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A TRANSLATION needs little or no preface: it is itself, well or ill done, its own apology or condemnation. I would therefore have met my reader unprefaced, had I not wished to profess and briefly defend my old-fashioned faith in verse as better than prose for translation of poetry.

Prose or non-metrical translations of classical poets have of late found much favour. Carlyle has somewhere expressed his preference for them, saying ‘we want what the ancients thought and said, and none of your silly poetry.’ In spite of this, without wishing to disparage good prose translations, I still hold to metre.

Granting that we do want to know—and to know accurately—what the ancient poet thought and said, I yet contend we can know this better with metre than without. For we best know what an author thought and said, if we receive from the translation the same impression that an intelligent scholar receives from the original. Now two things make up this impression: first, the matter, or meaning of the words; second, the form or metre. Give up the latter entirely, and you give up much: how much, the advocates of prose do not sufficiently realize.
Those who would dispense with metre in translation of poets argue pretty much as follows:

(1) A non-metrical version may by poetic diction and rhythm read as poetry: our English Bible in the poetical parts of the Old Testament is a signal example.

(2) You cannot exactly reproduce the form or metre in another language: it is therefore better to give it up entirely.

(3) You must by metre lose in fidelity to the original. Argument (1) rests chiefly on the one example given. But the Bible is an exceptional case: there were exceptional reasons for minute fidelity to the original. And yet really no metre has been given up. For in Hebrew poetry the place of metre is taken by a rhythm and parallelism of thoughts; and of this rhythm and parallelism much has been preserved. With classical poets the case is different. Their lines are strictly metrical; of certain lengths, framed after well-known rules of quantity, feet, and pauses. And they produce on the ear a certain pleasing impression in virtue of all this. Will a poetical prose rendering produce the same? If extremely well done, no doubt it will please and be effective in grand and striking passages; in such as have a beauty and dignity by thought and diction independent of metre, and would, however pulled to pieces, show 'disjecti membra poetae.' But even the best poets are not always at this level: indeed they would please less, and be wearisome in long poems, if they were so. There is much that charms mainly by metre, that is poetry mainly because it is verse. And here the prose translation must fail:—fail to satisfy the reader or hearer, and fail to reproduce the whole effect of the original.
Briefly: In a prose translation of a poet must be lost an additional charm in the grander parts, and probably half the charm of the lower or average passages.

As to argument (2): A fairly equivalent English metre can surely be found, though it be not the identical metre: a metre, I mean, which suits the subject, which produces the same sort of pleasant impression as the original. All will not agree as to what particular English metre best represents this or that Greek one; but we need not therefore despair and reject metre altogether.

Argument (3) for prose is probably deemed the strongest. To metre you must sacrifice meaning, more or less.

Need you sacrifice much? Do the disadvantages here outweigh or even balance the advantages already mentioned? In my judgment they do not. Of Greek poets certainly very close metrical translations are possible: there are worthy examples to prove it. Doubtless metre makes the task of translating more difficult; rhymed metre probably so much so that we can hardly expect a minutely faithful rhymed version of a long poem: the necessities of rhyme will too often interfere with meaning. But blank verse is compatible with great closeness of rendering. And then there are, beside the sound, some positive advantages in metre. For though the translator bound by metre has more trouble, yet that very trouble leads him to choose words more forcible and poetic, words which otherwise he might not have been at the pains to seek, nor would they have been natural in prose. The result will then be an absolute gain in point of sense and meaning, and a greater terseness and vigour.

How close translation should be, is a question on
which opinions may differ: the ideal is ‘The original, the whole original, and nothing but the original, and withal good readable English.’ But this principle must be worked out differently for different authors. Of some the thoughts cannot be expressed in another language without great changes of idiom and remoulding of sentences. Others need little change. Of these last is Homer, whose translator need not depart much from the Greek in idiom and arrangement. While this makes his task apparently easier, he yet has to guard against being mean and poor while trying to be literal and simple. He has also to satisfy a larger number of competent critics than the translator of a more difficult and less popular author.

There is one positive objection to prose translations of poets which I am unwilling to omit; for, though specially a schoolmaster’s objection, it appears to me real and well-grounded. Translations from the Greek have three classes of readers: 1. Englishmen who know not Greek, but wish to know what Greek writers have thought and said. 2. Scholars who like to re-peruse their favourite authors and see how they can be worthily presented in English. 3. Learners who thus help themselves to understand appreciate and render the classical originals. Now for the first two classes, in poetry, metrical translations are (I have contended) every way the best. Remains the third class, the learners. To these a close prose translation, though a help, is often a fallacious help; nay sometimes it proves a hindrance to sound learning. For such a translation is apt, to be used merely to save trouble, to be read and learnt almost by rote while the original is not half understood: and this really rather lessens than increases the learner’s
power of dealing with a Greek original. Accustomed to depend upon such helps he is powerless without them, and does not really improve either his Greek or his English. Of course good translators are not responsible for the abuse of their work by indolent students who will choose short cuts to knowledge (or rather ignorance): but as even for honest learners prose translations of poets are somewhat of a snare, one may be pardoned for wishing them fewer, and preferring verse, which, while a sufficient help, is plainly not liable to the same abuses.

A few words now on two points in my own translation.

First, as to increase in number of lines—inevitable when hexameters are rendered into ten-syllabled verse. I am longer than some of my predecessors. This comes partly from a more scrupulous retention of the recurring epithets to names, patronymic titles, etc.; partly because I have preferred a closer reproduction of Homer’s pauses at the end of lines. I hope however not to be judged needlessly diffuse, having aimed at enlarging (where a syllable or two more was necessary) on what seemed to invite enlargement to bring out the full force of the original.

Next, as to proper names. Absolute consistency seems only possible by such a strict transliteration of Greek words as would bring upon us a host of outlandish names intolerable to English eyes and ears. Generally I have contented myself with familiar Latin terminations and forms (e.g. Phoebus, Patroclus, Alexander, Olympus). Some well-known English forms have been used (Helen, Troy, Priam). I must indeed apologize for one transgression of my own rule in the case of Achilles. Homer has indifferently Achilleus and Achileus: for con-
venience I allowed myself the same choice, retaining the Greek termination. I had some compunction about it, but words of the Achilles length and quantity are, especially with an epithet, hard to manage. But to please all in this matter of names is impossible. And should each critic change the names to his own favourite spelling, few lines would be thereby vitiated.

I now leave my attempt to the mercy of my readers. The Greek text is placed opposite the English—a novelty in a complete English version of Homer, and a bold measure, as facilitating and challenging criticism. But it will, I hope, make the volume more handy for scholarly readers, who, when tired of the translator, will always have as a companion Homer himself.

W. C. G.

Rugby,
Nov. 1883.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α.

Δομόδ καὶ Μήνις.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηλημάδεω Άχιλῆς
οὐλομένην, ἡ μυρί' Άχαιῶς ἄλγε' ἐθηκεν,
pολλὰς δ' ἱφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀιδὶ προϊάψεν ἑρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
ὁιωνοίσι τε πᾶσι' Δίως δ' ἔτελείετο βουλή,
ἕξ οὖ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
'Ατρείδης τε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δίος 'Αχιλλεύς.

τὸς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ἐκνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Δητοὺς καὶ Δίως νίός' ὁ γὰρ βασιλῆς ἀρισθεῖς
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὥρσε κακὴν, ὀλέκουτο δὲ λαοί,
οὐνέκα τὸν Χρύσην ἑτίμησ' ἀρητῆρα
'Ατρείδης. ὁ γὰρ ἤλθε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας 'Αχαιῶν
λυσόμενος τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἀποινα,
στέμματ' ἐχων ἐν χερσὶ ἐκηβόλου 'Απόλλωνος
χρυσέφο ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας 'Αχαιοὺς,
'Ατρείδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαοῦ·
"'Ατρείδα τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐὔκυνήμιδες 'Αχαιοί,
ὑμῶν μὲν θεοὶ δοῦεν Ὄλυμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν εὗ δ' οἴκαδ' ἱκέσθαι
παίδα δ' ἐμοὶ λύσαι τε φίλην τά τ' ἀποινα δέχεσθαι 20
ἀξόμενοι Δίως νία ἐκηβόλου 'Απόλλωνα."
ILIAD I.

The pestilence and the wrath of Achilleus.

SING, goddess Muse, the wrath of Peleus' son, The wrath of Achileus with ruin fraught, That to Achaians brought unnumbered woes, And many mighty souls of heroes hurled To Hades' home, but gave themselves a prey To dogs and every fowl. For thus its end The will of Zeus worked out, since at the first Parted in strife those twain, the king of men Atrides and the godlike Achileus. And who of gods set these in strife to fight? The son of Zeus and Leto. He in wrath Against the king had stirred throughout the host Fell plague, whereby the troops lay perishing: Because Atrides shamed his holy priest Chryses, who sought the swift Achaian ships To free his daughter, bearing ransom large. Archer Apollo's wreaths in hand he held Upon a golden staff, and prayed to all Achaia's chiefs, but chiefly to the twain The sons of Atreus, marshals of the host: "Atridae and well-greaved Achaians all, O may the gods who hold Olympian halls Vouchsafe you grace to spoil king Priam's town And home return in peace! But set ye free My daughter dear, and this my ransom take, In reverence for the Archer son of Zeus."
ἐνθ’ ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
αἴδευσθαί θ’ ἱερὰ καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποιων:
ἀλλ’ οὖν Ἀτρέιδη Ἀγαμέμνονι ἠνδανε δυμφοῦ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφήνε, κρατερὸν δ’ ἐπὶ μῦθον ἐτελλεν’
“μή σε, γέρον, κοίλησιν ἐγώ παρὰ νησί θαλάσσω
η νῦν δηθύνουτ’ ἦ ὕστερον αὐτίς ιόντα,
μή νῦ τοι ὦ χραίσμη σκήπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεόιο.
τὴν δ’ ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω πρὶν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἔπεισων
ημετέρῳ ἐνί οἶκῳ, ἐν “Ἀργεί, τηλόθι πάτρης,
ιστον ἐποιχομένην καὶ ἐμὸν λέχος αὐτίδωσαν:
ἀλλ’ ἵνα, μή μ’ ἐρεθίζε, σαύτερος ὦς κε νέαι.”

δ’ ἐφατ’ ἔδεισεν δ’ ὦ γέρον καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθω,
βὴ δ’ ἀκεφώ πάρα θίνα προλυφλοίσβου χαλάσσῃ.
πολλὰ δ’ ἐπειτ’ ἀπάνευθε κιών ἡράθ’ ὦ γεραιῶς
Ἀπόλλων ἀνακτὶ, τὸν ηὐκόμοις τέκε Δητῶ.

“κλῦθί μεν, ἀργυρότοξ’, ὦς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κίλλων τε ζαθένην, Τενέδοιο τε ἱφι ἀνάσσεις,
Σμυθεῦ. εἰ ποτὲ τοι χαρίεντ’ ἐπὶ νηὸν ἐρεψα,
ἡ εἰ δὴ ποτὲ τοι κατὰ πίονα μηρὶ ἐκῆ
tαὐρῷν ἥδ’ αἰγῶν, τὸδε μοι κρῆνην ἐέλδωρ
tίσειαν Δαναοῖ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοίσι βέλεσσιν.”

δ’ ἐφατ’ εὐχομένος, τοῦ δὲ κλὺς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
βὴ δὲ κατ’ Ὀὐλυμποῦ καρχῆραν χώμενος κήρ,
τοῖς ὀμοίων ἐχὼν ἀμφιρεφα τε φαρετρῇ
ἐκλαγεῖσαν δ’ ἄρ’ διστρὶ ἐπὶ ὀμῶν χωμενοίο
αὐτοῦ κινθέντος’ ὅ δ’ ἤν μυκτὶ εἰοίκος.
ἐξετ’ ἐπειτ’ ἀπάνευθε νεών, μετὰ δὲ οὐν ἐκέν
δευτ’ ὑδε κλαγή γένετ’ αργυρέου βιοῦ.
οὐρῆσας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπαχέτο καὶ κύνας αργοὺς,
αὐτὰρ ἐπειτ’ αὐτοῦ βῆλος εχεπευκες ἐφείς
βάλλ’ αἰεὶ δ’ πυραὶ νεκρὸν καίοντο θαμεῖαί.
Thereto while each Achaian cried consent—
The priest to reverence, the rich ransom take—
It liked not Agamemnon Atreus' son,
But stern he drave him forth and fiercely spake:
"Thee, greybeard, let me by our hollow ships
Nor lingering now nor e'er returning find;
Lest staff and wreaths of god avail thee nought.
Her I free not: old age shall find her first,
Far from her country in my Argive home,
Plying the loom and partner of my bed.
Go, chafe me not; so wilt thou safer go."

He spake: the greybeard trembled and obeyed
The monarch's word, and silent passed along
The sandy margin of the sounding sea.
Then turned he far apart, and much he prayed
To king Apollo fair-haired Leto's son.
"O hear me, Silver-bow, who standest round
Chrysa and holy Cilla, mighty king
Of Tenedos, thou Sminthian god: if e'er
For thee I roofed a temple fair to view,
Or burned to thee fat thighs of bulls and goats,
Fulfil thou this my wish! let now thy shafts
Upon the Danaan host avenge my tears."

He spake in prayer. Phoebus Apollo heard,
And from Olympus' heights in wrath down sped:
His bow and quiver closed his shoulders bore,
Whereon the arrows rattled, as in wrath
He moved. Like night he went: then sate apart
Far from the ships, whereat he loosed a shaft,
And loud and fearful sang the silver bow.
And first he smote the mules and nimble dogs;
Then at the men themselves his pointed shaft
He aimed, and shot, and ever shot again,
That ceaseless burned the pyres of frequent dead.
ἐννημάρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὄχετο κῆλα θεοῖο, τῇ δεκάτῃ δ’ ἀγορήνυδε καλέσσατο λαδὺν Ἀχιλλεύς’ τῷ γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θήκε θεᾶ λευκώλενος Ἡρῆ κηδετὸ γὰρ Δαναῶν, ὅτι ῥα θυησκοῦτας ὀρᾶτο. οἷ δ’ ἐπεί οὐν ἤγερθεν ὄμηγερεῖς τε γένουτο, τοῖς δ’ ἀνιστάμενοι μετέφη πόδας ὃκυς Ἀχιλλεύς’ „Ἀτρείδη, νῦν ἄμμε πάλιν πλαγχθέντας οὐῳ ἄψ ἀπονοστήσειν, εἰ κεν θάνατον γε φύγωμεν, εἰ δὴ ὁμοῦ πόλεμός τε δαμᾶ καὶ λοιμὸς Ἀχαιόως. ἀλλ’ ἀγε δὴ τινα μὰντιν ἐρείσομεν ἥ ἱερή ἥ καὶ ὁνειροπόλον (καὶ γὰρ τ’ ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστιν), ὦς εἰπῇ ὁτι τὸσσον ἐχώσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων, ἢ τ’ ἄρ’ ὦ γ’ εὐχωλης ἐπιμεμφεται ἢ θ’ ἐκατόμβης, αἰ κέν πως ἀρνῶν κύσης αἰγῶν τε τελείων βούλεται ἀντίάσας ἥμιν ἂπο λογγῶν ἀμίναι.” ἥ τοι ὁ γ’ ὃς εἰπὼν κατ’ ἄρ’ ἐξετο τοῖσι δ’ ἀνέστη Κάλχας Θεστορίδης, οἰωνοπόλων ὅχ’ ἀριστος, ὦς ὕδη τά τ’ ἐοντα τά τ’ ἐσσόμενα πρό τ’ ἐοντα, καὶ νήσοις ἤγησατ Ἀχαιών Ἰλιὼν εἰσω ἦν διὰ μαντοσύνην, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων. ὦ σφιν εὐφρονεών ἀγορῆσατο καὶ μετέειπεν „ο’ Ὀχιλεύ, κέλεαι με, διίφιλε, μυθήσασθαι μὴν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐκατηβελέται ανακτος. τουγὰρ ἐγω ἐρέων σὺ δέ σύνθεο, καὶ μοι ὄμοσσον ἦ μὴν μοι πρόφρων ἐπεσιν καὶ χερσὶν ἀρῆξειν. ἦ γὰρ ὀνόμαι ἄνδρα χολοσέμεν ὦς μέγα πάντων Ἀργείων κρατέει καὶ οἱ πείθοντα Ὀχαιοί. κρείσσων γὰρ βασιλεὺς, ὅτε χώσηται ἄνδρι χέρης’ εἰ περ γὰρ τε χόλον γε καὶ αὐτήμαρ καταπέψη, ἀλλὰ τε καὶ μετόπισθεν ἔχει κότων, ὁφρα τελέση, ἐν στήθεσιν εοίσι. σὺ δὲ φράσαι ἦ με σαώσεις.”
And now nine days throughout the host had gone
The arrows of the god; but on the tenth
Achilleus to assembly called the host:
For so had white-armed Heré prompted him,
Who grieved at heart to see the Danaans die.
But when they mustered were and gathered all,
Then up and spake Achilleus fleet of foot:
"Atrides, now may we turn back, I ween,
And hie us home, if haply death we scape,
Since war and plague at once destroy the host.
Go to, some prophet ask we, or some priest,
Or dream-expounder (dreams too are of Zeus),
To say what moves Apollo's heavy wrath:
If vow he blames or hecatomb unpaid.
So may he, gifted with the fat of lambs
And goats unblemished, ward from us our bane."

He spake and sate him down. To them straightway
Rose Calchas son of Thestor, best by far
Of augurs he; who knew what was, and is,
And is to come, and by his prophet-craft,
Phoebus Apollo's gift, Achaia's ships
Had guided to the shores of Ilion.
He now right wisely mid their council spake:
"Achilleus, dear to Zeus, thou bidst me tell
Wherefore Apollo, archer-king, is wroth.
Speak then I will: but covenant thou and swear
To help me readily by word and hand.
For I shall anger one, I trow, great lord
Of Argos, whom the Achaians all obey.
And stronger is a king, when wroth with one
Of lesser mark; for, if to-day his ire
He smother, yet at heart he nurses rage
For future wreaking. Think, wilt hold me safe?"
τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡς ἶς Ἀχιλλεύς:

"θαρσῆσας μάλα εἰπὲ θεοπρόπιον ὅτι οἶσθα:

οὐ μὰ γὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα διώφιλον, ὃ τε σὺ Κάλχαν εὐχόμενος Δαναόις θεοπροπίας ἀναφαίνεις,

οὗ τὶς ἔμεν ξάντος καὶ ἔπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένου

σοὶ κοίλης παρὰ νησὶ βαρείας χείρας ἑποίσει

συμπάντων Δαναῶν, οὔδ’ ἦν Ἀγαμέμνονα εἴπης,

ὅς νῦν πολλῶν ἀριστῶς Ἀχαιῶν εὑχεται εἶναι.

καὶ τότε δὴ θάρσησε καὶ ἦδα μάντις ἀμύμων

"οὕτ’ ἂρ’ ὁ γ’ εὐχωλῆς ἑπιμέμφεται οὐθ’ ἐκατόμβης,

ἀλλ’ ἕνεκ’ ἀρητήρος, ὃν ἦτίμησι Ἀγαμέμνονον

οὐδ’ ἀπέλυσε θύγατρα καὶ οὐκ ἀπεδέξατ’ ἀποινα,

τούνεκ’ ἂρ’ ἄλγε’ ἐδωκε ἐκηβόλος ἠδ’ ἔτι δώσει.

οὐδ’ ὅ γε πρὶν λοιμοῦ βαρείας χείρας ἀφέξει,

᾿τρίς γ’ ἀπὸ πατρὶ φίλῳ δόμεναι ἑλικωτίδα κοῦρην

ἀπριάτην ἀναποινοῦν, ἄγεων θ’ ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην

ἐς Χρύσην’ τότε κέν μιν ἱλασσάμενοι πεπίθοιμεν."

"ἡ τοι ὃ γ’ ὡς εἰπὸν κατ’ ἂρ’ ἔξετο, τοῦσα δ’ ἀνέστη

ἡρω Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

ἄχυμενος’ μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι

πλυπλαντ’, ὡς εὶ δὲ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπτέωντι ἔκτην.

Κάλχαντα πρώτιστα κάκ’ ὅσσόμενος προσέειπεν’

"μάντι κακῶν, οὐ πῶ ποτὲ μοι τὸ κρήγυνον εἴπας.

αἰεὶ τοι τὰ κάκ’ ἐστὶ φίλα φρεσὶ μαυτεύεσθαι,

ἐσθλὸν δ’ οὔτε τί πω εἶπας ἐπος οὔτε τέλεσσας,

καὶ νῦν ἐν Δαναόις θεοπροπέων ἀγορεύεις

ὡς δὴ τοῦδ’ ἐνεκά σφι ἐκηβόλος ἀλγεα τεῦχει,

οὔνεκ’ ἐγὼ κούρης Χρυσηίδος ἀγιά’ ἀποινα

οὐκ ἔθελον δέξασθαι ἐπεὶ πολὺ βούλομαι αὐτὴν

οἰκού ἐχειν. καὶ γὰρ ῥὰ Κλυταιμνήστρης προβέβουλα,

κουριδῆς ἀλόχου, ἐπεὶ οὐ ἔθεν ἐστὶ χερείων,
Him answered then Achilleus fleet of foot:
"Be bold, and speak what god-given lore thou know'st.
For—by Apollo loved of Zeus I swear,
From whom by prayer thou hast those prophecies
That to our chiefs thou show'st—none, Calchas, none,
While I yet live on earth and see the light,
Beside our hollow ships shall lay on thee
A heavy hand; of all the Danaans none,
Not even should'st thou Agamemnon name,
Who in our host claims far the foremost place."

Then took he heart and spake, that noble seer:
"Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid he blames:
But for the priest (whom Agamemnon shamed,
Nor freed his daughter nor the ransom took),
For this the Archer wounds, and yet will wound,
Nor stay from pestilence his heavy hands,
Till to her sire the bright-eyed maid be given
Unpriced unransomed, and a hecatomb
To Chrysa sent: then soothed he may be won."

He spake and sate him down. To them arose
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
In grievous wrath. High swelled his darkening heart
With fury: flamed, as blazing fire, his eyes.
To Calchas first with evil look he spake:
"Prophet of ills, ne'er spak'st thou good, I ween:
Thy heart loves ever evil to forebode,
Good word thou never spak'st nor brought'st to pass.
And now thy god-given lore to Danaans tells
How for this cause forsooth the Archer wounds,
That I for fair Chryseis would not take
The ransom rich. No, her I fain would hold
At home, to Clytemnestra's self preferred
My first-wed wife; for she is well her peer
оυ δέμας οὐδὲ φυὴν, οὔτ' ἀρ φρένας οὔτε τι ἔργα:
άλλα καὶ ὥς έθέλω δόμεναι πάλιν, εἴ τό γ' ἀμείνων
βουλομ' ἐγὼ λαὸν σὸν ἐμμεναι ἣ ἀπολέσθαι.
αὐτάρ ἐμοὶ γέρας αὐτίχ' ἐτοιμάσατ', δόφρα μὴ οἶοι
'.Ἀργείων ἀγέραστος ἔω, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ έοικέν
λεύσσετε γὰρ τὸ γε πάντες, ὦ μοι γέρας ἔρχεται ἄλλη.’

 tôn δ' ἥμειβετ’ ἐπείτα ποδάρκης δίος 'Ἀχιλλεύς'
'Ἀτρείδη κύδιστε, φιλοκτενώτατε πάντων,
πῶς γὰρ τοι δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι 'Ἀχαιοὶ;
οὐδὲ τί πω ἰδμεν ξυνήμα κείμενα πολλά,
ἄλλα τὰ μὲν πολλών ἐξεπράθομεν, τὰ δέδασται,
λαοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐπέοικε παλίλλογα ταῦτ' ἐπαγεῖρεν.
ἄλλα σὺ μὲν νῦν τὴνδε θεῷ πρόες, αὐτάρ ᾿Ἀχαιοί
τριπλῇ τετραπλῇ τ' ἀποτίσομεν, αἰ κε ποθὶ Ζεὺς
δοσὶ πόλιν Τροίην εὐτείχεοι ἔξαλαπάξαι.’

 tôn δ' ἀπαρείβομενος προσέφη κρείσων 'Αγαμέμμων’
‘μὴ' οὖτως, ἄγαθός περ ἑών, θεοεικελ’ ᾿Ἀχιλλεύ,
κλέπτε νόφ, ἐπεὶ οὐ παρελεύσεαι οὐδὲ με πεῖσεις.
ἡ ἄθελεσι ὁφ' αὐτὸς ἐχεις γέρας, αὐτάρ ἐμ' αὐτῶς
ήσθαι δευόμενον, κέλει δὲ με τηνδ’ ἀποδοῦναι;
ἄλλ’ εἰ μὲν δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι ᾿Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἄρσαντες κατὰ θυμόν, ὅπως ἀντάξιον ἔσται:
εἰ δὲ κε μὴ δώσειν, ἐγὼ δὲ κεν αὐτός ἔλωμαι
ἡ τεδ' ή ᾿Αιαντος ἴδων γέρας ἡ ᾿Οδυσῆος
ἀξο ἔλων’ δ' δὲ κεν κεχολώσεται, ὅν κεν ἱκωμαι.
ἄλλ’ ἡ τοι μὲν ταῦτα μεταφρασόμεσθα καὶ αὐτίς,
νῦν δ' ἀγε νηα μέλαιναν ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἀλα δίαν,
ἐς δ' ἐρέται ἐπίτηδες ἀγείρομεν, ἐς δ' ἐκατόμβην
θείομεν, ἃν δ' αὐτήν Χρυσηίδα καλλιπάρην
βήσομεν, εἰς δὲ τις ἀρχὸς ἀνηρ βουληφόρος ἔστω,
ἡ ᾿Αιας ἡ ᾿Ιδομενεὺς ἡ δίος ᾿Οδυσσεύς,
In form and feature, mind and handiwork.  
Yet will I give her back, if need be so;  
I will my people should not die but live.  
But find me straight a prize, lest I alone  
Of Argives prizeless go, which were not meet.  
For witness all, my prize is reft away.”

Answered divine Achilleus strong of foot:  
“Most noble son of Atreus, passing all  
In love of plunder, how, I pray thee say,  
Shall the great-souled Achaians give thee prize?  
We know not yet of store of common wealth.  
What from spoiled towns was won, that have we shared.  
It were unmeet to gather this again  
From all the host. Nay yield thou to the god  
This handmaid now: and we Achaians all  
Threefold and fourfold will repay, if Zeus  
Grant us to sack the well-walled town of Troy.”

Whom answering sovereign Agamemnon spake:  
“Godlike Achilleus, gallant tho’ thou be,  
Think not to trick me thus: for well I ween  
Thou wilt not overreach me nor persuade.  
Would’st have me tamely, while thou hold’st a prize,  
Sit down deprived? bid’st me restore the maid?  
Nay, if the proud Achaians give a prize,  
One to my mind, well worthy what I lose,  
So be it: if not, myself will choose, and prize  
From thee or Ajax or Odysseus take:  
And he may rage his fill to whom I come.  
But truly this hereafter we’ll resolve.  
Now come, a black ship to the sea divine  
Drag we, fit oarsmen gathering; be her freight  
A hecatomb; Chryseis fair-cheeked dame  
Embark we then; and let some counsellor  
Be captain; Ajax, or Idomeneus,  
Godlike Odysseus, or, Pelides, thou,
ἡ σὺ Πηλείδη, πάντων ἐκπαγγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὥσπερ ἥμιν ἐκάέργην ἰλάσσεαί ἵερα βέξας·

τὸν δ' ἅρ' ὑπόδρα ἱδὼν προσέφη τόδας ὡκὺς 'Αχιλλεὺς· ᾧ μοι, ἀναίδειν ἐπιειμένει, κερδαλεόφρον, πῶς τᾶς τοι πρόφρον ἐπεσιν πείθηται 'Αχιλλῶν ἢ ὄδὸν ἐλθέμεναι ἢ ἀνδράς ἢ ἴα μάχεσθαι;

οὐ γὰρ ἔγω Τρώων ἐνεκ' ἦλυθον αἰχμήταυν δεύρο μαχησόμενος· ἐπεὶ οὐ τί μοι αὖτιοι εἰσίν.

οὐ γὰρ πώ ποτ' ἐμᾶς βοῦς ἥλασαν, οὔτε μὲν ὑπόσιν, οὔτε ποτ' ἐν Φήη ἐριβώλακε βωτιανείρη

καρπὸν ἐδηλήσαντ', ἐπεὶ ἡ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ οὔρεα τε σκιώεντα θάλασσα τε ἤχησωσα·

ἀλλὰ σοι, ὦ μέγ' ἀναίδες, ἀμ' ἐστόμεθ', ὅφρα σὺ χαίρης,

τιμὴν ἀρνύμενοι Μενελάω σοι τε, κυνηπά, πρὸς Τρώων. τῶν οὐ τί μετατρέπῃ οὖδ' ἀλεγίζεις·

καὶ δὴ μοι γέρας αὐτὸς ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἀπείλεις,

ὁ ἐπὶ πόλλα ἐμόγγησα, δόταν δὲ μοι νῖν 'Αχιλῶν.

οὐ μὴν σοί ποτε ἵσον ἔχω γέρας, ὅπποτ' 'Αχιλλ Ἱ

Τρώων ἐκπέρσωσ' εὖ ναϊόμενον πτολεῖθρον' ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πλείον πολυάικος πολέμου

χεῖρες ἐμαί διέπουσ', ἀτάρ ἢν ποτε δασμὸς ἱκήται,

σοὶ τὸ γέρας πολὺ μείζον, ἐγὼ δ' ὄλιγον τε φίλον τε ἔρχομ' ἔχων ἐπὶ νήπας, ἐπεί κε κάμῳ πολεμίζων.

νῦν δ' ἐμί Φήην', ἐπεί ἡ πολὺ φέρτερον ἐστὶν

οἰκάδ' ἴμεν ἔννυσ' κορωνίσων, οὔτε σ' ὄνι

ἔνθαδ' ἄτμος ἐὼν ἄφενος καὶ πλούτον ἄφυξεν;·

τὸν δ' ἡμεῖς τ' ἐπείτα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Αγαμήμων'

"φεύγε μάλ', εἶ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσουται. οὔτε σ' ἐγὼ γε λίσσομαι εἶνεκ' ἐμείδο μένεων πάρ' ἐμοί γε καὶ ἀλλοι

οὶ κέ με τιμήσουσι, μάλιστα δὲ μητίες τ' Ζεὺς.

ἐχθιστος δὲ μοι ἔσσοι διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων'
Most terrible of men, that thou for us
May'st soothe by sacrifice the Archer-king."

Then scowling fierce spake fleet-foot Achileus:
"O clothed in shamelessness, thou covetous soul!
How shall Achaians heed with zeal thy word,
Beset the way, or stoutly fight the foe?
Not for the Trojan spearmen's sake came I
Hither to fight: they never did me wrong.
They ne'er drave off my oxen or my steeds,
Nor in thick-clodded Phthia, nurse of men,
Marred they my fruits: for wide between us lie
The shadowed mountains and the sounding sea.
But thee we followed, O most shameless king,
To gain thee pleasure: striving here to win
For Menelaus and for thee, bold hound,
Due satisfaction from the sons of Troy.
Of this thou reckest naught, nor dost regard.
And now thou threatenest for thyself to take
My prize—a prize well earned by many a toil,
And freely given me by Achaia's sons.
Prize like to thine I never have, whene'er
The Achaians sack some well-built Trojan hold.
Yet the main work of never-resting war
My hands perform; but, if a sharing come,
Thine the large prize; mine lesser far yet loved,
War's labour done, I carry to my ships.
But now to Phthia will I go; for thus
'Tis better far homeward with beakèd ships
To turn: nor purpose I dishonoured here
With streams of wealth and pelf to pamper thee."

Him answered Agamemnon king of men:
"Fly, if thy mind thereto is set. To stay
I beg thee not for me. There are with me
Others beside, to give me honour due,
And chief of all is Zeus the counsellor.
Hateful above Zeus-nurtured kings art thou,
αἰεὶ γὰρ τοι ἐρις τε φίλη πόλεμοι τε μάχαι τε.
εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεός ποι τό γ’, ἐδωκεν.
οίκαδ’ ἵων ἐξιν νησι τε σής καὶ σοῖς ἐτάραυσιν
Μυρμιδόνεσσι ἀνασσε. σέθεν δ’ ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω,
ουδ’ ὅθομα κοτέντος ἀπειλήσω δέ τοι ὰδε.
ός ἐμ’ ἀφαρεῖται Χρυσηίδα Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων,
τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σὺν νῇ τ’ ἐμῆ καὶ ἐμοῖς ἐτάραυσιν
πέμψω, ἐγὼ δέ κ’ ἄγω Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρην
αὐτὸς ἵων κλησίνυδε, τὸ σὸν γέρας, ὄφρ’ εὗ εἰδῆς
όσσον φέρτερος εἰμὶ σέθεν, στυγῆ δε καὶ ἄλλος
ἰσον ἐμοί φάσθαι καὶ ὁμοιώθημεναί ἀντην.’”

ὅς φάτο· Πηλείωνι δ’ ἄχος γένετ’, ἐν δε οἱ ἦτορ
στήθεσσιν λασίουσι διάνδιχα μερμῆριξεν,
ἡ δ’ ὡς φάσγανον δὲν ἐρυσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
τοὺς μὲν ἀναστήσειεν, δ’ ἰ’ Ἀτρείδην ἐναρίζου,
ἡς χόλων παύσειεν ἐρητύσειε τε θυμὸν.
εἰος δ’ ταῦθ’ ὄρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
ἐλκετο δ’ ἐκ κολεοῦ μέγα ξίφος, ἠλθε δ’ ἰ’ Ἀθηῆ
ουρανόθεν πρὸ γάρ ἢκε θεὰ λευκώλενος ”Ηρη,
ἀμφω δὶς ὄμος θυμὸ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.
στῆ δ’ ὀπίθεν, ξανθῆς δε κόμης ἐλε Πηλείωνα,
οὗρ φαινομένη τῶν δ’ ἄλλων οὐ τις ὅρατο.
θάμβησεν δ’ Ἀχιλεὺς, μετὰ δ’ τράπετ’, αὐτίκα δ’ ἔγω
Παλλάδ’ Ἀθηναίν’ δεινῶ δε οἱ ὤσει φάνθεν.
καὶ μιν φωνῆσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηῦδα·
“ἐπε’ ἄχτ’, αὐγιόχοιο Δῖος τέκοι, εἰληλουθάς;
ἡ ἔνα υβριν ἔδης Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεῖδαο;
ἄλλ’ ἐκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δ’ καὶ τελέσσει κύρω
ψ’ υπερπλήσθης τάχ’ ἂν ποτε θυμὸν ὀλέσῃ.”

τὸν δ’ αὐτὴ προσέειπε θεᾶ γλαυκώπτης Ἀθηή
“ἥλθον ἐγὼ παύσουσα τὸ σὸν μένος, αἰ κε πίθηαι,
Who loveth ever strife and wars and fights.
If strong thou art, Heaven gave thee this, I ween.
Home with thy ships returning and thy crews
King it o'er Myrmidons. I heed thee not,
Nor reck I of thy wrath. And furthermore
Thus will I threaten thee: whereas from me
Phœbus Apollo now Chryseis claims,
Her with my ship and with my rowers I
Will send, but will fair-cheeked Briseis take
Myself from out thy tent—thy prize—that thou
May'st know me thy liege lord, and each may dread
To match with me or claim to be my peer."

He spake. Stung was Pelides; and his heart
Within his shaggy breast divided swayed:
Should he, his keen blade drawing from his thigh,
Scattering the throng between, Atrides slay;
Or choke his ire and curb his raging mood.
While thus he pondered in his heart and soul,
Baring the while his mighty blade, from heaven
Athené came, by white-armed Heré sent
Who loved at heart and cared alike for both.
Behind Pelides now she stood, and grasped
His yellow hair, to him alone revealed,
By none else seen. Achilleus in amaze
Turned him around: Pallas Athené straight
He knew, and fearful seemed her shining eyes.
Then her with wingèd words he thus bespake:
"Wherefore, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Again art come? Is it belike to see
The outrage wrought on me by Atreus' son
King Agamemnon? Nay, but I will speak
What, as I deem, will even now be done:
His arrogance will lose him soon his life."

Athené, stern-eyed goddess, made reply:
"I came to check thy rage, if thou'lt obey,
οὐρανὸθεν. πρὸ δὲ μ’ ἤκε θεὰ λευκάκενος "Ηρη, ἄμφω ὁμός θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε. ἀλλ’ ἂγε λήγ’ ἐρύδος, μηδὲ ξίφος ἐλκεο χειρί: ἀλλ’ ἦ τοι ἔπεσιν μὲν ὀνείδισον, ὡς ἐσεταί περ. ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένου ἔσται· καὶ ποτέ τοι τρίς τόσσα παρέσεται ἀγλαὶ δῶρα ῥῷρις εὐνέκα τῆς. σὺ δ’ ἵσχεο, πείθεο δ’ ἡμῖν.”

τὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὅκυς Ἀχιλλεύς. “χρὴ μὴν σφωτερόν γε, θεά, ἐπὸς εἰρύσσασθαι, καὶ μάλα περ θυμῷ κεχολωμένον ὃς γὰρ ἄμεων. ὡς κε θεοὶς ἐπιπείθηται, μάλα τ’ ἐκλυνον αὐτοῦ.”

ἡ, καὶ ἦν ἀργυρῇ κατη σχέθε ξείρα βαρείαν, ἀψ δ’ ἐσ κουλεον ὅσε μέγα ξίφος, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησεν μῦθω Ἀθηναίης. ἡ δ’ Ὀὐλυμπόνδε βεβήκει δόματ’ ἐσ αἰγιόχου Διὸς μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλους.

Πηλείδης δ’ ἔξαυτίς ἀταρτηροῖς ἐπέεσσιν Ἀτρείδην προσέειπτε, καὶ οὐ πὼ λήγε χόλοιοι· "οἰνοβαρέσε, κυνὸς ὅμματ’ ἔχω, κραδίην δ’ ἐλάφοιο, οὐτε ποτ’ ἐσ πόλεμον ἁμα λαῷ θωρηχθήναι, οὐτε λόχουδ’ ἵναι σὺν ἀριστήσουν Ἀχαιῶν τέτληκας θυμῷ: τὸ δὲ τοι κηρ εἴδεται εἶναι.

ἡ πολὺ λαών ἐστὶ κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρύν Ἀχαιῶν δῶρ’ ἀποαιρεῖσθαι, ὡς τις σέθεν ἀντία εἴη. δημοβόρος βασιλεύς, ἔπει οὐτιδανοίσα ἀνάσσεις· ἡ γὰρ ἂν, Ἀτρείδη, νῦν ὑστατα λαβῆσαι. ἀλλ’ ἐκ τοι ἐρέω, καὶ ἐπὶ μέγαν ὅρκον ὁμοῦμαι· ναὶ μὰ τόδε σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν οὐ ποτε φῦλλα καὶ ὄζους φύσει, ἔπει δὴ πρὸτα τοµήν ἐν ὀρεσι λέλοιπεν, οὐδ’ ἀναθηλήσει: περὶ γὰρ ρά ἐν καλκὸς ἔλεψεν φῦλλα τε καὶ φλοιῶν νῦν αὐτὲ μὲν υἷς Ἀχαιῶν ἐν παλάμης φορέουσι δικαστόλου, οὐ τε θέμιστας.
From heaven by white-armed Heré hither sent,
Who loves at heart and cares alike for both.
Come, cease from strife, nor finger thus thy sword:
But chide in words, as well I know thou wilt.
For thus I say, and so it shall be done;
Hereafter for this outrage shall be thine
Rich gifts three-fold. Obey us then, be stayed."

In answer spake Achilleus fleet of foot:
"Goddess, your double hest I must revere,
Tho' sorely wroth at heart. 'Tis better so.
Who heeds the gods, him too they surely hear."

He spake, laid heavy hand on silver hilt,
And in the sheath drove back his mighty blade,
Not disobedient to Athene's word.
She to Olympus sped, to join the gods
In the high halls of aegis-bearing Zeus.

Then Peleus' son again with furious words
Addressed Atrides, bating not his ire.
"Wine-laden, hound in eye, in heart a deer,
Nor for the war to arm thee with the host,
Nor to seek ambush with Achaian chiefs
Hast thou the hardihood. Such work to thee
Seems nothing less than death. Doubtless thou deem'st
'Tis better far throughout our ample host
To rob of gifts whoe'er may gainsay thee;
Who eatest up thy people, tho' their king,
A people nothing worth: else of a truth
This insult, son of Atreus, were thy last.
But out I speak, and swear a mighty oath,
Yea, by this sceptre—never more to bear
Or leaf or branch since first the mountain stem
Sever'd it left, never to sprout again,
For axe hath stripped its leaves and peeled its bark;
And now 'tis borne in hand, a sceptre smooth,
Such as Achaia's sons are wont to wield,
Who under Zeus are ministers of law
πρὸς Δίως εἰρύστατι, ὦ δέ τοι μέγας ἔσσεται ὄρκος:

ἡ ποτ' Ἀχιλλῆς ποθῇ ἦθεται ύπας Ἀχαιῶν

ξύμπαντας τότε ὃς ὅ τι δυνήσει ἀχῦρενὸς περ
χραισμένι, εὔτ' ἄν πολλοὶ υφ' "Εκτόρος ἀνδροφόνοιο
θυήσκοντει πίπτωσιν σὺ ὃ ἐνδοθι θυμὸν ἀμήξεις
χωμένος ὃ τ' ἁριστὸν Ἀχαιῶν ὄūδὲν ἔτισασ."  

ὡς φάτο Πηλείδης, ποτὶ δε σκῆπτρον βάλε γαῖν

χρυσεῖοι ἠλοισι πεπαρμένου, ἔστε ὃ αὐτὸς.

Ἀτρείδης δ' ἐπέρωθεν ἐμήνιε. τοῖς δὲ Νέστωρ

ἁδυνητῆς ἀνόρουσε, λεγὼς Πυλίων ἀγορητής,

τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλῶσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ρέειν αὐνή.

τῷ δ' ἧδη δύο μὲν γενεαλ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων

ἐφθίαθ', οἱ οἱ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἥδε γένοντο

ἐν Πύλῳ ἡγαθέθ, μετὰ δὲ τριτάτοισι ἀνασσεν.

ὁ σφὶν ἐὑφρονεών ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν

"ὡ πότοι, ἡ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαίδα γαίαν ἰκάνει.

ἡ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος Πριάμοικα τε παίδες,

ἀλλοι τε Τρώης μέγα κεν κεχαροῖατο θυμῶ,

εἰ σφῶν τάδε πάντα πυθοῖατο μαρναμένου,

οἱ περὶ μὲν βουλὴν Δαναῶν περὶ δ' ἐστε μάχεσθαι.

ἀλλὰ πίθεσθι· ἀμφῶ δὲ νεωτέρῳ ἐστὸν ἐμεῖς.

ἡδὴ γὰρ ποτ' ἐγὼ καὶ ἀρείοις ἥκε περ ὑμῖν

ἀνδρῶν ὡμίλησα, καὶ οὐ ποτὲ μ' οὐ γ' ἀθέριζον.

οὐ γὰρ πώ τοίους ἓδον ἀνέρας, οὐδὲ ἐδομαί,

οἰον Πειρίδοιον τε Δρίαντά τε πομένα λαῶν

Καινέα τ' Ἑξάδιον τε καὶ ἀντίθεουν Πολύφημον

Θησά τ' Ἀιγείδην, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν.

κἀρτιστοὶ δὴ κεῖνοι ἐπιχθονίων τράφεν ἀνδρῶν
cάρτιστοι μὲν ἔσαν καὶ καρτίστοισι μάχοντο,

Φηρσίν ὀρεσκόφοις, καὶ ἐκπάγλως ἀπόλεσαν.

καὶ μὴν τοιῶν ἐγὼ μεθομίλεον ἐκ Πύλου ἐλθὼν,
And guard the right:—By this dread pledge I swear,  
Time surely shall be when Achaians all  
Shall wish Achilleus back; nor, though distrest,  
Wilt thou avail to help, when thousands fall  
Laid low in death by Hector’s slaughtering hand.  
Then thou with grief shalt rend thy heart within,  
And rue the best Achaian foully wronged.”

Pelides spake, and dashing to the ground  
His golden-studded sceptre sate him down.  
Against him raged Atrides. Then up sprang  
Sweet-worded Nestor, Pylian speaker clear,  
Whose tongue with tones sweeter than honey flowed.  
Two generations of speech-gifted men  
Had passed, who with him had been born and lived  
In noble Pylos; in the third reigned he.  
He now right wisely mid their council spake:  
“O shame! what mighty grief approaches now  
Achaia’s land! Full surely they will joy—  
Priam, and Priam’s sons, and Trojans all  
With gladdened heart—if all that now is done  
They once shall learn, the quarrel of you twain,  
Great Danaan chiefs in council as in fight.  
Obey me: ye are younger both than I.  
For I ere now with braver did consort  
Than ye, and yet they never slighted me.  
Such men ne’er saw I, nor shall see, as these:  
Pirithoës, Dryas (shepherd of his folk),  
Caeneus, Exadius, godlike Polypheme,  
Theseus the son of Ægeus, peer of gods.  
Strongest they lived of men that walked the earth;  
Strongest they were, and with the strongest fought,  
The mountain-roaming Centaurs, whom they quelled  
In rout terrific. I from Pylos came
τηλόθεν εξ Ἀπίης γαίης (καλέσαντο γὰρ αὐτοῖ),
καὶ μαχόμην κατ᾽ ἐμ’ αὐτὸν ἐγὼ χείνοισι δ’ ἂν οὗ τῶν ὁι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσιν ἐπιχόνιοι μαχέοιτο.
καὶ μὴν μεν βουλέων ξύνιεν πείθοντο τε μύθῳ.
ἀλλὰ πίθεσθε καὶ ἔμμες, ἐπεὶ πείθεσθαι ἄμεσον.
μήτε σὺ τόνδ’ ἀγαθὸς περ ἐὼν ἀποαίρει κοῦρην,
ἀλλ’ ἐάν ὦς οἱ πρῶτα δόσαν γέρας υἷς Ἀχαίων
μήτε σὺ Πηλεΐδη ἔθελ’ ἐριζέμεναι βασιλῆι
ἀντιβήν, ἐπεὶ οὐ ποθ’ ὀμοίης ἐμμορε τιμῆς
σκηπτούχοις βασιλεύσ, ὃ τε Ζεὺς κύδος ἐδώκεν.
εἰ δὲ σὺ καρτερός ἔσσι, θεὰ δὲ σὲ γείνατο μήτηρ,
ἀλλ’ οὐδε φέρτερός ἔστιν, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσι ἀνάσσει.
Ἀτρείδη, σὺ δὲ πάνε τεδὸν μένος· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γε
λίσσομ’ Ἀχιλλῆι μεθέμεν χόλον, ὃς μέγα πᾶσιν
ἐρκοὶ Ἀχαιοῖς πέλεται πολέμοιο κακοῦ." 275

τὸν δ’ ἀπαμείβομενος προσέφη κρέων Ἀγαμέμνον’
"ναὶ δὴ ταύτα, γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἐξεπτε.
ἀλλ’ οὗ ἀνὴρ ἔθελε περὶ πάντων ἐμμεναι ἄλλων,
πάντων μὲν κρατεῖν ἔθελει, πάντεσσι ἀνάσσειν,
πάσι δὲ σημαίνειν, ἃ τιν’ οὐ πείσεσθαι ὤω.
εἰ δὲ μίν αἰχμήτην ἐθεσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐντες,
τούνεκά ὦι προθέωσιν οὐείδεα μυθήσασθαι;" 280

τὸν δ’ ἄρ’ ὑποβλήθην ἡμείβετο διὸς Ἀχιλλεὺς:
"ἡ γὰρ κεν δειλὸς τε καὶ οὐτιδαυὸς καλεῖμην,
εἰ δὴ σοὶ πὰν ἔργον ὑπείξομαι, ὅτικε εἰπτης.
ἄλλοισιν δὴ ταύτ’ ἐπιτέλλεο μὴ γὰρ ἐμοὶ γε
σήμαν’ οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γ’ ἐτι σοὶ πείσεσθαι ὤω.
ἄλλο δὲ τοι ἔρεω, σὺ δ’ ἐνι φρεσὶ βάλλει σήσιν.
χερσὶ μὲν οὐ τοι ἐγὼ γε μαχήσομαι εἶνεκα κοῦρης,
οὔτε σοι οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ, ἐπεὶ μ’ ἀφέλεσθε γε δόντες·
tῶν δ’ ἄλλων ᾧ μοι ἑστὶ θοῇ παρὰ νη μελαίνη, 290

20 ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α.
And bore them company, from Apia's land
My distant home—themselves did summon me.
And by myself I fought. Against them none
Of mortals now on earth could stand in fight.
They heard my counsel and obeyed my word:
Wherefore obey ye; to obey were best.
Nor thou, though great, thus rob him of the maid,
But leave the prize Achaia's sons have given:
Nor thou, Pelides, strive against a king
Opposing; more than equal honour claims
The sceptred king whose title is of Zeus.
If strong thou art, of goddess-mother born,
Yet higher he, for more men own his sway.
Then, son of Atreus, check thy rage; 'tis I
Beseech thee 'gainst Achilleus slack this wrath,
Who to our whole Achaian host doth stand
A mighty bulwark of disastrous war."

Him answering sovereign Agamemnon spake:
"Yea, father, all thou say'st is fitly said.
But he would fain above all others be,
Would all control, of all be king, to all
Dictate. And here I mean not to obey.
Though warrior by the gods immortal made,
What! hath he therefore liberty to rail?"

Then godlike Achilleus brake in and cried:
"Coward and worthless were I rightly called,
Should I to thee in all thou biddest yield.
Nay, order others thus, but not to me
Dictate, who mean no longer to obey.
This too I tell thee—lay it well to heart:
I raise no violent hand to keep the maid
'Gainst thee or other, since ye take who gave.
But of all else beside my swift black ship
τόων εὑκ αὖ τι φέροις ἰνελών ἀέκοντος ἐμείδο.
ei δ᾽ ἂγε μὴν, πείρησαι, ἵνα γνώσηι καὶ οίδει
αἰφά τοι αἶμα κελαινὼν ἑρωήσει περὶ δουρὶ."  

وذ τῷ γ᾽ ἀντιβίοισι μαχησαμένω ἐπέεσσων
ἀναστήτην, λύσαν δ᾽ ἀγορήν παρὰ νυσίν Ἀχιλῆν.
Πηλείδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλίσιας καὶ νῆας ἑίσας
ἡε σὺν τε Μενοιτιάδη καὶ οἷς ἐτάροισιν,
"Ατρείδης δ᾽ ἀρα νῆα θοὴν ἀλάδε προέρυσσεν,
ἐς δ᾽ ἑρέτας ἐκρινεν ἑείκοσιν, ἐς δ᾽ ἐκατόμβην
βῆσε θεῷ, ἀρὰ δὲ Χρυσηῖδα καλλιπάρρην
ἐίσεν ἀγών' ἐν δ᾽ ἀρχὸς ἐβην πολύμητις Ὠδυσσεύς.
οἷ μὲν ἐπειτ᾽ ἀναβάντες ἐπέπλεον ύγρὰ κέλευθα,
λαιοὺς δ᾽ Ἀτρείδης ἀπολυμαίνεσθαι ἀναγεν.
οἷ δ᾽ ἀπελυμαίνοντο καὶ εἰς ἀλα λύματ᾽ ἐβαλλον,
ἐρδον δ᾽ Ἀπόλλωνε τεληέσσας ἐκατόμβας
tαύρων ἢ' αἰγὼν παρὰ θιν' ἀλὸς ἀτρυγέτου'
κνίση δ᾽ οὐρανὸν ἵκε ἐλισσομένῃ περὶ καπνῷ.

ὦ γὰρ μὲν τὰ πένοντο κατὰ στρατόν' οὐδ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνων
λῆγ᾽ ἑρίδους τὴν πρῶτον ἐπηπείλησο 'Αχιλῆ, 
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ γε Ταλθυβιόν τε καὶ Ἐυρυβάτην προσέειπεν, 320
τὸ οἷ ἐσαν κήρυκε καὶ ὀτρηρῳ θεράπουτε. "ἐρχεσθον
κλίσιν Πηλημάδω 'Αχιλῆος,
χειρὸς ἐλόντ' ἀγέμεν Βρισηῖδα καλλιπάρρην.
εἷ ἐδ᾽ κε μὴ δώγησιν, ἐγὼ δὲ κεν αὐτὸς ἐλωμαι
ἐλθὼν ἐχν' πλεόνεσσι' τὸ οἷ καὶ βίγιον ἐσται."

ὦ γὰρ ἐπὶν προῆ, κρατερὸν δ᾽ ἑπὶ μῦθον ἐτελλεν.
τὸ δ᾽ ἀέκοντε βάτην παρὰ θιν' ἀλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,
Μυρμεδόνων δ᾽ ἐπὶ τε κλίσιας καὶ νῆας ἱκέσθην.
τὸν δ᾽ εύρον παρὰ τε κλίσι καὶ νῆα μελαίνη
ημενον' οὐδ᾽ ἀρα τῷ γε ἴδων γῆθησθεν 'Αχιλλεὺς.
τὸ μὲν ταρβῆσαντε καὶ αἰδομένω βασιλῆα.
Nought shalt thou seize and bear against my will.
Or if thou wilt, come try, that these may see:
Full soon thy dark blood round my spear shall flow."

Thus strove the twain in wordy war, then rose:
Loosed was the council by the Achaian ships.
His tents and balanced ships Pelides sought
With all his comrades and Menoetius' son.
Atrides on the sea a swift barque launched
With twenty oarsmen picked, a hecatomb
Due to the god its freight: then led on board
Fair-cheeked Chryseis. Chiefest in command
Odysseus went, the many-counseled man.

These all embarked and sailed the watery way.
Then bade Atrides all the host be cleansed:
And cleansed they were and sea-wards cast their stains;
And to Apollo slew full hecatombs
Of bulls and goats along the shore that bounds
The salt sea's fruitless plains: and to high heaven
Wreathed in the smoke therefrom the savour rose.

Thus toiled they through the host. Nor yet the strife
Did Agamemnon quit, as at the first
He threatened 'gainst Achilleus, but addressed
Talthybius and Eurybates, the twain
Who were his heralds and his active squires.
"Go seek ye out the tent of Peleus' son:
Thence lead fair-cheeked Briseis by the hand.
And if he give her not, myself will come
With more, and take her; which will fret him-worse."

He spake, and sent them forth, with stern command.
Unwilling went they by the shore that bounds
The salt sea's fruitless plain, and reached anon
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons.
Achilleus by his tent and black-hulled ship
Sitting they found; nor joyed he at their sight.
And they, in dread and reverence for the king,
στήτην, οὐδὲ τί μιν προσεφώνεον οὔδ' ἔρεοντο· αὐτάρ ὃ ἐγνώ ἤσιν ἐνὶ φρεσί, φώνησέν τε· "χαίρετε, κήρυκες, Διὸς ἀγγελοῦ ἦδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. ἂσσον ἵτ· οὐ τί μοι ὑμεῖς ἐπαίτιοι, ἀλλ' Ἀγαμέμνων, οὐ σφῶν προὶ Βρισινίδος εἶνεκά κούρης. ἀλλ' ἄγε, διογένεσις Πατρόκλεες, ἔξαγε κοῦρην καὶ σφων δὸς ἄγειν. τὸ δ' αὐτῷ μάρτυροι ἐστών πρὸς τε θεῶν μακάρων πρὸς τε θυντῶν ἀνθρώπων καὶ πρὸς τοῦ βασιλῆς ἀπηνεός· εἴ ποτε δ' αὖτε χρεώδ' ἐμείῳ γένηται ἀεικέα λοιγόν ἀμύναι τοῖς ἀλλοῖς. ἣ γάρ ὃ' ἐο λοιμήσων φρεσί θεύει, οὐδὲ τί οἶδε νοῆσαι ἀμα πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσσω, ὁππως οἱ παρὰ νυσῆ σοί μαχείοντο 'Αχαιοί." ὃς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ' ἐταίρῳ, ἐκ δ' ἀγαγεν κλισίης Βρισινίδα καλλιπάρρου, δῶκε δ' ἄγειν. τὸ δ' αὐτὸς ἵτην παρὰ νῆας 'Αχαιῶν, ἣ δ' αὔκοου' ἀμα τοῖς γυνῆ χιεν. αὐτάρ Ἀχιλλεύς δακρύσας ἐτάρων ἄφαρ ἡξετο νόσφι λιασθεῖς, θιν' ἐφ' ἀλὸς πολιῆς, ὀρῶν ετὶ οὐνπα πόντον πολλὰ δὲ μητρὶ φίλη ἠρήσατο χειρᾶς ὀρεγνύς. "μήτερ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἔτεκες γε μυνυθάδιον περ ἐόντα, τιμῇ πέρ μοι ὁφελλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίζαι Ζεὺς ψυβρεμέτης νῦν δ' οὐδὲ με τυτθὸν ἔτισεν. ἣ γάρ μ' Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων ἠτίμησεν' ἔλαν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπούρας." ὃς φάτο δάκρυ χέων, τοῦ δὲ κλιὲν πότνια μήτηρ ἴμενη εἰν βένθεσιν ἄλος παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι. καρπαλίμως δ' ἀνέδυ πολιῆς ἄλος ἦν' ὁμίχλη, καὶ ρα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθεξετο δάκρυ χέοντος, χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξε, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν. "τέκνον, τὶ κλαίεις; τί δὲ σε φρένας ἴκετο πένθος;
Stood, nor a word addressed, nor question asked.
But quick his mind knew all; and out he spake:
"Hail! heralds: messengers of Zeus and men,
Draw near. Not ye, but Agamemnon's self,
Who sent you for Briseis, bears the blame.
Ho there! Zeus-born Patroclus, lead thou out
And to their escort give the maid. Themselves
Be witnesses before the blessed gods
And mortal men, aye, and this churlish king!
Haply in time the rest will need my hand
To ward foul bane. For he with ruinous rage
Is all distraught, nor knows to look with care
Before and after, that Achaia's host
Beside the sheltering ships may fight secure."

He spake. Patroclus straight obeyed his friend,
And led fair-cheeked Briseis from the tent
And to their escort gave. Then back again
They gat them to the Achaian ships, with whom
Unwilling went the woman. But her lord
Achilleus wept, and from his comrades turned,
And on the margin of the hoary sea
He sate him down apart; and, as he gazed
Over the wine-hued main, right earnestly
With outstretched hands he prayed his mother dear.
"Mother, since short the span of life whereto
Thou barest me, honour at least to grant
High-thundering Zeus, Olympian lord, was bound:
But now no whit of honour hath he given,
For sovereign Agamemnon Atreus' son
Dishonours, robs me, claims and holds my prize."

He spake in tears. Whom his queen-mother heard,
Throned in the depths beside her aged sire.
Swift rose she, mist-like, from the hoary sea,
And sate before him as he wept, and stroked
With loving hand, and thus bespake her son.
"Why weep'st thou, child? what grief hath touched thy heart?"
εξαύδα, μή κεύθε νόφ, ἵνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω." 

τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὥς ἦσα 'Ἀχιλλεύς:

"ὁ θεὰ: τὴν τοι ταύτα ἱδυή πάντ' ἀγορεύω;

ὁχόμεθ' ἐσ Θήβην, ἱερὴν πόλιν Ἡντίωνος,

τὴν δὲ διεπράθομεν τε καὶ ἦγομεν ἐνθάδε πάντα.

καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ δάσσαντο μετὰ σφίσιν ὑπὲς 'Ἀχαίων,

ἐκ δ' ἔλον Ἀτρέιδη Χρυσήδα καλλιπάρην.

Χρύσης δ' αὐθ' ἱερεὺς ἐκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος

ἥλθε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας 'Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνοι

λυσόμενος τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι ἄποινα,

στέμματ' ἔχων εὖ χερσὶ ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος

χρυσέρ ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας 'Ἀχαιοῦς,

Ἀτρέίδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν.

ἐνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν 'Ἀχαιοὶ

αἰδείσθαί θ' ἱερὰ καὶ ἀγλαά δέχθαι ἄποινα:

ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρέιδη Ἀγαμέμνονοι ἤνδανε θυμῷ,

ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίη, κρατερὸν δ' ἔπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.

χαώμενος δ' ὁ γέρων πάλιν φίχετο. τοῖο δ' Ἀπόλλων

εὐξαμένου ἦκουσεν, ἐπεὶ μάλα οἱ φίλος ἦν,

Ἦκε δ' ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι κακὸν βέλος: οἱ δὲ νῦ λαοὶ

θυνήσκοι ἐπασσύτεροι, τὰ δ' ἐπάξετο κῆλα θεοῖο

πάντη ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν 'Ἀχαιῶν. ἀμμὶ δὲ μάντις

eὐ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε θεοπροπίας ἐκάτοιο.

αὐτίκ' ἐγὼ πρῶτος κελόμην θεοὺς ἐλάσκεσθαι

Ἀτρείωνα δ' ἐπείτα χόλος λάβεν, αἴῃς δ' ἀναστάς

ἡπείλησεν μῦθον δ' ὅ τε τετελεσμένος ἐστίν.

τὴν μὲν γὰρ σὺν ὅτι θοῇ ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοὶ

ἐς Χρύσην πέμπουσιν, ἀγουσι δὲ δῶρα ἀνακτο.

τὴν δὲ νέον κλισίθενεν ἔβαυ κήρυκες ἄγοντες

κούρην Βρισῆς, τὴν μοι δόσαν υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλὰ σὺ, εἰ δύνασαι γε, περίσχεο παιδὸς ἔνοις.
Speak: hide it not: that so we both may know."

To whom deep groaning fleet-foot Achileus:

"Thou know'st: to thee who knowest, why tell all?
Thebê, Eetion's sacred town, we sought,
Sacked it, and hither brought back all the spoil.
All else was duly shared: for Atreus' son
Chryseis fair the Achaians had reserved.
But Chryses soon, priest of the Archer god,
Came to the mailed Achaians' vessels swift
To free his daughter, bearing ransom large.
Archer Apollo's wreaths in hand he bore
Upon his golden staff, and prayed to all
Achaia's sons, but chiefly to the twain,
The sons of Atreus, marshals of the host.
Thereto while each Achaian cried consent—
The priest to reverence, the rich ransom take—
It liked not Agamemnon Atreus' son,
But stern he drave him forth, and fiercely spake.
In wrath the greybeard gat him back: whose prayer
Apollo heard, for that he held him dear,
And at the Argives launched his deathful shaft.
Dead piled on dead fell thick; the god's darts flew
Throughout the Achaian host. Then did our seer
Declare what well he knew, the Archer's will.

At once the first I bade appease the god:
Whereat Atrides wroth uprose in haste
And spake the threat which now in deed is done.
For Chryses' daughter now to Chrysa's town
Bright-eyed Achaians in swift vessel send,
And bear the king his gifts: the other maid
Forth from my tent but now have heralds led,
Daughter of Briseus, whom the Achaians gave.
But guard thou, if thou canst, thy noble son.
έλθον' Οὐλυμπόνυδε Δία λίσαι, εἴ ποτε δή τι
ἡ ἐπεὶ ὄνησας κραδίην Διὸς ἣ̃ τι ἔργῳ.
πολλάκι γὰρ σεο πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀκοῦσα
ἔυχομένης, ὅτ' ἐφησθα κελαίνεφει Κρονίων
οὐ ἐν ἄθανάτοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύναι,
ὁππότε μν ἔυνδησαι 'Ολυμπιοι ήθελον ἄλλοι,
"Ἡρη τ' ἤδε Ποσειδάων καὶ Παλλᾶς 'Αθήνη.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν γ’ ἐλθούσα, θεά, ὑπελύσαο δεσμῶν,
ὁχ’ ἐκατόγχειρον καλέσαο' ἐς μακρὸν 'Ολυμπον,
ὅν Βριάρεων καλέουσι θεοί, ἀνδρεὶς δὲ τε πάντες Αἰγαίων'. ὃ γὰρ αὐτὴ βίη ὦ πατρὸς ὑμεῖνοιν
ὁς ἐν παρὰ Κρονίωνι καθέξετο κύδει γαῖον.
τὸν καὶ ὑπέδδεσαν μάκαρες θεοὶ, οὔδὲ τ’ ἔδησαν.
τὸν νῦν μιν μνῆσασα παρέξεο καὶ λαβὲ γούνων,
αἱ κέν πως ἔθελησιν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρῆξαι,
τοὺς δὲ κατὰ πρύμνας τε καὶ ἄμφ’ ἄλα ἔλσα Αἰχαίον
κτεινομένους, ὡν πάντες ἑπαύρωνται βασιλῆοι,
γυνὶ δὲ καὶ 'Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρεῖον 'Αγαμέμνων
ἡν ἀτην’, ὅτ’ ἀριστον 'Αχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν.”
τὸν δ’ ἡμείσθη ἐπείτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυν χέουσα;
"ὁ μοι, τέκνον ἐμῶν, τὶ νῦ σε τρέφον αἰνὰ τεκοῦσα;
εἴ’ ὅφελες παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀδάκρυτος καὶ ἀπήμων
ὁσθαι, ἐπεὶ νῦ τοι αἰσα μίνυνθα περ, οὐ τι μάλα δὴν.
νῦν δ’ ἀμα τ’ ὁκύμορος καὶ διξυρὸς περὶ πάντων
ἐπλεο. τῷ σε κακῇ αἰσῃ τέκου ἐν μεγάροισιν.
τούτο δὲ τοι ἐρέουσα ἔπος Δι’ τερπικεραύνῳ
εἰμ’ αὑτῇ πρὸς "Ολυμπον ἀγάνυνφον, αἰ κε πίθηται."
Go to Olympus, and make suit to Zeus,
If ever yet thou hast by word or deed
Gladdened his heart. For oft I heard thee tell
The boastful story in thy father's halls,
How cloud-enwrapt Cronion thou didst save
From foul destruction, thou alone his friend
Among immortals, when Olympians all—
Heré, Poseidon, Pallas,—fain would bind
Their sire in chains. But, goddess, thou didst go
And rescue him from bonds, calling straightway
The hundred-handed to Olympus high,
Briareus by gods, by men Aegaeon named,
For he in strength was mightier than his sire.
He by Cronion's side then sate him down
Glorying in pride of power; at whom the gods
Shrank terrified, nor dared to bind their king.
Of this remind him now, and sitting near
Clasp thou his knees; if haply he may will
To lend the Trojans aid, but by the sea
And stranded sterns to pen Achaia's sons
In slaughter falling fast: that all may reap
What this their king has sown, and ev'n himself,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon Atreus' son,
His blind infatuate folly learn to rue,
When he the best Achaian foully wronged."

Him answered Thetis, while her tears fell fast:
"Ah me! my child! ah! wherefore bare I thee,
A hapless mother? O that by the ships
Thou'dst sit, away from tears, away from woe!
Since short thy fated span, nor long thy days:
But now swift doom and grief at once are thine,
Beyond all others' lot. Wherefore indeed
In evil day my chamber saw thee born.
Yet will I seek Olympus' snow-capt height
And bear this suit to lightning-loving Zeus,
If he will hear. But sit thou still the while
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν ἡπείρας ἀκυπόροις ἑνὶ Ἀχαϊοῖς, πολέμοι δὲ ἀποταύεο πάμπαν· Ζεὺς γὰρ ἐς Ὑκεανὸν μετὰ ἄμυμονᾶς Αἰθιοπῆς χθιζὸς ἔβη κατὰ δαίτα, θεοὶ δὲ ἀμα πάντες ἔποντο· δωδεκάτη δὲ τοι αὐτὸς ἐλεύσεται Ὀὐλυμπόνδε, καὶ τὸ τέτ’ ἐπειτὰ τοι εἰμὶ Δίως ποτὲ χαλκοβατές δῶ, καὶ μιν γονάσσωμαι, καὶ μιν πεύσεσθαι δῶ.”

ἀς ἄρα φονήσασ’ ἀπεβήσετο, τὸν δ’ ἐλιπ’ αὐτοῦ χωόμενον κατὰ θυμὸν ἐὔξωνοι γυναικός, τὴν ρὰ βῆ ἀέκοντος ἀπηύρων. αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς εἰς Χρύσην ἑκανεν ἄγων ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην.

οὐ δ’ ὅτε ἡ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἱκοντο, ἵστια μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ’ ἐν νη μελαίνη, ἵστον δ’ ἱστοδόκη πέλασαν προτόνυσιν ὑφέντες καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ’ εἰς ὄρμον πρὸερεσαν ἐρεμοῖς.

ἐκ δ’ εὐνάς ἐβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμυησί’ ἐδησαν’ ἐκ δὲ καλ αὐτοῦ βαίνον ἐπὶ ρημινιν θαλάσσης, ἐκ δ’ ἐκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι’ ἐκ δὲ Χρυσῆς νηὸς βῆ ποντοτόριοι.

τὴν μὲν ἐπειτ’ ἐπὶ βωμὸν ἄγων πολύμητος Ὀδυσσεὺς πατρὶ φίλω ἐν χεραλ τίθη, καὶ μιν προσείπεν’

“ὁ Χρύση, πρὸ μ’ ἐπεμψε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων παῖδα τε σοι ἀγέμεν, Φοίβω’ θ’ ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην ρέξαι ὑπὲρ Δαναῶν, οφρ’ ἰλασόμεσθα ἄνακτα, ὅς νῦν Ἀργείοισι πολύστονοι κηδὲ ἐφήκεν.”

ἀς εἰπὼν ἐν χεραλ τίθη, δ’ δὲ δέξατο χαίρων παῖδα φίλην. τοι δ’ ὧκα θεῷ ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην ἐξέλη ἐστήσαν ἐὕμητον περὶ βωμὸν, χερνίσαντο δ’ ἐπεῖτα καὶ ὀυλοχύτας ἀνέλουνοτ.

τοῖς δὲ Χρύσης μεγάλ’ εὐχετο, χεῖρας ἀνασχῶν’

“κλύθὶ μεν, ἀργυρότοξ’, ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας.
By the swift-sailing ships, and, though thou rage
Against the Achaians, stir thee not in war.
Zeus to the noble Ethiops yesterday
Sped ocean-wards, to feast; with whom the gods
All followed: on the twelfth day he will come
Back to Olympus. Then will I repair
Unto the palace brazen-floored of Zeus
And clasp his knees; and he, I trust, will hear.”
So spake she and was gone; but left him there
Wrathful at heart for the fair-girdled maid
Whom they perforce had seized against his will.
Meanwhile Odysseus on to Chrysa sped
Bearing his freight the sacred hecatomb.
But when within the haven deep they came,
The sails they furled and in the black ship stowed,
And quickly by the mainstays to its bed
Lowered the mast; then urged the ship by oars
On to her moorings, where from out the prow
Anchors they dropped, and made stern cables fast.
Out stepped themselves upon the beach, and out
Archer Apollo’s hecatomb they took:
Out stepped Chryseis from the sea-borne ship,
Whom then Odysseus, many-counselled sage,
Led to the altar and delivered o’er
To her dear father’s hands, as thus he spake:
“Chryses, from Agamemnon king of men
I come: to thee thy daughter, to the god
An offering for the Danaans’ sake I bear,
A sacred hecatomb, to appease the king
Who smites the Argives now with grievous woes.”
He spake and gave her. Chryses took with joy
His daughter dear. The god’s rich hecatomb
They swiftly round the well-built altar range,
Then wash their hands, and raise the barley meal,
While loud with hands uplifted Chryses prayed:
“O hear me, Silver-bow, who standest round
Κύλλαν τε ζαβήν, Τενέδοιο τε ἰψι ανάσσεις.
ήμεν δή ποτ' ἔμευ πάρος ἐκλυνες ἐνξαμένοιο,
τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ' ἦψαυ λαόν Ἀχαίων
ὁ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήηηνον ἑέλωρ' 455
ἡδη νῦν Δαναοῖσιν ἄεικεα λογοῦν ἀμυνον.'

ὡς ἔφατ' ευχόμενος, τοῦ δὲ κλὺς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ἐξαιστο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
αὐέρυσαν μὲν προτα καὶ ἐσφαξαν καὶ ἐδειραν,
μηροὺς τ' ἐξέταμον κατὰ τε κυνίη ἐκάλυψαν 460
dίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ωμοθέτησαν,
καὶ δ' ἐπὶ σχίζης ὁ γέρων, ἐπὶ δ' αἰθοπα οἶνον
λείβεν νέοι δὲ παρ' αὐτῶν ἠχὸν πεμπώβολα χερσίν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κατὰ μῆρα κάη καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
μιστυλλόν τ' ἀρα τάλλα καὶ ἀμβ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἐπειράν, 465
ὁπτῆσαν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαυτό τε πάντα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί παύσαντο πόνον τετύκοντό τε δαίτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδὲ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἔησης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος εξ' ἐρον ἐντο,
κοῦροι μὲν κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοίο,
νόμησαν δ' ἀρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάσσοσιν
οι' δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεοῦ ἰλάσκοντο,
καλὸν άείδοντες παιήνα, κούροι 'Ἀχαιῶν,
μέλποντες 'Εκάργγον' δ' ἄρα φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.
ήμος δ' ἴδειος κατέδυ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέβας ἰδθεν, 475
δ' τότε κοιμήσαντο παρὰ πρωμήησια νήσος.
ήμος δ' ἱριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος 'Ηνώς,
καὶ τὸτ' ἐπεῖτ' ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὔρυν 'Ἀχαίων'
τοῖς δ' ἰκμενον οὐρον ἦ' ἐκάργγος 'Απόλλων.
oι' δ' ἱστόν στήσαντ', ἀνά θ' ἱστία λευκά πέτασαν 480
εν δ' ἀνέμοις πρήςεν μέσον ἱστίον, ἀμβ' δὲ κύμα
στείρη πορφύρεον μέγα ἱαχε νήσος ἰούσης.
Chrysa and holy Cilla, mighty king
Of Tenedos! my former prayer thou heard'st,
And honouring me didst heavily oppress
Achaia's host. Now grant my further wish,
And save at once the Danaans from foul bane."

He spake in prayer: Phoebus Apollo heard.
But, prayers now done, and barley duly strewn,
First they drew back and gashed the victims' throats,
Then flayed them, and cut out the thighs, on which
Enwrapped in double fat raw meats they placed.
These on cleft wood the old priest burned, and poured
Dark wine thereon: by him the young men stood,
And in their hands the five-pronged forks they held.
Then, when the thighs were burnt, and tasted now
The inner parts, the rest they cut up small,
Speared on the spits, and roasted all with care,
And drew therefrom. But when their toil was done
And ready was the meal, then feasted they,
Nor stinted was their soul of well-shared cheer.
And when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
The youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,
Poured offering due, and served the cups to all.
So these all day appeased the god with song,
The Achaian youth in choral paean sweet
Hymning the Archer, who with gladness heard.
But when the sun was set and darkness come,
Beside the stern-ropes of their ship they slept.
But when the dawn, rose-fingered, early-born,
Shone forth, then straight they loosed them from the land,
To seek again the wide Achaian host.
Archer Apollo sent a following gale.
Up went the mast, out fluttered the white sails,
The middle canvas bellying with the wind,
The dark wave roaring round the cleaving keel,
As still the vessel sped: she running swift
ὅ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσοντα κέλευθον. 
αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ ὤ ἴκοντο κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρύν Ἀχαίων, 
νὴα μὲν οὐ γε μέλαιναι ἐπ' ἱππέριοι ἔρυσαν 
ὑψὸν ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ὡπὸ δ' ἐρματα μακρὰ τάνυσαν, 
αὐτὸι δὲ σκίδαντο κατὰ κλίσιας τε νέας τε.

αὐτάρ ὁ μήμες νησιὶ παρῆμενος ἀκυπόροιςιν, 
διογενῆς Πηλῆς υἱός, πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς.

οὔτε ποτ' εἰς ἄγορην πωλέσκετο κυδιάνειραν 
οὔτε ποτ' ἐσ πόλεμον, ἀλλὰ φθινύθεσκε φίλον κηρ 
αὐθὶ μένων, ποθέοποκε δ' αὐτὴν τε πτόλεμόν τε.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ρ' ἐκ τοίο δυσδεκάτη γένετ' ἡώς, 
καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἵσαν θεοὶ αἰεν ἐόντες 
πάντες ἄμα, Ζεὺς δ' ἡρχε. Θέτις δ' οὐ λήθετ' ἐφετμέων

παιδὸς εὖ, ἀλλ' ἦ γ' ἀνεδύσετο κῦμα θαλάσσης, 
ἡρῆ δ' ἀνέβη μέγαν οὐρανὸν Ὀλυμπὸν τε. 

ἐνεν δ' εὐρύσκα Κρονίδην ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων 
ἀκροτάτη κορυφῇ πολυθεράδος Ὀλυμποῦ, 
καὶ ῥα πάροιθ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο, καὶ λάβε γοῦνον 
σκαῖῃ δεξιτερή δ' ἀρ' ὑπ' ἀνθερέων ἔλούσα 
λισσομένη προσεέπτε Δία Κρονίωνα ἄνακτα: 

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ ποτε δὴ σε μετ' ἀθανάτουσιν ζωνα 
ἡ ἔπει ἡ ἐργο, τόδε μοι κρήσθων ἐέλδωρ. 

τίμησον μοι υἱόν δ' ὁκυμορώτατος ἄλλων 
ἔπλετ', ἀτάρ μιν υἱὸν γε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων 
ητίμησεν. ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας. 

ἀλλὰ σὺ πέρ μιν τίσουν, Ὅλυμπτε μητέτα Ζεῦ, 
τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώσσεσι τίθει κράτος ύφρ' ἀν Ἀχαιοί υἱόν ἐμὸν τίσωσιν, ὀφέλλωσιν τε ἐ τιμῇ."

ὁς φάτο' τὴν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς, 
ἀλλ' ἀκέων δὴν ἥστο. Θέτις δ' ὡς ἡψατο γοῦνων, 
ὡς ἔχετ' ἐμπεφυνία, καὶ εἶρετο δεύτερον αὐτίς.
O'er fav'ring wave held on her steady way.
But when they reached the wide Achaian host,
Upon the land the black-hulled ship they drew
High on the sands, and shored her with long props;
Then gat them to their several tents and ships.

In wrath the while sat Zeus-born Peleus' son,
Achilleus fleet of foot, by the swift ships:
Nor e'er to council, where men win renown,
Repaired he, nor to fight: yet pined at heart
There bidding, while he yearned for shout, and fray.

But when the twelfth day dawned, then led by Zeus
The everliving gods Olympus sought
All in full host: nor Thetis then forgat
Her son's behest. Up from the wave she sprang,
And in the morning scaled the heights of heaven.
Where loud-voiced Cronides apart from all
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
Sitting she found. Before him then she sate,
And suppliant with her left hand clasped his knees,
While touched her right his chin, and thus to Zeus
The sovereign son of Cronos made her suit:

"O Father Zeus, if mid immortals I
By word or deed e'er helped thee, grant my wish:
Honour my son. Swift-doomed indeed is he
Above all other; but dishonoured now
To boot by Agamemnon king of men,
Who for himself hath seized and holds his prize.
But thou, Olympian Zeus the counsellor,
Avenge his wrong, and grant awhile to Troy
The vict'ry, till Achaians to my son
Due recompense and ample honour pay."

She spake: cloud-gathering Zeus no word replied,
But sat in silence long. Thetis his knees,
Once clasped, held clinging; and again she asked:
“νημερτές μὲν δὴ μοι ύπόσχεο καὶ κατάνευσον,  
�新../ev, ἔπει ὦ τοι ἐπὶ δέος, ὃφρ' εὐ εἰδὼ 
δοσον ἐγὼ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀτιμοτάτη θέος εἰμι.”  

καὶ ὁ λαός ἐργ’, ὦτε μ’ ἐχθροτήσασθε εἰφήσεις  
“Ἡρη, ἄτι ἂν μ’ ἐρέθησιν ὑνεδείοις ἐπέεσσιν.  
δὲ καὶ αὐτοῦς μ’ αἶεν ἐν ἄθανάτοις θεοῖς 
νεικεῖ, καὶ τε μὲ φθοι μάχῃ Τρώσσων ἄργειν.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν αὐτίς ἀπόστιχε, μὴ τι νοήσῃ  
“Ἡρη’ ἐμοὶ δὲ κε ταῦτα μελῆστει ὁφρα τελέσσω.  
εἰ δ’ ἀγε τοι κεφαλῇ κατανεύσομαι, ὁφρα πεποίθησ’ 
τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξ’ ἐμέθεθεν γε μετ’ ἄθανάτοις μέγιστον 
τέκμωρ’ ὦ γὰρ ἐμὸν παλινάγρετον οὔδ’ ἀπατηλόν 
οὔδ’ ἀτελεύτητον, ὅτι κεν κεφαλῇ κατανεύσω.”  

ἢ, καὶ κυνάεσσιν ἐπ’ ὁφρύσι νεύσε Κρονίων’ 
ἀμβρόσια  δ’ ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερράσαντο ἄνακτος 
κράτος ἀπ’ ἄθανάτοιο, μέγαν δ’ ἐλέλιξεν ”Ολυμπον.  
τῷ γ’ ὥς βουλεύσαντες διέτμαγεν’  ὑ μὲν ἔπειτα 
εἰς ἄλα ἄλτο βαθείαν ἀπ’ αὐγιλήνετος ‘Ολύμπον,  
Zeus δὲ ἐδν πρὸς δῶμα.  
ἔκαστος  ἄνεσταν ἐξ ἐδρέων, σφοῦ πατρὸς ἑναντίον’ οὔδε τις έτλη 
μείναι ἐπερχόμενον, ἀλλ’ ἄντιον έσταν ἀπαντε.  

ὦ δ’ μὲν ἐνθα καθεξετ’ ἐπὶ θρόνου’ οὔδε μιν”Ἡρη 
ἡγνόησεν ἵδου’ ὅτι οἱ συμφράσσατο βουλάς 
ἀργυρόπεξα Θέτις, θυγατηρ ἄλλοιο γέροντος.  

αὐτικα κερτομίουισ Νια Κρονίωνα προσήπιδα:  
“τίς δ’ αὐ τοι, δολομῆτα, θεον ξυμφράσσατο βουλάς;  
αἰεί τοι φίλον έστων ἐμείν ἀπονόσφιν ἐντα 
κρυπτάδια φρονέουν δικαζέμεν’ οὔδε τι πώ μοι 
πρόφρων τέτληκας εἰπείν ἐπος ὅττι νοήσης.”  

τὴν  δ’ ἡμείβετ’ ἐπειτα πατηρ ἄνδρων τε θεῶν τε’
"Give me unfailing promise and thy nod,  
Or say me nay: since fear thou canst not feel.  
So shall I know for sure how far of all  
The gods in heaven dishonoured most am I.”  

To whom indignant spake cloud-gathering Zeus:  
"Disastrous works indeed: if urged by thee  
I break with Heré, when with galling words  
She goad me. Who indeed with causeless spite  
Doth ever chide among immortal gods,  
And saith I aid the Trojans in the fight.  
But now, lest Heré see thee, get thee gone,  
Return: be mine the care to work this end.  
Or stay: my head shall nod, that thou may'st trust.  
For with immortals this is still from me  
The greatest pledge: my word recall nor guile  
Nor failure knows, if once I plight my nod.”  

The son of Cronos spake: and with black brows  
He nodded: from the king's immortal head  
Down drooping waved the rich ambrosial locks,  
And huge Olympus to his centre shook.  

Thus counselled they and parted. In the deep  
She plunged her from Olympus' radiant height;  
Zeus sought his palace. From their seats the gods  
Rose one and all before their father: none  
Dared bide his coming: all before him stood.  
And in their midst upon his throne he sate.  
But Heré, when she saw him, knew full well  
That Thetis with her lord had counsels joined,  
The aged sea-god's silver-footed child:  
And with keen words Cronion straight she chid:  
"What god again, my wily-witted lord,  
Hath joined thy counsels? Thus thou alway lov'st  
Apart from me in secrecy of thought  
To give thy judgment. Never yet hast dared  
Frankly to tell me what thy mind conceives.”  

To whom replied the sire of gods and men:
"'Ηρη, μή δὴ πάντας ἐμοὺς ἐπιέλπεο μῦθους εἰδήσειν: χάλεποι τοι ἔσοντ' ἀλόχω περ ἐνύση. ἀλλ' ὅν μὲν κ' ἐπιεικὲς ἀκούμεν, οὐ τις ἐπειτα οὔτε θεῶν πρότερος τὸν ἐκεῖται οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων: ὅν δὲ κ' ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλωμι νοῆσαι, μή τι σὺ τάυτα ἐκαστα διείρεο μηδὲ μετάλλα." τὸν δ' ἡμείσθε' ἐπειτα βοώπις πότνια 'Ηρη'

"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῦν τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες; καὶ λίθην σε πάρος γ' οὔτ' εἴρομαι οὔτε μεταλλω, ἀλλὰ μᾶλ' εὐκήλος τὰ φράζειν ἄσσ' ἐθέλησθα. νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δεῖδοικα κατὰ φρένα μή σε παρείπῃ ἀργυρόπεξα Θήτης, θυγάτηρ ἀλίου γέροντος: ηερίη γὰρ σοί γε παρέξετο καὶ λάβε γούνων. τῇ σ' δ' ὦν κατανεύσαι ἐτήτῳ ὡς Ἀχιλῆς τιμῆσης, ὀλέσης δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νησίν Ἀχαιῶν."

τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς: "δαμονίη, αἰεὶ μὲν ὄτει, οὐδὲ σε λήθω, πρῆξαι δ' ἐμπις οὗ τὶ δυνήσεαι, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ θυμοῦ μᾶλλον ἐμοὶ ἐσεαι' τὸ δὲ τοι καὶ ρίγιον ἐσται. εἰ δ' οὕτω τοῦτ' ἐστίν, ἐμοὶ μέλλει φίλον εἶναι. ἀλλ' ἀκέουσα κάθησο, ἐμφ εἶπείθεο μύθοι, μή νῦ τοι οὐ χραίσμωσιν ὅσοι θεοί εἰσ' ἐν Ὁλύμπῳ ἀσσον ἱονθ', ὅτε κέν τοι ἄπττους χεῖρας ἐφείω." ὦς ἐφατ', ἐδδεισεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια "Ηρη, καὶ ὅ' ἀκέουσα καθήστο, ἐπιγαμφασα φίλον κηρωθησαν δ' ἀνὰ δῶμα Δίως θεοί Οὐρανίωνες. τοῖσιν δ' "Ἡφαιστος ἱλυτοτέχνης ἶρχ' ἀγορεὺνειν, μητρὶ φίλη ἐπὶ ἦρα φέρον, λευκολένη ἸΗρ' "ἡ δὴ λοίγια ἔργα τάδ' ἐσσεται, οὐδ' ἐτ' ἀνεκτά,
"Hope thou not, Heré, all my words to know.
Hard will they be for thee, although my wife:
What may be fitly heard, that none shall know
Of gods or men before 'tis told to thee:
What separate from the gods I will to plan,
Question not thou of this, nor curious pry."

To him made answer Heré, large-eyed queen:
"Dread Cronides, what words of thine are these?
Surely of old I have not questioned thee
Nor curious sought to pry. All undisturbed
Thou framest what thou wilt. Yet now at heart
I sorely fear Thetis hath cozened thee,
The aged sea-god's silver-footed child,
Who by thee sate this morn and clasped thy knees.
To her now, as I guess, thy nod is pledged,
To grant Achilleus honour, and to doom
The fall of thousands at the Achaian ships."

To her in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus:
"Thou guessest ever, wondrous consort mine,
Nor am I hid. Yet nothing canst thou do:
And from my heart wilt be the more estranged,
The which belike will work thee greater woe.
If this be so, 'tis I will have it so.
But sit thou silent, and obey my word,
Lest all the gods whom great Olympus holds
Avail thee nought against me, if in wrath
I come and on thee lay resistless hands."

He spake. Then trembled Heré large-eyed queen,
And silent sate, curbing her soul perforce.
And grieved were all throughout the halls of heaven.
Whom then Hephaestus, far-famed smith, addressed,
His mother white-armed Heré bent to soothe:
"Disastrous works indeed will now be here,
No longer to be borne! if thus ye twain
ei δή σφῶ ἐνεκά τινί τῶν ἐριδαίνετον ὥδε, ἐν δὲ θεοῖς κολλών ἐλαύνετον. οὔτε τι δαιτὸς ἐσθλῆς ἔσται ἤδος, ἐπεὶ τὰ χερείων νικᾶ.
μητρὶ δὲ ἐγὼ παράφημι, καὶ αὐτῇ περ νοεύσῃ, πατρὶ φίλῳ ἐπὶ ἤρα φέρειν Δί, ὃφρα μὴ αὐτὲ ἱερείη πατήρ, σὺν δ' ἤμιν δαιτα παράξη.
ei περ γάρ κ' ἐθέλησιν Ὁλύμπιος ἀστεροπητὴς ἐξ ἐδρέων στυφελίξαι ο γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἐστίν. ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεισοι καθάπτεσθαι μαλακοῖςιν αὐτίκ' ἐπειθ' ἦλαος Ὁλύμπιος ἔσσεται ἤμιν."

ὡς ἀρ' ἐφή, καὶ ἀναίξας δέπας ἀμφίκτυπελλον μητρὶ φίλῃ ἐν χειρὶ τίθη, καὶ μιν προσεύπεν "τέπλαθι, μήτερ ἐμή, καὶ ἀνάσχεο κηδομένη περ, μή σε φίλην περ ἐουόσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἰδωμαί θειομένην. τότε ὃ οὐ τι δυνησομαι ἀχνύμενος περ χραισμεῖν ἀργαλέος γὰρ Ὁλύμπιος ἀντιφέρεσθαι. ἦδη γὰρ με καὶ ἄλλοτ' ἀλεξέμεναι μεμαώτα ῥίψε, ποδὸς τεταγῶν, ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίοιο. 

πάν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἀμα δ' ἱελῖφ καταδίντι κάπεσον ἐν Δήμῳν, ὦλγος δ' ἐτι θυμὸς ἐνήεν ἐνθα με Σύντιες ἄνδρες ἀφαρ κομίσαντο πεσόντα."  

ὡς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ τεα λευκώλενος Ἡρη, μειδήσασα δὲ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο χειρὶ κύπελλον. αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοις θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν οἴνοχόι, γλυκὸ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητήρος ἀφύσων. ἀσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλων μακάρεσσει θεοῖς, ὡς ἰδον Ἡφαιστον διὰ δόματα ποιπνύοντα.

ὡς τότε μὲν πρόταν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠλίου καταδύντα δαίνυτ' οὔτε τι θυμὸς ἐδεύτε δαιτὸς ἐίσης, οὐ μὴν φόρμυγγος περικαλλέος, ἢν ἐχ' Ἀπόλλων, μοῦσῶν θ', αἰ ἄειδου ἀμειβόμεναι ὅπλι καλῇ.
For sake of mortal men in quarrel strive
And stir such wrangling mid the gods. The feast
Will lose its savour, since the worse prevails.
My mother now I counsel, tho' herself
Be wise, to soothe our Father Zeus, that he
Chide not again and roughly mar our feast.
For if the Olympian Lightener will it so
To hurl us from our seats, he is indeed
By far the mightiest. Wherefore with soft words
See thou accost him: so the Olympian king
Forthwith to us shall graciously incline."

So spake he: then upleaping from his seat
In his dear mother's hand he placed a cup
Of double lip, and thus he spake to her:
"Be patient, mother mine, and bear thy load,
Tho' grieved thou be: lest thee, whom well I love,
Mine eyes may see sore smitten. Nought shall I
Avail to help thee then, how'e'r I grieve;
For hard to cope with is Olympus' king.
Me once of old, when I to shield thee strove,
Seized by the foot he from heaven's threshold hurled.
All day I fell, and with the setting sun,
In Lemnos lit, scant life within me left;
Whom then the Sintians rescued as I lay."

He spake. The white-armed goddess Heré smiled;
And smiling took the beaker from her son.
Then he, from left to right, to all the gods
Drew out and bare sweet nectar from the bowl.
And quenchless laughter stirred the blessed gods
Who saw Hephaestus panting through the hall.
Thus they through livelong day to set of sun
Made feast, nor lacked their soul the well-shared cheer:
Nor failed the bright lyre, which Apollo held,
Nor answering strains that voiceful Muses sang.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατέδυ λαμπρὸν φάος ἡλίοιο,
οὐ μὲν κακκείοντες ἔβαν οἰκόνδε ἕκαστος,
ἡχὶ ἕκαστῳ δῶμα περικλυτὸς ἀμφυγνῆεις
"Ἡφαίστος ποίησε ἰδυίης πραπίδεσσιν,
Ζεὺς δὲ πρὸς ὅν λέχος ἦ' Ὄλυμπιος ἀστεροπητής,
ἐνθα πάρος κοιμᾶθ' ὅτε μιν γυλκὺς ὑπνὸς ἴκανοι.
ἐνθα καθεῦδ' ἀναβάς, παρὰ δὲ χρυσόθρονος "Ηρη.
But when the sun’s refulgent light was set,
To lay them down they went, each to his home,
Where lame Hephaestus, smith renowned, had built
For each his several room with cunning skill.
And Zeus the Olympian Lightener sought his bed,
Wherein of old he still was wont to lie
Whene’er sweet sleep came o’er him: there clomb he
And slept, and gold-throned Heré by his side.
"Ονειρος, ἀγορή, νεῶν ἀριθμὸς.

"Ἀλλοι μὲν ὁ θεός τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἵπποκορυσταὶ εὐδον παννύχιοι, Δία δ᾽ οὐκ ἔχε νῆδυμος ὕπνοι, ἀλλ᾽ ὁ γε μερμηρίζε κατὰ φρένα ὡς 'Ἀχιλῆα τιμήσει, ὀλέσαι δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νησίων 'Ἀχαιῶν. ἦδε δὲ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἄριστη φαίνετο Βούλη, πέμψαι ἐπ᾽ 'Ατρείδη 'Αγαμέμνονι οὖλον ὀνειρον. καὶ μιν φωνῆσας ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσήδα: "βάσικ ἵδι, οὐλε ὀνειρε, θοὺς ἐπὶ νῆας 'Ἀχαιῶν ἑλθὼν ὡς κλοιόν 'Αγαμέμνονος 'Ατρείδαο πάντα μάλ᾽ ἀτρεκέως ἀγορευέμεν ὡς ἐπιτέλλω. θωρήξαι ἐκ κέλευε κάρη κομόωντας 'Ἀχιοὺς πασσυδίῃ νῦν γάρ κεν ἠλοί πόλιν εὐρυάγμιαν Τρώων οὐ γὰρ ἐτ' ἀμφῖς 'Ολύμπια δῶματ' ἔχοντες ἥθανατοι φράζονται ἐπέγναμψεν γάρ ἀπαντας 'Ἡρη λισσομένη, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἑφήπται." ὅς φάτο, βῆ δ᾽ ἁρ' ὀνειρος, ἐπεὶ τὸν μῦθον ἄκουσεν. καρπαλίμως δ᾽ ἵκανε θοὺς ἐπὶ νῆας 'Ἀχαιῶν, βῆ δ᾽ ἁρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ 'Ατρείδην 'Αγαμέμνονα τὸν δὲ κίχανεν εὐδοῦν ἐν κλοιῷ, περὶ δ᾽ ἀμβρόσιος κέχυθ' ὕπνοι. στῆ δ᾽ ἁρ᾽ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς Νηληνῶν ὑπὶ ἐοικῶς, Νέστορι, τὸν ρὰ μάλιστα γεροντῶν τὶ 'Αγαμέμνων. τῷ μιν ἐευσάμενος προσεφώνει θείος ὀνειρος.
ILIAD II.

The dream, the gathering, the tale of ships.

Now other gods and heroes chariot-borne
Slept all night long; but Zeus no deep sleep held;
But much in heart he pondered, by what way
To grant Achilleus honour and to doom
The death of many by the Achaian ships.
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,
To send to Agamemnon Atreus' son
The baneful Dream-god. Him he summoned straight,
And thus in wingèd words he spake his will:
"Go, hie thee to the swift Achaian ships
Thou baneful Dream-god: there seek out the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, and speak
From point to point exact as I command.
Bid him the flowing-haired Achaians arm
In hottest haste: for ample-streeted Troy
He now may take: no more two minds divide
The immortal holders of Olympian halls:
For Heré by her prayers hath bent them all,
And sorrows overhang the sons of Troy."

He spake: the Dream-god heard the word, and went:
And quickly reached the swift Achaian ships.
Then sought he Agamemnon. Him he found
Lapped in ambrosial slumber in his tent.
And o'er his head he stood, in semblance like
To Nestor Neleus' son, of greybeards most
By Agamemnon prized. His outward form
The Dream-god wore, and thus bespake the king:
"εύδεις, Ἀτρέως νιὲ δαίφρονος ἵπποδάμου
οὐ χρη παννύχιον εὐδείν βουληφόρον ἀνδρα,
ὡς λαοὶ τ' ἐπιτετράφαται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλεν.

νῦν δ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὁκα. Δίος δὲ τοι ἀγγέλος εἰμί,
ὅς σεν ἀνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κηδεταί ἦδ' ἐλεαιρεί.

θωρήξαϊ σ' ἐκέλευε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαίοὺς
πασσυδῆ; νῦν γὰρ κεν ἔλοις πόλιν εὐρύάγυναν
Τρώων' οὐ γὰρ ἐτ' ἄμφις Ὁλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἀπαντας
"Ἡρη λισσομένη, Τρῶεσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφίηται
ἐκ Δίος. ἀλλὰ σὺ σήσιν ἐχε φρεσί, μηδὲ σε λήθη
ἀιρείτω, εὐτ' ἀν σε μελίφρων ὕπνοις ἀνήγ." 25

ἂς ἀρὰ φωνήσας ἀπεβήσετο, τὸν δ' ἐλιπ' αὐτοῦ
τὰ φρονεόντ' ἀνὰ θυμόν ἄ ᾗ οὐ τελέεσθαι ἐμελλον.
φῆ γὰρ ὅ γ' αἱρήσεν Πριάμοι πολιν ἢματι κείνῳ,
νῆπιοι, οὐδὲ τὰ ἦδη, ὅ ὅ τ' Ἅτας μήδετο ἔργα:
θῆσθι γὰρ ἐτ' ἐμελλεν ἐπ' ἀλγεά τε στοναχάς τε
Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοίς διὰ κρατερᾶς ὤσμινας.

ἐγρετὸ δ' ἐξ ὕπνου, θείῃ δὲ μιν ὃμφέχυτ' ὁμφῆ.
ἐξετο δ' ὀρθωθείς, μαλακόν δ' ἐνδυνε χιτόνα
καλὸν νήγατεον, περὶ δὲ μέγα βάλλετο φάρος,
ποσσὶ δ' ύπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' ὄμοισιν βάλετο ξῖφος ἀργυρόηλον,
ἐίλετο δὲ σκῆπτρον πατρώιον, ἀφθιτον αἰεὶ.

σὺν τῷ ἐβή κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων. 30

'Ἡῶς μὲν ὅ τα θεὰ προσεβήσετο μακρὸν "Ολυμπὸν
Ζηνὶ φόως ἑρέουσα καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν
αὐτὰρ δ' κηρύκεσσι λυγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσεν
κηρύσσειν ἁγορήνδε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
οὐ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοι δ' ἡγείροντο μάλ' ὁκα.

βουλὴ δὲ πρῶτον μεγαθύμων ἦς γερόντων

Αἰλιάδος Β.
"Ho! sleep'st thou, son of Atreus valiant knight?
To sleep all night fits not the counsellor,
Who holds such hosts in charge, such various care.
Now mark me quickly: sent I am of Zeus
Who from afar guards well and pities thee.
The flowing-haired Achaians he bids arm,
In hottest haste: for ample-streeted Troy
Now mayst thou take: no more two minds divide
The immortal holders of Olympian halls:
For Heré by her prayers hath bent them all,
And sorrows overhang the sons of Troy
From Zeus. Lay this to heart, nor let it fade
Forgot when honeyed sleep have set thee free."

So spake he and was gone; but left him there
Thinking in heart what yet was not to be.
For Priam's city in that day to take
He hoped, poor fool! nor knew the mind of Zeus;
Who purposed yet to vex with woes and groans
Trojans and Danaans in the stubborn fight.
He woke from sleep: around him floated yet
The voice divine. Upright he sate: then donn'd
His tunic, soft of texture, fair to view,
New wrought: and o'er it threw an ample cloak,
And 'neath his bright feet bound his sandals fair.
Around his shoulders then his sword he slung,
Sword silver-studded; and his sceptre took,
Handed from sire to son, imperishable:
Then sought the vessels of the mail-clad host.

Now goddess Morn 'gan climb Olympus high,
To Zeus and all the immortal host of heaven
The harbinger of light, when Atreus' son
Bade shrill-voiced heralds to the assembly call
The flowing-haired Achaians. Loud and clear
The heralds cried; the people gathered fast.
But first the council summoned he to sit,
Νεστορέη παρὰ νηὶ Πυλογενέως βασιλῆς.
touς ὃ γε συγκαλέσας πυκνῆν ἡρτύνετο βουλήν ὁ λύτε, φίλοι. θείος μοι ἐνύπνιον ἠλθεν οὐνερος ἀμβροσίην διὰ νῦκτα, μάλιστα δὲ Νέστορι δίφ ἐιδὸς τε μέγεθος τε φυήν τ’ ἄγχιστα ἔφκεν. στὴ δ’ ἀρ’ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς, καὶ με πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐ’ ἐ’ δε, Ἀτρέος ὑλε δαίφρονος ἵπποδάμου, οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὐδεὶν βουληφόρον ἁνδρα, ὃ λαοὶ τ’ ἐπιπτεράφαται καὶ τόσσα μέρηλεν. νῦν δ’ ἐμέθεν ἔννεσ ὄκα: Δίως δὲ τοὶ ἄργελος εἰμί, ὅσ σεν ἀνευθεν ἔων μέγα κήδεται ἃ ἐλεάρει. θωρήξαι τ’ ἐκέλευε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαίος παοσοῦδην νῦν γὰρ κεν ἐλοις πόλιν εὐρνάγηναι Τρώων’ οὐ γὰρ ἐτ’ ἀμφίς Ὁλύμπια δῶματ’ ἐχοντες ἀβάνατοι φράζονται ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἀπαντάς Ἡρη λισσομένη, Τρῶεσσι δὲ κῆδε’ ἐφῆπται ἐκ Δίως. ἀλλὰ σον σήσιν ἔχε φρεσίν. ὧς ὁ γε εὐπῶν ἄγχετ ἀποπτάμενος, ἐμὲ δὲ γλυκὺς ὑπνος ἀνήκεν. ἀλλ’ ἄγετ’, αὐ κέν πως θωρήξομεν νιὰς Ἀχαιῶν. πρώτα δ’ ἐγὼ ἔπεσιν περίσσομαι, ἣ θέμις ἑστίν, καὶ φεύγειν ἔνν νησιὶ πολυκλήσιι κελεύσω. ἤμεῖς δ’ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἐρητύειν ἐπέεσιν.”

ἡ τοι ὃ γ’ ὡς εἰπὼν κατ’ ἀρ’ ἔξετο, τοῖσι δ’ ἀνέστη Νέστωρ, ὃς βα Πῦλοιο ἀναξ ἦν ἥμαθόντος ὁ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν ἢν φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἴδε μέδοντες, εἰ μὲν τις τὸν ὅνειρον Ἀχαίων ἄλλος ἐνίστεν, ψεῦδος κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφιξίμεθα μᾶλλον νῦν δὲ ἢδ’ ὃς μέγ’ ἀριστος Ἀχαίων εὐχεταί εἶναι. ἀλλ’ ἄγετ’, εἰ κέν πως θωρήξομεν νιὰς Ἀχαιῶν.”

ὡς ἀρα φωνήσας βουλῆς εξ ἤρχε νέεσθαι,
Beside the ship of Nestor Pylian king,
Council of high-souled elders; and to these
When met he opened thus his counsel shrewd:
"Hear me, my friends. In night's ambrosial calm
But now the Dream-god sought me as I slept.
The guise of godlike Nestor he did wear
Exact to view, in stature, form, and face:
And o'er my head he stood, and thus he spake:
'Ho! sleep'st thou, son of Atreus valiant knight?
To sleep all night fits not the counsellor,
Who holds such hosts in charge, such various care.
Now mark me quickly: sent I am of Zeus,
Who from afar guards well and pityes thee.
The flowing-haired Achaians he bids arm,
In hottest haste: for ample-streeted Troy
Now mayst thou take: no more two minds divide
The immortal holders of Olympian halls;
For Heré by her prayers hath bent them all,
And sorrows overhang the sons of Troy
From Zeus. Lay this to heart.' These words he spake;
Took wing, was gone: and sweet sleep set me free.
Come, arm we, if we may, Achaia's sons.
But first will I make trial of their mood
By words (as well I may), and bid them fly
With many-benchèd ships: then follow ye,
One here one there, and speak to stay their haste.'"

He spake and sate him down. To them arose
Nestor, of sandy Pylos he the king,
Who now right wisely mid their council spake:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
This dream had other of the Achaians told,
False might we deem it, and hold back the more.
But now the seer of the dream is he
Who claims among our host the chiefest place.
Then arm we, if we may, Achaia's sons."

He spake, and from the council led the way.
οὐ δὲ ἐπανέστησαν πείθοντο τε ποιμένι λαῶν σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆς. ἔπεσσεύνοντο δὲ λαοί.

ἡύτε ἔθνεα εἰσὶ μελισσάων ἀδινάων πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομενῶν βοτρυδῶν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ’ ἀνθεσι εἰαρινοῦσιν· αἱ μὲν τ’ ἐνθα ἀλις πεποτήσαται, αἱ δὲ τε ἐνθα· ὅσ τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἀπὸ καὶ κλυσιάων ἱόνος προπάροιθε βαθείς ἐστιχώμενο ἱλαδὸν εἰς ἀγορήν. μετὰ δὲ σφισὶ ὅσσα δεδῆι ὁτρύνουσ’ ἑναι, Δίὸς ἄγγελὸς οὐ δ’ ἀγέρουντο. τετρήξει δ’ ἀγορή, ὑπὸ δὲ στεναχίζετο γαῖα λαῶν ἔξοντων, ὁμάδος δ’ ἦν. ἐννέα δὲ σφέας κήρυκες βοώντες ἐρήτουν, εἰ ποτ’ αὐτῆς σχοιάτ’, ἀκούσειαν δὲ διοτραφεόν βασιλῆν.  

σπουδῆ δ’ ἐξετὸ λαὸς, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ’ ἐδρας παυσάμενου κλαγγῆς. ἀνὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων ἔστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων τὸ μὲν “Ἡφαίστος κάμε τεῦχων. Ἡφαίστος μὲν ἔδωκε Διόι Κρονίων ἀνακτι, αὐτὰρ ἄρα Ζεὺς δῶκε διακτόρφ ἀργείφαντ’ Ἐρμείας δὲ ἀναξ δῶκεν Πέλοπι πληξίππω, αὐτὰρ ὁ ἀυτε Πέλοψ δῶκ’ Ἀτρέι ποιμένι λαῶν Ἀτρέως δὲ θυνᾶσκων ἔλπεν πολύφρων ὑνεστῇ, αὐτὰρ ὁ ἀυτε ὑνεστ’ Ἀγαμέμνων λείπε φορῆναι, πολλῆσιν νήσοισι καὶ “Ἀργεῖ παντὶ ἀνάσσειν. τά’ ὁ γ’ ἑρεισάμενος ἐπε’ Ἀργείοισι μετῆδα. “α’ φίλοι ἤρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἀρης, Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτη ἐνέδησε βαρέις, σχέτλιος, ὅσ πρὶν μὲν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν Ἰλιον ἐκπέρσαυτ’ ἐυτείχεου ἀπονέεσθαι, νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καὶ με κελεύει δυσκλέα Ἀργος ἱκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὀλεσα λαὸν.
Rose after him, obedient to their lord
The people's shepherd, all the sceptred kings;
While all around the troops were thronging fast.

As swarm the nations of the honey-bees
From hollow rock forth-pouring ever new,
And fly grape-clustered round the flowers of spring,
Wide-spread in flight but numerous everywhere;
So from the ships and tents their nations poured
A countless swarm along the sandy beach,
As troop on troop toward the assembly filed.
Among them Rumour blazed and urged them on,
The messenger of Zeus; they mustered still
With mingled uproar. Groaned the earth beneath,
As down their thousands sate; and great the din.
And these nine heralds shouting strove to stay
That they at length should cease their clamorous noise
And lend to Zeus-born kings attentive ear.

With much ado they sate, and in their seats
Were stayed, all clamour hushed. And now uprose
King Agamemnon: in his hand he grasped
A sceptre by the smith Hephaestus wrought:
Who gave it to Zeus Cronides the king,
He to the Argus-slaying courier god,
King Hermes to steed-lashing Pelops next,
Pelops to Atreus shepherd of his folk,
He dying to Thyestes rich in flocks;
Who left it last to Agamemnon's hand,
Lord of all Argos and of many isles.
On this he leant, and mid the Argives spake:
"Friends, Danaan heroes, Ares' henchmen ye,
Zeus Cronides hath bound me, cruel god,
Fast to a heavy fate; whose nod once pledged
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return.
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane:
And now—the strength of all my armies gone—
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.
ούτω ποιν Δίω μέλλει ὑπερμενεῖ φίλον εἶναι, ὅσο ἐκεῖ πολλάνων πολιῶν κατέλυσε κάρημα ἧδ' ἐτί καλ λῦσει τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον. αἰσχρὸν γὰρ τόδε γ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἐσσομένουσι πυθέσθαι, μᾶς οὖν τοιόνυμε τοσόνυμε τε λαὸν Ἄχαιῶν ἀπρηκτον πόλεμον πολεμιζόμεν ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισι, τέλος δ' οὐ πῶ τι πέφανται. εἰ περ γὰρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν Ἄχαιοι τε Τρώης τε, ὁρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες, ἀριθμηθῇμεναι ἁμφω, Τρώης μὲν λέξασθαι ἑφέστιοι ὅσοι ἔσων, ἣμεῖς δ' εἰς δεκάδας διακοσμηθεὶμεν Ἄχαιοι, Τρώων δ' ἁνδρα ἐκαστοι ἐλοίμεθα οἰνοχοεύειν, πολλαὶ κεν δεκάδες δευοιατο οἰνοχοίοι. τόσον εὖ γίν ὕμημι πλέας ἐμμεναι ὕιας Ἄχαιῶν Τρώων, οἳ ναίουσι κατὰ πτόλιν. ἀλλ' ἐπίκουροι πολλέων ἐκ πολιῶν ἐγχεσπαλοὶ ἁνδρεῖς ἐνευσιν, οἳ με μέγα πλάζουσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶ' ἐθέλοντα "Ἰλιον ἐκπέρσαι, εὐ ναϊόμενου πτολιέθρον. εὐφέρα δὴ βεβάασι Δίως μεγάλου ἐναιατόι, καὶ δὴ δοῦνα σέσηπτε νεῶν καὶ σπάρτα λέλυνται, αὐτὸς ποι Ἰμέτεραι τ' ἄλοχοι καὶ νῆπια τέκνα εἶν' ἐκ μεγάροις ποτιδέγχεμενα' ἃμμι δὲ ἔργον αὐτῶς ἀκράσαντον, οὐ εἶνεκα δεῦρ' ἵκομεσθα. ἀλλ' ἁγεθ', ὡς ἄν ἐγώ εἴπω, πειθόμεθα πάντες. φεύγομεν ἤευ νησιφίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαϊαν' οὐ γὰρ ἐτὶ Τροίην αἱρήσουμεν εὐρύάγυιαν." ὡς φάτο, τοῖς δὲ θυμῶν ἐν στήθουσιν ὁρινεῖ πάσι μετὰ πληθύν, ὅσοι οὐ βουλής ἐπάκουσαν. κινήθη δ' ἄγορῃ ὡς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης, πόντου Ἰκαρίων, τὰ μὲν τ' Εὔρος τε Νότος τε ὀροὶ ἐπαίξεσα πατρὸς Δίως ἐκ νεφελάων.
So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong,
Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,
And yet will bow, whose might is over all.
Else sure 'twere shame for younger times to learn,
How this Achaian host so great, so fair,
In vain warred bootless war, fought fruitless fight,
With fewer foes; and yet no end is seen.
Fewer—for should we, oath and compact made,
Both Trojans and Achaians count our tale
(Those Trojans only told whose home is Troy),
And we Achaians ranged in troops of ten
One Trojan choose for each to bear the wine,
'Tis many tens would lack a cupbearer.
So many fold I say Achaia's sons
Are of the Trojans true who dwell in Troy.
But then allies there are from many a town,
Spear-wielding men, who thwart and baulk my will
To sack the well-built hold of Ilion.
And now nine years of mighty Zeus are gone;
Ships' timbers now have rotted, ropes are slack;
While yet our wives, methinks, and little ones
Sit in our halls and wait us: but the work
Lags unperformed for which we hither came.
Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say;
Take ship and fly to our dear fatherland:
For never shall we take wide-streeted Troy."

He spake, and stirred the soul of all the host
Who had not heard what he in council spake.
Then heaved the assembly, as with long sea waves
The Icarian main, by east or south wind stirred
Down sweeping from the clouds of Father Zeus.
όσ δ' ὅτε κινήσῃ Ζέφυρος βαθὺ λήμον ἐλθὼν λάβρος ἐπαινηζών, ἕπι τ' ἡμὺν ασταχύεσσιν, ὡς τῶν πάσ' ἀγορὴ κινήθη. τοῖ δ' ἀλαλητῷ νῆας ἐπ' ἐσσεύοντο, ποδῶν δ' ὑπένερθε κοινὴ ἰστατ' ἀειρομένη. τοῖ δ' ἀλλήλοις κέλευον ἀπτεσθαὶ νηῶν ἦδ' ἐλκέμεν εἰς ἄλα δίαν, οὐροὺς τ' ἐξεκάθαριον αὐτῇ δ' οὐρανὸν ἰκεν οἰκάδε ἵμενων ὑπὸ δ' ἤρεον ἔρματα νηῶν.

ἐνθα κεν Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρμορα νόστος ἔτυχθη, εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίην Ἡρή πρὸς μύθον ἑειπεν: "ὡ τόποι, αἰγόχων Αἰὸς τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη, οὗτω δὴ οἰκώνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, Ἀργείου φεύξονται ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης, καδ' δὲ κεν εὔχωλην Πριάμῳ καὶ Τροσὶ ἄπτοιν Ἀργείην Ἑλένην, ἢς εἶνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀchaiῶν εν Τροῖ ἀπόλοντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἰῃς. ἀλλ' ήθι νῦν κατὰ λαδὺ Ἀchaiῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων σοις ἁγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτνυε φῶτα ἐκαστόν, μηδὲ τ' ἐὰ νῆας ἀλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας."}

ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκώπτις Ἀθήνη, βὴ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμπτοι καρήνων αἴξασα, καρπαλίμως δ' ἰκανε θῶς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀchaiῶν. εὕρεν ἐπειτ' Ὀδυσσὴν Διὸ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον ἐσταότ' οὐδ' ὦ γε νῆς εὔσεβεμοι μελαινης ἠπτετ', ἐπεῖ μυν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἰκανεν. ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη προσέφη γλαυκώπτις Ἀθήνῃ "διογενὲς Δαιρτίάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσευ, οὗτω δὴ οἰκώνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, φεύξοσθ' ἐν νῆεσσι πολυκλῆσι πεσόντες, καδ' δὲ κεν εὔχωλην Πριάμῳ καὶ Τροσὶ λέποιτε Ἀργείην Ἑλένην, ἢς εἶνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀchaiῶν
And as the tall corn heaves by west wind caught
Gusty and fierce, and bends with all its ears,
So heaved their whole assembly. They with shout
Pressed to the ships; upraised beneath their feet
The dust-cloud hung. Now bid they each his mate
To seize the ships and drag them to the sea:
Now clear they out the launching-grooves, with cries
That reach the welkin in their zeal for home:
Now from beneath the ships the props they knock.

And there the Argives in despite of fate
Had turned them homewards, but for Heré's word
Who to Athené thus her mind outspake.
"O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Thou Tameless maid, shall then the Argive host
Thus homeward fly to their dear fatherland
Across the sea's broad ridges? Will they leave—
A boast to Priam and their Trojan foes—
The Argive Helen, for whose sake at Troy
Achaians many far from home have died?
Nay, hie thee through the mailed Achaian host,
And with thy winning words each man restrain,
Nor let them seawards drag their rolling barks."

She spake. Stern-eyed Athené to the word
Not disobedient from Olympus' brow
Plunged darting down, and soon in hurrying course
To the swift vessels of Achaia came.
Odysseus then, in counsel peer of Zeus,
She found, where by his dark-hulled benchéd ship
Standing he touched it not for grief of soul.
Stern-eyed Athené near him stood and spake:
"Zeus-born Laertes' son, of many wîles,
Fly ye thus homeward to your fatherland
Rushing on board your many-benchêd ships?
And leave—to Priam's and the Trojans' boast—
The Argive Helen, for whose sake at Troy
ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλοντο, φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἰτή. ἀλλ' ἦθι νῦν κατὰ λαόν 'Αχαίων, μηδὲ τ' ἐρώει, σοῖς δ' ἀγανοίς ἐπέέσσον ἐρήτυε φώτα ἐκαστον, μηδὲ τ' ἔα νήας ἀλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.'

ἀς φάθ', ὦ δὲ ξυνήκε θεᾶς ὡτα φωνησάς, βὴ δὲ θέεν, ἀπὸ δὲ χλαῖναν βάλε: τὴν δὲ κόμισσεν κηρὺς Ἐὐρυβάτης Ἰθακήσιος, ὡς εἶ ὡτηδεί.

αὐτὸς δ' Ἀτρέίδεω Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίο ἐλθὼν δέξατό οἱ σκήπτρον πατρώιον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ σὺν τῷ ἔβη κατὰ νήας 'Αχαίων χαλκοχιτῶνων.

ὁν τινα μὲν βασιλῆα καὶ ἔσοχον ἄνδρα κιχείη, τὸν δ' ἀγανοῖς ἐπέέσσον ἐρητύσσασκε παραστάς. "δαμόνι', οὔ σὲ έοικε κακὸν ὡς δειδίσσεθαί, ἀλλ' αὐτός τε κάθησο καὶ ἄλλους ἴδρυε λαοῦς. οὐ γάρ πω σάφα οὐσθ' οἶος νός Ἀτρέίδων νῦν μὲν πειράται, τάχα δ' ἱφτει νίας 'Αχαίων ἐν Βουλήν δ' οὐ πάντες ἀκούσαμεν οἶον ἔειπεν. μὴ τι χολωσάμενος ἰέξι κακὸν νίας 'Αχαίων. 'θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος, τιμὴ δ' ἐκ Δίδος ἐστι, φιλεῖ δὲ ἐ μητιέτα Ζεύς."

ὁν δ' αὐ δήμου ἄνδρα ἵδου βοῶντα τ' ἐφεύροι, τὸν σκήπτρον ἐλάσσασκεν ὁμοκλήσσασκε τε μύθῳ "δαμόνι', ἀτρέμας ἢσο καὶ ἄλλων μῦθον ἄκουε, οὐ σεο φέρτεροι εἰσί· οὖ δ' ἀπτόλεμος καὶ ἄναλκς, οὐτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμος οὐτ' ἐνὶ βουλῆ. οὐ μὲν πως πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ' 'Αχαιοι. οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη' εἰς κοίρανος ἐστω, εἰς βασιλεύς, δ' ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω σκήπτρον τ' ἡδὲ θέμιστας, ἕνα σφίσσω ἐμβασιλεύῃ."

ὡς ὦ γε κοιρανέων δίπεπε στρατόν οὐ δ' ἄγορήνδε αὐτὸς ἐπεσεύνοντο νεὼν ἀπὸ καὶ κλισιάων
Achaians many far from home have died?
Nay hie, thee through the host and tarry not,
And with thy winning words each man restrain,
Nor let them seawards drag their rolling barks.”

She spake. He knew the goddess by her voice;
Started to run, and from him cast his cloak:
And this Eurybates of Ithaca
Received, a herald and his follower.
But he to Agamemnon’s presence came,
And from the hand of Atreus’ son received
The sceptre, deathless heirloom of the house;
And with it sought the mailed Achaians’ ships.

What king soe’er he met or man of mark,
Him stood he near, and stayed with winning words:
“Dear friend, it is not seemly thee with threats
To quell, as some mean coward. Yet thyself
Sit down, and bid the other troops be set.
Thou know’st not truly yet Atrides’ mind.
He tries you now, but soon will punish sore
Achaia’s sons. What he in council said
We heard not all. Then heed we, lest enraged
He work the Achaians woe. Great is the wrath
Of Zeus-born kings: whose right divine from Zeus
Doth spring, and Zeus all-wise doth love his own.”

But saw he common man or clamorous found,
With sceptre smote he such, and roundly chid:
“Friend, sit thou still, and hear while others speak,
Thy betters: thou, a weak unwarlike wight,
Art reckoned nought in council as in fray.
All we Achaians cannot here be kings.
Not good divided sovereignty—Let one
Be sovereign, one be king, on whom the son
Of crooked-counsell’d Cronos hath bestowed
Sceptre and laws, amid his folk to reign.”

Thus ordered he the host with kingly care:
Who toward the assembly from the ships and tents
ηχῆ, ὅσ ὦτε κῦμα πολυφλοίσβου θαλάσσης
αιγιαλῶ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, σμαραγῇ δὲ τε πόντον.

ἀλλοι μὲν ῥ ἔζουντο, ἐρήτυνθεν δὲ καθ’ ἔδρας:
θερσίθης δ’ ἐτι μοῦνος ἀμετρουτησ ἐκολογία,
ὁς ἔσεα φρεσὶ ἱσιὲν ἀκοσμά τε πολλά τε ῥῆθη,
μάφ ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεύσων,
ἀλλ’ ὅτι οἱ εἰσαίτω γελοιόων Ἄργελοισι
ἔμμεναι. αἰσχυστὸς δὲ ἀνήρ ὑπὸ Ἰλίων ἠλθεν.
φολκὸς ἔην, χωλὸς δ’ ἐτερον πόδα: τῷ δὲ οἱ ἀμω
κυρτῶ, ἐπὶ στὴθος συνοχωκότε αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεν
φοξίς ὑπ’ ἰεν κεφαλήν, ψεδὺν δ’ ἐπενήνοθε λάχυνη.
ἐχθιστὸς δ’ Ἀχιλῆ μάλιστ’ ἦν ἡδ’ Ὅδυση
τῷ γὰρ νεικεῖσκε. τότ’ αὐτ’ Ἀγαμέμνονι δῖος
δέξαν κεκληγὼς λέγ’ ὅνειδα. τῷ δ’ ἀρ’ Ἀχαιοῖ
ἐκπάγλωσι κοτέντο, νεμέσσηθέν τ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ.

αὐτὰρ δ’ μακρὰ βοῶν Ἀγαμέμνονα νεῖκε μῦθος:
“Ἀτρέιδη, τέο δ’ αὐτ’ ἐπιμέμφειν ἧδ’ χατίζεις;
πλεῖαί τοι χαλκοῦ κλισίαι, πολλαὶ δὲ γυναῖκες
εἰσίν ἐνὶ κλισίας ἐξαλρετοί, ἂς τοι Ἀχαιοὶ
πρωτίστῳ δίδομεν, εὕτ’ ἂν πτολίθρου ἐλοιμεν.

ἡ ἔτι καὶ χρυσοῦ ἐπιδεύεαι, ὅν κε τις οὐσει
Τρόών ἐπιποδάμων ἐξ Ἰλίου, ὅποι ἀποινα,
ἐν κεν ἐγὼ δήσας ἀγάγῳ ἡ ἄλλος Ἀχαίων;
ἡ γυναῖκα νέην, ἢν μίσγειν ἐν φιλότητι,
ἡν τ’ αὐτὸς ἀπονύσφι κατίσχεαι; οὐ μὲν ἐοικεν
ἀρχῶν ἐόντα κακῶν ἐπιβασκέμεν νιὰς Ἀχαίων.

ὁ πέπονες, κάκ’ ἐλέγχε’, Ἀχαιόδες, οὐκέτ’ Ἀχαίοι,
Rushed back, with noise, as when the sounding sea
Upon a mighty beach the billow hurls
With crash of many waters echoing round.

Then sate the rest, and in their seats were stayed.
But still Thersites clamoured, only he,
Unruly-tongued. Unseemly words in store
He knew, to rail at kings in random wise
Disorderly, still uttering what he deemed
Among the Argives like to raise a laugh.

Uncomeliest he of all to Ilion came.
Bandy his legs, lame of one foot was he:
His shoulders humped bent inwards toward his breast:
Above his head rose peakèd, and thereon
Bristled a scanty crop of stubbly hair.
He to Achilleus and Odysseus most
Was hateful, whom he aye abused: but now
At godlike Agamemnon shrieked he out
Sharp-toned reproach. With whom indignant chafed
The Achaians wroth at heart; but he his voice
Raised high, and Agamemnon thus he chid:
"What now, Atrides, blamest thou or lack'st?
With brass-thy tents are stored, and women-slaves
Full many are therein, a chosen spoil,
Whom we the Achaian host to thee have given
Before all others from each captured town.
Or art thou further covetous for gold,
That some steed-taming Trojan wight may bear
From Ilion, to redeem a son, whom I
Or some Achaian else have captive bound?
Or seek'st thou damsel fair to share thy bed,
Whom thou apart and for thyself wilt hold?
It fits thee not, a ruler as thou art,
In evil thus to plunge Achaia's sons.
Soft fools! disgrace! Achaian women sure,
οίκαδε περ σὺν νησί νεώµεθα, τόνδε δ' ἐδώµεν αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίᾳ γέρα πεσσέμεν, ὁφρα ὅδηται ἥ ῥά τι οἱ χήµεις προσαµύνοµεν ἥτα καὶ οὐκ. ὤς καὶ νῦν Ἀχιλῆα, ἐο μέγ' ἀµείνονα φῶτα, ἦτίµησεν ἐλάων γὰρ ἐχει γέρας, αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.

ἀλλὰ μᾶλ' οὐκ Ἀχιλῆ ὄλος φρεσίν, ἀλλὰ μεθῆµων ἥ γὰρ ἄν, Ἀτρείδη, νῦν ὤστατα λωβῆσαι." 240

ἀδι φάτο νεικείων Ἀγαµέµνων ποιµένα λαὸν θεραίτης. τῷ δ' ὁκα παρίστατο δῖος Ὄδυσσεύς, καὶ μιν ὑπόδρα ὕδων χαλεπῶ ἦνύπατε μῦθῳ.

"Θεραίτ' ἀκροτόµυθε, ληρὸς περ ἐων ἀγορητὴς ἴσχεο, μηδ' ἔθελ' οἷος ἐριζέµεναι βασιλεύσων. 245

οὐ γὰρ ἑγὼ σὲ φηµὶ χερεότερον βροτὸν ἀλλὸν ἐµµεναι, ὦσσοι ἀμ᾽ Ἀτρείδης ὑπὸ Ἰλιον ἠλθον. τῷ οὐκ ἄν βασιλῆς ἀνὰ στόµι ἓχων ἀγορεύοις,

καὶ σφιν ὀνείδεα τε προφέροις, νόστον τε φυλάσσοις. 250

οὐδὲ τί πω σάφα ἵδμεν ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα, ἦ εὗ ἢ κακῶς νοστήσομεν ὕες Ἀχαιῶν.

τῷ νῦν Ἀτρείδη Ἐναµέµνων, ποιµένι λαὸν, ἤσαι ὀνειδίζων, ὃτι οἱ μάλα πολλὰ διδοῦσιν ἡρωὶς Δαναοὶ· σὺ δὲ κερτοµέων ἀγορεύεις.

ἀλλ' ἐκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσµένον ἔσται εἰ κ' ἐτὶ σ' ἀφραίνουτα κιχήσοµαι ὡς νῦ περ ὦδε, µηκέτ' ἐπειτ' Ὅδυσση κάρη ὤµοισιν ἐπειη, 255

µηδ' ἐτὶ Τηλεµάχου πατήρ κεκληµένος εἶην,

εἰ µὴ ἑγὼ σὲ λαβῶν ἀπὸ µὲν φίλα εἴµατα δύσω, χλαῖναν τ' ἦδε χιτῶνα, τὰ τ' αἰδῶ ἀµφικαλύπτει,
Achaian men no more! let's e'en aboard
And hie us home; but leave him here in Troy
To chew his cud of honours as he may:
That he may see whether we too avail
To help him somewhat, or are nothing worth.
He e'en but now Achilleus, than himself
A better far, dishonoured; for he took
By open robbery and holds his prize.
In sooth Achilleus is not choleric,
But a good easy man: this insult else,
O son of Atreus, surely were thy last."

So spake Thersites, pouring foul abuse
On Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk.
But in a moment darting to his side
Godlike Odysseus stood, and with stern glance
Eyed him, and thus rebuked with words severe:
"Thersites, reckless babbler, tho' thou be
Clear-voiced in speech, restrain thee, nor be bold
Alone to rail against thy sovereign lords.
For worse than thee I deem not one of all
Who with the Atridae came to Ilion.
Wherefore take not kings' names upon thy lips,
Nor scoff at them, nor look to our return.
We know not yet aright how this shall be,
Or good or ill, if we Achaia's sons
Essay return. And dost thou sit and rail
At Agamemnon, shepherd of our folk,
The son of Atreus, speaking bitter words,
Because the Danaan heroes give him much?
But out I tell thee what shall e'en be done.
Thee should I find again thus fooling it,
May I Odysseus here no longer bear
My head upon my shoulders, nor be called
The father of my son Telemachus,
If straight I take thee not, strip off thy clothes,
Cloak, doublet, girdle, all that wraps thy loins,
αὐτὸν δὲ κλαλοῦτα θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφίςω πεπληγῶς ἀγορὴθεν ἀεικέσσων πληγῆσιν.”

ὡς ἀρ’ ἔφη, σκῆπτρῳ δὲ μετάφρενον ἤδε καὶ ὦμῳ 265 πλῆξεν ὁ δ’ ἱδυώθη, βαλερὸν δὲ οἱ ἐκφυγε δάκρυ.

σμώδις δ’ αἰματόσσα μεταφρένου ἐξυπανέστη σκῆπτρου ὑπὸ χρυσείου. ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἔξετο τάρβησέν τε, ἀληθίςας δ’, ἀχρείον ἱδών, ἀπομόρξετο δάκρυ.

οὐ δὲ καὶ ἀχυύμενοι περ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ ἤδυ γέλασσαν. 270 ὁδε δὲ τις εὔπεσκε ἱδῶν ὡς πλησίον ἄλλον:

“ἂν πότοι, ἡ δὴ μυρὶ Ὀδυσσείς ἐσθῆλα ἔργευν βουλάς τ’ ἐξάρχων ἀγαθάς πόλεμον τε κορύσσων’ ὑν ὁδὲ τὸδὲ μέγ’ ἀριστον ἐν Ἀργελοίσιν ἐρεύνων, ἐς τὸν λαβητηῆρα ἐπεσβόλον ἐσχ’ ἀγοράων.

οὐθ’ ἡν μω τάλων αὕτοις ἀνήσει θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ νεικελεῖν βασιλῆς ὀνειδεῖος ἐπέεσσαν.”

ὡς φάσαν ἡ πληθύς, ἄνα δὲ πτολύπορθος Ὀδυσσείς ἐστη σκῆπτρον ἐχων. παρὰ δὲ γλαυκώπτης Ἀθήνη, εἰδομένη κήρυκι, σιωπᾶν λαδύ ἀνώγει, 280 ὡς ἀμα θ’ οἱ πρῶτοι τε καὶ ὕστατοι ὕπε τ’ Ἀχαίοι μῦθον ἀκοοῦσεν καὶ ἐπιφρασσαίατο βουλῆν.

ὁ σφιν εὔφρονέων ἀγορῆσατο καὶ μετέειπεν

“Ἄτρεΐδη, νῦν δὴ σε, ἄναξ, ἔθελουσιν Ἀχαίοι πᾶσιν ἐλέγχιστον θέμεναι μερόπεσσι βροτοῖσιν, 285 οὐδὲ τοι ἐκτελέουσιν ὑπόσχεσιν ἥν περ ὑπέσταν ἐνβάδ’ ἐτι στείχοντες ἀπ’ Ἀργειο ἰπποβότοιο,

”Ἰλιων ἐκτέρσαν’ εὐτείχεοι ἀπονέεσθαι

ὡς τε γὰρ ἡ παῖδες νεαρὸν χήρατι τε γυναῖκες ἀλλήλουσιν ὀδύρονται οἰκόνις νέεσθαι.

ἡ μῆν καὶ πόνος ἐστὶν ἀνιθέντα νέεσθαι: 290 καὶ γὰρ τὸν θ’ ἤνα μὴν μένων ἁπὸ ἂς ἀλόχοιο ἀσχαλᾶς σύν νῃ πολυξῆ, ὅν περ ἀελλαι
And to the swift ships send thee weeping sore,
Scourged from the assembly with unseemly blows."

He spake: and with the sceptre smote his back
And shoulders twain; he bending winced, and let
The warm tear fall: a bloody weal rose up
Beneath the golden sceptre on his back.
Down sate he sore afraid; and smarting yet
With helpless foolish look his tears he dried.
At whom the rest though grieved laughed cheerily,
And each his neighbour eyeing thus they spake:
"O marvel strange! unnumbered noble works
Odysseus still hath wrought, in counsels good
A leader, and a marshaller of war.
But now of all his deeds he doth the best
Among the Argives, who hath checked the speech
Of this word-scattering and presumptuous fool.
Him sure his prideful soul no more will prompt
To rail at royalty with taunting words."

So spake the people. Then Odysseus rose,
Spoiler of cities, sceptre still in hand:
By whom stern-eyed Athené in the guise
Of herald stood and bade the host be still,
That far and near alike Achaia's sons
Might hear his words and mark his counsel well.
He now right wisely mid the people spake:
"My lord Atrides, thee the Achaians now
Are fain to make a byword and a shame
To all the tongues and tribes of mortal men.
Nor keep they good their word, which erst they pledged
While hither bent from Argos' horse-cropt plain,
Ne'er to return till well-walled Ilion fell.
For as young children, or as widowed wives,
Among themselves they murmur of return.
'Tis true our toil might warrant homesick pain:
For, bide he one short month from wife and home,
The seaman frets in many-benchèd ship,
χειμέριαν εἰλέωσιν ὀρινομένη τε θάλασσας:
ημῖν δ' εἴνατος ἑστὶ περιτροπέων ἐνιαυτὸς
ἐνθάδε μιμοντεσσι. τῇ οὖ νεμεσίζωμ' Ἀχαιόις
ἀσχαλαίαν παρὰ νηurous κορωνίσιν. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐμπῆς
ἀισχρὸν τοι δηρῶν τε μένειν κενεόν τε νέεσθαι.
τλῆτε, φίλου, καὶ μείνατ' ἐπὶ χρόνου, ὅφρα δαώμεν
ἡ ἑτέον Κάλχας μαντεύεται ἢ καὶ οὐκί.
εὖ γὰρ δὴ τὸδε ὑδεῖν ἐνὶ φρεσίν, (ἐστὲ δὲ πάντες
μάρτυροι, οὐς μὴ κῆρες ἔβανθανάτοιο φέρουσαι
χθεῖά τε καὶ πρωίς) ὅτ' ἐς Ἀὐλίδα νῆες Ὀλύμπιον
ηγερέθοντο κακὰ Πριάμω καὶ Τρωίοι φέρουσαι,—
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀμφιπερὶ κρήνην ἱεροῦς κατὰ βωμοὺς
ἐρδομεν ἀθανάτουι τελήσσας ἐκατόμβας,
καλῇ ὑπὸ πλατανίστῳ, ὅθεν ἰδεῖν άγλαδν ὕδωρ,—
ἐνθ' ἐφάνη μέγα σῆμα· δράκων ἐπὶ νῶτα δαφοῖνος,
σμερδάλεος, τὸν ρ' αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ἦκε φόωσδε,
βωμοὶ υπαίξας πρὸς ρὰ πλατάνιστον ὄρουσεν.
ἐνθα δ' ἔσαν στρούθωδοι νεοσσοῖ, νῆπτια τέκνα,
ὀξὺ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ, πετάλοις ὑποπεπτηώτες,
ὦκτω· ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἢ τέκε τέκνα.
ἐνθ' ὃ γε τοῦς ἐλεευνὰ κατησθιε τετρυγώτας.
μήτηρ δ' ἀμφετοτάτο ὀδυρομένη φίλα τέκνα:
τὴν δ' ἐλειδιξάμενος πτέρυγος λάβεν ἀμφιαχύαν.
αὐτάρ ἐτεὶ κατὰ τέκνα φάγε στρούθωδοι καὶ αὐτήν,
τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θήκεν θεῶ· ὡς περ ἐφηνεν.
λάαν γὰρ μιν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομῆτεω
ἡμεῖς δ' ἔσταοτες θαυμάξομεν οἶνον ἑτύχθη.
ὡς οὖν δεινὰ πέλαρα θεῶν εἰσῆλθο' ἐκατόμβας·
Κάλχας δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα θεοπροπέων ἀγόρευεν
'τίπτ' ἀνεο ἐγένεσθε, κάρη κομώντες Ἀχαιοί;
ἡμῖν μὲν τὸδ' ἐφηνε τέρας μέγα μητιέτα Ζεὺς,
Stayed by the wintry storms and surging sea:
And nine revolving years we now have spent
Abiding here. I blame not then the host
Who by the beaked ships impatient fret.
But, spite of all our ills, 'twere surely shame
To bide so long and empty then return.
Nay, courage, friends! and stay awhile, to learn
If Calchas prophesy aright or no.
For this we know full well (whereof ye all
Are witnesses, whome'er the Fates of death
Or yesterday or earlier did not take)
How—when Achaia's ships at Aulis met
Freighted with bane to Priam and to Troy,
And we were slaying round about the well
On holy altars to the immortal gods
Full hecatombs beneath the plane-tree fair
Whence flowed the sparkling water—how a sign,
A mighty sign, appeared: with blood-red back
A serpent terrible, whom to the light
The Olympian sire himself had sent, flashed forth
From the altar foot and toward the plane-tree sped.
There were a sparrow's young, her infant brood,
On topmost bough, close-couched beneath the leaves,
Eight, and the ninth the mother of the nest;
These, chirping piteously, he ate, but she
The mother, fluttering near, her dear ones mourned.
Then writhing up he seized her by the wing
As shrieking round she flew. But when the brood
And sparrow he had eaten, of the sign
The god who sent it left a record plain,
For crooked-counsedled Cronos' son to stone
Turned him. We stood and marvelled at the deed.
Amid our hecatombs such portents came.
Then straightway Calchas spake the will of heaven:
'Why are ye dumb, Achaians flowing-haired?
To us wise-counseled Zeus this marvel sends

G. H.
δψιμοιον ψυχέλεστον, ὅου κλέος οὐ ποτ' ὀλείται. 325
ός οὐτος κατὰ τέκνα φάγε στρουθοῖο καὶ αὐτῆν,
ὅκτω, ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἢν ἥ τέκε τέκνα,
ὁς ἡμεῖς τοσσάντα ἔτεα πολεμίζομεν αὖθι,
τῷ δεκάτῳ δὲ πόλιν αἱρήσομεν εὐρυάγιαν.
κεῖνος τῶς ἀγόρευε τὰ δὴ νῦν πάντα τελείται.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μίμνετε πάντες, ἐὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
αὐτοῦ, εἰς ὁ κε ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἔλωμεν."
ὡς ἐφατ', Ἀργείωι δὲ μέγ' ἱαχον—ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆς,
σμερδαλέου κονάβησαν αὐξάντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν—
μῦθον ἐπανησάντες Ὁδυσσήος θείοιο. 335
τοῦσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Γερήνιος ὑππότα Νέστωρ:
"ὁ πότοι, ἦ δὴ παισὶ ἐνοίκότες ἀγοράσθε
νηπιάχοις, ὥς οὐ τι μέλει πολεμία ἔργα.
πῇ δὴ συνθεσίαι τε καὶ ὄρκια βησται ἦµων;
ἐν πυρὶ δὴ βουλαί τε γενολατο μῆδεα τ' ἀνδρῶν
σπουδαί τ' ἀκρητοί καὶ δεξιαί, ἦς ἐπέτιθμεν.
αὐτῶς γὰρ ἐπέεσσ' ἐριδαινομεν, οὐδὲ τι μῆχος
εὐρέμεναι δυνάμεσθα, πολύν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες.
'Ατρείδη, σὺ δ' ἔθ', ὡς πρίν, ἔχων ἀστεμφέα βουλὴν
ἀρχεύν Ἀργείωι κατὰ κρατερὰς ύσμινας,
τούσδε δ' ἐὰν φθινύθειν, ἐνα καὶ δύο, τοῖ κεν Ἀχαιῶν
νόσφιν βουλεύωσ' (ἀνυσις δ' οὐκ ἐσσεται αὐτῶν)
πρὶν Ἀργοσ' ἱέναι πρὶν καὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχου
γνώμεναι ἦ τε ψεῦδος ὑπόσχεσις ἦ καὶ οὐκί.
φημὶ γὰρ οὐν κατανεῦσαι ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα
ἡματι τῷ, ὅτε νησίν ἐν ὀκυπόροισιν ἐβαίνον
'Αργείοι Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέροντες,
ἀστράπττων ἐπιδέξ' ἐναισμα σήματα φαίνων.
τῷ μῆ τις πρὶν ἐπειγέσθω οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι
πρὶν τινα πάρ' Τρῶν ἀλόχω κατακομηθήναι,
Late coming, late fulfilled, yet whose renown
Shall never perish. As this snake devoured
The nestlings of the sparrow, and herself—
Eight, and the ninth the mother of the brood—
So shall we here for nine years wage a war,
And in the tenth take ample-streeted Troy.'
So spake he: and his words have now their end.
Then bide ye here, well-greaved Achaians all,
Till Priam's mighty citadel we win.”

He spake. Loud roared the Argives, and around
The ships rebellowed to the Achaians' shout:
Godlike Odysseus' words such welcome met.
Then mid them Nestor spake, Gerenian knight:
"Strange! how in very sooth like boys ye talk,
Mere babes, that know not aught of works of war!
Where now will end our covenants? where our oaths?
Cast to the fire our counsels, manly plans,
Libations pure, and firm hand-plighted troth.
Since, idly wrangling thus in words, in deed
No help we find, though here we long have been.
Nay, son of Atreus, hold thou still, as erst,
Unshaken counsel, and through stubborn fight
Lead on the Argives. And let these begone
Accurst, these one or two, who now apart
Sev'ring their counsels from the common cause
(Counsels that shall not end in act), would go
Homeward to Argos ere the word be proved
Of aegis-bearing Zeus, if false or true.
For we, I say, had strong Cronion's pledge,
Upon that day when to the swift-borne ships
The Argives clomb, with death and doom to Troy:
Who flashed from right to left the auspicious sign.
Wherefore let no man haste to hie him home
Till to his bed some Trojan wife he win,
πίσασθαι δ' Ἐλένης ὄρμηματα τε στοναχάς τε.
eἰ δὲ τις ἐκπάγλως ἔθελει οἶκόνυδε νέεσθαι,
ἀπτέσθω ὡς νηὸς ἐνυσσέλμοιο μελαίνης,
ὅφρα πρόσθ' ἄλλων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίστη.
ἀλλὰ ἁναξ αὐτὸς τ' ἐν μήδεο πεῖθεο τ' ἄλλῳ·
οὐ τοι ἀπόβλητον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅτι κε ἐἵπω.
κριν' ἀνδρας κατὰ φύλα, κατὰ φρήτρας, Ἀγάμεμνον,
ὡς φρήτρη ψφήτρηφιν ἄρηγη, φύλα δὲ φύλοις.
eἰ δὲ κεν ὡς ἔρξις καὶ τοι πεῖθονται Ἀχαιοὶ,
γνώσεαι ἔπειθ' ὃς θ' ἤγεμόνων κακὸς ὃς τε ντ ναὐ, 365
ἤδ' ὃς κ' ἑσθὸς ἔσσι' κατὰ σφέας γὰρ μαχέονται·
γνώσεαι δ' ἢ καὶ θεσπεσίη πόλιν ὑμ ἀλαπάξεις
ἡ ἀνδρῶν κακότητι καὶ ἀφραδίς πολέμου.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείον Ἀγαμέμνον.
"ἡ μὴν αὐτ' ἀγορῆς νικᾶς, γέρου, υἱὰς Ἀχαιῶν.
αἲ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἄθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλον,
τουοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἶεν Ἀχαιῶν·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἡμὺσει πόλις Πριάμοιο ἀνακτὸς
χερσὼν ὑφ' ἰμετέρησι ἄλοῦσα τε περθομένῃ τε.
ἀλλὰ μοι αἰγίοχος Κρονίδης Ζεῦς ἄλγῃ ἐδώκεν,
ὅσ με μετ' ἀπρήκτους ἐρίδας καὶ νείκεα βάλλει.
καὶ γάρ ἐγὼν Ἀχιλεὺς τε μαχησάμεθ' εἰνεκα κούρης
ἀντιβίως ἐπέεσσων, ἐγὼ δ' ἤρχον χαλεπαίνων·
eἰ δὲ ποτ' ἐς γε μίαν βουλεύσομεν, οὐκέτ' ἐπειτα
Τρισίν ἀνάβλησις κακοῦ ἔσσεται, οὐδ' ἤβαιον.
νῦν δ' ἐρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρη.
εὗ μὲν τις δόρυ θηξάσω, εὗ δ' ἀσπίδα θέσω,
εὗ δὲ τις ὑπποίσων δεῖπνον δότω ὁκυπόδεσσιν,
εὗ δὲ τις ἄρματος ἀμφὶ ἰδὼν πολέμοιο μεδέσω,
ὡς κε πανημέριοι στυγηροὶ κρινόμεθ᾽ Ἄρη.
οὐ γὰρ παυσωλὴ γε μετέσσεται, οὐδ' ἤβαιον,
Avenging Helen's wrongful rape and groans.
But whoso longs thus sore to hie him home,
Let him upon his benchèd ship lay hand,
To meet an earlier death and earlier doom.
But thou, my liege, lay thine own counsel well,
And yet withal hear others: what I speak
Is not a word to cast away in scorn.
King Agamemnon, range by tribes and clans
Thy men; that clan aid clan and tribe aid tribe.
If thus thou do, and thus thy host obey,
Thou soon wilt know what chieftain bears him ill,
Or whoso of the host, and who is brave;
For they will fight distinct: and thou wilt know
If heaven's decree forbid the city's fall,
Or coward men and ignorance of war."

Him answering sovereign Agamemnon spake:
"Father, in council thou art still the best
Of all Achaia's sons. I would—O Zeus,
Athenè and Apollo—ay, I would
I had ten counsellors like thee! Full soon
Would royal Priam's city tottering nod
Beneath our hands taken and desolate.
But aegis-bearing Zeus, great Cronos' son,
Hath given me sorrows, who in thwarting strifes
And quarrels plunges me. For I but now
Strove with Achilleus for a woman's sake
In wordy war that I enraged began.
But should our counsels e'er be one again,
No longer then, no not for briefest space,
The Trojans shall delay their evil doom.
But to your meal, that battle we may join.
Let each whet well his spear, trim well his shield,
Let each feed well his coursers fleet of foot,
Look to his chariot well, with thought of war:
That we in conflict grim the livelong day
May try our cause: for respite shall be none—
ei μη νυξ ἐλθοῦσα διακρινέει μένος ἀνδρῶν.

ιδρώσει μέν τευ τελαμών ἀμφὶ στῆθεσιν ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης, περὶ δ' ἐγχεὶ χεῖρα καμεῖται:

ιδρώσει δὲ τευ ἵππος εὐξοῦν ἄρμα τιταῖνων.

ὅν δὲ κ' ἐγών ἀπάνευθε μάχης ἐθέλοντα νοῆσω μιμνάξεων παρὰ νυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὐ οἱ ἐπειτα ἄρκιον ἐσσείται φυγεῖει κύνας ἣδ' οἰωνοῦς.

ὡς ἔφατ' Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἱαχον, ὡς ὅτε κύμα ἀκτῇ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ, ὅτε κινήσῃ Νότος ἔλθων,

προβλήτι σκοπέλω τὸν δ' οὐ ποτε κύματα λείπει παντοίων ἀνέμων, ὅτ' ἄν ἐνθ' ἦ ἐνθα γένωται.

ἀνοσεῖτες δ' ὀρέουστο κεδασθέντες κατὰ νήσας,

κάπνισσάν τε κατὰ κλίσιας, καὶ δεῖπνον ἔλοντο.

ἀλλος δ' ἄλλῳ ἔρεξε θεῶν αἰειγενετάων,

εὐχόμενος θάνατον τε φυγεῖν καὶ μᾶλιν Ἀρης.

αὐτάρ δ' ἑοὺν ἱέρευσε ἀναξ ἀνδρόν Ἀγαμέμνον πίονα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίων,

κίκλησκεν δὲ γέροντας ἀριστῆς Παναχαιῶν,

Νέστορα μὲν πρότιστα καὶ Ἰδομενῆ ἀνακτα,

αὐτάρ ἐπειτ' Ἀιαντε δύω καὶ Τυδέος νιόν,

ἐκτον δ' αὐτ' Ὀδυσσῆα Διὰ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον.

αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἥλθε βοὴν ἄγαθὸς Μενέλαος· ἤδη γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἄδελφεον ὡς ἐπονεῖτο.

βοῦν δὲ περιστησάν τε καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.

τοῦσιν δ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνον· ὡς ἐπικοπεῖν τε καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.

τὸσιν δ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνον· ἢ διὰ μῆνα μέγιστε, κελανεφῆς, αἰθέρι ναίων,

μὴ πρὶν ἐπὶ ἥλιον δύναι καὶ ἐπὶ κνῆψας ἐλθεῖν πρὶν μὲ κατὰ πρηνὶς βαλέειν Πριάμῳ μέλαθρον

ἀθαλὸς, πρῆσαι δὲ πυρὸς δηίοισι θύρετρα,

'Εκτόρειον δὲ χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαίξαι
ILIAD II.

No, not for briefest space—till night shall come
And part the fury of the warriors.
Around each breast with sweat shall run the belt
That bears the ample shield, around the spear
Each hand shall ache, and every steed shall sweat
Straining laborious at the burnished car.
But whomso by the beaked ships I see
Skulking away from fight, it shall not serve
To save his carcase from the dogs and birds."

He spake. Loud roared the Argives, as the surf
By south wind stirred roars on a lofty shore,
Some jutting rock, where billows never fail
Driven on by all the varying winds that blow.
Then rose they up, and soon were all astir,
Dispersing to their ships, and in their tents
The smoking fires they lit, and took their meal.
And to the ever-living gods they brought,
Each to his own, due offerings, and they prayed
Escape from death and from the moil of war.
An ox did Agamemnon king of men
To strong Cronion slay, fat, five-year-old;
Then called the elder of Achaia's chiefs,
Nestor the first, and king Idomeneus,
The two Ajaces then, and Tydeus' son,
Odysseus sixth, in counsel peer of Zeus.
Unbid came Menelaus good in fray,
For well he knew at heart his brother's care.
Ranged round the ox they raised the barley meal;
While mid them sovereign Agamemnon prayed:
"O Zeus, most glorious, mightiest, cloud-enwrapt,
Who dwellest in the heavens, grant that the sun
Set not, nor darkness fall, till I have dashed
Down in one headlong ruin Priam's halls
All charred and cindered, and with raging fire
His portals burned; till I on Hector's breast
Have cleft the shirt rent by my brazen blade:
Η ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Β. ι. 72

χαλκῷ ῥωγαλέον πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτόν ἑταίροι πρηνέες ἐν κοινῆσιν ὃδ' λαξιάτο γαῖαν."

ὦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πώ οἱ ἐπεκραίανε Κρονίων, ἀλλ' ὃ γ' ἐδεκτο μὲν ἱρά, πόνον δ' ἀλίαστον ὄφελλεν. 420

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἥ εὐξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο, αὐέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἐσφαξαν καὶ ἐδειραν, μηροὺς τ' ἐξέταμον κατὰ τε κυνίῃ ἐκάλυψαν διπτυχα πονήσαντες, ἔπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὀμοθέτησαν. καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ σχίζοισιν ἀφύλλωσιν κατέκαιον, 425

σπλάγχνα δ' ἄρ' ἀμπείραντες ὑπείρεχον Ἡφαίστειοι. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα κάη καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο, μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρα τάλλα καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν, ὁπτήσαν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντο τε δαῖτα, 430
daίνυντ', οὐδὲ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐίσης. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύους ἐξ έρον έντο, τοῖς ἄρα μύθουν ἥρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ· "Ατρέιδη κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρών Ἀγάμεμνον, μηκέτι δὴ νῦν ταῦτα λεγόμεθα, μηδ' ἐτι δηρόν ἀμβαλλόμεθα ἐργον δ' ἰδ' θεὸς ἐγγυαλίζει· ἀλλ' ἄγε κηρυκεῖς μὲν Ἀχαίων χαλκοχιτῶνων λαὸν κηρύσσοντες ἀγειρόντων κατὰ νῆας, ήμεῖς δ' ἄθροοι δδ' κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρύν Ἀχαιῶν ιόμεν, ὀφρα κε θᾶσσον ἐγείρομεν ὦξ' ἂν "Αρηα." 435

ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων· αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσεν κηρύσσειν πολεμόνδε κάρη κομώντας Ἀχαιῶν. οἱ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοὺ δ' ἡγείροντο μάλ' ἄκα. οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρέιωνα διστρεφέες βασιλῆς θύνον κρίνοντες, μετὰ δὲ γλαυκώπις Ἀθήνη αἰγίδ' ἔχουσ' ἐρίτιμον, ἀγήραον ἀθανάτην τε,
While many comrades headlong in the dust
Fall round their chief and biting grip the ground."
    He spake: Cronion to his prayer not yet
Fulfilment gave. The victim he received,
But doomed him heavier load of wretched toil.

But prayers now done, and strewn the barley meal,
First drew they back and gashed the victims' throats,
Then flayed them and cut out the thighs, on which
Enwrapt in double fat raw meats they placed.
And these on leafless splinters burned, then pierced
With spits, and o'er the fire the entrails held.
Then, when the thighs were burnt, and tasted now
The entrails, what remained they sliced up small,
Speared on the spits, and roasted all with care,
And drew therefrom. But when their toil was done
And ready was their meal, then feasted they,
Nor stinted was their soul of well-shared cheer.
And when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
Nestor, Gerenian knight, first took the word:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, let us now no more
Talk idly here, nor long delay the work
Given in our hands by heaven. Come, let the host
Of mailed Achaians by the heralds' cry
Be mustered through the ships. We chiefs, who here
Are met, throughout the wide Achaian host
Will pass, to rouse with speed the furious fight."
    He spake: and Agamemnon king of men
Obeyed, and bid the shrill-voiced heralds call
The flowing-haired Achaians to the field.
The heralds cried: swift came the gathering host.
But round Atrides the Zeus-nurtured kings
Hasted to range their several troops: and there
Stern-eyed Athené with her aegis stood—
That precious, never-aging, deathless targe,
τῆς ἐκατόν θύσαιν παγχρύσει τηρεθοῦνται, πάντες εὔπλεκτες, ἐκατόμβους δὲ ἐκαστὸς.
σὺν τῇ παφάσσουσα διήσυντο λαὸν Ἅχαιῶν ὀτρύνουσ' ἴέναι. ἐν δὲ σθένος ὤρσε ἐκάστῳ
καρδίᾳ ἄλληκτον πολεμιζέμεν ἦδὲ μάχεσθαι.
τούτι δὲ ἀφαρ πόλεμος γλυκῶν γένετ' ἦ νέεσθαι ἐν νησὶ γλαφυρήσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

ήπτε πῦρ ἄιδηλον ἐπιφλέγει τεσπετον ὕλην
ουρεὸς ἐν κορυφῇς, ἐκαθεῦ δὲ τε φαίνεται αὐγή,
ὁς τῶν ἑρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίοιο
αὐγῆ παμφανώσα δὲ αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἰκεῖν.

τῶν δ', ὡς τ' ὀρνίθων πετεινῶν ἔθνεα πολλά,
χηνῶν ἡ γεράνων ἡ κύκων δουλιχοδείρων,
"Ασίω ἐν λειμῶν Καῦστριον ἄμφι ῥέθρᾳ
ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα ποτώνται ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσιν,
κλαγγηδὸν προκαθίζοντω, σμαραγεῖ δὲ τε λειμῶν,
ὁς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλά νεῶν ἀπὸ καὶ κλισιάων
ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον, αὐτάρ ὑπὸ χθῶν
σμερδάλεον κονάβιζε ποδῶν αὐτῶν τε καὶ ὅππων.

ἐσταν δ' ἐν λειμῶν Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι
μυρίοι, ὡσσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἀνθεα γίγνεται ὀρη.

ηὗτε μνιάων ἀδινάων ἔθνεα πολλά,
α' τε κατὰ σταθμὸν πομνήνιον ἡλάσκουσιν
ἀρη ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γηλάγος ἄγγεα δεῦει,
τόσοι ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι κάρη κομώντες Ἅχαιοι
ἐν πεδίῳ ἵσταντο, διαφαίνεται μεμάωτες.

τοὺς δ', ὡς τ' αἰπόλια πλατέ αἰγῶν αἰπόλοι ἀνδρεῖς
ῥεῖα διακρίνωσιν, ἐπεῖ κε νομὸ μιγέσσιν,
ὁς τοὺς ἡγεμόνες διεκόσμευν ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
υσμίνην ἴέναι, μετὰ δὲ κρείων Ἁγαμέμνων,
ὦματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἱκέλος Δι' τερπικεράυνος,
Whose hundred tassels wave ablaze with gold,
Well-twisted all, each worth five score of kine—
Flashing with this she sped her through the host,
And urged them on: strength in each heart she stirred
To wage unceasing war, unceasing fight.
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail
In hollow ships to their dear fatherland.

As wasting fire o’er boundless forest flames
On mountain heights, and sheds its gleam afar,
So, as they went, from all their radiant mail
Through ether heaven-wards flashed a dazzling sheen.

And as the many tribes of winged fowl,
Of wild-geese or of cranes or long-necked swans,
In Asian meadow by Cayster’s stream
Fly here and there in joyous pride of wing,
And clamorous light in shifting ranks—the mead
All stir and chattering; so from ships and tents
Their many nations to Scamander’s plain
Forth poured. The ground beneath terrific rang
Battered by hoof of horse and tramp of men.
And in Scamander’s flowery mead they stood
Countless as leaves and flowers in summer’s prime.
As swarm the many tribes of thronging flies,
That round the cattle-sheds persistent roam
In spring-time when the pails with milk are brimmed;
So numerous now against the Trojans stood
The flowing-haired Achaians on the plain,
All hotly bent to break their foemen’s line.

And these—as goatherds lightly part their flocks
Tho’ wide and in the pasture blent—so these
Their chieftains ranged, some here some there, for fight.
Among them sovereign Agamemnon’s self,
In eye and head as lightning-loving Zeus,
Ἀρεί δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσεϊδάωνι.

ήπτε βοῦς ἀγέληφι μέγ’ ἐξοχὸς ἔπλετο πάντων ταύρος (ὅ γὰρ τε βόεσσι μεταπρέτει ἀγρομένησιν), τοῖον ἄρ’ Ἀτρείδην ἥκε Ζεὺς ἥματι κείσει, ἐκπρεπὲ ἐν πολλοὺς καὶ ἐξοχὸν ἱρώθεσιν.

ἐσπετε νῦν μοι, Μούσαι, Ὀλυμπία δῶματ’ ἔχουσαι, (ὕμεις γὰρ θεάι ἐστε πάρεστε τε ἱστε τε πάντα, ἕμεϊς δὲ κλέος οἴον ἀκοῦομεν, οὔδε τι ἱδμεν) οὐ τινες ἥγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἱσαν.

πληθύν  ὁ οὐκ ἃν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ’ ὀνομήνω, οὐδ’ εἰ μοι δέκα μὲν γλώσσαν δέκα δὲ στόματ’ εἶεν, φωνῇ ὁ ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δὲ μοι ἦτορ ἐνείη, εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Δίδος ἀλγίχοιο θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ’ ὅσοι ὑπὸ Ἰλιον ἠλθον. ἀρχοὺς αὖ νηῶν ἐρέω νηὰς τε προπτάσας.

Βοιωτῶν μὲν Πηνέλεως καὶ Λήμνος ἠρχον
Ἀρκεσιλαός τε Προδῷον τε Κλοῦν τε, οὐ θ’ Ἐριν ἐνέμοντο καὶ Λυλίδα πετρήσαν
Σχοῖνων τε Σκωλῶν τε πολύκυκλον τ’ Ἐπεινόν, Θέσπειαν Γραιάν τε καὶ εὐρύχορον Μυκαλησόν, οἱ τ’ ἄμφ’ Ἀρμ’ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Εἰλέσιον καὶ Ἐρύθρας, οἱ τ’ Ἐλεῶν’ εἶχον ἦδ’ Ἕλην καὶ Πετεώνα, Ὀκαλέην Μεδεώνα τ’, ἐυκτίμενον πτολίθρον,
Κώπας Εὐτρῆσιν τε πολυτρήσων τε Θάσβην, οἱ τε Κορώνειαν καὶ ποιῆνθ’ Ἀλλαρτον, όι τε Πλάταιαν ἔχον ἦδ’ οἱ Γλῖσαντα νέμοντο, οἱ θ’ Ἕπθήβας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενον πτολιθρον, Ὀγχυστόν θ’ ἱερόν, Ποσιδήνον ἀγλαδὸν ἄλσος, οἱ τε πολυστάφυλον Ἀρνην ἔχον, οἱ τε Μίδειαν Νίσαν τε ζαθέν τ’ Ἀνθηδόνα τ’ ἑσχατώσασαν.
In girth as Ares, with Poseidon's breast.
As in a herd the bull out-topping all
Is seen conspicuous 'mid the gathering kine,
Such in that day did Zeus Atrides make,
'Bove host and heroes all conspicuous seen.

Say now, ye dwellers in Olympian halls,
Ye Muses, say—for ye are goddesses
Present at all, all knowing, we but hear
The rumour of the deeds and nothing know—
Who were the Danaans' leaders, who their kings.
The host indeed I could not tell nor name,
No, not had I ten tongues, ten mouths withal,
A voice untiring, and a brazen heart;
Unless the Olympian Muses, daughters they
Of aegis-bearing Zeus, should all record
Who came beneath the walls of Ilion.

The chiefs I now will name and all their ships.
These led Boeotia's host, Peneleos
And Leitus, with them Arcesilas
And Prothoënor fourth, and Clonius.
Their men were they that dwelt in Hyria
And rocky Aulis, Schoenus, Scolus too,
And Eteonus with its forest glens,
Thespeia, Graia, and the spacious plain
Of Mycalessus; they of Harma's land,
Ilesium and Erythrae; those who held
Eleon, and Hyla, Peteon withal,
Ocalea, and Medeon's well-built hold,
Copae, Eutresis, Thisbé haunt of doves,
And Coronea, and the grassy mead
Of Haliartus. Came Plataea's sons,
And they of Glisas, and the well-built hold
Of Lower Thebé, and the holy town
Onchestus with Poseidon's glorious grove,
And Arné rich in grapes, and Midea,
Nisa divine, Anthedon, border town.
τῶν μὲν πεντήκοντα νέες κλών, εὖ δὲ ἐκάστη
cούροι Βοιωτῶν ἐκατόν καὶ εἰκοσι βαῖνον.

οὗ δὲ Ἀστπληθῶν ἔναιον ἵδι Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύειον,
tῶν ἦρξ Ἀσκάλαφους καὶ Ἰάλμενος, υἱὸς Ἄρηος,
oὺς τέκε Ἀστυχή δόμῳ Ἀκτόρος Ἀκείδαο,
pαρθένου αἰδοίη, ὑπερώιοι εἰσαναβάσα,
'Αρην κρατερῷ ὁ δὲ οἱ παρελέξατο λάθρη.
tοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραί νέες ἑστιχῶντο.

αὐτὰρ Φωκῆν Σχεδίος καὶ Ἐπιστρόφος ἦρχον,
υἱὸς Ἰφίτου μεγαθύμου Ναββολίδαο,
οὗ Κυπάρισσον ἔχον Πυθώνα τε πετρήσσαν
Κρίσαν τε ξαθέν καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Παυσῆτα,
oὗ τ' Ἀνεμορειαν καὶ Τάμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο,
oὗ τ' ἀρα πἀρ ποταμὸν Κηφισοῦν δίον ἐναιον,
οὗ τε Δλαίαν ἔχον πηγής ἐπὶ Κηφισοῦο.

tοῖς δ' ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆς ἐποντο.
oἵ μὲν Φωκῆν στίχας ἱστασαν ἀμφιέποντες,
Βοιωτῶν δ' ἐμπλην ἐπι' ἀριστερὰ θωρήσσοντο.

Δοκρῶν δ' ἡγεμόνευεν Ὀιληὸς ταχὺς Λᾶσ, 520
μεῖων, οὗ τοί τόσοι γε ὤςος Τελαμώνιος Λᾶς,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ μεῖῶν ὀλίγος μὲν ἐν, λυνθαρῆξ,
ἐγχείῃ δ' ἐκέκαστο Πανέλληνας καὶ 'Αχαιοὺς.
oὗ Κυνὸν τ' ἐνέμοντ', Ὀπόεντά τε Καλλιαρόν τε
Βήσσαν τε Σκάρφην τε καὶ Ἄγαεάς ἐρατεινάς
Τάρφην τε Θρόνιον τε Βοαγρίου ἀμφὶ ἰέθρα.
tοῦ δ' ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆς ἐποντο
Δοκρῶν, οἷ ναίουσι πέρην ἱερῆ 'Ευβοῖας.

οὗ δ' Ἐυβοίαν ἔχον μένεα πνείοντες 'Αβαντες,
Χαλκίδα τ' Ἐιρέτριαν τε πολυστάφυλον θ' Ἰστίαιαν
Κῆρινθόν τ' ἐφαλον Διὸν τ' αἵπτυ πτολέθρον,
Fifty in all their ships that came: in each
Six score Boeotian warriors were aboard.

Aspledon's people next, and they withal
Of Minyan Orchomenus were there,
Led by Ascalaphus and Ialmenus,
Two sons of Ares, whom Astyoché
Bare in the house of Actor Azeus' son,
A bashful maiden, whom in highest bower
Ares the mighty god in secret wooed.
With these stood thirty hollow ships in line.

Then came the Phocians, by Epistrophus
And Schedius led; sons of Iphitus they,
And he the high-souled son of Naubolus:
From Cyparissus, and from Pytho's crags,
Crisa divine, Daulis and Panopeus,
From Anemoria and Hyampolis,
From fair Cephisus' banks, that godlike stream,
And from Lilia in the river's source.
With two score black-hulled ships these chieftains came,
Who ranged the Phocian lines upon the left,
Close to Boeotia's sons, an armed host.

Came too the Locrians, by fleet Ajax led,
Ajax Oileus' son, in stature less
Than Telamonian Ajax: small was he,
In linen breastplate clad, but with the lance
Of all Hellenes and Achaians best.

In Cynus, Opus, and Calliarus
His forces dwelt, in lovely Augeae,
Bessa, and Scarphé, Tarphé, Thronius,
Nigh to Boagrius' stream. Followed with him
Black ships two score, by Locrians manned, who hold
The lands that front Euboea's holy isle.

Euboea's sons, the Abantes breathing might,
From Chalcis came and from Eretria,
From Histiaea rich in clustering grapes,
Cerinthus on the sea, and the high hold
οἱ τε Κάρυστου ἔχον ἥδι οἱ Στύρα ναιετάσσον, τῶν αὐθ ἡγεμόνευ Ἐλεφθήνωρ ὅζος Ἀρης, Χαλκωδουτιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἄρχος Ἀβαντων. τῷ δ' ἀμ' Ἀβαντες ἔποντο θοοί, ὀπίθεν κομώντες, αἰχμηταί, μεμαώτες ὀρεκτήσιν μελίσσων θώρηκας ῥήξεν δηϊών ἀμφὶ στήθεσσιν.

τῷ δ' ἄμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νηες ἔποντο. οἱ δ' ἀρ' Ἀθήνας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίθρον, δὴμον Ἐρεχθῆος μεγαλήτουρος, ὡν ποτ' Ἀθήνη θρέψε Διὸς θυγάτηρ, τέκε δὲ ξείδωρος ἄρουρα, καὶ δ' ἐν Ἀθήνης εἰσε, ἐφ' ἐνὶ πλοίῳ νηὲν ἐνθα δὲ μην ταύροις καὶ ἀρνειοῖς ἴδανται κοῦροι Ἀθηναῖων περιτελλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν τῶν αὐθ' ἡγεμόνευ νίδος Πετεώ Μενεσθεύς. τῷ δ' οὐ πῶ τις ὁμοῖος ἐπιχθόνιος γένετ' ἀνήρ κοσμήσαι ὑπ' εποὺς τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀστοιδώτας. Νέστωρ οἶος ἔριζεν' δ' γὰρ προγενέστερος ἦεν. τῷ δ' ἄμα πεντήκοντα μέλαινα νηες ἐποντο.

Αἰαὶ δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγεν δυκαίδεκα νηας. στήσε δ' ἄγων ὑ' Ἀθηναίων ἱσταντο φαλαγγε. οἱ δ' Ἀργος τ' εἶχον Τήρυνθα τε τειχίδεσσαν, Ἐρμώνην Ἀσίνην τε βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἑχοῦσας, Τροιζῆν' Ἁἰώνας τε καὶ ἀμπελόεντ' Ἐπίδαυρον, οἱ τ' ἔχον Ἁἰγιναν Μάσητα τε κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν, τῶν αὐθ' ἡγεμόνευ βοην ἄγαθὸς Διομήδης καὶ Σθένελος Καπανής ἀγακλειτοῦ φίλος νίδος. τοῖς δ' ἀμ' Εὐρύαλος τρῖτατος κίε, ἰσόθεοι φῶς, Μηκισθῆς νίδος Ταλαιονίδαο ἄνακτος. συμπάντων δ' ἴγειτο βοην ἄγαθὸς Διομήδης. τοῖς δ' ἀμ' ὀγδόκοντα μέλαιναι νηες ἐποντο.

οἱ δ' Μυκῆνας εἶχον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίθρον,
Of Dium, from Carystus and the homes
Of Styra. These did Elephenor lead
Scion of Ares he, Chalcedon’s son,
Chief of a high-souled host, whom to the field
The fleet Abantes followed, o’er whose necks
Long flowed the hair behind: spearmen were they,
Eager with ashen lances forward thrust
To rend the corslet on their foemen’s breasts.
Black ships two-score were this chief’s following.

They who in Athens dwelt, a well-built hold;
Home of Erectheus mighty-souled, whom erst,
Tho’ born the son of corn-providing Earth,
Athené reared, daughter of Zeus, and placed
At Athens in her own rich-gifted shrine:
Where he with bulls and rams is duly sought
By Athens’ sons, as circling years come round.
These ranks Menestheus son of Peteos led,
The like of whom was never mortal man
To marshal steeds and shielded warriors.
Nestor alone, his elder, rivalled him.
Black ships two score and ten his following.

Twelve ships did Ajax lead from Salamis,
And placed them where the Athenian columns stood.

From Argos and from Tiryns’ massive walls,
Hermioné and Asiné, lying both
On a deep bay, from Troezen, Eionae,
And vine-clad Epidaurus; from the isle
Aegina, and from Mases too they came,
Achaian youth, by Diomedes led
Gallant in fray; and Sthenelus the son
Of far-famed Capaneus, with whom was joined
Third in command Euryalus, godlike wight
Of Talaon’s kingly son Mecisteus born.
But chief was Diomedes good in fray:
And four-score black ships were their following.

Came dwellers in Mycenae, well-built hold,
ἄφινεν τε Κόρινθον ἐὐκτιμένας τε Κλεωνάς,
'Ορνείας τ' ἐνέμουτο 'Αραϊθυρένη τ' ἐρατεινὴν
καὶ Σικυών', ὄθ' ἄρ' Ἀδρήστος πρῶτ' ἐμβασίλευεν,
oi θ' 'Τπερησίην τε καὶ αὐτεινὴν Γονόσεσαν
Πελλήνην τ' εἴχον, ἥδ' Αὐγιου ἀμφενέμουτο
Αἰγιαλόν τ' ἀνα πάντα καὶ ἀμφ' Ἐλίκην εὔρειαν.
τῶν ἐκατόν νηῶν ἠρχεν κρείων 'Αγαμέμνων
'Ατρείδης. ἀμα τῷ γε πολὺ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἀριστοι
λαοὶ ἔποντ'. ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νόροπα χαλκὸν
κυδίων, πᾶσιν δὲ μετέπρεπεν ἠρώφεσιν,
oūνεκ' ἀριστός ἐην, πολὺ δὲ πλεῖστον ἄγε λαοὺς.
οἱ δ' εἴχον κοίλην Δακεδαύμωνα κητώσεσαν,
Φάριν τε Ἡπάρτην τε πολυτρήρωνα τε Μέσσην
Βρυσείας τ' ἐνέμουτο καὶ Ἀντικαί ἐρατεινᾶς,
oi τ' ἄρ' Ἀμύκλας εἴχον 'Ελος τ' ἐφαλον πτολίθρον,
oi τε Δάαι εἴχον ἥδ' Οἰτυλον ἀμφενέμουτο·
tῶν οἱ ἀδελφεῖς ἠρχε, βοήν ἄγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
ἐξήκουντα νεῶν' ἀπάτερθε δὲ ϑωρῆσοντο.
ἐν δ' αὐτὸς κε ἦσι προθυμίης πεποιθῶς,
ὀτρύνων πολεμώνδε' μάλιστα δὲ ἱετο θυμῷ
τίσασθαι 'Ἐλένης ὀρμήματα τε στοιαχάς τε.
oi δ' Ὕλου τ' ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀρήνην ἐρατεινὴν
καὶ Ὀρύον Ἀλφειοῦ πόρον καὶ ἐνκτιτον Αἰτύ,
καὶ Κυπαρισσήντα καὶ Ἀμφιγένειαν ἔναιον
καὶ Πτελεοῦ καὶ Ἔλος καὶ Δώριον, ἐνθα τε μοῦσαι
ἀντόμεναι Θάμυρῳ τῶν Ὄρηκα παῦσαν ἄοιδῆς,
Οἰχαλίθενεν ἰόντα παρ' Ἐυρύτου Οἰχαλήνος
(στεφώ γὰρ εὐχόμενος υικησέμεν, εἰ περ ἀν αὐταί
μοῦσαι ἀείδοιεν, κοῦραὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιοι·
aὶ δὲ χολωσάμεναι πηρὸν θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ἄοιδὴν
Rich Corinth, and Cleonae's city fair; 
From Orneae's fields, and from the lovely lands 
Of Araithyrea: they of Sicyon came, 
Wherein Adrastus first held sovereignty: 
From Hyperesia and Gonussa's heights, 
Pellené, and the lands of Aegium, 
Achaia's strand, broad Helicé's domain. 
Their ships five-score the son of Atreus led 
Dread sovereign Agamemnon: most and best 
By far his following was, and in their midst 
Himself in brass of dazzling sheen was clad, 
Proud that amid all heroes chief he shone, 
Noblest and best, lord of the largest host. 

From hollow Lacedaemon's many glens, 
Pharis, and Sparta, Messa, haunt of doves, 
From Bryseae, and from lovely Augeae, 
Amyclae, Helos, stronghold on the sea, 
From Laas, and from Oetylus they came: 
These led by Menelaus good in fray, 
Brother to Agamemnon. Sixty ships 
Were theirs, and separate did they marshal them. 
Mid them their chief in zeal and confidence 
Urged them to war: and much his soul did crave 
Vengeance for Helen's wrongful rape and groans. 

From Pylos came they, from Arené fair, 
From Thryum, ford upon Alpheus' stream, 
From well-built Aepy: Cyparissians too, 
And those who in Amphigeneia dwelt, 
Pteleum, and Helos, and in Dorium. 
There met the Muses Thracian Thamyris 
And quelled his song; what time from Eurytus, 
Oechalia's king, and from his land he came. 
For he would bear the palm—in prideful words 
So bragged he—tho' the Muses' selves should sing, 
The daughters they of aegis-bearing Zeus. 
Then wroth they struck him blind: his song divine
θεσπεσίην ἀφέλοντο καὶ ἐκλέλαθον κιθαριστών),
tῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ,
tῷ δ' ἐνενήκουτα γλαφύραν νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

οἷς δ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην ύπὸ Κυλλήνης ὀρος αὐτῷ,
Αἰτύτιον παρὰ τύμβου, ἵν' ἀνέρες ἀγχυμαχηται,
οἷς Φενεόν τ' ἐνέμουτο καὶ Ὀρχομενόν πολύμηλον
'Ῥίπην τε Στρατινὴν τε καὶ ἡνεμόεσσαν 'Ενίστην,
cαὶ Τεγέην εἶχον καὶ Μαντιών ἐρατεινήν,
Στύμφηλον τ' εἶχον καὶ Παρρασίην ἐνέμουτο,
tῶν ἦρξ' Ἀγκαίοιο πάϊς κρείων Ἀγαπήνωρ
ἐξῆκοντα νεῶν' πολέες δ' ἐν νη' ἐκάστῃ
'Αρκάδες ἀνδρες ἔβαινον, ἐπιστάμενοι πολεμίζειν.
αὐτὸς γὰρ σφιν ἐδωκε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
νήσας εὐσέλμους περάαν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντων,
'Ατρείδης, ἐπεί οὐ σφὶ θαλάσσια ἔργα μεμήλει.

οἷς δ' ἀρὰ Βουτρασίον τε καὶ 'Ηλείδα δἰαν ἐναιοῦ, 615
ὁσσον ἐφ' Ῥμίην καὶ Μύρσινος ἐσχατώσα
πέτρῃ τ' Ὀλευνή καὶ Ἀλείσιον ἐντὸς ἐέργει,
tῶν αὐ τέσσαρες ἄρχηλ ἔσαν, δέκα δ' ἀνδρὶ ἐκάστῳ
νῆς ἐπόντο θοις, πολέες δ' ἔμβαινον Ἐπειοί.
tῶν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Θάλης ἡγησάθης, 620
νῖς ὁ μὲν Κτεατὸν ὁ δ' ἀρ' Ἐνυήτου Ἀκτορίωνως,
tῶν δ' Ἀμαρνηγείδης ἦρξεν κρατερὸς Διώρης·
tῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρξε Πολύζεινος θεοειδῆς,
uῖος Ἀγασθένεος Ἀυγηνάδαο ἀνακτος.

οἷς δ' ἐκ Δουλιχίου Ἐχινάων θ' ἱερῶν
νῆσων, αἰ ναίουσι πέρην ἀλός, Ἡλιδος ἀντα,
tῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευε Μέγης ἀταλαντος Ἀρη,
Φυλείδης, ὄν ἐτίκτε διήφιλος ἵπποτα Φυλεύς,
ὡς ποτε Δουλιχιόνδ' ἀπενάσσατο πατρὶ χολωθεῖς.
Was lost, his harper hand forgat her skill.
These warriors Nestor led, Gerenian knight:
And with him ninety hollow ships were ranged.

From Arcady, beneath Cyllene's steep
Hard by the tomb of Aepytus, they came,
Close-fighting men; came they of Pheneos,
And of Orchomenus rich in many flocks,
Of Rhipe, Stratia, and Enispé's heights,
Of Tegea, and of Mantinea fair,
Stymphalus and Parrhasia's pasture land.
These all by sovereign Agapenor led
Ancaeus' son: sixty their tale of ships,
And in each ship embarked a numerous crew,
Brave sons of Arcady well-skilled in war.
To these had Agamemnon king of men
Himself supplied well-benchéd ships wherein
To cross the wine-hued main, for of the sea
And of the shipman's craft they had no lore.

Came they whose home was in Buprasium
And Elis the divine, from lands between
Hyrminé, Myrsinus the border-town,
The rock of Olenus, and Alisium.
Four were their chiefs, ten swift ships followed each,
Wherein Epeans many were embarked.
And these Amphimachus and Thalpius led,
Sons one of Cteatus, one of Eurytus
The son of Actor; and Diores third,
Stout son of Amarynceus; but the fourth
Polyxenus the godlike, of a king
Agasthenes the son of Augeus born.

They of Dulichium, and the sacred isles
Echinades, that lie across the firth
In front of Elis: these by Meges led,
A peer of Ares; son of Phyleus he,
Phyleus that knight beloved of Zeus, who erst
Dulichium sought when angered at his sire.
τῷ δ' ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἐποντὸ.

αὐτὰρ Ὁδυσσεῦς ἦγε Κεφαλλήνας μεγαθύμων, οἵ ἐν Ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον, καὶ Κροκύλει ἔνεμοντο καὶ Αὐγύλιτα τρηχεῖαν, οἳ τε Ζάκυνθον ἔχον ἥδιον οἳ Σάμον ἄμφενέμοντο, οἳ τῇ ἥπειρον ἔχον ἥδιον ἀντιπέραια νέμοντο.

tῶν μὲν Ὁδυσσεῦς ἦρξε Διὸ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντος, τῷ δ' ἀμα νῆες ἐποντὸ δυνάμει μιλτοπάρημοι.

Αἰτωλῶν δ' ἤγειτο Θόας Ἀνδραίμονος υἱὸς, οἳ Πλευρῶν ἔνεμοντο καὶ Ὄλενον ἥδε Πυλήνην Χαλκίδα τ' ἀγχίαλον Καλυδώνα τε πετρήσασιν' οὐ γὰρ ἔτ', Όινος μεγαλήττορος νῖες ἤσαν, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' αὐτὸς ἔην, θανὲ δὲ ξανθὸς Μελέαγρος, τῷ δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐτέταλτο ἀνασσέμεν Ἀἰτωλοῦσιν. τῷ δ' ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιαι νῆες ἐποντὸ.

Κρητῶν δ' Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἥγεμόνευεν, οἳ Κυνσόν τ' εἶχον Γόρτυνα τε τειχώσασιν, Δύκτων Μίλητον τε καὶ ἀργυρόεντα Δάκαστον Φαιστόν τε Ὄρυτόν τε, πόλεις εὐ ναιεταούσις, ἀλλοι θ' οἳ Κρήτην ἐκατόμπολιν ἄμφενέμοντο. τῶν μὲν ἄρ', Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἥγεμόνευεν Ἔννυλισ άνδρειφόντης', τοῖσι δ' ἀμ' ὁγδώκοντα μέλαιαι νῆες ἐποντὸ.

Τληπόλεμος δ' Ἡρακλείδης ἦσ' τε μέγας τε ἐκ Ὄρδου ἐννέα νῆες ἄγεν Ὄρδον ἀγερόχων, οἳ Ὄρδον ἄμφενέμοντο διὰ τρίχα κοσμηθέντες, Δίνδον Ἰηλυσόν τε καὶ ἀργυρόεντα Κάμειρον. τῶν μὲν Τληπόλεμος δουρικλυτὸς ἥγεμόνευεν, ὅν τέκε 'Αστυόχεια βίη Ἡρακλησί, τῆν ἄγετ' ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ Σελλήνητος, πέρσας ἀστεα πολλὰ διοτρεφέων αἰζην. 
Black ships two-score were this chief's following.

Odysseus led the high-souled Cephallenes,
From Ithaca with leaf-crowned Neritus,
And Crocylea, and craggy Aegilips,
Those of Zacynthus too, and Samos' isle,
And the mainland that fronts them o'er the strait.
All these Odysseus led, in counsel wise
A peer of Zeus; and twelve the vessels were
With ruddy-painted cheeks that followed him.

Thoas Andraemon's son the Aetolians led,
Those of Pylene, Pleuron, Olenus,
Of sea-washed Chalcis, rocky Calydon.
For sons of high-souled Oeneus there were none
Yet left in life, nor he their sire; and dead
Was Meleager of the yellow hair.
Thus Thoas o'er Aetolia reigned supreme;
And forty black ships were his following.

Spear-famed Idomeneus the Cretans led.
From Gnossus they, from Gortyn strongly-walled,
Lyctus, Miletus, white Lyca stos came;
From Phaestus, Rhytium, well-built cities these:
With all that dwell in Creta's hundred towns.
Spear-famed Idomeneus their leader was,
With him Meriones, a match in fight
For Enyalius, man-slaughtering Power.
And four-score black ships were their following.

Tlepolemus, the son of Heracles,
Brave man and tall, nine ships from Rhodes led
Of lordly Rhodians: these in peoples three
Hold in that isle Lindus, Ialysus,
And white Cameirus. Chieftain over these
Spear-famed Tlepolemus. Him Astyoché
Had borne to mighty Heracles, a bride
Whom he from Ephyra and Selleis' stream
Led off with spoil from many a captured hold
Of princely warriors. But Tlepolemus,
Τηλπόλεμος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τράφ' ἐὼ μεγάρῳ ἐὔπηκτῳ, αὐτίκα πατρὸς ἐοῖο φίλον μήτρωα κατέκτα, ἢδη γηράσκοντα, Δικύμινων ὦςον Ἄρηος. 
ἀψα δὲ νήας ἐπτήξε, πολὺν δ' ὦ γε λαὸν ἀγείρας βῆ φεύγων ἐπὶ πόντον· ἀπείλησαν γὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι νύες νῦνοι τε βῆς Ἡρακλῆης. 
αὐτὰρ ὦ γ' ἐς 'Ρόδον ἤξεν ἀλώμενοι, ἀλγεα πάσχων τριχθ' ἐδε ὅκηθεν καταφυλαδόν, ἢδὲ φίληθεν ἐκ Δίος, ὦς τε θεοὶ καὶ ἀνθρώποις ἀνάσσει· καὶ σφιν θεσπέσιον πλοῦτον κατέχευε Κρονίων. 665 
Νιρέως αὖ Σύμηθεν ἄγεν τρεῖς νήας εἶσας, Νιρέως Ἀγλαίης ιῶδε Χαρόπου τε ἀνάκτος, Νιρέως ὦς καλλιστός ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ 'Ιλιον ἠλθεν τῶν ἄλλων Δαναών μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεώνα. ἀλλ' ἀλαπαδὺς ἦν, παῦρος δὲ οἱ εἴπετο λαός. 670 
οὐ δ' ἄρα Νίσυρον τ' εἰχον Κράπαθόν τε Κάσον τε καὶ Κῶν Εὐρυπύλοιο πόλιν νήσους τε Καλύδνας, τῶν αὖ Ψείδιππός τε καὶ Ἐαντιφος ἡγησάσθην, Θεσσαλοῦ ὑπὸ δύω Ἡρακλείδαο ἀνάκτος. τοῖς δὲ τρήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχώντο. 675 
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ὤσις τὸ Πελασγικὸν Ῥηγος ἐναιον, οἱ τ' Ἀλον οἱ τ' Ἀλόπην οἱ τε Τρηχίνα νέμοντο, οἱ τ' εἰχον Φθίην ἢδ' Ἑλλάδα καλλυγώναικα, Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἐκαλεύντο καὶ Ἑλλήνες καὶ Ἀχαιοί, τῶν αὖ πεντήκοντα νεῶν ἦν ἄρχος Ἀχιλλεύς. 680 
ἀλλ' οἱ γ' οὖ πολέμου δύσηχεος ἐμυσώντο· οὐ γὰρ ἦν ὡς τε σφιν ἐπὶ στίχας ἡγήσατο. κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν νῆσοι ποδάρκης δίος Ἀχιλλεύς, κούρης χοῦμενος Βρισηνίδος ἦκομοιο, τὴν ἐκ Διυνησσοῦ ἐξείλετο πολλὰ μογήσας, 685 
Διυνησσοῦ διαπορθήσας καὶ τείχεα Θήβης,
When grown to manhood in the well-built hall,
His father's uncle slew, Licymnius named,
Scion of Ares, stricken well in years.
Then built he ships in haste, and gathered folk
Full many, and fled an exile o'er the sea:
For vengeance sore the rest did threat, the sons
And grandsons all of mighty Heracles.
To Rhodos came he in his wanderings
Mid hardships sore; and there they made their homes
Threefold in tribes distinct, and won the love
Of Zeus the sovereign lord of gods and men:
And wondrous wealth on them Cronion poured.

Three balanced ships from Symé Nireus led,
Son of Aglaia and king Charopus,
Nireus, of all the Danaans comeliest he
To Ilion came save Peleus' blameless son:
Yet weak was he; and scant his following.

They of Nisyrus, Casus, Crapathus,
And Cos, the city of Eurypylus,
And isles Calydnian: these Phidippus led
With Antiphus, two sons of Thessalus,
And he a prince the son of Heracles.
And with them thirty hollow ships were ranged.

Now tell I whom Pelasgian Argos sent,
From Alus, Alopé, and Trachin's homes,
Phthia, and Hellas land of comely dames;
Myrmidones, Hellenes, and withal
Achaeans these were called: and of their ships
Two-score and ten Achilleus was the prince.
But of the horrid din of battle these
Took now no thought, for there was none to lead
Their ranks against the foe. For at his ships
Fleet-foot divine Achilleus idle lay,
Wroth for Briseis' sake, the fair-haired maid.
Her from Lyrnessus he by grievous toil
Had won, what time he spoiled Lyrnessus' town
καὶ δὲ Μύητ' ἐβαλεν καὶ Ἐπίστροφον ἐγχεσιμώρους, νιέας Εὐηνὼ Σεληπιάδαο ἀνακτος.

τῆς ὦ γε κεῖτ' ἄχεων, τάχα δ' ἀνστήσεσθαι ἐμελεῖν.

ο' δ' εἴχον Φυλάκην καὶ Πύρασον ἀνθεμόεντα, 695

Δήμητρος τέμενος, 'Ἰτωνά τε μητέρα μήλων, ἀγχιαλὸν τ' Ἀντρώνα ἵδε Πτελεόν λεχεποῖν, τῶν αὖ Πρωτεσίλαος ἄρηνος ἡγεμόνευεν ἥώδε ἐών' τότε δ' ἦδη ἔχεν κάτα γαία μέλαια. 

tοῦ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιδρυφῆς ἄλοχος Φυλάκη ἐλέεινπτο 700 καὶ δόμος ἡμιελῆς· τὸν δὲ κτάνε Δάρδανος ἁνήρ νηῶ ἀποθρόσκουτα πολὺ πρώτιστον Ἀχαιῶν. 

οὔδε μὲν οὖδ' οὐ ἄναρχοι ἔσαν, πόθεον γε μὲν ἄρχων ἀλλὰ σφεασ κόσμησε Ποδάρκης ἄρως Ἄρης, Ἱφίκλου νίδος πολυμῆλοι Φυλακίδαιο,

705 αὐτοκασάγιντος μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσίλαον ὀπλότερος γενεῆ· δ' δ' ἀμα πρότερος καὶ ἄρείων ἥρως Πρωτεσίλαος ἄρηνος. οὔδε τι λαοὶ δεύονθ' ἡγεμόνος, πόθεον γε μὲν ἐσθλὸν ἔοντα. 

710 τῷ δ' ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιαι νῆες ἐποντο.

ο' δὲ Φερὰς ἐνέμοντο παραὶ Βουβηίδα Λίμυνην,

Βοίβην καὶ Γλαφύρας καὶ ἐυκτιμένην Ἰαωλκόν τῶν ἥρχ' Ἀδμήτου φίλος πάῖς ἐνδεκα νηῶν, Εὐμήλος, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀδμήτω τέκε διὰ γυναικῶν Ἀλκηστίς, Πελίαο θυγατρῶν εἰδὸς ἀρίστη.

715 ο' δ' ἁρα Μηθώπην καὶ Θαυμακίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Μελίβοιαν ἐχον καὶ Ὀλιξώνα τρηχείαν, τῶν δὲ Φιλοκτήτης ἥρχεν, τόξων εὐ εἰδῶς, ἐππά νεῶν ἔρεται δὲ ἐκάστη πεντήκοντα ἐμβέβασαν, τόξων εὐ εἰδότες ἰφι μάχεσθαι.
And Thebē's walls, and slew Epistrophus
And Mynes, spearmen stout, Evenus' sons
The royal offspring of Selepius.
Grieved for her sake Achilleus idle lay
Beside his ships, but fated soon to rise.
From Phylacé and flowery Pyrasus
Demeter's plot, from Iton nurse of flocks,
And Antron by the sea, and Pteleos
With grassy meads, they came. Of these was chief
Warlike Protesilaüs when in life;
But he already 'neath the black earth lay.
Whose wife in Phylacé was left, her cheeks
In grief all torn, half built his widowed house.
For him a Dardan slew, as from the ship
Far first of all Achaians out he leapt.
And yet not princeless were his people left,
Tho' lost their prince: Podarces marshalled them,
Scion of Ares, son of Iphiclus
Rich lord of flocks (and he of Phylacus);
Own brother to the high-souled hero slain
Podarces was, but younger; for in birth
Warlike Protesilaüs, as in strength,
Was first. And now his people did not lack
A leader, tho' they mourned a brave man slain.
Black ships two-score were this chief's following.
From Pherae came they by the Boebian pool,
From Boebê, Glaphyrae, and the well-built town
Iolcos. Ships eleven were these: their chief
Admetus' son Eumelus, to his sire
Born of his spouse Alcestis, godlike dame,
Of Pelias' daughters fairest far in form.
They of Methoné and Thaumacia
And Meliboea and Olizon's rocks:
These led by Philoctetes, bowman skilled:
Seven ships; and fifty rowers were in each,
Well skilled to use the bow in stubborn fight.
αλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν νῆσῳ κεῖτο κράτερ' ἄλγεα πᾶσχων, Λήμνῳ ἐν ἁγαθή, ὥθι μιν λίπον ὀλε 'Ἀχαιῶν ἔλκει μοχθίζοντα κακῷ ὀλοόφρονος ὕδρου.

ἐνθ' ὁ γε κείτ' ἄχεων' τάχα δὲ μνῆσεσθαι ἐμελλον Ἀργείου παρὰ νυσὶ Φιλοκτήταο ἀνακτος. 725

οὐδὲ μὲν οὖδ' ὦ ἀναρχοι ἔσαν, πόθεον γε μὲν ἄρχον ἀλλὰ Μέδων κόσμησεν, Ὀιλῆος νόθος νίος,
tὸν ρ' ἔτεκεν 'Ῥήνη ὑπ' Ὀιλῆ ὑπολυτόρθῳ.

οἱ δ' ἔχον Τρίκκην καὶ Ἰθώμην κλωμακόεσσαν, 730
οἱ τ' ἔχον Οἰχαλῆν πόλιν Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλῆος,
tῶν αὐθ' ἡγεῖσθην 'Ἀσκληπιοῦ δύο παιδε, ἰητήρ' ἄγαθῳ, Ποδαλείριος ἄδε Μαχᾶω.
tοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

οἱ δ' ἔχον Ὀρμένιον, οἳ τε κρήνην 'Τπέρειαν, 735
οἱ τ' ἔχον 'Αστέριον Τιτάνοιο τε λευκὰ κάρηνα,
tῶν ἥρχ' Εὐρύτυπον 'Ἐναιμονος ἀγλαίς νίος,
tῷ δ' ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νήσες ἐποντο.

οἱ δ' Ἀργισσαν ἔχον καὶ Γυρτώνην ἐνέμοντο, 740
Ὀρθὴν 'Ηλώνην τε πόλιν τ' Ὀλοοσσόνα λευκῆν,
tῶν αὐθ' ἡγεμόνευε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίης,
uῖδος Πειριθόου τὸν ἄθανατον τέκετο Ζεὺς,
tὸν ρ' ὑπὸ Πειριθόω τέκετο κλυτὸς Ἰηποδάμεια ἰματὶ τῷ ὅτε Φῆρας ἐτίσατο λαχυσθεὶς,
tοὺς δ' ἐκ Πηλίου ὁσε καὶ Αἰδικεσσὶ πέλασσεν—, 745
οὐκ οἶος, ἁμα τῷ γε Δεοντεὺς οίος 'Ἀρης,
uῖδος ὑπερθύμοιο Κορώνου Καινεῖδαο.
tοῖς δ' ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιαν νήσες ἐποντο.

Γουνεῦς δ' ἐκ Κύφου ἤγε δυσκαλείκοσι νήσας' 750
tῷ δ' Ἐνιήνες ἐποντο μενεπτόλεμοι τε Περαιβοί,
But he in grievous pain lay in the isle
Of holy Lemnos, where Achaia's sons
Had left him suffering with an evil sore
From bite of death-designing water-snake.
There lay he in his pain: but at the ships
The Argives would full soon remembrance find
Of royal Philoctetes in their need.
And yet not princeless were his people left,
Tho' lost their prince; for Medon marshalled them,
Oileus' bastard son, whom to his sire,
The ravager of cities, Rhené bare.

From Tricca, from Ithomé's stony hill,
And from Oechalia, land of Eurytus.
These Podalirius and Machaon led
Two leeches good, sons of Asclepius.
And with them thirty hollow ships were ranged.

They of Ormenium came, and from the fount
Of Hyperea, from Asterium,
And from Titanus' glistening peaks; their chief
Eurypylus Euaemon's glorious son:
And forty black ships were his following.

They of Argissa and Gyrtoné came,
Orthé, Eloné, white Olosson's walls:
All led by Polypoetes staunch in war,
Son of Pirithoës whom immortal Zeus
Begat. But Polypoetes to his sire
Pirithoës Hippodamia bare,
A noble dame, wed on that day when he
The shaggy Centaurs punished sore, and forth
From Pelion to the Aethicians' border drave.
With him Leonteus, Ares' scion, ruled,
Of proud Coronus son of Caeneus born.
And forty black ships were their following.

Twenty and two the ships that Guneus led,
From Cyphus these; and they that followed him
The Enienian and Perrhaebian host
οὐ περὶ Δωδώνην δυσχείμερον οἰκὶ ἔθεντο, 
οἱ τῷ ἀμφὶ ἱμερτῶν Τιταρήσιον ἔργα νέμοντο,
"ος ἔς Πηνείων προῖεὶ καλλίρροου ὤδωρ.
οὐδ᾽ ὁ γε Πηνείῳ συμμίσγεται ἄργυροδύνη,
ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἱύτ᾽ ἠλαίον
ὄρκον γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατὸς ἐστὶν ἀπορρῶξ.

Μαγνήτων δ᾽ ὑρχεν Πρόθοος Τενθρηδόνος νῦς,
οὐ περὶ Πηνείων καὶ Πήλιον είνοσίφυλλον
ναίσκον. τῶν μὲν Πρόθοος θοὸς ἤγεμόνευεν,
tῷ δ᾽ ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἐποντο.

οὐτοὶ ἀρ᾽ ἤγεμόνευς Δαναώ καὶ κοίρανοι ἔσαν.

τὸν τῷ ἀρ τῶν ὦχ᾽ ἄριστος ἐγν, σὺ μοι ἐννεπε, μοῦσα,
αὐτῶν ἢδ᾽ ὕπποι, οὐ ἀμὶ Ἀτρείδησιν ἐποντο.

tón ποὺ μὲν μέγ᾽ ἄρισται ἔσαν Φηρητιάδαο,

τὰς 'Εὔμηλος ἐλαυνε ποδόκεας ὁρνιθαὶ ὡς,
ὁτρυχας οἰέτες, σταφύλη ἐπὶ νῶτον ἐῖσας.


τὰς ἐν Πηρείη θρέψ᾽ ἄργυρότοξος Ἀπώλλων,
ἀμφω θηλείας, φόβον Ἀρης φορεούσας.

ἀνδρῶν αὖ μέγ᾽ ἄριστος ἔην Τελαμώνιος Λἷς,
ἐφ᾽ Ἀχιλέως μήνιεν ὁ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἦν,
ὕπποι θ᾽ οἷ φορέεσκον ἄμυμονα Πηλείωνα.

ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἐν νήσοις κορωνίσι ποντοπόροισιν

κεῖτ' ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαὼν

'Ατρείδη, λαοὶ δὲ παρὰ ῥηγμῖν θαλάσσῃς
dίσκοιςε τέρποντο καὶ αὐγανέθσι οἴντες
tόξοισιν θ᾽ ὕπποι δὲ παρὰ ἀρμασὶ οἶσι έκαστος,

λωτὸν ἔρπτόμενοι ἐλεόθρεπτὸν τε σέλινον,
ἐστασαν, ἀρματὰ δ᾽ εὐ πεπυκραμένα κεῖτο ἀνάκτων
ev κλισίς. οὐ δ᾽ ἀρχῶν ἄρηφιλον ποθέοντες
In battle staunch, who made their homes around
Storm-vext Dodona's fields, or tilled the lands
Beside the lovely Titaresius,
Who his fair waters to Peneüs gives,
Yet with Peneüs' silver-eddying stream
Ne'er mingles, but above him over-laid,
As oil, flows on: for from that awful oath
The wave of Styx breaks forth his borrowed flood.

Came the Magnesians, led by Prothoüs
Tenthredon's son: about Peneüs' stream
And Pelion's leaf-quivering woods they dwelt.
Of these the nimble Prothoüs was chief;
And forty black ships were his following.

These were the Danaans' leaders, these their kings.
But who was best of all, tell me O Muse,
Of men or steeds that followed Atreus' sons?
Steeds far the best were they of Pheres' son;
Eumelus drave them; coursers fleet of foot,
As bird on wing, in hair and hue the same,
The same in age, with backs that level showed,
As by the line. These twain in Pieris,
Both mares, Apollo Silver-bow had bred
To bear swift terror thro' the field of war.
Of heroes Ajax son of Telamon
Was far the best, while yet Achilleus' wrath
Endured: for mightiest far—ev'n as the steeds
That bare him on—was Peleus' blameless son.
But by the beaked sea-borne ships he lay,
With Agamemnon shepherd of the host
Exceeding wroth; while by the surf-smit shore
His people took their pleasure with the quoit,
And javelin hurled, and bow: whose idle steeds
The clover and the marsh-bred parsley champed
Standing beside his chariot each. And these,
The chariots of the kings, stood at their tents
All covered close. And mourning for their chief,
φοίτων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδὲ μάχοντο. 780
οἱ δ' ἀρ' ἵσαν ὡς εἰ τε πυρὶ χθῶν πᾶσα νέμοιτο. γαία δ' ὑποστενάξιζε Διὸ ὡς τερπικεραύνφ χοομένῳ ὅτε τ' ἀμφὶ Τυφώεὶ γαῖαν ἰμάσσῃ εἰν Ἀρίμοις, θὰι φασὶ Τυφώεος ἐμμεναι εὐνᾶς. ὡς ἀρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγα στεναξίζετο γαῖα ἐρχομένων' μάλα δ' ὁκα διεπρήσσον πεδίοιο. 785
Τρωσίν δ' ἄγγελος ἦλθε ποδήμενος ὥκεα Ἰρις πάρ Δίως αἰγιόχοιο σὺν ἄγγελήι ἀλεγεινή. οἱ δ' ἀγορᾶς ἀγόρευον ἐπὶ Πριάμου θύρησιν πάντες δημηγερεῖς, ἥμεν νέοι ἣδε γέροντες. ἄγχοι δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὥκεα Ἰρις' εἰσατο δὲ φθογγὴν ὑπὶ Πριάμου Πολιτῆ, ὃς Τρώων σκοπός Ἲς, ποδωκείησι πεποτιθός, τύμβῳ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυνήται γέροντος, δέγμενος ὅππότε ναῦφιν ἀφομηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί. τῷ μιν ἔεισαμενή προσέφη πόδας ὥκεα Ἰρις‘ "ἀ γέρον, αἰεί τοι μῦθοι φίλοι ἀκριτοι εἰσίν, ὡς ποτ' ἐπ' εἰρήνης' πόλεμος δ' ἀλλαστός ὄρφεν. ἡ μὲν δ' μάλα πολλὰ μάχας εἰσήλθυθον ἀνδρῶν, ἄλλ' οὐ πω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν ὅπωτα: λήν γὰρ φύλλουι εὐκότες ἡ ψαμάθοισιν 790
ἔρχονται πεδίοιο μαχησόμενοι προτὶ ἄστυν. "Εκτορ, σοὶ δὲ μᾶλιστ' ἐπιτελλομαι ὃδε γε ἰέξαι. πολλοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμου ἐπίκουροι, ἀλλη δ' ἀλλων ὑλωσα πολυσπερέων ἀνθρώπων· τοῖσι ἐκαστοι ἀνὴρ σημαίνετο οἷς' περ ἄρχει, τῶν δ' ἐξηγεῖσθοι, κοσμησάμενος πολιήτας.” 800
ὡς ἐφαθ',"Εκτωρ δ' οὖ τι θεᾶς ἐπος ἥγουησεν, αἴψα δ' ἐλυσ' ἀγορῆν ἐπὶ τεύχεα δ' ἐσσεύοντο. πᾶσαι δ' ὡγυνυντο πῦλαι, ἐκ δ' ἐσσυτο λαὸς,
Beloved of Ares, to and fro his men
Roamed the wide camp nor mingled in the fight.
Now marched the host, as if devouring fire
O’erran the plain; and earth beneath them groaned:
As when the lightning-loving Zeus in wrath
Lashes the earth above Typhoeus laid,
In Arimé, where is his fabled bed:
So loudly groaned the earth beneath their feet
As on they trode. And swift they crossed the plain.
But Iris, courier fleet, wind-footed, came
From aegis-bearing Zeus with message dread
To Troy’s assembled sons, who council held
At Priam’s gate all mustered, young and old:
And standing near them fleet-foot Iris spake,
In utterance like Polites Priam’s son;
Who, as the Trojans’ scout, on speed of foot
Reliant sat upon the topmost mound
Of aged Aesyetes’ grave, to spy
When from the ships Achaia’s host should move.
Like him in voice the fleet-foot Iris spake:
“Father, thou lovest ever endless words,
As erst in peace: but war is now astir,
War unabating. Truly oft ere now
Have I the battle of the warriors proved,
But never yet saw host so fair, so vast.
For they in number as the leaves or sand
Come o’er the plain, around our hold to fight.
Hector, to thee my charge I chiefly give:
This do. In Priam’s city wide are met
Allies full many, and of differing tongues
From widely-scattered tribes. Let then each chief
Command in battle whom he rules at home,
Marshal and leader to his native band.”
She spake: but Hector knew the voice divine,
And straight the council broke. To arms they rushed.
All gates were opened, out the people poured,
πεζώθ' ἐπιπήδες τε πολύς δ' ὀρυμαγόδος ὀρώρει.

ἐστὶ δὲ τις προπαροιθε πόλεος αἰπτεία κολώνη,
ἐν πεδίῳ ἀπάνευθε, περίδρομος ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθά,
τὴν ἢ τοῦ ἀνδρὲς Βατίειαν κικλήσκουσιν,
ἀθάνατοι δὲ τε σήμα πολυσκάρβμου Μυρίνης
ἐνθα τότε Τρῶες τε διέκριθεν ἦδ' ἐπίκουροι.

Τρωσὶ μὲν ἡγεμόνευε μέγας κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ
Πριαμίδης· ἀμα τά γε πολὺ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι
λαοὶ θωρῆσσοντο, μεμαότες ἐγχεῖσων.

Δαρδανίων αὐτ' ἤρχεν ἐώς παῖσ 'Αγχίσαο
Αἴνειας, τὸν ὑπ' Ἀγχίσῃ τέκε δἐ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
"Ιδῆς ἐν κυμοίσι θεᾶ βροτῶ εὐνηθείσα,
οὐκ οἶος, ἀμα τῷ γε δῶν Ἀντήνωρος νῦε,
'Αρχέλοχος τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὗ εἰδότε πάσης.

οὗ δὲ Ζέλειαν ἐναὶον ὑπαὶ πόδα νειάτον "Ιδῆς
ἀφνειόπ, πίνοντες ύδωρ μέλαν Αἰσῆποι,
Τρῶες, τῶν αὐτ' ἤρχε Λυκάνον ἄγλαδος νῦος
Πάνδαρος, ὅ καὶ τόξον 'Απόλλων αὐτῶς ἐδωκεν.

οὗ δ' 'Αδρήστειαν τ' εἶχον καὶ δήμον 'Απαίσοι
καὶ Πιτύειαν ἔχον καὶ Τηρείας ὄροις αἰτῦ,
τῶν ἦρχ' 'Αδρηστός τε καὶ 'Ἀμφιος λιονθώρης,
νῦε δῶν Μέροπος Περκοσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
ἡδ' μαντοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὕς παῖδας ἐσάκειν
στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθορήνορα. τὸ δὲ οὗ τὶ
πειθέσθην κῆρες γάρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτου.

οὗ δ' ἀρὰ Περκότην καὶ Πράκτιον ἀμφενέμοντο
καὶ Σηστόν καὶ Ἀβυδον ἔχον καὶ διὰν Ἄρισβην,
τῶν αὐθ' 'Τρτακίδης ἦρχ' Ἀσίος, ὀρχαμος ἄνδρῶν,
'Ασίος Ἀρτακίδης, δἐν Ἀρισβηθεν φέρου ὑπ' ιοι
αιθώνες μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ Σελήνετος.

'Ἰππόθοος δ' ἀγε φύλα Πελαισγῶν ἐγχεισμώρων,
Both foot and horse, and loud arose their din.

Before the city stands a lofty hill
Apart, on every side around is plain:
Men call it Batiea, but the gods
Tomb of Myrine, nimble Amazon.
There then the Trojans and allies were ranged.

The Trojan ranks were led by Priam's son
Great Hector of the glancing plume: with him
Stood troops the most and best, fierce with the spear.

Anchises' gallant son the Dardans led,
Aeneas, whom in Ida's glens, to man
A goddess wedded, Aphrodite bare.
Nor only he; with him Antenor's sons
Archelochus and Acamas were joined,
Brave pair, in every art of battle skilled.

Zelea's Trojans came, from Ida's foot,
Wealthy, who drank of black Aesepus' stream;
These Pandarus led, Lycaon's noble son,
To whom Apollo's self had given the bow.

From Adrastea, from Apaesus' homes
From Pityea came they, from the heights
That crown Terea: these Adrastus led,
And Amphius in linen corslet clad,
Sons of Percosian Merops both, who knew
Above all others each prophetic art;
Whereby his sons he still forbade to seek
The man-destroying war, but they no whit
Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.

They of Percoté came, of Practium
Of Sestos, of Abydos; they who held
Divine Arisbé: these by Asius led
The son of Hyrtacus, a prince of men:
Asius, whom from Arisbé coursers bare
Large-limbed, bright bay, bred by Selleis' stream.

Hippotheüs led the fighters with the spear
τῶν οὗ Λάρισαν ἐριβώλακα ναιετάσκουν.
τῶν ἦρξ' Ἰππόθοδος τε Πυλαῖος τ' ὄξος Ἄρης, 845
υἱὲ δύω Λήθου Πελασγοῦ Τευταμίδαο.

αὐτὰρ Θρήκιας ἦγ' Ἀκάμας καὶ Πείρους ἦρως,
ὅσσοις Ἐλλησποντος ἀγάρρος ἐντὸς ἑργεῖ.

Εὐφήμος δ' ἀρχὸς Κικόνων ἦν αἰχμητάων,
ὑὸς Τροιζήνου διοτρεφέος Κεάδαο.

αὐτὰρ Πυραίχιμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους
τηλόθεν ἐξ 'Αμυδῶνος, ἀπ' 'Αξιοῦ εὐρὺ ρέοντος,
'Αξιοῦ οὗ κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπικίδναται άιαν.

Παυλαγόνων δ' ἦγεῖτο Πυλαιμένεος λάσιον κήρ
ἐξ 'Ενετῶν, ὅθεν ἡμιόνων γένος ἀγροτέραῶν,
οἳ ᾠ Κύτωρον ἔχον καὶ Σῆσαμον ἀμφενέμοντο
ἀμφὶ τε Παρθένων ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δῶματ' ἕναιον,
Κρῶμβαν τ' Αἰγιαλὸν τε καὶ ύψηλος 'Ερυθίνους.

αὐτὰρ 'Αλιζώνων 'Οδίος καὶ 'Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον
τηλόθεν ἐξ 'Αλύβης, ὅθεν ἀργύρου ἐστὶ γενέθλη.

Μυσῶν δὲ Χρόμις ἦρχε καὶ 'Ἐνυμομος ὀιωνιστῆς
addir' οὐκ οἰωνοὶς ἐρύσσατο κήρα μέλαιναν,
addir' ἑδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδόκεος Άιακίδαο
ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι περ Τρώας κεραίζε καὶ ἄλλους.

Φόρκυς αὖ Φρύγας ἦγε καὶ 'Ασκάνιος θεοειδῆς
τῇ ἐξ 'Ασκανίης μέμασαν δ' ύσιμῖν μάχεσθαι.

Μήσοιν αὖ Μέσθλης τε καὶ 'Αντιφὸς ἡγησάσθην,
ὑὸς Ταλαιμένεος, τὸδ Γυγαῖ' τέκε λήμνη,
οἳ καὶ Μήσοιν ἦγον ὑπὸ Τμώλω γεγαώτας.

Νάστης αὖ 'Ιαρών ἡγήσατο βαρβαροφώνων,
οἳ Μίλητον ἔχον Φθιρῶν τ' ὄρος ἀκριτόφυλλον
Who in Larissa’s deep-soiled land abode,
Pelasgian tribes; with whom Pylaeus ruled
Scion of Ares: sons of Lethus both,
Pelasgian Lethus son of Teutamus.
The Thracians Acamas and Piros led,
Whom with strong stream the sea of Helle bounds.
The warrior Cicones Euphemus led,
From Ceas’ royal son Troezenus sprung.
The Paeones, armed with their bended bows,
Pyraechmes led, from distant Amydon,
Where Axius flows, Axius, whose ample stream
With fairest water overspreads the plain.
Pylaemenes the Paphlagonians led,
Of shaggy breast, from the Henetians he,
Whence is a noble breed of mountain mules.
These in Cytorus dwelt and Sesamus,
And held their noble homes on either bank
Beside Partheniuss’ flood, in Cromna’s land,
Aegialus, and the Erythinian heights.
The Halizonians came, by Hodius led,
And by Epistrophus, from Alybê,
A distant land, of silver ore the home.
The Mysians Chromis led, and Ennomus;
An augur he, yet by his auguries
Escaped he not black death, but by the hand
Of the fleet-footed son of Aeacus
Fell in Scamander’s stream, where of Troy’s sons
Full many in havoc dire the hero slew.
Godlike Ascanius with Phorcys led
Phrygians from far Ascania, bold in fight.
Masthles and Antiphus the Maeonians led;
Sons of Talaemenes were they, and born
By lake Gygaea, their Maeonian ranks
Beneath the lofty mount of Tmolus bred.
Nastes the Carians led, of barbarous tongue,
Who held Miletus and the Phthirian height
Μαυάνδρου τε ροάς Μυκάλης τ’ αἰτεινα κάρηνα.
tῶν μὲν ἃρ’ Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Νάστης ἕγησάσθην, Νάστης Ἀμφίμαχος τε, Νομίων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
ὅς καὶ χρυσὸν ἔχον πόλεμόν τοί ήπε ἑυτε κοῦρη, νήπιος, οὔδε τι οί τό γ’ ἐπήρκεσε λυγρὸν ὀλεθρον,
ἀλλ’ ἐδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδόκειος Αἰακίδαιο
ἐν ποταμῷ, χρυσὸν δ’ Ἀχιλεὺς ἐκόμισε δαίφρων.  
Σαρπηδῶν δ’ ἠρχεν Δυκίων καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων
τηλόθεν ἐκ Δυκίης, Ξάνθου ἀπὸ δινήεντος.
Thick-roofed with leafage, and Maeander's stream,
And Mycale's high headland. These were ruled
By Nastes and Amphimachus, bright pair,
Nomion's children. To the war in gold
Bedecked, as is a girl the latter went,
Poor fool! it saved him not from grievous bane;
For in the river fell he by the hand
Of the fleet-footed son of Aeacus,
And all his gold the warlike victor took.

From Xanthus' eddying stream the Lycians came:
Whom blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon led.
Μονομαχία Ἀλέξανδρου καὶ Μενελάου.

Αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ κόσμηθεν ἀμ ἡγεμόνεσσι ἔκαστοι, ὁμώς μὲν κλαγῇ τ’ ἐνοπῇ τ’ Ἰσαν, ὄρνηθες ὦ, ἥπτε περ κλαγῇ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρό, αἱ τ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμώνα φύγον καὶ ἄθεσφατον ὄμβρον, κλαγῇ ταί γε πέτονται ἐπ’ Ὀκεανοῖο ῥοάων, ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαν· ἥριαι δ’ ἁρα ταί γε κακὴν ἔριδα προφέρονται οἲ δ’ ἄρ’ Ἰσαν σιγῆ μένεα πνείοντες Ἀχαίοι, ἐν θυμῷ μεμαδῶτε ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλους.

εὐτ’ ὄρεοι κορυφῆσι Νότος κατέχενεν ὁμίχλην, ποιμέσιν οὐ τι φίλην, κλέπτη δὲ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνῳ τόσσον τίς τ’ ἐπὶ λέσσει ὅσον τ’ ἐπὶ λᾶταν ἤσων ἀρα τῶν ὑπὸ ποσσὶ κονίσαλος ὀρνυτ’ ἀείκης ἐρχομένων μάλα δ’ ὁκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο. οὗ δ’ ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ’ ἀλλήλουσιν ἱόντες, ὁμοῖοι μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδῆς, παρδαλέην ὀμοιοῖον ἔχων καὶ καμπύλα τόξα καὶ ξίφος· αὐτάρ δ’ ὁ δοῦρε δῖόν κεκορυθμένα χαλκὸς πᾶλλον Ἀργείοιο προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀριστὸν ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιστητὶ. τὸν δ’ ὦς οὖν ἐνόησεν ἀρηφιλός Μενέλαος
ILIAD III.

The single combat of Alexander and Menelaus.

When all were marshalled, with their leaders each,
Clamorous and loud the Trojans moved, as birds,
Ev'n as the cranes with clamour fill the sky
Who, flying winter and the furious storm,
Toward ocean's stream now wing their noisy way
To foes Pygmaean bearing death and doom,
And with the morning mist begin the strife.
But silent marched the Achaians, breathing might,
Inly resolved his fellow each to aid.

As o'er the mountain-tops when south winds blow
A mist is spread—the shepherd loves it not,
Tho' robbers deem it better than the night—
When but a stone-throw bounds the shortened ken;
So rose beneath their feet the eddying dust,
As on they marched; and swift they crossed the plain.

But when the opposing armies now drew near,
The godlike Alexander in the van
Of Trojans flaunted him. A panther's skin
His shoulders bore, wherefrom his curvèd bow
And sword were slung, while in his hands two spears
He brandished armed with brass, and challenged forth
The bravest champions of the Argive host
To meet him, might to might, in combat dire.
Him Menelaus, loved of Ares, saw,
ἔρχόμενον προπάροιθεν ὁμίλον, μακρὰ βιβάντα, ὡς τε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας, εὐρῶν ἡ ἐλαφον κεραίν ἡ ἁγριον αἴγα, πεινῶν' μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει, εἰ περ ἂν αὐτὸν σεύωνται ταχέες τε κύνες θαλεροὶ τ' ἀίζηοι: ὡς ἐχάρη Μενέλαος Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα ὀφθαλμοίσι ἰδόν' φάτο γὰρ τίσασθαί ἀλείτην. αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων ξύν τεύχεσιν ἀλτὸ χαμάζε. τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνώσεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής ἐν προμάχουσι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φιλὸν ἦτορ. ἂψ δ' ἔταρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κηρ' ἀλεείνων. ὡς δ' ὅτε τὸς τε δράκοντα ἰδὼν παλίνορος ἀπέστη οὐρεος ἐν βήσης, ὑπὸ τὸ τρόμος ἐλλαβε γυία, ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησεν ὁχρός τέ μιν εἴλε παρεῖας, ὡς αὐτὸς καθ' ὀμίλου ἐδυ Τρώων ἄγερώχων δείσαι Ἀτρέος νῦν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής. τὸν δ' Ἐκτωρ νείκεσσε ἰδῶν αἰσχροίσι ἐπεσειν. "Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἀριστε, γυναιμανεσ, ἕπεροπευτά, εἴθ' ὀφελες ἁγονός τ' ἐμεναι ἀγαμός τ' ἀπολέσθαι. καὶ κε τὸ βουλοίμην, καὶ κεν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦν ἣ ὃτω λόβην τ' ἐμεναι καὶ ὕπόψιον ἄλλων. ἢ που καγχαλόσωι κάρη κομώντες Ἀχαιοί φάντεσ ἀριστή πρόμον ἐμμεναι, οὐνεκα καλὸν εἶδος ἐπ' ἄλλ' οὐκ ἔστι βῆν φρεσίν, οὐδὲ τις ἄλκη. ἢ τοιόσδε ἔων ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν πόντον ἐπιπλώσασ, ἐτάρους ἐρήμας ἀγεῖρας, μιχθεῖς ἀλλοδαποῖσι γυναῖκ' εὔειδε ἀνήγες ἐξ Ἀπίης γαίης, νυον ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων, πατρί τε σῷ μέγα πήμα πόλη τε παντὶ τε δήμῳ, δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείν δὲ σοι αὐτῷ;
As striding on he came before the throng:
And straight rejoiced, ev'n with a lion's joy
Who finds a goodly prey—some antlered deer
Or wild-goat—in his hunger; for with greed
The carcase he devours, tho' all around
Fleet-footed hounds and lusty hunters press:
So Menelaus joyed soon as he saw
The godlike Alexander, for he thought
The offender now to punish. From his car
Forthwith all armed down leapt he to the ground.

Whom when the godlike Alexander knew
Conspicuous in the van, dismayed at heart
Back slunk he to his comrades, shunning fate.
As one who sees a snake in mountain glen
Shrinks with a start, a tremour thrills his limbs,
Back steps he, paleness o'er his cheeks is spread;
So godlike Alexander, fearing sore
The son of Atreus gat him quickly back,
And hid him in the lordly Trojan throng.
Whom Hector saw, and chid with words of shame:
"Disastrous Paris, fairest form, thou pet
Of love-crazed women, guileful heart! I would
Thou wert unborn or hadst unwedded died!
So would I have it: thou wert better so
Than thus a curse and hateful sight to all.
Loud laugh, I ween, the Achaians flowing-haired;
Who call thee doughtiest champion, ev'n because
Fair shows thy outward form, but now thy heart
Within no stoutness and no valour holds.
What! wert thou such, when in the sea-borne ships
Gathering a trusty crew thou sail'dst the main,
And, mingling with a foreign folk, didst bring
A comely bride from out the Apian land
A wedded daughter to our warrior race,
To be thy father's, city's, people's bane,
Joy to thy foes, but to thyself disgrace?
οὐκ ἂν δὴ μείνειας ἁρνήφιλου Μενέλαον;
γνώῆς χ' οἴον φωτὸς ἔχεις θαληρὴν παράκοιτιν.
"Εκτὸς ἂν τοι χραίσμοι κίθαρις τὰ τε δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης,
ἡ τε κόμη τὸ τε εἴδος, ὅτ' ἐν κοινῆσι μυγεῖς. 55
αὖλα μάλα Τρώιος δειδήμωνς ἢ τε κεν ἡδὴ
λαῖνον ἔσσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἔνεχ' ὅσσα ἔφρασ."
"τὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς:
"'Εκτὸς, ἐπεί με κατ' αἰσθαν ἐνεικήκας οὐδ' ὑπὲρ αἰσχὼν
αἰεὶ σοι κραδή πέλεκυς ὦς ἔστιν ἀτειρῆς,
ὅσ τ' ἐισών διὰ δουρὸς ὑπ' ἀνέρος ὦς μὰ τε τέχνη
νήμιον ἐκτάμυσιν, ὁφέλλει δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐρωῆς.
ὡς σοι οὖν στήθεσσιν ἀτάρβητος νόσος ἔστίν.
μὴ μοι δῶρ' ἐρατὰ πρὸφερε χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης'
οὐ τοι ἀπόβλητ' ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα,
οὔσα κεν αὐτὸ δῶσι, ἐκὼ δ' οὐκ ἂν τοῖς ἔλοιποι.
νῦν αὐτ' εἰ μ' ἐθέλεις πολεμιζόμεν ὑδ' μάχεσθαι,
ἄλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρώας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαίοις,
αὐτὰρ ἐμ' ἐν μέσσῳ καὶ ἁρνήφιλον Μενέλαον
ξυμβάλετ' ἀμφ' Ἕλενη καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι.
"οἱ ὄππότεροι δὲ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,
κτήμαθ' ἐλῶν εὐ πάντα γυναῖκα τε οὐκαδ' ἀγέθων'" 60
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὀρκία πιστὰ ταμόντες
ναίοιτε Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοι δὲ νεέσθων
"Ἀργὸς ἐσ ὑππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναια." 65
ὡς ἐφαθ', "Εκτὸς δ' αὖτε χάρῃ μέγα μύθου ἀκούσας,
καὶ ρ' ἐσ μέσσον ὴν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας,
μέσσον δουρὸς ἐλῶν· τοι δ' ἱδρύνθησαν ἄπαντες.
τῷ δ' ἐπετεξάζοντο κάρῃ κομώντες Ἀχαιοί,
Canst thou not bide when Menelaus comes
Beloved of Ares? so thou mightest learn
What man is he whose blooming wife thou hast.
Thy harp will nought avail thee, nor the gifts
Of Aphrodité, nor thy flowing locks
And comely form, when low in dust thou liest.
Right timorous are the Trojans: surely else
A shirt of stones thou long ago hadst donned
As fitting wage of all thy evil work."

But godlike Alexander made reply:
"Hector, no more! I own thy chiding just,
Nor undeserved. Thy heart is ever thus,
Unyielding, as an axe, that through the wood
By shipwright, who full deftly cleaves a spar,
Is driven, and forceful aids the manly stroke;
So in thy breast the spirit unaffrayed.
Yet prithee flout not thus the lovely gifts
Of golden Aphrodité; for of gods
The glorious gifts may not be lightly scorned:
They freely give, none at his will can take.
But now, if thou wilt have me war and fight,
Bid Trojans and Achaians all be set,
And match ye me with Menelaus' self,
Beloved of Ares, here between the hosts
To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.
Whoe'er be victor and the stronger prove,
Take he both wealth and wife and bear them home:
But ye the rest a trusty friendship swear
And dwell in deep-soiled Troy, while they our foes
Return to Argos, and her horse-cropt plain,
And to Achaia, mother of fair dames."

He spake. Right glad was Hector at the word.
Forth to the midst he strode, grasping his spear
Midway, and back he waved the Trojan squares,
Who halted all and sate. Then at their foe
The flowing-haired Achaians bent their bows
ιοίσων τε τιτυσκόμενοι λάεσσι τ' ἔβαλλον. 80

αὐτάρ ὃ μακρὸν ἀυστε ἀναξ ἀνδρόν Ἄγαμέμνων
"Ἰσχεσθ' Ἀργείου· μὴ βᾶλλετε, καθορὶ Ἀχαιῶν
στεταῖ γάρ τι ἐπος ἐρέειν κορυθαίλος "Εκτορ." 85

ὁς ἐφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἐσχούτο τὰχτι ἀνεώ τε γένουτο
ἐσσυμένως. "Εκτορ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέρους ἐστεπν.
"κέκλυτε μεν, Τρῶες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδρου, τοῦ εὕνεκα νείκος ὄρωρεν.
ἀλλος μὲν κέλεται Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιῶν
tεύχεα καλ' ἀποθέσθαι ἐπὶ χθονί πουλυβοτείρῃ,
αὐτὸν δ' ἐν μέσσῳ καὶ ἀρηφίλοι Μενέλαον 90
οἶους ἀμφ' Ἐλενή καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι.
ὄππότερος δὲ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,
κτήμαθ' ἐλὼν εὖ πάντα γυναϊκά τε οἶκαδ' ἀγέσθω
io δ' ἄλλοις πιλότητα καὶ ὀρκία πιστὰ τάμωμεν."

ὁς ἐφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένουτο συοπῆ. 95
τοῦτο δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"κέκλυτε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖοι· μάλιστα γὰρ ἀλγος ἰκάνει
θυμόν ἐμὸν· φρονέω δὲ διακρινθήμεναι ἤδη
Ἀργείους καὶ Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέποσθε
eἰνεκ' ἐμῆς ἔριδος καὶ Ἄλεξανδρον ἐνεκ' ἀρχῆς. 100
ἡμέων δ' ὀπποτέρον θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται,
tεθναίη· ἄλλου δὲ διακρινθέτε τάχιστα.
οἴσετε δ' ἄρν', ἐτερον λευκὸν ἐτέρην δὲ μέλαιναν,
γῇ τε καὶ ἡλιῷ· Δί οὖ ἡμεῖς οὐσομεν ἄλλον.
ἀξετε δὲ Πριάμου βίην, όφρ' ὀρκία τάμυρη
aὐτός, ἐπει οἱ παίδες ὑπερφίαλοι καὶ ἀπιστοι,
μὴ τις ὑπερβασίῃ Δίος ὀρκία δηλήσηται·
αἰεί δ' ὀππότερον ἀνδρῶν φρένες ἡρέθονται
οἷς δ' ὁ γέρον μετέχσιν, ἀμα πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσω
λεύσσει, ὀπως ὁχ' ἀριστα μετ' ἀμφοτέρους γένηται."
With arrows aimed, and poised the missile stones,
But loud cried Agamemnon king of men:
"Hold, Argives, shoot not yet, Achaia's sons!
For plumèd Hector stands in act to speak."

He spake: they held their hands, and quickly hushed
Were still: then Hector thus to either host:
"Hear, Trojans, and well-greaved Achaians, hear
The word of Alexander, for whose sake
The quarrel hath arisen. He bids you all,
Both Trojans and Achaians, lay aside
Upon the fruitful ground your goodly arms,
While in the midst in single combat he
And Menelaus loved of Ares meet
For Helen and for all her wealth to fight.
Whoe'er be victor and the stronger prove,
Take he both wealth and wife and bear them home;
While we the rest a trusty friendship swear."

He spake: but they were hushed and silent all.
To whom then Menelaus good in fray:
"Now hear ye me in turn: for 'tis my heart
The wrong most touches. This, I trow, at once
Shall part the Argive and the Trojan hosts:
Since for my quarrel and the first-wrought sin
Of Alexander ye have suffered sore.
And now of us whiche'er be doomed to die
Let death be his, but let the rest at once
Be parted. Wherefore bring ye here two lambs,
One white, one black, for earth and for the Sun,
And we for Zeus a third. And hither lead
Great Priam, that himself may swear the oaths.
(Since headstrong and unfaithful are his sons),
Lest some may mar our treaty sworn by Zeus;
For younger men have ever wavering minds,
But when the grey-beard in a covenant shares,
Before him and behind alike he looks,
That what is best for both may still be done."
δύς ἐφαθ', οἵ δ' ἐχάρησαι Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρώϊς τε, ἐλπίμενοι παύσεσθαι οἶξυροῦ πολέμιοι.
καὶ ὁ ὑπότης μὲν ἐρυξαν ἐπὶ στίχας, ἐκ δ' ἐβαν αὐτοὶ τεῦχει τ' ἐξεδύντο. τὰ μὲν κατέθεντ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ πλησίον ἄλληλων, ὁλίγη δ' ἦν ἄμφὶς ἁρουρα'· "Εκτῷ ὁ δ' προτῆ ἀστυ δύο κήρυκας ἐπεμπεῖν καρπαλίμως ἄρνας τε φέρειν Πρίαμον τε καλέσσαι. αὐτάρ ὁ Ταλθύβιον προῆ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνον νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυρᾶς ἵναι, ἡδ' ἄρνα κέλευεν ὀἰσέμεναι' ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησο' Ἀγαμέμνον διώ. Ἡ Ἱρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένῃ λευκωλένῳ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν, εἰδομένη γαλόφῳ, Ἀντηνορίδαο δάμαρτι, τὴν Ἀντηνορίδης εἶχεν κρείων Ἑλικάων, Λαοδίκην Πριάμῳ θυγατρῶν εἴδος ἀρίστην. τὴν δ' εὐρ' ἐν μεγάρῳ δ' ἤδ' μέγαν ἵστον ὑφαίνει, διπλακα πορφυρέν, πολέας δ' ἐνέπασσεν αέθλους Τρώων θ' ἐπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαίων χαλκοχιτῶνων, οὔς ἔθεν εἶνεκ' ἐπασχοῦν ὅπ' Ἀρηος παλαμάων.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὡκέα Ἡ Ἱρις· "δεῦρ' ἵθι, νύμφα φίλη, ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα ἱδηι 
Τρώων θ' ἐπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαίων χαλκοχιτῶνων. οἳ πρῖν ἐπ' ἀλλῆλοισι φέρον πολύδακρον Ἀρηα ἐν πεδίῳ, ὅλοοιο λιλαιόμενοι πολέμοιο, οἳ δ' νῦν ἔσται σιγῆ—πόλεμος δὲ πέπαυται—ἀσπῖσι κεκλιμένοι, παρὰ δ' ἐγχεα μακρὰ πέπηγεν. αὐτάρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος μακρῆς ἐγχείησι μαχήσονται περὶ σεῖο· τῷ δὲ κε νικήσαντι φίλη κεκλήσῃ ἀκοιτις." ὡς εἰποῦσα θεὰ γλυκὸν ἦμερον ἐμβαλε θυμὸν ἀνδρός τε προτέρου καὶ ἄστεος ὡδ' τοκῆων. αὐτήκα δ' ἀργεννήσι καλυψαμένη ὀθόνησιν
He spake: Achaians all and Trojans joyed,
Hoping to rest them from the woful war.
Back to the lines their chariots then they drew,
And from them lighted down, and doffed their arms,
And laid them on the ground; full near they were,
Host facing host, and short the space between.
Then Hector to the city with all haste
Two heralds sent, to bring the victim lambs
And summon Priam; while Talthybius
By sovereign Agamemnon was despatched
To seek the hollow ships and bring their lamb,
Nor disobeyed his godlike lord's command.

Iris the while to white-armed Helen came
A messenger, in outer semblance like
Laodicé a sister of her lord,
Fairest of Priam's daughters, whom to wife
Prince Helicaon had, Antenor's son.
Helen within her bower she found: a web
On ample loom she wove, a double cloak
Bright-hued she broidered o'er with many a bout
Of Troy's steed-tamers and their mail-clad foes,
Borne for her sake beneath the War-god's hand.
And standing near her thus fleet Iris spake:
"Hither, dear sister, hither come, to see
Of Troy's steed-tamers and their mail-clad foes
The wondrous deeds. Who on the plain of late
Each 'gainst the other threatened tearful war
With eager craving for the murderous fray,
Now silent sit, the din of battle hushed,
On shields reclined, with tall spears planted nigh.
But Menelaus soon, whom Ares loves,
And Alexander with long lance will fight
For thee, and thou shalt be the victor's bride."

So spake the goddess, and within her heart
Stirred a sweet longing for her former lord,
Her city and her parents. Straight she took
όρματ’ ἐκ θαλάμου, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα, οὐκ οἶς ἀμα τῇ γε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι δῦ’ ἐποντο, Ἀἰθρὴ Πυθήρος θυγάτηρ Κλυμένῃ τε βοῶτις. αἴθα δ’ ἐπειθ’ ἱκανὸν ὁθὶ ᾿Σκαιαὶ πύλαι ἦσαν. 

οὐ δ’ ἀμφὶ Πρίαμον καὶ Πάνθουν ὣδε Θυμοίτην 

Δάμπου τ’ Ἱκετάονα τ’ ὡξον Ἀρησ, 

Οὐκαλέγων τε καὶ Ἀντίνωρ, πεπνυμένω ἀμφο, 

εἴσαλ νημογέροντες ἐπὶ ᾿Σκαϊῆσι πύλησιν, 

γῆρᾳ δ’ πολέμου πεπαυμένοι, ἀλλ’ ἀγορηταὶ 

ἐσθλοὶ, τεττήγεσι ἔουκότες, οὐ τε καθ’ ἔλην 

δεινῷ εἶπεομενοὶ ὅπα λειφόσασαν ἰείσιν’ 

τοῦτο ἄρα Τρόων ἵγητορες ἦν’ ἐπὶ πύργῳ. 

οὐ δ’ ὡς οὖν εἴδονθ’ ᾿Ελένῃ ἐπὶ πύργων ἴούσαν, ἦκα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐπεα πτερόεντ’ ἀγορευον. 

“οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ ἐυκνήμιδας Ῥαχαίοις 

τοῦτ’ ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὼν χρόνων ἀλγεα πᾶσχεν 

αἰῶν ἀθανάτησι θεαῖς εἰς οὐπα ἐουκεν. 

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς, τοίῃ περ ἐοῦ’, ἐν νηυσὶ νεάσθω, 

μηδ’ ἦμιν τεκέσσι τ’ ὀπίσσω πῆμα λίποτο.” 

ως ἄρ’ ἔφαυν, Πρίαμος δ’ ᾿Ελένῃ ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ. 

“δεῦρο πάροιθ’ ἐλθοῦσα, φίλον τέκος, ἦξεν ἐμεῖο, 

ὀφρα ἵ ὕπρότερον τε πόσιν πηνὸς τε φίλους τε 

οὐ τὶ μοι αἰτή ἐσσι’ θεοί νῦ μοι αἰτιοί εἰσιν, 

οἵ δεδρόμεσαν πολέμου πολύδακριν Ῥαχαίῳ. 

ός μοι κάλ τόνδ’ ἄνδρα πελώριον ἔξονομῆνης, 

ός τις οὐδ’ ἐστὶν Ῥαχαίος ἀνὴρ ἦς τε μέγας τε. 

ἡ τοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μείζονες ἀλλοι ἐασιν, 

καλὸν δ’ οὔτω ἐγὼν οὐ πω ὑδον ὀφθαλμοῖς, 

οὐδ’ οὔτω γεραρόν βασιλῆι γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἐουκεν.” 

τὸν δ’ ᾿Ελένῃ μῦθοισιν ἀμεῖβετο, δίὰ γυναικῶν. 

“ἄιδοῖς τε μοι ἐσσι, φίλε ἐκυρέ, δεινός τε’
A shining veil and shrouded her therewith,
Then from the chamber sped, and aye she let
The pearly tear down fall: nor went alone;
Two handmaids followed; Aethra, daughter she
Of Pittheus, and the large-eyed Clymené.
And quickly to the Scaean gates they came.
There Priam, Lampus, Clytius, Panthoüs,
Thymoetes, Hicetaon (scion brave
Of Ares), there Antenor, and with him
Ucalegon, sage pair, sate in the gate;
A reverend senate, now from war released
By length of days, yet still in council good,
Clear-voiced as crickets, who throughout the copse
Perched on the trees their ringing treble ply.
Such were Troy’s leaders sitting on the tower.
And these, when Helen coming they espied,
Low to each other spake in wingèd words:
“That Trojans and well-greaved Achaians all
For such a woman long should suffer toils,
It is no blame. Full wondrously in face
To some immortal goddess she is like.
Yet let her even thus, tho’ fair she be,
Take ship and go, nor here abide, to us
And to our children after us a bane.”

So spake they all. But Priam called aloud:
“Helen, dear child, come hither, sit by me,
To see thy former husband, husband’s kin,
And friends. I blame not thee, the gods I blame,
Who urged on me the Achaians’ tearful war.
Come, name me now, I pray, yon stalwart man,
Whoe’er he be,. Achaian brave and tall.
His height indeed some other heads o’ertop;
But wight so goodly saw I never yet
Or stately, for his mien bespeaks him king.”

To whom made answer Helen, godlike dame:
“Honour for thee, dear father of my lord,
ός ὄφελεν θάνατός μοι ἀδειν κακός, ὀππότε δεύτερο
νιέτι σῷ ἐπόμην, θάλαμον γνώτοις τε λιποῦσα
παίδα τε τηλυγέτην καὶ ὀμηλικήν ἐρατεινήν.
ἀλλὰ τὰ γ' οὐκ ἐγένοντο· τὸ καὶ κλαίουσα τέτηκα.
tούτο δὲ τοι ἐρέω ὦ μ' ἀνείρεαι ἤδε μεταλλᾶς.
οὕτος γ' Ἄτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἁγαμέμνων,
ἀμφότερον, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.
δαὴρ ἀυτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπτιδος, εἰ ποτ' ἔηυ γε." 180

ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' ὦ γέρων ἡγάσσατο, φῶνησέν τε
"ἀ μάκαρ Ἄτρείδη, μοιρηγενές, ἀλβιόδαιμον,
ἡ ρά νῦ τοι πολλοὶ δεδμήτῳ κούροι Ἀχαιῶν.
Ὕδη καὶ Φρυγίην εἰσῆλθον ἀμπελόεσσαν,
ἐνθα ίδον πλείστους Φρύγας ἀνέρας αἰολοπόλους,
λαους Ὄστρηος καὶ Μύγδονος ἀντιθέοι,
ο' ρά τότε στρατόωντο παρ' ὄχθασ Σαγγαρίου.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐών μετὰ τοίσιν ἐλέξθην
ἡματι τῷ ὦτε τ' ἤλθον 'Ἀμαξόνες ἀντίανειραί
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὦ τόσοι ἰδαν ὄσοι ἐλίκωτες Ἀχαιῶι."

δεύτερον ἀυτ' Ὄδυσσα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν' ὦ γεραιός.
"εἴπ' ἄγε μοι καὶ τόνδε, φίλον τέκος, ὅσ τις ἀδ' ἐστίν,
μείων μὲν κεφαλῆ Ἁγαμέμνονος Ἄτρείδαο,
eυρύτερος δ' ὦμοις ἤδε στέρνουσι ἴδεσθαι.
teύχεα μὲν οἱ κεῖται εἴπ' χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
αὐτὸς δὲ κτίλος ὦς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν.
ἀρνεῶ μιν ἔγω γε εἶσκο πηγεσιμάλλῳ,
ὁς τ' ὦτων μέγα πῶν διέρχεται ἀργευνάων."

τὸν δ' ἡμείζετ' ἐπειθ' Ἐλένη Δίδος ἐκγεγανία;
"οὕτος δ' αὖ Δαερτίάδης πολύμητις Ὄδυσσεὺς,
ὁς τράφη ἐν δήμῳ Ἰθάκης κραναῆς περ ἑούσης,
And reverent awe I feel. O that I then
Had welcomed evil death, when with thy son
Hither I came, my marriage-chamber left
And kin, and darling daughter, and fair troop
Of loved companions. But it was not so;
And therefore weeping do I melt in tears.
But what thou ask'st and seekest I will tell.
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Is yonder wight; at once a noble king
And warrior stout: and husband's brother once
(If so indeed he was) to shameless me."

Thus she. The grey-beard gazed in awe, then spake:
"O blessèd son of Atreus, happy born,
Favoured of fortune! Little did I wot
Achaia's sons so many owned thy sway.
Long since I went to Phrygia, land of vines,
And saw a numerous host, swift horsemen all,
By Otreus and by godlike Mygdon led,
Phrygians, who mustered on Sangarius' bank.
For I was counted with them as ally,
What time the Amazons, those peers of men,
To battle came. Yet were not even they
In number as Achaia's bright-eyed sons."

Odysseus next the old man saw, and asked:
"Come, say again, dear child, whom see I here?
Shorter than Agamemnon Atreus' son
He stands: but in the shoulders and the chest
Broader he shows. Upon the fruitful earth
His arms are laid: himself, as moves a ram,
Is pacing stately through the ranks of men.
Yea, to a thick-fleeced ram I liken him
Moving amid the flock of white-woolled sheep."

To whom made answer Helen, born of Zeus:
"Laertes' son is this, Odysseus hight,
The many-counsellèd man, whom Ithaca,
Though rugged land it be, claims for her son.
εἶδος παντοίους τε δόλους καὶ μῆδα πυκνά." 

τὴν δ᾽ αὐτ᾽ Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἡδα.

“ὁ γύναι, ἥ μάλα τοῦτο ἐπος νημερτὲς ἐειτες.

ἡδή γὰρ καὶ δεῦρο ποτ᾽ ἠλπιε δῖος Ὄδυσσεος,

σεὺ ἐνεκ’ ἀγγελίης σὺν ἀρηφίλωι Μενελάῳ.

tous δ᾽ ἐγὼ ἐξείνισσα καὶ ἐν μεγάροις φίλησα,

ἀμφιτέρων δὲ φυὴν ἑδάν καὶ μῆδα πυκνά.

ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ Τράωσιν ἐν ἁγρομένοις ἐμιχθεῖν,

στάντων μὲν Μενέλαος ὑπείρεχεν εὐρέας ὄμους,

ἀμφώ δ᾽ ἐξομένῳ γεραρώτερος ἦν Ὅδυσσεος.

ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ μῶθουσ καὶ μῆδα πᾶσιν ὑφαίνον,

ἡ τοι μὲν Μενέλαος ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευεν,

παῦρα μὲν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λυγέως, ἐπεὶ οὐ πολύμυθος

οὐδ᾽ ἀφαμαρτοστῆς, εἰ καὶ γένει ὑστερος ἦν.

ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πολύμητις ἀναίθεευν Ὅδυσσεος.

στάσκειν, ὑπαλ δὲ ἰδεσκε κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πῆξας,

σκῆπτρον δ᾽ οὗτ ὄπλοσ οὔτε προπρηνές ἐνώμα,

ἀλλ᾽ ἀστεμφὲς ἔχεσκεν, αἴδρει φωτὶ ἐοικὸς.

φαίης κε ξάκοτον τε τιν᾽ ἐμμεναι ἄφρονα τ᾽ αὐτῶς.

ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ ὅπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος ἦν,

καὶ ἔπεα νυφάδεσσι ἐουκότα χεμερήσιν,

οὐκ ἀν ἔπειτ᾽ Ὅδυσση ἦ ἐρίσσειν βροτὸς ἄλλος.

οὐ τὸτε γὰ ώδ᾽ Ὅδυσσῆος ἀγασσάμεθ᾽ εἶδος ἰδόντες.”

τὸ τρίτον αὐτ᾽ Ἀλκατα ὅδον ἐρέειν ὁ γεραῖος.

“τίς τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὅδ᾽ ἄλλος Ἀχαιός ἀνὴρ ἡμς τε μέγας τε,

ἕξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλῆν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὄμους;”

τὸν δ᾽ Ἑλένῃ ταύπεπλος ἀμέλβετο, δίᾳ γυναικῶν.”

“οὕτοι δ᾽ Ἀλάς ἐστὶ πελάριοι, ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἰδομενεὺς δ᾽ ἐπέτρωθεν ἐνὶ Κρήτησι θεὸς ὡς ἔστηκ’, ἠμφὶ δὲ μιν Κρητῶν ἀγοὶ ἗γερέθονται.

πολλάκι μιν ἐξείνισσαν ἀρηφίλοις Μενέλαος.
Each crafty wile and counsel shrewd he knows."

To her in turn the sage Antenor spake:
"Fair dame, this word of thine I warrant true.
For hither erst godlike Odysseus came,
Bearing a message to demand thee back,
With Menelaus, him of Ares loved.
I welcomed them as host within my halls,
And knew of both the form and counsels shrewd.
And when they mingled with the Trojan throng,
As there they stood, higher the shoulders broad
Of Menelaus rose: but when they sate,
Odysseus was the statelier of the twain.
Then when they spake and wove before us all
Their web of counsels, Menelaus spake
Right on with running flow, as brief in speech
But clear in tone; not many words had he,
Nor random missed the mark, tho' younger born.
But when in turn the many-counselled man
Odysseus rose, he stood with look cast down
And eyes fixed on the ground: his royal staff
Nor back he swayed nor forwards, but unmoved
Held firm; in semblance as some simple wight,
Whom surly one might deem or witless fool.
But when the full voice from his chest forth poured,
And words fast falling as the winter snow,
No mortal with Odysseus then might vie:
It was not then his form our wonder claimed."

Then saw he Ajax, and a third time asked:
"And who is this again, Achaian wight
Both brave and tall, who 'bove the Argive throng
Towers eminent by head and shoulders broad?"

And answered long-robed Helen, godlike dame,
"Huge Ajax this, Achaia's bulwark strong:
And yonder, as a god, Idomeneus
Among his Cretans stands; around him crowd
His chiefs. To him full often in our home
οίκῳ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ, ὅπως Κρήτηθεν ὅκοτο. νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὁρῶ ἑλίκωτας Ἀχαίοις, οὕς κεν ἐὰν γνωθί καὶ τῷ οἴνῳμα μυθησαίμην·
δοιοὶ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἱδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,
Κάστορά θ' ἵπποδάμοι καὶ πῦξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,
αὐτοκασωνήτω, τῷ μοι μῖα γείνατο μήτηρ.
ἡ σύχ ἐσπεσθην Δακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἑρατευνής,
ἡ δεῦρο μὲν ἔποντο νέεσσ' ἐνι ποιυτόροισιν,
νῦν αὐτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
αισχεα δειδιότες καὶ οὐνείδεα πόλλ' ἂ μοι ἐστιν."
ὡς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἡδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Δακεδαίμονι αὐθι, φίλη ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.
κήρυκες δ' ἀνὰ ἅστυ θεών φέρον ὀρκία πιστά,
ἀρνε δῶ καὶ οὐνοῦ ἑύφρονα, καρπὸν ἀροῦρης,
ἀσκῷ ἐν αἰγείῳ. φέρε δὲ κρητήρα φαιων
κήρυξ Ἦδαιος ἢδὲ χρύσεια κύπελλα,
ὥτρυνεν δὲ γέροντα παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν.
"ὄρσεο Δαμεδοντιάδη. καλέουσιν ἄριστοι
Τρῶων θ' ἵπποδάμοι καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων
ἐς πεδίον καταβῆναι, ᾗ ὀρκία πιστὰ τάμητε.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἄρηφιλος Μενέλαος
μακρῆς ἐγχείησι μαχησοντ' ἀμφι γυναικι·
τῷ δὲ κε νικήσατι γυνή καὶ κτήμαθ' ἔποιο.
oi δ' ἄλλου φιλότητα καὶ ὀρκία πιστὰ ταμόντες
ναώμεν Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, τοῦ δὲ νέονται
"Ἀργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιῶν καλλιγύναικα."
Was Menelaus, loved of Ares, host,
Whene'er from Crete he came. And now I see
The others all, Achaia's bright-eyed sons,
Whom I could well discern, and tell each name.
But two I see not, marshals of the host,
Steed-taming Castor, and, with clenched hand
Brave champion, Polydeuces. These to me
Own brothers were, and of one mother born.
Or came they not from Lacedaemon fair,
Or hither came indeed in sea-borne ships,
But will not enter now the fight of men,
Fearing my shame and deep reproach to hear?"

Thus Helen spake. But they already slept
Fast bound in life-begetting earth, away
In Lacedaemon their dear fatherland.

Meanwhile the heralds through the city bare
The offerings to the gods to seal the oaths,
Two lambs, and wine the gladdener of the heart,
Fruit of the soil, in goatskin bottle slung.
A glittering bowl withal Idaeus bare,
And golden cups: then went he near and stood,
And thus aroused with words the aged king:
"Son of Laomedon arise! The chiefs
Of Troy's steed-tamers and their mail-clad foes
Now summon thee to seek the plain below,
That thou may'st seal by faithful oath a truce.
For Menelaus, he whom Ares loves,
And Alexander shall in single fight
With lances long do battle for the dame:
And wealth and wife shall be the victor's meed.
But, for the rest, a trusty friendship sworn,
In deep-soiled Troy we still shall dwell, and they
Return to Argos and her horse-cropt plain,
And to Achaia land of comely dames."

He spake. The grey-beard shuddered, but his squires
He charged to yoke his steeds; who swift obeyed.
ἀν δ’ ἄρ’ ἔβη Πρίαμος, κατὰ δ’ ἣνια τείνεν ὀπίσω· πάρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον. τῷ δὲ διὰ Σκαῖων πεδίουν ἔχον ὁκέας ἵππους. ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ ἕκοντο μετὰ Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαίων, ἦς ἵππων ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαίων ἐστιχώντο. ἀρνυτο δ’ αὐτίκ’ ἐπείτα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, ἀν δ’ Ὄδυσσεὺς πολύμητις· ἀτὰρ κήρυκες ἀγανοὶ ὀρκια πιστὰ θεῶν ξύναγον, κρητῆρι δὲ ὀινὸν μίσησαν, ἀτὰρ βασιλεῦσιν ὑδρᾳ ἐπὶ χείρας ἐξευαν. 265 Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χείρεσσι πάλαιραν, ἢ οἱ πάρ ἐξίφος μέγα κουλεῦν αἰεὺν ἄωρτο, ἀρνῶν ἐκ κεφαλέων τάμνειν τρίχας· αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα κήρυκες Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαίων νείμαν ἀρίστοις.

τοῖς δ’ Ἀτρείδης μεγάλ’ εὔχετο, χείρας ἀνασχών. 270 "Ζεῦ πάτερ Ἡθθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε, ἡμέίως θ’ ὅς πάντ’ ἐφορᾶς καὶ πάντ’ ἐπακούεις, καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οὐ ὑπένερθε καμόντας ἀνθρώπους τίνυσθον, ὡτις κ’ ἐπίορκον ὀμόσσῃ, ὑμεῖς μάρτυροι ἔστε, φυλάσσετε δ’ ὀρκια πιστά. 275 εἰ μέν κεν Μενέλαον Ἀλέξανδρος καταπέφυ, αὐτὸς ἐπειθ’ Ἔλευνην ἐχέτω καὶ κτήματα πάντα, ὑμεῖς δ’ ἐν νήσοι νεώμεθα ποντοπόροις· εἰ δὲ κ’ Ἀλέξανδρον κτείνῃ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος, Τρώας ἐπειθ’ Ἔλευνην καὶ κτήματα πάντ’ ἀποδοῦναι, 280 τιμὴν δ’ Ἀργείους ἀποτινέμεν ἦν τῷ ἔοικεν, ἦ τε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ’ ἀνθρώποις πέληται.

εἰ δ’ ἀν ἐμοὶ τιμὴν Πρίαμος Πριάμοιο τε παῖδες
Then mounted Priam, and behind him stretched
The reins; Antenor mounted by his side
The beauteous car: and so the twain drove on
Their fleet steeds plainwards thro' the Scaean gates.
But when they came where either host was set,
Leaving their steeds, upon the fruitful earth
They lighted down, and to the midst advanced
Between the Trojan and Achaian lines.
Then straight rose Agamemnon king of men,
Rose too Odysseus, many-counselled sage:
And now the reverend heralds duly brought
The offerings to the gods to seal the oaths,
And in the bowl they mixed the wine, and poured
Water upon the hands of all the kings.
Then with his hand Atrides drew the knife
That aye beside his mighty scabbard hung,
And from the lambs' heads cut the hairs; and these
To Trojan and Achaian chiefs alike
The heralds parted. Then before them all
Loud with uplifted hands Atrides prayed:
"O Father Zeus, who rul'st from Ida's height,
Most glorious, greatest lord; and thou bright Sun,
Thou who beholdest all and hearest all;
Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye twin powers
That vengeance wreak upon the dead below
Of human kind, whoe'er be here forsworn:
Witness ye all, and guard our faithful oaths.
If Alexander Menelaus slay,
Then keep he Helen, keep he all her wealth,
While we upon our sea-borne ships return.
But if it be that Alexander fall
By Menelaus of the yellow hair,
Then Helen and her wealth shall Troy restore,
And pay us such a fine as may be meet,
And be a law to rule an after age.
But if to me Priam and Priam's sons
τίνεν οὖκ ἔθελωσιν Ἀλεξάνδρου πεσόντος,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἐπείτα μαχῆσομαι εἶνεκα ποινῆς
αὕτι μένων, εἰώς κε τέλος πολέμου κιχείω." 290

ἡ, καὶ ἀπὸ στομάχους ἄρνων τάμε νηλεῖ χαλκῷ.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατεθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀσπαίροντας,
θυμοῦ δευνομένους· ἀπὸ γὰρ μένος εἴλετο χαλκός:
οἶνον δ' ἐκ κρητήρος ἀφυσόμενοι δεπάσσοι
ἐκχεον, ἡ δ' εὐχοντο θεοῖς αἰειγενετήσω.
οὗ δέ τις εἴπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε. 295

"Ζεῦ κύδιστε μέγιστε, καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ὅπποτεροι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὀρκία πημήνειαν,
οὔδε σφ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ρέου ὡς ὦδε οἶνος,
αὐτῶν καὶ τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ' ἄλλοισι δαμείεν." 300

ὡς ἔφαι, οὐδ' ἄρα πώ σφιν ἐπεκραλαίνε Κρονίων.
τοῖσι δὲ Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἐευπέν.
"κέκλυτε μεν, Τρώες καὶ ἔυκνῆμίδες Ἀχαιοί.
ἡ τοι ἐγών εἴμι προτῷ "Ἰλιον ἰνεμόεσσαν
ἄψ, ἔτει οὐ πο τλῆσομ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀράθαι
μαρνάμενον φίλον υἱὸν ἀρηφιλῷ Μενελάφ. 305
Ζεὺς μὴν που τό γε οὔδε καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ὅπποτέρῳ θανάτου τέλος πεπρωμένον ἐστὶν."

ἡ Σά, καὶ ἐς δίφρον ἄρνας θέτο ἵσοθεος φῶς,
ἀν δ' ἄρ' ἕβαι' αὐτός, κατὰ δ' ἥνια τεῖνεν ὁπίσω.
πάρ δέ οἱ 'Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.
τῷ μὲν άρ' ἄφοροι προτῷ "Ἰλιον ἀποιέοντο'
"Εκτωρ δὲ Πριάμοιο παῖς καὶ δίος Ὀδυσσεύς
χώρον μὲν πρῶτον διεμέτρεον, αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα
κλήρους εν κυνῇ χαλκῆρεί πάλλου ἐλόντες,
ὅπποτερος δὴ πρόσθεν ἀφείη χάλκεον ἐγχος.
λαοὶ δ' ἢρήσαντο, θεοὶ δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχοιν;
οὔδε δὲ τις εἴπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε.
Such fine deny, should Alexander fall,
Then will I still fight on for recompense,
Abiding here till war's full end be won."

He spake, and with unpitying blade he cut
Right through the victims' throats, and laid the lambs
Yet gasping on the ground, bereft of life,
Whose strength the blade had quelled. Then from the bowl
Drew they the wine, and from the cups forth poured:
And to the everliving gods they prayed,
While thus each Trojan and Achaian spake:
"Most glorious greatest Zeus, and ye the rest
Immortal gods! grant, of the peoples twain
Whiche'er shall first break oath and dare the wrong,
That on the ground their brains may, as this wine,
Bespattered flow, theirs and their babes' withal;
And be their wives to other, lords enslaved."

They prayed, but Zeus not yet their prayer confirmed.
To whom spake Priam son of Dardanus:
"Hear Trojans and well-greaved Achaians hear!
I verily to Ilion's wind-swept towers
Will get me back: my eyes may not endure
To see my own dear son a combat wage
With Menelaus, him whom Ares loves.
Zeus and the gods immortal know, I ween,
Whom of the twain the doom of death awaits."

The godlike hero spake, and in the car
The lambs he laid, then gat him up, and stretched
The reins behind: Antenor by his side
Mounted the beauteous car, and so the twain
Backward in haste to Ilion took their way.
But Hector Priam's son, and with him joined
Godlike Odysseus, first marked out the ground,
Then took the lots, and in the brazen helm
Shook, to decide who first should hurl the spear:
While with uplifted hands the armies prayed,
And thus each Trojan and Achaian spake:
"Ζεῦ πάτερ Ἰδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε, ὁππότερος τάδε ἔργα μετ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν, τὸν δὸς ἀποφθίμενον δύναι δόμον Ἀίδος εἰσω, ἡμῖν δ’ αὐ φιλότητα καὶ ὀρκία πιστὰ γενέσθαι." 320

ὡς ἀρ’ ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ ἀψ ὀρών. Πάριος δὲ θοῶς ἐκ κλήρος ὁρουσεν. 325
οἱ μὲν ἐπεθ’ ἱζοντο κατὰ στίχας, ἥξι ἐκάστου ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες καὶ ποικίλα τεῦχε’ ἐκεῖτο’ αὐτὰρ ὦ γ’ ἀμφ’ ὁμοισιν ἐδύσετο τεῦχεα καλά δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἴνκομοιο.
κυνηγίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κυνήσαν ἐθηκεν καλάς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας’ δεύτερον αὐθ’ ὁρηκα περὶ στήθεσιν ἐδύνεν οἰο κασινυτίῳ Ἀυκάνως, ἥμοσε δ’ αὐτῷ. ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ ὁμοιοι βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρότολον χάλκεου, αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα σάκοις μέγα τε στιβαρὸν τε. 330
κρατὶ δ’ ἐπ’ ἱφθίμῳ κυνέην ἐντυκτον ἔθηκεν ἵπποιροι’ δεισὼν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἐνευεν. εἴλετο δ’ ἀλκίμουν ἐγχος, ὦ οἱ παλάμηφιν ἄρηρει. ὡς δ’ αὐτῶς Μενέλαος ἀρήιος ἐντε’ ἐδύνεν.
οἱ δ’ ἐπεὶ οὐν ἐκάτερθεν ὁμίλου θωρήχθησαν, 340
ἐς μέσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχώσωντο δεισὼν δερκόμενοι’ θάμβος δ’ ἔχεν εἰσορώντας Τρώας θ’ ἵπποδάμους καὶ ἐυκυνημίδας Ἀχαιῶν. καὶ ἐ’ ἐγχύς στήνην διαμετρητῷ ἐνὶ χώρῳ σειόντ’ ἐγχείας, ἀλλήλοισιν κοτέοντε.
πρόσθε δ’ Ἀλέξανδρος προη δολιχόσκιοιν ἐγχος, καὶ βάλεν Ἀτρείδαο κατ’ ἀστίδα πάντος’ ἐισθ’ οὐδ’ ἔρρηξεν χαλκός, ἀνεγνάμφθη δε οἱ αἰχμὴ ἀσπίδ’ ἐνι κρατερῆ. δ’ δὲ δεύτερος οὐρνυτο χαλκοϛ
“O Father Zeus, whose sway from Ida's height
Is over all, most glorious, greatest king!
Who of the twain hath brought these toils on all,
Grant he be slain and enter Hades' home,
While we in peace a trusty friendship swear.”

So spake they all. Now with averted eyes
The mighty plumèd Hector shook the helm,
And swiftly forth the lot of Paris leapt.
Then sate them down the armies by their ranks,
Each in his place, where his high-prancing steeds
Stood nigh, and where his well-wrought armour lay.
But Alexander, long-haired Helen's lord,
Around his shoulders donned his goodly arms.
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair,
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure;
The corslet next around his breast he drew,
Lycaon's corslet, to his brother lent,
And fitting well: then from his shoulders slung
A silver-studded sword of brazen blade,
And shield both large and stout: his well-wrought helm
Then placed he on his mighty head, with crest
Of horse-hair nodding terribly above:
Then took a tough lance fitted to his hand.
And Menelaus armed him ev'n as he.

But when the twain their harness thus had donned
In either host, forth strode they to the midst
Of Trojans and Achaians. Dread their looks,
And awed were they that saw—the sons of Troy
Steed-tamers, and Achaia's well-greaved men.
And now within the measured lists they stood
Full close, with quivering lances, mutual rage.
Then Alexander his long-shadowed spear
First cast, and struck upon Atrides' shield,
His orbèd shield, nor brake the brazen plates,
But in the stout targe back the point was turned.
Then Menelaus second rose with lance
'Ατρείδης Μενέλαος, ἐπενεξάμενος Δίῳ πατρί

"Ζεῦ ἄνα, δὸς τίσασθαι ὦ με πρότερος κάκ’ ἔοργεν, δίον Ἀλέξανδρον, καὶ ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δάμασσον, ὀφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψυγόνων ἀνθρώπων ξεινοδόκον κακὰ ἰέξαι, ὦ κεν φιλότητα παράσχῃ."

ἡ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλῶν προῆ δολιχόσκιον ἐγχος, καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ’ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ’ εἴσην. διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἥλθε φαεινῆς ὀβριμον ἐγχος, καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἡρήειστο: ἀντικρὺς δὲ παραὶ λαπάρην διάμησε χιτῶνα ἐγχος’ ὦ δὲ κλίνθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κήρα μέλαιναν. Ἄτρείδης δὲ ἑρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρῆλην πληξήν ἀνασχόμενος κόρυθος φάλου ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ τριχθὰ τε καὶ τετράχθα διατρυφῆν ἐκπεσε χειρὸς. Ἄτρείδης δ’ ὄμωξε ἱδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν. "Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ τις σεῖο θεῶν ὀλοκτερος ἄλλος. ἡ τ’ ἐφαμῆν τίσασθαι Ἀλέξανδρον κακότητος: νῦν δὲ μοι ἐν χείρεσι αγη ξίφος, ἐκ δὲ μοι ἐγχος ἧξθη παλάμηφι ετώσιον, οὐδὲ δάμασσα." ἦ, καὶ ἐπαίξας κόρυθος λάβεν ἵπποδασελη, ἔλκε δ’ ἐπιστρέψας μετ’ ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαίοις: ἄγχε δὲ μυν πολύκεστος ἴμας ἀπαλὴν ὑπὸ δειρῆν, ὦς οἱ ὑπ’ ἀνθρεῖνων ὀχεὺς τέτατο τρυφαλείης: καὶ νῦ κε ἐξεσσέν τε καὶ ἀσπετον ἤρατο κύδος, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ ὄξυ νόσησε Δίϊς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτῃ, ἦ οἱ ῥῆξεν ἰμάντα βοὸς ἰφι κταμένοι. κεινὴ δὲ τρυφάλεια ἀμ’ ἐσπετο χειρὶ παχεῖν. τὴν μὲν ἔπειθ’ ἦρως μετ’ ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαίοις ῥῆψ’ ἐπιδινήσας, κόμισαν δ’ ἐρῆπρες ἐταῖροι."
Brass-tipped, and uttered prayer to father Zeus:
"O sovereign Zeus, grant vengeance on the man,
On godlike Alexander, who on me
First wrought the wrong! Quell him beneath my hands.
So may all shudder, ev'n the yet unborn,
Nor guest requite his kindly host with wrong."

He spake, and poising the long-shadowed spear
Cast it, and struck the shield of Priam's son,
His orbèd shield. Through shield refulgent came
The forceful spear, through corslet richly wrought
Pressed firmly, and right onwards by the loins
Tore slashing through the tunic; but aside
The hero bent, and shunned the gloomy death.
Then Atreus' son his silver-studded sword
Drew, lifted high, and smote the helm's front cone.
Snapt there the blade in three or four, and fell
In shivered splinters from the warrior's hand.
Then wailed Atrides as he heavenwards gazed:
"O Father Zeus, no god so harsh as thou!
Surely, I said, for Alexander's wrong
I now shall venge me. But my sword is broke
Here in my hands, and from my grasp the spear
Sped on a bootless quest, nor slew I him."

He spake, and rushing furious seized the helm
Bushy with horse-hair crest, then turning dragged
Towards the well-greaved Achaian host his foe,
Choked by the broidered strap that pressed beneath
His tender neck, the strap that stretching round
Below the chin held firm in place the casque.
And surely he had dragged him off and won
Untold renown, but quick to mark his plight
Was Aphrodité, child of Zeus; who brake
The thong (from hide of ox felled heavily),
And empty in his broad hand came away
The casque. And this toward the Achaian host
The victor whirling flung, and trusty squires

G. H.
αὐτὴ δ' αὐθ 'Ελένην καλέουσι' ἵε. τὴν δὲ κίχανεν πύργῳ ἐφ' ὑψηλῷ, περὶ δὲ Τροιαῖ ἅλις ἦσαν.

χείρι δὲ νεκταρέου ἔανοὺ ἑτίναξε λαμβούσα,
γρη δὲ μν εἰκνία παλαιγενεῖ προσέειπεν,
εἰροκόμῳ, ἦ οἱ Λακεδαίμονι ναιεταούση

ἡσκείν εἰρια καλά, μάλιστα δὲ μν φιλέσκεν.

τῇ μν ἑεισαμένη προσεφώνεε δι' 'Αφροδίτη·

"δεύρ' ἱθ'. 'Αλέξανδρός σε καλεὶ οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι.

κείνος δ. γ' ἐν θαλάμῳ καὶ διωτοῖς λέξεσσιν,
κάλλει τε στίλβων καὶ εἴμασιν οὖδὲ κε φαῖνς
ἀνδρὶ μαχησάμενον τὸν γ' ἐλθέμεν, ἀλλὰ χορόνδε
ἐρχεσθ' ἧ χοροῖο νέουν λήγοντα καθίζειν."

ὡς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στὴθεσσιν ὄρινεν.

καί ρ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεᾶς περικαλλέα δειρὴν
στηθεά θ' ἱμερόεντα καὶ οἵματα μαρμαροῦντα,
θαμβησέν τ' ἅρ' ἐπειτα, ἔπος τ' ἐφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

"δαιμονίη, τί με ταῦτα λιλαλεῖαι ἣπεροπτεύειν;

ἡ τῆ με προτέρῳ πολίων εὔ ναιομενάων

ἀξεῖς ἢ Φρυγίης ἢ Μηνιής ἐφατεινῆς,
εἰ τίς τοι καὶ κείθι φίλος μερόποι ἀνθρώπων;

οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν δίοιν 'Αλέξανδρον Μενέλαος

νικήσας ἐθέλει στυγερὴν ἐμὲ οἶκαδ' ἄγεσθαι,

τούνεκα δὴ νῦν δεύρῳ δολοφρονέουσα παρέστης;

ἡσο παρ' αὐτὸν ιοῦσα, θεών δ' ἀπόειπε κελεύθους,
μηδ' ἐτί σοίσι πόδεσσιν ὑποστρέψειας 'Ολυμπον,

ἀλλ' ἄει περὶ κείνον διέσε καὶ ἐ φύλασσε,
Received. But he again with brazen lance,  
Intent to slay, upon his foeman rushed:  
Whom Aphrodité rescued from his doom,  
Full easily, ev'n as a goddess may;  
And deep in mist enshrouded bare him thence,  
And in his perfumed fragrant chamber laid.  
Then went she to call Helen. Her she found  
Upon a lofty tower with Trojan dames  
Full many around her. With her hand she plucked  
Her perfumed veil and spake, in semblance like  
An aged crone, comber of wool, who wrought  
Fair 'work for Helen in her Spartan home  
And loved her dearly. Like to her in form  
Queen Aphrodité showed, as thus she spake:  
"Away, 'tis Alexander calls thee home.  
There in his chamber by the carven bed  
He waits thee bright in raiment and in limb:  
Nor wouldst thou deem him come from combat dire  
With foeman, but or going to the dance  
Or resting from the dance but newly done."

She spake, and stirred the heart within her breast.  
And when the goddess by her beauteous neck,  
Her lovely breast, and glittering eyes she knew,  
Astonied then she stood, and thus she spake:  
"Dread power! why seek'st thou thus to cozen me?  
Wilt thou yet further to some peopled town  
Of Phrygia lead me or Maeonia fair,  
If haply there among speech-gifted men  
Darling of thine there be? Because but now  
O'er godlike Alexander hath prevailed  
Brave Menelaus, and would homewards lead  
Detested me, dost therefore hither come  
With guileful tale? Go sit thou by him, thou,  
The paths of gods forswearing; nevermore  
Toward Olympus turn thy feet: but still  
Beside him weep and wail, and guard him well,
εἰς ὁ κέν η ἀλοχον ποιησεται ἦ ὦ γε δούλην. κεῖσε δ' ἐγὼν οὐκ εἰμι—νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἶη—κεῖνου πορσυνέουσα λέχος· Τρωαί δέ μ' ὀπίσω πάσαι μομήσονται, ἔχω δ' ἄχε' ἀκρίτα θυμοῦ.'

τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσεφώνει δτ' Ἀφροδίτη

"μὴ μ' ἔρεθε, σχετλίη, μὴ χωσαμένη σε μεθείω, τῶς δὲ σ' ἀπεχθήρῳ ὡς νῦν ἔκπαγαλα φίλησα, μέσσῳ δ' ἀμφοτέρων μητίσομαι ἔχθεα λυγρά, Τρῶων καὶ Δαναῶν, σὺ δὲ κεν κακῶν οἶτων ὅληαι."

ὡς ἔφετ', ἐδείσεν δ' Ἐλένη Δίως ἐγκεγενία, βῆ δὲ κατασχομένη ἔανφ ἄργητι φαινό συγῇ, πάσας δὲ Τρωάς λάθεν' ἦρχε δὲ δαίμον.

αἱ δ' ὅτ' Ἀλεξάνδρου δόμον περικαλλὲ' ἵκοντο, ἀμφίπολοι μὲν ἔπειτα θοῶς ἐπὶ ἔργα τράποντο, ἦ δ' εἰς υψόροφον θάλαμον κίε δία γυναικῶν.

τῇ δ' ἀρα διφρον ἐλούσα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ ἄντί' Ἀλεξάνδρου θεᾶ κατέθηκε φέρουσα· ἐνθα καθις Ἐλένη κούρη Δίως αἰγιόχοιο, ὀσσε πάλιν κλίνασα, πόσιν δ' ἦνιππαπε μῦθῳ.

"ἡλυθες ἐκ πολέμου ως ὠφελες αὐτῶθ' ὀλέσθαι, ἀνδρὶ δαμεὶς κρατερῷ ὦς ἐμὸς πρότερος πόσις ἦν. ἦ μὲν δὴ πρὶν γ' εὕχε' ἀρηφίλου Μενελάου σῇ τε βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ἐγχεὶ φέρτερος εἰναι' ἀλλ' έτη νῦν προκάλεσσαί ἀρηφίλου Μενελάου ἔξαύτις μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον. ἀλλά σ' ἐγὼ γε παυεσθαι κέλομαι, μηδὲ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ ἀντίβιον πόλεμον πολεμιζέμεν ἦδὲ μάχεσθαι ἀφραδεώς, μὴ πως τάχ' ύπ' αὐτὸι δουρί δαμήης.'

τὴν δὲ Πάρις μῦθοισιν ἀμειβόμενοι προσέειπεν 'μὴ με, γυναί, χαλεποῖσιν ὑνείδεσι θυμὸν ἐνιππε. νῦν μὲν γὰρ Μενελαος ἐνίκησεν ξυν Ἀθηνή,
Till for his wife he take thee or his slave. 
But thither go I not—it were foul shame—
To tend his bed; so should I henceforth be 
A mock and curse to all the dames of Troy. 
Ev’n now of countless woes my heart is full.”

Then godlike Aphrodité much in wrath:
“Chafe me not so, rash fool! lest in my rage 
I leave thee to thyself, and hate thee sore 
As once I dearly loved, and so devise 
That thou of either host alike be loathed, 
Trojans and Danaans: sad were then thy doom.”

She spake: then trembled Helen, born of Zeus, 
And went, enshrouded in white glistening veil, 
Silent, unseen of all: the goddess led.

But when to Alexander’s beauteous house 
They came, the handmaids turned them to their work 
In haste; but Helen, godlike dame, went on 
To the highroofed chamber. Aphrodité then, 
The laughter-loving goddess, took for her 
And right against where Alexander stood 
Set down a chair: and there did Helen sit, 
The child of aegis-bearing Zeus, with eyes 
Averted, and her lord thus roundly chid:
“Thou’rt come from war: would thou hadst perished there, 
By doughty champion slain, my former lord! 
Surely thou once didst boast thee better man 
Than Menelaus, he whom Ares loves, 
In might and hands and lance. Go dare him then 
Again in fight to meet thee. Yet would I 
Bid thee be’ still, nor with the yellow-haired 
Close might to might in fray, unwisely bold: 
Lest by his spear thou find a speedy fall.”

To her with ready answer Paris spake: 
“Nay, lady, chide me not with hard reproach. 
Athené helping, Menelaus now 
Hath vanquished me; but I hereafter him:
κεῖνον δ' αὕτης ἐγώ' παρὰ γὰρ θεοὶ εἰσὶ καὶ ἥμιν. Ἀλλ' ἂνγε δὴ φιλότητι τραπελομεν εὐνηθέντε
οὐ γὰρ πῶ ποτὲ μ' ὥδε γ' ἔρος φρένας ἀμφεκάλυπεν, οὐδ' ὅτε σὲ πρῶτον Δακεδαίμονος εξ ἐρατεινῆς
ἐπλεον ἀρπάξας εὖ ποντοπόροισι νέεσσιν,
νῆσῳ δ' ἐν Κρανάχ ἐμήγην φιλότητι καὶ εὐνή,
ὡς σεο νῦν ἔραμαι καὶ με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἰρεῖ." ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἦρχε λέχοσδε κιόν' ἁμα δ' εἶπετ' ἁκοιτις.
τῶ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν τρήτοισι κατεύνασθεν λεχέεσσιν.
'Ατρείδης δ' ἄν' ὤμιλον ἐφοίτα θηρί ἑοικός,
eἰ που ἐσαθρήσειεν 'Αλέξανδρον θεοειδέα.
Ἀλλ' οὐ τις δύνατο Τρώων κλειτῶν τ' ἐπικουρῶν
δείξαι 'Αλέξανδρον τότ' ἀρηφίλῳ Μενελάῳ.
οὐ μὴν γὰρ φιλότητι γ' ἐκεύθανον, εἰ τις ἰδοιτ' ἱσον γὰρ σφιν πάσιν ἀπήχθετο κηρὶ μελαύῃ.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετεέιπτε ἄναξ ἀνδρόν 'Αγαμέμνων' "κέκλυτε μεν, Τρώες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἥδ' ἐπίκουροι,
νίκη μὲν δὴ φαίνετ' ἀρηφίλοι Μενελάου'
ἡμεῖς δ' 'Αργείην 'Ελένην καὶ κτήματ' ἄμ' αὐτῇ ἐκδοτε, καὶ τιμὴν ἀποτινέμευν ἧν τῶν ἔοικεν,
ἡ τε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἄνθρωποισι πέληται." ὃς ἐφατ' 'Ατρείδης, ἐπὶ δ' ὄνεον ἄλλοι 'Ἀχαιοὶ.
For we no less than he have gods to aid.
But turn we now to softer wedded joys.
For never yet did love so fill my heart:
No, not when first from Lacedaemon fair
In sea-borne ships I carried thee away,
Till soon in Cranaë’s isle our loves were joined.
Never, as now, felt I so sweet desire.”

He spake, and toward the bed he led the way;
His consort followed him: and so the twain
Upon the shapely bed together lay.

Meanwhile Atrides, as a savage beast,
Ranged thro’ the throng, if haply he might spy
The godlike Alexander: yet could none,
Nor Trojan nor renowned ally, disclose
To Menelaus then his foeman’s place—
Whom sure, if seen, for love they had not hid,
For all abhorred him like to gloomy death.
Then out spake Agamemnon king of men:
“Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
With Menelaus, loved of Ares, rests
Plain victory. Therefore yield ye up straightway
Both Argive Helen and her wealth withal,
And pay us such full fine as may be meet
And be a law to rule an after age.”

Atrides spake: the Achaians all approved.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Δ.

"Ορκίων σύγχυσις, μάχης ἀρχή.

Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ πάρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἡγορόωντο χρυσὲω ἐν δαπέδῳ, μετὰ δὲ σφισὶ πότνια Ἡβη νέκταρ ἐφυοχόει· τοι δὲ χρυσέοις ἐσπαέσσων δειδέχατ᾽ ἀλλήλους, Τρώων πόλιν εἰσορόωντες. αὐτίκ᾽ ἐπειράτο Κρονίδης ἐρεθίζεμεν Ἡρην κερτομίους ἐπέεσσι, παραβλήθην ἀγορεύων· "δοιαὶ μὲν Μενελάῳ ἀρηγόνες εἰσὶ θεάων, Ἡρὴ τ᾽ Ἀργείη καὶ Ἀλαλκομενηῆς Ἀθηνη. ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι ταῖ τόσοφι καθήμεναι εἰσορώσαι τέρπεσθον· τῷ δ᾽ αὐτὲ πιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη αἰεὶ παρημβλωκε καὶ αὐτοῦ κήρας ἁμύνει, καὶ νῦν ἔξεσάωσεν διόμενον θανέεσθαι. ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι νίκη μὲν ἄρηφίλου Μενελάου ἕμεῖς δὲ φραξώμεθ᾽ ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα, ἦ δ᾽ αὐτίς πόλεμόν τε κακῶν καὶ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν ὅρσομεν, ἦ φιλότητα μετ᾽ ἀμφοτέροισι βάλωμεν. εἴ δ᾽ αὐ πως τόδε πάσι φίλον καὶ ἥδι γένοιτο, ἦ τοι μὲν ὀικέοιτο πόλις Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος, αὐτίς δ᾽ Ἀργεἰη Ἐλένην Μενελᾶος ἁγοιτο." ὡς ἔφαθ᾽, αὐ δ᾽ ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρη. πλησίαι αὐ γ᾽ ἠδην, κακὰ δὲ Τρώουσι μεδέσθην.
ILIAD IV.

The breaking of the covenant and the joining of battle.

Now sate the gods with Zeus assembled all
On golden floor, while queenly Hebé bare
Nectar, their wine; and they in golden cups
Pledged each the other gazing down on Troy.
Then straight the son of Cronos strove to chafe
Heré with cutting words of covert aim:
"Two goddess helpers Menelaus hath,
Heré of Argos and Athené queen
Of Alalcomenae; yet they apart
Sit idle and amuse them looking on,
While laughter-loving Aphrodité walks
Ever beside his foe, and wards his doom,
And now hath saved him when he thought to die.
But victory full surely doth remain
With Menelaus, him whom Ares loves.
Debate we then what way these works shall end.
Rouse we again fell war and baleful strife,
Or knit we friendship now between these foes?
If this be good and pleasing to us all,
Then let king Priam's city stand and thrive,
And Argive Helen to her lord return."

He spake. Whereat low murmured twain who near
Together sate and planned the Trojans' bane,
Ev'n Heré and Athené. Silent sate
τη τοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων ἢν οὐδὲ τι εἶπεν, σκυξομένη Διί πατρί, χόλος δὲ μιν ἄγριος ἥρει:
"Ἡρη δ' οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηύδα: 
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποίον τὸν μύθον έειπες. 
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἄλιον θείναι πόνον ἢδ' ἄτελεστον, ἵδρῳ θ' ὅν ἰδρώσα μόγω, καμέτην δὲ μοι ἤπποι 
λαδν ἄγειρούσῃ, Πριάμῳ κακὰ τοῖο τε παισίν. 
ἔρδ': ἀτάρ οὗ τοι πάντες ἐπαίνεομεν θεοί ἀλλοι." 

tην δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήςας προσέφη νεφεληγηρέτα Ζεις· 
"δαμονίη, τὶ νῦ σε Πρίαμος Πριάμοιο τε παίδες 
tόσσα κακὰ ῥέξουσιν, ο' τ' ἀστερχές μενεαίνεις 
Ἰλίον ἐξαλαπάξαι εὐκτίμενον πτολεθρον. 
eἰ δὲ σύ γ' εἰσελθοῦσα πῦλας καὶ τείχεα μακρά 
ἀμοῦν βεβρόθους Πρίαμον Πριάμοιο τε παίδας 
ἄλλους τε Τρώας, τότε κεν χόλον ἐξακέσαιο. 
ἐξον ὅπως ἐθέλεις, μὴ τοῦτο γε νεῖκος ὅπίσσω 
σοι καὶ ἔμοι μεγ' ἔρισμα μετ' ἀμφοτέρους γένηται. 
ἄλλο δὲ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρέσι βάλλεο σήσων 
ὀππότε κεν καὶ ἐγώ μεμάως πόλυν ἐξαλαπάξαι 
τὴν ἐθέλω ὅθι τοι φίλου ἀνέρες ἐγγεγάσων, 
μὴ τι διατρίβειν τὸν ἔμοι χόλον, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐᾶσαι. 
καὶ γὰρ ἐγώ σοι δῶκα ἐκὼν ἀέκοντι γε θυμῷ. 
αἱ γὰρ ὑπ' ὡλείῳ τε καὶ οὐρανῷ ἀστερόεντι 
ναιετάοουσι πόλης ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων, 
tάων μοι περὶ κηρ τίεσκετο "Ἰλιος ἰρὴ 
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς εὔμμελιῳ Πριάμοιο. 
οὐ γὰρ μοι ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς εἶσης, 
λοιβὴς τε κύσης τε τ' τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἴμεῖας."

tὸν δ' ἡμεῖβετ' ἐπειτα βοῶπις πότνια "Ἡρη'.
Athené, nor spake aught, at father Zeus
Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within
Was stirring her: but Heré in her breast
Pent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:
"Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?
How canst thou render vain and void of end
My toil and sweat? who laboured, while my steeds
Sore wearied them, in mustering such a host,
The bane of Priam and of Priam's sons.
Do as thou wilt: but know withal that we
The other gods in no wise praise the deed."

To whom indignant spake cloud-gathering Zeús:
"O wondrous consort mine, wherein, I pray,
Do Priam and his sons against thee work
Such wrong, that thou art thus relentless bent
To sack the well-built hold of Ilion?
Nay, couldst thou enter gates and lofty walls,
And couldst thou tear with thine own teeth the flesh
Of Priam, Priam's sons, and people all,
Methinks then only wouldst thou bate thy wrath.
Well, work thy will; let not this grievance grow
Hereafter to great strife 'twixt me and thee.
Yet further say I—lay it well to heart—
Whene'er it be that I in turn am bent
To sack some city where thy darlings dwell,
Impede not thou my wrath, but grant me way.
My heart wills not what now I will to give:
For of all cities that beneath the sun
And starry heaven are populous with men
That tread the face of earth, most highly prized
Within my heart was sacred Ilion,
And Priam's self, and tough-speared Priam's host.
For never stinted was my altar there
Of portioned feast, drink-offering, savoury fat,
The honour due that we immortals claim."

To whom made answer Heré, large-eyed queen:
"ν τοι ἐμοὶ τρεῖς μὲν πολὺ φίλταταί εἰσι πόλης,
'Ἀργος τε Ἱππότη τε καὶ εὐρυάγνια Μυκήνης
τὰς διαπέρσαι, ὅτ' ἁν τοι ἂπέχθονται περὶ κηρὶ
τάων ὑ τοι ἐγὼ πρόσθ' ἱσταμαι οὐδὲ μεγαίρω.
εὖ περ γὰρ φθονέω τε καὶ οὐκ ἐιὸ διαπέρσαι,
οὐκ ἀνύω φθονέουσ', ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐσσί.
ἀλλὰ χρῆ καὶ ἐμὸν θέμεναι πόνον οὐκ ἀτέλεστον θ' 
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ θέος εἰμι, γένος δ' ἐμοὶ ἑνθὲν ὅθεν σοί,
καὶ με πρεσβυτάτην τékετο Κρόνος ἀγκυλομῆτης,
ἀμφότερον, γενεὶ τε καὶ οὐνεκα σῆ παράκοιτοι
κέκλημαι: σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἄθανάτουίαν ἀνάσσεις.
ἀλλ' ἡ τοι μὲν ταῦθ' ὑποεἴξομεν ἀλλήλοισιν,
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ σὺ δ' ἐμοί, ἐπὶ δ' ἐψυχοῦν θεοὶ ἄλλοι
ἄθανατοί: σὺ δὲ θάσσων Ἀθηναῖή ἐπιτείλαι
ἐλθεῖν ἐς Τρῶς καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰῶνί,
πειρᾶν δ' ὡς κεν Τρῶς ὑπερκύδαντας Ἀχαιόν
ἀρξον πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι.
ὡς ἐφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε 
ἐπειδῆ τε ἔστω τε. αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
"ἀλφα μάλ' ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιόν,
πειρᾶν δ' ὡς κεν Τρῶς ὑπερκύδαντας Ἀχαιόν
ἀρξον πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια δηλήσασθαι." 
ὡς εἰπὼν ὠτρυνε πάρος μεμαίαν Ἀθήνην,
βὴ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρῆνον αἴξασα.
οἶον δ' ἀστέρ' ἐγκε Κρόνου πάῖς ἀγκυλομῆτεω,
ἡ ναύτης τέρας ἥε στρατῷ εὐρέι λαών,
λαμπρὸν τοῦ δὲ τε πολλοὶ ἀπὸ σπινθῆρες ἱερεῖ:
τῷ εἰκτ' ἦξεν ἐπὶ χθόνα Παλλάς Ἀθήνη,
κἀδ δ' ἑθορ' ἐς μέσσον. θάμβος δ' ἐχεν εἴσορὼν ὑπερκύδαντας 
Τρῶας θ' ἵπποδάμους καὶ ἐκυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιόν.
ὡδὲ δὲ τις εἰπεσκε ἵδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον.
"I hold indeed three cities far most dear; 
Argos, and Sparta, and, with spacious streets, 
Mycenae. Sack thou these, whene'er thy heart 
Shall hate them sore: it is not I will stand 
A shield before them or begrudge their doom. 
For if I grudge, and would forbid their fall, 
Bootless my grudging: thou art stronger far. 
But now my labour must not lack its end, 
For I am god as thou, my birth as thine, 
Of crooked-counsell'd Cronos eldest born, 
Chiefest by birth, and in that I am called 
Thy spouse, who art of all immortals king. 
Then yield we each to the other, I to thee, 
And thou to me: the rest will follow us, 
The immortal gods. And now with speed command 
Athené that she seek the baleful strife 
Of Trojans and Achaians, there to tempt 
Troy's sons to wrong Achaia's glorious host 
By first transgression of the plighted oaths." 

She spake. The sire of gods and men obeyed: 
And to Athené thus in winged words: 
"Hie thee full swiftly to the host, and seek 
The Trojans and Achaians, there to tempt 
Troy's sons to wrong Achaia's glorious host 
By first transgression of the plighted oaths."

Thus urged he her who eager was before: 
And swift down rushed she from Olympian heights. 
And as a star swift-shooting, by the son 
Of crooked-counsell'd Cronos sent, is seen, 
To wondering mariners a portent dire 
Or to the embattled host—bright doth it gleam, 
Wide fly the scattered sparks—so seemed to view 
Pallas Athené as to earth she shot. 
Down leapt she in their midst. Awed at the sight 
Were Troy's steed-tamers and their well-greaved foes: 
And to his neighbour each one turned and said:
"η ρ' αυτίς πόλεμός τε κακός καὶ φύλοπις αἰνή ἔσσεται, ἦ φιλότητα μετ' ἀμφότεροις τίθησιν Ζεὺς, ὦς τ' ἀνθρώπων ταμής πολέμοιο τέτυκται;" ὥς ἄρα τις εἰπεσκεν 'Ἀχαῖον τε Τρώων τε.  

ἡ δ' ἀνδρὶ ἱκέλῃ Τρώων κατεδύσεθ' ὦμιλον, Ἀαδόκῳ Ἀντηνορίδῃ, κρατερῷ αἰχμητῇ, Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεου διζημένη εἶ που ἐφεύροι. εὗρε Λυκάονος υἱόν ἄμυμονα τε κρατερὸν τε ἐσταότ' ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν κρατερὰλ στίχες ἀσπιστάων λαῶν, οἶ οἳ ἐποντο ἀπ' Ἀλσῆτος ῥοάων.  

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόντα προσηύδα: "ἡ ρά νῦ μοὶ τι πίθοιο, Λυκάονος υἱε δαΐφρον; 

τλαῖς κεν Μενελάω ἐπιπροέμεν ταχῦν ἰόν, πᾶσι δὲ κεν Τρώες τι χάριν καὶ κύδος ἄροιο, ἐκ πάντων δὲ μάλιστα Ἀλεξάνδρῳ βασιλῆι. 

tοῦ κεν δὴ πάμπρωτα παρ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα φέροιο, εἰ κε ᾩδὴ Μενέλαον ἀρήνου Ἀτρέος υἱόν σῷ βελεὶ διηθέντα πυρῆς ἐπιβάντ' ἀλεγευνῆς.  

ἀλλ' ἅγ' ὀστευσον Μενελάον κυδαλίμοιο, εὔχεο δ' Ἀπόλλωνι λυκηγενεῖ κλυτοτόξῳ ἄρνων πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἐκατομβὴν οὐκαδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς ἐς ἄστυ Ζελείης." 

ὡς φάτ' Ἀθηναίη, τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφροιν πείθεν. αὐτίκ' ἐσύλα τόξου εὔξουν ἑξαλὸν αὐγός ἀγρίου, ὁν ρά ποτ' αὐτὸς ύπὸ στέρνου τυχῆσας πέτρης ἐκβαίνοντα, δεδεγμένος εὖ προδοκήσω, βεβλήκει πρὸς στήθος: ὡ δ' ὑπτίος ἐμπεσε πέτρη. 

tοῦ κέρα εκ κεφαλῆς ἐκκαῖδεκάδορα πεφύκει καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀσκῆσας κεραοξίου ἦραρε τέκτων,
"Shall evil war and baleful strife again
Be ours? or is it friendly peace that Zeus
Would set between us, Zeus, who at his will
Deals forth the lot of war to mortal men?"

Thus spake each Trojan and Achaian wight.
Now in the Trojan throng the goddess plunged,
In semblance like a man, Antenor's son
Laodocus, stout spearman, seeking wide
If she might find the godlike Pandarus.
Lycaon's stout and blameless son she found,
Ev'n as he stood begirt by sturdy ranks
Of shielded followers from Aesepus' stream.
And standing near these wingèd words she spake:
"What! wouldst thou do my bidding, warlike wight,
Lycaon's son? wouldst dare an arrow swift
To launch at Menelaus? Thou wouldst win
From all the Trojans thanks and high renown,
And from king Alexander chief of all.
From whom before all others thou wilt gain
Rich guerdon, if he see brave Atreus' son,
Slain by thine arrow, on the sad pyre laid.
Come then, at glorious Menelaus shoot.
But vow thou to Apollo Lycian-born,
Archer renowned, of first-born lambs to slay
A noble hecatomb when thou returnest
Home to Zeleia's sacred citadel."

Athené spake and won his foolish wit.
Then straightway from the case his polished bow
He bared, from horns of bounding wild-goat made,
Which erst himself beneath the breast had hit
Waiting its issue from a rocky cleft
In ambush: full in front 'twas struck, and fell
Backward upon the rock. Eight palms twice told
Measured the horns that from the head upgrew.
And these a cunning polisher of horn
Fashioned and joined together, and the whole
πάν δ' εύ λευήνας χρυσένα επέθηκε κορώνην. καὶ τὸ μὲν εὐ κατέθηκε ταυσσάμενος, ποτὶ γαίῃ ἀγκλίνας: πρόσθεν δὲ σάκεα σχέθον ἐσθολοὶ ἑταῖροι, μὴ πρὶν ἀναίξειαι ἄρηιοι νίες Ἀχαϊῶν πρὸν βλησθαί Μενέλαον ἄρηιον Ἀτρέως νιόν. αὐτὰρ ὁ σύλα πώμα φαρέτρης, ἐκ ὃ ἔλετ' ἰόν ἀβλητα πτερόεντα, μελαινέων ἔμμ' ὀδυνάων ἄλγα δ' ἐπὶ νευρὴ κατεκόσμηε πικρὸν διόστον, εὐχετο ὁ Ἀπόλλωνι λυκηγενεῖ κλυτοτόξῳ ἄρνων πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἐκατόμβην οἰκάδε νοστήσας ἱερῆς ἐς ἀστυ Ζελείης. ἐλκε δ' ὁμοὶ γυλφίδας τε λαβὼν καὶ νεῦρα βοίειαν νευρὴν μὲν μαζὶ πέλασεν, τόξῳ δὲ σίδηρον. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ κυκλοτερῆς μέγα τόξον ἔτεινεν, λύγὲ βιός, νευρὴ δὲ μέγ' ἱαχεν, ἀλτὸ δ' ὀίστος ὄξυβελῆς, καθ' ὁμίλου ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων. οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ μάκαρες λελάβοντο ἅθανατοι, πρώτη δὲ Δίὸς θυγάτηρ ἀγελελή, ἣ τοι πρόσθε στάσα βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἀμμυνεν. ἢ δὲ τόσον μὲν ἔργεν ἀπὸ χροός, ὡς ὅτε μῆτηρ παιδὸς ἐέργη μυίαι, ἢθ' ἥδεϊ λέξεται ὑπνῷ αὐτῇ δ' αὐτ' ἱθυνεν ὧθι ζωστήρος ὅχις χρύσειοι σύνεχου καὶ διπλάοις ἡντετο θώρηξ. ἐν δ' ἔπεσε ζωστήρι άρηρότι πικρὸς ὀίστος· διὰ μὲν ἄρ ζωστήρος ἐλήλατο δαιδαλέουι, καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυταιδάλου ἡρήρειστο μήτης θ', ἢν ἐφόρει ἐρυμα χροός, ἔρκος ἀκόντων,
Right deftly smoothed and tipped with golden crook. This bow the hero strung, and with due care
Upon the ground down laid, while comrades true
Before him held their shields, lest up should start Achaia's warrior sons too soon alarmed,
Ere yet the shaft might wound their warrior chief.
Then took he off the quiver lid, and chose
Therefrom an arrow, never shot before,
Well-feathered, laden sore with deathful pain. This bitter shaft now laid he on the string,
And vowed to great Apollo Lycian-born,
Archer renowned, a noble hecatomb
Of first-born lambs to slay, when once returned
Home to Zeleia's sacred citadel.

Then notch and sinew-twisted string at once
He gripped and drew: close to his breast he brought
The string, and to the bow the arrow-head.
But when full stretched a mighty arc it showed,
Back sprang the whizzing bow, loud sang the string,
Forth leapt the pointed shaft, in eager haste
Down on the throng to urge its feathered flight.

Nor thee the blest immortal gods forgat,
O Menelaus. First to save was she,
The child of Zeus and driver of the spoil;
Who stood before and turned the arrow keen.
She from the skin so kept it ev'n as when
A mother from her child in sweet sleep laid
Brushes aside a fly: and thitherwards
She guided it where met the golden clasps
That knit the belt, and where with double fold
The opposing corslet lay. Full on the belt
Close-fitting to the man the keen shaft lit:
Through broidered belt then drove its forceful way,
Through corslet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,
Through under-girdle—which to save the skin
He wore, defence from missiles, chiefest guard,
海尔斯之字

140 ἢ οἱ πλείστοι ἔρυτο· διαπρὸ δὲ εἰσατο καὶ τῆς.

145 ἀκρότατον δὲ ὁ ὀίστος ἐπέγραψεν χρόα φωτός,

150 αὐτικά δὲ ἔρρεεν αἷμα κελαυνεῖς ἐξ ὀτειλῆς.

155 ὥς δὲ ὁτε τὸ τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοίνικι μήνη

Μηνίς ἡ Κάειρα, παρήνοι ἐμμεναι ἵππω:

160 κεῖται δὲ ἐν θαλάμῳ, πολέες τὲ μιν ἦρησαντὸ

ἱππῆς φορέειν βασιλῆι δὲ κεῖται ἀγαλμα,

165 ἀμφότερον, κόσμος θ' ἵππῳ ἐλατηρί τε κῦδος:

τοῖοι τοι, Μενέλαος, μιάνθην αἷματι μηροὶ

170 εὐφνεῖς κυῆμαϊ τε ἵδε σφυρὰ καλ' ὑπένερθεν.

175 βίγησεν δ' ἄρ' ἐπείτα ἀναξ ἄνδρον Ἀγαμέμνων,

ός εἰδεν μέλαιν ἀἷμα καταρρέου ἐξ ὀτειλῆς.

βίγησεν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ἄρηφίλος Μενέλαος:

180 ἂς δὲ ἰδεν νεῦρον τε καὶ ὄγκους ἐκτός ἑόντας,

ἀψορρῶν οἱ θυμῶς ἐνὶ στῆθεσαν ἀγέρθη.

185 τοῖς δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,

χειρὸς ἔχων Μενέλαον' ἐπεστενάχωντο δ' ἐταῖροι

"φίλε κασίγυντε, θάνατόν νῦ τοι ὅρκι' ἔταμυν,

190 οἶον προστήσας πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν Τρῳς μάχεσθαι,

ὡς σ' ἐβαλον Τρώες, κατὰ δ' ὅρκια πιστὰ πάτησαν.

195 οὐ μήν πῶς ἁλιον πέλει ὅρκιον αἷμα τε ἄρνων

σπονδαὶ τ' ἀκρητοι καὶ δεξιαί, ἂς ἐπεπίθημεν.

εἰ περ γὰρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,

200 ἐκ δὲ καὶ ὁψὲ τελεῖ, σὺν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν,

σὺν σφῆσιν κεφαλῆσι γυναιξὶ τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.

εὔ γὰρ ἐγώ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμῶν,

205 ἐσσεται ἥμαρ ὑπ' ἀν ποτ' ὀλὼλη Ἐλιος ιρή

καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἑυμμελίῳ Πριάμοιο,

210 Ζεὺς δὲ σφὶν Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος, αἰθέρι ναῖον,
Yet forward e'en through this the arrow past
  Furrowing with surface scratch the warrior's skin,
That straightway from the wound the dark blood flowed.
    As ivory stained with crimson—woman's work
Of Caria or Maeonia, wrought to deck
  The cheek of steeds, which in a chamber stored
Charioted knights full many pray to wear,
  But for some king it lies, a double pride,
The steed's adorning and the driver's boast—
Such, Menelaus, stained with blood were seen
Thy goodly thighs, thy knees, and ankles fair.

Then shuddered Agamemnon king of men
To see the black blood from the wound down flow:
  And with him shuddered Menelaus' self
By Ares loved. But when the sinew-cord
That bound together head and shaft he saw
With both the barbs outstanding from the wound,
Returning courage gathered in his breast.
  But sovereign Agamemnon 'mid the chiefs
Spake deeply groaning, while his brother's hand
He held, and with him groaned his comrades all.
"O brother dear, it was, meseems, thy death
I sealed by oath, who set thee forth to fight
Achaia's champion 'gainst the sons of Troy.
For lo! the Trojans trampling under foot
The trusted oaths have struck thee. Yet not vain
The oath, the blood of lambs, the streams of wine,
The plighted hands whereto we gave our trust.
For tho' the Olympian lord work not the end
At once, yet will he work it slow and sure:
And sinners pay with heavy usury,
With their own heads, their women, and their babes.
For there will come—full well I know and feel—
  A day of doom to sacred Ilion
And Priam's self and tough-speared Priam's host.
Then Zeus the son of Cronos, high-enthroned
αυτὸς ἐπισσείρσων ἐρεμεῖνα αἰγίδα πᾶσιν τῇσδ’ ἀπάτης κοτέων. τὰ μὲν ἔσσεται οὐκ ἀτέλεστα, ἀλλὰ μοι αἰών ἄχος σέθειν ἔσσεται, ὁ Μενέλας, αἱ κε θάνης καὶ πότμον ἀναπλήσῃς βιότοις.

καὶ κεν ἐλέγχιστος πολυυδίψιος Ἅργος ἰκοίμην αὐτίκα γαρ μνήσονται Ἀχαῖοι πατρίδος ἀγίς, καὶ δὲ κεν εὐχωλήν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσί λύποιμεν Ἁργείην Ἐλένην. σεό δ’ ὀστέα πύσει ἄρουρα κειμένου ἐν Τροΐᾳ ἀτελευτήτῳ ἐπὶ ἐργῳ.

καὶ κε τις ὀδ’ ἐρέει Τρώων ὑπερηνορεύτων τύμβῳ ἐπιθρώσκων Μενέλαον κυδαλίμουν: ‘εἰθ’ οὐτως ἐπὶ πᾶσι χόλου τελέσει Ἀγαμέμνων, ὡς καὶ νῦν ἄλιον στρατὸν ἦγαγεν ἐνθὰδ’ Ἀχαῖων, καὶ δὴ ἔβη οἰκόνδε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν ἔδων κειμήσιν νηυσί, λιπῶν ἄγαθον Μενέλαον.’ ὅς ποτε τις ἔρεε: τότε μοι χάνου εὐρεία χθόν.’

τὸν δ’ ἐπιθαρσύνων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος: “θάρσει, μηδὲ τὶ πω δεδίσσεο λαὸν Ἀχαῖων. οὐκ ἐν καρπῷ ὀξὺ πάγη βέλος, ἀλλὰ πάρουθεν εἰρύσατο ξωστήρ τε παναιόλος ἥδ’ ὑπένερθεν ξωμά τε καὶ μίτρῃ, τὴν χαλκῆς κάμον ἄνδρες.”

τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενον προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων: “αὐ γὰρ δὴ οὕτως εἶη, φίλος ὁ Μενέλας. ἐλκος δ’ ἤητηρ ἐπιμάσσεται, ὧδ’ ἐπιθῆσει φάρμαξ’ α’ κεν παύσηι μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.” ἥ, καὶ Ταλθύβιον θείον κήρυκα προσηύδα: “Ταλθύβι’, ὅτι τάχιστα Μαχάωνα δεύρο κάλεσσον φῶτ’ Ἀσκληπιοῦ νῦν ἀμύμονοι ἤητηροι, ὁφρα ὅτη Μενέλαον ἀρήνοι ἁρχῆν Ἀχαῖων ὅν τις διστεῦσας ἐβαλεν, τόξων εὐ εἰδώς,
In his ethereal home, shall o'er them all
His darkling aegis shake, wroth with their guile:
So this transgression shall not lack its end.
Yet, Menelaus, shouldst thou die and close
Thy fated span, for thee I much shall mourn,
And shall with shame to thirsty Argos come.
For of their fatherland Achaians all
Will straight bethink them, and behind us we
Shall leave, to Priam's and the Trojans' boast,
The Argive Helen, while thy bones in Troy
Will lie and crumble for a bootless quest.
And haply then some haughty son of Troy,
Leaping in scornful wise upon the tomb
Of glorious Menelaus, thus will say:
'Ever, as now, end Agamemnon's ire!
Who hither led for nought Achaia's host
And sought again his home with freightless ships,
The gallant Menelaus left behind.'
So some will say, belike. Then were I fain
Wide earth should gape and hide me evermore."

To whom with cheer his brother yellow-haired:
"Courage! alarm not yet Achaia's host.
No mortal part the keen shaft pierced, 'twas stayed
In time by supple belt, and underneath
By frock and girdle wrought by armourer's hand."
Then sovereign Agamemnon answering spake:
"I pray it be so, Menelaus dear!
But now a leech shall feel the wound, and lay
Kind salves thereon to lull the gloomy pains."
He spake, and to Talthybius turning him,
The sacred herald, thus to him gave charge:
"Talthybius, quickly call Machaon here
Son of Asclepius the blameless leech;
That warlike Menelaus he may see,
Achaia's chieftain, whom with arrow shot
Some Bowman skilled has struck, a son of Troy

Τρώων ἦ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος ἀμμὶ δὲ πένθος."  
ὡς ἐφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κηρυξ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας, ἃ ἦ δ' ἴέναι κατὰ λαδὴν Ἀχαίων χαλκοχιτῶν παπταίνων ἦρωα Μαχάονα. τὸν δὲ νόησεν ἐσταότ'. ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν κρατεραὶ στῆξεν ἀσπιστάων λαῶν, οὐ οἱ ἐποντὸ Τρίκης ἐξ ἵπποβότοιο. ἀγγοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσήδα: "ἳπος Ἀσκληπιάδη. καλέει κρεῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, ὁφρὰ ἰδὴς Μενέλαον ἀρῆμον Ἀτρέος νῦν, ὅν τις διστεῦσας ἐβαλεν, τόξων εὐ εἰδῶς, Τρώων ἦ Λυκίων, τῷ μὲν κλέος ἀμμὶ δὲ πένθος."  
ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν εὖ στῆθεσιν ὅρινεν, βᾶν δ' ἴέναι καθ' ὁμίλου ἀνὰ σπατάλῳ εὐρίν Ἀχαίων. ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ἢ ἰκανον ὅτι ξανθὸς Μενέλαος βλήμενος ἦν, περὶ δ' αὐτῶν ἀγγηγέραθ' ὅσσοι ἀριστοὶ κυκλόσ', δ' ἐν μέσσοις παρίστατο ἱσόθεος φῶς, αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ ἥος ἱστήρος ἀρηρότος ἔλκεν ἵστον' τοῦ δ' ἐξελκομένοιο πάλιν ἄγεν ὄξες ὅγκοι. λῦσε δὲ οἱ ἥοειρά παναίολον ἥδ' ὑπένερθεν ξώμα τε καὶ μέτρην, τὴν χαλκής κάμον ἄνδρες. αὐτάρ ἐπεί ἰδεν ἔλκος, ὃθ' ἔμπεσε πικρὸ διότοι, αἰτι' ἐκμυζήσας ἐπ' ἄρ' ἥπια φάρμακα εἰδῶς πᾶσσε, τὰ οἱ ποτε πατρὶ φίλα φρονέων πόρε Χεηρών. ὁφρα τοὶ ἀμφεπένοντο βοῆν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον, τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στῆξεν ἢλυθον ἀσπιστάων' οὐ δ' αὐτίς κατὰ τεῦχε ἐδυν, μυῆσαντο δὲ χάρμης. ἐνθ' οὐκ ἂν βρίζοντα ἱδος Ἀγαμέμνονα δίον, οὐδὲ καταπτώσοντι οὐδ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι, ἄλλα μάλα σπεύδοντα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν' ἵππους μὲν γὰρ ἔασε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχε φυσίωντας
Or Lycia, to his glory but our grief.”

He spake: the herald heard, nor disobeyed,
But hied him through the mailed Achaian host
And for the hero gazed around. Full soon
Standing he saw him ’mid the shielded ranks,
His followers stout from Tricca’s horse-cropt meads:
And standing near in winged words he spake:
“Arise, Asclepius’ son! our sovereign calls,
That warlike Menelaus thou mayst see,
The son of Atreus, whom with arrow shot
Some Bowman skilled has struck, a son of Troy
Or Lycia, to his glory but our grief.”

He spake, and stirred the soul within his breast.
Then through the throng they took their way, and crossed
The wide Achaian host. But when they came
Where wounded stood the hero yellow-haired,
And gathered round him now were all the chiefs,
Encircling him, as in their midst he showed
A godlike wight; then straightway from the belt
Close-fitting did Machaon draw the shaft,
And, as he drew, the keen barbs backwards broke.
The supple belt then loosed he, and, beneath,
The frock and girdle wrought by armourer’s hand.
But when he saw the wound where the keen shaft
Had lit, the blood he squeezed thereout, and spread
Thereon with skill kind salves, that Chiron erst
With friendly wisdom to his sire had given.

While thus round Menelaus good in fray
His friends their tendance gave, meanwhile advanced
The lines of Trojan shieldmen, and their foes
Donned arms again, bethinking them of fight.

Then godlike Agamemnon might’st thou see
No slumberer, no, nor skulking cowardlike,
Nor loth to fight: but eager for the fray
Man’s field of glory. Steeds he left and car
Inwrought with brass: and these his squire apart
Εὐρυμέδων, ύδως Πτολεμαίου Πειραιάδος,
τῷ μάλα πόλλῃ ἐπέτελλε παρασχέμεν ὁππότε κέν μιν
γνία λάβῃ κάματος πολέας διὰ κοιρανέοντα.

αὐτῷ ὦ πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐπεπολεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν. 
καὶ ὁ οὐς μὲν σπεῦδοντας ἴδοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
τοὺς μάλα θαρσύνεσκε παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν "Αργεῖοι, μὴ πώ τι μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς: 
οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψεύδεσσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς ἔσσετ’ ἄρωγος, 
ἀλλ’ οὐ περὶ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὄρκια δηλήσαντο, 
τῶν ἦ τοι αὐτῶν τέρενα χρόα γύπες ἔδωνται, 
ημεῖς αὐτ’ ἀλόχους τε φίλας καὶ νήπια τέκνα 
ἀξομεν ἐν νῆσσιν, ἔπη πτολείθρον ἐλωμεν.

οὕς τινας αὐ μεθίεντας ἴδοι στυγηρὸν πολέμιοι, 
τοὺς μάλα νεικείεσκε χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν.

"Αργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἐλεγχέες, οὐ νῦ σέβεσθε; 
τίφο’ οὕτως ἐστήτε τεθηπότες ἡὔτε νεβροί, 
αἳ τ’ ἐπεὶ οὕν ἑκαμον πολέος πεδίοιο θέουσαι, 
ἐστάσ’, οὐδ’ ἄρα τίς σφὶ μετὰ φρεσὶ γίγνεται ἀλκῆ: 
ὁς ἰμεῖς ἐστήτε τεθηπότες, οὐδὲ μάχεσθε.

ἡ μένετε Τρῶας σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἐνθα τε νῆς 
eιρνατ’ εὑρομνοι, πολιή̄ς ἐπὶ θυλ βαλάσσης, 
ὁφρα ἰότη’ αἰ’ κ’ ὕμμων ὑπέρσχη χείρα Κρονίων;” 

ὁς ὦ γε κοιρανέων ἐπεπολεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν. 

ἡλθε δ’ ἐπὶ Κρήτεσσι κιών ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν. 
οἱ δ’ ἀμφ’ Ἂδομενη δαῖβρονα θωρησσουτο. 

ἀδομενεύς μὲν ἐνὶ προμάχους, συὶ εἴκελος ἀλκήν, 
Μηρίωνης δ’ ἄρα οὶ πυμάτας ὠτρυνε φάλαγγας. 
τοὺς δὲ ὦθων γῆθησε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, 
ἀντίκα δ’ Ἀδομενη προσηύδα μειλιχίοισιν. 

"Ἀδομενεύ, περὶ μὲν σε τίω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
ημὲν ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ ἦδ’ ἀλλοὶ ἐπὶ ἔργῳ,
Held snorting, ev'n Eurymedon the son
Of Ptolemaeus son of Piraos;
To whom the king gave charge to hold them near,
Should e'er his limbs grow weary as he ranged
The numerous host: but he afoot moved on
Along the ranks. And whomso keen for fight
Among the swift-horsed Danaans he might see,
These stood he near, and spake full cheerily:
"Argives, your might impetuous slack not yet!
For Zeus the father will not aid a lie.
But they who first dared break the plighted oaths,
Their tender flesh, I trow, shall vultures eat,
While we their wives beloved and infant babes
Bear off in ships when we their hold have ta'en."
But whom he marked as slack for hateful war,
These with rough words of wrath he roundly chid:
"Ye arrow-shooting Argives, sons of shame,
Have ye no honour? Wherefore stand ye thus
Palsied with fear; as fawns who, when they tire
Scouring the spacious plain, stand idly still,
No courage in their breast? So stand ye all
Palsied with fear, nor turn you to the fight.
What! wait ye till your foes draw near, where ranged
Your fair-sterned vessels line the foam-flecked strand,
To see if Zeus will raise his hand to save?"

So moved he through the ranks and marshalled all.
Now to the Cretans came he, as he passed
The throng. Around the brave Idomeneus
They armed them: with the vanguard was the king
Like to a boar in might, his squire the while
Meriones roused the columns of the rear.
Whom sovereign Agamemnon joyed to see,
And kindly thus addrest Idomeneus:
"Idomeneus, choice honour give I thee
Above the swift-horsed Danaans, as in war,
So in each other work; and at the feast
"Αριστοτελής, οί άριστοι ένι θρηνή κεφαλάνι.
εἶ περ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε κάρη κομόωντες 'Αχαῖοι
dαιντῶν πίνωσιν, σὸν δὲ πλείον δέπας αἰεὶ
ἔστηξ' οὖς περ ἐμοὶ, πιέειν ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνάγη.
"αλλ' ὤρσεν πόλεμονδ' οίνος πάρος εὐχεια εἰώιαί.
τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς Κρητῖν ἀγῶς ἀντίον ἡὕδα'
"'Ατρείδη, μάλα μέν τοι ἐγὼν ἐρίηρος ἑταῖρος
ἔσσομαι, ως τὸ πρῶτον ὑπέστην καὶ κατένευσα:
"αλλ' ἄλλους ὄστην κάρη κομόωντας 'Αχαῖους,
ὁφρα τάχιστα μαχώμεθ', ἐπεὶ σὺν τῇ ὁρκῇ ἔχειν
Τρῶ̂εσ. τοῖς δ' αὖ θάνατος καὶ κηδὲ' ὁπίσω
ἔσσετ', ἐπεὶ πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὀρκία δῆλησαντο."
Whene'er the dark-red wine, the elders' due,
The bravest Argive chiefs mix in the bowl.
For while the flowing-haired Achaians all
A measured portion drink, thy cup, as mine,
Stands ever full, to drink whene'er thou will.
Rise then to war, and match thy former boast."

To whom Idomeneus the Cretan king:
"Atrides, surely I thy comrade true
Will be, as erst I promised and was pledged.
But rouse the rest, Achaia's long-haired sons,
That we at once may fight: for truce and oaths
The Trojans now have broken: wherefore death
And woe hereafter is their portion due,
Who faithless and forsworn began the wrong."

He spake: Atrides glad at heart, passed on.
Then came he to the Ajaces, as he ranged
The throng of men. The twain were arming them,
A cloud of footmen following as they led.
As from some cliff the goatherd sees a cloud
Advancing o'er the sea, by whistling blast
Of west wind speed; to whom afar it looms
Blacker, like pitch, as o'er the main it moves
Full fraught with heavy squall—he at the sight
Shudders, and drives his flock beneath the cave—
So did the embattled squares of noble youths
With either Ajax move to hostile war,
Dense, dark, of shield and lance a bristling wood.
These sovereign Agamemnon joyed to see,
And thus aloud in wingèd words addressed:
"Ajaces twain, of mail-clad Argive men
Commanders, you I bid not—'twere unmeet—
Your troops to rouse; for these ye freely urge
To fight amain. I would—O Father Zeus
Athené and Apollo—such a heart
Were in the breast of all! for then full soon
τῷ κε τάχ’ ἦμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἀνακτός
χερσὶν υφ’ ἠμετέρησι ἀλούσα τε περθομένη τε.”

ὡς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λύπεν αὐτοῦ, βὴ δὲ μετ’ ἄλλους.
ἔνθ’ ὁ γε Νέστωρ’ ἔτετμε, λυγὺν Πυλίων ἀγορητήν,
οὺς ἐτάρους στέλλοντα καὶ ὄτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀμφὶ μέγαν Πελάγωντα. Ἀλάστωρά τε Χρομίλον τε
Λίμονα τε κρειόντα Βιαντά τε ποιμένα λαῶν.

ίππης μὲν πρώτα σὺν ἵπποις καὶ ὀχεσφίν,
πεζοὺς δ’ ἐξόπιθε στῆσεν πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς,
ἑρκος ἐμεν πολέμου· κακοὺς δ’ ἐς μέσον ἐλάσσεν,
ὄφρα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαῖη πολεμίζοι.

ίππευσιν μὲν πρῶτ’ ἐπετείλετο· τοὺς γὰρ ἀνόγει
σφοὺς ἵππους ἔχεμεν μηδὲ κλονέεσθαι ὡμῖλον.

“μηδὲ τις ἰπποσύνη τε καὶ ἰνορέψφι πεποίθως
ὁιος πρόσθ’ ἄλλων μεμάτω Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
μηδ’ ἀναχωρεῖτο· ἀλαπαδνότεροι γὰρ ἔσεσθε’
δς δὲ κ’ ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ ὅν ὦχεόν ἐτερ’ ἄρμαθ’ ἱκνται,
ἔγχει ὀρεξάσθω, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερον ὀὔτως.

δδε καὶ οἱ πρότεροι πόλιας καὶ τείχε’ ἐπόρθεον,
tόνδε νόν καὶ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στῆθεσσιν ἐχοντες.”

ὡς ὁ γέρων ὀτρυνε πάλαι πολέμων εὐ εἰδὼς.
καὶ τὸν μὲν γῆθησε ἱδὼν κρείων ’Αγαμέμνων,
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα:

“ὡ γέρων, εἰθ’ ὡς θυμός ἐνὶ στῆθεσι φίλοισιν,
ὡς τοι γούναθ’ ἐποιότο, βη δε τοι ἐμπεδος εὐὴ.

αλλά σε γῆρας τείρει ὄμοιον’ ὡς ὀφελέν τις
ἀνδρῶν ἄλλος ἐχειν, σὺ δὲ κουροτέροις μετείναι.”

τὸν δ’ ἡμείβετ’ ἐπείτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ

“Ἀτρεΐδη, μάλα μὲν κεν ἐγὼν ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτός
ὡς ἐμεν ὡς ὀτε δίον Ἑρευθαλίωνα κατέκταν.
King Priam's town were nodding to its fall,
Taken and spoiled beneath our conquering hands."

He spake, and leaving these to others went.
Then found he Nestor, Pylian speaker clear,
Ranging his comrades, whom he urged to fight,
Around their captains, stalwart Pelagon,
Chromius, Alastor, royal Haemon too,
And Bias, princely shepherd of his folk.
Horsemongers with steeds and cars in front he set:
Footmen behind, full many they and brave—
The bulwark of the battle. But the weak
Midmost of all he drove, that they enclosed
Might, tho' unwilling, on compulsion fight.
Then charged he first the horsemen; whom he bade
Keep horse in hand, nor throng disorderly.
"Let none" said he, "in horsecraft overbold
And manly strength, alone before the rest
Be hot to engage the foe, nor yet behind
Fall back, for so ye will the weaker prove.
And whoso from his chariot can attain
The foeman's chariot, let him thrust with lance
Still held in hand: far better is it so.
So did our sires of old o'erthrow and spoil
Cities and walls; such was their wisdom then,
And such the spirit in their breasts that burned."

Thus urged the greybeard, skilled of old in war.
Whom sovereign Agamemnon joyed to see,
And thus aloud in wingèd words addressed:
"Father, I would that as thy spirit is
Within thy breast so were thy knees and strength
Still firm! But age outwears thee, age alike
Waster of all. O were some other man
Thus old, and thou among the younger born!"

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerenian knight,
"I too, Atrides, fain would be as when
The godlike Ereuthalion I slew:
αλλ' ού πως ἀμα πάντα θεοὶ δόσαν ἀνθρώποισιν. εἰ τότε κούρος έα, νῦν αὐτέ με γῆρας ὄπαξεν.

αλλά καὶ ὡς ἑπέεισι μετέσσομαι ἥδε κελεύω ἑούλη καὶ μῦθοις' τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἑστὶ γερέντων.

αἰχμᾶς δ' αἰχμάσσουσι νεώτεροι, οἳ περ ἐμεῖο ὄπλότεροι γεγάσασι πεποίθασίν τε βήψων."  

ὡς ἕφατ', Ἀτρείδης δὲ παρῴχητο γηθόσυνος κήρ.

εὖρ' νῦν Πετεώ Μενεσθῆνα πλήξκππον ἐσταώτ' ἀμφί δ' Ἀθηναίοι, μηστωρες αὖτής.

αὐτάρ ὁ πλησίον ἑστήκει πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς, πάρ δὲ Κεφαλήνων ἀμφί στίχες οὐκ ἀλαπαδναὶ ἐστασαν' οὐ γὰρ πώ σφιν ἀκούετο λαὸς αὖτής,

ἀλλὰ νέον ξυνορινόμεναι κίνυντο φάλαγγες Ἰρών ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν' οὐ δὲ μένοντες ἐστασαν, ὅππότε πῦργος Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐπελθὼν Ἰρών ὄρμησει καὶ ἀρξειαν πολέμου.

τοὺς δὲ ἱδὼν νεῖκεσθαι ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, καὶ σφεας φωνῆσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα: "ὡ υἰὲ Πετεώ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆς,

καὶ σὺ, κακοῖς δόλοις κεκασμένε, κερδαλεόφρον, τίπτε καταπτώσοντες ἀφέστατε, μίμνετε δ' ἄλλοις; σφῶν μὲν τ' ἐπέοικε μετὰ πρώτοις ἐόντας ἐστάμεν ἥδε μάχης καυστερῆς ἀντιβολήσαντι πρώτω γὰρ καὶ δαιτὸς ἀκονάξεσθον ἐμεῖο,

ὅππότε δαιτα γέρουσιν ἐφοπλίζωμεν Ἀχαιοῖ.

ἐνθα φίλ' ὀπταλέα κρέα ἐδμεναι ἥδε κύπελλα οἰνοῦ πινέμεναι μελισσών, ὅφρ 'ἐθέλητον.

νῦν δὲ φίλως χ' ὀρόφτε καὶ εἰ δέκα πῦργοι Ἀχαιῶν ὑμείων προπάροιθε μαχοίατο νηλεὶ χαλκῷ." 

τὸν δ' ἀρ' ὑπόδρα ἱδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς. ᾿Ατρείδη, ποιών σε ἔπος φύγεω ἔρκος ὀδόντων.
But all at once the gods ne'er grant to man.
If young I was long since, and now am old,
Old as I am, yet with the knights I go,
Counsel and words to give—an old man's right.
Spears let the younger throw, who, later born,
For arms are fitter and in strength are bold.”

He spake: Atrides glad at heart passed on.
Menestheus son of Peteos next he found,
Smiter of steeds. He stood, and round him thronged
Athenians, counsellors of fray: hard by
Odysseus stood, the many-counsell'd man;
And with him, round about, no feeble ranks,
The Cephallenians. Idle stood they all:
Whose host not yet had heard the battle-cry,
For 'twas but now the advancing columns moved
Of Troy's steed-tamers and Achaia's sons.
Wherefore they kept their ground, and looked to see
When some battalion of Achaia's troops
Should charge the Trojans and begin the war.
These Agamemnon king of men beheld
And chid, and thus in wingèd words addressed:
"O son of Peteos a Zeus-nurtured king,
And thou in harmful wiles well skilled, shrewd heart,
Why cowering hold ye back and wait the rest?
You twain it fits amid the foremost ranged
To stand and meet the burning fire of fight.
For to the feast first bidden are ye both
By me, when for our elders it is spread.
There gladly eat ye of the roast, and drink
The cups of honeyed wine whene'er ye will:
But gladly now would see battalions ten
Before yourselves wield ruthless blade in fray.”

Then with grim glance the many-counsell'd man:
“What word hath leapt the barrier of thy teeth,
πῶς δὴ φῆς πολέμοιο μεθιέμεν; ὅπποτ’ Ἀχαιόι Τρωσίν ἐφ’ ἵπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὡς Ἀρηα, ὦφεις, ἣν ἐθῆλησθα καὶ εἰ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη, Τηλεμάχοιο φίλον πατέρα προμάχωσι μυγέντα Τρώων ἵπποδάμων. σὺ δὲ ταῦτ’ ἀνεμώλια βάζεις.”

τὸν δὲ ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων, ὡς γνώ χωμένοιο: πάλιν δ’ ὃ γε λάξετο μύθον “διογενὲς Δαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν Ὀδυσσεῦ, οὔτε σε νείκειο περιώσιον οὔτε κελεύω: οἶδα γὰρ ὃς τοι θυμός ἐνι στήθεσι φίλοισιν ἦπια δήνεα οἶδε τὰ γαρ φρονεῖς ἃ τ’ ἐγὼ περ’ ἀλλ’ ἢθι, ταῦτα δ’ ὀπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ’, εἰ τι κακὸν νῦν εἰρηταί τὰ δὲ πάντα θεοὶ μεταμόνια θεῖεν.”

ὡς εἰπὼν τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δὲ μετ’ ἄλλοις. εὑρέ δὲ Τυδέος υίὸν ὑπέρθυμον Διομήδεα ἐσταότ’ ἐν θ’ ἱπποισὶ καὶ ἀρμασὶ κολλητοῖσιν πορ δὲ οἱ ἐστήκει Σθένελος Καπανήιος υῖος. καὶ τὸν μὲν νείκεσσε ἰδὼν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων, καὶ μιν φωνίσας ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα: “ὁ μοι, Τυδέος ὑιὲ δαῖφρονος ἵπποδάμοιο, τί πτώσσεις, τί δ’ ὀπιπτεύεις πολέμοιο γεφύρας; οὐ μὴν Τυδεῖ γ’ ὦδε φίλον πτωσκαζέμεν ἤει, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸ φίλων ἔτάρων δηίοις μάχεσθαι, ὡς φάσαν οὐ μιν ἰδοντο πονεύμενον οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε ἦντης’ οὔδε ἰδον’ περὶ δ’ ἄλλων φασὶ γενέσθαι. ἣ τοι μὲν γὰρ ἀτερ πολέμου εἰσῆλθε Μυκήνας ξεῖνος ἃμ’ ἀντιθέφ Πολυνείκει, λαδὺ ἄγελρων, ὦ τ’ ὅτε στρατόσων’ ἱερὰ πρὸ τεῖχεα Θῆβης’.
Atrides? how canst call us slack in war?
When we Achaians rouse the onset keen
'Gainst Troy's steed-taming sons, then, if thou wilt
And to such gear thou hast a mind, thou'lt see
The loving father of Telemachus
Blent in the battle with the Trojan van.
But these thy words are surely words of wind."

To whom the sovereign, when he knew him wroth,
Soft smiling spake, with words of altered mood:
"Zeus-born Laertes' son, of many wiles,
I chide thee not o'er much, nor yet command,
For, well I know, the soul within thy breast
Kind counsels holds, thou thinkest ev'n as I.
Go to, hereafter make we good if aught
Of ill hath now been said: and may the gods
Scatter such empty words adown the winds!"

He spake, and leaving these to others passed.
Then found he Diomedes Tydeus' son,
High-couraged chief, upon his well-framed car
Standing with steeds all yoked: and by his side
Stood Sthenelus the son of Capaneus.
Him sovereign Agamemnon saw and chid,
And thus aloud in wingèd words addressed:
"Ah me! Thou son of Tydeus, valiant knight,
Why skulking cowardlike, why scanning thus
The battle bridge? Sure Tydeus loved not so
Timorous to cower, but of his comrades still
By far the foremost with the foe to fight:
As they have told who saw him at such work:
Myself nor met nor saw him; but, they say,
Peerless above all other men was he.
For to Mycenae not in war he came
With godlike Polynices, as a guest,
To gather men, for those who then were bound
To march a host on Thebé's sacred walls.

G. H.
καὶ ῥα μᾶλα λίσσοντο δόμεν κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους. οἱ δὲ ἐθελον δόμεναι καὶ ἐπήνευον ὡς ἐκέλευον ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἐτρέψε παραίσια σήματα φαίνων. οἱ δὲ ἔπει οὐν ὕχοντο ὑδὲ πρὸ ὁδοῦ ἐγένοντο, Ἀσωπὸν δ᾽ ἐκοντ βαθύσχοιον λεχεποίην, ἕνθ᾽ αὐτ ἀγγελήν ἐπὶ Τυδῆ στείλαν Ἀχαιοὶ. αὐτὰρ δὲ βῆ, πολέας δὲ κιχήσατο Καδμείωνας δαινυμένους κατὰ δῶμα βίς Ἐτεοκληνείς. ἕνθ᾽ οὔδὲ ξείνος περ ἐών ἐπιπηλάτα Τυδεὺς τάρβει, μοῦνος ἐὼν πολέσιν μετὰ Καδμείουσιν. ἀλλ᾽ ὁ γ᾽ ἀεθλεύειν προκαλίζετο, πάντα δ᾽ ἐνίκα ῥηδίως τοῖς οἱ ἐπίρροθος ἦν Ἀθήνη. οἱ δὲ χολωσάμενοι Καδμεῖοι, κέντορες ἐπτὼν, ἀψ ἀρ᾽ ἀνερχομένῳ πυκνών λόχων εἶσαν ἄγοντες, κούροις πεντήκοντα δῦω δ᾽ ἤγητορες ἦσαν, Μαῖων Αἴμονίδης ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτουσιν υἱὸς τ᾽ Ἀυτοφόνου μενεπτόλεμος Λυκοφόντης. Τυδεὺς μὴν καὶ τοῖσιν ἄεικέα πότμον ἐφήκεν πάντας ἐπεφύ, ἔνα δ᾽ οἶνον ἢ οἰκόνε δένεσθα. Μαῖον ἁρὰ προεήκε, θεῶν τεράσσει πιθήσας. τοῖος ἐν Τυδεῦς Αἰτώλιος. ἀλλὰ τὸν υἱὸν γεινατο εἰς χέρηα μάχη, ἀγορῆ γε τ᾽ ἀμείνω." ὃς φάτο, τὸν δ᾽ οὐ τὶ προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης, αἴδεσθεὶς βασιλῆς ἔνυπην αἰδολοῦ. τὸν δ᾽ υἱὸς Καπανῆς ἄμείψατο κυδαλίμοιον "Ἀτρείδη, μὴ ψεῦδε ἐπιστάμενος σάφα εἰπεῖν. ἥμεις τοι πατέρων μέγ᾽ ἄμεινονες εὐχόμεθ' εἴναι. ἥμεις καὶ Θῆβης ἐδος εἶλομεν ἐπταπύλου, παυρότερον λαὸν ἀγαγόνθ' ὑπὸ τεῖχος ἄρειον, πειθόμενον τεράσσει θεῶν καὶ Ζηνὸς ἀρωγῆ.
And much the Mycenaeans they besought
To give them famed allies: and they to give
Were willing, and consented as they bade:
But Zeus by threatening signs their purpose changed.
So these departing forward on their way
Came to Asopus' stream, deep-fringed with rush,
Banked with soft lawns. Tydeus to Thebê thence
In embassy Achaia's army sent.
Who came and found full many of Cadmus' sons
Feasting in mighty Eteocles' hall:
Nor trembled there, although a stranger guest
Alone amid the whole Cadmean throng,
Steed-driving Tydeus, but he challenged them
Their prowess to essay, and conquered all
With ease: such aid Athenê to him lent.
Then Cadmus' sons, spurrers of steeds, enraged
Led out and placed for him, as back he went,
Close ambush—fifty youths—with leaders twain,
The son of Haemon, to immortals peer,
Maeon, and with him Lycophontes joined,
Son of Autophonous and staunch in war.
These also Tydeus sent to shameful doom:
He slew them all save one, whom he released
Home to return, ev'n Maeon, whom he spared
Obedient to the portents of the gods.
Such was Aetolian Tydeus, who a son
Begat in council better, worse in fight."

He spake: stout Diomedes answered nought,
Awed at the chiding of the reverend king.
Spake then the son of glorious Capaneus:
"Atrides speak not lies, who know'st the truth.
We boast ourselves far better than our sires.
We too seven-gated Thebê's city took,
Tho' neath its warrior walls a lesser host
We led; for to the portents of the gods
We gave good heed and earned the help of Zeus,
κεῖνοι δὲ σφητέρησιν ἀτασθαλίσσιν ὄλοντο.
tῷ μὴ μοι πατέρας ποθ' ὀμοίη ἐνθεο τιμῇ."

τὸν δ' ἀρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης:

"τέττα, σιωπή ἦσο, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπιπείθεο μύθῳ.

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ νεμεσῶ Ἁγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαὸν ὀτρύνοντι μάχεσθαι εὐκτήμιδας Ἁχαιόν

τούτῳ μὲν γὰρ κύδος ἀμ' ἔφεσται, εἴ κεν Ἁχαιόν

Τρώας δηώσωσιν ἔλοσὶ τε "Ἰλιόν ἴρήν,

τούτῳ δ' αὖ μέγα πένθος Ἁχαιῶν δηωθέντων.

ἀλλ' ἂγε δὴ καὶ νῷ μεδώμεθα θοῦρίδος ἀλκῆς."

ἡ ρα, καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἀλτὸ χαμάξε,

δεινὸν δὲ βράχε χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσι ἀνακτος

ὁρυμένου ὑπὸ κεν ταλασίφρονά περ δέος εἶλεν.

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ πολυχεί κύμα θαλάσσης

ὁρυτ' ἐπασσύτερον Ζεφύρου ύπο κινῆσαντος:

πόντῳ μὲν τε πρώτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἐπεῖτα

χέρσῳ ῥηγυμένου μεγάλα βρέμει, ἀμφὶ δὲ τ' ἄκρας

κυρτὸν ἱδὸν κορυφοῦται, ἀποπτύει δ' ἄλος ἄχυνην

ὡς τὸτ' ἐπασσύτεραι Δαναῶν κίνυντο φάλλαγγες

νωλεμέως πόλεμών. κέλευε δὲ οἶσι ἐκαστος

ἡγεμόνων οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἁκήν ἵσαν—οὐδὲ κε φαίης

tόσσον λαὸν ἐπεσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδήν—

συγ' δειδίστες σημάντορας. ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν

τεύχεα τοικῆλ' ἐλαμπε, τα εἰμένοι ἐστιχώντο.

Τρώες δ', ὡς τ' διες πολυπάμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐλῇ

μυρίαι ἐστήκασιν ἀμελγόμεναι γάλα λευκῶν,

ἀξηχὲς μεμακύαι, ἀκούουσα ὅπα ἀρνῶν,

ὡς Τρώων ἀλαλητὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐφυν ὀράρει:

οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἣν ὁμός θρόος οὐδ' ἵα γῆνις,

ἀλλ' γλῶσσο' ἐμέμικτο, πολύκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἀνδρεῖς.
But they by their own folly were undone.
So prize me not our fathers as our peers.”

To whom stout Diomedes, stern in glance:
“Friend, sit thou silent and obey my word.
With Agamemnon shepherd of the host
I fret not, that Achaia’s well-greaved sons
He stirs to fight. His will the glory be,
If we Achaians rout the sons of Troy
And sacred Ilion fall, and his the grief,
Be we Achaians routed. Wherefore come
And let us twain take thought of valorous might.”

He spake, and from his chariot to the ground
Leapt all in arms: and fearful rang the mail
Upon the monarch’s breast, as swift he moved;
That e’en the stoutest heart had quailed to hear.

As when upon a far-resounding shore
Wave after wave incessant following moves
By west wind roused;—far out at sea his crest
Each rears at first, then on the hard beach breaks
With mighty roar, and round the rocky points
Towers concave, spitting far the salt sea foam—
So then incessant following, square on square,
Nor pause between, the Danaans moved to war.
Each leader gave his men the word; the rest
Marched mute (within their breasts all voice so checked
That none would deem so vast a host was there),
And silent feared their captains. Gleamed on all
The varied mail wherewith their ranks were clad.
But for the Trojans—as within the fold
Of some broad-acred lord the assembled ewes
Unnumbered stand, yielding the fresh white milk
With ceaseless bleating as they hear their lambs;
So through the Trojans’ ample host arose
Confusèd din—Not one the shout of all,
Nor one their accent; but their tongues were mixed,
And many were they called from many a land.
ὁρσε δὲ τοὺς μὲν Ἀρης, τοὺς δὲ γλαυκώπτις Ἀθήνη
Δειμός τ’ ἢδε Φῶς καὶ Ἑρις ἀμοτον μεμαυά, Ἀρεος ἀνδροφόνου κασινυήτη ἐτάρη τε,
ἡ τ’ ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα
οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.
ἡ σφιν καὶ τότε νεῖκος ὄμοιον ἐμβαλε μέσῳ
ἐρχομένη καθ’ ὁμιλοῦν, ὀφέλουσα στόνον ἀνδρῶν.
oi δ’ ὅτε δὴ β’ ἐς χώρον ἔνα ξυνιότες ίκοντο,
σὺν β’ ἐβαλον ρινοὺς σὺν δ’ ἔγχεα καὶ μὲνε’ ἀνδρῶν
χαλκεοθωρήκων’ ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὕμφαλοεσσαι
ἐπληντ’ ἄλληλησι, πολὺς δ’ ὀρυμαγδὸς ὄρατε.
ἐνθα δ’ ἀμ’ οἰμογῆ τε καὶ εὐχωλὴ πέλεν ἀνδρῶν
ολλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ἰεὲ δ’ αἴματι γαία.
ὡς δ’ ὅτε χείμαρροι ποταμοὶ κατ’ ὀρεσφὶ ρέοντες
ἐς μισγάγκειαν ξυμβάλλετον ὀβρίμον ὕδωρ
κρονοῦν ἐκ μεγάλων κοίλης ἐντοσθε χαράδρης’
τῶν δὲ τε τηλόσε δοῦτον ἐν οὐρέσιν ἐκλυν ποιμῆν’
ὡς τῶν μισγομένων γένετο ἰαχῇ τε φόβος τε.
πρῶτος δ’ Ἀντιλόχους Τρόων ἔλεν ἀνδρα κορυστὴν
ἔσθλον ἐνὶ προμάχουσι, Ἀλυσιάδην Ἐχέπωλον
τοῦ β’ ἐβαλεν πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ἔποδασείης,
ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ’ ἀρ’ ὀστέων εἰςω
αἰχμὴ χαλκεὶ’ τῶν δὲ σκότος ὀσσε κάλυψεν’
ήριτε δ’, ὡς ὅτε πῦργος, ἐνὶ κρατηρῇ ύσμίνῃ.
τοῦ δὲ πεσόντα ποδῶν ἐλαβεν κρείων Ἐλεφήνωρ
Χαλκωδοντιάδης, μεγαθύμων ἄρχος Αβάντων,
ἐλκε δ’ ὑπὲκ βελέων λειπμένους ὄφρα τάχιστα
tεύχεα συλῆσειε. μίνυνθα δὲ οἱ γένεθ’ ὀρμή’
νεκρὸν γὰρ ἑρύονται ἔδων μεγάθυμος Ἀχήνων
πλευρά, τὰ οἱ κύψαντ的良好 παρ’ ἀστίδος ἐξεφαάνθη,
οὔτησε ξυστῷ χαλκήρει, λύσε δὲ γυία.
These Ares roused; stern-eyed Athené these.
Terror withal, and Rout, and Discord there
Relentless raging stood, the sister she
Of slaughtering Ares and his comrade true;
Who small at first uprises, but anon
Her head strikes heaven, her tread is on the earth.
She now between them sowing common strife
Plunged in the throng, and swelled the warriors' groans.
    But when upon one field the armies closed,
They met with targe, with spear, and strength of men
In brazen corslet clad: while bossy shield
Pressed shield, and loud arose the various din.
Wailing at once and glorying shouts were there,
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.
    As rivers twain, storm-flooded, from the heights
Down streaming, where the glens converging meet
Join all their watery weight from mighty wells
Within one hollow chasm;—whose throbbing beat
The distant shepherd in the mountains hears—
So met the hosts with terror and with roar.
    And first Antilochus slew a helméd wight
Brave in Troy's vanguard, Echepolus named,
Thalysius' son. Him first his foeman's spear
Struck on the thick-plumed helmet's foremost cone:
The brazen point, fixed in the forehead, passed
Within the bone, and darkness veiled his eyes.
Down crashed he tower-like in the stubborn fight.
Whose feet, as thus he lay, Chalcodon's son
King Elephenor seized—the ruler he
Of the great-souled Abantes—and aside
From out the missile shower 'gan drag in haste
To strip his arms, but short-lived was his speed.
For, as he dragged the corse, Agenor saw,
Great-souled Agenor, and his side that showed
Beyond the buckler, as he stooped, thrust through
With brass-tipped spear, and loosed in death his limbs.
ὁς τὸν μὲν λίπε θυμός, ἐπ' αὐτῷ δ' ἔργον ἐτύχθη ἀργαλέων Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαίων οἳ δὲ λύκοι ὡς ἄλληλοις ἐπόρουσαν, ἀνήρ δ' ἀνδρὶ ἐδυνάλησεν.

ἐνθ' ἐβαλ' Ἀνθεμίδην οὐδ' Τελαμώνιος Ἀιας, ἥδεν θαλερών Σιμοείσιον, ὥν ποτε μήτηρ Ἰδηθεὶς κατιοῦσα παρ' ὄχθησιν Σιμόεντος γείνατ', ἐπεὶ ρα τοκεῦσιν ἀμὴ ἐσπετο μῆλα ἱδέαθαι. τούνεκά μιν κάλεον Σιμοείσιον' οὐδὲ τοκεῦσιν θρέπτρα φίλοισ ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δὲ οἱ αἰών ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Ἁιαντος μεγαθύμοι δουρὶ δαμέντι. πρῶτον γὰρ μιν ἴοντα βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζὸν δεξίον· ἀντικρῦς δὲ δεὶ ὦμον χάλκεου ἐγχος ἦλθεν. ο δ' ἐν κοινήσε χαμαλ πέσεν, αὐγειρος ὡς, ἥρα τ' ἐν εἰαμενή ἔλεος μεγάλοιο πεφύκη λείη, ἀτάρ τε οἱ ὄζοι ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ πεφύασιν τὴν μὲν θ' ἀρματοπηγὸς ἄνηρ αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ ἐξέταμ', ὦφρα ὕτων κάμψη περικαλλὲι δίφροι· ἦ μὲν τ' ἀξομένη κεῖταί ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας. τοίου ἀρ' Ἀνθεμίδην Σιμοείσιον ἐξενάριξεν Αἰας διογενῆς. τοῦ δ' Ἀντιφος αἰολοθώρης Πριαμίδης καθ' ὁμιλον ἀκόντισεν ὦξεί δουρὶ.

τοῦ μὲν ἄμαρθ', ὁ δὲ Δεύκον Ὀδυσσέος ἐσθλὸν ἐταῖρον βεβλήκει βουβώνα, νέκυν ἐτέρως' ἐρύοντα· ἦριπε δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ, νεκρὸς δὲ οἱ ἐκπεσε χειρός.

τοῦ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένου χολόθη, βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυμένον αἰθοτε χαλκῷ, στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγύς ἰών, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ ἀμφὶ ε παπτήμασ. ὑπὸ δὲ Τρώες κεκάδουτο ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσσαντος. ὁ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἦκεν, ἀλλ' υἱὸν Πριάμου νόθον βάλε Δημοκόσμια,
So fled his soul. But o'er him was dread work
Of Trojans and Achaians, who as wolves
Rushed each at other grappling man with man.
There Telamonian Ajax threw and hit
Anthemion's son, young Simoïsius,
In blooming prime: whom erst his mother bare
By banks of Simois, from Ida's height
Descending,—for in tendance on their flocks
She with her parents followed—whence his name
Was Simoïsius. Never paid he back
His parents meed of nurture, for his span
Was short, by spear of great-souled Ajax slain.
For him advancing first he struck in front
Near the right breast. Straight through the shoulder came
The brazen spear, and he upon the ground
Fell prone in dust; ev'n as a poplar falls,
That in a meadow of some wide fen grows
Smooth-stemmed, whose boughs are clustered on its head:—
And this some chariot-framer with bright blade
Cuts down to bend the felloe for a wheel
Of beauteous car. Adrying there it lies,
Along the river bank; and such lay he,
Young Simoïsius Anthemion's son,
By Zeus-born Ajax slain. Whom Antiphus
Of flashing corslet, son of Priam, sought
To strike, and hurled his keen lance 'mid the throng.
And him he missed, but struck upon the groin
Leucus—brave comrade of Odysseus he—
While dragging off a corse: who spear and all
Down fell, and from his hand the body slipped.
But at his death Odysseus much in wrath
Strode through the vanguard armed in burning mail,
And stood hard by and hurled a gleaming spear,
Gazing around him. Back the Trojans shrank
Soon as the hero hurled: nor flew the shaft
In vain, but hit Democoon, bastard son
ος οι Ἀβυδόθεν ἥλθε, παρ' ὑππων ὁκειάων. 500
tον β' Ὀδυσσέας ἑτάροιο χολοσάμενος βάλε δούρι
cόρσην' Ἦ δ' ἑτέρῳ διὰ κροτάφοιο πέρησεν
αἰχμῇ χαλκείᾳ' τῶν δὲ σκότος ὡςσε κάλυψεν'
dουπήσεν δὲ τεσσάρων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεῦχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
χώρησαν ὃ ὑπὸ τε τρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος "Ἐκτῶρ'
Ἀργείων δὲ μέγα ἱαξον, ἔρυσαντο δὲ νεκροὺς,
ἳθισαν δὲ πολύ προτέρῳ. νεμέσθησε δ' Ἀπόλλων
Περγάμου ἐκκατιδὼν, Τρώεσσι δὲ κέκλευεν' αὐσας'
"ὁρισθ' ὑπόδαμοι Τρώες' μὴ εἴκετε χάρμης
Ἀργείων, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφί λίθος χρώς οὔδε σίδηρος
χαλκὸν ἀνασχέσθαι ταμεσίχροα βαλλομένουσιν.
oυ μὴν οὕδ 'Αχιλλεύς Θέτιδος πάϊς ἡμοίου
μάρναται, ἀλλὰ ἐπὶ νησὶ χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσει." 510
ὡς φάτ' ἀπὸ πτόλιος δεινὸς θεός αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιός
ὡρσε Δίὸς θυγάτηρ κυδίστη τριτογένεια,
ἐρχομένη καθ' ὠμιλον, ἄθι μεθεντας ὕδωτο.
ἐνθ' Ἀμαρνογκείδην Διώρεα μοῖρα πέδησεν.
χερμαδίῳ γὰρ βλητῷ παρὰ σφυρὸν οκρόεντι
κυήμην δεξιτερῆν' βάλε δὲ Θρηκῶν ἁγὸς ἀνδρῶν,
Πειροῦς Ἰμβρασίδης, ὃς ἄρ' Αἰνόθεν εἰληλούθει
ἀμφοτέρῳ δὲ τένοντε καὶ ὡστὶα λᾶσα ἀναιδῆς
ἄχρις ἀπηλοίησεν' ὃ δ' ὑπτίος ἐν κοινῆσιν
κατπεσεν, ἀμφω χείρε φίλοις ἑτάροιι τετάσσας,
θυμὸν ἀποπνείων. ὃ δ' ἐπέδραμεν ὃς β' ἐβαλέν περ,
Πειροῦς, οὕτα δὲ δούρι παρ' ὀμφαλῶν' ἐκ δ' ἀρα πᾶσαι 520
χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες, τόν δὲ σκότος ὡςσε κάλυψεν.
tὸν δὲ Θόας Αἴτωλος ἐπεσωμένος βάλε δούρι
Of Priam, from Abydos—where he fed
The fleet mares of his father—now returned.
Him then Odysseus, for his comrade wroth,
Smote with his spear, a side-stroke on the skull,
And through and out of the other temple passed
The brazen point; and darkness veiled his eyes.
Heavy he fell, his armour on him rang.
The van with glorious Hector then gave ground.
But loud the Argives shouted, and the dead
They dragged away, and forward far they rushed.
Whereat Apollo chafed, as from the tower
He viewed the strife below; and thus he cried:
"Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans! yield not thus
To Argive foes in fray. Not stone their flesh
Nor iron, to resist the sharing blade,
So they be hit. No truly, nor does he
Achilleus son of fair-haired Thetis fight,
But nurses at the ships his heartfelt wrath."

So spake the dread god from the citadel.
Achaia's sons the while the child of Zeus
Tritogenia roused, most glorious queen,
Threading the throng where'er she saw them slack.

Dioreus son of Amarynceus there
Stern fate enchained; for him a jagged stone
On the right leg beside the ankle struck,
By Piros thrown, the son of Imbrasus,
A Thracian leader who from Aenus came.
The tendons twain and bones the ruthless stone
Deep entering shattered; backward in the dust
He fell, both hands outspreading to his friends
As forth he breathed his life. Upon him ran
Piros who threw the stone, and thrust with spear
Close by the navel; on the ground gushed out
His bowels all, and darkness veiled his eyes.
On Piros then Aetolian Thoas rushed,
And cast his spear and struck him on the breast
στέρνον ύπερ μαζιοί, πάγη δ' εν πνεύμονι χαλκός.
ἀγχίμολον δὲ οἱ ήλθε Θόας, ἐκ δ' ὄβριμον ἐγχος
ἐσπάσατο στέρνου, ἐρύσατο δὲ ξίφος ὄξυ, 530
τῷ ο' γε γαστέρα τύψε μέσην, ἐκ δ' αἰνυτο θυμόν.
τεῦχεα δ' οὐκ ἀπέδυσεν περίστησαν γὰρ ἐταῖροι
Θρήκες ἀκρόκομοι, δολίχ' ἐγχεα χερσίν ἔχουτες,
οἰ ἐ μέγαν περ ἑόντα καὶ ἱφθιμον καὶ ἀγανόν
ὡσαν ἀπτο σφειών. ὅ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.
535
ὡς τώ γ' ἐν κονίησι παρ' ἄλληλοις τετάσθην,
ἡ τοι ὡ μὲν Θρηκῶν ὁ δ' Ἐπειὼν χαλκοχιτώνων
ήγεμόνες. πολλοὶ δὲ περικτείνοντο καὶ ἄλλοι.
ἐνθα κεν οὐκέτι έργον αὐτή ὄνοσατο μετελθόνων,
ὡς τίς ἔτ' ἄβλητος καὶ ἀνούτατος ὃξεί χαλκῷ 540
δωνεύοι κατὰ μέσσον, ἄγων δὲ ἐ Παλλᾶς Ἁθήνη
χειρὸς ἐλούσ', αὐτὰρ βελέων ἀπερύκοι ἐρώην.
pολλοὶ γὰρ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἡματι κείνῳ
πρηνεῖς εν κονίησι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τέταντο.
Above the pap. Fast in the lung was fixed
The brazen point; but Thoas came full near
And forced the weighty lance from out his chest;
And drew his keen-edged sword, with which he smote
Full on the belly, and reft his foe of life.
Yet stripped he not his arms; for round him stood
His comrades—Thracians they, with tufted locks
Crowning their heads, and lances long in hand—
Who, tall and strong and awful though he was,
Yet thrust him back, and he perforce gave ground.
Thus side by side in dust those twain were stretched,
Of Thracians one, of mailed Epeans one
The chief: and many more around them fell.

There no man sure, who had among them come,
Had scorned their warlike work—whoe'er unhurt
By throw or thrust of brazen point had roamed
Amid the fight, Athéné as his guide
Holding his hand and warding forceful shafts.
For Trojans and Achaians prone in dust
That day full many side by side were laid.
...
ILIAD V.

The prowess of Diomedes.

And now to Diomedes Tydeus' son
Pallas Athené might and daring gave,
That so mid all the Argives he might shine
Conspicuous forth, and win him brave renown.
From helm and buckler unabating fire
She kindled, fire as of the summer star
Rising all-glorious from his ocean bath:
Such fire from head and shoulders kindled she
And spurred him to the midmost throng of fight.

A man there was of Troy, Dares his name,
Rich, blameless, of Hephaestos priest, and sire
To Phegeus and Idaeus, stalwart sons,
A pair well-skilled in every feat of arms.
These issuing from their host opposing rushed
On Diomedes, charioted they twain,
He on the ground a footman moved to war.
And to each other when they now drew near,
First Phegeus threw long-shadowed lance, whose point
O'er the left shoulder of Tydides came,
Nor hit him: second then with brazen spear
Tydides rose, whose shaft left not his hand
In vain, but hit his breast between the paps
And hurled him from his steeds. Away in haste
Idaeus sped and left his beauteous car,
Nor dared to stand and shield his brother slain:
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ κεν αὐτὸς ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα μέλαιναν, ἀλλ' Ἡφαιστος ἔρυτο, σῶσε δὲ νυκτὶ καλύψας, ὡς δὴ οἱ μὴ πάγχυ γέρων ἀκαχήμενος εἰη. ἵπποις δὲ εξελάσας μεγαθύμου Τυδέος νίὸς δῶκεν ἑταίροιςιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας. Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ἐπεὶ ἱδον υἱὸς Δάρητος τὸν μὲν ἄλευμενον τὸν δὲ κτάμενον παρ' ὀχεσφιν, πᾶσι όρινθη θυμός. ἀτὰρ γλαυκώπις Ἀθηνή χειρὸς ελούσα ἐπέσαι προσηύδα θοῦρον Ἀρη. "Ἀρες Ἀρε, βροτολογε, μιαφόνε, τευχεσπλήτα, οὐκ ἢν δὴ Τρῶας μὲν ἔσαίμεν καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς μάρνασθ', ὀπποτέρωσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς κύδος ὀρέξῃ, νώι δὲ χαζώμεσθα, Δίὸς δ' ἀλεώμεθα μῆνιν;" ὃς εἴπονσα μάχης εξήγαγε θοῦρον Ἀρη. τὸν μὲν ἐπείτα καθείσεν ἐπ' ἡμέντι Σκαμάνδρῳ, Τρῶας δὲ κλίναν Δαναοί. ἔλε δ' ἀνδρα ἐκαστος ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀρχὸν Ἀλιξώνων, Ὄδηγον μέγαν, ἐκβαλε δίφρον πρῶτῳ γὰρ στρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξεν ὁμών μεσηγῆς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἐλασσεν. δούπησεν δὲ πεσῶν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 'Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Φαῖστον ἐνήρατο, Μήονος νίὸν Βώρου, ὃς ἐκ Τάρνης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει. τὸν μὲν ἂρ 'Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐγχεῖ μακρῷ νῦξ ὑπ' ὕππων ἐπιβησόμενον κατὰ δεξιὸν ὁμον' ἐριπε δ' εξ ὀχέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἶλεν. τὸν μὲν ἂρ 'Ἰδομενής ἐσύλευον θεράπωντες.
For thus himself had surely not escaped
Black fate; but now Hephaestos rescued him
Close-veiled in night, that so his aged sire
Might not be grieved with utter loss of all.
But those his steeds the great-souled Tydeus' son
Drove from the throng and to his comrades gave
In charge to lead them to the hollow ships.
And all the great-souled Trojans, when they saw
Of Dares' sons one saved by flight, one slain
And prostrate by his car, were stirred in soul.
Then did stern-eyed Athené by the hand
Impetuous Ares seize, and thus she spake:
"O Ares, Ares, bloodstained, bane of men,
Thou rampart-stormer, shall not now we twain
Leave Trojans and Achaians here to fight,
The Father granting glory where he will,
While we retire and shun the wrath of Zeus?"

The goddess spake, and from the battle-field
Led out impetuous Ares, whom anon
She seated on Scamander's grassy bank.
Then did the Danaans turn the sons of Troy,
And every Danaan leader slew a foe.
First Agamemnon king of men dislodged
Tall Hodius from his car—a prince was he
Of Halizonians: for, as first he turned,
Between the shoulders in the back his spear
Atrides fixed, and drave it through his breast.
Heavy he fell, his armour on him rang.

Then by Idomeneus was Phaestus slain,
Son of Maeonian Borus, who had come
From Tärne's cloddéd soil. Him with long lance
Spear-famed Idomeneus, when now in act
To mount his steeds, through the right shoulder pierced.
Down from his car he dropt, in hateful night
Soon veiled: whom then the victor's squires despoiled.
νιόν δὲ Στροφίοιο Σκαμάνδριον, αἶμονα θήρης.
'Ατρείδης Μενέλαος ἐλ' ἐγχεὶ ὀξύειντι,
ἐσθολὼν θηρητῆρα: δίδαξε γὰρ Ἄρτεμις αὐτῇ
βάλλειν ἀγρια πάντα τά τε τρέφει οὐρέσιν ὕλη.
ἄλλ' οὐ οἷς τότε γε χραίσμ' Ἐρτεμίς ἱοχέαρα,
οὕε ἐκηβολίαι, ἃσιν τὸ πρίν γε κέκαστο:
ἀλλά μιν 'Ατρείδης δουρικλείτος Μενέλαος,
πρόσθε ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὔτασε δουρὶ
ὡμον μεσσηγὺς, διὰ δὲ στῆθεσφιν ἐλασσεν.
ηριτε δὲ πρηνής, ἀράβηςε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Μηριόνης δὲ Φέρεκλου ἐνήρατο, τέκτονος νιόν
'Αρμονίδεω, ὃς χερσίν ἐπίστατο δαιδαλα πάντα
τεύχειν' ἐξοχα γὰρ μιν ἐφίλατο Παλλᾶς Ἀθηνή
ὅς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τεκτήνατο νῆας εἴσας
ἀρχεκάκους, αἱ πάσι κακῶν Ἰρφέσσι γένοντο
ὅτι τ' αὐτῷ, ἐπεὶ οὐ τι θεῶν ἐκ θέσφατα ἦδη.
τόν μὲν Μηριόνης ὅτε δὴ κατέμαρπτε διώκων,
βεβλήκει γλουτόν κάτα δεξίων ἢ δὲ διαπρὸ
ἀντικρὺς κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστεόν ἦλυθ' ἀκοκή.
γνύξ δ' ἐρίτη οἰμώξας, θάνατος δὲ μιν ἄμφεκάλυψεν.

Πήδαιον δ' ἄρ' ἐπεφυε Μέγης, Ἀντήνορος νιόν,
ὡς ἡ νόθος μὲν ἐγν', πῦκα δὲ τρέφε διὰ Θεανώ,
Ἰσα φίλουι τέκεσσι, χαρίζομέν πόσει δ'.
τόν μὲν Φυλείδης δουρικλυτός ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
βεβλήκει κεφαλῆς κατὰ ἵνιον ὀξεῖ δουρὶ
ἀντικρὺς δ' ἀν' ὀδόντας ὑπὸ γλῶσσαν τάμε χαλκός.
ηριτε δ' ἐν κοινή, ψυχρόν δ' ἔλε χαλκόν ὀδούσιν.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' Εὔαιμονίδης Ἄτηνορά δίον,
νιόν ὑπερθύμον Δολοπίονος, ὃς ἡ Σκαμάνδρου
ἀρητήρ ἐτέκτωκτο, θεὸς δ' ὡς τίτετο δῆμῳ,
τόν μὲν ἄρ' Εὐρύπυλος Εὐαιμονος ἀγλαος νιός,
But Menelaus slew with beechen spear
Scamandrius son of Strophius. In the chase
A cunning wight was he, a hunter good,
For Artemis herself had taught his hand
To strike all game that woodland mountains rear.
Yet nought could Artemis the arrow-queen
Avail him then, nor that far-shooting skill,
His former pride: but him did Atreus' son
The spear-famed Menelaus, as he fled,
Full on the back between the shoulders smite
With thrust of spear, and drave it through his breast.
Prone fell he, and his armour on him rang.
    Meriones slew Phereclus—son was he
Of worker deft in wood, Harmonides,
And knew himself all artful handiwork,
For Pallas loved him well. 'Twas he that first
For Alexander wrought the balanced ships,
Sad source of woe to Troy and to himself,
Since nought he knew of what the gods had doomed.
Him now Meriones o'ertook and smote
On the right buttock; 'neath the bone straight on
The point came through the bladder. With a cry
Upon his knee he fell, death veiled his sight.
    Meges Pedaeus slew, Antenor's son,
A bastard born, whom yet with kindly care
Divine Theano nurtured as her own,
To please her lord. Him spear-famed Phyleus' son
Approached and smote with keen lance 'neath the head
Upon the nape; right on between the teeth
Below the tongue the broad point shared. In dust
He fell, and with his teeth the cold brass bit.
    There did Evaemon's son Eurypylus
Divine Hypsenor slay: the son was he
Of high-souled Dolopion, whom a priest,
Scamander's priest, in honour as a god
The people held. Him then Eurypylus
πρόσθε ἐθεν φεύγοντα, μεταδρομάδην ἔλασ' ὠμον 80
φασγάνω αἴξας, ἀπὸ δὲ ξέσε χείρα βαρείαν.
αἰματόεσσα δὲ χείρ πεδὼ πέσε· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὀσσε
ἐλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοίρα κραταιή.
ὡς οὐ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην'
Τυδείδην δ' οὐκ ἄν γνοῖς ποτέροισι μετεῖη,
ἡ' μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ὀμιλεύει ἡ μετ' Ἀχαιός.
θύνε γὰρ ἂμ πεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι οἰοκός
χειμάρρῳ, ὠς τ' ἄκα ρέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας·
tὸν δ' οὐτ' ἄρ τε γέφυραι ἑργημέναι ἰσχανόωσιν
οὐτ' ἀρα ἔρκεα ἵσχει ἀλώαν ἐριθηλέων,
ἐλθόντι ξαπίνης, ὡτ' ἑπιθρίησι Δίως ὄμβρος·
pολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήρυπε κάλ' αἰξῆων.
ὡς χ' ὑπὸ Τυδείδη πυκναὶ κλονέοντο φάλαγγες
Τρώων, οὐδ' ἄρα μιν μίμνων πολέες περ ἐόντες.
τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε Δυκάνων ἀγλαὸς νίσ
θύνοντι ἂμ πεδίον, πρὸ ἔθεν κλονέοντα φάλαγγας,
ἀλυγ' ἑπὶ Τυδείδῃ ἐτιταινεῖ καμπύλα τῶξα,
καὶ βάλ' ἐπαίσσοντα, τυχῶν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὠμον,
θώρηκος γύαλον διὰ δὲ πτάτῳ πικρὸς ὅστος,
ἀντικρὺς δὲ δίεσχε, παλάσσετο δ' αἰματί θώρηξ.
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tὸ' δ' ἑπὶ μακρὸν αὐσε Δυκάνων ἀγλαὸς νίσ
"ὄρνυσθε, Τρώες μεγάλυμοι, κέντορες ὑπ'πων
βέβληται γὰρ ἄριστος Ἀχαϊῶν, οὐδὲ ε ὕμηι
δήθ' ἀνυχῦσθαι κρατερὸν βέλος, εἰ ἐτεόν με
ἄρσε ἀνάξ Δίως νίσ ἀπορνύμενον Δυκώθεων."
ὡς ἐφατ' εὖχομενος τὸν δ' οὐ βέλος ὡκὺ δάμασσεν,
ἀλλ' ἀναχωρήσας πρόσθ' ὑποιων καὶ ὅχεσθιν
ἔστη, καὶ Σθένελον προσέφη Κατανήινοι νιόν.
Evaemon's noble son, ev'n as he fled
Before him, chased, outran, and swooping down
With falchion smote his shoulder. Severed clean
Fell arm and heavy hand upon the plain
All dripping blood, and o'er his eyes was spread
The veil of dark death and resistless doom.

Thus toiled the rest throughout the stubborn fray.
But—for Tydides—none might know with whom
He ranged, with Trojan or Achaian throng:
For o'er the plain he rushed, as in full flood
A storm-swoln torrent, that with hurrying stream
Breaks dyke and dam—Nor dam compact may stay,
Nor stony fence of orchard rich in fruit
Stem the fierce tide, so sudden on it comes,
What time the heavy rains of Zeus down pour,
Wide wasting the fair works of vigorous hands.
So Troy's close ranks before Tydides fled,
Nor, many though they were, abode his might.

Whom when Lycaon's noble son perceived,
As o'er the plain he rushed and drove before
The routed columns, quick at Tydeus' son
He drew his curved bow, and with true aim
By the right shoulder struck him, as he charged,
Upon the hollow corslet. Through it flew
The arrow keen and onwards held its way;
And straight the corslet showed the stain of blood.
Whereat loud cried Lycaon's noble son:
"Rise, great-souled Trojans, spurrers ye of steeds:
Achaia's best is smit, nor long, I ween,
Will bear the forceful shaft, if me in truth
The king, the son of Zeus, sped on my way,
When hitherwards from Lycia's land I came."

Boastful he spake: yet the keen shaft his foe
Quelled not: but from the throng retiring he
Before his steeds and chariot stood, and there
Thus spake to Sthenelus son of Capaneus:
“όρσο, πέπον Καπανηάδη, καταβηγεο δίφρου, ὁφρα μοι ἐξ ὁμοιο ἐρύσης πικρῶν ὀἱστῶν.”

ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφή, Σθένελος δὲ καθ’ ἵππων ἄλτο χαμάζε, πάρ δὲ στὰς βέλους ὅκν διαμπέρες ἐξέρυσ’ ὁμού· αἶμα δ’ ἀνηκούτιζε διὰ στρεπτοῦ χιτώνος.

ἡ τότ’ ἐπειτ’ ἥρατο βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομῆδης· "κλώθι μεν, αἰγμόχοιο Δίδ τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη.

εἰ ποτὲ μοι καὶ πατρὶ φίλα φρονέουσα παρέστης δηήῳ ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν αὐτ’ ἐμὲ φίλαι, Ἀθήνη, ὅς δὲ τε μ’ ἀνδρα ἑλεῖν, καὶ ἐς ὁρμὴν ἐγχεος ἐλθεῖν, ὥς μ’ ἐβαλε φθάμενοι καὶ ἐπεύχεται, οὔδε μὲ φησίν ἀνρῶν ἐτ’ ὑψεσθαι λαμπρὸν φάος ἱέλιοιο.”

ὡς ἐφατ’ εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δὲ κλύε Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη, γυνα δ’ ἔθηκεν ἑλαφρά, πόδας καὶ χείρας ὑπερθεν, ἀγχοῦ δ’ ἰσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα· "θαρσέων νῦν, Διόμηδες, ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι· ἐν γὰρ τοι στήθεσι μένος πατρώιον ἰκα ἀτρομον, οἰνον ἐχεσκε σακέσπαλος ἵπποτα Τυδεύς.

ἀχλῦν δ’ αὐ τοι ἀπ’ ὀφθαλμῶν ἐλον, ἣ πρὶν ἐπῆν, ὅφρ’ εὐ γηγνώσκης ἥμεν θεόν ἤδε καὶ ἀνδρα. τῷ νῦν, εἰ τε θεὸς πειρόμενος ἐνθάδ’ ἴκνει, μὴ τι σύ γ’ ἀθανάτους θεοὺς ἀντικρὸ μάχεσθαι τοὺς ἄλλους· ἀτὰρ εἰ κε Δίδοθθ συγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη ἐλθῆς’ ἐς πόλεμου, τὴν γ’ οὐτάμεν ὄξεί χαλκῷ.”

ἡ μὲν ἄρ’ ὡς εἰπόος’ ἀπέβη γλαυκώτης Ἀθήνη. Τυδείδης δ’ ἐξαύτης ἱῶν προμάχουσιν ἐμίχθη· καὶ πρὶν περ θυμῷ μεμαδὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι, δὴ τότε μν τρὶς τόσον ἔλεν μένος, ὡς τε λέοντα ὅν ρὰ τε ποιμὴν ἀγρὸ ἐπ’ εἰροπόκοις ὀεσσών χραύσῃ μὲν τ’ αὐλῆς ὑπεράλμενον, οὔδε δαμάσσῃ.
"Rouse thee, kind son of Capaneus, quit the car
And from my shoulder draw this arrow keen."

So spake the chief: and Sthenelus from his steeds
Leapt to the ground, and by him stood, and drew
Right through and from the shoulder the swift shaft.
The blood upspirted through the twisted mail.
Then loud prayed Diomedes good in fray:
"Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Untamed; if ever by my sire of yore
With kindly will in hostile war thou stood'st,
Befriend me now, Athené, and grant withal
That he may come within my lance's throw,
By me to fall, who me but now forestalled
And hit, and o'er me boasts, nor deems that I
Shall long behold the Sun-god's glorious light."

He spake in prayer: Pallas Athené heard,
Made light his feet below, his hands above,
And standing near in wingèd words addressed:
"Now, Diomedes, on the sons of Troy
Charge boldly: in thy breast I have inbreathed
Thy father's dauntless courage, such as erst
Shield-shaking Tydeus had, that noble knight.
Nay more, from veiling mist I purge thine eyes
That thou may'st well discern both god and man.
Wherefore, if god draw near to try thy force,
With other gods immortal fight thou not
Opposing; but if Aphrodíté come,
Daughter of Zeus, and dare the brunt of war,
Spare not at her to thrust thy piercing point."

Stern-eyed Athené spake, and went her way.
Tydides then amid the foremost throng
Plunged him again: whom, hotly bent before
To charge the foe, now threefold fury filled.
Ev'n as a lion, whom, his woolly flocks
While watching in the field, a shepherd wounds
With a light scratch as o'er the fence he leaps
τοῦ μὲν τε σθένος ὤρσεν, ἔπειτα δὲ τ' οὐ προσαμύνει ἀλλὰ κατὰ σταθμοὺς δύεται, τὰ δ' ἐρήμα φοβεῖται: 140 
αἱ μὲν τ' ἀγχιστίναι ἐπ' ἀλλήλησι κέχυνται, 
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἐμμεμαῖς βαθέης ἐξάλλεται αὐλῆς. 
ὡς μεμαῖος Τρόασσι μύγη κρατερὸς Διομήδης. 

ἐνθ' ἔλε Ἀστύνοον καὶ Τπείρονα ποιμένα λαῶν, 
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζῷο βαλῶν χαλκῆρεί δουρί, 
τὸν δ' ἐτερον ξίφει μεγάλῳ κληίδα παρ' ὁμον 
πλῆξ', ἀπὸ δ' αὐχένος ὁμον ἑργαθεὶν ἦδ' ἀπὸ νότου. 
τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὁ δ' Ἀβαντα μετφίχετο καὶ Πολύδων, 
νίεας Εὐρυδάμαντος ὀνειροτόλου γέροντος, 
τοῖς οὐκ ἐρχομένους ὁ γέρων ἐκρίνατ' ὀνείρους, 
ἀλλὰ σφεας κρατερὸς Διομήδης ἐξενάριζεν. 

βῇ δὲ μετὰ Ξάνθου τε Ὑώνα τε Φαινοπος νιε, 
ἀμφω τηλυγέτω ὁ δ' ἐτείρετο γήραῖ λυγρῷ, 
νίδω δ' οὖ τέκετ' ἀλχον ἐπὶ κτέατεσσι λυπέσθαι. 
ἐνθ' ὁ γε τοὺς ἐνάριζε, φίλον δ' ἐξαίνυτο θυμὸν 
ἀμφοτέρω, πατέρι δὲ γόον καὶ κήδεα λυγρά 
λείπ', ἔπει οὖ ξώοντε μάχης ἐκνοστήσαντε 
δέξατο' χηρωσταί δὲ διὰ κτῆσιν δατέοντο. 

ἐνθ' νιεας Πριάμου δύω λάβε Δαρδανίδαο, 
εῖν ἐν δίφρω ἐόντας, Ἐχήμονα τε Χρομίον τε. 
ὡς δὲ λέων ἐν βουσὶ βορὼν ἐξ αὐχένα ἄξη 
πόρτιος ἢ βοός, ξύλοχου κατὰ βοσκομενάων, 
ὡς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους ἐξ ἵππων Τυδέος νιὸς.
Into the fold, nor quells him, but his strength
Provokes the more:—The man stays not to guard,
But hides him in the sheep-sheds, while the flock
Defenceless all are scared and huddled close
One on the other crowd; the furious beast
Successful leaps from out the high-walled fold—
So fiercer yet in fury for his wound
Stout Diomedes mid the Trojans plunged.

Astynoüs and Hypiron there he slew,
Hypiron shepherd of his folk: the first
Above the breast he hit with brass-tipped lance,
The other with his mighty sword he smote
Close by the shoulder on the collar-bone,
And clove the shoulder from the neck and back.
Then these he left, and after Abas hied
And Polyidus, of Eurydamas
The sons: an aged dream-expounder he,
Whose dreams availed him nought to warn his sons
Of coming doom as to the war they went;
For stalwart Diomedes slew them both.
Xanthus and Thöon next he turned to seek,
Two sons of Phaenops they, late-born, well-loved,
Whose sire by sad age worn no other son
Begat to leave as lord of all his wealth.
Both these the hero spoiled and reft of life,
And to their father nought but bitter grief
And wailing left: for nevermore alive
Welcomed he them returning from the war,
And strangers shared the orphaned heritage.

Two sons of Priam son of Dardanus
Now slew he, in one chariot mounted both,
Echemon named and Chromius: and as when
Leaping upon the kine a lion fells
With broken neck a heifer or a cow,
As through the copse they feed, so from their steeds
The son of Tydeus hurled them both tho' sore
βῆσε κακῶς ἀέκοντας, ἔπειτα δὲ τεῦχε' ἐσύλα: ἵππους δ' οίς ἐτάροισε δίδον μετὰ νήσας ἐλαύνειν.

τὸν δὲ Ἰόν Αἰνείας ἀλαπάζοντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν, βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἀν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνά κλόνον ἐγχέατιν
Πάνδαρον ἀντίθεον διξήμενος εἴ ποι ἐφεύροι.

εὗρε Αὐκάνονος ύιὸν ἀμύμονα τε κρατερὸν τε, στὴ δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῖο, ἔπος τὲ μιν ἀντίον ηὐδα.

"Πάνδαρε, ποῦ τοι τόξα ἰδὲ πτερόεντες οἰστοὶ καὶ κλέος; ὃ οὗ τὶς τοι ἐρίζεται ἐνθάδε γ' ἀνήρ, οὐδὲ τις ἐν Λυκίη σεό γ' εὔχεται εἰναι ἄμεινων.

ἀλλ' ἄγε τῶδ' ἔφεσ ἀνδρὶ βέλος, Διὶ χείρας ἀνασχῶν, ὦς τὶς οὗτοι κρατεῖ καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργην

Τρώας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ' ἐλυσεν' εἰ μὴ τὶς θεὸς ἐστὶ κοτεσσάμενος Τρώέσσιν, ἱρῶν μηνίσας: χαλεπὴ δὲ θεοῦ ἐπὶ μῆνις."

τὸν δ' αὕτη προσέειπε Αὐκάνονος ἄγλαδος ύιὸς:

"Αἰνεία Τρῶων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτῶνων,

Τυδείδη μιν ἐγὼ γε δαίφρουν πάντα ἐῖςκω,
ἀσπίδοι γυνώσκων αὐλώπιδι τε τρυφαλείῃ,
ἵππους τ' εἰσορόων σάφα δ' οὐκ οἰδ' ἡ θεός ἐστιν.

εὶ δ' ὃ γ' ἀνήρ ὁν φημι, δαίφρουν Τυδεός ύιός,
οὐχ ὃ γ' ἄνευθε θεοῦ τάδε μαίνεται, ἀλλὰ τὶς ἄγχυ

ἔστηκ' ἀθανάτων, νεφέλη εἰλιμένους ὄμος,

ὅς τούτοι βέλος ὥκυ κιχήμενον ἔτραπεν ἄλλη.

ἡδι γάρ οἱ ἐφήκα βέλος, καὶ μιν βάλων ὦμον

dεξιῶν, ἀντικρὺς διὰ θώρηκος γυάλοιο,

καὶ μιν ἐγὼ ἡ ἐφάμην Ἀίδωνη προιάψειν,

ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἐδάμασσα: θεός νῦ τῖς ἐστὶ κοτήεις.

ἵππου δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἄρματα, τὸν κ' ἐπιβαίνῃ.
Unwilling. Then their arms he stript, and gave
Their steeds for comrades to the ships to drive.

Him, as he wasted wide the ranks of men,
Æneas marked, and hied him through the fight
And through the storm of spears to seek around—
If he might find him—godlike Pandarus.
Lycaon's stout and blameless son he found,
And stood before his face, and thus he spake:
"Where, Pandarus, where thy bow and feathered shafts
And fame? wherein none here with thee may vie,
And none in Lycia boasts a better skill.
Nay, come; an arrow shoot, thy hands to Zeus
Duly upraised, at yonder conquering man
Whoe'er he be, that now hath wrought great scathe
Upon the Trojans and hath loosed the knees
Of many a gallant chief: if man he be,
And not some god who venges him on Troy
In wrath for holy dues unpaid: for then
The wrath of god doth press full heavily."

To whom replied Lycaon's noble son:
"Æneas, of the mail-clad sons of Troy
Sage counsellor, to Tydeus' valiant son
I liken him in all. His shield I know,
And crested helm; his steeds withal I see.
Yet know I not for sure he is no god.
But if the man I say, the valiant son
Of Tydeus, not unaided by a god
He rages thus, but some immortal power
Stands ever near, with shoulders wrapt in mist,
Who the swift shaft that reached him turned aside.
For I but now, who loosed a shaft at him,
On the right shoulder struck him, piercing through
The corslet's hollow plate, and fully thought
To hurl him down to Hades: yet withal
I quelled him not. Some wrathful god is here.
And steeds or car to mount with me are none:
ἀλλὰ ποὺ ἐν μεγάροις Δυκάνων ἐνδεκα δίφροι καλοὶ πρωτοπαγεῖς νεοτευχέες, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοι πέπτανται· παρὰ δὲ σφὶ ἐκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι ἐστάσιν κρὴ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας.

ἡ μὴν μοι μάλα πολλὰ γέρων αἴχιμητὰ Δυκάων ἐρχομένῳ ἐπέτελλε δόμοις ἐνι ποιητοῖσιν ἵπποισίν μ᾽ ἐκέλευε καὶ ἄρμασιν ἐμβεβαιῶτα ἀρχεῦεν Τρώεσσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ύσμίνας.

ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην—ἡ τ᾽ ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἤευ—ἵππων ψείδομενος, μή μοι δευοῖατο φορβῆς ἀνδρῶν εἰλομένων, εἰωθότες ἐδμεναί ἀδην.

ὡς λίπου, αὐτὰρ πεξὸς ἐς Ἰλιον εἰλήλουθα, τόξοισιν πίσυνοι· τὰ δὲ μ᾽ οὐκ ἀρα μέλλων ὅνήσειν. ἔδη γὰρ δοιοῦσιν ἀριστήσεσιν ἑφίκα,

Τυδεῖδη τε καὶ Ἀτρείδη, ἐκ δ᾽ ἀμφοτέρουν ἀτρεκές αἱρ᾽ ἔσσενα βαλῶν, ἦγειρα δὲ μᾶλλον. τῷ ῥα κακῇ αὐῃ ἀπὸ πασσάλου ἀγκύλα τόξα ἡματι τῷ ἐλόμην ὅτε Ἰλιον εἰς ἐρατείνην ἔγεόμην Τρώεσσι, φέρων χάριν "Εκτορι δίῳ.

εἰ δὲ κε νοςτήσω καὶ ἐσώσαμαι ὀφθαλμοῖσιν πατρίδ᾽ ἐμῆν ἀλοχόν τε καὶ υψερεφές μέγα δῶμα, αὐτίκ᾽ ἐπείτ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἐμείο κάρῃ τάμοι ἄλλοτριος φῶς, εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ τάδε τόξα φαινώ ἐν πυρὶ θείν

χερσὶ διακλάσσας· ἀνεμώλια γὰρ μοι ὀπήδει." τὸν δ᾽ αὐτ᾽ Ἀινείας Τρώων ἄγος ἀντίον ἦδα· "μήδ᾽ οὔτως ἀγόρευε· πάρος δ᾽ οὐκ ἔσσεται ἂλλως πρίν γ᾽ ἐπὶ νῦ τῷ δ᾽ ἄνδρ᾽ σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν ἀντιβήνῃ ἐλθόντε σὺν ἐντεσὶ πειρηθήναι.

ἀλλ᾽ ἀγ᾽ ἐμῶν ὄχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὃφρα ᾱδηαί
But in Lycaon's halls, I ween, are left
Chariots eleven, fair, newly-joined, fresh-made,
And o'er them cloths are spread; and by them all,
Two for the yoke of each, their horses stand
Champing white barley and the grain of spelt.
To me indeed Lycaon, warrior old,
Within our well-built home gave frequent charge,
When to the war I went; and bade me oft
On steeds and chariot mounted to lead on
The Trojan warriors through the stubborn fray.
But I obeyed him not—tho' better far
Had been obedience—for I spared my steeds,
Lest food should fail them, when our men were pent
In Troy, and they aye wont to eat their fill.
So them I left, and came to Ilion
Afoot, my bow my trust, and that methinks
Doomed to be bootless. For at chieftains twain
Already have I shot, at Tydeus' son,
And at the son of Atreus. Both I hit,
From both true blood I drew, yet roused the more.
Wherefore with evil luck my curvèd bow
Down from the peg I took upon that day
When I, to do the godlike Hector grace,
To lovely Ilion led my Trojan band.
But if I e'er return, and if my eyes
See country, wife, and high-roofed ample house,
May stranger foeman straight cut off my head,
If bow and shafts I break not with my hands,
And cast their splinters in the blazing fire:
For vain and helpless followers they are found."

To him Æneas Trojan chief replied:
"Nay, say not so: we will not deem it vain
Too soon, till thou and I against this man
With steeds and car have gone, and might to might
With weapons proved him. Wherefore come, and mount
My car, that thou mayst see what strain they be
οἰοὶ Τρώοι ἢπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίου κρατηνά μάλ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα διωκέμεν ἢδὲ φέβεσθαι τῶ καὶ νῦν πόλυνδε σαώσετον, εἴ περ ἀν αὐτὲ Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Τυδείδη Διομήδεϊ κύδος ὀρέξῃ.

ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν μάστιγα καὶ ἤνια συγαλόεντα δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἢπποι ἐπιβήσομαι ὅφρα μάχομαι ἥ' σὺ τόνδε δέδεξο, μελήσουσιν δ' ἐμοὶ ἢπποι." τὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπε Λυκάωνος ἀγλαὸς υἱός: "Ἀλεια, σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἔχῃ ἤνια καὶ τεῳ ἢππῳ μᾶλλον υφὶ ἤμιχῳ εἰωθότι καμπύλον ἁρμά οἴσετον, εἴ περ ἀν αὐτὲ φεβάμεθα Τυδέως υἱόν μὴ τῶ μὲν δείσαντε ματήσετον, οὐδ' ἔθελητον ἐκφερέμεν πολέμοιο, τεῦν φθόγγον ποθέοντε, νῦι δ' ἐπαίξακε μεγαθύμου Τυδέως υἱός αὐτῶ τε κτείνῃ καὶ ἐλάσσῃ μῶνυχας ἢπποις. ἀλλὰ σὺ γ' αὐτὸς ἐλαυνε τδ' ἄρματα καὶ τεῳ ἢππῳ, τόνδε δ' ἐγὼν ἐπιόντα δεδέξομαι δέξει δουρί." ὦς ἀρὰ φωνῆσαντες, ἐς ἄρματα πουκίλα βάντες, ἐμμεμαωτ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδη ἐχον ὀκέας ἢπποις: τοὺς δὲ ἵδε Σένενελος Καπανίης ἀγλαὸς υἱός, αἴγα δ' Τυδείδην ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσηῦδα: "Τυδείδη Διομήδες ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ, ἀνδρ' ὀρῶ κρατερῷ ἔπὶ σοι μεμαωτε μάξεσθαι, ἵν' ἀπέλεθρον ἐχοντας. ὦ μὲν τόξων εὔ εἰδώς, Πάνδαρος, υἱός δ' αὐτὲ Λυκάωνος ἕξεται εἶναι Ἀλειας δ' υἱός μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο εὐχεταί ἐκγεγάμεν, μήτηρ δὲ οἱ ἐστ' Ἀφροδίτη. ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ χαζώμεθ' ἐφ' ἢπποιν, μηδὲ μοι οὕτως θύνε διᾶ προμάχων, μὴ πως φίλον ἤτορ ἐλέεσθης." τὸν δ' ἀρ' ὑπόδρα ἴδων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης.
These steeds of Tros, well knowing to and fro
Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly.
These twain will to the city bear us back
In safe retreat, if Zeus again shall grant
Glory to Diomedes Tydeus' son.
Then come, take thou the whip and shining reins,
And I will mount the car to fight the foe:
Or meet thou him, and be the steeds my care."

To whom replied Lycaon's noble son:

"Æneas, keep the reins, and thine own steeds
Guide thou thyself: reined by the wonted hand
They will the better draw the curvèd car,
If back from Tydeus' son perforce we fly:
But may with fear be wild, and from the fray
Refuse to bear us, if they miss thy voice.
So, rushing on us, great-souled Tydeus' son
Shall slay us and drive off our firm-hoofed steeds.
Drive then thyself thy chariot and thy steeds,
While I his onset meet with pointed lance."

They spake, and mounting on the well-wrought car
Their fleet steeds on Tydides hotly urged.
Whom Sthenelus, noble son of Capaneus, saw,
And straight with wingèd words addressed his chief:

"O Diomedes, of my soul beloved,
Two warriors stout I see, full hotly bent
'Gainst thee to fight, with giant strength endued.
One is the skilful Bowman Pandarus,
Lycaon's son he boasts himself; and one
Æneas, of Anchises, blameless sire,
Who boasts him-born, and Aphrodite's self
His mother is. But come, and on our car
Retire we now, nor through the vanguard thus
Impetuous rush thou, lest thy life thou lose."

To whom stout Diomedes with stern glance:
"μή τι φόβουντι αγόρευτι, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σὲ πεισέμεν οἴων ὥς γάρ μοι γενναῖον ἀλυσκάζοντι μάχεσθαι οὐδὲ καταπτώσσειν· ἐτί μοι μένος ἔμπεδον ἐστίν. ὅκνείω δ' ἵππων ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὔτως ἀντίστιν εἶμ' αὐτῶν' τρεῖν μ' οὐκ ἐξει Πάλλας Ἀθήνη. τούτω δ' οὐ πάλιν αὔτως ἀποίσετον ὥκεες ἵπποι ἀμφοὶ ἀφ' ἡμείων, εἰ γ' οὖν ἔτερός γε φύγησιν. ἀλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνι φρέσι βάλλει σῆσιν, εἰ κέν μοι πολὺβουλος Ἀθήνη κύδος ὅρεξιν ἀμφοτέρῳ κτείναι, σὺ δὲ τούσδε μὲν ὥκεας ἵππους αὐτοῦ ἐρυκακέειν. εξ ἀντύγος ἦνία τείνας, Αἰνελαο δ' ἐπάεζαι μεμνημένος ἵππων, ἐκ δ' ἐλᾶσαι Θρώων μετ' ἐυκυνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς. τῆς γάρ τοι γενεῆς ἂς Θρόω πέρε εὐρύττσα Ζεύς δόξ' νίων ποιών θαυμηθεος· οὔνεκ' ἄριστοι ἱππὼν ὀσοί ἔσων υπ' ἣ' τ' ἡλίον τε. τῆς γενεῆς ἐκλειφζ αἰαξ ἀνδρών Ἀγχύσισι, λάθρη Δαιμέδους ὑποσχῶν θήλεας ἵππους. τῶν οἱ εἴς ἐγένοντο ἐνι μεγάρωσι γενέθλη. τοὺς μὲν τέσσαρας αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλ' ἐπὶ φάτνη, τῳ δὲ δυ' Αἰνελα δόκειν, μῆστῳρε φόβοιο. εἰ τούτῳ γε λάβομεν, ἁροίμεθά κεν κλέος ἐσθλόν." ὥς οἱ μὲν τοιαύτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον, τῳ δὲ τάχ' ἐγγύθεν ἠλθοῦν, ἐλαύνοντ' ὥκεας ἓπποιι. 275 τὸν πρότερον προσέειπε Δυκάνους ἀγιαδὸς νίως: "καρτερόθυμε δαίφρου, ἀγαυοῦ Τυδεός νιέ, ἥ μάλα σο' οὐ βέλος ὡκύ δαμάσσατο, πικρός οἰστός: νῦν αὐτ' ἐγχεῖῃ πειρήσουμαι αἰ' κε τυχόμι." ἡ ρα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλῶν προὶ δολιχόσκιον ἐγχοὺς, 280 καὶ βάλε Τυδείδαо κατ' ἀσπίδα· τῆς δὲ διαπρό αἰχμή χαλκείς πταμένη θώρηκι πελάσθη.
"Speak nought of flight: thou'lt not, I ween, prevail.
'Tis not my inborn mood to skulk in war,
Or cower afraid: my courage still is firm.
And steeds to mount I am full loth: nay thus,
E'en as I am, will I to meet them go:
Pallas Athené doth forbid me fear.
Not both of these shall their swift steeds from us
Bear back again, if haply one escape.
This too I say, which lay thou well to heart:
If now Athené, many-counselled maid,
Grant glory to me, that I slay them both,
Then stay thou here our swift steeds, from the rail
Stretching the reins; but on Æneas' steeds
Mind that thou rush, and from the Trojan host
To the well-greaved Achaians drive them off.
For they are of that strain which loud-voiced Zeus
Gave erst to Tros, a price for Ganymede
His son; and therefore of all steeds the best
That live beneath the morning and the sun.
Anchises king of men stole of that stock;
For, to Laomedon unknown, his mares
He to these stallions put: and of their breed
Were born within his stalls six foals. Of these
Himself kept four fed at the rack, but two
Gave to Æneas, counsellors of flight.
These could we take, brave glory we should win."

So spake they to each other: swift the while
With flying steeds came on the foemen twain.
And first out spake Lycaon's noble son:
"Stout-hearted, valiant wight, brave Tydeus' son,
My swift shaft quelled thee not, my arrow keen;
The spear now try I, hoping better speed."

He spake, and poising the long-shadowed lance
Cast it, and smote upon Tydides' shield:
And through it onwards flew the brazen point
And neared the corslet. Glorying o'er his foe

G. H.
τῷ δὲ ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄυσε Δυκάνονος ἀγλαὸς νῦσ’
“βέβληαι κενεῦνα διαμπερές, οὐδὲ σ’ ὀἷῳ
dηρὸν ἐτ’ ἀνυχὴσσεθαι’ ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ’ εὐχὸς ἐδωκας.” 285
tὸν δ’ ὦ ταρβῆσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης:
“ἡμῖν ῥοτες, ὦδ’ ἔτυχες: ἀτὰρ οὐ μὴν σφῶλ γ’ ὦῳ
πρὶν ἀποπαύσεσθαι πρὶν ἢ ἔτερὸν γε πεσόντα
ἀίματος ἄσαι Ἁρη ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.”

ὡς φάμενος προέηκε βέλος δ’ ἰθύνει Ἀθήνη 290
ῥίνα παρ’ ὀφθαλμόν, λευκοὺς δ’ ἐπέρησεν ὁδόντα.
tοῦ δ’ ἀπὸ μὲν γλώσσαν πρυμνὴν τάμε χαλκὸς ἀτειρῆς,
αἰχμὴ δ’ ἐξελύθη παρὰ νελατὸν ἀνθερέων.
ηρυπε δ’ εἰς ὀχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεῦχε ἔπ’ αὐτῷ
αιὸλα παμφανώντα, παρέτρεσαν δὲ οἱ ἱπποὶ
295 ὀκύποδες: τοῦ δ’ αὐθὶ λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε.

Αἰνείας δ’ ἀπόρουσε σὺν ἄσπίδι δουρὶ τε μακρῷ,
δείσας μὴ πῶς οἱ ἐρυσαίατο νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοὶ,
ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ βαίνει λέων ὡς ἄλκει πεποιθώς,
πρόσθε δὲ οἱ δόρυ τ’ ἔσχε καὶ ἄσπίδα πάντοσ’ εἶσην, 300
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαδὶς ὄς τις τοῦ γ’ ἀντίος ἐλθοῦ,
σμερδαλέα ἱάχων. ὃ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ’ ἀνδρε φέροιειν,
οἴοι νῦν βροτοῖ εἰσ’. ὃ δὲ μιν ἰέα πάλλε καὶ ὅιος.
τῷ βάλεν Αἰνείαο κατ’ ἱσχίον, ἐνθὰ τε μηρὸς
305 ἱσχίῳ ἐνστρέφεται, κοτύλην δὲ τέ μιν καλέουσιν’
θλάσσε δὲ οἱ κοτύλην, πρὸς δ’ ἀμφῳ ῥήξε τένοντε
ὡς δ’ ἀπὸ ρινὸν τρηχύς λίθος. αὐτὰρ ὃ γ’ ἦρως
ἐστὶ γνὺξ ἐριπών, καὶ ἑρείσατο χειρὶ παχεῖ
γαίσ’ ἀμφὶ δὲ ὀσσε κελαινὴ νῦξ ἐκάλυψεν.
Loud shouted then Lycaon's noble son:

"Thou'rt smit right through the side, nor long, I trow,
Wilt bear the wound: great praise on thee I win."

To whom stout Diomedes nought affrayed:

"Missed is thy mark, not hit: but of you twain
Not both, I trow, shall this encounter end,
Ere one at least shall fall and glut with blood
Ares the warrior god of bull's-hide targe."

He spake and threw: Athené sped the shaft,
That on the nose beside the eye it struck,
And by the white teeth passed: then at the root
The unyielding brass severed the tongue, and showed
With point protruding underneath the chin.
Down fell he from his car, upon him rang
His armour flexible of dazzling sheen,
While his fleet-footed steeds stood trembling by:
And there his life and strength were loosed and fled.

Out leapt Æneas with long lance and shield,
In fear Achaians should drag off the dead;
And paced around him lion-like, in strength
Reliant, and before him held both spear
And orbèd shield, eager to slay whoe'er
Should dare attack, and shouting terribly.
But he, the son of Tydeus, in his hand
A boulder seized, a mighty mass; not two
Could bear it, such as mortals now are seen,
Yet lightly did he poise it, he alone.
With this he smote Æneas on the hip
Just where the thigh-bone in the socket turns—
The cup 'tis called: crushed was the cup, and snapt
Were both the tendons, and the rugged stone
Tare off the skin: whereat upon his knee
The hero fell, and rested with broad hand
Propped on the ground, and dark night veiled his eyes.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐνθ’ ἀπόλοιτο ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Αἰνείας, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ ὀξὺ νόησε Δίως θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη, μήτηρ ἢ μιν ὑπ’ Ἀγχίση τέκε Βουκολέοντι, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἐν ὁλον νιὸν ἔχενατο πήχεε λευκό, πρόσθε δὲ οἱ πεπλοῦν φαεινοῦ πτύγμα κάλυψεν, ἔρκος ἐμεν βελέων, μὴ τις Δαναῶν ταχυπόλων χαλκὸν ἐνι στήθεσι βαλῶν ἐκ θυμὸν ἐλοίτο.

ἡ μὲν ἐν ὁλον νιὸν ὑπεξέφερεν πολέμοιο, οὐδ’ νιὸς Καπανῆος ἐληθέτο συνθεσιάων τάων ὡς ἐπέτελλε βοὴν ἁγαθὸς Διομήδης, ἀλλ’ ὅ γε τοὺς μὲν ἑοὺς ἡρύκακε μῶνυχας ὑπτους νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοῖσβου, ἐξ ἀντυγος ἥνια τεῖνας, Αἰνείαο δ’ ἐπαίξας καλλίτριχας ὑπτους ἐξέλασεν Τρώων μετ’ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαίοις, δῶκε δὲ Δηιπύλω ἐτάρφο φίλω, ὑν περὶ πάσης τιεν ὄμηλικης ὅτι οἱ φρεσίν ἄρτια ἤδη, νυνὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆις ἐλαυνέμεν. αὐτάρ ὃ γ’ ἥρως ὅν ὑπτων ἐπιβάς λάβεν ἥνια συγαλόεντα, αἰφα δὲ Τυδείδην μέθεπεν κρατερόνυχας ὑπτους ἐμμεμαῶς. ὁ δὲ Κύπρων ἑπόξετο νηλεί χαλκῷ, γυμνώσκων ὁ τ’ ἄναλκες ἑνὶ θεός, οὐδὲ θεάων τάων αἱ τ’ ἀνδρῶν πόλεμον κάτα κοιρανέουσιν, οὔτ’ ἄρ’ ᾽Αθηναίῃ οὕτε πτολύπορθος ᾽Ενυώ.

ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ ὁ’ ἐκιχανε πολύν καθ’ ὃμιλον ὅπαξων, ἐνθ’ ἐπορεξάμενος μεγαθύμουν Τυδέος νιὸς ἀκρὴν οὕτασε χείρα μετάλμενος ὀξεὶ δουρὶ ἀβληχρὴν εἴθαρ δὲ δόρυ χροδὸς ἀντετήρησεν ἀμβροσίου διὰ πέπλου, ὃν οἱ Χάριτες κάμον αὐταὶ, πρυμνὸν ὑπερ θέναρος. ὅτι δ’ ἀμβροτον αἴμα θεοῦ,
And then and there Æneas king of men
Had died, but Aphrodité child of Zeus
Was keen to mark his plight; his mother she,
Who bare him to Anchises 'mid his herds.
She round her own dear son her white arms cast,
And of her shining robe before him threw
The veiling fold, to shield him from the shafts;
Lest with the lance some fleet-horsed Danaan foe
Might pierce his breast and reave him of his life.
    Thus from the field the goddess stole her son.
Nor then forgat the son of Capaneus
That compact and the charge upon him laid
By Diomedes good in fray, but checked
Apart from din of battle his own steeds
Firm-hoofed, by reins stretched from the chariot rail:
And rushing on Æneas' fair-maned steeds
Drove them toward Achaia's well-greaved host
From out the lines of Troy; these to his friend
Dei'pylus, 'bove all his fellows dear,
Who knew to please his heart, he gave in charge
To drive to the hollow ships. To his own car
The hero then returned, and mounting grasped
The shining reins, and urged the hard-hoofed steeds
In eager gallop after Tydeus' son.
Cypris with ruthless point he now pursued,
Who was a weakling goddess, as he knew,
Nor of those twain that in the work of war
Do marshal men, Athéné's self to wit,
Or dread Enyo, city-spoiler she.
But when he overtook her, following still
Throughout the throng, then great-souled Tydeus' son
Lunged out, and bounding on her with keen point
Smote on her tender hand; at once the spear
Brake through the skin, passing the ambrosial robe,
The Graces' handiwork, above the palm,
Where hand joins wrist. Forth flowed ethereal blood—
ιχώρ, οὗς πέρ τε στέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν
οὗ γὰρ σύτου ἔδουσ', οὐ πίνουσ' αἰθοπα ὦνον
tούνεκ' ἀναίμονεσ εἰσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.
ἡ δὲ μέγα λάχουσα ἀπὸ ἐο κάββαλεν νιῶν.
καὶ τὸν μὲν μετὰ χερσί' ἐρύσσατο Ψεῦμος Ἀπόλλων
κυλέτη νεφέλη, μὴ τις Δαναῶν ταχυτύπων
χαλκὸν ἐνι στήθεσσι βαλῶν ἐκ θυμῶν ἔλοιτο·
tῇ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἀὔσσε βοην ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"εἰκε, Δίος θύγατερ, πολέμου καὶ δημοτήτος.
ἡ οὖ άλις ὄττι γυναῖκας ἀνάλκιδας ἥπεροπεύεις;
εἰ δὲ σὺ γ' ἔσ πολέμον πωλῆσαι, ἡ τε σ' ὦν
ρυγῆσειν πόλεμον γε, καὶ εἰ χ' ἑτέρωθι πῦθηαι."

ἀς ἥθαθ', ἡ δ' ἀλύουσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τείρετο δ' αἰνῶς.
tὴν μὲν ἀρ' Ἰρίς ἐλοῦσα ποδήνεμος ἔξαιρ' ὀμίλουν
ἀχθομένην ὀδύνησι· μελαίνετο δὲ χρόα καλοῦ.
εὑρεν ἑπείτα μάχις ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ θοῦρον Ἀρης
ἡμενοῦ' ἡρὶ δ' ἐγχος ἐκέκλιτο καὶ ταχὲ ἵππω.
ἡ δὲ γυνὲ οἵπποῦσα κασιγνήτου οἶλοιο,
πολλά λυσσομένη, χρυσάμπτυκας ῥτεεν ἵππους.
"φιλε κασίγνητε, κόμισαι τε με δός τε μοι ἵππους,
ὁφρ' ἐσ' Ὀλυμποῦ ικώμαι, ἐν ἀθανάτων ἔδος ἐστίν.
λίην ἄχθομαι ἐλκος, ὤ με βροτὸς οὔτασεν ἀνήρ
Τυδείδης, ὦ νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Διὸ πατρὶ μάχοιτο."

ὡς φατο, τῇ δ' ἀρ' Ἄρης δῶκεν χρυσάμπτυκας ἵππους.
ἡ δ' ἐς δίφρον ἐβαϊνεν ἀκηχεμένη φίλον ἦτορ.
πάρ δὲ οἱ Ἰρίς ἐβαϊνε καὶ ἤνια λάζετο χερσίν,
μάστιγεν δ' ἐλάαυ τῷ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην.
αἶφα δ' ἐπειθ' ἴκοντο θεῶν ἔδος, αἰτῶν Ὀλυμποῦ.
Nor blood, but juice such as to blessèd gods
May flow, for earthly bread they eat not, no,
Nor drink they sparkling wine, wherefore their veins
Are bloodless, and of death they nothing know.
Then Aphrodité with a mighty cry
Dropped from her hold her son; whom in his hands
Receiving straight Phoebus Apollo saved
Veiled in dark cloud, lest swift-horsed Danaan foe
Should smite with lance and reave him of his life.
But loud cried Diomedes, good in fray:
"Yield, daughter thou of Zeus, from war and strife.
Art not content weak women to beguile?
But if thou wilful wilt to war, I trow
That roughlier handled thou may'st come to quake
At very fame of war tho' elsewhere waged."

He spake. The goddess fled away distraught,
In anguish dire: whom wind-foot Iris took
And from the throng led out, burdened by pain,
Her fair skin dark distained. Anon she found
Impetuous Ares on the battle's left
Sitting. Beside him lay his spear in mist,
Beside him his fleet steeds. There knelt she down,
And of her brother dear with earnest prayer
She begged his steeds with golden frontlet bound:
"O brother dear, bear thou me out, and lend
Thy steeds, that to Olympus I may go,
The immortals' home. Sore burdened with a wound
Am I, a wound wherewith a mortal man
Smote me, the son of Tydeus, now so bold
That e'en with Zeus the Father he would fight."

She spake: his steeds with golden frontlet bound
The brother lent. She mounted straight the car,
Sorrowing at heart; and Iris by her side
Mounted and grasped the reins, then with the lash
Drave on, and nothing loth the horses flew.
Swiftly they reached Olympus' towering height,
Home of the gods. Fleet wind-foot Iris there
ἐνθ' ἔπτουσ ἔστησε ποδήνεμος ὁκέα Ἡρίς
λύσασ' ἐξ ὅχεων, παρὰ δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἰδαρ.
ἡ δ' ἐν γούνασι πάπτε Διώνης δὲ Ἁφροδίτη,
μητρὸς ἔχῃ. ἥ δ' ἀγκάς ἐλάζετο θυγατέρα ἦν,
χειρὶ τέ μιν κατέρεξε, ἕπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν:
"τίς νῦ σε τοιάδ' ἐρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐρανιῶνων
μαψιδίως, ὡς εἰ τι κακὸν ἰέσοσαν ἐνωπῆ;"

τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἐπείτα φιλομμειδὴς Ἁφροδίτη,
"οὕτα με Τυδέος νιὸς ὑπέρθυμος Διομήδης,
οὖνκ' ἐγὼ φίλον νιὸν ὑπεξέφερον πολέμοιρ
Αἰνείαν, ὦς ἐμοὶ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατος ἐστίν.
οὗ γὰρ ἔτι Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φῦλοπις αἰνῆ,
ἀλλ' ἧδη Δαναοὶ γε καὶ ἀθανάτους μάχονταί."
The steeds from car unloosing placed in stall,
And provender divine before them cast:
But on Dionée's lap, her mother dear,
The goddess Aphrodité fell, who clasped
In fond embrace her daughter, and with hand
Caressing stroked, and thus found words and spake:
"Who now, dear child, hath done thee this sad hurt,
Who of the sons of heaven, in wanton spite,
As though thyself hadst wrought some open wrong?"
And answer made the laughter-loving queen:
"The son of Tydeus, Diomedes proud,
Smote me, because I fain would bear from fight
Æneas my own son, whom dear I hold
Above all other. Surely now no more
Troy and Achaia wage the direful strife,
But Danaans e'en against immortals fight."
To whom divine Dionée made reply:
"Endure, my child, and bear, altho' distrest.
Ofttimes we dwellers in Olympian halls
From men have much endured, while on ourselves
We lay full grievous woes. Ares endured,
When Otus with strong Ephialtes once,
Sons of Alöeus, bound him in strong chain;
And in the brazen cell three months and ten
Fast bound he lay. And there had been an end
Of Ares the insatiate power of war,
Had not the step-dame of the rebel twain,
Fair Eriboea, his sad plight disclosed
To Hermes, who the war-god stole away
Now well-nigh worn and quelled by grievous bond.
And Heré too endured, when with the shaft
Of triple barb Amphitryon's mighty son
Upon the right breast smote her. Anguish sore
Gat hold upon her then. And, with the rest,
Hades, that giant god, endured to feel
The arrow swift: whom that same wight, the child
ἐν Πύλῳ ἐν νεκύεσσι βαλών ὀδύνησιν ἔδωκεν. αὐτάρ ὦ βῆ πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς καὶ μακρὸν Ὁλυμπον ἑρ ἄχεων, ὀδύνησι πεπαρμένος αὐτάρ δῖστος ὀμοὶ ἐνι στυβαρῷ ἡλίθιοτο, κηδε δὲ θυμόν. 
tῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήνων ὄδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσων ἡκέσατ' οὐ μὴν γάρ τι καταθυτός γε τέτυκτο. σχέτλως, ὃβριμοεργός, ὃς οὐκ ὃθετ' αἰσυλα ρέζων, ὃς τόξοισιν ἐκήδεθε θεοῖς οὗ Ὁλυμπον ἐχοῦσιν. 
σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ τοῦτον ἀνήκε θεᾶ γλαυκώπις Ἀθήνη. νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ οἴδε κατὰ φρένα Τυδέος υἱός, ὅττι μᾶλ' οὖ δηναις ὃς ἀθανάτοις μάχηται, οὐδὲ τί μιν παῖδες ποτὲ γούνασι παππάζουσιν ἐλθόντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηηστήσω. 
tῷ νῦν Τυδείδης, εἰ καὶ μάλα καρτερός ἔστιν, φραξέσθω μὴ τίς οἱ ἀμείνων σειδό μάχηται, μή δὴν Ἀιγιαλεία περίφρον Ἀδρηστίνη ἐξ ὑπνον γοώσα φίλους οἰκήσα ἐγείρῃ, κουρίδιον ποθέουσα πόσιν, τὸν ἀριστον Ἀχαιῶν, ἱφθίμῃ ἄλοχος Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο."  

ἡ ῥά, καὶ ἀμφοτέρησιν ἀπ' ἵχῳ χειρὸς ὀμόργυν ἀλθετὸ χείρ, ὀδύναι δὲ κατηπιώντο βαρεία. 
αἱ δ' αὐτ' εἰσοφόρωσαί Ἀθηναὶ τε καὶ Ἡρη κερτομίοις ἐπέέσσοι Δία Κρονίδην ἐρέθιζον. 
tοῖσι δὲ μῦθων ἢρχε θεᾶ γλαυκώπις Ἀθήνη" 

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ ρά τί μοι κεχολώσεαι ὅττι κε εὐπω; ἡ μάλα δὴ τινα Κύπρις Ἀχαιάδων ἀνιείσα

Τρωσίν ἀμα σπέσθαι, τους νῦν ἐκπαγαλα φίλησεν, τῶν τινὰ καρρέξουσα Ἀχαιάδων ἐὔπεπλων πρὸς χρυσή περόνη καταμύξατο χείρα ἀραίην." 

ὡς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
Of aegis-bearing Zeus, at Pylos smote
Among the dead, and gave him o'er to pain.
Then sought he high Olympus, hall of Zeus,
Grieving at heart, and pierced with pain, the shaft
Fast in his brawny arm, to vex his soul.
But Paeon spread his pain-assuaging salves
Upon the wound and healed him, for in sooth
Not wrought of mortal tissue was his frame.
A dauntless wight was he, of mighty works!
Nor recked of lawless deeds: who with his bow
Vexed e'en the gods who hold Olympian halls.
But now on thee Athené, stern-eyed power,
Hath urged this man. Poor fool! nor in his mind
Doth Tydeus' son know this, that of a truth
He lives not long who with immortals fights.
Wherefore let Tydeus' son, for all his strength,
Look well, lest mightier foe than thee he meet:
Lest so Adrastus' daughter, prudent dame,
Steed-taming Diomedes' mighty spouse,
Aegialea, weeping wake from sleep
Through many a night her household, as she mourns
The husband of her youth, Achaia's prime."
She spake, and with both hands she wiped away
The juice ethereal from the wounded hand.
Healed was the hand, the heavy pains assuaged.
But Heré and Athené, as they saw,
With mocking words the son of Cronos stirred:
And thus Athené, stern-eyed power, began:
"O Father Zeus, wilt thou be much in wrath
At what I say? Full surely, as I ween,
Cypris was tempting some Achaian dame
To follow with the Trojans, whom she now
So strangely loves: and, with caressing touch
While some long-robed Achaian dame she urged,
On golden brooch she scratched her slender hand."
So spake she, and the sire of gods and men
καὶ ἵνα καλεσσάμενος προσέφη χρυσένη Ἀφροδίτην
"οὐ τοι, τέκνον ἔμων, δέδοται πολεμήμα ἔργα,
ἀλλὰ σὺ γ' ἱμερόεντα μετέρχεο ἔργα γάμωιο
ταῦτα δ' Ἐρη θοῦ καὶ Ἀθηνὴ πάντα μελήσειν."

ὡς οὖ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.
Αἰνεία δ' ἐπόρουσε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
γυνώσκων ὦ οἱ αὐτὸς ὑπείρεχε χεῖρας Ἀπόλλων
ἀλλ' ὦ γ' ἀρ' οὖδε θεοῦ μέγαν ἄξετο, ἵτεο δ' αἰεὶ
Αἰνείαν κτείναι καὶ ἀπὸ κλυτὰ τεῦχεα δύσαι.

τρίς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
τρίς δὲ οἱ ἐστυφέλιξε φαεινὴν ἀσπίδα Ἀπόλλων.
ἀλλ' ὦτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος,
δεινά δ' ὁμοκλήσας προσέφη ἐκάρηγος Ἀπόλλων
"φράξει Τυδείδη καὶ χάζεο, μηδὲ θεοῖσιν
ιὼ' ἑθέλε φρονέων, ἐπεί οὐ ποτὲ φύλον ὁμοῖον
ἀθανάτων τε θεῶν χαμαλ ἐρχομένων τ' ἀνθρώπον."

ὡς φάτο, Τυδείδης δ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθοῦ ὀπίσσω,
μὴνν ἀλευάμενος ἐκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.
Αἰνείαν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὁμίλου θῆκεν Ἀπόλλων

Περγάμῳ εἶν ἰερῆ, ὅθι οἱ νηὸς γε τέτυκτο.
ἡ τοι τὸν Δητώ τε καὶ 'Αρτέμις ἵοχεαρα
ἐν μεγάλῳ ἀδύτῳ ἀκέοντό τε κύδαινον τε
αὐτὰρ δ' εἰδὼλον τεῦξ᾽ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνεία ἱκέλον καὶ τεῦχεσι τοῖον,
ἀμφὶ δὲ εἰδώλῳ Τρῶες καὶ δίοι Ἀχαιοὶ
δὴν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσι βοεῖας
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισῆια τε πτερόεντα.
δὴ τότε θοῦρον Ἀρην προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων"
Was fain to smile: then called he to his side
And golden Aphrodité thus addressed:
“Not given to thee, dear child, are works of war.
The works of wedlock seek thou and of love:
Those shall swift Ares and Athené tend.”

Such converse mid themselves immortals held.
But now did Diomedes good in fray
Upon Æneas rush. Full well he knew
Apollo’s sheltering hands were o’er him held,
Yet he not ev’n before the mighty god
Was awed to fear, but still pressed eager on
To slay the foe and strip his glorious arms.
Thrice then he rushed upon him, keen to slay,
And thrice Apollo dashed his glittering shield
Back with stern shock. But when in fourth assault,
As one divine, he charged, then with dread voice
Of warning spake the god who shoots from far:
“Beware, thou son of Tydeus, get thee back!
Nor hope to match thy spirit with the gods:
For never can the race be equal made
Of gods immortal and earth-walking men.”

So spake he, and Tydides gat him back
A little space, shunning Apollo’s wrath
Whose arrow rangeth far. But he apart
From battle-throng in holy Pergamos,
There where his temple stood, Æneas laid.
And him indeed within the ample shrine
Leto with Artemis the arrow queen
Healed, and restored the glory of his limbs.
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow
A phantom framed, Æneas’ very self
And armed exact; around which phantom form
The Trojans and divine Achaians hewed
Each on the others’ breasts the orbèd shields
Of ox-hide and the wingèd bucklers light.
Then to swift Ares did Apollo speak;
"Ἀρες Ἀρες βροτολογεῖ, μιαιφόνε, τείχεσιπλήτα, 
οὐκ ἂν ἐὴ τόνδ᾽ ἄνδρα μάχης ἐρύσαιο μετελθὼν, 
Τυδεΐδην; ὃς νῦν γε καὶ ἂν Δῶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο. 
Κύπριδα μὲν πρῶτα σχεδὸν ὅτασε χειρ᾽ ἐπὶ καρπῷ, 
αὐτὰρ ἑπειτ᾽ αὐτῷ μοι ἔπέσυνο δαιμον ἵσος.”

ὡς εἰπῶν αὐτός μὲν ἐφέξετο Περγάμῳ ἄκρη, 
Τρώας δὲ στίχας οὗλος Ἀρης ὀτρυνε μετελθὼν, 
eἰδόμενος Ἀκάμαντι θοῦ ἡγήτορι Θρηκῶν. 
νιάσι δὲ Πριάμωι διοτρεφέσσι κέλευεν: 
"ὡ νιείς Πριάμωι διοτρεφεῖοι βασιλῆς, 
ἐς τί ἔτι κτείνεσθαι εάστετε λαόν Ἀχαιῶν; 
ἡ εἰς ὁ κεν ἄμφη πύλης ἐὔποιητῆςι μάχωνται; 
κεῖται ἄνηρ ὃν ἱδον ἐτίομεν "Εκτορὶ διῷ, 
Αἰνείας νῦς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαιο. 
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγετ᾽ ἐκ φιλοίσβουοι σαώσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἐταίρον.”

ὡς εἰπῶν ὀτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου. 
ἐνθ᾽ αὐ Σαρπηδῶν μάλα νείκεσεν Ἐκτορα δίον. 
""Εκτορ, πῇ δὴ τοι μένος οἰχεται ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκες; 
φῆς που ἄτερ λαῶν πόλιν ἔξεμεν ἦδ' ἐπικούρων 
οίς, σὺν γαμβροῦ κασιγνήτοις τε σοίσις 
τῶν νῦν οὐ τιν ἔγω ἱδεέν δύναμι οὔδε νοῆσαι, 
ἀλλὰ καταπτώσουσι, κῶνες ὡς ἄμφι λέονται: 
ἡμεῖς δ' αὐ μαχόμεσθ', οἶ πέρ τ' ἐπίκουροι ἐνειμεν. 
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἐὼν μάλα τηλόθεν ἰκώ 
τηλοῦ γὰρ Δυκῆ, Ξάνθῳ ἑπὶ δινήνετι, 
ἐνθ᾽ ἀλοχὸν τε φίλην ἐλιτπον καὶ νῆπιον νῦν, 
καὶ δὲ κτήματα πολλά, τὰ ἐλδεται ὃς κ' ἐπιδεινής. 
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς Δυκίους ὀτρύνω καὶ μέμον' αὐτός 
ἀνδρὶ μαχῆσασθαι: ἀτὰρ οὖ τί μοι ἐνθάδε τοῖον 
οίῳ κ' ἥ ἐφέροιεν Ἀχαιωὶ ἦ κεν ἄγοιεν. 
τύνῃ δ' ἐστηκας, ἀτὰρ οὖδ' ἀλλοισί κελεύεις
"O Ares, Ares, bloodstained, bane of men,
Thou rampart-stormer, canst not seek the fray
And force this man from fight, this Tydeus' son,
Who now ev'n with our Father Zeus would fight?
Cypris upon the wrist first wounded he,
Then on myself he charged, as one divine."

He spake, and sat on Pergamos' high tower,
While baneful Ares sought the Trojan lines,
And spurred them on. The form of Acamas
The Thracians' leader swift he took, and thus
The Zeus-descended sons of Priam urged:
"O sons of Priam Zeus-descended king,
How long yet will ye by Achaian hands
Suffer your people slain? Is't till they fight
Close on our well-framed gates? A man is fall'n
Whom ev'n as godlike Hector's self we prized,
Æneas, of great-souled Anchises son.
Come, save we from the throng our comrade true."

He spake, and spurred the mood and soul of each.
Sarpedon then the godlike Hector chid:
"Where, Hector, where is now that spirit fled
Which once thou hadst? Thou surely saidst that thou,
Without or people or allies to aid,
Wouldst hold the city safe: ay, thou alone,
With but thy brethren and thy sisters' lords.
Of these not one can I now see or find;
But close they crouch, as hounds when lion's near;
And we allies in Troy are they that fight.
For hither as ally I come from far—
Far Lycia's land by Xanthus' eddying flood,
Where a loved wife and infant son I left
And store of wealth for needy men to crave.
Yet urge I on my Lycians, spite of all,
And burn to fight my foeman, though of mine
Nought here from field or house Achaian hand
Can drive or pillage. But thou standest still
λαοῖςιν μενέμεν καὶ ἀμυνόμεναι ὀφεσίν.
μὴ πως, ὃς ἀψίςι λίνοι ἀλόντε πανάγρου,
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέσσοι ἔλορ καὶ κύρμα γένησθε,
οἳ δὲ τάχ’ ἐκπέρσουσ’ εὐ ναιομένην πόλιν ὑμήν.
σοὶ δὲ χρὴ τάδε πάντα μέλειν νῦκτας τε καὶ ἡμαρ, 490
ἀρχὸςι λισσομένων τηλεκλειτῶν ἐπικούρων
νωλεμέως ἔχεμεν, κρατῆρὴν δ’ ἀποθέσθαι ἐνιπήν.”

ὡς φάτο Σαρπηδῶν, δάκε δὲ φρένας Ἑκτορι μῦθος.
αὐτίκα δ’ ἐξ ὅχεον ξὺν τεῦχεσιν ἀλτο χαμάζει,
πάλλων δ’ οξέα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν φύχετο πάντη,
οὕριων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰὼν.
οὐ δ’ ἐλελυθῆσαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαῖοιν. 495

Ἀργείοι δ’ ὑπέμειναν ἄνελλες οὐδὲ φόβηθην.
ὡς δ’ ἄνεμος ἄχνας φορεῖ εἰράς κατ’ ἀλὼας ἀνδρῶν λυκμάνων, ὅτε τε ξανθὴ Δημήτηρ
κρίνῃ ἐπειγομένων ἀνέμων καρπόν τε καὶ ἄχνας,
αἰ δ’ ὑπολευκαίνων ται ἀχυρμιαί, ὡς τότ’ Ἀχαιοὶ
λευκὸν ὑπερβ. ἐγένοντο κοινισάλω, ἢν βα δὲ αὐτῶν
οὐρανὸν ἐσ πολυχαλκον ἐπέπληγον πόδες ὑπ’ ὅπων,
ἄφ’ ἐπιμισσομένων’ ὑπὸ δὲ στρέφον ἥμισχῆς. 500

οὐ δὲ μένος χειρὸν ἵθες φέρουν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νῦκτα
θοῦρος Ἀρης ἐκάλυψε μάχῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγων,
πάντος’ ἐποιχόμενος’ τοῦ δὲ κραίανεν ἐφετμᾶς
Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος χρυσάρου, ὃς μιν ἀνώγει
Τρωσίν θυμὸν ἔγειραι, ἐπεὶ ἦδε Παλλάδ’ Ἀθηνήν
οἰχομένην’ ἢ γὰρ ρὰ πέλεν Δανάοισιν ἀρήγων’
αὐτὸς δ’ Αἰνέλαιαν μάλα πῖνος ἐς ἀδύτου ἰκε,
καὶ ἐν στήθεσι μένος βάλε ποιμένι λαῶν. 505
Αἰνέλαιας δ’ ἐτύροις μεθίστατο; τοι δὲ χάρησαν
ὡς εἰδον ξώον τε καὶ ἄρτεμεα προσίοντα
Nor even bidst the rest abide the fight
And save their wives. Nay see ye be not caught,
As in the meshes of a sweeping net,
And prove a prize and booty to your foes,
Who shall full soon your well-built city spoil.
But night and day be this thy double care,
While suing chiefs allied who come from far,
Flinch not thyself, but scape stern blame like mine."

So spake Sarpedon, and the biting word
Pierced Hector's soul. Down from his car straightway
 Armed as he was he leapt upon the ground,
And waving two keen spears ranged through the host
Spurring to fight, and roused the combat dire.
Round wheeled the lines and faced the Achaian foe.
Close-massed the Argives waited, void of fear.
And as by wind the flying chaff is borne
O'er sacred threshing-floor at winnowing time,
When grain and chaff beneath the sweeping blast
Are parted by the yellow Queen of corn,
And husky heaps rise white; so then with dust
Bloomed white the Achaian host, by hoof of horse
Struck upward to the brazen vault of heaven,
As now again they plunged them in the fight,
Their drivers turning rein. Foes straight on foes
Aimed furious hands: in night swift Ares veiled
The battle, as he moved him everywhere
Aiding the Trojans: for he thus fulfilled
Apollo's charge, that golden-falchioned god,
Who bade him rouse the Trojans' might, when now
Pallas Athené from the fray retired
He knew, for she was still the Danaans' aid.
But Phoebus' self from his rich-gifted shrine
Sent forth Æneas, shepherd of his folk,
And in his royal breast new courage breathed.
Amid his friends Æneas stood, who joyed
To see him in their midst alive and sound

G. H.
καὶ μένος ἐσθλῶν ἔχοντα. μετάλλησάν γε μὲν οὐ τι' οὐ γὰρ ἐα πόνος ἄλλος, ὃν ἑργυρότοξος ἐγείρεν Ἀρης τε βροτολογοῦς Ἔρις τ' ἀμοτον μεμαινᾶ.

τοὺς δ' Ἀιάντε δύω καὶ ὶΔυνσεὺς καὶ Διομήδης ὄτρυνον Δαναοὺς πολεμιζόμενοι οὐ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ οὕτε βλας Τρώων ὑπεδείδισαν οὐτε ἰωκάς, ἀλλ' ἐμενον νεφέλησι ἐοικότες, ἀς τε Κρονίων νυνεμίης ἐστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὁρέσσιν ἀτρέμας, ὃφ' εὔδησι μένος Βορέαο καὶ ἄλλων ζαχρηνῶν ἁνέμων, οὐ τε νέφεα σκιέντα πνοίησιν λυγηρήσι διασκεδασίαν ἄεντες.

ὅς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδὲ φέβοντο. Ἀτρείδης δ' ἀν' ὀμιλον ἐφοίτα πολλὰ κελεύσων "ὡ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἐστε καὶ ἀλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε, ἀλλήλους τ' αἰδείσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ύσμίνας. αἰδομένων δ' ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἥ' πέφανται, φευγόντων δ' οὔτ' ἀρ κλέος ὄρυνται οὕτε τις ἄλκη." ἦ, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ θρόως, βάλε δὲ πρόμον ἄνδρα, Αἰνείω ἐταρον μεγαθύμου Δηνικῶντα

Περγασίδην, ὃν Τρὼς ὄμοις Πριάμου τέκεσσιν τίον, ἐπεὶ θοὺς ἐσκε μετὰ πρώτοις μάχεσθαι. τίον ῥα κατ' ἀσπίδα δουρὶ βάλεν κρείων Ὁγαμέμνων ἧ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυντο, διαπρὸ δὲ ἔστατο χαλκός, νειάρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ἱστήρος ἐλασσεν. δούτησεν δὲ πεσῶν, ἀράβηση δὲ τεῦχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

ἐνθ' αὐτ' Αἰνείας Δαναῶν ἔλευν ἄνδρας ἀρίστους, υἱὲ Διοκλήνος Κήθθωνα τε Ὀρσίλοχον τε, τῶν ῥα πατὴρ μὲν ἐναὶ ἐῳκτιμένη ἐνὶ Φηρη ἀφνεῖος βιότοιο, γένος δ' ἦν ἐκ ποταμοῦ Ἀλφείου, ὡς τ' εὐρυ βέει Πυλίων διὰ γαίης,
And with good courage filled; yet questioned nought:
Question their work forbade, which Silver-bow
With Ares bane of men amid them roused,
And Discord, that relentless raging power.
Meanwhile the Danaan host Ajaces twain
And Diomedes with Odysseus joined
Urged to the war, who of themselves full fain
Feared not the Trojans' might nor rapid charge,
But stood unmoved, as clouds in breathless calm
Stayed by Cronion on the mountain ridge
Lie motionless, while angry Boreas sleeps
And all the raging winds that blow amain
And scatter with shrill blast the shadowy rack.
So stood the Danaans firm, nor fled the foe.
Atrides ranged the throng, with words of cheer:
"O friends, be men, and bear a valiant heart;
Feel shame each one before his fellow's eye
Through the stern fight: where'er with shame are fired
The warriors' spirits, more are saved than slain;
But they that fly nor glory gain nor life."

He spake, and swiftly launched a spear, and smote
Great-souled Æneas' comrade, foremost chief,
Deicoön named, the son of Pergasus,
Whom like to Priam's sons the Trojans prized,
For keen he was amid the first to fight.
Him sovereign Agamemnon with the spear
Smote on his shield, which could not stay the lance,
For through and onward passed the point, and pierced
The belt beneath and in his belly stood.
Heavy he fell, his arms around him rang.

There did Æneas of the Danaans slay
Brave warriors, Crethon and Orsilochus:
Diocles' sons were they, whose father dwelt
In well-built Pheré, rich in worldly store.
He from Alpheüs' river drew his birth,
Whose water broad divides the Pylian land.
δ' τέκετ' Ὄρσιλοχον πολέεσσʼ ἀνδρεσσὶ ἀνακτα· Ὅρσιλοχος δʼ ἀρʼ ἐτικτε Διοκλῆα μεγάθυμουν, ἕκ δὲ Διοκλῆος διδυμάονε παῖδε γενέσθην Ἐ. 550

Κρήθων Ὅρσιλοχὸς τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης. τὸ μὲν ἄρ’ ἡβήσαντε μεθαιμάων ἐπὶ νηῶν Ἥλιον εἰς ἐὕπταλων ἅμʼ Ἀργεῖοισιν ἐπέσθην,

τιμὴν Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενέλαῳ ἀρνυμένω· τὸ δʼ αὐθι τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν. οὔω τὸ γε λέοντε δύω ὄρεος κορυφῆσιν ἐτραφέτην ὑπὸ μητρὶ βαθείης τάρφεσιν ώλης· 555

tὸ μὲν ἄρ’ ἀρτάξαντε βοᾶς καὶ ὕφα μῆλα σταθμοὺς ἀνθρώπων κεραίζετον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸ ἀνδρῶν ἐν παλάμησι κατέκταθεν ὄξεὶ χαλκῷ·

tοῖω τὸ χέρισσιν ὑπʼ Ἀινείαο δαμέντε καππεσέτην, ἡλάτησι εὐκότες ψηλήσιν.

τὸ δὲ πεσόντ’ ἐλέησεν ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος, βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχους κεκορυμένους αἰθοπὶ χαλκῷ, σείων ἐγχείην τοῦ δʼ ὀτρυνεῖν μένος Ἀρης τὰ φρονέων, ἵνα χερσίν ὑπ’ Ἀινείαο δαμείη.

τὸν δὲ ὅ’ Ἀντίλοχος μεγαθύμου Νέστωρος νύσις, 560

βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχους πέρι γὰρ δὲ ποιμένι λαῶν, μῆ τι πάθοι, μέγα δὲ σφάς ἀποσφήλειε πόνοιο.

tὸ μὲν δὴ χείρας τε καὶ ἐγχεα ὀξυόετα ἀντίον ἀλλήλων ἐχέτην μεμαιῶτε μάχεσθαι,

ʼἈντίλοχος δὲ μάλ’ ἄγχι παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν. 570

Αἰνείας δ’ οὐ μείνε, θοῦσ περ ἐὼν πολεμιστῆς, ὥς εἰδεν δύο φώτε παρ’ ἀλλήλοισι μένοντε.

οὐ δ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν νεκροὺς ἐρυσαν μετὰ λαῶν Ἀχαιῶν,

tὸ μὲν ἄρα δειλὸ βαλέτην ἐν χερσίν ἐταιρῶν, αὐτῷ δὲ στρεφθέντε μετὰ πρώτοισι μαχέσθην.
The river-god begat Orsilochus
O'er many men a king, and he in turn
Great-souled Diocles; from Diocles then
Twin-brothers Crethon and Orsilochus
Were born, well-skilled in every art of war.
And these, to manhood grown, on dark-hulled ships
With Argive host to Ilion rich in steeds
Followed, to win renown for Atreus' sons,
For Agamemnon and his brother king:
But there by death's dark veil they found their end.
As lions twain, upon the mountain tops
Bred by their dam in deep and tangled wood,
Preying upon the kine and lusty sheep
Make havoc of the folds, until themselves
By hand and weapon keen of man are slain:
So by Æneas' hand o'ercome these twain
Fell prone, as fall the lofty forest pines.
Then stirred with pity for the fallen pair
Was warlike Menelaus. Through the van
Forward he hied him, armed in burning mail,
With brandished spear; whose spirit Ares urged
Willing him by Æneas' hand to die.
But great-souled Nestor's son Antilochus
Described him as he went, and through the van
Followed in haste, for much he feared lest harm
Should take the royal shepherd of the host,
And so their labour all be spent in vain.
Ev'n now with hands and beechen spears upraised
The twain stood face to face, full fain to fight,
When lo! beside the shepherd of the host
Antilochus stood close: Æneas then
Stayed not, keen warrior though he was, when thus
Two foemen waiting side by side he saw.
So to the Achaian host they dragged the dead,
And placed in friendly hands that luckless pair,
Then turned them back and mid the foremost fought.
ἐνθα Πυλαιμένεα ἐλέτην ἀτάλαντον Ἀρη, ἄρχον Παφλαγόνων μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων.
τὸν μὲν ἀρ’ Ἀτρείδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος ἐστατ’ ἐγχεί νύξε, κατὰ κληίδα τυχήσας:
ʼἈντίλοχος δὲ Μύδωνα βάλ’ ἠνίοχον θεράποντα, ἐσθλὸν Ἀτυμνιάδην—δ’ ὑπέστρεφε μῶνυχας ὑπούς—,
χερμαδίω αγκώνα τυχῶν μέσον’ ἐκ δ’ ἄρα χειρῶν ἰσία λεύκ’ ἐλέφαντι χαμαι πέσον εἰς κοινήσων.
ʼἈντίλοχος δ’ ἄρ’ ἑπαίξας ήλιον ήλιον κόρσην αὐτὰρ ὃ’ γ’ ἀσθμαίνων ενεργέος ἐκπέσε σφυροῦ
κύμβαξος εἰς κοινήσων ἐπὶ βρεχμόν τε καὶ ὠμοὺς. δῆθα μᾶλ’ ἑστήκει (τύχε γὰρ ρ’ ἀμάθου βαθείης)
ὁφρ’ ἱππω πλήξαντε χαμαὶ βάλου εἰς κοινήσων
τοὺς δ’ ἑμα’ Ῥοκαίρος, μετὰ δὲ στρατὸν ἠλασ’ Ῥαχαών.
τοὺς δ’ Ῥοκαίρος ἐνόησε κατὰ στίχας ὀρτο δ’ ἐπ’ αὐτοὺς
κεκληγώς’ ἀμα δὲ Τρώων εἶποντο φάλαγγες
καρτεραὶ. ἢρχε δ’ ἄρα σφιν Ῥαχαῖς καὶ πότυ Ἐνυφό,
ἡ μὲν ἑχουσα κυδοίμων ἀναιδεὰ δημοτήτος·
ʼἉρης δ’ εἰν παλάμησι πελάριον ἐγχος ἑνόμα,
φοίτα δ’ ἄλλοτε μὲν πρόσθ’ Ῥοκαίρος ἀλλοτ’ ὀπισθεν.
τὸν δὲ ἱδὼν ῥήγησε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἀνὴρ ἀπάλαμνος, ἰδὼν πολέοσ πεδίοιο,
στή ἐπ’ ὕκυρῳ ποταμῷ ἠλαδε πραρέοντι,
ἀφρω μορμύροντα ἰδὼν, ἀνὰ τ’ ἐδραμ’ ὀπίσσω,
ὡς τότε Τυδείδης ἀνεχάζετο, εἰπέ τε λαῷ:
“ὦ φίλοι, οἶον δὴ θαυμάζομεν Ῥοκαίρο δίον
αἰχμητήν τ’ ἐμεναί καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.
Pylaemenes, the war-god's peer, who led
The great-souled Paphlagonians' shielded lines,
There slew they. Menelaus spear-renowned,
The son of Atreus, pierced him as he stood
By thrust of lance, struck on the collar-bone.
And Mydon his attendant charioteer,
Atymnius' gallant son, ev'n as he turned
The firm-hoofed steeds, Antilochus hit with stone
Right on the elbow. From his hands the reins
Decked white with ivory dropped upon the ground.
Then rushed Antilochus on, and with the sword
Smote him upon the temple, that he fell
From out the well-wrought chariot, gasping sore,
Prone plunging head and shoulders in the dust.
There long he stood, for deep and soft the sand
Whereon he lit, till striking out his steeds
Laid him in dust. And these the victor lashed
And to the Achaian army drove away.

But Hector through the ranks descried their work,
And sped against them, shouting shrill: with whom
Followed the Trojan squares, in stout array,
By Ares and by queen Enyo led.
Beside Enyo Tumult, in the fray
Relentless, went; Ares, his giant spear
Still brandishing in hand, with Hector moved,
And now before and now behind him strode.
Him shuddered Diomedes good in fray
To see: as one who roams some weary waste
Stands helpless at a river swift of stream
Down flowing to the sea—the roaring foam
He sees, and backward starts;—so sudden then
Tydides gat him back: and thus he spake:
"O friends, on godlike Hector how amazed
We look, as spearman and as warrior bold."
τῷ δ' αἰεὶ πάρα εἰς γε θεῶν, ὃς λουγόν ἁμύνει
καὶ νῦν οἱ πάρα κείνος Ὀρης, βροτῷ ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρώας τετραμμένοι αἰέν ὅπισθω
εἰκετε, μηδὲ θεοῖς μενεαίνετε ἢφι μάχεσθαι.

ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη, Τρώες δὲ μάλα σχεδοῦν ἦλθον αὐτῶν.
ἐν' "Εκτωρ δίο φῶτε κατέκτανε εἰδώτε χάρμης,
εἰν ἐνι διήφω ἐόντε, Μενέσθην Ἀγχιάλον τε.
tῳ δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἔγγυς ἱὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀμφιον Σελάγου νίόν, ὦς ρ' ἐνὶ Παισῷ
ναὶ πολυκτῆμοιν πολυλήποις' ἀλλὰ ἐ μοῦρα
ἡ' ἐπικουρῆσοντα μετὰ Πρίαμόν τε καὶ νίας.
tὸν ρὰ κατὰ ξοστήρα βάλεν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
νειαρῆ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ πάγη δολιχόσκειον ἔγχος
δούπησεν δὲ πεσόν. ὦ δ' ἐπέδραμε φαιδίμος Αἴας
τεύχεα συλῆσων Τρώες δ' ἐπὶ δοῦρατ' ἔχεναν
ὀξέα παρμφανῶντα, σάκος δ' ἀνεδέξατο πολλά.

αὐτὰρ ὦ λαξ προσβάς ἐκ νεκροῦ χάλκεουν ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατ' οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ
ἀμοῦν ἀφελέσθαι' ἐπειγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.

deīσε δ' ὦ γ' ἀμφίβασιν κρατερὴν Τρώων ἅγερώχων,
οἱ πολλοὶ τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἔγχε' ἔχοντες,
οἷ' ἐ μέγαν περ ἐόντα καὶ ἐφθιμον καὶ ἅγανόν
ὡςαν ἀπὸ σφείων. ὦ δ' χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.

ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑπομίην
Ταληπόλεμον δ' Ἡρακλείδην ἦν τε μέγαν τε
ἀρσεν ἐπ' ἀντιθέω Σαρπηδόνι μοῖρα κραταίῃ.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδοῦν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλουσιν ἰόντες,
νίός θ' νιώνος τε Δίως νεφεληγερέταο,
tὸν καὶ Ταληπόλεμος πρῶτος πρὸς μῦθον ἐειπεν'.
But he one god at least hath ever near
To ward his bane. And yonder at his side
Moves Ares now in form of mortal man.
Face then the Trojans still, but slowly back
Give ground, nor rashly match with gods your might.”

He spake: meanwhile the Trojans drew full near.
There Hector slew two wights well skilled in fray
Anchialus and Menesthes, in one car:
Whose fall in mighty Ajax Telamon
Deep pity stirred. Full near he went, and stood,
And threw his shining spear, and smote therewith
Amphius son of Selagus; who dwelt
In Paesus, rich in hoards, in harvest rich;
But froward destiny now led him on
Succour to bear to Priam and his sons.
Him on the belt smote Ajax Telamon
And in his belly the long-shadowed lance
Stood fixed: he heavy fell. To strip his arms
On rushed the glorious Ajax, but their spears,
Keen, flashing bright, the Trojans on him poured,
Whose sheltering targe received the countless shower.
Then on the corse he set his heel and drew
Therefrom his brazen spear, but could no more
From foeman’s shoulders strip the armour fair;
For missiles pressed him, and he feared the might
Of lordly Trojans pacing round the dead,
Who many and brave thronged on him with the lance;
And tall and strong and awful though he was
They thrust him back, and he perforce gave ground.

Thus laboured they throughout the stubborn strife.
And now Tlepolemus, son of Heracles,
Brave man and tall, resistless destiny
Against divine Sarpedon roused to fight.
And when the twain advancing drew anigh,
The son and grandson of cloud-gathering Zeus,
His foeman first Tlepolemus thus addressed:
"Σαρπηδών Λυκίων βουληφόρε, τίς τοι ἀνάγκη πτώσσειν ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐόντι μάχησ ἀδαήμονι φωτί; Ψευδόμενοι δὲ σὲ φασί Δίος γόνων αἰγιόχου εἶναι, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν κείνων ἐπιδεύειαν ἀνδρῶν οὖ Δίος ἐξεγένοντο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων. ἀλλοῦν τινὰ φασὶ βίην Ἡρακλησίην εἶναι, ἐμὸν πατέρα θρασυμέμνονα θυμολέοντα, υἱὸς ποτε δεύρ᾽ ἐλθὼν ἐνεχ᾽ ἵππων Λαομέδουντος ἐξ οἴχις σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυροτέρουσιν Ἰλίου ἐξαλάπαξε πόλιν, χήρωσε δ᾽ ἀγυιάς. σοι δὲ κακὸς μὲν θυμός, ἀποφθεινύουσι δὲ λαοί. οὐδὲ τί σε Τρώεσσιν ὁίμαι ἄλκαρ ἔσεσθαι ἐλθόντ᾽ ἐκ Δυκίσης, οὐδ᾽ εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἔσσι, ἀλλ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἐμοί δημηθέντα πύλας Ἁίδαο περίσειν." τὸν δ᾽ αὐ Σαρπηδῶν Λυκίων ἅγος ἀντίον ηὐδα: "Τλητόλεμος, ἢ τοι κείνος ἀπώλεσε Ἰλίου ἱρήν ἀνέρος ἀφραδήσῃν ἅγανον Λαομέδουντος, ὅς ρά μιν εὐ ἔρξαντα κακῷ ἦνίπατε μύθῳ, οὐδ᾽ ἀπέδωχ᾽ ἵππους δὲν εἰνεκα τηλόθεν ἤλθεν. σοι δ᾽ ἔγῳ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνων καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν ἐξ ἐμέθεν τεύξεσθαι, ἐμῷ δ᾽ υπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα εὐχὸς ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ᾽ "Αἴδι κλυτοπώλῳ." ὁς φάτω Σαρπηδῶν, δ᾽ ἀνέσχετο μείλινον ἐγχύος Τλητόλεμος. καὶ τῶν μὲν ἀμαρτῆ δοῦρατα μακρὰ ἐκ χειρῶν ἦξαν. ὃ μὲν βάλεν αὐχένα μέσον Σαρπηδῶν, αἰχμὴ δὲ διαμπερῆς ἦλθ᾽ ἀλεγενή, τὸν δὲ κατ᾽ ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρέβενη νυξ ἐκάλυψεν Τλητόλεμος δ᾽ ἀρὰ μηρὸν ἀριστερὸν ἐγχεῖ μακρῷ
"Sarpedon, counsellor of Lycia's host,
What need constrains thee here to crouch, as wight
All ignorant of war? They surely lie
Who call thee son of aegis-bearing Zeus.
For much thou lackest of those heroes old
Who in the ages past of Zeus were born.
Not such, they say, was Heracles the strong,
My father staunch and bold, of lion heart:
Who for the horses of Laomedon
Came hither erst, leading six ships alone
And fewer men; and yet of Ilion
He razed the towers and widowed all the ways.
But thou art but a coward heart, and thine
A host that perish fast. No help, I ween,
Wilt thou, from Lycia come, to Trojans prove,
For all thy strength, but slain beneath my hand
Wilt pass full soon the portals of the dead."

To whom Sarpedon, Lycian chief, replied:
"Tlepolemus, that hero, well I wot,
On sacred Ilion destruction wrought
Through folly of one man, the noble king
Laomedon, who for a good deed done
Spake evil words of shame, nor gave the steeds,
The guerdon due for which he came from far.
But as for thee, death and dark doom, I say,
Thou here shalt find from me, and by my spear
Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown
And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

So spake Sarpedon; but Tlepolemus
Upraised his ashen spear. The lances long
Sped from both hands at once. Sarpedon smote
Full on his foeman's neck, and through and through
Passed the fell point and dark night veiled his eyes.
The left thigh of the other with long lance
βεβλήκειν, αίχμη δὲ διέσυντο μαμώωσα, ὡστέο εὐχριμφθείσα· πατὴρ δ' ἐτί λοιγὸν ἄμυνεν. ὁ μὲν ἂρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα δίοι ἐταίροι ἐξέφερον πολέμου· βάρυνε δὲ μιν δόρυ μακρὸν ἐλκόμενον. τὸ μὲν οὐ τις ἐπεφράζατ' οὔδὲ νόησεν μηροῦ ἐξερύσαι δόρυ μείλινον, ὅφρ' ἐπιβάλη, σπευδόντων· τοῖον γὰρ ἔχον πόνον ἀμφιέποντες. Τληπόλεμον δ' ἐτέρωθεν εὐκυνήμιδες Ἀχαίοι ἐξέφερον πολέμου. νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς τλῆμον θυμὸν ἔχον, μαίμησε δὲ οἱ φίλοι ἦτορ. μερμηρίζε δ' ἐπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν ἡ προτέρω Διὸς νῦν ἐρυγδούποι διάκοι, ἡ ὁ γε τῶν πλεόνων Δυκίων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο. οὐδ' ἂρ' Ὀδυσσῆι μεγαλήτωρ μόρσιμον ἦν ἰφθίμων Διὸς νῦν ἀποκτάμεν ὦξεὶ χαλκῷ· τῷ ὑπὸ κατὰ πληθὺν Δυκίων τράπε θυμὸν Ἀθήνη. ἐνθ' ὁ γε Κοίρανον εἶλεν Ἀλάστορά τε Χρομίων τε Ἀλκανδρόν θ' Ἀλιόν τε Νοήμονά τε Πρύτανίν τε. καὶ νῦ κ' ἐτὶ πλέονας Δυκίων κτάνε δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, εἰ μῆ ἂρ' ὄξυ νόησε μέγας κορυφαίόλος Ἐκτωρ. βῇ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ, δείμα φέρων Δαναοῖς· χάρῃ δ' ἄρα οἱ Διὸς νῦς Σαρπηδόνων προσιόντι, ἔτος δ' ὀλοφυδύν ἔειπεν· "Πριαμίδη, μή δὴ μὲ ἐλωρ Δαναοῖσιν ἐάσης κεῖσθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνον. ἐπειτά με καὶ λίπωι αἱών ἐν πόλι ὑμετέρῃ, ἔπει οὐκ ἄρα μέλλουν ἐγὼ γε νοστήσας οἰκόνδε, φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, εὐφρανέειν ἀλοχόν τε φίλην καὶ νήπιου νῦν."
Tlepolemus hit, and through it sped the point
In eager haste, and grazed the very bone:
But him as yet his father saved from bane.

Then from the field his godlike comrades bare
Divine Sarpedon, burdened by the length
Of trailing lance; but none had marked or thought
Forth from the thigh to draw the ashen shaft
That he might mount the car, in their hot haste,
For much ado they had to tend him safe.

And on the other side Tlepolemus
Well-greaved Achaians from the battle bare.
Godlike Odysseus of the patient soul
Marked it, and sore his heart within him yearned.
But doubtful pondered he in thought and mind,
Whether to follow first the son of Zeus
Loud-thundering king, or of mean Lycian throng
To take the lives. But 'twas not fate that he,
Great-souled Odysseus, should with keen lance slay
The stalwart son of Zeus: wherefore his mind
Athené on the meaner Lycians turned.
There slew he Coiranus and Chromius,
Alastor and Alcander, Halius there,
Noémon, Prytanis. And now yet more
Of Lycians had the godlike hero slain,
Had not great Hector of the glancing plume
Been quick to mark his work. He through the van
Now forward moving, armed in burning mail,
Bore terror to the Danaans: but with joy
Sarpedon son of Zeus beheld him come,
And thus with piteous word bespake his friend:
"O son of Priam, leave me not to lie
A prey to Danaan foes, but bear me aid.
That done, I were content to leave my life
Within your walls, since 'twas not so to be
That I to home and fatherland restored
Should glad my much-loved wife and infant son."
ός φάτο. τὸν δ᾿ οὖ τι προσέφη κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ, ἀλλὰ παρήξεν, λειλιμένος ὄφρα τάχιστα ὅσαιτ' Ἀργείους, πολέων δὲ ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἐλοιτο. οἳ μὲν ἂρ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα δίωι ἐταῖροι εἶσαν ὡπ' αἰγώνιοι Δίδοι περικαλλεῖ φηγῷ, ἐκ δ᾿ ἄρα οἱ μηροῦ δόρυ μείλινων ὅσε θύραζε ἀφθιμος Πελάγων, ὁς οἱ φίλος ἦν ἐταῖρος· 

τὸν δὲ ἔλιπεν γυνῇ, κατὰ δὲ ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς. αὐτὸς δ᾿ ἀμπυνύθη, περὶ δὲ πνοὴ Βορέα 
ξάγρευε ἐπιπυνείουσα κακῶς κεκαφηνότα θυμῶν. 'Ἀργείου δ᾿ υπ" Ἀρη καὶ Ἔκτωρ χαλκοκορυστὴ ὦτε ποτὲ προτρέποντο μελαιώνων ἐπὶ νηῶν ὦτε ποτ᾽ αντεφέροντο μάχῃ, ἀλλ᾿ αἰεὶ ἐπίσσω σχάζονθ', ὃς ἐπύθοντο μετὰ Τρόαςον Ἰρη. ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ᾿ ὑστατον ἑξενάριξαν Ἔκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο πᾶϊς καὶ χάλκεος Ἰρης; ἀντίθεον Τευθραντ', ἐπὶ δὲ πληξιππον ὀρέστην, Τρῆχων τ᾽ αἰχμητῆν Αἰτώλιον, Οἰνόμαον τε, Οἰνοπίδην θ᾽ Ἐλεφόν, καὶ ὀρέσβιον αὐλομάτηρν, ὃς ρ᾽ ἐν "Τὴν ναίςκε μέγα πλούτου μεμηλὼς, λίμνη κεκλιμένος Κηφισίδι Πάρ δὲ οἱ ἄλλοι ναίων Βοιωτοί, μάλα πίνα δῆμου ἐχοντες. τοὺς δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεᾶ λευκώλενος Ἰρη Ἀργείους ὀλέκοντας εἰς κρατηρῇ ὑσμίνη, αὐτίκε Ἀθηναιήν ἐπεκ πτερόειντα προσηύδα "ὅ πότοι, αἰγώνιοι Δίδος τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη, ὥρ ἄλιου τὸν μίθον ὑπέστημεν Μενελάῳ, Ἰλιὸν ἐκπέρσαστ' εὐτείχεον ἀπονέσχα, εἰ οὖτω μαίνεσθαι ἐάσομεν οὖλον Ἐρή. ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶι μεδόμεθα θούριδος ἀλκής."
He spake: but Hector of the glancing plume
Returned him not a word, but fleetèd by
In eager haste to beat the Argives back
Soon as he might, and many foes to slay.
Divine Sarpedon then his godlike friends
'Neath the fair oak of aegis-bearing Zeus
Laid down; and there the stalwart Pelagon,
His comrade dear, forced through and from the thigh
The ashen shaft. Swooning he sank, his eyes
With mist o'erspread; but soon again he breathed,
And gales of Boreas blowing cool around
Fanned his weak gasping spirit back to life.

Meanwhile the Argives, though by Ares pressed
And brazen-helmèd Hector, turned them not
Toward the black ships, nor yet made equal fight;
But backward still retired, soon as they learned
That Ares' self amid the Trojans moved.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son
And brazen Ares in that battle slay?
First Teuthras the divine, Orestes then
Smiter of steeds, Trechus, Aetolian lance,
Oenomaüs, with Helenus Oenops' son,
Oresbius last, with supple girdle braced:
In Hylé dwelt he, busy lord of wealth,
On shelving margin of Cephisian lake,
And round him his Boeotian folk abode
The tenants of a fat and goodly land.

Now soon as Heré, white-armed goddess, saw
The Argives falling in the stubborn strife,
Athené she addressed in wingéd words:
"O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Thou Tameless Maid, that word was then in vain,
Our pledge to Menelaus given, that he
Should raze the walls of Ilion and return,
If thus fell Ares we allow to rage.
But come, prepare we too impetuous might."
"Ηρη πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μεγάλοιο Κρόνου·
Ηβη δ' ἀμφ' ὄχεσσι θοῶς βάλε καμπύλα κύκλα
χάλκει' ὄκτακνημα, σιδηρέφ ἄξοιν ἀμφίς.
τῶν ἦ τοι χρυσή ήτος ἀφθιτός, αὐτάρ ὑπερθεν
χάλκε' ἐπίσσωτρα προσαρηρώτα, θαῦμα ἰδέοθαι·
πλήμναι δ' ἀργύρον εἰσὶ περίδρομοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
δίφρος δὲ χρυσέοις καὶ ἀργυρέοισιν ἵμασιν
ἐντεταῖα, δοιαλ δὲ περίδρομοι ἄντυγες εἰσίν.
τοῦ δ' ἐξ ἀργύρεος ρυμὸς πέλεν· αὐτάρ ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
δήσεν χρύσειον καλὸν ἔσγον, ἐν δὲ λέπαδια
καλ' ἐβαλεν, χρύσει'. ὑπὸ δὲ ἔσγον ἡγαγεν Ἡρη
Ἰπποῦς ὅκύποδας, μεμαυ' ἐρίδος καὶ ἀυτῆς.
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχου,
πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἐανῦν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὐδεί,
ποικίλον, ὥν ὅ αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν,
ἡ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
τεῦχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσετο δακρύοεντα.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' ὁμοίως βάλετ' αἰγίδα θυσανόεσσαν
deινήν, ἦν πέρι μὲν πάντῃ φόβος ἐστεφάνωται,
ἐν δ' ἔρις, ἐν δ' ἀλκή, ἐν δὲ κρυόεσσα ἵωκή,
ἐν δὲ τε Γοργείη κεφαλῆ δεινοὶ πελώρου
deινη τε σμερυνὴ τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχου.
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀμφίφαλου κυνῆν θέτο τετραφάληρον
χρυσείνην, ἔκατον πολίων πρυλέεσσ' ἄραρύιαν,
ἔς δ' ὀχεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βῆσετο, λάζετο δ' ἐγχος
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δὰμνησι στίχας ἄνδρῶν
ήρων τοὐσιν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβρυμοπάτη.
So spake she: and Athené, stern-eyed maid,
At once obeyed. Then Heré goddess queen,
Daughter of mighty Cronos, went about
To harness forth her horses, shining bright
With golden frontlet, while upon her car
Full swiftly Hebé fixed the orbèd wheels,
Brazen, eight-spoked, on iron axle set.
Their felloes are of never-rusting gold
Hooped round with brazen tire close-clamped thereon,
A marvel to behold; of silver wrought
The naves that round about the axle turn.
The chariot-board is fast by thongs with gold
And silver decked, and circled by two rails.
The pole in front was silver, on whose end
Hebé now bound a fair and golden yoke,
And fair and golden neck-straps. 'Neath the yoke
Heré then led her horses fleet of foot,
All eager for the strife and shout of war.
Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus
Athené loosed and on the Father's floor
Cast down her flowing mantle, broidered web
By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,
And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,
And braced her armour for the tearful war.
Around her shoulders first the goddess cast
The tasselled aegis, awful targe, whose rim
Is crowned with Terror; Discord too is there,
There Strength, there Havoc chilling all the blood,
There horrid monster Gorgon's horrid head,
That portent grim of aegis-bearing Zeus.
And on her head a helm of double cone
Four-plumed she set, of gold, figured with chiefs
Of five-score towns: then on the fiery car
Set foot, and grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout,
Wherewith she quells the hero ranks who chafe
That maiden daughter of a mighty Sire.
"Ἡρη δὲ μάστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἃρ' ἵππους ἀυτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκων οὐρανοῦ, ὡς ἔχον Ὀραί, τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανός Οὐλυμπός τε, ἥμεν ἀνακλίναι πυκνῶν νέφων ἦδὲ ἐπιθείναι. τῇ ρα δὲ αὐτάων κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους. εὔρον δὲ Κρονίωνα θεῶν ἄτερ ἢμενον ἄλλων ἀκροτάτη κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμπου. ἐνθ' ἵππους στήσασα θεὰ λευκόλενος "Ἡρη Ζῆν' ἱππατον Κρονίδην ἐξείρητο καὶ προσέειπεν "Ζεὺς πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίζῃ Ἀρεί τάδε ἔργη αἰδηλα; ὅσσατον τε καὶ οἶδον ἀπώλεσε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν μάψ, ἀτάρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἄχος. οἶ δὲ ἔκηλοι τέρπονται Κύπρις τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, ἂφρονα τοῦτον ἀνέντες, ὦς οὐ τινα οἴδε θέμιστα. Ζεὺς πάτερ, ἦ ρά τί μοι κεχολώσει εἰ κεν "Ἀρης λυγρῶς πεπληγνιὰ μάχης ἔξαποδίωμαι;"

"ἀγρει μήν οἰ ἐποροσον Ἀθηναιήν ἀγελείην, ἦ ἐ μάλιστ' εἴωθε κακῆς ὁδύνησι πελάξειν." ὃς ἐφάτ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκόλενος "Ἡρη, μάστιξαν δ' ἵππους τὸ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην μεσσηγὺς γαῖς τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος. ὅσον δ' ἥρωειδες ἀνήρ ἵδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἢμενος ἐν σκοπηῇ, λεύσσων ἐπὶ ὄνωτα πόντων, τόσον ἐπὶ θρώσκουσι θεῶν ύψηχες ἵπποι. ἀλλ' ὦτε δὴ Τροίην ἵξον ποταμό τε ρέοντε, ἡχὶ ροὰς Σιμόεις συμβάλλετον ἢδὲ Σκάμανδρος, ἐνθ' ἵππους ἐστησε θεὰ λευκόλενος "Ἡρη
Then Heré swiftly touched with lash the steeds. Self-moved before them groaned the gates of heaven, Kept by the Hours: for to their charge is given Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close. There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged. And Cronos’ son sitting alone they found On many-ridged Olympus’ topmost peak. There Heré, white-armed goddess, stayed her steeds, And Zeus supreme thus questioned and addressed: “O Father Zeus, seems it not shame to thee That Ares works destruction, laying low Achaia’s ranks so many and so brave, Reckless, beyond all rule, a grief to me; While Cyris and Apollo Silver-bow Sit at their ease and take delight herein, Loosing this mad one, who no law doth know? O Father, say, wilt thou be moved to wrath, If Ares now with painful blow I smite And chase him from the battle-field away?” To whom in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus: “Go now, Athené driver of the spoil Spur thou against him: she above all else Is wont to punish him with grievous pains.” He spake: nor white-armed Heré disobeyed, But lashed the steeds, who not unwilling flew Midway between the earth and starry sky. And far as man may see, who with his eyes Scans the dim offing, seated on a peak And o’er the dark sea gazing—e’en so far Bounded the neighing coursers of the gods. But when to Troy and to the rivers twain, Where Simois and Scamander join their floods, They came, there Heré, white-armed goddess, stayed
λύσασ' ἐξ ὀχέων, περὶ δ' ἡερα πουλύν ἐχενεν
tοῖσιν δ' ἀμβροσίην Σιμώεις ἀνέτειλε νέμεσθαι.
αἰ δὲ βάτην, τρήρωσι πελειάσιν ἵθμαθ' ὅμοιαν,
ἀνδράσιν Ἀργελοίσιν ἀλεξέμεναι μεμανίαι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ β' ἵκανον ὅθι πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι
ἐστασαν, ἀμφὶ βίην Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμῳ
εἰλόμενοι, λείονσι ἐοικότες ὥμοφάγοισιν
ἡ συζ κάτροισιν, τῶν τε σθένοις οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν,
ἐνθα στὰς' ἦς τε θεὰ λευκόλεννος "Ἡρι,
Στέντορι εἰσαμένη μεγαλήττορι χαλκεοφών,
ὅς τόσον αὐθήσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα
"αἰδώς, ὡ Ἀργεῖοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἰδὸς ἁγητοί.
ὁφρα μὲν ἐσ πόλεμον πωλέσκετο δίος Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδὲ ποτε Τρῶες πρὸ πυλῶν Δαρδανίαν
ὀξυεσκον' κείνον γὰρ ἐδείδισαν ὀβρίμον ἐγχος'
nῦν δὲ έκάς πόλιος κοίλης ἐπὶ νησὶ μᾶχονται." 790
ὡς εἰπούοι' ὅτρυνε μένοι καὶ θυμόν ἐκάστοι.
Τυδεΐδη δ' ἐπόρουσε θεὰ γλανκώπις Ἀθήνη.
eὐρε δὲ τὸν γε ἀνακτα παρ' ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἐλκος ἀναψύχοντα τοῦ μιν βάλε Πάνδαρος ἕω.
ἵδρος γὰρ μιν ἔτειρεν ὑπὸ πλατέος τελαμὸνος
ἀσπίδος εὐκύκλος' τῷ τείρετο, κάμων δὲ κειρὰ,
ἀν δ' ἵσχων τελαμώνα κελαινεφές αἰμ' ἀπομόργυν.
ἵππειου δὲ θεὰ ξυγοῦ ἡγατο, φῶνησεν τε
"ἡ ὀλίγον οἱ παιδα ἐοικότα γείνατο Τυδεύς.
Τυδεύς τοι μικρὸς μὲν ἐῃν δέμας, ἀλλὰ μαχητής
cαὶ ρ' ὅτε πέρ μιν ἐγὼ πολεμιζέμεν οὐκ εἰασκον
οῦδ' ἐκπαιφάσσεν, ὅτε τ' ἦλυθε νόσφιν Ἀχαιῶν
ἀγγελὸς ἐς Θήβας, πολέας μετὰ Καδμείωνας,
And loosed her horses from the car, and shed
Thick mist around: while Simois clothed the mead
With blade ambrosial for their pasturage.
Onward afoot then went the goddess pair,
Soft-stepping as the timorous doves. But when
They came where most and bravest stood, around
Steed-taming Diomedes’ mighty form
Close-massed, to flesh-devouring lions like,
Or savage boars, whose is no feeble strength,
Then Heré, white-armed goddess, stood and cried,
Taking the form of Stentor, mighty heart,
That hero brazen-voiced, whose shout was heard
Loud-sounding as of fifty other men:
“Shame, Argives! Cravens base, for comely limbs
Alone admired. So long as to the war
Godlike Achilleus went, these sons of Troy
Ne’er ventured forth from their Dardanian gates,
For sore they feared his weighty lance. But now
Far from their town and by our ships they fight.”
She spake, and stirred the mood and soul of each.
But quick Athené, stern-eyed goddess, sped
To Tydeus’ son; and by his steeds and car
She found the king, cooling the aching wound
That Pandarus with arrow-point had given.
For now the sweat ’neath the broad belt that braced
His orbèd shield fretted the sore. With sweat
Distressed he was, and weary was his hand.
So lifting up the belt he wiped away
The dark blood clotted there. His horses’ yoke
Then did the goddess touch, and thus she spake:
“Surely a son but little like himself
Tydeus begat. Tydeus, of stature small,
Was yet a fighter: e’en when I forbade
To seek the war or flash impetuous forth,
What time without Achaia’s host he came
A messenger to Thebes, to Cadmus’ sons,
δαίνυσθαι μιν ἀνομοι ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἐκηλοῦν·

αὐτάρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔχων ὅν καρτερόν, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,
κούρους Καδμείων προκαλῆστο, πάντα δ' ἐνίκα
ῥηδίως· τοῖς οἱ ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρροθος ἦ.

σοι δ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ παρά θ' ἱσταμαι ἦδε φυλάσσω,
καί σε προφρονέως κέλομαι Τράβεσσι μάχεσθαι:

ἀλλά σεν ἢ κάματος πολυάιξ γυνία δέδυκεν,

η νῦ σὲ που δέος ἱσχει ἄκηριον. οὐ σὺ γ' ἐπειτα
Τυδέος ἔκχονος ἔσσι δαίφρονος Οἰνείδαο.

τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

"γυγνώσκω σε, θεὰ θύγατερ Δίος αὐγιώχου·

τῷ τοι προφρονέως ἐρέω ἔπος οὐδ' ἐπικεῦσω.

οὔτε τί με δέος ἱσχει ἄκηριον οὔτε τις ὁκνος,

ἀλλ' ἐτι σέων μέμνημαι ἐφετεὼν, ἄς ἐπέτειλας.

οὐ μ' είας μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἀντικρυ μάχεσθαι

τοῖς ἄλλοις, ἀτὰρ εἴ κε Δίος θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη

ἔλθη' ἐσ πόλεμον, τὴν γ' οὐτάμεν ὁξεί χαλκῷ.

τούνεκα νῦν αὐτὸς τ' ἀναχάζομαι ἦδε καὶ ἄλλους

Ἀργείους ἐκέλευσα ἄλημεναι ἐνθάδε πάντας·

γυγνώσκω γὰρ Ἀρηα μάχην ἀνὰ κοιρανέοντα·

τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ ἐπειτα θεὰ γλαυκώτης Ἀθηνή.

"Τυδείδη Διόμηδες εμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,

μήτε σὺ γ' Ἀρηα τὸ γε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἄλλον

ἀθανάτων' τοίῃ τοι ἐγὼν ἐπιτάρροθος εἰμί.

ἀλλ' ἂγ' ἐπ' Ἀρηᾳ πρώτῳ ἔχει μᾶνυχας ὕππους,

τῷ γόν δὲ σχεδίην, μηδ' ἀξεο θοῦρον Ἀρηα

τοῦτον μαινόμενον, τυκτὸν κακόν, ἀλλοπρόσαλλον,

ὁς πρώῃ μὲν ἐμοὶ τε καὶ "Ηρη στεῦτ' ἀγορεύων

Τρῶσι μαχήσεσθαι, ἀτὰρ Ἀργείοισιν ἀρῆξειν,

νῦν δὲ μετὰ Τράβεσσιν ὁμιλεῖ, τῶν δὲ λέλασται."
A numerous throng. I bade him in their halls
To feast in peaceful guise; but he, with soul
Valiant as heretofore, did challenge forth
The youth of Cadmus' land, and vanquished all,
And lightly vanquished—such an aid was I.
And now by thee I stand, and guard thee sure,
And bid thee boldly with the Trojans fight.
But either weariness from toilful war
Steeps all thy limbs, or else, I trow, 'tis fear
Disheartening holds thee. Thus thou art no more
True seed of warlike Tydeus Oeneus' son."

To her stout Diomedes made reply:
"I know thee, goddess, daughter thou of Zeus
The aegis-bearer: wherefore I will speak
Frankly to thee my word; nor hide the truth,
Nor me disheartening fear; nor sloth holds back,
But thy commandment bear I yet in mind.
'Twas thou forbaidst me to oppose in fight
All other blessed gods: but, to the war
Should Aphrodité come, the child of Zeus,
Her with keen point thou chargedst me to wound.
Therefore I now myself retreat, and bade
The other Argives gather round me here:
For Ares marshals, as I know, the fray."

Then answered him Athené, stern-eyed maid:
"O Diomedes, of my soul beloved,
Nor Ares fear thou now, nor of the gods
Immortal any: such an aid am I.
But come, on Ares first thy firm-hoofed steeds
Turn thou, and smite him close, nor be thou awed
At this impetuous Ares, raging god,
Made all of mischief, shifting weather-vane:
Who two days back gave me and Heré pledge
With earnest words to fight as foe to Troy
And aid the Argive arms; but now is found
Leagued with Troy's sons, his promise clean forgot."
δις φαμένη Σθένελον μὲν ἂφ’ ἵππων ὧςε χαμάζε; ὑπερὶ πάλιν ἱρύςασ’ ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐμματέως ἀπόρουσεν ἡ δ’ ἐσ δίφρον ἤβαινε παραὶ Διομήδεα δῖον ἐμμεμανία θεᾶ μέγα δὲ βράχε φῆγινος ἄξιων βριθοσύνη δεινὴ γὰρ ἀγένθεν ἀνδρὰ τ’ ἀριστοῦ. λάζετο δὲ μάστυγα καὶ ἦνια Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη’ αὐτίκ’ ἐπ’ Ἀρηὶ πρῶτῳ ἐχε μόνυχας ἵππους’ ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν Περίφαντα πελάριον ἐξενάριζεν, Αὐτωλῶν ὦχ’ ἀριστοῦ, Ὀχήσιον ἀγλαὸν νίον. τὸν μὲν Ἀρης ἐνάριζε μιαφόνος’ αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη δῖον Ἀἰδος κυνὲς, μὴ μιν ἰδοὶ ὄβριμος Ἀρης. ὁς δὲ ἰδεὶ βροτολογὸς Ἀρης Διομήδεα δῖον, ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν Περίφαντα πελάριον αὐτὸθ’ ἔσεν κείσθαι, ὅθι πρῶτον κτείνων ἐξαίνυτο θυμόν, αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ἰδὺς Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμιοι. οἴ δ’ ὃτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ’ ἀλλήλουσιν ὅντες, πρόσθεν Ἀρης ὀφρέζαθ’ ὑπὲρ ξυγὸν ἦνία θ’ ἴππων έγχει χαλκείῳ, μεμαὼς ἀπὸθ’ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι καὶ τὸ γε χειρὶ λαβοῦσα θεᾶ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη ὀσέν ὑπὲκ δίφροιο ἐτώσιον αἰχθήναι. δεύτερος αὐθ’ ὀρμάτω βοην ἄγαθὸς Διομήδης ἐγχεὶ χαλκείῳ’ ἐπέρεισε δὲ Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη νειάτου ἐς κενεώνα, ὦθι χωνυσκέτο μλτρην. τῇ ῥά μὲν οὕτα τυχών, διὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἐδάφεν, ἐκ δὲ δόρυ σπάσεν αὐτῖς. ὁ δὲ βράχε χάλκεος Ἀρης ὅςσον τ’ ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπὶαχοῦ ὢ δεκάχιλοι ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἐρίδα ξυνάγοντες Ἀρης.
So speaking she laid hand on Sthenelus
And pulled him back and from the driver’s place
Forced to the ground, who sped in haste away.
Then on the car beside the godlike chief
Eager the goddess stept; and loudly groaned
The oaken axle with unwonted weight,
Bearing a goddess dread and peerless man.
The whip and reins Pallas Athéné took,
And turned on Ares first the firm-hoofed steeds.
He even now huge Periphas had slain,
The best by far of all Aetolia’s host,
Ochesius’ noble son—him had he slain,
That blood-stained Ares, when Athéné came
With helm of Hades dark around her drawn,
To be of mighty Ares all unseen.
But soon as man-destroying Ares saw
The godlike Diomedes, there he left
Huge Periphas to lie where at the first
He slew him and bereft of life: but he
Straight at steed-taming Diomedes rushed.
And when the twain advancing drew anigh,
First Ares o’er the yoke and horses’ reins
Lunged out with brazen lance, in haste to slay:
But with her hand Athené, stern-eyed maid,
Seizing the spear, aside and from the car
Thrust it away to spend an idle speed.
Then second Diomedes good in fray
Attacked with brazen lance: which with strong force
Pallas Athené drove deep in the flank
Below the ribs, where round the loins was girt
The girdle: there the hero with true aim
Wounded the god, and rent his comely skin,
And back drew out the shaft. Then roared amain
The brazen Ares, loud as thousands nine
May roar, or thousands ten on battle plain
Of men who meet in shock of martial fray.
τοὺς δὲ ἂρ᾽ ὑπὸ τρόμος εἶλεν Ἀχαίοὺς τε Τρῶας τε δείσαντας· τόσον ἔβραξ Ἀρης ἄτος πολέμου. 865

οὐ̣ θ᾽ ἐκ νεφέων ἔρεβενη φαίνεται ἀηρ
cάυματος ἐξ ἀνέμων δυσαέος ὑρυμένου,
καρπαλίμως δ᾽ ἴκανε θεῶν ἔδος, αἰτῶν Ὁλυμπον,
pάρ δὲ Δίω Κρονίων καθέξετο θυμὸν ἄχεών,
δειξεν δ᾿ ἀμβροτον αἴμα καταρρέουν ἐξ ὀτειλῆς,
καὶ ὁ ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσήɣδα:
Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ νεμεσίζῃ ὅρῶν τάδε ἔργῳ ἀἴδηλα;
αἰεὶ τοι τόγιστα θεοὶ τετλητότες εἰμέν
ἀλλήλων ἱότητι, χάριν δ᾽ ἀνδρεσσὶ φέροντες.
σοὶ πάντες μαχόμεσθα· σὺ γὰρ τέκες ἄφρονα κούρην
οὐλομένην, ἢ τ᾽ αἰέν ἀήσυλα ἔργα μέμηλεν.
ἀλλοι μὲν γὰρ πάντες, ὅσοι θεοὶ ἐισ᾽ ἐν Ὁλύμπῳ,
σοὶ τ᾽ ἐπιπείθονται καὶ δεδμήμεσθα ἐκαστος:
tαύτην δ᾽ οὐτε ἐπει προτιβάλλει αὐτοι τῷ ἔργῳ,
ἀλλ᾽ αὖνης, ἐπεὶ αὐτός ἐγείναο παῖδ᾽ ἀἴδηλον
ἡ νῦν Τυδέος νυῖν ὑπερφίάλων Διομήδεα
μαργαίων ἀνέκεκεν ἐπ᾽ ἀθανάτουι θεοῖσιν.
Κύπριδα μὲν πρώτα σχεδὸν οὐτασε χειρ ἐπὶ κάρπῳ,
αὐτάρ ἐπειτ᾽ αὐτῷ μοι ἐπέσουντο δαίμονι ἰσος.
ἀλλὰ μ᾽ ὑπηνεικαν ταχέες πόδες ἢ τὲ κε δηρόν
αὐτοῦ πῆματ ἐπασχον ἐν αἰνήσιν νεκάδεσσιν,
ἡ κε χρὸς ἀμενηνῶς ἐξα χαλκοῦ τυπῆσιν. 885

τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπόδρα ἰδῶν προσέθη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεῦς·
"μή τί μοι, ἀλλοπρόσαλλε, παρεξόμενος μινύριζε.
ἐχθιστος δὲ μοι ἐσσὶ θεῶν οὐ Ὁλυμπον ἔχουσιν" 890
And fear and trembling was on all, alike
On Trojan and Achaian host, so loud
Roared Ares, that insatiate god of war.

And as the air is dark with thunder clouds,
In sultry heat, when threatening swells the wind;
So brazen Ares to Tydides' sight
Darkling was seen, as all in clouds enwrapt
To the wide heaven he took his upward way.
And swiftly came he to the gods' abode,
Olympus steep, and sate him down beside
Zeus Cronides in grief of heart, and showed
The ambrosial blood down flowing from the wound;
While thus in wingèd words he made his moan:
"O Father Zeus, seems it not shame to thee,
Such foul destruction wrought? The worst alway
We gods have suffered from each other's spite,
While doing mortals pleasure. And with thee
We all now quarrel: who begatst a maid
Mad, baneful, ever set on wrongful work.
For we the rest who in Olympus dwell
Obey thee, and each god submissive bows:
But her thou checkest nor by word nor deed,
But loosest free, because she is thy child,
Destroying plague. And Tydeus' son but now,
Presumptuous Diomedes, she hath loosed
Madly to rage against immortal gods.
Cypris first wounded he upon the wrist,
Smiting her close; then on myself he rushed
Like one divine: but me my swift feet bare
Away: else had I long felt anguish there
Amid foul heaps of slain, or faint in swoon
Lain dead in life beneath his trenchant blows."

To whom with sternest glance cloud-gathering Zeus:
"Sit not by me, thou shifting weather-vane,
With whining plaint! Hateful to me art thou
Above all gods who in Olympus dwell."
αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις τε φίλη πόλεμοι τε μάχαι τε.
μητρὸς τοι μένος ἔστιν ἀσχετοῦν, οὐκ ἐπιεικτόν,
"Ἡρης: τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ σπουδὴ δάμνημι ἔπεσον.
τῷ σ’ ὦν κεῖσθαι τάδε πασχέμεν ἐννεάησιν.
ἄλλ’ οὐ μὴν σ’ ἐτι δηρὸν ἀνέξομαι ἀλγε’ ἔχοντα:
ἐκ γάρ ἐμεῦ γένος ἔσσι, ἐμοὶ δὲ σε γελνατο μήτηρ.
εἰ δὲ τευ εξ ἄλλου γε θεῶν γένευ ὁδ’ ἀἵδηλος,
καὶ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἢσθα ἐνέρτερος Ὀὐρανίωνον.”

ὡς φάτο, καὶ Παιήνοι ἀνόγειν ἴησασθαί.
τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Παιήνων ὅδυνήφατα φάρμακα πάσσων
ἀκέσατ’ οὐ μὴν γάρ τι καταθυντός γε τέτυκτο.
ὡς δ’ ἃτ’ ὄπος γάλα λευκὸν ἐπευγόμενος συνέπτηξεν
ὑγρὸν ἔοι, μάλα δ’ ὅκα περιτρέφεται κυκώντι,
ὡς ἀρα καρπαλίμως ἴησατο θοῦρον "Ἀρη.
τὸν δ’ Ἡβη λοῦσεν, χαριέντα δὲ εἴματα ἔσσεν’
πάρ δὲ Διὸ Κρονίων καθέξετο κύδει γαίων.
αἱ δὲ αὕτις πρὸς δώμα Δίως μεγάλου νέοντο,
"Ἡρη τ’ Ἀργεΐη καὶ Ἀλαλκομενῆς Ἀθηνή,
παύσασαι βροτολοιγόν ᾧ Ἀρην ἀνδροκτασιάων."
For alway strife thou lov'st and wars and fights.
Thy mother's mood is thine, that brooks no check,
Nor yields—thy mother Heré's mood; whom I
Scarce by my words can tame. Wherefore I deem
'Tis by her prompting that thou suffer'st now.
Yet will I not endure that longer thus
Thou be in pain; for thou art son of mine,
To me thy mother bare thee: surely else—
Destroyer as thou art—hadst thou been born
Of other god, thou hadst long since been hurled
Below the rebel sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and bade Paeon heal the ill:
And Paeon spread the pain-assuaging salves
Upon the wound, and healed him, for in sooth
Not wrought of mortal tissue was his frame.
And quick as fig-juice curdles the white milk—
Liquid before, but, as 'tis stirred around,
Fast thickening into clots—so swift the leech
Staunched with his simples the bold war-god's wound.
Him then did Hebé wash and clothe anew
In raiment fair; and he in glorious pride
By Zeus the son of Cronos sate him down.

But to the halls of mighty Zeus returned
Heré of Argos and Athené queen
Of Alalcomenae, when they had stayed
Destroying Ares from his deeds of blood.
Τρώων δ' οἰώθη καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοτος αἰνή·
pollâ δ' ἄρ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθ' ἤθυσε μάχη πεδίου ἀλλήλων ἰδυνομένων χαλκήρεα δοῦρα,
μεσσηγὺς Σιμόεντος ἵδε Ξάνθου ροάων.

Αἰας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν,
Τρώων ῥήξε φάλαγγα, φῶς δ' ἐτάροισίν ἔθηκεν,
ἀνδρα βαλὼν ὃς ἄριστος ἦν Θρήκεσσι τέτυκτο,
νῦν Ἐὔσσαρου Ἀκάμαντ ἦν τε μέγαν τε.

τὸν ρ' ἐβαλεν πρῶτος κόρυθος φάλον ὑπποδασείης,
ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ πῆξε, πέρησε δ' ἅρ' ὀστέον εἰσω
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν.

'Αξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἐπεφυβε βοὴν ἀγάθος Διομήδης
Τενθρανίδην, ὃς ἐναιεν ἐνυκτιμένη ἐν Ἄρισβη
ἀφνείος βίοτοι, φιλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισιν·
pάντας γὰρ φιλέσκεν ὁδὸ ἐπὶ οἰκία ναῖων.

ἀλλὰ οἱ οὖ τις τῶν γε τοῦ ἦρκεσε λυγρὸν ὀλέθρου
πρόσθεν ύπαντιάσας, ἀλλ' ἀμφω θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
ἀυτὸν καὶ θεράποντα Καλῆσιον, ὃς ῥα τὸθ ὑπ' ἐσκεν
ὑψηλίχος· τῷ δ' ἀμφω γαῖαν ἐυκτην.
THUS Trojans and Achaians were alone
To wage fell strife: and often to and fro
Alternate o'er the plain the battle rolled,
As each on each their brass-tipped spears they drove
Twixt Simois and Xanthus, rival floods.

And Ajax first, the son of Telamon,
Achaia's bulwark, brake the Trojan squares,
And gave his comrades light. A man he smote
Among the Thracians bravest, Acamas,
Eussorus' son, a warrior bold and tall.
Him smote he first upon his helmet's cone
Thick-plumed with horse-hair; and the brazen lance
Fast in his forehead deep within the bone
Passed on; and deathly darkness veiled his eyes.

Fell then by Diomedes good in fray
Axylus son of Teuthranus, who dwelt
In fair Arisbé's town, in substance rich
And loved of all men; for, a loving host
To all, he dwelt beside the public way.
Yet of his guests was none to shield sad bane
By timely aid: but both were reft of life,
Himself and his esquire Calesius,
Who guided then his steeds as charioteer;
Both fell and found beneath the earth a grave.
Δρήσον δ' Εὐρύπαλος καὶ 'Οφέλτιον ἐξενάριζεν.  βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἰσθητον καὶ Πήδασον, οὕς ποτε νῦμφη

νης 'Αβαρβαρῆ τεκ' ἀμύμονι Βουκολίων.

Boukolíōn δ' ἦν νίδος ἄγανον Λαομέδοντος

πρεσβύτατος γενεῆ, σκότιον δὲ ἐ γείνατο μῆτηρ

ποιμαίνον δ' ἐπ' ἀδεσι μύγῃ φιλότητι καὶ εὐνη,

ἠ δ' ὑποκυσαμένη διδυμάονε γείνατο παίδε.

cal µην τῶν ὑπέλυσε μένος καὶ φαίδιμα γυνα

Μηκιστηνίας, καὶ ἀτ' ὰμων τεύχε ἐσύλα:

'Αστύαλον δ' ἄρ' ἐπεφε ουνεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,

Πεδύτην δ' 'Οδυσεὺς Περκώσιον ἐξενάριζεν

ἐγχεὶ γαλκέως, Τεῦκρος δ' Ἀρετάονα δῖον.

'Αντίλοχος δ' 'Αβληρον ἐνηρατο δουρὶ φαινὼ

Νεστορίδης, 'Ελατον δὲ ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Ἀγαμέμνων'

ναῖς δὲ Σατνιόντος ἐυρρεῖται παρ' ὀχθας

Πήδασον αἴπεινην. Φύλακον δ' ἔλε Λήτος ἦρως

φεύγουτ' Εὐρύπτυλος δ' Μελάνθιον ἐξενάριζεν.

'Αδρηστόν δ' ἄρ' ἐπειτα βοήν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος

ξώδων ἐλ': ὑππω γάρ οἱ ἀτυζομένω τεδίοιο,

ὁξι ἐνι βλαφθέντε μυρικῶς, ἀγκύλον ἁρμα

ἄξαντ' ἐν πρῶτο ρυμῷ αὐτῶ μὲν ἐβήτην

πρὸς τόλω, ἦ περ οἱ ἀλλοι ἀτυζόμεναι φοβέουτο,

αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δήφροι παρὰ τροχῶν ἐξεκυλίσθη

πρηνῆ ἐν κοινῆς ἐπὶ στόμα. πάρ δὲ οἱ ἔστη

'Ατρέδης Μενέλαος ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἐγχος.

'Αδρηστός δ' ἄρ' ἐπειτα λαβῶν ἐξλώσετο γούνων

"ζώγρει, 'Ατρέος νϊ, σὺ δ' ἁξια δέξαυ ἀποινά'

πολλά δ' ἐν ἀφνειον πατρὸς κειμῆλια κεῖται,

χαλκὸς τε χρυσός τε πολύκομητός τε σίδηρος,
And now Euryalus slew Opheltius
With Dresus; then Æsepus he pursued
And Pedasus, whom Abarbarea erst,
Nymph of the spring, bare to Bucolion
A blameless chief. Bucolion was son
Of proud Laomedon, and eldest-born,
But born in secret of unwedded love.
And, as his flocks he fed, he wooed and won
The Naiad, who conceived and bare her lord
Twin sons. Their strength and goodly limbs in death
Mecisteus' son Euryalus now unnerved,
And the bright armour from their shoulders stripped.
Then fell by Polypoetes staunch in war
Astyalus; by Odysseus' brazen spear
Pidytes of Percosus. Teucer slew
The godlike Aretaon; Nestor's son
Antilochus with gleaming lance laid low
Ablerus; Agamemnon king of men
Smote Elatus, who dwelt by Satnius' bank,
That river fair, in lofty Pedasus.
The hero Leitus slew Phylacus
In flight: Eurypylus smote Melanthius.
By Menelaus, good in fray, alive
Adrastus now was ta'en. For o'er the plain
Rushing in terror, on a tamarisk plant
His steeds were caught, and broke the jutting pole
Before the curvèd car; then to the town
They took their way with all the affrighted rout.
But from the car beside the wheel their lord
Rolled headlong out mouth downwards in the dust.
By him at once stood with long-shadowed lance
The son of Atreus: but Adrastus clasped
His captor's knees and suppliant thus he prayed:
"Give quarter, son of Atreus, and receive
A worthy ransom. With my wealthy sire
Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold

G. H.
τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατήρ ἀπερείσι’ ἀποινα, 50
εἰ κεν ἐμὲ ξών πεπύθοιτ’ ἐπὶ νησίων Ἀχαϊῶν.”

ός φάτο, τῷ δ’ ἀρα θυμὸν ἐνι στήθεσιν ὄρινεν.
καὶ δὴ μιν τάξ’ ἐμελλε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆσας Ἀχαϊῶν
δώσειν ὦ θεράποντι καταξέμεν’ ἀλλ’ Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀντίος ἤλθε θέων, καὶ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπος ἦδα:
“ὁ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε, τή δὲ σὺ κήδεαι οὗτος
ἀνδρῶν; ἦ σοι ἄριστα πεποίηται κατὰ οἴκον
πρὸς Τρώων. τῶν μὴ τις ὑπεκφύγοι αἰτῶν ὀλέθρον
χειρᾶς θ’ ἤμετέρας, μηδ’ ὁν τινα γαστέρι μὴν
καῦρον ἐApis φέροι μηδ’ ὃς φύγοι, ἀλλ’ ἀμα πάντες
‘Ἰλίου ἔξαπολολατ’ ἄκηδεστοι καὶ ἄφαντοι.”

ὁς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἄδελφειον φρένας ἤρως,
αὔσιμα παρειπὼν’ δ’ ἀπ’ ἔθεν ὡσατο χειρὶ
ήρω ’Ἀδρηστον. τὸν δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
οὔτα κατὰ λατάρην’ δ’ ἀνετράπτετ’, Ἀτρείδης δὲ
λάξ ἐν στήθει βᾶς ἔξεσπασε μείλινον ἐγχος.

Νέστωρ δ’ Ἀργείοισιν ἐκκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀύσας:
“ὁ φίλοι ἤρως Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἀρης,
μή τις νῦν ἑνάρων ἐπιβαλλόμενος μετόπισθεν
μιμνέτω, ἃς κεν πλείστα φέρων ἐπὶ νῆσα ἴκηται,
ἀλλ’ ἀνδρὰς κτείνωμεν. ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὰ ἐκηλοι
νεκροὺς ἀμ πεδίον συλήσετε τεθυνῶτας.”

ὁς εἰπὼν ὠτρυκε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστουν.
ἐνθα κεν αὐτὲ Τρωὲς ἀρηφίλων ὑπ’ Ἀχαϊῶν
’Ἰλιον εἰσανεβήσαν, ἀναλκείησι δαμέντες,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ Αἰνεία τε καὶ Ἔκτορ ἐπέ παραστάς
Πριαμίδης Ἔλενος, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ’ ἄριστος.
“Aἰνεία τε καὶ Ἔκτορ, ἐπεὶ πόνος ὤμμι μάλιστα
And well-wrought iron: and from these my sire
Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn
That at the Achaian vessels yet I live.”

He spake, and won the mind within his breast:
And now full soon his captive he had given
To his attendant squire to lead away
To the swift ships; but Agamemnon came
Running to meet him, and reproachful cried:
“My gentle Menelaus, why of men
Such tender care? thy house forsooth has found
Much good from sons of Troy! Of whom may none
Escape destruction dire beneath our hands!
No not the man-child whom his mother bears
Yet in her womb, not even he! but all
Of Ilion in one utter ruin die
Unwept, unburied, and be no more seen!”

So spake the hero, and his timely word
Turned back his brother’s heart. With thrust of hand
Divine Adrastus he repelled. And him
Beneath the ribs king Agamemnon smote,
That back he fell: then planting firm his heel
Upon his breast drew forth the ashen spear.

Then Nestor to the Argives cried aloud:
“Friends, Danaan heroes, Ares’ henchmen true,
Let none lag now behind in greed of spoil,
That to the ships large booty he may bear.
But kill we men. Hereafter at your ease
Dead bodies o’er the plain ye may despoil.”

He spake, and roused the mood and soul of each.
And there again before Achaia’s sons
Beloved of Ares had the Trojan rout
Fled, up to Ilion, quelled thro’ coward fears;
But to Æneas and to Hector’s side
Came Helenus, and standing by them spake,
King Priam’s son, and best of augurs he:
“Æneas, and thou, Hector—for on you

16—2
Τρώων καὶ Λυκίων ἐγκέκλιται, οὐνεκ’ ἀριστοὶ πᾶσαν ἐπ’ ίδιν ἔστε μάχεσθαι τε φρονεῖν τε, στῇ τ’ αὐτοῦ, καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκετε πρὸ πυλάων πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι, πρὶν αὐτ’ ἐν χερσὶ γυναικῶν φεῦγοντας πεσέειν, δῆσοις δὲ χάρμα γενέσθαι. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κε φαλάγγας ἐποτρύνητον ἀπάσας, ἡμεῖς μὲν Δαναοῖς μαχησόμεθ’ αὖθι μένοντες, καὶ μᾶλα τειρόμενοι περ’ ἀναγκαίῃ γὰρ ἐπελγεί “Εκτορ, ἀτὰρ σὺ πόλυνδε μετέρχεο, εἰπὲ δ’ ἐπείτα μητέρι σῇ καὶ ἐμῇ: ἥ δὲ ξυνάγουσα γεραιάς νῦν Ἀθηναίης γυλαυκῶπιδος ἐν πόλι ἄκρη, οἴξασα κληδίθι θύρας ἱερῶν δόμου, πέπλων, ὁ οἱ δοκεῖ εχαρίεστατος ἦδε μέγιστος εἶναι εἰνὶ μεγάρῳ καὶ οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος αὐτῇ, θείαιν Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασίν ἦκόμοιο, καὶ οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυναίδεκα βοῦς εἰνὶ νηῷ ἤνις ἱκέστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἰ κ’ ἐλεήσῃ ἀστὶ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νῆπια τέκνα, αἰ κεν Τυδέος νῦν ἀπόσχυ Ἰλίου ἱῆς, ἀγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μῆστωρα φόβου, ὅν δὴ ἐγὼ κάρτιστον Ἀχαιῶν φημὶ γενέσθαι. οὐδ’ Ἀχιλῆα ποθ’ ὃδε γ’ ἐδείδηςεν, ὀρχαμον ἀνδρῶν, ὅν πέρ φασι θεᾶς ἔξεμμεναι: ἄλλ’ ὃδε λίην μαίνεται’ οὐ τίς οἱ δύναται μένος ἀντιφερίζειν.” ὅς ἐραθ’, “Εκτωρ δ’ οὐ τι κασινήτῳ ἀπίθησεν. αὐτίκα δ’ ἐξ ὀχέων ἐξὶν τεῦχεσιν ἀλτὸ χαμάξε, πάλλων δ’ ὅξεα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν ψχετο πάντη, ὄτρυνων μαχεσάσθαι, ἠγειρε δὲ φύλωτοι αἰνῆν, οὐ δ’ ἐλελίγθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἐσταν Ἀχαιῶν”
Above all else of Lycia and of Troy
The burden lies, since ye the best are found
For all emprize, of counsel or of war—
Stand here, and rally, passing to and fro,
The host before the gates, ere yet again
Fleeing they cast them in their women’s arms
And be a mock and triumph to their foes.
But when ye twain have heartened all the squares,
We biding here will with the Danaans fight,
Tho' wearied sore; for pressing is the need.
But go thou, Hector, to the town, and there
Speak to our mother, thine and mine, that she
Gather the matrons to the citadel
And temple of Athené stern-eyed maid.
Where with a key the holy temple’s door
Unlocking, whatso robe within her bowers
Fairest and largest seems and by herself
Is held most dear, this let her humbly lay
Upon Athené’s knees, that long-haired maid.
Vow she likewise within her shrine to slay
Twelve yearling kine that never knew the goad,
If she will pity now the Trojans’ town,
Their wives, their little ones, and keep afar
Tydeus’ dread son from sacred Ilion:
Wild warrior he—stout counsellor of flight:
Whom of Achaians strongest I esteem.
Not ev’n Achilleus ever feared we so,
Tho’ prince of men and famed of goddess born.
But this our foe all measure doth outpass
In rage, and with his might may none compare.”

He spake. Obedient to his brother’s word
Was Hector: from his chariot to the ground
He leapt at once, all armed. Two lances keen
He brandished high, and went through all the host
Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.
Round turned they all, and faced the Achaian foe.
'Αργείοι δ' ύπεχώρησαν, λήξαν δὲ φόνοιο, 
φάν δὲ τιν' ἄθανάτων ἕξ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος 
Τρωσίν ἀλεξίσοντα κατελθέμεν, ὡς ἐλελιχθεν. 
"Εκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἄυσας.
"Τρωές ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλητοί τ' ἐπίκουροι, 
ἀνέφε ἐστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θοῦρίδος ἄλκης, 
ὁφρ' ἄν ἐγὼ βείω προτὶ Ιλιον, ἥδε γέρουσιν 
εἴπω βουλευτήσι καὶ ἡμετέρης ἀλόχοισιν 
δαίμοσιν ἀρήσασθαι, ὑποσχέσθαι δ' ἐκατόμβας."

ὅς ἀρα φωνήςας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ' 
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινόν, 
ἀντυξ ἡ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης.

Γλαύκος δ' Ἰππολόχοιο πάις καὶ Τυδέους νῦός 
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων ἐξωτίτην μεμαδέτε μάχεσθαι. 
οὐ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπὶ ἀλλήλουσιν ἱόντες, 
τὸν πρότερον προσέειπε βοήν ἁγαθὸς Διομήδης:
"τίς δὲ σὺ ἔσσι, φέριστε, καταβυσντῶν ἀνθρώπων; 
οὐ μὴν γάρ ποτ' ὄπωσα μάχῃ ἐνι κυδιανείρῃ 
τὸ πρὶν' ἀτὰρ μὴν νῦν γε πολὺ προβέβηκας ἀπάντων 
σφ' θάρσει, ὅτ' ἐμὸν δολιχόσκιον ἐγχος ἐμείνας. 
δυστήσων δὲ τε παίδες ἐμφ' μένει ἀντίσωσιν. 
eὶ δὲ τις ἄθανάτων γε κατ' οὐαρανοῦ εἰλήλουθας, 
οὐκ ἄν ἐγὼ γε θεοίσιν ἐπουρανίουσι μαχοὶμην. 
oὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' Δρύαντος νῦός κρατερὸς Δυκόεργος 
δὴν ἦν, ὃς ρὰ θεοίσιν ἐπουρανίουσιν ἐρίζεν, 
ὡς ποτε μανομένου Αἰωνύσου τιθήμας 
σεῦ κατ' ἡγάθεουν Νυσίην' αὗ δ' ἁμα πᾶσαι 
θύσθα λα χαμαι κατέχεναιν, ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνου Λυκούργου 
θειομέναι βουλήγη τι. 
Διώνυσος δὲ φοβηθεὶς 
δύσεθ' ἀλὸς κατὰ κύμα, Θέτις δ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ
But backward fell the Argives, and gave o'er
The slaughter: for they deemed from starry heaven
Some power immortal surely had come down
To aid Troy's sons: so sudden round they turned.
But Hector to the Trojans cried aloud:
"Ye high-souled sons of Troy, and ye allies
Called from afar, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought;
While I to Ilion take my way, and bid
Our greybeard senate and our wives with prayer
To sue the gods and promise hecatombs."

Thus plumed Hector spake, and went his way:
And oft about his ankles and his neck
The dark hide swaying smote him as he sped,
The outmost rim that girt his bossy shield.

Now Glaucus, offspring of Hippolochus
And Tydeus' son together in the midst
Between both armies met, all keen to fight.
Then first spake Diomedes, good in fray:
"And who, brave Sir, of mortal men art thou?
For thee in fight, man's field of fame, I ne'er
Have heretofore beheld: but now thou art
Foremost by far of all in hardihood,
Who thus abidest my long-shadowed lance.
Luckless the sires whose sons my valour meet.
But if immortal thou from heaven art come,
With heavenly gods it is not I will fight.
Not e'en the strong Lycurgus, Dryas' son,
Lived long, who strove against the heavenly gods:
He that of old o'er Nysa's holy hill
In headlong flight the Maenad nurses drove
Of frenzied Dionysus. One and all
Down on the ground they showered their sacred gear
Pricked by the ox-goad of the murderous man.
But Dionysus fled away, and dived
'Neath the sea wave, where Thetis in her lap
δειδίτα· κρατερός γὰρ ἔχεν τρόμος ἄνδρος ὁμοκλῆ·
tὸ μὲν ἔπειτ' ὁδύσαντο θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες,
καὶ μιν τυφλὸν ἐθηκε Κρόνου πάις· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἡν, ἐπεὶ ἄθανάτουσιν ἀπῆχθετο πάσι θεοῖσιν.
oἶδ' ἄν ἐγὼ μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἐθέλοιμι μάχεσθαι.
eἰ δὲ τὸς ἐσσὶ βροτῶν οἱ ἀροῦρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,
ἄσσον ἰθ', ὡς κεν βάσσον ὀλέθρου πείραθ' ἵκηαι."
τὸν δ' ἀνθ' Ἰττολόχου προσηύδα φαίδιμος νῖός:
"Τυδείδη μεγάθυμε, τίν γενεῦν ἔρεείνεις;
oὴν περ φύλλων γενεὴν, τοῖν δὲ καὶ ἄνδρῶν.
φύλλα τα μὲν τ' ἀνεμος χαμαδίς χέει, ἀλλὰ δὲ θ' ἕλη
τηλεύδωσα φυει, ἐαρὸς δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὁρῇ'
ὡς ἄνδρῶν γενεὴ ἢ μὲν φῦει ἢ δ' ἀπολήγει.
eἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταύτα δαήμενα, ὅφρ' εὐ εἰδῆς
ἡμετέρην γενεὴν· πολλοὶ δὲ μιν ἄνδρες ἱσασιν·
ἐστι πόλις Ἑφύρῃ μυχῷ Ὀργεος ἑπποβότοιο,
ἐνθα δὲ Σίσυφος ἐσκεν, ὁ κέρδιστος γένετ' ἄνδρῶν,
Σίσυφος Ἀἰσλίδης· δ' δ' ἄρα Γλαύκον τέκεθ' νῖόν,
αὐτάρ Γλαύκος ἑτικτεν ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην.
tῷ δὲ θεοὶ κάλλος τε καὶ ἠνορέην ἑρατεινὴν
ώπασαν, αὐτάρ οἱ Προῖτος κακὰ μήσατο θυμῷ,
ὡς ρ' ἐκ δήμου ἐλάσσεν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦν,
'Ἀργείων' Ζεὺς γὰρ οἱ ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ ἔδαμασσεν.
tῷ δὲ γυνὴ Προῖτον ἐπεμήνατο, δε' Ἀντεια,
κρυπτάδιν φιλότητι μιγήμεναι· ἀλλὰ τὸν οὗ τι
πεῖθ' ἀγαθὰ φρονέοντα, δαίφρονα Βελλεροφόντην.
ἡ δὲ ψευσαμένη Προῖτον βασιλῆα προσηύδα·
'τεθναίης, ὧν Προῖ', ἦ κάκτανε Βελλεροφόντην,
Sheltered the affrighted god, for trembling sore
Thrilled through him at Lycurgus' threatening shout.
But he thereafter felt the wrath of gods
Who live in ease; and stricken blind was he
By Cronos' son, nor long he lived when now
Of all immortal gods he bore the hate.
I therefore will not fight with blessèd gods.
But if thou art a mortal, and of those
Who eat the fruit of earth, then draw thou near,
To find full soon destruction as thy end."

To whom replied Hippolochus' noble son:
"Great Tydeus' son why ask of birth and race?
As are the leaves, so is the race of man:
Leaves that the wind now sheds upon the ground,
But others sprout through all the greening grove
With spring renewed. Such is the race of men,
Now born to life, now fading to decay.
Yet—if thou car'st to learn—that thou may'st know
Our race aright, a race that many know,
A town there is, named Ephyre, embayed
In the horse-cropt plain of Argos; there of yore
Dwelt Sisyphus, the craftiest he of men,
The son of Æolus. And Sisyphus
Gat Glaucus for his son; Glaucus in turn
Begat Bellerophon, a blameless wight.
To him the gods a manly beauty gave
That won all love; but Proetus in his soul
Designed him harm, and from the Argive land
Drove forth; for stronger far was he, a king,
Whose people 'neath his sceptre Zeus subdued.
For Proetus' wife, divine Antea, mad
With love, to secret pleasures of the bed
Wooed but not won that man of upright soul
The brave Bellerophon: wherefore she framed
A lying tale and thus to Proetus spake:
'Proetus, die thou, or slay Bellerophon,
ὁς μὲ ἔθελεν φιλότητι μυγώμεναι οὐκ ἔθελοῦση; 165
ὡς φάτο, τὸν δὲ ἄνακτα χόλος λάβεν οἶον ἀκουσεν.
κτείνα μὲν ὅ ἀλέειν (σεβάσσατο γὰρ τὸ γε θυμῷ),
πέμπτε δὲ μιν Δυκήνῳ, πόρεν δ' ὅ γε σήματα λυγρά,
γράφας ἐν πίνακι πτυκτῷ θυμοφόρος πολλά,
δεῖξαι δ' ἣνώγει ὃ πενθερῷ, ὥφρ' ἀπόλοιτο.
αὐτάρ δ' ἐμοὶ Δυκήνῳ θεῶν ὑπ' ἀμύμων πομπῇ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Δυκήν ίζε Ξάνθον τε τέροντα,
προφρονέως μιν ἔτιε ἀναξ Δυκῆς εὐρείης,
ἐνυήμαρ ξενίσσε καὶ ἐννέα βοῦς ἱέρευσεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη ἐφαύνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἡώς,
καὶ τότε μιν ἐρέεινε καὶ ἦτεε σῆμα ἰδέσθαι,
ὅτι ρᾶ ὁ γαμβρόο πάρα Προῖτοιο φέροιτο.
αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ δὴ σῆμα κακὸν παρεδέξατο γαμβροῦ,
πρῶτον μὲν ὅ Χίμαιραν ἀμαμακέτην ἐκέλευσεν
πεφνέμεν. ἦ δ' ἄρ' ἐην θεῶν γένος, οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων,
πρόσθε λέων ὁπίθεν δὲ δράκων, μέση δὲ χίμαιρα,
δεινῶν ἀποσπείουσα πυρὸς μένος αἰθομένου.
καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέτεφνε θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας,
δεύτερον αὐ Σολύμοι οι μαχήσατο κυδαλίμοισιν;
καρτίστην δὴ τὴν γε μάχην φάτο δύμεναι ἄνδρῶν. 185
τὸ τρίτον αὐ κατέτεφνεν Ἀμαξῶνας ἀντιανείρας.
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνερχομένῳ πυκνῶν δόλων ἄλλων ὑφαινεν'
κρίνας εἰκ Δυκῆς εὐρείης φώτας ἀρίστους
ἐἰσε λόχου. τοῦ δ' οὗ τι πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέοντο
πάντας γὰρ κατέτεφνεν ἀμύμων Βελλεροφόντης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γύγνωσκε θεοῦ γόνων ἡν ἐόντα,
Who in his lust would fain have forced my bed.'
So spake she, but the king was wroth to hear.
To kill he shunned; that deed he dared not do
For awe; but forth to Lycia sent the man
Giving him fatal tokens—graved they were
On folded tablet, many a deathful mark—
Which to the father of his royal spouse
He bade him show, that he might surely die.
So with the blameless convoy of the gods
To Lycia forth he went. And when he came
To Lycia's land and Xanthus' flowing stream,
Broad Lycia's king no niggard honour gave.
Nine days he feasted him, nine beeves he slew.
But when the tenth rose-fingered dawn appeared,
Then questioned he his guest, and asked to see
What token for him he from Proetus brought
His daughter's lord. And soon as he received
The evil token of his daughter's lord,
He bade him first the unconquerable beast
Chimaera slay. A brood of gods was she,
Not men: the fore-part lion, serpent rear,
With she-goat trunk between; and in dread wise
Forth breathed she furious tongues of flaming fire.
And her he slew, obeying wondrous signs
Sent of the gods. Then, for a second task,
He battled with the glorious Solymi.
More stubborn fight of warriors, as he said,
Ne'er entered he. For his third bout he slew
The Amazons, those women peers of men.
Whence as he now returned, the Lycian king
Wove a close web of guile again, and chose
Broad Lycia's bravest sons; who lay in wait,
But home returned not one; Bellerophon,
That blameless champion, slew them each and all.
But when the king now knew him of a god
The noble seed, he kept him by his side,
αὐτοῦ μὲν κατέρυκε, δίδον δ' ὃ γε θυγατέρα ἤν, δῶκε δὲ οἱ τιμῆς βασιληθίδος ἤμισυ πάσης· καὶ μὴν οἱ Λύκιοι τέμενος τάμοι ἱκεχ άλλων, καλὸν φυταλίης καὶ ἁρουργὸς πυροφόροιο.

ἡ δ' ἔτεκεν τρία τέκνα δαίφρονι Βελλεροφόντη, ἦν σανδρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόλοχον καὶ Δαδάμειαν. Δαδαμείη μὲν παρελέξατο μητιέτα Ζεὺς, ἦν δ' ἔτεκ' αὐτόθεον Σαρπηδόνα χαλκοκορυστήν. ἀλλ' ὦτε δὴ καὶ κείνος ἀπῆχθετο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν, ἦ τοι δ' κατ' ἴδιο πεδίον τὸ Ἀλήμων οἴος ἀλάτο, ὃν θυμὸν κατέδω, πάτων ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων, ἦν σανδρόν δὲ οἱ τίνος Ἀρης ἄτοσ πολέμοι μαρνάμενοι Σολύμοισι κατέκτανε κυδαλίμοισιν, τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη χρυσήνοις Ἀρτεμίς ἐκτα. ἦ Ιππόλοχος δ' ἐμ' ἐτικτε, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ φημὶ γενέσθαι: πέμπτε δὲ μ' ἐς Τροίην, καὶ μοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλεν αἰὲν ἄριστεύειν καὶ υπείροχον ἐμμεναι ἅλλων, μηδὲ γένος πατέρων αἰσχυνέμεν, οὐ μέγ' ἄριστοι ἐν τ' Ἐφύρη γέγονοτο καὶ ἐν Λυκίη εὐρείῃ. ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἴματος εὗχομαι εἶναι.

ὀς φάτο, γῆθεσαν δὲ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης. ἔγχος μὲν κατέπηξεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ, αὐτὰρ δ' ἐμελιχίουσι προσηύδα ποιμένα λαδόν· ἢ ρά νῦ μοι ξείνοις πατρῶις ἐσσι παλαιός· Οἰνείς γὰρ ποτε δῖος ἀμύμονα Βελλεροφόντην ξείνιοι' ἐν μεγάροισιν ἐείκοσιν ἡματ' ἐρύξας. οὐ δὲ καὶ ἀλλήλοισι πόρον ξεινία καλά· Οἰνείς μὲν ξωστῆρα δίδον φολίκι φαεινόν,
Gave him to wife his daughter, and the half
Of all his kingly honour: and of land
The Lycians portioned him a choice domain
To till and reap, fair fields of vines and corn.
There did his wife to brave Bellerophon
Three children bear: Isander eldest-born,
Hippolochus next, Laodamia third.
Laodamia to her bed received
Zeus the wise counsellor, and bare to him
Godlike Sarpedon of the brazen arms.
But when e'en good Bellerophon became
Hated of all the gods, he roamed alone
The wide Alean plain, eating his heart
In moodiness, and shunned the path of men.
His son Isander then did Ares slay,
Insatiate war-god, as he met in fight
The glorious Solymi: while in her wrath
Golden-reined Artemis his daughter slew.
Hippolochus my father was; of him
I boast me born. To Troy he sent me forth
With many a charge, to bear me still the best
And overtop the crowd, nor shame the race
Of those my fathers who were far the best
In Ephyrd and in Lycia's ample land.
Such is the birth I boast, such is my blood."

He spake: but Diomedes good in fray
Rejoiced to hear. His spear he planted firm
Upon all-nurturing earth, and then addressed
With gentle words the shepherd of his folk:
"Then surely through our fathers by old tie
Thou art my friend. For godlike Oeneus once
Bellerophon the blameless in his halls
Did entertain and stayed him twenty days.
Gifts too as host and guest they then exchanged.
A belt gave Oeneus, bright with purple dye;
Βελλεροφόντης δὲ χρύσεον δέπας ἀμφικύπτελλον, καὶ μιν ἐγὼ κατέλειπον ἱὼν ἐν ἰδίωμασ' ἐμοίσιν. Τυδέα δ' ὦ μέμνημαι, ἔπει μ' ἔτι τυτθόν ἐόντα κάλλιφ' ὃτ' ἐν Θήβησιν ἀπώλετο λαδὸς 'Αχαιών. τῷ νῦν σοι μὲν ἐγὼ ξείων φίλος Ἀργεὶ μέσσῳ εἰμί, οὐ δ' ἐν Δυκίνῃ, ὅτε κεν τῶν δῆμον ἵκωμαι. ἐγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δι' ὀμίλουν' πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρώες κλειτοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι κτεῖνειν, ὅν κε θεός τε πόρη καὶ ποσοὶ κιχεῖων, πολλοὶ δ' αὐ τοί 'Αχαιοὶ ἐναιρέμευν ὦν κε δύνηται. τεῦχεα δ' ἀλλήλους ἐπαμείψουμεν, ὅφρα καὶ οἶδε γρώσιν ὅτι ξείων πατρώιοι εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι."

ως ἀρὰ φωνήσαντε, καθ' ἵππων αἴξαντε, χείρας τ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην καὶ πιστώσαντο. ἐνθ' αὐτε Γλαυκῷ Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς, ὅς πρὸς Τυδείδην Διομήδηα τεύχε' ἀμείβεν. χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἐκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων. "Εκτωρ δ' ὠς Σκαίας τε πύλας καὶ φηγοῦν ἵκανεν, ἀμφ' ἀρὰ μιν Τρώων ἀλοχοί θέουν ἥδε θύγατρες εἰρόμεναι παῖδας τε κασιγνητοὺς τε ἔτας τε καὶ πόσιας. ὥς δ' ἐπείτα θεοῖς εὐχεσθαι ἀνώγει πᾶσας ἐξείης' πολλήσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφήπτο. ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πριάμοιο δόμον περικαλλε' ἵκανεν, ξεστής αἰθούσηι τετυγμένων—ἀυτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ πεντήκοντ' ἐνεσαν θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο, πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδημένοι' ἐνθα δὲ παῖδες κοιμάντο Πριάμοιο παρὰ μνηστῆς ἀλόχοισιν' κουράων δ' ἔτερωθεν ἐναντίοι ἐνδοθεῖν αὐλής δῶδεκ' ἐσαν τέγεοι θάλαμοι ξεστόϊο λίθοιο, πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδημένοι' ἐνθα δὲ γαμβροῖ
Bellerophon a double cup of gold,  
Which, hither bound, I left behind at home.  
But Tydeus I remember not: for he  
Left me a little child when under Thebes  
The army of Achaia found its doom.  
Now therefore I to thee a friendly host  
In middle Argos am, but thou to me  
In Lycia, should I seek the Lycians' land.  
But shun we each to meet the other's spear,  
Ev'n in the throng. Many there be for me  
To slay, or Trojans or renowned allies,  
Whomso the god may grant and I outrun;  
And many of Achaia's sons there be  
For thee to spoil when slain, whomso thou canst.  
But now exchange we armour; that all these  
May know we claim such friendship through our sires."

So spake the twain, and leaping from their cars  
Grasped each the other's hand and plighted faith.  
And there did Zeus the son of Cronos blind  
The wit of Glaucus, who, as thus his arms  
He changed with Diomedes Tydeus' son,  
Gave gold for brass, fivescore beeves' worth for nine.  
Now soon as Hector to the Scaean gate  
And to the oak-tree came, around him ran  
The Trojans' wives and daughters; who of sons,  
Brothers, friends, husbands, questioned much and heard.  
Then bade he each and all to pray the gods:  
But sorrows had for many been ordained.  
But when to Priam's palace now he came,  
Surpassing fair, with polished colonnades  
Wrought round it, and therein of polished stone  
Were fifty chambers near together built,  
Where Priam's sons slept with their wedded wives:  
And toward the other side, within the court,  
Twelve well-roofed chambers, near together built,  
Of polished stone, for Priam's daughters these,
κοιμώντο Πριάμοι παρὰ μνηστῆς ἀλόχοισιν—
ἐνθα οἱ ἥπιοδώροι ἐναυτῇ ἤλυθε μῆτηρ
Λαοδίκην ἐσάγουσα, θυγατρῶν ἐδος ἄριστην,
ἐν τῷ ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρί, ἐπος τῷ ἐφατ' ἐκ τῷ ὄνομαξεν
"τέκνου, τίπτε οὐποῦ πόλεμον θρασύν εἰλήλουθας;
ἡ μάλα δὴ τείρουσι δυσώνυμοι ὑπὲρ 'Αχαιῶν
μαρνάμενοι περὶ ἀστυ, σὲ δ' ἐνθάδε θυμὸς ἀνήκεν
ἐλθόντι ἐξ ἀκρῆς πόλεως Διὶ χεῦρας ἀνασχέον.
ἀλλὰ μὲν ὃφρα κέ τοι μεληδέα οἶνον ἐνείκω,
ὡς σπείρης Διὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλους ἀθανάτοισιν
πρότον, ἐπείτα δὲ καύτος ὄνήσεαι, αἴ κε πίησα. 
ἀνδρὶ δὲ κεκμηνωτὶ μένος μέγα οἶνος ἀέξει,
ὡς τύνη κέκμηκας ἀμύνων σοῦι ἔτησιν."

τὴν δ' ἧμεῖσθε' ἐπείτα μέγας κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ'
"μὴ μοι οἶνον ἄειρε μελίφρονα, πότνια μῆτερ,
μὴ μὲ ἀπογυνώσης, μένεος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι.
χερσὶ δ' ἀνύπτοιοιν Διὶ λειβέμεν αἰθόπα οἶνον
ἀξομαί, οὐδέ πη ἔστι κελαιυφεῖ Κρονίων
ἀἵματι καὶ νύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον εὐχετάασθαι.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νηὸν 'Αθηναίης ἀγελείης
ἐρχεο σὺν θυεέσσιν, ἀδλλίσσασα γεραίας'
πέπλον δ', ὅς τὸς τοι χαριέστατος ὦδε μέγιστος
ἔστιν ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ καὶ τοι πολὺ φίλτατος αὐτῆ, 
τὸν θεὺ 'Αθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἡμκόμοιο,
καὶ οἱ ὑποσχέσθαι δυναίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηὸ
ἡμὶς ἥκεστας ἱερευσέμεν, αἱ κ' ἐλεήσῃ
ἀστὺ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπτια τέκνα,
Wherein his sons-in-law, those daughters' lords,
Beside their honoured wives were wont to sleep:
There soon as Hector came, his mother mild
Leading Laodice, the fairest form
Of all her daughters, met him. To his hand
At once she clung, and thus found words and spake:
"My child, why hast thou left the battle bold
And hither come? Surely Achaia's sons—
Accursed name!—distress us sore and fight
Around our very walls: and thee thy soul
Bade hither come and from our citadel
Upraise to Zeus thy supplicating hands.
But stay thou till I bring thee honeyed wine;
That thou may'st first outpour to Father Zeus
And all the immortal host, and then thyself
Gain good therefrom, if thou wilt drink. For wine
Doth strengthen much the heart of wearied man,
As thou art wearied fighting for thy friends."

Answered great Hector of the glancing plume:
"No honeyed wine, my noble mother, bring:
Lest thou unbrace my limbs, and I forget
My might and valour. And with unwashed hands
I fear to pour the sparkling wine to Zeus.
To cloud-wrapt Cronos' son it may not be
That I, all stained with blood and gore, should pray.
Thou rather go with offerings due, and seek
The temple of the driver of the spoil.
Athené, gathering all the aged dames:
And whatso robe thou hast within thy bowers
Fairest and largest and by thine own self
Counted most dear, this do thou humbly lay
Upon Athené's knees, that long-haired maid:
And vow likewise within her shrine to slay
Twelve yearling kine that never knew the goad,
If she will pity now the Trojans' town,
Their wives and little ones, and keep afar

G. H.
αὐτοὶ Τυδέως νῦν ἀπόσχημι Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
ἀγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μῆστωρα φόβοιο.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πρὸς νην Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης
ἔρχετό· ἐγὼ δὲ Πάριν μετελεύσομαι ὅφρα καλέσσω,
αὐτὸς ἐθέλη εἰπόντος ἀκούμεν. ὡς δὲ οἱ αὕθι
γαῖα χάνοι· μέγα γάρ μιν Ὀλύμπιος ἔτρεphe πῆμα
Τρωσί τε καὶ Πριάμῳ μεγαλῆτορι τοῦ τε παῖσιν.
εἰ κείνον γε ἱδοιμι κατελθόντ’ Ἀἴδος εἰσω,
φαίην κεν φίλον ἦτορ οἷς ἐκκελαθέωταί.”

ὡς ἐφαθ’ ἢ δὲ μολούσα ποτὶ μεγάρ’ ἀμφιπόλοισι
κέκλετο· ταλ δ’ ἀρ’ ἀδλλίσσαν κατὰ ἄστυ γεραιάς.
αὐτὴ δ’ ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηώντα,
ἐνθ’ ἔσαν οἱ πέπλοι, παμποίκιλα ἔργα γυναικῶν
Σιδώνιων, τὰς αὐτὸς Ἀλέξανδρὸς θεειδής
ἡγαγε Σιδονίθεν, ἐπισκόπως εὐρέα πόντου,
τὴν ὁδὸν ἦν Ἐλένην περ ἀνήγαγεν εὐπατέρειαν.
τῶν ἐν’ ἀειραμένη Ἐκάβη φέρε δῶρον Ἀθήνη,
ὅς κάλλιστος ἦν ποικίλμασιν ἢδὲ μέγιστος,
ἀστὴρ δ’ ὡς ἀπέλαμπεν, ἔκειτο δὲ νείατος ἄλλων.
βῆ δ’ ἴεναι, πολλὰ δὲ μετεσσεύσοντο γεραιάι.

αὐτὸς ὡς τὴν ἱκανον Ἀθήνης ἐν πόλι ἄκρη,
τῆς θύρας ὤιξε Θεανὸ καλλιπάρης
Κισσηθ., ἀλοχος Ἀντήνορος ἰπποδάμων·
τὴν γὰρ Τρωῆς ἔθηκαν Ἀθηναίης ἱέρειαν.
αὐτὸς ὡς ὀλονυὴν πᾶσαι Ἀθήνην χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.
ἡ δ’ ἄρα πέπλου ἐλούσα Θεανὸ καλλιπάρης
θῆκεν Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἦκόμωιοι,
ἐνχωμένη δ’ ἡράτο Δίος κούρη μεγάλῳν·
“πότιν” Ἀθηναίη, ῥυσίπτολοι, διὰ θεάων,
Tydeus' dread son from sacred Ilion,
A warrior wild, stout counsellor of flight.
Seek thou, I say, Athené, queen of spoil;
To Paris I will go, and summon him,
If he will hear my voice. But O that earth
Would gape and whelm him there! for a sad bane
In him the Olympian king hath reared for Troy
And high-souled Priam's self and Priam's sons.
Saw I but him to Hades plunged, I deem
My soul could clean forget her joyless woe."

So spake he. But the mother to her bowers
Turned her, and gave her women charge, who then
Gathered throughout the town the aged dames.
But to a fragrant chamber she went down
Where lay her robes, rich-broidered women's work,
Sidonian women, whom from Sidon's town
The godlike Alexander then did bring
O'er the wide sea, when in the self-same voyage
Home led he Helen, child of noble sire.
Of these one robe did Hecuba raise aloft
And to Athené bear as gift, the robe
In broidery fairest and of ampest fold:
And like a star it shone, as 'neath the rest
Lowest it lay. The queen then took her way,
And many aged dames behind her sped.

Athené's temple in the upper town
When now they reached, fair-cheeked Theano oped
The doors before them, child of Cisseus she,
Wife of Antenor a steed-taming knight,
And by Troy's sons Athené's priestess made.
And while the matrons to Athené all
Raised with a cry their hands, taking the robe
Fair-cheeked Theano laid it on the knees
Of flowing-haired Athené, and with prayer
*And vow addrest the maid of mighty Zeus:
"O queen Athené, city-saver thou,
"'Αξόν δὴ ἕγχος Διομήδεος, ήδε καὶ αὐτὸν πρηνέα δὸς πεσέειν Σκαιῶν προπάροιθε πυλάων, ὁφρα τοι αὐτίκα νῦν δυναίδεκα βοῦς ἐνὶ νηῷ ἦνις ἱκέστας ἱερεύσομεν, αἳ κ’ ἐλεήσης ἀστὺ τε καὶ Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νῆπια τέκνα." 310 ὲς ἔφατ’ εὐχομένη, ἀνένευ δὲ Παλλᾶς ’Δηνη. ὲς αἳ μὲν ἰ’ εὐχοντο Δίὸς κοῦρη μεγάλου, 'Εκτωρ δὲ πρὸς δῶματ’ Ἀλέξανδροι βεβήκει καλά, τά’ αὐτὸς ἔτευξε σὺν ἄνδράσιν οὗ τότ’ ἀριστοὶ ἦσαν ἐνὶ Τρόην ἐριβώλακι τέκτονες ἄνδρες, οἳ οῖ ἐποϊήσαν θάλαμον καὶ δώμα καὶ αὐλὴν ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμωι καὶ ’Εκτορος, ἐν πόλι ἀκρή. ἐνθ’ ’Εκτώρ εἰσῆλθε διόφιλος, ἐν δ’ ἄρα χειρὶ ἐγχος ἔχ’ ἐνδεκάπτηχυν’ πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρός αἰχμὴ χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης. 315 τὸν δ’ εὐρ’ ἐν θαλάμῳ περικαλλέα τεύχε’ ἔποντα, ἀσπίδα καὶ θώρηκα, καὶ ἄγκυλα τὸς’ ἀφώντα ‘Αργεία δ’ ’Ελένη μετ’ ἄρα δμωῆσι γυναιξὶν ἤστο, καὶ ἀμφιπόλουι περικυλτὰ ἔργα κέλευεν. τὸν δ’ ’Εκτωρ νεῖκεσσε ίδον αἰσχροῖς ἐπέέσσων’ 320 “δαμοῦν’, οὐ μὴν καλὰ χόλον τόνδ’ ἐνθεο θυμφ. λαόλ μὲν φθινόθουσι περὶ πτόλιν αἰτὺ τε τεῖχος μαρνάμενοι, σέο δ’ εἶνεκ’ αὐτῆ τε πτόλεμός τε ἀστυ τόδ’ ἀμφιδέθης’ σὺ δ’ ἂν μαχέσαιο καὶ ἄλλω, ὅν τινὰ που μεθίεντα ἰδοις στυγεροὶ πολέμωι. 325 ἅλλ’ ἀνα, μῆ τάχα ἀστυ πυρὸς δηλοὶ θέρηται.” τὸν δ’ αὔτε προσέειτε ’Αλέξανδρος θεσείδῆς’ “’Εκτωρ, ἑπελ με κατ’ αἰσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ’ ὑπὲρ αἰσαν,
Goddess divine, break Diomedes' lance,
And grant that he before our Scaean gates
Prone in the dust may fall: that so forthwith
We in thy fane may slay twelve yearling kine
That never knew the goad, if thou to Troy,
Her wives, and little ones, wilt mercy show."
So spake she praying: but denial stern
Pallas Athené gave. And so they all
Made suit before the child of mighty Zeus.

Hector meanwhile to Alexander's house
Had gone: that fair house which himself had wrought
With men who then in deep-soiled Troy were best
For building-craft: who made him chamber, hall,
And court complete, hard by the spot where dwelt
Priam and Hector, in the upper town.
There entered Hector, loved of Zeus—his hand
Grasping a spear, cubits eleven in length,
Whose shaft was shod with flashing brass bound on
By ring of gold—there entered he, and found
The hero in his chamber, all intent
On his fair arms; shield, corslet, curvèd bow,
He handled: while amid her women folk
Sat Argive Helen giving to her maids
Their task of glorious work. And Hector saw
And with reproachful words his brother chid:
"Friend, 'tis not well that in thy heart this wrath
Thou storest. Round our town and beetling wall
The people still are perishing in fight:
And for thy sake the shouting and the war
Blaze round this citadel: and thou thyself
Wouldst blame another, whomso thou shouldst see
Thus slack in hateful war. Then up, and arm,
Lest soon the city glow with foemen's fire."

Then godlike Alexander made reply:
"Hector, because thy chiding is but just
Nor undeserved, I therefore now will speak;
τούνεκά τοι ἔρεω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καὶ μεν ἀκουσον. οὐ τοι ἐγὼ Τρώων τόσσον χόλῳ οὔδε νεμέσσι ἡμην ἐν θαλάμῳ, ἔθελον δ' ἀχεῖ προτραπέσθαι. νῦν δὲ με παρεπτοῦσ᾽ ἄλοχος μαλακοῖς ἐπεέσσων ὀρμησ' ἐς πόλεμον, δοκεῖ δὲ μοι ὃδε καὶ αὐτῷ λώνου ἔσσεσθαι νίκη δ' ἐπαμείβεται ἄνδρας. ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐπίμεινον, ἀρήνα τεύχεα δῦω' ἡ ἑθ', ἐγὼ δὲ μέτειμι, κιχήσεσθαι δὲ σ' ὅων.  

ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὗ τι προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ. τὸν δ' Ἔλενη μύθοισι προσηύδα μελιχίοισιν" ἀδέρ ἐμείοι κυνὸς κακομηχάνου ἄκρυνεσσής, ὡς μ' ὁφελ' ἡματι τῷ, ὅτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ, οἰχεσθαι προφέρουσα κακή ἀνέμοιο θυέλλα εἰς ὄρος ἡ ἐς κύμα. πολυφλοίσβου θαλάσσης, ἐνθα με κυμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάδε γ' ὃδε θεοὶ κακὰ τεκμήραντο, ἀνδρός ἐπεὶ ὁφελλον ἀμεινόνος εἴναι ἄκοιτις, ὡς ὑδη νέμεσαι τε καὶ αἰσχεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων. τούτῳ δ' οὔτ' ἄρ νῦν φρένες ἐμπεδοὶ οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσω ἔσσουται τῷ καὶ μιν ἐπαυργήσεσθαι ὅώ. ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν εἰσελθε καὶ ἔξεο τῷ ἐπὶ δίφρω, δάερ, ἐπεὶ σε μάλιστα πόνος φρένας ἀμφιβέβηκεν ἐνεκ' ἐμείοι κυνὸς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἐνεκ' ἅτης, οἷσιν ἐπὶ Ζεὺς θήκε κακὸν μόρον, ὡς καὶ ὀπίσω ἀνθρώποισι πελώμεθ' ἀοίδιμοι ἐσσομένουσιν." 

τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἐπείτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ· "μὴ με κάθις· Ἐλένη, φιλέουσά περ' οὔδε με πείσεις."
And heed and list thou well to what I say.
I not in wrath or spite to sons of Troy
Sat in my chamber, but to grief was fain
To give free way. Yet did my wife but now
With soft words turn my mood and rouse to war.
And I myself deem 'twill be better so;
For victory doth shift from man to man.
Then come, and wait thou now but while I don
My arms for war; or go: I after thee
Will follow, and, I trow, o'ertake thee fast.”

He spake: but plumèd Hector answered nought.
Whom Helen thus with kindly words addrest:
“Thou husband's brother mine—who am a hound,
A cause of evil, and a name of fear—
Best had it been, in that same day when first
My mother bare me, if a wind-storm dire
Had hurled me clean away, or to the hills,
Or to the billow of the sounding sea,
Whose waves had choked me ere all this had been.
But since the gods decreed such ills should come,
Oh! had it but been mine to share the bed
Of better husband, who could feel of men
The indignant wrath and many words of shame.
But this my lord nor now is sound of mind,
Nor ever will be: wherefore too I deem
That he will reap reward as he hath sown.
But come, and enter now, and sit thee down
Upon this chair, thou brother of my lord;
Whose soul it is that bears the brunt of toil
For me, vile hound, and for the infatuate sin
Of Alexander: since an evil doom
Zeus hath ordained for us, that we may be
A tale for minstrels of a later age.”

But mighty plumèd Hector made reply:
“Helen, no seat for me; though kind thy wish:
Thou’lt not persuade me: for my soul at once
ἢ δη γάρ μοι θυμός ἐπέσυνται ὁφρ' ἐπαμένων
Τρώεσσ', οἷς μέγ' ἐμείο ποθήν ἀπεόντος ἔχουσιν.
ἀλλ' σὺ γ' ὄρνυθι τούτῳ, ἐπευγέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτός,
ὡς κεν ἐμ' ἐντοσθεν πόλιος καταμάρψῃ ἐόντα.
καὶ γάρ ἐγὼ οἰκόνδ' ἐσελεύσομαι, ὁφρα ἰδωμαι
οἰκῆς ἄλοχόν τε φιλην καὶ νήπιον νίὸν
οὐ γάρ οἶδ' ἢ ἐτί σφιν ὑπότροπος ᾔξομαι αὐτίς
ἡ ἡδὴ μ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ θεοὶ δαμόωσιν Ἀχαίων.
ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ.
αἶψα δ' ἐπειθ' ἰκανε δόμους εὐ ναιετάοντας,
οὐδ' εὐφ' Ἀνδρομάχην λευκώλευν ἐν μεγάρουσιν,
ἀλλ' ἡ γε ξὺν παιδί καὶ ἀμφιπόλῳ ἐὐπτέπλῳ
πύργῳ ἐφεστήκει γογωσά τε μυρομένῃ τε.
'Ἐκτωρ δ' ὡς οὐκ ἐνδον ἀμύμονα τέτμεν ἁκοιτίν,
ἐστή ἐπ' οὐδὸν ῥῶν, μετὰ δὲ δμῳῆσιν ἐειπεν'
"εἰ δ' ἄγη μοι, δμωαι, νημερτέα μυθῆσασθε.
π' ἐβῆ Ἀνδρομάχη λευκώλευν ἐκ μεγάρου ἕνε τη ἐς γαλόων ἢ εἱνατέρων ἐὐπτέπλῳν
ἡ ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἔξοιχεται, ἐνθα περ ἄλλαι
Τρωαι ἐυπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεον ἰλάσκονται;"
τὸν δ' αὐτ' ὀτρηρῇ ταμίῃ πρὸς μῦθον ἐειπεν'
"Ἐκτωρ, ἔπει μᾶλ' ἄνωγας ἀληθεὰ μυθῆσασθαι,
οὐτε π' ἐς γαλόων ἢ εἰνατέρων ἐὐπτέπλων
οὔτ' ἐς Ἀθηναίης ἔξοιχεται, ἐνθα περ ἄλλαι
Τρωαι ἐυπλόκαμοι δεινὴν θεον ἰλάσκονται,
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πῦργον ἐβῆ μέγαν Ἰλίου, ὀὔνεκ' ἄκουσεν
τείρεσθαι Τρώας, μέγα δὲ κράτος εἶναι Ἀχαίων.
ἢ μὲν δή πρὸς τεῖχος ἐπευγομένῃ ἀφικάνει,
μαυνομένη εἰκνία· φέρει δ' ἄμα παίδα τιθήνῃ."
Hasteth to help the Trojans, who for me
Now absent sorely long. But rouse thou him,
Thy lord, and let himself make urgent speed
To overtake me yet within the town.
I do but hie me to my home, to see
My household and dear wife and infant son.
For nought I know if I again shall come
Returning to them, or the gods at once
Have doomed me by Achaian hands to fall.”
Thus plumèd Hector spake, and went his way.
And to his well-built house full soon he came:
But in her bowers white-armed Andromaché
He found not; she with child and fair-robed nurse
Stood on the tower, and there she wept and wailed.
Then finding not his blameless wife within
Back to the threshold Hector turned, and stood,
And thus amid the women folk he cried:
“Come, speak, ye women folk and tell me true:
Which way went hence white-armed Andromaché
Leaving her bower? to husband’s sister, say,
Or fair-robed wife of brother to her lord?
Or to Athené’s temple is she gone,
Where other Trojan dames with flowing locks
Make suit for mercy to that goddess dread?”
To whom an active housewife made reply:
“O Hector, since thou bidst us tell thee true,
Nor husband’s sister now thy wife hath sought,
Nor fair-robed wife of brother to her lord,
Nor to Athené’s temple is she gone,
Where other Trojan dames with flowing locks
Make suit for mercy to that goddess dread;
But to the lofty tower of Ilion;
For that she heard the Trojans were sore pressed,
Achaia’s might prevailing. In hot haste,
Like to one mad, she sped her to the wall,
And with her went a nurse to bear the child.”
"η ρα γυνη ταμιή, ὅ δ' ἀπέσσυτο δῶματος 'Εκτωρ τὴν αὐτὴν ὀδὸν αὐτὶς ἐὔκτιμένας κατ' ἀγνιάς. εὔπος πῦλας ἵκανε διερχόμενος μέγα ἀστυ Σκαιάς (τῇ γὰρ ἐμελλε διεξῆμεναι πεδίουδε), ἐνθ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος ἐναντίη ἤλθε θέουσα 'Ανδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτερος 'Ηντίων, 'Ηντίων ὃς ἔναεν ὑπὸ Πλάκω ύλησθη, Θήβη ὑποπλακίη, Κιλίκεσσ' ἀνδρεσσὶ ἀνάσσων τοῦ περ δὴ θυγάτηρ ἐχεθ' 'Εκτωρ χαλκοκορυστῇ. ἦ οἱ ἐπειτ' ἤντησ', ἀμα δ' ἀμφύπολος κλέν αὐτῇ παιδ' ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον αὐτῶς, ἔκτορίδην ἀγαπητὸν, ἀλήγκιον ἀστερὶ καλῷ, τὸν ὃ 'Ἐκτωρ καλέσκε ὧκαμανδρίον, αὐτᾶρ οἱ ἄλλοι 'Αστυάνακτ'. ὁδὸς γὰρ ἐρύτεο Ἰλιὼν 'Εκτωρ. ἦ τοῦ ὃ μὲν μείδησε ἵδων ἐς παιδὰ σιωπῆ. 'Ανδρομάχη δε οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο δάκρυ χέουσα, ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ, ἐποὶ τ' ἐφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν 'δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος, οὐδ' ἐλεαιρέας παιδὰ τε νηπίαχον καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον, ἦ τάχα χήρη σεῦ ἔσομαι: τάχα γὰρ σε κατακτανέουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες. ἐμοὶ δὲ κε κέρδιον εἰη σεῦ ἀφαμαρτούσῃ χθονα δύμεναι οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη ἔσται θαλπωρῆ, ἐπεὶ ἄν σὺ γε πότμον ἐπίστης, ἄλλ' ἁχε'. οὐδὲ μοι ἐστὶ πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ. ἦ τοι γὰρ πατέρ' ἁμὼν ἀπέκτανε δίος Ἀχιλλεὺς, ἐκ δὲ πόλιν πέρσεν Κιλικῶν εὐ ναιετάουσαν, Θήβην ψήπυλουν· κατὰ δ' ἐκτανεν 'Ηντίωνα, οὐδὲ μην ἐξενάριξε (σεβάσσατο γὰρ τὸ γε θυμο),
She spake. But Hector from the house sped back
The self-same way along the well-built streets.
And when, as through the ample town he passed,
He neared the Scaean gates, wherethrough he meant
To issue on the plain, there in swift haste
Toward him came Andromaché his wife
Well dowered—a daughter of Éëtion she,
High-souled Éëtion, who beneath the woods
Of Placus dwelt, in Thebé, from its site
Named Thebé under Placus, and was king
Of a Cilician folk—His daughter now
Was wed to Hector of the brazen arms.
She met him then, and with her went a nurse,
Who on her bosom held the tender child,
A babe as yet, in beauty as a star,
The darling son of Hector. Him his sire
Scamandrius, but the rest Astyanax
All named, the city’s prince, for Hector was
Alone of Ilion's city prince and shield.
Silent he looked upon his son and smiled:
But near him came Andromaché in tears,
And clasped his hand, and thus found words and spake:
"Dear lord, thy spirit bold will be thy bane.
Nor hast thou pity of thine infant son
Or of unhappy me, who soon from wife
Shall widow be, for soon Achaia’s sons
Will all upon thee set and work thy death.
Then were it gain for me, if thee I lose,
To go beneath the earth: for comfort else
I shall have none, when thou thy fate hast found,
But sorrows. I no more a father have,
No more an honoured mother: for in truth
Godlike Achilléus slew my sire, and spoiled
That well-built city of Cilician folk
The lofty-gated Thebé.) He, I say,
Éëtion slew, yet stripped him not, that deed
ἀλλ’ ἄρα μιν κατέκης σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλεοῖσιν ἦδ’ ἐπὶ σήμερον ἔχεεν’ περὶ δὲ πτελέας ἐφύτευσαν νῦμφαι ὅρεστιάδες, κοῦραί Διὸς αἰγόχου. 420
οὐ δὲ μοι ἐπτὰ κασίγνητοι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν, οὐ μὲν πάντες ὑδ’ κίον ἦματι ‘Αἰδος εἰσώ· πάντας γὰρ κατέπεφνε ποδάρκης δῖος ‘Αχιλλεὺς βουσίν ἐπ’ εἰλιπόδεσσι καὶ ἁργεννής δίεσσιν.
μητέρα δ’, ἢ βασιλεῖνεν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ύλησση, τὴν ἐπεὶ ἄρ δεύρ’ ἦγαγ’ ἁμ’ ἄλλοισιν κτεάτεσσιν, ἀψ’ ὅ γε τὴν ἀπέλυσε λαβδῶν ἀπερείστ’ ἀποινά, πατρὸς δ’ ἐν μεγάροισι βᾶλ’ ‘Αρτεμίς ἴοχέαιρα.
“Εκτόρ, ἀτάρ σύ μοι ἔσσι πατήρ καὶ πότινα μῆτηρ ἥδε κασίγνητος, σὺ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς παρακόλυτης. 425
ἄλλ’ ἀγε νῦν ἔλεαιρε καὶ αὐτῷ μίμω ἐπὶ πύργῳ, μὴ παῖδ’ ὄρφανικον θῆς χήρην τε γυναίκα. λαὸν δὲ στήσου παρ’ ἔρινεόν, ἐνθα μάλιστα ἁμβατός ἐστὶ πόλις καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἐπλετο τεῖχος.
τρις γὰρ τῇ γ’ ἐλθόντες ἐπειρήσανθ’ οἱ ἀριστοὶ ἁμφ’ Ἀἰαντε δῦο καὶ ἀγακλυτὸν Ἰδομενῆ ἦδ’ ἁμφ’ ‘Ατρείδας καὶ Τυδέος ἄλκιμον νιόν’ ἢ ποῦ τίς σφιν ἔνιοπτε θεοπροτίων ἐν εἰδῶσ, ἢ νυ καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει.”
τὴν δ’ αὐτέ προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος “Εκτωρ’ 430
“ἡ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γυναικ’ ἄλλα μᾶλ’ αἰνῶς αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τριφάδας ἐλκεσιπέπλως,
ἐξ χειρὸς ὃς νόσσων ἀλυσκάζω πολέμου. 435
οὐδέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἐμεμενεί ἐσθλὸς αἰεὶ καὶ πρώτοισι μετὰ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
ἀρνύμενος πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἦδ’ ἐμὼν αὐτοῦ.
For awe he dared not do, but burned him there,
Him and withal his arms of cunning work,
And o'er him raised a mound: and round the tomb
Grew elm-trees planted by the mountain-nymphs,
The daughters they of aegis-bearing Zeus.
And brothers seven, whom in my home I had,
All in one day to Hades' dwelling went,
For godlike fleet Achilleus slew them all
Among their slow-paced kine and white-wool'd sheep.
Then, for my mother, who beneath the woods
Of Placus dwelt a queen, when hither brought
With other wealth of spoil, he set her free
Back to return for ransom large received:
And in my father's halls she met swift death
Struck down by Artemis the arrow-queen.
But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Father and honoured mother, brother thou,
And thou my manly husband. Wherefore yield,
And pity feel, and here upon the tower
Remain, lest fatherless thou make thy child,
Widow thy wife. There by the fig-tree stay
The host, where easiest is the town to scale,
The wall to breach. For thrice upon that side
The bravest foes assayed us, massed around
Ajaces twain and famed Idomeneus,
And round the Atridae and bold Tydeus' son;
Or at the prompting of some cunning seer,
Or spurred by wit and counsel of their own."

And mighty plumèd Hector made reply:
"All this, dear wife, I heed as well as thou:
But am sore shamed before the sons of Troy
And long-robed daughters, if in coward wise
I skulk apart from war. Nor doth my soul
Prompt me thereto; for alway to be brave
I learnt, and in the Trojan van to fight,
Saving my father's glory and my own.
εὗ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν· ἐσσεται ἡμαρ ὅτ' ἀν ποτ' ὅλωλη Ἡλιος ἱρὴ καὶ Πράμος καὶ λαὸς ἐὕμμελιον Πριάμοιο.

ἀλλ' οὖ μοι Τρώων τόσσον μέλει ἄλγος ὀπίσσω, οὔτ' αὐτῆς Ἐκάβης οὔτε Πριάμοιο ἀνάκτος οὔτε κασινητῶν, οἳ κεν πολλὲς τε καὶ ἐσθολοὶ ἐν κοινῆσι πέσοιεν ύπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσω, ὅσσον σεῦ, ὅτε κέν τις Ἀχαῖων χαλκοχιτῶν ὀδυνόεσσαν ἄγηται, ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ ἀπούρασ.

καὶ κεν ἐν ὧ' Ἀργεὶ ἑοῦσα πρὸς ἄλλης ἱστῶν ὑφαίνοις, καὶ κεν ὤδωρ φορέοις Μεσσηνίδος ἡ ἦ 'Τπερείης πόλλ' ἀεκαξομένη, κρατερὴ δ' ἑπικείεστ' ἀνάγκη.

καὶ ποτὲ τις εἶπψει ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσαν·

"Ἐκτορος ἢδε γυνὴ, ὃς ἀριστεύεσσε μάχεσθαι Τρώων ἵπποδάμων, ὅτε Ἡλιον ἀμφεμάχοντο." ὡς ποτὲ τις ἔρεει, σοι δ' αὐ νέον ἐσσεται ἄλγος χήτει τοιοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀμύνειν δούλιον ἡμαρ.

ἀλλὰ με τεθνῆτα χυτῇ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι πρίν γ' ἐτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἐλκηθμοῦ πυθέσθαι." ὡς εἰπὼν οὖ παιδὸς ὅρεξατο φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ.

ἄψ δ' ὁ πάις πρὸς κόλπον ἐυξόνοιο τιθῆνης ἐκλίνθη ἱάχων, πατρὸς φίλου ὤψιν ἀτυχθεῖς, ταρβήςας χαλκὸν τε ἱδε λόφον ἰππιοχαίτην, δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νεόντα νοήςας.

ἐκ δ' ἐγέλασσε πατήρ τε φίλος καὶ πότνια μήτηρ. αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς κόρυθ' εἴλετο φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ, καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονί παμφανώσαν, αὐτὰρ δ' ὅν φίλον υἱόν ἐπεὶ κύσε πῆλε τε χερσίν, εἴπεν ἐπευξάμενος Δίῳ τ' ἀλλοισίν τε θεοῖσιν·

"Ζεῦ ἀλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
For there will come—my heart doth know full well—
A day of doom to sacred Ilion,
And Priam's self, and tough-speared Priam's host.
Yet not so much the Trojans' woes to come
Heed I, nor woes of Hecuba herself,
Or sovereign Priam, or my brothers' fate,
Who many and brave, prone in the dust shall fall
By foemen's hands—not these I heed as thee,
Whom mailed Achaian then shall lead away
A weeping slave, thy day of freedom lost.
And for a mistress thou shalt ply the loom
In Argos, and bear water from the fount
Messēis, or from Hypereia's well,
Unwilling, but oppressed by heavy need.
And haply he shall say who sees thee weep,
'Lo here the wife of Hector, who in fight
Of Troy's steed-tamers bore him still the best,
When war was round the walls of Ilion.'
So shall one say hereafter, and anew
Thy grief be stirred, for loss of such a lord
To shield thee from the day of servitude.
O may I dead ere that enshrouded lie
Beneath the high-heaped earth, nor live to learn
Thee weeping, thee a ruffian captor's prey!'

So glorious Hector spake, and out he reached
His arms to take his child: whereat the boy
Back to the bosom of his well-girt nurse
Shrank with a cry, scared his own sire to see,
Fearing the gleaming brass and horse-plumed crest
That nodded grimly on the towering helm.
Out laughed the father and that queenly dame
His mother.' Straight his helm bright Hector doffed,
And on the ground all glittering laid it down.
Then fondly kissed and tossed aloft his son,
And spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods:
"Zeus, and ye other gods, grant that my child
παίδ' ἐμόν, ὦς καὶ ἑγὼ περ, ἀριστροφέα Τρώεσσιν, ὥδε βήν τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἥφι ἀνάσσειν.
καὶ ποτὲ τις εἴπησε 'πατρός γ' ὦδε πολλὸν ἀμελῶν' ἐκ πολέμου ἀνίόντα: φέροι δ' ἐναρα βροτόεντα κτεῖνας δήμον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖν δὲ φρένα μήτηρ.'

ὡς εἰπὼν ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἐθηκεν παίδ' ἐόν· ὡς ἄρα μιν κηώδει δέξατο κόλπῳ δακρυόει γελάσασα. πόσις δ' ἐλέησε νοήσας, χειρί τε μιν κατέρχεξε, ἔποος τ' ἐφατ' ἐκ τ' ὄνομαζεν' "δαιμονίη, μὴ μοι τι λίθν ἀκαλλίζεο θυμῷ·

οὐ γάρ τίς μ' ὑπὲρ αἰσαν ἀνήρ 'Αἰδί προϊάψει, μοῖραν δ' οὐ τινά φημι πεφυμένου ἐμμεναί ἄνδρῶν, οὐ κακόν, οὖδὲ μὲν ἔσθολόν, ἐπήν τά πρώτα γένηται.

ἀλλ' ἐσ οἰκον ἵοῦσα τά σ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε, ἴστόν τι ἥλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιτόλουσι κέλευ ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι. πόλεμος δ' ἄνδρεσσι μελήσει πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί, τολ Ἰλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν."

ὡς ἄρα φωνῆσας κόρυθ' εἰλετο φαίδιμος "Εκτορ ἵππουριν' ἄλοχος δὲ φίλῃ οἰκόνδε βεβήκει ἐντροπαλιζομένῃ, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.

αἰψα δ' ἐπειθ' ἵκανε δόμους εὗ ναιετάοντας "Εκτορὶς ἄνδροφόνου, κιχήσατο δ' ἐνδόθι πολλάς ἀμφιπόλους, τήσιν δὲ γόνον πάσησιν ἐνώρσεν.

αἱ μὲν ἐτι ξωὸν γόνον 'Εκτορα δ' ἐνὶ οἰκῷ.

οὐ γάρ μιν ἐτ' ἐφαντὸ ὑπότροπον ἐκ πολέμου ἰξεθαί, προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χείρᾳ 'Αχαιών.

οὐδὲ Πάρις δῆθυνεν ἐν ψηλοῖσι δόμοισιν, ἀλλ' ὦ γ' ἐπεί κατέδυ κλυτὰ τεῦχεα, ποικίλα χαλκῷ, σενατ' ἐπειτ' ἀνά ἄστυ, ποσίν κραυτνοῖς πεπουθῶς. 505 ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτην,
Be, as am I, among the sons of Troy
Conspicuous seen, in strength of war as good,
And reign a mighty prince in Ilion.
So shall each say, as from the field he comes,
'Surely the son is far beyond the sire.'
And may he homeward bear the gory spoil
From foeman slain, and make his mother's joy."

He spake and in his consort's arms he laid
The child: she pressed him to her bosom sweet,
Tearfully smiling. Pitying saw her lord,
Stroked with fond hand, and thus found words and spake:
"Dear heart, I pray thee grieve not overmuch.
For none will speed me to the grave undoomed.
But fate no man, I trow, hath e'er escaped,
Nor base nor brave, when once a mortal born.
But hie thee home and tend thy proper work,
The loom and distaff, and thy handmaids bid
Ply well their tasks: and war we men will mind,
All that are sons of Troy, and chiefly I."

Bright Hector spake, and took again his helm
Horse-plumed. His wife beloved then hied her home,
Lingering and turning oft, and weeping sore.
And now full soon the well-built house she reached
Of Hector bane to foemen: where within
Her many maids she found, and stirred in all
Loud wailing. They for Hector in his home
Loud wailed, tho' yet he lived: for from the war
He nevermore would come, they said, nor 'scape
The force and hands of his Achaian foes.

Nor lingered Paris in the lofty halls:
But soon as he had donned his armour bright
Of brass full richly wrought, he through the town
Bold in his active stride sped swiftly on.
As some sleek horse at stall and manger fed,
δεσμον ἀπορρήξας θείῃ πεδίοιο κροαίνον, εἰσώθως λούεσθαι ἐὔρρειος ποταμοίο, κυδιών· ὑψὸν δὲ κάρη ἐχεῖ, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖταὶ ὁμοῖς ἀίσσονται· ὁ δ᾿ ἀγλαίηφι πεποιθώς, ῥίμφα ἐ γοῦνα φέρει μετὰ ήθεα καὶ νομὸν ῥππων· ὃς νῖδος Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμου ἀκρης, τεῦχεσι παμφαίνων ὡς τ᾿ ἥλεκτωρ, ἐβεβήκει καγχαλών, ταχέες δὲ πόδες φέρον. αἶφα δ᾿ ἐπείτα "Εκτορα δίον ἐτετμεν ἀδελφεόν, εὕτ᾿ ἀρ’ ἐμελλεν στρέψεσθ’ ἐκ χώρης ὦθι ἦ ὀάριζε γυναικί. τὸν πρῶτον προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδῆς· "ηθεί, ἦ μάλα δὴ σε καὶ ἐσσύμενον κατερύκω δηθύνων, οὐδ᾿ ἠλθον ἐναίσιμον ὡς ἐκέλευε." τὸν δ᾿ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κορυθαῖόλος"Εκτωρ "δαιμόνι, οὐκ ἂν τὸσ τοι ἀνὴρ, ὃς ἐναίσιμος εἰη, ἔργον ἀτιμήσειε μάχης, ἐπεὶ ἄλκιμος ἐσσί. ἄλλα ἐκὼν μεθής τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλεισ· τὸ δ᾿ ἐμὸν κήρ ἀχυνται ἐν θυμῷ, ὃθ᾿ ὕπερ σέθεν αἰσχε’ ἀκούω πρὸς Τρώων, οἳ ἑχουσι πολὺν πόνον εἶνεκα σείο. ἄλλι ἱομεν· τὰ δ᾿ ὄπισθεν ἄρεσσόμεθ’, αἰ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς δῶῃ ἐπουρανίοισι θεοῖς αἰειγενέτησιν κρητήρα στήσασθαι ἐλεύθερον ἐν μεγάροισιν, ἐκ Τροίης ἐλάσαντας ἐὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς."
His halter broken, ranges o'er the plain
With stamping hoof, and seeks the flowing stream
Wherein he wont to bathe—Exultant now
He tosses high his head, his mane around
Floats on his shoulders: bold in beauty's pride
His fleet limbs swiftly bear him to the haunt
And pasturage of horses—Even so
Sped Paris Priam's son from Troy's high town,
In arms all glorious as the blazing sun,
Gay laughing, onward borne with speedy foot.
Hector, his godlike brother, he o'ertook
Full soon, ev'n as he turned to leave the spot
Where with his wife such converse he had held.
Whom godlike Alexander first addrest:
"Brother, I am a drag upon thy haste
By sloth, nor come I timely, as thou bad'st."
And answered Hector of the glancing plume:
"Dear brother, no man who should judge aright
Could scorn thy fighting prowess. Thou art brave,
But of thy own will slack and loth to war.
Whereat my heart is pained, oft as I hear
Reproaches cast on thee by sons of Troy,
Who bear in truth much labour for thy sake.
But go we now: all this in time to come
We may make good, if Zeus shall grant us grace
To the everliving gods of heaven to set
The bowl of freedom in our halls, when once
Achaia's well-greaved sons be chased from Troy."
"Ως εἴπὼν πυλέων ἔξεστυτο φαίδιμος "Εκτωρ, τῷ δ' ἀμ' Ἀλέξανδρος κ' ἀδελφεός: ἐν δ' ἀρα θυμῶν ἀμφότεροι μέμασαν πολεμιζέμεν ἢδὲ μάχεσθαι. ὡς δὲ θεός ναύτησιν ἐκδομένοισιν ἐδωκεν οὐρον, ἐπεὶ κε κάμωσιν ἔξεστης ἐλάτησιν πόντον ἐλαύνοντες, καμάτῳ δ' ὑπὸ γυνία λέλυνται, ὡς ἄρα τῷ Τρώσσοιν ἐκδομένοισι φανήτην. ἐνθ' ἐλέτην δ' ἐμὲν νῦν Ὁρηθόντοι ἀνακτος, Ἀρης ναυετάοντα Μενέσθιον, δι' κορνήτης γείναντ' Ὁρηθος καὶ Φυλομένουσα βοώπις. "Εκτωρ δ' Ἡιοῦνα βάλ' ἔγχει ὑξυόεντι ἀνχέν: ὑπὸ στεφάνης ἐυχάλκου, λύσε δὲ γυνία. Γλαυκὸς δ' Ἰππολόχοιο παῖς, Δυκίων ἀγός ἄνδρας, Ἰφίνον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερῆν υσινήν Δεξιάδην, ἵππων ἐπιάλμενον ὁκειάων, ὦμον' δ' ὦ ἔξ ὕππων χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυνία.

τοὺς δ' ὃς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ γλαυκώπνις Ἀθήνη Ἀργείους ὀλέκοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ υσμίνῃ, βῆ ρα κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήσων αἴξασα Ἰλιον εἰς ιερήν. τῇ δ' ἀντίος ὥρνυτ· Ἀπόλλων
ILIAD VII.

The single combat of Hector and Ajax.

Thus glorious Hector spake, and from the gates
Rushed forth upon the field, and with him went
His brother Alexander, both in soul
On deeds of war and battle hotly bent.
And as to mariners a welcome boon
Heaven sends a following gale, when weary worn
Smiting the sea with polished pine-wood blades,
And failing limbs with toil are all unstrung:
So welcome to the Trojans came the twain.

There slew they foemen each. By Paris fell
Menesthius son of Areithoüs
A royal sire, who dwelt in Arné's town;
Him to club-wielding Areithoüs
Phylomedusa bare, his large-eyed queen.
And Hector struck Eioneus with lance
Of beech-wood, 'neath the helmet's brazen brim,
Upon the neck, and loosed in death his limbs.
But Glaucus offspring of Hippolochus,
Leader of Lycian men, struck with the spear
Iphinoüs amid the stubborn fight,
The son of Dexias, who but now had leapt
On his fleet steeds: his shoulder smit, he fell
From car to earth, his failing limbs unstrung.

These when Athené, stern-eyed goddess, marked
Slaying the Argives in the stubborn fight,
Swift from Olympus' heights she darted down
To sacred Ilion; where to meet her moved
Περγάμου ἐκκατιδών, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην.
ἀλληλούι δὲ τῶ γε συναντέσθην παρὰ φηγό.
τὴν πρότερος προσέειπε ἀναξ Δίὸς υίὸς 'Απόλλων:
"τίπτε σὺ δὴ αὐ μεμανία, Δίὸς θύγατερ μεγάλου,
ὁλθες ἂπ' Οὐλύμποιο, μέγας δὲ σε θυμὸς ἀνήκεν;
ἡ ἱνα δὴ Δαναόσι μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην
δῶς, ἔτει οὐ τὶ Τρώασ ἀπολλυμένους ἐλεαιρεῖς.
ἀλλ' εί μοι τὸ πίθοιο, τὸ κεν πολὺ κέρδιον εἶν.
νῦν μὲν παύσωμεν πόλεμον καὶ δησιτήτα,
σήμερον ὑστερον αὐτε μαχήσουτ', εἰς δ' κε τεκμώρ
Ἰλίον εὔρωσιν, ἔτει ὃς φίλον ἐπλετο θυμῷ
ὔμιν ἀθανάτησι, διαπραθεῖν τόδε ἀστῦν."

tὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκώπις 'Αθήνη:
"ὡδ' ἐστω, ἐκάρηγε τα γὰρ φρονέουσα καὶ αὐτή
ἡλθον ἂπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς.
ἀλλ' ἄγη, πώς μέμονας πόλεμον καταπανσέμεν ἄνδρῶν;"

tὴν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπε ἀναξ Δίὸς υίὸς 'Απόλλων:
"Εκτορος δροσμεν κρατερὸν μένος ἰπποδάμοφο,
ηῦν τινά που Δαναών προκαλέσσεται οἰόθεν οἰος
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνὴ δησιτήτα,
οἱ δὲ κ' ἀγασσάμενοι χαλκοκυνήμιδες 'Ἀχαιοὶ
οἰον ἐπόρσειν πολεμιζέμεν "Εκτορι διάρ."

ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπιθήσε θεὰ γλαυκώπις 'Αθήνη.
tῶν δ' "Ἐλενος Πριάμῳ φίλος παῖς σύνθετο θυμῷ
βουλήν, ἦ ῥα θεοὺς εφήνδανε μητιῶσωσιν.

στῇ δὲ παρ' "Εκτορ' ἰὼν, καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν:
"Εκτορ νιὰ Πριάμῳ, Δι' μῆτὶν ἀτάλαντε,
ἡ ῥά νῦ μοὶ τῷ πίθοιο; κασίγνητος δὲ τοι εἰμὶ.
Apollo who from Pergamos above
Looked out and wished the victory to Troy.
Beside the oak those twain together met:
And first spake king Apollo son of Zeus:
"Why now again art from Olympus come,
Thou daughter of great Zeus, in eager haste,
Stirred by thy mighty soul? Is it to give
Balance of strength with victory in fight
To Danaan arms? since for the sons of Troy
Fast perishing no pity thou dost feel.
But could I win thee to it—and it were
Far better so—let us e'en stop to-day
The war and havoc. Fight they shall again
Hereafter, till they find the fated end
Of Ilion; since thus, immortal queens,
To sack this city fair your souls are set."

To whom Athené, stern-eyed power, replied:
"Far-shooter, be it so: for with that mind
Myself too from Olympus now am come
To seek the Trojan and Achaian hosts.
But say, how meanest thou to stay the fight?"

Then answered king Apollo son of Zeus:
"Rouse we steed-taming Hector's mighty soul,
If he will challenge forth some Danaan foe
To meet his single strength in deadly fray:
And they in wondering awe, Achaia's sons
The brazen-greaved, shall send one champion wight
Battle with godlike Hector to assay."

He spake: Athené, stern-eyed power, obeyed.
But Helenus, of Priam son beloved,
Knew in his soul this counsel which the gods
Were pleased to frame, wherefore he went and stood
By Hector's side, and thus to him he spake:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus
In counsel, shall I win thee to my will?
I am thy brother. Bid the rest be set,
ήλλους μὲν κάθισον Τρώας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς, 
αὐτὸς δὲ προκάλεσσαί Ἀχαιῶν ὡς τις ἀριστος 
ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αὐὴ ἤδιοτήτι·
οὐ γὰρ πώ τοι μοῖρα θανεῖν καὶ πότιν ἐπισπεῖν.
ὡς γὰρ ἐγὼ ὅπ' ἀκουσά θεῶν αἰειγενετῶν·
ὡς ἐφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' αὐτὲ χάρῃ μέγα μύθον ἀκούσας,
καὶ ἓ' ἐς μέσσον ὡδ' Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας,
μέσσον δουρὸς ἔλων· τοῖ δ' ἱδρύθησαν ἄπαντες.
καὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων εἰσεν εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.
καὶ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων 
ἐξέσθην, ὀρνισί ἐοικότες αἰγυπτοῖσιν,
φηγῷ ἐφ' ύψηλῆ πατρὸς Δίους αἰγιόχοιο,
ἀνδράσι τερπόμενοι· τῶν δὲ στίχες εἰατο πυκναί,
ἀσπίσι καὶ κορύθεσσι καὶ ἐγχεσί πεφρικυῖαι.
οὐ δὲ Ζεφύρου ἐχεύατο πόντου ἐπὶ φρίξ
ὁρνυμένου νέου, μελανεῖ δὲ τε πόντος ὑπ' αὐτῆς,
tοῖαι ἄρα στίχες εἰατ' Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε 
ἐν πεδίῳ. Ἐκτωρ δὲ μετ' ἀμφοτέρουσιν ἐειπεν·
"κέκλυτε μεν, Τρώες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ὁφρ' εἰπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
ὅρκια μὲν Κρονίδης ύψίζυγος οὐκ ἐτέλεσεν,
ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέων τεκμαίρεται ἀμφοτέροισιν,
εἰς ὅ κεν ἢ ὡμεῖς Τροίην ἐθύπυργον ἐλητε
ἡ αὐτοὶ παρὰ νησὶ δαμήτε ποιοἵοροις.
ὑμῖν δ' ἐν γὰρ ἐασιν ἀριστῆς Παναχαϊῶν,
τῶν νῦν ὅν τινα θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
δεῦρ' ἄτω ἐκ πάντων πρόμοι ἐμμεναὶ Ἐκτορί διφ.
οὖς δὲ μυθεόμαι, Ζεὺς δ' ἅμμ' ἐπὶ μάρτυρος ἔστω.
εἰ μὲν κεν ἐμὲ κεῖνος ἐλη ταναίκει χαλκῷ, 
teύχεα συλήσας φερέτω κοίλας ἐπὶ νήας,
The sons of Troy and all Achaia's host:
But challenge forth thyself Achaia's best
To meet thy single strength in deadly fray.
For 'tis not yet thy destiny to die
And find thy doom; this know I, who have heard
The utterance of the everliving gods."

He spake: but Hector joyed the word to hear.
Grasping his lance midway he stept between
The lines, and motioned back the Trojan squares.
Down sate they all: and down Achaia's sons,
A well-greaved host, at Agamemnon's word:
Down too Apollo of the silver bow,
And down Athené sat, in semblance these
As wingèd vultures, on the lofty oak,
Tree of their father aegis-wielding Zeus,
Right fain to see the men. Whose ranks sat dense
With shield and helm and spear a bristling wood.
As of the Zephyr newly rising runs
The shiver o'er the roughening main, wherewith
Black frowns the ocean—such the seated ranks
Of Troy and of Achaia on the plain.
Then Hector in their midst spake thus to all:
"Hear, Trojans, and well-greaved Achaians, hear!
That I may utter what my soul doth bid
Within my breast. High-thronèd Cronos' son
Our treaty sworn of late hath not confirmed,
But evils for us doth devise and doom;
Till either ye shall take tower-girded Troy,
Or at the sea-borne ships yourselves be slain.
Then come—with you are Panachaian chiefs—
Of these whome'er his soul doth prompt with me
To fight, now draw he near, and forth from all
'Gainst godlike Hector stand a champion bold.
And thus I say—and Zeus our witness be—
If he slay me with falchion long and keen,
Strip he my arms and to the hollow ships
σῶμα δὲ οἶκαί' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὡφρα πυρὸς μὲ Τραῖες καὶ Τρωῶν ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα.

ei δὲ κ' ἐγὼ τὸν ἔλω, δόῃ δὲ μοι εὐχὸς Ἀπόλλων, τεῦχεa συλῆσας οἴσω προτὶ Ἰλιον ἢρὴν καὶ κρεμὼ προτὶ νηὼν Ἀπόλλωνος ἑκάτωι, τὸν δὲ νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆας εὐσέβειοις ἀποδῶσω, ὡφρα ἐ ταρχύσωσι κάρη κομῶντες Ἀχαιοί, σήμα τέ οἱ χεῦσωι ἐπὶ πλατεί Ἐλλησπόντωι. καὶ ποτὲ τις εἰπησι καὶ ὁψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων, νηὶ πολυκλήιδι πλέων ἐπὶ οἴουπα πόντουν, ἄνδρὸς μὴν τόδε σήμα πάλαι κατατεθυνότος, ὧν ποτ' ἀριστεύοντα κατέκτανε φαίδιμος "Εκτωρ. ὃς ποτὲ τις ἔρεει, τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κλέος οὐ ποτ' ὀλεῖται."

ὁς ἔφαθ', οὐ δ' ἀρά πάντες ἀκῆν ἐγένοντο σιωπὴν αἰδεσθεν μὲν ἀνίμασθαι, δεῖσαν δ' ὑποδέχθαι. ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν, νείκειν οὐνειδίζουν, μέγα δὲ στεναχίζετο θυμὸν: "ὁ μοι, ἀπειλητῆρες, Ἀχαιίδες, οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιοί. ἦ μὴν δὴ λώβη τάδε γ' ἔσσεται αἰνόθεν αἰνῶς, εἱ μὴ τις Δάναῶν νῦν "Εκτορὸς ἀντίοιο εἰσιν. ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὑδωρ καὶ γαῖα γένουσθε, ἢμενοι αὕθη ἐκαστοι ἄκηροι, ἄκλεες αὐτῶς τρίδε δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς θωρήξωμαι· αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεν νίκης πεῖρατ' ἔχονται ἐν ἄθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν."

ὡς ἀρα φωνήσας κατεδύσετο τεῦχεα καλά. ἔνθα κέ τοι Μενέλαε φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή "Εκτορὸς ἐν παλάμησιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦν, εἰ μὴ ἀναίξαντες ἐλον βασιλῆς Ἀχαιῶν,
Bear them away; but give my body back
Home to return, that men and wives of Troy
May to the dead allot due funeral fires.
But if Apollo grant the boast to me,
And I slay him, his arms then will I strip
And bear to sacred Ilion, and hang
In temple of Apollo archer god.
But to the well-benched ships I back will give
His corse; that so Achaia's long-haired sons
May duly bury him, and o'er him raise
Beside broad Hellespont memorial mound.
Whereof in time to come a man may say
Of later generation, who shall sail
In many-seated ship the wine-hued main:
'Lo, there the mound of man dead long ago,
A gallant chief whom glorious Hector slew.'
So shall they say: nor will my glory die."

He spake: whereat they all were hushed and still;
Nor dared for shame refuse, for fear accept.
Till Menelaus now at last uprose
And spake amidst them, with reproachful words
Of taunt, while deeply groaned his soul within:
"O braggarts ye, Achaian women now,
Achaian men no more! In very sooth
Shame will be ours, the foulest of the foul,
Unless some Danaan now 'gainst Hector go.
But turn ye all to water and to earth,
Here as ye sit dull heartless lifeless clods,
Idly inglorious! I to meet this foe
Myself will arm. Issues of victory
The gods immortal hold in heaven above."

He spake, and clad him in his armour fair.
There, Menelaus, had been seen for thee
Life's end by Hector's hands—for stronger far
Was he—had not Achaia's princes swift
Upstarting held thee; and the king himself,
αὐτὸς τ’ Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων 
δεξιτερῆν ἔλε χεῖρα, ἔπος τ’ ἐφατ’ ἐκ τ’ ὀνόμαξεν: "ἀφραίνεισ, Μενέλαιε διοτρεφές, οὐδὲ τι σε χρή 
ταύτης ἀφροσύνης’ ἀνὰ δ’ ἵσχεο κηδόμενὸς περ, 
μηδ’ ἐθελ’ εξ ἐρίδοις σεῦ ἀμείωνι φωτὶ μάχεσθαι, 
‘Εκτορὶ Πριαμίδη, τόν τε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλου. 
καὶ δ’ Ἀχιλέως τούτῳ γε μάχη ἐνι κυδιανέιρῃ 
ἔρριγ’ ἀντιβολῆσαι, ὁ περ σέο πολλὸν ἄμεινων. 
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν ἦσεν ἓναν μετὰ ἔθνος ἐταῖρων, 
τούτῳ δὲ πρόμον ἄλλον ἀναστήσουσιν Ἀχαῖοι. 
eἰ περ ἀδείης τ’ ἔστι καὶ εἰ μόθου ἐστ’ ἀκόρητος, 
φημὶ μιν ἀσπάσιως γόνυ καμψέμεν, αὖ κε φύγησω 
δηίου ἐκ πολέμου καὶ αἰωνὶς δησιτῆτος.” 

ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφεῖοι φρένας ἢρως, 
αἰσίμα παρειπὼν: ὦ δ’ ἐπείθετο. τοῦ μὲν ἐπειτα 
γηθόσυνοι θεράποντες ἀπ’ ὁμῶν τεύχε’ ἐλοντο. 
Νέστωρ δ’ Ἀργείοισιν ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν: 
"ὡ πότοι, ἣ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαίδα γαίαν ἱκάνει. 
ἡ κε μέγ’ οἰμώξειε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεύς, 
ἐσθλός Μυρμιδῶν βουληφόρος ἢ’ ἀγορητῆς, 
ὅς ποτὲ μ’ εἱρόμενος μέγ’ ἐγῆθεε ὃ ἐνὶ οἶκῳ, 
pάντων Ἀργείων ἐρέων γενεῆν τε τόκον τε. 
tοὺς νῦν εἰ πτώσοστας ύφ’ Ἐκτορὶ πάντας ἀκουσάι, 
pολλά κεν ἄθανάτους φίλας ἀνὰ χείρας ἀείραι 
θυμὸν ἀπ’ μελέων δύναι δόμοιν Ἀίδος εἰσώ. 
αἰ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλον, 
ἡβοίμ’ ὡς ὦτ’ ἔπ’ ὁκυρόω Κελάδοντι μάχοντο 
ἀγρόμενοι Πύλιοι τε καὶ Ἀρκάδες εὔχεσιμωροί, 
Φείας πάρ τείχεσσιν, Ἰαρδάνου ἀμφὶ ἰέθρα.
Wide-ruling Agamemnon Atreus' son,
Grasped thy right hand, and thus found words and spake:
"O Zeus-born Menelaus, thou art mad,
Nor needst such madness. Nay, refrain thee now,
Though sorely grieved: nor thus from wilful spleen
Fight with a warrior stronger than thyself,
With Hector Priam's son; whom ev'n the rest
In horror hold; and him to meet in fight,
Man's field of fame, Achilleus shuddering shrinks,
Who yet is far thy better. Wherefore go,
Sit with thy throng of comrades: but for him
Another champion shall Achaia rouse.
Though dauntless he, and of the battle-din
Insatiate, yet to bend the knee in rest
He will, I ween, be fain, if he but 'scape
Such deadly warfare and such furious fight.

The hero spake, and turned his brother's mind
By timely words that won him. In glad haste
His squires disarmed the shoulders of their lord.
But Nestor mid the Argives rose and spake:
"O shame! a mighty woe in truth assails
Achaia's land. Sure loudly now would wail
Peleus, the grey-beard knight, of Myrmidons
A counsel-giver good and speaker he:
Who once did ask of me, and joyed to hear,
As in his home he questioned and I told
The birth and lineage of each Argive chief.
Of whom could he now hear thus crouching all
'Neath Hector's challenge, oft would he upraise
His hands to gods immortal, that his soul
Leaving his limbs might enter Hades' home.
Ah! could I but be young!—O Father Zeus,
Athené, and Apollo! young, as when
On rapid Celadon's banks the gathered hosts
Of Pylians with Arcadian spearmen fought,
Near to the walls of Pheia by the flood
τοῖς δ' Ἐρευναλίων πρόμος ἤστατο, ἵσόθεος φῶς, τεῦχε' ἔχων ὀμοισιν Ἀρηθόοιο ἄνακτος, διὸν Ἀρηθόον, τὸν ἐπίκλησιν Κορυνήτην άνδρες κύκλησκοι καλλίζωνοι τε γυναῖκες, οὖνε' ἄρ' οὐ τόξοις μαχέσκετο δουρὶ τε μακρῷ, ἀλλὰ σιδηρείη κορύνη ῥήγυνυσκε φάλαγγας. τὸν Δυκόεργος ἐπέσυν δόλῳ, οὐ τὶ κράτετ' γε, στεινωπώ εὖ ὁδῷ, ὃς' ἄρ' οὐ κορύνη οἴ οἶλεθρον χραίςμε σιδηρείη' πρῶν γὰρ Δυκόεργος ὑποφθάς δουρὶ μέσον περόνησεν, ὃ δ' ὑπτῖος οὖδει ἐρείσθη. 140

τεῦχεα δ' ἐξενάριξε, τὰ οἵ πόρε χάλκεος Ἀρης. καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἐπειτα φόρει μετὰ μῶλον Ἀρης' αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ Δυκόεργος ἐνὶ μεγάρουσιν ἐγήρα, δῶκε δ' Ἐρευναλίων φίλῳ θεράποντυ φορήναι.

tοῦ δ' ὑγε τεῦχε' ἔχων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους' 150 οἵ δὲ μάλα τρόμεον καὶ ἐδείδισαν, οὐδὲ τὶς ἐπίλη. ἀλλ' ἐμὲ θυμός ἀνήκε πολυτλήμων πολεμίζειν θάρσεὶ δ' γενεῇ δὲ νεώτατος ἐσκον ἀπάντων. καὶ μαχόμην οἵ ἑγὼ, δῶκεν δὲ μοι εὖχος ᾿Αθήνη. τὸν δὴ μῆκιστον καὶ κάρτιστον κτάνον ἄνδρα· 155 πολλὸς γὰρ τὶς ἐκεῖτο παρήροις ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα. εἰθ' ὦς ἤβωομι, βῆ δὲ μοι ἐμπεδος εἴη' τῷ κε τάχ' ἀντήσευε μάχης κορυθαίολος ᾿Εκτωρ. ὑμέων δ' οἵ περ ἔασιν ἀριστῆς Παναχαιῶν, οὐδ' οἵ προφρονέως μέμαθ᾽ ᾿Εκτόρος ἀντίον ἐλθεῖν." 160 ὅς νεῖκεσσὸς' ὁ γέρων, οἵ δ' ἐννέα πάντες ἀνέσταν. ᾿ωρτο πολὺ πρωτίστα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν ᾿Αγαμέμνων, τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδης ᾿ωρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
Of Iardanus. For the Arcadians stood
A champion Ereuthalion, godlike wight,
With armour on his shoulders of a king,
Of Areithoüs—a godlike king,
Whom men and fair-zoned women Clubman named,
For not with bow and arrows was he wont,
Or with long lance, to fight, but shattering brake
With iron-weighted club his foemen's squares.
Him not by strength, but guile, Lycurgus slew
In narrow way, where iron-weighted club
Served nought to ward his bane; for him with spear
Lycurgus quick forestalled and in the waist
Pierced through; he backward falling smote the ground,
The victor then his armour stript, the gift
Of brazen Ares, and henceforth himself
Was wont to bear amid the toil of war.
But when Lycurgus in his halls grew old,
To Ereuthalion his beloved squire
He gave those arms to wear: and clad in these
He now did challenge all the best, and all
Sore feared and trembled, none to meet him dared.
But me my soul all-daring urged to cope
With his bold might—me youngest of them all.
With him I fought, and glory to my arm
Athené gave: I slew him. Tallest he
And mightiest of the men that e'er I slew:
For giant-like he showed as there he lay
Toward either side extended loose and long.
Ah! could I but be young, my strength be firm!
Then soon would plumèd Hector find a foe.
But as for ye, tho' Panachaian chiefs
Ye be, not ev'n the best with ready heart
Is bold to meet this Hector in the fight."
So did the grey-beard chide. But they upstood,
Nine chiefs in all. Rose Agamemnon first
By far, the king of men; and following him
Stout Diomedes Tydeus' son uprose:
τοῖς δ' ἐπ' Ἀιαντες θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκίν, τοῖς δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεύς καὶ ὅπαυν Ἰδομενής Ἔλεος, ἄταλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρείφοντη, τοῖς δ' ἐπ' Ἐυρύπυλος Ἐναίμονος ἀγλαδος νίος, ἀν δὲ Θόας Ἀνδραιμονιδῆς καὶ δίος Ὀιδυσσεύς. πάντες ἄρ' οἳ 'ἔθελον πολεμιζέμεν Ἐκτορι διώ. τοῖς δ' αὐτίς μετέειπε Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ:

"κλήρῳ νῦν πεπάλασθε διαμπερές, ὡς κε λάχησων
οὔτος γὰρ δὴ ὄνησει ἕυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιόν,
καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ὁν θυμὸν ὄνησεται, αἰ κε φύγῃσιν
δήνου ἐκ πολέμου καὶ αἴνης δηιοτήτος."

ὡς ἐφαθ', οἳ δὲ κλήρον ἐσημήναντο ἐκαστός,
ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κυνῆ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρειδαο. λαοὶ δ' ἤρησαντὸ θεοίσι δὲ χείρας ἀνέσχον. ὥδε δὲ τις εἰπεσκε ἓδών εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν.

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ Ἀιαντα λαχεῖν ἦ Τυδεός νιόν
ἲ αὐτῶν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσου Μυκήνης."

ὡς ἅρ' ἐφαν, πάλλεν δὲ Γερήνιος ἤπποτα Νέστωρ,
ἐκ δ' ἔθορεν κλήρος κυνῆς ὅν ἅρ' ἦθελον αὐτοί,
Ἄιαντος. κηρὺς δὲ φέρων ἃν οἱμυλον ἀπάντη
dείξ' ενδέξια πᾶσιν ἀριστήσειν Ἀχαιῶν.
οἳ δ' οὐ γυγνώσκοντες ἀπηνήναντο ἐκαστος.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δη τοῦ ἱκανε φέρων ἃν οἱμυλον ἀπάντῃ
ὁς μὼν ἐπιγράφας κυνῆ βάλε, φαίδημος Αἰας,
ἡ τοῦ ὑπέσχεθε χείρ', δ' ἅρ' ἐμβαλεν ἅγχι παραστάς,
γνω δὲ, κλήρου σῆμα ἰδών, γῆθησε δὲ θυμῷ.

τὸν μὲν πᾶρ πόδ' ἐδώ χαμάδις βάλε, φώνησεν τε'
Then Ajax with his namesake, clothed in might
Impetuous both: followed Idomeneus,
And of Idomeneus the attendant squire
Meriones, peer of Enyalius
Man-slaughtering power: Eurypylus the next,
Evaemon's glorious son: uprose withal
Thoas Andreaemon's son, and rose with him
Godlike Odysseus. These were willing all
Battle with godlike Hector to assay.
Nestor, Gerênê's knight, then spake again:
"Now let your lots full throughly shaken say
Whose is the chance: for his it then will be
To bless with good Achaia's well-greaved sons,
And his own heart to gladden, if he 'scape
Such deadly warfare and such furious fight."
He spake: they marked each for himself a lot,
And cast them all in Agamemnon's helm.
The people prayed, with hands to gods upraised,
And thus spake each as toward wide heaven he looked:
"O Father Zeus, to Ajax fall the chance,
Or Tydeus' son, or to our liege himself,
The sovereign of Mycenae's golden town!"

So spake they all. Nestor Gerênê's knight
Then shook; and from the helm out leapt the lot
Which all desired, of Ajax. Through the throng
A herald bare it round from left to right,
And duly showed to all Achaian chiefs,
Who knew it not and each in turn disowned.
But when, as round the throng he bare the lot,
The herald came to him who graved thereon
His token sure and cast it in the helm—
To glorious Ajax—he outstretched his hand,
Wherein the other dropt it standing nigh,
And on the lot the mark he saw and knew
Rejoicing in his heart; then on the ground
He cast it by his foot, and thus he spake:
“...φίλοι, ἦ τοι κλήρος ἐμός, χαίρω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς θυμῷ, ἐπεὶ δοκέω νυκτήσεμεν “Εκτόρα δίον. ἀλλὲ ἄγετ’, ὡφρ’ ἀν ἐγὼ πολεμήμα τεῦχεα δῦω, τόφρ’ ὑμεῖς εὑχεσθε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἀνακτή
tυγῇ ἐφ’ ὑμεῖων, ἵνα μὴ Τρῶες γε πύθονται, ἦ καὶ ἀμφαδινὴν, ἐπεὶ οὐ τινα δείδιμεν ἔμπης’
on γάρ τις με βήγ γε ἐκὸν ἀέκοντα δίηται,
oúde τι ἱδρεῖθ, ἐπεὶ οὔδ’ ἐμὲ νήίδά γ’ οὗτος
ἐλπομαι ἐν Σαλαμῖνι γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε.”
ὡς ἔφαθ’, οὐ δ’ εὔχοντο Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἀνακτήν.
ὡς δὲ τις εἰπεσκέ ἱδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν’
“Ζεῦ πάτερ Ἰδήθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
δὸς νίκην Αἰαντὶ καὶ ἄγλαδν εὐχὸς ἄρεσθαι.
εἰ δὲ καὶ “Εκτόρα περ φιλεῖς καὶ κήδεαι αὐτοῦ,
ὕσην ἀμφοτέρους βἴην καὶ κύδος ὀπασσὸν.”
ὡς ἂρ’ ἔφαν, Αἴας δὲ κορύσσετο νῷροπι χαλκῷ.
αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντα περὶ χροὶ ἔσσατο τεῦχεα,
σεύτ’ ἐπειθ’ οἶδος τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἀρης,
ὡς τ’ ἔσων πολεμόνδε μετ’ ἀνέρας, οὐς τε Κρονίων
θυμοβόρου ἑρίδος μὲνεὶ ξυνέκε μάχεσθαι.
τοῖος ἂρ’ Αἴας ὦρτο πελώριος, ἐρκὸς Ἀχαιῶν,
μειδίὼν βλοσυροῦσι προσώπασι’ νέρθε δὲ ποσσίν
ἡμε μακρὰ βιβάς, κραδάων δολιχόσκιον ἐγχος.
τὸν δὲ καὶ Ἀργείοι μέγ’ ἐγήθεον εἰσορόωντες,
Τρῶας δὲ τρόμοις αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἐκαστον,
“Εκτόρι τ’ αὐτῶ θυμῶς ἐνι στήθεσσι πάτασσεν
ἀλλ’ οὐ πως ἐτὶ ἐἷχεν ὑποτρέσαι οὐδ’ ἀναδύναι
ἀψ’ λαῶν εἰς ὠμίλον, ἐπεὶ προκαλέσσατο χάρμην.
"O friends, the lot is surely mine: whereat
I too, as ye, am glad; for I do think
To conquer glorious Hector. Come ye then,
And, while I don my panoply of war,
Pray to the son of Cronos, Zeus the king,
In silence by yourselves, that none may hear
Among the Trojans; or aloud and plain—
Since, whatso chance, we stand in fear of none.
For none by force shall drive me 'gainst my will,
Will how he may; nor yet by craft of war;
For I am no such witless fool, I trow,
The son and fosterling of Salamis."

He spake: they prayed Zeus Cronides the king;
And thus spake each as toward wide heaven he looked:
"O Father Zeus, who rul'st from Ida's height,
Most glorious, greatest, grant to Ajax now
To win the victory and glorious boast;
Or, if thou lov'st and car'st for Hector too,
To both give equal might and equal fame."

So spake they: Ajax armed himself the while
In dazzling mail. And when around his limbs
His armour all complete he now had donned,
Forth sped he, as the giant Ares goes,
When to the field he moves to mix with men
Whom Cronos' son hath matched to fight amain
With furious rage of soul-devouring strife;
So giant Ajax showed, as he arose,
Achaia's bulwark, smiling with grim face;
Whose feet below him bore him striding on,
As high he brandished his long-shadowed lance.
And him the Argives greatly joyed to see,
But trembling dread thrilled through each Trojan's knees.
Nay ev'n of Hector's self within his breast
Loud beat the heart: yet might he now no more
Shrink back or hide him in his people's throng,
Who challenged forth a foeman to the fight.
Αἰας δ’ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἦντε πῦργον, χάλκεων ἐπταβόειον, ὁ οἱ Τυχίος κάμε τεῦχων, σκυτοτόμων ὃς ἀριστος, ’Τλη ἐνι οἰκία ναίων, ὡς οἱ ἐποίησεν σάκος αἰώλην ἐπταβόειον ταύρων ξατρεφέων, ἐπὶ δ’ ὄγδοιν ἦλασε χαλκόν. τὸ πρὸσθε στέρνοι φέρων Τελαμώνιος Αἰας στή ῥα μάλ’ Ἐκτορος ἐγγύς, ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσήητα, Ἐκτορ, νῦν μὲν δὴ σάφα εἴσει ὦθεν οἶος οἶοι καὶ Δαναόσιν ἀριστῆς μετέατσιν, καὶ μετ’ Ἀχιλῆα ῥηξήνορα θυμολέοντα. ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἐν νῆσον κορωνίσθη ποντοπόροισιν κεῖτ’ ἀπομνηνίσας ’Αγαμέμνονο τοιμένι λαῶν, ἤμεις δ’ εἰμὲν τούτοι οὐ ἄν σέθεν ἀντιάσαιμεν, καὶ πολέες. ἀλλ’ ἄρχε μάχης ἦδε πτολέμου.”

τὸν δ’ αὐτὴ προσέειπτε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ: “Αἰαν διογενεῖς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν, μὴ τί μεν ἦντε παιδὸς ἀφαυροῦ πειρήτιζε ἢ γυναικὸς, ἢ οὐ οἶδεν πολεμήμα ἐργα. αὐτὸρ ἐγὼν εὐ οἶδα μάχας τ’ ἀνδροκτασίας τε. οἴδ’ ἐπὶ δεξιά, οἴδ’ ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ νωμῆσαι βῶν ἀξαλένην, τὸ μοι ἐστὶ ταλαύρινον πολεμίζειν. οἶδα δ’ ἐπάθει μόδον ὦππων ὄκειάων, οἶδα δ’ ἐνὶ σταδίη δηλ’ μέλπεσθαι Ἀρη. ἀλλ’ οὐ γὰρ σ’ ἔθελω βαλέειν τοιοῦτον ἐόντα λάθρη ὀπτπτεύσας, ἀλλ’ ἀμφαδόν, αἱ κε τύχωμι.” ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλῶν προὺ ἀμφόκοσκιον ἐγχος, καὶ βάλεν Αἰαντος δεινὸν σάκος ἐπταβόειον ἀκρότατον κατὰ χαλκόν, ὅς ὄγδοος ἦν ἐπ’ αὐτῷ.
And Ajax drew anigh, with tower-like targe,
Brazen, sevenfold with hides, which Tychius wrought
By armourer's craft, of leather-cutters he
The deftest, who at Hylé dwelt. 'Twas he
For Ajax made his lightly-wielded targe,
With hides of well-grown bulls sevenfold, whereon
An eighth and outer plate of brass he laid.
This shield before his breast did Ajax bear,
The son of Telamon, and stood full nigh
To Hector, as with threat'ning words he spake:
"Hector, alone and singly thou wilt now
Learn well what chiefs are with the Danaans left,
Beside Achilleus, battle-breaking wight
Of lion heart. He lies indeed retired
Among his beakèd sea-borne ships, in wrath
With Agamemnon shepherd of our hosts:
But we are such as well may cope with thee,
Not I alone, but many. Wherefore come,
Make thou beginning of the fight and fray."

But mighty plumèd Hector made reply:
"O Zeus-born Ajax son of Telamon,
Thou prince of peoples, do not try me thus,
As weakling child or woman thou would'st try
Who knoweth nothing of the works of war.
Battles and bloody fields I know full well.
I know to left or right nimbly to turn
The dry bull's hide when battle stout and hard
I wage: I know through turmoil of swift steeds
To charge amain: I know, where foot meets foot,
To make the music that fell Ares loves.
But guard thee! for I would not wish to strike
By spying unawares a foe like thee;
But openly, if I may hit my mark."

He spake, and poising the long-shadowed lance
Cast it, and struck the dread seven-hided targe
Of Ajax on the outer orb of brass,
ἐξ δὲ διὰ πτύχας ἦλθε δαίζων χαλκὸς ἀτερίης,
ἐν τῇ δ᾽ ἐβδομάτῃ ριφῷ σχέτο. δεύτερος αὐτὲ
Αἰας διογενῆς προὶ δολιχόσκιον ἤγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ᾽ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ’ εἶσην.
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὀβριμον ἤγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυαιδάλου ἡρήειστο· ἀντικρύς δὲ παραλ λαπάρην διάμισης χιτῶνα
ἤγχος· ὦ δὲ κλίνθη καὶ ἀλευστο κήρα μέλαιναν.
tὸ δ᾽ ἐκσπασαμένον δολίχ᾽ ἤγχεα χερσίν ἃμ᾽ ἀμφό
σὺν ἀπεσον, λείουσι ἑυκότες ὁμοφάγοισιν
ἡ συσὶ κάπροισιν, τῶν τε σθένος ὦκ ἀλαπαδών.
Πριαμίδης μὲν ἐπείτα μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρί,
οὐδ᾽ ἐρρήξεν χαλκός, ἀνεγνάμφθη δὲ οἱ αἰχμῆ·
Δίας δ᾽ ἀσπίδα νῦξεν ἐπάλμενος, ἢ δὲ διαπρό
ἡλυθεν ἤγχειη, στυφέλιξε δὲ μιν μεμαῦτα,
τμῆδην δ᾽ αὐχέν ἐπῆλθε, μέλαν δ᾽ ἀνεκήκιεν αἰμα.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ως ἀπέληγε μάχης κορυθαίλολος Ἐκτωρ,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀναχασάμενος λίθον εἰλετο χειρὶ παχεὶ
κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ, μέλανα, τρηχῦν τε μέγαν τε
τῷ βάλεν Δίαντος δεινόν σάκος ἐπταβόειον
μέσσον ἐπομφάλιον, περιῆχησεν δ᾽ ἄρα χαλκός.
δεύτερος αὐτ᾽ Δίας πολὺ μείξονα λᾶν ἀεὶρας
ἡκ᾽ ἐπιδιωήσας, ἐπέρεισε δὲ ἰν᾽ ἀπέλεθρον,
εἰσὸ δ᾽ ἀσπίδ᾽ ἐαξε βαλῶν μυλοείδει πέτρῳ,
βλάψε δὲ οἱ φίλα γοῦναθ· ὁ δ᾽ ὑπτιος ἐξετανύσθη
ἀσπίδ᾽ ἐνιχριμφθεῖς· τὸν δ᾽ αἰψ᾽ ὀρθωσεν Ὀτόλλων.
καὶ νῦ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσα αὐτοσχεθὸν ουτάξοντο,
eἰ μὴ κήρυκες, Διὸς ἀγγελοὶ ἥδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
The eighth and surface plate. Through six stout folds
The brazen point unwearied clove a way,
And in the seventh was stayed. Second in turn
Then Zeus-born Ajax his long-shadowed lance
Cast forth, and smote upon the orbèd shield
Of Priam's son. Through shield refulgent came
The forceful shaft, through corslet richly-wrought
Pressed firmly on, and mowed the tunic through
With severing edge, close to the wearer's side,
Who quickly bending shunned the gloomy death.
Then forth with hasty hands plucked both at once
The lances long, and on each other ran,
Like unto lions greedy of their prey,
Or tuskèd boars, whose is no feeble strength.
First Priam's son his foeman's middle targe
Smote with the spear, but brake not through the brass,
Which turned the blunted point. Then bounded on
Ajax, and struck his shield: the lance right through
And onwards passed, and dashed the foeman back
Though forward bent, and with a cut it gashed
The neck, wherefrom the black blood spirted out. Yet not for this did plumèd Hector quit
The fight, but stepping back a space he grasped
In his broad hand a stone, that on the plain
Lay black and rough and large, and threw and hit
The dread seven-hided targe on midmost boss,
That loud around the brazen circle rang.
Second in turn a boulder larger far
Ajax lift up and whirling threw, and laid
A giant strength therein, and smote and brake
The targe right in with mill-stone crag, and stunned
His foeman's yielding knees, who backward fell
Stretched out at length, his shield upon him driven. But soon Apollo raised him to his feet.
And now with swords close combat they had waged,
Had not the heralds, messengers alike
'Ηλθον, δ' μεν Τρώων δ' δ' Ἀχαίων χαλκοχιτῶνων, 275
Ταλθύβιος τε καὶ Ἰδαιὸς, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.
μέσω δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκήπτρα σχέθον, εἰπέ τε μῦθον
κήρυξ Ἰδαιὸς, πεπνυμένα μὴ δεια εἰδῶς'
"μηκέτι, παίδε φίλω, πολεμίζετε μηδὲ μάχεσθον'
ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ σφῶν φίλει νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,
ἄμφω δ' αἴχυντα' τό γε δὴ καὶ ὴδειν ἄπαντες.
νὺξ δ' ἥδη τελέθει' ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι.'

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Ἑλλαμώνιος Αἰας·
"ἲδαι', Ἔκτωρα ταῦτα κελεύετε μυθήσασθαι·
αὐτὸς γὰρ χάρμη προκαλέσσατο πάντας ἄριστους. 285
ἀρχέτω' αὐτάρ ἑγώ μάλα πείσομαι ἢ περ ἀν ὄντος.

τὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέευπτε μέγας κορυθαίολος "Ἔκτωρ·
"Ἀλαν, ἐπεὶ τοι δῶκε θεὸς μέγεθός τοι βίην τε
καὶ πινυτῆν, περὶ δ' ἑγχεὶ Ἀχαῖων φέρτατος ἔσσι,
νῦν μὲν πανυώμεσθα μάχης καὶ δηισθήτος,
σήμερον· ὑστερον αὐτὲ μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὁ κε δαίμων
ἄμμε διακρίνῃ, δώῃ δ' ἐτέροισι γε νίκην.
νὺξ δ' ἥδη τελέθει' ἀγαθὸν καὶ νυκτὶ πιθέσθαι,
ός σύ τ' εὐφρήνης πάντας παρά νησίν Ἀχαίων,
σοῦς τε μάλιστα ἔτας καὶ ἑταῖρους, οὖ τοι ἐασιν·

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αὐτάρ ἑγώ κατὰ ἅστυ μέγα Πριάμῳ ἄνακτος
Τρώας εὐφρανεὼ καὶ Τρῳάδας ἐλκεσιπέπτλους,
αἱ τέ μοι εὐχόμεναι θείον δύσονται ἀγώνα.
δόρα δ' ἄγ' ἀλλήλωισι περικλυτὰ δῶμεν ἄμφω,
ὅφρα τις ὡς εἴπησιν Ἀχαίων τε Τρώων τε·
"ἡμὲν ἐμαρνάσθην ἐρίδος πέρι θυμοβόρῳ,
ὦ' αὐτ' ἐν φιλότητι διέτμαγεν ἀρθμῆσαντε."'

ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας δῶκε ξίφος ἀργυρόν, 300
ἐξον κολεό τε φέρων καὶ ἔυτμητε τελαμώνι·
Of Zeus and men, advanced; of Trojans one,
The other of Achaia's mail-clad host,
Talthybius and Idaeus, prudent pair.
Between the champions twain their outstretched wands
They held: and thus the Trojan herald spake,
Idaeus, duly skilled in prudent lore.
"No more, dear sons, do battle, fight no more!
Cloud-gathering Zeus well loves ye both: and both
Are warriors proved: this now we all do know.
Night too draws on, and night were best obeyed."
Whom Telamonian Ajax answered thus:
"Idaeus, bid ye Hector speak on this:
For he it was who challenged all our best
To combat. Let him but begin, and I
Will readily obey where he may lead."
Then spake great Hector of the glancing plume:
"Ajax, since God hath given thee stature tall
And strength and wisdom too, and with the spear
Of all Achaia's sons thou art the first,
Let us e'en cease from fight and deadly strife
To-day. Hereafter we again shall fight
Till power divine may judge between our arms,
And vict'ry grant to one or other host.
Night too draws on, and night were best obeyed;
That thou may'st gladden all Achaia's sons
Beside the ships, and chief thy kin and friends
Whom there thou hast: and I the sons of Troy
Shall gladden through king Priam's ample town,
And long-robed dames of Troy withal, who soon
Thankful will join the throng of worshippers.
But come—exchange we gifts of noble name,
That Trojan and Achaian thus may say:
'These for a soul-devouring strife first fought,
Then parted in a bond of friendship joined.'"
He spake, and gave a silver-studded sword,
With scabbard offering it and shapely belt;
Αἰας δὲ ζωστῆρα δίδου φοίνικε φαεινόν.
τῶ δὲ διακριθέντε ὃ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαίων ἦ', ὃ δ' ἐς Τρώων ὀμαδον κίε. τοι δὲ χάρηςαν ὡς εἶδον ζωόν τε καὶ ἄρτεμεα προσιόντα,
Λιαντος προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χείρας ἀπτομος καὶ ὁ ἤγον προτε ἄστυ, ἀελπτέουτε σόνν εἶναι.
Λιαντ' αὐθ' ἐτέρωθεν εὔκνήμιδες 'Αχαιοὶ εἰς 'Αγαμέμνονα δίον ἁγοῦ, κεκαρηνὴ λίκη.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισήσων εὖ 'Ατρείδαο γένουτο, τοῖσι δὲ βοῦν ἰέρευσε ἀναξ ἀνδρὼν 'Αγαμέμνονον ἀρσενα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίωνι.
τὸν δέρον ἀμφι θ' ἔποι, καὶ μιν δίεχευαν ἀπαντα, μίστυλλόν τ' ἀρ' ἐπισταμένως, πειράν τ' ὀβελοῦσιν, ὁμπησάν τε περιφράδεως, ἐρύσαντο τε πάντα. 
αὐτάρ ἔπει παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντο τε δαίτα, δαύνυντ', οὐδὲ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἠσθη.
νῶτοισιν δ' Λιαντα διηνεκέεσσι γέραιρεν ἡρως 'Ατρείδης εὐρυκρείῳν 'Αγαμέμνων.
αὐτάρ ἔπει πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἐρον ἐντο, τοῖσ ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαίνειν ἡρχετο μήτιν Νέστωρ, οὐ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστῃ φαίνετο βουλη' ὁ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
"'Ατρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστής Παναχαιῶν, πολλοὶ γὰρ τεθνάσι κάρη κομόωντες 'Αχαιοῖ, τῶν νῦν αἴμα κελαιῶν ἐὔρροον ἀμφὶ Σκάμανδρον ἐσκέδασθ' ἐξὺς 'Ἀρης, νυχαλ δ' 'Αἰδώσδε κατήλθον' τῷ σε χρῆ πόλεμον μὲν ἀμ' ὧς παύσαι 'Αχαιῶν, αὐτόλ δ' ἀγρόμενοι κυκλήσομεν ἐνθάδε νεκροὺς βουσὶ καὶ ἡμιόνουσιν' ἀτὰρ κατακήμεν αὐτοὺς τυθῶν ἀποπρὸ νεὼν, ὡς κ' ὀστεά παισὶ ἔκαστος

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Ajax a girdle gave with purple bright.
So parted they, to seek Achaia's host
The one, the other to the Trojan throng;
Who joyed to see him come alive and whole,
'Scaped from the might of Ajax and those hands
Resistless. To the town they led him back
Safe beyond hope. And on the other side
Well-greaved Achaians to their godlike king
Led Ajax joyful in his victory.

Now soon as to Atrides' tent they came,
For them did Agamemnon king of men
A victim slay to Cronos' mighty son,
A bull of five years growth: and this they flayed
With busy hands, and quartered all the limbs,
And deftly cut up small, and pierced with spits,
And roasted all with care, and then drew off.
But when the toil was done, the meal prepared,
They ate, nor lacked their soul the well-shared cheer.
And Ajax with the whole long chine was graced,
The mess of honour, from the hero king
Wide-ruling Agamemnon Atreus' son.
But when of drink and meat desire was stayed,
To them did Nestor first of all begin
To weave his prudent words, the grey-beard sage
Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.
He wisely thus amid their council spake:
"Atrides, and ye Panachaian chiefs,
Full many of Achaia's long-haired sons
Are dead, whose blood beside Scamander's stream
Keen Ares now hath spilt, whose souls are sunk
To Hades. Wherefore with the coming dawn
'Twere meet thou stay the Achaians from the fight;
But muster we ourselves, and, hither drawn
By oxen and by mules, range all around
Our dead, a little from the ships apart,
And burn them, so that each may bear the bones
οίκαδ’ ἀγη, ὁτ’ ἀν αὐτὲ νεώμεθα πατρίδα γαίαν. τύμβου δ’ ἀμφὶ πυρήν ἐνα χεῦομεν ἐξαγαγόντες ἀκριτον ἐκ πεδίου. ποτι δ’ αὐτῶν δείμομεν ὡκα πύργους υψηλοὺς, εἰλαρ νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν. ἐν δ’ αὐτοῖσι πύλας ποιήσομεν εὐ ἀραρνίας, ὀφρα δ’ αὐτάων ἱππηλασιή ὡδός εἶη. ἐκτοσθεν δὲ βαθείαν ὀρύξομεν ἐγγύθι τάφρον, ἦ χ’ ἱπποὺς καὶ λαὸν ἐρυκάκοι ἀμφὶς ἐουσα, μὴ ποτε ἐπιβρίση πόλεμος Τρώων ἀγερώχων.” ὡς ἐφαθ’, οὐ δ’ ἀρά πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆς. Τρώων αὐτ’ ἀγορῇ γένετ’ Ἂλιον ἐν πόλι ἀκρη, δεινη τετρηχυία, παρὰ Πριάμοιο θύρησι. τοῖσιν δ’ Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἥρχ’ ἀγορεύειν ἑκλυτε μεν, Τρώες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἡδ’ ἐπίκουροι, ὀφρ’ εἰπω τά με θυμὸς εἴη στήθεσι κελεύει. δεῦτ’ ἄγετ’, Ἀργείην Ἐλένην καὶ κτήμαθ’ ἀμ’ αὐτῇ δῶμεν Ἀτρείδησιν ἄγειν. νῦν δ’ ὀρκια πιστά ψευσάμενοι μαχόμεσθα’ τῷ οὐ νῦ τι κέρδην ἥμιν ἐλπομαι ἐκτελέσθαι, ἵνα μὴ ἰέξομεν ὦδε.” ἦ τοι ὁ γ’ ὦς εἰπὼν κατ’ ἄρ’ ἤξετο, τοῖσι δ’ ἀνέστη δίος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἡυκόμοιο, ὃς μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα. “Ἀντήνωρ, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ’ ἐμοι φίλα ταῦτ’ ἀγορεύεις. οἷσθα καὶ ἅλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοήσαι. εἰ δ’ ἐτέοι δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σποῦδης ἄγορεύεις, εὖ ἄρα δὴ τοι ἐπείτα θεοὶ φρένας ὀλεσαν αὐτοί. αὐτάρ ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι μεθ’ ἱπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω, ἀντικρὺς δ’ ἀπόφημι, γυναικα μὲν οὐκ ἀποδώσω,
Home to the children of the slain, whence'er
We get us back to our own fatherland.
But draw we round the pyre and towards the plain
One undivided mound, and heap it high;
Whereto build we high towers forthwith, a fence
Of ships and of ourselves; and in the towers
Set we well-fitted gates, through which shall lie
A chariot road; and on the outer side
Dig we hard by a deep trench, that may shield
Both steeds and host, surrounding all, lest e'er
The haughty Trojans' onset press us hard."

Thus Nestor spake, and all the kings approved.
Meanwhile the Trojans too their council held
Within the upper town of Ilion
By Priam's palace gate, a council loud
And violent of tongue: and 'mid them all
The wise Antenor first began debate:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
That what my soul within my bosom bids
My voice may speak. Come, let us e'en resign
The Argive Helen and her wealth withal
To Atreus' sons to carry hence; for now
We fight forsworn and faithless; wherefore I
Deem that no happy issue will be ours,
That we may learn such outrage to forbear."

He spake and sate him down. To them uprose
The godlike Alexander, husband he
Of long-haired Helen: to Antenor thus
In wingèd words he quick returned reply:
"Antenor, thou no more in this thy rede
Dost please me: other counsel sure than this
And better far thou knowest to devise.
But if in truth and earnest this thou say'st,
Then have the gods themselves reft all thy wit.
But I to Troy's steed-taming sons in turn
Will speak my mind. Refusal flat I give:
κτήματα δ’ ὁσ’, ἀγόμην ἔξ ὡς ‘Αργεως ἥμετερον δῶ, πάντε ἐθέλω δόμεναι, καὶ οὐκοθεν ἀλλ’ ἐπιθεῖναι.’ ἡ τοι ὁ γ’ ὡς εἰπών κατ’ ἀρ’ ἐξετο, τοῖσι δ’ ἀνέστη 

Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος, θεόφιν μηστωρ ἀτάλαντος, ὁ σφίν εὐφρονεών ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν: “κέκλυτε μεν, Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἡδ’ ἐπίκουροι, ὁφ’ εἰπώ τά με θυμος ἐνί στήθεσι κελεύει.

νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἔλεσθε κατ’ πτόλιν ὡς τό πάρος περ, καὶ φυλακῆς μυῆσασθε καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἐκαστος’ ἦδθεν δ’ Ἰδαῖος ὑπὸ κοῖλας ἐπὶ νῆας εἰπεῖν ’Ἀτρείδης ’Ἀγαμέμνον καὶ Μενελᾶφ 

μύθον ’Ἀλέξανδροι, τοῦ εἰνεκα νείκος ὄρωρεν, καὶ δὲ το εἰπέμεναι πυκνῶν ἔπος, α’ κ’ ἐθέλωσιν παύσασθαι πολέμου δυσηχέοι εἰς ὁ κε νεκροὺς κήομεν, ὥστερον αὕτε μαχησόμεθ’, εἰς ὁ κε δακμων ἀμμε διακρίνη, δῶῃ δ’ ἐτέροις γι γικην.” ὁς ἐφαθ’, ο’ δ’ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλῦον ἥδε πίθοντο, δόρπον ἐπειθ’ εἴλοντο κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέσσων. 380 ἦδθεν δ’ Ἰδαῖος ἐβη κοῖλας ἐπὶ νῆας. τοὺς δ’ εὗρ’ εὶν ἀγορῇ Δαναοὺς, θεράποντας ’Ἀρηος, νὴ πάρα πρυμνῆ ’Ἀγαμέμνονος’ αὐτάρ ὁ τοῖσιν στὰς ἐν μέσοις μετεφώνεεν ἤπυτα κῆρυξ.

“’Ἀτρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆς Παναχαίνων, ἦνωγει Πρίαμος τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἄγανοι εἰπεῖν, εἰ κέ περ ὑμμί φίλον καὶ ἥδι γένοιτο, μύθον ’Ἀλέξανδροι, τοῦ εἰνεκα νείκος ὄρωρεν. 

κτήματα μὲν ὅσ’ Ἀλέξανδρος κοῖλης ἐνὶ νησίν
The woman I will not restore: of wealth
Whate'er from Argos to our home I brought
All this I am content to yield, and more
From my own household stores will freely add."

He spake, and sate him down. To them uprose
Priam the son of Dardanus, a peer
Of gods in counsel: he amid them rose,
And wisely thus amid their council spake:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
That what my soul within my bosom bids
My voice may speak. Go take your evening meal
Throughout the ordered host as heretofore,
Mindful of guard, and watchful each and all.
But with the morning let Idaeus seek
The hollow ships, to Agamemnon there
And Menelaus, Atreus' sons, to tell
The words of Alexander, for whose sake
The quarrel rose: and then this counsel wise
To add, that, if they will, we cease awhile
From doleful' din of war, till we have burned
Our dead. Hereafter shall we fight again,
Till power divine may judge between our arms
And vict'ry grant to one or other host."

He spake: they gladly hearkened and obeyed.
Their meal the army took, in ordered ranks.
But with the morning dawn Idaeus sought
The hollow ships, and there in council found
The Danaans, Ares' henchmen, by the stern
Of Agamemnon's ship. Amid them all
The clear-voiced herald stood, and thus he spake:
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye other chiefs
Of Panachaian, Priam gave me charge,
He and the other noble sons of Troy,
To say, if haply ye may like them well,
The words of Alexander, for whose sake
The quarrel rose. The wealth—whate'er he brought
...ηγάγετο Τροίνδ'—ός πρὶν ὁφελλ' ἀπολέσθαι—,
pάντ' ἐθέλει δόμεναι, καὶ οἶκοθεν ἄλλ' ἐπιθείναι:
kουριδῆν δ' ἀλοχον Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
οὗ φθονὶν δόσειν. ἥ μὴν Τρώες γε κέλουται.
καὶ δὲ τὸν ἕνωγει εἰπεῖν ἔπος, αὐτ' ἐθέλητε
παῦσασθαι πολέμου δυσηχέος εἰς ὁ κε νεκροὺς
κήομεν. ὤστερον αὐτὲ μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὁ κε δαίμων
άμμε διακρίνη, δώ' ὃ' ἐτέρουσι γε νίκην.'

ὡς ἔφαβ', ὥστε ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ.
ὁψ' δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης:

"μήπ' ἄρ τις νῦν κτήματ' Ἀλεξάνδρου δεχέσθω
μήθ' 'Ελένην' γνωτὸν δὲ, καὶ ὃς μᾶλα υἱῆς ἔστιν,
ὡς ἦδη Τρώεσσιν ὀλέθρου πελρατ' ἐφήπται.'

ὡς ἔφαβ', ὥστε ἄρα πάντες ἐπίαξον ὕλες Ἀχαίων,
μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμου.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἰδαῖον προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων;

"Ἰδαῖ', ἡ τοι μῦθον Ἀχαίῶν αὐτὸς ἄκονες,
ὡς τοι ὑποκρίνονται ἔμοι δ' ἐπισαθάνει οὕτως.
ἀμφί δὲ νεκροῖσιν κατακαἰέμεν οὐ τι μεγαίρω
οὐ γὰρ τις φείδω νεκύων κατατεθυητῶν
γίγνετ', ἐπεὶ κε θάνωσι, πυρὸς μειλισσέμεν ὄικα.

ὅρκια δὲ Ζεὺς ἱστω, ἐρίγδουσος πόσις "Ηρῆς."

ὡς εἰπὼν τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνέσχεθε πᾶσι θεῶν,
ἀψωρροῦ δ' Ἰδαίος ἔβη προτὶ Ἰλιον ἴρην.
οὐ δ' ἐκτ' εἰν ἀγορῇ Τρώες καὶ Δαρδανίων,
pάντες ὁμηγερεῖς, ποτιδέγμενοι ὅπποτ' ἄρ' ἐλθοι
Ἰδαῖος: ὃ δ' ἄρ' Ἰλῆθε καὶ ἀγγελίην ἀπέειπεν
στὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν. τοῖ δ' ὀπλίζοντο μᾶλ' ὄικα,
In hollow ships to Troy, would he had died
Before the bringing!—he is well content
To yield back all, and other wealth to add
From his own store. But her, the first-wed wife
Of glorious Menelaus, to restore
He flat refuses, though the Trojans urge
Full strongly. Furthermore this counsel wise
They bade me add, that, if ye will, we cease
From doleful din of war, till we have burned
Our dead. Hereafter shall we fight again,
Till power divine may judge between our arms
And vict'ry grant to one—or other host."

He spake; but they in silence all were mute.
At last spake Diomedes, good in fray:
"Nor Alexander's wealth let any now
Accept, nor Helen's self. 'Tis plain to know
Ev'n for the veriest child, that now to Troy
The issue of destruction draweth near."

He spake: Achaia's sons all roared assent:
Steed-taming Diomedes' words aroused
Such wond'ring welcome. To Idaeus then
Their sovereign Agamemnon turning spake:
"Idaeus, the Achaians' word thyself
Dost hear, and how they answer thee. And me
This answer pleases well. As for the dead,
I grudge not that ye burn them, nor would stint,
Once they be dead, the bodies of the slain
Of funeral fire's sweet solace. Yet be Zeus
Judge of our treaty, Her'e's thundering lord."

Thus spake he, raising high to all the gods
His sceptre. Then Idaeus gat him back
To sacred Ilion, where assembled sate
Trojans and Dardans all, expectant when
Idaeus should return. Thither he came,
And standing in their midst his tidings showed.
Then swift they busked them for their double task,
άμφότερον, νέκνας τ' ἀγέμεν, ἔτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην. Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἔτέρωθεν ἐυσύσέλμων ἀπὸ νηών ὀτρύνοντο νέκνης τ' ἀγέμεν, ἔτεροι δὲ μεθ' ὕλην. Ηέλιος μὲν ἐπείτα νέον προσέβαλλεν ἄρούρας, εξ' ἀκαλαρρεῖται βαθυρρόου Ὅκεανοῖο οὐρανὸν εἰσανιών· οὗ δ' ἡντεον ἄλληλοισιν. ἔνθα διαγνώναι χαλεπῶς ἦν ἄνδρα ἐκαστον· ἀλλ' ὑδατί νύξστει ἀπὸ βρότον αἰματόεντα, δάκρυα θερμᾶ χέοντες, ἀμαξάων ἐπάειραν. οὖδ' εἰα κλαίειν Πρίαμος μέγας· οὗ δὲ σιωπῆ νεκροὺς πυρκαίης ἐπενήενον ἀχύμενοι κήρ, ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρῆσαντες ἔβαν προτὶ Ἰλιον ἴρην. ὥς δ' αὐτῶς ἐτέρωθεν εὐκυνήμιδες Ἀχαιῶν νεκροὺς πυρκαίης ἐπενήεσαν ἀχύμενοι κήρ, ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρῆσαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νήας. ἦμος δ' οὔτ' ἀρ πω ἠώς, ἔτι δ' ἀμφιλύκη νῦξ, τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρῆν κριτός ἐγρετο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν, τύμβον δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῆν ἐνα ποίεον ἐξαγαγόντες ἀκριτον ἐκ πεδίου, ποτὶ δ' αὐτὸν τεῖχος ἐδειμαν πύργους θ' ψηλοὺς, εἰλαρ νηών τε καὶ αὐτῶν. ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσι πύλαις ἐνεποίεον εὐ ἀραρνίας, ὀφρα δὲ αὐτῶς ἰππηλασίη ὅδος εἰη. ἐκτοσθεν δὲ βαθεῖαν ἐπ' αὐτῷ τάφρον ὅρυξαν εὐρεῖαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξαν. ὡς οὗ μὲν πονέοντο κάρη κομώντες Ἀχαιῶν. οἱ δὲ θεοὶ πάρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἀστεροπητῇ θηεύντο μέγα ἐργον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν. τοῖσι δὲ μῦθων ἢρχε Ποσειδᾶς ἕνοσιχθων: "Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ ὅτα τις ἐστι βροτῶν ἐπ' ἀπελρονα γαϊαν
Their dead to gather and the wood to bring.
Nor less the Argives on the other side
Bestirred them, issuing from the well-benched ships,
Their dead to gather and the wood to bring.

And now the sun but newly struck the lands,
From the still current of deep Ocean's flood
Climbing high heaven, when on the plain they met.
There hardly could they know each warrior slain;
But washing off with water blood and gore,
Shedding warm tears they raised them on the wains.
To weep aloud great Priam had forbid:
Wherefore the bodies on the pyre they heaped
In silence, sad at heart, and lit the flame,
Then back returned to sacred Ilion.
And even so upon the other side
Achaia's well-greaved sons heaped on the pyre
The bodies, sad at heart, and lit the flame;
Then back betook them to their hollow ships.

Now when nor morn was come nor night was gone,
Just in the doubtful gloaming, then arose
About the pyre Achaia's chosen band;
And round it towards the plain they traced and made
One undivided mound, whereto a wall
They built, and lofty towers, to be a fence
Of ships and of themselves; and in the towers
Well-fitted gates they set, wherethrough should lie
A chariot road, and on the outer side
Dug a deep trench adjoining, broad and long,
And planted thick the bed with bristling stakes.

Thus toiled on earth Achaia's long-haired sons.
Meanwhile the gods, who round the Lightener Zeus
Were sitting, saw amazed the mighty work
Wrought by Achaia's mail-clad host: To whom
Poseidon thus began, earthshaking power:
"O Father Zeus, o'er all the boundless earth
Lives any mortal yet who will declare
τοῦ δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεῦς:

“ὡς πότοι, ἐννοοῖς᾽ εὑρυσθενές, οἶον ἔειπες. ἄλλος κέν τις τούτῳ θεῶν δεῖσει νόημα, ὡς σέω πολλῶν ἀφαυρότερος χείρας τε μένος τε σὸν δ᾽ ἡ τοῦ κλέος ἐσταί ὅσον τ᾽ ἐπὶ κίδναται ἥως. ἀγρεῖ μήν, ὅτ᾽ ἂν αὐτὲ κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ οἰχώνται σὺν ἰμαῖ τῆλην ἔσ πατρίδα γαῖαν, τεῖχος ἀναρρῆξας τὸ μὲν εἰς ἀλα πάν καταχεῦα, αὐτὶς δ᾽ ἡμῶν μεγάλην ψαμάθοις καλύψαι, ὡς κέν τοῦ μέγα τεῖχος ἀμαλδύνηται Ἀχαιῶν.”

ὡς οἷς μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἄλληλους ἁγόρευον.

δύσετο δ᾽ ἥλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν, βουφόνεον δὲ κατὰ κλισίας καὶ δόρπον ἐλοντο. νῆς δ᾽ ἐκ Δήμου οἰκτέστασαν οἶνον ἁγοῦσαι πολλαί, τὰς προέκειν Ἰησοῦνθης Ἐὔνηος, τὸν ῥ' ἐτεχ' 'Τησπύλη ὑπ' Ἰησοῦν ποιμένι λαῶν.

χωρὶς δ᾽ Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενέλάῳ δώκεν Ἰησοῦνθης ἁγέμεν μέθυ, χίλια μέτρα.

ἐνθεὶ ἄρ' οὐσιζοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ, ἄλλοι μὲν χαλκῷ, ἄλλοι δ᾽ αἰθωνι σιδήρῳ,
His mind and counsel to immortal gods?
Seest not that now Achaia’s long-haired sons
A wall have built to shield their ships, and traced
A trench around, yet have not to the gods
Paid the due fee of glorious hecatombs?
Far as the light of morning spreads shall be
This work’s renown; but ours shall be forgot,
That for Laomedon the hero king
Phoebus Apollo once and I combined
Laboured and built the walls of Ilion.”

To whom indignant spake cloud-gathering Zeus:
“For shame! thou strong earth-shaker, what a word
Is this thou sayest? Another god indeed
Might eye this cunning work with jealous fear,
Whose hands and force were seeblcer far than thine.
But far as light of morning spreads shall be
Thy work’s renown. Nay rouse thee, and, whene’er
Achaia’s long-haired sons have taken ship
And home are gone to their dear fatherland,
Break thou the rampart through, and in the sea
Whelm every scattered stone; then strew again
With sand the ample beach, that clean effaced
May vanish these Achaians’ mighty wall.”

Such converse with each other held the gods.
But at the sunset, when the work was done,
Achaia all throughout their tents slew kine
And took their evening meal. And thither came
Ships from the isle of Lemnos, bearing wine.
Many they were, and by Euneüs sent
The son of Jason, whom Hypsipylé
Had borne to Jason shepherd of his folk.
Apart a special freight to Atreus’ sons,
To Agamemnon and his brother king,
Euneüs gave, one thousand jars of mead.
Then from the ships Achaia’s long-haired sons
Bought wine, some paying brass, some flashing iron,
άλλοι δὲ μινοῖς, ἄλλοι δ' αὐτῇ βόεσσιν,
ἄλλοι δ' ἀνδραπόδεσσι τίθεντο δὲ δαίτα θάλειαν. 475

παυνύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαίοι
dαινυντο, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ πτόλιν ἕδ' ἐπίκουροι;
παυνύχιος δὲ σφιν κακὰ μήδετο μητιέτα Ζεύς
σμερδαλέα κτυπέων. τοὺς δὲ χλωρὸν δεὸς ᾑρεί,
oinov δ' εκ δεπάων χαμάδις χέον, οὐδὲ τις ἔτλη
πρὶν πιέειν πρὶν λείψαι ὑπερμενεί Κρονίων.
κοιμήσατ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὑπνοὺ δῶρον ἔλουτο. 480
Some hides, some oxen whole, some captive slaves
In barter: and a joyous feast they made.

Thus through the livelong night Achaia's sons
Feasted, nor less the Trojans and allies
Within the town. And through the livelong night
Did Zeus the counsellor devise them ills
With awful thunders, till they paled with fear.
And from their cups the wine upon the ground
They shed, nor dared a man to drink before
Libation due to strong Cronion poured.
Then lay they down and took the gift of sleep.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεῶν ἀγορή, Τράων κράτος.

'Ἡὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπὶ αἰαν, Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορῆν ποιήσατο τερπικέραννος ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπεράδος Οὐλύμπου. αὐτὸς δὲ σφ' ἀγόρευε, θεοὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάντες ἀκοουν' "κέκλυτε μεν, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι, ὅφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμοὺς ἐνι στήθεσσι κελεύει. μήτε τις οὖν θήλεια θεῶς τό γε μήτε τίς ἀρσην πειράτω διακέρασαι ἐμὸν ἐπος, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες αἴνειτ', ὁφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα. ὅπερ δ' ἄν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοὴσον ἐλθόντι ἢ Τράωσσιν ἄρηγέμεν ἢ Δαναισίων, πληγεὶς οὖ κατὰ κόσμων ἑλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε, ἢ μιν ἐλὼν βίψῳ ἐς Τάρταρον ἥροεντα, τῆλε μάλ', ἢ χι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστὶ βέρεθρων, ἐνθα σιδήρειαι τέ πῦλα καὶ χάλκεος οὖδός, τόσον ἐνερή 'Αἴδεω ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης· γνώσετ' ἐπειθ' ὅσον εἰμι θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων. εἴ δ' ἄγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα ἐϊδητε πάντες, σειρὴν χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες, πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι· ἀλλ' οὖν ἄν ἐρύσατι ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε Ζην' ὑπατον μῆστωρ', οὖδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμφοιτε.
ILIAD VIII.

Victory of the Trojans by the help of Zeus.

Now saffron-kirtled morn o'er every land
Was spreading wide, when lightning-loving Zeus
A council of the gods together called
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak;
And spake himself, while all attentive heard:
"Hear every god, and every goddess hear!
That what my heart within my bosom bids
My voice may speak. Let now no power divine,
Nor goddess, no nor god, essay to thwart
This word of mine; but all in one accord
Approve, that quickly I may work mine end.
And whomso separate from the gods I see
Taking his way with purpose to bear aid
To Trojans or to Danaans, he by blows
Unseemly to Olympus shall be driven.
Or I myself will take and cast him down
To murky Tartarus, far far away,
That lowest yawning pit beneath the ground,
Whose gates are iron, whose threshold brass, as deep
From Hades down as heaven from earth is high.
Then will he learn how far of all the gods
I strongest am. Or come, ye gods, and try,
That all may know. Hang down a golden cord
From heaven, and cling ye to it every god
And every goddess; yet ye would not pull
From heaven to earth the counsellor supreme
Great Zeus, no not though ye should toil amain.
"άλλ' ὀτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθελομι ἐρύσσαι,
ἀυτὴ κεν γαϊὴ ἐρύσαμι' αὐτῇ δὲ θαλάσσῃ.
σειρὴν μὲν κεν ἔπειτα περὶ ρίον Οὐλύμποιο
δησαίμην, τὰ δὲ κ' αὐτὲ μετήορα πάντα γένοιτο.
tόσσον ἐγὼ περὶ τ' εἰμὶ θεῶν περὶ τ' εἰμ' ἀνθρώπων."

ὡς ἐφαθ', οὔ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοιτο σιωπῆ
μύθον ἀγασσάμενοι' μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.
ὄψε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε θεὰ γλαυκώτις Ἀθηνη.

"ο πάτερ ἠμέτερε Κρονίδη, ὑπατε κρειόντων,
eὐ νῦ καὶ ἰμεῖς ὅδεν ὥ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἐπιεικτον'
άλλ' ἐμπεὶς Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητάων,
o' κεν δὴ κακὸν οἰτον ἀναπλήσαυτες ὀλωνται.

άλλ' ἦ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ' ὡς σῦ κελεύεις,
βουλὴν δ' Ἀργελοῦ υποθησόμεθ', ἥ τις όνησει,
ὡς μὴ πάντες ὀλωνται ὀδυσσαμένου τεοίο."

τὴν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·

"θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος' οὐ νῦ τι θυμῷ
πρόφρων μυθέομαι, ἑθέλω δὲ τοι ἦπιος εἶναι."

ὡς εἰπὼν ὕπ' ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ὑπ' ἤρω
ἀκυπέτα, χρυσάεσιν ἑθείρησιν κομδώντε,
χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἐδυνε περὶ χροὶ, γέντο δ' ἰμάσθλην
χρυσείων εὐτυκτον, έοῦ δ' ἐπεβῆσετο δέρφων,
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν' τω δ' οὐκ ἄεκοντε πετέσθην
μεσσηγῆς γαίς τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόντως.

"Ἰδὴν δ' ἵκανεν πολυτίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Γάργαρον, ἐνθα τε οἱ τέμενος βωμὸς τε θυήεις.
ἐνθ' ὕππους ἐστησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἥρα πολυλὼν ἔσχενεν,
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇ καθέξετο κύδεὶ γαίων,
But I—if I in turn with earnest will
Should choose to pull—could haul you hitherwards
With earth and sea and all; then would I bind
The cord around Olympus’ peak, that ye
And all attached should sway in middle air.
So far beyond or gods or man am I."

He spake: but they in silence all were mute,
In awe-struck wonder at his words, for he
Full strongly spake. At length amid their host
Athené, stern-eyed goddess, thus began:
"O Cronides our father, king of kings
Supreme, we too know well what strength is thine,
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore
The Danaan spearmen, who, of evil fate
Their measure filling up, are doomed to die.
But truly we from war will hold our hands,
As thou dost bid, and to the Argive host
Lend counsel only that may help, and so
Not all beneath thy sullen wrath shall die."

To whom cloud-gathering Zeus with smile replied:
"Fear not, Tritogeneia, darling child;
I speak not these my threats in willing wrath,
But rather to be gentle I am fain."

With that he led beneath the chariot yoke
His brazen-footed steeds, swift-flying pair,
With flowing golden mane: and all in gold
His limbs he clad, and took a whip of gold
Full shapely-wrought, and stept upon his car;
Then lashed to speed his horses. Nothing loath
Between the earth and starry heaven they flew.
Soon reached he Ida, mount of many springs,
Mother of beasts, and Gargaros, where lay
His holy plot and altar incense-fed.
His steeds the sire of gods and men there stayed,
Loosed from the car, and shrouded close in mist;
And sate himself amid the topmost peaks
εἰσορῶν Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οὗ δ᾽ ἄρα δεῦπνον ἐλοντο κάρη κομῶντες Ἀχαιῶι ῥήματα κατὰ κλίσιας, ἀπὸ δ᾽ αὐτοῦ θορήσσοντο. Τρώες δ᾽ αὐθὶ ἐτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὁπλίζοντο, παυρότεροι μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὦς υσμίνι μάχεσθαι, χρειοὶ ἀναγκαῖοι, πρὸ τοῦ παίδων καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν. πᾶσαι δ᾽ ωἱγνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ᾽ ἔσοντο λαὸς, πεζοὶ θ᾽ ὑπήθες τε πολὺς δ᾽ ὄρμαγγὸς ὄρφει.

οὗ δ᾽ ὅτε δὴ ρ᾽ ἐσ χῶρον ἐνα ἐνυιόντες ἱκοντο, σὺν ρ᾽ ἐβαλον ῥινοὺς, σὺν δ᾽ ἐγχεα καὶ μένε ἀνδρῶν χαλκεοθωρίκων ἀταρ ἀσπίδες ὄμφαλόσσαι ἐπληυτ᾽ ἀλλήλησι, πολὺς δ᾽ ὄρμαγγὸς ὄρφει. ἐνθα δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ οὐμωγῇ τε καὶ εὐχωλῇ πέλευ ἀνδρῶν ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥεε δ᾽ ἀἵματι γαία.

δόρρα μὲν ἵδος ἴν καὶ ἀέξετο ἱερὸν ἡμαρ, τόφρα μάλι ἀμφοτέρων βέλει ἦπτετο, πᾶπτε δὲ λαὸς ἤμος δ᾽ ἡλίος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει, καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατήρ ἐτίγαινε τάλαντα, ἐν δ᾽ ἐτίθη δύο κηρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο, τρώων θ᾽ ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων, ἐλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβὼν ῥέπτε δ᾽ αἴσιμον ἡμαρ Ἀχαιῶν. αἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν κηρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ ποιλυβοτείρη ἐξέσθην, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εὐρῦν ἔερθεν. αὐτὸς δ᾽ εῖ Ἰδῆς μεγάλα κτύπε, δαιόμενον δὲ ἥκε σέλας μετὰ λαδὸν Ἀχαιῶν. οὗ δὲ ἴδοντες θάμβησαν, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλωρόν δεὸς εἶλεν.

ἐνθ᾽ οὗτ Ἰδομενεὺς τλῆ μιμνῆμεν οὗτ Ἀγαμέμνων, οὗτε δ᾽ Αἴαντες μενέτην, θεράποντες Ἀρησ.
Glorying in majesty, and gazed adown
On Troy's fair city and Achaia's ships.
Achaia's long-haired sons their meal had ta'en
Throughout their tents in haste; and, when 'twas done,
They harnessed them. And on the other side
The Trojans through the town were arming them;
Fewer in number these, but even thus
Right sternly bent to fight in conflict close,
By hard constraint, for children and for wives.
All gates were opened: out the people poured,
Both foot and horse: and loud arose the din.
And when upon one plain the armies closed,
They met with shields and spears and strength of men
In brazen corslet clad; and bossy targe
Touched bossy targe, and loud arose the din.
There wailing cry and glorying shout was heard—
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.
While yet 'twas morning-tide and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark, and warriors fell. But when the sun,
His round half run, stood in the middle heaven,
Then did the Sire hang forth the golden scales,
Wherein of death that stretcheth stark and stiff
Two fates he laid—of Troy's steed-tamers one
The other of Achaia's mail-clad men—
Then grasped midway and drew the balance. Swift
Sank heavy down Achaia's day of doom:
Till on the fruitful earth Achaia's fate
Sate low, the Trojans' to wide heaven rose high.
Then Zeus himself from Ida thundered loud,
And on the Achaian host a flaming bolt
Hurled forth: who trembling with amazement saw,
And pallid fear thrilled through the heart of all.
There neither dared Idomeneus to stay,
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajaces twain,
Henchmen of Ares, stayed. Stayed only one
Νέστωρ οίς ἐμμείνε Γερήνιος, οὗτος Ἀχαϊῶν, οὐ τι ἐκών, ἀλλ' ἦππος ἔτειρετο, τὸν βάλεν ὦρ δῖος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἡνκόμων, ἀκρην κακ κορυφην, ὥθε δι τρίχες ὦππων κρανίῳ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καλρον ἑστίν.

ἀλγήσας δ' ἄνέπαλτο, βέλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δὺ, σὺν δ' ὦππους ἑτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκοῦ.

ὁφρ' ὁ γέρων ὦπποι παρηριας ἀπέταμεν φασιγάφοι αἰσσων, τόφρ' Ἔκτορος ὦκεές ὦπποι ἥλθον αὐ' ἱωχμοῦ, θρασύν ἤνιοχον φορέοντες Ἐκτορα. καὶ νῦ κεν ἐνθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ θυμοῦ ὄλεσσεν, εἰ μὴ ἄρ' οὖν νόησε βοῆν ἀγαθὸς Διομῆδης.

σμερδάλεον δ' ἐβόησεν ἐποτρύνου "Οδυσσα: "διογενὲς Δαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεύ, πὴ φεύγεις μετὰ νωτα βαλών, κακὸς ὦς ἐν ὦμιλῳ; μὴ τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξη ἀλλὰ μὲν', ὥφρα γέροντος ἀπώσομεν ἀγριον ἀνδρα." ὲς ἐφατ', οὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολυτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς, ἀλλὰ παρηίξεν κοίλας ἐπὶ ύπας Ἀχαιῶν.

Τυδεῖδης δ' αὐτὸς περ ἐδών προμάχουσιν ἐμίχθη, στὴ δὲ πρόσθ' ὦππων Νηλημιᾶδαο γέροντος, καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα: "ὁ γέρων, ἥ μάλα δὴ σε νεῶ τελρουσι μαχηταλ, σὴ δὲ βίη λέπυται, χαλεπὸν δὲ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει, ἑπεδανὼς δὲ νῦ τοι θεράπων, βραδεῖς δὲ τοι ὦπποι. ἀλλ' ἀγ' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσεο, ὥφρα ἰδηαι οἰοι Τρώοιο ὦπποι, ἐπισταμενοι πεδίοιο
Gerenian Nestor, watchman of the host;
Nor of free will, but by his steed's mischance:
Which Alexander, long-haired Helen's lord,
Struck with an arrow on the very crown,
Just where the forelock grows, above the skull,
Most fatal spot. In pain the stricken horse
Reared high, then, as the shaft sank in the brain,
With brazen point infixed, rolled o'er in death,
And hampered both his fellows of the yoke.
While yet the greybeard strove with hasty blade
To cut the trace that linked the outer steed,
Came Hector's flying coursers through the rout
Bearing a dauntless driver, Hector's self.
And there and then the greybeard king his life
Had lost, but Diomedes good in fray
Was quick to mark, and with terrific shout
Odysseus to the rescue he recalled:
"Laertes' son, thou man of many wiles,
Zeus-born Odysseus, whither fiest thou
Turning thy back, a coward in the throng?
Beware lest, flying thus, pursuer's lance
Pierce thee behind. Nay stand, that I and thou
May from the greybeard drive his savage foe."

So spake he: but the man of many toils,
Godlike Odysseus, heard him not, but passed
On rushing to Achaia's hollow ships.
Then Tydeus' son, unaided though he was,
Mixed in the van of fight, and stood before
The horses of the aged Neleus' son,
And thus to him in wingèd words he spake:
"Father, I ween the younger fighters now
Distress thee sore: thy force is all unstrung,
And grievous age is on thee. And withal
Weak is thy squire, thy horses slow of foot.
Come, mount my car, and see what steeds be these,
The steeds of Tros, well-knowing to and fro
κραυπνὰ μάλ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα διωκέμεν ἥδε φέβεσθαι, οὔς ποτ' ἀπ' Αἰνείαν ἐλόμην, μῆςτωρε φόβοιο. τούτω μὲν θεράποντε κομεΐτων, τῶδε δὲ νῦι Τρῶσιν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοις ιθύνομεν, ὡφρα καὶ "Ἐκτὸρ εἰσεται ἥ καὶ ἐμὸν δόρυ μαίνεται ἐν παλάμησιν."

ὡς ἐφατ', οὖδ' ἀπ'θησε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ. Νεστορέας μὲν ἐπειθ' ἱπποὺς θεράποντε κομείτην ἱφθιμοι, Σθένελος τε καὶ Εὐρυμέδων ἀγαπήνωρ· τῶ δ' εἷς ἀμφοτέρω Διομήδεος ἄρματ' ἐβήτην. Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' ἦνία σιγαλάευτα, μάστιξεν δ' ἱπποὺς· τάχα δ' Ἐκτορος ἅγχι γένοντο. τοῦ δ' ίδιος μεμαώτος ἄκοντισε Τυδεός νῦός. καὶ τοῦ μὲν ρ' ἀφάμαρτεν, δ' ἦνίοχον θεράποντα, νῦὸν ὑπερθύμον Θηβαίον Ἐνιοτῆα, ἱπποὺν ἦνι' ἔχοντα βάλε στήθος παρὰ μαξών. ἢρπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δε οἱ ἱπποὶ ὁκύποδες· τοῦ δ' αὐθι λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε. "Ἐκτορα δ' αἴνοι ἄχους πῦκασεν φρένας ἦνίοχοι. τὸν μὲν ἐπειθ' εἰάσε, καὶ ἀχυύμενός περ ἔταλρου, κεῖσθαι, δ' ἦνίοχον μέθεπεν θρασύν. οὐδ' ἂρ' ἔτι δὴν ἱππῶ δευέσθην σημάντορος· αἵμα γὰρ εὑρεν Ἰφιτίδην Ἀρχεπτόλεμον θρασύν, ὅν ρα τῶθ' ἱππῶν ὠκυτόδων ἐπέβησε, δίδου δε οἱ ἦνία χερσίν.

ἐνθα κε λογιὸς ἐγν καὶ ἀμήχανα ἐργα γένοντο, καὶ νῦ κ' ἐσήκασθεν κατὰ Ἰλιον ἦύτε ἄρνες, εἰ μῆ ἄρ' ὄξυ νόσες πατὴρ ἄνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε. βροντήσας δ' ἀρα δεινὸν ἀφῆκ' ἀργήτα κεραυνῶν,
Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly:
These counsellers of fear some while ago
I from Æneas took. Let then our squires
Look to thy horses twain: mine I and thou
On Troy's steed-taming sons will urge direct;
That Hector's self may learn whether or no
My hand, as his, can wield a raging spear."

He spake: nor disobeyed Gerenc's knight.
Then Nestor's steeds the squires received in charge,
Two valiant wights, Eurymedon to wit,
Lover of manly deeds, and Sthenelus.
But both the chiefs upon the chariot stept
Of Diomedes. Nestor in his hands
Then grasped the shining reins and lashed the steeds.
And soon to Hector they drew near. At whom,
As onward straight he pressed, Tydides hurled,
And missed the chieftain, but his charioteer
And squire, of mighty-souled Thebaeus son,
Eniopeus, who reined the steeds, he smote
Full in the front beside the breast; who fell
From out the car: his coursers stayed their speed,
And there the warrior's strength and life were loosed.
Darkened was Hector's soul with anguish keen
For loss of charioteer: yet left he him
To lie awhile, though for his comrade grieved,
And sought another driver bold. Nor long
His horses lacked a ruler: soon he found
Bold Archeptolemus of Iphitus
The son, whom then behind his fleet-foot steeds
He set, and gave his hands the reins to wield.

And there had havoc been, and deeds been wrought
Irreparable; and now in Ilion
Had all been shut, as lambs within a pen,
Had not the sire of gods and men been quick
To mark it, who with awful thunder-clap
Launched the white-flashing bolt, that close before

G. H. 21
καὶ δὲ πρόσθ᾽ ἵππων Διομήδεος ἦκε χαμάζε·
δεινῇ δὲ φλοξ ὦρτο θεείου καιομένου,
tὸ δ᾽ ἵππῳ δείσαντε καταπτήτην ὑπ᾽ ὀχεσφων.
Νέστορα δ᾽ ἐκ χειρῶν φύγην ἦνία σιγαλύντα·
deίσε δ᾽ ὡ γ᾽ ἐν θυμῷ, Διομήδεα δὲ προσεύτειν·
"Τυδείδη, ἀγε δ᾽ αυτὲ φόβουδ᾽ ἔχε μῶνυχας ἵππους.
ἡ οὖ γιγνώσκει σ τοι ἐκ Διὸς οὐχ ἔπετ' ἀλκή;
νῦν μὲν γὰρ τοῦτω Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὅπαξει,
σήμερον ύστερον αὐτὲ καὶ ἥμιν, αἱ κ᾽ ἔθελησιν,
δώσει. ἀνὴρ δὲ κεν οὐ τι Διὸς νῦν εἰρύσσατο,
οὐδὲ μάλ' ἱφθιμὸς, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν."
τὸν δ᾽ ἰμεῖβετ᾽ ἑπείτα βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"ναὶ δὴ ταυτά γε πάντα, γέρων, κατὰ μοίραν ἔειπες.
ἀλλὰ τὸδ᾽ αὐτὸν ἀχος κραδίναι καὶ θυμὸν ἰκάνει·
"Εκτωρ γὰρ ποτὲ φήσει εὐν Τρώεσσ᾽ ἀγορεύων·
"Τυδείδης ὑπ᾽ ἐμείο φοβεύμενος ἱκετο νήσας.
ὡς ποτ᾽ ἀπειλήσει· τότε μοι χάνοι εὑρεία χθών."  
τὸν δ᾽ ἰμεῖβετ᾽ ἑπείτα Γερήνιος ἰππότα Νέστωρ·
"οὐ μοι, Τυδέως νιὲ δαίφρονος, οἴον ἔειπες.
eὶ περ γὰρ σ᾽ "Εκτωρ γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φήσει,
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ πεῖσονται Τρώεσ καὶ Δαρδανίωνες
καὶ Τρώων ἀλοχοὶ μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάνων,
tῶν ἐν κοινής βάλες θαλερίους παρακολύτας."
ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας φύγαδε τράπε μῶνυχας ἵππους
ἀυτὶς ἀν᾽ ἰωχμὸν᾽ ἐπὶ δὲ Τρώεσ τε καὶ "Εκτωρ
ἡχῇ θεσπεσίη βέλεα στοιόεντα χέοντο.
tαὐ δ᾽ ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄνσε μέγας κορυθαίλος "Εκτωρ·
"Τυδείδη, περὶ μὲν σε τίον Δαναοὶ ταχύπωλοι
ἔδρη τε κρέασιν τε ἰδὲ πλείοις δεπάσσεσίν
νῦν δὲ σ᾽ ἀτιμήσουσι γυναικὸς ἄρ᾽ ἀντι τέτυξο.
The steeds of Diomedes fell to ground.
Affrighted both the coursers starting back
Crouched 'neath the car; from Nestor's hands down slipped
The shining reins; and sore afraid at heart
To Diomedes thus the greybeard spake:
"O son of Tydeus, haste thee, turn again
Thy firm-hoofed steeds to fly. Dost thou not know
That strength of war from Zeus attends thee not?
For now, the son of Cronos glory grants
To this our foe to-day; to us again
Hereafter, if he please, will grant the same:
And man may nowise thwart the mind of Zeus,
How strong soe'er, for Zeus is mightier far."

Then answered Diomedes good in fray:
"Yea, father, all thy words are fitly said.
Yet feel I sorrow deep in heart and soul:
For Hector mid the Trojans thus will say:
'Tydides fled before me to the ships.'
Thus will he boast anon. Then were I fain
Wide earth should gape and hide me evermore."

And answer made to him Geréné's knight:
"O me, thou son of Tydeus wise in heart,
What words are thine! If Hector call thee weak
And coward, yet he will not win belief
From sons of Troy or Dardans, or from wives
Of high-souled Trojan shieldmen—wives who mourn
Their manly husbands laid in dust by thee."

With that he turned the firm-hoofed steeds to fly
Back through the battle: but the Trojans all
With Hector showered their baleful shafts amain
Behind them with a wondrous din: and loud
Great plumèd Hector at his foeman cried:
"Tydides, thee the swift-horsed Danaans once
Honoured preeminent: high seat was thine,
Choice meat, full cups: but now they'll surely stint
Such meed; for weak as woman thou art found.

21—2
ἐρρε, κακὴ γλύνη, ἐπεὶ οὐκ εἰξαντὸς ἐμεῖο
πῦργων ἢμετέρων ἐπιβήσεαι, οὔδε γυναῖκας
ἀξεῖς ἐν νήσσι: πάρος τοι δαίμονα δῶσω." 165

ὁς φάτο, Τυδείδης δὲ διάνδιχα μερμηρίζεν,
ὕπτους τε στρέψαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι.
τρὶς μὲν μερμηρίζε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὁρέων κτύπε μυτιέτα Ζεὺς
σήμα τιθεὶς Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἐτεραλκέα νίκην.
"Εκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀὕσας: 170
"Τρώες καὶ Δύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταλ,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκής.
γυνώσκοι δ' ὅτι μοι πρόφρων κατένευσε Κρόνιων
νίκην καὶ μέγα κόδος, ἀτὰρ Δαναοῖς  γε πήμα.
νήπιοι, οὐ ἄρα δὴ τάδε τείχεα μηχανόντο 175
ἀβλήχρ' οὐδενόσωφρα: τὰ δ' οὐ μένος ἀμὸν ἔρυξεν,
ὑπποὶ δὲ ἥεα τάφρον ὕπερθορέωνται ὄρυκτην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ νησίν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆσθι γένωμαι,
μυνημοσύνη τις ἐπείτα πυρὸς δηίοιο γενέσθω, 180
ὡς πυρὶ νῆας ἐνπρῆσο, κτείνω δὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς
'Αργείους παρὰ νησίων, ἀτυξομένους ὑπὸ καπνὸν."  

ὁς εἰπὼν ὑπποισιν ἐκέκλετο, φώνησες τε.

"Ξάνθε τε καὶ σὺ Πόδαργε καὶ Αἴθων Δάμπτε τε δὲ, 185
νῦν μοι τὴν κομιδὴν ἀποτίνεσον, ἢν μάλα πολλὴν
'Αυδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτωρος 'Ηετίωνος,
ὑμῖν πάρ προτέρους μελίφρονα πυρὸν ἐθηκεν
οἰνὸν τ' ἐγκεκάσασα πιεῖν, ὅτε θυμὸς ἀνώγησι,
ἡ ἐμοὶ, ὥσ πέρ οἱ θαλερὸς πόσις εὐχομαι εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον, ὦφρα λάβωμεν
ἀσπίδα Νεστορῆν, τῆς νῦν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει,
πᾶσαν χρυσεῖν ἐμεναί, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτήν,
αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὁμοίων Διομήδεος ὑπποδάμοιο
Go, puny doll! Thou wilt not by my flight,
Or mount our towers, or bear away in ships
Our wives: myself ere that will work thy doom."

He spake: Tydides pondered much in doubt,
To turn his courser and to face the fight.
Thrice doubtful pondered he in heart and soul;
Thrice from the crags of Ida thundered Zeus
The counsellor, presaging thus to Troy
Balance of strength and victory in fight.
Then Hector to the Trojans shouted loud:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.
Now know I that Cronion's ready will
To me grants victory and great renown,
But to the Danaans loss. Poor fools! who planned,
It seems, these ramparts, feeble, nothing worth,
That will not check my onset; for my steeds
The spade-dug trench shall lightly overleap.
But soon as to the carved ships I come,
Forget not then destructive fire, that I
May set the fleet aflame, and by their ships
Slay, scared before the smoke, the Argive throng."

With that he shouted to his steeds, and spake:
"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and withal
Æthon, and Lampus, steed divine, now pay
That careful tendance which Andromaché,
High-souled Eetion's daughter, gave; who served
You first with sweetest grain of wheat, and mixed
Wine for your drinking whenso ye might thirst;
You before me who am her manly lord.
So follow on, and haste, that we may win
The shield of Nestor, whose renown doth reach
High heaven, that all of gold it is, both targe
Itself and rods that cross the under side:
And from steed-taming Diomedes' arms


δαιδάλεον θώρηκα, τόν Ὄηοιοστος κάμε τεύχων.
εἰ τούτῳ γε λάβοιμεν, ἐκλποίμην κεν Ἀχαιοὺς
αὐτονυκὶ νηών ἐπιβησέμεν ωκείασω.

ὁς ἔφατ᾽ εὐχόμενος, νεμέσης δὲ πότνια Ὅηο, σείσατο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ, ἐλέλιξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,
καὶ ὥν Ποσειδάωνα μέγαν θεόν ἀντίον ἦνδα:

"ὁ πότοι, ἐννοούγαι εὐρυσθενές, οὔδε νῦ σοί περ
ολυμένοι Δαναῶν ὀλοφύρεται ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός;
οἱ δὲ τοὶ εἰς Ἐλίκην τε καὶ Ἀιγας δόρ' ἀνάγουσιν
πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεντα. σὺ δὲ σφισι βοῦλεο νίκην.
eἰ περ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν, ὅσοι Δαναοῖς ἀρωγοί,
Τρῶας ἀπώσασθαι καὶ ἐρυκέμεν εὐρύτατα Ζῆν,
αὐτοῦ κ' ἐνθ' ἀκάχοιο καθήμενος οἶος ἐν "Ἰδὴ."

τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κρείων ἐννοσίχθων.

"Ηρη ἀπτοετές, ποίον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπεν;
οὐκ ἄν ἐγὼ γ' ἐθέλομι Διὶ Κρονίῳ κακέσθαι
ἡμέας τοὺς ἀλλους, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν."

ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἄλληλους ἀγόρευνον,
tῶν δ', ὅσον ἐκ νηῶν ἀπὸ πῦργον τάφρος ἔεργεν,
πλήθεν ὁμῶς ὕππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιστάων
εἰλομένων' εἴλει δὲ θοῦ ἀτάλαντος Ἀρη.

"Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν,
καὶ νῦ κ' ἐνέπρησεν πυρὶ κηλεῶ νῆας ἐίσας,
εἰ μὴ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκ' Ἀγαμέμνονι πότνια Ὅηο
αὐτῷ ποιπνύσαντι θοῦς ὀτρύναι Ἀχαιούς.

βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρὰ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
πορφύρειον μέγα φῶρος ἐχων ἐν χείρι παχεῖῃ,
στῆ δ' ἐπ' Ῥοῦσσῆς μεγακὴτει νηλι μελαίνη,
ἡ ρ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε, γεγωνέμεν ἀμφοτέρωσεν".
That we may strip his corslet rich and rare,  
Wrought by Hephaestos. If these prizes twain  
We win, then may I hope this night to force  
Achaia's sons aboard their flying ships."

Boastful he spake. Whereat indignant chafed  
Queen Heré, and upon her throne she shook,  
That tall Olympus quivered. Turning then  
Thus to Poseidón, mighty god, she spake:  
"O wondrous shame! Earth-shaker stout and strong,  
Dost even thou no pity feel at heart  
For Danaans dying thus? They bring to thee  
At Helicé and Ægæ gifts full fair  
And frequent: wherefore wish them victory.  
For should we will it, we the Danaans' friends,  
To drive the Trojans back, and to restrain  
Loud thundering Zeus, then might he fret and fume  
Here sitting all alone on Ida's peak."

To whom in anger hot the earth-shaking king:  
"O Heré dauntless-tongued, what words be these?  
I ne'er can will that we the rest should fight  
With Cronos' son, for he is mightier far."

Such converse they of heaven together held.  
Meanwhile the space between Achaia's ships  
And rampart flanked by sheltering trench was filled  
With steeds alike and shielded men, close penned;  
Whom Hector Priam's son, swift Ares' peer,  
Close penned, when Zeus gave glory to his arms.  
And with consuming fire the balanced ships  
He now had burned: but Heré goddess queen  
Moved Agamemnon's soul to stir himself  
Amain, and swiftly rouse Achaia's host.  
So through the tents and ships he took his way  
Bearing a purple robe of ample fold  
In his broad hand: and by Odysseus' ship  
He stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,  
Whence either way his voice might well be heard,
ιμένεν ἔπ' Ἀιαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο

ηδ' ἔπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί δ' ἑσχατα νήας εἶναι
eἰρυσαν ἦνορεγ πίσυνοι καὶ κἄρτει χειρῶν.

ἔνεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖς γεγονός:

"ἀϊδός, Ἀργείου, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, εἶδος ἁγιτοὶ.
πὴ ἔβαν εὐχωλαί, ὅτε δὴ φάμεν εἴναι ἄριστοι,
ἀς, ὅποτ' ἐν Δήμνῳ, κενεαυχέες ἦγοράσθε,
ἔσθουτες κρέα πολλὰ βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων,
πίνουτες κρητίρας ἐπιστεφέας οὖνοι,
Τρώων ἄνθ' ἐκατόν τε διηκοσίων τε ἐκαστος
στῆσεθ' ἐν πολέμῳ νυν δ' οὐδ' εἶνὸς ἄξιοι εἰμέν
"Εκτορος, ὅσ τάχα νήας ἐνυπηρήσει πυρὶ κηλέω.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ τὰ τῳ' ἢδη ὑπερμενέων βασιλῆων
tηδ' ἀτή ἀσασας καὶ μιν μέγα κῦδους ἀπήρας;
οὐ μὴν δὴ ποτὲ φημι τεον περικαλλέα βωμόν
νηὶ πολυκλήδι παρελθέμεν ἐνθάδε ἔρρων,
ἀλλ' επὶ πᾶσι βοῶν δημῶν καὶ μηρ' ἐκήα,
ἰέμενος Τροῖην ἐὑτείχεον ἐξαλαπάξαι.
ἀλλὰ Ζεῦ τόδε πέρ μοι ἐπικρήνον ἐέλδωρ.
αὐτοὺς δὴ περ ἐασον ὑπεκφυγείν καὶ ἀλύξαι,
μηδ' οὖτω Τρώεσσων ἐὰν δάμνασθαι Ἀχαίοις."

ὡς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δάκρυν χέοντα,

νεῦσε δὲ οἱ λαὸν σὸν ἐμμεναι οὖδ' ἀπολείσθαι.
αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἃκε, τελειότατον πετεινῶν,
νεβρὸν ἐχουτ' ὀνύχεσσι, τέκος ἐλάφοιο ταχεῖς:
παρ δὲ Δίος βωμὸ περικαλλεὶ κάββαλε νεβρὸν,
ἐνθα πανομφαιο Ζηνὶ ρέζεσκον Ἀχαιοί.
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilleus’ tent, those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
Thence to the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:
“Shame, Argives! cravens base! for comely limbs
Alone admired. Where now are gone our boasts,
Who whilom claimed to be of all the best?
Those empty vaunts that ye in Lemnos spake—
While of the flesh of upright-hornèd kine
Ye ate your fill, and drank the bowls of wine
Crowned to the brim—bragging that each would stand
Against fivescore or tenscore sons of Troy
In field of war? But now not even worth
One champion we are found, Hector to wit,
Who soon will burn our ships with wasting fire.
O Father Zeus, didst ever heretofore
Cross with such curse as mine a mighty king,
And rob him of great glory? Yet I say
That never passed I by thy altar fair,
As hitherward I took my luckless way
In many-benchèd ship, but burned on all
The fat and thighs of kine, in eager hope
To waste and sack the well-walled town of Troy.
But this my prayer, O Zeus, at least fulfil;
Grant that ourselves may flee and scape, nor thus
Achaians fall before the Trojan host.”

He spake: the father pitied much his tears,
And willed to save his host and not to slay.
And straightway sent an eagle, surest bird,
Bearing a fawn, the child of fleet-foot doe,
Trussed in his talons. By the altar fair
Of Zeus he dropped it, where Achaia’s sons
Gave worship to the god of oracles.
ού δ’ ως οὖν εἰδονθ’ ὁ τ’ ἄρ’ ἐκ Διὸς ἥλυθεν ὅρνις, μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρου, μυήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.

ἐνθ’ οὐ τις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλῶν περ ἐόντων, εὐξατο Τυδείδαια πάρος σχέμεν ὦκεας ἵπποις τάφρον τ’ ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρῶτος Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν, Φραδμονίδην Ἀγέλαον. ὃ μὲν φύγαδ’ ἔτραπεν ἵπποις τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρέψῃ ἐν δόριν πῆξεν ὦμων μεσσηγύς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσθιν ἐλασσεν. ἡμπε δ’ ἐξ ὦκεων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεῦχε’ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ. 260
tὸν δὲ μετ’ Ἀτρείδαι Ἀγαμέμνον καὶ Μενέλαος, τοῖς δ’ ἐπ’ Ἀιάντες θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἄλκην, τοῖς δ’ ἐπ’ Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὅπαον Ἰδομενής Μηριώνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρείφωντι, τοῖς δ’ ἐπ’ Ἐυρύπυλος Ἐναίμονος ἀγλαὸς νίος. 265 Τεῦκρος δ’ εἶνατος ἤλθε, παλίντονα τόξα τιταίνων, στῇ δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπ’ Ἀιάντος σάκει Τελαμωνιάδαο. ἐνθ’ Ἀίας μὲν ὑπεξέφερεν σάκος· αὐτὰρ ὃ γ’ ἤρως παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ ἄρ τιν’ ὀὐστεύσας ἐν ὀμίλῳ βεβλήκοι, ὃ μὲν αὐθι πεσῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλεσκεν, 270 αὐτὰρ ὃ αὐτὶς ἰῶν, παῖς ὅς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσκεν εἰς Ἀιανθ’· ὃ δὲ μων σάκει κρύπτασκε φαειῳ.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον Τρώων ἔλε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων; Ὁρσίλοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὁρμενόν ἦδ’ Ὄφελέστην Δαίτορά τε Ἰρομίον τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ἀνκόφωνην καὶ Πολυαμονίδην Ἀμοπάονα καὶ Μελάνιππον πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρη.
And they, when now they saw that sent of Zeus
The bird had come, leapt on their Trojan foes
More fierce, and turned their spirit to the fight.

There of the Danaans, many though they were,
Before the son of Tydeus none could claim
That his fleet steeds he drove and from the trench
Urged forth in open fight to meet the foe.
He, far the first, a helmèd Trojan slew,
The son of Phradmon, Agelaüs named:
Who now had turned his steeds in act to fly,
When in his back exposed the foeman fixed
The spear between the shoulders, and right on
He drave it through the breast. From out his car
He fell, and loud his armour on him rang.

Next after him the sons of Atreus came,
With Agamemnon Menelaus: these
Ajaces twain, clothed with impetuous might,
Fast followed: these Idomeneus and his squire
Meriones, peer of Enyalios
Man-slaughtering power: and these Eurypylus
Evæmon’s glorious son. Ninth Teucer came
Bending the springing bow, and took his stand
Beneath the targe of Ajax Telamon.
And there, as Ajax ever and anon
Lift up his targe, the hero peered thereout
And shot an arrow. Whomso in the throng
He smote, there fell he slain and left his life:
But back, as to a mother doth a child,
Shrank Teucer, and with Ajax shelter found,
Who hid him safe beneath his shining shield.

There whom of Troy slew noble Teucer first?
First fell Orsilochus, and Ormenus,
And Ophelestes, Daitor, Chromius,
And godlike Lycophontes, and the son
Of Polyæmon, Amopaon named,
And Melanippus: in succession swift
τὸν δὲ ἤδων γῆθησε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Αγαμέμνων, 
τόξον ἀπὸ κρατεροῦ Τρῶων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας 
στὴ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἰῶν, καὶ μιν πρὸς μύθον ἔειπεν’ 
“Τεῦκρε, φίλη κεφαλή, Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῶν, 
βάλλ’ οὕτως, αἱ κέν τι φῶς Δαναόις γένησα 
πατρί τε σῷ Τελαμώνι, ὦ σε τρέφε τυτθὸν ἐόντα 
καὶ σε νόθον περ ἐόντα κομίσσατο ὃ ἐν οἴκῳ. 
τὸν καὶ τηλόθ’ ἐόντα ἑυκλείης ἐπίβησον.

σοί δ’ ἐγὼ ἐξερέω ὅς καὶ τετελεσμένον ἐσταί. 
αἱ κέν μοι δῶῃ Ζεὺς τ’ αἰγίοχος καὶ Ἀθῆνη 
'Ἰλίον ἐξαλαπάξαι, ἑυκτίμενον πτολεθρὸν, 
πρῶτο τοι μετ’ ἐμὲ πρεσβῆιον ἐν χερὶ θῆσων, 
ἡ τρήτο’ ἑ’ δὺω ῦπτουσα αὐτούσων ὄχεσφιν 
ἡ γυναίξ’, ἥ κέν τοι ὁμον λέχος εἰσαναβαίνοι.”

τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφόνεε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμον.

"Ατρεΐδη κύδιστε, τὶ με σπεύδουντα καὶ αὐτὸν 
ἀτρύνεις; οὐ μὴν τοι, ὅσῃ δύναμὶς γε πάρεστιν, 
παῦμαι, ἀλλ’ ἔξ’ οὐ προτὶ "Ἰλίον ὡςάμεβ’ αὐτοὺς, 
ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξουσι δεδεγμένοις ἀνδρας ἐναίρω. 
ὅκτῳ δὴ προεκα τανυγλώχινας οἰστοὺς, 
πάντες δ’ ἐν χροί πῆχθεν ἀρηθόων αἰξηῶν. 
tοῦτον δ’ οὐ δύναμαι βαλέειν κύνα λυσσητῆρα.”

ἡ ᾲα, καὶ ἄλλοι ὄιστον ἀπὸ νευρῆφι νάλλεν 
"Εκτορος ἀντικρύς, βαλέειν δὲ ἐleased θυμὸς. 
καὶ τοῦ μὲν ρ’ ἀφάμαρθ’, ὃ δ’ ἀμύμονα Γοργυθίωνα, 
νῖδν ἐνν Πραμοῦ, κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῷ, 
tὸν ρ’ ἔξ’ Λασύμηθεν ὄπνιομένη τέκε μῆτηρ, 
καλὴ Καστιάνειρα, δέμας εἰκνία θῆσιν.

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All these he made to touch the fruitful earth.
And glad was Agamemnon king of men
To see him dealing from his mighty bow
Death to the ranks of Troy. Toward him he went,
And stood beside the chief, and thus he spake:
"Teucer, dear head, thou son of Telamon,
Prince of a people, shoot thou ever thus,
And, if thou mayst, to Danaans be a light,
And to thy father Telamon, who reared
Thy infancy, and bastard though thou wert
Fostered thee in his home. Him, though he now
Bide far away, exalt thou to renown.
And out I tell thee what shall e'en be done:
If with Athené Ægis-wielding Zeus
Grant me the spoil of Ilion's well-built hold,
To thee the first next to myself will I
A special guerdon in thy hand bestow,
Or tripod, or two steeds with ear complete,
Or woman captive who shall share thy bed."

And answer thus the noble Teucer made:
"Glorious Atrides, wherefore urge me thus
Who am myself right eager? Never yet,
Far as my strength doth serve me, do I cease;
But since we drove the host to Ilion
I with my bow lie still in wait, and slay
Our foemen. Long-barbed arrows I have sped
Already eight, and all firm lodgment found
In lusty warriors' flesh. Yet one is here
A raging hound whom still I cannot strike."

He spake, and from the string another shaft
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike.
And him he missed, but hit upon the breast
Noble Gorgythion, Priam's gallant son,
Whose mother from Æsymé came to wed
Her lord, a woman goddess-like in form,
Castianira fair, and bare a son.
μήκων δ' ὡς ἐτέρωσε κάρη βάλεν, ἣ τ' εὖ δ' θηρίων καρπῷ βριθομένῃ νοτίσει τε εἰαρινήσων' ὡς ἐτέρωσ' ἤμυσε κάρη πήληκε βαρυνθέν.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἀλλίων ὀἰστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆαιν ἴαλλεν'
"Εκτορος ἀντικρύσ, βαλεέων δὲ ἐ ἱετὸ θυμός.

ἀλλ' ὁ γε καὶ τόθ' ἀμαρτε' παρέσφηλεν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων'
ἀλλ' Ἀρχεπτόλεμον, θραυῶν Ἐκτορος ἰνιοχῆ, ἱέμενον πολέμονδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζών.

ηριπε δ' εξ ῥέχων, ὑπερώησαν δὲ οἱ ὑπ' ὀκύποδες' τοῦ δ' αὐθὶ λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε.
"Εκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασεν φρένας ἰνιόχουι.

τὸν μὲν ἐπειτ' εἶασε καὶ ἄχυμενος περ ἑταίρουν,
Κεβριόνην δ' ἐκέλευσεν ἀδελφειόν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα ἵππων ἦνι' ἐλείν' δ' ἐ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπλέθησεν ἄκουσας.

αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ διήφοιο χαμαλ θόρε παμφανῶντος σμερδαλέα ἱάχων· δ' δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρι, βῇ δ' ἰδὺς Τεῦκρου, βαλέειν δὲ ἐ θυμός ἀνώγει.

ἡ τοῦ δ' μὲν φαρέτρης ἐξείλετο πικρὸν ὀἰστὸν, θῇκε δ' ἐπὶ νευρή· τὸν δ' αὐ κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ ἀνερύνωντα παρ' ὄμοιν, ὃθι κλης ἀποέργει

αὐχένα τε στῆθος τε, μάλιστα δὲ καλρίων ἐστίν,
τῇ β' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαστά βάλεν λίθῳ ὀκρίσωντι,
ῥήξε δὲ οἱ νευρῆν' νάρκησε δὲ χείρ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,

στῇ δὲ γνυξ ἐρπίων, τόξον δὲ οἱ ἐκπέσε νευρός.

Αἰας δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασυγνήτου πεσόντος,

ἀλλὰ θέων περίβη καὶ οἱ σάκοις ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

τὸν μὲν ἐπειθ' ὑποδύντε δὐώ ἐρήμης ἑταίρων,

Μηκιστεύς Ἐχλοιο πάις καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,
And as a poppy sideways hangs the head,  
That in some garden grows, weighted with fruit  
And springtide showers, so burdened by the helm  
Drooped to one side the warrior's failing head.  

Then Teucer from the string another shaft  
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike,  
And missed him yet again, for the erring bolt  
Apollo turned: but Archeptolemus,  
Bold charioteer of Hector, on the breast  
Beside the nipple, as he sought the fray,  
He smote: who headlong fell from out the car,  
And from their way his fleet-foot horses swerved,  
While there the hero's life and strength were loosed.  
But sorrow deep enshrouded Hector's soul  
For loss of charioteer: whom yet he left,  
Though for a comrade grieved; and now he bade  
Cebriones his brother, who was near,  
To take the reins: who heard, nor disobeyed.  
Then from his glittering chariot to the ground  
Out leapt himself, with shout most terrible,  
And seized a boulder in his hand, and made  
At Teucer, whom his spirit bade him strike.  
He from the quiver even now had plucked  
A bitter shaft and placed it on the string:  
But plumèd Hector, as he drew it back,  
Close by the shoulder, where the collar-bone  
Parts neck and breast—the surest spot to smite—  
There struck his foe, as at himself he aimed,  
With jagged stone; and breaking bowstring through  
Numbed hand and wrist. Down sank he to his knees  
And stood, and from his fingers fell the bow.  
Then Ajax of his brother fallen thus  
Was not regardless: swift he ran to him  
And paced him round and covered with his shield:  
Till trusty comrades twain, Mecisteus son  
Of Echius, and Alastor godlike wight,
νήας ἐπὶ γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα· ἀψ δ’ αὐτίς Τρόδεσσιν Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ὄρσεν. οὐ δ’ ἰδίς τάφροι βαθείς ὁσαν Ἀχαϊος,
"Εκτωρ δ’ ἐν πρώτοις κλι σθένει βλεμμαίων. ὦς δ’ ὀτε τὶς τε κύων συὸς ἀγρίου ἥ’ λέοντος ἀπητταὶ κατόπισθε, ποιὰν ταχέεσσι διόκων,
ἴσχια τε γλουτοὺς τε, ἐλισσόμενον τε δοκεῦει,
ὡς "Εκτωρ ὁπαξέ κάρη κομὼντας Ἀχαϊος,
αἰεν ἀποκτεῖνων τὸν ὁπίστατον’ οὐ δὲ φέβοντο. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διὰ τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἐβησαν φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Τρώων ὑπὸ χερσίν,
οὐ μὲν δὴ παρὰ νηυσίν ἐρητύντο μένοντες,
ἀλλήλουσί τε κεκλόμενοι, καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
χειρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ’ εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος’
"Εκτωρ δ’ ἀμφιπεριστρόφα καλλιτρίχας ὑπτοὺς,
Γοργοὺς ὕμματ’ ἕχων ἥ’ βροτολογοῦ Ἁρησι.
τοὺς δὲ ίδοὺς’ ἐλέησε θεὰ λευκόλενος Ὡρη,
αἰγα δ’ Ἀθηναὶν ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
“ὁ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκοσ, οὐκέτι νῶι
ὁλυμένων Δαναῶν κεκαδησόμεθ’ ὑστατίων περ;
οὐ κεν δὴ κακόν οἴτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὀλώνται
ἀνδρός ἐνὸς ρυπῆδ’ ὃ δὲ μανεῖ νακετ’ ἀνεκτῶς
"Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔσρεν."
τὴν δ’ αὐτὲ προσεέιπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθηνή;
“καὶ λίνην οὐτός γε μένος θυμόν τ’ ὀλέσειεν,
χερσίν ὑπ’ Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαλη’
ἄλλα πατήρ οὐμός φρεσὶ μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθήσιν,
σχέτλιοσ, αἰὲν ἀλιτρός, ἐμὸν μενέων ἀπερωές."
Could lift his form and to the hollow ships
Bear him away as heavily he groaned.
Now in the sons of Troy the Olympian king
New spirit roused again. To the deep trench
Right backward did they force Achaia's lines:
Hector the foremost, terrible in strength.
And as a hound on lion or on boar
With nimble foot close presses from behind,
In act to seize the haunches of his game,
And marks and foils each turn, so Hector pressed
Achaia's long-haired sons, and ever slew
His hindmost foe, as they before him fled.
But when the stakes and trench they now had passed
In flight, though many fell by Trojan hands,
Beside the ships they rallied them and stayed,
Each calling on his fellow, and raised their hands
To all the gods, as each man loudly prayed.
But Hector to and fro was turning oft
His fair-maned steeds, and in his eyes the glance
Of Gorgon or of slaughtering Ares shone.

These Heré, white-armed goddess, pitying saw,
And to Athéné cried in wingèd words:
"O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus
Shall we no more the Danaans dying thus
Regard, though idle at the last our aid?
For soon the measure of their evil doom
Fulfilling they will perish by the blast
Of one man's fury—Hector Priam's son—
Who with mad force no longer to be borne
Doth rage, and now hath wrought unnumbered woes."

To whom Athené, stern-eyed power, replied:
"Nay surely he his strength and life would lose
And in his fatherland by Argive hands
Be slain, did not my sire with mind perverse
Rage madly—cruel is he, framing still
Some mischief, and a thwarter of my zeal.

G. H.
οὐδὲ τι τῶν μέμνηται, ὃ οἱ μᾶλα πολλάκις νῦν τειρόμενον σώσκον ὑπ’ Εὐρυσθῆς αἴθλων. ἦ τοι δ’ μὲν κλαίςκε πρὸς οὐρανὸν, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς τῷ ἐπαλεξῆσοναν ἀπ’ οὐρανόθεν προῖαλλεν’ εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τάδε ὑδὲ’ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πενεκαλίμησιν, εὐτέ μιν εἰς ’Αἰδαο πυλάρται προὔπεμψεν εξ ἔρέβευς ἄξοντα κύνα στυγεροῦ ’Αἰδαο, οὐκ ἂν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὑδατος αὐτὰ ῥέεθρα.

νῦν δ’ ἐμὲ μὲν στυγείς, Θέτιδος δ’ ἐξήνυσε βουλάς, ἦ οἱ γούνατ’ ἐκυπσε καὶ ἐλλαβε χειρὶ γενεῖον λισσομένη τιμῆσαι ’Αχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον.

ἐσται μὴν ὤτ’ ἂν αὐτῆ φίλην γλαυκώπιδα εἰπη. ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν νῶιν ἐπένυτε μῶνυχας ὅπποις, ὅφρ’ ἂν ἐγὼ καταδύσα Δίος δόμον αἰγιόχοι τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρῆξομαι, ὅφρα ἰδωμαι ἦ νῶι Πριάμωι πάϊς κορυθαῖολος “Εκτωρ γηθήσει προφανέντε ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας. ἦ τις καὶ Τρώων κορέει κύνας ὅδ’ οἰωνοὺς δημῳ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσῶι ἐπὶ νυσίν ’Αχαιῶν.” ὃς ἐφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος “Ηρη. ἦ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπτυκας ἐντευ ὅπποις "Ηρη πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μεγάλου Κρόνου αὐτὰρ Ἀθήναι, κουρὴ Δίος αἰγιόχου, πέπλου μὲν κατέχευεν ἕαυὸν πατρὸς ἐπ’ οὐδει, ποικίλον, ὃν ὃ’ αὐτή ποίησατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν, ἦ δὲ χιτῶν’ ἐνδύσα Δίος νεφεληγηρέται τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρῆσετο δακρύοιτα.

ἐς δ’ όχεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βῆσετο, λάζετο δ’ ἐγχὸς βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν.
Nor bears he this in mind, how many a time
His son I rescued, when in sore distress
By labours that Eurystheus on him laid.
He raised his cry to heaven, from heaven I came
Sent down by Zeus to bear him powerful aid.
O had I in my wisdom surely known
How this would be—what time that son of Zeus
Was sent to Hades jailor of Hell-gate
To bring from nether-gloom fell Hades' hound—
He had not 'scaped the headlong flood of Styx.
But me my sire now hates, and works the will
Of Thetis, who his knees did kiss, and touched
With fondling hand his chin, entreating much
For honour to her city-storming son.
Yet time shall be when he again shall call
His stern-eyed daughter dear. But go thou now,
Harness our firm-hoofed steeds; and I the while,
Entering the house of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Will arm me for the fight: that I may see
If plumèd Hector, Priam's son, will joy
When we do show us on the battle bridge.
Surely some Trojan then will richly feed
With fat and flesh the dogs and carrion birds,
Beside the vessels of Achaia slain."

She spake. Nor white-armed Heré disobeyed,
Daughter of mighty Cronos, goddess queen:
But went her way to harness for the car
Her steeds with golden frontlet shining bright.
Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Athené, loosed and on the Father's floor
Cast down her flowing mantle, broidered web
By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,
And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,
And braced her armour for the tearful war.
Then on the fiery car she set her foot
And grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout, wherewith
Ηρώων τοισίν τε κοτέσσεται ὁμβριμοπάτρη.
"Ηρη δὲ μάστυγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίετ' ἀρ' ἦπτους,
αὐτόμαται δὲ πῦλαι μῦκον οὐρανοῦ, ὥς ἔχον Ἡμαί,
τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπῶς τε,
ημεῦ ἀνακλίναι πυκνῶν νέφων ἦδ' ἐπιθείναι.
τῇ ρᾷ δὶ αὐτάων κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἦπτους.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ 'Ἰδηθεὶς ἐπέει ἱδὲ, χάσατ' ἀρ' αἰνῶς,
"Ἰριν δ' ὕπρυνεν χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελεόουσαν:
"βάσκ' ụθι, Ἰρι ταχεία, πάλιν τρέπε μηδ' ἕα ἄντιν
ἐρχεσθ'· οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοισόμεθα πτόλεμόνδε.
ὁδὲ γὰρ ἔξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἑσταὶ
γυιώσῳ μὲν σφων ὕψ' ἀρμασιν ὑκέας ἦπτους,
αὐτᾶς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέω, κατὰ θ' ἀρματα ἄξω,
οὐδὲ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
ἔλκε' ἀπαλθήσεσθον ἃ κεν μάρπτησι κεραυνὸς,
ὄφρ' εἰδή γλαυκώτις ὅτ' ἄν δ' πατρὶ μάχηται.
"Ἡρη δ' οὗ τι τόσον νεμεσίζομαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι
αἰεὶ γὰρ μοι ἐωθεν ἐνικλᾶν ὅττι κε ἐἵπτω."

ὡς ἐφατ', ὥρτο δὲ Ἰρις ἀελλῶτος ἀγγελεόουσα,
βῆ δ' ἔξ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὁλυμπον.
πρώτησιν δὲ πῦλησι πολυπτύχου Οὐλύμπῳο
ἀντομένη κατέρυκε, Δίως δὲ σφ' ἐννεπε μῦθον'
"πῇ μέματο; τὶ σφῶν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἦτορ;
οὐκ ἔάρι Κρονίδις ἐπαρμενεμεν Ἀργείοισιν.
ὁδὲ γὰρ ἥπειλησε Κρόνου παῖς, ἦ τελέει περ,
γυιώσειν μὲν σφῶν ὕψ' ἀρμασιν ὑκέας ἦπτους,
αὐτᾶς δ' ἐκ δίφρου βαλέειν, κατὰ θ' ἀρματα ἄξειν.
οὐδὲ κεν ἐς δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
She quells the ranks of men who move to wrath
That maiden daughter of a mighty sire.
Then Heré swiftly touched with lash the steeds.
Selfmoved before them groaned the gates of heaven
Kept by the Hours; for to their charge is given
Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope
The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close.
There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged.

But Father Zeus, from Ida when he saw,
Was much in wrath, and Iris golden-winged
Straight bade he forth to be his messenger:
"Hie thee, fleet Iris, turn them back again,
Nor let them meet me; for 'twill not be well
That we in combat close. For thus I say—
And this my word shall surely be fulfilled—
The swift steeds in their chariot I will lame,
And hurl themselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years
Shall serve to heal their wounds, where once my bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much my vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart my purpose, whatsoe'er I say."

He spake: and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message. Down from Ida's peaks she sped
To tall Olympus, where the goddess pair
At valley-rent Olympus' outmost gate
She met, and stayed, and told the word of Zeus:
"O whither bent, ye twain? What madness moves
Your hearts within your bosoms? Cronos' son
Forbids you aid the Argives: for he threatens
Thus—and his threat he surely will fulfil—
The swift steeds in your chariot he will lame,
And hurl yourselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years . . . ."
'Ηρη δ’ οὗ τι τόσον νεμεσίζεται οὔδε χολούται·
ἀλλά σὺ γ’ αἰνοτάτη, κύον ἀδεές, εἰ ἐτεόν γε
tολμήσεις Δίως ἀντα πελώριον ἐγχος ἀείραι.

ἡ μὲν ἂρ’ ὡς εἰποῦσ’ ἀπέβη πόδας ὅκεα Ἰρις,
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίην Ἡρη πρὸς μύθουν ἔειπεν·

"ἄ τ’ ὁ πόποι, αἰγύπχοιο Δίως τέκος, οὐκέτ’ ἐγώ γε

νοί εὐ Δίως ἀντα βροτῶν ἐνεκα πτολεμίζεων.

τῶν ἄλλοι μὲν ἀποφθίσθω ἄλλος δὲ βιώτω,

ὅς κε τύχη· κεῖνος δὲ τὰ ἄ phronέων ἐνι θυμοῦ.

Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖς δικαζέτω, ὡς ἐπιεικεῖς.

ὡς ἀρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπε μόνυχας ὑπποὺς.

τήσιν δ’ Ὡραὶ μὲν λύσαν καλλιτριχας ὑπποὺς,

καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέδησαν ἐπὶ ἀμβροσίησι κάπησιν,

ἄρματα δὲ κλίναν πρὸς εὐνότια παμφανώνυτα·

αὐταὶ δὲ χρυσέοισιν ἐπὶ κλυσμοίσι καθίζου

μύγδ’ ἄλλοισθεοίς, φίλοι τετιημέναι ἕτορ.

Ζεύς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδηθεὶν εὕπροχον ἄρμα καὶ ὑπποὺς

Οὐλυμπόνδι’ εδώκε, θεοῖν δ’ ἐξέκετο θῶκους.

τῷ δὲ καὶ ὑπποὺς μὲν λύσεν κλυτός ἐνοσίγαιος,

ἄρματα δ’ ἄμ βωμοῖσι τίθη, κατὰ λίτα πετάσσασ’

αὐτός δὲ χρυσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύσσα τετενοίς

ἐξετο, τῷ δ’ ὑπὸ ποσσὶ μέγας τελεμίζετ’ Ὀλυμπος.

αὐ δ’ οἷς Δίως ἀμφίς Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρη

ἡσθην, οὔδε τί μιν προσεφώνεων οὐδ’ ἔρεοντο.

αὐτὰρ δ’ ἐγνω ἤσιν ἐνὶ φρεσί, φωνήσει τε·

"τίθ’ οὗτοι τετιησθοῦν, Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρη;"
Shall serve to heal the wounds, where once his bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much his vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart his purpose, whatsoever he say.
But, most presumptuous queen, thou fearless hound,
Think well if thus in very deed thou'lt dare
To lift on Zeus thy mighty rebel spear."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way.
Then to Athené thus did Heré speak:
"O me! thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
I now no more allow that we with Zeus
Wage battle for the sake of mortal men.
Of whom let this one perish, that one live,
Whoso may chance: and let the sire alone
Think his own thoughts and doom alone his dooms
For Trojans and for Danaans, as is meet."

She spake, and backward turned the firm-hoofed steeds.
And soon the fair-maned steeds the Hours unloosed,
And at the ambrosial mangers tethered them,
But 'gainst the shining inner wall aslope
They laid the car. The goddesses themselves
Sate them on golden seats amid the throng
Of other gods, chafing with sullen heart.

Meanwhile toward Olympus Father Zeus
From Ida drave his wheelèd car and steeds,
And to the gods enthronèd came. His steeds
The famed Earth-shaker loosed, and set the car
On a raised base, and with a cloth o'erspread.
But Thunderer Zeus took seat on golden throne,
Beneath whose feet the great Olympus shook.
Alone Athené there and Heré sat
Apart from Zeus, nor spake him word, nor asked.
Yet knew he all in heart and thus he spake:
"Why, Heré and Athené, chafe ye thus
ού μήν θην κάμετον γε μάχη ένι κυδιανείρη
όλλυσαι Τρώας, τοίσιν κότον αίνον ἔθεσθε.
πάντως, οἷον ἐμόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρες ἀπατοῦ,
οὐκ ἄν με τρέψειαν ὅσοι θεοὶ εἰσ’ ἐν ’Ολυμπῷ.
σφών δὲ πρὶν περ τρόμος ἔλλαβε φαίδιμα γυῖα
πρὶν πόλεμον ἱδεεὶν πολέμοιο τε μέρμερα ἔργα.
ὡδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ κεν τετελεσμένον ἴσειν’
οὐκ ἄν ἐφ’ ὑμετέρων ὁχέων, πληγέντε φερανῦ,
ἄψ ἐσ Ὁλυμπὸν ἱκεσθον, ἵνα ἀθανάτων ἐδος ἔστίν.”
οὐκ ἄν ἐφ’ ὑμετέρων ὁχέων, πληγέντε φερανῦ,
ἄψ ἐσ Ὁλυμπὸν ἱκεσθον, ἵνα ἀθανάτων ἐδος ἔστίν.”
ὁς ἐφαθ’, αἶ δ’ ἐπέμυξαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρῆ
πλησίαι αἱ γ’ ἴσθην, κακὰ δὲ Τρόεσσι μεδέσθην.
ἡ τοι Ἀθηναίη ἄκεων ἤν οὐδὲ τι εἰπεν,
σκυβομένη Δίῳ πατρί, χόλος δὲ μιν ἁγρίος ἤρει’
"Ἡρὴ δ’ οὐκ ἔχαδε στῆθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσήθα
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποίον τὸν μῦθον ἐειπες’
ἐν νῦ καλ ἡμεὶς ἴδμεν ο’ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνὸν’
ἀλλ’ ἐμπηθ’ Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ’ αἰχμητάων,
ο’ κεν δῆ κακὸν οὐτον ἀναπλῆσαντες ὀλονται.
ἀλλ’ η’ τοι πὸλεμοῦ μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ’, εὶ σὺ κελεύεις’
βουλὴν δ’ Ἀργεῖως ὑποθησόμεθ’, ἡ τις ὀνήσει,
ὡς μὴ πάντες ὀλονται ὀδυσσαμένου τεείο.”
τὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς’
"ἡοὺς δῆ καλ μᾶλλον ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα
ὄψαι, εἰ κ’ ἐθέλησθα, βοστίς πότνια Ἡρη,
ὁλλυντ’ Ἀργείων ποιλόν στρατὸν αἰχμητάων’
οὺ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου ἀποπαύσεται ὀβριμος”Εκτώρ
πρὶν ὅρθαι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδόκεα Πηλεώνα
ἡμιτι τῷ ὄτ’ ἄν οὐ μεν ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχονται,“
In sullen mood? Ye are not weary sure
With slaying in the fight, man's field of fame,
Troy's sons, 'gainst whom your anger was so hot.
Truly my might and my resistless hands
Are such that none could turn me back, not all
The gods that hold Olympus. But ye twain
Were seized with trembling in your glorious limbs
Before the battle and the toilsome works
Of battle yet ye saw. And well 'twas so.
For thus I say, and it had been fulfilled:
Not on your cars, smit by my bolt, had ye
Resought Olympus, where immortals dwell."

He spake. Low murmured then those twain, who near
Together sat and planned the Trojans' bane,
Ev'n Heré and Athené. Silent sat
Athené, nor spake aught, at Father Zeus
Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within
Was stirring her; but Heré in her breast
Pent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:
"Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?
We surely know too well what strength is thine,
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore
The Danaan spearmen, who of evil fate
Their measure filling up are doomed to die.
But truly we from war will hold our hands,
If thou dost bid: but to the Argive host
Lend counsel only that may help; and so
Not all beneath thy anger fierce shall die."

To whom in answer thus cloud-gathering Zeus:
"When dawns to-morrow, Heré, large-eyed queen,
Thou shalt, if so thou wilt, yet further see
Strong Cronides destroying wide the host
Of Argive spearmen. For from work of war
Hector the terrible shall never cease
Till from his ship the fleet-foot Peleus' son
Uprouse him, in that day when they shall fight
στείνει ἐν αἰνοτάτῳ, περὶ Πατρόκλου πεσόντος.
ὡς γὰρ θέσφατον ἐστὶ. σέθεν δ’ ἐγὼ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
χωμένης, οὔδ’ εἰ κε τὰ νείλατα πείραθ’ ἵκηαι
γαίς καὶ πόντοιο, ἣν ’Ἰαπετὸς τε Κρόνος τε
’ ἱμενοι οὔτ’ αὐγῆς ’Στερίων ο’ Ἑλλίοιο
tέρποντ’ οὔτ’ ἄνέμοισι, βαθὺς δὲ τε Τάρταρος ἀμφῖς.
οὔδ’ ἢν ἐνθ’ ἀφίκηαι ἀλωμένη, οὐ σεν ἐγὼ γε
σκυξομένης ἀλέγω, ἐπει οὐ σέο κύντερον ἄλλο.”

ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ’ οὐ τι προσέφη λεικώλενος ”Ἡρη.
ἐν δ’ ἐπεσ’ ’Ωκεανῷ λαμμρὸν φάος ἱελίοιο,
ἐλκον νύκτα μελαιναν ἐπὶ ξείδωρον ἀρουραν.
Τρωσίν μὲν ῥ’ ἀέκουσιν ἐδυ φάος, αὐτὰρ ’Ἀχαίος
ἀσπασίς τριλλιστος ἐπήλυθε νυξ ἐρεβεννη.
Τρώων αὐτ’ ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο φαίδιμος ”Εκτωρ,
νόσφι νεῶν ἄγαγων, ποταμῷ ἐπὶ δινήεντι,
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθ’ δὴ νεκύων διεφαινετο χώρος.
ἐξ ἅπων’ ἐπὶ ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μῦθον ἀκονο
τὸν ῥ’ ”Εκτωρ ἀγορευε διάφιλος; ἐν δ’ ἄρα χειρὶ
ἐγχος ἐχ’ ἐνδεκάτηχυ’ πάροιθε δὲ λάμπητο δουρός
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θεε πόρκης.
τὸ δ’ ὅ γ’ ἐρεισάμενος ἐπεα Τρώεσσι μετηύδα:
”κέκλυτε μεν, Τρώες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἦδ’ ἐπίκουροι.
νῦν ἐφάμην νήας τ’ ὀλέσας καὶ πάντας ἔρχεο.ipn
ἀψ ἀπονοιτήσει προτε ’Ἰλιον ἤνεμόσεσαι’
ἀλλὰ πρὶν κνέφας ἧλθε, τὸ νῦν ἐσάωε μάλιστα
’Αργεῖος καὶ νήας ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.
ἀλλ’ ἢ τοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαινή
dόρπα τ’ ἐφοπλισόμεσθα; ἀτὰρ καλλιτριχας ἵππους
λύσαθ υπὲξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δὲ σφισι βάλλετ’ ἐδωδήν.
Hard by the vessels' sterns in fellest strait
Thick-thronged around Patroclus' fallen corse.
For so 'tis fate. And of thy wrath I reck
No whit, no not if to the depth and end
Of earth and sea thou go, where sit the twain
Iapetus and Cronos, never cheered
By rays of upper sun or breath of winds,
But girt around by deep Tartarean gloom.
No, not shouldst thither in thy roaming come,
Heed I thy sullen mood: for other power
Than thee more houndlike surely there is none."

  So spake he: white-armed Heré answered naught.
And now in ocean flood the shining sun
Dropt down, and o'er the grain-abounding lands
Drew in his wake black night. To men of Troy
Unwished the sunset: to Achaia's host
Welcome, thrice-prayed for, came the murky night.
  But glorious Hector now a council called
Leading his Trojans from the ships apart,
Beside the eddying river, where a place
Shone void and clear amid the frequent dead.
There from their steeds dismounting to the ground
They heard while Hector spake, beloved of Zeus.
A spear in hand he held, cubits eleven
Its length, whose shaft was tipped with flashing brass
Bound on by ring of gold: on this he leant,
And mid the Trojan armies thus he spake:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
I surely said that now I should destroy
The ships, and all Achaia's host withal,
Ere back I turned to wind-swept Ilion.
But darkness came too soon: nought else but this
Saved men and ships upon the sea-smit strand.
But truly now let us obey black night
And ready make our meal: your fair-maned steeds
Unloose ye from the cars, and give them food.
ἐκ πόλιος δ᾿ ἄξεσθε βόας καὶ ἱφια μήλα
carpalímos, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε,
sιτόν τ᾿ ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξῦλα πολλά λέγεσθε, 505
ὡς κεν παννύχιοι μέσφ᾿ ἥοὺς ἡρυγενεῖς
καλωμεν πυρὰ πολλά, σέλας δ᾿ εἰς οὐρανὸν ἵκη,
μὴ πως καὶ διὰ νῦκτα κάρη κομώντες Ἀχαϊᾷ
φεύγειν ὅρμησωσίν ἐπ᾿ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
μὴ μὴν ἀσπούδι γε νεῶν ἑπιβαίεν ἐκηλοι,
ἀλλ᾿ ὡς τίς τούτων γε βέλος καὶ οἴκοθι πέσῃ,
βλήμενος ἢ ἵνα ἢ ἐγχεῖ δοξόντι
νῆσος ἐπιθρώσκων, ὅνα τις στυγέσθη καὶ ἄλλος
Τρῶσιν ἐφ᾿ ὑπποδάμωισι φέρειν πολύδακρον Ἄρη.
κήρυκες δ᾿ ἄνα ἀστν διήθλοι ἀγγελλόντων
παῖδας πρωθήβας πολιοκροτάφους τε γέροντας
λέξασθαι περὶ ἀστυ θεοδήμων ἐπὶ πύργων·
θηλύτεραι δὲ γυναικεῖς ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἐκάστη
pυρ μέγα καλώντων· φυλακή δὲ τις ἐμπέδος ἔστω,
μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθησι πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεόντων.
οὖν ἔστω, Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, ὡς ἀγορεύων·
μύθος δ᾿ ὅσ μὲν νῦν υγιής, εἰρημένος ἔστω·
tὸν δ᾿ ἥοὺς Τρῶεσσι μεθ᾿ ὑπποδάμωισ ἀγορεύσω.
ἐλπομαι εὐχόμενος Δίι τ᾿ ἀλλοισίν τε θεοίσιν
ἐξελάαν ἐνθένδε κύνας κηρεσσιφόρητος,
οὐς κήρες φορέουσι μελαινάων ἐπὶ νησίων.
ἀλλ᾿ ἢ τοι ἐπὶ νυκτί φυλάξομεν ἥμεας αὐτοῦς,
προὶ δ᾿ ὑπηοίδι σὺν τεύχεσι θαρηθέντες
νησίαν ἐπὶ γλαφυρὴσιν ἐγείρομεν ὡξὶν Ἀρη.
εἰσομαι ἢ κέ μ᾿ ὁ Τυδεῖδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης
πάρ νησίν πρὸς τεῖχος ἀπώσεται, ἢ κεν ἐγὼ τὸν
And from the city drive ye kine with speed
And lusty sheep, and buy ye honeyed wine,
And bread from out your homes: gather withal
Great store of wood, that through the livelong night
Till morning early-born our fires may burn
Innumerable, whose blaze may mount to heaven:
Lest in the night Achaia's long-haired sons
Haply may stir themselves to flee away
O'er the broad ridges of the billowy sea.
Nay, let them not untroubled and at ease
Get them aboard; but so that ev'n at home
Each may have wounds to nurse, by arrow struck
Or beechen spear, as on his ship he leaps.
So shall all others shuddering fear to bring
On Troy's steed-taming sons a woful war.
And let the holy heralds loved of Zeus
Proclaim throughout the town that stripling boys
And gray-haired grandsires man the god-built towers
Around the wall, but let the women folk,
Each in her halls, burn ample store of fire.
And let sure watch be kept: lest, while the host
Is absent here, an ambush win the town.
Thus be it, high-souled Trojans, as I say.
Let this my word, wholesome for present need,
Suffice. Yet further, when the morrow dawns,
Mid the steed-taming Trojans I will speak.
I hope indeed—and so to Zeus I pray
And all the gods—that we shall drive forth hence
These doom-led hounds, whom sure an evil doom
Leads to their end upon their black-hulled ships.
But for the night look we to guard ourselves;
And with the early dawn don we our arms,
And at the hollow ships awake keen war.
Then will I know if Diomedes stout,
The son of Tydeus, from Achaia's ships
Will force me to our wall, or I slay him
χαλκὸς δηώσας ἐναρὰ βροτάεντα φέρωμαι. αὐριον ἡν ἀρετὴν διαεισεται, αὐ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος μείνῃ ἐπερχόμενον. ἀλλ' ἐν πρῶτοισιν, νῦν, κελεσται οὐτηθείς, πολεές δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἐταῖροι, ἕλιου ἀνιῶντος ἐς αὐριον. εἰ γὰρ ἔγὼν ὡς εἴην ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρας ἡματα πάντα, τιοίμην δ' ὡς τιτη Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων, ὡς νῦν ἡμέρη ἤδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν.

οὐς "Ἐκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν. οὐ δ' ἢππους μὲν ἐλυσαν ὑπὸ ξυνοῦ ἑδρώντας, δῆσαν δ' ἰμάντεσσι παρ' ἄρμασι οἰσὶ ἐκαστος· ἐκ πόλιος δ' ἄξαντο βόας καὶ ἱφια μῆλα καρπαλίμως, οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνιζόντο σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγοντο. κνίσην δ' ἐκ πεδίου ἄνεμοι φέρον οὐρανὸν εἰσω. οὐ δὲ μέγα φρονέοντες ἀνὰ πτολέμιοι γεφύρας εἰατο παννύχιοι, πυρὰ δὲ σφίσι καίετο πολλά.

ὁς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανὸς ἀστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην φαινετ' ἀριπτεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπιλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ' ἐκ τ' ἑφανεν πᾶσαι σκόπιαι καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι καὶ νάππαι οὐρανόθεν δ' ἀρ' υπερράγη ἀσπετος αἰθήρ, πάντα δὲ εἰδεται ἀστρα, γέγηθε δὲ τε φρέαν πουμὴν 555 τόσσα μεσηγὴ νεῶν ἥδε Ξάνθουο ροάων Τρώων καιόντων πυρὰ φαίνετο Ἰλιόθι πρό.

χιλι' ἀρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο, πάρ δὲ ἐκάστῳ εἰατο πεντήκωντα σέλαι πυρὸς αἰθομένου. ἢππου δὲ κρί λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ολύρας, ἐσταότες παρ' ὀχέσφιν, εὐθρονον Ἡνὸ μίμονον.
With brazen lance, and bear his bloody spoils.
To-morrow shall he prove his valour well,
If he abide the coming of my spear.
But, as I think, amid the foremost he
Will stricken lie, with many comrades round,
When mounts the morrow's sun. For O were I
As sure to live immortal, ever young
Through all my days, and honoured as the gods
Athené and Apollo, as I am
Sure that this day doth bring the Argives bane."
Thus Hector spake. The Trojans roared acclaim.
They loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And tethered them with reins, each by his car.
And from the city kine and lusty sheep
They drove with speed, and bought them honeyed wine,
And bread from out their homes: and gathered too
Great store of wood. And of their feast the winds
Bore the sweet savour heavenwards from the plain.
Thus with high hopes upon the battle bridge
All night they camped, and countless blazed their fires.
And as in heaven around the shining moon
The stars gleam sharp and clear in windless calm—
And all the peaks stand out, and jutting bluffs,
And glens: and boundless ether parted wide
Uncurtains all high heaven: and in full tale
Are seen the stars, to shepherd's heart a joy—
So countless 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' stream
The watchfires blazed in front of Ilion.
Burned on the plain a thousand fires: by each
Sat fifty men within the flame's bright glow:
While champing barley white and rye their steeds
Stood by the cars and waited fair-throned morn.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ι.

Λυται.

"Ως οἱ μὲν Τρῶες φυλακᾶς ἔχον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαίοις θεσπεσίη ἔχε φῦξα, φόβου κρυόεντος ἑταίρη, πένθει δ' ἀπλήτῳ βεβολήσατο πάντες ἀριστοῖ. ώς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντου ὁρίνετον ἱχθυόεντα, Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τῶ τε Ὄρηκηθεν ἄρτον, ἑλθόντι ἕξαπίνης· ἀμυνίς δὲ τε κύμα κελαίνων κορθύεται, πολλῶν δὲ παρὲξ ἀλα φύκος ἔχενεν· ώς ἐδαίζετο θυμὸς εἰνι στήθεσιν Ἀχαίων.

'Ατρείδης δ' ἄχει μεγάλῳ βεβολημένοις ἦτορ φοίτα κηρύκεσσι λυγυφθόγγυρι κελεύων κλήδην εἰς ἁγορὴν κυκλησκέμεν ἄνδρα ἐκαστοῦ, µηδὲ βοῶν· αὐτὸς δὲ µετὰ πρώτως πονεῖτο. ἢς δ' εἰν ἁγορῇ τετιητες· ἀν δ' Ἀγαµήµνων ἰστατο δάκρυ χέων ώς τε κρήνη µελανύδρος, ἥ τε κατ' αὐγίλιπος πέτρης δυνοφέον χέει ὅδωρ. ώς δ' ἐπε βαρὺ στενάχων ἔπε 'Αργείοισι μετηύδα· "ὁ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἥγητορες ἢδὲ µέδοντες, Ζεὺς µε µέγα Κρονίδης ἄτη ἐνεδήσε βαρείη, σχέτλιος, ὁς τότε µέν µοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν Ἕλιον ἐκπέρσαντ' ἐὕτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι, νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βούλευσατο, καὶ µε κελεύει δυσκλέα "Ἀργος ἱκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὁλεσα λαὸν."
ILIAD IX.

Embassy to entreat Achilleus.

Such watch the Trojans kept. Achaia's host
Dread Panic, comrade she of shuddering Flight,
Fast bound: and all the bravest and the best
Were stricken sore with grief intolerable.
And vexed and tossed as is the fishful main
When north and west wind meet, two Thrace-born blasts,
With sudden squall—the black waves tumbling crowd
High heaped; the beach with tangle thick is strewn—
So tossed, so vexed, their souls within them swayed.

And stricken to the heart with mighty woe
The son of Atreus ranged the camp, and bade
The clear-voiced heralds to the council call
Each man with several summons, not with shout;
And in the toil himself bore foremost part.
They came and sate in council sorrowing:
But Agamemnon rose and stood, whose tears
Fell as the dropping of a deep black spring,
That down the steep cliff pours its waters dark.
So he sore groaning 'mid the Argives spake:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Zeus Cronides fast to a heavy fate
Hath bound me—cruel god! whose nod once pledged
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return;
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane:
And now—the strength of all my people lost—
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.

G. H.
οὔτω ποιν Διὸ μέλλει ὑπερμενεῖ φίλον εἶναι, ὡς δὴ πολλάων πολίων κατέλυσε κάρηνα ἡδ' ἔτι καὶ λύσει τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον. ἀλλ' ἅγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼ εἶπο, πειθόμεθα πάντες. φεύγωμεν ξὺν νησιὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν· οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἵρήσομεν εὑράγιαν." ὡς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἄκην ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ. δὴν δ' ἀνεώ ἡσαύ τετιηότης ὑπὲρ Ἀχαίων· ὡς ὡς δὲ δὴ μετέειπτε βοήν ἁγαθὸς Διομήδης· Ἡ ἄτρείδη, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι, ήθέμις ἐστὶ, ἀναξ, ἀγορῇ· σὺ δὲ μὴ τι χολωθῆς. ἀλκήν μὲν μοι πρῶτον ὁνείδισας ἐν Δαναοῖς, φάς ἔμεν ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα ἡμῶν· Ἀργείων ἡμῶν νέοι ἦδὲ γέροντες. σοὶ δὲ διανεῖχ' ἐδωκε Κρόνου πάις ἁγκυλομητεὼ· σκήπτρῳ μὲν τοι ἐδωκε τετιηήθαι περὶ πάντων, ἁλκήν δ' οὖ τοι ἐδωκεν, ὅ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον. δαιμόνι, οὔτω ποιοῦν μᾶλα ἔλπεαι νίὰς Ἀχαίων ἀπτολέμους τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλκιδας ὡς ἁγορεύεις; εἰ δὲ σοὶ αὐτὸς θυμὸς ἑπέσυνται ὡς τε νέεσθαι, ἔρχεο· πάρ τοι ὁδὸς, νῆες δὲ τοι ἁγχι θαλάσσησ ἐστάσας, αἳ τοι ἐποντὸ Μυκήνηθεν μᾶλα πολλαί. ἀλλαὶ ἄλλοι μενέονσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί εἰς ὁ κέ περ Τροίην διαπέρσομεν. εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτοῖς, λεγοντων ξὺν νησιὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν· νὰ δ', ἐγὼ Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὁ κε τέκμωρ Ἰλίων εὔρωμεν· ξὺν γὰρ θεῷ εἰλήλουθεν." ὡς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίλαχον νίὰς Ἀχαίων, μύθον ἁγασσάμενοι Διομήδεοι ἱπποδάμιοι. τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενοι μετεφώνευν ἵπποτα Νέστωρ·

354 ΙLiAΔΟΣ Ι.
So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong,
Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,
And yet will bow, for matchless is his might.
Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say,
Take ship, and fly to our dear father-land;
For now we ne'er shall win wide-streeted Troy."

He spake: but they were hushed and silent all.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:
At last spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Atrides, first with thee, who art unwise,
I will contend, as is our right, my king,
In council; wherefore be not moved to wrath.
My courage thou didst heretofore impugn
Before the Danaans, and didst call me there
Unwarlike coward; and these words of thine
Are known to every Argive, young and old.
Now surely 'tis thyself to whom the son
Of crooked-counselled Cronos halved his boon,
And gave thee sceptred honour chief of all,
But courage not—which is the mightiest power.
What, sire! dost really deem Achaia's sons
Unwarlike cowards, as thy words would say?
Nay if thine own heart hasteth to return,
Go thou: the way is near, and by the sea
The ships that from Mycenae followed thee
Stand not a few. But others here will stay,
Long-haired Achaians, till at last we sack
Troy's city. Or let them too, if they will,
Take ship and fly to their own father-land;
Yet will we twain, myself and Sthenelus,
Fight till we work the end of Ilion:
For not without a god we hither came."

So spake he: and Achaia's sons all roared
A loud acclaim, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then straight uprose
Nestor, Geréné's knight, and 'mid them spake:
"Τυδείδη, περὶ μὲν πολέμῳ ἐνι καρτερός ἐστι, καὶ βουλὴ μετὰ πάντας ὀμήλικας ἐπλευνέριστος. οὐ τίς τοῦ τοῦ μῦθον ὄνοσσεται, ὅσοι 'Ἄχαιοι, οὐδὲ πάλιν ἔρειε, ἄταρ οὐ τέλος ἵκεο μῦθων. ἢ μήν καὶ νέος ἐστὶ, ἐμὸς δὲ καὶ πάϊς εἴης ὀπλότατος γενεὴσιν· ἄταρ πεπνυμένα βάζεις 'Αργείων βασιλῆς, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μούραν ἑιπτε. ἀλλ' ἀγ' ἐγὼν, ὅς σεῖο γεραῖτερος εὐχομαι εἶναι, ἐξεῖπο καὶ πάντα διήξομαι· οὐδὲ κέ τίς μοι μῦθον ἀτιμήσει, οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων. ἀφρήτωρ ἄθεμιστος ἀνέστιος ἐστιν ἐκεῖνος ὅσ πολέμου ἑραται ἐπιδημίον ὀκρυόεντος. ἀλλ' ἦ τοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθα, φυλακτήρες δὲ ἐκαστοι λεξάσθων παρὰ τάφρων ὄρυκτην τείχεος ἐκτός. κουροσίων μὲν ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλομαι· αὐτάρ ἐπειτα, Ἀτρείδη, σὺ μὲν ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ βασιλεύτατος ἐστί. δαίμων δαίτα γέρουσι· ἔοικε τοι, οὐ τοι ἁείκες. πλεῖαί τοι οἰνοῦ κλισίαι, τὸν υἱὸς 'Ἄχαιών Ἡμάται Θρήκηθεν ἐπ' εὐρέα πόντον ἄγουσιν· πᾶσα τοι ἐσθ' ὑποδεξίη, πολέεσσι ἁνάσσεις, πολλῶν δ' ἀγρομένων τῷ πείσεαι ὦς κεν ἀρίστην βουλήν βουλεύσῃ. μάλα δὲ χρεώ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς ἐσθλῆς καὶ πυκνῆς, ὅτι δὴ μοι ἐγγύθι νηῶν καίουσιν πυρὰ πολλά· τίς ἄν τάδε γηθήσειν; νῦξ δ' ἦδ' ἦ διαρράϊσει στρατόν ἦ σαώσει." ὥς ἐφαθ', οὐ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλῦον ἦδ' πῖθοντο, ἐκ δὲ φυλακτήρες σὺν τεύχεσιν ἐσσεύοντο ἀμφὶ τε Νεστορίδην Ὀρασυμίδεα, ποιμένα λαῶν, ἦδ' ἀμφὶ 'Ασκάλαφον καὶ Ἐάμενον υῖας Ἀρησ, ἀμφὶ τε Μηριόνην Ἀφαρηὰ τε Δητυρόν τε,
"Tydides, thou in war art passing strong,
And best in counsel too among thy peers.
Of all Achaians none will blame thy words,
Nor gainsay: yet thou reachedst not the end.
Truly thou’rt young, and mightest be my son,
My youngest born; yet utterest words full wise
To Argive kings, for all was fitly said.
But come, and I, who claim more years than thou,
Will speak and set forth all in full: and none—
Not Agamemnon’s self—will scorn my words.
Surely a tribeless, lawless, homeless man
Is he who loves to stir the strife of war
In his own people, that abhorred plague.
But let us now indeed obey black night,
And spread our meals: and let the several guards
Be ranged along the trench without the wall.
To our young men this charge I give: but then
Take thou the lead, Atrides, for thou art
The chiefest king, and to our elders make
A feast, as fits thee well nor misbeseems.
Thy tents are full of wine, which day by day
O’er the wide waters from the shore of Thrace
Achaia’s ships convey: all stores thou hast
For hospitality, and thou art a king
O’er many. But when many thus have met,
Him shalt thou follow who shall counsel best.
And all Achaia’s sons have now sore need
Of counsel good and shrewd: for near our ships
Burn many foemen’s watch-fires; and this night
Will work our army’s ruin or will save."

He spake: they heard attentive and obeyed.
Out hasted then the guards, in armour clad,
Gathering round Thrasymedes Nestor’s son,
A people’s shepherd, and the war-god’s sons
Ascalaphus and Ialmenus; and around
Meriones, Aphareus, Deöpyrus,
ηδ' ἀμφὶ Κρείοντος νίόν, Δυκομήδεα διόν. επτ' ἔσαν ἡγεμόνες φυλάκων, ἐκατὸν δὲ ἐκάστῳ κοῦροι ἀμα στείχον, δολίχ' ἔγχεα χερσὶν ἔχοντες. καὶ δὲ μέσον τάφρον καὶ τεῖχεος ἵζου ἱόντες· ἐνθα δὲ πῦρ κῆντο, τίθεντο δὲ δόρπα ἐκαστος.

'Ατρείδης δὲ γέροντας ἀολλέας ἤγεν Ἀχαίων ἐς κλισθῆν, παρὰ δὲ σφὶ τίθη μενοεικέα δαίτα· οὐ δ' ἐπ' οὐνείαθ' ἐτοίμα προκελέμενα χείρας ἰαλλον. αὐτὰρ ἐπεῖ πόσιοι καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο, τοῖς ὁ γέρων πάμπρωτος ὑφαινέμεν ἡρχετο μήτιν Νέστωρ, οὐ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή· ὃ σφιν ἕφρονεών ἄγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν' "'Ατρείδη κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, ἐν σοί μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἀρξομαι, οὖνεκα πολλῶν λαῶν ἐσοὶ ἀναξ καί τοι Ζεὺς ἐγγυάλιξεν σκήπτρον τ' ἥδε θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσι βουλεύησοθα. τῷ σε χρῆ περὶ μὲν φάσθαι ἔπος ἥδ' ἐπακούσαι, κρηνεῖ δὲ καὶ ἄλλω, ὅτ' ἀν τινα θυμός ἀνώγη εἰπείν εἰς ἀγαθῶν' σέο δ' ἐξέται ὅττι κεν ἄρχη. αὐτὰρ ἔγω ἔρεω ὡς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἀριστα.

οὐ γάρ τις νόον ἄλλον ἀμέλνονα τούδε νοῆσει, οἶνον ἔγω νοεώ, ἰμὲν πάλαι ἥδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν, εξ' ἔτι τοῦ ὅτε, διογενές, Βρισηίδα κούρην χωμένου Ἀχιλήσ εἴης κλισίθεν ἀπούρας οὗ τι καθ' ἤμετερον γε νόον' μάλα γὰρ τοι ἐγὼ γε πόλλ' ἀπεμυθέομην. σοὶ δὲ σφ' μεγαλήτορι θυμῷ εἰξας ἄνδρα φέριστον, ὃν ἄθανατοι περ ἐτίσαν, ἦτιμησας' ἐλῶν γὰρ ἔχεις γέρας. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
And godlike Lycomedes Creion's son.
Seven captains were there of the guards; with each
Went young men full fivescore, bearing in hand
Their lances long. The space between the wall
And trench they sought, and took their ground; and there
Kindled their fires and spread their several meals.

Meanwhile Atrides gathered to his tent
Achaia's greybeards all; and by them set
A full and pleasant feast: who laid their hands
Upon the meats before them ready spread.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
To them did Nestor first of all begin
To weave his prudent words, the greybeard sage
Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.
He now right wisely 'mid their council spake:
"Most honoured son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, I with thee will end,
From thee begin; because thou art a king
Of many peoples, and dost hold from Zeus
Sceptre and laws, to be their counsellor.
Wherefore 'above all other 'tis thy right
To say thy word, and yet withal to hear
And ratify what other man may say
Moved by his spirit for the public weal:
And what he prompts must still on thee depend.
But I will speak as seemeth me the best:
For better judgment none will form than this—
My judgment both of old, and yet to-day,
Ay ever since that time when, Zeus-born prince,
Braving the chieftan's wrath thou ledst away
The maid Briseis from Achilleus' tent,
We in no wise approving. I for one
Spake strong against it: but thou gavest way
To thy proud heart, and on the bravest man
(Whom ev'n immortals honoured) castest scorn,
For thou didst take and holdest yet his prize.
φραζώμεσθ' ὡς κέν μιν ἄρεσσάμενοι πεπίθωμεν
dόροισιν τ' ἀγανοίσι ἐπεσσὶ τε μειλιχίοισιν."

tὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπτε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὡ γέρον, οὗ τι ψεῦδος ἔμας ἄτας κατέλεξας.
ἀσάμην, οὔδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι. ἀντὶ νῦ πολλῶν
λαῶν ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ὦν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλήσῃ,
ὡς νῦν τούτων ἐτίσε, δάμασσε δὲ λαῶν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀσάμην φρεσὶ λευγαλέσσῃ πιθήσας,
ἀψεθέλω ἀρέσαι, δόμεναι τ' ἀπερείσι' ἀποινα·
ὑμῖν δ' ἐν πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῷρ ὅνομήνω,
ἐπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοὶ τάλαντα,
αἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους
πηγοὺς ἄθλοφόρους, οἱ ἀέθλη τοσσίν ἄροντο.
οὐ κεν ἄλησιος εἰη ἀνὴρ φ' τόσσα γένοιτο,
oῦδε κεν ἀκτήμων ἐρυτήμοι χρυσοὶ,
ὁσσα μοι ἥνεικαντο ἀέθλημα μώνυχες ἵπποι.
δῶσω δ' ἐπτὰ γυναίκας ἀμύμωνα ἔργα ἰδυίας,
Λεσβίδας, ἂς, ὅτε Λέσβων ἐκτιμένην ἔλευ αὐτός,
ἐξελόμην, αἱ κάλλει ἐνίκων φίλα γυναικῶν.

τὰς μὲν οἱ δῶσα, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται ἥν τὸ τ' ἀπηύρων,
κούρη Βρισῆς· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμοῦμαι
μὴ ποτὲ τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἥδε μυγήναι
ἡ θέμις ἄνθρωπον πέλει, ἀνδρῶν ἥδε γυναικῶν.
tαῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δὲ κεν αὐτὲ

ἀστν μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοί δῶσοι ἀλαπάξαι,
νὴ ἄλις χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοὺ νησάσθω
εἰσελθῶν, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα ληῖδ 'Ἀχαιοῖ,
Τροιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐείκοσιν αὐτὸς ἐλέσθω,
But even now tho' late, devise we plan
That may appease his wrath, and win him o'er
By kindly presents and by honeyed words."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"Father, too truly do thy words declare
My folly. Fool I was: nor can myself
Deny the charge. Worth a whole host is he
Whom Zeus doth dearly love, as now this man
He honours, and afflicts Achaia's host.
But since, obedient to a baneful mood,
I wrought the folly, I to make it good
Am willing, and unstinted price to pay.
And now before you all the glorious gifts
I'll name—Seven tripod urns unscathed by fire,
Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
Whose nimble feet have gained them many a prize.
Not landless he, nor poor in precious gold,
To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
The prizes that my firm-hoofed steeds have won.
Seven women will I also give, well-skilled
In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom I
Chose out when by his hand fair Lesbos fell,
Passing all womankind in comeliness.
These will I give him: and with them shall be
The maid of Briseus, whom erewhile I took.
And hereto will I swear a mighty oath,
That never have I climbed her bed or lain
Beside her, as a man with woman may.
All this at once shall be his own. But more—
If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack
Priam's great city, let him enter in
And freight his ship with piles of brass and gold
When our Achaian host divides the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women let him take
At his own choice, the fairest of the fair,
αὶ κε μετ᾽ Ἀργείην Ἐλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν. εἰ δὲ κεν Ἄργος ἵκομεθ᾽ Ἀχαικῶν, οὐθαρ ἄροφης, γαμβρός κέν μοι ἐου· τίσω δὲ ἐ ἰσον Ὄρεστη, ὅς μοι τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλῆ ἐνι πολλῇ. τρεῖς δὲ μοι εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐν μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτῳ, Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκῃ καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα· τάων ἦν κ᾽ ἐθέλῃς φίλην ἀνάεδυν ἁγέσθω πρὸς οἰκον Πηλῆσος· ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐπὶ μείλια δῶσω πολλά μάλις, ὅσσ᾽ οὐ πώ τις ἐψ ἐπέδωκε θυγατρί. ἐπτά δὲ οἱ δῶσω εὐ ναιόμενα πτολέθρα, Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἰρήν ποιήσασαν Φηράς τε ξαθέας ἦδ᾽ Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον καλὴν τ᾽ Λύπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν. πᾶσαι δὲ ἐγνὺς ἄλοσ, νέται Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος· ἐν δὲ ἄνδρες ναιοῦσι πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦται, οὐ κέ ἐ δωτίνησι θεὸν ὡς τιμήσουσιν καὶ οἱ ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας. ταῦτα κέ οἱ τελέσαιμι μεταλληξαντὶ χόλοιο. δμηθήτω. Ἀἰδῆς τοι ἀμεῖλίχως ἦδ᾽ ἀδάμαστος· τοῦνεκα καὶ τε βροτοῖς θεῶν ἐχθιστος ἀπάντων. καὶ μοι ὑποστήτω, ὅσον βασιλεύτερος εἰμὶ ἦδ᾽ ὅσον γενεῖ προγενέστερος εὐχομαι εἰναὶ." τὸν δ᾽ ἢμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα Γερήνως ἵπποτα Νέστωρ· "Απρεῖδη κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτι οὐνόστα δίδωσ Ἀχιλῆ ἄνακτι ἀλλ᾽ ἄγετε, κλητοὺς ὀτρύνομεν, οὐ κε τάχιστα ἐλθοῦσ᾽ ἐς κλισίην Πηλημάδεω Ἀχιλῆσ. εἰ δ᾽ ἄγε, τοὺς ἄν ἔγω ἕπιοψομαί, οὐ δὲ πιθέσθων. Φοίνιξ μὲν πρώτιστα διήφιλος ἡγησάσθω,
By Argive Helen’s self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, my daughter he shall wed;
And I will honour him as my own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters have I in my firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third
Iphianassa. Lead he which he will
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus’ home.
And presents with her I will give in store
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well peopled, I will give
Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Phære the divine,
Antheia’s deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair,
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos’ border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
With gifts ev’n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this I will for him perform, if he
Will bate his anger. Let him then be bent—
Hades indeed is unappeased, unbent;
And therefore is to mortals of all gods
The hatefullest. And let him yield to me,
Who am the lordlier king and elder born.”

Then Nestor answered him, Gerené’s knight:
“Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, gifts that none can blame
To king Achilles thou dost offer now.
Come, send we chosen men, who with all speed
May get them to the tent of Peleus’ son.
Or come, whom I shall name, let them obey.
First Phœnix, loved of Zeus, shall lead the way;
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶτ' Ἀιας τε μέγας καὶ δίος ὁ Ὀδυσσεύς
κηρύκων δὲ Ὁδίος τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτης ἀμὴ ἐπέσθων. 170
φέρτε δὲ χερσὶν ὕδωρ, εὐφημῆσαι τε κέλεσθε,
ὄφρα Διὸς Κρονίδης ἀρησόμεθ', εἰ δ' ἐλεήσῃ.

ὡς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ἑαὐτὸν μῦθον ἔειπεν.
αὐτίκα κηρυκῆς μὲν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χείρας ἔχειναι,
κοῦροι δὲ κρητῆρας ἐπεστῆσαντο ποτοῖον,

νῷμησαν δ' ἀρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί σπεῖσάν τε πῖον θ' ὅσον ἤθελε θυμός,
ὁρμῶντ' ἐκ κλυτίς Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο.
τοῖσι δὲ πόλλα ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
δενδύλλων δὲ ἐκαστοῦ, Ὁδυσσῆι δὲ μάλιστα,
πειρᾶν ὡς πεπίθοιεν ἀμύμονα Πηλεῖωνα.

τῶ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θύνα πολυφλοίσθοιο θαλάσσης,
πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένῳ γαιήχῳ ἐννοσιγαῖῳ
ῥηδίως πεπίθεεν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο.
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλυτίασ καὶ νῆας ἱκέσθην,
τὸν δ' εὐρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμυγγι λυγεῖν
καλὴ δαιδαλείη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεον ξυγὸν ἦεν
τὴν ἄρετ' ἐξ ἐναρών, πόλιν Ἡητίωνος ὀλέσσας
τῇ δ' ὡς θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἀείδε δ' ἀρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οἶοι ἐναντίον ἦστο σιωπῆ,
δέγμενος Αἰακίδην, ὡπότε λήξειεν αἰείδων.
τῶ δὲ βάτην προτέρῳ, ἤγειτο δὲ δίος Ὅδυσσεύς,
τότε δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτοῦ. ταφῶν δ' ἀνάμορφον Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτὴ σὺν φόρμυγγι, λυπῶν ἔδος ἐνθα θάασσεν.
ὡς δ' αὐτῶς Πάτροκλος, ἐπεί ἰδε φῶτος, ἀνέστη.
Great Ajax with Odysseus, godlike wight,  
Be next: and with them of our heralds twain,  
Eurybates and Hodius, shall attend.  
But bring ye lustral water for our hands,  
And bid a holy silence, while to Zeus  
The son of Cronos we for mercy pray.”

   So spake he, and his counsel pleased them all.  
Then water on their hands the heralds poured;  
And youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,  
Made offering due, and served the cups to all.  
But when libation they had made, and drunk  
All that their soul desired, forth from the tent  
Of Agamemnon Atreus’ son they sped.  
And many a charge, with earnest glance to each,  
Nestor Gerêné’s knight upon them pressed,  
But chiefly on Odysseus, that they strive  
To move the mind of blameless Peleus’ son.

   So by the margin of the sounding sea  
The envoys took their way: and much they prayed  
The god who girds the land and shakes the earth  
For grace to move with ease the mighty mind  
Of great Æacides. And now they reached  
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons:  
And found the chief within, cheering his soul  
With lyre, clear-toned and beauteous, rich-inlaid,  
And spanned with silver bridge—The same he took  
As booty when Eetion’s town he spoiled—  
With this he cheered his mind, and sang withal  
The lays of heroes. O’er against him sate  
Patroclus silent and alone, to wait  
Until Æacides should cease the song.

Godlike Odysseus leading, forward came  
The envoys, and before Achilleus stood:  
Who started up amazed, with lyre in hand,  
Leaving the seat whereon he sate; nor less  
Patroclus, soon as e’er he saw the men,
τὸ καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Άχιλλεύς·
"χαίρετον ἡ φίλοι ἄνδρες ἴκανετον—ἡ τι μάλα χρεώ,
οἳ μοι σκυφζεμένῳ περ Ἀχαιῶν φίλτατοι ἐστῶν."

ὁς ἄρα φωνῆσας προτέρω ἀγε δίος Ἀχιλλεύς,
eἰσεν δ᾽ ἐν κλίσμοις τάπησι τε πορφυρέωσιν.

αἶσα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·
"μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενοιτίῳ νιὲ, καθίστα,
ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιε, δέπας δ᾽ ἐντυνε ἐκάστῳ·
oἵ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάθρῳ."

ὁς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλαθ ἐπεπείθθεθ ἐταίρῳ.

αὐτὰρ ὁ γε κρείου μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,
ἐν δ᾽ ἄρα νῶτον ἑθῆκ᾽ οἰοὺ καὶ πίονος αἰγός,
ἐν δὲ συνὸς σιάλοιο ῥάχιν τεθαλυγάν ἀλοιφή.

τῷ δ᾽ ἔχεν Αὐτομέδων, τάμνεν δ᾽ ἄρα δῖος Ἄχιλλεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν εὐ μίστυλλε καὶ ἀμφ᾽ οβελοίῳσ ἐπείρεν, 210
πῦρ δὲ Μενοιτίάθης δαίεν μέγα, ἰσόθεος φῶς.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη καὶ φλὸξ ἐμαράνθη,
ἀνθρακίνῃς στορέσας οβελοῦς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσεν,
πάσσε δ᾽ ἀλὸς θείοι, κρατευτάων ἐπαεῖρας.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ᾽ ὁπτῆςε καὶ εἶν ἐλεούσιν ἔχενεν,
Πάτροκλος μὲν σῖτον ἐλῶν ἐπένεειμε τραπέζῃ
καλόις ἐν κανέοις, ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Άχιλλεύς.

αὐτὸς δ᾽ ἀντίον ἰζεν Ἐδυσσῆςος θείοι
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέρου, θεοῖς δὲ θῦσαι ἄνωγει
Πάτροκλον ὑν ἑταίρων· ὁ δ᾽ ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλᾶς. 220
οἳ δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ὀνείαθ᾽ ἐτοίμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἰαλλοῦν,

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύνος ἐξ ἐρων ἐντο,


νεῦσ' Αλας Φωίνικι. νόησε δὲ δῖος Ἐδυσσῄς.
Uprose. 'To whom Achilleus fleet of foot
Stretched forth his hand and thus a greeting spake:
"Hail, sirs! right welcome are ye. Some sore need
Hath surely brought ye; whom, tho' much in wrath,
Of all Achaia's sons I hold most dear."

So spake the godlike prince, and led them on,
And made them sit on couches purple-strewn;
Then to Patroclus spake, who near him stood.
"Son of Mencetius, a larger bowl
Set on, and mix a stronger draught, A cup
Serve out to each. For these, who now beneath
My roof have come, are men I hold most dear."

So spake he: and Patroclus straight obeyed
His comrade dear. Then by the blazing fire
An ample board the chief cast down, whereon
Of sheep and well-fed goat two loins he placed
With chine of fatted hog thick clothed in lard.

Automedon held for the chief the joints,
Godlike Achilleus cut, and sliced with care
And spitted all. Meanwhile Mencetius' son,
A godlike hero, fed a mighty fire.
But when the fire burnt down and flame was dead,
The embers he spread smooth, and over these
Stretched spits upraised on blocks at either end,
And sprinkled o'er the meats with salt divine.
These roasted and upon the dressers laid,

Patroclus taking bread in baskets fair
Served to each table, while Achilleus served
The meats. Then took he seat right opposite
Godlike Odysseus, by the further wall;
And bade his friend Patroclus give the gods
Their dues: who cast their offerings on the fire.
Then on the viands spread they laid their hands.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
Ajax to Phoenix nodded sign: this marked
Godlike Odysseus, and forthwith a cup
πλησάμενος δ’ οἴνου δέπας δείδεκτ’ Ἀχιλήα
“χαίρ’ Ἀχιλεῦ. δαιτὸς μὲν έίσης οὐκ ἐπιδεινεις, ἧμεν ἐνι κλισίη Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαιο
ηδὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε νῦν’ πάρα γὰρ μενοεικέα πολλά
dαινυσθ’. ἀλλ’ οὐ δαιτὸς ἐπήρατα ἔργα μέμηλεν,
ἀλλὰ λίην μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφές, εἰσορώντες
deίδημεν’ εν δοιῇ δὴ σῶας ἐμεν ἡ ἀπολέσθαι
νῆς εὔσελμοις, εἰ μή σὺ γε δύσεαι ἄλκην.
ἐγγὺς γὰρ νηὸν καὶ τείχεος αὐλῖν ἔθεντο
Τρώες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοὶ τ’ ἐπίκουροι,
κηλαμενο πυρὰ πολλὰ κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδ’ ἐτι φασὶν
σχῆσεσθ’ ἀλλ’ ἐν νηοὶ μελαίνσιν πεσέσθαι.
Ζεῦς δὲ σφων Κρονίδης ἐνδέξα σήματα φαίνων
ἀστράπτει. “Εκτωρ δὲ μέγα σθενεὶ βλεμεαίνων
μαίνειται ἐκπάγλως, πίσυνος Διὶ, οὐδὲ τὶ τίε
ἀνέρας οὐδὲ θεοὺς’ κρατηρ’ δὲ ἐ λύσσα δέδυκεν.
ἀράται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἡνῶ δίαν’
στεινται γὰρ νηὸν ἄποκοψεμεν ἄκρα κόρυμβα
αὐτάς τ’ ἐμπρήσειν μαλεροῦ πυρός, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
dησέσιν παρὰ τῆσιν ἀτυξομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.
ταῦτ’ αἰνῶς δείδωικα κατὰ φρένα, μὴ οἱ ἀπειλάς
ἐκτελέσωσι θεοὶ, ἦμιν δὲ δὴ αὐσιμὸν εἰῃ
φθίσθαι εὔν Τροῆ, ἑκας Ἀργεος ἱπποβότοιο.
ἀλλ’ ἄνα, εἰ μέμονάς γε καὶ ὄψε περ νιας Ἀχαιῶν
τειρομένους ἐρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ.
αὐτῷ σοὶ μετόπισθ’ ἄχος ἔσσεται, οὐδὲ τὶ μῆχος
ῥεχθέντος κακοῦ ἔστ’ ἄχος εὑρέμεν. ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
φράξει ὅπως Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξῆσεις κακὸν ἦμαρ.
Filling with wine Achilleus thus he pledged.
"Health to Achilleus! Of the well-shared feast
We find no lack, whether within the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, or now
With thee; for full and pleasant meats are here
To feast on. But no joyous feast is now
Our need. We see a danger, Zeus-born prince,
Exceeding great, and tremble: 'tis in doubt
Whether we save or lose our well-benched ships,
Unless again thou clothe thee in thy might.
For near our vessels and our wall are camped
Proud Trojans and allies from distant lands,
With many a watch-fire burning through their host:
Nor shall we stay them more (they say) but fly
Driven to our black-hulled ships. And Cronos' son
Doth lighten on their right with fav'ring signs:
While Hector great and terrible in strength,
On Zeus reliant, raves amain, nor recks
Of men or gods, by fury fell poss'est.
And now he prays that dawn divine will haste
Her light: for he is bent to hew away
Our ships' high sterns, and with devouring fire
Set all ablaze, and scared before the smoke
Achaia's sons beside their ships to slay.
And greatly fears my soul that these his threats
The gods may bring to pass: and so methinks
It were our doom to perish here in Troy
From horse-cropt plains of Argos far away.
But up, if thou art minded, e'en tho' late,
To succour in their strait Achaia's sons
From Trojan rout. 'Twill be a grief to thee
Hereafter else; nor, when an ill is done,
Can means of cure be found. Wherefore in time
Take heed, and ward the Danaans' day of doom.
ὁ πέπον, ἢ μὴν σοί γε πατήρ ἐπετέλλετο Πηλεὺς, ἦματι τῷ ὅτε σ’ ἐκ Φθίτης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν· 'τέκνον ἐμόν, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ 'Ἡρη δώσουσι', αἲ κ’ ἐθέλωσι, σὺ δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν ἵσχεν ἐν στήθεσιν· φιλοφροσύνη γὰρ ἀμείνων· ληγέμεναι δ’ ἐριδὸς κακομηχάνου, ὄφρα σε μάλλον τίωσ’ Ἀργείων ἦμὲν νέοι ἦδὲ γέροντες.

ὁς ἐπέτελλ’ ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεαι. ἀλλ’ ἐτι καὶ νῦν παύε’, ἔα δὲ χόλον θυμαλγέα. σοὶ δ’ Ἀγαμέμνων ἀξία δῶρα δίδωσι μεταλλῆξαντι χόλοιο.

ei δε, σύ μὲν μεν ἀκούσουν, ἕγω δε κε τοι καταλέξω ὅσα τοι ἐν κλισίῃν ὑπέσχετο δῶρ’ Ἀγαμέμνων· ἐπτ’ ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δε χρυσοῖς τάλαντα, αἰθωνας δε λέβητας ἐέικοσι, δῶδεκα δ’ ὅππους πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οὐ αέθλια ποσσίν ἄροντο.

οὐ κεν ἀλῆς εἰη ἄνηρ δ’ τόσσα γένοιτο, οὐδέ κεν ἀκτήμων ἐριτίμωι χρυσοῖο, ὅσ’ Ἀγαμέμνωνος ὅπποι αέθλια ποσσίν ἄροντο.

δώσει δ’ ἔπτα γυναίκας ἀμύμωνα ἔργα ἱδυίας, Δεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Δέσβον ἐυκτιμένην ἔλεες αὐτός, εξέλεθ’, αὐ τότε κάλλει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν.

tὰς μὲν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ’ ἐσσεται ἥν τοτ’ ἀπηύρα, κούρη Βρισῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὀμεῖται μὴ ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβῆμεναι ἤδε μιγῆναι ἥ θέμις ἐστί, ἄναξ, ἢ τ’ ἄνδρῶν ἢ τε γυναικῶν.

ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δὲ κεν αὐτὲ ἀστύ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δῶσο’ ἀλαπάξαι, νὴ ἀλίς χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νησασθαι.
Dear prince, thy father Peleus gave thee charge
Upon that day when from thy Phthian home
He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid:
'My child, Athene will grant strength of war, And Heré, if they please: but thou thyself
Check the proud spirit in thy breast, for still
A kindly heart is best. And cease from strife,
Worker of evil, that thou may'st the more
Win honour of the Argives young and old.'
Such charge the greybeard gave: but thou forgetst.
But cease, e'en now, and thy heart-grieving wrath
Forego. Right worthy gifts are offered thee
By Agamemnon if thou bate thy ire.
Nay come, and listen thou, while I rehearse
The many gifts that Agamemnon's self
Within his tent but now did promise thee.
Seven tripods will he give, unscathed by fire, Of gold ten talents, twenty glittering pots;
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb, Whose nimble feet have won them many a prize. Not landless he nor poor in precious gold, To whom may fall those many stores of wealth, Prizes that Agamemnon's steeds have won. Seven women also will he give, well-skilled In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom he Chose out when by thy hand fair Lesbos fell, Passing all womankind in comeliness. These will he give thee; and with them shall be The maid of Briseus whom erewhile he took, And hereto will he swear a mighty oath, That never has he climbed her bed or lain Beside her, as a man with woman may. All this at once shall be thine own. But more— If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack Priam's great city, thou may'st enter in And freight thy ship with piles of brass and gold,
εἰσελθών, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα λῃδ' Ἀχαιοίν, ὶδ' Ἀγελεῖν Ἐλένην κάλλισται ἔωσιν.
εἰ δὲ κεν Ἀργος ἵκομεθ' Ἀχαικόν, οὕθαρ ἄροῦρης, γαμβρός κέν οἱ ἐοις· τίςει δὲ σε ἴσον Ὄρεστην, ὃς οἱ τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλῆς ἐνι πολλῇ.


τρεῖς δὲ οἱ εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ ἑυπήκτῳ, Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Δαοδίκῃ καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα·


τάων ἤν κ' ἐθέλησθα φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἄγεσθαι πρὸς οἶκον Πηλῆος· ὑ δ' αὐτ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσει πολλὰ μᾶλ', ὥσος οὐ πώ τις ἐῇ ἐπέδοκε θυγατρί.


ἐπτὰ δὲ τοι δώσει εὗ ναιόμενα πτολίθρα,


Καρδάμιλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἰρήν ποιήσεσαν Φηράς τε ξαθέας ἢδ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον καλῆν τ' Ἀἰπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσαν.


πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἄλος, νέαται Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος· ἐν δ' ἀνδρεῖς ναϊοσὺ πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦται, οἱ κέ σε δωτίνησι θεόν ὡς τιμήσουσιν καὶ τοῖς ὑπὸ σκῆπτρῳ λυπαρᾶς τελέουσι θέμιστας.


ταῦτα κέ τοι τελέσει μεταλλήξαντι χόλιον.


εἰ δὲ τοι Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἀπῆξθετο κηρῳθί μᾶλλον, ἀυτὸς καὶ τοῦ δῶρα, σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαῖοις τειρομένους ἐλέαρε κατὰ στρατὸν, οἱ σε θεόν ὡς τίσουσ'· ἡ γάρ κέ σφι μᾶλα μέγα κύδος ἀριστο.


νῦν γάρ χ' Ἐκτόρ' ἔλοις, ἐπεὶ ἀν μᾶλα τοι σχέδον ἐλθοί λύσαν ἐχον ὀλοήν, ἐπεὶ οὐ τινὰ φησιν ὁμοίων 305 οἱ ἐμεναι Δαναῶν οὐς ἐνθάδε νῆες ἐνεικαν."


τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς·
When our Achaian host divides the spoil,
And twenty Trojan women thou may'st take
At thine own choice, the fairest of the fair,
By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, his daughter thou shalt wed;
And he will honour thee as his own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters has he in his firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third
Iphianassa. Lead thou which thou wilt
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
And presents with her he will give in store,
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well-peopled, he will give,
Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Pherae the divine,
Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this he pays thee, if thou bate thy wrath.
But if thy heart so hateth Atreus' son,
Himself and these his gifts, yet pity thou
In their sore strait Achaia's general host;
Who as a god will honour thee, for thou
Wilt surely win them passing great renown.
For now thou may'st slay Hector, who will come
Full near to thee, possest with baneful rage:
Since of the Danaans whom our vessels bare
Hither to Troy, he reckons none his peer."
To him replied Achilleus fleet of foot:
"διογενες Δαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὄδυσσεύ, χρή μεν δη τον μύθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποείπειν, ἦ περ δη φρονέω τε καὶ ὡς τετελεσμένον ἦσται, ὡς μή μοι τρύζητε παρήμενοι ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος. ἐχθρός γάρ μοι κείνος ὁμοῖς 'Αδαίο πῦλησιν ὡς χ' ἔτερον μὲν κεύθη ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἰτη. αὐτάρ ἐγὼ ἐρέω ὡς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα. οὔτ' ἐμὲ γ' Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα πεισέμεν οίω οὔτ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς, ἔπει οὐκ ἀρὰ τις χάρις ἤν μάρνασθαι δηλοισιν ἐπὶ ἀνδράσι νωλεμές αἰεῖ. ἵση μοίρα μένοντι, καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζοι ἐν δὲ ηῇ τιμῇ ἦμεν κακός ἦδε καὶ ἐσθλός. κάθαν ὁμὼς ὦ τ' ἀεργός ἄνηρ ὦ τε πολλὰ ἐοργώς. οὔδε τί μοι περίκειται, ἔπει πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ αἰεῖν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενος πολεμίζειν. ὡς δ' ὀρνίς ἀπτῆσι νεοσσοῖς προφέρησιν μάστακ', ἔπει κε λάβησι, κακός δ' ἂρα οἱ πέλει αὐτῇ, ὡς καὶ ἓγω πολλὰς μὲν ἀὐπνους νύκτας ἰαυν, ηματα δ' αἰματόεντα διέπρησον πολεμίζοιν ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενοι δάρων ἐνεκα σφετεράων. δόδεκα δῆ σὺν νησιὶ πόλις ἀλάταξ' ἀνθρῶτων, πεζὸς δ' ἐνδεκά φημι κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον· τάων ἐκ πασέων κεμηλία πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλά ἐξελόμην, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνονι δόσκον Ἀτρείδην' δ' δ' ὀπίσθε μένων παρὰ νησιὶ θοησὶν δεξάμενος διὰ παύρα δασάσκετο, πολλὰ δ' ἐχεσκεν. ἀστα δ' ἀριστήσεσι δίδου γέρα καὶ βασιλεύσιν, τοῖς μὲν ἐμπεδα κεῖται, ἐμεύ δ' ἀπὸ μοῦνον Ἀχαιῶν εἴλετ', ἔχει δ' ἀλοχον θυμαρέα τῇ παριαύων τερπέσθω. τί δὲ δεὶ πολεμιζέμεναι Τρώεσσιν
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou many-counselled man, my word herein
I must speak bluntly forth, ev'n as I think
And will most surely do, lest flocking here
Ye sit beside me to make idle moan.
For him I hate, ay, as the gates of death,
Whose heart hides aught but what his lips forthtell.
And I will say as seemeth me the best.
Me neither will Atrides, as I ween,
Persuade, nor other Danaan; since to fight
Untiringly and alway with the foe
Brought me no thanks. The laggard ever bore
Like share with warrior, fought he never so:
One honour had the coward and the brave.
Death comes not less to him of many deeds
Than to the deedless idler. And what gain
Results from all the ills my soul endured,
Who ever risked my life in brunt of war?
Ev'n as the mother-bird to unfledged young
Bears in her beak whate'er she find, yet fares
Herself but scantily—so through sleepless nights
Full many I lay, and fought through bloody days
With men who battled for their own dear wives.
Twelve cities sacked I, sailing with my ships,
Eleven on land in deep-soiled plain of Troy.
From all these cities many treasures rich
I took. To Agamemnon Atreus' son
I brought and gave them all: who stayed behind
By the swift ships, and gathering in the spoils
Apportioned out but little, much retained.
Prizes he gave to chieftains and to kings:
But while the rest yet keep their own secure,
From me alone of all Achaia's host
He took, and holds, the wife my heart held dear.
Let him e'en take his pleasure by her side.
But wherefore need the Argives war on Troy?
'Αργείους; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ἀγείρας
'Ατρείδης; ἥ οὐχ Ἐλένης ἐνεκ' ἦν κόμοιο;
ἡ μοῦνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
'Ατρείδαι; ἐπεὶ οὐ τις ἀνήρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων,
τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κηδεται, ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν
ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεου δουρικτητὴν περ ἐούσαν.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρὸν γέρας εἴλετο καὶ μ' ἀπάτησεν,
μή μεν πειράτω εὐ εἰδότος' οὐδὲ με πείσει.
ἀλλ', Ὅδυσσεῦ, σὺν σοὶ τε καὶ ἄλλοισιν βασιλεύσων
φραζέσθω νῆσσων ἀλεξάμεναι δῆιου πῦρ.
ἡ μὲν δὴ μᾶλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμεῖο,
καὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἔδειμε, καὶ ἡλασε τάφρον ἐτ' αὐτῷ
εὐρείαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξεν'
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς δύναται σθένος Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνου
ἰσχεύν. ὁφρα δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον,
οὐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχος ὀρνύμεν Ἕκτωρ,
ἀλλ' ὅσον ἐς Σκαίας τε πῦλας καὶ φηγὸν ἴκανεν·
ἐνθα ποτ' οἶον ἔμμυε, μόνις δὲ μεν ἐκφυγεν ὁρμῆν.
νῦν δ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν Ἕκτορι δίω,
αὐριον ἵρα Δίω ῥέξας καὶ πάσι θεοίσιν,
νηῆσας εὐ νήας, ἐπὶν ἄλαδε προερύσσω,
ὁψει, ἡν ἐθέλησθα καὶ εἰ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλῃ,
ἡρ̂ μάλ' Ἐλλήσποτον ἐπ' ἱχθυόεντα πλεούσας
νῆας ἐμᾶς, ἐν δ' ἀνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαϊτας.
ει δὲ κεν εὐπλοίην δῶῃ κλυτὸς εὐνοσίγαιος,
ἡματι κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἴκομην.
ἐστι δὲ μοι μάλα πολλὰ τὰ κάλλιπτον ἐνθάδε ἐρρων'
アルバム δ' ἐνθένδε χρυσὸν καὶ χάλκον ἐρυθρόν
ηδὲ γυναῖκας ἐυξόνους πολίων τε σίδηρον.
Why led Atrides here his gathered host?
Say, was it not for long-haired Helen's sake?
Do then alone of all speech-gifted men
The sons of Atreus love their wives? Nay, sure
Whoe'er is good and wise loves well his own
And cherishes: and so loved I that maid
With all my heart, although a spear-won bride.
But now, since from my hands he took my prize
And played me false, let him not try me more
Who know him well: he never will persuade.
But let him e'en with thee and other kings,
Odysseus, counsel how to save his ships
From foemen's fire. Surely without my aid
Full many labours he has wrought: a wall
He now has built, and dug thereto a trench
Both broad and deep, and set it thick with stakes.
Yet even thus the slaughtering Hector's might
He cannot check. But while among your host
I battled, Hector dared not stir the fight
Out from the city-wall, but just so far
As to the Scaean gates and oak-tree came.
There once he faced me singly, and my charge
Hardly escaped. But now, since I to war
With godlike Hector choose not, I will pay
To-morrow morn due sacrifice to Zeus
And other gods, then freighting well my ships
Will drag them seawards down; and thou shalt see,
If so thou wilt and carest for the sight,
Bound for the fishful Hellespont betimes
My ships and shipmen lab'ring at the oar.
And if the famed Earth-shaker speed our voyage,
To deep-soiled Phthia in three days I come.
Full many stores I have, which there I left
Bound hither to my bane: and gold from hence
And ruddy brass, and well-girt women-slaves,
And iron grey I take—my share of spoil.
ἀξομαί, ἀσε ἐλαχῶν γε· γέρας δὲ μοι, ὦς περ ἐδωκεν, αὕτως ἑφυβρίζων ἐλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων Ἀτρεΐδης. τῷ πάντῳ ἀγορευμένον ὡς ἐπιτέλλω, ἀμφαδόν, ὀφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐπισκύζωνται Ἀχαιοί, εἰ τινὰ ποὺ Δαναῶν ἔτι ἐλπεταὶ ἔξαπατῆσειν, αἰὲν ἀναίδειν ἐπιειμένοις οὖν ἂν ἔμοι γε τετλαίη κύνεος περ ἑών εἰς ὁπα ἴδεσθαι.

οὐδὲ τὶ οἱ βουλαὶ συμφράσσομαι, οὐδὲ τὶ ἐργοι· ἐκ γὰρ δὴ μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλιτεν. οὐδὲ ἂν ἔτ' αὕτως εξαπάφωτο ἐπεσσεί· ἄλις δὲ οἱ. ἀλλὰ ἐκηλος ἑρρέτω· ἐκ γὰρ εὐ φρένας εἶλετο μητίετα Ζεὺς. ἐχθρὰ δὲ μοι τοῦ δώρα, τίω δὲ μιν ἐν καρδὸς αἴσθη.

οὐδὲ εἰ μοι δεκάκις καὶ εἰκοσάκις τόσα δοίη ὡσα τέ οἱ νῦν ἔστι, καὶ εἰ ποθεὶ ἀλλὰ γένοιτο, οὐδὲ ὀσε ὀρχομενον ποτινίσσεται, οὐδὲ ὁσα Θήβας Ἀγινπτίας, θη πλείστα δόμους ἐν κτήματα κεῖται, αἱ θ' ἐκατόμπυλοι εἰσι, δυνάσσοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστας ἀνέρες ἔξοικνεύσι σὺν ὑποιοισι καὶ ὠχεσφιν· οὐδὲ εἰ μοι τόσα δοίη ὃσα ψάμαθος τε κόνις τε, οὐδὲ κεν ὡς ἄτι θυμὼν ἐμὸν πεῖσει 'Ἀγαμέμνων, πρὶν γ' ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἔμοι δόμεναι θυμαλγέα λύβην. κούρην δ' οὐ γαμέω 'Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαιο, οὐδὲ εἰ χρυσεῖη Ἁφροδίτη κάλλος ἔρίζοι, ἔργα δ' Ἀθηναίη γλαυκώπιδι ἱσοφαρίζοι· οὐδὲ μιν ὡς γαμέω δ' ὃ 'Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλον ἐλέσθω, ὡς τις οἱ τ' ἐπέοικεν καὶ δ' βασιλεύτερος ἔστιν· ἦν γὰρ δὴ με σῶσι θεὸ καὶ οὐκαδ' ἱκομαι, Πηλεὺς θήν μοι ἐπειτα γυναῖκα γαμέσσεται αὐτὸς. πολλαὶ Ἀχαιίδες εἰσίν ἂν Ἐλλάδα τε Φθίην τε,
But that my prize he took again who gave—
Insulting—Agamemnon, Atreus’ son,
Our sovereign lord. To whom declare ye all,
Ev’n as I charge ye, in the public ear:
So may Achaians all be wroth, if yet
He hopes to cozen other Danaan chief,
He that is ever clothed in shamelessness;
Yet, hound-like tho’ he be, he will not dare
To look me in the face. Nor will I join
His counsels or his deeds. He played me false,
And wronged me; nor shall cozen me with words
Again: be once enough. But let him go,
By me untroubled, to his bane, for Zeus
The counsellor hath reft him of his mind.
His gifts I hate; I prize him at a hair.
No, not if ten times o’er or twenty times
His gifts were told; not all his present store
With other joined thereto; not all the wealth
That to Orchomenus or Egyptian Thebes
Flows in, where countless treasures hoarded lie,
That hundred-gated town whose every gate
Pours forth two hundred men with steeds and cars.
No, not if gifts in number as the sand
Or dust he bring, not even so my mind
Will Agamemnon move, till he have made
For grievous outrage done atonement full.
No child of Agamemnon will I wed,
Be she to golden Aphrodité peer
In beauty, and in skill of handiwork
A rival of Athené, stern-eyed queen.
Not e’en so will I wed her. Let him choose
Some other of Achaia’s sons, whoe’er
May fit himself, forsooth, some lordlier king.
For if gods speed me and I reach my home,
Peleus himself shall find me then a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia many maids
κοῦραί ἀριστήνων οὐ τε πτολεμέθρα ῥύονται
τάων ἦν κ' ἑθέλωμι φίλην ποιήσομ' ἀκοιτίν.
ἐνθα δέ μοι μάλα πολλὸν ἐπέσουτο θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
γῆμαντί μυηστὴν ἀλοχον, εἰκὺιαν ἁκοιτίν,
κτήμασι τέρπεσθαι τὰ γέρων ἐκτήσατο Πηλεύς.
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοί ψυχὴς ἀντάξιον οὐδ' ὥσα φασίν
"Ἰλιον ἐκτήσθαι εὐ ναιόμενον πτολεμέθρον,
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθέμεν νίας Ἀχαίων,
οὐδ' ὥσα λάϊνος οὐδὲς ἀφήτορος ἐντὸς ἐέργει
Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος, Πυθοῖ ἕνε πτερηνήσῃ.

ληστοὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες καὶ ἱφία μῆλα,
κτητοὶ δὲ τρίποδες τε καὶ ἵππων ξανθὰ κάρηνα:
ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχῆ πάλιν ἐλθέμεν οὔτε ληστὴ
οὐθ' ἐλετή, ἐπεὶ ἂρ κεν ἀμείλγεται ἔρκος ὀδόντων.
μήτηρ γάρ τε μὲ φησὶ θεά, Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα,
διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτου τέλοςδε.
εἰ μὲν κ' αὐθί μένων Τρόων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,
ὠλετο μὲν μοι νόστος, ἀτὰρ κλέος ἀφθιτον ἔσται' εἰ
dὲ κε οἰκαδ' ἱκωμ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
ὠλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλὸν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δὲ μοι αἰών
ἔσσεται, οὐδὲ κέ μ' ἄκα τέλος θανάτου κιχεῖν.
καὶ δέ ἄν τοῖς ἀλλοισιν ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
οἰκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δὴτε τέκμωρ
Ἰλίου αἰτπείνης' μάλα γάρ ἔθεν εὐρύστη Ζεὺς
χεῖρα ἐὴν ὑπερήσχη, τεθαρσῆκασι δὲ λαοὶ.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν ἱώτες ἀριστησθήσων Ἀχαίων
ἀγγελίην ἀπόφασθε (τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἄστι γερόντων),
ὁφρ' ἀλλην φράξωνται εὖν φρεσὶ μήτων ἀμείνων,
ὁ κέ σφιν νήας τε σῷο καὶ λαδὶ Ἀχαίων
νησίν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆς, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφισιν ἤδε γ' ἐτοιμῆ.
There be, Achaia's daughters, born of chiefs
Who keep strong cities. Whom I will of these,
I to my bed may take. There oft and much
My noble spirit wished to woo and wed
A wife, a fitting partner, and enjoy
The wealth that Peleus won, my greybeard sire.
For life to me is more than all the store
That Ilion, that well-peopled city, owned
Once, as they say, in peace, ere yet had come
Achaia's sons. And life is more than all
That in the temple hoarded lies behind
The stony threshold of the archer-god
Phoebus Apollo, on high Pytho's crag.

For kine and lusty sheep may come by spoil,
And tripod urns and steeds of tawny mane
Are goods that may be won: but breath of life
By spoil or winning cannot come again,
Once it hath passed the barrier of the teeth.
Me too—my goddess mother Thetis says,
The silver-footed dame—two fates at choice
Await, to lead me to the goal of death.
If biding here around Troy's walls I fight,
Return is lost to me for evermore,
But I shall gain a name imperishable.
But if to home and fatherland I go,
My noble name is lost, but long my life,
Nor soon will death o'ertake and bring the end.
Such lot is mine. And to the rest of ye
My counsel is, 'Sail home:' for Ilion's end
Ye will not see; o'er whom loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.
But go your way, and to Achaia's chiefs
Bear back plain word—as is the greybeards' part—
That other plan and better they devise
To save the ships and save Achaia's host
Beside the hollow ships: since nought avails
ἡν νῦν ἐφράσσαντο, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνώσαντο·
Φοίνιξ δ' αὖθι παρ' ἄμμι μένων κατακομηθήτω,
obuf μοι ἐν νῆσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἐπηταί
αὐριον, ἢν θέλησιν· ἀνάγκη δ' οὐ τί μιν ἄξιω.

ὡς ἐφαθ', οὖ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκήν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
μύθοιν ἀγαςάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀπεέπτεν.
ὁψε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε γέρων ἰππηλάτα Φοίνιξ
dάκρυ ἀναπρῆσας· περὶ γὰρ διὲ νησίων 'Ἀχαιῶν
"εἰ μὲν δὴ νόστον γε μετὰ φρεσί, φαιδίμ' 'Ἀχιλλεύ,
βάλλεαι, οὐδὲ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνειν νησί θοών
πῦρ ἑθέλεις ἀτίθηλον, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἐμπεσε θυμῷ,
pῶς ἀν ἐπειτ' ἀπὸ σείο, φίλον τέκος, αὕθι λυποῖμην
οἶος; σοὶ δὲ μ' ἐπεμπτε γέρων ἰππηλάτα Πηλεύς
ἡματι τῷ ὄτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης 'Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπτεν
νήπιον, οὐ πω εἰδόθ' ὀμοίοιν πολέμιοι
οὐδ' ἄγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσιν.
tούνεκά με προέηκε διδασκέμεναι τάδε πάντα,
μῦθοιν τε ῥητήρ' ἐμεναι πρηκτήρα τε ἑργῶν.
ὡς ἀν ἐπειτ' ἀπὸ σείο, φίλον τέκος, οὔκ ἑθέλοιμι
λείπεσθ', οὐδ' εἰ κέν μοι ὑποσταῖν θεὸς αὐτὸς,
γῆρας ἀποξύσας, θῆσειν νέον ἠβώοντα,
οἶον ὅτε πρῶτον λίπον Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
φεύγων νείκεα πατρὸς 'Αμύντωρος 'Ορμενίδαο,
ὁς μοι παλλακίδος περιχῴσατο καλλικόμοιο,
tὴν αὐτὸς φιλέσκεν, ἀτιμάζεσκε δ' ἄκοιτων,
μητέρ' ἐμὴν. ἢ δ' αἰεὶν ἐμὲ λυσσέσκετο γούνων
παλλακίδι προμιγήναι, ἵν' ἐχθήρειε γέροντα.
What now they planned, for still my wrath endures.
For Phoenix, let him bide the night with us,
And rest him here: that with me he may sail
To-morrow to our own dear fatherland,
If so he please: I shall not force his will."

He spake: but they in silence all were mute,
Awed at his words; for he full strongly spake.
At length amid them Phoenix, greybeard knight,
Found words and spake, with bursting flood of tears,
So sorely feared he for Achaia's ships:
"If of return indeed thou hast a thought,
Glorious Achilleus, and thus utterly
Deniest thine aid to ward the wasting fire
From our swift ships, since wrath hath seized thy soul;
How can I then away from thee, dear son,
Be left behind alone? With thee I came
By Peleus, greybeard knight, sent on that day
When thee to Agamemnon's aid he sent
From Phthia; thee a child, nought knowing yet
Of doubtful war, or council, where full soon
Men shine conspicuous forth. Wherefore thy sire
Despatched me too, to teach thee all that lore,
To speak where words are meet, where deeds, to do.
I would not then consent, dear son, of thee
Thus to be left behind. No not although
A god himself should promise me to strip
My slough of age and make me young again,
As once I was, when Hellas first I left,
Land of fair women; fleeing, in his wrath,
Amyntor son of Ormenus, my sire.
Wroth was he with me for a woman's sake,
A fair-haired paramour, whom now he loved,
Scorning my mother his true wedded wife.
But she besought me ever at my knees
The grey-beard with her rival to forestall,
That she might loathe him. I obeyed her hest
τῇ πιθόμην καὶ ἔρεξα. πατὴρ δ᾿ ἐμὸς. αὐτίκ’ ὁσθείς πολλὰ κατηρᾶτο, στυγερᾶς δ᾿ ἐπεκέκλετ’ ἐρινὺς, μὴ ποτὲ γούνασι οἴσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον νῦν ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαώτα· θεοὶ δ᾿ ἐτέλειον ἔπαρας, Ζεὺς τε καταχθόνιος καὶ ἐπαινῇ Περσεφόνεια. τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βοῦλευσα κατακτάμεν ὄξεῖ χαλκῷ ἀλλὰ τὶς ἀθανάτων παῦσεν χόλον, ὃς ὅ τε ἐνι θυμῷ δήμου θήκε φάτιν καὶ οὐνείδα πόλλῃ ἀνθρόπων, ὃς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ’ Ἀχαιοὺς καλεοίμην. ἔνθ’ ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἐρητύτε’ ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός πατρὸς χωρομένου κατὰ μέγαρα στρωφᾶσθαι. ἦ μὴν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιολ ἀμφὶς ἐόντες αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτυν ἐν μεγάροισιν, πολλὰ δὲ ὕφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίσποδας ἐλικας βοῦς ἐσφαζον, πολλοὶ δὲ σὺς θαλέθουντες ἀλοιφὶ εὐόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἡφαιστοῖο, πολλῶν δ᾿ ἐκ κεράμων μέθυ πίνετο τοῖο γέροντος. εἰνάνυχες δὲ μοι ἀμφὶ αὐτῷ παρὰ νύκτας ἱαυν’ οὐ μὲν ἀμεβόμενοι φυλακὰς ἔχον, οὐδὲ ποτ’ ἐσβη πῦρ, ἔτερον μὲν ὡτ’ αἰθουσῇ ἐυερέκεος αὐλῆς, ἀλλ’ δὲ εὗρ προδόμῳ, πρόσθεν θαλάμου θυράων. ἀλλ’ ὥστε δὴ δεκάτη μοι ἐπῆλυθε νῦξ ἐρεβενη, καὶ τὸτ’ ἐγὼ θαλάμου θύρας πυκνῶς ἀραρυαῖς ῥήξας ἐξῆλθον, καὶ ὑπέρθοροι ἔρχον αὐλῆς ἰεία, λαθῶν φυλακὰς τ’ ἀνδρας δμῶς τε γυναῖκας. φεύγουν ἐπειτ’ ἀπάνευθε δἰ Ἐλλάδος εὐρυχόροιο, Φθίην δ’ ἐξίκομην ἔριβωλακα, μητέρα μήλων, ἐς Πηλῆα ἄναχθ’. ὃ δὲ με πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο, καὶ με φίλησ’ ὃς εἰ τε πατὴρ ὅν παῖδα φιλήσῃ μοῦνον τηλύγετον πολλοίσιν ἐπὶ κτεάτεσσιν, καὶ μ’ ἀφνείον ἔθηκε, πολὺν δὲ μοι ὑπασε λαὸν’
And did the deed. My father straight perceived,
And cursed me deeply, calling to his aid
The abhorred Furies. Never on his knees
(He prayed) might sit a son by me begot.
And to these prayers the gods fulfilment brought,
The nether Zeus and dread Persephoné.
Him first I purposed with keen sword to slay,
But some immortal power my anger checked,
And set before my mind the people's voice
And all mankind's reproaches; for I feared
Achaian lips should call me parricide.
Then could my soul no more be bent to bear
Life in our halls beneath a father's ire:
Though friends indeed and kinsmen flocking round
Besought me much, to stay me in my home.
And many were the lusty sheep they slew,
And kine of clumsy foot and curvèd horn;
Many the swine, all rich with fat, they singed
Lying wide-stretched across the Fire-god's flame:
Many the jars whereout was drunk the wine,
The greybeard's store. And so for nights thrice three
Around me close they slept or watched in turn:
Nor e'er was quenched the fire; one burning still
Beneath the cloister of the well-walled court,
One in the hall before my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night came on, I brake
The solid chamber door, and got me out,
And o'er the courtyard wall full lightly leapt
Unseen by watching men or women slaves.
Then fled I far through Hellas' plains, and came
To deep-soiled Phthia, mother land of flocks,
To Peleus Phthia's king: who took me in
With kindly zeal, and gave me love, as gives
A father to an only son, late-born,
Well-loved, to all his ample substance heir.
Wealthy he made me too, and gave in charge

G. H.
ναίον δ' ἐσχατὴς Ψθης, Δολόπεσσι ἀνάσσων.
καὶ σε τοσοῦτον Ἑθηκα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῖν,
ἐκ θυμὸν φιλέων, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἑθέλεσκες ἢ μ' ἄλλῳ
οὔτ' ἐσεῖσθε ἐν μεγάρῳ πάσασθαι,
πρὸν η' ὧτε δὴ ο' ἐπ' ἐμοῖς ἐγὼ γούνεσσι καθίσσας
ὀφον τ' ἀσαιμ προταμῶν καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχὼν.
πολλάκι μοι κατέδευσας ἐπὶ στήθεσιν χιτώνα
οἶνον ἀποβλύζων ἐν νηπιεή ἀλεγεινη.
ὡς ἐπὶ σοι μάλα πολλὰ πάθον καὶ πολλὰ μόγησα,
τὰ φρονέων, ὦ μοι οὐ τι θεοὶ γόνον ἐξετέλειαν
ἐξ ἐμεῦ· ἄλλα σὲ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῖν,
ποιεύμην, ἵνα μοι ποτ' ἀεικέα λοιγον ἀμύνης.
ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῖ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν, οὐδὲ τί σε χρὴ
νηλεές ἦτορ ἐχειν· στρεπτοί δὲ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί,
τῶν περ καὶ μείζων ἄρετη τιμὴ τε βίη τε.
καὶ μὴν τοὺς θυέσσοι καὶ εὐχωλῆς ἁγανήσιν
λοιβῆ τε κυίσῃ τε παρατρωπῶσ' ἀνθρωποι
νισόμενοι, ὦτε κεν τις ὑπερβή ὑ αμάρτη.
καὶ γάρ τε Διταί εἰσι Διὸς κοῦραι μεγάλοιοι,
χωλαὶ τε ρυσαὶ τε παραβληστές τ' ὀφθαλμῷ,
αἱ' ρά τε καὶ μετόπισθ' Ἄτης ἀλέγουσι κιοῦσαι.
ἡ δ' Ἄτη σθεναρὴ τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, οὗνεκα πάσας
πολλὰν ὑπεκπροβέει, φθάνει δὲ τε πᾶσαν ἐπὶ αἰαν
βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· αἱ δ' ἐξακέονται ὀπλίσσω.
ὅς μὲν τ' αἰδέσεται κοῦρας Διὸς ἄσσον ιούσας,
τὸν δὲ μέγῃ ὄνησαν καὶ τε κλύον εὐχομένου
ὅς δὲ κ' ἀνήνηται καὶ τε στερεῶς ἀποεῖτη,
λίσσονται δ' ἀρα ταῖ γε Δία Κρονίωνα κιοῦσαι.
A numerous folk; thus of the Dolopes
A prince in Phthia's border land I dwelt.
There reared I thee, Achilleus peer of gods,
To be what now thou art, with hearty love.
For thou with none but me would'st seek the feast,
Nor taste the viands in the hall, till I
Set thee upon my knees and fed thy wants,
Cutting thy meat and holding wine to thee.
Oft didst thou stain my bosom, when thy lips
Spilled out the wine in froward childishness.
Much then for thee I suffered, much I toiled:
This thinking, that the gods ordained me not
Child of my own; wherefore, O peer of gods
Achilleus, I would make of thee a son,
To guard me in my age from shameful harm.
But now, Achilleus, tame thy mighty wrath:
A ruthless heart it fits thee not to have.
The very gods to mercy may be moved,
Whose honour worth and might are more than ours.
And these by sacrifice and soothing prayers
And outpoured wine and savour sweet mankind
Turn and entreat for trespass and for wrong.
For Supplications are of mighty Zeus
The daughters; lame and wrinkled to the view,
Shamefaced with sidelong glance: who following close
The track of Sin watch heedfully the while.
Now Sin is strong of limb and firm of foot:
Wherefore she far outruns them all, and comes
To every land the first, upon mankind
Working her harms: they follow her, and heal.
Whoso reveres the daughters of great Zeus
As they approach, him do they greatly bless
And hear his prayer: but whoso shall reject
And sternly say them nay—then do they go
To Zeus the son of Cronos making suit
That Sin may dwell with him, till he in turn
τῷ Ἀτην ἀμ' ἔπεσθαι, ἵνα βλαφθεῖς ἀποτίσῃ.
ἀλλ’ Ἀχιλεῦ πόρε καὶ σὺ Διὸς κοῦρησιν ἔπεσθαι
tιμῆν, ἥ τ' ἄλλων περ ἐπιγυμνπτει νῦν ἐσθλῶν.
eἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ δῶρα φέροι, τὰ δ' ὅπισθ' ὀνομάζοι
'Ατρείδης, ἀλλ’ αἰεὶ ἐπιζαφέλως χαλεπαίνοι,
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ γέ σε μὴν ἀπορρῆσαντα κελοῖμην
'Αργείουσιν ἀμυνέμεναι, χατέουσιν περ ἐμπης'?
νῦν δ' ἄμα τ' αὐτίκα πολλὰ δίδαι, τὰ δ' ὅπισθεν ὑπέστη,
ἀνδρας δὲ λίσσεσθαι ἐπιπροέεικεν ἀριστοὺς
κρινάμενος κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαικῶν, οἳ τε σοὶ αὐτῷ
φιλτατοὶ Ἀργείων τῶν μη σὺ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξης
μὴ δὲ πόδας. πρὶν δ' οὗ τι νεμεσσητῶν κεχολῶσθαι.
οὔτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν
ήρῶν, ὅτε κέν τιν' ἐπιζάφελος χόλος ἵκοι'?
δωρητοὶ τ' ἐπέλοντο παράρρητοι τε ἐπέσσων.
μεμνημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὗ τι νέον γε,
ός ἦν' ἐν δ' ὑμῖν ἐρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.

Κουρήτες τ' ἐμάχοντο καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ μενεχάρμαι
ἀμφὶ πόλιν Καλυδώνα, καὶ ἄλληλοις ἐνάριζον,
Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι Καλυδώνος ἔρανθης,
Κουρήτες δὲ διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες Ἀρη.
καὶ γὰρ τοῖς κακοῖς χρυσόθρονος Ἀρτεμις ὁρσεν,
χωσαμένη ὅ οἱ οὗ τι θαλύσια γονυφὸ ἀλώης
Οἰνεύς ρέξ' ἄλλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίνυνθ' ἐκατόμβας,
οὗ δ' οὗν ἔρρεξε Διὸς κοῦρη μεγάλοιοι.
ἡ λάθετ' ἡ οὖκ ἐνόησεν' ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.
ἡ δὲ χολωσαμένη, δίον γένος, ἱοχέαιρα
By suffering harm his folly shall atone.
Wherefore, Achilleus, to the maids of Zeus
Give thou due reverence: reverence for their claim
Doth every brave man's heart to mercy move.
If gifts indeed Atrides offered not,
Naming yet more to come, but, as before,
Still raged in furious wise, it is not I
Would bid thee cast away thy righteous wrath
And aid the Argives, tho' they need it sore.
But now not only gives he much at once
And warrants more to come, but he hath sent
With supplication chosen chiefs, the best
From all Achaia's host, dear to thyself
Above all Argives. Of such messengers
Scorn not the lips, nor turn thou back the feet:
And heretofore thine anger none will blame.
Such stories learn we of the men of old,
Those heroes, when with furious wrath possest;
How gifts could alway move, and words persuade.
I do remember me of deeds that happed
Long since, not late—how all was done—and here
Before you all, as friends, will tell the tale.

Around the city Calydon of yore
Fought the Curetes and Æetolia's sons,
Staunch warriors these, and each the other slew.
Æetolia's ranks fought for fair Calydon,
To spoil the same by war the foemen strove.
For Artemis the golden-throned had sent
A plague upon the land; in wrath for this,
That Õeneus of his fruitful orchard paid
To her no offerings—other gods made cheer
With hecatombs, to her alone, the maid
Of mighty Zeus, no sacrifice was given.
Forgat he this, once meant, or ne'er in mind
Conceived, he surely sinned a mighty sin.
And she, the seed of Zeus, the arrow-queen,
ὁρσεν ἐπὶ χλούνην σὺν ἁγριον ἁργιόδοντα, ὡς κακὰ πόλλα ἐρδεσκε ἔθων Οἶνης ἀλωνι. 
πολλὰ δ' ὦ γε προθέλυμα χαμαί βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ 
αὐτῆς ῥίζησε καὶ αὐτοῖς ἀνθεσε μῆλων.
τὸν δ' ύιὸς Οἶνης ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος, 
πολλέων ἐκ πολίων θηρίτορας ἄνδρας ἄγειρας 
καὶ κύνας: οὐ, μὴν γὰρ κε δάμη παύροισι βροτοῖσιν' 
τόσσος ἕνα πολλοῦς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβησον ἀλεγείων. 
ἡ δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺν κέλαδον καὶ αὐτῆν, 
ἀμφὶ σκόπο κεφαλῆ καὶ δέρματε λαχνήεντε, 
Κουρήτων τε μεσημυ καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.
ὁφρα μὲν ὤν Μελέαγρος ἀρηθύφιλος πολέμιζεν, 
τόφρα δὲ Κουρήτεσσι κακῶς ἦν, οὐδὲ δύναντο 
teίχεος ἐκτοσθέν μίμνεων πολέες περ ἐόντες·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἔδυ χόλος, ὃς τε καὶ ἄλλων 
οἰδάνει εν στήθεσι νόον πῦκα περ φρονεόντων, 
ἡ τοι ὁ μητρὶ φίλη Ἀλθαίη χωόμενος κήρ 
κεῖτο παρὰ μνηστῇ ἀλόχῳ, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ, 
κούρῃ Μαρτήσσῃς καλλισφύρου Εὐήνην ἡ 
"Ιδεώ θ', ὃς κάρτιστος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν 
τῶν τότε, καὶ ῥὰ ἀνακτος ἐναντίον εἴλετο τόξου 
Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος καλλισφύρου εἶνεκα νύμφης. 
τὴν δὲ τὸτ' ἐν μεγάροισι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ 
Ἀλκυόνην καλέσσκον ἐπόνυμον, οὐνεκ' ἁρ' αὐτῆς 
μήτηρ ἀλκυόνος πολυπενθέος οἴτον ἐχουσα 
κλαῖ', ὦτε μην ἐκάργγη οὐρπασε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
Was wroth, and stirred from out his grassy lair
A wild boar of the field with flashing tusks.
Who haunting Æneus' orchard wrought great scathe.
Tall trees he cast adown in ruinous heaps,
With roots upwrenched and prostrate bloom of fruit.
Whom Meleager, son of Æneus, slew,
Gathering from many cities to the chase
Both men and dogs. Few mortals to his death
Nought had availed—so huge the monster was,
And brought full many to their funeral fires.
Then did the goddess cause much noise and fray
About the beast, a strife for head of boar
And bristly hide between the peoples twain,
Curetes and Ætolia's high-souled race.
Now long as Meleager led the war,
Beloved of Ares, the Curetes fared
But ill, nor might they venture to abide
Without the wall, full many tho' they were.
But soon as Meleager's anger burned—
Anger that in the bosom makes to swell
The heart of men however wise they be,
He with Althaea his own mother wroth
Dallied in idlesse by his wedded wife
Fair Cleopatra—of Marpessa she
The daughter was, and she, fair-ankled dame,
Born of Evenus. Cleopatra's sire
Was Ida, strongest in that age of men
Who walked the earth; and once he took the bow
To face, in his fair-ankled bride's behalf,
Phoebus Apollo's self the archer king.
But Cleopatra by a second name
Her sire and queenly mother in their halls
Were wont to call, Halcyoné to wit;
For that her mother wept a piteous strain
Like to the sorrowing halcyon bird, what time
Far-darting Phoebus bore her swift away.
τὴ ὁ γε παρκατέλεκτο χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσων,
ἐξ ἀρέων μητρὸς κεχολωμένος, ἢ ἰ δειοίν
πόλ' ἀχέουσο' ἡράτο κασυγνήτου φόνου,
pολλα δὲ καὶ γαϊν πολυφόρβην χερσὶν ἄλοια
κικλήσκουσ' Ἀἴδην καὶ ἐπαινήν Περσεφόνειαν,
πρόχυν καθεξομένη, δεύοντο δὲ δάκρυσι κόλποι,
pαιδὶ δόμεν θάνατον· τῆς δ' ἥεροφοίτης ἐρυνύς
ἐκλυεν ἐξ ἐρέβεσφιν ἀμελλιχον ἦτορ ἔχουσα.
τῶν δὲ τὰχ' ἀμφὶ πύλας ὀμαδὸς καὶ δούπος ὀρώρει
πύργων βαλλόμενων. τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
Αἰτωλῶν, πέμπον δὲ θεῶν ἱερὰς ἀρίστους,
ἐξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμύναι, ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δῶρον.
ὑπόπθι πιότατον πεδίον Καλυδῶνος ἐρανῆς,
ἐνθα μιν ἴωγον τέμενος περικαλλές ἐλέσθαι
πεντηκοντόγυνον, τὸ μὲν ἴμιον οἴνοπεδοιο,
ἵμους δὲ ψιλὴν ἄροσιν πεδίοιο ταμέσθαι.
πολλὰ δὲ μιν λιτάνευε γέρων ἰππηλάτα Οἶνευς,
οὐδοῦ ἐπεμβεβαιῶς ψυγρεφέως θαλάμοιο,
σείων κολλητάς σανίδας, γουνούμενος ύιόν·
pολλὰ δὲ τὸν γε κασύγνηται καὶ πόντια μήτηρ
ἐλλίσσονθ': δ' δὲ μάλλον ἀναίνετο. πολλὰ δ' ἐταῖροι
οἱ οἱ κεδνότατοι καὶ φίλτατοι ἤσαν ἀπάντων·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς τοῦ θυμὸν εἰνι στήθεσσιν ἐπειδόν,
πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ θάλαμος πῦκ' ἐβάλλετο, τοι δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
βαἰνον Κουρῆτες καὶ ἐνεπρήθον μέγα ἄστυ.
καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἐξουνος παράκοιτις
λύσσετ' ὀδυρομένη, καὶ οἱ κατελεξεῖν ἀπαντα
κῆδε', ὡς' ἀνθρώποις πέλει τῶν ἄστυ ἀλώς,
ἀνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δὲ τε πῦρ ἀμαθύνει,
By her lay Meleager, nursing still
Heart-vexing wrath, wrath from his mother's curse,
Who, grieving, to the gods prayed oft and long
To venge her brother slain: and oft her hands
Struck earth all nourishing, as loud she called
On Hades and the dread Persephoné,
Crouched kneeling low, while tears her bosom dewed,
To bring her son to death. Erinnys heard
In Hell, gloom-haunting fiend of ruthless heart.
And quickly round the walls of Calydon
The battle-din arose with thundering strokes
Of battered towers. Then prayed the angry prince
Ætolia's greybeards, and in embassage
The gods' most holy priests, to get him forth
And save: and ample guerdon did they pledge.
Where in bright Calydon is fattest soil
There bade they him to choose a wide domain
Surpassing fair: acres two-score and ten;
Half meet for vines, but half, a treeless plain,
To plough and corn he better might assign.
Oft too his father Æneas, greybeard knight,
In supplication on the threshold stood
Of his high-vaulted chamber, oft he shook
The firm door-panels, suitor to his son.
And sisters too, and queenly mother, oft
Besought, but he the more refused: and oft
His comrades, they who were to him of all
Worthiest and dearest. Yet not even thus
Might they persuade the spirit in his breast:
Till now his battered chamber felt the foe,
While on the towers the bold Curetes stepped,
And were in act to fire the mighty town.
To Meleager then his well-girt wife
Prayed weeping, and rehearsed in full the woes
That wait the dwellers in a conquered town—
Men slain, streets crumbling in the wasteful fire,
τέκνα δὲ τ' ἀλλοι ἀγοῦσι βαθυζώνους τε γυναίκας.
τοῦ δ' ὡρίνετο θυμὸς ἀκούνος κακὰ ἔργα, 595
βὴ δ' ἵναι, χροὶ δ' ἐντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανώντα.
ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἁιτωλούσιν ἀπήμυνεν κακὸν ἠμαρ
εἶξας ὁ θυμῷ· τῷ δ' οὐκέτι δόρα τέλεσαν
πολλὰ τε καὶ χαρίεντα; κακὸν δ' ἦμυνε καὶ αὐτῶς.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ μοι ταῦτα νοεῖ φρεσί, μηδὲ σε δαίμων
ἐνταύθα τρέψειε, φίλος· χαλεπὸν δὲ κεν εἰὴ
νησίν καιομένησιν ἀμυνέμεν. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δῶροις
ἐρχεό' ἵσον γὰρ σε θεῷ τίσουσιν Ἀχαίοι.
εἰ δὲ κ' ἄτερ δόρων πόλεμον φθοσήνορα δύνης,
οὐκέθ' ὁμὸς τιμῆς ἐσεαι, πόλεμόν περ ἀλαλκῶν."

605
tὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη τόδες ὅκυς Ἀχιλλεὺς·
"Φοῖνιξ ἄττα, γεραιέ, διοτρεφέ, οὐ τί με ταύτης
χρεῶ τιμῆς· φρονέω δὲ τετιμήσθαι Δίος αἴσθ,
ἡ μ' ἔξει παρὰ νησὶ κορωνίσων εἰς ὁ κ' αὐτὴν
ἐν στήθεσι μένῃ καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρφή.

610
ἀλλο δὲ τοῦ ἔρεω, σὺ δ' ἐνι φρεσί βάλλεο σήσων.
μή μοι σύγχει θυμὸν ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,
'Ἀτρείδη ἦρωι φέρων χάριν· οὐδὲ τί σε χρὴ
tὸν φιλέειν, ἵνα μὴ μοι ἀπέχθηαι φιλεόντι.
καλὸν τοι σὺν ἐμοὶ τὸν κηδέμεν ὦς κ' ἐμὲ κήδη.

615
ἰσον ἔμοι βασίλευε, καὶ ἤμισυ μείρεο τιμῆς.
ουτοί δ' ἀγγελέουσι, σὺ δ' αὐτόθι λέξεο μίμων
εὐφή ἐνι μαλακῇ· ἀμὰ δ' ἦνοι φαινομένην
φρασσόμεθ' ἡ κε νεώμεθ' ἐφ' ἡμέτερ' ἡ κε μένωμεν."

620
ἡ, καὶ Πατρόκλῳ ο' ἡ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεύσε σιωπὴ
Φοῖνικε στορέσαι πυκνῶν λέχος, ὄφρα τάχιστα
Children and deep-zoned women captive led.
Stirred was his spirit when those ills he heard:
And forth he went, in gleaming armour clad.
Thus warded he Ætolia's day of doom,
To his own pleasure yielding; but no more
Paid they to him the many gracious gifts.
He saved from evil, but for nought he saved.
But thou be not thus minded. Thee, my friend,
May never god to such a temper turn!
'Twere ill for thee thus late, when ships are fired,
To bear them aid. Nay come, while gifts are thine:
Æhaia's host will honour thee as god.
But if the warrior-wasting battle-plain
Giftless thou enter, thou wilt win no more
Like honour, tho' thine arm be strong to save."

To him replied Achilleus fleet of foot:

"O Phoenix, aged -father, Zeus-born prince,
This honour need I not: truly, I ween,
Already by the ordinance of Zeus
Honour is mine; and mine will still remain
Beside the beaked ships, long as my breast
Have breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
And I will tell thee yet another thing,
Which lay thou well to heart. Vex not my mind
Wailing and grieving, while thou seek'st to please
The hero Atreus' son. It fits thee not
Him thus to love, lest I, who love thee, hate.
Who troubles me, with me to trouble him
Were best for thee. So be thou equal king
With me, and of my honour share the half.
Now these shall bear their message. Bide thou here
And couch thee in soft bed. With opening dawn
Resolve we or to seek our home or stay."

He spake, and to Patroclus silent signed
With nodding brow to lay the thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix, while the others from his tent
ἐκ κλισίης νόστοιο μεδοίατο. τοῖς δ' ἄρ' Ἄιας ἀντίθεος Τελαμονιάδης μετὰ μύθον ἔειπεν:

"διογενῆς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν Ὅδυσσεῦ, ἱομεν· οὐ γάρ μοι δοκεῖ ἐκεῖνο τελευτῇ

τηδὲ γ' ὅδῷ κρανεέθαυ ἀπαγγείλα τῇ τάχιστᾳ

χρή μύθον Δαναοῖς, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθόν περ ἑώντα,

οἰ πον νῦν ἔσαίτη ποτιδέγμενοι. ἀντὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ἄγριον ἐν στήθεσι θέτο μεγαλήτορα θυμόν

σχέτλιος, οὐδὲ μετατρέπεται φιλότητος ἔταιρων

τῆς ἣ μιν παρὰ νησιων ἐτίομεν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,

νηλής· καὶ μὴν τίς τε κασιγνήτου φονῆς

ποινὴν ἢ οὐ παιδὸς ἐδὲξατο τεθννῶτος:

καὶ ρ' ὃ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μὲνε αὐτοῦ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας,

τοῦ δὲ τ' ἐρητύτεται κραδίη καὶ θυμός ἄγήνωρ

ποινὴν δεξαμένου. σοι δ' ἄλληκτον τε κακὸν τε

θυμὸν ἐνι στήθεσι θει θέσαν εἶνεκα κούρης

οἷς. νῦν δὲ τοι ἐπτὰ παρίσχομεν ἔξοχ' ἀρίστας

ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τῆσι. σὺ δ' ἒλαυν ἐνθεο θυμόν,

αἰδεσσαι δὲ μέλαθρον' ὑπωρόφιον δὲ τοι εἰμὲν

πληθὺς ἐκ Δαναῶν, μέμαμεν δὲ τοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων

κήδιστοι τ' ἐμεναι καὶ φιλτατοι, ὠςοι ᾿Αχαιοῖ·

τοι δ' ἀπαμείβοίμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς ᾿Αχιλλεύς·

"Αιαν διογενῆς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαῦν,

πάντα τί μοι κατὰ θυμὸν ἔειςαυ μυθίσασθαι

ἀλλὰ μοι οἰδάνεται κραδίη χόλῳ, ὑππότ' ἐκεῖνων

μυῆσομαι, ὡς μ' ἀσύφηλου ἐν 'Αργείοισιν ἐρέξεν

'Ατριέδης ὡς εἴ τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.

ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἔρχεσθε καὶ ἀγγελίῃν ἀπόφασθε.
Should busk them for return. Then ’mid them spake
The godlike Ajax son of Telamon:
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes’ son,
Thou man of many counsels, let us go.
Methinks no issue will our errand find
By this our coming: wherefore with all speed
Our answer bear we, tho’ not good it be,
To Danaan chiefs, who sit, I trow, and wait.
But, for Achilleus—he within his breast
Hardens his mighty heart, a cruel wight,
Nor cares for comrades’ love, that love wherein
We prized him more than others by our ships.
Unpitying! Yet a blood-fine man accepts
Ev’n from a brother’s slayer, or for death
Of son: and so the slayer dwelleth on
In his own people, when full price is paid,
And stayed from vengeance is the kinsman’s soul
And haughty spirit, when the fine he holds.
But in thy breast the god hath set a rage
Ceaseless and evil, for a maiden’s sake,
And only one. And now we tender thee
Seven, of the best, and with them much besides.
Bear then a gentle heart; revere thy tent,
For we are here beneath thy roof, elect
Of all the Danaan thousands; and we claim
Above all other men to be to thee
Nearest and dearest of Achaia’s host."
To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot:
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
A people’s prince, meseems in all thou say’st
There is that stirs my soul. But still my heart
Swells high with anger, oft as I recal
That deed of his—what outrage Atreus’ son
Before the Argive chieftains on me wrought
As on some alien wanderer spurned and scorned.
But go your way, and bear my message back."
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμωιο μεδήσομαι αἴματόεντος πρὶν γ’ νίον Πριάμου δαῦφρονος, Ἐκτορά δίον, Μυρμιδόνων ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἱκέσθαι κτείνοντ’ Ἀργείους, κατὰ τε σμῦξαι πυρὶ νῆας. ἀμφὶ δὲ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νῇ μελανῇ Ἐκτορά καὶ μεμαδὴτα μάχης σχῆσεθαι δίω.

ὁς ἔφαθ’, οὗ δὲ ἐκαστὸς ἐλῶν δέπας ἀμφικυπέλλουν σπείσαντες παρὰ νῆας ἵσαν πάλιν’ ἤρχε δ’ ὸδυσσεύς. Πάτροκλος δ’ ἐτάροισι ἢδὲ δμωῆσι κέλευεν Φοίνικι στορέσαι πυκνῶν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα’ αἰ δ’ ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος ὥς ἐκέλευεν, κωσὰ τε ρῆγοι τε λύνοι τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον.

ἐνθ’ ὁ γέρων κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἡῶ διὰν ἐμμενεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς εὐδε μυχῷ κλισίης ἐὑπήκτου’ τῷ δ’ ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνῇ, τὴν Δεσβόθεν ἤγεν, Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ Διομήδη καλλιπάρρης. Πάτροκλος δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἐλέξατο’ πάρ δ’ ἄρα καὶ τῷ Ἰφις εὐξίωνος, τὴν οἶ πόρε δίος Ἀχιλλεύς Σκύρον ἐλῶν αἰπεῖαν, Ἐνύης πτολεθροῦν.

οὗ δ’ ὅτε ἡ κλισίησιν ἐν Ἀτρείδαο γένοντο, τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσέοις κυπέλλοις νίες Ἀχαιῶν δειδέχατ’ ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀνασταδών, ἐκ τ’ ἐρέοντο πρῶτος δ’ ἐξερέειν αναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων· "εὖπ’ ἀγιν μ’, ὅ πολύαιν Ὀδυσσεύ, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν, ἦ δ’ ἠθέλει νήεσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήμοι πῦρ, ἦ ἀπέειπε, χόλος δ’ ἐτ’ ἐχει μεγαλητόρα θυμόν.”

τὸν δ’ αὐτῷ προσέειπε πολύτλας δίος Ὀδυσσεύς.
For never will I think of bloody war,
Till godlike Hector, prudent Priam's son,
On Argives dealing death, shall make his way
To tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
And whelm the crumbling ships in smoke and fire.
But at my tent and black-hulled ships I ween
Hector tho' furious will forego the fight."

He spake: then took they each his double cup,
Libation poured, and hied them back again
Along the line of ships: Odysseus led.
Meanwhile Patroclus bade at once his men
And women-slaves to lay a thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix: they obeying, as he charged,
Strewed well the bed—sleeces, and coverlet,
And linen fine and smooth. There laid him down
The greybeard, and awaited dawn divine.
In the far corner of the well-fixed tent
Achilleus slept: by him a woman lay,
Whom he from Lesbos brought; of Phorbas she
The fair-cheeked daughter, Diomedé named.
And on the other side Patroclus lay,
With well-girt Iphis; whom the godlike chief
Gave to his friend when Scyros he o'ercame,
Enyeus' citadel, a rocky isle.

But when the envoys to Atrides' tent
Were come, Achaia's sons in golden cups
A welcome pledged them, each on every side
Upstanding from his seat, and questioned them.
And first asked Agamemnon king of men:
"Speak, tell me now, Odysseus, highly praised,
Achaia's boast, doth he consent to save
The ships from foeman's fire, or saith he nay,
Anger possessing yet his haughty soul?"

Replied Odysseus, godlike, patient chief:
"Ατρείδη κυδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, κεῖνός γ' οὐκ ἐθέλει σβέσαι χόλον, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον πιμπλάνεται μένεος, σε δ' ἀναίνεται ἣδε σὰ δῶρα. αὐτὸν σε φράξεσθαι εἰς Ἀργείοσιν ἀνώγεν ὁππωσ κεν νήας τε σῶρι καὶ λαδὺ Ἀχαίων. αὐτὸς δ' ἡπείλησεν ἀμ' ἤτοι φαινομένην νήας εὔσσελμους ἀλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας. καὶ δ' ἂν τοῖς ἀλλοισιν ἐφ' παραμυθησάσθαι οἶκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δῆτε τέκμωρ Ἡλίου αἰτπεινής μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύστα Ζεὺς χείρα ἐν ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρπήκασι δὲ λαοῖ. ὦς ἔφατ' εἰσὶ καὶ οἴδε τὰ εἰπέμεν, οὐ μοι ἔποντο, Αἴας καὶ κήρυκε δύω, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω. Φοῖνιξ δ' ἀυθ' ὁ γέρων κατελέξατο ὦς γὰρ ἀνώγει, ὁφρα οἱ ἐν νῆεσιν φήλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἐπηται αὐριον, ἦν ἑθέλησιν' ἀνάγκη δ' οὐ τί μιν ἀξεί." ὦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκήν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ μῦθουν ἀγασσάμενοι, μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν. δὴν δ' ἄνεω ἂσαυν τετινότες υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν. ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέέπτε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης. "Ατρείδη κυδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, μηδ' ὀφελεῖς λίσσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα, μυρία δῷρα διδοὺς' δ' ἀγήνωρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἄλλως νῦν αὐτ' μιν πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀγνυορίσσων ἐνήκας. ἀλλ' ἢ τοι κεῖνον μὲν ἕασομεν, ἢ κεν ἠςων ἢ κε μένης τότε δ' αὐτε μαχήσεται ὀππότε κεν μιν θυμὸς ἐνὶ στῆθεσιν ἀνώγη καὶ θεος ὀρση. ἀλλ' ἁγεθ', ὦς ἄν ἐγὼ εἰπω, πειθόμεθα πάντες. νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρπόμενοι φίλων ἢτορ σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο ὃ το γάρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἄλκη.
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, he doth not consent
To quench his wrath, but yet the more with rage
Is filled; and thee and all thy gifts he spurns.
He bids thee 'mid the Argives frame thy plans
To save thy ships and save Achaia's host.
But for himself, he threatens with opening dawn
Seawards to drag his well-bench'd rolling ships.
And to the rest, he saith, his counsel is,
'Sail home, since Ilion's end ye never now
Will see, for over her loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.'
Thus did he speak. And these are also here,
To say the same—ev'n these who followed me,
Ajax, and heralds twain discreet and wise.
But there with him the greybeard Phoenix lies,
For so he bade; that with him he may sail
To-morrow to their own dear fatherland,
If so he choose: he would not force his will."
So spake he: they were mute and silent all,
Awed at his words: for he full strongly spake.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:
At last spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, would thou hadst not sued
The blameless Peleus' son, and proffered gifts
Unnumbered. Proud enough was he before;
And now yet more thou giv'st him room for pride.
But leave we him indeed; whether he go
Or stay. He then will fight, when in his breast
The humour bids him or a god shall move.
But come, and as I say, obey we all.
Take now your rest, filled to your heart's desire
Of meat and wine—spirit and strength are they.

G. H.
αὐτὸ π ἐπεὶ κε φανῇ καλῇ ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἡώς, καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαὸν τε καὶ ἵππους ὀτρύνων, καὶ δ’ αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοις μάχεσθαι.”

ὅσ ἐφαθ’, οὗ δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἐπῇνησαν βασιλῆς, μῦθον ἀγασσάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμῳ.
καὶ τότε δὴ σπείραντες ἔβαν κλισίνυδε ἕκαστος,
ἐνθα δὲ κοιμήσαντο καὶ ἕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.
But when the fair and rosy-fingered morn
Shines forth, then swiftly range before the ships
Thy men and steeds, O king, and give command:
And ev'n thyself amid the foremost fight."

So spake he: and the kings around him all
Approval gave, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then did they make
Libation due, and sought each man his tent:
There lay they down and took the gift of sleep.
"Ἀλλοι μὲν παρὰ νησοῦν ἀριστῆς Παναχαῖον εὐθὸν παννύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὑπνῷ· ἀλλ’ οὖν Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαὸν ὑπνός ἔχε γλυκερός, πολλὰ φρέσων ὀρμαίωντα. ὥς δ’ ὦτ’ ἄν ἀστράπτῃ πόσις Ἡρης ἱμυκόμοιο, τεῦχων ἡ πολὺν ὀμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἢ χάλαζαν ἡ νυφέτων, ὅτε πέρ τε χιῶν ἐπάλυνεν ἀροῦρας, ἥ ποθι πτολέμου μέγα στόμα πνευκεδανιοῦ, ὥς πυκνῷ εἰς στήθεσσιν ἀνεστενάχις Ἀγαμέμνων νεῖόθεν ἐκ κραδής, τρομέοντο δὲ οἱ φρένες ἐντὸς. ἡ τοι ὦτ’ ἐς πεδίον τὸ Τρωικὸν ἄθρησειν, ὑπάμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ τὰ καλετο Ἰλιόθι πρό, αὐλῶν συρίγγων τ’ ἐνοπῆ ὀμαδῶν τ’ ἀνθρώπων. αὐτὰρ ὦτ’ ἐς νηᾶς τε ἱδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν, πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προβελύμουν εἶκετο χαῖτας ύψόθ’ ἐόντι Διό, μέγα δὲ στένε κυδάλιμον κήρ. ἣδε δὲ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή, Νέστορ ἐπὶ πρῶτον Νηλῆιον ἐλθέμεν ἀνδρῶν, εἰ τινὰ οἱ σὺν μῆτιν ἀμύμονα τεκτήνατο, ἡ τις ἀλεξίκακος πᾶσιν Δαναοῖς γένοιτο.
ILIAD X.

Night expedition to the Trojan camp.

THE chieftains of the Panachaian host
Slept all beside their ships, the livelong night,
By slumber soft o'erborne: but Atreus' son,
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk,
No sweet sleep held, with many cares distraught.
But frequent as the lightning-flashes come
Of fair-haired Heré's lord, what time he sends
Rain great and terrible, or hail, or snow
To strew the fields with white, or bodes perchance
The wide-embattled front of biting war—
So frequent in his breast and deeply drawn
From inmost heart were Agamemnon's groans,
And all within his bosom trembling shook.
Whene'er he gazed upon the Trojan plain,
Wond'ring he saw the countless fires that burned
In front of Ilion; and wond'ring heard
The sound of flutes and pipes and hum of men.
But when upon Achaia's ships and host
He turned to look, then plucked he from his head,
Lock after lock, his hair, with Zeus on high
Indignant, and deep groaned his haughty heart.
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,
Nestor the son of Neleus first of all
To seek, if haply he might lend him aid
To frame some blameless plan that should avert
Disastrous harm from all the Danaan host.
όρθωθεὶς δ’ ἐνυπνε περὶ στὴθεσσὶ χυτῶνα, ποσοὶ δ’ ὑπὸ λυπαροῦσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἑπειτα δαφωῖν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος αἰθῶνος μεγάλοι ποδηνεκὲς, ἐἶλετο δ’ ἐγχυος.

ὁς δ’ αὐτῶς Μενέλαον ἔχειν τρόμοις οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ ὑπνοὶ ἔπι βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανε, μὴ τὶ πάθῳ τοῖς Ἀργείοις, τοῦ δὴ ἔδεν εἰνεκα ποικὸν ἐφ’ ύγρὴν ἦλυθον ἐς Τροίην πόλεμον θρασύν ὀρμαῖνοντες. παρδαλέγη μὲν πρῶτα μετάφρευν εὐρὸ κάλυψαν ποικίλη, αὐτάρ ἐπὶ στεφάνιν κεφαλῆφιν ἀείρας θήκατο χαλκείνην, δόρυ δ’ ἐϊλετο χειρὶ παχεὶν. βη δ’ ἵμεν ἀνοστήσων ὅν ἀδελφοῦ, ὅς μέγα πάντων Ἀργείων ἦμασσε, θεὸς δ’ ὅς τέλετο δῆμῳ.

τὸν δ’ εὐρ’ ἀμφ’ ὁμοισὶ τιθῆμεν έντεα καλὰ νὴ πάρα προμνῆ’ τῷ δ’ ἀστάσιος γένετ’ ἐλθὼν. τὸν πρὸτεροὶ προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος: "τίφθ’ οὕτως ἤθειε κορύσσεαί; ἡ τιν’ ἐταῖρον ὀτρυνεῖς Τρώησισιν ἐπίσκοπον; ἀλλὰ μάλ’ αἰνῶς δεῖδω μὴ οὐ τὸς τὸν ὑπόσχηται τὸδὲ έργον, ἄνδρας δυσμενέας σκοπεῖαξεμεν οἴος ἐπελθῶν νῦκτα δ’ ἀμβροσίην. μάλα τις θραυσκάρδιος ἔσται."

τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων: "χρεω βουλῆς ἐμὲ καὶ σέ, διστρεφές ὦ Μενέλαε, κερδαλέης, ἡ τίς κε ἐρύσσεται ἢδὲ σαώσει Ἀργείους καὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Δίῳς ἐτραπέτο φρῆν. Ἐκτορεῖος ἀρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆχ’ ἱερῶισιν’ οὐ γὰρ πο ἰδόμην, οὐδὲ κλύνων αὐξῆσαντος, ἀνδρ’ ἐνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ’ ἐπ’ ἢματι μητίσασθαι ὦς τ’ Ἐκτορ ἔρρεζε διήφιλος υῖας Ἀχαίων, αὐτῶς, οὕτε θεᾶς νῦὸς φίλος οὕτε θεοῦ."
So up he stood, and round his breast he donned
His tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals, then he wrapped him round
In tawny skin, of lion bright-hued, large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.

And Menelaus likewise trembled sore,
Nor on his wakeful lids sat sleep; lest harm
Should touch the Argive host, who for his sake
Across a water wide had come to Troy,
Stirring a venturous war. First his broad back
He covered with a spotted panther skin,
Then raised and set around his head a helm
Of brass, and in his broad hand took a spear.
And forth he went his brother to uprouse,
Who o'er all Argives reigned a mighty king
And by his people honoured as a god.
Him found he as he donned his armour fair
Around his shoulders by his vessel's stern:
Who gladly saw his brother come. Then first
Addressed him Menelaus good in fray:
"Why arming thus, mine honoured lord? Dost urge
Some comrade forth a spy on Troy? Nay much
I fear me none will undertake this work,
To spy our foemen, through ambrosial night
Alone advancing. Dauntless heart were his."

And sovereign Agamemnon made reply:
"Needs both for me and thee, O Zeus-born prince
My Menelaus, counsel shrewd, to guard
And save the Argives and their ships: for now
Changed is the mind of Zeus, who hath respect
To Hector's sacrifices more than ours.
For never saw I yet, nor heard it told,
That one man in one day such deeds of dread
Devised as Hector loved of Zeus hath wrought
Upon Achaia's sons—wrought a mere man,
No darling son of goddess or of god.
ἐργα δ' ἐρεξ' ὅσα φημι μελησέμεν Ἀργείουσι
δηθά τε καὶ δολιχόν τόσα γὰρ κακὰ μῆσατ Ἀχαιοὺς.
ἀλλ' ἦθι νῦν, Αἰάντα καὶ Ἰδομενή κάλεσσον
ῥίμφα θέων παρὰ νῆσος· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δίον
εἴμι, καὶ ὄτρυνεό ἁνστήμεναι, αἰ' κ' ἑθέλησιν
ἐλθεῖν ἐς φυλάκας ἱερὸν τέλος ἦδ' ἐπιτείλαι.
κείνῳ γὰρ κε μάλιστα πιθολατο· τοίο γὰρ νῖος
σημαίνει φυλάκησσι, καὶ Ἰδομενῆς ὁπάων
Μηριόνης· τοῖσιν γὰρ ἑπετράπομέν γε μάλιστα."  
τὸν δ' ἡμείσθετ' ἐπείτα βοήν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"πῶς γὰρ μοι μῦθῳ ἐπιτέλλεαι ἥδε κελεύεις;
ἀνθυ μένω μετὰ τοίσι, δεδεμένος εἰς ὦ κεν ἐλθῆς,
ἡ' θέω μετὰ σ' αὐτῖς, ἐπην εὐ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω;"
τὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπτε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ἀνθυ μένειν, μὴ πὼς ἀβρωτάξομεν ἀλλήλουν
ἐρχομένω· πολλὰ γὰρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσὶ κέλευθοι.
φθέγγει δ' ἢ κεν ἤσθα, καὶ ἐγρήγορθαι ἄνωχι,
pατρόθεν ἐκ γενεῆς ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἐκαστον,
pάντας κυδαίνων· μηδὲ μεγαλίζεο θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοί περ ποινέμεθα. ὄδε ποὺ ἄμμιν
Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γιγνομένοις ἢ κακότητα βαρεῖαν."
ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν ἀδελφέον, εὖ ἐπιτείλας,
αὐτάρ δ' ἡν' ἕναι μετὰ Νέστορα ποιμένα λαῶν.
τὸν δ' εὗρεν παρά τε κλωσθε καὶ νῆλ μελαινὴ
eυνη ἐνι μαλακή· παρὰ δ' ἐντεα ποικίλ' ἐκεῖτο,
ἀστίς καὶ δύο δοῦρε φαενή τε τρυφάλεια.
παρ δ' ἄφυσην κεῖτο ποναῖολος, ὃ' ὅ' ὅ γεραιός
ζώνυμη' ὅτ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα θωρήσοιτο
λαὸν ἅγων, ἐπει ὦ μὲν ἑπέτρεπτε γῆραι λυγρῆ.
Deeds he hath wrought full many, which I deem
Will work the Argives sorrow long and late,
Such woes against Achaians hath he planned.
But hie thee now, run swiftly by the ships,
And call me Ajax and Idomeneus.
To godlike Nestor I myself will go,
And bid him rise, to seek, if so he will,
The sacred band of guards, and give them charge.
For him they best will hear: his son it is
Who doth command the guards; and with him joined
Meriones squire of Idomeneus:
For 'twas to them we gave that special trust.”

Then answered Menelaus good in fray:
“How means thy word of bidding and command?
Shall I remaining there with them await
Until thou come, or speed me back again
To thee, when I have given them careful charge?”

Answered him Agamemnon king of men:
“Remain thou there; lest haply as we come
We miss each other: there be many paths
That cross the camp. Speak too, where’er thou goest,
And bid them wakeful be; naming each man
By father and by kin, with titles due
To all; nor bear thee with a haughty mind;
But labour we ourselves. Zeus at our birth
Willed us, I ween, such heavy lot of woe.”

So spake the king, and sent his brother forth
With careful charge. Himself then took his way
To seek out Nestor, shepherd of his folk.
Him by his tent and black-hulled ships he found
On a soft bed. Beside him lay his arms
Full richly wrought, a shield, two spears, a helm
Bright-glittering: and beside him lay withal
The supple belt that girt the greybeard’s loins
When for the warrior-wasting fight he armed,
Leading his folk: for he to grievous age
410 ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.

ὁρθωθείς δ’ ἄρ’ ἐπ’ ἄγκωνος, κεφαλὴν ἐπαείρας,
‘Ατρείδην προσέειπε καὶ ἐξερεύνετο μῦθοι.
“τὸς δ’ οὐτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἐρχεῖαι ὦν
νύκτα δι’ ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ’ εὐδουσιν βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
ἡ των ὀυρήων διξήμενος ἡ των ἐταῖρων;
φθέγγειν, μηδ’ ἀκέων ἐπ’ ἐμ’ ἐρχεο’ τίπτε δε σε χρεω’;
’τὸν δ’ ἡμεῖβετ’ ἐπείτα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν ’Αγαμέμνων;
“ὁ Νέστορ Νηλημάδη, μέγα κύδος ’Αχαίων,
γνώσεαι ’Ατρείδην ’Αγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάντων
Ζεὺς ἐνέκηκε πόνοισι διαμπερέσι, εἰς δ’ κ’ αὐτήν
ἐν στήθεσσι μένῃ καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ’ ὀρφή.
πλάξομαι ὅδ’, ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ἔπ’ ὅμμασι νῆδυμος ὕπνος
ἰζόνει, ἀλλὰ μέλει πόλεμος καὶ κῆδε’ ’Αχαιῶν.
αιώνας γὰρ Δαναῶν περιδείδια, οὐδὲ μοι ἦτορ
ἐμπεδον, ἀλλ’ ἀλα楼宇τημαί, κράδῆ δε μοι ἐξω
στηθέων ἑκθρώσκει, τρομεῖ δ’ ὑπ’ φαιδίμα γυία.
ἀλλ’ εἶ τι δραίνεις, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σε γ’ ὕπνοι ικάνει,
δεῦρ’ ἐς τοὺς φύλακας καταβείομεν, ὅφρα ἴδωμεν,
μὴ τοι μὲν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες ήδὲ καὶ ὕπνοι
κοιμήσωνται, ἀτὰρ φυλακῆς ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθωνται.
δυσμενέες δ’ ἀνδρεσ σχέδων εἰσαι’ οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν,
μὴ πῶς καὶ διὰ νῦκτα μενοινήσωσι μάχεσθαι.”
’τὸν δ’ ἡμεῖβετ’ ἐπείτα Γερήνιος ἑπιτότα Νέστωρ:
“’Ατρείδη κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν ’Αγάμεμνον,
οὐ θην Ὑκτορι πάντα νοῆματα μητιέτα Ζεὺς
ἐκτελέει, ὅσα που νῦν ἐλπεται’ ἀλλὰ μιν οἶω
κήδειν μοχθῆσει καὶ πλείσσων, εἰ κεν ’Αχιλλεὺς.
No whit would yield. Upon his elbow propped
Now lift he up his head: and Atreus' son
He thus addrest with words of questioning:
"And who art thou that comest thus alone
Throughout our ships and host, in darkest night,
When other mortals sleep? Is it some guard,
Or comrade that thou seekest? Speak, nor come
Thus voiceless on me. What may be thy need?"

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"O Nestor, Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Know me for Agamemnon Atreus' son;
Whom above all in troubles Zeus hath plunged,
Troubles to last so long as in my breast
Be breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
I wander thus because upon mine eyes
Sound sleep sits not, but I am much distraught
By cares of war and of Achaian woes.
Sorely I fear for this our Danaan host;
Nor stedfast stands my mind, but to and fro
I sway, and from my breast the heart leaps forth,
While my bright limbs beneath me trembling shake.
But if thou wilt do aught—since thee, as me,
Sleep visits not—come, go we to the guards,
To see, lest haply whelmed by toil and sleep
They lie, their watchful duty clean forgot.
For foes are camped full near, nor know we well
That e'en by night they may not dare the fray."

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerené's knight:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, not to all his thoughts
Will Hector find that Zeus the counsellor
Fulfilment brings, as now perchance he hopes.
But, as I think, with woes more numerous yet
He will be troubled, if Achilleus e'er
ἐκ χόλου ἀργαλέου μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἦτορ.
σοι δὲ μᾶλ' ἐφομ' ἐγώ· ποτὶ δ' αὐ καὶ ἑγείρομεν ἄλλους,
ημέν Τυδείδην δουρικλυτον ἦδ' Ὄδυσσα
ἡδ' Αἰαντα ταχύν καὶ Φυλέος ἄλκιμον νίν.
ἀλλ' εἰ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχόμενος καλέσειεν,
ἀντίθεον τ' Αἰαντα καὶ Ἰδομενή ανακτα·
tὸν γὰρ νῆς ἔασι ἕκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μᾶλ' ἐγγύς.
ἀλλὰ φίλον πέρ ἐόντα καὶ αἴδοιον Μενέλαον
νεκέσω, εἰ πέρ μοι νεμεσθέσαι, οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω,
ός εὐδει, σοι δ' οἴω ἐπέτρεψεν πονέεσθαι.

νῦν ὄφελεν κατὰ πάντας ἀριστής πονέεσθαι
λυσόμενος· χρείω γὰρ ἴκανεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός."
Shall turn his heart to quit his grievous wrath.  
But now I readily will follow thee:  
And rouse we others to our company,  
Tydides, spear-famed chief, Odysseus too,  
Ajax the fleet, and valiant Phyleus' son.  
Nay, and 'twere not amiss if one should go  
And summon these besides—Ajax the great,  
A peer of gods, and king Idomeneus;  
Whose ships are far to seek, not near at hand.  
But Menelaus, tho' I hold him dear  
And honoured, I will chide, e'en if thy wrath  
Thereby I stir, nor will I hide my thought,  
For that he sleeps and lets thee toil alone.  
Now ought himself to toil and sue each chief,  
For need no longer to be borne is ours."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:  
"O greybeard, times there are when I would bid  
Thy blame be spoken; for he oft is slack,  
Nor wills to work; not yielding to base fear,  
Nor from a witless mind, but looking still  
To me, and waiting ever for my lead.  
But now he even rose before myself,  
And sought me first. And him have I sent forth  
To call those very men thou askest for.  
But go we: we shall find them with the guards  
Before the gates; for there I bade them meet."  

Him answered Nestor then, Gerené's knight:  
"So will no Argive chafe nor disobey,  
Whom he may spur to action or command."

So spake he, and around his breast he donned  
A tunic, and beneath his shining feet  
Bound his fair sandals; then about him clapped  
A mantle crimson-hued, double, and long,  
Thick with soft wool, and grasped a mighty spear  
Tipped with keen brass, and went his way along  
The vessels of Achaia's mail-clad men.
πρῶτον ἔπειτ' Ὁδυσσῆα Δίι μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον ἔξ ὕπνου ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ φθεγξάμενος. τὸν δὲ αἴσηα περὶ φρένας ἥλυθ' ἱω, ἐκ δ' ἠλθεν κλισίης, καὶ σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν' "τίθ᾿ οὕτω κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατόν οἷοι ἀλᾶσθε νῦκτα δι’ ἀμβροσίην, ὅτι δὴ χρείω τὸσον ἴκει;" τὸν δ’ ἥμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ' "διογενὲς Λαερτίαδη, πολυμήχαν’ Ὁδυσσεῦ, μὴ νεμέσα τοῦν γὰρ ἄχος βεβίκηκεν Ἀχαίοις. ἀλλ’ ἔτευν, ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἑγείρομεν, ὅν τ’ ἐπέοικεν βουλᾶς βουλεύειν, ἥ φευγήμεν ἥ μάχεσθαι.” ὥς φάθ’, ὦ δὲ κλισίνυδε κιῶν πολύμητις Ὁδυσσεύς ποικίλον ἀμφ’ ὁμοιοί σάκος θέτο, βῇ δὲ μετ’ αὐτοὺς. βὰν δ’ ἐπὶ Τυδεῖδην Διομήδεα. τὸν δὲ κίχανον ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλισίης σὺν τεῦχεσιν’ ἀμφὶ δ’ ἐταίροι εὐδον, ὕπο κρασίν δ’ ἔχον ἁστίδας’ ἐγχεα δὲ σφίν ὅρθ’ ἐπὶ σαυρωτήρος ἐληλατο, τῇλε δὲ χαλκός λάμφ’ ὡς τε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Δίως. αὐτὰρ ὦ γ’ ἡρῶς εὐδ’, ὕπο δ’ ἐστρωτο ῥινὸν βοῖς ἀγραῦλοι, αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάπης τετάνυστο φαεινός. τὸν παρστᾶς ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ, λαξ ποδὶ κινήσας, ὀτρυνε τε, νείκεσε τ’ ἀντὴν’ "ἐγρεο, Τυδεὸς νιὲ. τὶ πάνυνυχον ὕπνον ἀωτεὶς; οὐκ ἁείς ὦς Τρώες ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο εἶαται ἄγχι νεὼν, ὅλιγος δ’ ἐτι χῶρος ἐρυκεί;” ὥς φαθ’, ὦ δ’ ἔξ ὕπνου μάλα κραιπνῶς ἀνόρουσεν, καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα’ "σχέτλιος ἔσσι, γεραιε’ σὺ μὴν πόνου οὐ ποτε λήγεις."
Odysseus first, in counsel peer of Zeus,
Nestor Gerené’s knight uproused from sleep
With summons loud. Full quickly to his soul
The voice found entrance; and from out his tent
Advancing thus the chieftains he addrest:
“Why roam ye thus alone through ships and host
In night ambrosial? what your urgent need?”

Then answered him Nestor Gerené’s knight:
“Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes’ son,
Achaia’s boast, thou man of many wiles,
Chafe not: for direst grief doth press our host.
But follow thou; that we may likewise rouse
Some other, whomsoe’er it may beseem
Counsel to give, whether we fly or fight.”

He spake. Odysseus, many-counseled man,
Entered his tent, and round his shoulders braced
A shield right richly wrought, and followed them.
Then Diomedes, Tydeus’ son, they sought:
And him outside and separate from his tent
They found, all armed: round whom his comrades slept
Pillowed upon their shields; with spears hard by,
Planted upon their butts upright, wherefrom
Blazed far a brazen sheen as of the flash
Of Father Zeus. Slept too the hero’s self,
A wild bull’s hide beneath his body strewn,
A bright-hued carpet stretched beneath his head.
Then by him Nestor stood Gerené’s knight,
And stirring him with vigorous push of foot
Waked up, and urged him on, and roundly chid:
“Rouse thee, thou son of Tydeus! Wherefore sleep’st
A night-long sleep? Hear’st not how sons of Troy
Upon the rising ground are camped, hard by
Our ships, and scant the space that holds them back?”

He spake: the other quick from sleep upsprang,
And thus in wingèd words addrest the king:
“A stubborn carle, greybeard, art thou! Of toil
οὗ νῦ καὶ ἄλλοι ἔστι νεώτεροι νῖες Ἀχαιῶν,
οἳ κεν ἐπείτα ἐκαστὸν ἐγείρειαν βασιλῆων
πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἔσσι, γεραιέ."  
τὸν δ' αὐτὸ προσέειπε Γερήνιος ἰππότα Νέστωρ  
"ναι δὴ ταύτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῦραν ἔστινες.  
eἰσιν μὲν μοι παῖδες ἀμύμονες, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
καὶ πολέες, τῶν κέν τις ἐποιχόμενος καλέσειεν.  
ἀλλὰ μάλα μεγάλη χρειῶν βεβήκεν Ἀχαίος:  
νῦν γὰρ δὴ πάντεσσιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀκμῆ:  
ἡ μάλα λυγρός ὦλθρος Ἀχαίος ἣ δὲ βιώναι.  
ἀλλ' ἰθι νῦν Ἀιαντα ταχύν καὶ Φυλέος νῦν  
ἀνπτησον (ὑν γὰρ ἔσσι νεώτερος), εἴ μ' ἐλειφεῖς."  
ὡς φάθ', ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ὀμοιεύει ἐσσατο δέρμα λέοντος  
αἰθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδηνεκές, εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.  
βὴ δ' ἰέναι, τοὺς δ' ἐνθεὶ ἀναστήσας ἄγεν ἥρως.  
οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ φυλάκεσσιν εἰν ἀγρομένους ἔμίχθεν,  
οὔτε μὲν εὐδοτας φυλάκων ἡγήτορας εὐρόν,  
ἀλλ' ἐγρηγορτὶ σὺν τεῦχεσιν ἐίατο πάντες.  
ὡς δὲ κύνες περὶ μῆλα δυσωρῆσωσίν εἰν αὐλῇ  
βηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερόφρονος, ὅσ τε καθ' ὕλην  
ἐρχηται δὴ ὀρεσφί πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγὸς ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
ἀνδρῶν ἢ δὲ κυνῶν, ἀπὸ τε σφίσιν ὕπνος ὀλωλευ'  
ὡς τῶν νήδμος ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάροιν ὀλώλει  
νύκτα φυλασσομένους κακῆν' πεδίονδε γὰρ αἰεὶ  
tετράφαβ', ὅπποτ' ἐπὶ Τρώων ἀνοιεν ἴοντων.  
τοὺς δ' ὁ γέρων γήθησε ἰδων, θάρσυνε τε μύθω,  
καὶ σφεας φωνῆςας ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα:  
"οὕτω νῦν, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε· μηδὲ τῶν ὕπνος  
αἱρεῖτω, μὴ χάρμα γενώμεθα δυσμενέσσιν."
Thou know'st no end. Are then none other found, Achaia's sons, younger in years, to go Round all our camp and rouse each sleeping king? Greybeard, thou art indeed a restless wight."

And answer made Nestor Geréné's knight: "Yea, all thou say'st, my friend, is fitly said. Sons have I blameless, people have I too Full numerous; and of these some one might well Bear round the summons. But it is a need Exceeding great constrains Achaia's sons. For on a razor's edge stands now the fate Of all our host, destruction dire or life. But hie thee now, Ajax the fleet arouse, And Phyleus' son: for thou, the younger man, May'st do my errand, if thou pitiest me."

He spake: the other wrapped his shoulders round With skin of lion tawny-hued and large, Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear. Then went he on his way, and from their place The hero roused and led the chieftains twain. And when they came among the gathered guards, Their captains found they not asleep, but all Were sitting ready armed in wakeful wise. And as the dogs around a flock in fold Keep painful watch—when they have heard the roar Of dauntless beast, who through the mountain wood Approaches by large rout of men and dogs Full sorely pressed—and all their sleep is gone: So from the eyelids of the guards sweet sleep Was gone, as through the evil night they watched. For ever and anon toward the plain They turned them as they heard the Trojans move. And these the greybeard joyed to see, and spake To cheer them, and in winged words addrest: "Watch on, dear children, thus: let none by sleep Be holden; lest we cause our foemen joy."

G. H.
ὅς εἰπὼν τάφρον διέστυτο· τοῖς δ᾿ ἃμ᾽ ἔποντο Ἀργείων βασιλῆς, ὅσοι κεκλήσατο βουλήν. τοῖς δ᾿ ἀμα Μηριόνης καὶ Νέστορος ἁγιάς νῦός ἦσαν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ κάλεσαν ξυμμητίασθαι.

tάφρον δ᾽ ἐκδιαβάντες ὀρυκτῆν ἐδριώντο ἐν καθαρῷ, ὥθε δὴ νεκών διεφαίνετο χῶρος πιπτόντων· ὅθεν αὖτις ἀπετράπητ' ὦβριμος Ἔκτωρ ὀλλὺς Ἀργείοις, ὅτε δὴ περὶ νῦξ ἐκάλυψεν.

ἐνθα καθεξόμενοι ἔπει ἀλλήλουι πίθανοκον.

τοῖσι δὲ μῦθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ·· "ὦ φίλοι, οὐκ ἂν δὴ τις ἀνὴρ πεπίθουθ᾽ ἐφί αὐτοῦ θυμὸ τολμήντε μετὰ Τρώας μεγαθύμους ἐλθεῖν; εἰ τινὰ ποὺ δηνῶν έλοι ἐσχατῶντα, ἦ τινὰ ποὺ καὶ φίμων ἐνὶ Τρώοσσι πῦθοιτο, ἀσσα τε μητιώσας μετὰ σφίσω, ἢ μεμάσων αὖθι μένειν παρὰ νησιὰν ἀπόπροθεν, ἢ πόλῳ ἀψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντο γῇ Ἀχαιοῖς. ταῦτα κε πάντα πῦθοιτο, καὶ ἄψ εἰς ἡμέας ἐλθοὶ ἀσκηθῆς. μέγα κέν οἱ υπουράνιον κλέος εἰῃ πάντας ἐπ᾽ ἀνθρώπους, καὶ οἱ δόσις ἔσσεται ἐσθλῆ· ὄσσιν γὰρ νῆσεσιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι, τῶν πάντων οἱ ἕκαστος θὶν δίσοουι μέλαναν θῆλιν ὑπόρρηνον, τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὁμοίον· αἰεὶ δ᾽ ἐν δαίτησι καὶ εἰλαπίνησι παρέσται."

ὦς ἐφαθ', οὐ δ᾽ ἀρα πάντες ἀκῆν ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ. τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοην ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης· "Νέστορ, ἐμ᾽ ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἁγήνωρ ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων δύναι στρατὸν ἔγγυς ἐόντα, Τρώων. ἄλλ᾽ εἰ τίς μοι ἀνὴρ ἃμ᾽ ἐποίητο καὶ ἄλλος, μάλλον βαλπωρῆ καὶ θαρσαλεώτερον ἔσται.

σὺν τε δυ᾽ ἐρχομένω καὶ τε προδ ὅ τοῦ ἐνόησεν
He spake, and swiftly sped across the trench:
And with him followed close those Argive kings
Who had been called to council. With them went
Meriones and Nestor's beaming son,
Whom now themselves did call their rede to share.
But when the deep-dug trench was crossed and cleared,
In a void place they seated them, where shone
An open plot amid the thick-strewn dead.
There was it that impetuous Hector stayed
His charge and turned him back from dealing death
On Argives, when the veil of night came down.
There sate they, and in turn declared their words:
Of whom spake first Nestor Gerene's knight:
"O friends, will no man on his daring heart
Reliant to the high-souled Trojans' camp
Go forth? if haply he may take some foe
Outlying on the verge, or learn some news
Among the Trojans, what their counsel is,
Whether they mean here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled.
All this a man might learn, and come again
To us unscathed. Great would his glory be
Beneath wide heaven o'er all the tribes of men.
And good shall be his guerdon. For the chiefs
Who rule our ships shall give him, each and all,
A black ewe, mother with a sucking lamb,
A prize that nought can rival: and a place
At feast and banquet he shall alway claim."

He spake: but they were mute and silent all.
Then out spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Nestor, my heart and manly spirit prompts
Our Trojan foemen's camp, who lie so near;
To enter. But one comrade could I take,
More cheer were mine, and greater boldness too.
When two together go, what's best to do
"όποιος κέρδος ἦν· μοῦνος δ' εἰ πέρ τε νοήσῃ,
ἀλλὰ τέ οἱ βράσασιν τε νόσος λεπτή δὲ τε μῆτις."

ὡς ἐφαθ', οἳ δ' ἐθελον Διομήδει πολλοὶ ἔπεσθαι.

ηθελετην Ἀἰαντε δύω, θεράποντες "Ἀρης,
ηθελε Μηριόνης, μάλα δ' ἦθελε Νέστορος νίος,
ηθελε δ' Ἀτρείδης δουρικλευτὸς Μενέλαος,
ηθελε δ' ο τλῆμον Ὀδυσσεὺς καταδύναι ὀμιλον
Τρώων· αἰτε γὰρ οἱ ἐνι φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἔτολμα.

τοῖς δὲ καὶ μετέειπτε ἅναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Αγαμέμνων.
"Τυδεῖδη Διομήδης ἔμω κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
τὸν μὲν δὴ ἔταρον γ' αἰρήσεαι ὑν κ' ἐθέλησθα,

φανομένων τὸν ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ μεμάσσαι γε πολλοὶ.

μηδὲ σὺ γ' αἰδόμενος σῆσιν φρεσὶ τὸν μὲν ἄρείῳ
καλλεῖπεν, σὺ δὲ χείρον' ὀπάσσεαι αἴδοι εἴκων,

ἐς γενεὴν ὀρῶν, μηδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερος ἐστίν."

ὡς ἐφατ', ἐδδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ.

τοῖς δ' αὐτῳς μετέειπτε βοὴν ἁγαθός Διομήδης·
"εἰ μὲν δὴ ἔταρον γε κελευτεν μ' αὐτὸν ἐλέσθαι,

πῶς ἂν ἐπεὶς Ὀδυσσῆος ἔγω θείου λαθοὺμιν,

οὐ περὶ μὲν πρὸφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι, φιλεὶ δὲ ἐς Παλλᾶς 'Αθήνη.

τὸτον γε σπομένοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένου

ἀμφω νοστῆσαιμεν, ἐπεὶ περὶοιδε νοῆσαι."

τὸν δ' αὐτε προσέειπτε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς·
"Τυδεῖδη, μῆτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἰνεε μήτε τι νείκειν·

εἰδόσι γὰρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείος ἁγορεύειν.

ἀλλ' ἵομεν' μάλα γὰρ νῦς ἄνεται, ἐγγυθί δ' ἥως,

ἀστρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε, παροίχωκεν δὲ πλέον νῦς
tῶν δύο μοιρῶν, τριτάτη δ' ἐτὶ μοῖρα λέλειππαιν."

ὡς εἰπόνθ' ὀπλοισιν ἐνι δευνοίσιν ἐδύτην.
One sees before the other: but alone
Tho' one may see, yet may his mind to see
Be slower, and his single counsel weak.”

He spake: and many now were fain to go
With Diomedes. Fain the Ajax pair,
Henchmen of Ares; fain Meriones;
Full fain the son of Nestor; fain withal
The spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.
Fain was Odysseus, much-enduring man,
The Trojan throng to enter, for his heart
Within his breast was ever venturous.
And then spake Agamemnon king of men:
“O Diomedes, to my soul most dear,
Thou son of Tydeus, whomsoe'er thou wilt,
That comrade choose, of those whom here thou seest
The best, since many to the service press.
Nor for a scruple leave the better man
And take the worse, from reverence of rank,
Looking to higher birth, or kinglier sway.”

He spake, afraid for Menelaus' sake,
That hero yellow-haired. Then 'mid them all
Again spake Diomedes, good in fray:
“If now ye bid myself my comrade choose,
How could I pass divine Odysseus by?
Whose ready heart and manly spirit shines
In every toil preeminent: whom withal
Pallas Athené loves. If he be there,
E'en out of burning fire we both may come,
Since all unrivalled is his cunning wit.”

To whom replied the godlike patient chief:
“Tydides, praise me not o'er much, nor blame:
For this whereof thou speak'st these Argives know.
But go we. Night is waning, dawn is near:
The stars are forward far: of night are past
Two parts and more, a third alone remains.”

So spake the twain: and then in armour dread
Τυδείδη μὲν ἐδωκε μενεπτόλεμος Ὀρασυμήδης
φάσγανον ἀμφηκες (τὸ δ' ἐδών παρὰ νηλήλειπτο)
καὶ σάκος· ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλὴν ἔθηκεν
tαυρεήν, ἀφαλὸν τε καὶ ἄλλοφον, ἦ τε καταίτυξ
κέκληται, ῥῦεται δὲ κάρη θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
Μηρίονης δ' Ὅδυσῆι δίδου βιὸν ἦδε φαρέτρην
καὶ ξίφος, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔθηκεν
μινοῦ ποιητὴν· πολέσιν δ' ἐντοσθὲν ἱμᾶσιν
ἐντέτατο στερεῶς· ἐκτοσθὲ δὲ λευκοὶ ὀδόντες
ἀργυρόδοντος χὸς θαμέες ἔχον ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
ἐν καὶ ἐπισταμένως, μέση δ' ἐνὶ πίλος ἀρήρει.
τὴν ρὰ ποτ' ἐξ' Ἑλεώνος Ἀμύντωρος Ὀρμενίδαο
ἐξέλετ' Ἀὐτόλυκος πυκνῶν δόμον ἀντιτορῆσας,
Σκάνδεαν δ' ἄρ' ἐδώκε Κυθηρίῳ Ἀμφιδάμαντι.
'Ἀμφιδάμας δὲ Μόλῳ δῶκε ξεινήιον εἶναι,
αὐτὰρ δ' Μηρίονη δῶκεν ὃ παιδὶ φορῆναι.

δὴ τὸ τότ' Ὅδυσσῆος πῦκασεν κάρη ἀμφιτεθείσα.

tὸ δ' ἔπει οὖν ὅπλοισιν ἐνὶ δεινοῖσιν ἐδύτην,
βὰν ἄ' ἱέναι, λυπέτην δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.
τοῖσι δὲ δεξίον ἤκεν ἐρωθιῶν ἐγγὺς ὀδοίο
Παλλᾶς Ἀθηναίη· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἦδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
νύκτα δὲ ὁρφαίην, ἄλλα κλάγξαντος ἄκουσαν.
χαίρε δὲ τῷ ὅρμῳ Ὅδυσσεύ, ἦρατο δ' Ἀθήνη·
"κλῦθι μεν, αἰγίχοχου Δίος τέκος, ἦ τε μοι αἰεὶ ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίστασαι, οὐδὲ σε λήθω
κινόμενος. νῦν αὐτε μάλιστα με φίλαι, Ἀθήνη,
δὸς δὲ πάλιν ἐπὶ νήσας ἑυκλείας ἀφικέσθαι
ῥέξαντας μέγα ἔργον, ὃ κεν Τρώεσσι μελήσει."
They clad them. Thrasymedes staunch in war
Gave Tydeus' son a sword of double edge
(For he beside the ships had left his own),
And shield besides: and on his head he set
A bull's hide helm, plain without cone or crest,
Such as is called a bonnet, and is worn
By lusty youths to save the head from harm.
But to Odysseus gave Meriones
A bow and quiver, and a sword withal,
And on his head a helm he set, all wrought
Of leather—plaited firm with many a thong
Its inner fold, to strengthen it without
The gleaming teeth of white-tusked boar were set
Frequent on every side with cunning skill,
While firm-packed felt lined well the space between.
This from Amyntor son of Ormenus
At Eleon once Autolycus stole away,
Forcing the close-barred house. He gave it then
To go to Scandia with Amphidamas,
Who in Cythera dwelt: Amphidamas
To Molos gave it when his guest: and he
To his own son Meriones to wear.
And now it crowned and capped Odysseus' head.
So they, when both in armour dread were clad,
Went on their way, and all the other chiefs
Left there behind. A heron on their right
Pallas Athené sent, near to the way,
Which through the gloom of night they could not see,
But heard his scream. Rejoicing at the bird
Odysseus to Athené made his prayer:
"Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Who standest by me still in all my toils,
Nor move I e'er by thee unseen! Again,
Athené, show thy special love, and grant
That we may glorious from the ships return,
Some great deed done to vex the sons of Troy."
δεύτερος αὖτ’ ἠράτο βοὴν ἄγαθος Διομήδης:
“κέκλυθι νῦν καὶ ἔμειο, Δίδος τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη.
σπειό μοι ὃς ὅτε πατρὶ ἀμ’ ἔσπεο Τυδεὶ διὰρ
ἐς Θῆβας, ὅτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἀγγελος ὤηε.
τοῦς δ’ ἀρ’ ἐπ’ Ἀσσωπὸ ὁπε χαλκοχίτωνας Ἀχαιῶν,
αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλίχιον μῦθον φέρε Καδμελοισιων
κεῖσ’ ἀτάρ ἀψ ἀπιῶν μάλα μέρμερα μήποτε ἔργα
sylvania, διὰ θεᾶ, ὅτε οἱ πρόφρασσα παρέστης.
ὡς νῦν μοι ἐθέλουσα παρίστασαι καὶ με φύλασσε.
σοὶ δ’ αὐ ἔγω ρέξω βοῶν ἦνιν εὐρυμέτωπον
ἀδμήτην, ἢν οὐ πώ ὑπὸ ξυγὸν ἤγαγεν ἀνήρ:
τὴν τοι ἐγὼ ρέξω, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περιχεῦας.”
ὡς ἔφαν εὐχόμενοι, τῶν δὲ κλύε Παλλάς Ἀθήνη.
οἱ δ’ ἐπεί ἱρήσαντο Δίδος κοῦρη μεγάλοιο,
βὰν ρ’ ἴμεν ὃς τε λέοντε δύω διὰ νύκτα μέλαιαν,
ἀμ φόνον, ἄν νέκυνας, διὰ τ’ ἐνεα καὶ μέλαις ἀλμα.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρῶας ἀγήνωρας έλας’ Ἕκτωρ
εὔδειν, ἄλλ’ ἀμφίδις κικλῆσκετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
ὁσσοι ἔσαν Τρώων ἡγήτορες ήδὲ μέδουτε.
τοὺς δ’ γε συγκαλέσας πυκνῆν ἱρτύνετο βουλὴν
“τῖς κέν μοι τόδε ἐργυν ὑποσχόµενοι τελέσειευν
δῶρῳ ἐπὶ μεγάλῳ; μισθὸς δὲ οἱ ἄρκιος ἔσται:
δῶσω γὰρ δίφρον τε δύω τ’ ἐριαὐχένας ὑπτοὺς,
οἱ κεν ἄριστοι ἔωσι θοῆς ἐπὶ νυσιν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὁς τίς κε τλαίη, οἱ κ’ αὐτῷ κῦδος άροιτο,
νῆων ἀκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέµεν, ἕκ τε πυθέσθαι
ἡ ἦδη χείρεσσιν υφ’ ἡμετέρησι δαμέντες
φύξιν βουλεύοντο μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ’ ἐθέλουσιν
νύκτα φυλασσέµεναι, καμάτω ἀδηκότες αἰνῷ.”
ὡς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἄκην ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
Second prayed Diomedes good in fray:

"Hear me too now, thou nameless child of Zeus!
Go with me, as thou wentest with my sire
The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he came
A messenger before Achaia's host.
The rest upon Asopus' bank he left,
Achaia's mail-clad men: himself bore on
Soft words of peace to them of Cadmus' line,
While thither bound: but, as he gat him back,
Devised hard deeds of dread, with thee at hand,
Goddess divine, who gav'est him ready aid.
So now stand willing by and guard thou me.
And I to thee a heifer of a year
Will sacrifice, broad-browed, unbroken yet,
Which never man hath led beneath the yoke.
This will I slay, her horns with gold o'erlaid."

So prayed they both: Pallas Athené heard.
Then they, the maid of mighty Zeus invoked,
Went onward through black night, like lions twain,
Through gore and bodies, over arms and blood.

Nor more the while did Hector leave to sleep
The manly Trojans, but together called
The bravest, all their leaders and their chiefs.
These called he, and set forth his counsel shrewd:
"Who, pray, will promise and perform this deed
For ample gift? Assured shall be his meed.
For I a car will give him, and two steeds
Of arching neck, the best that may be found
At the swift vessels of Achaia's host.
These to the man who dares—and he will win
Glory himself thereby—near the swift ships
To approach, and learn if yet our foemen guard
Their swift ships, as of old, or by our hands
Now vanquished purpose fight, nor will to keep
A night-long watch, o'erwhelmed by wearying toil."

He spake: but they were mute and silent all.
ἡν δὲ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δόλων Εὐμήδεως υἱὸς κήρυκος θείος, πολύχρυσος πολύχαλκος:

ὅς δὴ τοι εἴδος μὲν ἔναν κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης

αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἐν μετὰ πέντε κασυνήτησιν.

ὁς ρὰ τὸ ἔντο Τρῳς ἐν τε καὶ "Εκτορὶ μῦθον ἔεισεν"

"Εκτορ, ἔμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμός ἀγήνωρ


υνὼν ἀκυπάρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν ἐκ τε πυθέσθαι.

ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τὸ σκήπτρον ἀνάσχεο, καὶ μοι ὀμοσσον

ἡ μὴν τοὺς ὕππους τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ

δώσειν οἱ φορέουσιν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.

σοι δ' ἐγὼ οὐχ ἄλλοι σκόπος ἐσσομαι, οὔτ' ἀπὸ δόξης

tόφρα γὰρ ἐς στρατὸν ἐμὶ διαμπερὲς ὄφρ' ἀν ἵκωμαι

νῆ' Ἀγαμεμνονένη, ὅθι που μέλλουσιν ἀριστοὶ

βουλᾶς βουλεύειν, ἥ φευγέμεν ἥ μάχεσθαι."

ὡς φάθ', δ' ἐν χερσὶ σκηπτρὸν λάβε καὶ οἱ ὀμοσσεν

"ἲστω νῦν Ζεὺς αὐτός, ἐρύγδουπος πόσις "Ἡρῆς,

μὴ μὴν τοὺς ὑπποίσιν ἀνήρ ἐποχήσεται ἄλλος

Τρώων, ἀλλὰ σὲ φημὶ διαμπερὲς ἀγαλαίεσθαι."

ὡς φάτο καὶ ρ' ἐπίορκοιν ἐπώμοσε, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν.

αὐτίκα δ' ἀμφ' ὀμοίωσις ἐβάλλετο καμπύλα τόξα,

ἐσσατο δ' ἐκτοσθεν ῥινὸν πολιοῦ θύρικον,

κρατὶ δ' ἐπὶ κτιδέν ἐνυψεν, ἔλε δ' ὀξὺν ἄκοντα,

βῆ δ' ἱέναι προτὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοὺ. οὔδ' ἄρ' ἐμελλεν

ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν ἄψ' "Εκτορὶ μῦθον ἀποίσειν.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ρ' ὑππων τε καὶ ἄνδρῶν κάλλιφ' ὀμιλοῦ,

βῆ ρ' ἀν' ὀδὸν μεμαώς· τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσιόντα

dιογενῆς Ὀδυσσεὺς, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέεισεν.

"οὐτός τις, Διόμηδες, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνήρ,

οὐκ όδ' ἥ νήσεσιν ἐπίσκοπος ἡμετέρησιν

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Now in the ranks of Troy a man there was,
Dolon by name, son of Eumedes he
A sacred herald, rich in gold and brass,
Uncomely he in face, but fleet of foot;
With sisters five an only brother born.
To Hector and the rest he stood and spake:
"Hector, my heart and manly spirit prompts
The swift ships to approach, and gather news.
But come, thy sceptre raise, and swear to me
That thou in very sooth wilt give those steeds,
With chariot too all richly-wrought in brass,
Whereon the blameless son of Peleus rides.
And thou shalt find that no vain scout am I,
Nor fail thy hope; for I will go right on
Throughout the host, ev'n till I reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where, be sure, the chiefs
Debate in council now, to fly or fight."

He spake. The prince his sceptre grasped and swore:
"Let Zeus himself, Herë's loud-thundering lord,
Be now my witness! On these steeds shall ride
No other man of Troy; but thou, I say,
Throughout thy life shalt boast them as thy pride."

He spake, and swore in vain; yet spurred him on.
At once his curvèd bow he slung around
His shoulders, and a grey wolf's hide o'er all
He threw, and set a helmet on his head
Of weasel-skin, and took a pointed dart.
Then from the host he went and toward the ships;
Those ships wherefrom he never should return,
Nor back again to Hector bear his word.
But when the throng of steeds and men was left,
Eager he sped along his way: of whom,
As on he came, Odysseus, Zeus-born prince,
Was ware, and thus to Diomedes spake:
"Yonder, O Diomedes, from the host
Comes on a man, I know not whether spy
hydrate νεκύων καταθηνάτων.

ιλλ' ἑώμεν μὲν πρῶτα παρέξελθείν πεδίοιο

τυθόν· ἐπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαίξαντες ἐλομεν

καρπαλίμως. εἰ δ' ἂμμε παραφθαίσθι πόδεσσιν,

ἀλεὶ μὲν ἐπὶ νῆς ἀπὸ στρατόφιν προτειλείν

ἐγχει ἐπαίξασσων, μὴ πῶς προτὶ ἄστυ ἄλυξῃ.”

ὡς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρὲξ ὀδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν

κλυθήτην· δ' ὅ' ἀρ' ὥκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίσιν.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ὰ' ἀπέην ὀσοῦν τ' ἐπὶ οὐρα πέλοντα

StateToProps ἡμιόνων (ἀι γὰρ τε βοῶν προφερέστεραi εἰςιν

ἐλκέμεναι νευόο βαθείςς πηκτὸν ἄρτορον),

τῶ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, δ' ὅ' ἑστῃ δοῦπον ἀκούσας·

ἐλπετο γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέψοντας ἑταῖρον

ἐκ Τρῶων ἴναι, πάλιν "Εκτορος ὅστρυναντος.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ὰ' ἀπεσαν δουρημεκές ἦ καὶ ἐλασσον,

γνῶ ὰ' ἄνδρας δήσους, λαυψηρὰ δὲ γουνατ' ἐνώμα

φευχέμεναι· τοὶ δ' ἀλπα διωκέμεν ὀρμύθησαν.

ὡς δ' ὅτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κῦνε, εἰδὸτε θήρης,

ἡ κεμαδ' ἦ' λαγωνὸ ἑπείγετον ἐμμένες αἰεὶ

χῶρον ἄν' ἐλήηνθ', δ' δὲ τε προθέσθη μεμηκῶς,

ὡς τὸν Τυδείδης ἦ'δε πτυλίπορθος Ὁδυσσεύς

λαοῦ ἀποτμῆξαντε διώκετον ἐμμένες αἰεὶ.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἐμελλε μυγήςεσθαι φυλάκεσσιν

φεύγων ἐς νῆς, τότε δὴ μένος ἐμβαλ' Ἀθήνη

Τυδείδη, ὑπα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν ἄρθην ἐπευξάμενον βαλέειν, δ' δὲ δεύτερος ἐλθοι.

douξὶ δ' ἐπαίξασσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

"ἣ μὲν" ἥ' σε δουξι κιχῆσομαι, οὐδὲ σὲ φημι

dηρὸν ἐμής ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀλυξέμεν αἰτὺν ὀλεθρον.”
Upon our ships, or bent to spoil the dead.
Suffer we him at first to pass us by
A little space along the plain, then quick
Give chase and catch him: or, by speed of foot
If he outrun us, always hem him in
From his own camp toward our ships, with spear
On rushing, that he 'scape not to the town."

Such words between them passed: then from the way
They turned, and crouched amid the dead; and he
Ran swiftly by them in his heedless haste.
But when he was before them by the length
Of such a plot of ground as mules may plow—
For they are faster still than are the kine
To draw the jointed plough through loamy land—
Then gave they chase: he heard the steps, and stood;
For hoped his heart that comrades came from Troy,
By change of Hector's hest, to turn him back.
But when within a spear-throw they had come
Or even less, he knew the men for foes,
And quickly did he move his limbs to fly,
While they as swiftly bent them to pursue.
And as two sharp-toothed hounds, skilled in the chase,
Fast on the trace of flying fawn or hare
Come pressing ever on, o'er woody ground,
As he before them flies with plaintive cry;
So did the son of Tydeus and withal
Odysseus, city-spoiler, on their prey
From his own people barred press ever on.
But when he now was close upon the guards,
As toward the ships he fled, Athené breathed
New strength in Tydeus' son, lest other man
Of mailed Achaians should forestall his blow
And boast, and Diomedes second come.
On rushed with spear the hero stout, and cried:
"Stand, or my spear o'ertakes thee: nor, I ween,
Long from my hand can'st shun destruction dire."
ἡ ῥὰ, καὶ ἔγχος ἀφῆκε, ἐκὼν δ' ἡμάρτανε φωτός, δεξιτερὸν δ' ὑπὲρ ὄμων ἐξίσον δουρὸς ἀκωκῆ ἐν γαῖῃ ἑπάγῃ. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστὶ τάρβησέν τε βαιβαίων, ἀραβὸς δὲ διὰ στόμα γίγνετ' ὄδοντων, χλωρὸς ὑπὸ δείους. τῷ δ' ἀσθμαίνοντε κιχήτην, χειρῶν δ' ἀψάθην. ὃ δὲ δακρύσας ἔπος ηὕδα· "ζωγρεῖτ', αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἔμε λύσομαι· ἐστὶ γὰρ ἐνδον χάλκος τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητος τε σίδηρος, τῶν κ' ὑμμῖν χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἀποινα, εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ξώδων πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νησίν 'Αχαίων."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις 'Οδυσσεύς· "θάρσει, μηδὲ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιος ἑστω. ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καλ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον· τῇ δ' οὕτως ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεαι οἶος νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίν, ὅτε θ' εὐδοσιν βροτοὶ ἄλλοι; ἡ τινὰ συλήσων νεκύων καταθνητῶν;  ἡ σ' "Εκτωρ προέηκε διασκοπιάσθαι ἕκαστα νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυρᾶς; ἢ σ' αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἄνηκεν;"

τὸν δ' ἢμεῖβετ' ἐπείτα Δόλων· ὑπὸ δ' ἔτρεμε γυία· "πολλησίων μ' ἅτησι παρέκ νόου ἡγαγεν."Εκτωρ, ὃς μοι Πηλείωνος ἅγανοῦ μάνυχας ὕππους δωσέμεναι κατένευσε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῇ, ἤνωγεν δὲ μ' ἱόντα θοῆν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἐκ τε πυθέσθαι ἥε φυλάσσονται νῆες θοαὶ ὡς τὸ πάρος περ, ἡ ἕδη χείρεσσιν υφ' ἠμετέρησι δαμέντες φύξιν βουλεύονσι μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδ' ἑθέλουσιν νύκτα φυλασσέμεναι, καμάτω ἀδηκότες αἰνώ." τὸν δ' ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη πολύμητις 'Οδυσσεύς· "ἡ ρά νῦ τοι μεγάλων δώρων ἐπεμαίετο θυμός, ὕππων Ἁίκιδαο δαίφρονος· οὐ δ' ἀλεγεινοί.
He spake, and hurled his spear, but missed the man
With failure meant. O'er the right shoulder passed
The polished shaft, till in the earth the point
Was fast. He terror-stricken stood—his tongue
Stammering, his teeth loud chattering in his mouth—
All pale with fear. Breathless the twain came up,
And seized his hands; to whom in tears he spake:
"Spare but my life, and I will ransom me.
For I have stores at home of brass and gold
And iron deftly-wrought: wherefrom my sire
Will grant ye boundless price, if he shall learn
That yet beside Achaia's ships I live."

Answered Odysseus, many-counseled man:
"Take courage! let not death distress thy mind.
But come, declare me this, and tell me true:
Why com'st thou thus alone from camp to ships,
Through murky night when other mortals sleep?
Com'st thou to strip the bodies of the slain?
Or was it Hector sent thee forth to seek
Our hollow ships, and spy out all our ways?
Or at thy own heart's bidding art thou here?"

Then Dolon, as his limbs beneath him shook:
"Hector it was who led my heart astray
With maddest follies: for he pledged to give
The firm-hoofed steeds of Peleus' noble son
And chariot wrought with brass; and bade me go
Through black and fleeting night, and draw full near
Our foemen's camp, and learn if yet ye guard
Your swift ships, as of old, or by our hands
Now vanquished purpose flight, nor will to keep
A night-long watch, o'erwhelmed by wearying toil."

Smiling replied the many-counseled man:
"Truly of mighty gifts thy heart was fain,
The steeds of valiant-souled Aeacides.
ἀνδράσι γε θυντοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἦδ’ ὀχέεσθαι,
ἄλλῳ γ’ ἢ Ἀχιλή, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μὴτηρ.
ἀλλ’ ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπτε καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεγου
ποῦ νῦν δεύρο κιῷν λίπες "Εκτόρα ποιμένα λαῶν;
ποῦ δέ οἱ ἐντέα κεῖται ἀρήα, ποῦ δέ οἱ ἵπποι;
πώς δ’ αἱ τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων φυλακαί τε καὶ εὐναί;
ἄσσα τε μητιώσωι μετὰ σφίσιν, ἢ μεμάσιων
αὖθι μένειν παρὰ νησίσιν ἀπόπροθεν, ἢ πόλυντε
ἀψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντο γ’ Ἀχαιοὺς."

tὸν δ’ αὐτὲ προσέειπτε Δόλων Εὐμήδεος νῦὸς:
"τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ τοι ταῦτα μᾶλ’ ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.
"Εκτὼρ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν, ὅσοι βουληφόροι εἰσίν,
βουλάς βουλεύει θείον παρὰ σήματι Ἰλοῦ,
νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβου’ φυλακάς δ’ ὥς εἴρεαι, ἡρώς,
οὐ τις κεκριμένη ῥύεται στρατὸν οὐδὲ φυλάσσει.
ὄσσαι μὲν Τρώων πυρὸς ἐσχάραι, ὅσιν ἀνάγκη,
οὐ δ’ ἔγρηγόρθασι φυλασσέμενα τε κέλονται
ἀλλήλους, ἀτὰρ αὐτὲ πολύκλητοι ἑπίκουροι
ἐὐδουσίν. Τρώων γὰρ ἐπιτραπένουι φυλάσσειν
οὔ γὰρ σφιν παιδες σχεδὸν εἶσαι οὐδὲ γυναῖκες."

tὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς:
"πὼς γὰρ νῦν, Τρώωςει μεμυγμένοι ἱπποδάμοιοιν
ἐὐδουσ’, ἢ ἀπάνευθε; δίειπτε μοι, ὁφρα δαεῖω.

tὸν δ’ ἡμεῖβετ’ ἐπειτα Δόλων Εὐμήδεος νῦὸς:
"τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦτα μᾶλ’ ἀτρεκέως καταλέξω.
πρὸς μὲν ἄλος Κάρες καὶ Παῖονες ἀγκυλότοξοι
καὶ Δέλεγες καὶ Καύκωνες δίοι τε Πελασγοί,
πρὸς Θυμβρῆς δ’ ἐλαχὸν Δύκιοι Μυσόι τ’ ἀγέροχοι
καὶ Φρύγες ἱππόμαχοι καὶ Μῆνες ἱπποκορυσταί.
ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐμὲ ταῦτα διεξερεύσθε ἕκαστα;"
A grievous team they be for mortal men
To break or ride behind—for all save one,
Achilleus, whom immortal mother bare.
But come declare me this, and tell me true:
Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of his folk,
When hitherward thou cam'st? his arms of war
Where be they? where his horses? How are placed
The other Trojan lines for watch and sleep?
What counsel they? here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled?"

Dolon Eumedes' son then made reply:
"All this I will declare and tell thee true.
Hector, with those that are his councillors,
Holds council now by holy Ilus' tomb,
Far from the crowd and din: but for the watch,
O hero, that thou askest of—our host
No separate ordered watch defends and guards.
By every fire of Trojans—who perforce
Must do it—there are wakeful men who urge
Each one his mate to watch: but our allies
Summoned from many lands sleep idly on,
Leaving to Trojan care the watch; for they
No children have nor wives abiding near."

To him again the many-counselled man:
"How mingled, pray, with Troy's steed-taming sons
Sleep they, or separate? say, that I may know."

And answer made Dolon Eumedes' son:
"This too I will declare, and tell thee true.
Towards the sea are Carians, and by them
Paeonians armed with curvèd bows; there too
Leleges and Cauconians, and withal
Divine Pelasgians. But toward Thymbra ranged
Are Lycians, Mysians proud, steed-taming sons
Of Phrygia, and Maeonians chariot-borne.
But of each special troop why ask ye me?
εἰ γὰρ δὴ μέματον Τρώων καταδūναί ὀμιλοῦν,
Θρήκες οὖθ' ἀπάνευθε νεῆλυδες, ἔσχατοι ἄλλων,
ἐν δὲ σφὶν 'Ῥῆσος βασιλεύς, πάϊς Ἡιοῦνος,
tοῦ δ' καλλίστους ὅππους ἱδον ἦδὲ μεγίστους·
λευκότεροι χίονος, θείειν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοίοι.
ἀρμα δὲ οἱ κρυσφὶ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ εἴ ἦσκηται.
teὔχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελάρια, θαῦμα ἵδεσθαι,
ἵλυθ' ἔχων· τὰ μὲν οὖ τι καταθνητοίσι ἐοίκεν ἀνδρεσσιν φορέειν, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νησὶ πελάσσετον ὁκυπόροισιν,
ἡ̂ μὲ δήποντες λίπετ' αὐτόθι νηλεί δεσμωφ,
ὅφρα κεν ἐλθητον καὶ πειρηθῆτον ἐμεῖο ἢ̂
κατ' αἰσθαν ἐεἰπων ἐν ὑμῖν ἢ̂ καὶ οὐκὶ.”

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἱδόων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"μὴ δ' ἴναν φύξει γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλειο θυμὼφ,
ἐσθλὰ περ ἀγγείλας, ἐπεὶ ἱκεο χείρας ἐς ἀμάς.
ei μὲν γὰρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσομεν ἥ̂ μεθώμεν,
ἡ̂ τε καὶ ύστερον εἴσθα θοᾶς ἐπὶ νήᾶς 'Αχαίῶν
ἡ̂ διοπτεύσων ἥ̂ ἑναντίβιον πολεμίξων:
ei δὲ κ' ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης,
οὐκετ' ἔπειτα σὐ πῆμα ποτ' ἐσσεαι 'Αργελοίσιν."

ἡ̂, καὶ δ' μὲν μιν ἐμελλε γενεῖον χειρὶ παξείη
ἀψάμενος λίσσεσθαι, δ' δ' αὖχενα μέσσον ἐλασσεν
φασγάνῳ αἴξασ, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρςε τένοντε·
θηγγομένου δ' άρα τοῦ γε κάρη κονίσσιν ἐμίχθη.
tοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδεῖν κυνέην κεφαλήφιν ἐλοντο
καὶ λυκέην καὶ τόξα παλίντονα καὶ δόρυ μακρόν·
kαὶ τά γ' ''Αθηναλὴ λητίδι δἰος 'Οδυσσεύς
ὐψός' ἀνέσχεθε χειρὶ, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἐπος ἣνδα·
"χαίρε θεὰ τολοδεσσι' σὲ γὰρ πράτην ἐν 'Ολύμπῳ
For if ye twain are bent the Trojan throng
To enter, here apart are Thracian men
But newly come, the last of all the line.
And in their midst doth Rhesus lie, their king,
The son of Eioneus. Fairest his steeds
And largest-limbed of all that e’er I saw:
Whiter than snow they match the winds for speed.
A chariot hath he also deftly wrought
With gold and silver. Golden are the arms,
Of giant size, a marvel to behold,
Wherewith he came: beseems not mortal men
In such to clothe them, but immortal gods.
But take me now to your swift-sailing ships,
Or bind in ruthless bond and leave me here;
That ye may go your way, and test my tale,
Whether my words to you be truth or no.”

Then with grim glance stout Diomedes spake:
“Nay, Dolon, on escape set not thy heart,
Though good thy news, now that we hold thee fast.
For if for ransom we release thee now,
Or let thee go, surely thou’lt come again
Hereafter to the swift Achaian ships,
Either to spy or fight in open war.
But if thou lose thy life, slain by my hands,
To Argives thou wilt work no future harm.”

He spake: and, as the other with broad hand
Reached out to touch his chin in suppliant prayer,
Right on his neck the flashing sword he drove,
And severed both the tendons, and the head—
Ev’n as he spake—was mingled with the dust.
Then from his head the helm of weasel-skin
They took, with wolf-skin cloak, and springing bow,
And the long lance. These to the Maid of spoil
Athené did Odysseus, godlike wight,
Hold up on high, and thus in prayer he spake:
“Hail, goddess, hail, with these! To thee of all

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πάντων ἀθανάτων ἐπιδωσόμεθ᾽. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
πέμψον ἐπὶ Θρηκὼν ἄνδρῶν ὑποὺς τε καὶ εὐνάς."

ὁς ἄρ᾽ ἐφώνησεν, καὶ ἀπὸ ἑθεὶ ὕψος᾽ ἀείρας
θῆκεν ἀνὰ μυρίκην᾽ δέκελον ὦ ἐπὶ σήμα τ᾽ ἐθηκεν,
ζυμμάρψας δόνακας μυρίκης τ᾽ ἐριθηλέας ὦζους,
μὴ λάθοι αὐτὸς ἱόντε τοῦν διὰ νῦκτα μέλαιων.

τῷ δὲ βάτῃν προτέρῳ διά τ᾽ ἔντειν καὶ μέλαιν αἴμα,
αἰφα δ᾽ ἐπὶ Θρηκὼν ἄνδρῶν τέλος ἵξου ἱόντες.

οὐ δ᾽ εὐδόν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες, ἔντειν δὲ σφι
καλὰ παρ᾽ αὐτοῖσι χθοὺν κέκλιτο, εῦ κατὰ κόσμον,
τριστοίχι παρὰ δὲ σφι ἐκάστῳ δίξυγος ὑπποί.

Ῥήσος δ᾽ ἐν μέσῳ εἴδε, παρ᾽ αὐτῷ δ᾽ ὠκεῖς ὑπποί
ἐξ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἰμάσι δέδεντο.

τὸν δ᾽ 'Οδυσσεὺς προπάροιθε ἰδὼν Διομήδεις δείξεν
"οὐτὸς τοι, Διόμηδες, ἀνήρ, οὕτοι δὲ τοι ὑπποί,
οὐς νῶϊν πίφαυσκε Δόλων, ὤν ἐπέφυομεν ἡμεῖς.

ἀλλ᾽ ἀγε δῆ, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος᾽ οὐδὲ τί σε χρῆ
ἔσταμεναι μέλεον ξὺν τεύχεσιν, ἀλλὰ λῦ ὑπποὺς.

ἡ σὺ γὰρ ἄνδρας ἑναίρε, μελῆσον δ᾽ ἐμοὶ ὑπποῖ."

ὅς φάτο, τῷ δ᾽ ἐμπτευεσθα μένος γλαυκώπης 'Αθήνη,
κτείνε δ᾽ ἐπιστροφάδην' τῶν δὲ στόνοι ἄρνυτ' ἀεικὴς
ἀορὶ θειομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ᾽ αἴματι γαία.

ὁς δὲ λέων μὴποισ ἀσημαντοισ ἐπελθὼν,
ἀγγεσθ᾽ ἤ ὀίεσθι, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνοροῦσῃ,
ὁς μὲν Θρήκιας ἄνδρας ἐπάφκετο Τυδέος νῖός,
ὅφρα διώδεκ' ἐπεφνεν. ἀτὰρ πολύμητις 'Οδυσσεύς,
ὅν τινα Τυδεΐδης ἀορὶ πλήξειε παραστάς,
τὸν δ᾽ 'Οδυσσεύς μετόπισθε λαβῶν ποδὸς ἐξερύσασκεν, 490
τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμόν, ὅπως καλλίτριχες ὑπποὶ
ῥεῖν διέλθοιεν, μηδὲ τρομεολατο θυμῷ
Immortals in Olympus first we cry.
But ev'n again thy guidance give, and show
The steeds and couches of these Thracian men."

Such words he spake; and lift the spoils on high
Then set them on a tamarisk tree: whereto
A token plain he placed, some gathered reeds
And leafy tamarisk boughs, that coming back
Through black and fleeting night they might not miss.

Then onwards went the twain through arms and blood;
And quickly to the Thracian band they came:
Who wearied out were sleeping. By them lay
Their fair arms on the ground in order piled,
Three lines: and by each man his yoke of steeds,
And in their midst slept Rhesus; and by him
His fleet steeds from the hinder chariot rail
Were tethered by the reins. Him first descried
Odysseus, and to Diomedes showed:
"This is the man, be sure, and these the steeds,
Whereof, O Diomedes, Dolon spake,
Whom late we slew. Come then, thy mighty strength
Put forth: it fits thee not all armed to stand,
Nought doing. Wherefore loose the steeds: or thou
Despatch the men, and be the steeds my care."

So spake he: but Athené, stern-eyed maid,
Breathed strength in Tydeus' son, that right and left
He slew, and, as the sword-strokes fell, their groans
Rose grievous, and the soil ran red with blood.
And as on flock unherded, goats or sheep,
A lion sudden springs, bent to destroy,
So came upon the Thracians Tydeus' son:
Till twelve were slain. And he of many wiles,
Odysseus, whomso with the falchion smote
Tydides standing near, him by the foot
He took and backward drew from out the line,
This meaning, that the fair-maned steeds might pass
All smoothly, nor in spirit shrink to step
νεκροῖς ἀμβαίνοντες: ἀθέος οὖν γὰρ ἐτ' αὐτῶν. ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ βασιλῆς κινήσατο Τυδέος νῦσ, τὸν τρισκαίδεκαυν μεληδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα 495 ἀσθμαίνοντα' κακὸν γὰρ ὅναρ κεφαλῆφιν ἐπέστη τὴν νύκτ', Οἶνεῖδαο πάις, διὰ μῆτιν Ἀθηνῆς. τόφρα δ' Ἀρ' ὁ πλῆμων 'Οδυσσεὺς λῦε μῶνυχας ἵππους, σὺν δ' ἥερεν ἴμασι, καὶ ἐξήλαιυνεν ὀμίλου τόξῳ ἐπιπλήσσων, ἔπει οὐ μάστιγα φαεινὴν 500 ποικίλου εκ δίφροιο νοήσατο χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι. ὄρθησεν δ' ἄρα πιθαύνους Διομήδει δἰώ. αὐτὰρ δ' ὁ μερμηρίζε μένων ὦτι κύντατον ἐρδοι, ἢ δ' ὁ γε δίφρον ἐλών, ὅθι ποικίλα τεύχε' ἐκεῖτο, ῥυμοῦ ἐξεροῦ ἢ ἐκφέροι ύψόο' ἀείρας, 505 ἢ ἔτι τῶν πλεόνων Θρηκῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἐλεινο. εἰσ' δ' ταὐθ' ὁρμαίνε κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐγγύθεθι ἵσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδεα δἰον.

"νόστου δὴ μησάι, μεγαθύμου Τυδέος νιε, νῆς ἐπὶ γλαφυράς, μὴ καὶ πεφοβημένος ἔλθης, μὴ πού τις καὶ Τρώας ἐγείρησιν θεὸς ἀλλος." ὥς φάθ', δ' ὁ ἐξνέκηκε θεᾶς ὑπα φωνῆσας, καρπαλίμως 500 ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο. κόπτε δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς τόξῳ. τοῦ δ' ἐπέταυτο θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας 'Αχαιῶν.

οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπῆτιν εἰ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, ὅς ἐδ' Ἀθηναίη γεταὶ Τυδέος νιον ἐπουσαν· τῇ κοτέων Τρῶων κατεδύσετο πουλῶν ὄμιλον, ὤρσεν δ' Ἐρηκῶν βουληφόρου Ἰπποκόματα, Ῥήσου ἀνεψιν ἔσβλον, δ' δ' ἐξ ὑπνοι ἀνορούσας, ὥς ἐδ' χώρον ἐρήμου 'ὅ' ἐστασαν ὑκεῖς ἵπποι,
Amid the dead, a yet unwonted sight.
But when the son of Tydeus reached the king,
From him, the thirteenth slain, he took sweet life,
As sore he panted, for an evil dream
Stood o'er his head that night, the warrior child
Of Æneus' son, sped by Athené's wile.
But while he slew, Odysseus, patient wight,
The firm-hoofed horses loosed, which by the reins
He coupled, and drove forth from out the throng,
Striking them with his bow, for the bright whip
From chariot richly-wrought he had not marked
To put his hand and take. Then whistling low
To godlike Diomedes gave he sign.
But he was doubting still, as there he stood,
What boldest deed to do: to take the car,
Where lay the rich-wrought arms, and by the pole
Drag forth or lift on high and bear it out;
Or of that Thracian throng yet more to slay.
But while he pondered thus, Athené came
And standing near addressed the godlike chief:
“Bethink thee of return to the hollow ships,
Thou son of great-souled Tydeus; lest it chance
Thou go in fear and flight: for haply now
Some other god may rouse thy Trojan foes.”
She spake: he knew the goddess by her voice,
And hasted him to mount; Odysseus then
Smote with his bow the steeds, that on they flew
To the swift vessels of Achaia's host.
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow
No blind watch kept: but, when with Tydeus' son
He saw Athené following, wroth with her
He plunged amid the numerous Trojan throng,
And roused a Thracian councillor, by name
Hippocoon—cousin brave of Rhesus he.
Upstarted he from sleep; and, when he saw
Void space where fleet-foot steeds had stood, and men
ἀνδρας τ’ ἄσπαλροντας ἐν ἀργαλέσι θουήσιν, ὕμωξέν τ’ ἅρ’ ἐπειτα, φίλου τ’ ὅνομηνεν ἑταῖρον. Τρώων δὲ κλαγγή τε καὶ ἄσπετος ὄρτο κυδομός θυνόντων ἁμύδις· θηεύντο δὲ μέρμερα ἔργα, ὅσ’ ἄνδρες ἰέβαντες ἐβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας. 525

οὗ δ’ ὅτε δῆ ἰ’ ἰκανον ὅθι σκοπῶν ’Εκτόρος ἑκταν, ἐνθ’ Ὀδυσεὺς μὲν ἐρυξε διίψφις ὦκέας ἵππους. Τυδείδης δὲ χαμαξε θορῶν ἐναρα βροτόεντα ἐν χείρεσο’ Ὀδυσῆῃ τίθη, ἐπεβῆσετο δ’ ἤππων. μάστιγεν δ’ ἐλάαν, τῷ δ’ οὐκ ἀκοντε πετέσθην νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυρᾶς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἐπλετο θυμῷ. 530

Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπουν ἀδε, φώνησεν τε· "ὁ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἤδε μέδοντες, φεύσομαι ἡ ἐτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δὲ με θυμός. ἤππων μ’ ὠκυπόδων ἀμφί κτύπος οὕστα βάλλει. 535

αἱ γὰρ δῆ Ὀδυσεὺς τε καὶ ὁ κρατερὸς Διομήδης ὧδ’ ἀφαρ ἐκ Τρώων ἑλασάιατο μόνυχας ἵππους. ἀλλ’ αἰνῶς δείδοικα μετὰ φρεσι μή τι πάθωσιν Ῥαγείων ὀριστοι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρμιμαγδοῦ.”

οὐ πω πᾶν εἴρητο ἐποσ ὅτ’ ἅρ’ ἥλυθον αὐτοῖ. 540
καὶ ὅ’ οὗ μὲν κατέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοῖ δὲ χαρέντες δεξιῇ ἕπσάξουτο ἐπεσοὶ τε μειλιχίους.

πρῶτος δ’ ἐξερέευε Γερήνιος ἤππότα Νέστωρ· "εἵτ’ ἄγε μ’, ὁ πολύαιν’ Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαῖων, ὕππως τοῦσ’ ἤππους λάβετον καταδύντες ὀμίλων 545 ἤππων; ἦ τίς σφε πόρεν θεὸς ἀντιβολῆσας; αἰνῶς ἀκτίνεσσι ἐοικότες ἤλιοιο.

αἰεὶ μὲν Τρώεσσ’ ἐπιμίσγομαι, οὐδὲ τί φημι
μιμνάξειν παρὰ νησί, γέρων περ ἐὼν πολεμιστῆς’
Yet gasping in a hideous heap of slain,
With cry of woe he named his comrade dear.
Clamour of Trojans then and uproar rose
Unutterable, as they together rushed.
Wond’ring they saw what deeds of dread the men
Had wrought ere to the hollow ships they turned.

But for the chiefs—when to the spot they came
Where Hector’s spy they slew, Odysseus there,
Beloved of Zeus, reined in the fleet-foot steeds;
And to the ground the son of Tydeus leapt,
And in Odysseus’ hands lifting he placed
The bloody spoils, and mounted up again.
The steeds he lashed; who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither were they fain.
Their clattering hoofs first Nestor heard and spake:
“Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Shall I be false herein, or say the truth?
My spirit bids me speak. The clattering sound
Of horses at the gallop strikes mine ears.
Pray heaven it be Odysseus, and withal
Stout Diomedes, who thus soon return
From Trojan camp and drive these firm-hoofed steeds.
But sore I fear at heart some harm has happ’d
to these our bravest from the host of Troy.”

Not all his words were ended when they came.
Then to the ground down leapt they: whom the rest
Rejoicing greeted with right hand of love
And kindly words: and first Gerêné’s knight
Nestor thus asked them how their work had sped:
“Come tell me, O Odysseus, much-praised man,
Achaia’s mighty boast, how got ye twain
These steeds. The Trojan armies entered ye?
Or met some god who gave them? To the rays
Of the bright Sun-god they are wondrous like.
I ever mingle with the Trojan lines,
Nor loiter—I may boast—beside the ships,
Albeit a greybeard warrior. Yet such steeds
ἀλλ᾽ οὖ πω τοῖς ἵπποις ἵδον οὐδὲ νόησα.  
ἀλλὰ τιν᾽ ὑμῖν ὧν δόμεναι θεῖν ἀντιάσαντα: ἀμφοτέροι γὰρ σφῶν φιλεῖ νεφεληγερήτα Ζεὺς κούρη τ᾽ αἰγίλχου Διός, γλαυκόπτεις 'Αθήνη.'

tὸν δ᾽ ἀπαμείβομενος προσέφη πολύμηττος 'Οδυσσεύς.  
"ο Νέστορ Νηληνάδη, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν,  
τρεία θεὸς ἡ ἑθέλων καὶ ἀμείνονας ἥ περ οἴδε ἵππους δωρήσατι', ἔπει ἦ πολὺ φέρτεροι εἰσίν. ἵπποι δ᾽ οἴδε, γεραιε, νεῖλυδες, οὐς ἐρεείνεις, 
Τρισκαίδεκατον σκοπὸν εἵλομεν ἑγγύθι νηῶν, τὸν ὅταν διοπτῆρα στρατοῦ ἐμμεναι ἡμετέρων
"Εκτωρ τε προείκε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγανοὶ."  
ὡς εἰπὼν τάφροι διήλασε μόνυχας ἱπποὺς καγχαλῶν' ἀμα δ᾽ ἄλλοι ίσαι χαῖροντες Ἀχαιῶν.  
oὶ δ᾽ ὅτε Τυδείδεω κλισίην εὔτυκτον ἢκοντο, ἱπποὺς μὲν κατέδησαν εὐτυμήτοισιν ἵμασιν 
φάτνῃ ἐφ᾽ ἵππεῖ, ὥθι περὶ Διομήδεος ἵπποι ἐστασαν ὁκύποδες μελινῆδε πυρὸν ἐδοντες, 
ὑλ ἦν οὐ πρυμνή ἐναι βροτεύεται Δόλωνος  
θῆς 'Οδυσσεύς, ὅφρ ἱρὸν ἐτοιμασσαίατ 'Αθήνη. 
αὐτοῖ δ᾽ ἵδρῳ πολλῶν ἀπενίξοντο θαλάσσῃ ἐσβάντες, κυήμας τε ἱδὲ λόφον ἀμφὶ τε μηροῦς. αὐτὰρ ἔπει σφῖν κύμα θαλάσσῃς ἵδρῳ πολλῶν νίψειν ἀπὸ χρωτὸς καὶ ἀνέψυχθεν φίλον ἦτορ, 
ἐς ὅ ἀσαμίθους βάντες εὐξέστασα λούσαντο. 
τὸ δὲ λοεσσαμένω καὶ ἀλειψαμένω λίπ᾽ ἐλαίῳ 
δείτῳ ἐφιξαντες, ἀπὸ δὲ κρητήρος 'Αθήνη 
πλείου ἀφυσσόμενου λείβον μελινῆδεα ὅινον.
I ne'er yet saw nor marked. But 'twas, I ween,
Some god encountering gave them: for to Zeus
Cloud-gatherer, and Athené, stern-eyed maid
Of aegis-wielding Zeus, ye both are dear."

To whom replied the many-counseled man:
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's pride,
A god with ease, if so he willed, could give
E'en better steeds than these be, for the gods
Are mightier far. But, father, for these steeds
Whereof thou askest, they are newly come,
Of Thracian strain; and him who was their lord
Stout Diomedes slew, and by his side
Twelve comrades, good men all. And one to boot
Thirteenth we took hard by our ships, a scout,
Whom to spy out our army was sent forth
By Hector and the noble sons of Troy."

So spake he, and across the trench he drove
The firm-hoofed steeds, loud laughing: and with him
Followed Achaia's sons rejoicing all.
But when Tydides' well-framed tent they reached,
The horses by the well-cut reins they tied
Fast to the rack, where stood the fleet-foot steeds
Of Diomedes eating sweet-grained wheat.
But Dolon's bloody spoils Odysseus stowed
Safe in his vessel's stern, that they therefrom
An offering to Athené might prepare.
Then entered they the sea, and there washed off
The copious sweat from knees and neck and thighs.
And when the salt sea wave had washed their skin
Of copious sweat, and much refreshed their heart;
Then stepped they into polished bathing tubs
Of water sweet, to cleanse them of the brine.
And so, their bathing done, with olive oil
The twain anointed them and sate to meat;
And to Athené from the brimming bowl
Drew out and duly poured the honeyed wine.
'Ηώς δ' ἐκ λεχέων παρ' ἀγανοῦ Τιθωνοῖο ὀρνυθ', ἵν' ἀθανάτουι φῶς φέροι ἢδε βροτοῖσιν. Ζεὺς δ' Ἐρίδα προϊάλλε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νήας Ἀχαίων ἀργαλέην, πολέμουσι τέρας μετὰ χερσῶν ἐχουσαν. στῇ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακήτει νηθ' μελαίνῃ, ἦ δ' ἐν μεσσάτῳ ἐσκε γεγωνέμεν αἵματέρωσε, ἢμεὶν ἐπ' Ἀιαντος κλείσιας Τελαμωνιάδαο ἦδ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοι δ' ἑσχάτα νήας étas εἴρνουσαν, ἦνορέῃ πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτει χειρῶν. ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἤπει θεᾶ μέγα τε δεινόν τε ὄρθι', Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἐμβαλ' ἐκάστῳ καρδίῃ, ἀλληκτον πολεμιζέμεν ἢδε μάχεσθαι. τοῦτο δ' ἀφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ἢ δένεσθαι ἐν νησὶ γλαφυρῷ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν. Ἀτρείδης δ' ἐβόησε ἵδ' ξώνυμοι οἱ ἄρωνεν Ἀργεῖοις· ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυσετο νόροπα χαλκὸν. κυνηγίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κυνήγησιν ἔθηκεν καλάς, ἀργυρέωσιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας· δεύτερον αἱ θάρηκα περὶ στήθεσιν ἔδυνεν, τὸν ποτὲ οἱ Κινύρης δῶκε ξεινήιον εἶναι.
ILIAD XI.

The prowess of Agamemnon, and his wounding.

MORN from her bed and from Tithonus' side,
Her noble spouse, uprose, to bring the light
To gods immortal and to mortal men,
When Discord to the swift Achaian ships
Was sent of Zeus, fell power, bearing in hand
Dread sign of war. And by Odysseus' ship
She stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way a voice might well be heard,
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilleus' tent—those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
There stood the goddess, and gave forth a shout
Loud terrible and shrill, whereby she breathed
A mighty strength in each Achaian heart
Unceasingly to battle and to fight.
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail
In hollow ships to their own fatherland.

Then did the son of Atreus cry aloud,
Bidding his Argives gird their armour on,
The while himself he clad in dazzling mail.
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure;
The corslet next around his breast he drew,
That Cinyras once had given, a gift from far,
πεύθετο γὰρ Κύπρονδε μέγα κλέος, οὕνεκ’ Ἀχαιοῖ ἐς Τροίην νήσσιν ἀναπλεύσεσθαι ἐμελλον·
τούνεκά οἱ τὸν ἔδωκε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῆι.
τοῦ δ’ ἦ τοι δέκα οἴμοι ἔσαν μέλανος κυάνοιο,
δώδεκα δὲ χρυσοῦ καὶ εἰκοσὶ κασσιτέροιο·
κυάνοι δὲ δράκοντες ὀρωρέχατο προτὶ δειρῆ
τρεῖς ἐκάτερθ’, ἱρισσὶ ἐοικότες ἃς τε Κρονίων ἐν νέφει στήριξε τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.
ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ ἀμοισίων βάλετο ξίφος· ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦλοι
χρύσειοι πάμφαινον, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλεῖν ἦν
ἀργύρεον, χρυσεόσιιν ἀορτήρεσσιν ἀρηρός.
ἀν δ’ ἔλετ’ ἀμφιβρότην πολυδαιδαλον ἀσπίδα θοῦριν,
καλῆν, ἦν πέρι μὲν κύκλοι δέκα χάλκεοι ἦσαν,
ἐν δὲ οἱ ὄμφαλοι ἦσαν ἐείκοσι κασσιτέροιο
λευκοί, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἔνν μέλανος κυάνοιο.
τῆ δ’ ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργω βλοσυρώπις ἐστεφάνωτο
dεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ δειμός τε φόβος τε.
τῆς δ’ ἐξ ἀργύρεος τελαμῶν ἦν. αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτοῦ
κυάνους ἐλέλικτο δράκων, κεφαλαί δὲ οἱ ἦσαν
τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφέες, ἐνὸς αὐχένοις ἐκπεφυνια.
κρατή δ’ ἐπ’ ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραβάληρον
ἲππουριν’ δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἐνευεν.
εἴλετο δ’ ἀλκίμα δούρε δῶ, κεκοροθμένα χαλκῷ,
ὁξέα. τῆλε δὲ χαλκὸς ἀπ’ αὐτόφων οὐρανὸν εἰσω
λάμπ’ ἐπὶ δὲ γυδούπησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ “Ηρη,
tιμῶσαι βασιλῆα πολυχρύσου Μυκήνης.

ἡμῶνοι μὲν ἐπειτα ἑώ ἐπέτελλε ἐκαστος
ἲππους εὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὐθ’ ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλλεῖσ πῦν τεύχεοι ὑθρηχθέντες
ῥόουτ’ ἀοβεστος δὲ βοη γένετ’ ἦωθι πρὸ.
φθαν δὲ μὲγ’ ἰππήνων ἑπὶ τάφρῳ κοσμηθέντες,
For Cyprus heard the mighty fame that now
Achaia's ships would sail the seas to Troy.
Wherefore he gave this gift to please the king.
Ten stripes of dark-blue metal there were wrought
With twelve of gold, and twenty more of tin.
And snakes of dark-blue metal stretched them up
Toward the wearer's neck, three on each side,
Like to the rainbow-lines, that Cronos' son
Sets in the cloud, a sign to speaking men.
Around his shoulders then his sword he slung
Gleaming with studs of gold, in silver sheath,
But bright with gold the gear by which it hung.
Then took he up his lightly-wielded targe,
The body's ample guard, fair, richly-wrought,
Round which ten brazen circles ran; within
Were twenty bosses white of tin, and one
Midmost of dark-blue metal. Rose thereon
A grim-faced Gorgon of terrific glance,
With Terror and with Flight on either side.
And from the shield was stretched a silver strap
With dark-blue serpent wreathed thereon, whose heads
Three turning either way from one neck grew.
Then on his head a helm of double cone
He set, four-plumed, with horse-hair crest above
That nodded terrible: two mighty spears
He took withal brass-tipped and keen, whose blaze
Flashed far to deepest heaven. A thundering sound
Athené then and Heré gave, to grace
The sovereign of Mycenae's golden town.

Now to his charioteer each chief gave charge,
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due; but all in armour clad
Themselves moved on afoot; and quenchless rose
Their shout before the dawn. They with the horse
Took order, at the trench; then went they first,
ίππης δ’ ὀλύγον μετεκλάθοι. ἐν δὲ κυδομόν ὀρσε κακὸν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δ’ ὑψόθεν ἥκεν ἔερσαν αἵματι μυδαλέας εὖ αἰθέρος, οὐνεκ’ ἐμελλεν πολλὰς ἴθθήμους κεφαλὰς Ἀἴδι προϊάψεν.

Τρώες δ’ αὖθ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίῳν, “Εκτορά τ’ ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμωνα Πουλυδάμαντα Αἰνείαν θ’, ὃς Τρωσὶ θεὸς ὦς τίτο δήμῳ, τρεῖς τ’ Ἀντηνορίδας, Πόλυβον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον ἧθεον τ’ Ἀκάμαντ’, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτουσιν.

“Εκτωρ δ’ ἐν πρότοιοι φέρ’ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ’ εἴσην. οἴος δ’ ἐκ νεφέων ἀναφαίνεται οὐλίος ἀστήρ παμφαίνων, τοτε δ’ αὐτὶς ἐδ’ νέφεα σκιόεντα, ὡς “Εκτωρ ὅτε μὲν τε μετὰ πρότοιοι φάνεσκεν ἀλλοτε δ’ ἐν τυμάτουσι κελεύων’ πᾶς δ’ ἀρὰ χαλκῷ ἀλμφ’ ὅς τε στεροτὴ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγυώχοιο. 65

οὐ δ’, ὡς τ’ ἀμητήρες ἐναντίοι ἀλλήλουσιν ὄγμον ἑλαίωσιν ἄνδρος μάκαρος κατ’ ἄρουραν πυρῶν ἴ πριθέων. τὰ δὲ δράγματα ταρθέα πίπτει ὅς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἔπ’ ἀλλήλουσι θορύντες δῆσιν, οὐδ’ ἑτεροι μνώντ’ ὀλοοὶ φόβοιο, ἵσας δ’ ὑσμίνῃ κεφαλὰς ἔχουν οὐ δὲ λύκοι ὡς θύνον. ”Ερις δ’ ἄρ’ ἐχαίρε πολύστονοι εἰσορόωσα: οὐ γὰρ ρα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν, οἱ δ’ ἄλλοι οὐ σφίν πάρεσαν θεοί, ἄλλα ἐκηλοὶ σφοῖς ἐνι μεγάροισι καθείστο, ἧχι ἐκάστῳ δώματα καλ’ ἐτέτυκτο κατὰ πτύχας Οὐλύμπου. 70

πάντες δ’ ἦτιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονίωνα, οὐνεκ’ ἄρα Τρόσεσιν ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὅρέξαι. τῶν μὲν ἄρ’ ὄνι ἀλέγιζε πατήρ: ὃ δὲ νόσφι λιασθεὶς 80 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέξετο κῦδεὶ γαίων, εἰσορόων Τρῶων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἁχαιῶν.
The horsemen following on nor far behind,
And Cronides with tumult fell inspired
Their host, and from on high sent down a dew
Of dripping blood, in token that he willed
To hurl to Hades many a valiant head.

But o'er against them on the rising ground
Mustered the sons of Troy, around their chiefs,
Hector the great, blameless Polydamas,
Æneas, whom the Trojan folk revered
Ev'n as a god, Antenor's scions three,
Polybus, with Agenor the divine,
And youthful Acamas, of immortals peer.
And Hector foremost bare his orbèd shield.
And as from clouds fell Sirius all ablaze
Now sudden bursts, now hides him in their shade,
So Hector now shone foremost in the van,
Now, hidden, urged the rear, in flashing mail
Bright as the bolt of th' aegis-wielding sire.

The hosts—as reapers in two facing rows
Work the long swathe in wealthy owner's field
Of barley or of wheat, from whose full hands
The severed stalks fall fast—so in firm line
The Trojans and Achaians dealing death
Each at the other leapt, nor either thought
Of baneful flight, but in the conflict still
Held even heads, and wolf-like rushed and raged.
Then woful Discord joyed the sight to see,
For she alone was present at the fight,
Nor other gods were there; but undisturbed
In their own halls they sat, where a fair home
Was built for each within Olympus' glens.
These all on cloud-veiled Cronides cast blame,
That glory thus to Troy he willed to grant.
Yet nought the Father recked of them, but turned
Apart and sate alone in pride of power
Troy's town beholding, and Achaia's ships,
χαλκοῦ τε στεροτῆν, ὀλλύντας τ’ ὀλλυμένους τε.

άφρα μὲν ἦδος ἦν καὶ ἄεξετο ἱερὸν ἡμαρ,
τόφρα μᾶλ’ ἀμφοτέρων βέλε’ ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαὸς:

ήμος δὲ δρυτόμος περ ἀνήρ ὀπλίσσατο δεῦπνον
οὐρεός ἐν βῆσσασιν, ἐπεὶ τ’ ἐκορέσσατο χεῖρας
tάμνων δένδρεα μακρά, ἀδος τέ μιν ἱκετο θυμόν,
σίτου τε γλυκερῶι περὶ φρένας ὑμεροι αἱρεῖ,

τήμος σφῆ ἀρέτη Δαναοί βῆξαντο φάλαγγας,
kekλόμενοι ἐτάροις κατὰ στίχας. ἐν δ᾽ Ἄγαμέμνων
πρῶτος ὄροις’, ἔλε δ᾽ ἀνδρα Βιήνορα ποιμένα λαῶν,
αὐτόν, ἐπειτα δ᾽ ἐταίρων Ὀιλῆα πλήξιππον.

η τοι ὅ γ᾽ εἶ ὑππων κατεπάλμενον αὐτίος ἑστη·
tὸν δ’ ἰδὺς μεμαδὰ μετώπιον ὄξεὶ δουρὶ

νύξ’, οὐδὲ στεφάνη δόρυ οἱ σχέθε χαλκοβάρεια,
アルバム δ’ αὐτῆς ἤλθε καὶ ὅστεον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἐνδον ἄπασ πεπάλακτο’ δάμασσε δὲ μιν μεμαδὰ.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὖθι ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἄγαμέμνων,
στήθεσι παμφαίνουτας, ἐπεὶ περίδυσε χιτῶνας:

αὐτάρ δ’ ἐπὶ Ἰσὸν τε καὶ Ἄντιφον ἐξεναρίξων,
νυὲ δύω Πριάμου, νόθον καὶ γνήσιον, ἄμφω
ἐν ἐνὶ δίφρω ἑόντας. δ’ μὲν νόθος ἦν ὁχευεν,

'Ἄντιφος αὐ παρέβασκε περικλυτός’ δ’ ποτ’ Ἀχίλλειος

"Ἰδης ἐν κυμοστὶ δίδη μόσχοις λύγοισιν,

ποιμαίνοντ’ ἐπ’ ᾤεσι λαβών, καὶ ἔλυσεν ἀποίνων.

δή τότε γ’ Ἀτρείδης εὔρυκρείων Ἄγαμέμνων
tὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζώοι κατὰ στήθος βάλε δουρί,

'Ἄντιφον αὐτε παρ’ οὖς ἐλασε ἕιφεί, ἐκ δ’ ἐβαλ’ ὑππων.

σπερχόμενος δ’ ἀπὸ τοῖν ἔσύλα τεύχεα καλά,
The sheen of brass, the slayers and the slain.
While yet 'twas morning tide, and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark and warriors fell. But at the hour
When in a forest glade the woodman spreads
His mid-day meal—for loathing now the work
His spirit feels desire of pleasant food—
Ev'n at that hour the Danaans' prowess brake
The opposing squares, as in their ranks they urged
Each one his comrade. Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and slew a man, Bienor named,
A people's shepherd, then his comrade true
Oileus slew he, smiter of his steeds.
Who from the car leapt down and faced the foe,
But him, as eager on he pressed, the king
With pointed spear full in the forehead pierced,
Nor did the helmet-rim of heavy brass
Turn back the spear, which through the metal passed
And through the bone, that all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
And these the son of Atreus king of men
Left there to lie with breasts all bare and bright
Stript of their shirts of mail; and hied him on
To slay two sons of Priam, Isus named
And Antiphus, a bastard and a true,
Both in one car. The bastard held the reins,
While noble Antiphus fought by his side.
These twain Achilleus once on Ida's slope
Took as they fed their sheep, and bound them fast
With willow bands, and then for ransom loosed.
But now did Agamemnon, mighty king;
The son of Atreus, cast his spear and strike
The one above the nipple on the breast,
And Antiphus he smote beside the ear
With cut of sword, and hurled him from his car.
Then hasted he to strip from off the twain

29—2
γυνώσκων καὶ γάρ σφε πάρος παρὰ νυσὶ θοῦσιν εἰδεν, ὦτ' ἔξ Ἡδης ἄγαγεν τόδας ὁκύς Ἀχιλλεὺς. ὃς δὲ λέων ἐλάφοιο ταχεῖς νῆπτια τέκνα ῥηιδίως συνέαξε λαβῶν κρατεροίσιν ὀδούσιν, ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνῆν, ἀπαλὸν τέ σφ' ἱτορ ἀπηύρα'. ἦ δ' εἰ πέρ τε τῦχησι μάλα σχεδόν, οὐ δύναται σφιν χραίσμειν' αὐτὴν γάρ μιν ὑπὸ τρόμος αἰνὸς ἰκάνει' καρπαλίμως δ' ἦξε διὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ύλὴν σπείδουσι' ἱδρώουσα κράταιοι θηρὸς ὑφ' ὀρμῆς' ὃς ἁρα τοῖς οὗ τις δύνατο χραίσμησαι ὀλεθρόν Τρώων, ἄλλα καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείουσι φέβοντο.

αὐτάρ ὦ Πεισανδρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόλοχον μενεχάρμην, νιέας Ἀντιμάχου δαίφρονος, ὃς ρα μάλιστα χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδρου δεδεγμένος, ἀγλαὰ δώρα, οὐκ εἰσαχ'. Ἐλεύνη δόμεναι ξάνθῳ Μενελάω, τοῦ περ δὴ δῦο παίδε λάβεν κρεῖκον Ἀγαμέμνων εἶν ἐν δίφρῳ ἑότας, ὅμοι δ' ἔχον ὁκέας ὑπποὺς' ἐκ γάρ σφεας χειρῶν φύγων ἰνία συγαλέωσα, τὸ δὲ κυκηθήτην. δ' δ' ἐναντίον ὅρτο λέων ὃς Ἀτρείδης· τῶν δ' αὐτ' ἐκ δίφρου γουναξέσθην. "ζῷγρει, Ἀτρέος νιέ, σὺ δ' ἄξια δέξαι ἀποινα· πολλὰ δ' ἐν Ἀντιμάχου δόμοις κειμήλια κεῖται, χαλκὸς τε χρυσός τε πολύκιμπτός τε σίδηρος, τῶν κεν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατήρ ἀπερείσι' ἀποινα, εἰ νῦν ζωοὺς πεπύθωτ' ἐπὶ νυσὶν Ἀχαϊῶν."

ὡς τὸ γέ κλαιοντε προσανδήτην βασιλῆα μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀμειλίκτον δ' ὅπ' ἀκουσαν· "εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχου δαίφρονος νιέες ἐστῶν, ὃς ποτ' ἐν Τρώων ἀγορὴ Μενελαοῦ ἄνωγεν,
Their goodly arms, well knowing those whom erst
By the swift ships he saw when captive brought
From Ida by Achilleus fleet of foot.
And as a lion to his lair returned
Finds in his covert laid the weakling young
Of nimble hind, whom in his powerful teeth
With ease he crunches, of their tender life
Bereaving them—but she, their dam, hard by
Yet cannot save them, for with trembling dread
Herself is touched, and swift she speeds away
Through tangled copse and wood, in haste and sweat,
To 'scape the onset of the mighty beast—
So these from doom the Trojans could not save,
But fled themselves before their Argive foes.

Then on Pisander and Hippolochus,
A warrior staunch, Atrides came—the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who most of all,
Bribed by rich gifts of Alexander's gold
To Menelaus of the yellow hair
Forbade to give back Helen—on his sons
King Agamemnon came, two in one car,
As they toward him drove their fleet-foot steeds;
For from their hands the shining reins escaped,
And all confused they strayed. Against them rose
Atrides, as a lion; whom the twain
From out the car addressed with suppliant prayer:
"Give quarter, son of Atreus! and receive
A worthy ransom. With Antimachus
Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold
And well-wrought iron: and of these our sire
Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn
That at the Achaian vessels yet we live."

Thus weeping they addressed the king with words
Of softness, but no soft reply they heard:
"If truly sons of brave Antimachus
Ye be, who once in Trojan council urged
ἄγγελίην ἔλθοντα σὺν ἀντιθέω ὤνθυς, ἀυθι κατακτεῖναι μηδ' ἐξέμεν ἄψ ἐσ Ἰ'Αχαιούς, νῦν μὲν δὴ τοῦ πατρὸς ἀεικέα τίσετε λάβην." 

ἡ, καὶ Πείσανδρον μὲν ἀφ' ὑππὼν ὥσε χαμάζε, δουρὶ βαλῶν πρὸς στήθος. ὃ δ' ὑππὼς οὔδει ἐρείσθη Ἰππόλυοχος δ' ἀπόρουσε. τὸν αὐχαμαλ ἐξενάριζεν, χεῖρας ἀπὸ ξύφει πλῆξας ἀπὸ τ' αὐχένα κόψας, ὠλυμὸν δ' ὡς ἔσσευε κυλύδεσθαι δι' ὀμίλου. 

τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', ὃ δ', ὥθι πλείσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες, τῇ ρ' ἐνόρουσ', ἀμα δ' ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἰ'Αχαιόι. πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ὄλεκον φεύγοντας ἀνάγκη, ὕππης δ' ὑππης—ὑπὸ σφῖςι δ' ὄρτο κονίῇ ἐκ πεδίου, τὴν ὄρσαν ἐρύγοντο πόδες ὑππων—χαλκῷ δησώντες. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων αἰεὶν ἀποκτείνοι ἔπετ', Ἀργείοισι κελεύων. 

ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἀίδηλον ἐν ἄξυλῳ ἑμπέσῃ υλῇ πάντῃ τ' εἰλυφῶν ἀνεμος φέρει, οἱ δ' τε θάμνων πρόρριζοι πίπτουσιν ἐπευρόμενοι πυρὸς ὀρμη. ὡς ἀρ' ὑπ' Ὀμηρίδη Ἀγαμέμνων πῖπτε κάρηνα Τρώων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δ' ἐριαύχενες ὑπποι κείν' ὀχεα κροτάλιζον ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας, ἰμίχους ποθέουτες ἀμύμονας. οἱ δ' ἔπε γαίη κείατο, γύπεσσιν πολύ φίλτεροι ἡ ἀλόχοισιν. 

"Εκτορὰ δ' ἐκ βελέων ὑπαγε Ζεὺς ἐκ τε κονίς ἐκ τ' ἀνδροκτασίς ἐκ θ' αἴματος ἐκ τε κυδομοῦ. Ὅμηρος δ' ἔπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῦς κελεύων. οὐ δὲ παρ' Ἰλιοῦ σήμα παλαιόν Δαρδανίδαο, μέσσον κατ' πεδίουν, παρ' ἐρινεῖν ἐσσεύνοντο.
That Menelaus, when in embassy  
He with divine Odysseus came, should there  
Be slain, nor to Achaia free return;  
Your father's outrage vile ye now shall pay."

He spake, and from the chariot to the ground  
Pisander hurled, with spear-wound on the breast,  
Who backward struck the earth. Then fled away  
Hippolochus; and him on foot he slew,  
Severing his hands and sweeping off the neck  
With stroke of sword, and as a bowling stone  
The limbless trunk sent spinning through the throng.  
These there he left, and where the thickest squares  
Fled in confused rout there dashed he in,  
And with him all Achaia's well-greaved host.  
Foot slaughtered foot, as now perforce they fled,  
Horse upon horse, while 'neath them rose the dust  
Stirred by the thundering hoofs from off the plain,  
Dealt death with weapons keen. And he, the king,  
Great Agamemnon, followed ever close  
Slaying the foes, and urged his Argives on.  
And as when wasting fire some forest dense  
Invades, and by the wind is onward rolled,  
Burnt to the roots the saplings prostrate fall  
Pressed by the furious flame, so in their flight  
The Trojan heads before Atrides fell.  
And many were the steeds of arching neck  
That roamed with empty clattering cars across  
The battle bridge, lacking the guiding hands  
Of blameless charioteers, who prostrate lay  
A daintier sight for vultures than for wives.  

But Hector from the spears, and from the dust,  
And from the carnage and the blood and din,  
Zeus kept apart, while Atreus' son pressed on  
Furious and fast, urging his Danaan host.  
Whose foemen past the tomb of Ilus old  
The son of Dardanus, o'er the mid plain
ιέμενοι πόλιοι· ὃ δὲ κεκληγώς ἔπετ' αἰεὶ
ʼΑτρείδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χείρας ἀ/aptouς:
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὲ Σκαίας τε πύλας καὶ φηγοῦ ἰκοντο,
ἐνθ' ἄρα δὴ ἤσταντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνέμμινοι.
οὐ δ' ἐτί κάμ μέσουν πεδίον φοβέουντο, βόες ὅς
ἀς τε λέων ἐφόβησε μολὼν ἐν νυκτὸς ἀμολύφῳ
πάσας· τῇ δὲ τ' ἵ' ἀναφαίνεται ἀἵπτως ὀλεθρός·
tῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἐαξε λαβῶν κρατερῶσιν ὕδούσιν
πρῶτον, ἐπείτα δὲ θ' αἷμα καὶ ἐγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει.
ὁς τοὺς ʼΑτρείδης ἐφεπεν κρείων ʼΑγαμέμνων,
αιέν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίσσαν' οὗ δὲ φέβοντο.
πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖς τε καὶ ὑπτιοι ἐκπεσον ὑπ' ὑπων
ʼΑτρείδεω ὑπὸ χερσί· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἐχεῖ θύεν.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἐμελλόν ὑπὸ πτόλιν ἀἵπτ' τε τεῖχος
ἐξεσθαί, τότε δὴ ῥα πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
ʼΙδῆς ἐν κορυφήσι καθέκετο πιδήσσης
ὑφραυνόθεν καταβάς· ἔχε δ' ἀστεροπῆν μετὰ χερσίν
ʼΙριν δ' ὀἀτρυνεν χρυσόπτερου ἀγγελέουσαν

"βάσκ' ἵ, Ἰρι ταχεία, τὸν Ἐκτορὶ μῦθον ἐνιστε. ὄφρ' ἄν μὲν κεφ όρᾶ Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τόφρ' ἀναχωρεῖτω, τὸν δ' ἄλλον λαῶν ἀνώχθω
μάρνασθαι δηλοίση κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.

αὐτὰρ ἐπετ' ἑδειρ τυπεῖς ἢ βλήμενοι ἢ
eis ὑπτιοὺς ἀλεταί, τότε οἱ κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,
κτείνεν εἰς ο' κε νήσας ἐὔσσελμους ἀφίκηται
dύν τ' ἥλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἐλθῇ."

ὡς ἐφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ποδήμημος ὁκέα Ἰρίς,
Past the wild fig-tree, fled in eager haste
To gain the town: Atrides following still
With shrilling cry, his hands invincible
All stained with gore. But when the Scaean gates
And oak-tree they had reached, the foremost there
Stood firm, their fleeing comrades to await.
Who o'er the middle plain still fled, as kine
By lion coming in the dead of night
Flee all affrighted, but destruction dire
For one is seen, whose neck with powerful teeth
The beast first seizing breaks, then drains the blood
And all the flesh devours—ev'n so on these
King Agamemnon son of Atreus pressed,
And slew each hindmost foe, as still they fled.
And many fell beneath Atrides' hands,
Face forward from their cars or backward thrown,
For foremost and most furious raged his lance.

But when beneath the town and beetling wall
He now full soon had come, then from high heaven
The sire of gods and men descending sate
On Ida's peak, that mount of many rills,
With levin-bolt in hand: and thus he urged
Iris his courier of the golden wings:
"Hie thee, swift Iris, and to Hector speak
This word of mine: So long as he shall see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long let him retire
Himself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car; then grant I strength to him
To slay till to the well-benched ships he come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

He spake: nor disobedient to his word
Swift windfoot Iris gat her down in haste
βὴ δὲ κατ᾽ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων εἰς Ἰλιον ἱρήν.
εὐρ’ νίδον Πριάμου δαύφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ἔστασ᾽ ἐν θ᾽ ὑποιοι καὶ ἀρμασὶ κολλητοίσιν.
άγχοι δ᾽ ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὁκέα Ἰρίς.
"Ἑκτὸρ υἱὲ Πριάμου, Διὶ μὴν ἀτάλαντε,
Ζεὺς με πατὴρ προείχε τεῖν τάδε μυθήσασθαι.
οἴρο ἂν μέν κεν ὄρας Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
θύνων ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τόφρ᾽ ὑπόεικε μάχης, τόν δ᾽ ἄλλον λαῶν ἀνώχθι
μάρνασθαί δηλοιστι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπει κ᾽ ἡ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἡ βλήμενος ιῶ
εἰς ὑποιοὺς ἁλεταῖ, τότε τοι κράτος ἐγγυαλίξει,
κτείνεν εἰς ὃ κε νήσας ἐὕσσελμοις ἀφίκηαί
δύῃ τ᾽ ἰέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἑλθῃ."
ἡ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ὅς εἰποῦσ᾽ ἀπέβη πόδας ὃκεα Ἰρίς,
"Ἑκτὸρ δ᾽ ἐξ ὀχέων ξύν τεύχεσιν ἀλτὸ χαμάζε,
πάλλων δ᾽ ὄξεα δοῦρε κατὰ στρατὸν ὕχετο πάντη,
ὁτρύνων μαχέσασθαί, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνήν.
οῦ δ᾽ ἑλελκύθησαν καὶ ἑναντίοι ἐσταν Ἀχαιῶν.
Ἀργείωι δ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας.
ἡρτύθη δὲ μάχη, στὰν δ᾽ ἄντιοι. ἐν δ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνων
πρῶτος ὄρουσ', ἔθελεν δὲ πολὺ προμάχεσθαι ἀπάντων.
ἐσπετε νῦν μοι μοῦσα, Ὀλύμπια δῶματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅς τις δὴ πρῶτος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίοι ἠλθεν
ἡ αὐτῶν Τρώων ἡ κλειτῶν ἐπικούρων.
Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηνορίδης ἦσ᾽ τε μέγας τε,
ὅς τράφῃ ἐν Θρήκῃ ἐρυβώλακε, μητέρι μῆλων.
Κισσῆς τὸν γ᾽ ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἐνι τυτθὼν ἐόντα
μητροπάτωρ, ὃς ἐτικτε Θεανὸ καλλιτάρησ' 
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί γ᾽ ἠβης ἐρυκυδέος ἵκετο μέτρου,
αὐτῶν μιν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ᾽ ὅ γε θυγατέρα ἦν.
From Ida's peaks to sacred Ilion.
There godlike Hector warlike Priam's son
Standing she found, with steeds and well-framed car:
And near him fleet-foot Iris stood and spake:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus
In counsel, Zeus the father sent me forth
These words to bear thee: Long as thou shalt see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long do thou retire
Thyself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grants he strength to thee
To slay till to the well-benched ships thou come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way;
But Hector from his chariot to the ground
Armed as he was down leapt. Two lances keen
He brandished high, and went through all the host
Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.
Round turned they all and faced the Achaian foe;
While on the other side the Argive host
Made strong their squares. The battle thus arrayed,
Line fronted line: and Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and far in front was bold to fight.

Ye Muses, in Olympian halls who dwell,
Say now who first 'gainst Agamemnon came,
Of Troy's own sons or of renowned allies.
Iphidamas Antenor's son, a man
Both brave and tall, bred up in deep-soiled Thrace,
Mother of flocks. Him Cisseus in his home
Bred from a child, Cisseus his mother's sire,
He who begat Theano, fair-cheeked dame.
But when to glorious manhood he attained,
His daughter gave he him to wife, and there
γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάμου μετὰ κλέος ἱκετ' Ἀχαίων ἦν δυναίδεικα νησοὶ κορωνίσιν, αἳ οἱ ἔποντο. τὰς μὲν ἐπειτ' ἐν Περκώτῃ λύπε νήας εἶσας, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεῖδος ἔδω εἰς Ἰλιον εἰληλούθει.

ός ρα τότ' Ἀτρείδεω Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίον ᾧθεν. οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἄλληλοισιν ἱόντες, Ἀτρείδης μὲν ἁμαρτε, παραὶ δὲ οἱ ἐτράπτετ' ἐγχος, Ἰφιδάμας δὲ κατὰ ξώνην, θάρηκος ἐνερθεν, νύξ, ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρεῖς χειρὶ πιθήσας· οὐδ' ἔτορε ξωστήρα παναίλολον, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν ἀργύρῳ ἀντομένη, μόλιβος ὦς, ἐτράπτετ' αἶχμη.

καὶ τὸ γε χειρὶ λαβῶν εὐρυκρέων Ἀγαμέμνων ἐλκ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαΐδος ὦς τε λίς, ἐκ δ' ἃρα χειρὸς σπάσσατο· τὸν δ' ἄροι πλῆξ' αὐχένα, λυσὲ δὲ γυῖα. ὡς δ' μὲν αὕθι πεσῶν κοιμήσατο χάλκεου ὑπνὸν ὀικτρός, ἀπὸ μυνῆς ἀλόχου, ἀστοίσιν ἄρηγων, κουριδής, ἦς οὗ τὶ χάριν ὧδε, πολλὰ δ' ἐδωκεν· πρῶθ' ἐκατόν βοῦς δῶκε, ἐπείτα δὲ χέλι' ὑπέστη, αἰγας ὁμοῦ καὶ δίς, τὰ οἱ ἀστεπα ποιμαίνοντο. δὴ τότε γ' Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνων ἔξενάριξεν, βῆ δὲ φέρουν ἀν' ὅμιλον Ἀχαίων τεύχεα καλά.

τὸν δ' ὦς οὖν ἐνόποις Κόων ἀριδείκετος ἀνδρῶν, πρεσβυγενῆς Ἀντηνορίδης, κρατερόν ρὰ ἐ πένθος ὀφθαλμοῦς ἐκάλυψε κασιγνήτῳ πεσόντος. στῇ δ' εὐραξ' σὺν δουρί, λαθῶν Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον, νῦξε δὲ μιν κατὰ χειρα μέσην, ἀγκῶνος ἐνερθεν, ἀντικρύς δὲ διέσχε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῆ. ῥίγησεν τ' ἄρ' ἐπείτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων'
Was fain to keep him. But, the marriage made,
Led by the rumour of Achaian war
The new-made bridegroom from his chamber went
With the twelve beaked ships that followed him.
These balanced ships he at Percoté left,
And came by land to Ilion: where now
He fronted Agamemnon Atreus' son.
And to each other when they now drew near,
Atrides missed his mark, his erring spear
Turning aside; but him Iphidamas
Beneath the corslet on the girdle struck,
And followed up the blow with all his weight
Reliant on his heavy hand; yet so
Pierced not the supple belt; ere that might be,
By silver met the point like lead was turned.
Then Agamemnon, mighty king, the spear
Grasped and with lion's fury toward him drew
Wrenched from his foeman's hand, whom with the sword
He smote upon the neck, and loosed his limbs.
So fell he there, and slept a brazen sleep,
Ah! hapless one! away from wedded wife
Aiding his townsmen—far from that young bride
Of whom he saw no joy tho' much he gave.
First gave he kine fivescore, then fifty score
Promised to follow, mingled goats and sheep
From the vast flocks that grazed on his domain.
Him now Atrides slew, and bare away
His goodly armour through Achaia's throng.
Whom soon as Coon saw, a man of mark,
Antenor's eldest-born, a mighty grief
Darkened his eyes for this his brother's fall.
And with his spear he took his stand, unseen
Of godlike Agamemnon, at the side,
And in mid arm beneath the elbow-joint
So smote him that the glittering point passed on
Right through. Then Agamemnon king of men
ἀλλ’ οὖδ’ ὤς ἀπέληγε μάχης ᾦδε πτολέμιοι, ἀλλ’ ἐπόρουσε Κώνων ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφές ἐγχος.

ἡ τοι Ἰφιδάμαντα κασίγμητον καὶ ὀπατρὸν ἐλκε ποδὸς μεμαῦς, καὶ ἄντει πάντας ἀρίστους·

τὸν δ’ ἐλκοντ’ ἄν ὀμιλον ὑπ’ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλόσωσης οὔτηςε ἐνυστὶ χαλκῆρει, λύσε δὲ γυία·

τοῖο δ’ ἐπ’ Ἰφιδάμαντι κἀρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.

ἐνθ’ Ἀντήνορος υἱὲς ὑπ’ Ἀτρείδη βασιλῆι πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ἐδυν δόμον Ἀἰδος εἰσω.

αὐτάρ ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπετωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν ἐγχεὶ τ’ ἀορὶ τε μεγάλους τε χερμαδίουσιν,

ὑφρα οἱ αἵμ’ ἐπὶ θερμὸν ἀνήνοθεν εὔ ὀτειλῆς.

αὐτάρ ἐπελ τὸ μὲν ἐλκος ἐτέρςετο, παύσατο δ’ αἵμα, ὤξειαι δ’ ὀδύναι δύνον μένος Ἀτρείδαο.

ὥς δ’ ὦτ’ ἄν ὀδύνουσαν ἔχῃ βέλος ὤξυ γυναίκα, δριμῦ, τὸ τε προῖετι μογοστόκοι Εἰλείθυιαι,

"Ἡρῆς δυνατέρες πικρᾶς ὀδίνας ἐχουσαί, ὥς ὤξει’ ὀδύναι δύνον μένος Ἀτρείδαο.

ἐς δίφρον δ’ ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἤμιόχρ’ ἐπέτελλεν νησιών ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ἦχθετο γὰρ κήρ.

ἣσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖς γεγωνώς·

"ὡ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἦδε μέδοντες, ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν νησιών ἀμύνετε ποντοπόροισιν φύλοπιν ἀργαλένη, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐμὲ μητιέτα Ζεὺς εἰσεν Τρόιςει πανημέριον πολεμίζειν."

Ὡς ἔφαθ’, ἤνιοχος δ’ ἱμασεν καλλιτριχας ὑππούσ τῷ δ’ οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην’ ἄφρεον δὲ στήθεα, ραίνοντο δὲ νέρθε κονίῃ, τειρόμενον βασιλῆι μάχης ἀπάνευθε φέρουτες.
Shuddered indeed, yet stayed not even so
From fight and battle, but on Coon rushed
Waving a spear of tempest-hardened wood.
He in hot haste was dragging by the foot
Iphidamas his brother and sire's son,
Calling the best to aid: but, through the throng
As thus he dragged him, 'neath the bossy shield
His foeman smote him with a brass-shod lance
And loosed his limbs, then standing near cut off
Over Iphidamas his brother's head.
From king Atrides there Antenor's sons
Found their due fate and sought the nether gloom.
Then ranged he through the other warrior ranks
With sword and spear and ponderous boulder stones,
While yet the blood gushed warm from out his wound.
But when 'twas dried, and blood had ceased to flow,
Sharp pains then racked the mighty Atreus' son.
And as a woman travelling doth feel
That arrow sharp and piercing which is sped
By Here's daughters, Ilithyiae named,
The queens of child-birth labour who control
The bitter travail's pangs, so sharp the pains
That then did rack the mighty Atreus' son.
Up leapt he on his chariot, and gave charge
That to the carvèd ships his charioteer
Should drive, for he was sick at heart. But first
To all the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Now from the seaborne ships the direful fray
Ward ye; for Zeus the counsellor forbids
That I all day should fight the 'Trojan foe."
He spake: and straight his charioteer lashed on
The fair-maned steeds to seek the carvèd ships.
Who not unwilling flew, with foam-flecked breasts,
And dust-besprinkled from beneath, as thus
Far from the field they bore the suffering king.
"Εκτωρ δ' ὃς ἐνόησ' Ἀγαμέμνονα νόσφι κιόντα, Τροσὶ τε καὶ Δυκλοισιν ἐκκλετο μακρὸν ἄψασ'.
Τρωὲς καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἂγχιμαχηταί, ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούρδος ἀλκῆς. οὐχετ' ἀνήρ ὀριστος, ἔμοι δὲ μέγ' εὔχος ἔδωκεν Ζεὺς Κρονίδης. ἂλλ' ἰθὺς ἐλαύνετε μῶνυχας ὑπ' ὑπέρτερον εὐχος ἠρπήσθη."

ὡς εἰπὼν ὠτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστοι.

ὡς δ' ὄτε ποῦ τις θηρητὴρ κίνασα ἀργυρόδουτας σεῦ ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῳ σὺν κατρίῳ ἡ' λέοντι,
ὡς ἐπ' Ἀχαιόσιν σεῦν Τρῶας μεγαθύμους 'Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, βροτολογῶ ἵσος Ἀρη.

αὐτὸς δ' ἐν πρῶτοισι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβῆκει, ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὑσμίνῃ ὑπεραεί ἵσος ἀέλλη,
ἡ τε καθαλλομένη ἴοειδέα πόντον ὀρίνει.

ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δ' ὅστατον ἐξενάριξεν 'Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κύδος ἔδωκεν;

'Ασαϊὸν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ὄπλην καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην καὶ Ὥφελτιον ἢδ' Ἀγέλαον Ἀἴσυμμον τ' Ὀρὸν τε καὶ Ἰππόνοον μενεχάρμην.

τους ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλευ, αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα πληθύν, ὡς ὅποτε νέφεα Ζέφυρος στυφελίξῃ ἀργεστάο Νότου, βαθείη λαιλαπτὶ τύπτων' πολλὸν δὲ τρόφι κύμα κυλῖνδεται, ὑψόσε δ' ἀχιη σκίδναται ἕξ ἀνέμοιο πολυπλάγκτου ἰωής.

ὡς ἄρα πυκνὰ καρῆαθ' ὑφ' 'Εκτωρι δάμνατο λαῶν.

ἐνθα κε λοιγὸς ἦν καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο, καὶ νῦ κεν ἐν νῆσσι πέσουν φεύγοντες Ἀχαιοὶ, εἰ μὴ Τυδείδη Διομήδεὶ κέκλετ' Ὀδυσσεὺς.'
But Hector, when retiring thus he spied
King Agamemnon, shouted loud, and called
To all the Trojan and the Lycian host:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.
Gone is the bravest man; and now to me
Zeus Cronides great glory grants. But drive
Right at the Danaans stout your firm-hoofed steeds,
That so a higher glory ye may win."

He spake, and stirred the heart and soul of each.

And as some hunter urges on the prey—
A lion or a tusky forest boar—
The white-toothed dogs, so Hector Priam's son,
In semblance as the War-god, mortals' bane,
Urged the bold Trojans on the Achaian bane.
Himself full proudly strode amid the first,
And burst upon the fight, as bursts a storm
With forceful gust, that sudden leaping down
Confounds the billows of the darkling main.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son
There slay, when Zeus gave glory to his arm?
First was Asaeus, then Autonoüs,
Ophites, Dolops (son of Clytus he),
Opheltius, Agelas, Æsymnus then,
And Orus and Hipponoüs staunch in fight.
These Danaan chiefs he slew: then meaner men
Full many; as clouds that of the white south bred
Are by the west wind driven, what time he smites
With headlong squall—On rolls the swelling wave,
High flies the scattered spray beneath the force
Of the wide-wandering wind—So frequent fell
Vanquished by Hector's might his foemen's heads.

And havoc there and deeds irreparable
Had been, and to their ships Achaia's sons
Had headlong fled, had not Odysseus thus
To Diomedes son of Tydeus cried:
"Τυδείδη, τί παθόντε λελάσμεθα θούριδος ἀλκής; ἄλλ' ἄγε δεύρο, πέπον, παρ' ἐμ' ἵστασο. δὴ γὰρ ἑλεγχος ἔσσεται, εἰ κεν νήας ἔλη κορυφαίολος "Εκτωρ."

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης:

"ἡ τοι ἐγὼ μενεὼ καὶ τλῆσομαι: ἄλλα μίνυνθα ἕμεων ἔσται ἦδος, ἐπει νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς Τρωῶν δὴ βόλεται δούναι κράτος ἢ περ ἡμῖν."

ἡ, καὶ Θυμβραίον μὲν ἀφ' ὦπτων ὅσε χαμάξε, δούρι βαλῶν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν, αὐτὰρ Ὑθυσσεύς ἀντίθεον θεράποντα Μολύνα τοῦ ἄνακτος.

tοὺς μὲν ἔπειτ' εἰάσαν, ἐπεὶ πολέμου ἀπέπαυσαν· τῷ δ' ἄν' ὄμιλον ἴοντε κυδοίμεον, ὡς ὅτε κάπρῳ ἐν κυσὶ θηρητήρῳ μέγα φρονέοντε πέσητον· ὡς ὀλεκον Τρώας πάλιν ὅρμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαῖοί ἀσπασίως φεύγοντες ἀνέπνεου "Εκτορα δίον.

ἐνθ' ἐλέτην διάφρον τε καὶ ἀνέρε δῆμον ἀρίστω, νυὲ δύω Μέροπος Περκώσιον, ὃς περὶ πάντων ἤδη μαντοσύναις, οὐδὲ οὗτ παῖδας ἔσκειν στείχειν ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα. τῷ δὲ οἷ τι πειθέσθην' κήρες γὰρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτοιο. τοὺς μὲν Τυδείδης δουρικλείτος Διομήδης, θυμοῦ καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδῶν κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα, Ἰππόδαμον δ' Ὑθυσσέως καὶ Τπειροχοῦ ἐξενάριξεν.

ἐνθ' σφιν κατὰ ἵσα μάχην ἐτάνουσε Κρόνιοιν ἐξ Ἰδῆς καθορῶν' τοι δ' ἄλληλους ἐνάριξον. ἦ τοι Τυδέος υῖὸς Ἀγάστροφον οὐτασε δουρί Παιονίδην ἥρωα κατ' ἰσχίον' οὐδὲ γὰρ ὦπτοι ἐγγὺς ἔσαν προφυγεῖν, ἀλάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.
"Tydides, what doth ail us to forget
Impetuous valour? Hither come, sweet friend,
Stand thou by me; surely 'twere shame our ships
Should fall to Hector of the glancing plume."

To whom stout Diomede made reply:
"I truly will remain and dare the fight:
Yet short will be our pleasure; for 'tis Zeus,
Cloud-gathering god, who to the sons of Troy
And not to us determines strength of war."

He spake, and forced Thymbraeus to the ground
From out his car, by spear-throw stricken sore
On the left breast. Odysseus then laid low
That monarch's godlike squire, Molion named.
And these they left when once from battle stayed:
Then through the throng spread havoc, as two boars
High-couraged charge upon the hunter pack;
So turned they and dealt death to sons of Troy.
And welcome breathing-space Achaia's host
Thus found, as they from godlike Hector fled.

There did these twain a car and warrior pair
O'ertake, the bravest of their folk, two sons
Of Merops of Percoté, him who knew
Above all other each prophetic art;
Whereby he still forbade his sons to seek
The warrior-wasting war, but they no whit
Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.
These spear-famed Diomedes Tydeus' son
Reft of their breath and life, and bare away
Their glorious arms, while by Odysseus' hand
Were slain Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.

There Cronos' son from Ida looking down
Balanced so evenly the tug of war
That either slew their foes. Tydides smote
Agastrophus a hero, Paeon's son,
By spear-thrust on the hip: to aid whose flight
No steeds were near—most foolish thought! for these
τοὺς μὲν γὰρ θεράπτων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχειν, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζὸς θύνε διὰ προμάχων, εἰώς φίλον ὥσπερ θυμὸν.

"Εκτωρ δ' ὡξὺ νόησε κατὰ στίχας, ὁρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτοὺς κεκληγώς. ἀμα δὲ Τρώων εὐποντο φάλαγγες. τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ῥύγησε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,

αἶθα δ' Ὅδυσσῆα προσεφώνεεν ἑγγὸς ἕοντα.

"νῦν δὴ τόδε πῆμα κυλιδεται, ὅβριμος Ἐκτωρ. ἀλλ' ἄγε δη στέωμεν καὶ ἀλέξωμεσθα μένοντες."

ἡ Ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλῶν προῆ δολιχόσκιον ἑγχος, καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῆφιν, ἄρῃν κακὸς κόρυθα. πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκός, οὐδ' ἱκετο χρόα καλῶν. ἐρύκακε γαρ τρυφάλεια τρίπτυχος αὐλώτις, τὴν οἱ πόρε Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων.

"Εκτωρ δ' ὥκ' ἀπέλεθρον ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ' ὅμιλῳ, στῇ δὲ γυνὲς ἑρυπῶν, καὶ ἑρείσατο χειρὶ παχεῖν γαῖσι. ἀμφί δὲ ὄσσε κελαινὴ νυξ ἐκαλυπτε.

όφρα δὲ Τυδεῖδης μετὰ δοῦρατος ἀχτε' ἐρωὴν τῆλε διὰ προμάχων, θ' οἱ καταεισάγαν γαῖς, τόφρ' Ἐκτωρ ἀμπυντο, καὶ ἄψ' ἐς διφον ὀρούσας ἐξέλασ' ἐς πληθῦν, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν.

δουρ' δ' ἐπαύσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης: "ἐξ αὐ νῦν ἐφυγες θανατον, κύων. ἦ τε τοι ἀγχι ἦλθε κακῶν' νῦν αὐτὲ σ' ἐρύσατο Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων, ὃ μέλλεις εὑχέσθαι ἵών ἐς δούπουν ἀκόντων.

ἡ θην σ' ἐξανύ υ γε καὶ ὑστερὸν ἀντιβολήσας, εἰ ποὺ τις καὶ ἐμοὶ γε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθος ἐστίν. νῦν αὐ τους ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὃν κε κιχεῖω."

ἡ, καὶ Παιονίδην δουρικλυτοῦ ἐξενάριζεν.

αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἤκομοι,
His squire apart still held, while he afoot
Rushed through the vanguard till he lost his life.
But Hector quickly spied among the ranks
These chiefs, and ’gainst them rose with shrilling shout,
His Trojan squares close following. At whose sight
Then shuddered Diomedes good in fray
And quick addrest Odysseus standing near:
“On us now rolls this woe, Hector the strong.
Come, stand we, and abiding beat him back.”

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowed lance
And threw, nor missed the head whereat he aimed
Upon the topmost casque; where brass met brass
And glanced aside, nor reached the comely skin;
For by the helm ’twas checked, of triple plate
And crested ridge, Phoebus Apollo’s gift.
Quick darted Hector back—a long way back—
And mingled with the throng: then to his knee
He fell, and rested with broad hand on earth,
And o’er his eyes a veil of night was spread.
And while Tydides through the van afar
Followed his rushing spear, where to the ground
He marked it fall, so long gat Hector breath,
Sped to his chariot back, to the main host
Drove off, and shunned black fate. Then with his spear
On rushing stalwart Diomedes spake:
“Death now thou ’scapest, hound! though near indeed
The evil came. Phoebus Apollo now
Hath rescued thee, to whom belike thou prayest
When ’mid the hurtling spears thou dar’st to go.
Truly hereafter I shall meet thee yet
And work thy end, if, as I ween, some god
By me too stands a ready help. But now
Others I’ll seek, whome’er my feet may find.”

He spake, and slew the spear-famed Paeon’s son.
Then at Tydides, shepherd of his folk,
Did Alexander long-haired Helen’s lord
Τυδείδη ἐπι τόξα τιταίνετο, ποιμένι λαὸν, στήλη κεκλιμένος ἀνδροκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ Ἰλον Δαρδανίδαο, παλαιοῦ δημογέροντος. ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν θώρηκα Ἀγαστρόφου ἱφθιμοῦ αἴνυτ' ἀπὸ στήθεσφι παναίλολον ἀσπίδα τ' ὦμων καὶ κόρυθα βριαρὰν· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἀνελκεν καὶ βάλεν, οὒδ᾽ ἄρα μιν ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός, ταρσὸν δεξιτερὸῖ ποδὸς· διὰ δ᾽ ἀμπερής ἵδος ἐν γαλῇ κατέπετκο. ὁ δὲ μάλα ἡδὺ γελάσσας ἐκ λόχου ἀμπτήδησε, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἦδα. "βέβληι, οὔδ᾽ ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγεν. ὡς ἠφελὼν τοι 380 νείατον ἐς κενεώνα βαλὼν ἐκ θυμὸν ἐλέσθαι. οὔτω κεν καὶ Τρῶες ἀνέπνευσαν κακότητος, οἳ τέ σε πεφρικασὶ λέονθ᾽ ὡς μηκάδες αἴγες." τὸν δ᾽ οὖ ταρβήγος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης· "τοξότα λωβητήρ, κέρας ἄγαλε, παρθενοπῖτα, εἰ μὲν δὴ ἀντίβιον ξίν τεῦχεσι πειρηθείσης, οὐκ ἂν τοι χραίσμησι βίος καὶ ταρφέες ἰοί· νῦν δὲ μ᾽ ἐπιγράψας ταρσὸν ποδὸς εὐχείαν αὔτος. οὐκ ἀλέγω, ὡς εἰ με γυμή βάλοι ἃ παῖς ἄφρων· κωφὸν γὰρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῦ. ἦ τ᾽ ἀλλωσ ὑπ᾽ ἐμείον, καὶ εἰ κ᾽ ὀλίγον περ ἐπαύρη, ὅξιν βέλος πέλεται, καὶ ἀκήριον ἀἴψα τίθησιν· τοῦ δὲ γυναικὸς μὲν τ᾽ ἀμφιδρυφοῖ εἰσι παρειαί, παῖδες δ᾽ ὀρφανικοί· ὁ δὲ θ᾽ αἰματὶ γαῖαν ἐρεύθων πῦθεται, οἰωνοὶ δὲ περὶ πλέες ἥ γυναικεῖς." 395 ὃς φάτο. τοῦ δ᾽ Ὁδυσέως δουρκλβτοῦ ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν ἐστὶν πρόσθ᾽· ὁ δ᾽ ὁπισθε καθεζόμενος βέλος ὁκύ ἐκ ποδὸς ἔλκε, ὀδύνη δὲ διὰ χροὸς ἦλθ᾽ ἄληγεμῃ. ἐς δίφρον δ᾽ ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἰνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
Bend full his bow, as half-concealed he leant
Against the pillar set upon the mound
Raised by man's hand to mark old Ilus' tomb
The son of Dardanus, that greybeard chief.
Tydides now of stout Agastrophus
The supple corslet from the breast, the shield
From off the shoulders, and the heavy helm
Was stripping, when his foeman drew the bow
Grasped by the centre-piece, nor from his hand
Escaped the shaft in vain, but struck the sole
Of his right foot. Full sweetly then he laughed,
Leapt from his lurking-place, and boastful spake:
"Thou'rt hit, no vain shaft 'scaped me. O I would
The wound were 'neath the ribs to reave thy life.
So had the sons of Troy got breathing-space
From their sad stress, who shuddering quake at thee
As at the lion quake the bleating goats."
To whom stout Diomede, nought affrayed:
"Bowman, insulting braggart, bright-curled fop,
Girl-ogler! would'st thou try me, might to might,
With arms, then were thy bow of no avail,
Or arrows thickly showering. Now no more
Than marking but a scratch upon my foot
Thou boastest. I, as if by woman hit
Or silly child, nought heed it. Blunt and foiled
The weapon of the worthless coward flies.
Far otherwise from me, though it but graze,
Speeds the keen shaft, and quickly stills his heart,
Whomso it strike—a widowed wife laments
With cheeks all torn, children are fatherless,
Reddening the soil with blood his body rots,
Nor women there but carrion vultures throng."
He spake. Spear-famed Odysseus then came near
And stood before him: he, thus sheltered, sat
And drew from out his foot the rapid shaft,
While sore pain thrilled his flesh. Then to his car
He leapt, and bade his charioteer drive back
οἰώθη δ' Ὄδυσσεως δουρικλυτός, οὗδε τις αὐτῶ
Ἀργείων παρέμεινεν, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας.
ὅχθησας δ' ἄρα εἰπε πρὸς ὑμιν μεγαλῆτορα θυμὸν:
"ο ὢ μοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακὸν, εἰ κε φέβωμαι
πληθὺν ταρβῆσας, τὸ δὲ βίγμον, εἰ κε ἄλοω
μοῦνος· τοὺς δ' ἄλλους Δαναοὺς ἐφοβήσε Κρονίων.
ἀλλὰ τὴν μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμὸς;
οἶδα γὰρ ὅτι κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμου,
ὁς δὲ κ' ἀριστεῦσιν μάχη ἐνι, τὸν δὲ μάλα χρεώ
ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς, ἥ τ' ἔβλητ' ἥ τ' ἔβαλ' ἄλλον."

εἰςο δ' ταῦθ' ὁρμαίνει κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
tόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἦλθον ἀσπιστάων,
ἐλσαν δ' ἐν μέσσουσι, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.
ὡς δ' ὅτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κόνοις θαλεροὶ τ' αἰδηῖοι
σεῦνονται· ὃ δὲ τ' εἰσὶ βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο
θῆγον λευκὸν ὀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτῆσι γένυσσιν,
ἀμφὶ δὲ τ' ἀποίχονται, ὑπαλ δὲ τε κόμπος ὀδὸντων
γίγνεται· οὗ δὲ μένουσιν ἄφαρ δεινὸν περ ἑόντα·
ὡς ρα τότ' ἀμφ' Ὅδυσσηα διίφιλον ἐσσεῦνον
Τρώες· δ' ὅτι πρῶτον μὲν ἄμυμονα Δημιώτην
οὐτασεν ὤμοιν ὑπερθεν ἐπάλμενος ὁξεί δουρί,
αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα Θόωνα καὶ Ἕννομον ἐξενάριζεν.
Χερσιδάμαντα δ' ἐπειτα, καθ' ἰππών αἴξαντα.
δουρὶ κατὰ πρὸτιμησιν ὑπ' ἀσπίδοις ὀμφαλοέσσης
νυξεν· ὃ δ' ἐν κονίησι πεσων ἔλε γαλαν ἄγοστῳ.

τοὺς μὲν ἔασ', δ' ἄρ' Ἰππασίδην Χάροπ' ὀυτασε δουρί,
αὐτοκασίγνητον εὐηγενεός Σῶκοιον.
τῷ δ' ἐπαλεξήσων Σῶκος κίε, ἴσόθεος φῶς,
στῇ δὲ μᾶλ' ἐγηὺς ὢν, καὶ μιν πρῶς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ὁ Ὅδυσσεύς πολύαιω, δόλων ἄτ' ἂδε πόνοιο,

400
405
410
415
420
425
430
To the hollow ships, for he was sick at heart.

Spear-famed Odysseus thus alone was left,
Nor any Argive with him staid, for all
Were swept away in flight. Then did the chief
Indignant commune with his mighty soul:
"O woe is me! What may I do? To fly
By numbers cowed were evil great. Yet worse
The horror, be I taken, thus alone,
For Cronos' son hath turned the rest to flight.
Yet wherefore thus debates my mind? I know
That cowards from the battle-field may run,
But whoso boasts him brave in fight, he still
Must stoutly stand to take or give the blow."

While thus he pondered in his heart and mind,
The shielded Trojan ranks came swiftly on,
And hemmed him in their midst, a dangerous foe.
And as the hounds and lusty hunters press
Around a boar—who comes from covert deep
Whetting the white tusks in his curved jaws,
And all around are hurrying, while of teeth
Is heard a gnashing, and his foes await,
Tho' terrible, his onset—so around
Odysseus loved of Zeus the Trojans pressed.
But he on blameless Deiopites first
With keen spear leapt, and smote him from above
Upon the shoulder. Thoön then he slew,
And Ennomus; and then Chersidamas,
Who from his steeds had hasted down, with spear
Full in the navel, 'neath the bossy shield,
He pierced: who fell in dust and gripped the ground
With hollow hand. These left he: then with lance
He wounded Charops son of Hippasus—
Own brother he to Socus nobly-born.
To succour whom came Socus, godlike wight,
And drawing near him stood, and thus addressed.
"O much-bepraised Odysseus, man of wiles,
σήμερον ἡ δοιοῖσιν ἐπεύξεαι 'Ιππασίδησιν, τοιώδ' ἀνδρε κατακτείνας καὶ τεύχε' ἀπούρας, ἦ κεν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσης." ὤς εἰπὼν οὗτης κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἔσην,

διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἦλθε φαεινὴς ὄβριμον ἐγχως, καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἤρηρειστο, πάντα δ' ἀπὸ πλευρῶν χρόα ἐργαθεὶν οὐδὲ τ' ἔσευν Παλλᾶς Ἀθηναί' μιχθήμεναι ἐγκασὶ φωτός.

γυνὸ δ' Ὅδυσεῦς οἱ οὐ τι τέλος κατακαίριον ἦλθεν, ἀψ δ' ἀναχωρῆσας Σῶκον πρὸς μύθον ἔειπεν:

"ἀ δεῖλ', ἡ μάλα δὴ σε κιχάνεται αἰτὸς ὀλέθρος. ἡ τοι μὲν ὅ ἐμ' ἐπανασα ἐπὶ Τρόοσοι μάχεσθαι σοὶ δ' ἐγῳ ὑνθάδε φημὶ φόνοι καὶ κηρα μέλαιναν ἥματι τοῦτ' ἐσσεσθαι, ἐμὼ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα εὔχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δ' "Αἴδι κλυτοπώλην."

ἡ, καὶ δ' μὲν φύγαδ' αὖτις ὑποστρέψας ἐβεβηκεί, τῶ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρέση ἐν δόρυ πῇξεν ὦμων μεσσηγῆς, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσεν.

δουπησεν δὲ πεσῶν' δ' ὅ ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ὅδυσεῦς: "ὁ Σῶξ 'Ιππάσου υἱὲ δαίφρονος ἵπποδάμου, φῆ σε τέλος θανάτου κιχήμενον, οὐδ' ὑπάλυξας. ἀ δείλ', οὐ μὴν σοὶ γε πατήρ καὶ πότυνα μήτηρ ὡσε καθαιρήσουσι θανόντι περ, ἀλλ' οἰωνοὶ ὠμησταὶ ἐρύουσι, περὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλόντες αὐτὰρ ἐμ', εἶ κε θάνων, κτεριοῦσί γε δίοι 'Αχαίοι." ὥς εἰπὼν Σῶκοιο δαίφρονος ὃβριμον ἐγχῶς ἔξω τε χροὸς ἐλκε καὶ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης:

ἀμα δὲ οὐ σπασθέντος ἀνέσυντο, κηδε δὲ θυμὸν.
Insatiate as of toil, to-day thy boast
Shall be o'er both the sons of Hipparus,
For two such warriors slain and armour spoiled,
Or stricken by my spear thy life thou'lt lose."

He spake, and smote upon his orbèd shield.
Through shield refulgent came the forceful spear,
Through corslet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,
And from the ribs tare all the flesh: beyond
Pallas Athené suffered not the point
To touch the inner vitals. And at once
Odysseus knew no mortal blow was there,
And stepping back to Socus thus he cried:
"Ah! wretched man! surely destruction dire
Doth now o'ertake thee. Me indeed from fight
Against Troy's sons thou stay'st awhile: but thou
Shalt here, I ween, find death and gloomy fate
Upon this very day, and by my spear
Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown,
And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

He spake: the other turned him round and fled,
But in his back thus turned his foe the spear
Between the shoulders fixed, and drove it through
Out at the breast. With heavy sound he fell,
And o'er him thus the godlike chief made boast:
"O Socus, son of warlike Hipparus
Steed-tamer, thee too fast the end of death
Outran and overtook, nor could'st escape.
Ah! wretched man! thine eyes nor father now
Nor queenly mother e'er in death shall close:
But flesh-devouring birds shall pluck at thee,
Close shrouding all thy corse with flapping wings.
But I—e'en tho' I die—shall find due rites
Of burial from Achaia's godlike sons."

With that the warlike Socus' weighty spear
Out from his flesh and from his bossy shield
He drew; and when 'twas drawn the blood gushed forth
Τρόδες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ὡπώς ἤδον αἶμ' Ὄδυσῆος, κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὠμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἐβησαν. 460 αὐτὰρ ὦ γ' ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, αὖ δ' ἐταῖρους. τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἦσσεν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χάδε φωτός, τρὶς δ' ἅιεν ἰάχοντος ἀρηφίλος Μενέλαος. αἰγα δ' ἀρ' Αἴαντα προσεφώνευεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα:

"Αἴαν διογενεῖς Τελαμώνιε, κοίρανε λαών, 465 ἀμφὶ μ' Ὄδυσσηος ταλασάλφρων ἱκετ' αὐτῇ, τῷ θελῆ ὡς εἰ ἐ βιήθατο μοῦνον ἐόντα Τρόδες ἀποτμῆξαντει ὑιν' κρατερὴ ύσμίην. ἀλλ' ἵομεν καθ' ὠμιλον· ἀπεξέμεναι γὰρ ἀμεινον. δείδω μὴ τι πάθησιν ὑιν' Τράωεσσι μονωθεῖς, ἐσθλὸς ἔων, μεγάλη δὲ ποθῇ Δαναοίς γένηται."

ἀς εἰπτὸν ὦ μὲν ἢρχ', ὦ δ' ἀμ' ἐσπετο ἰσόθεος φῶς. εὐρὸν ἐπειτ' Ὅδυσῆα διήφιλον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' αὐτὸν Τρόδες ἐπονθ' ὡς εἰ τε δαφωνοὶ θῶες ὁρεσφίν 470 ἀμφ' ἐλαφον κεραδί βεβλημένοι, ἐὼ ν' ἐβαλ' ἀνήρ ἵφ' ἀπὸ νευρῆς τὸν μὲν τ' ἦλυξε πόδεσσιν φεῦγων, ὅφρ' αἵμα λιαρὸν καὶ γούνατ' ὀρώρη; αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τὸν γε δαμάσσεσαι ὅκυς διστός, ἀμοφάγοι μιν θῶες ἐν οὔρεσι δαρδάπτουσιν ἐν νέμει σκιερῷ· ἐπὶ τε λίν ἦγαγε δαῖμον 475 σιντην' θῶες μὲν τε διέτρεσαν, αὐτὰρ ὦ δάπττε. ὧς ρα τὸν' ἀμφ' Ὅδυσῆα δαίφρονα ποικιλομῆτην Τρόδες ἐπον πολλοὶ τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι, αὐτὰρ ὦ γ' ἦρως ἄισσαν ὃ ἐγγιξει ἀμύνετο νηλεῖς ἦμαρ.

Δίας δ' ἐγγυθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἤπε τύργον, 485 στῇ δὲ παρέξ, Τρόδες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἀλλυδις ἄλλος. ἦ τοι τὸν Μενέλαος ἀρῆνος ἕξαγ' ὠμίλου
And made his spirit sink. But when they saw
Odysseus' blood, the high-souled sons of Troy
Cheered on each other through the throng, and all
Bore on him. He retiring backwards cried
For comrades' aid. Thrice cried he, all the voice
That his head held forth uttering: and his shout
Thrice Menelaus, loved of Ares, heard,
And spake at once to Ajax standing near:
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people, comes to me the cry
Of patient-souled Odysseus; 'tis a cry
As if the Trojans press'd him now alone
Cut off from others in the stubborn fight.
But go we through the throng: to bear him aid
Were well: I fear lest he should suffer harm,
Single among his foes, that gallant wight,
And to the Danaans be a mighty loss."
He spake, and led; the other godlike chief
Close followed. And Odysseus loved of Zeus
Soon found they; whom the Trojans pressed around,
Ev'n as the tawny jackals in the hills
Around an antlered stag, stricken by shaft
From hunter's bowstring—whom by speed of foot
He 'scapes, while warm his blood and stirred his limbs
By motion, but when soon the arrow swift
Has quelled his life, his flesh in shady glen
The carrion jackals tear, till heaven that way
A ravening lion sends; then scattered wide
The jackals flee, and he alone devours—
So now around Odysseus, warlike wight
Of cunning wiles, pressed on the sons of Troy
Many and valiant, but the hero quick
With flashing lance warded the day of doom;
Till Ajax came anigh with tower-like targe,
And by him stood; then scared the Trojans fled.
But warlike Menelaus from the throng
χειρὸς ἔχων, εἰώς θεράπων σχεδὸν ἦλασεν ἵππους.

Ἀιας δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐπάλμενος εἰλε Δόρυκλον
Πριαμίδην, νόθον νῦν, ἐπείτα δὲ Πάνδοκον οὐτα, 490
οὕτα δὲ Λύσανδρον καὶ Πύρασον ἢδὲ Πυλάρτην.
ὡς δ’ ὅποτε πλήθων ποταμῶς πεδίουδε κάτεισιν
χειμάρρους κατ’ ὀρεσφιν, ὃπαξόμενος Διὸς ὀμβρω,
pολλὰς δὲ δρῦς ἀξιάλεας πολλὰς δὲ τε πεύκας
ἐσφέρεται, πολλῶν δὲ τ’ ἀφυσγετὸν εἰς ἅλα βάλλει,
ὡς ἐφετεν κλονέων πεδίον τότε φαίδημος Αἰας,
δαίξου ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδὲ ποι᾽ Ἐκτωρ
πεύθετ’, ἐπεὶ ρα μάχης ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ μάρνατο πάσης,
ὄχθας πάρ ποταμοῦ Σκαμάνδρου, τῇ ρα μάλιστα
ἀνδρῶν πίπτε κάρηνα, βοὴ δ’ ἄσβεστος ὅρφει
Νέστορά τ’ ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἄρην Ιδομενη. 500
"Ἐκτωρ μὲν μετὰ τοίσιν ὄμιλεε μέρμερα ἰέξων
ἐγχει θ’ ἵπποςύνη τε, νέων δ’ ἀλάπαζε φάλαγγας,
οὐδ’ ἄν ποι πάξοντο κελεύθου διοί Ἀχαιοί,
eἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἡνκόμιοι,
παύσεν ἀριστεύοντα Μαχάονα πομένα λαῶν,
τῷ τριγλώχωι βαλῶν κατὰ δεξίων ὕμοι.
τῷ ρα περίδεισαν μένεα πυελοῦντες Ἀχαιοί,
μῆ πώς μιν πολέμοιο μετακλινθέντος ἐλοιεν.
αὐτίκα δ’ Ἰδομενεὺς προσεφώνεε Νέστορα διοίν
"ὁ Νέστορ Νηλημάδη, μέγα κόδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἀγρει, σῶν ὄχεων ἐπιβήσεο, πάρ δὲ Μαχάων
βαινέτω, ἐς νῆς δὲ τάχιστ’ ἔχε μῶνυχας ἵππους·
ἰπτρὸς γὰρ ἀνήρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων
ἰοῦς τ’ ἐκτάμνειν ἐπὶ τ’ ἡπτα φόρμακα πάσσειν.”
Led out the wounded chieftain by the hand,
Till his esquire had driven his horses near.
Ajax the while leapt on the Trojan lines,
And slew Doryclus, Priam's bastard son;
Then Pandocus he smote, Lysander next,
And with Pylartes smote he Pyrasus.
As when a brimming river to the plain
Comes swirling down, a torrent mountain-born
Forced on by rains of Zeus, that sweeps along
Dry oaks and pines full many, and to the sea
Much mud and refuse casts, so o'er the field
Bright Ajax rushed, and routed horse and man.
But Hector of this work not yet had heard:
For on the left of all the fray he fought
Beside Scamander's banks, where by that stream
Most frequent fell the heads of men, and shouts
Rose quenchless round great Nestor, and around
Warlike Idomeneus. Mingled with these
Was Hector, doing deeds of dread with spear
And horse-craft, wasting wide the youthful squares.
But not yet had Achaia's godlike sons
Yielded their foeman way, had it not happed
That Alexander long-haired Helen's lord
Now stayed Machaon in his valorous course,
That shepherd of his people, whom he hit
On the right shoulder with a three-barbed shaft.
For whom Achaia's valour-breathing sons
Feared much, lest haply, as the battle turned,
His foes might slay him: wherefore thus in haste
Idomeneus to godlike Nestor spake:
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Bestir thee, mount thy car, and with thee take
Machaon; then drive quickly to the ships
Thy firm-hoofed steeds. Worth many another man
Is he of healing art, who from our wounds
Cuts arrows out, and spreads the soothing salves."
ὁς ἔφατ', οὖν ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ.
αὐτικα δὲν ὁχέων ἐπεβήσετο, πάρ δὲ Μαχάων
βαῖν', Ἀσκληπιοῦ υῖος ἀμύμονος ἤτήρος.
μᾶστιξέν δ' ἵππουσ, τώ δ' οὐκ ἄκουντε πετέσθην
νήας ἐπὶ γλαφυρὰς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἐπλετο τυμφ.

Κεβριώνης δὲ Ἕρως ὄρινομένους ἐνόησεν
"Εκτορὶ παρβεβαῶς, καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἐειπεν.
"Εκτορ, νῦν μὲν ἑνθάδ' ὀμιλέομεν Δαναοῖς,
ἐσχατὴ πολέμου δυσηχέος· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἅλλοι
emptionυ ὄρινονται εἰπιμῖξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ αὐτοῖ.

Αἰας δὲ κλονεῖε Τελαμώνιοι. εὖ δὲ μιν ἔγυνων·
εὐρῷ γὰρ ἄμφ' ὤμοισιν ἔχει σάκος. ἄλλα καὶ ἡμεῖς
κείσ' ἵππουσ τε καὶ ἄρμ' ἰδύνομεν, ἐνθα μᾶλιστα
ἵππης πεζοὶ τε, κακὴν ἔριδα προβαλόντες,
ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσι, βοὴ δ' ἁσβέστος ὄρωρεν."

ὁς ἄρα φωνήσασ ἤμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππουσ
μᾶστιγι λεγορί· τοι δὲ πληγής αἴοντες
ῥίμφ' ἔφερον θοῦν ἁρμα μετὰ Ἕρωδας καὶ Ἀχαῖοὺς,
στείβοντες νέκνας τε καὶ ἀσπίδας. αἴματι δ' ἀξον
νέρθεν ἄπασ πεπάλακτο καὶ ἀντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον, 535
ἀς ἀρ' ἀφ' ἵππειων ὀπλέων ῥαθάμυγγες ἐβαλλον
αἳ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσωτρών. δ' δὲ ἵετο δύνασ ὀμιλον
ἀνδρόμεον ῥηξαί τε μετάλμονος· ἐν δὲ κυδομόν
-going κακὸν Δαναοῖς, μίνυθα δὲ χάζετο δουρός.

αὐτὰρ δ' τῶν ἄλλων ἐπἐπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἐγχεῖ τ' ἀγρι τε μεγάλουστι τε χερμαδιουίσιν,
Αἰαντος δ' ἀλείευε μάχην Τελαμωνιάδασ.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Αἰανθ' ψύπνυνος ἐν φόβου ὀρσεν.
στῇ δὲ ταφόν, ὁπιθεν δὲ σάκος βάλεν ἐπταβόειον,
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὀμίλου, θηρὶ ἐοικῶς,
He spake: Gerênê's knight obeyed; his car
He mounted straight, Machaon by his side:
Then lashed the steeds, who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither they were fain.

But now Cebriones had marked afar
The Trojans suffering rout, ev'n as he rode
By Hector's side, and to his chief he spake:
"Hector, we twain mix with the Danaans here
At the far verge of the harsh-roaring fray,
While all the other Trojans suffer rout,
Horses and men. Ajax of Telamon
Is he that works the scathe: I know him well,
For on his shoulders is his ample targe.
But thither guide we too our steeds and car,
Where chiefly now the lines of horse and foot
Eager in evil strife are dealing death
Each upon each, and quenchless swells the cry."

So spake he, and lashed on his fair-maned steeds
With whistling whip; who heard the blow, and swift
Bore on the rapid chariot to the fray
Of Trojans and Achaians, treading down
Bodies and bucklers. From beneath with blood
Reeked all the axle, and the rails that fenced
The chariot-seat, whereon the gory drops
Were showered from hoof of horse and tire of wheel.
And he that rode therein was keen to pierce
And leaping in to break the throng of men.
Disastrous tumult in the Danaan lines
He cast, and seldom rested from his spear.
But while the other warrior ranks he ranged
With spear and sword and mighty boulder-stones
He shunned to fight with Ajax Telamon.

And now the Father Zeus enthroned on high
In Ajax roused a panic fear. He stood
Astounded, and behind him cast his targe
Of sevenfold hide, and trembled as he glared

G. H.
ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὅλγον γόνυ γοννὸς ἀμείβων. ὥς δ᾽ αἰθωνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαύλου ἐσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἄνερες ἀγροϊῶται, οἳ τέ μιν ὦκε εἰσί το βοῶν ἐκ πιαρ ἐλέσθαι πάνυνχοι ἐγρήσοντες· ὃ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων ἠθύει, ἀλλ᾽ οὗ τι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἀκοντες ἀντίον ἀίσσουσι βρασείαών ἀπὸ χειρῶν, καιόμεναὶ τε δεταί, τὰς τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενος περ᾽ ἥδθεν δ᾽ ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιῄτι θυμὸ· ὡς Αἰας τότ᾽ ἀπὸ Τρῶων τετημένος ἦτορ ἥμε πόλλα ἄεκων· περὶ γὰρ δὲ νησίων Ὀχαιῶν, ὥς δ᾽ οὗ δὸνος παρ᾽ ἄρουραν ἰὸν ἐβινῆσατο παῖδας νωθῆς, ὃ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ᾽ ἄμφις ἄγη, κείρει τ᾽ εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήμιν᾽ οἳ δὲ τε παῖδες τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλουσι, βίη δὲ τε νηπίη αὐτῶν· σπούδη τ᾽ ἐξήλασαν ἐπει τ᾽ ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς· ὡς τότ᾽ ἐπείτ᾽ Αἰαντα μέγαν, Θελαμόνιον υἱόν, Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοὶ τ᾽ ἐπίκουροι νύσσοντες ἐξοστοίσι μέσον σάκος αἰὲν ἐποντο. Αἰας δ᾽ ἄλλοτε μὲν μνησάσκετο θούριδος ἀλκῆς αὐτὶς ὑπόστρεφθεὶς, καὶ ἐρητύσασκε φάλαγγας Τρῶων ἰπποδάμων, ὅτε δὲ τρωπάσκετο φεύγειν. πάντας δὲ προέρχετο θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας ὀδέουειν, αὐτὸς δὲ Τρῶων καὶ Ὀχαιῶν θύνε μεσημύς ἰστάμενος. τὰ δὲ δοῦρα βρασείαών ἀπὸ χειρῶν ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκει μεγάλοι πάγεν ὀρμενα πρόσω, πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσημύν, πάροι χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν, ἐν γαίῃ ἱσταντο, θλαίμενα χροὸς ἄσαι.

τὸν δ᾽ ὃς οὖν ἐνόησ᾽ Ἐναίμονος ἄγλαδος υἱός Ἐνρύπυλος πυκνοῖς βιαζόμενον βελέσσων,
Upon the throng wild-beast-like, turning oft,
As knee with knee slow shifting on he stepped.
As tawny lion from a cattle-yard
Is forced by troop of dogs and farmer folk,
Who watch all night nor suffer him to take
The fatness of the kine—he keen for flesh
Charges, but naught effects, for thick the darts
Fly at him from bold hands, with fagots' blaze,
That daunts him tho' impetuous, till at morn
Sullen and sad at heart he goes his way—
So Ajax yielding from his Trojan foes
With sadness gat him back, against his will,
Full sorely fearing for the Achaian ships.
And as an ass beside a corn-field led
Forces his boyish guides (dull brute on whom
Stout cudgels have been broken not a few),
And entering crops the tall corn, while with sticks
The urchins smite him, but their strength is naught;
And hardly when he now has browsed his fill
Drive they him out: so on great Ajax then,
The son of Telamon, the Trojans bold
And their allies from distant lands did press,
And with their lances pricked his middle targe.
But Ajax now would wheel him round again,
Bethinking him of valorous might, and check
The squares of Troy's steed-tamers; now again
Would turn to fly. Yet alway to all foes
The way to the swift ships he barred, as still
Between the Trojan and Achaian lines
Standing he raged. And spears from daring hands
Some in his mighty targe were fixed and checked
From onward flight, many in mid space fell
Nor reached his fair white skin, but in the ground
Stood fast and spent in vain their greed of blood.
Him when Evaemon's glorious son perceived,
Eurypylus, by frequent shafts hard pressed,
ποιμένα λαῶν, ἰππὰρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἰθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.
Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐπόρουσε, καὶ ἀνυντο τεῦχε' ἀπ' ὁμον. 580
τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς
teûché' ἀπαινύμενον Ἀπισάονος, αὐτίκα τὸξον
ἐλκετ' ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλῳ, καὶ μιν βάλε μηρὸν οὐστὸ
δεξίων' ἐκλάσθη δὲ δόναξ, ἐβάρυνε δὲ μηρόν.
ἀψ δ' ἑτάρων ἐς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κηρ' ἀλεείων,
ἡπειν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοίς γεγονός·
"ὁ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἥγητορες ἥδε μέδουτες,
蓢ῇ ἐλειχθέντες καὶ ἀμύνετε υηλεῖς ἦμαρ
Ἀιανθ', ὦς βελέσσι βιάζεται' οὐδὲ ἐ φημὶ
φεῦξεσθ' ἐκ πολέμου δυσχέος. ἄλλα μάλ' ἀντην
590 ἵστασθ' ἀμφ' Ἀιαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον νιόν."
                                                      
ὁς ἐφατ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος' ὁ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν
πλησίοι ἑστησαν, σάκε' ὦμοισιν κλίναντες,
δοῦρατ' ἀναχόμενοι. τῶν δ' ἀντίοσ ἠλυθεν Ἀιας,
στῇ δὲ μεταστρεφθείς, ἐπεὶ ἱκετο ἐθνος ἑταίρων.
                                                      
ὁς ὁ μὲν μάρπαντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένου.
Νέστορα δ' ἐκ πολέμου φέρον Νηλήιαι ῥποι
ἴδρόου', ἦγον δὲ Μαχάονα ποιμένα λαῶν.
τὸν δὲ ἱδὼν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δίος Ἀχιλλεύς' ἐστήκει
γὰρ ἐπὶ πρυμνῆ μεγακῆτε νηλ',
eἰσορῶν πόνον αἰτῶν ἱδώκα τε δακρύοεσαν.
αἴσα δ' ἑταίρον ἐὸν Πατροκλῆ ἀποθείσετεν,
φθεγξάμενος παρὰ νηὸς· δ' δὲ κλισίθεν ἀκούσας
ἐκμολε ἵσος Ἄρη, κακοῦ δ' ἁρα οἰ πέλεν ἀρχὴ
He sought his side, and stood, and cast a spear
Bright-glittering, which the son of Phausias
King Apisaon, shepherd of his folk,
Beneath the midriff in the liver struck,
And loosed his limbs. Then rushed the victor on
The armour from his shoulders to despoil.
But him when godlike Alexander spied
Stripping the arms from Apisaon slain,
Quick at Eurypylus his bow he drew,
And in his right thigh fixed an arrow point,
Whose reed shaft broke, and to the thigh yet hung
A painful burden. To his comrade band
He gat him back and shunned the fate of death,
Then to the Danaans shouted loud and shrill:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Wheel round and stand, and ward the ruthless day
From Ajax, who by shafts is sore beset:
Nor deem I now that from harsh-roaring war
He will escape. Yet face the foe, and stand
Around great Ajax son of Telamon."
Wounded Eurypylus thus spake: and they
Stood by him close, shield upon shoulder laid,
And spears aloft. Drew Ajax near, then turned,
And stood, when to his comrade band he came.

Thus fought they there with rage of burning fire.
Nestor the while forth from the battle bare
The mares of Neleus, bathed in sweat: with whom
Machaon rode, the shepherd of his folk.
Him saw and knew Achilleus fleet of foot,
The godlike chief, for he upon the stern
Of his huge ship had taken stand, to gaze
On the dreadful labour and the tearful rout.
At once his friend Patroclus he addressed,
Loud calling from the ship: who in the tent
Heard and came forth, the very god of war
In semblance, and herewith began his bane.
τον πρότερος προσέειπε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υῖὸς: 605
“τιπτε μὲ κικλῆσκεις, Ἀχιλεῦ; τι δὲ σε χρεῶ ἐμεῖο;”
tον δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ῳκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς;
“διε Μενοιτιάδη, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ, νῦν ὅπω περὶ γούνατ’ ἐμὰ στῆσεσθαι Ἀχαιοὺς
λισσομένους, χρεῖο γὰρ ἵκανεται οὐκέτ’ ἀνεκτός.
Ἄλλ’ ὅθι νῦν, Πάτροκλε διῆφιε, Νέστορ’ ἔρειο
ὅν τινα τούτον ἀγεὶ βεβλημένον ἐκ πολέμου.
ἡ τοι μὲν τά γ’ ὁπισθε Μαχάονι πάντα ἐοικεν
τῷ Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, ἅταρ οὐκ ἢδον ὄμματα φωτός:
ἵπποι γὰρ με παρῆξαν πρόσωπο μεμανεῖα.” 610

ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπετείθεθ’ ἔταιρῳ,
βῆ δὲ θέειν παρὰ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἡχαιῶν.
oi δ’ ότε δῇ κλισίην Νηληνίαδεω ἀφίκουντο,
αὐτοὶ μὲν β’ ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
ἵππους δ’ Εὐρυμέδων θεράπων λῦε τοῦ γέροντος
ἐξ ὀχέων. τοι δ’ ἱδρῷ ἀπεψύχοντο χυτῶναν,
στάντε ποτὶ πυοῦν παρὰ τίν’ ἄλος: αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα
ἐς κλισίην ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοίσι καθίζουν.
τοὺσ δὲ τεῦχε κυκεῖον ἑυπλόκαμος Ἐκαμήδη,
τὴν ἄρετ’ ἐκ Τενέδου γέρῳν ὦτε πέρσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς, 620
θυγατέρ’ Ἀρσινόου μεγαλήτορος, ἣν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐξελον οὐνεκα βουλῆ ἀριστεύσεσκεν ἀπάντων.
ἡ σφων πρῶτον μὲν ἐπιπροϊήλε τράπεζαν
καλὴν κυκλῶπεζαν ἑύξουν, αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῆς
χάλκειον κάνεου, ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμμου ποτῷ ὄψον
ἥδε μὲλι χλωρόν, παρά δ’ ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτῆν,
πάρ δὲ δέπας περικαλλές, ὃ οἰκοθεν ἦγ’ ὁ γεραιός.
And thus spake first Menoetius' valiant son:
"Why call'st thou me, Achilleus? what thy need?"
To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot:
"O godlike offspring of Menoetius,
Most pleasant to my soul, now, as I deem,
Achaians round my knees will stand with prayer,
For need no longer to be borne is theirs.
But hie thee now, Patroclus loved of Zeus,
Ask Nestor who is this whom from the field
Wounded he bears. Behind indeed the man
Like to Machaon shows, Asclepius' son,
In all; but eyes and face I did not see,
So swift in onward haste the steeds swept by."

He spake: obedient to his comrade dear
Patroclus started him to run, and passed
The tents and vessels of Achaia's host.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,
Themselves stept down upon the fruitful earth,
The steeds Eurymedon the greybeard's squire
Loosed from the car. And from their tunics first
The twain cooled off the sweat, out in the breeze
Standing upon the sandy shore, then came
Within the tent and on the couches sate.
For whom a posset Hecamedé mixed—
That bright-haired handmaid, whom the greybeard won
From Tenedos, when Achilleus sacked the isle:
Daughter of mighty-souled Arsinoïs
Was she, and her Achaia's sons chose out
His worthy meed for counsels passing wise—
She first toward them moved a table fair
Footed with dark-blue metal, polished clear,
Whereon a brazen tray she set, and there
An onion to lend flavour to the draught,
With honey pale and flour of sacred meal.
And by them was a bowl exceeding fair
Brought by the greybeard from his home, set o'er
χρυσείους ἥλιος πεπαρμένον· οὗτα δ' αυτοῦ
tέσσαρ' ἔσαν, δοιαὶ δὲ πελειάδες ἀμφὶ ἐκαστον
χρύσειαν νεμέθουτο, δύο δ' ὕπο πυθμένες ἦσαν. 635

ἄλλος μὲν μογέων ἀποκινήσασκε τραπέζης
πλείων ἔδω, Νέστωρ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀμογητῇ ἀειρεν.
ἐν τῷ βά σφι κύκησε γυμνή εἰκνία θεήσω
οἷν Πραμνεῖος, ἐπὶ δ' αὐγείου κυή τυρών
κυνήστι χαλκείᾳ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀλφιτα λευκά πάλυνεν,
πινέμεναι δ' ἐκέλευσεν, ἐπεὶ ἤ ὀπλισεν κυκεῖῳ.
τῷ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίωντ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα διψαν,
μύθοισιν τέρποντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντες,
Πάρτροκλος δὲ θύρησιν ἐφίστατο, ἰσόθεος φῶς.
τὸν δὲ ἵδων ὁ γεραιός ἀπὸ τρούνον ὅρτο φαινοῦ,
ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἐλῶν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάασθαι ἄνωγεν.
Πάρτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀναϊνετο, εἰπέ τε μῦθον.
"οὐχ ἔδος ἐστὶ, γεραιὲ διοτρεφές, οὕδε με πείσεις.
αιδοῖος νεμεσητὸς ὦ με προέκε πυθέσθαι
ὄν τινα τούτον ἄγεις βεβλημένον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτός 640
γυμνόσκω ὄρῳ δὲ Μαχάονα πομένα λαῶν.

νῦν δὲ ἔπος ἐρέων πάλιν ἄγγελος εἰμ' Ἀχιλῆ.
ἐν δὲ σὺ οἰσθα, γεραιὲ διοτρεφές, οἶος ἐκεῖνος,
δεινὸς ἀνήρ· τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναιτιον αἰτιόφτω.
" 

τὸν δ' ἥμειβετ' ἐπείτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ' 655
"τίπτε τ' ἄρ' ὅδ' Ἀχιλεὺς ὀλοφύρεται νίασ Ἀχαιῶν,
ὄςσοι δὴ βέλεσιν βεβλήσαται; οὐδὲ τι οἶδεν
πένθεσιν ὄςσον ὅρωρε κατὰ στρατόν· οἱ γὰρ ἀριστοὶ
ἐν νησίν κέσαται βεβλημένοι οὔταμενοι τε.

βέβλησα τι μὲν ὁ Τυδείδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
660
οὔτασται δ' Ὅδυσεὺς δουρίκλυτος ἢδ' Ἀγαμέμνων.
With golden studs. Four ears it had: two doves
On either side each ear bent down to feed:
Two bases underneath upheld its weight.
When filled, to move it from the board was toil
To other hand, but, as he lift it up,
To Nestor, tho' a greybeard, toil was none.
In this the godlike dame their posset mixed
Of Pramnian wine, and goat cheese grated in
With brazen grating-knife, white barley meal
Sprinkling upon the surface: this to drink
She bade them, when the posset was prepared.
But when by drink their burning thirst was stayed,
With interchange of words their hearts they cheered.
And now Patroclus in the tent-door stood,
That godlike wight; whom when the greybeard saw,
From his bright chair he rose, and took his hand,
And led him in, and bade him sit. The seat
Refusing thus in turn Patroclus spake:
"No seat, O Zeus-born greybeard, is for me:
Thou'lt not persuade me. Awe and fear he claims
Who sent me forth to ask thee whom thou bring'st
Thus wounded back. But of myself I know
And see Machaon, shepherd of his folk:
So now will hie me back again with word
Of message to Achilleus. Well thou know'st
O Zeus-born greybeard, what he is, a man
Of dread, who might perchance the blameless blame."
To whom made answer thus Geréné's knight:
"And wherefore doth Achilleus make this moan
Over Achaia's sons, such as by shafts
Have gotten wounds? He knoweth not how great
The mourning through our host aroused. Our best
Lie at the ships, sore hurt by throw or thrust.
By shaft stout Diomedes Tydeus' son,
By thrust spear-famed Odysseus hath his hurt,
And Agamemnon: then Eurypylus
βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν ὀίστῳ. τούτων δὲ ἄλλων ἐγὼ νέου ἡγαγὼν ἐκ πολέμου ἱῷ ἀπὸ νευρῆς βεβλημένου. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς ἐσθλὸς ἔων Δαναῶν οὔ κήδεται οὖν ἐλεαλρεὶ. 665

ἡ μένει εἰς ὦ κε δὴ νής θοαὶ ἄγχι θαλάσσης, Ἀργείων αὔκητι, πυρὸς δὴιοίοι θέρωνται, αὐτοὶ τε κτεινώμεθ' ἐπισχερῶ; οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴ ὦς ἐσθ' οὐ̄ πάρος ἔσκεν ἐνι γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσων.

ἐἰθ' ὡς ἡβώοιμι, βίη δὲ μοι ἔμπεδος εἰη, 670

ὡς ὁπότ' Ἡλείοισι καὶ ἦμὼι νείκοις ἐτύχθη ἀμφὶ βοηλασιῇ, ὡτ' ἐγὼ κτάνον Ἰτυμονῆα ἐσθλὸν Ἰπειροχίδην, ὥς ἐν Ἡλιδὶ ναετάσασκεν, ῥυότ' ἐλαυνόμενοι. ὃ δ' ἀμύνοι ἦς βόεσσιν ἐβλητ' ἐν πρώτοισιν ἐμὴ ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκουτι, καδ' ὃ ἐπεσεν, λαοὶ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροῦαται. 675

ληίδα δ' ἐκ πεδίου συνελάσσασαι ἦλθα πολλήν, πεντήκοντα βοών ἄγέλας, τόσα πάεα οἰδὼν, τόσα συών συβόσια, τόσ' αἰτόλια πλατέ αὐγών, ὦππος δὲ ξανθᾶς ἐκατὸν καὶ πεντήκοντα, πᾶσας θηλείας, πολλήσι δὲ πῶλοι ὑπῆσαν.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἠλασάμεσθα Πῦλον Νηλίουν εὖσω ἐννύχιοι πρὸτι ἄστυ, γεγήθει δὲ φρένα Νηλεὺς οὐνεκά μοι τὸ χε πολλὰ νέφω πόλεμόνδε κιόντι κήρυκες δ' ἐλιγαινὼν ἄμ' ἦς φαίνομένηφι

τοὺς ἴμεν οἰσων χρεῖος ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἡλιδὶ διη. 680

ὁ δὲ συναγρόμενοι Πυλίων ἠγήτορες ἀνδρας δαίτρευου, πολέσιν γὰρ Ἐπειοὶ χρεῖος ὀφείλουν, ὡς ἴμεις παύροι κεκακωμένοι ἐν Πῦλῳ ἴμεν.

ἐλθὼν γὰρ ὃ' ἐκάκωσε βίῃ Ἡρακληνή 685

tῶν προτέρων ἐτέων, κατὰ δ' ἐκταθεν οὐσοι ἄριστοι.
By arrow in the thigh. And late I bring
This other from the field, stricken by shaft
From bowstring. But Achilleus, warrior brave,
For Danaans' loss no care nor pity feels.
What! waits he till our swift ships by the sea,
Despite the Argives, glow with foeman's fire,
And one upon another we be slain.
For truly now no more that force is mine
That was of old in supple-jointed limbs.
Ah! could I but be young, with strength as firm,
As when with men of Elis once we strove
About a cattle-raid: what time I slew
Hypeirochus' brave son Itymoneus,
Who dwelt in Elis. As reprisals I
Drove off his herds, he in his kine's defence
Struck 'mid the first by javelin from my hand
Fell prone, and all his farmer people fled.
Then from the plain we drove together spoil
In store unstinted: fifty herds of kine,
As many flocks of sheep, of swine no less,
As many of goats wide-spreading, steeds withal
One hundred and two-score and ten, in hue
Chestnut, all mares, and many suckling foals.
All these we drove to Pylos, Neleus' home,
Entering by night the town: and glad at heart
Was Neleus at my happy chance who went
So young to war and yet so much had won.
With beam of dawn shrill proclamation made
The heralds, that in Elis' land divine
Those should come forward who a debt could claim:
And so the Pylian chieftains gathered them
And made division, for the Epeans owed
Debts to full many, since in Pylos we
Were few in number and in evil plight.
For years before came Hercules the strong
And wrought us evil, and our best were slain:
δώδεκα γὰρ Νηλῆς ἀμύμονος νιέες ἦμεν τῶν οἴς λυπόμην, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ὀλοντο. ταῦθ' ὑπερηφανεύοντες 'Επειοι χαλκοχίτωνες, ἡμέας ὑβρίζοντες, ἄτάσθαλα μηχανόντω. ἐκ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀγέλην τε βοῶν καὶ πῶν μέγ' οἰῶν εἶλετο, κρυνάμενος τριηκόσι' ἤδε νομής. καὶ γὰρ τῷ χρείοις μέγ' ὀφείλετ' ἐν Ἡλυδὶ δἰ, τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ὑπποί αὐτοίσιν ὀχεσθείν, ἐλθόντες μετ' ἀεθλα. περὶ τρίποδος γάρ ἐμελλόν θεύσεσθαι τούς δ' αὕθι αναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀνγείας κάσχεθε, τὸν δ' ἐλατὴρ' ἀφίη ἀκαχήμενον ὑπ' ὑπὸν τῶν ὁ γέρων ἐπέων κεχολωμένος ἦδε καὶ ἔργων ἐξέλετ' ἀσπετα πολλα: τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐς δήμου ἔδωκεν δαίτρειν, μὴ τίς οἱ ἀτεμβόμενοι κίοι ἵστης. ἡμεῖς μὲν τὰ ἐκαστα διελπομεν, ἀμφὶ τε ἀστὶν ἔρδομεν ἱρὰ θεοῖς' οἷς δὲ τρίτῳ ἥματι πάντες ἠλθον ὡμῶς αὐτοὶ τε πολεῖς καὶ μὼνυχες ὑπποί, πασσυδίη' μετὰ δὲ σφι Μολίνε αὐρήσουντο παίδ' ἐτ' ἐόντ', οὐ πω μάλα εἰδότε θοῦριδος ἀλκής. ἐστὶ δὲ τις Θυρόεσσα πόλις, αἰπτεία κολώνη, τηλοῦ ἐπ' Ἀλφείῳ, νεάτῃ Πύλου ἡμαθόεντος· τὴν ἀμφιστρατώντο διαρράϊσαι μεμαῦτες' ἄλλ' ὅτε πάν πεδίον μετεκλαθον, ἀμμὶ δ' Ἀθήνη ἄγγελος ἠλθε θέουν' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου αὐρήσεσθαι ἐννυχον, οὐδ' ἄκοντα Πύλου κάτα λαδυ ἄγειρεν ἄλλ' μάλ' ἐσσυμένους πολεμιζέμεν. οὐδὲ μὲ Νηλεὺς εἰα αὐρήσεσθαι, ἀπέκρυψεν δὲ μοι ὑππούς' οὐ γὰρ πῷ τί μ' ἐφ' ἴδμεν πολεμήμα ἔργα. ἄλλα καὶ ὃς ἰππεύσι μετέπρεπον ἡμετέροις,
Twelve sons of blameless Neleus we had been,
But only I was left, the rest were slain.
Wherefore the mailed Epeans in contempt
Outraging us devised presumptuous deeds.
And now the greybeard for himself chose out
A herd of kine and ample flock of sheep,
Three hundred set apart, with men to tend.
For a great debt in Elis' land divine
Was owed to him—four steeds, prize-bearers they,
With cars complete, which for a tripod urn
To run were destined, but the king of men
Augeias kept them in his land, and sent
Their driver back sad for his horses lost.
But at such words and deeds the greybeard wroth
Took payment full and large: the rest he gave
For fair division to the common crowd,
That none might go defrauded of his right.
Such settlement we made, and through the town
To gods paid sacrifice; but they, our foes,
On the third day came all, a numerous host,
Of men and firm-hoofed steeds, in hottest haste.
And with them armed were two from Molus sprung,
Mere boys, unskilled as yet in furious war.
There is a city, Thryoessa named,
On a steep hill, beside Alpheus' stream,
Afar on sandy Pylos' utmost verge.
This camped they round right eager to destroy.
But when the wide plain they had crossed, then came
Athené from Olympus speeding fast,
A nightly messenger to bid us arm,
Gathering in Pylos no unwilling host,
But men full keen for war. Yet me to arm
Neleus forbade, and hid my steeds away:
Not yet, he said, knew I the works of war.
Yet even thus I shone conspicuous forth
Among our horsemen, tho' myself afoot,
καὶ πεζὸς περ ἑών, ἔπει οὐκ ἀγε νεῖκος Ἄθηνη.
ἔστι δὲ τις ποταμὸς Μινυήσιος εἰς ἀλα βάλλων
ἐγγύθεν Ἀρήνης, ὅθι μείναμεν ἦδο διαν
ὑπῆς Πυλῶν, τὰ δὲ ἐπέρρεε ἑθνα πεζῶν.
ἐνθεν πασσυδὴ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
ἐνδιον ἱκόμεσθ' ἵερὸν ῥόου Ἀλφειώτι.
ἐνθα Διὸ ῥέζαντες ὑπερμενὲι ἱερὰ καλά,
ταῦρον δ' Ἀλφειὼ, ταῦρον δὲ Ποσειδάων,
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη γηλαμκώπιδι βοῦν ἀγελαήν,
δόρπουν ἐπειθ' ἐλόμεσθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν
καὶ κατεκοιμήθηςαι ἐν ἑντεσι οἴσι ἑκαστος
ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ποταμοῦ. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοῖ
ἀμφέσταν δῇ ἄστυ διαπραθεῖς μεμαῶτες.
ἀλλὰ σφιν προπάροιδε φάνη μέγα ἔργον Ἄρησ;
ἐντε γὰρ ἥλιος φαέθων ὑπερέσχεθε γαίης,
συμφερόμεσθα μάχῃ, Διὶ τ' εὐχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθῆνη.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Πυλῶν καὶ Ἐπειῶν ἔπλετο νεῖκος,
πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἔλον ἄνδρα, κόμισα δὲ μόνυχας ὕπτους,
Μούλιον αἰχμητὴν' γαμβρὸς δ' ἵνα Αὐγείαο,
πρεσβυτάτην δὲ θύγατο' εἰχὲ ξανθὴν Ἀγαμήθην,
ἡ τόσα φάρμακα ἱδὴ ὅσα τρέφει εὐρεία χθῶν.
τὸν μὲν ἔγω προσιόντα βάλον χαλκήρει δουρί,
ἡμπε δ' ἐν κονιῆςων' ἔγω δ' ἐς διήφρον ὀροῦσας
στὴν ἁ μετὰ προμάχουσιν. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ
ἐπέσαν ἄλλωσ ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ ἵδον ἄνδρα πεσόντα
ἡγεμόν' ἵππην, ὡς αὐρητεῖςκε μάχεσται.
αὐτὰρ ἔγων ἐπόρουσα κελαυή λαίλαπι ἵσος,
πεντήκοντα δ' ἔλον διήφρον, δῦο δ' ἀμφὶ ἑκαστον
φῶτες ὧδαξ ἔλον οὐδας, ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
καὶ νῦ κεν Ἀκτορίωνε Μολίονε παῖδ' ἀλάπαξα,
For so Athéné ruled the chance of strife.
A river Minyeius meets the sea
Near to Arené; there we Pylian horse
Waited the dawn divine, and to us flowed
The tribes of footmen. Thence in hottest haste
Harnessed in arms we journeyed on, and came
By noontide to Alpheus' holy flood.
There goodly victims to almighty Zeus
We slew; a bull Alpheus claimed, a bull
Poseidon; and Athené, stern-eyed power,
A heifer of the herd: then supped we, ranged
Throughout our army by our companies,
And laid us down to rest, each with his arms,
Beside the river stream. But now our foes,
High-souled Epeans, stood around the town
Eager to sack it: but, ere that might be,
A mighty work of warfare they beheld.
For as the sun rose bright above the earth
We closed in battle, uttering prayers to Zeus
And to Athené. Then, as rose the strife
'Twixt Pylians and Epeans, I the first
A warrior slew, and won his firm-hoofed steeds—
The spearman Mulius. Of Augeias he
Was son-in-law, his eldest daughter's lord,
Fair Agamedé of the yellow hair,
Who knew all herbs that earth's broad bosom bears.
Him, as he onwards came, with brass-tipped spear
I smote, that in the dust he fell, but I
Leapt on his car, and with the vanguard stood.
Then the high-souled Epeans broke and fled,
Seeing him fall, the leader of their horse,
Their bravest in the fight: but I rushed in
Like a black storm-wind; chariots there I took
Two-score and ten, and warriors twain by each
Vanquished beneath my spear bit hard the ground.
And now those children twain from Molus sprung,
εἰ μὴ σφωμεν δαμηρ εύρουξεν ένοσίχθων ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάμωσε, καλυψας ἥρει πολλή.

ἐνθα Ζεὺς Πυλίοι πέγα κρατὸς ἐγγυάλιξεν τόφρα γάρ οὖν ἐπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδέος πεδίου, κτείνοντες τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνὰ τ' ἐντεα καλὰ λέγοντες, ὃφρ' ἔπὶ Βουπρασίον πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ὕππους πέτρης τ' Ὀλενίης, καὶ Ἀλευσίου ἐνθα κολώνῃ κέκληται ὅθεν αὕτις ἀπέτραπε λαδὸν Ἀθήνη.

ἐνθ' ἀνδρα κτείνας πύματον λίπου' αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ ἄψ ἀπὸ Βουπρασίοι Πύλον' ἔχουν ὁκέας ὕππους, πάντες δ' εὐχετόωντο θεῶν Δίλ Νέστορὶ τ' ἀνδρῶν. ὡς ἔοιν, εἰ ποτ' ἔουν γε, μετ' ἀνδράσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς οἶος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπονήσηται ἕ τε μιν οὖν πολλὰ μετακλαὐσθηκαί, ἔπει κ' ἀπὸ λαδὸς ὦληται. ὡ πέτον, ἢ μὴν σοὶ γε Μενοῖτιος ὅδ' ἐπέτελλεν ἥματι τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίνῃς Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν νῦν δὲ τ' ἐνδοῦν ἐόντες, ἐγὼ καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, πάντα μάλ' ἐν μεγάροις ἦκούσμεν ὡς ἐπέτελλεν. Πηλῆς ὕικόμεσθα δόμους εὐ ναιετάουντας λαδὸν ἀγελρούτεσ κατ' Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα.

ἐνθα δ' ἐπειθ' ἦρωα Μενοῖτιον εὐρομεν ἐνδὸν ἦδε σε, πάρ δ' Ἀχιλῆα γέρων δ' ἰππηλάτα Πηλεύς πίονα μηρ' ἐκαίε βοῦς Δίλ τερπικεραύνη αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ, ἔχε δὲ χρύσειον ἄλεισσον, σπένδων αἴθοπα οἶνον ἐπ' αἴθομένοις ἱεροῖσιν. σφῶν μὲν ἀμφὶ βοῦς ἐπετον κρέα, νῦν δ' ἐπειθ' στῆμεν ἐνὶ προβύροισι ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς, ἐς δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἐλῶν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάσθαι ἁνωγεν,
Deemed sons of Actor, I had rest of life,  
Had not their truer sire, th' Earth-shaking king,  
Veiled in thick mist sire, and saved them from the war.  
There Zeus vouchsafed a mighty victory  
To us of Pylos: for we followed on  
Through the broad plain, slaying and gathering spoil  
Of goodly arms, till on Buprasium's lands  
Wheat-laden trode our steeds, and reached the rock  
Olenian, and the hill that bears a name  
Drawn from Aleisius. There Athené turned  
Our people back: there left I him whom last  
I slew: and from Buprasium all drove back  
To Pylos their swift steeds, and prayerful owned  
Zeus was the god who saved, Nestor the man.  
Such was I once, if e'er indeed I was,  
'Mid fellow warriors. But himself alone  
Achilleus' might will profit: yet, I ween,  
The host once lost with many tears he'll rue.  
Dear friend, to thee Menoetius surely gave  
This charge, on that day when he sent thee forth  
From Phthian land to Agamemnon's aid—  
For we were in the hall and heard each word,  
Godlike Odysseus and myself, how then  
He gave thee charge. To Peleus' well-built house  
We twain had come, as gathering troops we ranged  
Achaia's fruitful land: and there within  
Menoetius we found, thy hero sire,  
With thee and with Achilleus, while the knight  
Old Peleus in the courtyard burned to Zeus  
The lightning-lord the fat thighs of an ox,  
Holding a golden beaker, whence he poured  
The bright wine on the flaming sacrifice.  
To the ox-flesh ye both gave heed, when we  
Stood in the entrance. Up Achilleus leapt  
Amazed, and took our hands, and led us in,  
And bade be seated, hospitable cheer
ξείνια τ' εύ παρέθηκεν, ἃ τε ξείνοις θέμις ἔστίν.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρτημεν ἑδητύος ὑδὲ ποτήτος, 780
ήρχον ἐγὼ μῦθοιο, κελεύων ὑμῖ· ἀμ' ἐπεσθαῖν
σφῶ δὲ μάλ' ἡθέλετον, τῷ δ' ἀμφω πόλλ' ἐπέτελλον.  
Πηλεύς μὲν δ' παιδὶ γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆ
αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείρωχον ἔμμεναι ἀλλων
σοι δ' αὐθ' ὡδ' ἐπέτελλε Μενοίτιος Ἀκτόρος νῦός' 785
'τέκνον ἐμόν, γενεὴ μὲν ὑπέρτερος ἔστιν Ἀχιλλέες,
πρεσβύτερος δὲ σὺ ἐσσι' βίη δ' ὦ γε πολλὸν ἄμεινων.
ἀλλ' εὑ οἱ φάσθαι πυκνων ἐπτὸς ἦδ' ὑποθέσθαι
καὶ οἱ σημαίνειν' δ' δὲ πείσεται εἰς ἀγαθόν περ.' 790
ὡς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δ' λήθεαι.  ἀλλ' ἔτη καὶ υῦν
τὰ ἐπτοὺς Ἀχιλῆ δαῤφρον, αὗ κε πιθηται.  
τίς οἴδ' εϊ κέν οἱ σῦν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὅρινας
παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραλφασίς ἔστιν ἐταῖρον.
εϊ δ' τινα φρεστ' ἤσι θεοπροτὴν ἀλεείνει
καὶ τινὰ οἱ πάρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότυνα μῆτρη, 795
ἀλλὰ σὲ περ προέτω, ἁμα δ' ἀλλος λαὸς ἐπέσθω
Μυρμιδόνων, εϊ κέν τι φῶς Δαναοῖς γένηαι.
καὶ τοι τεύχεα καλὰ δότω πόλεμόνδε φέρεσθαι,
αἷ κε σε τῷ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμων
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήιοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι' ὅλιγη δὲ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμων. 800
ῥεία δὲ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμητότας ἄνδρας ἀυτῆ
ὡςαινθε προτὶ ἀστὶ νεῶν ἀπὸ καὶ κλισιᾶνων.'  
ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἀρα θυμὸν εὑ στήθεσσιν ὀρινεν,
βὴ δὲ θέειν παρὰ νηης ἐπ' Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλῆα. 805
Setting before us such as guests may claim.
But when of meat and drink we had our fill,
I first began the word, bidding you both
To follow with us. Ye right willing were;
And both your sires then gave you fullest charge.
His son Achilleus greybeard Peleus charged
Ever to be the best, excelling all:
But thee thus charged Menoetius, Actor's son;
'My child, of nobler birth Achilleus is,
But thou art elder. He again in strength
Excels thee far; but be it thine to speak
Shrewd word suggesting, and to warn him well;
And for his good he surely will obey.'
Such charge the greybeard gave, but thou forgetst,
Yet even now this counsel thou may'st tell
The warlike prince, if haply he will hear.
Who knows but, with a god to help, thou may'st
Stir and persuade his soul? for alway good
Persuasion is that cometh from a friend.
But if some god-sent warning in his mind
He shuns to slight, and if some words from Zeus
His queenly mother spake, yet let him send
Thee forth, with all the Myrmidonian host
Following behind, if haply thou may'st dawn
To Danaan ranks a light. His goodly arms
Let him but give thee to the field to bear;
The Trojans may in thee his image see
And slack their battle; and some breathing-space
Achaia's warlike sons now sore distrest
May find. Short breathing-space doth war allow.
But ye thus fresh and whole the weary-worn
Charging with battle-cry may lightly drive
Back from our ships and tents to yonder town.”

So spake he; but the other's soul was stirred
Within his breast. Along the ships he ran
To seek Achilleus son of Æacus.
άλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας Ὀδυσσῆος θείου ἵζε θέων Πάτροκλος, ἵνα σφ' ἀγορή τε θέμις τε ἦν, τῇ δὴ καὶ σφι θεῶν ἐτετεύχατο βωμοί, ἐνθα οἱ Εὐρύτυποις βεβλημένοις ἀντεβόλησεν, διογενῆς Εὐαιμονίδης, κατὰ μηρὸν δίστῳ, σκάζουν ἐκ πολέμου· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέειν ἱδρῶς ὁμών καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἐλκεος ἀργαλέοιο αἴμα μέλαν κελάρυζε, νόσος γε μὲν ἔμπεδος ἦν. τὸν δὲ ἱδών ὃκτευρε Μενοιτίου ἀλκίμονιν υἱός, καὶ ο' ὀλοφυρόμενον ἔσεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"ἀ δεῖλοι Δαναῶν ἠγήτορες ἦδ' μέδοντες, ὅς ἀρ' ἐμέλλετε, τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἴης, ἀσείν ἐν Τροῖῃ ταχέας κύνας ἀργέτι δημῷ.

άλλ' ἀγε μοι τόδε εἰπέ, διοτρεφεῖς Εὐρύτυπλ' ἠρως, ἦ π' ἐτι που σχήσουσι πελώριον "Εκτορ' Ἀχαιοί, ἦ ηδ' φθισονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμέντες."

τὸν δ' αὐτ' Εὐρύτυπος πεπνυμένον αὐτίον ἦδα:

"οὐκέτι, διογενεῖς Πατρόκλεες, ἀλκαρ Ἀχαιῶν ἔσσεται, ἀλλ' ἐν νησὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέονται· οὔ μεν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἀριστοι, ἐν νησών κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοι τε χερσοίν ὑπὸ Τρώων, τῶν δὲ σθένος ὁρνυται αἰεὶ.

ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἁγων ἐπὶ νῆα μέλαινων, μηρὸν δ' ἐκταμ' ὁιστόν, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἴμα κελαυνών νῖ[z  ᾲδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δ' ἦπια φάρμακα πάσσε ἐσθλά, τά σε προτὶ φασὶν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι, ὅν Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιότατος Κενταύρων.

ἱπτροὶ μὲν γὰρ Ποδαλείριος ἦδ' Μαχάων, τῶν μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίησιν ὄνομα ἔλκοι ἔχουντα, χρηίζοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμύμονος ἱητήρος,
But in his running when Patroclus reached
The vessels of Odysseus godlike chief—
Where was the place of gathering and of law,
And where were built the altars of the gods—
Wounded Eurypylus there crossed his way,
Zeus-born Evaemon's son, whose thigh the shaft
Had pierced. And he was limping from the war,
With sweat from head and shoulders streaming down,
While from the painful wound the black blood came
Forth trickling, but his senses still were firm.
Whom as he saw, Menoetius' valiant son
Much pitied, and in lamentation loud
Out-breaking thus with wingèd words addressed:
"Ah! wretched wights, ye captains and ye kings
Of Danaans! was it then your foredoomed fate
Far far away from friends and fatherland
To glut with rich white fat swift dogs of Troy?
But prithee tell me this, Eurypylus
Thou Zeus-born hero: will Achaia's sons
Yet stay perchance the giant Hector's force,
Or perish all subdued beneath his spear?"

And wise Eurypylus thus made reply:
"Zeus-born Patroclus, of defence no more
Achaia's sons will show, but headlong fall
On their black ships: for all who once were best
Lie at the ships sore hurt by throw or thrust
From Trojan hands, whose strength is rising still.
But save thou me, and to my black ship lead,
And from my thigh cut out the arrow, and wash
Therefrom with water warm the purple blood,
And spread thereon those soothing wholesome salves
By thee—so say they—from Achilleus learnt,
Whom Chiron, justest of the centaurs, taught.
For Podalirius and Machaon both—
Our leeches—are away: one in his tent
Lies wounded sore, and needs himself, I ween,
κείσθαι· ὁ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένει ὡξὺν Ἀρηα."

τὸν δ' αὐτὲ προσέειπε Μενοίτιοι ἀλκίμος ύιός·
"πώς κεν ἐοι τάδε ἔργα; τί ἰέξομεν, Εὐρύπυλ' ἤρως;
ἔρχομαι ὅφρ 'Ἀχιλή δαίφρονι μύθου ἐνίστο
ὡν Νέστωρ ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος, οὔρος 'Ἀχαϊών.
ἀλλ' οὕτ' ὡς περ σεῖο μεθήσω τειρομένου."

ἡ, καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοιο λαβὼν ἀγε ποιμένα λαῶν
ἐς κλισίην· θεράπων δὲ ἱδὼν ὑπέχευε βοέιας.
ἐνθα μίν ἐκτανύσας ἐκ μηροῦ τάμνε μαχαίρῃ
ὀξὺ βέλος περιπευκές, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαίνον
νίς ὑδατι λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δὲ ῥίζαν βάλε πικρὴν
χερσί διατρίψας, ὀδυνήφατον, ἥ οἱ ἀπάσας
ἐσχ' ὀδύνας. τὸ μὲν ἐλκος ἐτέρσετο, πάνυσατο δ' αἷμα.
A blameless leech; the other on the plain
Abides the furious brunt of Trojan war."

To whom Menoetius' valiant son replied:
"O how shall these works end? what may we do,
Hero Eurypylus? My errand is
Warlike Achilleus to inform of words
That Nestor of Gerene charged me with,
Achaia's bulwark. Yet not even thus
Will I desert thee in thy sore distress."

He spake, and 'neath the breast supporting led
To his own tent the shepherd of his folk.
At sight of whom th' esquire with ox-hides strewed
The floor; and there Patroclus laid at length
The wounded chief, and with a knife cut out
The sharp and biting arrow from the thigh,
Washed off with water warm the purple blood,
And, powdered 'twixt his palms, a bitter root
Laid on, pain-killing, which his every ache
Assuaged. So dried the wound and ceased the blood.
“Ως δὲ μὲν ἐν κλησίρσι Μενοίτιον ἄλκιμος νῖος ἵατ’ Εὐρύπυλον βεβλημένον· οὗ δὲ μάχοντο Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ὀμιλαδόν. οὖδ’ ἄρ’ ἔμελλεν τάφρος ἐτὶ σχῆσεων Δαναῶν καὶ τείχοις ὑπερθεν εὐρύ, τὸ ποιήσαντο νεῶν ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον ἥλασαν. οὖδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτάς ἐκατόμβας, ὡφρα σφιν νηᾶς τε θοᾶς καὶ ηῆδα πολliqu ἐντὸς ἔχουν ρύοιτο, θεῶν δ’ ἀέκπτι τέτυκτο ἑθανάτων· τὸ καὶ οὗ τὶ πολλὶν χρόνον ἔμπεδον ἦν. ὡφρα μὲν Ἑκτὸρ ζωὸς ἔην καὶ μῆνι’ Ἀχιλλεὺς καὶ Πριάμου ἀνάκτος ἀπόρθητος πόλις ἔπλευ, τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τείχος Ἀχαιῶν ἔμπεδον ἦν. αὐτὰρ ἐπεῖ κατὰ μὲν Τρῶων θάνου ὄσοι ἀριστοί, πολλοὶ δ’ Ἀργεῖων οὐ μὲν δάμεν οὐ δὲ λίπνοτο, πέρθετο δὲ Πριάμου πόλις δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ, Ἀργεῖοι δ’ ἐν νηὺσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδ’ ἐβησαν, δὴ τότε μητίωντο Ποσειδᾶν καὶ Ἀπόλλων τείχων ἀμαλδύναι, ποταμῶν μένος εἰσαγαγόντες ὄσοι ἀπ’ Ἰδαίων ὄρεων ἀλαδε προρέουσιν, Ῥῆσος θ’ Ἐπτάπορος τε Κάρησός τε Ῥόδιος τε
ILIAD XII.

The storming of the Danaan wall.

Thus in the tent Menoetius' valiant son
Succoured Eurypylus the wounded chief:
The rest meanwhile, Argives and Trojans both,
Fought in dense throngs; nor now the Danaans' trench
Should serve to check the foe, nor should the wall
That broad above it rose; which they had made
To shield their ships, and girdled with a trench,
But gave the gods no glorious hecatombs.
Swift ships and plenteous spoil to enclose and save
'Twas built, but built in despite of the gods
Immortal, wherefore no long time it stood.
While Hector lived, while burned Achilleus' wrath,
While yet unsacked was royal Priam's town,
So long Achaia's mighty rampart stood.
But when of Trojans all the best were dead,
And many Argives slain, tho' some were left;
When Priam's city in the tenth year fell,
And to their fatherland the Argives sailed;
Then did Poseidon and Apollo scheme
That rampart to destroy, bringing thereon
The force of all the rivers that run down
Sea-ward from Ida's heights: Rhesus to wit,
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,
Γρήγορος τε καὶ Αἴσθητος διὸς τε Σκάμανδρος καὶ Σμόβεις, ὅθι πολλὰ βοάγρια καὶ τρυφάλεια κάσπεσον ἐν κούλῃ καὶ ἡμιθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν. τῶν πάντων ὀμόσε στόματα τράπετο Φοῖβος Ὄπολλων, ἐννήμαρ δ' ἐσ τείχος ἐν ρόου' ὦ δ' ἄρα Ζεὺς συνεχὲς, ὃφρα κε θάσσον ἀλλιπλοα τείχεα θεία. αὐτὸς δ' ἐνωσίγαιος ἔχων χείρεσσι τρίαναν ἥγειτ', ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντα θεμείλια κύμασι πέμπεν φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέοντες Ἀχαιοί, λεία δ' ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάρρουν Ἑλλήσποντον, αὐτὸς δ' ἥιόνα μεγάλην ψαμάθουσι κάλυψεν, τείχος ἀμαλδύνας' ποταμοὺς δὲ τρέψε νέεσθαι καὶ ῥόον, ὑ̑ περ πρόσθεν ἕνε καλλίρροον ὕδωρ.

ὡς ἀρ' ἐμελλον ὑπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ὄπολλων θησέμεναι' τότε δ' ἀμφὶ μάχη ἐνοπῆ τε δεδήν τείχος ἐυδημητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα πῦργων βαλλόμεν. Ἰργεῖοι δὲ Δίδος μάστυγι δαμέντες νηυσίν ἔπι γῆλφυρησί ἐελμένοι ἱσχυνόωντο, "Εκτορά δεδιότες, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φόβοιο' αὑτάρ δ' ὑ', ὡς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐμάρνατο ἵος ἀέλλῃ. ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐν τε κύνεσι καὶ ἀνδράσι θηρητήρων κάπριος ἥς λέων στρέφεται σθενεί βλεμμεάινων, οὗ δὲ τε πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες ἀντίλον ἔστανται, καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι θαμελᾶς αἰχμᾶς ἐκ χειρῶν' τοῦ δ' οὗ ποτε κυδάλιμον κήρ ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἀγνορίη δὲ μιν ἔκτα· ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων· ὑππη τ' ιθὺς, τῇ εἰκουσι στίχες ἀνδρῶν· ὡς 'Εκτωρ αὖ ὁμιλοῦ ἑών εἰλίσσεθ' ἐταῖρους τάφρον ἐποτρύνων διαβαίνεμεν. οὐδὲ οἱ ἵπποι
Granicus, with Æsepus; and those twain,
Scamander, godlike stream, and Simois,
Where many a bull's-hide targe and many a helm
Fell in the dust, and many a mighty man
Of seed divine. To one united flood
Phoebus Apollo turned the mouths of all,
And for nine days against the rampart drove;
While Zeus incessant rained, the quicker so
In one wide sea the floating walls to whelm.
Himself withal, the Earth-shaker, led the way
Trident in hand, and to the waves heaved forth
All those foundations strong of beams and stones
Laid by much labour of Achaian hands,
And by the rushing stream of Hellespont
Made level plain, and now, the wall effaced,
Again with sand strewed the long line of shore:
The rivers then he turned, that in their beds
Fair flowing, as before, their waters ran.
Thus should Poseidon and Apollo work
Their will in days to come. But now fierce burned
Around the well-built wall the fight and cry,
Rattled with blows the timbers of the towers,
And by the scourge of Zeus the Argives quelled
Close at their hollow ships were penned, in fear
Of Hector mighty counsellor of flight,
Who still, as ever, like a storm-wind fought.
And as among the hounds and hunter throng
A boar or lion turns him, fierce in strength—
They massed in solid wall against him stand,
And frequent from their hands the javelins hurl,
Yet never daunt nor fright his valiant heart,
Whose courage proves his bane; and oft he turns
And tries the serried ranks, but wheresoe'er
He charges there the foemen's ranks give place—
So Hector moved and turned him in the throng,
Urging his comrades on to cross the trench.
τόλμων οὐκύποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιξον ἐπ᾽ ἀκρῷ 
χείλει εὑσταότες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδύσετο τάφρος 
εὔρει, οὐτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπερθορέειν σχέδον οὔτε περῆσαι 
ῥηιδὴν κρῆμνοι γὰρ ἐπηρεφέες περὶ πᾶσαν 
ἐστασαν ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὑπερθέν δὲ σκολόπεσσιν 
όξειν ἤρησε, τοὺς ἐστασάν υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν 
πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δηήων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν. 
ἐνθ᾽ οὐ κεν ἑπεὶ ἵπποι ἐὔτροχον ἀρμα τιτάινων 
ἐσβαίνε, πεζοὶ δὲ μενοῖνεον εἰ τελέουσιν. 
δὴ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασύν "Εκτορα ἐπε παραστάς· 60 
"Εκτορ τ᾽ ἥδ᾽ ἄλλοι Τρώων ἄγοι ἥδ᾽ ἐπικούρων, 
ἀφραδέως διὰ τάφρον ἔλαυνομεν όκεάς ἵππους. 
ἡ δὲ μάλ᾽ ἀργαλὴν περάν· σκόλοπες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ 
όξεὶς ἐστάσιν, προτὶ δ᾽ αὐτοῖς τεῖχος Ἀχαῖῶν. 
ἐνθ᾽ οὐ πως ἐστίν καταβῆμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι 
ἵππευσιν στείνος γάρ, ὃθι τρόψεσθαι ὁδῷ. 
εἰ μὲν γὰρ τοὺς πάγχυ κατὰ φρονέων ἀλαπάζει 
ζεύς ψυβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ ἔτε᾽ ἀρήγειν, 
ἡ τ᾽ ἂν ἔγω γ᾽ ἐθέλοιμι καὶ αὐτίκα τοῦτο γενέσθαι, 
νοιώμους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ᾽ "Ἀργεοὺς ἐνθάδ᾽ Ἀχαιός· 70 
εἰ δὲ χ᾽ ὑποστρέψωσι, παλίωξις δὲ γενηται 
ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τάφρῳ ἐνιπλήξωμεν ὅρυκτῇ, 
οὐκέτ᾽ ἐπείτ᾽ ὀδῷ οὐδ᾽ ἄγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι 
ἀφορροῦν προτὶ ἀστὺ ἐλιχθέντων ὑπ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν. 
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἔγω εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες. 
ἵππους μὲν θεράποντες ἐρυκόντων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ, 
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλέες σὺν τεῦχεσι ϑωρηχθέντε 
"Εκτορὶ πάντες ἐπώμεθ' ἀολλέες. αὐτᾶρ Ἀχαιόι
Nor yet his fleet-foot horses dared the deed,
But loudly neighed as on the brink they stood,
Scared by the trench so broad, not lightly leapt—
How near soe'er—nor light the task to climb
Or in or out, for steep round all its verge
O'erhung the rising banks on either side;
And sharpened stakes above Achaia's sons
Frequent and large had set, to ward their foes.
No easy entrance there for horse that drew
The wheelèd car: but eager were the foot
If they might do it. Then Polydamas
Spake to bold Hector at whose side he stood:
"Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy
And of allies, we surely are but fools
To drive across yon trench our fleet-foot steeds.
Full dangerous is the passage; pointed stakes
Are set thereon, and close beyond them lies
Achaia's rampart. There dismount and fight
Our horsemen cannot; 'tis a narrow lane,
Where hurt and loss will, as I deem, be ours.
For if indeed the lofty-thund'ring Zeus
Desiring utter evil to our foes
Destroys them, and is bent to succour Troy,
I surely were full fain this end might come
At once, that so away from Argos here
Achaia's sons might find inglorious doom.
But if they wheel them round, and from the ships
Pursuit reversed roll back, and we be driven
On the deep trench, then nevermore, I ween,
Will ev'n a messenger regain the town
Escap'd from these Achaians' rallying charge.
But come, as I advise, obey we all:
Our steeds upon the trench our squires shall rein,
Ourselves afoot, armed and arrayed, in mass
Will follow Hector: then Achaia's sons
οὐ μενέουσ', εἰ δὴ σφιν ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἐφῆπται."

ός φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἀδε δ' "Εκτορὶ μῦθοι άπήμων, 80
αὐτίκα δ' εἶ ὅχευν ἔιν τεύχεσιν ἀλτὸ χαμάζε.
οὔδε μὲν ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἐφ' ἵππων ἡγερέθοντο,
ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἐπει ἦδον "Εκτορα δίον.
ἡμίόχωρ μὲν ἐπειτα ἐδ' ἐπέτελλη ἐκαστὸς
ἵππους εὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμεν αὐθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ;
οἳ δὲ διαστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,
πένταχα κοσμηθέντες ἀμ' ἠγεμόνεσσιν ἔποντο.
οἳ μὲν ἀμ' "Εκτορ' ἔσαν καὶ ἀμύμων Πουλυδάμαντι,
οἳ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμασαν δὲ máλιστα
τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι κοίλης ἑπὶ νησὲ μάχεσθαι.
καὶ σφιν Κεβρίνης τρίτος εἴπετο. πάρ δ' ἄρ' ὅχεσφιν
ἄλλον Κεβριναο χερείων κάλλιτεν "Εκτορ.
τὸν δ' ἔτερον Πάρις ἦρχε καί Ἀλκάθους καὶ Ἄγηνωρ,
τὸν δὲ τρίτων "Ελενοὺς καὶ Δηήφοβος θεοεἰδὴς,
νὶς δὖ ύ Πριάμου' τρίτος δ' ἦν "Ασιος ἦρως,
"Ασιος Τριταίδης, δι' Ἄρισβηθεν φέρου ἵππου
αἰθωνεῖς μεγάλου, ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ Σελλήνειτος.
τὸν δὲ τετάρτον ἦρχεν ἐνς παίς Ἄγγήσαο
Λινεῖας, ἀμα τῷ γε δῦ ύ Ἀντήνορος νῦ,
Ἀρχέλος τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχης εὐ ειδὸτε πάσης, 100
Σαρπηδῶν δ' ἠγήσατ' ἀγακλείτων ἐπικούρων,
πρὸς δ' ἔλετο Γλαύκον καὶ ἄρην Ὄστεροπαῖον;
οἳ γάρ οἱ εἰσαντο διακριδον εἶναι ἄριστοι
τῶν ἄλλων μετά γ' αὐτῶν' δ' δὲ πρέπει καὶ διὰ πάντων.
Will not abide us, if indeed for them
The issue of destruction is ordained."

So spake Polydamas: whose wholesome words
Pleased Hector well. And straightway all in arms
Down leapt he from his chariot to the ground.
Nor now on steeds the other sons of Troy
Mustered their force, but lighted quickly down,
When godlike Hector thus on foot they saw.
Then to his charioteer each one gave charge
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due; but they, disparting them
To several bands, arrayed their solid ranks
In columns five, who followed each their chiefs.
First those with Hector and Polydamas,
That blameless wight, most numerous they and best,
And keenest bent to break the rampart through
And urge the battle at the hollow ships.
Third with these twain followed Cebriones,
Cebriones, than whom a weaker far
Had Hector with his chariot left behind.
The second band led Paris, and with him
Alcathoüs and Agenor: and the third
Godlike Deiphobus with Helenus,
Two sons of Priam, and a third with these
Asius the hero son of Hyrtacus,
Whom from Arisbé's town his horses drew,
Bright bay, large-limbed, bred by Selleis' stream.
The fourth band ruled Anchises' gallant son
Aeneas, and with him Antenor's sons
Were joined, Archelochus and Acamas,
A pair well-skilled in every wile of war,
Last the far-famed allies Sarpedon led,
And chose him Glaucus to his aid, and third
Warlike Asteropaeus; these he deemed
Of other chiefs pre-eminently best
Next to himself, who them and all outshone.
οὗ δὲ ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλους ἀραρον τυκτῆσι βοέσσιν, βάν ρ' ἰδὺς Δανάων κελευμένοι, οὔδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἔφαντο σχῆσεσθ᾽ ἀλλ᾽ ἐν νησί μελαίνῃσιν πεσέσσαι.

ἔνθ᾽ ἄλλοι Τρώες τηλεκλειτοὶ τ᾽ ἐπίκουροι 
βουλῇ Πουλυδάμαντος ἀμωμήτου πίθουτον· ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ Ἰρτακίδης ἔθελ᾽ Ἀσίος, ὀρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, 
αὐθὶ λυπεῖν ἵππους τε καὶ ἤμιχον θεράποντα, ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖσιν πέλασεν νήσσι θοῇσιν

νήπιος, οὔδ᾽ ἀρ᾽ ἔμελλε κακὰς ὑπὸ κῆρας ἀλύξιας, ἵπποισι καὶ ὁχέσφιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρὰ νηῶν ἄψ ἀπονοστήσεων προτὶ Ἰλίου ἰκερόσσαν· 

πρόσθεν γάρ μιν μοῖρα δυσώνυμος ἀμφεκάλυψεν ἐγχεὶ Ἰδομενῖος ἀγανόν Δευκαλίδαο.

εἰσατο γὰρ νηῶν ἐτ᾽ ἀριστερά, τῇ περ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐκ πεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὁχέσφιν· 

τῇ ρ᾽ ἵππους τε καὶ ἀρμα διήλασεν, οὔδε πῦλησιν εὔρ᾽ ἐπικεκλιμένας σανίδας καὶ μακρὸν ὁχῆα, ἀλλ᾽ ἀναπεπταμένας ἔχον ἀνέρες, εἰ τιν᾽ ἐταῖρων ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σαώσειαν μετὰ νῆας.

τῇ ρ᾽ ἰδὺς φροινῶν ἵππους ἔχε, τοι δ᾽ ἀμ᾽ ἔποντο ὄξεα περίκυκλωτες ἐφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ᾽ Ἀχαιῶνς 

σχῆσεσθ᾽ ἀλλ᾽ ἐν νησί μελαίνῃσιν πεσέσσαι 

νήπιωι. ἐν δὲ πῦλησι δὖ ἀνέρας εὗρον ἀρίστους, 
νίας υπερθύμους Δαπιθάων αἰχμητάων, 

τὸν μὲν Πειριθόου νῖα κρατερὸν Πολυποίτην, 
τὸν δὲ Δεοντῆα βρατολογῷ ἵσον Ἀρη. 

τῶ μὲν ἄρα προπάροιθε πυλῶν ὑψηλῶν ἐστασαν ὡς ὅτε τε δρύες οὔρεσιν ὑψικάρηνοι,
And when with well-wrought bull's-hide shields their lines
Were locked, against the Danaans straight they went
Full eager: who, they deemed, no more would stay,
But headlong fall upon their hollow ships.

There Trojans and allies from distant lands
Obeyed the counsel of Polydamas
That blameless sage; but Asius, prince of men,
The son of Hyrtacus, willed not to leave
His horses and attendant charioteer:
But onward with them to the swift ships went,
Poor fool! who nevermore, his evil fates
Escaping, proud in chariot and in steeds,
Should back return to wind-swept Ilion.
For him inglorious destiny forestalled
With death's dark veil, by spear of noble king
Idomeneus the son of Deucalus.
Toward the ships' left wing he bent his course,
That way whereby Achaia's warriors came
With steeds and cars returning from the plain:
There drove he steeds and car across, nor found
The doors upon the gateway closed and barred
With the long beam: these open still were held,
That so each comrade flying from the fray
Might pass and at the ships safe refuge find.
Straight for this entrance Asius held his steeds
Resolved: whose warriors followed shouting shrill,
For now no more they deemed Achaia's sons
Would stay, but headlong on their black ships fall.
Poor fools! Two gallant champions in the gate
They found, of Lapithaean spearmen sons
High-couraged: of Pirithoüs one was born,
Stout Polypoetes named; Leonteus one,
In semblance as the war-god, mortals' bane.
Before the lofty gate those champions twain
Stood as two oaks upon the mountain stand
Rearing their heads on high, that through all time

G. H.
αἵ τ’ ἀνέμοι μίμνουσι καὶ ὑπὸν ἡματα πάντα,
μισθὸν μεγάλησι διηνεκέεσσ’ ἀραργὺαν·
ὡς ἄρα τῷ χείρεσσι πεποιθότες ἦδε βύηφιν
μίμνου ἐπερχόμενον μέγαν Ἀσιον, οὐδὲ φεβοντο.
οὗ δ’ ιδὺς πρὸς τεῖχος εὔδμητον, βόας αὐας
ὑψός’ ἀνασχόμενοι, ἐκιον μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ
Ἀσιον ἀμφὶ ἀνακτα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
Ἀσιάδην τ’ Ἀδάμαντα Θόωνα τ’ Οἰνόμαον τε.

оὗ δ’ ἦ τοι εἰῶς μὲν εὐκήμιδας Ἀχαιός
ὤρνυν εὐδῶν εόντες ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ νηῶν·
ἀντὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσυμένους εὐόνεσαν
Τρῶας, ἀτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχῆ τε φόβος τε,
ἐκ δὲ τῷ αἴξαντε πυλάων πρόσθε μαχέσθην,
ἀγροτέρωσι σύνεσει έουκότε, τῷ τ’ ἐν ὅρεσιν
ἀνδρῶν ἦδ’ κυνῶν δέχαται κολοσυρτὸν ἱόντα,
δοξίῳ τ’ αἴσσοντε περὶ σφίσι ἄγνυτον ὕλην,
πρυμνὴν εκτάμωντες, ὕπαλ δὲ τε κόμπος ὄδόντων
γόγυεται, εἰς δ’ κέ τίς τε βαλῶν ἐκ ὑμῶν ἠληταί.
ὡς τῶν κόμπει χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στῆθεσι φαεινὸς
ἀντην βαλλομένων’ μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἐμάχοντο,
λαοῖσιν καθύπερθε πεποιθότες ἦδε βύηφιν.

οὗ δ’ ἄρα χερμαδίοις εὐδμῆτων ἀπὸ πῦργων
βάλλουν, ἀμυνόμενοι σφῶν τ’ αὐτῶν καὶ κλισίαων
νηῶν τ’ ὁκυπτόρων. νιφάδες δ’ ὡς πίπτον ἐραζε,
ἀς τ’ ἀνέμοι ξαῆς, νεφεα σκιόεντα δονῆσας,
tαρφεῖας κατέχεοντες ἐπὶ χΘοὺν ποιολοβοτείρη.
ὡς τῶν ἐκ χειρῶν βήλας ρέον, ἤμεν Ἀχαιῶν
ἦδ’ καὶ ἐκ Τρῶων’ κόρυθες δ’ ἀμφ’ αὐνὸν ἀτενν
βαλλομέναι μυλάκεσσι καὶ ἀστίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.

δὴ ῥα τότ’ φύσιει καὶ ὁ πεπλήγγετο μηρῶ.
Bide brunt of wind and rain, by mighty roots
Far spreading through the soil full firmly set.
So these on hand and strength reliant bode
Great Asius as he came, and fled him not.
Straight for the well-built rampart came the foes,
Their bull's-hide targes hard raised o'er their heads,
With mighty shout, round Asius the king,
Iamensus, Orestes, Adamas
Of Asius son, Thoën, Ænomaiis.

Awhile the twain biding within had stirred
Achaia's well-greaved warriors to defend
Their ships; but when they saw the sons of Troy
Charge at the wall, and in the Danaan lines
Confused cries and panic fear arose,
Then forth they rushed and fought before the gates,
Like two wild boars, who in their mountain home
Await advancing rout of men and dogs;
And charging with a side-long rush they break
Snapt to the roots the copsewood all around;
And of their teeth the gnashing sound is heard,
Till to some hunter's stroke they yield their life:
So on the heroes' breasts the brazen mail
Rang 'neath the downright blows; for they did fight
Full stubbornly, reliant on their strength
And on the host that crowned the wall above.
These from the well-built towers hurled frequent stones,
Themselves, their tents, and swiftly-sailing ships
Defending. Thick as snow-flakes to the earth
Their missiles fell, flakes that a driving wind
Whirling the shadowy clouds sheds thick and fast
Upon all-nurturing earth: so from their hands,
Both Trojan and Achaian, streamed the shower.
And all around the helms and bossy shields
Beneath the pelting boulders rattled loud.
Then Asius son of Hyrtacus brake forth
With cry of woe, and both his thighs he smote,
"Ασιος 'Τρτακίδης, καὶ ἀλαστῆσας ἔπος ἡήδα:

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἥρα νὺ καὶ σὺ φιλοψευδὴς ἐτέτυξον πάγχυ μᾶλτ’ οὐ γὰρ ἔγω γε φάμην ἥρωας 'Άχαιοὺς σχήσειν ἰμέτερον γε μένοι καὶ χεῖρας ἀἄπτους. οἶ δ’, ὦς τε σφήκες μέσον αὐδοι τῇ μέλισσαι οἰκία ποιήσωνται ὄντε ἐπὶ πανταλοέσσῃ, οὔτε ἀπολείπουσιν κοιλὸν δόμου, ἀλλὰ μένοντες ἀνδρὰς θηρητῆρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων, ὥς οὖτ’ οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν πυλάων καὶ δῦν’ ἑόντες χάσσασθαι πρὶν γ’ ἧνε κατακτάμεν ἠδ’ ἀλώναι." ὥς ἐφατ’, οὖδὲ Διὸς πείθεν φρένα ταὐτ’ ἀγορεύων.

"Εκτορὶ γὰρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κύδος ὅρεξαι. ἀλλοι δ’ ἀμφ’ ἀλλησι μάχην ἐμάχωντο πύλησιν: ἀργαλεόν δὲ με ταῦτα θεὸν ὦς πάντ’ ἀγορεύσαι: πάντη γὰρ περὶ τεῖχος ὀρώρει θεσπίδαις πῦρ λάινον. 'Ἀργείοι δὲ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοι περ, ἀνάγκη νῆὼν ἡμύνοντο. θεοὶ δ’ ἀκαχήσατο θυμὸν πάντες, ὥσιν Δαναοῖς μάχης ἐπιτάρροθοι ἦσαν.

σὺν δ’ ἔβαλον Δατίθαι πόλεμον καὶ δημοτῆτα. ἐνθ’ αὖ Πειριδόου νῦν κρατερὸς Πολυποίης δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασου κυνῆς διὰ χαλκοπαρῆν. οὖδ’ ἄρα χαλκείς κόρυς ἐσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ διαπρὸ αἰχμὴ χαλκείς ρηξ’ ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ ἐνδοῦ ὅτι πεπάλακτο. ταμασσε δὲ μῖν μεμαώτα. αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα Πύλωνα καὶ 'Ορμενον ἐξενάριξεν.

νῦν δ’ 'Αντιμάχοιο Δεουτέους ὅξος 'Ἄρης Ἰππόμαχον βάλε δουρὶ, κατὰ ξωστῆρα τυχήσας. αὐτὸς δ’ ἐκ κολεοῦ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος οὖ Ἀντιφάτην μὲν πρῶτον, ἐπαίξας δὲ ὀμίλου, πλῆξ’ αὐτοσχεδίην· δ’ δ’ ἀρ’ ὕππιος οὖδει ἐρείσθη.
And thus in wrath indignant utterance found:
“O Father Zeus! thou too hast surely now
Turned thee to love a lie: for I had deemed
That these Achaian heroes would not check
Our onset bold and hands invincible;
But they, as supple-waisted wasps or bees,
Who by a rocky road their homes have made,
Nor leave their hollow dwelling, but abide
The hunter’s coming and defend their young,
So from the gates, tho’ twain alone they be,
They give no ground, but stand to slay or fall.”

So spake he; but won not the mind of Zeus
With these his words; for ’twas the Father’s will
Glory on none but Hector to bestow.
Others at other gates maintained the fight.
But ’twere a toilsome task, needing a god,
Should I tell all; for round the rampart rose
On every side a heaven-enkindled fire
Of stones; wherein the Argives, tho’ distrest,
Stood for their ships perforce; and sad at heart
Were all the gods who helped the Danaan arms.

But here the war and gathering combat led
Those Lapithaean twain. Pirithoüs’ son
Stout Polyopoetes here with flying spear
Smote Damasus right through the brazen helm
That fenced his cheeks; nor stayed for brazen casque
The brazen point, but through and onwards passed
And brake the bone; and all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
Then Pylon next he slew, and Ormenus.
Meanwhile Leonteus, Ares’ scion he,
Hippomachus son of Antimachus
Smote with a spear that lit upon his belt.
Then from the scabbard his keen sword he drew,
Rushed through the throng, and, closing with him, struck
Antiphates the first, who backward fell.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην πάντας ἐπασσυνέρους πέλασε χθονὶ ποιλυβοτείρη.

ὅφρ' οὐ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἐντεα μαρμαῖροντα,
tόφρ' οὐ Πουλυδάμαντι καὶ Ἐκτορι κόδροι ἔποντο,
οἱ πλείστοι καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα
tεῖχος τε ὅξειν καὶ ἐνυπρήσειν πυρὶ νῆας,
οἱ ρ̣' ἔτι μερμηρίζον ἐφεσταότες παρὰ τάφρῳ.

ὁρίνς γάρ σφιν ἐπῆλθε περησέμεναι μεμαώσων,
αιτοὺς ὑψιτέτης ἐπ' ἄριστερὰ λαδὺ ἔεργων,
φοινίντα δράκοντα φέρων ὄνυχεσσι πέλωρον
ζῶν, ἐτ' ἀσπαίροντα· καὶ οὐ πώ λήθετο χάρμης.
κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ δειρήν
ιδωθεὶς ὁπίσω. ὁ δ' ἀπὸ ἔθεν ἤκε χαμάξε
ἀλγήσας ὄνυμης, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ καββαλ' ὁμίλῳ,
αὐτὸς δὲ κλάγξας πέτετο πνοῆς ἀνέμοιο.

Τρωὴς δὲ ὤγησαν, ὅπως ἴδον αἰῶλον ὅφιν
ceίμενον ἐν μέσσοις, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.

ὁι τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἐκτορα ἐπὶ παραστάς·

"Ἐκτορ, ἀεὶ μὲν πῶς μοι ἐπιπλῆσσεις ἀγορῆσιν
ἐσθλὰ φραζομένῳ: ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ ἐοικεν
ὅμον ἐόντα παρέξ ἀγορενέμεν, οὐτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ
οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ, σὸν δὲ κράτος αἰὲν ἀέξειν

νῶν αὐτ' ἐξερέω ὃς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.

μὴ ἱομεν Δαναοίς μαχησόμενοι περὶ νηών.

ὦδε γὰρ ἐκτελέσσατι οὔσμαι, εἰ ἐτεόν γε
Τρωσίν ὦδ' ὅρνις ἤλθε περησέμεναι μεμαώσων,
αιτοὺς ὑψιτέτης ἐπ' ἄριστερὰ λαδὺ ἔεργων,
φοινίντα δράκοντα φέρων ὄνυχεσσι πέλωρον.
Upon the ground: then in succession swift
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenes,
Upon the fruitful earth he laid full low.
While they from these their glittering armour stripped,
Followed with Hector and Polydamas
Meanwhile a troop of youths, most numerous they
And bravest, and of all most hotly bent
To break the rampart down and fire the ships.
Who standing at the trench were yet in doubt:
For came to them in eager haste to cross
A bird, a soaring eagle, toward the left,
Parting their host midway, bearing a snake
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive,
Still struggling, nor forgetful yet of might.
For curling back he struck his ravisher,
Quick darting at his breast, beside his throat,
Who dropt him to the ground, stung with sharp pain,
Flinging him in mid throng, then with a scream
Adown the wafting breezes winged his way.
Shuddering the Trojans saw the writhing snake
Lie in their midst, of aegis-bearing Zeus
The portent dire. Then straight Polydamas
Spake to bold Hector, by whose side he stood:
"Hector, thou alway in assembly chid'st
My words of wholesome wit: for 'tis unmeet
(So thinkest thou) for common man to speak
Beside thy aims, in council or in war;
But we must still support thy sovereign might.
Yet now again what seems me best I say.
Go we not on to fight the Danaan host
Who guard their ships: for thus, I ween, will end
Our venture—if indeed this bird of fate
Came to the Trojans while in eager haste
To cross, a soaring eagle, toward the left,
Parting our host midway, bearing a snake
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive;
ζωών· ἀφαρ δ’ ἀφέηκε πάρος φίλα οἰκί' ἰκέσθαι,
οὗδ’ ἐτέλεσε φέρων δόμειαν τεκέεσσι ἐδίσων.
ὡς ἡμεῖς, εἰ πέρ τε πύλας καὶ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν ῥηξόμεθα σθένει μεγάλῳ, εἵξωσι δ’ Ἀχαιοί,
οὐ κόσμῳ παρὰ ναῦφιν ἐλευσόμεσθ’ αὐτὰ κέλευθα’
πολλοὺς γὰρ Τρῶων καταλείψομεν, οὖς κεν Ἀχαιῶν
χαλκῷ δηώσουσιν, ἀμυνόμενοι περὶ νηῶν.
ὡδὲ χ’ ύποκρίνατο θεοπρόπος, ὃς σάφα θυμὸ
εἰδείη τεράων καὶ οἱ πειθοίατο λαοί.”

tὸν δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολοσ’ Ἐκτωρ’ 230
“Πουλύδαμαν, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτι ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ’ ἀγορεύεις·
οἰσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦτε νοήσαι.
eἰ δ’ ἐτεδό δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
ἐξ ἀρα δή τοι ἐπείτα θεοὶ φρένας ἠλέσαν αὐτοί,
ὡς κέλεαι Ζηνὸς μὲν ἐριγιδούποιο λαβέσθαι
βουλέων, ὡς τέ μοι αὐτὸς ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν:
tύπη δ’ οἰωνοὶς τανυπτερύγεσσι κελεύεις
πείθεσθαι, τῶν οὐ τι μετατρέπομ’ οὐδ’ ἀλεγίζω,
eἰ τ’ ἐπὶ δεξὶ’ ἰώσι πρὸς ἥ’ ἢ’ ἡ’ ἠ’ λι’ τε,
eἰ τ’ ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ τοῖς γε ποτὶ ζῷον ἥραεντα.
ἡμεῖς δὲ μεγάλου Δίως πειθόμεθα βουλῆ,
ος πᾶσιν θυτοῖς καὶ ἀθανάτοις ἀνάσσει.
eἰς οἰωνὸς ἀριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.
tίπτε σὺ δεῖδοικας πόλεμον καὶ ἰδιοτῆτα;
eἰ περ γὰρ τ’ ἄλλοι γε περικτεινόμεθα πάντες
νησιὼν ἐπ’ Ἀργείων, σοι δ’ οὐ δέος ἐστ’ ἀπολέσθαι
οὐ γὰρ τοῖς κραδῷ μενεδήμος οὐδὲ μαχημον.
eἰ δὲ σὺ δηιοτῆτος ἀφέξεαι, ἥ’ τιν’ ἄλλον
παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις πολέμοιο,
αὐτίκ’ ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δοῦρι τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσεις.”

ὡς ἀρα φωνήσας Ἡγήσατο, τοι δ’ ἀμ’ ἐποντο
Which yet he sudden dropt or e'er he came
To his beloved nest, nor to the end
Bare on, nor gave the booty to his brood—
So we, tho' gates and wall with mighty strength
We break amain, and tho' Achaians yield,
Shall in no seemly wise come from these ships
The self-same way; for many a son of Troy
We there shall leave, whom in their ships' defence
Achaia's warriors with the sword shall slay.
So would a seer interpret, skilled in lore
Of portents, whom his people would believe."

But plumèd Hector with stern glance replied:
"Polydamas, I like not now thy words.
Other and better speech by far than this
Thou knowest to devise. Or, if indeed
These be thy earnest words, then of a truth
The very gods have clean destroyed thy wits:
Who biddest me forget the will of Zeus
Loud thundering king—all that himself did pledge
And by his nod confirm. But thou dost bid
A blind belief in birds of spreading wing:
Whom I nor heed nor reck of, fly they east
Toward the right and seek the morning sun,
Or towards the left and misty western gloom.
Obey we now the will of mighty Zeus,
O'er mortals all and o'er immortals king.
One bird is best, to fight for fatherland.
And why at war and conflict tremblest thou?
For, tho' we others at the Argive ships
Be all around thee slain, yet fear not thou
To perish, for no heart to wait the foe
Or dare the fight is thine. Yet, if thou skulk
Away from conflict, or by words persuade
And turn back others from the work of war,
My spear at once shall strike and reave thy life."

With that he led the way: they followed on
η'χ'η θεσπεσίη. ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος ὁρσεν ἀπ' Ἰδαιῶν ὁρέων ἀνέμου θυέλλαν, ἦ δὲ ἱθὺς νηῶν κονίην φέρεν' αὐτὰρ Ἀχαίῶν θέλγε νόον, Τρωσίν δὲ καὶ Ἡκτορὶ κόδος ὀπαζεν. 255
tοὐ περὶ δὴ τεράσσι πεποιθότες ἦδὲ βήφιν ῥήγνυσθαι μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαίων πειρήτιζον.
cρόσσας μὲν πύργων ἔρυνοι, καὶ ἐρείπον ἐπάλξεις, στήλας τε προβλήτας ἐμόχλεον, ἃς ἂρ Ἀχαιῶν πρῶτας ἐν γαίῃ θέσαν ἐμεναί ἐχματα πῦργων. 260
ταῖς οὐ γ' ἀνέρυνον, ἐλπιντὸ δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαίων ῥήξειν. οὐδὲ νῦ πω Δαναὸι χάζοντο κελεῦθον,
ἀλλ' ο' γ' ἐράνοισι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλξεις βάλλον ἀπ' αὐτῶν δηλοὺς ὑπὸ τεῖχος ἱόντας. 265
ἀμφοτέρω δ' Ἀιαντε κελευτίων' ἐπὶ πῦργων πάντοσε φοινήτην, μένος ὄτρυνοντες Ἀχαίων.
ἀλλου μειλήχλως ἄλλον στερεός ἐπέεσσων νείκουν, ὅν τινα πάγχυ μάχης μεθέντα ἤδοεν 270
"ὁ χηλοί, Ἀργείων ὅς τ' ἔξοχος ὅς τε μεσής ὅς τε χερειότερος, ἐπεὶ οὐ πω πάντες ὁμοίων ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἐπλετο ἔργον ἀπασιν καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τόδε πον γυγνώσκετε. μὴ τις ὅπισθω τετράφθω προτῆ νῆας ὁμοκλητήρος ἀκούσας,
ἀλλὰ πρόσοσ ἱεσθε καὶ ἄλληλοισι κέλεσθε, αἰ κε Ζεὺς δόξησιν ὤλυππιοσ ἀστεροπητῆς 275
νείκος ἀπωσαμένους δηλοὶς προτῆ ἄστυ δίεσθαί." ὁς τὸ γ' προβοῶντε μάχην ὄτρυνον Ἀχαίων.
tῶν δ', ὡς τε νυφάδες χίωνος πιπτωσι θαμεῖαι ἥματι χειμερίῳ, ὅτε τ' ὁρετο μητιέτα Ζεὺς
νυφέμεν, ἀνθρώποισι πιφανσκόμενος τὰ ἄ κῆλα' 280
With wondrous shout. But Zeus the lightning-lord
From Ida's heights a storm-wind roused, that drove
Straight for the ships the dust: and thus the sire
Made weak the spirit of Achaia's sons,
But gave renown to Hector and to Troy.
Bold in his portents and their own strong arms
These strove to breach Achaia's mighty wall,
As at the stony courses of the towers
They tugged, and tore the battlements adown,
Heaving with levers at the buttresses,
Those jutting piles set by Achaian hands
In front, and fast in earth, to shore the towers.
At these they tugged with hope to breach the wall.
Nor did the Danaans yet give ground, but lined
The battlements with fence of ox-hide shields,
Wherefrom they plied with missile shower their foes
As 'neath the wall they came. And on the towers,
Urging them on, strode ever to and fro
The Ajaces twain and roused Achaian might.
Soft words to one they gave, one sternly chid,
Whomso all negligent of fight they saw:
"O friends, O Argives, rated howsoever,
Or high, or low, or middle—since in war
Never were all men equal—now is work
For all alike; and this, I ween, ye know
E'en of yourselves. Disheartening counsellor
Let no man hear and backward to the ships
Turn him, but press ye forward, and urge on
Each one his friend: so may the lightning-lord
Olympian Zeus vouchsafe us to repel
Assault, and chase our foemen to their town."
Thus they with shout Achaia's battle roused.
And as the falling flakes come thick and fast
Upon a winter's day, when Zeus all-wise
Bestirreth him to snow, his feathered shafts
To mortals dealing forth—He lulls the wind
κοιμήσας δ' ἀνέμους χεῖε ἐμπεδοῦν, ὀφρα καλύψῃ ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφᾶς καὶ πρόωνας ἀκροὺς καὶ πεδία λωτοῦντα καὶ ἀνδρῶν πίονα ἔργα, καὶ τ' ἐφ' ἀλὸς πολιής κέχυται λιμέσιν τε καὶ ἀκταῖς, κύμα δὲ μιν προσπλάξον ἐρύκεται· ἀλλὰ δὲ πάντα εἰλύναται καθύπερθ', ὅτ' ἐπιβρίση Δίως ὁμβρος· ὥσ τῶν ἀμφοτέρωσε λίθοι πωτῶντο θαμεῖαι, αἰ μὲν ἀρ' ἐς Τρῶας, αἰ δ' ἐκ Τρώων ἐς 'Αχαιῶν, βαλλομένων' τὸ δὲ τεῖχος ὑπὲρ πᾶν δοῦπος ὀρῷει.

οὐδ' ἀν πω τότε γε Τρῶες καὶ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ τείχεος ἔρρηξαντο πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχή, εἰ μὴ ἀρ' νιὸν ἐδυν Σαρπηδόνα μητίετα Ζεύς ὁρσεν ἐπ' 'Αργείουσι, λέονθ' ὡς βουσὶ ἐλείζων. αὐτίκα δ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθε σχέτο πάντοσ' εἶσιν καλὴν χαλκεὶν ἐξήλιατον, ἣν ἀρα χαλκεὺς ἡλασεν, ἐντοσθεν δὲ βοείας ράψε θαμείας χρυσεῖης ράβδουσι διηνεκέσιν περὶ κύκλων. τὴν ἀρ' ὅ γε πρόσθε σχομένοι, δῦο δούρε τινᾶσσων, βῆ ῥ' ὑμεν ὡς τε λέων ὁρεσίτροφος, ὅσ τ' ἐπίδευσή δηρὸν ἐγ' κρειῶν, κέλεται δὲ ἐ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ μῆλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἐλθεῖν, εἰ περ γάρ χ' εὑρησί παραντόθι βῶτορας ἀνδρὰς σὺν κυσὶ καὶ δούρεσσι φυλάσσοντας περὶ μῆλα, οὐ ρά τ' ἀπείρητος μέμονε σταθμοῖο δίεσθαι, ἀλλ' ὁ γ' ἀρ' ἥ ἡρπαξε μετάλμενος ἢ καὶ αὐτὸς ἔβλητ' ἐν πρώτους θοῖς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀκοντι. ὡς ρα τότ' ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνήκειν τείχος ἐπαίξαι διὰ τε ρήξασθαι ἐπάλξεις.

αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδ' Ἰππολόχου.
And ever pours apace, till he enshroud
The lofty mountain peaks and jutting bluffs
And clovery meads and fruitful tilth of man,
And of the hoary sea each bay and beach
Is overspread, the lapping wave alone
Checking the snowy fringe, all else in white
Mantled beneath the Father's heavy storm:
So thick and fast the double stone-shower flew:
Stones on the Trojans from Achaian hands,
Stones from the Trojans: frequent rained the blows,
And loud o'er all the rampart rose the din.

But glorious Hector and the sons of Troy
The rampart gates, secured with mighty bar,
Not yet e'en then had broken; had not Zeus,
Wise counsellor, against the Argives roused
Sarpedon his own son, as lion roused
'Gainst kine of curling horn. His orb'd shield
Forthwith he held before him, fair to view,
Faced by the smith with beaten plates of brass,
With frequent ox-hide folds within knit close,
Fast clamped by golden bands that compassed all
Its ample round. Before him this he held,
And brandishing two lances took his way:
Keen as a lion mountain-bred, whom long
Fasting perforce from flesh his spirit bold
Now bids invade the flock and scale the walls
That close the fold—for though he find therein
Herdsmen with dogs and spears who guard the sheep,
He brooks not without trial from the yard
Back to be driven; but either leaping in
Bears off a prey, or 'mid their foremost ranks
Is struck by javelin from an active hand—
So then Sarpedon, godlike wight, was stirred
To charge upon the wall, and break amain
The battlements. And straightway thus he spake
To Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus:
"Γλαῦκε, τὴν δὴ νῦν τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα ἐδρῆ τε κρέασιν τε ἰδὲ πλέοις δεπάσεσιν ἐν Δυνίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοῦς ὡς εἰσορόσωςι, καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθου παρ' ὁχθας καλὸν φυταλῆς καὶ ἀρουρῆς πυροφόρου; τῷ νῦν χρὴ Δυνίοισι μέτα πρώτοτιν ἐόντας ἐστάμεν ἢδὲ μάχης καυστερῆς ἀντιβολῆσαι, ὁφρα τις ὁδ' ἔπη Δυνίων πῦκα θωρηκτάων' 'οὐ μὴν ἀκληεῖς Δυνίην κάτα κούρανέουσιν ἤμετεροι βασιλῆς, ἐδούσι τε πίονα μῆλα οἰνὸν τ' ἕξαιτον μελιηδέα' ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ἦς ἐσθλῆ, ἐπεὶ Δυνίοισι μέτα πρώτοτιν μάχονται.' ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγότες αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρῳ τ' ἀθανάτῳ τε ἐσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοτι μαχοίμην οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν' νῦν δ' (ἐμπῆς γὰρ κήρες ἐφεστάσιν θανάτῳ μυρίαι, ὡς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτον οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι) ἱομεν, ἥ τω εὐχος ὁρέξομεν ἥ τις ἡμῖν." ὃς ἑφατ', οὐδὲ Γλαῦκος ἀπετράπτετ' οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν' τῷ δ' ἴδιος βῆτην Δυνίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντες. τοὺς δὲ ἴδων ρήγησ' νῦς Πετεώδο Μενεσθεὺς' τοῦ γὰρ δὴ πρὸς πῦργον ἵσαν κακότητα φέροντες. πάπτησεν δ' ἀνὰ πῦργον 'Αχαιῶν εἰ τιν' ἴδοιτο ἡγεμόνων, ὡς τις οἱ ἄρην ἐτάρασιν ἀμύναι' ἐς δ' ἐνόησ' Ἀἴαντε δύω, πολέμου ἀκορήτω, ἐσταότας, Τεῦκρον τε νέον κλισίθεν ιόντα. ἐγγύθεν. ἀλλ' οὐ πῶς οἱ ἔναν βῶσαντι γεγονέιν' τόσσος γὰρ κτύπος ἤεν, αὐτῇ δ' οὐρανῶν ἰκεν,
"O Glaucus, wherefore do we twain receive
Especial honours in the Lycian land—
High seat, large mess, full cups? Wherefore to us
Look all as if to gods? Why own we too
By Xanthus' bank a wide domain and fair
Of planted vineyard and wheat-laden land?
For this 'mid Lycia's foremost now 'tis meet
We stand, nor shun to face the burning fight:
That of the stout-mailed Lycians each may say:
'Not all inglorious rule in Lycia's land
Our kings, who eat the fatlings of our flocks
And drink the choicest of our honeyed wine.
But surely now a goodly strength is theirs:
For see, 'mid Lycia's foremost men they fight.'
 Truly, my sweetest friend, if thou and I,
This battle once escaped, could then live on
Eternal, never-dying, ever young,
Neither myself would 'mid the foremost fight,
Nor stir thee to the man-ennobling fray.
But now—for fates of death, whate'er we do,
Stand threatening near—a multitudinous host
That mortal man may not escape or shun—
Go we: to other's glory or our own!"

So spake he; nor did Glaucus turn him back
Or disobey. Straight onward strode the twain
Leading the mighty host of Lycian men.
Whom when Menestheus son of Peteos saw,
He shuddered; for against his tower they came
Bearing disaster. Anxious gaze he cast
Along the Achaian wall, if he might spy
Some chief, to save his comrades from their bane:
And soon he marked where stood the Ajaces twain,
Insatiate they of war, and from his tent
Teucer but now come forth. Not far were they;
Yet could his shout not reach their ear—so loud
The crash and rattle; rose to heaven the noise
βαλλομένων σακέων τε καὶ ἵπποκόμων τρυφαλειῶν καὶ πυλέων' πᾶσαι γὰρ ἐπώχατο, τοὶ δὲ κατ' αὖτας ἱστάμενοι πειρῶντο βίῃ ρήξαντες ἐσελθεῖν. 

άψα δ' ἐπ' Ἀιαντα προῖν κήρυκα Θοῶτην· ἔρχεο, διὲ Θοῶτα, θέων Αἰαντα κάλεσον, ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὁ γὰρ κ' ὁχ' ἀριστον ἀπάντων εἰν, ἐπεὶ τάχα τῇδε τετευξεῖται αὐτὸς ὀλεθρος. ὧδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Δυκίων ἄγοι, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ ἦχρηεις τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερᾶς ύσμίνας. εἰ δὲ σφιν καὶ κεῖθι πόνος καὶ νείκος ὀρωρεν, ἀλλὰ περ οἴος ἐτὼ Τελαμώνιος ἀλκιμος Αἰας, καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἀμα σπέσθω τόξων εὐ εἰδῶς.”

ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀρα οἱ κήρυξι ἀπίθησεν ἄκούσας, βῆ δὲ θέεν παρὰ τεῖχος Ἀχαῖων χαλκοχυτῶν, στῇ δὲ παρ' Αἰαντεσσι κιών, εἴθαρ δὲ προσθύδα· "Αἰαντ’ Ἀργεῖων ἡγήτορε χαλκοχυτῶν, ἦνὼγει Πετεώδ διοτρέφεος φίλος νίος κεῖσ’ ὄμεν, ὄφρα πόνοιο μίνυνθά περ ἀντιασθν, ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὁ γὰρ κ' ὁχ' ἀριστον ἀπάντων εἰν, ἐπεὶ τάχα κεῖθι τετευξεῖται αὐτὸς ὀλεθρος. ὧδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν Δυκίων ἄγοι, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ ἦχρηεις τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερᾶς ύσμίνας. εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε περ πόλεμος καὶ νείκος ὀρωρεν, ἀλλὰ περ οἴος ἐτὼ Τελαμώνιος ἀλκιμος Αἰας, καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἀμα σπέσθω τόξων εὐ εἰδῶς.”

ὡς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἰας. αὐτίκ’ Ὀιλιάδην ἐπεα πτερόευτα προσθύδα: “Αἰαν, σφῶι μὲν αὕθι, σὺ καὶ κρατερὸς Δυκομήδης, ἐσταότες Δαναοὺς ὀτρύνετε ἢ φι μάχεσθαι.”
Of blows upon the shields, upon the helms
Horse-plumed, upon the gates, which all were shut,
And foemen at them stood, striving by force
To break and enter in. To Ajax then
A herald sent he forth, Thoötes named:
"Godlike Thoötes, hie thee, run and call
Ajax, or rather both who bear the name:
For that were best of all; since here full soon
There will be wrought on us destruction dire:
So heavy here the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if they too have toil and battle there,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake: the herald heard the chieftain's word
Nor disobeyed; but running passed along
The rampart of Achaia's mail-clad men,
And by th' Ajaces stood, and straight addrest:
"Ye leaders of the mail-clad Argive host,
Ajaces twain, thus bids you the dear son
Of Zeus-born Peteos, that ye thither go
To bear, awhile at least, a share of toil:
Both of ye he would have—far better so—
For there will soon be wrought destruction dire,
So heavy there the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if ye too have strife and battle here,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake: nor did great Ajax disobey,
The Telamonian; but Oileus' son
Straightway with wingèd words he thus addrest:
"Ajàx, do thou with Diomèdes stout
Stand here, and urge ye both the Danaan host
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντίων πολέμου.
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὕτις, ἐπὶν εὗ τοῖς ἐπαμύνω.”

ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
καὶ οἱ Τεύκρος ἀμ' ἤε κασίγνητος καὶ ὀπατρος·
τοῖς δ' ἀμα Πανδίων Τεύκρου φέρε καμπύλα τόξα.
εὺτε Μενεσθῆσος μεγαθύμου πύργον ἱκοντο
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἰόντες· ἐπευγομένωισι δ' ἱκοντο,
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ἐπάλξεις βαϊών ἐρεμὴν λαῖλαπι ἵσοι,
ὑθίμοι Δυκίων ἡγήτορες ἢδὲ μέδουτες:
σὺν δ' ἐβάλοντο μάχεσθαι ἐναντίον, ὄρτο δ' ἀὕτη.

Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Σαρπῆδοντος ἐταύρον Ἑπικλῆῃ μεγάθυμου,
μαρμάρῳ ὄκρισεντ βαλῶν, ὁ ρά τείχεος ἐντὸς
κεῖτο μέγας παρ' ἐπαλξιν ὑπέρτατος· ουδὲ κέ μιν ρέα
χελρεσ' ἀμφοτέρης ἔχοι ἀνήρ, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,
oioν νῦν βροτοι εἰσ'. ὁ δ' ἅρ' ψόθεν ἐμβαλ' ἄειρας,
θλάσσε δὲ τετράφαλον κυνέην, ξυν δ' ὅστε' ἄραξεν
πάντ' ἀμωδις κεφαλῆς· ὁ δ' ἅρ' ἀρνευτήρι εὐικῶς
κάππεσ' ἄφ' ψηλοῦ πύργον, λίπε δ' ὅστεα θυμός.
Τεύκρος δὲ Γλαυκὸν κρατερὸν παῖδ' Ἰππολόχου
ἰῷ ἐπεσεϋμενον βάλε τείχεος ψηλοῖο,
ἤ ἡδε γυμνωθέντα βραχίονα, παύσε δὲ χάρμης.
ἀψί δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἀλτὸ λάθων, ἦνα μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν
βλήμενον ἀθρήσει καὶ εὐχετώτῳ ἐπεσειν.
Σαρπῆδοντι δ' ἄχος γένετο Γλαύκου ἀπίόντος,
αὐτίκ' ἐπεὶ τ' ἐνόησεν· ὄμως δ' οὐ λήθετο χάρμης,
ἀλλ' ὁ γε Θεστορίδην 'Αλκμάονα δουρὶ τυχήτας
νῦς', ἐκ δὲ σπάσεν ἔχος· ὃ δὲ σπόμενος πέσε δουρὶ
To fight amain. But I will yonder go
And of the battle meet my share, and quick
Return when I have borne them saving aid.”

So spake great Ajax, son of Telamon,
And went his way: and with him Teucer went,
Brother and father’s son; and with the twain
Pandion, bearing Teucer’s curvèd bow.
Within the wall they past, and when they reached
High-souled Menestheus’ tower—whom with his men
Sore pressed they found, for ’gainst the battlements
The stalwart Lycian kings and captains came
Like a dark-lowering storm-cloud—facing these
They closed in fight, and loud arose the cry.

There first did Ajax son of Telamon
A foeman slay: Sarpedon’s comrade true
High-souled Epicles. With a rugged stone
He struck him—with a stone that lay atop
Hard by the battlement, within the wall.
Not lightly, tho’ in fullest manhood’s prime,
Would any with both hands sustain such stone,
As mortals now are born; but high in air
Ajax upheaved and threw it, and brake in
The four-plumed helm, and of the head within
Crushed all the bones. Like diver down he fell
From the high tower, and life forsook his bones.
Then Teucer smote from off the lofty wall
Glaucus stout scion of Hippolochus
As on he rushed, with arrow, where he spied
The arm left bare, and stayed him from the fray.
He from the wall leapt back unmarked, that none
Of his Achaian foes might spy his wound
And speak proud boast. Sad was Sarpedon then
For Glaucus gone, soon as he marked the loss,
Yet not forgat the fray; but thrust with spear
And pierced Alcmaon Thestor’s son, then drew;
And following on the lance prone fell the man,
πρηνής, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βράχει τεῦχεα ποικίλα χαλκώ. Σαρπηδῶν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπαλξίν ἐλὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῆσιν ἔλχη. ἦ δ᾽ ἔσπετο πᾶσα διαμπερές, αὐτὰρ ὑπὲρθεν τεῖχος ἐγυμνώθη, πολέεσσι δὲ θήκε κέλευθον.

τὸν δ᾽ Αἰας καὶ Τεῦκρος ὁμαρτήσαντ' ὦ μὲν ἢ ὑβεβλήκει τελαμώνα περὶ στήθεσσι φαειών ἀσπίδας ἀμφιβρότης. ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς κῆρας ἀμμυνὲν παιδὸς έοῦ, μὴ νησίν ἐπὶ πρυμνῆσι δαμείῃ. 

Αἰας δ᾽ ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμενος, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ ἠλύθεν ἐγχείη, στυφέλιζε δὲ μὴ μεμαδτα. 

χώρησεν δ᾽ ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπάλξιος. οὐδ᾽ ὦ γε πάμπαν χάζετ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἐέλπητο κύδος ἀρέσθαι. 

κέκλετο δ᾽ ἀντιθέουσι ἐλιξάμενος Λυκίοισιν. 

"ο λύκιοι, τί τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὀδε μεθίετε θοῦριδος ἀλκῆς; ἀργαλέον δὲ μοὶ ἐστί, καὶ ἤφθιμο περ ἑοντι, μούνψ ῥηξαμένῃ θέσθαι παρὰ νησὶ κέλευθον. 

ἀλλ᾽ ἐφομαρτῆτε πλεόνων τοι ἔργον ἀμεινον." 

ὡς ἐφαι', οὐ δὲ ἀνακτὸς υποδείσαντες ὀμοκλήν μᾶλλον ἐπέβρισαν βουληφόρον ἀμφὶ ἀνακτα. 

'Αργείοι δ᾽ ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας τεῖχεος ἐντοσθεν. μεγα δὲ σφισι φαύνετο ἔργον' οὔτε γὰρ ἤφθιμοι Λύκιοι Δαναῖῶν ἐδύναντο τεῖχος ῥηξάμενοι θέσθαι παρὰ νησὶ κέλευθον, οὔτε ποτ᾽ αἰχμηταὶ Δαναὸι Λυκίους ἐδύναντο τεῖχεος ἄψ ὠσασθαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ πρῶτα πέλασθεν. 

ἀλλ᾽ ὡς τ᾽ ἀμψ οὕροις δ᾽ ἀνέρε δηριασθον, μετρ᾽ ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες, ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρόυρη, ὥ τ᾽ ὀλίγῳ ἐν χώρῳ ἐρίζητον περὶ ὕσης, ὡς ἄρα τοὺς διέεργον ἐπάλξεις. οὐ δ᾽ ὑπὲρ αὐτέων δήνου ἀλλήλων ἀμψ στήθεσαι βοείας, ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισῆλα τε πτερόεντα.
ILIAD XII.

Whose rich-wrought brazen arms around him rang.
Then with strong hands laid on the battlement
Sarpedon tugged. Yielding throughout entire
It came away, and left the wall above
All bare, an open path for many a foe.

But on Sarpedon twain at once made charge,
Ajax and Teucer. With an arrow one
Smote on his breast the shining belt that bare
His shield the body's ample guard, but Zeus
From his own son kept off the fates of death,
Nor suffered then by the ships' sterns to fall.
But Ajax leapt upon him with the lance
And dealt a thrust, yet pierced not through his shield,
But staggered him all eager, that he shrank
Back from the battlement a little space;
But not retired downright: for still his soul
Hoped to achieve him glory. Round he turned,
And to the godlike Lycians shouted loud:
"Lycians, why slack ye thus your furious might?
Too hard for me the task, how stout soe'er,
Alone beside these ships to breach a way.
Nay, follow on: more hands make better work."

He spake: they at his chiding awed pressed round
Their king and counsellor in heavier throng.
And on the other side within the wall
The Argives strengthened well their squares: and great
The work now seen. For neither Lycians stout
Could by the ships breach through the Danaan wall
A way, nor Danaan spearmen from the wall
Drive back the Lycians, when they once drew near.
But as two neighbours for their bounds contend,
With measuring rods in hand, on common ground,
Who in a narrow plot debate their right,
So these, with battlements between; o'er which
Each on the others' breasts the ox-hide shields
Full-orbed they hacked, and wicker targets light.
πολλοί δ' οὐτάζοντο κατὰ χρόνα νηλεύ ιχαλκῷ, ἡμέν ὅτε ὁ στρεφθέντι μετάφρενα γυμνωθείη μαρναμένων, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀσπίδος αὐτὴς. πάντη δὴ πῦργοι καὶ ἐπάλξεις αἵματι φωτῶν ἐρράδατ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπὸ Τρώων καὶ 'Αχαιῶν. ἀλλ' οὖν ὅς ἐδύναντο φόβον ποιήσαι 'Αχαιῶν, ἀλλ' ἔχου, ὅς τε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνήτις ἀληθής, ἢ τε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἰρικον ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει ἵσαζον', ἵνα παισίν ἄεικέα μισθὸν ἄρηται.

ὡς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἵσα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε, πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κύδος ὑπέρτερον "Εκτορι δῶκεν Πριαμίδη, ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τείχος 'Αχαιῶν.

ἡμεῖς δὲ διαπρύσιον, Τρώεσσι γεγονός:
"Ὀμνυσθ', ἵπποδαμοι Τρώεσ, ῥήμυνσθε δὲ τείχος 'Αργεῖων, καὶ νημοῖν ἐνίετε θεσπίδαες πῦρ."

ὡς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οὐ δ' οὐαστε πάντες ἀκονων, ἵθυσαν δ' ἐπὶ τείχος ἀολλεές. οὐ μὲν ἐπειτα κροσσάων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχημένα δοῦρατ' ἔχουντες, "Εκτωρ δ' ἀρτάξας λᾶνν φέρεν, ὅς ὅς πυλάων ἐστήκει πρόσθεν, πρυμνὸς παχύς, αὐτὰρ ὑπέρθεν δὲ ἐν. τὸν δ' οὐ κε δ' ἀνέρε δήμου ἀρίστω ῥηίδως ἐπ' ἀμαξαν ἀπ' οὔθεος χλῆσειαν, οἴοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσ'. δ' δὲ μίν ρεά πάλλε καὶ οἶος. τὸν οὐ ἐλαφρὸν ἑθήκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομῆτεω. ὡς δ' ὅτε ποιμὴν ἑσείς φέρει πόκου ἀρσενοι οἶος χειρὶ λαβῶν ἐτέρη, ὄλγον δὲ μιν ἀχθος ἐπείγει, ὡς "Εκτωρ ἰδὺς σανίδων φέρε λᾶνν ἀείρας, οὐ̓ ὅς πυλὰς εἵρυντο πῦκα στιβαρῶς ἀραινιᾶς, δικλίδας υψηλᾶς' δοιοὶ δ' ἐντοσθεν ὁχῖες.
And many bodies by the ruthless blade
Were wounded, if a fighter turned him round
And bared his back, and many through the shield
By downright blow: and everywhere the towers
And battlements with blood of either host,
Of Troy and of Achaia, reeking streamed.
Nor could the stormers turn the Achaian foe:
But steady still they stood, as are the scales
In woman's hand, some honest working dame,
Who holding weight and wool adjusts the twain
To hang in equal poise, that she may earn
A poor scant hire to feed her little ones.
So nicely balanced hung the strife of war:
Till Zeus at last superior glory gave
To Hector Priam's son, who first leapt in
Within the Achaian wall. He now sent forth
A thrilling shout to all the sons of Troy:
"Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans! breach the wall,
And set the ships ablaze with fire divine."
He spake to spur them on; they all gave ear:
And at the wall in mass they rushed, then clomb
The stony courses, bearing pointed spears.
But Hector seized and onward bore a stone
That stood before the gates, broad-based below
But sharp above—which not two men the best
Of all their tribe had without toil upheaved
From off the ground to place upon a wain,
As mortals now are born—yet he alone
Swung it with ease aloft, so light to him
By crooked-counseled Cronos' son 'twas made.
And as a shepherd lifts and bears with ease
A ram's fleece in one hand, and is but pressed
By little burden, so bore Hector then
The lifted stone straight for the panelled wood
That strengthened well the close and firm-framed gates
Double and lofty, by two crossing bars
 eiusque ἐπημοιβοί, μία δὲ κληίς ἔπαρθη. 
στὴ δὲ μᾶλ' ἐγγὺς Ἰών, καὶ ἐρεισάμενος βάλε μέσσας, 
εὐ διαβάς, ἵνα μὴ οἱ ἀφαυρότερον βέλος εἴη, 
ῥῆξε δ' ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρους θαιρούς. πέσε δὲ λίθος εἶσω 
βριθοσύνη, μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ πῦλαι μύκον, οὖδ' ἄρ' ὀχῆς 460 
ἔσχεθετιν, σανίδες δὲ διέτμαγεν ἀλλυδις ἀλλη 
λᾶος ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς. δ' δ' ἄρ' ἐσθορε φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ 
νυκτὶ θοῆ ἀτάλαντος ύπώπτια. λάμπε δὲ χαλκῷ 
σμερδαλέω, τὸν ἔστο περὶ χροῖ, δοιὰ δὲ χερσίν 
δοῦρ' ἔχεν. οὐ κέν τίς μιν ἑρύκακεν ἀντιβολήσας 
νόσφι θεών, ὅτ' ἔσαλτο πῦλας· πυρὶ δ' ὁσσε δεδήει. 465 
κέκλετο δὲ Τρώεσσι ἐλιξάμενος καθ' ὦμιλον 
teῖχος ύπερβαίνειν τολ δ' ὀτρύνοντι πίθουτο. 
αὐτίκα δ' οὐ μὲν τεῖχος ύπέρβασαν, οὐ δὲ κατ' αὐτάς 
ποιητᾶς ἑσέχυντο πῦλας. Δαναὸι δὲ φόβηθεν 470 
vῆς ἀνά γλαφυρὰς, ὀμαδὸς δ' ἀλίαστος ἑτύχθη.
Within secured, in which one bolt was shot.
Right near he went, and stood, then planted firm
At the gates' centre full he hurled, with feet
Set well apart, lest weak might be his throw.
Both hinges he brake off; the stone by weight
Pressed on and fell within; loud groaned the gates
Around, the bars held not, the panels flew
Splintered and scattered wide beneath the blow.

Then in leapt glorious Hector, grim of face
As swift-descending night; terrific blazed
The mail that sheathed his limbs; a spear he held
In either hand. None but a god might meet
And stay his onset as within the gates
He bounded. Fiery flame glowed in his eyes;
And turning to the Trojan throng he cried
To mount the wall: who straight his hest obeyed.
At once some clomb the wall, some by the gates,
A ready way, poured in. Before them fled
Throughout the hollow ships the Danaan host,
And never-ceasing rose the battle-din.
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