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα
πολλὰ παθών· νῦν αὖ με τεῆς ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν
μοῖρ' ὀλοή· μέλλω που ἀπεχθέσθαι Διὶ πατρὶ,
ὅς μέ σοι αὖτις ἔδωκε· μινυνθάδιον δέ με μήτηρ
γείνατο Λαοθόη, θυγάτηρ Ἄλταο γέροντος,
Ἄλτεω, ὃς Λελέγεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει,
Πήδασον αἰπήεσσαν ἔχων ἐπὶ Σατνιόεντι.
τοῦ δ' ἔχε θυγατέρα Πρίαμος, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἄλλας·
τῇσδε δύω γενόμεσθα, σὺ δ' ἄμφω δειροτομήσεις.

Of ruthless death, and to the beauteous isle
Lemnos was borne and sold: the hoary sea
Which holds so many back against their wills,
Hath not sufficed to hold him. Let him taste
My spear this time, that I may see and know
Whether *thence* likewise he can make his way,
Or if life-gendering earth can hold him down,
Earth who holds down the bravest in their graves."
Such thoughts he ponder'd, whilst the other drew
Nigher, half dead for fear, and sought to clasp
Achilles' knees, for all his heart was set,
If peradventure he might 'scape black Fate.
Noble Achilles had upraised his lance
Ready to strike, when he beneath it ran
And stoop'd, and caught his knees; behind his back
Quivering, and longing for the taste of blood,
The sharp-tipp'd spear stood, stuck in earth; and he
Gripp'd it with one hand, nor would let it go;
But with the other by the knees besought
Achilles, and entreating spake and said:
"I clasp thy knees, Achilles; oh, revere
Thy suppliant, and show mercy! Yea, I stand
Ev'n as a suppliant whom thou must revere—
Who at thy table brake thy bread, when first,
Taking me from the smooth-built threshing-floor
Thou bar'st me to rich Lemnos o'er the seas,
Far from my father and from all I loved.
A hundred head of oxen then I brought;
But now a ransom thrice as great were mine.
This is the twelfth morn only, since I came
To Ilion, after heaviest sufferings saved:
Again fell Fate hath thrown me in thy hands.
I needs must be a hate to Father Zeus
For that He thus hath given me to thy spear.
To short, short life Laothoë bare her son,
My mother, agèd Altes' royal child
(Altes, who rules the brave Lelegian tribes
On rocky Pedasus, by Satnoeis' stream,
His daughter Priam had, and many more);
Two sons she bare, and both will fall by thee;

ἤτοι τὸν πρώτοισι μετὰ πρυλέεσσι δάμασσας,
ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον, ἐπεὶ βάλες ὀξέϊ δουρί·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐνθάδ' ἐμοὶ κακὸν ἔσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ὀΐω
σὰς χεῖρας φεύξεσθαι, ἐπεί ῥ' ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
μή με κτεῖν', ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὁμογάστριος Ἕκτορός εἰμι,
ὅς τοι ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνεν ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε."
Ὣς ἄρα μιν Πριάμοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱὸς
λισσόμενος ἐπέεσσιν, ἀμείλικτον δ' ὄπ' ἄκουσεν·
"Νήπιε, μή μοι ἄποινα πιφαύσκεο μηδ' ἀγόρευε·
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πάτροκλον ἐπισπεῖν αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
τόφρα τί μοι πεφιδέσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φίλτερον ἦεν
Τρώων, καὶ πολλοὺς ζωοὺς ἕλον ἠδ' ἐπέρασσα·
νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅστις θάνατοι φύγῃ, ὅν κε θεός γε
Ἰλίου προπάροιθεν ἐμῇς ἐν χερσὶ βάλῃσιν,
καὶ πάντων Τρώων, πέρι δ' αὖ Πριάμοιό γε παίδων.
ἀλλὰ, φίλος, θάνε καὶ σύ· τίη ὀλοφύρεαι οὕτως;
κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
οὐχ ὁράᾳς οἷος καὶ ἐγὼ καλός τε μέγας τε;
πατρὸς δ' εἴμ' ἀγαθοῖο, θεὰ δέ με γείνατο μήτηρ·
ἀλλ' ἔπι τοι καὶ ἐμοὶ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή—
ἔσσεται ἢ ἠὼς ἢ δείλη ἢ μέσον ἦμαρ—
ὁππότε τις καὶ ἐμεῖο Ἄρει ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται,
ἢ ὄγε δουρὶ βαλὼν, ἢ ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀϊστῷ."
Ὣς φάτο, τοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ·
ἔγχος μέν ῥ' ἀφέηκεν, ὁ δ' ἕζετο χεῖρε πετάσσας
ἀμφοτέρας. Ἀχιλεὺς δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ
τύψε κατὰ κληῖδα παρ' αὐχένα, πᾶν δέ οἱ εἴσω
δῦ ξίφος ἄμφηκες· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖτο ταθεὶς, ἐκ δ' αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε γὲ γαῖαν.
τὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ποταμόνδε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἧκε φέρεσθαι,
καί οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·
"Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν κεῖσο μετ' ἰχθύσιν, οἵ σ' ὠτειλὴν
αἷμ' ἀπολιχμήσονται ἀκηδέες· οὐδέ σε μήτηρ
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ἀλλὰ Σκάμανδρος
οἴσει δινήεις εἴσω ἁλὸς εὐρέα κόλπον.
θρώσκων τις κατὰ κῦμα μέλαιναν φρῖχ' ὑπαΐξει
ἰχθὺς, ὅς κε φάγῃσι Λυκάονος ἀργέτα δημόν.

Already, ranging in the foremost ranks,
One hast thou struck, the godlike Polydore ;
And now on me the selfsame evil falls.
Fate brought me hither ; scarce may I escape !
Yet spare me, and remember this one thing ;
Not of that womb am I, whence Hector sprang,
And Hector was the slayer of thy beloved."
So pray'd King Priam's Son, and knelt
Beseeching, but no honey'd answer took :
"Cease, fool, nor prate to me of ransom more !
Ere on himself Patroclus brought his fate,
It liked me well to spare the lives of Troy,
And many a captive o'er the narrow seas
I took, and sold to slavery ; now not one,
Thrown by the Gods before proud Ilion's walls
Into these hands, shall live to tell the tale—
Least of all men, be that man Priam's son !
Die then, my friend ; why mak'st thou vain ado ?
Died not Patroclus, nobler far than thou ?
Nay, seest thou me, how glorious and how great,
Born of a Goddess, by a King begot ?
Yet e'en on me shall Death and a violent Fate
Fall, on some morn, or noon, or dewy eve,
Then when my enemy takes my life at last,
By spear-cast, or by arrow from the string."
He spoke : the other's limbs sank, and his heart ;
He dropp'd the spear, and sate with outstretch'd hands.
Achilles drew his sword and through the neck
Hard by the collar smote him ; and the blade
Pass'd on within, and prone on earth he lay
Senseless ; the blood gush'd black and dyed the strand.
Whom then Achilles, seizing by the foot,
Hurl'd to be borne upon the stream away,
And vaunting o'er him spake these wingèd words :
"Thither, to bed with fishes, who shall lick
The blood from off thy wound, without a tear !
But ne'er thy mother on thy couch shall lay
Or mourn thee, but Scamander whirls thee out
Into the broad-spread bosom of the sea.
Yea, fattening on Lycaon's dainty flesh,

φθείρεσθ', εἰσοκεν ἄστυ κιχείομεν Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
ὑμεῖς μὲν φεύγοντες, ἐγὼ δ' ὄπιθεν κεραΐζων.
οὐδ' ὑμῖν ποταμός περ ἐϋῤῥοος ἀργυροδίνης
ἀρκέσει, ᾧ δὴ δηθὰ πολέας ἱερεύετε ταύρους,
ζωοὺς δ' ἐν δίνῃσι καθίετε μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ὀλέεσθε κακὸν μόρον, εἰσόκε πάντες
τίσετε Πατρόκλοιο φόνον καὶ λοιγὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
οὓς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνετε νόσφιν ἐμεῖο."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, ποταμὸς δὲ χολώσατο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
ὥρμηνεν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως παύσειε πόνοιο
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
τόφρα δὲ Πηλέος υἱὸς, ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐπᾶλτο κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
υἱέϊ Πηλεγόνος· τὸν δ' Ἀξιὸς εὐρυρέεθρος
γείνατο καὶ Περίβοια, Ἀκεσσαμενοῖο θυγατρῶν
πρεσβυτάτη· τῇ γάρ ῥα μίγη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης.
τῷ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐπόρουσεν, ὁ δ' ἀντίος ἐκ ποταμοῖο
ἔστη ἔχων δύο δοῦρε· μένος δέ οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θῆκεν
Ξάνθος, ἐπεὶ κεχόλωτο δαϊκταμένων αἰζηῶν,
τοὺς Ἀχιλεὺς ἐδάϊζε κατὰ ῥόον οὐδ' ἐλέαιρεν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Τίς, πόθεν εἶς ἀνδρῶν, ὅ μευ ἔτλης ἀντίος ἐλθεῖν;
δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσιν."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Πηλεγόνος προσεφώνεε φαίδιμος υἱός·
"Πηλείδη μεγάθυμε, τίη γενεὴν ἐρεείνεις;
εἶμ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλου, τηλόθ' ἐούσης,
Παίονας ἄνδρας ἄγων δολιχεγχέας· ἦδε δέ μοι νῦν
ἠὼς ἐνδεκάτη, ὅτ' ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γενεὴ ἐξ Ἀξιοῦ εὐρυρέοντος,
[Ἀξιοῦ, ὃς κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἵησιν,]
ὃς τέκε Πηλεγόνα κλυτὸν ἔγχεϊ· τὸν δ' ἐμέ φασιν
γείνασθαι· νῦν αὖτε μαχώμεθα, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ."

The fish shall skim for joy the crispèd waves.
So may ye perish, till we reach your walls,
Ye fleeing, and I slaughtering in pursuit:
Nor shall this smooth and silvery-eddying Stream
Save you, albeit ye oft have offerings made
Of bulls and living horses to his pools.
Still, still, howe'er it please him, die ye on,
Die evil deaths, till every man hath rued
Patroclus, and that slaughter of the host
Amongst the galleys in my absence long!"
He spoke; the River wax'd in wrath, and 'gan
Ponder how best to stay from these fell deeds
Achilles, and defend the men of Troy.

Pelides then took shadowing spear in hand
And on Asteropæus sprang to slay:
Asteropæus, son of Pelegon;
But broadflowing Axius begat Pelegon
Of Peribœa; eldest daughter she
Of Acessamenus, and with her lay
The deep-stream'd River-God. On their son's son
Achilles sprang; but he from out the stream
Arose to meet him, spear in either hand;
For Xanthus, anger'd for the brave men's sake
Kill'd without ruth by Peleus' mighty Son
In his mid waters, breathed upon him strength.
And each had near'd the other on the field
When thus the fleetfoot hero first began:
"Who and whence art thou, who hast dared to stand?
Children of the unhappy of this world
Those whom their Fates have brought across my spear."
To whom the noble Son of Pelegon:
"Wherefore doth Peleus' Son inquire my birth?
From the far rich Pæonian land I come
With the Pæonian spearmen; this day dawns
The eleventh since I came to Ilion's towers.
Of Axius, broad-flowing stream, I boast my birth,
Of the most bounteous river of the world:
He gat brave Pelegon, and Pelegon
I name my father—Let us now to arms!"

Ὣς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας, ὁ δ' ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
Πηλιάδα μελίην· ὁ δ' ἀμαρτῇ δούρασιν ἀμφὶς
ἥρως Ἀστεροπαῖος, ἐπεὶ περιδέξιος ἦεν·
καί ῥ' ἑτέρῳ μὲν δουρὶ σάκος βάλεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ
ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·
τῷ δ' ἑτέρῳ μιν πῆχυν ἐπιγράβδην βάλε χειρὸς
δεξιτερῆς, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές· ἡ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ
γαίῃ ἐνεστήρικτο, λιλαιομένη χροὸς ἆσαι.
δεύτερος αὖτ' Ἀχιλεὺς μελίην ἰθυπτίωνα
Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐφῆκε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων.
καὶ τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὁ δ' ὑψηλὴν βάλεν ὄχθην,
μεσσοπαγὲς δ' ἄρ' ἔθηκε κατ' ὄχθης μείλινον ἔγχος.
Πηλείδης δ' ἄορ ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
ἆλτ' ἐπί οἱ μεμαώς· ὁ δ' ἄρα μελίην Ἀχιλῆος
οὐ δύνατ' ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσαι χειρὶ παχείῃ.
τρὶς μέν μιν πελέμιξεν ἐρύσσεσθαι μενεαίνων,
τρὶς δὲ μεθῆκε βίης· τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἤθελε θυμῷ
ἆξαι ἐπιγνάμψας δόρυ μείλινον Αἰακίδαο,
ἀλλὰ πρὶν Ἀχιλεὺς σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.
γαστέρα γάρ μιν τύψε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν, ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι
χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν
ἀσθμαίνοντ'· Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὀρούσας
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Κεῖσ' οὕτως· χαλεπόν τοι ἐρισθενέος Κρονίωνος
παισὶν ἐριζέμεναι, ποταμοῖό περ ἐκγεγαῶτι.
φῇσθα σὺ μὲν ποταμοῦ γένος ἔμμεναι εὐρυρέοντος,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γενεὴν μεγάλου Διὸς εὔχομαι εἶναι.
τίκτε μ' ἀνὴρ πολλοῖσιν ἀνάσσων Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
Πηλεὺς Αἰακίδης· ὁ δ' ἄρ' Αἰακὸς ἐκ Διὸς ἦεν.
τῷ κρείσσων μὲν Ζεὺς ποταμῶν ἁλιμυρηέντων,
κρείσσων αὖτε Διὸς γενεὴ ποταμοῖο τέτυκται.
καὶ γὰρ σοὶ ποταμός γε πάρα μέγας, εἰ δύναταί τι
χραισμεῖν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι Διὶ Κρονίωνι μάχεσθαι,
τῷ οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀχελώϊος ἰσοφαρίζει,
οὐδὲ βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἐξ οὗπερ πάντες ποταμοὶ καὶ πᾶσα θάλασσα
καὶ πᾶσαι κρῆναι καὶ φρείατα μακρὰ νάουσιν·

Threatening he spoke ; Achilles raised on high
The Pelion-ash ; but first the other cast
Both spears (for either hand was as his right)
Together : with the one he struck the shield,
Yet pierced not through—the gold the gift of Heaven
Withstood it : with the other razed he off
The skin o' the elbow o' the better arm
And drew black-dropping blood ; the lance beyond
Quiver'd in earth, as longing for its prey.
In turn Achilles sent an eager lance ;
But err'd, and struck the bank behind, wherein
Up to its centre plunged the ashen staff.
Then the sharp falchion from his hip he drew,
And sprang upon his foe ; who vainly then
Sought to pluck out Achilles' ashen lance
From the steep bluff. He could not ; thrice he strain'd
His strength to draw it, shook it thrice, and thrice
Yielded perforce ; the fourth time only strove
To bend and snap the shaft ; but, ere he could,
Achilles with his sword had reft his life,
Smiting him by the navel through the belt ;
And all the bowels came gushing out to earth ;
He gasp'd his last, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Whilst the other leapt upon his chest, and stripp'd
His armour, and above him vaunting cried :
"So rest thee ! Task it were for River's Son
To stand in arms against a child of Zeus.
Thou from a broad-flowing Stream didst vaunt thyself ;
But I my generation draw from Zeus.
Peleus my father, son of Æacus,
King of the Myrmidons, but Æacus
Was son of Zeus ; and as is Zeus, great Zeus,
Unto the Rivers rolling to the sea,
So are His offspring to a River's Sons.
Yea, could he aught avail thee, at thy side
A mighty River flows ; but who may rise
Rebel against Kroneion ? Not the stream
Of lordly Acheloius ; not the might
Of earth-embracing Ocean, from whose source
Seas, rivers, fountains, and deep wells, are pour'd ;

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς δείδοικε Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνὸν
δεινήν τε βροντὴν, ὅτ' ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν σμαραγήσῃ."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος, 200
τὸν δ' κατ' αὐτόθι λεῖπεν, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,
κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοισι, δίαινε δέ μιν μέλαν ὕδωρ.
τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες ἀμφεπένοντο,
δημὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐπινεφρίδιον κείροντες·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετὰ Παίονας ἱπποκορυστὰς,
οἵ ῥ' ἔτι πὰρ ποταμὸν πεφοβήατο δινήεντα,
ὡς εἶδον τὸν ἄριστον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
χέρσ' ὕπο Πηλείδαο καὶ ἅρμ' ἴφι δαμέντα.
ἔνθ' ἔλε Θερσίλοχόν τε Μύδωνά τε Ἀστύπυλόν τε
Μνησόν τε Θρασίον τε καὶ Ἄϊνιον ἠδ' Ὀφελέστην· 210
καί νύ κ' ἔτι πλέονας κτάνε Παίονας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς,
εἰ μὴ χωσάμενος προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, βαθέης δ' ἐκ φθέγξατο δίνης·

"Ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, περὶ μὲν κρατέεις, περὶ δ' αἴσυλα ῥέζεις
ἀνδρῶν· αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἀμύνουσιν θεοὶ αὐτοί.
εἴ τοι Τρῶας ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς πάντας ὀλέσσαι,
ἐξ ἐμέθεν γ' ἐλάσας πεδίον κάτα μέρμερα ῥέζε·
πλήθει γὰρ δή μοι νεκύων ἐρατεινὰ ῥέεθρα,
οὐδέ τί πη δύναμαι προχέειν ῥόον εἰς ἅλα δῖαν
στεινόμενος νεκύεσσι, σὺ δὲ κτείνεις ἀϊδήλως. 220
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ ἔασον· ἄγη μ' ἔχει, ὄρχαμε λαῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔσται ταῦτα, Σκάμανδρε διοτρεφὲς, ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
Τρῶας δ' οὐ πρὶν λήξω ὑπερφιάλους ἐναρίζων,
πρὶν ἔλσαι κατὰ ἄστυ καὶ Ἕκτορι πειρηθῆναι
ἀντιβίην, ἤ κέν με δαμάσσεται, ἤ κεν ἐγὼ τόν."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐπέσσυτο, δαίμονι ἶσος.
καὶ τότ' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης·

"Ὦ πόποι, ἀργυρότοξε, Διὸς τέκος, οὐ σύγε βουλὰς
εἰρύσαο Κρονίωνος, ὅ τοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλεν 230

Not He durst stand before the bolt of Zeus
Or the dread thunder rattling from the skies."
He spoke, and pluck'd his lance from out the bank,
And left him lying there, bereft of life,
Upon the sands; black o'er him wash'd the waves,
And round him snake and fish flock'd busy soon
Gnawing and nibbling at his dainty flesh.
Upon whose plumed Pæonian troop then turn'd
Pelides; these stood huddled on the bank,
For that they saw their best-in-arms subdued
Under Achilles' hand and conquering sword.
Ænius, and Mydon, and Thersilochus,
Thrasius, and Mnesus, and Astipylus,
And Ophelestes, one by one, he slew.
Yea, and yet more had perish'd by his arm,
Had not the River risen in his wrath,
With mortal voice, from gulf profound, and said:
"Monstrous, beyond the might of man, these deeds,
Achilles, and the Gods sustain thee still.
Yet, though it be the will of Zeus supreme
That to a man thou slay this host of Troy,
First drive them from my channel; on the plain
Fulfil thy bloody work. For, lo, my streams,
My gentle streams, are choked with corpses up,
Nor, straiten'd by these dead, find I a path
To pour my waters to the sacred sea;
And still thou spread'st around thee utter death.
Stay then thy hand; suffer their flight awhile;
Aghast I stand, dread hero, at thy work."
Whom answering, Peleus' fleetfoot Son replied:
"As thou mayst bid, Scamander, Child of Zeus,
Hereafter be it so; but now no let
I suffer to the slaughter of haught Troy,
Ere I have driven them in, and made assay
Of Hector, hand to hand, to win or die."
He spoke, and, peer to Gods, charged onward still.

Then to Apollo thus the whirling Stream:
"Lord of the silver bow, and Child of Zeus!
Thou keep'st not well the counsels of thy Sire;
For strong on thee He laid the charge, to stand

Τρωσὶ παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν, εισόκεν ἔλθῃ
δείελος ὀψὲ δύων, σκιάσῃ δ' ἐρίβωλον ἄρουραν."

Ἦ καὶ Ἀχιλλεὺς μὲν δουρικλυτὸς ἔνθορε μέσσῳ
κρημνοῦ ἀπαΐξας· ὁ δ' ἐπέσσυτο οἴδματι θύων,
πάντα δ' ὄρινε ῥέεθρα κυκώμενος, ὥσε δὲ νεκροὺς
πολλοὺς, οἵ ῥα κατ' αὐτὸν ἅλις ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλλεύς·
τοὺς ἔκβαλλε θύραζε, μεμυκὼς ἠΰτε ταῦρος,
χέρσονδε· ζωοὺς δὲ σάω κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα,
κρύπτων ἐν δίνῃσι βαθείῃσιν μεγάλῃσιν.
δεινὸν δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα κυκώμενον ἵστατο κῦμα, 240
ὤθει δ' ἐν σάκεϊ πίπτων ῥόος· οὐδὲ πόδεσσιν
εἶχε στηρίξασθαι. ὁ δὲ πτελέην ἕλε χερσὶν
εὐφυέα μεγάλην· ἡ δ' ἐκ ῥιζῶν ἐριποῦσα,
κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα
ὄζοισιν πυκινοῖσι, γεφύρωσεν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εἴσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐκ δίνης ἀνορούσας
ἤϊξεν πεδίοιο ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέτεσθαι,
δείσας. οὐδέ τ' ἔληγε μέγας θεὸς, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν
ἀκροκελαινιόων, ἵνα μιν παύσειε πόνοιο
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλαλκοι. 250
Πηλείδης δ' ἀπόρουσεν ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωὴ,
αἰετοῦ οἴματ' ἔχων μέλανος, τοῦ θηρητῆρος,
ὅσθ' ἅμα κάρτιστός τε καὶ ὤκιστος πετεηνῶν·
τῷ εἰκὼς ἤϊξεν, ἐπὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζεν· ὑπαιθα δὲ τοῖο λιασθεὶς
φεῦγ', ὁ δ' ὄπισθε ῥέων ἕπετο μεγάλῳ ὀρυμαγδῷ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ὀχετηγὸς ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
ἆμ φυτὰ καὶ κήπους ὕδατι ῥόον ἡγεμονεύῃ,
χερσὶ μάκελλαν ἔχων, ἀμάρης ἐξ ἔχματα βάλλων·
τοῦ μέν τε προρέοντος ὑπὸ ψηφῖδες ἅπασαι 260
ὀχλεῦνται· τὸ δέ τ' ὦκα κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει

Beside the Trojans, and sustain them still,
Till eve come shadowing all the fruitful earth."
Scarce had he ended, when Achilles plunged
Off the sheer bank into his very midst.
On whom the River rose, and, foaming, surged
High swollen, and with murmurs deep upheaved
Against him all his floods; and thrust aside
The corpses that were thick within his waves,
The many whom Achilles there had slain;
These toss'd he off him, bellowing like some bull,
High on the dry; but all the living rout
He saved, for, deep behind the eddying pile
Of waters, from his sword he hid them screen'd.
So thundering o'er Achilles stood upcurl'd
The flood—anon in cataract on his shield
Dash'd down; nor could his feet upstay his step,
But, hand by hand, he caught an elm, fair-grown,
Large-bough'd; and all the trunk uprooted fell
Cleaving the bank beneath it; broad it lay
Thwart o'er the limpid stream with foliage spread
And falling bridged the channel: whence he sprang
From out the waters, and with nimble foot
Fled panic-stricken o'er the plain. Nor so
Would cease the mighty River, but, in wrath,
High, blackening tow'rd the summit, o'er him surged,
For that he now would stay the hero's hand
From battle, and from Troy forefend the death.
From whom Pelides sprang, and every spring
Bare him a spear's-cast onward, for his swoop
Was as a black-plumed eagle's on his prey,
Swiftest and strongest of the fowls of air:
So sped he, and the armour on his breast
Clang'd terrible; with neck inclined he fled,
But still the River after, roaring, came.
As when some gardener from black-bubbling fount
Through lawn and orchard, spade in hand, conducts
His channel, casting out what dams the flow;
The pebbles then are ruffled by the brook
Before him, but behind the waters purl,
Pour'd swiftly down the gentle slope, and still

χώρῳ ἔνι προαλεῖ, φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
ὣς αἰεὶ Ἀχιλῆα κιχήσατο κῦμα ῥόοιο,
καὶ λαιψηρὸν ἐόντα· θεοὶ δέ τι φέρτεροι ἀνδρῶν.
ὁσσάκι δ' ὁρμήσειε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
στῆναι ἐναντίβιον, καὶ γνώμεναι εἴ μιν ἅπαντες
ἀθάνατοι φοβέουσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρύν ἔχουσιν,
τοσσάκι μιν μέγα κῦμα διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
πλάζ' ὤμους καθύπερθεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόσε ποσσὶν ἐπήδα
θυμῷ ἀνιάζων· ποταμὸς δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐδάμνα
λάβρος, ὕπαιθα ῥέων, κονίην δ' ὑπέρεπτε ποδοῖιν.
Πηλείδης δ' ᾤμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὡς οὔτις με θεῶν ἐλεεινὸν ὑπέστη
ἐκ ποταμοῖο σαῶσαι· ἔπειτα δὲ καί τι πάθοιμι.
ἄλλος δ' οὔτις μοι τόσον αἴτιος Οὐρανιώνων,
ἀλλὰ φίλη μήτηρ, ἥ με ψεύδεσσιν ἔθελγεν·
ἥ μ' ἔφατο Τρώων ὑπὸ τείχεϊ θωρηκτάων
λαιψηροῖς ὀλέεσθαι Ἀπόλλωνος βελέεσσιν.
ὥς μ' ὄφελ' Ἕκτωρ κτεῖναι, ὃς ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφ' ἄριστος·
τῷ κ' ἀγαθὸς μὲν ἔπεφν', ἀγαθὸν δέ κεν ἐξενάριξεν.
νῦν δέ με λευγαλέῳ θανάτῳ εἵμαρτο ἁλῶναι
ἐρχθέντ' ἐν μεγάλῳ ποταμῷ, ὡς παῖδα συφορβὸν,
ὅν ῥά τ' ἔναυλος ἀποέρσῃ χειμῶνι περῶντα."

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δὲ μάλ' ὦκα Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη
στήτην ἐγγὺς ἰόντε, δέμας δ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἐΐκτην,
χειρὶ δὲ χεῖρα λαβόντες ἐπιστώσαντ' ἐπέεσσιν.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·

"Πηλείδη, μήτ' ἄρ τι λίην τρέε μήτε τι τάρβει·
τοίω γάρ τοι νῶϊ θεῶν ἐπιταρρόθω εἰμὲν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·
ὡς οὔ τοι ποταμῷ γε δαμήμεναι αἴσιμόν ἐστιν·
ἀλλ' ὅδε μὲν τάχα λωφήσει, σὺ δὲ εἴσεαι αὐτός·

Outrun his hand who guides them ; so the waves
Outran Achilles' heel : of mortal men
He swiftest ; but what man is peer to Gods?
And, if at times he faced it, brought to bay—
Erect, and resolute to know if all
The Immortal Powers of Heav'n had now one will
To quell him—then the God-sprung River's floods
Beat stronger, and his shoulders struck awry.
Again, with chafing heart, he turn'd and fled,
Vainly ; for now the currents of the stream
Slacken'd his knees and swept away the sands
Under his tottering tread. Whereat, with eyes
Uplifted tow'rd broad Heav'n, he groan'd forth this :
"O Zeus ! on thee I call, great Sire, for, lo,
No God is near to pluck me (woe is me)
Safe from this death—oh, save me, and let come
Hereafter what come may ! Nor blame of this
To other of Immortals, but to her
My mother, who with lying words beguiled
Her son, foretelling death hereafter doom'd,
To fall beneath the walls of armèd Troy,
Slain only by divine Apollo's shaft.
Liever than this had Hector struck me dead—
The noblest and the bravest of his race ;
Then had a brave man slain as brave a foe.
But now behold me mesh'd within the net
Of vilest death, to perish overborne
By this strong stream, like any swineherd's boy,
Drown'd by a winter-torrent at a ford ! "
He pray'd, and to his prayer forthwith appear'd
Poseidon and Athene, guised like men,
And gave their hands sustaining to his hands,
Strengthening his heart, Poseidon speaking thus :
"Fear not, thou Son of Peleus, overmuch,
Nor be thou troubled, whatsoe'er befall.
For, lo, we twain are near thee, of the Gods
Thy guardians by the sanction of high Zeus—
Myself who speak, and Pallas. Not thy fate
To sink below a River overcome :
Thyself shalt see him bow this lofty front.

αὐτὰρ σοὶ πυκινῶς ὑποθησόμεθ', αἴ κε πίθηαι·
μὴ πρὶν παύειν χεῖρας ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο,
πρὶν κατὰ Ἰλιόφι κλυτὰ τείχεα λαὸν ἐέλσαι
Τρωϊκὸν, ὅς κε φύγῃσι. σὺ δ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἀπούρας,
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἴμεν· δίδομεν δέ τοι εὖχος ἀρέσθαι."

Τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰπόντε μετ' ἀθανάτους ἀπεβήτην,
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ—μέγα γάρ ῥα θεῶν ὤτρυνεν ἐφετμή—
ἐς πεδίον· τὸ δὲ πᾶν πλῆθ' ὕδατος ἐκχυμένοιο,
πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ δαϊκταμένων αἰζηῶν
πλῶον καὶ νέκυες. τοῦ δ' ὑψόσε γούνατ' ἐπήδα
πρὸς ῥόον ἀΐσσοντος ἀν' ἰθὺν, οὐδέ μιν ἔσχεν
εὐρυρέων ποταμός· μέγα γὰρ σθένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη.
οὐδὲ Σκάμανδρος ἔληγε τὸ ὃν μένος, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
χώετο Πηλείωνι, κόρυσσε δὲ κῦμα ῥόοιο
ὑψόσ' ἀειρόμενος, Σιμόεντι δὲ κέκλετ' ἀΰσας·

"Φίλε κασίγνητε, σθένος ἀνέρος ἀμφότεροί περ
σχῶμεν, ἐπεὶ τάχα ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
ἐκπέρσει, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ μόθον οὐ μενέουσιν.
ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπίπληθι ῥέεθρα
ὕδατος ἐκ πηγέων, πάντας δ' ὀρόθυνον ἐναύλους
ἵστη δὲ μέγα κῦμα, πολὺν δ' ὀρυμαγδὸν ὄρινε
φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, ἵνα παύσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα,
ὅς δὴ νυν κρατέει, μέμονεν δ' ὅγε ἶσα θεοῖσιν.
φημὶ γὰρ οὔτε βίην χραισμησέμεν οὔτε τι εἶδος,
οὔτε τὰ τεύχεα καλὰ, τά που μάλα νειόθι λίμνης
κείσεθ' ὑπ' ἰλύος κεκαλυμμένα· κὰδ δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εἰλύσω ψαμάθοισιν, ἄλις χέραδος περιχεύας,
μυρίον, οὐδέ οἱ ὀστέ' ἐπιστήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλλέξαι· τόσσην οἱ ἄσιν καθύπερθε καλύψω.
αὐτοῦ οἱ καὶ σῆμα τετεύξεται, οὐδέ τί μιν χρεὼ
ἔσται τυμβοχοῆσ', ὅτε μιν θάπτοισιν Ἀχαιοί."

Obey us, and we hereby gage our faith ;
Thou shalt not from the changeful fray refrain
Ere within Ilion's farfamed walls thou chase
Yon fugitive Trojan host, nor thence return
Ere thou hast reft the life of Hector : this
The glory that we grant thee to attain."
They spoke, and pass'd away amongst the Gods.
But he, enkindled by the word divine,
Sprang onward o'er the plain ; and all the plain
Was flooded with such torrent, that thereon
Floated the shining armour of slain men
Mix'd with the dead. Nathless his lifted limbs
Bare him now straight against the stream, nor all
The strong tide of the River stay'd him more ;
So vast the vigour by Athene breathed.

But not Scamander therefore 'gan abate
His fury ; but, the more enraged, his waves
Towering against Pelides to a crest
Heaved high, and loudly thus on Simois call'd :
"Join me, my brother ; though our foe be man,
Join me to stay him. Else he soon despoils
The palaces of Priam, nor can Troy
Withstand his onset in this dread assail.
Haste therefore to the rescue ! From thy founts
O'erflood thy stream with waters, and invoke
Thy torrents : huge aloft thy billows rear,
And stir tempestuous hurtle of thy stones,
With me to stay this wild mad man of blood,
Who ranges now triumphant, and with wrath
Peer to a God infuriate. Then, I ween,
Not all his might nor beauty, nor yon arms
Resplendent shall avail him ; low in slime
Engulf'd beneath our waters those bright arms
Shall lie ; himself in sands I swathe far-sunk ;
And silt and rock ten thousand fathom deep
Showering, I fold him in such stony shroud,
Ne'er shall his people gather up his bones ;
But there the pillar of my rocks shall rise,
That, when the Achaians give him funeral due,
They shall not need the toil to pile his cairn."

Ἦ καὶ ἐπῶρτ' Ἀχιλῆϊ κυκώμενος, ὑψόσε θύων,
μορμύρων ἀφρῷ τε καὶ αἵματι καὶ νεκύεσσιν.
πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κῦμα Διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
ἵστατ' ἀειρόμενον, κατὰ δ' ἤρεε Πηλείωνα.
Ἥρη δὲ μέγ' ἄϋσε περιδδείσασ' Ἀχιλῆϊ,
μή μιν ἀποέρσειε μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης.
αὐτίκα δ' Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·

"Ὄρσεο, κυλλοπόδιον, ἐμὸν τέκος· ἄντα σέθεν γὰρ
Ξάνθον δινήεντα μάχῃ ἠΐσκομεν εἶναι·
ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, πιφαύσκεο δὲ φλόγα πολλήν.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Ζεφύροιο καὶ ἀργεστᾶο Νότοιο
εἴσομαι ἐξ ἀλόθεν χαλεπὴν ὄρσουσα θύελλαν,
ἥ κεν ἀπὸ Τρώων κεφαλὰς κνὶ τεύχεα κήαι,
φλέγμα κακὸν φορέουσα. σὺ δὲ Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας
δένδρεα καῖ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸν ἴει πυρί· μηδέ σε πάμπαν
μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ·
μηδὲ πρὶν ἀπόπαυε τεὸν μένος, ἀλλ' ὁπότ' ἂν δὴ
φθέγξομ' ἐγὼν ἰάχουσα, τότε σχεῖν ἀκάματον πῦρ."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἥφαιστος δὲ τιτύσκετο θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ.
πρῶτα μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ πῦρ δαίετο, καῖε δὲ νεκροὺς
πολλούς, οἵ ῥα κατ' αὐτόθ' ἅλις ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλλεύς.
πᾶν δ' ἐξηράνθη πεδίον, σχέτο δ' ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὀπωρινὸς Βορέης νεοαρδέ' ἀλωὴν
αἶψ' ἀγξηράνῃ· χαίρει δέ μιν ὅστις ἐθείρῃ·
ὣς ἐξηράνθη πεδίον πᾶν, κὰδ δ' ἄρα νεκροὺς
κῆεν· ὁ δ' ἐς ποταμὸν τρέψε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.
καίοντο πτελέαι τε καὶ ἰτέαι ἠδὲ μυρῖκαι,
καίετο δὲ λωτός τ' ἠδὲ θρύον ἠδὲ κύπειρον,
τὰ περὶ καλὰ ῥέεθρα ἅλις ποταμοῖο πεφύκει.
τείροντ' ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες οἱ κατὰ δίνας,
οἳ κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα κυβίστων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.
καίετο δ' ἰς ποταμοῖο ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Ἥφαιστ', οὔτις σοίγε θεῶν δύνατ' ἀντιφερίζειν,
οὐδ' ἂν ἐγὼ σοίγ' ὧδε πυρὶ φλεγέθοντι μαχοίμην.

He ended, and against Achilles sprang
With murmurs hoarse, and furious crest upheaved,
Commingled with the slain and foam and blood.
High-lifted in one purple billow rose
The God-sprung River, and had borne him down ;
But Herè, fearing for his life, lest now
The whirling flood should sweep him sheer away,
Loud on her son Hephæstus call'd and said :
"Arise, my child, the Haltfoot ! Worthy foe,
The whirling Xanthus, we design to thee.
Put forth thy flames to battle ; and myself
Will call from off the sea a sudden breeze
Of Zephyr and the summery south-west Wind,
To waft the deadly blast on arms and men
And utterly consume their host with fire.
But thou destroy the trees beside his banks,
And wrap him all in flames ; nor be thou swerved
Neither for soft words nor for threats aside,
Nor, ere thou hear me lift my voice aloud,
Cease burning ; then withhold thy sateless fires."
She spoke ; and to her hest Hephæstus aim'd
His flames divine. They first along the plain
Ran, licking up the corpses floating there,
The many whom Achilles there had slain.
The plain was dried, and the bright waters stay'd.
Like to some vineyard wet with autumn rains,
Dried by one breath of Boreas, to his joy
Who tends it ; thus that plain was dried, and all
The dead thereon consumed. Anon the God
Turn'd on the River the wide-glittering blaze :
Then all that grew beside the limpid tide,
Elm, poplar, tamarisk, lotus, rush, and reed,
All fell in conflagration ; and whate'er
Was wont within his eddies to and fro
To gambol, snake and fish, in lucid stream,
Were tortured by that breathing of the God ;
And ev'n the River, scalded, cried and said :
"Hephæstus, none against thee stands thy peer,
Thus blazing in thine elemental fires.
With thee I war no longer. Cease ! oh, cease !

λῆγ' ἔριδος, Τρῶας δὲ καὶ αὐτίκα δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄστεος ἐξελάσειε· τί μοι ἔριδος καὶ ἀρωγῆς ;"

Φῆ πυρὶ καιόμενος, ἀνὰ δ' ἔφλυε καλὰ ῥέεθρα.
ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον, ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
κνίσην μελδόμενος ἁπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,
πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται,
ὣς τοῦ καλὰ ῥέεθρα πυρὶ φλέγετο, ζέε δ' ὕδωρ·
οὐδ' ἔθελε προρέειν, ἀλλ' ἴσχετο· τεῖρε δ' ἀϋτμὴ
Ἡφαίστοιο βίηφι πολύφρονος. αὐτὰρ ὅγ' Ἥρην
πολλὰ λισσόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

" Ἥρη, τίπτε σὸς υἱὸς ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔχραε κήδειν
ἐξ ἄλλων ; οὐ μέν τοι ἐγὼ τόσον αἴτιός εἰμι
ὅσσον οἱ ἄλλοι πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοί.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼν ἀποπαύσομαι, εἰ σὺ κελεύεις,
παυέσθω δὲ καὶ οὗτος. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ καὶ τόδ' ὀμοῦμαι,
μήποτ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἦμαρ,
μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται
δαιομένη, δαίωσι δ' Ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν."

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγ' ἄκουσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αὐτίκ' ἄρ' Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·

" Ἥφαιστε, σχέο, τέκνον ἀγακλεές· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτῶν ἕνεκα στυφελίζειν."

Ὣς ἔφαθ' Ἥφαιστος δὲ κατέσβεσε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ,
ἄψορρον δ' ἄρα κῦμα κατέσσυτο καλὰ ῥέεθρα.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Ξάνθοιο δάμη μένος, οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα
παυσάσθην· Ἥρη γὰρ ἐρύκακε χωομένη περ.
ἐν δ' ἄλλοισι θεοῖσιν ἔρις πέσε βεβριθυῖα
ἀργαλέη, δίχα δέ σφιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἄητο·
σὺν δ' ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχε δ' εὐρεῖα χθών,
ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανός. ἄϊε δὲ Ζεὺς
ἥμενος Οὐλύμπῳ· ἐγέλασσε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ
γηθοσύνῃ, ὅθ' ὁρᾶτο θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνιόντας.
ἔνθ' οἵγ' οὐκέτι δηρὸν ἀφέστασαν· ἦρχε γὰρ Ἄρης
ῥινοτόρος, καὶ πρῶτος Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπόρουσεν

And let him, if thou list, this very day
Drive the whole nation from their homes exiled;
For what to me the battle or their cause?"
He spoke, with waves that leap'd and hiss'd in flame:
As caldron, under stress of violent fire
And fuel of dry logs beneath it heap'd,
In seething of the flesh of fatten'd boar
Boils up with waters leaping round its rim;
So then, those limpid streams with fire incensed,
The waters boil'd, nor roll'd a further tide,
But stood and steam'd in anguish by the might
Of that wise-witted Power: whereat the Stream
With wingèd words of prayer on Herè call'd:
"Wherefore, O Herè, bidd'st thy son assail
Me only to such torment? Not to me
So large the blame, as to the other Powers
Who war for Troy. But, if thou so desire,
I war no longer. Let him likewise cease;
And I will swear never again to move
For Ilion, not though all her roofs should blaze,
Enkindled by Achaia's conquering sons."
He spoke; the Goddess of the milkwhite arm
Heard, and address'd her son Hephæstus then:
"Now stay thee, glorious Child! It likes me not
To pain Immortal so for mortal's sake."
Nor more. Hephæstus quench'd his heavenly flames:
The waves return'd within their equal bed;
And, Xanthus so subdued, the two had peace,
Appeased by Herè, though herself in wrath.

But on the other Gods Strife fell, most sore,
Most baleful; as their hearts to either side
Were sway'd within them. With loud clash they met:
The broad earth echoed under, and above
Heav'n rang as with a trumpet's sound; but Zeus
Listening serene on th' high Olympian throne
Sate, and for joy laugh'd to his own great self,
Beholding God charge God in shock of arms.
Nor long they stood asunder; Ares led,
Hide-piercing Ares, brazen spear in hand;

χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, καὶ ὀνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·

"Τίπτ' αὖτ', ὦ κυνάμυια, θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελαύνεις
θάρσος ἄητον ἔχουσα, μέγας δέ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε Τυδείδην Διομήδε' ἀνῆκας
οὐτάμεναι, αὐτὴ δὲ πανόψιον ἔγχος ἐλοῦσα
ἰθὺς ἐμεῦ ὦσας, διὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἔδαψας;
τῷ σ' αὖ νῦν οἴω ἀποτισέμεν ὅσσα μ' ἔοργας."

Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν
σμερδαλέην, ἣν οὐδὲ Διὸς δάμνησι κεραυνός·
τῇ μιν Ἄρης οὔτησε μιαιφόνος ἔγχει μακρῷ.
ἡ δ' ἀναχασσαμένη λίθον εἵλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ
κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ, μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε,
τόν ῥ' ἄνδρες πρότεροι θέσαν ἔμμεναι οὖρον ἀρούρης·
τῷ βάλε θοῦρον Ἄρηα κατ' αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
ἑπτὰ δ' ἐπέσχε πέλεθρα πεσών, ἐκόνισε δὲ χαίτας,
τεύχεά τ' ἀμφαράβησε· γέλασσε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
καί οἱ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Νηπύτι', οὐδέ νύ πώ περ ἐπεφράσω ὅσσον ἀρείων
εὔχομ' ἐγὼν ἔμεναι, ὅτι μοι μένος ἰσοφαρίζεις.
οὕτω κεν τῆς μητρὸς ἐρινύας ἐξαποτίνοις,
ἥ τοι χωομένη κακὰ μήδεται, οὕνεκ' Ἀχαιοὺς
κάλλιπες, αὐτὰρ Τρωσὶν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀμύνεις."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπεν ὅσσε φαεινώ.
τὸν δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχοντα· μόγις δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν.
τὴν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ὤ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
καὶ δ' αὖθ' ἡ κυνάμυια ἄγει βροτολοιγὸν Ἄρηα

He on Athene sprang, upbraiding thus :
"Shameless ! Of thine immeasurable strength
O'erweening, by thy haughty soul elate !
Compell'st thou thus again the Gods to war ?
Bear'st thou in mind the day when thou inspiredst
Tydides Diomed to wound me sore,
And thine one self, before the eyes of all
Didst guide and thrust upon me so his spear
That thou didst bite right through my fair pure skin ?
For this and all thy deeds I venge me now !"
He spoke, but on the wondrous Ægis smote,
The Ægis, scathless ev'n to bolts of Zeus ;
On this the God of War but dash'd his spear.
Then She, a little space withdrawn, uptook
In her broad palm a stone, that chanced to lie
Near on the plain, black, jaggèd, and immense,
Set there to bound a field in olden days ;
Full on the neck with this she struck the God
And loosed the limbs beneath him ; prone he fell,
His length seven roods outstretch'd ; about him clash'd
His armour ; and his locks lay smirch'd in dust.
And clear Athenè's laugh triumphant rang
Above him, and her wingèd words she spake :
"Fool ! Hadst thou erst not knowledge of my might,
How far beyond thine own, that thus thou daredst
To set thyself against me ? This hath fall'n,
The vengeance by the Furies for the sake
Of thine own mother now of thee required,
Whose wrath is heavy upon thee, for that thou
Hast left the Achaians, and hast holpen Troy !"
She spoke, and turn'd aloof her shining eyes.

But Zeus-born Aphroditè took his hand,
And led him, barely yet regathering sense,
Groaning and moaning, off : whom Herè mark'd,
The Goddess of the milkwhite arm, and thus
In wingèd accents to Athenè spake :
"The wanton ! Seest thou, Daughter of great Zeus,
Goddess unvanquish'd ! how yon shameless one
Leads off the deadly field the slaughterous might

δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλὰ μέτελθε."

Ὣς φάτ', Ἀθηναίη δὲ μετέσσυτο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,
καί ῥ' ἐπιεισαμένη πρὸς στήθεα χειρὶ παχείῃ
ἤλασε· τὴς δ' αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ.
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἄμφω κεῖντο ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ
ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·

"Τοιοῦτοι νῦν πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοὶ,
εἶεν, ὅτ' Ἀργείοισι μαχοίατο θωρηκτῇσιν,
ὧδέ τε θαρσαλέοι καὶ τλήμονες, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη
ἦλθεν Ἄρει ἐπίκουρος, ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσα·
τῷ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἄμμες ἐπαυσάμεθα πτολέμοιο,
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσαντες ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·

"Φοῖβε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ διέσταμεν; οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
ἀρξάντων ἑτέρων· τὸ μὲν αἴσχιον, αἴ κ' ἀμαχητὶ
ἴομεν Οὔλυμπόνδε, Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ.
ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ γενεῇφι νεώτερος· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε
καλὸν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα.
νηπύτι', ὡς ἄνοον κραδίην ἔχες· οὐδέ νυ τῶνπερ
μέμνηαι, ὅσα δὴ πάθομεν κακὰ Ἴλιον ἀμφὶ
μοῦνοι νῶϊ θεῶν, ὅτ' ἀγήνορι Λαομέδοντι
πὰρ Διὸς ἐλθόντες θητεύσαμεν εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν
μισθῷ ἔπι ῥητῷ· ὁ δὲ σημαίνων ἐπέτελλεν.
ἤτοι ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι πόλιν πέρι τεῖχος ἔδειμα
εὐρύ τε καὶ μάλα καλὸν, ἵν' ἄῤῥηκτος πόλις εἴη·
Φοῖβε, σὺ δ' εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς βουκολέεσκες
Ἴδης ἐν κνημοῖσι πολυπτύχου ὑληέσσης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μισθοῖο τέλος πολυγηθέες Ὧραι
ἐξέφερον, τότε νῶϊ βιήσατο μισθὸν ἅπαντα
Λαομέδων ἔκπαγλος, ἀπειλήσας δ' ἀπέπεμπεν.
σοὶ μὲν ὅγ' ἠπείλησε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν
δήσειν, καὶ περάαν νήσων ἔπι τηλεδαπάων·
στεῦτο δ' ὅγ' ἀμφοτέρων ἀπολεψέμεν οὔατα χαλκῷ.

Of Ares? Follow thou, and overcome!"
She spoke; and after those Athenè sped,
With heart exultant, and approaching drave
A heavy hand on Aphroditè's breast,
Loosing at once her spirit and her limbs.
So the twain lay, on fruitful earth outstretch'd,
Whilst She above them vaunted loud, and said:
"And like to these be whosoe'er for Troy
Battle against Achaia's mailèd might;
So strong in all endeavour, high in heart,
As Aphroditè, when to Ares' help
She came, and dared encounter of my spear!
So had we long since spoil'd the stately towers
Of Ilion, and for ever stay'd the war."
She spoke; and Herè smiled thereat, well-pleased.

Meantime Poseidon to Apollo thus:
"Far from each other, Phœbus, still we stand?
Not ours to falter, where another leads.
Our parts forborne in battle, 'twill be shame
Again to tread the brass-paved halls of Zeus.
Since therefore thou the younger art by birth
Strike first: with honour I could scarce begin,
Elder in years and more expert in life.
Cold-blooded! Sets not this thy heart on fire?
Bearest thou not in mind what we endured
From Ilion, we alone of all the Gods,
What time from Zeus to great Laomedon
We came, his yearlong thralls on stated hire,
And he so lorded it with high behests?
'Twas mine this broad and beauteous wall aloft
To rear round Troy, that nought might be her harm;
But, Phœbus, thine to shepherd flocks and herds
Of slow-paced oxen on the forest-flanks
Of many-folded Ida. Nathless, when
The bounteous Hours brought round the day of hire,
Violently then, and monstrously, the King
Wrong'd us of all, and sent us empty away,
Threatening to bear us, fetter'd hand and foot,
Slaves to the isles remote, with ears cropp'd off.

νῶϊ δέ τ' ἄψορρόι κίομεν κεκοτηότι θυμῷ,
μισθοῦ χωόμενοι, τὸν ὑποστὰς οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν.
τοῦ δὴ νῦν λαοῖσι φέρεις χάριν, οὐδὲ μεθ' ἡμέων
πειρᾷ ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι ἀπόλωνται
πρόχνυ κακῶς, σὺν παισὶ καὶ αἰδοίης ἀλόχοισιν."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"ἐννοσίγαι', οὐκ ἄν με σαόφρονα μυθήσαιο
ἔμμεναι, εἰ δὴ σοίγε βροτῶν ἕνεκα πτολεμίζω
δειλῶν, οἳ φύλλοισιν ἐοικότες ἄλλοτε μέν τε
ζαφλεγέες τελέθουσιν, ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδοντες,
ἄλλοτε δὲ φθινύθουσιν ἀκήριοι. ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
παυσώμεσθα μάχης· οἱ δ' αὐτοὶ δηριαάσθων."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας πάλιν ἐτράπετ'· αἴδετο γάρ ῥα
πατροκασιγνήτοιο μιγήμεναι ἐν παλάμῃσιν.
τὸν δὲ κασιγνήτη μάλα νείκεσε, πότνια θηρῶν
[*Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη, καὶ ὀνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·*]

"Φεύγεις δὴ, ἑκάεργε, Ποσειδάωνι δὲ νίκην
πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεψας, μέλεον δέ οἱ εὖχος ἔδωκας·
νηπύτιε, τί νυ τόξον ἔχεις ἀνεμώλιον αὔτως;
[*μή σευ νῦν ἔτι πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀκούσω*
εὐχομένου, ὡς τὸ πρὶν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν,
ἄντα Ποσειδάωνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζειν.]"

Ὣς φάτο, τὴν δ' οὔτι προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων,
ἀλλὰ χολωσαμένη Διὸς αἰδοίη παράκοιτις
νείκεσεν ἰοχέαιραν ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν·

"Πῶς δὲ σὺ νῦν μέμονας, κύον ἀδδεὲς, ἀντί' ἐμεῖο
στήσεσθαι; χαλεπή τοι ἐγὼ μένος ἀντιφέρεσθαι,
τοξοφόρῳ περ ἐούσῃ, ἐπεί σε λέοντα γυναιξὶν
Ζεὺς θῆκεν, καὶ ἔδωκε κατακτάμεν ἥν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα.
ἦτοι βέλτερόν ἐστι κατ' οὔρεα θῆρας ἐναίρειν

Together back we came, with chafing hearts,
Wroth for the hire and promise unfulfill'd.
And this the man whose children are thy care!
And for his sake art thou at war with us,
Who would the race were utterly destroy'd,
Men, women, children, in one evil death!"
But He who smites from far return'd reply:
"Thou wouldst not deem me wise, Earth-shaking Power,
With thee to battle for the sake of men,
Whose nature is as that of tender leaves,
Their blood now warm, and summer in their veins,
What time they fatten on the fruits of earth,
But wither'd soon and lifeless. Rather we
Turn from the war, and leave them to their toils."
He spoke and turn'd aside. His noble heart
Forbade him from encountering hand to hand
His own great Father's brother. But not such
His sister, fiercer far, great Artemis,
Queen of all beasts of prey; loudly she chode
Apollo, and reproachful call'd and said:
"Fleest thou, O Bender of the silver bow?
Fleest thou, and to Poseidon all the fame
Surrenderest of a triumph unwithstood,
Won without fight? Oh, what avails the bow
Vain-dangling from thy shoulder? Ne'er again
Dare in my hearing at the feasts of Zeus
Thine olden boast, how once before the eyes
Of all the heavenly host thou daredst oppose
In single fight Poseidon, hand to hand!"
She ceased, nor great Apollo deign'd reply.

But all in wrath the adored Spouse of Zeus
Rebuked the arrowy Goddess and reviled:
"Fool unabashed! What new desire is this
To take thy stand against me? Yet to match
Thy strength with mine were evil indeed for thee,
Boast though thou may that fatal bow, wherewith
Zeus makes thee very lioness to kill
Whomever of weak womankind thou wilt.
Better upon the mountains to abide

ἀγροτέρας τ' ἐλάφους ἠ κρείσσοσιν ἶφι μάχεσθαι.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις πολέμοιο δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῇς,
ὅσσον φερτέρη εἶμ', ὅτι μοι μένος ἀντιφερίζεις."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμφοτέρας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔμαρπτεν
σκαιῇ, δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὤμων αἶνυτο τόξα,
αὐτοῖσιν δ' ἄρ' ἔθεινε παρ' οὔατα μειδιόωσα
ἐντροπαλιζομένην· ταχέες δ' ἔκπιπτον ὀϊστοί.
δακρυόεσσα δ' ὑπαιθα θεὰ φύγεν ὥστε πέλεια,
ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπ' ἴρηκος κοίλην εἰσέπτατο πέτρην,
χηραμόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τῇγε ἀλώμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν.
ὣς ἡ δακρυόεσσα φύγεν, λίπε δ' αὐτόθι τόξα.
Λητὼ δὲ προέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·

"Λητοῖ, ἐγὼ δέ τοι οὔτι μαχήσομαι· ἀργαλέον δὲ
πληκτίζεσθ' ἀλόχοισι Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο·
ἀλλὰ μάλα πρόφρασσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
εὔχεσθαι ἐμὲ νικῆσαι κρατερῇφι βίηφιν."

Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, Λητὼ δὲ συναίνυτο καμπύλα τόξα
πεπτεῶτ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα μετὰ στροφάλιγγι κονίης.
ἡ μὲν τόξα λαβοῦσα, πάλιν κίε θυγατέρος ἧς·
ἡ δ' ἄρ' Ὄλυμπον ἵκανε, Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,
δακρυόεσσα δὲ πατρὸς ἐφέζετο γούνασι κούρη,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιος ἑανὸς τρέμε· τὴν δὲ προτὶ οἷ
εἶλε πατὴρ Κρονίδης, καὶ ἀνείρετο ἡδὺ γελάσσας·

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

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἐϋστέφανος κελαδεινή·
"σή μ' ἄλοχος στυφέλιξε, πάτερ, λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἔξ ἧς ἀθανάτοισιν ἔρις καὶ νεῖκος ἐφῆπται."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐδύσετο Ἴλιον ἱρήν·

Slaughtering thy beasts of prey or wild scared hinds
Than come to combat here with mightier foes.
But—since thou wilt taste battle—learn how far
She whom thou now wouldst peer transcends thy power!"
She spoke, and with her left hand o'er the wrists
Gripp'd her arms tight, but with the right the bow
Tore from her shoulders, and therewith her ears
Belabour'd, smiling grim. Vainly she writhed,
Her wingèd arrows dropping all to earth,
But 'scaped at last in tears from 'neath her grasp,
And fled like dove that from a falcon's swoop
Hath flown beneath him to a cavern'd rock,
Her refuge, nor is doom'd to capture thence;
Like her the Goddess fled, and left her bow.

Then Argeiphontes spoke, the guide in heaven:
"O Leto, far from me be fight with thee;
Ill is it to oppose whom Zeus hath loved.
Yea, be it, an thou list, thy boast in heaven
To have assail'd and conquer'd me in war."
He spoke; but Leto quick 'gan gather up
The wingèd arrows and the crookbent bow
Hither and thither strewn amid the dust,
Then turn'd, and follow'd in her daughter's track:
Who straightway sought the brass-paved hall of Zeus,
And gain'd Olympus, where, in tears, and all
Her robes ambrosial palpitating on her,
She rose to seat her on her Father's knee.
Her Father took her to himself, and smiled
Well pleased, and ask'd her question, speaking thus:
"Mine own dear Child! who of the Gods of heaven
Hath wrought this outrage on thee, unprovoked,
As though thou hadst been found in open wrong?"
To whom crown'd Keladeinè made reply:
"Thy wife, my Father: she hath given these stripes;
Herè, the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,
Of whom is all the strife and war in heaven."
Such was the commune of the Gods above.

Meantime behind the towers of sacred Troy

μέμβλετο γάρ οἱ τεῖχος ἐϋδμήτοιο πόληος,
μὴ Δαναοὶ πέρσειαν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἤματι κείνῳ.
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες,
οἱ μὲν χωόμενοι, οἱ δὲ μέγα κυδιόωντες·
κὰδ δ' ἵζον πὰρ Ζηνὶ κελαινεφεῖ. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Τρῶας ὁμῶς αὐτούς τ' ὄλεκεν καὶ μώνυχας ἵππους.
ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκηται
ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο, θεῶν δέ ἑ μῆνις ἀνῆκεν,
πᾶσι δ' ἔθηκε πόνον, πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆκεν,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι πόνον καὶ κήδε' ἔθηκεν.

Ἑστήκει δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος θείου ἐπὶ πύργου,
ἐς δ' ἐνόησ' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον· αὐτὰρ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
Τρῶες ἄφαρ κλονέοντο πεφυζότες, οὐδέ τις ἀλκὴ
γίγνεθ'· ὁ δ' οἰμώξας ἀπὸ πύργου βαῖνε χαμᾶζε,
ὀτρυνέων παρὰ τεῖχος ἀγακλειτοὺς πυλαωρούς·

"Πεπταμένας ἐν χερσὶ πύλας ἔχετ', εἰσόκε λαοὶ
ἔλθωσι προτὶ ἄστυ πεφυζότες· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐγγὺς ὅδε κλονέων· νῆϊν οἴω λοίγι' ἔσεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἐς τεῖχος ἀναπνεύσωσιν ἀλέντες,
αὖτις ἐπανθέμεναι σανίδας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας·
δείδια γὰρ μὴ οὖλος ἀνὴρ ἐς τείχος ἅληται."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄνεσάν τε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσαν ὀχῆας·
αἱ δὲ πετασθεῖσαι τεῦξαν φάος. αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων
ἀντίος ἐξέθορε, Τρώων ἵνα λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
οἱ δ' ἰθὺς πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,
δίψῃ καρχαλέοι, κεκονιμένοι ἐκ πεδίοιο
φεῦγον· ὁ δὲ σφεδανὸν ἔφεπ' ἔγχεϊ· λύσσα δέ οἱ κῆρ
αἰὲν ἔχε κρατερὴ, μενέαινε δὲ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.

Phœbus Apollo enter'd, for he fear'd
Ev'n for the wall before the stately town,
Lest on that day, albeit in Fate's despite,
The Danaan host surmount it. Thereupon,
Likewise all others of the Immortal Powers
Moved to Olympus—sullen these, but those
Exultant—and beside their cloud-wrapp'd Lord
Took seat. But all this while Achilles raged,
Scourge to the Trojans and their hoovèd steeds ;
As when into broad heaven goeth up
Smoke from a burning town, by wrath divine
Enkindled, grief to all, to many death ;
Like grief, like death, Achilles wrought to Troy.

Whom Priam saw from off the heav'nsprung towers,
And that the Trojans fled in flutter'd rout
Before him, nor in them was any strength :
Therefore, descending with deep sigh to earth,
He thus forewarn'd the keepers of the gates,
Men of renown, who sate beside the wall :
" Hold ye the gates wide open at full spread,
Nor loose your hold till all the host hath come
Thus panic-struck within ; for, verily,
Achilles is most nigh and drives their rout
Headlong—perchance to ruin. But, when all
Are closed, regathering breath, behind the walls,
Then mind ye quick to thrust again the valves
Back to the lintel close ; for much I fear,
Lest this Destroyer likewise enter in."
He spoke ; they drew the bolts, and oped the gates,
Which, parting, made a very path of light
Before them. Thence Apollo sprang alone
To face the foe and fend the fall from Troy ;
For all their host was fleeing homeward now,
In utter rout, and parch'd with thirst and dust,
Leaving the battle-field ; whilst on their heels
Achilles pressing came, with brandish'd spear
And heart as by a frenzy fierce possess'd,
All hot to win the glory of their deaths.

Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἕλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος Ἀγήνορα δῖον ἀνῆκεν,
φῶτ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε.
ἐν μέν οἱ κραδίῃ θάρσος βάλε, πὰρ δέ οἱ αὐτὸς
ἕστη, ὅπως θανάτοιο βαρείας κῆρας ἀλάλκοι,
φηγῷ κεκλιμένος· κεκάλυπτο δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ.
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ὡς ἐνόησεν Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον,
ἕστη, πολλὰ δέ οἱ κραδίη πόρφυρε μένοντι·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

"Ὤ μοι ἐγών· εἰ μέν κεν ὑπὸ κρατεροῦ Ἀχιλῆος
φεύγω, τῇπερ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι κλονέονται,
αἰρήσει με καὶ ὣς, καὶ ἀνάλκιδα δειροτομήσει.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ τούτους μὲν ὑποκλονέεσθαι ἐάσω
Πηλείδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ, ποσὶν δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλλῃ
φεύγω πρὸς πεδίον Ἰλήϊον, ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκωμαι
Ἴδης τε κνημοὺς κατά τε ῥωπήϊα δύω·
ἐσπέριος δ' ἂν ἔπειτα λοεσσάμενος ποταμοῖο,
ἱδρῶ ἀποψυχθεὶς ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονεοίμην.
ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
μή μ' ἀπαειρόμενον πόλιος πεδίονδε νοήσῃ
καί με μεταΐξας μάρψῃ ταχέεσσι πόδεσσιν.
οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ἔσται θάνατον καὶ κῆρας ἀλύξαι·
λίην γὰρ κρατερὸς περὶ πάντων ἔστ' ἀνθρώπων.
εἰ δέ κέν οἱ προπάροιθε πόλιος κατεναντίον ἔλθω·
καὶ γάρ θην τούτῳ τρωτὸς χρὼς ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἐν δὲ ἓα ψυχή, θνητὸν δέ ἕ φασ' ἄνθρωποι
[ἔμμεναι· αὐτὰρ οἱ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει]."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Ἀχιλῆα ἀλεὶς μένεν, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
ἄλκιμον ὡρμᾶτο πτολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἠΰτε πάρδαλις εἶσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο
ἀνδρὸς θηρητῆρος ἐναντίον, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἐπεί κεν ὑλαγμὸν ἀκούσῃ·
εἴπερ γὰρ φθάμενός μιν ἢ οὐτάσῃ, ἠὲ βάλῃσιν,
ἰλλά τε καὶ περὶ δουρὶ πεπαρμένη οὐκ ἀπολήγει
ἰλκῆς, πρίν γ' ἠὲ ξυμβλήμεναι, ἠὲ δαμῆναι·
ὣς Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς ἀγαυοῦ, δῖος Ἀγήνωρ,

"Unhappy that I am! For if I flee
Before Achilles and along the route
Whereon so many panic-stricken crowd,
He will o'ertake and slay a coward there.
Or, if I leave these others to his sword
And turn mine own feet tow'rd the Ileian plain
Right from the bulwarks—so to gain perchance
The knolls of Ida, hide me in the brakes,
At eve to bathe and cool me in the stream,
And thence escape to Ilion—Tush, oh tush!
Why doth my dear mind thus discourse to me?
For he would mark me mounting tow'rd the plain,
And with swift feet pursuing soon o'ertake.
No refuge then from Fate and violent Death;
For more than is the strength of man his strength.
But if I meet him here before all eyes
He too is vulnerable: one his life,
One only; and men name him mortal man,
Albeit Kroneion crowns him with such fame."
He ended, and with might collected stood,
Whilst all his heart rush'd forward to the fight.

Like pard, that springs from out a deep thick wood
Against her hunter, dauntless, undismay'd,
Albeit she hears the baying of his hounds—
Yea, though he hath forestall'd her by a wound,
And by the javelin she be pierced clean through,
Yet, writhing round it, she makes no surcease
Till she hath sprung upon him, or hath fall'n;
Ev'n thus renown'd Antenor's blameless son,

οὐκ ἔθελεν φεύγειν, πρὶν πειρήσαιτ' Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθ' ἔσχετο πάντοσ' εἴσην,
ἐγχείῃ δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο, καὶ μέγ' ἀΰτει·

"Ἦ δή που μάλ' ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἤματι τῷδε πόλιν πέρσειν Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
νηπύτι', ἦ τ' ἔτι πολλὰ τετεύξεται ἄλγε' ἐπ' αὐτῇ.
ἐν γάρ οἱ πολέες τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι ἀνέρες εἰμὲν,
οἳ καὶ πρόσθε φίλων τοκέων ἀλόχων τε καὶ υἱῶν
Ἴλιον εἰρυόμεσθα· σὺ δ' ἐνθάδε πότμον ἐφέψεις,
ὦδ' ἔκπαγλος ἐὼν καὶ θαρσαλέος πολεμιστής."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ὀξὺν ἄκοντα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκεν,
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε κνήμην ὑπὸ γούνατος οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κνημὶς νεοτεύκτου κασσιτέροιο
σμερδαλέον κονάβησε· πάλιν δ' ἀπὸ χαλκὸς ὄρουσεν
βλημένου, οὐδ' ἐπέρησε, θεοῦ δ' ἠρύκακε δῶρα.
Πηλείδης δ' ὡρμήσατ' Ἀγήνορος ἀντιθέοιο
δεύτερος· οὐδέ τ' ἔασεν Ἀπόλλων κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
ἀλλά μιν ἐξήρπαξε, κάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ,
ἠσύχιον δ' ἄρα μιν πολέμου ἐκ πέμπε νέεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πηλείωνα δόλῳ ἀποέργαθε λαοῦ·
αὐτῷ γὰρ ἐκάεργος Ἀγήνορι πάντα ἐοικὼς
ἔστη πρόσθε ποδῶν· ὁ δ' ἐπέσσυτο ποσσὶ διώκειν.
εἶος ὁ τὸν πεδίοιο διώκετο πυροφόροιο,
τρέψας παὰρ ποταμὸν βαθυδινήεντα Σκάμανδρον,
τυτθὸν ὑπεκπροθέοντα· δόλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἔθελγεν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς αἰεὶ ἔλποιτο κιχήσεσθαι ποσὶν οἷσιν·
τόφρ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες πεφοβημένοι ἦλθον ὁμίλῳ
ἀσπάσιοι προτὶ ἄστυ, πόλις δ' ἔμπλητο ἀλέντων.
οὔδ' ἄρα τοίγ' ἔτλαν πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ἐκτὸς
μεῖναι ἔτ' ἀλλήλους, καὶ γνώμεναι ὅς τε πεφεύγοι
ὅς τ' ἔθαν' ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως ἐσέχυντο
ἐς πόλιν, ὄντινα τῶνγε πόδες καὶ γοῦνα σαώσαι.

Noble Agenor, had no will to flee
Ere of Achilles he could make assay.
Firm in his front he held his orbèd shield,
Aim'd his bright spear, and thus address'd his foe :
"Aye, aye—Achilles ! 'Twas thy certain hope
This day to sack the town of haughty Troy :
Fond ! For not yet the sorrows' tale is told
Endured in her behalf : she still hath sons
Many and brave, to guard her still, and save
Their homes, and wives, and children from her foes.
Valiant, and of a monstrous might in war,
Art thou ; yet shalt thou here draw down thy fate."
He spoke, and from a heavy hand sent forth
His sharp-tipp'd spear, and struck beneath the knee
The greave, nor err'd ; the fresh-forged metal rang
Loudly around ; but back the spear recoil'd,
Nor pierced it, by the heavenly gift withstood.
Then in his turn on brave Agenor sprang
Pelides ; but Apollo suffer'd not
That glory to his arm, but snatch'd him up
And wrapp'd him in thick mist, and from the war
Bare him withdrawn in quiet to his home ;
But lured the other off the Trojan host
By a false guile : himself he shaped most like
Agenor, in whose stead he stood before
Achilles ; and Achilles made pursuit.

So, whilst Achilles press'd him o'er the plain,
Diverted tow'rd Scamander's eddying stream—
For still the God ran some short space afront,
And lured him by the hope of quick success—
Meantime the other Trojans gain'd their walls,
Most welcome, in a panic-stricken rout,
And throng'd the streets ; nor any durst abide
Beyond the wall, nor look behind, to know
Who had escaped, or who had died in war ;
But, like a torrent, in they pour'd, whome'er
A rapid foot or nimble limb had saved.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Χ'.

Ἕκτορος ἀναίρεσις.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν κατὰ ἄστυ, πεφυζότες ἠΰτε νεβροὶ,
ἱδρῷ ἀπεψύχοντο πίον τ' ἀκέοντό τε δίψαν,
κεκλιμένοι καλῇσιν ἐπάλξεσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
τείχεος ἆσσον ἴσαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
Ἕκτορα δ' αὐτοῦ μεῖναι ὀλοιὴ Μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν,
Ἰλίου προπάροιθε πυλάων τε Σκαιάων.
αὐτὰρ Πηλείωνα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

" Τίπτε με, Πηλέος υἱὲ, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκεις,
αὐτὸς θνητὸς ἐὼν θεὸν ἄμβροτον; οὐδέ νύ πώ με
ἔγνως ὡς θεός εἰμι, σὺ δ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις.
ἦ νύ τοι οὔτι μέλει Τρώων πόνος οὓς ἐφόβησας,
οἳ δή τοι εἰς ἄστυ ἄλεν, σὺ δὲ δεῦρο λιάσθης.
οὐ μέν με κτενέεις, ἐπεὶ οὔτοι μόρσιμός εἰμι."

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
" ἔβλαψάς μ', ἐκάεργε, θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,
ἐνθάδε νῦν τρέψας ἀπὸ τείχεος· ἦ κ' ἔτι πολλοὶ
γαῖαν ὀδὰξ εἷλον πρὶν Ἴλιον εἰσαφικέσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν μέγα κῦδος ἀφείλεο, τοὺς δ' ἐσάωσας
ῥηϊδίως, ἐπεὶ οὔτι τίσιν γ' ἔδδεισας ὀπίσσω.
ἦ σ' ἂν τισαίμην, εἴ μοι δύναμίς γε παρείη."

Ὣς εἰπὼν προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
σευάμενος ὥσθ' ἵππος ἀεθλοφόρος σὺν ὄχεσφιν,
ὅς ῥά τε ῥεῖα θέῃσι τιταινόμενος πεδίοιο·
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς λαιψηρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.

ILIAD XXII.

THUS, trembling, to their walls like fawns they fled,
Cool'd off their sweat, and drank, and heal'd their thirst,
Resting against the battlements within;
The while the Achaians nigher drew, with shields
Roofing their heads and shoulders. Fate, ill Fate,
Fetter'd brave Hector only, there to bide
In face of Ilion and the Scæan gates.
Then Phœbus turn'd and spake to Peleus' Son:
"Wherefore, Achilles, this thy vain pursuit,
For thou art mortal, I a heavenly God?
Is't that thou yet not know'st me for a God,
That thus a quenchless fury drives thee on?
Or that the routed Trojans' safe escape
Into Troy-wall, whilst thou art wandering here,
Is now no more thy trouble? Yet beware:
How wilt thou slay me, who am free of Fate?"
Much-moved, Achilles spake in answer thus:
"Far-striker! Most injurious Power of heaven!
Most foully hast thou wrong'd me, and beguiled
My foot from off the city: else, ere these
Had fled me, many a man had bit the dust.
These hast thou saved, and robb'd me of renown
Uncaring, in thy godhead quite secure
Of reckoning to be render'd afterward;
Dear should it cost thee now, had I the power."
He said, and high in indignation turn'd
Tow'rd Ilion, springing swiftly, like some steed
That strains his strength in chariot-race, and skims
Smoothly at full-spread gallop o'er the plain;
Thus lightly plied Achilles foot and limb.

Τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος πρῶτος ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
παμφαίνονθ' ὥστ' ἀστέρ', ἐπεσσύμενον πεδίοιο,
ὅς ῥά τ' ὀπώρης εἶσιν, ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαὶ
φαίνονται πολλοῖσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ·
ὅντε κύν' Ὠρίωνος ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν·
λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅδ' ἐστὶ, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,
καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν·
ὣς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θέοντος.
ᾤμωξεν δ' ὁ γέρων, κεφαλὴν δ' ὅγε κόψατο χερσὶν
ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενος, μέγα δ' οἰμώξας ἐγεγώνει
λισσόμενος φίλον υἱόν· ὁ δὲ προπάροιθε πυλάων
ἑστήκει, ἄμοτον μεμαὼς Ἀχιλῆϊ μάχεσθαι·
τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων ἐλεεινὰ προσηύδα χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·

"Ἕκτορ, μή μοι μίμνε, φίλον τέκος, ἀνέρα τοῦτον
οἷος ἄνευθ' ἄλλων, ἵνα μὴ τάχα πότμον ἐπίσπῃς
Πηλείωνι δαμείς, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν,
σχέτλιος· αἴθε θεοῖσι φίλος τοσσόνδε γένοιτο
ὅσσον ἐμοί· τάχα κέν ἑ κύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδοιεν
κείμενον· ἦ κέ μοι αἰνὸν ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἄχος ἔλθοι·
ὅς μ' υἱῶν πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν εὐνιν ἔθηκεν,
κτείνων καὶ περνὰς νήσων ἔπι τηλεδαπάων.
καὶ γὰρ νῦν δύο παῖδε, Λυκάονα καὶ Πολύδωρον,
οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν Τρώων εἰς ἄστυ ἀλέντων,
τούς μοι Λαοθόη τέκετο, κρείουσα γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ζώουσι μετὰ στρατῷ, ἦ τ' ἂν ἔπειτα
χαλκοῦ τε χρυσοῦ τ' ἀπολυσόμεθ'· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον·
πολλὰ γὰρ ὤπασε παιδὶ γέρων ὀνομάκλυτος Ἀλτης.
εἰ δ' ἤδη τεθνᾶσι καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν,
ἄλγος ἐμῷ θυμῷ καὶ μητέρι, τοὶ τεκόμεσθα·
λαοῖσιν δ' ἄλλοισι μινυνθαδιώτερον ἄλγος
ἔσσεται, ἢν μὴ καὶ σὺ θάνῃς Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμασθείς.

And aged Priam's eyes beheld him first
Thus speeding, all ablaze, across the plain,
Most like the Star that entereth on the sky
In autumn, and amidst a thousand more
Blazes conspicuous in the midnight heaven ;
And men do name him great Orion's hound ;
Sign brightest, but most baleful, raining down
Fever on hapless mortals : ev'n so shone
His brazen arms around him, as he came.

Then moan'd the aged King, and smote his head
With hands on high uplifted, and his voice
Broken by groans, in supplication call'd
On his dear son ; who yet before the gates,
Ardent to meet Achilles, stood alone ;
To whom with outstretch'd hands the old man wail'd :
" Hector, my son, I pray thee, stand not thus
Single, apart from all, to meet this man ;
Else surely shalt thou meet thy death, o'erwhelm'd
Beneath him, who is mightier far than thou.
The hard of heart ! Oh, would that Heaven's regard
Were such toward him as is mine ; then soon
Vultures and dogs should tear him, limb from limb,
And this dread sorrow pass from off my soul !
Of many a noble son he left me lorn
By slaughter or by sale in far-off isles ;
And now, though all the men of Troy be closed
Behind their walls, two yet I miss—two more,
My sons I see not, whom Laothoè
Their mother, fairest of all women, bare,
Lycaon, and the godlike Polydore.
These, if they yet be living 'mid the foe,
Erelong we ransom home with brass and gold ;
For store have we within, and dowry rich
Gave her famed father, Altès, to his child.
And, though they now be dead, albeit we two—
Their mother and myself—who gave them life,
Shall long bewail them lost, yet briefer term
Of mourning shall the general nation keep,
Unless thou, Hector, perish likewise slain ;

ἀλλ' εἰσέρχεο τεῖχος, ἐμὸν τέκος, ὄφρα σαώσῃς
Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάς, μηδὲ μέγα κῦδος ὀρέξῃς
Πηλείδῃ, αὐτὸς δὲ φίλης αἰῶνος ἀμερθῇς,
πρὸς δ' ἐμὲ τὸν δύστηνον ἔτι φρονέοντ' ἐλέησον,
δύσμορον, ὅν ῥα πατὴρ Κρονίδης ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ
αἴσῃ ἐν ἀργαλέῃ φθίσει, κακὰ πόλλ' ἐπιδόντα,
υἱάς τ' ὀλλυμένους ἑλκηθείσας τε θύγατρας,
καὶ θαλάμους κεραϊζομένους, καὶ νήπια τέκνα
βαλλόμενα προτὶ γαίῃ ἐν αἰνῇ δῃοτῆτι,
ἑλκομένας τε νυοὺς ὁλοῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
αὐτὸν δ' ἂν πύματόν με κύνες πρώτῃσι θύρῃσιν
ὠμησταὶ ἐρύουσιν, ἐπεί κέ τις ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
τύψας ἠὲ βαλὼν ῥεθέων ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται,
οὓς τρέφον ἐν μεγάροισι τραπεζῆας θυραωροὺς,
οἵ κ' ἐμὸν αἷμα πιόντες, ἀλύσσοντες περὶ θυμῷ,
κείσοντ' ἐν προθύροισι. νέῳ δέ τε πάντ' ἐπέοικεν,
ἀρηϊκταμένῳ, δεδαϊγμένῳ ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
κεῖσθαι· πάντα δὲ καλὰ θανόντι περ, ὅττι φανήῃ·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον,
αἰδῶ τ' αἰσχύνωσι κύνες κταμένοιο γέροντος,
τοῦτο δὴ οἴκτιστον πέλεται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν."

Ἦ ῥ' ὁ γέρων, πολιὰς δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ τρίχας ἕλκετο χερσὶν
τίλλων ἐκ κεφαλῆς· οὐδ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθεν.
μήτηρ δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δακρυχέουσα,
κόλπον ἀνιεμένη, ἑτέρηφι δὲ μαζὸν ἀνέσχεν·
καί μιν δακρυχέουσ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἕκτορ, τέκνον ἐμὸν, τάδε τ' αἴδεο καί μ' ἐλέησον
αὐτὴν, εἴποτέ τοι λαθικηδέα μαζὸν ἐπέσχον.
τῶν μνῆσαι, φίλε τέκνον, ἄμυνε δὲ δήϊον ἄνδρα
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἐὼν, μηδὲ πρόμος ἵστασο τούτῳ·

Then of their mourning shall there be no end.
Come therefore, O my son, return within ;
So shalt thou save the men and women of Troy,
Nor yield increase of fame to Peleus' Son,
Nor be bereavèd of thine own dear life.
Pity me also, wretched in my fate,
Still quick to suffer ; whom Kroneion soon
In sad plight on the threshold of old age
Shall smite ; but after many woes beheld—
Daughters dragg'd off, sons slaughter'd, plunder'd homes,
Infants mid dreadful battling dash'd to earth,
And virgins in their enemies' deadly hands.
And last of all, perchance by sword or dart,
Some one may rob my body of my life ;
And dogs—the door-houflds at my table fed,
Oft with my own hands tended in the house—
Will rend me in their ravin, carrion-like,
Lap up my blood, and bask before my gates !
Such death—to lie thus gash'd and seam'd with wounds—
Well fits the warrior falling in his prime ;
For whatsoe'er be shown, youth is not shamed.
But when an old man falls, and dogs may wreak
On hoary head and hoary chin, and all
The exposèd limbs of age, their own foul wills,
Nought is more piteous in this piteous world."
Thus pray'd the aged King, and off his head
Raised the grey locks, betwixt his fingers twined
In that his supplication ; nor could move
The heart of Hector. Then, from the other side,
His mother, all in tears, began lament ;
With one hand dropping low her bosom's veil,
And showing with the left the mother's breast,
Weeping she utter'd wingèd words, and cried :
" Look on this, Hector ! Son, have reverence,
And pity thine own mother ! If that e'er
I gave this breast to still thine infant pains,
Remember this, my child, and yield and come
Within the walls, and thence repel the foe,
Not foremost stand to meet him ! Reckless, cruel !

σχέτλιος· εἴπερ γάρ σε κατακτάνῃ, οὔ σ' ἔτ' ἔγωγε
κλαύσομαι ἐν λεχέεσσι, φίλον θάλος, ὃν τέκον αὐτὴ,
οὐδ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος· ἄνευθε δέ σε μέγα νῶϊν
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνες ταχέες κατέδονται."

Ὣς τώγε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην φιλον υἱὸν, 90
πολλὰ λισσομένω· οὐδ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθον,
ἀλλ' ὅγε μίμν' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον ἆσσον ἰόντα.
ὡς δὲ δράκων ἐπὶ χειῇ ὀρέστερος ἄνδρα μένῃσιν,
βεβρωκὼς κακὰ φάρμακ'· ἔδυ δέ τέ μιν χόλος αἰνὸς,
σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν ἑλισσόμενος περὶ χειῇ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἄσβεστον ἔχων μένος οὐχ ὑπεχώρει,
πύργῳ ἔπι προὔχοντι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδ' ἐρείσας.
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

" Ὤ μοι ἐγὼν, εἰ μέν κε πύλας καὶ τείχεα δύω,
Πουλυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγχείην ἀναθήσει, 100
ὅς μ' ἐκέλευε Τρωσὶ ποτὶ πτόλιν ἠγήσασθαι
νύχθ' ὕπο τήνδ' ὀλοὴν, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην· ἦ τ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν·
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ὤλεσα λαὸν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν,
αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,
μή ποτέ τις εἴπῃσι κακώτερος ἄλλος ἐμεῖο
' Ἕκτωρ ἦφι βίηφι πιθήσας ὤλεσε λαόν.'
ὣς ἐρέουσιν· ἐμοὶ δὲ τόθ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη
ἄντην ἢ Ἀχιλῆα κατακτείναντα νέεσθαι,
ἠέ κεν αὐτὸν ὀλέσθαι ἐϋκλειῶς πρὸ πόληος 110
εἰ δέ κεν ἀσπίδα μὲν καταθείομαι ὀμφαλόεσσαν
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρὴν, δόρυ δὲ πρὸς τεῖχος ἐρείσας
αὐτὸς ἰὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἀντίος ἔλθω
καί οἱ ὑπόσχωμαι Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματ' ἄμ' αὐτῇ,
πάντα μάλ' ὅσσα τ' Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἠγάγετο Τροίηνδ', ἥτ' ἔπλετο νείκεος ἀρχὴ
δωσέμεν Ἀτρείδῃσιν ἄγειν, ἅμα δ' ἀμφὶς Ἀχαιοῖς

For, should he, conquering, slay thee, nor shall I
Who bore thee, dearest flower of all our house,
Nor thy rich-dowried spouse, lament thee, laid
On couch composed ; but hounds shall rend thy flesh,
Far, far from us, amid the enemy's fleet ! "

Thus they, with tears, cried both to their dear son
Beseeching, but they turned not Hector's heart.
The dread Achilles' charge he firmly bode ;
As when a snake upon the mountains, fed
With poisonous herbs, awaits a man, and stands
Fold above fold, with glaring eyes, and coil'd
About its lair, by fiery spirit possess'd ;
So, with like spirit unquailing, Hector stood,
And propp'd his buckler on a buttress near,
And to his own brave heart, much-troubled, spake :

" Ah me, if now behind the battlements
I move secure, then straight Polydamas
Gives bitter greeting, that he bade me guide,
Under the shadow of this ruinous night
Or e'er divine Achilles was bestirr'd,
The Trojans to their city ; nor to him
I yielded : better then to yield had been !
Now, since my madness hath destroyed the city,
I shun for very shame to face the sons
And long-robed daughters of the homes of Troy,
Lest some poor craven at my heels dare cry,
'*Hector hath whelm'd the people in his pride.*'
Such cry might rise ; and then 'twere better far
To have withstood and conquer'd Peleus' Son,
Or died a glorious death beneath the walls.
Perchance, if now I laid aside my shield
And doff'd my helm, and left my spear reclined
Against this wall, and went alone to greet
My noble foe, and pledged to him my faith
To render up to Atreus' royal Sons
Helen, and with her whatsoe'er of spoil
The barks of Alexander bare to Troy
(For this was the beginning of the strife) ;—
And, this beside, to halve amongst the foe

ἀλλ' ἀποδάσσεσθαι, ὅσα τε πτόλις ἥδε κέκευθεν·
Τρωσὶν δ' αὖ μετόπισθε γερούσιον ὅρκον ἕλωμαι
μήτι κατακρύψειν, ἀλλ' ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι·
[κτῆσιν ὅσην πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἐέργει·]
ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
μή μιν ἐγὼ μὲν ἵκωμαι ἰὼν, ὁ δέ μ' οὐκ ἐλεήσει
οὐδέ τί μ' αἰδέσεται, κτενέει δέ με γυμνὸν ἐόντα
αὖτως ὥστε γυναῖκα, ἐπεί κ' ἀπὸ τεύχεα δύω.
οὐ μέν πως νῦν ἔστιν ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης
τῷ ὀαριζέμεναι, ἅτε παρθένος ἠΐθεός τε,
παρθένος ἠΐθεός τ' ὀαρίζετον ἀλλήλοιιν.
βέλτερον αὖτ' ἔριδι ξυνελαυνέμεν· ὅττι τάχιστα
εἴδομεν ὁπποτέρῳ κεν Ὀλύμπιος εὖχος ὀρέξῃ."

Ὣς ὥρμαινε μένων, ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἶσος Ἐνυαλίῳ, κορυθάϊκι πτολεμιστῇ,
σείων Πηλιάδα μελίην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον
δεινήν· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλάμπετο εἴκελος αὐγῇ
ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένου ἢ ἠελίου ἀνιόντος.

Ἕκτορα δ', ὡς ἐνόησεν, ἕλε τρόμος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη
αὖθι μένειν, ὀπίσω δὲ πύλας λίπε, βῆ δὲ φοβηθείς.
Πηλείδης δ' ἐπόρουσε ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.
ἠΰτε κίρκος ὄρεσφιν, ἐλαφρότατος πετεηνῶν,
ῥηϊδίως οἴμησε μετὰ τρήρωνα πέλειαν·
ἡ δέ θ' ὕπαιθα φοβεῖται, ὁ δ' ἐγγύθεν ὀξὺ λεληκὼς
ταρφέ' ἐπαΐσσει, ἐλέειν τέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει·
ὣς ἄρ' ὅγ' ἐμμεμαὼς ἰθὺς πέτετο, τρέσε δ' Ἕκτωρ
τεῖχος ὕπο Τρώων, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.

Οἱ δὲ παρὰ σκοπιὴν καὶ ἐρινεὸν ἠνεμόεντα

All wealth, whate'er this city holds conceal'd;
And, having vow'd this vow, could I return
And from the Trojan elders draw an oath
Nought to secrete, but mete in two fair halves
All this rich town's possessions—Ah, but tush!—
Why doth my dear mind thus discourse to me?
Not so may I approach him: neither grace
Nor mercy would he show, but slay me there
As helpless as a girl, without mine arms.
No gentle tryst can our encounter be,
No commune of a maiden with her swain
Under an oak or off a pleasant rock!
Better to meet in battle, hand to hand,
And put it to the test, to whom the Lord
Of all Olympus wills the nobler name."
Such thought he pondered where he stood; the while
Achilles nearer drew, nor less of might
Appear'd than Enyalius, when he shakes
Crest terrible in battle; dread that ash
Of Pelion, as he brandish'd it on high
O'er his huge shoulder, and about him flash'd
His brazen armour, dazzling as the blaze
Of flaming fire, or like the uprisen sun.

But when he saw him such, a tremour seized
On Hector, nor his heart remain'd to bide
The onset, and in sudden fear he sped
Fleeing, yet left the gates behind his back
On whom, well-weening of a peerless speed,
Sprang then the other: as, on upland moor,
Some falcon, nimblest of all feather'd fowls,
Darts down all effortless upon a dove;
The dove beneath her, cowering, slants aside;
Then strong the falcon o'er her quarry swoops
Shrill, and instinct with fiery will to slay;
Thus flew Achilles straight on Hector bent;
But he still fled along the wall of Troy
Trembling, and swift in panic plied his limbs.
Hard by the wall, along the road they sped

τείχεος αἰὲν ὑπὲκ κατ' ἀμαξιτὸν ἐσσεύοντο,
κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιῤῥόω, ἐνθα τε πηγαὶ
δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινήεντος.
ἡ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς
γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς ὡσεὶ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
ἡ δ' ἐτέρη θέρεϊ προρέει εἰκυῖα χαλάζῃ,
ἢ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.
ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασιν
καλοὶ λαΐνεοι, ὅθι εἵματα σιγαλόεντα
πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι καλαί τε θύγατρες
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
τῇ ῥα παραδραμέτην, φεύγων, ὁ δ' ὄπισθε διώκων·
πρόσθε μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔφευγε, δίωκε δέ μιν μέγ' ἀμείνων
καρπαλίμως, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ἱερήϊον οὐδὲ βοείην
ἀρνύσθην, ἅ τε ποσσὶν ἀέθλια γίγνεται ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλὰ περὶ ψυχῆς θέον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀεθλοφόροι περὶ τέρματα μώνυχες ἵπποι
ῥίμφα μάλα τρωχῶσι· τὸ δὲ μέγα κεῖται ἄεθλον,
ἢ τρίπος ἠὲ γυνὴ, ἀνδρὸς κατατεθνηῶτος·
ὣς τὼ τρὶς Πριάμοιο πόλιν πέρι δινηθήτην
καρπαλίμοισι πόδεσσι· θεοὶ δέ τε πάντες ὁρῶντο.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·

"Ὦ πόποι, ἦ φίλον ἄνδρα διωκόμενον περὶ τεῖχος
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι· ἐμὸν δ' ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ
Ἕκτορος, ὅς μοι πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρί' ἔκηεν
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι πολυπτύχου, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
ἐν πόλει ἀκροτάτῃ· νῦν αὖτέ ἑ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄστυ πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκει.
ἀλλ' ἄγετε φράζεσθε, θεοὶ, καὶ μητιάασθε
ἠέ μιν ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσομεν, ἠέ μιν ἤδη
Πηλείδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμάσσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"ὦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, κελαινεφὲς, οἷον ἔειπες·
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,
ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι;

Still onward, and beyond the watch-tower pass'd
And wind-swept fig-tree, to the limpid springs
The fountains of Scamander's whirling waves.
The one with boiling waters leaps to light
And smoke curls off it as from flaming fire ;
The other ev'n in summer flows forth cold
As chilly snow, or hail, or crystal ice.
Nigh these in stone are wrought two fair broad tanks,
Wherein the daughters and the dames of Troy
Were wont to wash rich raiment, in the peace
That was, or e'er Achaia's sons had come.
Along this road the twain now ran, the one
Fleeing, the other bending in pursuit.
And brave was he who fled, but mightier far
Who follow'd swift ; nor race was theirs to win
Some prize of hide or sacrificial bull
(Such prizes as on foot-race are bestow'd) ;
Nay—but they ran for noble Hector's life.
Yet, ev'n as racing steeds about a goal
Wheel swift, for whom some precious stake is laid
(A slave or tripod) at a chieftain's games,
Ev'n thus around the walls of Priam wheel'd
Those two as with a whirlwind ; while the Gods
Hung on the sight, and Zeus, the sire supreme
Of mortal and immortal, thus began :
" Shame on me, who behold a man so dear
Thus hunted round Troy-wall : my heart pleads loud
For Hector, who hath oft, off Ida's peaks,
Or from his city's topmost pinnacle,
Made me burnt-offerings of the fat of bulls ;
Whom now with swiftest foot his heaven-sprung foe
Hath thrice round Priam's palaces pursued.
Ponder this therefore, heavenly Powers, and say :
Or shall we pluck him from the death, or whelm
Beneath Pelides one thus brave and true?"
But azure-eyed Athene gave reply :
" Most dread our Father ! Fall from thee these words?
A mortal man predestined to his doom,
Would'st thou from death deliver? Be it so ;

ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὔ νύ τι θυμῷ
πρόφρονι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἤπιος εἶναι·
ἔρξον ὅπη δή τοι νόος ἔπλετο, μηδέ τ' ἐρώει."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα.

Ἕκτορα δ' ἀσπερχὲς κλονέων ἔφεπ' ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
ὡς δ' ὅτε νεβρὸν ὄρεσφι κύων ἐλάφοιο δίηται,
ὄρσας ἐξ εὐνῆς, διά τ' ἄγκεα καὶ διὰ βήσσας·
τὸν δ' εἴπερ τε λάθῃσι καταπτήξας ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,
ἀλλά τ' ἀνιχνεύων θέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα κεν εὕρῃ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ οὐ λῆθε ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα.
ὁσσάκι δ' ὁρμήσειε πυλάων Δαρδανιάων
ἀντίον ἀΐξασθαι, ἐϋδμήτους ὑπὸ πύργους,
εἴ πώς οἱ καθύπερθεν ἀλάλκοιεν βελέεσσιν,
τοσσάκι μιν προπάροιθεν ἀποστρέψασκε παραφθὰς
πρὸς πεδίον· αὐτὸς δὲ ποτὶ πτόλιος πέτετ' αἰεί.
ὡς δ' ἐν ὀνείρῳ οὐ δύναται φεύγοντα διώκειν·
οὔτ' ἄρ' ὁ τὸν δύναται ὑποφεύγειν οὔθ' ὁ διώκειν·
ὣς ὁ τὸν οὐ δύνατο μάρψαι ποσὶν, οὐδ' ὃς ἀλύξαι.
πῶς δέ κεν Ἕκτωρ κῆρας ὑπεξέφυγεν θανάτοιο,
εἰ μή οἱ πύματόν τε καὶ ὕστατον ἤντετ' Ἀπόλλων
ἐγγύθεν, ὅς οἱ ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γοῦνα;

Λαοῖσιν δ' ἀνένευε καρήατι δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
οὐδ' ἔα ἰέμεναι ἐπὶ Ἕκτορι πικρὰ βέλεμνα,
μή τις κῦδος ἄροιτο βαλὼν, ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.

But be assured, no God will praise thy deed."
Then He who rules the clouds renew'd reply:
"Cheer thee, Tritogeneia, mine own child;
I spake not the true meaning of my heart,
And fain would show thee favour. Do thy will,
Whate'er thy bent, nor longer now delay."
He spoke, and quicken'd in Athene's heart
The spirit, erst flaming high, to higher flame;
Down darting from Olympus' heights she went.

Meantime fleetfoot Achilles harder bore
On Hector, closing on him, as a hound
Hunts o'er the upland, thorough glade and dell,
Some fawn that he hath started from her couch:
Under a brake, perchance, she cowers awhile
Protected; but he courseth still about
Unresting on her track until he find her;
Thus Hector might not 'scape his fleetfoot foe.
But whensoe'er he sought again to rush
Back to the front of those Dardanian gates,
Under the shelter of the steadfast towers—
If haply from the parapets above
The Trojans might defend him with their darts—
So oft his foe, outrunning, cut him off
And drave him outward to the plain, yet still
Safe in the inner circle ran himself.
As one man hunts another in a dream,
Vainly, and the other all as vainly flees;
Thus, neither could Achilles reach his foe,
Nor Hector flee. Yet how had Hector 'vail'd
Ev'n to protract this while his doom of death,
Had not Apollo, once more coming forth
Beside him, for the last time, kindled high
His spirit, and fresh vigour through his limbs?
Yet still divine Achilles beckon'd back
The Achaians, and with nod forbade them shower
On Hector all their bitter hail of darts;
Lest haply some one smite him, and forestall
The fame, and *he* be second at the death.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπὶ κρουνοὺς ἀφίκοντο,
καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα.
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
τὴν μὲν Ἀχιλλῆος, τὴν δ' Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ῥέπε δ' Ἕκτορος αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
ᾤχετο δ' εἰς Ἀΐδαο, λίπεν δέ ἑ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
Πηλείωνα δ' ἴκανε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Νῦν δὴ νῶϊ γ' ἔολπα, διίφιλε φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
οἴσεσθαι μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιοῖσι προτὶ νῆας,
Ἕκτορα δηώσαντε, μάχης ἄτον περ ἐόντα.
οὔ οἱ νῦν ἔτι γ' ἔστι πεφυγμένῳ ἄμμε γενέσθαι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν μάλα πολλὰ πάθοι ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων
προπροκυλινδόμενος πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν στῆθι καὶ ἄμπνυε, τόνδε δ' ἐγώ τοι
οἰχουμένη πεπιθήσω ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι."

Ὣς φάτ' Ἀθηναίη, ὁ δ' ἐπείθετο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ μελίης χαλκογλώχινος ἐρεισθείς.
ἡ δ' ἄρα τὸν μὲν ἔλειπε, κιχήσατο δ' Ἕκτορα δῖον
Δηϊφόβῳ εἰκυῖα δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἠθεῖ', ἦ μάλα δή σε βιάζεται ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄστυ πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Δηΐφοβ', ἦ μέν μοι τὸ πάρος πολὺ φίλτατος ἦσθα
γνωτῶν, οὓς Ἑκάβη ἠδὲ Πρίαμος τέκε παῖδας·
νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ μᾶλλον νοέω φρεσὶ τιμήσασθαι,
ὃς ἔτλης ἐμεῦ εἵνεκ', ἐπεὶ ἴδες ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
τείχεος ἐξελθεῖν, ἄλλοι δ' ἔντοσθε μένουσιν."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"ἠθεῖ', ἦ μὲν πολλὰ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ

For the fourth time they now had reach'd the springs ;
When the great Father stretch'd his golden scales,
And therein cast two fates, on this side death
To Hector, and on that to Peleus' son ;
And holding poised the balance ; down, down sank
The doom of Hector : far it sank and deep
To Hades, and Apollo left him lone.

Then azure-eyed Athene came, and stood
By Peleus' Son, and spake these wingèd words :
"O thou, the star of men and loved of Zeus !
Soon shall we two achieve a noble name,
Here in the face of all Achaia's host,
On Hector, sateless though he be of war ;
For whom no manner of refuge now remains ;
Not though Apollo grovel on the floor
Besecching at the feet of Father Zeus.
Stand therefore thou, and breathe thee ; I depart,
And tempt him to assail thee, might to might."
She spoke ; he heard her bidding, well-content,
And rested, leaning on his brass-spiked spear.
She left him, and approach'd to Hector's side ;
Like to Deiphobus in form and voice
She made her, and address'd these wingèd words :
"My brother, hunted thus around Troy-wall,
Truly Achilles presseth hard upon thee :
But, lo ! I come, together will we stand,
Together bide the onset, and repel."
To her the hero of the glancing helm :
"Ever of all my brothers, who were born
Children of Priam and of Hecuba,
Of old thou wast the dearest unto me ;
But now, Deiphobus, ten thousand fold
My heart doth bid me honour thee, who thus,
Beholding this my plight, for my sole sake,
Hast dared to issue single from the wall,
Where others in their shelter bide secure."
Whom still the Goddess answer'd of her guile :
"My brother, thou hast said it. At my knees
Our father and dear mother knelt, in tears,

λίσσονθ' ἑξείης γουνούμενοι, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι,
αὖθι μένειν· τοῖον γὰρ ὑποτρομέουσιν ἅπαντες·
ἀλλ' ἐμὸς ἔνδοθι θυμὸς ἐτείρετο πένθεϊ λυγρῷ.
νῦν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτε μαχώμεθα, μηδέ τι δούρων
ἔστω φειδωλὴ, ἵνα εἴδομεν εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
νῶϊ κατακτείνας ἔναρα βροτόεντα φέρηται
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς, ἦ κεν σῷ δουρὶ δαμήῃ."

Ὣς φαμένη καὶ κερδοσύνῃ ἠγήσατ' Ἀθήνη.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·

"Οὔ σ' ἔτι, Πηλέος υἱὲ, φοβήσομαι, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ
τρὶς περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμου δίον, οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτλην
μεῖναι ἐπερχόμενον· νῦν αὖτέ με θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν
στήμεναι ἀντία σεῖο· ἕλοιμί κεν, ἤ κεν ἁλοίην.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα· τοὶ γὰρ ἄριστοι
μάρτυροι ἔσσονται καὶ ἐπίσκοποι ἁρμονιάων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ σ' ἔκπαγλον ἀεικιῶ, αἴ κεν ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς
δώῃ καμμονίην, σὴν δὲ ψυχὴν ἀφέλωμαι·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ κέ σε συλήσω κλυτὰ τεύχε', Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοῖσιν δώσω πάλιν· ὣς δὲ σὺ ῥέζειν."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἕκτορ, μή μοι, ἄλαστε, συνημοσύνας ἀγόρευε.
ὡς οὐκ ἔστι λέουσι καὶ ἀνδράσιν ὅρκια πιστὰ,
οὐδὲ λύκοι τε καὶ ἄρνες ὁμόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσιν,
ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέουσι διαμπερὲς ἀλλήλοισιν,
ὣς οὐκ ἔστ' ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ φιλήμεναι, οὔτε τι νῶϊν
ὅρκια ἔσσονται, πρίν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα, ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.
παντοίης ἀρετῆς μιμνήσκεο· νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.
οὔ τοι ἔτ' ἔσθ' ὑπάλυξις, ἄφαρ δέ σε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη

Beseeching, and my comrades came around,
Praying me to remain ; such trembling fear
Hath fall'n on all ; nor think but that my heart
Was pierced with bitterest sorrow through and through.
Yet have I come ; and let us charge right on
Together ; nor be sparing of our spears
Ere we have put the issue to the touch ;
Whether Achilles shall destroy us twain
And bear our blood-stain'd trophies to the fleet,
Or whether he perish slain before thy spear."
Guileful the Goddess spake, and drew him on.

And each had near'd the other on the field,
When bright-helm'd Hector first address'd his foe :
"No more, O Son of Peleus, as of late
When thrice round Priam's palaces I coursed
Nor dared to wait thy coming, fear I now.
Rather my heart now prompts me to withstand thee,
To slay or to be slain, as Fate may will.
Yet let there be one covenant betwixt us,
Whereto the Gods be called in testimony,
The guardians and high witnesses of pact.
If, on my part, Zeus grants me to survive
And take thy life, I wreak no outrage foul
Upon thee, but yield back thy corse, unshamed,
Save by the stripping of thy glorious arms ;
This will I do, Achilles, thus do thou."
Frowning, Achilles fiercely gave reply :
"Speak not of pact to me, thou hound accursed !
As men to lions, or as wolves to lambs,
So I to thee ; and as 'twixt these and those
Peace can be never, but unending hate,
So thou and I can never be as friends.
No victim's blood shall flow betwixt us shed
Ere one or other, falling, pours it forth
In stream to glut the drought of Ares' maw.
Mind thee of all thy valour, now in sooth
Need'st thou to show thee matchless in thy fence.
For thee is no escape ; lo, on my spear
Pallas Athene casts thee to thy doom !

ἔγχει ἐμῷ δαμάᾳ· νῦν δ' ἀθρόα πάντ' ἀποτίσεις
κήδε' ἐμῶν ἑτάρων, οὓς ἔκτανες ἔγχεϊ θύων."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
ἔζετο γὰρ προϊδών, τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
ἐν γαίῃ δ' ἐπάγη· ἀνὰ δ' ἥρπασε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
ἂψ δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ δίδου, λάθε δ' Ἕκτορα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ προσέειπεν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα·

"Ἥμβροτες, οὐδ' ἄρα πώ τι, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἐκ Διὸς ἠείδης τὸν ἐμὸν μόρον. ἦτοι ἔφης γε· 280
ἀλλά τις ἀρτιεπὴς καὶ ἐπίκλοπος ἔπλεο μύθων,
ὄφρα σ' ὑποδδείσας μένεος ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι.
οὐ μέν μοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξεις,
ἀλλ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτι διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσον,
εἴ τοι ἔδωκε θεός· νῦν αὖτ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος ἄλευαι
χάλκεον. ὡς δή μιν σῷ ἐν χροὶ πᾶν κομίσαιο.
καί κεν ἐλαφρότερος πόλεμος Τρώεσσι γένοιτο
σεῖο καταφθιμένοιο· σὺ γάρ σφισι πῆμα μέγιστον."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πελείδαο μέσον σάκος οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν· 290
τῆλε δ' ἀπεπλάγχθη σάκεος δόρυ. χώσατο δ' Ἕκτωρ
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρὸς,
στῆ δὲ κατηφήσας, οὐδ' ἄλλ' ἔχε μείλινον ἔγχος
Δηΐφοβον δ' ἐκάλει λευκάσπιδα μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
ἤτεέ μιν δόρυ μακρόν· ὁ δ' οὔτι οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φώνησέν τε·

"Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δή με θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσσαν·
Δηΐφοβον γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην ἥρωα παρεῖναι·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν τείχει, ἐμὲ δ' ἐξαπάτησεν Ἀθήνη.
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐγγύθι μοι θάνατος κακὸς, οὐδέ τ' ἄνευθεν, 300
οὐδ' ἀλέη· ἦ γάρ ῥα πάλαι τόγε φίλτερον ἦεν

This, this thy bloody reckoning for the woes
Of all whom thou hast slain beloved by me ! "
Speaking, he whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear ;
Bright Hector mark'd the flight, and shunn'd the shaft
Down crouching ; o'er his head it flew and pierced
The earth beyond, but Pallas pluck'd it up
And moved to bear it to Achilles back,
Unseen of princely Hector ; he in turn
Prepared, and thus address'd his noble foe :
" Erring thy hand, nor e'er that prescience came
From Zeus, thou godlike warrior, of my doom.
Thence didst thou vaunt it, glib of tongue and false,
And fram'dst this lie, that haply thus beguiled
I might be fearful and forget my might.
But now no more I flee ; nor in my back
Thy spear will fall ; if such be heaven's high will,
Behold me, face to face, and in my breast
Drive straight thy lance. Nay ! shun, if shun thou mayst,
Mine in thy turn ; yet haply may it go
Home with thee in thy flesh its length deep-driven !
More lightly will the war then bear on Troy,
When thou, her greatest evil, hast been slain."
Speaking, he whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear ;
Nor err'd, but on the midmost boss it struck
The shield, yet far leap'd off it in rebound.
And Hector groan'd in wrath, that that swift dart
Had thus escaped his hand, and all in vain ;
And stood, bewilder'd, lacking other spear.
Loud to his brother of the sun-white targe
He shouted with shrill call for second shaft
Vainly—for no Deiphobus was nigh.
Then Hector knew his hour, and cried and said :
" Clear, clear the Gods now call me to my death.
To mine own heart I said, Deiphobus
Stands by me, but behold within the walls
He bides, and Pallas hath beguiled mine eyes
Now death, fell death is on me, close at hand :
Nor hope of refuge left ; for though they oft
Erewhiles befriending saved me, yet this doom
Was aye the issue dearer from old time

Ζηνί τε καὶ Διὸς υἱεῖ ἑκηβόλῳ, οἵ με πάρος γε
πρόφρονες εἰρύατο· νῦν αὖτέ με μοῖρα κιχάνει.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε καὶ ἀκλειῶς ἀπολοίμην,
ἀλλὰ μέγα ῥέξας τι καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας εἰρύσσατο φάσγανον ὀξὺ,
τό οἱ ὑπὸ λαπάρην τέτατο μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,
οἴμησεν δὲ ἀλεὶς ὥστ' αἰετὸς ὑψιπετήεις,
ὅστ' εἶσιν πεδίονδε διὰ νεφέων ἐρεβεννῶν
ἁρπάξων ἢ ἄρν' ἀμαλὴν ἢ πτῶκα λαγωόν· 310
ὣς Ἕκτωρ οἴμησε τινάσσων φάσγανον ὀξύ.
ὡρμήθη δ' Ἀχιλεὺς, μένεος δ' ἐμπλήσατο θυμὸν
ἀγρίου, πρόσθεν δὲ σάκος σ᾽ερνοιο κάλυψεν
καλὸν δαιδάλεον, κόρυθι δ' ἐπένευε φαεινῇ
τετραφάλῳ· καλαὶ δὲ περισσείοντο ἔθειραι
χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἴει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.
οἷος δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστὴρ,
ὣς αἰχμῆς ἀπέλαμπ' εὐήκεος, ἣν ἄρ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
πάλλεν δεξιτερῇ φρονέων κακὸν Ἕκτορι δίῳ, 320
εἰσορόων χρόα καλὸν, ὅπη εἴξειε μάλιστα.
τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἄλλο τόσον μὲν ἔχε χρόα χάλκεα τεύχη,
καλὰ, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξε κατακτάς·
φαίνετο δ' ᾗ κληῖδες ἀπ' ὤμων αὐχέν' ἔχουσιν,
λαυκανίην, ἵνα τε ψυχῆς ὤκιστος ὄλεθρος·
τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτ' ἔλασ' ἔγχεϊ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή·
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἀσφάραγον μελίη τάμε χαλκοβάρεια,
ὄφρα τί μιν προτιείποι ἀμειβόμενος ἐπέεσσιν.
ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃσι· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς· 330

"Ἕκτορ, ἀτάρ που ἔφης Πατροκλῆ' ἐξεναρίζων
σῶς ἔσσεσθ', ἐμὲ δ' οὐδὲν ὀπίζεο νόσφιν ἐόντα,
νήπιε· τοῖο δ' ἄνευθεν ἀοσσητὴρ μέγ' ἀμείνων
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγὼ μετόπισθε λελείμμην,

Ev'n to Zeus' self, and Zeus' far-smiting Son.
I fall; yet something, ere I fall, some deed
Of noble note and prowess may be done,
The tale of generations and their song."
Speaking, he drew the sharp bright brand, that hung
Its hüge and massy length below his hip,
And, all his might collected, onward sprang.
As some high-soaring eagle cleaves the clouds,
Swooping to earth on lamb or quivering hare,
With like swoop Hector came, and falchion drawn.
Whom straight Achilles met, his heart surcharged
With ruthless rage; athwart his breast he drew
The shining shelter of the wondrous shield,
And o'er his head the morion nodded bright
Four-crested, and the golden tresses danced
Thick-planted in the cone by hands divine.
Bright as, most beauteous of the stars of heaven,
The star of Hesper through the twilight glides,
So bright the ray shot off the fiery spear
Achilles brandish'd in a dread right hand,
To wreak on noble Hector deadliest hurt,
And pondering where the armour most might yield.
That splendid panoply of brazen mail,
The spoil and trophy of Patroclus slain,
Screen'd Hector head to foot, yet left the skin
There open, where the joints were clasp'd, betwixt
Gorget and hauberk, at the throat, where death
Comes quickest: deep in there Achilles drove
His lance with utmost force of heart and hand;
Sheer through the tender neck the point came forth;
Yet sunder'd not the passage of the voice,
That he might still make answer; down he dropt,
And o'er him great Achilles spake his boast:
"Hector, when thou hadst hewn Patroclus down,
Thou saidst to thine own heart that thou wast safe,
And countedst me, as absent, nothing worth.
Fool! For, though he were dead, a mightier far
Was yet aboard the galley left unslain
The avenger of his blood, ev'n I, who now
Have slack'd thy limbs. Thou therefore shalt be toss'd

ὅς τοι γούνατ' ἔλυσα. σὲ μὲν κύνες ἠδ' οἰωνοὶ
ἑλκήσουσ' ἀϊκῶς, τὸν δὲ κτεριοῦσιν Ἀχαιοί."

Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"λίσσομ' ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς καὶ γούνων σῶν τε τοκήων,
μή με ἔα παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνας καταδάψαι Ἀχαιῶν,
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν χαλκόν τε ἅλις χρυσόν τε δέδεξο, 340
δῶρα τά τοι δώσουσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
σῶμα δὲ οἶκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με
Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μή με, κύον, γούνων γουνάζεο μηδὲ τοκήων·
αἴ γάρ πως αὐτόν με μένος κελὶ θυμὸς ἀνείη
ὤμ' ἀποταμνόμενον κρέα ἔδμεναι, οἷά μ' ἔοργας·
ὡς οὐκ ἔσθ' ὃς σῆς γε κύνας κεφαλῆς ἀπαλάλκοι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσινήριτ' ἄποινα
στήσως' ἐνθάδ' ἄγοντες, ὑπόσχωνται δὲ καὶ ἄλλα· 350
οὐδ' εἴ κεν σ' αὐτὸν χρυσῷ ἐρύσασθαι ἀνώγοι
Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος· οὐδ' ὡς σέγε πότνια μήτηρ
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ὃν τέκεν αὐτή,
ἀλλὰ κύνες τε καὶ οἰωνοὶ κατὰ πάντα δάσονται."

Τὸν δὲ καταθνήσκων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"ἦ σ' εὖ γιγνώσκων προτιόσσομαι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον
πείσειν· ἦ γὰρ σοίγε σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός.
φράζεο νῦν μή τοί τι θεῶν μήνιμα γένωμαι,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἐσθλὸν ἐόντ' ὀλέσωσιν ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν." 360

Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν,
ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
ὃν πότμον γούωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσηύδα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Τέθναθι· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἠδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

To vultures and to dogs the carrion prey,
But he be laid with honour in his grave."
Whom Hector then with failing breath besought:
"Lo, suppliant at thy knees, by thine own life,
By thine own father and thy mother's love,
I pray thee, I implore thee, suffer not
Dogs to devour me mid my enemy's fleet!
Take thou as much as may suffice thy heart
Of brass or gold, all ransom shall my sire
Yield thee ungrudged; but render to my home
My corse, that there the Trojans and their wives
May grant the dead his dues of funeral-flame."
To him Achilles answer'd, frowning fierce:
"Clasp not my knees, thou dog, nor speak of prayer!
Rather I would the fury at my heart
Hounded me on to hack thy limbs piecemeal,
Yea, plunge mine own teeth greedy in thy flesh,
For the ill thou hast wrought to me! The man is not,
To drive devouring dogs from off thy head:
Nor though they brought and set before my grasp
Ten—twenty-fold thy proffer to redeem thee;
Not though the royal son of Dardanus
Would ransom thee by thine own weight in gold;
Not then should thy loved mother win her wish
To lay thee and lament thee on thy bed;
No—dogs shall soon amongst them tear thy flesh."
Then, at the point of death, Hector replied:
"Yea, knowing thee, this also I foreknew,
I might not turn thee; iron is thy heart.
Yet now take heed, lest I become to thee
Cause of the Gods' just anger, on the day
When Paris and Apollo lay thee low,
Maugre thy valour, in the Scæan gates."
And, while he spoke, death wrapp'd him round, and forth,
Forth from his limbs the Spirit fled away,
Mourning the bloom and vigour that it left,
The beauty of manhood, and its own sad fate;
Achilles yet address'd him, lying dead:
"Die thou! The Gods may slay me when they list!"
He spoke, and pluck'd his weapon from the wound,

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐκ νεκροῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
καὶ τόγ' ἄνευθεν ἔθηκ', ὁ δ' ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα
αἱματόεντ'· ἄλλοι δὲ περίδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
οἳ καὶ θηήσαντο φυὴν καὶ εἶδος ἀγητὸν
Ἕκτορος· οὐδ' ἄρα οἵ τις ἀνουτητί γε παρέστη.
ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

"Ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δὴ μαλακώτερος ἀμφαφάασθαι
Ἕκτωρ ἢ ὅτε νῆας ἐνέπρησεν πυρὶ κηλέῳ."

Ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε καὶ οὐτήσασκε παραστάς.
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξενάριξε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
στὰς ἐν Ἀχαιοῖσιν ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·

"Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ἐπειδὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα θεοὶ δαμάσασθαι ἔδωκαν,
ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρρεξεν, ὅσ' οὐ σύμπαντες οἱ ἄλλοι,
εἰ δ' ἄγετ' ἀμφὶ πόλιν σὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθῶμεν,
ὄφρα κέ τι γνῶμεν Τρώων νόον, ὅντιν' ἔχουσιν,
ἢ καταλείψουσιν πόλιν ἄκρην τοῦδε πεσόντος,
ἠὲ μένειν μεμάασι καὶ Ἕκτορος οὐκέτ' ἐόντος.
ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
κεῖται πὰρ νήεσσι νέκυς ἄκλαυτος ἄθαπτος
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσομαι, ὄφρ' ἂν ἔγωγε
ζωοῖσιν μετέω καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ.
εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀΐδαο,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ κεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.
νῦν δ' ἄγ' ἀείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἄγωμεν.
ἠράμεθα μέγα κῦδος· ἐπέφνομεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ᾧ Τρῶες κατὰ ἄστυ θεῷ ὡς εὐχετόωντο."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα.
ἀμφοτέρων μετόπισθε ποδῶν τέτρηνε τένοντε
ἐς σφυρὸν ἐκ πτέρνης, βοέους δ' ἐξῆπτεν ἱμάντας,
ἐκ δίφροιο δ' ἔδησε, κάρη δ' ἕλκεσθαι ἔασεν·

And planting this apart, 'gan strip the arms
From off the corse, blood-stain'd ; the while around
Flock'd others of Achaia's sons, and gazed
Wondering upon the noble stately dead ;
Nor woundless would they leave him, ev'n in death :
And men, beholding, to each other cried :
"Softer, in sooth, more yielding to our spears,
Then when he burnt the ships, this hero now ! "
Thus crying, who were nigh him, stabb'd the dead.

The arms despoil'd, fleetfoot Achilles rose
Erect above the Achaians, and he spake :
"Comrades and chieftains, captains of the host !
Seeing that the Gods have granted us to slay
The man who, more than all together join'd,
Was strong to do us hurt, now let us forth
In arms about the city, so to seek
Knowledge of what the Trojans now resolve ;
Whether upon his fall they fleeing leave
Their citadel unguarded, or have heart
Sufficient to abide, though he be gone.
But shame upon me, shame for this discourse,
While still Patroclus lies amongst the ships
Unhonour'd, unlamented, uninterr'd !
So long as I converse with living men,
So long as these my limbs have spring beneath me,
Never may I forget him : yea, the dead
Are oft forgot in death's abode ; but I
Both here and yonder shall remember him.
Come therefore, ye, the flower of Argos' host ;
Singing our Pæan, to the fleet return
And carry this his body to our bark.
Praise, praise to us, and glory, who have slain
Great Hector, very God adored of Troy ! "
He spoke, and on the noble dead 'gan wreak
Outrage most foul ; through either foot he bored
The tendons from the ankle to the heel,
Therein thrust thongs of hide, and strung them up
Fast to the chariot's rim, but let the head
Trail ; then upsprang into the chariot's seat,

ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀναβὰς, ἀνά τε κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀείρας,
μάστιξέν ῥ' ἐλάαν, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην.
τοῦ δ' ἦν ἐλκομένοιο κονίσαλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
κυάνεαι πίτναντο, κάρη δ' ἅπαν ἐν κονίῃσιν
κεῖτο πάρος χαρίεν· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς δυσμενέεσσιν
δῶκεν ἀεικίσσασθαι ἐῇ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.
ὡς τοῦ μὲν κεκόνιτο κάρη ἅπαν· ἡ δέ νυ μήτηρ
τίλλε κόμην, ἀπὸ δὲ λιπαρὴν ἔρριψε καλύπτρην
τηλόσε, κώκυσεν δὲ μάλα μέγα παῖδ' ἐσιδοῦσα.
ᾤμωξεν δ' ἐλεεινὰ πατὴρ φίλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
κωκυτῷ τ' εἴχοντο καὶ οἰμωγῇ κατὰ ἄστυ.
τῷ δὲ μάλιστ' ἄρ' ἔην ἐναλίγκιον, ὡς εἰ ἅπασα
Ἴλιος ὀφρυόεσσα πυρὶ σμύχοιτο κατ' ἄκρης.
λαοὶ μέν ῥα γέροντα μόγις ἔχον ἀσχαλόωντα,
ἐξελθεῖν μεμαῶτα πυλάων Δαρδανιάων.
πάντας δ' ἐλλιτάνευε κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον,
ἐξονομακλήδην ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·

"Σχέσθε, φίλοι, καί μ' οἷον ἐάσατε, κηδόμενοί περ,
ἐξελθόντα πόληος ἰκέσθ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
λίσσωμ' ἀνέρα τοῦτον ἀτάσθαλον ὀβριμοεργὸν,
ἤν πως ἡλικίην αἰδέσσεται ἠδ' ἐλεήσῃ
γῆρας. καὶ δέ νυ τῷδε πατὴρ τοιόσδε τέτυκται,
Πηλεὺς, ὅς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ἔτρεφε πῆμα γενέσθαι
Τρωσί· μάλιστα δ' ἐμοὶ περὶ πάντων ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν.
τόσσους γάρ μοι παῖδας ἀπέκτανε τηλεθάοντας·
τῶν πάντων οὐ τόσσον ὀδύρομαι, ἀχνύμενός περ,
ὡς ἑνὸς, οὗ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ κατοίσεται Ἄϊδος εἴσω,
Ἕκτορος· ὡς ὄφελεν θανέειν ἐν χερσὶν ἐμῇσιν·
τῷ κε κορεσσάμεθα κλαίοντέ τε μυρομένω τε,

And, rearing high the armour of the slain,
Lash'd on his steeds ; and, nothing loth, they flew.
A cloud then gather'd round the trailing corse,
The dark locks spread dishevell'd on the ground,
And all that head lay draggled in the dust,
So comely erst : for to his enemies now
Zeus had deliver'd him in his own dear land.

Thus lay the head of Hector, trail'd in dust ;
Whose mother then 'gan rend her hair and cast
Her glistening robes from off her, uttering shrieks
In anguish, as she there beheld her son ;
And piteously his father sobb'd and moan'd ;
And round him wept the people and the cry
Of lamentation went throughout the town.
'Twas as though Ilion from her beetling brow
Were headlong hurl'd and smouldering in the flames.
Scarce could the father in his grief be stay'd
Struggling to issue single from the gates ;
Heedless he grovell'd in the mire, and call'd
Praying on any who might hear his cry,
And name by name to each appeal'd and said ;
"Hold ye, my people ; let me go ; alone
I go, and leave the city, and in tears
Approach the Achaian fleet, and there beseech
This barbarous, impious, terrible-handed man ;
If for his own good name amongst his peers
He haply may show mercy to old age ;
For, like as I am, is his father now,
Ev'n Peleus, who begat him, to become
The malison of Troy : but most, above
All others, hath he heap'd his woes on me.
Already, in the flower of early youth,
So many of my children had he slain ;
But not for all of these, though deep, so deep
My grief, as now for one, for whom my tears
Shall quickly drag me down to Hades' gloom.
O Hector ! Hector ! would that thou hadst died
Here in mine arms ! Some comfort might it be
If I and she, whose piteous fate it was
To bear thee, now might satisfy our souls

μήτηρ θ', ἥ μιν ἔτικτε δυσάμμορος, ἠδ' ἐγὼ αὐτός."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο πολῖται·
Τρωῇσιν δ' Ἑκάβη ἀδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·

"Τέκνον, ἐγὼ δειλὴ τί νυ βείομαι, αἰνὰ παθοῦσα,
σεῦ ἀποτεθνηῶτος; ὅ μοι νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ
εὐχωλὴ κατὰ ἄστυ πελέσκεο, πᾶσί τ' ὄνειαρ,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Τρωῇσι κατὰ πτόλιν, οἵ σε θεὸν ὣς
δειδέχατ'· ἦ γάρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἔησθα
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἄλοχος δ' οὔπω τι πέπυστο
Ἕκτορος· οὐ γάρ οἵ τις ἐτήτυμος ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν
ἤγγειλ' ὅττι ῥά οἱ πόσις ἔκτοθι μίμνε πυλάων,
ἀλλ' ἤγ' ἱστὸν ὕφαινε μυχῷ δόμου ὑψηλοῖο
δίπλακα πορφυρέην, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικίλ' ἔπασσεν.
κέκλετο δ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα πέλοιτο
Ἕκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ μίχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι,
νηπίη, οὐδ' ἐνόησεν ὅ μιν μάλα τῆλε λοετρῶν
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος δάμασε γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
κωκυτοῦ δ' ἤκουσε καὶ οἰμωγῆς ἀπὸ πύργου·
τῆς δ' ἐλελίχθη γυῖα, χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε κερκίς.
ἡ δ' αὖτις δμωῇσιν ἐϋπλοκάμοισι μετηύδα·

"Δεῦτε, δύω μοι ἕπεσθον, ἴδωμ' ὅτιν' ἔργα τέτυκται.
αἰδοίης ἑκυρῆς ὀπὸς ἔκλυον, ἐν δ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ
στήθεσι πάλλεται ἦτορ ἀνὰ στόμα, νέρθε δὲ γοῦνα
πήγνυται· ἐγγὺς δή τι κακὸν Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν.
αἲ γὰρ ἀπ' οὔατος εἴη ἐμεῦ ἔπος· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δείδω μὴ δή μοι θρασὺν Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
μοῦνον ἀποτμήξας πόλιος, πεδίονδε δίηται,

With tears and lamentation o'er thy corse."
He mourn'd, with whom the city mourn'd and wept,
And Hecuba began the women's wail;
"Dead, dead, my child! And I must yet live on
Forlorn, and wretched of this utter woe!
Thou, who wast still my glory day and night
In royal Ilion, and through Troy the stay
Of all our sons and daughters: like a God
They honour'd thee, and thou to them wast fame.
Thus, thus it was, when thou wast yet alive;
Now Fate and Death possess thy fame and thee!"
Wailing, the mother spake, and ceased in tears.

Meantime his wife knew nought, for none had borne
The message, that her husband thus had stood
For single battle, and beyond the gates.
Far in a quiet chamber of her home
She sate above a web of smooth bright cloth,
Enweaving an embroidery of flowers;
And to the fair-hair'd maidens in the hall
Had called to set a caldron on a fire,
That waters might stand heated for the bath
Of Hector, when he came from battle home.
Blind, blind! not knowing, by Athene's wrath
He from that bath dissever'd evermore
Lay stretch'd beneath Achilles' mighty hand.
Then her ear caught the sound of shriek and wail
Borne from the watch-tower; and her limbs reel'd faint
Beneath her; from her hand the shuttle dropp'd;
And thus to those fair maids again she call'd:
"Two from amongst you rise, and follow me,
Forth would I go to witness what hath pass'd.
I heard my husband's mother cry aloud;
And mine own heart throbs palpitating in me,
And my limbs stiffen: evil, I forbode,
Is near the house of Priam. Woe the word,
And may it pass from off my tingling ear!
But much I dread, Achilles now hath driv'n
Brave Hector from the city all aloof,
And hunts him tow'rd the plain; and now perchance

καὶ δή μιν καταπαύσῃ ἀγηνορίης ἀλεγεινῆς,
ἣ μιν ἔχεσκ', ἐπεὶ οὔποτ' ἐνὶ πληθυῖ μένεν ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ προθέεσκε, τὸ ὃν μένος οὐδενὶ εἴκων."

Ὣς φαμένη μεγάροιο διέσσυτο μαινάδι ἴση, 460
παλλομένη κραδίην· ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολοι κίον αὐτῇ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πύργον τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἶξεν ὅμιλον,
ἔστη παπτήνασ' ἐπὶ τείχεϊ, τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν
ἑλκόμενον πρόσθεν πόλιος· ταχέες δέ μιν ἵπποι
ἕλκον ἀκηδέστως κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
τὴν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν,
ἤριπε δ' ἐξοπίσω, ἀπὸ δὲ ψυχὴν ἐκάπυσσεν.
τῆλε δ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς βάλε δέσματα σιγαλόεντα,
ἄμπυκα, κεκρύφαλόν τ' ἠδὲ πλεκτὴν ἀναδέσμην
κρήδεμνόν θ', ὅ ῥά οἱ δῶκε χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη 470
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μιν κορυθαίολος ἠγάγεθ' Ἕκτωρ
ἐκ δόμου Ἠετίωνος, ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἕδνα.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν γαλόῳ τε καὶ εἰνατέρες ἄλις ἔσταν,
αἵ ἑ μετὰ σφίσιν εἶχον ἀτυζομένην ἀπολέσθαι.
ἡ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἄμπνυτο καὶ ἐς φρένα θυμὸς ἀγέρθη,
ἀμβλήδην γοόωσα μετὰ Τρωῇσιν ἔειπεν·

"Ἕκτορ, ἐγὼ δύστηνος· ἰῇ ἄρα γεινόμεθ' αἴσῃ
ἀμφότεροι, σὺ μὲν ἐν Τροίῃ Πριάμου κατὰ δῶμα,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Θήβῃσιν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑληέσσῃ
ἐν δόμῳ Ἠετίωνος, ὅ μ' ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν ἐοῦσαν, 480
δύσμορος αἰνόμορον· ὡς μὴ ὄφελλε τεκέσθαι.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν Ἄϊδαο δόμους ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης
ἔρχεαι, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ στυγερῷ ἐνὶ πένθεϊ λείπεις
χήρην ἐν μεγάροισι· πάϊς δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὖτως,
ὃν τέκομεν σύ τ' ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι· οὔτε σὺ τούτῳ

Stays him for ever from that prowess high,
That evil daring, that possess'd him quite,
Who bore not to abide with other men,
But still was foremost, yielding unto none!"
She spoke and, frenzied as a Mænad, flew
Forth from the palace with a bursting heart.
With her the maidens went; and when they gain'd
The turret, and the throng of townsmen there,
One moment, 'wilder'd, on the wall she stood;
The next, she knew him trailing in the dust,
And the swift horses dragging him to the fleet,
Remorseless, and before the city's face.
Then night in thickest darkness wrapp'd her eyes;
Backward with short and gasping breath she fell,
And all the glittering head-dress from her hair—
The fillet, and the band, and braided net,
And that bright veil which golden Aphroditè
Gave to her on the day when Hector came
With thousand gifts, and led her from her home—
Fell with her falling, shower'd abroad to earth.
Round her the wretched parents and the wives
Of all her husband's brethren crowding stood
And bare her up, in swoon like unto death.
But when she breathed again, and sense and thought
Regathering came, with gasps and heaving sobs,
Amongst the Trojan women thus she cried:
O Hector, Husband! Hapless that I am!
To one like fate we two in distant lands
Were born; thou here in Troy and Priam's halls;
I under Placos' woody mount, in Thebes,
Far in the palace of Eëtion,
Who nursed and rear'd me through my infant years—
Ill-fated father of worse-fated child,
Whom would to Heav'n he never had begot!
Now thou below the lowest depths of earth
Art travelling on thy way to Hades' realm;
But me to uttermost distress thou leav'st
A widow in thy house. And lo thy son
Still infant, babe in arms, whom thou and I
Brought forth! Nor thou to him, for thou art dead,

ἔσσεαι, Ἕκτορ, ὄνειαρ, ἐπεὶ θάνες, οὔτε σοὶ οὗτος.
ἦπερ γὰρ πόλεμόν γε φύγῃ πολύδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν,
αἰεί τοι τούτῳ γε πόνος καὶ κήδε' ὀπίσσω
ἔσσοντ'· ἄλλοι γάρ οἱ ἀπουρήσουσιν ἀρούρας.
ἦμαρ δ' ὀρφανικὸν παναφήλικα παῖδα τίθησιν·
πάντα δ' ὑπεμνήμυκε, δεδάκρυνται δὲ παρειαί.
δευόμενος δέ τ' ἄνεισι πάϊς ἐς πατρὸς ἑταίρους,
ἄλλον μὲν χλαίνης ἐρύων, ἄλλον δὲ χιτῶνος·
τῶν δ' ἐλεησάντων κοτύλην τις τυτθὸν ἐπέσχεν
χείλεα μέν τ' ἐδίην', ὑπερῴην δ' οὐκ ἐδίηνεν.
τὸν δὲ καὶ ἀμφιθαλὴς ἐκ δαιτύος ἐστυφέλιξεν,
χερσὶν πεπληγὼς καὶ ὀνειδείοισιν ἐνίσσων
'ἔρρ' οὕτως· οὐ σός γε πατὴρ μεταδαίνυται ἡμῖν.'
δακρυόεις δέ τ' ἄνεισι πάϊς ἐς μητέρα χήρην,
Ἀστυάναξ, ὃς πρὶν μὲν ἐοῦ ἐπὶ γούνασι πατρὸς
μυελὸν οἷον ἔδεσκε καὶ οἰῶν πίονα δημόν·
αὐτὰρ ὅθ' ὕπνος ἔλοι, παύσαιτό τε νηπιαχεύων,
εὕδεσκ' ἐν λέκτροισιν, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τιθήνης,
εὐνῇ ἔνι μαλακῇ, θαλέων ἐμπλησάμενος κῆρ·
νῦν δ' ἂν πολλὰ πάθῃσι, φίλου ἀπὸ πατρὸς ἁμαρτών,
Ἀστυάναξ, ὃν Τρῶες ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν·
οἷος γάρ σφιν ἔρυσο πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρά.
νῦν δὲ σὲ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι, νόσφι τοκήων,
αἰόλαι εὐλαὶ ἔδονται, ἐπεί κε κύνες κορέσωνται,
γυμνόν· ἀτάρ τοι εἵματ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κέονται
λεπτά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, τετυγμένα χερσὶ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι τάδε πάντα καταφλέξω πυρὶ κηλέῳ,
οὐδὲν σοίγ' ὄφελος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐγκείσεαι αὐτοῖς,
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων κλέος εἶναι."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.

Canst ever be delight, nor he to thee.
Yea—though he 'scape the perils of the war,
Yet what but toil and care for him remain,
Whom others still will rob of his estate?
The orphan hath no friends; in fear he lives
And trembling, and his cheeks are wet with tears.
The child creeps up, and craving alms of men
Who were his father's comrades in old time,
Pulls at a cloak or flowing tunic's skirt;
Whereat they pity, and perchance hand down
A slender cup, and suffer him to wet
His lips, but barely moisten the parch'd throat.
Or one, of either parent doubly bless'd,
Thrusts him aside with blow and bitter gibe,
'*Begone; with us thy father feasts not now.*'
Whence, weeping, to the widow runs her child.
And this to him, Astyanax, who erst
Was wont upon his father's knee to pick
Of marrow only and the daintiest meats;
Or, when, aweary of his childish sport,
He rested to his slumber, laid him down
In a rich chamber, on a happy bed,
In gentle arms, and with sweet cates content.
But now, his father gone, all evil hap
Shall follow him, albeit by Troy surnamed
Prince of the city; for by thee alone,
O Hector, stood these battlements and towers!
Yet now, amid the enemy's fleet, and far
From father and from mother, writhing worms
Shall of thy flesh eat all the dogs shall spare,
There where thou liest uncover'd to the winds;
Whose raiment, rich and delicate, and spun
By hands of women in thy home remains.
This will I burn upon a blazing pyre;
Not that it can avail thee, when thyself
Art lacking, but that honour may be done
To thee by all thy country o'er the tomb!"
She wail'd, and all the women echo'd wail.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ψ'.

Ἆθλα ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατὰ πτόλιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐπειδὴ νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσκίδναντο ἐὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος.
Μυρμιδόνας δ' οὐκ εἴα ἀποσκίδνασθαι Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ἀλλ' ὅγε οἷς ἑτάροισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·

"Μυρμιδόνες ταχύπωλοι, ἐμοὶ ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
μὴ δή πω ὑπ' ὄχεσφι λυώμεθα μώνυχας ἵππους,
ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασιν ἆσσον ἰόντες
Πάτροκλον κλαίωμεν· ὃ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο,
ἵππους λυσάμενοι δορπήσομεν ἐνθάδε πάντες."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ὤμωξαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' Ἀχιλλεύς.
οἱ δὲ τρὶς περὶ νεκρὸν ἐΰτριχας ἤλασαν ἵππους
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι Θέτις γόου ἵμερον ὦρσεν.
δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν
δάκρυσι· τοῖον γὰρ πόθεον μήστωρα φόβοιο.
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλείδης ἀδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,
χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου·

"Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν·
πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην,
Ἕκτορα δεῦρ' ἐρύσας δώσειν κυσὶν ὠμὰ δάσασθαι,
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσειν
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολῶθείς."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα,
πρηνέα πὰρ λεχέεσσι Μενοιτιάδαο τανύσσας
ἐν κονίῃς. οἱ δ' ἔντε' ἀφωπλίζοντο ἕκαστος
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, λύον δ' ὑψηχέας ἵππους,

ILIAD XXIII.

THUS Troy throughout her city wept and wail'd.
Meanwhile, returning to their camp and fleet,
The Achaians scatter'd, each to his own bark;
Only the Myrmidons their chief forbade
To scatter, and bespake their gallant host:
"O famed for swiftest steeds, my countrymen,
My comrades proved and loved! Unyoke not yet
Our horses; but with horses and with cars
Move we around Patroclus, making wail
And dirge; for this is what the dead desire.
But when our souls are satisfied of wail,
Loose then the steeds, and here we take repast."
He spoke; and with one voice they mourn'd, whose dirge
Achilles led. Lamenting still, they drave
Thrice round the corse their steeds; for in their hearts
Thetis still fed the yearning unappeased.
The sands were wet, their arms were wet, with tears,
So brave, so dread, a warrior mourn'd they there;
Midmost, Pelides laid his slaughterous hands
Across his comrade's breast, and led the dirge:
"Ev'n in the abode of death, Patroclus, hail!
I hail thee; and behold my vow fulfill'd—
Hector dragg'd hither and the prey of dogs;
And twelve of Troy's fair sons shall next be slain,
And flung for this my vengeance on thy pyre!"
He spoke, and on his noble foe 'gan wreak
Outrage most foul, and stretch'd him stark and prone
Beside Patroclus' bier in dust and mire.
Then the whole host disarm'd them of their arms
And glittering mail, and loosed their whinnying steeds:

κὰδ δ' ἴζον παρὰ νηὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
μυρίοι· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσι τάφον μενοεικέα δαίνυ.
πολλοὶ μὲν βόες ἀργοὶ ὀρέχθεον ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ
σφαζόμενοι, πολλοὶ δ' ὄϊες καὶ μηκάδες αἶγες·
πολλοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ὗες, θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ,
εὑόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἡφαίστοιο·
πάντη δ' ἀμφὶ νέκυν κοτυλήρυτον ἔρρεεν αἷμα.

Αὐτὰρ τόνγε ἄνακτα ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα
εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν,
σπουδῇ παρπεπιθόντες, ἑταίρου χωόμενον κῆρ.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἷξον ἰόντες,
αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσαν
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, εἰ πεπίθοιεν
Πηλείδην λούσασθαι ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἠρνεῖτο στερεῶς, ἐπὶ δ' ὅρκον ὄμοσσεν·

"Οὐ μὰ Ζῆν', ὅστις τε θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος,
οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ λοετρὰ καρήατος ἆσσον ἱκέσθαι,
πρίν γ' ἐνὶ Πάτροκλον θέμεναι πυρὶ σῆμά τε χεῦαι
κείρασθαί τε κόμην, ἐπεὶ οὔ μ' ἔτι δεύτερον ὧδε
ἵξετ' ἄχος κραδίην, ὄφρα ζωοῖσι μετείω.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι νῦν μὲν στυγερῆ πειθώμεθα δαιτί·
ἠῶθεν δ' ὄτρυνον, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ὕλην τ' ἀξέμεναι παρά τε σχεῖν ὅσσ' ἐπιεικὲς
νεκρὸν ἔχοντα νέεσθαι ὑπὸ ζόφον ἠερόεντα,
ὄφρ' ἤτοι τοῦτον μὲν ἐπιφλέγῃ ἀκάματον πῦρ
θᾶσσον ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, λαοὶ δ' ἐπὶ ἔργα τράπωνται."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο.
ἐσσυμένως δ' ἄρα δόρπον ἐφοπλίσσαντες ἕκαστοι
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐίσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
οἱ μὲν κακκείοντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,

And by the galley of Æacides
Thousands on thousands sate them down, the while
He dealt them dainty meats for funeral-feast;
Many a sturdy ox beneath the knife
Slaughter'd, and many a sheep and bleating kid,
Groan'd then their last; and boars, with ivory tusks
And chines of glistening fat, were outstretch'd whole
Spitted athwart Hephæstus' flaming fires,
And blood ran forth like water round the corse.

Himself, fleetfoot Achilles, lord of all,
The chieftains of Achaia's host, with hard
Persuasion (for his grief was bitter still),
Led slow to royal Agamemnon's tent;
And when to the pavilion of the king
They passing came, they straight with order call'd
Unto the clear-voiced heralds of the host
To set a massive caldron on a fire,
If haply they might move Pelides there
To cleanse his body of the clotted blood;
But strongly he denied them, and he sware
An oath upon it:
"Nay, by Him who reigns
Mightiest above all Gods, by Zeus supreme,
Never may water on my head be pour'd,
Ere I have laid him on his pyre, and heap'd
His cairn, and shorn the forelock from his brow.
For hap what may, while I am of the world,
No second woe can touch me like to this.
Partake we now, albeit we loathe, this feast.
But with the morrow's dawn speed thou, O King,
Thy people to bring wood, and all wherewith
'Tis seemly that the dead should furnish'd go
Beyond the misty distance of the west.
So early from our sight the sateless flames
Shall take him, and the nations turn to war."
He spoke; to whom they hearken'd, nothing loth;
And each one with all zest prepared and ate
The feast, nor any lack'd his equal mess;
And when the craving pass'd of drink and meat,
They scatter'd each to slumber in his tent.

Πηλείδης δ' ἐπὶ θινὶ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
κεῖτο βαρὺ στενάχων, πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι κύματ' ἐπ' ἠϊόνος κλύζεσκον·
εὖτε τὸν ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε, λύων μελεδήματα θυμοῦ,
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· μάλα γὰρ κάμε φαίδιμα γυῖα
Ἕκτορ' ἐπαΐσσων προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν.
ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ ψυχὴ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο,
πάντ' αὐτῷ, μέγεθός τε καὶ ὄμματα κάλ', εἰκυῖα,
καὶ φωνήν, καὶ τοῖα περὶ χροῒ εἵματα ἕστο·
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Εὕδεις, αὐτὰρ ἐμεῖο λελασμένος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.
οὐ μέν μευ ζώοντος ἀκήδεις, ἀλλὰ θανόντος·
θάπτε με ὅττι τάχιστα, πύλας Ἀΐδαο περήσω.
τῆλέ μ' ἐέργουσι ψυχαὶ, εἴδωλα καμόντων,
οὐδέ μέ πω μίσγεσθαι ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο ἐῶσιν,
ἀλλ' αὖτως ἀλάλημαι ἀν' εὐρυπυλὲς Ἄϊδος δῶ.
καί μοι δὸς τὴν χεῖρ', ὀλοφύρομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὖτις
νίσομαι ἐξ Ἀΐδαο, ἐπήν με πυρὸς λελάχητε.
οὐ μὲν γὰρ ζωοί γε φίλων ἀπάνευθεν ἑταίρων
βουλὰς ἑζόμενοι βουλεύσομεν, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν κὴρ
ἀμφέχανε στυγερὴ, ἥπερ λάχε γεινύμενόν περ·
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ μοῖρα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων εὐηγενέων ἀπολέσθαι.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐφήσομαι, αἴ κε πίθηαι.
μὴ ἐμὰ σῶν ἀπάνευθε τιθήμεναι ὀστέ', Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἀλλ' ὁμοῦ, ὡς ἐτράφημεν ἐν ὑμετέροισι δόμοισιν,
εὖτέ με τυτθὸν ἐόντα Μενοίτιος ἐξ Ὀπόεντος
ἤγαγεν ὑμέτερόνδ' ἀνδροκτασίης ὕπο λυγρῆς,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε παῖδα κατέκτανον Ἀμφιδάμαντος,
νήπιος, οὐκ ἐθέλων, ἀμφ' ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθείς·
ἔνθα με δεξάμενος ἐν δώμασιν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς

But all apart Achilles laid him down
On the full-sounding Ocean's echoing shore,
In open space, where billows dash'd up high ;
And sleep, in softest cloud about him shed,
Loosening the chain of sorrow round his heart,
Seized him, whose bright-greaved limbs were faint, foredone
With all the onslaught under windy Troy.
O'er whom the Spirit of Patroclus came,
In stature, and the garb around his limbs,
And voice, and eyes, the likeness of the slain ;
Above his head It stood, and spake, and said :
"Sleep'st thou, Achilles, and art thus of me
Forgetful? Whom in life thou ne'er didst fail,
Him now thou fail'st in death. But hear my prayer ;
Bury me now with speed, that I may pass
The gates of Hades, where the other shades,
The ghosts and phantoms of the feeble dead,
Repel me still, nor suffer me to join
Their shadowy throng beyond the Ocean-stream ;
So through Death's open hall I flit forlorn.
Give me thy hand, I pray thee, and farewell,
A last farewell ; for when ye have bestow'd
My pyre, I may not come from Hades more.
Never again in this the upper life
Shall we sequester'd from the throng of chiefs
Together to sweet counsel sit us down.
No, for the Fate, that was from birth my doom,
Hath yawn'd upon me, and engulf'd me quite.
And thou, though peer to Gods, art likewise doom'd
To fall beneath the walls of heaven-sprung Troy.
One last behest I lay upon thy love :
Place not my bones, Achilles, far from thine ;
But as we two within thy father's house
Grew up together, from the day when first
Menœtius brought me thither, then a boy
But for sore guilt of blood from Opoeis
Already exiled, having slain (a child
Unwitting, and in quarrel o'er our dice),
My playmate, son of king Amphidamas ;
Then Peleus gave me refuge in his halls,

ἐτραφέ τ' ἐνδυκέως καί σὸν θεράποντ' ὀνόμηνεν·
ὣς δὲ καὶ ὀστέα νῶϊν ὁμὴ σορὸς ἀμφικαλύπτοι
[χρύσεος ἀμφιφορεὺς, τόν τοι πόρε πότνια μήτηρ]."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τίπτε μοι, ἠθείη κεφαλὴ, δεῦρ' εἰλήλουθας
καί μοι ταῦτα ἕκαστ' ἐπιτέλλεαι; αὐτὰρ ἐγώ τοι
πάντα μάλ' ἐκτελέω καὶ πείσομαι ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
ἀλλά μοι ἆσσον στῆθι· μίνυνθά περ ἀμφιβαλόντε
ἀλλήλους, ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ὠρέξατο χερσὶ φίλῃσιν
οὐδ' ἔλαβε· ψυχὴ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς ἠΰτε καπνὸς
ᾤχετο τετριγυῖα. ταφὼν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
χερσί τε συμπλατάγησεν, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν·

"Ὦ πόποι, ἦ ῥά τίς ἐστι καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν
ψυχὴ καὶ εἴδωλον, ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἔνι πάμπαν.
παννυχίη γάρ μοι Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
ψυχὴ ἐφεστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε,
καί μοι ἕκαστ' ἐπέτελλεν, ἔϊκτο δὲ θέσκελον αὐτῷ."

Ὣς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·
μυρομένοισι δὲ τοῖσι φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠὼς
ἀμφὶ νέκυν ἐλεεινόν. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
οὐρῆάς τ' ὤτρυνε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀξέμεν ὕλην
πάντοθεν ἐκ κλισιῶν· ἐπὶ δ' ἀνὴρ ἐσθλὸς ὀρώρει,
Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.
οἱ δ' ἴσαν ὑλοτόμους πελέκεας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες
σειράς τ' εὐπλέκτους· πρὸ δ' ἄρ' οὐρῆες κίον αὐτῶν·
πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κνημοὺς προσέβαν πολυπίδακος Ἴδης,
αὐτίκ' ἄρα δρῦς ὑψικόμους ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ
τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι· ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κτυπέουσαι
πῖπτον. τὰς μὲν ἔπειτα διαπλήσσοντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἔκδεον ἡμιόνων· ταὶ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶ δατεῦντο

And loved me well, and named me to thy side—
So let one urn now hold the bones of both,
The golden urn, thy heavenly mother's gift."
To whom fleetfoot Achilles made reply:
"What need, my own belovèd, thus to come
And charge me, word by word? Fear not; whate'er
Thou biddest, to the utmost I fulfil.
But near—more near! Come—let us cast our arms
Around each other for a while once more,
And satisfy our souls with wail and woe."
He spoke, with outstretch'd arms, but found him not;
For with sharp cry the Shade below the earth
Vanish'd like smoke. Achilles sprang upright,
Awe-stricken, and his hands together clapp'd,
And cried aloud, and spake these sorrowing words:
"Strange, strange! Now know I, soul and spirit dwell
In Hades, but remain not flesh and blood.
All night the Spirit of Patroclus stood
Here, right above me, mourning and in tears,
And gave me, word by word, his last behest.
In all things it was marvellously like!"
He spoke, and quicken'd in their hearts, who heard,
Yearning of lamentation; and the morn
Rose bright upon them wailing round the dead.

Then hasted Agamemnon to send forth
From out the camp on all sides men and mules
For timber; at their head Meriones
Arose, the follower of Idomeneus,
The noble follower of a gentle lord.
With woven ropes and axes in their hands
To hew the woods they went, and the mules trudged
Before them; up and down, and side and slant,
They clamber'd, till they gain'd the forest-flanks
Of many-fountain'd Ida; there they hew'd
Huge oaks, and plied their axes, might and main;
So crashing down the trees fell all day long;
And afterward they split these through, and bound
The planks behind the mules, who plough'd their path

ἑλδόμεναι πεδίοιο διὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνά.
πάντες δ' ὑλοτόμοι φιτροὺς φέρον· ὣς γὰρ ἀνώγει
Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.
κὰδ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀκτῆς βάλλον ἐπισχερὼ, ἔνθ' ἄρ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
φράσσατο Πατρόκλῳ μέγα ἠρίον ἠδὲ οἷ αὐτῷ.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάντη παρακάββαλον ἄσπετον ὕλην,
εἵατ' ἄρ' αὖθι μένοντες ἀολλέες. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτίκα Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κέλευσεν
χαλκὸν ζώννυσθαι, ζεῦξαι δ', ὑπ' ὄχεσφιν ἕκαστον
ἵππους· οἱ δ' ὦρνυντο καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἔδυνον,
ἂν δ' ἔβαν ἐν δίφροισι παραιβάται ἡνίοχοί τε.
πρόσθε μὲν ἱππῆες, μετὰ δὲ νέφος εἵπετο πεζῶν,
μυρίοι· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι φέρον Πάτροκλον ἑταῖροι.
θριξὶ δὲ πάντα νέκυν καταείνυσαν, ἃς ἐπέβαλλον
κειρόμενοι· ὄπιθεν δὲ κάρη ἔχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀχνύμενος· ἕταρον γὰρ ἀμύμονα πέμπ' Αἰδόσδε.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανον ὅθι σφίσι πέφραδ' Ἀχιλλεὺς,
κάτθεσαν, αἶψα δέ οἱ μενοεικέα νήλεον ὕλην.
ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
τήν ῥα Σπερχειῷ ποταμῷ τρέφε τηλεθόωσαν·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·

"Σπερχεί', ἄλλως σοίγε πατὴρ ἠρήσατο Πηλεύς,

Down through the brushwood, fain for level ground.
The hewers, following, on their shoulders bare
Lopp'd boughs; for thus Meriones, their chief,
The squire of mild Idomeneus, gave word.
And down they flung and stack'd them on the strand,
There where Achilles plann'd to rear on high
For his own self, and for the dead, one tomb.

These, having flung the fagots down, in stacks
Unnumber'd, halted there and sate them down.
But all the warlike host of Myrmidons
Achilles bade to gird them in their mail.
Upspringing to his call, they donn'd their arms;
And fighting men and drivers, side by side,
Mounted their chariots; in procession march'd
The horsemen; but, behind, a cloud of foot,
Myriads, and in their midst they bare the pall.
And all the body on the bier was veil'd
With tresses, which the mourners from their locks
Had shorn and cast upon him; at his head
Stately Achilles moved, and bare it up
In tears; so blameless, so beloved, the chief
He holp with burial to the bourne of death.[1]

Him they laid down, arrived upon the spot
Appointed of Achilles, and, in pile
To please his inmost soul, 'gan heap the wood.
Meantime across their chieftain came the thought
Of yet one other honour to the dead.
Standing a little space from off the pyre,
His yellow locks, which, till that hour, unshorn
Were nurtured, to the stream Spercheius vow'd,
He there dissever'd, and, much-moved, with gaze
Far o'er the purpling ocean, pray'd and said:
"Not this, Spercheius, was my father's vow,

[1] The entreaty made by Patroclus at the commencement of this Book is sufficient to explain the manner in which the rites of burial were supposed to precede, instead of following, the final entry into the state of death.

κεῖσέ με νοστήσαντα φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν
σοί τε κόμην κερέειν ῥέξειν θ' ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην,
πεντήκοντα δ' ἔνορχα παρ' αὐτόθι μῆλ' ἱερεύσειν
ἐς πηγὰς, ὅθι τοι τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.
ὣς ἠρᾶθ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δέ οἱ νόον οὐκ ἐτέλεσσας.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ κόμην ὀπάσαιμι φέρεσθαι."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἐτάροιο φίλοιο
θῆκεν, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο.
καί νύ κ' ὀδυρομένοισιν ἔδυ φάος ἠελίοιο,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αἶψ' Ἀγαμέμνονι εἶπε παραστάς·

"Ἀτρείδη—σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν
πείσονται μύθοισι—γόοιο μὲν ἔστι καὶ ἆσαι.
νῦν δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι
ὄπλεσθαι· τάδε δ' ἀμφιπονησόμεθ' οἵσι μάλιστα
κήδεός ἐστι νέκυς· παρὰ δ' οἵ τ' ἀγοὶ ἄμμι μενόντων."

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγ' ἄκουσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
αὐτίκα λαὸν μὲν σκέδασεν κατὰ νῆας ἐΐσας,
κηδεμόνες δὲ παρ' αὖθι μένον καὶ νήεον ὕλην,
ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμποδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ.
πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς
πρόσθε πυρῆς ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντων
δημὸν ἑλὼν ἐκάλυψε νέκυν μεγάθυμος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, περὶ δὲ δρατὰ σώματα νήει·
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας,
πρὸς λέχεα κλίνων· πίσυρας δ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους
ἐσσυμένως ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ, μεγάλα στεναχίζων.
ἐννέα τῷγε ἄνακτι τραπεζῆες κύνες ἦσαν·
καὶ μὲν τῶν ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ δύο δειροτομήσας,
δώδεκα δὲ Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς

Then when he pray'd that to my own dear land
I might return, and there above the founts,
Where are thy fragrant altar and thy shrine,
Offer my hair with hallow'd sacrifice
Of fifty rams beside those waters slain;
He vow'd; but thou fulfillest not his thought.
So, since 'tis doom'd that I may ne'er return,
Suffer me that I render to my friend,
A glory to Patroclus, these my locks."
Speaking, he closed the hair within the hand
Of the dear dead, and quicken'd in all hearts
Yearning of lamentation; and the sun,
That rose upon them wailing, so had sunk,
Had not the chief approach'd the King, and said:
"To thee I come, Atrides, for the host
Will hear thy voice. Ev'n to this dear lament
Some limit of satiety is set.
Disperse them therefore from the pyre, and bid
All others to their supper; we alone,
The nearest and the dearest to the dead,
Abide, and labour o'er him to the end;
And with us let the nobles likewise bide."
Whose word the monarch heard, and straight dispersed
The people through their galleys; only bode
His kith and kin, and heap'd the wood. Four-square,
A hundred feet on either side, they framed
The pyre, and on the summit laid the corse,
Sore-stricken to their hearts; then many a sheep,
Many a horn'd and slow-paced ox they flay'd
And carved before the pyre; and from them all
Noble Achilles peel'd the fat, wherewith
He swathed the corse from foot to head, but flung
The baskets of their bodies on the pile;
Then brimm'd large ponderous jars with honey and oil,
And fix'd them tow'rd the litter half aslope;
And slew four noble steeds, and heaved and hurl'd them
High on the wood and louder groan'd his grief.
Nine favourite dogs were fed beneath his board,
Of these he now slew two, and cast them on;
And after these, those twelve fair sons of Troy,

χαλκῷ δηϊόων· κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα·
ἐν δὲ πυρὸς μένος ἧκε σιδήρεον, ὄφρα νέμοιτο.
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·

"Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν·
πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην.
δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς,
τοὺς ἅμα σοὶ πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει· Ἕκτορα δ' οὔτι
δώσω Πριαμίδην πυρὶ δαπτέμεν, ἀλλὰ κύνεσσιν."

Ὣς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας· τὸν δ' οὐ κύνες ἀμφεπένοντο,
ἀλλὰ κύνας μὲν ἄλαλκε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
ἤματα καὶ νύκτας, ῥοδόεντι δὲ χρῖεν ἐλαίῳ
ἀμβροσίῳ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἑλκυστάζων.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ κυάνεον νέφος ἤγαγε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε, κάλυψε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα,
ὅσσον ἐπεῖχε νέκυς, μὴ πρὶν μένος ἠελίοιο
σκήλει' ἀμφὶ περὶ χρόα ἵνεσιν ἠδὲ μέλεσσιν.

Οὐδὲ πυρὴ Πατρόκλου ἐκαίετο τεθνηῶτος.
ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς δοιοῖς ἠρᾶτ' ἀνέμοισιν,
Βορῇ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ, καὶ ὑπέσχετο ἱερὰ καλά·
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ σπένδων χρυσέῳ δέπαϊ λιτάνευεν
ἐλθέμεν, ὄφρα τάχιστα πυρὶ φλεγεθοίατο νεκροὶ,
ὕλη τε σεύαιτο καήμεναι. ὠκέα δ' Ἶρις
ἀράων ἀΐουσα μετάγγελος ἦλθ' ἀνέμοισιν.
οἱ μὲν ἄρα Ζεφύροιο δυσαέος ἀθρόοι ἔνδον
εἰλαπίνην δαίνυντο· θέουσα δὲ Ἶρις ἐπέστη
βηλῷ ἔπι λιθέῳ. τοὶ δ' ὡς ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
πάντες ἀνήϊξαν, κάλεόν τέ μιν εἰς ἕ ἕκαστος·
ἡ δ' αὖθ' ἕζεσθαι μὲν ἀνήνατο, εἶπε δὲ μῦθον·

"Οὐχ ἕδος· εἶμι γὰρ αὖτις ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα,
Αἰθιόπων ἐς γαῖαν, ὅθι ῥέζουσ' ἑκατόμβας

He flung there slaughter'd ;—unto murderous deeds
The mind within him wrought ;—and, last, he lit
Fire's unremorseful might to feed on all ;
Then, groaning heavily, invoked the dead :
"All hail, Patroclus ! Even in death's abode
I bid thee hail : behold my vows fulfill'd ;
Twelve sons of noble Trojans at thy side,
Whom with thee fire devours ; but Priam's son,
Hector, to fire I give not, but to dogs."
He spoke with idle threat ; for not the dogs
Round Hector then were busy ; night and day
O'er him watch'd Aphrodite, born of Zeus,
And drave the dogs from off him, and with oil
Ambrosial of pure roses laved his limbs,
Anointing, that, despite the outrage foul,
Nor harm nor taint might rest upon the dead.
And o'er him, from the heavens to the earth,
Phœbus Apollo drew a violet cloud,
Darkening the region of the earth and air
Above, below, the body, lest the sun
Parch the fair skin about his limbs and reins.

Nor yet the pyre was kindled to a flame.
Then of yet one more rite Achilles thought :
Standing a little space from off the pyre,
Long to the mighty Blasts of north and west
He utter'd prayer and costliest offering vow'd ;
Frequent he shed libation from a cup
Of gold, and oft entreated their approach,
To burn up with all speed the corse with fire,
And shake the smouldering faggots to a blaze.
Whose prayer swift Iris heard, and straight she hied
Her errand to the Winds. Within the halls
Of stormy Zephyr gather'd, feasting sate
The Winds, when Iris straight before them stood,
There on the threshold-stone ; whom all sprang up
Beholding, and each beckon'd to his side ;
But she would not be seated, but began :
"I sit not ; for forthwith I needs must hie
Hence to the Æthiop land, to Ocean's shore,

ἀθανάτοις, ἵνα δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ μεταδαίσομαι ἱρῶν
ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς Βορέην ἠδὲ Ζέφυρον κελαδεινὸν
ἐλθεῖν ἀρᾶται, καὶ ὑπίσχεται ἱερὰ καλά,
ὄφρα πυρὴν ὄρσητε καήμεναι, ᾗ ἔνι κεῖται
Πάτροκλος, τὸν πάντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἀχαιοί."

Ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τοὶ δ' ὀρέοντο
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, νέφεα κλονέοντε πάροιθεν.
αἶψα δὲ πόντον ἵκανον ἀήμεναι, ὦρτο δὲ κῦμα
πνοιῇ ὕπο λιγυρῇ· Τροίην δ' ἐρίβωλον ἱκέσθην,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ πεσέτην, μέγα δ' ἴαχε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ.
παννύχιοι δ' ἄρα τοίγε πυρὴς ἄμυδις φλόγ' ἔβαλλον,
φυσῶντες λιγέως· ὁ δὲ πάννυχος ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
χρυσέου ἐκ κρητῆρος, ἑλὼν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,
οἶνον ἀφυσσάμενος χαμάδις χέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν,
ψυχὴν κικλήσκων Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο.
ὣς δὲ πατὴρ οὗ παιδὸς ὀδύρεται ὀστέα καίων,
νυμφίου, ὅστε θανὼν δειλοὺς ἀκάχησε τοκῆας,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάροιο ὀδύρετο ὀστέα καίων,
ἑρπύζων παρὰ πυρκαϊὴν, ἀδινὰ στεναχίζων.

Ἦμος δ' Ἑωσφόρος εἶσι φόως ἐρέων ἐπὶ γαῖαν,
ὅντε μέτα κροκόπεπλος ὑπειρ ἅλα κίδναται ἠώς,
τῆμος πυρκαϊὴ ἐμαραίνετο, παύσατο δὲ φλόξ.
οἱ δ' ἄνεμοι πάλιν αὖτις ἔβαν οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι
Θρηΐκιον κατὰ πόντον· ὁ δ' ἔστενεν οἴδματι θύων.
Πηλείδης δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς ἑτέρωσε λιασθεὶς
κλίνθη κεκμηὼς, ἐπὶ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὄρουσεν.
οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρείωνα ἀολλέες ἠγερέθοντο,
τῶν μιν ἐπερχομένων ὅμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ἔγειρεν.
ἕζετο δ' ὀρθωθεὶς καί σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

" Ἀτρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,

Where hecatombs in offering to the Gods
Are slaughter'd, and of these will I partake.
But this my errand, that Achilles prays
Your swift approach, and costliest offering vows,
So that ye kindle to a blaze the pyre,
Whereon with full observance now is laid
Patroclus, mourn'd of all Achaia's sons."
She spoke and straightway vanish'd. But, with roar
Beyond all mortal utterance, rose the Winds,
And roll'd the clouds in mass before their march,
And, breathing storm, came down upon the sea.
The waves rose high under their sounding blasts.
But they, arrived upon the shore of Troy,
Fell on the pyre; beneath their breath divine
Loud roar'd the flame; and all night long they blew
Ceaseless, and to and fro they toss'd the fire;
And all night long Achilles, drawing wine
In a large goblet from a golden urn,
Down-shower'd it; wetting all the earth around,
And crying on the Spirit of his friend.
Yea, as a father, weeping, burns the bones
Of some dear son, young-wedded (and his death
Hath pierced his mother's and dear father's hearts)
Ev'n thus Achilles, weeping, burn'd the bones
Of the dead chief, moving with head bent down
Along the pinewood pile, and sobbing still.
But when the harbinger of light on earth
Came forth, the Star of dawn, in whose bright wake
Morn robed in saffron raiment showers her beams
On Ocean—then in ashes dropp'd the pyre
And ceased the flames; and o'er the Thracian deep,
That murmur'd foaming up beneath their wings,
The Winds swept back, returning to their hall.
Again Pelides moved short space apart
And stretch'd him down outwearied: o'er him sleep
Fell sweet and sudden; but the host 'gan flock
Regathering round Atrides, and the hum
And murmur of their coming woke the chief.
Upright he starting sate, and thus began:
"Lords, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host,

πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσατ' αἴθοπι οἴνῳ
πᾶσαν, ὁπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ὀστέα Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο λέγωμεν
εὖ διαγιγνώσκοντες· ἀριφραδέα δὲ τέτυκται·
ἐν μέσσῃ γὰρ ἔκειτο πυρῇ, τοὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἄνευθεν
ἐσχατιῇ καίοντ' ἐπιμὶξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ ἄνδρες.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν χρυσέῃ φιάλῃ καὶ δίπλακι δημῷ
θείομεν, εἰσόκεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἄϊδι κεύθωμαι.
τύμβον δ' οὐ μάλα πολλὸν ἐγὼ ποιέεσθαι ἄνωγα,
ἀλλ' ἐπιεικέα τοῖον· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἀχαιοὶ
εὐρύν θ' ὑψηλόν τε τιθήμεναι, οἵ κεν ἐμεῖο
δεύτεροι ἐν νήεσσι πολυκλήϊσι λίπησθε."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο ποδώκεϊ Πηλείωνι.
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνῳ,
ὅσσον ἐπὶ φλὸξ ἦλθε, βαθεῖα δὲ κάππεσε τέφρη·
κλαίοντες δ' ἑτάροιο ἐνηέος ὀστέα λευκὰ
ἄλλεγον ἐς χρυσέην φιάλην καὶ δίπλακα δημὸν,
ἐν κλισίῃσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν·
τορνώσαντο δὲ σῆμα θεμείλιά τε προβάλοντο
ἀμφὶ πυρήν· εἶθαρ δὲ χυτὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἔχευαν.
χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτοῦ λαὸν ἔρυκε καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,
νηῶν δ' ἔκφερ' ἄεθλα, λέβητάς τε τρίποδάς τε,
ἵππους θ' ἡμιόνους τε βοῶν τ' ἴφθιμα κάρηνα,
ἠδὲ γυναῖκας ἐϋζώνους, πολιόν τε σίδηρον.

Ἵπτευσιν μὲν πρῶτα ποδώκεσιν ἀγλά' ἄεθλα
θῆκε γυναῖκα ἄγεσθαι ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυῖαν
καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα δυωκαιεικοσίμετρον,

And thou, their sovran prince, of Atreus Son,
I pray you first throughout the pinewood pile
To quench with sparkling wine whate'er of flame
Yet smouldering bides within it; then with search
Distinguish we, and gather up the bones
Of him, our Chief deplored, Menœtius' Son.
Not undistinguishable lie the bones;
For him upon the midmost pyre we laid
Alone; but all that else was with him burn'd,
The captives, and the steeds, about the edge.
Then will we place within a golden urn
His ashes, swathed in cauls against the air,
To rest till I be likewise lost in death.
His tomb I call not on you now to raise
To its full height, but build some cairn of mark,
Thus"—signing with his finger as he spake—
"And see that ye, my people, who are left
Hereafter my survivors in the fleet,
Rear this to breadth and height above us twain."
The fleetfoot hero spake, and they obey'd;
They quench'd the pinewood pyre with sparkling wine,
Where'er the fire yet smoulder'd; and the pile
Fell deep together, into ashes sunk:
Then, weeping, gather'd in a golden urn
And doubly swathed against the outer air
The white-bleach'd bones of him, their most beloved.
This in a tent they placed, with linen veil;
But of the tomb they drew the lines, and cast
Foundations wide around the pyre, whereon
They heap'd up earth, and when the cairn was heap'd
Departed back.
But, meantime, Peleus' Son
Stay'd all the people there, and bade them sit
In a wide circle, and from out his ships
Brought caldrons, tripods, and grey iron-ore,
Horses, strong-throated oxen, sturdy mules,
And well-girt maidens—prizes for the games.
Then for a chariot-race he first set forth
The guerdons: for the winner's meed, a maid
Well-girt, and skill'd in every gentle craft,
With one huge-handled tripod, capable

τῷ πρώτῳ· ἀτὰρ αὖ τῷ δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκεν
ἐξέτε' ἀδμήτην, βρέφος ἡμίονον κυέουσαν·
αὐτὰρ τῷ τριτάτῳ ἄπυρον κατέθηκε λέβητα
καλὸν, τέσσαρα μέτρα κεχανδότα, λευκὸν ἔτ' αὔτως·
τῷ δὲ τετάρτῳ θῆκε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
πέμπτῳ δ' ἀμφίθετον φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἔθηκεν.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

" Ἀτρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἱππῆας τάδ' ἄεθλα δεδεγμένα κεῖτ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.
εἰ μὲν νῦν ἐπὶ ἄλλῳ ἀεθλεύοιμεν Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγὼ τὰ πρῶτα λαβὼν κλισίηνδε φεροίμην.
ἴστε γὰρ ὅσσον ἐμοὶ ἀρετῇ περιβάλλετον ἵπποι
ἀθάνατοί τε γάρ εἰσι, Ποσειδάων δ' ἔπορ' αὐτοὺς
πατρὶ ἐμῷ Πηλῆϊ, ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἐμοὶ ἐγγυάλιξεν.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·
τοίου γὰρ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπώλεσαν ἡνιόχοιο,
ἠπίου, ὅ σφωϊν μάλα πολλάκις ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον
χαιτάων κατέχευε, λοέσσας ὕδατι λευκῷ.
τὸν τώγ' ἑσταότες πενθείετον, οὔδεϊ δέ σφιν
χαῖται ἐρηρέδαται, τὼ δ' ἕστατον ἀχνυμένω κῆρ.
ἄλλοι δὲ στέλλεσθε κατὰ στρατὸν, ὅστις Ἀχαιῶν
ἵπποισίν τε πέποιθε καὶ ἅρμασι κολλητοῖσιν."

Ὣς φάτο Πηλείδης, ταχέες δ' ἱππῆες ἄγερθεν.
ὦρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὔμηλος,
Ἀδμήτου φίλος υἱὸς, ὃς ἱπποσύνῃ ἐκέκαστο·
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
ἵππους δὲ Τρωοὺς ὕπαγε ζυγὸν, οὕς ποτ' ἀπηύρα
Αἰνείαν, ἀτὰρ αὐτὸν ὑπεξεσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων.
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρείδης ὦρτο ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
διογενὴς, ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Αἴθην τὴν Ἀγαμεμνονέην τὸν ἑόν τε Πόδαργον·
τὴν Ἀγαμέμνονι δῶκ' Ἀγχισιάδης Ἐχέπωλος
δῶρ', ἵνα μή οἱ ἕποιθ' ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν,
ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ τέρποιτο μένων· μέγα γάρ οἱ ἔδωκεν

Of measures two-and-twenty; for the next,
A mare, six years of age, and big with foal
(A mule) and still unbroken; for the third
A caldron, fair to view, unstain'd by fire,
White from the maker's hand, and capable
Of four good measures; for the fourth, of gold
Two talents; for the fifth, a chalice large
With double cup, untarnish'd yet by fire;—
Then rose erect, and spake before them all:
"Atrides, and Achaia's mailèd host!
These prizes stand before you in the ring,
Waiting the champions in a chariot-race.
Full well ye wot, that, held we now these games
In other's honour, I should bear the first
Of a most certain surety to my tent;
Who know of what surpassing excellence
My horses, for they come of heavenly birth;
Which great Poseidon to my father gave,
Pelcus, and Peleus hath bestow'd on me.
But I, and they alike, will rest this day;
So dear the hero they have lost—their brave,
Their gentle groom, who with clear water oft
Would cleanse their manes, and with rich oil anoint:
Whom now they stand lamenting, and their manes
Have droop'd to earth; with aching hearts they stand.
But let who else soe'er of Argos' host
Trusts in his horses and his joinèd car,
Haste to get forth his chariot to the race."
He spoke; the charioteers assembled soon.
And first Eumelus rose, the King of men,
Admetus' son, in driving unsurpass'd;
Then Diomed, the gallant Tydeus' son,
And yoked those steeds of Troy whereof he spoil'd
Æneas, though Apollo saved their lord;
Then Menelaus of the auburn locks;
Who with his own Podargus yoked the mare,
Æthè, his brother's, which Anchisius' son,
Prince Echepolus, had of late bestow'd
On Agamemnon, lest he should be call'd
To war in Ilion and away from home;—

Ζεὺς ἄφενος, ναῖεν δ' ὅγ' ἐν εὐρυχόρῳ Σικυῶνι·
τὴν ὅγ' ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἦγε, μέγα δρόμου ἰσχανόωσαν.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ τέταρτος ἐΰτριχας ὡπλίσαθ' ἵππους,
Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς, ὑπερθύμοιο ἄνακτος,
τοῦ Νηληϊάδαο· Πυλοιγενέες δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες φέρον ἅρμα. πατὴρ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παραστὰς
μυθεῖτ' εἰς ἀγαθὰ φρονέων νοέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ·

"Ἀντιλοχ', ἤτοι μέν σε, νέον περ ἐόντ', ἐφίλησαν
Ζεύς τε Ποσειδάων τε, καὶ ἱπποσύνας ἐδίδαξαν
παντοίας· τῷ καί σε διδασκέμεν οὔτι μάλα χρεώ·
οἶσθα γὰρ εὖ περὶ τέρμαθ' ἑλισσέμεν· ἀλλά τοι ἵπποι
βάρδιστοι θείειν· τῷ τ' οἴω λοίγι' ἔσεσθαι.
τῶν δ' ἵπποι μὲν ἔασιν ἀφάρτεροι, οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτοὶ
πλείονα ἴσασιν σέθεν αὐτοῦ μητίσασθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ σὺ, φίλος, μῆτιν ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ
παντοίην, ἵνα μή σε παρεκπροφύγῃσιν ἄεθλα.
μήτι τοι δρυτόμος μέγ' ἀμείνων ἠὲ βίηφιν·
μήτι δ' αὖτε κυβερνήτης ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ
νῆα θοὴν ἰθύνει ἐρεχθομένην ἀνέμοισιν·
μήτι δ' ἡνίοχος περιγίγνεται ἡνιόχοιο.
ἀλλ' ὃς μέν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασιν οἷσι πεποιθὼς
ἀφραδέως ἐπὶ πολλὸν ἐλίσσεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
ἵπποι δὲ πλανόωνται ἀνὰ δρόμον, οὐδὲ κατίσχει·
ὃς δέ κε κέρδεα εἰδῇ ἐλαύνων ἥσσονας ἵππους,
αἰεὶ τέρμ' ὁρόων στρέφει ἐγγύθεν, οὐδέ ἑ λήθει
ὅππως τὸ πρῶτον τανύσῃ βοέοισιν ἱμᾶσιν,
ἀλλ' ἔχει ἀσφαλέως καὶ τὸν προΐχοντα δοκεύει.
σῆμα δέ τοι ἐρέω μάλ' ἀριφραδὲς, οὐδέ σε λήσει.
ἕστηκε ξύλον αὖον, ὅσον τ' ὄργυι', ὑπὲρ αἴης,
ἢ δρυὸς ἢ πεύκης, τὸ μὲν οὐ καταπύθεται ὄμβρῳ,
λᾶε δὲ τοῦ ἑκάτερθεν ἐρηρέδαται δύο λευκὼ
ἐν ξυνοχῇσιν ὁδοῦ, λεῖος δ' ἱππόδρομος ἀμφίς·
ἤ τευ σῆμα βροτοῖο πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,
ἢ τόγε νύσσα τέτυκτο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων,
καὶ νῦν τέρμαθ' ἔθηκε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

For large the substance wherewithal great Zeus
In Sicyon's spacious vale had bless'd his house :—
This mare, all glowing to the race, he yoked.
Fourth rose Antilochus, the noble son
Of Nestor, Neleus' son, bravehearted chief;
Whose steeds were bred in Pylos, and by whom
His father stood and gave a counsel sage,
Advising thus, skill'd father to skill'd son :
"Antilochus, despite thy youth, the Gods
Zeus and Poseidon of their love have taught
All skilful lore in manage of the car;
Wherefore I need not teach thee; thine own self
Know'st well to round the corner of the goal.
Yet, forasmuch as of the enter'd steeds
Thine are the slowest, I forbode thee harm.
Howbeit, although their horses are more swift,
The drivers have not more of skill than thou;
And therefore, son, collect within thy mind
Thy knowledge, lest the prize should slip thy hands.
By skill, far more than strength, man fells the oak;
By skill the pilot on the purpling deep
Guides the swift wind-toss'd galley where he lists;
So by skill mainly will a driver win.
In steeds and chariot putteth one his trust,
And wanders wide at random to and fro,
Whose horses stray, nor he constrains them back.
But he who knows his art, albeit he drive
Worse steeds, yet, eyeing still the goal, wheels close
The corner round; nor from the start forgets
To feel his horses' mouths, but holds them well
Restrain'd, and waiting on the car in front.
The goal I clearly tell thee, lest thou err;
A wither'd trunk, a fathom's height, of oak,
Or fir, some wood that rots not with the rain,
Stands up; and on each hand two huge white stones
Are propp'd. The course is smooth on either side,
But there the way is straiten'd: years agone,
Maybe, it mark'd the tomb of some dead man,
Or else a racing-point in olden time,
Ev'n as Achilles makes it now our goal.

τῷ σὺ μάλ' ἐγχρίμψας ἐλάαν σχεδὸν ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους,
αὐτὸς δὲ κλινθῆναι ἐϋπλέκτῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἦκ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοῖιν· ἀτὰρ τὸν δεξιὸν ἵππον
κένσαι ὁμοκλήσας, εἶξαί τέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.
ἐν νύσσῃ δέ τοι ἵππος ἀριστερὸς ἐγχριμφθήτω,
ὡς ἄν τοι πλήμνη γε δοάσσεται ἄκρον ἱκέσθαι
κύκλου ποιητοῖο· λίθου δ' ἀλεασθαι ἐπαυρεῖν,
μή πως ἵππους τε τρώσῃς κατά θ' ἅρματα ἄξῃς·
χάρμα δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἐλεγχείη δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ
ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ, φίλος, φρονέων πεφυλαγμένος εἶναι.
εἰ γάρ κ' ἐν νύσσῃ γε παρεξελάσῃσθα διώκων,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅς κέ σ' ἔλῃσι μετάλμενος οὐδὲ παρέλθῃ,
οὐθ' εἴ κεν μετόπισθεν Ἀρείονα δῖον ἐλαύνοι,
Ἀδρήστου ταχὺν ἵππον, ὃς ἐκ Θεόφιν γένος ἦεν,
ἢ τοὺς Λαομέδοντος, οἳ ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφεν ἐσθλοί."

Ὣς εἰπὼν Νέστωρ Νηλήϊος ἆψ ἐνὶ χώρῃ
ἕζετ', ἐπεὶ ᾧ παιδί ἑκάστου πείρατ' ἔειπεν.

Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα πέμπτος ἐΰτριχας ὠπλίσαθ' ἵππους.
ἂν δ' ἔβαν ἐς δίφρους, ἐν δὲ κλήρους ἐβάλοντο·
πάλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς, ἐκ δὲ κλῆρος θόρε Νεστορίδαο
Ἀντιλόχου· μετὰ τὸν δ' ἔλαχε κρείων Εὔμηλος·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρείδης, δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος·
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνης λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν· ὕστατος αὖτε
Τυδείδης, ὄχ' ἄριστος ἐὼν, λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν ἵππους.
στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχὶ, σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
τηλόθεν ἐν λείῳ πεδίῳ· παρὰ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶσεν
ἀντιθεον Φοίνικα, ὀπάονα πατρὸς ἑοῖο,
ὡς μεμνέῳτο δρόμου καὶ ἀληθείην ἀποείποι.

Οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἐφ' ἵπποιιν μάστιγας ἄειραν,
πέπληγόν θ' ἱμᾶσιν, ὁμόκλησάν τ' ἐπέεσσιν
ἐσσυμένως· οἱ δ' ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο,
νόσφι νεῶν, ταχέως· ὑπὸ δὲ στέρνοισι κονίη
ἵστατ' ἀειρομένη ὥστε νέφος ἠὲ θύελλα,

Graze this; thy steeds and chariot drive quite near,
Bending thy body on the well-built car
Leftwards, and cheering on with goad and voice
The off horse, give him rein; but hold the near
Close, that he graze the pillar, and it seem
The nave on thy good wheel must raze its edge:
Howbeit, beware thou strike not on the stone,
Lest so thou harm thy steeds and break thy car—
Joy to thine enemies, to thyself disgrace.
Be guarded, dear my son, take careful heed;
For, if thou couldst but pass them at the post,
Not one amongst them could o'ertake thee then,
Not though he drive Adrastus' noble horse
Arion, sprung of race divine, nor though
The coursers of Laomedon be his,
Sprung of Troy's splendid breed, and nurtured here."
Thus spake Neleian Nestor; and, when all
Of import had been utter'd to his son,
Moved back and sate him down. Meriones,
The gallant follower of Idomeneus,
Fifth for the race, made ready glossy steeds.

They mounted on their chariots, and cast lots.
Achilles shook the helm, and forth the lot
Leap'd first of Nestor's son, Antilochus;
The next the royal chief Eumelus gain'd;
The next brave Menelaus, Atreus' son;
By whom to stand obtain'd Meriones;
The noblest, Tydeus' Son, was outmost placed.
Then side by side they ranged them to the start,
To whom Achilles signified their goal,
Rising far out upon the level plain,
And thither sent his father's comrade old,
The godlike Phœnix, as his scout to stand,
Thence watch the race, and bear him true report.

Each rose with lash uplifted o'er his steeds,
Smote with his thong, and kindled with his voice.
Forth from the fleet they flew: beneath their chests
The dust stood rising like a cloud or storm;

χαῖται δ' ἐῤῥώοντο μετὰ πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο.
ἅρματα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν χθονὶ πίλνατο πουλυβοτείρῃ,
ἄλλοτε δ' αἰξασκε μετήορα. τοὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες
ἕστασαν ἐν δίφροισι πάτασσε δὲ θυμὸς ἑκάστου
νίκης ἱεμένων· κέκλοντο δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
ἵπποις, οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἂψ ἐφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς, τότε δὴ ἀρετή γε ἑκάστου
φαίνετ', ἄφαρ δ' ἵπποισι τάθη δρόμος· ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα
αἱ Φηρητιάδαο ποδώκεες ἔκφερον ἵπποι.
τὰς δὲ μετ' ἐξέφερον Διομήδεος ἄρσενες ἵπποι,
Τρῳϊοι, οὐδέ τι πολλὸν ἄνευθ' ἔσαν, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐγγύς·
αἰεὶ γὰρ δίφρου ἐπιβησομένοισιν ἐΐκτην,
πνοιῇ δ' Εὐμήλοιο μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὤμω
θέρμετ'· ἐπ' αὐτῷ γὰρ κεφαλὰς καταθέντε πετέσθην.
καί νύ κεν ἢ παρέλασσ', ἢ ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν,
εἰ μὴ Τυδέος υἱὸς κοτέσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ῥά οἱ χειρῶν ἔβαλεν μάστιγα φαεινήν.
τοῖο δ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χύτο δάκρυα χωομένοιο,
οὕνεκα τὰς μὲν ὅρα ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἰούσας,
οἱ δέ οἱ ἐβλάφθησαν ἄνευ κέντροιο θέοντες.
οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίην ἐλεφηράμενος λάθ' Ἀπόλλων
Τυδείδην, μάλα δ' ὦκα μετέσσυτο ποιμένα λαῶν,
δῶκε δέ οἱ μάστιγα, μένος δ' ἵπποισιν ἐνῆκεν.
ἡ δὲ μετ' Ἀδμήτου υἱὸν κοτέουσ' ἐβεβήκει,
ἵππειον δέ οἱ ἦξε θεὰ ζυγόν· αἱ δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἀμφὶς ὁδοῦ δραμέτην, ῥυμὸς δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλύσθη.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη,
ἀγκῶνάς τε περιδρύφθη στόμα τε ῥῖνάς τε,
θρυλίχθη δὲ μέτωπον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι· τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δακρυόφι πλῆσθεν, θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
Τυδείδης δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους,
πολλὸν τῶν ἄλλων ἐξάλμενος· ἐν γὰρ Ἀθήνη
ἵπποις ἧκε μένος καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκεν.

Their manes went backward streaming with the wind;
One moment, skimming smooth the fruitful earth,
The next, in mid air bounding, whirl'd the wheels;
The drivers show'd erect upon their cars;
And each for yearning of the victory
Felt his heart throb within him; each invoked
Loudly his steeds. So show'd they o'er the plain,
Clouded in dust; but as they neared the post
Where they should turn them tow'rd the sea again,
Then was their mettle sorest tried, their pace
Strain'd to the utmost; fast then bore in front
The fleetfoot mares of Pheretiades;
And next behind them the brave Trojan steeds
Of Diomed, not far, but pressing close;
Each spring would lift them to the car in front;
Eumelus on his shoulders felt their breath
Breathed hot; they touch'd him with their heads; and quick
Had pass'd him, or had made a doubtful race,
Had not Apollo, wroth with Tydeus' Son,
Dash'd sudden from his hand the glittering goad;
Whose eyes grew big with tears for grief to see
The mares shoot far and farther still ahead,
Whilst his own steeds were maim'd in mid career,
Running without a goad. But not unmark'd
Pass'd it of Pallas, that Apollo thus
Had wrong'd Tydides. Quickly to his side
She sped, restored the goad, and breathed herself
High spirit on his horses; thence in wrath
Hasted behind Adrastus' Son, and brake
His yoke in sunder; off the course his mares
Stray'd and the pole was dash'd upon the earth;
Whilst headlong from his seat beside the wheel,
With mouth and nostrils bleeding, elbows rent,
And the smooth forehead bruised above his brows,
Their lord was thrown; whose voice was lost within him,
And eyes were fill'd with tears: whilst, whirling by,
Clear of the ruck Tydides flew in front;
Such mettle on his steeds Athene breathed,
And gave him all the glory of that day.

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρείδης εἶχε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο
"Ἔμβητον καὶ σφῶϊ· τιταίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.
ἦτοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν οὔτι κελεύω,
Τυδείδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη
νῦν ὦρεξε τάχος καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκεν.
ἵππους δ' Ἀτρείδαο κιχάνετε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶϊν ἐλεγχείην καταχεύῃ
Αἴθη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα· τίη λείπεσθε, φέριστοι;
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, καὶ μὴν τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
οὐ σφῶϊν κομιδὴ παρὰ Νέστορι ποιμένι λαῶν
ἔσσεται, αὐτίκα δ' ὔμμε κατακτενεῖ ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
αἴ κ' ἀποκηδήσαντε φερώμεθα χεῖρον ἄεθλον·
ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον ὅττι τάχιστα.
ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς τεχνήσομαι ἠδὲ νοήσω,
στεινωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ παραδύμεναι, οὐδέ με λήσει."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπεδραμέτην ὀλίγον χρόνον· αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα
στεῖνος ὁδοῦ κοίλης ἴδεν Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης.
ῥωχμὸς ἔην γαίης, ᾗ χειμέριον ἀλὲν ὕδωρ
ἐξέῤῥηξεν ὁδοῖο, βάθυνε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα·
τῇ ῥ' εἶχεν Μενέλαος ἁματροχιὰς ἀλεείνων.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους
ἐκτὸς ὁδοῦ, ὀλίγον δὲ παρακλίνας ἐδίωκεν.
Ἀτρείδης δ' ἔδδεισε καὶ Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐγεγώνει·
" Ἀντίλοχ', ἀφραδέως ἱππάζεαι· ἀλλ' ἄνεχ' ἵππους·
στεινωπὸς γὰρ ὁδὸς, τάχα δ' εὐρυτέρῃ παρελάσσεις,
μή πως ἀμφοτέρους δηλήσεαι ἅρματι κύρσας."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔλαυνεν
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, ὡς οὐκ ἀΐοντι ἐοικώς.
ὅσσα δὲ δίσκου οὖρα κατωμαδίοιο πέλονται,
ὅντ' αἰζηὸς ἀφῆκεν ἀνὴρ, πειρώμενος ἤβης,
τόσσον ἐπεδραμέτην· αἱ δ' ἠρώησαν ὀπίσσω
Ἀτρείδεω· αὐτὸς γὰρ ἑκὼν μεθέηκεν ἐλαύνειν,
μή πως συγκύρσειαν ὁδῷ ἔνι μώνυχες ἵπποι,
δίφρους τ' ἀνστρέψειαν ἐϋπλεκέας, κατὰ δ' αὐτοὶ
ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης.
τὸν καὶ νεικείων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·

Next after whom was following Atreus' Son,
When to his father's steeds Antilochus :
" Put yourselves forth, ye two : strain every nerve :
With those good horses of brave Tydeus' Son
I may not bid you vie ; Athene grants
To them such strength, and crowns him with such fame.
But pass Atrides ; nor disgrace your breed,
Vanquish'd by Æthè, vanquished by a mare.
Why lag ye thus? I warn you what shall hap :
If of your slackness worse the prize we win,
No more shall ye at royal Nestor's hands
Have tendance, but he straight shall slay you both.
On therefore, on together ; whilst I plan
How best to pass him in the narrow way,
There where he scarce can shun me, in the strait."
He spoke. They, quivering to their driver's cry,
Answer'd the call a little space, till soon
Their lord saw near the narrow strait a cleft
Wherein the water had in winter stood,
Broken the course, and hollow'd all the ground.
Atrides now was there, and shunn'd a clash :
But, slanting from the roadway, Nestor's Son
Quicken'd his steeds, then slanted back, and bare
Full on him, who in fear cried out and said :
" Recklessly art thou driving, Nestor's Son !
The way is narrow here ; soon mightst thou pass
In broader space ; rein back, lest on my car
Thou clash, and with the encounter wreck us both."
He spoke; Antilochus but drave the more,
Like one who heard not, goading on his steeds.

Far as a quoit-cast from the shoulder thrown
Of some fresh youth assaying of his strength,
So far together, neck to neck, they raced ;
Atrides' mares then yielded, and fell back :
Himself had ceased to urge them, lest perchance
The steeds should clash upon the straiten'd course,
O'erturn the well-built cars, and cast their lords
Down in the dust, for victory all too keen ;
Yet, as he yielded place, in wrath he cried :

" Ἀντίλοχ', οὔτις σεῖο βροτῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος·
ἔρρ', ἐπεὶ οὔ σ' ἔτυμόν γ' ἔφαμεν πεπνῦσθαι Ἀχαιοί
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν οὐδ' ὣς ἄτερ ὅρκου οἴσῃ ἄεθλον."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο φώνησέν τε·
" μή μοι ἐρύκεσθον μηδ' ἔστατον ἀχνυμένω κῆρ.
φθήσονται τούτοισι πόδες καὶ γοῦνα καμόντα
ἢ ὑμῖν· ἄμφω γὰρ ἀτέμβονται νεότητος."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπεδραμέτην, τάχα δέ σφισιν ἄγχι γένοντο.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσορόωντο
ἵππους· τοὶ δὲ πέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.
πρῶτος δ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἐφράσαθ' ἵππους·
ἦστο γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρτατος ἐν περιωπῇ,
τοῖο δ' ἄνευθεν ἐόντος ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας
ἔγνω· φράσσατο δ' ἵππον ἀριπρεπέα προΰχοντα,
ὃς τὸ μὲν ἄλλο τόσον φοίνιξ ἦν, ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ
λευκὸν σῆμ' ἐτέτυκτο περίτροχον ἠΰτε μήνη.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

" Ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
οἷος ἐγὼν ἵππους αὐγάζομαι ἠὲ καὶ ὑμεῖς;
ἄλλοι μοι δοκέουσι παροίτεροι ἔμμεναι ἵπποι,
ἄλλος δ' ἡνίοχος ἰνδάλλεται· αἵ δέ που αὐτοῦ
ἔβλαβεν ἐν πεδίῳ, αἳ κεῖσέ γε φέρτεραι ἦσαν.
ἦτοι γὰρ τὰς πρῶτα ἴδον περὶ τέρμα βαλούσας,
νῦν δ' οὔπη δύναμαι ἰδέειν· πάντη δέ μοι ὄσσε
Τρωϊκὸν ἂμ πεδίον παπταίνετον εἰσορόωντι.
ἠὲ τὸν ἡνίοχον φύγον ἡνία, οὐδ' ἐδυνάσθη
εὖ σχεθέειν περὶ τέρμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησεν ἑλίξας·
ἔνθα μιν ἐκπεσέειν ὀΐω σύν θ' ἅρματα ἆξαι,
αἱ δ' ἐξηρώησαν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.
ἀλλὰ ἴδεσθε καὶ ὔμμες ἀνασταδόν· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
εὖ διαγιγνώσκω· δοκέει δέ μοι ἔμμεναι ἀνὴρ
Αἰτωλὸς γενεὴν, μετὰ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσει,
Τυδέος ἱπποδάμου υἱὸς, κρατερὸς Διομήδης."

"Speed! To perdition speed, Antilochus!
No mortal man e'er did a fouler wrong.
Falsely Achaia deems thee brave and true:
Yet, save thou back'st it by an oath forsworn,
Thou shalt not by this practice bear the prize."
Then, to his horses turning, cried, and said:
"Be ye not stay'd, nor chafèd overmuch.
Their feet and limbs shall fail them sooner far
Than yours; for they are of a youth outworn."
He spoke, and, quivering to their driver's cry,
They answer'd, and soon near the others drew.

Meantime the people sate, and watch'd the steeds
Clouded in dust and flying o'er the plain:
Till first the Cretan Chief Idomeneus
Distinguish'd whose the horses: for he sate
High on a place of vantage and outside
The general circle; whence he caught the voice
Cheering the foremost on, though still afar;
And knew the leader, by conspicuous mark—
A chestnut all parts else, but on the brow
Like the full moon one bright white circle shone.
Erect above the others thus he spake:
"My friends, and captains of Achaia's host!
Do ye descry the steeds, or I alone?
I see the foremost shifted, and in front
Another driver shows; for his who led
First from the start, have fall'n in their career.
I saw them foremost round the goal, but now
No more descry them, though I roll my eyes
O'erlooking hence the whole wide field of Troy.
Either the reins have slidden from his hands,
Or he hath fail'd, when wheeling round the goal,
To hold his horses, and hath met mishap.
Fallen I deem him, and his car destroy'd,
His mares astray and with wild fear distraught.
But rise, and see with your own eyes; myself
Distinguish clear; the first is now the son
Of noble Tydeus, valiant Diomed,
By birth Ætolian, and in Argos King."

Τὸν δ' αἰσχρῶς ἐνένιπεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας·
" Ἰδομενεῦ, τί πάρος λαβρεύεαι; αἱ δέ τ' ἄνευθεν
ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες πολέος πεδίοιο δίενται.
οὔτε νεώτατός ἐσσι μετ' Ἀργείοισι τοσοῦτον
οὔτε τοι ὀξύτατον κεφαλῆς ἔκ δέρκεται ὄσσε·
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μύθοις λαβρεύεαι. οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
λαβραγόρην ἔμεναι· πάρα γὰρ καὶ ἀμείνονες ἄλλοι.
ἵπποι δ' αὐταὶ ἔασι παροίτεραι, αἳ τὸ πάρος περ,
Εὐμήλου, ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἔχων εὔληρα βέβηκεν."
Τὸν δὲ χολωσάμενος Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα·
" Αἶαν, νεῖκος ἄριστε, κακοφραδὲς, ἄλλα τε πάντα
δεύεαι Ἀργείων, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
δεῦρό νυν, ἢ τρίποδος περιδώμεθον ἠὲ λέβητος·
ἵστορα δ' Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα θείομεν ἄμφω,
ὁππότεραι πρόσθ' ἵπποι, ἵνα γνώῃς ἀποτίνων."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὤρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας
χωόμενος χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείψασθαι ἐπέεσσιν.
καί νύ κε δὴ προτέρω ἔτ' ἔρις γένετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ φάτο μῦθον·
" Μηκέτι νῦν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείβεσθον ἐπέεσσιν,
Αἶαν Ἰδομενεῦ τε, κακοῖς, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικεν.
καὶ δ' ἄλλῳ νεμεσᾶτον, ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε ῥέζοι.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσοράασθε
ἵππους· οἱ δὲ τάχ' αὐτοὶ ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης
ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσονται· τότε δὲ γνώσεσθε ἕκαστος
ἵππους Ἀργείων, οἳ δεύτεροι οἵ τε πάροιθεν."
Ὣς φάτο, Τυδείδης δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλθε διώκων,
μάστι δ' αἰὲν ἔλαυνε κατωμαδόν· οἱ δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὑψόσ' ἀειρέσθην ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.
αἰεὶ δ' ἡνίοχον κονίης ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον,
ἅρματα δὲ χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένα κασσιτέρῳ τε
ἵπποις ὠκυπόδεσσιν ἐπέτρεχον· οὐδέ τι πολλὴ
γίγνετ' ἐπισσώτρων ἁρματροχιὴ κατόπισθεν
ἐν λεπτῇ κονίῃ· τὼ δὲ σπεύδοντε πετέσθην.
στῆ δὲ μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι, πολὺς δ' ἀνεκήκιεν ἱδρὼς
ἵππων ἔκ τε λόφων καὶ ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χαμᾶζε.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος,
κλῖνε δ' ἄρα μάστιγα ποτὶ ζυγόν. οὐδ' ἐμάτησεν
ἴφθιμος Σθένελος, ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως λάβ' ἄεθλον,

To whom swift Ajax, great Oïleus' son,
Made answer, and with angry words assail'd :
"Why prate before the time, Idomeneus?
The steeds still gallop on the plain far off;
Nor art thou so the youngest of the host,
That thine should be the keenest ken of all.
It is thy wont to prate ; yet scarce such talk
Beseems thy place where better chieftains sit.
I tell thee, as at first, the selfsame mares
Lead, and their lord Eumelus holds their reins."
To whom in wrath the Cretan thus rejoin'd :
"Ajax, to strife most prompt and evil words,
But else much lacking, ever rough in mood !
A tripod or a caldron stake thou down
In wager; and be witness Atreus' Son,
The King, whose horses run the foremost now :
Losing and paying, thou wilt know me true."
He spoke ; swift Ajax, Oïliades,
Rose anger'd, to requite with bitter words ;
And soon the strife betwixt them had waxen hot,
Had not Achilles risen and spoken thus :
"Ajax ! Idomeneus ! these evil words
Bandy no longer, all unmeet ; yourselves
Were anger'd with whoe'er should do the like.
Be seated still ; ye soon will see the steeds ;
Hasting to victory they will come, and bear
Their own good witness, whose be first, whose next."
He spoke ; and now Tydides drew quite nigh,
Pressing still onward, plying ceaseless thong.
Lightly his coursers with uplifted limbs
Made their swift passage, and with dust the spokes
Sprinkled the driver ; on the horses' heels
The car, with gold and dark enamel thick,
Trod ever, nor behind indented left
In the fine sand the traces of the tires.
So swift they flew ; till in the arena's midst
He stay'd them ; and from off their chests and crests
The sweat 'gan gush in runnels to the ground.
Himself then bounding from the glittering car
Laid on the yoke his goad ; and Sthenelus

δῶκε δ' ἄγειν ἑτάροισιν ὑπερθύμοισι γυναῖκα
καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα φέρειν· ὁ δ' ἔλυεν ὑφ' ἵππους.

Τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀντίλοχος Νηλήϊος ἤλασεν ἵππους,
κέρδεσιν, οὔτι τάχει γε, παραφθάμενος Μενέλαον·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς Μενέλαος ἔχ' ἐγγύθεν ὠκέας ἵππους.
ὅσσον δὲ τροχοῦ ἵππος ἀφίσταται, ὅς ῥά τ' ἄνακτα
ἕλκησιν πεδίοιο τιταινόμενος σὺν ὄχεσφιν·
τοῦ μέν τε ψαύουσιν ἐπισσώτρου τρίχες ἄκραι
οὐραῖαι· ὁ δέ τ' ἄγχι μάλα τρέχει, οὐδέ τι πολλὴ
χώρη μεσσηγὺς, πολέος πεδίοιο θέοντος·
τόσσον δὴ Μενέλαος ἀμύμονος Ἀντιλόχοιο
λείπετ'· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα καὶ ἐς δίσκουρα λέλειπτο,
ἀλλά μιν αἶψα κίχανεν· ὀφέλλετο γὰρ μένος ἠὺ
ἵππου τῆς Ἀγαμεμνονέης, καλλίτριχος Αἴθης.
εἰ δέ κ' ἔτι προτέρω γένετο δρόμος ἀμφοτέροισιν,
τῷ κέν μιν παρέλασσ' οὐδ' ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν.
αὐτὰρ Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος,
λείπετ' ἀγακλῆος Μενελάου δουρὸς ἐρωήν·
βάρδιστοι μὲν γάρ οἱ ἔσαν καλλίτριχες ἵπποι,
ἤκιστος δ' ἦν αὐτὸς ἐλαυνέμεν ἅρμ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.
υἱὸς δ' Ἀδμήτοιο πανύστατος ἤλυθεν ἄλλων,
ἕλκων ἅρματα καλὰ, ἐλαύνων πρόσσοθεν ἵππους.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὤκτειρε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
στὰς δ' ἄρ' ἐν Ἀργείοις ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·

"Λοῖσθος ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ἐλαύνει μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δή οἱ δῶμεν ἀέθλιον, ὡς ἐπιεικὲς,
δεύτερ'· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα φερέσθω Τυδέος υἱός."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνεον ὡς ἐκέλευεν.
καί νύ κέ οἱ πόρεν ἵππον—ἐπήνησαν γὰρ Ἀχαιοί—
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς,
Πηλείδην Ἀχιλῆα δίκῃ ἠμείψατ' ἀναστάς·

"Ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, μάλα τοι κεχολώσομαι, αἴ κε τελέσσῃς
τοῦτο ἔπος· μέλλεις γὰρ ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἄεθλον,
τὰ φρονέων ὅτι βλάβεν ἅρματα καὶ ταχὲ' ἵππω
αὐτός τ' ἐσθλὸς ἐών. ἀλλ' ὄφελεν ἀθανάτοισιν
εὔχεσθαι· τό κεν οὔτι πανύστατος ἦλθε διώκων.

Was ready there, his follower, handing o'er
The prizes, maid and tripod, to his train,
And his own self unharnessing the steeds.

Next came—yet not in Menelaus' front
By speed, but by foul practice—Nestor's Son;
Whom Menelaus, nathless, press'd most hard;
Near as a horse before a wheel, who draws
His master at full stretch across a plain,
Brushing the tire behind, so near he runs,
With narrow space betwixt him and the wheel,
Whilst free and far he gallops; ev'n so near
Show'd Menelaus to Antilochus,
Albeit at first a full quoit-cast behind;
And fast was gaining, for his brother's mare
Æthè was waxing of her noble might;
Yea, had the course some paces further stretch'd,
He had flown foremost, clean, beyond demur.

A spear-throw after these, Meriones,
The gallant follower of Idomeneus,
Came fourth; for of the horses in that race
His were the slowest, and himself least skill'd
To drive a chariot on the course. But, last,
Driving some steps in front his horses loose,
And with his own hands dragging slow his car,
The King Eumelus. Peleus' fleetfoot Son
Had ruth beholding, and arose, and said:
"The best hath come the last; the second meed
Be his, his due; the first be Tydeus' Son's."
He spoke, and, to his bidding all acclaim'd.
Thereafter had Eumelus ta'en the mare,
Had not Antilochus, brave Nestor's son,
Uprisen, and made just answer thus, and said:
"Achilles, wroth were I, if, as thou sayst,
So thou shouldst do. Me of my meed thou robb'st,
Considering this, that his swift steeds and car
Were sudden maim'd, but he is brave and good:
Yet, had he, as behoved him, pray'd the Gods,
He had not lagged the hindmost in this race.

εἰ δέ μιν οἰκτείρεις καί τοι φίλος ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
ἔστι τοι ἐν κλισίῃ χρυσὸς πολύς, ἔστι δὲ χαλκὸς
καὶ πρόβατ', εἰσὶ δέ τοι δμωαὶ καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·
τῶν οἱ ἔπειτ' ἀνελὼν δόμεναι καὶ μεῖζον ἄεθλον,
ἠὲ καὶ αὐτίκα νῦν, ἵνα σ' αἰνήσωσιν Ἀχαιοί.
τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ δώσω· περὶ δ' αὐτῆς πειρηθήτω
ἀνδρῶν ὅς κ' ἐθέλῃσιν ἐμοὶ χείρεσσι μάχεσθαι."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
χαίρων Ἀντιλόχῳ, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος·
καί μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

" Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ μὲν δή με κελεύεις οἴκοθεν ἄλλο
Εὐμήλῳ ἐπιδοῦναι, ἐγὼ δέ κε καὶ τὸ τελέσσω.
δώσω οἱ θώρηκα, τὸν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων,
χάλκεον, ᾧ πέρι χεῦμα φαεινοῦ κασσιτέροιο
ἀμφιδεδίνηται· πολέος δέ οἱ ἄξιος ἔσται."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι φίλῳ ἐκέλευσεν ἑταίρῳ
οἰσέμεναι κλισίηθεν· ὁ δ' ᾤχετο καί οἱ ἔνεικεν.
[Εὐμήλῳ δ' ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων.]

Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἄμοτον κεχολωμένος· ἐν δ' ἄρα κῆρυξ
χερσὶ σκῆπτρον ἔθηκε, σιωπῆσαί τ' ἐκέλευσεν
Ἀργείους· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μετηύδα ἰσόθεος φώς·

" Ἀντίλοχε, πρύσθεν πεπνυμένε, ποῖον ἔρεξας.
ἦσχυνας μὲν ἐμὴν ἀρετὴν, βλάψας δέ μοι ἵππους,
τοὺς σοὺς πρόσθε βαλών, οἵ τοι πολὺ χείρονες ἦσαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέροισι δικάσσατε, μηδ' ἐπ' ἀρωγῇ·
μήποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
'Ἀντίλοχον ψεύδεσσι βιησάμενος Μενέλαος
οἴχεται ἵππον ἄγων, ὅτι οἱ πολὺ χείρονες ἦσαν
ἵπποι, αὐτὸς δὲ κρείσσων ἀρετῇ τε βίῃ τε.'
εἰ δ' ἄγ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς δικάσω, καί μ' οὔτινά φημι
ἄλλον ἐπιπλήξειν Δαναῶν· ἰθεῖα γὰρ ἔσται.
Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφὲς, ἣ θέμις ἐστὶν,
στὰς ἵππων προπάροιθε καὶ ἅρματος, αὐτὰρ ἱμάσθλην

And, if such ruth and favour thou wouldst show,
Much gold thou hast, much brass, within thy tent,
And flocks and herds; damsels thou hast, and steeds;
Of these, an so thou list, a larger meed
Bestow upon him to thine own high praise.
The mare I will not yield; and who shall seek
To take her, let him meet me hand to hand."
He spoke, on whom the fleetfoot hero smiled,
Rejoicing in him, for he loved him much;
And thus in answer wingèd words address'd:
"Bid me yet more, Antilochus, bestow,
And I fulfil thy bidding. I will give
The corslet that I stripp'd from off the breast
Of brave Asteropæus, ribb'd with brass
And edged with bright enamel; great its price.
He spoke, and to Automedon gave word
To bring it from his tent, who brought it forth:
He gave it to Eumelus' hands; with joy
Grateful, Eumelus took it.
Then uprose
Amongst them Menelaus, chafed at heart,
Exceeding wroth with Nestor's Son; to whom
A herald gave the sceptre, ere he spake,
And bade the host keep silence. He began:
"Antilochus, discreet esteem'd till now!
Why hast thou done this? Who hast shamed my skill
And hurt my horses, thrusting to the front
Thine own, inferior far. To you I turn,
Chiefs, captains of Achaia! 'Twixt us twain
Give judgment fair, abetting neither side,
Lest from our men-at-arms the cry should be,
How Atreus' Son hath wrong'd Antilochus
With falsehood, and hath ta'en the prize, the mare,
For that, albeit his steeds were much the worse,
Himself was mightier by his place and power.
Yet might I speak the judgment in my cause,
This ne'er were cast by Danaan in my teeth;
For plain 'twill be and straight. Antilochus,
Stand forth, Zeusborn! And take into thine hand
The selfsame limber thong wherewith thou drav'st,

χερσὶν ἔχων ῥαδινὴν, ἧπερ τὸ πρόσθεν ἔλαυνες,
ἵππων ἁψάμενος γαιήοχον ἐννοσίγαιον
ὄμνυθι μὴ μὲν ἑκὼν τὸ ἐμὸν δόλῳ ἅρμα πεδῆσαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἀντίλοχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
" ἄνσχεο νῦν· πολλὸν γὰρ ἔγωγε νεώτερός εἰμι
σεῖο, ἄναξ Μενέλαε, σὺ δὲ πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων.
οἶσθ' οἷαι νέου ἀνδρὸς ὑπερβασίαι τελέθουσιν·
κραιπνότερος μὲν γάρ τε νόος, λεπτὴ δέ τε μῆτις.
τῷ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη· ἵππον δέ τοι αὐτὸς
δώσω, τὴν ἀρόμην. εἰ καί νύ κεν οἴκοθεν ἄλλο
μείζον ἐπαιτήσειας, ἄφαρ κέ τοι αὐτίκα δοῦναι
βουλοίμην ἢ σοίγε, διοτρεφὲς, ἤματα πάντα
ἐκ θυμοῦ πεσέειν καὶ δαίμοσιν εἶναι ἀλιτρός."

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἵππον ἄγων μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς
ἐν χείρεσσι τίθει Μενελάου. τοῖο δὲ θυμὸς
ἰάνθη, ὡσεί τε περὶ σταχύεσσιν ἐέρση
ληΐου ἀλδήσκοντος, ὅτε φρίσσουσιν ἄρουραι·
ὣς ἄρα σοὶ, Μενέλαε, μετὰ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

" Ἀντίλοχε, νῦν μέν τοι ἐγὼν ὑποείξομαι αὐτὸς
χωόμενος, ἐπεὶ οὔτι παρήορος οὐδ' ἀεσίφρων
ἦσθα πάρος· νῦν αὖτε νόον νίκησε νεοίη.
δεύτερον αὖτ' ἀλέασθαι ἀμείνονας ἠπεροπεύειν.
οὐ γάρ κέν με τάχ' ἄλλος ἀνὴρ παρέπεισεν Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ δὴ πόλλ' ἔπαθες καὶ πόλλ' ἐμόγησας,
σός τε πατὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἀδελφεὸς, εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο·
τῷ τοι λισσομένῳ ἐπιπείσομαι, ἠδὲ καὶ ἵππον
δώσω, ἐμήν περ ἐοῦσαν, ἵνα γνώωσι καὶ οἵδε
ὡς ἐμὸς οὔποτε θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἀντιλόχοιο Νοήμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ
ἵππον ἄγειν· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα λέβηθ' ἕλε παμφανόωντα.
Μηριόνης δ' ἀνάειρε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα
τέτρατος ὡς ἔλασεν. πέμπτον δ' ὑπελείπετ' ἄεθλον,

And with thy palm upon thy horses' heads
Swear by the God whose billows clasp the earth,
Ennosigæus, that thou didst not check
My chariot or by malice or by guile.'
Antilochus made answer thus discreet:
"For my youth's sake this while forbear the wrong,
Most noble Menelaus! Thou in years
Art elder, and in power excelling far.
Thou know'st the faults to which a youth is prone;
Sudden his temper, and his forethought weak.
But be appeased; I render back the mare
Which I have ta'en. Yea, aught from out my house
That thou couldst ask, I'd gladlier bring forthwith,
Than live, most noble chief, for all my days
Fall'n from thy heart, and sinning against the Gods."
Speaking, the son of noble Nestor led
The mare and gave her to his hands; whose heart
Was melted; as in ripen'd field, when earth
Is bristling with the bearded grain, the dew
Softeneth the ears; ev'n so, O Atreus' Son,
The heart was soften'd in thee, and thou thus
Mad'st answer, and address'd him winged words:
"Now, whatsoe'er mine anger, of free will,
Antilochus, I yield it up to thee.
'Twas ne'er thy use in wantonness to err;
This while thy youth o'ercame thy better sense.
Yet shun henceforth such practice on thy chiefs.
No other man alive hath won me thus;
But thou hast labour'd much, hast suffer'd much,
Thou, and thy brother, and thy father brave,
For this my cause; and therefore to thy voice
I hearken, and will render up the mare,
Though mine she is by right; that all who see
May know me of no proud, ungentle mood."
He spoke, and to the brave Noemon gave
The mare, to lead her to Antilochus;
But took the glittering caldron for his meed.

Then fourth, as fourth he drave, Meriones
Took the two golden talents. The fifth prize

ἀμφίθετος φιάλη· τὴν Νέστορι δῶκεν Ἀχιλλεὺς,
Ἀργείων ἀν' ἀγῶνα φέρων, καὶ ἔειπε παραστάς·

"Τῇ νῦν, καὶ σοὶ τοῦτο, γέρον, κειμήλιον ἔστω,
Πατρόκλοιο τάφου μνῆμ' ἔμμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτόν
ὄψει ἐν Ἀργείοισι· δίδωμι δέ τοι τόδ' ἄεθλον
αὖτως· οὐ γὰρ πύξ γε μαχήσεαι, οὐδὲ παλαίσεις,
οὐδέ τ' ἀκοντιστὺν ἐσδύσεαι, οὐδὲ πόδεσσιν
θεύσεαι· ἤδη γὰρ χαλεπὸν κατὰ γῆρας ἐπείγει."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.

"Ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα, φίλος, πόδες, οὐδ' ἔτι χεῖρες
ὤμων ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπαΐσσονται ἐλαφραί.
εἴθ' ὡς ἡβώοιμι βίη τέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη,
ὡς ὁπότε κρείοντ' Ἀμαρυγκέα θάπτον Ἐπειοὶ
Βουπρασίῳ, παῖδες δ' ἔθεσαν βασιλῆος ἄεθλα·
ἔνθ' οὔτις μοι ὁμοῖος ἀνὴρ γένετ', οὔτ' ἄρ' Ἐπειῶν
οὔτ' αὐτῶν Πυλίων οὔτ' Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.
πὺξ μὲν ἐνίκησα Κλυτομήδεα, Ἥνοπος υἱὸν,
Ἀγκαῖον δὲ πάλῃ Πλευρώνιον, ὅς μοι ἀνέστη·
Ἴφικλον δὲ πόδεσσι παρέδραμον ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα,
δουρὶ δ' ὑπειρέβαλον Φυλῆά τε καὶ Πολύδωρον.
οἵοισίν μ' ἵπποισι παρήλασαν Ἀκτορίωνε,
πλήθει πρόσθε βαλόντες, ἀγασσάμενοι περὶ νίκης,
οὕνεκα δὴ τὰ μέγιστα παρ' αὐτόφι λείπετ' ἄεθλα.
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν δίδυμοι· ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν,
ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευ', ὁ δ' ἄρα μάστιγι κέλευεν.
ὥς ποτ' ἔον· νῦν αὖτε νεώτεροι ἀντιόωντων
ἔργων τοιούτων· ἐμὲ δὲ χρὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ
πείθεσθαι, τότε δ' αὖτε μετέπρεπον ἡρώεσσιν.

Remain'd, the chalice with the double cup;
And this Achilles took and through the throng
Bare it to Nestor, at whose side he spake:
"Be this, my Sire, an heirloom in thy house,
For memory of Patroclus and his grave;
Since him alive thou ne'er again canst see
Amongst the people. This I give to thee,
Thy due, unwon, who mayst not enter now
The arena, nor to wrestle, nor to box,
Nor throw the javelin, nor in footrace run
Victorious; for thy years oppress thee sore."
He spoke, and gave it to his hands; with joy
The Elder took it, and made answer thus:
"Well, O my child, and truly hast thou said.
My limbs, belovèd, are not firm, my feet
Early give way, no longer may my hands
Spring nimbly from my shoulders to and fro.
Would I were young, and of such strength, as when
The Epeians buried in Buprasium
Their sovereign Amarynces, and his sons
Set forth their prizes at his funeral-feast.
No man show'd then my equal; none of all
The Epeians, or the brave Ætolian clans,
Or mine own Pylians; in the boxers' bout
I vanquish'd Clytomedes, Ænops' son;
Ancæus in the wrestle, who was born
In Pleuron, and rose up against me there;
Swift though he was of foot, Iphiclus fail'd
Against me; and with javelin I outthrew
Phyleus and Polydorus. All I gain'd
Save one; for in the chariot-race the sons
Of Actor, two upon the selfsame car
O'ercame me; for that they were two, and one
Might ply the reins with undivided mind,
And one might urge the steeds with ceaseless lash,
And both begrudged to me the victory,
For largest was its prize, and last remain'd.
Such was I once; but now let younger men
Meet and partake such feats; to painful age
I yield me, who show'd first of heroes then.

ἀλλ' ἴθι καὶ σὸν ἑταῖρον ἀέθλοισι κτερέϊζε.
τοῦτο δ' ἐγὼ πρόφρων δέχομαι, χαίρει δέ μοι ἦτορ,
ὥς μευ ἀεὶ μέμνησαι ἐνηέος, οὐδέ σε λήθω
τιμῆς ἥστέ μ' ἔοικε τετιμῆσθαι μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.
σοὶ δὲ θεοὶ τῶνδ' ἀντὶ χάριν μενοεικέα δοῖεν."

Ὣς φάτο, Πηλείδης δὲ πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον Ἀχαιῶν
ᾤχετ', ἐπεὶ πάντ' αἶνον ἐπέκλυε Νηλείδαο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης ἀλεγεινῆς θῆκεν ἄεθλα·
ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κατέδησ' ἐν ἀγῶνι
ἐξέτε' ἀδμήτην, ἥτ' ἀλγίστη δαμάσασθαι·
τῷ δ' ἄρα νικηθέντι τίθει δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

"Ἀτρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥπερ ἀρίστω,
πὺξ μάλ' ἀνασχομένω πεπληγέμεν. ᾧ δέ κ' Ἀπόλλων
δώῃ καμμονίην, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί,
ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κλισίηνδε νεέσθω·
αὐτὰρ ὁ νικηθεὶς δέπας οἴσεται ἀμφικύπελλον."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὤρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' ἀνὴρ ἠΰς τε μέγας τε
εἰδὼς πυγμαχίης, υἱὸς Πανοπῆος Ἐπειός·
ἄψατο δ' ἡμιόνου ταλαεργοῦ φώνησέν τε·

"Ἄσσον ἴτω ὅστις δέπας οἴσεται ἀμφικύπελλον·
ἡμίονον δ' οὔ φημί τιν' ἀξέμεν ἄλλον Ἀχαιῶν
πυγμῇ νικήσαντ', ἐπεὶ εὔχομαι εἶναι ἄριστος.
ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὅττι μάχης ἐπιδεύομαι; οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν
ἐν πάντεσσ' ἔργοισι δαήμονα φῶτα γενέσθαι.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
ἀντικρὺ χρόα τε ῥήξω σύν τ' ὀστέ' ἀράξω.
κηδεμόνες δέ οἱ ἐνθάδ' ἀολλέες αὖθι μενόντων,
οἵ κέ μιν ἐξοίσουσιν ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμέντα."

But go, and do thou honour to the grave
Of thy lost friend. This gift I gladly take ;
Yea, and my heart rejoiceth, that thou still
Art mindful of me, and thou hast my love,
Ne'er failing of the honour, wherewithal
'Tis meet that I be honour'd in this host.
The Gods requite thee with thy heart's desire ! "
He spoke, whose praise Pelides heard, well pleased,
Attentive, and thence turning through the throng
Made way, and for the boxers' bruising fight
Set forth the prizes. First a mule he brought,
Unbroken yet and stubborn to the yoke,
Six years of age, and tough and hard to toil,
And bound it in the mid arena fast.
This for the victor ; for the vanquish'd, next
He laid a chalice with a double cup ;
Then rose erect and spake before them all :
" Atrides, and Achaia's mailèd host !
We summon forth to combat for these meeds
The twain, whoe'er they be, who boast themselves
Best skill'd to ply the cestus and endure.
Whom with endurance Phœbus most endows,
Here in the sight of all Achaia's host,
Be his to take this toil-enduring mule ;
The vanquish'd home may bear this double cup."
He spoke ; and Epeus, son of Panopeus,
Straightway rose up, a man of might and huge,
Skill'd in the boxer's art, and laid his hand
Upon the toil-enduring mule, and spake :
" Let who would win the chalice draw him near.
The mule no man shall gain from me, or vaunt
A victory in this contest ; for herein
I boast me without peer. To be excell'd
In daily battle—is not that enow ?
Yet none in every art may be supreme,
But each in one ; and what I say shall be :
Whoso ariseth, I will bruise his flesh
And crush his jaws together ; let his friends
Be near at hand and gather in a throng
To bear him off, subdued before my arm."

"Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
Εὐρύαλος δέ οἱ οἷος ἀνίστατο, ἰσόθεος φώς,
Μηκιστέος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἄνακτος,
ὅς ποτε Θήβασδ' ἦλθε δεδουπότος Οἰδιπόδαο
ἐς τάφον· ἔνθα δε πάντας ἐνίκα Καδμείωνας.
τὸν μὲν Τυδείδης δουρικλυτὸς ἀμφεπονεῖτο,
θαρσύνων ἔπεσιν, μέγα δ' αὐτῷ βούλετο νίκην.
ζῶμα δέ οἱ πρῶτον παρακάββαλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
δῶκεν ἱμάντας ἐϋτμήτους βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο.
τὼ δὲ ζωσαμένω βήτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα,
ἄντα δ' ἀνασχομένω χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν ἄμ' ἄμφω
σύν ῥ' ἔπεσον, σὺν δέ σφι βαρεῖαι χεῖρες ἔμιχθεν.
δεινὸς δὲ χρόμαδος γενύων γένετ', ἔῤῥεε δ' ἱδρὼς
πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων· ἐπὶ δ' ὦρνυτο δῖος Ἐπειὸς,
κόψε δὲ παπτήναντα παρήϊον· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἐστήκειν· αὐτοῦ γὰρ ὑπήριπε φαίδιμα γυῖα.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ φρικὸς Βορέω ἀναπάλλεται ἰχθὺς
θίν' ἐν φυκιόεντι, μέλαν δέ ἑ κῦμα κάλυψεν,
ὣς πληγεὶς ἀνέπαλτ'. αὐτὰρ μεγάθυμος Ἐπειὸς
χερσὶ λαβὼν ὤρθωσε· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι,
οἵ μιν ἄγον δι' ἀγῶνος ἐφελκομένοισι πόδεσσιν,
αἷμα παχὺ πτύοντα, κάρη βάλλονθ' ἑτέρωσε·
κὰδ δ' ἀλλοφρονέοντα μετὰ σφίσιν εἷσαν ἄγοντες,
αὐτοὶ δ' οἰχόμενοι κόμισαν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.

Πηλείδης δ' αἶψ' ἄλλα κατὰ τρίτα θῆκεν ἄεθλα,
δεικνύμενος Δαναοῖσι, παλαισμοσύνης ἀλεγεινῆς·
τῷ μὲν νικήσαντι μέγαν τρίποδ' ἐμπυριβήτην,
τὸν δὲ δυωδεκάβοιον ἐνὶ σφίσι τῖον Ἀχαιοί·
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι γυναῖκ' ἐς μέσσον ἔθηκεν,
πολλὰ δ' ἐπίστατο ἔργα, τίον δέ ἑ τεσσαράβοιον.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

"Ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθον."

He spoke; awhile they sate in silence all,
Till rose a godlike man, Euryalus,
Son of Mecistus, grandson of the King
Talaion. He, when in his prime, at Thebes,
At funeral of the son of Œdipus
In battle slain, of old had vanquish'd all
The chiefs of Cadmus. Now alone he rose,
Prompted thereto by gallant Tydeus' Son
Who craved the victory to his arm, and gave
With hopeful words good heart and girt his loins,
Doing him service, binding fast the gloves
Fashion'd from out the hide of grazing ox.
So, midmost of the ring, with loins begirt,
The two came forth; and face to face, erect
Stood with clench'd fists; then each on other dash'd
And plied their mingling arms with all their force.
Dread was the clatter of their jaws; and sweat
Stream'd down their limbs; till godlike Epeus rush'd
Close in, and dealt upon the cheek a blow
Under his eyes bewilder'd; long in fight
He stood not, for his limbs thereat gave way.
And, as upon a foaming coast a fish
Shows out of ocean ruffled by a breath
Of Boreas, thrown up high, and then forthwith
Falls swallow'd in the blackening wave again;
Such leap he leapt, hardsmitten; whom his foe,
The noble Epeus, raised and set erect:
And soon his loyal followers stood around,
And led him through the crowd, with trailing feet
And nodding head, and placed him all distraught
Safe on a seat, then went and brought his meed.
Then other prizes Peleus' Son set forth
Before them for the toilsome wrestling-match;
A tripod, huge, of brass, and proof to fire,
For him who won; the Danaans, where they sate,
Priced it at oxen twelve. For him who fell,
A damsel, in their midst display'd, well-skill'd
In divers arts, and priced at oxen four.
Then straight he rose and spake before them all:
"Let, who would venture for these meeds, arise."

ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις ἀνίστατο, κέρδεα εἰδώς.
ζωσαμένω δ' ἄρα τώγε βάτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα,
ἀγκὰς δ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν
ὡς ὅτ' ἀμείβοντες, τούστε κλυτὸς ἤραρε τέκτων,
δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων.
τετρίγει δ' ἄρα νῶτα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἑλκόμενα στερεῶς· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἱδρώς·
πυκναὶ δὲ σμώδιγγες ἀνὰ πλευράς τε καὶ ὤμους
αἵματι φοινικόεσσαι ἀνέδραμον· οἱ δὲ μάλ' αἰεὶ
νίκης ἱέσθην τρίποδος πέρι ποιητοῖο.
οὔτ' Ὀδυσεὺς δύνατο σφῆλαι οὔδει τε πελάσσαι,
οὔτ' Αἴας δύνατο, κρατερὴ δ' ἔχεν ἶς Ὀδυσῆος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἀνίαζον ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς,
δὴ τότε μιν προσέειπε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·

"Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
ἤ μ' ἀνάειρ', ἢ ἐγὼ σέ· τὰ δ' αὖ Διὶ πάντα μελήσει."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀνάειρε· δόλου δ' οὐ λήθετ' Ὀδυσσεύς·
κόψ' ὄπιθεν κώληπα τυχὼν, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα·
κὰδ δ' ἔβαλ' ἐξοπίσω· ἐπὶ δὲ στήθεσσιν Ὀδυσσεὺς
κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ' αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε.
δεύτερος αὖτ' ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,
κίνησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς, οὐδέ τ' ἄειρεν,
ἐν δὲ γόνυ γνάμψεν· ἐπὶ δὲ χθονὶ κάππεσον ἄμφω
πλησίοι ἀλλήλοισι, μιάνθησαν δὲ κονίῃ.
καί νύ κε τὸ τρίτον αὖτις ἀναΐξαντ' ἐπάλαιον,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ κατέρυκεν·

"Μηκέτ' ἐρείδεσθον, μηδὲ τρίβεσθε κακοῖσιν·
νίκη δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀέθλια δ' ἶσ' ἀνελόντες
ἔρχεσθ', ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἀεθλεύωσιν Ἀχαιοί."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο,
καί ῥ' ἀπομορξαμένω κονίην δύσαντο χιτῶνας.

He spoke ; and Telamonian Ajax first
Rose up ; Odysseus next, the king of craft ;
And both anon, with loins begirt, came forth
Into the ring, and gripp'd with brawny hands
Each other by the elbows ; show'd their arms
Like interlacing rafters, fitted firm
By a famed builder in a lofty roof
From forceful winds the shelter ; off them stream'd
Their sweat, and in the stern strain of strong hands
Creak'd their broad backs, whilst, purple with their blood,
The veins rose on their ribs and shoulders swoll'n :
And either's heart was longing ardently
To win the brass-wrought tripod. For some while
Odysseus could not trip or stretch on earth
Ajax, nor Ajax him, whose strength held firm ;
Till, when the mailèd crowd 'gan feel annoy,
Ajax thus spake, the son of Telamon :
" Most wise, most brave, Laertes' Zeus-sprung Son !
Suffer that I lift thee, or thou lift me,
And leave the issue to the care of Zeus."
He spoke, and lifted first from off the ground
Odysseus, who, not therefore of his craft
Unmindful, with his heel enwound behind
In the knee-bend, o'erturn'd him, and made slack
The limbs beneath him, that he backward fell
Flat, with Odysseus on his chest enclasp'd :
The crowd admiring gazed, and gave applause.
Much-suffering brave Odysseus in his turn
Then raised the other, yet from off the ground
Could lift but little space, nor hold at all ;
But his own knee gave way, that both fell down
Beside each other, in the dust befoul'd.
Then up sprang both, and quick had closed again
For a third bout, had not Achilles risen
Himself and stay'd them and address'd them thus :
" Strive ye no more, of such discomfort fond ;
Either hath conquered ; equal guerdons take,
And part, that others may have place to win."
He spoke ; to whom they hearken'd, nothing loth,
Cleansed them of dust, and donn'd their coats of mail.

Πηλείδης δ' αἶψ' ἄλλα τίθει ταχυτῆτος ἄεθλα,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, τετυγμένον· ἓξ δ' ἄρα μέτρα
χάνδανεν, αὐτὰρ κάλλει ἐνίκα πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν
πολλὸν, ἐπεὶ Σιδόνες πολυδαίδαλοι εὖ ἤσκησαν,
Φοίνικες δ' ἄγον ἄνδρες ἐπ' ἠεροειδέα πόντον,
στῆσαν δ' ἐν λιμένεσσι, Θόαντι δὲ δῶρον ἔδωκαν·
υἱὸς δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονος ὦνον ἔδωκεν
Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ Ἰησονίδης Εὔνηος.
καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλεὺς θῆκεν ἀέθλιον οὐ ἑτάροιο,
ὅστις ἐλαφρότατος ποσσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέλοιτο·
δευτέρῳ αὖ βοῦν θῆκε μέγαν καὶ πίονα δημῷ,
ἡμιτάλαντον δὲ χρυσοῦ λοισθήϊ' ἔθηκεν.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

" Ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε."
ὣς ἔφατ', ὤρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις, ἔπειτα δὲ Νέστορος υἱὸς,
Ἀντίλοχος· ὁ γὰρ αὖτε νέους ποσὶ πάντας ἐνίκα.
[στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί· σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεύς.]
τοῖσι δ' ἀπὸ νύσσης τέτατο δρόμος· ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα
ἔκφερ' Ὀϊλιάδης· ἐπὶ δ' ὤρνυτο δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἄγχι μάλ', ὡς ὅτε τίς τε γυναικὸς ἐϋζώνοιο
στήθεός ἐστι κανὼν, ὅντ' εὖ μάλα χερσὶ τανύσσῃ
πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀγχόθι δ' ἴσχει
στήθεος· ὣς Ὀδυσεὺς θέεν ἐγγύθεν, αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
ἴχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι·
κὰδ δ' ἄρα οἱ κεφαλῆς χέ' ἀϋτμένα δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
αἰεὶ ῥίμφα θέων· ἴαχον δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
νίκης ἱεμένῳ, μάλα δὲ σπεύδοντι κέλευον.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον, αὐτίκ' Ὀδυσσεὺς
εὔχετ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι ὃν κατὰ θυμόν·
" κλῦθι, θεὰ, ἀγαθή μοι ἐπίῤῥοθος ἐλθὲ ποδοῖιν."
ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρὰ, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλον ἐπαΐξασθαι ἄεθλον,

Next, other prizes Peleus' Son set forth
For speed of foot; a cup of silver wrought,
Holding six measures, peerless through the world
For beauty; in rich Sidon fashioned first
By cunning city-craftsmen; thence aboard
Brought by Phœnicians o'er the misty sea,
Who stay'd their vessel in the Lesbian ports
And gave it to King Thoas: Jason's Son
Eunœus gave it next as ransom-price
For young Lycaon, noble Priam's child,
Ev'n to Patroclus; in whose honour now
Achilles for the fleetest made it prize.
A lusty bull he made the second meed;
The third, a full half-talent of pure gold;
Then rose erect, and spake before them all:
"Let who would venture for these meeds arise."
He spoke. Oïleus' fleetfoot son first rose,
The lesser Ajax; sage Odysseus next;
Then aged Nestor's son, Antilochus,
Of all Achaia's youth the fleetest foot.
They ranged them side by side, and Peleus' Son
Mark'd them their goals. But from the start they made
Their utmost pace; and swift Oïleus' son
Bare foremost, but on him Odysseus press'd;
As near as to a well-girt damsel's breast
The shuttle which she plies with nimble hand,
Drawing the yarn from off the reel, and holds
Near to her bosom; ev'n so near still sped
Divine Odysseus, hard on Ajax' heel,
Treading his footsteps ere their dust had risen,
And breathing hot upon his nape, and ever
Lightly pursuing; whom Achaia's host
Cheer'd, as he hasten'd, longing for the meed.
And both had near'd the finish of the course,
When in his own brave heart Odysseus call'd
With prayer on Pallas, Maiden azure-eyed:
"Be helpful, mighty Goddess, to my foot."
He spoke, whose prayer Athene heard, and made
Lighter his limbs and feet, and arms above;
And they had well-nigh sprung upon the prize,

ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὄλισθε θέων—βλάψεν γὰρ Ἀθήνη—
τῇ ῥα βοῶν κέχυτ' ὄνθος ἀποκταμένων ἐριμύκων,
οὓς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ πέφνεν πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
ἐν δ' ὄνθου βοέου πλῆτο στόμα τε ῥῖνάς τε.
κρητῆρ' αὖτ' ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ὡς ἤλθε φθάμενος· ὁ δὲ βοῦν ἕλε φαίδιμος Αἴας.
στῆ δὲ κέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύων, μετὰ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

"Ὦ πόποι, ἦ μ' ἔβλαψε θεὰ πόδας, ἦ τὸ πάρος περ
μήτηρ ὣς Ὀδυσῆϊ παρίσταται ἠδ' ἐπαρήγει."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἡδὺ γέλασσαν.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἄρα δὴ λοισθήϊον ἔκφερ' ἄεθλον
μειδιόων, καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

"Εἰδόσιν ὔμμ' ἐρέω πᾶσιν, φίλοι, ὡς ἔτι καὶ νῦν
ἀθάνατοι τιμῶσι παλαιοτέρους ἀνθρώπους.
Αἴας μὲν γὰρ ἐμεῖ' ὀλίγον προγενέστερός ἐστιν,
οὗτος δὲ προτέρης γενεῆς προτέρων τ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὠμογέροντα δέ μίν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀργαλέον δὲ
ποσσὶν ἐριδήσασθαι Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεῖ."

Ὣς φάτο, κύδηνεν δὲ ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα.
τὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·

"Ἀντίλοχ', οὐ μέν τοι μέλεος εἰρήσεται αἶνος,
ἀλλά τοι ἡμιτάλαντον ἐγὼ χρυσοῦ ἐπιθήσω."

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων.
αὐτὰρ Πηλείδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
θῆκ' ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων, κατὰ δ' ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν,
τεύχεα Σαρπήδοντος, ἃ μιν Πάτροκλος ἀπηύρα.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

"Ἀνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥπερ ἀρίστω,
τεύχεα ἐσσαμένω, ταμεσίχροα χαλκὸν ἐλόντε,
ἀλλήλων προπάροιθεν ὁμίλου πειρηθῆναι.
ὁππότερός κε φθῇσιν ὀρεξάμενος χρόα καλὸν,
ψαύσῃ δ' ἐνδίνων διά τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα,
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ δώσω τόδε φάσγανον ἀργυρόηλον,
καλὸν Θρηΐκιον, τὸ μὲν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων·
τεύχεα δ' ἀμφότεροι ξυνήϊα ταῦτα φερέσθων·

When Ajax slid and fell—(Athene's hand
So tripp'd him, where the offal had been flung
Of those loud-bellowing bulls, by Peleus' Son
Slaughter'd and thrown upon Patroclus' tomb) :
He lay with mouth and nostril choked in mire ;
Whilst on Odysseus ran, and lifted high
The silver goblet. Noble Ajax rose
And took the ox ; one hand upon its horn
He stood, and spat from out his lips the mire,
And midmost of the Danaans spake and said :
"The Goddess tripp'd me—she who, ever fond,
Cleaves to Odysseus—mother to her babe !"
He spoke ; at whom right merrily they laughed.
The last prize then Antilochus took up,
Smiling well-pleased, and spake before them all :
"I speak but what ye all, my friends, know well.
The Gods delight to honour ancient men.
Ajax is elder scarce than mine own self ;
But he, divine Odysseus, who hath won,
Is of the generations now gone by ;
A green old age is his ; and him to pass
Were task to any, save to Peleus' Son."
He spoke ; and to Achilles gave the fame ;
Who, answering, thus address'd his wingèd words :
"Not to no purpose shall be this thy praise
So spoken ; but I add half-talent more."
He said, and gave it to his hands ; the youth
Received it blithe.
Then Peleus' Son set forth
The shadowing spear, the buckler, and the helm
Late by Patroclus from Sarpedon spoil'd ;
Then rose again and spake before them all :
"For these we summon forth the best in arms
To don their harness and with spear in hand
Attempt each other in a single fight.
Whoso with outstretch'd spear shall draw the blood,
To him I give this silver-hilted sword,
For brave Asteropæus wrought in Thrace,
Won when I slew him on the yester day.
These other arms shall either take in shares,

[καί σφιν δαῖτ' ἀγαθὴν παραθήσομεν ἐν κλισίῃσιν.]"

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἂν δ' ἄρα Τυδείδης ὦρτο, κρατερὸς Διομήδης.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἐκάτερθεν ὁμίλου θωρήχθησαν,
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρω συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,
δεινὸν δερκομένω· θάμβος δ' ἔχε πάντας Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τρὶς μὲν ἐπήϊξαν, τρὶς δὲ σχεδὸν ὡρμήθησαν.
ἐνθ' Αἴας μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην
νύξ', οὐδὲ χρὸ' ἵκανεν· ἔρυτο γὰρ ἔνδοθι θώρηξ·
Τυδείδης δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ὑπὲρ σάκεος μεγάλοιο
αἰὲν ἐπ' αὐχένι κῦρε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
καὶ τότε δή ῥ' Αἴαντι περιδδείσαντες Ἀχαιοὶ
παυσαμένους ἐκέλευσαν ἀέθλια ἶσ' ἀνελέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ Τυδείδῃ δῶκεν μέγα φάσγανον ἥρως
σὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ ἐϋτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.

Αὐτὰρ Πηλείδης θῆκεν σόλον αὐτοχόωνον,
ὃν πρὶν μὲν ῥίπτασκε μέγα σθένος Ἠετίωνος·
ἀλλ' ἤτοι τὸν ἔπεφνε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
τὸν δ' ἄγετ' ἐν νήεσσι σὺν ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσιν.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

"Ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε·
εἴ οἱ καὶ μάλα πολλὸν ἀπόπροθι πίονες ἀγροὶ,
ἕξει μιν καὶ πέντε περιπλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
χρεώμενος· οὐ μὲν γάρ οἱ ἀτεμβόμενός γε σιδήρου,
ποιμὴν οὐδ' ἀροτὴρ εἶσ' ἐς πόλιν, ἀλλὰ παρέξει."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
ἂν δὲ Λεοντῆος κρατερὸν μένος ἀντιθέοιο,
ἂν δ' Αἴας Τελαμωνιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἐπειός.
ἐξείης δ' ἵσταντο, σόλον δ' ἕλε δῖος Ἐπειὸς,
ἧκε δὲ δινήσας· γέλασαν δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοί.
δεύτερος αὖτ' ἀφέηκε Λεοντεὺς, ὄζος Ἄρηος·
τὸ τρίτον αὖτ' ἔῤῥιψε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
[χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς, καὶ ὑπέρβαλε σήματα πάντων.]
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σόλον εἶλε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
ὅσσον τίς τ' ἔῤῥιψε καλαύροπα βουκόλος ἀνήρ·

And we will serve them banquet in our tent.'
He spoke. The giant son of Telamon,
Ajax, uprose, and valiant Diomed;
Some short way off the crowd they donn'd their mail;
Then in the midst, with hearts for battle fain,
Both, fiercely glaring, met. Achaia's host
Beheld, admiring. Each the other near'd;
And thrice sprang on, and thrice were hand to hand;
Till Ajax through the orbèd shield pierced sheer,
Yet wounded not; the corslet stay'd the point;
Whilst Tydeus' Son sought still his rival's throat
With sharp spear-point above the giant shield;
Till, fearing for him, all Achaia's host
Bade both be stay'd from battle and receive
Their equal guerdons; but on Tydeus' Son
Bestow'd the hero that great glittering brand
With sheath and baldric of a smooth-cut hide.

Then Peleus' Son set forth of iron ore
A mass unwelded, crude. Eëtion's strength
Of old would hurl it; him Achilles slew,
And bare this off along with all his wealth
Aboard his galleys; now he rose and spake:
"Let who would venture for this meed arise.
Who wins it, though his fields be wide and rich,
For five full years it shall suffice his use;
Nor shall he need for lack of iron ore
Take him to city-market; let him be
Shepherd or ploughman, he shall have to spare."
He spoke, and warlike Polypœtes rose;
And with him strong Leontes, match for Gods;
Then Epeus, and the Son of Telamon.
In turn they stood to throw; first Epeus poised
And hurl'd the iron; but the host, who sate
Beholding, laugh'd derisive: next, the flower
Of Ares, young Leontes: third, the son
Of Telamon, huge Ajax, raised, and threw
Beyond their marks; but, when at last the quoit
Was ta'en by warlike Polypœtes up,
Far as a herdsman throws his staff, which flies

ἡ δέ θ' ἑλισσομένη πέτεται διὰ βοῦς ἀγελαίας·
τόσσον παντὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρβαλε· τοὶ δ' ἐβόησαν.
ἀνστάντες δ' ἔταροι Πολυποίταο κρατεροῖο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἔφερον βασιλῆος ἄεθλον.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ τοξευτῇσι τίθει ἰόεντα σίδηρον, 850
κὰδ δ' ἐτίθει δέκα μὲν πελέκεας, δέκα δ' ἡμιπέλεκκα,
ἱστὸν δ' ἔστησεν νηὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
τηλοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ἐκ δὲ τρήρωνα πέλειαν
λεπτῇ μηρίνθῳ δῆσεν ποδὸς, ἧς ἄρ' ἀνώγει
τοξεύειν. "ὃς μέν κε βάλῃ τρήρωνα πέλειαν,
πάντας ἀειράμενος πελέκεας οἴκονδε φερέσθω·
ὃς δέ κε μηρίνθοιο τύχῃ, ὄρνιθος ἁμαρτών—
ἥσσων γὰρ δὴ κεῖνος—ὁ δ' οἴσεται ἡμιπέλεκκα."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα βίη Τεύκροιο ἄνακτος,
ἂν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος. 860
κλήρους δ' ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκήρεϊ πάλλον ἑλόντες,
Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος κλήρῳ λάχεν. αὐτίκα δ' ἰὸν
ἧκεν ἐπικρατέως, οὐδ' ἠπείλησεν ἄνακτι
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.
ὄρνιθος μὲν ἅμαρτε· μέγηρε γάρ οἱ τόγ' Ἀπόλλων·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μήρινθον βάλε πὰρ πόδα, τῇ δέδετ' ὄρνις·
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπὸ μήρινθον τάμε πικρὸς ὀϊστός.
ἡ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἤϊξε πρὸς οὐρανὸν, ἡ δὲ παρείθη
μήρινθος ποτὶ γαῖαν· ἀτὰρ κελάδησαν Ἀχαιοί.
σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς 870
τόξον· ἀτὰρ δὴ ὀϊστὸν ἔχεν πάλαι, ὡς ἴθυνεν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἠπείλησεν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.
ὕψι δ' ὑπὸ νεφέων εἶδε τρήρωνα πέλειαν·
τῇ ῥ' ὄγε δινεύουσαν ὑπὸ πτέρυγος βάλε μέσσην,
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διῆλθε βέλος· τὸ μὲν ἂψ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
πρόσθεν Μηριόναο πάγη ποδός· αὐτὰρ ἡ ὄρνις
ἱστῷ ἐφεζομένη νηὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
αὐχέν' ἀπεκρέμασεν, σὺν δὲ πτερὰ πυκνὰ λίασθεν.

Whirring amongst the herd, so far beyond
The allotted space he threw it. All acclaim'd ;
And his brave followers rose, and bare the prize
Back to the hollow galleys of their chief.

Next, to the bowmen he set forth a prize
Of violet-colour'd iron, axes, ten
With double head, and ten with single head ;
Then raised upright a dark-prow'd galley's mast
Far on the sands, and bound a fluttering dove
With a thin riband by the foot thereto,
And bade them take their aims :
"Whoe'er shall strike
Yon fluttering dove, let him uplift and bear
These doubleheaded axes to his tent ;
But, who shall miss the bird, though ev'n he cleave
The string, yet, forasmuch as less of skill
He miss'd his aim, the single heads be his."
He spoke ; the strength of kingborn-Teucer rose,
With the brave follower of Idomeneus,
Meriones ; and in a brazen helm
They cast their lots, and Teucer gain'd the first.
Strongly he sent his arrow, yet had fail'd
To vow upon the altar of the God
A farfamed hecatomb of firstborn lambs ;
Wherefore the bird he miss'd ; Apollo grudged
That honour ; yet beside the foot he struck
The string whereby the bird was bound ; the string
Was sunder'd by the bitter arrow through ;
The bird soar'd up tow'rd heaven, whilst down the string
Dangled to earth ; and loud acclaim'd the host.
Whereat Meriones incontinent
Seized from his hand the bow (he held his shaft
Prepared already, whilst the other aim'd) ;
And, vowing to the God who smites from far
A farfamed hecatomb of firstborn lambs,
Look'd up and spied beneath the clouds aloft
The fluttering dove, and pierced her as she wheel'd
Under the wing ; right through her went the shaft ;
Yet, as she fell, once more upon the mast

ὠκὺς δ' ἐκ μελέων θυμὸς πτάτο, τῆλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ
κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ' αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε.
ἂν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης πελέκεας δέκα πάντας ἄειρεν,
Τεῦκρος δ' ἡμιπέλεκκα φέρεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

Αὐτὰρ Πηλείδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
κὰδ δὲ λέβητ' ἄπυρον, βοὸς ἄξιον, ἀνθεμόεντα
θῆκ' ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων· καί ῥ' ἥμονες ἄνδρες ἀνέσταν·
ἂν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἂν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Ἀτρείδη· ἴδμεν γὰρ ὅσον προβέβηκας ἁπάντων — 890
ἠδ' ὅσσον δυνάμει τε καὶ ἥμασιν ἔπλευ ἄριστος·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν τόδ' ἄεθλον ἔχων κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
ἔρχευ, ἀτὰρ δόρυ Μηριόνῃ ἥρωϊ πόρωμεν,
εἰ σύγε σῷ θυμῷ ἐθέλοις· κέλομαι γὰρ ἔγωγε."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
δῶκε δὲ Μηριόνῃ δόρυ χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἥρως
Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον.

She settled, and there hung, with neck awry
And wings asunder, till the spirit fled
Swift from her members, and she dropp'd to earth.
The crowd, admiring, gazed and gave acclaim.
But blithe Meriones uptook the ten
With double heads, whilst Teucer bare his meed,
The single-headed hatchets, to his tent.

Then Peleus' Son brought forth a shadowing spear,
And one bright caldron, valued at an ox,
Untarnish'd yet by fire; and who would throw
The javelin, rose to contest. First uprose
Broad-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
And next, the follower of Idomeneus,
Meriones; but thus Achilles spake:

"Atrides, well we know how far above
All others thou dost stand; nor more in rank
Than in the javelin-throw. Wherefore accept
This guerdon, and to brave Meriones
Let us, according to thy pleasure, give
The brazen spear: I speak mine own desire."

He spoke; the king, Atrides, nothing loth,
Gave to Meriones the spear, but charged
Talthybius with his own bright glittering meed.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ω'.

Ἕκτορος λύτρα.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγὼν, λαοὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἕκαστοι
ἐσκίδναντ' ἰέναι. τοὶ μὲν δόρποιο μέδοντο
ὕπνου τε γλυκεροῦ ταρπήμεναι. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
κλαῖε φίλου ἑτάρου μεμνημένος, οὐδέ μιν ὕπνος
ἥρει πανδαμάτωρ, ἀλλ' ἐστρέφετ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Πατρόκλου ποθέων ἀδροτῆτά τε καὶ μένος ἠὺ
ἠδ' ὁπόσα τολύπευσε σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ πάθεν ἄλγη,
ἀνδρῶν τε πτολέμους ἀλεγεινά τε κύματα πείρων·
τῶν μιμνησκόμενος θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυον εἶβεν,
ἄλλοτ' ἐπὶ πλευρὰς κατακείμενος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
ὕπτιος, ἄλλοτε δὲ πρηνής· τοτὲ δ' ὀρθὸς ἀναστὰς
δινεύεσκ' ἀλύων παρὰ θῖν' ἁλός. οὐδέ μιν ἠὼς
φαινομένη λήθεσκεν ὑπεὶρ ἄλα τ' ἠϊόνας τε.
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἐπεὶ ζεύξειεν ὑφ' ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Ἕκτορα δ' ἕλκεσθαι δησάσκετο δίφρου ὄπισθεν,
τρὶς δ' ἐρύσας περὶ σῆμα Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος
αὖτις ἐνὶ κλισίῃ παυέσκετο, τόνδε δ' ἔασκεν
ἐν κόνι ἐκτανύσας προπρηνέα. τοῖο δ' Ἀπόλλων
πᾶσαν ἀεικείην ἄπεχε χροΐ, φῶτ' ἐλεαίρων,
καὶ τεθνηότα περ· περὶ δ' αἰγίδι πάντα κάλυπτεν
χρυσείῃ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἑλκυστάζων.

Ὣς ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀείκιζεν μενεαίνων·
τὸν δ' ἐλεαίρεσκον μάκαρες θεοὶ εἰσορόωντες,

ILIAD XXIV.

The throng was loosen'd, and the nations went
Each to their separate ships, and turned their thoughts
To joyance of repast or sweet repose ;
Only Achilles, still remembering, mourn'd
His dear companion. Sleep, all-conquering Sleep,
Subdued him not ; but up and down he toss'd,
In yearning for the manhood and great might
Of lost Patroclus. All the sufferings borne—
All the works wrought—together in their lives,
Warrings with men, sore wrestlings with the waves—
Remembering all these things, he wept on still.
Now prone with face to earth, now on his side
Turning, and now upon his back, he lay ;
Then to his feet would start, and o'er the sands
Roam to and fro, lamenting ; morning brake
Above that meadowy coast and eastern sea,
And found him wakeful still. Anon he yoked
His horses to his car, and hung again
Hector to trail behind it ; and, when so
Thrice he had dragged him round Patroclus' cairn,
Again in mire would leave him, stark and prone,
And seek once more to slumber in his tent.
Yet on that hero had Apollo ruth,
Fall'n though he lay, and all unseemliness
Kept from his body, with a golden shield
Sheltering, that not a hair should suffer harm.

Such was the wrong Achilles' fury wrought ;
Which the Gods seeing from their homes of bliss,
Had pity on noble Hector, and would bid

κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνεσκον ἐϋσκοπον Ἀργειφόντην.
ἔνθ' ἄλλοις μὲν πᾶσιν ἐήνδανεν, οὐδέ ποθ' Ἥρῃ
οὐδὲ Ποσειδάων' οὐδὲ γλαυκώπιδι κούρῃ,
ἀλλ' ἔχον ὥς σφιν πρῶτον ἀπήχθετο Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς, Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἄτης,
ὃς νείκεσσε θεὰς, ὅτε οἱ μέσσαυλον ἵκοντο,
τὴν δ' ἤνησ' ἣ οἱ πόρε μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτη γένετ' ἠὼς,
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἀθανάτοισι μετηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

" Σχέτλιοί ἐστε, θεοὶ, δεδήμονες· οὔ νύ ποθ' ὑμῖν
Ἕκτωρ μηρί' ἔκηε βοῶν αἰγῶν τε τελείων;
τὸν νῦν οὐκ ἔτλητε, νέκυν περ ἐόντα, σαῶσαι,
ἧ τ' ἀλόχῳ ἰδέειν καὶ μητέρι καὶ τέκεϊ ᾧ
καὶ πατέρι Πριάμῳ λαοῖσί τε, τοί κέ μιν ὦκα
ἐν πυρὶ κήαιεν καὶ ἐπὶ κτέρεα κτερίσαιεν.
ἀλλ' ὀλοῷ Ἀχιλῆϊ, θεοὶ βούλεσθ' ἐπαρήγειν,
ᾧ οὔτ' ἄρ φρένες εἰσὶν ἐναίσιμοι οὔτε νόημα
γναμπτὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, λέων δ' ὣς ἄγρια οἶδεν,
ὅστ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ μεγάλῃ τε βίῃ καὶ ἀγήνορι θυμῷ
εἴξας εἶσ' ἐπὶ μῆλα βροτῶν, ἵνα δαῖτα λίβῃσιν·
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς ἔλεον μὲν ἀπώλεσεν, οὐδέ οἱ αἰδὼς
[γίγνεται, ἥτ' ἄνδρας μέγα σίνεται ἠδ' ὀνίνησιν].
μέλλει μέν πού τις καὶ φίλτερον ἄλλον ὀλέσσαι,
ἠὲ κασίγνητον ὁμογάστριον ἠὲ καὶ υἱόν·
ἀλλ' ἤτοι κλαύσας καὶ ὀδυράμενος μεθέηκεν·
τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν.
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' Ἕκτορα δῖον, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,
ἵππων ἐξάπτων περὶ σῆμ' ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
ἕλκει· οὐ μήν οἱ τόγε κάλλιον οὐδέ τ' ἄμεινον.
μὴ ἀγαθῷ περ ἐόντι νεμεσσηθῶμέν οἱ ἡμεῖς·
κωφὴν γὰρ δὴ γαῖαν ἀεικίζει μενεαίνων."

Τὸν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
" εἴη κεν καὶ τοῦτο τεὸν ἔπος, ἀργυρότοξε,

Far-glancing Argeiphontes steal the corse.
And all gave voice, save Herè, queen in heaven,
Poseidon, and the Maiden azure-eyed.
For ev'n as from the first these three had loathed
The people and their king and sacred towers,
So still they loathed them, for the self-same cause,
The curse that Alexander bare to Troy ;
Who judged betwixt the Goddesses, what time
They came before his sheepfold to be judged,
Approving Her, who gave his lust's desire.
But when the twelfth day dawned above the dead,
Apollo thus amongst the Immortals spake :
"Injurious Gods, and graceless ! Say, were ne'er
Your altars fed of Hector with the flesh
Of bulls and rams ? Whom yet of late from death
Ye saved not, and, now dead, ye will not grant
Back to the sight of his dear wife and child,
Father and mother, and his country's care.
There soon would they consume him on his pyre,
There all observance to the dead fulfil.
Rather ye love to grace this man of blood,
Of mind unrighteous, and of heart like flint,
Wild, savage-thoughted as a lion, driven
By his own strength and fury over-bold
To make his feast upon the flocks of men.
Not more hath he of pity or of shame
(Shame, man's surpassing profit, or his bane).
Yet well we know the dearest may be lost,
An own twin brother or a son ; but he
Who loseth, after sorrow, findeth rest ;
For Fate hath given endurance unto men.
But, lo, with Hector's death not yet content,
This man hath bound the dead behind his car,
And trails him still about his comrade's tomb—
Vengeance dishonourable, and perchance
On his own head recoiling, who will change
Our love for his high valour into wrath,
Venting such outrage on the senseless clay !"
But Herè, all in wrath, return'd reply :
"O thou, the Godhead of the silver bow,

εἰ δὴ ὁμὴν Ἀχιλῆϊ καὶ Ἕκτορι θήσετε τιμήν.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν θνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν·
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστι θεᾶς γόνος, ἣν ἐγὼ αὐτὴ
θρέψα τε καὶ ἀτίτηλα καὶ ἀνδρὶ πόρον παράκοιτιν,
Πηλέϊ, ὃς περὶ κῆρι φίλος γένετ' ἀθανάτοισιν.
πάντες δ' ἀντιάασθε, θεοὶ, γάμου· ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσιν
δαίνυ' ἔχων φόρμιγγα, κακῶν ἕταρ', αἰὲν ἄπιστε."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Ἥρη, μὴ δὴ πάμπαν ἀποσκύδμαινε θεοῖσιν·
οὐ μὲν γὰρ τιμή γε μί' ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἕκτωρ
φίλτατος ἔσκε θεοῖσι βροτῶν οἳ ἐν Ἰλίῳ εἰσίν·
ὣς γὰρ ἔμοιγ', ἐπεὶ οὔτι φίλων ἠμάρτανε δώρων.
οὐ γάρ μοί ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης,
λοιβῆς τε κνίσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι κλέψαι μὲν ἐάσομεν—οὐδέ πη ἔστιν
λάθρῃ Ἀχιλλῆος—θρασὺν Ἕκτορα· ἦ γάρ οἱ αἰεὶ
μήτηρ παρμέμβλωκεν ὁμῶς νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ.
ἀλλ' εἴ τις καλέσειε θεῶν Θέτιν ἆσσον ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα τί οἱ εἴπω πυκινὸν ἔπος, ὥς κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
δώρων ἐκ Πριάμοιο λάχῃ ἀπό θ' Ἕκτορα λύσῃ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δὲ Ἶρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,
μεσσηγὺς δὲ Σάμου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης
ἔνθορε μείλανι πόντῳ· ἐπεστονάχησε δὲ λίμνη.
ἡ δὲ μολυβδαίνῃ ἰκέλη ἐς βυσσὸν ὄρουσεν,
ἥτε κατ' ἀγραύλοιο βοὸς κέρας ἐμβεβαυῖα
ἔρχεται ὠμηστῆσιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι κῆρα φέρουσα.
εὗρε δ' ἐνὶ σπῆϊ γλαφυρῷ Θέτιν, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄλλαι
εἵαθ' ὁμηγερέες ἅλιαι θεαί· ἡ δ' ἐνὶ μέσσῃς
κλαῖε μόρον οὗ παιδὸς ἀμύμονος, ὅς οἱ ἔμελλεν
φθίσεσθ' ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης.

Could ye hold great Achilles and the slain
To equal honour, this thy rede might be.
But Hector is a mortal born, and suck'd
The paps of mortal woman ; but the son
The other of a Goddess, whom myself
Cherish'd and nurtured, and at last made wife
To Peleus—Peleus to Immortals dear.
At whose great bridal, Gods, ye all did meet,
Thyself amidst the banquet, harp in hand,
Thou faithless, graceless favourer of the ill !"

To whom the Ruler of the clouds rejoin'd :
"My Herè, spend not thus on Gods thy wrath ;
We grant not equal honour to the twain.
But likewise thou forget not, that, of all
Who dwelt in Ilion, dearest to the Gods
Was Hector, and, beyond you all, to me.
Who fail'd not of his grateful gifts to heaven ;
Ne'er stood my altar lacking from his hand
Libation, or the steam of victim's flesh,
Or aught of offering due to Powers divine.
Yet pass we by this counsel of a theft
To steal away brave Hector ; nor in sooth
Might such escape Achilles ; o'er him still
Wakeful his mother watcheth day and night.
But forth and bid ye Thetis to my side ;
With her some sager counsel will I share,
Whereby Achilles from the king shall gain
Meed of rich gifts, but render Hector home."

He ended, and storm-footed Iris rose
To bear the message ; down 'twixt Samos isle
And rocky Imbros, into waters black
She plunged, and o'er her foam'd the level main.
Down straight she dropp'd into th' abyss, most like
Some plummet, that, to tube of cowhorn bound,
Sinks baited to the death of ravenous fish :
Anon within a hollow grot she found
Thetis, around whom sate the Ocean-Nymphs,
Her sisters, where she midmost wail'd the doom
Of him her noble son, in Troy's rich fields
Destin'd to early death and far from home.

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·

"Ὄρσο, Θέτι· καλέει Ζεὺς ἄφθιτα μήδεα εἰδώς."
τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·

"Τίπτε με κεῖνος ἄνωγε μέγας θεός; αἰδέομαι δὲ
μίσγεσθ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἔχω δ' ἄχε' ἄκριτα θυμῷ.
εἶμι μὲν, οὐδ' ἄλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃ."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα κάλυμμ' ἕλε δῖα θεάων
κυάνεον, τοῦ δ' οὔτι μελάντερον ἕπλετο ἕσθος.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, πρόσθεν δὲ ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
ἡγεῖτ'· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι λιάζετο κῦμα θαλάσσης.
ἀκτὴν δ' ἐξαναβᾶσαι ἐς οὐρανὸν αἰχθήτην,
εὗρον δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην, περὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἅπαντες
εἵαθ' ὁμηγερέες μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες.
ἡ δ' ἄρα πὰρ Διὶ πατρὶ καθέζετο, εἶξε δ' Ἀθήνη.
Ἥρη δὲ χρύσεον καλὸν δέπας ἐν χερὶ θῆκεν
καί ῥ' εὔφρην' ἐπέεσσι· Θέτις δ' ὥρεξε πιοῦσα.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·

"Ἦλυθες Οὔλυμπόνδε, θεὰ Θέτι, κηδομένη περ,
πένθος ἄλαστον ἔχουσα μετὰ φρεσίν· οἶδα καὶ αὐτός·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ἐρέω τοῦ σ' εἵνεκα δεῦρο κάλεσσα.
ἐννῆμαρ δὴ νεῖκος ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ὄρωρεν
Ἕκτορος ἀμφὶ νέκυι καὶ Ἀχιλλῆϊ πτολιπόρθῳ·
κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνουσιν ἐΰσκοπον Ἀργειφόντην·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε κῦδος Ἀχιλλῆϊ προτιάπτω,
αἰδῶ καὶ φιλότητα τεὴν μετόπισθε φυλάσσων.
αἶψα μάλ' ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ καὶ υἱέϊ σῷ ἐπίτειλον.
σκύζεσθαί οἱ εἰπὲ θεοὺς, ἐμὲ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένῃσιν
Ἕκτορ' ἔχει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσεν,
αἴ κέν πως ἐμέ τε δείσῃ ἀπό θ' Ἕκτορα λύσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι Ἶριν ἐφήσω
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα,

Whom Iris near approach'd, and thus address'd :
"Thetis, arise ; Zeus calls thee on some hest
Of his eternal wisdom to his side."
To whom the silver-footed Nymph return'd :
"And wherefore calls He me, who shun for shame,
For very shame, to mingle with the Gods?
Yea, for my heart is breaking with my woes.
Yet tarry, for He will not speak in vain."
She spoke, the queen of Nymphs, and raised her robe,
(Was never azure robe of deeper dye)
And rose, and went; and Iris led her thence.
The waters stood asunder as they came,
And up the strand they moved and flew to heaven.
There found they their wide-glancing Lord amid
The congregated throng of Gods in bliss.
And Thetis took her seat by Father Zeus,
Athene yielding place ; and Herè put
Into her hands a golden cup, and spake
Her welcome ; Thetis took the cup and drank,
Whilst He, the Father of the world, began :
"Thetis, I know the anguish of thy heart ;
Yet, for that thou hast come to this high hill,
Despite thine ineradicable woe,
Hearken ; I tell thee why I call thee thus.
Nine days among the Gods hath strife been waged
O'er Hector's corse, and Hector's mightier foe.
Yea, they had bidden Hermes steal the corse.
But I of my undying love for thee
Will yet another honour to thy son.
Quick hie thee to his camp, and give thy hest ;
Tell him, the Gods now murmur, and myself
Beyond all others wrathful, that he still
Holds Hector, in this madness of his soul,
Amongst the long-beak'd barks, nor yields him back.
So may he reverence me, and loose the dead.
Meantime to Troy's great-hearted King I send
Iris, to bid him venture forth alone
Into Achaia's fleet, and bear rich gifts,
To move Achilles and redeem his son."
Nor silver-footed Thetis disobey'd.

βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα.
ἷξεν δ' ἐς κλισίην οὗ υἱέος· ἔνθ' ἄρα τόνγε
εὗρ' ἀδινὰ στενάχοντα· φίλοι δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
ἐσσυμένως ἐπένοντο καὶ ἐντύνοντο ἄριστον·
τοῖσι δ' ὄϊς λάσιος μέγας ἐν κλισίῃ ἱέρευτο.
ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο πότνια μήτηρ,
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Τέκνον ἐμὸν, τέο μέχρις ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων
σὴν ἔδεαι κραδίην, μεμνημένος οὔτε τι σίτου
οὔτ' εὐνῆς; ἀγαθὸν δὲ γυναικί περ ἐν φιλότητι
μίσγεσθ'· οὐ γάρ μοι δηρὸν βέῃ, ἀλλά τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.
ἀλλ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα, Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι.
σκύζεσθαί σοί φησι θεοὺς, ἐὲ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένῃσιν
Ἕκτορ' ἔχεις παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ λῦσον, νεκροῖο δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τῇδ' εἴη· ὃς ἄποινα φέροι, καὶ νεκρὸν ἄγοιτο,
εἰ δὴ πρόφρονι θυμῷ Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἀνώγει."

Ὣς οἵγ' ἐν νηῶν ἀγύρει μήτηρ τε καὶ υἱὸς
πολλὰ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον.
Ἶριν δ' ὤτρυνε Κρονίδης εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν·

"βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα· λιποῦσ' ἕδος Οὐλύμποιο
ἄγγειλον Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι Ἴλιον εἴσω
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ,
οἷον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνήρ.
κῆρύξ τίς οἱ ἕποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ' ἰθύνοι
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐύτροχον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὖτις
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
μηδέ τί οἱ θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·

Down springing, from Olympus' crests she flew,
And gain'd the tent, wherein she found her son
Yet weeping without ceasing ; but around
His comrades labour'd with all zest, and made
A breakfast ready ; in the tent unskinn'd
The carcase of a sheep before them lay.
Midmost the mother of their chief took seat,
Laid a soft hand upon him, and began :
"How long, my child, in lamentations lost,
Turning thee not to sleep, nor food, nor love
(And woman's love were solace of thy grief),
Consuming thine own heart wilt thou remain ?
Oh, heed thee, for I shall not have thee long
In this world, but already Death and Fate,
Relentless Fate, are standing by thy side.
But hearken, for mine errand is of Zeus ;
He saith, the Gods now murmur, and himself
Beyond all others wrathful, that thou still
Hold'st Hector, in this madness of thy soul,
Amongst the long-beak'd barks, nor yield'st him back.
Then loose him ; take a ransom for the dead."
To whom her fleetfoot son return'd reply :
"If such the great Olympian's will and word,
So be it ; let them ransom home their dead."
Such converse in the assembly of the ships
Unbroken held the mother with her son.

But Zeus the while sent Iris into Troy :
"Hence, Iris, haste thee from this high abode ;
And take to Ilion and her noble King
This message, that he now redeem his son,
Amid Achaia's galleys venturing forth,
Bearing rich gifts to move Achilles' heart,
Alone—let no man else go with him there.
Only one aged herald let him take
To guide the mules straight, and a gliding car,
Thereon to carry back to Ilion's halls
His body, whom divine Achilles slew.
Nor heed of death be his nor aught of dread ;
So great a guide we grant him, ev'n a God,

τοῖον γάρ οἱ πομπὸν ὀπάσσομεν Ἀργειφόντην,
ὃς ἄξει εἶως κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆϊ πελάσσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγῃσιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,
οὔτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπό τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·
οὔτε γάρ ἐστ' ἄφρων οὔτ' ἄσκοπος οὔτ' ἀλιτήμων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐνδυκέως ἱκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δὲ Ἶρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα.
ἶξεν δ' ἐς Πριάμοιο, κίχεν δ' ἐνοπήν τε γόον τε.
παῖδες μὲν πατέρ' ἀμφὶ καθήμενοι ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
δάκρυσιν εἵματ' ἔφυρον, ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι γεραιὸς
ἐντυπὰς ἐν χλαίνῃ κεκαλυμμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλὴ
κόπρος ἔην κεφαλῇ τε καὶ αὐχένι τοῖο γέροντος,
τήν ῥα κυλινδόμενος καταμήσατο χερσὶν ἑῇσιν.
θυγατέρες δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' ἰδὲ νυοὶ ὠδύροντο,
τῶν μιμνησκόμεναι οἳ δὴ πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες.
στῆ δὲ παρὰ Πρίαμον Διὸς ἄγγελος, ἠδὲ προσηύδα
τυτθὸν φθεγξαμένη· τὸν δὲ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα·

"Θάρσει, Δαρδανίδη Πρίαμε, φρεσὶ, μηδέ τι τάρβει·
οὐ μὲν γάρ τοι ἐγὼ κακὸν ὀσσομένη τόδ' ἱκάνω,
ἀλλ' ἀγαθὰ φρονέουσα· Διος δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,
ὅς σευ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεται ἠδ' ἐλεαίρει.
λύσασθαί σ' ἐκέλευσεν Ὀλύμπιος Ἕκτορα δῖον,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ,
οἶον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνήρ.
κῆρύξ τίς τοι ἕποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ' ἰθύνοι
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτις
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτι ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
μηδέ τί τοι θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·
τοῖος γάρ τοι πομπὸς ἅμ' ἕψεται Ἀργειφόντης,
ὅς σ' ἄξει εἶως κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆϊ πελάσσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγῃσιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,
οὔτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπό τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·

Far-glancing Argeiphontes ; he shall lead
His feet, and bring him to Achilles nigh.
But, when he so hath gain'd Achilles' tent,
Achilles shall not slay him, and shall keep
All others off him ; for no fool is he,
Murderous and aimless, but shall have his heart
Open, and spare the suppliant at his feet."
He ended ; wind-foot Iris rose, to bear
The message, and to Priam's palace sped.
Therein she found the cry of wail and woe.
Watering their raiment with their tears, they sate
The children round their father in the court ;
Midmost the old man grovelling on the earth,
With cloak close muffled around his limbs, but dust
And mire all clotted on his neck and head,
By his own hands besprinkled on himself :
Whose daughters through their chambers wail'd and wept
For memory of the many noble men
Dead, fallen beneath the hands of Argos' sons.
The messenger of Zeus by Priam's side
Took station and address'd him ; soft her voice
Saluting ; yet he trembled as he heard :
"Cheer thee, Dardanian Priam, fear thou nought ;
No prophetess of ill, but good, I come,
The messenger of Zeus, who cares for thee,
Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.
He bids thee now to ransom Hector home,
Bearing rich gifts to move Achilles' heart,
Alone—let no man else go with thee there.
Only one aged herald mayst thou take
To guide the mules straight, and a gliding car,
Thereon to carry back to Ilion's halls
His body, whom divine Achilles slew.
Nor heed of death be thine nor aught of dread ;
So great a guide he grants thee, ev'n a God,
Far-glancing Argeiphontes ; he shall lead
Thy feet, and bring thee to Achilles nigh.
But, when thou so hast gain'd Achilles' tent,
Achilles shall not slay thee, and shall keep
All others off thee ; for no fool is he,

οὔτε γάρ ἐστ' ἄφρων οὔτ' ἄσκοπος οὔτ' ἀλιτήμων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐνδυκέως ἱκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' υἷας ἄμαξαν ἐϋτροχον ἡμιονείην
ὁπλίσαι ἠνώγει, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαι ἐπ' αὐτῆς.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηώεντα,
κέδρινον, ὑψόροφον, ὃς γλήνεα πολλὰ κεχάνδει·
ἐς δ' ἄλοχον Ἑκάβην ἐκαλέσσατο φώνησέν τε·

"Δαιμονίη, Διόθεν μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἄγγελος ἦλθεν
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ, τί τοι φρεσὶν εἴδεται εἶναι;
αἰνῶς γάρ μ' αὐτόν γε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἄνωγεν
ἰο' ἰέναι ἐπὶ νῆας ἔσω στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν."

Ὣς φάτο, κώκυσεν δὲ γυνὴ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
"ὤ μοι, πῆ δή τοι φρένες οἴχονθ', ᾗσ' τὸ πάρος περ
ἔκλευ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ξείνους ἠδ' οἷσιν ἀνάσσεις;
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἷος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
υἱέας ἐξενάριξε· σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.
εἰ γάρ σ' αἱρήσει καὶ ἐσόψεται ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ὠμηστὴς καὶ ἄπιστος ἀνὴρ ὅδε, οὔ σ' ἐλεήσει,
οὐδέ τί σ' αἰδέσεται. νῦν δὲ κλαίωμεν ἄνευθεν
ἥμενοι ἐν μεγάρῳ· τῷ δ' ὥς ποθι Μοῖρα κραταιὴ
γεινομένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκον αὐτὴ,
ἀργίποδας κύνας ἆσαι, ἐὼν ἀπάνευθε τοκήων,
ἀνδρὶ πάρα κρατερῷ, τοῦ ἐγὼ μέσον ἦπαρ ἔχοιμι
ἐσθέμεναι προσφῦσα· τότ' ἂν τιτὰ ἔργα γένοιτο
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ, ἐπεὶ οὔ ἑ κακιζόμενόν γε κατέκτα,
ἀλλὰ πρὸ Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων βαθυκόλπων
ἑσταότ', οὔτε φόβου μεμνημένον οὔτ' ἀλεωρῆς."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδὴς·
"μή μ' ἐθέλοντ' ἰέναι κατερύκανε, μηδέ μοι αὐτὴ
ὄρνις ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κακὸς πέλευ· οὐδέ με πείσεις.

Murderous and aimless, but shall have his heart
Open, and spare the suppliant at his feet."
Speaking, wind-footed Iris pass'd away.

Then the King bade his sons to harness quick
With mules a gliding car, and thereon bind
Its sides of basket; but himself alone
Enter'd the fragrant chamber, cedar-built
And lofty-roof'd, and stored with curious wealth;
There call'd he to him Hecuba, and spake:
"Message hath come, my wife, from Father Zeus,
Bidding me go amid Achaia's fleet,
Bearing rich gifts to move Achilles' heart,
And ransom our dear son. But tell thy thought;
My own desire and heart are strong within me
To go, yea, 'mid their very camp and fleet."
He ended, but with cry she thus replied:
"Where now that wisdom flown, thy fame of old
Through realms abroad, and this thine own domain?
Ah me, and hast thou will to venture forth
Alone amid Achaia's barks, and stand
Before the face of him who slew thy sons
So many and so noble? Oh, thy heart
Needs be of steel! For should thy murderous foe,
The traitor, take thee there, or cast an eye
Upon thee, dream not mercy shown from him!
Rather sit down and mourn with me alone!
Well know I that fell Fate on Hector's birth
Enwove the doom, that he the carrion prey
Of hounds should perish, slain by mightier foe;
Nathless I now could fasten on his heart
And suck his lifeblood who hath slain my son,
Nor then be more than quit! For not in shame
Nor in wrong cause he slew him, but erect,
Standing before the men and women of Troy,
Fearless, in single battle for their sakes!"
To her the godlike elder gave reply:
"Think not to stay my going; croak not thus
A bird of evil boding in my house.
Thou wilt not move me. Had he been of men,

εἰ μὲν γάρ τίς μ' ἄλλος ἐπιχθονίων ἐκέλευεν,
ἢ οἳ μάντιές εἰσι, θυοσκόοι ἢ ἱερῆες,
ψεῦδός κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφιζοίμεθα μᾶλλον·
νῦν δ'—αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄκουσα θεοῦ καὶ ἐσέδρακον ἄντην—
εἶμι, καὶ οὐχ ἅλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται. εἰ δέ μοι αἶσα
τεθνάμεναι παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
βούλομαι· αὐτίκα γάρ με κατακτείνειεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀγκὰς ἑλόντ' ἐμὸν υἱόν, ἐπὴν γόου ἐξ ἔρον εἵην."

Ἦ καὶ φωριαμῶν ἐπιθήματα κάλ' ἀνέῳγεν,
ἔνθεν δώδεκα μὲν περικαλλέας ἔξελε πέπλους,
δώδεκα δ' ἁπλοΐδας χλαίνας, τόσσους δὲ τάπητας,
τόσσα δὲ φάρεα καλά, τόσους δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι χιτῶνας.
χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας ἔφερεν δέκα πάντα τάλαντα,
ἐκ δὲ δύ' αἴθωνας τρίποδας, πίσυρας δὲ λέβητας,
ἐκ δὲ δέπας περικαλλὲς, ὅ οἱ Θρῆκες πόρον ἄνδρες
ἐξεσίην ἐλθόντι, μέγα κτέρας· οὐδέ νυ τοῦπερ
φείσατ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ὁ γέρων, περὶ δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν. ὁ δὲ Τρῶας μὲν ἅπαντας
αἰθούσης ἀπέεργεν ἔπεσσ' αἰσχροῖσιν ἐνίσσων·

"Ἔρρετε, λωβητῆρες, ἐλεγχέες· οὔ νυ καὶ ὑμῖν
οἴκοι ἔνεστι γόος, ὅτι μ' ἦλθετε κηδήσοντες;
ἦ ὀνόσασθ' ὅτι μοι Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν,
παῖδ' ὀλέσαι τὸν ἄριστον; ἀτὰρ γνώσεσθε καὶ ὔμμες.
ῥηΐτεροι γὰρ μᾶλλον Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὴ ἔσεσθε
κείνου τεθνηῶτος ἐναιρέμεν. αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε,
πρὶν ἀλαπαζομένην τε πόλιν κεραΐζομένην τε
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδεῖν, βαίην δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω."

Ἦ καὶ σκηπανίῳ δίεπ' ἀνέρας· οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἔξω
σπερχομένοιο γέροντος. ὁ δ' υἱάσιν οἷσιν ὁμόκλα,
νεικείων Ἕλενόν τε Πάριν τ' Ἀγάθωνά τε δῖον
Πάμμονά τ' Ἀντίφονόν τε, βοὴν ἀγαθόν τε Πολίτην
Δηΐφοβόν τε καὶ Ἱππόθοον καὶ Δῖον ἀγαυόν·
ἐννέα τοῖς ὁ γεραιὸς ὁμοκλήσας ἐκέλευεν·

"Σπεύσατέ μοι, κακὰ τέκνα, κατηφόνες. αἴθ' ἅμα παντες

A seer, an augur-prophet, or a priest,
Then haply we might deem his bidding false,
And put the matter from us. But myself
Beheld the Goddess, heard with mine own ears,
And know her words not vain. Therefore I go;
Yea, though it be my doom to perish there,
I reck not; welcome straight Achilles' sword,
So I may clasp my son and weep my fill!"
He spoke, and off his coffers raised the lids;
Thence took he out twelve mantles passing fair,
Twelve single cloaks, as many broider'd rugs,
As many woven shawls, as many robes.
Next weigh'd ten talents out of gold, full weight,
And bare them forth; two burnish'd tripods then,
Four caldrons, and a cup of costly work,
Possession of vast price, to him bestow'd
Of Thrace, what time in embassy he came;
Which yet the old man spared not now to take,
For this his longing to redeem his son.
Then drave he from the corridor the throng
Of townsmen, and in fretful mood reviled:
"Begone, you wretched cowardly brood, begone!
Have ye not grief enow in your own homes,
That thus ye come to fret me with annoy?
Or gloat you o'er the sorrows of your king,
Stricken by Zeus, reft of his bravest son?
Ye too shall know the anguish, when ye fall
Far easier victims to Achilles' sword
Than when he lived to save you! but for me—
Heaven grant, that, ere the spoiler waste and bring
My town to dust, with Hades I may dwell!"
He spoke, and chased asunder all the throng,
Who ran before the anger'd elder driven.
Then loudly call'd he chiding to his sons,
To Paris, Helenus, Deiphobus,
Pammon, Polites brave in battle's need,
Hippothous, and the godlike Agathon,
And noble Dius, and Antiphonus;
These nine he call'd upbraiding, and he bade
"Haste you, ye vile reproaches to my name.

"Εκτορος ὠφέλετ' ἀντὶ θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ πεφάσθαι·
ὤ μοι ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔτινά φημι λελεῖφθαι,
Μήστορά τ' ἀντίθεον καὶ Τρωΐλον ἱπποιοχάρμην
"Εκτορά θ', ὃς θεὸς ἔσκε μετ' ἀνδράσιν, οὐδὲ ἐῴκει
ἀνδρός γε θνητοῦ πάϊς ἔμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῖο·
τούς μεν ἀπώλεσ' Ἄρης, τὰ δ' ἐλέγχεα πάντα λέλειπται,
ψεῦσταί τ' ὀρχησταί τε, χοροιτυπίῃσιν ἄριστοι,
ἀρνῶν ἠδ' ἐρίφων ἐπιδήμιοι ἁρπακτῆρες.
οὐκ ἂν δή μοι ἄμαξαν ἐφοπλίσσαιτε τάχιστα,
ταῦτά τε πάντ' ἐπιθεῖτε, ἵνα πρήσσωμεν ὁδοῖο;"

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
ἐκ μὲν ἄμαξαν ἄειραν ἐΰτροχον ἡμιονείην,
καλὴν πρωτοπαγῆ, περίνθα δὲ δῆσαν ἐπ' αὐτῆς,
κὰδ δ' ἀπὸ πασσαλόφι ζυγὸν ᾖρεον ἡμιόνειον,
πύξινον ὀμφαλόεν, εὖ οἰήκεσσιν ἀρηρός·
ἐκ δ' ἔφερον ζυγόδεσμον ἅμα ζυγῷ ἐννεάπηχυ.
καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκαν ἐϋξέστῳ ἐπὶ ῥυμῷ,
πέζῃ ἔπι πρώτῃ, ἐπὶ δὲ κρίκον ἔστορι βάλλον,
τρὶς δ' ἑκάτερθεν ἔδησαν ἐπ' ὀμφαλὸν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἐξείης κατέδησαν, ὑπὸ γλωχῖνα δ' ἔκαμψαν.
ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φέροντες ἐϋξέστης ἐπ' ἀπήνης
νήεον Ἕκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
ζεῦξαν δ' ἡμιόνους κρατερώνυχας ἐντεσιεργοὺς,
τούς ῥά ποτε Πριάμῳ Μυσοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.
ἵππους δὲ Πριάμῳ ὕπαγον ζυγὸν, οὓς ὁ γεραιὸς
αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλεν ἐϋξέστῃ ἐπὶ φάτνῃ.

Τὼ μὲν ζευγνύσθην ἐν δώμασιν ὑψηλοῖσιν
κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε' ἔχοντες·

I would that, so it were that Hector lived,
Ye all were dead together in yon fleet!
Unhappy that I am, whose sons of late
Were bravest of all men throughout broad Troy;
Not one of all those bravest now remains.
Brave Mestor, charioteering Troilus,
And Hector, who was as a God to men,
Nor seem'd of mortal but immortal born—
All these hath Ares ta'en, and in their stead
Left me my dregs—men able well to lie,
Or dance—yea, excellent bright popinjays,
And strong to rob my people of their flocks!
Hear ye me not? Prepare the car, and set
These wares thereon, that we may go our way."
He ceased; they quail'd beneath their sire's rebuke,
And lifted forth a litter to the mules,
Well-wheel'd, and fair to view, and newly wrought,
And bound the sides of basket fast thereon.
Then took they down the mule-yoke from its peg;
A yoke of boxwood; 'twixt its collars rose
A boss with rings thick studded; with the yoke
They carried forth a rope nine cubits long;
This they bound fast upon the polish'd pole,
Where the pole ends, and on its ready peg
Let drop the ring whereby the yoke was fix'd;
Then thrice around the upper boss they twined
The rope, and wound it to and fro, and loop'd
The tag into a knot beneath the pole.
This done, they from the chamber brought and piled
On the smooth-polish'd car the costly gifts,
Ransom of noble Hector; to the yoke
They put the iron-hoovèd mules of draught,
The splendid gift of Mysia to the king;
Last, led to Priam's car his favourite steeds
(The old man loved to feed them in their stall
With his own hand), and set them near the yoke.

Then in the lofty courtyard of the house
The herald and the King 'gan yoke those steeds,
Silent, for either's soul was sad with thought.

ἀγχίμολον δέ σφ' ἦλθ' Ἑκάβη τετιηότι θυμῷ,
οἶνον ἔχουσ' ἐν χειρὶ μελίφρονα δεξιτερῇφιν,
χρυσέῳ ἐν δέπαϊ, ὄφρα λείψαντε κιοίτην·
στῆ δ' ἵππων προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"Τῇ, σπεῖσον Διὶ πατρὶ, καὶ εὔχεο οἴκαδ' ἱκέσθαι
ἂψ ἐκ δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν, ἐπεὶ ἂρ σέγε θυμὸς
ὀτρύνει ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐμεῖο μὲν οὐκ ἐθελούσης.
ἀλλ' εὔχευ σύγ' ἔπειτα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
Ἰδαίῳ, ὅστε Τροίην κατὰ πᾶσαν ὁρᾶται,
αἴτει δ' οἰωνὸν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅστε οἱ αὐτῷ
φίλτατος οἰωνῶν, καί εὐ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δεξιὸν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴῃς Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων.
εἰ δέ τοι οὐ δώσει ἑὸν ἄγγελον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς,
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγέ σ' ἔπειτα ἐποτρύνουσα κελοίμην
νῆας ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἰέναι, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφε Πρίαμος θεοειδὴς·
"ὦ γύναι, οὐ μέν τοι τοδ' ἐφιεμένῃ ἀπιθήσω·
ἐσθλὸν γὰρ Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχέμεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμφίπολον ταμίην ὤτρυν' ὁ γεραιὸς
χερσὶν ὕδωρ ἐπιχεῦαι ἀκήρατον· ἡ δὲ παρέστη
χέρνιβον ἀμφίπολον πρόχοόν θ' ἅμα χερσὶν ἔχουσα.
νιψάμενος δὲ κύπελλον ἐδέξατο ἧς ἀλόχοιο·
εὔχετ' ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἕρκεϊ, λεῖβε δὲ οἶνον
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδὼν, καὶ φωνήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἴδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
δός μ' ἐς Ἀχιλλῆος φίλον ἐλθεῖν ἠδ' ἐλεεινὸν,
πέμψον δ' οἰωνὸν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅστε σοὶ αὐτῷ
φίλτατος οἰωνῶν, καί εὐ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δεξιὸν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων."

To whom with harass'd heart came Hecuba,
And in her right hand bare a golden cup
Charged with soul-soothing wine, that, ere they went,
Libation might be duly pour'd to Heaven.
Across the chariot's front she stood, and spake:
"Take this, and pour thou forth to Father Zeus
Libation, and make prayer, that home once more
Thou mayst return unscathed from 'mongst thy foes,
Seeing that thy heart impels thee thus to go
Though I be loth to let thee. Therefore pray,
Pray Him, who sitteth in the clouds enthroned
On Ida, and thence looketh wide o'er Troy;
Beseech him that he send on thy right hand
The bird, his wingèd messenger, by him
Best-loved, and mightiest of the fowls of air;
So, if that sign be to thine eyes vouchsaf'd,
Thou mayst go forth reliant mid thy foes;
But if great Zeus withhold his messenger,
I yet again would warn thee, howsoe'er
Thou long to go, yet go not to their fleet."
Whom godlike Priam answering thus return'd:
"Woman, thou speakest well, and I obey.
Good is it ever to uplift our hands
To Zeus, if haply he may pity us."
Thus agèd Priam spoke, and order'd quick
Th' attendant matron pour upon his hands
Fresh water: by his side the damsel stood,
Proffering a basin and a pitcher there.
He wash'd, and took the chalice from his wife;
Then, in the mid enclosure standing clear,
And lifting up his eyes to Heaven, pour'd forth
Libation; and he utter'd prayer, and said:
"Father, who from thy throne on Ida rul'st,
Great Zeus, most glorious! grant me that I find
Favour and grace before Achilles' sight.
So send thy wingèd messenger, best-loved
By thee, the mightiest of the fowls of air,
A sign on my right hand, that, when I see
The sign, my heart being strengthen'd I may go
Bold through the ships and chariots of my foes."

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς.
αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἧκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,
μόρφνον θηρητῆρ' ὃν καὶ περκνὸν καλέουσιν.
ὅσση δ' ὑψορόφοιο θύρη θαλάμοιο τέτυκται
ἀνέρος ἀφνειοῖο, ἐὺ κληῖσ' ἀραρυῖα,
τόσσ' ἄρα τοῦ ἑκάτερθεν ἔσαν πτερά· εἵσατο δέ σφιν
δεξιὸς αἴξας ὑπὲρ ἄστεος. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
γήθησαν, καὶ πᾶσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.

Σπερχόμενος δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἑοῦ ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,
ἐκ δ' ἔλασε προθύροιο καὶ αἰθούσης ἐριδούπου.
πρόσθε μὲν ἡμίονοι ἕλκον τετράκυκλον ἀπήνην,
τὰς Ἰδαῖος ἔλαυνε δαΐφρων· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
ἵπποι, τοὺς ὁ γέρων ἐφέπων μάστιγι κέλευεν
καρπαλίμως κατὰ ἄστυ· φίλοι δ' ἅμα πάντες ἕποντο
πόλλ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι ὡσεὶ θάνατόνδε κιόντα.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πόλιος κατέβαν, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκοντο,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορρόοι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο,
παῖδες καὶ γαμβροί, τὼ δ' οὐ λάθον εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
ἐς πεδίον προφανέντε· ἰδὼν δ' ἐλέησε γέροντα.
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Ἑρμείαν, υἱὸν φίλον, ἀντίον ηὔδα·

"Ἑρμεία· σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε φίλτατόν ἐστιν
ἀνδρὶ ἑταιρίσσαι, καί τ' ἔκλυες ᾧ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα·
βάσκ' ἴθι, καὶ Πρίαμον κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ὣς ἄγαγ', ὡς μήτ' ἄρ τις ἴδῃ μήτ' ἄρ τε νοήσῃ
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν, πρὶν Πηλείωνάδ' ἱκέσθαι."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα
ἀμβρόσια χρύσεια, τά μιν φέρον ἠμὲν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν
ἠδ' ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν ἅμα πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο·
εἵλετο δὲ ῥάβδον, τῇ δ' ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει

He spoke, whose prayer the Lord of wisdom, Zeus,
Hearken'd, and straightway sent an eagle forth,
The dark-plumed hunter of the sky, Dusk-named,
Of all wing'd signs the surest. Like some door
Rear'd lofty to the lofty-rafter'd room
Of a rich man, with bars and bolts complete,
So wide each wing outstretch'd on either side.
And o'er the town it flew, and full appear'd
Athwart the right hand darting; they, who saw,
Joy'd, with hearts quieted and cheer'd thereby.

Then with all haste the agèd King upclomb
The chariot's smooth-bright seat, and drave it forth
Clear of the echoing court and corridor.
In front the four-wheel'd litter by the mules
Went drawn, and brave Idæus held the reins;
Behind, the Elder on the car, and press'd
With voice and thong his horses through the streets;
And weeping with him went his kith and kin,
Mourning, as though he movèd forth to death.
But when, descended from the town, they gain'd
The level, there his sons and kith and kin
To Ilion turned them back; but forward prick'd
The twain in full aspèct, nor 'scaped the ken
Of Zeus, who with wide-glancing eyes beheld
Pitying the Elder, and address'd his son:
"Hermes, for of all Gods thou most dost love
To add thyself companion unto man,
And, whom thou listest, him to hear and help;
Now go thou forth, and so guide Priam's feet
Amongst Achaia's galleys, that none else
Of all the host behold him or suspect
Ere he hath gained the tent of Peleus' Son."
He ceased; nor Argeiphontes disobey'd,
But first beneath his feet his sandals bound
Beauteous, ambrosial, golden; oft their wont
Over the sea, over the limitless earth,
To bear him on the breathings of the wind.
Then took he up the wand wherewith he seals

ὧν ἐθέλει, τοὺς δ' αὖτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει·
τὴν μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων πέτετο κρατὺς Ἀργειφόντης.
αἶψα δ' ἄρα Τροίην τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκανεν,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κούρῳ αἰσυμνητῆρι ἐοικώς,
πρῶτον ὑπηνήτῃ, τοὔπερ χαριεστάτη ἥβη.

Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν μέγα σῆμα παρὲξ Ἴλοιο ἔλασσαν,
στῆσαν ἄρ' ἡμιόνους τε καὶ ἵππους, ὄφρα πίοιεν,
ἐν ποταμῷ· δὴ γὰρ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλυθε γαῖαν.
τὸν δ' ἐξ ἀγχιμόλοιο ἰδὼν ἐφράσσατο κῆρυξ
Ἑρμείαν, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο φώνησέν τε·

"Φράζεο, Δαρδανίδη· φραδέος νόου ἔργα τέτυκται·
ἄνδρ' ὁρόω, τάχα δ' ἄμμε διαρρήσεσθαι ὀΐω.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φεύγωμεν ἐφ' ἵππων, ἤ μιν ἔπειτα
γούνων ἀψάμενοι λιτανεύσομεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."

Ὣς φάτο, σὺν δὲ γέροντι νόος χίτο, δείδιε δ αἰνῶς,
ὀρθαὶ δὲ τρίχες ἔσταν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν,
στῆ δὲ ταφών· αὐτὸς δ' ἐριούνιος ἐγγύθεν ἐλθών,
χεῖρα γέροντος ἑλών, ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπεν·

"Πῆ, πάτερ, ὧδ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἡμιόνους ἰθύνεις
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
οὐδὲ σύγ' ἔδδεισας μένεα πνείοντας Ἀχαιούς,
οἵ τοι δυσμενέες καὶ ἀνάρσιοι ἐγγὺς ἔασιν;
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν
τοσσάδ' ὀνείατ' ἄγοντα, τίς ἂν δή τοι νόος εἴη;
οὔτ' αὐτὸς νέος ἐσσί, γέρων δέ τοι οὗτος ὀπηδεῖ,
ἄνδρ' ἀπαμύνασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ.
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐδέν σε ῥέξω κακά, καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλον
σεῦ ἀπαλεξήσαιμι· φίλῳ δέ σε πατρὶ ἐΐσκω."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"οὕτω πη τάδε γ' ἐστί, φίλον τέκος, ὡς ἀγορεύεις.
ἀλλ' ἔτι τις καὶ ἐμεῖο θεῶν ὑπερέσχεθε χεῖρα,
ὅς μοι τοιόνδ' ἧκεν ὁδοιπόρον ἀντιβολῆσαι,

The eyes of whom he listeth, but from sleep
Awaketh others; this in hand outstretch'd,
Forth Argeiphontes flew, the guide from heaven;
And, lighting on the shores of Hellespont,
There walk'd in likeness of some princely boy,
When youth's first bloom is fairest on his cheek.

Meantime the twain had pass'd the stately tomb
Of Ilus, and had rein'd upon the stream
Their steeds and mules to drink, for evening now
Had fall'n; when first the herald mark'd the God
Thus walking nigh, and, startled, turn'd and said:
"Priam, take heed; our task requires our care;
And yonder I descry an enemy near,
Who well may crush us. Say then, flee we now
Together on the chariot, or shall both
Fall down, and pray for mercy at his feet?"
He ceased; a cloud came o'er the Elder's soul,
For very fear stiff-stricken; and the hair
Bristled upright along his trembling limbs,
And still he stood, astonied. But the God,
Who loveth man and helpeth, nearer drew,
And took the wrinkled hand,[1] and ask'd, and said:
"Say, whither, Father, thus these mules and steeds
Through balmy night thou guidest at the hour
When other mortals slumber? Fear'st thou not
The fury of Achaia, nigh encamp'd,
And foes irreconcilable around?
What then would be thy thought, should they behold thee,
Bearing thy treasures through the night's thick gloom,
Thyself not young, and this one aged man
Thine only guard, should any chance assail?
But fear not me; I do to thee no wrong;
Nay—rather will defend thee; for my heart
Likens thee to my father far away."
And godlike aged Priam gave reply:
"My Son, these things are ev'n as thou hast said.
Surely some God hath moved him to mine aid,
Sending across my path so fair a guide,

[1] Cowper.

αἴσιον, οἷος δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἶδος ἀγητὸς,
πέπνυσαί τε νόῳ, μακάρων δ' ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
" ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον, 380
ἠέ πη ἐκπέμπεις κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ
ἄνδρας ἐς ἀλλοδαπούς, ἵνα περ τάδε τοι σόα μίμνῃ,
ἦ ἤδη πάντες καταλείπετε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
δειδιότες· τοῖος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ὄλωλεν
σὸς παῖς· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι μάχης ἐπεδεύετ' Ἀχαιῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
" τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, τέων δ' ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων;
ὥς μοι καλὰ τὸν οἶτον ἀπότμου παιδὸς ἔνισπες."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
" πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιὲ, καὶ εἴρεαι Ἕκτορα δῖον. 390
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ μάλα πολλὰ μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὄπωπα, καὶ εὖτ' ἐπὶ νῆυσὶν ἐλάσσας
Ἀργείους κτείνεσκε, δαΐζων ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
εἴα μάρνασθαι, κεχολωμένος Ἀτρείωνι.
τοῦ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεράπων, μία δ' ἤγαγε νηῦς εὐεργής·
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἔξ εἰμι, πατὴρ δέ μοί ἐστι Πολύκτωρ·
ἀφνειὸς μὲν ὅγ' ἐστὶ, γέρων δὲ δὴ ὡς σύπερ ὧδε,
ἓξ δέ οἱ υἷες ἔασιν, ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἕβδομός εἰμι·
τῶν μέτα παλλόμενος κλήρῳ λάχον ἐνθάδ' ἕπεσθαι. 400
νῦν δ' ἦλθον πεδίονδ' ἀπὸ νηῶν· ἠῶθεν γὰρ
θήσονται περὶ ἄστυ μάχην ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.
ἀσχαλόωσι γὰρ οἵδε καθήμενοι, οὐδὲ δύνανται
ἴσχειν ἐσσυμένους πολέμου βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
" εἰ μὲν δὴ θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
εἰς, ἄγε δή μοι πᾶσαν ἀληθείην κατάλεξον,
ἦ ἔτι πὰρ νήεσσιν ἐμὸς παῖς, ἠέ μιν ἤδη
ἦσι κυσὶν μελεΐστι ταμὼν προΐθηκεν Ἀχιλλεύς."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης· 410

Of such auspicious presence, and of mind
Not less discreet. Blest parents thine, my Son!"[1]
And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven:
"My father, fair and seemly these thy words.
But tell me, and speak freely without fear,
Sendest thou forth these treasures from thy home
To be safe-stow'd the while in lands abroad?
Or take ye all your flight from sacred Troy,
For that your bravest, he thy son, the peer
To ev'n Achaia's noblest, now lies low?"
And godlike aged Priam gave reply:
"Who art thou, noble youth, and whence thy birth?
I love thee for the honour wherewithal
Thou nam'st the doom of my unhappy son."
And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven:
"Thou tempt'st my tongue, my sire, while thus thou ask'st
Of noble Hector. Him in glorious war
Most glorious, oft these eyes have seen, and then
Remember, when with blood-red sword he stood
Cleaving us down amid our very barks.
We look'd and marvell'd; for Achilles' wrath
'Gainst Atreus' Son forbade us from the war.
He is my lord; aboard his bark I came,
His vassal, of the tribe of Myrmidons.
Polyctor is my father; he a chief
Wealthy, but now an old man, like thyself;
Six sons are his, and I the seventh born;
When we shook lots, I drew to join the host:
This eve I wander'd hither from the fleet
Viewing the plain, where with the morrow's dawn
Again Achaia's sons shall wage their war;
Who chafe their hearts at this enforcèd rest,
Nor can their chieftains hold them longer back."
And godlike aged Priam gave reply:
"If thou be one of great Achilles' troop,
Tell me the truth, yea, though it be the worst:
Lieth my son still whole amid the fleet?
Or hath he flung him to his hounds piecemeal?"
And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven:

[1] Cowper.

" ὦ γέρον, οὔπω τόνγε κύνες φάγον οὐδ' οἰωνοί,
ἀλλ' ἔτι κεῖνος κεῖται Ἀχιλλῆος παρὰ νηΐ
αὖτως ἐν κλισίῃσι· δυωδεκάτη δέ οἱ ἠὼς
κειμένῳ, οὐδέ τί οἱ χρὼς σήπεται, οὐδέ μιν εὐλαὶ
ἔσθουσ', αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηϊφάτους κατέδουσιν.
ἦ μέν μιν περὶ σῆμα ἑοῦ ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
ἕλκει ἀκηδέστως, ἠὼς ὅτε δῖα φανήῃ·
οὐδέ μιν αἰσχύνει· θηοῖό κεν αὐτὸς ἐπελθὼν
οἷον ἐερσήεις κεῖται, περὶ δ' αἷμα νένιπται
οὐδέ ποθι μιαρός· σὺν δ' ἕλκεα πάντα μέμυκεν,
ὅσσ' ἐτύπη· πολέες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ χαλκὸν ἔλασσαν.
ὥς τοι κήδονται μάκαρες θεοὶ υἷος ἐῆος,
καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐπεί σφι φίλος περὶ κῆρι."

Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
" ὦ τέκος, ἦ ῥ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἐναίσιμα δῶρα διδοῦναι
ἀθανάτοις, ἐπεὶ οὔποτ' ἐμὸς παῖς, εἴποτ' ἔην γε,
λήθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσιν·
τῷ οἱ ἀπεμνήσαντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τόδε δέξαι ἐμεῦ πάρα καλὸν ἄλεισον,
αὐτόν τε ῥῦσαι, πέμψον δέ με σύν γε θεοῖσιν,
ὄφρα κεν ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκωμαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·
" πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιὲ, νεωτέρου, οὐδέ με πείσεις,
ὅς με κέλεαι σέο δῶρα παρὲξ Ἀχιλῆα δέχεσθαι.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ δείδοικα καὶ αἰδέομαι περὶ κῆρι
συλεύειν, μή μοί τι κακὸν μετόπισθε γένηται.
σοὶ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ πομπὸς καί κε κλυτὸν Ἄργος ἱκοίμην,
ἐνδυκέως ἐν νηῒ θοῇ ἢ πεζὸς ὁμαρτέων·
οὐκ ἄν τίς τοι, πομπὸν ὀνοσσάμενος μαχέσαιτο."

Ἦ καὶ ἀναΐξας ἐριούνιος ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσὶν,
ἐν δ' ἔπνευσ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἡμιόνοις μένος ἠΰ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύργους τε νεῶν καὶ τάφρον ἵκοντο,
οἱ δὲ νέον περὶ δόρπα φυλακτῆρες πονέοντο·
τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνον ἔχευε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης

"Nor hound nor bird has yet devour'd thy son.
Still there beside Achilles' ship he lies
Whole in mid camp. Though this day's dawn the twelfth
That riseth o'er him lying stark outstretch'd,
Yet incorrupt he lies, by worms untouch'd
(Whereto the mightiest yield a meal at last).
Albeit Achilles round his comrade's tomb
Remorseless, at each rise of sacred morn,
Drags him his victim, yet he harms him not;
Thyself wouldst marvel, couldst thou go and gaze,
So dewy-fresh he lies and clear of taint,
The blood wash'd off him, and the mouthed wounds
All closed, though many were the stabs upon him!
So much the blessed Gods regard thy son,
Though dead, for he was to their hearts most dear."

He spoke, and comforted the King, who said:
"Hence learn thou, Son, how good a thing it is
To render to the Immortals gifts their due.
Never would Hector, while he lived, forget
To offer in his palace to the Gods;
And lo, how they have honour'd him in death!
But take of me this cup, and help redeem
My son, and, by the sufferance of heaven,
Conduct me till I gain Pelides' tent."

And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven:
"My sire, thou speakest this to tempt my youth,
Bidding me take a gift of thee and cheat
Thereby my lord Achilles—but in vain.
I fear him, and my heart forbids me seek
To wrong him, lest some evil light on me.
But far as Argos' famous vale thy guide
Willing, on land or shipboard, I would go;
Nor any durst assail thee, while I guide."

He spoke; and to the chariot-seat he sprang,
Grasping incontinent the reins and lash,
And breathed fresh vigour on the mules and steeds.

But, when they gain'd the bulwark and the trench,
Before the galleys, o'er their late repast
They found the guards still busied; o'er whose eyes
A cloud of slumber with his wand he shed,

πᾶσιν, ἄφαρ δ' ὤϊξε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀχῆας,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε Πρίαμόν τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' ἐπ' ἀπήνης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκοντο
ὑψηλὴν, τὴν Μυρμιδόνες ποίησαν ἄνακτι
δοῦρ' ἐλάτης κέρσαντες· ἀτὰρ καθύπερθεν ἔρεψαν
λαχνήεντ' ὄροφον λειμωνόθεν ἀμήσαντες·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μεγάλην αὐλὴν ποίησαν ἄνακτι
σταυροῖσιν πυκινοῖσι· θύρην δ' ἔχε μοῦνος ἐπιβλὴς
εἰλάτινος, τὸν τρεῖς μὲν ἐπιῤῥήσσεσκον Ἀχαιοὶ,
τρεῖς δ' ἀναοίγεσκον μεγάλην κληῖδα θυράων,
τῶν ἄλλων· Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπιῤῥήσσεσκε καὶ οἷος·
δή ῥα τόθ' Ἑρμείας ἐριούνιος ᾧξε γέροντι,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε κλυτὰ δῶρα ποδώκει Πηλείωνι,
ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀπέβαινεν ἐπὶ χθόνα φώνησέν τε·

"Ὦ γέρον, ἤτοι ἐγὼ θεὸς ἄμβροτος εἰλήλουθα,
Ἑρμείας· σοὶ γάρ με πατὴρ ἅμα πεμπὸν ὄπασσεν·
ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ἐγὼ πάλιν εἶσομαι, οὐδ' Ἀχιλῆος
ὀφθαλμοὺς εἴσειμι· νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἄντην·
τύνη δ' εἰσελθὼν λαβὲ γούνατα Πηλείωνος,
καί μιν ὑπὲρ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος ἠὐκόμοιο
λίσσεο καὶ τέκεος, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας· Πρίαμος δ' ἐξ ἵππων ἅλτο χαμᾶζε,
Ἰδαῖον δὲ κατ' αὖθι λίπεν· ὁ δὲ μίμνεν ἐρύκων
ἵππους ἠμιόνους τε· γέρων δ' ἰθὺς κίεν οἴκου,
τῇ ῥ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἵζεσκε διίφιλος. ἐν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εὗρ', ἕταροι δ' ἀπάνευθε καθείατο· τῷ δὲ δύ' οἴω,
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
ποίπνυον παρεόντε· νέον δ' ἀπέληγεν ἐδωδῆς
ἔσθων καὶ πίνων· ἔτι καὶ παρέκειτο τράπεζα.
τοὺς δ' ἔλαθ' εἰσελθὼν Πρίαμος μέγας, ἄγχι δ' ἄρα στὰς

And quickly thrust aside the bars and oped
The gates, and drew the King within and all
The wain, and splendid ransom thereupon.
Anon they reach'd the tent of Peleus' Son,
The lofty dwelling for their prince uprear'd
By hands of Myrmidonians; these had lopp'd
High ribs of fir, and sloped a roof thereto
Shaggy, of rushes from the meadow mown,
And round with stake by stake an ample court
Had planted; to its gate one only bar,
A single beam of fir; three men were task'd
To lift this to its socket; three again,
(Such men as others of Achaia's sons,)
To loose the mighty barrier from the door;
Yet this their lord would lift with single hand.
And this the God of help now oped, and drew
The glorious gift to Peleus' Son within;
Then, from the car dismounting, spake and said:
"Know me, O King, no mortal, but a God,
Sent by the world's great Father for thy guide,
Ev'n heavenly Hermes. Now I leave thee here,
Departing, nor will see Achilles' face.
Profane it were for an immortal God
To converse overmuch with mortal men.
But enter thou, there clasp his knees, and pray—
By his own father pray him, by the love
He bears his own dear mother and his child—
So haply shalt thou move the heart within him."
He spoke, and to the Olympian steep away
Departed. Priam from the chariot sprang
And left Idæus there to bide and rein
The mules and horses; but himself passed on
Into the house, wherein the loved of Zeus,
Achilles, oftest sate; whom now within
He found, and of his train all lay aloof,
Save two, Automedon and Alcimus.
These lay there ministering to their lord,
Who just had ceased regale of food and wine;
Still lay the table as before him served.
To whom had Priam come unseen, till, lo,

χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος λάβε γούνατα καὶ κύσε χεῖρας
δεινὰς ἀνδροφόνους αἵ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἷας.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ, ὅστ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ
φῶτα κατακτείνας ἄλλων ἐξίκετο δῆμον,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀφνειοῦ, θάμβος δ' ἔχει εἰσορόωντας,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς θάμβησεν ἰδὼν Πρίαμον θεοειδέα·
θάμβησαν δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι ἐς ἀλλήλους δὲ ἴδοντο.
τὸν καὶ λισσόμενος Πρίαμος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Μνῆσαι πατρὸς σοῖο, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τηλίκου ὥσπερ ἐγών, ὀλοῷ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ.
καὶ μέν που κεῖνον περιναιέται ἀμφὶς ἐόντες
τείρουσ', οὐδέ τίς ἐστιν ἀρὴν καὶ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι κεῖνός γε σέθεν ζώοντος ἀκούων
χαίρει τ' ἐν θυμῷ, ἐπί τ' ἔλπεται ἤματα πάντα
ὄψεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ Τροίηθε μολόντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔτινά φημι λελεῖφθαι.
πεντήκοντά μοι ἦσαν, ὅτ' ἤλυθον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ἐννεακαίδεκα μέν μοι ἰῆς ἐκ νηδύος ἦσαν,
τοὺς δ' ἄλλους μοι ἔτικτον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γυναῖκες.
τῶν μὲν πολλῶν θοῦρος Ἄρης ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·
ὃς δέ μοι οἶος ἔην, εἴρυτο δὲ ἄστυ καὶ αὐτούς,
τὸν σὺ πρώην κτείνας ἀμυνόμενον περὶ πάτρης,
Ἕκτορα· τοῦ νῦν εἵνεχ' ἱκάνω νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
λυσόμενος παρὰ σεῖο, φέρω δ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
ἀλλ' αἰδεῖο θεούς, Ἀχιλεῦ, αὐτόν τ' ἐλέησον,
μνησάμενος σοῦ πατρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεεινότερός περ,
ἔτλην δ' οἷ' οὔπω τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνοιο ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι."

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·

A sudden apparition, there he knelt
Clasping Achilles' knees, kissing the hands,
The terrible murderous hands, that slew his sons !
But as, when one, to whom some foul deed clings,
On whom lies guilt of bloodshed in his land,
Hath fled his village-home, and sudden seeks
Refuge and sanctuary in a rich man's hall—
As they to whom he enters stand aghast—
Ev'n thus, when he beheld the godlike form
Of Priam, stood Achilles all aghast ;
Likewise the others, looking each at each ;
Till Priam, trembling at his feet, began :
" Thy father—O thou image of the Gods,
Achilles, think of him—then look on me,
Like him, upon the threshold-step of death.
Haply the neighbours harry his estate,
Nor hath he who may drive the ill away.
Nathless, whilst hearing thou art yet alive,
He still hath joy at heart, and day by day
Hath hope to see his son, from Troy return'd.
A thousandfold more wretched I than he !
The bravest men through Troy were all my sons ;
Not one of all those bravest now remains.
Fifty were mine, or e'er Achaia came ;
Twenty save one were of one mother's womb,
The rest were born of women in my halls.
Already to the war the most had fall'n ;
And now the one who yet survived to me,
Sole saviour of his brethren and his home,
Him, standing for his country, thou hast slain—
Ev'n Hector. For which cause I now have come,
Here 'mid mine enemy's fleet, and make this moan,
And bear a priceless ransom. Hear then, hear,
Achilles ! of the Gods have reverence ;
Pity me, if but for thy father's sake !
Yet surely none more pitiable than I,
Who now have borne, what never man on earth
Hath borne before me, lifting to my lips
The hands of the destroyer of my sons ! "
He ceased, and woke within the other's heart

ἀψάμενος δ' ἄρα χειρὸς ἀπώσατο ἦκα γέροντα.
τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
κλαῖ' ἀδινὰ, προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἐλυσθεὶς,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς κλαῖεν ἑὸν πατέρ', ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
Πάτροκλον· τῶν δὲ στοναχὴ κατὰ δώματ' ὀρώρει.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥα γόοιο τετάρπετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
[καί οἱ ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἦλθ' ἵμερος ἠδ' ἀπὸ γυίων,]
αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο, γέροντα δὲ χειρὸς ἀνίστη,
οἰκτείρων πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἆ δείλ', ἦ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ' ἄνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἷος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
υἱέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ κατ' ἄρ' ἕζευ ἐπὶ θρόνου, ἄλγεα δ' ἔμπης
ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ.
οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο.
ὣς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν,
ζώειν ἀχνυμένοις· αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσιν.
δοιοὶ γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείαται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει
δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἐάων·
ᾧ μέν κ' ἀμμίξας δοίη Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
ἄλλοτε μέν τε κακῷ ὅγε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ
ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δοίη, λωβητὸν ἔθηκεν·
καί ἑ κακὴ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα δῖαν ἐλαύνει,
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.
ὣς μὲν καὶ Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
ἐκ γενετῆς· πάντας γὰρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο

Mourning and yearning for his father old ;
Who touch'd his hand yet gently for the while
Repell'd him ; and remembrance melted [1] both.
For Priam, prone before Achilles' feet,
Bitterly weeping lay for Hector's sake ;
Nor less the other wept, by turns his sire
Lamenting, and by turns his own lost friend.
Their sound of wail went up and filled the hall.
But when his sorrow's thirst was slaked of tears,
And that strong yearning for his father pass'd,
Sudden divine Achilles, from his seat
Upstarting, raised the elder by the hand,
Pitying the silver head and silver chin,
And with wing'd words address'd him, and replied :
" Verily, vast the evil thou hast borne.
Wretched indeed ! [2] Whence gott'st thou this thy strength
Single to venture 'midst Achaia's barks
Before the eyes of him who slew thy sons,
A noble brood ? Needs must thy heart be steel !
But rest thee on this seat ; and these our woes,
Despite the pain and anguish, yet awhile
Suffer we to lie buried in our hearts.
For what the gain of all these chilling tears ?
The Gods have wov'n across the web of Fate
One doom to wretched mortals—life with pain ;
Themselves in bliss serene, without a care.
There on the floor of Zeus two vessels lie,
Each of his wonted gifts to man fill'd full ;
But one the good, the other holds the ill :
To whom the Lord of thunder grants his gifts
Mingling from either vessel, falls to him
At one time evil, at another good ;
But unto whom he only gives of ill,
He maketh him accursèd, and a dire
Hunger shall hunt him o'er the sacred earth,
Passing, of no esteem with God or man.
Thus hath it happ'd that from his birth the Gods
Gave splendid gifts to Peleus ; all mankind
He pass'd in wealth and glory, crown'd the King

[1] Cowper. [2] Ibid.

ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε, ἄνασσε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
καί οἱ θνητῷ ἐόντι θεὰν ποίησαν ἄκοιτιν.
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ καὶ τῷ θῆκε θεὸς κακὸν, ὅττι οἱ οὔτι
παίδων ἐν μεγάροισι γονὴ γένετο κρειόντων,
ἀλλ' ἕνα παῖδα τέκεν παναώριον· οὐδέ νυ τόνγε
γηράσκοντα κομίζω, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
ἧμαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σέ τε κήδων ἠδὲ σὰ τέκνα.
καὶ σὲ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι
ὅσσον Λέσβος ἄνω, Μάκαρος ἕδος, ἐντὸς ἐέργει
καὶ Φρυγίη καθύπερθε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντος ἀπείρων,
τῶν σε, γέρον, πλούτῳ τε καὶ υἱάσι φασὶ κεκάσθαι
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί τοι πῆμα τόδ' ἤγαγον Οὐρανίωνες,
αἰεί τοι περὶ ἄστυ μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε·
ἄνσχεο, μηδ' ἀλίαστον ὀδύρεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
οὐ γάρ τι πρήξεις ἀκαχήμενος υἱὸς ἑῆος,
οὐδέ μιν ἀνστήσεις, πρὶν καὶ κακὸν ἄλλο πάθῃσθα."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής.
"μή μέ πω ἐς θρόνον ἵζε, διοτρεφὲς, ὄφρα κεν Ἕκτωρ
κῆται ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀκηδὴς, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
λῦσον, ἵν' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδω· σὺ δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα
[πολλὰ, τά τοι φέρομεν· σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ἀπόναιο, καὶ ἔλθοις
σὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, ἐπεί με πρῶτον ἔασας
αὐτόν τε ζώειν καὶ ὁρᾶν φάος ἠελίοιο].

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μηκέτι νῦν μ' ἐρέθιζε, γέρον· νοέω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἕκτορά τοι λῦσαι· Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθεν
μήτηρ, ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
καὶ δέ σε γιγνώσκω, Πρίαμε, φρεσὶν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,
ὅττι θεῶν τίς σ' ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐ γάρ κε τλαίη βροτὸς ἐλθέμεν, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,

Of Myrmidonia, and, though mortal born,
Wedded of heaven to an immortal spouse.
Yet ev'n to him the God hath mix'd this ill,
No seed of princely children round his hearth—
One only son, and he untimely doom'd!
Nor can I help him in his aged need,
Who here must bide, far from mine own dear land,
In Troy, and be a scourge to thee and thine.
So likewise have we heard of thee, old man,
And thy high state aforetime; how of all
Who dwell within the region, to the south
Looking to Lesbos, Makar's island throne,
Northward to Phrygia and the spreading waves
Of Hellespont—of all wast thou most bless'd
In substance and the number of thy sons.
But this the ill appointed thee of Heaven—
Battle and bloodshed ceaseless round thy doors.
Be patient then; endure, nor break thy heart;
It boots thee nothing thus to mourn thy son;
For, ere thy tears bring back the dead to life,
I wot, they will have other cause to flow."

But godlike aged Priam gave reply:
"Bid me not sit me down, thou child of Zeus,
While Hector lies untended in the camp;
Haste thee to loose him, let me gaze my fill;
And thou accept the ransom that we bring.
And, for that thou hast suffered me to live
And see the light of yet another day,
So mayst thou have thy joy of all this wealth,
And live to see thine own dear fatherland."

The other then with louring brow replied:
"Fret me no more, old man; and know, myself
Am minded to loose Hector. Here to me
A messenger from Zeus my mother came,
The daughter of the elder Ocean-God.
Yea, and full well of mine own wit I know,
O Priam, that a God hath led thy feet
Here 'mid Achaia's barks. No son of man,
No mortal, though in blooming youth's full flower,
Durst venture thus amid a hostile host;

ἐς στρατόν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν φυλάκους λάθοι, οὐδὲ κ' ὀχῆα
ῥεῖα μετοχλίσσειε θυράων ἠμετεράων.
τῷ νῦν μή μοι μᾶλλον ἐν ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς,
μή σε, γέρον, οὐδ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐάσω
καὶ ἱκέτην περ ἐόντα, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτωμαι ἐφετμάς."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ·
Πηλείδης δ' οἴκοιο λέων ὣς ἅλτο θύραζε,
οὐκ οἷος, ἅμα τῷγε δύω θεράποντες ἕποντο,
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων ἠδ' Ἄλκιμος, οὕς ῥα μάλιστα
τῖ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάρων, μετὰ Πάτροκλόν γε θανόντα,
οἳ τόθ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφιν λύον ἵππους ἠμιόνους τε,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγον κήρυκα καλήτορα τοῖο γέροντος,
κάδ δ' ἐπὶ δίφρου εἶσαν· ἐϋξέστου δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης
ἤρεον Ἕκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
κὰδ δ' ἔλιπον δύο φάρε' ἐΰννητόν τε χιτῶνα,
ὄφρα νέκυν πυκάσας δώῃ οἰκόνδε φέρεσθαι.
δμωὰς δ' ἐκκαλέσας λοῦσαι κέλετ' ἀμφί τ' ἀλεῖψαι,
νόσφιν ἀειράσας, ὡς μὴ Πρίαμος ἴδοι υἱὸν,
μὴ ὁ μὲν ἀχνυμένῃ κραδίῃ χόλον οὐκ ἐρύσαιτο
παῖδα ἰδὼν, Ἀχιλῆϊ δ' ὀρινθείη φίλον ἦτορ
καί ἑ κατακτείνειε, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτηται ἐφετμάς.
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν δμωαὶ λοῦσαν καὶ χρῖσαν ἐλαίῳ,
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν φᾶρος καλὸν βάλον ἠδὲ χιτῶνα,
αὐτὸς τόνγ' Ἀχιλεὺς λεχέων ἐπέθηκεν ἀείρας,
σὺν δ' ἔταροι ἤειραν ἐϋξέστην ἐπ' ἀπήνην.
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·

"Μή μοι, Πάτροκλε, σκυδμαινέμεν, αἴ κε πύθηαι
εἰν Ἀΐδός περ ἐὼν ὅτι Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔλυσα
πατρὶ φίλῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ἀεικέα δῶκεν ἄποινα.
σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ καὶ τῶνδ' ἀποδάσσομαι ὅσσ' ἐπέοικεν."

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς κλισίην πάλιν ἤϊε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
ἕζετο δ' ἐν κλισμῷ πολυδαιδάλῳ, ἔνθεν ἀνέστη,
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέρου, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο μῦθον·

Nor could he 'scape the guards ; and task it were
To lift the bar that binds Achilles' gates !
Beware then ; further anger not a heart
Already stung with sorrow, lest perchance
I bear not this thy presence in my tent,
Though suppliant, and transgress the will of Zeus."
He ceased ; the elder, all in awe, obeyed.
Then, lionlike, Pelides sprang without,
Nor went companionless, but with him moved
Automedon and Alcimus, the chiefs
After Patroclus dearest to their lord.
These loosed the mules and horses from their yokes,
And led the herald-comrade of the king
Within the tent, and bade him to a seat ;
Then off the well-wheel'd litter raised and took
The inestimable ransom of the dead ;
Yet left two mantles and one linen robe
Fine-spun, wherewith to pall the dead, or e'er
They gave him to his home. Next call' they forth
Handmaidens, whom they bade anoint with oil
The corse, yet lift it first some space aloof
Lest haply Priam see his son, and, so
Beholding, from the anguish of his heart
Break into wrath, and chafe Achilles more
To slay him, and transgress the will of Zeus.
But, when the maids had wash'd the corse and pour'd
The oil thereon and cast around the dead
The mantle and the robe, Achilles raised
The body off the bier, and, help'd thereto
By his own followers, laid it on the wain ;
Then, turning, on Patroclus call'd, and said :
"Be thou not wroth, Patroclus, though thou hear
Haply in Hades' halls, that I have loosed
Thy slayer Hector to his father's hands ;
For ransom hath he render'd, not unmeet,
Whereof thy due I set apart for thee."
Speaking, the heaven-sprung hero moved again
Within the tent, and on the sculptured couch
Whence he had risen, sate, beside the wall
Facing the king, whom thus he then address'd :

οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐννῆμαρ κέατ' ἐν φόνῳ, οὐδέ τις ἦεν
κατθάψαι, λαοὺς δὲ λίθους ποίησε Κρονίων·
τοὺς δ' ἄρα τῇ δεκάτῃ θάψαν θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες
ἡ δ' ἄρα σίτου μνήσατ', ἐπεὶ κάμε δακρυχέουσα.
νῦν δέ που ἐν πέτρῃσιν, ἐν οὔρεσιν οἰοπόλοισιν,
ἐν Σιπύλῳ, ὅθι φασὶ θεάων ἔμμεναι εὐνὰς
νυμφάων, αἵτ' ἀμφ' Ἀχελώϊον ἐρρώσαντο,
ἔνθα λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα, δῖε γεραιὲ,
σίτου, ἔπειτά κεν αὖτε φίλον παῖδα κλαίοισθα,
Ἴλιον εἰσαγαγών· πολυδάκρυτος δέ τοι ἔσται."

Ἦ καὶ ἀναίξας ὄϊν ἄργυφον ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
σφάξ'· ἔταροι δ' ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως πεῖράν τ' ὀβελοῖσιν,
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
Αὐτομέδων δ' ἄρα σῖτον ἐλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ
καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν· ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,

"Thy son is free according to thy word,
Old man, and on the litter lies without.
At dawn thyself shalt see and bear him home.
But now bethink us of repast awhile.
Not bright-hair'd Niobe herself from food
Refrain'd, though in her halls twelve children fell,
Six daughters slain, six sons in bloom of youth;
These by the Godhead of the silver bow,
And those by arrow-loving Artemis;
All for Apollo's wrath 'gainst Niobe,
For that she dared herself the equal make
To lovely Leto, yea, and spake her boast
That Leto had but two, she many births:
Therefore the many fell, slain by the two.
Nine days they lay there, weltering in their blood;
Nor was there man to bury them, for Zeus
Had changed the neighbouring nations into stone.
On the tenth day the heavenly Gods took ruth
And dug their graves; and yet their mother, 'mid
Her ceaseless weeping, still took thought of food.
Haply she now, a rock amongst the rocks,
Amid the desert hills of Sipylus,
There where they say the Nymphs divine, who whirl
In dance round Acheloius, make their couch,
Changed though she be to stone, retains her woe.
As she, so likewise we take thought for food,
Most noble King; and, after, weep afresh
Thy son, when thou hast borne him home to Troy;
Many the tears shall flow for his sake there."
Speaking, the fleetfoot hero to his height
Upsprang, and kill'd a sheep of glistening fleece;
The which his followers flay'd and carved aright,
And sliced it fine, and pierced each slice with spits,
Then roasted with all care and set it forth.
Automedon put bread along the board
To each in woven baskets, but the meat
With his own hand Achilles, parting, gave;
And on the dainty fare they laid their hands.

But, when desire of drink and meat had pass'd,

ἤτοι Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος θαύμαζ' Ἀχιλῆα,
ὅσσος ἦην οἷός τε· θεοῖσι γὰρ ἄντα ἐφκει.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δαρδανίδην Πρίαμον θαύμαζεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰσορόων ὄψιν τ' ἀγαθὴν καὶ μῦθον ἀκούων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐς ἀλλήλους ὁρόωντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·

" Λεξον νῦν με τάχιστα, διοτρεφὲς, ὄφρα κεν ἤδη
ὕπνῳ ὕπο γλυκερῷ ταρπώμεθα κοιμηθέντες·
οὐ γάρ πω μύσαν ὄσσε ὑπὸ βλεφάροισιν ἐμοῖσιν,
ἐξ οὗ σῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐμὸς παῖς ὤλεσε θυμὸν,
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ στενάχω καὶ κήδεα μυρία πέσσω,
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτοισι κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον.
νῦν δὴ καὶ σίτου πασάμην καὶ αἴθοπα οἶνον
λαυκανίης καθέηκα· πάρος γε μὲν οὔτι πεπάσμην."

Ἦ ῥ', Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἑτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμωῇσι κέλευσεν
δέμνι' ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ θέμεναι καὶ ῥήγεα καλὰ
πορφύρε' ἐμβαλέειν, στορέσαι τ' ἐφύπερθε τάπητας,
χλαίνας τ' ἐνθέμεναι οὔλας καθύπερθεν ἔσασθαι.
αἱ δ' ἴσαν ἐκ μεγάροιο δάος μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαι,
αἶψα δ' ἄρα στόρεσαν δοιὼ λέχε' ἐγκονέουσαι.
τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

" Ἐκτὸς μὲν δὴ λέξο, γέρον φίλε, μή τις Ἀχαιῶν
ἐνθάδ' ἐπέλθῃσιν βουληφόρος, οἵτε μοι αἰεὶ
βουλὰς βουλεύουσι παρήμενοι, ἣ θέμις ἐστίν·
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
αὐτίκ' ἂν ἐξείποι Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν,
καί κεν ἀνάβλησις λύσιος νεκροῖο γένηται.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἶπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
ποσσῆμαρ μέμονας κτερεϊζέμεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ὄφρα τέως αὐτός τε μένω καὶ λαὸν ἐρύκω."

Still on Achilles gazing Priam sate,
Marvelling how large of limb, how great of might
The hero was—the peer of Gods he seem'd :
Nor less Achilles on the other gazed,
Marvelling how sweet the face, how soft the voice :
Till, when their eyes were sated with the sight,
First of the twain, the god-like elder spake :
"Bid them now strew my couch, thou child of Zeus ;
So may we lay us down, and comfort take
Of gentle slumber ; for not yet mine eyes
Have closed beneath mine eyelids from the hour
When he my son fell lifeless by thy hand.
Still make I since mine everlasting moan,
Still, grovelling in my courtyard's dust and mire,
On these my myriad sorrows feed my heart.
But now have I partaken of repast,
And suffer'd glowing wine to pass my throat
With thee ; nor had I tasted aught before."
Straight to his word Achilles bade his men
And handmaids set a couch within the porch,
Thereon to throw fine purple rugs, and strew
Sheeting above the rugs, and topmost lay
Soft mantles wherewithal to clothe the king.
Forth from the hall they hied them, torch in hand,
And, working might and main, two couches strew'd.
Achilles then with rallying[1] voice began :
"Needs must thou lie without, mine aged Sire.
Haply some other of Achaia's sons
May enter asking counsel in this tent,
As ever is their wont to ask of me ;
And, should he see thee through the night's thick gloom,
Perchance would straight pass on and bear the tale
To Agamemnon, sovereign of the host ;
So were the ransom of thy son delay'd.
But speak and tell me freely without fear ;
What length of days desires thy heart to keep
The funeral-rite to noble Hector due?
So many days will I myself await,
So many days will hold the nations back."

[1] Cowper.

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
" εἰ μὲν δή μ' ἐθέλεις τελέσαι τάφον Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ὧδέ κε μοι ῥέζων, Ἀχιλεῦ, κεχαρισμένα θείης.
οἶσθα γὰρ ὡς κατὰ ἄστυ ἐέλμεθα, τηλόθι δ' ὕλη
ἀξέμεν ἐξ ὄρεος· μάλα δὲ Τρῶες δεδίασιν.
ἐννῆμαρ μὲν κ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροις ποθέοιμεν,
τῇ δεκάτῃ δέ κε θάπτοιμεν δαινῦτό τε λαός,
ἐνδεκάτῃ δέ κε τύμβον ἐπ' αὐτῷ ποιήσαιμεν,
τῇ δὲ δυωδεκάτῃ πολεμίξομεν, εἴπερ ἀνάγκη."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
" ἔσται τοι καὶ ταῦτα, γέρον Πρίαμ', ὡς σὺ κελεύεις·
σχήσω γὰρ τόσσον πόλεμον χρόνον ὅσσον ἄνωγας."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρα γέροντος
ἔλλαβε δεξιτερὴν, μή πως δείσει' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν προδόμῳ δόμου αὐτόθι κοιμήσαντο,
κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε' ἔχοντες,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὖδε μυχῷ κλισίης εὐπήκτου·
τῷ δὲ Βρισηὶς παρελέξατο καλλιπάρῃος.

Ἄλλοι μέν ῥα θεοί τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἱπποκορυσταὶ
εὖδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
ἀλλ' οὐχ Ἑρμείαν ἠριούνιον ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν,
ὁρμαίνοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως Πρίαμον βασιλῆα
νηῶν ἐκπέμψειε, λαθὼν ἱεροὺς πυλαωρούς.
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

" Ὦ γέρον, οὔ νύ τι σοίγε μέλει κακὸν, οἷον ἔθ' εὕδεις
ἀνδράσιν ἐν δηΐοισιν, ἐπεί σ' εἴασεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
καὶ νῦν μὲν φίλον υἱὸν ἐλύσαο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκας·
σεῖο δέ κε ζωοῦ καὶ τρὶς τόσα δοῖεν ἄποινα
παῖδες τοὶ μετόπισθε λελειμμένοι, αἴ κ' Ἀγαμέμνων
γνώῃ σ' Ἀτρείδης, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί."

Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων, κήρυκα δ' ἀνίστη.
τοῖσιν δ' Ἑρμείας ζεῦξ' ἵππους ἠμιόνους τε,
ῥίμφα δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε κατὰ στρατὸν, οὐδέ τις ἔγνω.

And godlike aged Priam gave reply :
" If of a truth thou grant me to fulfil
The funeral-rite to noble Hector due,
No greater grace, Achilles, canst thou grant.
Thou know'st how we are leaguer'd in our walls,
And how the hill is far from whence to fetch
The fagots, and the people fear to fetch.
Suffer then that for nine days in our homes
We make our wail, but on the tenth we give
His burial, on the eleventh rear his cairn ;
So on the twelfth to war, since war we must."
To whom the noble fleetfoot hero thus :
" Likewise these things shall, as thou biddest, be,
My father ; for so long the war shall cease."
Thus speaking, on the elder's right-hand wrist
He laid his finger, so to stay his fears.
And Priam and his herald in the court
Rested, with trouble at their hearts perplex'd,
While in the inner tent Achilles slept,
The fair Briseis lying by his side.

And all night long, by gentle Sleep subdued,
Slumber'd the Gods alike and warrior-men ;
But not the God of help—Sleep seized not him,
Hermes, but still he ponder'd how he best
Might 'scape the sentries watching by the gates,
And guide the king in safety from the fleet ;
At last took station o'er his head, and spake :
" Seemeth thy trouble light, old man, that thus
Thou sleepest all encompass'd by thy foes,
Here lingering, though Achilles lets thee pass ?
Heavy the price for Hector thou hast paid ;
But thrice as heavy ransom will thy sons
Have yet to pay for thee a captive here,
Were this thy presence known to Atreus' Son
Or known to other of Achaia's host."
Nor more. The elder all in fear awoke
The herald ; to whose aid the God quick yoked
The horses and the mules, and drave them forth
Right through the camp, nor any knew them pass.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,
[Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεύς,]
Ἑρμείας μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,
οἱ δ' εἰς ἄστυ ἔλων οἰμωγῇ τε στοναχῇ τε
ἵππους, ἡμίονοι δὲ νέκυν φέρον. οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ἔγνω πρόσθ' ἀνδρῶν καλλιζώνων τε γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἄρα Κασσάνδρη, ἰκέλη χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Πέργαμον εἰσαναβᾶσα φίλον πατέρ' εἰσενόησεν,
ἑσταότ' ἐν δίφρῳ, κήρυκά τε ἀστυβοώτην·
τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐφ' ἡμιόνων ἴδε κείμενον ἐν λεχέεσσιν·
κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα γέγωνέ τε πᾶν κατὰ ἄστυ·

"Ὄψεσθε, Τρῶες καὶ Τρωάδες, Ἕκτορ' ἰόντες,
εἴποτε καὶ ζώοντι μάχης ἓκ νοστήσαντι
χαίρετ', ἐπεὶ μέγα χάρμα πόλει τ' ἦν παντί τε δήμῳ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδέ τις αὐτόθ' ἐνὶ πτόλεϊ λίπετ' ἀνὴρ
οὐδὲ γυνή· πάντας γὰρ ἀάσχετον ἵκετο πένθος·
ἀγχοῦ δὲ ξύμβληντο πυλάων νεκρὸν ἄγοντι.
πρῶται τόνγ' ἄλοχός τε φίλη καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
τιλλέσθην, ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον ἀΐξασαι,
ἁπτόμεναι κεφαλῆς· κλαίων δ' ἀμφίσταθ' ὅμιλος,
καί νύ κε δὴ πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
Ἕκτορα δακρυχέοντες ὀδύροντο πρὸ πυλάων,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἐκ δίφροιο γέρων λαοῖσι μετηύδα·

"Εἴξατέ μοι οὐρεῦσι διελθέμεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἄσεσθε κλαυθμοῖο, ἐπὴν ἀγάγωμι δόμονδε."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ διέστησαν καὶ εἶξαν ἀπήνῃ.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ εἰσάγαγον κλυτὰ δώματα, τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα
τρητοῖς ἐν λεχέεσσι θέσαν, παρὰ δ' εἷσαν ἀοιδοὺς
θρήνων ἐξάρχους, οἵτε στονόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐθρήνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
τῇσιν δ' Ἀνδρομάχη λευκώλενος ἦρχε γόοιο,
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο κάρη μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα·

"Ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὤλεο, κὰδ δέ με χήρην

But when they gain'd the ford of that brimm'd stream,
Xanthus, own offspring of immortal Zeus,
There Hermes to Olympus pass'd away.
And Morn in saffron robes had risen on earth,
And still the twain drave on with wail and woe
Their steeds ; the mules still following bare the dead,
Unseen of man's or well-girt woman's ken ;
Till first Cassandra (mortal-born, yet fair
As golden Aphrodite) clomb the tower
Of Pergamus, and thence descried far-off
Her father, standing upright on the car,
With him the clear-voiced herald of the town,
And Hector on the mule-drawn wain behind.
She shriek'd, with cry that rang throughout the streets :
" Men, women, children ! Oh, if e'er ye joy'd
To meet him, coming safe from battle home
(For joy he was to you and all the town),
Forth to meet Hector ; forth to see him now !"
She said, and at the cry forthwith through Troy
Nor man nor woman in the town was left.
Insufferable longing fell on all.
They throng'd, and met the bringer of the dead
Hard by the gates: first up the litter sprang
His mother and his wife, and rent their hair
Embracing, and the people wail'd around.
Yea, all that day, even to set of sun,
Had they bode still beyond the gates, and wept
In that their lamentation, but the King
Address'd the people from the car, and said :
" Now yield ye passage to the mules ; within
Pass we ; and there content your hearts with wail."
He spoke ; they, parting, gave the litter way.

Up to his far-famed halls they bore the dead,
There laid him on a polish'd bier, and bade
Their bards sit by him, leaders of a dirge,
A sad low chaunt, and women joined their moan.
To whom Andromache, 'twixt milk-white arms
Clasping the head of Hector, led their wail :
" Young from the earth, my husband, hast thou gone !

λείπεις ἐν μεγάροισι· πάϊς δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὔτως,
ὃν τέκομεν σύ τ' ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι, οὐδέ μιν οἴω
ἤβην ἴξεσθαι· πρὶν γὰρ πόλις ἥδε κατ' ἄκρης
πέρσεται· ἦ γὰρ ὄλωλας ἐπίσκοπος, ὅστε μιν αὐτὴν
ῥύσκευ, ἔχες δ' ἀλόχους κεδνὰς καὶ νήπια τέκνα·
αἳ δή τοι τάχα νηυσὶν ὀχήσονται γλαφυρῇσιν,
καὶ μὲν ἐγὼ μετὰ τῇσι· σὺ δ' αὖ, τέκος, ἦ ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ
ἕψεαι, ἔνθα κεν ἔργα ἀεικέα ἐργάζοιο,
ἀθλεύων πρὸ ἄνακτος ἀμειλίχου· ἤ τις Ἀχαιῶν
ῥίψει χειρὸς ἑλὼν ἀπὸ πύργου, λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
χωόμενος, ᾧ δή που ἀδελφεὸν ἔκτανεν Ἕκτωρ
ἢ πατέρ', ἠὲ καὶ υἱόν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
Ἕκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν ὀδὰξ ἔλον ἄσπετον οὖδας.
οὐ γὰρ μείλιχος ἔσκε πατὴρ τεὸς ἐν δαὶ λυγρῇ·
τῷ καί μιν λαοὶ μὲν ὀδύρονται κατὰ ἄστυ,
ἀρητὸν δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας,
Ἕκτορ· ἐμοὶ δὲ μάλιστα λελείψεται ἄλγεα λυγρά.
οὐ γάρ μοι θνήσκων λεχέων ἐκ χεῖρας ὄρεξας.
οὐδέ τί μοι εἶπες πυκινὸν ἔπος, οὔτέ κεν αἰεὶ
μεμνῄμην νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα δακρυχέουσα."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
τῇσιν δ' αὖθ' Ἑκάβη ἀδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·

"Ἕκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ πάντων πολύ φίλτατε παίδων,
ἦ μέν μοι ζωός περ ἐὼν φίλος ἦσθα θεοῖσιν·
οἱ δ' ἄρα σεῦ κήδοντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.
ἄλλους μὲν γὰρ παῖδας ἐμοὺς πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
πέρνασχ', ὅντιν' ἕλεσκε, πέρην ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,
ἐς Σάμον ἔς τ' Ἴμβρον καὶ Λῆμνον ἀμιχθαλόεσσαν·
σεῦ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξέλετο ψυχὴν ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ,
πολλὰ ῥυστάζεσκεν ἑοῦ περὶ σῆμ' ἑτάροιο,
Πατρόκλου, τὸν ἔπεφνες· ἀνέστησεν δέ μιν οὐδ' ὥς.
νῦν δέ μοι ἐρσήεις καὶ πρόσφατος ἐν μεγάροισιν

And left me widow'd in thy home, and this
Thy child a helpless infant—how to grow
To man's estate? For, ere that day arrive,
This city shall be tumbled headlong down!
For thou art slain, her guardian—thou, whose arm
Saved her, and still was as a staff, whereon
Her women and her infant children clung.
Now in yon hollow galleys, spoil and prey,
Shall these, and I amongst them, soon be borne;
And thou, mine only boy, 'twill be thy fate
Or to be borne with me, and thenceforth slave
To some stern master, at ignoble task;
Or shall some enemy whirl thee off the towers,
Dash thee to horrible death before mine eyes,
Venging a kinsman by thy father slain,
A brother, or a father, or a son—
For deep the grudge, and many an Argive erst
Hath bit his mother-earth by Hector's spear?
No sweet encounter his in battle-fray,
And for this cause the nations mourn through Troy!
Accursed, accursed the anguish thou hast left,
O Hector, to thy parents, but beyond
Ev'n theirs, the wretchedness thou leav'st to me!
Who dying couldst not stretch thy hand to mine,
Nor speak me one kind word, to be for aye
Remember'd in my weeping, nights and days!"

She ceased in tears; the women joined the dirge,
Till Hecuba in turn led off their wail:

"Dearest of all the children I have borne!
We knew that, living, thou wast dear to Gods,
And they not less have honour'd thee in death.
Of yore, if e'er Achilles captive took
Son of this royal house, he sold him slave
Across the barren seas, amongst the isles
Samos or Imbros or the Lesbian cliffs;
But, when his sword had reft the life from thee,
Many times round Patroclus, whom thou slew'st,
He dragg'd thee, yet not thus undid thy fame.
And now I have thee, to thy home restored
As dewy-fresh, and taintless, as a babe

κεῖσαι, τῷ ἴκελος ὄντ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
οἷς ἀγανοῖς βελέεσσιν ἐποιχόμενος κατέπεφνεν."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, γόον δ' ἀλίαστον ὄρινεν.
τῇσι δ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη τριτάτη ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·

"Ἕκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,
ἦ μέν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς,
ὅς μ' ἄγαγε Τροίηνδ'· ὡς πρὶν ὤφελλον ὀλέσθαι.
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐεικοστὸν ἔτος ἐστὶν
ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἔβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης·
ἀλλ' οὔπω σεῦ ἄκουσα κακὸν ἔπος οὐδ' ἀσύφηλον·
ἀλλ' εἴ τίς με καὶ ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι
δαέρων, ἢ γαλόων, ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,
ἢ ἐκυρή—ἐκυρὸς δὲ πατὴρ ὣς ἤπιος αἰεί—
ἀλλὰ σὺ τόνγ' ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος κατέρυκες,
[σῇ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνῃ καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν.]
τῷ σέ θ' ἅμα κλαίω καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον ἀχνυμένη κῆρ
οὐ γάρ τίς μοι ἔτ' ἄλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
ἤπιος οὐδὲ φίλος, πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δ' ἔστενε δῆμος ἀπείρων.
λαοῖσιν δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἄξετε νῦν, Τρῶες, ξύλα ἄστυδε, μηδέ τι θυμῷ
δείσητ' Ἀργείων πυκινὸν λόχον· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
πέμπων μ' ὤδ' ἐπέτελλε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,
μὴ πρὶν πημανέειν, πρὶν δωδεκάτη μόλῃ ἠώς."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ὑπ' ἀμάξῃσιν βόας ἡμιόνους τε
ζεύγνυσαν, αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα πρὸ ἄστεος ἠγερέθοντο.
ἐννῆμαρ μὲν τοίγε ἀγίνεον ἄσπετον ὕλην·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη ἐφάνη φαεσίμβροτος ἠώς,
καί τότ' ἄρ' ἐξέφερον θρασὺν Ἕκτορα δακρυχέοντες,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν, ἐν δ' ἔβαλον πῦρ.

Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,
τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κλυτοῦ Ἕκτορος ἔγρετο λαός.
[αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ἤγερθεν ὁμηγερέες τ' ἐγένοντο,]
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνῳ
πᾶσαν, ὁπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα

O'er whom the Godhead of the silver bow
Hath pass'd with gentle darts, and, painless, slain."
She ceased in tears, and woke an endless moan,
Till Helen spake, and led their wail, the third:
"Dearest of all my brethren unto me!
Ye know that godlike Paris is my spouse,
Who brought me here. Would I had died before!
And now the twentieth year hath past and gone
Since I came thence and left my native land;
Yet never have I heard through all those years
One word of slight or scorning from thy lips.
Nay, if another of thy royal house
Pointed a taunt, a brother's wife perchance,
Thy brethren or thy mother—but thy sire
Was ever loving, as he were mine own—
Thou still wouldst chide it, and wouldst stay the blow
With thine own gentle heart and gentle words.
Wherefore I weep thee and myself the while,
Weep for the very anguish of my soul,
For there is none left now throughout broad Troy,
Loving or kind to me—whom all abhor!"
She ceased in tears; the vast crowd echo'd moan,
Whom then their aged monarch thus bespake:
"Trojans, now haste ye to fetch wood within;
Nor ambush fear nor aught of Argive wile;
For when Achilles sent me thence, he bade
They should not harm us, ere the twelfth day dawn."
They heard, and mules and oxen to their wains
Yoked, and without the gates were quickly throng'd.
Nine days they piled the pyre of wood immense;
But, when the tenth shone forth in light to man,
Weeping they bare brave Hector forth, and laid
The body on the summit of the pyre,
And then cast fire therein.
The eleventh morn
With rosy fingers drew night's veil from heaven,
On all the people gathering round the pyre.
When they were gather'd into one vast throng,
Then first they quench'd with glowing wine the pile
Where'er the fire yet linger'd; next, with tears

ὀστέα λευκὰ λέγοντο κασίγνητοί θ' ἕταροί τε
μυρόμενοι, θαλερὸν δὲ κατείβετο δάκρυ παρειῶν.
καὶ τάγε χρυσείην ἐς λάρνακα θῆκαν ἑλόντες,
πορφυρέοις πέπλοισι καλύψαντες μαλακοῖσιν·
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἐς κοίλην κάπετον θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
πυκνοῖσιν λάεσσι κατεστόρεσαν μεγάλοισιν·
ῥίμφα δὲ σῆμ' ἔχεαν, περὶ δὲ σκοποὶ εἵατο πάντη,
μὴ πρὶν ἐφορμηθεῖεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.
χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
εὖ συναγειρόμενοι δαίνυντ' ἐρικυδέα δαῖτα
δώμασιν ἐν Πριάμοιο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος.

Ὣς οἵγ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.

Dewing their cheeks, and lamentation loud,
His brethren gather'd up his white-bleach'd bones.
These they put in a golden coffin, pall'd
With purple vestments soft. Anon, they dug
The hollow grave, and let the coffin down,
And choked it up with huge thick-wedgèd stones:
Then heap'd a hasty mound of earth above,
Their scouts still couch'd about, on either side,
Lest haply foes assail them, ere the end.
But, when the mound was heap'd, they hied them back,
And all that night in full assembly sate
Feasting on funeral-banquet in the halls
Of Priam, crownèd King, and child of Zeus.

This was the ministration of his kin
Round the great tamer of horses Hector's tomb.

NOTES TO VOL. II.

BOOK XIII. 13.—*For thence all Ida stands in clear aspect.*

ıE hills of Samothrace are plainly visible from Troas across the island which .ervenes. Dr. Kinglake has a well-known passage dilating on the delight discovering upon the spot the correctness of the ancient poet, in what had, the atlas and to school-boy apprehension, appeared to be a physical impos-ıility. Mons Saoce is, perhaps, the hill referred to.

BOOK XIII. 115.—*To purge us (as brave hearts do use) from fear.*

ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον· ἀκέσται τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν.

In this passage I have taken the interpretation given by Böthe and others preference to that of Heyne, who would make ἀκεώμεθα of the active instead the middle voice, and refer it to Achilles, the sense then being: "But haste heal him; noble minds are open to such healing." Mr. Grote must have .d this rendering in his mind when he pointed out the inconsistency of such ı address with the atonement offered in Book ix. The rendering given in e text does away with any such inconsistency, and avoids also a very abrupt ansition in the speech itself.

BOOK XIV. 350.—*Whilst o'er them grew a golden cloud, and clung*
About them, slowly dropping sparkling dew.

ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο
καλὴν, χρυσείην, στιλπναὶ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔερσαι.

It will be seen that I owe these two lines mainly to the imitation of this ıssage which will be found in Lord Tennyson's "Œnone."

BOOK XV. 679.—*As when a master of the horseman's art.*

There is but one other passage in the Homeric poems where the practice riding at all is alluded to, and there also it occurs as a simile. Odysseus :strides a plank as a man does a riding-horse (ἀμφ' ἑνὶ δούρατι βαῖνε, κέληθ' ; ἵππον ἐλαύνων). This would seem to show that though this use of the ıimal in war had sprung up before the poet's own time, yet it was of too cent introduction to permit him to ascribe it to the heroic age of which he ng. The same, perhaps, was the case with the trumpet as a martial instru-ent; for the poet refers to it in precisely the same way.

BOOK XVI. 262.—*Whose hiving is a common pest to men.*

ξυνὸν δὲ κακὸν πολέεσσι τιθεῖσιν. I make the wasps the subjects of τιθεῖσι, not the children. The Greek will admit either construction.

BOOK XVI. 856.—*Mourning the bloom and vigour that it left,*
The beauty of manhood, and its own sad fate.

The imitation of this passage in 'Sohrab and Rustum' is worth referring to:—

"Regretting the warm mansion that it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

The Lectures which Mr. Matthew Arnold gave upon the translation of Homer are too well known to render it necessary for me to say more than that they contain those critical canons which I should most desire to be considered to have followed in my own attempt. But the poetic qualities shown in 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and in 'Balder Dead,' are so peculiarly Homeric—they are also so cultivated upon the Homeric model—that I will venture to add that, had the critic himself entered upon the task to which he pointed the way, his work would probably have left nothing further to be done in that direction. I regret, however, that the English hexameter should have received the benefit of his advocacy. The existence of his own blank verse alone would be to me a sufficient argument against the adoption of so forced an exotic.

BOOK XVIII. 241.—*So the sun sank, and all the host had rest.*

The extreme duration of this day has been fairly criticised. Morning broke at xi. 1; noon is described as having been reached at xi. 100; yet, although the doings of the afternoon have filled seven intermediate books, the sun is now supposed to set before its natural time.

BOOK XVIII. 490.—*Fashion'd in gold, yet like to maids who live,*
In whom was speech, and wide discourse, and strength,
And knowledge of all craft bestow'd by Heaven.

The lines descriptive of the miraculous qualities given to these statues are confined by some commentators to the living women with whom they are compared. The miracle, it is argued, is not of the mythological type. Yet a sort of parallel may be found in line 376 of this book; and the story of the creation of Pandora presents another case exactly in point.

BOOK XVIII. 570.—*And sang the lay of Linos, slender-toned.*

This passage may be taken in several ways. That Linos was the name of a very early bard, whose birth and death were both ascribed to Apollo, we know from more than one source. And the word, as well as a variation of the word (αἴλινον), appears to have passed into the name of a song. A fragment of Hesiod speaks of the name as one—

ὃν δὴ ὅσοι βροτοί εἰσιν ἀοιδοὶ καὶ κιθαρισταὶ
πάντες μὲν θρηνοῦσιν ἐν εἰλαπίναις τε χοροῖς τε.

The Scholiasts seem unanimous in referring Homer's phrase to this legendary hero, and I have followed them in the text. But there is a word λίνον, also, which might mean simply the string of a harp. And the sense would then only be that 'the boy sang sweetly to the string,' or (perhaps) 'the string answered tenderly to his voice.'

BOOK XIX. 88.—*These cast a spirit of wild sin within me.*

ἄγριον ἄτην. The name of Ate has been taken by Shakspeare, both in *Julius Cæsar* and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, as the Goddess of Hell; but this by no means represents the early conception. The Homeric meaning may perhaps be best explained to an English ear by saying that if an early Greek had desired to express the state of mind described by the sacred writer as the hardening of Pharaoh's heart from above, he would have said that Pharaoh was entangled in Ate, or that Ate had obtained possession of Pharaoh. The later proverb, '*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*,' is only another form of the same idea. Colonel Mure has remarked that out of the thirty-four times in which the term occurs in the Iliad, it is used in no less than twenty-four with especial reference to Agamemnon's conduct. The word 'sin,' or 'guilt,' which I have adopted in the text, must be taken, of course, with some qualifications, and with the deduction of all Christian associations. But I can find no nearer rendering for the name of the Power which (in the heathen conception) leads astray, cleaves to, and carries headlong into misfortune, god and man alike.

Where the word is no personification, it commonly represents the crime which formed the first step in the downward course to ruin; but still in most cases retaining the idea of a supernatural hold upon the man who committed it, the feeling of "a presence that is not to be put by": *e.g.* xxiv. 480:—

ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ ὅς τ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ
φῶτα κατακτείνας—κ.τ.λ.,

or ii. 111, Ζεύς μ' ἄτῃ ἐνέδησε βαρείῃ: or vi. 356, Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἄτης: or Odyss. xxi. 295, where οἶνος Κένταυρον ἄασεν, and in many other places.

BOOK XX. 54.—*So God met God; but in the mortal crowd.*

A great difference of opinion has always existed regarding the merits of the six closing books of the Iliad; many critics having declared that they are unable to rise from their perusal without a painful sense of their inferiority to the earlier parts of the poem; whilst others have inquired why it is that no poems affect our feelings so strongly as these same books. The nature of the judgment which any reader will form for himself will depend, perhaps, upon the side of the narrative on which he is most inclined to dwell. So far as the human element of the story is concerned, it is difficult to detect any falling off. Indeed, the poetry appears to culminate as the climax of the argument is approached; the pathos becomes more intense as we proceed; the imagery more copious, and (if possible) more splendid. But, on the other hand, the gods now commence to play a much more active part than has been hitherto assigned to them; and perhaps on no occasion of their appearance will the reader rise without a sense of disappointment. Even where there is much grandeur in the conception of their action (as in xxi. 210–380), yet it is

seemingly of a fantastic, rather than of a real, order. And, more frequently, their interference will be found to be either immoral, or, at least, quite unworthy of any beings held up to our admiration or worship. In the passage to which this note is appended, their appearance has been heralded with a fine burst of poetry; but no fitting sequel follows. Their battle is deferred till xxi. 385; and, when it does occur, is full of details, most vividly rendered by the poet, but degrading to the actors. If, therefore, the books be judged mainly by the greater prominence thus given to the supernatural machinery, they will strike the mind as inferior to much of what has preceded them. But it is an inferiority which, when analysed, will be found to lie rather in the subject-matter than in the execution; whilst, in all other respects, I should venture to hold that it is an increase, not a falling off, of power that is perceptible.

BOOK XXII. 70.—*Lap up my blood, and bask before my doors.*

I had originally translated this passage so as to conclude with a line, *Bask in my gates to unmolested rest*, and have altered it, not because any thought was thereby added which is not contained in the original, but because to draw out such a point in words is not the Homeric manner of exhibiting it, when external facts are sufficient by themselves to convey it. Homer desires to describe the utter friendlessness in which Priam would die, and he does this simply by mentioning that the very dogs that had mangled him would bask about in front of the palace (*i.e.* without anybody caring to drive them away). Such poetry, by mere collocation of incident, or by contrast of simple fact without any verbal antithesis at all, is especially common in Homer, and is one of the characteristics which render his manner so unlike to that of Pope. Take the lines 468–472 of this same book. The contrast between the bright hopes that attended the marriage of Andromache, with its miserable result, is given merely by the fall of the head-dress, which was one of her wedding gifts, at the moment when she sees her husband's fate. Or at xxi. 357 (though in that passage I have thought it better to draw out the meaning more explicitly), the force of a stream is, in the original, suggested only by the fact that brazen armour was carried down on its surface. The instantaneous perception of such correlations was perhaps easier to a Greek than to a modern ear. One more very beautiful instance may be mentioned out of many hundreds. The exaggerated estimate which a wife might form of her husband's prowess could not possibly be conveyed with more brevity or subtlety than when Andromache, in foreshadowing Hector's death, warns him that the Greeks may kill him πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες, all charging upon him together (*i.e.* at some vantage, vi. 410)—as though in fair fight he could never be outdone. The ancient poet draws no attention himself to these points; but if the eye be prepared to observe them, no book can be read without discovering some.

BOOK XXIV. 506.—I have preferred to retain in my text Heyne's construction of this line, as being most in accordance with the previous κύσε χεῖρας of 478. It may, however, describe an attitude similar to that taken by Thetis when she supplicates Zeus. And if so, the rendering will be:

Stretching up my hand
To touch the beard of him who slew my sons.

BOOKS XXIII. XXIV.—The doubts regarding the position of these two books as part of the original Iliad have met, perhaps, more general acceptance than those urged against any other portion of the poem. Even Mr. Grote considers that they are, most probably, additions by a later hand. The judgment of Paris; the nurture of Thetis by Here; the position of Athene at the side of Zeus; the legend of Niobe; the appearance of Cassandra on the scene; the employment of Hermes as the messenger of Zeus, as in the Odyssey (whereas in the Iliad elsewhere that function is given to Iris); the date affixed to the rape of Helen; are all, it is asserted, so many points drawn from later traditions and now for the first time exhibited in the Iliad. A few, but not numerous, words and expressions are also adduced, as common to these books and to the Odyssey, but not to the remainder of the Iliad. The more subdued character of their colouring and tone is also said to be consentaneous with the general temper of the Odyssey rather than with the more impetuous Iliad. The appearance of Odysseus and Diomed in Book xxiii. without their wounds, is a further argument not devoid of force, but which has been already touched upon in the Note to Book viii.

Yet there is hardly any book throughout the poem against which some similar objections could not be urged. Take the first book, for instance, against which scepticism has been comparatively silent. No subsequent mention appears either of the journey of the gods to Ethiopia, or of the delivery of Zeus from a conspiracy by the hands of Briareus at the counsel of Thetis, or of the fall of Hephæstus to Lemnos; and the last-named story is in contradiction with another account given in Book xviii. Many other books also will be found to contain ἅπαξ λεγόμενα, or some words or expressions not repeated elsewhere. All that is said, therefore, on this score, would be more fairly merged in the general question regarding the mode in which the whole poem, as we have it, was composed, than treated as specially applicable to the part which is the subject of the present Note.

The attention may be justly drawn, on the other side, to the very striking and artistic balance which exists between the first and last cantos of the poem as they now stand. They alone present a very rapid and numerous succession of events; they alone occupy a period of more than twenty days each; they alone are almost devoid of extraneous ornament in the way of simile. Such points are perhaps of natural occurrence, both at the opening and at the close of a long narrative; but they are of too systematic a character to be fortuitous. The coincidence has been dwelt upon especially, and in detail, by Colonel Mure.

It is true, I think, that a certain difference of tone is perceptible in these two books from that which has previously prevailed. But is not this abundantly accounted for by the change of subject? The lull of the storm is depicted in quieter colours than those in which its ravages were represented. Such doubts have perhaps met with more ready favour, because they fall in with a view which has been held by more critics than an ordinary reader would have expected to find entertaining it. The epic, it is argued, should have closed with the death of Hector; and all that follows upon that event is so much superfluous matter, not likely to have entered into the conception of the original master. There is a corresponding languor of action and deterioration of poetry also. The latter point is perhaps only a matter of feeling; but I know of hardly any poetry to be paralleled with that contained in the vision of

Patroclus, in the chariot race, in the interview of Priam with Achilles, or in the laments over the body of Hector. And I cannot but hold the former part of the criticism to be equally unsound. It is more legitimate art, it is certainly more in accordance with all that we gather of Greek taste, to conclude the epic of the wrath of Achilles by the representation of the manner in which it was appeased rather than by that of its indulgence at its highest and most ungovernable pitch. The balance of the hero's character has been entirely overturned by his grief for Patroclus, and by his fury against the cause of his loss. The honours which attend the funeral of his friend form one step by which that balance is restored; the surrender of the body of Hector completes the restoration. Unless the national hero was to be left mutilated of half his qualities, that portion of the poem which portrays his cure seems hardly less necessary than that which has portrayed his temporary madness. I have elsewhere urged that, if the unity of this character throughout be taken in conjunction with the grandeur and force of its delineation, the conclusion is almost forced upon us that there is no part of it which has not proceeded from the same master hand.

It may be admitted, indeed, that the songs which the poet pressed into his own service must have been both numerous and comprehensive. It may be admitted also that the skill or care with which he has incorporated the contingents thus drawn to his help from all quarters of his wanderings, has been of varying success. And yet it will remain good that the relation in which he stood to his materials was that of Shakspeare to the historical chronicles, of Goethe to the mediæval story of Faust, of Tennyson, in our own day, to the Arthurian legends, not that of a compiler to a compilation. And it is to the man (at whatever date he may have thriven) who so gathered into a single river the ballads floating throughout his country; who fused their various dialects and measures into his own liquid speech; who by a natural and unique grandeur transfigured all he touched; and who by the breath of his genius animated or re-created their several family heroes into everlasting types of character; that I would ascribe the personality implied in the name of Homer.

FINIS.

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